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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

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Deed of Delaware Indian Chief Tamany to William Penn, with receipt in Penn's own hand . . . Document from Bettmann Archive

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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

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Cover: *Glass-Dome Observation Coach (Burlington System)*
By Aurion M. Proctor

ILLUSTRATED FEATURES

TRUE TALES OF THE RAILS

FICTION

SHORT HAULS

DEPARTMENTS

Henry B. Comstock, *Editor* **Freeman H. Hubbard, *Research Editor***

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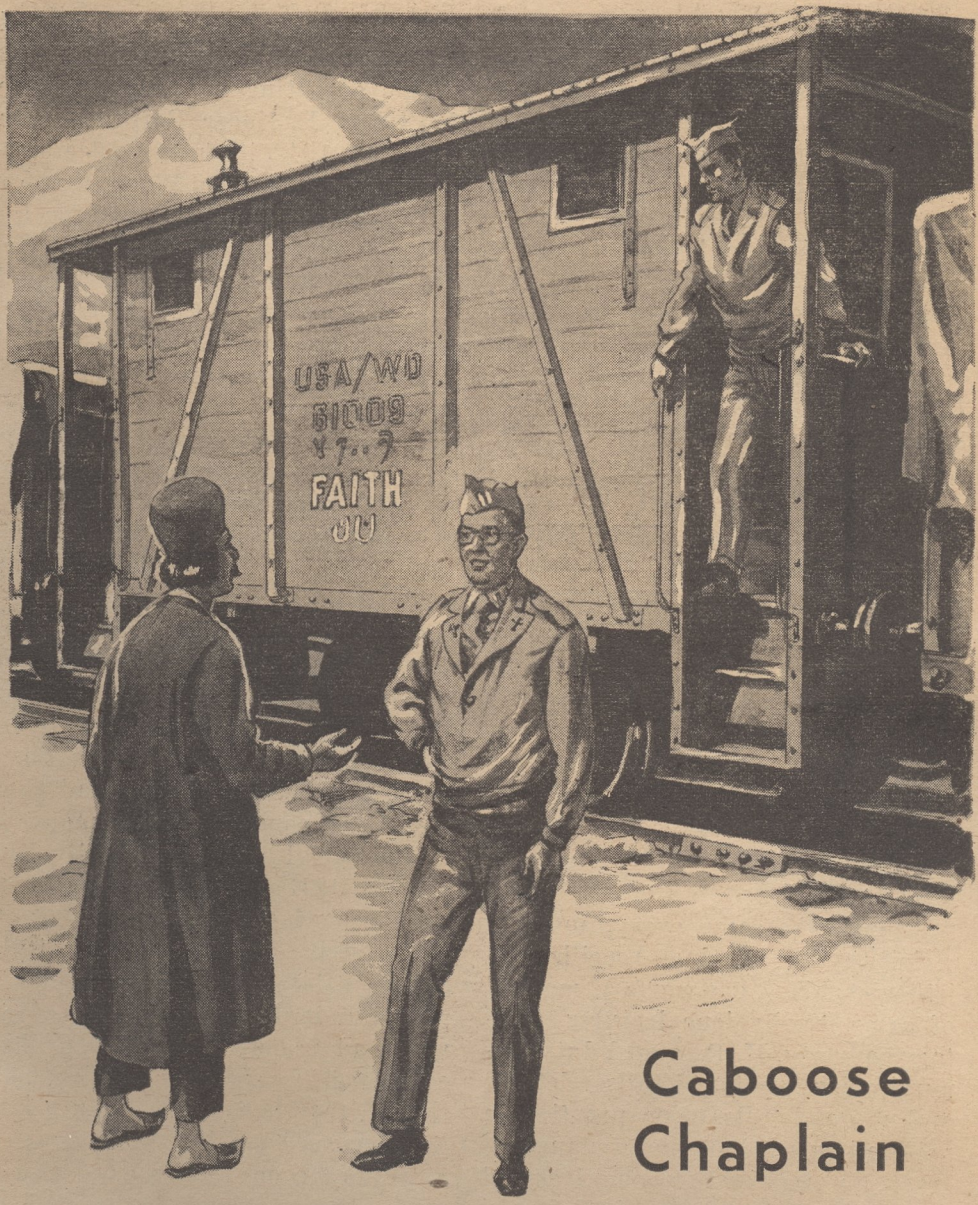
By Capt. STANLEY E. SMITH

FOR A YEAR the author of "Caboose Chaplain" rolled up and down the Iranian State Railways in his four-wheeled parsonage, ministering to the spiritual needs of the Military Railway Service, from the reputed site of the Garden of Eden to Teheran

MY FIRST DAY with the 730th Engineer Battalion, Railway Operating, in their training camp at Fort Wayne, Ind., is one I will always remember. This outfit was sponsored by the Pennsylvania Railroad. At an early hour of September 9th, 1942, the Colonel greeted me with:



Caboose Chaplain

"Come on, chaplain, get up! Nothing like a cold shower to start the morning off with."

That evening, after a series of conferences, shots in the arm, guardhouse visits, and introductions, the officers gave me a rowdy welcome. We gathered in a small room they used for reading and social activities. As soon as I walked in, the fellows began baiting me with such remarks as, "We used to go to Sunday school, chaplain." They sang a rifle-range ditty, *Maggie's Drawers,* which might be called the theme song of the evening. Every now and then someone would launch a new verse or repeat the previous one, alternating it

with a stanza from the hymn *Beulah Land.*

They cut a deck of cards. "Will you join us, chaplain?"

Two men engaged in raucous argument. This sort of thing continued for about an hour. Then I left the party and sauntered down the hall to my room, absent-mindedly whistling. A gale of laughter from the card table stopped me short. I had been whistling the tune to *Maggie's Drawers!* Certain comments I overheard then led me to believe the officers had accepted me.

"Boys, that's our chaplain."

"Yeah, but we'll never let him pull the dignity stuff on us."

The rowdiness had been planned deliberately to see if I could take it.

Next morning the place was officially designated Camp Thomas A. Scott, in honor of a Pennsy vice president during the Civil War who had organized the Nation's first military training service and become Assistant Secretary of War under President Lincoln.

Around the camp everything was strictly Army routine—reveille, calisthenics, hikes, gas warfare, manual of arms, sex-hygiene lectures, military courtesy, K. P., guard duty, immunization shots, details, details, and more details. For practice in railroad operation, maintenance of track, and repairs to locomotives and rolling stock, Pennsylvania Railroad officials allowed us the use of their Grand Rapids Division and Fort Wayne shops. Our men worked beside PRR employes with full cooperation from them.

The 730th! The boys will growl about it one minute, boast of it the next, but *all* are proud of their service in the 730th and the vital part it played in wheeling supplies to the Russian armies at a critical period of the war.

This operating unit sprang from the 492nd Engineer Battalion. On April 9th, 1942, its future officers arrived at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., for thirty days of intensive training before moving on to the Hoosier State. The battalion was officially activated May 15th, with Lt. Col. J. J. Clutz, commanding, on orders of the Second Army. At the beginning there were only eighteen officers, no enlisted men, and the unit's first orders were typed on five-and-dime-store stationery with a portable typewriter borrowed from a civilian. Thus from its very inception the 730th learned to fend for itself.

For a few days in November the new outfit performed its first service for the Nation, on behalf of the War Department, by operating the strike-bound Fairport, Painesville & Eastern, a 20-mile Ohio freight road, thus ensuring a constant flow of material to industrial plants along its line while FP&E men and management were adjusting their dispute.

The strike ended November 10th. Six days later, camp was suddenly placed under strict regulations. Men who had made dates learned they could neither give nor receive messages. They had known they would go overseas soon but had not been aware how soon. Now the orders had come. It was a busy day, with last-minute packing. By sundown the shelves of the camp store, PX, were practically bare. Our officers, realizing the men were under tension, relaxed the rules and disregarded the wild hilarity in camp that night.

ON THE MORNING of the 17th, amid a light rainfall, we had a shakedown inspection and then a

farewell prayer meeting on the drill field. After that, picking up our packs, we boarded two trains of Pullman cars and began a journey that would take us halfway around the world. Police had blocked the highways near camp so that no traffic could pass. Only a few people, in the distance, waved good-bye as we left Fort Wayne.

Capt. Stanley E. Smith

For five days we lived on the trains. Meals were prepared in cars equipped with our field kitchens, the chow being carried through the various Pullmans in GI cans and ladled out to us. Many boys dropped letters and cards from the train in the fervent hope that someone would find and mail them, not knowing that all railroad employes had strict instructions to turn in such missives.

On December 7th, exactly a year after the attack on Pearl Harbor, we boarded a giant ocean liner for the voyage across the Pacific. Several thousand men rode that ship, including our own 730th Railway Operating Battalion. Ten days later, with appropriate ceremonies, we crossed the Equator and continued southwestward. It was a long hot trip. The order went out, "Do not expose yourself to the sun for more than twenty minutes at a time." Human cargo sweated and chafed under restraint. With the boat completely blacked out, the nights were warm and stuffy.

"If only we could get some air!"

"Who would know if we opened the porthole a little?"

Everyone tried to get on deck; but at ten p.m. the decks had to be cleared so the men below could sleep there, those below taking turns at the use of the upper decks. Food, too, was a problem. The boys did not like the meals that were served to us aboard ship.

"Chaplain, can't you do something about the grub?"

Leaning by the rail, we watched the monotonous tumbling of waves, the cloudless sky, the occasional flying fish, sharks and dolphins.

"That sun sure is hot!"

We had evening entertainments in the mess halls, books and games supplied by the Red Cross, boxing bouts, and sports and games on deck. One day, to our great relief, the air turned cooler as a storm approached. Quite a crowd gathered on the upper deck to watch the waves pile up and many a wager was laid as to whether or not they would break over the deck. As a matter of fact, the tempest grew to such violence that it actually smashed one gun turret and badly damaged another.

On December 23rd, with some ceremony, we crossed the International Date Line, theoretically cramming two days into one; and the next evening we had carol singing. Christmas in the tropics, especially when you are separated from your family, can hardly be called a satisfying experience for men brought up on Northern winters; but we celebrated as best we could aboard ship.

OUR FIRST SHORE LEAVE, after three long weeks of confinement, came at Wellington, capital of

New Zealand. I will never forget Wellington, its background of pleasant green hills dotted by vari-colored roofs. We found the city to be clean and well-kept, its population friendly. Our brass hats arranged a parade, so we marched proudly along the main street, while New Zealanders waved the Stars and Stripes from house windows and hospitably offered us cookies, cake, fruit, and even beer. Two glorious days ashore. Summertime under the Southern Cross.

"Hey, there's a hamburger joint!"

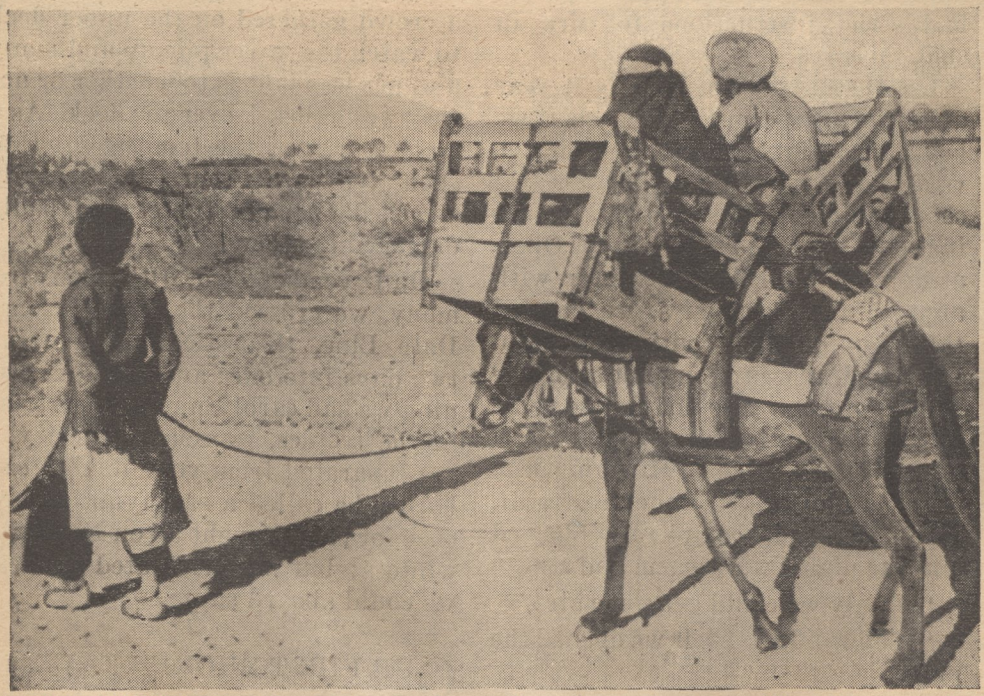
For the best part of two days the doughboys lined up outside the hot-dog shack and consumed vast quantities of a typically American food. Some managed to crowd into the little movie theaters at night. Those who couldn't get in were serenaded by the local Salvation Army band with a wide selection of numbers. When the GI audience kept calling for *Roll Out the Barrel,* the band leader said, "We are sorry but we do not have your national anthem."

The second day ashore we went sightseeing, glad our big liner had incurred a slight damage in docking that required the additional day at port. Of course, every GI railroader visited the Wellington railway station and some of us took train rides for a few hours into the country.

At about four that afternoon the MPs set to work. "Soldier, report aboard the boat at once. Get going, buddy!"

The following morning we were just pulling away from the wharf when a GI rushed frantically through the gate and gazed in what must have been despair at the outgoing ship.

"Too late!" I heard someone say. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter. He's not a member of the 730th."



TAXI POOLING. After an hour of cross-legged travel most occidentals are ready to swap places with the donkey

Once more we cut across Old Man Equator. Then on January 14th, 1943, we steamed into Bombay, but its harbor was too small to permit us to dock. Around us on all sides modern Allied ships and curious-looking Old World boats rode at anchor on the glassy, sun-sparkling water. Natives polled small craft out to our liner and sold us bananas, a tasty variation in our diet, passing up the fruit in little baskets.

Here we transferred to another vessel, the *Rhona,* for the rest of the voyage, but before leaving the great Indian metropolis we were granted our second shore leave. First we headed for restaurants. Then we turned to sightseeing and souvenir buying. It was strange for us to view a teeming flow of life so different from what we had known. Oriental beggars and hard-working coolies. Holy fakirs. Prostitutes caged like wild animals. Taj Mahal Hotel. Street merchants. "Buy a knife, sahib!" Bearded Hindus charming their beady-eyed cobras with weird flute music.

We took carriage rides on the colorful Mahatma Ghandi Road. Natives, lean and shabby, hopped onto both sides of the vehicles and sought to sell us almost everything imaginable. One undernourished Indian woman even tried to cajole my clerk, Tec. 5 Clarence J. Lenker, into buying her baby! Then the inevitable MPs again.

"Report back to the boat immediately!"

We were in convoy now, and at night the distant ships were outlined like living shadows in the phosphorescent glow of the water. That was a sight to remember. Night after night the fellows stayed up to watch it.

"Listen, cabin boy, if you wake me up at 5:30 tomorrow morning I'm gonna feed you to the fishes, so help me, Hannah!"

TYPICAL of Persia's larger towns is Baku, with its overhanging balconies and ancient tower

By this time every man of the 730th knew we were headed for Iran —the Persia of our old school geographies and histories. Ancient cradle of civilization. Up the Persian Gulf our prow sullenly cut the yellowish-green water, while centuries rode with us. At Barein, hot and white under a tropical sun, we stopped to pick up some British soldiers. Then on to the mouth of Shatt-el-Arab River, to wait for the tide and permission to go ahead. While we were waiting there I celebrated my twen-

AVENUE OF WORLD COMMERCE in Biblical times, Persia was bypassed by the north and westward swing of civilization. Then, in 1942, oil fields and Russia's desperate need for American war products made her again a corridor for international caravans—run by Uncle Sam's Military Railway Service

ty-fifth anniversary as a Baptist preacher.

After crossing the sandbar at high tide, we proceeded up-river, with palm trees nodding listlessly from both banks. It was dusk of January 26th when we docked at Khorramshahr, Iran.

Members of the 711th Railway Operating Battalion greeted us with these cheery words: "You'll be sorry you ever came here."

"See those tents?" somebody pointed out. "They'll be your camp for the next few weeks."

Nevertheless, we looked forward with real enthusiasm to a change from British ship fare, of which we were utterly sick. We did not realize then how soon we would find home-canned American GI rations equally distasteful.

NO ONE was allowed ashore that evening, but right after breakfast next morning we marched off the boat, along the dock, through a grove of date palms, and two miles across the desert to our camp. Each man was assigned to a tent. No cots.

"Don't use that straw, buddy—bugs!"

In due time the sun, a blazing ball, buried itself abruptly in the desert sand beyond the horizon. One minute it was bright as day; the next, night settled down. We missed the twilight.

Getting ready for bed was quite a process, for the ground was hard and cold. No cots, no mattress, not even straw. A shelter half was spread on the ground to help keep out the moisture. Every item of clothing we had which might serve for padding or warmth was piled on the bed, including raincoats, overcoats, field jackets, and blouses. Then we put on woolen sox, heavy underwear, fatigues, and sweaters, and after that we crawled under the blankets, hoping someone would come along and set the footlocker on top of it all.

IRANIAN BOYS, dressed like old men at the age of six, find GI railroading both funny and awesome

"Listen to that weird howling!"

"Jackals, buddy. They're just outside the camp—I hope."

"I didn't know a desert could get so cold."

"Why in tarnation did I ever let myself in for a thing like this?"

However, we managed to sleep, despite the hard ground, the low temperature, the howling of jackals, and the shouts of guards who seemed a bit nervous in the strange surroundings at night.

Sun dawned on our first morning in camp. We held a service in which we sang *Onward Christian Soldiers* and offered thanks to God for safe landing of the 730th Battalion of railroading Yanks. I reminded the men that we were only a few miles from what was once the prophet Abraham's home, that the traditional site of the Garden of Eden was in our

KHORRAMSHAHR, upriver from the head of the Persian Gulf. Here began the 680-mile rail haul to Teheran, thence via Tabriz and the Persian Corridor to the Soviet Union. In the foreground are native huts, beyond them the yards and the Russian dump. A northbound convoy is seen leaving the truck assembly plant at the right

vicinity, that Queen Esther of Biblical fame and Daniel the lion-tamer had resided in Iran, and that in other ways also the early story of this land was tied up with events chronicled in the Old Testament.

On our second morning in camp a number of us visited the refuse pits. A garbage detail dumped latrine and slop cans into the pits and started away. Emaciated native women and children, who had been standing at a distance, then swarmed into the pits to fight over bits of discarded food. A sergeant standing near me said, "That's enough for me." He turned aside, but not quick enough to keep from losing his breakfast. Thereafter, it was not unusual to see GIs slip some of their grub to the ever-hungry natives.

For men overseas, letters from home are a definite morale builder. Sixteen loaded mailbags awaited our arrival. They had been piling up while we were wandering over the Pacific Ocean. It took a corporal three days, working as fast as he could, to get the mail sorted out and distributed to the companies. And were we glad to hear from the folks in good old U.S.A.?

It was fully three weeks before our cots arrived, and during all that time we continued to sleep on the ground. Meanwhile, our boys were being called on for various duties. I have already mentioned the garbage detail. Two hundred were needed for the warehouse, a hundred for camp routine, a hundred and fifty for the docks, and so on. Gradually we were adjusted to the new setup.

WE MADE a few trips to the dusty native village of Khorramshahr and its quaint old bazaar. There we bought silver rings, bracelets, and napkin rings, all cleverly fashioned by Amara tribesmen. These folks claimed to be followers of John the Baptist, who, as you know, was beheaded at Salome's request more than nineteen centuries ago. I understand that most silversmiths in the Middle East belong to this same tribe. When I told them I was a Baptist minister from America they seemed to interpret it as meaning that I was a member of their sect, and one of them gave me a set of chaplain crosses for which he refused to accept payment. By the time I got back to camp one of our men had spread the report that I was "John the Baptist from America," and I never could get that story corrected.

However, the village as a whole had so sickening a stench that we rarely visited it. We saw natives at the river bank. One man would be washing meat in the dirty water, another unconcernedly taking a bath, a third cleaning a few fish heads, and a woman washing clothes or dishes, all within the narrow space of a dozen feet! These duties were performed also in a stream of water from the river which flowed sluggishly through an open ditch or gutter down the main street—water from which the natives drank at will! The untutored Iranians, we learned later, believe that any running water is clean.

Such sights are so commonplace in the villages that we gradually became used to them. But because of these and certain other customs which are repugnant to Americans, extremely few cases came to my attention of GIs fraternizing with Iranese women.

We had been preceded to Iran by our commanding officer, Col. J. J. Clutz, also Lt. Walter T. Ayre and

Lt. Glen E. Miller, all of whom had been studying and inspecting the Iranian State Railway. These three came to camp for a series of conferences. The colonel had our track platoons broken up and distributed among the companies, since trackwork would be done by native coolies, and dispatched advance parties to the sites to prepare for our arrival by building new camps.

Sure—the rainy season started the very day we moved. Mud and more mud. It made our movement difficult. We toiled all day February 24th to get things ready for loading that night. Bags were hauled to the train by truck. We had early chow, and soon after sundown we marched down the railway track, which was better than walking on the mired roadway. Bags were sorted out in the darkness, then a bedraggled lot of soldiers crowded into a train. Some rode forty to a small boxcar—or *goods car*, as we were learning to call them. These vehicles were not heated, and the men had to wear overcoats. The only sleep we could get for the next couple of days was to be a few winks caught while sitting in cramped positions. It was 9:13 p.m. when the boys of the 711 pulled our train from Khorramshahr. We were taking our first trip over the Iranian State Railway.

This introduced us to a road over which we were to transport three million tons of lend-lease supplies to the Russians who were then fighting with their backs to the wall. It is a single-track, standard-gage line stretching between Bandar Shapur ("Port of the Shah's Son"), on the Persian Gulf, to Bandar Shah ("Port of the Shah"), on the Caspian Sea. Bisecting Iran it crosses some of the most difficult terrain in the world.

OUR MILITARY RAILWAY SERVICE of the Persian Gulf Command assumed responsibility for operating the line as far north as Teheran, the Persian capital, at which point the loaded cars were delivered to "Uncle Joe's boys," as we called our Russian allies.

The railway is a monument to the policies of Reza Khan Pashlevi, who became Iran's minister of war in 1921, prime minister in 1923, and Shah in 1926. Reza saw the need for a railway to provide an outlet to the rest of the world. At his nod, the National Assembly created a government monopoly on sugar and tea, the proceeds of which were set aside for the railway project. American engineers and a German expert surveyed a route, and construction was started in 1927 at both ends of the proposed line.

At first the grading, tracklaying, and tunneling were done by a syndicate of New York and Berlin firms on a contract-plus basis; but in 1931 the job was turned over to a Scandinavian syndicate, which sublet the work to various European concerns. The international character of the vast undertaking is evident in the materials used: cement from Belgium, Sweden and Japan; rails from the United States, Germany and Russia; ties from Australia; power plant, paint and lumber from Sweden; locomotives from Sweden, and machine tools from England and Czechoslovakia.

On August 24th, 1938, the Shah officially laid the last rail linking the northern and southern sections near Arak. At that time the Iranian State Railway seemed to be of national importance only. It would enable troops and supplies to be shifted readily in the Shah's efforts to bring the local

tribes into subjection. It would serve to make the products of the south available to the rest of his domain and thus cause the Caspian provinces to depend less upon the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (Russia). It would also expedite traffic to and from the ports.

Pet project of the Shah and pride of Iran, the railway assumed international status when the Allies began providing material for the hard-pressed armies in southern Russia. Even a superficial study of history will show you that in ancient times Iran, or Persia, was the bridge between the Mediterranean world and the Far East. From every caravan Iran was able to take her toll. This time the traffic did not move from west to east but from south to north, with railway cars bearing American food and military equipment to the U.S.S.R.

The railway's southern terminus is a newly created port, Bandar Shahpur. There is also a line running from Ahwaz to the port of Khorramshahr, where our 730th Battalion landed. From the Persian Gulf the road runs across the bleak Khuzestan Desert, on an embankment about fifteen feet high, as far as Ahwaz. From there it is carried across the Karun River on a 3400-foot steel bridge.

Contrary to general opinion, a desert is not always dry. This one becomes a sea of mud in the spring. Our truck convoy can vouch for the troubles caused by a wet desert. It took them twenty-two hours to make the eighty-mile trek across that oozy wilderness. When a truck bogged down, a bulldozer had to be unloaded to pull all the trucks through the mire. Then the bulldozer was reloaded, but a few miles further on the whole wearisome process had to be repeated.

A few months after our convoy had made its trip across to Ahwaz, construction engineers built a blacktop road, thus enabling trucks thereafter to cover the distance in a couple of hours.

FROM AHWAZ the line stretches across the sandy wasteland to Andimeshk, a section bitterly cold in winter but a blistering furnace in summer. The mercury sizzled up to 140 degrees when I visited the railway camps of this area in August, 1943.

About twenty miles from Andimeshk stand the ancient ruins of Susa, fabulous capital city of Queen Esther, whose memory is revered by the Jews to this day. Nearby is the modern railway station of Shush, as the place is now called. While our locomotives were taking on water at Shush, I bargained with a native for a coin found in the ruins and had my first glimpse of the tomb reputed to be Daniel's.

I rode in an engine cab to Andimeshk. After a brief delay there and a change in crews, we began our first trip over the "Subway Division," so named by our men because it has 133 tunnels in a distance of 131 miles.* This road, like the Denver & Rio Grande Western, plunges into the mountains and through them. At one place it makes a figure eight. From the station platform near this spot you can see a half-dozen tunnel entrances where the rails wind in and out.

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*Editor's note: Our Jan. '39 issue carried an illustrated feature, "The Rat-Hole Division," based on the fact that the old Cincinnati Southern had 27 tunnels in 150-odd miles between Wilmore, Ky., and Harriman, Tenn. This set an all-time record for tunnels in American railroading.

Our first detachment unloaded at Doroud ("Two Rivers"), southern terminus of our division. It was quite cold, with snow falling. A storm had leveled the temporary barracks, and tents had been erected. Until spring we were to live in these tents and wade through snow, slush, rain and mud. Bidding goodbye to them for the time being, we continued our journey northward, climbing constantly until at Nourabad we dropped over the highest point on the railway, 7249 feet above sea level. Then the road descends through the valley to Arak, formerly Sultanabad. From February until May this place was to serve as headquarters camp for the 730th. A large detachment of GI railroaders unloaded here in early morning of February 26th.

The remaining men proceeded northward. Arriving at Ghom, holy city of the Shia sect of Mohammedans, another group detrained. From Arak to Teheran you cross a great plateau with mountains on every side; the railway climbs the grade and then eases down to the plateau, doubling back on itself at several places. You might think that the engineers who planned certain sections had gained their experience with the roller coasters at Coney Island.

Our northernmost camp, at Teheran, received most of Company B to work in the shops. The lads had been told that this capital city was the Paris of the Middle East, but were sadly disappointed in it.

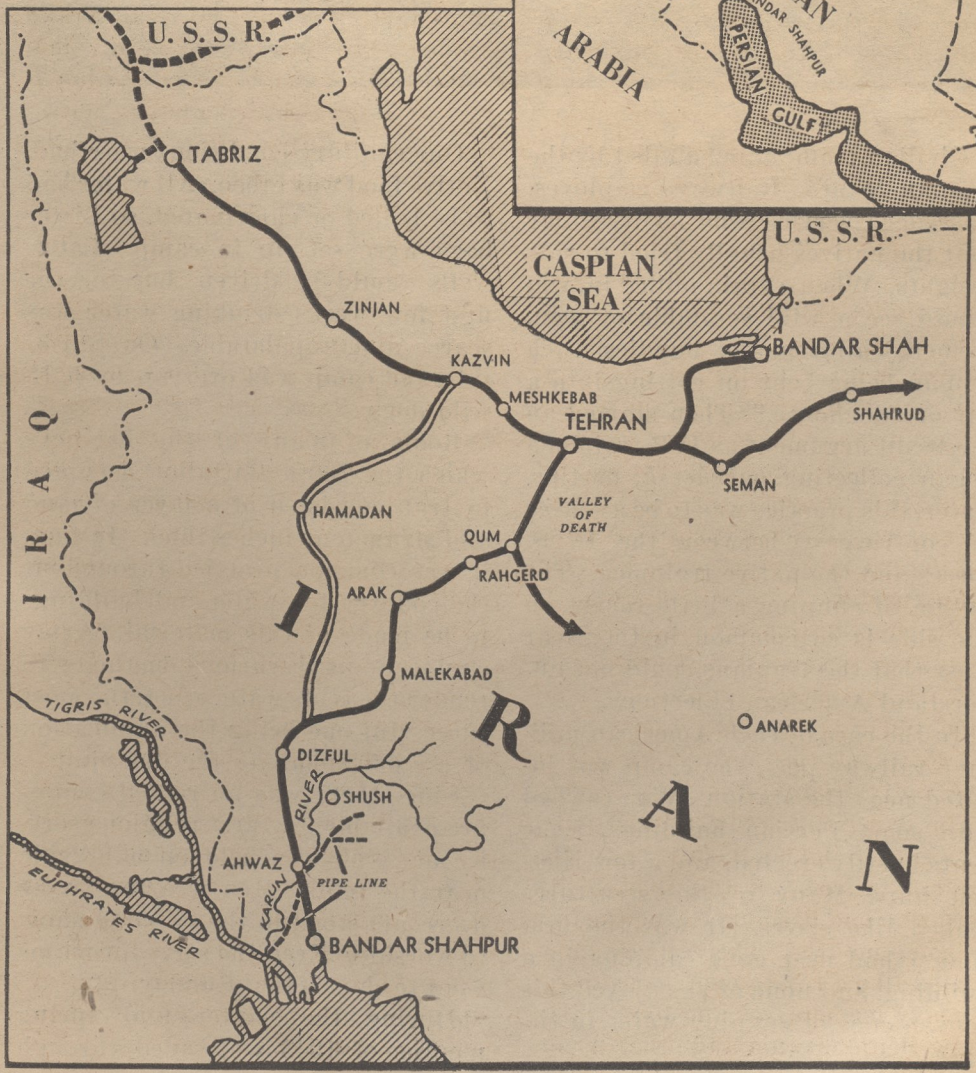
The American soldiers immediately began to make friends with the Persian railroaders and British soldiers who had been operating the line for some months. The railway itself seemed like a toy to men accustomed to heavy locomotives and long trains of the Pennsylvania and other American systems. They were to learn that this was no "safety-first" proposition and would take all their ingenuity and "know how" to solve the operating problems. What looked like a simple matter was actually to tax their ability and give them many a headache in the succeeding months. Meanwhile, camps had to be built, sanitation measures instituted, and the big job taken over as soon as possible.

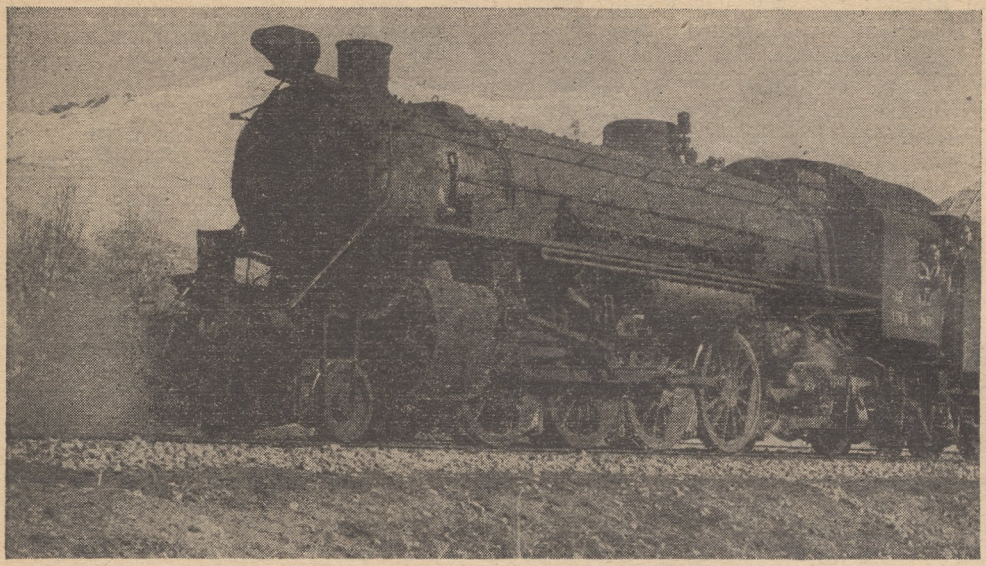
HAVING BEEN ASSIGNED to H and S companies for rations and quarters, I detrained at Arak, although my time would be divided between the camps. "Nice station," was the general comment that morning. The building would do credit to a city of comparable size in America. It was only when we glanced around that we realized we were in a land of strange contrasts.

There were tribesmen in native dress, Mohammedan mullahs with turbans and flowing beards, women whose faces were half covered by a long cloth which shrouded their bodies, and small coolies carrying on their heads and backs loads we could hardly lift. We saw the ever-present mendicant, family groups huddled together with a samovar of tea in the center, and here and there a Russian, American, English, Indian or Iranian soldier.

Passengers came to that depot prepared to remain until they could get transportation. This sometimes took days, and during the period of waiting they made the station and its environs their home. The stench was terrific; mingled with the food odors were countless other Persian smells. Many of the natives seemed averse to bathing or even to using a toilet when one was provided.

AT RIGHT: relation of Iranian State Railway to Turkish and Russian truck lines. BELOW: the Iranian system is composed of four parts, namely: the Teheran-Tabriz line, the five-foot gage Azerbayejan Railway (Tabriz to Russian Border), the Teheran-Meshed Line through Shahrud, and the Trans-Persian Railway from Bandar Shahpur to Bandar Shah. The latter, operated by the MRS, was begun in 1927; American and German contractors building the southern and northern sections, respectively. Originally it was planned to extend trackage between Teheran and Dizful by the important cities of Hamadan and Kazvin (shown in double line), but mal-practices of the German firms raised the cost of construction to a prohibitive figure and the Iranian government was forced to use a shorter, less populated route





Civilian traffic was handled by the Iranian State Railway employes. Passenger service was so irregular that the natives usually tried to ride freights. When a train pulled in, you would see a wild scramble of men, women, children and bundles, each human being bent on getting into a car or "doghouse." Then started an incessant argument as ISR trainmen began collecting *baksheesh,* or tips. Later, this practice was to be a source of controversy between the U. S. forces and the native trainmen. The notion of running a little racket on the side is so common in the Near East that the Iranians could not understand American objections.

In the case of each American military railway post, the camp was located near the station. We crowded into some Persian buildings, some tents hastily erected, and a few Niessen huts. Many of the structures leaked like sieves. It was the first time I had ever gone camping in a building, and none of us enjoyed this convenience of running water in the barracks.

Our sanitary conditions were bad. Native food was taboo. All water had to be boiled or chlorinated, so Lister bags were set up in camp. Later, wells would be driven, but for the first few weeks drinking water was scarce and unpalatable. On top of this, the camp was overrun by half-wild dogs.

Roofs of many of the barracks which the 730th Battalion occupied in Iran consisted of a layer of mud and straw four inches thick. In fact, it was common practice throughout the country for walls and buildings to be made of this material. Army engineers used various methods to render the roofs waterproof, the most successful one being the application of tar or asphalt to the dry mud.

Since there was no roofed enclosure available, my first religious service at Arak was held on a hillside near the tents. Men wearing heavy overcoats stood in the swirling snow to worship. Even the sergeant major went to church that Sunday.

During the winter and spring months of 1943 we waded through

MARCH OF RIALS SPECIAL pulls out of Darband. Touring the command, the Special accepted contributions for U. S. paralysis victims. Rial is an Iranian coin, the equivalent of about three cents

snow and mire. Our shoes quickly went to pieces on the coarse sharp ballast, and since it took weeks to convince the Quartermaster that our men needed extra shoes and to get the requisition through the regular channels, we often had to endure wet feet for days at a time. However, by fall we had been lifted out of the mud; there were roadways and walks in the camps.

OUR FIRST PAY DAY in three months found every American well stocked with *rials*. The *rial*, in case you don't know it, is Iranian money worth about three cents of our currency. Virtually all Iranian money is paper. Prices were abnormally high. It seems that our arrival had led to inflation. We were told that a few months before we came, eggs had been selling at the rate of a *rial* for a dozen and a half, *i.e.*, six eggs for a cent; but we had to pay two *rials* (six cents) for a single egg. American cigarettes were bringing about twenty *rials* a pack on the black market.

We spent a month at the new camps in qualifying the GIs to take over railway operation between Doroud and Teheran. In the shops and enginehouses they started working beside the Iranians and British. Train orders were written in both English and Persian. At the same time, our trainmen began riding the trains and familiarizing themselves with the road and equipment. In the stations, block operators were becoming accustomed to their new setup, while tracks were being inspected by men who would have the job of keeping them in repair.

Our boys could never get used to the British custom of stopping at a station long enough to make a "spot of tea," and were sure we could put more trains over the road than had been handled in the past. It took only a few days to convince the members of the 730th that their task was not easy. We did not have sufficient men

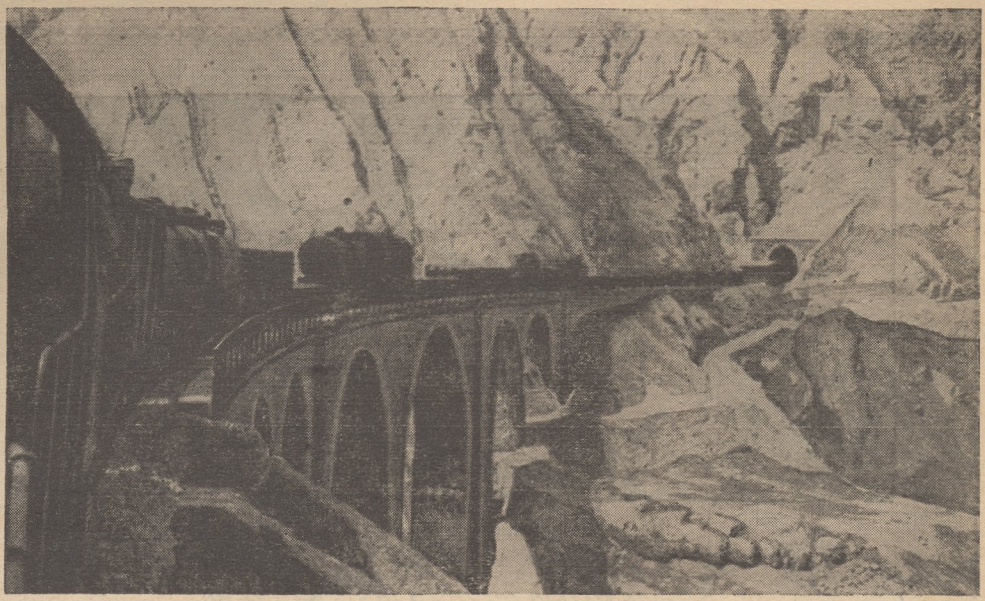
to take over the entire operation but had to utilize Iranians employed by the ISR. Their methods of operation were much different from ours and changes would have to come about gradually. The equipment was in bad condition and limited quantity. Much of it was obsolete according to American standards.

The first complication we met was that of learning a different lingo. We did what the English called *double banking*. This means putting a full crew on each train to work beside the British crew, which are still responsible. The term is related to *banker*, an Anglicism which means a helper engine on the mountains.

Yes, the British terminology is unlike ours. A *marshalling yard* is a classification yard. *Shunting* is switching. When the English *driver* (engineer) on that first train told our men they had a *crossing* at the first station they expected to see another railway line bisecting their own, only to discover the term meant a meet. A British freight car is a *wagon*, the car truck under it is a *bogey*, a boxcar with two trucks is a *bobo*, a passenger car is a *carriage*, a tank car is a *cistern* car, and the Persian-type boxcar, which is very light with only two axles, is a *covan (covered van)*. *Buffers* were the large, spring-backed plates which held screwtype couplers taut.

As if this linguistic tangle were not enough, the men of the 730th Battalion also had to acquaint themselves with Iranian railway terms, since all switchmen, telegraph operators, brakemen and trackmen during the first month of operation were Iranians. To complicate the situation still further, some native railroaders spoke only Turkish!

The boys quickly learned a few Persian terms. The first time an Iranian *pointsmen* (switch tender)



THERE are four thousand bridges and over two hundred tunnels on the Trans-Iranian Railway. Sugar and tea monopoly taxes largely finance the road, which cost in the neighborhood of thirty million pounds

told our men at one station as he pointed in the general direction of the next depot, "Susan she kissed," they had a high time watching for the gal named Susan who kissed, only to find that the switch was broken, *susan* being Iranian for switch and *chekist* for broken.

A *susan man* is a switch tender. *Telagi* means a meet. *Massafari* is the name of the passenger or mail train which is the pride and joy of every Iranian and always has an Iranian crew operating it. *Bali* is yes, *nist* is no, and *khaili khoob* is very good. By the end of that first month, our men had learned sufficient Iranian terms to get by. At the same time, Iranian children swarming around the camps and stations had been picking up American terms. Soon the shoe-shine boys and coolies were using our slang like veterans.

THE SECOND PROBLEM our men had to solve was the difference in equipment. All locomotives in use then were British. Engineers and firemen had to stand, since there were no cab seats. The engineer worked on the left side of the cab, instead of the right, so that all fixed signals were on the left side of the right-of-way. None of the motive power had headlights. If you think it is a cinch to come down a mountain on a dark night without lights, you might try it some time.

The engines did not have airbrakes, only steam jams; and at first trains were operated with twenty-five percent brakes, only half of which had to be air. This makes a heavy train difficult to control in descending a hill. Crews who operated between Arak and Ghom, with a long down grade, became known as the "dive-bomber squadron." All equipment had European screwtype coupling, with buffers instead of our standard automatic couplers. There were no American-type sanders and no way to dry the sand, which itself was

Somewhere in Iran

SOMEWHERE in Iran, where the sun is like a curse
And every day is followed by another slightly worse,
There the brick-red is blowing
Thicker than the shifting desert sands,
While a GI dreams and wishes for greener, fairer lands.

Somewhere in Iran, where all women are unseen,
Where the sky is never cloudy and the grass is never green,
There the jackals howl at night, robbing man of blessed sleep,
And there isn't any whisky and the beer is never cheap.

Somewhere in Iran, where the nights are made for love
And the yellow moon's a spotlight, with silver stars above
Sparkling like a diamond necklace in the vastly tropic night,
There's a shameful waste of beauty, for there ain't a girl in sight.

Somewhere in Iran, where the mail is always late
And a Christmas card in April is considered up-to-date,
There we never have a pay day and we never own a cent,
But we do not miss the money, 'cause we couldn't get it spent.

Somewhere in Iran, where the snakes and lizzards play,
Where a hundred thousand sand-flies replace the one you slay—
Oh, take me back to U. S. A., let me hear the factory bell,
For this God-forsaken outpost's just a substitute for Hell.

Anonymous.

hardly worthy of the name, so the sanders seldom worked.

The track was light, with seventy-five pound rail and seventeen ties to a 41½-half-foot rail-length. The rail was so soft that it would bend and the passenger often got a roller-coaster ride. The ballast was shallow and made of coarse sharp stones.

The third adjustment for our men came in operation. In the early days of the ISR, the Iranian stationmaster did not show on his sheet the actual time the train arrived and departed, the reason being that it would not do to show a train late. Regardless of actual time, he recorded that shown in the timetable. We were told also that at one time it had been the custom for the stationmaster at Teheran to stand on the platform with a whip in hand when the mail train arrived late and severely chastise the engineer.

One British officer informed us that soon after they began handling the traffic he had an Iranian make up a schedule. Upon examining it, he found that the schedule called for three trains at one station on the line at the same time! There was only one sidetrack at that depot, so he asked:

"How will you handle the third train?"

The typical Iranian reply was, "That is the stationmaster's responsibility."

The road is operated on an absolute block system, no automatic signals. To train the men for their jobs at the stations, Lt. Walter T. Aye conducted a school in Teheran. After the system had been explained to them, the men were distributed to the stations. Thus began a lonely existence. In many cases there were only two Americans at a station, both on twelve-hour shifts. The train had to stop at the depot, the block operator then called the next station and asked for the block. When he had been given a clear block, a "line clear" ticket was handed to the crew and they proceeded on their way.

Tickets for civilians were sold only after the conductor told the ticket agent that his train has accommodation for the passengers. A police permit for travel had to be secured. There was much passing of *baksheesh* in securing tickets. The freights, as well as the two mail trains each day, were loaded with passengers who were herded aboard.

At each station the arrival of the *massafari* (mail train) was a social event. Passengers alighted to relieve the monotony and to bargain for food, while the local population climbed on board to examine the cars. There was general visiting and the train usually remained at a station for about a half hour. The first day we ordered it to leave a station on time, we found at the next station that about half of the people on the train were not passengers and that many passengers had been stranded on the platform when the train pulled away.

Dispatching was complicated. The control circuit, as the British called it, had telephones at about every fourth station. We soon installed them in each station. Within a few weeks our crews began to pick up their tickets on the fly and the operation problem had been smoothed out. There were a lot of headaches, however, before it became a smoothly working system.

ON MARCH 27TH, 1943, our battalion took over the Northern Division of the ISR at Doroud and on March 30th we completed the

transfer from British to American operation at Teheran. There was quite a celebration at Doroud. One train loaded with British troops who had been relieved left for the south amid a display of fireworks. At midnight everyone who could get to a whistle cord helped in the noisy demonstration.

As chaplain I was assigned a caboose to facilitate my visits to the various camps and stations. This car I named *Faith*. Below the English word I had painted its Iranian equivalent, *Eiman*. Many times I was asked why the caboose had been so named, and in addition to the obvious answer I replied that it took a lot of faith to ride the ISR. Someone made the witty suggestion that it should have been called *Faith, Hope and Baksheesh*.

This crummy was to serve me for months as office, mess hall and barracks. Occupying it with me was my clerk, Tec. 5 Clarence J. Lenker. Clarence was a furloughed Pennsy brakeman from the Philadelphia Division and a staunch member of the Zion Lutheran Church at Sunbury, Pa. The fellows tagged him "Deacon"; everyone in the 730th still calls him that. Deacon's knowledge of railroading and his acquaintance with the men proved of great value to me in our months of service together. He was also a good cook.

Our car was attached to the first American-operated train to leave the yards at Doroud. Before reaching the hilltop we ran into one of the year's worst blizzards, with wires down everywhere and consequent delays. It seemed as if the ancient gods of Iran had been angered by the Yanks' effrontery in daring to come to Iran. You might have thought that everything capable of interfering with successful operation occurred those first few hours. The first train out of the Arak yards was delayed. The pusher engine at Meshkebad backfired, severely burning the crew. At Ghom, with all preparations made to roll on time, the air test revealed something wrong and a couple of hours passed before the train got away.

The situation had its amusing side, though. Alighting at a station to see if communication had been restored, Lieutenant Colonel Clutz found an unruffled American who could not speak Irani teaching the game of chess to an Iranian stationmaster who did not understand English. The Colonel had been worrying over the delay but had a good laugh out of this and tension was somewhat eased.

We had picked up the pay-car at Arak. Our warrant officer had been assigned a caboose similar to the one I used and was making a trip to pay the men. Often the two cars were on the same train and it was my custom in such cases to awaken the boys on the pay-car and make them stand reveille. The men enjoyed that, especially after they had been aroused about two a.m. to collect their pay.

