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At Muskogee, Okla., in 1953, Missouri-Kansas-Texas engineer Buck Seabaugh mounts the lead F3 of the *Katy Komet*, a fast freight that he'll run to Denison, Texas.

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All aboard FOR ADVENTURE

Edna St. Vincent Millay, in the closing lines of her 1921 poem “Travel,” spoke for all of us who love to ride the rails: “[T]here isn’t a train I wouldn’t take, No matter where it’s going.” This publication—ALL ABOARD!, the 13th Special Edition from CLASSIC TRAINS—takes its inspiration from that sentiment.

In this issue we present several stories about riding trains for the sheer enjoyment of it. Bob Johnston’s “Intermountain Odyssey” [beginning on page 8] recounts his blockbuster tour of the West in 1963. The homespun charms of a New England short line come alive in Brian Whiton’s tale [page 20]. On page 24, Paul McDonald tells of his three-day Midwest train-riding marathon in 1967. In “Riding the (Dusty) Cushions” [page 42], Senior Editor Dave Ingles recalls a trip on a Georgia Railroad mixed train. Dick Anderson’s story [page 50] should be familiar to anyone who has ridden a train to get to a train-watching spot. Tim Repp’s “Adventures with SP Train 51” [page 98] reminds us that railroads did not always share their customers’ enthusiasm for passenger trains.

Two articles involve trips made by Army privates at the behest of Uncle Sam. The late Ed Mercer’s cross-country journey [page 66] swaddled him in streamliner luxury. More typical of the GI journey was the Korean War-era troop train chronicled by the late David P. Morgan and Philip R. Hastings [page 86].

We hear from railroad employees as well. “Second Engine 28” [page 30] by the late John Crosby gives a fireman’s-eye view of high-speed steam railroading. Chuck Geletzke recounts a long, cold night as a brakeman on a wreck clean-up train [page 80].

Finally, the potential for tragedy, and its effect on survivors, is addressed in “When One Is One Too Many” [page 70]. Thankfully, such experiences are rarities among the many adventures that ensue after the conductor cries, “All aboard!”

Robert S. McGonigal

Passengers on an NRHS convention special lean out their windows for a view of Rio Grande narrow-gauge Mikados 484 and 487, eastbound out of Chama, N.Mex., in September 1963.

BOB JOHNSTON

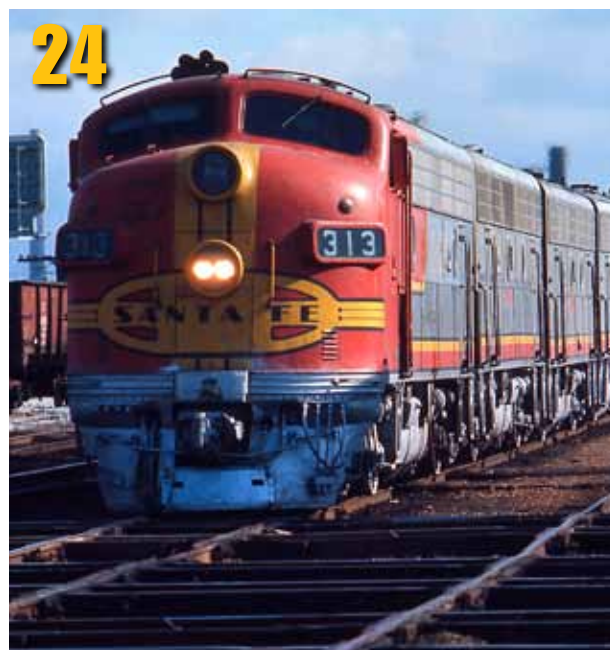


All Aboard!

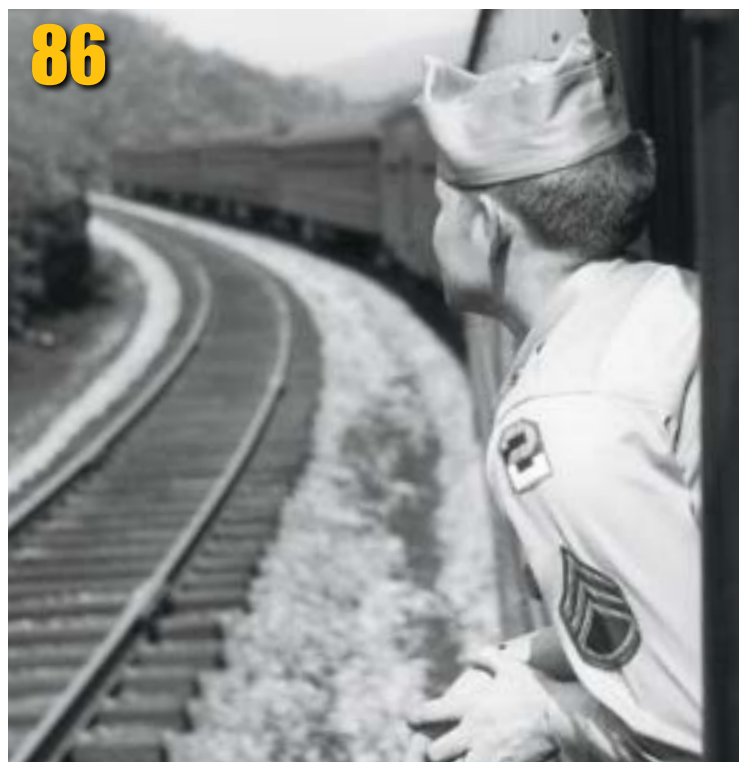


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Photos of railroaders at work on, and riders enjoying, the “last car”



On the cover: Santa Fe’s *Golden Gate*, a secondary Bay Area–Los Angeles train, pulls into Merced, Calif., in May 1958 as members of a Chicago-based rail tour party wait to climb aboard. *Jim Neubauer photo*



CONTRIBUTORS

RICHARD J. ANDERSON ["Through the Wilderness on an RDC," page 50] grew up in Iowa and is retired from a career as an Episcopal priest. An "inveterate train-rider," Dick rode "virtually every" Rock Island route. This is his sixth byline in a *CLASSIC TRAINS* publication. Thanks to James A. Brown and Greg McDonnell for help with CPR information.

JOHN R. CROSBY ["Second Engine 28," page 30] went on to a career in engine service on PRR, Penn Central, and Conrail, retiring in 1986. His article in this issue is one of several memorable pieces he wrote for *TRAINS* magazine in the 1970s and '80s. John Crosby died in 1995 at age 71; we are grateful to his son Mike for providing his father's photos.

CHARLES H. "CHUCK" GELETZKE JR. ["A Night on the Auxiliary," page 80] retired in 2011 after 45 years of service in rail labor and management positions, the last 38 as a locomotive engineer and supervisor of engineers for GTW and successor Canadian National. Earlier, he'd worked for Delray Connecting, MoPac, and Detroit & Toledo Shore Line. A Central Michigan University graduate, Chuck served with the U.S. Marine Corps and the Army Reserve's 226th Railway Shop Battalion. In 2011 he published his first book, *The Detroit & Toledo Shore Line Railroad: Expressway For Industry*, with coauthor Wilbur Hague. Chuck has had more than 120 articles and photos published in the railroad press including this, his sixth byline in a *CLASSIC TRAINS* publication.

J. DAVID INGLES ["Riding the (Dusty) Cushions," page 42], Senior Editor of *CLASSIC TRAINS* since its inception, rode Soo Line's "caboose mixed-train service" in 1981 from Neenah to Shawano, Wis., and from 1968 into the current century has ridden dozens of steam excursions under the auspices of Southern, N&W, and Norfolk Southern.

BOB JOHNSTON ["Intermountain Odyssey," page 8] grew up in Arlington Heights, Ill., and still lives in Chicago, with his wife, Sheryl. Since taking his first overnight train ride on B&O's *Capitol Limited* at age 6, Bob has ridden almost every current North American passenger rail route plus many pre-Amtrak routes now gone. This is just his



second feature in a *CLASSIC TRAINS* publication, but Bob has written and photographed for passenger rail features and news accounts in *TRAINS* since 1991. Retired from a career in broadcast advertising sales, Bob is coauthor of the 2001 book *The Art of the Streamliner* with Joe Welsh and Mike Schafer. Several folks helped Bob and us CT editors fill in memory blanks on details of their great shared 1963 experience: Bob's traveling friends Cliff Saxton Jr. and Rich Taylor; Burlington Route historians Hol Wagner and fellow Intermountain NRHS trip committee members Bob Jensen, Bill Jones, and Wes Haas; and Dick Billings of Iowa NRHS.

WILLIAM R. "BILL" KUEBLER JR.

["When One is One Too Many," page 70] is an Air Force veteran and a pilot for American Airlines. He's been active in the Northern Pacific Historical Association since its 1983 founding and has written two NP books, including 2004's *The Vista-Dome North Coast Limited*. This is Bill's fifth byline with us.

ROBERTA MCCONNELL was born in Centralia, Wash., in 1957. She graduated from North Thurston High School in Lacey, Wash., in 1975, then joined the U.S. Army. After serving 3 years in the military, she returned to Washington, where she entered Centralia Community College and received her Associates Degree in Business Education. Roberta is married and has two sons, one daughter, and seven grandchildren. She has lived in the small town of Onalaska, Wash., for the last 24 years and enjoys country living.

JACKIE WHITE was born in 1958 in Centralia and graduated from North Thurston High in 1976. She married her husband Mark in '79, and they had two sons. She then went back to school and graduated from Centralia College. Tragedy struck in 1998 when Mark was brain-injured in a truck accident, and again in 2006, when they lost their older son to diabetes and Crohn's disease. Jackie worked for a construction company for two years; she now stays home, caring for Mark.

PAUL McDONALD ["Beating the Domino Effect," page 24] has always enjoyed riding trains. He grew up in Cedar Falls, Iowa, and now lives with his wife Linda in nearby Waterloo, where they raised two girls and two boys. Paul, who has a degree from the University of Northern Iowa in journalism and



economics, is retired from a career in mail distribution at a local community college. In his travel log over the years are rides on "some of the world's top trains," including Australia's *Indian Pacific* and the *Rossia*, or *Trans-Siberian Express*. An American Flyer S-gauge layout takes up his entire basement. This is his first *CLASSIC TRAINS* byline.

EDWARD L. MERCER ["From Texas to West Point," page 66], after his Army hitch, went on to a 40-plus-year career in law enforcement, retiring as assistant chief in the Louisville, Ky., police department. His crime novel, *The Dead Stroll*, was published in 2011. A lifelong rail enthusiast, Ed died in May 2012.

DAVID P. MORGAN ["Twilight of the Troop Train," page 86] joined the *TRAINS* staff in 1948, became Editor in 1953, and retired in 1987. He died in 1990 at age 62.

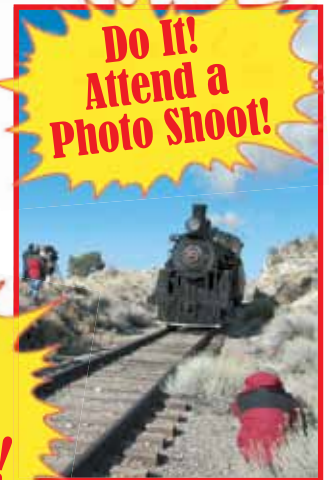
T. O. "TIM" REPP ["Adventures with SP Train 51," page 98] took his first train ride on the *San Joaquin Daylight* in 1950 at age 3. He began photographing trains after moving from southern to northern California in 1964 and discovering Richard Steinheimer images in *TRAINS* magazine. Between college years at U.C. Davis and Berkeley, he interned at SP's Mechanical Department in San Francisco and after stints in the Army and at Lockheed, migrated to the Northwest in 1974 to design propulsion systems for Boeing. His photos have been published in various magazines and books, including his *Mainstreets of the Northwest*, and he was the editor of the NPRHA's *Mainstreeter* magazine for many years. Now retired and living near Gig Harbor, Wash., he travels east every year to explore NS and CSX in the Appalachians.

GEORGE RIEVES ["Health Hazard," page 96] has had two previous articles in *CLASSIC TRAINS* (Summer 2000 and Summer 2002, both about the NC&StL). He was told about the ailing GP7 by the late Everett Smith, who hired out with the "NC" in 1941.

BRIAN WHITON ["Flying, Poling, and Cabling," page 20] has been involved with railroads since he was 10. He became hooked on short lines after working for the Arcade & Attica in 1969. A hitch in the Air Force didn't really interrupt Brian's railroad interest, as he spent most of it stationed at the top of Cajon Pass. He spent the next 40 years consulting and working for numerous railroads and contractors, mostly in track construction. He's currently a project manager for RailWorks Track Services. This is his first CT byline. ■

What's on YOUR Bucket List ?

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 - ☒ Work on a Railroad for a Week !!!
 - ☒ Attend a Winter Photo Shoot !!!
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P16270



INTERMOUNTAIN *odyssey*

Fifty years ago, a special passenger train from Chicago to the NRHS convention in Denver, set up by Iowa Chapter and the Burlington, touched a lot of bases

BY **BOB JOHNSTON** • PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR



With a free day at hand after the *Intermountain Limited*'s arrival in Denver, the author took a solo side trip, riding Rio Grande's *Prospector* from the Mile High City to Rifle, Colo., returning via Salida (above) on August 30 on the *Royal Gorge*.

“Hey, buddy! Your train is here!” I had been alternately shivering and sleeping fitfully on an elderly wooden baggage cart chock-blocked on the dusty Denver & Rio Grande Western station platform at Rifle, Colo., 211.5 miles west of Denver. The voice was that of the station agent. The westbound *Prospector* had deposited me here around 1 a.m. on this Friday, August 30, 1963, and its Denver-bound overnight counterpart from Salt Lake also had come and gone. Now two hours later, the eastbound *Royal Gorge* was groaning to a halt in a flurry of dust and brakeshoe smoke, pounding the rail joints as the agent awakened me. I stumbled up the shiny steps into a coach, gave the conductor my ticket,

INTERMOUNTAIN LIMITED ODYSSEY AT A GLANCE				
Date (1963)	Segment	Railroad	Miles	Power, Train Identification (1)
Aug. 26	Chicago—Lincoln, Nebr.	CB&Q	529 (2)	4-8-4 No. 5632
Aug. 26-27	Lincoln—Alliance, Nebr.	CB&Q	366	E7A 9931B/E7A/E7A, as 2nd No. 43
Aug. 27	Alliance—Deadwood, S.Dak.	CB&Q	217	SD9's 340/346/345
Aug. 28	Deadwood—Hill City, S.Dak.	CB&Q	47	SD9's 340/346/345
Aug. 28	Hill City—Oblivion, S.D. (r.t.)	BHC	8	2-8-0 No. 69 (3)
Aug. 28	Oblivion—Keystone (r.t.)	BHC	12	2-6-2 No. 7
Aug. 29	Hill City—Alliance	CB&Q	170	SD9's 345/346/340
Aug. 29	Alliance—Denver	CB&Q	237	SD9's 345/346/340, on Nos. 33 and 7
Aug. 29-30 (4)	Denver—Rifle, Colo.	DRGW	211	F7A/F7B/F7A, on No. 7
Aug. 30 (4)	Rifle—Pueblo—Denver	DRGW	387	PA1 6003/F7B/F7A, on No. 2
Aug. 31 (5)	Denver—Colorado Springs	C&S	75	CB&Q No. 5632 (DRGW-ATSF Joint Line)
Aug. 31 (5)	Colorado Springs—Denver	C&S	75	CB&Q No. 5632 (DRGW-ATSF Joint Line)
Sept. 1 (5)	Denver—Cheyenne (r.t.)	UP	212	GP30 727/GP30B's 737B/736B
Sept. 1 (5)	Cheyenne—Laramie (r.t.)	UP	112	4-8-4 No. 8444
Sept. 2 (5)	Denver—Longmont, Colo.	C&S	44	CB&Q No. 5632
Sept. 2 (5)	Longmont—Loveland, Colo.	GWR	29	2-10-0 No. 90
Sept. 2 (5)	Loveland—Denver	C&S	60	CB&Q No. 5632
Sept. 3 (5)	Den.—Grand Jct.—Montrose	DRGW	347	F3A 5534/F7B 5563/F7A 5554
Sept. 4 (5)	Durango—Silverton (r.t.)	DRGW	90	2-8-2 No. 478 (3)
Sept. 5 (5)	Durango—Alamosa, Colo.	DRGW	200	2-8-2s Nos. 484, 487 (3)
Sept. 5-6 (5)	Alamosa—Denver	DRGW	247	5 F units
Sept. 6	Denver—McCook, Nebr.	CB&Q	255	3 E8A's
Sept. 6-7	McCook—Galesburg, Ill.	CB&Q	595 (2)	4-8-4 No. 5632
Sept. 7	Galesburg—Chicago	CB&Q	162	E8A 9970/E7A

Notes: (1) Special Train unless noted with train number; (r.t.)=round trip. (2) Mileage via direct Oreapolis—Ashland, Nebr., line, not via Omaha. (3) 3-foot-gauge. (4) Solo side trip, not part of *Intermountain Limited* or NRHS convention. (5) NRHS Convention event excursion. Total miles, 4,687; total miles behind steam, 1,719; miles behind narrow-gauge steam, 298; miles behind CB&Q 4-8-4 No. 5632, 1,378.

and don't remember a thing until I woke up along the Eagle River as dawn was breaking.

For this 17-year-old, making an overnight circle trip out of Denver on regular Rio Grande passenger trains that had beckoned me from the flimsy pages in the *Official Guide of the Railways* seemed like a worthwhile substitute for a hotel room. But this circle was just an extracurricular adventure in the middle of the main event: the *Intermountain Limited*. The brochure for the two-week excursion to the National Railway Historical Society's annual convention, this year in Denver and hosted by NRHS's Intermountain Chapter, arrived right after I had braved the wrath of my parents and 23-below temperatures to ride the last North Shore Line train out of Milwaukee to Chicago in the wee hours of a school night. That melancholy event raised anew for me the impending mortality of passenger trains, steam, and branch lines, and the blockbuster trip crafted by Dick Billings of the NRHS Iowa Chapter promised a big dose of all three.

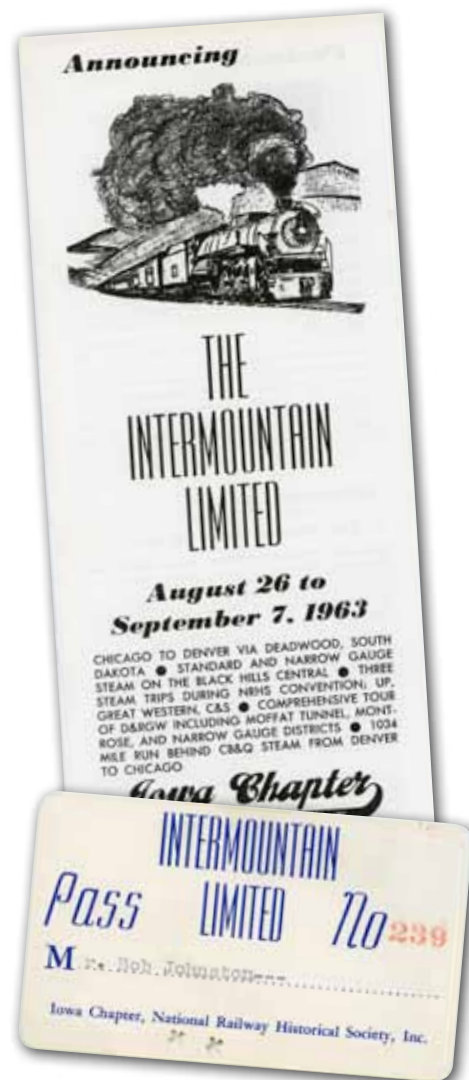
Chapter President V. Allan Vaughn's cover letter to me of February 20, 1963, sealed the deal. "You asked about steam—2,155 miles of the 4,190 miles in the trip will be behind steam: CB&Q 5632, UP 8444, D&RGW Narrow Gauge, Black Hills Central narrow and standard gauge, Great Western." Then, switching to his typewriter's red ribbon, "A 1,034-mile steam run Denver to Chicago."



Burlington 4-8-4 5632, steam star of the *Intermountain Limited*, makes its 10th and last runby, with 23 cars at Cambridge, Nebr.



On the first day of the odyssey, August 26, our special met the eastbound *Denver Zephyr* at speed west of Aurora (above), then during the stop at Galesburg, we shared the station platforms with the eastbound *California Zephyr* (top). Ahead of dome-obs car *Silver Lookout* is a Chesapeake & Ohio Pullman “spoiling” the CZ’s all-stainless-steel look.



Even in 1963 dollars, the author considered the \$225 fare for the *Intermountain Limited* a steal. All tickets and brochures shown are from his collection—he saved all his paper!



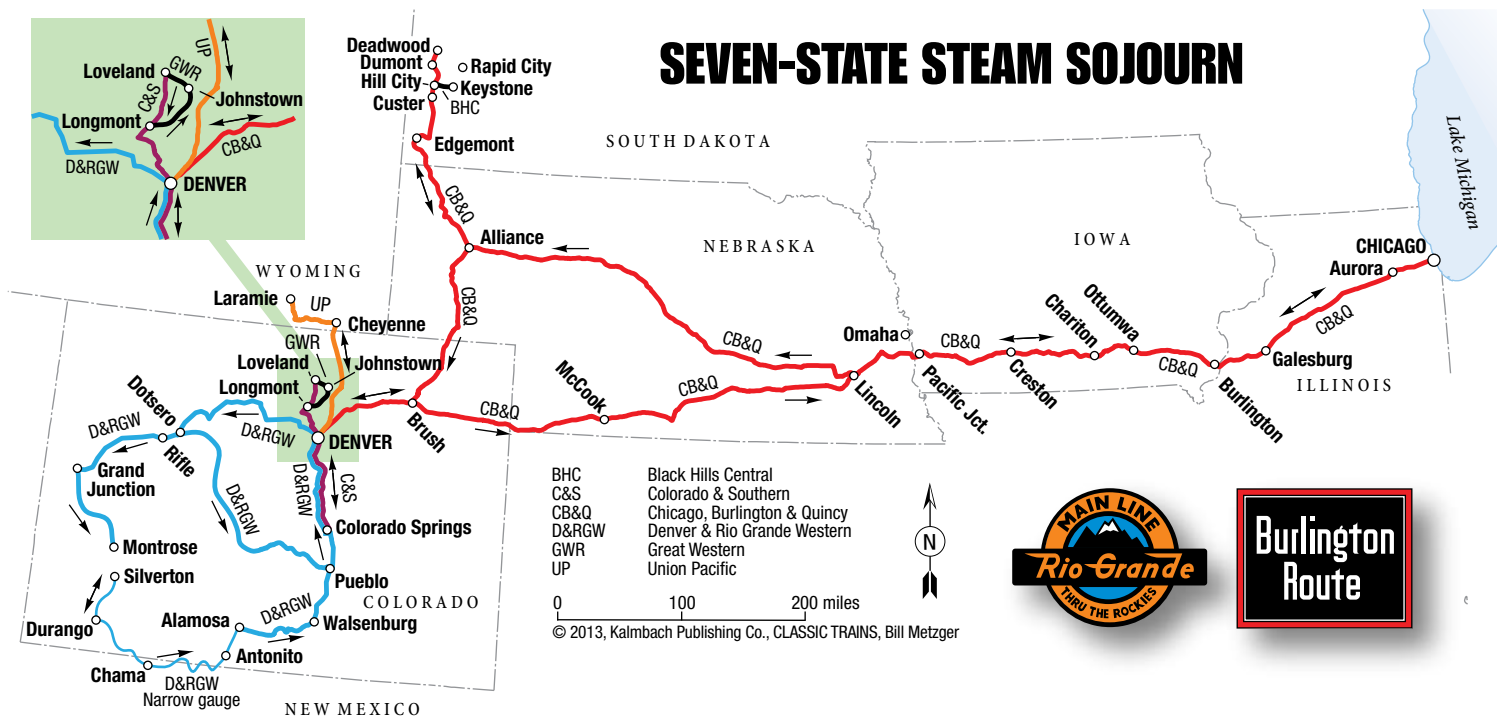
Chariton, Iowa, was a service stop, and 5632 took water into the tender from a fire hose that was stretched underneath the tracks. In a display of Burlington’s new-vs.-old, a freight led by four-year-old SD24 505 creeps past the crowd watching the servicing.

The price: \$225 in coach, including all the convention trips themselves plus overnight lodging and meals on the *Intermountain Limited*. Are you kidding me?

THE BELOVED BURLINGTON

Maury Klebolt, the portly Illini Railroad Club impresario who had spearheaded dozens of early 1960s steam excursions out of Chicago (and whose organization would also sponsor annual trips to Colorado and the Black Hills), would often lead everyone in a song which started out, “Bub bub bub Burlington ...” I don’t remember the rest of the words now, but the song ran through my head when I settled next to a window in *Silver Crest*, the 52-seat coach that was third out behind Chicago, Burlington & Quincy O-5B 4-8-4 5632 blasting away from the south end of Chicago Union Station on Sunday morning, August 26.

“The Q” had always been hospitable to passengers, and the road certainly delivered



again. It assigned two dining cars to run back-to-back in the middle of 12 Pullmans on the 17-car train out of the Windy City to serve 250 passengers, and printed special menus for the trip. Two cars ahead of *Silver Crest*, the only through coach, was a barred-side-door baggage car equipped with two 110-volt motor alternators to supply power for those who would record the 4-8-4 on the reel-to-reel audio machines of the time.

At service stops when 5632 took water—Aurora and Galesburg, Ill.; New London, Ottumwa, Chariton, and Creston, Iowa, on the first day—passengers and onlookers swarmed the platforms as a Burlington official kept watch. Using language unthinkable in today's litigious and fearful world, the 8-page Transportation Notice 603 covering excursion details explicitly noted, "If there are any steam engines at Galesburg on this date in round house or yard area, they should be made accessible so tour members may photograph them." Alas, although no steam awaited, some of us did manage to spend quality time with unique shovel-nose diesel-baggage motor 9908 *Silver Charger*, then based out of the Q's western Illinois hub.

Most of all, though, the *Intermountain Limited* provided an up-close look at the Burlington brand. Trios of E7's and E8's, silvered down to their wheels, shot past with a then 7-year-old *Denver Zephyr* west of Aurora, and the westbound *Nebraska Zephyr* overtook us at speed near Chariton. The next day, after three E7's had taken over from the 5632 at Lincoln and spirited our special through Nebraska's sandhills to Alliance during an overnight thunderstorm as the second section of Kansas City–Lincoln–Billings,

MAKEUPS OF THE INTERMOUNTAIN LIMITED

Itinerary of each car, unless otherwise noted, from CB&Q Transportation Notice No. 603: CB&Q, Chicago–Denver via Deadwood; D&RGW, Alamosa–Denver; CB&Q, Denver–Chicago.

Type	Railroad, No., Lettering/Paint	Desig.	Itinerary, notes (City codes below)
Baggage car	CB&Q 1000 series		CHI–DWD; DWD–ALI; DEN–CHI
Dormitory, 12-1 Pullman	CB&Q 621		CHI–EDG; DEN–CHI; ex- <i>McKnight</i>
5-5-6 Pullman	D&RGW <i>Brigham Young</i>	51	Alamosa–Denver
Coach	CB&Q <i>Silver Cascade</i>	50	Alamosa–Denver
Coach	CB&Q <i>Silver Crest</i>	40	52-seat footrest chair car
4-4-2 Pullman	IC <i>Gilman</i>	HS-5	Alamosa–Lincoln** (See also Note 1)
4-4-2 Pullman	ACL <i>Manatee River</i>	HS-4	Alamosa–Lincoln**
12-5 Pullman	PRR <i>Morning Brook</i>	HS-3	Alamosa–Lincoln**
14-4 Pullman	T&P <i>Eagle Watch</i>	HS-2	Alamosa–Lincoln**
6-6-4 Pullman	L&N <i>Light Pine</i>	HS-1	Alamosa–Lincoln**
10-6 Pullman	NYC <i>Neshannock River</i>	30	Alamosa–Chicago
10-6 Pullman	FEC <i>Chile</i>	12	
6-6-4 Pullman	L&N <i>Holiday Pine</i>	WC-1*	Off NYC 303 ("Riley") Aug. 25
16-4 Pullman	B&O <i>Gull</i>	10	
6-6-4 Pullman	L&N <i>Plantation Pine</i>	9	
10-6 Pullman	C&O <i>City of Frankfort</i>	8	
10-6 Pullman	CB&Q <i>Silver Slope</i>	7	
Stainless-steel dining car	CB&Q <i>Silver Spoon</i>		Chicago–Edgemont; Denver–Chicago
Stainless-steel dining car	CB&Q <i>Silver Inn</i>		Chicago–Edgemont; Denver–Chicago
14-4 Pullman	NYNH&H <i>Lookout Point</i>	6	
13-DBR Pullman	NYC <i>LaPorte County</i>	5	
4-4-2 Pullman	IC <i>Gilman</i> ; PRR Pullman (Note 1)	4	Chicago–Denver; Alamosa–Chicago
Private car <i>Pequea Valley</i>			3-compartment/6-section Pullman
Private car <i>John S. Foster</i>			10-section/solarium lounge Pullman
Private car <i>The Reveler</i>			6-DBR/observation lounge (ex-PRR)

City codes: ALI, Alliance, Nebr.; CHI, Chicago; DEN, Denver; DWD, Deadwood, S.Dak.; EDG, Edgemont, S.Dak.

Note 1: PRR *Imperial Pass* substituted out of Alamosa for IC *Gilman*, which replaced IC *Grenada* as HS-5.

Intermountain Limited's car totals: Chicago–Edgemont, 17; Edgemont–Deadwood round trip and Deadwood–Alliance, 14; Alliance–Denver, 13; Alamosa–Denver, 21; Denver–Lincoln, 23; Lincoln–Chicago, 18.

* Washington (D.C.) Chapter, NRHS. **After cars designated HS-1 thru HS-5 (Pacific Coast Chapter, Railway & Locomotive Historical Society/Cliff Travels, a tour set up by Art Lloyd) were released off the special at Lincoln on Sept. 6, they were to be switched to the Rock Island for further handling.



At Alliance, local No. 31 to Casper, Wyo., is on the depot track (left); the *Intermountain Limited's* E7's (center) will yield to the SD9 trio.



Bound for Deadwood on August 27 in the Black Hills high plains north of Edgemont, the special rounds a curve near Englewood, S.Dak.



Pullman's ability to field a "rainbow fleet" is seen in the train's rear half during a photo runby in Sheep Canyon on the Deadwood branch.

Stationers Form 1534

**BURLINGTON LINES
CLEARANCE FORM A**

To C&N *Opt 345 out* at *Deadwood* Aug 25 1963

I have *7* orders for your train.
(If no train orders, operators must write "No" in spaces provided above)

Order No. <i>143</i>	No. <i>147</i>	No. <i>13</i>	No. <i>788</i>	No. <i>790</i>
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have been delivered.

This form is authority to pass stop indication.

Block *Ch 788-790* Operator *Young*

When block is completed, the line indicating condition of block will read "Form C" and Permissive Form C will be issued in addition to Clearance Form A.

*This line to be used under the requirements of Rule 221 (a).

A trio of "Q" SD9's, led by the 345 out of Deadwood (per the extra's clearance form, above), headed our train in the Black Hills.

Mont., train 43, there was a diametric opposite of the *Zephyrs*: Alliance-Casper, Wyo., local train 31's SD9 chanting out of town with two baggage cars, a Railway Post Office, and an ancient green coach—all heavyweights.

