Transit

NEW YORK · SUMMER 1955



Something New Has Been Added

SEE PAGE 2

Transit

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

LEO CASEY
EDITOR

VOLUME 1, NO. 8

SUMMER 1955

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Something New Has Been Added

MAYBE you remember Robert W. Gillies, the young IND conductor, who practically wrecked TRANSIT's photo contest by winning so many prizes. Seems that Mr. Gillies could take his camera, or leave it alone, until his baby, Regina Lee, embarked on a career as a photographer's model before she was a year old. Then he became a camera fiend of the incurable type. Mr. Gillies is still shooting away, and sent us this month's cover photograph just as the new TA came into being.

In this we saw not only a honey of a cover, but a curious symbolism. Fledglings, both. For his fledgling Mr. Gillies expects wonders. Judging by press comment, New York's collective expectations for its newborn TA aim at least as high as Mr. Gillies!

May both dreams come true.

See You In The Fall

We've been getting quite a few phone calls and letters the last few weeks, asking what happened to the June issue of TRANSIT. Sort of pleased us to be missed. We held up the Summer issue so we could get you some pictures of the new members of the Transit Authority—intimate, behind-the-scenes pictures. Hope you like the exclusive shots. Have a good vacation. See you again in the Fall.

Thanks a Lot

As we end Volume I of TRANSIT, The Editors want to say thanks to all of you who helped us make TRANSIT a lively, interesting magazine. We couldn't have done it without your help.

AS OTHERS   SEE US



The Fighting Flushingites

I enjoyed reading about James McNeely the friendly bus driver from Manhattan Division and the praise was due him. His methods got results but I would like to see if he could get the same results in Flushing Division. The passengers here carry pencil and note books just for the purpose of turning in drivers. I tried his methods but if you don't let them off in the middle of the block, you are nasty, insulting, and arrogant. The passengers are different here.

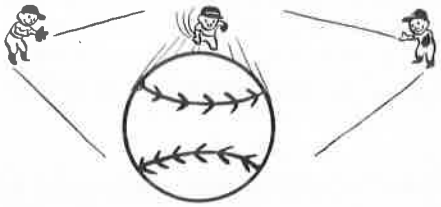
ARTHUR R. MITCHELL
S.E.O.



What About a New Car?

It was so nice to receive your letter, also the cheque for $10. So I am sending you many thanks. I am thinking of a thousand ways to spend that $10 frivolously—but as usual I guess it will be for something needed in the house.

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



Searching for New Fields to Conquer

Dave England, captain of the newly formed soft ball team of the Equipment Division, is now ready to play other teams in the Transit Authority. They recently beat the 7th floor, and are scheduled to play the 6th floor team. If you have a team that is interested in entering the league and joining in the fun — call:

Dave England, UL 2-5000, Ext. 4189.

No Slight Intended

"The Subway Goes to Sea" photograph of your April issue is a good picture of the project. But the rest of the presentation is incomplete.

The story you present projects the thought that when it was decided to build the Jamaica Bay Crossing, the contractor suddenly brought to the site dredges, pile driver, derricks, etc., and began to tear up the geography, and so out of this chaos will come the completed project. You ignore the facts that preceded this activity; the planning, the various studies of type of structure and economy of construction; the thought given to safety and appearance, etc., which was carried out by the Designs Division of the Transity Authority.

As one who had something to do with the planning and design of the "Subway (that) Goes to Sea" I can inform you of the surprised resentment of the Designs Division as a whole, and particularly of the men who participated in this job.

A. JUDWIN
Civil Engr. (Str.)
Bklyn.



Your article "The Subway Goes to Sea" in the April issue is a timely and informative one, particularly the story told by the photographs. This subject will no doubt be followed up with additional reports as the construction of the Rockaway Line advances to its completion.

Let me remind you that no construction of any project can be started before a tremendous amount of planning and designing by Architects, Engineers and Draftsmen who turn out the drawings on which the entire project has been conceived and developed.

It would seem, therefore, that some reference should be made to the labors of those Engineers who did the planning and who envisioned the entire structure with its utilitarian purpose in mind, even though they gave no thought to a haven for ducks and fish.

ADOLPH D. SUSSMAN
Senior Civil Engineer (Str.)
Designs Division

(To the charge levelled by Mr. Judwin, implied by Mr. Sussman, The Editors plead guilty, beg extenuating circumstances. Even a tightly written engineering history of the project would fill several issues of TRANSIT *by itself. As Mr. Sussman suggests we intend to report certain popular facets, in later articles, but broad coverage will be left to the engineering journals and Engineer Victor J. Lefkowitz, who has a monumental report in the works. As for giving credit, where credit is due, we look only for interesting facts, not credits. This is, by the way, a violation of our pet rule—that letters should be published without editorial comment. We will not lightly transgress again.—The Editors)*



Anybody Seen Luigi?

Do you think you could tell me or give me a bit of information about one of your oldest employes, Luigi Pecchillo, carpenter. He left Brooklyn, February 8th, 1955, for Naples, Italy. He has been gone more than three months. He left a statement in his own way—that he took pension money to go to Italy. And had a return ticket. My daughter got a card from Rome, March 11th. Please answer me. I want to leave our Brooklyn home.

LENA PECCHILLO
c/o Cameron
159 Tehama St.
Bklyn. 18, N. Y.



T H I N K
is your booth
Clean?
Are — You?

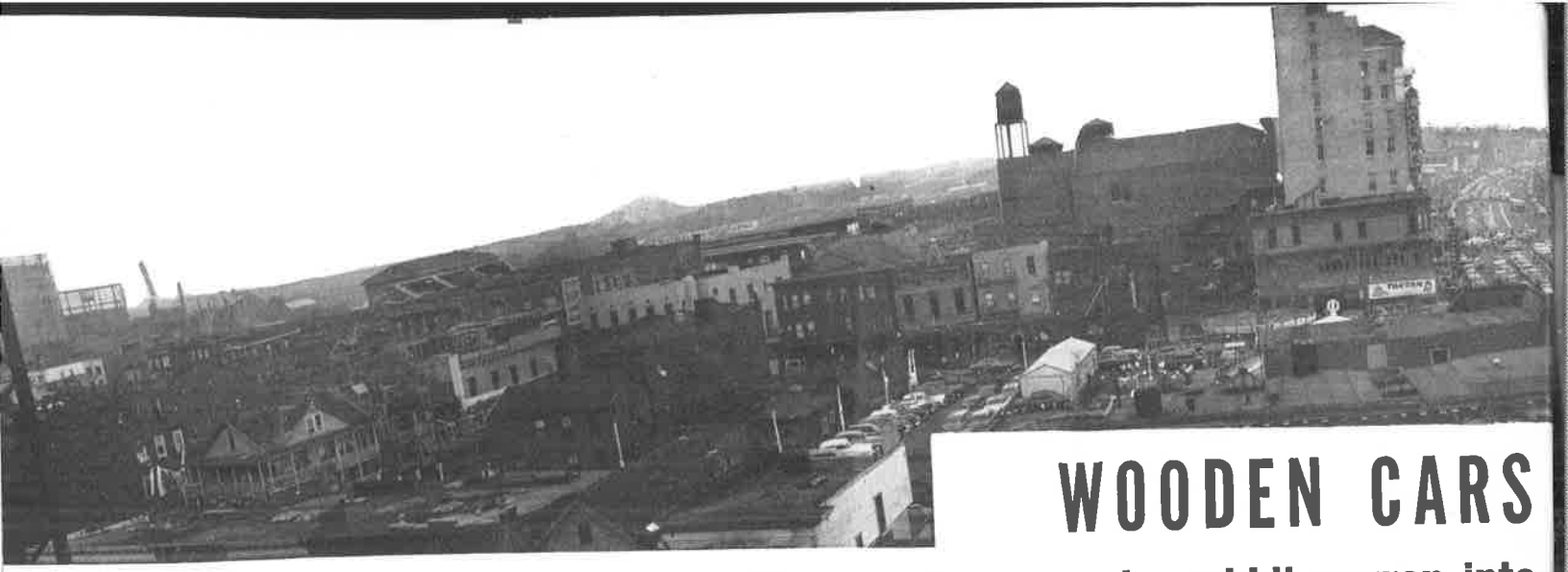
HARRY W. GODIN
Railroad Clerk

That Printer Was Shot at Dawn

I would like you to correct an error in TRANSIT (May) you had me listed as being retired from the Car Cleaning Dept. I retired as Assistant Foreman, Group C, 3-3924, Structure Dept.

JOHN A. HARTNETT (28)
36 Glover Ave.
Yonkers, N. Y.

(Continued on Page 22)



WOODEN CARS

They made a marshy rabbit-warren into

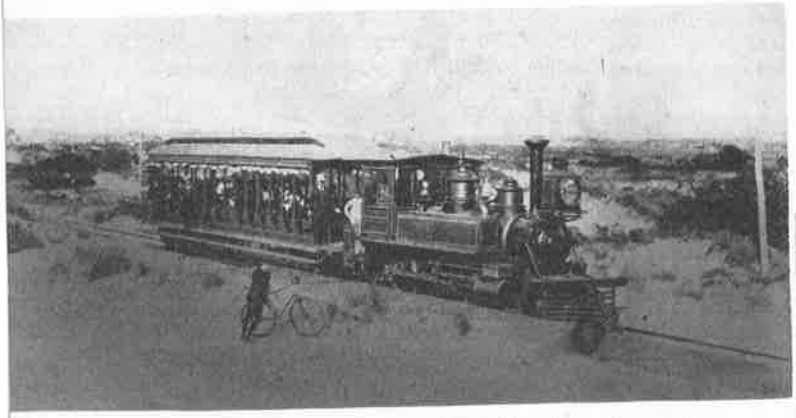
With hardly a ripple, transit-wise, Coney Island's '55 season got under way. Week-end passengers, many of them, found seats to sit on, air to breathe. It wasn't a bit like the great days of the early 'twenties, when trains charged into the Island, more than one a minute, with passengers who hadn't been able to blow a nose since Chambers St., so dense the crush. When seventy thousand passengers an hour were dumped on the platforms of the Island, every hour in the morning. And a sudden squall in early afternoon would bring a sea of a half million passengers flooding over the platforms, seeking homeward passage. When the platforms themselves would be invisible to the eye, even a square foot of it, for a half hour or more. Those were the days when the rapid transit lines to the Island groaningly carried crowds nearly half as large—incredibly — as the newspapers said they carried. As many, according to a sober estimate, as three-quarters of a million people on a hot, brilliant August Sunday.

