

TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS TO KNOW p.44 // RIDING AMTRAK IN 1978 p.34

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Stalking trains in the Lehigh Gap in 1946

**'JUST ANOTHER
SUNDAY'** MADE
FOR DRAMATIC
PHOTOGRAPHY

p.22



plus

**SEQUENTIAL
SERENDIPITY ON
THE CHESSIE** p.30

**RAILROADING IN
THE '70S: NOT THE
BEST OF TIMES** p.64

**OLDEST AMTRAK
LOCOMOTIVES AT
STARTUP** p.68

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Vol. 24 • Issue 1

Estate Auction of Silver and Golden Age Art and Ephemera

Featuring Important Original Art for the Styling Department of GM's Electro-Motive Division

Saturday, March 11* at 10am *Date is subject to confirmation.



Original illustration of Baltimore and Ohio FT freight locomotive pulling military material while P-51 Mustangs fly overhead. This painting signed by Paul Meyer was used to illustrate a General Motors EMD lithograph touting the 5400 HP locomotive. That litho from 1942 is included with this painting.



Although no EMD locomotive was ever built with number boards on top of the cab as shown in this rare and important prototype painting by Ben Dedek, ENMD did use the color scheme shown here for a demonstrator model of the F3 locomotive in 1945.



"The Diesel That Did It." This painting by Paul Meyer for the EMD styling department is an alternate depiction of the FT, General Motors' triumphant Diesel locomotive that persuaded most American railroads to switch from steam to Diesels.

More than 30 Original Paintings by Ben Dedek, Hugh Bockewitz and Paul Meyer | Thousands of Pieces of Ephemera 1880 to 1960 | Rare Pocket Maps, Timetables, Travel Brochures and More.



Missouri Pacific's first streamliner was dubbed the Eagle. The Texas and Pacific was a Missouri Pacific subsidiary, so its streamliner was the Texas Eagle, which began operating in 1947 using E7 locomotives. The locomotive in this crisp and detailed Ben Dedek painting is, however, an E8 that was delivered in 1951.



"The Diesel That Didn't" was thus named because it sold so poorly compared to most other Electro-Motive Division products. Only 59 of the 1947 BL1/BL2, depicted here in a watercolor by Ben Dedek, were sold. It was replaced in 1949 by the popular GP7 which sold 2,700 units, followed by the GP9 which sold another 4,250.



This is an historical record of the original, highly visible Minneapolis & St. Louis locomotive in its brightly colored scheme as originally delivered by GM in 1945. The design was simplified to red with a white stripe on later locomotive models. This fine rendering is signed by EMD styling department artist Hugh Bockewitz.

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Free lunch and refreshments.



This exceptionally well-executed painting by artist Ben Dedek, head of the Electro-Motive Division's styling department, depicts locomotive number 925, the first of forty-seven F7s to be delivered in the Southern Pacific's popular Black Widow color scheme, beginning February of 1950.



An original illustration painting of the early, ground-breaking streamlined Diesel locomotive *The Abraham Lincoln*. This same composition was used to illustrate a 1939 post card advertising the Alton Route's distinguished new train.



One of several "just in case" paintings to be found in this once-in-a-lifetime collection of EMD original illustrations. Depicted without reference to a railroad name or logo, it is assumed these designs were kept on hand in case some railroad officials liked the scheme.

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Change is in the air

Spring is a time of rebirth and change in nature. So it only seemed fitting to roll out *Classic Trains*' new departments here in the Spring issue. Please allow me to introduce them to you.

Just opposite this, at top right of page 5, we have the new Caboose Corner to highlight the colorful punctuation mark of railroading's past. We're kicking it off with a double feature: Reading and Jersey Central on the same train!

Toward the back of the magazine on page 70, you'll find Short Rails, highlighting intriguing short lines and industrial, logging, and mining operations. We start with a fan favorite there: Northwest Steel & Wire's funky ex-Grand Trunk Western 0-8-0s operating at Sterling, Ill., in the 1970s alongside the Chicago & North Western.

Passenger Perspectives by Mike Schafer premieres on page 72. Long a fixture in the railroad press, Mike shares his insights on significant passenger trains of the classic era. He kicks the column off with New York Central's *20th Century Limited*, arguably "The Greatest Train Ever Made."

Short lines, industrial operations, and passenger trains are a great way to look at railroading with new perspectives. And, really, who doesn't like cabooses?

It's inevitable some of our long-running columns will become fallen flags themselves in the future. I'd like to think that having these new friends around will make that transition a little easier when that time comes.



EDITOR



Spring on Wisconsin's East Troy Railroad Museum brings fresh color to the landscape much as I hope new departments will for the magazine. Brian M. Schmidt



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A potpourri of railroad history, then and now

HeadEnd



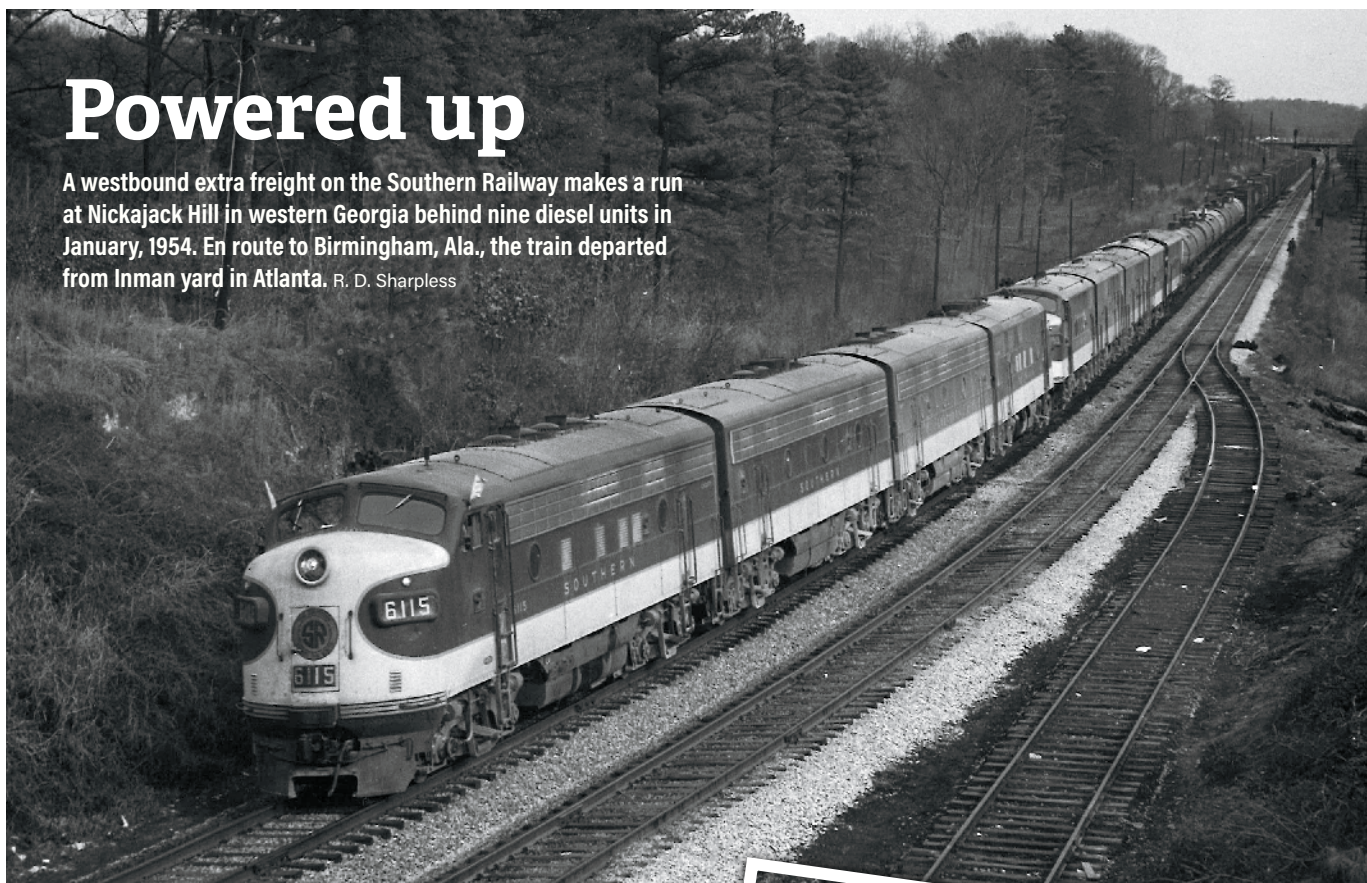
Reading and Jersey Central "Northeast" cabooses tag along on a Reading freight northbound at Wayne Jct., Pa.

Bob Krone

CABOOSE CORNER

Powered up

A westbound extra freight on the Southern Railway makes a run at Nickajack Hill in western Georgia behind nine diesel units in January, 1954. En route to Birmingham, Ala., the train departed from Inman yard in Atlanta. R. D. Sharpless



That distant headlight...

... could be an interurban! Equipment for the future Waterfront Electric Railway rolls east along Conrail's double-track former New York Central main line through Toledo on May 13, 1976. The Waterfront Electric operated on the east side of the Maumee River, opposite downtown from International Park in the 1970s. Equipment included freight motor 715, GE 25-ton diesel L2, and former Chicago Transit Authority car 4267, now carrying No. 1. The photos are presumably shot from an opposing train. The bridge overhead is the ex-Cloverleaf route. Two photos, Ernest L. Novak

No. 1900 shows its original paint at Laurel, Miss., in November 1947. Elliot Kahn



Ingalls Shipbuilding 4S: A true diesel that didn't

The business world in general, and railroading in particular, is full of one-hit wonders. The concept is solid, the idea grand, the thinking sound. Yet, despite all the barometers showing the product should be a sales winner, through no fault of its own, it fizzles.

Today's example is the Ingalls Shipbuilding 4S, a carefully thought-out diesel electric railroad locomotive that its builder hoped would be the vanguard of an extensive line of internal-combustion motive power that would include switchers, freight, and passenger units.

Coming from a proven leader in technologically sophisticated ocean-going ship building, the company poured its vast knowledge into the

project. With the cessation of hostilities after World War II, Ingalls wanted to expand into other areas to keep its large workforce and physical facilities in Pascagoula, Miss., employed.

The thinking was solid. With the restrictions of the War Production Board a thing of the past, entire new lines of diesel locomotives were being proposed or built by Alco, Baldwin, Electro-Motive, Fairbanks-Morse, and Lima-Hamilton. Sales personnel couldn't keep up with the influx of inquiries. Ingalls took notice.

Catalogued models ranged from a 660 hp switcher all the way up to a 2,000 hp passenger model. In-between were various units designed to fit any railroad's requirements.

The 4S was billed as a 1,500 hp all-purpose locomotive. Its Superior engine was surrounded by a carbody that allowed for maintenance personnel to be shielded from the weather while doing their job. There was a turret-type cab giving the engine crew an almost 360-degree view of the terrain around them. There was even a vestibule on the rear end. A smaller 1,000 hp version was also available.

The 56½-foot 4S prototype began testing in early 1946 and toured various railroads including Louisville & Nashville, Southern, and Seaboard before settling in on the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio. As favorable a design as it appeared, alas, the order book stayed empty. GM&O, which served the Ingalls facility, bought the orphan at a bargain price and numbered it 1900.

On the GM&O, the 4S put in a respectable two decades of work, mostly at Mobile, before being stricken from the roster. A year later it was cut up by an Illinois scrapper, ending the story of the Ingalls Shipbuilding 4S locomotive.

— David Lustig



The Ingalls 4S is on tour as a demonstrator at Atlanta in 1946. Note the similarities in paint to the first GM&O scheme shown above and one-chime horn on the nose. *Classic Trains* collection



The unit's distinctive look was not confined to its cab, as this rear view illustrates. J. Parker

Lamb, Center for Railroad Photography & Art collection

Union Railroad's 0-10-2: Largest switch engine

In the steam era, switch engines came in basically three sizes: 0-4-0, 0-6-0, and 0-8-0. They ranged from diminutive shop switchers — typically 0-4-0s, pretty much a pre-1900 machine — to huge switchers such as Indiana Harbor Belt's three U-4a class 0-8-0s of 1927, three-cylinder behemoths that weighed 364,000 pounds and could muster up to 74,400 pounds of tractive force, plus another 12,000 pounds with the booster cut in.

But that wasn't the biggest. In fact, the largest North American steam switcher didn't even share a standard wheel arrangement, such as the requirements of its owner. The biggest was the Union Railroad's unique 0-10-2, dubbed the "Union" type, weighing in at 644,510 pounds and delivering 90,000 pounds of tractive force, with another 17,150 pounds avail-

able from its booster. All that theoretically added up to 3,600 hp.

The Union Railroad is relatively unknown outside the Pittsburgh region. It's one of several lines formerly owned by U.S. Steel and heavily oriented toward industrial and ore-delivery operations, operating on about 200 miles of yard track and 65 miles of main line serving industrial customers within a 10-mile radius in Allegheny County. Today the company is owned by Transtar Inc.; U.S. Steel divested itself of the Union in 1988.

The nine Union 0-10-2s — all built between 1936 and 1939 and numbered in the 300 class — truly were monsters. Like all U.S. Steel steam locomotives, they were constructed in Pennsylvania at Baldwin's Eddystone plant in suburban Philadelphia. The machine met a very specific need: obviate pushers used at two locations where



This profile view of Union 303 shows its immense size. It had 61-inch drivers and an 88-inch diameter boiler. Baldwin, *Classic Trains* collection

grades reached 2.5%. A five-coupled engine was determined to be the answer, augmented by that extended two-wheel trailing truck supporting a large firebox.

The 0-10-2 was surprisingly compact, despite its claim as biggest steam switcher. Its huge boiler, measuring just 70 feet in length, was abbreviated on account of turntable length and other restrictions, and accomplished in part by dispensing with the engine truck and making the tender a rather short but tall affair. Its ungainly appearance was mollified to some extent by boiler jacketing extending to the end of the smokebox.

The 0-10-2s put in nearly a solid decade of faithful service before the Union was obligated to join the movement toward dieselization in Pittsburgh, borne of the smoke-choked city's push for cleaner air.

Still way too useful to scrap, the nine Unions in 1949 were transferred to another U.S. Steel

road, the Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range at Proctor, Minn., where they went to work on the for another decade, renumbered as 600-class engines.

Although most of the Union engines were scrapped after DM&IR service, the 304/604 was saved and stored for several years in the Bessemer & Lake Erie roundhouse in Greenville, Pa. It reposed next to B&LE 2-10-4 No. 643, now in the collection of the Age of Steam Roundhouse in Sugarcreek, Ohio.

The 0-10-2 finally found a permanent home when it was donated to the city of Greenville in 1985. Today it rests comfortably in the Greenville Railroad Park & Museum, where it is displayed with an ore jenny and a caboos, along with other paraphernalia on the grounds. There — back in U.S. Steel country where it belongs — it retains its crown as the biggest steam switcher. — *Kevin P. Keefe*

Union Railroad 303 is one of nine such locomotives recognized as the biggest steam switchers built. *Classic Trains* collection



NYC electrics saved, await relocation to museum



Two historic New York Central electric locomotives are finally safe after a 4½-hour ballet to lift and shift them 200 feet on a Hudson River island on which they were stranded, dodging a torrent of heavy truck traffic.

The Danbury (Conn.) Railway Museum announced Dec. 29, 2022, that Phase 1 of the rescue plan is complete. The units are now staged for disassembly and trucking 120 miles to the museum site. Completion of a suitable permanent exit road from Beacon Island near Albany is expected to delay that move — Phase 2 of the project, estimated to cost \$125,000 — for at least three months.

The operation, carried out by veteran railroad contractor Hulcher Services Inc. of New Oxford, Pa., took place the evening of Dec. 19, according to Stan Madyda, museum project manager.

"It's been a long road this past two years in what we've been doing, trying to get these out, the obstacles that kept popping up," he said. Added museum President Jose Alves: "This is really a



pivotal moment, and the point of no return."

The electrics, plus two diesel units and four passenger cars, stood in the way of plans to build a \$350 million plant to manufacture offshore wind-turbine towers [see "Museum works to save two rare New York Central electric locomotives," *Trains News Wire*, March 18, 2022]. All were stranded on a land mass, no longer a separate island, because rail access had been cut by a bridge washout. Ground conditions were too swampy to permit trucking.

The diesels — an NYC Alco RS3 and an NYC General Electric U25B — and passenger cars could not be economically saved, and were

The two electric locomotives sit on "swamp mats" after their relocation to a spot where they can await eventual movement to the Connecticut museum. Inset, two sidebooms lift T-3a electric, built in 1926, at night. Two

photos, Stan Madyda: Danbury Railway Museum

scrapped in late November and early December. Without a rescue plan, the electrics would have met the same fate.

The units are NYC Class S-1 (2-D-2 configuration) No. 100, built in 1904, and Class T-3a (B-B+B-B configuration) No. 278, built in 1926. Built by a consortium of American Locomotive Co. of Schenectady, N.Y., and General Electric Co., they are among the last of their kind.

No. 100, built as No. 6000, is especially historic, with the museum calling it "the world's first mainline electric locomotive." It was the prototype of a 47-unit fleet that made possible NYC's 600-volt DC third-rail electrification, including the opening of the 1913 Grand Central Terminal complex. That project was prompted by passage of laws that mandated electrifica-

tion after smoky conditions from steam locomotives caused a Jan. 8, 1902, collision in NYC's Park Avenue Tunnel.

The other electric, No. 278, is the sole survivor of a 36-unit fleet in a second generation of locomotives used on NYC commuter and freight lines around New York City.

After the diesels and passenger cars were scrapped and rails immediately removed, the coupled electrics sat on an isolated stretch of track with perhaps 6 feet remaining at either end. The electrics were still standing on the footprint of a planned building. — *Dan Cupper*

Pullman National Monument designated as National Park

President Joe Biden has signed legislation that changes the Pullman National Monument to a National Historical Park, making it the first National Park Service unit in Chicago.

Pullman National Monument was designated by President Barack Obama on Feb. 19, 2015. The park tells the story of one of the first planned industrial communities in the United States, sleeping car magnate George M. Pullman who helped create it, and the workers who lived there. The district is significant for its influence on urban planning and design, as well as its role in American labor history, including the

1894 Pullman Strike and Boycott.

Located in what is now the Pullman neighborhood of Chicago, the historic district includes the site of the former Pullman Palace Car Works shops and administration building, the Hotel Florence (named after George Pullman's eldest child), Arcade Park, and the Greenstone Church (currently the Greenstone United Methodist Church). Also within the district is the A. Philip Randolph Pullman Porter Museum, named for the prominent leader A. Philip Randolph, which recognizes and explores African American labor history.



Depot on the move

The former Baltimore & Ohio station in Hamilton, Ohio, was moved away from the CSX Transportation right-of-way in two pieces over the winter. The station, donated to the city by CSX, was relocated to a site about 1,100 feet away on Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard. The first section, pictured here, moved on Dec. 20, 2022, while the second, with only one story, moved on Jan. 17, 2023. The structure dates to the 1850s and has a history including visits from at least four U.S. presidents. Costs for the move are estimated at \$1.9 million. Future use for the relocated station has yet to be determined. Hamilton is located north of Cincinnati on the former Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, which split at the station for Toledo or Indianapolis. The line sees trains of both CSX and Norfolk Southern due to a directional running agreement. Amtrak's *Cardinal* last stopped at Hamilton in 2005. Robert Federle

New Belpaire firebox emerges for K4s 1361

The first new Belpaire

steam-locomotive firebox built in Altoona, Pa., in 76 years is taking shape at the Railroaders Memorial Museum there.

In early December 2022, employees of consultant FMW Solutions LLC and volunteers fabricated a new firebox for former Pennsylvania Railroad Class K4s 4-6-2 steam passenger engine No. 1361 (Juniata Shops, 1918). The last such work was completed in 1946, when the Pennsy built 25 T1-class streamlined 4-4-4-4 passenger engines in its shops there. Those locomotives, along with others, were supposed to replace the road's 425-member K4s fleet, but instead were themselves quickly replaced by diesels starting in 1947.

No. 1361 is undergoing a \$2.6 million restoration to return it to running condition. One of the obstacles is the original mechanical specifications — drawn up by Pennsy in 1914 — do not meet present-day federal pressure-vessel safety standards. The museum has hired FMW to engineer and build a new firebox that's visually identical, but with thicker steel and other modifications that simplify and strengthen the component.

Shane Meador, FMW vice president-mechanical, and Zach Hall, an

FMW foreman, oversaw the work of cutting out $\frac{7}{16}$ -inch steel plates for the side and roof sheets, then assembling and welding them together to form a new firebox. Pennsy used $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch steel, which doesn't meet the Federal Railroad Administration's "factor of 4" standard that a boiler must withstand a force of four times its normal operating pressure — for a K4s, 205 psi.

The unusual squared-off Belpaire top results from a standard Pennsy adopted in the 19th century, differing from the radial, smoothly rounded shape of most North American locomotive boilers. Many British and European steam engines employed the Belpaire design, as did many Great Northern locomotives.

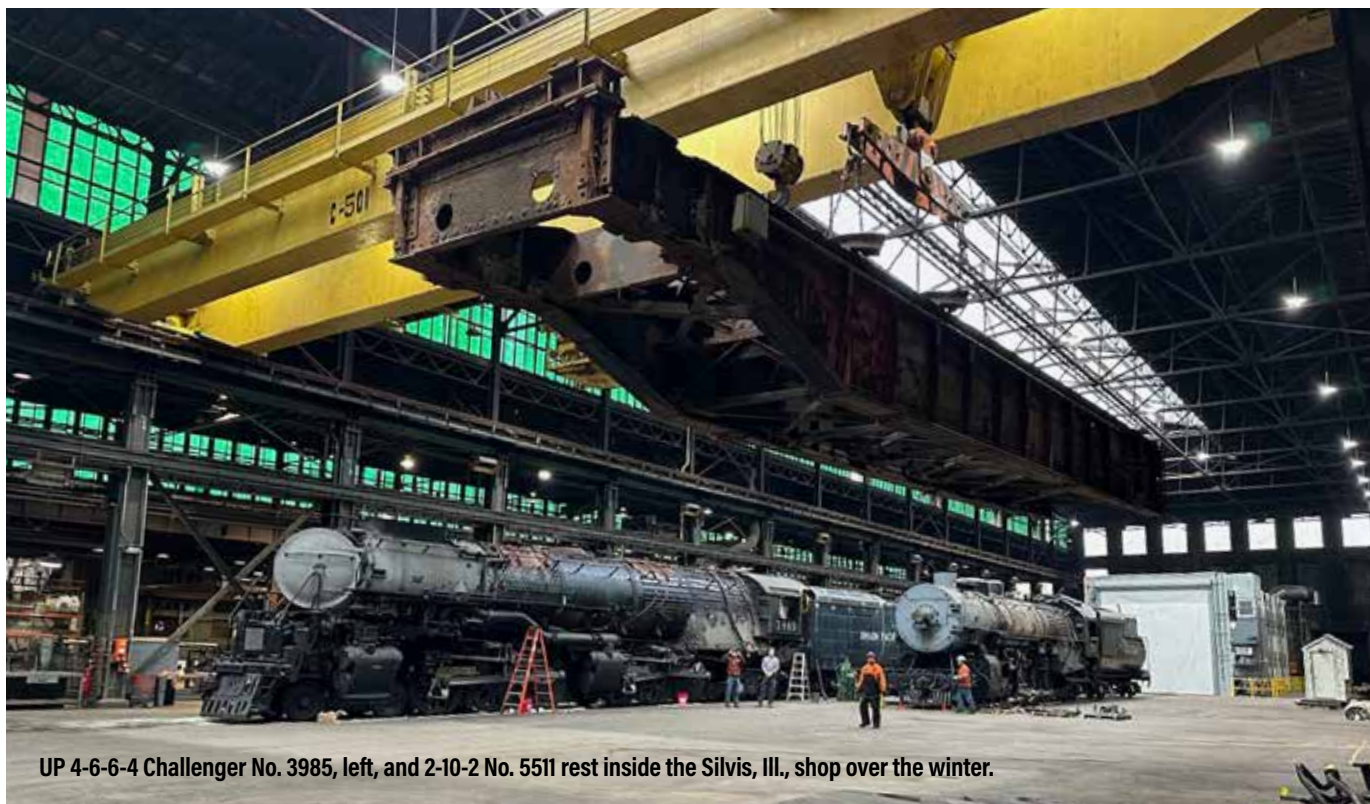
Used on thousands of Pennsy locomotives of many classes, the

odd shape added to the cost and complexity of No. 1361's restoration, including press-brake work to gently bend the side plates to meet the dimensions of the squared top.

Pennsy retired No. 1361 in 1956 and placed it on display at Horseshoe Curve. In 1985, the museum removed it from display and restored it to operation for 1986-1987. — Dan Cupper



This December 2022 left-side view shows the left wrapper sheet and left Belpaire plate positioned against the round boiler courses of Pennsylvania Railroad K4s-class 4-6-2 steam locomotive No. 1361 in the Railroaders Memorial Museum roundhouse at Altoona. Dan Cupper



UP 4-6-6-4 Challenger No. 3985, left, and 2-10-2 No. 5511 rest inside the Silvis, Ill., shop over the winter.

Work begins on UP Challenger No. 3985

Railroading Heritage of Midwest America crews have taken the first steps toward returning Union Pacific Challenger No. 3985 to operation recently by stripping parts off the 4-6-6-4. One of the biggest the crews lifted off was the cab.

"RRHMA crews have been making good progress ... stripping down [No.] 3985," said Steve Sandberg, president and chief operating officer of RRHMA. It's the first step in the process intended to return No. 3985 to operation.

The locomotive last operated for UP in 2010 and was stored at Cheyenne, Wyo. In 2022 it was moved to RRHMA's ex-Rock Island shops in Silvis, Ill. as UP shifted its steam program's focus to the restoration and operation of Big Boy No. 4014.

In addition to the 3985, the Milwaukee Road turntable from Bensenville, Ill., donated by Canadian Pacific, is being moved to the Silvis sandblasting booth where it will be cleaned and painted, Sandberg said. A steelworkers union local has offered to repair the turntable as part of a worker training program, he added.

When finished, a pit will have to be dug on the footprint of the original Rock Island turntable, which was removed decades ago.

In April 2022, RRHMA and Union Pacific jointly announced an agreement through which the railroad would donate Challenger No. 3985,

2-10-2 No. 5511, DDA40X No. 6936, and other equipment from UP's Heritage Fleet to RRHMA.

The equipment was moved by UP to Silvis in November 2022. Iowa Interstate Railroad handled the move from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Silvis but used UP diesels for the move. Large

contingents of railroad fans and locals followed the train on the last portion of its journey from South Amana, Iowa, to the Silvis shop with weather ranging from sunny to blowing snow.

RRHMA plans to restore both steam locomotives to operating condition. — *Steve Glischinski*



Inside the former Rock Island Silvis, Ill. shops, crews begin the process of restoring Union Pacific Challenger No. 3985 to operation. Two photos: Railroading Heritage of Midwest America



The stations are, from top to bottom, Point of Rocks, Md.; Richmond, Va.; San Bernardino, Calif.; Tamaqua, Pa.; and Cincinnati. USPS

Classic railroad stations to be honored with postage stamps

Five classic U.S. railroad stations will be featured on a series of postage stamps issued in 2023 by the U.S. Postal Service.

