Transit

NEW YORK · DECEMBER 1954



TA Cops Bring Santa to the Kids

SEE PAGE 16

Transit

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT AUTHORITY

VOLUME 1, NO. 2

December 1954

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PHOTOS

The Electric Railroaders Association provided the photos of the Flying Lady (Page 8); the drawings of the proposed Los Angeles Monorail (Page 5) are by courtesy of Gibbs & Hill, and the picture of the Wenner-Gren monorail (Page 4) is by UP.

Address all mail to:
The Editors
TRANSIT
370 Jay Street
Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

The Other Fellow

Last month in this space we printed some pictures without names. We called them pictures of The Other Fellow. This month we print the same pictures with names and titles.

We don't think you will get much out of these names, important at they are to their owners, but we do think the different titles give the real picture of The Other Fellow.

Who is he? What is he? What does he do?

He is everybody who works on this railroad. He is Mr. Transit. In one way



Vincenzo Saccone, trackman



Edward L. Dabney bus operator

or another, he maintains and runs the vast network of subways and buses. He is important alone, because one little slip, one individual error of judgment can bring inconvenience to the many and even disaster to the few.

But he isn't *alone* important, even though he be a TA member, because the five members couldn't get very far without the thousands in the other titles represented by the men and women pictured on this page.

It makes sense for TA members to keep this in mind. It makes sense also



Max Heller engineer



John O'Donnell TWU-CIO lawyer



Karl Oscar Weise maintainer



Eleanor Neuville RR Clerk

for the maintainer, the railroad clerk, the trackman, the bus driver, the phone operator, the engineer and the labor leader to remember that they, too, can't go it alone. Speaking of labor leaders, The Editors of TRANSIT believe they are important members of the family.

So, to all the TA family and to all the other fellows and gals The Editors say "Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!" Keep writing us and tell us what you like and what you don't like about TRANSIT. Sorry we hadn't the space to print all of the letters we got.



Harris J. Klein TA member



Helen Mitchell telephone operator

Some hundreds of copies of TRANSIT have been returned because of faulty addresses. If you know anybody who didn't get a copy, suggest that he notify the Personnel Dept. at 370 Jay St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y., of his name, correct address and pass number. Every TA employee is entitled to a copy.

AS OTHERS   SEE US

One Man's Poison . . .

Your TRANSIT magazine is just another example of the tremendous waste of the public's money. It provides no more useful purpose than supplying a lot of useless, high-paying jobs. It would be a much better idea for the money to be used in improving the working and pay conditions of the men who run and maintain the Transit System, not those who sit in the office and do nothing. One of the most underpaid groups with the worst working conditions is the RR clerks. This wasted money could be used to provide fans, decent size booths, much-needed counting machines, cleaner booths (a large number are covered with a 50-year accumulation of dirt and filth.) The RR



clerks hold the most responsible job in the system—protecting and accounting for the revenue of the system. They are not getting the salary and checking-in time they should. Your Third Rail article would have been a good one if you just mentioned the miserable LOW wage the trackmen get for a dangerous job. (It is) the countless thousands of workers who worked too long hours at wages of human misery who built and ran the New York City Transit System. In closing I repeat your magazine is nothing more than a WASTE of the public's 15-cent fares. Also, the writing is not honestly done.

Transit Employe.

(Note: This is the first and last anonymous letter which will be published in TRANSIT. We should have made this clear in the first issue: Sign your name, address, and department. If you don't want them published, just say so and indicate a nom de plume; only The Editors will know your name and The Editors don't tell. This is not to be construed as an invitation to sheer vituperation, but if you have a bone to pick, this column is the place to pick it.

—The Editors.)

Is Another's Meat

Your TRANSIT magazine was a big surprise when my wife handed it to me in bed today. I must tell you I am thrilled and happy to hear something of the happenings of the transit lines. I had been in transit work since 1921 and unfortunately I met with an accident in October, 1951, which incapacitated me from my job as motorman on the El trains. I seldom go out of my home. I get very lonesome and blue being off the job. I must say I enjoyed every bit of your magazine. I want to thank you sincerely for the interesting reading and the happiness it brought to me.

WILLIAM BOYLE,
Ozone Park, N. Y.

Congratulations on your magazine. All of our squad members at work think highly of your first issue. Keep up the good work.

ED RAMIREZ
Room 924

True to Life

I have just read the article on Page 15 concerning my father's retirement. Without a doubt, this is one of the finest articles of its type I have ever read, and believe it describes Dad perfectly. I want you to know that we are all very proud of him and his record.

DONALD C. WAITE, JR.,
Manager, Group Department.
Aetna Life Insurance Co.,
Detroit, Michigan

He's Learning

This is not the first, nor the last letter that you will receive complimenting you on your wonderful magazine. I have worked as a trolley and bus operator for the past ten years and I thought I knew a little about transportation. After reading the first issue I realized how LITTLE I knew. It is not only good reading, but to me it is educational. I am waiting impatiently for the next issue.

JOSEPH R. PARPARA
5th Ave. Depot, Brooklyn



R.R. Man

I am an oldtime railroad man, having worked for the old Met. St. Railway as channel rail man, Penn. RR. as 3d Rail Repairman, and finished up with the IRT. So I want to let you know that this is the first magazine I've seen put out for the interest of the R. R. man. Best of luck with your TRANSIT.

WILLIAM VALENTINE
Long Island City

I found your magazine both interesting and very intellectual. Why hadn't you thought of the idea before?

HOMER THOMAS,
Bergen St. Depot.

Browsing through its pages I was delightfully impressed with the interesting articles vividly described.

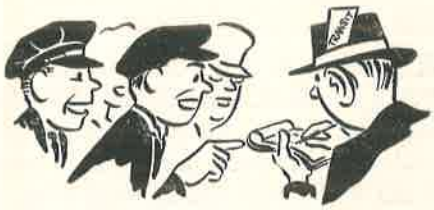
PHILIP KORNBERG
The Bronx

I have enjoyed all the interesting articles . . . Please convey my best regards to all the men in Union Local 100.

MORRIS SCHWARTZ
Miami Beach, Fla.

Here it Is

You make big bones stating Transit is for the employees first, last and always. Well, why not a column like the Voice, so we can really be part of it and be heard. You'll find that most of us have something to say, and are not afraid to say it: I'm proud of Mr. Adams of the Police Dept. who speaks both for and against his men, stating facts pro and con, but first of all sticking up for his men. Mr. Cavanagh of the Fire Dept. pulls no punches and says its okay for his men to have extra jobs—he knows they need them. Also he doesn't try to hide the fact that us taxpayers should foot the bill. But—here it is—do TA mem-



bers speak of their men and their needs?

Silence! Our clothing bills, purchasing and cleaning, etc., far exceed both Police and Fire Departments. We work in dirt and grease continually. But we have no champion at the helm to speak out for us. TA only worries about running the subway for 15¢—the hell with the morale and needs of the men. That last raise you gave me amounted to two cents for five years—what a deal! Yes, TRANSIT, you'll probably die on the vine, like many things of good intention. But, at least, have the guts to try.

DENNIS T. MURRAY

In Every Sentence?

As an employee of TA and loyal member of Local 100, TWU-CIO, I am reluctant to say that although your first issue is excellent and put together very well, there is disappointment on my part. The issue makes no mention that the employes of TA have chosen TWU-CIO as their sole bargaining agent, nor is there mention of how TWU-CIO has raised the working conditions of its members, and, in fact, set the pace for all of transit. In all fairness I think some mention shoud be made of the TWU-CIO in all future issues.

IRVING WEGWEISER

(*Continued on Page* 18)

Is Rapid Transit Taking to the Air?



Germany's prime entry in the rapid transit field is Wenner-Gren's Monorail, built to achieve 210 mph. On facing page, is Los Angeles' proposed monorail.

A joyous wake is held every time another section of New York's El flinches under the first bites of the wreckers' acetylene torches. Each wake brings forth a tall quota of celebrants who point out that the El is dying fast; indeed, is practically dead. And a good thing, too! These hideous iron monstrosities, robbing the streets of sunlight, shattering the remnants of a city's quiet with its steel-throated shrieking, were a mistake in the first place. These experts can—and do it without waiting for the drop of a cocked hat—prove that subways, burrowing swiftly and reasonably quietly underground, are the only rapid transit of the urban future. Any other scheme is ridiculous.

There is just one flaw in this picture—a set of stubborn facts. In the last dozen years, the country has built, or definitely projected, less than ten miles of actual subway. And these were years of great industrial expansion, years during which the need for rapid transit mounted, as cities exhausted the accommodations for private automobiles and surface lines proved increasingly inadequate. Great new rapid transit lines are on the drawing boards, but they aren't subways. The name El is anathema; they aren't called Els, but that's exactly what most of them are—elevated railroads.

The stubborn facts point directly in the opposite direction from the pipe dreams of the celebrants at the wake of New York's ancient Els. The facts suggest that this country's present subway mileage of 184 will grow a little, not much; it is the new El, swifter than present subways, effectively quieted perhaps by the use of rubber, possibly supported by slim single towers and suspended from an overhead track that seems likely to emerge as the answer to the country's rapid transit problems.

