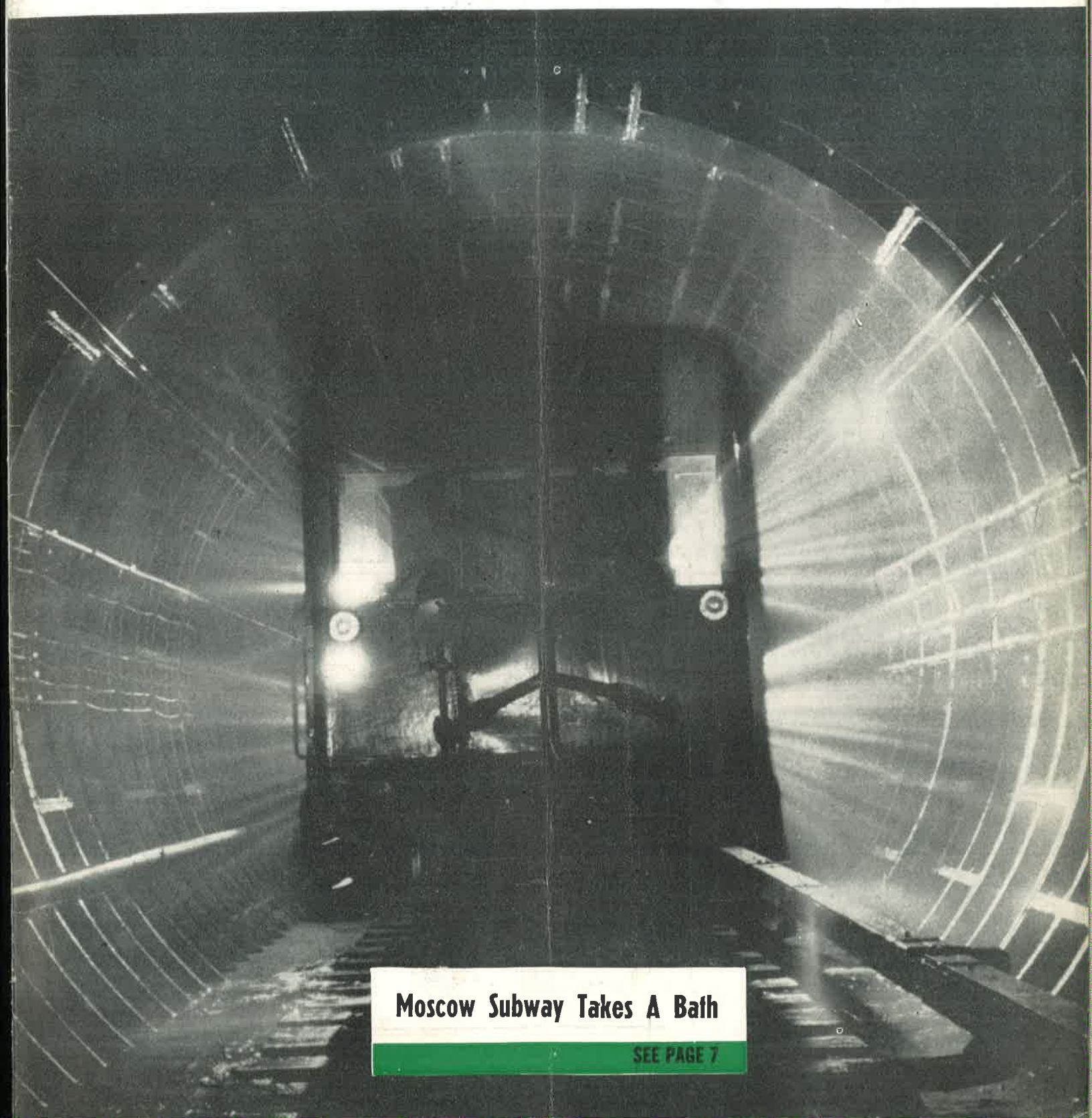
Transit

NEW YORK • OCTOBER, 1955



Moscow Subway Takes A Bath

SEE PAGE 7

Transit

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

LEO CASEY
EDITOR

VOLUME 2, NO. 1

OCTOBER 1955

In This Issue

	PAGE
Editorial	2
As Others See Us	3
Mr. Coddington Slows Down.	4
The Most Beautiful Subway in the World	8
TA News in Pictures	10
Meet the New G. M.	12
The Colonel Steps Out	15
Hail & Farewell	16
Heirloom Recipes	17

Jottings From An Editor's Notebook

BAD news, good news, laughs, tears, a lot of hard work, happy vacations and as always, of course, some ants in the sandwiches—that was the hot summer of 1955 for the Transit Authority family. . . . After 39 years with the System, Colonel Bingham stepped out, T. J. McLernon of the Lehigh stepped in. . . . The new brass, Messrs. Patterson, Curtayne and O'Grady, sang a song with the Mayor (see back cover), wrote some thank-you notes to TA men who fought hurricanes and floods, and generally appeared to be using their hearts as well as their heads. . . . In fact, The Editors of TRANSIT—rather skeptical of all bosses since they first smelled printer's ink as cub reporters and cussed a city editor—have decided to give the new members of the Authority a column of their own in our magazine where they can air some family problems. We're calling the column "The Brass Horn." We promise not to edit it just as we have never edited letters from our fellow employes. If we know human nature at all—and we think we do—we expect more Letters to The Editors than ever before once "The Brass Horn" starts sounding. Fine! The Brass Horn is only one of the instruments in the transit orchestra. . . . The Yankees' Phil Rizzuto sent us a telegram and we dug in our pockets—each according to his means—to send our youngsters to college. . . . Air-conditioning of a number of subway cars (believe it or not) began to look possible. . . . Captain O'Rourke got some more cops and officers, making TA's Police Bureau bigger than ever. . . . A parakeet turned up in "Lost and Found" and got a new owner. . . . These were some of the jottings in the Editor's notebook. They're elaborated on by picture and story in this first issue of Volume 2 of TRANSIT.



Colonel S. H. Bingham (See Page 15)

Subways Of The World

A year ago Martin Schachne of the Photostat Department, a visiting fireman at heart, used his vacation to look over Canada's first subway in Toronto and did a piece about it in TRANSIT. We were taken aback by the interest with which our own people read it. Seems like New York transit workers are no end interested in how they do it in Toronto—maybe in Tokyo and Budapest, too.

AS OTHERS   SEE US



Only the Sunny Side?