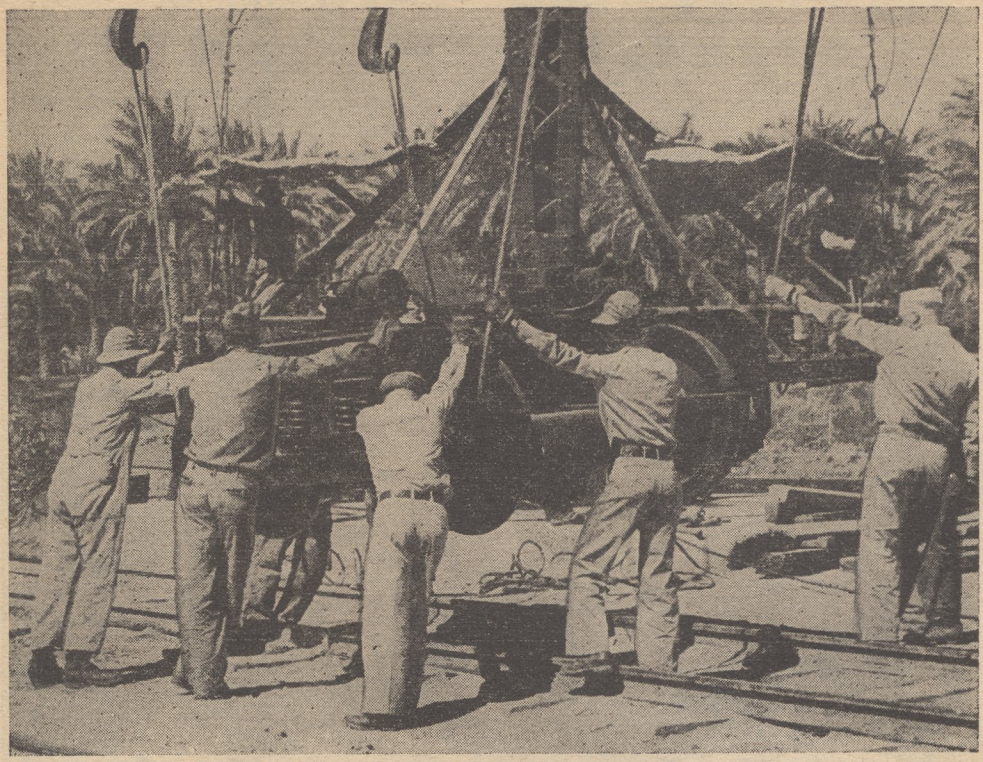
A few minutes before midnight of March 29th we arrived at Ghom. The Colonel ordered both cars attached to the train, which was ready to leave and soon after midnight the first load of materials to be delivered to Russia by an all-American train crew started for Teheran. At six that morning word came to me that Richard C. Thayer, fireman on the second engine, was sick. The Colonel personally took his place in the engine and I did what I could to make the patient comfortable. By the end of the journey Thayer appeared to be much improved; but a few weeks later he be-

THE AUTHOR and his clerk, Corp. Clarence J. Lenker, prepare a meal in the rolling parsonage. "Deacon" Lenker is a furloughed Pennsy brakeman

came seriously ill and was the first of our number to pass away at Teheran.

When we reached the capital, Allied officials were awaiting us, and Major General Connolly presented the material to the Russian general in charge. Movies were made of this historic event. In a few hours the newspapers and radios at home were reporting it. However, censorship rules covering the 730th would not permit us to mention the incident. It seemed that the whole world, including Germany, knew what we were doing but we could not say a word about it ourselves.

THAT FIRST MONTH was a tough one. Our men found that only a few of their problems had been covered in previous training. None of the train crews had been instructed in midwifery, but during this first month Tec. 5 Albert J. Bosch, acting as conductor on the mail train, was



called upon to assist in the delivery of a child. A Russian woman en-route to the Teheran hospital gave birth to a daughter, and a British nurse on board supervised the care of mother and child. The conductor provided hot water from the injector of the engine and, at the nurse's request, the train was stopped between stations till the baby arrived. Bosch's undershirt served as swaddling clothes for the crying infant.

Gradually the kinks in operation were ironed out and soon rumors of changes began filtering down to us. At length a provisional battalion was organized with men drawn from the 711th and 730th. The new unit was officially activated on orders from Washington on July 1st as the 791st and took over the road between Andimischk and Arak.

"Keep 'em rolling" became the

ABOVE: lowering an American-built car truck to Iranian rails at Bandar Shahpur

BELOW: the *March of Rials Special* leaves Teheran, bound for the Persian Gulf port of Khorranshahr

motto and the fellows did a good job of it. Month after month they exceeded the tonnage quota set for them, until in July they had the Russians crying for help. The Teheran yards were plugged. Russians could not take the trains as fast as we were moving them north.

"What shall we do?" we asked.

The answer came: "Keep 'em rolling. Utilize a track at each station for storage."

By the end of July, trains were parked at most of the stations between Arak and Teheran. This led to one of my most interesting experiences.

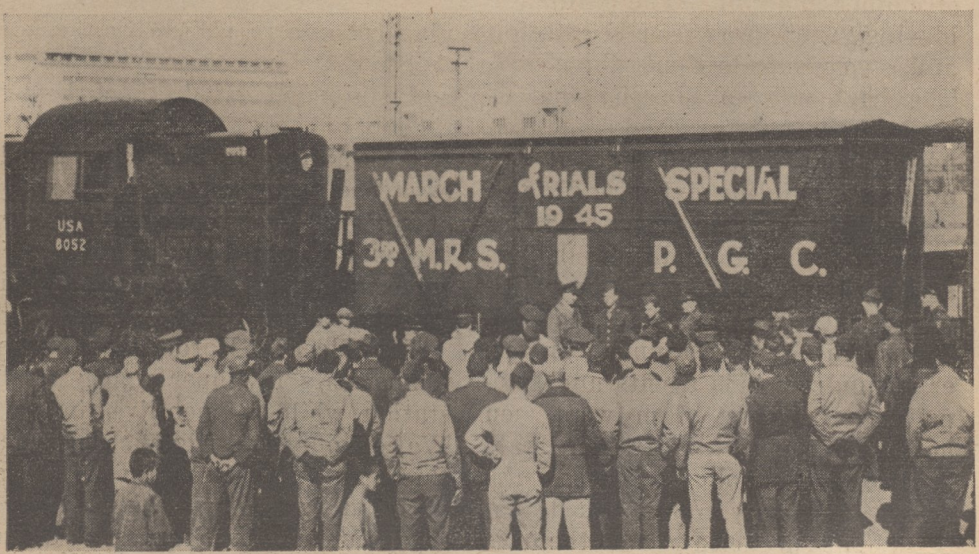
We had left Qum on the morning of July 30th, carrying "hot" cargo as usual, *Faith* being four cars back of the engine. Approaching the station at Anjilavand, the engineer slowed until he saw the *pointsman* give him the green flag indicating a clear track into the station, but a few feet further another worker threw a switch and turned us in on a parked train. He had taken the clamp off to oil the switch and did not close the switch when we approached.

The first engine plowed into the parked train, derailing two cars and damaging a third. We came to a sudden stop. No one was really hurt, just a few bruises. The overturned cars were filled with machine parts, but the remainder of the train held powder, TNT and ammunition.

"If that stuff had gone up," one of the men remarked, "they would have been hunting for our pieces for a month. St. Peter would have been surprised to see us so soon."

For four hours we were delayed at the station, waiting for another engine to replace our battered one, and then got under way again. A coupling had been damaged, and whenever the air was applied the train would break apart. That happened six times before we could reach Kouh Pang and switch the cars.

When the crash occurred at Anjilavand, we had difficulty in controlling the Russian guard, who wanted to line up all the Iranian station employes there and shoot them for attempted sabotage. He would have done it, too, for the saboteur was a constant threat to the ISR. An Arak



business man, with whom I became friendly, told me that not less than ninety percent of the Iranian people were in sympathy with the Axis. German propagandists had done clever work in years preceding the war. Little incidents such as the one at Anjilavand were happening constantly to delay operation. A hotbox could be traced to sand or gravel in the journal of a car carrying war material. Oil and grease cups on locomotives would be packed with waste, or valves would be surreptitiously closed, thus delaying trains.

At least one engine was damaged by draining the boiler after she had been pulled from the house and was awaiting the crew's arrival. On another occasion a locomotive was taken from the Arak yards and left near Malekabad for an oncoming train to smash into. The end of a forty-ton boxcar loaded with tins of high-octane gasoline was blown out at Qum, possibly by an incendiary bomb, the train having been standing at the station at the time. Besides gas, it carried TNT, powder and ammunition. Our men succeeded in clearing the yards. They pulled the blazing "van" away from the station and, as a result, lost only three cars. The heat was so blasting that it buckled the rails, cracked stone in a nearby platform, and burned the doors of a building sixty feet distant.

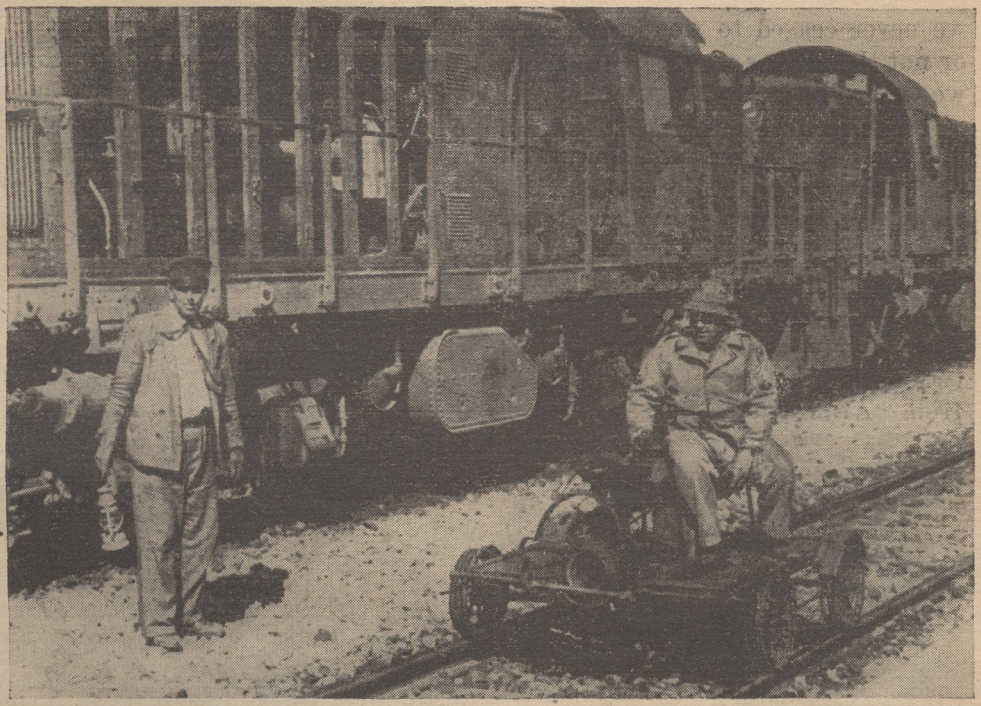
The British were responsible for security of the ISR and kept sabotage at a minimum. Indian troops guarded all bridges, tunnels and stations. British intelligence rounded up several hundred Axis agents and sympathizers. Among them were men holding big jobs in the Iranian State Railways, the police force and the army. This was accomplished just before Iran declared war on the Axis and in time to prevent a plot to destroy a large section of the railway.

Communication methods in Persia were not adequate for a railway as busy as the one operated by the Transportation Corps, and this was another handicap the railroad troops had to surmount before efficient operation could be assured. But the Signal Corps was equal to the occasion and an improvised communications system was set up, with the Operating Battalions keeping it in repair.

THE AVERAGE SPEED of trains was about twenty-five miles per hour, but we swayed from side to side and bounced around sufficient to bring our average way above that. Everything had to be tied down and even then we could not be sure that books, mess kits, food and supplies would not be dumped onto the floor when we hit a curve or stopped abruptly.

Capt. Paul Miller of Battalion Supply released some books and recreational material for the men at the stations and thus began the first trip of *Faith*. We went to Doroud, stopping enroute to visit with the boys and to distribute the reading matter and equipment to help them through the lonely hours. As I have said, the fellows at the stations led a lonely existence. They were there for weeks at a time. Their only contact with the outside world was when a train came through, until we succeeded in getting radios assigned to them.

The officers at Doroud were housed temporarily in upper rooms at the station, while the men lived in tents. We held our first religious meeting at this camp in a Nissen hut serving as mess hall and lit by a couple of kerosene lanterns. Lt. Francis W. Cham-



Sgt. LOUIS PALANDRANI, Assistant Supervisor of Track Inspection, used lightweight section car (note wheels)

berlain acted as organist. I never could decide whether Francis played the organ because he liked to or because it gave him an opportunity to visit the chaplain's car and raid the larder.

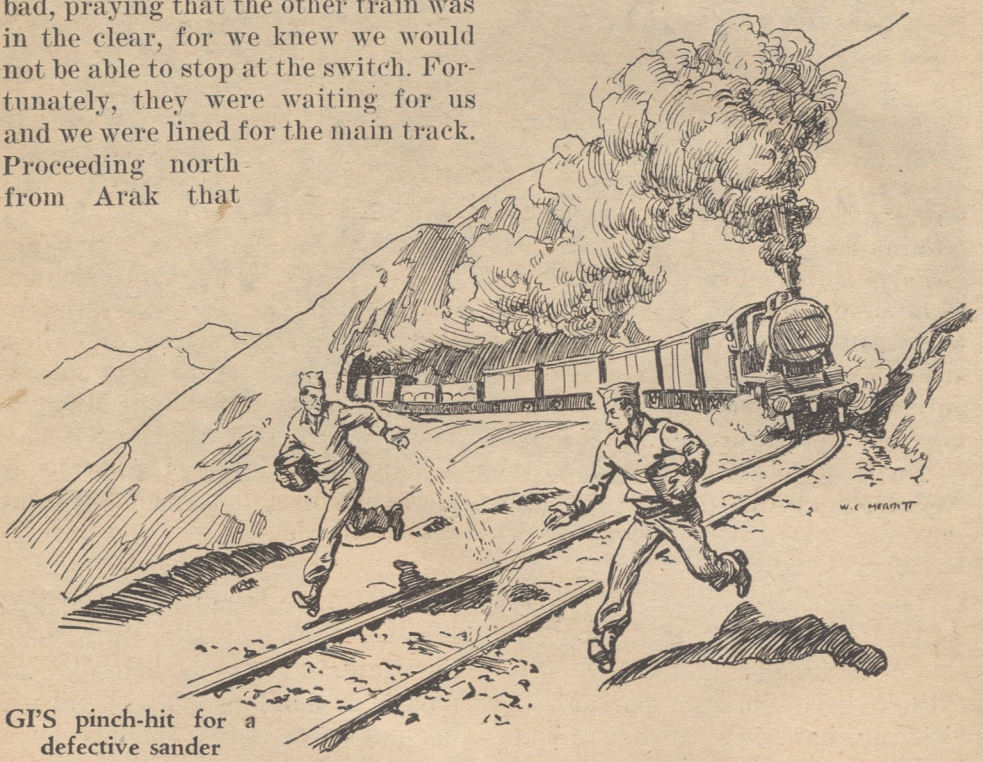
Usually *Faith* was placed on the house siding and the men would drop in for a visit, a cup of coffee, maybe a couple of hands of pinochle, and to catch up on the latest gossip from other camps. About three o'clock in the morning there would be a slack time in the yards and "Pop" Williams and his Iranian crew usually would decide to practice by switching us from one track to another, but we soon got used to being bumped around.

As weeks stretched into months I found the men coming to the chaplain more frequently to discuss personal problems. Every chaplain who has served overseas has had a similar experience and can testify to the place the chaplain serves as counselor and friend. It develops his pastoral feeling and he comes to watch his men as he would his own children at home. Living in such intimate contact makes for fine fellowship.

SELDOM did the sanders on our engines operate as they should. The trainmen, Deacon and the passengers often had to walk along in front of the "old girl" throwing dirt on the track so we could get traction enough. Frequently, too, we had to stop on a hill and get up steam. More than once the engine would become low on water and would have to uncouple and run for water while other trains waited at the station for them to clear.

Coming down Nourabad Mountain

we never ceased to wonder whether or not the brakes would hold. When we were lucky we operated with about twenty percent brakes. On our first trip we topped the mountain and started down grade into Nourabad, praying that the other train was in the clear, for we knew we would not be able to stop at the switch. Fortunately, they were waiting for us and we were lined for the main track. Proceeding north from Arak that



GI'S pinch-hit for a defective sander

day, we headed for our first visit to the camp located at Qum, one of Iran's most sacred towns. Under the shining golden dome of the shrine at Qum, which is visible for some distance before you reach the place, lies the mortal remains of Lady Fatemah-el-Masoumeh, "Immaculate One," the saintly sister of an ancient ruler. Outside the community extends a wild, desolate region where nothing grows but a few bushes and camel-thorn. It is known as the Valley of Death. Many a grim and fantastic legend is told about this wilderness. These stories, for the most part, date back to the days of slow transport when the pilgrims to Fatemah's tomb were victimized by roving outlaws.

The sepulcher itself is such a favorite of the Shia sect of Mohammedans that the railway runs a "prayer special" from Teheran every Friday, the Moslem holy day. To avoid the possibility of clashes with the natives, the village was declared "out of bounds" to GIs from Thursday night until Saturday morning throughout our stay in Persia. I happened to be in Qum at the 1943 New Year's season (March 21st) and saw thousands of pilgrims who had journeyed from all over the Middle East by camel, donkey, train and afoot. To accommodate the crowds, extra trains were run from Teheran for three days that week.

Our northernmost post, at Teheran, was called Camp Atterbury in honor of W. W. Atterbury, a late president of the Pennsylvania Rail-

road. Here we were in a crossfire, with the Russians on one side and the American Camp Amirabad on the other. All transactions with our Muscovite allies had to be carried on through interpreters, which complicated matters. Sometimes the Russians refused to take an entire train but selected certain cars, and this meant extra work for our men and occasionally resulted in plugged yards.

Rightly or wrongly, the fellows at Camp Atterbury felt they were discriminated against by the Amirabad camp. Whether it was equipment, entertainment, meat or supplies, Atterbury usually received it a few days after the other camp. This was probably due to the natural delay of requisitions going through the regular channels, but that did not keep the Atterbury group from referring to those at Amirabad as "glamour boys."

READERS should not be deceived by the fact that Teheran is the capital city. Teheran has no modern civilization as we think of it. There are many paved streets and some wide boulevards, even electric lights and semi-modern buildings, but the contrast is striking between the present day and the medieval in that old city. On the streets you see camel caravans and small burros bearing heavy loads of rocks, wood and garden produce, as well as motorcars, pedestrians and the ubiquitous droshky. The droshky, Teheran's chief public conveyance, is a Victoria-like carriage drawn by two horses. The first camel caravan I saw in Iran was on a sidewalk of the capital's largest and swankiest boulevard.

The water system, even in Teheran, is merely an open ditch between the roadway and the sidewalk similar to the system you find in the small villages. Water is brought by a stream from the distant mountain. Any day in the week you could watch women washing clothes, dishes or children in this water, while a few feet below them a group of youngsters would be playing in it and a dog or donkey drinking, or somebody would be filling a teapot. For those who prefer a somewhat better grade of drinking water, deliveries are made by carts loaded with barrels.

Teheran boasts the largest bazaar in the country. This is mostly under cover, stretching for miles through a labyrinth of short streets and alleys. Each section is devoted to its own trade. Nearby stands the Masjedah Shah Mosque, one of the few Mohammedan shrines which Christians are permitted to enter. Probably every American soldier who reached Teheran has visited this mosque. Incidentally, the Teheran railway station has one large room, luxuriously furnished, for the Shah's exclusive use.

For the first few weeks after we left Khorramshahr, members of the 730th Battalion had little in the way of entertainment. No recreation hall had yet been built. As soon as possible, however, a regular schedule of movies was shown. Most of the films were old, but once in a while we got a good new one. By the fall of 1943 the U.S.O. shows began to appear in Iran as well as those of the E.N.S.A., the British equivalent of U.S.O. The E.N.S.A. would put on performances at British camps and usually would give one show in the nearest American railway post. We also had visits from Fredric March, Nelson Eddy, and other stage, radio and screen celebrities.

Despite the extreme summer heat,

softball teams engaged in schedules of inter-camp games; and at Atterbury during the winter basketball was popular. Skiing parties and hunting trips also supplied diversion, the latter providing us with fresh meat. Wild boar and gazelles are plentiful in some parts of Iran, and these game animals we hunted most. Dances were arranged whenever suitable girls could be found, but such occasions were rare. At Teheran we were fortunate in getting civilians to act as chaperones and vouch for the young ladies. Some girls were Polish refugees. Others were Iranians who could speak a little English, having been educated at the Presbyterian Mission. Our own orchestra provided music.

Eventually a recreation center was set up at Teheran, to which men from other camps might be sent for a seven-day rest. Here they had an opportunity for sightseeing. An outstanding point of interest is the Royal Museum in the Golestan Palace ("the Rose Garden"), which is still used by the Shah for some state functions. I visited this museum with 175 of our men. We entered by a wide staircase carpeted with choice rugs, the walls and ceilings being covered with mirrors and crystal. There was a sharp contrast between this and what we had just seen in squalid quarters of the city while driving through the streets to the palace.

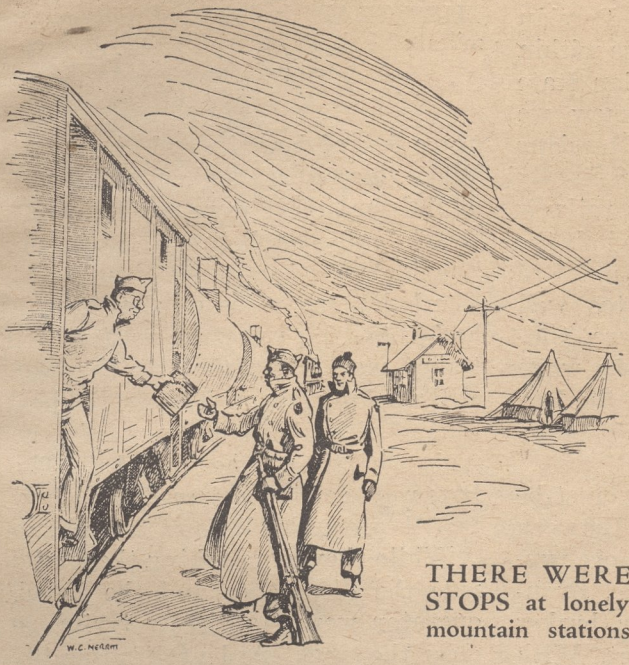
Walls of the throne room are lined with magnificent cabinets containing treasures and enamelware. The great room itself is covered with priceless rugs collected for centuries. Here you gape at tapestries with designs made from thousands of tiny pearls, also some fine mosaics, the sword of Genghis Khan, and other heirlooms of the royal family. But the prize exhibit is a gorgeous peacock throne, brought from Delhi early in the 18th century. This is studded with rough-cut precious stones and set in enamel with beautiful peacock patterns.

THE FIRST WEDDING in Iran I had any connection with was that of Capt. Jess Stubenbord and Nurse Margaret Maud Anna Newdick of the English Hospital at Qum. The marriage was solemnized at the American Mission Church in Teheran on December 11th. The ceremony itself was an anticlimax after all the problems involved had been removed. It had been necessary to secure permission of the governments, and this request through channels took several weeks. When these had been obtained, the two parties and three witnesses appeared before the Iranian authorities and requested a license. After the witnesses had agreed to be present ten days later and after the prospective bride and groom had answered another page of questions, they were given a permit to marry.

A representative of the American consular office was present to witness the ceremony and certify that the couple had fulfilled the legal requirements of the country. Twe representatives of the Iranian Government also witnessed it. Chaplain Sultan of the English Army read the ceremony and I assisted by reading the Scripture and offering prayer.

Then the chaplain issued a wedding certificate, the consular representative also gave the newlyweds a certificate, and the Iranian Government clerk delivered to each of them an Iranian certificate of wedlock. When all that was completed there was no doubt of their having been married.

Iran marriage and funeral proces-



THERE WERE STOPS at lonely mountain stations

sions were common sights. The typical native wedding party consists of a group of gaily-dressed men chanting and shouting, followed by a crowd of relatives and neighbors and by coolies carrying the wedding presents. One coolie walks nonchalantly with a tray of chinaware balanced on his head. Behind him trails another with a samovar, silver and glasses, while still others may be toting additional gifts for the newlyweds, even furniture.

The funeral procession is no less noisy. On the shoulders of the mourners is borne a long, rough, wooden tray in which rests the body of the deceased, wrapped in a sheet or coarse cloth. After one group has carried this part of the way to the cemetery, others assume the burden, mourning and wailing along the entire journey.

Among the foes our boys had to face in the Middle East were the hordes of disreputable women such as may be found near any place where soldiers are assigned. Iran has its quota. These members of the world's oldest profession were termed "rag-heads" because of the cloth they wore to cover the head and face. Military authorities made every effort to protect the GIs from all kinds of contamination, but in every army you find some men who disregard the laws of both health and decency.

Several forms of dysentery were prevalent in Iran; and in spite of all that our medical forces could do, some of the boys were always suffering from it in one form or another. If dysentery didn't get you, other dangerous germs lurked around the corner. During the torrid summer months sandfly fever was the bane of our existence. Diseases which had been brought under control in the States appeared in more virulent form in the Middle East, where they had not been checked. We even had some cases of smallpox, although all our men had been vaccinated.

Typhus was another illness we constantly dreaded, since there were always cases of it in communities near our camps. Droshkies and other public conveyances were declared out of bounds, to avoid the possibility of picking up the dread typhus-carrying louse.

WHEN WE ARRIVED in Iran, the German troops had advanced into southern Russia in their drive to the Baku oil fields, their ulti-

mate destination being the Persian Gulf. At that time they were within striking distance of the Iranian State Railway by air and we knew we would be in a hot spot if the Russians did not stop them. Our U.S.S.R. ally was counting on America's railway forces to deliver the goods to halt the Germans. The story of the Red Army's excellent work is too well known to need recounting here. Suffice it to say, we breathed easier when the enemy were blocked and the Red Army began relentlessly pushing them back.

To the foregoing dangers must be added those of operation. Between Rahgerd and Qum we had more runaways than at any other place. Eventually the requirement for brakes was stepped up to 40 percent. With the ammunition and tanks we were also carrying much high-octane gasoline, and because of the danger from sparks these brakes had to be cut out. All that gasoline needs to set it off is a spark. There was no arguing with a Russian guard when he had been told to keep car brakes cut out. Uncle Joe's boys had itchy trigger fingers and knew how to use a bayonet.

On this section we had one of our worst runaways. The train left Arak at night with twenty-one cars—ten tanks of gas and the rest live ammunition—with Virgil E. Oakes at the throttle, Harry L. Slick firing, and John P. Peterson ("Pete") on the job as conductor. The crew were in high spirits when they left the yards. They had an American engine and the required number of brakes and had spent some time ribbing the yard crew just before they got the "line clear" ticket.

They made good time up the hill. After topping the crest at Nangerd you begin to drop rapidly and there

THAT TRAIN had covered thirty-seven miles of hairpin curves in forty-two exciting minutes

are a lot of hairpin and S curves. When this redball freight pulled out of Rahgerd there were two trains at Zageh and one between Qum and Zageh. What a setup for a runaway! The balancing valve on the throttle had jammed, so that no matter how Oakes moved the throttle she was still working steam. Their small percent of airbrakes could not hold the train with the engine opened up. The boys were getting a chance to see how fast they could roll down the hill.

While they were taking their wild ride the dispatcher and the Zageh operator were frantically trying to clear the track. At length trains 102 and 109 were in the hole at Zageh, 107 cleared at Qum, and the dispatcher had an unobstructed track for the runaway, hoping she would not spill on a curve. As they approached the Zageh station Oakes and Pete, seeing trains silhouetted there, thought they were in for a head-on collision and they quickly unloaded.

Fireman Slick rode her on through and succeeded in stopping at five kilometers north of Zageh, for which deed he was given the American soldiers' medal, besides being decorated by the Russians. The train had covered thirty-seven miles in the darkness, around hairpin curves, had dropped 2300 feet in elevation, and had run through three stations, all in forty-two exciting minutes!

"Chaplain," said Slick, "I don't mind telling you that I wasn't ashamed of praying that night."

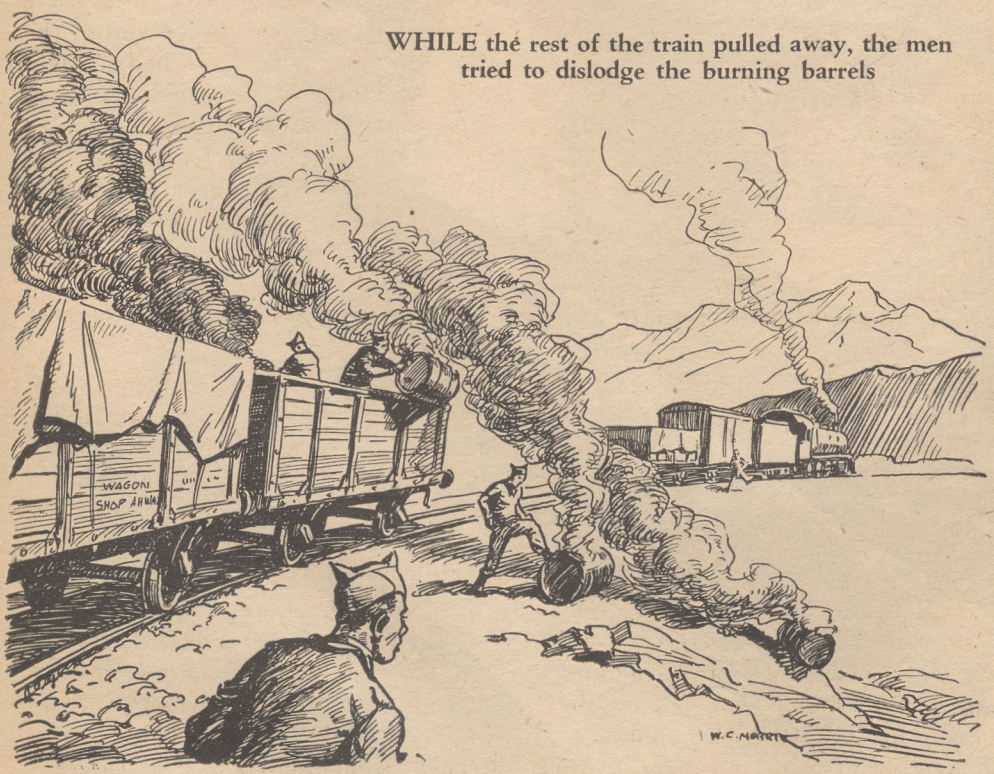
Few weeks went by without some situation arising to endanger lives. In January, '44, for example, a train was slowly climbing one of the grades

north of Qum when the engineer, Cpl. Harry Berggren, looked back, saw smoke rolling from a car, and instantly brought the train to a stop. Then Fireman James W. Foster, Conductor Aaron Norman and Lt. Frank H. Wagner rushed back to find that the fire was on a gondola loaded with steel drums. At first they attempted to smother the blaze with sand, the Iranian brakeman passing it up from the ground in his coat.

The flames subsided, only to break out anew. Meanwhile, the rest of the train had been cut loose from the gondola. Smoke became blacker and thicker. The men would dash in, trying to dislodge a barrel, and then would have to retreat for air. In this battle with fire the crew were joined by a Russian guard and Pvt. Donald H. Redford, who was heading for Teheran on a pass.

After almost an hour success crowned their efforts and the burning drums had been rolled safely from the car. The train was recoupled and pulled into Teheran. Only then did the men learn that the drums were filled with phosphorous—and nobody needed to tell them how inflammable that was! This story of the disregard of personal safety in order to keep traffic moving is only one of many accounts of heroism that could be told of the 730th Railway Operating Battalion.

THE RED CROSS TRAINMOBILE, a caboose coupled to a glorified boxcar, made its appearance on the Iran State Railway in August, 1943, in charge of Edwin L. ("Bud") Abbott. Bud was assisted by two American girls, "Lil" Hackworth and "Ricky" St. Martin, who acted



WHILE the rest of the train pulled away, the men tried to dislodge the burning barrels

as scenery—and how the men went in for such scenery!

The Trainmobile ran between Teheran and the Persian Gulf, about 600 miles, stopping at all GI camps enroute. It made available to the men a few touches of home: a 16-mm. movie projector, screen and films; a library, including detective and Western fiction; various games; doughnuts, coffee and ice cream; and American commodities of a more intangible nature—a lively sense of humor, a ready laugh, a lot of breezy talk, a bit of sympathy when a soldier needed it, and ears which never wearied of listening to his tales.

Inside walls of the recreational boxcar were painted a light green, while cheery red-and-white curtains fluttered at the windows. On the floor, a gay-colored linoleum matched the snack-bar counter. This counter extended across the car's width. On it stood a basket of fresh doughnuts—any soldier could help himself. The ice cream must have tasted like manna from Heaven to boys stationed in parched desert areas. Also in the car was a large bookcase well stocked with Western and detective fiction; and there were American newspapers, none of them less than a month old, which the fellows scanned eagerly for possible news of their home towns and of the railroads from which they were furloughed. In addition, the car carried supplies as well as bunks for Bud and the Army guard.

The caboose was "no man's land." It served as living quarters for the two girls, being equipped with a shower, a toilet, wardrobe closets, two bunks, two chairs, a table and a lamp. Ricky and Lil began their service on the ISR with no mess kits, no cooking utensils, not even towels. All they had bothered to bring along were their make-up and feminine charm. It may not have been easy for them to ride through the blistering heat, stop at each station and serve ice cream and visit with the boys, but both young ladies responded like veteran troupers. At the camps they took their places in serving lines for the enlisted men's mess. At first, in the evening a Red Cross party or bingo game was conducted; later on, the movie equipment was sent over.

I rode on the Trainmobile's initial trip. We ran special from Teheran to Arak, pausing at each station to let the men meet Bud and the hostesses. It was the first time since their landing in Iran that the homesick fellows had seen American girls or tasted ice cream, and they gave both a joyous welcome. We hit Andimeschk and Ahwaz in a wave of intense heat, and by the end of the day everyone was a bit bedraggled. It is no cinch to become acclimated to a journey from sub-zero cold of the mountains, 6600 feet above sea level, to the torrid desert, in just a few hours. You can understand this change even more when I tell you that when we stopped at Sabz-Ab the thermometer stood at 140 degrees Fahrenheit.

Despite the wilting temperature, a group of soldiers accompanied me on a trip to Daniel's tomb at Shush. There is a sepulcher at Shush with a peculiar pointed dome—the only one I saw in Iran that was not rounded—which is pointed out as the lion-tamer's tomb. Near it are scattered the ancient ruins of Susa, a city associated with Queen Esther in Biblical history. These fragments of the dim past had been excavated by French archeologists.

RED CROSS TRAINMOBILE brought a few of the comforts of home to the MRS—books and magazines, movies, the latest records, ice cream, coffee and doughnuts

Returning from a tour of these scenes, we visited Dizful. Due to excessive heat, the houses there are provided with subterranean rooms connected by underground passages, because of which Dizful has been called the "City of Rats." We saw, too, the foundation which had supported a bridge in the time of Alexander the Great. Around it people were bathing in the stream, washing clothes and dishes, and picnicking on the hillside just as their ancestors probably had been doing more than two thousand years ago when Alexander invaded Persia.

THEN CAME December 2nd. What a day—shall we ever forget it? On many calendars around Camp Atterbury it was circled in red. As early as midsummer the rumor had been flying from camp to camp, down to the Gulf and back again, that by fall a great event would take place in Iran. Finally the rumors were confirmed.

"It's a fact; they *are* here!"

"I'll never believe it until I see with my own eyes."

"Amirabad has had it for the past two days."

"Well, maybe they will let us in on it some time, but the bright boys out there have to be taken care of first."

On December 2nd, a few days short of a year from the date the first troops landed in Iran, we had our first taste of frozen beef and butter from the States.

"Good old American beef!"

Guys who were ordinarily "sober as a judge" wanted to kiss the mess sergeant. Others filled their mess kits and then just sat down and looked at them a while.

"Thank God for a tough piece of steak! I find out I can still chew."

A year of canned food had caused us to wonder why they ever examined a man's teeth before they sent him overseas. You don't have to chew canned grub; you just swallow it. We'd had spam and corned beef day after day—hot, cold and indifferent, camouflaged, and just as it came from the can. We understood why they were having such great tin-can drives in the U. S. A.; it took a lot of tin to supply the Army in Iran.

Our experience with canned food is one of the reasons for a large red circle about the date December 2nd. And don't let anyone tell you it was because we were reviewed by our Commander-in-Chief. The review was an incident of secondary importance; but frozen beef and fresh butter—now, brother, that's something to write home about.

The second reason for the circle was, of course, the visit of President Roosevelt. We had known for days that the Big Conference was on. Teheran was out of bounds to our men, work passes were necessary to get outside the gate at camp, and Camp Atterbury had been called upon to supply fifty special guards. Every precaution was taken for the protection of President Roosevelt, Premier Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill. All radio, telegraph, and telephone communication was cut off from Teheran. Passenger trains were cancelled day after day. Crews and trains were held in readiness to move the world leaders if it became necessary and if weather precluded flying. Anyone else desiring to leave the city discovered it could not be done. Allied soldiers were everywhere on guard and the embassies were busy places.

PRINCIPAL ATTRACTIONS of the Trainmobile, however, were the Red Cross workers themselves; vivacious American girls who worked tirelessly to cheer the GI railroaders

President Roosevelt spent his first night at the American legation. The next day he moved to the Russian embassy, to remain until his final night in Teheran, which was spent at Camp Amirabad. Then on the morning of December 2nd the President reviewed his troops.

We had spent November 30th getting everything ready for a parade the following morning. The parade was off, then on, several times during the day, and at nine p.m. it was definitely cancelled. "No parade." Everyone pretended to heave a sigh of relief, but we all were just kidding ourselves. We wanted to be reviewed by our Commander-in-Chief, for we desired to have some part in the great Teheran conference. It would be something to brag about, later on.

At 3:15 a.m., December 2nd, the O.D. began waking the camp. At 6:15 our men loaded in the trucks and started for Amirabad. There all the troops were drawn up along one of the roads. A few minutes after eight o'clock the command "Eyes left" brought a slowly moving jeep into our circle of vision. Our eyes followed the President until he had passed us. Mr. Roosevelt wore a brown hat and had a dark Navy cape thrown over his shoulders to protect him from the raw wind. His face was tanned and he looked tired. As he drove by we were hoping the trip had been successful and that he would reach home safely.

A couple of days later William Averell Harriman, the American ambassador to Russia and son of the famous railroad man E. H. Harriman, told us that our success in delivering supplies to Russia had laid the foundation for the conference which the Big Three had just held. And shortly afterward the 730th received laudatory letters from members of the President's party, including Gen. G. C. Marshall, U.S. Army Chief of Staff; Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, and Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt's personal assistant.

FOR ELEVEN MONTHS I was the only Protestant chaplain along the railway between Andimeschk and Teheran. During that period Catholic services were provided by periodic visits to our camps from Chaplains Beck, Hensgen and Murphy, while the spiritual needs of Jewish men were looked after by Chaplain Rubens.

In October, 1943, a Catholic chaplain, Capt. Francis J. McDonnell arrived in Persia and was assigned to the post at Arak. A car was placed at his service and he made periodic trips to the camps at Doroud and Ghom to say mass. And in the following January another Protestant chaplain, Capt. Lewis L. Prewitt, was assigned to the Doroud camp and began holding religious services there and at Arak.

Sometimes I conducted services at odd hours and under strange circumstances. On Easter week of 1943 I visited all four camps, necessitating travel for four nights that week. A communion service would be held in one camp during the day and at evening to accommodate the men on various shifts. Then my caboose-parsonage, *Faith,* would be coupled to a train during the night and hauled to the next camp. The men brought their mess cups to communion for the wine, the latter having been donated for the occasion by the doctor at the Seventh Day Adventist Mission Hospital in Arak. I made

similar trips during the Christmas season.

The holiday seasons were most difficult of all. Homesickness can be very real when you are ten thousand miles from home. We made special efforts at such times to provide services and entertainment for the camps.

On Christmas Eve I was at Camp Atterbury and here Sgt. H. G. Smedley had been training a carol group for our Yuletide services. We put our portable organ in the truck, loaded it with the members of the choir, and began a tour. The choir sang at the officer's quarters, visited the General's home, and made one stop on Istamboul Street in Teheran. The Iranians crowded around us and we had traffic tied up for a half hour while we rendered Christmas carols. It was probably the first time a group of Americans had sung carols on the streets of Teheran.

Returning to the camp, we held a Carol sing at the recreation hall, where candy, fruit, and nuts were available for the men.

Mass was held at eleven that night and the Protestant service on Christmas morning, both being conducted in the Post theater, since the chapel could not accommodate all those who wished to attend. The altar was decorated with flowers in memory of the four men who had died at Atterbury during the year, and after the Christmas morning service their graves were decorated.

FINALLY, on March 16th, 1944, I received orders returning me to the continental limits of the United States, and knew that my eighteen months of pleasant contact with the 730th was drawing to a close. It is not easy to break off such a relationship. Living with the men, going through the experience of camp life, the staging area, transport, and the close fellowship of our railroad work in Iran had made some fast friendships.

On the day I went to Amirabad to be weighed in for the trip, I took care of a cablegram for one of our men who had heard of a death in his family. All day I used for last-minute visits about the camp. That night quite a group gathered in my room for a final session.

A few minutes after I had boarded a plane Teheran faded into the distance. The mountains in central Iran are very high and we began to climb for altitude. It became quite cold, making it necessary to utilize every blanket on the plane to keep warm.

Landing at an airport a few hours later, we transferred to another plane with several men and were crowded for the remainder of the day. Near evening we reached Palestine, flying over historic Nazareth and continuing south. Soon the Suez came into view. It seemed like no time at all until we were circling an airfield at Cairo for a landing. In the company of three pilots on a rest trip, I went to the pyramids. We rode camels and had a chance to see the Mena House, famous for the Allied conference held there a few months previously.

The plane trip from Cairo was something to remember. We flew over one port in which we could see sunken and damaged ships bearing mute testimony to the ravages of war. Bomb craters were visible from the air and on the approach to many of the air fields we could see the burned wreckage of planes in the vicinity. We ran into head winds the first day and were delayed so much that we finally had to set down

at a field and remain for the night. The wind increased in velocity and we had hot and cold running sand in the tents and beds throughout the night.

After an interesting and all-too-brief half-day spent in Casablanca, we picked up some patients being returned to the United States; and almost before I knew it I was back on American soil telephoning my wife that I was home again. How does it feel to be home? I can answer that one best in the words of a Mohammedan boy in Iran to whom I used to give candy, chewing-gum, or maybe a book. Each time he would respond by saying *"Khaili khoob"* (very good), and that is exactly how I feel at having completed my period of service with the 730th Railway Operating Battalion.

To bring my story up to date: on July 1st, 1945, the U.S. Army Persian Gulf Command completed its transfer of the southern section of the Iran State Railway back to the Shah's government. Americans no longer operate that line, except in memory—and what a memory!

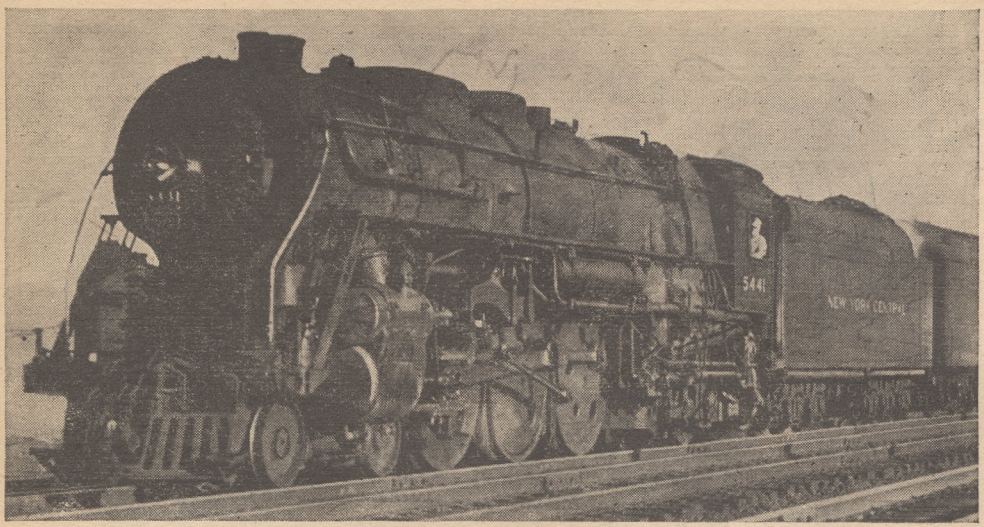


Photo by Corp. Frank Quin, U. S. Army

WHISTLE SIGNALS constitute the only audible communication system on the bulk of American passenger trains. Above: *Commodore Vanderbilt* speeds down the Hudson River near Peekskill, N. Y.

WITH INTERCAR TELEPHONES and three-way (caboose to engine to fixed station) radios already finding wide spread favor in the train communications field, the time may soon come when air-actuated signal systems will appear as primitive and obsolete as the old green bell cord. Yet like the automatic block, compressed air signaling has the virtue of simplicity and a record of dependability throughout the years. Let's see how it works.

At the front and rear of every locomotive used on varnish runs, as well as on either end of cars engaged in high-speed mail, baggage and passenger service, there are two air hoses. The larger is a flexible coupling for the brake system's train line. The other is the signal line hose. Both must be coupled to corresponding units on adjoining cars and their angle cocks turned to open position before a train leaves its terminal.

A glance at our first drawing shows how an uninterupted air signal passage is then formed between the engine and its cars. The assembly is composed mainly of three-quarter inch piping, fed from the locomotive's main reservoir. In the cab are a signal valve and whistle; on each car, a whistle discharge valve.

Air coming from the main reservoir flows first through a reducing valve; generally the same one which controls pressure for the independent brake. There it is dropped to around forty-five pounds and allowed to flow the entire length of the train. On the rear car the angle cock is, of course, closed.

Like the automatic airbrake system, the train communication mechanism works by means of a pressure differential. That is to say—a reduction in air thrust on one side of a valve or piston causes it to move, opening certain ports. When a conductor wishes to signal an engineer, he simply reduces the signal line pressure by pulling on a cord in one of the cars.