Stations included in the series are the Art Deco landmark Cincinnati Union Terminal, which opened in 1933; the Victorian structure at Point of Rocks, Md., completed in 1876; Richmond, Va., Main Street Station, a Renaissance Revival style station dating to 1901; the San Bernardino, Calif., Santa Fe Depot, a Spanish Mission Revival building opened in 1918; and the Tamaqua, Pa., station built for the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad in 1874. All are currently in use for passenger service except the one at Tamaqua, which has been preserved and is the home of a restaurant.

"During our research, we initially focused on architectural and geographic diversity; we also wanted to make sure we included some smaller towns/smaller stations," said Derry Noyes, the Postal Service art director. "Another criteria on our list was stations that people could go and visit."

"Over the course of our search, we began focusing on the more historic stations, and as it turns out, all five of the stations honored on the stamps are listed in the National Register of Historic Places. ... Three of the stations ended up being in the Northeast/Mid-Atlantic, but we were able to keep a variety of styles and sizes."

The station stamp series, announced recently, resulted from a process that sees more than 30,000 subjects suggested to the Postal Service's Citizens Stamp Advisory Committee each year; it meets quarterly and makes recommendations for stamp subjects to the Postmaster General.

OBITUARIES

George Walker, Tennessee Valley Railroad Museum general manager, passenger operations, died Jan. 4, 2023, following an accident at the organization's shop facility. Walker began his involvement with the museum as a teenager in 1981. He spent a brief period with Norfolk Southern steam program. He then returned to the museum on a full-time basis, where he has worked for nearly 30 years. He wrote the business plan: "Steam for the 21st Century," which became a model for numerous restorations.

David A. Fink, who shaped New England railroading as president of Guilford Transportation Industries, died on Oct. 11, 2022, after a period of declining health. Fink, 86, began his railroad career as a clerk for the Pennsylvania Railroad and later worked for Penn Central. The fourth-generation railroader teamed up with Timothy Mellon to buy the Maine Central and the Boston & Maine under the Guilford Transportation banner, later renamed Pan Am Railways. A Philadelphia native, Fink attended the University of Pennsylvania and served in the Marines and in the U.S. Army in France.

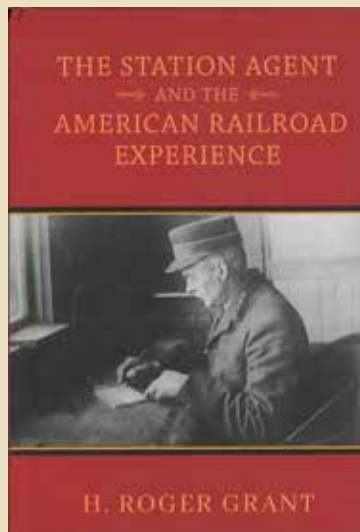
Helium tank car

These unique cars carried helium gas from natural deposits in the Texas and Oklahoma panhandles and southwest Kansas (overseen by the U.S. Bureau of Mines) to military installations around the country. Helium was compressed to high pressure (3,000 to 4,000 psi) in a series of thick-walled tubular tanks — 30 on most cars — surrounded by a steel frame. Doors on the car ends accessed loading/unloading valves. A total of 238 cars were built from 1930 to 1962, all operated by the U.S. Navy (USNX) through 1955, when ownership was transferred to the Department of Interior/Bureau of Mines (MHAX, including this one shown in 1959) and the Atomic Energy Commission (ATMX). Helium cars required special handling as they were much heavier than other cars of their era, with a light weight of 234,000 pounds. To dispel a common myth, helium cars weren't lighter when loaded than empty, as the helium was greatly compressed. The load was, however, quite light, as a full load of 279,000 cubic feet of helium weighed just 3,000 pounds. — *Jeff Wilson*



This is MHAX No. 1098, part of the Department of Interior/Bureau of Mines fleet, as it appeared in 1959. The cars were quite heavy with a light weight of 234,000 pounds. However, a full load of 279,000 cubic feet of helium weighed just 3,000 pounds. *John S. Ingles, Jeff Wilson collection*

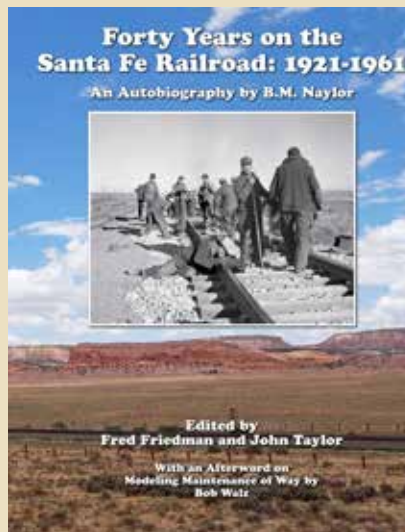
Reviews



The Station Agent and the American Railroad Experience

By H. Roger Grant. Indiana University Press, Bloomington, Ind. 226 pages, \$28.

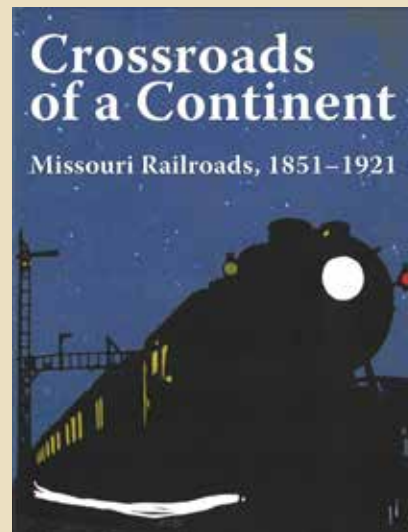
Readers should be quite familiar with H. Roger Grant as the author of numerous books and articles on topics throughout railroad history. Thus, he is well qualified to write the definitive tale of the railroad station agent position and its place in American history. The station agent was the public's primary contact with railroads, especially in the era of privately operated passenger service. He (or she) would sell tickets, handle express shipments, and paperwork for carload shipments. Black-and-white illustrations support the narrative, showing station plans, railroaders at work, and their workspaces. The book includes endnotes, an abbreviated bibliography, and full index. It is a great resource for readers curious as to how railroading worked behind the scenes in a bygone era. — *Brian M. Schmidt*



Forty Years On The Santa Fe Railroad: 1921-1961 An Autobiography

By B. M. Naylor. Santa Fe Railway Historical & Modeling Society, Midwest City, Okla. 132 pages, \$39.50.

Railroad history is full of tales of engineers, brakemen, and conductors on the high iron, but relatively little is devoted to the tales of track laborers in the trenches. This book, published posthumously, helps fix that discrepancy by sharing the tale of a section foreman on the Santa Fe in New Mexico. The book is divided into 23 chapters, curiously skipping Chapter 13, which are neither named nor detailed on the table of contents. It has chapter notes, an 11-page section on modeling maintenance-of-way operations, bibliography, and an index. Illustrations are a mix of black-and-white and color and include a one-page color map of the Santa Fe in New Mexico. This book provides valuable insights into both an earlier time in railroad history and an often-overlooked trade within it. — *B.M.S.*



Crossroads of a Continent Missouri Railroads, 1851-1921

By Peter A. Hansen, Carlos Arnaldo Schwantes, and Don L. Hofsommer. Indiana University Press, Bloomington, Ind. 394 pages, \$55.

Three of the best-regarded railroad historians and authors have teamed up to write the definitive history of Missouri railroads. The book consists of 19 chapters and has a mix of black-and-white and color illustrations pertaining to each topic. Some chapter topics include railroads and the Civil War, standardization, St. Louis and Kansas City union stations, Fred Harvey, and railroads and the 1904 World's Fair, among others. Additional notes are included at the end of each chapter, along with suggestions for further reading and an index at the back of the book. As Missouri played such a role in the connection of east and west, railroad enthusiasts from coast to coast will benefit from this volume. — *B.M.S.*

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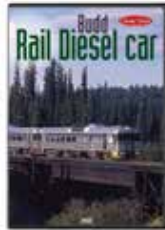
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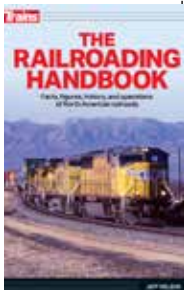
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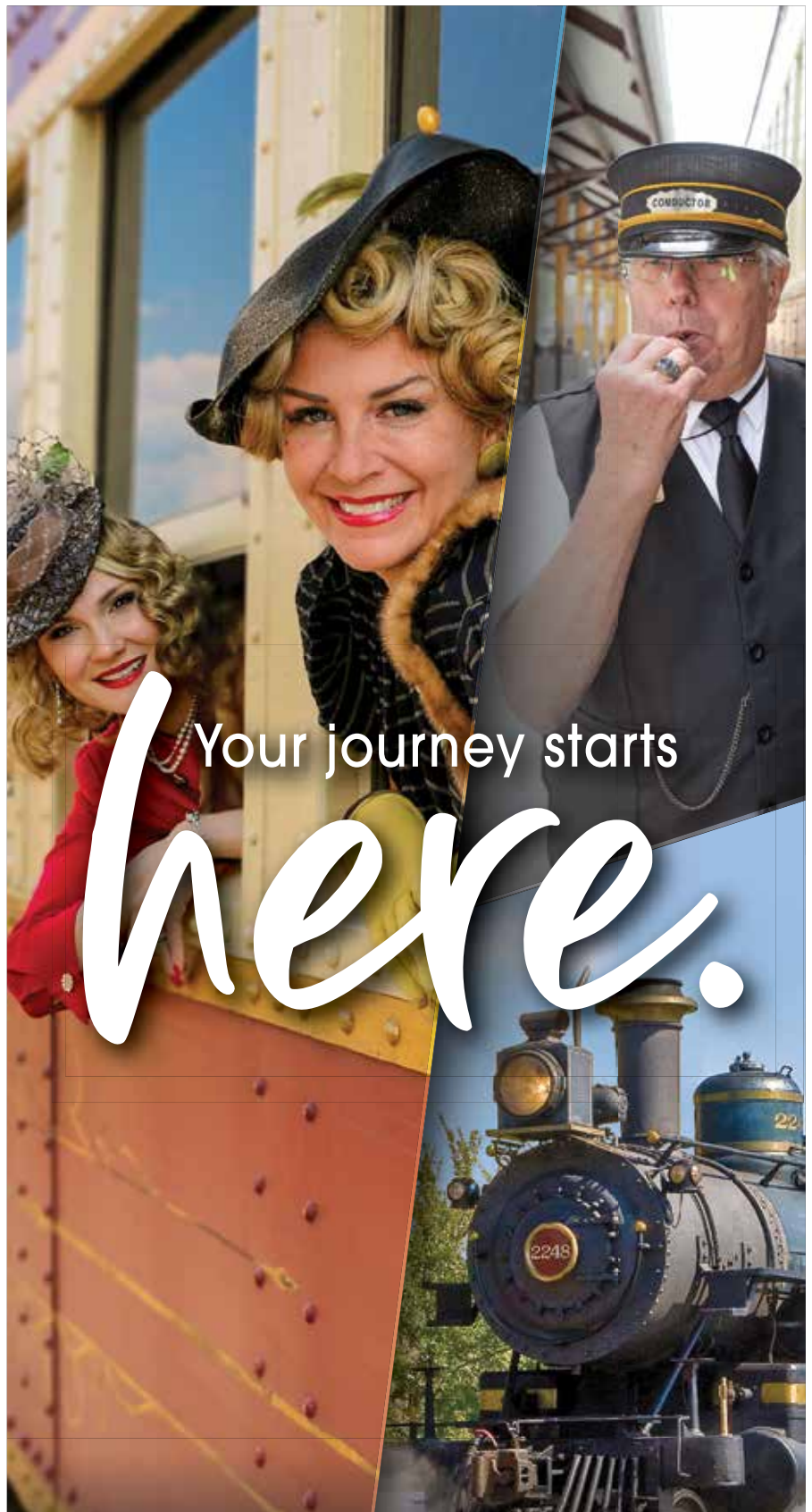
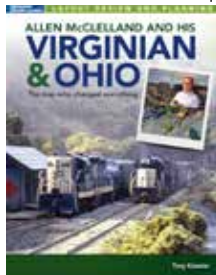
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Famous 5344

I enjoyed reading about the New York Central 5344. One important thing I think you missed regarding this locomotive was the fact that Lionel Trains put that number (5344) on their Hudson steam engine.

My father was a locomotive fireman and engineer on the New York Central. He hired out in July of 1943. As a child, I had many examples of that locomotive as part of my train set.

As you can see on the fourth picture the engine bell is missing. Before leaving Harmon, N.Y., the bell was removed and given to my father. The bell is a special one; it had 25 silver dollars melted in it when the bell was made. The addition of silver changed the way the bell sounded. It is currently in my garage with a Lionel advertising plate sitting above it with a picture of the locomotive on it.

Like my father, grandfather, and both my father's grandfathers, I was a locomotive engineer. I missed the New York Central and Penn Central as I was 10 in 1968 and 17 in 1976 when Conrail was formed. But I hired out on Conrail and ran many freight trains along with the Amtrak liners. Officially, the engine dispatcher called the



The classic Lionel New York Central Hudson was introduced in 1937, fittingly gracing the cover of the annual consumer catalog. It carried stock number 700E. Roger Carp collection

Amtrak jobs on the Hudson (line) out of Harmon headed north. This dated back to when the electric engines were taken off at Harmon and steam engines were put on in their place. — *Michael King Esq., LaGrange, N.Y.*

5344, again

I really liked the spread on New York Central 5344. Several years ago a fellow named Mike Hill owned a hobby shop in Park Ridge, Ill. Prominently displayed was a headlight and number purportedly from the scrapped engine. I always thought that it must be the premier piece of railroading in existence if authentic.

Tom Folz, Park Ridge, Ill.

Classic fans of the future

You ask, "How do we make that connection for the younger crowd?" Great question. I appreciate the distinction you

made between an interest in modeling and an interest in railroad history. Bottom line: We need to be mentoring the young, not isolating ourselves from them. We need to teach them. Done well, teaching provides an addictive elixir.

Bill Kuebler, Apple Valley, Minn.

Your editorial comments about Colorado narrow gauge interested me because it has affected me the same way. I had known about the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic since its inception but never rode it until 2014 — and again in 2016, 2017, and 2018. On the 2018 trip I chanced to run

into one of the "Friends" members who was in charge of the work session at the time and after a while he told me that I should be a docent. So, in 2019, I took the training course — easy for me since I had been a car host several times on New River trains, did two supervised runs, and three solo runs. In 2020, I got 10 trips in 21 days, then five more in 2021, and six this past October.

Next year, a third great grandson will get his "inoculation." His two older brothers got theirs in 2019 and 2021. For me at least, my inoculation, while sitting on my uncle's knee around age two has been per-



Union Pacific steam

As always, I enjoy every issue of *Classic Trains*, and in this Winter issue I particularly liked both the writing and the spectacular photographs of Dr. Bruce F. Wilson in "A Wish Fulfilled." He spoke of and showed images of the Union Pacific 9000-class 4-12-2s. Because I have seen No. 9000 for myself at the Rail Giants Museum in Pomona, California, these photographs of the behemoths in action were thrilling.

Paul B. Ohannesian, Port Moody, B.C.

Union Pacific 4-12-2 No. 9506 storm east across the Nebraska countryside in 1949. Dr. Bruce Wilson

manent. I'm now 83.

David P. Morgan had it right when in the October 1969 issue of *Trains*, he said "the narrow gauge gets in the blood and will not out."

Jerry Sullivan, Jacksonville, Fla.

For me, the printed product allows me to remember important times in my personal history. I suspect that the answer to your question lies elsewhere than the printed magazine as younger generations could not have my experiences, but surely they have their own. And it appears many younger generations get their information through other means than a traditional magazine or newspaper.

Sadly, only a small slice of the classic trains I enjoyed are available to new generations in museums. At Mid-Continent Railway Museum in Wisconsin, serving as a greeter, standing on the depot platform, one of the three most common questions was "where do we buy tickets?" So, serving our purpose to teach, I had to demonstrate the purpose of the depot ticket office. Even the parents have never ridden a train, observed the coupling of cars, or experienced the aroma of coal smoke.

All of a sudden, I could imagine a high school senior's college application standing out because he or she had an extra-curricular activity volunteering at a railroad museum!

Stanley M. Searing, Paulding, Ohio

RDC redux

I'm sure I'm not the first to point out that Budd RDCs were not "powered by a pair of rooftop diesel engines" as stated in Winter 2022's Three decades of RDCs.

According to the General Motors/Detroit Diesel-issued Inline 71 Series Service Manual, which devotes an entire section to rail application, they were powered by four 671 Detroit Diesel engines, specially engineered with angled crankcase sumps (oil pans) so they could be mounted in pairs under the floor, declined at a steep angle from the vertical. Each pair was coupled to an Allison Torque Converter transmission, with final drive to the trucks via propeller shafts. The cooling system radiators, however, were roof mounted.

My wife and I lived in Garrett Park, Md., from 1976 to 1979, and I made an effort to commute to work in Arlington, Va., aboard B&O-lettered RDC trains to and from Washington Union Station. The four-car trains typically transported heavy passenger loads of mostly standees, and so accelerated slowly from Ivy City up-

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These former BC Rail RDCs operated in 2005 between Portland and Astoria, Ore., for the bicentennial celebration of Lewis & Clark's exploratory trek to the Pacific Northwest.



An earlier encounter found the Western Pacific's *Zephyrette* on the longest RDC route in North America between operating between Oakland and Salt Lake City. Two photos, Bruce D. Quinn

grade to Kensington. Maryland's MARC system acquired the RDCs from B&O before we moved to Atlanta, but for years after, when visiting family, I would catch them running at Boyds, Gaithersburg, Derwood, and Rockville.

We and our three sons also greatly enjoyed riding BC Rail's RDC *Cariboo Dayliner* from North Vancouver to Lillooet in 1988. Great memories!

Patrick Harman, Bellingham, Wash.

¶ *You were correct that you were not the first, but you were among the most polite and concise in your delivery, so your letter appears here. — B.M.S.*

"Three Decades of RDCs" reminded me of some encounters I've experienced with RDCs over the years.

The first was in Garibaldi, Ore., in September 2015. Among other rolling stock sat two RDCs marked for the Port of Tillamook Bay Railroad. Apparently, the POTB ran these at one time as the *Oregon Coast Explorer* between Tillamook and Banks. The Oregon Coast Scenic Railroad runs on a portion of the POTB. As far as I know the RDCs are still on the property. The only way to move them off the property would be to truck them out. I don't know what plans the POTB has for them.

The second encounter I had with RDCs was back in July 2005 on the *Lewis & Clark Explorer*. The set ran for three seasons as part of the celebration for the Lewis & Clark Bicentennial. They ran from Portland to Astoria along the Columbia River. As you can see by the picture, it was one of those "rare" rainy days in the Pacific

Northwest. Imagine that!

The third encounter was back a few years in November 1959. I didn't have my digital camera with me (for some strange reason) but my trusty Kodak captured a shot of the Western Pacific *Zephyrette* running through Pleasanton (Calif.). The *Zephyrettes* ran three days a week between Oakland, Calif., and Salt Lake City. This service only lasted about 10 years. The picture was taken in its last year of service.

Thank you for allowing me to relive memories through the pages of your magazine.

Bruce D. Quinn, Dallas, Ore.

"Three Decades of RDCs" was a great pictorial tribute to these versatile machines that saw service all over the U.S. and Canada. Here in New England with both the Boston & Maine and New Haven operating the largest fleets in the country, the place was crawling with them through the 1970s.

When MBTA took over commuter lines out of Boston, the prime movers were getting pretty worn out. Eventually all RDCs were relegated to push-pull, locomotive-hauled operation with an engine retained to provide heating, cooling, and lighting to the cars. The fleet was augmented by surplus cars from other transit authorities, some retaining their original owners' markings.

Some RDCs were completely "neutered" with engines and "domes" removed and rebuilt — the "Boise Budds." Remaining, fully powered RDCs including the ex-NH *Roger Williams* hybrid outlasted the commuter fleet and were used by Amtrak on the New Haven-Springfield line.

Ron DeFilippo, Ayer, Mass.

The top picture on page 54 of the Winter 2022 issue shows Jersey Central RDC 560 leaving Raritan, N.J., not Aldene.

Tom Soriano, Raritan, N.J.

Youthful excursions

I enjoyed Jim Kindraka's fine article "When Santa Rode the Pennsy." It brought back pleasant memories.

Great Northern, in conjunction with St. Paul, Minn., department store Donaldson's Golden Rule, ran Santa trains from Union Depot to GN Union Yard and return for 75 cents in the mid-1950s. In addition, the store spared no expense to construct a large Lionel display. It was visited by our local "Casey Jones" with sidekick "Roundhouse Rodney" from the noon show "Lunch with Casey" on WTCN-TV.

The Milwaukee Road in summer partnered with St. Paul YMCA for a day-trip excursion to Red Wing, Minn. A 50-cent fare garnered the outing, railroad material packet, and "Hiawatha Tribe" member button.

Keep up the fine content in this great publication.

R. E. Anderson, Hammond, Wis.

Gee-Mo memories

Wow, did I ever enjoy your cover story on "Gee-Mo," my favorite railroad. We lived and still live in Lockport, Ill., on the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio main line. My dad loved trains, and when I was a little boy in 1951, he would occasionally take me to 9th and State in Lockport to see the *Abraham Lincoln* go by.

At the time, the eight crossings in town were protected by a man in a tower. My dad would give me a cigar to take to up to the man. He would welcome me in while we waited for the northbound train. Within a few minutes, bells would ring, lights would go on, and he would turn air valves and start pumping the gates. The train would come through in a flash, blowing its horn, and the ground would shake, the dust would swirl, and

before you knew it, it was all over.

Later, when I was in high school and driving, I would race trains between Lemont and Lockport. The *Midnight Special* would go through town at 12:05 a.m. and I would follow alongside on New Avenue.

Then in 1975, I bought my own private car, *Southern 10*, and named it *Susan Marie* after my new baby girl. Amtrak, at the time, dictated it be painted in Amtrak colors, but I later had it painted in GM&O colors. In 1990 I donated it to the Illinois Railway Museum where it resides today.

Now, I'm 78 and I still race Amtrak.

Carl Michaelsen, Lockport, Ill.

Great issue especially on the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio. The only thing missing was a map of the railroad. Too many towns listed that I have no idea where they are, without taking out my atlas.

Norm Seeger, Newtown, Pa.

I had every intention of running a map, something we could easily modify from the Fallen Flags series of years

past. Unfortunately, and for whatever reason, the GM&O installment of that series ran a scan of a timetable map instead of one created in-house. Not wanting to possibly detract from author Schafer's fantastic photography, I opted to skip it. — B.M.S.

Corydon clarification

The terrific picture and accompanying article "Train Time at Corydon" depict and describe the morning railroad activity at the train station at Corydon Junction, Ind., not Corydon proper. The Louisville, New Albany & Corydon Railroad train depicted in the picture is presumably waiting for the mail that is being unloaded from the RPO car on Southern Railway train 24 to be loaded into its caboose, along with any connecting passengers who were also accommodated there.

At 9:20 a.m., four minutes after the arrival of train 24, it will depart for Corydon tender-first, since there was no wye or turntable at Corydon Junction.

Rich Slattery, Alexandria, Va.

Got a comment? Write us at Fast Mail, Classic Trains, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187-1612; email: fastmail@classictrainsmag.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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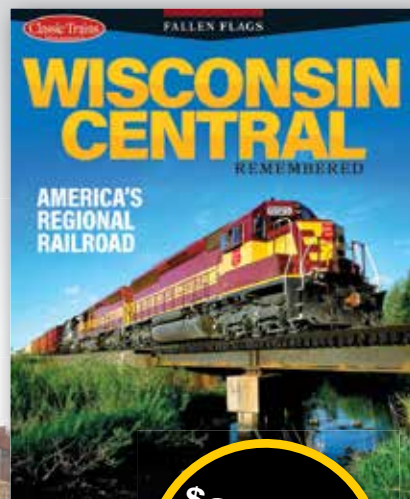
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Traction's biggest 'what if'

Reflections on the 60th anniversary of North Shore Line's last runs

There are lots of "what if" railroads, companies ill-served by the politics or the economics of the moment.

Asked to name the biggest, I might say the late, great Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee, king of the interurbans, which fell out of the *Official Guide* on a bleak, freezing Jan. 20, 1963. Late that night (actually early the next day), the last North Shore trains tied up for good in Chicago and Milwaukee, never again to blaze across the flat landscape beside Lake Michigan.

Fans around those two cities still feel the pain. Just a few weeks ago, as the 60th anniversary of North Shore's de-

mise arrived, tributes and lamentations began popping up all over social media and in online slide shows. The love for that interurban, and the sharp regret over its fate, was as palpable as it was on that snowy Sunday in 1963.

I didn't feel that pain until years later, when I began reading books about the North Shore. Only 12 when the railroad went under, I was basically unaware of it save for a brief glimpse of an *Electroliner* from a hotel window in Chicago in 1962. I was looking down on CTA's S-curve at Harrison and Wabash, mesmerized by the sight of the undulating streamliner, looking unlike anything

else on the "L." "Oh, that's the North Shore," said my dad, who knew about these things. "It's going to Milwaukee."

Later, thanks to the work of William D. Middleton, the dean of North Shore historians, I would learn so much more about this unusual railroad: how utilities magnate Samuel Insull acquired it in 1916, invested heavily in its physical plant, then went about winning every speed award the traction industry had to offer; how the railroad and St. Louis Car Company designed the novel *Electroliner* to handle both the high-speed environment of North Shore's double-track main line and the confines of squeezing



Southbound North Shore car rumbles along 5th Street in Milwaukee; St. Stephen Lutheran Church looms in the distance.

through the Loop via third rail atop the “L”; and how the inevitable expansion of freeways siphoned off most of the railroad’s customer base. Which brought us to that sad day in January.

Lou Gerard remembers Jan. 20 like it was yesterday. He’d grown up in Chicago’s Rogers Park neighborhood and lived just a half a block from the “L,” so *Electroliners* and *Silverliners* cars passing overhead were a big part of his boyhood. Among them were the trains that would stop at the Navy’s Great Lakes training facility near North Chicago.

“I loved seeing the long ‘sailor specials’ go by on Saturday morning,” Lou remembers. “In the summer, the sailors would be hanging out of the windows, whistling at any girls that were around.”

Lou was fortunate to ride one of the last North Shore trains. Traveling with



In its last days, Chicago-bound *Electroliner* roars over the Chicago & North Western diamond south of Milwaukee. Two photos: John Gruber, Center for Railroad Photography & Art collection

his parents and some friends on Jan. 20, he boarded the 2 p.m. Milwaukee-bound *Electroliner* at Howard Street, only to find it full. He managed to get a seat after sailors got off at North Chicago and he enjoyed the rest of the fast ride north on the double track, over the high fills and bridges entering Milwaukee, and trundling over city streets to the downtown depot at 6th and Michigan streets.

The return trip was better. While waiting at the platform to board, his dad urged him to duck under the chain and run up to the front car to grab one of the “railfan seats” beside the motorman. Alas, two people were already there, so Lou settled into the second row for the swan song to Howard Street.

Lou recalls: “It was dark when the train pulled out, but I remember the conductor coming through and telling everyone ‘we’ll be back in February.’ The motorman had the cab door open, and I could watch his movements. Looking out the side window I remember seeing the arcing of the trolley as we sped along. All too soon we arrived at Howard. The next morning when I woke up for school I asked my mom, “Is the North Shore gone? ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘the North Shore is gone.’”

A lot of railroads have gone away in the decades, but the North Shore has its own particular pathos. It might not seem like it from a 60-year remove, but

1963 was awfully late in the game.