The top half-page of 12 and 13 of TRANSIT (Summer, 1955) shows in pictures "the trick of disarming a gunman." Such information ought not to be publicized, because underworld characters thereby receive ideas how to parallel such training to thwart law enforcement.

As I looked at the last page the thought flitted thru my brain "Beware, this means you, too." A canvass of TA employees would reveal what this picture "Masher Bait at Work" stimulates in the brain of each and everyone. My guess is their thought would not be complimentary about the picture. Besides, the children of TA employees see a girl gun-toting. The way I had been reared I consider the pose offensive.

SOLOMON MICHELS,
Civil Engr. (Structures)

A Firster Is Heard From

I believe TRANSIT is getting better. Especially interesting was the letter from Edmond J. Burke in reference to old timers. I ran the first train from Bowling Green to Borough Hall in the Brooklyn tube.

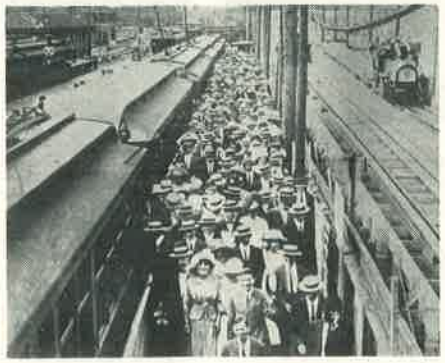
I was ordered to report at Bowling Green at 6 p.m., Mr. Hedley and George Morrison were in the cab as well as several engineers. In the first car George Morrison was our Motor Instructor. Now your Johnny put it on the button and keep it there. When I got to about the bottom we must have been hitting 90. Then — bang! Tripped! Next the men were out with the tapes to measure the distance it took the train to stop. They hadn't told me there was a trip set, and I was scared stiff.

I ran everything in transit from 1892 to 1948. The most dangerous were the Broadway cable cars. A large stranded cable ran

Mayor Wagner and Governor Harriman have done a good job in appointing outstanding men for the TA. One an outstanding Labor Relations expert, another an experienced railroad man and the third man having the difficult problems of finances to solve. I think these men will make a real effort to solve all problems.

There is a good deal of room for improvement, especially in the field of Labor Relations. Supervisory and non-supervisory employees working together to give better service to the public would be to the best interest of the service. To get such an ideal result it would be necessary to either abolish or change certain rules that might have been all right one hundred years ago. More careful consideration of complaints of passengers or assistant supervisors against other employes would be a good start in the right direction.

ISRAEL EISENBERG
206 West 92nd St.
New York 24, N. Y.

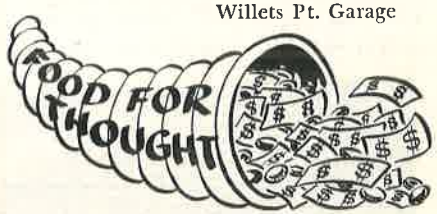


The "mystery" of what the automobiles are doing on the C. I. & B. roller coaster (Transit, Summer, 1955) isn't a mystery at all. They aren't autos, either. The picture on Page 6 shows the original Coney Island roller coasters, as imported by our road's then president, Mr. Slaughter W. Huff. They only *look* like automobiles. Not particularly surprising since they were made largely of automobile parts. The sign over our depot invited: "RIDE THE AUTO RACER." The idea was to drag two imitation automobiles up the first steep incline,

Underground Operatives?

I suggest a section be put aside in your periodical for a "Gossip Column" which would be broken down into various garages. It would contain such items as Mr. W. will be married Sunday. . . Mr. X has just returned from a long illness. . . Mr. Y is now the proud father of. . . Mr. Z plans to tour the New England States on his vacation this year. . . etc. etc. This would provide human interest element to those employed in the same groups and also to those who have worked previously with some of the employees of one garage and have since moved on.

JACK P. SURDI
Maintenance Helper B
Willets Pt. Garage



Employees' Suggestion Program

On April 6, 1955, the New York City Transit Authority adopted a resolution authorizing participation by the Authority in the New York City Employees' Suggestion Program and I was appointed the representative of the Administrative Departments and the Departmental Coordinator, Vincent Staats, Assistant Superintendent (Car Maintenance) was appointed the representative of the rapid transit division, including Maintenance of Way, Power and Cars & Shops Departments, and Christopher F. Marschhauser, Assistant Superintendent (Surface Transportation) was appointed the representative of the Surface Transportation and Surface Maintenance Departments, and all three to be the Departmental Committee to act for the Authority in matters relating to the Suggestion Program.

The City is trying to reward employees who put constructive thought into their jobs. The Plan is based on the belief that the man who is doing the job is the man who knows how that job can best be done. If any worker has an idea about how a job

Mr. Coddington Slows Down



HE WORKS as dispatcher at the IND Station in Queens Plaza.

IT seems that this Herbert Coddington was pretty much a flash-in-the-pan, after all. Time was, when he wasn't afraid of a bit of hard work. But that's changed. We were out the other day to see him, and found that all he's doing now is teaching mathematics and current affairs at the Laboratory Institute of Merchandising, taking the trainmaster course at the Hammond School and tending to his 3-to-11 p.m. job as IND dispatcher. Then he goes home to Hollis and sleeps a full eight hours. His best friends, gloomily viewing this wreck of a once ambitious fellow, recall nostalgically his better days. He didn't drag up lame excuses back in his motorman days, teaching economics at New York University nights, declining to permit those trivialities to interfere with graduate studies, and shooting for his Ph.D.



Before the Great Decline

Of course, his excuse is unique. Seems some years ago he started to put on weight at a terrific rate. (Mind you, this was when he was fairly active.) He cut down his food intake and stepped up his activities, and got fatter. Alarmed, he began to take the problem to doctors. They couldn't figure it out at first. But the last one finally asked him how much sleep he got. "Four hours a night," said Mr. Coddington. "Nearly." The doctor said, "Ah! Now we've got it." He explained that this sort of life upsets the metabolism, and queer things happen. For ex-

Being the sad, sad story of an RR clerk who once showed promise but slipped into somnolence — all he does now is teach, study, dispatch and laze.



HE STUDIES (second from the right) for trainmaster at Hammond School.

has to avert his eyes when passing bakery windows. Even a glimpse of a cream-puff, behind a plate glass, adds a pound.

