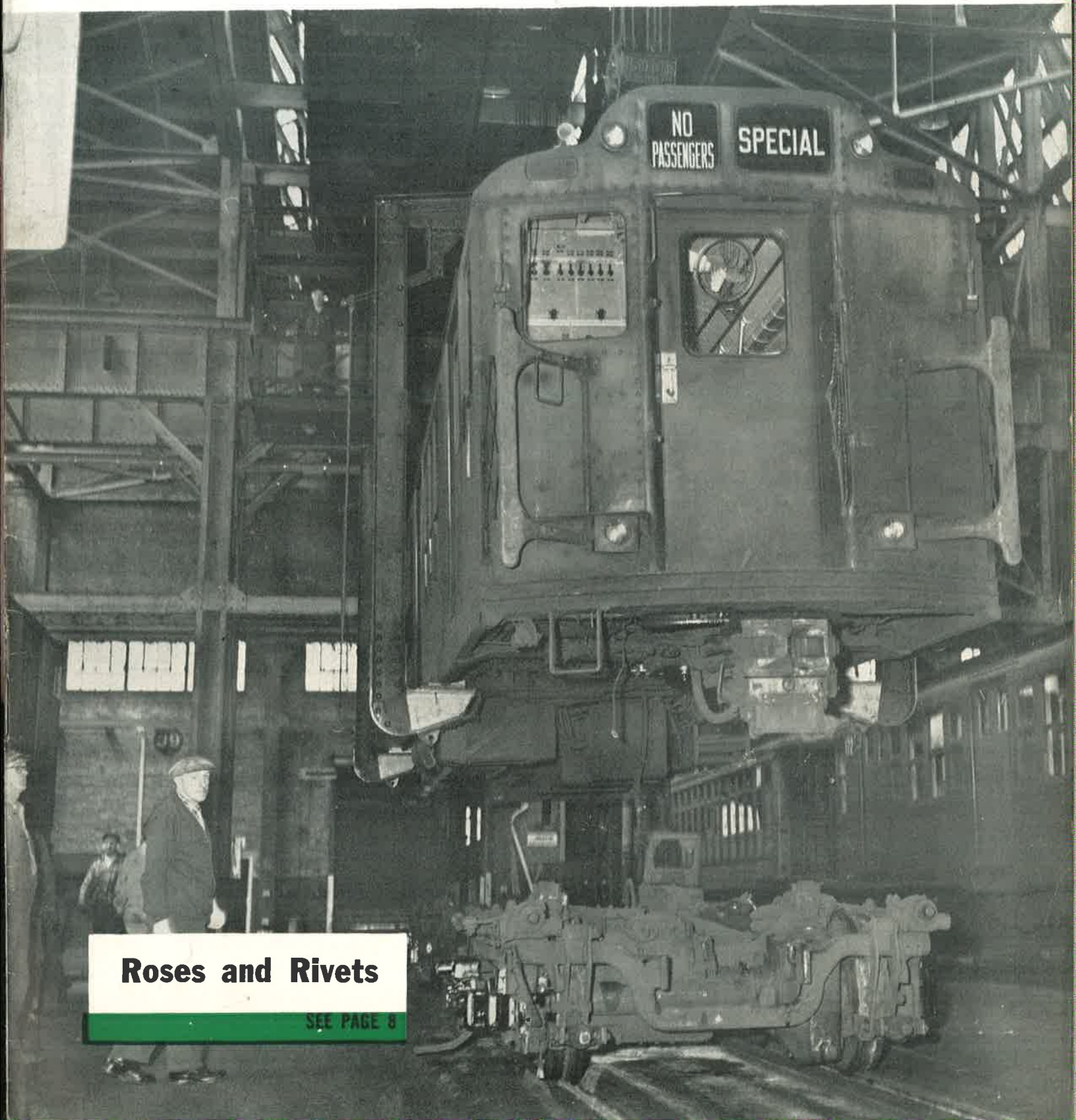
Transit

NEW YORK • MAY 1955



Roses and Rivets

SEE PAGE 8

Transit

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

VOLUME 1, NO. 7

May 1955

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



The Gals Did It!

Two out of three of the prize winning letters in the contest announced last month went to the ladies.

We're sending checks for $10 each to Emily Phillips, Paula Scheines and Solomon Michels.

A number of letters were received after press time for this issue of TRANSIT, one or two of which may be judged worthy of a prize. If such is the opinion of the Board of Judges we will print them in the next issue. But this particular contest is now over.

You all know we have been receiving a large volume of letters ever since the first issue of TRANSIT was published last November when nary a prize of any kind was offered. So we're patting ourselves on the back a little right now because the prize contest — and who can't use a sawbuck these days? — didn't affect our volume of letters very much, only a few more than usual.

Sort of makes us feel that TRANSIT has a solid body of fans who want to help us with their suggestions, prize contest or not.

In fact, we made a bet today that next month, with no prize offered, we would get more letters than we did this month.



AS OTHERS   SEE US

Picture Quiz

The men who write the articles for and about TRANSIT deserve lots of praise. It's such a warm interesting picture of that phase of life and work. It should be put into a time capsule for future generations to see. Of course, some colored pictures would be lovely. Like for instance how certain Transit families enjoyed their summer. Some might enjoy writing in about where they traveled. How about some funny or unusual experiences readers might send in? I can write a few myself and may send them in. I love picture quizzes, like in "Look Magazine" and they are educational for the children.

E. BEAR

How Long?

Congratulations are being offered for your efforts, but it's too soon to judge. The "Declaration of Intent" was noble; and no doubt you have made some progress towards the goal—But, I repeat, it's too soon to tell any story of success. Some progress, yes, maybe. But, there's much to be done before judgment.

LLOYD E. HEATH,
Towerman, IRT.

Our Backbone

I greatly appreciate your magazine and its contents. I think you are doing a fine job.

Your articles about the old days and the old time system of railroads thrill me very much. I liked especially your articles on that single track road and that old Irish system of railroading.

Your employe articles regarding TA conditions pro and con are very interesting. They are also very human and democratic.

I am also very much in favor of your article on safety, and the prompt reporting of accidents which really benefits both employer and employe.

Your "voice of the people" letters from employes are the backbone of your magazine and you should always continue to print them.

The suggestive recipes are tops and benefit all railroad people and their families. Last but not least your magazine pictures are 100 per cent. Keep up the good work. No fault to find.

JOHN F. FLYNN, Despatcher 24-104
(IRT. Div.—Ext. M8466)



Ideas Are Welcome

. . . Permit me to advance another idea. I would like to see added articles explaining the personnel structure of the Transit Authority. The beginning of the article should be captioned by a diagram, followed by an explanation of what each department or bureau is doing to help make rapid transit in this town the safest in the world. Again, where do construction projects originate and how do the ideas find their way down to the men at the desks who produce the plans on paper which are translated physically in the field by the Engineers and the Inspectors? Such articles ought to be written in a sequential order to be readily comprehended by the high school pupils and their parents who work at the TA.

As I have added to "TRANSIT", so I must subtract in order to keep each issue of "TRANSIT" to a moderate size. I would eliminate the Recipe Department. I hope the attractive girls do not consider me, as a result, a "sour puss." Recipe booklets are distributed by food stores, such as "A and P", "General Baking." The department stores sell recipe books. Every household has a recipe book. The area has been explored, surveyed, written about, and collected within the covers of books.

SOLOMON MICHELS,
Civil Engineer Struct.

No By-Lines

I believe the purpose of a magazine for the employes of any company is a threefold one; 1) the creation of pride in the company, 2) to increase employe morale, 33 to let each employe know about his fellow workers. So far "TRANSIT" has not done this.

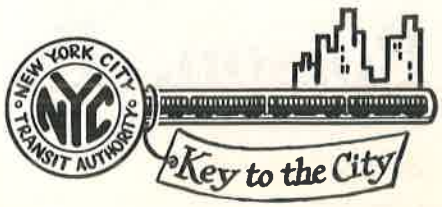
"As Others See Us"—a column such as this is a necessity for any magazine but some of the letters could be made part of other columns about TA people. "TA News in Pictures" is a fine section as far as it goes but surely there are more picture worthy events that TA'ers take part in each month. "The Subway Goes to Sea" is interesting but couldn't you have printed the names of the men that are shown in the pictures? "End of An Era" is merely a rehash of what most of us have already seen and read in our daily papers.

In each issue print interviews with one or more of these men and women. "Heirloom Recipes" is a good idea. "How to Commit Suicide" is well written and to the point but why the editors stuck this and the picture of "The Gentle People of the TA" all the way in the back is beyond me.

As to what I would like to see added to "TRANSIT", to make it a real employes' magazine, the following are examples: 1) Continuance of the column on TA People. 2) A page devoted to the vital statistics (births, birthdays, anniversaries, etc.) of TA'ers and their families. 3) A section for those of us who are able to write stories and poems. 4) A section where TA'ers would tell of their kid's accomplishments and be able to show their pictures. 5) A section devoted to the activities of the benevolent and sports associations of the TA. 6) A column of and about our pensioners. 7) A column giving the names and addresses of those who are forced to be out because of long illnesses. 8) A column of our fellow employes' favorite stories and sayings.

PAULA SCHEINES, Clerk,
Purchase-Stores Dept.

P.S. Point of information: Don't the people who write the articles for "TRANSIT" ever get any credit? I haven't seen a by-line.



