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THE GOLDEN YEARS OF RAIL

Colorado steam outpost

Visit the last, highest standard-gauge steam operation p. 20



CN: unlikely radio pioneer p. 60

“Boomer” engineer on the Rock Island and BN p. 48

San Francisco Bay’s railroad navy in the 1950s p. 38

The other Springfield Terminal p. 76 **LIRR hot spot** p. 46

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Single copy: \$7.99 (U.S.). Subscription rates: U.S.:
 1 year (4 issues) \$24.95; 2 years (8 issues) \$46.50;
 3 years (12 issues) \$67.00. Canadian: Add \$6.00
 postage per year. Canadian price includes GST,
 payable in U.S. funds. International: Add \$14.00
 postage per year, payable in U.S. funds, drawn on a
 U.S. bank. BN 12271 3209 RT. Printed in U.S.A.
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Salt-water railroading



Railroads are systems whose core activity is the transportation of cargo and/or people over land in vehicles with flanged wheels that are supported and guided by rails. Of course, “core activity” is not the same as “sole activity.” Sometimes a railroad’s best or even only way to provide transportation is to use means other than wheeled cars on tracks.

Although we always come back to trains as our primary objects of transportation fascination, it’s often those exceptions to the rule that draw our attention. Economist and railroad historian George W. Hilton expressed the sentiments of many of us when he wrote in January 1975 *TRAINS*, “Railroads and steamboats are the most interesting subjects of inquiry I’ve ever found. Accordingly, the Great Lakes car ferries, which are a mixture of both, impress me as about as interesting as anything else in life, squared.”

The vessels that Jim Valle describes in his article on San Francisco Bay’s “railroad navy” that begins on page 38 are perhaps a notch removed from Professor Hilton’s car ferries, those handsome steamboats that swallowed whole freight trains and took them out of sight of land. Still, for a boy smitten with trains and boats, as Jim was, the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, and Western Pacific ferries, tugs, and barges that plied the Bay were truly engrossing, and remain etched in his memory 60 years later.

Robert S. McGonigal
 Editor



Crewmen aboard one of Southern Pacific’s San Francisco Bay ferries — a vital link in the great rail system’s empire — prepare for arrival at the road’s Oakland terminal on April 29, 1950.

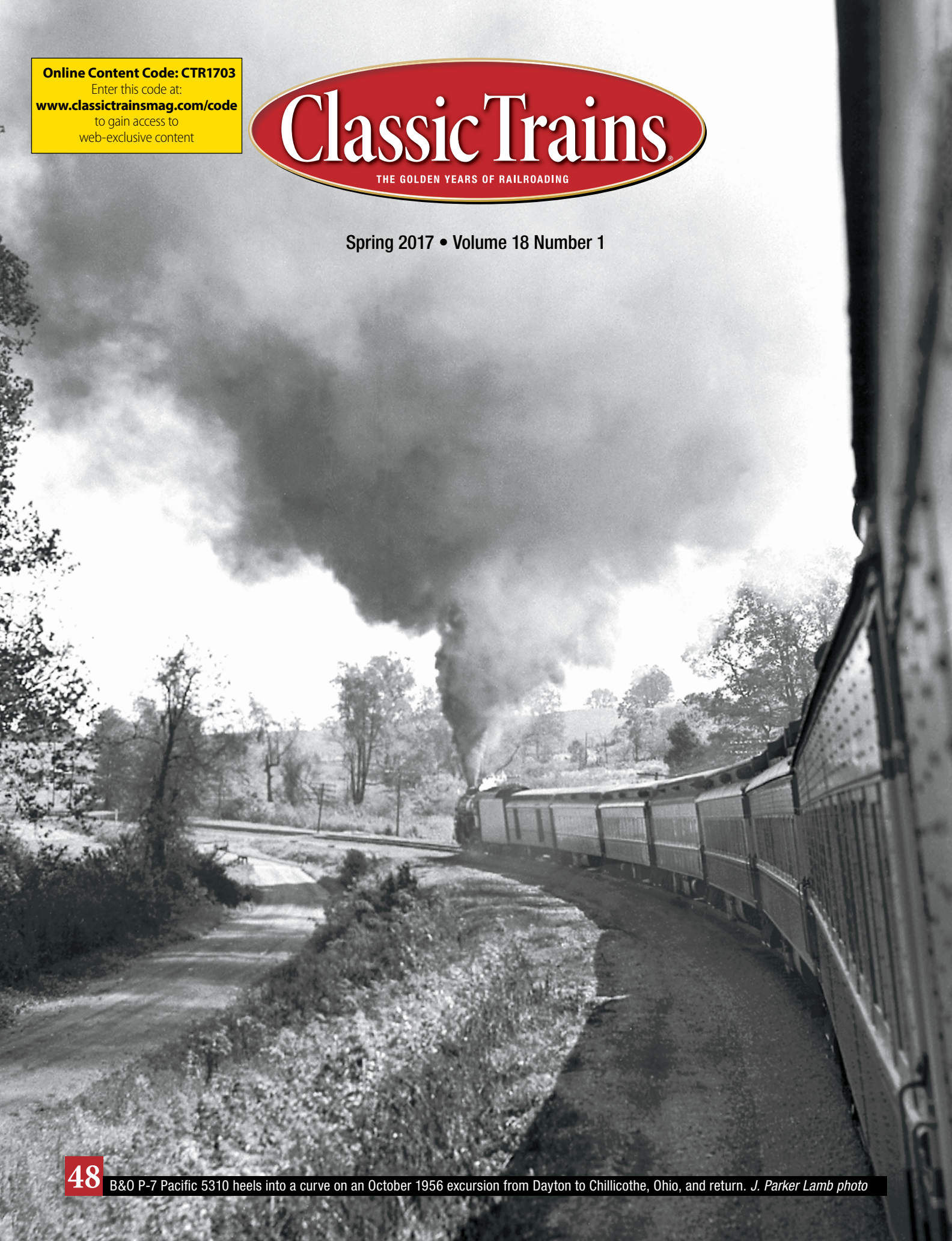
Above, Richard Steinheimer; top, Dick Gruber

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Classic Trains

THE GOLDEN YEARS OF RAILROADING

Spring 2017 • Volume 18 Number 1



FEATURE ARTICLES

- 20 Steam's Last, Highest Outpost** • Gordon Glattenberg
Two Californians ride C&S 2-8-0 641 to Climax, Colo., America's "top" rails
- 28 What's in a Photo? Iowa Stockyards, 1947** • Jerry A. Pinkepank
Extensive C&NW and Sioux City Terminal facilities support meatpacking plants
- 30 "Booming" in Modern Times** • Steve Lasher
Adventures of a locomotive engineer on Rock Island and BN in the mid-1970s
- 38 Cruising with the Railroads' Bay Area Navy** • James E. Valle
Vessels of SP, WP, and Santa Fe thrilled an Oakland boy in the 1950s
- 46 Bird's-Eye View: Change at Jamaica!** • John Krattinger
In 1950, the heart of the Long Island Rail Road boasted steam, diesel, and electric
- 48 B&O Steam Bows Out in Southern Ohio** • J. Parker Lamb
A 1955 assignment to Dayton enabled an Alabaman to catch the end of an era
- 58 False Spring** • Eric Hirsimaki
Freshly shopped Nickel Plate 2-8-4 No. 749 faced a short final season
- 60 Radio and the People's Railway** • Greg Gormick
CNR's efforts led to North America's first coast-to-coast broadcast network
- 68 Go South for Spring** • J. David Ingles
An April 1971 weekend in Montgomery, Ala., welcomed us to warmer weather
- 76 The "Other" Springfield Terminal** • R. R. Wallin
Don't confuse this with Vermont's; gone 65 years, Illinois' version hauled coal

IN EVERY ISSUE

- 3 Welcome** *Salt-water railroading*
- 6 Head End** *Items from railroad history, then and now*
- 8 Fast Mail** *Letters from our readers*
- 12 Mileposts** *Commentary by Kevin P. Keefe*
- 14 True Color** *Santa Fe "warbonnet" F7s meet GN's Big Sky blue*
- 16 Fallen Flags Remembered** *Monon, the Hoosier Line*
- 78 Classics Today** *Leadville, Colorado & Southern*
- 80 The Way It Was** *Tales from railfans and railroaders*
- 86 Car Stop** *Philadelphia's Red Arrow Lines*
- 88 Ready Track** *Brief reviews of new products*
- 91 Bumping Post** *Pacific Great Eastern's North Vancouver depot*

On the cover: Colorado & Southern 2-8-0 641, which would become the last everyday Class 1 standard-gauge steam engine in use in the U.S., poses for visiting California riders at Birdseye curve en route from Leadville to Climax, Colo., in November 1960. Gordon Glattenberg photo (see page 20).

CLASSIC TRAINS is published quarterly in January (Spring), April (Summer), July (Fall), and October (Winter), (ISSN 1527-0718, USPS No. 019-502) by Kalmbach Publishing Co., 21027 Crossroads Circle, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187-1612. Periodicals postage paid at Waukesha, Wis., and at additional offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Classic Trains, P.O. Box 62320, Tampa, FL 33662-2320. Canada Publication Mail Agreement No. 40010760.



Slow trips before the Rock Island tipped over



Enjoying unique views of San Francisco Bay



Radio broadcasts entertain in a CN parlor car



Feeling spring warmth in Alabama's capital

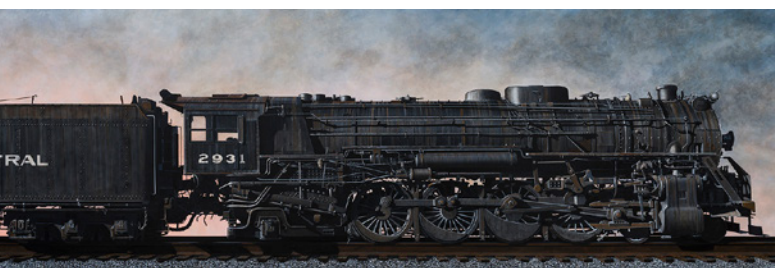
Jet Rocket in a jam

Sometimes the future doesn't go as planned



When ultra-lightweight trains looked like the future of passenger service, the Rock Island bought an ACF Talgo train, and an EMD Aerotrain-style LWT12 locomotive to pull it, and put them in Chicago–Peoria service as the *Jet Rocket*. The lightweight trains were a flop, and RI No. 1 looks particularly awkward after rolling off the end of the turntable in Chicago in July 1958. Perhaps the aerodynamically styled diesel thought it could fly!

John B. Corns collection



Rail photo and art conference set for April

Conversations, the Center for Railroad Photography & Art's annual symposium at Lake Forest College near Chicago, is set for April 28–30. One of the scheduled presenters is Adam Normandin, whose 48x144-inch painting *Boundless* (above) depicts a New York Central Mohawk. Other presenters include Kevin P. Keefe, Dan Cupper, Eric Hirsimaki, Alan Miller, Dave Styffe, Alexander Benjamin Craghead, and others. The Center's last three Lake Forest Conversations weekends have sold out, so early registration is recommended. Learn more at railphoto-art.org.



Call the brush-cutters!

We've seen publicity photos of Florida streamliners framed by palm fronds that looked unrealistically close to the track. Surely an assistant off to the side was holding up a branch to create a compelling composition. This image of a Milwaukee Road 4-8-4, in our files for several decades, is an extreme example of the genre, for the foliage appears to be rooted in the gauge of a main track! The print is inscribed "To A. C. Kalmbach, From another train-bug, B. V. Anstett" — and that's all we know about it.

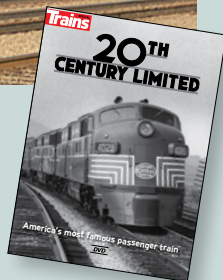
CLASSIC TRAINS collection



A famous E7 fades away

Postwar passenger diesels, especially those of the two biggest Eastern roads, often began their careers as queens but ended up as dowdy dowagers. Consider New York Central E7 4029. She headed a consist that was assembled for company photos to promote the 1948 *20th Century Limited*. Since then, her face has been reproduced countless times, including on the cover of a recent *TRAINS* magazine DVD. On December 18, 1971, her road number was all that remained from the glory years when Penn Central 4029, on lease to Amtrak and accompanied by a Louisville & Nashville GP30, brought the *Floridian* into Birmingham, Ala.

Two photos, Lawrence D. Mills



Obituary

Arthur M. Lloyd, lifelong railfan, rail historian, and rail travel professional, died December 4, 2016, at age 91. A Bay Area native, he worked in Western Pacific's p.r. department throughout the 1950s, was partner in a travel agency in the '60s, and held management positions with Amtrak (1971–1991) and CalTrain. Art was also involved in several railfan and rail passenger groups. He wrote the WP "Fallen Flags Remembered" article in Winter 2001 *CLASSIC TRAINS*.

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Video: B&O steam in action

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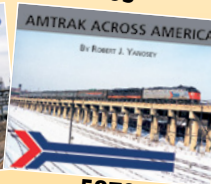
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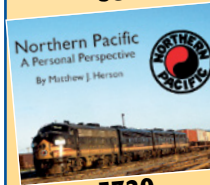
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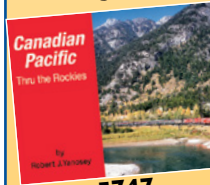
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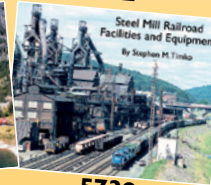
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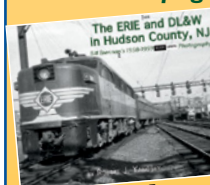
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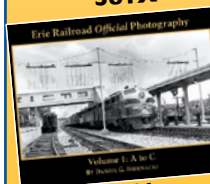
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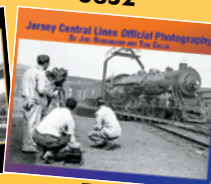
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Riding high on Amtrak

Thank you for Karl Zimmermann's article on Santa Fe's *El Capitan* equipment, "Riding High: Santa Fe's Big Move of 1956" [page 50]. I was further delighted to see my photo of then undelivered Amtrak Superliner sleeper 32009 at the Pullman Car Works in 1981 in his sidebar ["Superliners: Amtrak's Fleet was Sired by the Hi-Levels," page 55]. As it happens, I took the photo [right] of the car in Amtrak's Seattle coach yard last April 18, still displaying its name and looking good after 35 years, ready to go south in No. 11, the *Coast Starlight*. (Just beyond the next sleeper is a 1956 Budd Pacific Parlour Car!)

A nit-pick, if I may: A couple of the dimensions cited on page 53 are a bit off. With a roof 15 feet 6½ inches above the top of the rail, the Hi-Levels are the height of most dome cars and almost exactly 2 feet higher than the 13-foot 6-inch AAR standard for streamlined equipment. While I have no drawing showing the height of the upper level floor, it is certainly below the "8 feet 7 inches" cited, because as anyone who has stumbled into a Pacific Parlour Car from a Superliner knows, the 8-foot 8½-inch floor level of the latter is more than 1½ inches higher than that of the former.

Joshua D. Coran,
Director of Product Development and Compliance, Talgo, Inc., Seattle, Wash.

Author Zimmermann suggested I submit the image (above right) from a slide I shot December 14, 1963, showing Santa Fe chair car 538 in Jersey Central's Jersey City yard with the skyline of Lower Manhattan in the distance. Builder Budd would send cars from Philadelphia to Jersey City on scheduled through Reading-CNJ passenger trains. The Hi-Levels were interchanged to Erie Lackawanna at Hoboken, which sent them to Santa Fe in Chicago coupled into their scheduled long-haul passenger trains.

Rich Taylor, Kearny, N.J.

In regard to the origin of the train name, the grand rock formation "El Capitan" in Yosemite National Park is mentioned [page 52]. Most sources claim the train is named after the Spanish conquistadors, and I tend to agree. The rock formation was named in the early 1850s by an Anglo-American expedition that used the term *capitan* — Spanish for "captain" — perhaps because the rocks



Superliner sleeper 32009 *George M. Pullman* is two cars behind a 1956-built Pacific Parlour Car (top) as Amtrak's *Coast Starlight* is readied in the Seattle coach yard to go south April 18, 2016. In late '63, new Hi-Level chair car 538 (above) was in CNJ's Jersey City yard en route Chicago.

Top, Joshua D. Coran; above, Rich Taylor

resembled a man wearing a metal helmet like the early Spanish explorers did.

However, conquistador is the main point here, and for Santa Fe, he was a potent symbol associated with the storied past of today's New Mexico and Arizona, through which the train ran. In fact, the 1940s-1950s *El Capitan* logo is a bearded Spaniard wearing a shiny metal helmet. When *El Capitan* service began, the railway already had a "Chief" and a "Scout," to honor the Indians, so in a way, it was the Spaniards' turn. *El Capitan's* western terminus was Los Angeles, 300 miles south of Yosemite National Park. Train-naming aside, the article was wonderful.

Richard Francaviglia, Salem, Ore.

Thank you for the story on the Hi-Levels. I'm a retired Santa Fe conductor who had the privilege of working the *El Capitan* in the early 1960s. I was told many times by passengers how much they liked the cars and the Santa Fe's quality service in general. The 1964 Hi-Level order included some chair cars with end stairways, which allowed the *Texas Chief* to also feature them. A second "El Cap" was also run about three times a week in this era;

it had 10 to 12 regular chair cars, two lunch-counter diners, and a lounge car.

Robert G. Harris, Marion, Kans.

Charlie Castner, "Mr. L&N"

Regarding Ron Flanary and Charles Buccola's fine article [page 20], Charlie Castner was already a Louisville railroad icon when I met him in the late 1950s. He and the other members of the Kentucky Railway Museum, meeting in Eva Bandman Park, were very kind to this soldier from nearby Fort Knox. From a distance, I've enjoyed following his career. Thanks for a wonderful article on an extraordinary man.

Herbert Pence, Manchester, N.H.

During my tenure as a writer of the High Iron Co. rail news and of the *Newark (N.J.) Sunday News* travel column from 1958 to the paper's demise in 1972,

I had contacts with the public relations people of railroads, travel agents, and rail industry suppliers across the country. L&N's Charles Castner was a standout. Requests for information, photos, maps, etc., were always answered promptly and with grace. It was a pleasure to read of his



career and good to know he is enjoying his well-deserved retirement.

Walter A. Appel, Lynnwood, Wash.

I particularly enjoyed the variety of the features in Winter CT, especially "Riding High" and its big lead publicity photo, "Mr. L&N," and "Twin Cities Tableau" with its locomotive photos.

Alan Miller, Suttons Bay, Mich.

Crescent comments

I was delighted to see one of my favorite trains, the *Crescent*, on one of my favorite railroads, Atlanta & West Point, featured in Jerry A. Pinkepank's "What's in a Photograph?" [page 68]. However, I noticed some factual errors in the caption. Central of Georgia did not own 50 percent of A&WP. It owned a good portion, but a majority was owned by Georgia Railroad & Banking Co., controlled, through lease, by L&N and ACL, both of which also owned shares of their own, which at one time totaled almost 63 percent. Central did own 50 percent of the Western Railway of Alabama, with ACL and L&N controlling the other half through lease of the Georgia Railroad; Georgia Railroad & Banking owned the other half of the Western. In 1944, Central sold its Western stock on the open market. L&N did buy some of the shares, but no more than a few hundred.

L&N was not controlled by ACL in 1889; that did not occur until 1902, when Coast Line bought the L&N stock owned by August Belmont. None of this is to detract from Pinkepank's piece. I read this feature in each issue and enjoy seeing photo details that are often missed.

Robert H. Hanson, Loganville, Ga.

¶ Editor's note: Robert H. "Bob" Hanson is the author of *West Point Route: The Atlanta & West Point Rail Road and The Western Railway of Alabama, a 2006 product of TLC Publishing*. — R.S.M.

Pinkepank says the Atlanta-Birmingham-New Orleans all-Southern route was "57 miles shorter but not as fast" as the West Point/L&N route via Montgomery. A 1960 *Official Guide* shows 520.7 miles between Atlanta's Terminal Station and NOUPT, vs. 493 miles via Montgomery, a difference of 27.7 miles. It also shows the *Crescent* required 12 hours 10 minutes from Atlanta to New Orleans via Montgomery, while the *Southerner* required 11 hours 50 minutes

via Birmingham. Northbound it was no contest as the *Southerner* required only 11 hours 20 minutes from New Orleans to Atlanta, while the *Crescent*, on a two-nights out schedule to New York, had a slow 14-hour 35-minute schedule.

Also of note regarding the *Crescent* in 1966 is that southbound it was still all-Pullman from Washington to Atlanta. As Pinkepank notes, coaches were added at Atlanta for the daylight run to Montgomery and New Orleans.

Ben Cornelius, Philadelphia, Pa.

¶ Author Pinkepank responds: "Yes, the all-Southern route for the *Crescent* was 23 miles longer, and slightly slower (e.g., 45 minutes in 1950). When *Crescent* predecessor trains were inaugurated from 1890 onward, *Southern* and its predecessor *Richmond & Danville* didn't have their own wholly owned route to New Orleans."

A "human Official Guide"

John Garofolo's reminiscences about Tom Donahue's photo of Chicago Union Station's information desk ["One Simple Photo," page 58] are similar to my own thoughts. The photo captured more than John recognized. Working the desk is the legendary "Miss Knock" (I'm not sure of the spelling), who was a "human *Official Guide*." She knew every schedule of every train on every railroad country-wide. She knew how to help every traveler. She promoted every serviceman who sought information — every private became "Sergeant," every lieutenant was addressed as "Major." Frazzled families received detailed and reassuring guidance. I grew up in La Grange Park on the Burlington and spent all day on most school holidays at Union Station. I observed and benefitted from this woman for many years, and like John, I too caught a "Q Dinky" home after a day of train-watching.

I would periodically approach the desk and ask for one road's timetable, then go back for another, and another. Once, Miss Knock took me aside and said, "When you come next time, see me and I'll give you a complete set. You don't need to lose all that train-watching time gathering schedules one at a time."

Thomas Sweeney, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Touring Manhattan by rail

The New York Central ride that Jim Shaughnessy took and shared ["West Side, East Side," page 38] brought back

The Elevated Railways of Manhattan

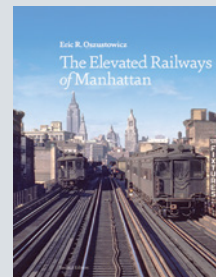
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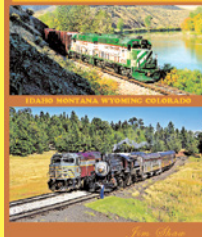
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Having traded gray lightning stripes for solid black, and with an extra air tank on the hood ahead of the cab, RS3 8350 was still earning her keep through Rochester, N.Y., in April 1965.

Don R. Brown



Still visible in 1988 on Manhattan's West Side freight line, a reminder of decades past.

Gaspar Pitanza, Marc Pitanza collection

great memories to this 62-year-old! As soon as I saw the shot on page 40 with the George Washington bridge in the background and its single deck, I knew it was taken before August 1962, when the "GW" got its second level to handle the increased truck traffic that in the end doomed NYC's High Line.

The shots of Alco RS3 8350 reminded me of the couple of times I saw it on the part of the NYC that I model, the Putnam Division, and that also triggered great memories. The shot on page 46 of the Henry Hudson bridge over Spuyten Duyvil called to mind the times on pre-holiday shopping treks, when I was a kid. As we drove across it, I would beg Dad to drive slow if a train was passing below.

Steven Magnotti, Peekskill, N.Y.

I really enjoyed taking a ride down New York Central's West Side freight line with Jim Shaughnessy. I have many fond memories of exploring the derelict line as a young railfan in the late 1980s. My father, who worked nearby, would

take me to explore and photograph the remains of the elevated portion of the line, which stood sentinel in the then-undeveloped neighborhood of Chelsea. The rusty relics, beckoning us toward Manhattan's industrial past, always haunted and intrigued me.

As I got older I realized the line was not that well covered in the press and that photos of the Central's freight operations in Manhattan were rare. Jim's great photo of the RS3 with the Empire State Building in the background became famous. It has been published several times and was used by the Friends of the High Line for publicity. It was great to get the "rest of the story" here. The photo at left, taken by my father, Gaspar Pitanza, shows a New York Central Lines herald painted on one the elevated girder bridges, still visible in 1988 well into the Conrail era.

Marc Pitanza, Old Bridge, N.J.

Just over eight years after Jim's April 1957 cab ride on NYC RS3 8350 delivering mail on the High Line in New York, I caught the same engine as trailing unit on a coal train northbound at Barnard's Crossing in Rochester on April 25, 1965 (top). Now with solid black replacing gray with lightning stripes, it had traded mail for coal and the bustle of the Big Apple for less glamorous surroundings, but the Alco was still earning her keep doing whatever the Central asked of her.

Don R. Brown, Rochester, N.Y.

I haven't often seen the West Side line covered elsewhere. Jim's black-and-white photos of the High Line, the depths of Grand Central Terminal, and the main line to Harmon captured the gritty detail

of railroading in the period very well. My first exposure to this environment came only a few years later riding the Central into GCT from Schenectady to visit relatives on Long Island. This is exactly why I subscribe to your magazine.

Phil Arony, Charlton, N.Y.

Welcome back, Kevin!

Thanks to Kevin Keefe for a great job with *TRAINS* and Kalmbach over the years. His commentary, "Mileposts" [page 8], caught my attention when he referred to the scrapping of Dick Jensen's Grand Trunk Western 4-6-2 5629. Let us never forget, however, Burlington 4-8-4 5632 and others that met a similar fate.

Steve Andersen, Valparaiso, Ind.

Recalling rides on the MN&S

As a native of the Twin Cities, I have long thought that Minneapolis and St. Paul have not been given their due by your sister magazine *TRAINS*, so Dave Ingles' "Twin Cities Tableau" pictorial [page 60] certainly helps alleviate that. I didn't have my own camera in those days of the late 1960s, and was busy going to school and working 10 hours a day. However, I did ride the Minneapolis, Northfield & Southern, from Golden Valley to Northfield, and also from Northfield to Randolph.

The latter ride is a story. The late Bill Cordes used to go out Sunday afternoons looking for trains, and occasionally I would go with him. One day we were joined by Paul Napier, a well-known Twin Cities model railroader, and we ended up in Northfield, taking pictures of the MN&S road job doing its work. Suddenly, we were asked by a crewman if we wanted to ride to Randolph! It was late in the day, so I didn't get any photos, but we rode in the second of three units, which happened to be FM switcher No. 10, sister to No. 11 pictured on page 65 and now "stuffed and mounted" as a C&NW unit in Milton, Wis.

Nick Tharalson, Marion, Iowa

What is that last car called?

Bill Nesbitt's story of working on the Pennsylvania Railroad out of Waverly Yard, near Newark, N.J. [page 82 in "The Way It Was"], brought a flood of memories. Penn Central and Conrail people in my neck of the woods — upstate New York, *i.e.*, New York Central "green" territory — called a caboose a "hack," a "cab," or yes, a "caboose," but never

“crummy” or the Pennsy’s term “cabin.” When I worked a freight with a caboose, it was under the “Pool Caboose” agreement between the ORC/BRT brotherhoods. This was a time when NYC and other railroads were phasing out regular assigned cabooses owing to high switching costs at away-from-home terminals.

Jim Kaufman, Schenectady, N.Y.

Learning about the 1920s

Don Hofsommer’s well-done article, “Prosperity Special, Symbol of the 1920s” [page 32], was a classic in every respect, and provided an interesting insight into how railroading played a significant role in the conditions of the time.

Bruce Abel, Grand Valley, Ont.

Prosperity name mixups

Editor’s Note: In the middle column of page 34 in Don Hofsommer’s *Prosperity Special* article, there were errors concerning the names of two officials. The correct version of the text is below, with corrected names in **bold** and with portions omitted for clarity or brevity:

“... SSW President James M. **Herbert** told Baldwin’s W. A. **Garrett** that the Cotton Belt would “be glad to cooperate with you in every way, advertising and otherwise.”

“**Herbert** was dealing in understatement. In fact he was ecstatic to have the opportunity. ... **Herbert** saw in the *Prosperity Special* an opportunity for the Cotton Belt to show its best side and to gain tremendous, free national publicity at the same time. ... **Herbert** told **Garrett** that ...”

We regret the errors.

More Winter whiffs

- Page 6: The correct group name for the late Hal Lewis’s affiliation is Central Coast Chapter, NRHS.
- Page 44: The correct spelling of the New York City convention center, named for the late senator, is Jacob Javits.
- Page 62: Dewey Portland Cement got its center-cab new in 1946 from Davenport Locomotive, not Whitcomb. ■

Got a comment?

If you have a comment or correction, write us at Fast Mail, CLASSIC TRAINS, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187-1612; e-mail: fastmail@classictrainsmag.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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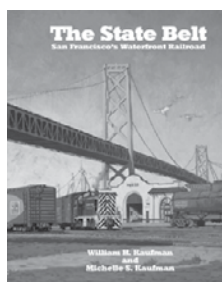


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The case for a Queen

Santa Fe 2-10-4 No. 5000 isn't just another park engine in need of some love

It's been about 60 years since railroads began donating steam locomotives in droves for display in parks across the country. Too often these machines have been forgotten, their history obscured by rain, vandals, and birds, but mostly by indifference. In some instances, local preservationists have rallied to build a shelter or perform cosmetic restoration, and their efforts deserve loud applause.

Occasionally miracles happen and even the most derelict of engines wins a reprieve. I'm thinking of the recent news that Nickel Plate 2-8-2 No. 624, displayed for decades in Hammond, Ind., is going to the Fort Wayne Railroad Historical Society. That group, operators of excursion superstar NKP 2-8-4 No. 765, needs no introduction. The 624, now a rusty skeleton, appears headed for a fine new home.

There's news of another display engine in limbo, and an extremely important one at that. Santa Fe 2-10-4 No. 5000, the celebrated "Madame Queen," has

been put up for bid by the city of Amarillo, Texas. The city has inexplicably decided to rid itself of the locomotive, which the big Santa Fe town received as a gift in 1957. It was displayed for years at the former Santa Fe passenger station before being moved to a tiny city park nearby.

For several years the 5000 has received tender loving care from a local group called the Railroad Artifact Preservation Society, and the engine looks to be in relatively good condition. But differences with the city have caused the organization to walk away and now the 2-10-4's future is uncertain. A spokesman for the society, Sam Teague, said the group tried but failed to acquire the 5000 outright. The city has gone on record saying it wants to see the locomotive stay in Texas.

