

# Adventures with STEAM

Railfans recall thrilling  
rides in PRR, CN, CP, IC,  
and GTW engine cabs





# AN *unforgettable* RIDE

A surprise trip aboard a  
Pennsy K4 remains a treasured  
memory after 50 years

BY DON STOTT • PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

It is a glorious thing to watch a train being pulled by a steam locomotive of any size, and at any speed. But large locomotives, at high speeds, are especially satisfying. I am also able to relate that riding in the cab of a large engine running at high speed is an enormous, indescribable thrill. I learned this 50 years ago, aboard a Pennsylvania Railroad K4s Pacific.

Growing up in Washington, D.C., I spent much time either riding trolleys or watching trains. When I was about 12, I got a ride on a steam locomotive near the Benning Car barn of Capital Transit. I was riding trolley cars between the corner of 14th Street and New York Avenue and Seat Pleasant, Md.—a favorite trip of mine. As we approached Benning, I saw a Baltimore & Ohio 0-6-0 working, signaled to the trolley motorman that I wanted off at the next stop, got off, and walked over to the B&O tracks. The engineer invited me up into the cab, and I enjoyed a marvelous hour riding up and down the tracks, switching freight cars. It was certainly a thrill for a 12-year-old, but small-time.

The big-time came in 1956, when I was 22. I had learned that Pennsy K4's were regularly pulling commuter trains on its jointly operated (with the Central Railroad of New Jersey) subsidiary New York & Long Branch, from Bay Head Junction, N.J., up the coast to South Amboy, where GG1 electrics took over for rest of the way into Penn Station, New York. It was one of the last steam operations on the PRR, and it wouldn't last much longer.

A buddy of mine, Bob Flack, and I decided to go see for ourselves, so the two of us piled into my 1952 Chrysler and headed up to Bay Head. It was February, and cold. Sure enough, there were K4's in the yard, and a doubleheaded train was about to leave. What a find!

Bob suggested that we should ask for a cab ride. My reaction was, "Sure Bob—fat chance!" Undeterred, Bob walked up to the second engine of the doubleheader and shouted at the engineer that we would love to ride in his cab. "Sure, come on up," was his reply. You could have knocked me over with a feather.

We climbed up, and were greeted by the hogger, who was a small man about 5 feet 5 inches in height. In his mouth was a great big cigar, which he took turns chewing and smoking. He said we were welcome, but when we passed the yard office, we must duck, because cab rides were against the rules. We readily agreed, and within a few minutes the two engineers whistled off and moved the train slowly into the station to load passengers.

After loading, the head engine whistled, ours replied, and we were off. The stubby engineer actually had his legs curled under him so he could adequately see out of the cab window. Sander on, reverse lever in the corner, throttle jerked out, the trip began—and in no time at all, we got up to 60 mph. The noise was deafening. I looked out the gangway, and in front was the other K4, pulling for all it was worth, as were we. The rods were going up and down so fast that they were a blur. Whistles moaned at crossings,



Not long after his thrilling cab ride, author Stott climbed atop the Manasquan River drawbridge at Brielle to catch K4 830 going all-out with a northbound train.





water in the tender jostled and splashed, and the fireman worked the stoker and injector to keep steam pressure up. The engineer was chewing on his stogie, leaning out the cab window with his goggles over his eyes and neckerchief around his neck to ward off cinders.

This little guy, chewing on a cigar and sitting on his legs so he could see, was manhandling 230 tons of swaying, jerking, smoking, roaring steam locomotive as if it were a toy. His left hand was resting on the throttle, right arm leaning on the cab window's padded arm rest, and that K4 was putty in his gloved hands. Every once

in a while, he would glance at the pressure and water gauges to be sure his fireman was doing his job correctly, and adjust the reverse lever, but mostly the concentration he showed was amazing. Looking back from the gangway, I could see the 13 cars rocking along nicely, the passengers headed to Manhattan giving little thought to what was going on at the head of their train.

We stopped at several stations to pick up more passengers, and then were off again, seemingly at every mile per hour those two K4's could muster. Brielle, Manasquan, Sea Girt, Asbury Park, Red

Trailing a B60 baggage car and six P70 coaches, K4 5471 powers out of Manasquan with a southbound for Bay Head.

## Sad day at South Amboy

**The date was November 4, 1957.**

The phone in PRR Engineman Charlie Hess's comfortable home in Bricktown, N.J., was ringing off the hook. Charlie answered and took a call from the crew dispatcher. He wanted Charlie for a light-engine move from South Amboy to Camden. The South Amboy K4s Pacifics were based down at Camden Terminal Enginehouse, where monthly boiler washouts and light repairs were handled, so this was not an unusual assignment. Diesels had begun displacing steam from Pennsy trains on the New York & Long Branch in April 1956, and now there were only a few K4's left there.

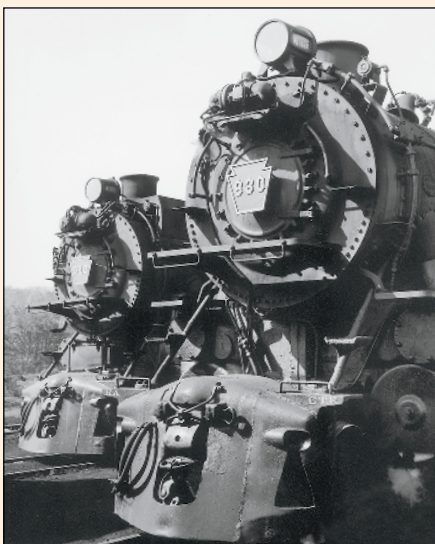
Charlie drove over to Bay Head Junction and hit the cushions of a northbound train for the deadhead run up the NY&LB to South Amboy, where he signed on at the enginehouse. He was informed that he had K4sa 612, which was coupled behind K4s 830.

The two engines had arrived at South Amboy earlier that day. The 830 came up on an early-morning train out of Bay Head, turned her train over to a GG1 electric, and headed for the engine terminal. Engine 612 had been the regular power for 710 and 733, a pair of trains known as the *Banker* and the *Broker* that operated in and out of PRR's Exchange Place Station in Jersey City. Because their runs did not include New York's Penn Station and the Hudson River tunnels, 710/733 ran with steam all the way; 710 didn't even stop at South Amboy.

This day, the crew on 710/733 was told at Bay Head that Camden had called, telling the dispatcher to scratch the 612 on 710 and send her on another job—one that required an engine change at South Amboy. When 612 arrived at South Amboy that morning and cut off, no one knew that it had just completed the last steam run on the NY&LB.

On the deadhead move later in the day, Charlie Hess's fireman on the 612 was Russ Clayton; the 830 had Andy Yuhas firing for Al Roland. They whistled off at 5:30 p.m. for Camden. Charlie, as fireman on the trailing engine, was aboard the last K4 ever to leave South Amboy, which had become synonymous with the great 4-6-2's in recent years.

On arrival at Camden, 60 miles south, the two crews spotted the engines on the inbound pit track, and noted there were several K4's steaming softly on the ready tracks. Seven days later, one of these, No. 5351, would make Pennsy's last steam passenger run, on a short Pemberton-Camden commuter job that, unlike the long consists and fast running on the NY&LB, was anything but challenging for the 5351. The fate befalling Camden's K4's was claiming other PRR steam power as well. Before the month was out, there would be no engines in steam anywhere on the vast Pennsylvania system.—Don Wood



DON WOOD

612 and 830, last K4's at South Amboy.











K4 1361 eases her consist around the loop at Bay Head Junction to get in position for a northbound run. Placed on display at the Horseshoe Curve in '57, she was removed in '86, saw a couple of years of excursion service, but has been out of action since.

Bank, and on we went. We had a schedule to meet, and were doing so. I can still smell that cab, hear those engines, and see that hogger with his cigar. It was a glorious ride, one I will never forget.

All too soon, we reached South Amboy.

The engines, and Bob and I with them, were cut off. We stood there, filthy with soot and grime from our 37-mile, 1-hour 10-minute ride, and watched the locomotives move to a side track to be prepared for another trip later in the day. We looked at each other, and smiled the smile that comes with having had a great and unexpected time.

Bob rode on into Newark, and I went back to Bay Head Junction to get my car. I spent the next couple of days on the Long Branch, shooting slides of working K4's.