All those “what ifs”: What if North Shore owners Susquehanna Corp. had exhibited just a tad more patience with the company’s losses, even an extra year or two? What if the North Shore Commuters Association, the grassroots booster organization, had managed to

raise enough money to buy the railroad? Or what if by some miracle the railroad could have been made to limp along for just another lousy 11 years? Surely the 1974 creation of Chi-

cago’s Regional Transportation Authority would have provided the necessary funding and reprieve.

Alas, 11 years might as well have been 100.

Epilogue: Lou Gerard, that impressionable 9-year-old aboard the last *Electroliner*, found his life’s calling in part due to the North Shore, retiring from the Chicago Transit Authority in January 2010 after a 38½-year career as a rapid transit car repairman. ■

Lou Gerard asked his mom: “Is the North Shore gone? ‘Yes, she said, the North Shore is gone.’”



KEVIN P. KEEFE joined the *Trains* staff in 1987, became editor in 1992, and retired in 2016 as *Kalmbach Publishing Co.’s* vice president, editorial. His blog “Mileposts” is at www.trains.com/ctr





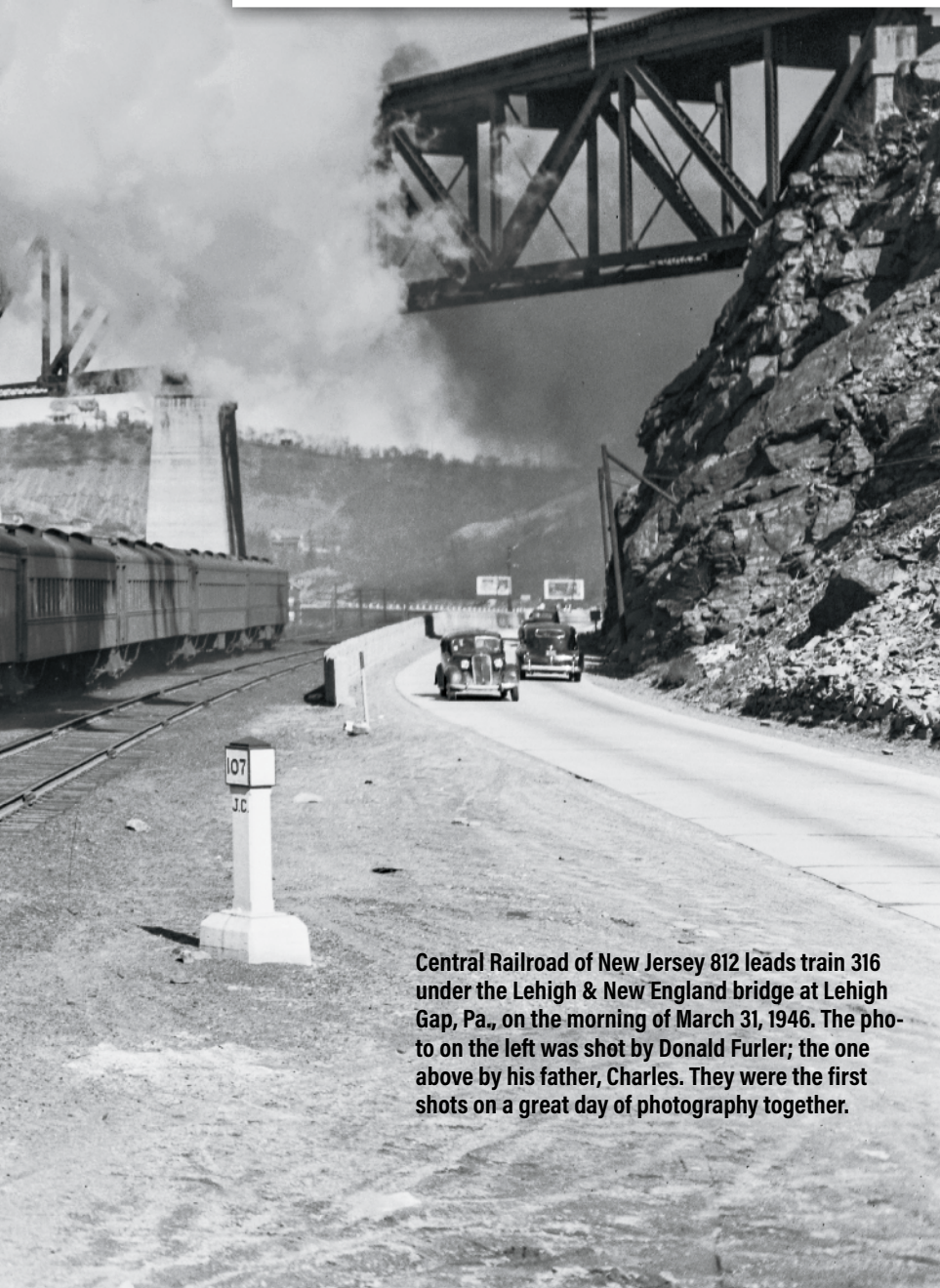
Many flavors of '45s

With an F45 leading a SD45-2 and SD45, photographer Lonnie Maves captured the trio of EMD '45s somewhere along the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe main line as a warm May 1981 sun dove toward the western horizon. The railroad had 125 SD45s, 90 SD45-2s, and 40 F45s. Lonnie Maves, D. A. Longley collection

Just another Sunday in 1946

BY SCOTT LOTHES // Photos by Donald W. and Charles F. Furler,
Center for Railroad Photography & Art collection





Central Railroad of New Jersey 812 leads train 316 under the Lehigh & New England bridge at Lehigh Gap, Pa., on the morning of March 31, 1946. The photo on the left was shot by Donald Furler; the one above by his father, Charles. They were the first shots on a great day of photography together.

In 1946, the last day of March fell on a Sunday. In eastern Pennsylvania, it was cool and breezy, an early spring day with temperatures just above freezing at dawn. It warmed into the mid-50s by afternoon beneath a cloudless sky. It was a fine day for railroad photography.

Donald Furler and his father, Charles, left their homes in Glen Rock, N.J., early that morning. Don drove them 100 miles east over U.S. and state roads to Lehigh Gap near Palmerton, Pa., where they arrived before 9:44 a.m. That was when Central Railroad of New Jersey train 316 was due, their first target.

No. 316 was a service with the Reading that left Scranton at 7:20 each morning and arrived at the CNJ's handsome Allentown station at 10:13. There, it was joined by a section from Harrisburg, then the amalgam was split for Philadelphia and Jersey City.

On Sundays it would have been one of just two eastbound CNJ passenger trains to pass through Lehigh Gap in daylight, and the only one in the morning. Don and Charles planned their day around it.

Son and father set up their cameras in a wedge of gravel between the two-lane concrete slab of U.S. Route 309 and the heavy, bolted rail of CNJ's double-track main line, exactly 107 miles from Jersey City.

Don was the serious railfan [see "Quiet Monsters Coming to Life," Summer 2019] and deployed his 5x7 Speed Graphic camera. Charles often joined his son on photography outings and sometimes took a second shot with Don's



Donald Furler's March 31, 1946 portrait of Lehigh & New England No. 307, a class E-14 2-8-0 built by Baldwin in 1922, at Pen Argyl, Pa.

backup camera, a 4x5 Speed Graphic. Their perspectives suggest they gained some additional elevation, possibly standing on the roof of Don's car or using the ladder Don was known to carry for just such a purpose.

Judging from the sun angles, train 316 steamed into view "on the advertised" with G-4s locomotive No. 812 leading a baggage car and four coaches under a big white plume in the chill morning air. Baldwin built five of these Pacifics for Jersey Central in 1930. With distinctive superheating Elesco feedwater heaters, they were the railroad's last word on passenger power, running into the mid-1950s.

CNJ 4-6-2s were also old friends of Don's. As a teenager he had made his first railroad photograph of G-3 No. 834. The 812 was a regular on train 316, and as the only mid-morning passenger train east on the main line, Don shot it several times over the years.

Soaring above the Jersey Central, Route 309, and the Lehigh River was the signature structure of Lehigh Gap, the Lehigh & New England Railroad bridge. Built in 1912, it spanned 1,076 feet. In the

center were two Baltimore deck trusses on concrete piers; Warren trusses formed the approaches.

After 316 passed on the CNJ, Don set his sights on the L&NE, but he did not simply wait to see whether a train might come along.

Instead, he and his dad drove 25 miles east to Pen Argyl, the division point in the middle of the L&NE's main line between Tamaqua, Pa., and Campbell Hall, N.Y. There, around 11 in the morning, Don used his 5x7 to make two engine portraits of 2-8-0 No. 307, one with smoke and one without.

Primarily an anthracite road, the Lehigh & New England also carried substantial cement, general freight, and even some bridge traffic. It stabled dozens of Camelback and traditional 2-8-0s.

The 307 was the last one the railroad purchased. One of seven in the E-14 class built in 1922 by Alco, these booster-equipped engines were a third heavier than any of the L&NE's other 2-8-0s.

That Don received smoke for one of his engine portraits suggests L&NE workers may have been on his side. That

would provide a hint about what happened next, which can only be explained logically by a sympathetic railroader providing a tip.

No sooner had Don and his dad arrived in Pen Argyl and exposed those two sheets of film, they turned around and drove right back to where they had come from.

Arriving back at Lehigh Gap, Don and Charles made their way up the rocky slope to the bridge's eastern end. A little past noon, they were rewarded handsomely for their efforts.

The L&NE sent a road freight east across the bridge with a 2-10-0 and 2-8-0 bracketing 70 cars out of Arlington Yard in Tamaqua, bound for Pen Argyl. Don used his 5x7 camera for a wide view of the train on the bridge against the distant hillside with the Lehigh Valley main line curving along the river's far shore. In the background at right, the houses of Palmerton sit in terraced rows on the southern flank of Chestnut Ridge.

A second negative of the same train, shot with the 4x5 camera, presents a puzzle about its creator. The vantage point is

a few hundred feet around the rocky mountainside in a view nearly head-on and straight down at lead engine No. 404. The smoke from pusher 304 is visible in the distance above the middle bridge pier.

The composition makes great use of the taller image format, emphasizing the steepness of both sides of the gap, and especially the sharply tilted Tuscarora Sandstone formation at right.

Even if the train had been moving quite slowly, the rugged landscape would have prevented Don from repositioning fast enough to take both shots. Yet when I suggested to Don's son, Alan, that Charles may have taken this photograph, Alan doubted whether his grandfather — the far more casual railfan — would have placed himself in such a precarious and hard-to-reach position.

On other trips to Lehigh Gap, Don also shot 8mm movies. One of those films offers a clue. A short branch line to Palmerton joined the main line at the eastern end of the bridge. Road trains often stopped to pick up or set out cars, or

so their crew members could use the company phone booth. Alan believes his dad, Don, took both shots, one with each camera, thanks to the train pausing long enough for him to reposition.

We may never know for sure who pushed the button, but Don and Charles' efforts yielded remarkable photographs, each composed to the maximum advantage of the scene and film format.

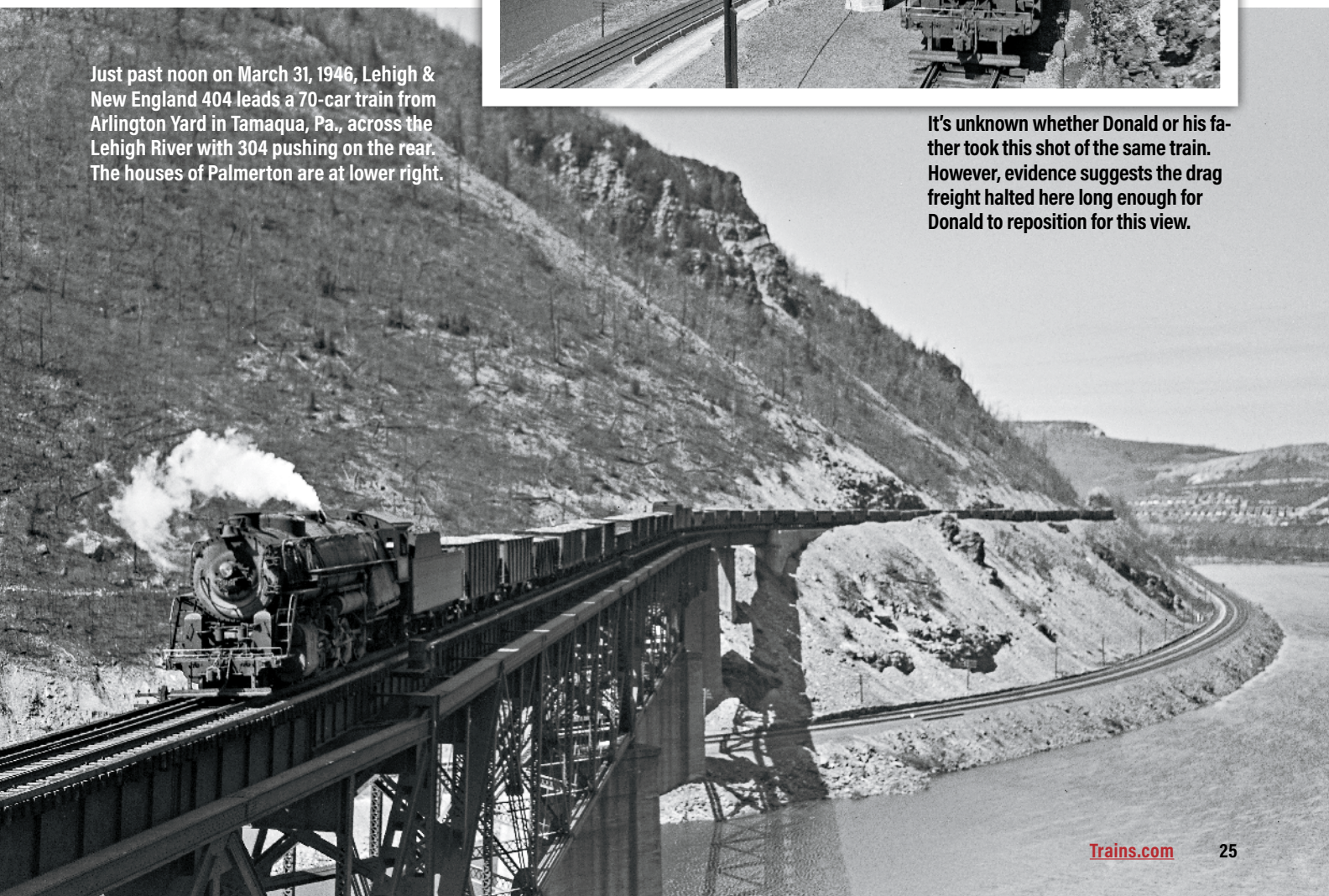
The score for the day now counted a train on two of the three railroads at Lehigh Gap. There were no morning passenger trains west on the CNJ on Sundays, and if there were any freights, Don and Charles did not photograph them.

Across the river on the Lehigh Valley main line, the *John Wilkes* would have gone east around the same time as train 316 on the CNJ. The LV's *Asa Packer*



Just past noon on March 31, 1946, Lehigh & New England 404 leads a 70-car train from Arlington Yard in Tamaqua, Pa., across the Lehigh River with 304 pushing on the rear. The houses of Palmerton are at lower right.

It's unknown whether Donald or his father took this shot of the same train. However, evidence suggests the drag freight halted here long enough for Donald to reposition for this view.



would have passed westbound in the late morning, likely while Don and Charles had been at Pen Argyl.

There would be other days to photograph the Lehigh Valley. In fact, five months later on Sept. 7, Don returned to complete the “Lehigh Gap Trifecta.” He did so with train 31, a Saturday-only service out of Jersey City that would have passed through the gap around 4 in the afternoon. To include the L&NE bridge in the background and ensure sunlight on the nose of 4-6-2 No. 2035, Don hiked nearly a mile down the tracks from U.S. 309 to a sweeping curve where LV trains running up the river turned from north to west.

On Sunday, March 31, Saturday-only train 31 was not an option for Don and his dad, and in fact the only other passenger train due before 6 p.m. on any railroad was the LV’s *Black Diamond*. Running west in early afternoon, it would have been backlit by the high midday sun — definitely not to Don’s liking.

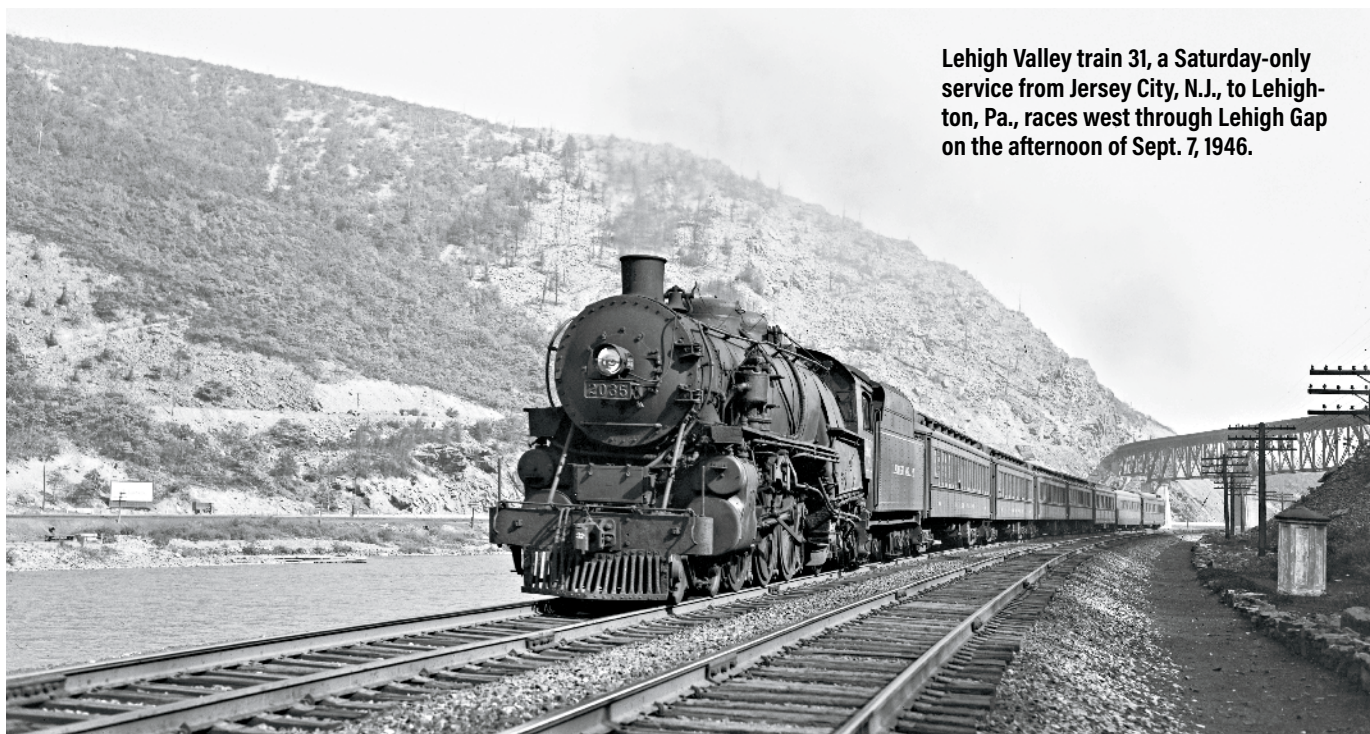
They could have headed home and arrived in plenty of time for dinner and a relaxing evening before the start of the work week. But Don’s devotion to weekend railroad photography was so strong in 1946 that even with four exquisite action shots already in the bag, I doubt such a thought even crossed his mind.

The slow-moving L&NE freight presented another option. Even though it would become increasingly backlit, Don and Charles scrambled down the mountain-side, hopped in their car, and followed it back toward Pen Argyl.

While the LV and CNJ both ran next to the Lehigh River, the L&NE climbed away from it, taking an overland route east along the southern flank of Blue Mountain. Thirteen miles from Lehigh Gap and eight miles before Pen Argyl is Benders Junction. Likely thanks to his father’s navigation, Don managed to intercept the train, likely driving east on State Route 946 to Klecknersville before taking a series of local roads to the junction.

There were two road crossings just west of the wye, and father and son staked out positions near each of them. Don went to the westernmost crossing in the middle of the siding, where he used his 5x7 to take a broad, three-quarter view of the train against Blue Mountain to the north.

Charles set up near the crossing between the siding and the wye, using the 4x5 to get more of a head-on perspective. His proved the better choice. The big 2-10-0 passed Don with whistle shrieking but only light exhaust; thick smoke erupted from the stack as the train bore down on his father.



Lehigh Valley train 31, a Saturday-only service from Jersey City, N.J., to Lehigh-ton, Pa., races west through Lehigh Gap on the afternoon of Sept. 7, 1946.

Sometimes location is everything. In Donald Furler's photo, L&NE 404 leads a 70-car train east past the siding at Benders Junction, Pa., early in the afternoon of March 31, 1946. His father, positioned farther down the track, received a healthy dose of smoke from the 2-10-0 for his effort (inset).



A network of branches from the south joined the main line through a wye at Benders Junction, providing the L&NE access to Bath, Catasauqua, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Martins Creek. The LV and CNJ reach most of those places, too, via their water-level routes, but the L&NE had to go the hard way.

The primary stem running south from Benders Junction, which the railroad called the Lehigh and Lackawanna Branch, descended more than 400 feet in less than five miles from Summit to Bath. The ruling grade for eastward trains (running geographically north) was 2.8%. The railroad frequently assigned a 2-8-0 and a 2-10-0 to these trains, which often had to double the hill.

The Lehigh & New England's four 2-10-0s were absolute brutes of locomotives. They came to the railroad in pairs from Baldwin, two in 1927 and two more in 1931, all built to the same specifications as the F-1 class. They weighed 200 tons and put almost all of that on their



61-inch drivers, developing a staggering 90,000 pounds tractive effort. Boosters on their tenders were able to add another 16,000 pounds.

Five months later on Sept. 7, Don caught up with the 404 again, freshly shopped and glistening in front of the roundhouse at Pen Argyl, its engineer peering back proudly from the cab.

Not long after shooting the 404 at Benders Junction, Don and Charles went two miles south down the Lehigh and Lackawanna Branch to Summit. There they found Nos. 306 and 401 making their first of two trips up the hill with 25 of their train's 44 cars. The afternoon sun had swung around enough to light the smokebox of the 306.

Doubling their pleasure: Lehigh & New England engines 306 and 401 lift the first 25 cars of their 44-car train up the 2.8% grade from Bath at Summit, Pa., on March 31, 1946.



As it charged the grade, bell ringing under heavy black smoke drifting back over the train, I have to imagine Don was quite pleased. Charles, for his part, seemed happy just to watch at this point, as there are no more 4x5 negatives from this day.

After watching the 306 and 401 drag their remaining 19 cars and caboose up the grade, there was still time for one more shot. After delivering its 70-car train to Pen Argyl, the 404 turned and headed back to Tamaqua with 39 cars, most of them empty hoppers. Don drove to an overpass near Berlinsville, just before Lehigh Gap, where the tracks briefly angled southwest through a long cut. It was after 5 p.m., and the setting sun was lighting the north side of the tracks. Don and Charles stood side-by-side as the 404 passed almost directly beneath them, their shadows on the rail the only visual evidence of the day spent together.

Don and Charles exposed 11 sheets of film on March 31, 1946, eight 5x7s and three 4x5s. There were nine action shots featuring five trains on two railroads, plus the two portraits of L&NE 307. By my best estimates, they drove some 300 miles on what must have been about a 14-hour day. Those numbers were hardly unusual for Don Furler on a weekend in 1946.

It was a year unlike any other for him. His black-and-white photography ranges from the early 1930s to the late 1950s and numbers about 5,000 negatives. Nearly 20% of them are from 1946.

Don had perfected both his technique and equipment for action photography in the years immediately before the U.S. entered World War II. He didn't stop making pictures during the war, but gasoline rationing, national security concerns surrounding railroads, and his busy work schedule severely curtailed his efforts.

For Don, the war's end was like a dam bursting, allowing his creativity to spring forth. He was still early enough in his career and family to carve out considerable photography time, the railroads were still busy with postwar traffic, and steam locomotives still powered nearly all of the trains. None of it would last, though.

For a steam-lover in the Northeast, 1946 may well have been the last great year. Don reveled in nearly every available moment of it. He photographed trains on 117 days that year, getting out on at least one day during all but four of the year's 52 weekends.



Nos. 306 and 401 bring the last 19 cars and caboose of their train up from Bath. Despite its hard work on the Lehigh and Lackawanna branch, 404's day wasn't over.

Most of that was still ahead of him when he pulled into his driveway in Glen Rock long after dark on the last day of March. The days were getting longer, and soon the sun would linger enough for Don to shoot trains of the Erie passing his house on weekdays after work.

There would be more trips to the Lehigh Valley, Jersey Central, Lehigh & New England, and more than a dozen other roads, including long June evenings in the Hudson Valley for the New York Central's Great Steel Fleet.

The diesels were coming, though, and so were much greater forces that would change the face of railroading — and the very fabric — of the Northeast.

The Lehigh & New England was still overhauling steam locomotives in 1946. Just three years later, it would become one of the nation's first railroads to convert fully to diesel power. Only 12 years

after that, in 1961, the Lehigh & New England ceased operating.

It was still turning a small profit, but its board of directors saw the writing on the wall. Anthracite, bedrock of their business, was going away, and there were too many railroads in the Northeast for the L&NE to survive without anthracite traffic. By the end of the decade, even its great bridges over the Delaware and Lehigh rivers were gone.

March 31, 1946, was a Sunday like many others in the late 1940s. Don Furler and his dad enjoyed a father-son outing of driving the two-lane roads and looking for trains. They made excellent pictures of what were then common occurrences, and in the process, they created an extraordinary record of their world, as it was then, to them. ■

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SEQUENTIAL

A colorful and well-timed catch on the new CSX

BY GEORGE W. HAMLIN // Photos by the author

During the mid-1980s, I'd developed a strong interest in the "West End" of the Baltimore & Ohio's Cumberland Division — the portion of the "Mother of Railroads" between its namesake Maryland city and the next division point west, Grafton, W.Va. Besides seeing a lot of B&O activity growing up in Cincinnati, Ohio, my interest in this piece of classic Eastern mountain railroading was stimulated by Deane Mellander's fine 1983 book *B&O Thunder in the Alleghenies*.

Living in the Atlanta area didn't provide any assistance in paying a quick visit, however. Eventually, in 1985, I needed to drive to Pittsburgh to see family, and putting Grafton on the route north became an easy choice. I'd spent the night in Wytheville, Va., and was looking forward to getting to B&O country on Aug. 28 when there was relatively startling news on the car radio.