The engine does deserve to remain in Texas, ideally in Santa Fe territory, best of all in Amarillo, and not merely for sentimental reasons. The 5000 is a significant machine, the advance guard for

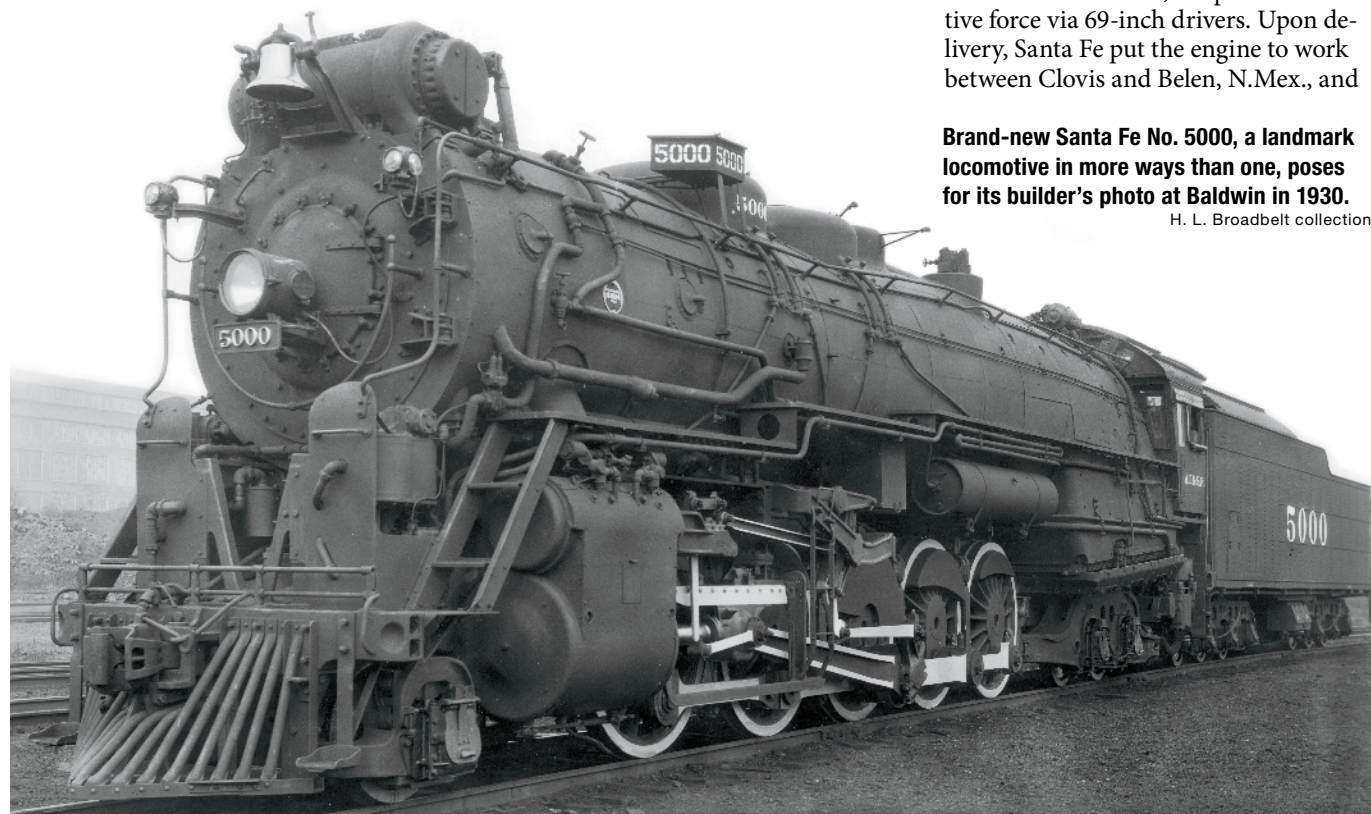
what would become one of the greatest fleets of steam locomotives of all time, Santa Fe's 5001- and 5011-class 2-10-4s. That alone qualifies it as a priceless icon of Lone Star industrial history.

The 5000 arrived at a key moment for the Santa Fe. Locomotive technology was forging ahead, despite the Depression, and the railroad was looking at the 2-10-4 type as an improvement on its huge roster of 2-10-2s. After trials with a Chesapeake & Ohio T-1, that early example of Lima Super Power, Santa Fe made up its mind: the new Texas type (named for the Texas & Pacific) was the way to go. The railroad huddled with the designers at Baldwin, and custom-made No. 5000 was delivered in 1930.

Dubbed the "Madame Queen" by railroaders inspired by a radio show character, the 5000 turned out to be a winner. It boasted an unprecedented boiler pressure of 300 psi, pioneered the use of one-piece cast steel frames, and delivered a robust 93,000 pounds of tractive force via 69-inch drivers. Upon delivery, Santa Fe put the engine to work between Clovis and Belen, N.Mex., and

Brand-new Santa Fe No. 5000, a landmark locomotive in more ways than one, poses for its builder's photo at Baldwin in 1930.

H. L. Broadbelt collection



NO. 5000 ARRIVED AT A KEY MOMENT FOR THE SANTA FE.

it chalked up impressive numbers, easily outperforming the standard 2-10-2 by hauling 15 percent more tonnage in 9 percent less time on 17 percent less coal.

Hard times brought a pause in 2-10-4 development, but by 1938 Santa Fe was ready to roll out the first class of 10 new engines from Baldwin, Nos. 5001-5010, followed by Nos. 5011-5035 in 1944. Although there were minor differences between the two classes — mostly changes in metallurgy and the addition of roller bearings — all of them delivered the same 93,000 pounds of tractive effort, but with a boost of boiler pressure to 310 psi. And all that power went to the rail through astonishingly tall 74-inch drivers.

There isn't space here to detail all the accomplishments of these extraordinary locomotives, but suffice it to say they helped Santa Fe confirm its dominance as a major carrier and shoulder more than its share of crushing World War II traffic. The late Santa Fe historian Lloyd Stagner called these engines "the ultimate development," and he was right. They simply were the finest non-articulated freight locomotives ever built.

The kingdom of the Santa Fe 2-10-4 was vast, at one time or another encompassing most of the railroad's main line from Fort Madison, Iowa, west to the California terminals of Bakersfield and San Bernardino, nearly 2,500 miles.

Some of the greatest steam locomotives were creatures of geography, built specifically for use in a certain place at a certain time. If that was one of their Achilles heels, it was also a source of glory. For the Santa Fe 2-10-4, those giant boilers and tall drivers were all of a piece with long Panhandle tangents, New Mexico mountain passes, and endless stretches of California desert. And Amarillo was right in the heart of it. Let's hope the city finds an appropriate home for the "Madame Queen," matriarch of the fleet. **T**

KEVIN P. KEEFE joined the *TRAINS* staff in 1987, became editor in 1992, and retired in March 2016 as Kalmbach Publishing's vice president, editorial. His weekly blog "Mileposts" is at ClassicTrainsMag.com.



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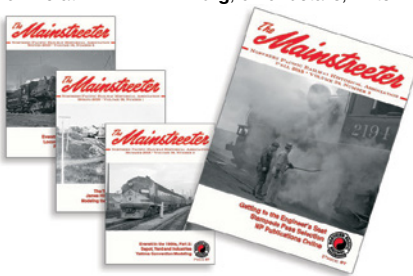
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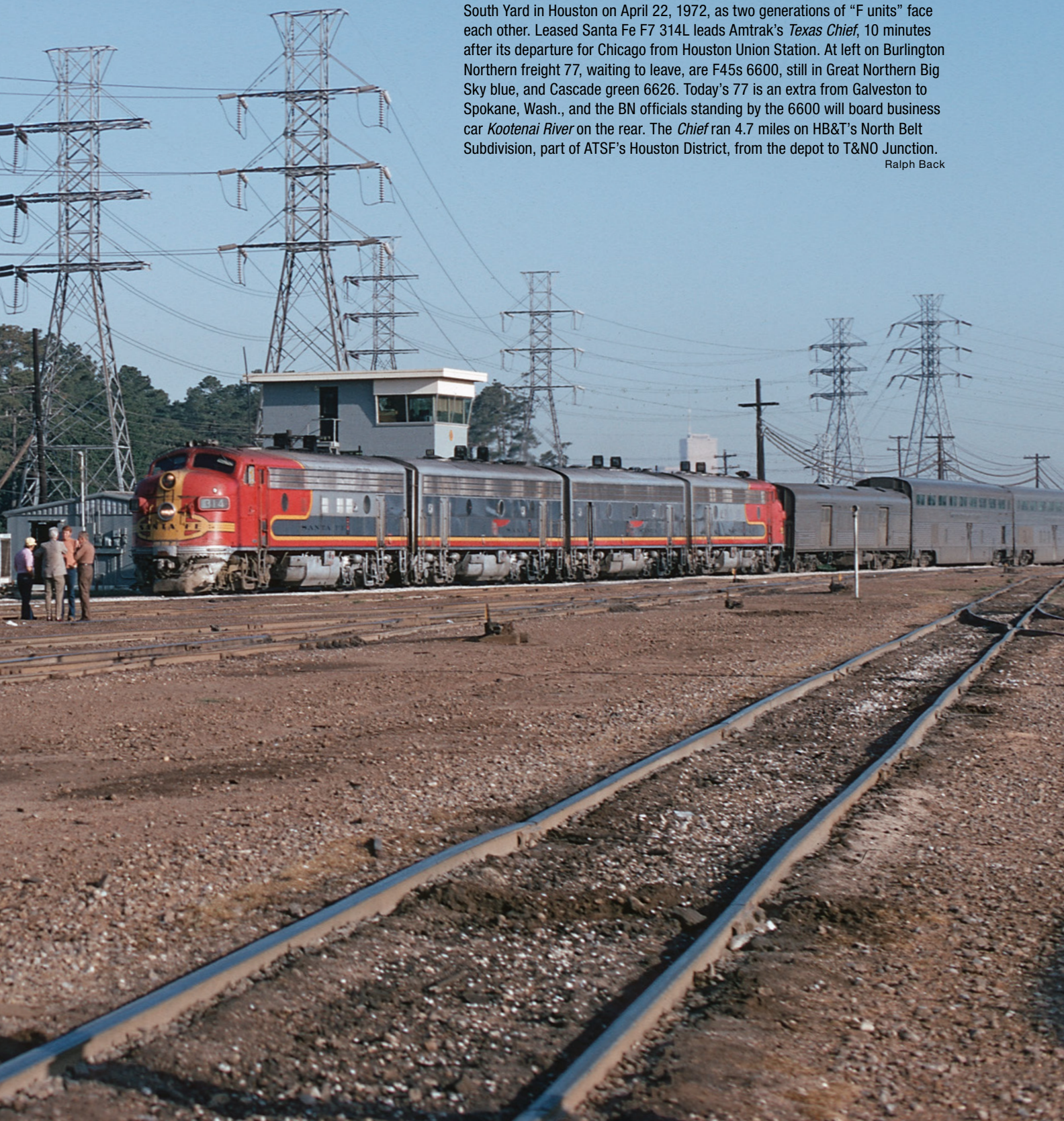
TRUE COLOR



Warbonnets meet Big Sky blue

The Great Northern and the Santa Fe did not directly meet, but their legacies did. We're at Texas's Tower 117 at Houston Belt & Terminal's New South Yard in Houston on April 22, 1972, as two generations of "F units" face each other. Leased Santa Fe F7 314L leads Amtrak's *Texas Chief*, 10 minutes after its departure for Chicago from Houston Union Station. At left on Burlington Northern freight 77, waiting to leave, are F45s 6600, still in Great Northern Big Sky blue, and Cascade green 6626. Today's 77 is an extra from Galveston to Spokane, Wash., and the BN officials standing by the 6600 will board business car *Kootenai River* on the rear. The *Chief* ran 4.7 miles on HB&T's North Belt Subdivision, part of ATSF's Houston District, from the depot to T&NO Junction.

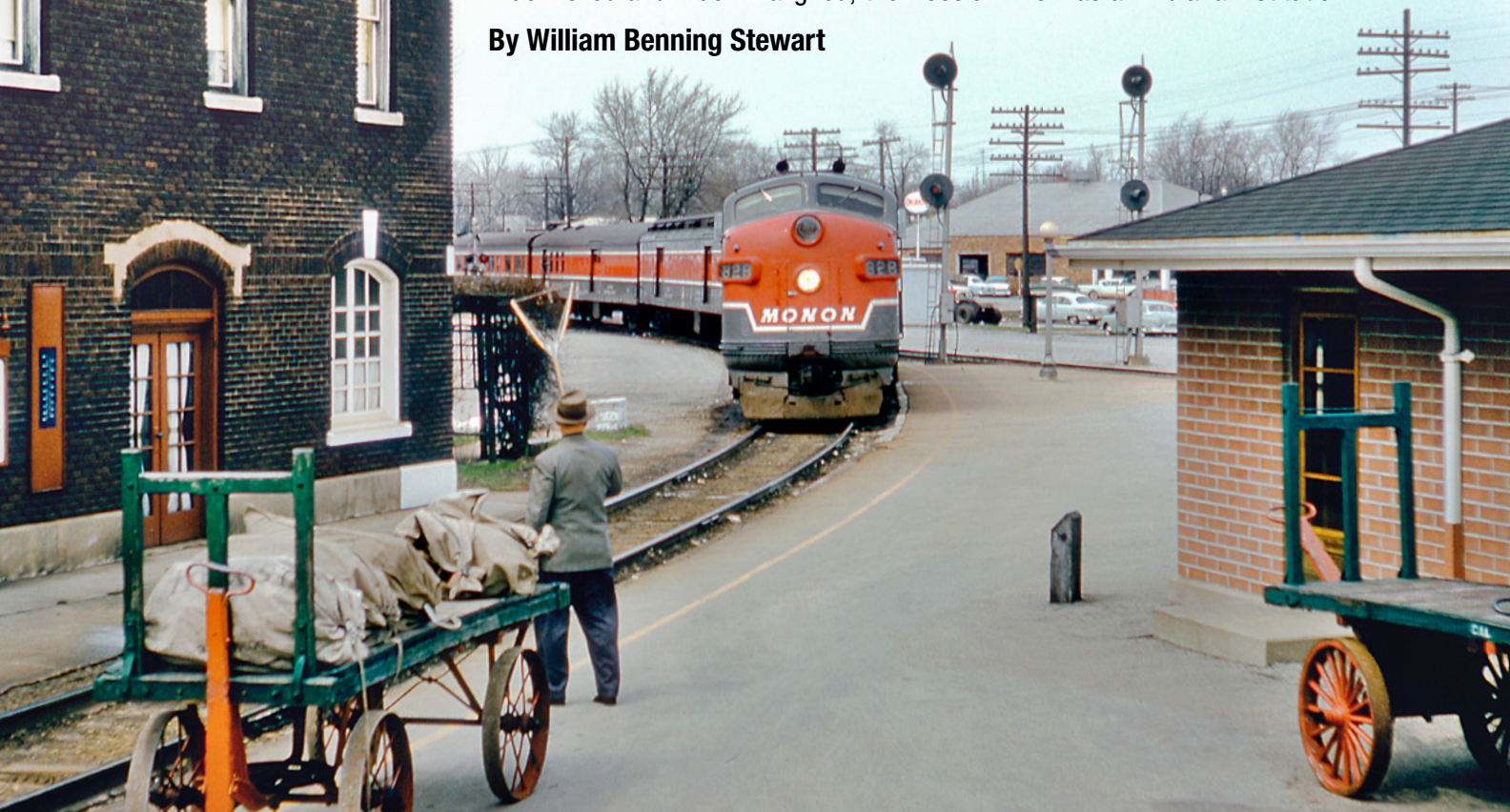
Ralph Back



The melodramatic Monon

Much loved and much maligned, the Hoosier Line was an Indiana institution

By William Benning Stewart



Southbound train 5, the *Thoroughbred*, arrives at the railroad's namesake junction town of Monon in the late 1950s, when the passenger F3s and rolling stock still wore the Indiana University-inspired red-gray-and-white. The line beyond the depot (at right) leads to Indianapolis.

Dick Baldwin, courtesy John Fuller

Imagine a meandering Midwestern railway constructed through difficult, sparsely settled territory and soon bankrupt as a result, discovering upon completion that it had been built between the wrong cities. It would attempt to rectify early mistakes through expensive acquisitions of adjoining railroads, and trackage rights on others, struggling to compete against larger systems on its two primary routes while encountering only marginal success in originating traffic. On several occasions it would achieve varying degrees of prosperity, only to repeatedly succumb to bankruptcy. Then, after World War II it would enjoy improbable salvation and modernization under one of the industry's most gifted leaders — only to be merged out of existence three decades later and largely dismembered.

That seemingly implausible scenario accurately summarizes the highs-and-lows history of Indiana's beloved Monon Railroad. It was an engaging melodrama,

one that entertained Hoosiers and frustrated investors for 124 years.

In 1847, the starting point of merchant James Brooks' New Albany & Salem Rail Road was Indiana's then largest city, a key port across the Ohio River from Louisville, Ky. Brooks had reasoned that a railroad built on the grade of a stillborn highway project from New Albany to Salem, the next county seat north, could profitably carry finished goods into the developing Hoosier hinterlands and return a steady supply of raw materials to waiting river packets. By 1851 the fledgling enterprise had completed 35 miles of curving trackage between its namesake towns. Brooks then revealed plans to extend his pioneer road to the Lake Michigan docks of Michigan City, 288 miles from the Ohio River.

As completed in 1854, the NA&S comprised a twisting, grade-laden railroad from New Albany to the mid-state village of Bainbridge, with largely flat and straight trackage from there to Michigan

City. Neither segment generated sufficient traffic to sustain the company, though, and bankruptcy claimed both Brooks and his railroad in 1859. After new management took control, the NA&S was renamed Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway, a title embracing two emerging metropolises the company desperately needed to serve if it were to survive.

Two decades of dormancy and two more foreclosures followed before the LNA&C acquired the equally struggling Chicago & Indianapolis Air Line Railway in 1881. The two crossed at a hamlet that had adopted the name of neighboring Monon Creek. Monon [MOE-nahn] was a Potawatomi word meaning "swift running," a term applicable at the time to neither railroad. Nevertheless, the expanded company was soon being called "The Monon Route."

By 1882 the former Air Line had been extended southeast to Indiana's capital and largest city, Indianapolis, and northwest to Hammond, Ind., and its State

Line Crossing connection with the Chicago & Western Indiana on to Dearborn Station in Chicago. During 1883 the LNA&C and the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton jointly introduced Chicago–Indianapolis–Cincinnati through passenger trains, a service that would continue for 55 years; CH&D became part of the Baltimore & Ohio in 1917. Eventually LNA&C trains would travel directly from New Albany across the Kentucky & Indiana Terminal's Ohio River bridge into Louisville, so the Monon wound up owning no trackage outside Indiana.

In 1886 the company acquired an 18-mile branch from Orleans to the resorts at French Lick Springs and West Baden, plus the rustic, narrow-gauge Bedford & Bloomfield, with the expectation that the B&B's 41 miles of flimsy track would serve as a re-gauged entry to coal mines and limestone quarries.

Near the center of the system, Lafayette, a prosperous county seat on the Wabash River boasting a skilled labor force, became home to the railroad's shops. Amused by rumors that it enrolled burly Monon shop employees as "student athletes" to strengthen weak football squads, neighboring Purdue University, noted for its engineering school, named its athletic teams the Boilermakers (and to this day uses a steam-locomotive-pilot-inspired logo).

Now the LNA&C had been transformed, with main lines linking Chicago with Louisville and Indianapolis. Still, operations and traffic development remained problematic, and a failed attempt to expand southeast to Kentucky coalfields resulted in yet another receivership. Again the Monon became exclusively an Indiana railroad, relying on trackage rights to reach its major terminals and connections for the majority of its freight traffic. Acknowledging its re-ordered priorities, the company in 1897 was renamed Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville Railway.

McDoel years improvements

Opening the company's next act was William H. McDoel, a career railroader who would prove to be one of the Monon's two most capable presidents. During his 13-year tenure, 22 new stations were built, improvements made to engine terminals and Lafayette shops, track renewed, bridges replaced, curves straightened, and grades reduced. Equally significant was Monon's entry into the



A 2-8-0 steams north on Railroad Street in Monticello on a 1940s afternoon. Monon faced street-running in five Indiana cities, also Bedford, Frankfort, Lafayette, and New Albany.

W. A. Akin Jr.

world of contemporary motive power, exemplified by exotic new 4-8-0 Twelve-Wheelers for freight and high-wheeled passenger 4-4-2 Atlantics. American Locomotive Co. became Monon's builder of choice, and under McDoel the road ordered the first of a series of attractive Pacifics that would serve as its standard passenger power. A subsequent fleet of Mikados powered Monon's mainline freight trains until the diesel era.

During 1902 the Monon's function as a northern outlet for southern freight connections was formalized when Louisville & Nashville and Southern Railway jointly acquired 93 percent of the

Monon's common stock and 77 percent of its preferred shares. In 1907, following limited success in securing additional on-line manufacturing shippers, the 47-mile Midland branch was constructed through the Indiana coalfields.

Beginning in 1911, the Monon began installing automatic block signals on its main lines, utilizing handsome upper-quadrant semaphores that would characterize the road's pathway through the landscape for decades to come. Concurrently, the company introduced its premier passenger train, the stylish Chicago–Indianapolis *Hoosier*, followed by the all-Pullman Chicago–French Lick *Red Devil*, a name derived from the cathartic Pluto Water bottled at the resort.

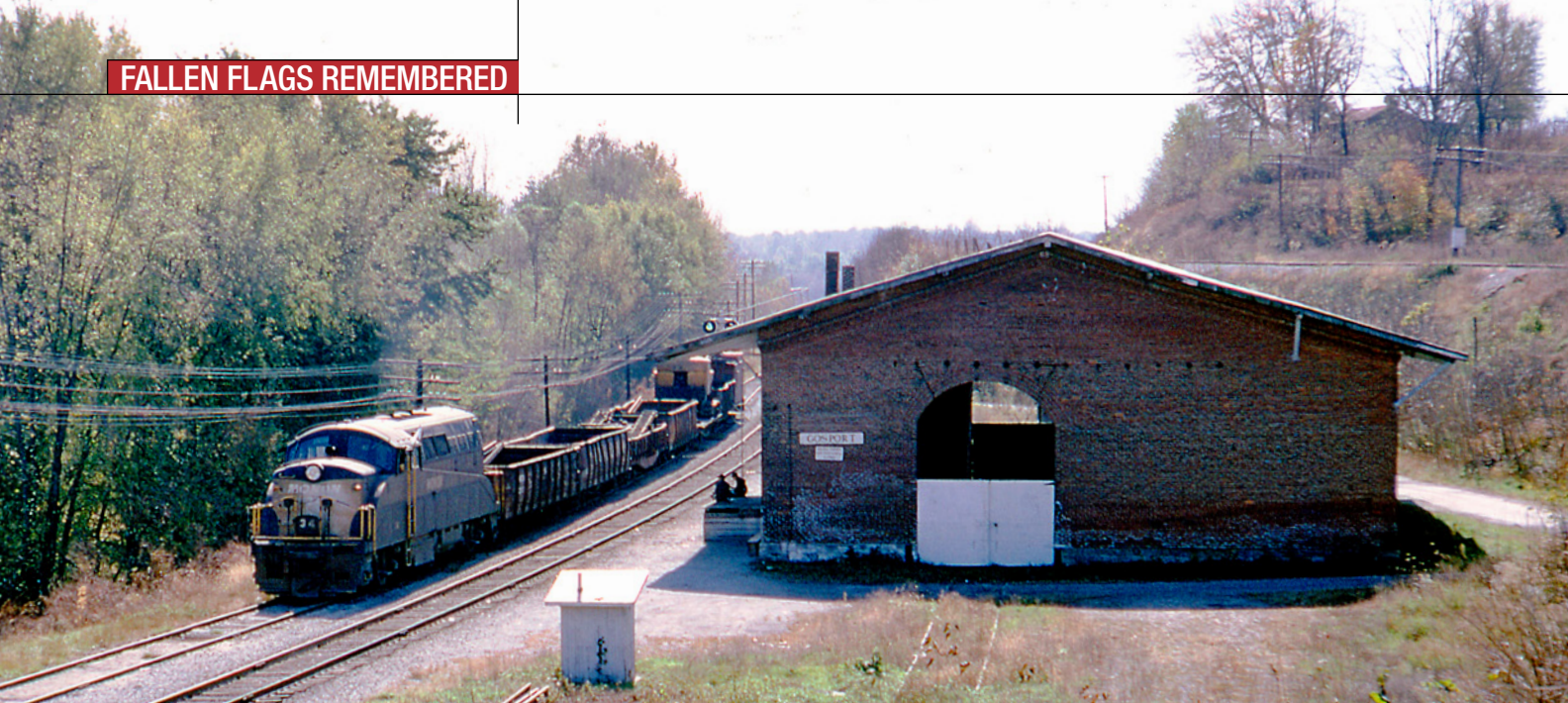
In this period the company also embraced a new role as an element of Indiana folklore. Hoosiers took pride in the achievements of the Monon and came to regard it as a sociable, down-to-earth neighbor. "To understand Indiana, one should have made at least a few trips on this historic carrier," one Indianapolis newspaperman observed, describing the Monon experience as "part of Indiana which happened to be moving in the same direction at the same time."

The final addition to the Monon's route map came with the 1914 acquisition of the 32-mile Chicago & Wabash Valley. Plans called for lengthening the unfinished C&WV to create a separated, double-track main line and extending additional track from it through the rapidly industrializing Gary-Hammond region to obtain still more customers for northbound coal.

Conversely, Monon's capacity for undertaking such projects would be altered by World War I. Wartime operations under the United States Railway Administration, followed by postwar inflation and rising costs, modified the line's estab-



This map depicts the "Hoosier Line" as it was when the L&N merged it on July 31, 1971.



A BL2 on a short work train awaits a meet by the ancient Gosport “run-through” depot, one of several on the Monon. L&N razed it in the 1970s.

Dick Baldwin, courtesy John Fuller

lished processes and profitability. During the Great Depression, gross ton-miles fell from 3.4 million in 1929 to 1.5 million in 1933. Coal and limestone traffic, core commodities for the company, fluctuated forebodingly. Most of the former Bedford & Bloomfield was abandoned in 1935, as well as the never-expanded Chicago & Wabash Valley. By 1938 only three daily passenger trains operated on the Indianapolis line and two on the Louisville route. The once-vaunted Cincinnati expresses disappeared, together with all local services except one Orleans–French Lick connecting train.

Enter a “savior of railroads”

In desperation, Monon sought a \$500,000 loan from the Railroad Finance Corp., but was rebuffed by RFC official John W. Barriger III, who recognized the company needed a top-to-bottom reorganization, not a temporary bailout. Without the loan, Monon again fell into receivership. World War II brought increased traffic, but as in World War I, gains failed to produce revenues sufficient for an overall revitalization.

Remarkably, at war’s end the company would enjoy not just another chance for survival, but a complete resurrection under the leadership of a new president — the now 46-year-old Barriger. With \$9 million available for improvements at the end of Monon’s latest bankruptcy, “JWB,” who would become known for resuscitating several railroads, tackled his new project with vigor.

Dieselization was one of his immediate goals. Not only did Monon’s physical

plant lend itself to the advantages of the diesel locomotive, the steam fleet was overdue for replacement, the newest engines already 17 years old and the oldest dating from 1898. Barriger ordered 27 Electro-Motive F3s to dieselize mainline passenger and freight service, supplemented by 6 EMD switchers, 9 each EMD BL2 and Alco RS2 road-switchers, and 3 Fairbanks-Morse units, 2 road-switchers and a yard engine. In 1949 the 541-mile Monon became one of the first Class I roads to be fully dieselized.

Barriger was also determined to reverse the fortunes of Monon’s passenger service. Despite long-outdated equipment and minimal schedules, Indianans had not lost their love of Monon varnish. Riding the *Hoosier* between Indianapolis and Chicago, in particular, had become a rite for generations of families. Barriger understood that such goodwill was invaluable to his rebuilding efforts, but as a pragmatist he also knew the limits of the markets his road served and the realities of costs and delivery times for streamlined cars. Accordingly, he modernized Monon’s varnish on a budget by buying and rebuilding 28 almost-new, scarcely used U.S. Army hospital cars into a fleet of modern coaches and dining, lounge, and parlor-observation cars.

New York industrial designer Raymond Loewy was retained to create interior furnishings and exterior styling for three new trains: the evening Chicago–Indianapolis *Hoosier*, the morning *Tippecanoe*, and the Chicago–Louisville *Thoroughbred*. Loewy clad the trains in a livery suggesting the cream and crimson

of Indiana University and the freight diesels in Purdue’s black and gold, both of the state’s biggest schools being on-line.

Barriger’s appreciation of public relations value brought exhibitions of the new trains along the line; a 100th anniversary pageant at New Albany featuring specially composed Monon music; and a series of striking paintings by artist Howard Fogg depicting the rejuvenated road in its Indiana milieu. Barriger found that attention to small details made large impressions, such as applying Loewy’s modernistic logo and lettering to freshly painted bridges, overpasses, and grade-crossing signs and publicizing a single new boxcar, cleverly numbered “CIL 1,” that would become a celebrity in the nation’s freight-car fleet. Morale



Semaphores were a Monon hallmark, some lasting into the 2000s. The *Tippecanoe* is at Nora, in suburban Indianapolis, in early 1959.

Dick Baldwin, courtesy John Fuller

surged as Barriger's improvements came to fruition, but financing for some of his big proposals, such as bypassing street-running in Lafayette, Bedford, and New Albany, remained out of reach.

Over a five-year period, Barriger fine-tuned the modernized Monon. Scheduled freights and new streamliners ran on-time over rehabilitated track. Customers returned, new ones were secured, and freight traffic doubled. Eventually Barriger acknowledged he had accomplished most of what could be done with available financing. Suggesting Chicago & Eastern Illinois as a logical merger partner, he left Monon in 1952, leaving behind a resuscitated, profitable railroad.

In 1956 the reporting marks "CIL" began yielding to "MON" on freight cars as new management acknowledged the public's preference and officially re-named the company Monon Railroad. Despite Barriger's upgrades, the streamlined *Hoosier* and *Tippecanoe* succumbed to insufficient revenues in 1959; the *Thoroughbred* would follow eight years later. Persistently weak on-line freight originations prompted plans to reshape the main line as a conduit for northbound coal from a proposed river-rail barge unloading facility at Louisville, but in 1965 the Interstate Commerce Commission vetoed both that plan and a separate Monon proposal to acquire the Chicago South Shore & South Bend as an additional traffic generator.

A fleet of mammoth Alco C628 six-axle diesels, ordered in 1964 especially for the anticipated unit coal trains ["Beasts of Lafayette," Spring 2007 CT], proved hard on track and unreliable; they and the remaining F3s would be replaced by 18 new Alco C420 road-switchers, including two, with steam generators in the high short hood, that pulled the *Thoroughbred* in its last year. Eight General Electric U23Bs joined the C420s on Monon's tonnage in 1970.

Monon in the merger era

As the modern-day merger movement advanced, Monon's long-standing traffic gateways diminished. A perhaps inevitable combination with its primary southern connection, Louisville & Nashville, was formalized in 1971. Through subsequent absorptions by Seaboard System and CSX, the traditional functions and folkways of the Monon slipped away as the former C&EI — now part of the same railroad, as Barriger had proposed



Ten miles out of New Albany, three Alco C420s, with one of the newer 1970 GE U23Bs tucked in as third unit, roll north at Bennettsville with piggyback-heavy train 70 on June 8, 1971.

Tom Smart, J. David Ingles collection

in 1952 — eventually became the merged company's primary freight corridor between Chicago and the South. By the mid-1980s the Midland and French Lick branches were gone; the Michigan City line was reduced to a stub from Monon north; and most of the Indianapolis line removed. A decade later, the main line was abandoned in segments between Bedford and Cloverdale. The Bedford–New Albany segment remained intact but in recent years has been dormant.

Since 1980, though, Amtrak's Indianapolis–Chicago trains have utilized CSX's former Monon main between Crawfordsville and a junction just north of Dyer, and all trains now traverse Lafayette on a 1994 bypass. The new alignment, shared with Norfolk Southern, replaced the insufferable running through the city on 5th Street. William McDoel's splendid 1902 limestone depot on 5th, however, still stands, adaptively reused.

Indiana historian William E. Wilson captured the character of the carrier in a retrospective glance: "Legend has it that when a Monon official was asked what he thought of the line after he had made an inspection trip along its 288 miles of meandering from the lake to the river, he replied laconically that he had noticed one straight stretch of track where the builders had neglected to make a curve. Such remarks are of course 'family' jokes, cherished among Hoosiers . . . for almost every Indianan has ridden on the Monon at one time or another in his life and regards its century-old tradition with a kind of positive affection." The sentiment still holds true four decades following the Monon's demise, albeit for a dwindling number who knew the storied Hoosier Line firsthand. ■

WILLIAM BENNING STEWART has chronicled aspects of the Monon story in CLASSIC TRAINS, TRAINS, Passenger Train Journal, Locomotive & Railway Preservation, and Indianapolis Monthly. Much of his collection of railroad ephemera is housed in an oak cabinet from the Monon's now-demolished Bainbridge station; he purchased the six-foot-long breakfront from L&N in 1975 and moved it from the abandoned depot with the unexpected assistance of a curious deputy sheriff — but only after producing a bill of sale from the L&N and his driver's license!