In the chilly air, glorious clouds of white steam mixed with black coal smoke. Those images bring back floods of fond memories whenever I look at them.

In November 1957, the last steam power would retreat from the New York & Long Branch and all other PRR-operated lines. Our thrilling ride could never be repeated.

Today, boys and men are attracted to high-tech gizmos, music that would wake the dead, and other things we oldsters frown upon, because we treasure our memories. We remember those iron and steel, throbbing, smoke-belching, almost-human machines called steam locomotives. When we were kids, we longed to be engineers, masters of those lofty cabs, with the throttle in one hand, waving to other kids as we passed. In the age of steam, personal computers hadn't been invented, no one had gone to the moon, and we knew what was real, tangible, and thrilling. If you've never stood by the track as a giant steam locomotive roared by at 60 miles per hour, with the engineer raising a gloved hand in a wave, you just do not know what a thrill is.

No, you can keep your space shuttles and electronic toys. I'll take a stroll down memory lane with a stereo, full-color remembrance of a great ride on a K4 on that day in 1956. 📷



Steam leaking from loose cylinder packings, No. 3884 rips along the NY&LB with a southbound. She's just months away from retirement, which came in May 1956.



Here's future celebrity 1361 again, making time at Brielle beneath clouds of steam from her stack and whistle. Sights like this, thrilling to youngsters in the steam age, are foreign to today's wired generation.





# Cab rides in Canada

After steam had largely vanished from U.S. main lines, the big show was still playing in Ontario and Quebec, where friendly engine crews often welcomed a visitor during three memorable trips

By Frank Barry • Photos by the author

## Trip 1: A thought process starts

**I**t's late January in 1957, and I'm waiting at a rural crossing in southeastern Ontario. I'm halfway through my sophomore year at Earlham College in Richmond, Ind., and I'm using the semester break to visit what is still a steam-lover's paradise. Dieselization is advancing rapidly in the U.S., but the busy Canadian National corridor south-

west from Toronto is still 100 percent steam. I don't know it yet, but I'm about to experience big-time steam operation in a more intimate way than I could ever have imagined. Though I'd been to Canada before, this and two subsequent visits will be the most memorable.

But right now I'm concentrating on something else—the New York Central

Courtright branch west from St. Thomas, which I've heard is served by Ten-Wheelers. There's a dusting of snow on the rails, and soon a white plume appears. As it comes closer, I can hardly believe my eyes. Engine 1290 has slide valves and Stephenson valve gear! On the New York Central? It feels like a time warp. In St. Thomas I find another surprise—a 2-8-0 switching the yard. I have never before seen a Consolidation on the NYC. The great system's Hudsons and Niagaras have dropped their fires, but these rare specimens soldier on. Does management know? (Of course it does; the 4-6-0's are here because of lightweight rail on the branch.)

I arrive in London, Ont., after dark to find three trains in the Canadian National station readying for departure—all bound for Toronto. The first, No. 16 from Windsor, leaves with a dramatic show of steam and sound from No. 6230, a modern U-2-g 4-8-4. The next train's engineer is on the platform checking his engine, No. 6076, a handsome U-1-f 4-8-2 heading No. 20, the *Maple Leaf*, from Chicago. By now it's bitterly cold, and I get an OK to climb into the cab. Once I'm up there,

**Ancient NYC Ten-Wheeler 1290, built in 1900 by Michigan Central's St. Thomas shops, approaches Oil City, Ont., with a Courtright-St. Thomas freight on January 26, 1957.**







One hand on the whistle cord, the other on the throttle, an unidentified engineer is in command of CNR 4-8-2 6079 on August 31, 1957, during the second of author Barry's three trips to Canada at the end of steam.





Shortly after photographing a Ten-Wheeler on the Courtright branch, Barry caught NYC Consolidation 1194 switching at St. Thomas. It was the only Central 2-8-0 he'd ever see in steam.



Streamlined U-4-a 6402 simmers under the coal silos at CNR's Spadina roundhouse, Toronto, on January 27, 1957. That evening, she gave Barry the ride of a lifetime: 90 mph in the cab.

the fireman asks me a surprising question: "Where are you going?"

I haven't planned to go anywhere—I'm already here! The engineer climbs on board and takes his seat. Two air-whistle *thweeps* sound the highball. And without even a glance at me, the hogger shoves the reverse forward and pulls the throttle back. We start to move! My backpack is still on the platform nearby, and I'm in no position to go anywhere at this moment, so I get off hastily. But a thought process starts.

The third train out is No. 40, which runs to Toronto on the secondary route via Stratford. Its engine, No. 5594, is a 40-year-old, hand-fired K-3-b Pacific. Engineer Bill Weaver is on the platform, looking over her running gear, and again I ask if I can go into the cab. "Sure, son, give these orders to the fireman and hand me down my oil can!"

In the cab, fireman George Lucy asks that question again—"How far are you going?"

"I wouldn't mind going to Toronto," I say.

When Bill climbs up, George says, "This lad would like to go to Toronto with us—what do you think?"

"Well, it's up to you—if you can find a seat for him, it's all right with me." There's a place for me, an extra seat on the fireman's side provided for the head brakeman in freight service, but of course vacant on this passenger run. So, just like that, I will ride 120 miles in a real steam engine pulling a regular passenger train! Wow! I run to retrieve my rucksack, and we head off. The noise is deafening and exhilarating as I settle into the jump seat between the boiler backhead and the cab wall. The orange glare reflects off the exhaust plume above as George opens the firebox door to shovel coal.

In Stratford, a man brings a little boy up to see our engine. That would have been my father and me 12 years ago, I think. "Do you take people with you like this very often?" I ask George.

"Well, no. No one hardly ever asks."

When we get to Toronto, Bill and George arrange for me to stay with them at the railroad YMCA, then set up a ride back to London the next evening with another crew. Next morning, with a full day in Toronto at my disposal, I first photograph CNR and Canadian Pacific engines being serviced at Spadina Street roundhouse, then make my way out to CNR's Mimico yard. I come across a minor derailment, which I am asked not to photograph.

Late that afternoon, I meet the outbound crew on the ready track at Spadina on engine 6402, a streamlined



U-4-a Northern. We back into Toronto Union Station and couple onto train 141, bound for London via Stratford. The all-weather cab is snug and warm—a contrast to 5594's open cab. The massive backhead, roaring fire, hissing steam, and dimly lit gauges portray power pent-up. We get the highball, then make our way to West Toronto, where we pick up orders for the single track ahead. We get delayed and leave 20 minutes late. But the hand-written orders give us the railroad to Stratford.

The night is clear and cold, with 3 inches of snow covering the landscape as we race past twinkling lights from

farms and villages. The music of our whistle warns all within range that we're coming through. We're going fast, and I lean to ask the fireman our speed. He times the distance between mileposts, then hollers "About 80."

Later I think we're speeding up. I ask again—and after a minute or so get the answer: "85!"

Amazingly, we seem to still be gaining speed, and I can't resist asking again. Another pause—then, "Right now we're doing just about 90!" The speed limit is 70, but there's no speedometer, no black box, and no radar. Our engineer knows his engine and his

track—and he's making up time.

We start into a curve. The 4-8-4 heels to the left as the first driving wheel's flange butts against the rail—then we lurch to the left again—and again. I suddenly feel profoundly grateful to the track crews—at speeds like this, you want good ties and rails well-spiked down.

In London, the engine crew arranges with the conductor on No. 5, the *La Salle*, for me to ride free in a coach to Windsor. I would rather be in the cab of our engine, K-5-a Hudson 5700, but don't want to push too far. The next morning I hitchhike back to school.

## **Trip 2: Religion is not my primary motive**

**T**hat summer, I'm awarded an unexpected scholarship to a Young Friends religious conference in Paris, Ont. My reasons for accepting it are definitely mixed, and I'm afraid religion is not my primary motive. Paris is 48 miles east of London on CNR's main line to Toronto. I leave my family vacationing on Cape Cod and hitchhike up to St. Johns, Quebec, 30 miles east of Montreal, where Canadian National

and Canadian Pacific lines cross. I camp out near the CPR track and awake at 3 a.m. as Royal Hudson 2820 leads a freight west. It feels like a dream—freight service on this line is supposed to be all-diesel.