Age Drags Heavily

"Never did get around to writing my thesis," said the beaten man, "and I guess I'm too old now—45. Oh well, as I tell my wife, it's the youngsters' turn now." The dean of the Hammond School had just telephoned the day before to ask him to teach one of the less advanced transit classes at Hammond, but he turned it down. "I need my sleep," he said, lamely. Well, it goes to show what time does to a man. Once, he'd never have let those sort of things interfere with his passionate

the subway, too, and teaching just didn't offer the financial possibilities of transit." With five children to look after, finances are important.

The End before Beginning

Coddington didn't set out to be either a railroader or a teacher. At fifteen, he assumed his education was ended. An upset in the family forced him to quit Brooklyn Boys High School. He got a job as a bank messenger, and eventually rose to be a teller at the Brooklyn Trust. When he was nineteen, on a Saturday afternoon, he met a girl named Helen Weisbauer, at a high school football game. Didn't pay too much attention to her; a reciprocated feeling. But he saw her occasionally and even went out with her once in a while in the next two years. When he was 21 he discovered he was in love with her, a reciprocated feeling; they went steady for two years and then were married. Helen was strong for education and she talked him into going to night school while working at the bank. When he was 28, the father of one child, another due shortly, he received his high school diploma from Jamaica High School.

The Beginning After End

Up to then, he had shown no flashy genius as a student; he was just average. The flash came much later. With his high school training he passed the examination for railroad clerk and





The young Coddingtons discover the stranger, once seen flitting around at weird hours, is their dad. Now he breakfasts with them every day, even has time to chat.

quit the banking game to go to work on the IND. He had more children and took more examinations, for conductor, then motorman. While he was motorman, in 1936, he won a scholarship at City College. But, because he was an extra, with hours changing daily, he couldn't use it. He didn't stop taking examinations, though. When NYU offered night scholarships later to City employees, and he was working days regularly, he went after that, and was the only Board of Transportation man to win. He got a six-year scholarship, worth about $1,500.

The Years of Activity

Now Coddington started to pick up speed. He went through the six year course in three years, hanging up a record. And doing it handsomely. Magna cum laude and—rare for an evening student—a Phi Beta Kappa key, a graduate scholarship, and a job teaching NYU's sophomore class in economics. At 35—and his friends shake their heads sadly in recollection Sunday school at the Hollis Unitarian Church, took care of the big, 12-room old house, heavily shaded, grew petunias and cosmos, and—whew!—still had enough time left over to be active member of NYU's Trignon honor society, Student Council, Mathematics Club, Forum, Psychology Club, Spanish Club, Music Club and the Thomas Wolfe Biography Club, and also to give lectures on the history of economic thought from Biblical times to John Stuart Mill. Some other things, too, but we can't make out our notes.

Memories, Memories

Furthermore, in those days he never complained of being tired. Those were the years his friends like to remember best, when good old Herb had some drive in him. Sure, he still keeps up a pretense, still studies, teaches, works, handles his Sunday School class, gardens, takes in all the Saturday night discussions, works around the house. But, if you knew him when, you'd know how badly he's slipped. Yes, sir.

"Well," he explains, lamely, "I like to talk about the youngsters with my wife nights now, too."

Make Way for Tomorrow

There's quite a lot of talk about Robert, who is nineteen, works days on a magazine weekly, studies at St. John's University nights; Nancy, seventeen, just won a $2,400 scholarship at NYU and is busy with special tests and orientation; Jack, 15, goes to Jamaica High School and has his eye set on Oswego State; William, 11, and David, 8, are still in grammar school.

Still and all, one hates to see a live wire turn into a lackadaisical sort of fellow.



He finds time to putter in garden.

And study the intricacies of the rock-'n-roll as performed by his son, Jack, (right) and his daughter, Nancy, who's 17.





Moscow subway riders walk through corridors faced with rare marbles to daylight-illuminated platforms also done in marble. "Underground palaces," the Soviets call stations. This is Komsomolskaya-Koltsevaya.

Most Beautiful Subway in the World

(The following article was prepared for TRANSIT *by the Soviet Information Bureau in Moscow, which also sent the excellent photographs. While The Editors would shoot a writer for dealing so subjectively with a matter, they felt that any editing would destroy the Russian flavor of the story. Thus it is published here with no editing whatsoever.)*

The Moscow Metro was opened to tion of automatic and remote control. In several minutes one can travel to any part of Moscow. Speed, comfort and low cost make the Moscow Metro so popular.

In an average up to 2,500,000 passengers are daily carried by the Moscow underground trains, but in some days this figure exceeds even three millions. The Metro now carries about



Late starter among the subway builders of the world, Moscow turned this to advantage, has the only air-conditioned subway on earth. Air is changed every 15 minutes. Here laboratory workers test the purity of air in Kaluzhskaya Station.



Mosaics are used extensively throughout stations. This one is at Byelorusskaya.



All the colors of the rainbow are used to make this subway glitter. Above is one of the many frescoe panels adorning the great station of Kievskaya.

a third of all the Moscow passengers.

The Metro is developing at a rapid rate. In 1935 the first section was commissioned. Its length was 11 kilometers (approximately three and a half miles). Three years later the second section of the Metro was opened to traffic. In 1944, the construction of the third section was completed, and in 1954 the fourth section, the so-called Great Ring was completed. Its length is 20 kilometers.

Now six lines radiate from the centre of the city. They cross in six places the Great Ring which connects 18 districts of Moscow and links up seven of its most important railway stations.



Moscow's is a very deep subway, and escalators are used extensively. This one is in the station of Smolenskaya. Note great dome.

Underground Palaces

The total length of all the Metro lines is now 130 kilometers (approximately eighty-one miles). Forty-five palatial-looking underground stations faced with marble and granite have been built. Each station differs in its architectural design from all others.

And Still Growing

At present time the work on the construction of the lines of the Metro's fifth section has acquired a great scope.