We Love Her, Too

Now that your magazine is a 6 months old baby, you ask for our candid and frank criticisms, so here goes! Sit back as they will take all of 10 minutes to read and for me to write.

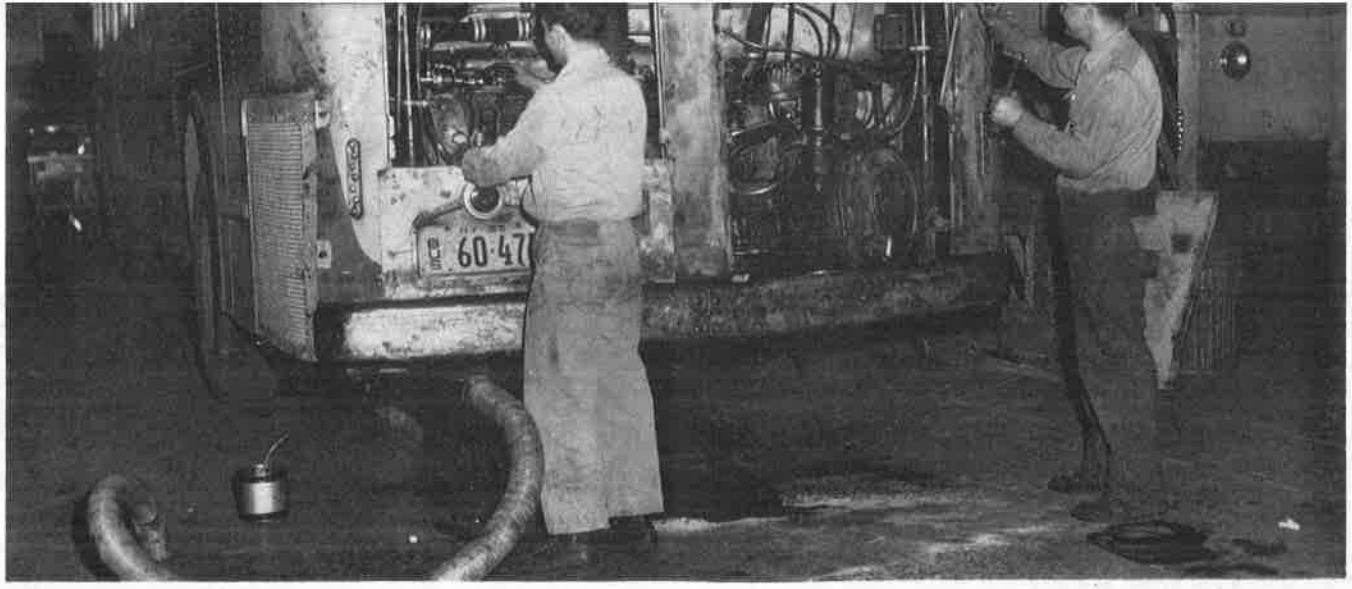
First of all, above all, I love your photography. In April's issue it is superb. The views on the Third Avenue El really are breathtaking—especially the one of "Twilight Falls on Manhattan's last El". It reflects the heart of the City at night—the man lost in thought—the blaze of the city night and the worker home from work. In magazines of great cost you couldn't get better pictures.

Now your articles—well, they are written so humanly—that you do read on in spite of yourself. People do like to read and hear about their fellow man, and in all your issues I notice this quality, this feeling of fellowship. For instance, the blind girl with the dog, then the ducks coming back to Jamaica Bay. Even the oldtimers who remember. It's a quality that appeals so much.

Now everything seems fine for the grownups, but what about the children? I imagine a children's page pointing out places of interest, and having one of your excellent photographs placed on the page. For instance, a picture of Fraunces Tavern, down on Broad St. and a small statement telling its historical background, also stating how easy it can be reached by the BMT. Perhaps the Hispanic Society, at 156th and Broadway —just a subway ride. I'm sure reading the historical background combined with seeing a photograph, and knowing it would only cost two tokens to visit there, should help any youngster to spend an interesting day during the Summer.

Now for younger children—why not try a series of drawings (similar to comic books)

(Continued on Page 18)



Poison, Poison Everywhere, But Not A Drop—

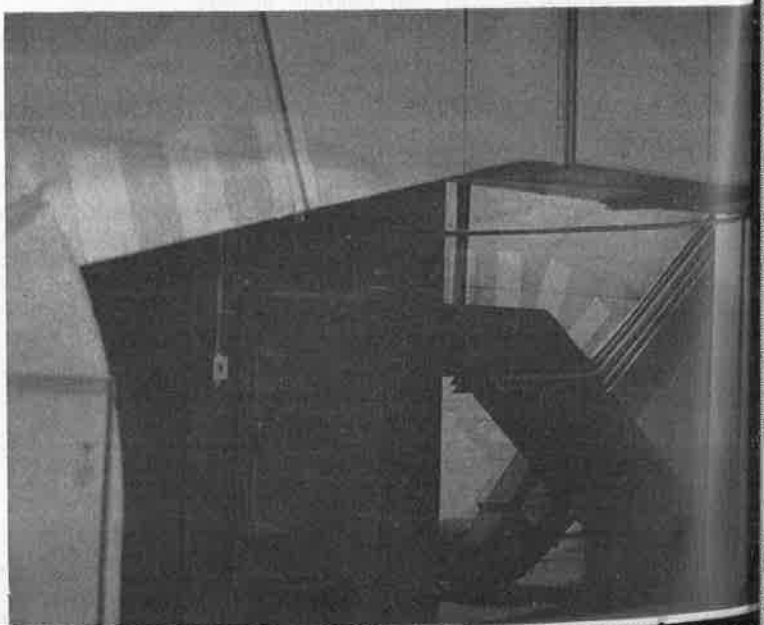
Just about the one place in the world where a darn fool can't kill himself by running a gasoline motor in a confined space is the East New York bus depot. Paradoxically, the East New York garage, largest bus depot in the world, generates enough toxic gases on an average day to kill a couple of hundred men. Paradoxically, too, the reason a darn fool can't poison himself there is that the inherent danger was so great.

So great, that approximately $1,000,000 was spent to make sure it didn't happen. That was just for the machinery. Ever since, for 24 hours a day, a man sits in front of a control board on the top floor with a CO detector gauge before him. Even if he drowses off, or doesn't keep an eye on the CO gauge, a bell will go off when the toxic gas reaches the "half-danger" mark in content. The bell is guaranteed to wake him—and practically everybody else within hailing distance.

Except in practice, its never gone off. In practice, it does often enough. The practice consists of fastening a hose to the exhaust pipe of a bus and bringing the discharge to the vicinity of one of the forty CO inlets scattered throughout the five-and-a-half acres of floorspace in the garage. A four-per cent CO content is considered dangerous. The alarm is set to go off at less than two per cent CO content.

The reason the alarm has never gone off are the giant mechanical lungs, with which the depot is equipped. In the penthouse, just over the control board, a thousand electric horses, broken into teams of five to seventy-five, power the turbine fans which suck in and filter approximately three-quarters of a million cubic feet of fresh air every minute and exhaust a half million feet of smoky, fume-filled air in that same minute. The fresh air is drawn through an oil-soaked metal mesh to extract all dust before being





(Above) Nerve center of the "lungs" which forces filtered air through East New York bus garage is the control board. Harold Gibson watches gauges. (Right) Labyrinth of ducts which suck in fresh air, expel bad.

pumped to the various parts of the building. The "lungs" equal the capacity of those in the Holland Tunnel.

Complaint By Union

Not long after the switchboard, with its winking, colored lights went into operation, a union delegate came in with a complaint. Union members were being frozen in such-and-such a shop.

"How cold did it get there?" asked John F. Connelly, TA's electrical engineer, who designed the electrical system.

"Plenty cold," the delegate said. "Freezing."

"But what degree?"

"I don't know."

Connelly took him to the switchboard and showed him the six charts on which the temperatures of the various parts of the building are automatically recorded. They looked up the record for the time and place complained of.

'You can see right there," Connelly said, "that it never went below 66 degrees."

That was the first and last complaint received from the union.

Not, Connelly agreed, regretfully, that his switchboard will ever stop unofficial complaints. The fresh-air fiends, who call for open windows at sixty-five and suffer the symptoms of suffocation at 70, and the hot-house flowers who shrivel with cold at 70 and are numb at 65—"no machine," he said, "will ever be made that will make those two live happily in the same building."

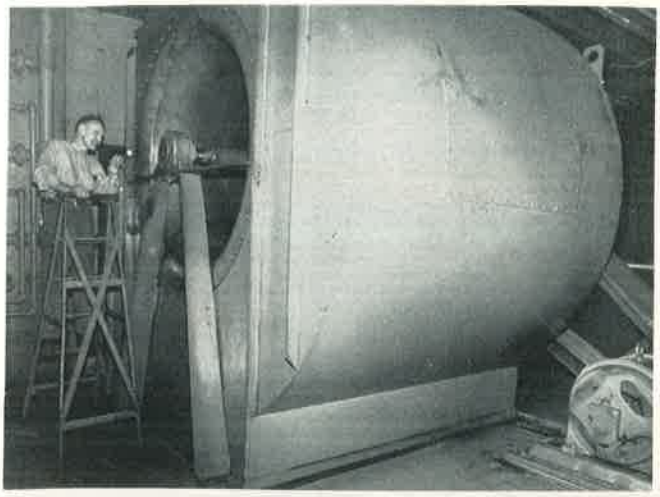
In the beginning a few workers were startled when they telephoned the control desk to inquire with strong feeling whether the bosses were trying to freeze 'em to death, and yelled for more heat.

