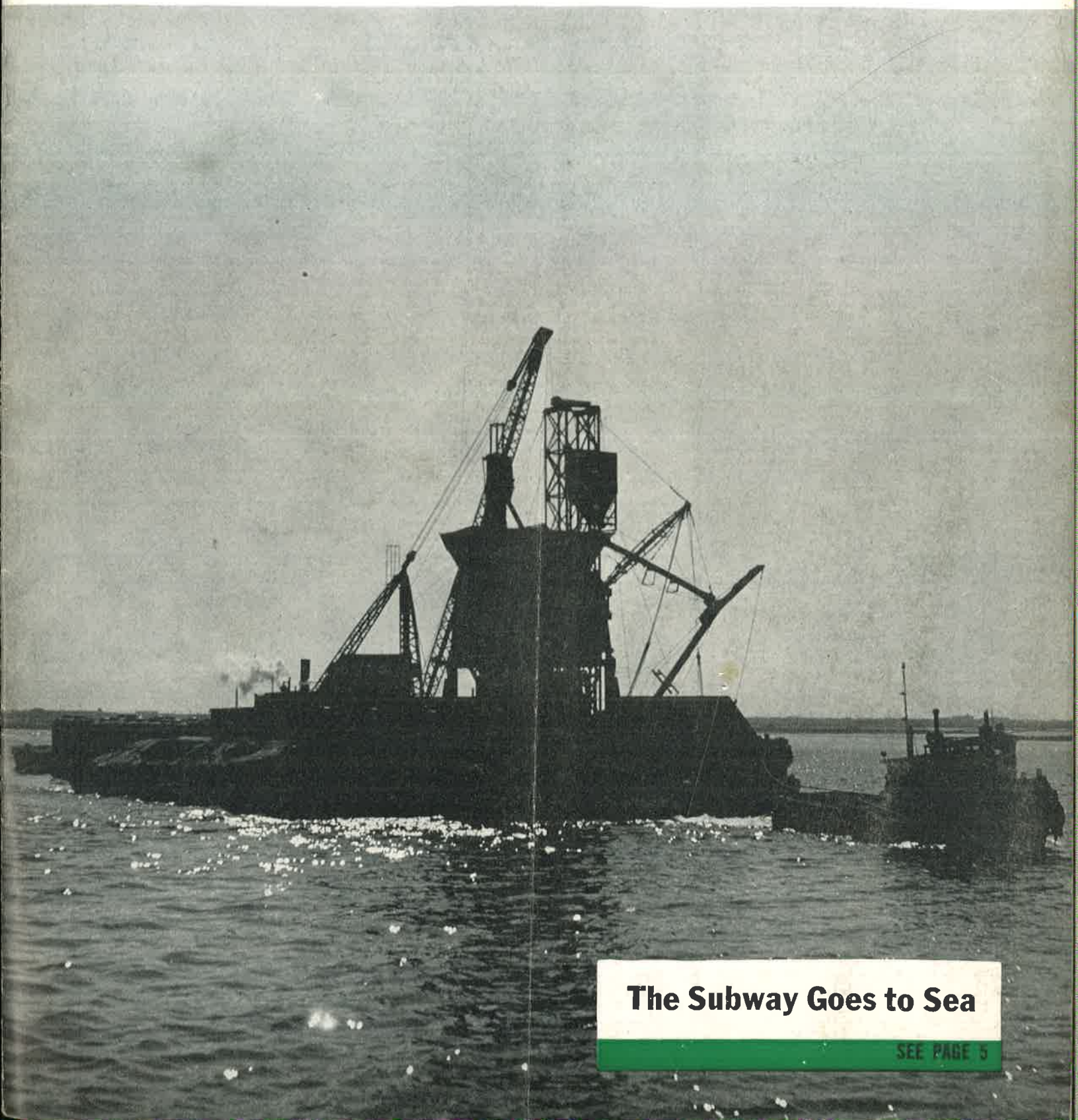
Transit

NEW YORK · APRIL 1955



The Subway Goes to Sea

SEE PAGE 5

Transit

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

VOLUME 1, NO. 6

April 1955

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

You Can Win These Prizes

Back in November, 1954, the first issue of TRANSIT was born. It is still a young magazine. But with this, the sixth issue, we feel it is time to take stock. To take an informal public opinion poll of our readers.

In the first issue, The Editors published what we called our "Declaration of Intent." We pointed out that employe magazine after employe magazine had started out bravely enough, but that most of them soon became organs "voicing the opinions of a special group or a puff sheet for management."

We said further in that first issue:

"TRANSIT may go the way of all flesh (or of many employe magazines) but The Editors don't think so. No board of censors has appeared on the horizon. Our only censors are our readers. If they don't like this magazine or have any gripes as to its fairness or unfairness, or, heaven forbid, its dullness, they should write The Editors."

You wrote us. You wrote us in great numbers. You didn't pull your punches.

Letters of criticism and letters of praise poured in. We couldn't publish them all. If we had there would not have been enough room for anything else. But, as we promised, we have published a true cross section. Each month our mail pouch has been full to overflowing.

So the question now is this:

Has TRANSIT made good on its first pledge? Has TRANSIT lived up to its "Declaration of Intent"? Is it truly an employe magazine?

Once again we urge our fellow employes to use the needle. Give us specific criticism, give us specific praise. What specific articles do you like best? What do you like least? Should we have more of the nostalgia stories — those of the old days? Do you like the department of the magazine that we have called "TA People?" Should we have more or less TA People?

We know the Recipe Column is popular. Can you suggest a feature that would be interesting to our children? Have the safety pages helped at all in making you a little more careful, not only on your job but in your home?

We know of a number of youngsters of school age who have discussed TRANSIT at school with their teachers and classmates. Have yours?

Does TRANSIT make good reading for your wife? Why?

Write to The Editors, TRANSIT, 370 Jay Street, Brooklyn 1, N. Y. Tell us what you like best about TRANSIT, what you like least, what you would like added or taken away. And always, WHY?

TRANSIT will pay $10 each for the three best letters. Write your letters in ink, in pencil or on the typewriter. The ones written in pencil will have just as good a chance to win as the ones written by expert typists.

We hope you know The Editors well enough to realize that a critical letter has just as much chance of winning a prize as a boosting letter. All we want is to have them specific and constructive.

It is still *your* magazine! Good luck!

AS OTHERS   SEE US



I have taken a great interest in Transit and, in my opinion, feel that this magazine is the answer to better relations between management and labor. I am in a position to receive many comments from the employees. At first the comments were varied from "A waste of money" to "What's the purpose?" But now it seems that this magazine is discussed with each new issue and in detail. I am sure that this magazine, which, in my opinion, is very well edited and interesting, is being looked forward to every month.

The purpose of this letter is to attempt to impress upon you the important role that this magazine can play in building up the employes' pride and morale to the point that each employe will actually feel that he or she is a part of one of the world's largest transportation systems and we must be made well aware that the best management employe relationship can only exist when both take pride in their daily tasks. To accomplish this goal will require some additional articles that will attract the employes of all groups, and various articles on departments stressing the importance of a job, no matter how small it may seem.

Another feature that will certainly go a long way to build up the morale of the employes is for some one high in management to personally address an article to the employes, a different person each month, also for one of the TA members to give out some advance information of benefit to employes or express his satisfaction of some accomplishment by some departments.

The general morale of employes has been low for quite some time and I feel that the opportunity is now at hand and "TRANSIT" holds the answer, as in my opinion, the most important item in big business is "Management-Labor Relations." As time goes on it becomes a vital element for successful business.

JOSEPH AGOGLIA,
Assist. Supervisor,
Cars & Shops, Coney Island

I was pensioned off, due to disabilities incurred during my tour of duty with the U. S. Navy during the late hostilities. I am now a butler, having worked for some of the greatest names in movie businesses and will be happy to acquaint any other old fossils with my experiences if they are interested.

JOSEPH L. WOOLF, Ex-Motorman
1159 S. Bundy Drive,
Los Angeles 49, Calif.

Oui, Oui, Sarge!

I am a train dispatcher on military leave. Volume 1, No. 4 of TRANSIT (February) has just reached me. Receiving it was pleasant surprise as I didn't know such a magazine was even "in the works." Please note my correct address. I shall look forward to receiving all future issues with great pleasure. Merci!

T/SGT. HAROLD J. WRIGHT
AF 32812738
7306 Air Base Sq.
APO 253, New York, N. Y.



The Reverend Mr. Driver

May I submit a man whom we on Staten Island respect as a true man of God, and a bus driver, which the Transit Authority can well be proud of, namely, Fred J. Tvedt. To the men of the Staten Island Division, and on his route, he is known as the "Reverend", Among the drivers he is a true friend and counselor, regarding domestic problems, to all who ask, knowing that their personal problems will be held strictly confidential. Mr. Tvedt visits the sick S. I. Transit employees, when time permits, either at the hospital, or at the home. In the case of bus driver Thomas Rothstein, Westerleigh, S. I., shown in the photograph, Mr. Tvedt is presenting a Bible to this man of Jewish faith, and visits him every Sunday, and prays for his recovery.