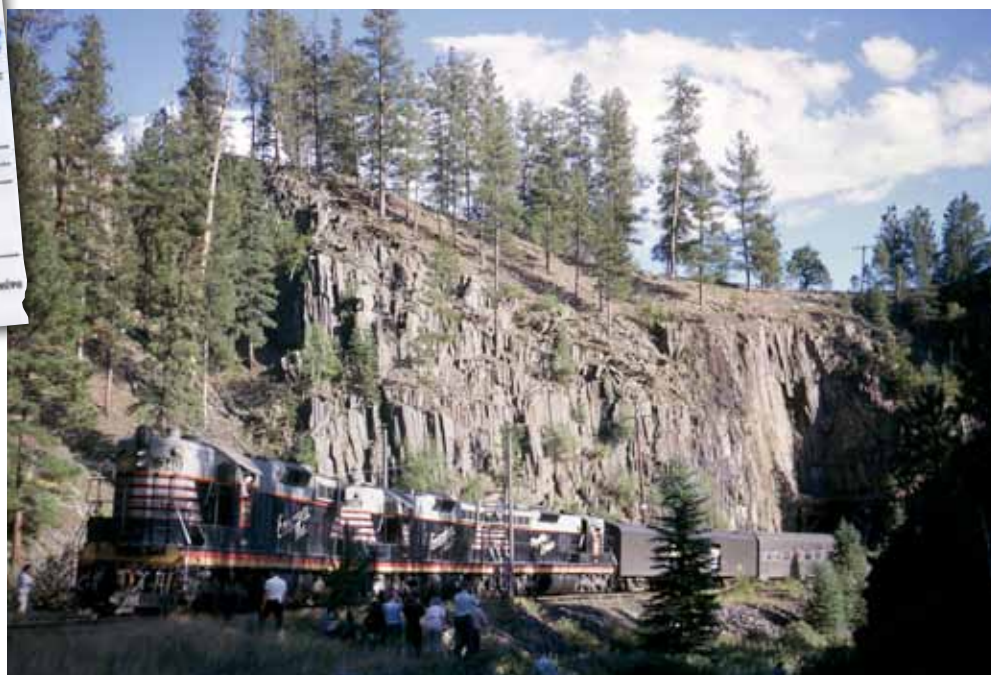
Three steam-generator- and dynamic-brake-equipped SD9's hauled us out of Alliance to Edgemont, S.Dak., where the two dining cars and the 12-section sleeper serving as a dormitory for their crew were set out while local cowboys entertained us passengers with a gun-slinging "hold-up." Could the show have been similar to events once staged by frontier townsfolk when railroads opened the West? In any case, our Pullman conductor was goaded into getting on a bored horse when he was handed a six-gun.

Then the SD's would help us fulfill Burlington's "Everywhere West" motto as the special headed up the Deadwood branch, a rollicking ride through grasslands giving way to mountain canyons over light but well-ballasted rail. A decade earlier, the triweekly mixed train from Edgemont was allotted a generous 8 hours to cover the 107 miles on an unfriendly north-at-night, back-the-next-afternoon schedule, but our special was carded at just over 6 hours. Box lunches were loaded at Custer, followed by momentary pauses to view the Chief Crazy Horse monument carvings and the "highest point reached by a common carrier east of the Rockies," near milepost 94 north of Dumont.

Just before our overnight stop in Deadwood was a stretch of 15-mph running where our train slithered around 18-degree curves. With these kinds of operating conditions on a line hastily built in 1890 to serve now-depleted mineral resources, it's no wonder successor Burlington Northern would abandon the branch in 1983. Most of it is a biking trail today, although some has been reclaimed by nature.

BLACK HILLS SURVIVORS

After backtracking from Deadwood the next day, though, it was possible to step out of a coach or Pullman at Hill City and board a Black Hills Central narrow-gauge train.



The SD9's exit Tunnel No. 3 between Mystic and Rochford, S.Dak., during an afternoon runby. All 50 SD9's in the Q's 325-374 series, built in 1954-55, had steam generators.



At Edgemont, our Pullman conductor mounted a horse to participate in a "hold-up."

Steam excursions over the 10-mile Burlington standard-gauge branch to Keystone had begun in 1957, and the operator had added a third rail as far as a clearing in the woods, appropriately named Oblivion, to run recently acquired 3-foot-gauge White Pass & Yukon 2-8-0 No. 69. The engine, dubbed *Klondike Casey* as a nod to its Alaskan past, pulled open cars CB&Q converted from Rio Grande narrow-gauge gondolas for the Chicago Railroad Fair, which gave us an open-air view of the stocky Consol up front. At Oblivion, we changed to a standard-gauge train of heavyweights behind ex-Prescott & Northwestern 2-6-2 No. 7 *General Custer* to Keystone, where the engine ran around the

consist. Back at Oblivion, *Klondike Casey* was waiting to head back to Hill City, but not before we all could inspect Chicago & North Western 4-6-0 No. 444. She looked pitiful, missing her headlight and sitting cold in the weeds, but at least she hadn't been cut up.

There was no way to know then, as we re-boarded the *Intermountain Limited* to go back to Edgemont, then on to Alliance and Denver overnight, that 50 years later the Black Hills Central would be thriving as a well-managed tourist operation and that its engines would survive. No. 7 is still on the BHC, and narrow-gauge No. 69, after a stint in Nebraska, now is back in Skagway, Alaska, on the White Pass. Even forlorn C&NW 444,



The Black Hills Central remains a key South Dakota tourist target to this day.

Bound for Oblivion: At Hill City, where Black Hills Central's three-rail track (top) was in evidence (a phenomenon we'd also see in Colorado), we boarded the train led by 2-8-0 No. 69, *Klondike Casey*. At Oblivion, we'd board a standard-gauge train with 2-6-2 No. 7.

one of three R-1 4-6-0s extant, found a home under cover at Denver's Forney Museum. In fact, all the locomotives we would ride behind for the next week—with the sorry exception of CB&Q 5632—are still blowing smoke and whistling across the countryside.

At the convention, the 5632 pulled CB&Q and Rio Grande heavyweight cars, plus Intermountain Chapter's ex-Q business car 96 on the rear, on two round trips out of Denver on Q subsidiary Colorado & Southern. On August 31, the O-5B hauled 14 cars south to Colorado Springs on the Santa Fe-D&RGW "Joint Line" (C&S was a tenant), then two days later took 12 cars north to Longmont, Colo., where sugar-beet-hauler Great Western Railway's 2-10-0 No. 90 took over. The lithe Decapod, which hauled us on GWR's arc from Longmont to Loveland while 5632 deadheaded north, couldn't have been mis-

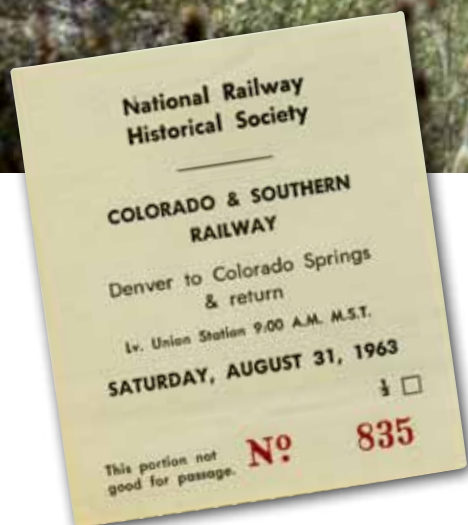
taken for Union Pacific's brutish 4-8-4 No. 8444 that pulled a Cheyenne-Laramie round trip the previous day. Some fans had trouble with that extra "4," added to differentiate UP's last-delivered (1944) steam engine from a new GP30 like the ones that pulled our 17-car train on the Denver-Cheyenne legs. Like UP's never-retired giant, the Grande's 3-foot-gauge 2-8-2s that hauled NRHS folks up to Silverton and then east to Alamosa with 13 cars are today still plying their home rails, albeit for different masters. After the convention, 5632 returned to lead us on the finale, a day-and-one-night sprint from McCook, Nebr., to Galesburg, Ill.

NOT COMING BACK

There's a lot from my 1963 odyssey that is missed today, however: Carefully printing my selection on that meal check in the *Pros-*

pector's café-lounge car ("Waiters are forbidden to serve orders given verbally") as the overnighter growled up the Front Range, for one. And how about the Grande gold-and-silver Alco PA leading my *Royal Gorge* over Tennessee Pass? Or being served in a company diner on the UP excursion. Consider the bustle and variety at Denver Union Station, which served not only those two Rio Grande trains but also the *California Zephyr* on D&RGW and CB&Q; the Q's *Denver Zephyr* and a couple of lesser trains; C&S's locals north to Billings and south to Dallas plus the *Texas Zephyr*, at the time employing original *Denver Zephyr* articulated cars; a Santa Fe connection to the main line at La Junta; Missouri Pacific's *Colorado Eagle*; and UP's *City of St. Louis*, *Portland Rose*, and *City of Denver*. A tourist train still pauses in the towering Royal Gorge, and Union Station is coming alive again with commuter and light rail, but it hasn't had direct through tracks for trains to and from the south for years.

And what about all those photo runbys, or "movie runs"? Heading to Lincoln on the first day, 5632 staged three that tied up the Q's main line. At Coal Creek, Iowa, just east of Chariton, the big 4-8-4's wheels slipped wildly with the 17-car train. The next day's SD9 trio staged a runby on a sweeping curve at Sheep Canyon, and photographers later would capture the EMD road-switchers emerging from Tunnel No. 3 into a ravine 30



miles from Deadwood. Movie runs were even more numerous on the convention trips out of Denver to Colorado Springs (three of them), Laramie (three), and Longmont and Loveland (two with Q 5632, one a double, two with GWR 90). That double runby—at the former railroad point of Louisville Junction southbound—was by, and in a way for, C&S Road Foreman Mickey Hansen, who took the throttle on most of C&S's steam trips in that era. He was going to retire after the convention but would change his mind.

Add two stops at tunnels on D&RGW's 10-car diesel special (6 coaches, 2 diners, 1 lounge, 1 baggage) from Denver to Grand Junction and Delta, then down the branch to Montrose; a runby at Rockwood en route Silverton; three from Durango to Alamosa; and the finale with 5632 at Cambridge, Nebr., en route back to Chicago. Those total a whopping 24 photo stops or runbys over 12 travel days, on trains with passenger counts ranging from 250 to 430.

Looking back now, the unparalleled access to railroad property in those days is especially appreciated. Traipsing through the yard and roundhouse at Galesburg was just an appetizer. While I was on my *Prospector-Royal Gorge* circle, fellow passenger Cliff Saxton Jr., hung out with others at the Burlington's shop in Denver, taking in the sights, smells, and sounds while 5632 was tended to. A week later, several of us walked over to Rio



On the August 31 trip, Cliff Saxton (top, at left in white shirt) shoots 5632 on one of the day's three runbys. After the Palmer Lake runby northbound, engineer R. E. "Mickey" Hansen, C&S road foreman (above), asked the fans, "How'd you like that one, boys?!"

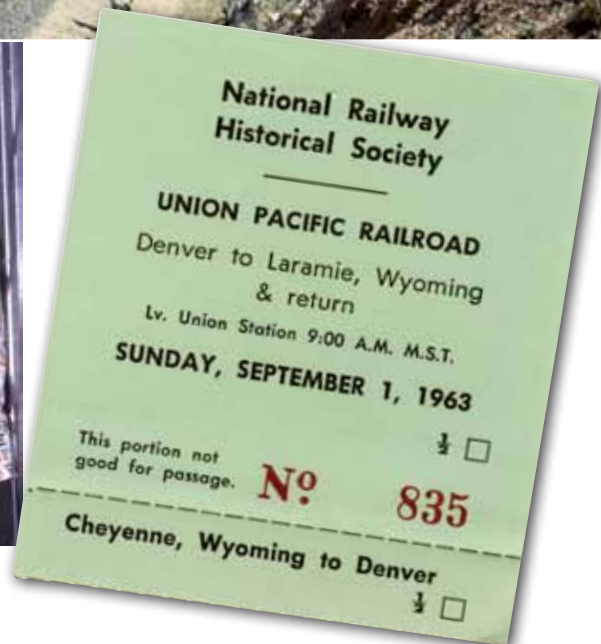


Santa Fe 44-tonner 451 puts the Colorado Springs *Denver Zephyr* cars onto the *Royal Gorge* as 5632 uses the connection track from the D&RGW. Rain was about to break out.

RICH TAYLOR



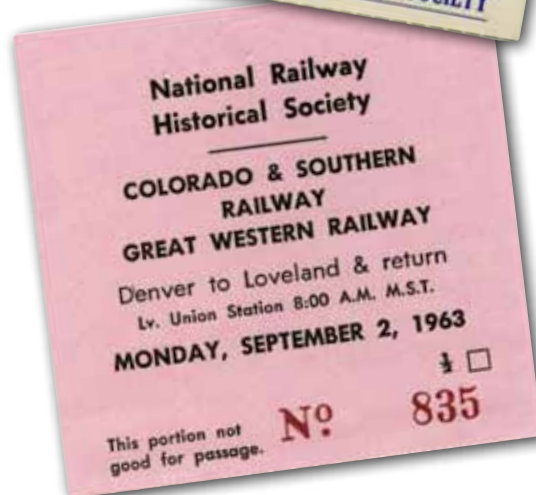
At Harriman, Wyo. (top), UP 8444 makes one of three runbys. Reel-to-reel tape recorders were set up in the baggage car behind the 4-8-4 (above). Departure out of Laramie was late after taking an hour to wye the special and waiting for 102, first 104, and 38.



En route Montrose on the D&RGW special on the 3rd, its F's pose at Moffat's East Portal.

Grande's Durango roundhouse after the Silverton trip. Hostlers were moving the 2-8-2s around the yard, and I wanted to be sure to stay out of their way but was attracted to one engine quietly simmering next to the building. Soaking in the moment, this is what I had the presence of mind to write on a blank page in my 19-page *Intermountain* trip booklet on Wednesday, September 4, 1963:

"Sat in the cab of 484 on fireman's seat-box. George Elder [a passenger from Madison, Wis.] showed me the blower, injectors, and all the valves. The engine was warm and steaming quietly. I opened the butterfly doors and looked in on the fire. It's so much easier to sit and dream in a live engine than one that is dead. I smelled the coal smoke and saw the steam escaping out in front.



Pressure on steam gauge: 185. I looked out and saw 473 and 478 lined up on the other side of the [turn]table, receiving Alemite treatment and a hose-down. 499 was in the roundhouse. Looking out of the engineer's side I could see 464 [a K-27 "Mudhen"] dead and a mess. 480 was switching our train for tomorrow [to Alamosa]. About 15 railfans watched for 30 minutes as she shoved cars into various places. This is what railroading used to mean. Not a diesel for 150 miles. As I walked up the street [back to the motel], I heard 480 whistle in the distance."

The next day, the 484 led our special to Alamosa. She performed admirably over the sagebrush-covered rails on a line that would see its last through train five years later, but the eastern half has lived on, of course, as the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic. East out of Chama, 484 would need an assist from fellow K-36 No. 487 in getting our 13 cars up the grade to the 10,000-foot-high summit at Cumbres, where the helper cut off. Before 484 whistled around Whiplash Curve, we saw the helper down in the valley, drifting back to Chama, tiny in such a massive landscape. The weather became rainy and overcast as we snaked through Toltec Gorge, and the sky was dark by Antonito. Under that black cover, we rendezvoused in Alamosa with an *Intermountain Limited* that had swelled to 21 cars for the nocturnal ride over La Veta Pass and north to Denver. The scenic La Veta line, too, now hosts Alamosa-based tourist trains.

Out of Alamosa eastward, we ran as a "through train," with eight "new" cars: a Q



Great Western 90 greets Burlington 5632 at Longmont, Colo. (top), for the first engine change on the September 2 circle (or "loop") trip to Loveland. The I-25 overpass east of Longmont (above) provides an unusual vantage point for the first of two runbys on GWR.



Rio Grande 2-8-2s await the day's duties at the Durango roundhouse (right) on the morning of September 4 before the NRHS special to Silverton. That night, the author soaked up the atmosphere there. "Locomotive Lucy" (left) loved steam, but was known to doze off.

coach and Rio Grande sleeper to Denver, an extra Chicago Pullman, and five Pullmans to Lincoln, Nebr., part of a Pacific Coast railfan tour whose patrons were to have joined our Denver–Montrose special at Grand Junction before a freight derailment delayed the CZ's arrival by 10 hours. Predicting that our special from Alamosa would also be tardy into Denver, the Q decided to advance 5632 "engine-light" to McCook, Nebr. So we changed from D&RGW F's to Burlington E's instead, leaving over three hours late at 8:30 a.m.

MEMORABLE MOMENTS

Even after 50 years, other mental snapshots of that two-week odyssey stand out. Once while waiting for seats to open in the *Silver Spoon* for dinner, I lined up in the hall of adjacent Burlington 10&6 Pullman *Silver Slope* behind a very large gentleman. Unfor-

tunately, another heavy-set passenger, who completely filled up the narrow aisle, had just finished his meal and was headed toward us. Both men could see there was no way either could back up, and all the roomette doors in the aisle were closed. They smiled warily, turned sideways, grimaced and groaned as their bellies pressed against each other squeezing by. Chalk it up as another "life's lesson learned," because I always flash back to that moment when a passenger heads my way in a narrow sleeping-car hallway.

Life on board was full of camaraderie, regardless of whether you'd booked a drawing room or a coach seat. In stark contrast to the boundaries enforced today by ever-suspicious attendants on Amtrak, VIA Rail Canada, and many private-car charters, all passengers were "cordially invited to inspect the entire train," and "please come back often

and enjoy the comforts of [Butterworth Tours' round-end observation] *The Reveler*—this car will be open to all passengers throughout the entire trip and will feature a select assortment of refreshments and light snacks."

It didn't take long to find people with similar interests regardless of where they were from or what accommodations they'd booked. Cliff Saxton shot mostly movies; he would tell me about the passenger trains and streetcars of his hometown, St. Louis, and we often found ourselves at the same spot for the "best shot" at many photo runbys. Not surprisingly, the 25 of us in the train's only chair car hung out a lot. One eastern contingent included noted photographer/historian John P. Scharle, his niece Elizabeth "Babe" Brown, and Rich Taylor, who at Scharle's urging was taking his first extended fan trip. An elderly woman who carried a child's lunch box with a steam engine face on it earned the nickname "Locomotive Lucy" from Elizabeth. "Lucy" would scoff at the blasphemy of diesels up front, but could be seen snoring to high heaven behind steam!

En route home, Scharle was in the baggage car, Taylor was in the diner, and I was standing at a Dutch door as 5632 screamed east across Nebraska at maximum track speed on the afternoon of September 6 with what was by then a 23-car train. Suddenly the engineer "big holed" the locomotive and we lurched to an emergency stop. Turns out, a surprised farmer almost lost his tractor and his life but got out of the way just in time. Scharle heard the air dump and braced himself; food and passengers went flying in the dining car as the slack ran in; and I held on tight—another lesson learned. When a train goes into emergency now, there's no mistaking what it feels like.

After the incident, Burlington put a 60-mph restriction on the 5632 for the rest of



K-28 478 rounds the high river overlook north of Rockwood with "first 461," the NRHS Silverton special. Behind it is 473 on the daily train carrying some overflow NRHS riders.



East of Ignacio, Colo., en route from Durango to Chama, N.Mex., and beyond, K-36 484 staged a runby at the brand-new Piedra River bridge, on a line relocation made necessary when the stream was dammed up to create the Navajo Reservoir straddling the state line.

the trip. Next day, she was cut off at Galesburg in favor of E units. Bidding farewell to 5632 wasn't our last glimpse of CB&Q steam, however, for as we hastened toward Chicago, we overtook 2-8-2 No. 4960 on a siding at Somonauk, getting ready to head east to pick up passengers who'd ridden an excursion of more than a dozen bilevel commuter cars out to the DeKalb County Fair at Sandwich, Ill.

Perhaps the most lasting image is from Alamosa, as a crowd of more than 300 waited for the train to Denver to back down to us and load. We saw a headlight moving out of the yard toward us, then a whistle. Nope, not ours. It was Mikado 484, picking up speed charging toward us in the darkness, dead-heading our narrow-gauge coaches back to Durango. The ground began to shake, and

we knew from the wailing whistle and the billowing smoke shooting into the star-laden sky that the hogger was putting on a final show for us. We could barely make out the fireman hanging out and grinning from the cab over the pinholes of orange glow from the firebox as the 2-8-2 blasted past. Then the sound of the yellow cars *rat-tatting* over rail joints began to fade as we watched the little train disappear, but 484's whistle echoing across the valley would last at least another five minutes.

John, Rich, Elizabeth, and I turned and looked at each other. There was nothing to say. No film or yet-to-be-invented videotape or digital photography could ever capture that event, which would be burned into our brains forever. 📷



Special menus, such as this one (above right) for lunch out of McCook (left) on the return, were just another nice touch by CB&Q. With No. 5632 under a 60-mph speed restriction and the train running late, E units replaced her at Galesburg (above) to go on into Chicago.



The engineer moves HT&W 44-ton diesel No. 16 through a snowy landscape near Rowe, Mass., in early 1962, several winters before author Whiton's ride.

FLYING, POLING, *and* CABLING

A ride on the Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington was a lesson in shortline ingenuity

BY BRIAN WHITON • PHOTOS BY JIM SHAUGHNESSY

One winter day in the late 1960s, I set out from Granby, Conn., with my former high school science teacher, Andy Schools, to explore the Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington Railroad. Though only 13 miles in length, the HT&W had a long and colorful history [see “Last Gasp of the Hoot, Toot & Whistle,” Fall 2004 CLASSIC TRAINS]. It ran between Hoosac Tunnel, a point near the east end of the famous bore in western Massachusetts where it connected with the Boston & Maine, and Readsboro, Vt., having long since lost the northerly portion from Readsboro to Wilmington. Both Andy and I had been to the HT&W before, but we’d had no luck in finding trains running.

We drove to the railroad’s north end at Readsboro and, with the true boldness of railfans, poked our noses into the engine-house. Mr. Graff, the general manager, greeted us with guarded hospitality, typical of Vermont. We soon learned there were no plans to run a train that day. However, the train crew, upon learning of our 100-mile journey to visit the road, offered that a change of plans might be in order.

It seems there was a car at the B&M interchange. It was not yet needed at the paper company in Monroe Bridge (about halfway between Readsboro and Hoosac Tunnel), but it could be brought north today. Plus, the crew mentioned, there was that pesky spring at Monroe Bridge that would have iced over the track during the night, which required daily treatment with a stout pickaxe. Moreover, an outbound car was ready to be picked

up from the Yankee Atomic power plant, just north of Monroe Bridge.

That was enough to “call an extra,” so off we went. The engineer, brakeman, and two section men, plus Andy and me, would have overcrowded the cab of the little GE 44-tonner, so Andy and I agreed to split the ride. Andy drove down to Monroe Bridge, and I would drive back later.

The ride was a thrill. We stopped at Yankee Atomic to remove a supply car from inside the plant. It was not the nuclear waste car, which would have been a much bigger deal. Even so, one had to be of only the clearest of pedigree to enter the plant. As young as I was, none of the staff seemed to care. We now had the boxcar on our nose as we went south down a brief 5.5 percent grade.

Arriving at Monroe Bridge, we dropped the section men and picked up Andy, proceeding on south to the interchange at Hoosac Tunnel yard. The car we had with us was best left on the west leg of the wye. What better way to do this than to just “let her go.” But where would it stop? Unknown to me, there was a saddle in the grade of that track, where the car would come to rest completely unintended. So we kicked, or “flew,” the car west, changed the switch to the east leg of the wye, and headed around the sharp downhill curve to pick up our return car. In the old days, a coach would have been flown around the wye and drifted down into the yard, all the way to the station. (Contrary to popular belief, the station was not at the Hoosac Tunnel portal, but in the yard about a mile to the east.)

The crew’s easygoing style of railroading

was not out of the ordinary for a short line, but it would soon step back toward the turn of the century. We ventured north with the single boxcar trailing the engine. The crew explained that more than four cars would have necessitated the use of both of the HT&W’s 44-ton locomotives, two crews, and perhaps the ringing of church bells, as it would have been a truly unusual event.

The layout at Monroe Bridge consisted of one fairly long double-ended siding tight to a warehouse that separated the track and roadbed from the millpond. On the south end of the warehouse, there was almost always a tank car of bunker C fuel oil, with steam and fuel lines hooked up. This meant that the siding was a real pain of a place to run around a car, because the tank-car lines would have to be disconnected. At the north end of the siding, where it was parallel to, and right beside, the main track, were two flatcars carrying piles of paper pulp in thick sheets covered with tarps. The pulp would be returned to a liquid state during the paper-making process, but to the HT&W train crew, it was just another obstruction in the siding. The boxcar we brought north was to be spotted between the pulp cars and the tank car. Since the north siding switch was trailing-point, you would expect a handful of simple moves to pull out the pulp cars, set them on the main, spot the boxcar, and replace the pulp cars.

Nope! The engine had derailed on that siding on numerous occasions, so the crew did not want to venture in there. I couldn’t



believe my eyes when we stopped alongside the pulp flats and the brakeman wrestled a push pole into position. (The 44-tonners each carried a couple of push poles on brackets beneath the frame.) Yup—we poled those cars out onto the main in front of us!

To do this, the brakeman had to hold the pole up kitty-corner between the poling pocket on one of the cars and the one on the engine on the adjacent track. Gently the engineer began to shove, whereupon the brakeman jumped back with Olympic skill in case the pole snapped or popped out of one of the pockets, a not uncommon occurrence. Fortunately, it did neither. The pulp cars promptly achieved enough speed to move out of the siding and onto the main.

With the north end of the siding clear, we moved north far enough to clear the switch,

then dropped the boxcar into the siding. The boxcar, having been “flown” with the greatest of care, stopped well short of the warehouse door. The tale gets better.

I anticipated we would now “fly” the flats into the siding and shove the boxcar to its spot, but that was not to be. The violence of the flats coupling to the boxcar would have been too much for the siding’s weak track. Out came a 50-foot length of cable. Yes, we really did cable the flats back into the siding, hitching to the boxcar in the process, and spotting it ever so perfectly at the appointed door of the warehouse. The whole routine was executed with such ease that it seemed perfectly logical.

That concluded our “switching” at Monroe Bridge. With the section crew back on board, having beaten the ice from the spring

HT&W 16 shoves a car of pulp for Monroe Bridge past the Yankee Atomic plant. Note the unit’s push pole and poling pockets—essential equipment on this short line!

into submission, and with me on the ground, the 44-tonner proceeded north as light-engine. As Andy enjoyed that portion of the trip, I was to bring his car up to Readsboro. Once again, though, things did not go as anticipated.

When I attempted to start Andy’s car, smoke wafted from under the dashboard. I could start the car, but the smoke would persist. I was truly afraid the car would catch fire and burn up. To deal with this latest twist to our adventure required a short hike up to the general store. A phone book yielded the number of the HT&W freight station in Readsboro. I dialed the number on the ancient rotary phone and spoke to the female



At Readsboro, diesel 16 passes HT&W's general office building as it sets out with HT&W's double-ended snowplow in 1962.

freight agent. She offered that there was no phone in the enginehouse, to where the crew had just returned, but if they should come to the freight house, she would be sure to mention my plight.

Some locals hanging around the store roared with laughter. Apparently the woman was well known for being uncooperative. When the laughter stopped, the look on my face brought a quick offer from a fellow named Bill to drive me up to Readsboro, and if need be bring Andy and me back to the car.

To make a long story short, we did just that, rescuing Andy's car by disconnecting the ignition wires after starting the engine, and made it home without further drama. A lasting outcome of this day typified Vermont hospitality, as Mr. Graff, the general manager who had welcomed us onto the property in the morning, told us to come back to his railroad anytime. I did just that, although Andy never accompanied me again. Perhaps he didn't want to tempt his old Rambler another time.

The Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington survived a bit longer. I would have a wonderful relationship with the line until its demise in 1971. ■



HT&W's entire locomotive fleet of two red 44-tonners enjoys the shelter of the Readsboro enginehouse in January '62. No. 18 is ex-B&M, while 16 came from Maine pike Sanford & Eastern, a sister to HT&W in the Pinsly-owned family of short lines.

Beating the **DOMINO**



Our Labor Day weekend train-riding marathon came “just in time”

BY **PAUL McDONALD**

As I was growing up in the 1950s, I was already a railfan and thought that living in Iowa was indeed *the* place to be! We had three mainline railroads in my home area of Waterloo and Cedar Falls—Chicago Great Western, Illinois Central, and Rock Island—and all three still ran passenger trains. Plus there was the notable interurban, the Waterloo, Cedar Falls & Northern, the “Cedar Valley Road,” which in 1958 was bought by the IC and Rock Island and renamed the Waterloo Railroad. I can remember the Waterloo still running a streetcar several times a day between Waterloo and Cedar Falls.

Iowa was surrounded by large railroad centers not all that far away: Chicago, the Twin Cities, Omaha, Kansas City, and St. Louis. It didn't hurt that I had grandparents living in Tacoma, Wash., and between 1955 and 1965 I would go by train to spend the entire summer with them. I rode Milwaukee's *Olympian Hiawatha*, Great Northern's *Empire Builder*, and Union Pacific's *City of Portland*. The latter was my favorite, as I became a big fan of its dome diner.

By 1967, of course, things were changing. The news that most Railway Post Office routes would be dropped was starting to have an effect. Already, Rock Island's *Zephyr Rocket* through Waterloo and Cedar Rapids had been discontinued, in April '67, and we all knew more train-offs were on the way. IC wanted to drop its Chicago–Waterloo *Land O' Corn*, and CGW's train through Waterloo, between Kansas City and the Twin Cities, had been discontinued in 1962.

So, it was time to ride a few trains serving the Midwest that I had read about but never been on. Labor Day weekend gave me three days off, and since my workday at Rath Packing Co. ended at 11 a.m., an early Friday afternoon departure was possible. I studied a current *Official Guide*, given to me by a neighbor who was a trainmaster for the Waterloo Railroad, and came up with a schedule that, in retrospect, was a marathon. A railfan friend, “Andy” Andreessen, wanted to go along, and we decided on the itinerary you see in the box on the opposite page. In just about three full days, we'd visit St. Paul, Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Louis, riding 10 trains on seven railroads!

EFFECT

in 1967



A friend of ours, who was a chief dispatcher for the IC, was sure our trip would never work out—somewhere, we would miss a connection and the whole thing would fall apart. That did not happen.

After I had our schedule set, I called the Rock Island agent over at Iowa Falls, our point of origin, to make the reservations. I gave him all the information, and he said he'd take care of it. A few hours later, though, I received a phone call from Andy. It seems the Iowa Falls agent, who'd been very polite, thought my call was a joke! He'd called Jim Bolger, the RI agent in Cedar Falls, whom Andy and I knew, and asked if he knew anything about this "trip." Jim vouched for us, saying yes, he knew us, and that yes, it was a legitimate request, and he should write up the tickets. I'm sure it was the first and only time the Iowa Falls agent sold a ticket for a routing anything like ours!

ON OUR WAY

On Friday afternoon, my mother drove us over to Iowa Falls, about 40 miles west of Cedar Falls, where we picked up our tickets. Our total fare was \$115, including two overnights and one afternoon ride in Pullman bedrooms and two parlor seats. Rock Island No. 8, the *Plainsman*, was our first train. Renamed when RI cut the *Twin Star Rocket* back from Texas to be a Minneapolis–Kansas City train, 8 arrived on-time, at 2:39, with two E units, a baggage car, an RPO, three coaches, a club diner, and two more coaches. As the conductor

Plainsman Rock Island 8, author McDonald's and his friend Andy's first Labor Day 1967 weekend rail conveyance, heads north at Clarks Grove, Minn., in September 1967 with an eight-car consist not much different from the one they rode September 1.

DON HOFSSOMMER PHOTO, COURTESY DAN SABIN

4 DAYS, 7 RAILROADS, 10 TRAINS

Railroad, Train Number, Name	Origin, Destination	Miles	Notes
Friday, Sept. 1, 1967			
Rock Island 8, <i>Plainsman</i>	Iowa Falls–St. Paul	183	
Milwaukee Road 4, <i>Pioneer Limited</i>	St. Paul–Chicago	419	Bedroom
Saturday, Sept. 2			
Santa Fe 19, <i>Chief</i>	Chicago–Kansas City	451	Dome ride
Missouri Pacific 18, ex- <i>Missourian</i>	Kansas City–St. Louis	279	
Sunday, Sept. 3			
Gulf, Mobile & Ohio 2, <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	St. Louis–Chicago	284	
Chi. & North Western 209, <i>Peninsula 400</i>	Chicago–Milwaukee	85	Bilevel train
Milwaukee Road 2, <i>Afternoon Hiawatha</i>	Milwaukee–Chicago	85	Dome ride
Burlington Route 47, <i>Black Hawk</i>	Chicago–St. Paul	427	Bedroom
Monday, Sept. 4, Labor Day			
Milwaukee Road 6, <i>Morning Hiawatha</i>	St. Paul–Chicago	419	Parlor seats
MILW 105/111, <i>City of Portland/Denver</i>	Chicago–Marion, Iowa	227	Bedroom
Totals: Railroads, 7; trains, 10; miles, 2,859. Total rail and Pullman fare, \$115.00. Coach seats unless noted.			