Why? Primarily, the answer is money. Or the lack of it. Under ordinary circumstances four to six miles of the new monorail railroad can be built for the cost of a mile of subway; often the disparity is far greater. Subways were never cheap to build, but New York got its original subway, about 10 miles, at a cost that today appears an incredible bargain. It cost, for example, $35 million to build the subway from City Hall to Grand Central, then through 42nd St. to Times Square, then north to 145th St. and Broadway, between 1900 and 1904. Today Cleveland is spending, by a curious coincidence, that selfsame amount to build just a one-and-a-half-mile subway loop to accommodate existing transit facilities underground in the heart of the city. Subways today are almost unattainable luxuries.

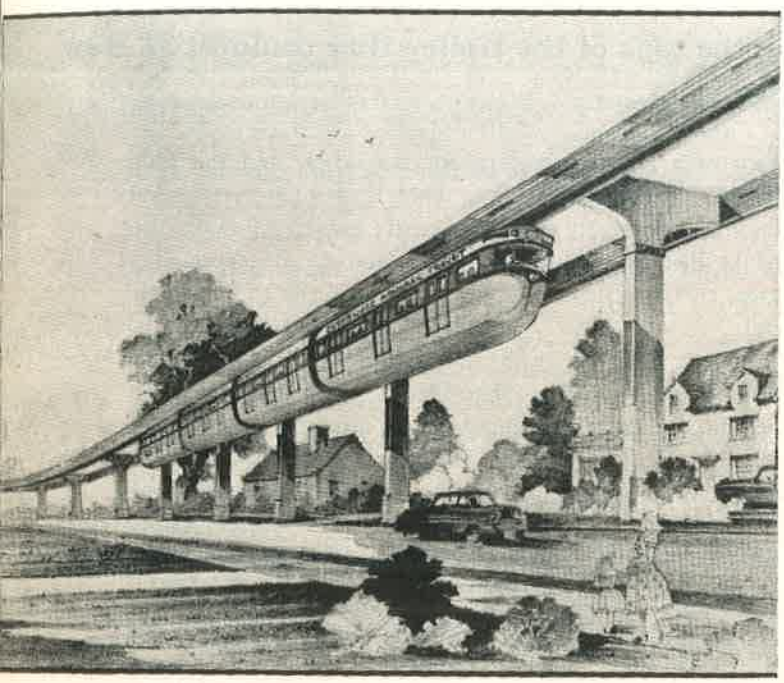
"It isn't a case of subways or Els," said on expert. "It's a case of Els or no more rapid transit."

Furthermore, New York's subway system, like other old lines, was created largely at the taxpayers' expense. It was never conceived that the fares of the passengers would pay off the cost of construction. Today, the trend is away from the use of gobs of public money to build rapid transit facilities. It is toward the creation of quasi-public corporations, or authorities, to finance, build and pay off such great public improvements out of tolls. Less than ever today could a subway be built on such a self-liquidating basis. But an aerial streamliner, so experts believe, can do the trick.

Greatest of all the rapid transit projects in the works at this time is the Los Angeles El—pardon, the Los Angeles monorail. The preliminary studies and plans are virtually finished; in a few months the California State legislature

will act on it. And, if the legislature acts favorably, there is no doubt that a complete new vista in rapid transit will open up.

The Los Angeles road is planned for a length of 45 miles. Beginning in the San Fernando Valley, it would soar over the hills to the south, dive down into the heart of Los Angeles, burrowing in the earth for two miles there, then rise again to sail westward to Long Beach. Such a road could be built and completely equipped at an esti-



mated cost of $150 million—a sum which would build precious little subway today. Of this, $24 million would be spent for two underground miles in downtown Los Angeles—$12 million a mile. The overhead miles would cost not much more than $2 million each, and the balance would be spent for equipment.

Gibbs & Hill, the New York engineers doing the preliminary work, are convinced that a fare of 20 to 50 cents, charged on a zone basis, would make the facility self-supporting. Allowed certain tax exemptions and such fares, it could show a small profit.

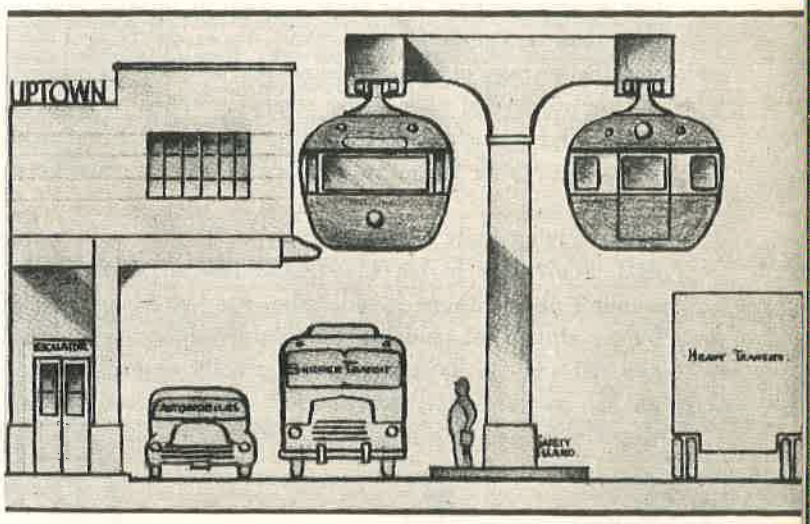
The planners point out that the general scheme fits in well with the new divided highways. There is no suggestion that they could ever replace existing lines in built up cities, but could be used to pick up at the ends of present subway lines and open great new areas to the benefits of rapid transit.

As the monorail shapes up on the drawing boards, it bears as much resemblance to New York's old Els as Henry Ford's first Model T bears to a 1955 Thunderbird. A single line of towers rises about thirty feet, each tower spaced some 75 to 110 feet apart. Since light metals are used extensively in the trains, the towers themselves are slim—about four feet in diameter. From the towers two arms stretch out, and the overhead track is hung on these arms. Suspended from this track are streamlined cars designed to achieve an overall speed 50 per cent higher than a New York subway express averages. The lightness of the structure allows a maximum of sunlight to brighten the street below.

In designing the cars, the engineers drew heavily on airplane fuselage design to achieve strength without weight. The cars themselves are of the "braced skin" type and weigh 60,000 pounds. Rubber might be used to achieve silence, but the most favored design calls for encasing the overhead rail in a skin to deaden sound.

This skin also would provide a constantly dry track to improve traction. The name monorail is a misnomer, since sentiment is toward a split-rail track which would eliminate the need for safety devices in case of derailment, yet allow for a certain amount of controlled sway on curves. Curves, the enemy of speed on a conventional railroad, are no problem on the monorail, since the weight suspension from overhead provides inherent stability. Four comparatively light motors drive through the same number of axles.

The railroad would move an estimated 24,000 passengers an hour. This is approximately four times as much as a motor superhighway will carry at full capacity, figuring the usual 1.7 passengers to a car. Furthermore, even in California, such a superhighway costs from $6 to $12 million a mile to build; that is, from about two and a half



to five times as much as a fully equipped monorail.

The monorail, of course, is not new. A nine and one-half mile stretch was built in Wuppertal, Germany, 53 years ago and is still doing yeoman service in rapid transit. More recently, in Cologne, Axel Wenner-Gren built an experimental stretch of an odd monorail. In this design the single track runs almost through the center of the train. The train's weight is borne on top of the track, but from the lower parts of the train guides run upward to the rail, exerting a stabilizing pressure. The rig gives the Wenner-Gren train a terrific speed potential—about 210 miles an hour. Its backers believe it will challenge the air-lines in time-savings. It does not, however, afford the economies possible in the Los Angeles project.



THE FALL OF THE FLYING LADY

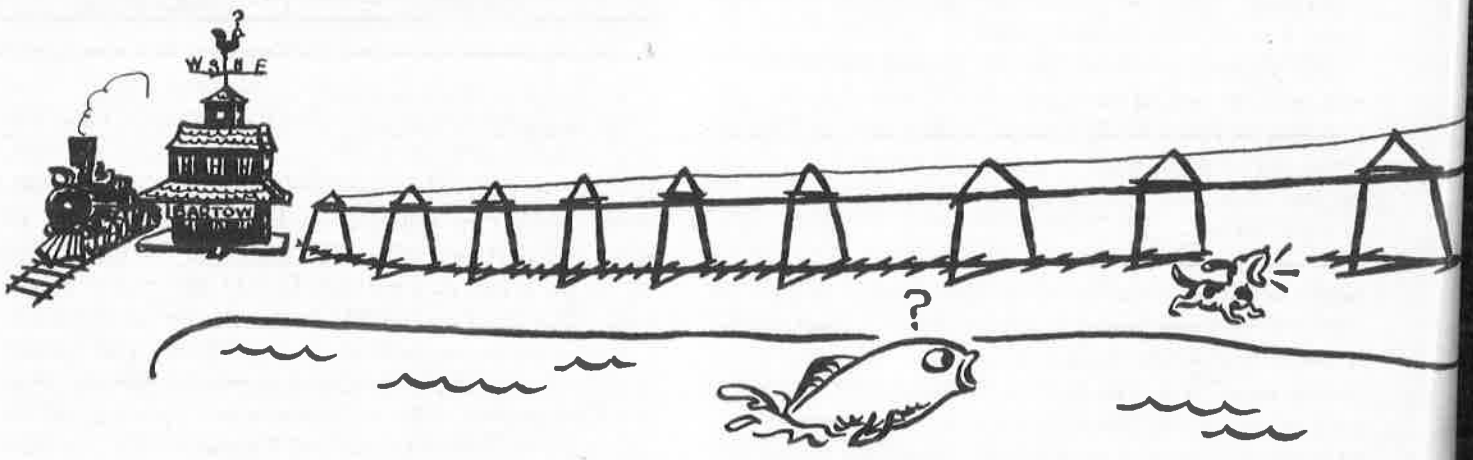
Being the saga of the trolley that couldn't go slow

In the Spring of 1910, the residents of City Island, after 23 years of beefing about the slow horse-car service from their little community, quit kicking. On a sparkling April day, a sharp-prowed trolley, the like of which was never seen before, wobbled shakily away from the Bartow Railroad Station with a cargo of the city's great, steadied as she picked up speed, and half ran, half flew the mile-and-a-half to Marshall's Corner. And City Island discovered that it had the swiftest trolley service in the world. Just trolley? Oh, no! Pelham Bay's single-rail trolley was swifter than the subway express. And faster than the best that standard railroads had to offer. In fact, for a few months, Pelham Bay drew a group of blooded sports, with their Locomobile racers and Apperson Jackrabbits, and their brags of having licked the best the Pennsy or the Central had to offer where roads paralleled tracks. But in the Flying Lady of Pelham Bay they met their match. While the Flying Lady ran, nothing on wheels could keep up with her.