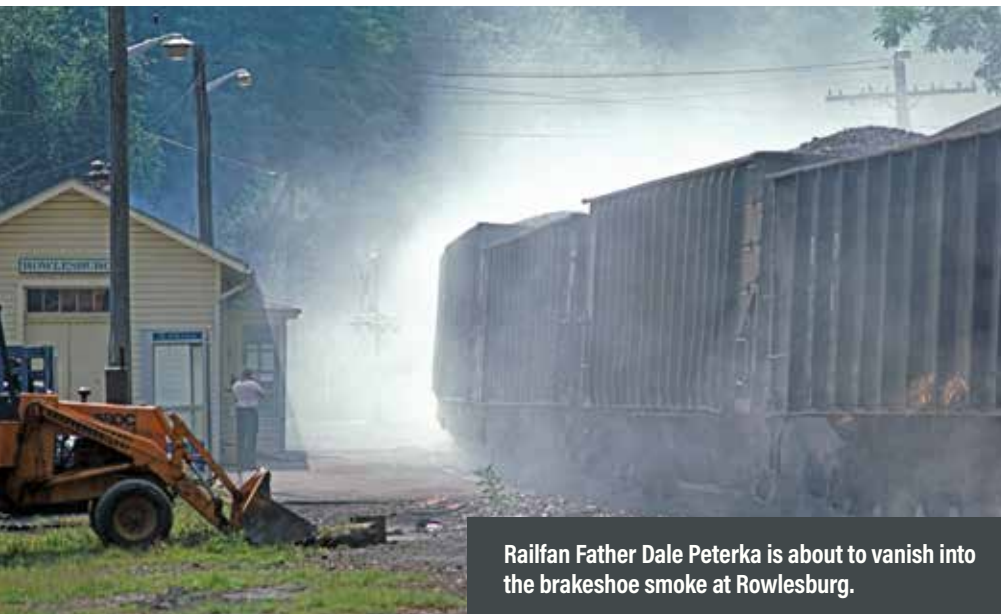
CSX Transportation had announced that the line through Grafton, the B&O's path for, among others things, its "Trail-

er Jet" piggyback trains between St. Louis/Cincinnati and Washington/Baltimore, was being discontinued as a through route. Freight coming east would be diverted north to Deshler, Ohio, at Cincinnati, and then sent east via Pittsburgh on the "Best & Only's" Chicago-East Coast routing.

No details were available, but this suggested I was arriving at an opportune time. I attempted to locate another radio station in the hopes of further details, but quickly learned that there were no other choices at



An eastbound coal drag behind year-old B&O SD50 8586 has almost completed its descent into the Cheat River valley at Rowlesburg, W. Va, on Aug. 28, 1985.



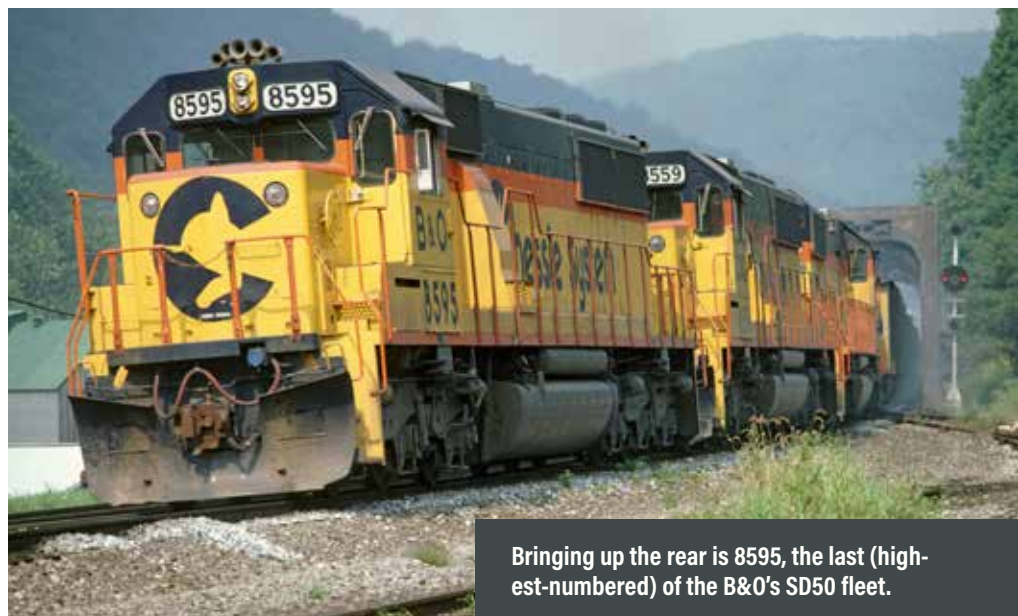
Railfan Father Dale Peterka is about to vanish into the brakeshoe smoke at Rowlesburg.



SERENDIPITY



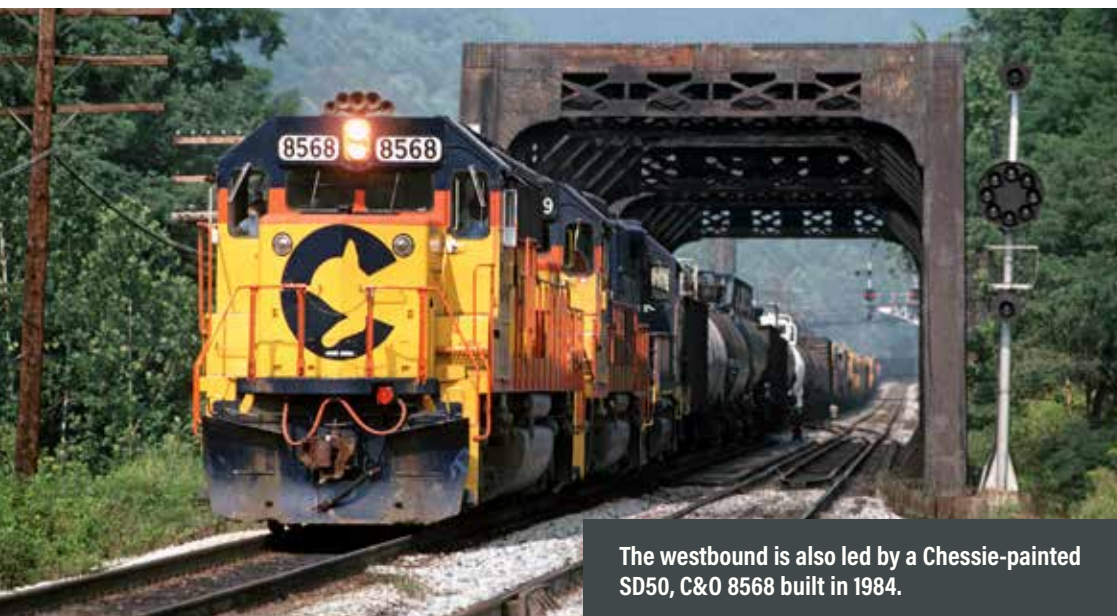
Three more Chessie SD50s are on the rear of the coal train, behind the bay window caboose.



Bringing up the rear is 8595, the last (highest-numbered) of the B&O's SD50 fleet.



Serendipity writ large; as the helpers on the eastbound are about to complete their crossing of the Cheat River, a westbound train is sighted on the other track!



The westbound is also led by a Chessie-painted SD50, C&O 8568 built in 1984.



that point in my journey through south-central West Virginia. Country music was what was available; I do recall the rather catchy title of Becky Hobbs' "Hot-test Ex in Texas," but there was no additional information about the B&O's retrenchment in the region.

Impending doom notwithstanding, Grafton certainly didn't disappoint. The B&O long had a reputation as being relatively friendly to railfans and it was easy to move around and photograph motive power in the engine facility just west of the former passenger station.

After that, it was time to go into the office portion of the facility to see if I could get any train movement details.

I was in luck, because a coal drag would be heading east soon. It would be stopping at Hardman, to the east of Grafton, to have helpers attached for the significant grades east of that point: two up and two down. One of the interesting facets of the conversation was the implicit assumption by the employee I was speaking with that I knew my way to the various points, including Hardman, which were peppering that person's side of the conversation.

I'd done a little research about possible photo locations and concluded that heading east on U.S. 50 and driving to Rowlesburg would be my best bet. I headed back to the car to get there. This location featured the east end of the Cheat River grade into the river valley of



the same name, followed by a short portion of level track before beginning to ascend the Cranberry grade east of M&K junction (where the main line met the Morgantown & Kingwood branch).

I arrived in Rowlesburg in plenty of time to set up for the coal drag. The former passenger station was still in place, right at the state Route 72 grade crossing, so I parked and got ready. While waiting, a guy on a motorcycle pulled up and introduced himself: Father Dale Peterka, also a railfan, who would go on to become the president of the Cincinnati Railroad Club.

We both prepared for our shots, and soon enough the coal train showed up, led by a pair of Chessie System SD50s, still with B&O sub-lettering. Also quite evident was the copious amount of brakeshoe smoke from the descent of the

(three more Chessie SD50s, a pair of B&Os sandwiching a C&O unit), the smoke had dissipated considerably as the entourage rolled by on its way to crossing the double-track bridge over the river. This set the scene for a nice shot of the rear-end power, alongside a classic B&O color position light signal with its full complement of eight bulbs (rather than the more typical six), and thus, capable of displaying the "restricting" aspect as needed.

As the rear end of the eastbound straightened out to cross the bridge, a surprise was in store in the form of a westbound with the power just about to complete its crossing of the Cheat. This manifest was also led by a Chessie SD50: C&O 8568. Furthermore, it also had assistance from a rear helper set, another trio of Chessie SD50s. What a piece of luck and timing!

Father Dale was no longer in view near the station by the time the westbound helpers went by; perhaps he had gone ahead east to chase the loads to Terra Alta. If so, he missed quite a show.

We both prepared for our shots, and soon enough the coal train showed up, led by a pair of Chessie System SD50s, still with B&O sub-lettering.

Cheat River grade; I'd never seen anything that dramatic. Even though I wasn't that far away from him, Father Dale had all but disappeared from view.

By the time the Chessie bay-window caboose arrived, followed by the helpers

Speaking of missing, I was lucky to view the double-track truss bridge over the Cheat River. Three months later, in November 1985, it was washed away in a flood and subsequently replaced by a single-track deck-girder structure. **1**



This manifest has the only two non-SD50 units in this sequence and one still in B&O paint.



Another trio of Chessie SD50s, culminating in B&O 8579, are pushing on the bay window caboose.

MY USA RAILPASS ADVENTURE OF

1978

It wasn't all Amtrak, either:
thank goodness for the *Rio Grande Zephyr*


BY KEN RATTENNE // Photos by the author

In 1978, I took my first long-distance Amtrak trip using the railroad's popular USA Railpass. Amtrak divided the country into zones and within each zone one could travel anywhere on multiple trains, including two layovers, for a single low price. Thus, it was with great anticipation that I planned a circle trip from my home in San Jose to Albany Ore., then Denver and Salt Lake City, and finally back to California at Oakland. I would travel on four different trains: *Coast Starlight*, *Pioneer*, *San Francisco Zephyr*, and Rio Grande's *Rio Grande Zephyr*.

The first leg of my trip would take me from San Jose to Albany on the *Coast Starlight*, where I would stay a couple of

days to visit my girlfriend. Two days later she would drive me to Portland, where I would ride the *Pioneer* overnight to Ogden, Utah. I would then board the *San Francisco Zephyr* for Denver to visit relatives, then travel round-trip to Salt Lake City on the *Rio Grande Zephyr*. Once back in Denver, I would take the westbound *San Francisco Zephyr* to Oakland, where friends would pick me up.

My entire 14-day Railpass was to start Oct. 13 and end Oct. 26 for a total cost of \$169! One feature of the pass was the ability to upgrade to a sleeper if space was available and only pay for a room between two different stations of my choosing, something I would take advantage of my first night out.

A photograph showing the interior of a dome train car. The ceiling is a large, curved, ribbed dome structure. Large windows on the right side offer a view of the landscape outside. Several passengers are visible: one person in a white jacket is leaning over on the left, and two other people are seated in the foreground, looking out the window. The interior has a classic, somewhat dated feel with wood paneling and red seats.

Passengers enjoy the interior of Amtrak full-length dome 9374, the former Southern Pacific 3604, as it traverses the Cascade Mountains in Oregon on Oct. 14, 1978.

OCT. 13, 1978: 'COAST STARLIGHT'

I arrived an hour early at San Jose's shared Southern Pacific-Amtrak station on Cahill Street, only to discover the *Coast Starlight* was 50 minutes late! It was after dark by the time the train pulled into Track 5 at 8 p.m. I boarded coach 4550 and settled into my seat. I immediately noticed the air conditioning wasn't working; this ex-Santa Fe car was very stuffy.

After showing the conductor my ticket, I made my way to the dome coach I had spotted as the train arrived. The dome was mostly empty and, to my relief, the air conditioning worked just fine. Unfortunately, the lights were on, making it difficult to see outside. However, before long I discovered the joy of watch-

ing the passing searchlight signals blink from green to red as our train entered each block on SP's Mulford line. This was my first ride in a dome and I learned later it was car 9482, built by Budd in 1955 for Northern Pacific as its 555. Murals on the lower-level bulkheads still reflected that heritage.

We arrived at Oakland's 16th Street Station at 9:15 p.m. Here, engine and train crews were changed and cars serviced. While in San Jose I had upgraded my Railpass ticket to a roomette between Orland, Calif., and Eugene, Ore. In Oakland, I showed the new conductor my upgrade. He told me the room was currently empty so I could go ahead and occupy it. I quickly scooped up my gear and made for room R-5 in sleeper



Coach 4483 waits at Oakland, Calif., on the last single-level *Coast Starlight* on Jan. 25, 1981. The scene is reminiscent of the author's trip in 1978.



Amtrak dome 9371, a former Southern Pacific car, rides home rails on the *Coast Starlight* at San Jose in April 1978.

Pacific Northwest, former Union Pacific 1428, built by Budd in 1950. After inspecting my roomette, I set out to explore the rest of the train. In addition to the dome-coach we had one of SP's home-built, three-quarter-length dome lounges with the unique lower-level "cathedral" ceiling at the end. It was a real delight sitting in that long dome as we crossed the Carquinez Strait on SP's Martinez lift bridge.

At Orland, the attendant made up my

bed and I crawled under the covers, but soon discovered I was unable to sleep. By the time we hit the Sacramento River Canyon I had the shade open, watching the mountain scenery pass by, bathed in bright blue moonlight. It was spectacular, especially when we passed majestic Mt. Shasta. We made good time during the night and pulled into Klamath Falls at dawn, only 11 minutes late.

By 9:30 a.m. we were descending into the Willamette Valley, the whine of the

locomotives' dynamic brakes audible in my room as we rolled toward Eugene. We arrived at Albany 24 minutes late at 12 p.m. Our train was longer than the station platform, and being in the last car I ended up detraining on the roadbed, walking carefully to where my girlfriend was waiting for me.

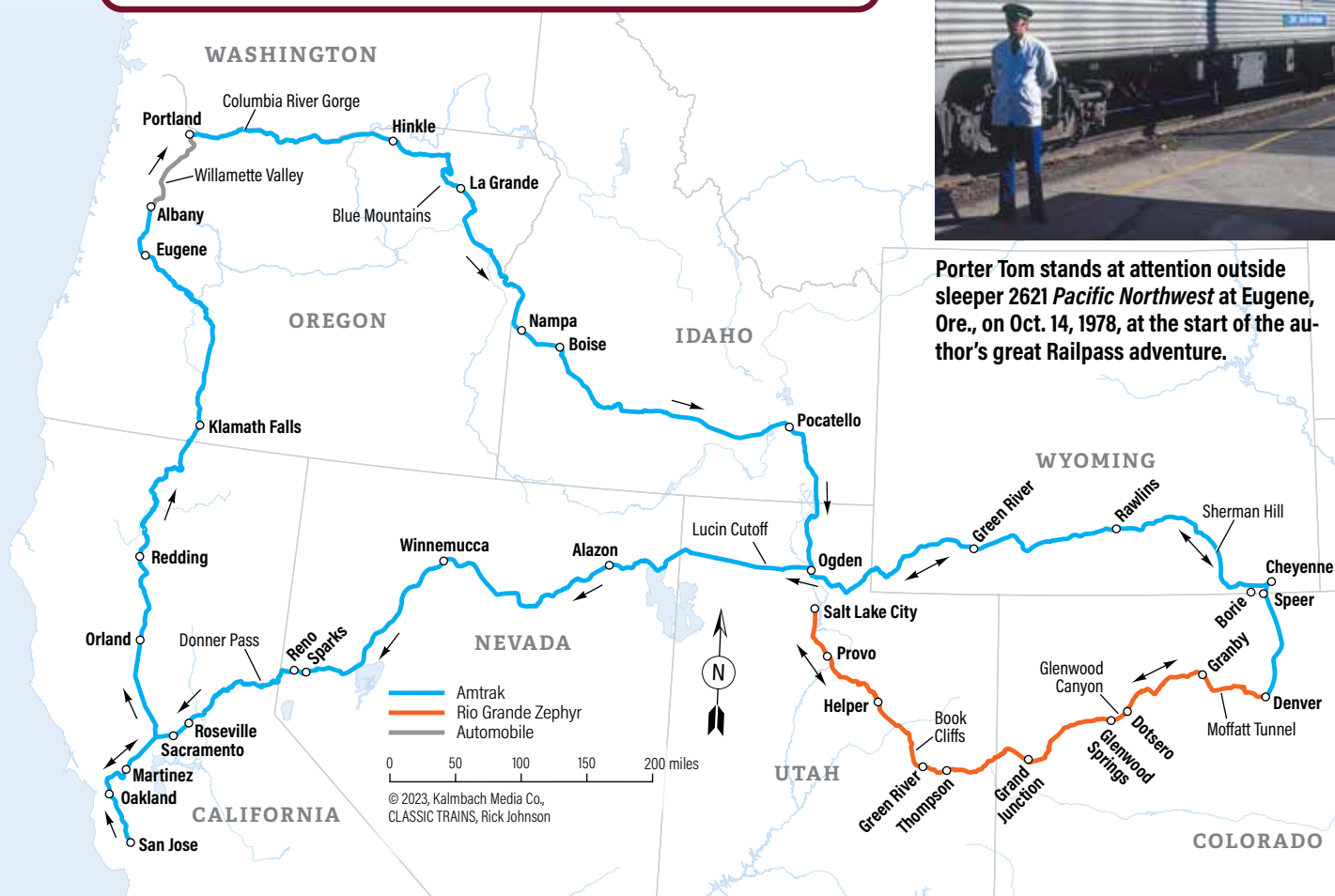
OCT. 16: PIONEER

Two days later I was at Portland Union Station, where I boarded the

AMTRAK RAILPASS ADVENTURE 1978



Porter Tom stands at attention outside sleeper 2621 *Pacific Northwest* at Eugene, Ore., on Oct. 14, 1978, at the start of the author's great Railpass adventure.



The author's *Coast Starlight* pauses northbound at Eugene, Ore., on Oct. 14, 1978. Sleeper 2652 *Silver Butte* is at right.



Amtrak F40PH 216 refuels at the Union Pacific facility in La Grande, Ore., on Oct. 16, 1978. Note the UP Geep and boxcar beyond the front of the train. The first car is an Amfleet coach.



The westbound *San Francisco Zephyr* (left) and the westbound *Pioneer* with F40PH No. 218 pause at Ogden, Utah, on Oct. 22, 1978. The city was a regional hub for Amtrak at the time.

Pioneer for Ogden. The train consisted of two long-distance Amfleet coaches (which have more legroom), an Amfleet dinette, a Heritage Fleet sleeper, and a Heritage Fleet baggage car. (Heritage Fleet cars were traditional former steam-heated cars rebuilt for head-end power). We were pulled by a single F40PH, No. 216.

As we departed the station, I noted a Milwaukee Road freight and managed to grab a photo of the unique ribbed-sided cabooses. At 2:35 p.m., as we raced through the Columbia River Gorge, we passed the westbound *Pioneer*. It went by so fast I barely noticed the UP business car bringing up the rear. As we continued east, the lush greens of western Oregon gave way to an arid landscape. Following the Columbia River was like watching TV: it provided a real show with a constant parade of BN trains on the opposite



Union Pacific C30-7 No. 2407 passes the eastbound Amtrak *San Francisco Zephyr* on Sherman Hill in Wyoming on Oct. 17, 1978. The author made extensive use of Dutch doors on the trip.



A westbound Union Pacific piggyback train passes the Cheyenne, Wyo., station on Oct. 17, 1978, with UP SD40-2 3167 and Western Pacific GP40s 3506, 3520, and 3518 as power.

bank, UP freights on our side, and a variety of vessels navigating the river.

Our arrival in Hinkle was on time at 3:15 p.m. We changed crews and paused only long enough for passengers to de-train or board. Upon departure we waited for a westbound to clear the mainline, powered by a pair of UP DDA40Xs and a single SD40-2. Since Amfleet coaches have no Dutch doors to photograph from, all I could do was watch with envy.

I had settled in car 21841, an Amfleet I car that was anything but full. By 5:20 that afternoon we were deep in the Blue Mountains, our speed slowing considerably. We passed two freights: one eastbound and one westbound and both had helpers cut in mid-train. All I could do was sigh as there was again no way to photograph them. All this sightseeing made me hungry so I headed for the Am-dinette to see about dinner: The "Am-

food" was not very tasty but it was cheap and filled me up.

At La Grande we had another crew change and the train was serviced. By now it was dusk and the sky was filled with blues and purples. I detrained to stretch my legs and take a few photos in the failing light. While our single F40PH was being fueled and the cars watered, UP SD40 3032 and GP9 132 passed by with a single car. Unfortunately, it was too dark for my Kodachrome 64 to record decent photos. Yet another train that "got away."

By the time we departed Nampa, Idaho, at 11:10 p.m. everyone was trying to sleep. An Amcoach seat is not as roomy as its steam-heated counterpart. The seats are similar to those on airlines with fixed armrests, forcing me to contort myself in an attempt to sleep. However, it was fruitless and after only an hour of

restlessness I gave up. Since the Am-dinette didn't open until 6:30 a.m., I refreshed myself with a face wash and a breakfast square from my carry-on.

Our arrival in Ogden was on time and, luckily, so was the *San Francisco Zephyr*.

OCT. 17: SAN FRANCISCO ZEPHYR

I quickly crossed the platform and boarded coach 4811, an ex-Santa Fe car built by Pullman Standard. My glee at making my connection quickly soured: this coach was hot; the dining car's stove was broken (which meant no breakfast); and the upper glass in the single dome coach was so dirty you could barely see out of it. On top of that the train was packed. The good news: We were on time.

We made the Wyoming towns of Rock Springs and Green River on time. At Green River we paused for 10 minutes to change crews, then again at Rawlins



Rio Grande F9 5771 gets its windows washed on Oct. 19, 1978, at Grand Junction, Colo., while serving on the *Rio Grande Zephyr*. This hands-on type of railroading is largely missing today.

where the train was serviced. This allowed me time to detrain and get photos. The action on UP's Wyoming crossing was impressive and company dispatchers gave our train priority. On the other hand, the ride quality was very rough as we raced along the "Wyoming Speedway" at 79 mph.

By the time we left Rawlins the diner's stove was working and I had a relaxing lunch, sampling the chili bowl. It was a nice contrast from the food on the *Pioneer*. Fresh carnations, real silverware, china, and a crisp white tablecloth completed my experience.

By 3 p.m. we were climbing Sherman Hill, the mountain crossing that separates Laramie and Cheyenne. Unlike Donner Pass in the Sierra Nevada or in

the Rocky Mountains, Sherman Hill doesn't look much like a mountain pass. Instead of high peaks, you see a rolling landscape dotted with snow fences, doing little to suggest a Continental Divide crossing of higher than 8,000 feet.

As we climbed eastward over Sherman, our two SDP40Fs were working hard. The ride was much smoother due to welded rail, and freight traffic thick as we passed more trains than I could keep track of. I was finally able to sneak down to the vestibule, open the Dutch door, and grab a shot of a westbound freight with C30-7 2407 on the point.

Our arrival in Cheyenne was on time at 3:50 p.m. This was a 20-minute stop in order to change crews and water the cars. I again detraind and was able to photo-

graph a westbound freight with three Western Pacific GP40s trailing UP SD40-2 No. 3167. It was nice to see old friends so far from home.

In order to continue to Denver, the power had to run around our train and pull us backward to the Queen City of The Plains. This move was eventually negated when Borie, Wyo., replaced Cheyenne as a stop.

The rest of the trip was uneventful and we arrived in Denver 10 minutes early! It was a long day, and with only an hour of sleep aboard the *Pioneer*, the hotel courtesy van was a welcome sight.

OCT. 19: RIO GRANDE ZEPHYR

The sun had barely risen at 7 a.m. when I arrived at Denver Union Terminal. I'd had a full day with no travel and felt completely rested. The *Rio Grande Zephyr* was a ride I'd been anticipating for more than four years, ever since reading *Portrait of a Silver Lady* and other *California Zephyr*-related books and articles. Riding this descendant of the famous CZ would be the highlight of my trip, offering me a 570-mile pleasure trip in each direction.

After photographing dome observation car *Silver Sky* and BN instruction car B11 (on the private car track), I climbed aboard westbound train 17. I settled into a lower coach seat in dome 1106, *Silver Colt*, and immediately noticed the differences between this car and Amtrak's standard interior rendering. The *Rio Grande* stayed with subdued tans and browns with green and yellow seats while Amtrak's décor could be called Disco Gaudy with its solid blues, reds, and purples with paisley-upholstered seats.

Our departure was on time at 7:30 a.m. and upon leaving Union Station we passed a southbound coal train headed for the Joint Line south of Denver. As we crept through Prospect Junction our crew snatched the hooped-up train orders from the operator, then we accelerated out of town, leaving the Platte River Valley behind.

By 9 a.m. we were in the Rockies. After climbing the Front Range, passing through 27 tunnels and ascending several thousand feet, we entered the 6.3-mile Moffat Tunnel, emerging 12 minutes later into a world of mist, frost, and extreme cold. It was an amazing sight.

The frost covered everything: rails, ties, grass, trees, shrubs. To my delight, the train crew left the Dutch door open and I took the opportunity to lean out to take photos. Before long, several passen-

gers began taking photos from the vestibules. We all took turns as our train followed the Colorado River.

So far, the ride had been everything I'd hoped for. As our train rolled through serpentine Gore Canyon the scenery was incredible: snow-capped mountains pushed up into low clouds with the morning sun peeking out to glisten off the stainless steel of our train.

The first stop west of the Moffat Tunnel was Granby and we arrived six minutes late at 10:01. Departing, we really picked up speed, an easy task for our three F9s pulling our short five-car train. At Azure Siding, the sun finally came out.

We pulled into Bond on time and held the main while a short eastbound freight passed on the siding. It happened fast and I only managed a grab a caboose shot. We were soon on the Dotsero Cut-off, which connects the Moffat line with the Rio Grand's original Tennessee Pass line from Cañon City and Salida.

At 12:30 I decided to have lunch in the diner, *Silver Banquet*. I ordered the turkey sandwich and was pleasantly surprised to find it made with real turkey, not turkey loaf. It was delicious! While in the diner I met a brakeman deadheading to Salt Lake City and he became my ad hoc tour guide, pointing out landmarks and offering useful information about

the route. I wish I'd had a tape recorder.

By 1 p.m. we were in beautiful Glenwood Canyon, where I photographed a meet with an eastbound freight. Ten min-

utes later we made our stop at Glenwood Springs, where more passengers got off than on.

As we slammed through Cameo Siding the *Zephyr* lived up to its name, speeding like the wind across the Grand Valley at 65 mph. It was noticeably warmer as we arrived at Grand Junction 12 minutes ahead of schedule. It was a division point and was literally the halfway point on the trip. The town also separated

the D&RGW's Colorado and Utah Divisions and required 15 minutes to change crews and service the train.