This cord connects with a whistle discharge valve which is hardly more than a simple bleed cock, normally held in closed position by means of a spring. As the cord unseats the valve, air rushes out of the pipe to the atmosphere. That, in turn, has its effect on the whistle signal valve in the locomotive cab. This device, shown in the third drawing, is a small pot-like mechanism fashioned either of cast iron or of light steel plate, with its two sections bolted tightly together to

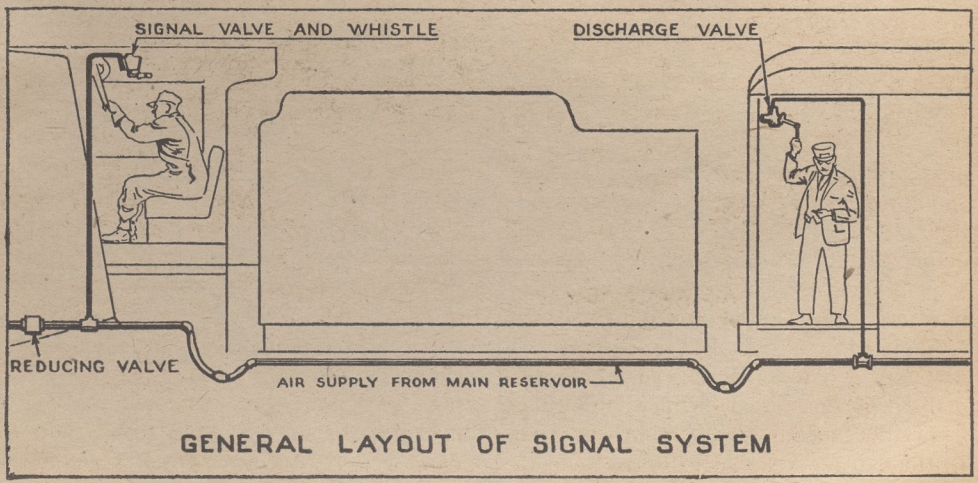
Light of the Lantern

TRAIN COMMUNICATION SIGNALS

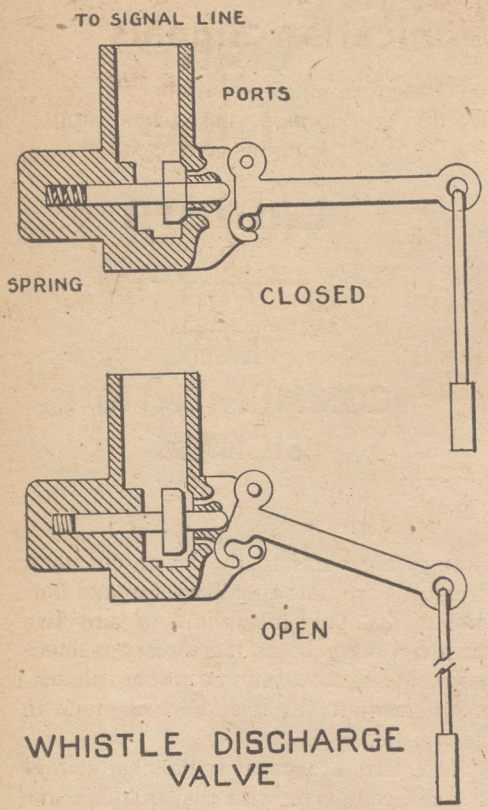
prevent leakage. Between the halves is a rubber disc, or diaphragm, supporting a stem at the base of which is a valve with a ground seat. That portion of the stem acting as a guide in the lower part of the casing is grooved to allow air flowing through cavity *C* to reach chamber *B*.

PRESSURE, and pressure alone activates the mechanism. When the compressor is started and the valve charged, air flows from the signal line through a choke entering chamber *A*. This forces the diaphragm downward until the valve seats itself in closed position. With the upper chamber filled, air continues to flow through the ports to the lower chamber. Pressures are now equalized, top and bottom, so that only the weight of the valve and diaphragm holds the former member down. A slight variation of force will now be sufficient to lift it and let air flow to the whistle.

Note that the capacity of chamber *A* is small, compared with that of *B*. There is a reason for this. For when the conductor opens the discharge valve, reducing pressure in the signal line, air is rapidly drawn from Chamber *A*, while the greater volume in *B* remains the same. This forces the diaphragm upward, unseating the small valve at the base, and al-



GENERAL LAYOUT OF SIGNAL SYSTEM

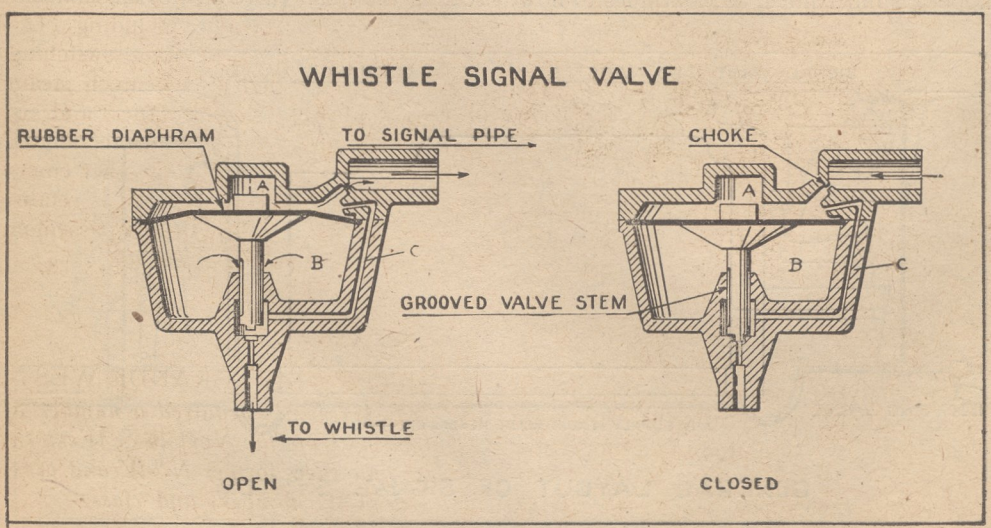


lowing a blast of air to flow from chamber *B* to the whistle.

As soon as the conductor releases the rope and the valve in the car is closed once more, the system recharges rapidly—air filling chamber *A* and forcing the diaphragm down, then continuing through cavity *C* to equalize all pressures again.

Nevertheless the action is not instantaneous and for this reason train crews follow a particular pattern to obtain the best results when transmitting signals to enginemen. They pull the cord quickly, allowing it to remain in open position only one full second for each sound. Before giving another blast, an interval of approximately three seconds is observed, insuring sufficient time for pressure to equalize. (With extremely long trains, the lapse must be extended.)

The whistle signal system is always tested at the enginehouse before a locomotive is dispatched. It is also inspected in the yard or at the station, to make sure that all angle cocks are turned and the system charged. There are various efficient ways of combining the test with other work. One simple procedure is for the car inspector, after coupling on the engine and hooking up his train, to walk the length of the cars checking for leaks and defects, then to climb aboard the last platform and give the cord four short tugs. This is a signal for the engineman to apply brakes. The inspector then walks forward examining piston travels and, with everything in normal order, has the brakes released.



Standard Train Communication Signals

—— —— When standing start
0 0 0 When standing back up
0 0 0 0 When standing apply or release brakes
0 0 0 0 0 When standing recall flagman
0 0 When running stop at once
0 0 0 When running stop at next stop
0 0 0 0 When running reduce speed
0 0 0 0 0 When running increase speed
0 0 0 0 0 0 When running increase steam heat pressure
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 When running release sticking brakes on train
———— Shut off steam. This signal approaching points where cars are to be disconnected
0 0 —— Approaching meeting points

Notes: 0 indicates short blast: —— indicates long blast. Enginemen must sound steam whistle after each signal enroute to notify conductor that he has heard the warning.

INFORMATION BOOTH

1

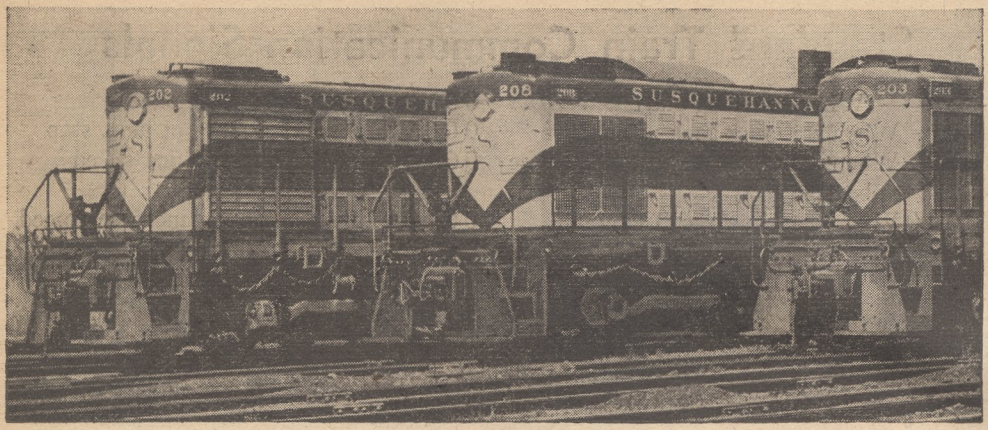
IN LAST MONTH'S *Locomotive of the Month you stated that New York, Ontario & Western might become the second Class 1 railroad to be entirely operated by Diesel power. What is the first?*

This distinction goes to O&W's neighbor, the New York, Susquehanna & Western. Culminating eight years of progressive management, the changeover from steam to internal combustion motive power became complete on June 2nd, when the sixteenth Diesel-electric to be delivered to the Susquehanna by the American Locomotive Company and General Electric went into service. The NYS&W now has a total of six 1,000 horsepower Diesel switchers and ten 1,000 horsepower road locomotives. Twelve of these engines are designed for multiple-unit operation. The dual-service road locomotives weigh 240,000 pounds, with a starting tractive force of 71,400 pounds at thirty percent adhesion. They are designed for mile-a-minute speeds and are equipped with steam generators for train heating. Eight are equipped for multiple-unit operation. The remaining six locomotives are 1,000-horsepower switchers weighing 230,000 pounds on drivers, with a starting tractive force of 69,000 pounds. In addition to this power, the Susquehanna operates four streamlined Diesel motorailers and two gas-electric motor rail cars for its commuter service. All motive power, passenger cars and stations are painted an attractive maroon and gray.

Some idea of the influence of the change in the character of the Susquehanna's motive power may be gained by the fact that in 1936 the road was operating forty-one steam engines, either owned or leased; it handled 159 million gross-ton-miles in freight service and 449,000 train miles in passenger service. In 1944 freight traffic had increased to a total of 479,862 train-miles, all of which traffic, including 142,000 locomotive-miles in train switching service, was handled by seventeen steam locomotives, nine Diesel engines, and six motor rail cars. For the protection of unforeseen traffic increases or other emergencies during the war the road is retaining one Pacific type steam passenger locomotive and four Decapods.

2

DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN *recently acquired a number of locomotives from the Norfolk & Western. Please give their former N&W and present D&RGW numbers and class.*



Rio Grande purchased eleven locomotives from the Norfolk & Western. This addition to the motive power roster consists of four N&W Class K3 Mountain types, now designated D&RGW Class M69, and seven N&W Y2a Class 2-8-8-2 Mallet Compounds, reclassed as Rio Grande L-109. The road numbers of these engines follow:

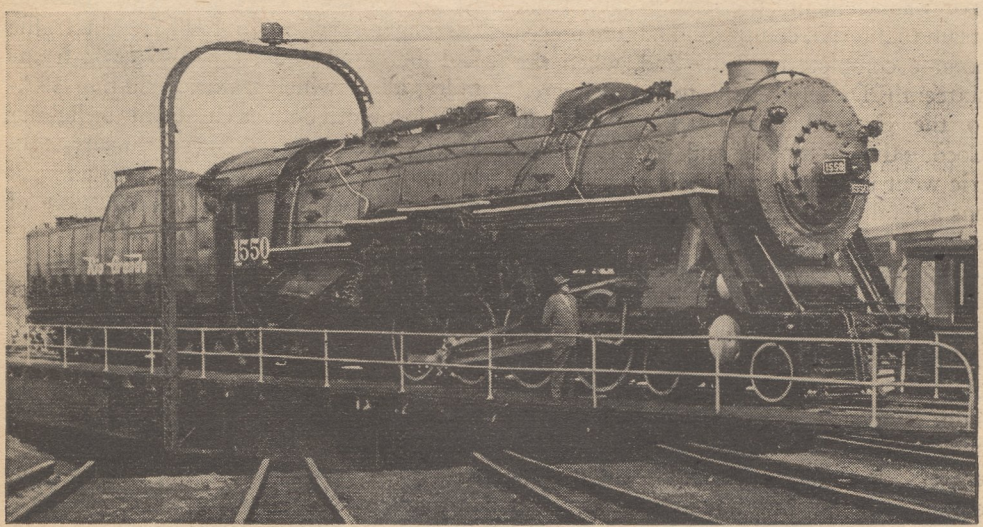
N&W K3	D&RGW M69
206	1550
207	1551
208	1552
209	1553

N&W Y2a	D&RGW L-109
1706	3558
1709	3559
1713	3560
1714	3561
1719	3562
1725	3563
1726	3564

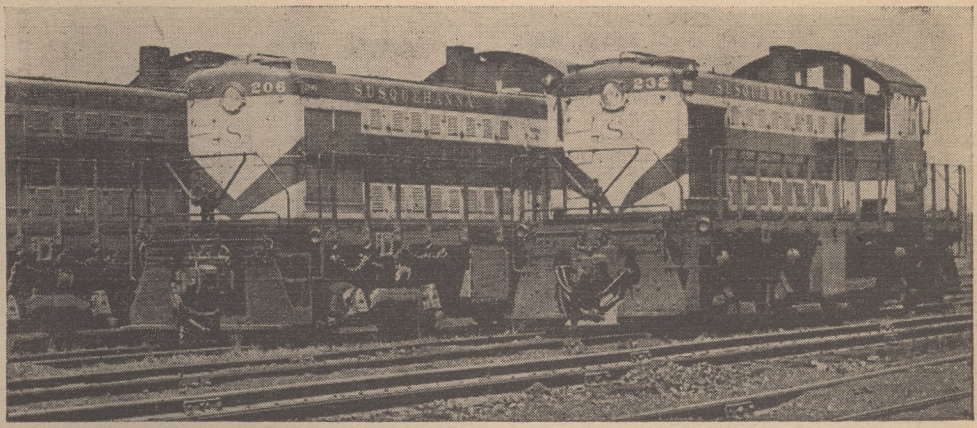
3

WHEN *did the first use of induction train communication occur?*

In 1885 the New Haven Railroad ex-



MOUNTAIN BATTLER in a new setting. N&W 4-8-2's now thunder up the Arkansas, emblazoned with the legend "Rio Grande"



FIRST U. S. RAILROAD to go "all-Diesel" is the New York, Susquehanna & Western. Five of its sixteen Alco-General Electric units appear above

perimented with communication between running trains and wayside stations, by means of induction telegraphy.

4

COMPARE *Wabash and Chicago & Illinois Midland Santa Fe type locomotives.*

	Wabash	Chicago & Illinois Midland
Class	L-1	600
Numbers	2501-2525	600
Cylinders	29x32	27x32
Pressure	210	200
Drivers	64	57
Weight, engine	395,000	363,560
Tractive Force	75,059	69,500
		11,500, booster
Builder	Alco	Baldwin
Date	1917	1927

5

GIVE *the length and date of construction of the Grand Trunk's St. Clair Tunnel.*

The St. Clair bore, between Sarnia, Ontario, and Port Huron, Michigan, was built in 1888-1891, at a cost of $1,460,000. It is one and thirteen-hundredths miles long. A feature article on American railway tunnels will appear in a near-future issue of *Railroad Magazine.*

6

WHAT *is the oldest railway employees' brotherhood or union?*

The Grand International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which was organized in 1863 at Detroit, Michigan, as the Brotherhood of the Footboard, is the oldest railway labor organization in the United States.

7

HOW *are the Ringlemann tests for locomotive smoke density conducted?*

Municipal, state and railroad inspectors keep a keen eye on passing trains and determine the exact density of smoke emitted by means of charts known as the Ringlemann tests. There are six charts ranging from clear to one-hundred per cent black, which are placed about fifty feet from the observer. Being nothing more than ruled lines of varying thicknesses, when set at a distance the lines disappear and shades of gray develop. By comparing the smoke with the closest gray on the chart the exact percentage can be determined. Many cities have allowed that forty per

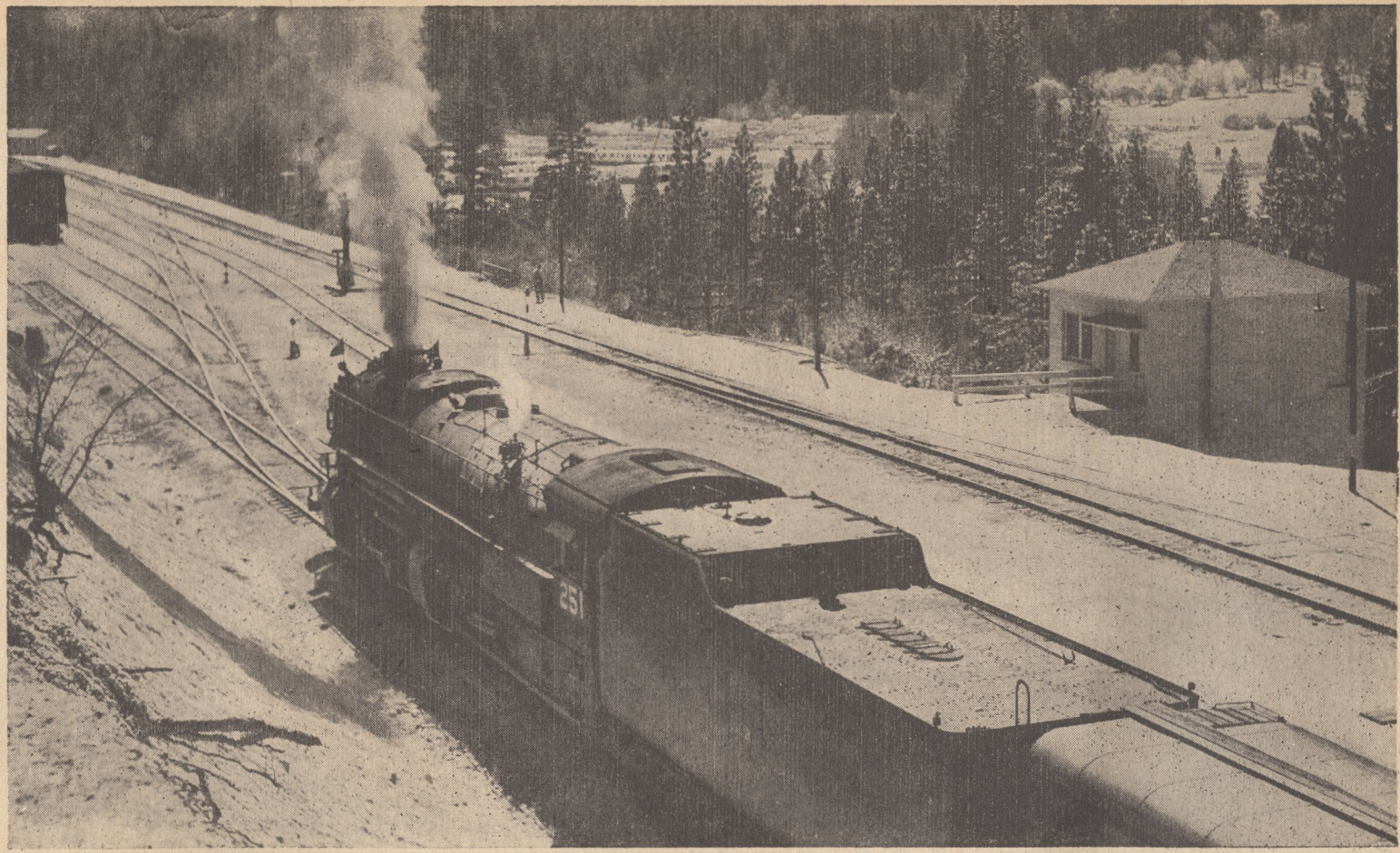
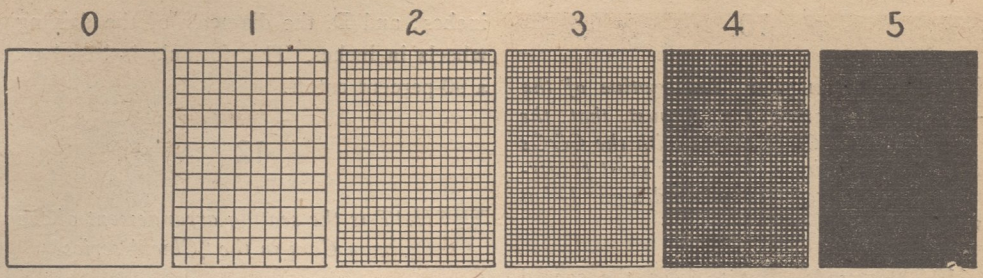


Photo by Peter Josserand

CTC is in full operation through the Feather River Canyon, from Keddie to Oroville. The Shock-proof structure at the right houses delicate electrical "nerve center" of the installation



RINGELMANN SCALE
FOR GRADING DENSITY OF SMOKE

cent smoke is allowable at all or any time but above that they place a ban. In some cases sixty per cent smoke may be made for short periods depending upon the number of cars being hauled. Any smoke above that of chart number three is strictly forbidden.

8

HOW *much baggage may be checked free on each passenger ticket?*

On a full-fare ticket, the maximum free baggage allowance is usually one-hundred and fifty pounds; on a half-fare ticket, seventy-five pounds.

9

HOW *much money did American railroads pay in taxes last year?*

Plenty! Railroad taxes in 1944 were by far the highest on record, $1,900,000,000. In order to meet taxes alone, the revenue derived from 73 days of operation was required.

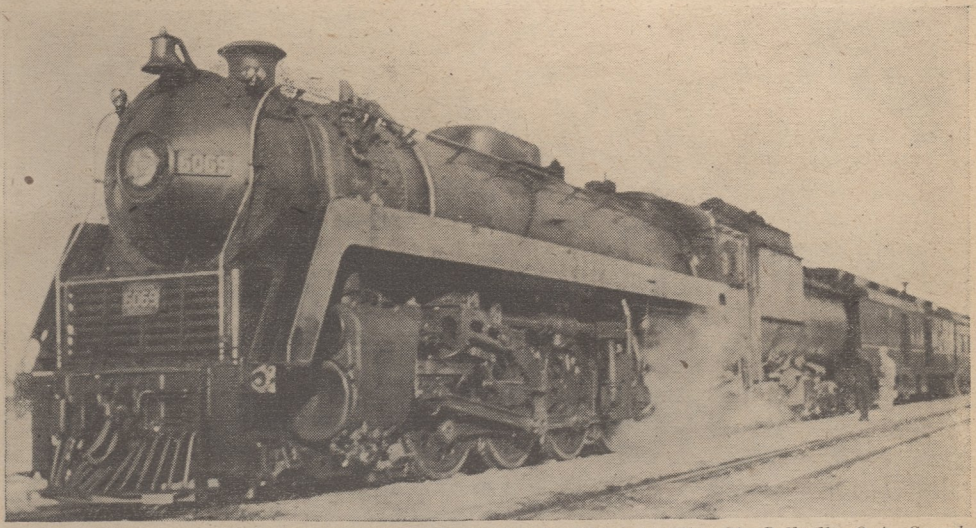


Photo by David M. Wilson, 40 Olive St., Belleville, Ont., Canada

STREAMSTYLED Canadian National 6069 wheels *The Maple Leaf*, which has through passenger-car service between Toronto and Philadelphia via Lehigh Valley and Reading lines

10

YOU SAY, *in your "Locomotive of the Month" feature for August that the Virginian's 900 Class shares with the C&Os H-8, the distinction of being the most powerful twelve-drivered locomotive design. What is its tractive effort?*

110,200 pounds. But to keep the record straight, we erred in our statement. The fact is that all Norfolk & Western class A 2-6-6-4s, from Number 1210 on, have had their operating boiler pressures raised to 300 pounds (original pressure was 275 pounds). This boosts their tractive effort to 114,000 pounds—the highest yet achieved in a steam locomotive with six driving axles.

11

HOW *is the tractive effort of a four cylinder, simple articulated locomotive determined?*

By the formula $\frac{T=N}{2} \times \frac{0.85PC=S,}{D}$ in which T represents tractive effort; N, the number of cylinders; 0.85, the percentage of steam pressure reaching the pistons; P, the operating boiler pressure; C, the diameter of the cylinders in inches; S, the stroke in inches; and D, the diameter of the driving wheels in inches. This formula is based on a 90-percent cutoff.

12

WHAT *is the seating arrangement of the Pullman Cars in the "Chief" series?*

Ten sections, drawing room, and compartment.

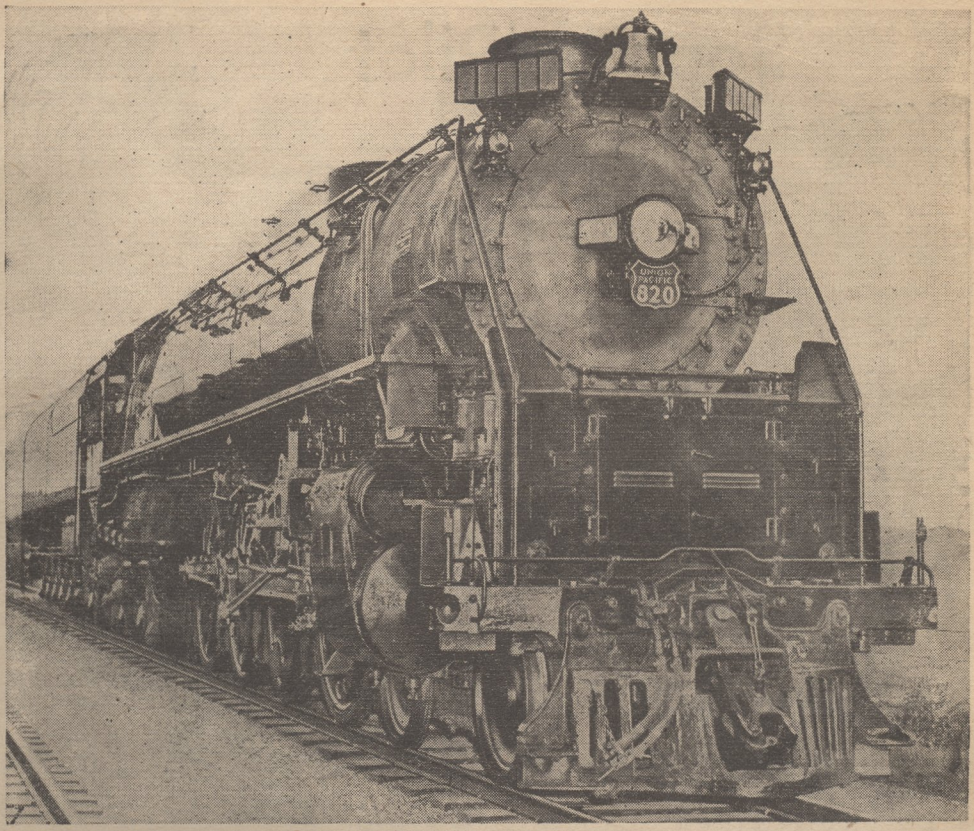
13

DID THE CB&Q *ever operate narrow-gage trackage in the state of Iowa?*

Yes, the Burlington & Northwestern, extending from Mediapolis to Washington, Iowa, 39 miles; and the Burlington & Western, whose 70 miles of trackage linked Winfield with Oskaloosa, both became narrow-gage properties of the Burlington in 1898. The former had been chartered as an independent line in 1875, and the latter in 1881. Both were standard gaged by the purchasing road on Sunday, June 29, 1902. That part of the line which had been Burlington & Western trackage was abandoned around 1930.

Photo by Lewis H. Conrad, 303 E. 6th Ave., South Williamsport 2, Pa.

STREAMSTYLED CABOOSE. PRR's N5c class has circular windows and automotive-style cupola end-walls



Locomotive of the Month—

Union Pacific 4-8-4

IN 1937 the Union Pacific put into service twenty 4-8-4 type locomotives numbered 800-819, which were among the largest units of that wheel arrangement built until that time. Coupled to an AAR test train of sixteen cars, weighing 1000 tons, one of these engines attained a maximum speed of 102 miles an hour between Grand Island and Omaha, Neb., on a slightly descending grade.

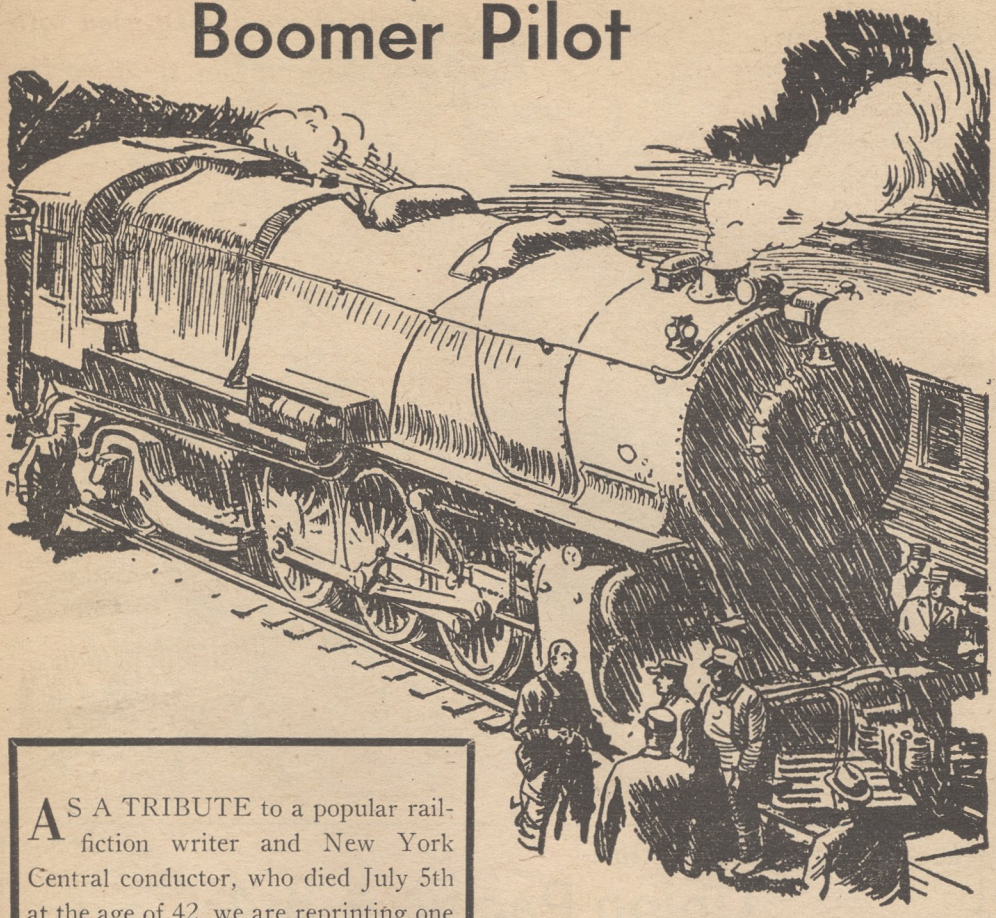
Performance of the series was so satisfactory that in 1939 another fifteen engines, numbered 820-834 were delivered to the road. These machines differed from the first lot in their use of pedestal-type underframe tenders, and a slight increase in cylinder dimensions to compensate for the application of 80-inch drivers as against 77-inch wheels for the former series.

To this second lot was added still a third group of ten, 835-844, in the Fall of 1944. Exact duplicates of the intermediate lot, they have joined their predecessors in passenger train service between Omaha, Neb., and Cheyenne, Wyo.; Denver, Colo.; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; and Huntington, Ore. The heaviest grade encountered by these giants is 1.55 percent (westbound), and the longest through run, that extending between Omaha and Huntington, 1394 miles.

Specifications

Numbers	800-819	819-844
Cylinders	24½x32	25x32
Drivers	77	80
Pressure	300	300
Weight, engine	465,000	483,000
Tractive Effort	63,600	63,800
Tender Capacity		
Water	20,000	23,500
Coal	25	25
Builder	Alco	Alco

Boomer Pilot

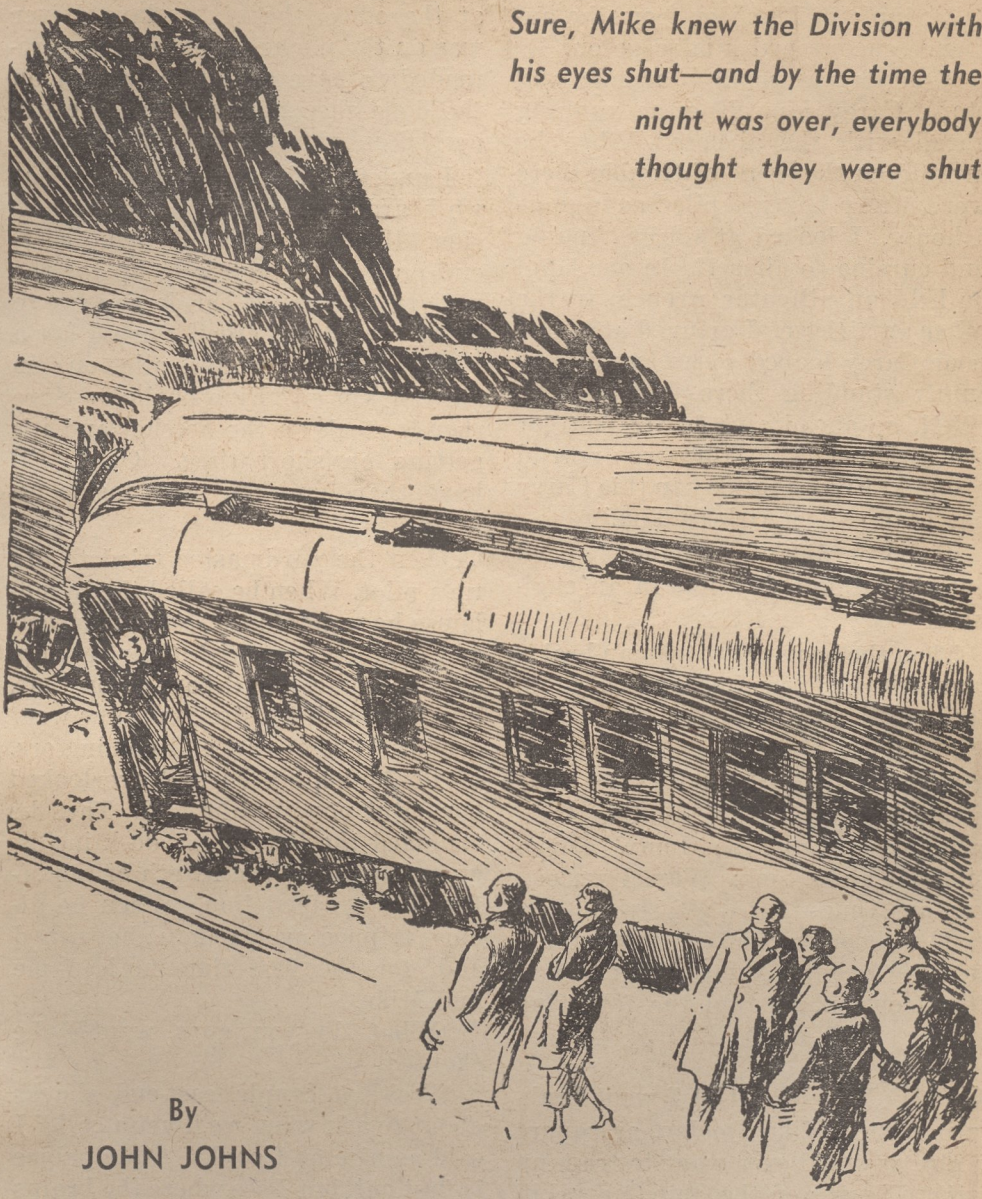


AS A TRIBUTE to a popular rail-fiction writer and New York Central conductor, who died July 5th at the age of 42, we are reprinting one of his earliest short stories, "Boomer Pilot," from our July, 1931, issue. John Patrick Johns had been railroading since 1917 and writing fiction since 1930. After braking and firing on the Pennsy, he went into NYC train service, and was running Central trains when his last call came. Johnny was the author of 13 short stories, 13 novelettes, 2 serials, and 2 true tales, all published in *Railroad Magazine*, and a movie script produced by Monogram. He belonged to the O.R.C., was married, had no children, and lived in New York City. We shall miss him.

THE ANTEROOM of the west yard office was thick with pipe and cigarette smoke. There were a road crew called for a manifest, a passenger crew waiting for the *Indian,* and the switcher outfit over from the passenger station. A pot-bellied stove radiated warmth to the occupants of the room, who filled every inch of the wooden benches ranged against the walls.

Old lemon-faced Tim Carey, "brains" on the eastbound peddler, stood before the high wooden counter which separated the yardmaster's throne from the mob room, checking up the bills for the cars he'd just picked up. Grumbling as usual,

Sure, Mike knew the Division with his eyes shut—and by the time the night was over, everybody thought they were shut



By
JOHN JOHNS

he gathered up his bills and walked to the door. His hand was on the doorknob when the young passenger conductor shouted at him:

"Hey, Airhose, don't you notice anybody any more? How's the airhose situation lately?"

The old ORC glared at his tormentor. Too angry to speak, he left the room, slamming the door behind him with such force that the shack trembled.

"Airhose Tim! I'll never forget when I was braking freight for him," said the passenger skipper, addressing the group. "Every time we stopped with the air gone, Tim would send my partner or me over the train with an alligator wrench and an airhose."

A ripple of laughter from the audience encouraged him to go on.

"One day we made a grand-stand stop. Carey himself come running ahead with the airhose. When he arrived on the scene of trouble there were fifteen boxcars piled as high as a house. I looked at Carey, fuming and cursing to himself. In one hand he held an alligator wrench, in the other an airhose. I grinned at him—poor Carey looked so useless and so funny standing there—and I said, 'Well, go ahead and fix it. You got the airhose.' The story was spread around. From that day to this Carey has been called Airhose Tim."

"I never did see a name handed out that didn't fit," put in an engineer.

Then the boomer switchman-brakeman, who had been itching to horn in, took up the discussion.

"So that's how Carey got the moniker, eh? Well, in my day I seen some strange things. That kidding business ain't always so funny. Sometimes it kicks back. Why, I remember one time—"

The boomer looked inquiringly over the group. Assured that he had its attention, he told the following yarn.

SOME YEARS AGO I went braking with Mike Dooley, as square a guy as you'd ever want to team up with. We was on the Ohio Central in the rush period. Business at its peak and men at a premium. The crews were turning at terminals on their rest. To lay off, you had to be dying or already dead.

Me and Mike was rooming in the buggy. About seven that night we amble down to the yard off to see how we stand, thinking it's about time we're called. When we arrived at the office, the night slave driver was on the phone. Mike and me pretended to have all our attention on the dope sheet, but we had one ear cocked on what the king was saying.

I nudged Mike and winked. What we heard was: "Sure I got the hotshot all together, but I got no east-end crew with their rest up for the next two hours. What do you say to using a west-end crew? Sure, I got a west-end crew. Slap a pilot on 'em and let 'em go? Fine business. Sure there's stock on the hotshot and it's getting on short time. Okay, I'll have them on their way inside an hour."

Then the yardmaster tried to dig up a pilot. When he called the roundhouse he was told there were no east-end engine crews with their rest up, either. I guess he'd banked on that, because he bit his lip. Again he went over the list of east-end conductors, no doubt hoping he had overlooked one. But none did he find. Then he slammed the list on the desk in disgust. He paced the length of the office like a caged lion. When he almost tripped over a chair, he turned and, for the first time noticed me and Mike.

"What do you guys want?" he shouted.

"We're a coupla east-end shacks about to ask when we'll get a call," I said as nice as I could. "Our palace is first out, but I see where the brains has laid off."

The expression on his face changed and you could see he had an idea.

"Which of you birds is first out?" the Y. M. asked, not troubling to consult the list.

"Me," said Mike, stepping forward.

"All right. Fine. I have a job for you. I want you to pilot a west-end outfit over the division to Indian-

apolis. I remember you birds now. You been around here a coupla months an' certainly must know the division."

"Oh, sure; I know it with my eyes shut," Mike told him.

"Well, you ride the head end and steer the engine crew," went on the yardmaster. "It's a hotshot, stock on the head end, and on short time. You oughtn't to make a stop unless to give the mill a drink." The Y. M. then turned to me. "And you ride the crummy and see that you get into Indianapolis all together. I'll have you outa town inside an hour."

Relieved of the problem, the ringmaster went back to his work. All the time I was silent. I was on the point of speaking when I got my breath back; but instead, I took Mike's arm and led him aside.

"We can't take this job," I told him. "We don't know this division well enough to take a train over it. We been here three weeks, yeah, but only twice in that time have we been over the division in daylight."

"Don't be crazy!" snapped Mike. "It's a day's pay, ain't it? What more do you want? Money is money!"

"Listen, Mike," I said, "the king thinks we been around here a coupla months. He maybe even thinks we're part of the local home guard. If he was wise to the fact that we been here only three weeks, and a couple of boomers in the bargain, he'd never let us poke our nose over the yard limit line."

"You make me laugh," argued my pal. "As if the Y. M. cares a damn how long we been around! He took one look at us and saw we was real railroaders, with sense enough to slip us the job as pilots, and we oughta be proud of the honor. Do you suppose he'd give a job like this to some of the local talent? Yeah! He would like hell!"

"Okay, we take the job!"

Thus I ended the argument, turned to the door leading to the king's inner office.

"WE'RE GOIN' down to feed up," Mike said to the yardmaster. "What's the number of the crummy on the hotshot?"

Without looking up from his work, the Y. M. gave Mike the caboose number.

On our way to eat, Mike said to me: "Throw away all your worries, pal. When we get back from this trip we'll be the talk of the division."

Fifty minutes later the old girl with a west-end engine crew backed onto the head end of the hotshot. Al Beekman, the west-end conductor, was in the yard office for his orders and instructions. I was standing beside Mike when Beekman, bills in hand, walked over to us.

"We're all set as soon as the air is tried," said Beekman, lighting a cigarette. "I'll go on back to the crummy. When you get an okay on the air, highball outa town."

I nodded. Meanwhile, Mike was in deep conversation with Engineer Crockett.

"Don't worry about the sag," he was saying. "I'll tell you when you get close to it, so you can give her a wide-open throttle. We'll go over like a shot."

Beekman's own crew tried the brakes. Then I ambled over to Mike and told him to get going. With one foot on the engine steps, his lantern on the crook of his arm, Mike stopped long enough to again tell me that it was going to be the run of runs.

"Pull in your ears," he chuckled. "Crockett says the 999 had dragging

brakes compared to the way he runs an engine. Take it from me," went on Mike, his foot still on the steps, "when we hit Yellow Flats we'll be wheelin' 'em right along. All I want you to do is keep the brains away from the valve."

"Well," I snorted, "judging from the preliminaries, the hog law is gonna get us before we're outa the yard."

Mike laughed and climbed up into the cab. The eagle-eye reached for the whistle rope and blew for the board. The board went green.

As the train started I shouted up at Mike, seated behind Crockett: "Hey, don't forget to give me a show to make the crummy!"

But my voice was lost in noise of the exhaust and steam from the open cylinder cocks. Soon I was waiting for the caboose to come hopping up to me. The feeble rays from my lantern shone on the cars lurching by. If this speed continued I'd never make the hack on the fly. A fine pair of dumb Alecs was riding the mill. And one of them my pal, too!

Looking to the rear, I could see the green glow of the marker coming toward me, but still some distance away. Just as I decided to deck it, the head end shut off. As I swung aboard, Mike must have told Crockett that it wasn't necessary to stop altogether in order for me to make the buggy, perhaps reminding him that I was no student when it come to makin' 'em on the fly. Anyway, at that moment Crockett give her the throttle. The little red chariot jumped ahead like a shot.

But I made it. Then I stood on the rear platform five minutes getting my breath and testing to see if my arms was still in my sockets. Then I stamped inside. The flagman was relighting the crummy lights put out by the yank of the train. The ORC was seated at his desk, motionless and staring. When he finally put his eyes on me, he stared like I was a ghost.

"A hundred times I've sworn that I'd never try to make another hack on the fly," I moaned. "Just now my arms were damn near pulled out."

The flagman snapped the last globe in place and faced me. My words roused the skipper. He blinked and a shrewd look swept over his face.

"This is the last time I get on like a mailbag," I raved. "Hereafter I'll have one foot on the crummy steps before I swing a highball."

I flung myself on the cushions.

"I don't know what's got into my engineer," said Beekman. "Crockett has been pulling me regular for the last two years and he's always handled these jiggers like varnished wagons. I can't believe it. He nearly put my head through those boards over my desk."

It wasn't necessary for me to consult a fortuneteller to know what was going on. The bad influence at work on the head end was Mike Dooley.

MIKE was parked behind the engineer, guiding him over the road.

"There is a long curve at River Bend." Mike explained the physical characteristics of the division. "Pinch her down to about twenty-five per. As soon as we're abreast of the station, release her. Then yank on the throttle, for right ahead of you is the sag."

It was wonderful how that floater knew the division. We stopped at Rolling Stone for water. Then we went on for the dash across the Yellow Flats.

Mike had Crockett all steamed up.

"You have the road, Irish, all the way," he said, "The dispatcher has given you the road, on account of the stock being on short time. I got the clock on you. Do you know that for the last thirty miles you been right ahead of the *Metropolitan Limited* and putting distance between her? I'll take my hat off to you, Crockie, old kid. You're right there when it comes to getting the most out of an engine."

His chest almost busting his shirt buttons, Crockett gave the trottle another yank.

Fifty cars back, we in the crummy rode with deep concern for our lives. A dozen times Conductor Beekman was prompted to stop him. The way the hack bounced was hell on wheels.

"I know how fast he is going—it's my job to pull the air on him," cried the skipper, seated at his desk and holding on like a vise. "What alibi can I give if we pile up? Yeah, what excuse have I to offer 'em?"

"We'll soon be over the Flats," I soothed.

"You mean we'll soon be out of a job and shaking hands with Saint Pete. This thing has gotta stop now."

Beekman was in the act of reaching for the conductor's valve when the head shut off. I pushed back a window and looked up along the train. Near the engine one of the cars had a hotbox.

"This is once in my life when I welcome a hotbox," gloated Beekman, going to the locker for a bucket of packing waste, a spade and a can of oil.

"He's stopping at the Mill siding. No use trying to pack it," I advised. "It's one of the merchandise cars, not the stock. We'll throw it out—we're just ahead of Number Twelve."

Beekman thought a moment. Then he agreed that this would be the logical move. As me and him walked toward the smoky end we heard the engine cut off and saw lights moving about.

"Just a hot one, Cappy," Mike said when we came up. "No use to try and run her; she's cherry red."

Beekman asked what time the passenger train was due. The eagle-eye answered him:

"Number Twelve is due here in my timecard. Come on, Mike. What do you say on the pin?"

"All right, all right!" said Mike. "Don't worry about Twelve. Once we get outa here she'll never see us again." Then he addressed Beekman. "Certainly were going around the corners to-night, eh? How did you like the way we hit the high spots?"

The ORC glared. Words stuck in his throat, but he managed to explode:

"Let me tell you, young fellow, the race is over for tonight. No more crazy running, you understand? Twelve or no Twelve, you tell Crockett to observe speed restrictions. We're not gonna run away from that train, nor plug her. Get it straight. And even if I have to scatter drawbars all over this division, as soon as you fools on the engine start the Barney Oldfield stuff I pull the air. Remember that!"

"Okay, connie," grinned Mike. "I only wanted to make a run tonight. But now we'll switch at Blossomburg for Number Twelve."

My buddy went in between the cars to make the cut, while me and Beekman started for the hack. Beekman started to chuckle.

"I didn't mean to be so hard on your friend," he apologized, "but with that high-wheeling, if we didn't

land in the ditch we'd be throwing out hotboxes all the rest of this trip. I'd feel different if I belonged on this division, but you know my position down here. All eyes are on me."