"Try closing the door—we can't heat all of East New York for you," was the snappish answer.

"How do you know it's open?" the complainant demanded from a hundred yards away, on the other side of the building.

"I can see it."

For, among the gadgets on the control board is a series of red lights which flash on when the big doors are open. Connelly didn't put them there just to fox workers. It was simply a matter of thrift. There's no point to increasing the heat to an area that is open to all outdoors.



A workman is dwarfed by one of the giant turbo fans needed to ventilate more than five acres of floor space in the world's largest bus garage.

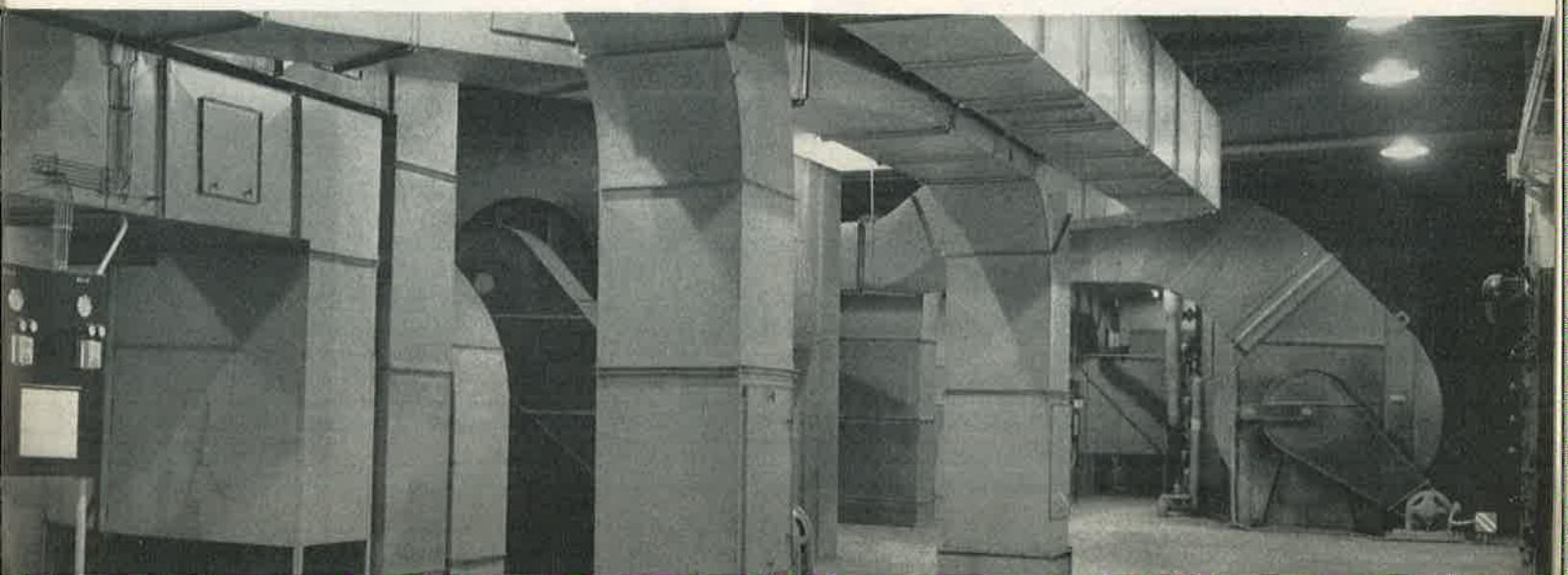
Controlled Heat

From this central point the control operator can with a sweep of his eye take in the various temperatures in the different parts of the building, and step up or reduce heated air to a certain point. Some office air, since it is heated, is recirculated, but always mixed with fresh, filtered air from the outside.

Carbon monoxide is not a great problem with the diesel buses, which now far outnumber the gasoline buses. But the waste from the exhaust pipes of the diesels contains large amounts of nitrous oxide, which, despite its common name—laughing gas—is no joke. Under certain circumstances, it can be just as deadly as the CO. Fortunately the CO detector accurately indicates, also, the amount of NO_3, using the same gauges, since its presence is marked by changes in the monoxide content of the air.

On the average, the air in the depot is completely changed every five to six minutes.

In addition, it is only on entering and leaving that the buses are allowed to discharge their exhausts directly into the garage. Once at the point where their motors will be worked on, the exhaust pipes are hosed to outlets which suck up the fumes and expel them from the building.



Deadwood Makes the Grade



On Sunday's he's the Rev. Elias C. Merena, pastor of St. George's Chapel, on lower East Side. But when weekdays come, he's — (see below).

AFTER twenty-six years, Deadwood, alias The Mortician, or, to use his right name—which practically nobody at the East New York bus depot ever does— Elias G. Merena, has made it. He is now the Rev. Father Elias G. Merena, pastor of the St. George Chapel. Nights and weekends, that is. During business hours he's still Deadwood, or The Mortician, a clerk Grade II, in the Surface Car and Bus Maintenance Department.

A couple of months ago Deadwood was ordained into the priesthood of the Eastern Orthodox Confession of the Orthodox Catholic Patriarchate of America. That's better known as the Russian Orthodox Church. And Deadwoods says, he doesn't mind if we now call him just a plain Russian Orthodox priest. Just so long as we make it clear that the Orthodox Russian priesthood broke away from the name Russian when the Orthodox Russian Church fell into the hands of the Commies.

He's still a clerk, Grade II, because St. George's, at 50 Willett St., in Manhattan, is something less than St. Patrick's or St. John's. It is, to be precise, an old loft building. And, when Father Merena says mass on Sunday he does it before a congregation of ten or twelve. At confessions, Saturday evenings—well, there is no long waiting line as in some churches. When St. George's was discontinued some years ago, the parishioners fell away, and Deadwood had to start from scratch. He has great hopes of rebuilding it into a flourishing parish. Who knows? He has a potential, after all, of a hundred souls. But it's hard to track down Orthodox Russian Catholics, which seems queer, since there



Deadwood, the Mortician, a clerk in the East New York bus depot. Here he talks over a maintenance problem with Foreman Norman Carlstrom.



As the Rev. Father Merena, Deadwood works with East Side children, of all faiths. Here he introduces a visiting colleague to his little flock.

must be all of 10,000 of them amongst the city's millions. He means to do it, though.

It isn't like Lansford, Pa., where Deadwood was born forty-four years ago. Lansford is a small town, hardly 12,000 population. Naturally you wouldn't expect to find many Orthodox Russian Catholics in a community that size. And, at 18, Deadwood, having finished high school and deciding to make a career for himself in the church, shook the dust of the coal-mining town off his feet and came to New York where there were ample opportunities.



Clean recreation, Deadwood believes, is the answer to juvenile delinquency. Here he watches a lively ping-pong game in the recreation room of his chapel. Note the ashcan which forms one table support. St. George's is not a wealthy parish. Toys are makeshift, home-made products.

It Wasn't Easy

Back in those youthful days, in 1929, Deadwood envisioned lively action. He figured he'd make the priesthood in eight years, working days and studying nights. He got himself a job as roofer's helper on the IRT, little realizing that the experience he gained then with plane, saw and tinsnips would, many years later, be valuable in his ecclesiastical life, too. But he didn't flash to priesthood with the speed he had envisioned. Soon after he got his job, the depression came along. The family home back in Lansford was threatened with foreclosure. So Deadwood sent home the money that was to buy lessons, books, vestments, etc. It costs money to become a Russian Orthodox priest.

Furthermore, in his first year here, he met a pretty girl named Josephine Gurka, on a train excursion. He asked where she came from originally and she said from a place practically nobody ever heard of—Lansford, Pa. This was clearly fate, and Deadwood, who'd dedicated himself to the will of God at the age of 12, bowed his head and accepted it. They were married a few years later, and now have a daughter, Irene, 17.

Through the years Deadwood studied on. For the last twenty or so he studied under the Metropolitan Clement himself. He was ordained a deacon, later became Secretary of the Holy Synod. Last Summer, when he knew for sure he was going to be ordained this Spring, and knew, too, that he would be assigned to St. George's, he discovered the usefulness of his carpentry experience. For St. George's was in pretty bad shape. Weekends and evenings he went over and labored, rebuilding with his own hands much of the interior of the church. It took a great many months.

So far Deadwood hasn't dared preach to his parishioners. With a parish that size, he explained, you've got to be careful not to drive any of them away. When he has a couple to spare, though, he means to try.

In case you haven't guessed it, Deadwood, for all his lugubrious aliases, is a most unlugubrious sort of a cleric. Every weekday night, when he quits at five o'clock, he dashes home, has a snack to eat—he doesn't need much, being a wispy sort of fellow—then goes over to his chapel on the lower East Side. Beginning about 6:30 P.M. children begin to drift in. Deadwood works with the police of the Clinton St. station against juvenile delinquency.



Deadwood's earlier experience as an IRT roofer is put to use in his part time ecclesiastical career. Here he makes a church repair.

Helps All Faiths

He has about 38 children coming in regularly now, evenings. He's sorry none of them happen to be of his own faith, but that's all right. Friday nights he tells the Jewish children to be sure to go to synagogue the next day, Saturdays he tells that to the Roman Catholic children. And he follows up on Monday, asking whether they really did. Weekend evenings they play games and talk. The recreational facilities of St. George's consist of a couple of worn checkerboards and domino sets, but Father Merena hopes to do better. With Summer coming on hand, the days longer, he takes them to a little park nearby where they play baseball. At nine or so, they call it quits, the children go to their homes, Father Merena back to Williamsburg.