Monon fact file



(comparative figures are for 1929 and 1970)

Name change: Name officially changed from Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville to Monon Railroad in 1956

Route-miles: 648; 541

Locomotives: 174; 44

Passenger cars: 91; 27 (1966)

Freight cars: 6,356; 3,078

Headquarters city: Chicago, Ill.

Special interest group: Monon Railroad Technical-Historical Society, monon.org.

Notable passenger trains: *Hoosier*, *Tippecanoe*, *Thoroughbred*

Recommended reading: *Monon Route*, by George W. Hilton (Howell-North, 1978); *Railroads of Indiana*, by Richard S. Simons and Francis H. Parker (Indiana University Press, 1997); *Monon, the Hoosier Line*, by Gary W. Dolzall and Stephen F. Dolzall (Interurban Press, 1987); *Limited, Locals and Expresses in Indiana, 1838-1971*, by Craig Sanders (IU Press, 2003).

Source: *Historical Guide to North American Railroads*, Third Edition (Kalmbach, 2014)

Steam's last, highest





outpost

Ride the locomotive
on Colorado &
Southern's Climax
Branch to the top of
America's standard-
gauge trackage

By Gordon Glattenberg
Photos by the author

Leadville, Colo., November 23,
1960: What will become a sin-
gular, historic 2-8-0 gets coaled
up before leaving town.



Fired up but not yet coaled up, C&S 641 emerges from the Leadville enginehouse on the late 1960 day two California visitors were treated to a cab ride.

Opposite page: This was the view from the fireman's side a short distance out of Leadville.

During making up her train, the Consolidation switches a load of lumber on a C&NW car, likely from the Upper Midwest.



Five and a half decades ago, a small favor that I did for some railroaders led to a fabulous all-day “private excursion” aboard Colorado & Southern 2-8-0 No. 641 on the branch between Leadville and Climax, Colo. This “isolated” (from the C&S system) line would become well known as the home of the last everyday operation of standard-gauge steam on a U.S. Class I railroad.

I visited Leadville in August 1960, with the late Bruce Ward, and we photographed the Consolidation leaving town in the morning on its daily run, and later switching the molybdenum mine at Climax; I took down the crew’s addresses and sent them some of our photos. Bruce and I were back in Leadville that November, and the crew, who had

become “old friends,” invited us to spend the next day riding with them in 641’s cab. This was, of course, an offer we couldn’t refuse!

How did Colorado & Southern, a subsidiary of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy whose main line ran from mid-Wyoming through Denver to the New Mexico-Texas state line, all east of the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, wind up with 14 lonely miles of track out of Leadville? Like much of Colorado railroading, it started with the narrow-gauge railroad boom of the late 19th century, which was fueled by the state’s mining industry.

The Denver, South Park & Pacific Railway was formed on October 2, 1872. Its 3-foot-gauge main line ran 208 miles southwest from Denver, eventually to Gunnison. After a complex agreement involving DSP&P and the Rio Grande, brokered by Jay Gould, 3-foot-gauge tracks reached Leadville — which was amidst a silver boom — from Buena Vista, to the south, on July 22, 1880.

In that same year, the “South Park” decided to build its own line into Leadville, from the north. From Como, a division point in the state’s South Park region (a flat valley in the mountains), the line went northwest, first crossing the summit of Boreas Pass and proceeding on to Breckenridge, Dillon, Keystone, and Frisco, where it turned south to go over the Fremont Pass summit at Climax. At 11,318-foot elevation, this was the highest point on the U.S. rail system. DSP&P reached Leadville, at 10,165-foot elevation, in February 1884.

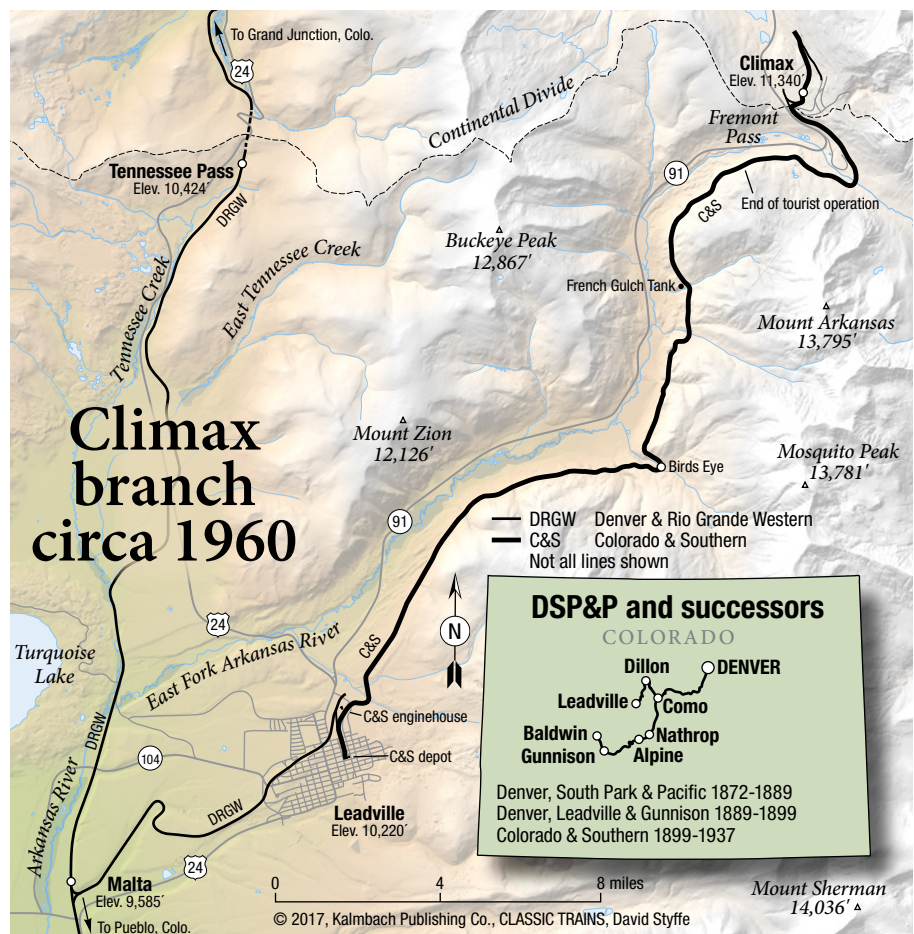




Some of the yard tracks at the Climax mine yard were at 11,300-foot elevation, highest on the U.S. rail network.



On the trip up, the train stopped to take water at the ice-covered French Gulch trackside tank.





Nearing the molybdenum mine yard at Climax, the fireman had this view of diverging tracks.

As was common with 19th-century mining roads, prosperity didn't last long. Union Pacific bought the DSP&P in 1880, but the smaller road continued to operate independently. The South Park went bankrupt in 1889 and was reorganized as the Denver, Leadville & Gunnison. When UP itself went bankrupt in 1893, the DL&G went into receivership and in 1899 was acquired by the Colorado & Southern.

C&S gradually abandoned its narrow-gauge lines beginning in 1910. Its last Denver–Leadville trains ran in April 1937, and the rails over Boreas and Kenosha passes

were torn up in 1938. The Climax–Leadville portion survived as an “orphaned” segment, connecting in Leadville with a short Rio Grande branch off the Tennessee Pass main line. C&S kept the branch because of the underground molybdenum mine at Climax. Leadville, once the “end of the line,” became the base for C&S's operations on the branch.

In operation since 1915, the mine was a major supplier of molybdenum, used in alloy steel. By 1943, heavy wartime shipping of “moly” for armament steel was bottlenecked in Leadville by the need to transfer the shipments from narrow-gauge to standard-gauge



The crew discusses some of the moves to be made at the Climax mine yard.



The Consolidation created numerous photo possibilities with spectacular backdrops as it switched the Climax mine.

cars. With help of the Army Corps of Engineers, C&S standard-gauged the branch, finishing the work on August 25, 1943. The mine stayed in continuous operation, and the C&S branch remained the highest operating portion of the North American railroad network until the mine closed and rail shipments ceased in October 1986.

Among the non-rail items of interest in the mine area was this half-track (below). When in the cramped cab, the riders' principal task was to stay out of the fireman's way as he shoveled coal into the firebox, which did give a unique photo view (right).

All that history was not on our minds on Wednesday, November 23, 1960, of course. It was a beautiful morning, and there was snow on the ground at Leadville. We photographed 641 leaving the enginehouse, getting coaled and watered, and making up its short train.

Soon we were off. The 2-8-0's cab was not large, so our principal task was staying out

of the fireman's way as he hand-fired the locomotive, which was built by Alco's Brooks Locomotive Works at Dunkirk, N.Y., in 1906. With the curvy line's moderate speeds, the ride was quite comfortable.

About halfway up the line, near Birdseye, the train stopped for us to get some photos of it on a curve [see cover]. This private photo stop was the highlight of our day, for most of the line is isolated, on a ridge up to a mile east of the highway, which is on the opposite side of the East Fork of the Arkansas River. Thus, most photos from the ground on this part of the line are broadsides through long telephoto lenses.

Approaching Climax, we stopped to water the engine at the ice-encrusted French Gulch tank, then went onto the mine property, where the crew spent a couple of hours






On the return, the crew again stopped at French Gulch tank to take water, which author Glattenberg documented in his last photo of the memorable day.

switching the yard tracks. One move took us several hundred feet into a long warehouse building. Before leaving for Leadville, the crew turned the engine on a wye. On the return trip, the fireman topped off the tender at French Gulch tank [above], and we got back into Leadville at dusk, ending an unforgettable day.

C&S 2-8-0 No. 641 made her last run two years later, on Thursday, October 11, 1962, leaving everyday usage of steam in the U.S. to a few short lines and industrial pikes. The 2-8-0 was replaced by Chinese red C&S SD9 828, which would be renumbered 6223 in 1979 by C&S parent Burlington Northern. Temporarily replaced in mid-1980 by sibling 6220 after a derailment sent 6223 to Denver for repairs, the 6223 returned to Leadville and was still on hand to

pull the last train down from Climax in '86.

The mine, now an open-pit affair, resumed limited operation in 2012 but has not been rail-served. Called Climax Molybdenum, it is a subsidiary of international mining firm Freeport McMoRan, Inc.

You can, however, ride 11 miles of the line on tourist trains of the Leadville, Colorado & Southern [see pages 78–79]. The 2-8-0 has remained in Leadville, and is displayed next to the former C&S depot, which now is the office of the tourist railroad. 

GORDON GLATTENBERG is a lifelong Californian who's been photographing trains since 1955. This is his sixth CT byline, all on Western subjects, the most recent of which was "Second Chance at Steam" on the SP in Fall 2016. Gordon resides in Santa Clarita.



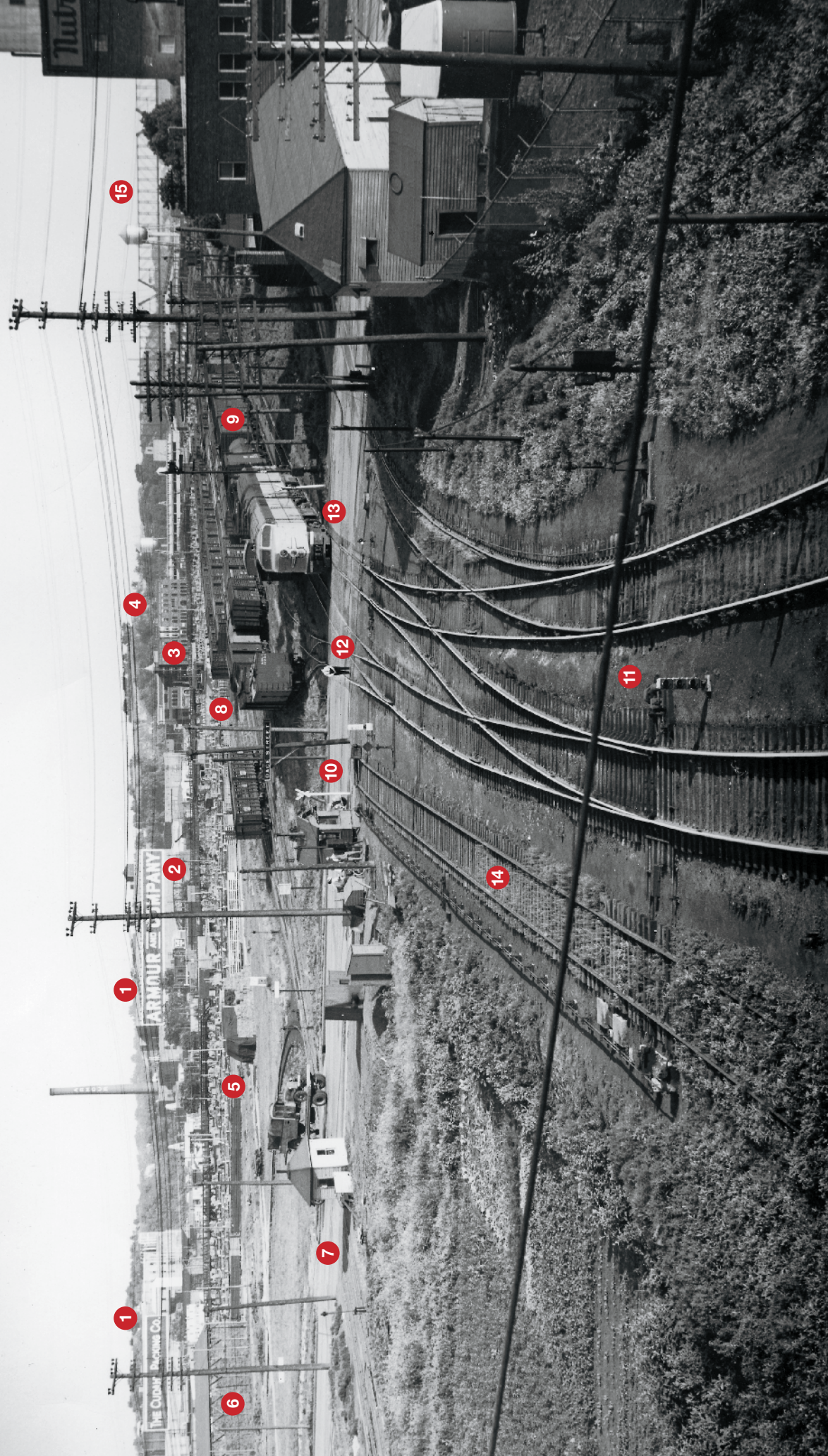
Coupled to the F units that will escort her up to Leadville to replace 2-8-0 641, C&S SD9 828, with a custom front-end snowplow, poses at the D&RGW roundhouse at Pueblo in October 1962.

K. C. Crist; J. David Ingles collection

C&NW at Sioux City stockyards, 1947

Extensive rail facilities were required to support the Iowa town's meatpacking plants

Text by **Jerry A. Pinkepank** • Main photo by Henry J. McCord



Sioux City, Iowa, in 1947 was served by Chicago & North Western and its subsidiary Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha ("the Omaha Road"); Milwaukee Road; Great Northern; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; and Illinois Central. There was also the Sioux City Terminal Railroad, a common-carrier switching line owned by the Sioux City Stockyards Co. The view is south from the Gordon Drive (U.S. 20) overpass.

1 Meatpacking plants. Meatpacking was Sioux City's principal rail-served industry in 1947, and the "Big Three" here were Cudahy (opened in 1892), Armour (1901), and Swift (1917, not shown). Livestock receipts in 1944 were 5,179,618 animals compared to 7,689,358 at Omaha and 6,119,258 at Kansas City, the other two major Missouri River gateway yards, and 10,701,059 at Chicago. The majority of Sioux City's receipts were hogs. Decentralization of the industry to place packing nearer the farmers led to a steady decline of the big packing houses, with Cudahy closing its plant in 1954, Armour in 1963, and Swift moving to a smaller, modern plant at the edge of town in 1975.

2 Leech Avenue bridge. It spanned the original natural channel of the Floyd River. The packing plants were on the east side of the Floyd and the stock pens on the west side. The Floyd, which emptied into the Missouri River just below the stockyards, was subject to flash floods, one of which wiped out the stockyards in 1892. After a similar disaster in 1953, a flood-control channel was placed in service in 1964 that rerouted the Floyd to a location behind the photographer.

3 Stockyards business district. This included the Livestock Exchange Building, Livestock National Bank, headquarters of livestock trading companies, tack and saddle shops, and other businesses supporting the area.

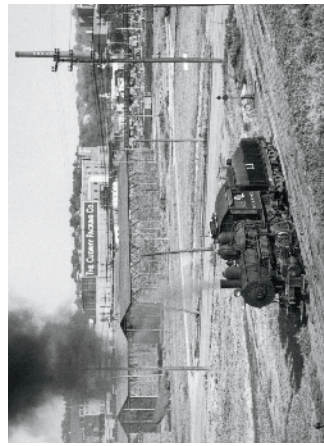
4 Loess bluffs. Characteristic of the Missouri River valley from here through Omaha

and below. Loess is a blend of wind-blown clay and sand that becomes unstable when cut, requiring shallow slopes or stepped cuts, a factor that has significantly influenced location of railroads along the Missouri. The beige-colored bluffs form a prominent backdrop all along this part of the river.

5 Stock pens. Owned by the Sioux City Stockyards Co., with footbridges above them to permit workers to reach the animals for feeding, watering, removal of tons of manure daily, and ultimately for slaughter. After unloading from stock cars, animals were routed through the pen complex by drivers using long whips from the footbridges to pens according to their kind, and their ownership, as they might arrive still owned by trading companies or already sold to particular packers. Out of sight in the picture were corn cribs for the hogs and an enormous manure pile. Prevailing westerly winds carried the aromas mostly away from town.

6 Hay barn. In spite of the predominance of hogs at Sioux City, there were also lots of cattle as well as some horses and mules.

7 Sioux City Terminal Railroad. Crossing of Dace Street, with crossing watchman's shanty and yard beyond. All cars to be unloaded at the stock pens had first to be



Sioux City Terminal No. 11, one of the road's handful of ex-Milwaukee 0-6-0 switchers, backs toward the Dace Street crossing.

Henry J. McCord

interchanged to the SCT, which also had an east-west line with a yard for interchange, and access to some industries that SCT served in addition to the stockyards.

8 SCT yard. The stock cars' doors are open on the side away from the pen, indicating they have been unloaded and are being cleaned and their bedding replaced with fresh straw before going back for another load. Livestock is required by Federal law to be unloaded at stock pens for feed, water, and rest after 28 hours of confinement, so feed and water were not generally placed in the cars. The "28-Hour Law" resulted in livestock being handled in fast trains, many times in a special train with "drovers' caboose" or a passenger coach where men employed by the animals' owner would be available to drive them from the cars into the pens.

9 C&NW's Dace Street Yard. Located on the road's main line from Council Bluffs via Missouri Valley, Iowa. This was a secondary yard for C&NW; its main yard in the area was 22nd Street, 2 miles north of here, where a 38-stall full-circle roundhouse was located.

10 Watchman/switchman shanty. Provides shelter for the crossing watchman and switchtender and contains a small interlocking to control the north crossover switch. The rods of this plant can be seen running from it toward the photographer. Horizontally mounted cranks change the direction of the rod movement by 90 degrees, allowing them to pass under the intervening track to operate the switch. The relay box for the signal stands next to the shanty just to the right of the man at the shanty door, who is probably the switchtender.

11 Crossover dwarf signal. The three lenses indicate it can display the route, either straight ahead or diverging. The locomotives are on the single main track and the crossover connects from a siding known as the Stockyards Pass.

12 Crossing watchman. Employee in uniform cap protects the move of the diesel across the street as they cross over and back onto their caboose to go to 22nd Street to tie up.

13 Fairbanks-Morse "Erie-built" diesels. C&NW had four, two A units and two B's. They were used mainly on passenger trains in A-B sets, but here both A units have left their boosters behind and are working in freight service, possibly as a test, as they are just months old, built in May 1947. The four "Eries" were C&NW's only FM cab units. Painted in standard C&NW colors, they were on the books as owned by the Omaha. They have probably worked here from Minneapolis, 259 miles.

14 Stub "pocket track." Typically used for a yard crew to get out of the way of moves like the one taking place in the photo.

15 Omaha Road's Missouri River bridge. Built in 1888, it was part of C&NW's "West Side" route to Omaha, as well as to Norfolk, Nebr., as opposed to the main line to Omaha via Council Bluffs, which passes under the bridge. Also used by CB&Q to reach the GN yard in Sioux City, it became a through route with the Burlington Northern merger in 1970; BN bought it from C&NW in 1981, replacing it with a new bridge suitable for unit coal trains.



BN Minneapolis-Lincoln hotshot 191 enters the C&NW bridge in 1975 behind two GP18s, the heaviest power the 1888 span allowed.

Jerry A. Pinkepank



“BOOMING” IN MODERN TIMES

Adventures of a locomotive engineer on the Rock Island and Burlington Northern in the mid-1970s

By Steve Lasher

Like many of you, when I was young I read everything I could get my hands on about trains. In western Kentucky in the 1960s, though, there wasn't much available. One publication on the newsstands was *Railroad* magazine, whose standard fare back then was muddy photographs, girls, and that now extinct item, railroad fiction. Notable as the frequent heroes of these tales were the “boomers.” Footloose followers of the grain rushes, or just going wherever the wind blew, theirs seemed to be a glamorous existence as they worked for different railroads around the country. When I hired on with the Rock Island in 1973 I thought those days were gone, but I would learn that, after a fashion, “booming” still happened! While it didn't entail hiring out with different companies so much, moving from place to place could and did occur.

Once transferred into engine service, author Lasher qualified on the East Iowa main between Silvis, Ill., and Des Moines, but his first assignment was based at Eldon, Iowa, on the Missouri Division, to help handle Milwaukee Road detours. In Davenport (above), a westbound keeps to the East Iowa main at Missouri Division Junction; the tracks on either side of the dwarf signal lead to Eldon. Lasher's first pay trip as an engineer was on a set of GP40s like the trio at left at Nahant Yard, adjacent to Davenport, in September 1975.

Above, R. B. Olson, David Oroszi collection; left, Steve Lasher

Eldon: a sleepy beginning

It didn't take long for it to happen to me on the Rock Island. After 10 months as a clerk, I transferred to engine service on the East Iowa Division seniority district (Silvis, Ill., to Des Moines, Iowa) and was promoted to engineer on December 20, 1974. By April 1975, owing to the failed Union Pacific merger and a general recession, two classmates and I were furloughed from our “you'll never have to worry about being laid off” jobs. For one thing, UP had shifted all the Chicago traffic it could from the Rock Island to the Chicago & North Western, and traffic on the Rock's East Iowa main plummeted from 7 or 8 trains a day to 3 to 4 on a good day.

So it was that, when Homer Day, Road Foreman of Engines for the East Iowa and the Missouri Division between Silvis

and Eldon, Iowa, on the Kansas City line, asked if I would be interested in some temporary work at Eldon, I quickly said yes. I was tired of signing the weekly unemployment cards for Railroad Retirement, and this sounded good to me.

Initially, Homer said he needed us because he had a lot of vacations to cover early that summer, but as it turned out, he made a lucky call. The Milwaukee Road lost its bridge over the Skunk River at Rubio, Iowa, and would be detouring all trains on the Rock Island for several weeks. About that time we newcomers had made a few qualifying trips and so were instructed to report “ASAP” to Eldon to mark up on the extra board and be available for pilot duty.

Now, pilots (usually an engineer and conductor) are employees assigned by the home road to detouring trains of an-



Rock Island was in bad shape, physically and financially, after the proposed Union Pacific merger fell apart, evidenced by the GP40s (357, 363, and 361) on train 81 at Des Moines yard on August 15, 1972, visibly leaning to one side. Beyond the units is the main line from Chicago.

Steven N. Eudy, David Oroszi collection

other road to assist the visiting train's crew with knowledge of the rules, local conditions, and the lay of the land. While the rules say the pilot will "inform" the guest crew about such matters, what usually happens is that the pilot engineer runs the train. Since he's familiar with the road, it's simpler that way.

My first pay trip as an engineer thus took place not on the East Iowa but on the Missouri Division as a pilot on a detouring Milwaukee Road train. We were called to go to Otero, Iowa, and relieve the hog-lawed pilots on a westbound. After sitting down in this "foreign" seat and having a short conversation with the engineer — who said, "No, the dynamic brakes don't work as the company had disabled them when the engines came east to work" — I took over the consist of four GP40s and we set sail for Eldon about 20 miles away. The unit's electronic bell took some getting used to, but the trip was otherwise uneventful.

The 0.6 percent ruling grade eastbound for the division started just east of the Eldon depot. While that may not sound like much compared with the storied hills elsewhere, it can be mighty mean when you're trying to hold back a

heavy train descending the grade. When we came around the last curve on the hill and the depot came in sight, we saw the operator standing out front, waving a red flag (the Milwaukee units had no Rock Island radio). After he saw I had the train under control and I'd acknowledged his stop sign (thank God for good independent brakes on those GP40s), he furled the flag and gave us a come-ahead wave. As I crept past, he shouted up for us to "put 'er in 4 track in the yard," to which I replied, "Which one's 4 track?" Our student trips hadn't included the all-but-abandoned Eldon yard, so I didn't know which one it was . . . a fact the Milwaukee crew instantly noted.

The quick-thinking "op" said, "Just take it real easy and I'll drive around and line it up and pick you up at the west end." Looking across at the now incredulous Milwaukee crew, I said, "I've never been in the yard before." I'm sure they were thinking, *We've been in the hands of an idiot this whole time*, but they were polite enough not to say anything.

It was quite a feat for the operator to get around and line us up. All we had to do was continue going straight ahead on the main line, cross the Des Moines Riv-

er, go a short distance to the absolute signal that governed the yard entrance switch, and we were there. But he had to drive through town, cross the river, come back down on the west side, hop out, and line the switches. It was a good thing he did, too, because if we had simply lined ourselves up for what appeared to be 4 track, we'd have found ourselves on a track that just disappeared part way in and had been torn up beyond. We'd have been lucky not to go on the ground, giving those poor tired sister roads, the Rock and the Milwaukee, another mess to pick up. Thus ended my first pay trip.

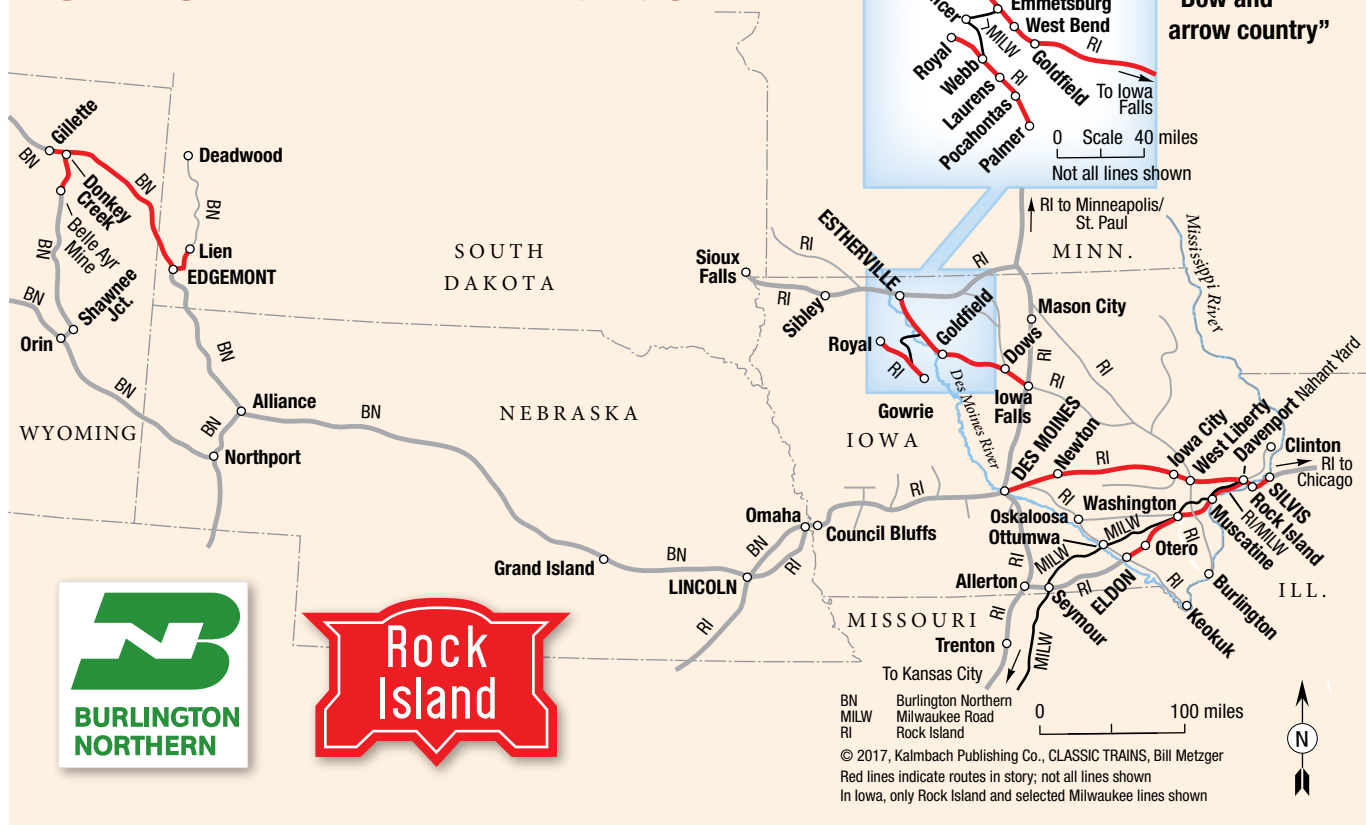
Miserable in Muscatine

The Eldon extra board also covered the yard jobs at Muscatine, Iowa, where there was not much of a yard but rather a collection of odd tracks and some big customers providing the Rock Island a lot of business. The city was always one of the top revenue producers for the Rock. In the '70s, HON Industries, Monsanto, Grain Processing Corp., and some other big shippers kept things hopping.

However, if there was ever a remote suburb of Hell for a railroader to work in, Muscatine qualified. It was full of blind curves, bad track, and tricky spots where a switchman had to know where to stand to be seen passing signals, and if on the train, you had to know where to look for him. The town was also memorable for another aggravation, mayflies,

Had we simply lined ourselves into what appeared to be "4 track" in the yard, we'd have found ourselves on a track that just disappeared part way in and had been torn up beyond.

AUTHOR'S "BOOMING" SITES IN THE MID-1970s



which were everywhere and in everything when in season. It didn't take me long to get my fill of Muscatine.

The Missouri Division was also where I learned how to "fan" the brake valve on a 26L-equipped unit to control the train through a 10-mph slow order at the bottom of a sag. There were a lot of these on the line from Nahant (Davenport's yard) to Eldon, since it crossed the drainage pattern of southeastern Iowa streams, which flowed to the Mississippi River at right angles to the railroad. The entire line was interesting in that you could see how John Dow Farrington, the Rock's post-Depression rebuild, thought that this is where the money would be.

The line boasted many 6,000-foot passing sidings and CTC signaling. A lot of Farrington's work in realigning and relocating the track involved big fills at the bottom of these valleys, and unfortunately these fills tended to be unstable at their lowest points, in my time necessitating a lot of slow orders. Since the Rock's diesels didn't have dynamic brakes, you had to do something different to stay close to 10 mph, as the en-

gines' brakes alone wouldn't hold most trains. By setting and releasing the brakes about three times in quick succession — you released the train brakes and waited just long enough to feel the train start to pick up speed, then moved the automatic brake handle just far enough to get a whisper of exhaust from the brake valve — you wound up with enough undercharged released brakes to be able to pull the train through the sag at close to 10 mph. It wasn't a recommended practice, but it worked, and knowledge of it was a valuable tool.