Pioneer Limited On September 8, 1970, three years after the author's ride, Milwaukee No. 4's last run pauses in Portage, Wis.

MIKE SCHAFER

took our tickets at our seats, we asked him if we could go back to a Dutch door and watch the RPO clerk put the hook out to pick up the mail on the fly as we went through Hampton. He said, "Sure," and since the RPO was right ahead of our coach, and with the pick-up occurring on a curve, we had a front-row view of an operation that would soon be a thing of the past. I took no photos on the trip, but Andy took movies.

Later, after a meal in the diner, we walked to the back of the train and visited with the rear brakeman, all alone in the rear coach. This was a car off the *Golden State* from Los Angeles, interchanged at K.C., but it made a decent connection only westbound, so essentially it was deadheading back to the Twin Cities. Such was passenger railroading in its waning years under private operation.

Once across the Mississippi River into Newport, Minn., after a short delay at Newport Tower to let Milwaukee Road's westbound *Morning Hiawatha* by, we arrived on-time at 6:30 p.m. into one of my favorite stations, St. Paul Union Depot (SPUD).

Our next train, Milwaukee's overnight *Pioneer Limited*, scheduled to leave SPUD at 11:20 p.m., was one I'd always wanted to ride. Andy and I had space in a double bedroom, in what turned out to be one of two MILW sleeping cars in the consist. Ahead of us were a diner-lounge and four coaches. A lot of baggage and mail cars were behind us, and we never did see the rear of our train, as Milwaukee trains ran through SPUD. Power was a sort of MILW standard of an E9A, a passenger F7B, and an FP7. After a comfortable night and an excellent breakfast in the diner-lounge as we roared through Chicago's northern suburbs, we arrived in Union Station on-time at 7:45 a.m.

We hopped a taxi for the short ride over to Dearborn Station. I knew all about this unique depot but had never been in it. Dearborn was still a busy place, and we enjoyed the view from its upstairs waiting room with large windows facing the trainshed—an auxiliary waiting room made for railfans!

A large crowd was waiting on this beautiful Saturday morning to board our next conveyance, Santa Fe's *Chief*. And No. 19 was a train long enough to accommodate them—22 cars behind six F units! Upon boarding for the 9 a.m. departure, we located our assigned coach seats but went right on by and up into the full-length dome car to see the sights leaving Chicago. Andy and I must have been quite vocal in our excitement, for a woman who was trying to sleep in the dome accused us of being the "entertainment committee." We didn't give her a retort, but c'mon, dome seats are not meant for sleeping!

In central Illinois, Andy timed our speed using the mileposts and a chart in his copy of a Santa Fe employee timetable. He reported we were running at 106 mph! En route on what today is called "The Transcon," we met the *Texas Chief*, separate sections of the *Super Chief/El Capitan*, and the *Grand Canyon*. Once again we arrived at



Chief Santa Fe 19 hits the diamonds at Ash Street on its way out of Chicago in October 1966, with five F units and 13-plus cars; a year later, the author's *Chief* totaled six units and 22 cars.

CRAIG WILLETT

our destination, Kansas City Union Station, on-time, at 4:35 p.m. As we walked down the platform, we noticed a Jersey Central express boxcar up front in the consist of Rock Island's nameless overnight train 16 for St. Paul-Minneapolis.

BRIEF RESPITE, THEN A FULL DAY

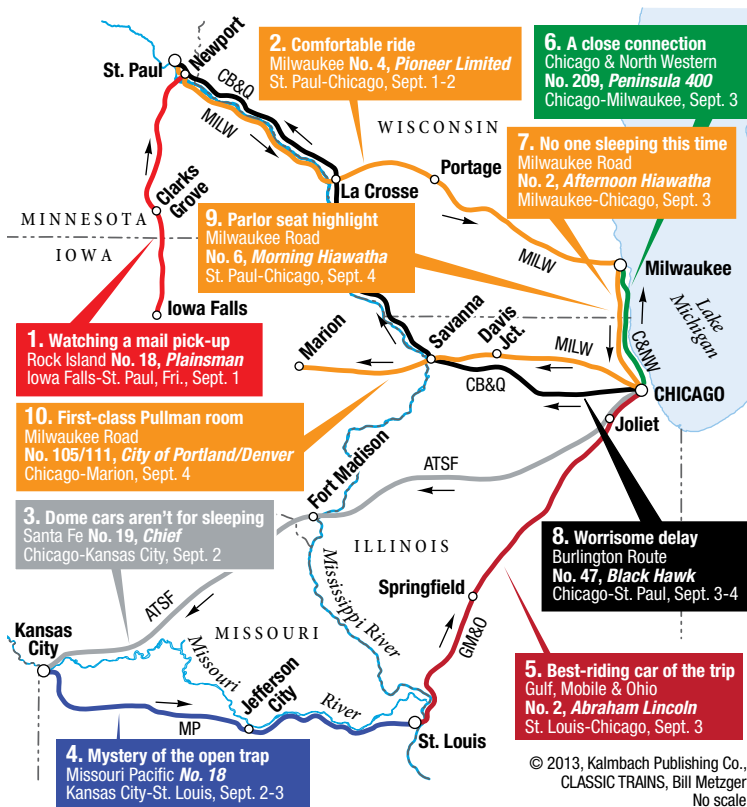
We knew we'd have a full day of train-riding on Sunday, starting around midnight, so we walked across the street to a hotel recommended by an RPO clerk and booked a room to grab a few hours of Saturday evening sleep. At 11 p.m. we were back in Union Station, to board Missouri Pacific train 18 leaving at 10 minutes to midnight for St. Louis. The train was still labeled *The Missourian* in the station, but was nameless in the *Official Guide*. Passengers were not the reason for its continued existence, although on the rear of our train were two rebuilt heavyweight coaches that were spotless inside and out. Ahead were two full-length RPO's and 10 or 12 other head-end cars for storage mail and express, many of them Pennsylvania Railroad express boxcars. Our power was a blue E unit and two blue Geeps.

After our departure, I walked to the back of our coach, the last car, to look out the vestibule to the rear. I noticed one of the trap doors was still open, and assuming it just had been forgotten, I closed it, as well as the Dutch doors. Soon after I returned to my seat, the rear brakeman came through the car, heading back to close things up. He had a puzzled look on his face as he returned forward.

We had a relaxed ride to St. Louis, with many stops for mail and express handling, and with all those cars ahead of us, several times we felt some heavy slack action. We backed into St. Louis Union Station ahead of our 7:13 a.m. scheduled arrival. This was another big



LABOR DAY TOUR, 1967



Abraham Lincoln In the shadow of the Illinois capitol dome, the usual two E7A's accelerate GM&O No. 2 out of Springfield on July 28, 1969. GM&O's AC&F-built 1947 coaches and parlor cars replaced ex-B&O/Alton lightweight stock on the "Abe" in early 1967.

J. DAVID INGLES

station I'd not seen, and it was still an impressive and busy place.

Andy and I ate breakfast in the station and soon were ready to board our next train, Gulf, Mobile & Ohio No. 2, the *Abraham Lincoln*, due out at 8:58 a.m. for Chicago. The train was packed, and we noticed MoPac's *Texas Eagle*, with five sleepers, arriving on the adjacent track. In Union Station we'd tried to upgrade to parlor-car seats but were told they were sold out. Early in the ride, we walked forward from our seats to inspect our consist and get some pop in the heavy-

weight baggage-lounge car. We wound up talking with a railfan from California, who told us all about Southern Pacific's passenger trains.

About noon we had a great Sunday dinner in the diner, another heavyweight that rode the best of any car on our entire trip. Even at the high speed we were being treated to by the GM&O, that car rode like we were standing still. Our arrival into Chicago Union Station was a little after our scheduled 2:18 p.m. time, and as we walked up the platform, Burlington's *California Zephyr* was just leaving. Toward



Morning Hiawatha A typical FP7-F7B-E9A trio leads Milwaukee Road No. 6 out of the “Beer City” July 1, 1965, passing Washington Street tower—its roof visible behind the E9—as a C&NW Alco switcher works (at right). On 6’s rear is a Skytop parlor observation car.

MIKE SCHAFER



Peninsula 400 An E8A-F7A duo leads C&NW 209 through Washington Street in Milwaukee in June 1966, exiting home rails onto Milwaukee Road to reach the new MILW station, at which C&NW was a tenant. The second car is a single-level diner with false roof.

TWO PHOTOS, BOB BAKER COLLECTION

the rear, an orange-and-brown IC 11-bedroom Pullman ahead of the dome-observation-lounge spoiled the CZ’s all-stainless-steel look.

We walked north a couple of blocks to North Western Station for our next leg, a quick round trip to Milwaukee. Our train was one of C&NW’s premier runs, the Ishpeming, Mich.-bound bilevel *Peninsula 400*, which included coaches, coach-parlor car 600, coach-bar-lounge 903, and a diner that was single-level inside with a fake exterior raised roof to match the bilevels’ roofline. A possible problem was that the *Peninsula 400*, due out of Chicago at 4:12 p.m., was scheduled into Milwaukee’s two-year-old station (owned by MILW, shared with C&NW beginning in 1966) at 6:10, 15 minutes after Milwaukee’s eastbound *Afternoon Hiawatha*, from the Twin Cities, was due out. We elected to chance it because we’d been told that the *Hi* was often a tad late, and we had plenty of time before our next departure from Chicago later that evening. Besides, we had two backups: MILW 58 at 7:25 with a 9:40 Chicago arrival, and C&NW 216, the bilevel *Flambeau 400*, at 7:40 with a 9:30 time into the Windy City.

The C&NW ride was pleasant. I rode upstairs, never having been on a bilevel car before, while Andy rode downstairs and talked with

the conductor. Coming into Milwaukee, we made sure to be ready to get off as soon as we stopped. Sure enough, the *Hi* was right there next to us, ready to leave! We made a mad dash down our platform and the ramp into the pedestrian tunnel, through it, and up the next ramp. We just made it, and had a nice ride back to Chicago up in the Super Dome toward the rear of the train. I didn’t see anyone sleeping.

BACK TO ST. PAUL

We had almost 3 hours before the departure of our next train, Burlington No. 47, the *Black Hawk*, at 10:15 p.m. I had always been interested in this overnight train because it carried a colorful and wide variety of cars, including through Pullmans and coaches to connect at St. Paul with the two secondary transcontinentals of CB&Q’s parents: Northern Pacific’s *Mainstreeter* and Great Northern’s *Western Star*. Andy and I had Pullman reservations for this ride, which turned out to be in *Silver Boulder*, a 10-roomette/6-double-bedroom car built by Budd in 1956 for the *Denver Zephyr*.

Before departure, I walked along our train. Three E’s, all facing forward, led us: an E9, E8, and E7. There was no RPO as it was Sun-



Black Hawk Silver E's on CB&Q 47 stand next to Tuscan red ones on PRR's *Pennsylvania Limited* at Chicago in October 1965.

CRAIG WILLET



City of Portland Carrying the *City of Denver's* number, two UP E's leave Davis Junction, Ill., with the combined train in early '65.

MIKE SCHAFER

day, but we had a baggage car, then an ex-*Kansas City Zephyr* dome coach-coffee shop-dorm car, our Pullman, an NP heavyweight coach, and the through cars for the West Coast trains, including lightweight coaches and Pullmans. The total was about 14 cars. Since we'd been up nearly 24 hours, I was asleep before we made Burlington's "sharp right turn" beyond the coach yards onto the triple-track "raceway."

Next morning, our porter gave us some possibly bad news—during the night, we'd been delayed by a freight train with a hotbox, and our arrival into SPUD, scheduled for 7:20, would be a little late. He did say that we "should" make our connection. It was scheduled to be 45 minutes before boarding the *Morning Hiawatha* back to Chicago. We had a continental breakfast in the 1953 KCZ car (either *Silver Garden* or *Silver Patio*), then anxiously awaited our arrival at SPUD.

Sure enough, it was another "photo finish," just like in Milwaukee. As we backed in (the *Black Hawk*, after having the West Coast cars removed, would pull out to go on to the GN station in Minneapolis), there stood the *Morning Hi*, in from Minneapolis and ready to leave. As on the C&NW, we waited in our Pullman's vestibule and were off as soon as we stopped, for another mad dash . . . up the escalator, through the concourse, down the other escalator, and onto the train. We made the 8:05 departure with about 1 minute to spare.

This was a good thing, too, as this ride was to be the highlight of our trip—seats in the Skytop parlor observation car! Our assigned seats, in *Coon Rapids*, were the rear two in the car, next to the rear observation lounge area, but I don't think we sat in them for even a minute. We enjoyed the great view through those unique windows as we crossed the Mississippi River at Hastings, Minn., and then followed the great river down past Winona. Andy got some nice movies as we crossed the bridges over the Mississippi and Black rivers into La Crosse, Wis. East of La Crosse we met the westbound *Morning Hi*, and later, south of Milwaukee, the *Afternoon Hi*. All the Milwaukee's trains seemed to have a lot of head-end cars, but that would soon change. We had a great ride, including a nice lunch in the buffet-style dining car, or "Buffeteria" as the Milwaukee Road called it.

We arrived in Chicago Union Station close to the scheduled 2:45. Now it was time to go home. Although our last leg was an afternoon/evening ride, we had a bedroom reserved on the Milwaukee Road-Union Pacific combined *City of Portland/City of Denver*. (On MILW to Omaha and UP to Denver, the train, which operated via Denver at this time, used the *City of Denver's* number, 111.) Our connection from St. Paul was only 15 minutes, but we had a backup in the combined *City of Los Angeles/City of San Francisco* 3 hours later.

We were ticketed to Marion, Iowa, where my parents would pick us up, 227 miles out of Chicago and 50 miles from Waterloo. Our room was in *Placid Bay*, one of 10 *Placid* series 11-double-bedroom cars built for UP by Pullman-Standard in 1956, and she was a real

beauty. Among the last U.S. sleeping cars built, 11-year-old *Placid Bay* was in like-new condition, with a switch offering a variety of musical programs and imitation wood paneling on the lower portion of the walls in the room—really first class. One unique frill on UP was carpeting through the vestibules between each car. Our consist, all-UP, was typical for the combined train of the era: 4 E units, 3 cars of storage mail, a baggage dorm, 2 *Pacific* series 10&6 Pullmans, our *Placid* car, the dome diner, a dome lounge, and about 7 coaches plus a lunch-counter car for coach passengers. Normally the Pullmans would have been on the rear, but over the holidays UP would arrange the train this way so coaches could be added easily, if needed. (Beginning in late September '67, the Denver cars would split from the Portland cars at North Platte, Nebr.)

Our arrival in Marion was a little ahead of the scheduled 6:54 time. We both walked forward. Andy wanted to get movies of the departure, and I had a short conversation with the engineer. Our lead unit, UP 925, had an interesting history. It was rebuilt from the remains of C&NW E7A 5007-B that led the eastbound *City of San Francisco* that crashed into the rear of the *City of Los Angeles* near the Utah-Wyoming border in September 1951. UP bought the remains and sent them to EMD, receiving back E8A 925; UP would sell 925 in 1969 to the Rock Island, which numbered it 657. The engineer accommodated my request when I told him we were going to take movies of his train and really "highballed" out of the Marion station.

Thus ended our 1967 Labor Day weekend marathon. We'd ridden 2,859 miles on seven railroads' trains through five states and made every connection, although three were very close. The first thing we did when we visited our IC dispatcher friend was to tell him that.

EPILOGUE

We made this marathon just in time. In mid-September '67, Santa Fe announced a massive systemwide passenger-service restructuring as a result of losing most of its storage mail and RPO business.

The year 1968 was also a bad one. By Spring, the *Chief* and MoPac 18 were history, and many trains lost their frills—the *City of Portland* would lose its dome diner, for instance. As what would become the Amtrak law was taking shape, the last train-offs were allowed in 1970. Among the victims were the *Afternoon Hi*, on January 23; the *Pioneer Limited* [see page 80]; and the *Plainsman*.

The *Black Hawk* made its last run on April 13, 1970, six weeks after the Burlington Northern merger. And while C&NW 209 lasted until Amtrak, it was truncated to Chicago-Green Bay and called simply, "Bilevel Streamliner." The other three trains we rode—the *Morning Hi*, *Abe Lincoln*, and *City of Portland/Denver*—made it to Amtrak's inception. On that 1967 Labor Day weekend, we didn't know how good we had it. The trains would fall like dominoes. ■

Second. engine 28

A fireman tells what it was like when doubleheaded K4s Pacifics hauled PRR's *Broadway Limited* out of Chicago in the early 1940s

BY JOHN R. CROSBY

The 55th Street enginehouse foreman doodled the date on his desk pad—8-14-43—as he dialed the extension of the Movement Director downtown.

“Charlie? This is Sam. Just want to let you know that the 6110 we had marked for 28 today ain’t going to be ready. The cold-water pump went to hell, so we had better figure on going with a couple of K’s. I’ve got a pair of good ones ready—5471 and 5352. How many cars are you figuring on 28?”

The metallic voice of the Movement Director came back over the earpiece telling foreman Sam that 28 likely would be a 16-car train. As Sam hung up, he mused that the boys on 28’s power today would have their hands full—instead of a new T1 4-4-4 duplex, they’d have a pair of 4-6-2s whose design dated from 1914. Then he busied himself getting his people alerted to the change in power.

The Movement Director also began to work on his part in getting the Pennsylvania Railroad’s *Broadway Limited* out of Chicago on its way to New York. He called the 55th Street crew dispatcher and ordered two engine crews for 28. Referring to his crew sheet, he noted that the engineer on the first engine would be Pat McCormick, with Harry Adams on the second engine.

At 11:45 a.m., the crew dispatcher went into the crew room, found Harry Adams, and gave him the call for “second engine 28, reporting 1:30 p.m.” Harry volunteered to give the call to his fireman. With that chore finished, the crew dispatcher went up into the bunk room to wake up Pat McCormick and his fireman.

A few minutes later, Harry crossed 55th Street and headed into Huffman’s, where his fireman, Johnny Cooper, was eating lunch. Johnny was one of the younger firemen on the extra passenger list, but he had a good reputation for keeping engines hot. Harry took a seat next to Johnny, gave him the call, and ordered lunch.

As they ate, Harry commented that 28 probably would be heavy today and they’d have their work cut out for them. Harry mentioned 28’s schedule of 2 hours 22 minutes for the 148 miles between Chicago and

Fort Wayne. He added, “Pat McCormick is the regular man on 28, and you know how he always is telling the crew on the second engine that he doesn’t want to be able to see behind the bulge in his tender because the guy on the second engine is pushing so hard.” With that gem of wisdom, their conversation turned to the fortunes of the White Sox.

After finishing lunch, Harry and Johnny returned to the crew room, where they watched some of the freight boys play cards in a game that apparently never ended. Fresh crews always were coming in off runs, or getting up after resting, to take the places of those who went out on runs or went to bed. About 1:25 p.m. Harry and Johnny went into the locker room to dress for work.

They picked out their grips from the racks along the walls. Both grips were of the same style and size, specially designed to fit into the standard Pennsy locomotive-cab seatbox. Both men dressed in much the same fashion: large red bandanna pinned around the neck to keep cinders out, and a light-blue work shirt. Adams left his shirt collar open and standing up in the normal position; Cooper tucked his under, in the style many of the younger firemen had adopted. Over the shirt went bib overalls. Adams wore a gray pin-stripe; Cooper went for the standard blue denim. Both completed their outfits with white Kromer work caps.

When they were dressed, they headed through the enginehouse to the crew dispatcher’s office to register in for duty. Both checked the bulletin boards for new notices and General Orders. They then signed the Crew Register sheet that certified the crew of second engine 28 were qualified for this assignment, had been properly rested, and in



Author John R. Crosby, a fireman on PRR's Fort Wayne Division in the 1940s, stands beside a T1 4-4-4 duplex in Chicago. Opposite page: Two K4's lead a limited out of Chicago Union Station in January 1943.

ABOVE: MIKE CROSBY COLL.; RIGHT: JACK DELANO, NATIONAL ARCHIVES





Enginemen confer beside K4s 5367 during a stop for passengers, servicing, and change of crews at Fort Wayne in the late 1940s.

JOHN R. CROSBY, MIKE CROSBY COLLECTION

general were pure of heart. The crew dispatcher gave Harry the passenger time slip that showed the date, train number, engine number, location, and reporting time. Harry would fill in the other information needed to keep the Hours of Service inspectors happy and also provide the timekeeper with enough figures to ensure that he got a full check on payday.

Minutes later Pat McCormick and his fireman walked in and went through the same routine Harry and Johnny had just completed. McCormick's fireman was grumbling that this run would be about his last on the "high wheelers" because it looked like on the next list he would be set up running and would have to buck the extra engineers' board.

McCormick checked to see what engines were assigned to 28. He commented to his fellow engineer that "We had the 5352 down this morning, and she's a good one. The

driving boxes are a bit loose and she rides rough, but that's about all that's wrong with her. So, young man, you have no excuse not to be pushing hard enough to put a bulge in my tender." To Pat McCormick, anyone under 60 automatically qualified for the title of "young man."

Both crews walked outside to their engines. The leader, 5471, had been cleaned up by the roundhouse forces, and since it was just three days out of a monthly inspection, it looked fairly presentable. The 5352 was another story—it was covered with almost 30 days of dirt and grime from more trips between Chicago and Crestline, Ohio, than the boys at the backshop in Altoona, Pa., would like. These days during World War II, there wasn't much time for steam-cleaning running gear and washing down tender flanks, to say nothing of polishing the bell or graphiting the smokebox.

The firemen went up the gangways first, then the engineers handed up all the grips to them to be stowed away. Then the firemen handed down long oil cans and baseball-size

chunks of waste so the engineers could start oiling around. Johnny Cooper took a quick look into the firebox of the 5352 and noted with satisfaction that the hostler had left him a good fire with a large bank of coal across the back. He dismounted and went across to the icehouse for a 25-pound block of ice and a can of drinking water. Back at the engine, he threw the ice up into the cab, put the water can on the deck, climbed on board, put the ice in the left tender bulkhead, and sat the water can on top.

Checking the supplies, he noted an ample number of fusees and torpedoes in his seatbox. On the backhead of the boiler were waste and cans of engine and valve oil. A decent shovel was in the coal pile—a surprise, since the good ones often were taken by the Chicago Terminal firemen to use on their hand-fired 0-6-0s and 2-8-0s. Atop the tender, secured by a steel rod inserted through the handle, was the clinker hook, and the shaker bar stood in the corner. A coal pick and a slide puller hung from the coal gates. Two lanterns—one with a clear globe, one with a red globe—were on the back wall of the cab.

This story was first published in the March 1975 issue of *TRAINS* magazine.

Johnny then checked his side of the cab, first the injector, then the stoker. He noted in the firebox that the extremities on the distribution plate were beginning to burn off. This might present problems in putting coal into the rear corners. He opened the five jets that regulated the flow of steam blowing coal into the firebox. Last, he opened the round-handled valve that operated the two-cylinder Standard Stoker motor directly under the fireman's seat. The motor operated well. The cab vibrated as its two pistons churned back and forth, turning the conveyor screw that took coal from the tender to the firebox.

On this division, Pennsy engines took water on the fly from track pans, so the scoops had to be checked, a job for both the fireman and engineer. Johnny went to the scoop operating handle, on the right side of the tender bulkhead, and dropped the scoop. It was the engineer's job to see that the scoop went down and that its leading edge was not too badly bent. When the engineer was finished with his oiling chores and back in the cab, he would pull up the scoop. Once in a while a hogger would forget to do this, and would move the engine with the scoop down. If you backed up, not much happened except a lot of noise, but if you moved forward with the scoop down, let's just say the result was interesting.

Both engineers had finished oiling around and inspecting their charges. Harry Adams returned to 5352's cab and pulled up the scoop, put away the long oiler, and checked the position of the doubleheading cutout cock, which was below the automatic brake valve handle, noting that it was set in the cutout position. With the handle set this way, the engineer on the second engine had no control over the train brakes except for put-

ting them into emergency; the lead engineer would apply and release the train brakes. The second engine's hogger had control over his engine brakes and could apply and release them at will.

Harry watched the needles on his air gauges as Pat McCormick tested the air. When the test had been completed to the satisfaction of both engineers, Harry gave three quick blasts on his whistle and moved both engines back toward the water plugs. Each engine was spotted at a plug, and the firemen filled their tenders to the rated ca-

28'S CREW WAS TO BE QUALIFIED, RESTED, AND GENERALLY PURE OF HEART.

capacity of 11,000 gallons. No. 28's power was ready to back downtown from 55th Street to Union Station for the train.

The trip north from the roundhouse to the 21st Street interlocking took about 20 minutes. Before leaving the roundhouse and filling the tender, Johnny Cooper had filled the boiler to near capacity so as to go as long as possible without turning on the injector. At 21st Street they waited until a Santa Fe passenger train, nearing its Dearborn Station terminus, cleared the diamonds.

After the Santa Fe had cleared, the position-light signal changed from stop to restricting, and the two K4's resumed their back-up movement. As they passed PRR's coach yard at 14th Street, Johnny noted a laboring B6 0-6-0 shoving 28's train toward Union Station. The signal at 12th Street indicated stop while the yard man made his move. As the engines passed under the 12th Street viaduct, mention was made that it was a favorite hangout for a city smoke inspector, a note to remember as 28 left town.

After the yard guy cleared, the doubleheader backed down to the mail track and coupled to 28's Railway Post Office car. Car inspectors coupled air and steam lines, and

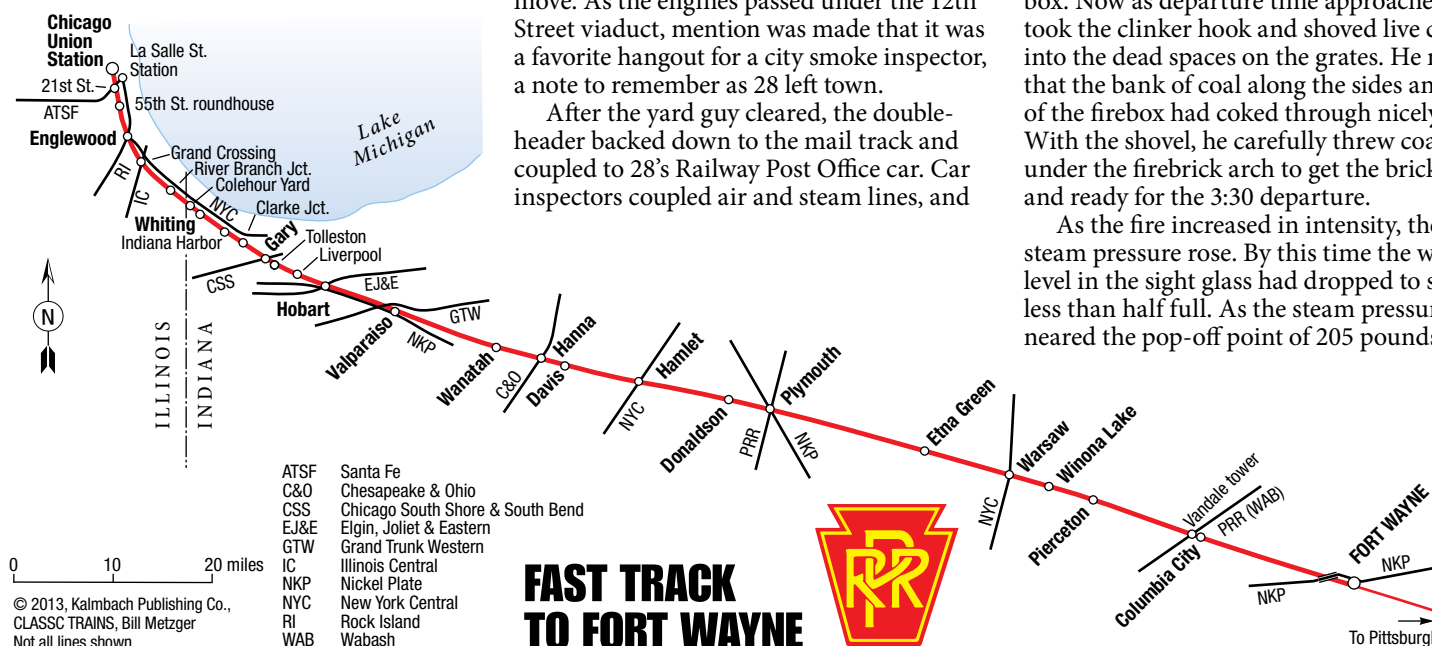
the brakes were checked. The K4's pulled forward to Polk Street, stopped for a minute for the Harrison Street tower operator to change the route, then backed toward Track 28 in Union Station and tied onto the *Broadway's* consist. The firemen noted with satisfaction that their engines were safely hidden under the Post Office building, so they could get their fires ready without worrying about the smoke inspector. With a number of Pennsy, Burlington, and Alton engines in the vicinity, no one fireman could be blamed for the cloud of smoke slipping out from under the building. Of course, sitting under the Post Office on a hot day was like sitting in a dirty sauna bath.

About 3:10 the car inspectors asked McCormick for an application of the train brakes, then walked back along the 16 Tuscan red cars to check whether the brakes had applied and piston travel was correct. At the rear car they blew four blasts on the communicating whistle, asking for a brake release. Then they walked back to the engines, this time checking to confirm the brakes had released. The inspectors informed each engine crew that they had 16 cars, all with brakes working, and left to inspect another train.

A few minutes later, 28's conductor came up to the head end, gave each crew a clearance card, and told them they had no train orders. The conductor, looking dapper in his passenger uniform, complete with white carnation in his lapel, did not spend much time in the heat and gloom of Union Station's south end. He hurried back to the cool confines of an air-conditioned Pullman, where he had appropriated a bedroom as his office.

Johnny Cooper was working on his fire. During the trip downtown he had purposely let the steam pressure lag around 180 to 185 pounds, keeping a light fire concentrated mainly along the sides and back of the firebox. Now as departure time approached, he took the clinker hook and shoved live coals into the dead spaces on the grates. He noted that the bank of coal along the sides and back of the firebox had coked through nicely. With the shovel, he carefully threw coal up under the firebrick arch to get the brick hot and ready for the 3:30 departure.

As the fire increased in intensity, the steam pressure rose. By this time the water level in the sight glass had dropped to slightly less than half full. As the steam pressure neared the pop-off point of 205 pounds,





Johnny put on the injector and cooled down the engine. At 3:29, both engine crews were ready to depart. After moving the reverse lever the full length of the quadrant a few times to blow out any water trapped in the cylinders, Harry Adams closed the cylinder cocks on 5352. Goggles came down and covered four pairs of eyes—that low ceiling under the Post Office left no place for cinders to go but down. At the appointed time both crews were ready for the proceed signal of two short peeps on the communicating whistle . . . but none came. Back along the platform, a few last-minute passengers off some late-arriving Western train were hurrying alongside the flanks of the Pullmans. Johnny glanced at the steam-pressure gauge and noted the needle standing at 204 pounds. He had a half glass of water showing

and was reluctant to put any more in, but he could not allow the engine to pop off here, so once more he cooled it down.

After 2 very long minutes, the proceed signal finally sounded. A few feet south of the pilot of No. 5471, the two white lights of a position-light dwarf signal shifted from horizontal to vertical. Pat McCormick opened his bell-ringer valve, then the throttle. On the second engine, Harry Adams waited until he felt some motion; about the time he felt the slack was taken up, he too opened his throttle. The *Broadway Limited* eased out of Union Station at 3:32 p.m.—2 minutes late.

On the left side of 5352, Johnny Cooper turned on the stoker jets and started the stoker motor. The coal came up from the tender, fell on the distribution plate, and

quickly was blown to its appointed place in the firebox. Pennsy never went in for frills such as jet-pressure gauges, so its firemen adjusted the coal distribution by eye. The rule of thumb in doing this was to blow a walnut-size piece of coal about 2 feet beyond the firedoor—presuming you had some coal of that size. Frequently, only dust came out of the tender.

The first half dozen exhausts of both engines sounded muffled. This was due in part to the low ceiling and in part to the fact that the steam moving through the throttle valve to the cylinders was not yet superheated enough to eliminate all the moisture. By the time the engines had moved out into the sunshine at Harrison Street, hotter and drier steam had worked its way to the cylinders and the exhausts took on a crisper sound.



