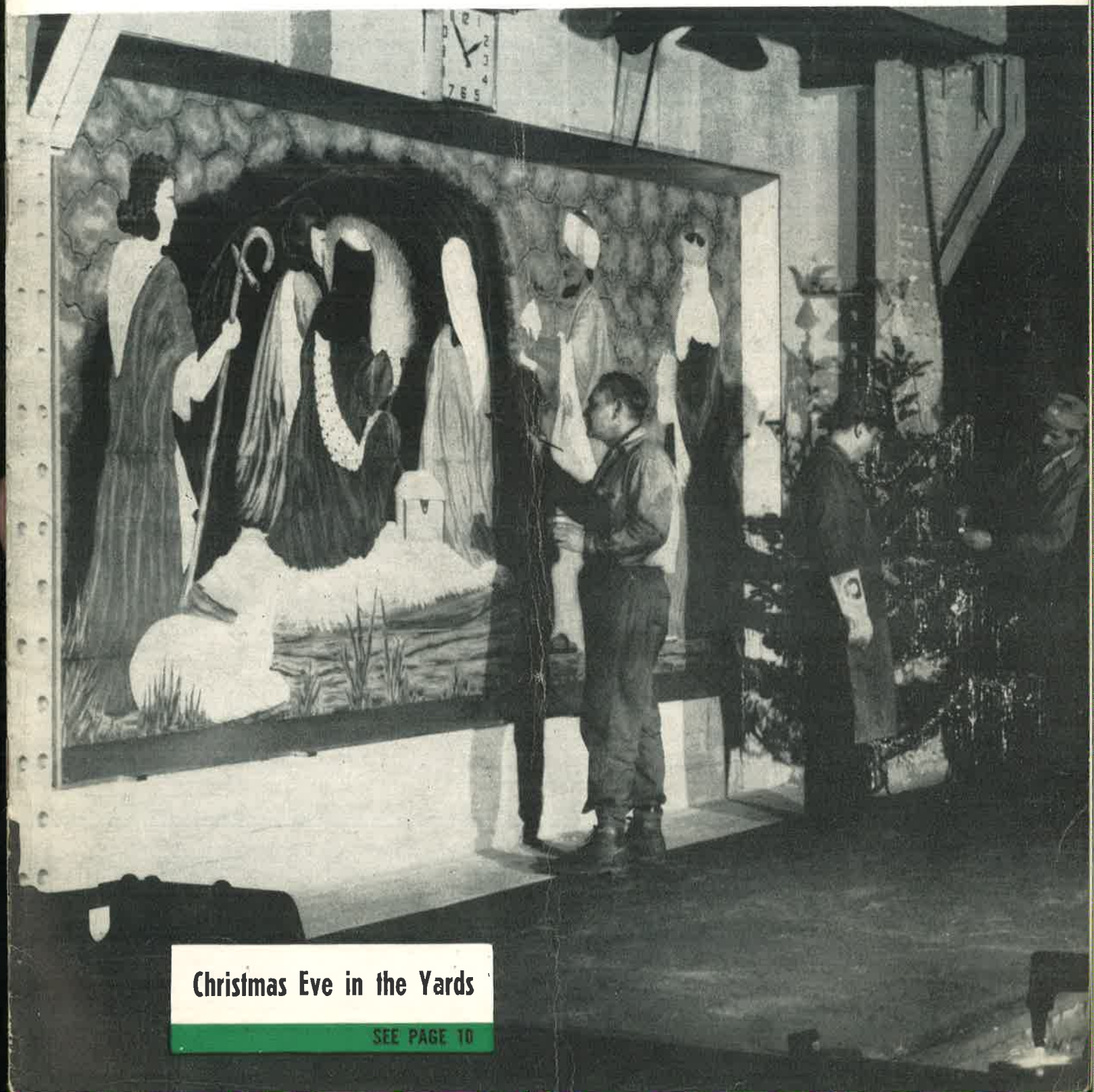
Transit

NEW YORK • DECEMBER 1955



Christmas Eve in the Yards

SEE PAGE 10

Transit

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

LEO CASEY
EDITOR

VOLUME 2, NO. 3

December 1955

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The Editors
TRANSIT
370 Jay Street
Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

From The Editor's Desk

IN the October issue of TRANSIT there was a story about Herbert Coddington, an IND train dispatcher. The story disclosed that Coddington started as a railroad clerk, earned a college degree while working, became a college professor and was still studying and doing his TA job. . . People read TRANSIT. Commissioner Joseph E. O'Grady, since he took office with the other TA members last July, had been looking for a top aide. On December 1, a new Administrative Assistant to Commissioner O'Grady appeared on the 13th floor of 370 Jay Street. His name was Herbert Coddington. . . The photograph at the bottom of this page shows TA Chairman Charles L. Patterson visiting William Barber, hero conductor, in Kings County Hospital. Lots of people in addition to the tall man with the tortoise-shell glasses were concerned about Willie Barber. Eight of these people were TA cops. They did something about it. On Page 6 read the fascinating true detective story of how TA police tracked down Barber's assailants. . . Where do TA people work? Foolish question No. 1. In New York, of course! Sorry, you're wrong. TA employees work at TA business in Oregon, Florida, Indiana and other places far removed from New York. There are a number of stories we members of the TA family can be proud to tell our neighbors, stories of the vastness of The System, none more interesting than "The Subway Ranges Wide" on Page 4 . . . TRANSIT magazine was founded in November 1954, so this is our second Christmas issue. Looking over the page proofs of the magazine just before it goes to press, we cannot help but feel warm inside . . . The front cover showing Lawrence Carter painting the picture of the Manger. . . . The men in the truck shop singing that old sweet song of Christmas, "Silent Night, Holy Night" . . . The cops, Martin and Rooney, preparing for the TA police Christmas party for kids in Roosevelt Hospital . . . The Chairman remembering His admonition to visit the sick . . . Curtayne, the commissioner, and Mayfield, the policeman, both of them teachers once . . . Commissioner O'Grady and Herbert Coddington . . . Christmas in The System! . . . Have a merry one, a happy one . . . God bless you, one and all.



AS OTHERS   SEE US



I am not very big—I usually take up about 1½ sq. ft. of space. Occasionally I spread out more when people with the proper and full background get me.

Though I am small I am much sought after—more so in the morning and evening than at other times. The tired and the weary seek me; the quick and nimble usually get me. By right I belong to the nearest, but others sometimes grab me. Occasionally I am given to the aged and the infirm, and it is an event when a gentleman offers me to a lady.

Many people would gladly pay something to get me, but conditions prevent me from being sold. The poor and the rich need to take their chances on getting me.

I used to be old and hard and dull. But lately my owners have been very kind to you. They have given me a new attire which makes me new and soft and brightly colored.

I am always ready to be of help and of service to you in your travel—except when I am already used.

I am an ordinary subway seat.

HARRY HALBREICH
115-06 135th Ave.
South Ozone Park, N. Y.



Just received the November issue of TRANSIT. The pictorial part appealed very much to me also the readings therein, such as "Little Hercules" whom I know, A Cop Studies Law, A Deluge Every Day, Hail and Farewell, and the other items.

To my mind it will help to create a better understanding between the Authority and the employe through the medium of the column (Brass Horn). May I congratulate the three commissioners and the General Manager on what has been done so far for the employe.

CHARLES W. KELLY
323 E. 90th St., N. Y.

TRANSIT does something to us old timers which I am sure they all enjoy. I will be 79 on June 14. I served the City of New York for 43 years and 10 months. It is a city of great people.

I am in the country and still drive my car and go around to see the wonderful beauty of nature.

ARNOLD B. COLMER,
62 Church Street,
New Paltz

Who's Your Beneficiary?

The office of the IRT Voluntary Relief Department would like it known that many of its members due to death, marriage or other circumstance, may require to change the name of the beneficiary of their death benefit. Write to the office at 370 Jay St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y., or telephone: ULster 2-5000, Ext. 4301, and they will verify the name of your beneficiary, or arrange for the necessary change.

WM. LEAN, Clerk, in Charge,
IRT Vol. Relief Dept.

Thank you for TRANSIT. It gives me a chance to renew old friendships, some I lost track of. Have many pleasant memories of my 46 years employment with the old IRT and NYCTS. This is a beautiful section of New York State, although we had a very cold and stormy winter.

VAL FURST,
Oneida, N. Y.



Calling All Camera Fans

You are missing a lot if you do not attend the meetings of the newly organized N.Y.C. T.A. Camera Club. The club has been going "great guns" ever since it was organized.

Members and visitors were treated to a color slide trip to New Orleans, complete, with narration and appropriate background music. Various members demonstrated the operation of their cameras and finished products. We had an interesting lecture-demonstration on the versatility of the Modern Press Camera and its uses. All who brought color slides had them projected on a large screen for everybody's enjoyment.

The Program Committee is planning another enjoyable evening for the next scheduled meeting to be held in the lecture room (Room 908) at 370 Jay St., 6:30 P.M. December 27, Visitors Welcome.

SAM SWEDLOW

Why not start a first aid course as taught by the Red Cross? I am sure this idea would pay off in preventing further injury to both employees and passengers involved in accidents. It may perhaps even prevent death to some people when you have a qualified first aid man at the scene.