I said I understood. As we walked to the caboose we could hear Mike's voice asking for a little on the pin. Then we heard the rattle when he lifted the lever. Again we heard Mike's voice, telling Crockett to take 'em away.

THREE OR FOUR exhausts shot from the engine as it pulled away from the hotbox car. Then—*crash!* I'll never forget it. The very ground seemed to tremble. There came a terrible sound of splintering wood and scraping metal. A moment later the engine whistle started to blow.

The brains and me stopped in our tracks. Even in the pitch darkness I could make out his face, the haunted look in his eyes as he begged for an answer.

"We're on the ground," I said.

Going back to the engine, we found that was just what had happened. Every damn wheel was on the ground! The westbound main was blocked. A few feet more and she would have turned over. Mike stared in bewilderment at the derailed engine and head car. Crockett was running around and summing up the damage.

"What in hell happened?" said Beekman.

"Nothing, only we went on the ground," replied Mike, very much crestfallen.

Beekman was so mad he could not speak. My pal began talking fast.

"Before you bust a blood vessel, I'll tell you how it happened. There's a hand-thrown derail here. It is one of them split-rail kind. The light on the target was out. When I threw over the switch I figured the derail was also thrown over. We come in on the siding all right. The cars and engine pressed the derail together. But going out, the pony truck wheels picked up the flange of the derail. So here we are on the ground!"

Mike tried to light a cigarette in the wind, but gave it up.

"I could expect such a phony move from a student," Beekman shouted, "but not from an experienced man like you! Don't lie about it. Tell the truth—you forgot that derail!"

"Who in hell is lying?" Mike yelled back. "I told you I figured there was a derail to the switch."

"A helluva smart boy," sneered the ORC. "A derail was the furthest thing from your thoughts. You come rolling in here on the siding with your mind on where you were going with the brains of a butterfly. You, a pilot! Sure, you know the division! About as much as I know Finland!"

At that moment we heard a train whistle, two short blasts as in answer to a signal. It was Number Twelve, the *Metropolitan*.

What a mess! There we were, with fifty cars out on the main, our engine wound around a switch, and the crack passenger train of the road, the president's pride and joy, behind our hack! I recalled Mike and his prophecy of the run of runs. The talk of the division! We certainly would be. East and west the story would travel. A pair of boomers piloting a train and tying up a division.

When the head brakeman, who had gone up to flag, stopped an extra west drag freight, the night's work was complete.

Leaning against the engine tender, Mike Dooley was all dejected, but I burst out laughing.

Beekman fixed me with an icy stare. "I'd like to know what in hell's funny," he demanded. "If you see anything comical in tying up a division, you sure have a queer sense of humor. I don't suppose either of you two pilots know where there's a telephone so I can call the dispatcher, slip him the news, and tell him to send the hook. Pilots! Pilots, me eye!"

But I couldn't stop laughing. Tears rolled down my face. Mike, getting angry by the minute, growled at me:

"G'wan, you fool! Laugh your head off!"

I stopped laughing long enough to point my finger at Mike and say: "Pilot—you a pilot! You know the division with your eyes shut. Yeah, we'll take the run; it's a day's pay, ain't it? Nothing to it—"

Again I busted into a guffaw.

WELL, me and Mike stopped over in Chicago the following night long enough to mail a letter directing the Ohio Central Railroad to send our pay on to Omaha.

Thereafter I never called Mike Dooley anything else but Pilot. He had earned the name, and to me he would always be Pilot. Wherever we hired out to work after that, I promptly told the story. Inside of a day Mike would be known as Pilot.

Two months of razzing was the limit of that guy's patience. He warned that if I didn't stop it, me and him would part company. So one night Mike left me flat. Then I set out to find him. Up and down this country I traveled in search of my old pal. Sometimes I was just a day too late, sometimes I'd left a job a day too soon. And all the time Pilot was doing his best to duck me.

For two years we did not cross trails. Then one night I'm braking passenger out of Washington. I fall for the head end of the job, and just before leaving Wash I take a walk back. The flagman is hanging up his rear end. And who is the flagman but Mike Dooley?

He almost dropped his marker. Right off the bat I started kidding him again. Then, having to go ahead, I told him I'd be back to see him as soon as we got out of town.

We'd been on the road about an hour when I sauntered over to see Mike. I opened the door of drawing-room A. There he sat in the darkness, puffing on a pipe. I began on him right away. Mike was irritated.

"If I hadn't expected the brains back," he broke in, "I'd have locked that door."

"Tell me, have you been doing any more piloting lately?" I persisted. "Earning any more easy day's pay?"

"You're crazy," he growled, jumping to his feet. "The rap you got on the dome that night in the Katy hack must have affected your mind."

With that he left the room. I followed him onto the rear platform. He paced the length of the rear platform like a beast cornered.

We took the siding at Fostertown for the fast mail. Mike turned his rear end yellow. Then when we stopped, he grabbed his red and white light and jumped to the track. A dense fog cloaked the train. It was impossible to see more than five feet.

Not to be outwitted by Mike jumping from the vestibule, I followed him. And when he went back to flag on a siding, something he had never done before, I trailed along. I was walking beside Mike when the fast mail approached, running at reduced speed because of the fog. Then, just

as she loomed up in the fog, Mike stepped over and swung a washout.

The runner on the mail, in answer to this signal, wiped the clock. Without a word, Mike rushed down the track to where the engine on the mail had stopped—about the middle of our train.

Right away I figured what had happened. With me razzing Mike, the poor guy was confused at the approach of the mail. He musta forgot we was on the siding and took it for granted that we were due for a rear end, and so he gave the mail the high sign.

As I followed him, running to the engine, I pictured to my mind the abuse Mike would receive when he confessed the mistake he had made. But I found the situation was anything but what I had imagined. Our own conductor was talking with the mail's engine crew, all of them standing by the old mill.

"It was your pilot who stopped me," the fast mail's eagle-eye kept repeating, wiping his brow. "I was running at thirty per when your flagman swung me the washout—and I wiped the clock."

"A miracle!" chirped our conductor. "The only hint my flagman had of anything wrong must have been in the stop we made."

Mike Dooley had remained in the background, silent. Then our brains saw him and made a grab for his hands.

"Mike, you're wonderful!" he began. "If there's such a thing as a hero, you are it. Look! This is the reason for that stop."

I looked with Mike. A sleeper in the *Owl,* our train, was leaning over the eastbound main, no more than four feet from the pilot of the mail engine. We later found out that the car had jumped the track at the switch because of a broken flange.

"My! My!" said the wily Mike.

Take it from me, he was just as surprised as anybody. Then the brains saw me. He asked me where I'd been all the time. I told him I was patrolling the train.

"Don't tell me that," he stormed. "If that was so, you'd have found that broken flange."

The General Manager's car happened to be attached to the fast mail. So it was natural for the big boy to come ahead and see what had happened. Everyone started talking at once. The G. M. stared at the derailed car a long time. Then he mopped his brow. Placing his hand on Mike's shoulder, he said:

"What words have I that I might appropriately voice my appreciation of your work tonight?"

Thus he went off into a long speech, in which he acclaimed Mike Dooley in a way that caused the Pilot to sway, so heavy was the old oil. My pal stood there like a major, reacting to the speech as if, after all, he really deserved it.

Right after the official investigation, he stopped me in the corridor of the general office building. I had been given thirty days on the street for not being on the job, while Mike had received a hero's reward.

Then and there my old side kick bargained with me that if I'd promise never to mention "Pilot" again, he'd go in and confess that in reality I was as much the hero as he, that it was my razzing which drove him off the platform that night and that he'd had no intention of going back with the flag, but was so confused that he stepped over and gave the mail the high sign.

Mike was a square shooter. I

stared a long time at him. Then I said:

"Pilot, old pal, I can't make such a promise. I'm tired of the pike and the varnished wagons, I'm following the swallows south for the winter. And besides, I already told 'em what to do with their two streaks of rust."

THE BOOMER brakeman-switchman sighed as he came to the end of his story, and someone handed him a cigarette.

"There was the kick-back to that kidding," he added, blowing a ring of smoke. "It made the Pilot a hero and landed me on the street. Mike is in gold braid today, pulling the bell cord on a streamliner."

"Here comes the *Indian,*" shouted the yardmaster. "Two diners out."

"Okay," replied the switcher's conductor.

As the passenger brains went out the door with the boomer he said:

"Just the same, every time I see Airhose I gotta laugh. I'll never forget that day—and I guess Airhose Tim won't, either."

The boomer smiled understandingly as he went for the cut in the *Indian.*

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

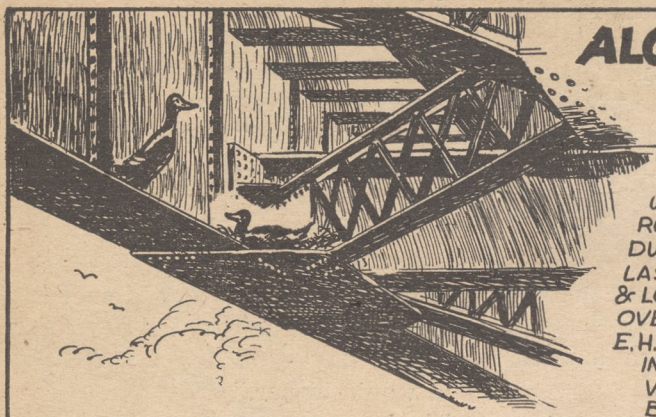
BEGINNING more than fifteen years ago and averaging two stories a year, John Patrick Johns, gifted New York Central trainman, contributed thirty stories to *Railroad Magazine.* Here is a complete list of them:

The Night Peddler (short, May '30); *The Flagman* (short, Dec. 30); *Road's End* (short, March 31); *Trainmaster Rides Tonight* (short, April '31); *Boomer Pilot* (short, July '31); *Blazing Race,* signed by "John Austin" (short, Oct. '31—the only yarn he ever wrote under a pen-name); *Road to Glory* (serial, Oct., Nov. '31); *Wolves of the Rail* (novelette, March '32); *Danger Signals* (serial, May through Sept. '32); *Westbound Jinx* (short, Jan. '33); *Return of Casey Jones* (novelette, April '33—also produced as a Monogram movie); *Haunted Division* (novelette, June '33); *Emergency Run* (short, Aug. '33); *Glory Bound* (novelette, Oct. '33); *Running Special* (novelette, March '34); *Orders at Canyon* (short, July '40); *Four-Track Stuff* (short, May '41); *In the Days of the Boomers* (novelette, April '42); *The Test Run* (short, Sept. '42); *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* (novelette, Oct. '42; probably his most popular story); *Empties Come Back* (novelette, March '43); *Call of the Cab* (novelette, June '43); *Fogbound* (short, July '43); *Hours of Service* (novelette, Aug. '43); *On the Carpet* (novelette, Oct. '43); *Brass Hat* (novelette, Nov. '43); *Big Engines* (novelette, June '44); *The Man Up Ahead* (novelette, Aug. '44); *New Man* (true tale, Dec. '44); *Night Run* (short, Jan. '45) and finally an untitled true tale by Johns incorporated into Charles E. Fisher's article, *Inspection Engines* (April '45).

Johns had just begun work on what he fondly hoped would be "the great American railroad novel," for book publication, when he died suddenly of cerebral hemorrhage. For the benefit of any readers who might want to get back issues of magazines containing his stories, we wish to state we have none on hand, except very recent ones, but old numbers may be obtained through the Railroad Camera Club switch list.

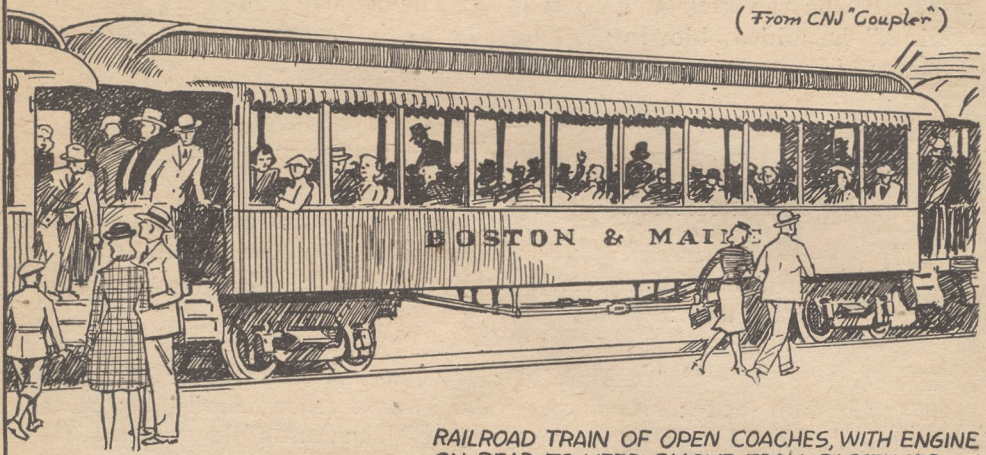
ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by JOE EASLEY

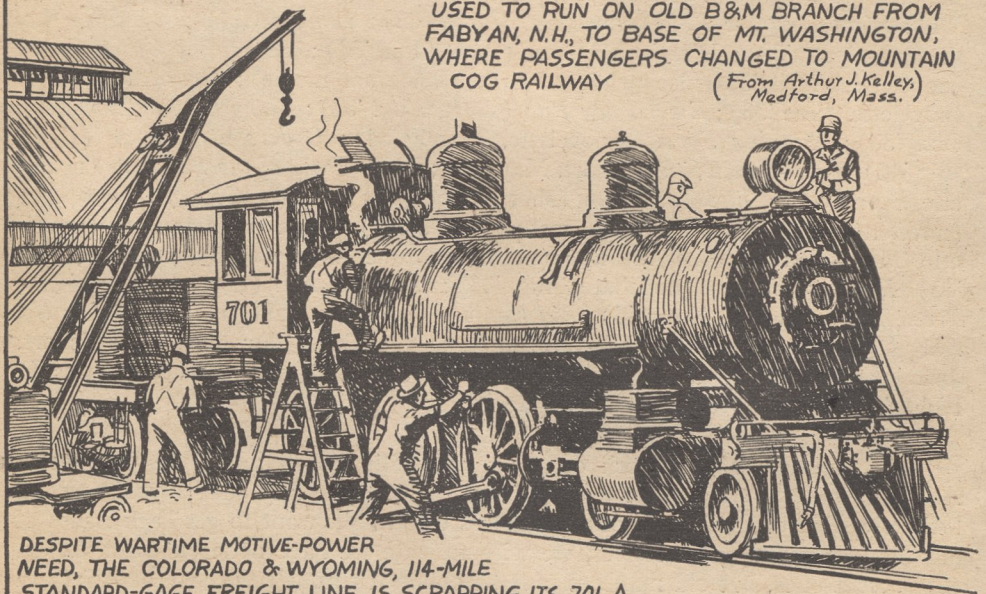


UNDISTURBED BY TRAINS ROLLING OVERHEAD, WILD DUCK HATCHED 11 DUCKLINGS LAST MAY 17 ON NEW YORK & LONG BRANCH DRAWBRIDGE OVER MANASQUAN RIVER. E. H. BECK, ENGINEERING DEPT. INSPECTOR, PROTECTED THE WEB-FOOT FAMILY DURING BRIDGE MAINTENANCE JOB

(From CNJ "Coupler")

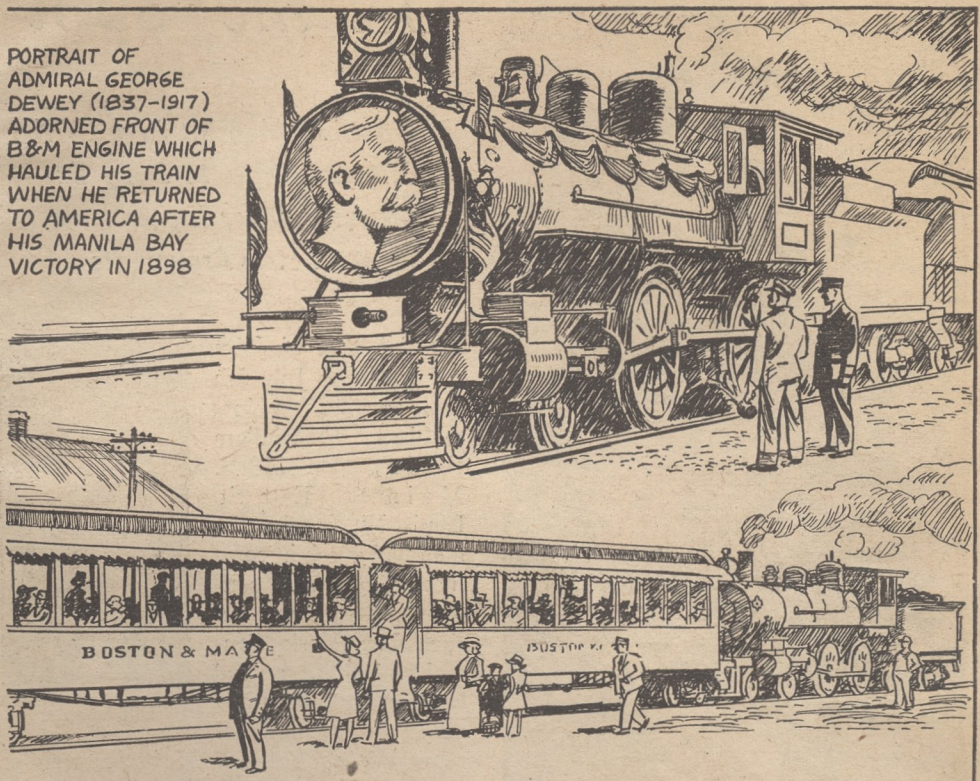


RAILROAD TRAIN OF OPEN COACHES, WITH ENGINE ON REAR TO KEEP SMOKE FROM PASSENGERS, USED TO RUN ON OLD B&M BRANCH FROM FABYAN, N.H., TO BASE OF MT. WASHINGTON, WHERE PASSENGERS CHANGED TO MOUNTAIN COG RAILWAY (From Arthur J. Kelley, Medford, Mass.)

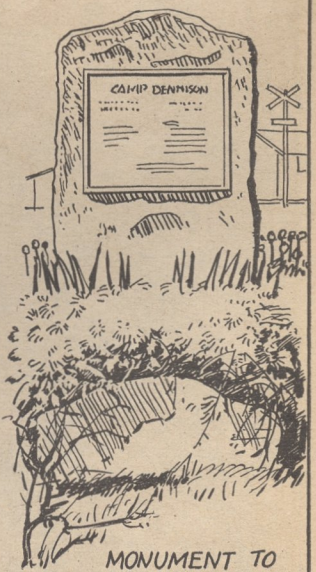


DESPITE WARTIME MOTIVE-POWER NEED, THE COLORADO & WYOMING, 114-MILE STANDARD-GAGE FREIGHT LINE, IS SCRAPPING ITS 701, A PASSENGER ENGINE BUILT IN 1903 AND IDLE SINCE 1930 (From Raymond E. Anker, Pueblo, Colo.)

PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY (1837–1917) ADORNED FRONT OF B&M ENGINE WHICH HAULED HIS TRAIN WHEN HE RETURNED TO AMERICA AFTER HIS MANILA BAY VICTORY IN 1898



JERSEY CENTRAL'S FIRST TOWERWOMAN, MISS MARIE CUSSAT, HAS 3-11 P.M. TRICK AT WO TOWER, BARBER, N.J., IN CHARGE OF SWITCHES AND SIGNALS FOR TRAIN MOVEMENTS AND A DRAWBRIDGE. SHE WORE SHORTS AT WORK IN RECENT HEAT WAVE



MONUMENT TO CIVIL WAR UNITS MUSTERED IN OR OUT OF SERVICE AT CAMP DENNISON, O., STANDS ON GROUND DONATED PARTLY BY PENNSYLVANIA RR. (From Joseph E. Siegel, Cincinnati, O.)

On *the* Spot

Railroading Men Sit in with the Editorial Crew to Swap Experiences, Offer Suggestions, and Settle Arguments

Bill Knapke

DEATH of John Johns on July 5th came as a sudden blow to his friend William F. Knapke, 118 S. Main St., East St. Louis, Ill., for the two men had much in common. Both were conductors — Johnny on the New York Central and Bill a retired boomer—and both had achieved a national reputation as *Railroad Magazine* writers.

"Johns had planned several times to come to St. Louis to visit the graves of his mother and other relatives," Knapke recalls, "but each time something else came up; and now—"

"The past few months," he continues, "have found the ranks of my friends sadly depleted. Besides Johns, there were H. V. Platt, retired General Manager of the Oregon Short Line, who was like an older brother to me, and Charles F. Donnatin, General Manager and Assistant to the President, Southern Pacific. Charley and I ran trains together, and at the time of his first promotion we were both considered for it, the appointment being finally given to him. The fact that Charley was also a telegraph operator decided the issue."

There was also William L. Hack, retired Sacramento Division superintendent, SP, author of "Operating a Mountain Division" (June '40 *Railroad Magazine*). Knapke adds:

Photo from Frederic Shaw, 334 S. Van Ness Ave., San Francisco

THE OLD STATION AGENT in a setting exhibited by Railroadians of America at San Francisco World's Fair

"Once I wrote in *Railroad Magazine* about braking on an orange train. We were going on short time to Knob against No. 9, when a student operator came out of his office to give me some sort of a signal. I thought the DS was going to allow us time on 9, but when we went down the line the student said, 'I just wanted to tell you that you can't go any further than here for No. 9.' Well, Bill Hack was the hogger on that train. He was a great guy."

Knapke and Johns enjoyed the kind of personal correspondence that can be shared only by men of kindred tastes who have been through the mill. Both spoke the same language. In one of his letters the NYC man wrote:

"I remember a bitter cold night when I had gone into a saloon at Buffalo and a passenger conductor from some Canadian road drifted in. My attention was drawn to him because he spoke with a New England twang that sounded strange from a Canuck. We got into conversation. It developed that he was an ex-New Englander. He had gone booming many years before, but while working in Canada he had met and married a school teacher, after which he had stayed on that road until now he was wearing the brass buttons. He said he had been just about every place and seen almost everything. We talked on and on into the night, while sleet rattled at the windows and storm raged without. Many fascinating tales he told me as I sat listening with eager attention. You know, I never did any booming myself but, Lord, how I would have enjoyed the experience!"

Bill comments: "The death of Johns is a deep loss to *Railroad Magazine* and his personal friends. Let us hope the lights were green all the way, with a clear alley to the last terminal; and when he pulled the markers off his crummy there, may he have found the peace that passeth all understanding."

* * *

THE C&NW, on which the caboose cupola is said to have originated 82 years ago, is gradually replacing the cupola with bay windows on all its cabooses.

"Preliminary to this decision," comments R. A. Clevenger, 1919 Leavenworth St., Omaha 2, Neb., "was the Ne-

Photo by James R. Rue, R. D. 2, Clearfield Ave., Norristown, Pa.

HUDSON RIVER boat passengers ignore New Haven train on old New York & New England bridge at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

braska Legislature's action in legalizing the bay windows, thus repealing an old law which required all cabooses in the state to have cupolas. Increase in the height of freight cars has deprived the 'doghouse' of much of its value as the trainmen's watch-tower."

History of the cupola goes back to 1863 on the Cedar Rapids to Clinton, Ia., section of the North Western. That year the

Photographed in '41 by Frank Quin, 8414 88th St., Woodhaven, N. Y.

SHADOW PATTERN on a Morristown & Erie caboose

Photographed by Lucius Beebe for his forthcoming book, Highball

MIXED CONSIST AND GLEAMING MOTIVE POWER: a choice collector's item from the Bellefonte Central, a rural pike that rambles through pleasant meadows and farmlands between Bellefonte and State College, Pa.

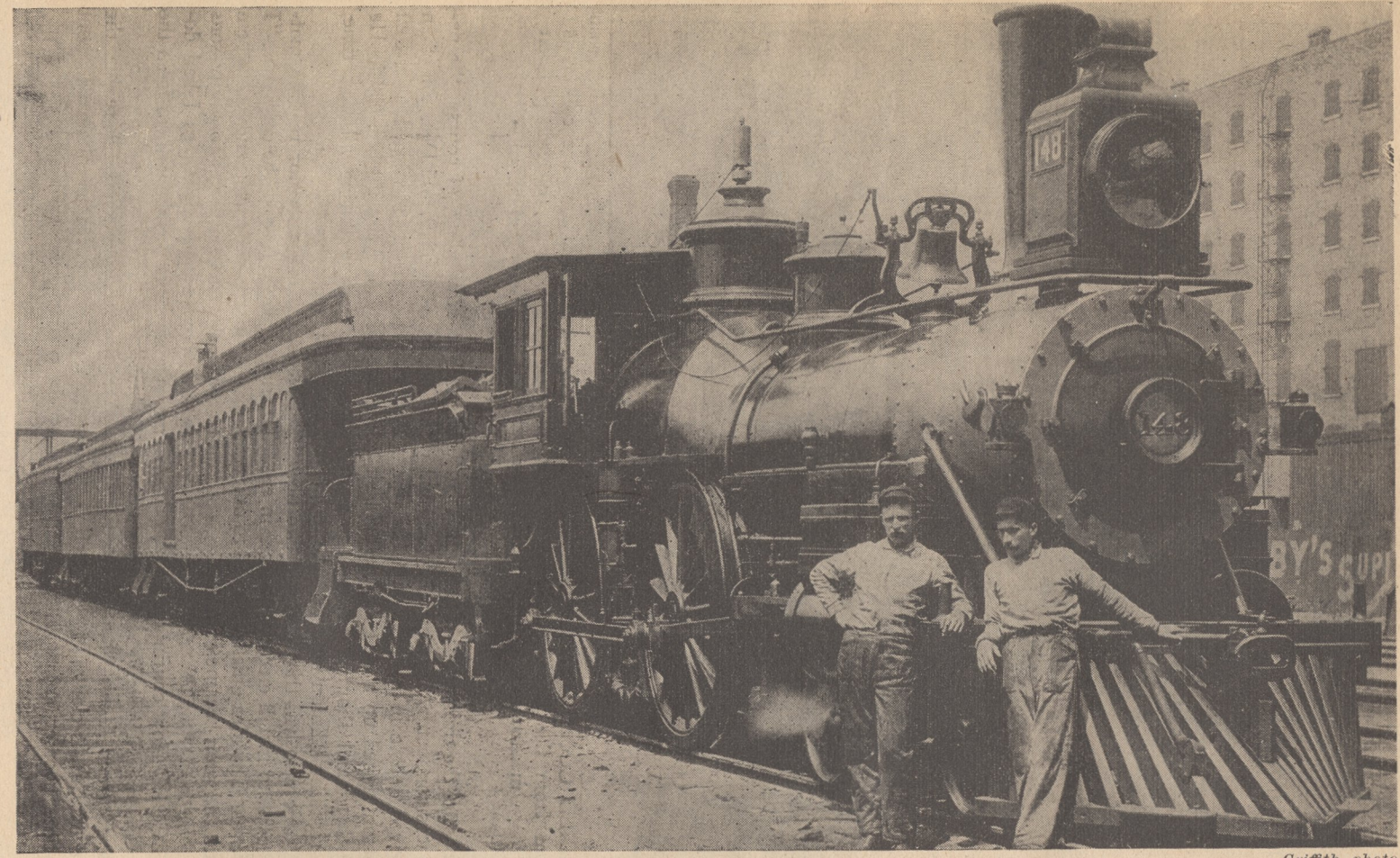
caboose of the train of which a T. B. Watson was conductor, through some accident received a hole in its roof. On his run, Watson rigged up a seat so he could sit with head and shoulders above the roof. On reaching Clinton he asked the master mechanic who was then building two new cabooses, to install elevated glassed-in enclosures. The idea quickly spread to other roads and soon became standard.

* * *

RECORD for continuous reading of *Railroad Magazine* and its predecessors, *Railroad Man's Magazine* and *Railroad Stories,* is claimed by E. J. Bell, an old-time boomer engineer, who says he has read every issue since the very first, Oct., 1906—excluding, of course, the period between Jan., '19, and Dec. '29, when the magazine was not published. Mr. Bell lives at 527 2nd Ave., Puente, Calif. He saved every issue during all that time, until the present war began.

"When the call came for reading matter for the armed forces," he continues, "I bundled up the entire lot and sent them to the boys. Incidentally, two of my sons in the Navy ran across copies I had donated, and wrote me about them from the Pacific."

Mr. Bell says we should revive the column in which readers inquired about old-time friends and missing relatives. "Through it," he adds, "I found an old



Griffith photo

BURLINGTON suburban train at Twelfth Street, Chicago, in the 1880s

buddy who had gone to Alaska while I was in South America." Our answer is that *Railroad Magazine* has never abandoned its policy of printing such requests. Readers are invited to send them in.

* * *

FATHER - SON dispatchers pictured by Joe Easley in August *Along the Iron Pike* ("Jack" and Ray Johnson, Santa Fe) remind P. L. Carey of father and son dispatchers B. V. ("Joe") Coyer and B. V. (Bernell) Coyer.

"When I knew this pair," he writes, "they were on the Northern Pacific working both sides of the second trick on the 2nd and 3rd districts, Lake Superior Division, at Duluth, Minn. If I remember right, Joe was trick and also chief dispatcher on the second trick. However, things have changed since I was there; Bernell is now a trainmaster while his dad is working first trick on the 2nd District."

Mr. Carey, a telegraph operator on the Burlington at Casper, Wyo., says he first got into railroading because he was fascinated by *Railroad Magazine*.

* * *

A NEW MOVIE, 16 mm. in color, *The Modern Coal-Burning Steam Locomotive,* has just been produced by N&W as a move to counteract Diesel propaganda. It tells the story of Classes A, J and Y6 engines built in N&W shops and operated over N&W rails. It takes you for 25 thrilling minutes from the earliest steps in building these engines, through the construction details and servicing, to the road performance. The narrator, Del Sharbutt, stresses the dependability of coal-burners, their economy in operation, and their minimum need of supervision and road repairs. This film is loaned for free showing by civic clubs, schools, colleges, engineering and mechanical groups, and other responsible organizations, on application to R. R. Horner, Advertising Mgr., Norfolk & Western Ry., Roanoke 17, Va.

OPERATING problems in the handling of a hospital train form the basis of *Priority Special,* a true story written by our own Harry Bedwell, 1400 N. Pearl St., Compton, Calif., and put on the air last June by the Southern Pacific with 22 radio actors. Harry is the author of many *Eddie Sand* yarns which have appeared in *Railroad Magazine* and other periodicals, and a published novel, *The Boomer.* For years he was a boomer lightning slinger and dispatcher but is now home-guarding on the SP.

Harry Bedwell

Priority Special is available to the public, free of charge, as a 32-page booklet printed on good paper with two-color illustrations, announces F. Q. Tredway, General Advertising Mgr., Southern Pacific, 65 Market St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

* * *

WASHBURN wreck on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern (now in the Rock Island system), described by Marshall Craig in August *On the Spot,* strikes a chord in the memory of Harry W. Chambers, 309 S. Heliotrope Ave., Monroe, Calif. Harry not only recalls this tragedy but has four photos of it.

"Train No. 5," he relates, "consisted of Rock Island equipment in its Chicago part and Burlington cars in the St. Louis connection. The two parts were consolidated at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where engine 74 and a BCR&N mail car were added, making a total of 7 cars. On May 29, 1899, William W. Durlin was at the throttle, with J. M. Gibney firing. They received this message, 'Water running over tracks between paper mill and depot at Waterloo—GAG (George A. Goodell).'

"Heavy rainfall ahead of the train had washed dead cornstalks into a stone arch culvert two miles north of Washburn,

Iowa, clogging it so that water undermined the track. When the engine hit this spot she upset, telescoping the rest of the train except the rear sleeping car. The sleeper next to the end was telescoped half its length into a CB&Q coach. Among the 8 people killed were Condr. George Wainwright and the sleeping-car conductor; 36 were injured. Mr. Jacobson, a coach passenger, was pinned down in such a manner that he would have drowned but for the iron nerve of Brakeman Mathews, who took the saw from the wrecking toolbox and sawed off his arm. Thus released, Jacobson recovered and for many years afterward had a tobacco business in Waterloo."

Patty Leonard

Two years later, on June 5, 1901 at 3:05 a.m., when our correspondent was acting as express messenger on BCR&N train No. 6, the engine, No. 76, struck an empty stock car which had blown from the siding at Epley and a pair of trucks wedged in a switch.

"We were running at the reported speed of 55 miles per hour. Our engine upset, turning over the mail car baggage car and smoker, killing Fireman 'Doc' Price and injuring Engr. Bill Durlin. The baggageman, 'Shy' John O'Connor was in the baggage car with me at the time. We had taken on a horse when we stopped at Waterloo. Although it took some time to get the animal out of the wreck, it was unhurt."

* * *

PATTY LEONARD, Jersey Central pin-up gal, was born on St. Patrick's Day (hence her name) and lives at 130 Oak Hill Ave., Long Branch, N. J.

"I've been working for the Jersey Central since December 7th, 1942," Miss Leonard tells us, "and plan to continue until a returned service man wants his old job back. I'm a clerk in the office of Auditor of Freight Traffic, handling anthracite accounting. I chose this job because of the vital war work the railroads were doing. I have a brother in the armed forces: Sgt. John F. Leonard, Jr., with the U.S. Army 'medics' at present in England."

Asked how she became interested in railroading, Helen says:

"For nearly 8 years my father has been on the CNJ payroll, first carpenter, then foreman at Red Bank, N. J., and now master carpenter, which means he is in charge of construction and maintenance of buildings over much of the Jersey Central. A big moment in his life came when he made arrangements to decorate the Red Bank station—including a big red carpet for use in walking from the train across the platform to the automobile—for a visit of the present King and Queen of England. My interest in railroading dates especially from my tenth year when I read *The Red Caboose,* a book written by Marie A. Peary, daughter of the famous Arctic explorer. My hobby is fashion designing. I also like detective stories, swimming, dancing and horseback riding."

* * *

LEROY PALMER, SP operator-agent, who often writes for us, has been transferred from a CTC desert job and now lives at 508 Nocta St., Ontario, Calif.

"It seems good," he tells us, "to be back on train-order work again, hoopin' 'em up to flying trains—back in the glamor of a night trick and being in touch with actual traffic movement which I missed so much in CTC territory. L. W. Flaherty, our veteran third-trick dispatcher, is an old friend of mine. It's good to hear once more his 'Cy 4' (we copy 4 instead of 3 as on some roads, the fourth being for the flagman) and the voices of other old friends I hadn't heard for years.

"And girls' voices! How many you

hear on this line, even at terminals like Yermo! Girls who really know what it's all about, who understand tonnage, availability of power and crews, and other matters in the flow of congested traffic over single track. A young lady at Yermo also handles all traffic on her CTC board between Yermo and Daggett. It's only 5 miles, but she is a real CTC operator on a small scale. These gals may not be expert Morse ops, but under the new system it matters little—and they're handling the business."

* * *

WHAT was your biggest mistake? This question was put to Gustav Metzman, New York Central president, by T. C. McClary of *Forbes Magazine*. Part of Metzman's reply is reprinted here.

"Forty-one years ago," he said, "I thought I could learn all there was to know by myself. I made the mistake, very common among young men, of thinking that all the answers could be found in books. . . After 10 years of intensive study, it was a shock to hear a young yardman size up a problem with sharper knowledge and insight than my own."

This discovery led the future executive to move out of the clerical routine he was then handling and become a traveling car agent, a job in which he'd have to mix with many people. Thus he contacted the men who did the actual work. He was surprised to find that "often they not only had sound ideas but also answers to problems which the books and the engineers had failed to think of."

"For example," he told Mr. McClary, "a $50,000-a-year designing engineer can't tell you what's wrong with the latest 100-ton engine he just designed, or he'd correct the fault. But the man at the throttle can tell you plenty!.. . .

"Take any shipping clerk in a hardware company. He may study and work his head off and become the best shipping clerk in the country; but he'll never be manager or president unless he finds a way of getting out and talking with the men who sell to the company, the workers in other department, and the customers."

* * *

COG RAILWAY. Although service was abandoned some time ago on Mt. Washington line, as an item in August *On the Spot* states, the rails have not been

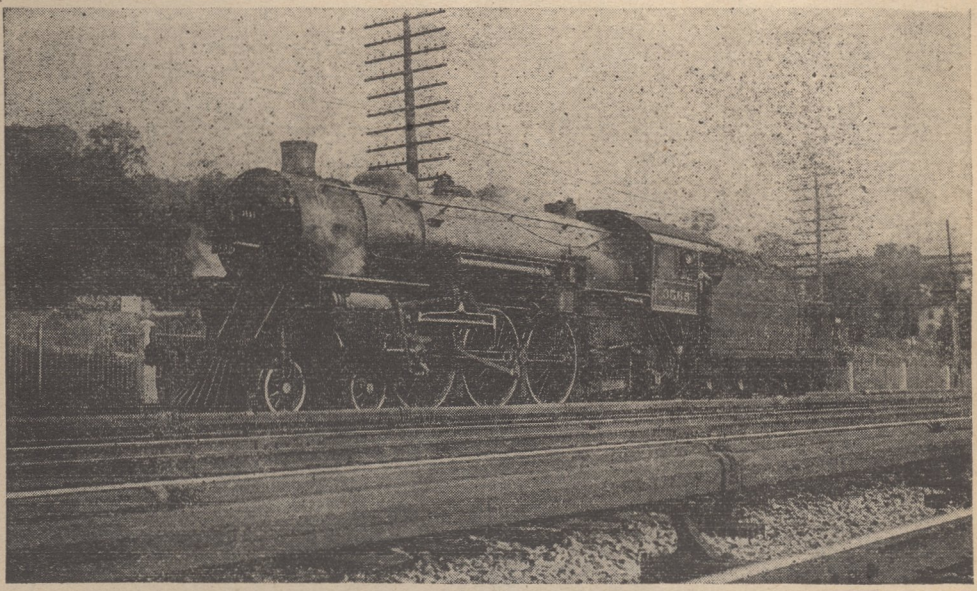
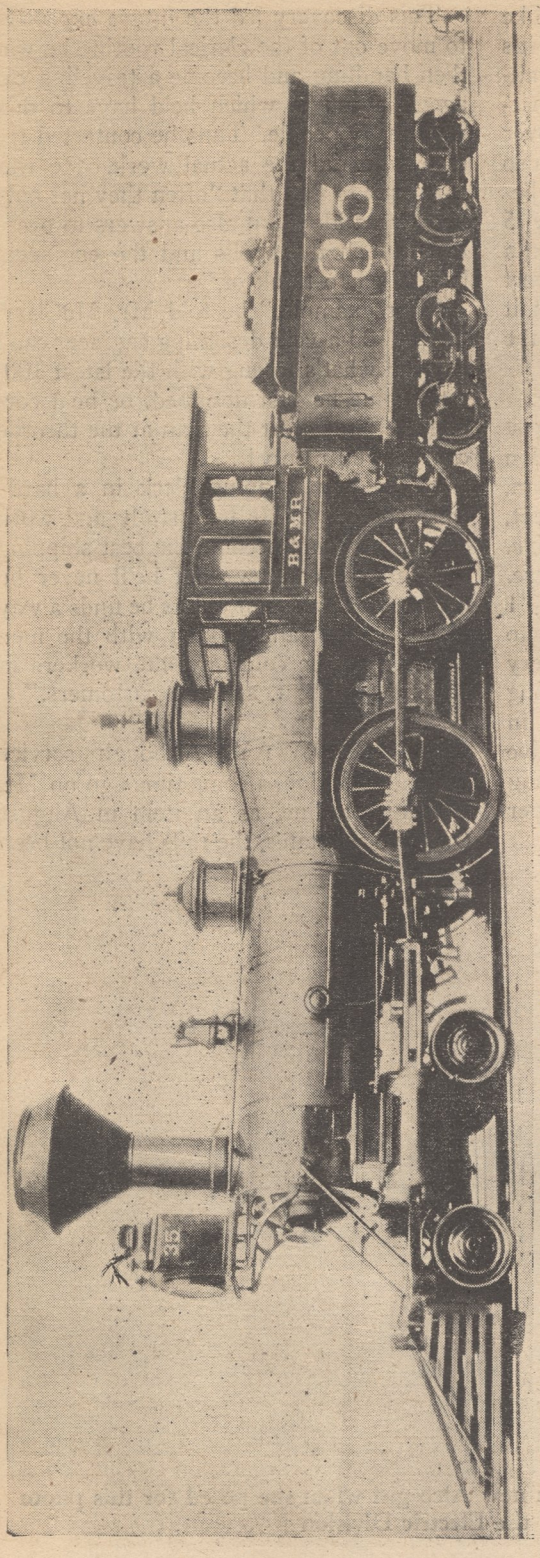


Photo by L. Silberg, 35 Arlington St., Cambridge, Mass.

NEW YORK CENTRAL 3565 was a new Alco girl when she posed for this photo at the end of the Electric Division



A SLEEK EIGHT-WHEELER on the old Burlington & Missouri River (now Burlington System)

torn up, according to Carl Stern, 1529 17th St. N., Arlington, Va. Carl says that this summer when he was in Bretton Woods (of monetary conference fame) he even heard talk of reopening the line. Yes, the Lizzie Bourne monument still stands. This cairn and the engine *Old Peppersass* were pictured in our August issue.

The Mt. Washington line was completed in 1869 after its inventor, Sylvester Marsh, had cut a lot of red tape. When he asked the New Hampshire Legislature for permission to build a railroad up the mountain side, one legislator sarcastically suggested that, instead, he be granted a charter for building a road to the moon.

History does not record that Marsh's experiment was a financial success. *Old Peppersass* (named from her shape) was one of the first engines to make the ascent. She was finally retired without ever having had an accident. Years later, after she had been restored to running condition for a fete, a cog wheel ran off its track and the engine slipped down the mountain, with fatal results. However, no passenger was ever killed. Latest improvement in cog railroading is a new setup whereby trains can pass each other on the single-track line.

* * *

QUERY from Pvt. Robert W. Adams as to whether any road but the Rutland had destreamlined a locomotive brings to mind the New York Central's removal of the shroud from the *Commodore Vanderbilt,* one of the J-1 Hudsons. The reply comes from William C. Kessel, 24 W. Cleveland Dr., Buffalo 15, N. Y., who adds: "I believe this engine

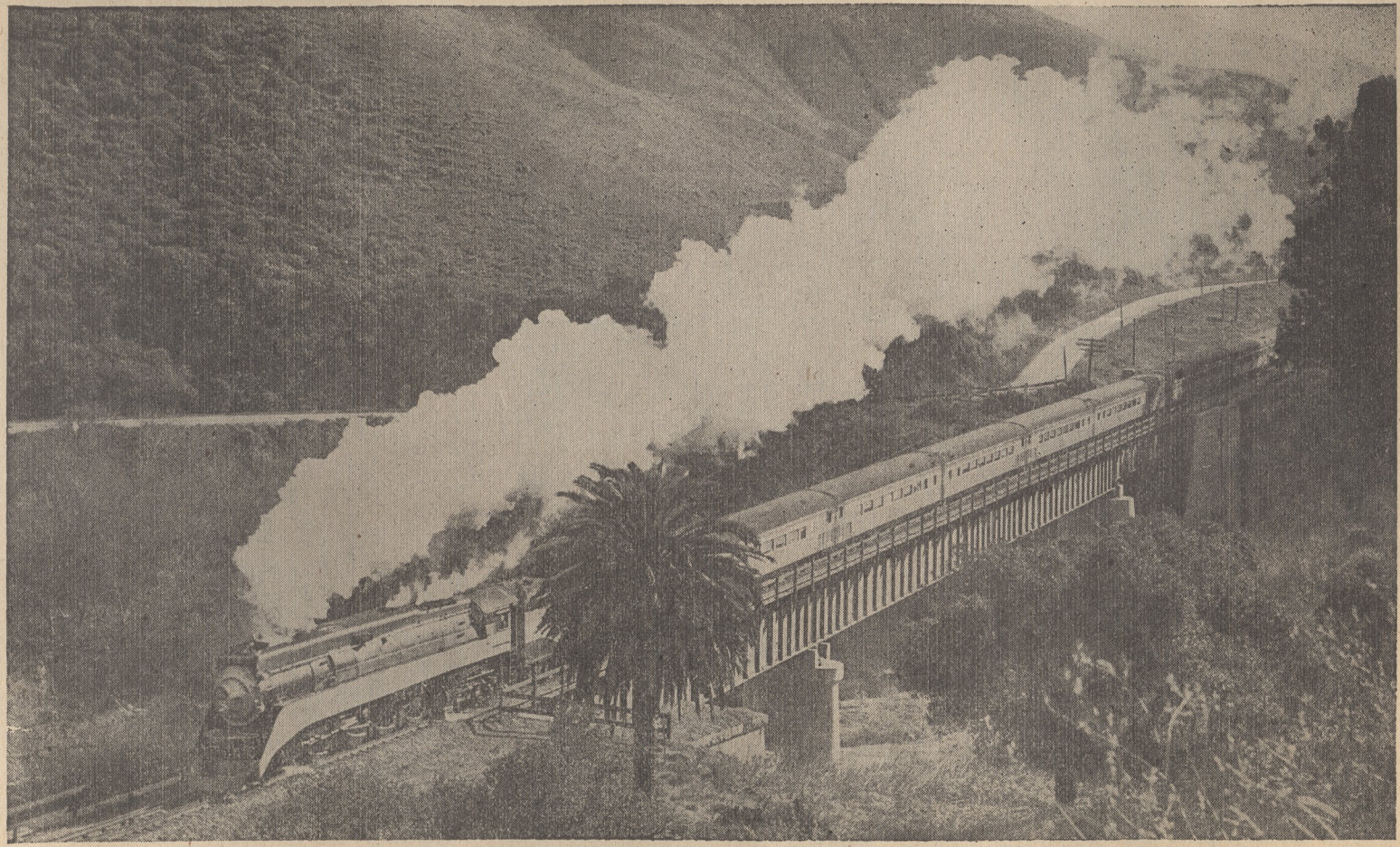
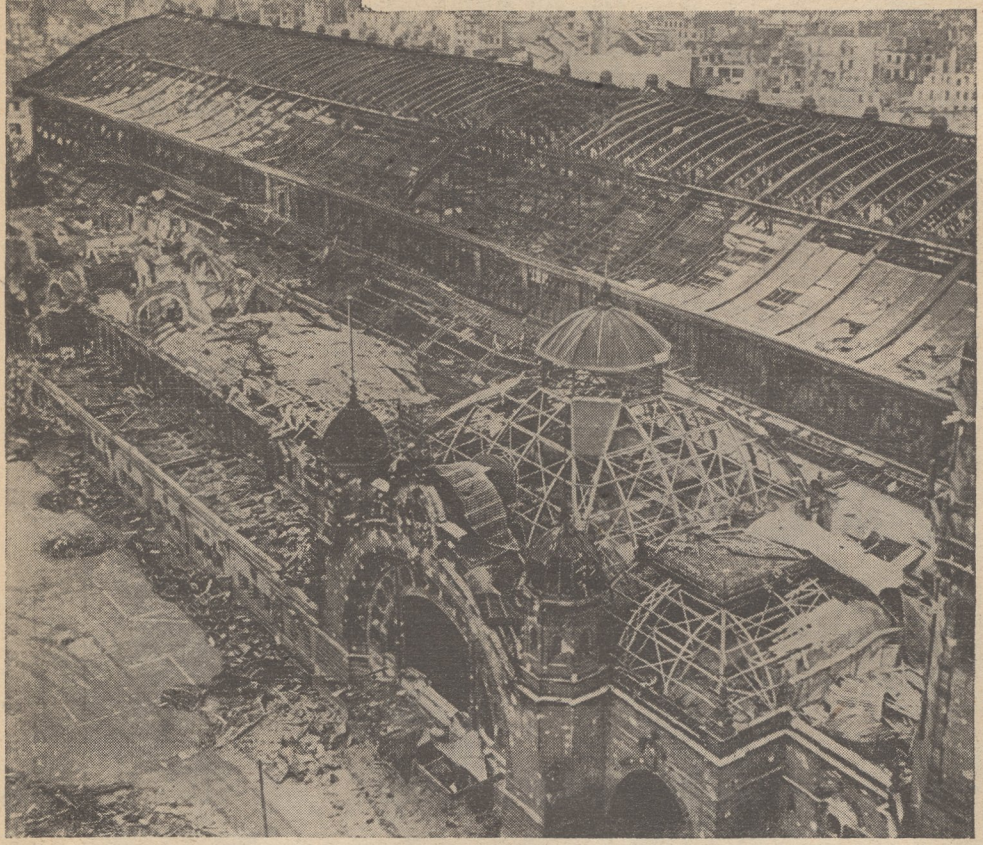


Photo from K. C. Ingram, Assistant to President, Southern Pacific, 65 Market St., San Francisco

EARTHQUAKE-PROOF BRIDGE over Pajaro River between Gilray and Watsonville Jct., Calif., was built by Southern Pacific to replace one damaged in quake of 1906. Train is ***Coast Daylight***

"AIR-CONDITIONED" RAILWAY STATION. **The great depot at Cologne, Germany, was thoroughly plastered by Allied bombs before American troops entered the city and set the natives to work cleaning up the rubble**



was the pioneer in steam streamlining. In my opinion, lots of engines would look better *sans* the inverted bathtub. Still, it seems that color and freakish lines sell the traveling public, which must be served if railroads are to survive." We understand that Rutland 4-8-2s now building will count on green paint for their eye-appeal.

