# Transit

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Transit Goes to Court

SEE PAGE 2

# Transit

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

VOLUME 1, NO. 5

**March 1955**

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# Transit Goes To Court

The Editors of TRANSIT went to court the other day and came away with a sign and some sound advice from a man New Yorkers are getting to know as "The Clean-up Judge."

Magistrate Louis I. Kaplan had been imposing stiff fines on Litterbugs—mostly those who operate above ground—and the newspapers had praised him for it. We at the Transit Authority were about to start our annual drive against Litterbugs who operate underground. So The Editors thought is made sense to talk things over with Judge Kaplan.

Did his observations from the bench convince him summonses and fines were enough? Should they be used in the drive on subway Litterbugs? To what extent? What could he do to help us? What could TRANSIT do to help him and other magistrates?

Frankly, plain curiosity also prompted our visit with him. Was he just a tough guy in judicial robes, just a "fining judge?" We didn't find him that way. In fact, we now have added three words to his unofficial title. To us he has become "The Clean-up Judge with a Heart."

"The Sanitation Department, with the 200 additional patrolmen Mayor Wagner has given the department, is doing an excellent job," Judge Kaplan said. "The courts must back up the enforcement program with heavy fines and possibly jail sentences because summonses usually are served only on the worst offenders and on repeaters. These people have to learn the hard way.

"The story is different in the subway," the Judge said. "I would use summonses there, too, but sparingly. I'd use them, for instance, for the fellow who deliberately throws litter on the tracks as he waits for a train. Yes, and for the people with colds who discard used tissues on subway seats. Medical men tell me the bacilli of the viruses attacking people today are airborne and are incubated in the filth thrown indifferently in the subway and on the streets.

"After all a man who leaves his newspaper on a subway seat doesn't necessarily realize the mess and litter he will cause when his newspaper later falls to the floor and is trampled to pieces. Perhaps he thinks he is doing the other fellow a favor by leaving him a paper to read. He must realize however, that it is an act such as his, multiplied by thousands, that inconveniences others and shoots the Transit Authority's clean-up bill to $5,000,000 a year."

"I don't think that summonses and fines will do the job in these cases of discarded newspapers. In fact, I do not recommend resorting to them," the Judge said. "The Transit Authority's big job, as I see it, is a program of education and information for the public through the Subway Sun and other posters."

"The Clean-up Judge" pointed out that the great majority of New Yorkers are "fine people" who want to do the right thing, who will be more careful as they realize the huge costs resulting from an accumulation of individual acts, each of which is small in itself.

"A well thought out Litterbug campaign with a message seen by the millions who ride subways and buses will be of enormous help, not only to the Transit Authority, but to all of us who are trying to make the world's greatest city the world's cleanest city."

So we started to do some thinking—Judge Kaplan and Oppy, TRANSIT's artist, (see front cover) and The Editors. For story and picture of how "A Subway Sun Is Born" see page 8.

# AS OTHERS   SEE US

Today, one of the "boys" in our gang came in for his last pay check. To some this may get a "So what?" To others who ponder, it's a momentous occasion. My point, friends, is to make some constructive criticism.

"Smitty" finished 30, perhaps 35, years of service in the IRT car maintainance Dept. If it wasn't that Mr. Briggs (Ass't. Supervisor) was on hand, out of personal common decency, Smitty would have come and gone without even a goodbye from Management. Oh, yes, he got the usual retiring gift of a nice watch from his coworkers who are closing in on that fateful day themselves, but what of management—don't they owe all the Smittys a decent goodbye?

My solution to this problem is so very simple and inexpensive considering the returns in good will. Our employer-employe relations do need quite a bit of improvement. I'm sure no one in this great city of ours would begrudge the use of a couple of thousand dollars yearly, from our large revenue, to start a fund to put a little heart in our good-byes to retiring "boys". Wouldn't it be swell to retire from a job thinking how good both the bosses and the gang were? How about it Transit Editor—wouldn't you like a watch saying (engraved) "God Bless you and spare you, from Top-Kick and Side Kick"? It would make a lot of old hearts younger. I'll be seeing you again—wind my watch for 1975.

DENNIS T. MURRAY
147th St., IRT Shop




**Neighbors Once More**

I am very pleased to be a recipient of your monthly magazine and appreciate your kindness in sending it. I am also glad to see articles about employes with whom I worked and am especially pleased to note Charles F. Jewhurst, of Arnold Mills, Chatham, N. Y. is alive and kicking. Charlie and I worked together at the IRT 147th St. Shops Car maintainer for some years and I had heard nothing of him since.

EUGENE L. HEARN
Bergenfield, N. J.




Received Transit, it was certainly very kind of you. I enjoyed it so much reading it. Just to know you are not forgotten, makes life worth-while.

ANNA LINDI



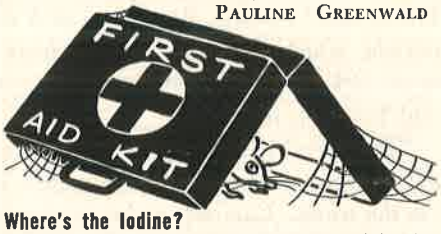
**He's A Crime-buster Now**

Like most people I had looked forward to the time when I would be eligible for retirement, in May, 1951. I returned to the soil of my birth, dreaming I would be happy and content with a life of idleness in the country. The change improved my health to the extent that I found myself no longer satisfied with a life of leisure, and began to feel my retirement was premature. Several months ago I was offered the position as Chief of Police in Ridgely, Md., so—here I am back in action, happy, hale and hearty. This time I mean to remain in action as long as I may be of service.

WILLIAM B. J. (Jim) MEREDITH,
Henderson, Maryland

Gratitude is not just a word—it's a feeling of warmth and a response to an expression of sympathy, and when 110 people, with whom one has been associated for as long as I have, indicate their regard for me as they did, my first impulse was to bemoan the fact that the days of the seen and the unseen heralds of 250 Hudson Street were not at my command at Jay Street. I sent the Legal Department a formal thank-you card, but I kept feeling that I was reaching too limited a number and so it occured to me that this magazine should be a perfect way to reach all of you. Many of you know by now that your gifts to me, in addition to your kind wishes for an improvement in my health, were a $100 bond and a $10 gift certificate and, of course, a friendly party that buoyed up my depressed spirits at a time when I needed it badly because it is difficult to cut off a relationship with one stroke without suffering physically and emotionally.