Burlington E7's and PRR K4's race past their roads' coach yards south of Chicago Union Station with trains for points west and east.

JOHN R. CROSBY, MIKE CROSBY COLLECTION

Johnny had wedged a piece of coal between the two halves of the Butterfly firebox door. This allowed air to come in on top of the fire and kept down the smoke emission; it also prevented the overturning of a light fire should an engine slip as it moved through the numerous switches outside Union Station. The stationmaster took a dim view of too liberal use of sand on his switches, so engine slippage here was common. As the train neared the 12th Street overpass, both firemen noted the seemingly disinterested smoke inspector, who was keeping a careful watch lest 28 darken the sky.

With the speed up to about 20 mph, Pat McCormick on 5471 moved the big brass automatic brake-valve handle to the application zone and watched as the brake-pipe pressure showed a reduction from 110

pounds to 100. The cab filled with the sound of escaping compressed air, and 28 began to slow down. When the exhaust stopped, McCormick moved the brake valve back to the running position. As the pressure needle moved up to 110 pounds, he had complied with company regulations calling for a running test of brakes at the first opportunity.

During the brake test, neither engineer eased off on the throttle. Harry Adams kept his engine brakes from applying, and before long the train picked up speed. Nearing 16th Street, McCormick blew two long blasts on the whistle, and a switchtender waved a fancy highball in return. The same procedure was repeated at 17th and 18th streets. Past 18th Street, the crews saw the 21st Street interlocking signal at the south end of Chicago River South Branch Bridge displaying a

green over two reds. This would be the only color signal the crews would see today—all others were PRR position-light types. Both engineers dropped their reverse levers farther forward to compensate for the short hard pull from ground level to the elevation beyond 21st Street toward Englewood.

Suddenly the second engine slipped, even though it was on sand. The hot coals in the firebox lifted and danced in midair in response to the sudden increase in draft. Half expecting the slip, Harry was alert and swiftly closed the throttle. He waited briefly for the blur of drivers to slow, then slowly reopened the throttle. Up front on 5471, McCormick felt through the seat of his overalls the faint run-in and run-out of slack as the 5352 slipped and quickly resumed pushing.

The engines rattled and bounced over the



Looking not unlike fireman Johnny Cooper aboard the second engine of PRR train 28, author Crosby tends to the controls on the left-hand side of a K4s cab in the late '40s.

MIKE CROSBY COLLECTION

many diamonds at 21st Street and complied with the 15-mph limit until the last car cleared the interlocking. On sand, and urged along by a heavy throttle and approximately a half stroke on the reverse lever, No. 28 accelerated. As it did so, both engineers came back toward center with their reverse levers. You ran these beasts by ear, and the sound of the exhaust told the experienced man what was going on. Some engineers were a bit hard of hearing, and their engines worked harder than others. Nothing was wrong with the hearing of any member of 28's crew today, and passing Comiskey Park, home of the White Sox, the *Broadway* picked up speed.

Past 41st Street, the grade dipped slightly and 28 was moving along at 60 mph. Nearing 47th Street, Pat McCormick applied the brakes for the 45-mph curves around 55th Street Yard. On the 5352, Harry kept his engine brakes released, but as the speed dropped, he eased in on his throttle. No sense working too much throttle and pushing McCormick around the curves at too high a speed. These curves were the favorite checking points for road foremen and trainmasters making speed-compliance checks.

South of 55th Street, the distant signal for the Rock Island crossing at Englewood came into sight. The three amber lights were leaning from left to right at a 45-degree angle, indicating approach—30 mph. McCormick waited until the stack of 5471 passed under the signal bridge before slowing to 30. He released the brakes near 61st Street with the

speed near 15 mph. The eastbound home signal at Englewood is difficult to read because an elevated-train structure partially blocks the view. This day, 28's crew did not have to guess at the signal as they saw the last car of an outbound Rock Island suburban train slowly moving across the PRR mains. When the suburban had cleared, they could see the silhouette of the tower operator pulling and pushing on the interlocking levers. Just after the split-rail derail had closed, the signal jumped from horizontal to vertical. This was the last time No. 28 would see any indication except a clear signal all the way to Fort Wayne. The signal had cleared just about

NO RACE TODAY: AN NYC J-3 WITH A MILE START COULD NOT BE CAUGHT.

when 28 had come to a stop, and now both engineers really pounded their engines for the short hop into Englewood Union Station.

The lead engine stopped opposite a small sign reading "16" nailed to a post set into the ground along the south edge of the tracks. This showed McCormick that the last car was standing clear of the Rock Island tracks.

The station stop took only 2 minutes. During this time, Cooper shut off the stoker and checked his fire. The bank in the rear

had about burned out, and the rest of the fire was as level as a pool table. The firebrick was glowing with heat. Since the distributor plate was not doing the job of blowing coal into the back corners of the firebox, Johnny elected to throw four or five scoops of coal into each. As he completed this, the communicating whistle peeped twice and 28 was ready to leave Englewood, now 4 minutes late.

Two gauntleted left hands simultaneously opened throttles while the right counterparts opened sander valves. As 205 pounds of live steam per square inch forced its way past the valves and down into the cylinders, four pistons began their task of moving back and forth. The exhausts of 5471 and 5352 started off synchronized, but because of minute differences in driver diameters, wheel slippages, and valve settings, the exhaust rhythm grew ragged and separated. Then slowly the exhausts joined again to one apparent set. This leave-taking of a station with two good engines flinging their exhausts to the high heavens was an experience most crews enjoyed, whether they admitted it or not. This was about the only time they would hear the individual sounds of the engines, since once the machines were up to speed, their sound ran together and turned into one loud roar.

Johnny glanced ahead and noted a mile away a smear of smoke that indicated New York Central's *20th Century Limited* had left without waiting for 28 for what often was a drag race to the Indiana state line. The officials of each road frowned on these races, at least for the record, but no one ever had heard a general manager say anything about running away from the competition. All ideas of a race today vanished quickly, because a Central J-3 Hudson with a mile start could not be caught.

Johnny's thoughts were rapidly brought back to his own engine by increasing vibrations, denoting an increase in speed. The line is uphill out of Englewood heading east, and neither engineer moved his reverse lever too far back toward center until the top of the grade at Grand Crossing. The Illinois Central's multiple main lines were well below 28's wheels, but four decades before, this had been one huge grade crossing with 30 diamonds where PRR's Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago and NYC's parallel Lake Shore & Michigan Southern intersected with the IC. Old-timers told stories about horrendous delays waiting for IC trains to clear before the crossing was grade-separated.

The *Broadway's* passage over the IC took but a few seconds, then the combination of downhill track and two well-tuned engines lifted speed to the 70 mark. A cloud of pigeons rose from the Calumet River lift bridges as the trusses vibrated with the tread of the train. Just before passing the west end of PRR's Colehour Yard, McCormick applied



K4s 5476, built by PRR's Juniata Shops in 1927, powers past Junction Tower on the west side of Fort Wayne with a train for Chicago.

JOHN R. CROSBY

the brakes for the 55-mph speed restriction for the curves around it. Since 28 was late, he did not make as heavy a brake application as normal, and the train strode by a bit over 55—say, in the neighborhood of 62. Beyond Colehour came that smelly stretch past the refineries and chemical plants of Whiting. As the sky darkened with the smoke from the Indiana Harbor steel mills, 28 slowed to 45 mph for that city's speed restriction. Then, out in the open country between Indiana Harbor and Gary, the throttles came out and the block operator at Clarke Junction tossed a halfhearted highball to the engine crews.

Just west of the South Shore Line overpass, McCormick slowed to 45 mph for the trip through Gary. As 28 neared PRR's Gary station, a number of people walked out in the mistaken belief that the *Trail Blazer*, No. 76, was arriving. Nearly 4 minutes late, No. 28 was passing the station on 76's time. McCormick had expected this surge of passengers, and he violated Gary's prohibition on whistling to let the people know that this train was not stopping. The tower operator at Tolleston, the Michigan Central crossing, had his plant lined up, and 28 held its slack-

ened pace until it cleared Virginia Street. Then the throttles were opened, and hopefully would stay that way, as this was last speed restriction until Fort Wayne.

Once again the line was uphill, at least until east of Liverpool Tower. Each engine's stack showed a light-gray haze, indicating a good fire with maximum superheating. The 5471's whistle warned the good citizens of Hobart that the *Broadway Limited* was coming. Both engines were in full stride. The postal workers in the RPO sensed that peculiar back-and-forth motion, transmitted through the couplers and draft gear, of steam power accelerating.

About a mile east of Hobart, the PRR tracks converged with those of the Nickel Plate, on the right, and the two railroads ran parallel almost to Valparaiso. Near Wheeler, 28 caught up to an eastbound NKP hotshot of mostly reefers in various shades of yellow and orange. Passing the charging Berkshire up front did not take long, and Harry Adams could hear its exhaust over the roar of the two K4's. That Nickel Plate man also was in a hurry to get to his own terminal in Fort Wayne. Down the track, the approach signal

for the Grand Trunk Western crossing changed to clear as the GTW operator lined up his plant for the Pennsy. The Grand Trunk men tended to give preference to any eastbound of their employer, as the dual crossing was on GTW's only stretch of main-line single track and eastbounds were working up the short "Valpo Hill" at this point.

No. 28 bounced over the diamond at the Grand Trunk crossing. Speed was about 80 as the train passed the overhead bridge at the west end of Valparaiso. At Valpo, an old-fashioned "strongarm" turntable handled the turning of locomotives assigned to the two Chicago commuter trains ("Dummies") and assorted locals that worked out of the place. Once past the Valpo station, 28 entered a long S-curve. Along the second half of the curve was the local lovers' lane. At night, crews with strong flashlights were privy to interesting sights. But 28's men had little time for sightseeing today.

Johnny checked his fire as the pressure dipped to 200 pounds. He noted that the hard pull of the exhaust, plus the burned-off condition of the distribution plate, had let the fire get thin in front of the firedoor and

in the corners. This was allowing cool air into the firebox and causing the drop in steam pressure. To counteract this, he got out the shovel and manually put coal in the corners of the firebox while he cut down on the amount of steam blowing coal forward. By the time 5352 hit the long straight stretch leading to Wanatah, the pressure was back to 205.

Passing Wanatah, with its water plugs and coal dock, 28 was covering a mile every 42 seconds. This 85-mph speed was 5 over the limit set by Special Instruction 2702 in the employees' timetable. Nobody ever used the 80-mph speed limit as an excuse for not making running time, though, since the man in the brick building on Clinton Street in

Fort Wayne would politely but firmly inform anybody who could not make time that plenty of others could, and would you please bid in a yard engine someplace. So the Fort Wayne Division passenger crews operated their trains by what the timetable required as running time between block stations. If that meant 85 mph, so be it.

Near Hanna, 28 passed a westbound freight train at speed, so each fireman got up from his seat and stood behind the boiler. Somewhere along the freight, sure enough, a chunk of coal flew off a hopper car and shattered itself against the heavy screen over the front cab window on the left side of 5352. Only one piece of something falling off a passing train was necessary to make believers of those who were too lazy to get up off their seats.

A mile east of Hanna, speed began to drop from 88 to 60 as Pat McCormick drew off 15 pounds of trainline pressure. It was time to take water at the Davis track pans. Each fireman moved from his seat to a position directly behind his engineer and stood on the bouncing apron between the cab and the tender. Johnny looked over Harry's shoulder and noted a marker post com-

ing up. As the cab passed it, he moved the water-scoop operating lever backward. When the scoop dug into the water, a spray flew out from under the tender. The more spray, the less water was being picked up. From the looks of the operation today, not too much was being wasted. When the lead engine was halfway down the pan, its fireman dropped his scoop. By splitting the length of the track pan between the two engines, each was assured of some water. Once the lead engine dropped its scoop, little was left for the second one. When the marker post indicating the end of the pan was near, each fireman raised his scoop, and 28 picked up speed.

The water-level indicator on 5352 was not working. In fact, when the indicators *were* working, they were not too accurate, so Johnny started back over the coal pile to check the water level. He set the stoker operating valve at a point that should take care of the coal demands while he was out of the cab. With an engineer such as Harry Adams, a fireman did not have to concern himself about the stoker setting; Harry would regulate the valve if necessary. Not all engineers would extend that courtesy. Some hard-nosed individuals would sit on the right side of the cab while the fireman was gone check-



ing water, and if the stoker valve vibrated shut they would not even bother to open it.

Clambering over the coal pile, Johnny raised a considerable amount of coal dust. He groped for the handhold on top of the tender slopeshed and pulled himself onto the flat water-tank portion. Here there were no handholds, and with the tender doing a jig, the task of keeping his footing became a matter of prime concern. He moved back in a semi-crouch until he reached the lid covering the tender manhole. Opening it, he saw the water level was up to the top rung of the ladder that went down into the tank—more than enough to get them to Fort Wayne. He slammed the lid and made his way back to the cab.

Johnny glanced up at the steam-pressure needle and noted that it still was sitting at 205. He shouted in Harry's left ear, "Top step." Harry nodded an acknowledgment, then looked forward toward the cab of 5471 just in time to see McCormick turn around and give an "OK" sign. Harry returned the sign and added a highball. While this was going on, Johnny pulled the squirt hose from its receptacle and, to cut down on the coal dust in the cab, sprayed water on the coal pile.

By the time this was completed, 28 was going through Hamlet. Just before 28 crossed

NYC's Kankakee Branch and rattled the windows in Hamlet Tower, Harry pulled out his Hamilton 992-B watch and noted the time: 4:47 p.m.—3 minutes late. Harry gave this information to his fireman in a classic bit of railroad pantomime, holding up three fingers and then moving them down to his ample behind. Had 28 been 3 minutes ahead, he would have pointed to his head with his fingers. With his watch still out, Harry checked the speed between the next two mileposts. Moving the mile took 43 seconds—just a shade over 83 mph. He put the trusty Hamilton back into his overalls' watch pocket, then dropped the reverse lever forward a few notches to overcome the steady pull of gravity as the long uphill grade toward Plymouth began to slow the train.

From Milepost 398 at Hamlet to 384 at Plymouth, eastbounds contended with 10 miles of ascending grades. By Pittsburgh Division standards, this grade, averaging slightly less than 0.5 percent, was almost level track, but with 16 cars hanging onto the tender and the timetable allowing 13 minutes for 14 miles, there was little time to spare. As the engineers moved the reverse levers forward, a notch at a time, the valves were feeding larger and larger amounts of steam into

the cylinders. This led to the burning of more coal to evaporate more water, which called for more water into the boiler, and the more cold water put into a boiler, the more heat is needed in the form of coal. Up to this point, 5352's left injector had been sufficient to keep a respectable water level over the crownsheet. Now, one injector simply could not keep up—the water level in the sight glass dropped until only an inch was showing. Harry caught Johnny's eye and then pointed to the injector handle on the right side of the cab. Johnny knew he was being warned that soon it would be necessary to put on the second injector. With the infusion into the boiler of two relatively cold streams of water, keeping a K4's steam pressure needle at 205 pounds became a problem. *One thing about Harry Adams, thought Johnny, he gives you warning when he's getting ready to put on the second injector.* Some engineers seemed to delight in trying to catch the fireman unaware and slip on the second injector. In some circles this

This is an eastbound mail-and-express extra near Portage, Pa., not train 28 racing across Indiana, but the work is the same in the cabs of the two K4's on the point.

WAYNE BRUMBAUGH





Author Crosby beams from the fireman's window of a K4s in the late 1940s, when diesels were starting to bump the famous 4-6-2s from through passenger trains.

MIKE CROSBY COLLECTION

was referred to as “two gunning.”

At Donaldson, Harry put the right injector to work. He left it on until the water level had climbed a half inch and steam pressure correspondingly had dropped to 200 pounds. He shut off the injector and watched the pressure climb back toward 205. The engine was not being worked hard, so Johnny was able to shut off his front jets and let the pull of the draft in the firebox move the coal forward. Just before 5352 topped Donaldson Hill, Harry once again put on the right injector to compensate for the forward surge of boiler water, since the front of the boiler would be a bit lower than the rear. When he had a good 1½ inches of water showing, he shut off the injector. Had anyone been clocking 28 at this time, he would have noted that its pace had dropped to 71 mph.

The *Broadway* picked up speed on the downhill toward Plymouth. The engineers began to come back on their reverse levers. In the eastbound siding sat a freight train, which the dispatcher had tucked away for the passage of the passenger fleet. The freight had been there for almost 2 hours, and still had an hour to go before there was a big enough hole for it to head east.

When 28 passed Plymouth Tower, the operator was on the ground giving the train an eyeball inspection. He was careful to stand well back from the track. When those tenders jostled over NKP's Michigan City

Branch and PRR's South Bend Branch, some coal usually bounced off. Up in the cabs, both engineers checked their watches and noted that 28 still was 3 minutes late. But the situation was looking good. Both engines were steaming well and were willing to run as fast as their engineers desired. Ahead was 64 miles of track to Fort Wayne, and most of it was good running ground. If everything went well, 28 should pick up a minute or two over the 25 miles to Warsaw. The schedule allowed 23 minutes over that distance.

The diamonds at Plymouth had loosened the coal on the slopesheet of 5352's tender, and as coal slid forward, the dust got thick in the cab, so Cooper pulled out the squirt hose again. Outside, the mileposts, road crossings, and small towns were passing in a blur. Near Etna Green, covering the distance between Mileposts 368 and 367 took 37 seconds—97 mph. The cloud of smoke laid down by both engines drifted across the parallel U.S. 30. Both crews were well aware of the speed of their engines. This was conveyed to them by the banging of the apron covering the gap between the cab floor and the tender floor, the rattling of everything on the engine, the roar of the stoker jets, the singing of the injector, the whistling of the breeze through cracks in the cab floors, and the sensation at every switch that the engine had jumped off the rails. Conversation was impossible, and it was no wonder so many of the older engineers were a bit hard of hearing.

West of Warsaw, a sweeping left-hand curve gave both firemen a good chance to look over the Pullmans trailing their power. Johnny looked across the cab and gave Harry a highball signal and mouthed the words, “All black.” Johnny also stuck his head out the cab window for a couple of cursory sniffs to determine if anything was running hot on the engines. Both Pacifics reluctantly negotiated the curve, seemingly determined to jump over the superelevated south rail. There was no smooth motion, simply a series of jerks as the flanges caught and were forced to

GOOD ADVERTISING: ARRIVE WITH THE STACK CLEAR AND POPS OPEN.

turn instead of heading straight ahead for a convenient cornfield.

Through Warsaw, the PRR crossed a number of streets at grade, some just a few hundred feet apart. On 5471, Pat McCormick did not attempt to blow the standard crossing signal of two longs, a short, and a long for each street. Making more than 90 mph, he simply blew a long grade-crossing signal and repeated it a couple of times until he was

past the last crossing. The block operator was talking to the NYC dispatcher when 28 rattled every window in the building. He noted the time of passage as 5:22, and when he had finished talking to the Big Four, he called PRR's Fort Wayne dispatcher to tell him that 28 now was 2 minutes late.

By the time the block operator had finished his call, 28 was out of sight around the curve along the north edge of Winona Lake. McCormick once again was busy with the whistle as he let the autos heading for the beach know that he was coming, and coming hard. Most of the locals had an ingrained respect for the speed of the PRR passenger fleet and took no chances testing the strength of a K4 pilot.

Once again 28 was back on straight track, climbing the hill toward Pierceton. A noticeable darkening had taken place in the smoke coming out of both stacks. No good fireman likes to make smoke, but both men had no option since 5471 and 5352 were being worked hard. They topped the grade at Larwill, and both engineers came back toward center with their reverse levers. They did not touch the throttles; both men were content to let the engines run as fast as they would.

The approach signal for Vandale Tower loomed from the brush as 28 rounded a gentle curve. The three amber lights were leaning at a 45-degree angle from left to right, indicating “approach”—the operator had been slow on lining up the route. Just as McCormick reached for the automatic brake valve, the signal went clear. One of the mysteries of life to any engineer was how a towerman could wait to clear a signal until the engineer either had just begun to apply the air or was reaching for it. McCormick took his hand off the brake valve and blew for the Whitley County Poor Farm crossing. Five seconds later, passing the tower, he gave the operator a toot on the whistle to express his displeasure at the near miss.

Once again McCormick blew one long grade-crossing whistle for the three streets of Columbia City. Then he pulled out his watch and noted that 28 had picked up another minute on schedule and had covered the 19.5 miles from Warsaw in 14 minutes. Back in the dining cars, the white-jacketed waiters also were aware that time was being made up as they balanced trays of food and made sure the coffee cups were not as full as normal.

For the last lap into Fort Wayne, speed stayed above 90, varying slightly in response to the ups and downs of the grades encountered. Three-quarters of a mile from Junction Tower, McCormick moved the automatic brake-valve handle into the application zone and drew off 15 pounds of pressure in a split reduction. For the first few seconds the retardation force was hardly felt, but as the brake-shoes got a good bite on the wheels, the speed slackened. To assist in the slowdown, Harry did not hold off his engine brakes and eased



K4s 5357, still with old-style headlight and pilot, takes fuel at the mainline coal dock just east of Fort Wayne before continuing east.

JOHN R. CROSBY, MIKE CROSBY COLLECTION

off on the throttle. As it was, 28 went past Junction at 50 mph, a bit over the 30 advocated by the timetable instructions. With a clear signal, good track, and brakes working well, no harm was done. Most important, 28 was back on time. Looking back along the train, Johnny saw blue brakeshoe smoke and pinwheels of sparks around every wheel.

McCormick released the brakes as 28 neared the Broadway Street viaduct. The firemen busied themselves getting ready to be relieved. They dug out their grips, loosened the shaker bar locks, turned on the blowers, and checked their fires. As Harry Adams closed the throttle of 5352 to drifting, the safety valves lifted. Johnny grinned to himself; it always was good advertising for a fireman to come into a station with a clear stack and the pops open. He checked his fire and noted it would need some shaking down but otherwise was in excellent condition. His relief man should have no complaints.

As 28's engines passed the west end of the Fort Wayne station platform, the two firemen were climbing over the coal piles and onto the backs of the tenders. Mc-

Cormick had slowed to 15 mph and had released the automatic, but he held on the engine brakes as he spotted the K4's for water. On 5352, Harry had closed the throttle and was ready to assist in stopping, if need be. McCormick's eyes were on the water-plug marker. As his cab neared it, he turned on the sanders and, with a few more pounds of brake-cylinder pressure, brought 28 to a smooth stop. Up on the tenders, the firemen opened the tank lids and swung around the spouts of the plugs.

The outbound crews also were busy. The engineers walked around the engines, dropping a bit of oil here and there, and feeling the drivers for any signs of overheating. The relief firemen were stowing their grips and shaking down fires. Car inspectors were checking the train, and roundhouse people were busy with their grease guns as they lubricated the Pacifics' rod bearings.

By the time the tenders were almost full, the passengers had been loaded, the train had been inspected, and everybody was in place and ready to go. No. 28 sat waiting until the inbound firemen had filled the tenders, closed the tank lids, and swung the

water plugs away. As the spouts moved around, the communicating whistle blew, the first of two peeps. By the time Johnny descended the back of the tender, the second peep came, followed by sounding of the bell on the lead engine. After a 5-minute stop, the *Broadway* left Fort Wayne, still on time.

As the Pullmans slid by, the engine crew of second engine on 28 walked slowly down the station platform. A few curious passengers noted these men in their work clothes, with their smoke- and coal-dust-stained faces, almost black except for two white circles of skin that had been covered by goggles. Harry Adams and Johnny Cooper caught up with McCormick and his fireman. McCormick remarked that they had had a good run in spite of the fact that the lead engine had been "forced to pull 16 cars and a dead engine." Adams countered with a reminder that he "damn near had broken the lead engine's tender in two because he was pushing so hard."

No matter. When you have brought 16 cars 148 miles in 2 hours 18 minutes, somebody was pushing hard, and somebody was pulling hard. ■

RIDING THE *(dusty)* CUSHIONS



In 1975, Georgia Road's "mainline mixed" trains linking Atlanta and Augusta provided a unique and quirky experience

BY J. DAVID INGLES
PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR



Despite Amtrak taking over most U.S. intercity passenger-train services in May 1971, a handful of independently operated trains survived. Most famous were those of the three qualifying Class 1's that chose to keep their own trains out of Amtrak at start-up: Denver & Rio Grande Western, Rock Island, and Southern Railway. A fourth was almost as well known because of the quirkiness of its "service"—Georgia Railroad, generally called simply "the Georgia Road" ["Fallen Flags Remembered," Fall 2009 CLASSIC TRAINS].

Because the Georgia Road received a huge tax break, in the form of a capped tax liability, from the state when its two-year-old charter was amended in 1835 to allow the firm to enter the banking business, it became a long-held opinion that the charter was good as long as passenger service was offered. The parent company name was modified to be Georgia Railroad & Banking Co., and over the decades, several court decisions upholding the capped liability reinforced the opinion. The railroad feared that "rocking the boat" with anything negative, such as ceasing to accept passengers, might result in a loss in court that could result in the company owing huge amounts of back taxes. So, although not specifically required by law to do so, the Georgia Road continued to accept riders for decades after its "passenger service" was of any practical use.

This situation first gained attention in the railfan fraternity with Don Phillips' story "Mixed Trains Down South" in September 1967 TRAINS. Georgia Road still ran two pairs of little passenger trains—usually an FP7 or a Geep, a baggage car, and a coach—on its 171-mile Augusta–Atlanta main line, while daily-except-Sunday local freights on three branches still hauled ancient coaches or combines with wood-burning stoves, kerosene lanterns, and filthy interiors. One mixed covered both the 39-mile Union Point–Athens and the 18-mile Barnett–Washington branches, and while it used the main line as a link, you could ride only on the branches themselves. The third branch with mixed was the 78-mile Camak–Macon line. Other



As seen from the Dutch door of dusty-coushioned coach 120 (interior above) on "Super Mixed" 103, counterpart 108 (left) leaves Union Point on October 22, 1975.



Four days before our Georgia Road trip, we rode behind Southern 2-8-2 4501 from Chattanooga to Crossville, Tenn. (above).

than hosting local school groups or occasional railfans, these were really just freights.

The mainline service underwent a series of changes in the late 1960s. Overnight trains 3 and 4, which once had carried through Atlanta–Wilmington, N.C., coaches and Pullmans via Augusta and the Atlantic Coast Line, came off in March 1968 after the big Post Office cutbacks, but daytime trains 1 and 2 stuck around. On April 7, the Georgia abdicated Augusta Union Station for a corner of its yard office at Harrisonville Yard 4 miles west of downtown, and soon, in January 1969, the railroad quit Atlanta Union Station for a track next to its Hunter Street offices in the shadow of the state capitol.

The next July 1, the two little passenger trains were succeeded by what became known as the "Super Mixeds," still numbered 1 and 2 but with a faster schedule and an intended 50-car limit including one coach. Eastbound, the coach would be picked up by the diesels at Hunter Street and taken to nearby Hulsey Yard to couple onto the freight cars. Replacing the dirty old dark green coaches were two lightweights from the *Crescent* pool belonging to the Georgia's operating partners, Western Railway of Alabama and Atlanta & West Point: WofA 106 and A&WP 120. Both were given Georgia Road markings, and two former *Crescent* 10&6 sleepers, WofA's *Alabama River* and A&WP's *Chattahoochee River*, were kept as



Top to bottom at Crossville, Tenn., on an unusually chilly Saturday, October 18, 1975: Passengers gather by the last car, Southern open coach *Lookout Mountain*, at the former Tennessee Central depot after the excursion's arrival from Chattanooga. Paul Merriman (in suit coat at right), owner of 2-8-2 4501, chats with two policeman and another man on the main street; the "helper" GP38's have followed the train into town. TVRM volunteers serve meals at speed in the museum's ex-Southern dining car 3128.

substitutes or a second car, if required.

Amtrak start-up came and went as the Georgia Road maintained the status quo, although the 50-car limit soon fell by the wayside, and every town became a flag stop for riders, mostly just a technicality. Effective March 29, 1972, the train numbers were changed to 103 and 108. They were no longer so "super," although they remained daily. Meantime, on the branchline mixed, a little more classic ambience was lost as regular cabooses replaced the old coaches or combines. In Atlanta, the Hunter Street office building succumbed to state-office expansion in mid-1975, replaced as the boarding point by a tiny piece of asphalt along the northernmost track in Hulsey Yard. If riding east-bound, one had to know just where to go. (For a vicarious ride on the Athens mixed, check out Riley O'Connor's "Depths of Enthusiasm" in January 1985 *TRAINS*.)

This mainline service was certainly far from a "classic mixed"—it was in a class all by itself, quirky and unique. A few other Class 1's, among them Great Northern, Soo Line, and Santa Fe, had offered passenger accommodations on secondary or branchline freights deep into the 1960s, and some such services, notably Soo Line's, lasted clear into the 1980s. But if you rode, in nearly all cases you were in a regular old caboose.

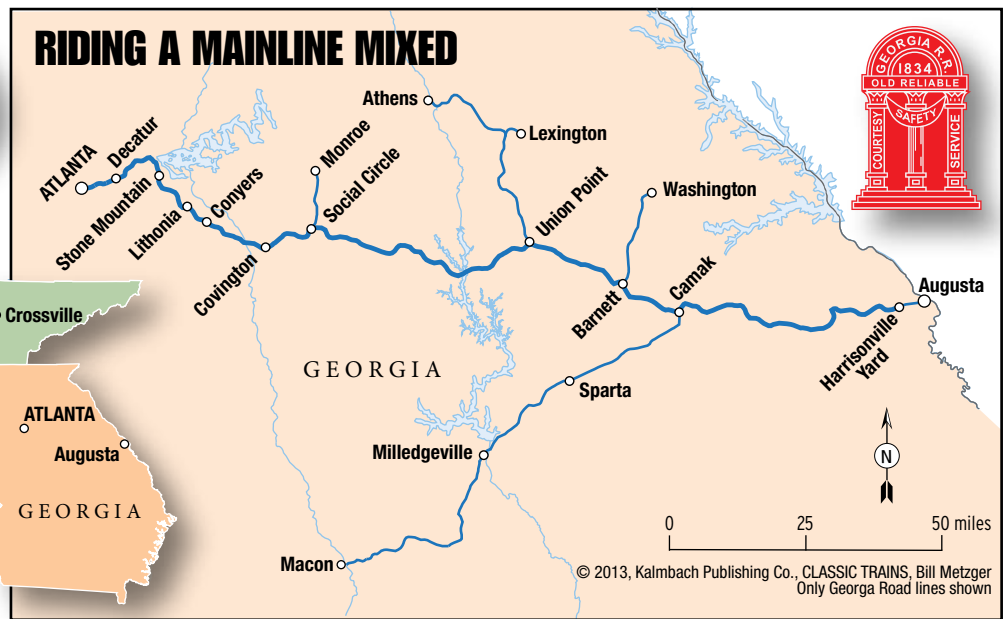
Such was the world of Georgia's mixed when I, having put off way too long adding any Georgia Road mileage to my train-riding log, included the "Super Mixed" on the tail end of an itinerary of a week-long vacation my wife Carol and I set up in October 1975.

STEAM PRELUDE

Riding the Georgia anchored our vacation, but another train ride opened it—an annual Tennessee Valley Railroad Museum fall-color steam excursion on the Southern. In that era the itinerary was north 78 miles from TVRM's home in Chattanooga on the "Rat Hole" to Emory Gap, Tenn., thence west 33 miles on Southern's portion of the former Tennessee Central up onto the Cumberland Plateau and on to end-of-track at Crossville.

In its latter years, the TC had attracted me, first in 1963, to its decrepit roundhouse in Nashville, home stable for a group of 17 Alcos, which over time included FA's, RS3's, and RS36's (and later, C420's), plus one S1 switcher and three Baldwin DRS-4-4-1000's. Rarely profitable, the 295-mile TC in 1968 had been parceled out, roughly in thirds, to Illinois Central, Louisville & Nashville, and Southern. I hadn't ridden a mile of it.

