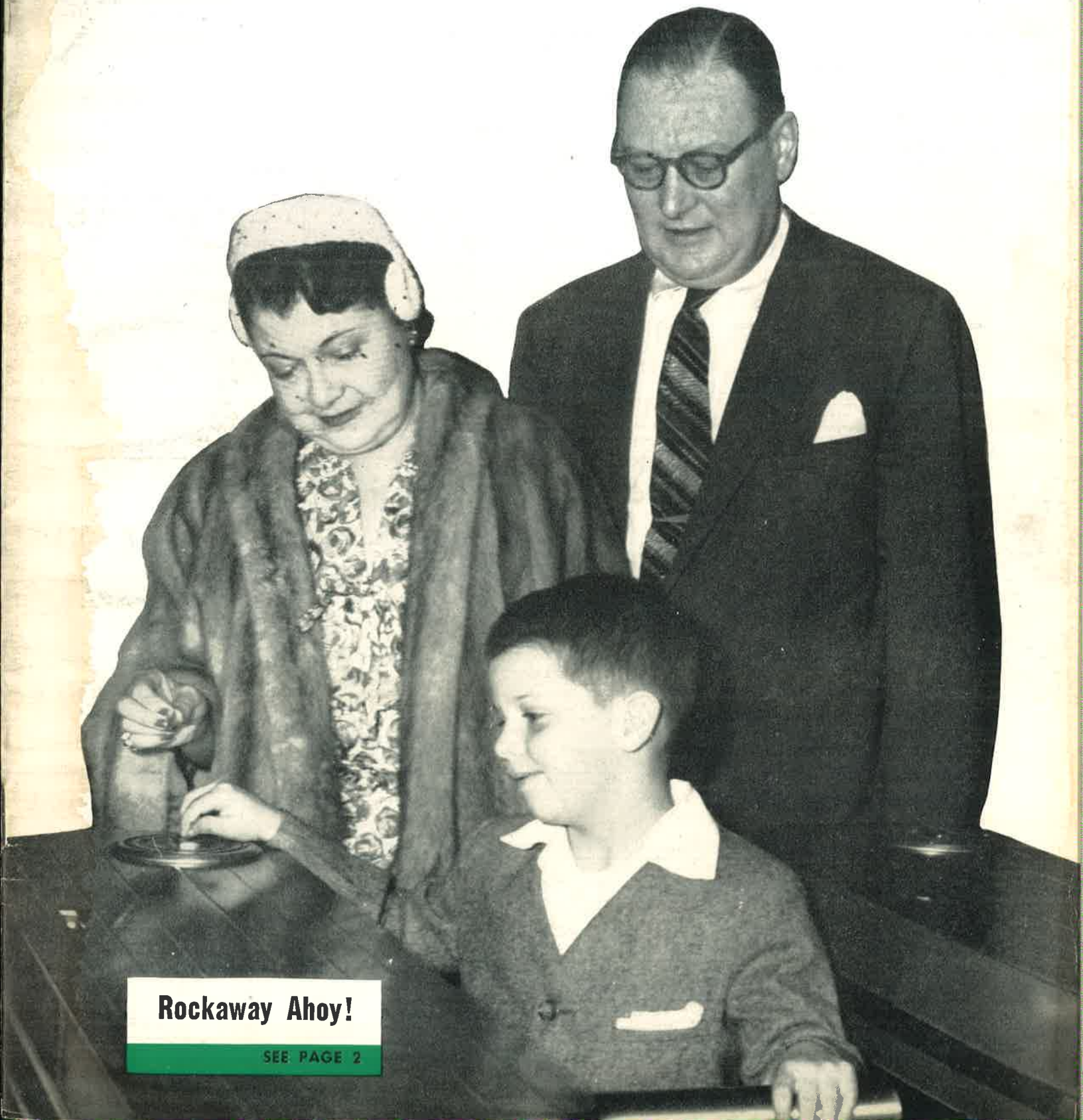
Transit

NEW YORK • APRIL-MAY 1956



Rockaway Ahoy!