Cordially,
PAULINE GREENWALD



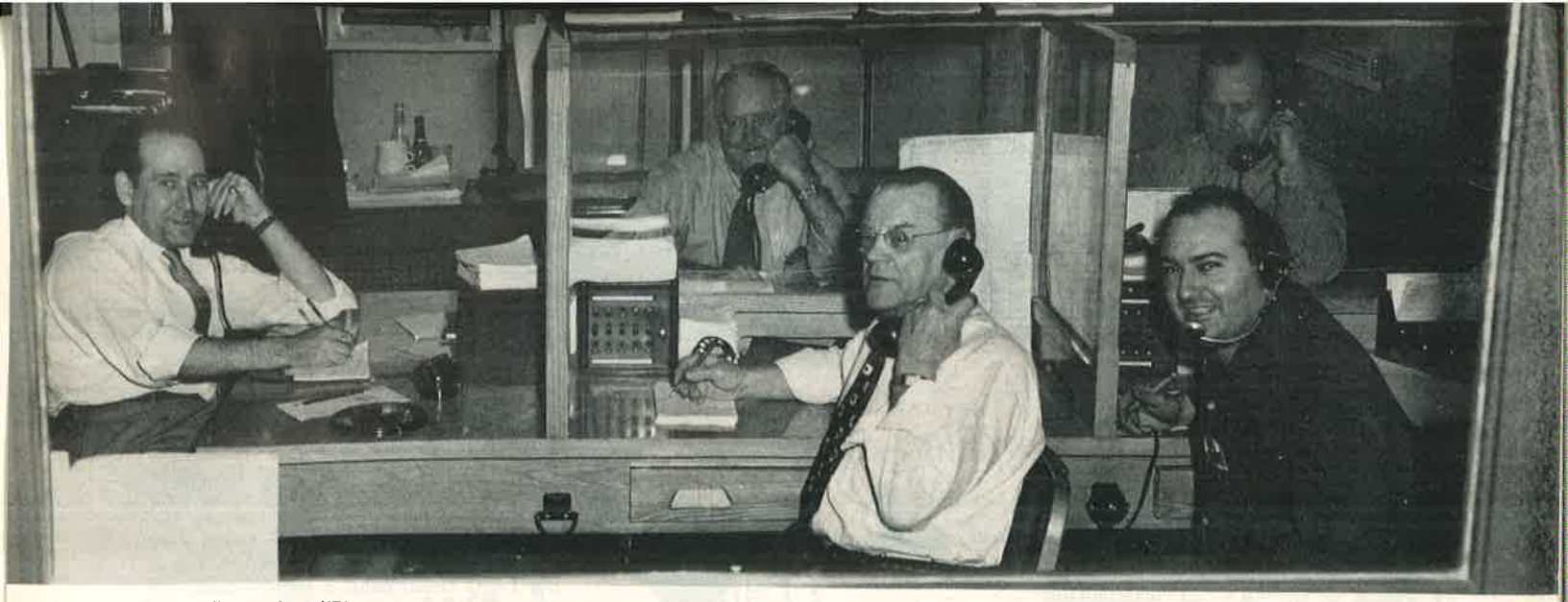

**Where's the Iodine?**

I disagree in part with your article "It Doesn't Happen Here" in the January issue in which you mention *skilled* first aid men. I work in the Jamaica Inspection Shed of the IND where we have approximately 150 men. We have about six men there who received Red Cross training in 1948. The course should be renewed every three years to have the men qualify as First Aid members. Seven years have passed without a refresher course. Most of these men have turned in their keys to the first aid cabinet in part because of the lack of proper training and also due to the lack of proper supplies. Time after time a requisition for supplies has been returned with most of the items (such as band-aids, cotton, iodine, adhesive tape and boric acid) marked "No Stock" or "Not to be supplied in the future."

The First Aid Kit, which I believe should be filled, locked and available in all shops, had lain empty and unlocked for over a year and now reposes in a locked cabinet in the office of the Assistant Supervisor. If this is an example of what goes on in the other shops, God help the injured worker.

MICHAEL J. MCNAMARA,
Car Inspector,
Bellerose 26, N. Y.

(*Continued on Page* 18)



TA's radio station, KEA, in action, dealing with such emergencies as babies left behind in buses, fires which block bus lines, and dogs which commandeer buses. Left to right (front row) Radio Recorders Leo La Rocco, Charles Klein, Sidney Back and (rear) James Cleary and Wade Misenheimer.

# THEY HATE A PARADE

THERE'S nothing lovable about a parade to the men who man radio station KEA, 9-11, TA's radio set-up in the East New York bus depot. With anywhere from a thousand to fifteen hundred calls flowing in and out over the air, the parade, which looks so spirited from the sidewalk, is a large, sick headache to those who've got to guide the 1700-odd buses on their way.

"The Loyalty Day parade," said Patrick Hayes, assistant superintendent, with a boundless lack of enthusiasm, "is the worst. Cuts across fourteen surface lines, it does."

A month before the parade, the men spend countless hours working out a schedule to keep the lines running somehow and devising alternate routes for the buses during the hours of the parade.

"So what does that mean? If it rains," said Hayes, "the parade will melt away two hours ahead of schedule." And, for that matter, who ever heard of a parade starting on schedule, much less keeping to it?

But, at least with KEA on the job, no passenger waits on a street corner for a bus that doesn't come, because a parade has been called off.

Now TA patrol cars are at the head and tail of every parade. Others are available to head off buses as the head of the parade approaches, or guide them into alternate routes if they are using the same thoroughfare as the parade. The man in the trailing car flashes word the instant a crossing line is cleared.

Presidential arrivals by motor were a headache since the roads themselves were cleared of all traffic, so the presidents' cars wouldn't be delayed. They were, until KEA arranged to have a direct hookup with the police escort. By it buses could be shunted off the used throughfares a matter of blocks ahead of the motorcade, and resume immediately it had passed.

All of this is piled upon the ordinary work of the dispatchers. Ordinary? Here's a sample.

"My baby!" a woman's voice screams, "I forgot my baby!"

"Where'd you leave it?" asked the dispatcher, calmly.

"On the bus, of course."

"What bus? And what way was it going."

Supplied with this information, the dispatcher figures out when that bus will reach its terminal.

"Call back, madam," he said, "in twelve or thirteen minutes from now. We may have news for you then.

In eleven minutes the dispatcher at that terminal was on the wire. "Just found a baby in a bus," he said.

"Good, hold it there."

Two minutes later the mother is being told where to pick up her mislaid baby.

Babies are always getting nearly born in buses; so far, KEA has managed to see to it that they achieve birth in more antiseptic surroundings.



The men who plan how to keep surface lines running through, in, and around a parade, put their heads together to devise a flexible schedule which may work exactly, if the parade keeps on time. But it probably won't, and in that case the schedule worked out by Ass't Supt. Patrick Hayes (left) and Surface Supt. Marcel R. Roehrich will be tossed out and—(see upper right).





Buses and trolleys will be halted, rerouted on a flashbang minute-by-minute basis. Joseph O'Friel, radio-announcer, will flash the word of these changes to radio patrol cars as fast as reports come in by radio or telephone, so surface lines will halt only seconds before the parade arrives, resume immediately on the passing of the rearguard.

Once a bus driver—and his passengers—abandoned their vehicle in the heart of Brooklyn. The operator called KEA and told why.

"There's a wild dog in the bus," he reported, excitedly. Calmed a little, he conceded that it didn't seem to be a particularly dangerous dog. In fact, this dog might have come from the pen of Thurber, but obviously he didn't.

"He just sits there, right behind me, and won't get off," the driver complained.

"I'll send a policeman," the dispatcher said, and did.

In seven or eight minutes the bus operator was back on the line and said the police department had done its best, but couldn't accomplish anything.

"That cop, he poked his nightstick at the dog—the dog grabbed it in its teeth and just chewed it into splinters. What'll I do?"

Somebody in the station remembered that Paddy Butler was somewhere in the neighborhood in a patrol car. Paddy is the strong man of the bus depot. He has performed, on occasion, as a tow truck. KEA contacted Paddy and sent him to the spot.

Fifteen minutes later the bus operator reported that all was well.

"What happened?"

"Oh, Paddy punched the dog in the nose, picked him up by the neck and threw him off."

Occasionally a drama of suspense occurs. Like the night an inspector in a patrol car saw two muggers in Queens make a getaway. He followed their car, and notified KEA by his radio. KEA got in touch with Police Headquarters and from there a police radio car was contacted. For miles the TA inspector trailed the muggers' car, maintaining a safe distance so the criminals wouldn't know they were being followed, continually broadcasting his whereabouts. A half hour later the police car came up to the TA car, its occupants recognized its distinctive paint job, and spurted ahead to crowd the muggers to the curb and capture them.

A nurse called up. She'd left her hypodermic, together with a quantity of dangerous drugs in a bus. It was found. People are always leaving things in buses, and, if they call soon enough, the bus is searched at the end of its route and the lost property often recovered.

Mostly, though, KEA deals with more mundane things. A bus stalls. KEA can contact a wrecker almost instantly, since these cars, like the patrol cars, are now equipped with two-way radios. In a coincidence of several simultaneous breakdowns, this saves precious time in getting the buses back into service, or a replacement bus on the scene to pick up passengers from the disabled vehicle.