Quiet little Eldon, population about 1,000 in 1975, was the home terminal for crews working east to Silvis, but was the away-from-home terminal for crews working up from Trenton, Mo., the first crew-change point out of Kansas City. A one-story concrete-block building across from the Eldon depot served as a crew dormitory. We on the extra board were allowed to stay there, as there was no other lodging in town. Thus it became a refuge for me when I tired of chucking rocks into the Des Moines River off the Rock Island's bridge. I couldn't afford

the almost round-the-clock poker, blackjack, euchre, or cribbage games in the day room, and in those days TV reception there was pretty poor. One notable thing, though, was that the beds all were made up with Pullman bedding, including those wonderful wool blankets with the art deco "Pullman" logo on them. I sure wish I had a couple of them now.

After 12 weeks or so, with the detours gone, my first adventure in booming ended. It was back to signing weekly unemployment cards, painting models, and doing whatever else to keep body and soul together until better times returned.

Estherville: life in the slow lane

"Hello. . . Oh, hi Homer. . . Where? . . . Estherville? . . . OK, who do I talk to when I get there?"

This was roughly how my end of the conversation went when Homer Day called me in September. The Eldon gig had ended soon after the Fourth of July. I wasn't married at the time, so I could make it on unemployment, but life wasn't plush. In Iowa, record corn crops and Russian grain sales meant corn on



In January '80, train 340 works the Co-Op siding at Dows, Iowa. "I spent a lot of time on the 1341," Lasher recalls. "The GP18s were good engines, but had one flaw. With the throttle in notch 2 . . . everything in the cab would join in an aggravating cacophony of sympathetic vibration."

Paul D. Schneider

the ground — mountains of it — that couldn't be moved fast enough. Hence there was a shortage of train crews, and I was glad to go.

Estherville, today with a population declining toward 6,000, was a metropolis compared with Eldon. A county seat, Estherville is in Iowa's northwest corner, an area known locally as the Iowa Great Lakes, the largest being Spirit Lake. As far as the railroad was concerned, it may as well have been on another planet. (In the first of three features in *TRAINS*, former Rock Island dispatcher Edward J. Brunner in the July 1980 issue introduced readers to the railroaders' term for all the Rock's northwest Iowa branches, roughly between Iowa Falls and Estherville: "Bow and Arrow Country.")

The Rock did have a small yard and tiny engine terminal in Estherville, on the bank of the Des Moines River (yes, same one as at Eldon). The track gauge was indeed 4 feet 8½ inches, more or less

(mostly more), and that was its only claim to anything I'd known. Estherville crews didn't go on "runs," they went on "voyages," up to three days at a time, and mostly at 10 mph. This could be brutal in the winter. It should tell you something that the natives were more enthusiastic about winter sports than summer activities, and almost every vehicle in Estherville had a block heater cord dangling from its grille.

Voyage on a sea of corn

A prime example of a three-day voyage was to service the remains of the old "Gowrie line" to the south. Day 1: Estherville to Emmetsburg on the "trunk" toward Iowa Falls, then west on the Milwaukee Road by trackage rights to a junction just east of Spencer, then south on another Milwaukee line to Webb to re-enter home rails, the remnant of a Rock branch that used to go on southeast to, yes, Gowrie, and eventually Des

Moines. With some luck, you'd tie up at Palmer, by that time the end of track. Total miles: about 85.

Day 2: Backtracking from Palmer, you'd go north through Pocahontas, Ware, Laurens, and Webb, and on to end of track at Royal. Beyond Webb but well before reaching Royal you crossed the Little Sioux River on an old, weathered-to-a-light-gray, high and shaky timber trestle that made you hope your life insurance was paid up. We'd go back south and leave the train at Webb, then ride in a carry-all back to a motel in Laurens.

Day 3: This one wasn't too bad if all went well. You retraced your route from Webb up the Milwaukee to near Spencer and east to home rails at Emmetsburg, then returned north to Estherville to tie up — usually a short day, only 8 to 10 hours, to cover about 55 miles.

The 110-mile "main line" from Iowa Falls to Estherville was mostly 90-lb. rail, re-tied and resurfaced with the help of loans from the state of Iowa. The Rock Island had regained a lot of the grain business by offering unit-train pricing on lots of 54 cars (the most the larger elevators at the time could practically load). If a shipper couldn't load 54 he could bud-

Estherville crews didn't go on "runs," they went on "voyages." They'd be gone up to three days at a time, mostly at 10 mph. Day 3 on the Palmer trip was "short," 10 hours if all went well.

dy up with another elevator and load 27 and get the same rate. The day before the speed limit was to be raised from 10 mph to 25, though, a grain train put 10 or 12 loads on the ground at Goldfield, about 50 miles south of Emmetsburg, and that was the end of any talk of raising the speed limit. Maximum was 10 mph almost everywhere, and sometimes it took nerve to do that.

That “speed” had many drawbacks. Consider the tall elevator at West Bend, which could be seen for miles. We often stopped to eat at West Bend, and going south, as you rounded a curve the elevator came into view ahead on a 10-mile tangent. Trouble was, at 10 mph it took an hour to get there. It was amazing how much hungrier you could get watching that elevator for an hour.

Abiding by one's own rules

In such lonely territory, rules observance was casual at best. Take pheasant hunting. I was fireman on a crew whose engineer carried a Marlin 22/410 over-and-under breakdown gun in his grip, and he and the two brakemen would ride the front platform of the lead Geep and shoot at pheasants from the train while I ran. Once when we had slowed to a fast walk, sure enough, one of the brakemen hit one. He jumped off, got the bird, and reboarded the rear of the lead unit. Walking forward with his trophy in hand, he opened the rear cab door, came in, and, intent on resuming the hunt, left the bird in the cab with me. But it wasn't dead. Needless to say, I was not happy being left alone with a large, half dead, flopping and flapping pheasant.

That casual rules observance gave me one of the closest calls I ever had. At the Milwaukee-Rock Island diamond in Emmetsburg, the crossing was not interlocked, likely owing to the infrequent traffic on both lines. “STOP” boards were deemed sufficient. On this trip, we were southbound and had stopped north of Emmetsburg to leave our train in the country to go into town “light engine” for beans. When finished, we returned north to recouple to our train.

Now, we should have sent someone ahead to flag the Milwaukee crossing since we didn't have a clear view of it, but the engineer just kept going. I was working as fireman and still on the second unit after restarting it. As we hit the diamond, I was startled by a loud “BAMP, BAMP, BAMP!” from a single-chime air horn and looked to my right to see a headlight, looking as big as a full moon,

aimed directly at me! It was on an orange-and-black F unit shuddering to a stop. Apparently the eastbound Milwaukee train had just started from his halt at the stop board when the engineer saw us and “plugged it.” I'm sure quite a bit of unprintable verbiage was directed our way. I looked ahead at our lead unit to see my engineer was oblivious to it all, this being his normal state when not hunting pheasant. After that, the Emmetsburg Milwaukee Road crossing got a lot more respect from me.

To give credit where due, the Estherville trainmen were crackerjacks at re-railing cars. If only a wheel or two was off, they could scrounge timber, tie plates, etc., and more often than not, get the errant vehicle of common-carrier transportation back on top of the rail where it belonged. To some extent this was simple self-preservation, since any help would have to come from Estherville or Iowa Falls (both hours away), prolonging an already arduous voyage.

A last thought about Estherville. The railroad put me up at the Gardston Hotel, undoubtedly what had passed for elegance in the small town in the distant

past but by 1975 a dowager. You could just hear the old girl sneering *à la* Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*, “I am big. It's the pictures that got small.” This was before cable TV, so all that was available were two stations and the reception was not great. One of them was in Mankato, Minn., and as I remember, was good for *Friday Night Polka Hour*, *Saturday Afternoon Polka Hour*, *Saturday Night Polka Jamboree*, and *Sunday Afternoon Polka Fest*, which was followed later by, what else, *Sunday Night Polka Hour*. Fortunately the Gardston had a nice bar staffed by a pleasant woman bartender who helped considerably to get one over the “Polka shakes.”

Go west, young man

Railroad jobs were scarce in the mid-'70s. Most roads had been furloughing employees in the recession that followed the oil embargo. Burlington Northern was the exception because of the Powder River Basin coal explosion, and Alliance, Nebr., was the center of the action. It was the Big Rock Candy Mountain of legend and a certifiable boomer haven, drawing men from all over the country and Can-



Toddling along for most of a day at 10 mph in flat territory on straight track had its drawbacks.

Steve Lasher



Led by 5812, GE U30Cs ease to a stop for a crew change at the Edgemont depot in August 1975 with a trainload of Powder River Basin coal.

Nick Tharalson



BN's coal boom is under way. In 1975 we look west on the loading loop lead for the expanding AMAX Bell Ayr mine south of Gillette, Wyo., at the time the south end of the "coal line."

Steve Lasher

ada too. Thus, after talking to a few friends on the Rock and seeing the end of my Estherville gig coming, I contacted BN's personnel manager at Alliance.

"Well," I was told, "we're not hiring people for our engineer training program right now, but we are hiring brakemen and it should be easy to transfer to engine service later if you want." With that, the Fourth of July 1976 found me driving across Nebraska to Alliance.

After a short interview and filling out the required forms, I was sent to the company doctor's office for a physical. A typical Old West sawbones, his only comment was, "Their standards sure aren't what they used to be." He passed me, though, and sent me back with the completed forms in hand.

I was told to report to Edgemont, S.Dak., for assignment to the extra board. Because I had some experience,

BN felt no training of any kind was needed other than giving me a copy of *The Consolidated Code of Rules*, a switch key, and a lantern. Since your seniority started with your first trip, I made for Edgemont post haste.

Seeing tumbleweed rolling down what passed for Edgemont's dusty main street let me know I had arrived in the Great American West. The clerk marked me up and told me what was available for lodging. Since it was a home terminal, I was responsible for my own lodging, but the only real choices were two large rooming houses right in town (not that you could get far out of town and find anything but sagebrush). Neither had air conditioning, so I was introduced to evaporative ("swamp") coolers, not great and with only a single large one at the end of a long hall for the whole second floor. Late that evening the callboy — yes, an honest-to-God live person — showed up to give me a call to dog-catch an eastbound that had died at Dewey, the first siding west of Edgemont. My BN career was under way.

Coal traffic: a mixed blessing

The BN found the Powder River Basin traffic explosion to be a mixed blessing. On one hand, money from coal revenue was rolling in. On the other, money was rolling out into an apparently bottomless pit for new locomotives and new employees, plus trying to remake what had been

Because I had some experience, BN felt no training of any kind was needed other than giving me a copy of *The Consolidated Code of Rules*, a switch key, and a lantern.

a secondary, two-trains-a day, timetable-and-train-order main line into a heavy-duty route before the coal traffic beat it to pieces.

BN got most of the ballast for these improvements from a quarry at a place called Lien Pit. With only a short siding and two long tracks into the quarry, Lien was literally on a mountainside in the middle of nowhere on the branch north to Deadwood in the heart of the Black Hills. Three or four times a week, a Lien turn ran out of Edgemont with 60 ballast hopper cars to be loaded.

One morning I was called to work a Lien turn and, because the senior man (hired a few weeks earlier than me) wanted to work the head end, I wound up with the conductor on the waycar. We had three ex-Northern Pacific U25Cs, and leaving Edgemont we almost immediately hit the grade into the hills with our 60 cars, but since they were empties the U25s handled the train easily. It was quite a sight, as in several places our engines were visible from the rear climbing the mountainside in the opposite direction. A little farther on, we were doing about 25 mph, clinging to a canyon wall with a steep rock wall to our right and nothing but thin air to our left for several hundred feet down into the canyon.

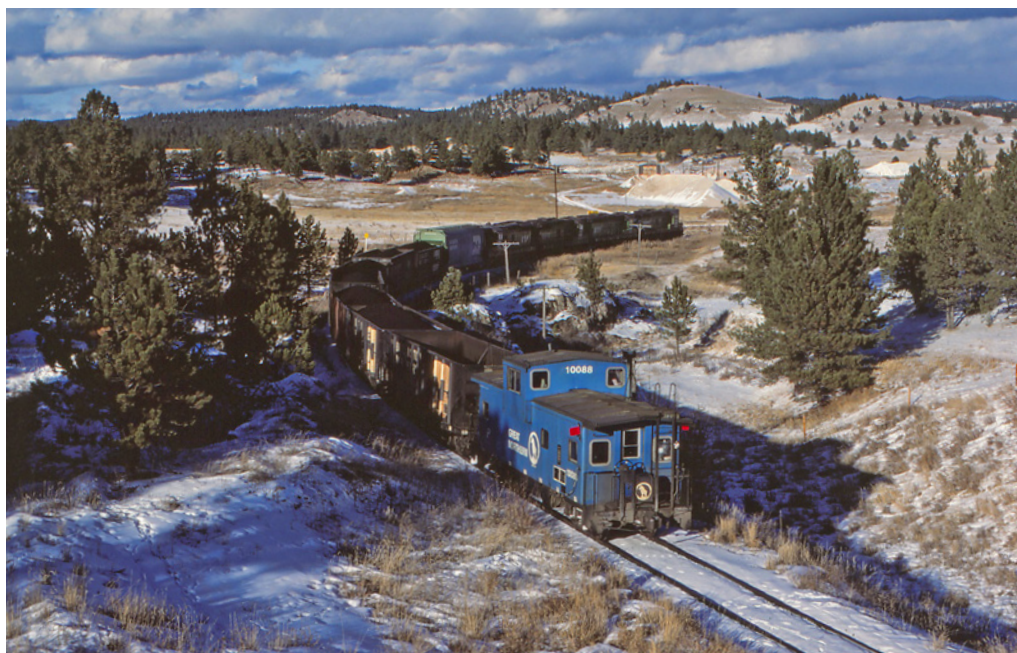
I was riding in the cupola on the right side when, going around a right-hand curve, the empty ballast cars ahead started doing a wild dance. I was in the process of hollering down to the conductor, who was talking to a section foreman, who was riding with a couple of his men to some remote spot, when the caboose went “WHAM, WHAM, KAH-WHAM, WHAM.” After radioing the head end to stop the train, we gingerly backed up to find a rail, on the inside of the curve, broken down to the web with about a two-foot chunk of the head lying out to the side. Nothing had derailed, but if the break had been on the outside rail and the rear end had derailed and gone down into the canyon . . . well, you wouldn’t be reading this story.

For me, it only took a couple of months for the “glamour” of the Great American West to wear off. I found myself parked a remote siding, sitting in a caboose in Wyoming waiting six-plus hours for a maintenance-of-way window to expire, thinking that General Custer surely picked one lonesome place to die and wondering why had we expended so much energy to steal this land from the Native Americans in the first place. I suppose the answer lay literally buried in



The operator at Dewey, first siding out of Edgemont, holds orders up for a westbound empty. Note the condition of the unrebuilt track ahead, and piles of new ties waiting to be installed.

Steve Lasher



A Deadwood Branch train heads north behind four SD9s in February 1977. Just ahead is Loring Hill, the first of four 3 percent grades the crew will encounter en route to Deadwood.

Nick Tharalson

the ground waiting to be extracted, but I’d had enough and headed back to the Quad Cities area and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific out of Silvis. Having “seen the elephant,” I was glad to head home. Ahead lay the end of the Rock Island and a move to Texas and the Cotton Belt, a boomer haven in its own right, but a tale for another time. ■

STEVE LASHER, who wrote about his late-1970s Rock Island experiences in “57” in Winter 2013 CLASSIC TRAINS, grew up in Cleveland, Ohio, then moved to Kentucky; he graduated from Murray (Ky.) State University in 1973. He took a Cotton Belt buyout in 1987 and moved to Louisville, where he is a Registered Nurse. He and wife Bonnie live close by in Indiana.

CRUISING

San Francisco Bay

with the **RAILROAD NAVY**

Vessels of the SP, WP, and Santa Fe thrilled
a boy from Oakland in the 1950s

By James E. Valle





WP steam tug *Hercules* backs into the fog at Oakland with a barge of freight cars for San Francisco on December 1, 1940.

Author Valle's favorite SP ferry, the *Sacramento*, paddles away from Oakland with the Bay Bridge in the background.

Inset, Don Gunn; main photo, Tom Lewis, John R. Signor collection





In a circa 1950 view from SP headquarters on Market Street in San Francisco, one of the road's steamboats approaches the Ferry Building.

Southern Pacific, John R. Signor collection



The ferry *Berkeley* stands at SP's Oakland Mole rail-marine terminal in November 1957. The following year, the railroad closed the pier and discontinued ferry service to San Francisco.

Tom Lewis, John R. Signor collection

Born in Oakland, Calif., in 1943, I grew up in the last years of the steam era in the San Francisco Bay Area. My father held a license as a second assistant engineer for "steam vessels of any horsepower upon any waters." He was also a lover of steam locomotives, the bigger the better. The result was that while other fathers took their sons to the park or to the zoo, my father took me to the waterfront to visit ships and to Southern Pacific's Oakland Mole depot to see the trains entering and leaving the vast wooden trainshed that served everything from transcontinental

streamliners to lowly local accommodations. More often than not, these outings included a voyage across the bay on one of SP's fleet of double-ended ferries.

By this time, of course, the golden age of ferry-boating on the Bay was gone, done in by the two massive highway bridges that had opened in the 1930s. Still, the SP maintained a regular service across the Bay between the Mole and the Ferry Building, a run of approximately 4 miles that the ferries traversed in about 45 minutes, powered by their ancient but dependable walking-beam engines. Once these boats had carried hordes of commuters and a considerable number of au-

tomobiles, but by the time I was old enough to ride they were reduced to transporting San Francisco-bound passengers disembarking from the many passenger trains that came into the SP Mole. The ferries also carried long strings of baggage carts loaded with luggage and mail, plus the occasional deck passengers who, for a modest fee, could enjoy a scenic boat ride with splendid views of the Bay Bridge, Yerba Buena Island, and the San Francisco skyline.

For a wide-eyed youngster, these routine voyages were anything but dull. The surviving boats were SP's largest and most impressive. When leaving the slip amid the jangling of bells, the deep-toned blast of the whistle, and the sloshing of the massive paddle wheels in the confined waters of the piers, it seemed to me like the embarkation of a major expedition. The arrival on the opposite shore featured more bell signals, more sloshing as the mighty wheels thrashed in reverse, and a great carooming as the hull ground first against one side of the slip and then the other. The massive timbers that lined the pier groaned, and the forest of pilings that supported them flexed and rebounded as the boat centered itself in the slip and the deck crew lowered the ramp and made fast their mooring lines. Strong, tricky currents along the water-

front were responsible for these rugged landings, and I enjoyed them no end.

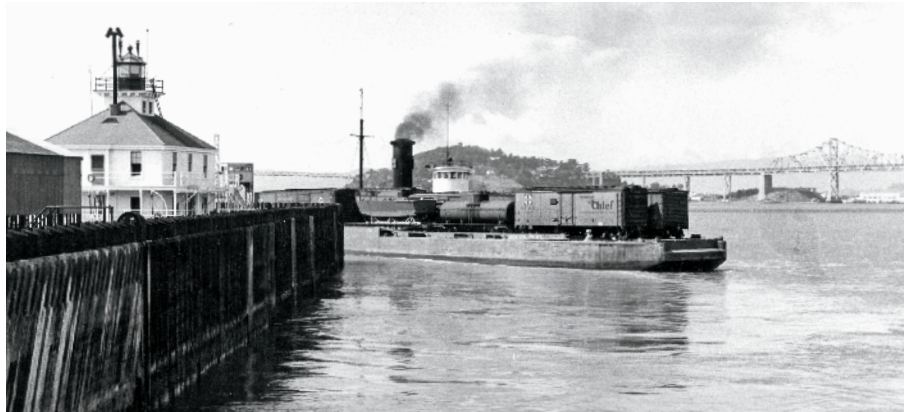
Once ashore, the thing to do was to go to the second floor of the Ferry Building and view the giant diorama of the entire state of California. Since the state is about 1,000 miles long, the diorama took the entire width of the massive building to accommodate it. There was never enough time to completely absorb it before it was time to get back on the ferry for the return trip to Oakland, then some more train-watching before heading back home.

Although I admired all the SP ferries, one was my hands-down favorite. This was the *Sacramento*, and the reason I liked her so much was that she had a glassed-in engine-room casing. From the upper deck I could look down into the very bowels of the engine room. The massive walking-beam engine thrust the piston and connecting rod of its single cylinder upward to lift the white-painted, diamond-shaped beam, which was mounted atop a heavily built A-frame. At the other end of the beam was an even longer and larger connecting rod plunging up and down with its lower end vanishing between the two webs of an enormous crank.

All of these components oscillated in a ponderous, stately rhythm of perfect synchronicity before my wondering eyes. Although the engine put out only perhaps 20 revolutions per minute, the large diameter of the two paddle wheels multiplied the speed at which the many buckets affixed to the ends of the spokes moved through the water. The result was that the boat skipped along at a respectable 20 knots and quickly completed its journey — too quickly for my taste!

Although my father had given up seafaring after a dredger he was working on was rammed and sunk by a freighter, he always kept his license and union card current, so when he saw how excited I was about the engine, he took me down to the lower deck and talked our way onto the control platform. Here was a cacophony of whooshing steam and vacuum, the clattering of valve linkages, and the beat of the mighty piston in its tall vertical cylinder.

The valve linkages were polished steel, and the gauges gleamed in their brass casings. Some bells jangled, and Dad and



Boat on rail on water: WP tug *Humaconna* moves away from Oakland in the late 1940s lashed to a barge loaded with reefers, tank cars, boxcars — and a flatcar carrying a boat!

Richard Steinheimer

I stood well back while the engineer deftly caught the engine in mid-stroke, inserted a long steel bar into its receptacle, and manually reset the valves to reverse the mighty mill. When the landing was complete and things quieted down, Dad explained how the same rod would be used to start the engine up again. This time the engineer would use the rod to pry open the port admitting steam to the valve chest. The engine would begin to move and the engineer would then pry open the valve at the other end of the valve chest to make a full revolution. This manual working of the valves was repeated until the engine had gained enough momentum to sustain itself, whereupon the engineer engaged the valve linkages, a process referred to as “hooking her up,” and worked her up to cruising RPM, balancing the ratio of steam to vacuum with his throttle wheel. It was a precise and ticklish process that called for dexterity and long experience, and no small amount of muscle.

It would have been wonderful if these expeditions could have gone on forever, but it was not to be. My father succumbed to a massive heart attack on Christmas Day 1954, and a few years later most of the ferries stopped running. I became a “fatherless boy,” something of a rarity in our neighborhood then. I also had the reputation of being crazy about ships and trains. My mother did her best, taking me to Albany Hill to watch SP trains running along the Bayshore line and planning trips on the SP and Western Pacific to visit friends and relatives in

various places in California.

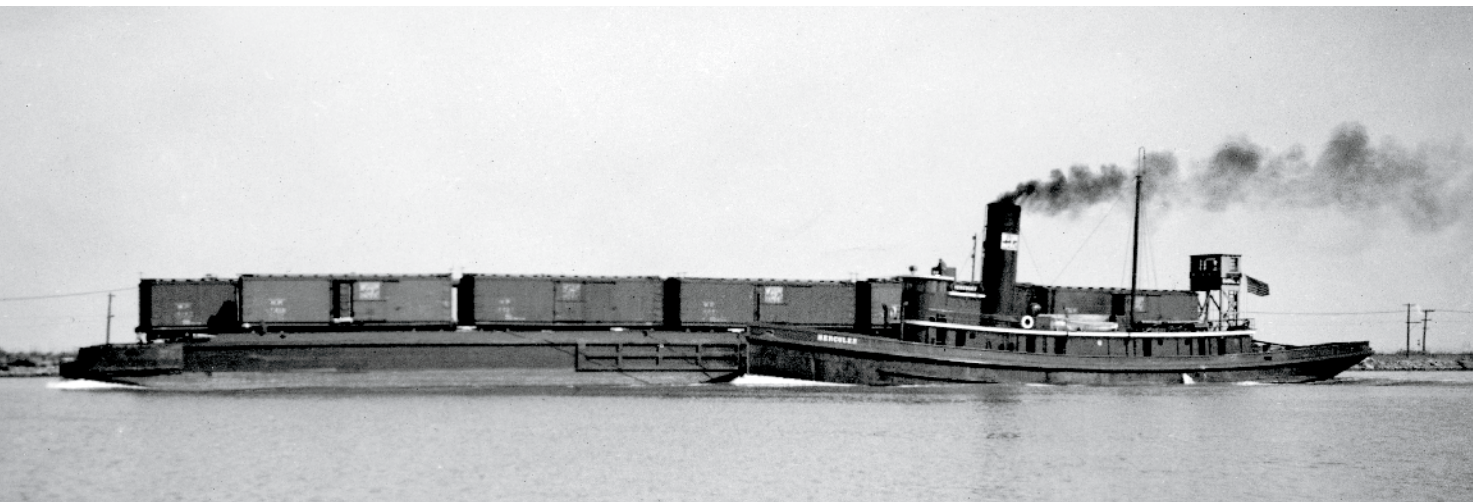
One of her friends was Mrs. Harold Lampman, whose husband, Captain Lampman, was “Commodore” of Western Pacific’s fleet of tugs and barges that plied between the WP terminal at the mouth of the Oakland Estuary and the road’s small yard at 25th Street in South San Francisco. The Lampmans had a son, Billy, who was about my age, and so it was arranged that the Captain would take us for a ride from San Francisco to Oakland and back on one of the WP’s tugs hauling a carfloat.

Captain Lampman was by all accounts a pretty colorful character. He had first gone to sea during World War I, quickly qualified as a Master Mariner, and had made himself an excellent reputation as a pilot and tugboat captain on Puget Sound and along the West Coast. He was particularly adept at towing large rafts of logs, a job that called for expert seamanship and piloting skills. During the 1930s he hired out with the WP as a ferryboat captain and tug master.

His career was not without incident. On May 6, 1933, the massive wooden trainshed that covered the Key System’s Oakland ferry terminal caught fire. The terminal sat at the end of a long pier. Realizing there must be people in danger of being trapped by the fire, Captain Lampman diverted the WP ferry he was commanding from its regular route to the burning pier and evacuated a large contingent of employees and commuters. The pier was completely destroyed.

Six years later Captain Lampman had another occasion to display quick thinking and initiative when his tugboat, in thick fog, was rammed and sunk by a freighter at the entrance to the Oakland Estuary. By a deft maneuver, he was able to run the stricken vessel ashore so the

For a wide-eyed youngster, the routine voyages of SP’s steam ferryboats were anything but dull.



Hercules, the older of WP's two steam tugs, shepherds a barge of boxcars in October 1938. She survives on display near Fisherman's Wharf.

CLASSIC TRAINS collection

crew could escape before she sank.

I knew none of this on that beautiful summer morning when the three of us arrived at WP's San Francisco yard. I remember being struck by the archaic ambience of the place with its ancient wooden office and other facilities, including the carfloat slip and apron hoist. Most intriguing of all were three carfloats, two wooden and one steel, with orange hulls and silver pilohouses equipped with massive steering wheels.

Also present were two large tugboats, the *Humaconna* and the *Hercules*. They sported large black funnels marking them as steam-powered tugs — the very

last on San Francisco Bay. The *Hercules* was the older of the two, having been built on the East Coast and sailed around Cape Horn before the opening of the Panama Canal. The *Humaconna* was approximately 10 years younger, being built in Superior, Wis., in 1919 and put to work hauling log booms on Puget Sound for the Merrill & Ring Lumber Co. She had come to the Western Pacific fleet in 1939 as a replacement for the boat lost in the collision with the freighter. Unlike more modern harbor tugs, the *Humaconna* had a long, graceful hull and an elegant sheer line that marked her as intended for coastwise and deep-sea tow-

ing. She had been modified for railroad work by having her pilohouse raised one deck higher than her original configuration. She was already lashed alongside barge No. 3, which was loaded with freight cars and ready to go.

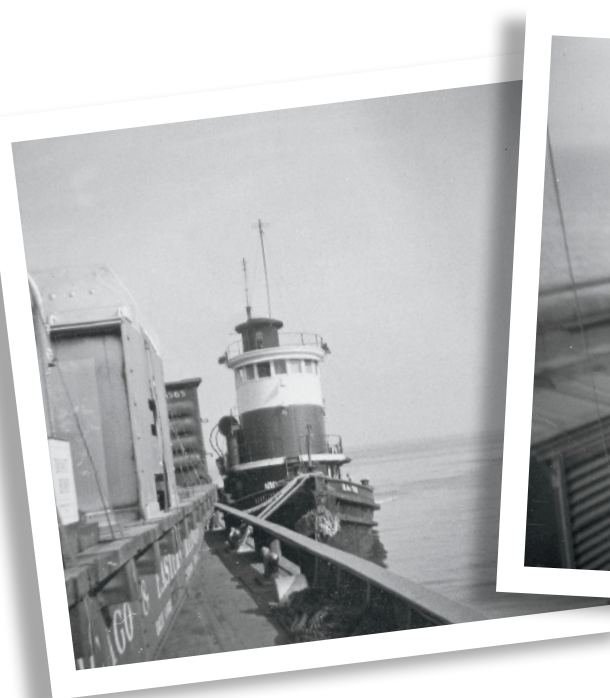
A jovial Captain Lampman escorted us on board and introduced us to the Mate, a dour Scandinavian in worn work clothes topped by the cloth hat known on the waterfront as a "Harry Lundberg Stetson."

"Now, you boys can go anywhere you want," said the Captain as he disappeared in the direction of his cabin on the upper deck. As soon as he was out of sight, the Mate addressed us in a heavy accent.

"You poys stay down on main deck," he commanded. The expression on his face clearly conveyed that he meant business. Then he headed for the pilohouse

Three photos from Valle's day aboard WP's *Humaconna* show the tug with barge No. 3. The middle view is from the roof of the wheelhouse — before the ship's Mate ruined the fun.

Three photos, James E. Valle





The sleek diesel ferry *Las Plumas* replaced WP's old steam tugs and barges in 1957; she sailed for 11½ more years after this April 1967 photo.

Gordon Glattenberg

and, with the familiar jangling of the engine-room telegraph, we were under way. The *Humaconna* backed her barge clear of the slip, executed a half-circle pivot, and settled down for the leisurely cruise to WP's Oakland terminal.

Reasoning that the Captain had given us full permission to explore the vessel and that the Mate would be busy in the pilothouse, Billy and I set out to look around. The bay was as calm as glass and the sun was shining brightly — a perfect day. I had brought along my camera, a cheap model that my mother got for opening a bank account somewhere, so I began to snap pictures. Looking to capture an image of the funnel with the Western Pacific emblem, I climbed onto a lifeboat cover and lay on my back pointing upward. I could see the Mate through the rear window of the wheelhouse, looking resolutely ahead. Thinking myself safe, I snapped the picture. When I got back off the lifeboat, I discovered that my whole backside was covered with soot! That lifeboat had lain in its chocks undisturbed for years, perhaps decades, accumulating crud from the funnel.

As we continued along the upper deck, I chanced to look in the open door of the Captain's cabin. There, to my surprise, I glimpsed him sitting at his desk in full khaki uniform complete with shoulder boards, doing paperwork. Looking back on it, I think he must have been working on wheel reports, which he was responsible for just like the conductor of a freight train.

Billy and I plotted our next adventure. There was a ladder running up the back of the wheelhouse to a kind of flying bridge fully three decks above the main deck. Scrambling up, we discov-

ered a low railing around a semi-circular deck — the roof of the wheelhouse — that also accommodated a searchlight and a radio mast. What a vantage point! We lay on our stomachs enjoying the view and talking excitedly. Suddenly we heard a bellow from behind us. The Mate had come out of the pilothouse!

"What th' dam' hal you poys doing up there? Get to hal back down on main deck where you belong!" I was really scared, but Billy decided to pull rank. "My dad said we could go anywhere we wanted!" With that the Mate really exploded, but Billy stuck to his guns. Things got even louder and the Mate's accent grew noticeably thicker. I decided that as a guest I should probably get out of the line of fire, so I climbed down the ladder and lit out for the main deck.