He could have had a parish, he explained, where they even paid the priest a small salary. But he feels he can do better by working this way until his pension comes through, then he needn't worry whether his parishioners can pay or not. A very busy, very happy man, Father Merena.



THE CONEY ISLAND YARDS:



THERE are no quiet hours at the Coney Island yards, largest and busiest in the TA system. The fading of the morning rush brings only roaring activity to Tower B as the unneeded cars come rolling in from their rush hour trips on the Southern Section, the Culver, 4th Ave., Brighton, West End and Sea Beach lines—unneeded until the evening rush. The loud speaker in the control room growls incessantly as the towermen throw switches that guide the incoming cars to 240-odd tracks.

It isn't as simple as that, though. The great, complicated machinery has digested the information about every car in every train that is coming in. Which has completed 20,000 miles, or 40,000, or 60,000 since its last overhaul. Which has worn trucks, which is due for a jack-up. The mileage clerks have that history on every car on every train ready as it rolls up to the tower. In a 10-car train, two cars may be due for an inspection, three for a jack-up, one for a general overhaul.

Here, at the tower, it pauses briefly—but very briefly, because there can be no piling up of trains behind it. As many as 165 cars may roll up to the tower in a single hour, to be shunted to the various pits or shops, or to go to the lay-up tracks. So there can be no hold-up. If need be, a train will be sent "around the loop" rather than cause a pile-up of incoming cars. That's just an outer circle eventually leading back to Tower B.

But this rarely happens. There are thirty-two men in the drill-crew, so usually it is a matter of seconds to cut the train into four segments, a lot of raucous bawling of the loud speaker, a few snaps of the switches on the control board, and the segments are moving to their various destinations.

Most of those going in for repairs will be back in time for the evening rush. Follow one with worn-out wheels. It is rolled to a crane, a couple of men scramble underneath with wrenches to loosen the trucks. Massive steel arms reach down, grip the undersides of the body, and lift the thirty-ton body of the car from the trucks. The worn wheels



Thirty minutes is all it takes to replace worn-out trucks and turn out a subway car on new, or reshaped, wheels in the Coney Island yards.



On own time workmen make yards bloom. In this group are Thomas Corson, John Pulito, Jim Coville, Louis Procelli and Joseph Della Monica.



Roses and rivets, sweet honeysuckle and sweating hurry — that's TA's largest yards

and their trucks are pulled away, another set of trucks, with new, or reground wheels, are slipped into place; the steel arms lower the car body back on. In thirty minutes the car is ready to roll again on smoothly ground wheels.

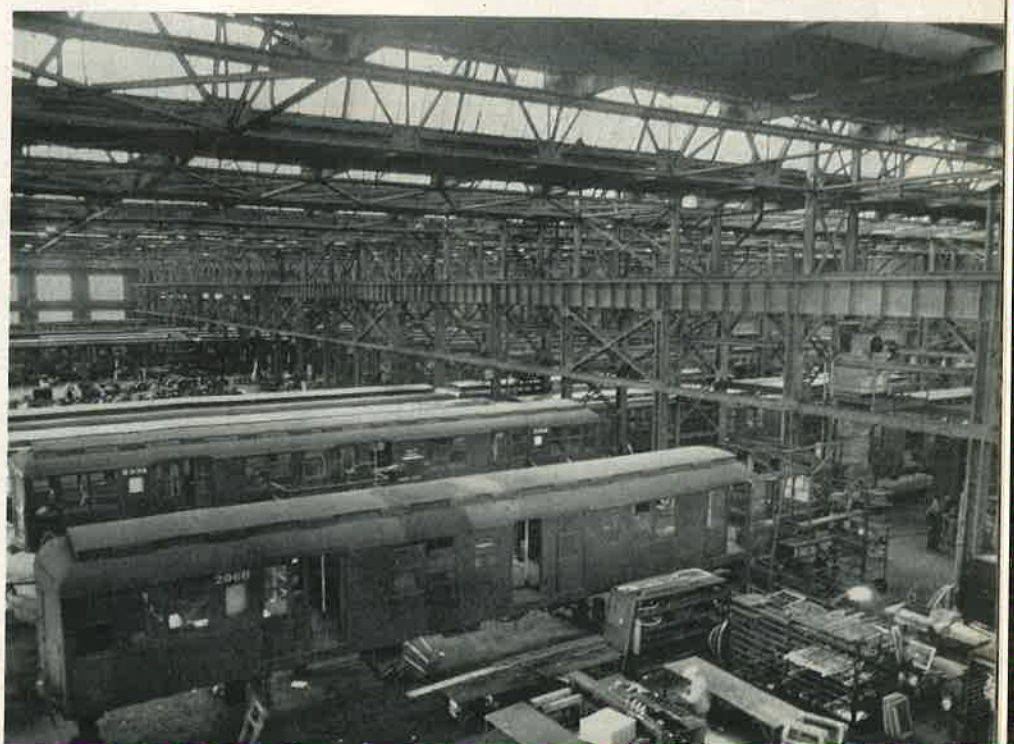
It takes 865 cars to maintain full service on the Southern Section. Some of these, in active service, may pile up six to seven hundred miles in a day. Others, on the same day, used only during rush hours, may make only a few dozen miles. All told, the Southern Section's trains reel off 151,000 car miles a day. On the average, ninety cars go into the shops every day for scheduled inspection and repair work. In addition, eighty or more cars—the "cripples"—may come into the shops for defects, of any nature from a stuck door to a flat wheel — in that same day.

Some 900 men service the cars which 1,600 operating employes handle in and out of the Coney Island yards. Some idea of the size of the machinery, human and mechanical, encompassed on the filled-in marsh-land upon which the yards were built may be gleaned from this: A nearby suburban transit company, in last year's report, wrote: "Every year one or more of our cars is completely rebuilt in our shops." The general overhaul shops, one part of the Coney Island yards, which is one part of the TA system, turns out a completely rebuilt car every day. The shops are capable of taking a worn-out car and turning it out completely rebuilt mechanically, repainted and virtually as good as new, in eight days. However, using an assembly line system, it generally takes some days longer; but the rule of turning out a rebuilt car every weekday is regularly adhered to.

The bustle and the hurry of the yards are invisible to the casual visitor. All of this is masked from the street by grass, ivy-covered walls, blossoming trees and formal flower-beds. About 1935, the sun-baked drabness of the yards caused the powers-that-were to sow grass, plant rambler roses and ivy against the red brick buildings. One man is still maintained by TA to mow the grass, but the flowers have multiplied, with scores of men volunteering on their own time to weed, hoe, divide perennials and start new beds. Few railroad yards can match the springtime floral display of the Coney Island yards.



Housekeeping a la TA. Alfred La Rosa rides vacuum cleaner over the floors in grand style.



The Coney Island yards services cars which reel off an average of better than 150,000 miles each weekday. (Right) Interior of one of the giant shops which take in nearly two hundred cars some days and turn out the same number.



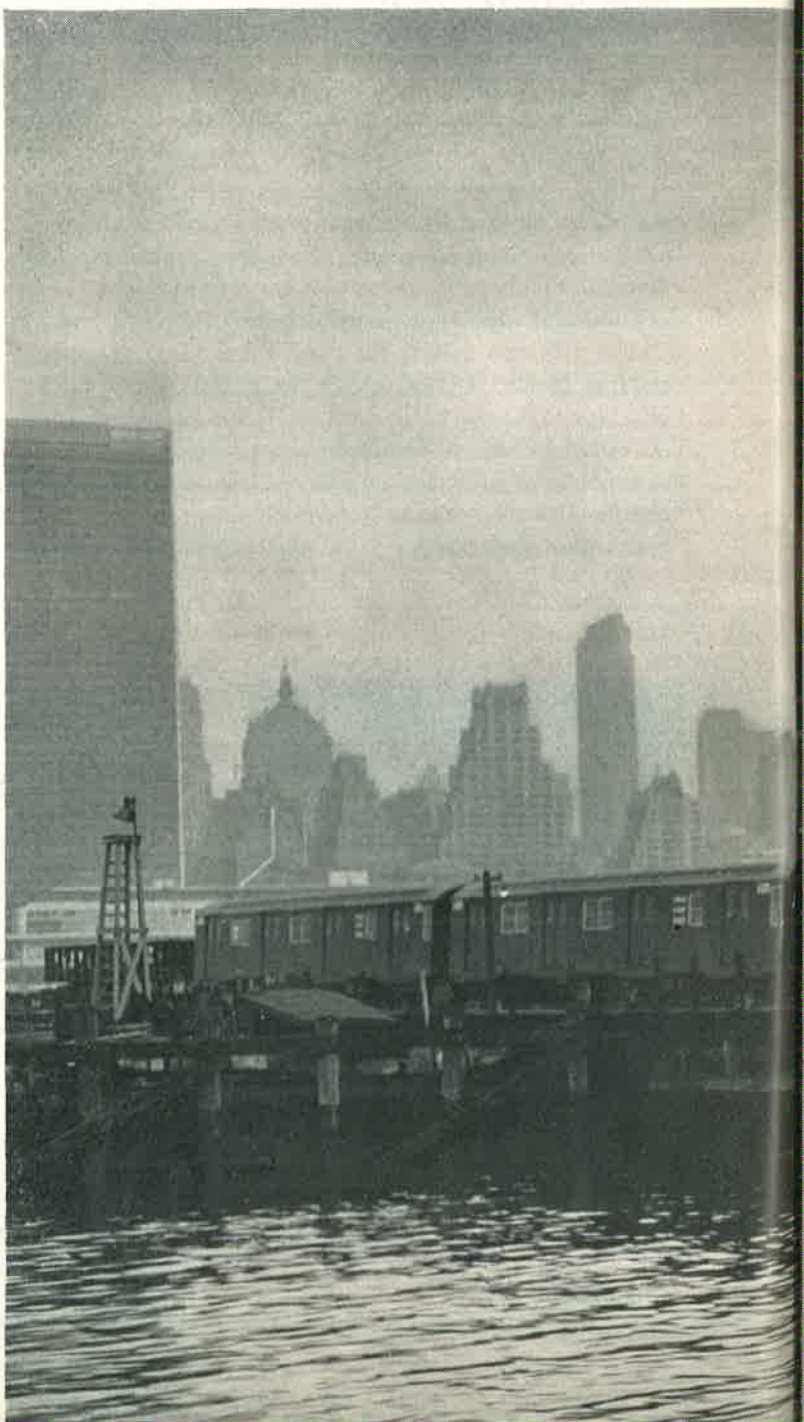
Many of the 1,400 men who work in, and out of, the Coney Island yards eat in the cafeteria on the grounds, enjoying gossip with coffee.