SEE PAGE 2

Transit

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

LEO CASEY
EDITOR

VOLUME 2, NO. 7

April-May 1956

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

From The Editor's Desk

ROCKAWAY AHOY! That's the slogan these days throughout The System. Most of us haven't yet seen the new rapid transit line but we're all mighty proud of the vast extension which opens June 28. . . . The picture on the cover shows little Charles L. Patterson, Jr. putting the first token into turnstile at the new Grant Avenue station in Brooklyn, as proud mother and dad look on. Seven-year-old "Pat," his parents and guests then boarded first train which started through-service to Lefferts Avenue. This new extension of the IND is the link between the present system and the new Rockaway Line. . . . The latest fad, "Do-It-Yourself" finds the TA right in the swim. Picture below shows our own men building subway rail-laying car, a home-made contraption designed to cut down on the high cost of laying rails. In the old days, when rails were laid by hand and tongs, 80 men a year were injured. In the years that rail laying cars have been used, nobody has been hurt. . . . Car shown here is now under construction in the Coney Island yards and takes only two months to build. Outside company takes seven months to build and deliver such a car. Pretty good argument for "Do-It-Yourself." . . . There aren't any easy jobs in The System, are there? But when each one of us accomplishes something, we accomplish it for the greatest city in the world—So much more satisfaction, we say, than doing it for Podunk.

We Do It Ourselves



Upper level, L to R: Maintainers M. Arneman (welder, outside car) E. Eriksen, S. Gargiuolo, T. Halvorsen, H. Zolzer, F. Tatter, J. Short. Lower, L to R, Maintainer T. Oliver, Foreman A. Carib, Foreman W. McCutchan, Maintainer J. Reddy, Maintainer S. Strombides, Supervisor E. R. Meeker, Supt. C. N. Chase, Asst. Supervisor P. Byrne.

AS OTHERS   SEE US

Transit Gets Around

Just today a student in one of my classes in Art Appreciation presented me with a copy of the February issue of TRANSIT. He explained that his father is a TA employe. By chance he had been thumbing through the magazine and found a double-spread of reproductions of my painting of the "Life and Death of the El."

I was delighted to see the spread; well presented and effectively reproduced. Thank you for the excellent job you have done.

STUYVESANT VAN VEEN



A Poet Rides the BMT

We cannot take you
for a ride to the moon.
Nor for a ride through space,
But in the City—
Most any place!

WILLIAM MOLDOFSKY
Conductor, BMT.



The Bright Youngsters of TA

The IRT Division Holy Name Society has made these awards as a result of competitive examination for Scholarships to a Catholic High School:

Full Scholarships: ($600.00—not exceeding prescribed tuition in school selected)

Judith A. Hoffman, 4307 Edson Ave., of St. Francis of Rome School. Miss Hoffman is daughter of Cortland W. Hoffman, Motorman, White Plains.

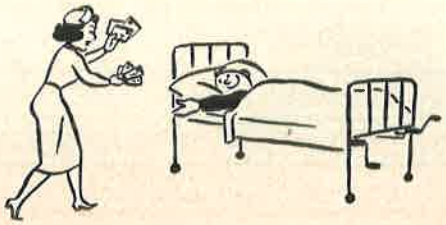
Edmund Considine, 164 Florence Ave., Denville, N. J., of Denville Public School. John J. Considine, Edmund's father, is an Administrative Assistant, Car Maintenance, 147th St. and 7th Ave.

Partial Scholarships: ($300.00—not exceeding half of prescribed tuition in school selected)

Alice P. Grillo, 45-19 104th Ave., Corona, L. I., of St. Leo's Corona. Her dad, Anthony R. Grillo, is a Str. Mtr. "A" reporting at 138th St. and 3rd Ave., Bronx.

Michael J. Tighe, Jr., 2251 Haviland Ave., Bronx, of Holy Family School, Bronx. Michael J. Sr. is a Motorman, Pelham Bay Division.

JAMES P. TIERNEY, Chairman
Scholarship Committee
(370 Jay St.—Room 308)



An Old-timer Ails

I am the wife of Robert Ross who is retired but would like you to know he is in Metropolitan Hospital, Welfare Island, with a cardiac condition, and would like a card from someone.

MRS. R. ROSS
203 E. 104 St.
N. Y. 29



Faraway Places

As a New Yorker living in exile for a year, I was particularly impressed with the reproductions of the Subway Sun, which I saw in the New York Times. I wonder if you could see fit to send a few of these posters up to me here in northern Greenland. I would be glad to pay the postage and I will guarantee that they will be displayed in very prominent locations.

1/LT. D. H. SLADE
5th Weather Group
Thule, Greenland

A Great Day for the Irish

The 24th Annual Feis sponsored by the United Irish Counties Association of New York will be held on the Campus of Fordham University on Sunday, May 27th. The Feis is an Irish Cultural Festival depicting the traditional songs, music, dances, and other arts of ancient and modern Ireland.

There are one hundred and thirty three competitions and all are welcome to compete—irrespective of color, creed or national origin. There is no entry fee.