Also please start a wanted and for sale department as mentioned in one of the issues of TRANSIT.

JAMES J. MCQUILLAN, IRT M/M,
Manhattan

The monthly magazine is getting better. Keep it up. I am in favor of a page devoted to "Transit Trading Post."

A. RITA
RR Clerk



Social Security for TA Workers?

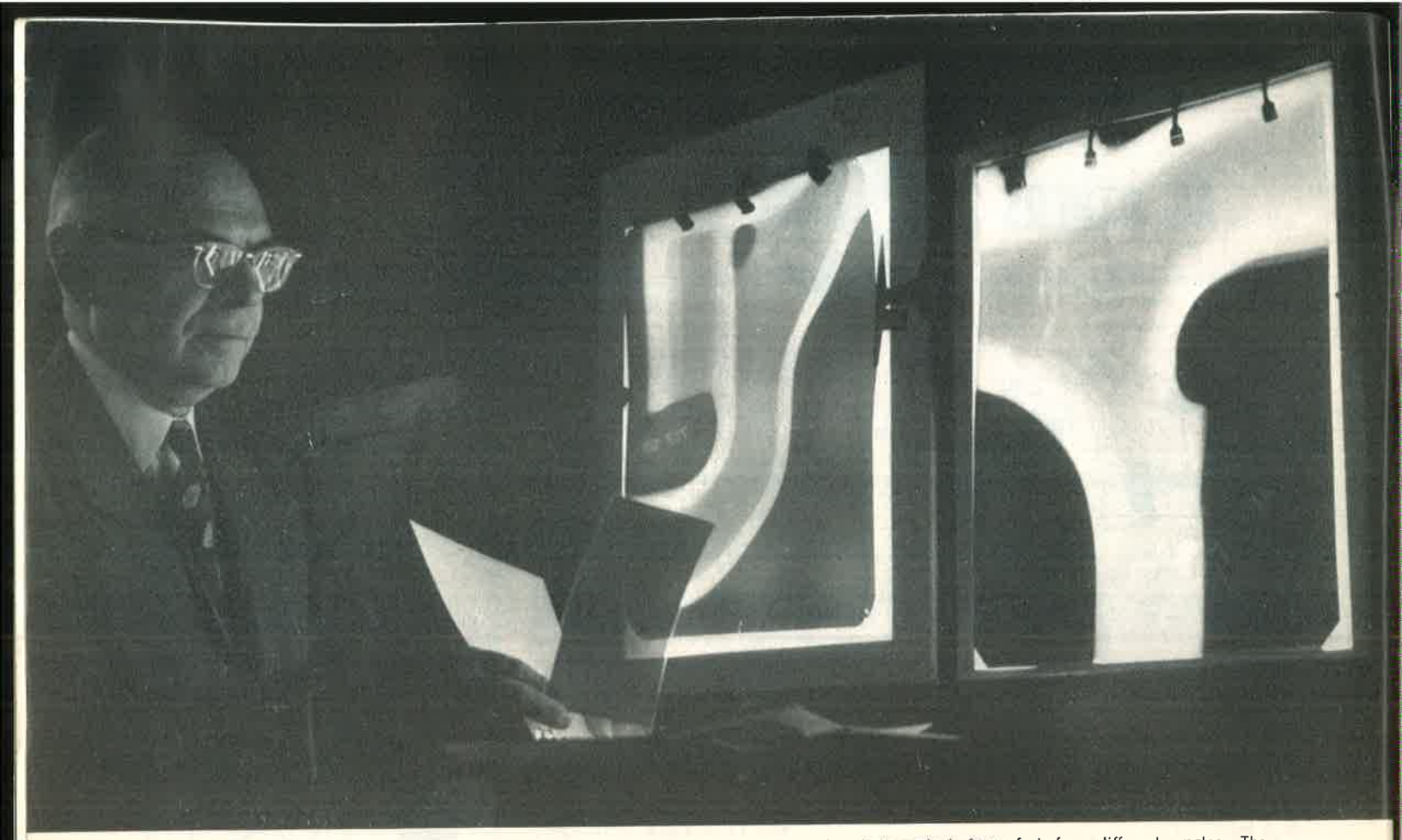
I refer to the Transit Authority giving its employes a referendum on getting Social Security. I was with the service of the City of N. Y. 33 years as of May 1st, 1955, and know a lot about the feelings of the employes.

When we took over the BMT and the IRT, we had thousands of elderly men who joined the City Pension Plan at the time it was taken over. Today when these men retire they get very little from the Pension Fund because they have not been long enough covered by the City Pension Plan to receive an ample pension from the old BMT and IRT. They would not get even a month's rent because there is very little money left in these old plans. I'm certain if some of these old timers could be covered under Social Security for the next two years they would be only too willing to pay for it. This attitude also applies to all of the Board employes who were with the Board since its inception.

If we could get Social Security coverage, then a lot of experienced men would not have to retire to go out and get an outside job in order to be covered by Social Security, to get a decent living from both Pension and Social Security before they pass out of business or the world.

If the Transit Authority does not want to pay the 2 per cent that employers have to pay for Social Security, then I feel certain that there will be thousands who would be willing to pay the 4 per cent so that they could receive Social Security.

JOSEPH C. HORAN
Bronx



X-RAY FOR A SUBWAY CAR. In a midwest foundry, truck frames for new cars were being cast. TA inspector pulled out one in every 25, and had it X-rayed as thoroughly as no human patient could be. With radium exuding gamma rays to penetrate the nickel steel, the specimen is photographed from forty-four different angles. The X-rays are then sent to the TA's Materials Inspection Laboratory where, here, S. E. Berkenblit, principal chemist, checks for defects. Every single part of new subway cars are tested in a like manner.

The Subway Ranges Wide



John J. J. Quinn

From Oregon to Florida, TA Inspectors Poke into Forests, Great Steel Mills and Tiny Plants in 25 States, to Check the Materials That Go into New York's Subway.

In the yellow pine country of Florida, a TA worker, hard on his job, mops his brow. In Northampton, Pa., another TA employe drives a couple of miles to his job. An old-time resident of Bethlehem, Pa., finds it difficult to convince a new acquaintance that he works every day on his job with New York's subway system. In Oregon a TA inspector checks some mighty logs.

What's a TA man doing in a small fabricating shop in Indiana, and a great steel mill in Pennsylvania?

Well, back in 1900, when New York's subway was just some white lines on blue paper, the Materials Inspection Division was born. Today the heart of it is on the eleventh floor of 370 Jay St., but the majority of the hundred and sixteen men and women who run it are scattered over twenty-five states, or in the laboratory building at 960 Carroll St., in Brooklyn.

Ordinary railroads might take US Steel's, or Bethlehem's word for it, that the steel they're selling is top-notch stuff. But not TA.

"It isn't," explained John J. J. Quinn, head of Materials Inspection, "that I think anybody would try to palm off a shoddy piece of goods on us."

He loses no sleep over that danger.

"But what we are worried about," he said, "is that chance of human error that must be checked and rechecked." Some little mistake might send a train into a crashing derailment.

So when an ingot is poured—an ingot which may later be made into rails—a TA inspector is there to note the degrees of heat and such technical data. The ingot is marked if it passes TA requirements. Is it okay to use that ingot for TA work now? Not by a long sight! A few ounces of it is drilled out and sent to the Carroll St. laboratory. There it is tortured with all sorts of chemical tests. Then, and only then, if its quality is perfect it is okay to go into a rail or some part of the rapid transit structure in New York's subway system.

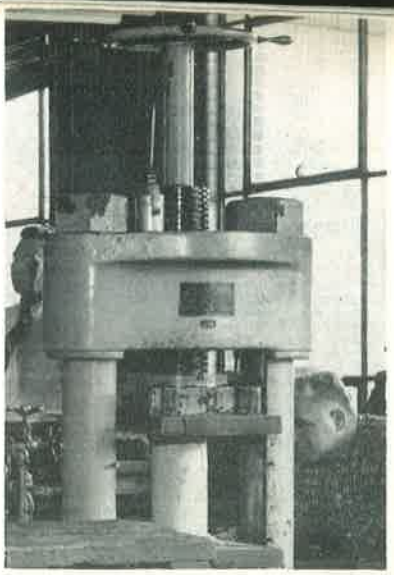
In Northampton, Pa., TA maintains a small laboratory. This is cement-manufacturing country, the source of the cement that goes into the concrete that is the stuff New York's subway walls, platforms and supports are made of. They test the cement here, before it goes to New York. But that isn't the end of it. Here it is made into batches of concrete. And samples of this are made into concrete cylinders. Each cylinder is sent to Carroll St. where huge and expensive machinery crushes it under terrific pressure— and records the pressure at which it breaks. So, when the concrete is finally put into place, there's no question about whether it will stand up or not. It will.

Does this costly inspection pay off? Back in 1900, it was foreseen that the failure of any component part of the subway system could bring on a catastrophe. In fifty years no such catastrophe has occurred. What gory accidents there have been were due always to human failures, not material failures.