On Friday, October 17, 1975, we flew from Milwaukee to Chicago's O'Hare on a North Central Convair 580 prop-jet for a connection to a Delta DC9 flight, which after a stop at Cincinnati got us into Chattanooga at 4:20 p.m. Next morning, under gray skies that would rule all day, we left at 8 a.m. from Southern's old Terminal Station, by then the



two-year-old Chattanooga Choo-Choo hotel complex, where we stayed. Up front was TVRM's ubiquitous green Southern 2-8-2 No. 4501, which, with its auxiliary water tender, had no trouble hauling the 16-car excursion north. Behind the lead "tape recording" car, Central of Georgia combine 726 *Man O' War*, was Southern 3128, a heavyweight diner owned by TVRM and in which museum volunteers served full-service meals (albeit with disposable dinnerware).

At Emory Gap, two GP38's that were waiting, 5145 and 2826, coupled to the 4501. The train was wye'd to proceed upgrade on the old TC, the stop taking 37 minutes; we departed at 12:05. Crossville, which was celebrating "Country Days Downtown," is remembered by Carol and me for its weather—the train unloaded downtown by the depot, and as soon as we hit the street at 1:40, we exclaimed, "Boy, it's cold up here on the plateau." How cold? Enough that we, not prepared for it, made straight for nearby businesses on the main drag, finding a clothing store in which we purchased two sweat-

shirts, among the last few on the shelf!

Led by the GP38's, we departed east at 3:15. After a photo run at Crab Orchard, we were back down to Emory Gap by 5:20, and after letting a southbound freight precede us, made an uninterrupted run to Chattanooga, tying up at the Choo-Choo at 8:30. En route, Carol and I went forward for dinner in the diner. Next morning we grabbed a non-stop Greyhound for Atlanta (cheaper than flying or a one-way auto), where we rented a car to spend the next couple of days tracking down covered bridges (a hobby that helped bring us together in 1968) in eastern Georgia and western South Carolina. Before we left Atlanta, we "made the rounds" to engine terminals of Georgia, L&N, Southern, and SCL.

En route to Augusta Tuesday afternoon, we briefly stopped at Camak, the junction 47 miles out with the Macon branch and former northern terminus of the 145-mile Savannah & Atlanta. We found the depot, and its notable-for-chicken Rachel's Café, closed, but did encounter train 108, the eastbound counterpart of the train we'd ride, switching. He had



Why we rode west: As usual, 108's coach, here at Camak, sat "out in the boonies."

two GP40's and two GP7's up front.

Arriving in Augusta, we secured our motel room next to the airport, then, in twilight, drove to check out Georgia Road's office at 2002 Tuggle Street on the north side of the small yard. This was a "scouting trip" to see where we'd direct our taxi driver next morning. The units off 108 were parked nearby, and the rear GP7 had been removed,



Georgia's Augusta yard office (left) had a small waiting room. On Tuesday evening the 21st, we found GP7 1027 "exposed" (right).



Union Point interlude: Eastbound 108 (top) is up ahead as our 103 arrives downtown. Carol looks south in the vestibule, and the conductor watches ahead from the steps. We've pulled up the Athens branch (above) to couple onto the TOFC cars. Earlier, the heater (left) had warmed up the coach.

leaving the former third unit photographable. Why did we care? It was GP7 1027, just one of Georgia's 16 but the one bearing the famous TRAINS street address. We took this as "a sign" portending a good ride for us.

After dinner, we stowed our bags in the motel room and I turned in the rental car at the airport. This October 21 motel stay is remembered for two things: a TV broadcast and an uninvited visitor. We spent the evening watching Game 6 of the Cincinnati Reds-Boston Red Sox World Series, consid-



Two employees chat as our power and coach negotiate a siding east of the Union Point depot. As 108 left, we saw it had both a coach *and* sleeper ahead of the caboose (right).

ered by many as the greatest Series game of all time. This was the 4-hour, 12-inning, 7-6 victory at Fenway Park for the Red Sox, won on a home run by catcher Carlton Fisk to set up the deciding Game 7, won by Cincinnati's "Big Red Machine." The visitor? During the telecast, we spied a 5-inch-long cockroach crawling up the far cinder-block wall of our room, next to the television! Welcome to the South. One whack with a hastily grabbed shoe splattered him on the wall.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Wednesday morning was dawning clear but crisp as we left the motel, and our taxi driver had no trouble making the 7-mile trip to the Harrisonville Yard "passenger station" just as the sky was brightening. We paid \$5.92 each for a one-way ticket to Atlanta and hung around the office until we were told to board. Neither Carol nor I can recall if we were driven to the coach or if it was spotted near the office, but I recall that the engines, with the coach, did some switching to get the train ready. My first photo of the day is out in the country on a curve, at an unknown time after our 8:28 a.m. departure.

Not having any idea what time of day

we'd reach civilization (Atlanta) again, we'd reserved a room at an expensive downtown Marriott Hotel so as to be close to restaurants and a car-rental agency. Other fans' tales of riding 103 reported Atlanta arrivals anytime from mid-afternoon to very late in the evening. Anticipating "roughing it," we took snacks along, but the ride turned out to be relatively efficient, even without GP7 1027.

We had a reason for riding westbound, not eastbound, and it was more than just ending up in a big city from where we could easily fly home. Georgia Road's custom on these trains at the time was that westbound, the coach rode right behind the locomotives, while on the eastbound, it was at the rear of the train ahead of the caboose. Although Nos. 103 and 108 were the "hottest" through freights, they did make a few stops to switch. This meant that going east, whenever the train would stop to work, the coach would sit "out in the boonies" and passengers wouldn't get to see any switching activity. Westbound, every time the diesels would uncouple from the freight cars, the coach would tag along, providing riders with a "front row seat."

The interior of coach 120, Budd-built in 1953 for the New York-New Orleans *Cres-*



cent Limited—which historically went between Atlanta and the Crescent City via Montgomery, Ala., using the A&WP-WofA-L&N—was minimally functional. At the vestibule (rear) end was a restroom, which Carol recalls as "unusable," which we'd anticipated. The seats were mostly facing each other in pairs. A gas heater had been installed at the rear end in place of the last two seats, and after we boarded, the conductor fired it up briefly to take the morning chill out of the air. About four rows' worth of seats showed evidence of use, including the facing pair across from the heater, which served as the conductor's "office." We piled our bags and jackets on the next foursome and sat across the aisle, on the shady side. The cushions on the rest of the 54 seats were



At Lithonia, the head brakeman on 707 East snags a message from the operator on the fly. After detraining at Hulsey Yard (note the white “depot platform”), I photographed our coach before 103 backed up.



caked in dust, but a roll of paper towels was available, so we dry-swabbed the seats we’d sit in. Amazingly, a window here and there was almost clear enough to see through!

We recall the conductor as cordial but not talkative, though willing to answer questions and tolerating Dutch-door occupancy. He acknowledged that occasional kids groups on short rides and infrequent railfans were his only passengers. Out of Augusta, the coach was the first of 107 cars behind six diesels.

Georgia and its West Point Route partners to Montgomery ran their road units in one pool, and our train 103’s sextet of five GP40’s and one GP7, all in the (dirty) solid black of the era, was a typical mix: GA 753, A&WP 732, WofA 708 (its only GP40-2), A&WP 726, WofA 705, and A&WP 573.

EXCEEDING EXPECTATIONS

I expected our first stop for work to be Camak, but we highballed it, passing the

depot and concrete coaling tower at 9:35. I was glad we’d stopped there briefly in the car the afternoon before, allowing me to absorb its typical backwoods small-town rail junction ambience at my own pace.

Our first work stop turned out to be Union Point, close to halfway to Atlanta at Milepost 76, where we entered a siding south of the main track and pulled past the downtown business section, facing the tracks to the north. We would spend 45 minutes at this junction town, first crossing over and heading up the Athens branch to set out 17 cars and pick up 5. Our rear-facing vestibule provided that “front row perch” for all the action as I listened to the EMD’s rev up and scale back, to the *crash-bang-thunk-clank* of slack action changing and couplings being made, and to the *pop* of brake hoses parting, as we moved back and forth.

Once we’d recoupled to our train, counterpart No. 108, with two GP40’s and three GP7’s (GA 751, GA 731, WofA 524, GA 1003, GA 1028), which had been waiting just west of the small brick depot office since we’d arrived, departed for points east. As its ca-



Before flying out of Atlanta the day after our ride, we went east to get trackside photos of train 103 in the vicinity of Stone Mountain.

boose passed us, I was startled to see *two* passenger cars ahead of it, undoubtedly coach 106 and one of the two sleepers kept as spares. Shortly after 108 cleared town, we also left, at 11:10 with 95 cars.

Social Circle was next, still 50 miles from Atlanta, but we were making unbelievably good (to me) time. We added 14 cars and after a 17-minute stop were under way again at 12:32 p.m.—two-thirds of the way to end-of-ride and it was only lunchtime! Soon, I believe at Covington, we met an eastbound local freight, led by Georgia GP40 754.

Alas, Lithonia, 28 miles from Social Circle, put a slight dent in our speed performance. We took siding at 1:30 to meet WofA 707 East, a hefty train behind several units, which finally passed, picking up orders on the fly from the agent at the depot, a little after 2 p.m. We were not fully under way again, back on the main, until 2:20.

But this was the home stretch. We soon passed Stone Mountain, went by the Decatur depot at 3:05, and pulled alongside Hulsey Yard in Atlanta on the north track about 10 minutes later. The engineer spotted the 120's vestibule perfectly at that narrow "boarding platform," and with a nod of thanks to the conductor as we descended to the stepbox, our ride concluded at 3:20. I went forward for a shady-side shot of coach 120, and as the units revved up to back up in order to head into the yard, I snapped our first "front-end" photo of 753 and siblings. As normal when there were passengers on 103, the conductor had called a taxi for us, and within 15 minutes two disheveled but happy fans were

checking in to the Marriott for a welcome shower. Having had enough railroading for the day, we just relaxed, then went out for dinner and watched Game 7 of the World Series before turning in.

THE VACATION CONCLUDES

Next morning, we rented a car for the day and first cruised the Atlanta engine terminals again, including Hulsey Yard, where in addition to Georgia and SCL power, we photographed Georgia business car 300. This car, now long in private ownership of John H. "Jack" Heard of Fernandina Beach, Fla., continues as an ambassador and reminder of the old Georgia Road. It has traveled thousands of miles on excursions and has hosted numerous prominent politicians including Presidents Jimmy Carter, George H.W. Bush, Bill Clinton, and Barack Obama, plus candidates John Kerry and John Edwards, on campaign and other specials . . . all while wearing the royal-looking Packard blue paint and "Georgia 300" identification. Pullman-built in 1930 as a lounge for the *Crescent*, the car was reconfigured as a business car by the Georgia, which retired it in 1982 as it became redundant for the merged Family Lines. Jack Heard acquired it in 1985.

Our last objective was to photograph Georgia Road train 103 from the ground the day after we rode it, so we drove out to the vicinity of Stone Mountain to accomplish that, in early afternoon. We shot him two or three times. We counted 98 cars, the first being coach 106 (but without the sleeper this time) behind five units: WofA GP40 707, GA

GP40 751, and three small Georgia Geeps: GP7 1023, GP9 1040, and GP7 1026—possibly the entire consist we'd waited a half hour to meet at Lithonia 24 hours previous.

After a stop at Pegram Shop to photograph some Southern units, we drove on to Atlanta's Hartsfield Airport to turn in the car and have an early supper before boarding an Eastern 727 for our 6:30 p.m. 90-minute flight home to Milwaukee. We'd dined in a real Southern dining car on the "Rat Hole" main line, logged some former Tennessee Central mileage behind steam, found a half dozen mostly dilapidated covered bridges, and seen plenty of Georgia's red-clay country from both a comfortable modern auto and a relic of a coach from the streamliner age on one of the most unusual rail-passenger services in the country. The Georgia Road mixed trains, although mainliners 103 and 108 were cut to daily-except-Sunday in late 1980, would survive eight years after our ride before successor Seaboard System finally put them out of their misery.

The branchline freights to Athens, Macon, and Washington quit accepting riders on April 29, 1983, and the accommodations on 103 and 108 ceased a week later, on May 6. One certainly can't accuse Seaboard System of sneaking out of the business, though, because as the end neared, SBD publicized it and borrowed Clinchfield and Chessie System steam-excursion coaches to swell the available seat count for the hundreds of folks who wanted to help say good-bye, deep into the Amtrak era, to a unique chapter of American passenger railroading. ■



Through the wilderness **ON AN RDC**

Remembering a day trip on Canadian Pacific out of White River, Ont., in 1964

BY **RICHARD J. ANDERSON** • PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

Almost 50 years ago now, in July 1964, my family and I were spending the month vacationing in White River, Ontario. This remote community of 600 population is about 4 hours due north of Sault Ste. Marie (“the Soo”) on Highway 17, the Trans-Canada Highway’s North Shore route linking Sudbury, the Soo, and Thunder Bay, Ont. The town is 300 miles northwest of Sudbury on Canadian Pacific Railway’s transcontinental line. CPR, in fact, was responsible for White River’s founding, as a division point, in 1885, and the community was not accessible from the outside by auto until the Trans-Canada came through in 1961.

Our family had the use of a frame house that had not been called “new” for several decades. “It’ll never win an architect’s prize,” the owners told us, “but we’ve gotten it weather-tight.” We enjoyed swimming in spring-fed lakes and taking drives on roads that produced

glorious vistas at every turn. I also felt a strong pull toward the station and tracks of the CPR, just two blocks from the house.

I did what railfans are often pretty good at doing. I advanced from just hanging around the station to becoming acquainted with some of the CPR employees there. I began to commit to mind the local schedules. On most mornings, I was on hand at 7:30 to welcome the glistening stainless-steel cars of *The Canadian* as it paused en route from Montreal and Toronto to Vancouver. Careful questions to the right employees yielded a wealth of information about the CPR in those parts. It wasn’t long, then, before I began plotting an out-and-back day-trip train ride.

White River was served by CPR’s two daily transcontinental trains—*The Canadian* and *The Dominion*—plus a triweekly local. The latter was typical of the “stop anywhere” nature of similar



Train 418's RDC's load at White River on a July 1964 morning. To-day in 2013 much the same occurs with VIA Rail Canada RDC's.

operations on railways serving remote wilderness areas without roads. These were found on the neighboring Algoma Central and Ontario Northland, CPR's big rival Canadian National, and the Alaska Railroad, among others. CPR's White River train ran west from Sudbury each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and returned east on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. It was assigned two of CPR's 55 self-propelled Budd Rail Diesel Cars, an RDC2 (71 coach seats and a baggage section) and an RDC3 (48 seats, baggage section, and 15-foot postal apartment).

ALL ABOARD FOR FRANZ

On my selected Saturday, bright morning sunlight reflected off the stainless-steel sides of the two RDC's loading in front of the White River station. Two dozen passengers had already boarded when I found a window seat in the lead car, RDC2 9107. Freight and express boxes were being loaded into the baggage compartment just ahead of where I was seated. It took three men to load a crated gasoline generator.

This was train 418, which would make all necessary stops while ambling through dense forests and alongside lakes and rivers for the 300 miles to Sudbury, where it was scheduled to terminate at 6:50 that evening. My destination was Franz, just 50 miles away. The second half of my round-trip ticket would be collected that afternoon on board train 7, *The Dominion*.

At exactly 9 a.m. a Canadian-accented "All Aboard" resounded in the two-car train. Metal thumped against metal as traps and vestibule doors were closed. The series 110 Detroit Diesel engines below the car floors revved up, and we gained some speed as we rounded a curve and passed through a rocky cut at the east end of the White River yard.



I was the only passenger to detrain at Franz, but I had time to go forward and snap this picture of 418 on "the Algoma" diamond.

"So you're going to Franz?" said the conductor as he looked at my round-trip ticket.

"That's right." I turned to smile up at him.

"You must be in forestry or with the railroad." The conductor returned my smile as he tore off part of the ticket. "Nothing much else in Franz."

"It's a pleasure trip for me." I was making a decision railfans sometimes have to make, perhaps more in the past than on today's limited number of North American passenger trains. Do you tell a trainman about your interest in railroads? While some railroaders are open and friendly toward railfans, others have little use for our ilk. I made my decision.

"I'm visiting from the States. I'm interested in trains, have been all my life, and want to experience the Canadian Pacific a bit while I am in Canada."

"What's your favorite U.S. railroad?" he asked, as he handed the ticket back to me.

"The CB&Q—Chicago, Burlington & Quincy."

"We don't get many of their cars up here. Once in a while, maybe. What cars we do get from below the border seem to be mostly New York Central or Great Northern. And the Soo, of course," referring to the then Canadian Pacific subsidiary connecting in Sault Ste. Marie.





Franz's afternoon "big rush hour" was preceded by this freight, led by Alco-built 4005, which had followed us out of White River.

The conductor seemed willing to talk a bit.

"This is my first ride in an RDC in a long time," I said. "When I was in the Marines I rode them on the Santa Fe between Los Angeles and San Diego. But that was 10 years ago."

"These are good cars," he replied. "They're especially good for this run. They are reasonably reliable in the tough winters we get up here. And we make a lot of starts and stops. They handle those pretty well, too."

The conductor wished me a good day in Franz as he moved up the aisle.

The ride was smooth. The diesel power plants had settled into a steady purr. A constant thick tangle of wooded undergrowth raced by my window. Occasional blares from the air horn preceded our crossing roads that were little more than trails through the rugged countryside.

THE INEVITABLE INVITATION

"Want to ride up front?" The friendly conductor once again stood beside my seat. "I told our engineer about you. He said you could come up and sit in the second cab seat."

Did I want to ride up front? Silly question. I happily followed the conductor forward through the baggage compartment to the front vestibule. The engineer controlled the train from his seat facing the

right front window. I hoisted myself up into the empty seat in front of the window on the left.

I thanked the engineer for letting me join him. This was more the norm than the exception at the time, for fans in rural Canada, I would learn.

"Good to have some company," he said, keeping his eyes on the track ahead. "Ah, milepost 115. We're going to make a quick stop just up the line." He began to ease the air brakes into operation while he sounded two short blasts on the horns. We rounded a curve to see a small group of people gathered beside the track.

"Folks here are getting some supplies." The engineer eased the train to a smooth stop. "The company is willing to make extra stops on this run. There are not many roads around here. We're the best way to get any people and things in or out."

I watched from my side of the cab as several crates were offloaded into an ancient pickup truck. Four passengers detrained. One of them was a woman wearing a straw hat. She carried an assortment of newspapers and magazines.

"That generator back there, it's going to a guy who has a camp a few miles up the line. He fishes a pretty isolated lake. A couple of times each week a seaplane takes his day's catch off to market. They couldn't bring that generator in on a little airplane, that's for sure."

With a short twin blast of the horn, we accelerated on our way east. About 10:30, a few minutes off-schedule, I spotted a switch ahead and two sidings that fanned off to the right from the main track.

"Those are interchange tracks with the Algoma Central," the engineer said as he applied the brakes. "Franz is just ahead. We cross the Algoma there at the station. We do a pretty good business with them. Freight from several places between here and Winnipeg headed to the States is switched out here. They take the cars south."

I thanked the engineer for sharing his space. I bid the conductor farewell as I stepped down onto a well-worn concrete platform. I was the only passenger detraining.

The two cars of train 418 were clearing the Algoma Central diamond as I entered the small frame station. In the east area of the building, a few benches furnished the waiting room. Large exterior doors at the opposite end signified the area for baggage and freight. Through the ticket window grille I could see the operator, seated before a table that held both a telephone and a telegraph key. Handles controlling the train-order signals for both railways were easily accessible. A large stove was a reminder of the cold that would envelop the area in a few months.

"Hi, there," smiled the operator, a Canadian Pacific man, from his



This northbound Algoma Central freight, which as predicted by the operator did not stop, was next through this remote junction.



Algoma Central's passenger train heads north for Oba and Hearst. Today under CN, service is still offered here, triweekly in summer.



Soon after ACR No. 1 left, CPR No. 8, the eastbound *Dominion*, pulled in with three units and a long consist, including two domes.

chair. "Are you changing trains to go north?"

"No. I'm just visiting. I'm interested in railroads, so I thought I would ride over from White River. I'll be going back this afternoon on No. 7."

"Well, make yourself at home. You just missed the southbound Algoma Central passenger. But you'll be able to see the northbound this afternoon before you get your train west. In fact, you'll be here for our big rush hour. CPR 8 eastbound, 7 westbound, and Algoma Central No. 1 northbound are all through here within a single hour. You'll also see a freight or two on both roads."

"Sounds great to me. I'm going out and look around a bit."

The operator laughed. "That won't take you long. There's the hotel over there. You can get something to eat. Their blueberry pie is the best I've ever had. Most of the houses are owned by the CPR for employees. I live in one, as a matter of fact. You can walk up the hill to the Anglican Church. A priest comes in for Sunday, usually aboard a freight-train caboose. The company is pretty good about letting clergy and doctors and law-enforcement people ride for free."

I crossed the track and examined the enclosed water tank. A holdover from steam-locomotive days, it was heated in the winter to provide water for the company houses. A distant rumble to the west announced an approaching freight. Alco-built FA1 No. 4005 led two other Alco-design units, a Montreal-built RS18 and another FA, and a long string of freight cars, all slowing to a stop just east of the Algoma Central diamond. The engineer looked back from the cab window. A brakeman pulled a pin, and the engineer pulled ahead with the cut of cars, stopped, and then backed into the interchange track just west of the station. The set-out for the Algoma Central made, the train soon was re-assembled and on its way east. The operator came out to inspect the train as it left, signaling the trainman on the rear caboose platform that he had spotted no problems.

"In about half an hour an Algoma Central freight is due up from the Soo," said the operator as we walked back into the station. "He won't stop here. We don't get much interchange going north." The freight appeared as predicted, led by GP9 171 in an attractive maroon, gray, and gold paint scheme. I could tell from the sound of the rolling cars that most were empty.

The afternoon "rush hour" then began. Two head-end cars—an old troop sleeper and a baggage car—and a couple of coaches behind

a GP9 made up Algoma Central No. 1, which slipped in close to its 2:10 scheduled time. The train was about halfway through its 296-mile run—in summer, made each Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—from the Soo up to Hearst, on Highway 11, the northerly alternate route of the Trans-Canada. Quickly, No. 1 was on its way north, first to Oba, a tiny town at the crossing of CN's North Bay-Winnipeg main line, then on to Hearst.

A few minutes later CPR No. 8, the eastbound *Dominion*, due in at 2:23, pulled in. Up front were FP7 1402, a 1953 General Motors Diesel product, an RS18, and another FP7. The long consist, some of it heavyweight equipment and most of the cars in CP's classic wine red color, was broken by two stainless-steel cars, a Skyline dome coffee-shop coach in the middle and a *Park*-series dome-observation-lounge-sleeper on the end.

My 4-hour visit at this remote railway junction ended about 20 minutes later when the westbound *Dominion* rolled in at 2:47, right on time. I bade my operator friend farewell and climbed into a coach. After the conductor collected my ticket, I moved ahead and felt lucky to find a dome seat in the Skyline car, another coveted vantage point and certainly different from the "cab" of an RDC. Our arrival at White River was also on time, at 4:15.

EPILOGUE

The RDC2 in whose cab I rode, 9107, went on to enjoy a long career, much of it on the Sudbury-White River run. In 1978 CP Rail conveyed it to VIA Rail Canada, which renumbered it 6215, and today it's one of only nine RDC's remaining on VIA's roster. Moreover, the Sudbury-White River train carries on under VIA, running on pretty much the same schedule as in 1964, going west on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday and east the next day. Car 6215 saw service on this run until late 2012 or early '13, when rebuilt RDC's took over. It is VIA's only RDC operation, as a second service, on CPR's old Esquimalt & Nanaimo on British Columbia's Vancouver Island, has been suspended since 2011.

Thus, a piece of 1956 rolling stock that I rode in 1964 was still operating at age 56, and on the same run on about the same schedule! Regardless of the specific cars assigned and who their operator is, one could repeat my White River-Franz trip today and find that little has changed in a half century. ■

All Aboard! *photo gallery*

Meet on the Santa Fe: It's 1952, and we're aboard a Budd RDC, one of two that constitute Santa Fe train 83 between San Diego and Los Angeles. Our train is in the Del Mar siding to meet a *San Diegan* from L.A. As the southbound flashes by our window, in which is reflected a head-rest cover emblazoned with the Santa Fe herald, a crewman outside waves to the engineer and fireman on the E1 diesel.

RICHARD STEINHEIMER



What it's all about: From locomotives and cabooses, freight-train crews get an up-close view of the principle of steel wheel on steel rail in action. This tank car wheel is rolling at 50 mph on the Missouri Pacific near Bonita, La., in May 1964.

STEVE PATTERSON







Family vacation by Pullman: In a classic postwar publicity composition on a new Chesapeake & Ohio sleeping car, Mom, Dad, and Daughter enjoy the comforts of a pair of double bedrooms with the dividing partition drawn back to create one “large” space containing four beds.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO

Drinks on the *City of L.A.*: Chicago & North Western Advertising Manager Jake Irmiter (at left in photo) often treated newspapermen to junkets aboard C&NW trains. Here, Irmiter is engaged in a typical working session in the Little Nugget Bar of the 1937 Union Pacific-C&NW streamliner *City of Los Angeles*. The car’s ornate decor included a gilded cage that housed a mechanical canary, visible at far right.

PETE IRMITER





The daily grind: The conductor on a New York Central Hudson Division commuter train out of Grand Central Terminal works his way down the aisle of a packed multiple-unit coach in the early 1960s.

DAVID PLOWDEN

Dutch-door view: Pennsylvania GG1 4909, recently repainted from green to red for the upcoming launch of new *Senator* and *Congressional* rolling stock, is seen from an open Dutch door on another train at Wilmington, Del., on November 2, 1951.

A. C. KALMBACH





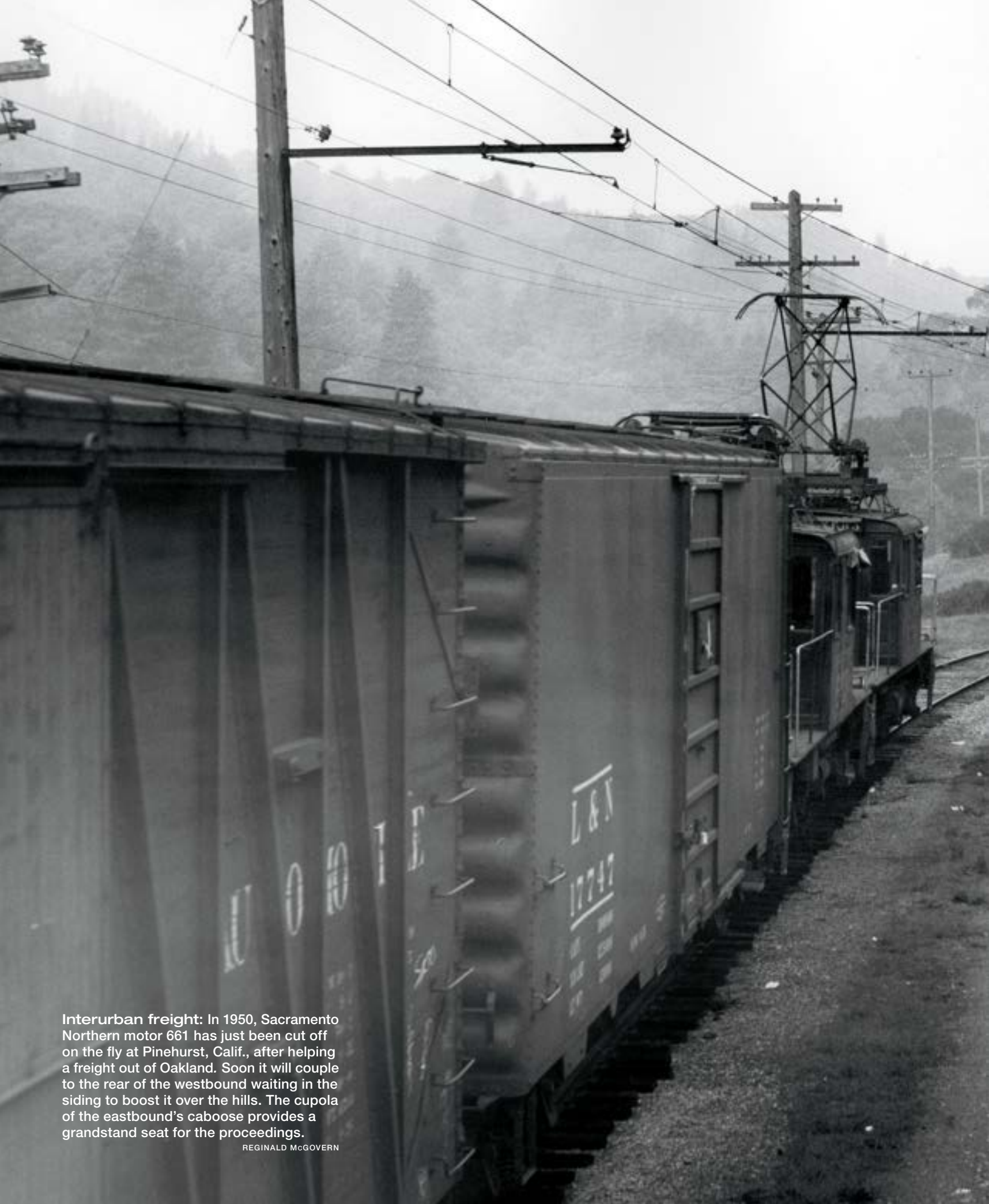
Savoring shortline steam: In a photo by his pal Bob Ferge, Russ Porter points his own camera at passing Duluth & Northeastern 2-8-0 No. 28. The Milwaukee railfans were in the cupola of a D&NE caboose in September 1962, two years before the Cloquet, Minn.-based pike dieselized.

BOB FERGE



Meet in the mountains: As seen from the back of the observation car on Great Northern's westbound *Empire Builder* west of Blacktail, Mont., GN's *Western Star* heads east on October 2, 1968. The *Star* customarily carried mail and express cars on the rear in this era, but the presence of parlor-observation 1085, apparently deadheading east from Seattle, is unusual.

GEORGE KRAMBLES, KRAMBLES-PETERSON ARCHIVE



Interurban freight: In 1950, Sacramento Northern motor 661 has just been cut off on the fly at Pinehurst, Calif., after helping a freight out of Oakland. Soon it will couple to the rear of the westbound waiting in the siding to boost it over the hills. The cupola of the eastbound's caboose provides a grandstand seat for the proceedings.

REGINALD MCGOVERN



E-unit engineer: J. F. Brunson is in the hot seat for the Florence, S.C.–Savannah, Ga., leg of Atlantic Coast Line train 75, the *Havana Special*, on August 28, 1957.

WILLIAM D. MIDDLETON



Brakeman's view: The Rio Grande's narrow-gauge mixed to Silverton, Colo., crosses the Animas River on September 19, 1942. Up ahead, a club-wielding brakeman is ready for a "down brakes" signal.

WILLIAM M. MOEDINGER





Rare sight from a dome: It's August 1951, and the westbound *California Zephyr* has left its normal Western Pacific route to detour over Southern Pacific's Donner Pass line. Helping the CZ's three F units up into the Sierra Nevada is an SP 4-8-8-2 cab-forward, resulting in the unusual circumstance of a steam-powered domeliner.

GORDON ODEGARD



Open obs car: The attendant on the parlor-buffet-observation car of Dominion Atlantic Railway No. 98 watches as his Yarmouth–Halifax, Nova Scotia, train meets its opposite, No. 95, at Annapolis Royal. It's November 1953, and the DAR, a Canadian Pacific subsidiary, is still populated by elderly 4-6-2s, wooden mail cars, and open-platform observations.

PHILIP R. HASTINGS





Transfer at sunset: A Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis (TRRA) transfer job out of Conrail's Rose Lake Yard in East St. Louis, Ill., heads into the setting sun in August 1979. Powered by a pair of SW1500's, the train is on the eastern approach to the MacArthur Bridge over the Mississippi River. The photographer was escorting a dimensional load from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., to San Jose, Calif.

BILL METZGER



Enclosed obs car: After the 1961 discontinuance of its Chicago–Seattle *Olympian Hiawatha*, the Milwaukee Road sold the train's six "Skytop" sleeper-observation cars to Canadian National, which tagged them "Skyview" cars. This September 10, 1967, photo shows a handful of passengers on CN's Montreal–Halifax, N.S., *Scotian* enjoying the spectacular lounge area somewhere in New Brunswick.