PATRICK E. NIX,
Surface Line Operator,
Staten Island Division



I received your March issue of TRANSIT this morning and the new page of Retired Employes is something I welcome because you could go back to old times. I retired in 1952 after 34 years as Conductor and Railroad Clerk. Hoping to see more of the TRANSIT.

CHARLES MARKOWITZ
Manhattan



Calling All Fans!

A letter in a recent issue of TRANSIT relative to the formation of a model railroad club was most encouraging. I have been thinking of such an association for many years now, and in conversations with other employees on the subject, have found many model railroad enthusiasts interested in an employees model club. While the writer of the original letter is obviously an S-gauge fan, and there are others, I am sure there are a sufficient number of fans in the other gauges, plus many interested in learning about model railroading, to form a well-rounded club. I have felt that the club could be formed somewhat on the lines of the model clubs of various steam railroads in which the space and electricity are furnished by the road, and the rolling stock, track and scenery are made by the members, and owned by them. The location should be central for the convenience of the members. It should also, in my opinion, be open for the public, wherein it could be used as a public relations sounding-board to emphasize public safety, features of the transit system, and to improve employee-passenger relations. The ramifications are many. While on patrol, I have noticed many unused sections of stations, especially on the IND, which would be ideal locations for a model railroad layout.

WARREN D. SHIPP
Transit Patrolman

'Litterbug Response

(We have received so many letters on last month's magazine cover, which featured Magistrate Louis I. Kaplan, the "clean-up judge," on Litterbugs, and Oppy, Transit's girl artist, that we decided to mention all the letters only in this note from The Editors. The letter-writers were mostly interested in two things—(1) the human side of Judge Kaplan and (2) the story of how a Subway Sun is born. THE EDITORS).

Will you please put a thank-you note in your TRANSIT for me. My husband Benjamin Loeb worked in the office as a dispatcher with Pat Hayes, Assistant Supt. and he died on January 1, 1955. The men of that office and of the whole system were very kind to me in my sorrow in many ways.

MRS. SADIE LOEB
St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.

(*Continued on Page* 18)



Underground criminals find new combatants. General Hugh J. Casey, TA chairman, swears in 108 new transit patrolmen. (Above) Behind silver-topped General is Captain Matthew J. Hughes, chief of Transit Police. At the same time eighteen patrolmen were promoted to sergeants, seven sergeants to lieutenants.

Greatest subway renovation program ever was voted last month by TA. Costing $54,000,000, it will include, among other things, remodelling of 59th St. East Side subway station. The model, shows . . . but shall we get on, fellows, to the interesting part of the picture? (Below) Her name is Valjean Miller, she answers to Jean, is a typist at 370 Jay, and lives in Queens.



Push-button railroading arrives at last. In dispatchers' office, at Times Square, Col. S. H. Bingham, executive director and general manager of TA, flicks a button. (Below) Across the city, across the East River, a train is thereby switched to proper track. Eventually the entire system will be controlled from a single switchboard.



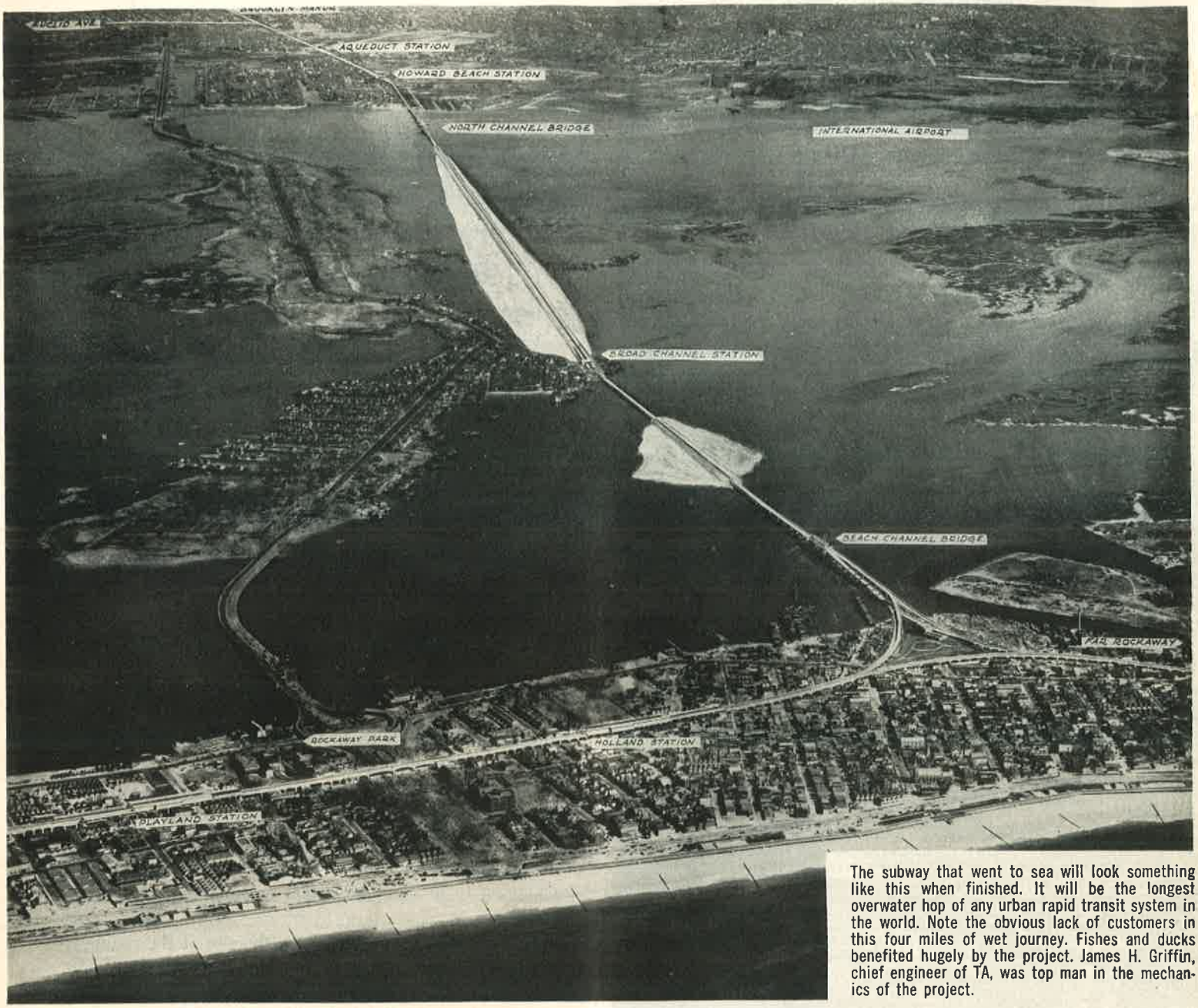
TA NEWS IN PICTURES

Samaritans are legion. TA bus-driver Carl Altenberg earned a quiet reputation for himself as a Good Samaritan. Quiet—until he gave his life trying to rescue an injured man from a motor wreck. His wife and seven children discovered the world is full of Good Samaritans. They mailed donations or gave them—to the tune of $74,000. (Right) Michael O'Connor hands widow a check for $2,200, the contribution of Carl's colleagues in TA.



Lady Transit cops, five of them, were sworn in along with the 108 patrolmen. Gen. Casey greets the new additions to the force at the swearing-in ceremonies. (Below, right) The feminine gang-busters are Johanna McFarland, Julia McEvoy, Elaine Hyde, Eloise White and Louise Ingrissani.





The subway that went to sea will look something like this when finished. It will be the longest overwater hop of any urban rapid transit system in the world. Note the obvious lack of customers in this four miles of wet journey. Fishes and ducks benefited hugely by the project. James H. Griffin, chief engineer of TA, was top man in the mechanics of the project.

THE SUBWAY GOES TO SEA

MORE than a few veteran transit men, who thought they'd seen subway building in all its phases, have found their brains reeling after a few hours on the half-finished Rockaway extension.

One old-timer, obviously getting a firm grip on himself, interrupted one of the field crew.

"Let me get one thing straight," he begged. "You're building a rapid transit line here, aren't you?"

"Of course."

"Oh. With all this talk about building islands, lagoons, lakes, ship channels and bird sanctuaries, I was wondering about that."

By all previous standards of transit construction, the Rockaway line is a topsy turvy business.

"It has always been a considerable problem disposing of fill," Francis V. Hayes, Division engineer, pointed out. "Here, on the other hand, we needed two million cubic yards of fill."