By now we were approaching the Oakland slip, and the Mate went back into the wheelhouse. Captain Lampman came out of his cabin, and as soon as the *Humaconna* made fast, we went ashore. He was in a good mood and gave no indication that he was aware of what had gone on between the Mate and us. An Alco S1 switch engine pushing three flatcars — idler cars to keep the engine off the apron — began to unload the cars we had brought over from San Francisco. This was done in stages so as to keep the load on the barge as evenly distributed as possible. Meanwhile the *Humaconna* kept a steady pressure on the apron slip by working her engine slowly ahead.

Once the barge was unloaded, the

Alco broke a string of San Francisco-bound cars into three short cuts and carefully spotted them on board, starting with the center track and then each of the wing tracks. The entire process took about an hour, during which Captain Lampman explained to us the fine points of loading a carfloat. He also told us that WP's two steam tugs and three barges were living on borrowed time. The railroad had decided to upgrade its marine operation by ordering a radically new and different self-propelled, double-ended carferry. She was being built in Portland, Ore., and would arrive in the Bay Area sometime in the following year. Captain Lampman anticipated that bringing her down the coast and breaking her in would be his last job before he took his retirement.

With the barge fully loaded, we went back on board and the Mate backed us out of the slip and turned around for the return trip to San Francisco. Captain Lampman retired to his cabin for more paperwork, and Billy and I were left once more to our own devices. Billy chose to continue defying the Mate and went back up the ladder to the pilothouse roof. I stayed on the main deck and walked around, poking my nose into doorways and admiring the big towing winch at the after end of the deckhouse.

As I passed along the row of doorways, I came to one exuding heat, the smell of hot oil, and a distinct rhythmic thump-

I came to a doorway exuding heat, the smell of hot oil, and a rhythmic thumping — the engine room.

Close encounter with the Santa Fe



The *Paul P. Hastings*, pictured in 1963, was one of Santa Fe's three post-World War II diesel tugs and the last one active when the road ended marine operations in 1984.

Gordon Glattenberg

Some years after my day on the *Humaconna*, I joined the Sea Scouts, and this led to many interesting experiences, including contact with yet another of the San Francisco Bay railroad navies. Santa Fe had a large terminal to the north of Oakland in Richmond and, in order to serve customers in San Francisco and Alameda, the railroad maintained a fleet of modern diesel tugs and carfloats. The tugs were real brutes, larger and taller than regular harbor tugs. Their superstructures were painted “war-bonnet” red with the Santa Fe emblem on their stacks and the yellow “cat whiskers” emblem under the pilothouse windows. When you encountered them on the Bay, they tended to plow along without regard to the myriad pleasure craft that shared the waters with them.

On one occasion we had an opportunity to test this practice. Our Sea Scout vessel was a 105-foot ex-Army rescue boat. It didn't look much like a pleasure craft. The skipper was a strong-minded character and a stickler for the nautical Rules of the Road. During a cruise up the Bay we encountered a Santa Fe tug and barge headed for Richmond. We were in a crossing situation and, since we had them on our port hand, that gave us the right of way. Our skipper sounded the regulation one blast on the horn. Under the rules, the tug should have answered with one blast and altered course to pass astern of us. It did no such thing but continued to maintain its original course.

In those days the official Inland Rules of the Road were inflexible. In crossing situations, the privileged vessel had to maintain her course and speed. The relative size of the opposing craft had no bearing, and a tug with a tow had no special rights. Surely the pilot of the Santa Fe tug had been rigorously drilled on these points when he sat for his license, but he was not in the habit of applying them with regard to non-commercial traffic.

Our skipper tried one more time to exchange the proper crossing signals, but when this had no discernible effect, he unleashed his ultimate argument. He sounded four short blasts of the whistle — the universal danger signal. That got John Santa Fe's attention! There was a violent frothing under the tug's fantail as it went into reverse. As its momentum died away, several members of its crew came boiling out of the deckhouse to see what was causing this breach of their normal routine. They stood there scowling at us as we drew ahead and passed triumphantly in front of them. — *James E. Valle*

ing — the engine room. Here was a new place to explore, a place where it was unlikely the Mate would come looking.

I had spent most of the fifth and sixth grades reading sea stories by Howard Pease when I should have been listening to Mrs. West explaining long division. Pease had written a series of books for young readers, and some were set in the engine rooms of tramp steamers. Here was my chance to see for myself what I had been reading about! Gingerly I stepped onto the grating and climbed down the ladder to the control station.

The sight that greeted my eyes was wondrous. Three large piston rods and cranks worked up and down as they powered a heavy crankshaft that ran the length of the engine. Interspersed between the pistons were six eccentrics, two for each cylinder. All of this machinery was completely open to view as it moved in perfect harmony, converting the up-and-down stroke of the pistons into rotary motion to turn the propeller, while at the same time actuating the valves that admitted steam into the cylinders. Sitting in a battered old office chair to one side of the control platform was a white-haired gentleman in work khakis, serenely reading a newspaper. When I approached him to ask if I could look around, he was friendly and agreeable.

I began to pepper him with questions and, seeing he wasn't going to get any more reading done, he patiently answered my half-informed queries. The engine was a triple-expansion reciprocating mill of 1,250 h.p. fed by two oil-fired boilers located just forward of the engine room. As he talked, the engineer used a long-spouted oilcan to squirt lubricant onto the back of the crosshead guides. With the expertise born of long practice, he shot a dollop of oil into the grease cups on the crank webs and eccentrics, then casually stuck his hand into the whirling mass of machinery and felt the webs and bearing blocks. He explained to me that this was how you detected when something was running hotter than normal. To say that I was amazed and awed would be an understatement. How did a person ever learn to do something like that? I remained in the engine room for the rest of the trip, mesmerized by the pulsing of the eccentrics and the disciplined motions of the massive linkages that constituted the power train of an honest-to-goodness steam tugboat.

Eventually the engine room telegraph



Like Western Pacific and Santa Fe, Southern Pacific also floated freight cars across San Francisco Bay. In the mid-1950s at Tiburon — in Marin County north of the Golden Gate Bridge — GE 44-tonner No. 1902 loads a barge at the slip of SP subsidiary Northwestern Pacific.

Robert Hale

jangled, and the engineer moved to take over the throttle wheel and reverser. "You'd better go up on deck now," he said. "You'll be going ashore soon." I wanted to stay and watch him handle the controls, but he was right, so I did as he asked. While we glided into the slip, I joined the Captain and Billy as they waited on deck while the Mate completed his docking maneuver. By now Captain Lampman had changed back into his civilian clothes, and we left the *Humaconna* as soon as the dock lines were made fast. As we drove back to Oakland I felt like I had experienced the thrill of a lifetime that day, even if the *Humaconna's* crew saw it as just another day on the job, made slightly unusual by the presence of two pesky kids.

All too soon, the Captain's prediction about the new ferry came true. It arrived

in 1957 and, after a brief period on standby, the *Humaconna* and *Hercules* were disposed of. The *Hercules* drifted in limbo for some time before people with the San Francisco Maritime Museum and the National Park Service realized what a treasure she was. Taken in hand and completely refurbished, she now resides at the Maritime Historical Park at the foot of Hyde Street in San Francisco and sometimes steams around the bay, manned by a crew of volunteers. The *Humaconna* worked briefly for a private operator in the Bay Area, then returned to the Great Lakes. In the late 1970s she was completely rebuilt and remains in service as the diesel tug *Gregory J. Busch*. I haven't seen her since she left the Bay Area, but she lives on in my mind as one of the most vivid memories of my youth.

Today the railroad presence on San

Francisco Bay has all but vanished. The tugs and barges ceased to operate in the mid-1980s. The apron slips are either in ruins or gone. Only the mighty *Hercules* remains and, not far from her berth, the Embarcadero apron slip has been converted into a tourist promenade. But the memories of six decades ago remain, almost as fresh in my mind as the day they happened. ■

JAMES E. VALLE has received degrees from San Francisco State University, UCLA, and University of Delaware. He has published two books and numerous articles on maritime history and railroad-ing subjects, including two previous stories in CLASSIC TRAINS. Jim retired as a professor of history at Delaware State University in 2004. Married with two grown children, he lives in Dover, Del.

Change at Jamaica!

The station at Jamaica, on the west end of Long Island in New York's Borough of Queens, has always been the heart of the Long Island Rail Road. Chartered in 1834, the LIRR became a Pennsylvania Railroad subsidiary in 1900. Major improvements followed, including third-rail electrification of LIRR's busiest lines, elevation and expansion of the facilities at Jamaica, and access to PRR's Penn Station in Manhattan. The LIRR soon became the nation's busiest commuter railroad. The road's main shops were at Morris Park, just east of Jamaica.

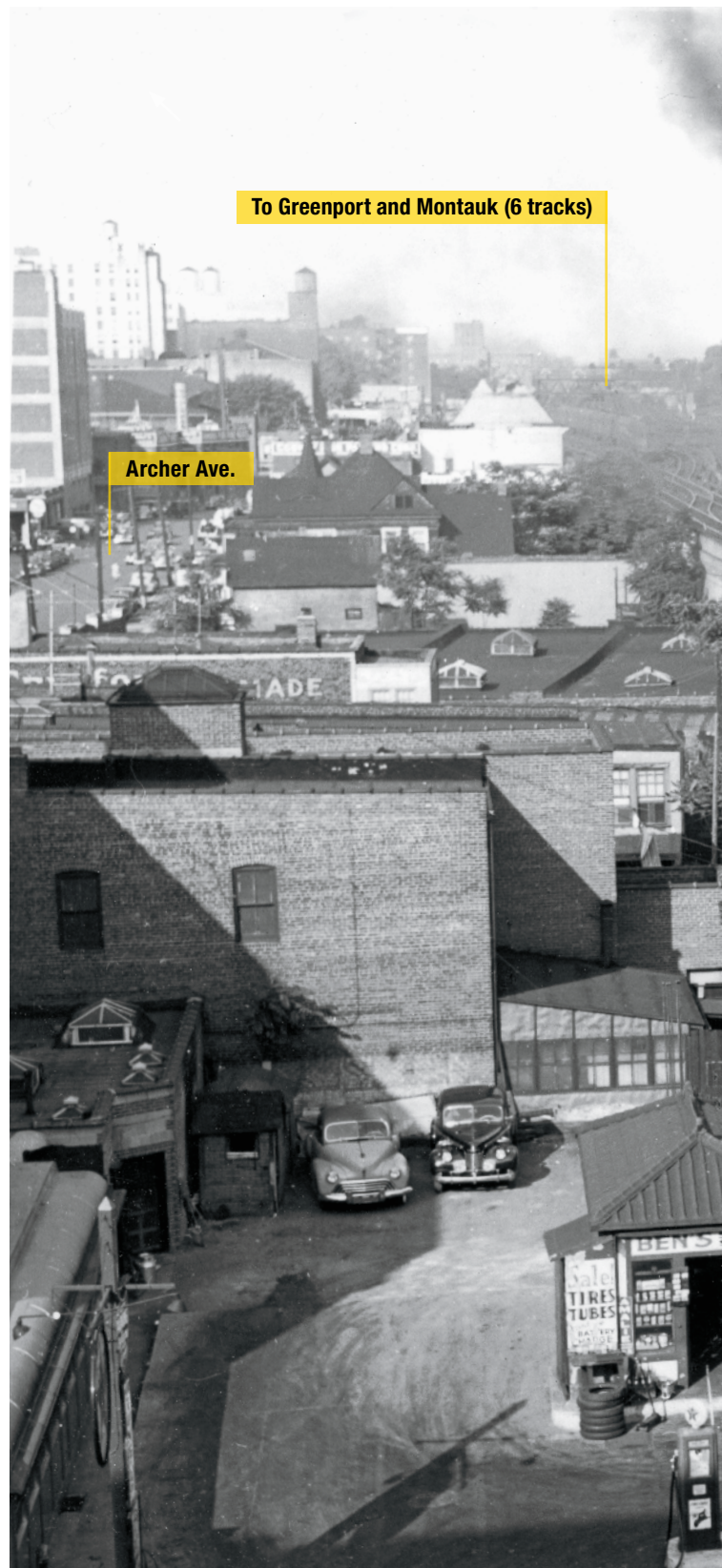
Trains from the LIRR's three New York-area terminals converged at Jamaica carrying passengers bound for points on eight lines to the east. In the 1950s, about half of the 55,000 commuters that passed through during each rush hour changed trains here, and a train arrived or departed every 30 seconds. The complex transfer system was developed by Henry W. Thornton, general superintendent of the LIRR in the 1910s (and, later, president of Canadian National — see page 60). The "Change at Jamaica!" ritual took place on five high-level platforms served by eight tracks.

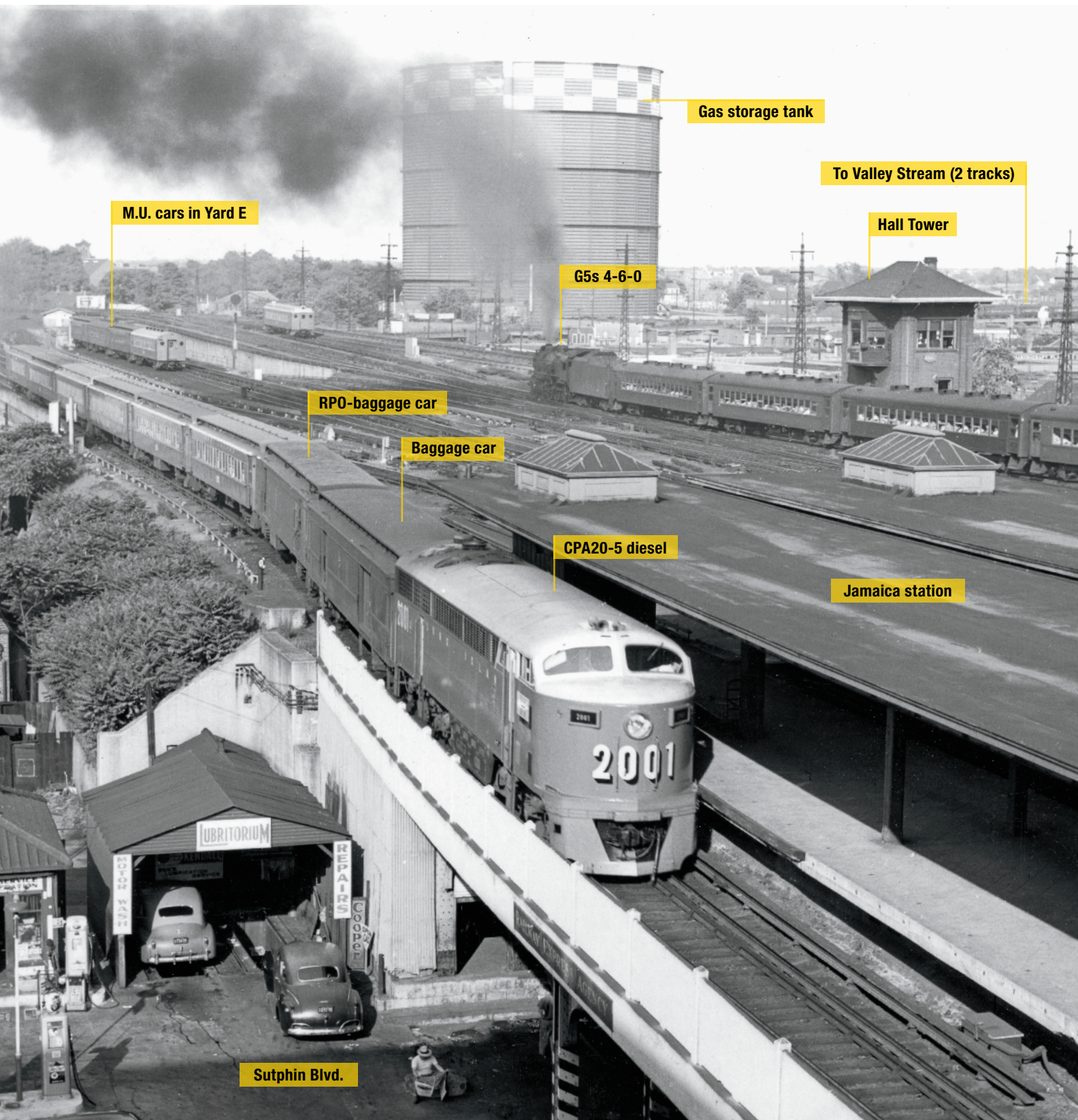
This view looking east is from the LIRR's General Office Building located on the north side of the tracks. The photo was likely taken in mid-1950 immediately following the arrival of the road's first Fairbanks-Morse C-Line diesel locomotives, painted gray. The lack of traffic on the streets suggests that this is a weekend or holiday. The service station at the bottom seems not busy, and the vendor pushing a cart across Sutphin Boulevard does not seem to be in much of a hurry.

The photo is symbolic of changing times in showing the arrival of diesels, epitomized by CPA20-5 No. 2001 — LIRR's first road diesel — which is leading a westbound train into the station's Track 1, and the going away of steam, represented by a PRR-designed and -built G5s Ten-Wheeler pulling out with an eastbound. The steam era on the LIRR ended in October 1955. Fairbanks-Morse must have been pleased with this image, as the company used it in ads in the November 18, 1950, issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* and December 1950 *TRAINS*. All cars visible are variants of the 60-foot P54 coach that formed the backbone of the LIRR fleet.

New York State bought the LIRR in 1965, and today the property is named MTA Long Island Rail Road. The gas tank on the south side of the tracks, whose top is painted to warn aircraft using nearby Idlewild (now JFK) airport, has been gone for decades. Hall Tower still stands, albeit as a remote interlocking controlled from the nearby Jamaica Control Center. And tens of thousands of commuters still change at Jamaica every day. — *John Krattinger*

JOHN KRATTINGER is a longtime resident of western Long Island.





Lewis A. Harlow



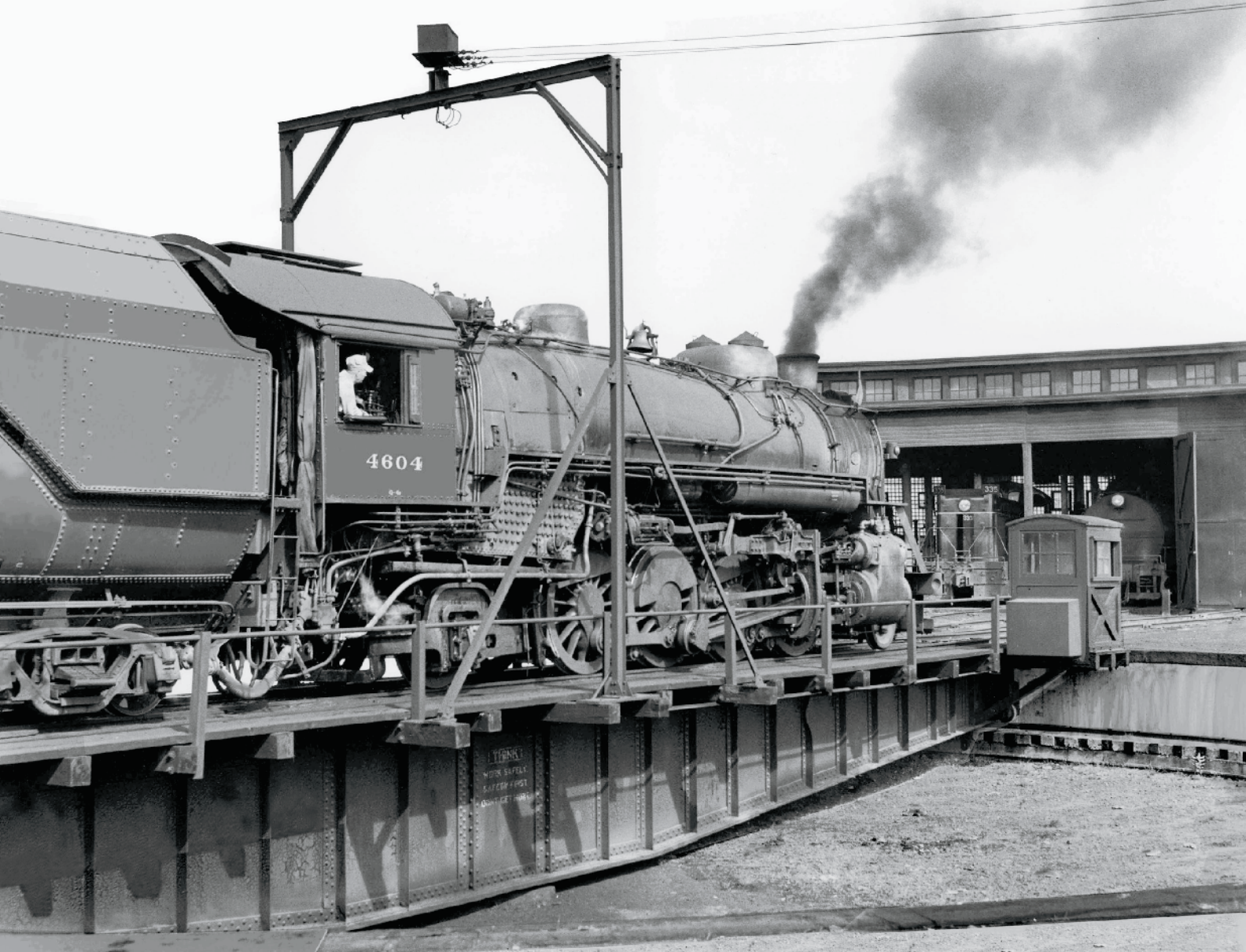


At Dayton's Needmore Yard on March 24, 1956, F7 road diesels couple up (left) to a 2-8-2 helper before the team departs (above) on the hilly line east to Washington Court House.

B&O STEAM bows out in southern Ohio

A 1955 assignment to Dayton enabled an Alabaman to catch the end of an era on one of the East's biggest railroads

By J. Parker Lamb • Photos by the author



Q-4 Mikado 4604 rides the turntable at B&O's Dayton roundhouse in August 1955. Note the Lima diesel switcher in one of the stalls.

This story recalls the meanderings of an Alabama lad who happened to find himself in Dayton, Ohio, with a camera during the last years of steam operations on three of the state's major railroads.

I spent my first years as a rail photographer (1950–55) in the Gulf States, exploring routes between Atlanta, Mobile, New Orleans, and Memphis. My primary subjects were the likes of Southern Railway; Gulf, Mobile & Ohio; Louisville & Nashville; and Central of Georgia. While I enjoyed immensely the action within this area, my regular reading of *TRAINS* and *Railroad* magazines had created a desire to see and photograph major lines in the Midwest.

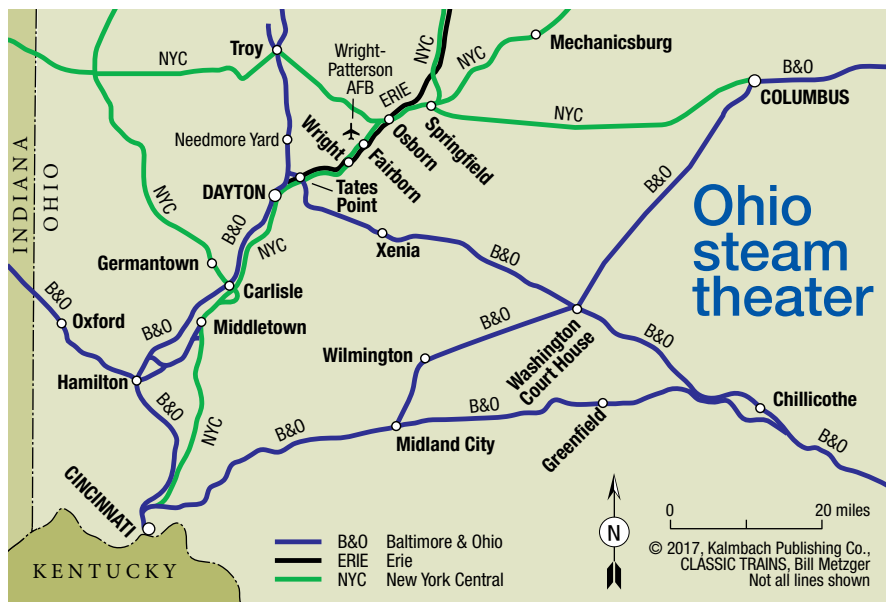
In 1955, after I received both

an engineering degree and a commission as second lieutenant in the Air Force, this desire was fulfilled when I was ordered to report for two years of active duty in Dayton. In hindsight, the fortuitous timing of this gave me a front-row seat during a special period for southern Ohio railroads, as my assignment overlapped the last years of steam there on Baltimore & Ohio, New York Central, and Pennsylvania.

While I lived in Fairborn, a small community adjacent to Patterson Field, the airborne op-

erations center of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, my workplace was at the Wright Air Development Center, located on the east side of Dayton.

Having no acquaintances in the area, and a railway knowledge base limited to the aforementioned magazine coverage, plus maps in the *Official Guide*, I set out to explore local operations. The first action I photographed was on a busy line less than a mile from my apartment in Fairborn. It was a jointly owned, double-track route used



In another August 1955 view, streamlined P-7 Pacific 5303 on the northbound *Cincinnati* passes an F3 on a freight extra south.





At Washington Court House in November 1955, Mike 4440 is wyeed before returning to Dayton as 2-8-0 2759 switches cars in the yard.





by the Erie and NYC's Big Four between Dayton and Cold Springs, near Springfield, and by the NYC to Cincinnati.

However, I soon discovered an interlocking tower just west of Wright Field. It guarded the intersection of the busy NYC line through Fairborn and B&O's Wellston Subdivision to Washington Court House, about 50 miles southeast of Dayton on the Cincinnati-Columbus main line. My explorations also led me to B&O's downtown roundhouse and yard. This allowed me to record activities at the roundhouse and yard, along with a collection of steam switchers and Mikados fitted for yard and local service.

Another B&O discovery

My next B&O discovery came after a few months of learning my job duties, which were beginning to require airline trips throughout the U.S. It was during my first auto trip from Fairborn to the

Dayton-area airport in Vandalia that I crossed a long bridge. Looking down, I was delighted to see a panoramic view of a large classification facility, which appeared to be B&O's. I later learned it was known as Needmore Yard, and handled the bulk of the road's traffic to and from the Lake Erie industrial centers. With a steady stream of traffic, along with good vantage points, its north end became my primary hangout for B&O photography.

I was able to record numerous views of the northbound *Cincinnatian* to Detroit passing switchers or other trains as it gained speed near the yard limit. I was particularly lucky that P-7d Pacifics 5301-5304 were still in service. These four 1927 Baldwins had been rebuilt and streamlined in 1946 for the new train when it was on its original Washington-Cincinnati route. Four years later, the *Cincinnatian* had been moved to the Detroit route, and by 1955

when I arrived in Dayton, steam on any important passenger train, let alone a streamliner, was becoming rare.

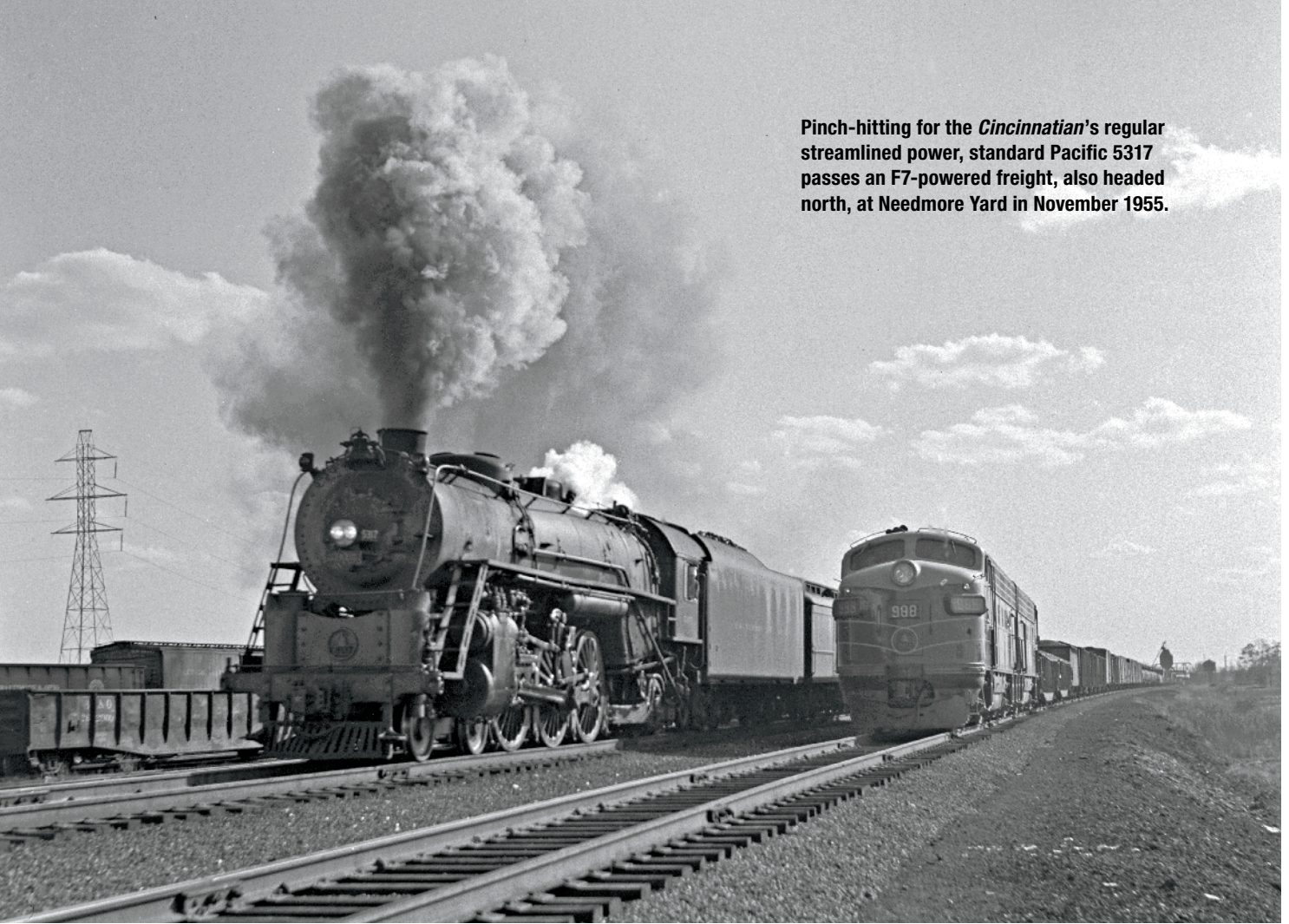
B&O's eastward freights to Washington Court House also were favorite subjects because of their morning Dayton departure for a slow trip over the hilly line. I first discovered the most intriguing aspect of this operation one March morning when I spotted a 2-8-2 backing onto the train as a pair of F units stood by assume to the lead position. I could hardly believe that B&O was using steam power to assist main-line freights, especially in western Ohio, which I had not expected to have terrain requiring helpers.

I had never been around mountain lines where helpers were routine, and the use of mixed-mode power was a further novelty for me. It must have been common for B&O, though, as I later photographed a similar combination in Columbus. In ad-

Continued on page 56

In a pair of photos, blue-and-black Pacific 5301 accelerates the Detroit-bound *Cincinnatian* away from Dayton's Needmore Yard on November 5, 1955.

Pinch-hitting for the *Cincinnatian's* regular streamlined power, standard Pacific 5317 passes an F7-powered freight, also headed north, at Needmore Yard in November 1955.



Pacific 5315 heading the north-bound *Cincinnatian* contrasts with GM's low-profile, light-weight *Aerotrain*, parked on display at Dayton Union Station on January 20, 1956.





On October 7, 1956, B&O P-7 Pacific 5310 faces the morning sun before leaving Dayton Union Station with a railfan excursion to Chillicothe, Ohio. The depot, stately clock tower and all, was demolished in 1964, replaced by a modernized freight house next door.



The *Cincinnatian* finally emerged from the steam era when pairs of Geeps took over the streamliner, pictured speeding north out of Dayton in March 1957.