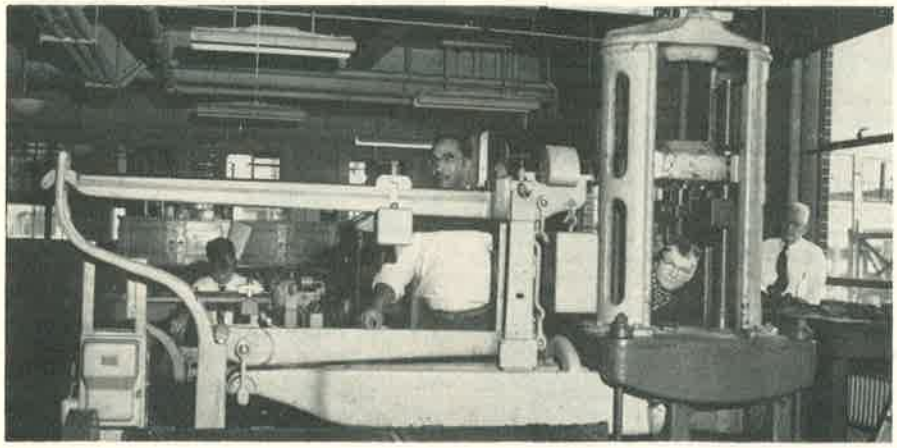
Safety isn't the only reason for source inspection. "It costs money," Mr. Quinn said, "to send carloads of yellow pine from Florida to New York. If we reject it here, somebody is going to pay that freight bill. Furthermore, if a lot of some material, urgently needed, turns out to be inferior—what are you going to do? Stop the subway until we get the proper material?"

The Oregon trip came about when it appeared that the Rockaway extension might be delayed for lack of some massive timbers not available here. It was the contractor's responsibility, and he was in a sweat. "If I could borrow one of your lumber inspectors to go out to the West Coast," he said, "I can make it." The inspector was

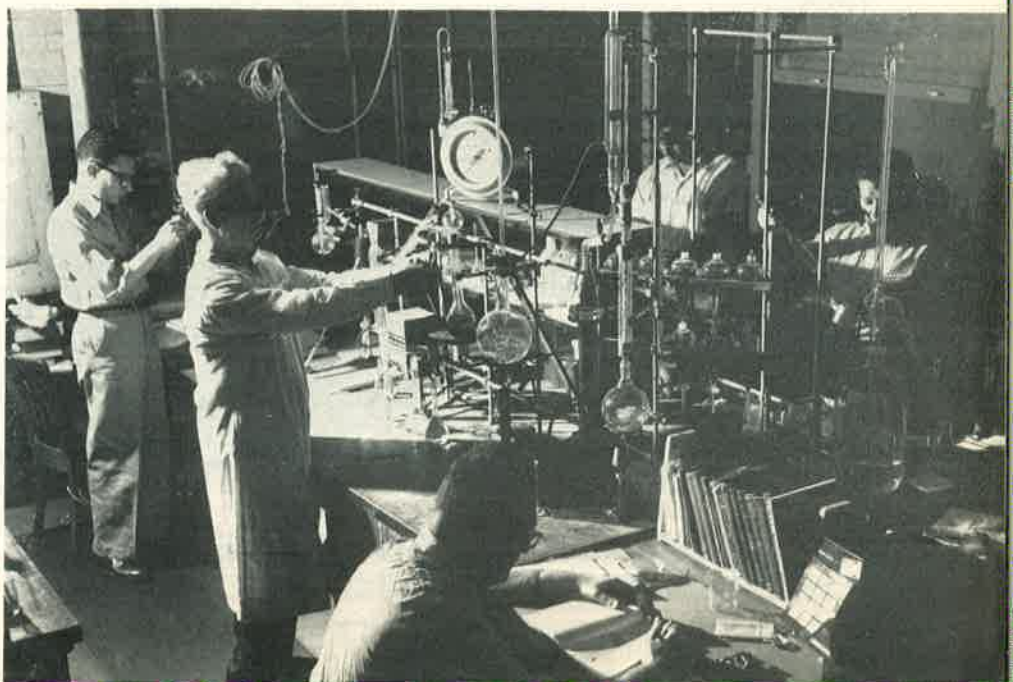
(*Continued on Page* 18)



A concrete cylinder, cured 90 days, is crushed in the 400,000-pound Olson compressor operated by August Schlegel to make sure it will not crack at less than 90,000 pounds.



An inch-square reinforcing rod must withstand a pull of better than 55,000 pounds before it goes into subway. Here one is torn apart in 150,000-pound Riehle tension and compression machine. This one let go at 90,000 pounds. L to R, F. J. Brobeil, chief of physical lab, Harry Quintyne, assistant C. E., John Garner and Thomas Biglin.



In chemical lab, Morton Hertzlinger, senior chemist, (seated) keeps records as tests go on. White-haired Aro Marco "fractionalizes" fire-extinguished fluid, at his left Bernard Schwartz tests insulation by steam distillation of hydrocarbons. In background Mrs. Estelle Mashist and Gregory Papa test creosotes.



Patrolman Arthur Cardin made friends telling how he boxed Joe Louis. Children loved it.

The Cha-Cha Hound Was a Cop

A Clueless Crime, the Knifing of an IND Conductor, but TA's New Detective Setup Solved It.

The gang of rowdies got aboard this GG train at Smith and 9th Street, 11:30 at night, and promptly made it clear that they were hard, tough guys, who could—and did— insult anybody they felt like. Some passengers moved away, and the young thugs, eleven of them, cut up still more roughly.

Conductor Willie Barber came up. "You'll have to stop that," he said, mildly. "Sit down and behave."

He immediately discovered these were no psuedo tough guys. A stunning crack on the jaw told him he'd run up against the real thing. His hat was torn off. Another blow landed on the other side of his head. The next few minutes were a nightmare to Conductor Willie Barber. He was aware of a lot of blows, of being presently pushed out onto a platform—the Bergen St. station, he discovered, later. He was aware that the young thugs had taken off heavy leather belts and were flailing him with them. He fought back. He remembers being shoved, and falling. He came back to a hazy consciousness to find himself lying on the tracks close to the train. He got to his feet, was helped to the platform. The hoodlums had departed. Shaky and sick, Conductor Willie Barber got back to his post, closed the doors and the train moved on. He wanted to stick to his job.

He felt sicker. He was aware of wetness running down his back. That was blood, from where a five-inch blade had jabbed into his back. Willie Barber didn't know it then, only that he was awful sick. At the next station he called for a relief, then collapsed. In Kings County Hospital the surgeons found the wound so deep that they opened Willie from the front side to see what internal organs had been damaged. He lived, but it was a near thing.

At 370 Jay a few hours later Lieut. Boris Peckerow went over all the facts he had. The gang had boarded the train at Smith and Ninth, left at Bergen St. Period. End of facts. What did they look like? Willie Barber had seen the sadistic young faces, but he was in the hospital then. The RR clerks? They see a thousand, ten thousand faces a day; to try to describe one, or eleven — impossible.



Commissioner Curtayne also discovers Edward Mayfield was a teacher, too.

Lieut. Peckerow, as good police practice called for, proceeded on facts. They got on at Smith, off at Bergen. All right. What was around there?



"This will teach hoodlums that they can't beat up our people and get away with it," said Commissioner Curtayne, congratulating the TA Patrolmen responsible for round-up of young thugs. L to R Detective Solomon Lewis, Lieut. Boris Peckerow, Richard Patterson, Sergeant Albert Albertelli, Patrolmen Elwood Hazell, Edward Mayfield, and Arthur D. Cardin. Deputy Chief Robert H. Rapp, at extreme right, credited teamwork.

TA Detective Story: For Days Six Sleuths Danced and Flirted to Track Down Quarry

There was, as he soon discovered, two large housing projects, one near each.

"These places have community centers—public rooms," he told the six angry men facing him. "These fellows were likely coming to, or from, one or the other."