Next morning I board CPR 213, a commuter local from Sutton, on the Vermont border. Power is No. 2929, a rare F1a 4-4-4. I disembark at Westmount, a neighborhood station 2 miles

short of CPR's Windsor Station terminal, to photograph the commuter rush and passenger-engine terminal full of Hudsons and Pacifics. Later I visit

**Canadian Pacific 4-4-4 2929 rolls Montreal-Sutton train 214 across the Richelieu River at St. Johns, Que., on August 27, 1956. One year later, Barry rode behind the same engine from here to Westmount on westbound 213 during his second "cab-ride" trip to Canada.**

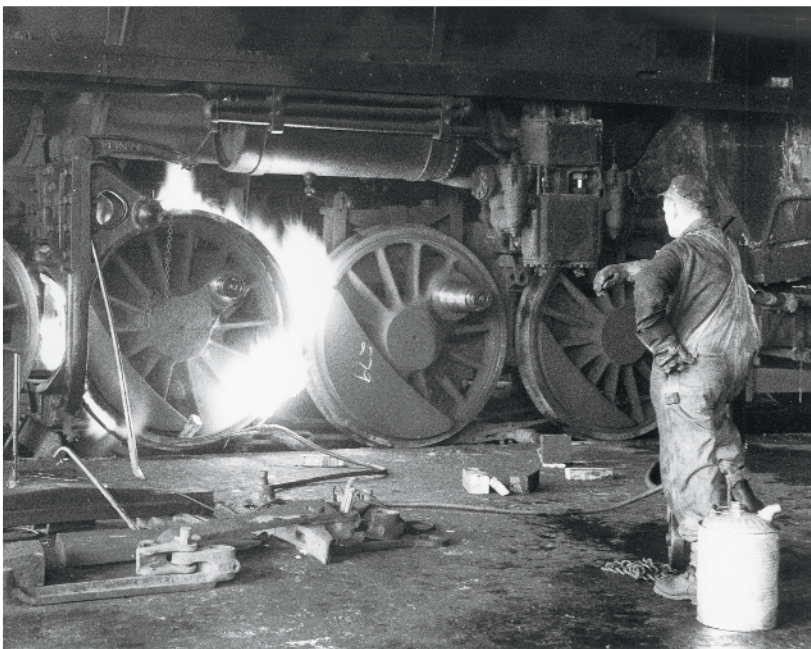




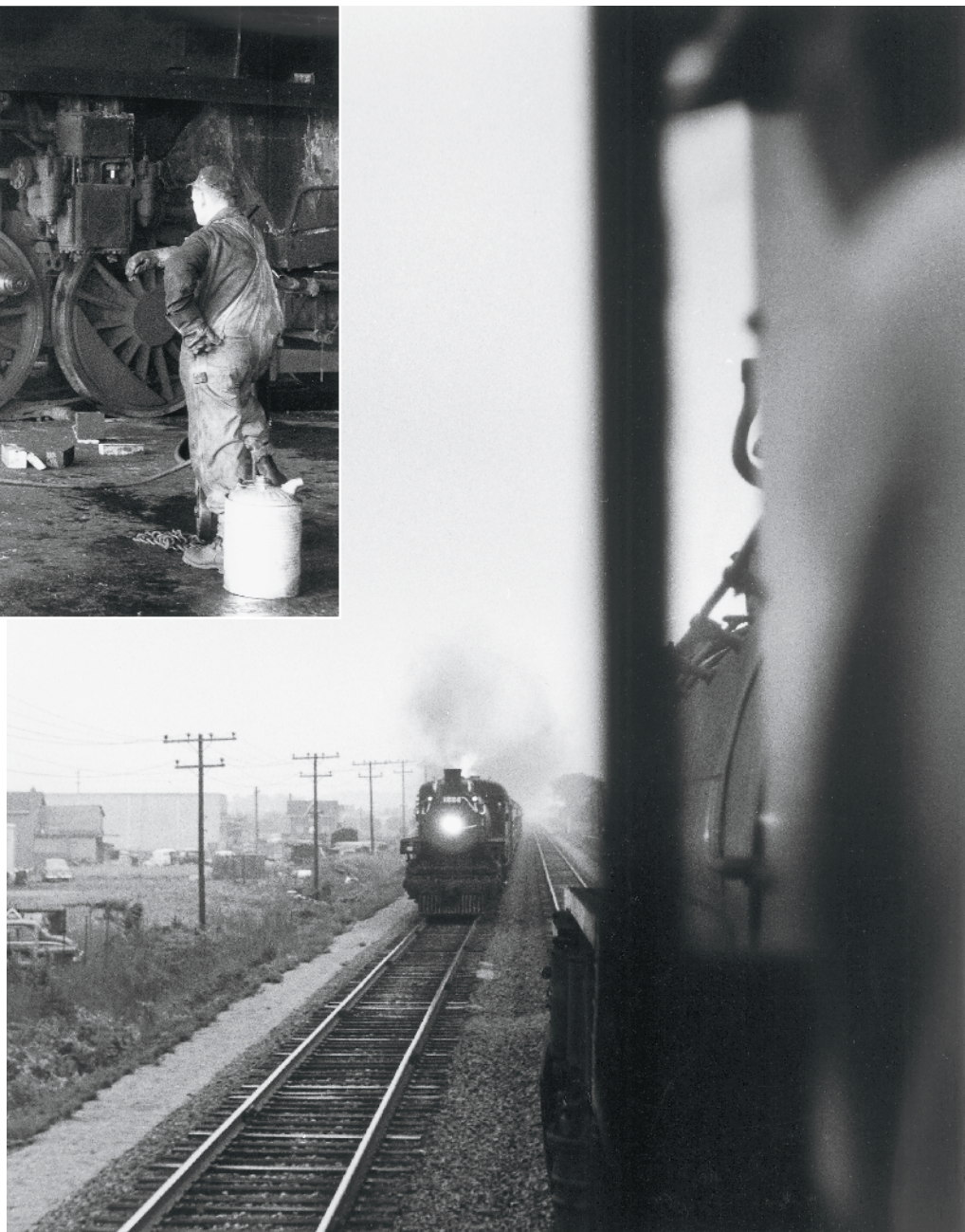


CNR's Turcot engine terminal and CPR's modern St. Luc roundhouse. There I find a crew changing tires on a 2-8-2—a dramatic operation requiring gas jets to heat the outside rim enough to pop it off.

At Central Station I board Canadian National's overnight train 19 to Toronto, which leaves behind U-2-h Northern No. 6244. Next morning, I buy a ticket to Paris on train 77, a London local, and walk up to look at our engine. To my surprise, I get a hearty welcome from the engineer—none other than Bill Weaver, who was host for my first cab ride back in January! As before, his fireman is George Lucy. Bill invites me into the cab, where I again take the head brakeman's seat. This is my first such ride in daylight, and I manage some shots of opposing traffic on the double-track main. Our engine is U-1-a No. 6003, one of CNR's first 4-8-2's. At



At CPR's Westmount station in Montreal (top), Pacific 2472 pulls out with train 572, 2 miles from the end of its run at Windsor Station, on August 23, 1957; RDC's beside the shiny 4-6-2 hint at the all-diesel future. Later in the day, at CPR's St. Luc roundhouse, Barry watched a shop worker remove a driving-wheel tire from a Mikado. From the cab of CNR 4-8-2 6003 on the 24th, he snapped CPR 4-6-2 1224 on double track between Port Credit and Bayview, approaching with the morning TH&B/CPR train from Buffalo.