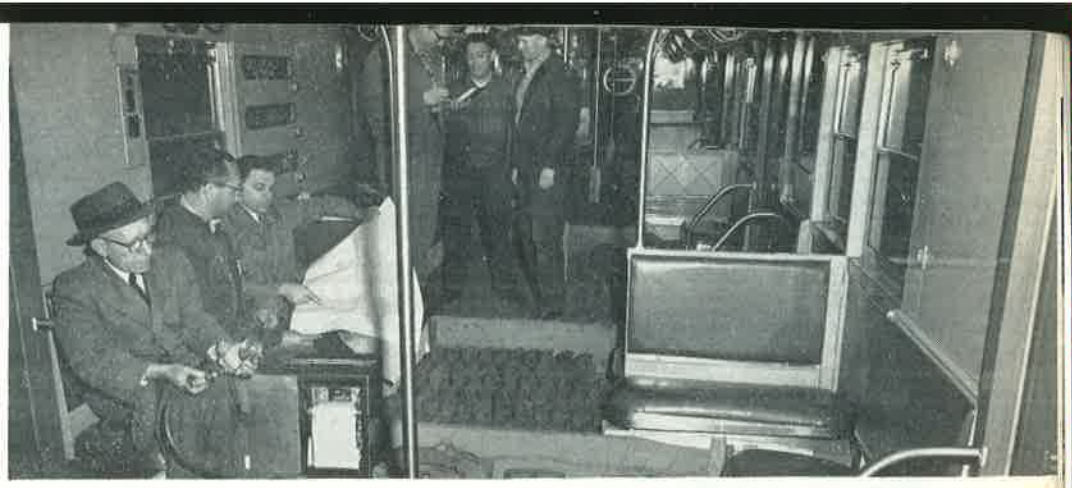
The largest of TA yards sports its own cartoonist. Here Car Maintainer-Cartoonist Anthony Fucci, caricatures L. E. Minnis, assistant supervisor, while H. C. Hammerschmidt, also an assistant supervisor, watches Fucci's flying pencil.



Samuel Charnin, foreman of Cars & Shops, checks a newly received train on trial run in yards.



An important job at the yards is the testing of new cars. Here a group ride a train of new cars on the 500-mile shakedown cruise. Note the unusual design of the floor. Actually the floor itself is covered with iron brake shoes so the test will indicate any weaknesses that a full load of passengers would develop in operation.



Here is a sight even Coney Island yardmen rarely see. New cars, bound for the test are floated on the Jersey side at nightfall. Sometimes during the night they are floated to the LIRR at Long Island City, there to begin a circuitous rail journey to the Brooklyn yards. At dawn Photographer Roland Harvey made this picture from the LIRR pier at Long Island City. The mists of morning are just beginning to fade from the skyscrapers across the river. At the extreme left is the United Nations **Building. City's spires form a dramatic backdrop to the north.**



Edwin R. Meeker, supervisor of Cars & Shops, (left) talks out a problem with Joseph J. Brogden, assistant superintendent of the same department.



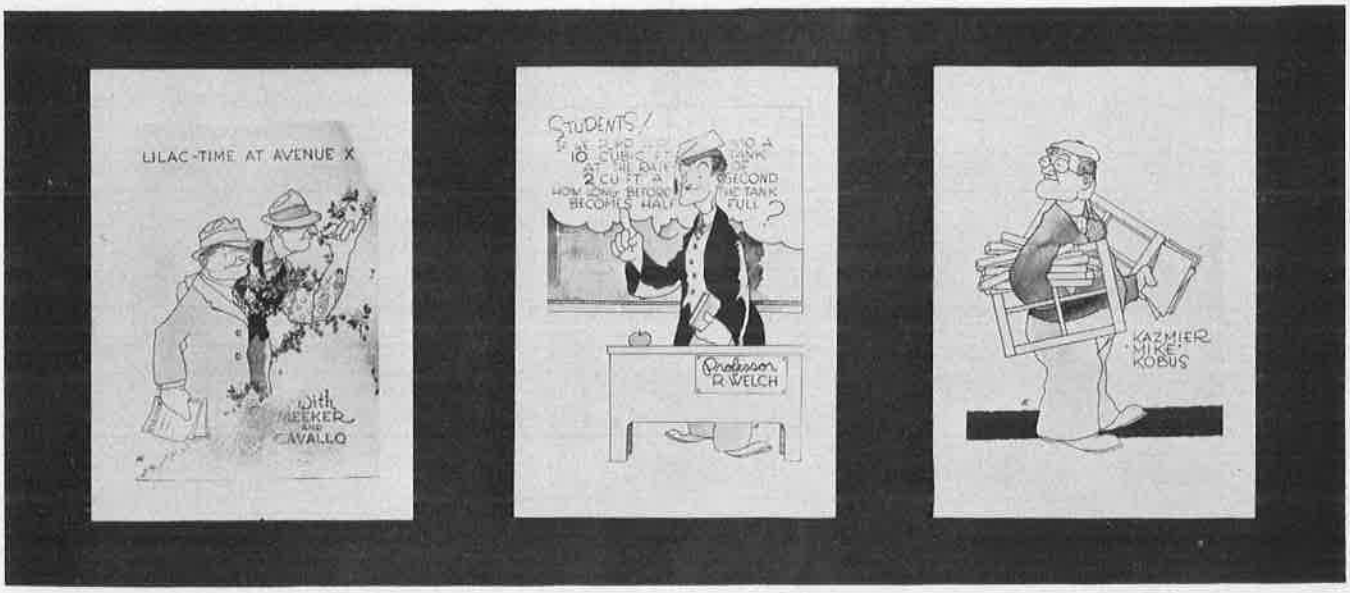
Old No. 5,000 isn't much to look at, but it's the most powerful brute on the system. Special motors make it capable of hauling a 10-car cripple over any grade on Southern Section.



Frank A. Gallic is trainmaster in charge of new cars. Like all trainmasters he talks to a telephone more often than to a living face.



The switchboard (only part of which is shown here) in Tower B controls more than 240 tracks. Loud speaker constantly calls for switching, keeping two towermen busy. Here Trainmaster William A. Blewitt (left) watches as Towermen Benjamin Brown and William A. Blewitt throw switches. As many as 165 cars an hour come here for switching.



Cartoonist Fucci pokes a little inky humor at the great and near-great of the Coney Island shops. The gardens at the yards are about the most colorful of the system, for all that they're hewed out of cindery fill. Hence the cartoon at left. In the center "Professor" Reg Welch is, as usual, giving a characteristic sermon. At right, Mike Kobus—well, this speaks for itself. Fucci originals are prized souvenirs in the yards.

HEIRLOOM RECIPES

TRANSIT WILL PAY $5 FOR EACH RECIPE PUBLISHED

Warm weather's coming. Desserts should be light and airy. And what's lighter, airier than sponge cake. No reason to get heated up in the preparation of it. Mrs. Anthony Lepore, 24-33 82d St., Jackson Heights, has a recipe to avoid that.



EASY SPONGE CAKE

5 eggs
1 cup sugar
5 tsps. cold water
1 tsp. cream of tartar
1 cup flour
1 tsp. vanilla
grated rind of 1 lemon
½ tsp. salt

Beat egg white with salt and cream of tartar until stiff. Put egg yolks into large bowl with water and sugar, heat until light and fluffy. Sift flour 3 times and add to yolks with lemon rind and vanilla. Beat until well blended. Fold egg whites into flour mixture. Do not beat.

Pour into ungreased large tube pan. Bake in slow oven 300 F. 1 hour. Turn upside down to cool.



But a man needs something more than lightness and air. Heat or no, each day should have at least one hearty meal in it. This main dish goes together in practically a flash. Try the chili con carne the way Mrs. Joseph Lombardo, 157 Cornelia St., Brooklyn, makes it.