The Flying Lady was built for speed. She had a good deal of airplane in her blood, and like an airplane she couldn't live without speed. She was earthbound only by the single rail, and her four dainty little wheels were grooved and ran in line. For support, she depended more on her ears, which reached up to grasp the double-rail rigged overhead on a structure known as the "grape arbor." Two rails ran just underneath the arbor, and the little round ears were flanged to hold them. On turns—and the line was mostly curves—the ears guided the Lady into banks just as an airplane banks, and speed generated a great centrifugal force which glued the Lady to her single rail.

August Belmont, who was interested in new-fangled transportation, such as the subway, was impressed when he saw the Lady's prototype at an exposition in Jamestown, N. Y. There was no oscillating tendency on curves, which would reduce the grinding away of steel rails, causing expensive maintenance. Straightaways, so expensive to achieve, were of no importance. By offsetting the grape-arbor rig, the Lady could go around curves like a midget auto around a racing bowl. All the Lady needed was speed, and that was built into her.

After forty-odd years, engineers are convinced there was nothing wrong with the design and practicability of the Lady. As a matter of fact, she proved that in the spring and early summer of 1910. In a minute and a half, she swooped from the railroad station to Marshall's Corner. And a good deal of that time was wasted in accelerating at the start, and braking hard to stop. At a slow speed, the Lady was as wobbly and clumsy as a big plane bumping oer the ground. Given the necessary speed, she was as graceful as a bird in flight.





Belmont was sold on her. He acquired a controlling interest in the old horse-car line, whose drooping plugs took anywhere from a half an hour to an hour and a half to traverse the mile and a half to the Bartow station, where passengers boarded the New Haven Railroad, which took them to the 133d St. station in The Bronx, a point at which they could board the 2d and 3d Ave. Els. He got permission from the Public Service Commission to build the single track line to replace the horse-cars in 1909.

In building the new road, there were the usual delays. Toward the end, construction was drastically speeded so the franchise would not lapse before service began. For the sake of speed, the builders used spikes instead of lagscrews to hold the "grape arbor" structure together. Later, after the downfall of the Flying Lady, it was discovered that there had been numerous other instances of jerry-building. It was a highly economical structure to put up anyway, but the rawest tricks were resorted to. Ties were not properly sunk. They were, in many instances, too short. And the roadbed was too narrow even to support the short ties.

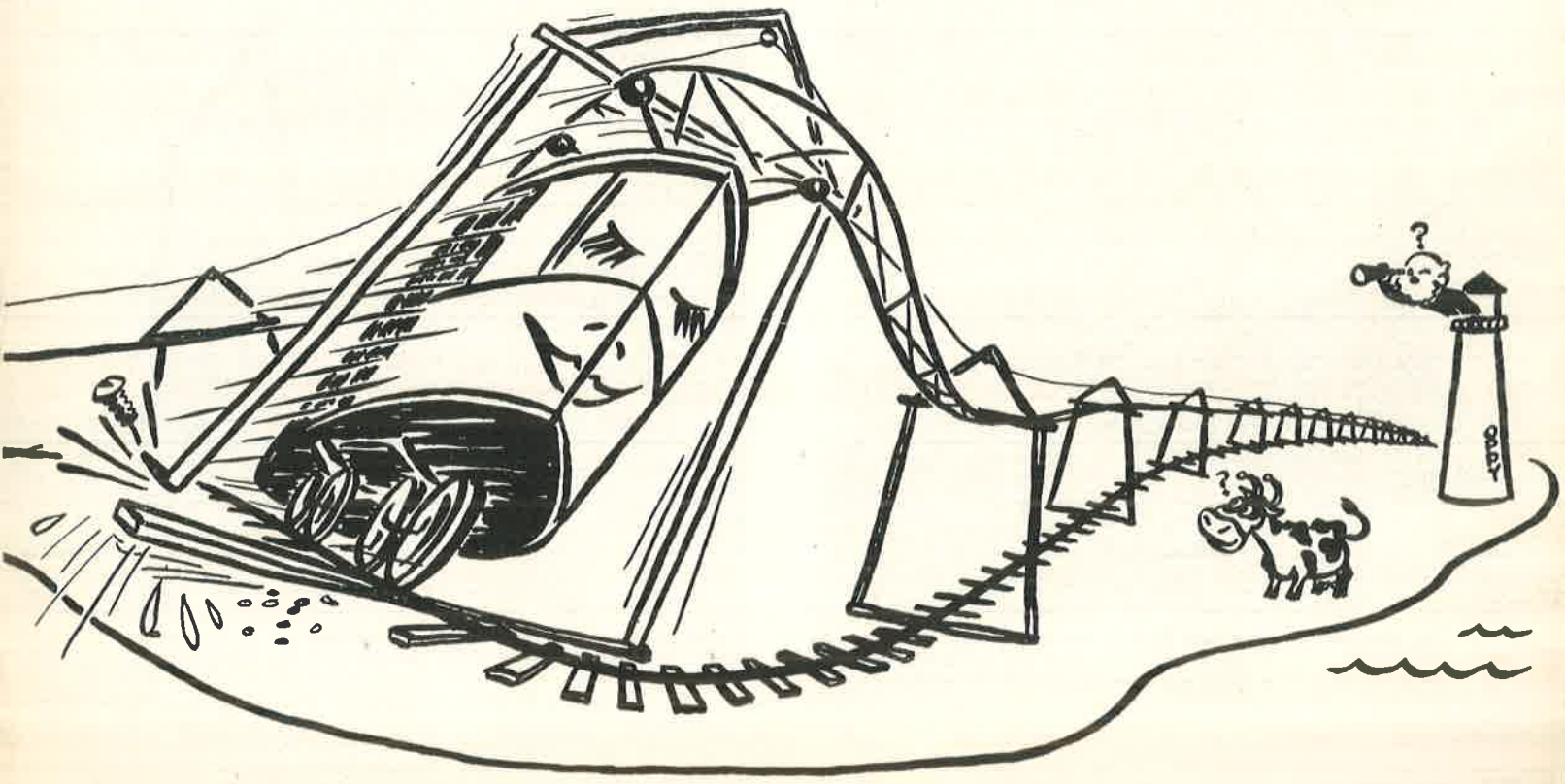
But the opening date was met. From downtown important officials travelled to this far reach of The Bronx. A motorman, with a great red mustache, a brogue, and fearless blue eyes, who'd been practicing for weeks on the



Flying Lady, waited for them at the Bartow station. The Lady trembled like a skittish thoroughbred, as the first hefty citizen stepped aboard. Half loaded, she showed a considerable list, which increased as the load grew. And when she started she wobbled and shook. The faces of the great, and the lesser who'd wangled places aboard, paled as she got under way. The wobbling soon ceased as the Lady gathered momentum. Along the way bystanders saw the Lady's flexible little ears lay back. She hit the first curve doing fifty, laid over on her beam, and screamed around it. A little color came back into the faces, but it was still quite a ride. Notable voices, at the end of the first journey, shook a little as they uttered speeches about how a great day had dawned for railroading and City Island.

For four months thereafter City Islanders did no complaining about the trolley service. Either they were satisfied, or breathless. The Flying Lady swooshed back and forth from Marshall's Corner to Bartow Station before a man could get his newspaper open. There was only the one trolley—nobody ever figured there was any need for more. At her speed the Flying Lady, shuttling constantly, could probably have handled today's traffic with ease.

(*Continued on Page* 8)



A FAINT-HEARTED MOTORMAN DID HER IN

(*Continued from Page* 7)

A lot of tall tales have sprung up about the fall of the Flying Lady. One is that the line hired a motorman who had neither a mustache nor a brogue—this in a day when motormen practically all came from a single green island. And it was all his fault, according to this yarn.

But on this black day, July 17, 1910, there were certain facts later established by an official investigation. And, the most salient, is that the motorman that day slowed the Flying Lady down to what, for her, was unbearable—hardly twenty times or so as fast as a horse-car, scarcely three times as fast as the speed of an ordinary electric trolley—that is to say, he pulled her down to a mere thirty miles an hour rounding a curve.