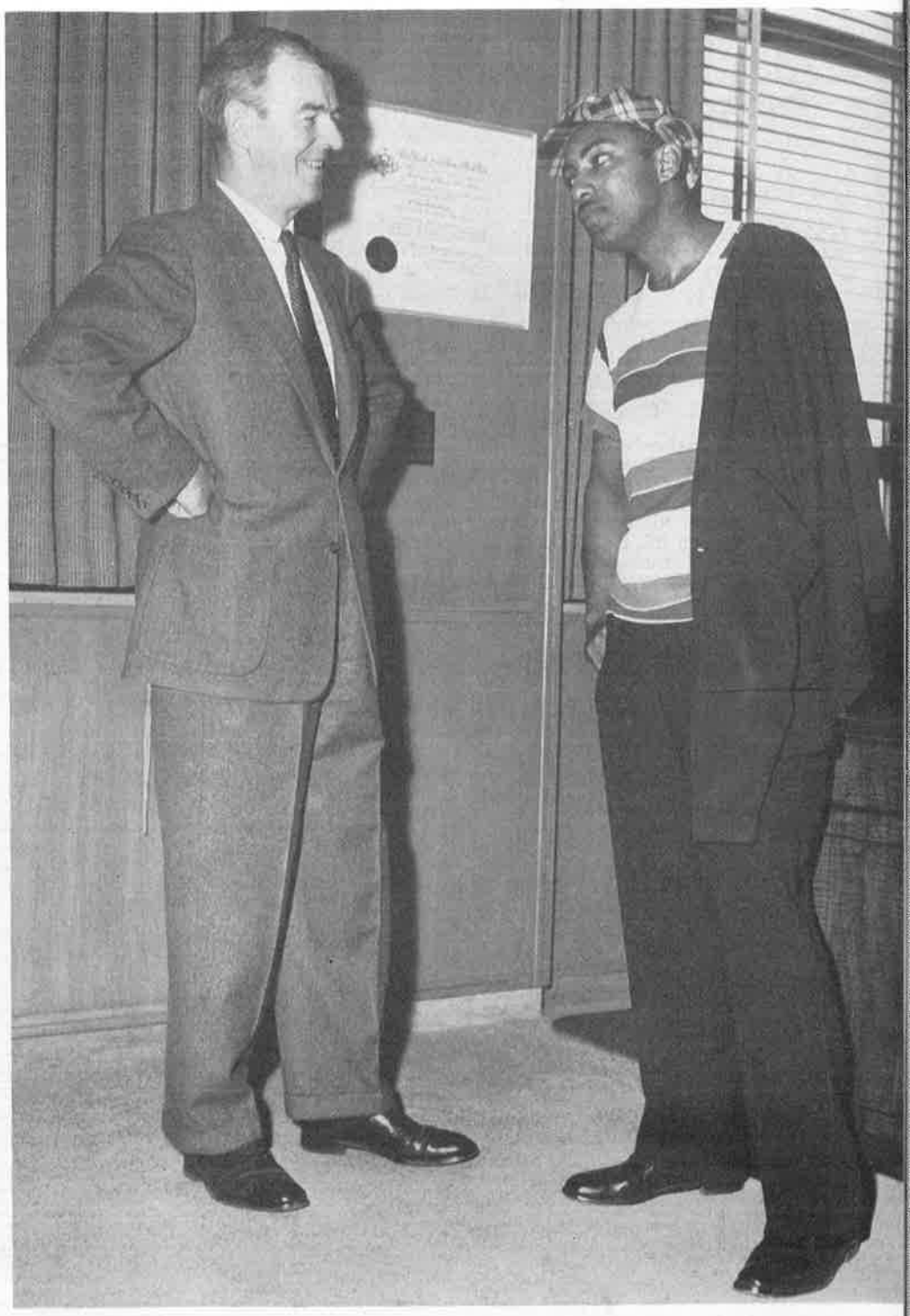
They weren't really detectives, these six. Not by the book, anyway. Only one, Solomon Lewis, held that rating. Five of them were patrolmen, by the book, the sixth was a sergeant, Albert Albertelli.

The day after the stabbing there were six new faces to be seen divided between the two community centers. Not all at once, of course, or simultaneously. In fact, nobody noticed that there were six new faces.

There was one who was a bit of a showoff. Give him audience of kids and he'd brag about the time he boxed Joe Louis. Yop, Out at Fort Riley, Kansas. Just an exhibition match, of course. But you can bet on it that he didn't let Joe go to sleep on his feet. He didn't look big enough, but he let disbelieving kids feel his mighty muscles and they began to believe. He took off his shirt, and then they really believed. And when he lifted those weights—oh, boy! (On TA records, he's Patrolman Arthur Cardin, Shield #653. Former court attendant. And he really did put on an exhibition match with Joe Louis when he was in the Army.)

There was a hard-looking young hood whose be-bop hat was exceeded in brilliance only by the blazing stripes of his sweater, standing there at the dance floor, looking 'em over with an appraising eye. Sure, his cha-cha was something to see, but no respectable girl would go for his sort. . . . Of course, some girls want their men tough and strong. (The hood was Patrolman Elwood Hazell, Shield #702. Used to be a dry cleaner.)

There was a gentle-voiced fellow whom the children took to like ducks to water. He could spin the sort of yarns that children loved, and they adored him. (Patrolman Edward Mayfield, #608, had taught school in Columbia, S. C., and knew a few things about what appeals to kids.)



Patrolman Elwood Hazell's disguise as a cha-cha dancer fascinates Mr. Curtayne.

There was a guy who looked mad at the world, would tell you with the slightest excuse what was wrong with the world, politics, government, or what have you. (By a peculiar coincidence Patrolman Edwin C. Patterson, #117, *was* mad. Willie Barber was his friend and neighbor. They'd lived next door to each other for five years in South Ozone Park, always stopped to chat when they mowed adjacent handkerchief lawns.) (*Continued on Page* 16)



THE RECORDERS ARE RECORDED. Passage of the first BMT train under East River from IND tracks was thoroughly recorded by press cameramen. TRANSIT photographer fired right back at them. TA Structure Maintainer Edward Munsch (extreme right), George Krzynumski, (just behind him) and Howard Nelson (left, in plaid jacket) were on hand to make sure cameramen didn't get hurt. Lensmen, L to R, are Bill Stahl (only camera showing), Mirror; Bill Senst, L. I. Press; Ernie Sisto (kneeling), N. Y. Times; Bob Laird (standing), N. Y. Journal-American, James De Marsico (nearest camera), World-Telegram, James Karalines, Herald-Tribune, Bill Muerer, Daily News.

TA NEWS IN PICTURES



MR. CODDINGTON FEPS UP AGAIN. Commissioner O'Grady read his story in earlier TRANSIT, promoted him to administrative assistant. Here he is with new boss. The interesting part of picture? Oh, that's Jean Wallace, Commissioner's secretary.



SANTA WEARS SKIRTS. Every week the girls at TA's Manhattan switchboard chip a quarter into a fund. Christmastime they use the collective treasure to buy toys for youngsters from broken homes at Children's Center. Maryanne Graham shows just a few of them.





STRICTLY IN LINE OF DUTY—get that straight, men — Commissioner Charles L. Patterson shows Marie Leonard, how to run a subway train. S'fact!

SNIP GOES THE RIBBON! Actually the first BMT train through the new 60th St. tunnel connection to IND tracks could have busted that ribbon by itself, but it looks better when done by Miss Subways, under the personal supervision of Chairman Patterson. By oddest coincidence, Marie Leonard is really a subway daughter. That's her father, Car Inspector Frank Leonard.



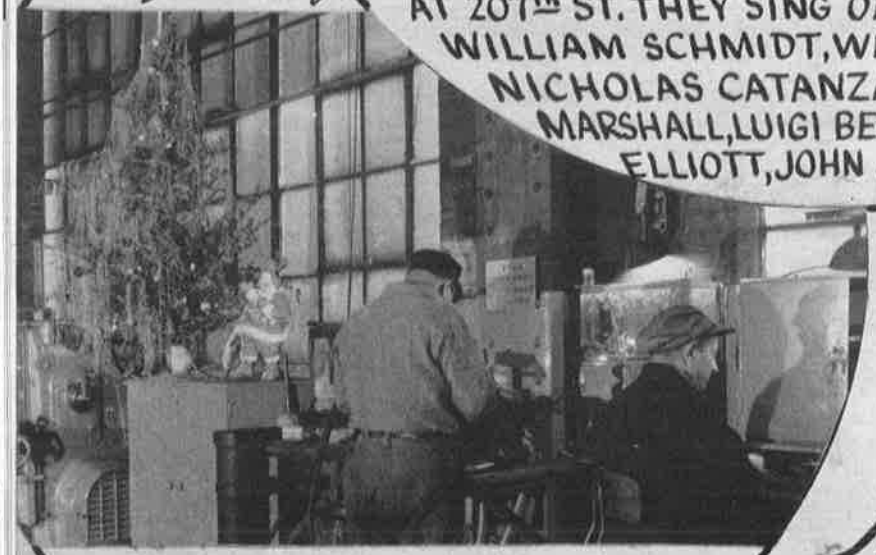
MISS TRANSIT WEARS A CROWN. Bestowed by the Harlem Transit Committee, put in place by Chairman Patterson, along with a scroll to prove she won it fair and square, the crown rests on head of Yvonne Mullings. Tough opposition came from Margaret Grand (left) second prize and Bernita Sanford, third prize. Continuing, L. to R., G. Wilbur Clark, Clifford Mullings, Queen's dad, Anna A. Hedgman, Mayor's assistant. Scene: annual ball at Manhattan Center.

VISITORS FROM ICELAND poke into the methods of surface transportation in New York, looking for ideas susceptible to transplanting to a distant land. Col. James B. Edmunds, surface chief, explains things to Thorsteinn Pejetursson, Jon Hjartar, Julius P. Gudjonsson, and D. C. McClure. U. S. State department arranged meeting.





"SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT"! IN THE TRUCK SHOP AT 207th ST. THEY SING OF CHRISTMAS. L.TO R. WILLIAM SCHMIDT, WILLIAM CRIMMINS, NICHOLAS CATANZARO, RODERICK MARSHALL, LUIGI BECCA, ANDREW ELLIOTT, JOHN JOHNSON



CHRISTMAS TREES SPROUT EVERYWHERE MARTINO ALBANESE & JOSEPH WELLS IN MACHINE SHOP



IN WHEEL SHOP WORK GOES ON AGAINST THIS UNUSUAL BACKDROP!