GEORGE G. WEISS



FROM TEXAS TO WEST POINT *in style*

The Army treats an infantry private to the *Texas Chief* and *20th Century Limited*

BY EDWARD L. MERCER



Santa Fe's Chicago-bound *Texas Chief* is at Oklahoma City in September 1968, nine years after author Mercer's ride on it.

JOE McMILLAN

I stood with some trepidation outside the door of the company orderly room. I didn't know why the first sergeant had summoned me to his office and wasn't sure I wanted to know. It was the last day of October 1959 and I was in the final week of advanced infantry training with the 58th Infantry, part of the famous 2nd Armored Division, "Hell on Wheels." I had spent 16 weeks at Fort Hood, Texas, and was looking forward to putting the Godforsaken place behind me. I didn't want anything to mess up my departure or call unwanted attention to me at this point. A brief mental review didn't reveal any recent sins or military errors, so I called up my courage and opened the orderly room door.

To my surprise, the outer office was occupied by five of my fellow trainees: Kirker, Birney, Middlekauf, Bennett, and Gilbert. Four of us were acting squad leaders and the other two were assistant squad leaders. Now



The GI's in Mercer's group began their trip east at Temple, Texas, where they boarded a special train of old Santa Fe heavyweight coaches like No. 1530, seen at L.A. in 1966.

GEORGE A. TRAGER



The day's itinerary did not include lunch, so the men were famished when the *Texas Chief*'s dining car opened for dinner a few hours after they'd boarded at Fort Worth.

WESLEY BOWMAN STUDIO

I was really confused. What breach of military conduct could have involved all of us "acting jacks?" The first sergeant, a big man with hash marks from the wrists to the elbows and six rows of campaign ribbons on his class "A" uniform blouse, interrupted my reverie by growling, "It took you long enough, Mercer. Now, all of you into the captain's office."

This was serious business. We had seen the company commander maybe three or four times in the eight weeks we had been assigned to his company. Now we were being ordered into the presence of the great man himself. To our surprise, he was pleasant and moved quickly to put us at ease.

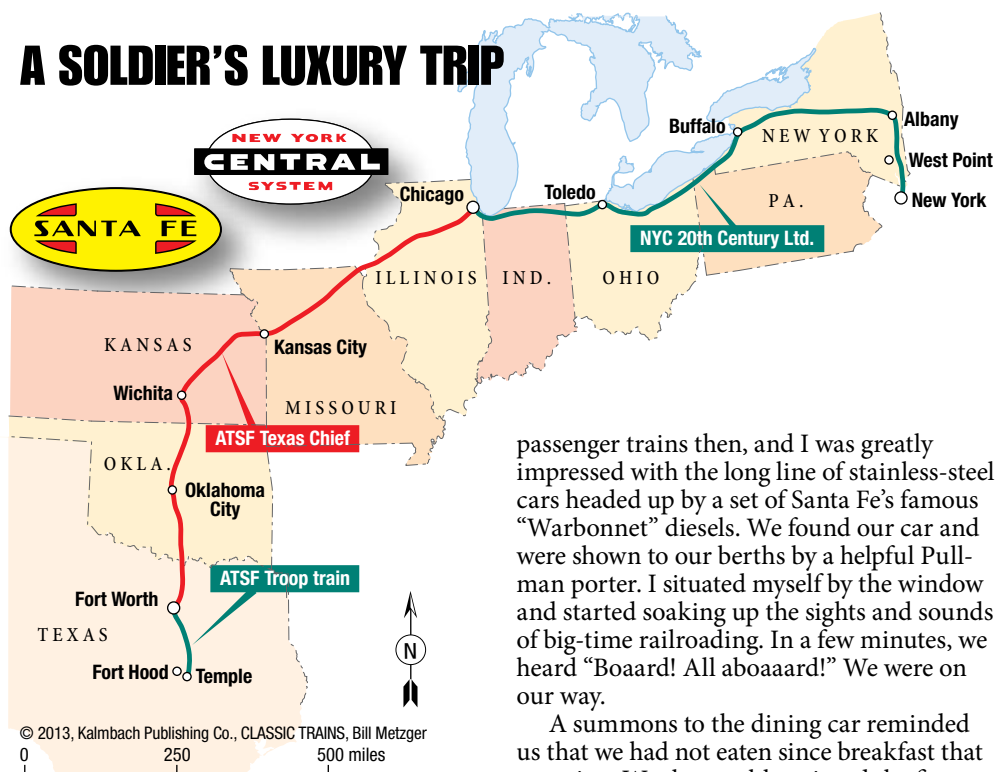
"How would you men like to be assigned to the garrison at the United States Military Academy at West Point?" he asked. He went on to explain that the company had received a personnel levy for six privates with infantry MOS's (Military Occupational Specialty) to be assigned to West Point, N.Y., located on the west bank of the Hudson River about 45 miles north of New York City. He stated that our drill sergeants had recommended the six of us for the assignment. Since our other option was being assigned to an infantry unit in Europe or Korea, we all accepted the assignment with some eagerness.

The first of November found us all being bused to the Santa Fe station in Temple, Texas, along with several hundred other shaven-headed privates also finishing their training. A long line of Pullman-green Santa Fe coaches stood at the station behind a pair of F units. Accompanied by the shouted (and oath-laden) urgings of the transportation noncommissioned officers assigned to get us loaded and away, we boarded the coaches and settled down for a bumpy ride to Fort Worth.

Birney, the oldest of our group by four or five years, had been designated on our orders as our detachment leader. He had been given all our train tickets, transfers, and meal vouchers. It was his responsibility to see that we all arrived at West Point on time and in one piece. He took his responsibility seriously and reminded us several times during the journey of our duty to represent the Army well. We in turn took him seriously and behaved ourselves accordingly.

This was pretty heady stuff for a 17-year-old kid. Growing up in the western Kentucky coalfields, I was no stranger to big Illinois Central steam locomotives and long coal drags. I had even been on a couple of overnight train trips with my mother. But, this trip would take us to Chicago and New York City, both places I had only read about. In

A SOLDIER'S LUXURY TRIP



addition, we would be traveling in style: Pullman berths on the Santa Fe's *Texas Chief* to Chicago and roomettes on the New York Central's famous *20th Century Limited*. It seemed that when the Army sent people someplace, other than on a troop train, they sent them first class.

In Fort Worth, we had only a short time to grab our duffel bags and find the Santa Fe train to Chicago. I didn't know much about

passenger trains then, and I was greatly impressed with the long line of stainless-steel cars headed up by a set of Santa Fe's famous "Warbonnet" diesels. We found our car and were shown to our berths by a helpful Pullman porter. I situated myself by the window and started soaking up the sights and sounds of big-time railroading. In a few minutes, we heard "Board! All aboaard!" We were on our way.

A summons to the dining car reminded us that we had not eaten since breakfast that morning. We thoroughly enjoyed the fine cuisine, as well as the friendly smiles and curious looks of our fellow travelers. This was the first time any of us had traveled in the new Army green dress uniform that had been adopted the previous year. When we had gone on leave after basic training, khakis were the uniform of the day. All of us were now entitled to wear the crossed rifles of the infantry on our lapels and the robin's-egg blue shoulder cord that designated us as trained infantrymen. Naturally we had all



After-dinner Johnny Walkers in the *20th Century's* lounge car went down easier and easier for the 17-year-old Mercer.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

rushed to the PX immediately after our graduation parade and equipped ourselves accordingly. We were convinced that we all looked pretty sharp and were somewhat surprised that beautiful girls weren't throwing themselves at our feet.

Spending a night in an upper Pullman berth was a new experience. Next morning, exhilarated by all the things going on around us, we ate breakfast like hungry wolves and prepared ourselves for arrival in Chicago. Birney had handled all the meal vouchers like a veteran mess sergeant and began to get us organized for the transfer we would have to make in Chicago. We learned from our Pullman porter that the Santa Fe arrived at Dearborn Station and the New York Central departed from La Salle Street Station, some blocks away. There was only one catch. Through an oversight in the Fort Hood Transportation Office, the Army had not provided any vouchers for our cab fare between the two stations. All of us possessed limited personal funds, so a unanimous decision was reached to hoof it to La Salle Street. We had a layover of several hours, so time wasn't really an issue.

Leaving the Santa Fe behind, we hoisted our duffel bags to our shoulders, got directions, and struck out for La Salle Street Station. We had all just finished a rigorous training schedule that included 20-mile forced marches with rifles and full field packs, so this walk wasn't very difficult.

Along the way, we passed a curious little white building that resembled a porcelain castle. Delicious smells were coming from it, so I, being the country bumpkin, inquired of my buddies the nature of this establishment. Middlekauf, who was from Maryland, explained that it was a hamburger joint. Birney determined that the place would accept military meal vouchers, so we had lunch there. And so began my lifelong love affair with White Castle hamburgers.



Two sections of the *Century* await departure time at Chicago's La Salle Street Station in November 1953, when NYC's flagship was still all-Pullman. Coaches were added in '58.

ROBERT CARPER



In May 1965, obs car *Sandy Creek* trails the *Century* down the Hudson River, which a groggy Mercer saw through his roomette window.

T. J. McNAMARA, KRAMBLES-PETERSON ARCHIVE

We reached La Salle Street in good time and gratefully dropped our duffel bags and took a breather. I was fascinated by the hustle and bustle in the big station. There seemed to be more people there than lived in Greenville, Ky., and they were all in a big hurry. Before too long, we heard the train caller's booming announcement over the public-address system calling for boarding the New York Central's *20th Century Limited*. Detachment commander Birney herded his group of rubbernecking privates to the correct platform.

The long line of matching two-tone gray passenger cars stretching before me was an impressive sight. The tailsign on the rear of the observation car told us in a dramatic way that we were indeed preparing to board New York Central's most famous train. Again, we were shown to our car by helpful Pullman staff. Once aboard, we were each assigned a roomette. This was luxury, indeed. For someone who had spent the last four months in a double-bunked squad bay with 40 other men, having a sleeping space to myself, small though it was, was a delight. My knowledge at that point about luxury train travel had primarily been gleaned from movies. I knew that the rich and famous traveled in this manner, and now here I was. This would be something to write home about.

The train pulled out smoothly while we were settling in. Again I stationed myself by the window and watched the rail yards of Chicago roll by. Before long we were seeing Lake Michigan out the windows. A gourmet meal in the dining car eaten off *20th Century Limited* china made C-rations eaten from a mess kit in the rain seem like a bad dream

that had happened to somebody else.

After dinner, we wandered into the club car. I had taken a seat by one of the small tables when a distinguished-looking gentleman setting across from me asked me if we were traveling on orders. "Yes, sir," I replied. "We're on our way to West Point to be stationed there as permanent party. We just finished training at Fort Hood." Turning to the waiter, whom he seemed to know well, the gentleman said, "John, let me buy these soldiers a drink. I was in the 2nd Armored Division in World War II."

The gentleman turned back to me. "What will you have, young man?"

At this point, I was in a quandary. My experience with hard liquor up to that point had been a few sips from a Coke spiked with bourbon at a football game. I pointed at his glass and asked, "What are you having, sir?"

"This is Johnny Walker Black Label," he replied.

"I'd like to try one of those," I stated, in a pretty bold manner for a 17-year-old.

"Bring him a Johnny Walker, John, and put some soda in it and a lot of ice," the gentleman instructed the waiter. In a few moments, I was trying to decide if I liked the stuff or not. However, the more I sipped the better it tasted.

The rest of that evening is a little foggy to me. I remember telling the gentleman about the training we had been through and having at least one more drink. From that point until I woke up about 3 a.m. in my bed, my memory is faulty, to say the least. I noted that I had a headache and that someone had hung up my uniform neatly on a hangar. Slipping on my pants, I went out into the hall of the

quiet, dimly lit car and drank about a gallon of the ice cold water from the dispenser there. I staggered back to bed and knew no more until I woke up with daylight coming through the bottom of the shade. Raising it, I saw the Hudson River outside my window.

A short time later, we arrived at Grand Central Terminal. Its size amazed me, but Birney didn't give us much time for gawking. He was on familiar turf here, having lived in New Jersey for several years. He got us all to the subway shuttle to Times Square and from there to the Port Authority Bus Terminal in short order. I should note that most of my comrades didn't seem to be feeling any better than I was. But we were young and in good physical condition, so we recovered rapidly.

A ride up Highway 9W brought us to the imposing buildings of the academy shortly after noon. We were let off near the administration building, and Birney went to arrange transportation to the barracks of our new unit: Headquarters Company, 1st Battle Group, 1st Infantry. While we were waiting, I looked around at the immaculate grounds and wondered how they kept them so nice looking, and who raked all the leaves. Soon I learned that was one of the many responsibilities the Army had in mind for its garrison troops, including its six newest arrivals.

I remained at West Point for a year and then was reassigned to the 3rd Infantry Division in Germany. There I got to know the Cold War a little more personally, especially after the erection of the Berlin Wall. I enjoyed all my military assignments, but the rail trip from Texas to New York stands out in my memory as one of the more pleasurable events of my Army days. ■

When one is **ONE TOO MANY**

In its entire 71-year history, NP's *North Coast Limited* had just one passenger fatality, a 2½-year-old girl named Teresa Ann

BY **BILL KUEBLER, ROBERTA McCONNELL,
AND JACQUELINE WHITE**

Just 15 minutes after their train derailed, *North Coast* passengers and crew mill about the area. The scene looks almost placid, but inside car 552, a husband and wife are frantically digging two of their daughters out of a pile of mud and dirt.

R. V. NIXON, BILL KUEBLER COLLECTION

The Northern Pacific Railway's top passenger train, the *North Coast Limited*, was inaugurated in 1900 and renowned for its excellent equipment and service throughout its lifetime, which ended with Amtrak's inception on May 1, 1971. By August 1954, the train was a lightweight streamliner dressed smartly in the two-tone green livery designed by Raymond Loewy, operating as NP Nos. 25 and 26 between the Twin Cities and Seattle. (Burlington Route handled the train between St. Paul and Chicago, while Spokane, Portland & Seattle hauled the Portland, Ore., section west of Pasco, Wash.) The *North Coast* featured Budd domes, unique lounges, full dining cars, and Pullman sleepers. Remarkably, after six decades of daily operation, NP's flagship had established an incredible safety record, suffering only a few relatively minor accidents over the years. In 1962, though, NP's luck changed.

First, on January 29 came a serious derailment 12 miles west of Glendive, Mont., when No. 26 struck a large rock that had lodged on the track. Some people were injured, but

there were no fatalities. Then on March 2, 1962, No. 25 mysteriously ran into a 30-mph curve at Granite, Idaho, at 75 or 80 mph and literally flew off the track, sending two of its three diesel units into Granite Lake and derailing the entire train. The engineer and fireman were killed, and some 138 passengers and crew were injured, but there were no passenger fatalities.

A bad year became worse on the quiet Sunday morning of June 10 when the *North Coast Limited* was involved in a third accident that resulted in the only passenger fatality due to such an occurrence in the train's 71-year existence. That tragedy took place at Evaro, Mont., when No. 26 derailed on a 30-mph curve while moving at 87 mph.

Most NP historians are familiar with the Evaro wreck itself. The details come readily to mind: The eastbound *North Coast* left Paradise, Mont., at 3:25 a.m., 5 minutes late, with a fresh engine and train crew. A little over an hour later, the inebriated engine crew fell asleep, leading to an out-of-control run down the mountain grade from Evaro, about 15 miles northwest of Missoula, that



Jim and Dauretta Yates celebrate Christmas 1961 with their three girls: Jackie (left), Roberta (right), and Teresa Ann (front).

ROBERTA McCONNELL COLLECTION





The three F units and 13 cars of the westbound *Vista-Dome North Coast Limited* curve along the Yellowstone River 15 miles east of Livingston, Mont., at 12:05 p.m. on August 1, 1956. Six years later and 270 miles to the west, tragedy struck the beautiful streamliner.

WARREN R. MCGEE, BILL KUEBLER COLLECTION



Dome coach 552—the car in which Teresa Ann perished 8 years later—is on the N&W at Roanoke, Va., on July 18, 1954, en route from the Budd plant in Philadelphia to the NP.

O. H. BORSUM

concluded with the high-speed derailment on a 6-degree curve. At 4:35 a.m., four diesel units and 15 cars lay in a mountainside ditch or askew across the main line. Some of us can even recite the train's consist from memory (see box, page 77): four locomotives and 17 cars—21 numbers all told, plus dozens of other facts and figures.

So we “experts” believe we have all the facts, or can find them, and thus we think we

know the Evano story. But do we?

That safety statistic—one fatality—is deceptive. It is the number itself that deceives. It sounds small when spoken; it appears small in print. But to the family of young Teresa Ann Dooms, as of June 10, 1962, the number “one” was no longer singular—it was infinite in value. While we railroad historians speak authoritatively of damaged equipment, we may know little or

nothing about lives destroyed by this accident. Yes, “lives” plural, for there were at least three deaths associated with the Evano derailment.

One was a passenger—Teresa. Another was Missoula Road Foreman Ken Hillier, the immediate supervisor of the engine crew. Despondent in the aftermath of the accident, and possibly having been made a scapegoat, he put a gun to his head and took his own life on October 1, 1963. This was a sad chapter, because Hillier was an excellent supervisor, well-respected by enginemen and officers alike, and was not to blame for the accident.

The third death was that of the man responsible for the wreck, engineer Elden Lynn. He and his fireman, Gerald Haines, survived the accident with only minor injuries. But Lynn's cantankerous and obstinate ways, which had led him and his fireman to drink and party during their layover at Paradise instead of resting, also led to his demise eight years later. Prone to fight at the slightest provocation when he'd been drinking, Lynn eventually found himself up against stronger men. On October 9, 1970, he and his wife walked out of a tavern in Missoula. Some men jumped him and, according to witnesses, “stomped him to death” right there on the sidewalk.

Yet we who are fascinated by trains are typically not familiar with these people, not even the one most central to the Evano story,

Teresa Ann Dooms. To us, she was at most just a name in print.

In June 2010 all that changed. That is when Teresa Ann's two sisters, Roberta and Jackie, discovered the Northern Pacific Railway Historical Association (NPRHA) and contacted me, a longtime student of the accident. They were on the train that fateful morning in 1962, along with their parents and sister. And they remember.

Their contact with me came as a complete surprise to all of us in NPRHA. Until that summer of 2010, the family had no idea there was an NPRHA, and I had no idea the family had been looking, mostly in vain, for information about the accident for so long. Eventually I was able to meet Roberta and Jackie, and their father, Jim Yates. (Their mother, Dauretta, passed away in September 2009.) While they kindly express appreciation for information I've sent them about this accident, I believe I'm in *their* debt, for in this new acquaintance they have taught me perhaps the most valuable history lesson possible—railroads involve *people*, and people matter more than anything else. And this includes not just employees, but also the passengers aboard trains.

Equally important lessons follow on the heels of that one. Two deserve mention here. Fact: Transportation—railroading in particular—is a demanding business, not inherently dangerous, but terribly unforgiving of any incapacity, carelessness, or neglect. Fact: Alcohol's ugly arm has a long reach indeed. Some 50-plus years after the accident, Teresa's family still suffers from their loss, one caused by an inebriated engine crew. Prevention of a tragedy like this is why every railroad had a "Rule G," which prohibited employees from using alcohol or being under its influence while on duty.

Good lessons, all. So I thought it fitting to invite Roberta and Jackie to tell in their own words what happened that day on a verdant mountainside in western Montana. A heart-rending account, it really is the centerpiece of the Evaro story.

Not least, we now have a face to go with the name. Now we can appreciate the fact that Teresa Ann was a real person, a young girl who laughed and played, and who was loved by her family.

They miss her still.—*Bill Kuebler*

Roberta's story

In late spring 1962, while we were living in Centralia, Wash., our dad was discharged from the U.S. Army. Dad was born in Montana, so it only stood to reason that when he was discharged we would move there. And so began our journey to our new home on June 9, 1962.

It was a day of excitement for my sisters and me. I was almost 5, Jackie was 4, and



A rearward view from the front of the car shows the forward section of one of NP's 10 dome coaches (2 for each NCL consist, which also had 2 dome sleepers). The Yates family occupied the four front seats (two corners visible here) plus one in the second row.

BUDD CO.: LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

Teresa Ann was 2½. We had never ridden on a train before, and the three of us saw this trip as an adventure. But after all the picture-taking, hugs, and kisses, and the good-byes from family at the Centralia depot, Teresa Ann clung to one of our uncles, crying that she didn't want to get on the train. After, I'm sure, some gentle persuasion, we all boarded and began what turned out to be the worst nightmare a family could have.

We rode north from Centralia to Seattle. There we changed trains to the *North Coast Limited*, which departed on-time at 1:30 p.m. and made several stops along the way east through Washington. We were in the fifth car back from the engines (NP dome coach No. 552), seated in the small coach section ahead of the dome. Our parents, James and Dauretta Yates, were in the forward-most seats on the left side of the car, Dad in the window seat and Mom in the aisle seat. Jackie and Teresa Ann were in the forward-most seats on the right side, across the aisle from our parents. Teresa Ann was in the aisle seat and Jackie occupied the window seat. I was in the seat directly behind Teresa Ann.

At some point during the night, I moved from my seat into another passenger's seat. That passenger, Aaron Scott, had gone up to the dome. When he came back down and discovered me in his seat, Mom told him that she would move me, but he graciously told her to let me sleep and went back to the dome. Shortly thereafter, we stopped in Paradise, Mont.

Sometime later, I remember while sleep-



ing having the sensation of being tossed about like a rag doll as the train derailed. My next clear memory is of being under the seat in front of me and not being able to move. The footrest had come down on my neck and pinned me to the floor of the coach. When everything had stopped moving, my parents removed me from underneath the seat. After making sure I was not seriously injured, they told me to move back toward the seats behind us. I moved three or four rows back and stood next to a teenage girl who was bleeding heavily from a cut on her thigh. She tried to get me to sit down with her, but I wanted my mom and dad and refused. I couldn't see my sisters anywhere.

Our car had turned crosswise to the track and slid down an embankment, coming to rest against the edge of a highway. Although still upright, it was at a downward-sloping



Top: Just 27 minutes after the crash, a highway patrolman jumps from the truck of car 353; note mud and dirt thrown across the road by the force of car 552 careening down the hill and slamming into the highway shoulder. Middle: Local residents, motorists, and passengers attend a woman who was in car 354. Above: The first two F units slid 467 feet before coming to rest in the ditch; the crewmen crawled out, not seriously injured.

FIVE PHOTOS, R. V. NIXON, BILL KUEBLER COLLECTION

angle. The entire front end of the coach was filled with dirt, mud, and rocks up to the seats that my parents and sisters had been sitting in. Teresa Ann and Jackie had been thrown into the debris at the front of the car. Teresa Ann went in first and ended up in a fetal position. Jackie's face slid into the space between Teresa Ann's arms and knees. This "air pocket" saved Jackie's life. Unfortunately, Teresa Ann was thrown so hard that her neck was broken. I will never forget watching our parents digging frantically to get the girls out. Mom and Dad literally dug with their bare hands until they were raw and bleeding.

While they were digging, someone used a shovel to break out the window next to Dad's seat. This person suggested that Mom or Dad use the shovel to help dig the girls out. Mom steadfastly refused, saying that she was afraid the shovel would hit one or both of the girls, injuring them further. Eventually, Jackie was removed from the debris with the help of local resident Loren Butler. Dad said that once Jackie was removed, all you could see of Teresa Ann was her little behind.

Mom, Jackie, and I were removed from the coach through the broken-out window beside Dad's seat. A man named Carl Willig, who lived across the highway from the derailment site, drove us to St. Patrick's Hospital in Missoula. Dad stayed behind until Teresa Ann was extricated from the debris. Loren Butler performed artificial respiration on her but got no response. He handed her body out the broken window to Deputy Sheriff Gary Bjorkland, who then took her to a nearby car where a doctor who had been on the train pronounced her dead. Her body was then taken by ambulance to Marsh, Powell & Livingston Funeral Home in Missoula. Dad accompanied Teresa Ann's body to the mortuary and made preliminary arrangements. He then made his way to St. Patrick's Hospital.

Mom's injuries included bumps, bruises, and a severely sprained back. Dad suffered bumps, bruises, and a cut above his left eye. I sustained bumps, bruises, and a sore neck. Jackie, on the other hand, didn't fare as well. When she was thrown from her seat, she slid into the debris on her right side. She had dirt and rocks embedded in the right side of her face. After the debris was removed, the doctors had to sand that side of her face down. Also, as she was sliding into the "air pocket" between Teresa Ann's arms and knees she inhaled debris, which had to be suctioned from her lungs. Dad was examined and released. Mom, Jackie, and I were admitted to the hospital.

After the derailment, my grandfather, Troy Doods, and other relatives arrived in Missoula. They spent time with us at the hospital and took several photos of Mom, Jackie, and me. Many of those photos show two little girls with big smiles on their faces, but others show a very sad woman who was



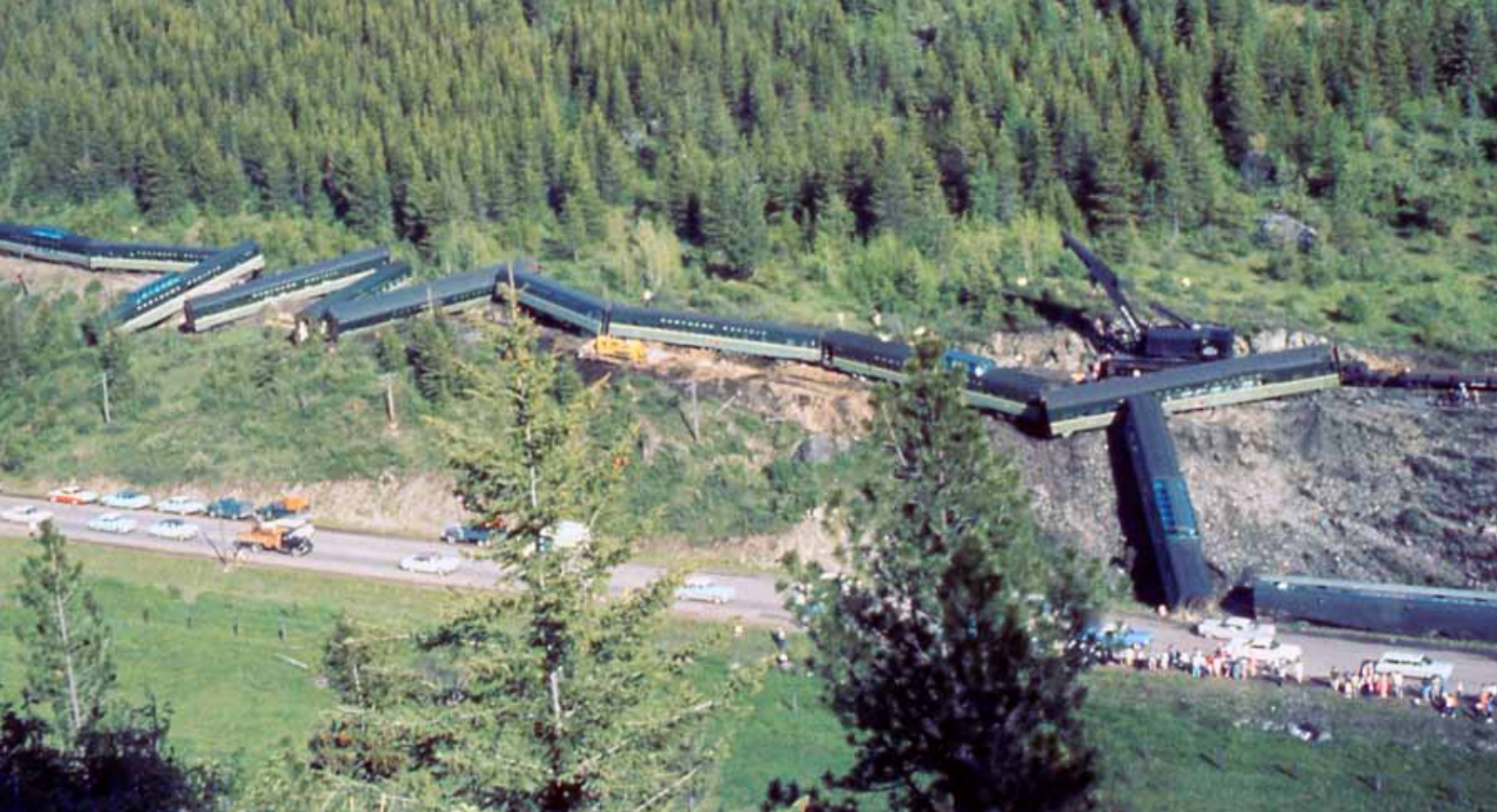
Above: More rescuers and citizens have arrived from Missoula in this view showing the second, third, and fourth diesels, baggage car, and RPO-dorm. Right: Earlier, at 4:54 a.m., train conductor Fred O'Brien and the Pullman conductor assist a passenger through a window of sleeper 354.

in pain not only physically but also emotionally. Jackie and I didn't really understand the tragedy that had occurred to our family because we were so young. We pretty much had the run of our floor at the hospital. We were allowed to play in the nurse's station and were given anything we wanted. The nurses did whatever they could to keep us occupied, given the circumstances. I especially remember my fifth birthday, June 13, three days after the derailment. I spent it in the hospital. One of the nuns there kindly made a birthday cake.

On June 11, an autopsy was performed on Teresa Ann. At first some thought she had died from suffocation, but Dr. Edwin Buchanan, a Missoula pathologist, determined that she had died from a broken neck, specifically a fractured dislocation of cervical spine. Shortly after the autopsy, the coroner released Teresa Ann's body, and my parents started their trip back to Centralia for her funeral. The doctors didn't want to release Jackie from the hospital because of her injuries. Mom and Dad didn't want to leave her there by herself, so I stayed behind with her.

The quickest way for Mom and Dad to return to Centralia was by train, so four days after the accident, they were again on the *North Coast Limited*, heading back to where our journey had started. I can imagine how hard that train ride was on them. Years later, Mom said that every time the train hit rough





Nine hours after the derailment (top), work crews have begun to clear the wreckage; derrick No. 47 from Missoula is beside Day-Nite coach 592, which stands perpendicular to dome coach 552. Dome sleeper 304 (above left, and third car from left in top photo) was the 13th car in the train. The third and fourth diesels, 6701C (left in above-right photo) and 6511A, lie in the ditch with baggage car 405.

THREE PHOTOS: AL BENNETT, BILL KUEBLER COLLECTION

track she would grab for Dad.

Mom and Dad requested that Teresa Ann's casket be shipped ahead of them on another train. For some reason unknown to any of us, however, her casket was placed on the same train they returned on. Unfortunately, when Mom and Dad arrived in Centralia, they were there long enough to see her casket being removed from the train. They had expected her to arrive ahead of them. To say the least, they were devastated.

Shortly after Mom and Dad arrived in Centralia, a couple of representatives from

the Northern Pacific showed up at my grandparents' home. They told my grandfather that they had some papers for Mom and Dad to sign. My grandfather wouldn't let them in the front door and asked them kindly to leave. Mom said years later that the papers would have released the NP from being held responsible for Teresa Ann's death and the injuries sustained by the rest of us in the accident.

Teresa Ann was laid to rest on June 16, 1962, in the baby section of Mountain View Cemetery in Centralia. After her funeral,

Mom and Dad returned by train to Missoula, and Jackie and I were released from the hospital. We then continued our journey to our new home in Ekalaka, Mont., in the southeast corner of the state. Dad's family met us in Billings, then continued from there by car to Ekalaka. The trip from Missoula to Billings was the last time either Mom or Dad ever rode on a train.

Throughout the next year, my parents endured newspaper accounts and legal proceedings pertaining to the derailment. One year after the accident, the engineer was

standing trial for manslaughter. He was found “not guilty” after nine days of testimony. Apart from losing Teresa Ann, that was probably the hardest and most hurtful thing for Mom and Dad.

During that same period, Dad’s brother-in-law, attorney James Soderquist, was in court attempting to reach a monetary settlement with the NP for injuries we had sustained, and for the wrongful death of Teresa Ann. Jackie and I discovered years later that during the short time Mom and Dad were in Centralia for Teresa Ann’s funeral, they had signed the release from the NP. Family members had told them that, given the circumstances of the accident, the NP would be generous. In fact, at that point the NP had already paid for Teresa Ann’s funeral, Mom and Dad’s transportation to and from her funeral, and eventually the cost of our hospital stay. Because of a legal technicality, however, and possibly the Interstate Commerce Commission’s report as well, James Soderquist sued the NP on behalf of my parents. Another lawyer, Frank Spinelli, was assigned to Jackie and me as guardian for the suit. The court awarded Jackie and me \$2,000 in damages for our injuries.