There were other facts brought out, too. That is, she was heavily loaded, she wobbled fearsomely on the get-away, but the veteran passengers aboard later said she achieved her usual steadiness when she hit fifty. The "grape-arbor" swayed, but inside the Flying Lady there was the usual feeling of flight, rather than train travel.

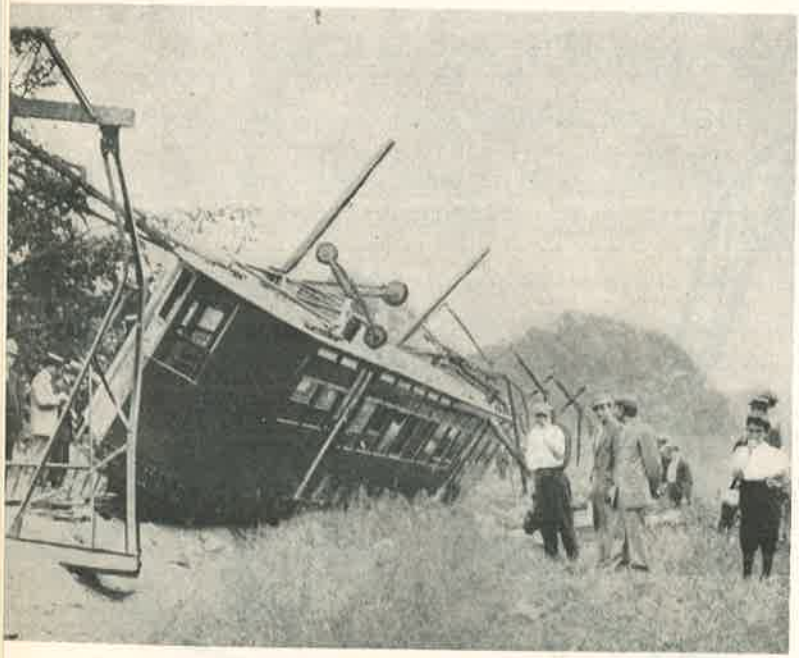
She was steady when she hit this sharp curve. But the motorman—clearly he had no aviator in him—grew frightened. He slowed the Lady to a mere forty-five miles an hour, not realizing that speed was as necessary to her as breathing was to him. The road's engineers had predetermined a minimum speed of fifty-five miles on this curve. And, at forty-five, Lady lost her airspeed and was like a plane about to stall.

"I could tell something was going to happen," said one of the veteran passengers later. "She didn't feel right at all."

The motorman lost his head completely, and slammed on the brakes.

At thirty miles, the Lady leaned so heavily on the grape-arbor, her centrifugal force that far spent, that her weight on the inside upper rail started the spikes holding the flimsy structure together. Her little ears slipped out of the grooves, and the Lady went off her lone track with a crash that injured many of her passengers.

The lawsuits that followed wrecked the road financially. The Lady was dismantled where she lay, the "grape-arbor" was never repaired. In due course, a little battery-powered trolley on two rails ran to City Island. City Islanders complained about its slowness. In time, these were replaced by buses. City Islanders complained about the slowness again. Forty-four years after the Flying Lady, City Islanders are still kicking.



Two views of the Flying Lady after its last trip in July, 1910. Accident was blamed on a chicken-hearted motorman who cautiously slowed to 30 m.p.h. on a curve which engineers designed to be negotiated at 55.



Lacking speed to compensate for bank, the Lady fell to disaster after giving City Island the fastest trolley service it ever had. The Lady's career ended with this fall.



Leaders of Transit Band at Culver Line Extension ceremonies participated in by labor and management of Transit System: left to right, Clemente Ferraro; Joseph Gargiulo, band manager; Salvatore Maieli, band leader; Matthew Guinan, president of Local 100, TWU, and William Mugro.

IT'S THE BEST BAND IN THE LAND

Thursday evenings a bus driver hustles out of his home on the far tip of Staten Island, a maintainer in the 207th St. yards scrubs the grime off with especial vigor, a motorman in Flushing changes quickly from his overalls to his best suit.

At 8:30 that night, these three—and 40 or 50 more, towermen, car cleaners, porters, conductors, foremen and railroad clerks—have completed the metamorphosis from transit workers to musicians.

In Room 308, at 370 Jay Street, there are great tinklings, toots, squeaks and squeals as Bandmaster Salvatore Maieli, Sr. takes up his baton. Tomorrow Salvatore will be in the maintenance pit at the Coney Island shops; but tonight he is the maestro, once of La Scala Music Conservatory in Milan, once the assistant bandmaster of the 77th Regiment and of the 14th Regiment. And Olin Aderhold there, producing the unutterably deep sounds from his tuba—tomorrow he'll be selling tokens again, but tonight he proves that he once played in Paul Whiteman's band. Joe Scalia, also playing bass, once had his own orchestra of 100 pieces and played a command performance before Their Majesties, the King and Queen of England. Tomorrow, too, he'll be pushing tokens and change through his wicket.

A dozen of the men here, and among the thirty or forty others who couldn't get away from their jobs, running the subways, Els and buses of New York, have played with symphony orchestras.

Illustrious? Just ask Joe Gargiuolo, the band manager. Joe's a car maintainer, ordinarily, but tonight he talks just like a band manager.

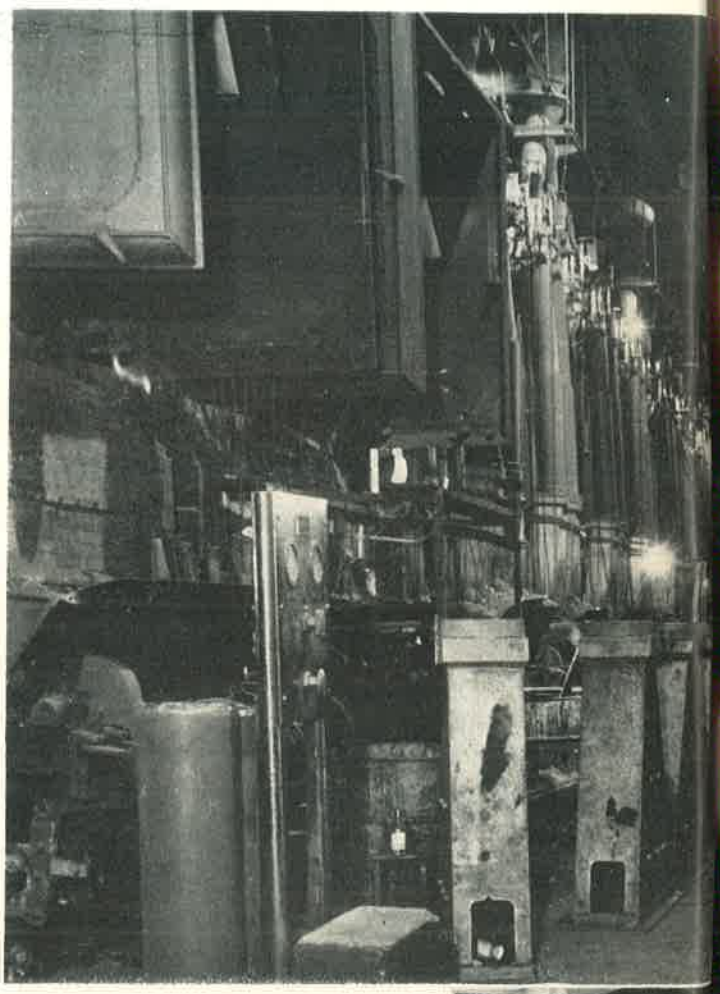
"They'll beat the hell out of every band in New York," says he, with the modesty peculiar to band managers. "Even if they don't have uniforms. Who held the show for ten minutes with the Mayor once? You bet—the Transit Band. Who stopped the show in the Armistice Parade of 1950, and 1951? And do you know how long?"

If you don't know, Joe has it all down to the minute. And will cheerfully oblige you by reeling off precise figures. Some things he isn't so cheerful about. The 88 men who make up the band have never been officially designated as the Transit Band. And sometimes, since they can't get time off and money being tight as it is, many of the members can't afford to give up a day's pay to show up at functions. And—ah—if they had uniforms! Of course, they take a lot of pride in their appearance, anyway. Each man bought himself a blue suit, which can double as a Sunday suit, and by spending a few more of their own dollars they acquired uniform caps and look—at a distance—almost as though they had uniforms. After all, the music is the most important part, and the men have a personal investment of $25,000, collectively, in instruments. With them its music first, appearance second.

"And the music," said Joe, "it is the damn best band music in New York, uniforms or not."



POWER



By sea, by land, by barge and train come the hundreds of thousands of tons of coal that feed the power plants of the New York City Transit System.

These pictures give an idea of just a small part of the tremendous "behind-the-scenes" activities that go into the operation of the transit system—activities that the riding public know nothing about and many of our own employees know very little.

The scenes depicted here are from the West 59th Street power plant. There is another power plant at East 74th Street and the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive and another at Kent Avenue in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn.

The record of the men who operate and the men who direct the power plants is a fine one. The plants themselves leave much to be desired because of their great age. The power plants were erected around 1904.