L.TO R., ADRIAN REVET, WILLIAM CAPEK, FELICE BICA, AUGUSI KLECSKA, JOSEPH TESORIEVI

OPPY

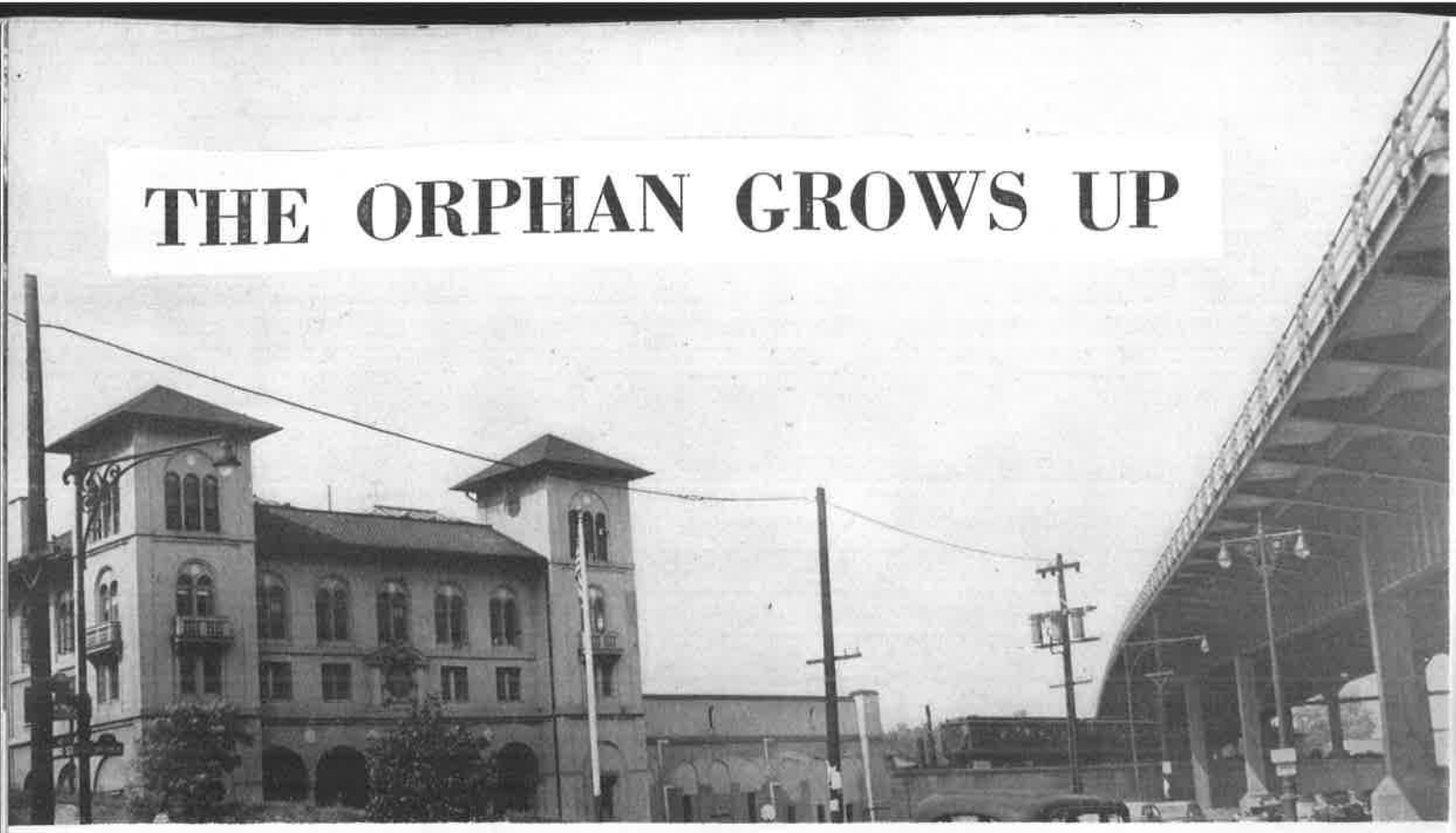


BERNARD SIELE GOES RIGHT ON PAINTING CAR WINDOW FRAME, WHICH FROM CAMERA'S ANGLE PROVIDES PERFECT PICTURE FRAME FOR SCENE OUTSIDE AS, L. TO R., JAMES MCLEER LEO DESROSIES & SALVATORE MODICA TRIM TREE.

"Visions of Sugar Plums

KIDS NOT AS LUCKY AS THEIR OWN
DETECTIVES JOHN MARTIN, PBA
ESIDENT WITH SON BRYANT, 4, &
M ROONEY, PBA VEEP, WITH DAUGHTER
YNNE, 5, SELECT GIFTS AT MACY'S FOR
TA POLICE PARTY FOR UNDER PRIVILEGED
CHILDREN AT ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.

THE ORPHAN GROWS UP



Built for the carriage-trade, the stations of the Dyre Ave line are the plushiest in the TA system. The 180th St. station here is in the Italian style.

After 44 years the Dyre Avenue Line, a White Elephant From Way Back, Becomes an Integral Part of TA, Shows Symptoms of Changing its Color to a Solid Black.

Sometime next Spring — probably in April—the Dyre Ave. line, a unique curiosity among the fantastic curiosities which went into the building of the present TA system, will discard its two-car shuttle system and become a full-fledged part of New York's rapid transit network. For the first time its trains, originating in the last undeveloped section of The Bronx, flowing down through gardens and woods, putting up an occasional rabbit, will continue on to Grand Central and downtown New York. Soon there may not be any more rabbits, which doesn't bother TA a bit, and a lot more passengers, which makes TA very happy. For some $20,000,000 is already earmarked for multi-housing development in that area, some apartment houses are even now going up. The white elephant's skin is darkening already. And, barring the unforseen, the Dyre Ave. line will soon be more than paying its way.

The Glamourous Stations

It doesn't look like a part of New York's subway system. Its station buildings are imposing architectural monuments, constructed of concrete, in renaissance, mission or classic style.

How come the city paid for such magnificent structures? That's a common question, even among TA people unfamiliar with the line. And most of them are just that—unfamiliar with it. Nobody knows exactly, of course, but a good guess is that not more than five per cent, one out of twenty, of TA people have ever ridden this line.

A Railroad For a Song

The answer is, the city didn't pay for it at all. As far as costs went, it was undoubtedly the greatest bargain the City ever made. For the entire line, with its baronial station buildings, its concrete signal towers, the four-track right-of-way, the City paid only $1,783,577.03, which wouldn't pay a twentieth part of its cost today.

It was built by the New York, New Haven and Hartford, which was out for a plushier trade than the nickel business, as the New York, Westchester & Boston. It never got to Boston, of course. Portchester was as far as it ever got before it was orphaned.

Sound Reasoning, but—

Back in 1909 the New Haven cast around for a profitable way to handle commuter traffic. The use of the Park Ave. tunnel and the facilities of Grand Central was a heavy burden to carry; and already commuters were hollering about the high cost of commutation.

The New Haven reasoned that by building a line terminating at rapid transit facilities in The Bronx, they could lure some commuters away from its existing line by lower prices. They foresaw, also, a coming building boom of great magnitude in Westchester County.

What was wrong with this reasoning became apparent only after the road was built. And the Boston and Westchester was magnificently built. It was just about the only standard railroad built in the area designed expressly for an electric power; the other railroads were built for steam, later converted to electric power.



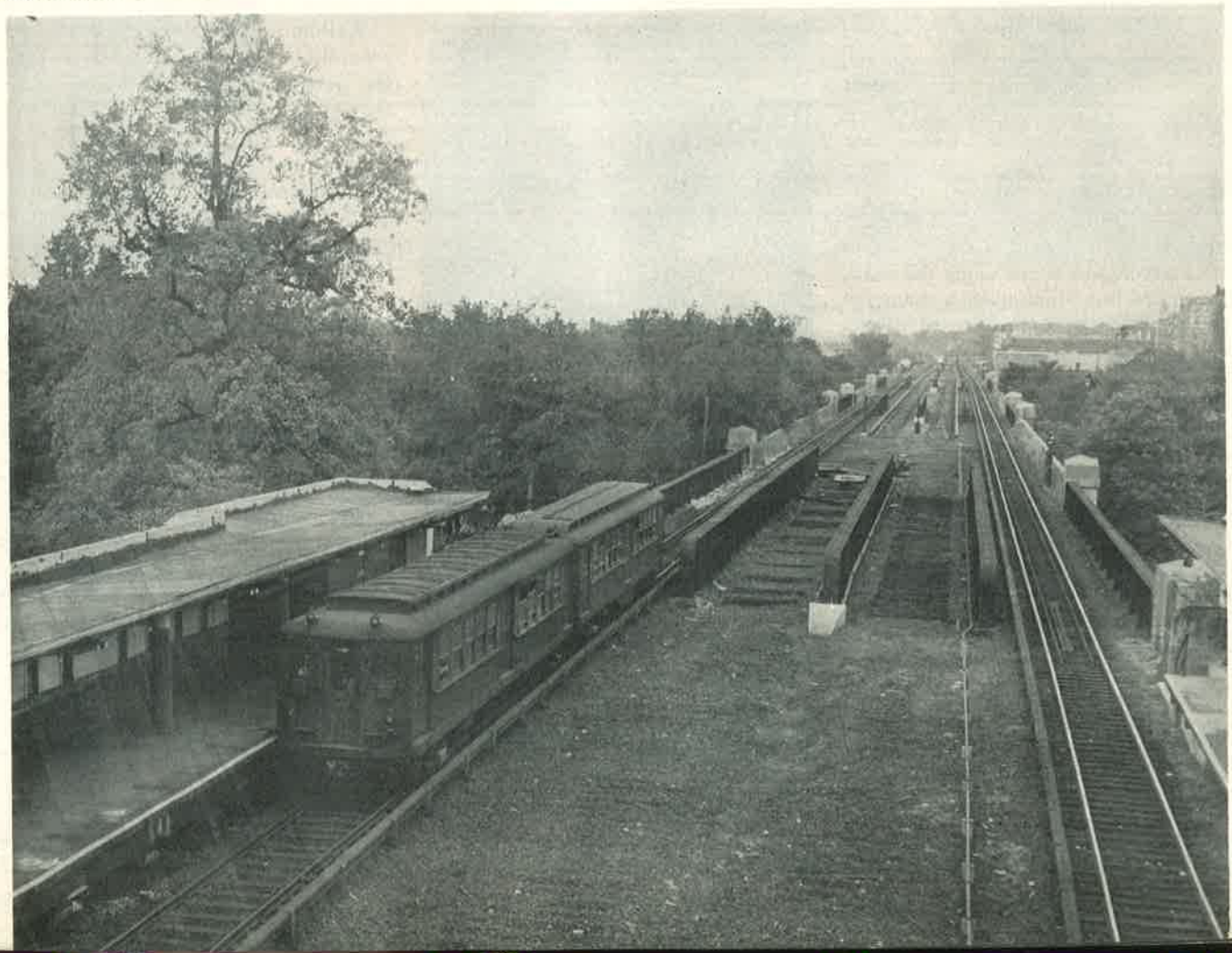
One patron on the Dyre Avenue line, a mason by trade, decided to build himself a bench so he wouldn't have to stand. He built it on TA property, which isn't allowed. Faced with a fait accompli, TA officials didn't know precisely what to do, so did nothing.