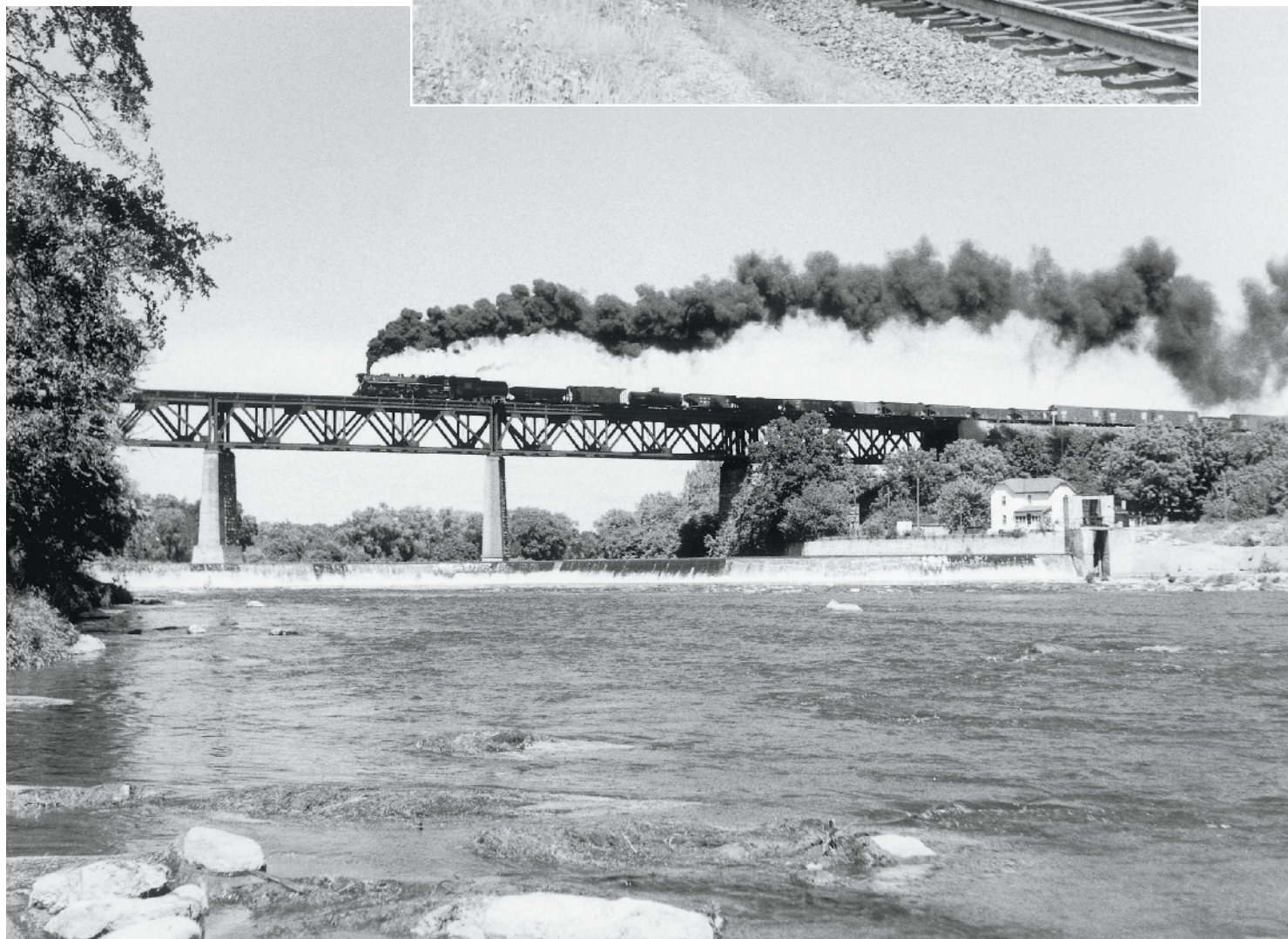
Paris I get a nice shot of 6003 leaving, with plenty of smoke at my request.

The conference is fun and provides opportunity for further train-watching, as one of my college friends has his car there. We encounter the 6105, one of CNR's first 4-8-4's (1927), on a west-bound freight at Brantford and ask the fireman to make smoke crossing the Grand River bridge at Paris. He does.

After the conference, I decide to ride the Stratford-Fort Erie mixed, which comes through Paris at 9:42 a.m. I think I can catch it at the big coal tower and water plug west of town and perhaps get a ride in the cab, but I underestimate the time I need. My "if it's a mixed, it must be late" stereotype doesn't help. I end up with a photo of the train passing me by—along with my only chance to ride a steam-powered mixed in Canada.

There are no more morning trains

**At Barry's request (right), enginemen Bill Weaver and George Lucy on 4-8-2 6003 make a smoky departure from Paris, Ont., with CNR Toronto-London train 77. "Staged smoke" enhances another view at Paris (below), of CNR 4-8-4 6105 soaring over the Grand River bridge with freight No. 511 on August 26, 1957.**







east. Chagrined, I head to the highway and hitch a ride to Hamilton. There I talk my way into the cab of U-1-f 4-8-2 No. 6079—the very last steam engine built for CNR, in 1944. This engine, on train 86, will take me to Niagara Falls—as far as I can go with steam.

We roll through extensive peach orchards. At Grimsby, a disheveled man approaches. “He wants a ride,” the fireman says. He’s directed around to the other side of the engine where he can climb up unobserved. He doesn’t board the engine but rides the front vestibule of the baggage car. “Last time, we uncoupled the engine and there he was—nobody knew about him!” Not knowing about him seems to have been more troubling than the hobbing itself.

The next day I visit yards in the Buffalo area, then hitch my way down to our family home near New Hope, Pa.



Again at Paris (top), on August 31, 1957, CNR 2-8-2 3422 rolls Stratford-Fort Erie mixed 218 past Barry, who was too far from the station to get aboard. “Bullet-nosed Betty” 4-8-2 6079 (above, at Toronto on January 27, 1957) is Barry’s vantage point for a photo (right) of 4-8-4 6154 powering a westbound freight near Grimsby, Ont., on August 31.





## **Trip 3: Bayview with a buddy**

**M**y last cab rides in Canada come two years after my first. Halfway through my senior year, I again head north for the mid-semester break after briefly visiting my family. I check the roundhouse in Niagara Falls, then make my way up to Hamilton and on to Bayview—a complex junction laid out in a wye with a spur off the stem where Canadian Pacific trains join the Canadian National main line to Toronto. The junction overlooks Hamilton Harbor to the east, and a low bluff rises above the Niagara Falls line, broken by a gap formed by a waterway. CPR takes advantage of this to enter downtown Hamilton, which CNR bypasses. A graceful arch bridge carries a highway across both the CPR and the water.

This 1959 trip is different because I will have a companion—John Darling, a fellow Earlham student, who has arranged to meet me at Bayview that afternoon, after a day in Toronto. He will arrive in Hamilton on No. 83, then hike the 2 miles back to the junction. The ground is covered with snow and ice under a blue sky and brilliant sun. From the top of the bluff, I can see far to the east. Soon there's a white plume above the line to Toronto. I slide down an icy path to catch doubleheaded U-2's rolling in toward Hamilton. Train 83 comes by with the 6230, the first engine I saw on my trip two years ago! In due time, from the bluff I see John's tall figure walking along the ties and hurry down to join him.

A trackworker says a CPR local will be coming up from Hamilton shortly, and we take our positions. Soon Mikado 5214 comes into view, with just eight cars. The sharp bark of her exhaust and the magnificent tower of smoke and steam tell all who understand her language the steepness of the grade. The sun is getting low as her turbulent plume engulfs the steelwork of the highway bridge. Then we move up to the CNR main line to catch No. 75, a fast afternoon train to London that bypasses Hamilton. It comes bursting around the curve, racing toward the setting sun, white steam contrasting with the now-shaded background. Its engine is 5700, which I rode behind to Windsor

**Having backed out of Hamilton, CNR 4-8-4 6230 (top right) accelerates Toronto-Windsor train 83 west through Bayview on January 28, 1959. Later that day, CPR 2-8-2 5214 storms upgrade under the York Boulevard bridge at Bayview with a local freight.**







**K-5-a 5700, the first of Canadian National's five 80-inch-drivered 4-6-4's, heads into the low afternoon sun with Toronto-London train 75, the *Forest City*, at Bayview on January 28, 1959.**



**Carrying sleepers from Philadelphia and New York, the *Maple Leaf* skirts Hamilton Harbor behind CNR 4-8-4 6233 on January 29. Exhaust from another train is visible across the water.**

in 1957. The five Hudsons are the fastest engines on the CNR, and crews say they sometimes hit 100 on specials.