The Chairman of the Feis is Judge James J. Comerford, a former Transit employe on the IND Division. The President of the United Irish Counties Association is John W. Duffy, an Assistant Dispatcher on the IRT Division. Other Transit employes active on the Feis Committee are:—Patrick Hurley, Patrick Conway, Dispatchers IRT Division; Anthony Corcoran, William Eames, Assistant Dispatchers, IRT Division; Dennis J. Casey, Yardmaster, IRT Division; John Sheehy, Towerman, IRT Division; Patrick Thompson, Railroad Clerk, and Patrick Christie, Motorman, IRT Division; John Hughes, Conductor, William Burke, Railroad Clerk, and Patrick Redmond, Conductor, and John McManus, Yard Motorman, IND Division; Patrick O'Neil, Investigator, Law Department.

JOHN W. DUFFY
Dispatcher, IRT



More Old-time Pictures?

Each month I read your magazine. It surely informs the men working here of who's who and what's what. The pictures are done in fine shape. I am looking forward to seeing pictures of the old open cars used on the 2nd, 3rd, 6th & 9th Avenue Els. The guards pulled a handle and the doors would open along the sides of the open cars. I was only a young kid when they were in use.

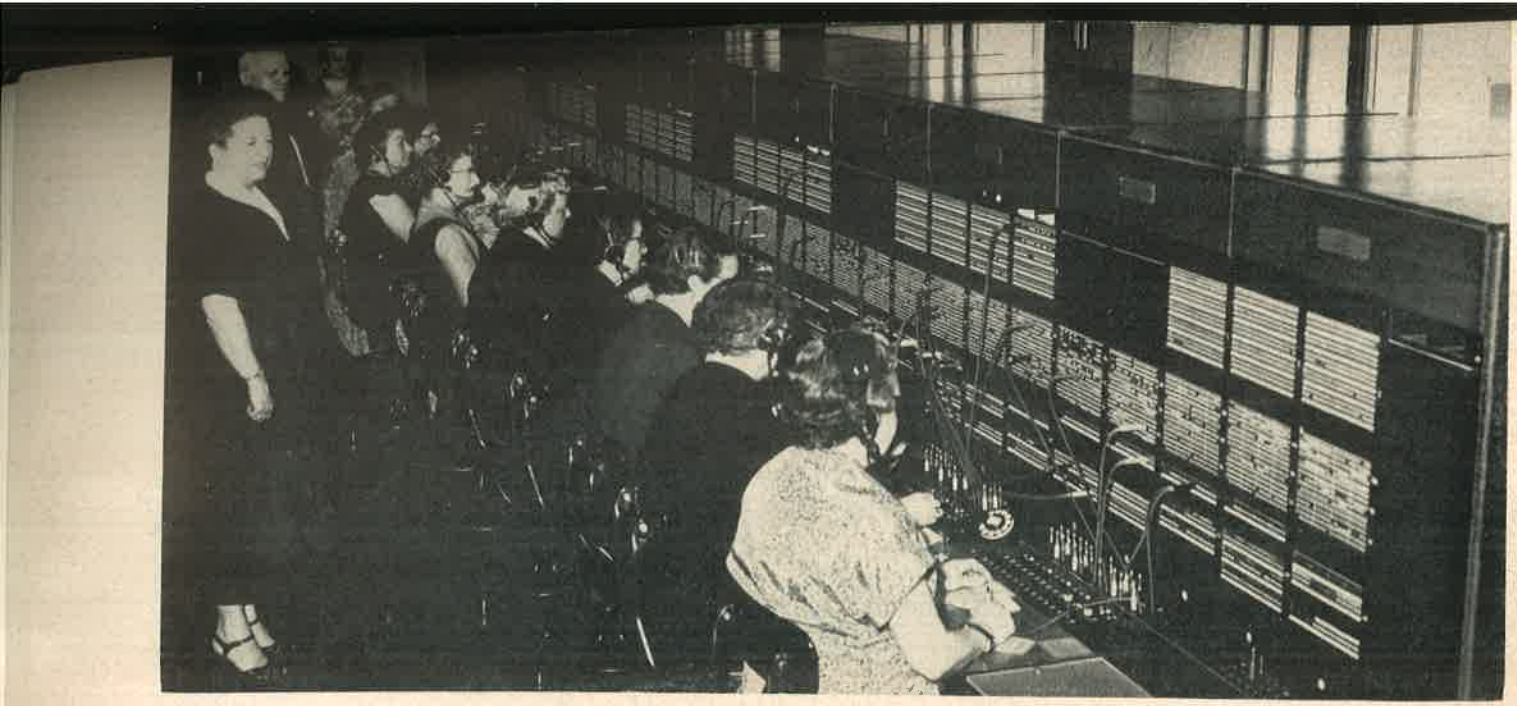
RENALD ANSPACH
88 Seaman Ave.
New York 34, N. Y.