Today, on a hot, bright Summer Sunday, 200,000 passengers is a good sized crowd. A quarter of a million, and it's a whale of a big day, for all that the old timers sneer at it, remembering when the Sea Beach expresses went to the Island on a six-minute headway, West Ends on six minutes, too, Brighton operated on a seven-minute headway, and Culver on an eight. And the special weekend expresses of the Brighton-Franklin line flew in 26 minutes from Chambers St. to the Island, with only three intermediate stops, and ran, packed, on a four-minute headway. The "hi-wheelers," those were called, or miscalled; and the speed record they hung up in rapid transit is likely to stand for a long, long time. It doesn't even run any more. And the other lines operate on far more leisurely headways.

And Long Remember

The system is still full of veterans who remember the days when weekend turnstiles clicked so merrily. But, go back a bit further, to the days when the traction magnates were hard put to persuade people to travel all the way to the strip of white beach, beyond the drab marshes, and for the details of that you've got to go to the historians. For those lucrative days in the early 'twenties were a traction man's dream come true, in a wildly, nightmarish sort of a way.

When TA's distant predecessors first became interested in Coney Island, soon after the Civil War, practically nobody else was interested. Oh, a few sportsmen rowed across Coney Island Creek occasionally, and banged away at the rabbits which pursued their well known procreative tendencies there, rarely disturbed by the early settlers who called them coneys, after the plumper bunny of western Europe.





Rapid transit arrived at Coney Island (above), crossing sandy dunes and marshes, which now look like photorama (top of page.) Early visitors found Peter Tilyou (right) waiting to refresh customers with beer, or shoot coneys for supper (note gun.) Tilyou descendants operate the park bearing same name.



AND IRON MEN:

the world's dizziest amusement park

The beginnings were small. A few bath houses and pavilions were built, and a horse-car line ran, beginning in 1862. That is, it usually ran. It was a two-hour haul from Park Circle, Brooklyn, to Coney Island. Horses went lame, cast shoes in desolate areas where blacksmiths were few and far between. And a man who took his family there for a Sunday couldn't be altogether sure of getting back the same night, no matter how early he started.

Yo-Ho-Ho And A Bottle Of Beer

A steamship line from Manhattan also was opened—and quickly shunned by respectable people. The fare was low, the beer was cheap, and it drew crowds of rowdies who considered a Sunday wasted without imposing a bloody nose, or having a couple of teeth knocked out. There was nothing restful about a trip to Coney by boat. When these excursionists got ashore—assuming they were still conscious—it was a case of gore on the snowy sands. The result was that Coney Island connoted drunken brawls.

Swank came to Coney Island in 1875 when Cable's Hotel, later known as the Ocean View, opened. The Prospect Park and Coney Island Railroad was built—and Coney Island became swiftly accessible, at least to Brooklynites. The PPCI ran from Prospect Park West to Coney Island, under steam, in 20 minutes. The fare was 43 cents a round trip, and summer service was lively.

A few weekenders discovered the glories of Coney's clean sands and sparkling waters. And, as they did, the New York and Sea Beach express shot its line through the farms and small towns to the Island. The Sea Beach, having the 63rd St. dock (Bay Ridge Landing) as its other terminal, tapped Manhattan Island for customers in search of a swim in clear, ocean waters, far away from the pollution of New York. The steamers cruised from the dock to Whitehall St., Leroy St. and West 22nd St. Thus Manhattanites discovered that a steamboat ride of an hour and twenty minutes, plus a half hour on the NYSB brought them to this lovely spot, where fresh-dug clams were available by the bushel. The flavor of Coney Island clams became quite as famous as the huge schooners of beer. Clams and beer was the universal food and drink of the early excursionists.

When Sousa Played

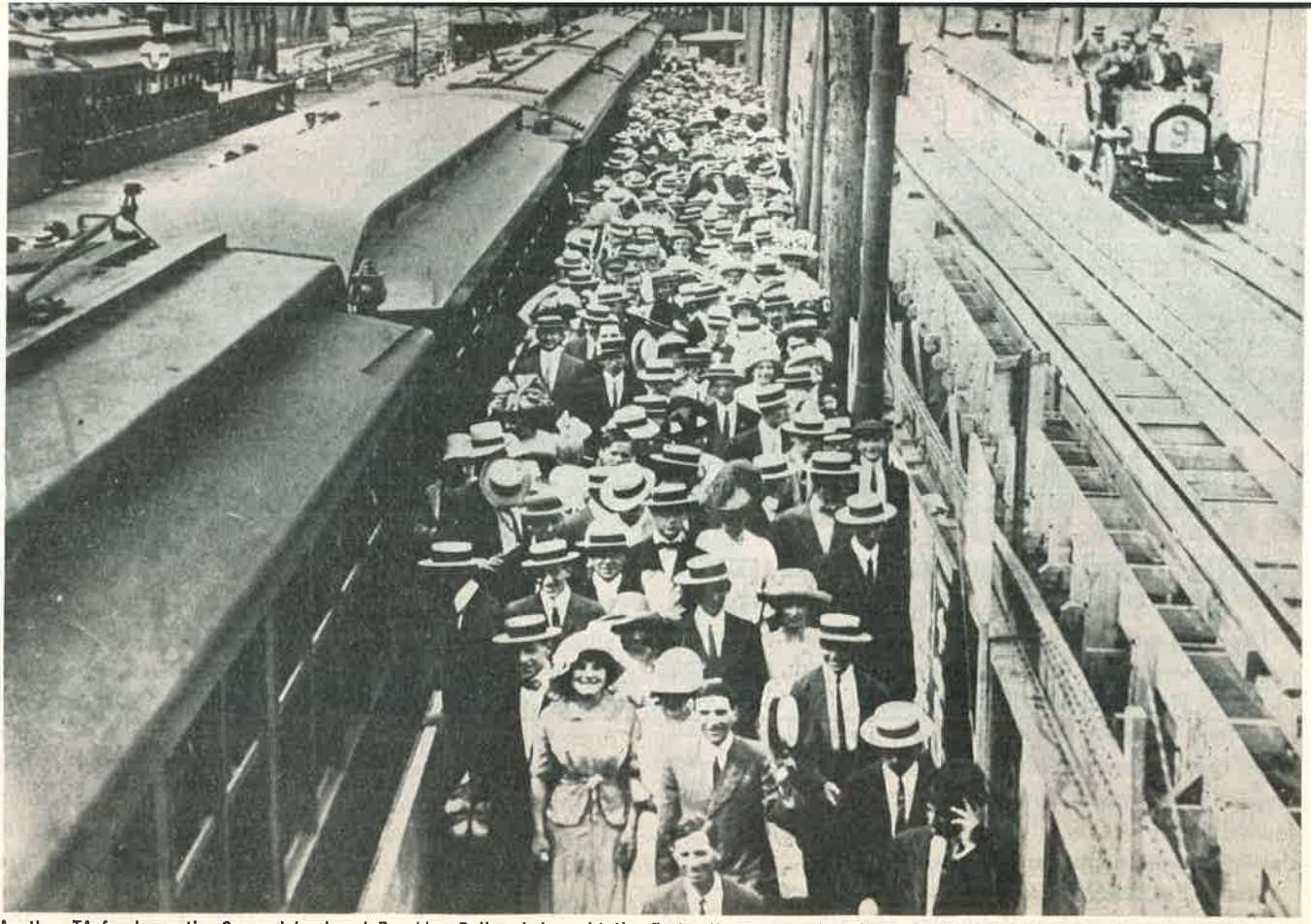
In search of some of this trade, the Brooklyn, Flatbush and Coney Island Railroad built its route from Atlantic St. and Franklin Ave. to the sleepy fishing village of Sheepshead Bay. It was openly after the beer-and-clams trade. The idea that there would be any houses along much of the route—after all, there already was a house at Newkirk Ave. and another at Kings Highway—didn't enter into the scheme of things at all. The line, along the route of the present BMT Brighton Beach line, offered only occasional daytime service in Winter.

(*Continued on Next Page*)





To persuade customers to ride its trains to Coney, The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, one of TA's ancestors, built the hotel (left) at waters edge. Too close. Much! To save guests from drowning the BRT had to hoist structure, and pull it back from beach edge (above), using locomotives for towing. Using trolley power, hotel boasted electric lights.



Another TA forebear, the Coney Island and Brooklyn Railroad, brought the first roller coaster (right) to the island and erected it over the roof of the trolley terminal, now BMT bus garage. Coaster flopped financially, frightening early riders out of their wits. This scene, showing Sunday arrivals at Culver Depot, is baffling, for it shows automobiles on the now abandoned coaster. Can anyone explain what they're doing there?

(Continued from Previous Page)

By 1890 excursionists were coming to Coney Island by the hundreds. Literally, hundreds! And still the transit people dreamed on. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company built the Brighton Beach Hotel, enormous, rococo and very swell. It was among the first to have electric lights, fed from a trolley feeder, which made it necessary to burn five lamps in series. No single bulb ever went out of commission; one defective bulb meant four others went out, too. In front of the hotel a great music stand faced the wide piazzas. Here Sousa, among others, played for the benefit of the BRT's guests.

Other lines were getting the idea that they ought to put up something at the end of their lines to make people go there. In a big way, the transit lines went in for picnic groves. A chap named George Tilyou planked down a first payment of $500 on a second-hand ferris wheel and posted a sign on a lot that there would be erected the largest ferris wheel in the world. The Coney Island and Brooklyn Railroad Company got a lively president in Slaughter W. Huff. Huff built an amusement park at his terminal and bought a merry-go-round and a roller coaster in Baltimore and brought them to the Island. The merry-go-round was a tremendous success. But the roller coaster, built over the roof of the trolley terminal and now the BMT bus garage—the concrete supports are still visible there—was a total flop. It scared riders and made them sick. It was dismantled a few years later—years before roller coasters became thick and profitable on the Island.

Excursionists were coming now by the thousands. The Marine Railway, a narrow gauge job, took passengers to the Manhattan Beach Hotel. A racetrack, called the most beautiful in the world, grew in Sheepshead Bay, another blossomed at Brighton Beach, still another at Gravesend. There were piers of all description, and parks dedicated to fun. There were shooting galleries, flying horses, velocipedes, swings, a genuine mermaid—you could examine her from behind glass—fat boys, nine feet in circumference, strength-testing machines.