Since the buses themselves are not equipped with radios, the patrol cars act as couriers, to head off buses if part of its route is plugged by fire apparatus, a bad crack-up of other vehicles, a cave in, or—several times this has happened—a crashed airplane. Since the fire-alarm system has an outlet at the control desk, at 370 Jay St., and a direct line goes from there to KEA, TA patrol cars often arrive at fires before the regular apparatus.

A radio-equipped wrecker arrives in minutes to haul a disabled bus back to the garage for repairs. TA's radio station makes for speedy repairs.



# FREIGHT CARS WEAR CORSETS ON THE SBK



George F. Preiss, freight manager of the SBK, says, sure, TA will tote a crashed airplane back to Floyd Bennett Airport.

IT always pains Mr. George F. Preiss to meet a veteran TA man who never heard of the SBK and who looks askance when SBK's freight traffic manager talks about TA's freight railroad. Mr. Preiss lives in an almost constant state of anguish.

True, the SBK—South Brooklyn Railway Company—is not one of the greatest in the country. Its six and half miles of route consists of a short stretch of tunnel, which it shares with the Fourth Ave. subway, and a longer stretch of trolley track, which it shares with trolleys.

But, nevertheless, Mr. Preiss, an earnest booster, after 28 years with the SBK will look you square in the eye and tell you that the SBK is regulated by the ICC just as much as the Pennsy, the Central or the Santa Fe.

Furthermore, year in and year out, since it was organized in 1900 and became a constituent company of the BMT, it has made a profit. Can the Santa Fe, the UP, or any other part of the present TA system make such a claim?

And still furthermore, for seven years now—seven years and three months, to be precise—the SBK hasn't had a disabling accident among its employes. For this it is soon to receive a commendation. How many divisions of TA can show a similar safety record?

(Mr. Preiss would just as soon it not be mentioned that, unfortunately, not all the loyal employes of the line, all 27 of them, refer properly to the SBK as the SBK; but the playful deviation they use is invited by the name, rather than their personal sentiments. Quite true, he admitted, that the official designation of the road was, at one time, SoB. But that was changed years ago. Also, there is not much point to mentioning that its two second-hand Diesels just hate upgrades; downhill they go wonderfully. Anyway, the rest of the SBK's rolling stock, two electric locomotives and a trolley are just fine.)

There are, though, plenty of things that the SBK can brag about. Back in 1929, it instituted door delivery of carload lots of freight by automobile trailer truck. This was some ten years before other railroads initiated such a service. The idea came to SBK because originally it operated freight trolleys, which, in the heyday of the trolley in Brooklyn, could snake through to almost any section of the city.

In pre-prohibition days, the SBK did a great business with breweries, such as Trommer's and Piel's. Prohibition did the road no harm, however, for then the SBK hauled a terrific tonnage of wine grapes for the Brooklynites who made their own. The road still hauls a considerable tonnage of wine grapes, but it is less than a quarter of what it was.

"Too bad," said Mr. Preiss. "The art of wine-making seems to be dying out in Brooklyn. Every year we haul less and less now."

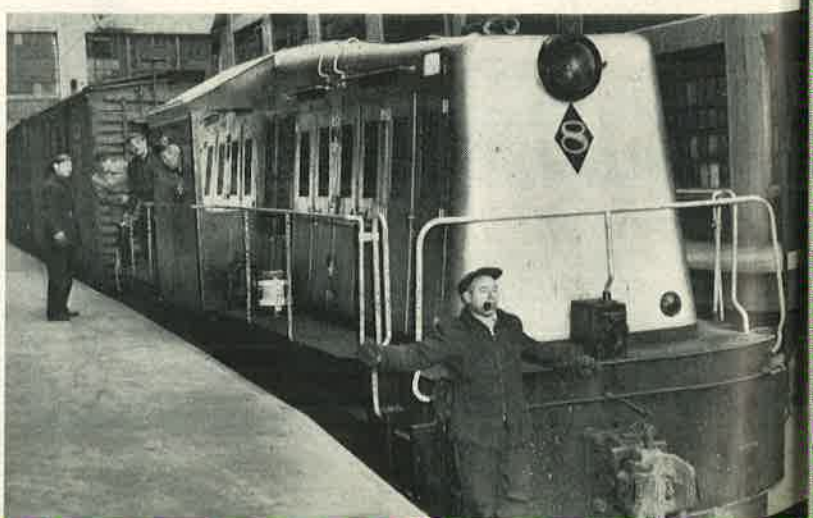
In its lifetime, the SBK, though, has seen many of its profitable sources of revenues vanish by some change. At one time it went in for scavenging, in a big way.

It picked up mountains of ashes from factories, rubbish from all sorts of plants, and hauled these away from the

Scarred veteran of a half century, this trolley was once a great money-maker, toting ashes to Coney Island marshlands. Now it is used as a switch engine.

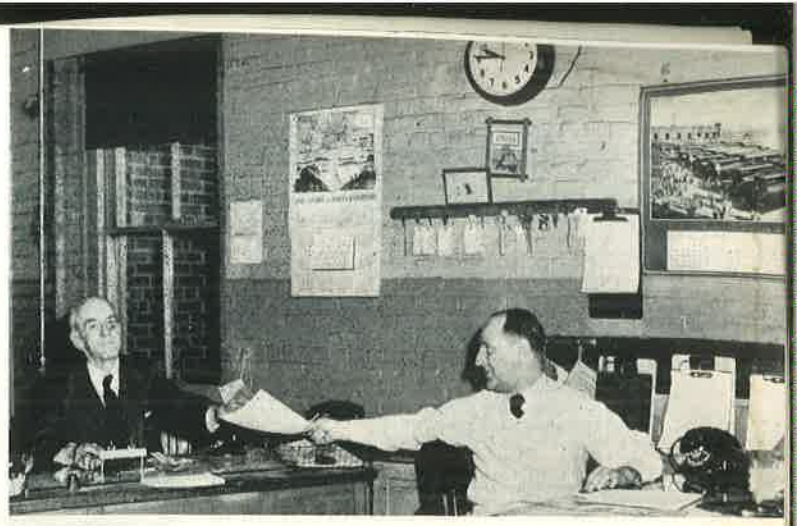



Newest freight locomotive is this shell-scarred veteran of last war. L. to r., James W. Fitzgerald, John McCabe, James O'Hara, Emilio Callo, Hugh Connolly.





One of SBK's electric locomotives pick up box cars at Eighth Ave. to haul to railroad siding for customer. The road owns five pieces of rolling stock, rents freight cars.



Leisurely small railroad atmosphere permeates TA's freight railroad. Asst. Dispatcher Constantine Stamatson hands invoice to Dispatcher Robert S. Gibson.

premises. For a fee, of course. It hauled these ashes to the marshlands of Coney Island and dropped them there—for a fee, of course, as valuable fill. Collecting at both ends, SBK did right well here. Today, thousands of homes in and around Coney Island rest securely upon these ashes and rubbish.

Right now, things don't look too rosy. The trucking companies are chopping heavily into the SBK's freight. It is profitable to ship steel by the SBK only in lots of at least 40 tons. For small quantities customers are buying by truckloads and getting overnight delivery from the Pennsylvania mills.

"You've got to face those things," said Mr. Preiss. "One source of business dries up; you've got to recognize it, and chase after other business."

One sure customer, who isn't apt to take his business elsewhere, is TA itself. All the heavy equipment and supplies for the Coney Islands yards that is freighted in goes by the SBK.

The telephone rang and Mr. Preiss answered it.

"Sure, sure," he said. "Of course, we can handle it."

He hung up and looked happy. An Army plane, he said, had crashed in Pennsylvania. It was being shipped to Floyd Bennett field for examination.

This was something rather new, Mr. Preiss explained. Shows how new business turns up to take the place of old business.