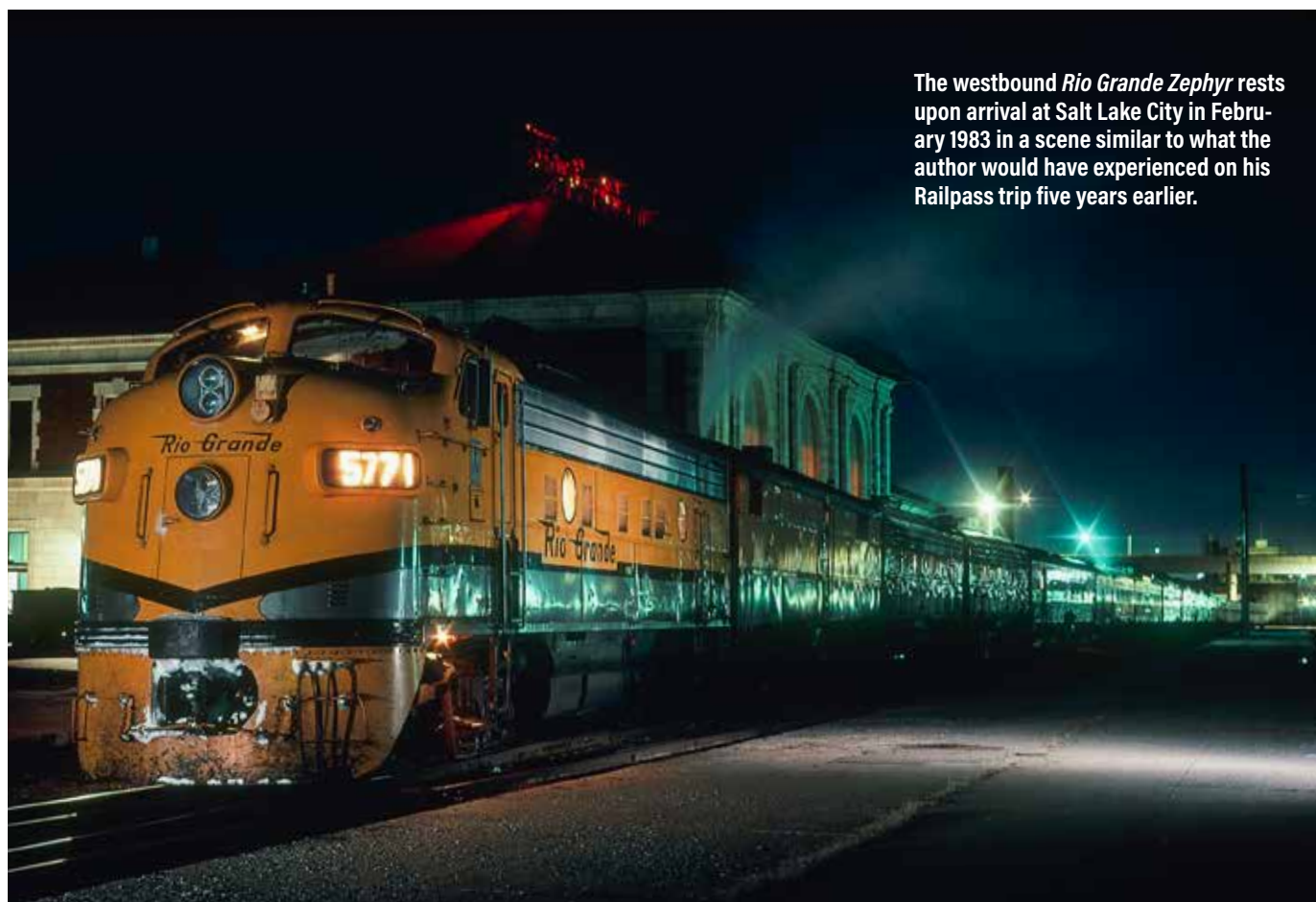
The *Zephyr* really emptied out as I detoured to take photos. I had plenty of time to walk to the head end and photograph the three F9s and each car on our train. We stayed at the station an additional 10 minutes, not departing until our scheduled 3:10 p.m.

Once underway, we followed the Colorado River through colorful Ruby Canyon where we crossed the Colorado-Utah line. It's here the river and the railroad part ways with the river veering off to the left toward the Grand Canyon.

The high desert of Utah is not unlike California's Mojave Desert — at first glance there's not much to see, but look closer and the landscape is truly amazing. Emerging from Ruby Canyon our train skirted along the moonscape-like hills of the Book Cliffs. At 4:30 p.m. we passed the flag stop station of Thompson without stopping. With no passengers waiting and none to get off we rolled by the flat-roofed clapboard depot at 70 mph.

With three-quarters of the train empty, the number of passengers boarding

**FRESH CARNATIONS, REAL
SILVERWARE, CHINA, AND A
CRISP WHITE TABLECLOTH
COMPLETED MY EXPERIENCE.**



The westbound *Rio Grande Zephyr* rests upon arrival at Salt Lake City in February 1983 in a scene similar to what the author would have experienced on his Railpass trip five years earlier.



The *Rio Grande Zephyr* navigates Colorado's rugged Gore Canyon on Oct. 19, 1978. The railroad follows the Colorado River through the canyon located between Dotsero and Granby.

between Grand Junction and Helper were negligible. I'm not sure how Rio Grande justified the train west of Grand Junction but I didn't care. I made good use of the available space by moving around at will, sampling each dome car and taking interior photos.

At 6 p.m. I headed to *Silver Banquet* to get dinner. I ordered the chicken plate; it was to die for. As I finished off a dish of ice cream, we pulled into Helper, Utah, five minutes early. Helper was a major engine terminal for the Rio Grande's Utah Division and there was plenty of power in evidence. I spotted both eastbound and westbound trains waiting for our depar-

ture, which occurred at 6:20 p.m. after dwelling for an additional five minutes to put us in sync with the timetable.

We arrived in Salt Lake City at 9:20 p.m., 10 minutes ahead of schedule. I called a taxi from the station and headed to a nearby Holiday Inn for some much-needed rest.

OCT. 20: RGZ REDUX

The following morning, I arrived at Rio Grande's Salt Lake City depot at 6:20. I quickly set up my tripod and took a couple of time exposures in black and white, then boarded train 18 and settled in dome coach No. 1105, *Silver Bronco*.

The crew recognized me from the day before, including my brakeman friend who was now on duty. He treated me like we were old friends.

We arrived at our first stop, Provo, on time at 8:05 a.m. It was raining as we headed compass south (railroad east) into the Price River Canyon.

We were on time into Green River, which is a flag stop, where we came to a stop but not for passengers. The brakes on the second F9B unit, No. 5762, were sticking. Because oil had dripped onto the brake shoes, we had set off a hot box detector. The crew was forced to get out and address the problem.

About 10 miles east of Green River we passed a special train of business cars, including Rio Grande's sole office car *Wilson McCarthy*. According to my brakeman friend, the "big boss," W. J. "Bill" Holtman, was on that train. Unfortunately, I was unable to take any photos of it nor learn the particulars of its purpose.

At Grand Junction we again paused for servicing and a crew change, departing on time at 1:55 p.m. One mile later we went in the hole for a westbound coal train sporting solid UP power. At Dell, we stopped for another meet, this time holding the main to wait for another westbound led by SD45 5344. After he cleared, we continued east. The remainder of the run to Denver was uneventful, though we arrived 15 minutes late.

This completed my first ride on the RGZ but it would not be my last.

OCT. 21: SF ZEPHYR AGAIN

I boarded Amtrak's westbound *San Francisco Zephyr*, train 5, at 11:35 a.m. and settled into dome coach 9458 *Silver Brand*, a former *Denver Zephyr* car built in 1957. Unlike train 6, this train had three Silver-series dome coaches in the consist. We departed Denver 40 minutes late due to the addition of private car *Otto Kuhler*, delivered by Colorado & Southern SW9 153. The car was owned by a Denver doctor who was throwing a party for UP officials in Cheyenne.

Once at Cheyenne, UP GP9 345 removed the *Otto Kuhler*, which gave me time to detrain and get some platform action. The first train by was led by UP GP40X 9005 and trailing two "Fast Forty" SD40-2s 8015 and 8044. Then a westbound with SDP35 No.1407 and three C&NW units crawled by, but I was already back in my seat and unable to make good on the opportunity.

We finally departed Cheyenne at 3:50 p.m., an hour and 10 minutes off the ad-



Amtrak's *San Francisco Zephyr* climbs above Donner Lake westbound in the Sierra Nevada on Dec. 2, 1979, on a subsequent trip.

verted. As we left Cheyenne, eastbound train 6 passed us with a Union Pacific E9 on the point. I wondered why we didn't have such a regal escort on our train.

After traversing Sherman Hill our train really picked up speed until we were doing a good 90 mph (according to a brakeman I talked with).

I was eating lunch in the diner when there was a loud bang followed by a lurch. We then rolled slowly to a stop. Apparently, we broke in two just forward of the diner! It took about 30 minutes to reassemble our train and get under way. I never did find out the actual reason for our mishap. This put us 90 minutes behind schedule.

During the run across Wyoming, I fell in with three travel companions that made the time pass quickly. We all convened for dinner in the diner and shared a carafe of wine. To me, this was and will always be one of the true pleasures of rail travel.

We were still late into Ogden but soon were crossing the Great Salt Lake on SP's Lucin Cutoff. My three companions and I

occupied *Silver Brand's* dome as we crossed the lake and then the Great Salt Desert under the light of a full moon. The lake and the stark white salt flats were brilliantly illuminated, making for a surreal sight.

OCT. 22: LAST DAY

It was Oct. 22 and the final day of my Railpass journey. I managed to get a couple of hours sleep prior to our arrival in Sparks, Nev., but discovered we were still 90 minutes late.

In 1978, Sparks was an SP crew change and service stop for freight trains.

It was also a service and station stop for the *Zephyr*, which gave me plenty of time to detrain and take photos. (Today Amtrak runs through Sparks with

crews changing at Reno.)

By 12:45 p.m. we were climbing the east slope of Donner Pass, allowing a first-hand view of SP's incredible route over The Hill. To my delight the SP crew, which boarded in Sparks, was friendly and didn't care if I opened the Dutch

doors for photos. I ended up sharing the vestibule with a man from South Africa who was fun to talk with, plus he had an impressive medium-format camera.

By the time we departed Sacramento we had only made up 15 minutes. By then the lounge had closed due to a faulty heater — it must have been 100 degrees in that car.

When we pulled into Oakland we had made up all but 20 minutes (thanks to schedule padding) and arrived at the 16th Street station at 4:25 p.m. This was good and my ride didn't have to wait long.

My first long-distance Amtrak adventure was everything I'd hoped for. Each segment of the trip went smoothly and I returned with money in my pocket.

Four months later, in February of 1979, I would take another long-distance Amtrak trip, but that's another story. As for the *Rio Grande Zephyr*, the years 1979 through 1983 would find me riding the train six more times. 📷

KEN RATTENNE is a retired IT professional living in Modesto, Calif. He has bylines on two books and more 50 articles along with 300 photos published since 1983. This is his first Classic Trains byline.

MY FIRST LONG-DISTANCE AMTRAK ADVENTURE WAS EVERYTHING I'D HOPED FOR.

THROUGHOUT THE FIFTIES,
PALS **BOB TOWNLEY** AND **WALT VIELBAUM**
RECORDED A NOW-LOST WORLD OF STEAM,
DIESEL, AND TRACTION



Southern Pacific 4253 muscles tonnage through Cisco in September 1948. Baldwin built the AC-11 class engine in 1942. Walter H. Vielbaum

CALIFORNIA CHRONICLES

SCRAPBOOK • 1

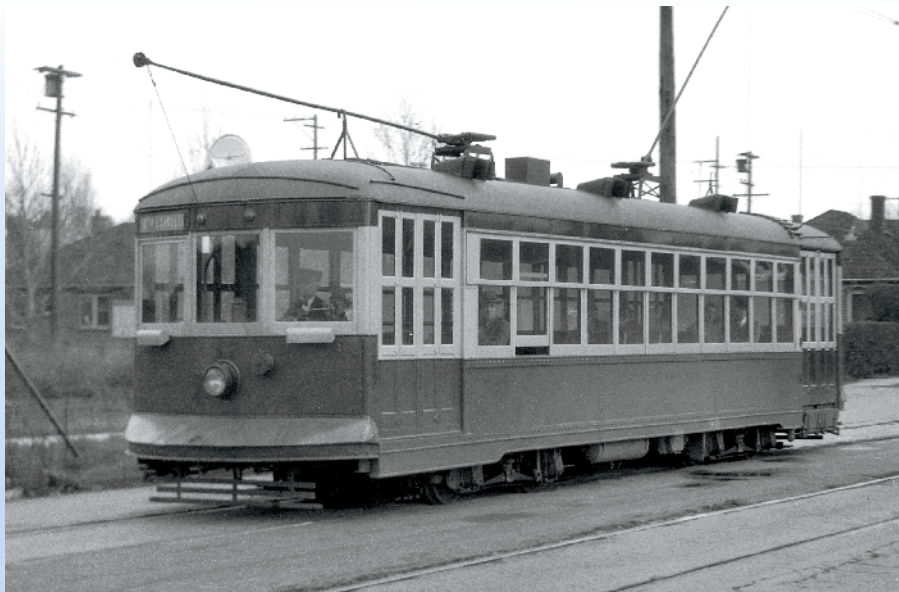
In the 1950s, when black-and-white television reigned supreme, CBS aired a six-season Western called “Have Gun – Will Travel” and spawned countless similar sounding knock-offs. Richard Boone starred as a for-hire gunman, intent on righting the wrongs that apparently “the law” either got wrong, or failed to address. The gentleman gunman — known by the name Paladin — “resolved” issues throughout the Old West, circa the 1870s. He could be reached at the Carlton Hotel, in San Francisco. Just wire him.



Neighborhood kids enjoy a passing Sacramento Northern freight motor and its train on the streets of Oakland. Robert P. Townley



Ex-Market Street Railway 1232, now a San Francisco Municipal Railway car, poses at Burlingame Terrace in 1948. Robert P. Townley



Central California Traction offered streetcar service in Sacramento. Car 87 was built in 1925 for Fresno Traction by St. Louis Car Co. Robert P. Townley

The 30-minute show aired on Tuesday nights at 9 p.m. Six seasons and 225 episodes ensued, the first episode being showcased in September 1957, running until April 1963. Those inclined to revisit the successful show can find reruns today on cable TV or on DVD.

By the late 1940s, two native Californians were giving the “Have Gun – Will Travel” moniker an advance test, with folding roll-film medium-format cameras instead of Colt single-action pistols. In fact, their catch phrase could just as well have been pirated for the television show. The volume of fascinating black and white railroad images that would come from their cameras suggests the premise has merit.

Robert P. (Bob) Townley and Walter H. (Walt) Vielbaum established both a





Sacramento Northern fantrip pauses as SP daily Sacramento-Oakland train 1-243 passes near Vacaville in September 1949. Robert P. Townley

lifelong friendship and kinship in which their common interest in electric railways and steam railroads was enhanced through the desire to preserve, through photography, what they both enjoyed.

Through the viewfinders of their folding 120, 620, or 616 cameras, Walt and Bob personified a futuristic adaptation of a different adage: Have Camera – Will Travel. It could be said they were ahead of their time. The surrounding pages indicate we should all be grateful that they were. Although they often traveled together, many images were acquired in solitary pursuit of their prey.

Walt was born in 1929, in San Mateo. Bob was born in 1930 in Oakland, though he lived in the same house with his family for his first 21 years in San Francisco. The two met in September 1946 at a meeting of teenage railfans. So serious was their regard for electric traction that Walt and Bob are two — sadly the last two — founding members of the Bay Area Electric Railroad Association, today based at Rio Vista, known as the Western Railway Museum. A significant archive, plus a collection of about 100 pieces of equipment, including traction, steam, and diesel, are just a part of this

legacy. More than 20 miles of former Sacramento Northern trackage offer great potential for equipment operation.

Walt grew up about 20 miles south of San Francisco, in Burlingame. His father operated a successful automobile repair shop, which remains today in the stewardship of Walt's son Gary, himself an accomplished railroad photographer. Walt was drafted in 1951 and spent time in the Army during the Korean War. Following his military experience, he returned to the Bay Area, where he was married at age 26 and began a family of two daughters and a son. At one time, while still living in Belmont, south of Burlingame, Walt had an operating O scale traction layout in his basement, where monthly gatherings of like-minded traction enthusiasts would occur.

Long ahead of their time, Walt and Bob collaborated to incorporate an operable "air brake" system into the model railroad, in which compressed air, sophisticated electronics, and a streetcar controller were combined to provide a realistic start-and-stop feel. Fellow modeler Bruce Battles shared the details of this system in the March 1969 issue of *Traction & Models* magazine. Walt still lives in the Bay Area with his wife, Norma.

Bob also grew up in the Bay Area. He attended San Francisco City college, then enlisted in the Air Force in July 1951, following a railfan trip that included traction properties in Iowa and Illinois. Though a Californian, he enlisted at the end of the Iowa/Illinois trip, in Chicago. Bob completed his college education at



Pushing a barge, the Santa Fe tug *Paul Hastings* takes freight cars to San Francisco, one of several ferry services operating on the bay. Walter H. Vielbaum



RDC 375, one of Western Pacific's two "Zephyrette" cars, makes a run-by for photographers in Altamont Pass. Robert P. Townley



Santa Fe PAs 67L and 58L have the honors at Glen Frazer Tunnel during a March 3, 1968, "farewell to the PAs" Richmond-Stockton roundtrip excursion.

Walter H. Vielbaum



A gleaming *California Zephyr* trainset makes a test run ahead of the train's March 1949 inauguration of regular service. Robert P. Townley



Operating in Oakland-Sacramento service, SP's lone RDC No. 10 idles inside the Oakland Mole trainshed in 1954. Walter H. Vielbaum



California Polytechnic State College in San Luis Obispo, graduating with a degree in electronic engineering. He embarked on a vocation in rapid transit design, construction, and operation. One of his initial projects was the train control for Bay Area Rapid Transit. Later in his career, Bob traveled the world, spending time in Baltimore, Los Angeles, and overseas in Greece and Venezuela supporting transit projects, toting his family with him. He has two daughters. He retired in 1997. In retirement, he and his wife, Dianne, settled in a retirement community north of San Francisco, not far from the Western Railway Museum where he serves as a volunteer.

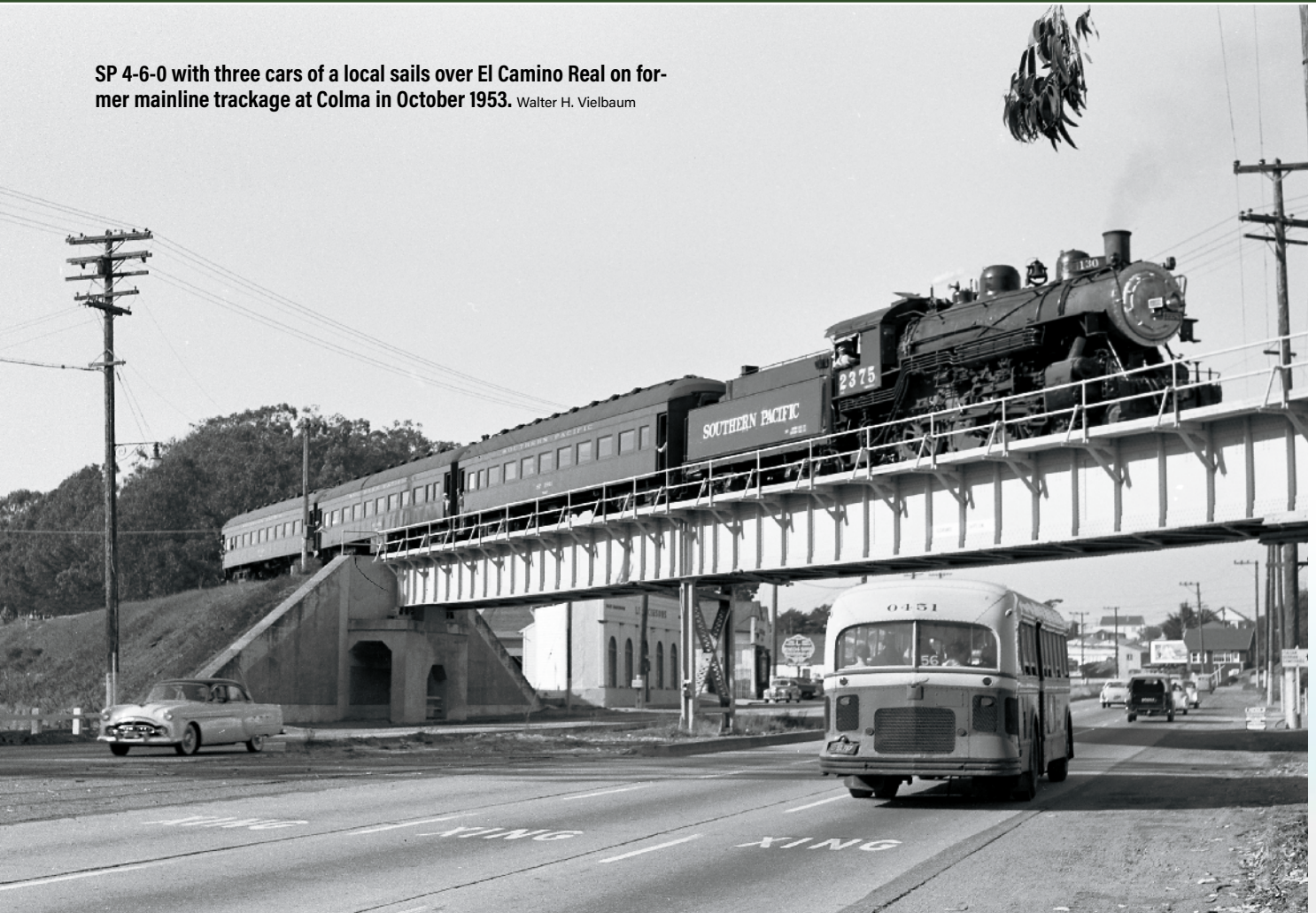
The period of Bob's and Walt's early friendship still offered significant streetcar and interurban operations throughout California. But travel to other cities that retained electric operations was of consequence as well. Primarily, these pilgrimages were western in nature: Oregon, Washington, Utah, and Montana. On more easterly trips they investigated electric operations in Texas, Oklahoma, Illinois, Iowa, and Pennsylvania.

Their earliest large trip together included San Diego, El Paso, Dallas, electric operations in Oklahoma, Colorado narrow-gauge operations, streetcars in Denver (where Bob celebrated his 18th birthday), Fort Collins, and the electric operations of Utah: Bamberger and Salt Lake, Garfield & Western. For these extended trips, they relied on Walt's 1937 Ford. When Walt was discharged from the Army — in time for a 1955 trip to Mexico — Walt purchased a 1950 Oldsmobile, and his old 1937 Ford became the shop loaner car.

Locally, San Francisco featured two companies offering city service. Streetcars and cable cars plied the streets for the Market Street Railway and San Francisco Municipal Railway. Market Street Railway, and later "the Muni," competed with Southern Pacific for traffic as far south as San Mateo on what was called "the '40 Line." Across the bay in the Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda areas, the Key System and East Bay Transit vied for camera attention, with street running and private right-of-way operations. The Key System reached as far as San Francisco with its "bridge trains," but the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge had the expected impact on transbay ridership for ferry boats and steel rails, with bridge train service ending in 1958.

But steam trains, and even early die-

SP 4-6-0 with three cars of a local sails over El Camino Real on former mainline trackage at Colma in October 1953. Walter H. Vielbaum



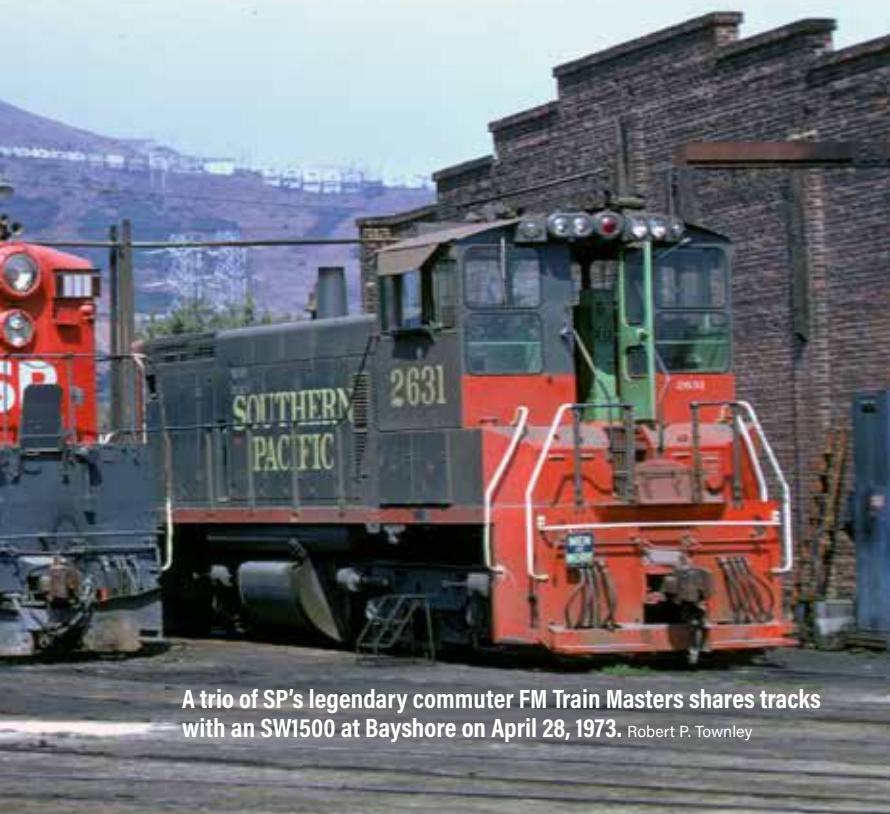
PACIFIC OPERATED A WELL-PATRONIZED SAN FRANCISCO-SAN JOSE COMMUTER SERVICE.



The photographer ascended an adjacent billboard platform for this pre-1948 view of San Francisco Muni's McAllister car house. Robert P. Townley



A tiger-striped Fairbanks-Morse H12-44 hauls two boxcars over SP's Bernal Branch, the original main line into San Francisco. Walter H. Vielbaum



A trio of SP's legendary commuter FM Train Masters shares tracks with an SW1500 at Bayshore on April 28, 1973. Robert P. Townley

sels, were not ignored. Southern Pacific operated a well-patronized commuter service between San Francisco and San Jose. This was in the backyard of our photographers, featuring steam until 1957. The San Francisco-San Jose trains saw diesels make inroads in the mid-Fifties, eventually becoming home to the railroad's 16 Fairbanks-Morse Train Master hood units. Quick acceleration and higher than typical horsepower for locomotives of their era had a positive impact on the railroad and its patrons. The 47-mile route remains intact today under the auspices of CalTrain, with frequent service and oft-delayed plans for electrification; electric trains should be running in 2024, or so says CalTrain.

Bob and Walt also paid attention to the area's long-distance train operations. On the San Francisco Peninsula, the famous *Daylight* and *Lark* trains departed and arrived at San Francisco's Third and Townsend station, while across the bay, the Oakland Pier or "Mole" terminated and dispatched cross-country passengers in luxury aboard trains destined for Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, Portland, Los Angeles, Sacramento, and San Jose, all from a 16-track train shed. For years, this was the busiest terminal on the West Coast. Western Pacific shared this terminal with the Southern Pacific for the latter's stainless-steel *California Zephyr* and *Zephyrette* RDCs.

Even in the 1950s, a far cry from its heyday, the terminal saw 30 trains arrive and depart at tidewater. Gleaming red and orange *Daylight* trains and shining streamliners captivated travelers. Of course, ferries completed the cross-country trip for many passengers, delivering them to the Ferry Building in San Francisco. Ferry service ended on July 29, 1958, with the departure of the *San Leandro*, the last ferry from the Oakland Mole for San Francisco. By 1960, all remaining passenger service was relocated from the Mole to the 16th Street Station in Oakland. The Western Pacific relied on its Third and Washington station, with in-street loading featured for the dome-heavy *California Zephyr*.