And Sin. Yes. Sin, flaming, painted and perfumed, came to Coney Island, too, particularly in the west end. Newspapers exposed this depravity, ministers denounced it from their pulpits, parents wouldn't let their daughters go, and mothers bit their nails when they heard Junior had spent Sunday in Coney. But Sin was presently suppressed, Tilyou built his Steeplechase Park, Luna Park was born in 1903, nice, respectable places, and Dreamland came a year later, scene of Brooklyn's one and only lion-hunt. When Dreamland burned in 1911, many of the wild animals escaped from their cages and roamed Surf Ave., scaring people and being scared in turn.

An African lion took refuge in a tunnel of the "Rocky Road to Dublin Coaster," and declined to come out. There, in the semi-dark, which hitherto had heard only the tender



In 1899, the Culver depot looked like this. "Frequent electric trains," the sign brags, proudly.



In 1911, a Tompkins Culver trolley discharges a cargo of derbies, straw hats and button shoes.



Surf Ave. presented this up-and-coming look in 1907. Trolleys were as numerous as horses.

screams of young maidens as they clutched the necks of their escorts, the lion made his stand, ten thousand miles from the jungle where he was born. He made his stand and was shot dead by a policeman.

As the thousands mounted to scores of thousands, the transit companies got out of the hotel, carrousel, rides and horse-racing business. More experienced private operators were handling the lures that drew the thousands to the beach. The PPCI gave up its bicycle storage train, which had drawn thousands of cyclists to the Island. For a small fee, the cyclist could put his machine aboard and have it taken far from the madding crowds of Brooklyn and New York, to the lonely paths of Coney Island. Obviously, there was no point to it, anymore—the madding crowds were all at Coney Island. The BRT acquired the historic carrousel when it absorbed the CI&B in 1914, and turned it over to a concessionaire. This is the merry-go-round, by the way, which now runs in Central Park.

None of the boosters now mentioned the sparkling clear waters, the snowy beaches as the Sunday crowds went into the hundreds of thousands. The water didn't sparkle much any more; the air was still seawashed, but the washing didn't get out all the aroma of hot dogs and frying onions. To broaden the beach, fill was dumped over the snowy sands. Coney Island was now the greatest transit bonanza of all times. The transit barons didn't even weep when many operating employes demanded, and got, a reduction in the working day from twelve hours to ten—they just whimpered a little and spoke nostalgically of the passing of the day of iron men and wooden cars, the day when motormen didn't quibble because their working days were fourteen hours long, and the pay was for ten, when dispatchers were glad to get ten hours' pay for a twelve-hour day. After all, they didn't really have much to do, the other two hours, or four hours, just be there in case. The day of iron men and wooden cars was passing—the public was yammering for steel cars, and the softies running them were yammering for a ten-hour day; and some darn fools were even talking about a half hour for lunch—on company time! That's how bad it was!

When a heat wave was news, the newspapers gauged the depth of distress by the crowds at Coney. On hot, brilliant Sundays, the newspapers reported a million at Coney, a million and a half, two millions. It got so a worried police captain asked the transit companies to help him figure out just how many people actually came to Coney Island, so he'd be prepared in case of a catastrophe. A fair, extra-hot Sunday was selected. The final figure was a bare trifle over three-quarters of a million.

Not much later the crowds levelled, slid back a little. When the depression came, in 1930, the Coney Island crowds nose-dived in volume. During the length of the depression the great bonanza petered out. It came back, later, but never to the roaring activity of its hey-day. Other beaches were opening up, made accessible by automobile in increasing numbers, Atlantic City swiped Coney's original idea of a national bathing beauty contest, bigger, fancier piers were built elsewhere. But, instead of a weekend bonanza, the transit companies found a steadily mounting income in the new dwellings built up solidly along the routes originally laid out chiefly to get people away from the solidly built up areas.—*Bernard Linder*

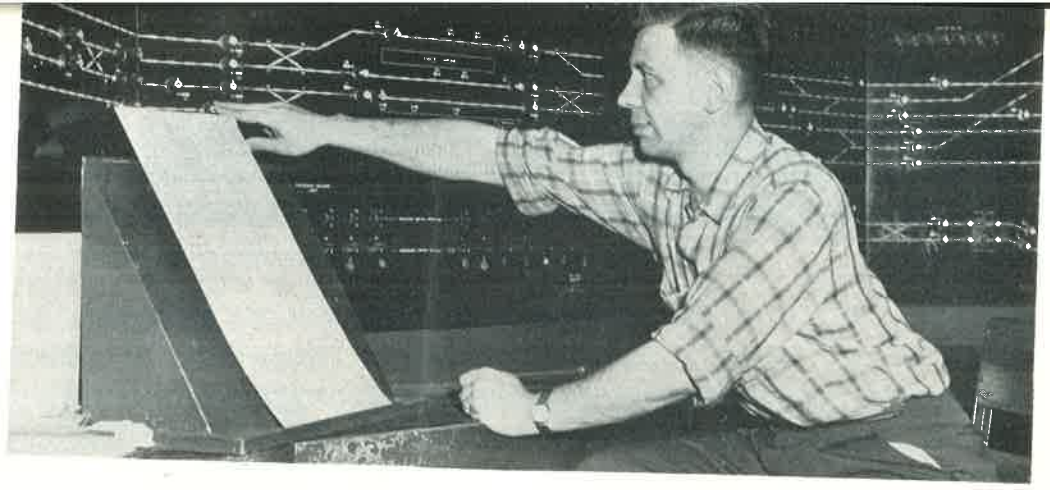
Coney Island originated the idea of a national bathing beauty contest, charges Atlantic City with thievery of brilliant idea. Daringly attired in one-piece bathing suit, Miss Steeplechase braved wolfish glances, cold wind for Mardi Gras in 1926. Note farmhouses just off Surf Avenue.



Old Man Tilyou rigged an inclined cable on which daring visitors would ride to earth, made more money from this than from schooners of beer at a nickel. The inclined cable was the first of a series of fantastic rides which were Coney's great attraction. Below is a later and fancier model.







Towerman John Karas switches a train at the Euclid (IND) station with a flick of the finger (at right), nibbles a dainty sandwich for full sustenance (above).

Where Towermen Are Men

AS yards go in the TA system, Canarsie is pretty small time stuff. Its capacity is a mere eighteen six-car trains and a few shorter ones, while the Coney Island yards, for instance, could tuck it all in a hip pocket and forget about it. But to hear Harry Born tell it, it's the only place in the system that's fit for a towerman to work in. There they still switch trains manually—with a mighty heave on a great metal lever which moves two hundred, three hundred or more feet of iron pipe, the far end of which opens and closes switches. In winter ice and snow sometimes seize the pipes and the joints and only a powerful man can swing the lever.

"Those new electric gadgets," Harry declared, stoutly, "aren't any good at all. They don't give a man enough exercise to keep in shape. Look around here—you don't see any weakly or skinny fellows here, do you?"

Upon the towerhouse stove a great pot of beef stew bubbled away. Harry, who also doubles as chief cook, gave it a stir, explaining that the towermen of Canarsie have got to lunch on fare like this, with great chunks of pie, and quarts of hot coffee, to keep up their strength, or else they couldn't heave the levers back and forth all day. He spoke scornfully of some towermen who, he'd heard, did all right on a nutted cheese sandwich and a glass of milk for lunch.

He's Modern, But . . .

"Not good for a man, just sitting around, touching buttons," he said. "No good at all. Greatest mistake they ever made—putting in those new controls. Not," he added, "that I'm against progress, you understand. I'm all for it. But give me the manual switch anytime."

Not all of the yard men share Harry's boundless enthusiasm for the last stand of the manual switch which once was used throughout the system. Some are unkind enough to suggest that Harry brags a bit.

While Harry was waxing eloquent over the sabre-fanged Canarsie mosquito, in explaining there was nothing really sissified about the Canarsie men protecting themselves with window screens—the only towermen thus protected—Motorman Instructor Ray King broke in.

"The Coney Island mosquito," he snorted, "is really much bigger."

Harry dismissed this with a wave of his hand. "Bigger, yes," he said, "but so what?" As he put it, the Coney Island mosquito is a fat and indolent fellow, well-fed and





Minutes from the teeming section of Brooklyn, the Canarsie Yards are curiously pastoral. Train crews pitch horseshoes during lunch relay (above), sit under blossoming trees (left), raise pigeons and shoot live targets.





At Canarsie towermen are a rugged breed. Harry Born (above) heaves a lever in the last part of TA's system where switching is manual. This work calls for man-sized meals—note size of hamburger (left), nearly a pound.

Canarsie's hardy towermen are a vanishing breed

quite harmless. The Canarsie mosquito is a hunger-maddened beast, undersized, but voracious, and making up for small individual size by the great size of the collective clouds of them.

The Hungry Hordes

"There isn't," he said—and to this everyone agreed—"a motorman who would dare go into the yards to get a train out without carrying something with him to brush them out of the cab. They pile in there, just waiting for a motorman. And, after he gets them out, and gets in the cab himself, he doesn't dare open the window until he's put a few stations between himself and the yards."

Nobody disagreed, either, with his claim that the Canarsie rats are unmatched in noble size and hardiness. The entire Southern Division dumps its refuse at the Canarsie Yards. In this dump the rats have found a promised land.

"They grow bigger than a man's head," Ray King said, falling somewhat into the bragging spirit. "Never saw such big rats, or so many of them."

Once, he recalled, the yardmen discovered it was great target practice to shoot the rodents with a .22. It became a popular sport for months. The slaughter was terrific. The rats were killed like flies. And, when everybody had wearied of the slaughter, and quit it, the rat population seemed greater than ever.

Thick-chested John L. D'Angelo (right) throws the switch for the last train of the morning to be laid up at the Canarsie yards. Such equipment was once used throughout subway. Crewmen (below) watch television.



Podunk-on-the-BMT

Only 20 minutes from downtown Brooklyn, The Canarsie Yards have an oddly bucolic air. At lunchtime the men pitch horseshoes; sumac and brush rim it with greenery; it has a dove cote erected by pigeon fanciers among the crewmen, and Harry Born polishes his levers as lovingly as a colonial housewife polished her copper kettles.