The next morning, January 29, is gray and raw. We photograph the *Maple Leaf* running along the frozen bay. Then we hike up to the junction to wait for No. 77, the first train west. I wonder if Bill Weaver still might be on this job, although 18 months have passed since my ride with him to Paris. I set up my tripod next to the switch—if Bill

is the hogger, my camera will catch his attention. Local trains diverge from the main line here to serve Hamilton, then back up to this switch to continue to London. If Bill is in charge, he may give us a ride.

Sure enough, there's a wave from the cab as U-1-a 4-8-2 6014 clanks by and Bill Weaver and I exchange hand signals we both understand. When the train returns backing up, we join him and George Lucy in the cab before the

dwarf signal clears. John stands by Bill, listening to stories all the way to London. I'm on the fireman's side, photographing the trains we meet.

After delivering the 6014 to the London roundhouse, Bill takes us both home for lunch, showing off his new car in the process. "I got it a few weeks ago," he says. "Riding my bike is just too much in winter." After Mrs. Weaver feeds us generously, Bill returns us to the yard, where we spend the afternoon photographing freights and visiting the roundhouse. Some freights have diesels, but most still boast 4-8-4's.

We decide to visit CNR's big locomotive shops in Stratford. To get there, we talk our way into the cab of K-2 Pacific 5548 on train 170 to Palmerston. The trip lasts less than an hour. In Stratford, we thank the engine crew and climb down. After the train pulls out, I realize I no longer have my camera! I figure it must still be on the 5548. I go gingerly to the telegraph office to tell the agent I left my camera on the engine when the crew let us into the cab for a look (I don't mention our ride). I ask if they can request Palmerston to send it back. "Yes, but it won't get here 'til 10 a.m. tomorrow," the agent says. I thank him.

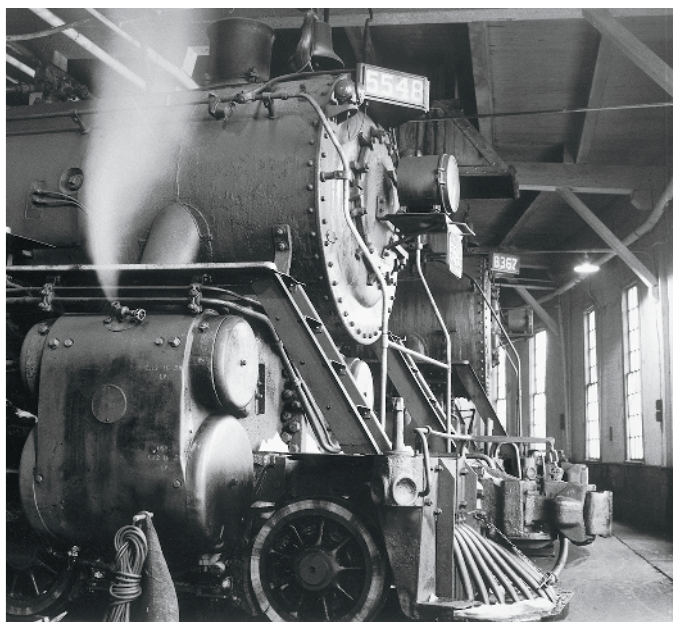
That night, I ask the roundhouse foreman if there's an engine not being used in which we could lay out our sleeping bags. He identifies a Mikado cooling down for a boiler wash at the far end of the roundhouse. The cab is warm when we spread out our bedding, but the temperature is very low outside, and cold seeps into our sleeping bags as the engine's fire dies.

Next day, we inspect long lines of dead engines, an unpleasant sign of things to come. When train 169 arrives at 10:05, the baggageman hands me a large company envelope with my name on it. I am whole again.

Neither John nor I remembers much about our trip back to London, but it must have been on train 29, possibly on the engine, J-3-b Pacific 5079. From London we get our final cab ride, on engine 6230, the handsome U-2 4-8-4 I photographed in Bayview on John's train from Toronto. Again it's heading 83, an all-stops local to Windsor. Despite the stops there are opportunities for fast running, and at one point I grab the engineer's seat in front of me when the swaying and lurching get violent. "Eighty-five," engineer Frank Fellows answers when I ask our speed. The limit here is 80 for passenger trains but only 70 for the U-2's, which have 73-inch drivers vs. 77 on the streamlined U-4's.

We stop to pick up a nearly frozen





Pacific 4-6-2 5548 (left) rests in the London roundhouse on January 29, awaiting its run to Palmerston with CNR train 170; Frank Barry rode the cab to Stratford, and left his camera on board! Earlier in the day at Bayview (below), engineer Bill Weaver rolls train 77 toward Hamilton; when he backs out to the main line tracks at left, he'll pick up John Darling (above dwarf signal) and Barry, and they'll ride CNR 6014's cab to London.

flagman protecting a stalled Wabash freight on the track ahead (Wabash ran on CNR trackage rights across southern Ontario). The Wabash has been dieselized in Canada for at least six years, and he's glad to ride on a steam engine.


In Windsor, a policeman stops us on our way to the roundhouse, but in John's words, I "charm" him into letting us by. Then it's back to school. John's car is at Windsor station, so I don't have to hitch.

The following winter, John went back one last time. All steam was gone. Bill Weaver was riding on the left side of a new diesel, giving his fireman a turn at the controls. "I don't feel comfortable with them," he confided to John.



## **Postscript: Enduring rail connections**

**T**oday both John and I remain deeply grateful for the kindness of Bill Weaver, George Lucy, Frank Fellows, and the other men who so generously shared their engine cabs with us. Maybe they thought we'd become railroaders. I was offered rail jobs twice, but I declined because I wasn't ready to settle down. John, though, says this experience was pivotal to his career. It began with a volunteer stint on the Wilmington & Western tourist pike in Delaware that led to a job on the B&O, 15 years in Santa Fe's management, and finally the CEO post on the Chicago South Shore & South Bend. John is now president of the Central Illinois Railroad, which provides switching services in various locations in Illinois and Iowa.

I managed to live near operating steam railroads in several countries until I went to Ithaca, N.Y., for graduate school in 1967. Since 1980 I've put most of my extra-curricular energy into National Association of Railroad Passengers' efforts to promote passenger service in the U.S. I've had many cab rides since 1959, including one as a guest of the French National Railways on a turboliner at 100 mph. But nothing I have ever done—or ever will do—can match the sheer exhilaration I felt hurtling through that snowy night making 90 per aboard CN 6402. 

**Engineer Bill Weaver (in doorway) and fireman George Lucy, the kind crew who hosted Barry on three cab rides, pose at London.**







# All night on a 2-10-2

I asked Illinois Central for a photo permit, but got an engine-riding permit instead. Hey, I was just following instructions. We made it work, though

By R. R. "Dick" Wallin  
Photos by the author

**M**y first railfan activities were incubated in the early 1950's by two high-school buddies, Bill McKenzie and Maurie Walker, in our hometown of Kirkwood, Mo., a St. Louis suburb. By this time, the big doubleheader steam show that Missouri Pacific had performed for us on Kirkwood Hill was a thing of the past, and most St. Louis-area operations were

dieselized. Three exceptions were a bit of Illinois Central and New York Central steam over in East St. Louis on "the Illinois side" and a few Missouri Pacific 2-8-0's and 2-8-2's at the yard down in Dupu, Ill., a few miles south. St. Louis Union Station still hosted a couple of regularly steam-powered trains, both overnight runs, one on the Baltimore & Ohio from Cincinnati and the other an NYC train from Indianapolis.

Therefore, we felt the need to travel farther afield to find some major steam operations. We knew IC still operated

IC 2811, which I saw at Carbondale (above) two days before my ride, was a 1921 Lima, IC 2995 (in series 2901-3025), and among 20 "modernized" at Paducah (in late 1944) with a new boiler and renumbered as 2800's.

steam through Illinois on the main line south from Chicago, and a look at the map revealed that it crossed the B&O main line at Odin, Ill. Naive as we were, we thought that must be a mighty busy rail junction, so one sunny Saturday we drove over to Odin, 65 miles east of St. Louis. What a disappointment—Odin was just a diamond crossing and an abandoned depot; I don't even recall an interchange track there.