Continued from page 53

dition to the doubleheaded B&O freights, I also photographed Mikado-powered trains bound for Washington Court House.

Pacific-powered fan trip

One of my most pleasant B&O experiences occurred in October 1956. Walking down a hallway near my Wright Field office, I noticed a bulletin board announcement that immediately captured my attention. It was an invitation to sign up for a steam-powered excursion from Dayton to Chillicothe and back. I arrived early to photograph a brightly lit head-on view of P-7 Pacific 5310 beside the Union Station clock tower. From the open door of a mid-train baggage car, I was able to get a view of the engine working hard on the curvy line east of Dayton [page 4]. I learned during the trip that the impressive 15-car train was carrying 800 passengers!

In Chillicothe, the Dayton engine was exchanged for another Pacific, No. 5307, and our return journey departed west on the main line to Cincinnati. At Midland City, we wye'd onto the line

up to Columbus, turning northwest at Washington Court House to return to Dayton. This outing was a great introduction to the camaraderie one experiences during such special operations.

On one of my visits to Needmore Yard in March '57, I finally came face-to-face with reality: the *Cincinnatian* had emerged from the steam era. Replacing the Pacifics was a pair of blue-and-gray GP9s that I photographed a few times at the same locations of my steam shots. By this time, virtually all steam on major lines in Ohio had disappeared.

Despite my successes in photographing steam in Ohio, there was one last B&O "steam surprise" left. In early July 1957, after completing my military duty, I drove to my parents' home in Mississippi, heading southwest from Dayton toward Louisville. My goal was to photograph Illinois Central steam on the line from Louisville to Paducah. As I drove past the B&O shops in North Vernon, Ind., on the Cincinnati-St. Louis line, what did I find but three clean 2-8-2s displaying gleaming new 300-series

numbers! They seemed to be saying to observers, "We're not ready to retire!" This was really a sign of steam's impending demise, though, as beginning in 1955 B&O had executed a systematic renumbering of its motive power, steam locomotives going from four digits to three and all diesels getting four-digit numbers.

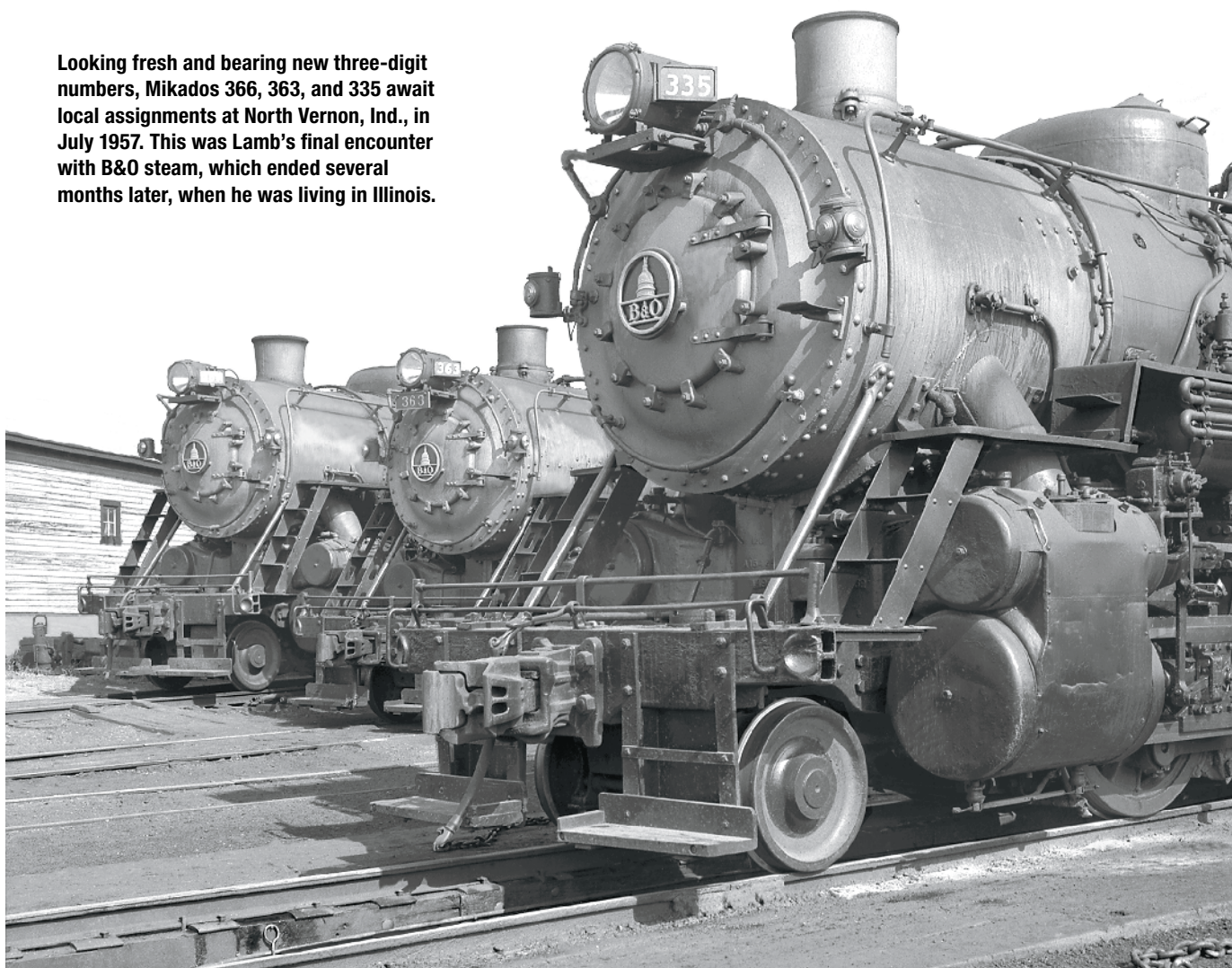
I then had two months off before beginning the next phase of my life, a four-year stint as a graduate student at the University of Illinois in Urbana-Champaign. Fortunately, I was able to develop close connections with many other students who shared my interest in documenting the last of Midwestern steam. ■

J. PARKER LAMB began contributing to TRAINS in the mid-1950s and was the subject of an article in our Winter 2000 issue. In 2001 he retired from teaching mechanical engineering at the University of Texas (Austin). He thanks the Center for Railroad Photography & Art, which is providing a permanent home for his photographs, and 50-year Dayton resident Louis A. Marre.





Looking fresh and bearing new three-digit numbers, Mikados 366, 363, and 335 await local assignments at North Vernon, Ind., in July 1957. This was Lamb's final encounter with B&O steam, which ended several months later, when he was living in Illinois.



False spring

A freshly shopped Berkshire is ready for what turned out to be a tragically short final season

By **Eric Hirsimaki** • Photo from author's collection

On a sunny day in late February 1958, Nickel Plate Road 2-8-4

No. 749 steams on the Conneaut, Ohio, turntable. She's shiny and bright, having left the nearby backshop on February 21 after a class 3 overhaul.

Right now, sisters 741, 755, and 759 are inside being disassembled for class repairs. However, when they are completed over the next few months, they'll be placed in storage, never to run again for the NKP. This engine on the turntable will prove to be the last steam locomotive that the Nickel Plate returned to service after shopping.

The refurbished 749 is a sight for sore eyes. Across North America, operating steam power is becoming rare, class repairs even more uncommon. Nickel Plate is a holdout. Berkshires are still the premier freight locomotives on its Buffalo–Chicago main line, and the road plans to keep shopping and running them into at least 1959. After some break-in runs around Conneaut, the 749 will return to its assigned territory between Chicago and Bellevue, Ohio, where it will re-enter fast freight service. For this engine, it's as if another spring has arrived.

But it's a false spring. The 749's return to service will be short, and Conneaut Shops will soon close. After a final run from Fort Wayne, 749 will join about 35 other locomotives in storage at Bellevue on June 21, two weeks before the end of regular NKP mainline steam activity. Of the final four Berkshires overhauled at Conneaut, 741 and 749 will be scrapped, 755 will become a static display at Conneaut, and 759 will be reactivated in 1968 for excursions before retiring for good to Steamtown. Two others in the shop when it closed, Nos. 751 and 754, will be scrapped on site.

The 749, freshly shopped and painted, implies the Steam Age will endure on the Nickel Plate Road. In reality, Berkshire 749 is facing its final long, cold winter. ■

*ERIC HIRSIMAKI is the author of numerous articles and books on locomotives, including *Lima: The History* (Hundman, 1986 and 2004).*





RADIO AND THE PEOPLE'S

Ask Canadians over age 50 which institutions have defined their country, and it's a sure bet "transcontinental railways" and "public broadcasting" will be high on their list. What few know is that the two are intertwined, thanks to an anglicized American who became one of Canada's greatest nationalists, railroaders, and broadcasting pioneers.

The man was Sir Henry Thornton. Born in Logansport, Ind., in 1871, he achieved fame as an unconventional manager on the Pennsylvania Railroad, rising from the engineering ranks to become PRR's youngest division manager at age 30. By 40, he was general superintendent of PRR subsidiary Long Island Rail Road, managing the commuter crush pouring into the recently completed Penn Station in New York. As a result, Thornton was asked to unsnarl England's Great Eastern Railway and its dense commuter operation northeast of London. He was knighted for his coordination of the British Expeditionary Force's transport division during World War I.

Thornton's Canadian adventure began in 1922, when Liberal Prime Minister Mackenzie King hired him to straighten out a railway mess that threatened Canada's economic performance and international financial reputation.

To break the original Canadian Pacific transcontinental monopoly in the early 20th century, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Liberals — with the enthusiastic cooperation of Canadian banks and British investment houses — spawned two additional systems, Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific. That was at least one too many. High costs, meager traffic, and the diversion of foreign capital owing to

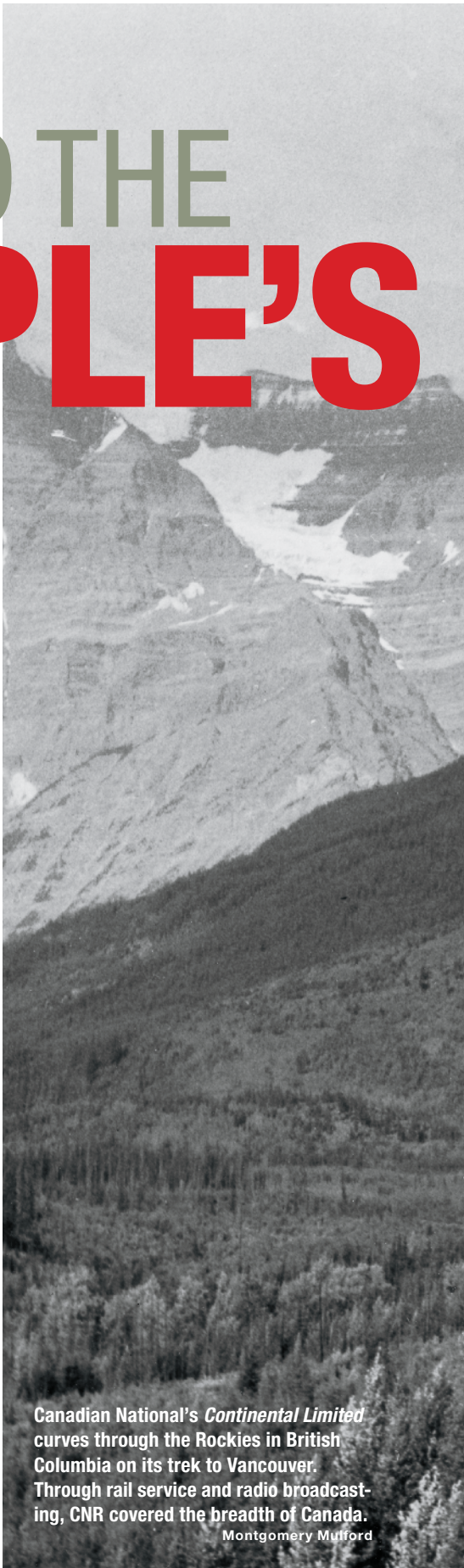
World War I doomed these two systems.

First Canadian Northern, then Grand Trunk Pacific and finally, parent Grand Trunk went bust, threatening service in the territory they'd opened and shaking the financial institutions whose investment had been added to the government's subsidies and guarantees.

It fell first to Sir Robert Borden's Conservative government, then King's Liberals, to combine these insolvent assets with two other government-owned railways, the Intercolonial and the National Transcontinental, to form the 23,000-mile Canadian National Railways, the world's largest rail system.

Thornton accepted CNR's presidency and chairmanship, which a dozen top railway executives reportedly declined. While he would have preferred running a private railway, Thornton accepted with the understanding that the new Crown corporation would operate for profit and without government interference. He proposed melding the old companies, streamlining operations, and aggressively soliciting new traffic. A key element would be promotion to break the perception of CNR as "Canada's white elephant" and thrust it into the consciousness of employees, customers, and taxpayers.

To do this, Thornton tapped the public's fascination with the newfangled medium of radio, taking CNR's message into the homes of Canadians plus Americans along the border. This had to be done in an orderly fashion, to create a service as coordinated and homogeneous as the railway he was creating. The rudimentary programming of the early radio stations — which its critics pointed to as proof that radio was just a novelty — had to be replaced with a quality product



Canadian National's *Continental Limited* curves through the Rockies in British Columbia on its trek to Vancouver. Through rail service and radio broadcasting, CNR covered the breadth of Canada.

Montgomery Muford

RAILWAY

Canadian National's
pioneering efforts led
to North America's
first coast-to-coast
broadcast network

By Greg Gormick





CNR built its vast radio network on its continent-spanning communications system, a portion of which is seen from the *Continental Limited* at St. James Junction, Winnipeg, in 1949.

W. A. Akin Jr.

throughout CNR's vast territory.

On June 1, 1923, Thornton announced the formation of the CNR Radio Department, headed by W. D. Robb, vice-president of colonization and development. W. H. Swift Jr., an experienced American radio engineer, was hired as director. The first employee assigned to the new project was Jack Carlyle, who started his career in 1913 as a Grand Trunk freight traffic accounts auditor.

CNR was eminently qualified to embark on this new enterprise. It operated the country's largest telegraph system, and this grid of "long lines" held the key to establishing a true radio network. It could carry programs to and from any point plugged into this wired web, including repeat transmitters at remote points along CNR's tracks nationwide.

As well, CNR and its predecessors had radio experience. In 1902, Sir Ernest Rutherford, a physics professor at Montreal's McGill University, sent the world's first wireless telegraph message from a moving train, Grand Trunk's *International Limited*.

The summer before Thornton's arrival, Canadian National participated in demonstrations around Toronto. Working with the Canadian Marconi Co., CNR broadcast programs from its Lake

Ontario steamship *S.S. Dalhousie City* to a radio-equipped, all-steel car display at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. Other broadcasts were made to trains in the Montreal-Ottawa-Toronto triangle. Listeners wrote to say they heard the programs more than 100 miles from CNR tracks.

Thornton was a master of promotion, and radio was ready-made for building support for "the People's Railway," as he dubbed it. When a party organized by the American newspaper *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* traveled by CNR from Montreal to the dedication of Alaska's Mount McKinley National Park, an observation-lounge car was fitted with receiving equipment for them. Departing Bonaventure Station on July 23, 1923, they heard greetings and music from the leased facilities of CHYC, Northern Electric's Montreal station. This was reported across Canada and given considerable play by the newspaper, then one of the most influential in New York City.



Observation-lounge cars were soon equipped with receivers, speakers, and headsets, and assigned to 16 name trains, including the *International Limited* (Montreal-Chicago), *Ocean Limited* (Montreal-Halifax), *Ambassador* (Montreal-Boston), *National* (Toronto-Winnipeg), and *Continental Limited* (Montreal/Toronto-Vancouver). On-board operators tuned in programs from Canadian stations and such high-power U.S. outlets as WEAJ New York, WWJ Detroit, KDKA Pittsburgh, and WGN Chicago.

The first half-year of CNR Radio included a broadcast in which former British Prime Minister David Lloyd George heard world news as he traveled from Montreal to Ottawa on October 9, 1923. He was then interviewed on air by Canadian, American, and British correspondents on board the train, gaining headlines on both sides of the Atlantic. The year ended with Canada's first scheduled network broadcast. On December 30, using CHYC Montreal and the Ottawa Radio Association's station, OA, speeches and music were broadcast to and from both cities.

RAILWAY RADIO PROGRAMS

Having proved network radio's technical feasibility, CNR focused on programming. Operators complained of the difficulty they had in not just tuning in stations as the trains sped along CNR lines in Canada and the eastern U.S., but finding programs entertaining enough for the passengers. The solution was CNR-produced programs.

Thornton approved a permanent network of CNR-owned stations and production facilities, plus a large collection of affiliated private stations. In 1924, CNR received licenses for three high-power stations and several "phantom licenses" for the use of the leased facilities and/or frequencies of private stations. The first CNR station was CKCH Ottawa, which began a limited schedule on February 27, 1924.

One snag involved the call letters. CNR wanted its

Henry Thornton, Canadian National's second president, saw broadcast radio programming as a means to put a progressive face on the new company, formed of several failed lines.

Canadian National



Observation-lounge cars assigned to 16 CNR name trains were fitted with receiving equipment, speakers, and headsets so passengers could listen to radio broadcasts during their journey — a unique attraction in radio-crazy 1929. An employee operated the receiver console.

Canada Science & Technology Museum

initials, but an international agreement had assigned them to Morocco. At the urging of the Canadian, British, and French governments, Morocco relinquished the call letters and CKCH became CNRO.

Carlyle, the early CNR radio employee, recalled that, at the Ottawa station's first birthday party, they "had a fellow from the Northern Electric station in Montreal doing some of the announcing. At one point, he said, 'We've got a telegram from someone in Chicago telling us they're listening.' I said, 'Aw, come on, you haven't really got a telegram.' He replied, 'Don't worry, we will.' In fact, we got 5,800 telegrams that night from across Canada and the U.S. We also got thousands of letters. The boss insisted on hiring stenographers to answer them, and he signed them all personally."

On November 7, 1924, CNRA Moncton became the second railway-owned station on air. Elsewhere, the phantom network took shape. Where airtime from one station was inadequate, a second was contracted to fill out the schedule with CNR programs. By the end of 1924, this network included stations in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, and Edmonton.

With more and better programming,



Georgian Bay, a 1930 solarium-lounge, featured radio gear, per the **RADIO EQUIPPED** lettering below the car name. Air-conditioning is yet to come — note the cinder shields on some windows.

Kevin J. Holland collection

public approval grew. CNR Radio introduced such long-running programs as *Hockey Night in Canada*, announced by Foster ("He shoots! He scores!") Hewitt; Sir Ernest MacMillan's Toronto Symphony Orchestra concerts from Simpson's department store; the free-time, all-party political commentary show, *The Nation's Business*; market quotations and advice from the Dominion Livestock Branch of the Department of Agriculture; and the time signal from the Dominion Observatory. Following its formation in 1926,

America's National Broadcasting Co. (NBC) carried some CNR shows to U.S. listeners and sent back the wildly popular *Amos 'n' Andy* and the Saturday-afternoon Metropolitan Opera broadcasts.

CNR Radio was a hit, on board the trains and off. Said Carlyle: "Passengers would crowd the observation car to hear the latest episode of *Amos 'n' Andy* while the dining-car steward was tearing his hair out because there was nobody in the diner. The radio-equipped cars had an antenna right around the roof. They in-



Hudson 5701 speeds the Chicago-bound *International Limited* away from Montreal in July 1935, a few years after CNR's radio fling ended.

Harold K. Vollrath collection

stalled 32 headphones at the seats and also the radio loudspeaker, operated by the attendant. We'd use big Victor radios . . . but if anyone in the car objected to the radio being on, the operator would cut off the speaker and those who wanted to listen put on the earphones."

There were some glitches. During the first transcontinental test broadcast, a conductor hooked his caboose phone to the wrong wires on the pole line. Listeners heard him exclaim, "How in heck am I supposed to get my train going with all that music filling up the lines?"

The occasional flubs didn't dim the public's enthusiasm. As early as 1925, the nightly audience was estimated to be a minimum of 2 million across the continent. Even private broadcasters were initially supportive. With its size and buying power, CNR obtained U.S. shows cheaper than they could. CNR programming was excellent and became a credit to the affiliates in the phantom network, and sponsorship of local shows supported a pool of radio talent upon which the private stations could draw. Guaranteed income came from CNR's use of their facilities. A national network was growing without a dislocation of private interests.

Thornton regularly used this new-found medium as a means of personally reaching out to Canadians. He had no qualms about appearing on the air. Thornton told a reporter, "By coming

into the homes of our men [employees] of an evening, by talking to them in human fashion, by inspiring in them the thought that the railway is a joint enterprise in which they have a stake, I believe that we shall be able to excite a degree of human contact and get in return an efficient and loyal service which could not be reached by any other instrument."

Thornton even took the baton to conduct orchestras in light classics or pop hits. Employees of the Pennsylvania and Long Island railroads often picked up these broadcasts and sent congratulations to their former boss, reprinted in the *CNR Magazine* and circulated to Members of Parliament (MP) to demonstrate the profile CNR was gaining for Canada.

"THORNTON WAS LIKE A GOD"

Thornton had an excellent record of employee relations — this was one of the reasons he appealed to King — and, inspired by the Baltimore & Ohio's enlightened approach, he abolished the unpopular system of piecework in the railway's shops, revamped the pension plan, and established a company-union cooperative movement. He also instituted a payroll deduction plan so workers could buy radios at cost. Little wonder, then, that future MP Doug Fisher, the son of a CNR employee, would say, "In our home, Thornton was like a god."

But one powerful party was less than

enchanted: Canadian Pacific. Its president, Sir Edward Beatty, dismissed Thornton's radio efforts as "flashy stunts" at taxpayer expense. He relentlessly portrayed CP as Canada's largest taxpayer and, therefore, the one that should have the largest say in CNR policies. Beatty fumed at what he called CNR's "continuous glorification of themselves and their officials," but he maintained CP was holding its own "in spite of super publicity, slogans, radio, dog-teams, much boasting, and mob appeals." When one of these catty comments reached Thornton, he replied, "Beatty says I'm a showman. I'll show him a three-ring circus."

Thornton became the first public figure to openly reject CP's real or imagined rights. *Canadian Forum* observed, "The CPR no longer bestrides Canada like a Colossus. Another great railway system has been built up, largely on the strength of government contributions, to curb the giant's power."

Radio was a strong element in this, and Thornton used his electronic soapbox to fend off attackers, telling Canadians, "Certain interests are determined to prevent the ultimate success of the People's Railway. By constantly stirring up turmoil and bringing malicious charges, they hope to discourage the administration, the officers, and the employees."

Thornton's boldness led to major gains at CP's expense. High-paying par-



The Chateau Laurier's orchestra poses in the CNRO Ottawa studios in the hotel circa 1930.

Canadian National, courtesy Fairmont Chateau Laurier, Kevin J. Holland coll.

lor and sleeping car passengers selected CNR trains in preference to CP's non-radio-equipped services. This only fuelled Beatty's objection to the mere presence of CNR, which he wanted leased to his company. Historians have also suggested Beatty's dislike for Thornton stemmed from the fact he had considered hiring him, but had moved too slowly.

CP also fumbled on a key element in Thornton's radio plan. To transform it into a true transcontinental network and improve his telegraph system, Thornton installed the new carrier-current system, making it possible to carry 24 signals of varying frequencies over each strand of copper wire. This boosted capacity, expanded frequency range, and improved transmission quality. CP belatedly invested \$1 million to catch up.

The growing sophistication of CNR Radio's facilities made possible its most noteworthy broadcast. To celebrate the 60th anniversary of Confederation, a massive Diamond Jubilee celebration was staged on Ottawa's Parliament Hill on July 1, 1927, including an appearance by Charles Lindbergh. This first scheduled coast-to-coast transmission went to 23 Canadian stations and America's full NBC network. Via the high-speed short-wave service of the Marconi Montreal station ("CFCE: Canada's First, Canada's Finest"), it also went to Great Britain's BBC for overseas airing. More than 5

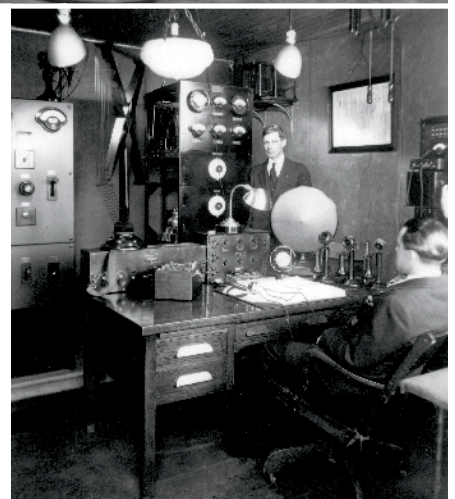
million listeners heard the broadcast.

Much of this broadcast's success was due to the carrier-current system. Within two years, it was complete from Halifax to Vancouver, enabling regularly scheduled CNR broadcasts coast-to-coast.

Beatty was stung by the acclaim heaped on CNR. His telegraph department and local telephone companies supplied some circuits to complete portions of the Diamond Jubilee feed, but not a word of praise fell to CP. Too late, Beatty realized his mistake and announced his company would meet the competition head on.

The battle of the railway airwaves began with a Friday evening schedule of CP-produced shows. Dinner music from its new Royal York Hotel in Toronto, followed by folk songs or light opera, went via CP Telegraph circuits to affiliated private stations. Beatty said he'd duplicate CNR's system with three high-powered stations and flagship studios in the Royal York, launched in June 1930 as phantom station CPRY. He negotiated with NBC and the newer Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS), which viewed Canada as ripe for the picking through network affiliation.

A second CP studio was built in the Banff Springs Hotel. Looking to one-up CNR, a Sunday afternoon series by the Musical Crusaders was aired from CP's *Empress of Australia* on its 1930 round-



Equipment fills the CNRO control room in 1926, before the station moved to the Laurier.

Canada Science & Technology Museum

the-world cruise. The most popular show was the Monday night *Melody Mike's Music Shop*, set in the imaginary divisional point of Melody Junction.

But the question of national broadcasting policy was being asked as these events unfolded. Nationalists wanted a publicly owned network to block the self-declared U.S. Manifest Destiny in radio. Those in the border cities who heard U.S. programming were appalled by its blatant commercialism. Some broadcasters, such as CKGW and CFRB in Toronto, affiliated with the U.S. networks, and there were public objections.

The Canadian Association of Broadcasters (CAB) was founded in 1928 par-



Officials pose with observation-lounge car *St. Peter*, which had a telephone and radio for passengers' use — attractive features that helped CNR win business from competitor CP.

Canada Science & Technology Museum

tially in response to suggestions of nationalization. Proponents saw Thornton's system as a vehicle to turn the airwaves over to the public completely. Many CAB members — including CNR Radio — were supportive of proposals to prevent a U.S. radio invasion, but others became uneasy about CNR's role in full-scale nationalization. As the battle lines were drawn, Thornton announced his withdrawal from the CAB. So did several private broadcasters with ties to CNR.

This growing debate, and a controversy caused by the revocation of several religious stations' licenses, led King to establish a Royal Commission on December 6, 1928, "to examine into the Broadcasting situation in the Dominion of Canada and to make recommendations to the Government as to future administration, management, control, and financing thereof."

While the Royal Commission worked through 1929, CNR Radio expanded in that last year of prosperity. The carrier-current system enabled the creation of several regional networks within the full system. Additional phantoms expanded it to Quebec City; London, Ontario; and Red Deer, Alberta. With CNRX Toronto, increased Ontario and Great Lakes states coverage was gained using the high-power transmitter of CFRB Toronto.

Additionally, CNR built modern studios in Toronto's King Edward Hotel, its own Hotel Nova Scotian in Halifax, and the King's Hall Building on Montreal's

St. Catherine Street West, with broadcasts fed to the phantom transmitters. Finally, CNRV went to air in Vancouver from CNR's passenger terminal as "the Voice of the Pacific." With the carrier-current system complete, CNR Radio went to regularly scheduled transcontinental operation on December 1, 1929.

Although the cost was raised in Parliament, the Liberals defended the annual expenditures, which now reached \$300,000. It was pointed out that about 90 percent of the equipment came from Canadian manufacturers, Canadian talent was being developed, and CNR was obtaining for Canada an international profile hitherto unknown.

Programming continued to expand. French broadcasts had started on CNRM Montreal in 1924 and in native Canadian languages in 1927 from Ottawa and Winnipeg. CNRA Moncton catered to Maritime provinces' musical tastes with such popular regional events as the Old-Time Fiddlers contests. CNRV Vancouver originated several Beethoven Centenary programs. CNRM mounted Gilbert and Sullivan operettas with full orchestras and choruses of 50 voices. Sir Tyrone

Guthrie was brought from the BBC and London's Old Vic to direct the big-budget dramatic series *The Romance of Canada*, sponsored by Imperial Oil.

In an equally bold move, Canadian National worked with Bell Telephone to introduce the world's most advanced mobile phone service. CNR Vice-President W. D. Robb saw a demonstration during a 1928 visit to the German State Railways. With data supplied by the Germans, CNR built a multi-frequency system that increased range and flexibility with continuous two-way transmission; the original only allowed one party at a time to speak. The first demonstration — broadcast on CNR Radio — took place on a special train out of Toronto on May 5, 1929.

The first commercial use occurred on April 27, 1930, when a special train that included the telephone-equipped car *Minaki* departed Toronto as the second section of the *Inter-City Limited*. Seventy-three calls were placed during the six-hour run to Montreal. Two additional cars were ordered to launch Toronto-Montreal service and extend it to Chicago over CNR's Grand Trunk Western. Thornton pointed out that, in addition to its utility to travelers, the system would provide full communication between train conductors and dispatchers.

On September 11, 1929, the Royal Commission delivered its report on the future of Canadian radio. It praised CNR's work, but advocated a new network using the railway's system as its foundation. King accepted over the objections of private broadcasters, and he might have implemented it but for two events. First was the Wall Street crash, which occurred two weeks after the report's delivery. Government and business quickly retrenched for an economic reversal expected to be temporary. The train telephone project was an early victim of CNR spending cuts.

More decisive was the August 7, 1930, election. King's left-of-center Liberals were out and R. B.



W. D. Robb, head of CNR's Telegraph and Telephone Department, speaks to President Thornton by phone from the *International Limited* en route from Toronto to Montreal.

Kevin J. Holland collection

Bennett's right-wing Conservatives were in, with promises to slash government spending and championing free enterprise. What Canada also got was a CP stalking horse. Bennett was not just a vocal opponent of public ownership, but a former CP legal counsel.

Thornton was branded as an abuser of public funds and an empire builder. Radio was held up as the shining example of his wastefulness. Opponents failed to say CP had matched or exceeded CNR's spending, and Thornton admitted both companies behaved "in the way habitual to all railways to compete with each other." Spending that seemed visionary in the 1920s looked reckless in the 1930s.

The appointment of the Royal Commission on Railways and Transportation in 1931 spelled Thornton's end. A group of Conservative MPs known as the Wrecking Brigade bullied him to resign in the following summer and stripped him of his pension. A Liberal MP called it "the rawest deal any man ever received from the Government of Canada." Inexplicably timid, he refused to fight Bennett's government and sought to depart quietly. When the Liberals demanded his personal papers, he burned them rather than let them become political fodder.

EXIT THORNTON

On the night of August 1, 1932, Thornton and his wife boarded his radio-equipped business car *Balmoral* and departed Montreal's Bonaventure Station for New York. Finally and spitefully, Bennett's government strong-armed the Royal Bank of Canada into removing him from its board and poisoned his chance to head the Indian State Railways. He died, broke, of previously undiagnosed cancer, in New York on March 14, 1933 — the night of a testimonial dinner by CNR employees. The unions voiced their opinion that Thornton would have fought back had he not been ill. They organized campaigns against the Wrecking Brigade and helped defeat each one, along with Bennett, in the 1935 election.