For Passengers Only

The advantage of starting with such a road is obvious. It was built to load and unload a great volume of humans, hence the great waiting rooms and the negligible freight facilities. (One engine was all the Boston & Westchester ever needed for its freight.) Since speed was essential, the designers eliminated all sharp curves, steep grades and grade crossings. The designers, envisioning the day when the volume of traffic would be tremendous, made provision for a four track system so that they could run expresses as well as locals without risking any slowdowns. The New Haven had just electrified its own line with 11,000-volt, 25 cycle current, and it had a surplus of power which it sold to its baby.

The Boston & Westchester bought thirty steel cars, seventy feet long,

Through fields and forests, the Dyre Ave. line brings an oddly incongruous touch to the countryside, last undeveloped area in The Bronx. An occasional rabbit scuttles away at the approach of a train. This will end soon, though, much building is in view.





Close your right eye at the Morris Park Station and you'll see the flowering scene as it was when the Boston & Westchester carried commuters through to country homes.



Close your left eye and you catch a glimpse of what it will be like tomorrow. New apartment houses rise across from suburban homes. Scores more are planned to start soon.

equipped to draw current through pantographs. In May, 1912, the road opened with a flourish. It carried its passengers to 132nd St. and Willis Ave., in The Bronx, where they could board the Third Ave. El. Most passengers however, preferred to alight at East 180th St., to take the Lexington Ave. subway when that line opened.

It Hurt More Than Helped

The flaws in the original reasoning soon developed. Passengers, given a choice between Grand Central and a higher fare, or the Bronx terminal and a lower fare, chose the former. They hollered louder when fares went up, but that's all—they paid, rather than change in The Bronx. The building boom came to Westchester, all right; apartment buildings sprouted on pastures and in woods, but not many of them selected to locate along the swift, low-priced line which made a change in The Bronx necessary. The very thing which made the attractive fare possible was the factor that killed the Boston and Westchester.

It survived for many years, but only on the pap provided by the mother road. In 1935 the New Haven was reorganized and began to liquidate its unprofitable holdings. Required to stand on its own feet, the Boston and Westchester promptly went into bankruptcy and closed down in December, 1937. This left a great many people stranded in that part of the Bronx. In an era when urban transportation was recognized as a public necessity, the Board of Transportation took it over, installed a third rail, and assigned twenty beat-up old 3d Ave. El cars to the run. This was in May, 1941. The worn-out old Els survived until 1954, and then were replaced with the present old steel subway cars.

No RR clerks after hours, so Conductor Simon Blasbalg wears change-maker, operates the fare collecting machine right on train.



It Sleeps At Night

The line, as it presently stands, is a curiosity in many ways. Alone, of all TA lines, it goes to bed soon after 1 a. m., resumes business at 5:30 a. m. Since the business did not warrant the expense, the RR clerks work only one shift to sell tokens; after that the conductors wear change-makers and collect fares right on the train. The only other place in the TA system where this occurs is on the Myrtle Ave. line, in Brooklyn.

Well-built though the line was, the rehabilitation of it cost far more than the purchase price. For one thing, in the several years of disuse, before the Board of Transportation took over, rust ate badly into the metal work of the bridges at the overpasses. In places engineers found the bridges propped with timbers to keep them upright. Then, too, the signalling, while modern for its day on an ordinary railroad, did not come nearly up to TA standards of safety. The rehabilitation has cost thus far just slightly under $4,000,000, and more work is constantly being done. Still dirt-cheap for a rapid-transit line of four and a quarter miles.

The connecting link, by which the Dyre Ave. line will run directly into the Lexington Ave. line, is virtually complete. Curiously, the sending of full-size trains over the route now used by the shuttle, will not increase operating expenses. Actually the number of operating crews will be somewhat reduced. A greater flexibility will accrue to the Lexington Ave. line, and valuable storage space becomes available. —BERNARD LINDER

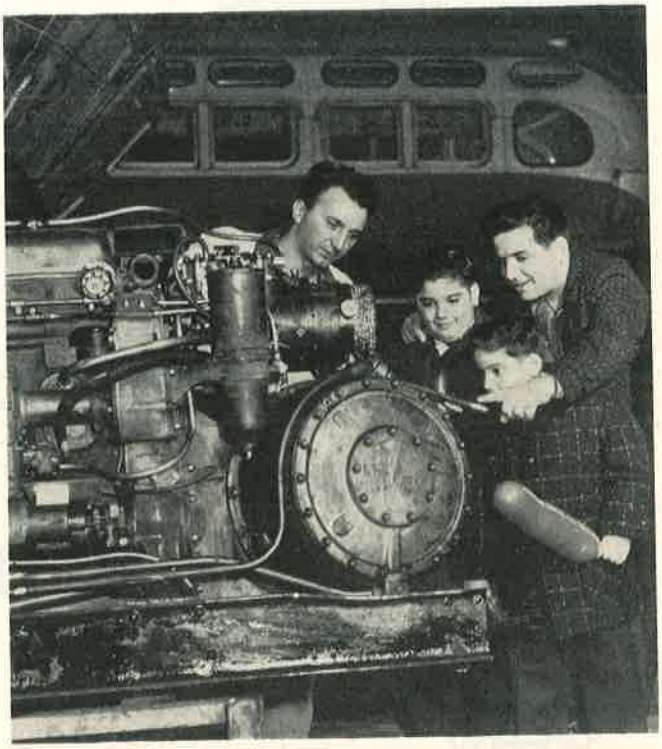


Helen Reuter, secretary, was hostess for the day. Here she serves cookies to Nancy and Mike Feldman, children of Hyman Feldman, maintenance director. Crowd came, despite rain.



Superintendent Jack Belsky explains mechanical wonders to Commissioner Curtayne, his daughter, Mary Vincent, Colonel Edmunds, Mr. O'Grady.

Surface Gives A Party





Surface invited its employes, their families and public to its open house in country's largest bus garage in East New York. At left, Cheryl Wernersbach, 5, peeps through bus cylinder sleeve while mother, wife of Maintainer Robert Wernersbach, stands by. At right, Frank Bergmini, explains engine to William Basta, who has sons, Willie and Bobby, along.

The Boy Scouts came, too. They poke into the transmission systems of the buses while Foreman Henry Tisher and Instructor Fred Letteri (extreme right) explain their workings. Scoutmasters are, L. to R., Walter Barfield, Albert North.



The Cha-Cha Hound Was a Cop

(*Continued from Page 7*)

This Albert Albertelli was a gruff sort of guy, not unfriendly, though. They were calling him Al in no time, hard customer though he obviously was. (The hardness wasn't put on. A pair of subway pickpockets tried the old game on the TA sergeant once—ran in two directions. He dropped one with a bullet through the part which polite newspapers call the "lower back." Would have got the other one, too, but some passenger got in the way. He doesn't remember just how many commendations he's had. "Eleven, twelve—better say ten, to play it safe.")

And the real rated detective, Solomon Lewis, could be taken for a lot of things—excepting a cop.

For six days and nights—nobody worried about overtime—they played basketball, checkers, be-bopped, talked politics, ogled pretty girls, played with children. No one of them cracked the case; no one of them got much. A girl who liked tough guys said something about a guy named Duke, who was really tough, boy, really tough. But that's all she knew. A couple of kids said Artie, the guy who fought Joe Louis—he could really do something to those El Kovons.