* * *

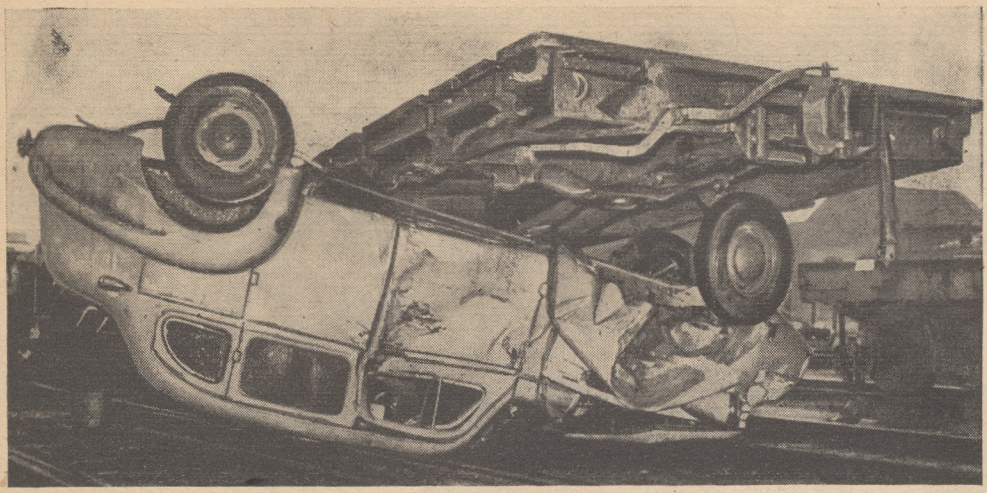
ANSWERING Pfc. William H. Jones's contention that *Railroad Magazine* gives too much space to old-time stuff rather than tell what the roads are doing today and planning to do, Granville Thomas, 31st St. and West Ave., Ocean City, N. J., says that if we were to follow Jones's advice we would "degenerate into a technical magazine, with consequent loss in circulation."

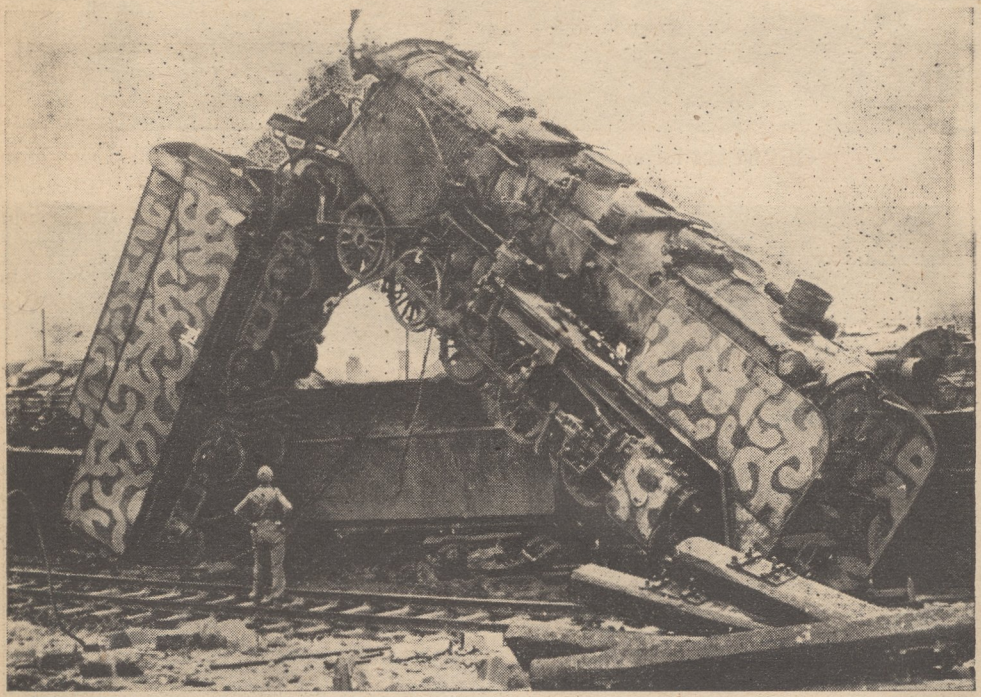
* * *

GERMANY'S war-shattered rail system, now slowly rising from the ruins, will not give anywhere near normal service for the rest of this year at least, according to OWI reports. Word comes from Pvt. Roy Hubbard, 42179457, Hq. XIX Corps, APO 270 c/o Postmaster New York, that the railroad depot at Bad Nauheim, once-famous German watering resort, is undamaged and looks somewhat like a typical Long Island station.

GERMAN locomotives destroyed in raid on Krupp plant

BECAUSE of selfish civilians who take unnecessary rail trips, some U.S. veterans of European War are forced to sleep like this enroute to fight in Pacific area





FREAK RAILROADING. (Upper photo) Automobile was lodged under railroad flatcar and dragged 225 feet after grade-crossing accident last spring, but neither of the two motorists involved was even seriously injured. (Lower) Camouflaged German locomotive and tender were up-ended by Allied bombs

"But instead of vacation crowds that used to pour out of trains into Bad Nauheim," he goes on, "to enjoy the town's mineral baths, the station is now almost deserted, although there is a morning and an evening passenger train to Frankfurt.

"It is interesting to watch freights go by, loaded sometimes with Russians heading toward the Elbe River after years of forced labor, sometimes with battle-scarred U.S. military equipment enroute to Japan. Back home in America, rail-

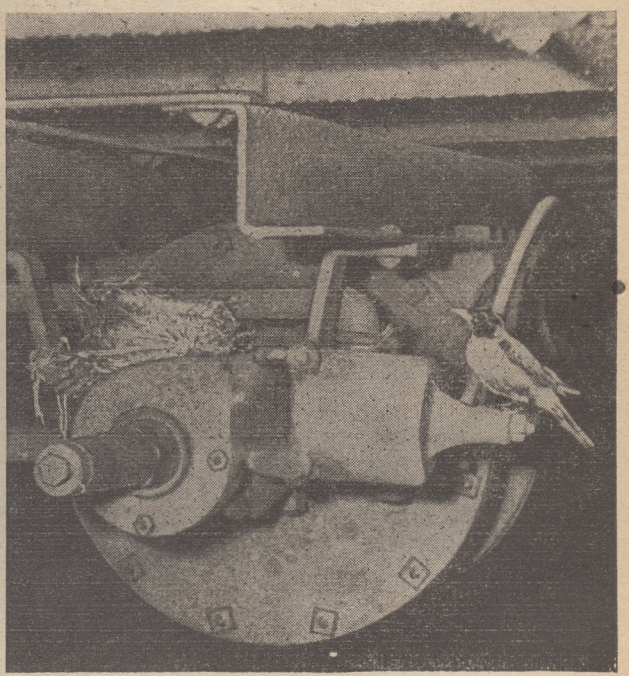
fans like to count how many different roads are represented in one freight train. Here it's how many different nations. You rarely see a German train that doesn't include rolling stock from Holland, France, Belgium and Italy, as well as Reich cars and American-built equipment bearing the Railway Transportation Corps emblem.

"Now that passenger service has been partially resumed, we do not notice so many heavily-laden wayfarers on the highways any more. Besides trains, there are some buses, while big trucks, formerly Wehrmacht property, now hauling food and supplies, make a regular practice of picking up hitch-hikers. It is not at all unusual to see a truck loaded with sacks of potatoes, upon which are sprawled, in outlandish postures, elderly peasant men and women with a few belongings wrapped in tablecloths, maybe a young boy or two and a couple of barelegged girls, in addition to a few German soldiers, their hair and complexions as gray as their uniforms. Tied to the back of the truck will probably be at least one bicycle —the *herrenvolk* value their bikes highly."

* * *

PLANS for postwar passenger cars will be discussed by E. J. W. Ragsdale, chief engineer for the Budd Company, at Sept. 26th meeting of Railway Enthusiasts, Room 5646, Grand Central Terminal, at 7:45 p.m.

CASE OF THE NOMAD NEST aroused national interest recently when the brake cylinder of a North Western commuter coach was selected by Barrington, Ill., robin as a suitable spot for a home. Each day she met the car at the end of its run to sit on two much-traveled eggs. Bird lovers who tried to move the abode to a more conventional tree site were outfoxed by railroad employes, who gave them another nest. P. S. The eggs never hatched



IRVIN IZOR'S true tale, "Desert Detour" (July issue), was of particular interest to Herbert C. Foote, 3 Franklin Ave., Claymont, Del., because: "I was yard clerk at Bowie, Ariz., working from 12 midnight to 8 a.m. at the time.

* * *

WANTED: two old poems, *The Boomer Hoghead's Work Report* and *Bill Miller's Dream, or Revelations of a Roundhouse Foreman.* Send 'em to W. E. Burns, 29086 Evergreen Ave., Flat Rock, Mich.

* * *

AMAZING is the story of an old hogger's devotion to his locomotive that comes from Lad G. Arend, Car Chama, Rte. 2, Franklin, Ohio, and Gerald M. Best, 511 Sierra Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. The engineer, Charles H. Grant, operated the same engine on two different roads for a total of 40 years, and without an accident or demerit mark.

The story begins back in 1886, when Charlie, then a young fireman on the Wab-

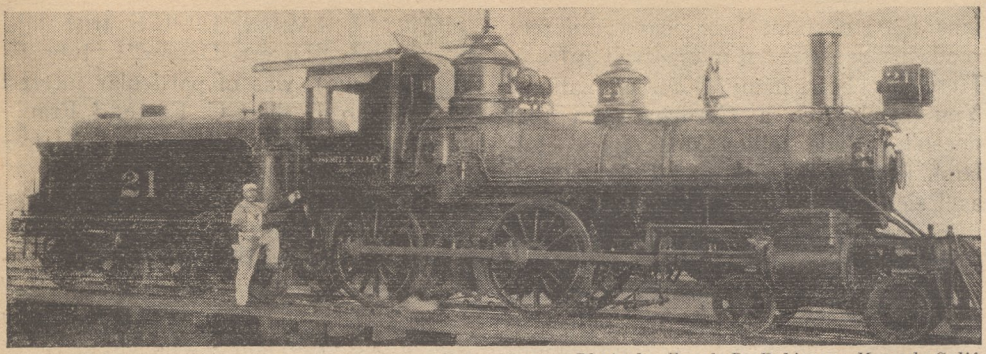


Photo by Frank D. Robinson, Merced, Calif.

ENGR. GRANT is shown beside engine he ran first on Wabash, then on Yosemite Valley. His name was lettered on the cab

ash, was promoted to the right-hand side and assigned to an American-type engine in service between Chicago and St. Louis. It was a great day for Charlie. He took a fancy to this engine, learned her every mood, and for 20 years on the Wabash gave her the best possible care. Man and locomotive became inseparable.

Imagine, then, the blow it must have been to him in 1906 when the Wabash sold this engine to the Yosemite Valley, a 78-mile pike which was being built between Merced and El Portal, Calif. The hogger was torn between conflicting emotions. He had accumulated a lot of seniority on the "Banner Line" but also was fond of his eight-wheeler.

"Let me pilot her to California," he asked the Wabash brass hats. This request was granted. With all the solemnity of a last run, Charlie drove his favorite from Ft. Wayne, Ind., to Merced. He delivered her to the Yosemite Valley, which gave her the number 21, but could not bring himself to the point of bidding her good-bye.

"Guess I'd better break her in on the new road," he decided; and wired the Wabash for a short leave of absence for that purpose. Back came the leave. How-

Photo by Gerald M. Best

NUMBER had been painted out on tender of Grant's old engine, but it gradually appeared again

ever, even after Charlie had gotten No. 21 used to the Yosemite Valley he could not bear to go. So the company painted his name on the cab and for 20 years he stayed with the YV and his 8-wheeler.

In 1926, when time came for the old fellow to take his pension, he became moody and depressed. It must have cost him a pang to turn over the 21 to another man. He told his successor the methods he had used to get the best results from that engine for 40 years. In his sunset years he often visited the old girl and sighed as he watched her pull out of town without him.

We don't know how long Charlie Grant lived. The 21 followed him into retirement in 1932 and since that date has been rusting her heart out at El Portal, the line's eastern terminus. She is now for sale as scrap. A large photo of the 21 in her prime hangs today in the office of L. A. Foster, the YV General Manager. Following are specifications of this engine: 17-inch cylinders, 24-inch stroke, 63-inch drivers, 149 pounds boiler pressure, 60,000 pounds weight on drivers, 94,000 total weight, and 14,000 tractive effort.

The Yosemite Valley line itself is following Charlie and his 21 into the sunset, the ICC having just granted permission to fold up. This step was taken despite a petition from the Pacific Coast Railroading Ass'n, a railfan group, through its president, John M. McFadden, that the PCRA be allowed to intervene in the abandonment proceedings.

Howard C. Bonsall, YV trustee, told the ICC he couldn't see selling a 77-mile road to a hobby club of less than 40 members headed by a lad of 18, a minor employe of Pacific Electric. John lives at 2064 Dudley St., Pasadena, Calif. Mr. Bonsall quoted him as saying:

"Our main interest is to promote interest in railroad. We plan, after the war, to take trips together, publish a magazine, perhaps, and oppose railroad abandonments wherever unnecessary.

"We have leased three unused stations —Santa Fe stations in South Pasadena and Highland Park and a Pacific Electric station in Whittier, and have them filled with timetables, pictures and furnishings as meeting places."

"DUKE" WELLINGTON and his burro were pals for 20 years

* * *

LAST CALL. The passing of W. H. Wellington, better known as "Duke," who died recently just before his 93rd birthday, brings to a close a story of faithful service that won him many friends and national recognition.

For more than 41 years, Duke Wellington met every Rio Grande train passing through the little town of Edwards, Colo. During at least 20 of these years, he was accompanied by his devoted burro, *Pete*. Not once did they miss a train, nor were they ever late.

Day and night, they were on hand to carry the mail from the post office to the depot, place it aboard the train, claim any mail from the railway clerk, and take it up town to the post office.

In 1895, when Wellington first started his unique "burro mail service," this amounted to only a few letters and pouch-

BACK IN THE DAYS: Wire Test ..... ***Harry C. Temple***

"He says he's good. Use th' bug and give him th' works!"

Photo by Donald W. Furler, 94 W. Main St., Glen Rock, N. J.

HELPER engine 1576 at the head of a Reading string of varnish

es a day. However, as the town grew, he found it necessary to acquire *Pete* and a small buckboard in order to handle the larger volume of mail and parcel post. Every passing trainman waved at him.

A few years ago Rio Grande buses took over the mail for Edwards and passenger trains no longer made regular stops. That was a sad day for Duke; but rather than give up his duties, he would meet each bus, and carry the mail in to the post office, although it was only a few steps. He gave *Pete* an honorable retirement.

* * *

LAST STOP is the Reader's Choice coupon *(page 145)*, which guides your editorial crew in selecting material for future issues of *Railroad Magazine*.

Some readers use the coupon. Others prefer not to clip the magazine; they send us home-made coupons, postcards or letters. Regardless of how votes are sent in, all count the same. Results of balloting on the August issue show the following titles listed in order of popularity:

1. True Tales of the Rails
2. Heart of Locomotive, *Comstock*
3. Wanderlust, *Swan*
4. Electric lines, *Maguire*
5. Too Perfect, *Rohde*
6. On the Spot
7. Light of the Lantern
8. Would-Be Jesse James, *Maher*
9. Varnish on the Signal, *Mills*
10. Locomotive of the Month
11. Along the Iron Pike, *Easley*
12. Railroad Camera Club

Most popular August photos were those on pages 50, 109, 83 and 99.

Hours of Service

By TOM BRADFORD

NO OLD-TIMER will forget the freight engine service on the Northern Pacific during the early 1900s. The hours we put in on the road without sleep, or even a chance to rest, were a crime. It would take you twenty-four to forty-eight hours to run from one terminal to another, and when you stumbled in—nearly dead from exhaustion—you'd be ordered to double right back again. To refuse meant your job, so by grabbing sleep at meeting points we managed to get by. But the number of wrecks proved that these opportunities weren't enough, and it was the frequency of accidents that finally won the battle for the sixteen-hour law.

In 1903 when I was in my early thirties, I worked in chain-gang freight service on the 120-mile district between Tacoma and Ellensburg, Wash. Climbing up through Green River Canyon one night in late November, I rode extra 1275 east. The air was still, clear and cold. Timber covered the right-hand slope of the gorge, outlined against a sky flaring with stars. We were about thirty miles east of Auburn and heading straight for the Canton siding.

East was the superior time-card direction, and unless otherwise instructed, I was entitled to hold the main line on a meet the dispatcher had given us with extra 1272. I had nine hundred tons which was the upgrade rating for a

TRUE TALES OF THE RAILS

Y-2 tandem-compound engine. I needed water, and since the tank was on the main just beyond the east switch, I could have gone directly through to that end.

There was a sharp right curve bending round a rocky cliff as you came westbound into Canton. An engineer couldn't see the east switch until he was only six car-lengths from it, so a careful runner would approach under full control. As soon as I pulled into the twist I could see the other train hadn't arrived yet.

"We'll head in there and let 'em go," I called to my head brakeman.

I don't recall this guy's name, but he was a hungry-looking boomer with a liking for an argument.

"What you want to head in for?" he parried. "We're supposed to hold the main line."

Since I didn't think the matter worth a struggle, I handed my switch-key to the fireman and told him to line it up for the siding. He ran ahead and bent the iron, and I rolled into clear and covered the headlight. I figured we could get water on the way out, and felt a lot safer. Extras coming west down the canyon were filled to sixty cars at Lester—about 3,000 tons

—and the grade was steep. A heavy train could easily run away unless steadied carefully by an air-brake.

Once we were in the clear, I got down with my torch to check the engine to see that everything was all right. I could hear the rumble of the extra in the distance as it descended the hill, and while I listened the noise seemed to grow ominously loud. However, I decided that this was probably due to the stillness of the night.

I WAITED for the engineer to whistle for the station, but there was no blast. I felt something had happened, so I got back into the cab quickly. As I reached the gangway and faced the main track, Number 1272 came roaring down. Her Y-2 engine had two firebox doors and both were flung open, flooding the cab with white light. In those days my eyes were good and I got a hasty glance of the whole outfit fast asleep as she rattled by.

Before I could decide just what to do, the vibration of her engine passing ours wakened the runner, a stocky Swede. You can imagine this boomer's thoughts as he came out of his doze suddenly and realized what he'd done. Immediately, he wiped the clock and tore his train apart. Three drawbars were yanked out, there was a long delay and the skipper didn't spare the runner. The big Scandinavian took it without a word though, for he knew he was lucky to be alive. Before he left he came over to me and said, "Ay ban lucky feller you were on the siding."

I never remember hearing an official report of the accident. Like all roads of that era, the NP handled a lot of poor equipment, and delays blamed on break-in-twos and pulling out drawbars called for no comment from the brass hats. However, going to sleep and running a meet was something else, and in this case the excuse saved that engineer his job.

When the dust had settled, my wise head shack turned to me.

"Hogger, you sure had a right hunch," he said.

But then I was too occupied, thinking how fortunate both of us were, to bother with any reply.

After a year of this service I was nearer to quitting than ever before or since in more than fifty years with the NP. I returned one night in 1904 from a forty-eight hour chain-gang run into Tacoma. The office hardly gave me time to climb out of my engine before calling me to head out on an extra east. I was scheduled to leave as soon as the roundhouse force had the engine ready but I was so tired and sleepy I wondered if I could stay awake.

While they lined her up for the return trip, I walked over to the storeroom to get a wad of clean waste. In the corner of the bin lay an engine wiper, curled up and snoring. I've never seen a bed more inviting. "To hell with this life!" I thought. "Shall I go out on the damn extra, or crawl in beside him?" Right then I didn't care much either for my job or career. Later on though, I was certain I had made the right decision.

THERE WERE numerous wrecks throughout the country caused by outrageous hours. At the same time the "Hog Law" was passed, telegraphers and agents handling train orders secured their nine-hour rule, demanding it on the score of accidents laid to overworked operators. Thirty-six hour shifts were then common for ops who worked a twelve-hour day.

Once these laws became effective, some railroad officials seemed to do everything they could to make it uncomfortable for their men. An old brass pounder told me that on the road where he was employed, quite a few non-union agents were on the job when the ruling took hold. At unimportant three shift stations—formerly handled by an agent and night op working twelve hours each—agents were assigned a four-hour trick, while the other two operators worked ten hours with an hour out for meals. While this benefited the agents, it was slated to hurt the ops, most of whom were members of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers.

A miserable trick that seemed deliberate

was tying us up in out of the way places where we had no chance to eat or put up for the night, and no one to care for the engine while we got our rest on the seat-box. After being on duty for sixteen hours this was tough on the enginemen. The train crews had beds in the crummy and a stock of provisions, but we had nothing of this sort. Most enginemen seemed afraid to protest against this injustice, so no cure was offered. However, when my turn came in October, 1910, I refused to take it sitting down.

TOM BRADFORD

Leaving Ellensburg at 7 a.m. on a local freight, I had engine Number 189, a cross-compound. We had nicknamed these 0-6-4 locomotives the "Klondikers," and their tonnage up the canyon was seventy-five tons less than the 1200 class. The dispatcher had run us extra, instead of on time-card schedule as we seldom made the run in 12 hours.

I reached Auburn at 9 p.m. with two hours to make Tacoma, only twenty-two miles further west. With any kind of luck I could have made it easily, but I wasn't given the chance. I received a message to change engines with a runner called Devro, who rode the opposing local which had finished its work and was ready to pull out.

The red-headed Irishman was a fine chap and a popular fellow. But he was senior engineer to me, and since it was Saturday night, he wanted his layover at home in Tacoma. This was a fine opportunity for the Company to penalize someone on account of the service act, and I happened to be the goat. I couldn't refuse to do as instructed, so my fireman and I changed over to the eastbound local. We started back and got as far as Covington, eight miles east of Auburn, where there was only a depot and siding.

As I pulled by the telegraph office, the op handed me a message ordering me to tie up there for eight hours' rest and let Carney, the fireman, watch the engine. Carney had been on duty the same length of time as I, and was really not available. When we got into clear I asked Carney if he wanted to protest the unfairness of landing at a place like Covington. which had no facilities.

The fireman was a different breed from Devro, though he too came from Erin. The weak-kneed brother said "no", and I was getting pretty hot. I told Carney he could do what he liked, but that I thought it about time someone had guts enough to complain against such treatment. Walking back to the office, I met Ed Strickler, the conductor, who was out on the platform.

"What are you doing about trying up here, Ed?" I asked him.

"Well, we're fixed all right, Brad," he replied. "We've got beds and grub in the caboose, but it's pretty tough on you enginemen."

Without further talk, I strode into the office and wrote out a message to the Superintendent. I told him I refused to take my eight hours' rest where I could get neither a bed nor anything to eat. The brass pounder sent what I had written.

IT WAS then 11:30 p.m. Number 4, the eastbound passenger, was due at Covington at 12:15 a.m. Within twenty minutes the operator and I received a joint message ordering him to flag Number 4, and me to deadhead to Ravensdale and to take eight hours after I arrived there. The telegram was signed with the Super's initials, so I hung onto it as I was sure I would hear more about it.

Outside, the temperature had fallen, and I was glad to board Number 4 when she ground to a stop. Seven miles east, I got off at Ravensdale, had a good meal at an all-night restaurant, and hit the hay in a hotel bed. When my rest was up, Strickler received instructions to take the engine to Ravensdale to pick me up. Fireman Carney was ordered to act as engineer for the short hop

I was up, had breakfasted and was waiting for them when they pulled in. But after I boarded my engine, Carney made no attempt to move back to his job.

"I have instructions to act as engineer, Bradford," he said, "so I guess it's up to you to do the firing from now on."

I gave him one long look. This boy was getting full of ideas and I still hadn't cooled off toward him for refusing to take a stand with me at Covington. We were well-matched, both rather well-built and about the same age.

"Carney, you slide off that seat-box," I replied, "or there ain't gonna be any fireman at all."

He gave me a quick glance, and I guess he knew I meant it. Anyhow, he lost no time in getting over to the right-hand side where he belonged. We left Covington without delay and had a fairly good run into Ellensburg.

There was a telegram from Trainmaster Ohlsen waiting for me when I returned to Tacoma. I was to report to his office immediately. Naturally, it would have been more of a surprise if I hadn't received such a command. Ohlsen, while rough at an investigation, was a real railroader. It was funny, too, because he didn't look tough. His black mustache and clipped goatee gave him more the appearance of a doctor or a lawyer; but the intense expression of his eyes made his large frame more foreboding. Ohlsen had worked up from operator to dispatcher, then Chief and Trainmaster. In 1917, he went overseas to France and Russia to direct rail transportation, and returned as General Manager of an Alaskan road. I could see all the qualities that made him an officer as I stood before him in 1910.

Ohlsen was alone when I entered his office, and as I approached his desk he acted as though I were an intruder.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he snapped.

Ohlsen knew me all right, but I explained who I was and that I had a wire ordering me to report to him.

"What's this tying-up trouble all about?" he asked roughly.

I was feeling rebellious and sore, and told him just what had happened. Did he blow up! Pounding the table with his fist, he told me what he thought of me for making the trouble I had. I kept still all the while, thinking this was a time when silence was the better part of valor.

"By whose authority did you go to Ravensburg to tie up?"

Without a word I laid the copy of the telegram I had received on his desk in front of him. Ohlsen took one look at it and loosed all the curses known to rail men—which is quite a collection. "Get the hell out of here, and watch your step!" he ordered finally.

I left the office quickly, thinking how lucky I was to have held on to that wire. Probably the dispatcher who sent it, or maybe the Chief himself, caught merry hell because of it.

TYING UP trains in blind sidings with an engine-watchman to protect them was the Company's next step to improve this condition. They would send out a dog-catcher crew to bring the train into its terminal. The regular crew's time went on and they were allowed eight hours' rest after their arrival at their home bases before being called out again. Sometime later, the period was jumped to ten hours.

I remember one bad wreck caused by a crew who didn't properly identify a train which was standing on a blind siding because of the sixteen-hour law. Extra west 1622 was tied up at Maywood, a station thirty-six miles east of Auburn. Maywood was known as a lap siding, since it had two parallel tracks: one used by eastbound and one by westbound trains. The eastbound turnout was west of the office, while the westbound track was to the east end. The westbound side-track followed a series of curves, and on that night, with dense rain carried in front of a stiff wind, Number 1622 lay in the hole there, proving a menace to the regular traffic.

Number 6, a regular passenger which left Tacoma after 8 p.m., was due there at 9:58. They were on running time, but that night they had an order to wait at Maywood until 10:05 for extra 1612 west. The dispatcher was trying to give the freight a break, and maybe he overlooked the fact that there was already a train in the hole at Maywood.

The engine-watchman on 1622 had everything except the headlight lit up like a church. When the passenger came around the curve and saw 1622, looking as though she was ready to pull out, big Bill Stover took for granted that this was his meet. His head brakeman was fooled, too. He took one look out the window and called to Conductor Fisher, "They're here —into clear."

Both numbers looked pretty much alike, and after Number 1622 had passed through Stampede Tunnel, nineteen miles east of Maywood, the indicator numbers would be smoke-covered and somewhat indistinct. The weather didn't help any, either. Under the circumstances it was easy for the runner on Number 6 to mistake 1622 for 1612. As rules allow a train to proceed ahead of a specified wait, if the train for which they are waiting has arrived, Stover blew a couple of blasts and kept on going. Engineer Kirtz on extra 1612 was making Maywood on his time order of 10:05.

The track of Maywood was straight from the office to three-quarters of a mile east, and then it passed through a rock cut on a sharp right-hand curve. There the two met, and though I didn't see the wreck I'd judge the locomotives were stacked up against each other like fighting dogs. They were totally demolished. A number of cars were derailed in both trains, some passengers killed and others injured. Kirtz, Stover and one of the firemen lost their lives.

I knew both engineers well. Little Lou Kirtz who rode extra 1612 that night was a careful and very competent runner, altogether on his rights though on close time against Number 6. I can almost see the expression on his face and imagine his thoughts when, with no time to even think of jumping, the opposing engine faced him around the sharp curve, tearing through the blinding rain to meet his.

Bill Fisher, conductor on Number 6 and an old-timer, lost his job because he took his shack's word that the train they were to wait for had arrived. He never got back on the road, and since I had pulled him often, I felt very sorry. It takes the heart out of a fellow to work for years to get a good passenger run only to lose it because someone fails him.

If the weather had been different, if the DS had given Stover a warning that there was already a 1600 engine tied up at the siding, or if Stover had been positive of his identification, this like many other wrecks might have been avoided. The sixteen-hour law could not be held responsible for this mess, though indirectly it brought it about.

Railroad employes who started the game in late years cannot appreciate the Hours of Service Law since they never had to endure the conditions which it eliminated. But the fast-thinning ranks of gray-heads who railroaded before its enforcement know, and are glad of the part they had in fighting to bring it about.

Price of Carelessness

By BARRY PATTERSON

HAD AUTOMATIC block signals been in use fifty years ago, they would have saved me a wild flight through the hills of West Virginia and Ohio, when I quit the Chesapeake & Ohio in 1892 on a few minutes' notice. I was about eighteen then, and was the regular day trick operator near the portal of a mile-long tunnel at Alleghany, Va. It was my first job off the extra board, and I'd been there only a few months when this accident happened. Yet it was long enough to warn me to be on my way when I headed a train into the tunnel on the heels of a preceding freight.

An absolute block system governed the territory with an operator placed at both ends of the tunnel, Myers at one and I at the other. The station semaphore was manually controlled by the op and used to give all signals. Much of the safety of the passengers and equipment depended on the alertness of the operators, and this is one reason for the great number of fatalities throughout railroad history, the human element.

I was at Tuckahoe, W. Va., for some time with a clear record. The job was my first taste of freedom, being on my own and doing the kind of work I had always wanted to do. I boarded with the nearest neighbor who lived about half a mile from the depot, and readily made friends with the young people around town. As in all isolated places, on Sunday afternoon all the boys and girls from nearby would convene at the station to watch the local passenger pull through, or perhaps stop to let off visitors.

This particular Sunday, there had been an unusually heavy schedule of freights, one following close behind the other. The last section passed the office at 3:50 p.m., while the regular passenger was due at 4:20. Barring unexpected delays, this left plenty of time for it to cover the distance to the opposite end of the tunnel before the local pulled into the yard.

Even then, it was the rule to give four short whistle blasts when approaching a station where a stop signal was displayed. This was a curt demand for orders or for the operator to change the board to proceed if the block was clear. When the passenger whistled for my signal, I was in the waiting room showing off in front of the crowd. Knowing that the last freight had been gone long enough to clear the tunnel, I ran to the office and threw the signal to proceed position, letting the train by. I was anxious to cause no delay, since this was a flag station and no passengers were getting off.

Just as soon as I picked up my pen to register the time the train had passed, I got a terrific jolt. I grew suddenly cold as my eyes met a blank space on the block register where the time should have been entered, showing when the preceding freight had cleared the opposite end of the passage. Frantically, I grabbed the key to call the office. There was a chance the op had failed to notify me.

After an interval of seconds that passed as years, Myers answered and I queried: "6th Number 93 yet?"

"NY" came his reply meaning not yet, and I knew he could see almost to his end of the tunnel from where he sat.

I sank into my chair and rested my arms on the table. There was nothing I could do to stop them. Several minutes later when the operator called me, I said the most devout prayer of my life, before I cut in and answered.

"I see the freight coming now," he wired. Then a few seconds later. "They have only part of their train."

Somewhere in the tunnel the freight

train had broken in two. Nothing short of a miracle could prevent the passenger from plowing into its rear half since the dense smoke left by previous trains would make a flagman's efforts useless.

I notified the dispatcher what I had done, and it was the hardest task I've ever had to do. When I opened my key, it was difficult to make myself understood. The DS verified my report by calling the operator, whose answer tallied with mine.

"I'll call the wrecking crew and hold them in readiness pending further information," he replied.

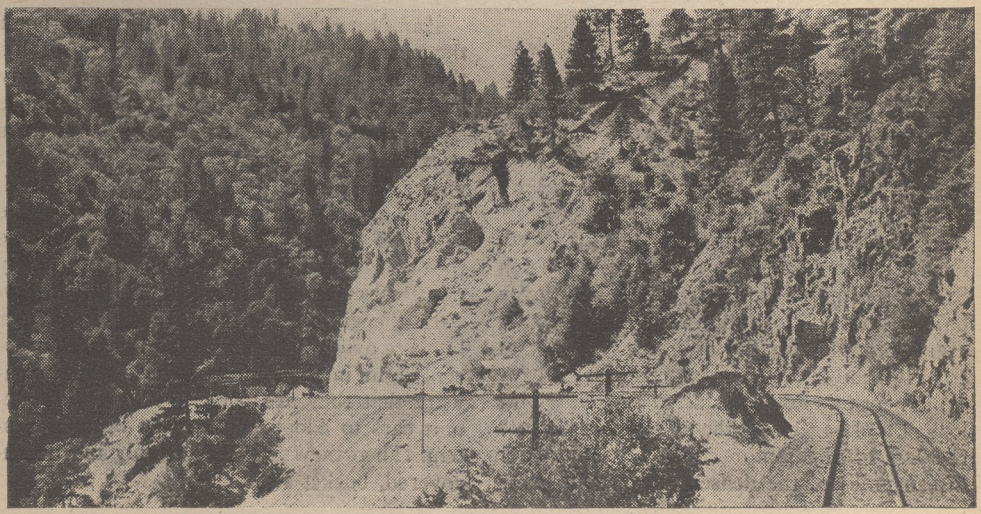
Every moment I expected to see some of the train crew and passengers come pouring out of the tunnel. That telegraph office would be no harbor of safety, so I told the dispatcher I was going after the night operator to put him on duty.

"I think myself that would be a good idea," he returned, "and if I were you I'd hightail it into the hills."

With a clear vision of a rope necktie to spur me on, I followed his orders with speed that a jack rabbit would envy. Getting into my best clothes and filling my pockets with everything edible in sight, I set out across the mountain range infested with black bears, panthers and wildcats, my only weapon a single action revolver with half a box of cartridges. It was a couple of hundred miles until I hit the flatlands of Indiana, and the trip was a nightmare that remains vivid to this day. Everytime I shut my eyes I could see that engine crashing into the rear of the train, and hear the screams of the passengers. Yet though I read all the papers I could get hold of on the way to Chicago, I never found a record of the Alleghany disaster.

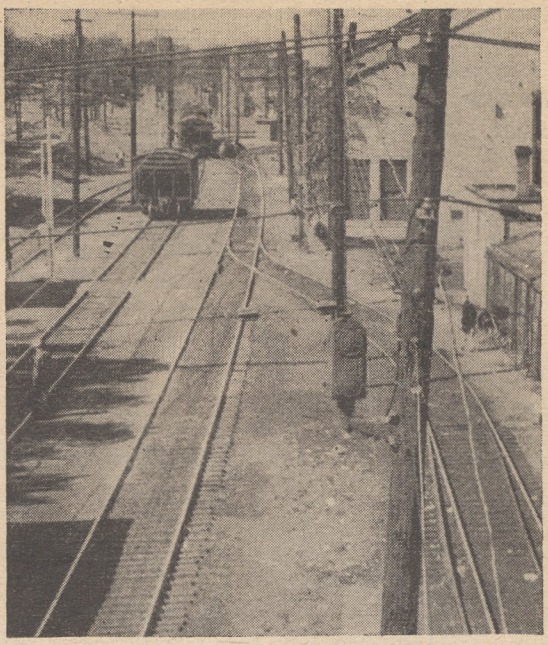
Assuming an alias, I got a job as messenger boy with Western Union. Soon afterward I mustered up enough courage to tell my family what had happened, asking them to find out the story. For weeks I fumed until I received a reply. It was good news. Though the train had broken, the second section had rolled about ten car-lengths out of the tunnel, and because of its reduced speed through that tunnel, the passenger train was able to stop within twenty feet of the caboose.

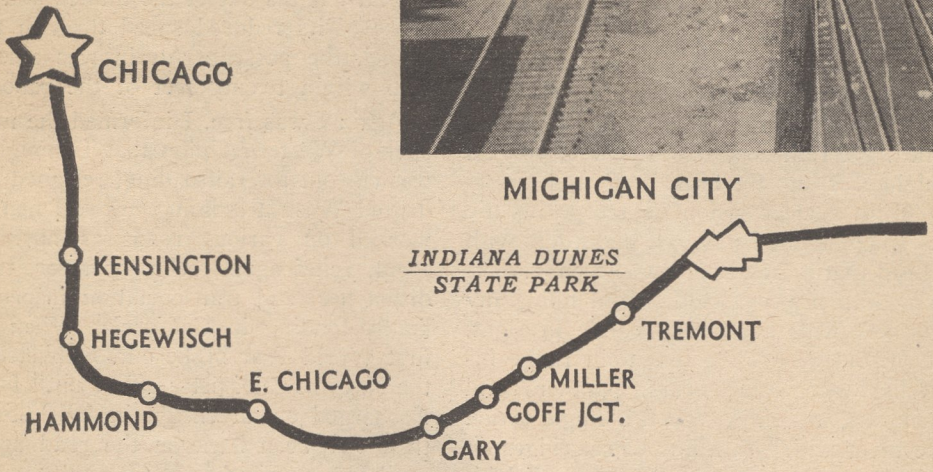
Again I was free. I informed the manager of Western Union that I thought I was cut out for railroading, resigned and drifted West. Resuming my real name I worked on various roads as operator, agent, relief agent, relay operator, train dispatcher, and transportation inspector, finally landing in California. When the first World War broke out, I enlisted in the Navy as chief petty officer until I was discharged as an ensign in 1919. Since then I've been back on the road again, until I was retired in 1937.



Electric Lines

Conducted by
STEPHEN D. MAGUIRE





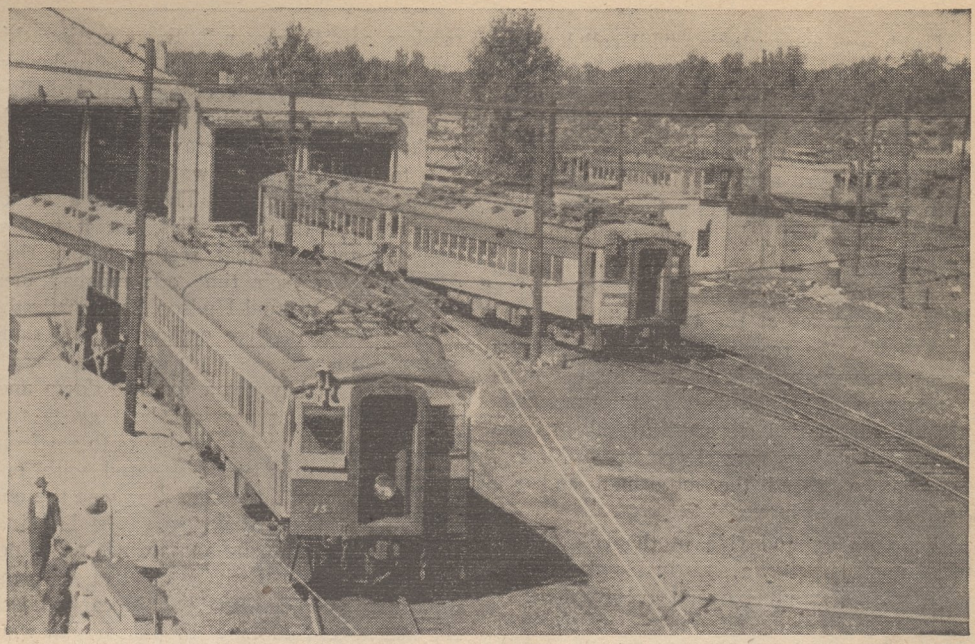
Wheeling Along the South Shore

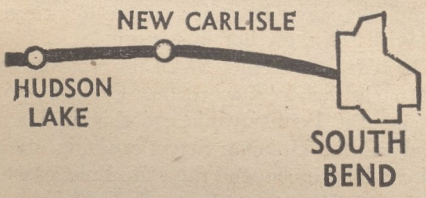
SOUTH SHORE LINE

GLISTENING pumpkin and maroon in the morning sun, the long electric motorcar of the Chicago, South Shore and South Bend Railway trembles as motorman Hank Reber swings his six-foot length from the loading platform of the Randolph Street Terminal into his cab. Tall, grey haired and solid in his blue denim outfit, Hank moves with the deliberate poise that comes from thirty years of handling heavy equipment on close schedules. He swings his loaded tool bag up on the stool beside him to the left of the motor controls. Only after fifteen miles of the densest traffic will Hank be able to sit down and relax as he passes the city limits.

Hank turns for a casual look back through the near eighty feet of the head car of his three-car train. This is one of the recently lengthened ten cars from the South Shore shops at Michigan City. Originally a little over sixty feet long, all the sixty-eight passenger cars of the company are steel. The eighteen-foot section welded into the center of the rebuilt cars helps accommodate the new riders among the ten to twenty thousand customers a day, which they carry.

In the car, passengers are stowing their luggage overhead opposite the line of fluorescent light in the center of the ceiling, unaware that they are using the first multiple-unit cars to adopt this modern lighting system. Then they sink comfortably into linen-covered, bucket seats.





By ROY WHITE

Hank slips the reverser key into its slot in the controller housing and fits the air brake handle on its post. This is drab routine to the number one motorman on the road, who has been doing this since 1910 when he got leave from the C. & E. I. to handle juice boxes. There were only twenty-three wooden passenger cars on the South Shore then, with a pantagraph on one end and a trolley pole on the other. These had a 38-inch wheel and four Westinghouse 125 horsepower alternating current motors, and if any two were the same shade of maroon it was a coincidence. Later wooden cars had a pantagraph in the middle and a trolley pole at each end. A 50-foot, 55,900-pound wooden trailer was used with them until 1925, or often a borrowed Illinois Central lighter trailer.

On the loading platform, Conductor Hugh Sutton pulls his watch out of his vest pocket rather nervously. Hugh hasn't been the same at starting time since he was conductor on the *Admiral Byrd Special* in 1927. Immaculate and stiffly erect on the great day, Hugh stood between his loading doors to help the great and near-great aboard. Casual visitors who might obstruct the way had not been allowed on the loading platform. Only two men dressed in civvies were pacing up and down the platform as late arrivals hurried onto the train.

"Board! All aboard!"

Hugh pressed the button high on the post opposite the conductor's position to notify the towerman to give them the target. After a look to the rear to be sure the rest of the crew were ready, Hugh reached for the electric signal button inside the car door. Quietly the train slipped out of the station. A mile down the track, as they left Van Buren station, a lady came running up the aisle from the rear of the train.

"Stop!" she called. "Stop it!"

Hugh's chin dropped as he stared at her. "You—you mean the train? We can't. We'd tie up the yards if we stopped now."

"But we left—" Her voice broke.

Hugh was sympathetic. "I'll call back to the lost and found for you when we get to Michigan City."

"That won't do any good," she wept, "we've left the admiral!"

Admiral Byrd and his aide were the two men in "civvies" parading the platform intent on their own problems as the train slipped away.

HANK stares at the traffic in the yards while the rear guard standing a step away from the train looks back for last minute stragglers. Hugh watches the time, calls for the target and steps quickly aboard the train. Two pings ring clearly from the signal box overhead the motorman and the train begins to move.

Let's go up and ride in the cab. Hank does not turn as we step inside the roomy cab for he's standing over the HBF electropneumatic controls, eyes intent on the row of overhead signal lights which guide us out of the maze of tracks through seemingly-endless miles of traffic. The "low yellow" signal overhead—meaning "come ahead cautiously"—with heavy traffic all around you is what puts grey beneath the motorman's denim cap.

Along the sunken roadbed, with Michigan Boulevard on a higher level to our right and the shore of Lake Michigan off to the left Hank eases along, using only five of the ten points which control the four Westinghouse direct current series motors on two motorcars of our three-car train. Below the arches of the east and west boulevard traffic, under the west wing of the Art Institute, by the Shedd Aquarium and the Field Museum, we glide without a whisper from the pantagraph overhead. To our right is the Roosevelt Road Illinois Central station with double streetcar tracks running through the top of it. We have been using I. C. right-of-way and will be until we pass the Illinois-Indiana state line beyond Kensington. If the I. C. had not electrified their Chicago terminal and granted the South Shore trackage rights from Kensington to Randolph Street in 1925, we would not now be seeing the cold grey concrete battlement of the Soldier's Field receding to the left of us.

The original Chicago, Lake Shore & South Bend Railway ran from South Bend only to the Indiana-Illinois state line, six miles short of Kensington, known to railroaders as "Bumtown." Even getting this service into operation was a large undertaking. In 1907 when the laying of roadbed began, it was not unusual for an old teakettle to chuff out with what gravel she could push only to find a puddle of water where her last dump had been made. They laid a lot of that road as the crow flies, but it took a crow to get over that section before they came in. On their time off, railroad men hunted ducks around Hudson Lake while the police hunted fugitive outlaws in the same section.

Eventually they got a roadbed down and, in 1908, irregular service about every two hours began. It took three hours to get from South Bend to State Line, and with one notable exception, the state line was the end of the line. On that day, a car stalled just outside Gary when its pantagraph could not be raised to meet the contact wire. Both the motorman and conductor left the car to check the magnets. Suddenly the pantagraph went up and she started off in reverse at a merry clip with the crew hot in pursuit.

The car made the B&OCT crossing as well as if the crew were on. On she went clearing the Pennsylvania crossing in Hammond and the Hohman Street crossing. Several car lengths beyond the state line, as well as beyond the end of the tracks, she bogged down, right side up in the mud.