Nearby, at 105th St., is the last grade crossing in the city's rapid transit system. This grade crossing never has had an accident. Certain precautions against accident have been taken. A motorist coming up to the crossing when a train is also approaching finds warning signs, then gates, and, if he isn't deaf, he hears bells clanging, buzzers buzzing, the train whistling, and, in addition, every train must come to a full stop before making the crossing. For all this, ingenious motorists and truck drivers have found a lot of ways to stall their vehicles on the tracks in the path of oncoming trains. The last precaution—the motor stops—prevented any accidents, in these cases.





THE NEW TRANSIT AUTHORITY AND THE MAN WHO WANTED IT: Mayor Robert F. Wagner meets the new heads of the city transit system upon his return from Europe. In keeping with the new style in authorities, the members were selected from three different fields. E. Vincent Curtayne, at left, is a banker, expected to do experting in TA finances. On the other side of the Mayor is, first, Charles L. Patterson, the railroader, familiar with his field from roundhouse to executive suite. At extreme right is Joseph E. O'Grady, the city's outstanding figure in trouble-shooting on labor relations.

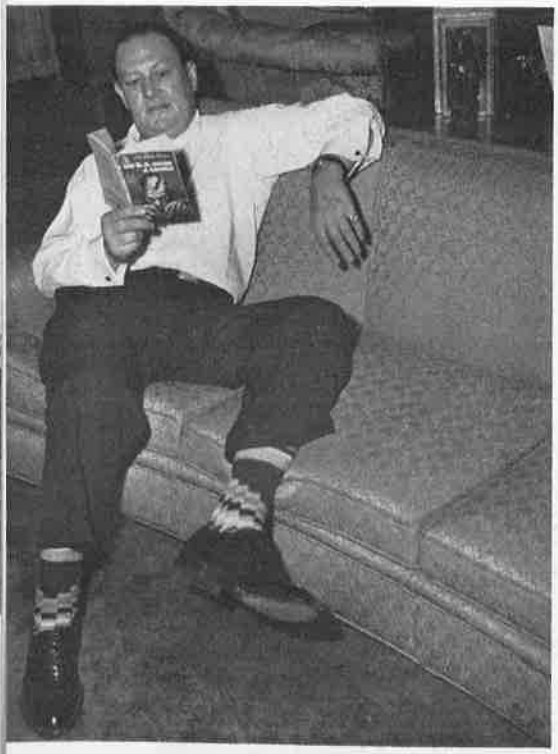
The Railroader

CHARLES L. PATTERSON, the new chief of TA, became a railroader strictly by accident. No burning ambition to massage the throttle of a locomotive ever gripped him, as a boy in Pittsburgh. His grandfather, C. K. Lord, had been a vice-president of the B & O, 1892-1902; his father, a lawyer, had served in a legal capacity in the Federal Railway Administration in the first World War. But if any of the rail spirit surged in Charles' veins, it was thoroughly unnoticed by the boy.

It happened like this: He had finished his first year in Princeton, bought himself a new suit, pretty sharp, and went home to get a vacation job to pile up some spending money. He'd have taken any job that offered itself, and the first one that happened along was machinist's apprentice, 26 cents an hour, in the yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His first pay check for $30 came through about the time the bill came through for his new suit. His father tossed him the bill. "You pay it; you've got a job now."

"My father, you see, was Scotch. That is, of Scotch extraction," he explained.

The new chairman of TA consumes a whodunit a night, finds it wonderfully relaxing, doesn't expect all his problems will be as simple as Perry Mason's. He's also a television fan.



From Highland Forbears

And the new chairman made no bones about the fact that while his heritage of railroading was at least dormant, the Scotch part of himself awakened early. It was, in fact, prodded early and often. He knows now that his parents were pleasantly off, indeed, "but around the house, as a boy, I often wondered how we were going to eat next week, just from hearing my father talk." It clearly wasn't that the senior Patterson never spent money—young Charles, at the age of four, was

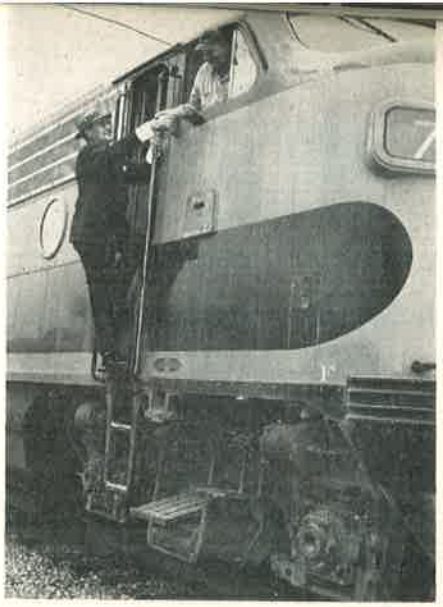


Chairman Patterson was at his desk at 370 Jay St. an hour after being sworn in, ran reporters and photographers down to panting wrecks on first whirlwind tour of subway lines.

taken on a tour of Europe, and remembers that he enjoyed everything but the seasickness. It was rather that his father wanted to extract every bit of value from his money. "I learned the value of a dollar from him first, and others since."

In the new Chairman this manifests itself in curious ways. He is, for example, a poker addict. He will sit in a game where the stakes are five-ten-and-fifteen, for example. Cents, that is. But he'd rather it was penny ante with a 3-cent limit. "Just as much fun in it," he says. On the other hand he drives a Thunderbird sports car. And figures it was worth every cent he paid for it. He consumes 25-cent whodunits, at the rate of one every night, and expects an awful lot of gore for the money. He feels a man can get a good evening's

A confident young Pittsburgher takes up, with gusto, the challenge to do what no man has ever done — run the city's transit lines to the satisfaction of 6,000,000 daily customers.



The new chairman says good-bye to his old friends on the Bessemer & Lake Erie. Patterson started railroading as a machinist's apprentice in Pittsburgh, spent many early years in overalls.

entertainment from his TV set at a reasonable cost; and, until he came to work here, lived in a very pleasant home in the Fox Chapel section of Pittsburgh.

To Work, Or Not To Work

After the slight disaster of finding he was expected to pay for his own suit, young Patterson weighed the merits of Princeton against a job that paid 26 cents an hour, and, with hardly a struggle, decided the job was for him. This, although he'd been the youngest student to enter Lawrenceville Prep School in New Jersey, and did well, scholastically, when he entered Princeton at 16. After 32 years in railroading, he's satisfied he did the right thing. Satisfied, too, that Lady Luck selected his field with exquisite care for her likes, for now he thinks railroading the greatest game in the world, and can't imagine another that he'd have preferred.

He stayed with the Pennsy for 20 years, a lot of them in overalls. The greatest and the worst of his railroading experiences—to date—happened in those days. He loved most of all the years when he was in charge of the wrecking train. "That was wonderful," he said, and spoke nostalgically of the nights when his train rushed through the dark to the scene of a wreck. But, quickly, "Not that I'm looking forward to any wrecks here," he added. "I sure hope we never have any," he said with feeling. The worst experience was a little too much of what he liked, a full week of working around the clock every day to clear the Pennsy line going south, after a catastrophical storm.



No children of their own, the Pattersons adopted a baby boy, now six. Here the chairman takes young Pat on a trip in a diesel cab (above).

No Time Waster In Love

In the fall of 1933, he went to

(*Continued on Page* 14)

Patterson is Scotch, proud of thrifty habits (25-cent books, penny ante, etc.) but didn't spare his purse on living quarters. Here he is on the grounds of his beautiful home in Fox Chapel section of Pittsburgh, with his boy, Pat, and retriever, Smokey. He sold the home in a hurry, expects to acquire a house, "with at least a yard," in New York. The Pattersons keep two poodles as well.







(Above) Lieutenant Alfred F. Hardy, a judo instructor in the Army before joining the Transit police, teaches Patrolwoman Nora K. Myan, the trick of disarming a gunman.

(Right) The fact that Kathleen Banks (extreme right) has the prettiest dimples in TA has nothing whatever to do with this picture. With their snub-nosed .38s, which they tuck into their bags, along with lipstick and powder puff, she and Patrolwomen Louise Ingrisani (left) and Dorothy Uhnak are practicing marksmanship on their own time, with the Tepee Rod and Gun Club. In the few encounters where they have had to use force, Transit policewomen have acquitted themselves well. In addition to capturing mashers, they are used to interview women who would be reluctant to describe unpleasant experiences to male officers. Pickpockets, too, are their meat.

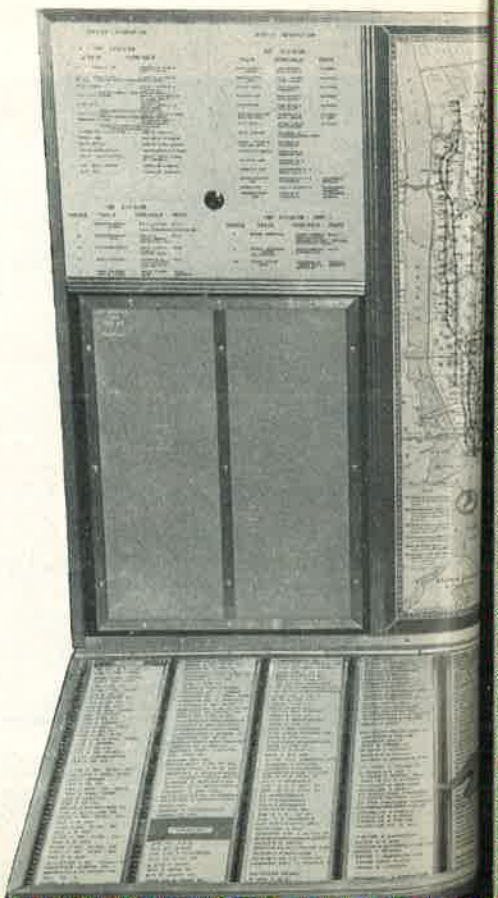


TA NEWS

Latest in robots is this electronic information clerk. (Below) Ma
on, indicating the route, with differently colored lights for eac
is an experimental model installed at Grand Central. TA has



The long-awaited subway time-table made its bow at last a week ago. Leah Gertler, of Budget, fetchingly displays one against a backdrop of a map of the rapid transit system at 370 Jay St.







Knife wielders aren't too dangerous to judo experts. Nora here accepts Hardy's invitation to try stabbing him in chest. He moves fast.



The trick is basic—first, the knife-thruster is prevented from bending his arm by judoist exerting pressure in opposite directions on joint.



In dealing with a mugger, the layman instinctively—and wrongly—grabs the wrist of the choker. Nora does it the right way in this photo.