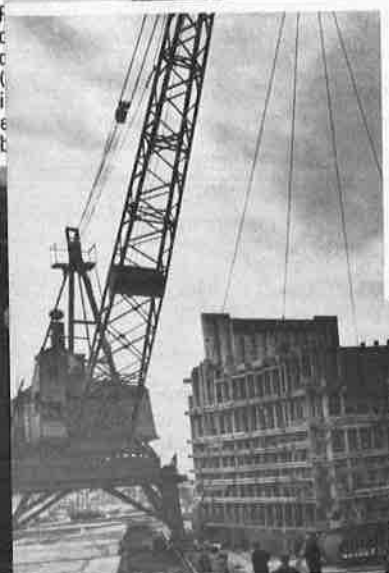
To get it the contractors went down to the bottom of Jamaica Bay and pumped up the sand that forms two new islands which are now visible on Jamaica Bay. Because the War Department wanted a ship channel, nearly an additional million yards were pumped up and this formed what is now known as Sand Island. The longest of the TA-created islands is known as The Embankment and runs for more than two miles across the Bay.

To prevent its new islands from chipping away, TA went in for grass planting on a tremendous scale. A hundred acres of the new land were planted practically foot by foot with beach grass, about the only vegetation that could thrive in the salty sand. As a lawn, it is thoroughly unattractive, but its long, strong roots are accomplishing what

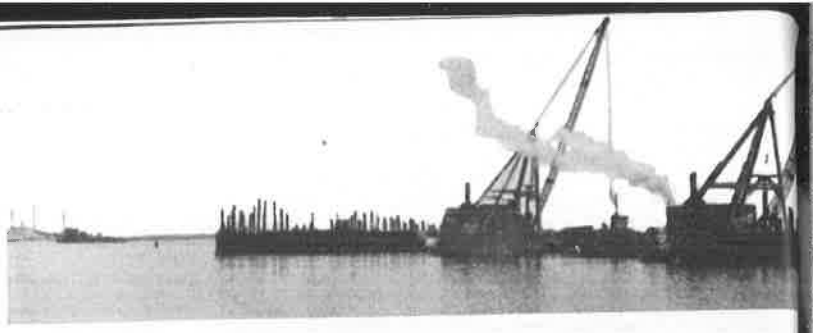








These scenes show some of the activities that go with taking a rapid transit line across the broad, shallow stretches of Jamaica Bay. TA engineers use boat (top) for inspection trips, just below is a vista from Rockaway peninsula, looking towards Brooklyn. Below, a giant crane picks up 30-ton segments of the new trestle.



TA Finds Itself Building Islands Being Kind to Wild Ducks and Fish

no mechanical device can do—anchor the islands.

It is topsy-turvy, too, in that wild life usually disappears with the approach of rapid transit. "Bob Moses wanted a bird sanctuary, complete with a fresh-water pond. So we built that," said Victor Lefkowitz, the civil engineer in charge in the field. It will be more than a year before passengers will share the benefits of the new line, but the ducks—thousands of them—are already ensconced in their sanctuary. Not in a hundred years have ducks been so numerous in Jamaica bay. Now there is no hunting allowed, a fact which annoys the old residents around the Bay, but which pleases the ducks.

For years sea bass were unknown in the Bay—in fact, the pollution had driven about every sort of sea life from the Bay, except crabs. "The game warden came around while we were dredging the new channel," said Lefkowitz, "and he said they'd be back because they love a clean bottom. And sure enough they came—plenty of big, fat ones." Eels and increasing number of fish are now making a lively comeback. The sewage refining treatment is rapidly changing the Bay back into good swimming, good fishing country.

"All very good," said one veteran visitor, "but how are you going to get the passengers to support rapid transit here?"

Standing at Broad Channel, on the site of the roadbed, the concrete piers and sandy islands stretch almost limitlessly, it seems, across the shallow waters. Actually, the overwater jump is slightly less than four miles—or would be that much from the Rockaway peninsula to the Brooklyn mainland, if it weren't for the TA islands. It is probably the longest overwater jump for an urban rapid transit system in the world. The puzzlement of veterans is obvious, since such lines always hitherto have been built in places that were envisioned as densely populated places in the future. At first glances these four expensive miles may produce good fishing—but no paying customers for TA tokens.

There is, however, much talk of great things happening here. Lefkowitz pointed out that the creation of more islands is a comparatively easy matter, which may make the Bay, in time, a great summer resort. The embankment itself is abundantly wide to support fishing stations. Commissioner Moses has plans in the works for the development of the Bay.

To the eye, the old wooden trestle that carried Long Island Railroad trains across the Bay has disappeared. It is there, though.

"In fact," said Lefkowitz, "it is the skeleton, the bonework, of the new line. Without it, there would be nothing



Dredging Ship Channels, to Get Its Trains to Rockaway

to hold the islands together; not even the grass could do that by itself."

To build the trestle—which was forever catching fire, until one blaze destroyed so much of it the line was abandoned—the engineers of the LIRR sank piles eighteen and twenty feet through the ooze and sand of the bottom of the bay to a firm footing. When the City took over, and turned the line over to TA, these were repaired, before the sand was pumped up around the lacework of piles.

"Those piles are, in fact, still going to be what our passengers ride on, even though they won't see them," Lefkowitz explained.

The available fill, sand, at best is poor fill. In addition to this, mud blankets, as thick as twelve feet, were found. The first roadbed, for all the visible steel and concrete, will be temporary. The mud blanket, Lefkowitz explained, will squeeze out gradually, like a layer of jelly when pressed between two slices of bread. In addition, voids will form and fill in the new islands, as the sand settles.

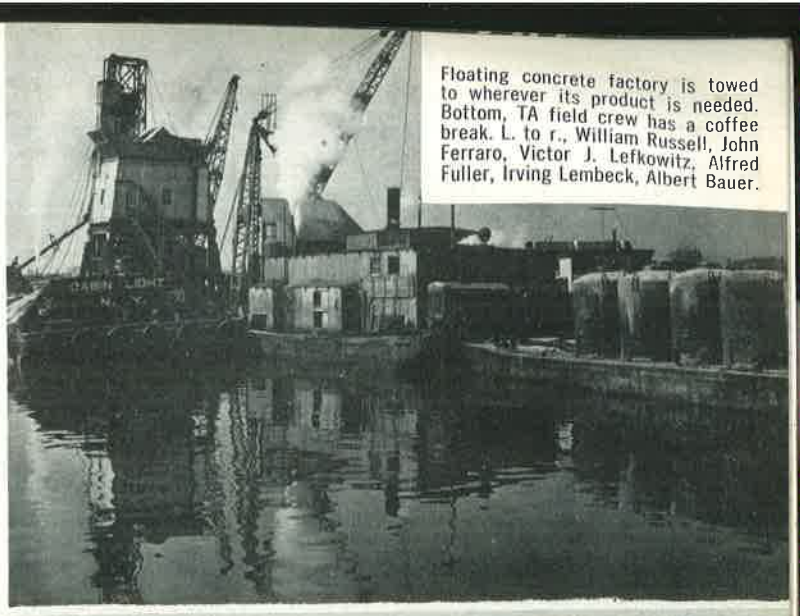
It is expected that, at the end of five years, a new, permanent ballasted roadbed will be built, approximately three feet above the level of the one now under construction, on that part of the line which rests on new land.

From an engineering standpoint, the construction involved many "firsts" for rapid transit men. Five years ago Lefkowitz, at the start of the job, was studying the effects of mussels on underwater piling. Today he is overseeing the precasting of 30-ton slabs of concrete, which are lifted by a 50-ton crane and dropped on concrete trestle foundations, forming practically a finished roadbed. A floating concrete factory is towed from place to place, accompanied by a retinue consisting of a cement barge and a sand barge. Shovels and wheelbarrows are practically unknown. The factory sucks up its nourishment mechanically and spews out its product directly into place.