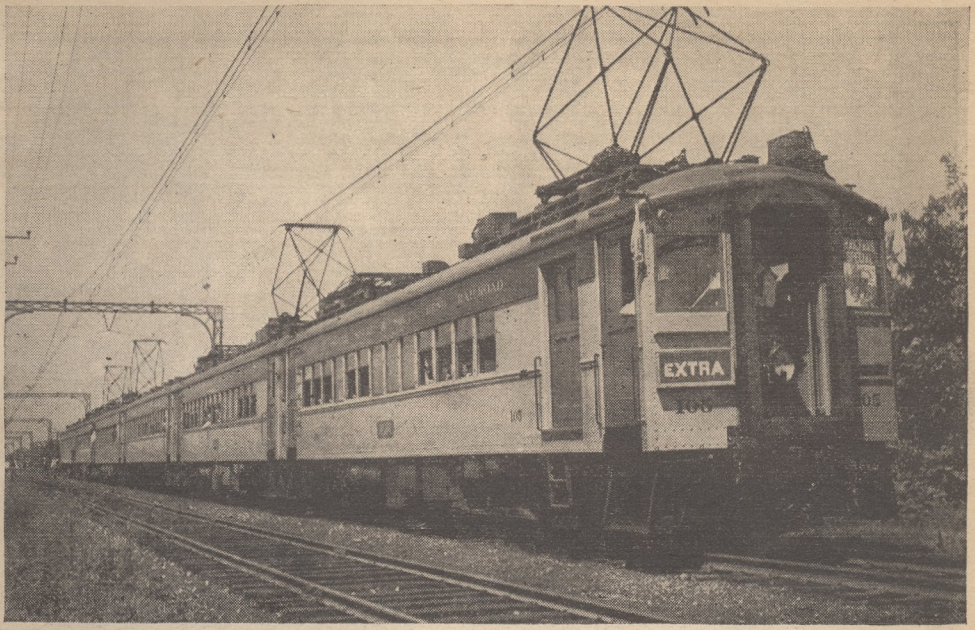
The two customers in the car had no complaint except for one 'hunky" who awoke as they left the tracks.

"Whassa mattuh?" he demanded of the puffing pair. "She no stop at Hammond?"

Despite their slow schedule, those old wooden cars with AC current had plenty of speed. Clarence McDaniels used to race the *Twentieth Century Limited* between South Bend and New Carlisle and usually passed her. The 2:30 afternoon special became crowded with customers who rode down just for the event.

Clarence used to ease out of South Bend and idle along until he heard the *Century* whistle on the east side of town, his signal to "wind her up." Sometimes the *Century* would clear the electric up to the last car before she would hit her stride and fight on to the front and ahead.

One day General Manager H. U. Wallace was aboard the regular race trip. Clarence was outside town listening for the whistle when suddenly the crack train roared down on him and passed him like a pay car shoots



RAILFANS SPECIAL on the CSS&SB, where practically all passenger traffic operates MU

by a tramp. Clarence gave her all ten points and pushed on the handle, but it was too late. A shower of cinders was all he got for his trouble.

"That grimy smoke-stoker!" griped the motorman. "He poured coal to her, then sneaked up on me without whistling."

Next morning a special bulletin appeared warning all motormen who wanted to stay on the head end to stop racing.

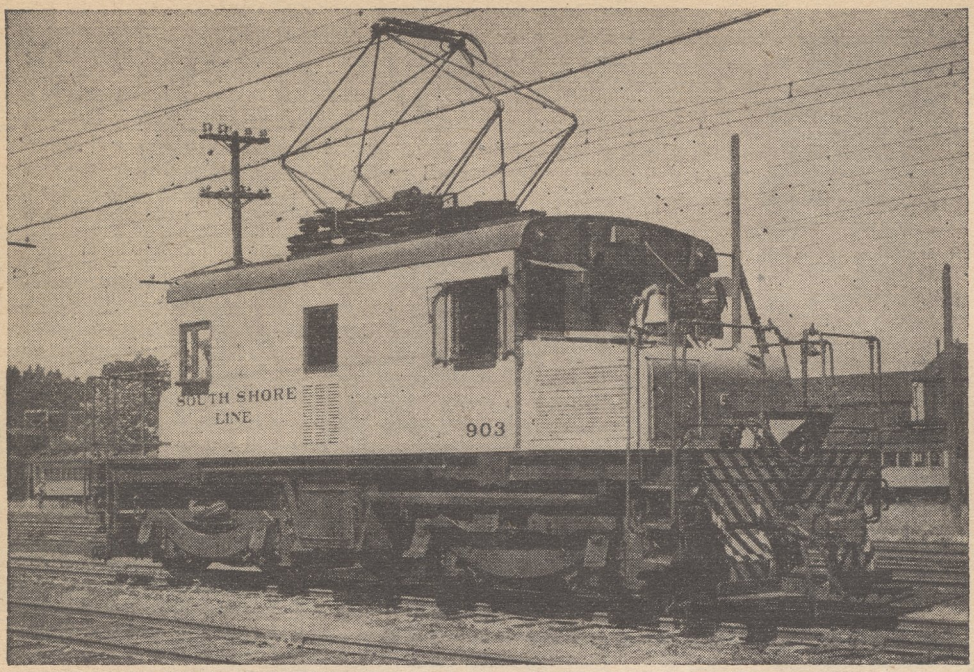
Perhaps, as old-timers say, those cars were faster. The balancing speed of the present steel motorcars is 72 miles per hour. These cars weigh around 65 tons, ten tons heavier than the earlier models, and haul trailers nearly twice the weight of the others.

AS WE ROLL past 18th Street Yards, along a string of troop sleepers and into a six-track roadway, there seems to be no shortage of power overhead. Before 1925, the South Shore got its power from its own station at the harbor in Michigan City. Now it has power hook-ups with northern Indiana, Indiana, Michigan and Commonwealth Edison utilities companies. Nine substations owned by the group deliver 33,000 volts of direct current to the transformers along the 89.8 miles of the line, which in turn sends 1500 volts DC to the 0000 contact wire of the catenary overhead.

In the early days, the voltage along the line varied. In the country, 6600 volts of alternating current were used, while Gary, Michigan City and South Bend allowed only 800 volts carried above their streets. This made five power changes necessary on a single run. Naturally all motorcars with both trolley and pantagraph had to be turned around at the terminal, except when the later wooden models were operated by a central pantagraph and two trolley poles. If a conductor failed to get his trolley down before he hit the high voltage in a change-over, it meant another car for the shop with a grounded transformer. However, 1500 volts AC is now standard for the line outside and within city limits.

"High green!" Hank glances toward his stool as he advances his controller to the tenth point. Only nine points represent an actual increase in power; the tenth simply cuts down the motor field. The tracks begin to rush toward us at a dizzy rate. 35 -45 -55 —we begin to see how the South Shore has earned her reputation as a modern, high-speed electric railroad.

Not long ago, the Chicago, Lake Shore & South Bend was anything but modern or fast. Equipment had been deteriorating steadily until in 1924 the steel contact wire let go somewhere on the average of once a



B+B SWITCHER at Michigan City was originally 10000 series Illinois Central power in Chicago electrified zone

day. Delays of an hour or so were not unusual, and it was commonly agreed that the road would continue in business only a matter of months.

Then, Sam Insull's Midland United Utilities Company took it over in 1925, and brought a turn in events. They changed the name to the *Chicago, South Shore & South Bend Railroad,* and began to rebuild from the right-of-way up. New equipment, better roadbed, new overhead and a faster schedule were provided to service this thriving area.

About all they got for their original money was the right-of-way. Today, they have only one of the 24 original cars they got with the road, and that's used as a work car. A completely new contact wire was strung for the entire line and some new catenary was installed. Arrangements were made for a single type of power on the whole line bought from a reliable source. Just at this time, the Illinois Central electrified its suburban service and granted the Lake Shore trackage rights to Randolph Street in Chicago.

New, steel cars with diaphragm equipment, designed for use with standard steam line equipment, were purchased. Freight exchanges were arranged with the New York Central, Michigan Central, Monon, Nickle Plate, B&O, Pennsylvania, Wabash, EJ&E, IHB, B&OCT, BRC, Rock Island, Pullman Railway, Illinois Central, in addition to a number of roads with which the South Shore had no direct connections. Freight agents located at strategic spots promote this business.

We flash by a string of freight cars hauled by South Shore electric freight locomotives.

"How much freight traffic do you handle, Hank?" I ask.

"G.P.A. Jamie Jamieson says around 7000 carloads a month."

"What's the revenue on that?"

"Oh, around two to three million a year," he replies after a moment's thought. "Freight is a big thing with us—runs about even with our passenger collections."

Strangely, this is true. The 68 steel cars in passenger service handle just under five million passengers a year with existing conditions and bring a revenue of between two and three million dollars a year.

Improvement of the road has gone on since '26. Automatic crossing signals are so much in evidence that I asked if any crossings lacked them, and a few do. In 1929, Assistant Superintendent Earl Ferner who was entertaining three IC operating officials on

a South Shore diner did a spread-eagle in the aisle, as the motorman was trying to make up a couple of minutes. Everyone present agreed to improve the Burnham curve. Now the sharpest curve is sixteen degrees (360 feet radius), the highest grade two and one-half degrees over the EJ&E overhead, and the greatest amount of elevation is six inches on the curve at Ford City. Standing by Hank, we feel no sudden sideway.

By 1931, South Shore service was becoming famous. In that year they won six national honors: three for the quality of their advertising, three for fast operation and excellence of service. Since 1926 no passenger of the "South Shore" has been killed, and during this period passenger traffic rose, hesitated, then rose again. This year South Shore stands a good chance of passing the five million mark in passengers carried which is not bad for a ninety-mile electric road.

A HEAD-ON collison ruined the predecessor to the South Shore. By contrast, the troubles of the South Shore have been rather minor in character. Last summer a "dunebug"—a human creature who inhabits the sand dunes, going without shirt or shoes until he turns a lobster color—wandered on to the right-of-way and was bitten by a rattlesnake. In he came with shaggy hair and a wild look to demand five thousand dollars' damage from the road.

The company lawyer contended that the dunebug was trespassing; it was not their rattlesnake that bit him; nor had either the snake or dunebug acted with the company's consent, knowledge or approval. The South Shore was sustained in court.

Another time, a car-knocker at Randolph Street brought his add into the station with so much zip that he wound up halfway into the baggage room, wearing the bumping post on the head end. Finding himself outside his window, the baggage clerk assumed that he was thrown there; yet reliable witnesses report that he rose and flew. He claimed no injuries except to his nervous system, when he saw the train coming in to join him.

Across the partition from the baggage room the ticket agent said that no one was hurt but asked that the company pay for personal laundry work made necessary by the crash. The damage had sounded terrible, but the claim agent agreed the claims were reasonable. The report by the dispatcher of the accident was, "He wound her up, shut her off and hollered 'whoa', but she wouldn't whoa."

I lean closer to Hank as he speeds along. Groups of drab-looking houses are cluttered together at intervals, making a break in the deserted stretch of the flat land. Lake Michigan can be seen through the tall stacks of the steel mills which are spread along the lake front from Chicago to the far edge of Gary.

"How fast do you run, Hank?"

"Different speeds," he replies noncommitally, as he hands his schedule across.

My eyes run down the line on his folder. Number ten, westbound. Between Davis and Lake Park stations: distance, 14.3 miles; running time, 11 minutes. From South Bend to Randolph: distance, 89.8 miles; running time, including twenty-four stops and ten miles of caution signals, one hour and fifty-four minutes.

"We can have the speed record any year we want it," Hank says proudly. "It's just that we think other things more important, like satisfied customers."

That was the way they met the depression. They had a good roadbed, new contact wire, new steel cars and rails that weighed from 70 pounds in the country to welded 130-pounders in the cities. When traffic dropped, they cut their schedule ten minutes and reminded the public of the sort of service they were offering. In 1937 they were out of receivership when many roads were a long way from it. Now they run 68 passenger trains on week days and forty on holidays, while in the summer, service is increased.

One great problem of the South Shore is special groups. Back in '39, Pat Dacy who came from the old CP&StL arrived at the yards to find two ten-car sections waiting. Seeing G.P.A. Jamieson there, he asked him what he proposed to do with all those cars.

"Carry passengers in 'em," the brass hat replied.

"But there ain't that many people," Pat announced.

"Jamie" let it pass and they left for the trip. After taking the Pullman crowd to their picnic at Dunes Park, then later back to Pullman, Pat mopped his brow and exclaimed, "I've handled that many people before—but always they gave me a year to do it in."

Picnics in the dunes area and sports events

at Notre Dame bring the South Shore heavy special traffic, and at times it is a problem to handle it properly. But though present problems may appear serious, when oldtimers tell about crowds that rode the Shoreline before '32—when Indiana went wet—we get the idea that railroading has gone soft. From 1910 to 1932, steelworkers used to ride to Kensington to soak up a snootful. Everything west of Gary was tough, then, and a conductor who talked rules to anyone on a late eastbound this side of Gary had better have a blackjack to punctuate his remarks. It took a man to boss a train, and a blamed good man at that.

Hank's eyes flash at the mention of trouble. A controller handle can be used for more things than operating a train. You don't see many crazy drunks now who are out to lick someone or wreck the train for the fun of it, but a steel handle will quiet the loudest of them until the police arrive.

Easing off his power, Hank gives her a shot of air as we coast into the outskirts of East Chicago. Down the center of the street we roll with auto traffic on each side of us. Welded rails reduce the noise to less than that of many a streetcar, and for all their weight South Shore trains average about four kilowatt hours per car-mile. Not long ago a drunk was driving on a cross street here and figured the train was hallucination straight from his bottle. He drove into it to show that it couldn't fool him. As the police were leading him away, his famous last words were, "Where did that thing come from?"

Hank smiles as he leads the traffic through town. A motorman has to be alert to know every time his train is hit. These steel cars weigh about a ton a foot and if he does not hear the crash behind him, he may not know when an automobile rams the train.

A couple years ago, Art Watling had this happen as he was pulling into South Bend. After they were laid up, the clerk stopped him on his way to the restaurant.

"Say, Art," he said, "did you hit a car out at the edge of town?"

"Why no," said Art, stopping short. "Not that I know of."

So the clerk went back into the station, and presently returned with a chap all mussed up and excited.

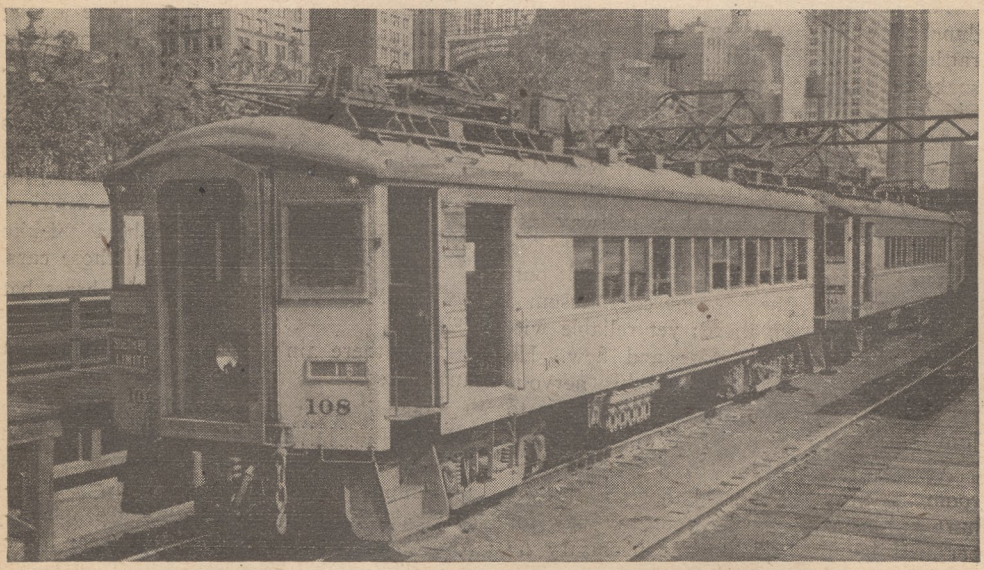
"I tell you he did!" he shouted. "Come back here and I'll prove it to you."

So they all went out and sure enough the paint was scratched along the middle of the rear car.

"I told you he did," the chap gloated.

Art stroked his chin as he reflected. "Okay, pal, you win," he replied. "This entitles you to give yourself up for reckless driving. The police station is just down the street."

The fellow's mouth dropped open as he stared at Art, the clerk, then the car. Sud-



SOUTH SHORE LINE operates out of Chicago over lake-skirting Illinois Central tracks

denly he started walking away.

"Wait a minute," said Art. "We have to make out a report on this."

"Report, nothin'!" the chap replied. "We didn't have no accident."

WE SLOW DOWN as the thick walls of the Indiana State Penitentiary loom up to our right at the outskirts of Michigan City. The clasp brakes, M-25 brake valves with U-4 universal valves, give a smooth retard with plenty of strength to it. We glide up Elizabeth Street in Michigan City to the white tile station which serves as terminal for both the South Shore railway and the South Shore bus line operating from here to Benton Harbor. Through huge glass panels we see sleek orange and maroon buses waiting for their transfer load on the opposite side of the waiting room. Hank eases to a feather-bed stop before the station.

Off to our left are the modern shops able to turn out jobs such as we are riding now, and the offices from which the Vice President and General Manager, Charlie Jones, and his staff, carry on the main executive activities.

The bell pings in the signal box, and we glide ahead. Outside town the rails lie straight as a plumbline. Hank advances the control to number ten and soon we are rushing along at nearly seventy. The whistle scarcely seems to pause between blasts, yet as you look ahead, every blast is for another crossing.

We are wheeling along single track now, and have been since a mile east of Gary. The passing switches are equipped with Number 20 spring frogs—the longest in standard railroading.

"Double tracked again?" I ask as we enter Wilson.

"Nope," says Hank, "just a two-mile passing track."

"But doesn't this single tracking make a lot of trouble?"

Hank thinks a while before he answers. "Wel-l-l, I don't know that it does. Naturally double track is simpler when the traffic warrants it, but we have two or more tracks on the busier sections."

"How about accidents?" I continue.

"Since we were completely signaled," the motorman replies," it hasn't troubled us. It did cause a lot of fireworks in the main office once, back in '26."

I wait knowing there is a story coming, and soon Hank starts.

"One morning they had a heavy run of specials—carried something like 3100 passengers out of South Bend. G.P.A. Jamieson rode back on a special that evening mighty tired, and the train pulled up at Bendix siding to wait for a pass almost within sight of the terminal. But the equipment train which they had orders to meet there had stalled and the crew were too dopey to notify the dispatcher. He would not bust his order, and there they stood for a solid hour. Some students on the train got rough and had a heck of a time, I guess. Conductor Bob Ruppert called repeatedly and always got the same answer.

"Finally the equipment train arrived an hour late and the passenger pulled into town. G.P.A. Jamieson bounced off the head end before the train stopped and dove for the telephone. Two days later the investigation of this delay took place before the General Superintendent in the main office.

"Superintendent Gray was firing questions like a machine gun while the fellows squirmed in their chairs. In the course of the inquiry, he turned to Bob Ruppert.

"'Bob, you are positive that you called the dispatcher?' he asked, eying the conductor closely.

"A trainmaster who had been in the DS's office at the time the calls were made shook his head and whistled softly.

"'He certainly did, Mr. Gray.' He paused to cluck between his teeth.

"'He called him everything!'"

TALL SAND DUNE RIDGES between us and the nearby lake shore now recede as we angle inland revealing a fertile wooded and farming countryside. One stretch which appears to have been formerly wooded, appears desolate, covered with a litter of dry branches. Hank follows my glance.

"What do you make of it?" he asks.

"Woods that was sawmilled out," I reply.

"Yeah. And what before the sawmill?"

I look closer, then back his face.

"Not wind?"

Hank nods with firm conviction. "Yessir! More wind than I ever want to see again. Hugh and I were right in the middle of it." Hank lets in his power again. "It was June 6th, 1943. When we left Michigan City, the rain was heavy. I had almost no visibility

at all. The wiper couldn't keep the glass clear, and even if it did I couldn't see ahead. I slowed down to about fifteen miles and still it seemed like we'd surely be blown over. Hugh had come up here with me, and I had just asked him if he thought we ought to stop, when I saw it coming and yelled."

"Saw what, Hank?"

"Part of a tree. When I glimpsed it, I yelled, 'Duck, Hugh!' He whirled, started to run farther back into the car and stumbled. But he kept right on going on his hands and knees, as he knew it was a matter of split seconds. There was a soldier behind Hugh, so he skurried between his legs and was carrying him piggie-back when the crash came."

"What did it do? Derail you?"

"No, it tore down a whole section of catenary and smashed in all the front glass."

"But weren't you hurt?"

"No. I swung sidewise behind this metal upright." Hank demonstrates casually how he stood.

"But how many were injured?"

"No one, I got a cut on my hand." He holds it up to display the scar.

As we are nearing South Bend, I ask:

"Then you never were hurt seriously in your thirty years of service?"

Hank studies the increasing traffic seriously. "Only once. Hit a fuel oil tractor and trailer at Parson's Crossing a couple of years ago."

"Did it burn?"

"No. No fire." Hank lets off his power.

"Hurt any passengers?"

"No. Just me. Fractured skull." Hank pushes back his cap and feels his head gingerly as the old memory surges back.

"I stuck with it," he continues, "but I banged my head against this steel post, and was off for six weeks."

Another shot of air brings the train under more cautious control and we roll into the outskirts of South Bend, up La Salle Street to Michigan Street. The South Shore carries us from the Chicago loop to the central business district of South Bend.

Some day I hope to make a trip on their bus line out to Benton Harbor stopping over at the Indiana Dunes—2400 acres of timbered duneland, virgin save for the modern beach facilities along the Lake Michigan shore. The line extends northward along the eastern ridges of Lake Michigan. However, if this South Shore line is better than what I have been over, it will have to wheel to do it.

CARBARN COMMENT

Steve Maguire

CRITICISM. Once in a while, when we are tempted to pat ourselves on the back because our mailbag is heavy with words of praise, we are jolted out of our smugness by a letter from some old-timer, active or retired, who doesn't see why this magazine, despite its broad title, is not limited to *steam* operation. Such a critic is the genial "Woody" of Los Angeles. A former trainman, Woody prefers to be anonymous here because he is now connected with the U. S. Veterans Bureau.

"This is a Railroad Magazine," he tells us. "Just like a good prescription or medicine, you can ruin it by thinning it out too much. Of course, that is only my humble opinion. However, I know *rails* pretty well—I mean *rails* of the high-iron variety—and I feel that if a vote were taken you would get very little support for the joke section known as *Car-Barn Comments*. You might as well have a department on sailboats."

Will somebody please tell Woody that sailboats do not ordinarily run on steel rails? Also tell him *Railroad Magazine* conducts a readers' poll every month, and *Electric Lines* usually stands pretty high in the list.

"I have done more streetcar and interurban railroading than the steam kind," he continues, "but the former is not fit to be mentioned in the same breath with the latter. It is true that you can take a *jumbo* car (the head motor) with a couple on your tail and hit the drifts when snow is so deep that it breaks your circuit, and you can 'jump in the dark' for some distance and hope you will hit the rails with all your wheels, as I did more than once. But such exploits are not to be compared with twisting the tails of the boxcars on top, getting the retainers up, and the various 'crazy' things that a harum-scarum kid will do up there. Kids like Maxwell Swan, for instance, in his steam railroading days.

"Go ahead and print, if you must, your stuff about trolley-cars and even horse-cars—we readers can skim over that part. My preference is for *True Tales of the Rails,*

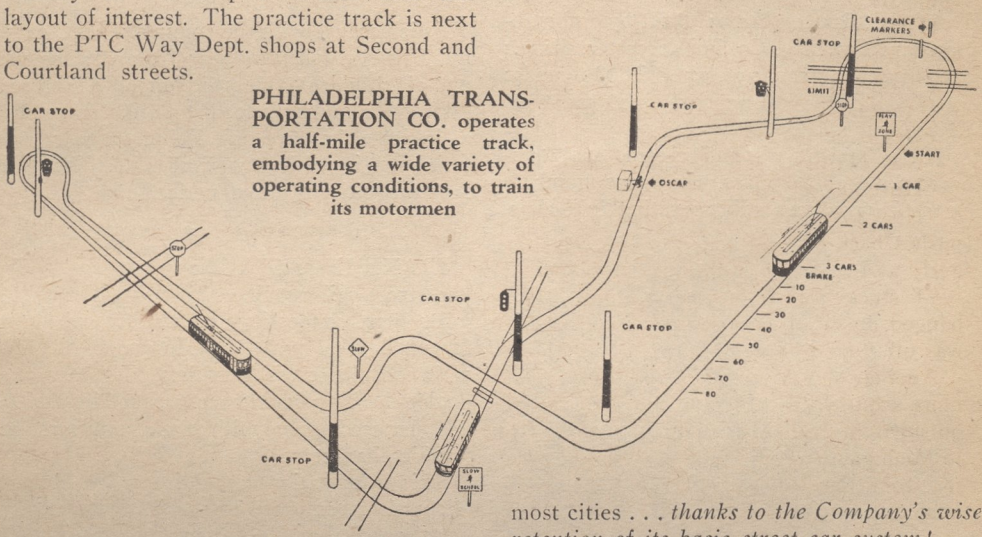
Swan's *Wanderlust, On the Spot,* and *Light of the Lantern,* in the order mentioned."

* * *

PRACTICE track for would-be motormen of the Philadelphia Transportation Co. has reduced the accident rate by an estimated 5.7 percent, reports Thomas Bateman, 928 Haines St., Germantown, Philadelphia.

The practice track is an irregularly-shaped layout about one-half mile long, having curves and grades of various degrees, traffic signs, signals, crossovers, loops, and about every other operating hazard with which the prospective motorman might come into contact—even to a dummy that jumps out on the track right in front of the approaching streetcar! Almost all weather conditions can be created, including the application of soapy water to the rails to simulate the effect of damp leaves that cause much trouble in the fall.

The PTC course of training requires about 50 miles of operation, as compared with the 100 miles generally necessary in practicing over city streets. In addition, accidents to the public during practice are eliminated by use of the private property. Anyone in the vicinity of Philadelphia should find this layout of interest. The practice track is next to the PTC Way Dept. shops at Second and Courtland streets.



PHILADELPHIA TRANSPORTATION CO. operates a half-mile practice track, embodying a wide variety of operating conditions, to train its motormen

POPULARITY of PCC cars is proven by the orders and re-orders being made. According to John A. Miller, former editor of *Transit Journal,* 2 Park Ave., New York City 16, orders for 782 of the streamlined cars were placed in the first six months of this year.

Listed by cities, they are as follows: Chicago, 200; Philadelphia, St. Louis and Boston, 100 each; Kansas City, 75; Washington and Cleveland, 50 each, Minneapolis, 40; Dallas and Louisville, 25 each, and Johnstown, Pa., 17 cars.

Dallas was introduced to PCC cars June 3rd, 1945, when the first of an order for twenty-five was placed in service. Thirty trackless trolleys also are arriving in the Texas metropolis to replace odoriferous gas buggies.

Residents of those unfortunate cities whose transit lines have fallen prey to the control of holding companies backed by gasoline, rubber and truck interests are having the gas bus rammed down their throats. At the same time, however, other localities consider the comfort and safety of their citizens and are turning more and more to PCC cars, in some cases using trackless trolleys for the lighter lines.

In a recent advertisement the Dallas Railway & Terminal Co. states: "The . . . Company, now, as always, is determined to keep transit service in Dallas at the highest possible level. . . Dallas has enjoyed transit service second to none and far superior to that in most cities . . . *thanks to the Company's wise retention of its basic street car system!* . . . War is still on, so it is fitting to make this public acknowledgment of the distinguished service rendered the people of Dallas by street cars during the 3½ years of wartime traffic . . . paying signal tribute to their service records during this war crisis, and bespeaking for them *a long period of continuing service in the years to come.*"

According to E. Vance Nichols, USNR, these are the first PCC cars to operate in the Deep South, also the first real double-end PCC city cars anywhere. They are now running on the Seventh-Ervay lines.

We hear from Jimmie Adams, 3525 Milton Ave., Dallas 5, Texas, that the cars were exhibited in downtown Dallas for the first few days, and attracted crowds of visitors. Here's the data on them: Built by Pullman-Standard Car Mfg. Co. in Worcester, Mass.; capacity, 52 persons; weight, 37,800 pounds; four 55 HP Westinghouse motors; cost, $24,000 each.

These babies, red and cream, are numbered in the 600 class, the same numbers as the Birney cars still operating in Dallas.

ASIAN street railway transportation equipment ranges from six-windowed Bagdad horsecar (above), to twin-unit Calcutta speedster (right). Photos are by Sgt. Robert W. Richardson and A. J. Kazla, 29 W. First Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

This is because with the coming of PCC cars, the Birneys will disappear from the streets, and already are having the letter "A" placed after their numbers to distinguish them and to indicate they are now living on borrowed time, pending delivery of all 25 PCCs. Los Angeles citizens, take notice!

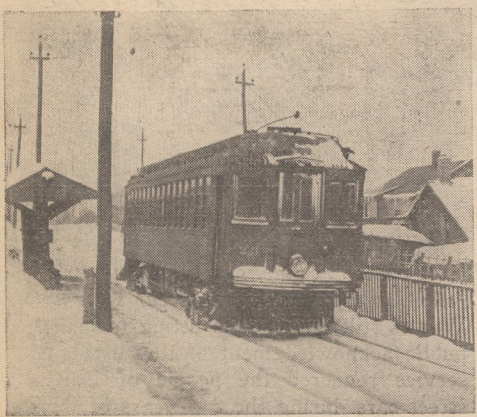
* * *

IRAK, IN ASIA, has one and only one street railway line, this being about 2½ miles long, connecting the historic old quarter of Bagdad with the Mosque of Ghadimain on the city's outskirts. Its cars are double-deck single-truckers painted light gray and lettered only with their numbers in Arabic characters.

This information comes from Sgt. Robert Richardson, assigned to a railway operating battalion of the U. S. Army, also a member of the National Railway Historical Society. Until recently Bob was stationed at Bagdad. We understand he is now enroute for home after spending three years in distant Iran.

* * *

PUGET SOUND ELECTRIC RAILWAY lives again in an excellent and well-



THIRD-RAIL SHOES SPUTTERING, Laurel Line's Number 23 pulls out of Petersburg Station, Scranton, Pa., on the Dunmore Branch

illustrated special bulletin published by *Interurban News Letter,* 1414 S. Wesmoreland Ave., Los Angeles 6, Calif. This complete story of a fine juice line of the Northwest was compiled and written by a group of fans in Washington. The booklet includes a map, photographs, and an equipment roster. Copies may be had from INL at 25 cents each. We reprint here an interesting item—maybe our readers can puzzle it out:

"What makes a third rail travel? In the space of but a few years, the Puget Sound Electric's outside third rail between Farrow and Buffs, Wash., travelled over 60 feet while the running rail next to it travelled one foot in the opposite direction!

"When I ordered this third rail changed to the opposite side of the track," adds Charles Johnson, one of the PSER historians, "it began to travel again, but in the other direction. Why?

"Over the entire PSER system the same thing happened. We were always taking pieces off one end of the rail and placing them on the other end. And remember, our line was single-tracked, and the same number of trains were operated in each direction. I never solved the puzzle. Can you?"

We will be glad to publish any logical explanation of this curiosity that readers care to send in.

* * *

"I WONDER if any other abandoned railroad right-of-way has been put to better use than that of the Manhattan Beach branch of the Long Island?" asks Emanuel Scher, 1854 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., an assistant station supervisor on the New York City Transit System. "When the tracks were torn up, the whole property was sold to real-estate operators who cut away part of the embankment and resold the property for homes, stores, apartment houses, streets, and even an automobile repair shop and garage—on the former site of the Manhattan Beach depot, of all places!"

* * *

HORSE-CARS. "When *Railroad Magazine* publishes that article on the history of horse-cars in North America, for which your research editor has been gathering material, I hope it will mention Sioux Falls, S. D., as one city which had horse-cars," writes Rev. St. Clair Vannix, St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, New Paltz, N. Y.

"I distinctly recall having ridden such cars in Sioux City as a small boy prior to

WIDE-OPEN CONTROLLER and a private right of way on the old Ohio Electric

1907, before the line was electrified," he adds. "I remember a driver stopping his car to let the horses rest after they had climbed a small hill to the top of a viaduct. The cars were 4-wheelers, each seating about 30 passengers. I would appreciate any information from readers on the early history of Sioux City streetcar service."

* * *

EVER HEAR OF the Seashore Electric Railway? Perhaps you may recall having read, back in 1939, of a plan to preserve interesting old streetcars and operate them on a line to be built in Maine.

Under sponsorship of the New England Electric Railway Historical Society, several cars were acquired, from Manchester, N. H., from Portland and Biddeford, Me., and from other cities. These cars were taken to the Society's property at Kennebunk, Me., and a short stretch of track was built with overhead wires. Things were progressing well until war came along. Most of the group's members went into military service, and for the past three years only a skeleton crew has been available to keep the property in good condition. John E. Amlaw, treasurer of the Society, tells us the equipment has been kept up in spite of adverse conditions. He

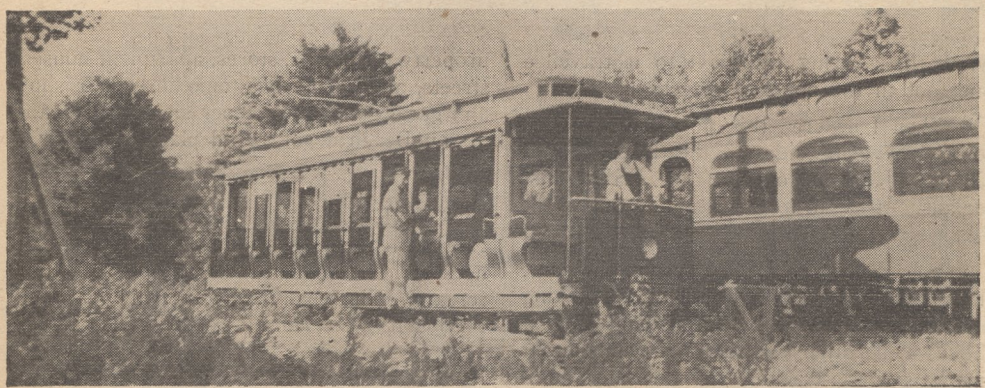


Photo by John Barr

"MEET" on the Seashore Electric Ry. Open car 31 came from Biddleford & Saco; the 38 from Manchester Street Ry.

says plans are being made to extend the track through the ten acres of land which the Society owns as soon as war conditions permit.

Nominal dues of $1 per year entitle members to visit the property and inspect the cars. Further information on the aims and requirements of this Society is obtainable from John E. Amlaw, 10 Spring Hill Terrace, Somerville 43, Mass.

* * *

IF YOU ARE in the mood for quizzes, here is one from H. T. Crittenden, 909 East 26th St., Norfolk 8, Va.:

"Why is the Norfolk streetcar system given a gage of 5 feet 2½ in.? I have heard various reasons given for this odd gage, but each one sooner or later fails to explain a certain condition. One theory is that such a gage would leave room enough between the rails for a team of horses to walk without stumbling. Yet our horsecars were pulled by only one horse, so that could not be the real reason. What is *your* idea?"

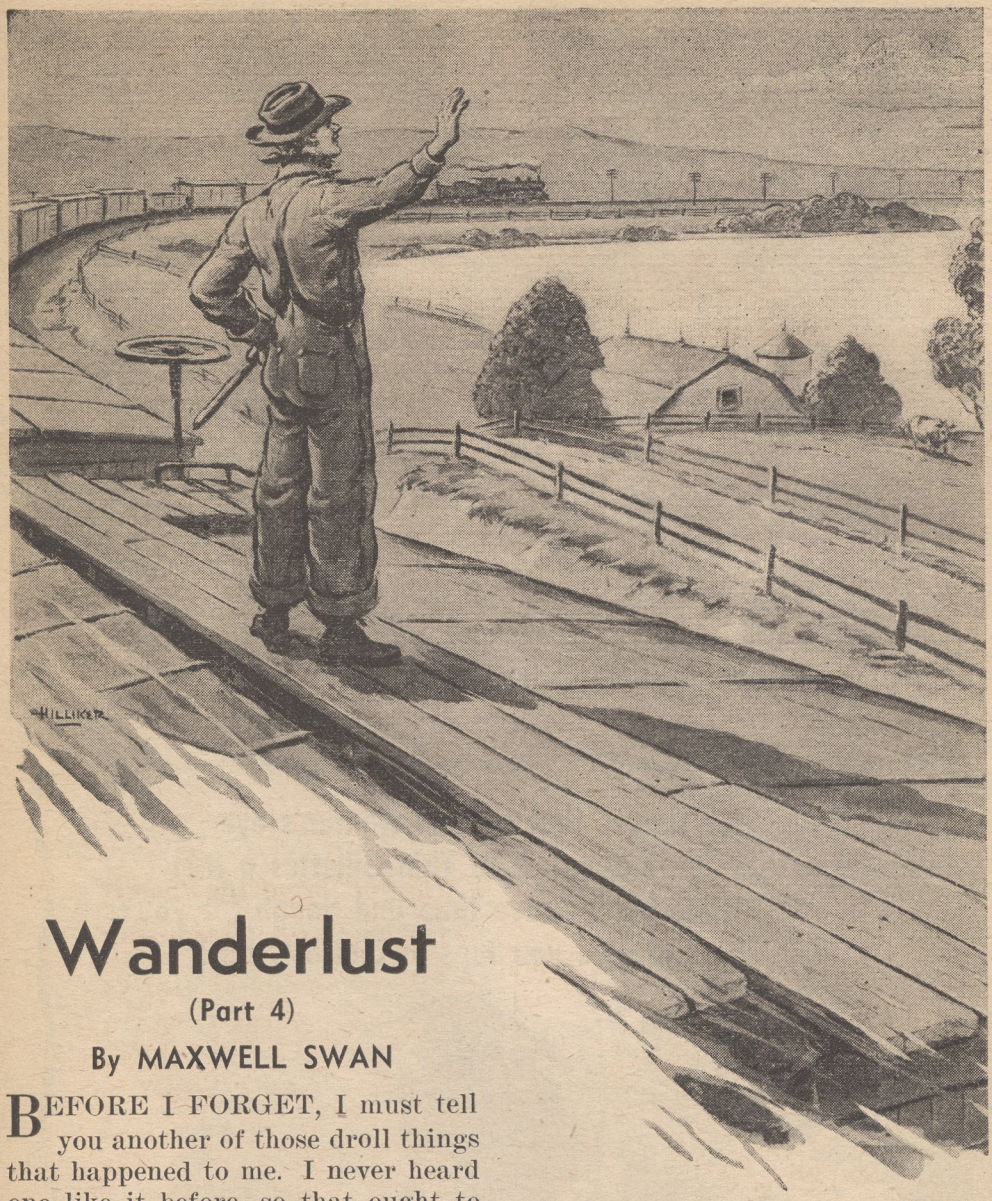
* * *

MORRIS COUNTY TRACTION CO. was featured in June issue of *The Marker*, publication of North Jersey chapter of NRHS. A history of this line issued four years ago sold out so quickly that it is being reissued in an enlarged and illustrated smooth-paper magazine. The MCT operated in northwestern New Jersey until 1928. Copies of *The Marker* may be obtained at 20 cents each from Matthew Vosseller, 912 South Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

* * *

SHORTEST streetcar route is found in Los Angeles, declares Erle C. Hanson, 1225 Poplar St., Oakland, Calif., disputing the claim Charles M. Wagner, 1030 Evarts St. N.E., Washington, D.C., in our *May issue*. Los Angeles Transit owns four lines that beat the time-limit of Baltimore's Union Avenue run.

Coming Next Month: *All Electric Streetcar*



Wanderlust

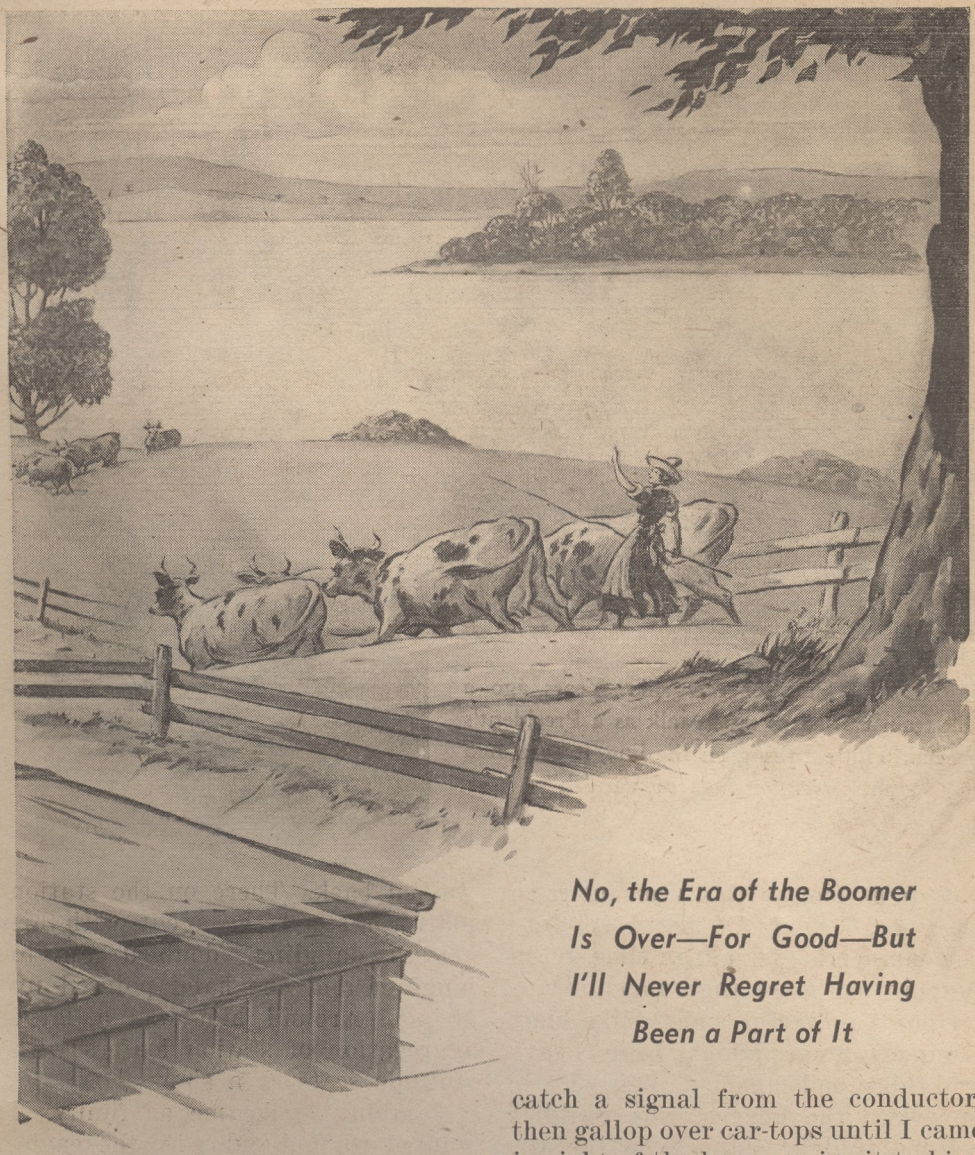
(Part 4)

By MAXWELL SWAN

BEFORE I FORGET, I must tell you another of those droll things that happened to me. I never heard one like it before, so that ought to justify its telling. All I can remember is that we were working east out of Malden, Wash., on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, in 1911, and had some heavy switching to do at one of those river towns, either St. Maries or St. Joe.

We had a long string and we had to operate around a curve that broke onto the main stem at about where the station was. The work was at the far end of the curve, down near the docks, and the conductor and rear brakeman were completely out of sight at all times. Being on the head end, I was riding the top near the engine, trying to pass signals.

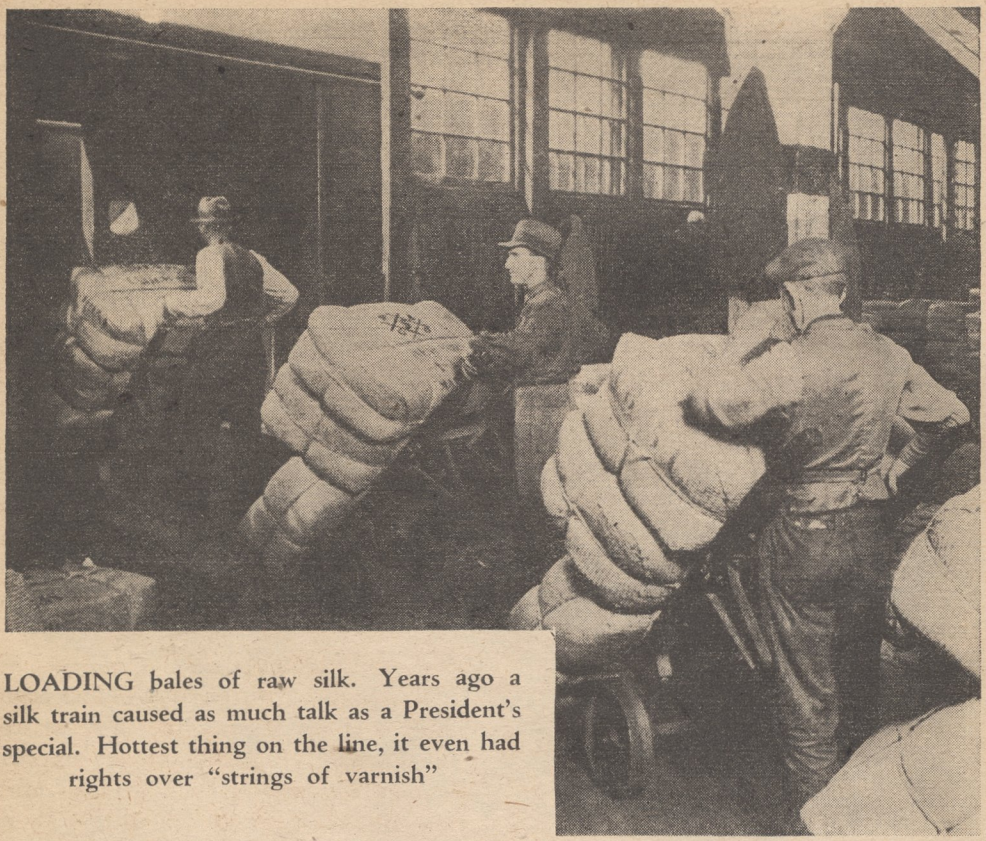
The "Q" in Chicago, especially in



No, the Era of the Boomer Is Over—For Good—But I'll Never Regret Having Been a Part of It

the lumber district, has about the most crooked tracks I ever heard of. You go down alleys and through people's kitchens. If you stray five cars away from the engine you might as well be lost on the desert. But this place at St. Maries—let's call it that—was a lulu. Try as I could, I couldn't keep the rear end and the engine in view at the same time. I'd catch a signal from the conductor, then gallop over car-tops until I came in sight of the hogger, give it to him, return for another, and skip back.

I didn't mind that; what I was afraid of was the lag. It was my speed against putting the cars in the river. Only a week before, a couple of them had gone over the deep end. I'll spare you the old gag about the switchman who, letting a couple go into the San Francisco Bay, casually signaled for two to replace them.



LOADING bales of raw silk. Years ago a silk train caused as much talk as a President's special. Hottest thing on the line, it even had rights over "strings of varnish"

Caught short with a washout from the rear, I knew I'd never get into the engineer's eyesight in time. So in desperation more than ingenuity, I let out a powerful whistle-like blast from my lungs, which, being heavy and thick, had capacity. This whistle surprised the hogger, who couldn't see me, and he slapped on the air.