In looking south, however, we could see black smoke, so we headed that way and soon came to Centralia, 8 miles away. As we arrived in the north end of town, we saw what appeared to be an engine terminal a few blocks to the west. Sure enough, it turned out to be a Burlington roundhouse with several 2-8-2's and 2-10-4's on hand. We bailed out of the car, cameras in hand, and took about five steps before we received a polite but firm invitation to depart.

Despite that setback, we figured the IC must have some kind of facility in Centralia, and perhaps the folks there would be more friendly. Once again following the smoke, we headed south to a



suburb called Wamac and saw a huge pall of smoke off to the west. (I'd later learn that Wamac is named for the three counties it straddles: Washington, Marion, and Clinton.) What met our eyes was almost beyond belief: a full-circle roundhouse full of live steam, plus an engine-servicing facility with a dozen or more locomotives being coaled or watered or waiting their turn.

IC employees were, indeed, much more friendly than their counterparts at "the Q," but told us that we should obtain photo permits for future visits.

This we eventually did, soon learning that a letter to Otto H. Zimmerman, IC's Vice President of Operations in Chicago, would yield the desired document, the original of which was to be signed and returned to him, with the photographer retaining the carbon copy as proof of his permission to be on the property.

## A surprise in the mail

Thus was the stage set for my escapade on the fateful day. I had planned a three-day visit in late August 1957, driving over to Centralia by myself, and had written to Mr. Zimmerman. Shortly I received his reply, with the usual instructions about signing the original, retaining the carbon copy, etc.

But wait! Something was wrong. None of the blanks on the carbon copy matched up with what was typed from the original. Then I looked at the top of the carbon copy—what I had received was not a photo permit but an engine-riding permit!

Holy cow! Even at only 20 years of age, I think I must've almost had a heart attack. What should I do? There wasn't time to write back and correct this. Obviously Mr. Zimmerman's secretary had grabbed the carbon copy form off the wrong stack. Or did she? Hmmm. Maybe she did it intentionally, knowing what a thrill it would be for a young guy to ride some steam engines. I dutifully followed the instructions, signing and returning the original, and put the carbon copy in my camera bag.

The error created another dilemma for me; it allowed engine-riding, but not photography, which was my primary objective. I quickly put my mind at ease, though, with the logic that I would be wanting to ride the engine to get

**Paperwork from the memorable IC overnight mine-run ride helps keep the memories fresh now a half century later. Note the speed restriction on order No. 577 (top, left) account the Du Quoin Fair.**



**I couldn't have asked for a better chaperone for the night's adventure than engineer Ray Maxfield, whom I photographed running 2811 that night somewhere in deepest Illinois.**

that type of photo; I figured the crews would understand that. I surmised that I could talk my way through any of this. The employees at the Centralia roundhouse office knew me by this time, so I figured that by strolling in, waving the sheet of paper, and saying that I now

had an engine-riding permit, they would not look at the fine print. That was exactly what happened—no one scrutinized the form.

My next problem was that you can't get much of a picture of a steam locomotive in action while you're in the cab. Thus, I figured I might as well ride at night, so I wouldn't lose any daytime photographic opportunities. After discussing my request for a night ride, the

**ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD**  
Train Order No. 577  
Date: AUG 20  
At: CENTRALIA  
To: C. & E. TRAIN STARTING SOUTH  
ENDUOIN  
ALL TRAINS REDUCE SPEED TO 20 MILES PER HOUR WHILE ENGINE PASSING OVER ALL STREET AND HIGHWAY CROSSINGS. LOOKOUT FOR PEOPLE AND AUTOMOBILES CROSSING TRACKS ACCOUNT DUSK/DOWN FAIR

**ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD**  
Train Order No. 577  
Date: AUG 21  
At: CENTRALIA  
To: C. & E. TRAIN STARTING SOUTH  
NORTH CHRD TO CENTRALIA  
NO 23 LEAVE TODAY

**ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD**  
CHECK OF TRAIN REGISTER  
Form 547  
Station: Centralia  
Conductor: H. E. H.  
Checked by: H. E. H.  
Train: 5-27-1957  
A. M. of P. M. Departed: 12:15 P.M.  
Arrived: 1:02 P.M.  
Train: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

**Illinois Central Railroad**  
CLEARANCE  
Station: Centralia, Ill.  
To C. & E. Train: Extra 2811 South  
I have: Two orders for your train  
Numbers: 201 577  
On account of a preceding train do not leave this station until: 8:57 P.M.  
Operation: 8:57 P.M.  
C&E EXA 2811 SOUTH  
CARBONDALE ILLS 8-27-57 9 PM  
TAKE 45 REAR OVAL CARS TO FROSTYH MINE AND PLACE FOR LOADING  
SET OUT BALANCE OVAL CARS WITH END OF NEW STORAGE DU QUOIN  
LOOK OUT FOR MY OVAL CAR SETTING IN LEAD JUST WEST OF TIPLE AT FROSTYH  
9-3 END 9153  
9-1 EXA 2811 SOUTH PASS DU QUOIN ABOUT 10:30 PM  
9-1 EXA 2811 SOUTH PASS DU QUOIN ABOUT 11:45 PM  
R C J





**IC folks told me that 2604, one of the 20 4-8-2's built from scratch by IC at Paducah in 1942-43 and pictured at Centralia in mid-'58, was given the white-stripe accents when it was the last engine overhauled at Memphis.**

men at the roundhouse determined that a run late that evening with engineer Ray V. Maxfield would be just the ticket. Power would be a fat-boilered 2-10-2, No. 2811; the assignment was to take empty hoppers to a mine 50 miles south of Centralia, pick up the loads, and be back in Centralia about 9 a.m.

At about 9 p.m. on August 27, I was introduced to Mr. Maxfield and the rest of the crew. They seemed a bit amused by the request of a 20-year-old in Levis and white T-shirt with a bulging camera bag to ride all night on a dirty steam engine, but they turned out to be a friendly bunch. Maxfield was the archetypal steam engineer, thin and wiry, wearing a typical billed cap and possessing a friendly demeanor. I couldn't have asked for a better chaperone for the night's adventure.

## Life on a mine run

Our orders were to take 45 empties south to Forsyth Mine, pick up its loads, and do some set-out and pick-up work at Du Quoin, a junction town on the main line 26 miles south of Centralia. We finally got out of Centralia about 11 p.m. As anyone who has ridden a steam engine knows, there is a great deal of

ceremony involved in readying the beast to depart: fine-tuning the fire, checking supplies, wiping down all surfaces and valve handles, and so forth.

As we go through life, there are certain fragrances which remain indelibly etched in our memory . . . the perfume worn by your first love, or even the smell of a country outhouse. Certainly for a non-railroader, the smells of a steam locomotive cab is another. Once you have experienced them, you never forget, and I have not forgotten the olfactory mixture of the 2811's cab.

It was probably about 2 a.m. by the time we reached Forsyth Mine, on a branch east of the main to the northeast of Carbondale. We spent about an hour at the mine, setting out and picking up cars. I could see from the mine's floodlights that the entire yard complex had, for lack of a better word, squiggly track. Nevertheless, engineer Maxfield pushed, pulled, and shoved with abandon, just as if he was in a little 0-6-0 instead of a lanky 2-10-2. I was almost afraid to look, as I expected us to pick a switch point and jackknife our tender. Finally our work was finished, and we got our train together and headed for Du Quoin.

Railroading is full of hurry-up-and-wait, and we experienced that at Du Quoin, where we had to sit a couple of hours for a late No. 10, the northbound *Seminole*. We killed about an hour getting coffee, during which I was able to listen in on the usual train-crew talk about who was first out on the extra board and such. On one occasion during a lull, I tried to steer the conversation toward which were better engines,

the 2700- or 2800-series 2-10-2's, or the 2600-class 4-8-2's. The crew's response was brief, mainly that they ran whatever engine the roundhouse gave them, and one was usually about as good as another for the runs they handled.

After the coffee break, we got our train together in the compact Du Quoin yard. The town also had a small engine terminal with perhaps a half dozen Mikados and a couple of 0-8-0's for mine runs and local work. A branch ran east from Du Quoin to Benton, where there was another engine terminal, and then on to Akin Junction on the Edgewood Cutoff. (This line is still active today under Canadian National, but the mine branch to Forsyth is long gone.)