He regretted that the Fourth Avenue subway tunnel was built so narrow. They had to turn down a whale job once because of it. The whale had been killed in European waters, embalmed and shipped here for display at Coney Island. It fitted on top of a freight car, all right, but its glassed enclosure was too big to go through the tunnel. Regretfully, the SBK withdrew from the picture, and the monster had to be eventually lightered to Coney Island, where it provided an attraction and a bad odor.

Even with ordinary, narrow freight cars—which are still beamier than subway cars—the SBK has trouble. The cars are inclined to develop a middle-aged bulge. Many of them, before they are taken into the tunnel, must be fitted with wire corsets to restrain this spread. The wire is wrapped around the cars and tightened.

"Costs us four or five hundred dollars a year for wire," said Mr. Preiss, "but I think we're going to lick that problem."

He has a plan to use steel rods which can be run through fat freight cars and tightened up by a turnbuckle arrangement. Such rods could be used over and over again.

It was pointed out that such a device would rob the SBK of the distinction of being probably the only railroad in the world where freight cars wear corsets.

This left Mr. Preiss unimpressed.

"Costs us four or five hundred a year for wire," he repeated. "We could use that money."

The flavor of the small railroad permeates the quarters of the SBK. None of the flurry of a subway station exists in its offices.

SBK's monstrous crane, which lifts crashed airplanes and such for loading on flat-cars. Once it nearly lifted a whale—could have, too—but didn't.



# A Subway Sun Is Born

After the artist finishes it, a Subway Sun or any other poster appears to be a simple job. Many think it takes the artist only several hours to draw a poster, an hour or more to put on the finishing touches.

Don't you believe it! Let us take you behind the scenes and show you how a Subway Sun is born. For all of you, like The Editors, are employees of the Transit Authority and in the family.




We sought the benefit of many minds in and out of the Public Relations Department on our Litterbug campaign. We had watched Judge Kaplan's record on the bench and we pulled him in, among others, for advice.




In the first pencilled sketch on this page, we quite naturally thought of a poster of a judge on the bench—perhaps because of the good job Judge Kaplan had done in handling Litterbugs. The Judge himself was the first one to veto this sketch because he felt that above ground and under ground presented different problems.

The next sketch (and it is only a pencilled one so you may not see the paper the Litterbug is leaving on a seat) was drawn because leaving newspapers on seats is the biggest single reason for litter in the subway. We rejected this sketch, however, because our subway trash cans were not prominent enough. You can barely see the outline of a trash can outside the subway door. We rejected it also because we do not like the negative approach of "Don't be a Litterbug." We don't think people like to be told "Don't do this" and "Don't do that."



In the next sketch the artist and the rest of us began to approach the final poster. There was a better appeal in it, we thought. You will notice that we are appealing to people in this third sketch telling them "We need your help to keep the subway clean." These words tell the facts but there were too many words, too many for passengers




to read at a glance. So we rejected sketch, No. 3.

Now take a look at the fourth sketch. This was it! "YOU Can Help." Three words, big and bold. The figure of the passenger in sketch No. 3 had been taken out, but the way the artist drew the hand was enough to indicate a passenger. "Throw It Here" appeared on the trash can. So, in the Subway Sun, we had the slogan "YOU Can Help, Throw It here" which has been stenciled on our trash cans for the last year. By breaking up this slogan, however, we had plenty of room for a large personalized "YOU", the individual "you" that we used to make the individual realize that it wasn't up to the rest of the people in the car or on the platform but up to *him* to reduce litter. We had no "don'ts", no threats. We got over the message to each passenger that we believed in *him* and *asked* his help.

At the top of the page we picture Judge Kaplan indicating to Oppy his disapproval of the first three sketches. When the car card is printed, all the letters and outlines that show black on this page will be in blue, except for the line under the word YOU. This line will be in orange as will the body of the trash can. The outline of the passenger's hand will also be in orange.






# HAIL AND FAREWELL: TA Bids Goodbye To Retiring Employes

**YARDMASTER**
Archie L. Chestnut
78-31 83rd St.
Glendale, B'klyn (46)

**TRAIN DISPATCHER**
John H. Walsh
230 VanBuren St.
B'klyn (19)

**ASSISTANT TRAIN DISPATCHER**
John G. Bestercy
1640 Metropolitan Ave.
Bronx (21)

Patrick J. Conlon
601 W. 149th St.
N. Y. (38)

**SENIOR SURFACE LINE DISPATCHER**
Patrick J. Hackett
117-24 199th St.
St. Albans, L. I. (53)

**TRACKMAN**
Thomas Fitzpatrick
1420 Ave. L.
B'klyn (19)

Peter I. Larkin
287 Alexander Ave.
Bronx (27)

Frank Navetta
233 Stanhope St.
B'klyn (25)

**TRANSIT PATROLMAN**
William F. Borchardt
339 Bronx Park Ave.
Bronx (34)

Daniel McTeague
297 Sterling Pl.
B'klyn (23)

**ASSISTANT MAINTENANCE ENGINEER (SIGNALS)**
Herbert V. Modee
130-17 95th Ave.
Richmond Hill (38)

**ASSISTANT MECHANICAL ENGINEER (CARS)**
Joseph M. Suarez
199 Sherman Ave.
N. Y. (27)

**STATION SUPERVISOR**
John Stanley
62 W. 162nd St.
N. Y. (48)

**Motorman (Assigned to Conductor-Platform duties)**
Martin Loughney
655 McDonough St.
B'klyn (43)

**MOTORMEN**
Pasquale DeCrescenzo
2686 Stillwell Ave.
B'klyn (51)

Patrick J. White
326 86th St.
B'klyn (45)

O'Connor P. Clarke
2769 Sedgwick Ave.
Bronx (6)

John V. Sheevers
434 W. 58th St.
N. Y. (33)

John P. Allen
R.F.D. #3
Brewster, N. Y. (35)

Thomas P. Grey
No. 3 Hampton Court
Jersey City, N. J. (37)

Michael Sheridan
2056 Grand Ave.
Bronx (44)

**Conductor (Assigned to Platform duties)**
Harry Mendelovitz
1796 Vyse Ave. Bronx (37)

Patrick J. Driscoll
1569 Metropolitan Ave.
Bronx (37)

**CONDUCTORS**
Albert Monkmeyer
7303 6th Ave.
B'klyn (43)

James P. O'Shea
502 W. 177th St.
N. Y. (28)

Raymond Sullivan
459 Bayridge Ave.
B'klyn (32)

Gerardo Iaquinto
3768 Willet Ave.
Bronx (30)

Herman Jarett
2836 W. 33rd St.
B'klyn (43)

Morris Kaplan
64-42 23rd St.
Bayside, L. I. (36)
c/o Mildred Schreiber

James Murray
305 57th St.
B'klyn (30)

Benjamin Rothschild
480 Concord Ave.
Bronx (38)

Louis Valente
1116 38th St.
B'klyn (49)

Denis Neenan
3203 Hull Ave.
Bronx (38)

Henry Weitz
737 Miller Ave.
B'klyn (34)

**INSPECTOR OF STEEL (CONSTRUCTION) (GRADE 3)**
John C. Saskowski
86-23 112th St.
Richmond Hill, N. Y. (30)

**CAR INSPECTOR**
George F. Blackshaw
13 Depau Ave.
Floral Pk., L. I. (45)

Stefano Corda
59 Hinsdale St.
B'klyn (30)

Michael Lopriore
1491 Westchester Ave.
N. Y. (50)

Mike Rizzo
101-22 120th St.
Richmond Hill, N. Y. (28)

**FOREMEN**
John Kekut
81-16 Cowles Court
Middle Village, L. I. (37)

**FOREMAN (CARS & SHOPS)**
Giacomo R. Savarese
2316 24th St.
Astoria, N. Y. (37)

**FOREMAN (TRACK)**
James J. Keane
21-47 45th Ave.
Long Island City (23)

**FOREMAN (STRUCTURES F)**
Charles DeSanna
1721 E. 2nd St.
B'klyn (48)

**CASHIER (GRADE 3)**
Helen Eckelkamp
162 8th Ave. B'klyn (25)

**CLERK (GRADE 5)**
August A. Koebel
Northwood Ave.
Demarest, N. J. (51)

Charles A. Keane
31 Brookfield Rd.
Montclair, N. J. (49)