Then I got a go-ahead signal from the rear. I tried it once more. The gorge echoed with two mighty bellows from my lungs. The train moved ahead. Then, getting a stop sign from the rear, I let go with a single toot; and the hogger stopped.

This was it. No more running over cars. I stood like a lord on top of a boxcar in sight of the conductor and blew my lung whistle. Came a time when the runner didn't respond. I walked back. There on the station platform stood the agent with his glasses dangling, doubled up in laughter and one hand pointed up at me. Around him was a large aggregation of station loafers with ringside seats at a show.

It didn't strike me as funny. I wanted to find out why the eagle-eye wasn't coming through with the proper response. I soon saw. The guy was collapsed against the cab, laughing so hard that he was crying. I only hope one of those fellows is alive today and reads this tale and sustains me. Otherwise I'll never live down the sneers I'll get from readers who do not believe it.

There were few featherbed jobs on the St. Paul. Of course, deadheading in the caboose paid a full day and it

was okay if you were able to sleep the whole distance—you'd be fresh for the trip back. Occasionally you caught a main-line change engine and crummies on the high iron. We were paid 100 miles, or ten hours, whichever came first, plus switching time at the terminals. If you got your train over in seven hours, you were still paid for ten (or 100 miles). But that rarely happened.

I CAN TELL YOU of once that it did, on a silk train. You don't hear much about them any more, but a silk train caused as much talk years ago as did the President's special. For the silk hotshot was the fastest thing on the line, it even had rights over all passengers. Its extremely rich cargo, valued in the millions, made the railroads and the insurance companies anxious to get it off their hands. Every stop meant one more exposure to highjacking.

The silk train was a rare specimen. For that reason anybody who handled one bragged about it. I was lucky to catch the only silk special that hit the St. Paul while I was there. Our brass collars knew for days ahead that it was coming. As soon as the big Jap liner docked at Seattle, guards and officials swarmed in. The train was already waiting on the dock. In no time at all it lit out with rights over everything. A Coast Division crew rushed it to Cle-Elum, where one of our gang took charge in a few minutes.

We, at Othello, were called and were waiting at the gate for them when they roared in. We quickly changed engines and cabooses and, in the fastest time I ever saw, darted out like a streak of lightning. The silk was packed in six-wheel baggage cars for security and speed. Our engine was one of those big, powerful, long-legged, passenger hogs. With only four cars, I would rate a seat in the crummy, although I was on the head end; but the orders then were to be up in front to help watch the track. Even to this day I am grateful for that ride, the fastest I ever had in an engine.

The high cab literally rocked from side to side. It was the nearest approach to flying I had ever experienced. We wheeled the silk to Malden much ahead of schedule. There a fresh crew grabbed it and spurted off. I forget how long it took those trains to hit New York, but I'll bet that they beat everything else.

Any talk of railroading invariably brings up the topic of intuition, and this brings me to another incident in my life as a boomer. It recalls the

night I rode past the station at Cle-Elum on a light engine, explaining to the head brakeman what tracks to pull at the west end. We had worked out most of our train from the east end, but still had a few cars to get out of the west end.

Maxwell Swan

Dropping off about a block west of the station, I started to trudge back to the station to clear up something about the moves we were to make. We fought a furious snowstorm. Almost blinded by the driving snow, I carelessly walked down the center of the track, thinking about the moves ahead of us. Of course, this violated the first rule of the rail; but our engine had just gone down the track, and nothing could come along unless it jumped our hog.

Then, unexpectedly, I felt something. I like to think it was the flutter of an angel's wings. Whether or not my senses acted before my mind, I don't know. Anyhow, I fancied a light touch on my back and an instant later I was rolling in the snow along the embankment.

Opening my eyes, I watched our engine drift past me, high up, like a captain on a ship's bridge. I saw the head brakeman laughing with the fireboy, silhouetted in the light from the cab. They swept by without seeing me in the snow. As I remember it, the main line was on an upgrade out of the yard, the beginning of the climb up the majestic Cascades; that explained their noiseless drifting back. I had always held that the rails "sang" when an engine came along; but if they sang that night, that sound was muffled by the storm. I got up and brushed myself off, as shaken as any man could be. Pretty soon they came back; I slowed them down and climbed on board. "Water low," the engineer said, in answer to my query. "Somebody short-changed me, and our switching on the east end drained the tank. I had to scoot back in a hurry."

There it was. I felt so disgusted with myself that I had an impulse to heave my lamp at the nearest boxcar and quit. It seemed that I would never become a real rail, taking nothing for granted. This was even worse because then I was haunted by the recollection of a brakeman having been killed just the week before in the same manner.

A LAD named Buckston had been braking on the rear end of a drag coming up Beverly Hill with a helper engine behind the caboose. Since the train had a meet at Boylston, on the summit, the helper helped shove them through the tunnel onto the sidetrack there. After they got in, Buckston cut the helper off, rode her back to the main, and dropped off to throw the switch. The helper disappeared into the tunnel to drop down the mountain to Beverly. After Buckston had lined up the switch, he walked back to his train. I think it was snowing at that time also.

The helper, after rolling into the tunnel, found they didn't have enough water; so they stopped and drifted back through the dark bore to take water at Boylston. The grade broke in the middle, so the engine

picked up a little speed on the downward slope, backing into the unfortunate brakeman. Of course, the crew made a quick dash to the hospital at Ellensburg, Wash., cutting off their caboose and running light, with rights over everything; but Buckston died enroute.

With that tragedy fresh in my mind, I felt like kicking myself for having pulled the stunt I did. I had really invited a similar accident and was lucky to have escaped unhurt. The subject reminds me of a conductor named Jack Buckston, no kin to the poor brakeman.

The St. Paul road extended along a ledge cut on the banks of the St. Joe River. In the heavy spring rain the bank would slide and rocks as big as a man would topple down on the tracks.

On one trip I saw in the river a mountain hog, lying on her side with the rapids washing around her. She had hit a boulder and rolled over. On the very next trip rain was pouring steadily. We ate a late supper at St. Joe in a boat that had tied up there and become a restaurant. When we came out I started up toward the locomotive, as I was braking ahead then; but Conductor Buckston called me back.

"Ride the caboose tonight," he said.

I thought I hadn't heard correctly.

"No use of your being up there if we hit a rock," he added. "It's enough for them," indicating the retreating figure of the hogger.

"We've got a meet," I reminded him.

"Let them wait for you to get up there then," he answered, "if the fireboy won't get off and let them in."

Well, there it was again. Brotherhood of the lamp and the red light of danger and death. If I had a dollar for every time a rail thought of my welfare, I'd be a rich man.

I was now rapidly approaching the end of my time on the St. Paul. Old Lady Destiny was making it tough for me. First I shoved a string of cars on a bad-order track and was horrified to find that I was dragging

someone along under the cars. His shouts stopped me in a hurry and he crawled out, all scratched up and mad as a hornet. I didn't mind that too much; he wasn't hurt and it was his own fault.

You see, he was a car toad making repairs on a brake-beam and he had forgotten to put his blue flag out. Besides, who would think of looking under cars for a dope that couldn't hear our engine clanking along?

So I was all set to blister this fellow when he got his breath after cursing me and the road. But I wasn't prepared for the female catamount who came roaring out of one of the bunk cars nearby. It seems that she was the victim's wife, a big husky battleaxe of about forty. She gave me a tongue-lashing that hurts my ears to this day. I tried in vain to tell her that he should have had a blue flag out, that otherwise no car whacker worthy of the name would ever get under a car. She replied that any gah-damn fool would know men were working on the cars there. This remark was unfair, inasmuch as I had to be familiar with about three hundred miles of tunnels, switches, bridges, sidetracks, grades, and what have you. The woman got so abusive that I high-tailed it for the engine, with her at my heels, and cut off and galloped away without the cars I had come for.

"You can go back there and get them, Jack," I told the conductor, "but I'll take my time before I do."

So we went without them.

ON ANOTHER OCCASION we were working a ledgerwood and a scraper to plow off dirt from flat cars into fills. Once a week end we wheeled into Cle-Elum to get a boiler wash and a belly wash. Our crummy was ahead of the engine, so we shoved it into the caboose row at the east end of the ward. Then, as we had the ledgerwood behind, steam connections uncoupled and all, we intended to drop it down the lead. Coming out of the way-car track, I was between the engine and the ledgerwood, ready to pull the pin on the drop and ride the ledgerwood down the lead, handbraking it.

Somehow, we forgot to line up the way-car track back to the lead. My conductor was talking when I cut the crummy off. Perhaps he thought that I would stop and throw the switch. He followed the train on foot to the main-line switch and could have opened her. Anyway, she wasn't lined up. We took a big run with the ledgerwood; but instead of an easy drop just to get over the switch points and then shove it, we were going to give it momentum enough to keep her rolling for a full city block.

We made the drop all right, going like hell. Then the eagle-eye gave me slack to pull the pin, and the conductor threw the switch under our wheels. I really was busy then, getting the pin on and tightening up the hand brake at the front of the ledgerwood—so busy that I didn't have time to notice where we were going.

It was a Saturday night. We had just shoved our caboose barely to clear the lead track, which was pretty full, so that when we hit the curve into it we were only a few feet way. Any rail will tell you it takes a few seconds to orient yourself to a strange thing. My own thoughts, when we hit the curvature, were too slow and confused to help me. What happened was that the hogger, wise old owl that he was, saw the curve of the cars and with instantaneous reaction blew the danger signal, one menacing

blast. That's where my training came in. Before I could think, I jumped, spread-eagled like a flying frog. Landing in the cinders on my hands and knees, I rolled over. Although I escaped being crushed between the ledgerwood and the caboose, I was not exactly proud of myself. It was the most ungraceful landing I ever made.

The ledgerwood struck like a battering ram. It mangled our crummy, but what it did to the whole caboose line was even worse. Dinners on the floor, a naked boomer in a tin bathtub up-ended. In one minute the row of way-cars reminded you of angry bees streaming from a hive. That was the longest five minutes in my life. Strangely enough, after the first agonizing whelps that filled the air, the gang calmed down. With true railroad brotherhood they must have thought of that old saw, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

I was becoming worried. If it had not been for that quick-witted hogger I might have been squashed to a pulp. Something wrong here; I wasn't getting the breaks. I did not act any different from the way I had acted on other roads, yet I was getting some close calls. The straw that broke the camel's back showed up one dark night when we were putting our train away at Cle-Elum after a long tiresome run from Othello. Maybe my senses were drugged that night. I was on the rear end coming into Cle-Elum. The con had gone over the train in order to drop off at the station, get the lowdown on where we might find a track, or tracks, to put our train. As was our practice, this was all done on the fly without stopping the train, although the engineer would slow down going through to the far west end of the yard. The conductor dropped off at the depot, which stood at the east end of the yard. Then he got the track line-up, came out, and caught the caboose.

Still fogged with sleep, I jumped down and went to the front platform of the caboose where he was standing. The train continued to roll. In all fairness to him, the skipper told me the proper tracks; but through some quirk, a mind still lost in Haywire Mac's Big Rock Candy Mountains didn't get it right.

Maybe I didn't listen carefully because I was too intent on cutting off the caboose while the train was running. That was an almost insane practice, considered in the light of this safety-minded age; but what you did was to cross to the boxcar ahead, worm your way around, shut off the

THE WOMAN got so abusive that I high-tailed it for the engine, with her at my heels

angle-cock to the train, give the hogger a sign to allow you a little slack, pull the pin, and highball him—all while the train was in motion. The caboose would go into emergency, due to the rupturing of the hose line, and would stop; but your train would go on to the west end of the yard. That, too, was about the worst approach I ever saw. The main line ran on to an upgrade, as I remember it, for the climb to the Cascades; but the yard proper remained on level ground.

When you got to the west switch, the train would be sneaking upward and, I think, around a curve. I had to be on top, swing them down at the switch, clamber off, throw the switch to the west lead, go aloft again, and back them up. The head brakeman, his light just a distant spark, was up on top near the engine, passing my signals.

BACKING DOWN this lead, like going into a gully, I had to stop at the track. At that time the first three or four tracks next to the main stem didn't carry through to the west end, so you had a prairie effect there. I know now that the con told me Track 7; but I got it as Track 6, so I bent the iron at 6, climbed up to the top of an adjacent boxcar, and backed them up, going slow enough

to pick up the strays as we went along.

A dangerous practice this was, because I didn't ride with the train to make the couplings as we went along, but stayed on the adjacent track boxcar. However, that was standard practice with us. This time luck was against us. Somewhere in picking up the odds and ends on the track, a coupling failed to make. When my conductor at the far east gave me a washout with his lantern, I stopped, realizing that I had filled out the track.

At that moment the uncoupled cars over-ran the lead. The conductor, probably expecting that, lined up the switch and let them roll out onto the east lead. So far, so good. Still I didn't have my track continuity right. I shoved what I thought was the next right track, but it was padded with strays and odds and ends. Nevertheless, perched stationary at the west end, I shoved it. You can guess what happened. A coupling failed to click. The loose cars ran out onto the lead and cornered the other ones there.

I could tell from the dancing lantern at the east end that things weren't going so well. When I brought the engine around and saw the damage—which wasn't much, at that—I was so sore at myself and things in general that I galloped over to the station and resigned by wire. It was about three in the morning and a hell of a time to wake up the ham, nodding over his key, probably in dreamland with beautiful nymphs dancing around. The operator was that kind of guy. He gulped as I woke him.

"I've told you many times to leave that Othello juice alone," he said. "Quit kidding and go back to the

"HOLD it still," I said, "and I'll shoot it off"

caboose and sleep it off." I had a devil of a time convincing him that I was not drunk but disgusted. My pal on the head end came along and he, too, thought I had been nursing a bottle back in the caboose.

"You're a swell guy!" he said reproachfully. "At least you might have given me a drink out of it."

But I packed my duds. I was free as an eagle then. No caged bird ever sailed more exultantly out of its area than I did when the dispatcher wired me a pass to come to Malden for my money. Somewhere between Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Chicago I lost the big stake I had made —but what the hell?

I HAVE WATCHED the changes that have come over railroading in recent years. For instance, I have seen the "snake," or switchman, once a bold adventurer with a personality all his own, replaced by the "company man", a good workman but prosaic in the extreme.

And where today can you find a character like my old-time braking partner, the Kid? If the Kid, with his broad-rimmed Stetson and carefully tailored clothes, were to appear on a footboard in the year 1945, he would seem like an apparition from the past. I look in vain on modern freight trains for the typical old-time dandies who broke in the days before the first World War.

Nor do I see the prototype of "Cupola Mac," who held down a rear end out of San Luis Obispo, Calif., on the Espee, and whose magnificence awed even the swanky bartenders along State Street in Santa Barbara. When Cupola Mac, his six-foot frame clad in fawn-colored clothes and his cherubic, pink, dignified face topped by a white Stetson, eased his re-

splendent bay window up to the bar, all other things dwindled into insignificance.

Old-timers of the Espee will recall this celebrity—he may even be alive today. Mac, for all of his magnificence, was an excellent railroad man. I think he got his nickname from his propensity for sitting throne-like in the doghouse.

I also remember one of the most shameful episodes in my career. It occurred on the West Coast, where I worked after kissing the St. Paul road good-bye.

We had come in light with the caboose and engine from a week on a work train, to Santa Barbara, to have the locomotive boiler washed. Dawn found us heading back to our work train at Naples, Calif. We'd been drinking a good bit that night. I think Cupola Mac was with us, but I'm not sure.

We had a crummy with the beds laid along the car-length, and the fireman laid down there. I carried a gun at that time, for what reason I don't remember. Anyway, the fireboy, in a maudlin stupor, began to twit me on my marksmanship. The only things I had ever shot at were the rattlesnakes we dug out with the steam shovel.

"Why," he said, sticking a bare toe up out of bed, "you couldn't even hit that."

I was equally intoxicated and could not let this aspersion pass unchallenged.

"Hold it still," I said, "and I'll show you."

Then I let fly. I was too reckless to realize that, from where I stood, his head wasn't far from the same place as his toe. How I missed his toe or his head, I don't know; but I put a couple of shots into the end wall, then a few ones through the end window.

Suddenly the con and the engineer had burst into the car and wrestled the gun from my hand. One bullet had gone into the next car, where the hogger's wife and baby lived, and the woman had come out screaming.

I left the town and the Southern Pacific in a hurry. The last I saw of the tallowpot, he was still waving his toe in the air, daring anyone to shoot it off. I hope he eventually got his wish. Both he and I should have been arrested or run out of town on a rail.

"Nigger" Holden was another man I remember on that division, for his immaculate presence and dress, as well as for his dark, handsome per-

BOTH the fireman and I should have been arrested

son. He looked like a doctor or lawyer. I recall him well for the courteous bawling-out he gave me when he caught me kicking a drawbar with my foot. It was then I learned he had lost part of his foot doing that very same thing. He had been hospitalized, and when he came out he lost his rights as conductor, but was given a job as a towerman. Later the Order of Railroad Conductors got back his old job for him.

I'll never forget his arm stealing across my shoulder and his voice, soft as a woman's, in my ear. "Son," he said, "I lost part of my foot doing what you did. I don't want it to happen to you."

He wasn't the first nor the last skipper to bawl me out, but he was the only one to do it without getting a retort. For some reason, I was ashamed of myself and did not answer him back.

MANY YEARS LATER, in 1942, I again had occasion to visit California. I headed for San Diego to visit my son Lloyd, a sergeant in the Marine Corps, and had just come down from Alaska. Traveling via Espee along the coast and stopping off at my former stamping ground, San Luis Obispo, brought up old memories.

The conductor was a young, blond chap. I didn't envy him his job. The congestion was terrific on that line, as it is today to an even greater extent. I saw more high-powered freights go in to clear us than the Southern Pacific ever had in its palmiest days. Twice we were flagged and had to wait for them to drag into clear. That never happened—and understandably so—in bygone days; but now of course, with a war on, freight is of more vital importance.

The old line looked the same. There was no change at Point Conception, in that bleak stretch of country known as "the graveyard of the Pacific," where innumerable ships dashed themselves to pieces on its rocky promontory. I was fascinated by the old familiar territory. I passed through Waldorf, where I had once been stationed on a work train, and where at night you heard the coyotes howl in the hills, cattle bells tinkle down the valley, and trains whistle going up the hill at Casmalia. But in 1942 Waldorf was no more. Just a slight mound of dirt to show where once it had stood.

As was to be expected, I found little trace of the gracious charm of San Luis Obispo. The quaintness that old-timers, such as my friend

Haywire Mac, still remember had been wiped out by the modernization and especially by the setting up of Camp San Luis nearby. I stood reflectively in the afternoon sun, gazing down the long street that ran from the depot to the town, looking in vain for the community I had known as a youth.

Here every afternoon there had been a meeting of two trains, one from San Francisco, the other from Los Angeles; and in the little plaza the Pacific Coast narrow-gage had backed its midget train in to meet those of its big sisters. Here, too, the elite and the hangers-on of the town had gathered on the station platforms. San Luis never had streetcars. In the era when I railroaded there I had seen a few automobiles and many horse-drawn buggies.

As I stood there in the year 1942, re-creating the past, everything seemed deserted—just hot sunshine and the same cool breezes playing around. Faces of people I had once known crowded up before me, dark-mustached men and laughing women, but only in spirit.

However, I did run into pay dirt there when I mentioned the name of Holden to the passenger conductor waiting there to take out the *Daylight*. He was a stocky dark fellow and his face lit up with that rare look that you notice when the curtain of the past is lifted.

"You were lucky in asking me," he said. "I believe I am one of the few men left who remember Conductor Holden. He died sixteen years ago, God rest his soul!"

We stood chewing the rag until the train came in. Then we parted, regretfully, I'm sure.

I BUMMED AROUND the East for a while, railroading here and there, and eventually drifted back to my native Chicago. Although I didn't know it then, I had a rendezvous with the cindery lead of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy that would complete the cycle of coincidences with Haywire Mac, who was then, as near as I can figure out, hitting the footboard on my old job at Betteravia, Calif.

It was a cold, rainy, fall day in Chicago. The chill seemed to penetrate your very bones. I had to find a job for the winter. Entering a gin-mill, I gave thought to the problem while I soaked up warmth and enjoyed a bracer, some beer, and a little lunch. Things were so cozy that I was reluctant to leave.

A fellow came in and stood beside me. I sized him up, correctly, as a boomer switchman. After I had broken the ice with an offer of a drink, the snake loosened up. He proved to be a floater, all right, with a record that was poison ivy to any good yardmaster.

"Shall we give the Q a whirl?" he asked after we had chewed the fat a while.

I gathered that this pike was the only one in the city where he wasn't *persona non grata*. Silently I thought the Q would have to be pretty hard up to take the likes of him.

"Okay," I answered. "Are they hiring?"

"They're always hiring," he said, "and they're not too damn particular."

That remark made me thoughtful. Not for nothing does a yard get into that sort of situation. I wondered what the lay was. One thing I decided: I would hire out under a fake name—I wasn't going to have my record messed up. In such a garden you can never tell what will happen, and an innocent lad might find the cards stacked against him.

My new pal and I barged into the office of Magner, I think his name was, the General Yardmaster of the Burlington's 16th Street yards. I felt I had made a good impression, until Magner observed I was traveling around with the odoriferous boomer. Then his face froze, but he hired us both just the same, probably with some misgivings. He must have guessed we were both "under a flag."

I caught a night job pulling pins on the east lead in the foreign yard that Haywire Mac mentioned years later in one of his *Railroad Magazine* articles. This lead stood at the lower gradient of the garden and it was necessary for us to kick the cars uphill. In this place they used the left-handed engines that Mac referred to, the hogger being left on the left side, head on, because we had to do our switching from that side.

Working that lead wasn't like a yard on the level or downhill, where you just gave them a gentle kick. Instead, the string came at me like the proverbial bat out of hell. I was hard put to catch them, pull the pin, drop off, then grab the next cut on the same run.

There was practically no stopping between cuts. The hogger was far enough down the lead to keep them coming, like bologna rolling out of an automatic slicer. Being new, I don't know whether or not I was being given the works, but I found it tough going.

To top it all, the weather was raw and sleeting. My gloves were so wet that each time I grabbed a car ladder, water squeezed out of them and slowly trickled down my armpits and the sides of my body. This was not exactly fun. Each time we pulled a new track I let the engine stand against the string, and while the foreman and the field man went down the track, chalking up the numbers so I could make my cuts, I dove into the shanty for a little "spot." It was nice in there. A cheery fire burned in the stove. I noticed a husky switchman sleeping on a bench, killing a little time.

About 11:30 that night I was fed up. I had been around sufficiently to know that this kind of labor was not the usual thing. I had been in yards where the crew would cut you dead for all this running. I realized, too, that the rank and file of switchmen couldn't have jumped fast enough to make the moves I had to keep going.

Pulling pins in such a yard was the lowest type of work I had ever experienced. Strings of emptys were shoved in by the hours, cars belonging to every road imaginable. These, as I remember it, were to be classified and returned to their proper owners. The crew foreman would walk down each string and mark the track number in chalk on the car sides. You would simply ride them and cut whenever the scenery changed. The field man who went along with the foreman in chalking them down would have these changes in sequence and would move up and down the lead, herding the cuts into their proper channels.

The foreman carried these sequences in his head or on a card. He would do the signaling and would get the proper momentum on how far they had to roll. The pin-puller's lamp, instead of being employed to give signals, was inactive. You used it only to shed light on your work and in case of accident.

SO, AS I SAID, I soon grew weary of this sort of thing. I purposely missed a cut or two, then swung down the engineer with a wide arc of my lamp. An experienced man knew how to express a mood with his glim.

Looking down the lead, I could see the foreman's lamp dangling motionless and I sensed that he was watching me. He must have known that I was snatching the play away from him.

Thereupon I took to swinging down the eagle-eye after each cut, then slowly backing him up. In retaliation he would insult me by whistling three blasts each time I backed him up, and two for each forward move.

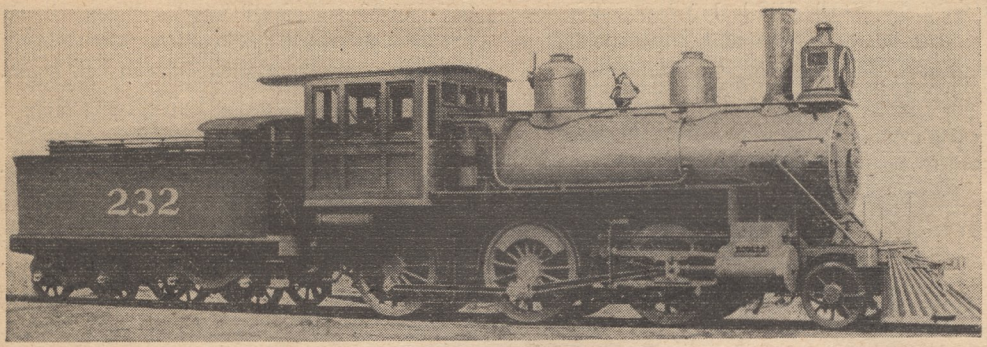
This treatment I did not care for. Being sturdily built and well versed in the art of self-defense, I waited for the foreman to come up so I could wrap my lamp around his neck. But he kept his distance. Instead, a silent shadow slinked up to me and said:

"I'll take 'em now, buddy."

It was an old head, the man I had seen sleeping in the shanty.

"Why didn't you wake me?" he wheedled. "I'm your partner on this lead."

Then I saw red. This guy had been standing me up all that time. The



FIREMAN'S SHELTER on the tender was a cozy feature of this Rogers-built Burlington Mogul

work I'd been doing was a two-man job—either that or else I was being rawhided. You expect to be knocked around on a new job, but this time I had gotten more than my share.

"This is a hell of a time to tell me about it," I said in a loud voice, "and that goes double for the yokel down there swinging the lamp."

If the foreman heard that crack, he ignored it. When we met in the shanty for lunch, he glared at me balefully. That was my moment. I stared back at him until his eyes fell. It was his move now and he couldn't make it.

Anyway, I guess he turned me in, or that was just a one-night job. I soon caught a number of transfers—trains to be taken to other yards in the Chicago area—and miscellaneous yard jobs. The transfer to the Chicago & North Western was about the most miserable one of them all. You ran down over the Chicago River, out on top with the cold wind off the lake stabbing at you while you backed in. I wasn't getting along very well.

I got the lay of the land on the first night. The yard was one of those divided "snake-stringer" affairs, some of each, with hostilities a plenty. For the benefit of those not familiar with the term, I will say that switchmen are called "snakes" because of the serpentine letter "S" on membership buttons of the Switchmen's Union of North America, while "stingers" are trainmen, so called from the initial "B" (a bee stings) on membership buttons of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

In this controversial yard you didn't know who your friends were. I could see the writing on the wall. One night we passed a transfer job coming in. On top of a freight car, dimly illuminated by the feeble light of a lantern, was my disreputable boomer friend, wet to the skin, sitting there dejectedly. I called across. He raised his head and then slowly drew his hand across his throat. That gave me a tip-off. I think he quit that night; I never saw him again.

THEREUPON I caught a day job; but before I cut over, I landed a night job that was a jewel. A foreman didn't show up and his field man took charge. Being on the extra board, I filled out the crew, following the engine. This field man was the closest approach to a slum rat I ever saw. He had worked nights so long that his eyes blinked in daylight.

We had to go down to the Union Station and switch a passenger train

or two. He and the new field man decided that they needed some liquid refreshment to celebrate the absence of the foreman. The problem was how to get it. Rule G was pretty tough then and the yards swarmed with railroad dicks looking for switchmen going down the embankment for a slug. While they debated, I got my cue.

"I'll get it," I volunteered. "I'm about through here, anyhow."

"You're a pal," said the erstwhile foreman, and he and the engine crew made up a pot.

"Leave your lamp here," the foreman called to me as I struck down the embankment.

"Hell with them!" I said, expressing my mood.

We switched along Canal Street, and by the time we finished we were all pretty well jingled. As we started back to the Western Avenue switch shanty, the hogger got noisy.

"Think you are a switchman?" he insulted the foreman. "Why, if I didn't take it easy all night, you'd have fallen off a dozen times."

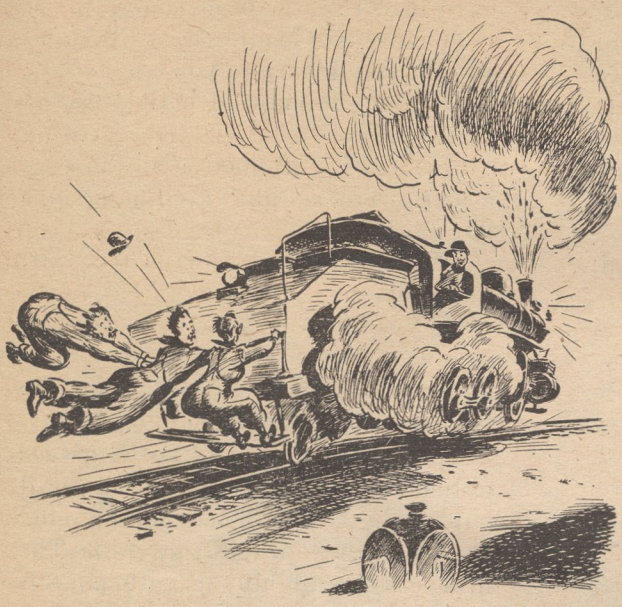
The foreman bridled up. "I'll stand on the sand dome and you can't shake me off," he announced with drunken gravity.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the throttle jerker. "You couldn't even hang onto the footboard!"

"You'll have to prove that," said the foreman.

He went to the cab gangway. The engineer slowed down and the foreman caught the rear footboard. The field man and I joined him.

Then the fun began. The engineer pulled her tail until sparks showered out of the stack. Then he slammed her back and opened up again. The first crash caught the foreman off guard; he lost his grip and clung by one hand. I helped him back on again, his feet scuffling over the ballast. Then began a hectic parade from Canal Street to Western Avenue, the yard goat snorting and bucking and showering sparks. The foreman lost his lamp and got a bloody nose from a bump against the boiler head, but



THEN the fun began, the goat snorting and bucking and showering sparks

he grimly hung on. Up in the cab I could see the hogger whooping it up like a maniac.

Pretty soon the field man found that when the runner pulled the engine out from underneath us, if you kicked up your heels at the same time your body would stream out behind you like a kite. The people along the right-of-way must have thought that Vesuvius was erupting, or something like that, from the geysers of sparks that came out of the stack. If it had been daylight, they would have seen an engine giving a bucking bronco lesson, while three rails hung onto the grab-iron, kicking up their heels like frisky colts. It was a mad, dangerous journey. By the time we hit Western Avenue, we were all pretty well blown.

If all the night jobs on the Q had been that good, and every crew like that one, I'd probably still be there. I hit the day shift for a while. We switched industrial plants, working so close to kitchens that I could have reached in and grabbed a sandwich off the table. I remember faintly only one other similar place, down on the waterfront of Chester, Ill., along the Mississippi on the Missouri Pacific, but I'm not sure. Tracks cut so close to the front porches of a couple of houses there that you could have dropped off a car right on to a settee.

Anyway, I caught some tough assignments on the extra board. Every day I faced a different line-up. By and large, the lumber district along 22nd Street seemed the worst. I don't mind an industrial section that travels right along, even if it has plenty of sidetracks, or a yard that appears to have some sense to it, but the lumber district topped them all. It was about the most confused maze I have ever seen, like a snake trying to swallow its own tail, like coming out of the place you just went into.

This mystification may have been due in part to the fact that along the line somewhere—maybe at Halstead Street, where you coupled up a car—you turned around and there, in the family entrance, a benevolent gentleman appeared and traded you a big slug of red-eye for a quarter.

ONE COLD MORNING I lay in a warm comfortable bed. I was due to report to the yards at Clyde and pull pins all day on the lead there. Outside, I could see the snow swirling down, so I turned over and went back to sleep immediately.

That was the finish on railroads

for me. I was through with them. When I woke in the afternoon, I surveyed the situation. It looked like my string was running out. Like the grasshopper in the golden sunshine of summer, I had frittered away my chances. I would have to start again at the bottom. Buses and trucks and private automobiles were coming in, competition on the extra boards thickened, and, the possibilities of supporting yourself as a boomer became increasingly slim.

Mexico was for the Mexicans; few Americans there and no more, thank you. The tropics had become stabilized, they didn't want any more adventurers like Lee Christmas running around and upsetting governments. So I had to look elsewhere.

I turned to that Toonerville known as the West Towns Railroad. In my early youth this was a high-speed interurban, running on ball rails, from the outskirts of Chicago west to La Grange, Ill. The cars were ungainly looking brutes, but they could travel. Even as a child I remember a fellow being killed while walking along the tracks; folks said with abated breath that the suction had drawn him under. I had a chance to go running there. It wasn't a bad job. The double-tracked line went down the main street of Cicero, Ill., then wandered out over hill and dale, crossing a river and a railroad track.

In the golden days of Sunday picnics a couple of little open-air dinky trailers were hooked on to take care of the crowds that went out to the groves along the DesPlains river. These, I believe, were the last open-air cars in the Chicago area. If I'm wrong, maybe Steve Maguire will correct me.

In a way, this was a plush-lined berth where I could sink down and vegetate into eternity. But by this time I was married and had a family to support. I hadn't done them much good by bumming around the railroads and I was unwilling to penalize them further by making them exist on the low wages paid by the West Towns line. The El, another plush-lined berth, was even worse in the matter of pay. The guards, where you had to start, were about the lowest-paid workers of any group in the city, and the motormen got very little more. So I quit the iron trail of my youth and went into business.

Outside of the Toonerville, practically the only railroading I see now is traveling for the company I work for. But the run to New York seems standardized and not very different

from a trip to the city on the El. Sometimes, though, there's pay-dirt, like getting into the back reaches of Connecticut, or riding the Lackawanna through the Poconto hills.

I've never forgotten a journey to Chattanooga, Tenn., over the famous Rathole division of the Southern. The tunnels come so fast they don't bother to douse the glims in the cars. When we left the frosty air of Chicago, I expected to find a springlike, showery day in the Southland with kids playing barefoot on the red clay streets of the small towns. Instead when we hit Smerset after a night of cold driving rain, I looked out on a Kentucky buried under deeper snow than we had had all winter. Funny thing was, when I returned home there wasn't a trace of the storm.

Maxwell Swan as he looks today

It is generally admitted that a rail, or ex-rail, carries the love of rolling wheels with him till the end of his life. Often in the still of night, while I'm in bed, I listen to the train whistles of roads going out of Chicago. I can visualize in my imagination practically every move they are making. With two blasts the engineer tells the hind end that he is ready to go. Then he gets the highball, so he whistles two short blasts, meaning "I understand." I know when he is being flagged; his whistle calls out a flag to protect the rear end and then calls him in.

Years have passed since I've seen a drop, or flying switch. This usually took three men, one to pull the pin, another to throw the switch between the rolling engine and trailing cars, and a third to ride the cut. Yet in my time, the ambition of many a rail was to make the drop all by himself.

That was one for the book. You'd back up a block, stand on the engine stirrup, and give a highball. When they got rolling you'd call for slack, pull the pin, ride the galloping engine ahead of the rolling cars, and drop off at the switch while she kept going, to keep out of the way. Then you'd "bend the iron" under the moving cars, grab them as they wheeled by, and brake them.

Well, this seems to be the place in my story where the road forks. I've been back in the railroad game writing this partial autobiography; but now I take leave of my old pals, the boomers of yesteryear, and go back into business again. In parting, I reiterate the opinion that the boomer was a freak—hold that lamp, Spokane!—a social overflow that had no outlet, that fitted a real need at one time.

Will the boomer come back? Only when Haywire Mac's Big Rock Candy Mountains become a reality; when lemonade flows from springs and cigarettes grow on trees; and when there will again be a pagan Mexico, where any rail who has earned his spurs in the States can go south of the border and be a demigod, running trains, with the laughter of black-eyed senoritas in his ears and maybe a chance shot in the dark to nick his Stetson.

THE END

"Wanderlust" Recalls Old Memories

MAXWELL SWAN'S "Wanderlust" has drawn a greater flood of correspondence than anything else we've published in years. Harry C. Franke, 5926 N. Meade Ave., Chicago 30, Ill., wanted to know if the author were the same Maxwell Swan who lived on Ravenswood Ave. near the C&NW's Cuyler depot in Chicago when he was a boy of about 12. The answer is yes. Incidentally, the author now resides at 1433 South Grove St., Berwyn, Ill.

H. A. Budgell, 6217 Normal Blvd., Englewood, Chicago 20, says "Wanderlust" brings back memories. "Beverly—what a hot lonely place that was! And the branch line to White Bluff—nothing there but sand and river and glorious sunsets. Swan mentions the beautiful Yakima Valley around Cle-Elum. I think he means the Kittitas Valley. That photo of the *Olympian* running through this valley makes me homesick for the sagebrush and suncapped mountains."

From Arthur C. Davis, 4130 Vinton Ave., Culver City, Calif., comes this correction: "There is no Cuerata grade on the Santa Margareta Hill out of San Luis Obispo, Calif. The author probably means the Cuesta grade on the Santa Margerita Hill."

Listen now to Ray P. Creelman, 4433 Maycrest Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.: "I enjoyed Swan's graphic description of Beverly Hill. I well remember a disastrous freight wreck that occurred on this grade in July, 1920. I was then working second trick at Avery, Idaho, so I did not witness it, but I got my information from trainmen who helped to clear up the mess.

"The St. Paul road at that time had begun to experiment with regenerative braking power on their electrically-operated divisions in Montana, Idaho and Washington. If I remember correctly, this train consisted of about 90 loads of time freight totaling some 4500 tons. It was pulled by an electric freight motor. I believe there was a Mallet pusher, ahead of the caboose, which had cut in at Ellensburg, Wash. I do not recall whether or not the Mallet was still cut in when the train started down Beverly Hill.

"For some reason or other, the regenerative braking power on this 90-car manifest did not function right. The entire train plummeted downhill. It was either broken to kindling wood or burned up, due to the derailing cars having knocked down the trolley supports and letting the hot line fall on parts of the train. Some car trucks that got tangled up with the hot line were melted into shapeless masses of iron. I do not know how many men were killed or injured."

Ray says the St. Paul also had a runaway east of Butte a few months after the Beverly Hill disaster. About 45 empty ballast cars broke away from the motor near the top of Continental Divide and slammed into a helper motor at the foot of the grade at Piedmont. He understands that about 16 itinerants were killed.

"I'm not railroading any more," he concludes, "but I often hanker for it and lay awake nights to hear Espee trains whistling signals at one another."

Among the fair sex commenting on Swan's story is Helen Doyle, Parson's Hotel, Spokane, Wash. Helen comes from a railroad family; her folks own a half-section of land near Othello, Wash., around which much of the tale centers.

"I don't know when I've enjoyed reading anything more than 'Wanderlust,'" she says. "Not only does the author show a good memory for details but he paints such dramatic word-pictures that I am sure he could do justice to additional writing about the West."

William T. Hoecker, 1309 38th St., Galveston, Texas, refers to this sentence in Swan's story: "There was one thing I liked about the St. Paul at that time; they were non-standard about flagging rules, whistle signals, lamps and in many other ways." He comments: "In this connection I quote from the report of the ICC chief inspector of safety appliances concerning an accident which happened on the CM&SP at Odessa, Minn., on Dec. 18, 1911:

"'A few weeks prior to the accident the Commission investigated another accident occurring on another division of this railway. Both of these investigations indicate that the rules of the company are not properly understood by the employes, nor enforced by the officials. Steps should be taken at once to see that the employes have a working knowledge of the rules, and that they obey them.'

"This official criticism reveals a situation which no responsible railroad man could possibly view with satisfaction."

James C. Love, 1638 Cimarron St., Los Angeles 6, Calif., has this to say: "Being very familiar with the Santa Maria Railroad, I was particularly interested in Swan's narrow-gage experiences, but so far I have found the rest of his story equally entertaining. As an old hogger myself, these tales recall bygone days."

Another old rail, Charles A. Roach, author of various true tales and fiction stories, 1523 S.W. Mill St., Portland, Ore., says he knew every mile of Milwaukee's western extension to Seattle, from helping to lay track on it until a short time before Swan arrived in 1909.

"My engagement started at Aberdeen, N. D.," he writes, "while that burg was a material yard for steel, ties, bridge material and headquarters of supply for eats. And was it a madhouse! Boomers, slick artists, gamblers, ladies of doubtful virtue, wise heads, bums, derelicts, and brass hats with some knowledge of what they wanted but none of how to get it.

"My first trip out of Aberdeen was after the bridge had been completed over the 'Big Muddy' (Missouri River) on a swing shift doing more switching than was ever thought possible in a well-lined-up terminal on a hotshot pike. Swan's mentioning how it took him 3 or 4 hours to make up a train before hitting the breeze for other points gives a pretty fair idea about a poor, ragged, gangling snake like me trying to hold down a job like that shacking on a new pike which was spending money to build west, regardless of difficulties. Boy, it was nerve-straining! But with guts and ability to hit the ball, I stuck there longer than I had thought possible."

And from an old retired lightning slinger, Frederick F. Fletcher, Norwood, N. Y., we have this commentary:

"Swan's reference to 'dead soldiers' calls to mind an incident with empty beer bottles back in about 1910. I was then Northern Pacific agent at the hustling branch town of Twin Bridges, Mont. The job was a two-man stunt, my helper Ray Utley (still with the NP as cashier at Billings) being clerk and warehouseman. One day Ray got ambitious and actually

cleaned up the warehouse, arranging things as orderly as a young housewife. The time was August and the weather ferociously hot. As our drinking water was polluted with alkali, I had formed the habit of keeping on tap a case of the stuff that made Milwaukee famous. In the warehouse, as Ray cleaned up, stood a case or two of empties. In a spirit of fun, he set them in a row along the wall.

"The next day the president's special on an inspection trip drove up the branch. Usually the op at Whitehall on the main line would tip us branch agents off when the brass collars were in flight, but this day he overlooked it. Suddenly we heard a locomotive toot. As no train was due, we snapped out of our day-dreams and took notice. A glance revealed the bad news.

"Luckily, my wife had insisted that morning that I shave and put on a clean shirt. B. O. Johnson, the Division Super, piloted the bunch into the waiting room and made the introductions. As I recall, there were President Mellon, the General Manager, and Superintendent of Telegraph Greene, and a number of lesser lights.

"Handshakes over, they headed for the warehouse, B. O. J. and I bringing up the rear. The first thing the brass collars noticed was the line of dead soldiers standing sedately like grenadiers. President Mellon and the G. M. glanced at Johnson, their lips drawn in a straight line. Mr. Johnson said nothing, however. The bunch made the rounds of the warehouse, which was well filled with merchandise for the mines and small towns out in the hills. All of it was piled neatly and the floor between the piles had been swept clean. Ray had done a good job.

"Out on the depot platform, Johnson gave me the wink and nodded toward the bigger boys who were ambling toward their respective cars.

" 'Fletch,' said he, 'what are those things doing along side the wall in the warehouse? Really, I'm surprised at you. I thought you belonged to church.'

" 'The church member is my wife, B. O.,' I replied. 'I could never quite make the grade. Those things are only a string of empties anyhow. They can do no harm.'

"I raised my gaze slightly and added, 'The loads are down in the basement under the warehouse.'

"B. O. hunched his shoulders with a grin. 'Say, Fletch, it's damned hot. You wouldn't mind, would you, having the kid shunt a few of those loads into my business car?'

"I took the hint. 'Ray,' I yelled. 'Rustle a big basket and raid the wine cellar. Take 'em into B. O.'s car. The brass is running hot.' "

" 'Come on,' continued Johnson. 'Go up to the end of the branch with us, have lunch with me.'

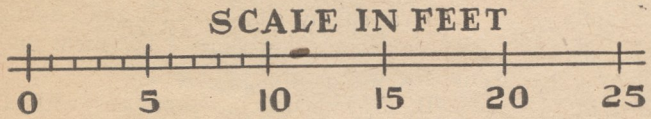
"So we all had a fine lunch, washed down with Blue Ribbon beer right off the ice. B. O. Johnson was always fair and square. He was retired some years ago. If he is still living, he will get a kick out of this."

Model Railroading

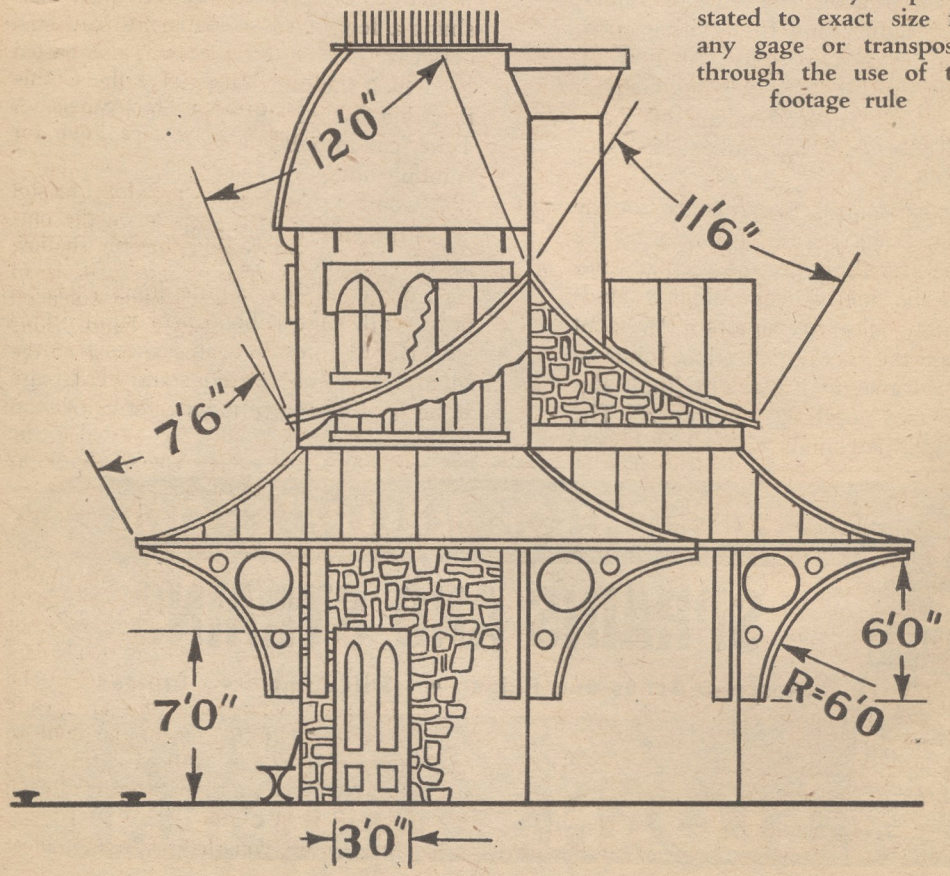
WHETHER your model railroad is a prosperous interurban line, like mine, or a steam pike of the gay Nineties—yes, or even a modern system, this little mid-Victorian station will give it the long-established look so necessary for complete realism.

My own depot is built to HO (3½ mm. to the foot) scale, but to simplify the job of adapting the design to other gages the accompanying plans are reduced to one-eighth of an inch to the foot, with proportional guide rules accompanying the front and side elevations.