As time passed, Jackie and I started asking Mom and Dad questions about what happened at Evaro. For a long time, they didn’t want to discuss anything pertaining to the accident. Then when Jackie and I were in our teens, Mom was able to talk about what had happened. She told us the train had derailed because of high speed and the intoxication of the engine crew. She also said the NP fired the engineer and he was charged with manslaughter in Teresa Ann’s death, but was found not guilty.

Our fears of riding trains began not long after the derailment. Jackie had nightmares periodically while growing up. Over time, our aversion to trains has intensified. I have been on a train only three times since the derailment. The first time was right after the accident—the trip from Missoula to Billings. The second time was on the Chehalis-Centralia Railroad tourist line in Washington, on which my natural father, Ray Beaber, works as an engineer and fireman. It took him years to talk me into taking a ride on that train. When I finally gave in, Jackie and I rode in the steam engine with him. It was one of the worst hours of my life. Then, in 2005, I rode a Sounder commuter train between Tacoma and Seattle and back. I was almost physically ill the whole way. Every time the train hit rough track I had to put my head down and close my eyes. The only thing that went through my mind was what had happened at Evaro. To this day I have a hard time sitting at a railroad crossing, waiting for a train to pass. The Evaro accident has made me a nervous traveler. If I have to fly, I do so only out of necessity. When I’m in a car, I trust only myself to drive.

R.V. NIXON: RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME



In Nixon’s first photo at Evaro, taken at 4:49 a.m.—13 minutes after the derailment occurred—people are climbing out the windows of overturned sleepers 353 (foreground) and 354. The hearse at right was serving as a makeshift ambulance.

R. V. NIXON, BILL KUEBLER COLLECTION

At 4:20 a.m. on Sunday, June 10, 1962, NP telegrapher, dispatcher, and sometime photographer Ronald V. Nixon parked his car next to the NP depot in Missoula. It was his day off, and he had decided to spend it taking pictures for NP’s advertising department. Upstairs in the depot, Ron asked the dispatcher for a lineup of trains. Ron’s plan was to head east and get pictures at scenic locations along the Clark Fork River between Garrison and Missoula. As Ron studied the lineup, dispatcher noted that the communications line near Evaro was instantly severed. Within seconds, the dispatcher deduced what had happened, and where. He hollered at Ron, “Number 26 is in the ditch up at Evaro!”

Ron jumped into his car. Instead of heading east, he headed west. Evaro was only 15 miles away on a highway that was devoid of traffic at that hour. Ignoring speed limits, Ron made it there before police or emergency vehicles arrived. Near the scene he encountered two disheveled men, soaked and covered with mud, walking along the shoulder of the highway—the engineer and fireman from No. 26. They frantically waved him down, and Ron quickly figured out what was going on—both men appeared inebriated and were fleeing the scene. They told him they feared passengers might mob them and then begged him for a ride to town. Ron told them to take a hike—literally—and drove on up to the scene of the wreck, leaving the two enginemen to fend for themselves.

When Ron arrived at the derailment site, the dust had hardly settled. His heart skipped a beat as he looked upon the locomotives and cars of NP’s finest passenger train, all lying at crazy angles and in the ditch at the bottom of a steep hill. Dazed and injured passengers were just beginning to climb out of the overturned cars. Crewmembers, as well as some residents who lived across the highway from the track, were starting to assist passengers. Ron’s was the second automobile to arrive. He was the only person on-scene with a camera, so he thought it best to start taking pictures. Besides, he had standing instructions from NP officials to get photos of any wreck as soon as possible if he were in the area, so he grabbed his Speed Graphic and went right to work, checking his watch to keep track of time. He took his first photo within 13 minutes of the derailment.—*Bill Kuebler*

My family members were not the only people adversely affected by the derailment. Aaron Scott, the gentleman who gave up his seat to me, mistakenly thought he had given up that seat to Teresa Ann. He gave an interview to the *Missoulian* newspaper soon after the derailment, tearfully telling the reporter he had given his seat to the little girl who was killed. To this day I don’t know if he ever learned that he gave his seat to me and not Teresa Ann. And what about the other passengers aboard the train? Have they ever found out what really happened that June morning?

Periodically throughout our adult lives, Jackie and I have tried to find any informa-

tion we could about the derailment. I wrote to the ICC, for example, requesting a copy of the accident report, but I received no reply. On a trip to Missoula, I went to the local library and found old newspaper articles written shortly after the accident, but the information was limited and not all accurate. Then, in June 2010 Jackie and I were chatting by phone while we were also online. We started talking about “the train accident” and did an online search for information. We discovered an NP discussion list called the NPTelltale, in which there had been a discussion of the Evaro accident. It mentioned the Northern Pacific Railway Historical Association, the first we had heard of



Two days after it flew off the track at 87 mph, third unit F9A 6701C is lifted back onto the right of way by NP derricks 45 (left, from Spokane) and 47 (Missoula). All 4 locomotives and 17 cars involved in the Evaro derailment were repaired and returned to service.

R. V. NIXON, BILL KUEBLER COLLECTION



Sisters Roberta (left) and Jackie and their mother Dauretta mark Roberta's fifth birthday in St. Patrick's Hospital, Missoula, on June 13, 1962—three days after the wreck.

TROY DOOMS, ROBERTA MCCONNELL COLLECTION

such an organization. We immediately both sent an e-mail to the NPRHA requesting information about the derailment. Mike Applegate with the NPRHA responded to our e-mails and also forwarded them to Bill Kuebler, and Bill contacted us in less than 24 hours.

Since then, Bill and I have frequently corresponded. The extensive information he's shared with our family—including the ICC report, all the Ron Nixon photos, and

detailed captions—is like a gold mine to us. Bill has also answered so many of our questions and we, in turn, have answered his. We now know what happened that fateful morning. Jackie, Dad, and I have met Bill on three occasions. The last was on the 50th anniversary of the accident, when Bill took us to the site (our first time there since 1962), where we placed flowers and had a few moments to reflect. Unfortunately, Mom passed away in 2009, so she never met Bill. Jackie and I truly believe she would have approved of what we've done.

The bright light that was Teresa Ann was taken from our family on June 10, 1962, because of two crewmen who chose not to stay sober and get their proper rest before going on duty. As a result of their actions, we will never know what kind of woman that sweet smiling little girl would have grown to be. She has been missed and loved for over 50 years and will continue to be.

—Roberta Lee Beaber McConnell

Jackie's story

I was only four years old in June 1962. There are just bits and pieces after the train derailment happened that I see in my mind. My first real memory was of being in a very dark place, and I couldn't move. I felt someone was with me in that dark place, and

there was—my sister Teresa Ann. To this day I still feel her there with me. After I was taken out of the damaged coach, I have a slight recollection of being inside a vehicle with Roberta and my mother, going somewhere. That somewhere was St. Patrick's Hospital in Missoula. Being so young, I didn't realize the full extent of what had happened to my family and me. Like any other child, I was still smiling and laughing in the hospital even though I had sustained injuries from the accident. I remember Roberta having her fifth birthday in the hospital and I see the cake in front of us, the candles glowing.

Even now, I still have the feeling of being in that "dark place" off and on, and I still have nightmares every so often. One nightmare is that I am hesitating about crossing the railroad tracks in our hometown of Centralia, Wash. The tracks are empty and there are no whistles to be heard, until I get in the middle of the tracks, and then I am surrounded by trains. They run over me, and I am looking up at the bottom of a train as it speeds over me. In the second nightmare, I am on a train, with my head stuck in the floor of the car's aisle. My head is surrounded by mud, the hole in the floor allowing me to see the railroad tracks speeding past below me. Then I wake shaking, frightened, and even crying at times.

Years after the wreck, when I was 40, I was talking to my mom about it. I told her I

could remember being at her parents' house playing with all the other cousins, but I couldn't remember Teresa Ann, and it has haunted me all these years that I couldn't remember her. Mom knew I had nightmares about it and told me it was probably because I was buried in the mud with Teresa when she died, and that the trauma of it caused a memory block to protect myself from the full impact of losing her and of the accident itself. I believe she was right about that.

The accident has left many scars in my family's hearts and minds. I think about what Teresa Ann would look like—would she still have her pixie haircut? And I wonder what she would have done with her life, if she would have had children, a family of her own, and so on. I did not fully comprehend the heartache my parents felt over losing a child, a child whom you would never watch grow up. Such a loss eventually became clear to me, for I have since lost a son. The pain, the heartache, the sorrow, never dies in your heart.—*Jackie White*

Epilogue

Accidents like the Evaro derailment typically make big headlines. Unfortunately, this has led to a popular misconception that railroaders of bygone days often violated Rule G, and that drunkenness on the job was a major problem. I disagree with that notion, because the record just doesn't support it. Accidents caused by Rule G violations were rare. Furthermore, the many railroaders I knew who worked for the Northern Pacific typically had an outstanding work ethic and were conscientious employees resolved to perform their duty as safely and efficiently as possible. It was difficult enough coping with the working conditions of 16-hour duty periods when sober. Any railroader of that era would tell us that the biggest challenge faced on the job was *fatigue*, not alcohol abuse. Even so, when a Rule G violation did lead to an accident, the results could be devastating, as was the case at Evaro.

Over the years I have used the Evaro story, and Ron Nixon's photos of the scene, in a presentation to various church youth groups, to impress upon them the dangers of alcohol. Though reactions among teens vary, many of them seem to appreciate the message. We will never know how many lives this story has saved in this manner. Perhaps some of those young people later thought twice before consuming alcohol before driving a car or running a locomotive. If so, then maybe we can find some solace in the notion that Teresa Ann did not die in vain.

Then there's the family of engineer Elden Lynn. Surely they suffered, too, in another way. Though he never worked for the NP after the accident and eventually suffered a violent death, his son, Bill Lynn, went on to a



Roberta McConnell and Jackie White pose with Jim Yates in August 2011, 2 years after Dauretta Yates passed away and 49 years after the derailment that claimed Teresa Ann.

ROBERTA MCCONNELL COLLECTION

CONSIST OF NO. 26 AT EVARO, MONT., JUNE 10, 1962

No.	Model/Type	Year Built	Builder
6510A	F7A	1949	EMD
6701B	F9B	1956	EMD
6701C	F9A	1956	EMD
6511A	F7A	1949	EMD
405	Water-baggage	1947	Pullman-Standard
479	RPO-Dormitory	1947	Pullman-Standard
354	8-6-3-1 sleeper*	1948	Pullman-Standard
353	8-6-3-1 sleeper*	1948	Pullman-Standard
552	Dome Coach	1954	Budd
592	"Day-Nite" Coach	1947	Pullman-Standard
557	Dome Coach	1954	Budd
503	Day Coach	1947	Pullman-Standard
598	"Day-Nite" Coach	1947	Pullman-Standard
496	"Traveller's Rest" lounge	1947**	Pullman-Standard
461	Dining Car	1958	Budd
362	8-6-3-1 Sleeper	1948	Pullman-Standard
304	Dome Sleeper	1954	Budd
368	8-6-4 Sleeper	1954	Pullman-Standard
307	Dome Sleeper	1954	Budd
358	8-6-3-1 Sleeper***	1948	Pullman-Standard
394	Sleeper-Buffer-Observation	1948	Pullman-Standard

* Cars 354 and 353 were filling in for a Slumbercoach that was shopped for repairs following the derailment at Granite, Idaho, on March 2, 1962.

** Built by P-S as a coach-buffer-lounge in 1947; rebuilt by NP into the Traveller's Rest configuration in 1955.

*** Extra car in consist for additional traffic to/from World's Fair in Seattle.

fine career in engine service with the NP and Burlington Northern. No doubt Bill felt the pain of having a surname associated with a tragedy. Even so, he did all he could to make good the family name once again. He dedicated himself to being a competent and conscientious employee for his entire career—and with great success. Bill Lynn retired, and has since passed on, but he has left behind an

excellent reputation among all those who knew and worked with him.

Perhaps this story will help us railroad historians appreciate the vitally important role played by employees in railroad operations. Yes, the *North Coast Limited* had only one passenger fatality in its seven-decade run. But, as we can see, even one is one too many.—*Bill Kuebler* 📌

A night on the **AUXILIARY**

I helped clean up a wreck on the snowy Grand Trunk Western
when I could've been in Florida on Spring Break

BY **CHARLES H. GELETZKE JR.** • PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR





The date is one I will not forget—April 2, 1970, the Thursday after Easter. I was at my family's house in Royal Oak, Mich., a Detroit northern suburb, home from school at Central Michigan University up in Mount Pleasant. While my friends and roommates were enjoying Spring Break in sunny Florida, I was working the Grand Trunk Western's brakeman's extra board out of Durand (pronounced by railroaders as DOO-rand). Normally, the snow would be just about gone from these parts by the end of March, but we still had well over a foot on the ground—with more to come!

I had just sat down to supper with Mom and Dad and my brother and sister when the phone rang. Mom answered, and unsurprisingly it was the operator. "I have a collect call for Chuck Geletzke. Will you accept the charges?" (In that era, because I lived outside Durand's local calling district, they would always call me collect.) Mom handed me the phone and I accepted the charges. I then heard the operator say, "Go ahead, sir. Your party is on the line."

Immediately I recognized the voice of the Durand crew dispatcher. "Chuck, there's been a *bad* wreck over at Imlay City. They have cars all over the ground. We want you for the hook, called for 8 p.m. If you can get here any sooner, it would be appreciated." By our labor agreement, trainmen were entitled to 15 minutes preparatory time, so in actuality, we went on duty at 7:45.

I accepted the call and then asked, "Was anyone hurt?"

The crew dispatcher said no, that fortunately, everyone was OK.

As I quickly finished eating, Mom asked if I would need a lunch. I declined, since we'd be handling "the Auxiliary" (or "wreck train") and it had a dining car. I dressed for work and headed north, a 65-mile drive.

As I drove, I was able to pick up a radio station in Flint and got the weather report. Earlier this day the temperature had hit a high of 35 degrees, but tonight it was going down to 17. Tomorrow, the high would be 39. The wind would be gusting to 24 mph, and the sky was clear with visibility of 3 miles. I was glad I had plenty of warm clothes.

I drove to the yard office at the south end of the Durand yard, where I met Jim Potter, our flagman. I was to be the head brakeman. Our conductor, Muff Graim, reported for duty at the passenger station, where he obtained our orders and other necessary information. After signing in, I drove up to the roundhouse, where I met our engineer, Marty Timlick. He said our engine would be the

After dawn on April 3, I prevailed upon flagman Jim Potter to spell me so I could eat again and take photos. GTW hook 50007 works the west end of the pile-up.



GTW's 200-ton crane 50007 gingerly lifts a derailed Milwaukee Road covered hopper back to the rails (top), and carmen of the Durand Auxiliary crew put their skills and nerve to work to assist (above), as clean-up of the 41-car derailment of eastbound train 812 at the "PO&N bridge" at Imlay City, Mich., progresses in the early morning of April 3, 1970.

4704, a GP18—plenty of power for the Auxiliary's seven cars and the 200-ton crane.

Marty explained the details of the wreck as he knew them. Apparently an eastbound freight from Battle Creek to Port Huron, train 812 being operated by "Rotten Ralph" Gardiner, derailed going across the steel-plate girder bridge where our single-track main line crossed above our Cass City Subdivision, the former Pontiac, Oxford & Northern, a branch that ran north from Pontiac to Caseville, in Michigan's "thumb." Unbelievably, 812's two diesels and first car made it over the bridge, but the rest piled up in the cut that the bridge spanned. The crew had taken the units and the car on to Port Huron.

I bundled up in my layers of winter work clothes and herded the 4704 over to the train, which was made up on the Short Belt track. As we approached the train I could see it was bustling with activity. From front to rear, the Auxiliary consisted of 200-ton derrick GTW 50007 and its idler flatcar 85920 for the boom; two flatcars loaded with freight-car trucks, rails, ties, and other equipment; the generator car; the dining car, GTW 85970; a bunk car; and wooden caboose GTW 77947. All the men from the Durand Rip Track ("RIP" meaning "repair in place," i.e., the car repair area), who manned the Auxiliary, were busy stowing food and supplies for our outing. At this point, they had no idea how long they would be gone. The Federal Hours of Service Law, which then was still 16 hours, did not apply to other crafts as it did for train and engine crews.

DEPARTURE FROM DURAND

We tied onto the train, ran a brake test, and when everyone was ready, Marty Timlick whistled off and we crossed over to the High Wye north of the depot and headed toward Port Huron. The switchtender who controlled the use of the diamonds, cross-overs, and turnouts in the vicinity of the depot had us all lined up and gave us a "come ahead" signal with his yellow lantern. We just tip-toed through the wye, as the last thing we wanted was for the 200-ton hook to go on the ground. As we passed Durand's famous depot, conductor Graim handed up our orders and messages, then swung aboard the caboose and gave us a big "highball" with his lantern. At this time, GTW crews were just beginning to get radio handsets, but because they were few in number thus far, this job did not rate any. Because we were handling the wrecking crane, with its boom trailing, we would be restricted to a maximum speed of 30 mph on the main track.

All of us on the crew were Detroit Division men and none of us, except the engineer, held seniority on the Flint Subdivision main line, but because this was an emergency, we would be permitted to operate the train to the wreck site and perform duties until relieved. Our relief crew would be Flint Sub



The wreck resulted from the second car on 812 derailling and striking the deck girder bridge over GTW's Cass City Sub ("PO&N") in Imlay City. Viewed from the PO&N track, we look south (left) at 7 of the 41 derailed cars filling the cut; the photo above looks north.

men out of Port Huron. This would be only my third trip over the Flint Sub. Most recently, I had deadheaded from Durand to Port Huron on a passenger train and returned in the caboose of a through freight, and just about a year before, I worked a round trip from Port Huron to Battle Creek "in emergency," when Port Huron was out of men on Easter Sunday. So to make this trip in the dead of night, I would rely on Mr. Timlick's knowledge and experience.

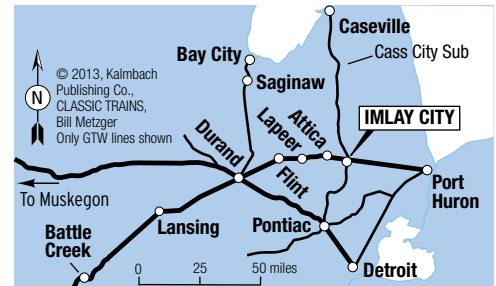
We crossed over to the eastward main track to East Durand, where we entered single-track, Centralized Traffic Control (CTC) territory. At West Flint we got back on double track and proceeded with the current of traffic to East Flint. The Flint terminal area hosted many yard assignments working the several yards and auto manufacturing and assembly plants. There was no question we were a "hot" move, as all the local jobs and

Flint Sub through freights were out of our way. As I looked ahead past 4704's long hood, I could see the reflection from our white classification lights and see our white flags fluttering in the wind as we sailed straight through the city. From East Flint to the wreck site, we were back on single-track CTC.

Thirty-six miles east of Durand, at Milepost 289, we pulled up to a yellow-over-red "approach" signal at the east end of the Lapeer siding and stopped. Engineer Timlick whistled four short blasts on the horn and waited for the conductor and flagman to walk up to the head end. We then cut away from our train and, upon receiving a "clear" signal, headed for the interlocking tower in Lapeer, one mile to the east, where Penn Central's former New York Central line from Detroit to Mackinaw City crossed our route. This was still a manned tower, open 24 hours a day, and we thought perhaps we might receive some updated instructions here.

All three of us train crew members walked to the tower and climbed upstairs. We were told that the superintendent, R. W. Knapp, wanted us to run "light" (engine only) to the wreck site and pull the rear 20 cars that were still on the rails back to Lapeer and tuck them into the siding. We walked back to our engine. Because I was the youngest crew member I relinquished my seat to conductor Graim. In 1970 the term "job briefing" had not been invented, but we did discuss what we planned to do. It was decided that we would indeed take only the engine the 11 miles over to the wreck site.

Because we were running engine-light, we again were restricted to 30 mph. After passing through the village of Attica we received an "approach" signal. The next signal was still over 2 miles away, but Mr. Timlick re-



duced speed in proper compliance with the signal. Shortly we came upon a red "stop" signal and pulled up just short of it. Mr. Timlick gave two short blasts on the horn, dimmed our headlight, and proceeded at restricted speed to the rear end of the derailed train. As we approached, we detected movement around the caboose as its occupants became aware of our slow approach. We stopped about a car-length short of the caboose. Conductor Graim and I walked to the front of the 4704, where we were met by Ernie Porritt, the Port Huron trainmaster.

He told us the coupler pin on the last car still on the rails was already pulled and that the angle cock was closed, and instructed us to pull the rear 20 cars back to Lapeer and put them in the siding. After doing so, we would run around our Auxiliary train and switch it out so the derrick was on the front, followed by its idler; next would be our engine, with the remainder of the train behind the Geep.

We did as instructed as quickly as possible. Then the fun began!

WILD RIDE TO IMLAY CITY

When our train was properly marshaled, I received the shock of my life. Yes, we were going to shove the crane and its idler, with its



At the Lapeer Junction tower (pictured in 1972, looking south), we were instructed by our Superintendent on how to proceed.



A bulldozer assists on clean-up at the west end of the pile-up. GP18 4704, on which I rode east from Durand, is visible at the far left. This April 1970 wreck was only the second time GTW used a “re-railing contractor” to help out, but such would be “the coming thing.”

boom trailing, over to Imlay City. Would you believe that at this point, the derrick’s diesel engine had not yet been started and the body of the crane was still locked up? The crane displayed no lights, so I was assigned the duty of riding the deck of the crane all the way back to Imlay City, keeping a fusee displayed for illumination. That was 11 miles in 18- or 19-degree weather with gusts of wind up to 24 mph! Why hadn’t I chosen to go south on Spring Break?

I lit a 10-minute yellow fuse, stuck it in the leading knuckle of the derrick, and gave engineer Timlick a “come ahead” with my lantern. He whistled two short blasts, and I climbed aboard the deck of the crane, hiding behind the its control cab to protect myself from the wind, from where I could peer around the cold sheet-metal structure looking ahead for signals and possible obstructions. For the next 50 minutes, we shoved east toward the derailment. Every 10 minutes I would stop our move, climb down from the deck of the crane, and replace the burned-out fusee. My eyes were watering and burning, and my hands and feet were gradually becoming numb. I thought to myself that if Jim Potter was any kind of a man, he would take turns with me “riding the point,” but that was the advantage of his having seniority. It was difficult peering ahead into the darkness. And because the crane’s engine had not been started, there was no working headlight on the back of the crane to aid in

our approach to the wreck site.

As we neared the wreck site, we set off a pair of torpedoes on the rail, the explosions indicating we were getting close. I slowed Mr. Timlick down as we approached to within about two car-lengths of the first derailed car, where we stopped.

As I climbed down off of the crane, conductor Graim appeared and told me to go back to the dining car for breakfast and to warm up. He said it would take a little while for the Auxiliary crew to ready the crane for its first lift and that flagman Potter could handle these moves until I returned.

Walking back to the heavyweight dining car, I could smell coffee and bacon and eggs cooking. I was definitely ready for breakfast. It was now about 3 a.m.

The experience of walking into that diner was one I will never forget. The car was brightly lit, and the interior was painted sort of a mustard yellow. The oil-fired heat was a welcoming sensation. The car had a single counter running down one side and a long bench on the other. It was fully occupied with men from the Durand Rip Track. They immediately made a place for me, and the cook asked how I wanted my eggs. My notes from the trip indicate that I had them scrambled and also plenty of hot coffee served in a large ceramic mug. Even at this young age, I knew this scene would not be frequently repeated, and I was trying to absorb the ambience in every pore of my soul.

Shortly, one of the Rip foremen entered the car and explained that a total of 41 cars had derailed. They were all scrunched within the space of 10 car-lengths, with 7 in the cut under the bridge. Fortunately, no cars containing hazardous materials were involved.

After I finished my meal, I bundled up again and headed back toward the derailment site. Even though it would be dark for several more hours, I took my lantern and walked the perimeter of the destruction. What I saw was unbelievable. I had my camera with me in my grip, but I would have to wait until daylight to begin taking photos.

While walking around the area, I overheard one of the men from the car department state that the company was going to have one of the derailment contractors (e.g., the likes of Hulcher or R. J. Corman) assist with the re-railing. This would be only the second time their service had been used by GTW, but of course the use of such contractors would be the “coming thing.”

Following my inspection of the wreck site, I returned to the derrick to relieve Mr. Potter. Even though I’d been gone for well over an hour, the crew was just beginning to make their first lift. In no time at all, I began to realize how much preparation it took to block and brace the derrick for each hoist. The crew could not afford to have the crane turn over owing to improper placement of the heavy oak blocks. While there was a great deal of railroad romance in watching

these skilled men perform their tasks, I quickly figured out that the services of an outside contractor with its Caterpillar side-booms, or “side-winders,” were much more efficient, flexible, and easier to position than was the case with the time-tested but old-fashioned railroad equipment. Here I was, a 21-year old kid prognosticating the demise of GTW’s derricks, which I indeed would see leave the property in 1988.

Each time the derrick made a lift, it would have to reposition its outriggers and blocking. Gradually the sky began to evidence daylight, and I coerced flagman Potter to once again assume my duties in moving the hook while I went for a second meal and to get my camera.

ANOTHER MEAL, THEN PHOTOS

My notes indicate that my second meal consisted of hamburgers, roast beef, peas, cookies, donuts, and plenty of hot black coffee. I still recall that as an outstanding meal. Where else could you experience that kind of atmosphere?

I climbed into 4704’s cab and retrieved my camera. Engineer Timlick was still sitting in his seat, and would not receive relief until the end of his 16 hours on duty. It was interesting that while many of my fellow railroaders often made fun of me when they saw me frequently taking photos, and could not relate to the passion I had for railroading, they still had some interest. As I walked away from 4704 carrying my camera, Marty called out, “Hey Chuck, will you make a set of prints for me?” Of course, I did.

By now it was just getting daylight. I did not have a tripod, and I have often wished I’d waited an hour or so to take my pictures, but I was afraid if I waited too long, the original derailment scene would be changed and not look nearly as dramatic. Plodding through the deep snow, I walked around the perimeter trying to take photos from several angles. I was shooting Kodak 120 Professional Plus-X film and wanted to make sure to conserve my film so as to not miss any major activity.

After taking my photos, I again relieved Jim Potter and attended the hook for the rest of the morning.

Around 10:45 a.m., an assistant trainmaster arrived with a Flint Sub crew from Port Huron for our hook. After a brief discussion we turned the assignment over to them, and the assistant trainmaster drove us back to Durand in his company car.

We tied up at Durand at 11:45 a.m., making it a 16-hour day.

The next day I learned that a Port Huron crew laying over at Battle Creek brought GTW’s Battle Creek Auxiliary, with 250-ton crane No. 50083, over to the wreck scene later in the day. They traveled via the Flint Subdivision main line from Battle Creek to Durand, east over the Holly Subdivision



From top: By November 1989, crane 50007 had been re-assigned to the Battle Creek Auxiliary. During the Imlay City clean-up, I had two hearty meals in Durand Auxiliary diner 85970 (pictured in late 1966). GTW 250-ton crane 50083 (shown at Port Huron in 1988), came from Battle Creek via Pontiac and the Cass City Sub to work the wreck’s east end.

from Durand to Pontiac, and then, with the aid of an engineer and conductor pilot north from Pontiac, crept up the Cass City Subdivision to Imlay City. This was a rare move over the light rail of the old Pontiac, Oxford & Northern, and because of the weight of the crane, the Auxiliary would have been restricted to 20 mph and only 10 mph over bridges. Upon arriving at Imlay City, the Auxiliary moved around the wye southeast of the derailment site, going up the connection from the Cass City Sub to the main line so the hook could work on wreck clean-up

from the Port Huron end.

My notes do not state when the main line was reopened, but it had to have been a major undertaking to replace that plate girder bridge over the old PO&N.

Today the Auxiliaries and their wrecking cranes are just another bit of rail nostalgia like steam locomotives, cabooses, Morse telegraph, and hand signals relayed by experienced trainmen, but I am thankful to have the memories of manning such an assignment, despite the cold winter night I spent doing so, now over 40 years ago. ■

Ft. George G. Meade, Md., May 1953: The porter assigned to the rear Pullman on Main 2805 watches as supplies are loaded onto the kitchen car of another troop train. Soon, 2805's load of soldiers will arrive.



In the twilight of the **TROOP TRAIN...**

. . . there was Main 2805

BY **DAVID P. MORGAN**

PHOTOS BY PHILIP R. HASTINGS

Anyone who has ever been drafted into the armed forces, no matter how distant the war, remembers the month, day, and year that his civilian rights were arbitrarily waived. He remembers how his given name and surname were transposed and appended with a serial number, all eight digits of which he remembers too. He remembers being simultaneously immunized in both arms, coping with the incongruity of military courtesy, acquiring dog tags and an MOS (Military Occupation Specialty) code, hearing the Articles of War, and memorizing General Orders.

And, if he served during the Korean War or before, he remembers troop trains, or Mains, as they were officially designated (an acronym derived from Military Authorization Identification Number). Americans began riding trains to battle during the Mexican War in 1846 for the reason laid down by Gen. William T. Sherman: “No army dependent on wagons can operate more than a hundred miles from its base because the teams going and coming consume the contents of their wagons.”

The sheer statistics of rail troop movements during World War II beggar comprehension. During the period from December 1941 through August 1945, the railroads moved more than 97 percent of American troops—approximately 43.7 million military personnel. That figure excludes weekend passes, furloughs, and emergency leaves. Also, POWs.

We must break down these figures to bring them into focus. For example, the carriers committed one out of four coaches and half of all Pullman sleepers to troop transport. They operated more than 2,500 troop trains a month. In 17 of the months during 1942–1945, the 30-day troop movement exceeded a million riders. As many as 100,000 traveled in a single day.

The Pennsylvania Railroad boarded more than a thousand troops an hour at the peak and had more than 2,000 of its coaches and over 65 percent of its Pullman space committed to the military. PRR fed the great, gray Cunard liners that ferried troops from New York to England. Filling the *Queen Elizabeth*, for instance, with 13,000 soldiers translated into 21 trains made up of 233 coaches or sleepers, 42 baggage cars, and 34 kitchen cars.



As he awaits the troops' arrival by bus, Main 2805's conductor compares watches with the engineer on No. 5040, one of 30 class P-1 Pacifics turned out by B&O's Mt. Clare Shops during 1928–38.



Ten minutes before departure time, Pullman porters stand by their cars, ready to welcome busloads of inductees arriving from the 2053d ASU Reception Center. The men will ride the train west to basic training in Kentucky.



A Reception Center corporal acts as loading director, calling out instructions over a loudspeaker system as the men step off the buses. Every movement of the troops is part of a carefully planned routine, perfected by repetition.

Of course, the GI does not equate troop trains with the statistics they produced. World War II vets recall instead cinders on the windowsill, one man to an upper and two to a lower, duffle bags in the women's room, slack action, the breadth of Kansas and the altitude of Colorado, USO canteens, waving girls, tedium, kitchen cars and paper plates, rumors, and—if you were bound for basic or a port of embarkation—the loneliest whistles in the world.

For the railroad enthusiast, troop trains were a welcome diversion from the ominous implications of uniforms. In that season, draftees were fresh out of a prolonged economic depression. Troop trains visited a world previously viewed only in the pages of *Railroad Stories* or *TRAINS*, *High Iron* or *Trains, Tracks and Travel*. Me, for example. Before being drafted in July 1945, I'd never been west of St. Louis. The Frisco in the Ozarks was an experience I had known only in the fiction of E. S. Dellinger. The Army's decision to give this Kentucky lad basic training in Texas changed all that. Our 13-car trooper ran Frisco all the way from St. Louis to Fort Worth, 734.6 miles, instead

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Each busload is assigned to a particular Pullman car. On leaving the buses, the men line up in columns of twos. After the buses pull out, the troops file aboard the cars, to the accompaniment of a military band. Beyond, 5040's fireman gets his fire ready.