**CLERK (GRADE 2)**
Rose V. Kearney
266 E. 5th Street
B'klyn (49)

**CLERK (GRADE 2)**
Louise B. Turner
646 - 77th Street
B'klyn (52)

**RAILROAD CLERKS**
Josephine Albrecht
8802 Ridge Ave.
B'klyn (25)

Joseph K. Baldwin
1707 Topping Ave.
Bronx (41)

Eugene J. Nixon
1555 Unionport Rd.
Bronx (18)

John J. Zuelch
3333 Basker Ave.
Bronx (30)

Henry Seibel
24-39 38th St.
Astoria (34)

**CAR CLEANERS**
Patrick McGuiness
2100 Utica Ave.
B'klyn (46)

William Hopkins
108 7th Ave.
B'klyn (36)

Edward E. Bryan
442 Putnam Ave.
B'klyn (31)

**RAILROAD PORTER**
Henry Carter
118 W. 137th St.
N. Y. (43)

Luther Thomas
562 W. 148th St.
N. Y. (24)

**SURFACE LINE OPERATOR**
Max Singer
3016 Brighton 7th St.
B'klyn (17)

John Fluhrer
7968 77th Rd.
Glendale (45)

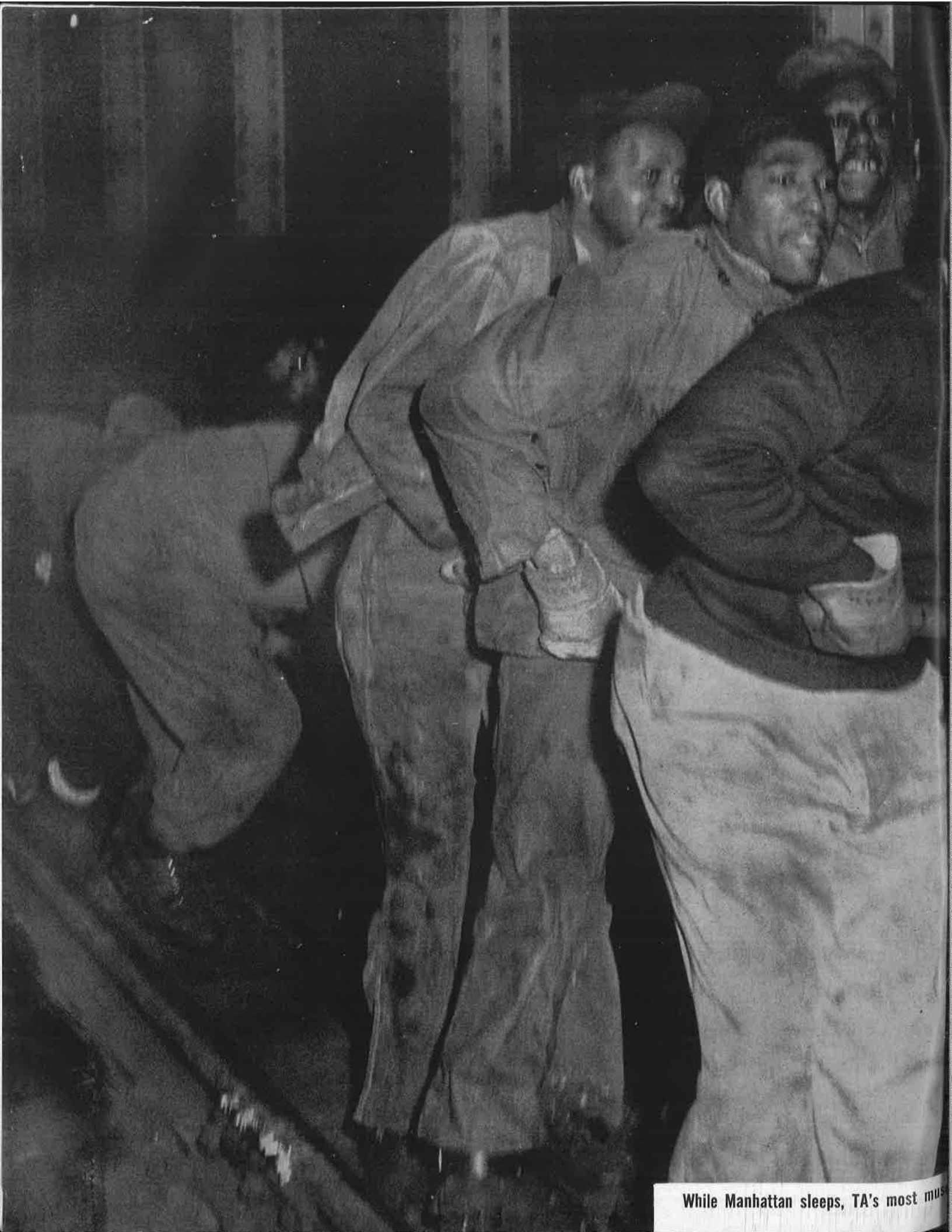
William G. Reinhardt
72-16 69th St.
Middle Village, N. Y. (45)

Henry J. Schumacher
104-38 118th St.
Richmond Hill, N. Y. (33)

Arthur M. Attridge
118-42 190th St.
St. Albans, L. I. (27)

Thomas J. Noone
40 Sterling Pl.
B'klyn (28)

(*Continued on Page* 16)



While Manhattan sleeps, TA's most mus



ular men replace worn-out subway rails.





Cafe society is just going home (note shining dress at far upper left) when the IND worktrain from the 207th St. yards arrives to begin the task of replacing worn-out rails. From now to dawn, and arrival of early work-goers will be their busiest time. Above, a rail is bonded by firing explosive.

# WHILE MANHATTAN SLEEPS

## In the small hours, worn-out tracks of the city's subway are replaced

THE last of Manhattan's theatre crowds is thinning fast. The time is midnight. The lights are going off throughout the city. Out of the 207th St. yards rumbles the work train of the IND. For the 24 men who make up its crew, this is the dawn of a new workday. While the city sleeps, while trains interrupt on only twenty minute intervals—that is the time when worn-out old rails are replaced by new. The rusty new rails—in this particular field, it is the old, worn out rails that glitter brightly—are laid out in rows on the flatcar.

On tangents, rails live a long time. "Indefinitely" is the word. But on curves, the grind of steel wheels wears them out fast. Seventeen or eighteen months is a fairly long life for a curved rail; on sharper bends they may last as little as twelve or thirteen months. And most of the rails on the flat car are for bends, in fact, are already bent. Unlike standard railroads, where rails are fitted at the point of repair, every inch of new IND rail is fitted for the particular few feet where it is to be placed—sawed to size, bent to fit the curve, drilled to take the plate.



After the first rails are unloaded, a passenger train arrives, and the work-train must get out of the way. Now begins the often wild chase known as a runaround. A train replacing rails on the down-town track, in the forties, as this one is, may have to flee down to 34th St., there be switched over to the uptown track, then go to 125th St., before it can be switched over, after waiting for a downtown train to pass, and go back to the place of the night's work. Below, Conductor Ed J. Babewicz flags this particular worktrain as it gallops on its runaround through echoing tunnels.







Tug and haul is the word as an 1100-pound rail is trundled into place. Note the lights fading back in the frosty tunnel which is bustling with activity that will be stilled as the city wakes from its night's repose and will need these new rails. At right the snow is shovelled from the work car, which was loaded in the snowy daytime.