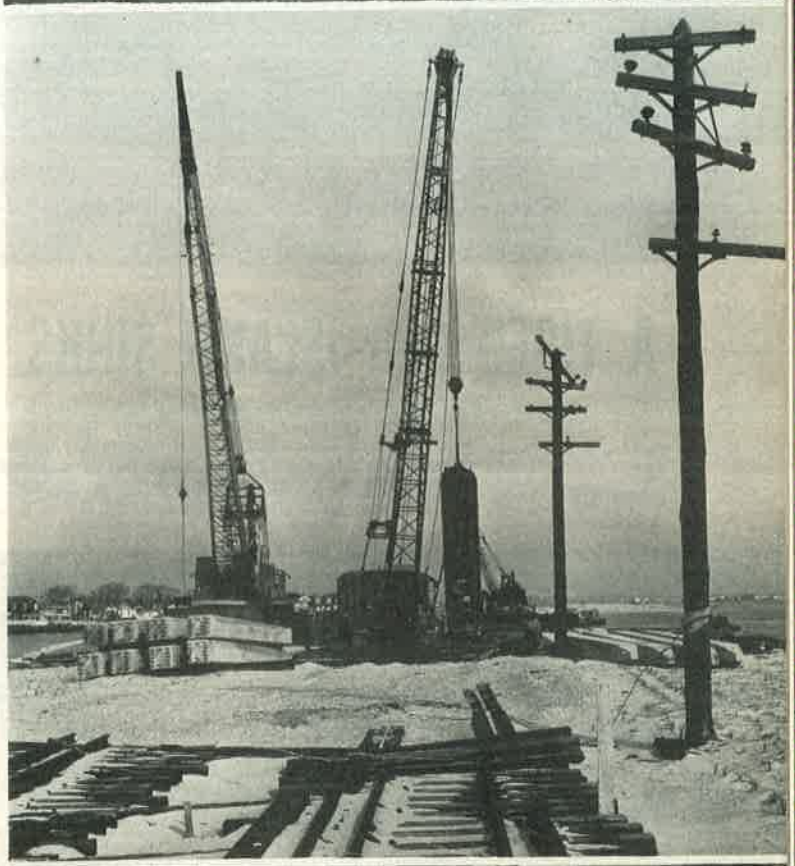
TA will have spent an estimated $52,000,000 by the time its first train arrives in Rockaway in the summer of 1956.

At that, it won't be able to celebrate the event as a genuine "first."

In 1898, when the Long Island Rockaway line was only seven years old, one of the many ancestors of the TA, the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad Company rented part-time use of the trestle from the LIRR. It built an incline at Chestnut St. and Atlantic Ave. so its trains could get onto the trestle. For 19 years, until Labor Day in 1917, it ran summer excursions for Brooklynites to the great open stretches of Rockaway Beach over the trestle. The incline was dismantled in 1942.



Floating concrete factory is towed to wherever its product is needed. Bottom, TA field crew has a coffee break. L. to r., William Russell, John Ferraro, Victor J. Lefkowitz, Alfred Fuller, Irving Lembeck, Albert Bauer.





370 Jay St., Broad Channel. That's it, just below, headquarters of the TA field crew on Rockaway project.



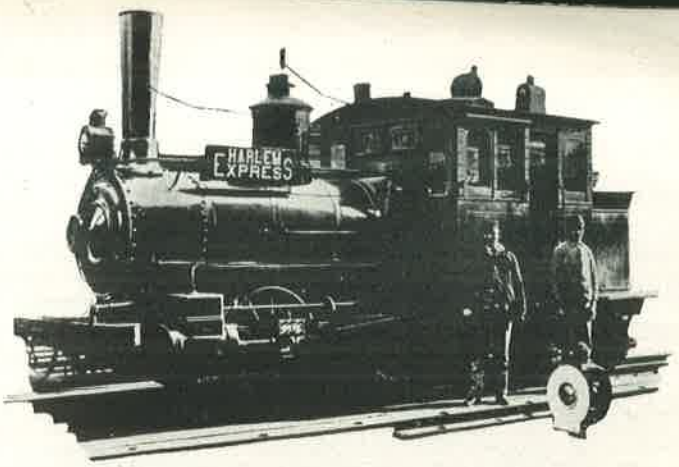
A TIRED OLD ISLAND SINKS IN A SEA OF NEW CONCRETE

Once upon a time the old Third Avenue El reared loftily to and above the top stories of the dwellings which lined its path. Above, a girl warms her hands at the pot-bellied old stove in a station which hasn't changed much in the 77 years since this El was built. This station is just north of 42d St., to keep the record straight. Below, the photograph of the 42d St. station shows, symbolically, the drowning of the old El as new skyscrapers rise around it. The El still lives—but not for long on Manhattan.



END OF AN ERA:

Manhattan, birthplace of the El, prepares to relegate its last line to the scrap heap

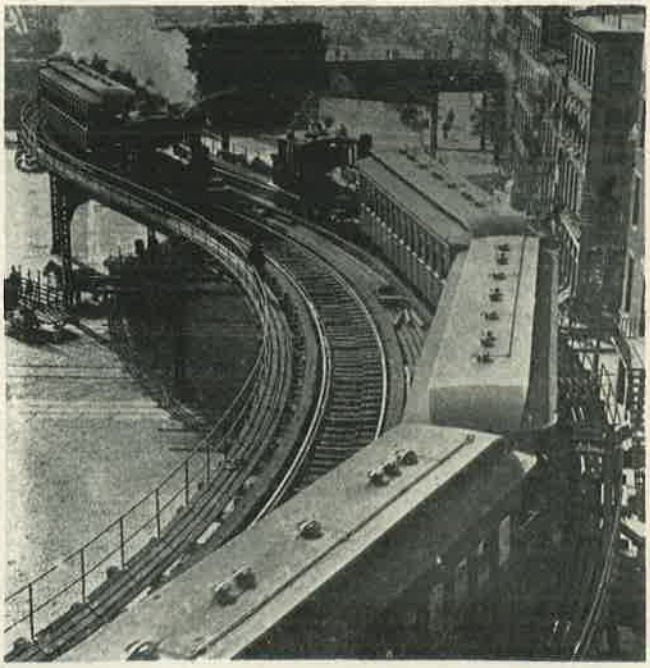


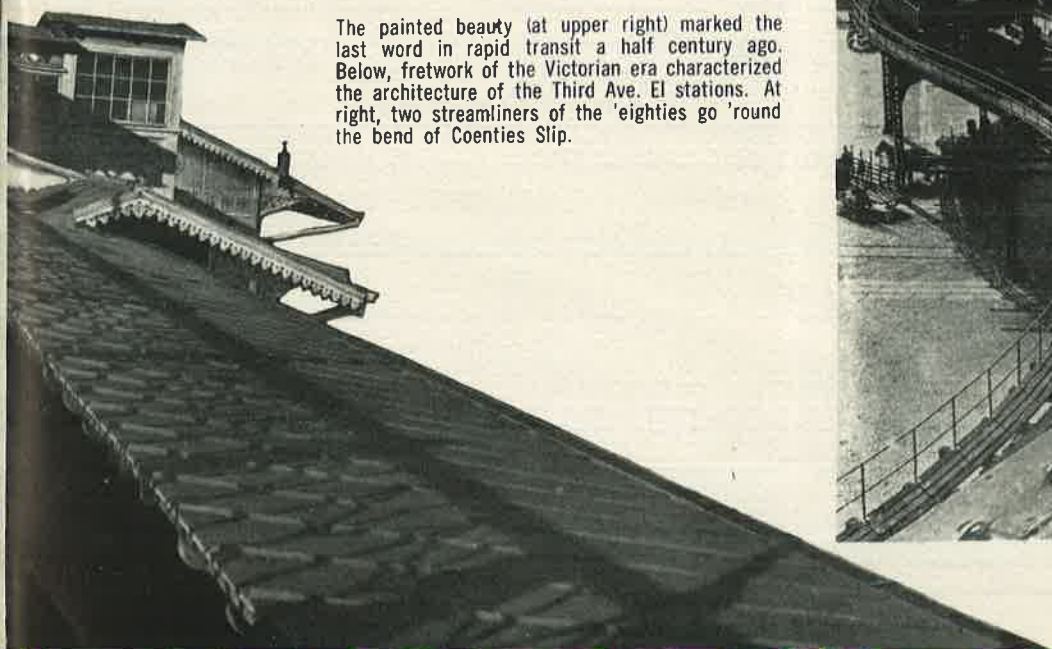
THE Third Ave. El, the plain one, most colorless of the four sisters who made the New York's rapid transit system the greatest in the world, has at least one great distinction—she's getting a fine funeral. Perhaps several of them. None of the other three had anything of the sort. Instead, their deaths were accompanied with almost unholy joy. Political figures, posing with a gilded sledge, or something like that, had spoken eloquently of these evil monstrosities which cut out light and air, had condemned the fools who built them in the first place. Merchants staged celebrations. In this ringing paean the sobs of the few, the fans, were drowned. Anyway, the fans were still weeping over the passing of the horsecars; and, if you paid attention to those fellows, there never would be any progress.

But the Third Ave. El is going out with impressive obsequies. Never before has TA received so many requests for picture-taking privileges. Historians, museum curators, ordinary interested citizens, have travelled hundreds of miles to take a last ride. One enterprising entrepreneur chartered a Third Ave. El one Sunday for a tour of the line and sold passages at $5.50 each. An estimated fifty free-lance professional photographers were shooting pictures recklessly, hoping to sell them to magazines on the occasion of the great event. Civic organizations fought valiantly against the inevitable doom—inevitable, as will be seen, because nothing short of an $80,000,000 dose of reconstruction could persuade any railroad group to continue carrying passengers on it much longer—the same breed of organization which had cheered the wrecker's sledges and torches when they bit into the Third Ave.'s sisters. TA even got a tear-jerking letter from a mother whose 12-year-old son was inconsolable; he'd been weeping and refusing to eat since his parents broke the news that the Third Ave. El, which he rode every Sunday, was coming down. And, of course, the tears of the fans flowed unceasingly.