Note how she thrusts between the arms of her assailant. Then, she thrusts out and back snapping strangler's grip with shoulder muscles.

N PICTURES

Ve Luca touches a button showing where she wants to go. Lights go e. Printed information on changes to be made glows at left. This committed itself on whether it will go strong for the new gadget.



It really isn't so. Miss Edith Coffey, blithely waving with her left hand, eyes 'way off to the left, isn't really driving the bus. It's just that she was elected Miss Surface Transportation and, for that reason, was pictured allegedly driving the first bus out of the new crosstown bus depot in Brooklyn. The pictures of the bus depot weren't nearly as interesting as the pictures of Miss Coffey of Surface.





On the grounds of the Pittsburgh home, Patterson shows a young kinsman from France a train bell set in a garden wall. His wife, Marie Emilienne, young Pat, and poodle, Baron, look on.

(*Continued from Page* 11)

France on the Ile De France for a vacation. On shipboard, he met a tiny French girl, Marie Emilienne, who was on her way for a visit home. She spoke English with an accent that fascinated listeners with its charm, however impossible it was to understand what she was saying. Patterson, who could speak a little French, caught onto it quickly. Six weeks later they were married in New York. After 22 years of married life, in Jersey and Pittsburgh suburbs, Marie Emilienne still speaks English with an accent that fascinates strangers, however difficult it is to understand what she is saying. They have no children of their own, but six years ago they adopted a two-day old baby boy, baptized him Charles, but call him Pat.

Before this Patterson had taken up golf, become a pretty fair player. Now he dropped it. "Interfered with the amount of time I could spend with the boy," he said. "A few rounds of golf over the weekend didn't leave much time." He'll look you in the eye and expound on the theory that a father ought to spend a good deal of time with a growing boy. But it is difficult to escape the conviction that the sacrifice of his golf game wasn't much of a sacrifice, considering what he got for it. Mrs. Patterson makes no bones about the fact that young Pat is about the most brilliant lad in Pittsburgh.

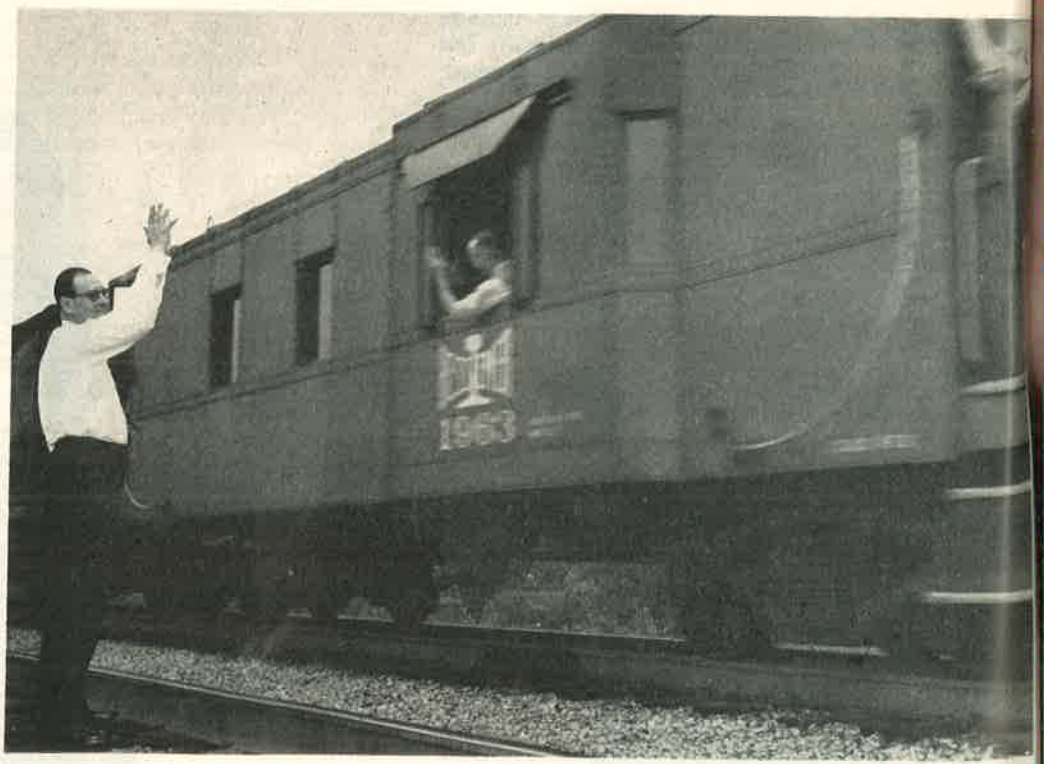
To Executive Suite

In the Pennsy, Patterson moved from shop to shop, presently discarded his overalls, and went white collar. From 1941 to 1943, he was assistant trainmaster in the LIRR, then a division of the Pennsy. He left there in the latter year to go to the Lehigh Valley, where he was, successively, superintendent, general manager, and vice-president and general manager in charge of operations, until January, 1952. After that he served as vice president and general manager of the Duluth, Missabi & Iron Range, and finally as vice-president of the Bessemer & Lake Erie.

The Pattersons mean to find a house in New York. Patterson, who is as big —a hair under six feet—as his wife is petite, doesn't feel comfortable in apartments. "Besides, I think a boy ought to have at least a yard to play in." The new chairman smokes cigarettes—"Too many of them"—thinks nothing of working seven days a week, and did for many years. Says he has a lot of ideas, but wants time to study the set-up of the system before expounding them.



Poker is Patterson's outstanding vice; he can play it almost endlessly. The Scotch comes out in him in the game, though. He prefers penny ante, will go, reluctantly, to five-ten-fifteen-cent stakes. Here he teaches the game to Philip Galardi, of Paris, France. That shrewd wink is all bluff for his wife's benefit — actually he muffed that inside straight by a mile and a half.



Last look. In Pittsburgh a Bessemer & Lake Erie train blurs by ex-boss. Patterson says he loves New York, likes the challenge of TA job.

The Moneyman

The headaches of TA's sinking revenues and mounting costs go to E. Vincent Curtayne.



In Albany Governor Harriman swears in his choice for the new three-man TA, E. Vincent Curtayne, a banker who likes hard nuts to crack.

It's been a long, long time since E. Vincent Curtayne was called "Old Frozen-face" and "Stoneface." He earned the sobriquet when he was teaching prep students at Fordham days, while studying law there nights. He makes no bones about earning it. "The fact is, I was scared stiff, standing on my feet, talking to students. More scared than the youngest, most timid student could possibly be." He's different now. After years of teaching, banking, speaking to groups on finance, he is rather proud of his easy poise, and his former secretary will tell you that if there's one thing about him that stands out it's that he's a "good mixer." The external change has been greater than the internal change. When he left the Manufacturers' Trust to come to 370 Jay St., he thoughtfully packed his ulcer pills, unused for years, and brought them along. He never quite developed ulcers, but he's the type.



At 370 Jay, the financial member of the team takes over his new office. After nearly a week on the job he was still able to smile for photo.

Park Avenue Bred

The Authority's new moneyman was Park Avenue born—but on the wrong side of 96th St. His father, Patrolman Dan Curtayne, then had a cold-water flat at 97th St., in what was then Irishtown. The Curtaynes moved to Germantown, at 166th St. and Jackson Ave., the Bronx, and young Ed went to the parochial school of St. Anthony of Padua, taught by the Sisters of Christian Charity with formidable German accents when they taught in English; German was sometimes used in a small way. The Ed part of his name disappeared subsequently when his mother was convinced by friends that it wasn't a very good name, and Vincent was much more choice. Just as well, because there's a mystery about the E. Commissioner Curtayne stoutly maintains it stands for Edmund, the Health Department of New York has it down in black-and-white as Edwin, and the church where he was baptized has it as Edward. The E. settles everything, since, beginning as a boy, even his parents called him Vincent.

The Vicious Vincent

He never was much of an athlete, then or later, though he dabbled in a good many sports. His father strongly believed in a knowledge of self-defense and taught him boxing. He wasn't too bad at it. Once, riding his bike down to meet his father, two older huskier boys decided to borrow his bike, Vincent decided to the contrary. The issue went to a show of force, and Vincent was sitting astride one, whaling him, when he heard a woman scream, "Officer! Arrest that brute!" The officer turned out to be Patrolman Curtayne, who did no such thing; in fact, he found joy in the evidence that his slender son had some of the fighting Irish in him.

Night School Days

On graduating from St. Anthony's, Vincent won an eight-year scholarship at Fordham and used every year, working during vacations. In his senior year he decided to study law, not because the profession fascinated him, but because, "there was a saying, 'When in doubt, study law.'" He was in doubt and he took up law. His father was moving through the ranks now toward Deputy Chief Inspector, and his parents could afford to send him to day school. "But, at 21, a man ought to be paying his own way." So he went to law school nights, and taught days. He's glad of it. "I found a deep, spiritual satisfaction in teaching." Aside from that, the inner turmoil of facing a listening group faded as time went

(Continued on Next Page)



He automatically lights two cigarettes when Mrs. Curtayne is around. Habit started when Mrs. C., with first child on way, couldn't abide first puff.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

on. "I liked being able to control people through reason." Later he found the same satisfaction in talking to groups of investors about banking.

Briefly At The Bar

After being admitted to the bar, young Curtayne hung out his shingle on Montague St., in Brooklyn. The crash of '29 was affecting real estate, and the young lawyer found a client, the Brooklyn Trust Company, which kept him busy. After a few years the bank suggested he close his office and organize and head its mortgage and real estate department. He did, and plunged into a fascinating whirlpool. As the '30's aged, the supposedly gilt-edged mortgage certificates of the boom years turned out to be considerably tarnished. The trust company was named trustee for many such issues, and Curtayne, and his staff, handled the liquidation of $150,000,000 worth of the certificates.

Well He Remembers

Ask the new Commissioner, when he met his wife, and he replies: "January 20, 1938, at 6 p.m., at a cocktail party in Malba." Might have been yesterday. He had a date with a girl, but she was ill. So he went alone. Helen Grace Smith had a fiancé, a doctor, but he was in the midwest, so she took a girl friend to the party. For a gentle, rather shy person, young Curtayne seems to have been pretty pitiless in this case. He had a date with Grace—the Helen part of it isn't used much—within a week. The young doctor in the midwest didn't have a chance. They were engaged in January — a year after the cocktail party. "It would have been sooner," he said, "but I wanted the Christmas gift to be separate from the ring." They were married April 18, 1939.