The worktrain rumbles out of the cold, moonlit night and into the frosty dark tunnel, just behind a southbound passenger train. In the passenger car the crewmen and the spare motorman drowse during the long trip down to the forties. This, like many work trains, is a double-ender. When the time comes to unload and load rails there will be a motorman fore and aft, for each full section of this rail weighs 1,100 pounds, and the movement of the train itself is used to load and unload.

They're up and alert, though, when the train comes to a halt in the forties. Now begins the operation which calls for footwork, as one observer put it, "as neat and dainty as the Rockettes—except that they don't have pretty legs."

Twelve men, six on each side, each pair sharing a set of tongs, hoists the rails up to a chute, falling away as its tip finds the chuteway. The train twitches forward a little, and the rail goes down to the roadbed with a thundering clang. For perhaps seventeen minutes this work continues. Then the flagman whistles that a downtown local is coming. The work crew scrambles down, and the worktrain pulls away on its runaround.

This runaround is a fantastic jaunt. The train may go down to Pennsylvania station, where it can be switched over to the northbound track. Now it may have to travel to 125th St. before it can be switched over to the southbound track on which the men are working. Before being switched over, it waits for a downtown train, so it can trail it. This is the only means by which the trackmen can be sure of having seventeen or eighteen minutes to unload, or, as the night progresses, to load the worn-out track. The runaround continues hour after hour, until, just as the first sleepy work-bound passengers are appearing on the platform, it picks up its last used rails and heads back towards the 207th St. Yards.



During the runaround (left) Foreman Joe Messina gives instructions to (in usual order) D. Brown, D. O'Leary, C. Jackson, E. Gibbs and Ed Babewicz. Below, nearing the end of a weary night, the workcrew loads the car with worn-out rail, to be taken back to the yards and rebuilt. Note the first symptoms that their workday is drawing to a close—the earliest of the morning passengers, with his case, the still-drowsy man in working clothes, waiting for the local that is due directly. By the time the platforms really begin to fill, the worktrain will be slipping back towards the yards.



# TA PEOPLE



"It's his fault!" The Carbone twins reduce Foreman Theodore Urbach to perplexity.

## He Is They

Over the past year Turnstile Maintainer Carbone has built up a phenomenal reputation as just about the hardest-working member of TA's mechanical force. Among the RR Clerks at least. Ask any of them, and he'll tell you right off this Carbone fellow is on the job morning, noon and night. They see him at 9 a.m., mending a recalcitrant turnstile; at 11 p. m., there he is still. "Great heavens, you still on the job?" they'd ask. "Oh, sure," is the usual reply of Turnstile Maintainer Carbone, still looking fresh and unwearied.

To a lot of these bamboozled RR clerks, it will be news that Turnstile Maintainer Carbone is a two-faced hoax; he doesn't work any longer or harder than any other maintainer. It just happens that there are two of him —Alec and Tony. Turnstile Maintainer Alec Carbone works the 8 to 4 shift, Tony works the 4 to 12. They're identical twins.

In February, 1954, when they were interviewed for the job, their boss, Paul E. Anderson, gravely suggested that they split up and go into different jobs. "It'll avoid confusion," he pointed out, with strictly unconscious humor. Unconscious, because the last thing the Carbones want is to avoid confusion. They thrive on the stuff. Let a misguided RR Clerk say, "Hi, Tony." to Alec and Alec says "Hi." Tony similarly answers to the name of Alec. And when somebody commiserates with Tony on the long hours he's put in that day, after Tony has been on the job only two hours, Tony looks bravely game and says, "Yeah, tough."

The Carbone boys have been pulling this sort of swindle since they were boys together in Coney Island, where they were born twenty-five years ago, Alec beating Tony into the world by a matter of fifty-five minutes. They went through school, together, maddening teachers who couldn't tell them apart. They got a job in the same place, a factory for amusement machinery, doing the same sort of work, and might have been there yet if a new highway hadn't caused the factory to be demolished.

By this time the boys were enamored of the confusion. They went into military service at the same time, with happy dreams of throwing tough sergeants into a state of utter confusion. The Army of the United States, however, didn't choose to play. It looked the twins over, sent Al to Korea, Tony to Germany, and that was that. It was also the first time the twins were ever separated. And the last.

Afterwards they got their job (s) with the TA and haven't stopped confusing people since. Al got married four years ago; he lives in a house identical to Tony's on East 26th St., Brooklyn; he put on twenty pounds more than his brother, and his wife says she wishes he'd stop being with Tony all the time, and spend a while at home with her and the children.

## The Gap-filler

We met our first gap-filler the other day, and he says he wishes we could make people understand that he doesn't slam doors shut in peoples' faces. He wouldn't dream of such a thing; he hasn't anything to do with it anyhow. He just fills the gaps between the platforms of the Brooklyn Bridge station and the trains, and the platforms of the 14th St. station and the trains, and he's never slammed a door in anybody's face in his life. We believe him; George J. Abere, Jr. is a chunky, amiable young citizen, who thinks the subway is a wonderful new field for research. He likes his job, but he'd like it a lot more if, every day, or a couple of times a day, people didn't rush up to him and tell him what a low-down scoundrel he is, for slamming that door, right in their face, when the fact is that, missing that train, will probably make their wife, or aunt mad at them, and if he knew what a terrible thing he was doing, he wouldn't do it.

"Darn it, I don't," said George, Jr. He wishes to make it clear that he has nothing whatever to do with the shutting, or opening of the door. What he does, one of the several things he does, is to stand on the platform and move the controller which causes steel fingers to slip out and clamp against the edges of the train so that passengers won't



fall through the gap between station platform, and train, and be maimed, or killed, or something.

But passengers don't always know that. They see him swing a big iron lever; they see simultaneously, the doors swing shut. Ergo, therefore, and to wit, George is the guy who shut the door in their faces. They want to give this George a piece of their minds, an unpleasant piece. They give it.

Occasionally, George manages to break through long enough to plant, in their minds, a suspicion that it wasn't he, personally, who slammed that door in their faces. But not always. In the latter case, there's nothing to do but to stand and take it.

George isn't complaining, you understand. But there's this—and then there's The Nut. There isn't much we can do, he understands, about The Nut. The Nut, he said, is a young fellow of perhaps twenty, who tries to work that lever when the official gap-filler is away. He goes around, toting a baby of two or three. When he isn't sneaking up on the gap-filler's lever, he's snatching conductors' caps and running off with them.

"If," said George, "he ever gets at that lever just at a certain time, he'll sure raise some hell. He'll wreck the fingers sure. A tricky devil, he is, too. We've never been able to hold him long enough to get a cop here." The Nut has made it to the gap-filler's lever, and yanked it a few times when the gap-filler was off on some other job. But, fortunately, nothing happened then.

George explained that the gap-filler was a necessity added after the original stretch of the IRT was built. Putting stations on curves was a mistake, as the IRT subsequently found out, after a great many passengers fell through, or got their legs caught in the gap, with unpleasant results. In 1914 the first gap-filler was added at 14th St., much later the Brooklyn Bridge station was equipped with the same gadget.

The gap-filler is actuated by third-rail power. The power is picked up by the train's operating brake shoe; transmitted to a section of "dummy rail" on the other side of the train. So, actually, there are only a few crucial seconds when the power is flowing through to the actuating mechanism so that a pull of the lever would do anything. And, most of those seconds, the official gap-filler is on the job. But it is a gap-filler's nightmare that The Nut might get his hands on the controlling lever during the time there is power to actuate it.