At the other end, the beginning, it was a different story. The Third Ave. El was built almost casually. Even its champions concede that. "Its early history," said A. B. Carlson, curator of maps and prints at the New York Historical Society, a man with a shrewd eye for a spot of forgotten color, "is dull. So dull—well, to give you an idea, it didn't even have a single bankruptcy. Not during the building of the first section, anyway. That's how bad it is."

In 1887, when construction was begun on the Third Ave., the older sisters had fought and won all the great battles. The exponents of that dream of underground rapid transit had been crushed into silence. Great and skillful strategy was unnecessary to get the money to finance it. The Ninth Ave. line was a veteran of nine years when construction started, and into it, the first, had gone the great strokes of genius that vanquished those who held for subways. Strokes, like the presentation to the public of authoritative medical proof that illuminating gas, which permeated the underground of Manhattan after escaping from pipes, would surely seep into any underground tunnel that the dastards built. And there it would one day reach a point of lethal concentration, and kill thousands of passengers at a clip in the long tombs. The subway champions were no

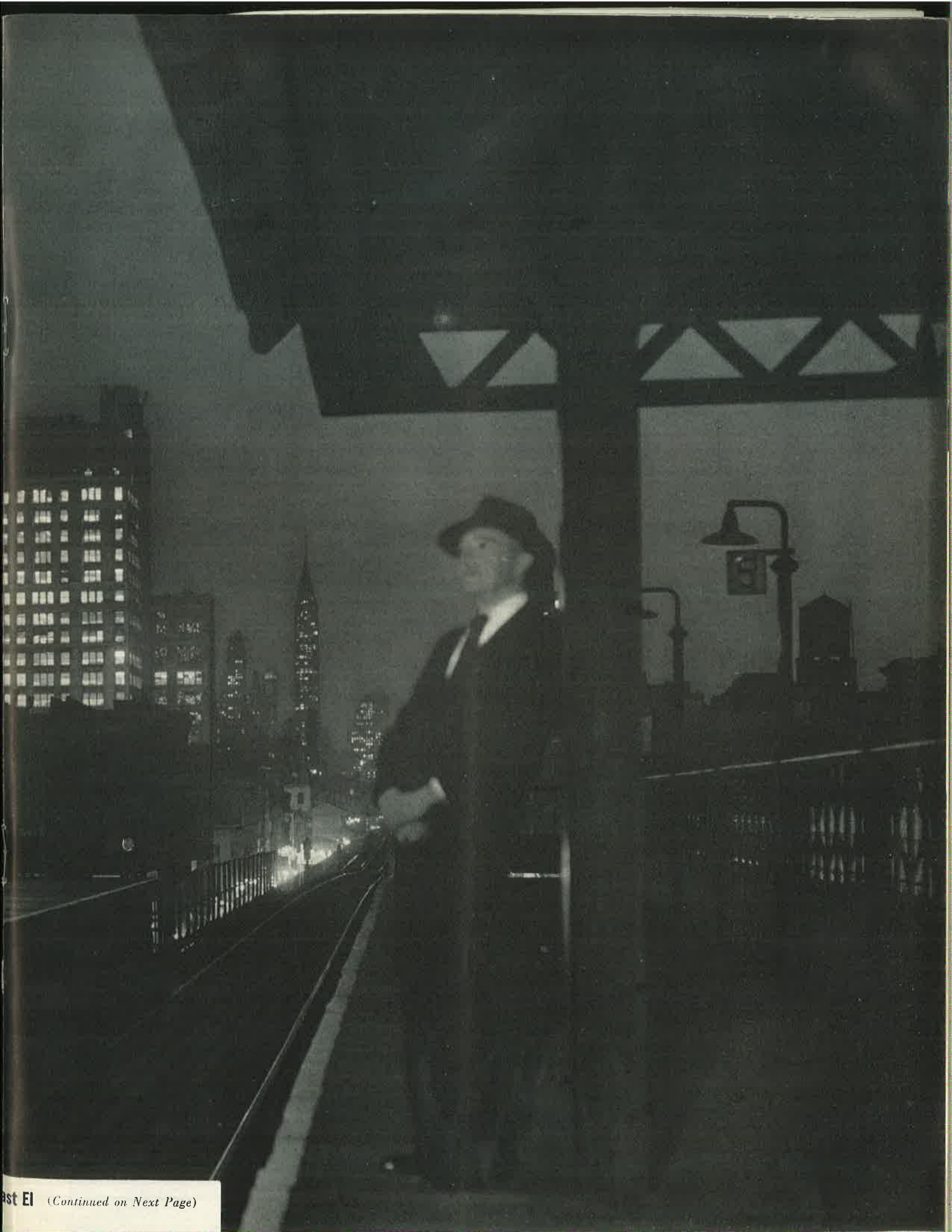




The painted beauty (at upper right) marked the last word in rapid transit a half century ago. Below, fretwork of the Victorian era characterized the architecture of the Third Ave. El stations. At right, two streamliners of the 'eighties go 'round the bend of Coenties Slip.



Twilight Falls on Manhattan's



ast El (Continued on Next Page)



The Third Ave. El has its roots in downtown Manhattan



It goes by frowsy flop houses on the Bowery

slouches at this sort of publicity themselves. They hired halls and held indignation meetings against these elevated railroads, and eloquent orators pointed out that people on rising to such heights got an irresistible impulse to jump therefrom, and the suicide toll in New York would be devastating. Furthermore, the subway orators pointed out, iron bridges were collapsing all over the country, killing hundreds, and only the capitalistic press, in the pay of iron and steel imperialists, were concealing this fact from the public. And what, the orators pursued, were elevated railroads—what, indeed, but long iron bridges which would collapse all over the city, sending hundreds of citizens to terrible deaths?

This was paltry propaganda against the grim picture of cars, loaded with waxy-faced corpses, in the gas-filled tunnels of the underground railway system. And the subwayites' counter-propaganda, British medical authorities imported at great expense, to tell New Yorkers that illuminating gas hadn't filled London's subways—this was just negative stuff, recognized forthwith as paid propaganda, and it caused hardly a ripple.

But these were battles that the Third Ave. El's sisters had fought and won. The glossy gimcracks of the earlier lines has been discarded. There was no salon reserved especially for ladies, no club car by which the aristocrats, paying extra fare, could ride aloof from the common herd. Prosaically, the Third Ave. El marched from South Ferry to 42d St., then turned east on 42d St. to Park Ave., where its passengers could change to the regular railroad lines. At that time there was no point to continuing north on Third from 42d St.

Behind the great railroad terminal, almost from Fifth Ave. to the East River, sprawled the great livestock yards, hideous with the smell of thousands of pigs, the bawling of thousands of cattle. Practically nobody lived in this area, and it seemed doubtful that anybody ever would, except for the stockyard workers. New York was crowding the yards true, from the south, and Yorkville was pushing down from the north. But some place had to be found to keep the thousands of head of livestock to feed the great abbatoirs of the East Side, which in turn fed the thriving metropolis.

Nobody even made a serious attempt to have the Third Ave. El declared illegal or reprehensible. Even the trolley barons took it laying down. They'd spent their efforts against the Sixth Ave. El when they built a double decker horse-car, rammed the roof of it against the El structures, and then went galloping to court, bleating that the elevated railroad was unlawful since it interfered with their sacred franchise to run horsecars on Sixth Ave. The Third Ave. El. just ran peaceably, toting droves of housewives from the rich residential area of Murray Hill, down to the great retail center of Grand St. Two years later a short branch was added from City Hall to Chatham Square, present southern terminal of the line. The steam locomotives spewed ashes and sparks, on pedestrians and horses below, but the horses of Manhattan apparently had been hardened to this indignity by now; anyway, nobody sued the owners for frightening their horses, "causing them to become sick and shed their shoes." All that had happened on the West Side line.

With an eye to the nickels of passengers living in Yorkville and Harlem, the rail crept through the stockyard area

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Sees great spires ahead in the distance



Draws close to the world's most expensive real estate





A tired motorman watches the city float by



He sees a vista like this ahead



Far to the north it's like this

and reached 129th St., eleven years after the first stretch was opened. The line along 42d St. to Grand Central was then operated as a shuttle service for some years before it was discontinued. It jumped the Harlem River and, in 1891, reached 177th St.

In 1902 it got to Bronx Park, and in 1920 it was connected with the East Side subway extension at Gun Hill and White Plains Rds. Meanwhile, it had been electrified in 1902.

Originally, it was a two-track road, but the heavy residential and business development, that followed it up to The Bronx, overburdened the two-track capacity. A third, or express track, was installed from Chatham Square to East 149th St. in 1916, and extended to 177th St. a year later, being used for southbound traffic in the morning, northbound in the evening.