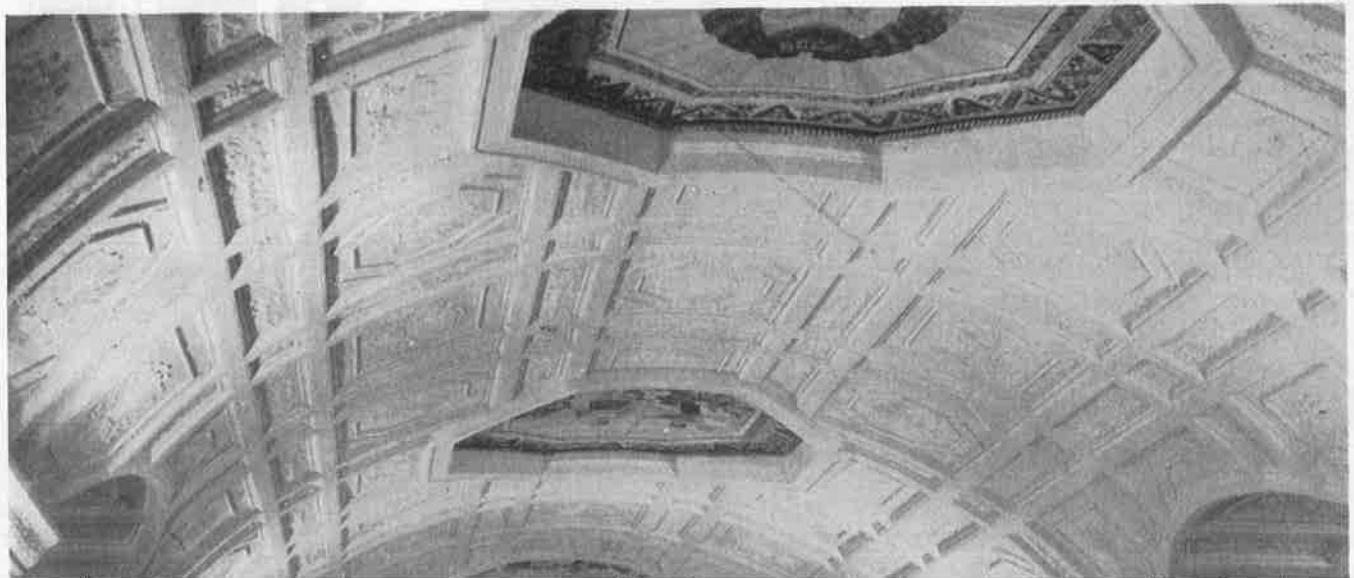
Great stained-glass windows and mosaics are featured in Novoslobodskaya Station.



Frescoe panel at Kievskaya shows joyful young students. Every Russian subway station is virtually an art museum.

One of the lines will connect the centre of the city with the USSR Agricultural Exhibition and the other — with the new building of the Moscow University in the South-Western district of Moscow. Construction of the two stations on the line leading to the University is nearing completion. At the same time, prospecting is carried out on the lines of the sixth section. One of the lines of this section is supposed to run from the Novoslobodskaya station (the Great Ring) to the Timiryazev Agricultural Academy, and another — from the Taganskaya station (also the Great Ring) to the Enthusiasts Highway — a district where big enterprises of the capital have appeared.

This is a station platform, Moscow style, at the stop called Byelorusskaya-Koltsevaya. Not extraordinary.

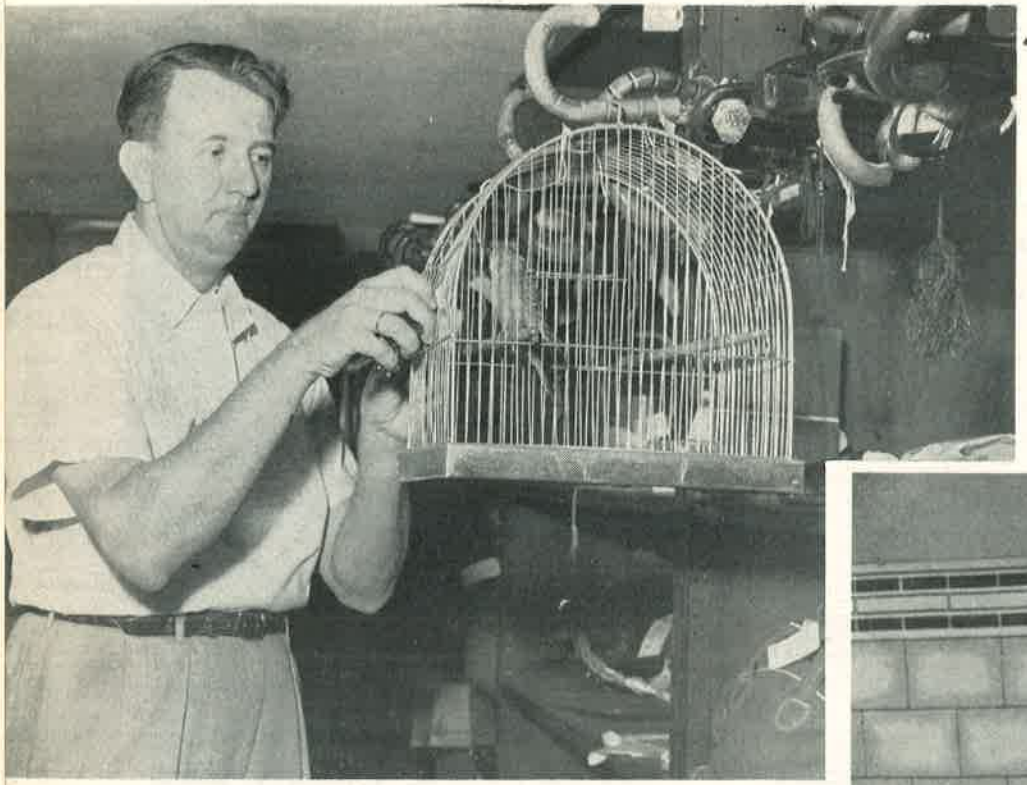




IN THIS CORNER, in light suit, packing a sheaf of papers is Joseph E. O'Grady, TA's labor expert.



Both sides in the recent labor negotiations were looking grim when this photograph was taken during recent negotiations over wages. Note the outthrust Quillian jaw, the well, that's-it, boys, expression on Commissioner O'Grady's face.









At the end, though, grins and laughter replaced the grimness, as agreement was reached. L to R, Chairman Patterson, Commissioner O'Grady and extreme right, Quill looking positively cherubic, TA members looking happy, too.



IN THIS CORNER, in dark suit, packing a knobby cane, is Michael Quill, the entrant from TWU.

In New York Mirror's international pistol shoot, this team of Transit Police carried off prize. L to R, Sergeant Steven O'Para, William D. Schmidt, Charles Crescimanno and Sergeant Donald Luedesdorff. Record player was one prize.

TA NEWS IN PICTURES

Right, TA members listen to arguments of Isidore Gromine (seated on table), attorney for Local 1056, Amalgamated Association, AFL, representing Queens bus drivers, of which Victor Iskowitz is president.



Cool cars. An experimental air-conditioned car is tested on New York subways. Below, Conductor James McKenna, Chairman Patterson and Motorman Leroy P. Reifein sample the cool filtered breeze. (Story page 15)





Meet The New G. M.