CHILI CON CARNE

1½ pounds chuck beef
1 large onion
1 clove garlic
1 can solid pack tomatoes
1 can red kidney beans
1 tablespoon chili powder (yes, 1 *tablespoon*)
¼ teaspoon black pepper
¼ teaspoon salt

Cut meat in small pieces and brown in oil or butter, brown chopped onion and garlic, add tomatoes and spices and simmer gently 1 hour. Drain liquor from beans, add beans to meat and simmer five minutes. Serve with green vegetable or salad and crispy rolls.



Mrs. Shirley Kestenbaum, 2978 Ave. W., Brooklyn, sends this, a little more fancy than the first two, but well worth the extra trouble.

DATE & NUT LOAF

Pour 1½ cups boiling water over following:
½ lb. pitted dates—cut up
½ lb. chopped walnuts
2 teaspoons baking soda

In another bowl, beat until stiff 2 egg whites.

Mix together:
¼ lb. butter or margarine
2 egg yolks
1½ cups sugar
1 teas. vanilla
3 cups sifted flour

Add dates and nuts
¼ cup orange juice

Fold in egg whites. Pour into 5 empty #2 cans that have been greased and floured. Bake until cake tester comes out dry—about 45 minutes—350 degrees.



Two-time winner is Mrs. Kenneth Madden, 9 Weeks Ave., Hempstead, who goes in for exotic desserts. This is her latest.

FLOATING ISLANDS

Mix in a bowl:

3 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
½ cup flour

Put 3 cups of milk in a pan and heat until lukewarm. Add the above paste mixture to the lukewarm milk and stir until it thickens. It will be a rich vanilla pudding. Remove from heat and put in a bowl. Then add:

1 teaspoon of vanilla extract
1 can of sliced peaches in heavy syrup (medium sized can)

Mix well. Beat egg whites to which 3 teaspoonfuls of sugar have been added and when it stands in firm peaks, top the pudding with it. Drop it from a tablespoon so it looks like tiny white floating islands. If desired, you can also put a dab of jelly in the center of each egg white puff for decorative purposes. PS: For a change, instead of using the peaches, one could add a thawed package of frozen strawberries in heavy syrup.

THE MAN FROM HELL'S KITCHEN



All-time record for number of complimentary letters received about him was hung up by Bus Operator

THERE are, as every bus operator knows, two ways to get a citizen to write the office a nice letter about you. One is to perform a thousand acts of courtesies above and beyond the call of duty. Of course, for this method, you've got to have luck, too. It might likely be that one in a thousand who would write finds his fountain pen dry at the time, then forgets it. That's the hard way. The other way is much, much easier, and sure-fire. That's to have a friend or relative write the boss that you are exceptionally courteous, or cautious, or alert, or co-operative, or all four.

So nobody was fooled when the letters started coming in about this fellow, McNeely, Jim McNeely, right after his appointment as a surface operator late in '51. One or two letters, okay—that might have gotten some attention. But the letters about Jim McNeely flowed in like clockwork, almost one a month. Right now there are thirty such letters mentioning that S. L. O. James McNeely or a number, meaning the same thing, was exceptionally courteous, alert, co-operative and cautious. After all, many a competent operator has been on the job for twenty years without getting a letter. And to ask headquarters to swallow letters by the dozen—complimentary ones, that is—about a single operator was a little like asking an ant to swallow an elephant.

Not that they were completely ignored. It was amusing at first. McNeely started on one line, where, apparently he had a lot of friends, for the letters came from people whose addresses indicated they would use that line. Then he was shifted. Smart fellow, McNeely—the addresses of the letter senders indicated that they, too, might be using this line. The people in Surface weren't dumb—lots of drivers had tried this before. But on the third, fourth line, etc., the same thing happened. And some rather bewildering oddities. A lady wrote from Ottawa, Canada, about the time, when she was staying at Beekman Towers, this Operator McNeely was exceptionally courteous and cautious, and alert, and co-operative, and she wanted the TA to know about it.



"Best disciplined home anywhere," Jim says, and proves it above. He says trick responsible for his record is being nice to unnice passengers, turning wrath to sweetness.

It got so that an inspector was sent out to check up and ride for days with McNeely. He came back looking dazed, and reported that McNeely's twenty-nine letters—this was more than a month ago—were gotten the hard way, each by a thousand acts of courtesy, beyond the call of duty. That only added up to 29,000 such acts, and, as nearly as they could figure it out, an awful lot of McNeely's passengers had dry fountain pens. This fellow McNeely, said the confidential report, just exuded courtesy, co-operation, etc.

We went up to the 100th St. bus garage to have a talk with McNeely to find out where and how he picked up so much courtesy. The answer rocked us a little—Hell's Kitchen, it was, on the West Side. He was born in Georgia, the son of a Protestant minister, but he hardly remembers the place, or his mother, who died when he was two. Jim went to live with his aunt, who was his mother's sister, and he was just a shaver when they moved to New York. He has a firm conviction that the experts on juvenile delinquency are just running over at the mouth when they talk about the slums breeding crime.

"I palled around with a lot of the kids there," he said, "and they were fine friends. And not one of them ever went to jail."

About the courtesy mentioned in all the letters, Jim says he's given it a lot of thought and has come up with a lot of answers that he thinks are good. "Course," he said, "it's easy for me,



James W. McNeely. Here he turns the reason, a beaming smile, on a passenger, Pat Collins, an artist.



"I like everybody," Jim explains. He's just the same at home in The Bronx. Here he dispenses fried chicken and cheer to (clockwise) his daughters, Jacqueline, 6, Shirley, 19, his wife, Anna, Beverly, 4, Jim, Semla, 10, and Jean, 18. Jim attributes husky appetite to calisthenics.

'cause I like most everybody. Really do. I'm a strong believer in that I shouldn't do to other people what I wouldn't want them to do unto me." And, aside from that, he plays a game —anybody can be pleasant to pleasant customers, But a really good S.L.O. is one that can turn a mad or tough customer into a friend.

Take, for example, the teen-age boys who get on in a group of three or four and do that little sleight-of-hand by which they hope to gyp TA out of one fare. Some drivers get mad about this.

"It's the wrong attitude," said Jim, shaking his head. "Worse thing you can do is to bawl 'em out in public. Me, I just call the boy back and speak to him in a whisper—confidentially. If anybody's sitting near, I ask 'em if they'd please mind moving back a little, so I can speak confidentially to this lad here. Ask passengers to move, pleasant-like, and they'll laugh and do just what you say every time.

"So then I tell the boy, 'You know, I used to do what you're trying to do. I was a kid once myself and I thought it was pretty smart to gyp a little." I keep whispering easy like, and they come right over to my side when I tell 'em I was like that myself once. Then I go on and tell 'em it's dangerous, though—a few nickels here doesn't look like much, but first thing you know, it's a little more—and then you're in jail. So I get my fare and make a friend, too."

The chap who gets on, blowing his top about having to wait a half hour—he's a pushover for a good friend, if he rides to the end of the line.

"When the bus is nearly empty I say, 'Got a minute, mister?' They always have. 'Mister,' I say, 'I don't blame you for being mad. I'd be plenty mad, too, if I was hung up for a half hour, when we're supposed to be running on a ten-minute headway, like we are.' Right away, that man's on your side. 'It's like this,' I say, 'We leave the terminal right on the button, ten minute headway. The bus ahead of you goes through like a breeze, right on time. You get snarled up in traffic, the buses behind you get snarled up, too, and first thing you know you're a half hour late. You understand, Mister, I'm not blaming you for being mad at me.' Right away, that man's your friend, busy telling you he isn't mad at you at all, or the bus line—but something ought to be done about the traffic jam, which, sure enough, it ought."

These flippy high school girls who get on in a group, drop in their nickels and troop back without showing their passes entitling them to ride for that amount—they're cinches, too.

"But, worst thing in the world, is to call them down before people. Girls hate that worse than boys. I know what I'm talking about—got five of 'em at home in the Bronx, from four to twenty-years old. Yes, sir, I know what I'm talking about when it comes to girls.

"If they do it in a group, I call one—just one—back. I say, confidentially to her, so nobody else in the bus can hear it, 'It's like this, Miss—I don't make these rules, but the boss says I got to follow 'em. Says I've got to see that pass. And if I let you go by without showing it—why, miss, I could get fired for that. And I got five girls at home—one about your age—and you don't want to see me fired, do you?' Of course, she don't. These kids, they got good hearts, like all kids have. So she tries to say she's sorry, and I say that's all right, but, as a special favor to me would she ask her friends to always show their passes. First thing you know they're all showing theirs and saying, "Hello, Mr. Driver," or "Hello, Mr. Jim." Like I say, the kids today they got swell hearts—I don't think those juvenile delinquency experts know what they're talking about.

Boss Henry J. Ritter, chief surface line dispatcher, compliments the pride of the East 110th St. depot after receiving thirtieth letter.



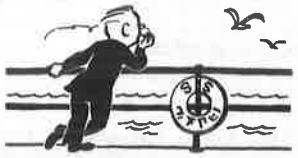


TA BIDS GOODBYE TO RETIRING EMPLOYES

(Figures in parentheses indicate number of years served.)