With our Du Quoin yard work done, we sat for another 45 minutes before, finally, the oscillating headlight of No. 10's lead diesel shone in the distance. By now the sun was just coming up, so I stuck my movie camera out the 2811's cab window to catch it going by. The lead unit turned out to be one of Central of Georgia two E8's (811 and 812), still in the blue, gray, and orange color scheme, in run-through service on this Chicago-Jacksonville, Fla., train. Not long afterward, the two units were repainted into IC orange and brown, with CENTRAL OF GEORGIA in the crossbar of the IC diamond emblem on the nose, to conform with IC's practice of requiring all equipment regularly used on its streamliners be in matching colors.

After No. 10's departure, we had the northbound main to ourselves the rest of the way back to Centralia. One of our two Form 19 orders was No. 577, to not exceed 20 mph through Du Quoin

### More on our Web site

View some of author R. R. "Dick" Wallin's Illinois Central movies from his Centralia adventures at [www.classictrainsmag.com](http://www.classictrainsmag.com).





Monty Powell; J. David Ingles collection



While riding around Centralia yard in November '57 with Ray Maxfield (left, at throttle) on 0-8-0 3530 (photographed by a friend Nov. 6, top left), I snapped a shot of the engineer on another 0-8-0 (above) as we passed it.

owing to the State Fair being under way (Illinois is unusual in having two State Fairs, one in the capital of Springfield and the other down in Du Quoin).

A few miles south of Centralia, engineer Maxfield hollered at me and gestured off to the east, where glinting against the rising sun was 4-8-2 2604, coming in off the branch to the Orient Mine. The 2604 was my favorite IC steam engine, as it had white-striped driving wheels and running boards, plus small silver stars on the cylinder and valve heads. Employees at Centralia told me that 2604 received the dress-up treatment because it was the last steam engine overhauled at Memphis.

## Bonus encounters

Entering the Centralia yard, we overran a switch at which we were supposed to stop and realign by hand. This resulted in some swearing and driving-wheel spinning in order to get us into the right pew. Then we had to back down and pick up our rear-end crew. While all this was going on, the 2604 came into

the yard alongside us, so I was able to take some good movies of it.

After we tied up at the roundhouse, I was one happy, dirty, and tired 20-year-old. I thanked the crew profusely, and Mr. Maxfield said he'd be glad to have me ride along any time I wanted to. Before heading home, I made a quick stop at the CB&Q roundhouse and found 2-10-4 6315, an engine that had eluded me for months. It was the only Q 2-10-4 I saw that didn't have a big, ungainly Mars light mounted above the headlight. I took a few pictures, but soon was greeted by one of the employees asking me to leave. I told him, "Hey, you guys ought to be more friendly to people; the IC let me ride on one of their steamers all night last night." He looked at me as if I was crazy and walked away.

My next foray to the area was over Veterans Day weekend in November 1957. I had become acquainted with an engineer, Art Jones, based at Benton, and even stayed at his house the first night of my trip. His wife woke me at daybreak the next morning and said Art

had been called out on a run during the night and would be on 2-10-2 2702, and that I should check at the enginehouse to see where he was. Turned out I didn't need to—I ran across him as soon as I got there and then rode out with him over to Akin Junction and back.

My final hurrah on Illinois Central steam was in fall 1958, when I photographed some 4-8-2's and 2-10-2's in action, but I didn't do any riding. One night, though, I was driving through Centralia and just for kicks, I asked if engineer Maxfield was on duty. Sure enough, I was told he was on 0-8-0 3530 somewhere in the yard. I tracked him down and rode with him for about an hour, shooting a few black-and-white frames with a cheap Brownie flash camera. Then he told me he had to put an office car on the back of a passenger train at the depot, so it might be best to not have non-crew people in the cab.

We bid our good-byes. It would be the last time I would see engineer Maxfield or live IC steam, but I have fond, lifelong memories of both. **1**



**50** years  
since  
**STEAM**

GRAND  
TRUNK  
WESTERN



Sandy Goodrick

A Milwaukee Road baggage car disrupts the green of Grand Trunk Western train 20 as 6407 takes it out of South Bend, Ind., on May 9, 1953.

# RIDE *of a* LIFETIME

When Grand Trunk Western honored a cab-ride request from a 12-year-old

By Charles Chauncey Wells

Grand Trunk Western, the Canadian National subsidiary operating in Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, plus Lake Michigan carferry service to Milwaukee, Wis., is well known for having operated the last daily Class 1 mainline steam-powered passenger trains in the U.S., on its Detroit Division. GTW celebrated the “last run” in grand style, on March 27, 1960, with two sections of Detroit–Durand (Mich.) trains 21 and 56 as a well-publicized “Farewell to Steam” that drew 3,600 passengers and required 37 passenger cars! Workaday GTW steam in freight service lasted two more days, and GTW ran occasional steam excursions into fall 1961, but only a handful of other Class 1 U.S. roads ran regular everyday steam after March ’60.

Steam had been dwindling on Grand Trunk Western for several years, with a sea change occurring in February 1957 when the Chicago Division became fully dieselized west of Battle Creek, Mich., except for the occasional passenger excursion. GTW’s mainline passenger trains, through Toronto–Chicago runs



that "the Trunk," as many called it, accepted from CN at Port Huron, Mich., got their first diesels in 1954. They were not "covered wagons" as on most other railroads but two EMD GP9's. There were three pairs of trains: the crack *International Limited*, Nos. 14 and 15, overnight on GTW; Nos. 5 and 6, the *La Salle* westbound and *Inter-City Limited* eastbound, also overnight; and in the daytime, Nos. 17 and 20, the *Inter-City Limited* westbound and *Maple Leaf* eastbound. No. 17 crossed Michigan in the afternoon, while No. 20 left Chicago's Dearborn Station in mid-morning and gained Canadian National rails at supertime.

Dieselization of all Chicago Division trains was accomplished after the delivery of 24 more GP9's, 16 for passenger work (Nos. 4907-4922) and 8 for freight (4539-4546). Until then, Grand Trunk Western's Chicago passenger trains were in the charge of 4-8-4's, either its six streamlined class U-4-b, 4-8-4's 6405-6410 (Lima, 1938) or the surviving locomotives among its 25 ubiquitous class U-3-b dual-service Northerns, 6312-6336 (Alco, 1942). (The Trunk also had five dual-service, class U-1-c 1925 Baldwin 4-8-2's, 6037-6041.)

## NEW HOME, NEW ALLEGIANCE

As a kid, my favorite railroad was not the GTW but the Chesapeake & Ohio, whose former Pere Marquette Railway's Grand Rapids-Chicago line ran through my hometown of Coloma, Mich., near the twin towns of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph. My earliest recollection of steam was when I was 5, when a fast freight powered by a PM 1200-series Berkshire stopped to set out a car with a hot box at Coloma. Another time at about that age, I saw New York Central steam up close on a visit to the roundhouse at Niles, Mich., a large terminal not far from home. Otherwise, as a kid I remember seeing only diesels.