FOR some weeks before he stepped into his predecessor's shoes, Thomas J. McLernon, a burly square-jawed Irishman, bred in Jersey City, poked into crannies of the TA system with a new and critical eye. His first impressions? The toilets smell to high heaven, many of them, and something is going to be done about *them*, brother. The way the fellows in the power department threw answers back at him—they know their stuff. The men in operations, from what he's seen, are right on the ball. They won't find him barging in at the scene of piddling troubles.

error made in the Jersey City school department. It was a tradition in his family that youngsters quit going to school when they were eligible for working papers, on their fourteenth birthday, cut out the nonsense, and help to support the family. His father, a policeman, with a fairly good education, was strong for this. His mother, an immigrant from Ireland, without much education, was a lot keener on education. The clerical error occurred when the Jersey City schools went on a split-session basis. Thomas J. was in the 3rd grade at the time. By mistake,

gibility for working papers, so he took the technical course at Dickinson High School, graduating from it when he was fourteen.

A Very Important Dance

He got a job as messenger, then, for the Lehigh Valley Railroad, graduated to a clerkship, yardmaster, chief clerk, freight agent, supervisor of stations and transfers, manager of lighterage and stations. On an evening, when he was twenty, he got together with some other young Jersey City bloods, and they flipped a coin to decide whether

of her Charleston. A year later, on July 3, 1927, she married the rug-cutter from New Jersey.

Results of Said Dance

Neither of them cut rugs any more. "Too tired when I get home nights." He says his wife would like to, though. She denies that, strongly. After all, she's a grandmother now. The oldest daughter, Madeline, a red-haired beauty, has three children of her own. The oldest son, Thomas Michael, 23, is studying for the priesthood at Mt. St. Mary, in Emmitsburg, Md., Barbara Anne is 19, and a sophomore at Dunbarton College in Washington, D. C. Lawrence Anthony is 17, a student at Delbarton, a Benedictine School in nearby Morristown. (Lawrence keeps telling his Dad that he should remember his age—bad for the heart to push that lawn-mower. "Only reason I do it is that nobody else will.") The last is Mary Ellen, now ten, a self-confessed gold digger. ("Do you ever," asked the photographer, in search of a nice, homey picture, "fetch your daddy his slippers?" "Only," she said, firmly, "when I want to get something out of him." Please note—no photographs of Mary Ellen fetching Daddy his slippers.) Larry towers four inches over his five-foot-eleven father. Thomas Michael is just about as tall. The girls middle, taller than the mother, shorter than the father.

He Takes Up Golf—But—

They still like parties, though. The easy, informal kind. They have open house in South Orange every once in a while—last time, 180 people showed up for a cocktail, a sandwich, and a singing of Mother Machree. At forty, Mrs. McLernon took up piano, gets out a tune, but admits she doesn't hold a candle to Mary Ellen. She decided a few years ago that her husband should take up golf, bought him a fine set of shiny golf clubs. Anybody interested in a practically new set of golf clubs? He'd much rather play cards, which he's been doing since the age of five, or read. He's an omnivorous reader. Lately on the rather serious side. "When you've got a son studying for the priesthood—" he explains.

How to Form a Union

The first four children were born in Jersey City. The McLernons rented a succession of apartments in those days. The closest he ever came to losing his job was when he got interested in the labor movement. The railroad clerks had been organized by the AFL Brotherhood 'way back when, but, in hard times, the real union had died, with the assistance of the company unions which sprang up all over the country. In 1933 McLernon organized the Brotherhood clerks again. In 1934 he forced an elec-



The McLernons at home in South Orange. That's Mary Ellen on her father's lap, Mrs. Madeline McLernon, and son, Larry, a Delbarton student.

Larry worries terribly about his father's health. "Pushing that mower at your age, Dad," he says, "is bad for the heart." Here, thoughtfully, he lends a helping hand, pointing out spot his father missed. Mary Ellen comes running in case more expert advice is required by the workman.





At forty Mrs. McLernon took up the piano, but Mary Ellen is the star of the family at the instrument. Family likes to sing together, but make no claim that the joint product is acceptable to outside ears.

tion to compel the Lehigh to recognize the Brotherhood union. He marched into this election full of confidence, reeled out of it badly bruised about the ears. The votes were counted in Philadelphia, and the unioneer rode back from there at the lowest ebb in his life. Did he have a job, or didn't he? At union headquarters in the Century Hotel in New York he took to reading over the old agreements between the long-dormant union—doubly dead now—and discovered a curious twist. In 1923 the Lehigh had entered into an agreement with this doubly-dead union, in which it promised to notify the union, in writing, thirty days in advance of any termination of said agreement. A further search disclosed that no such notice had ever been sent shall we boys? We'll recognize your union.

A Working Team

Not that McLernon was ever a flaming anti-management man. On the contrary, when he first met Charles L. Patterson, he and the present TA chairman were the favored pets of stormy, irascible F. W. Gerard, then vice president, later president, of the Lehigh. A notoriously hard man to get along with, Gerard strongly believed in shoving ahead young men with ideas, and in McLernon and Patterson he believed he had a winning combination. Incidentally, after fourteen years, McLernon (Tommy, his friends call him) still addresses the chairman as *Mister* Patterson, never refers to him by his

ing wrong in his eyes," the new general manager recalled. The protegeship didn't change his attitude much toward the men who make the trains run. Sitting in his South Orange home the other day, he remembered, with a touch of bitterness, "When I started in this game a man was just a figure on a cost sheet—as impersonal as that. It's different today—and it ought to be. Now we know he's a human being and we treat him like one. Talk all you want about the age of automation—the fact remains that the man is still the most important part of this system, or any system. The main job of the management is to sell itself to the men under it. That means kindness and consideration —it means treating them like human beings, not an item on a cost sheet."

Unfinished Journey

In the early '40's, the McLernons said goodbye to Jersey City, and followed his job to Bethlehem, Pa. In 1944 he followed it back to New Jersey and settled in East Orange. The last child, Mary Ellen, was born there. After four years they bought the 7-room colonial house in South Orange, where they now live, but not for long. McLernon feels he ought to be handy to his job in case. Doesn't know just where his family is going to land yet, but it will be handy to 370 Jay Street.

The new General Manager is an omnivorous reader, lately going in for rather heavy stuff.



The Colonel Steps Out

Col. S. H. Bingham, who has resigned as Executive Director and General Manager of the Transit Authority to enter private consulting engineering practice, will be given a testimonial dinner at 6:30 p.m., Monday, October 24, in the Grand Ballroom of the Sheraton-Astor Hotel.