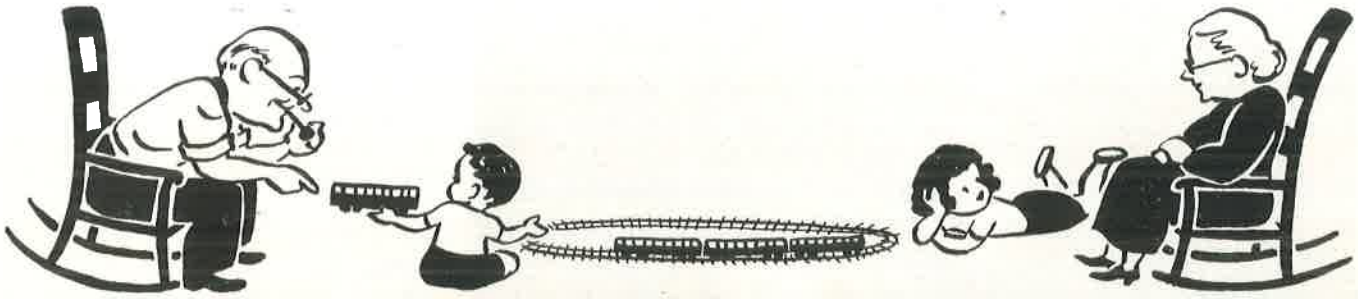
This Nut, George said, has been talked to a few times. He is a tall blond youth and the baby with him is quite pretty. On these occasions, he said the baby belongs to his sister, who doesn't come home to the Bronx until about 8 o'clock at night, and therefore, he plays around the subway, minding the baby, until that time. Says he'd like to work that lever, says he likes conductors' caps, says goodbye before the TA cop arrives at the scene.

Outside of these two things, George says, his work is very interesting. He can always spot out-of-town girls because they squeal a little when they feel the platform moving beneath their feet. Some people think they're just getting a funny sensation, maybe from that Martini or two they've had.

THE PASSENGER WAS LUCKY

He left his wallet, with $740, on the windowsill of a Pelham Bay IRT train. He was lucky because Conductor William Clark spotted same, hustled it right over to Lost & Found and turned it over to Dan Duffy. Leah Gertler displays the lovely green stuff and even prettier smile. Grateful customer sent Conductor Clark a box of $1 cigars. "Best I ever smoked," said Clark. Said the nicest letter he ever got was from that absent-minded passenger.





# HAIL AND FAREWELL: TA Bids Goodbye To Retiring Employes

(*Continued from Page 9*)

Joseph Scarpa
7th St. & Farmingdale Rd.
N. Lindenhurst, L. I. (44)

Thomas F. Cahill
447 17th St.
B'klyn (45)

Thomas J. Gara
205 Windsor Pl.
B'klyn (42)

Harold J. Tate
1430 Flatbush Ave.
B'klyn (30)

**SURFACE LINE OPERATOR (Assigned to Railroad Clerk duties)**

Fabrizio Della Porta
1574 64th St.
B'klyn (45)

**RAILROAD WATCHMAN**

John Rothenhousen
538 Drew St.
B'klyn (40)

**TOWERMAN**

Thomas F. Stewart
2408 Webster Ave.
Bronx (43)

Daniel F. Finucane
450 E. 141st St.
N. Y. (37)

Jeremiah Fitzgerald
113-09 Union Tpke.
Forest Hills, L. I. (39)

**MAINTAINERS**

Ustin Zubites
221 Forbell St.
B'klyn (25)

Joseph Maga
21-04 23rd St.
Astoria, L. I. (19)

Michael Bednasz
275 12th St.
B'klyn (27)

Sabino Ventola
312 E. 106th St.
N. Y. (37)

James Curran
551 Cauldwell Ave.
Bronx (25)

Patrick J. Dowling
115-14 103rd Ave.
Richmond Hill (28)

Fedor Peletzky
367 E. 10th St.
N. Y. (36)

John Krasheninnikoff
10-06 157th St.
Beechurst, L. I. (25)

Andrew McCaffery
444 E. 145th St.
Bronx (48)

Thomas Fitzgerald
179 Gelston Ave.
B'klyn (46)

**MAINTAINER'S HELPER (GROUP E)**

Eloy Gonzalez
76 W. 89th St.
N. Y. (25)

**POWER MAINTAINER (GROUP B)**

John P. Willis
204 Sherman Ave., N. Y. (28)

William C. Smith
829 Monroe St.
B'klyn (39)

**BUS MAINTAINER (GROUP B)**

Sigurd Andersen
614 80th St.
B'klyn (23)

**STRUCTURE MAINTAINER (GROUP B)**

James McGill
20-30 29th St.
Astoria (13)

**STRUCTURE MAINTAINER (GROUP C)**

George Anonsen
122 Fort Green Pl. B'klyn (49)

**SIGNAL MAINTAINER**

Michael H. Dalton
820 Taft St.
W. Hemstead, L. I. (38)

**TURNSTILE MAINTAINER**

Samuel Price
115-33 223rd St.
St. Albans, N. Y. (40)

**AIRBRAKE MAINTAINER**

William Feyen
659 E. 220th St. N. Y. (41)

**POWER MAINTAINER (GROUP A)**

Adolf Biener
1000 E. 167th St. Bronx (28)

William Malley
55-01 31st Ave.
Woodside, L. I. (22)

Vincent Asposet
958 Atlantic Ave. B'klyn (25)

## FIVE O'CLOCK

*The lullaby roar of late afternoon*
*fills the streets of Manhattan town,*
*here buildings of another age stare out*
*of the dusty eyes of unwashed panes,*
*and cast-aside bottles lie with the*
*filth soaked papers in wet gutters,*
*while in the doorways sprawl drink*
*sodden men who have rejected life.*
*The dying afternoon sunlight lances*
*with angry, glistening thrusts*
*the false gold of the gaudy skyscrapers,*
*these monuments of a new age,*
*giants lifting scornful heads against*
*the inexorable virus of time,*
*and passing clouds pile like drifts*
*of snow behind the blazing spires.*
*Witch-masked shadows tiptoe like*
*thieves across the canyoned streets,*
*across the filth, the fools-in-drink*
*sleeping their sentenced hours away,*
*and as the sun lies yawning on a*
*western cloud, a tramp cat awakens,*
*stretches, and eyes the human refuse*
*with a queenly proud distaste.*
*Trucks and buses force their*
*reeking way along the teeming street,*
*people hurry by as if they are frightened*
*rabbits seeking the safety of a hutch,*
*and suddenly the cities drama seems*
*unreal, as if the humans and machines*
*were tied like sacrifices to the pendulum*
*of a gigantic fast ticking clock.*

Richard Zeydel, (Ass't Train Dispatcher)




Scene in Fifth Ave. bus depot during campaign which raised more than $10,000 for survivors of Busman Michael Keenan, who died trying to save all his nine children in fire. Six survived.
*Photo by Dispatcher John McCullough*

Authentic it certainly is, this Georgia corn pone. Straight from Helena, Ga., where she lives now, Mrs. Fred J. Diemer, sends it and leads this week's list of winners.



Georgia Cone Pone

- 2 cups water-ground white corn meal
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 1 tablespoon bacon fat
- 1 cup buttermilk (or water)

Mix and sift meal, salt and soda into mixing bowl. Add strained bacon fat, then liquid. (Buttermilk makes a softer, better dough.) Shape dough into six oblongs, or pones. Place on greased pan about two inches apart. Make streaks across each pone with the tines of a fork. Grease top of each pone. Bake in a 400 degree oven about 25 or 30 minutes, until the pones are firm, crisp and golden.

"If you will try my recipe for peanut-butter bread," writes Mrs. J. Cilluffo, 3223 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn, "I'm sure you will like it." Never will Mrs. Cilluffo write truer words.






Peanut Butter Bread

- 2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup sugar
- ½ cup peanut butter
- ¾ cup evaporated milk
- ¾ cup water

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add peanut butter and cut in well with two knives. Add the milk and water mixed. Beat throughly. Pour into a greased loaf-cake pan and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, about one hour.



Far and wide spreads the family of retired Transit people. Thus we leap with hardly a pause from Georgia to California. From there, Mrs. Ethel Brenniger, of 644 Ramona Way, Fresno, sends word of how they barbecue spare ribs out that way.