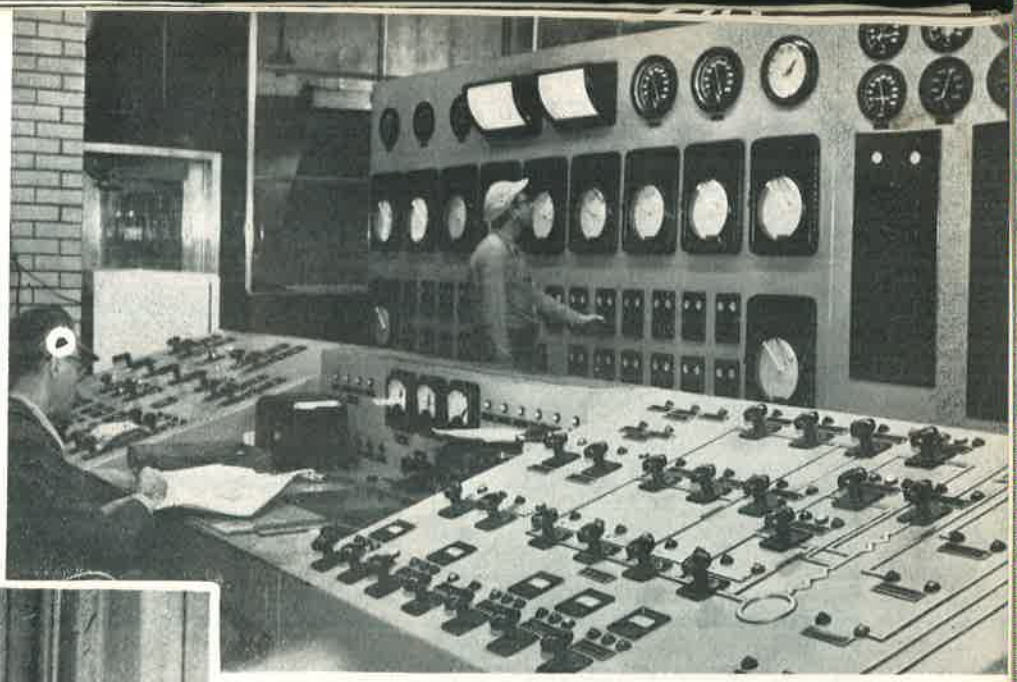
Already rehabilitation work has improved certain parts of them but the old and the new stand side by side. The Transit Authority is asking the city (which out of taxes pays for all capital improvements) for $178,000,000 to modernize and put all the plants in perfect shape.

The question now before the City Fathers is whether it is wiser and in the long run more economical to spend this money on a modernization program or to buy all power from a private utility which now supplies the juice for the IND Division.



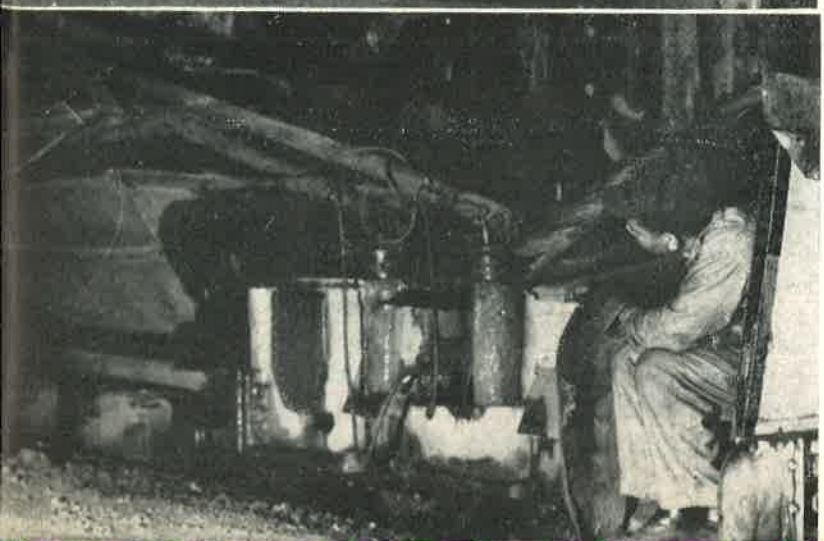
"If it wasn't for all the 'Danger' and 'High Voltage' signs," said a visitor once, "I'd have thought I was in hell." This was after a walk through the old boiler room (above, center.) Since 1904, these furnaces have been powering the subway. Coal, chewed to dust between iron balls, is blown by compressed air into the furnaces. At right (bottom) tiny mine cars constantly move ashes back to barges moored in Hudson.







The greedy rubber-and-steel tongue of the West 59th St. powerhouse runs under the West Side Highway to lap up 800 tons of coal every day from ever-present coal barges (far left) moored at the Hudson dock. Great stacks (center top) carry off waste gases after the energy to send the subways surging through tunnels has been extracted. Two men continually watch switchboard (directly above) to tame 11,000 rampant volts. Directly below is the pride of the 59th St. Station, its glossy new generator. Antiquities stand side-by-side with the very latest gadgets in TA's powerhouses.





TA PEOPLE



Erudite Gumshoe

It was practically an insult to Patrolman James S. Wesley when his superiors in Transit Police asked if he knew how to run a movie camera. James' mother had gone to Howard University when she was a girl, and she didn't raise her boy to be an ignoramus. Insisted that he go on to high school even when he might have been bringing in all of seven bucks a week. And after that her James had the bit in his teeth. Joining the army, he went through flexible gunnery school, bombardier, OCS, pilot-training, celestial navigation schools—and was just starting to pick up a little knowledge when he was sidetracked and made a teacher in the bombardier school. The war also caused an interruption, and he spent a year in the Pacific. But out with the rank of captain, he went back at it, taking an AB at Brooklyn College, majoring in psychology. (He was, by the way, a Transit Policeman while studying at Brooklyn.) Just when he was ready to become a psychologist, James decided he didn't want to be a psychologist, and *did* want to be a lawyer. So he enrolled at the NYU's school of law two years ago.

Now Jim has been notified that he's won a $1,200 N. Y. State war service scholarship in a competitive exam, which guarantees he'll get his lawyer's degree in two years more. After that, he'll go after his master's degree in law, which will take another two years.

And, can you imagine, a guy asking him if he could do a simple thing like using a movie camera? Why, bombardiers have got to use 'em with their left hands while doing six other things with their right! But it's just as well. Because his job right now is taking pictures of people who are trying to convince the courts that they're flat on their backs in bed ever since that subway accident. The kinds of pictures Jim wants shows them disporting at beaches and doing a good day's work.



Naturally, they'll decline to pose. So Jim takes them still with his left hand while making like a casual bystander with his right, so they'll never know. Says it isn't so hard.

Jim allows he's a pretty busy man. Oh, not just because he puts in an average eight hour day on his transit job, four or five more on his class work. But you see, this is hunting season, and Jim's real passion is gunning on his deer-infested farm in the Poconos. His home in the city, which he also owns, is on Putnam Ave., Brooklyn. He married a gal who had an interest in schooling, too, but she quit after getting a degree as mechanical engineer. Says her job, plus taking care of their two children, takes up so much of her time she just can't keep going to school.

No Money In It

The double life of Joe Pollack, senior dispatcher at the Bergen Street bus station, was a secret for a long time. After it all came out, a good many of the fellows were incredulous. "Joe? The guy we used to call Rabbi?



Whaddeya know! Why only last week I was out hoisting a few with him." There were others who muttered they'd suspected something like that about Joe a long time. Just too—too—well, you know what. Like the time he was walking through the yard and heard a bus driver refer, with strong feeling, to his balky vehicle. Joe stopped dead in his tracks. "Now did you ever see a bus do such an act?" he inquired. The driver allowed he was impugning the bus's morals. Joe didn't drop it there. Before he laid off he had everyone within earshot persuaded that it was not only inaccurate, but foolish, to refer to a bus that way. Of course, there is no danger of his overhearing such a crack now, for it is generally known that Joe, nicknamed Rabbi because in recent years he just wouldn't work on the Jewish holidays, is just that—a Rabbi. After 5 o'clock Friday evening he switches from his neat business suits to clerical garb and performs as Cantor at the Baldwin Jewish Center, that evening and Saturday morning, sometimes as Rabbi, since he is ordained now. Weekdays he's a 9-to-5 man only on the surface. Sometimes his longest days are put in on wed-



dings, circumcisions, funerals, Bar Mitzvahs, unveilings and teaching Hebrew, after and before his TA hours.

Joe never did feel dedicated or touched by the divine spark. When he was a boy in Brownsville, his father, Leon, who was in the construction business, used to say, "Mendy—" Joe's middle name was Mendel—"Mendy, I want you to be a Rabbi and a teacher. Even if you never have a synagogue, I want you to be a Rabbi." And Joe, who was no angel in the toughest section of New York, said nix on that religious stuff; no money in it. While his father was living, Joe went to Yeshiva Rabbi Chaim Berlin and then to Yeshiva Torah Vodaath. But, right after his father died, he switched to Jefferson High School. He was fifteen then. From Jefferson, he went to New York University, majoring in education. Afterwards he went to peddling vacuum cleaners from door to door, which was better than some of his mates in Brownsville did; that is, the ones who went to jail. From that he drifted to selling pens and pencils in Europe during the days when some countries on the continent were boycotting the German products, held a WPA job teaching English to foreigners and remedial arithmetic to children. Afterwards he drove a taxi.