In a letter to the Authority, Col. Bingham said he had been considering retirement for some time and felt that he could no longer postpone his resignation.

In their letter accepting his resignation, the three members of the Authority said how pleasant their relationship had been with him and praised Col. Bingham for his "devotion to his duties over a period of 39 years." They said this devotion "attests to your interest in the millions of people whom you have served so loyally." Authority members also expressed the hope that Col. Bingham will hold himself available as a consultant to TA and wound up their letter by thanking him for his cooperation and guidance since they took office last July.

Col. Bingham, before the Board of Transportation was changed by law to the Transit Authority, had been, at different times, chairman and a member of the board. He was an officer in both World War I and World War II and several foreign countries honored him with decorations for his work on transportation problems in both conflicts.

Col. Bingham has been consulted by numerous railroads and by transit systems in many large American cities, and by a dozen foreign countries. The former general manager is a member of the Institute of Consulting Engineers, the New York Association of Consulting Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and many other engineering groups in this country and abroad.





From wireman's helper to assistant general superintendent in charge of cars and shops. That was Alfred J. O'Brien's 53 years with TA and its predecessors. He was 17 when he started working on the construction of first subway two years before it opened, 70 when he retired last July. General Superintendent McNally (left above) congratulates O'Brien at his testimonial dinner at Hotel New Yorker.

COOL CARS

Following a test of New York's first air-conditioned subway car last month, the TA ordered the Safety Car Heating and Lighting Company, Inc. of New Haven, Conn. to continue experimentation with a view to putting a number of these cars into service next summer.

The temperature in the test car ran 11 to 14½ degrees lower than a non-air-conditioned car attached.

The test car was equipped with four air-conditioning units, each of a ton and a half capacity. Each unit is built into the space between the ceiling and roof of the car. Each unit is self-contained, comprising a motor compressor, a condenser, cooling coils and controls. (Picture, Page 12)

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM
W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

1201

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LT = International Letter Telegram

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

NA008 PD=NEW YORK NY SEP 19 1230PME=
CHARLES L. PATTERSON,CHAIRMAN
E. VINCENT CURTAYNE
JOSEPH E. O'GRADY
NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT AUTHORITY=
370 JAY ST BROOKLYN, N.Y.=



TA BIDS GOODBYE TO RETIRING EMPLOYES

(Figures in parentheses indicate number of years served.)

ASSISTANT ARCHITECT
Charles A. Bock, 3280 Perry Ave., N. Y. 67, N. Y. (40)
ASSISTANT CIVIL ENGINEER (STRUCTURAL)
Henry B. Hasselberg, 8538 98th St., Woodhaven 21, N. Y. (47)
ASSISTANT SUPERVISOR (ELECTRICAL POWER)
John F. Faraher, 55 Pennsylvania Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., c/o Lennon (51)



TRAIN DISPATCHER
Joseph Spykstra, Old Mill Road, West Nyack, N. Y. (20)
TOWERMAN
William H. Moran, 1923 Woodbine St., Ridgewood 27, N. Y. (33)
James Bailey, 333 76th St., Brooklyn 20, N. Y. (43)
STATIONARY ENGINEER
Thomas A. Perrin, 381 E. 151st St., Bronx 55, N. Y. (21)
MOTORMAN
William P. Foley, 10 W. 182nd St., Bronx 53, N. Y. (43)
John A. Heppler, Sally's Lane, Ridge, L. I. (38)
Michael Murphy, 1937 Daly Ave., Bronx 57, N. Y. (29)
Patrick Neary, 3605 Kingsbridge Ave., Bronx 62, N. Y. (44)
William P. Coords, 92-38 168th Pl., Jamaica 2, N. Y. (39)
John Heffernan, Sport Hill Rd., Redding, Conn. (48)



Richard J. Dyett, 117-39 226th St.,

AIRBRAKE MAINTAINER
John Halloran, 1237 Woodycrest Ave., N. Y. 52, N. Y. (40)
TELEPHONE OPERATOR (GRADE 2)
Mary T. Hubbard, 667 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (14)
CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP A)
Alexander Scott, Box 14, Sequim, Wash., c/o Peacock (26)
J. Ridgeway Weeks, 237 Ovington Ave., Brooklyn 9, N. Y. (28)
CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP B)
Andrew Skarzenski, 176½—3rd St., Jersey City, N. J. (33)
Carl F. Carlson, 735 East 242nd St., Bronx 70, N. Y. (27)
John H. Minameyer, West Neck Rd., Shelter Island, N. Y. (41)
CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP F)
Luigi Iovieno, 1026 East 179th St., Bronx 60, N. Y. (27)
Maurice A. Lynch, 153 East 92nd St., N. Y. 28, N. Y. (33)



CASHIER (GRADE 3)
Peter Wynne, 2125 Tiebout Ave., N. Y. 57, N. Y. (35)
COLLECTING AGENT
Walter W. Jarvis, 491 East 140th St., Bronx 54, N. Y. (28)
RAILROAD WATCHMAN
William H. Davis, 1819 Willow Lane, Bronx 61, N. Y. (26)
James F. Judge, 348 Maple St., Brooklyn 25, N. Y. (14)
Victor Onesios, 869 Onderdonk Ave., Brooklyn 27, N. Y. (16)
Martin Walsh, 622—58th St., Brooklyn 20, N. Y. (29)
RAILROAD PORTER
William G. Quinlan, 145-09 Lakewood Ave., Jamaica 4, N. Y. (26)
SUPERVISOR (POWER DISTRIBUTION)
George Hoffmann, Jr., 94-26—225th St., Queens Village 8, L. I. (51)
SUPERVISOR (SIGNALS)
Herbert Luxon, 9934 Bellavie Pl., Queens Village 9, L. I. (40)