When the Royal Commission released its report six weeks after Thornton's departure, it wasn't as critical as expected. CP was held equally culpable in its spending. Some CNR expenditures were criticized, but the commissioners noted they had been approved by Parliament, which had not "exercised any appreciable restraint upon railway estimates placed before them." Not a single negative word was written about CNR Radio.

Beatty's advocacy of a Canadian pup-



The *Ambassador*, Montreal to Boston via CNR, Central Vermont, and Boston & Maine, carried a lounge car with radio. Here, CV 4-8-2 602 heads the train near Northfield, Vt., in the 1940s.

S. K. Bolton Jr.

pet of NBC or CBS also worked against him. Bennett was a nationalist, and influential acquaintances favoring publicly owned broadcasting used this to their advantage. As his popularity plunged, Bennett embraced Franklin D. Roosevelt's progressive policies in the U.S., including public ownership of certain utilities.

On January 18, 1933, Bennett created the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission (CRBC) to build a new, publicly owned system based on CNR's foundation. The transfer occurred in stages starting on April 1, 1933, when CNR sold the CRBC its three stations, the Montreal studios, and some control gear in Winnipeg. CRBC also contracted to lease the railway's carrier-current system for four hours of nightly, non-commercial programming, and a half-hour of educational broadcasts to 39 stations. These long lines (and later microwave facilities) kept CNR in broadcasting for another 50 years.

CP dropped its limited Broadcast Transmission System in 1936, when the re-elected King transformed the CRBC into the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Beatty said he wished to avoid political complications, and he consequently leased his company's lines for CBC use, too, and sponsored its *Canadian Mosaic* folk music program.

After his departure, Thornton wrote

his friend, *Winnipeg Free Press* Editor John Dafoe, "I shall leave my reputation to the future, feeling as I do that when the blood lust of political vindictiveness has run its course, justice will be done. At any rate, the successor administration will inherit a hanged sight better property than was given me. . . ."

Thornton's colleague, Starr Fairweather, destined to be CNR's research director, said of him: "His record for a time seemed to be one of failure and disgrace. But like the view of a great mountain, which gains in majesty as it recedes in the distance, the accomplishments of this strange man assumed proper perspective with the passage of time. The spirit of the man survives to this day in the sense of purpose of a great railway."

His spirit also survives in the daily functioning of the publicly owned CBC. It was Thornton who first saw the potential of national broadcasting and seized it, just as he envisioned the great potential of the railway he forged from the remains of failed public and private dreams. ■

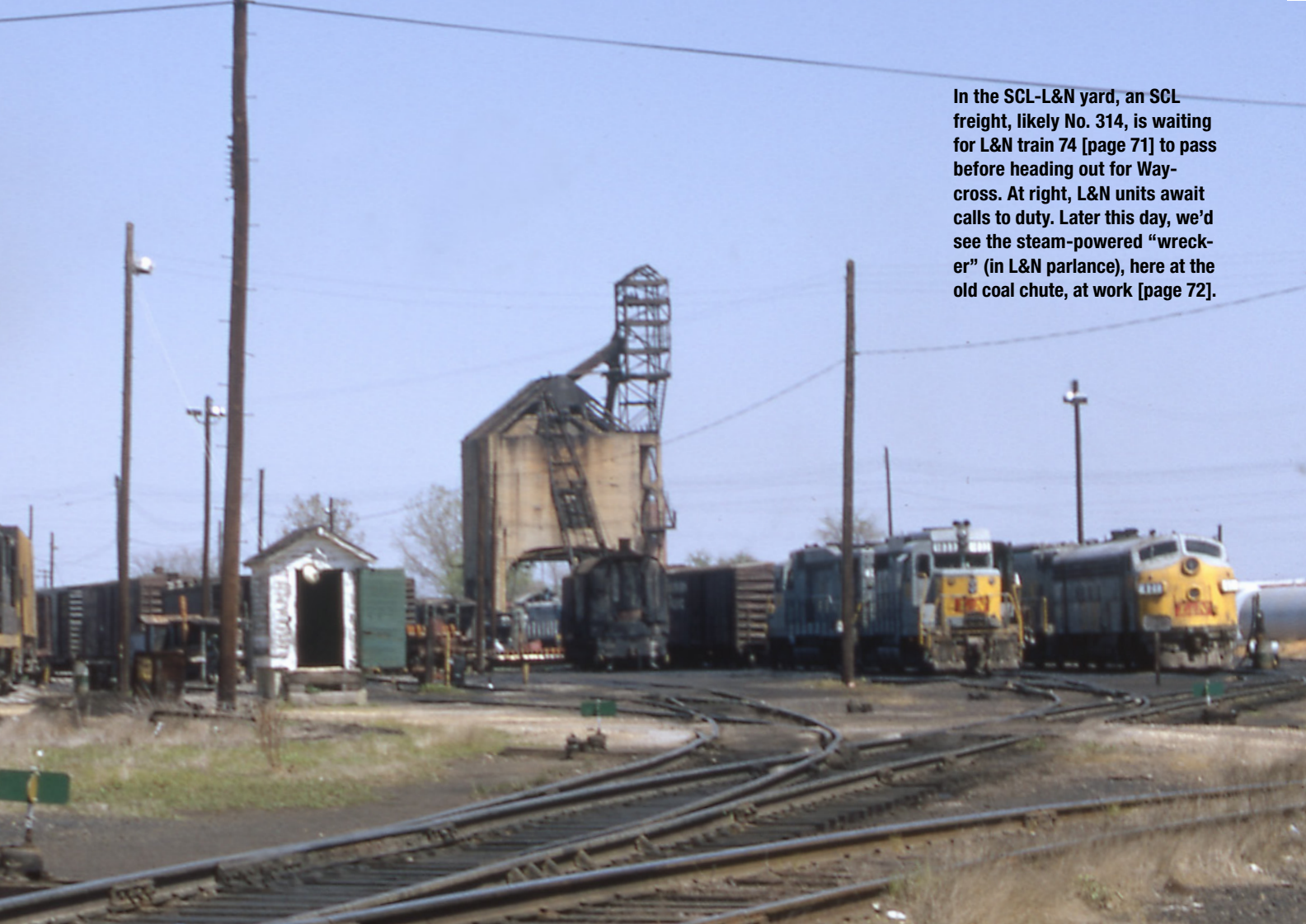
GREG GORMICK has worked as a writer, researcher, strategic analyst, and policy advisor in the Canadian railway and transit fields since 1978. This is his second byline in a CLASSIC TRAINS publication.



go SOUTH for spring

By J. David Ingles
Photos by the author

An April 1971 weekend visit in Montgomery, Ala.,
welcomed us to warmer weather



In the SCL-L&N yard, an SCL freight, likely No. 314, is waiting for L&N train 74 [page 71] to pass before heading out for Waycross. At right, L&N units await calls to duty. Later this day, we'd see the steam-powered "wrecker" (in L&N parlance), here at the old coal chute, at work [page 72].



SCL train 89 from Waycross had arrived after 3 p.m., but the consist was still parked under the Union Station trainshed Friday evening when it became our first weekend rail photo subject. Saturday morning, we made sure to get No. 90 leaving (above) not far south of Bell Street tower.

In the parts of the U.S. that experience weather of four seasons, spring is often a nice and easy transition to summer. This includes my native Midwest, but in some years, winter just lasts and lasts until summer suddenly arrives, so enjoying a true spring, with gradual warming and a seasonal progression of the trees leafing out and flow-

ers blooming, doesn't always occur.

I truly cannot remember if the transition in early 1971 at home was fast or slow, or perhaps just late. But what is etched in my memory is my welcome to spring. This occurred when my fiancée Carol and I stepped off a Southern Airways jet in Montgomery, Ala., for a weekend visit with my railfan buddy

from college, Charlie Mote, and his wife Linda and their new son, Charles Jr. Carol and I had flown south from our homes in Springfield, Ill., on Ozark and Southern, two regional airlines.

Once we were out of the Alabama capital's airport, spring slapped us in the face, with temperatures well above 70. "It sure was spring," Carol recalls. "The



We caught WofA freight 208 from Selma on both mornings at Bell Street tower. Saturday, A&WP GP40s 729-728 are in charge. The two roads and the Georgia all pooled their power.

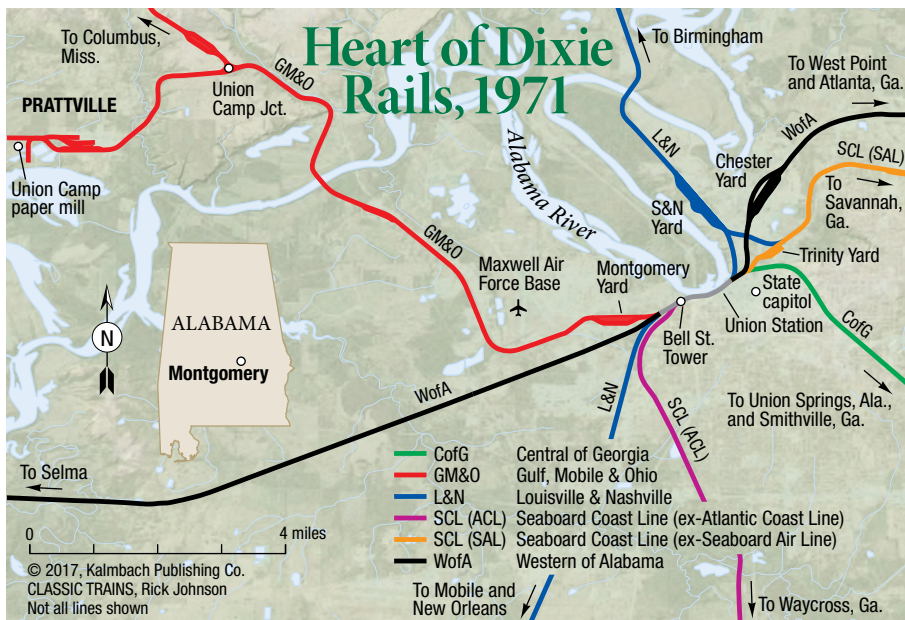


magnolias were in bloom, as they say, and everything was fragrant. I was wearing green stretch pants on the flights, and when he greeted us, Charlie said, ‘Ski pants in this weather?’ We had to remind him we’d come from central Illinois.” Charlie well knew our home-state weather, being a native of Elgin, near Chicago, and attending MacMurray College with me 30 miles from Springfield. But he’d joined the Air Force after graduating in 1966 and had mostly been in warm climes since.

At that moment the Air Force had him in a training school at Maxwell Air Force Base in Montgomery. The city was one state capital I’d not yet visited, and both Carol and I had the vacation time available for a long weekend away.

QUICK GETAWAY

We flew down on Friday, April 2, and home on Monday the 5th. Some of the time the five of us would drive around the area, seeing the sights (including the state capitol), enjoying the weather, and tracking down trains, and sometimes Carol would be with Charlie and me while Linda stayed home with the baby.





Carol and Linda also got some shopping in, naturally. “I remember going to a Penney’s with Linda and buying a sleeveless pink pantsuit,” Carol recalls, evoking memories of 1970s clothing styles!

Although this was four years after the Seaboard Coast Line merger, it was a decade before CSX would swallow up all its regional components, so Montgomery still had railroad variety. It was a meeting point of five Class I railroads including SCL and its ally Louisville & Nashville, which shared L&N’s yard. Montgomery Union Station, with a great arched 600-foot, six-track trainshed, fronted downtown along the Alabama River, with L&N’s Birmingham–New Orleans main line and Western Railway of Alabama’s 50-mile extremity to Selma between the trainshed and waterway. The 1898 Romanesque Revival depot survives today, in commercial use including the Montgomery Area Visitors Center. It was designated a National Historic Landmark in 1976; the trainshed now shades a parking area where the tracks were.

The city, with about 135,000 people at the time (now over 200,000), was at the end of four secondary lines, including two of SCL: a 337-mile former Seaboard branch from Savannah, via Vidalia, Cordele, and Richland, Ga., and a 313-former ACL secondary main from



Next up at Bell Street Saturday morning was the SP-L&N Houston–Birmingham run-through, No. 74, behind a mix of units. The distant smoke at far left? See the photo on the next page.

Waycross. The latter was L&N’s primary connection in Montgomery and remains a CSX through route, but the old SAL line, in shortline use in much of Georgia, is gone in Alabama.

Central of Georgia, by 1971 fully assimilated into Southern Railway, reached Montgomery on a 145-mile branch from Smithville, Ga., just south of Americus on the Macon–Albany line, via Eufaula and Union Springs, Ala. It too is in shortline use in Georgia today but mostly gone in Alabama. Montgomery’s fifth railroad was the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio, whose 181-mile secondary route from Artesia, Miss., via Columbus, Miss., and Tuscaloosa, Ala., was the road’s eastern-

most reach. In three days of picture-taking, Charlie and I would shoot trains or locomotives on all roads except the CofG.

MAKING THE ROUNDS

We visited the yards of L&N (shared with the ex-ACL), WofA, and GM&O, and got a dozen or more trains in action. The focal point was the tower at the Bell Street junction, a half mile southwest of Union Station. The brick structure was where SCL’s former ACL from the southeast, L&N from the south, WofA from the west, and GM&O from the northwest all converged. On both weekend days we saw Southern Pacific power on L&N freights that I later learned were



Midday on Saturday, southbound L&N-SP run-through 71 crawls through the depot as the crew on an Alco switcher at left gives it a roll-by.



The L&N steam wrecker attends a minor GP30 derailment before 71, L&N 1625 South, passes.

Houston–Birmingham run-throughs, and Montgomery's only daylight passenger train, on the SCL. We also got two GM&O trains: a daily road freight and a local job, a turn powered by three Alco RS1s to Prattville, a dozen miles out and site of a big Union Camp paper mill.

At the time, the little passenger train we photographed was perhaps rather obscure. Carrying the name *Champion*, it was a short coach-only accommodation, though it did indeed serve as a connection with SCL's mainline streamliner of that name. The big *Champion* ran from New York on Penn Central's former PRR corridor and the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac to Richmond, Va., then the "A Line" (former ACL) to its termination in St. Petersburg, Fla. In addition to



Late Saturday afternoon, a trio of L&N six-motor units rolls into Montgomery with a northbound mixed freight. On toward sunset we found at GM&O's tiny terminal the four GP38s we'd shoot the next day on the inbound road freight, parked next to the local switcher, RS1 1109.





Not long after shooting SCL's passenger train again Sunday, we got Waycross-bound freight 314 with B-B and C-C GE's at the same crossing.

the New York–Montgomery coach, the big train carried through coaches and sleepers via connecting trains to both Naples and Venice on Florida's south Gulf coast. Train 90 left Montgomery at 8:50 a.m. and reached Waycross, 313 miles east, at 5:30 p.m. to connect with the northbound mainliner. Southbound, No. 89 left Waycross at 8:30 a.m. and arrived Montgomery at 3:05 p.m. Ironically, upon its Montgomery termination, the train was pointed northeast!

Montgomery hosted two more name trains during darkness, which we did not see. L&N's Cincinnati–New Orleans *Pan-American*, No. 9, dwelled in Union Station from 1:30 to 1:50 a.m., while northbound No. 8 did so from 1:50 a.m. to 2:10. The dwell time was necessary for



Sunday's L&N 71 passes Bell Street tower with the same three SP units as on 74 on Saturday.



Georgia Road GP7 1021 switches at the Western of Alabama's yard on Saturday afternoon. The following day up near the L&N–SCL yard, we ran across Seaboard Coast Line 20, an ancient NW2 delivered as No. 606 to Atlantic Coast Line by GM's Electro-Motive Corp. in January 1940.



Driving north to intercept GM&O's inbound daily road freight, we spotted him in time to make a U-turn to get him on the Alabama River bridge.



South of the bridge, we got a routine three-quarter action shot of the GP38s along the Maxwell AFB property, then him passing the Prattville Turn at the yard's west end waiting for a clear track. Soon the RS1s cranked up their train of logs for Union Camp and headed for Prattville.



the separation or combining of L&N's *South Wind* cars to and from Miami, which ran every other day, combined for 600 miles with the *Pan* between Louisville and Montgomery. On SCL, the *Wind* was Nos. 12 and 15. If you were bound to or from Chicago or Indiana points, though, by this time you had to change trains in Louisville, Ky., from or onto PC's coach-only *South Wind* remnant

The alternate-day Chicago–Miami

train was the *City of Miami*, Illinois Central's streamliner that used the CofG between Birmingham and Albany, Ga., and SCL's former ACL south of there. Both would die, as would Montgomery's mini-*Champion*, a month hence with the May 1 startup of Amtrak. The new carrier began with its own *South Wind*, which initially used Central Station in Chicago but went via Lafayette, Ind., and Indianapolis to Louisville, thence onto its pre-Amtrak route. So Montgomery would see a daily Amtrak train, renamed *Floridian* in November 1971, until its discontinuance in late '79. (Alabama would later bankroll a Birmingham–Mobile connection to the *Crescent*, the *Gulf Breeze* [it even had a through sleeper for a while], from late 1989 until April 1, 1995. It stopped next to Montgomery Union Station, already converted to offices, utilizing a travel agent's facility in a converted grain silo just to the north.)

Charlie and I began our Saturday photography with the departing SCL passenger train not far south of the tower. We'd also get the daily WofA road freight from Selma and several L&N trains, including one each direction with SP power. In midday, we shot a pair of L&N GP30s which each had derailed one truck on a switch, being attended to by a steam-powered derrick and men in hard hats. We ended the day shooting at GM&O's dilapidated little terminal.

Sunday's train-chasing was much the same, beginning with SCL No. 90 and a freight, plus WofA's train from Selma. Other highlights included the same L&N run-throughs with mixed SP power.

For us two "Yankees" from Illinois,

the *coup de gras* occurred in the afternoon, when we went north to intercept the inbound road freight of our Midwest favorite GM&O, behind the same four GP38s we'd seen the evening before. We spotted the train ahead in time to turn back to the Alabama River bridge, then shot it twice more, the finale as he passed the Prattville turn waiting to depart.

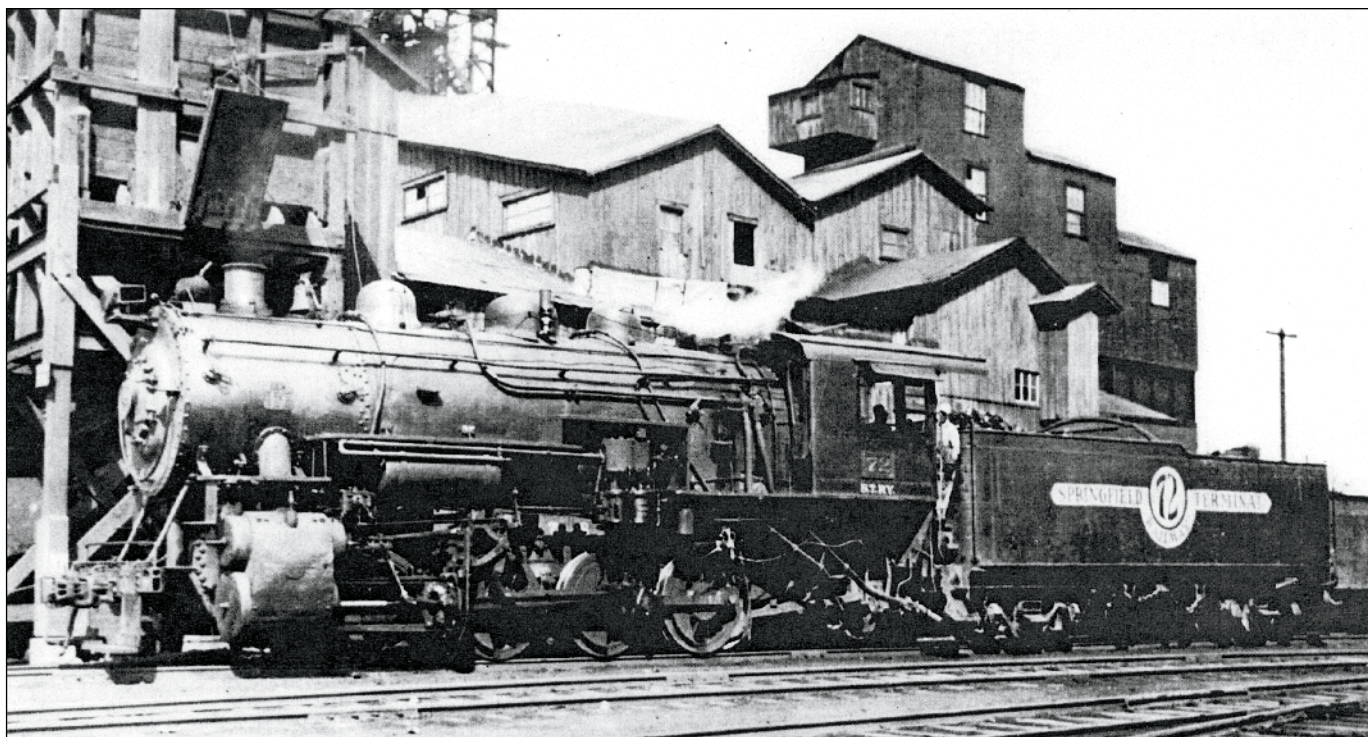
We then drove north with the three RSIs but missed our final shot at the paper mill wye, watching in dismay as he passed us in the distance instead of going underneath the mainline overpass on which we were stationed.

The weekend getaway was memorable, and satisfying on several counts: to see the Motes again, which we did once a year or so back then; to get acquainted with another state capital city; to witness a heretofore unseen far corner of home-state favorite GM&O; and to log more action on L&N, which was familiar to me at Cincinnati, Louisville, East St. Louis, and in east Tennessee, but nowhere in Alabama. But most of all, Carol and I remember the trip for a slap-in-the-face welcome to spring weather. This was reinforced on my second day back in Illinois, when I went out to finish the Kodachrome roll in the Nikon and got three Illinois Central trains in action . . . with snow still covering the ground in the shaded areas! ■

J. DAVID INGLES joined the TRAINS staff six weeks after this Montgomery weekend. He retired as TRAINS' Senior Editor in 2007 but continues part-time as Senior Editor of CLASSIC TRAINS, with a "Color Classics" article in each issue.



Western Railway of Alabama's local to Selma, led by the Georgia GP7 we'd seen switching on Saturday and WofA 524, one of its seven GP7s, ambles away from the yard toward Union Station and Bell Street tower on Sunday afternoon to become our last Montgomery photo subject.



ST's first 0-8-0, ex-RF&P 72 (Richmond, 1914), came in late 1948. Note the elaborate paintwork on No. 72's tender in this June 1950 photo.

C. T. Felstead, Mike Raia collection

The “other” Springfield Terminal

Gone 65 years, Illinois' version hauled coal • **By. R. R. Wallin**

What “other” is that? The well-known, Vermont-based Springfield Terminal was actually the *second* railroad with that name, predated by 13 years by the tiny coal-hauling Springfield Terminal Railway in Illinois' state capital. Reporting marks probably were of no concern because apparently neither road had interchange equipment during their 32 years (1921–1952) of coexistence. The 6.5-mile New England ST ran from Springfield, Vt., to a Boston & Maine connection across the Connecticut River at Charlestown, N.H. It thus was interstate, whereas its Illinois cousin, although a common carrier, operated only in Sangamon County. The Vermont ST was initially an electric interurban, then diesel-powered, while the Illinois ST was steam-only.

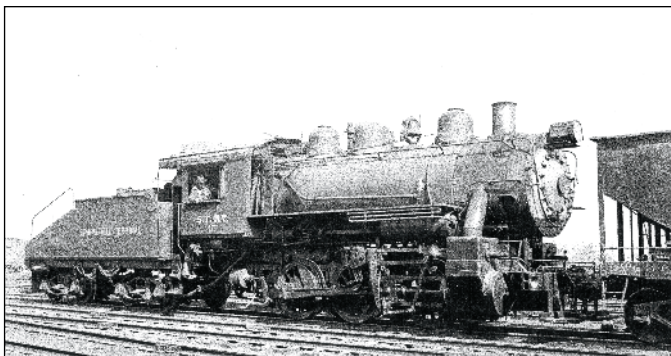
The eastern ST became widely known in the late '80s when, as a subsidiary of Guilford Transportation's Maine Central and B&M, its shortline work rules were used as a vehicle to circumvent Class I union agreements. Guilford now operates as Pan Am Railways, using the name and logo of a once-great airline.

Illinois' ST was incorporated April 23, 1908, primarily to switch the Jones & Adams Coal Mine, in a quasi-isolated area in the city's northeast extremity. The mine was built in 1884 and operated under eight names before its demise in 1951.

“Jones & Adams” first appeared in 1899 when the mine was Springfield Colliery Co.; the name Peerless Coal Mine dates from 1908. After being idle during 1925–29, it was bought in 1930 by Peabody Coal and became Peabody's “59 Mine.” A small yard south of the old ST property, once ST's Wabash and Illinois Traction interchange point, was used into the 1970s by Norfolk & Western to store cars, and local crews still called the mainline connection “the J&A switch!”

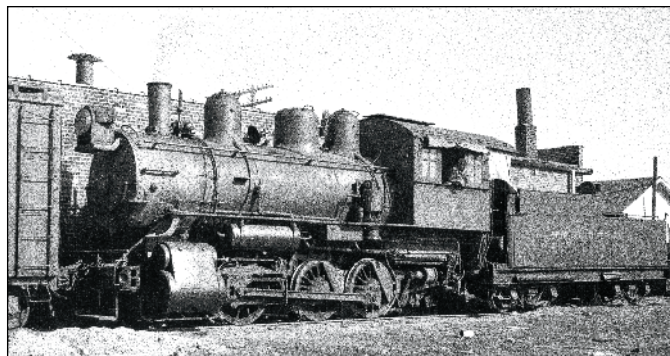
Springfield has a long history with coal — this writer's first job in downtown was in the Mine Workers Building, managed by Hattie Lewis, sister of legendary United Mine Workers boss John L. Lewis. Peabody's 59 Mine was one of 68 that operated in Sangamon County, and some folks say the entire city is undermined. There is some truth to that, as subsidence occurs every few years, and residents in pricey subdivisions find their doors don't fit the frames and pictures on walls hang crooked. Prudent homeowners carry mine subsidence on their insurance. Many mines were not deep, and spooky stories tell of citizens hearing voices late at night from shafts under their homes.

The J&A Mine was substantial, with a 235-foot-deep shaft and an average coal seam depth of 6 feet; employment ranged from 250 to 400. In 1916, ST reported it handled 16,668 cars.



Classic 0-6-0 15, a 1918 Baldwin from the Donora Southern Railroad south of Pittsburgh, works at ST's 59 Mine yard on October 25, 1939.

P. E. Boose, Mike Raia collection



West Burlington, Iowa, shops built this 0-6-0 in 1906 as Chicago, Burlington & Quincy 1694. It became ST's third No. 7 in July 1935.

Paul Eilenberger, Mike Raia collection

The mine advertised for new employees in 1920, and acquired two coaches and a combine to run miners' trains from 15th and Madison on the city's east side to the mine. A 1940 fire forced the safe evacuation of 240 underground miners. Major League Baseball Hall of Fame umpire Al Barlick, a Springfield native, was a wireman at Peerless Mine during the off-season.

A branch with a "closet"

The ST was a compact operation, with 1.46 miles of main track and 3.04 miles of side tracks. A 2.5-mile branch was built in 1926, east to the Bissell Coal Mine at the hamlet of Bissell, on Illinois Central's Clinton, Ill.-St. Louis line. To reach it, ST had to cross interurban Illinois Traction's busy Springfield-Peoria line. An interlocked crossing was mandatory, but for ST's few trains, a full-time staffed tower made no economic sense. The solution was a "cabinet interlocker," a closet-sized building. An ST switchman would get off his train, enter, and shut the door. When he threw a lever inside to line the route for ST, this would lock him inside. After his train cleared the diamond, he'd re-line for the IT, and the door would unlock.

A 1920s *Official Guide* lists ST as operating 12 miles "including trackage rights," by which ST gained interchange access to the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern; Chicago & Alton; Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis (later Chicago & Illinois Midland); Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton (later B&O); IC; IT; and Wabash. In 1917, 90 percent of ST's revenue was from the J&A Coal Co., with the remainder from interchange switching.

Most of ST's track was 70-lb. relay rail, and most of the ballast was mine cinders. Half of a 20x120-foot brick building housed the engines; the other half was the miners' washroom. An old boxcar body was the trainmen's washroom; it had electric lights and steam heat. Three more carbodies stored sand.

ST's locomotives were mostly secondhand switchers, including five 0-6-0s and two 0-8-0s. Its first was an 1890-vintage 0-6-0 of uncertain ancestry from Hicks Car & Locomotive Works; it was numbered 7, the first of three 0-6-0s with that ST number. Second No. 7 came new from Baldwin in 1922. ST also had 0-6-0s numbered 3 and 15, which kept previous owners' numbers, as did ex-Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac 0-8-0 72 later. When CB&Q 0-6-0 1694 arrived in 1935, a four-digit number seemed emotionally beyond ST's acceptability, so it too was renumbered 7! If ST had a two-digit maximum, it was waived when its last engine, ex-Indiana Harbor Belt 0-8-0 327, arrived, for ST kept that number. When an ST engine needed major repairs, neighbor CP&StL/C&IM helped out.

Annual reports to the Illinois Commerce Commission show that in most years, ST had two or three locomotives at year-end,



This 1921 Lima 0-8-0, formerly Indiana Harbor Belt 327, was ST's last locomotive, acquired in early 1950. The emblem is unique.

Louis A. Marre collection

but it is uncertain how many were in service. The reports appear to have been prepared at ST's Chicago headquarters, so one can imagine a call from Chicago to the ST, asking how many locomotives were on hand, and whoever answered the phone saying, "I think we've got a couple right now."

ST's final two engines were also its only 0-8-0s, but they had a short life as the end was near when they arrived, in 1948 and 1950. The final month of production at 59 Mine was September 1951, and on January 7, 1952, ST petitioned the ICC for abandonment. With the mine closed, no one protested, and approval came quickly. According to the road's superintendent, "complete abandonment" came at 12:01 a.m., April 28, 1952.

Just why the 59 Mine closed is open to speculation. The coal seam might have been worked out, but the postwar years were not kind to the coal industry as railroads dieselized and many homeowners switched from coal to gas or oil for home heating. The era of small coal mines had come to an end.

Today, little remains of the ST; the yard and mine area is overgrown with trees and brush. A few rails into the property existed until 2010, but those are gone. A decorative stone company occupies the former enginehouse area, but one remembrance still exists — the road to the stone firm is clearly labeled "Peerless Mine Road." ■

R. R. "DICK" WALLIN, a 55-year Springfield-area resident with four previous CLASSIC TRAINS bylines, dedicates this article to the late Hubert Walton, whose father Arthur was an ST engineer. Dick thanks P. Allen Copeland for locomotive roster research; Abraham Lincoln Presidential Library's Roberta Fairburn; Illinois Commerce Commission's Steve Laffey; and the staffs at the Illinois State Archives and the Sangamon Valley Collection at Springfield Lincoln Library.

Trains still climb the Climax Branch

When BN pulled out, Leadville residents acted to save their historic line • By Christopher James



For nearly two years following Gordon Glattenberg's 1960 visits to Leadville [pages 20–27], 2-8-0 No. 641 and the Colorado & Southern Climax Branch remained a photographer's paradise, featuring the last steam locomotive in everyday operation on an American standard-gauge Class I railroad. But C&S parent Burlington Route wasn't keeping 641 in operation to benefit railfans and photographers. The railroad's steam-era managers were convinced that diesel-electric locomotives would not operate efficiently in the rarified air between 10,165-foot-elevation Leadville and 11,318-foot Climax. To counter that notion (and to make a sale), EMD sent a demonstrator locomotive to the Climax Branch and the fate of No. 641 was sealed. In October 1962, she was pushed, cold, to a static display perch behind C&S's Leadville depot. The tracks were pulled up behind her.