Strange Tea

At this time Grace's accomplishments in the art of house-making consisted solely of the ability to open a bottle of coke. Young Curtayne couldn't complain that he'd had no warning. Once he heard her father, Supreme Court Justice Peter B. Smith, ask for a cup of tea. Grace apologetically brought him a glass of milk. The maid was off, she explained, and there wasn't a teabag in the house—nothing but loose tea. It was all right, though. Young Curtayne was an excellent cook. He learned when his mother was ill, when he was about eleven, in the Bronx. From her bed she'd tell him what to mix, slice, boil and bake. So he taught his wife to cook. She's good at it now. As good as he is, he'll admit.

The Curtayne Cocktail

For a man who likes to cook, the new Commissioner isn't much of an eater. A glass of milk is his breakfast, lunch consists of a sandwich and coffee. He does have a full dinner, complete with two cocktails beforehand. These are old-fashioneds, made his own way, improved with the years by careful experimentation. Originally they were made in the conventional style—fruit, sugar, bitters. First he eliminated the fruit; the bitters and sugar went later. The Curtayne old-fashioneds now consist of a shot of Imperial, poured on a pair of ice-cubes. Not too difficult, really. It isn't like his persnicketiness when it comes to cars. He ordered a new one eight weeks ago and is still waiting for it. The dealer has lots of cars in stock, but nothing like the special job which Commissioner Curtayne expects. This is a one-tone station wagon, without hydramatic, without radio, without air-conditioning, without whitewalls, without - - - well, you can see how special it is. The dealer tried to get him to be reasonable, but took the order in the end.

Vincent Is A Lady

The Curtaynes have three children, Grace Read, 15; Carol Anne, 13; and Mary Vincent, 8. Mrs. Curtayne, when the third child was born, insisted she should be named after her father, having a hunch there would be no son to carry the father's name. "I fought like hell against it." He says this with resignation.

Shifting from job to job in the bank, Curtayne found it hard to get accustomed to routine work. Once he asked for a transfer, saying he was bored. Two trust officers retired, and he was given both their jobs. A little better, that. When the Brooklyn Trust merged with Manufacturer's he became senior trust officer. He liked that.

He Likes Stiff Problems

"You see," explained his former secretary, Helen Saundry, "he was never given any of the simple accounts. Always the accounts with problems."

He likes dealing with people and human problems. Trust officers, he explained, are often called on to deal with oddly touching, tender problems. As a boss, he has certain traits, possibly cultivated.

No Cogs Work For Him

"I remember," said Miss Saundry, "the first time I took dictation from him. Some of the letters were very important. After I finished, he came over and started signing, without reading them. 'Aren't you going to read them?' I asked. He said, 'I dictated them—why read them?'"

"He has a way, like that, of putting responsibility on people. Perhaps their jobs don't call for it, but he believes in giving the responsibility. And nobody who works under him ever feels like a cog in a machine. He's a very religious man. I don't mean outwardly; I mean inwardly and deeply."

Why The Station Wagon

The Curtaynes live in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn. Summers, they rent a house in Brightwaters, L. I., where the children swim daily with friends. That's the reason for the new station wagon, by the way. "Every time one of the girls said 'Daddy, will you drive us to the pool,' I'd go out and find eight or nine kids trying to jam into the old sedan. This will be much better—if General Motors still builds an occasional car like the one I want."

He went to a Democratic club just once in his life—to pick up his wife after a bridge game.



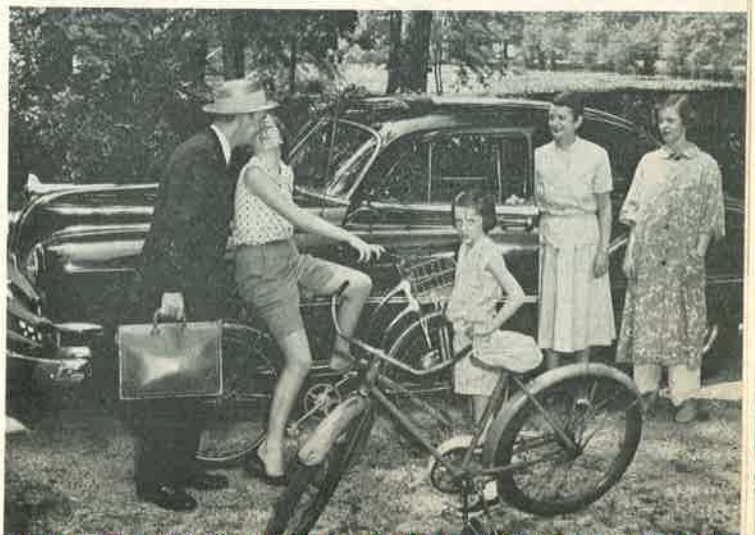
The Curtaynes at home in rented summer cottage in Brightwaters, Long Island. Carol Anne, 13, is watering houseplant at extreme left. Next is Mary Vincent, named after father, Mrs. C., Grace, the eldest daughter, 15, Mrs. Peter B. Smith, Mrs. C.'s mother, Frank Smith, one of Mrs. C.'s six brothers—she also has three sisters—and Judge Smith, compulsorily retired from the bench by age, but still actively practicing law.



Dishwashing is no problem for the Curtaynes. With bankerish efficiency, Commissioner Curtayne set up this assembly-line system for the chore. He also cooks. Allows he taught his wife to be the good cook she is today. Photo suggests that Mrs. C. never quite mastered art of dishwashing.



(Above) Carol and Grace brush up on their piano duet, while family looks on. (Below) Commissioner Curtayne takes off for a day at the office. Grace is the still-pajamaed sleepy-head. Carol kisses father goodbye.





The Peacemaker



Joe O'Grady, ex-pipefitter, is Mayor Wagner's choice to smooth the troubled TA labor waters.

YOU wouldn't think so to meet him now—on, say, a golf course—but the Widow O'Grady's son, Joe, said good-bye to school at the age of fourteen and got himself a job as pipe-fitter's helper at the shipyard on Shooter's Island. The first World War was on, and he made fabulous money. He took home $42 to $43 a week to the O'Grady boarding house in polyglot East Harlem. Of course, it was the overtime that rolled it up so high, and he got plenty of that—80 hours a-week, usually, was what his time-sheet showed.

But, then, as everybody agreed, money had always come easy to Joe O'Grady. Look at the time he was only eleven, and a student at Our Lady Queen of Angels parochial school. Even then, he was grabbing off $1.75 a week as a milkman's helper, working *before* school. More, in fact, since, upon the day off which all milk wagons crews got once a month in those days, the inspector always hired Joe to work that day, too. An extra two-bits every month that meant.

Nothing To It (?)

You'd think that was all the good fortune a kid of eleven could ask for. But this Joe O'Grady was sure lucky. He had another job, delivering laundry afternoon, *after* school, and all day Saturday. Another $1.50 a week. Of course, he needed it. His mother's boarding house was no bonanza. But that's how money drifted young Joe's way.

Maybe it went to his head a little. He might have eventually become a full-fledged pipe-fitter. But he wasn't satisfied with that. He began to get big ideas about himself. He saw Wall St. as a golden opportunity—also foresaw that the war was drawing to a close, so he quit and got a job in the Street, first as page boy, then as a runner. It meant quite a cut—this paid only $15 a week, but it promised a future.



Mayor Wagner swears in his choice for the new TA at City Hall, Joseph E. O'Grady. Since entering public service in 1937 the new Commissioner has built up a reputation as New York's shrewdest labor mediator.



The new Commissioner says the myth that he can solve insoluble labor troubles with brilliant strategy is just a myth. "There are no tricks in labor relations," he maintains. "Just patience and hard work."

Schoolboy Papa

In a year or so he was a clerk. At 18 he decided he ought to have a better education, and began going to prep schools at night. At 19 he married a girl from East Harlem, and at 20 he was a father, and in the equivalent of the second year in high school. The old O'Grady luck was still going strong, and he often got night jobs, such as bill clerk for an express company. This work interfered, though, with his night schooling, and he was 22 and had three sons growing up in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn by the time he had the number of credits that was equivalent to a high school education.

One of the partners in the Wall St. firm was a lawyer, practicing occasionally. This partner had a set of law books into which the clerk dipped when he had a chance. Occasionally he was sent over to the Surrogate's Court to put in an appearance for the boss. It seemed to Joe O'Grady a very fine way to make a living, so he enrolled in the New York Law School. He was 25 when he graduated in 1927—the year his fourth and last son was born. Since he lacked the more formal education, he was required to put in a year clerking for a law firm, and he served out

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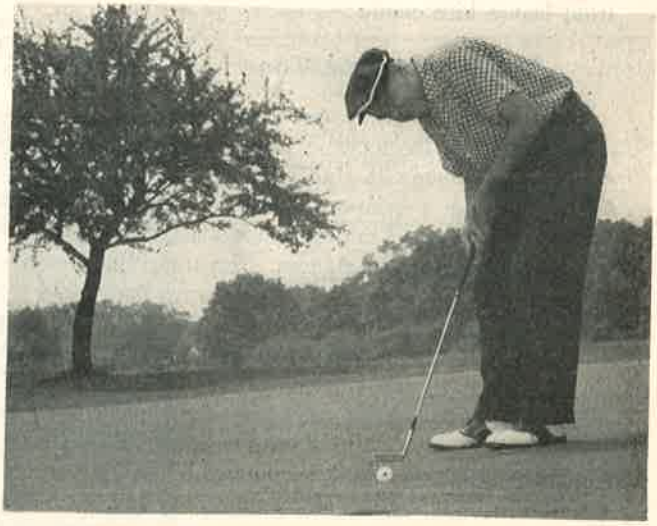
After a round of golf, O'Grady relaxes at home with his wife, Eleanor. The Commissioner's own home is on Bushwick Avenue in Brooklyn, but this photograph was made in the tree-shaded house which he occupies for three months each golf season. He likes worm-fishing, too.

O'Grady At Work and Play





O'Grady was nearing middle age when he took up golf. Now, he rates high in the A class. Summers he rents a house in Hempstead chiefly to be handy to his favorite course, plays every weekend. At left, he explodes out of a sand trap. Below, he sinks a medium-long putt. He still takes lessons, though, and, above, Roy Jones, Hempstead Club pro, analyzes his swing.



HE LEARNED ABOUT LABOR FROM LABORING

(*Continued from Page* 19)

this term with Nadal, Jones and Mowton. He was admitted to the bar along in June, 1928, and, not long after, he and an associate hung out their shingle.