With the band still playing, the last inductees board the train, clutching their barracks bags to their chests. The engineer has his hand on the air release, for as soon as the last man's foot leaves the stepbox, the conductor will give the highball.

of taking the shorter, joint Frisco-Katy *Texas Special* route. We were hauled by three different engines—to Monett, Mo., by a lovely 4-8-2, the 1505; beyond to Sherman, Texas, by a streamlined blue-and-silver Pacific, the 1026; then into Fort Worth by an unstreamlined sister 4-6-2, the 1021. The running was everything Dellinger's prose promised. While my fellow inductees dozed, read pocketbooks, or played pinochle, I scribbled notes: *Nice stations, well kept trackage, pretty fair nonstop running. Good starts and stops. . . . 4310 4-8-2 Boxpok driv. With auxiliary tank B161. . . . 4111 2-8-2. East on oil drag. . . . 1031 4-6-2 east on Firefly; we went into hole for this streamliner.*

In World War II America attempted the unprecedented. Its troops would go to war in sleeping cars. Technically, organized troop movements of more than 12 hours were assigned Pullman space, if available. What enabled Pullman to carry 66 percent of all troops (loading a sleeper every 2 minutes 48 seconds in 1944, sleeping 30,000 men a night) was a prewar surplus of approximately 2,000 cars, mostly tourist sleepers, which the company had stored instead of scrapping.

By 1943, when troop movements were exceeding a million a month, the Government broke its ban on new passenger-car con-

struction and ordered 1,200 troop sleepers from Pullman-Standard and 440 kitchen cars from ACF; in 1945 the orders were repeated [see "Troop Cars," Winter 2001 *CLASSIC TRAINS*]. Both types of cars were based on the AAR standard 50½-foot boxcar, modified with steam and communication lines and mounted on unique Allied "full-cushion" trucks tested "at speeds approaching 100 mph."

The center-door sleepers, numbered from 7000 up, slept 30 men in three-tiered, crosswise bunks. Toilets and wash basins were located at each end of the 76,300-pound, 51-foot 8½-inch cars. Former Pullman Conductor William Moedinger in a March 1970 *TRAINS* article: "I never could quite understand . . . why the Pullman Company allowed its name to appear on the sides of these rattletraps. In a day when Pullman was a household word that stood for the finest in everything, applying the name to the sides of a windowed box car struck me as sacrilege."

Pullman itself was concerned enough to issue a bulletin to employees that read in part: "These cars will bear the name Pullman. They will be serviced with linen and other supplies in the same manner as all other Pullmans. There will be a berth for every man and bedding will be changed nightly by the porter. The kind of service on which we have built our reputation will be the same in every possible respect."

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CHOW TIME ON MAIN 2805



In a Pullman next to the kitchen car, men selected for KP duty change into fatigues.



Pfc. Andrew Rokosh stokes his kitchen car's stove with coal in preparation for lunch. One cook, aided by several GIs, can feed all 235 men on the train.



As the cook tends to a giant pot on the stove, one of the men picked for kitchen duty performs a timeless KP task: peeling potatoes.

Move 'em out! At left, Pacific 5040 eases Main 2805 out of the base's Admiralty Yard and onto B&O's 4-mile Ft. Meade branch to the road's Baltimore–Washington main line.



Once under way, train commander 1st Lt. James D. Currie conducts business with (from left) B&O passenger representative P. C. Conlyn, train conductor C. O. Bosley, and Pullman conductor Ray Isaacs. Once the conductors and the commander count heads, the commander will turn over transportation covering all Army personnel on board, including himself, his sergeant, and the cook, the three of whom are based at the Reception Center.

Main 2805 meets Cumberland–Baltimore passenger local No. 34 on double track near Rockville, Md. In charge of the local is P-7 4-6-2 No. 5316, formerly named *President Grant*.



Having passed through the kitchen car once to pick up plates and utensils, the soldiers get their chow on the way back to their seats.



Carrying a full cup and a paper plate overflowing with food between cars is a challenge at 70 mph.



Back in their sections, the men eat without table or napkin while still keeping their uniforms clean.



The troop train—eight heavyweight Pullmans spliced by an Army kitchen car—curves beneath a freight on B&O's Magnolia Cutoff near Paw Paw, W.Va. Today, the main line here is abandoned and all trains use the cutoff's flatter, straighter alignment.

Continued from page 89

I rode Pullman 7007 in a troop train from Sheppard Field, Texas, to Lowry Field, Colo., in September 1945, and I thought the car fun. The presence of the porter was sufficient authorization for the name PULLMAN on the car sides; sleep came easy in the third bunk up over a flat wheel; and during the day the open-windowed vehicle was a breezy railfan's delight. Of course, a transcontinental ride in the winter might have altered my opinion. To this day, I look for Moedinger's "rattletraps." Declared surplus in 1946, they were sold off for service as M/W bunk cars, baggage cars, and cabooses—and apparently the unsold leftovers were shipped to the Government-owned Alaska Railroad for conversion into boxcars.

In the twilight of the troop train, in May 1953 (I did not know it then, but signing of an armistice to end the Korean War on July 27 of that year was—for all practical purposes—to write finis to Mains), photographer Philip R. Hastings suggested that TRAINS report this special breed of train. He was an Army captain based at Fort George G. Meade, Md., a reception center for draftees. He proposed that, with the Army's blessing, we accompany a trainload of these men on the first leg of their journey to basic training.

I accepted with misgivings. Any draftee, once discharged, is reluc-



Main 2805 overtakes an EM-1 2-8-8-4 near Green Spring, W.Va. The B&O ended EM-1 operation east of Cumberland, Md., the week after this photo was taken.



At Keyser, W.Va., 23 miles west of Cumberland, Md., on B&O's original main line to Wheeling, W.Va., Pacific 5040 is left behind after a run of 190 miles from Ft. Meade. An A-B-A set of F7's now leads Main 2805 into the mountains.



The cook takes a break at his favorite vantage point, the side door of the kitchen car, as the F's climb the Alleghenies. Although Pullman disposed of its fleet of boxcar-like troop sleepers after World War II, the Army retained its similar-looking kitchen cars.

tant to enter military property again lest he be again serialized, immunized, uniformed, and shipped out to one of those posts whose names once filled three pages of 5-point type in the back of the *Official Guide*. Instead of incarcerating me, though, the CO bid me welcome, explaining how Meade processed 12,000 draftees a month. For 202 of the recruits, the ritual of clothing issue, reading of the Articles of War, loyalty oath, tetanus and typhoid shots, \$20 partial pay, haircut, and films was over by the morning of Wednesday, May 20, 1953. They were bound for Camp Breckinridge, Ky, for 16 weeks of infantry basic, and their transportation awaited them at the gate.

Main 2805 (Extra 5040 West to the Baltimore & Ohio's dispatcher) consisted of eight Pullman heavyweights dating from the 1920s—the 12-section/1-drawing room cars *McCurtain*, *McGibson*, *McGraw*, and *McCraney*; the 14-section *James B. Eads*; the 12-section/1-drawing room/1-compartment *Eupolis*; the 10-section lounge *Mt. Baker*; and the 10-section/1-drawing room/2-compartment *Lake Kezar* (originally *Lake Hamilton*)—spliced midtrain by Army kitchen car USAX 174 and coupled behind P-1c Pacific 5040. The train of sleepers had departed Camden Station, Baltimore, at 6:30 a.m., arrived at Meade at 7:30, cut in the kitchen car there, and been spotted for a 9:30 departure. At 9:20, eight buses of recruits drew up at trackside.

The draftees got off and assembled into columns of twos; the buses pulled off; and, on instructions broadcast by a corporal on the roof of the boarding-area building, they climbed aboard the Pullmans.

(B&O subsequently told me that the Army was charged the commercial first-class tariff from Fort Meade to Camp Breckinridge less 10 percent Government discount—\$33 per man, plus \$6.80 for an upper or \$8.90 for a lower, plus ½ cent per mile for handling of the kitchen car. So between them, B&O and Illinois Central, which relayed Main 2805 beyond Louisville, Ky., grossed about \$8,400 on the operation.)

I was impressed. The band was playing, the waiting Pullman was air-conditioned, the p.a. system was audible. The only element this operation had in common with my own departure for basic back in 1945 from Camp Atterbury, Ind., was a 4-6-2 up front.

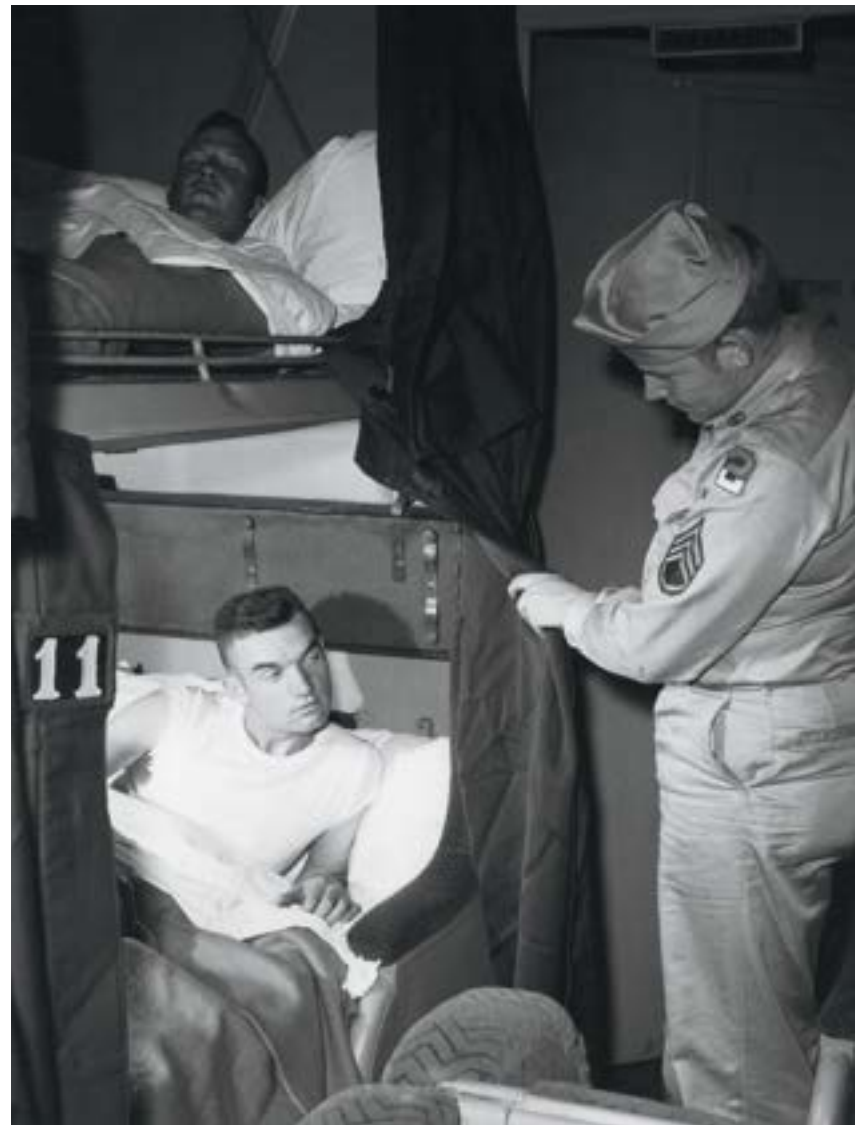
Once underway, Main 2805 became a consist any draftee from 1940 on would have recognized. Extra 5040 West was making time—and a new GI does not need to be hurried toward the great unknown of basic training. It was always thus. The great leveling effect of the Army fell early upon selected soldiers in a sleeper adjacent to the kitchen car; they were ordered to don fatigues and

S/Sgt. James C. Cook checks his train on curves to make sure no vestibule doors are open and no one is leaning out a window. In the process, he gets to experience big-time mountain railroading on a fine spring day.





Main 2805 crests the Alleghenies at Terra Alta, W.Va., where sets of F units in helper service await their next assignment outside CA Tower. From here it's downhill to Grafton, W.Va., and another engine change, to P-1aa Pacific 5068.



In contrast to World War II, when troops slept two to a lower berth and one to an upper, each man gets his own berth on Main 2805. As in a stationary barracks, the sergeant makes a bed check at lights-out to be sure all his charges are tucked in.

report to the cook—no letters home or card games for them. The only men smiling in the train were gathered in the lounge of the *Mt. Baker*—1st Lt. James D. Currie, the train commander; C. O. Bosley, the train conductor; Ray Isaacs, the Pullman conductor; and P. C. Conlyn, B&O passenger representative. For them, civilian and military, Main 2805 was good duty, a straight shot west, no pickups or setoffs, and a prompt turnaround home.

Lunch. Noon. The classic menu: 2 wieners with ketchup sauce; 1 piece bread; 1 pat butter; peas; 1 boiled potato; fruit cup; iced tea. A fare indelibly inscribed in any serviceman's mind. Served to the troops, porters and trainmen, the train commander—in that order. Served in the Army tradition, which in this instance is the obvious procedure, *i.e.*, all the men in one car (or in all the cars on one side of the midtrain kitchen car) walk to, through, and beyond the galley, picking up plates and utensils en route, then the troops do an about-face and return through, being served food on the second trip. Works like a charm.

(I didn't spot any fans on Main 2805. A pity, that, because as the day progressed we met a local behind a *President* Pacific, overtook an EM-1 2-8-8-4, and—in Keyser, W.Va.—swapped our "Bull" Pacific for an A-B-A F7 team for the climb across the Alleghenies.)

Main 2805 rolled into Grafton, W.Va., about 4:15 p.m., traded its EMD's for P-1aa Pacific 5068, and resumed its march toward Kentucky and 16 weeks of infantry basic. Captain Hastings and I remained in Grafton, he to catch the *Metropolitan Special* east, me to ride the *National Limited* west. As darkness descended, I made some notes . . . about how the searchlights atop the coaling tower tried in vain to penetrate the haze of coal smoke; about high-driven 0-8-0s 630, 633, and 635 looking like what they were—ex-2-8-0s; about the Baldwin Sharknoses that idled noisily at the diesel servicing platforms, then gathered up 118 empty hoppers and headed west; about the platform-level station restaurant where a cup of coffee still sold for 5 cents; about the sounds of Alemite guns salving the joints of big steam. I also thought that somewhere west of Grafton berths in rocking heavyweights were being made up for occupancy at 2130 hours, followed by a bed check and lights out at 2200. I knew what must be running through the minds of the new troops. I was glad I was back in Grafton, watching No. 1 slide in behind blue E units.

"Car 15?"

"That's right, Roomette 5."

"Right in here, sir."

The civilian life. You don't appreciate it until you don't have it. ■

HEALTH HAZARD

In order to make the grade, a brand-new GP7 needed to kick the habit

BY **GEORGE RIEVES**

By 1951, the 1,000-mile Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, which linked Memphis and Atlanta but never got closer to St. Louis than Paducah, Ky., was all but dieselized. The “NC” owned an early sampling of Alco and Baldwin switchers to go with 21 yard goats from GM’s Electro-Motive Division, but its road-engine roster was all-EMD.

This swift change from steam to diesel included one event not widely known. It involved a brand-new GP7, working its first assignment after delivery from the builder. While the NC&StL’s EMD diesels generally performed flawlessly, this particular Geep experienced a serious failure that caused much puzzlement and consternation among

Maroon-and-yellow Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis 720 looks ready to go at the La Grange plant in February 1951, but appearances are no guarantee of performance!

EMD



NC higher-ups, and some red faces at the builder.

Said brand-new Geep was dispatched from Nashville shop to work a yard job, and its crew began a routine workday of pushing and pulling cars around the terminal area. One car was bound for an industry that was accessible by a short, steep spur leading down from the main-track level. The crew eased the car down the incline, spotted it, and headed back up toward the main line . . . but they didn't make it. About halfway up the spur, the Geep shuddered, staggered, and died. The engineer couldn't figure out why. He repeatedly pushed the engine "start" button but got the same results: zero. The crew tested all the locomotive's switches and valves but still could not restart the engine. They decided to coast back down the spur to a level spot and make one last try.

Boom! The prime mover roared to life, everyone heaved a sigh of relief, the switchmen climbed on board, and up the incline

they went, ready to resume work . . . until, at nearly the same spot as before, the engine faltered, choked, and died.

What then ensued was some blue language, kicks, and a basic dressing down of the poor fellow back at the diesel shop who took the call from the stranded crew. The locomotive was but a few days old and still smelled of new paint, yet it wouldn't run! Another diesel hauled the dead GP7 back to the shop, where mechanics probed its vitals. They found nothing amiss, but still the engine would not keep running when it was on an inclined track.

The NC folks finally called EMD to report that one of its "babies" would not perform. Quickly, troubleshooters were sent from the La Grange, Ill., plant. The builder's team checked everything, but the unit would die every time it was tested on an incline. Exasperated and having ruled out everything else, the EMD men decided to examine the fuel tank. The tank was unfastened and

dropped. A welder cut off the top, and when the light of day shone into the previously sealed tank, the answer for what had defeated this 1,500 h.p. locomotive was revealed.

The culprit was a pack of cigarettes, apparently left behind by the EMD worker who had welded the tank together as the locomotive was being built. The usual pre-delivery testing at the builder's plant, on a level track, did not reveal the problem. Apparently the pack floated in the fuel for a few days before eventually settling over the intake pipe to the engine. When the Geep began to ascend an incline, the suction sealed the cigarette pack tight over the intake, shutting off the fuel supply and choking the engine. Once the fuel tank was reattached, sans the "smokes," the locomotive performed as intended, regardless of track gradient.

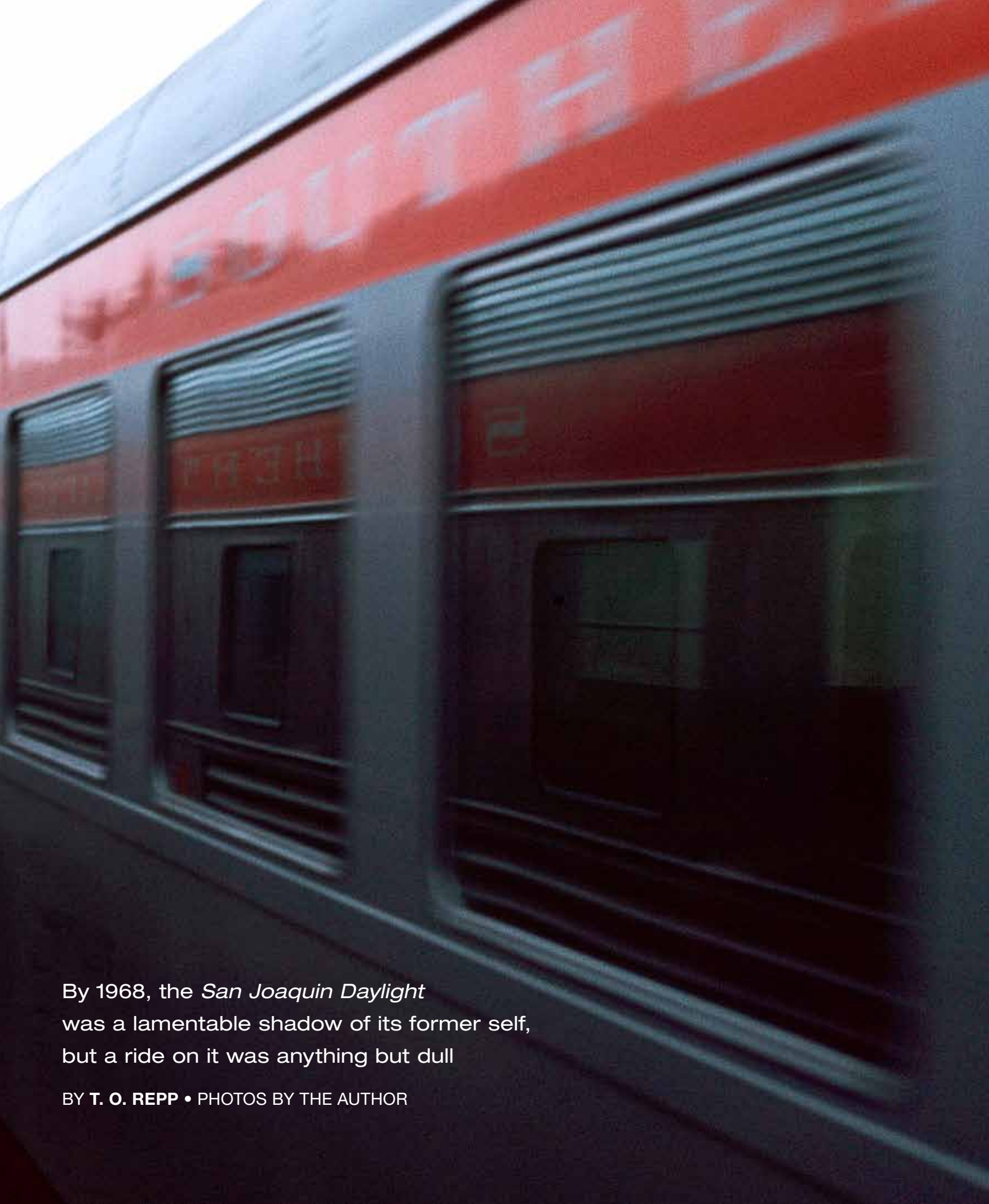
This incident just goes to show you that cigarettes are not only hazardous to human lungs, they can kill a "newborn" diesel locomotive! ■





In a view from the southbound *Cascade* at Pinole, Calif., in May 1968, SP train 52, the *San Joaquin Daylight*, is about 17 miles into its Oakland–Los Angeles run.

Adventures with **SP TRAIN 51**



By 1968, the *San Joaquin Daylight*
was a lamentable shadow of its former self,
but a ride on it was anything but dull

BY T. O. REPP • PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR



Back in the *San Joaquin's* heyday, a 4-8-4 and 4-8-2 climb toward Tehachapi at Allard, 12 miles north of the Loop, on May 21, 1953.

W. E. MALLOY JR.

One of the benefits of my summer internship with Southern Pacific's Mechanical Department in the late 1960s was "half rate orders" allowing the purchase of railroad tickets for half price. Friend and fellow intern Bob Magilligan and I decided on a weekend round trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles in September 1968, taking train 98, the *Coast Daylight*, down and returning on 51, the *San Joaquin Daylight*. We booked parlor-observation seats on the *Coast Daylight*; no such accommodations existed on the *San Joaquin*, but we reasoned the ride over the Tehachapi Mountains would compensate for the lack of amenities.

In addition to the parlor-obs, our *Coast Daylight* also included a dome-lounge, coffee-shop car, and two extra FP7's tucked in behind the usual SDP45. The need for the extra locomotives became apparent when business cars *Stanford* and *Sunset* joined us in San Jose, domain of SP President Benjamin F. Biaggini and Chairman Donald J.

Russell. Despite Russell's renowned anti-passenger agenda with both the traveling public and California's Public Utilities Commission, we made every stop right "on the advertised." No adventure there.

Our return trip the next morning on the *San Joaquin Daylight* proved to be an entirely different experience. Train 51 left Los Angeles Union Passenger Terminal at the ungodly hour of 5:40 a.m. Accommodations on our 8-car train included two pairs of pre-war articulated chair cars, an automat car, a lounge car, and a high-density, 72-seat chair-observation that we avoided despite its rearward view. We made camp in the last articulated chair car, which we had all to ourselves.

After chair car-only *Sunset Limiteds* began running through Los Angeles to San Francisco earlier in 1968, SP closed its Mission Road coach yard in L.A. Skeleton crews cleaned the *Sunset* and *San Joaquins* as they stood at the station platform. Our car had been given only a cursory cleaning at best. The smudged Naugahyde seats didn't have leg rests, so we rotated a few face-to-face to





Oakland-bound 51 nears Tunnel 10 just south of Tehachapi Loop on September 12, 1970.



Cars assigned to SP's top officers trail the *Coast Daylight* down Cuesta Grade above San Luis Obispo during our May 1968 trip.

[illegible]

prop up our legs. As the conductor passed through to punch our tickets, we were admonished to keep our feet off the seats, which seemed laughable, but he had earned his stripes in earlier times when passenger trains were a subject of great pride. Weary of passenger complaints and worried about their own careers, many considered SP Chairman Russell “the most hated man in the company.”

Once under way, we decided to visit the infamous Automated Buffet Car—"tin cans" as SP crews called them. (At work, I met the designer of these, who still kept conceptual sketches of what they could have been, but the automats were a pet project of Chairman Russell, who wanted nothing fancy.) The automat attendant carried a belt-mounted coin changer so patrons could feed coins into vending machines offering beverages, sandwiches, and canned hot meals. Plastic utensils, paper napkins, and bare Formica tables added to the ambience.

We arrived in Mojave 3 minutes early at 8:22. Ahead lay the figurative (and nearly literal) high point of the trip: Tehachapi Loop. That's when things started to go wrong.

Opening vestibule Dutch doors was tolerated in those days, and we took full advan-

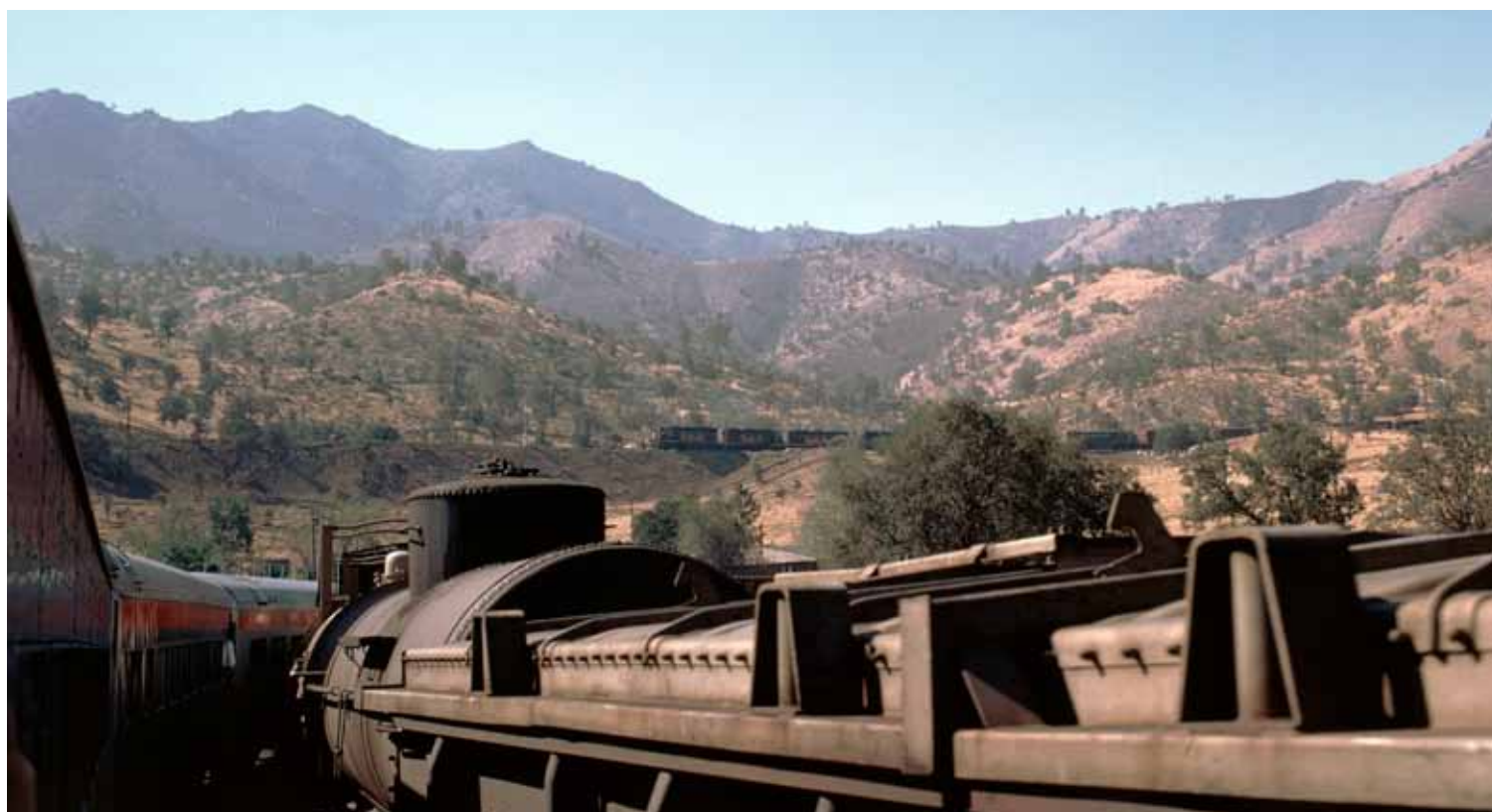
tage of the privilege. Approaching Marcel siding just past Tehachapi summit, we slowed to overtake a Santa Fe freight that was missing its locomotives. By the time we reached the Loop, the reason for our slow pace became evident: an eastbound SP freight had stalled, and the Santa Fe power from the westbound at Marcel was brought down to rescue the eastbound. It took a while before the freight began to inch forward, allowing us to continue our journey.

We arrived in Bakersfield 68 minutes late, but there was more trouble on board. The automat had run out of food except for tubs of vanilla ice cream ("frozen novelties," according to the menu) and, in the lounge car, stuffed olives lurking in the depths of martinis. No food for the next 6½ hours. Were we about to reenact the Donner Party's ordeal?

Famine and sobriety notwithstanding, our pokey *San Joaquin* soon transformed itself. Unlike its fancier coastal cousin, train 51 stopped everywhere—14 times between Bakersfield and Oakland, averaging 20 miles apart. The 3,600 h.p. SDP45 made easy work of speeding our 500-ton train up the fast track ahead, reminiscent of SP's Fairbanks-Morse Train Masters making tight schedules on Bay Area commute runs.



Soon, at Walong siding on the Loop, we met the Santa Fe train's power, which had been borrowed to rescue a stranded SP freight.



As the rear cars of the SP freight pass, the train's Santa Fe and SP power moves in an entirely different direction on top of the Loop.



Passengers transfer from the *San Joaquin Daylight* (left, train 51) to the *Sacramento Daylight* (53) at lonely Lathrop in August 1969.



The *Sacramento Daylight* speeds north near Lodi on its 93-mile, 85-minute dash between Lathrop and the state capital in July 1969.

No vestibule riding now—too fast. We averaged 61 mph between stops, making up 46 minutes in the process. While SP might have scrimped on passenger amenities, its well-maintained track and our veteran engineer seemed not to have gotten the message.

We rolled into Lathrop to meet a two-car *Sacramento Daylight*. A chair car and coffee-shop car from the *San Joaquin* used to be

switched out here for this train, but no more.

Then we were off again, skirting the vast Sacramento River Delta. We were only 19 minutes behind time at Martinez, where Oregon-bound passengers climbed down to connect with the northbound *Cascade*, due in from Oakland just 9 minutes later. Transfers were more strenuous here; despite the baggage car we carried, SP refused to check

baggage between these two trains.

The ride along San Pablo Bay into Oakland was more leisurely (as was the schedule, which was padded to allow for time recovery). After brief stops at Crockett, Richmond, and Berkeley, we arrived at Oakland's 16th Street Station at 5:37 p.m., 22 minutes late.

Our first priority after detraining: dinner! (Hold the ice cream.) ■



Vending machines dispensed food and drink on SP's Automated Buffet Cars (a.k.a. "automats" or "tin cans"), a pet economy project of Chairman Russell.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC



Two-year-old SDP45 3203 on train 51 is about to cross the Tuolumne River in Modesto on July 27, 1969.



The *San Joaquin Daylight*'s graceful obs car catches the evening sun on August 17, 1969, as it skims along San Pablo Bay at Pinole.

All Aboard! *the end*



Frisco caboose: At Tulsa, Okla., in April 1954, brakeman Earl Giberson gets ready for his run on well-worn Frisco caboose No. 70 at the rear of time freight 437 to Floydada, Texas.

WAYNE LEEMAN

Pennsy obs car: A 1939 publicity photo shows passengers aboard Pennsylvania Railroad car 1121, one of two buffet-observation cars rebuilt from P70 coaches for PRR's new Chicago–New York luxury coach train, the *Trail Blazer*.

PRR: R. T. DOONER





Conductor at work: Seaboard Air Line conductor L. B. Cawthorne stands in the rear vestibule of a passenger train on SAL's branch line between Portsmouth, Va., and Norlina, N.C., sometime in the 1940s.

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