Her replacement, C&S SD9 No. 828, carried molybdenum concentrate down from the Climax mine for the next 24 years, except during one short period when another SD9 pitched in. At Lead-

ville, the concentrate was handed off to the Denver & Rio Grande Western for final shipment.

The Climax Branch stayed busy until the 1980s recession depressed the molybdenum market and the mine began scaling back production, first slowly, then to an almost total shutdown. In 1986, Climax informed Burlington Route successor Burlington Northern that the mine would no longer use the railroad for shipments, so the BN applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission to mothball the branch. That October, the last BN train rolled from Climax to Leadville.

The region was full of great scenery, but skiers, hikers, and runners alone could not support Leadville's economy. New mineral discoveries had revived Leadville many times since 1860, but in 1986 the future of the one-industry town looked bleak. Longtime residents Ken and Stephanie Olsen looked at the perilous state of their hometown and asked themselves, *What's next?*

"What's next," Ken says, "is you have to make and control your own destiny."

Leadville, Colorado & Southern's tourist train pauses at French Tank for passengers to stretch their legs, take in the mountain scenery, and visit GP9 No. 1714's cab.

Ken, an accountant, and Stephanie, an attorney, began running the numbers for a tourist railroad on the old C&S. "We decided we'd explore the idea one piece at a time," Ken says, "until something said 'no', but that 'no' never came." With a \$250,000 Small Business Administration loan and eternal optimism in Leadville's boom-and-bust-and-back-again economy, they applied to the BN to purchase the branch.

Win-win for BN and Leadville

BN had mothballed the branch not only in case the molybdenum mine reopened but also to forestall an issue with the Environmental Protection Agency if it didn't. After more than a century of mineral extraction with little consideration of the consequences, much of the Leadville Mining District had been designated an EPA Superfund site, and BN was a "Potentially Responsible Party" for cleaning up contaminated land

around the C&S yard. The cleanup would be forestalled if the railroad property stayed active.

Impressed with the Olsens' commitment to local economic development, BN made a proposal: two GP9 locomotives, the yard, the 1909 enginehouse, the right of way between Leadville and Climax, four boxcars, eight flatcars, 1,800 tons of rail, and 45,000 ties, all with a salvage value of \$460,000, were offered to the couple. The price? \$10. And with that, Leadville's newest railroad, the Leadville, Colorado & Southern, was born. Says Ken, "It was the most expensive \$10 I ever spent."

Unemployed local folks helped convert the rolling stock to passenger service and lay a quarter mile of track along the original right of way between the enginehouse and the C&S depot. With the right of way inspected, the equipment certified, and the two GP9s repainted, the LC&S opened to the public on Memorial Day 1988.

In the 29 years since, LC&S has carried thousands of passengers and maintained a perfect safety record running one train daily — two on weekends — between May and the fall-color season in October. These days, the Olsens are handing the operation over to their two children: Kirsten Olsen Ayers runs the marketing activities; Derek Olsen is lead engineer and maintenance supervisor.

Abandonment of the D&RGW branch that linked C&S's Climax Branch to Rio Grande's Tennessee Pass main line (itself idle since 1997) has left the LC&S isolated from the national rail network.

On its 11-mile route, ex-BN GP9 1714 pushes the train to MP 140.3 (the distance from Denver via the original Denver, South Park & Pacific) and pulls the train back to MP 151.2 in Leadville, with a stop at French Gulch to allow the passengers to stretch and visit the GP9's cab. LC&S trips end a few miles below Climax because of unstable roadbed conditions, but that doesn't minimize the scenery, including views of Colorado's two highest peaks. The 2½-hour round trip is a family-oriented adventure, with the conductor providing interpretation of the railroad and its history on the ascent toward Climax. The Rocky Mountain landscape and the soothing rhythm of the rails speak for themselves on the return to Leadville. **1**

CHRISTOPHER JAMES has been chasing railroad history since his teens. During 1981–86, he served on the faculty of the Leadville Campus of Colorado Mountain College. Now retired from teaching, Chris is the author of Silver Rails: The Railroads of Leadville, Colorado (Sierra Grande Press, 2015) and is editor of the Friends of the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad's quarterly The C&TS Dispatch.



Leadville resident Ken Olsen, who with his wife Stephanie led the effort to save the Climax Branch, has traded his accountant's suit and tie for work clothes for a day of labor in the LC&S enginehouse. The LC&S train runs caboose-first on the trip up the hill out of Leadville.

All photos, Christopher James

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Return of the meal stop

A 1976 trip on Amtrak's *National Limited* saw an unplanned revival of an old railroad custom

In the early days of railroading when there were no dining cars, a train would stop for short periods at certain stations where passengers could eat. These "meal stations" were scenes of frantic activity when the trains paused briefly and passengers jostled for position for meals which varied drastically in quality. With the advent of dining cars, the practice slowly died out except in some isolated areas, although even into the 1960s as passenger services waned, some coach-only trains did make similar stops, often at crew-change points.

This brings us to the run of the east-bound *National Limited*, Amtrak train 30/430 between Kansas City and New York/Washington, on August 16–17, 1976. I traveled from St. Louis to the nation's capital wanting to ride the triweekly section down the "Port Road," the electrified ex-PRR Columbia & Port Deposit route that followed the east bank of the Susquehanna River to Perryville, Md., where it joined the Northeast Corridor main line and the train continued to Baltimore and Washington. Although the Port Road had been freight-only for decades, Amtrak used the line for its Kansas City/Chicago–Washington services from its creation until October 29, 1978, after which D.C. passengers were routed via Philadelphia.

I walked out to the train in cavernous St. Louis Union Station, now virtually empty. While the train stood in the station, there was a 10-minute rain shower outside, followed by another 15 minutes of rain under the old trainshed's leaky



roof. I should have seen it as an omen.

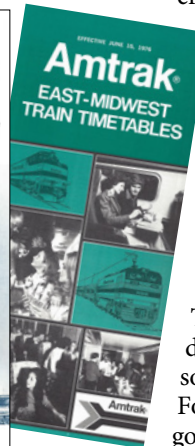
After boarding, I settled into a seat in the last car, which was designated as the coach for Washington passengers. As we crossed the Mississippi River the trainman pointed out the sights. Then came the first inkling of a problem. He said the dining-car crew wasn't sure whether the car would be functioning, but he would soon let us know. It developed that the air-conditioning in the diner had failed just out of Kansas City. By St. Louis, the kitchen had become so hot that serving supper would be impossible. The outside temperature was over 90 degrees; inside the din-

ing car, milk was going sour.

To provide food to the passengers, a free sandwich distribution was made that evening. Some hardy souls braved the heat to get drinks from the lounge section of our ex-New York Central taver-

ern-diner. I wasn't that hardy. The trainmen periodically talked on the radio to dispatchers about box lunches, but these never materialized. At least we were running on time!

Morning came as we neared Pittsburgh. The diner had cooled down during the night, so breakfast was served. Food and service were good, but it was evident that the car once again





was beginning to heat up. During the Pittsburgh stop, an electrician came walking down the aisle of the diner. With his test lamp hung around his neck, he asked what the problem was (what had happened to telegraph, telephone, or radio communications between St. Louis and Pittsburgh?). He then went under the car and tested. The diner flunked its exam, but we departed anyway.

East of Pittsburgh the *National Limited* picked up quite a few passengers for New York and Washington, many planning to eat on board. Lunch was, of course, out of the question, as the temperature in the diner soared. Free sandwiches were passed out once again. A waiter came through with them . . . or, I should say *most* of the way through.

The coach for Washington passengers was the last car in the consist out of K.C. To handle the heavier business east of Pittsburgh, two coaches were added to

the rear during the station stop there. We Washington-bound passengers in what had been the last car were told somewhat abruptly to move, bags and all, from our car to the new last car of the train. Although operationally simpler than cutting in the two new coaches ahead of the D.C. car, it was certainly an inconvenience. To what limbo on flanged wheels the coach attendants disappeared at that critical moment I can only speculate, but none was around to help with the luggage. Also at Pittsburgh, a snack attendant with a cooler of food joined the train and would — was *supposed* to — ride the rear car through to Washington.

For unknown reasons, the snack attendant deposited himself in the next-to-last car out of Pittsburgh. The dining-car waiter, working his way back with the free sandwiches, saw the snack attendant, apparently assumed he'd reached the last car, and headed back from

Impromptu meal stop: Amtrak GG1 908 waits with one-car train 430, the Washington section of the *National Limited*, as passengers eat inside the Pequea Inn facing Conrail's Port Road line along the Susquehanna River.

Ron Goldfeder

whence he came. By this happenstance we Washington passengers back in the *real* last car were not fed. The *National* was still on time, though.

At Harrisburg the Washington coach was cut off, and we departed as a one-car train behind GG1 electric 908. Our snack attendant, however, was en route to New York! The conductor for this portion of the run missed the snack attendant at once. He asked a few questions and heard our sad tale. We were now off the main line and on Conrail's Port Road to Perryville, on time but hungry.

One passenger was diabetic and had to eat at regular intervals. After boarding at Johnstown, she expected to eat in the diner. She was becoming concerned, as

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THE WAY IT WAS

was her traveling companion. At this point Conductor R. W. Jackson made a courageous decision. He knew of a tavern ahead at Pequea, Pa., that was next to the railroad. He also knew there was only one track at that location, that the Port Road was a key freight route, and that it probably would not be long before another train was due. Nevertheless, just like passenger trains of old, we made a meal stop at Pequea.

What had been a grim journey suddenly became a friendly party. The Pequea Inn was not ready for the crowd but rose to the occasion with sandwiches and lots of beer. After everyone was satisfied, we climbed aboard our tiny train and continued toward Washington, one hour late but happy.

WHAT HAD BEEN A GRIM JOURNEY SUDDENLY BECAME A FRIENDLY PARTY WITH SANDWICHES AND LOTS OF BEER.

We now also had the full attention of Amtrak and Conrail management, who had not been even aware of any problem. The next stop was at Baltimore, where a delegation of supervisors was waiting on the platform. They seemed to be willing to accept a medical emergency as a reason for our stop, but I couldn't be sure of what happened later. Therefore, let me say that Conductor Jackson, Trainman D. G. Ewalt, Engineman Ed Brennerman, and Engineman Trainee Phil Nepper, as well as one crewman whose name I failed to get, deserved praise and not punishment. In our hour of need, they answered the call of railroad tradition. Gentlemen, thank you for the lesson and the concern. I will never forget our meal stop in Pequea! — *Ron Goldfeder*

College prep

A high-schooler's 1953 visit to Purdue University was an academic dead end, but remains memorable for the locomotives he encountered

During my senior year in high school in Xenia, Ohio, I searched for a college to attend. Three close at hand offered courses in my chosen field of mechanical engineering. These were the University of Cincinnati, the University of Dayton, and the Ohio State University. My dad, having graduated from Purdue University, suggested we also check out that institution of higher learning at West Lafayette, Ind. Since we had relatives near Cicero, Ind., and in Noblesville, north of Indianapolis, I was familiar with the Hoosier State and agreed, so on a warm, sunny Saturday in 1953, we headed west from Ohio.

Purdue truly had "Halls of Ivy." It even had its own railroad. The mile-long track, which connected with the Nickel Plate Road, was used to move coal to the campus power house. Motive power was a Whitcomb 44-ton center-cab diesel switcher, one of 41 such units the Rochelle, Ill.-builder turned out between 1941 and '45. Purdue's unit was appropriately painted in the school colors of

black and gold, and we were lucky enough to see it in action. I shot a couple of black-and-white negatives using Dad's hand-me-down Argus-C 35mm camera.

During our brief campus tour, Dad recalled that in his day Purdue had a Brill interurban car, used by the Electrical Engineering Department to expose students to test and measurement practices. It had utilized the school's short railroad to access the Lafayette Street Railway system and the interurban Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern. This allowed actual operation at speed on the Soldier's Home line leading to a park on the outskirts of Lafayette. This was not the only railroad development effort conducted at Purdue, and the university even had a small collection of historic rolling stock.

I don't remember any discussion of, or seeing, the Monon's famous street-running through downtown Lafayette, but Dad and I did stop by the New York Central-Nickel Plate Road station. There we saw an NYC Mikado running light.



Purdue's 44-ton Whitcomb diesel passes with two coal hoppers from the university's steam plant during author Noble's 1953 visit. Although the center-cab unit carried no road number, its cabside lettering and black-and-gold livery left no doubt about who owned it.



With Noble's father looking on at right from the station platform, NYC class H-5p Mikado 1350 ambles past the passenger depot at Lafayette, jointly used by NYC and Nickel Plate.

Three photos, Harry Noble

We also stopped by the NYC round-house, where another 2-8-2 had just been eased off the turnable.

It was an enjoyable visit, but I ended up not attending Purdue. The college I

chose? University of Dayton, so I could make daily commutes and still help out on the family farm. Doing my share of chores was in exchange for my parents' paying my tuition. — *Harry Noble*

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A brakeman's baptism

The task: guide a set of E units through half a mile of yard tracks, in the dark

Even in the railroad business there are mysterious things that go “bump in the night,” and which are often resolved, quietly, before daylight. One such situation occurred during my first summer as a brakeman for the Illinois Central out of Champaign, Ill., in the 1960s. Passenger service was on the wane, and although IC did continue to run some beautiful, well-patronized passenger trains on the main line, other routes were not competitive. With the loss of mail contracts, many trains came off, leaving passenger units idled, so IC tried to use some in fast freight service.

This was the situation during my first year, when the Es were the power on SE-1 and other priority freights, along with 50 and 51, the hot piggyback trains that were permitted to run at 75 mph.

One hot summer night I was called for SE-1 as head brakeman, with no fireman. We made a fast trip down the main line with only one pickup, at Mattoon,

and arrived at Centralia, our away-from-home terminal, in about four hours. As we approached the yard the yardmaster told us, “No mainline crew change to-night. Tie your train down on the ice-house track and take the engines back to the house.”

Normally that would be a simple task, but I had never made this move before, and there was no fireman to help out. I didn't know how the switches were to be lined, and I didn't have a portable radio to communicate with the engineer. And, of course, it was dark.

My engineer requested a yard pilot to escort us back to the roundhouse, stating his young brakeman had never done this and wasn't familiar with the route. However, our request was denied, with the explanation that

no one was available to help us. “Just do your best,” we were told.

Realizing we were on our own, we devised this simple plan: I would ride the rear unit, hanging out the doorway with my lantern so the engineer could see my signals to lead him back to the roundhouse. I recall it being some distance, at least a half mile, from the yard to the house, with several switches and multi-colored targets in between to guide our movement.

The plan we dreamed up was for the engineer to start slowly, backing the long, heavy units toward the house, and if I saw a red switch target, I would stop him with a signal from my lantern. I would then climb down and line the switch and we would proceed. In addition, if the engineer “felt” the units were going into a wrong track he would stop, whistle, and pull ahead to clear and allow me to line the switch for the opposite route.

After many back-up-and-go-forward moves, we finally arrived at the house and tied down our units. We then headed

MY ENGINEER REQUESTED A YARD PILOT TO ESCORT US TO THE ROUNDHOUSE. “JUST DO YOUR BEST,” WE WERE TOLD.



On June 28, 1968, when train-offs had made many IC passenger units available for other duty, E8 4029, E9 4034, and E8 4033 depart Centralia, Ill., with freight BC-4 for Chicago.

Burrell P. Spieth

for the locker room to wash up before taking a taxi to the hotel.

Somewhat relieved that this ordeal was over, and thinking I had passed this test successfully, I said to the engineer, "Well, I guess that wasn't so bad and I am glad we didn't wreck anything while doing it."

To which he gently replied, "Yeah, kid, I guess so, and I wouldn't worry too much about that crossover which showed green but should have been red for our movement, which we ran though. The day section crew will look forward to fixing both those switches in the hot sun, and I am sure they will have nice things to say about your efforts!"

Surprisingly, we never heard anything about the incident, nor were we called in for an investigation. We both figured that the yardmaster refusing to provide a pilot to help guide us safely to the roundhouse had something to do with the silence. This was another of those many railroad stories that was better left untold until sometime in the distant future.

— Barry O. Karlberg



Bob Krone

Uncle Sam's steam oasis

Throughout the 1960s, as steam disappeared from even the most marginal short lines and industrials, one of the mightiest entities in the land — the U.S. Army — maintained an active roster of 0-6-0s and 2-8-0s. These were at Fort Eustis, Va., home of the 714th Transportation Battalion. The fort's rail system moved supplies and materiel in and out, and also served to train soldiers in rail operations, an important duty for troops overseas during World Wars I and II. The 714th regularly ran special trains — sometimes double- and tripleheaded — for visiting railfans. Here, 2-8-0 No. 607, one of 2,120 light Consolidations built during 1942–45 for shipment to Europe, heads three postwar hospital cars on May 16, 1970. Fort Eustis ended steam operations in the early 1970s, but No. 607 remains there as a U.S. Army Transportation Museum exhibit.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

(Required by 39 USC 3685)

1. Publication title: CLASSIC TRAINS

2. Publication No.: 019-502

3. Filing date: October 1, 2016

4. Issue frequency: Quarterly

5. Number of issues published annually: 4

6. Annual subscription price: \$24.95

7. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 21027 Crossroads Circle, Waukesha, WI 53186. Telephone: 262-798-6626.

8. Complete mailing address of general business office of publisher: same.

9. Publisher: Steve George, 21027 Crossroads Circle, Waukesha, WI 53186. Editor: Robert S. McGonigal, same.

10. Owner: Kalmbach Publishing Co., 21027 Crossroads Circle, Waukesha, WI 53186; stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock are: Deborah H.D. Bercot, 22012 Indian Springs Trail, Amberson, PA 17210; Gerald & Patricia Boettcher Trust, 8041 Warren Ave., Wauwatosa, WI 53213; Alexander & Sally Darrah, 145 Prospect Ave., Waterloo, IA 50703; Melanie J. Duval, 9705 Royston Ct., Granite Bay, CA 95746; Harold Edmonson, 6021 N. Marmora Ave., Chicago, IL 60646-3903; Laura & Gregory Felzer, 3328 S. Honey Creek Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53219; Susan E. Fisher Trust, 3430 E. Sunrise Dr., Ste. 200, Tucson, AZ 85718; Bruce H. Grunden, 255 Vista Del Lago Dr., Huffman, TX 77336-4683; Linda H. Hanson Trust, 363G Bateman Circle S., Barrington Hills, IL 60010; Mary Kay Herrmann, 1530 Tallgrass Circle, Waukesha, WI 53188; George F. Hirschmann Trusts, 363G Bateman Circle S., Barrington Hills, IL 60010; James & Carol Ingles, 1907 Sunnyside Dr., Waukesha, WI 53186; Charles & Lois Kalmbach, 7435 N. Braeburn Ln., Glendale, WI 53209; Kalmbach Profit Sharing/401K Savings Plan & Trust, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187-1612; James & Elizabeth King, 2505 E. Bradford Ave., No. 1305, Milwaukee, WI 53211-4263; Mahan Family Trust, 4756 Marlborough Way, Carmichael, CA 95608; Jennifer McGraw, 630 Quail Run, Colgate, WI 53017; Milwaukee Art Museum, Inc., 700 N. Art Museum Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202; James W. Mundschau, N24 W30420 Crystal Springs Dr., Pewaukee, WI 53072; Daniel & Mary Murphy, 4722 Lincrest Dr., Brookfield, WI 53045; Lois E. Stuart Trust, 1320 Pantops Cottage Ct., No. 1, Charlottesville, VA 22911-4663; David M. Thornburgh Trust, 8855 Collins Ave., Apt. 3A, Surfside, FL 33154-0436.

11. Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: N/A

12. Tax status (for completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates): Has not changed during the preceding 12 months.

13. Publication title: CLASSIC TRAINS

14. Issue date for circulation data below: September 2016

15. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
a. Total number of copies (net press run)	88,379	84,797
b. Paid circulation (by mail and outside the mail)		
1. Mailed outside-county paid subscriptions	37,570	37,113
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h. Total (sum of 15f and 15g)	88,379	84,797
i. Percent paid (15c divided by 15f times 100)	99.82%	99.72%
16. Electronic copy circulation:		
a. Paid electronic copies	1,904	1,299
b. Total paid print copies and paid electronic copies (sum of 15c and 16a)	55,812	53,373
c. Total print distribution and paid electronic copies (sum of line 15f and 16a)	55,910	53,518
d. Percent paid (both print and electronic copies) (16b divided by 16c times 100)	99.82%	99.73%
17. Publication of statement of ownership: Publication required. Printed in the March 2017 issue of this publication.		
18. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.		
Nicole McGuire, Vice President, Consumer Marketing, Date: September 27, 2016		

Philadelphia's Red Arrow Lines



Philadelphia Suburban Transportation Co., the “Red Arrow Lines,” began in 1848 as a turnpike between Upper Darby, at the west edge of Philadelphia, and West Chester. As the Philadelphia & West Chester Traction Co., it completed a 19-mile side-of-the road line in 1898, then added a branch to Ardmore. In 1906, work began on a line from Upper Darby that split into routes to Media (completed in 1913) and Sharon Hill (1917). All the lines were united under the PST/Red Arrow banner in 1936. The

5-foot 2½-inch-gauge system spread west from 1907-built 69th Street Terminal in Upper Darby, where passengers could connect to Market Street Elevated trains east and Philadelphia & Western interurbans northwest. P&W became part of PST in 1952. Thanks to a bus subsidiary, strong residential growth in its territory, and 70 years of deft leadership by the Taylor family, Red Arrow was healthier than most transit companies. Nevertheless, rail service ended to West Chester and Ardmore in 1954 and 1966, respec-

tively, and in 1970 Philadelphia's SEPTA took over the remaining rail lines, which it still runs. *Above*, No. 25, one of three 1917 Brill city cars Red Arrow got secondhand in 1942, rumbles away from 69th Street Terminal with a full load on a September 1951 afternoon. The car has just entered the West Chester/Ardmore line; the Media/Sharon Hill line goes to the right. *Top right*: A two-car train of center-door Brills waits on the loop at 69th Street in '52; PST had 32 such cars, built 1919–26. *Second from top*: Brill



W. C. Janssen



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W. A. McCaleb



W. C. Janssen, all from Krambles-Peterson Archive

"Master Unit" No. 79 (built 1932 with nine sisters) pulls away from a stop along West Chester Pike on an outbound run in 1952. *Third from top:* "Brilliner" No. 9, from a 1941 group of 10 that would be the venerable Philadelphia carbuilder's final trolleys, is inbound at Merwood Road on the Ardmore branch in 1960; the P&W crosses overhead in the background. *Bottom:* Red Arrow's last new cars were 14 PCCs built by St. Louis Car in 1949; two pass the Upper Darby Post Office on their way in from Media in 1961.

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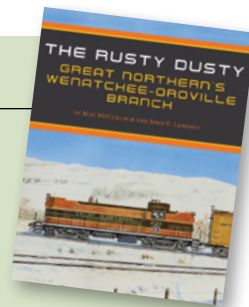
READY TRACK Reviews of new products

FIRST OUT

The Rusty Dusty: Great Northern's Wenatchee-Oroville Branch

By Mac McCulloch and John E. Langlot. YAKT Publishing Inc., 620 Woodland Heights, Holly Springs, MS 38635. 8½ x 11 inches; hardcover; 396 pages. \$65.

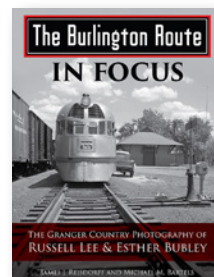
This book sets a standard for railroading at the granular level, a deluxe, beautifully produced history of a single branch line. In telling the story of this obscure 138-mile GN line in eastern Washington, it manages to gather in all of railroading's essential elements: operations, geography, local and regional economics, locomotives, rolling stock, buildings and bridges, and colorful railroaders. Nicknamed the "Rusty Dusty" by GN employees, the W-O, as it was more commonly known, was at one time or another a corridor for lumber, minerals, grain, and fruit, especially apples. That latter, highly lucrative traffic is the basis for a fascinating explanation of reefer operations. With 98 photos and 70 excellent contextual maps. — *Kevin P. Keefe*



The Burlington Route in Focus

By James J. Reisdorff and Michael M. Bartels. Garbely Publishing Co., 973-800-9251, www.garbelypublishing.com; also available from South Platte Press, P.O. Box 163, David City, NE 68632. 8½ x 11 inches; softcover; 104 pages. \$29.95.

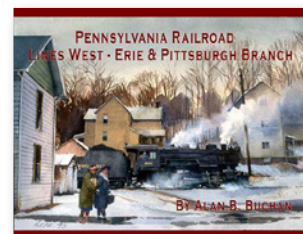
In 1948, photojournalists Russell Lee and Esther Bubley were hired to document life along the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy for a book commemorating the Q's 100th anniversary. The book, aimed at a general audience and composed mostly of pictures from other sources, quickly faded to obscurity, along with Lee and Bubley's thousands of negatives, which went to Chicago's Newberry Library, where they were rediscovered in 2009. This new album presents 103 of the images, selected with railfans in mind. Essays describe the 1948 project and the lives of Lee and Bubley. Substantial, informative captions accompany the photos, which are truly marvelous. They show beautifully the equipment, facilities, and people of a great railroad at the zenith of postwar optimism. — *Robert S. McGonigal*



Pennsylvania Railroad Lines West: Erie & Pittsburgh Branch

By Alan B. Buchan. Pennsylvania Railroad Technical & Historical Society, P.O. Box 326, Kutztown, PA 19530; www.prrths.com. 11 x 8½ inches; hardcover; 247 pages. \$79.95 (PRRTHS members, \$74.95).

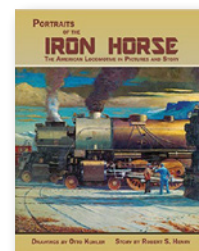
PRR's dazzling high-density main lines understandably get lots of attention. Less well-documented are the numerous branch and secondary lines that constituted more than two-thirds of the giant system's route-miles, and which contributed significant traffic to the core routes. This deeply researched, well-written, profusely illustrated, and handsomely presented volume illuminates one of those unsung but vital feeders. Author Buchan, the E&P Branch's Supervisor of Track in the 1960s, traces the line's history from the earliest proposals of the 1830s up to today's Norfolk Southern service over the remnants of the line. He considers the E&P's freight and passenger traffic, motive power, yards and shops, operating practices, and extensive facilities in Erie, reached by rights on NYC's Water Level Route main line. — *R.S.M.*



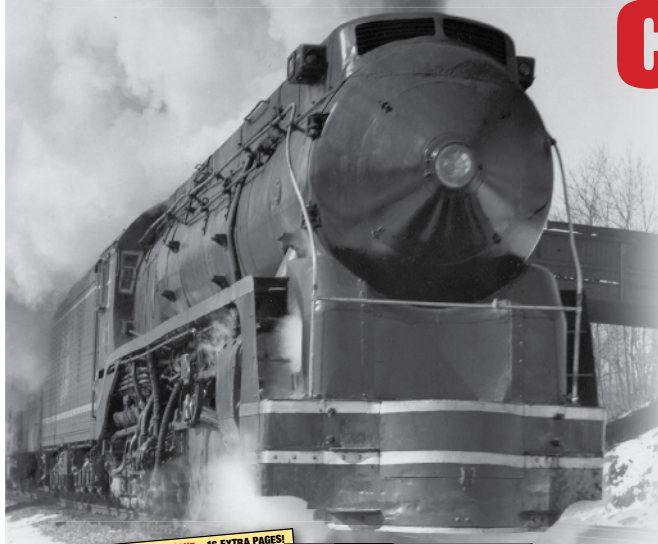
Portraits of the Iron Horse

Drawings by Otto Kuhler, story by Robert S. Henry. Sunstone Press, P.O. Box 2321, Santa Fe, NM 87504-2321. 8½ x 11 inches; softcover; 80 pages. \$19.95.

Making another appearance in reprint form is this slim but delightful volume from 1938 of black-and-white drawings by Otto Kuhler, the celebrated industrial designer known for such classic streamlining as Milwaukee Road's F7 4-6-4 and the Alco DL109 diesel. In this book, Kuhler uses a dry-brush technique to create simple, stylized steam locomotive drawings that convey a certain mass and musculature. He covers the whole history of American steam design, ranging from the *DeWitt Clinton* of 1830 to some of the iconic engines of the late 1930s, including the NYC Hudson and Union Pacific 4-12-2. The rather simplistic text is by the celebrated Robert Selph Henry, better known for his influential work *This Fascinating Railroad Business*. — *K.P.K.*



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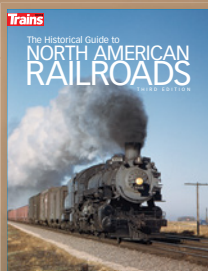
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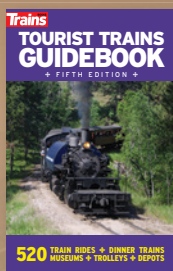
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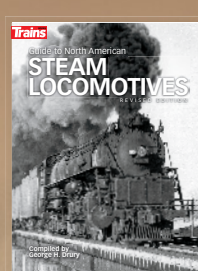
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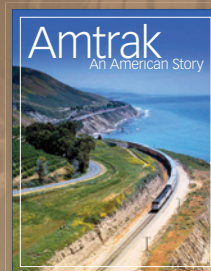
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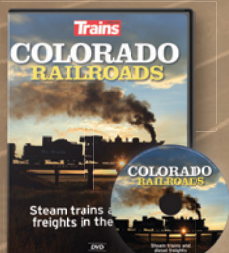
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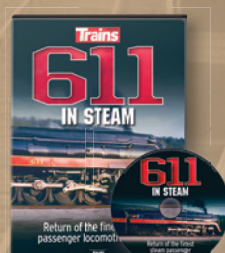
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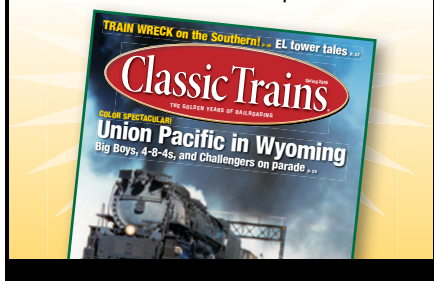
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AD INDEX

Catenary Video Productions	82
Chicago & North Western Historical Society	13
Electric Railroaders' Association	9
Four Ways West	9
Great Northern Railway Historical Society	79
Greg Scholl Video Productions	9
Herron Rail Video	13
Monon Railroad Historical Technical Society	11
Monte Vista Publishing	13
Morning Sun Books, Inc.	7
Nevada Northern Railway Museum.	2
Northern Pacific Railway Historical Association.	13
railroadbooks.biz	13
Ron's Books	79
RPC Publications	82
Semaphore Records	82
Shore Line Interurban Historical Society.	11
Signature Press	11
Society of International Railway Travelers	92
TrainsShipsPlanes	13
Whitewater Valley Railroad	79
Yakt Publishing.	82

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J. V. Leengran and Fred G. Cox

Looking ahead at North Vancouver

British Columbia's provincially owned Pacific Great Eastern Railway lacked a rail connection to the province's biggest city until 1956, when a 41-mile line from Squamish down the rugged shore of Howe Sound to North Vancouver was completed. Anticipating a surge in passenger traffic, PGE replaced its rag-tag roster of secondhand, mostly wood cars with seven shiny new Budd Rail Diesel Cars. The road also built a modern, glass-and-stucco station at "North Van" that included two ticket windows and a 40-seat lunch counter. In this 1957 view, train 1, the *Caribou Dayliner*, waits to pull away from

the camera on its 466-mile, 16½-hour daily run to Prince George, B.C., as passengers (visible through the plate-glass windows) finish breakfast in the station coffee shop. The depot would serve passengers using this train, as well as regular steam-powered excursions, for nearly 50 years, through PGE's name changes to British Columbia Railway and BC Rail. Passenger service ended in 2002, two years before BC Rail became part of Canadian National, and the depot was demolished in 2013. Passengers for certain Rocky Mountaineer cruise trains board a short distance west of this spot. ■



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