The Drought Came

The O'Grady luck went out with a rush. The new outfit was just settling down, when the crash of '29 came. People thereafter wanted a lot of things, wanted them desperately. But the one thing they weren't interested in was legal advice. After two years, during which the associates worked up a fine deficit, the partnership was dissolved. O'Grady rented office space from an old lawyer, Jeremiah O'Leary, on lower Broadway. A very able trial lawyer, this O'Leary, but known better for being a fiery Sinn Feiner; he was tried, in fact, for espionage and sedition at the close of World War I, but acquitted.

These were lean days for the Widow O'Grady's son, Joe, but not altogether unhappy ones. He had an office address on Broadway, but many's the night he went home wishing he had a fat pay check as in the days at Shooter's Island. He had a hobby then, too, fishing out of Gerritsen Beach. He'd never had a golf club in his hands as yet. Fishing was more his style—he not only liked it, but the flounders and the porgies made good eating. He still likes fishing, of the sand-worm-and-sinker type—the dry fly and the day-long pursuit of a single eight-inch trout leaves him cold.

The Rains Came, Too

In 1937, the O'Grady good fortune came back. A Democratic municipal court judge became ill. Under the practice of giving a temporary appointment to a lawyer of the same political faith, in those circumstances, Mayor LaGuardia faced the repugnant job of giving the appointment to some one of an opposite political faith. He turned thumbs down on one well-known Democrat. And Joe O'Grady went after the job. The fiery Jeremiah O'Leary wrote a letter warmly—or—hotly—commending him to the attention of the powers-that-were. Others went to bat for him. It seemed that an awful lot of people liked and trusted Joe O'Grady; he'd always had a gift for making friends quickly, easily.

Handle That Helped

The appointment was for 30 days and was renewed several times. Finally the incumbent died, and Mayor LaGuardia promptly appointed a staunch Republican. It was *Judge* O'Grady who went back to practice law. He hadn't learned much additional law on the bench, but the handle "Judge" was a wonderful help in attracting clients.

A few years later he was appointed Assistant Attorney in the United States Department of Labor. His career in labor relations from that time on would be repetitious here, but he emerged as the city's outstanding figure in labor mediation, with a reputation for producing brilliant strategy to solve apparently insoluble impasses—a belief which he says is strictly the bunk.

No Glory Grabber, He

We looked up some of the men who worked under him, such as Bernard O'Connell, now License Commissioner. He had a lot to say about his one-time boss, but he was stumped, as were others, when asked to tell some of the strokes of genius which distinguished O'Grady. "I never saw him pull any," he said. "I don't think he ever did. He didn't work that way. He was just patient as all hell. When a labor leader, say, pounded on a desk and said he was going to strike, he'd just say, 'That's your right.' He never tried to force anything. The one thing he seemed to know, intuitively, was when you could bring two opposing sides together, and he knew when it was just a waste of time.

"One thing about him, he was no glory-grabber. If I settled anything—or anyone else did—the press release mentioned me, not him. Another thing: whether he was dealing with tugboat crews or embalmers, he had a gift for getting it firmly fixed in his mind, and quickly, just what each man's job was."

Patience, Not Strategy

Ask O'Grady himself for some of his strategies, and he says: "But there aren't any tricks in labor relations, nothing like that at all. You don't settle anything with strategy."

He was nearly 40 when he took up golf. Now, at 53, he's high in the A class. He lives in a converted brownstone on Bushwick Ave., but for three months in the summer he rents a house in Hempstead, just around the corner from the golf course, where he spends most of his time. His sons are grown up, married and off, raising families of their own; so far they have provided him with eight grandchildren. He takes an occasional drink or two, doesn't smoke any more, thinks he's pretty wonderful at steak-broiling at the backyard barbecue, and uses the LIRR to commute in Summer.

PICTURE OF TWO PROS

He makes it look easy (in labor relations or golf or what-have-you). That's what those who know him best say about Joe O'Grady—just as the crowds said of Joe DiMaggio, when that "old pro" went after the long fly balls at Yankee Stadium.



HEIRLOOM RECIPES

TRANSIT WILL PAY $5 FOR EACH RECIPE PUBLISHED

Something hot, with a tang, but not heavy? These days are full of cravings like that at suppertime. And Mrs. Vincent Lepore, 443 Thierot Ave., The Bronx, whips up her shrimp fritters. Sends us the recipe, too.

SHRIMP FRITTERS

1 cup cooked shrimp
2 egg yokes, beaten
dash of onion salt
2 teaspoons fine-chopped parsley
2 teaspoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons flour
2 egg whites, beaten stiff

Mash shrimp, blend with egg yokes, then with other ingredients, except egg whites. Fold the whites in last. Drop mixture, by teaspoons, into deep, hot fat, until golden brown. Drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Serve with chili sauce and a green salad.



"Sauerbraten," writes Mrs. Otto Barth, 375 East 159th St., The Bronx, "is a well-known German dish—but few know how to prepare it. This recipe I brought with me from the old country, so it is indeed an heirloom recipe."

She recommends having it with potato dumpling and sweet-sour red cabbage. Which reminds us that we have tasted kartuffle glosse of rare and wondrous kinds, made with raw potatoes, with cooked potatoes, sometimes with, sometimes without, crouton hearts. Anybody got a good recipe for this versatile dumpling?

MRS. B.'s SAUERBRATEN

4 lbs. beef, rump, round or chuck
2 tablespoons salt
2 cups vinegar, plus 2 cups water
2 medium onions, sliced
1 lemon, sliced
3 bay leaves
10 peppercorns, 10 whole cloves



2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons flour

Rub meat with salt. Place in large bowl. Use other ingredients, except last two, to make a marinade, pour this over meat, and let stand 36 hours or more, turning occasionally. Remove meat, dry, coat with flour and brown in the fat. Add 1½ cups marinade and simmer three hours, or until very tender. Thicken gravy with flour.

After two rib-sticking dishes like that, may we suggest a mere nibble or two for dessert? Mrs. E. R. Butterfass, 209 East Dover St., Valley Stream, N. Y., arrives in the nick of time with a recipe for old-fashioned lemon cookies, light as feathers, nippy with lemon and crumbly.

OLD FASHIONED LEMON COOKIES

½ cup shortening
1 cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1½ lemons, juiced and rind grated
dash nutmeg
2 eggs, well-beaten
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1½ teaspoon baking soda



Cream shortening and sugar in bowl. Add lemon juice and grated rind, and eggs. Stir to creaminess, Sift other ingredients together, sift again into mixture. Beat until stiff. Drop by teaspoons on greased cookie sheets, press flat with bottom of floured glass, allowing for spreading. Bake about 10 minutes or until edges are brown, in 375-degree oven. Remove with spatula, dust with powdered sugar. Makes about four dozen.



Don't try this if you're a weight watcher. Of course, one won't hurt you. But just try stopping with one! Mrs. Marion Pisk, 730 Schenectady Ave., Brooklyn, sends it.

CHEESE CRESCENTS

The dough
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ cup sugar
¼ lb. butter
¼ lb. cream cheese
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 well-beaten eggs
2 tablespoons sour cream
2 cups sifted flour
¼ cup vegetable oil
The filling
1/3 cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup ground walnuts
½ cup seedless raisins

Cream sugar with butter and cream cheese. Add vanilla, well-beaten eggs, sour cream and flour (sifted with baking powder, and resifted). Knead a soft dough, adding a little milk if necessary. Wrap dough in wax paper, chill an hour or longer.

Now knead dough again. Roll out to a quarter inch thickness. Grease with warmed oil. Sprinkle filling over it. Cut into 4-inch squares. Roll and shape into crescents. Bake on greased cookie sheet in 370-degree oven for 10 to 15 minutes.



TA BIDS GOODBYE TO RETIRING EMPLOYES

(Figures in parentheses indicate number of years served.)

ASSISTANT FOREMAN (STRUCTURES—GROUP F)
George H. Dinsmore, 1866 Cornelia St., Ridgewood 27, N. Y. (35)

CAR CLEANER
Dan Laterza, 132-41 — 220th St., Springfield, N. Y. (12)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP B)
George P. Curran, 8 Bromley Pl., RFD 5, Greenlawn, Huntington, L. I. (48)
John Petranyi, Elka Park, P.O. Box 415, Tannersville, N. Y. (28)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP E)
Stanley Hasetold, 1132 Clay Ave., Bronx 56 (39)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP F)
Fred Drissler, 2690 Webb Ave., Bronx 65 (29)



COLLECTING AGENT
Edgar Guggenheim, 57 Wadsworth Ter., N. Y. City 33 (20)

FOREMAN (LIGHTING)
Christopher N. Q. Carson, 398—33rd St., Lindenhurst, L. I. (46)

FOREMAN (POWER DISTRIBUTION)
Peter Petrovic, 558 Grant Ter., Teaneck, N. J. (41)

FOREMAN (TELEPHONES)
James Jost, 951 McLean Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. (33)

FOREMAN (TRACK)
John Baloga, 125 Van Horn St., Jersey City, N. J. (41)

INSPECTOR OF STEEL (SHOP) (Grade 3)
Martin A. Albert, 703 Herzog Ave., Bethleham, Pa. (28)

MAINTAINER'S HELPER (GROUP E)
Manuel Campa, 1575 Grand Concourse, Bronx 52 (35)



MOTORMAN
Edward Doris, 117-38—132nd St., South Ozone Park 20, N. Y. (28)
John Kelly, 319 Ralph Ave., Brooklyn 33 (27)

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Harold J. Steele, 3327 Campbell Dr., N. Y. 61 (41)

POWER CABLE MAINTAINER
William J. Stahl, 3069—38th St., Astoria 3, N. Y. (36)

POWER MAINTAINER (GROUP A)
John Straub, 175-49—89th Ave., Jamaica 3, N. Y. (36)



POWER MAINTAINER (GROUP B)
Patrick O'Reilly, 118-23—202nd St., St. Albans 11, N. Y. (37)

RAILROAD CLERK
Nora Canavan, 854—68th St., Brooklyn 20 (25)
Norine Z. Gilhooley, 407—92nd St., Brooklyn 9 (19)
Ethel Hepner, 135 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn 25 (23)
Anna Goldberg, 235 Vernon Ave., Brooklyn 6 (27)
Michael Kelly, 119 East 96th St., N. Y. City 28 (30)
Margaret O'Donnell, 579—75th St., Brooklyn 9 (23)
Thomas Prout, 285 Brook Ave., N. Y. 54 (27)