One day, at home, he said something, which wasn't at all terrible for a taxi driver to say, but his sister-in-law looked at him queerly; and he never spoke like that again. In 1937 he married a girl from the East Side. Anne was always after him to sing. Not like his father, who was stern about it, and to whom religion was a grim thing. But Anne kept saying he had a beautiful voice and it was a shame he didn't use it.

Joe was a bus driver in Brooklyn now, and he discovered he liked to sing. He'd always liked it, really, but now he began to get a new, wonderful feeling of it. When his bus was empty rolling along Pitkin Ave., he'd burst out in Kol Nidrei, or, if there were a few people in back, they wouldn't hear him softly singing Sholom Aleichem to himself. He was a young looking man, but with a lot of living behind him, when he resumed studying cantorial work. Nobody knew that when he worked out of the Fresh Pond Depot or the East New York bus station. He kept it to himself when he became a Cantor in 1949. Or that he was using his days off later to go to Philadelphia where, over a year, he managed to put in the few months of study that qualified him for surgical and ritual circumcision. He didn't want it known either that he was studying for the rabbinate and achieved it in 1951. But, after he became chaplain of the Sholom Society, it was pretty hard to keep it secret that Joe Pollack was leading a double life.

He doesn't expect to ever have a synagogue of his own, that is, as Rabbi. He has a curious philosophy of religion, distilled out of East New York, New York University, taxi driving, his life with Anne and supervising in TA. It doesn't quite fit with any strict religious precept in all angles, so he feels he'd better not. He has two children, a boy of 16, a girl of 12. Joe thinks the boy would make a wonderful teacher. In fact, young Leon took over a few classes at school when a teacher was ill. "Leon," Joe said afterwards, "why don't you take up teaching?" Leon said, "Nix, no money in it."

Surgery Calling Berman

In Akron, Ohio, some months ago, surgeons opened the abdomen of a woman in pain, took out a suspicious appendix, and sewed up the incision. The woman recovered from the operation, but the pain was still there, as severe as ever. She came back to the



hospital and X-rays finally showed the source of the pain—a needle lodged in her abdomen. Again she went to the operating table, and again her abdomen was opened. Surgeons explored and explored, probing deep into vital organs, finally gave up, and sewed her up again. This time, from the far-reaching exploratory incisions, the patient got peritonitis, and was deathly ill. And the needle was there still. Recently the doctors tried again. They had to. But this time they telegraphed to Samuel Berman at 370 Jay St. TA's Assistant Mechanical Engineer took a couple of days vacation from his job testing new cars, packed his favorite gadget and flew out to Akron. This time he stood with his "locator" at the operating table, and told the surgeon where to cut. It was a lot of traveling for a job that only took a minute after the patient was under anesthesia. With Berman's locator, the needle was found instantly, hardly a quarter inch under the skin, and removed with an incision that was hardly a scratch. Sam Berman came back and resumed his job testing metal stresses on subway trains.

The incident wasn't unusual. In the last fourteen years Berman has grown as intimately familiar with hospital operating rooms as he is with car yards. There are now about a thousand Berman locators scattered around the world, not nearly enough to go around, considering the elusive foreign bodies which people are forever getting into various parts of their body, and these have been used in perhaps a half million operations. But the TA man is forever being called to lesser cities—Portland, Maine, Springfield and Canton, O., within a matter of weeks, for example—with his wonderful little box, to find wandering bullets, needles, and old pieces of shrapnel, which, years after the war, are beginning to give trouble. He uses up most of his vacation time in this sort of work.

The locator is only one of a sizable flock of gadgets which Berman has invented in his twenty-four years in transit. He doesn't call them gadgets of course. He loves to refer to "instruments" and "instrumentation." He "instrumentates" parts of trains which even maintainers never heard of. A small man, of slight build, with dark eyes behind heavy-rimmed glasses, he still speaks with the faintest suggestion of his Russian origin in his speech. after a half century here.

He joined the transit system under the old Rapid Transit Board in 1931. His early career there was character-

ized by phenomenal speed—in a downward direction. He started as a mechanical draftsman in design, but was soon fired. An ingenious man, he speaks with nothing but admiration of the ingenuity of the Old Rapid Transit Board. "You see, I was a veteran, and it was strictly against the law to fire a veteran." He touched a faint scar on his chin. "Piece of shrapnel," he said. "The Argonne. What I started to say, I don't see how they could fire me. But they found a way. They were very ingenious." This was during the mass layoffs of '31 and '32. He got back after a while, but not as a mechanical draftsman. He acquired a pair of overalls, a layer of black grease and grime, and for five years he was a maintainer in the 207th St. yards. He was darn glad to have a job, too, for all his diplomas from Cooper Union and Brooklyn Polytechnic, and a previous history of important electrical engineering jobs in private industry. As a matter of fact, he still likes to work



with his hands. Recently he bought a new house in Ozone Park. It required a lot of modernizing. He didn't think much of the mechanics who worked there, so now he's doing the plastering himself. Likes it, too.

He might have been there yet—in the maintenance pits of the 207th St. yards, but for a lateral motion developed by the IND cars. The sidesway was so terrific that it scared nervous passengers no end. One jittery passenger, a clergyman, wrote the Mayor that a lot of people were going to be killed someday and the Mayor's hands would be red with the wholesale murder. The alarm of the passengers was exceeded only by the alarm of Transportation engineers, who couldn't for the life of them figure out the cause. They tried a lot of things, none of which worked.

After months of this, B. F. Cordts, one of the supervisors at 207th St., said to the car maintainer: "Here, you're not supposed to know anything about railroading—you see what you can do; at that, I think you can." This was in the BI days—before instrumentation — when a good railroad man was supposed to tell what was wrong with a car by the seat of his pants. Berman knew the seat of HIS pants was inexpert; anyway, for all that it had worked for many years, he felt his beloved instrumentation could do better. There were no instruments for the purpose at the time, so he devised them. He spent eighteen months



at it. The one gadget that eventually did the trick was really quite simple. A patient man, he explained it to us in 6,000 simple words, the last 5,995 of which we couldn't grasp. According to it, the swing hangars were of faulty design. The diagnosis, at that, was simpler than convincing his superiors that his gadget was right. "That's the same design as the IRT cars," they said, "and they've been running for 30 years without trouble. How come?" Berman couldn't prove anything but he stubbornly insisted that's where the trouble lay. He suspected that the reason it developed in the IND trains was that these trains had greater speed, which would bring on the sidesway. But he KNEW the trouble was in the swing hangars; his instrument said so. Since it only cost $100 a truck to install a redesigned hangar, his pattern was tried out on a single car and it was run exhaustively. No sidesway. The trucks were changed over as swiftly as possible, and Berman put his instruments aside and went back to testing cars.

He was remembered quickly enough when more than a score of suits, totalling millions, were filed against the city by owners of large buildings, on the ground that the vibration of the subways was cracking their buildings. Berman soon satisfied himself that the vibration of passing trains was a wholly negligible factor. "That's fine," said the Corporation Counsel. "But the proof! How are we going to prove it in court? They've got expert testimony by engineers in their favor." In fact, a group of engineers were behind the suits, the Corporation Counsel felt, and it looked like they had a cinch to win. How could the city prove that the vibration—which was there, all right—wasn't cracking the buildings. Berman had the answer, which was—surprise! —instrumentation. This was one problem he had to work on fast. He was still tinkering with his newest gadget when the first trial opened. And the Supreme Court Justice had already indicated he was satisfied with the proof that the subway had caused vibration, and he was inclined to assess damages for all the cracking resulting therefrom, when Berman lugged his latest invention into court.

It was sort of a localized seismograph, hitched to a movie camera. Berman had set it up in the damaged building and recorded the vibration. No question whatever but that there was vibration when a train passed. But Berman's gadget precisely measured the extent of vibration, virtually to hairbreadth accuracy. He showed movies of the seismograph record as a train passed — and then he showed



movies of the same instrument taken when a man merely walked across the room in which it was operating; and when a coin was dropped on a table on which it was resting. And the amount of vibration was actually greater than when a train passed.

The case was cinched when Berman made tests right in the courtroom, while a man walked across the floor, or dropped a small object near it. The Justice threw the case out. The next two cases were similarly disposed of when they came to trial, and the rest of them were dropped.

(*To be continued in the January issue*)

"Lord, make me an instrument of Thy Peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love. Where there is injury, pardon. Where there is doubt, faith. Where there is despair, hope. Where there is darkness, light. Where there is sadness, joy. O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

—St. Francis of Assisi



(Transit will pay $5 for each recipe published. Keep sending them in.)

From the Near East, from our own Southland, from Ireland came some of the original recipes which captured the eye and the palate of the judges in TRANSIT'S Heirloom Recipe contest.

Some had no more than their origins in far seas and distant lands. Obviously, they've become naturalized to some degree.

Take for example the Shish Kebab recipe from Mrs. Puzant Sirabian, 1789 Bathgate Ave., The Bronx. The name discloses an authentic background. The port wine suggests that, on its way to The Bronx, this gastronomic treasure picked up foreign influence. Yet the use of the drippings in this form is suggestive of a land where edible fats are treated as delicate food.

SHISH KEBAB



Leg of lamb (about 7 pounds)
3 onions
6 green peppers
6 tomatoes
Port wine, olive oil, oregano, salt, pepper.

Have butcher remove the bone. Cut meat into one-inch cubes, removing fat and gristle. Sprinkle generously with wine and olive oil, add a spatter of oregano and the onions, sliced. Mix together and let marinate overnight or, at least, several hours. Add salt and pepper just before cooking.