Antonio Canali, 1589 East 172nd St., Bronx 59 (39)
Charles Marino, 725 4th Ave., Bklyn. 32, c/o E. Marino (43)
John Mayer, 135-07 38th Ave., Flushing, L. I. (35)
Michael O'Connor, 438 East 159th Street, Bronx 46 (26)
John Zinno, 9917 39th Ave., Corona 68, N. Y. (39)
Niilo J. Airanne, 31-63 33rd St., Astoria 2, N. Y. (12)
Carmine Bilotti, 1991 Washington Avenue, Bronx 57, N. Y. (36)
Daniel O'Brien, 232 Willis Ave., Bronx 54, N. Y. (27)
Francis Ward, 3204 Waterbury Ave., Bronx 61, N. Y. (38)
Joe Littman, 907 Whitlock Ave., Bronx 59, N. Y. (36)
RAILROAD CLERK
Georgiana Archer, 3535—209th St., Bayside, L. I. (39)
Olive M. Gale, 310 — 94th St., Brooklyn 9, N. Y. (21)
Olive E. McGarahan, Hawley, Pa., R. F. D. #1 (27)
Louis Greenberg, 2421 Webb Ave., Bronx 63, N. Y. (50)
Meyer Kresner, 483 West End Ave., New York 24, N. Y. (28)
Charles McGowan, 634 East 138th St., New York 54, N. Y. (29)
Frederick Sattler, 673 East 137th St., New York 54, N. Y. (31)
Mary V. O'Connor, 87-62—124th St., Richmond Hill 18, N. Y. (28)
Ernest J. Trenkle, 229 East 69th St., N. Y. 21, N. Y. (39)



Beatrice Coors, 354 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn 26, N. Y. (18)
Anna Ferber, 6255—83rd St., West Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y. (29)
Joseph T. Healy, 192 Roseville Ave., Newark, N. Y. (28)
Otto Barth, 375 East 159th St., N. Y. 56, N. Y. (26)

Henry Coors, 354 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn 26, N. Y. (27)
Joseph Dolderer, 72-34—66th Pl., Glendale 27, N. Y. (36)
FOREMAN (CARS & SHOPS)
Edward Ryan, 1197 Grand Concourse, N. Y. 52, N. Y. (27)
David Anger, 490 West 187th St., N. Y. 33, N. Y. (23)
Frederick S. Scott, 382 Bronk Park Ave., Bronx 60 (33)



FOREMAN (TRACK)
Mikolo Janecki, 1048 Manor Lane, Bayshore, L. I. (45)
ASSISTANT FOREMAN (CAR CLEANING)
Julius Brenneche, 25 Mechanic St., Rockland, Maine (36)
CAR CLEANER
William J. Duggan, 461 East 138th St., Bronx 54, N. Y. (21)
Thomas Persico, 31-37 — 85th St., Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y. (25)
TRACKMAN
Francis Gormely, 2538 Creston Ave., Bronx 58, N. Y., c/o Svoboda (43)
CAR INSPECTOR
John W. Speidel, 3 Daniel Rd., South Plainedge, L. I. (19)
William Valentino, 3315 Cruger Ave., N. Y. 67, N. Y. (27)
Luigi Benvenuto, 945 East 214th St., Bronx 67, N. Y. (37)
John Cairns, 447—7th Ave., Brooklyn 15 (26)
Zygmunt Kanclerz, 93 Russell St., Brooklyn 22 (50)
Thomas J. Ward, 70 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn 17 (25)
RAILROAD PORTER
Charles J. Hattan, 560-A Quincy St., Brooklyn 21, N. Y. (24)
Leonard B. Herbert, 307 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn 16, N. Y. (20)
CIRCUIT BREAKER MAINTAINER

HEIRLOOM RECIPES

TRANSIT WILL PAY $5 FOR EACH RECIPE PUBLISHED



Now we know all about kartoffel klosse, those inseparable companions to sauerbraten. We asked for it, remember? When we printed Mrs. Otto Barth's recipe for sauerbraten we wondered how come nobody had sent a recipe for these delicious potato dumplings. Never, before the answers rolled in, did we know their making was such a versatile art. Never did we know that there were kartoffel klosse ad infinitum. Of the many recipes submitted, all mighty good, too, we picked one we found extra-special. It's from Mrs. Fred Germann, 140-23 181st St., Springfield Gardens. That is, she sends it. It's a true heirloom, having been given her by her mother-in-law. Mrs. Germann admits she's from County Cork, but, thanks to her husband's mother, she's a rare hand at German cookery.

KARTOFFEL KLOSSE

6 medium sized potatoes
2 eggs
¾ cup flour
½ cup bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
Salt

Boil potatoes in jackets. When cooked remove skins and put through ricer. Spread on a clean towel to dry; then place in large bowl and sprinkle in 2 level teaspoons of salt. Make a hollow and break into it 2

Now place balls on a large hot platter and pour over them a dressing made as follows:

¼ lb. butter
1 cup of white bread cut in small squares or ½ cup of bread crumbs
1 teaspoon finely chopped onion (if desired)

Place butter in frying pan, and when real hot put in the little bread squares and brown. If you like the flavor of a little onion, then sprinkle the onion in just before the croutons are brown. When brown pour over the potato balls.

Chicken stews, too, come in infinite variety. This one's "southern style," according to Mrs. N. Tedesco, 286 Jerome St., Brooklyn. H'mm! We've eaten chicken stew from Winston-Salem to Key West and back again and never ran across anything like it. But it's good. Hearty, flavorful and rib-sticking.

CHICKEN STEW—SOUTHERN STYLE

1 chicken, 6 or 7 lbs.
8 or 9 potatoes
2 No. 2 cans tomatoes (less tomatoes if desired)
3 or 4 large onions (cut fine)
Salt and pepper to taste
1 can cream style corn
3 cups milk

Boil chicken in water (enough to cover) until it comes off the bones. Remove from fire and remove all bones.





here with the severest critic of her cooking, sends one that looks and tastes like a lot more work than it really is. An easy-to-make hot-milk sponge cake with a broiled frosting. It's ease of manufacture is the reason for its name.

LAZY-DAISY CAKE

2 eggs beaten
1 cup sugar
1 cup sifted cake flour
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup hot milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 tsp. vanilla
tsp. = teaspoon

In a bowl beat the eggs until thick and lemon colored. Add the sugar gradually, continuing to beat until fluffy. Add the flour, sifted with the baking powder and salt. Mix thoroughly. Heat the milk just to the boiling point. Add the butter and vanilla. Quickly stir the hot milk mixture



The Sad True Story

There once was a conductor Bloksberg, Max
Who spent his years on the tracks
Pushing the doors,
Humoring bores,
And loading the people in stacks.

For more than forty-five years
I worked without stripping my gears.
Faithfully giving,
To eke out a living,
And never admitting my fears.

But then in the course of time,
I was hit by that underground clime,
My energy failed,
My health was derailed,
While apparently I was still in my prime.

So now by my fireside I sit,
Re-living my life, bit by bit,
While my faithful wife Rose,
Who always shared my blows,
Keeps the lamp of my hope always lit.