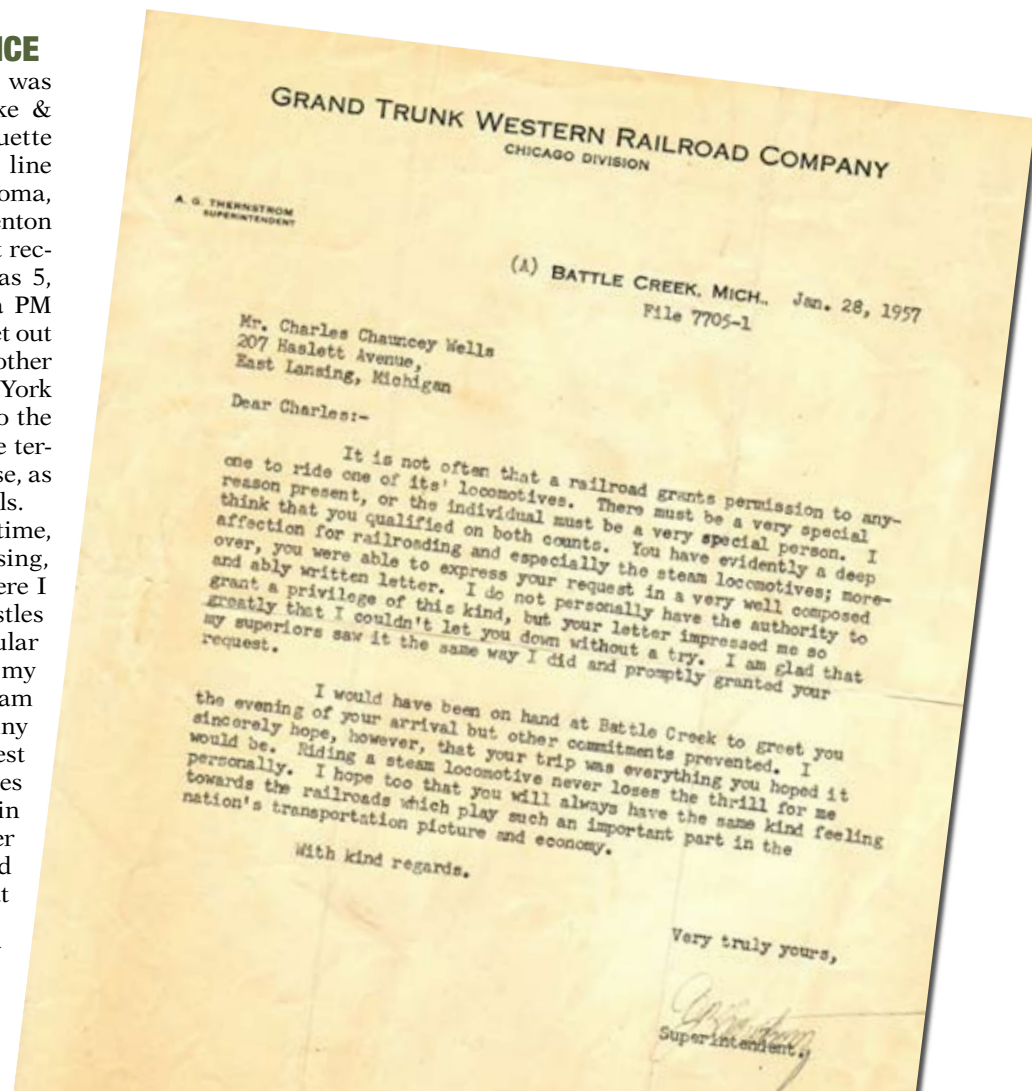
That changed, if only for a brief time, when my family moved to Lansing, Mich., in 1956, when I was 11. There I was thrilled to hear distant whistles and see steam locomotives in regular service on the GTW. It became my favorite railroad, and I saw its steam engines all the time—the huge, shiny black Northerns on freights and, best of all, the streamlined U-4-b beauties on passenger trains, glistening in olive and black with a red number plate on the front and red-and-gold emblem on the tender. To me, that was steam in all its glory.

It was not to last, however. My father, Joe E. Wells, worked for the state in Lansing, the capital, and



Photo above and letter below from author's collection

No photos exist of the author's ride, but he was able to recreate the scene when none other than 6407 herself showed up in June '57 for a GTW equipment display at the Lansing depot, pointed east, opposite to his ride. Needless to say, he saved the GTW superintendent's letter.







James R. Stiefel

We don't know which of Grand Trunk Western's six streamlined U-4-b's this is, pausing at Lansing on train 17 on March 17, 1953, but does it matter? In the author's mind, it's the 6407!

had coffee every morning with Donald Hughes, a safety inspector for the Michigan Public Service Commission, who kept us posted on all things railroad going on in the state. In January 1957, he said that steam on the Trunk's Chicago Division would be ending soon . . . and indeed it would, on April 6 on train 17 to Chicago.

Before that, though, I wrote an impassioned letter to A. G. Thernstrom, GTW Chicago Division superintendent in Battle Creek, stating my sadness about the passing of steam power and requesting a cab ride on one of those steamers. It did not fall on deaf ears.

## WHAT DO I RECALL? ALL OF IT

Lo and behold, my father got a call, and permission was granted if he would accompany me on the trip. No problem there—he was as crazy about trains as I was, having worked for both the Pere Marquette and the Michigan Central as a switchman before being laid off in the Depression. We were to ride the cab on train No. 17 from Lansing to Cassopolis, about a two-hour ride, on Thursday, January 24.

What do I remember more than 50 years later? Nearly everything.

The train roared into Lansing at 4:21 p.m., right on time, behind colorful, streamlined U-4-b 6407. Engineer Potter climbed down with his alemite grease gun and started pumping grease into those huge drive-rod bearings. He greeted us cheerily.

The fireman had taken on coal and water at Trowbridge a ways up the track (the huge concrete coaling tower spanning the main line there still stands!), but was having problems with clinkers



Norm Herbert

With a clean nose but dirty flanks, 6407 poses at Milwaukee Junction roundhouse in Detroit on May 11, 1958; 6405 was the last U-4-b in steam.





Philip A. Weibler

**Flanked by Alco RS1's of Santa Fe (left) and Chicago & Western Indiana, GTW 6407 leaves Chicago's Dearborn Station with train 20 in July 1955.**

and had a long-handled rake in the firebox breaking them up. He showed us how the automatic stoker fed coal up to the firebox and compressed air distributed it onto the huge, roaring fire. He used a shovel only to fill in the bare spots. Compressed air also opened the butterfly doors, and when you walked across the cab floor, the uninitiated often mistakenly stepped on the pedal and were scared out of their wits when the doors flew open, revealing the fires from hell.

Keeping watch over the water gauge and injecting water into the boiler was the most important part of the job, he said. Because of the fear of boiler explosions, no locomotive fireman was inattentive when it came to watching the water gauge or missing a chance to take on water.

Quickly, it was 4:28, time to go. I took my place on the seatbox behind the engineer, and my father did the same on the fireman's side. Within a mile or two, we were doing 80. Engine 6407 was late in its service life and had worn tires (the steel rims on the driving wheels), and the engineer said the ride was harder than when the engine had been better maintained. But 6407 still had lots of life and power to move the 10 cars at 90 or better, if need be, on the Trunk's perfectly maintained double

track. Safety came first, but keeping the schedule was as important, and exceeding the speed limit of 79 mph, within reason, happened often in those days.

The towns shot by, with me blowing the whistle—Millett, Pottersville, a quick stop at Charlotte (Shar-LOT), then Olivet, Bellevue, and suddenly we were going by Nichols Yard at the east end of Battle Creek, also the site of GTW's backshops and the adjacent Kellogg's cereal factory. *Bambaty-bam-bam* we went over the New York Central's former Michigan Central mainline diamond and into GTW's Battle Creek station. We changed crews, and operation switched to Central Time. Only 7 minutes were allowed for the crew change and to load baggage, mail, and passengers, and then we were off again.

West of Battle Creek, there is a long straight stretch near Fort Custer. The engineer got out of his seat and said to me, "Here, you take it for a while." I slid in and held the throttle, still hitting the whistle—the cord for country whistles and a whistle valve near the brake lever in the city. Soon the town of Climax was coming up, so he needed to take over again.

We slammed through Scotts and Pavilion, where the Kalamazoo line branches off, and then Vicksburg, where we crossed the Pennsylvania's line from

Fort Wayne to Grand Rapids and made a quick station stop, during which we caught the smells from the Lee Paper factory. We pounded through Schoolcraft, made a short stop at the farming community of Marcellus, and finally rolled the last 13 miles on to Cassopolis. There the fireman swung up onto the tender to take water, and my dad and I prepared to get off, to be met by relatives coming down from Coloma to drive us back to Lansing.

## ALL TOO QUICKLY, IT'S OVER

It had been a fast two hours. I was on cloud nine as I climbed down the cab ladder. The fireman pushed the water spout back into position and returned to the cab. The engineer gave us a farewell wave and the train moved out. The Cassopolis depot area seemed eerily quiet as we watched the train disappear into the winter night toward Edwardsburg, South Bend, Valparaiso, and Chicago.

A lot of railroading has happened in my life since then, including a cab ride on the Santa Fe's *Super Chief* over Gorieta Pass, N.Mex., a private-car excursion trip through Mexico, and many memorable fan trips. But nothing will ever equal those two hours I spent riding in the cab of Grand Trunk Western streamlined 4-8-4 6407. 🚂