Skewer meat, leaving half inch space between cubes, broil over open fire until outside of cubes are crisp. A gas broiler may be used. Turn to brown evenly.

On separate skewers, arrange tomatoes and peppers alternately, and broil.

Catch all drippings possible. Pour drippings over meat and vegetables placed in large serving dish.

Serve with rice, preferably.

Mrs. William J. Beaman, 1075 Edison Ave., The Bronx, sends this unusual blend of shrimp into a rarebit.



GRANDMA'S CHEESE RAREBIT

2 pkgs. Velveeta cheese (or any cheese that melts easily).
½ cup milk
2 green peppers cut in pieces
2 tablespoons of olive oil
2 small cans of shrimps (or fresh shrimp)
2 onions cut in pieces
1 jar pimentoes or fresh pimento
1 small jar stuffed olives

Cut cheese in pieces, put in top of double boiler, add milk, let melt while preparing other ingredients. Put olive oil in iron skillet, add green pepper and onions, simmer until tender, add pimento, shrimp and olives. Cook 5 or more minutes. Pour this mixture on slices of toast. Serve with a tossed salad.

All good were the several recipes submitted for this bread. The judges, after much lip-smacking, gave the $5 award to this one, from Mrs. Richard Pearson, 25-11 21st St., Astoria.

IRISH SODA BREAD



3 cups sifted flour
½ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup finely sliced citron or lemon peel or raisins
½ cup shortening
1 egg
½ cup buttermilk or sour milk

Sift flour, measure, sift again with sugar, soda and salt. Mix in citron or lemon peel or raisins. Cut in shortening with 2 knives or pastry blender until mixture resembles coarse meal. Mix egg and buttermilk. Gradually add to flour mixture, stirring with a fork until soft dough is formed. Knead 30 seconds. Form into a round loaf about 8x6 inches. Place on greased cooky sheet. Bake in a moderate oven 375F. 55 to 60 minutes or until done and top is brown. Cut a cross into the loaf before baking to help rising.

Crunch is the name, and delectably crunchy it is, too, this pie submitted by Mrs. Anne Sussman, 92 Newport St., Brooklyn.

APPLE CRUNCH PIE

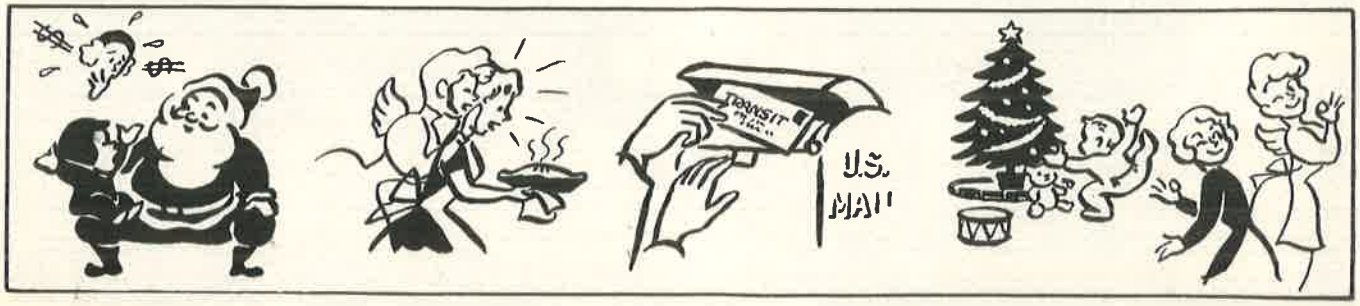


Pastry for 1 pie crust
6 medium or 5 large apples
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup white sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt

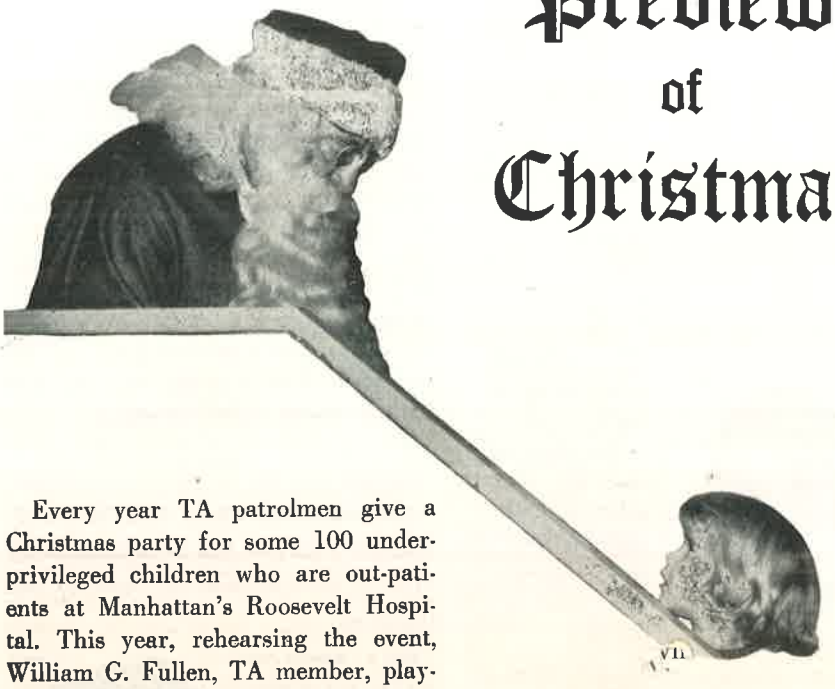
Topping

½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ cup sifted flour
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Line pie plate with pastry. Set in refrigerator while preparing the rest of the pie. Peel and slice thin the apples, fill pie shell with them, sprinkle lemon juice over them, then the mixed sugar and cinnamon and salt. Mix in bowl the brown sugar and flour. Cut in shortening until mixture looks like meal. Add chopped nuts, sprinkle this topping evenly over the apples. Bake in hot oven, 400 F. for one hour.



Preview of Christmas



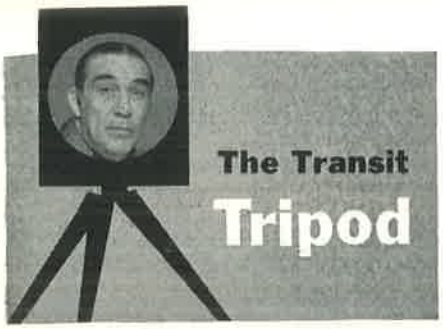
Every year TA patrolmen give a Christmas party for some 100 underprivileged children who are out-patients at Manhattan's Roosevelt Hospital. This year, rehearsing the event, William G. Fullen, TA member, playfully donned Santa costume, complete to silvery whiskers, arrived at Roosevelt weeks before regular Santa is due, and perplexed, but pleasingly, some inpatient youngsters who joined in the preview. Above, Lucille, a young patient, doubtfully eyes the visitor. Introduced, she was tongue-tied. "Do you spell your name with one 'l' or two?" Santa inquired gravely. Lucille didn't know, Santa gave her a low mark in orthography, which failed to dismay her, and a gift which produced results in every case (see below).

Bottom photo, nurses and patrolmen join in the group. Left to right, Nurse Jacqueline Watt, Patrolmen Paul Dilena, Walter Haase, Joseph Cosa, Commissioner Fullen, Patrolmen Conrad Piggott, James Molloy and Frederick Wertheimer. Mr. Wertheimer is chairman of the Christmas Committee. Seated, surrounded by young patients. is Nurse Joan Golden.

This year the patrolmen will add something new to their party. The Ballet Russe School of Ballet will send a troupe to entertain the children at the party on December 23.







By Robert R. Morris, P.S.A.

This is practically Gillies Month for the Transit Tripod.

Robert W. Gillies, a young conductor on the Independent subway, swept the board clean of the first, second and third prizes, $15, $10, and $5, respectively, in the first month of Transit's photo contest.

But it won't happen again. Beginning this month, TA workers may submit as many entries as they want, but only the best of any individual's work will be admitted for the final judging.

On being interviewed, Mr. Gillies attributed his first notable success in photography entirely to his daughter, Regina Lee, who is nearly a year old. And thereby hangs a tale.

Until Regina Lee was born, Mr. Gillies was only a desultory phototaker. To the young Gillies she was a remarkably beautiful baby. Their neighbors at 248 Prospect Park West assured them that Regina Lee was truly adorable, much prettier than the babies who modelled for magazine advertisements. Knowing flattery when they heard it, the young Gillies at first paid little attention. But, from his casual membership in the Village Camera Club, Mr. Gillies knew of the famous photographer, Joseph Schneider. And one day he took Regina Lee there.

To cut a long story short, it's almost embarrassing to young Mr. Gillies now



—the fact that his daughter makes several time per hour what her old man makes with TA. Twelve-fifty an hour is what Regina makes, and her rates are constantly inching upward. She's starring in Mennen Baby Powder and Kodak camera advertisements forthcoming in national publications.

At any rate, with Regina Lee embarked on a career as photographer's model, Mr. Gillies got a new camera, a Rolleicord, and has turned into an ardent fan. Regina Lee doesn't figure in any of the winning shots—they were all taken of unknown people on Mr. Gillies' prowls about the city armed with his new camera.