MAX BLOKSBERG
(Ex IRT Conductor)
90 Ellwood St., N. Y. 40, N. Y.



Oh, 'Fraidy Cat, Eh?

After this picture was taken, Rocky Marciano asked me if I wanted to go two rounds with him. I rejected his offer, said I wanted to get back in one piece to the Franklin Avenue station which I might stand a better chance with the passengers.

This picture was taken at Grossinger's, Ferndale, New York, and your subway champ is the one on the left.

ABE LEVINE, Railroad Clerk
IND Div. Pass. 23-2724

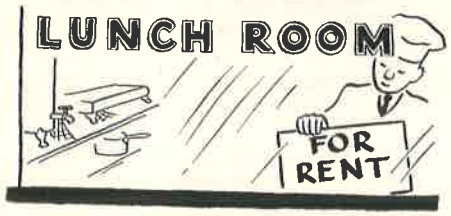
Watch For It

I have noted with pleasure the special attention you have given, from time to time, to the individual crafts of the transit system. It is a great boost to morale to have one's title sorted out from others for special attention, and I've anxiously looked forward to the day when the towermen will receive their due recognition.

The title of towerman is one that carries particular responsibility for the proper and safe operation of the railroad. For every train movement, be it in a yard or siding, or on the road, a towerman bears the burden that it will be carried out at the proper time, and with the greatest safety. The public scarcely notes the diverging trains blending onto one rail, nor the particular scheduled interval this occurs, but for each such move, a towerman operating an interlocking machine, bears full responsibility.

I might add that occasionally a towerman even performs beyond the call of duty, as witness the commendations from Mr. McNally, the General Superintendent, to two IRT towermen who jeopardized their lives when a tower collapsed at Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn. Towerman Michael Marin and Leroy Smith received the award for staying on the job, operating the railroad, as water imperilled the tower, and while the roof, walls and floors cracked and began to fall apart.

E. CUNNINGHAM



Want a business, anyone?

On the IRT Division there are several recreation-lunchrooms catering to our Transit System employees, one of which is the recreation-lunchroom at the Pelham Bay Station, Pelham Bay Line, Bronx, IRT Division.

These premises are now vacant and available for rent.

For a number of years it was the policy to give preference to employes or their families to rent and operate these lunchrooms, and, it occurred to me that a desirable tenant may be produced if a "small splurge" was placed in our TRANSIT magazine.

JOSEPH M. DUFFY
Real Estate Agent and Appraiser



Camera! Lights! Action!

Camera enthusiasts in TA will be interested to know that a camera club for employes of the NYCTA has been formed. It will hold its first regular meeting Oct. 13, at 5:30 p.m. in Room 908 at 370 Jay. All TA employes are invited to attend. Those who can't come, but are interested, should contact the undersigned.

At an earlier organizational meeting it was decided to delay the election of officers at least until this meeting. Color slides of New Orleans will be shown then, a very interesting series. A series of lectures on camera know-how, discussions of photographic problems, etc., are projected.

SAM SWEDLOW
Room 716, 370 Jay St.



Before I retired, last June, I used to go regularly to the Main Public Library on 42nd Street and 5th Avenue to read transportation history and news of all types, in order to better understand the workings of the industry I was engaged in. Now I am living in upstate New York, far from libraries and therefore our TRANSIT monthly magazine is very welcome to me because it contains everything I used to go to the library for.

I am sending this picture just to prove, that we, the pensioners, have lots of time to read the TRANSIT and also as a suggestion to those who are bored and can not find anything to do.

We have 10 grandchildren scattered all over and they surely will get a thrill out of Grandma's and Grandpa's SNOW MAN.

ALEXANDER GRUBER, Pensioner IRT
Air Brake Mtr.
Accord, N. Y.

"Too Badly Injured To Survive..."



YOU know what these first-aid classes are like. Some undersized little guy in glasses, or a big, beefy one—like William Gardner Lawrence, for example—stands up before a class, in an over-crowded room, and drones on and on, about aortas and traction splints and shock, and, just when you're drowsing off, he asks you the difference between heat-stroke and sun-stroke, and you find you're wrong. After a couple of years it'll slip out of your mind anyway, and you think how silly it all is, this business of practicing artificial respiration by overstuffed business men upon other overstuffed business men, and so on. And you wonder why the undersized little fellows in glasses, and the big beefy ones, keep going around night after night, doing the teaching.

Well, we'll tell you. We got it from William Gardner Lawrence, who's one of the big, beefy ones. He's one of the TA people. Assistant supervisor, mechanical power, is his title. He's plant inspector at the 74th St. powerhouse. Fifty-six, married, one daughter, aged twelve, lives in Bayside. Three nights a week last winter he taught first aid for the North Shore Chapter of the Red Cross. For five years now he's been teaching it, for the Red Cross, and for the Transit Authority. Why? It's just that once in a while it happens that somebody sits down and writes a letter, in this case, to the Red Cross.

At 3:30 a. m., June 5, 1955, my husband and I were stopped for a red light at Francis Lewis Boulevard and 73rd St. Our car was struck by another car which had gone out of control and bounded across the Boulevard, hit our car, then bounced back across the dividing mall and crashed into some bushes.

The driver's head had hit the windshield. When we investigated, I saw he was bleeding profusely. His face was completely covered with blood.

In the side of his neck there was a long gash slanting diagonally from below the left ear to the front of the throat. I had nothing but a scarf, which I applied immediately in an effort to control bleeding with direct pressure.

The wound was wide, and it was difficult to get a grasp. I asked a policeman to help by applying digital pressure between the shoulder blade and the collar-bone. Meanwhile, I tried to keep the lips of the wound together by pressing upward, and by direct pressure.

I called for something else and somebody handed me some rags. Meanwhile, I had asked my husband to flag down a car and report the accident to the police and to get a doctor and an ambulance.

It was some 30 minutes before an ambulance did come. The latest report from the hospital said that 40 stitches had been necessary to close the wound.

During my efforts the police told me they thought he was too badly wounded to survive.

However, with fervent prayer—and Mr. Lawrence's excellent instructions—I was able to give enough help until the doctor arrived.

I am so gratified he was able to leave the hospital the next week.

Mrs. Mildred J. Maxim,
41-81 Frame Place,
Flushing, N. Y.

Care to join a first-aid class, anyone? See your supervisor.







Distinguished glee club at TA police graduation. Naturally, they're singing "I've Been Working On The Railroad." Note the man in the middle,

Transit
370 Jay Street

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