To the south, steam lingered on many Southern Pacific trains and was featured on both passenger and freight assignments throughout the 1950s, a testimonial to their efficient design and productivity in the face of an onslaught of 770 F units, 66 Alco PAs, and 339 GP9s across the vast SP system. The GP9s continued to be delivered after the final steam loco-

motives were cold, the final nails in steam's coffins. Cab-forward 4-8-8-2s pulled freight and passengers, and Pacifics, Mountain-types and GS 4-8-4s handled a multitude of trains. Even yard assignments were populated with steam into the 1950s, despite a slew of Alco, EMD, Fairbanks-Morse, and Baldwin diesel switchers.

In stark contrast to today's railroad environment and operating realities, a large number of rail-enthusiast chartered trips were operated throughout the 1950s and into the 1960s. Attitudes and, of course, regulations have morphed over the ensuing years, where railroads have eschewed passenger operations and worked to tamp down railfan interest. Back then, fantrips were frequent and varied. Often, a specific route, branch line, or type of locomotive was chosen, providing interested aficionados the opportunity to ride over lines that had not seen passenger operations for years — if ever. In comparison with attitudes of

today, the fantrip offered fans a chance to see areas of a particular railroad with near-granular clarity, or photograph locomotives or equipment typically difficult to find and photograph.

The photo runby offered fans the opportunity to etch into celluloid memorable images of trains at heretofore inaccessible locations or, in the case of steam locomotives, the payoff shot with smoke and steam belching from the iron horse as it charged past mesmerized fans.

There is no doubt that safety could be compromised by even the slightest fall: someone alighting from a car to a wobbly portable step poised on rock ballast, stepping into a hole, or over a rail, or worse, slipping while crossing multiple tracks or switches. The reality of the dangers of the railroad could become quickly apparent to both excited novices and seasoned fans or professional railroaders.

Railroads often tolerated or even occasionally encouraged such "fandemonium." And the faithful often turned out in

droves. In this era, multiple trips were operated with varying results. Fortunately for all of us, Bob and Walt's photography was better than most, and was well-preserved for posterity.

Southern Pacific's narrow gauge operations out of Owenyo, Calif., lingered long enough for both regular operations to be photographed, as well as fan trips that drew the faithful from miles around. This outpost east of the Sierras was off the beaten path, but certainly not unknown to those ferroequinologists who were predisposed to ferret-out such esoteric operations. The operation felt the sting of modernization with a unique General Electric model. Steam locomotives lingered until the end of operations, with a singular GE diesel supplementing the older Baldwin steamers — the diminutive 50-ton diesel predated the first and much larger U25Bs by nearly eight years. The operation was an anachronism for that late age.

Bob and Walt supported the various railfan associations. They enjoyed countless trips on streetcars, behind steam locomotives and later, diesels. Alco PAs and Krauss-Maffei and Alco diesel-hydraulics spring to mind. The other aspect of docu-



menting transportation history involves the careful storage of the negatives and slides. Both took care to cautiously warehouse the images, including at least date or location, on storage envelopes and slides. Their detail certainly helped make this presentation come to life.

In Southern California, electric operations lured photographers to the Pacific Electric and Los Angeles Railways. Even into the 1950s, Pacific Electric operated a varied collection of equipment that included the first double-ended, m.u.-equipped PCCs, the famous "Blimps," among many others.

The variety was stunning, though the operations steadily declined in number and eventually transferred to public ownership. But the diversity in that era in Southern California was captivating: electric and diesel freight operations served industrial Los Angeles, before the highway system brought those operations to their knees. So ingrained into Los Angeles business was PE that for years freight generated along the Pacific Electric alone surpassed all loadings Union Pacific was able to amass across Los Angeles.

Other Los Angeles attractions that drew Walt and Bab included Los Angeles Railways, the transit system serving the needs of local riders around greater L.A. Like the SP in the Owens Valley, the L.A. Railways was a narrow-gauge system, operating its 165 PCC cars on rails 3½ feet apart.

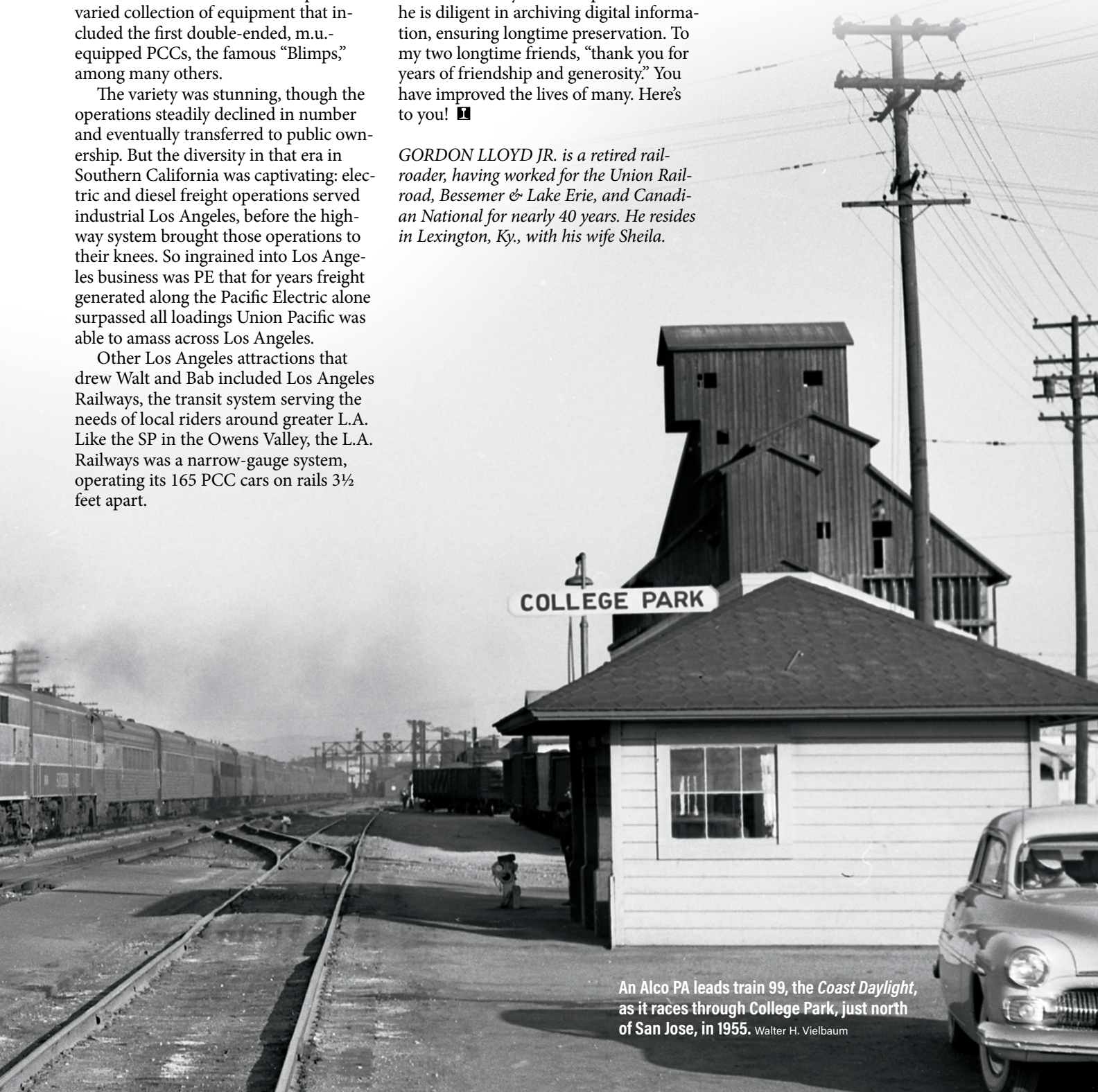
We will review Bob and Walt's work in two installments. Our first bite of the apple will review diverse California scenes roughly north of San Jose. A follow-up article will address California railroading south of San Jose.

My gratitude is extended here to both Bob and Walt for their generous loans or outright gifts of negatives, slides, and invaluable informational support. Bob's voluminous library has been preserved, and he is diligent in archiving digital information, ensuring longtime preservation. To my two longtime friends, "thank you for years of friendship and generosity." You have improved the lives of many. Here's to you! ■

GORDON LLOYD JR. is a retired rail-roader, having worked for the Union Railroad, Bessemer & Lake Erie, and Canadian National for nearly 40 years. He resides in Lexington, Ky., with his wife Sheila.

SCRAPBOOK - 2

Next Issue: Follow photographers Townley and Vielbaum to Southern California where they document the local rail scene including the Santa Fe, Pacific Electric, Southern Pacific, and more!



An Alco PA leads train 99, the *Coast Daylight*, as it races through College Park, just north of San Jose, in 1955. Walter H. Vielbaum

Firing on the Illinois Central in 1969

AS A STUDENT FIREMAN,
I EXPERIENCED A LIFETIME
OF ADVENTURES // BY MIKE EINHORN



I grew up in the far south suburbs of Chicago, where city blocks turned to farm fields, and I was first exposed to trains of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, whose nondescript passenger and freight trains rumbled through town. Also nearby was the Milwaukee Road's line to Terre Haute, Ind., on the east side of town, yet the Milwaukee was hard pressed to run even four trains per day, all moving at not much faster than a walk.

But off in the distance to the west,

when the weather conditions were just right, I could hear the thunder of E units running wide open, their Nathan P5 horns blaring as the sleek passenger trains of the Illinois Central tore across the landscape. As a kid I never really had a chance to watch them until the family would take U.S. 45 down to Effingham to visit relatives. Route 45 paralleled the tracks almost the entire distance. I kept an eagle eye out for the speeding passenger trains that would pass our car like it was standing still. Little did I know that they were traveling at the century mark. I just knew they were fast, real fast.

My grandmother and aunt lived within blocks of the Effingham station, so I would walk there and spend as much time as possible watching trains of the IC and Pennsylvania and bothering the operator. Effingham was where I bought my first copy of *Trains Magazine* in 1963. Those E units looked fast even standing still, and how could a person forget the diesel sound when they were leaving town? Prior to moving to Effingham, my aunt and grandmother lived 7 miles north in Sigel, an area that was a real IC racetrack. I can't tell you how many times I ran out the front door of the house and into the street just to see the passenger trains scream past a few blocks away to the west. Most times all I caught was the last several cars going by at what I now know to be 100-plus mph.

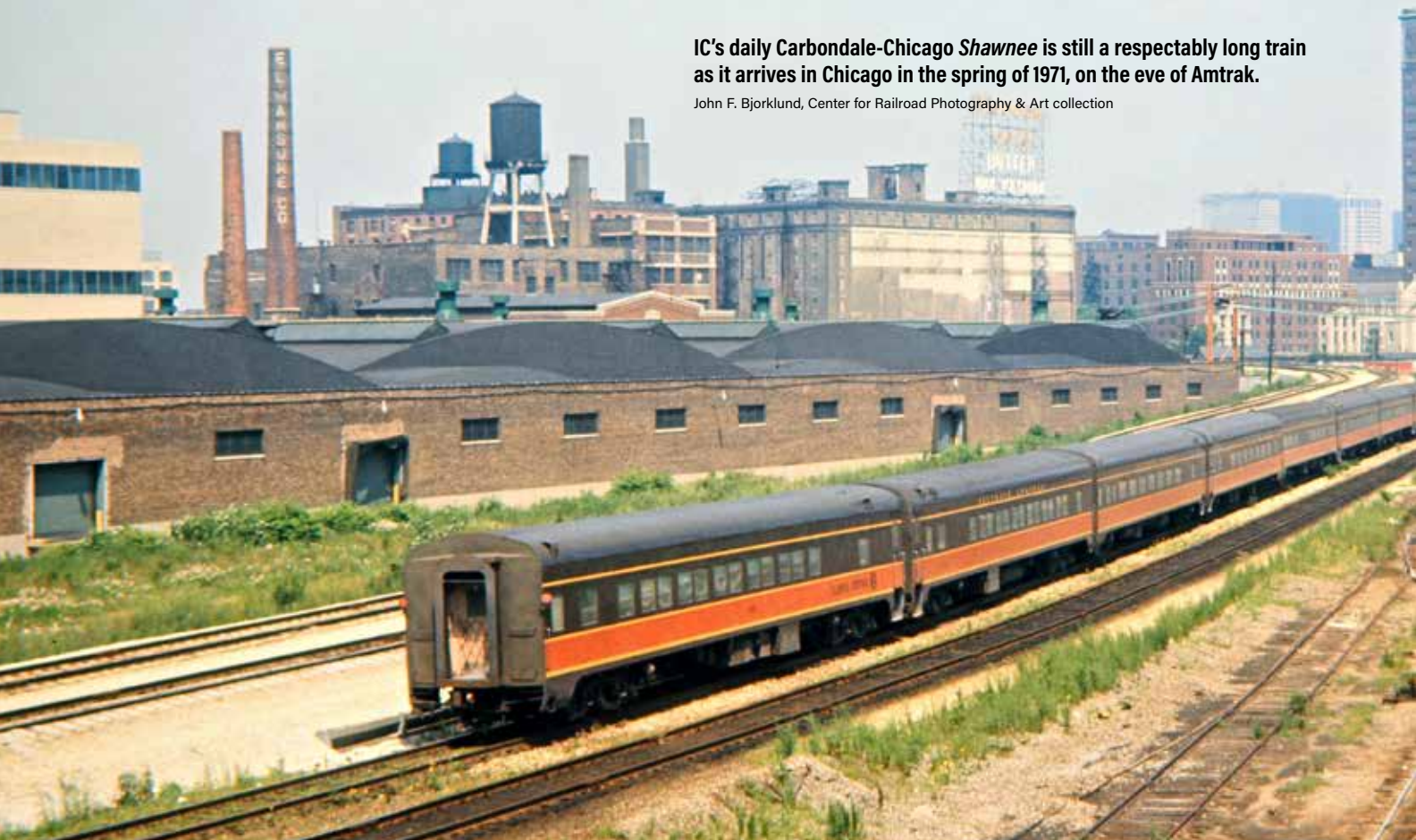
I also recall a time when my dad and I took the train to Effingham and along the way he needed to have a smoke. We went to the last car on the train and stood in the open vestibule with the flagman, never realizing we were going that fast. This



Led by an E9, a trio of EMD passenger units brings IC's south-bound *Seminole* into suburban Homewood in 1969. Mike Schafer

IC's daily Carbondale-Chicago *Shawnee* is still a respectably long train as it arrives in Chicago in the spring of 1971, on the eve of Amtrak.

John F. Bjorklund, Center for Railroad Photography & Art collection



is how my whole fascination with railroading started. Little did I know at that time that I would actually work for the IC as a locomotive fireman.

A FIREMAN'S ADVENTURES

The following is a sampling of the events that helped make up my brief career — if you want to call it that — working for the Illinois Central Railroad. In a short time span I had some real interesting experiences I will never forget.

In 1969, I needed a summer job to make money for college. Through a connection with a lady where my father

that happened. They said taking student trips on passenger trains would be the fastest way to get the job under my belt.

I only remember parts of how I got that done, but I can tell you one trip was really interesting. Somehow, I got aboard IC No. 51, the hotshot TOFC train out of downtown Chicago. Going along with us was another student, Marty Kerns. That put four of us in the cab: me, Marty, the head brakeman, and the engineer. Train 51 was a new service and was using passenger power for greater speed. That night we had four Es, all A units.

Someplace north of Gilman we were cruising along at 70-plus mph when a bell started to ring in the cab. I had no idea what that was all about.

Something was amiss with one of the engines and I was told it needed to be checked out. I was the only one standing (Marty got the third seat), so I got nominated to go back and find out what was wrong. I can tell you it was hot and loud and kind of scary making that walk for the first time. I really didn't know what I was looking for, nor did I know what to do once I found something.

Nothing in the first unit, nothing in the second. I made it into the rear-facing cab of the second E unit and realized it was nose to nose with the third unit. I can tell you I was more than scared when I got down in the nose and had to cross to the nose of the trailing diesel. The units were bouncing and banging together and it was frightening, but I had to prove myself. I made my plan, held on tight with both hands, and made a quick calculated step across the Grand Canyon. It worked like a charm.

I felt good about what I did and rested for a second in the third unit cab and thanked God for a safe crossing. Heading further back, I found a hot engine. Now what do I do? I thought, you need to go back to the head end and tell the engineer. So that's what I did, dreading that nose-to-nose crossing for the second time. We were flying. Back in the cab, I was told that we had just missed hitting a semi crossing the tracks in Gilman. I told the engineer what I had found and he told me to go back and take the engine off line and explained how to accomplish that. So back I went to the third unit.

I took the engine off line and the warning bells stopped. I went to the cab

» I can tell you it was hot and loud and kind of scary making that walk for the first time.

worked — her husband was an electrician at the roundhouse in Homewood — I was able to get a locomotive fireman's job for the summer. I thought I had died and went to heaven! After completing the paperwork and a visit to the Illinois Central Hospital in the Chicago neighborhood of Hyde Park, I was ready to go out and get my five student trips in. The old heads told me I couldn't mark up until



of the third unit and patted myself on the back for accomplishing my first task and gathered my wits before going nose to nose the fourth time. I was getting good at this. I was hot and happy and loved every minute. As soon as we got off at the Champaign yard office, Marty and I were cabbied over to the passenger station and took the *City of New Orleans* back to Chicago and our day was complete, getting two trips done in about seven hours. I remember getting back on the ground in Chicago and feeling a bit unsteady from standing and bouncing around for several hours. It was a weird but good feeling.

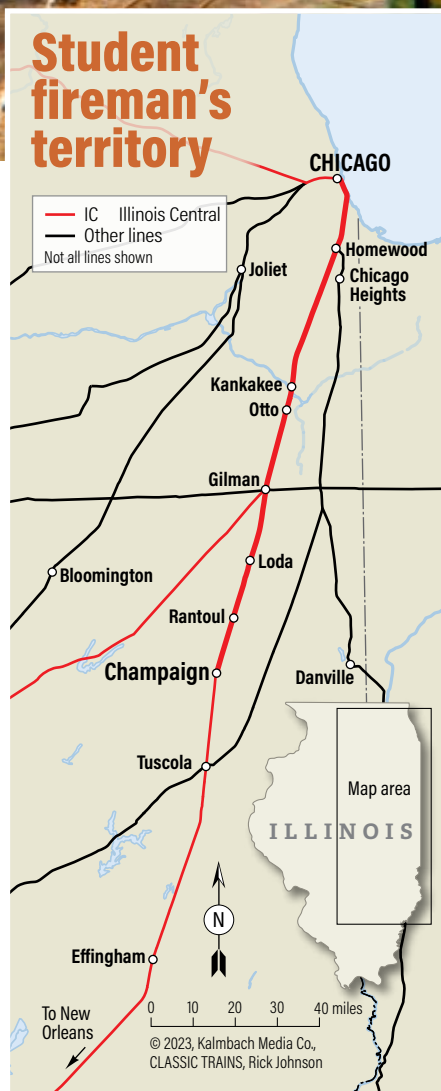
HARD STOP

On June 28, 1969, I was called to fire on train No. 3, the *Mid-American*. It was

to leave Central Station at 9 p.m. and make six station stops before reaching Champaign. This train handled a lot of mail and express traffic, so we were not going to break any speed records. Ray Tanner was the engineer and he lived in the next town over from me, so we had lots to talk about.

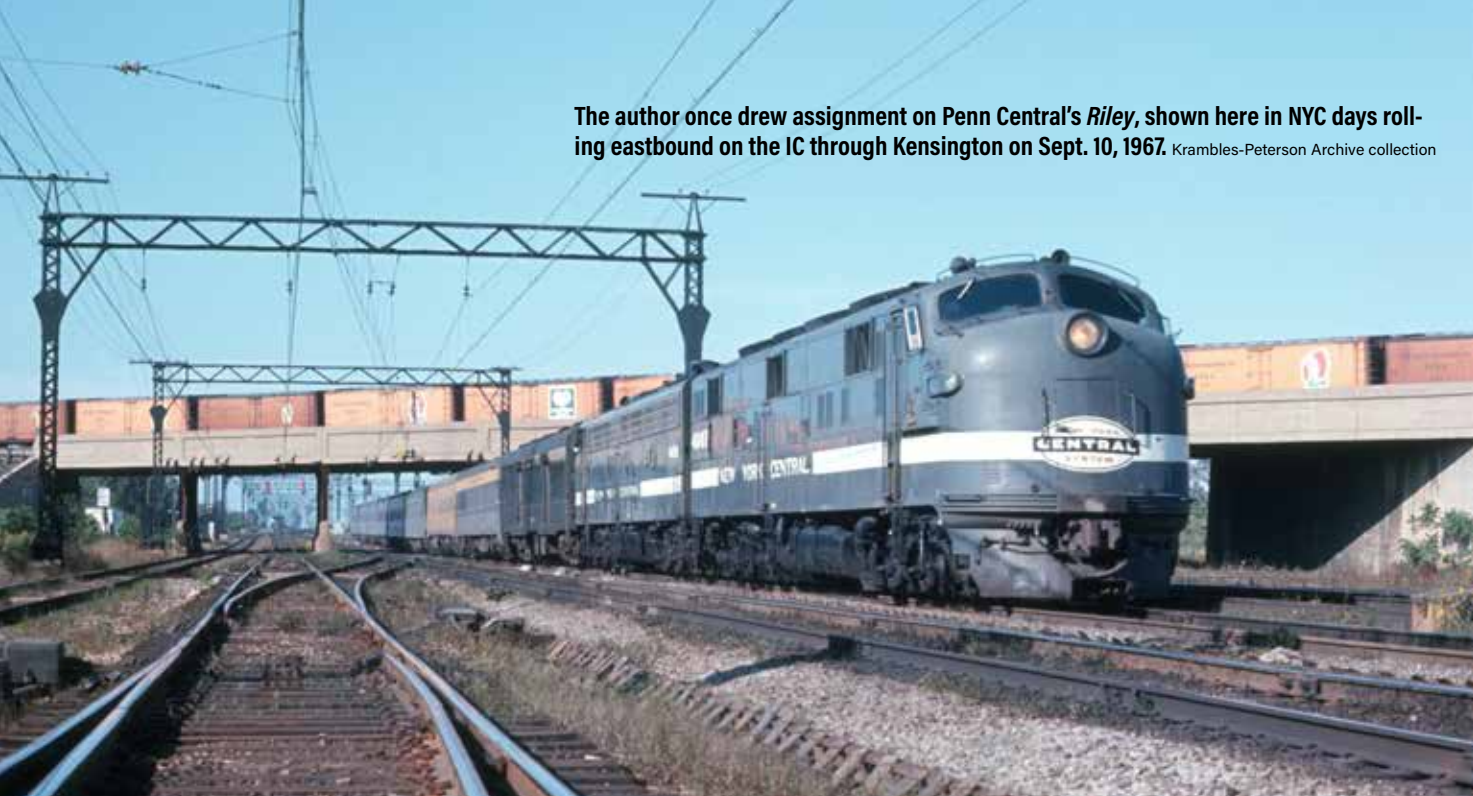
The first thing I did wrong on this trip was to turn on the cab ceiling light when we pulled in at 63rd Street/Englewood. I wanted to find something in my grip but Ray immediately shouted "turn that damn thing off. Are you trying to get us shot?" Englewood was a tough neighborhood and sometimes trains made good targets. I had never thought about that.

Coming out of 63rd Street there was a loud boom in the cab of E8 4041 and



Train-order hoops and signal are dormant as southbound *City of Miami* approaches TP&W crossing at Gilman in the summer of 1969. Mike Schafer

The author once drew assignment on Penn Central's *Riley*, shown here in NYC days rolling eastbound on the IC through Kensington on Sept. 10, 1967. Krambles-Peterson Archive collection



some smoke drifted out of the electrical cabinet right behind us. The explosion startled me and I told Ray I was going back to see what happened. Smoke was coming from the main generator of the No. 1 engine, so I isolated it and went back into the cab. I checked it again after a few minutes and black goo was coming out of the holes in the generator case, so I killed the engine entirely. From that point it was a nice quiet ride heading south.

The following morning, we were set to go north on train 10, the *Shawnee*, with a 9:45 call. This train was late due to federal inspectors detaining the train in Mattoon because of excessive oil on the engine room floor. Normal departure time should have been 8:40 a.m. from Champaign. We got the train after 10.

Typically, when I would get on the power at Champaign I would walk through the units to ensure everything was OK, and usually I could easily do that before we started moving. Not this time. I was still back in the second unit — No. 4037 — and we were already moving. Ray had the throttle in run 8. When I made it back to the cab, Ray told me he was determined to make up time because several of the cars had faulty air conditioning and he didn't want passengers to suffer any longer than necessary. He blamed management for the delay.

At the time I thought that was a rather noble gesture, so off we went, highballing north. Ray was the oldest engineer on the freight extra board, so he got all the extra

passenger work, but he didn't make many passenger trips. We dove into Rantoul for just a brief moment and then started the ride of my life. The 4021 and 4037 were really stretching their legs as we easily hit the century mark. I was running back and forth in the cab looking at the speedometer. Always 100 or above, even through the curve at Buckley. We were really banging that outside rail.

We didn't have to make a stop at Gilman, blasting through there at 85 mph. It was an amazing ride up to this point. Soon we were back up to 100 until he set the brakes for Kankakee. We hit the river bridge at about 60 mph and within 3,000 feet we were stopped. Out of town in a flash we left Kankakee, heading for our next stop in Homewood, some 32 miles up the road. With the sand on and the throttle in run 8, we were off and back up to over 100, passing through Richton Park (MP 29.3) at 105 for the station stop at Homewood (MP 23.5).

Looking back through the rear-view mirror as we came into Homewood, all I could see was a big cloud of blue brake smoke. I remember thinking, he can't run at this speed into the city. Wrong! Back up to 80 all the way into the city, except for going through the interlocker at Kensington. We made the station stop at 63rd Street (Woodlawn) and it was off to the races again. Going north there is a slow left-hand curve through Hyde Park ending at about 47th Street and then another right curve at about 35th Street. We

were through there at 80 when we caught an approach signal just prior to the 35th Street curve.

Ray asked me if I knew where the next signal was. I told him I didn't know since I had only been down in this area a few times. As we rounded the curve, there, straight ahead of us just past the next signal, was the hind end of a freight train going slowly north and over to the St. Charles Airline. Ray immediately went all



the way without actually dumping the air and we stopped about 200 feet from the caboose. He called the conductor on the radio to see how things were in the back, and I remember the reply: you didn't slide the wheels but there is a big pile of passengers in the vestibule.

Once the freight was out of our way, we highballed over the hill and down into the station, cut away the power, and took

neer but worked mostly as a fireman, so I didn't know what to expect. He was young but seemed like he knew what he was doing. Things were going along fine: it was raining and we were in run 8 doing over 70 mph with the wheel-slip light flashing as we hit soft spots, where the wheels would spin on the bounce.

We started to slow for the yard office and crew change in Champaign, but we

neer on the caboose hop going north. Once we got to Otto and tied on to the hoppers we planned to set out a certain number of hoppers at each town on our way back to the Champaign yard. Well, that didn't go so well.

Fritz was having train-handling issues again. Going forward was tough because we were underpowered, but as in the previous day, stopping was a real problem.

We would drop the head man at the switch on the fly and he would flag down the stop sign to Fritz so he could make the cut prior to getting to the switch. Fritz couldn't get

them stopped in time, so we would have to pump off the brakes and then try to shove back, stop again, make the cut, pull ahead, then shove the cars into the clear on the siding, and then go back on the train. We missed stopping short of the switch at every siding with the exception of the last two set outs.