RAILROAD PORTER
John A. Mullin, 111 W. 136th St., N. Y. City 30 (32)



RAILROAD SANITATION INSPECTOR
Alice MacCarry, 236 E. 63rd St., N. Y. 21 (24)

RAILROAD WATCHMAN
John Higgins, 2342 Ryder Ave., Bronx 57 (18)

SURFACE LINE DISPATCHER
Joseph E. Schenk, 1190 Halsey St., Brooklyn 7 (41)
Joseph P. Gilluffo, 374 Maryland Ave., Massapequa Park, L. I. (7)
Joseph DeFeo, 443 Ave. U, Brooklyn 23 (26)
Arnold Moeller, Myrtle Lane, P.O. Box 38, Coram, L. I. (32)
Philip Reichert, 89-25 Parsons Blvd., Jamaica 32, N. Y. (38)

SURFACE LINE OPERATOR
Benedetto A. Carbonetto, 231 E. 105th St., N. Y. 29 (12)



TOWERMAN
John N. Cordts, 8 Argyle Pl., Massapequa Park, L. I. (26)

TRACKMAN
Clemente Vigliotti, 640 Atkins Ave., Brooklyn 8 (26)
Frank Incristo, 241 Suydam St., Brooklyn 21 (38)

VENTILATION & DRAINAGE MAINTAINER
Daniel J. O'Hara, 222 W. 233rd St., Bronx 63 (23)

BURROUGH OPERATOR (GRADE 2)
Ethel Scheacter, 70 Dahill Rd., Brooklyn 18 (13)

CONDUCTOR
Charles Hugger, 1206 Mayflower Ave., Bronx 61 (39)
Maney Coffina, 765 Southern Blvd., Bronx 55 (39)
Wesley Earley, 861 — 40th St., Brooklyn 32 (36)
Maximilian A. Lopez, 1109 Kearney Ave., Bronx 61 (35)
Frederick J. Mallett, 3561 DeKalk Ave., Bronx 67 (37)
Charles McGrath, 3156 Hull Ave., Bronx 67 (29)
Joseph Montemagno, 558 W. 184th St., N. Y. City 33 (37)
Charles W. Purver, 225-17 Clifford Ave., Springfield Gardens 13, N. Y. (43)
William J. Schuster, 107-18—122nd St., Richmond Hill 19, N. Y. (31)
William J. Vahey, 56 W. 82nd St., N. Y. City 24 (41)

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER (RR SIGNALS)
John R. Myers, 222 W. 23rd St., N. Y. 11 (26)

JUNIOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
Boris Goldstein, 875 — 43rd St., Brooklyn 32 (4)



AS OTHERS SEE US

(Continued from Page 3)



Our Face Is Red

Anent the April 1955, issue of TRANSIT I point out a glaring error in spelling on Page 12 in an article titled "End of an Era." The word, I have in mind, is a synonym for slaughter house. The article gives the spelling of the French English cognate "abattoir" as "abbatoir," a very definite mistake. To use a dictionary at times would be, I believe, an asset for you.

I was greatly pleased by the fine, panoramic photograph which appeared on page 5 of the same issue; the article, of which the photograph was a part, was fair, but rather pedestrian.

To improve future issues a section devoted to labor and management might be made a permanent fixture of TRANSIT. Meetings of the Authority members, the discussions of new policy for the workers; labor's views on certain pertinent points—all should be covered in the issues. To improve labor-management relations more space in the magazine should be devoted to the goings-on of both. Management should have its say on issues; labor should give its view of issues. If this were done, I believe, TRANSIT would have more benefit to its thousands of readers.

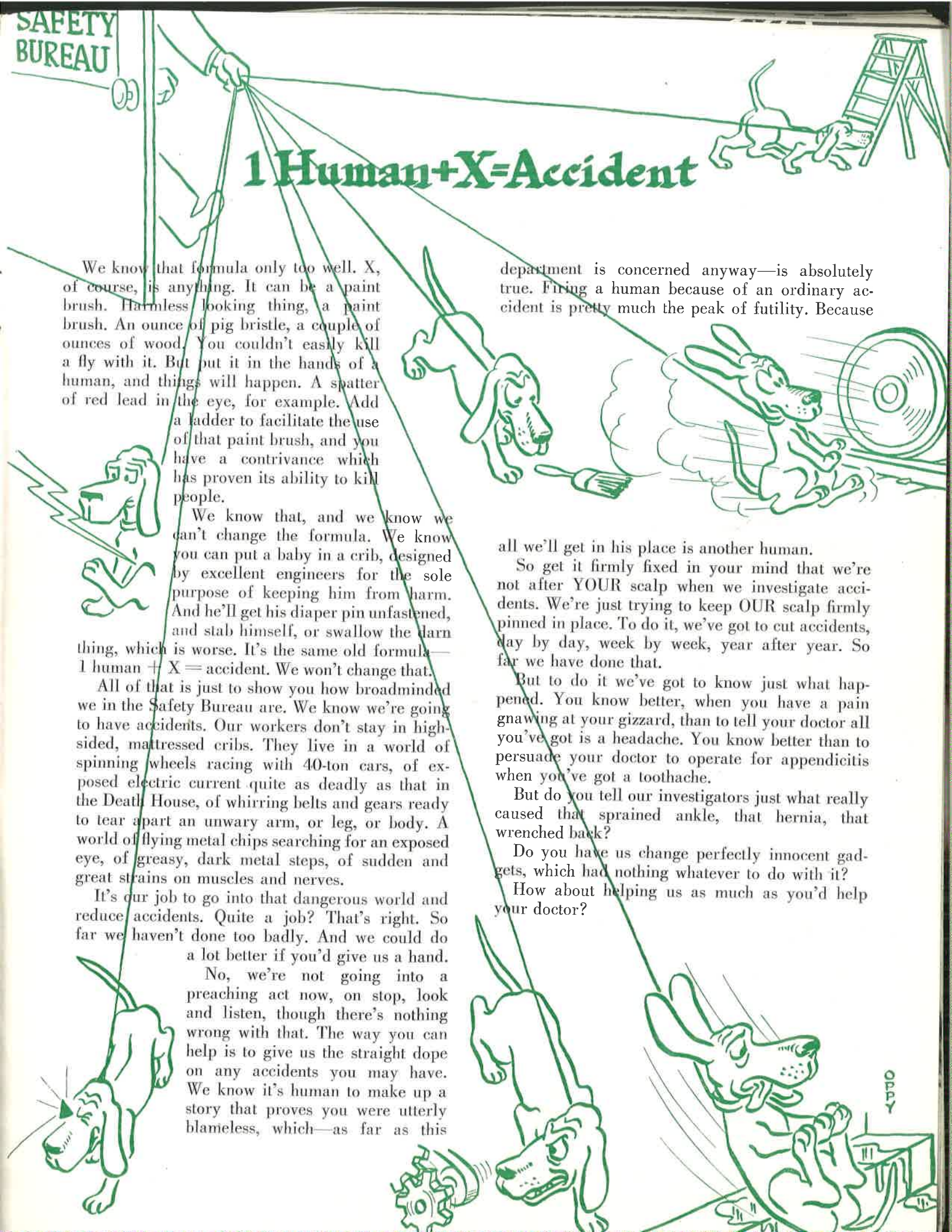
I thank you for the right to feel free to write you on such issues as I now have. On the whole I like TRANSIT and hope that it will continue to publish for a long time to come.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, Clerk
Bronx

BMT Motorman Wanted

Any motorman desiring to swap from the BMT to the IRT, please call ES 2-2409.

HENRY H. ASCH
2784 West 36th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.



1 Human+X=Accident

We know that formula only too well. X, of course, is anything. It can be a paint brush. Harmless looking thing, a paint brush. An ounce of pig bristle, a couple of ounces of wood. You couldn't easily kill a fly with it. But put it in the hands of a human, and things will happen. A spatter of red lead in the eye, for example. Add a ladder to facilitate the use of that paint brush, and you have a contrivance which has proven its ability to kill people.

We know that, and we know we can't change the formula. We know you can put a baby in a crib, designed by excellent engineers for the sole purpose of keeping him from harm. And he'll get his diaper pin unfastened, and stab himself, or swallow the darn thing, which is worse. It's the same old formula—1 human + X = accident. We won't change that.

All of that is just to show you how broadminded we in the Safety Bureau are. We know we're going to have accidents. Our workers don't stay in high-sided, mattressed cribs. They live in a world of spinning wheels racing with 40-ton cars, of exposed electric current quite as deadly as that in the Death House, of whirring belts and gears ready to tear apart an unwary arm, or leg, or body. A world of flying metal chips searching for an exposed eye, of greasy, dark metal steps, of sudden and great strains on muscles and nerves.

It's our job to go into that dangerous world and reduce accidents. Quite a job? That's right. So far we haven't done too badly. And we could do a lot better if you'd give us a hand.

No, we're not going into a preaching act now, on stop, look and listen, though there's nothing wrong with that. The way you can help is to give us the straight dope on any accidents you may have. We know it's human to make up a story that proves you were utterly blameless, which—as far as this department is concerned anyway—is absolutely true. Firing a human because of an ordinary accident is pretty much the peak of futility. Because all we'll get in his place is another human.

So get it firmly fixed in your mind that we're not after YOUR scalp when we investigate accidents. We're just trying to keep OUR scalp firmly pinned in place. To do it, we've got to cut accidents, day by day, week by week, year after year. So far we have done that.

But to do it we've got to know just what happened. You know better, when you have a pain gnawing at your gizzard, than to tell your doctor all you've got is a headache. You know better than to persuade your doctor to operate for appendicitis when you've got a toothache.

But do you tell our investigators just what really caused that sprained ankle, that hernia, that wrenched back?

Do you have us change perfectly innocent gadgets, which had nothing whatever to do with it?

How about helping us as much as you'd help your doctor?



MASHER BAIT AT WORK

Nora K. Myan is one of TA's 13 policewomen who constantly ride New York's transit lines, arrest each year some 250 men. Police officials firmly deny these are selected on basis of pulchritude; maintain it's pure coincidence that none happen to be homely. (See centerfold for additional proof of this coincidence.) Many belong to TA police gun club, as does Miss Myan, shown at target practice. Judo is also part of all policewomen's training.

Transit

SUMMER, 1955

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