In the report recommending discontinuance of the line below 149th St., Col. Sidney H. Bingham, executive director and general manager of TA, pointed out that parts of the line had outlived their usefulness and had been abandoned within a few years after the line stopped growing. In 1923, the 42d St. shuttle was closed down, seven years later a branch line on 34th St., to the East River, was discontinued. After a twenty year pause, the chipping away process began again.

The Third Ave. El was still to see its greatest years from the standpoint of traffic volume, but already there were rumblings that the line was outmoded. Thirty-one years ago a committee of experts, appointed by the Board of Estimate, reported that the strength of parts of the structure would be considered inadequate by today's standards, that is, the standards of 1924. The local tracks, by the way, are still unsignalled; the wooden cars, about which the newspapers were raising a great fuss thirty years ago, are still running. Three years ago Board of Transportation engineers signed the death warrant for the old section of the line—they submitted a report that the life expectancy of the line below 125th St., barring extensive reconstruction, was five or six years.

Against the case for rehabilitation of the line is the nose-diving of passenger volume. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1947, the line carried more than 86,000,000 passengers; last year it was less than 29,000,000.

So, after 77 years of service, dies the last of Manhattan's Els.

It was a great day for The Bronx when the El jumped across the Harlem River.



THE DOGS OF MANHATTAN'S

They know their way

FAY CARLUCCI, a blind girl of 23, was waiting to cross Lexington Avenue to catch an uptown subway train. The traffic was against her, and the harness of her Seeing Eye dog, Paula, transmitted the message that she was to stand there. While she stood at the curb, she felt the familiar, helping hand of a stranger grasp her arm.

"Oh, no," said Fay. "The lights—I must wait for the lights."

"Of course," the woman said, and chattered pleasant, rather strained talk, the sort sighted people feel will put sightless person at ease. About the weather. Lovely, wasn't it? The business in China. Dreadful, wasn't it?

They shouldn't do this, Fay knew. They ought to let people with Seeing Eye dogs alone. But, at the school, they told you to be pleasant to these awkwardly helpful people. So she was pleasant.

Paula's harness signalled they could cross now, but the kindly woman kept a firm grip on Fay's arm as they crossed Lexington Avenue. She kept up the running chatter, too. She really meant to be kind. Fay understood that. But clearly the helpful woman didn't understand blind people, with Seeing Eye dogs.

Paula said, through her harness, "Curb. Step up, Fay."

Fay stepped up, found herself on the uptown side. The needlessly helpful hand let go of her arm. "Thank you for helping me across," said Fay, politely.

"Me?" the chatty lady sounded surprised, puzzled. "Oh, thank you, my dear. . . . Don't tell me you haven't noticed that I'm quite blind!"

Fay Carlucci is one of some two hundred TA special customers—those who say, stealing a light phrase, "My eyes have a wet nose." She was born and brought up in New York. But she never rode in a subway until about eight months ago when she came back from Morristown, N. J., with a Seeing Eye dog, Paula.

Until then she led a restricted life. She went out, only when her father could take her in the family car. Now, comparatively, her life is a lively whirl. Now she has dates, goes dancing, to



concerts, visits friends. With these friends—they have Seeing Eye dogs, too,—they stroll and go to gay restaurants.

"It's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me," says Fay, in her bubbly, catchy voice. She has one of those clear, high little voices, with music in it. She took singing lessons, and had two concerts, "but never came of it." Now she works in the Lighthouse industrial plant in Long Island City.

At 6:15 every morning she grasps Paula's harness and trips down the steps of the Carlucci home at 32-10 Eastchester Road. She doesn't touch the bannister; just Paula's harness; that's orthodox with a Seeing Eye dog. Bannisters are tricky, misleading to a blind person, but the dogs are not.

A great many of the myths that have sprung up about subway dogs are just myths.

Some of the ranker myths is that Seeing Eye dogs are a boon to blind beggars. Actually, of the hundreds of dogs used by subway and street beggars, none is a Seeing Eye dog. The Seeing Eye people are distressed by all the calls they get from indignant people saying that's a wicked thing to do to man's best friend—turn him into a mendicant's helper. The Seeing Eye people keep track of all their dogs—they have about ninety-odd in the New York area, serving such people as salesmen, office workers and factory employes. They don't let their dogs go to beggars or people likely to become beggars.

It is doubtful, too, that any of the other dogs helping beggars—or letting their masters pretend they're being guided — in subways are actually trained in schools. Any more than most of their masters are actually guided. The Seeing Eye harness has been copied, and has fooled a lot of people.

Another myth is that most Seeing Eye dogs are mongrels, a belief

Fay Carlucci is one of TA's two hundred extra-special customers—they're allowed to bring their dogs into the subway. Although born in New York, Fay never rode in subways until she got a Seeing Eye dog. At top left, now she breakfasts at dawn, goes (next) down steps of her Bronx home, takes bus to 205th St. subway station to go to her job.



UNDERGROUND
around the Subway

strengthened by the dropped ears, the slinking tail, so often characteristic of the Seeing Eye dogs when seen by subway workers and passengers. Pedigree isn't an essential, but most of the four-legged graduates are purebred shepherd, retrievers and boxers. The falling ears, the slinking tail, simply mean that a dog is concentrating. And the job does call for concentration. After all, absent-minded humans often bump their heads by walking into a an overhead obstruction. The dog in the subway must not only make sure he has clearance, he's got too watch out for his master's head, three feet or more higher than his own.

The dogs are neither automatons, nor devoid of individualistic traits. Paula, for instance, took a lively dislike to the subway, and obviously was scared to death of it, when Paula started out on her first trip to work. The bus on the corner that took her to the 205th St. station—Paula took to that, readily. She signalled steps up, escorted Fay to an empty seat, and was the flower of good conduct in a working dogs—those breeds whose greatest fun in life is working, by



herding sheep or cows, drawing carts or sleighs—or guiding blind people. She went up the steps to the station, where Paula gets the D train every weekday morning, and got her aboard like a veteran. That first morning. But when the train dove underground, Paula didn't like it. She pressed against her mistress and shivered. The next day Fay had trouble getting Paula to go up the steps to the subway; Paula had had enough of that contrivance.

It took a couple of weeks, but Paula now takes the subway in her stride.



She may not like it, anymore than some passengers, but it doesn't bother her any more. At Seventh Ave. she trots out beside Paula, steers her downstairs to the E train. Fay really doesn't have to count stations anymore, Paula does the counting very competently. At Queens Plaza she trots out and crosses the platform to a GG train. She can snake her mistress through crowds with astonishing dexterity. And, if there's an empty seat, she'll find it.

At the 36th St. station, where they alight, it is only a few steps and stairs to the Lighthouse industrial plant, where Fay is a telephone operator and receptionist. During the day Paula snoozes at Fay's feet, eyes visitors with with considerable disinterest.

Her greatest pleasure, for Fay, is the after-hours life. Blind since an accident, when she was three, she doesn't remember sight. For twenty years she could go out and meet people or get to a job only when her father could drive her. Now she gets directions and goes off on her own.



The directions are strange, or would be, to a sighted person. Obviously there's no point to telling a blind person to walk down to suchandsuch a street and turn left. The directions, when she wants to find a new place, are like this. "You turn right and walk three blocks. Then left, on the far side, a half a block." Or, "You take the train seven stops on the express then two stops on the local." For obviously Paula can't read street signs or station signs. On such trips, it is about fifty fifty as to who does the guiding. Fay must count the stations, the blocks walked. Paula guides to the open door of the train, signals curbs down, curbs up, when the lights are red and green. Paula, like all dogs, is color blind, but she picks up her clue from the traffic movements. Fay is not always in control. The last thing Paula was taught at school was "intelligent disobedience." If Fay tries to cross the street against lights, Paula asserts herself; if there is a temporary overhead obstruction in a path which she has always walked before, Paula will pull back.

"They never forget any place they've been," said Fay. "And in restaurants they're beautifully behaved—no trouble at all. When I'm at a dance, and want to go on the floor with a partner, I just say, 'Rest now. Good girl.' And she sits there and waits for me. I have quite a life now."

Paula, a dog who knows her way around the subway system, finds Fay an empty seat on an E train after steering her through transfer point. Paula just hated subways at first, now takes them in stride. Fay (going up and to right) resumes her job as receptionist and operator at Lighthouse industrial plant in Long Island City, Paula lying by. In evening, Fay dines with family, Paula dozes.