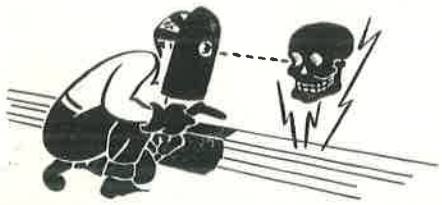
Top: Transit, a la primitive
Center: The yawn magnificent
Below: Junior cocktail hour

AS OTHERS SEE US

(*Continued from Page 3*)

I want you to know I enjoyed it very much and will be looking for the next copy. . . . I retired 2½ years ago after 33 years with the BMT Transportation Dept.—enjoyed every minute of it and now I am enjoying the nice Florida sunshine.

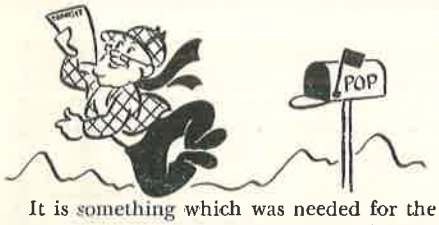
JAMES ECKERT
Winter Park, Fla.



Dangerous Life

I want to congratuate you upon selecting the Power Distribution Dept. (to describe) the hazardous job in this department. There are others, I must say, but PD is the tops for hazard. For one thing, we must worry about the subway trains, and secondly about the 600 volts the men work around with constantly. Too bad the public couldn't get a good view of the hazardous jobs and compare them with outside industries. Maybe the public might take a different view of why raises are necessary and why fares must be increased to meet Labor's demand through management.

ROBERT J. LAIB
The Bronx



It is something which was needed for the past 16 years. It will keep the Transit family, young and old, together. As for myself, I'm a young lad of 83. My first job was hill boy on the horse cars, from horse cars to hobbleskirt cars on Broadway, then 33 years as subway motorman. I'm only one of the many IRT motormen on the retired list who never had an accident and never killed anybody who wanted to live. I retired in 1938, but I never stopped working. I built my own bungalow with every modern improvement. I have everything you people in the city have and more independence, plus good mountain air, and NO income tax. My idea is that more men ought to retire, but not to stop working. Those who sit on a bench and brood die in about six months after retiring. . . . Best wishes from—

JOHN J. (Pop) KELLY
South Durham, N. Y.

Congratulations on the first TRANSIT. It is a good job, indeed. (But) you forget that before there is a rapid transit system, engineers must plan and build the system and test it for safety. . . . No mention is made of Chief Engineer Griffin and his corps of engineers or the small fry—junior engineers and construction inspectors. . . . Nowhere does credit go to the MOLES.

JACOB RALL
Power Dept.



I wish to convey this message of safety to all TA employees:

Drivers are safer
When roads are dry
Roads are safer
When drivers are dry.

THOMAS J. GIAMMARINO.
Surface Line Dispensary

. . . Found it very interesting. People riding the transit lines never know the trouble the workers go through to make it the safest railroad in the world.

WENDELL ANDRES,
(Retired Third Ave El Conductor)
Patchogue, N. Y.

Old Timer

Your first edition of TRANSIT, I was pleased to see, had fine reading material. I wish to thank you for remembering us old pensioners. It was a grand idea of the Transit Authority to think up, and put into effect, the publication of a magazine. It will help create a better understanding between management and labor. I wish all of you success.

CHARLES W. KELLY.
Manhattan

Tax Exemption

I don't know if the subject is of interest to all transit men, but it is important to the "uniformed" force of TA. That is, the matter of uniform cost, maintenance, etc. At present TA employes spend quite a sum (for this). For many a year the Federal Government has permitted all taxpayers to deduct as a legitimate expense the cost,

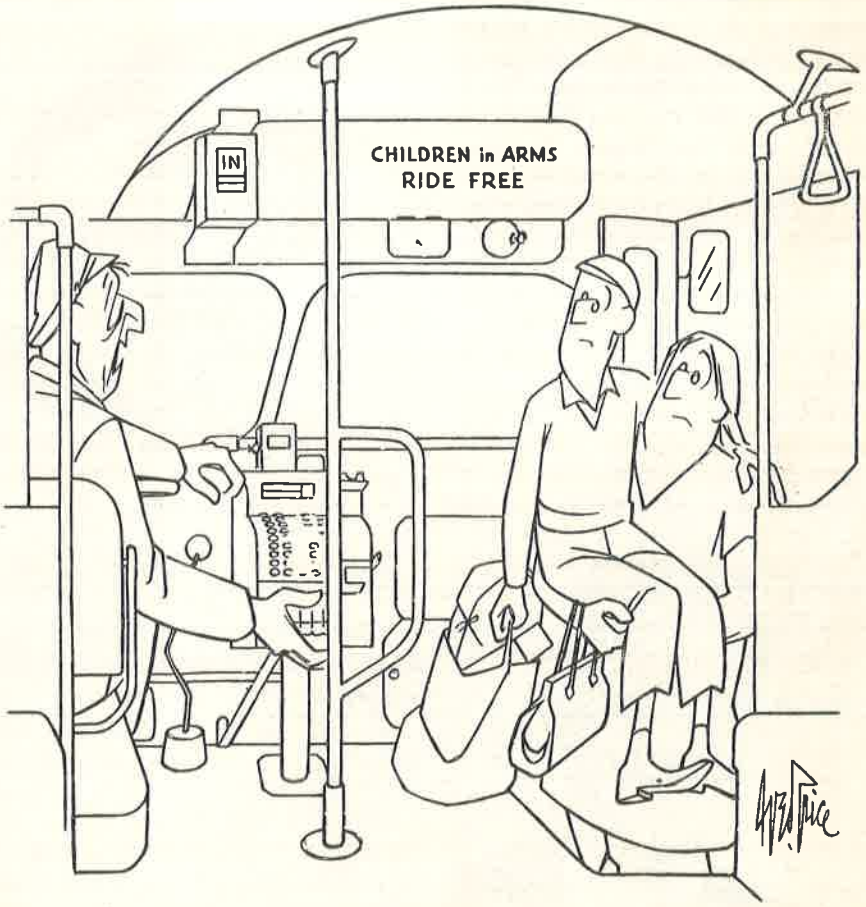


maintenance and repair of all uniforms and work clothes, not generally worn off-duty. The State of New York, on the other hand, limits this to POLICEMEN, FIREMEN and NURSES. State senators and assemblymen might give this UNIFORM COSTS TAX DEDUCTION consideration at the next session of the State Legislature.

WILLIAM H. KOPF

Thanks very much for your fine magazine. I found the first issue very interesting and informative. I also like its format very much.

MAXIMILIAN KING RR/C
59 Morningside Ave.



"Now look, lady, I've had a tough day."
Reproduced by permission of the New Yorker Magazine



A Citation

To The New York City Transit Authority

In recognition of 50 years (1904-1954) of magnificent service to New York's traveling public.

Your sincere interest in the passengers' safety and well-being have been of invaluable assistance to the Travelers Aid Society of New York in our 50 years of helping travelers in trouble while in transit.

In the Coney Island yards, a safety-minded supervisor noticed something odd about a workman. But he couldn't put his finger on it. The man was goggled, wore protective gloves and his shield was in place, as his job called for, but there was something wrong; the supervisor knew it.

A few minutes later the supervisor passed the workman again, and had the same feeling. This time he got it. The goggles that protected the man's eyes from flying metal chips had no glass in them.

"How long have you worn the goggles like that?" the supervisor asked.

The workman answered, cheerfully, "Six months."

Why? the supervisor wanted to know. The workman explained that he couldn't see well with glass in them—always getting smeared and scratched.

"Well, why wear any?" asked the supervisor.

"They told me," said the workman, innocently, "it's a rule that I have to wear goggles."

Another time the same supervisor listened to another man whose job also called for goggles to save his eyes from constantly flying metal chips. The man complained his goggles were so scratched he couldn't see well through them.

"Let me have them, and I'll get you a new pair immediately," said the supervisor.

"Won't do," the worker grumbled. "Those are my eyeglass lenses set in there. Can't see without my glasses,"

"You had shatter-proof lenses made to prescription?" the supervisor asked.

"Shatter-which?" said the workman, puzzled. A top-flight, careful workman he was, too, but he didn't know the most important part of the general issue goggles were the shatter-proof lenses. He'd been risking his eyes daily for years—the scratches showed that. And he supposed he'd been conscientiously following the rules.

Whose fault?

"Our's," said the supervisor, in this case. "Both were the supervisors' fault. Sure, we've come a long way since I broke in thirty years ago. Then a man was shown an operation once, and left strictly on his own after that. We've come a long way since then—but incidents like these prove we've got a long way to go."

Don't laugh at the workman who wore lensless goggles. Do YOU know the reason behind every single safety measure that you have in your department? Think it over. Isn't there one or two that seem downright foolish to you? Rules that you obey only because they're posted, or because the boss has a stiff-necked attitude about those things. If so, ask him to explain just why the rule is there. Knowing WHY may save your eyes, your fingers, or your life.



LABOR AND MANAGEMENT CELEBRATE TOGETHER opening of $28,000,000 Culver Extension linking The Bronx to Coney Island through one continuous subway ride. Sporting motorman caps, Matthew Guinan (left), President of Local 100, TWU-CIO, and Harris J. Klein, member of the Transit Authority, look out of the first car on the new run. Commissioner Klein's 4-year-old son, Mitch, wears his favorite headgear, a red fireman's hat.

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