California Barbecued Spareribs

- 4 pounds spareribs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 lemon, thinly sliced
- 1-3 cup chopped onions
- 1 teaspoon chili powder
- 2 teaspoons celery seed
- 1-3 cup brown sugar (packed)
- 1-3 cup vinegar
- ¼ cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup catsup
- 2 cups water

This serves six hearty eaters, eight dainty diners. Cut spareribs in serving pieces. Place in shallow baking pan, with lemon slices over them, bake in hot (450 degree oven) for 45 minutes. Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan and cook until it boils. Pour over meat, reduce heat to moderate and bake for an additional one to one and a half hours.



Back now to New York, to The Bronx. Mrs. Vincent Lepore, 443 Thierot Ave., The Bronx, sends this recipe for a delicious dessert for lovers of the subtle flavor of apricots.

Apricot Roll

- ½ pound dried apricots
- 1 cup water
- 1-3 cup milk
- 1 cup flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter

Cook apricots with one cup of water, mash, add sugar. Make dough of flour and remaining ingredients. Roll into rectangular shape, one-eighth inch thick. Spread the apricot mixture on the dough and roll up like a jelly roll. Place on greased pan, brush with butter and bake 30 minutes at 400 degrees.

**TRANSIT WILL PAY $5 FOR EACH RECIPE PUBLISHED**

(*Continued from Page 3*)




**Once A Transit Man**

I am a retired man on disabled pension since June 1952. Last year while riding on the Brighton Express to 7th Avenue I noticed an old man and his wife. Suddenly the man became very ill. I began to think what I could do to help so I suggested they get off at Prospect Park where I contacted the Dispatcher and after giving him some necessary information I then called a taxicab and sent the sick man to the hospital. I feel that even though I am retired it is my duty and loyalty to the company to do everything I can in their interest whenever I am called upon to do so.

CARMINE MARTELLI,
Brooklyn.

**The Boss Learns, Too**

I received your magazine and very glad to, because I like to read it about transit lines and the subway. Thanking very much and good luck and God bless you.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM MEHLER
Foreman of IRT
147th St. & 7th Ave. Shop




I was very pleased to receive the Transit Magazine which brings back pleasant memories and hope it has a good long run. The two magazines you sent me had a long trip, going to Montrose, Scotland, then back to Miami which is my address at the present time.

DANIEL B. MCCALLUM,
121 S.W. 9th Street,
Miami, Florida

Editor of Transit:

My memories with the IRT go back to Nov. 1904 when I was ticket agent at 33rd St. & 4th Ave. and selling the first ticket to the public. The number of the ticket was No. 0. As time went by I got to know Theodore Shontz, Frank Hedley, George Keegan and also (here is your indication) Sidney Bingham.

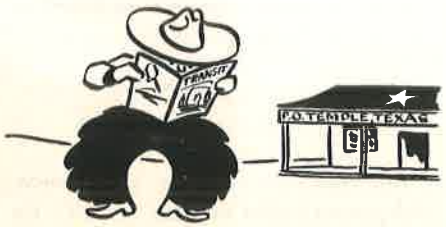
I was ticket agent, station master switchman and finally motorman on the Broadway line, and the last two years on the Jerome line from which I retired on May 1942 and moved up here to N. H. Bought an old house (not the one in the song) and had it remodeled into a modern house with telephone, electricity, running hot and cold water, oil heat and gas for cooking. Also don't forget the fresh air we get up here and freedom from the old alarm clock.

For exercise make my own maple syrup in March, go fishing from April until October and then hunting rabbits with my beagle rabbit dog, also deer hunting the first 21 days in Dec. Have been lucky in shooting 4 in the 12 years I have been here.

There is a new gadget out now that can be bought from Sears Roebuck called T.V. and believe me it is a wonderful thing to have up here, during the long winter nights.

Last summer I had a 2 weeks visit from motorman (now retired) Charles Eldridge, also a visit from William Cizyusik (car equipment) and we had a wonderful time talking over old times.

ARTHUR G. (Skeeter) BROWN,
Gilmanton, N. H.




Have received my second Transit and feel that it would be an injustice to The Editors if I neglected to thank them for their splendid work. I have been pensioned fifteen (15) years come July 1st., and it is indeed a pleasure to read every article and enjoy the pictures too in each issue. I have known several men in the pictures for many years and it is almost like meeting them again, because it revives many pleasant memories and incidents.

LEON B. MCGEHEE,
Temple, Texas



As a former employee of the New York City Transit System, it is the most interesting magazine that I receive. I have given it a new name—after the radio program—"This is your life." It brings back many happy memories, after serving over 38 years as Surface Elevated and Subway Motorman.

Sincerely,
ROBERT E. CORBY

P.S. You may use the enclosed picture as you see fit—they serve to identify me. I have a 12 acre farm, a full deep freezer, so drop in for a visit, if you happen to be around this way.

R. E. C.




**The Latch Is Off**

Many thanks for the Bulletin. I appreciate very much, please believe me, it certainly brings back pleasant memories. I hope I am not asking too much, if I may say, send it along. It's always welcome in my home.

ANTHONY POLIMENI,
Bronx.

Okay! I'll second the motion for a model section to "TRANSIT" with one qualification. Make it strictly a New York proposition, the trolleys, subway and elevated cars, past and present, with front, back, side, top and bottom dimensions for modeling.

After all those who want to go in for the steam road stuff can always get a copy of the Car Builders Cyclopedia from any one of a number of sources, including the public library, but no such fund of information is available to those of us who want to model the trolleys that were so numerous such a short time ago in Brooklyn and Queens, as well as those subway and elevated cars, that meant pleasant excursions as well as drudging work in the past. Here's hoping we find such a section in the mag soon.

A MODELLER-FROM-'WAY-BACK




**Wandering Warhorse**

Mrs. Waite and I have had a wonderful time visiting the boys and their families and expect to start for home the latter part of this week or beginning of next. Will see you when I get back and tell you what a good business this "retired" business is. If it is to continue as it has started, it sure will keep me busy doing nothing and enjoying it.

DONALD C. WAITE,
Detroit, Mich.

# HOW TO BREAK YOUR BACK (We won't pay a darn nickel for any more accepted recipes)

Three sure-fire, time-tested recipes, culled from the files of the Safety Department, by which our employes have achieved long, uncomfortable spells in bed.

Incidentally, none of our employes have quite achieved a spinal fracture by any of these methods, but a lot of them got uncomfortably close.

## Slipping

This is a fine way to wrench your back. A greasy spot on the concrete floor is excellent for the purpose. One of our men slipped this way, and wound up with three weeks in bed. An oily beam is a good substitute. In a pinch, hurrying under any circumstances will bring on a fine slip, and, if it doesn't wrench your back, it may produce a beautiful crack on the back of the head, in sudden contact with a hard floor.





## Loose Clothing

Try this. It's surprisingly easy to have a loose sleeve, a flopping trouser cuff, caught in a moving piece of equipment. With anywhere from two to four hundred horsepower behind such a piece of moving equipment, this does the most astounding things to backs of wearers of loose clothing.

## Proving You're Strong

Don't call for help if the package looks or feels too heavy to be lifted easily. Give a mighty wrench. ". . . and then," to quote from numerous reports, "he felt a sharp pain in his back."





## GREAT TA HOAX EXPOSED!

For more than a year Turnstile Maintainer Carbone deceived countless RR clerks into believing he was the hardest working man in TA. Morning, noon and night, Maintainer Carbone always was on the job, so his gullible victims believed. Transit exclusively exploded this hoax, tracked Al and Tony Carbone, identical twins, to Turnstile Shop, where Al works 8 to 4, Tony 4 to 12. Even then brazen pair tried to pretend there was a mirror between them (see above). Finally they broke down, confessed all, said they'd been doing this for years, showed no signs of repentance. Read full story on Page 14.

**Transit**

**MARCH 1955**

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