HAIL AND FAREWELL: TA Bids Goodbye To Retiring Employes

(Figures in parentheses indicate number of years served)

ASSISTANT FOREMAN (TRACK)
William McCavana
571 West 175th St.
N. Y. C. (40)

CAR INSPECTOR
Vicenzo Carratura
1731 Golden Ave.
Bronx (36)

Patrick J. Cullen
2741 Pearsall Ave.
Bronx (27)

Gaetano Mostaroli
391 E. 151st St.
Bronx (42)

William J. O'Brien
93-29 123rd St.
Richmond Hill, N. Y. (23)

Paul Pascuto
1530 MacDonough Pl.
Bronx (37)

Joseph Pawlowski
242 Riverdale Ave.
Yonkers, N. Y. (28)

Joseph C. Lachowitz
4437 Carpenter Ave.
Bronx (43)

CONDUCTOR
Nick Consta
306 W. 94th St.
N. Y. (38)

Henry H. Cowden
68 Glen St.
B'klyn (35)

Carl J. Schenck
8835 239th St.
Bellerose, L. I. (35)

Henry M. Worfler
569 W. 184th St.
N. Y. (50)

Norman Dalley
517 W. 182nd St.
N. Y. (38)

Leo Devine
2124 Ellis Ave.
Bronx (45)

Jacob Haas
1183 Gerard Ave.
Bronx (27)

Michael Kelly
520 E. 150th St.
Bronx (29)

Jacob Stark
2018 85th St.
Brooklyn (38)

MOTORMAN
Michael J. Clifford
3536 Cambridge Ave. Bronx (43)

Henry L. Green
1990 7th Ave.
N. Y. C. (9)

John J. Killeen
402 Union Ave.
Mamaroneck, N. Y. (38)

James P. Maloney
41-39 Benham St.
Elmhurst, L. I. (45)

Joseph M. Hayhew
941 Leggett Ave.
Bronx (50)

Edward J. Mullee
950 Hollywood Ave.
N. Y. C. (50)

John Quinn
472 E. 140th St.
Bronx (45)

John Roche
757 80th St.
B'klyn (45)

Joseph Scheffer
1876 Arthur Ave.
Bronx (47)

Max J. Schwartz
1254 Union St.
B'klyn (44)

Joseph A. Beales
953 Park Pl.
B'klyn (46)

John Brett
328 E. 26th St.
B'klyn (40)

Cabriele Bruno
670 Garden St.
B'klyn (35)

STRUCTURE MAINTAINER (GROUP) A)
Louis Weinberger
9-04 122nd St.
College Point, L. I. (57)

STRUCTURE MAINTAINER (GROUP) B)
Joseph Russo
233 79th St.
B'klyn (33)

STRUCTURE MAINTAINER (GROUP D
Edward Wagner
61-13 55th St.
Maspeth, L. I. (36)

TOWERMAN
John J. Schneider
1704 Seddon St. Bronx (47)

TRACKMAN
John Gannotti
2376 Pacific St. B'klyn (23)

Gaetano Ioviero
273 Lake St.
B'klyn (26)

Giuseppe Vorrusio
19 Berkley Pl.
B'klyn (35)

VENTILATION & DRAINAGE MAINTAINER
James Carrott
586 E. 165th St.
Bronx (23)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP A)
Daniel Sullivan
2830 Harrington Ave.
N. Y. C. (29)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP B)
Daniel Christie
15 Crandell Dr.
Mineola, N. Y. (32)

Edward J. Lauby
14 A Lake Ave.
B'klyn (33)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP F)
David Ahearn
700 E. 139th St.
Bronx (30)

Pasquale Rizzuto
898 Flushing Ave.
B'klyn (36)

CASHIER (GRADE 3)
Gustave Lombardi
3 Beacon Pl.
Richmond, S. I. (50)

COMPTOMETER OPERATOR
Martha Duffy
88-06 107th Ave.
Ozone Park, N. Y. (18)

CONDUCTOR
Edward C. Buser
408 W. 58th St.
N. Y. (28)

RAILROAD CLERK
Patrick J. Connolly
225 E. 165th St.
Bronx (30)

William A. Duffy
588 Ridgewood Ave.
B'klyn (25)

Isabelle Mulvaney
390 Vernon Ave.
B'klyn (20)

Arthur Wood
1846 22nd Ave.
Noro Beach, Florida (40)

RAILROAD PORTER
Ebenezer W. O'Neal
40 Edgecombe Ave. N. Y. (25)

SIGNAL MAINTAINER
Lewis Powell
3420 Avenue H
B'klyn (29)

Sylvester M. Zimmerman
114-82 230th St.
St. Albans, N. Y. (22)

POWER MAINTAINER (GROUP A)
Frank Pontoli
776 9th Ave.
N. Y. (37)

RAILROAD PORTER
James Dackerman
183 Freeman St.
B'klyn (37)

SIGNAL MAINTAINER
George Zimmermann
2873 Dudley Ave.
Bronx (37)

TRACKMAN
Domenico Iorio
661 Summit Ave.
Jersey City, N. J. (43)

FOREMAN (CARS & SHOPS)
Edward R. Semeran
128 Strong Ave.
Lyndenhurst, L. I. (33)

FOREMAN (TRACK)
Carmine Luciano
403 E. 155th St.
N. Y. (35)

MECHANICAL MAINTAINER (GROUP C)
Lloyd W. O'Neil
1318 Stebbin Ave.
Bronx (35)

ASSISTANT TRAIN DISPATCHER
George G. Foust
355 E. 32nd St.
Paterson, N. J. (43)

POWER MAINTAINER (GROUP A)
Stefan Calebotta
24 65th St.
West New York, N. Y. (26)

Joseph C. Molter
76 Wilson St.
B'klyn (27)

POWER MAINTAINER (GROUP C)
Cristabal C. Bautista
101-40 115th St.
Richmond Hill, N. Y. (32)

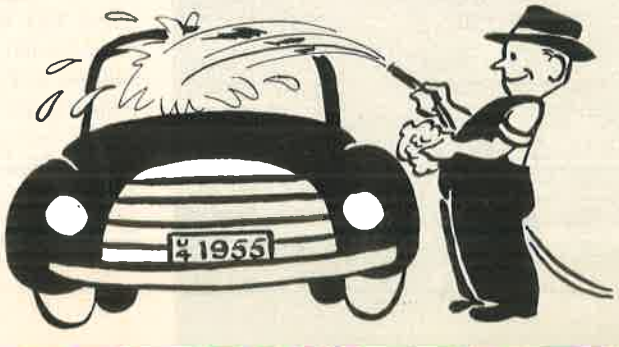
Juan Galan
84-34 63rd Ave.
Rego Park, L. I. (28)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP E)
Antonio Cosenza
745 E. 238th St. Bronx (26)

MAINTAINER'S HELPER (GROUP C)
Lindsay Patterson
209 Kingston Ave.
South Floral Park, L. I. (31)







Oriental kings once believed an evening was wasted without a platter of stuffed cabbage leaves, those wondrous things from Albion, and a brace of Circassian houris. The houris don't belong here, but we do present the stuffed cabbage leaves. From a recipe originating in Brooklyn 12, N. Y. Mrs. Anne Sussman, 92 Newport St., sends it.



STUFFED CABBAGE

1 large head cabbage (3 lbs.)
1 lb. ground beef
¾ cup cooked rice
1 finely chopped onion
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups canned tomatoes
2 tablespoons brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Cooking time — 3 hours at low flame.

Boil cabbage for 5 minutes and separate leaves. Remove coarse end. Mix together beef, rice, onion, salt and pepper. Select the largest leaves and place 2 tablespoons of meat mixture in each. Fold the cabbage leaves over the meat, mix, tie firmly with white thread. Line a large pot with the rest of cabbage leaves. Place stuffed leaves on them, add the tomatoes, brown sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Cover pot tightly and simmer gently. Add a little water, if necessary, to keep meat covered with liquid at all times. Add lemon juice and a little more brown sugar to taste. Simmer over low flame for three hours.

"This," writes Mrs. Emily Phillips, 375 East 159th St., The Bronx, "is a wonderful dessert." Having tried it, we agree. Simple, yet vastly different, from run-of-mill desserts.



CRANBERRY FREEZE

1 quart fresh cranberries
1 cup water
2 cups sugar
Grated rind of 1 orange
Juice of 1 orange
2 egg whites stiffly beaten
½ pint heavy whipped cream



Wash and drain cranberries. Cook slowly with water until soft. Press through a sieve, add sugar to sieved cranberries, simmer gently. Add grated orange peel, let cool. Add orange juice to the cranberry mixture, then gently fold in beaten egg whites and whipped cream. Put into the large freezing tray and freeze.

Mrs. Nicholas Parella, 47 Clinton St., Stapleton, Staten Island 4, N. Y., combined the crunchy, typically American potato chip with the tuna of the western sea to achieve this.

TUNA CASSEROLE

1 large bag of potato chips (crumbled)
2 cans white meat tuna
2 cans cream of mushroom soup, diluted with one can of water

Crumble potato chips in bag. Grease baking pan with butter and place about 1/3 of crumbled chips on bottom. Drain oil from fish and place a layer of fish over the chips. Then pour part of the creamed soup over mixture. Repeat arrangement of layers of chips and fish and soup. Sprinkle remaining chips over top and bake in medium oven for 45 minutes.