"Who're the El Kovons?" Artie asked.

The kids shut up like clams. But names started to drift in to Lieut. Peckerow's office. Big Joe, the El Kovons, Greeny, Duke, the El Kovons, Keno, Big Joe, Outlaw, the El Kovons, Rico, the El Kovons.

Press anybody too hard, and they clammed up. But pretend you knew them, just casually mention El Kovons, and sooner or later somebody would shake a head. Bad gang, bad gang . . ."

Nobody got the story really. But everyone picked up a snatch here, a trifle there — utterly unimportant by themselves. Pieced together in Lieut. Peckerow's office, the snatches drew a picture, not filled in, but with dimly discernible outlines. The El Kovons were a gang. Why the name? Some understood it meant "Muscle," or "Musclemen." Or misunderstood it that way. The Duke was a hotshot in it. What's his right name? "Never heard it." Oh, you know Greeny? Say, where's good ol' Greeny hanging out now? "Don't know." Duke, now what's his real name again? "Never heard it."

But, sooner or later, somebody did know the right name of Greeny, or Duke, or Outlaw, or Keno. And sooner or later somebody remembered where they could lay hands on one of them. And a second one, too.

Six days, and six nights, of basketball and checking, cha-cha and be-bop, grumping over politicians, dancing with the girls—and the TA policemen closed in on two of the hooligans. It was comparatively easy from then on in. These two began to sing. Within twenty-four hours six were behind bars —and the bars were no strange gadgets to a single one. Every one had a police record. A little later, two more. By the time this gets into print, maybe the entire eleven will be behind bars.

We learned these things when the seven officers came down to shake hands with Commissioner Curtayne and be congratulated. "We'll show 'em they can't do things like that to our men and get away with it," the Commissioner said.

The handshaking was a little delayed, the officers being tied up in Brooklyn Adolescent Court where the first batch of defendants was held in $15,000 bail each.



TA BIDS GOODBYE TO RETIRING EMPLOYES

(Figures in parentheses indicate number of years served.)

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
Martina A. Phillips, 157 E. 81st St., N. Y. 28, N. Y. (35)

AIRBRAKE MAINTAINER
James J. Ware, 3329 Bruckner Blvd., N. Y. 61, N. Y. (28)

ASSISTANT COUNSEL
John F. Moore, 210 Clinton Ave., Bklyn. 5, N. Y. (18)

ASSISTANT MECHANICAL ENGINEER
Edward J. Raab, 86-23 51st Ave., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y. (27)

ASSISTANT SUPERVISOR (Vent. & DRAIN.)
William J. Kehoe, 17 W. 32nd St., Hotel Aberdeen, Rm. 814, N. Y. 1, N. Y. (23)

CAR INSPECTOR
Leon Gusowski, 741 E. 221st St., Bronx 67, N. Y. (37)

CLERK (Grade 4)
Malcolm M. Southworth, 2527 Valentine Ave., N. Y. 58, N. Y. (45)

Claudio Rattassi, Box 144, Arlington Ave., Wyndanch, L. I., N. Y. (38)
Morris Reif, 578 Georgia Ave., Bklyn. 7, N. Y. (39)
James Sullivan, 124 W. 91st St., N. Y. 24, N. Y. (16)
Fred Vitow, 164 Parkside Ave., Bklyn. 26, N. Y. (28)

CAR CLEANER
Rufo D. Berenguer, 26-26 94th St., Jackson Heights 69, N. Y., N. Y. (24)

CAR INSPECTOR
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Michael Pietrusiak, 1540 Leland Ave., Bronx 60, N. Y. (37)

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William Keeney, 334—81st St., Bklyn. 9, N. Y. (30)

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Julius Zolobkowski, 9 Sebree Place, Plainview, L. I., N. Y. (27)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP C)
Ignatz Madak, 1515 Boston Road, Bronx 60, N. Y. (27)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP F)
Domenik Batini, 1741 Decatur St., Bklyn. 27, N. Y. (32)

CLERK (GRADE 3)
Phillip Gatti, 1766—44th St., Bklyn. 4, N. Y. (38)

CLERK (GRADE 4)
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James P. Coughlin, 234 East Ave., Valley Stream, L. I., N. Y. (20)
Peter Curneen, 565 W. 175th St., N. Y. 33, N. Y. (31)
James Ertol 375—42nd St., Bklyn. 32, N. Y. (36)
Alfred Kessel 3010 Wilson Ave., Bronx 67, N. Y. (47)

FOREMAN (TRACK)
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Earl P. Crandall, 212—88th St., Bklyn. 9, N. Y. (29)
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Thomas G. Hickey, 2050 E. 27th St., Bklyn. 29, N. Y. (46)
Henry H. Lake, 118-51—226th St., St. Albans 11, N. Y. (22)
Joseph Sadlo, 73-38 72nd St., Glendale 27, L. I., N. Y. (47)
Frank Safran, 413—63rd St., Bklyn. 20, N. Y. (50)
Frank A. Sawicki, 64-38—79th St., Middle Village, L. I., N. Y. (35)
Frank G. Twing, 547 Grant Ave., Bklyn 8, N. Y. (46)

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(*Continued on Next Page*)

Heirloom Recipes

Transit Will Pay $5 for Each Recipe Published



Christmas without cookies for the youngsters? Unthinkable. This is the season the contents of the cookie jar just melt away under constant attack. For something extra, closer to candy, almost, but very holidayish, try this recipe for cookie bars. Mrs. Rose Phillips, 735 Magenta St., The Bronx, writes, "I know you will love this recipe and make it over and over again." With children around, you'll have to.

TOFFEE BARS

½ cup brown sugar
1 cup shortening
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sifted flour
2 packages semi-sweet chocolate bits
½ cup granulated sugar
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 eggs
1 cup uncooked oats
1/3 cup chopped walnuts
1/3 cup coconut

Mix brown and granulated sugar. Measure shortening, add vanilla, salt and eggs. Beat with spoon. Add flour and oats, mix well. Pour batter into greased square pan. Bake for 55 minutes. Remove pan from oven and set on cake rack.

Melt chocolate in saucepan over hot water. Pour chocolate over cake and spread evenly. Spread chopped walnuts over one-half of cake. coconut over the other half. When cool and chocolate has set firmly, cut into 24 bars.

This one is from Dorothy Lombardo, 157 Cornelia St., Brooklyn.



PORK CHOP CASSEROLE

3 double pork chops
2 cups bread crumbs
1 small apple, chopped fine
1 small onion, chopped fine
¼ teaspoon salt

Brown chops, one side ONLY, in fry pan. Put aside in warm place. Add water to cover bottom of the pan, bring to a boil, and shut off. Now put the other ingredients as a dressing mixture in pan, mixing quickly. Put the dressing, now thoroughly mixed with pan liquid, in casserole, lay chops on top, browned sides down, and bake at 375 degrees for 50 minutes. Remove casserole top, bake 10 minutes more, uncovered, to brown other side of chops. Serve with applesauce.



Mrs. L. Hall, 20 Village Court, Brooklyn, thinks her banana muffins are worth a prize. We agree.

BANANA MUFFINS

3 bananas (thoroughly ripe)
1½ cups sugar
¼ lb. butter or margarine (melt it first, then let it cool)
3 eggs (beaten well)
1 measure sour cream (small)
2 tablespoons vanilla
1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 cups flour (no prepared flour)

Cream sugar and bananas together, add butter or margarine, eggs, sour cream, vanilla, then add bicarbonate soda, baking powder and flour together.

Butter pans, then flour them. Bake in a 400° to 425° F. oven for 20 minutes.

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Louis Loschin, 241 Irving Ave., Bklyn. 27, N. Y. (31)
Edward J. Fischer, 113 Lockman Ave., Staten Island 3, N. Y. (8)
Thomas J. McGuire, 530 Isham St., N. Y. 34, N. Y. (18)
Patrick M. Murphy, 343 E. 142nd St., N. Y. 54, N. Y. (28)

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Sarah Gagne, 41-37 Denman St., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y. (24)
Sadie McEneany, 546 Bainbridge St., Bklyn. 33, N. Y. (21)
Louise Meyer, 6148 Woodbine St., Bklyn. 27, N. Y. (21)

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George P. Larner, 8 Hunter Place, Staten Island 1, N. Y., N. Y. (40)

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William J. Dunn, 615—59th St., Bklyn. 27, N. Y. (39)
Catherine Price, 3914 Avenue P, Bklyn. 10, N. Y. (25)
Guiseppe Leggio, 1605 Putnam Ave., Bklyn. 27, N. Y. (37)
Curtis L. Lowrimore, 65-96—58th Ave., Maspeth, L. I., N. Y. (26)
Patrick McSherry, 1090 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. 32, N. Y. (31)
John V. Ritter, 1566 E. 38th St., Bklyn. 3, N. Y. (11)
Enrico Scanzano, 245 Throop Ave., Bklyn. 6. N. Y. (37)
Antonio Shegda, 7303—11th Ave., Bklyn., N. Y. (30)

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (GRADE 1)

Blanche E. Ford, 3288 Perry Ave., N. Y. 67, N. Y. (41)

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (GRADE 2)

Eleanor F. Donlon, 145 E. 92nd St., N. Y. 28, N. Y. (48)

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Timothy Flynn, 2052 Harrison Ave., Bronx 53, N. Y. (35)
James O'Shea, 105 W. 89th St., N. Y. 24, N. Y. (29)

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TURNSTILE MAINTAINER

Joseph Wackenreuter, 11 Montague St., Valley Stream, L. I. (24)



In these flasks are test drillings of steels collected by TA inspectors from twenty mills throughout the country. In this particular test, one of many, the drillings are treated with acid to determine the amount of sulphur. This mineral, in high content, causes steel to become brittle under certain conditions, unsuitable for subway use. Laboratory workers seen here at task of checking subway steel are Bill Mitchell, Sally Middleman, Petro Krasmonis.