FOREMAN (STRUCTURES—GROUP F)
Theodore Hansen, 147-09 111th Ave., Jamaica 4, N. Y. (48)

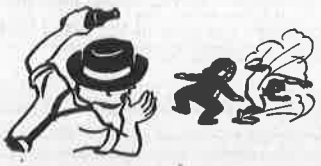
FOREMAN (SIGNALS)
John H. Farrelmann, 135-52 231st St., Rosedale 10, N. Y. (29)



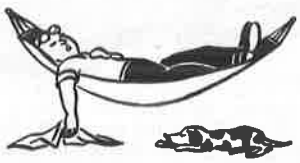
ASSISTANT FOREMAN (CAR CLEANING)
Daniel Maloney, 1293 2nd Ave., N. Y. 21 (42)
John A. Hartnett, 36 Glover Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. (28)

ASSISTANT FOREMAN (TRACK)
Sabatino Libardi, 14 Pleasant Pl., Brooklyn 33 (23)

CLAIM EXAMINER (TORTS) GRADE 4
Joseph Roth, 135 Langham St., Brooklyn 29 (30)



MAINTAINER'S HELPER (GROUP B)
Giuseppe Ferraro, 41-10 102nd St., Corona, L. I. (35)



RAILROAD CLERK
Catherine Bartine, 94-25 Hollis Court Blvd., Bellaire 8, N. Y. (26)
Marc P. Ganbarg, 83 West Tremont Ave., Bronx 53 (18)
Catherine H. McBreen, 5313 5th Ave., Brooklyn 20 (26)



RAILROAD PORTER
David E. Tyler, 409 Edgecombe Ave., New York City 32 (36)

CAR CLEANER
Giuseppe Garace, 1271 Havemeyer Ave., Bronx 61 (32)
Pietro Certo, 1520 E. 172nd St., Bronx 59 (25)

CAR INSPECTOR
Thomas Kelly, 682 Academy St., New York City 34 (37)
Ustin Solovey, 1516 E. 33rd St., Brooklyn 10 (27)

MOTORMAN
Eugene Bauer, 52 Sterling Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. (40)
Thomas J. Foley, 350 Audubon Ave., New York 33 (39)
Martin B. Fratt, 887 Hancock St., Brooklyn 33 (48)



SURFACE LINE OPERATOR
Edward J. Obser, 126-18 95th Ave., Richmond Hill 19, N. Y. (23)
James W. Strahan, 440 15th St., Brooklyn 15 (15)
James Brennan, 688 10th St., Brooklyn 15 (32)
Michael A. Farese, 707 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn 5 (34)
Harry J. Miller, 63-04 62nd Ave., Maspeth, L. I. (45)



CONDUCTOR
Frank Aloisio, 909 Kent Ave., Brooklyn 5 (35)
Ferdinand DePrisco, 1339 West 7th St., Brooklyn 4 (36)
Frank Wassmer, 65-14 80th Ave., Glendale 27, N. Y. (36)



TRACKMAN
John Chundak, 338 Mason Ave., Haldon, N. J. (33)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP F)
Kiril Rusak, 333 Madison St., New York 12 (33)

SIGNAL MAINTAINER
Clarence J. Turner, 2122 Valentine Ave., New York 57 (36)



MAINTAINER'S HELPER (GROUP C)
Clarence C. Behr, 2134 45th Road, Long Island City 1 (26)

Jungle Denizen Rides the IRT

(From a Correspondent)

I HAVE been riding the New York subway for 20 years or more and only once have I seen a seaman with a monkey on his shoulder enter a subway train. True, I never actually expected to see a sailor with a monkey on his shoulder in a subway train. But it did happen—once, and under nerve-wracking conditions.

Several years ago, when I was working the 2 A.M. to 9 A.M. shift on a newspaper, one of my colleagues went on a historic binge. He returned to the office with the firm conviction that green men in fantastic attire were watching his every move. He never actually saw one but he knew they were there—across the street, or in another office, or even on the roof. They had machines trained on him enabling them to read his mind. This continued for a couple of really rugged nights.

The third night, or morning rather, as we finished our stints, he asked me as a great favor to accompany him home. I, of course, agreed and called another friend, who for the sake of clarity and brevity we'll call Al, to accompany us.

We boarded an East Side subway for the far reaches of Brooklyn and everything went well until we roared into Bowling Green station.

Then—have you guessed it?—a sailor with a monkey on his shoulder entered our car.

Although the car was only about three-fourths full, Al sprang up immediately and grabbed a strap, thus blocking out with his body the dread sight which we both feared would send our ailing friend into the screaming stage. At the same time I engaged him in an almost incoherent stream of conversation to divert his attention.

All went well and we delivered the sick man to his brother's home.

Weeks later, when the patient had fully recovered, the three of us happened to meet at our early morning meal. Al recounted our experience to Henry (the hero of this yarn).

"Why did you go to all that trouble?" Henry asked.

"Because," I yelled, "we were afraid that you'd see the monkey."

"I saw it," Henry replied calmly.

"You never said anything about it," Al said reproachfully.

"No, I didn't," Henry said. "I was afraid you guys couldn't see it."

TA NEWS IN PICTURES



Mass donation of blood by TA's 233 new rookie cops isn't entirely a grim business. (Right) Fretty Red Cross Volunteer Leonore Langeman dips into the wassail bowl (orange juice) with Rookies Emmett Reed, Arthur Marinello, Richard F. Bowers, Joseph A. Lame. (Below) Patrolmen Jim Rooney and John Martin display the expert kibitzing skill of veterans. Nurse and rookie ignore it.





Harvest of safety awards is reaped by TA busmen. (Above) Winfield Jensen, chief surface dispatcher, shakes hands with Anthony Molitierni, over Staten Island's honor. (Below) East New York busmen do some crowing of their own. Left to right, Paul Cook, William Cahelune, Leo Collins, Daniel Shine, Cornelius Clark, Patrick Cooney and Patrick Doyle, all gloating.



(*Continued from Page 3*)

based on safety, manners or kindness to animals? However, before I conclude—please do not have many statistics. I think people skip them. And do keep publishing letters from old timers. Well, that is all—and I do wish your magazine a lot of success for it is warm-hearted.

EMILY PHILLIPS,
375 East 159th St.,
Bronx 51, N. Y.

Has Indigestion

Please continue to publish TRANSIT almost as now. I like practically all of the departments of the magazine especially the ones about how other departments work. I happen to be interested enough in my job to want to know as much about how everyone works and the history of the different sections. The only part I don't like is "Heirloom Recipes." It is of no interest to me at all.

JAMES J. MCQUILLAN, IRT M/M,
New York 51, N. Y.

What Do You Say?

I believe if you were to devote a page of our magazine to want ads, it would create a new interest. It would invariably benefit employes placing these ads, and to a certain degree bring employes closer together.

SALVATORE T. BALSAMO,
Asst. Train Dispatcher,
Brooklyn 18, N. Y.



Hasn't Indigestion

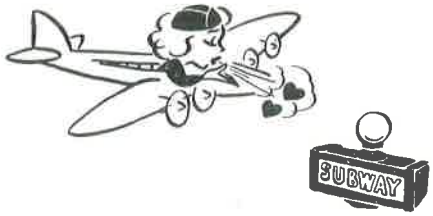
Congratulations on your fine magazine. Yes, you have made good on "Declaration of Intent." I cannot think of any criticism, or I would surely voice it. One subject I find the men know very little about, yet it affects all of us vitally, and we'd like to know more about it. How does the Pension Plan work? What does a man get when he reaches 55 years of age? At 60? What are the different plans he has to choose from? All the answers I've heard are vague, and need a lawyer to interpret.

Features for children would be riddles, knock-knocks, example (knock, knock — who's there? Althea. Althea who? Althea later, etc.) and jokes, especially ones about children. Also, party games for children. The department, "TA People," is very good. Have more TA people. In the April issue . . . "The Subway Goes to Sea," I found fascinating. My wife likes the recipe page, but would like more about women working for TA, and a column "Household Hints." The stories about the old days are very interesting. The safety pages do help, at home as well as at work.

ERNEST PALMER,
Asst. Disp. (IND),

Happy Ending

Friday morning, March 18th, a few minutes after getting out of a BMT train at the



Queens Plaza Station, LIC, I suddenly realized that I had left my pocketbook on the train. That day I was going to make various deposits; in the bag was a total of over 200 dollars. So I guess I don't have to describe how I felt. I felt sunk—and I mean sunk.

Upon telephoning Lost and Found, I was connected with your Mr. Hatley, Operator 2. Mr. Hatley was most kind and cooperative. He told me he would get right on the job and do everything he possibly could. Sometime later, through the Dispatcher at the Queens Plaza Station, I learned that my bag was at the Lost Property Office in Brooklyn. I could hardly believe it. It seemed incredible. I immediately went to the Dept. of Transportation Building with a letter of identification from my employers, Pan American World Airways, and there, at the Lost Property Office, was my bag.

I consider this really remarkable. It was about 9:15 A.M. when I had left it on the train, and a little over three hours later I had it back, with all the contents intact.

Upon inquiry I learned that the man who had found and turned over my bag is Conductor Widmer, Pass No. 21-3727. He handed the bag over to Trainmaster Limmer at the Ditmars Boulevard-Broadway Station, LIC. Trainmaster Limmer checked the contents and then immediately saw to it that the bag was quickly and safely routed to the Lost Property Office. I want Conductor Widmer to know how grateful I am.

RUTH L. MCNINCH,
Manhattan



Your Name's on the List

I'm an ex-Transit worker, out now since 1951, after 20 years of service. Like the old saying, "Once a railroad man, always a railroad man." I'm still a member of our Transit Post, American Legion, 1172, now in the Veterans' Hospital with plenty of time to think of what swell boys (I worked with) . . . . The boys brought me over a copy of Transit, and I really enjoyed it. Could I get it monthly to keep up with my old buddies? . . . If any of the boys recognize me in the picture taken on the hospital grounds, it would be nice to hear from them.