Preparation is the important thing in achieving perfection in this dessert



bread. Submitted by Mrs. A. Baylor, 149 Cornelia St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CINNAMON NUT BREAD

Preheat oven to baking temperature, 350°, grease bottom (sides need not be greased) of an 8 or 9″ loaf pan. Sift together into a large bowl:

2 cups sifted flour
1½ teaspoons salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon, add
¾ cup nuts, chopped
1 egg, unbeaten
2/3 cup sugar
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted shortening

Move bowl control on mixer so that



beater nearly touches side of bowl, beat at #3 for 1 minute. During the beating move bowl control back and forth several times to mix thoroughly all ingredients.

Bake at 350° for 1 hour. Store in bread box for at least 1 day.







(Continued from Page 3)



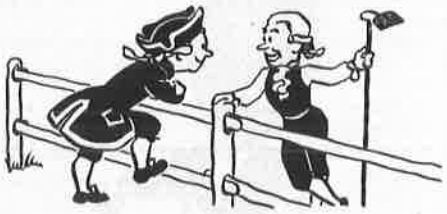
Sure does me good to see some of my old pals' pictures in your magazine. They are so far away that I would never know what they look like. So if you will be so kind and let them see what their old pal Bob looks like.

ROBERT J. AMADEI,
Retired Motorman, BMT,
Rowan, Iowa



A golf club is now being formed by employes of the TA. Application for membership in the Metropolitan Golf Association has been made and a series of tournaments and golf matches will be scheduled for play this season. Any employe of the Transit Authority who is a golfer, and who would be interested in membership in this club, should write to:

ALFONSO HORSTMANN,
5 Sylvia Lane, New Hyde Park,
New York



Small World, Isn't It?

Interesting to learn that an old neighbor, Mr. William B. J. Meredith, whose letter and photograph appeared in the March issue, was a fellow worker in the system. The Meredith and Reynolds families were close neighbors for many generations, our respective forefathers having obtained adjacent land grants in Delaware in the 1730's. The Meredith grant was known as Rachel's Delight, while the name of the Reynolds place was Golden Ridge. The list of new pensioners given in the March issue is a very interesting addition. Would it not be a good idea to include a list of those pensioners who have passed on during the month?

HERBERT B. REYNOLDS
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

My husband and I both enjoy it very much. After we are through reading it, we pass it on to our many friends to show them there is just a little *bit* more work behind transit than putting a token into the fare box. Congratulations also to Roland Harvey for his wonderful picture taken at the 207th Street Yards. Incidentally, my husband is a Power Maintainer.

MRS. ANTHONY LEPORE
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

I wonder how many people are around who like myself, rode in this monorail car (TRANSIT, February) from Bartow station to City Island in the good old fishing days on City Island? Of course, I am soon to be 74—and remember the crack-up of this car?

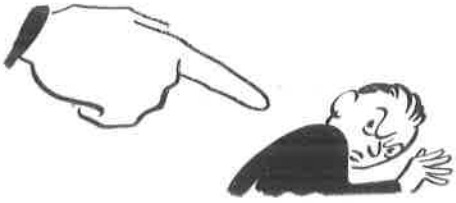
C. A. THIEL
2830 Schley Ave., Bronx 65



The article about Smitty who had to come in for his last check as he was retiring—this article struck home. A certain party, who had been in one of our Brooklyn offices for seven years, had retired last year and was up to say good bye to Joe McCarthy's office force before he went away. Joe is a very decent, good-hearted fellow and he told us of the coming visit to our office at the 207th St. Yards, Purchase & Stores Department, and we all chipped in and gave him a travelling clock in a leather case. This party had been a big boss over there in Brooklyn and when he arrived he was introduced to everyone individually. When he shook my hand, this very well dressed man, was deeply depressed and he said to Joe McCarthy and me that we were the only ones that remembered him by giving him a present. Don't you think this is a cold-blooded way to send a faithful employe away after spending all of his best years with the Transit Authority?

Many years ago I worked for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company as a bookkeeper and they had a system there for all employees. After 5 years service an employee got a little silver medal. After 10 years they got a gold badge and after 15, 20 and 25 years they got little gold bars attached to the badge. Then after 30 years a little diamond was inserted in the bar and every 5 years thereafter a diamond was put in the bar until this party retired. Upon retirement a dinner was given and all the employes gave presents who attended the last dinner as well as the desk being decorated and all those that could not attend left presents on the desk. Also after 25 years every employe was listed as a veteran and a dinner was given once a year for all the veterans at the expense of the company. The people are so attached to this company that they call it Mother Metropolitan. If we could institute a system like the Metropolitan, I am certain it would boost the morale of the Transit Authority considerably.

JOSEPH C. HORAN,
Purchase & Store Dept.



I hope and pray that our house organ should not be a self adulation project. There are lofty moments in the TRANSIT life, but also too many sordid ones. Many books can be written about it. May I ask your kindness to allow to express my opinion on one of the sordid corners? Since the tokens came to plague the life of the Railroad Clerks, a new evil has been added. Thefts by some clerks or a gang to rob their fellow workers by using various methods to remove tokens from the bags and place them so it can remain unnoticed during the tour of duty. At the end of the day the clerk finds himself robbed of a week or two of his earnings. This is injury with insult added. It is the meanest of thievery. As the TRANSIT goes to every employee, I hope these lines serve as an appeal to end this—either by driving the thieves out or by making them repent.

DAVID BERKINGOFF,
The Bronx



Information, Please

Tell me what you think of this idea: Every railroad has an information booth. I understand the subways have about 237 miles of track. The TA sure can use an Information Booth. Among other reasons statistics show if you ask anyone for directions it is 2 to 1 that you will be given wrong directions. Think of the untold benefits an information booth service would provide!

WILLIAM THOMAS BEAR,
RR Clerk

I noticed in the January issue one of our retired associates basking in Florida's sunshine. No doubt many of the workers will envy them, but there are others of my red-blooded friends who prefer the changing seasons. It is a wonderful thrill to enjoy Winter in the country, to see the landscape blanketed under an ever-white covering of snow, with the pine trees and shrubs laden and encased in glistening mother-of-pearl—the setting of the enclosed picture, taken at our crystal-clear spring pond on our property here.

CHARLES H. ADAMS,
Retired, Inspector of Construction,
Gardiner, N. Y.



HOW TO COMMIT SUICIDE

(For Better Ways To Do It Transit Will Pay $.00000)

THE trick here is to look carefully one way—then jump mightily toward safety. This is practically sure-fire. Of course, you've got to expect



fifty per cent failure. That is, on the average, you jump out of the way of an oncoming train, bus or car, and you have a fifty per cent chance of missing an oncoming train, bus or car from the other direction.

But only fifty per cent. It's like Russian roulette, that fascinating game of putting only one cartridge in a revolver and passing it around. The trick is to put it against your head quickly and pull the trigger. If you win, the hammer falls on an empty chamber. If you lose . . . well a fascinating game, some people find it.

That's precisely how it is when you jump briskly out of the path of an onrushing train, bus or car, carefully overlooking the vehicle coming from the other direction. This will kill you just about as dead as the onrushing train, bus or car that you're jumping away from.





Six years of carefully kept records by our Safety Bureau have established that this is the favorite way of achieving swift death. To be precise about it, some sixty per cent of our fatalities have been accomplished by looking carefully one way, then jumping out of danger—to be macerated efficiently by a train, bus or car coming the other way.

Failure to achieve swift death is generally due to just one reason—the habit some people have of looking both ways before crossing tracks, streets, or making a turn in a bus.

You might think it is the newcomers who fail to achieve swift, ugly death by looking both ways.

Not so, though. The Safety Bureau Records shows that the largest group who achieved death by this means—jumping quickly out of the path of a train into the path of another train, etc.—are those who have put in from 15 to 24 years on a transit job.

Second highest is the group which have put in more than 25 years.

So take it from old-timers, brother, the quickest way to get yourself killed is to jump back quick, without bothering to look behind you, or both ways, when you see an onrushing train, car or bus bearing down on you.





THE GENTLE PEOPLE OF TA

Smell of gasoline exhaust, clatter of metal repairs, isn't all that goes on behind the walls of TA bus depots. In the Ninth Ave. depot there is a moment of quiet as Mrs. Florence Crosson, with four of her five children, comes in. Her husband, John, a surface line operator, dropped dead of a heart attack. The boys took up a collection and here, Operator James Doyle hands the check to the young widow. Too young to understand, the children, Christine 2, John 4, Robert 6, and Michael 8, take it breezily. The oldest, Patricia, 13, was "minding house."

Transit

APRIL, 1955

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Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

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