It was a real hot and long day, not quite 12 hours. The next day I was hoping things would be better. I remember it was a Sunday, because I was thinking I needed to go to church after this trip. We got a coal drag with 145 loads and a GP40 and two GP9s for power. It was a slow 25 mph trip heading north and routine until we got to the Stuenkel Road interlocker south of Richton Park. It is an uphill grade coming north through Monee up to the point where two tracks go to four just south of Stuenkel. From Stuenkel north it is all downhill to Chicago.

Looking back through the rear-view mirror as we came into Homewood, all you could see was a big cloud of blue brake smoke.

it back to the 27th Street roundhouse, marking off at 12:15 p.m. — 126 miles in roughly 90 minutes with four station stops; you do the math. Management tried to discipline Ray for speed violations, but he refused to go to the inevitable investigation, stating it was management's fault and eventually they just let him alone. I think we may hold the Chicago Division speed record. Did I mention we had some heavyweight coaches in the consist?

MELTDOWN MODE

On Aug. 15, 1969, I was called for another assignment on 51, the high-priority TOFC train, but this trip would have challenges of a different kind. Fritz S. was the engineer this time and we had cab units on the head end, with E units 4036 and 5712 split by Rio Grande F7s 5702 and 5712. Fritz was an examined engi-

were going too fast. It was customary practice for a high-priority trailer train to change crews on the fly. But that wasn't going to happen this time. We sailed past the yard office at about 40 mph. Fritz finally got her stopped and we had to pump the brakes off and back up to change crews. Needless to say, the yardmaster was in meltdown mode. I stood as far away as possible while the ass-chewing took place. It was a quiet cab ride to the hotel.

This was the start of a fun three-day trip with Fritz. The next day we caught the Otto turn, where we went up 69 miles to Otto (just south of Kankakee) and picked up 102 hoppers of stone ballast. We had two GP9s, 9145 and 9242, which wasn't much power. The trip north was fine except for the gunfire coming from the boys in the caboose doing target practice. I actually got to be the engi-

A trio of GP40s, units familiar to the author, rumbles past the interlocking tower at Kensington, junction with the South Shore in IC suburban territory. Mike Schafer





A pair of E units wearing IC's updated paint scheme has the 10 cars of the southbound *Illini* well in hand at Monee in the summer of 1969. Mike Schafer

As we ground up the hill, we had a red board because an empty hopper train was crossing over in front of us going from track 3 to track 1, and we were on track 2. We kept getting closer and closer to the signal and Fritz had not made a brake pipe reduction and we were still going about 20 mph. Finally, the head brakeman pulled the emergency brake valve and he and I headed for the ground as we proceeded past the signal bridge. The train stopped about 15 feet from cutting the hopper train in two. You should have

train being run around us. We didn't want to chance being in the foul. It was about time for the northbound *Creole* or *City of Miami* to pass us. Finally, we shoved back to clear the signal bridge and waited for a clear signal. Somehow, we got away with it.

A dispatcher would call this a virtual head-on collision because to him it looks like that's what happened. I don't remember where we finally yarded the train, but I do remember thinking that I really needed to try to get to Sunday evening

power at the roundhouse in Homewood. We had GP40 3010 and three leased units. Due to congestion, we were sent north out of the roundhouse and were told to take the re-hump lead, which would send us back south and eventually out to "F" yard to pick up our train.

It was dark and I had never been in that area of the yard before. I was sitting behind the head brakeman and we were traveling at little more than a walk with a dim headlight when the engineer yelled "hit the floor."

As the head man hit the floor I looked forward and saw a cow and calf switch engine heading right for us at a good rate of speed. We stopped and immediately they hit us head-on. The engine lurched, the water jug hit the floor and broke, and all I could think was "I need to get off!" The rails turned over and part of the pilot was broken off. We were on the ground, but we were safe. Needless to say, the job was annulled and everyone went home.

Aug. 31, 1969, was a Sunday and I was called to fire the *James Whitcomb Riley*,

» We kept getting closer and closer to the signal and Fritz had not made a brake pipe reduction and we were still going about 20 mph.

seen the look on the conductor's face.

"Now what do we do?" was the question. We were supposed to call the dispatcher, but Fritz and the head man decided not to. It took forever to pump the brakes off and we could not pull forward to get some slack to shove back because there was the possibility of a passenger

service at St. Agnes Church in Chicago Heights and give thanks that I made it home in one piece.

OTHER "ADVENTURES"

On Aug. 13, 1969, I was called for a trip to cover train CN-5. At this time, CN-5 left late in the evening after getting



an unusual job in that it was a Penn Central train that came into Chicago on the IC from Cincinnati and Indianapolis via Kankakee. At this time, it was a short train of two coaches and a baggage car. This day it had PC 4319 (ex-PRR 5839) as the power, a tired E8. I was told to be at IC's Kankakee station at 12:15 p.m. I was on time and met the engineer, an old head; I wish I could remember his name. As it got close to train time, the station agent called us a cab to take us to a dilapidated NYC station on the northeast side of town. It was not in a good neighborhood. There we sat on a bench in the heat, waiting for our train — which never showed up. There were no phones, so we just waited to hear what was going on.

Finally, we were told (I can't recall how) that the 4319 had run out of fuel about a mile from the station and a fuel truck was on the way to solve that problem. I remember thinking, how can that be possible? The engineer and I sat there on the bench, wondering how long this would take. It seemed like forever. Sud-

denly a PC switch engine came by heading east on the single-track main. The crew stopped briefly to tell us the batteries on 4319 were dead and they were going to give it a jump start. I thought, "This has to be a first."

Good thing it wasn't in the dead of winter because we would have frozen to death. After about a three-hour wait the *Riley* showed up. From that point everything went fine. We went into Central Station, they turned and serviced the train and engine, and we marked off at 7:25 p.m. What should have been a four-hour, 15-minute trip over 108 miles round trip took just over seven hours.

During my time with the IC, I was also lucky to fire the *City of Miami* several times. No one liked that job because it had a long layover in Champaign, arriving at 10:45 a.m. on one day and not leaving to go north until the next day at 5:40 p.m. The summer passenger load was also heavy at times and some trains ran in two sections. I often caught them and usually ended up deadheading home.

I also spent a lot of time switching industries in the Fordham yard area, where the balloon track was located, which in earlier days was used to turn entire passenger trains around. Quite often I would work a job that switched industries on the South Chicago branch of the suburban electric train line. I got to see my first of many "drops" at a business on that line. Without portable radios, the fireman had to pass signs to the engineer from the switchmen on the ground. Learning signs was essential and I remember them all to

this day. I also worked many trips to the Hawthorn Yard on the west side, accessible via the St. Charles Airline. One time on the way back, we had two SW-model switchers and one was having governor lube oil issues. To keep it running, I had to stand on the outside walkway with engine compartment doors open and hold down the lube oil button from 27th Street all the way to Markham Yard. Without that engine running we would have stalled and never made it back.

During my short time working as a fireman, I had the honor of working with two engineers who would die in the line of duty in less than a year. I worked as the fireman on the *Panama Limited* on Independence Day 1969, with engineer Tommy Clark. He was a real gentleman and we had an uneventful trip going south as well as on the return on the *City of New Orleans*. Tom died Jan. 25, 1970, when the *City* struck a loaded gasoline truck at Loda, Ill.

I also worked a trip with Bill Heaton, engineer of a coal train that struck a cut of auto racks on the bridge over the B&O tracks going into Barr Yard in Riverdale. That accident took place on Sept. 26, 1969, just about two months after I worked with him. It was a huge accident and caused incredible damage. I felt really bad about the whole incident — he was a nice man during the short time I spent working with him. ■

MIKE EINHORN lives in Crete, Ill., where he serves as mayor and deputy chief of operations for firefighters and paramedics.



On a sunny Wednesday, June 17, 1970, the *City of New Orleans* pauses at Kankakee. The author was marked up several times to work train No. 1. Art Peterson, Krambles-Peterson Archive collection



Burlington Football Specials converge on Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 31, 1964

BY JERRY A. PINKEPANK // Photo collection of Brian M. Schmidt

The University of Nebraska was nine blocks from Burlington's Lincoln passenger station. On this day, the Cornhuskers were playing the University of Missouri Tigers. A story that appeared in the *Lincoln Journal Star* on Oct. 30 stated that five football specials "including a double-deck suburban" would bring 4,250 fans to the game. One from Kansas City brought 850, and one from St. Joseph 650. From the north were three from Omaha including one from Offutt Air Force Base with 1,050, and the other two 1,700 between them.

1 0 Street viaduct

This passes the south side of the station. To better serve the several directions of Burlington main lines through Lincoln, the station trackage runs north-south; trains for Denver or Kansas City depart south; those for Omaha, Chicago, or Billings depart north.

2 Special put away in the coach yard

The end coach in Northern Pacific green is probably Burlington-owned from the *North Coast Limited* pool.

3 Second special in the coach yard

4 E9 9989B

Built January 1956, it displays white signals as an extra. It is faced to return to Kansas City after being wye'd at Baird tower, north of the station, where the Billings and Omaha routes divide. Two E7s follow.

5 Third special train

This consists of a combine followed by coaches; baggage space in football specials was used by trip sponsors to serve drinks.

6 Fourth special train

7 Fifth special train

Note markers are hung on the third car forward, for departure toward Omaha. The fifth rear car appears to be one of the suburban gallery cars to which the *Lincoln Journal Star* article refers.

8 Burlington business car *The Roundup*

Because of the markers hung ahead of this car, it appears a yard crew has stashed these two cars temporarily on this track. *The Roundup* was built as Spokane, Portland & Seattle solarium lounge No. 570; sold to the Burlington in

1934 as No. 220 *Mississippi*, it was transferred in 1936 to Burlington subsidiary Colorado & Southern as its No. 340, reconfigured to a parlor-solarium lounge-observation for use on Denver-Cheyenne trains Nos. 31-32, named *Denver* on one side and *Cheyenne* on the other. Returned to the Burlington during World War II and converted to coach No. 4811; then by 1946 back to a solarium-lounge, again as Burlington No. 220 *Mississippi*. As such it was damaged in the April 25, 1946, Naperville, Ill., rear-end collision. It was stored unserviceable at the Aurora, Ill., shops until being rebuilt with an open platform and fluted stainless steel sheathing, entering service in January 1953 as *The Roundup*, assigned to the use of the Traffic Department for entertaining shippers.

9 Lincoln Division headquarters

The passenger station occupied the ground floor. Now demolished, it was replaced by Amtrak's present station on the same site.

10 Equipment for mixed trains

Equipment served a network of branch lines radiating from Lincoln. Locals made up in the X





A Penn Central passenger train provides a window on 1970s railroading

NOT THE BE

In summer 1970, I spent my second year as a relief agent for the Chicago & North Western, a great way to spend three months between college semesters. Before my junior year began in September, I wanted to take a short break to continue a family tradition. I would take the train from Chicago to visit my aunt and uncle in Williamstown, Mass. Penn Central would deliver me as far as nearby Pittsfield.

In 1970, the state of passenger railroads, especially east of the Mississippi River, was not good. The ill-fated merger two years previous of the New York Central and its historic rival the Pennsylvania Railroad was not going well. The two railroads were as different as possible: in culture, management style, computer systems, operations, and their view of themselves — the “Road of the Future” vs. the “Standard Railroad of the World.” Not only that, the two management camps didn’t get along.

Railway Express Agency was rapidly cutting back in 1968, and Pullman ended sleeping-car operations in December 1969. In January 1969, Penn Central was

forced to take over the beleaguered New York, New Haven & Hartford, and by summer 1970, matters had gone from bad to worse. PC declared bankruptcy in June.

Closer to home, Chicago’s architectural masterpiece Union Station was being partially demolished to make way for an office building, although the mammoth columned structure across the street housing the grand waiting room (with railroad offices in the upper floors) was spared. B&O’s Grand Central Station, La Salle Street Station, Illinois Central’s Central

modating crews. I hoped to briefly recapture some of the pleasures of riding the Water Level Route aboard Penn Central’s version of NYC’s *New England States* — my connection to a vanishing era.


Much had changed since I last rode the *States* in 1967. Tarnish gradually appeared on the silver following the merger. In August 1970, the remaining train, now merely called No. 28, departed from Chicago without through cars to Boston. A connecting train, No. 428, a couple of coaches and a locomotive, now departed

I MADE MY WAY TO THE STATION LAMENTING THE INDUSTRY’S DEMISE, BUT STILL LOOKED FORWARD WITH ANTICIPATION TO MY TRIP.

Station, and North Western Station would all too soon succumb to the wrecker’s ball. The demolitions seemed to reflect the state of the industry. A solution to the “passenger problem” was in the offing, but no clear consensus had yet emerged about what to do about it.

In the meantime, what trains remained on Penn Central struggled to operate in a time-honored manner by experienced and, for the most part, friendly, accom-

Albany-Rensselaer from Penn Central’s two-year old compact concrete block station shortly after the arrival of No. 28/62. (Albany Union Station across the river had been vacated and the tracks and platforms removed in anticipation of highway expansion.) Leaving Chicago, the train was reduced to about eight cars: baggage, a sleeper (no longer called a Pullman), a six-double-bedroom lounge, a grill diner, a Sleepercoach, and coaches.



This scene looks back from the train at the collision scene on the New York Central's Water Level Route in northwest Ohio.

BY GEOFFREY H. DOUGHTY // Photos by the author

ST OF TIMES

Substituting for the Sleepercoach was a 10-6 sleeper still lettered for the Pennsylvania. Being economy-minded, I had a ticket for the Sleepercoach.

I made my way to the station lamenting the industry's demise, but still looked forward with anticipation to my trip.

Upon boarding I was pleasantly surprised that my roomette was in a former Pullman (although built by American Car & Foundry), and the porter — they were still called porters then — was a former NYC/Pullman employee. He was very accommodating in bending the rules by turning a blind eye to my taking photos out of the vestibule door as the train departed Chicago.

One of the train's attractions, at least for me, was the inclusion of a former NYC Budd 6-double-lounge car *Laurel Stream*, advertised in the timetable as a "mid-train lounge." Actually, it was closer to the front of the train, right behind the ex-NYC 10-6 sleeper, and where I found a cushy seat. The attendant, a former NYC employee clad in white jacket, approached and politely asked, "Is there something I can get you?" I was not of legal age to

drink alcohol, so I asked for a Coke, which he duly served in a glass filled with soda and ice, the remains of the bottle set down on the drink stand. I paid the tab along with a tip. From my seat I was able to observe the stops at Gary, La Porte, and South Bend.

Dinner was next on the agenda. The former NYC grill diner's tables were set with silver-plated tableware, laid on a white tablecloth, with cloth napkins. A two-page menu, its plain cover with Penn Central's "mating worms" logo, featured three "Table D'Hôte" entrees, "Always a Favorite" selections, a Chef's Special, five dessert options, and "Cheers!": adult beverages listed on the back cover. I went with the broiled sirloin steak, potato, and salad, delivered on the Pennsylvania's attractive (back stamped) Mountain Laurel china; blueberry pie came for dessert. The car was staffed by a steward, two waiters, and two chefs.

Despite its obvious woes, the railroad was still making efforts to please passengers. Onboard operating standards were maintained. The train was clean inside and out, personnel were friendly, fine

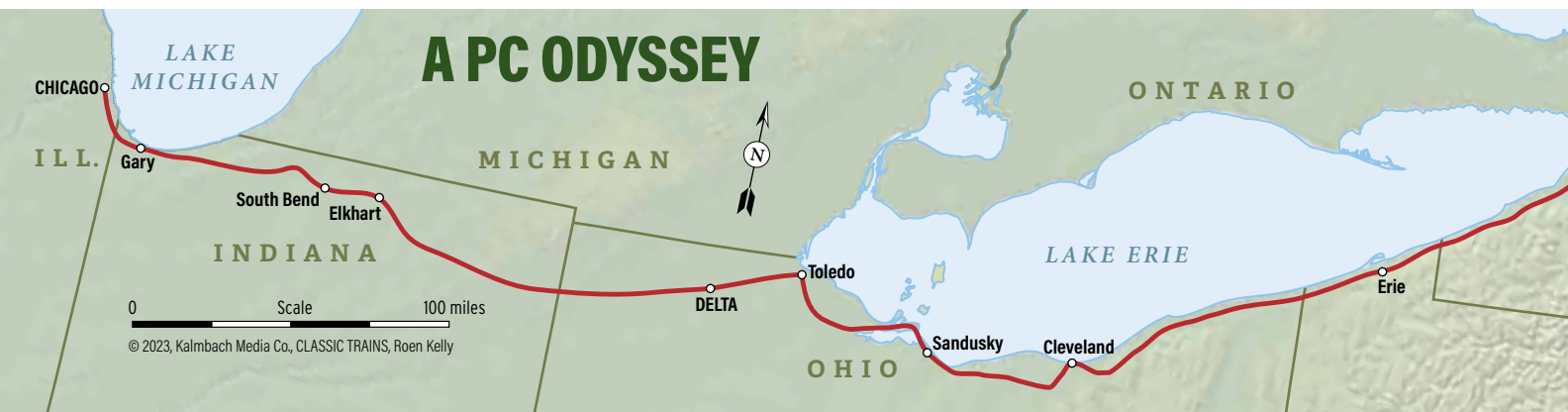
selections were offered for dining, and the food was well prepared and tasty.

Due to the summer and early departure from Chicago (2:35 p.m.), arrival in Toledo gave me an opportunity to reflect on Central Terminal's vacant platforms that a decade before had still bustled with passengers. The station was eerily quiet and peaceful. As I contemplated the platforms from my perch in the vestibule, I could easily imagine when the station was busy with trains from four different companies (NYC, Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, and Wabash) stopping for passengers and servicing. My roomette beckoned upon departure.

Due to Penn Central's need to trim and restructure its passenger services, No. 28 became No. 62 at Buffalo, where east-west trains became a part of the company's *Empire Service* numbering scheme. In 1970, PC still offered five trains eastbound (and westbound) over the former NYC "Water Level Route" between Chicago and New York: No. 14 (with sleeper) via Detroit, where at Buffalo it combined with No. 28, becoming No. 62; all-coach No. 52 via Detroit to



Bags of corn feed are spilled from the blue Ford truck involved in the collision with Train No. 28.



Buffalo, where it became No. 74; No. 64, which combined with D&H No. 10 (with Montreal sleepers) at Buffalo; and all-coach No. 98, which became No. 72 at Buffalo. Westbound, the reverse moves of trains and numbers occurred.

Arrival at Albany-Rensselaer was scheduled for 7:10 a.m. and the train, now lengthened by the addition of two coaches and the sleeper from No. 14, arrived just a few minutes off the advertised. Waiting a few hundred yards to the north was a black Penn Central E unit and two coaches, one of which was a remodeled 3000-series Pullman-Standard coach containing a snack bar. As soon as No. 62 departed, this short two-car train, No. 428, moved into place to load its passengers heading east over the former Boston & Albany.

Arrival in Pittsfield, where I was met by my uncle, was anticlimactic. The "station" was a small waiting room within the yard office containing a section of wooden bench from the razed Union Station.

After a week, I returned on No. 427 arriving at Albany-Rensselaer at 8:55 p.m.,

just ahead of No. 61/27. When it arrived a short time later, I boarded the 10-6 sleeper, former NYC 10-6 *Maple Valley*; I had booked a roomette in the sleeper, as all the rooms in the Sleepercoach were taken when I made my reservation. My roomette was a delightfully cozy warren, and I asked the porter to make down my bed after the train got underway and crossed over the Hudson River. I lay in bed looking out the window.

MY ROOMETTE WAS A DELIGHTFUL COZY WARREN AND I ASKED THE PORTER TO MAKE DOWN MY BED AFTER THE TRAIN GOT UNDERWAY...

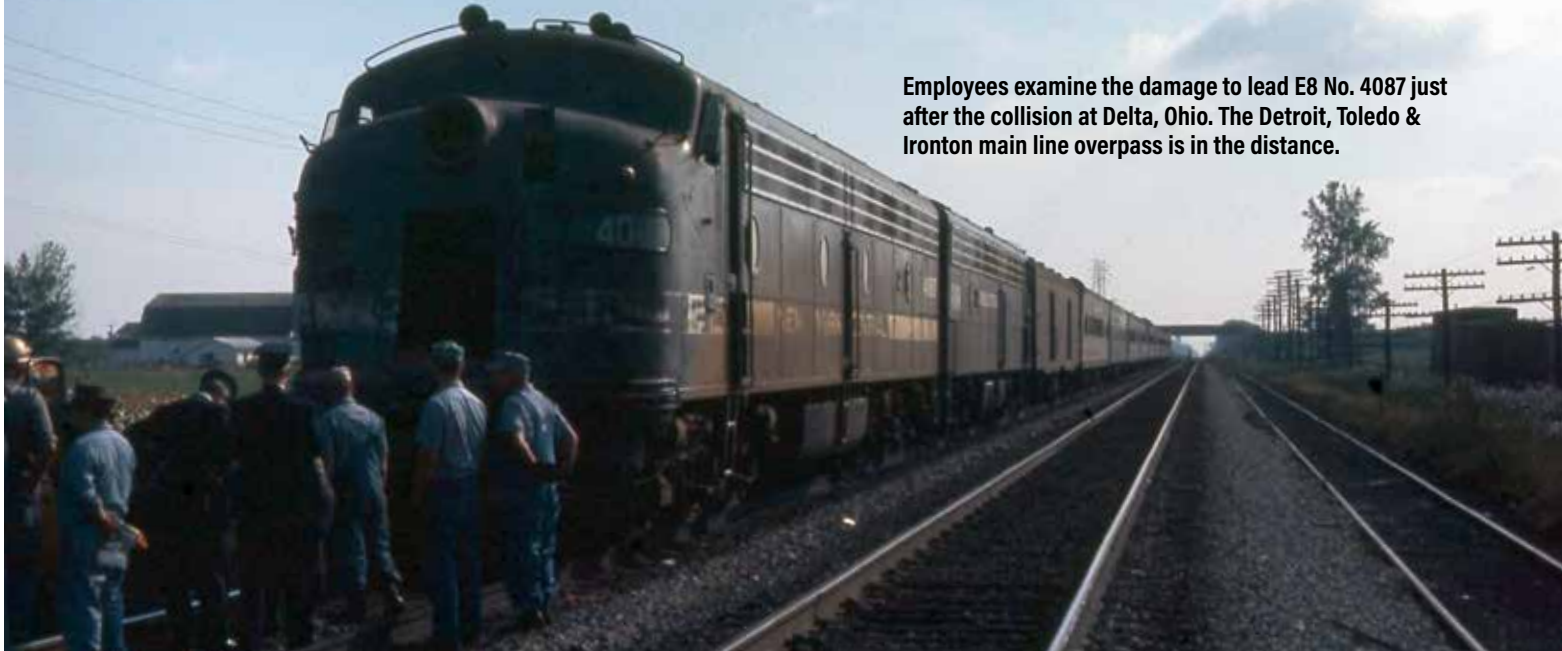
The next morning, breakfast seemed unchanged since the time when the train was called the *New England States*. Were it not for the Penn Central two-page breakfast menu and china, the table setting made me think I was living in better times. The menu included my favorite: scrambled eggs with sliced ham, accompanied by buttered toast and orange juice. Three entrees were offered along with a selection of fruits.

The train arrived at Toledo about a half-hour off its scheduled 7:45 a.m. stop. It was long enough to change engine crews and enabled me to get off and get a photo of *Maple Valley* at the rear of the train. As No. 27 slowly crept out of the station, I looked back and took a photo from the vestibule.

About 25 minutes after departure, as I gazed out the window shortly after passing by the depot at Delta, Ohio, still being

used by maintenance crews; there was a sudden lurch forward then back, followed by a loud bang and, several seconds later, a large cloud of dust outside the window. As the train began to slow, I raced to the back of the car and saw what had happened.

The conductor, ensconced in a roomette nearby, was calmly reading his newspaper. I told him we had just struck a truck at a grade crossing. He looked up at me and said, "What?" I repeated what had



Employees examine the damage to lead E8 No. 4087 just after the collision at Delta, Ohio. The Detroit, Toledo & Ironton main line overpass is in the distance.



happened and he said, “Really?” I told him to come take a look for himself.

By that time the train had slowed to a stop and the air was returning to the brake lines. After a few minutes, it began to back toward the crossing and the scattered debris. I asked the conductor, a man of considerable seniority, if I could get off to take photos. “Sure, just be careful.”

Police arrived shortly. Fortunately neither the driver nor engine crew had been injured, although the truck driver seemed relieved in a couple of ways — one of which was to be alive.

Quite unexpectedly, a crew arrived from Delta to see what damage had occurred and what had to be done to get the train on its way. The front pilot had been bent downward by the force of the collision and had to be removed. The crew had come prepared, apparently alerted by the engineer or dispatcher by radio that they would need to take some sort of action. They immediately set to work with an acetylene torch and assorted tools.

I asked the engineer what he saw and

thought just before the collision. “I could see he wasn’t going to stop, but the next thing I knew I was knee deep in corn.” He seemed pretty calm about it, as if it were routine. Sure enough, the cab had several inches of corn on the floor.

While I thought it would take hours to cut off the pilot, the crew knew what to do and was quick about it. Opposing and following trains had been halted while we were stalled for the two hours or so. Once



The nose of E8 4087 at La Salle shows the scars of its run-in at Delta earlier in the trip.

it was removed, the train crew and I got back on board and the engineer took the train into Chicago.

The delay caused the dining car staff to offer a scaled back lunch “on the house,” which for me was a ham and cheese sandwich.

In Chicago, the battle scarred 4087 was a pitiful sight as passengers paused to take a look.

In retrospect, as poor as Penn Central was, the company honored its obligations; it had safely delivered its passengers to their destination. The onboard, engine, and mechanical crews often did their best for the sake of the service. There were exceptions, of course, but my trains were clean, the crews were friendly, the food was excellent, and with the exception of No. 27, the trains were punctual.

They weren’t the best of times, but they weren’t the worst. ■

GEOFFREY H. DOUGHTY is the author of numerous books on rail passenger service and the New York Central.

GG1 No. 900



Oldest Amtrak locomotives

A SURVEY OF THE OLDEST LOCOMOTIVES AMTRAK INHERITED **IN 1971**

BY GEORGE W. HAMLIN // Photos by the author



The oldest electric Amtrak locomotive, GG1 No. 900, reposes at Harrisburg, Pa., in September 1976. It was built by the Pennsylvania Railroad in March 1940 and later became Penn Central 4892.

Amtrak inherited a menagerie of power at startup in 1971, but what were the oldest of its locomotives?

During the period leading up to the advent of the National Railroad Passenger Corp. (Amtrak's official name) in May 1971, it wasn't uncommon to see passenger train equipment, both locomotives and cars, of significant seniority.

Regarding what came behind the locomotives, heavyweight (typically pre-World War II) head-end cars were not uncommon, as well as coaches, both "modernized" to look like more recent lightweight streamliners, and those in their original configuration.

For that matter, the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio was still using a heavyweight dining car on its Chicago-St. Louis *Abraham Lincoln* on April 29, two days before Amtrak. A good number of earlier-vintage EMD E and F units were also extant, and the Delaware & Hudson continued to operate its former Santa Fe Alco PA units right up until Amtrak Day on May 1.

A Santa Fe E8B (rebuilt from a pre-World War II cab model) was in the power consist on the final westbound Santa Fe *Super Chief/El Capitan* on April 30.