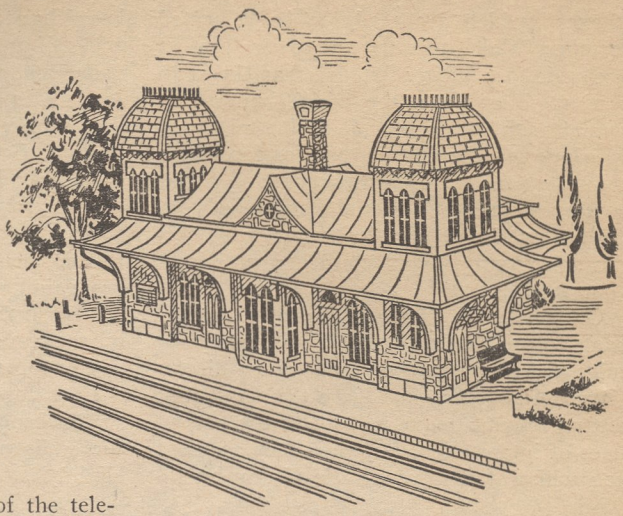
Regardless of scale, the basis of the structure is five-ply bristol board, celluloid cement, building paper and white poster paint. The tools needed are a number of new, single-edged razor blades, a metal ruler, conversion scale, drawing board, compass, T-square and



REPRODUCED to one-eighth-inch scale, plans of this depot of the Jay Gould era may be photostated to exact size for any gage or transposed through the use of the footage rule



Mid-Victorian Railroad Depot



By WILLIAM SCHOPP

triangle, ruling pen and punches.

The first job is to lay out the four sides continuously on each of the three major parts of the building; namely, the central unit containing waiting rooms and ticket offices, and the two lower sections. Be careful to plot the walls of the right and left towers in reverse order and to allow for the projection of the telegraph bay (its diagonal walls are, of course, wider than they appear in either the front or the side view drawings. Arrange the tower joints to come at the rear center corners, and that of the main section at one of the front edges. All window, door, and transom openings are cut out with a razor blade while the bristol is still on your drawing board. Remember, though, to protect the smooth wood surface with a piece of heavy cardboard backing while this cutting is under way. You will make a neater job of the window tops if you give them a Gothic curve, but it's a lot easier to trim them square.

When the various sections have been cut out, the walls must be scored for bending on the outside of each fold. That means that two of the bends at the bay window will have to be made on the reverse, or inside, surface of the front wall. Now do the necessary folding and, having established the correct angle for each wall intersection, cement building paper over the entire outside surface of the bristol board.

This building paper, available at most hobby stores, is printed to represent several construction materials—brick, brownstone, tile, slate, and shingles. I used brownstone as the texture most suited to a station of the type under discussion. The reason for cementing this light paper to the bristol board after the folds have been made is to prevent it from splitting apart at the seams as it would if the bending were done afterward.

As soon as the walls are covered, the window cuts may be extended on through the building paper from the back. Make them in the form of an *X*, between alternate corners, and then fold the resulting triangular tabs back and paste them to the inside wall surfaces. Doors are then cut out and pasted over the apertures. Notice that the Gothic window motif is repeated in their panels. A brass track spike will serve as a knob for each door.

Cap stones are cut from white bristol board and cemented in position on the outside surfaces of the walls, as are the shallow window sills. The glazing, in turn, is of clear sheet celluloid, "sash" being ruled on the surface with white poster paint. This ruling can be done on a large area of the material before it is cut up, in which case care must be taken to align the horizontal markings when the celluloid is pasted to the rear surfaces of the walls. Shades should at least be put behind the tower windows, using colored paper easily obtained from magazine covers.

Now, cut floors to fit exactly within the three sections of the station. Don't take their measurements from the plan, as it does not allow for the exact thickness of the bristol board walls. Tailor them, rather, to fit the actual sections. This done, you are ready to assemble each unit. Cement the floor to the bottom edge of one wall at a time and lastly, bring the first and fourth walls of each section to a vertical joint.

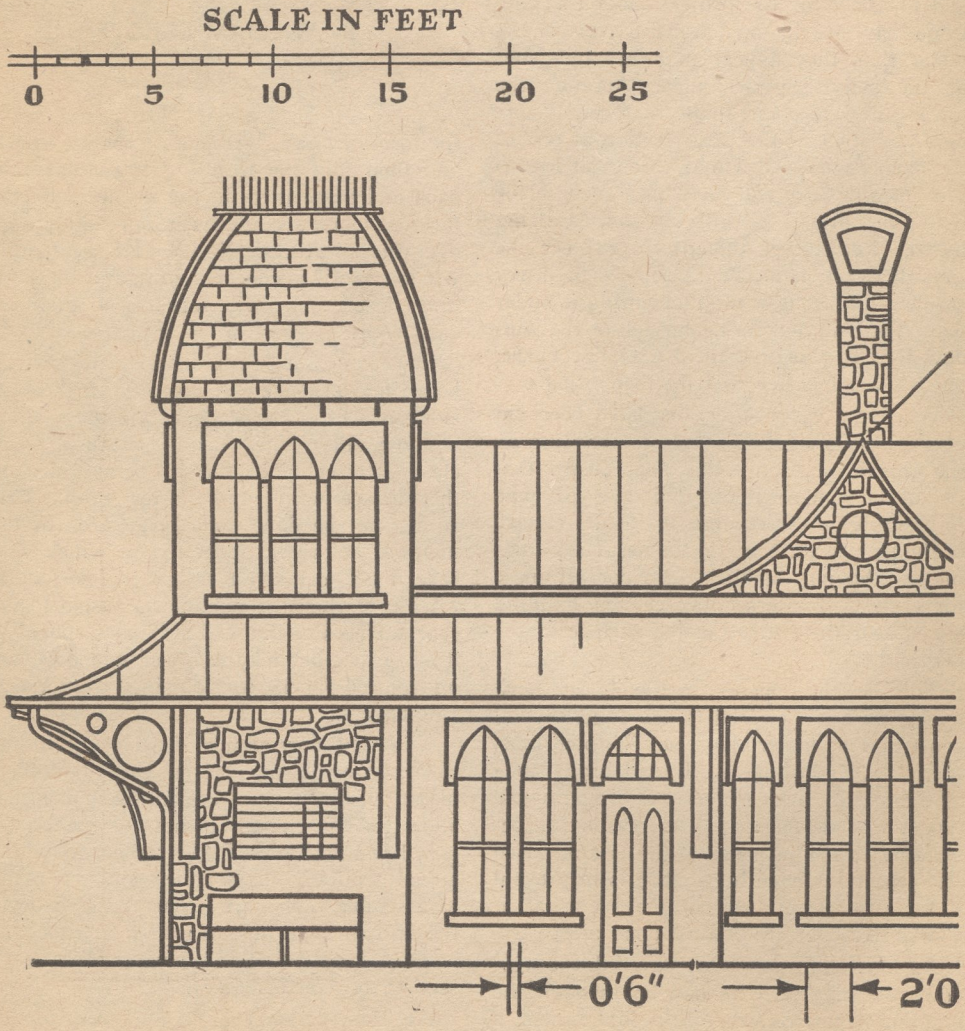
At this point you have three topless

"boxes" which are ready to be cemented together. Make sure that the towers project one scale foot farther forward than the main section. That done, the whole building is topped with a flat section of bristol board which serves the dual purpose of forming a ceiling for the main waiting room and a supporting extension for the roof overhang. Holes must be cut for the towers to project through. Again, take the measurements from your model.

On top of the "ceiling" comes the overhanging roof itself, formed from four trapezoids and four parallelograms whose dimensions can be determined from the plans. Cut them without attempting to plot the curved lines of intersection, for when they are bent you will find that very little if any bristol board has to be removed to make a fit. The edges, if untidy, can be covered with narrow paper angles. Before cementing these roof sections in place, scribe them with a screw driver to represent the lapped seams of roof tinning. Gutters are formed from thin strips of bristol.

The roof of the main section is made in much the same way. After it is in position the dormer ends are cut, followed by the cross roof sections, which must have convex edges where they meet the concave surfaces of the main roof. Once more, use paper angles to cover up the joints.

Each tower is topped by a flat square of bristol board projecting a scale foot beyond the walls on all sides. The truncated and slightly bowed roofs are assembled on top of

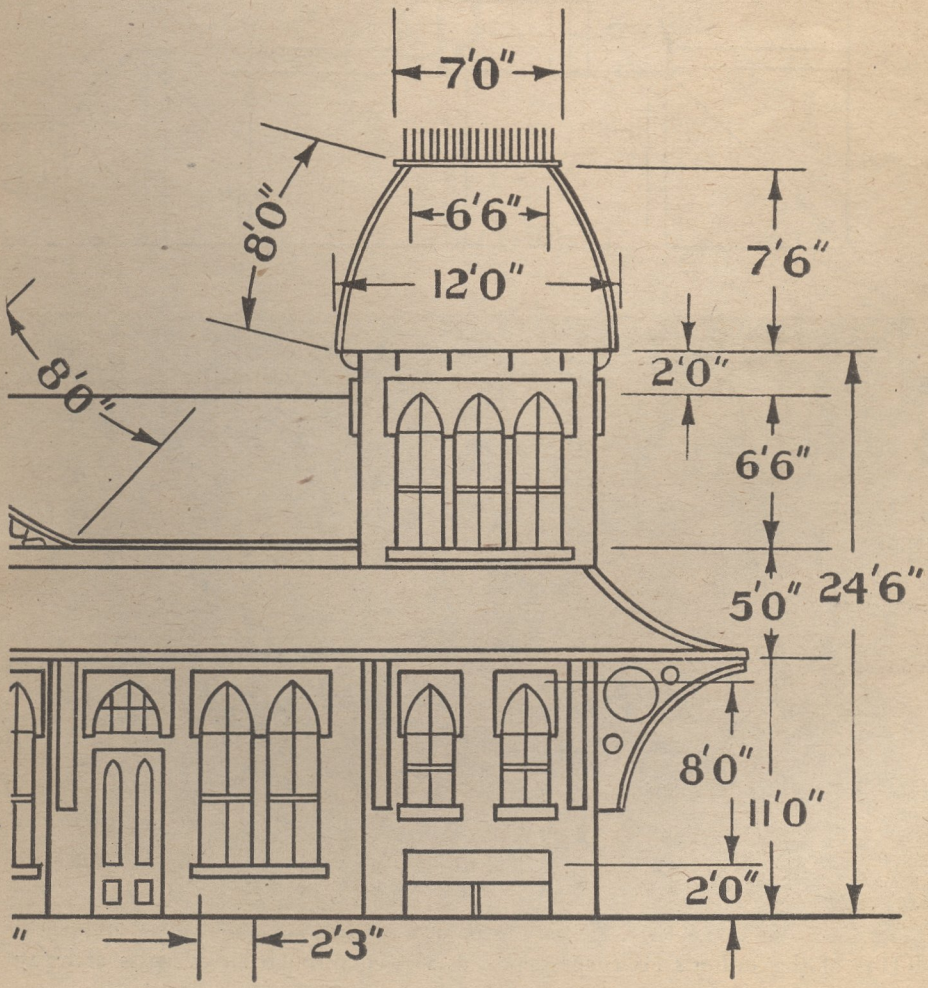


them, but unlike the lower members, these should be covered with slate building paper. Their edges are reinforced with paper angles, nicked at staggered intervals on either side so that they will conform to the edge curvature. Square overhanging sections of bristol board cap them, but before they are attached, spikes should be pressed upward through the edges and cemented into place to represent fancy ironwork. A flagpole might be added to the top of one or both towers.

The chimney is self-explanatory in construction. But it will be well to blacken the inner surfaces before making the necessary folds.

Apart from a few benches all that needs to be added to complete your model are the ornamental brackets supporting the roof overhang. The big ones have a curvature swing of six foot radius and you can plot four of them on a single circle. Holes may be punched out or cut with a razor blade, and in case of the larger ones the discs removed are quartered to form smaller brackets for the tower eaves. Once the big brackets are cemented firmly in place their curved edges are faced with strips of cardboard.

Painting is limited to the tin roofs and tower tops and will look best if made to harmonize with the "slate" sections. The interior details can, of course, be added by the super-detail modeller, and interior illumination will add much to the station's realism in any case. A bulb or so under the roof, shining down through cutouts in the waiting room ceiling, creates an ideal effect. Be sure not to overlight the telegraph bay and the two towers.



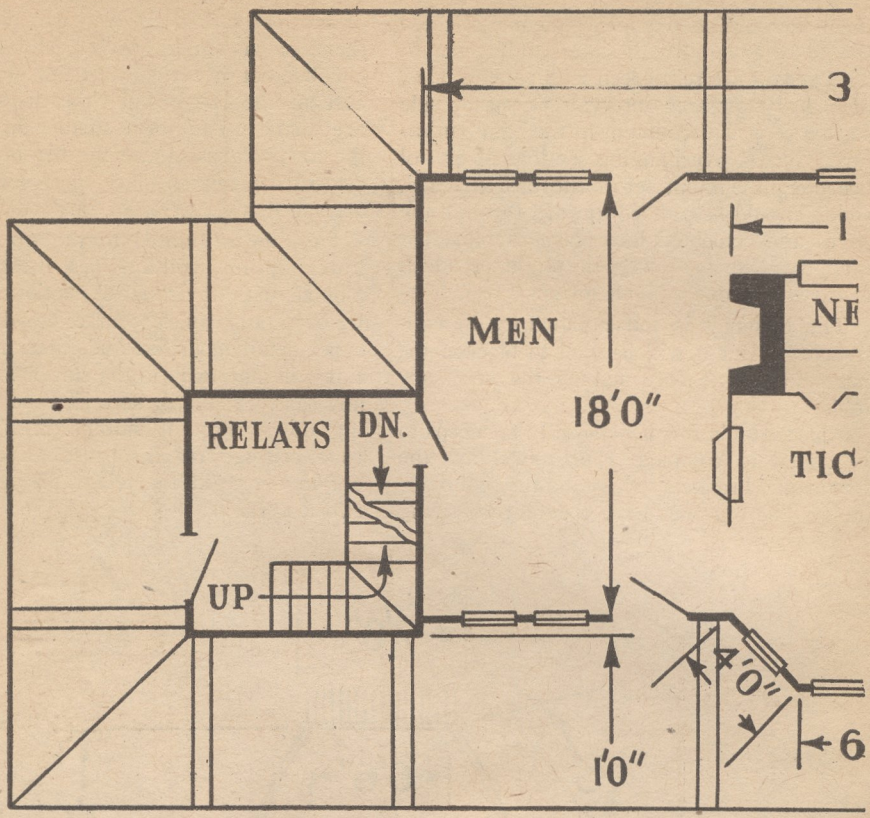
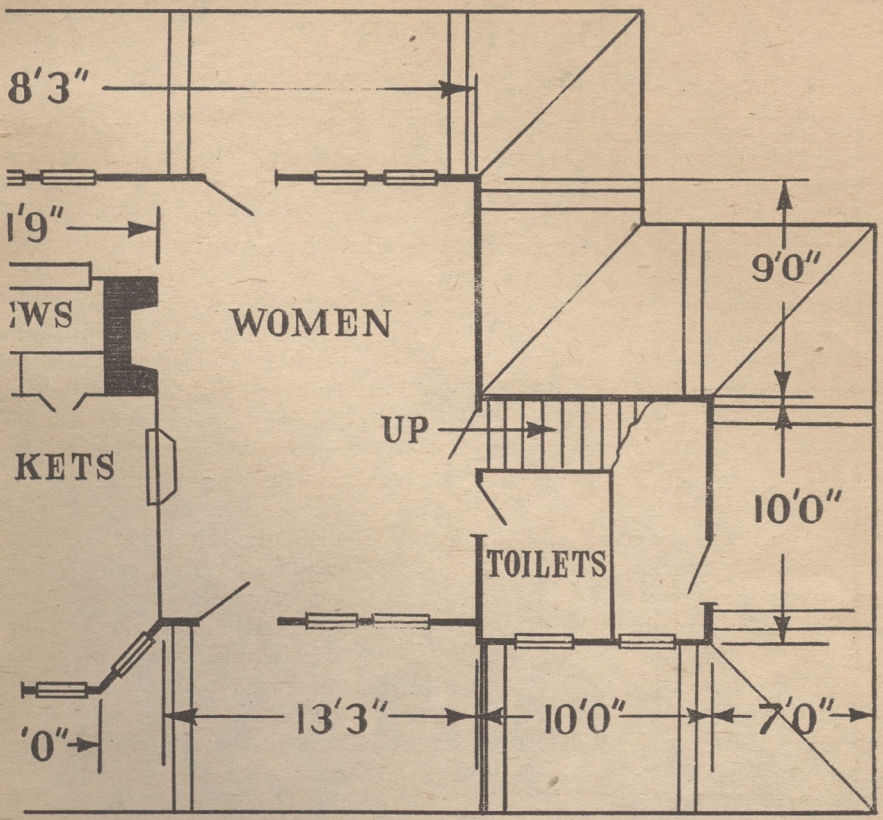


PHOTO of the author's HO gage depot, as viewed through an overpass archway.



New Model Publications

By the NUT-SPLITTER

I CAN STILL DREAM, CAN'T I? might well be the slogan of the model railroad builder who, for the last three years, has run into priorities on everything but post-war planning. Fortunately, paper shortage or no paper shortage, a trickle of construction literature continues to reach the bookstalls. To the stymied craftsman such publications come as manuals on the desert.

Latest to reach my desk are two works of distinctly different sorts. The first, called *Locomotive Plan Package* is a selection of twenty-four sets of engine and tender drawings, ranging from simple articulated giants to the Virginia & Truckee's *J. W. Bowker.* Photo offset views of the engines themselves, together with text matter stressing wartime construction kinks, accompany the plans. Compiled and published by the Model Craftsman, of Ramsey, N. J., *Locomotive Plan Package* sells at $2.

The other work, *Handbook for Model Railroaders,* 3rd edition, is by W. K. ("and I quote") Walthers, whose forty years of model railroad experience, including the organization and development of one of the largest plants engaged in the manufacture and merchandising of O and HO gage equipment, has served him in good stead in the preparation of an all-out treatise on the hobby. The novice will find its chapters on track layout, freight and passenger cars, locomotives, power supply, operation and control, signaling, and scenery, free from a ponderous and ultra-technical approach. Old heads, for their part, will especially welcome the electrical data, for Walthers' accomplishments in this field, particularly as applied to signaling, are unsurpassed. Liberally illustrated with halftones and diagrams, *Handbook for Model Railroaders,* 210 pages, is brought out by the Kalmbach Publishing Co., Milwaukee 3, Wis.; price $3.

The Threat

By THOMAS P. GREANEY

I DOUBT if the Grand Trunk stockholders ever knew about it, but once—in May, 1916—they came very close to bankruptcy. Only the combined efforts of a yardmaster and his foreman saved them from this calamity, back in the days when twelve hours constituted one man's shift.

Tom Greaney

Yardmaster Tarling held down the day trick in the Grand Trunk yards at Portland, Me., at this time, and it was he who saved the day for the brass hats. Tarling was an Englishman who wore a grim expression as part of his regular dress. Strangely enough, he had a good sense of humor, though he'd crack a joke with the air of a judge quoting passages of the law. However, if you could get behind his thick-lensed glasses, you'd see a twinkle.

His yard foreman, Frank Herbert, talked less than any man I've ever met. Frank had a well-cultivated handle-bar mustache and poker face that made it impossible to know whether he was happy or sad. As yard clerk there, I was perched on a high stool in Tarling's office overlooking everything. Up there, nothing escaped my attention.

Both Frank and the yardmaster figured in the threat to the security of the road and the yearly dividend. But no one was more in the center of activity than the farmer who lived in Bethel, several miles out on the main line. For a number of years, this man had shipped his two horses, a plow and cultivator into Portland every springtime to gather up some folding money by plowing up the gardens of the people in town. A way freight would bring his equipment and he himself would arrive on the afternoon local. During all the years he had traveled this way, the service rendered him must have been something to boast about, for he made no complaints until the day when the freight pulled in nearly three hours late.

It was due at three in the afternoon, and close to six, it still hadn't arrived. The farmer had come into the office to inquire about the train no less than a dozen times, and we could give him no real reason for the delay. There was nothing definite about the time of arrival, but to appease him we kept on saying we expected it at any moment. Each time he left the office, I watched him cross the street and enter the speakeasy, where bit by bit he took on the load that made him fighting mad when he came back for the thirteenth trip.

Tarling was talking to Frank Herbert who came in but a minute before the angry plowman stormed into the room. Frank gave him a wide berth and I couldn't blame him. He looked like John L. Sullivan in the days when he'd scare palookas to death just with his looks before the opening bell had clanged.

"Have my horses got here yet?" he demanded, and all I could think of was a snorting bull.

"Not yet," apologized Tarling, "but they should be here any minute now."

With that the farmer began driving his right fist into the palm of his left hand while bellowing:

"Of all the rotten gol-darned service, this beats all. I'll be danged if I ever ship my horses by freight again. No, sir! I'll drive them all the way if it takes me a month."

Frank grabbed the end of his handlebar as though it might get mussed up,

while the Yardmaster gazed at the speaker as though he was listening to the birdies sing after taking one of the right-hand blows the farmer was swinging.

"My dear man," he mourned, "please don't do such a drastic thing. If we lose your business, the Grand Trunk will certainly go broke and I'll lose my pension. If you were old, how would you like to wind up in the poor-house?"

Then the unusual happened. The foreman spoke without being prodded.

"Think of me with three kids to support."

I had a hard time to keep quiet at this for Frank was unmarried and appeared too shy to be the sire of offsprings. But I was suddenly startled from watching the fun. The conductor of the way freight tossed a packet of waybills through the doorway on to the desk in front of me.

"I don't give a damn what happens!" roared the shipper. "If yer want my business why in hell don't yer do better?"

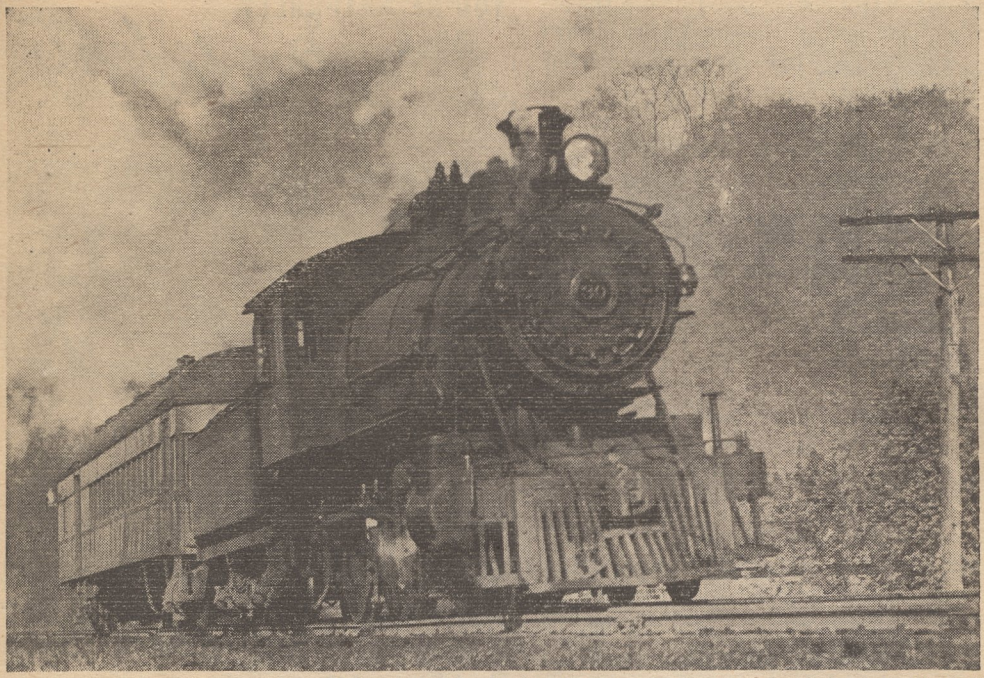
Tarling saw the bills tossed on my desk and turned quietly to him.

"Tell you what I'll do, mister. If you'll continue to give us your freight, I'll see that your horses are over at the freight house before you can get there."

The farmer blinked, but apparently understood what he said. "It's a go," he muttered and went off.

"Give Herbert the number of that car," Tarling called to me, "and damn quick. Get over there before he does, Frank, or me, the Grand Trunk, and you and your three goats will be in one hell of a fix."

Frank Herbert did that I know, for the next spring I saw the farmer hitching up his horses in the freight shed.



Photographed by Lucius Beebe for his forthcoming new book, Highball

ONE-CAR TRAIN makes early morning run from Bedford to Huntington, Pa., 52 miles, on Huntington & Broad Top Mountain line with engine No. 30, an American type

Railroad Camera Club

ITEMS sent to the *Switch List* and *Model Trading Post* are published free, in good faith, but without guarantee. Write plainly and keep 'em short. Use a separate sheet or card containing your name and address. Give your first name, not merely the initial.

Because of time needed to edit, print and distribute this magazine, all material should reach the Editor seven weeks before publication date. Redball handling is given to items we get the first week of each month, if accompanied by latest Reader's Choice coupon (clipped from page 145 or home-made).

Due to scarcity of space, we prefer that no reader be listed here oftener than once in three months.

Use these abbreviations: *pix,* photos; *cond.,* condition; *ea.,* each; *elec.,* electric; *env.,* envelope; *eqpmt.,* equipment; *esp.,* especially; *info.,* information; *n.g.,* narrow-gage; *negs.,* negatives; *p.c.,* postcard; *pref.,* preferably; *tr.,* train.

And these photo sizes: Size 127—1⅝x2½ inches; Size 117—2¼x2¼; Size 130—2⅞x2⅞; Size 118 or 124—3¼x4¼; Size 122 or p.c.—3x5½; Size 616 same as 116, on thin spool; Size 120—2¼x3¼ inches.

(R) indicates desire to buy, swap or sell back issues of *Railroad Magazine* or its *predecessors, Railroad Man's or Railroad Stories. (Specify condition of each copy.)*

(*) indicates juicefan appeal.

The Switch List

PFC. A. ALTSTADT, 36745336, 665 Ord. Amm. Co., APO 339, c/o Postmaster, New York City, seeks emp. tts. PRR thru Effingham, West and Hammond, Ill.; B&O thru Altamont and Lovington, Ill.; IC thru Sullivan, Ill. Wants to contact fans living near Belment, Sullivan or Effingham.

(R) FORREST BAHM, Shelby, Neb., wants May '33 *Railroad Magazine* (UP roster).

Sapper C. A. BATT, 56 Green Lane, Worcester Park, Surrey, England, disposing of entire collection ry. pix, picture postcards, stamps, etc. Write for details.

(R) O. P. BECKER, Tombstone, Ariz., will sell for best offer year 1912 *Railroad Man's Magazine* in good cond., unclipped.

(R) WARWICK BRANDON, Jr., 408 N. High, Henderson, Tex., buys *Railroad Magazines,* any date. An-

swers all mail.

G. BERTRAND BEYERLE, 949 Pottsville St., Pottsville, Pa., wants up-to-date CNJ roster, info. on Rds. 2-8-0s being built into 4-8-4s.

RUSSELL BUCKHOUT, 1291 Asbury, Winnetka, Ill., will sell for best offer for batch or individually, *Model Builder*, Oct., Nov., Dec. '44, Jan., Feb. '45; *Model Railroader*, June '34, Feb. '37, June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec. '41; *Trains*, Nov. '40, No. 1, Dec. '40, Apr., Aug. '41, Sept. '42, July '43; *Model Maker*, Nov. '34, Jan., Feb., Mar., Apr., May '36, June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov., '36, Dec., Jan. '37, Feb., Mar. '37, June, July '37, June, July '39, Aug., Sept. '39, Nov., Dec. '39, Jan., Feb., Mar., Apr., May, June '40.

(R) CLARENCE T. CARLSON, R. No. 2, Box 109, Monticello, Minn., will sell *Railroad Magazine* Sept. '31, clipped few pages; Sept. '32, no cover; Nov. '35, roster gone, 25¢ ea. Also Oct., Nov., Dec, '34, Oct. '35, Dec. '36, Oct. '37, Sept. '38, good cond., 35¢ ea.; book, *Run of 20th Century*, good cond. 75¢; emp. tts. GN, C&NW, UP, CStP&M, 25¢ ea.

(*) JIM CARPENTER, 4615 MacArthur Blvd., Oakland 2, Calif., offers one route-map and guide, set of tsfrs., 2 pix San Francisco cars of former Mkt. St. Ry., now part of Municipal Ry., 25¢ coin. Buys, sells, trades pix, size 116, Calif. interurban and trolley cars. Has many tts. trfrs., tks., Calif. cities.

(*)EDW. M. CLEAVER, Jr., 159 E. 21 St., Paterson, N. J., will buy any size pix or negs., any road, Diesels or motorcars. Wants motorcar pix or neg. of IC, *Illini, Miss. Lou, Land O' Corn.*

S. A. COLE, 1407 So. 21st St., Birmingham, Ala., wants emp tts., former AB&A now AB&C, C. of Ga. (Columbus Ga. Div. only), dates '20 to '30.

(*)JACK COLL, 538 24th Ave., San Francisco, Calif., will sell trsfs. and tokens Municipal Ry., Mkt. St. Ry., Key System. List and sample for stamp.

Sgt. WM. CURTIS, Co. G, 1st Ord. Trng. Regt., A. S. F. T. C., A. P. G., Maryland, will trade size 616 negs. of locos Sou., IC, GM&O, Ga. and W. Md. Prefers negs. of NYC, PRR, Erie, New Haven, CNJ, Rdg. Write first, stating offer and your wants.

(*)BOB CUTTER, 37-41 83rd St., Jackson Hgts., N. Y., wants Mar. '45 issues of *Model Craftsman* and *Trains*, good cond., covers unclipped. Will pay cash or trade New Haven Power Book, R.R. Quiz Book or Santa Fe pix. Wants pix of N. Y. State and City 'El', streetcar, subway, interurban lines. Answers all mail.

(R) JOHN T. DERR, 336 E. Olney Ave., Phila., 20, Pa., will buy *Railroad Magazine* Nov. '31; R&LHS *Bulletin* on two-ft. n. g.; p. c. pix of Mt. Gretna n. g.; Sandy River, and WW&F, KC n. gs. Also wants M. G. car rosters.

LOIS M. DRUEKE, 8038 Floral Ave., Skokie, Ill., and Miss Jean Kerr, editor of *The Skokie News*, want to hear from Army lieut. with whom they discussed railroading on a train in mid-July.

WM. EDDON, Homeleigh Farm, Marfleet Hull, Yorkshire, England, wants copies *Railroad Magazine*. Will trade English magazine*Model Engineer* (loco construction to scale).

(R) W. P. EGGLESTON, 705 Security Bldg., Springfield, Ill., will sell *Railroad Magazine*, June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct., Dec. '34; Apr., May, Nov., Dec. '35; Mar., Apr., July, Nov., Dec. '36; most of '38, '39, '40, '41, '42, '43 for sale 25¢ ea. plus 6¢ postage; *Off. Guides* Mar., Aug., Dec. '42; Feb., Apr., Aug. '43; Jan. '44 at 50¢ ea. plus 12¢ postage. Write first.

(R*) JOHN ENDLER, Jr., 23 Hughes St., Forty-Fort, Pa., will buy *Railroad Magazine* Dec. '29, Sept., Nov. '31, Dec. '32, Mar., Apr. '33. Has few odd copies to trade or sell; trades tts. and emp. tts. Buys pix size 116, Pennsy DC elec. locos.

JOHN F. K. FEARON, 667 Leeds St., Phila., 31, Pa., will buy copies *Model Builder* '39 to present, good cond.

(R) JOHN GABRIEL, 266 Frederick St., Kingston, Pa., wants Apr. '35 *Railroad Magazine*, good cond., with LV roster.

BOB W. GRUBB, 1511 Adams Ave., Rm. 3, La Grande, Ore., will buy pix of UP Mallets, 3503 to 3560; pix of UP track between Huntington and Rieth, Ore.

FRANCIS GSCHWIND, Rt. 3, Callaway, Neb., will buy good UP negs., size 116 and larger.

JAMES GUCKERT, 3614 Wickshire St., N. S. Pittsburgh 12, Pa., has B&O and Allegheny Val. shipping orders from 1880's. Trades tts., emp. tts., tr. ords., rr. eqpmt., etc. Wants info. on C&GW, W&LE, P&WV and OID, Columbus and Hocking Val. and PS&N.

RALPH HABBARD, 406 N. Center St., Sandwich, Ill., wants anything dealing with KCS.

RAILROAD CAMERA CLUB is open to all who collect railroad or street-car pictures or other railroadiana such as timetables, passes, train orders, trolley transfers, magazines, books, etc. There are no fees, no dues.

Membership card and pin are given free to anyone sending us the latest Readers Choice coupon and a self-addressed stamped envelope. If you don't want to clip page 145 make your own coupon. Address *Railroad Magazine*, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17. Tell us what you want or what you offer; otherwise your name will not be printed here.

GEWAIN HANSON, 869-82-51, Armed Guard Unit, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif., will buy pix or negs. GN engines and trains suitable for framing.

KIRK HISE. Temperance, Mich., will trade Ann Arbor and PM tr. ords. for those of other roads, or sell.

ROBT. HUBBARD, 2654, Merrimac Blvd., Toledo 6, O., wants pix of Ann Arbor, W&LE, AC&Y, Northern Ohio pass., frt. cars, trains, locos.

GENE L. HUDDLESTON, Box 146, Russell, Ky., wants pix and plans of all C&O locos; will sell or trade C&O tr. ords.

JAS. W. HULSMAN, 108 Spruce St., Mahonoy City, Pa., will sell, for 6¢ stamps, size 120 pix of new Rdg. Diesel's. Will buy negs, and Rdg. pix.

Lt. Cmdr. M. W. JACOBUS, USNR, 208 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Washington 2, D.C., wants historical info. on West River Val. RR., Vt. Will buy pix, tts.

H. E. JENKINS, Ward, Pa., will sell new copy *Justice in Transportation*, $1.75; Mar. '45 *Off. Guide* $1.35.

(R) RICHARD JONES, 8160 Holmes St., Overland Park, Kan., will buy Jan., Feb., Mar., Apr. '45 *Railroad Magazine*, good cond.; any size pix of C&O 6000 h.p. steam elec.

EDW. H. JOSLIN, Plymouth Eng., c/o Peoples Palace, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, wants anastigmatic pix or negs. of depots at various Plymouths, showing name board, distinctive engine type, if possible, to be hung in rebuilt City Hall of Devonshire; pix of *Detroit Arrow* and few new PRR 4-4-6-4, 6-4-4-6, 4-4-6-4; turbine 6-8-6.

GLENN T. KING, 3229 E. Third St., Dayton 3, O., wants negs. or pix of lines entering Dayton or Indiana. Pix list for 3¢ stamp.

(*) Cpl. EUGENE R. KOLLING, 850289, SMS-35, MAG-35, Marine Air Base, El Centro, Calif., wants pix of CGW locos, eqpmt., etc.; any juice line, pref. serving Chicago. Answers all mail.

B. E. KOSEHEL, 646 Marengo Ave., Forest Park, Ill., will buy any size pix old-time locos, dia.-stack, n. g., etc., anything before 1900. Answers all mail.

CHRISTOS LAZOS, 23 Oak Terrace, Hanerhill, Mass., will buy B&M emp. tts.

ROBT. A. LE MASSENA, 398 N. Maple Ave., E. Orange 16, N. J., will buy good 5x7 pix of DL&W engines 983, 987, 992, 1012, 1014, 1035 after conversion to single-cab; also 988, 1011, 1115, 1117, 1123, 1136 after removal of stainless-steel wings.

(*) B. A. LONG, Intermezzo House, 73 Elmwood, Verona, N. J., offers *Trolleying thru Garden State Region* (N. J.-Del.), *T.T. the Capital Region* (Md., D. C., Va.), covering all existisg and most aband. trolley & MU lines 25¢ ea., or trade for RPO material; has free list trolley and RPO pix, bulletins.

(R) S. L. MASSACK, 1st Lt., Sig. Corps, 30 Claremont Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., will sell these *Railroad Magazines* at 25 cents ea.: Feb. '30; Apr., May, June, Oct., Nov., Dec. '31; Mar., Apr., May '32; June, July '34; Mar., Apr., May, July, Aug. '35; July '36, all unclipped, good cond., except last 2. Add 10 cents for postage. Or will trade for pix of rr. scenes, stations, eqpmt., only NYNH&H before 1927.

WALLACE MATHESON, 137 L'Esperance St., St.

Lambert, Que., Montreal 23, Canada, wants to correspond with RCC members.

(*) C. R. MESNIER, 8024 Wynwood, Affton 23, Mo., wants pix, maps of 2nd and 3rd Els. Has few pix S&LPSC size 117, 6¢ ea. List for 3¢ stamp.

(*) ARNOLD MILLAR, 47 Kinnear St., Ottawa, Canada, will trade Ottawa trfrs. and list of car lines for those of other cities.

FRANK Y. MERRIMAN, 1004 No. Kedvale Ave., Chicago 51, Ill., will send, for addressed stamped env., C&NW single-track ords of Southern Ill. Div. Will sell or trade used C&NW Ry. emp. tts., Wis. & Galena Divs. Has Oct., Nov. '44 *Off. Guides*.

PAUL A. MICHAELS, 2002 Raskob St., Flint 4, Mich., has size 616 pix and negs. of AA, DSS&A, GTW and PM to swap for pix of Grt. Lakes steamers. Will sell rr. practice telegraph key and sounder.

(*) S/sgt. RAYMOND C. NELSON, 39228550, H&S Co., Ord. Sect., A.P.O. 877, c/o Postmaster, Miami, Fla., wants lists of pix and rosters of interurban lines; also info. and literature of int. lines operating and abandoned.

HARRY B. NICELEY, Jr., 525 E. 49th St., Indianapolis, Ind., will sell to best offer tts. dating back to '36 (3 copies, any road).

(*) KARL PARSHALL, 4496 Zeller Rd., Columbus 2, O., wants interurban pix, any size, of Col. Dev. & Marion Elec. Co. & Scioto Valley Traction Co.

RAY E. PERSONNA, Victory Village, E. Third St., San Bernardino, Calif., wants size 118 and p. c. pix all loco types. Buy or trade. Write first.

FRANCIS E. RIFFLE, R. F. D. 3, Westminister, Md., wants Sept., Oct. '41 *Trains*, good cond.; also rulebooks, emp. tts., and tr. ords., any rd. Will pay well for '43 Pennsy calendar and those before '40 with pads.

KENNETH D. ROBINSON, 648-620, USCG, USS *Oconee*, POG 34, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif., interested in rr. wreck pix, all kinds. What have you? Answers all mail.

G. SAUDER, Lexington, Ohio, wants all '33 *Model Craftsman* mags.; Vols. 1 and 2 *Model Railroader*; Vol. 1 *Trains*, early issues of *Lionel Mag.*; May, July '30 *Popular Homecraft*.

(R) F. W. SCHLAAK, Box 765, Fond du Lac, Wis., will sell *Railroad Magazine*, Dec. '38 thru Dec. '44; *Trains*, Sept. '42 thru Dec. '44; *Cattleman mag.* June '44 thru May '45, 25¢ ea. for consecutive issues beginning with No. 1. Entire lot $20 plus expressage.

JIM SCRIBBINS, 1609 A. W. Center St., Milwaukee 6, Wis., will buy *Trains* Feb., Mar., Apr., June, Sept., Dec. '41; Feb., Apr. '42; May '43, good cond. Write first stating price, cond. Also wants emp. tts. of divisions entering Chicago.

(*) RANDY SHORTALL, 303 W. 111th St., Chicago 28, Ill., will trade Chicago Traction tts., trsfs. Write for list.

(*) WALD H. SIEVERS, 251 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif., will buy neg., any size, of interurban elec. lines and logging rrs. Trades trsfs. and tokens.

Pfc. RUDOLPH J. STECKER, ASN 36541006, SQ E, 462 AAF Base Unit, Camp Pinedale, Fresno, Calif., Ornia, will buy *Off. Guide*, any month or year prior to '20. Write price, date, cond.

JAMES M. SWEENEY, 615 Otisco St., Syracuse, N. Y., will buy caboose pix, old or modern, any N. Amer. road. Also pix showing stencilling of West Shore or Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg or init., any eqpmt.

LESLIE TANNER, 511½ 13th St., Rawlins, Wyo., wants '44 edition *Loco. Cyclopedia*. Will pay $6 for copy, good cond., plus $1 bonus for info. on where to get it.

Sgt. STERLING A. TAYLOR, 33057083, Co. C, 26 Tng. Bn., Camp Crowder, Mo., wants tts 1926 to '29 of LV, Rdg., NTC, D&H, NY&W, DL&W, Erie, NKP, L&NE. NYS&W, WMd. M&StL, Vgn., BR&P.

EARLE M. TOMME, Jr., Box 484, Raymondville, Tex., will pay $5 ea. for R&LHS *Bulletins* '36 and '37; also Best's *Locos of SP*. Will pay reasonable price for R&LHS *Bulletins* 1 to 20 (incl.) and 42. Answers all mail.

BILL VIDEN, 12 Viden Rd., Quincy 69, Mass., pays good price for emp. tts.

BILL WEBER, 6117 Buena Vista Ave., Oakland 11, Calif., wants UP and SP pix and 8 mm. movies. Send lists. Will sell *Trains* albums of photos. Books 1 thru 9, good cond., 50¢ ea.

DAVE E. WEIMER, 3rd. trick opr., ACL, Lake Alfred, Fla., wants to hear from other ops, male or female.

(R) Cpl. A. G. WELLS, 7286394, 64 Martyrs, Field Rd., Canterbury, Kent, England, wants *Railroad Maga-*

zine, Oct. '43; Jan., Feb., Mar., May, June, July, Aug., Sept. '44.

WM. S. YOUNG, 3 Oak Lane, Cranford, N. J., *Crown Sheet* bulletins for sale; 1, Morristown & Erie history, 10¢; 2, Hoboken Mfrs. RR history, 5¢; 5, Staten Is. R. T. history, 10¢; 6, Tuckerton RR. history, 10¢; 7, Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn history, 10¢; 8, Montrose Ry. history, 10¢ (once independent 3-ft. gage; now LV branch).

K. G. ZIPPLE, Box 4, Richland, Mich., wants loco and car pix 1865-85; pix of WJ&SRR No. 44 and N. Y. El Forneys and cars. Wants to correspond with fans in Kalamazoo area.

Model Trading Post

DON CLARK, 1202 Essex St., San Diego, Calif., will trade or sell Lionel 027 track. Wants Lionel 165 crane, 3659 dump car.

BILL COX, *you omitted address.*

Lt. (j.g.) HIDEN T. COX, 54 V. St., N. W., Washington 1, D. C., wants HO loco castings, drivers, parts, etc., esp. for scale 2-8-0 and 4-6-0.

HOWARD ELLIS, 1003 Washington Ave., Waco, Tex., will buy 0 gage rail. State price, quantity.

KEN FRAZIER, c/o Ralph Joyce, Beecher Falls, Vt., wants Lionel switcher 902 B and frt. and pass. cars with el couplers, and str. track, all 0 or 027.

SHELDON J. FRIEDMAN, 2755 N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago 47, Ill., will sell Lionel 265E loco and tender, $15; *Flying Yankee* streamliner, $25; candid camera, excellent, 35 mm., F. 3.5. lens, with coupled range finder, exposure meter, and case, $50.

CHAS. K. GIVEN, 3411 Brunswick Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa., will sell HO interurban kit, $3.

A. E. JAY, 172 Celina St., Oshawa, Ont., Canada, will sell O gage frt. car bodies (no trucks or couplers) $3 ea. postpaid.

ARTHUR KAFARSKI, 3711 Wabansia Ave., Chicago 47, Ill., will trade complete set *Model Railroader* mag. Vol. 1, No. 1, to date, good cond. with covers and unclipped, for Lionel 00 Hudson loco or Scalecraft 00 loco., good cond.

WM. T. KILDALL, 24 Alta Ave., Santa Cruz, Calif., wants pix, all angles and details with outline drawings prin. dimensions of PRR J-1, 2-10-4. Also wants *Trains* mags., bound or loose, Vols. 1-4. Has *Model Craftsman* Vols. 1-5, loose, to trade or sell.

JIM McMILLION, 1035 6th St., Charleston, W. Va., offers *Model Craftsman*, July, Aug. to Dec. '35, $3; also Marx loco, to trade for 4 pairs Lionel electro coupler trucks.

CHAS. F. MORSCH, 539 E. 78th St., New York City 22, wants any 0 gage PRR pass. loco, completed or kit; also partly finished job.

THOS. A. E. PARKS, 510 Princeton Ave., Princeton, W. Va., will sell Lionel 763 loco, coupler and whistle unit; seven ¼-inch scale frt. cars; 16 secs. 072 curved track; or trade for Lionel 00 gage loco and cars, 2-rail. Will consider AF $\frac{3}{16}$-inch scale, PRR K-5 loco and pass. cars.

HUGH PORTRIDGE, 99 Washington Ave., Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., wants 0-72 switches, any cond.; also scale or semi-scale eqpmt.

GUS J. RITTER, 602 Austin Ave., Woodstock, Ill., will trade factory-built AF Hudson with permag. HO for Mantua camelback switcher; also *Rock Island Rocket* with Walthers power unit for Mantua *Belle of 80's.*

HERSCHEL ROBINSON, 106 W. Cottom Ave., New Albany, Ind., will buy AF or Lionel 150 watt transf., good cond.

WM. G. SCHOCH, 1922 W. 64th St., Chicago, Ill., wants 4 permanent magnets for AF loco. Will pay cash, or do work on HO eqpmt. in return.

OSCAR STOOS, P. O. Box 126, Copper City, Mich., will sell Dorfan loco, 5 frt. cars; 2 Marx locos, 3 frt. cars. Make offer.

HENRY H. WILTBANK, 3009 N. Percy St., Phila., 33, Pa., wants small tinplate elec, or steam-type loco and cars, mechanical locos, Lionel all-steel houses, 650 series Lionel frt. cars. Buy, sell, trade *Model Craftsman, Minature Railroading, Model Maker, Model Builder.*

AUGUSTUS WILDMAN, 211 Ninth St., New Cumberland, Pa., has much extra HO eqpmt., sale or trade. What have you? Send stamped env. for list. Wants rr. negs., size 116. (*Editor asks: What kinds of negs., gas-engines, trains, right-of-way scene, stations, or what?*)

CHAS. R. WOODS, P. O. Box 224, Wooddale, Ill., wants Mantua *Belle of 80's* or Mogul; will pay cash or trade for other HO eqpmt.

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* * *

SPECIAL EXHIBIT, "Railroads and the West," old Courthouse, 415 Market St., St. Louis, Mo., ends September 15th.

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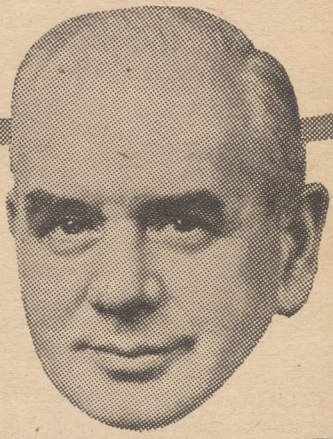

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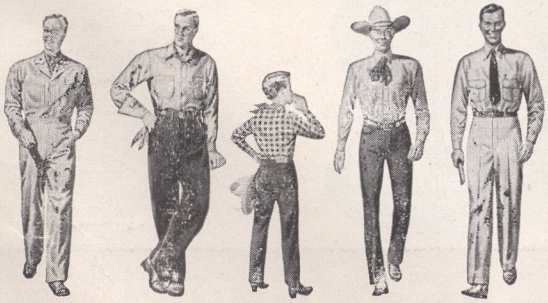

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