Paul Della Penna
Veterans Administration
Hospital
130 West Kingsbridge Road,
Bronx, 68
Ward 1-C, Bed 37



The Good Old Days

I suggest you continue the old timers section. After all it was these men who in their youth worked the trains and maintained the tracks, the structures and the signals on the four elevated roads before the subways were put in service on October 25, 1904. I remember that event very well.

I was a member of the first maintenance crew to service the Broadway Lexington Avenue. I hope there are many others of the class of 1904 still around. It would be nice if we could get together for a little reunion session to talk over old times. It is hard to understand how it was in those days—we had nine men and a motorman on every train—white uniforms on the trainmen, a baseball league, a band, and recreation rooms at each terminal station. And all for a five-cent fare. I also remember the five dollar gold piece we got as a Christmas present while President Theodore Shonts ran the Els and subways. Keep on printing those old stories of the good old days when New York was really the city of brotherly love. The school kids were mannerly and considerate of their elders when riding on the Els and in the subways. A very different attitude to that of our teenagers of today. I hope some old side-kick of mine will see this letter and drop me a card or letter.

EDMUND J. BURKE,
IRT Bureau Track and Structures,
40 Sherman Avenue,
New York 40, N. Y.



One of Us Is Dead

I am sure that you bit off more than you can chew when you announced that the 3rd Ave. L will be demolished. As to date your prediction is still a political football.

According to page two of TRANSIT (April) I predict the 3rd Avenue El will outlive TRANSIT magazine. Stick to realities.

S. SCHMUCKLER

A LIFE IS SAVED

WE THOUGHT this month we'd tell you the true story of how a life was saved. Shining example stuff, you know. You, too, can be a hero by using your wits, etc., etc. The first part is easy enough. A TA man had just been awarded a gold medal by the National Safety Council, the so-called "presidential award," for saving a life. First time this ever happened to a TA man. He came down recently to 370 Jay St. and General Superintendent Edward T. McNally made the award and spoke about the warm feeling that comes to a man who has saved a human life.

It's the second part that's hard. After talking to this Bill Reid, a broad-shouldered foreman of Power Distribution, with a Scotch burr still in his voice after 34 years in New York's subway system, we find that this hero stuff doesn't come off quite as simply as they manage it in the movies.

This thing happened in the gloom of the Fourth Avenue tunnel, in that weary hour between two and three o'clock in the morning. A track crew was replacing the roadbed ballast, the ties were propped with pegs.

Standing there, Bill Reid heard a scream behind him. He wheeled and saw, ten feet away, a trackman, his shoulder on the third rail, his hip grounded on the running rail. Through the man's body was surging enough electric current to drive a hundred subway cars. Visibly—in a grim way. A blazing arc was flashing between the rail and the man's shoulder.

Bill Reid danced across the propped ties, reached down and grasped the shirtfront of the man. (August night, remember, and the man's shirt would be wet with sweat, which would conduct the voltage charging through the man's body.) He heaved backwards, so strongly he fell over backwards himself, with the dead weight of the trackman on top of him.

The man was unconscious now. Also, not breathing. But now there were willing hands to roll the body off Bill Reid and carry it to a stretch where the ballast hadn't been removed. Plenty of willing, eager hands for that. (You're all wrong, Bill Reid told us, if you think that men are cowards just because they run from a flash, shrink from putting their hands on a body through which a lethal, arcing current is charging. "Some men, brave men, too, just naturally run away. Some run toward it. I happen to be the kind that run towards that sort of thing.")

Bill Reid was on his feet instantly when released, in another instant he was kneeling over the non-breathing, prone figure, applying artificial respiration. After a few minutes breath started, the man groaned—a rasping, ugly grunt of a groan, and wonderful music to Bill Reid's ears. A month later the man was out of the hospital.

To hear anybody but Bill Reid tell it, his chances for electrocution were excellent. Sure there's a safe way to get a man off a rail. First thing you do is to proceed cautiously when touching a body through which such voltage is sizzling. Consider, is the man's clothing dry? Otherwise the current is going to hit you, too, if you're standing on the ground. Find and put on good, stout rubber gloves. If you're wearing rubbers don't trust them to insulate you against grounding. Find a good board that you're absolutely sure is dry. Stand on it. And—of course, by now, the man's dead, so why go on?

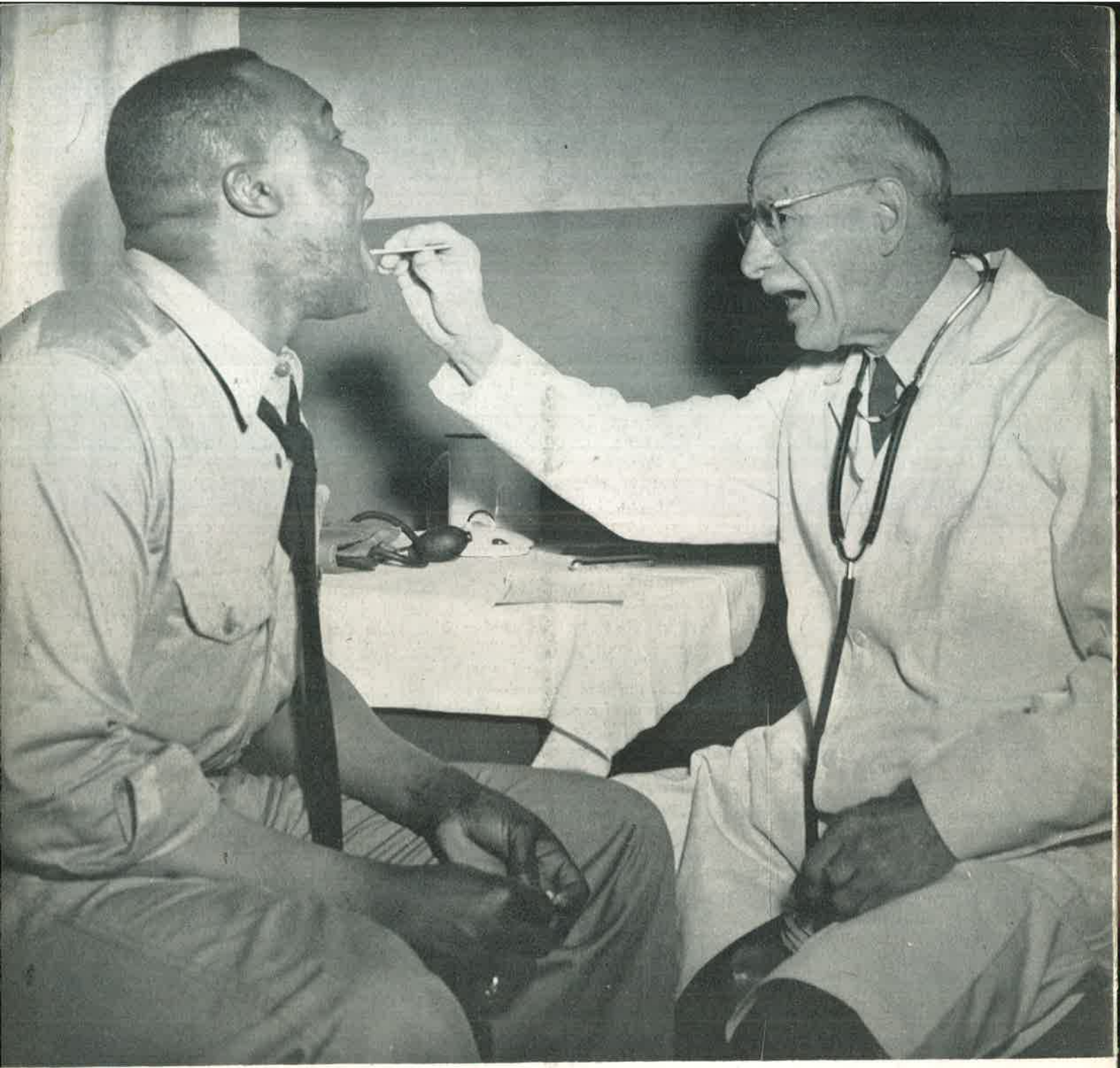
To hear Bill Reid tell it, "Oh, well, after thirty-four years on the job I knew what I was doing. The ballast had been removed from underneath, the ties were dry, no chance of me being grounded. No grounding, no shock." Simple, isn't it, to hear him tell it?

Maybe you understand now why we're not going to tell you to do as Bill Reid did. We are not going to hold him up as a shining example, because we couldn't follow it ourselves. What's this all about then? Just this:

To Bill Reid—salute!



The coveted "presidential award" of the National Safety Council is captured for the first time by a TA man, Bill Reid, (left) foreman of Power Distribution. Bill snatched a co-worker from a third rail. General Superintendent Edward T. McNally gives Bill the certificate, gold medal, handshake.



JUST A LITTLE WIDER, SON

No, that burly rookie Transit patrolman hasn't a thing wrong with his throat. But when Charles Baker and 232 other rookies gave a mass donation of blood to the Red Cross, Dr. Lucius Salisbury, Assistant Medical Director of the New York Regional Blood Program, made sure of it. If he can get Charles to make it just about another half inch, it'll be a record. (Other pictures on Page 17.)

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