Some of these rolling museum pieces persisted well after that date while Amtrak sorted out what equipment it would acquire and use. On Nov. 14, 1971, the date run-through St. Louis-Milwaukee service was inaugurated, I rode on the eastbound *Abe* from Joliet to Glenview behind a pair of E7s. Perhaps mercifully, the diner had been replaced by a stainless-steel *Sunset Limited* car previously belonging to the Southern Pacific, but the

"GM&O Special Sandwich" was still available on the menu.

So, of the equipment conveyed to and acquired by Amtrak, what were the oldest locomotives?

Though many E units were conveyed initially to Amtrak, nothing earlier than an E8 made the cut. Surprisingly, the oldest road diesel power was a cabless B unit, Amtrak 155, an F3 dating from January 1947. Originally Northern Pacific 6551B, by the time it came to Amtrak, it was Burlington Northern 9775, and was retired by the passenger carrier in 1975. Along with BN sister 9777 (Amtrak 156), these units were the only ones of this model acquired by the NRPC.

Turning to diesel switchers, pride-of-place for the initially conveyed group belongs to EMD SW1 No. 246, delivered to the New York Central in May 1939. It wore Penn Central number 8464 when it arrived at Amtrak.

As you might expect, discerning the oldest electric Amtrak locomotive was relatively easy: GG1 900, built by the Pennsylvania railroad in March 1940 as PRR (and later, PC) 4892.

It's worth noting that regarding electric locomotives, there was another class that, while not conveyed to or owned by Amtrak, certainly had the distinction of being the oldest power to routinely couple up with its passenger consists and haul them over the road, albeit over a relatively short distance.

This, of course, would be the P-motors built for the Cleveland (Ohio) Union Terminal project in 1929 and transferred in the 1950s to the New York Central's New York City area passenger services.

Between 1971 and '74, these creatures from another age, by now the property of Penn Central, handled all of Amtrak's Empire Service passenger trains over the 32.7 timetable miles between Grand Central Terminal and Croton-Harmon. There, diesels took over for the rest of trip. So, in a sense, one could say that the oldest Amtrak locomotives were not even Amtrak locomotives at all! ■



Penn Central P-motor

Honorary mention for oldest Amtrak electric locomotive: A Penn Central P-motor electric handles an Amtrak-painted consist at Tarrytown, N.Y. Built in 1929 for the Cleveland (Ohio) Union Terminal project, these locomotives were never transferred to Amtrak ownership, but handled the passenger carrier's trains on a regular basis.

The last true believer

Northwestern Barb Wire moved to its Sterling, Ill., site in 1912. To avoid being dependent on other suppliers for its bar stock, Northwestern began producing steel in 1936, using small electric arc furnaces. Furnace size was consistently increased over the years, and by the 1970s, Northwestern Steel & Wire, as it was then known, was home to the largest electric furnaces in the world. Board Chairman P. W. Dillon was the force who kept steam in action at Sterling, and made a scrap-her the last true believer in steam. Locomotive 73 (ex-Grand Trunk Western 8373, which remained active for NS&W until Dec. 3, 1980) is preserved at the P. W. Dillion Museum in Sterling. Wire production ended in 1998 and the closing of all NS&W plants was announced in 2001. NS&W 11 (ex-GTW P5b 8311 — a 1924 Alco product), shown at right, arrived at Sterling in September 1961,

one of four ex-GTW locomotives to arrive that month, making a total of 16 ex-GTW 0-8-0s on-site. Accounts vary as to whether two or three of the 16 were strictly parts suppliers. Working alongside the Chicago & North Western main line, at bottom right, NS&W 25 had been converted to an oil burner, using an ex-Kansas City Southern Vanderbilt tender. Turning the tender end-for-end facilitated ease of oil filling at NS&W. Below, NS&W's steam fleet moved scrap to the furnaces and transferred hot ingots to the rolling machines. All 12 locomotives still on the roster at the end of steam were donated to the Illinois Railway Museum. The 28 was one of three locomotives IRM later traded to a Chicago-area scrapyard for Chicago, Burlington & Quincy 2-8-2 4963, which still resides at the museum. — *Art Peterson*

Photos: Tom Matola, Krambles-Peterson Archive



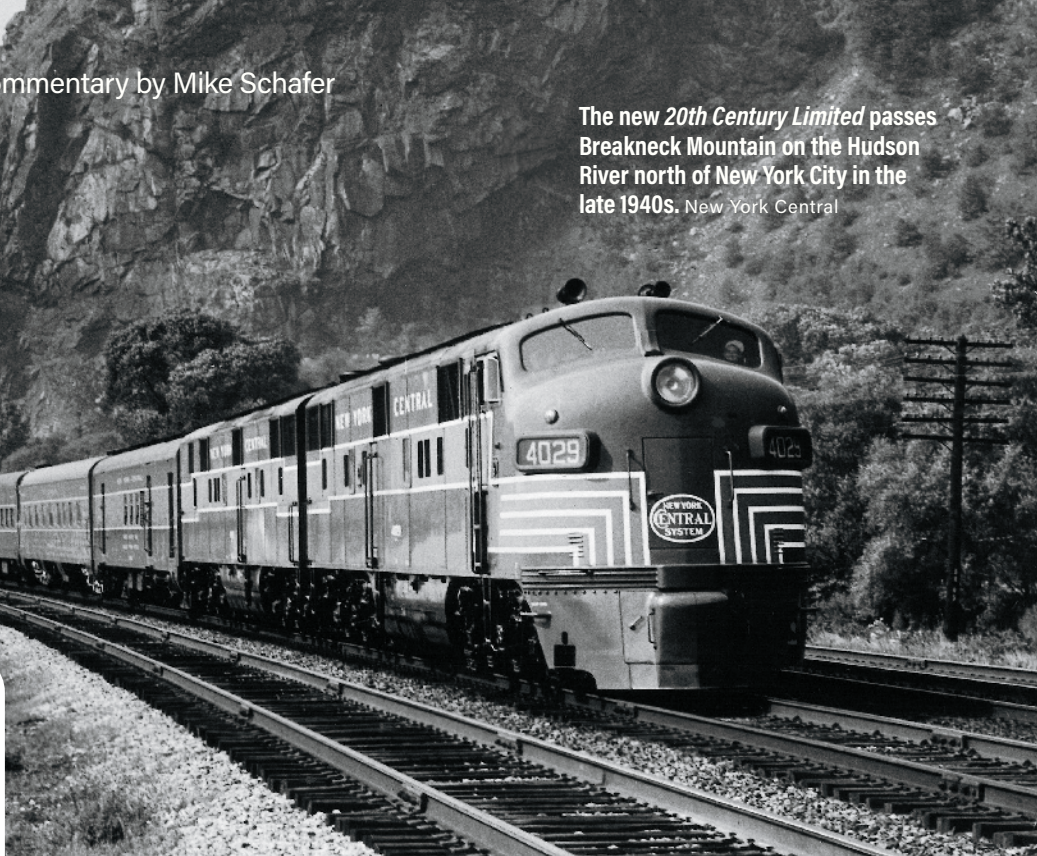
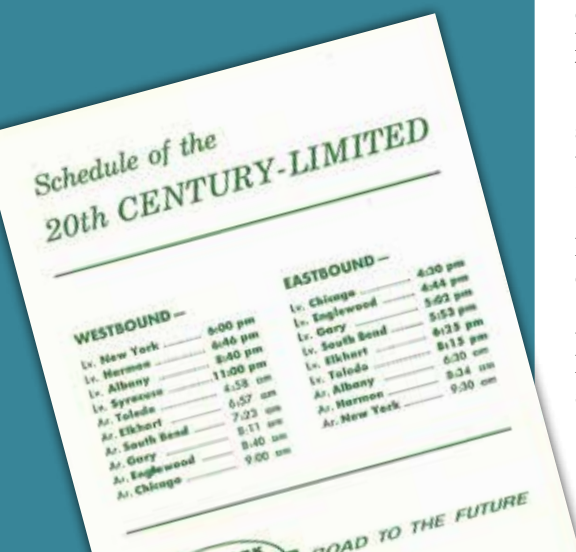


The new *20th Century Limited* passes Breakneck Mountain on the Hudson River north of New York City in the late 1940s. New York Central



The 1938 *Century* departs Chicago's La-Salle Street Station with streamlined 4-6-4 No. 5448 in 1938. Alexander Maxwell

An undated schedule card for the *20th Century Limited*. *Classic Trains* collection



20th Century Limited: 'The Greatest Train Ever Made'

In the first half of the 20th century

New York and Chicago were the two largest, most dynamic cities in the U.S. and titans of commerce. Big business demanded in-person company meetings, thus the need for fast travel between the two — at night, of course, so one could sleep easy while traveling.

Executives wouldn't dream of doing this trip in coach. They wanted — and could afford — style and posh accommodations, not to mention exemplary lounge and dining facilities and even a barber shop, shower, and maid service.

Pennsy and the Central were well aware of high-end clientele, and early in the 20th century inaugurated the *Broadway Limited* (originally as the *Pennsylvania Special*) and *20th Century Limited* — high-end, high-speed trains aimed directly at the business-wealth market.

Periodically, the railroads upgraded their premier trains, which by agreement had the same endpoint departure/arrival schedules and 16½-hour running times.

The final re-equipping of these two

Unfortunately for the New York Central, "new money" followed the flash of air travel

"starliners" was in 1948 when railroads were enjoying a postwar euphoria that surely signaled a boom in future rail passenger travel.

Each railroad had two trainsets that "turned" at their endpoints to start the return trip later the same day.

There were differences between the new trains. Although the 1948 *Broadway* featured new rolling stock overall, Pennsy chose to save money by upgrading certain older cars.

The Central's *Century* train consists were all-new stem-to-stern, concluding with their distinct, high-windowed observation-lounge cars. As with the 1938 re-equipping of the *Century*, the '48 version was wrapped in Art Deco design inside and out.

Pennsy's 1948 *Broadway* maintained its colorful Tuscan red cloaking and punctuated each consist with a conven-



EQUIPMENT SPOTLIGHT

Arguably, the *Century's* most prominent equipment was its two 1948 Pullman-Standard-built 5-double-bedroom-buffet-lounge-observation cars, *Hickory Creek* and *Sandy Creek* (pictured). Mike Schafer

20th CENTURY LIMITED FACT FILE

- Nos. 26-27
- New York to Chicago via Albany, Buffalo, and Cleveland
- Limited-stop, all-Pullman service
- Known as "The Greatest Train Ever Made"
- 1948 introduction ceremony featured Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower with christening performed by actress Beatrice Lillie
- Car names were water themed: *Creek-*, *Shore-*, *Island-* series lounges and *River-*, *Port-*, *Harbor-*, and *Bridge-* series sleepers
- Chief competitors: Pennsylvania Railroad *Broadway Limited*, Erie Railroad *Erie Limited*, Erie Lackawanna *Phoebe Snow*

tional square-end Pullman-Standard observation car.

Both trains catered to magnates and movie stars, with the *Century* itself treated as a star.

The 1948 *Broadway Limited* represented "old money" while the same year's *Century* meant "new money." That's why I consider the '48 *Century* to be particularly significant, unfortunately in a bad way.

Old money meant staunch, conservative, business-as-is; new money of the postwar period would mean jet airliners, interstate highways, and luxury autos.

Sure enough, the *Century* saw downgrades as the 1950s marched on, including the addition of coaches and budget sleepers. It was no longer an all-Pullman train while the *Broadway* maintained all-sleeper status into the late 1960s.

Most important, the *Century's* decline signaled the end of overnight, limited-stop through service between Chicago and New York City. The *Century* — and to a degree the *Broadway* — never aimed for these trains to cater to travel between, say, New

York and Cleveland (NYC) or Pittsburgh (PRR). In fact, the *Century* didn't even stop at Cleveland Union Terminal; rather, it used the lakeside freight main to make a fast servicing stop in the middle of the night.

I was in high school early in 1967 when I learned that the *Century* was doomed. The news made a strong impression on me, and I made a *Century* poster in one of my art classes. I was not in position to photograph the last runs (the westbound train was some nine hours late owing to a freight derailment), but at least relieved that I was able to photograph the famous liner on occasion.

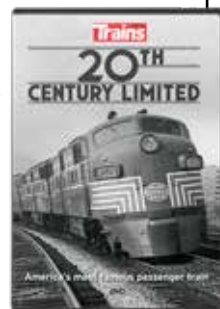
By 1968 the Central had restructured much of its passenger network into a series of corridors. It knew this system might be the way of the future. Essentially that has been the case.

The irony is that the *Broadway Limited* was the survivor, not only to the end of PRR in 1968 when Penn Central was born, but all the way into Amtrak until that carrier tortured its version of the *Broadway* to death in 1995. 📖

Premier trains such as the *Century* had their own branded menus and dining car china as shown here. Menu, *Classic Trains* collection; china, Mike Schafer

THE CENTURY ON FILM

Check out our program on the *20th Century Limited* by award-winning producer Rich Luckin and narrated by actor Michael Gross. Don't miss this exclusive DVD featuring historical footage, photos, and live interviews at www.KalmbachHobbyStore.com.



20th CENTURY TIMELINE


- Inaugurated June 15, 1902, on 20-hour schedule
- Play *Twentieth Century* opens on Broadway Dec. 29, 1932
- Movie *Twentieth Century* released May 11, 1934
- Restyled by Henry Dreyfuss and launched June 15, 1938, on 16½-hour schedule
- Redesigned as part of "Great Steel Fleet" and launched Sept. 15, 1948, at a cost of more than \$4 million
- Loses all-Pullman, extra-fare status with stops added April 27, 1958
- Ended service Dec. 3, 1967
- Route revived under Amtrak as *Lake Shore Limited* on Oct. 31, 1975
- Play *On the Twentieth Century* opens on Broadway Feb. 19, 1978

RECOMMENDED READING


- Beebe, Lucius. *20th Century*. Howell-North, 1962.
- Doughty, Geoffrey H. *New York Central's Great Steel Fleet 1948-1967*. TLC Publishing Inc., 1995.
- Middleton, William D. *Grand Central ... the World's Greatest Railway Terminal*. Golden West Books, 1977.
- Zimmermann, Karl. *20th Century Limited*. MBI Publishing Co., 2002



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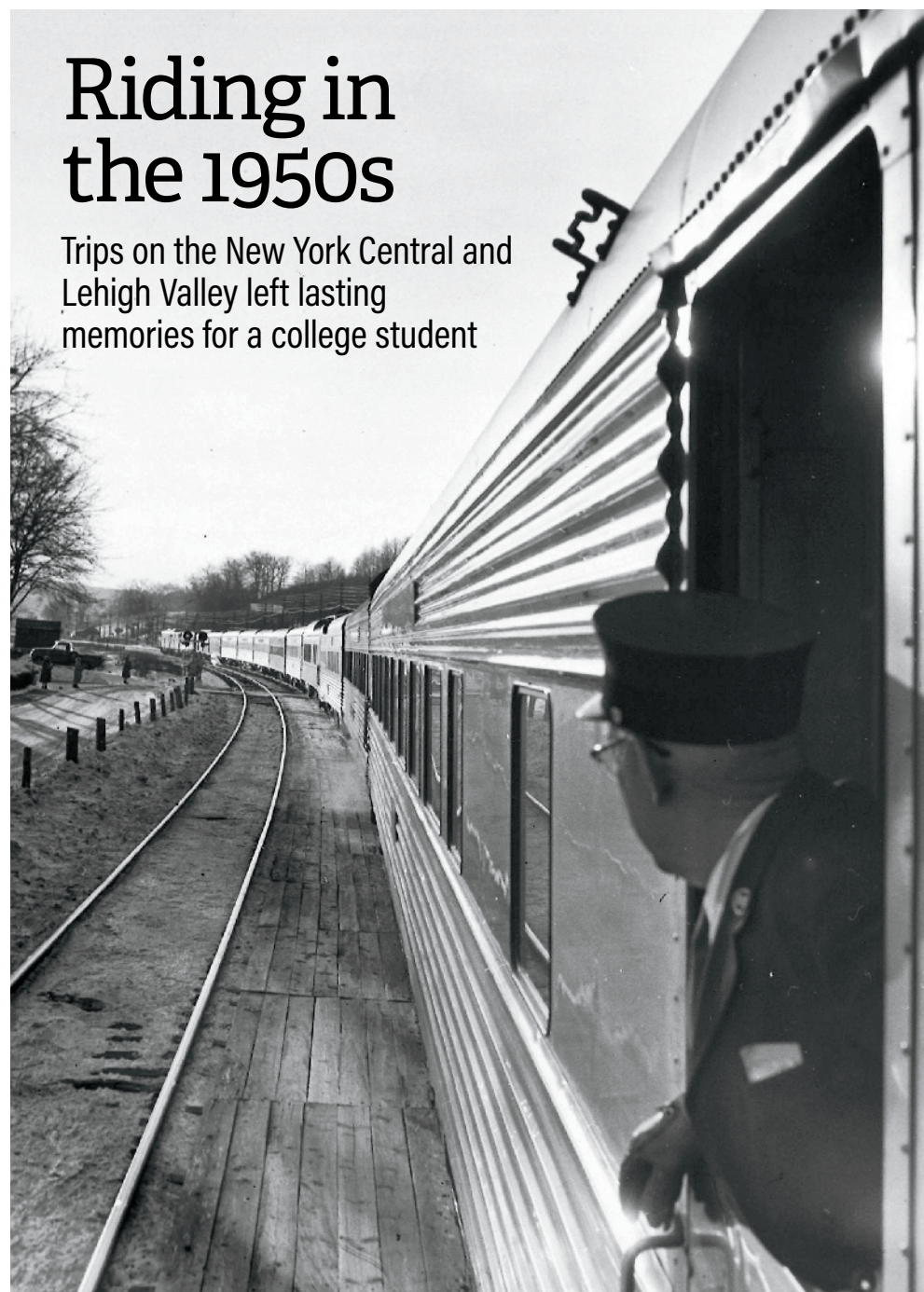
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The Way It Was Tales from railfans and railroaders



The conductor looks back over his *Ohio State Limited* in New York's Mohawk Valley in 1956. The author attended college nearby and rode NYC trains to Grand Central. Jim Shaughnessy

From 1956 to 1960 I was a student at Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y. Clinton is a small upstate village about 12 miles from Utica. Each year at Christmas break I would take the New York Central from Utica to New York City where I would meet my dad.

Utica Union Station was built in 1914 to serve the New York Central as well as the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and New York, Ontario &

Western. In my era it served solely the New York Central. The restaurant, lunch counter, and newsstand were still in operation. A clue that I was now about to enjoy big-time railroading was the subway from the station waiting area to the island platforms.

The New York Thruway had been recently completed from Buffalo to New York City, but the NYC was still going strong. An early start would be riding the

Pacemaker or more likely the *Iroquois* or the *Mohawk* across to Albany, then down the Hudson River and into Grand Central Terminal. Holiday trains were always full, and the trip was often made more enjoyable by talking with one of the intelligent women from a nearby college boarding the train at Albany or Poughkeepsie.

Once “in the city,” it was up the stairs and into the Grand Central concourse. There it was just like in *Trains Magazine*: the information booth with its clocks above; the Zodiac ceiling; the Oyster Bar; and all that marble!

The young man from Pennsylvania coal country had really bit the “Big Apple.” I would meet my dad at his hotel. We would catch up then head out to catch a Broadway Show (I remember “Guys and Dolls”) and a late dinner at a restaurant near the theatre.

The next morning after breakfast we would take a cab to Penn Station. My first time there was another epiphany: Doric columns outside, Corinthian columns inside, and the almost intimidating steel-and-glass vaulted ceiling.

So impressive, and now history. Quite a contrast between it and the Beaux Arts beauty of Grand Central. The latter will always be my favorite.

At Penn Station we boarded the Lehigh Valley’s *Black Diamond* for the trip home to Wilkes-Barre. Dad had reserved seats in the parlor car. No crowded NYC coach for this leg of the trip! We each had a large chair.

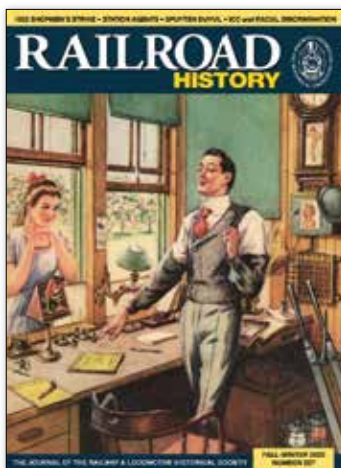
Much to my surprise there was a Pennsylvania Railroad GG1 on the head end. Dad explained we would be going under the Hudson, and consequently, only electric engines could be used.

We traded the GG1 for two Cornell Red Alco PAs in New Jersey. Somewhere in Pennsylvania we had our midday meal. At that time in New York, 18 was the legal drinking age, but not so in Pennsylvania where it was already 21. Dad ordered drinks for us, a Manhattan for him and a beer for me.

Next was the best part of the entire trip: Easton, Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk (now Jim Thorpe), and into the Lehigh Gorge. The Lehigh Valley on one side, river in the middle and the Central of New Jersey on the opposite bank.

In White Haven the two railroads joined on the same side of the river. The climb continued from White Haven to Mountain Top Station then down the back track (passenger) into the Wil-

Something for Everyone



In the Fall-Winter 2022 issue of *Railroad History*: H. Roger Grant on Station Agents; Remembering the 1922 Shopmen’s Strike, by Mike Matejka; Spuyten Duyvil – A Memoir, by Oren Helbok; Frank Wilner examines the ICC and Racial Discrimination; The Great Western Steam-Up of 2022; and more.

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The Way It Was

kes-Barre. Mom would meet us at the
LV station, a three-block drive.

There were so many memorable ex-
periences from that trip. The thrill of
high-speed, big-time travel down the
Hudson River corridor on the NYC.

Brake shoe smoke dropping down from
the Poconos on the *Black Diamond* into
Wilkes-Barre. Grand Central Terminal
and Penn Station for the first time.

Truly memories that time cannot take
away. — Dr. William R. A. Boben

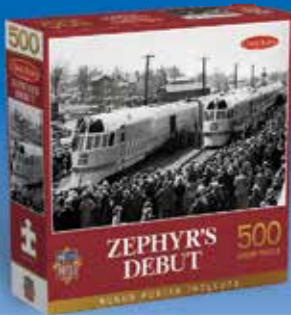


New York Central's Utica, N.Y., station was an imposing edifice in the first half of the 20th century. The author boarded a train here for Grand Central in New York City. New York Central

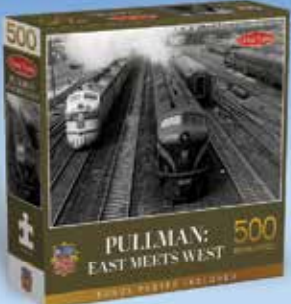


Lehigh Valley's westbound *Black Diamond* is downgrade off Wyoming Mountain. The next stop is Wilke-Barre, where the author and his father detrained, and then on to Buffalo. S. Botsko

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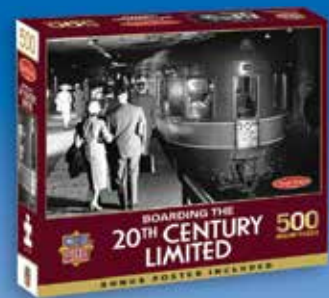
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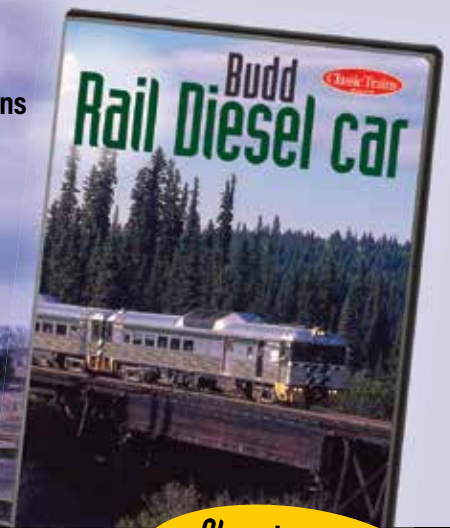
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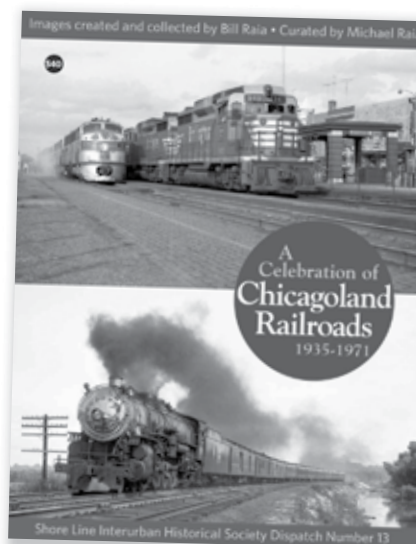
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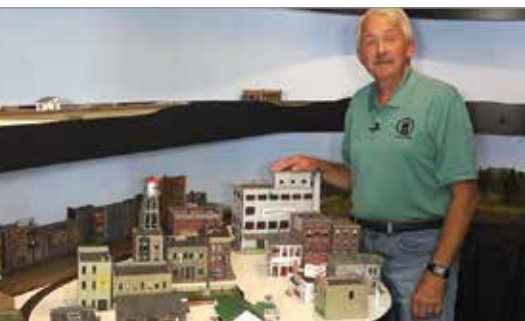
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3. By mail	0	0
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e. Total free or nominal rate distribution	304	306
f. Total distribution (sum of 15c and 15e)	43,873	42,325
g. Copies not distributed	22,746	21,061
h. Total (sum of 15f and 15g)	66,619	63,386
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18. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.		
Nicole McGuire, Senior Vice President Consumer Marketing. Date: September 29, 2022		



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Roll-on, roll-off paper cars

A full life and then some! After working 50 years on the Chicago “L”, CTA car 1796 (built by ACF in 1907 and seen at top right) was sold to Gaylord Container Corp. and put to work moving paper rolls in the Bogalusa, La., plant. Gaylord Container became Crown-Zellerbach, with use of the electric motors ending in the late 1960s. Parts from this car were salvaged by C-Z and shipped to Illinois Railway Museum at Union. This Brill-built box motor at bottom right was the senior member of the Bogalusa plant team. It was built in 1915 for the Toledo & Western and sold to the Toledo & Indiana in

1934. T&I used it until 1939, when it was sold to Gaylord Container. In this view, it wears the green and yellow livery that was also applied to Gaylord’s two RS1s used on its line-haul route. In the main photo below, the plant-facing sides of both cars were removed to facilitate the roll-on, roll-off of the big paper rolls. This conversion significantly weakened the cars’ structures and made it impossible to ship the cars to Illinois, necessitating their on-site scrapping and shipment of usable components via gondola. Photos: top right, George Krambles; lower right, photographer unknown; below, B.J. Misek; all: Krambles-Peterson Archive collection





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The storm before the calm

Thirty miles north of Kansas City and about 125 miles south of Omaha, Nebr. lies the city of St. Joseph, Mo. Hard aside the Missouri River, “St. Joe” was once the jumping-off point to the the West for the Pony Express.

Since its founding, it’s been a transportation hub, hosting multiple railroads at its two stations only a mile apart.

At 11 a.m. in early 1959, we’re on the platform of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy’s facility where no fewer than four trains can be seen. From left, motorcar No. 9845 in Creston, Iowa-St. Joseph service; motor 9867 on train 4, St. Joseph- Brookfield, Mo.; the St. Joseph-Lincoln, Neb. *Pioneer Zephyr* (via Wyomere, Neb.); and Kansas City-Omaha local No. 27.

Right now, it’s a small storm of activity, but the motorcars and short train tell the tale of declining ridership on these routes. By the end of the year, most of these services would be discontinued, and the flurry of late-morning action here a thing of the past. Donald A. Melsher photo

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