The Subway Ranges Wide

(Continued from Page 5)

loaned, his time and expenses being paid by the contractor, and the huge timbers were located, checked, and shipped on here, arriving in time.

Rather curiously, the Materials Inspection Division is almost better known outside of TA than among the rank and file inside. When critical elements of the Manhattan Bridge had to be replaced, the Public Works Department asked the Division to inspect and test them. The Carroll St. laboratory analyzed them chemically. All costs were charged to Public Works. This isn't uncommon. "Of course, it's a bargain for them, too," Mr. Quinn said, "since they don't have the expense of employing an inspection force and creating a laboratory."

Into the laboratory flow scores of samples a day—copper, aluminum, paint, gasoline, fuel oil, lubricating oils, compounds for cleaning subway walls, materials used for backfill, cable —thousands of items each year.

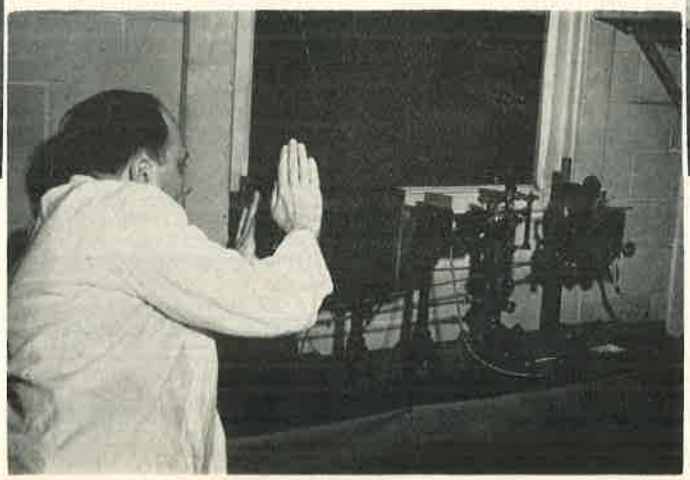
Cars & Shops, of course, has its own inspectors of new cars at the car-building plant in St. Louis. "But car-building is actually largely an assembly job, these days," Mr. Quinn said. "Our men visit the hundreds of suppliers who send in the finished parts, and the suppliers who supply the suppliers, and take specimens to send on to Carroll St. for testing."

In the laboratory, the work is largely destructive. Paint is put into a weatherometer—a gadget designed to wear out the finest paint made and fast. In days it can subject a coat of paint to the harsh weathering and wear of years. Metals are torn apart, crushed and smashed. The workers there aren't a bit interested in the virtues of a product —all they want to know is: does it have any faults?



Precast concrete on Rockaway line showed rust-marks, impairing ornamental value. Suspecting rain, chemists rigged this contrivance with sample specimens being sprayed continuously to check diagnosis. Chemist Hugh McMunn, Jr., watches.

A wrought-iron bolt snapped when a nut was tightened too hard. Damaged fragment was rushed to lab. Here William Goldwater, senior chemist, uses metallograph to photograph the break, enlarging it to 400 times to make study of the reason why. Had bolt been found defective, every other bolt from that shipment would have been taken up wherever used and replaced. It wasn't.





Weatherometer subjects paints to summer heat, alternating with wintry blasts three times each hour, hot summer rays from lamp, dashing rain from spray. Trick weathers paints in days equivalent to years. Joseph Bennett makes an adjustment.

the BRASS HORN

WERE it possible to extend season's greetings in person to everyone in the Transit Authority, we would like to do so. Since we cannot do that we will use this column as our Christmas card to wish each one of you, and your family, a joyful Christmas holiday; and health and happiness during the New Year.

This time of the year is traditionally a happy period for enjoying the holidays. It is also a time for looking back over the year that is nearly gone, and looking forward to the approaching new year. An individual can remember what has happened, and make mental plans for the future. In a business as large as ours, no one man, or even a few men, can know and remember all that has happened. Plans must be made out of the experiences and ideas of many people, and be based upon many written records. Then the plans must be written down to let everyone know what has been planned, so that later we can measure what has been done against what was planned. Then we know how far we have gone, and where we must do better.

Budgeting Made Simple

The main facts in the budget are not hard to understand. A budget is only a plan for spending your money sensibly. Each one of us probably makes a rough budget with every check we take home to our family. There are certain things we have to pay for or buy—rent, food, shoes for the kids. Then there are others that we know we will need next week or next month—a new suit, or coat, or those Christmas gifts. We put money aside for these. Then there is some money, we hope, to put aside for that rainy day. The rest, if there is any, is for those things we would like to have, but can do without if we must.

Our budget is the same kind of plan, but bigger. As a matter of fact, the TA budget is about the same size as the budget of the State of New Jersey. Since we have a big business, and are spending money which is not ours and must be used for the public good, the budget must be made up very carefully. We must be sure that no money is wasted, and that every penny is spent where it will do the most good.

The budget we are now working under is made up for the fiscal year running from July 1, 1955 to June 30, 1956. On the income side we start with an estimate of how much money we have to spend. This is an educated guess by experts in this kind of estimating, based on what has been happening in the past and what can be expected in the near future. One factor makes our budget problem harder than yours. While TA income is less than last year's, because we are carrying fewer passengers, most of you got a wage increase during the year.

One Would Be a Help

This year we expect to collect about $254,000,000 in passenger fares, about $8,000,000 less than last year. We will also get nearly $6,000,000 from concessions and other smaller items of income. These include advertising in the cars, buses, and stations; newsstands; vending machines; rents of stores on transit properties; and other such things. That's all we have to work with, there is no more—no "angels."

In one way we are better off than you are. The TA pays no rent. We do not own the transit system, the City owns it and paid for it. This year the City will have to pay over $80,000,000 for interest and to pay back the money it borrowed to pay for building and buying the transit system and all its equipment. Under the law the transit system pays no part of this out of the money it collects. It's paid out of the taxes collected from everyone in the City as part of the cost of providing a needed public service. But we do have to pay all the costs of running the system and keeping it in good repair. That's where the $260,000,000 we expect to collect will go. The spending side of the budget is the result of a long process. It starts months before the budget year with estimates made by the Department heads of what they will need to do the work of the coming year, and how much it will cost. These estimates depend on train and bus schedules, vehicles to be inspected and overhauled, track to be checked and replaced, structures to be painted and repaired, power to be purchased and generated, materials to be bought, and all the other things that have to be done during the year; and upon wages and working conditions. These estimates are reviewed, discussed, checked, and weighed, to determine what must be done and what can be safely put off, since we never have all the money that we could use. Eventually it becomes a budget, and what it finally boiled down to is this:

The largest part by far of our revenues, about $189,000,000 or 73% of the total, will go for wages and salaries. Just under nine-tenths of this wage and salary bill is for productive time and slightly over one-tenth is for vacation and holiday pay, sick leave and similar benefits. In addition to these direct wage and salary costs, nearly $23,000,000 more goes for contributions to the pension system, and health and hospital insurance plans. The total of these direct and indirect labor costs amounts to about 82 cents out of every dollar we take in.

The materials, fuel for power plants and buses, and electricity that we buy will cost nearly $35,000,000. This covers nearly 150,000 different items from axles to zinc oxide. Over $6,000,000 goes for work done for us by others, like telephone service and for other miscellaneous expenses; over $4,000,000 to pay for Workman's Compensation to men hurt on the job and to pay damages to passengers hurt, or for property damaged in transit accidents.

Honey Not in the Horn

This year, if all goes well, we hope to wind up about $3,000,000 in the black or just about one cent out of every dollar we collect—to be used for the rainy day, or for other work that we would like to do but cannot afford this year. And this money is not yet in the bank. If by the end of the year our estimate of the number of passengers turns out to be too high, or we have a really bad winter that will require an unusual amount of overtime and snow work, or if the materials we buy become more expensive, we may never see it.

This in its bare essentials is the story in our budget book. It shows that we must do everything in our power to better our service to get more passengers and more income, and at the same time we must keep our costs down. Two things not easy to do at the same time—but that is our challenge for the New Year.

Charles L. Patterson E. Vincent Quintayne Joseph E. O'Grady



A WAIF MEETS HIS FIRST LIVE SANTA

And knows it's true after all. Behind the whiskers are the eyes and nose of Detective John Murphy, performing his usual part in the TA Police Christmas party for underprivileged youngsters at the Roosevelt Hospital. Santa's helper at left is Patrolman William Webb. The clown, when he isn't busy clowning, is patrolman Staudenbaur.

(Photo by Bob Leon, who also did front cover.)

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