The Fighting Men of TA

Did you know that there is an American Legion Post in the BMT Division of the Transit Authority? This Post is known as the Brooklyn Municipal Transit Employes Post #1028 and meets the second Tuesday of each month in the Transportation Building at 370 Jay Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Membership is now open to all Veterans in the BMT Division.

SIDNEY WEINTRAUB
Post Commander



The telephone switchboard at 370 Jay during a moderately busy day. Standing, front to rear, Florence Menninger, Earle O. Nelson, Margaret Higdon. Seated at board, same order, Evelyn Kelly, Margaret Dowd, Jean Laure, Ann O'-Brien, Vivian Kelly, Helen Mitchell, Grace Walden, Lillian Doyle, Dorothy Moorman, Grace McEvoy, Veronica Costa. Nelson is supervisor.

The Voice That Says "Transit!" 100,000 Times a Day

"Transit!" said the telephone operator crisply.

"Ah!" said a satisfied feminine voice. "Fine! Tell me, what time does the S. S. Santa — — sail for Rio de Janiero tomorrow?"

The satisfied feminine voice at the other end became very dissatisfied when the operator at 370 Jay St. explained she really didn't know. The Transit Authority handles only rapid transit and bus lines.

At least, though, she was amenable. Not so the lady who telephoned to say her new washing machine was a gyp; it wouldn't wash clothes at all, not at *all!* They came out gray, they —

"But we have nothing to do with washing machines," the operator said, courteously.

"This is the authorities, isn't it?"

"This is the Transit Authority, ma'am."

The lady indicated that was all right, and launched again into the intimate symptoms afflicting her new washing machine. The operator suggested she take it up with the dealer from whom she bought it. The lady said she'd tried that; it didn't do a bit of good. Her friend, Mrs. Soandso had told her there was only one thing to do—take it up "with the authorities." And Information had given her the number ULster 2-5000. This was ULster 2-5000, was it not? Well, then, this machine, for which she paid her husband's hard-earned money, was an outrageous — —. At times like these the telephone operators at 370 Jay St. think Information is in a conspiracy against them.

During emergencies a temporary information center is set up to advise passengers on latest news of which lines are operating on schedule. Here, L to R, Florence Menninger, Anna Corcoran, Veronica Costa and Margaret Dowd deal with flood of telephone inquiries.



These aren't a true sample of the 100,000 calls that pass through the 370 Jay switchboard every 24 hours. (On an average day that is. Many more on a troubled day.) "Thank heavens, they aren't!" said one operator. But every day brings its quota of oddities.

One of the commonest is the puzzled, somewhat suspicious wife. Chief Operator Florence Menninger was telling

about this. Bill Jones' wife calls up and asks for Bill.

"Where does he work?"

"In one of your shops."

"Which one?"

"You mean—" and here a spark of suspicion shades the caller's voice—"you don't know him? Why, he's worked for you for years. . . . Anyway, he said he works there."

A City-Sized Exchange

Supervisor Earle O. Nelson put it this way: "We've got 9,000 extensions. That's about the same number of telephones you will find in a city of 60,000 to 75,000—and they're used about twice as much, normally, much more than twice as often when there is trouble on the line."

He wishes—and the operators wish—that wives would remember that when they call for Joe Smith, and the operator can't place him offhand. It's like picking up the telephone in a good-sized city and asking the operator to connect you with a family of a similar name whose address you don't know. An outside Central won't do it; the girl who says "Transit!" will track Joe or Jim or Bill down for you. But it helps a lot if she knows whether he works in the far reaches of the Bronx or the tail of Staten Island.

The 100,000 average calls are simply the outside calls that go through the Jay St. switchboard. It takes ten or more operators on a 12 position switchboard to handle them. The internal calls, that's a different story. If all the calls that are now handled automatically had to be put through manually, 370 Jay would need between 36 and 38 operators to handle the volume.

Off the long narrow room which houses the switchboard, just under the roof on the fourteenth floor of the Transportation Building, is another room, filled with intricate wiring and a steady racket made up of ticks. There's nothing simple about automatic dialing. Pick up your telephone, dial a friend just downstairs to ask what she's doing, and two hundred different solder contacts, on the average, go ticking into action.

Expensive, But Cheap

Intricate as it is, expensive to install, the million or so wires of which it is made up far more than earn their keep. Without them, for example, a 45-position switchboard, instead of a 12-position job, would be necessary, consuming more air-conditioned space. Yes, the telephone operators work in the only fully air-conditioned quarters in the building. Not that anybody had a soft spot in their heart for telephone operators. The engineers who laid out the building just figured out the heat that would be absorbed in the switchboard penthouse on a hot Summer's day, and arrived at the conclusion that it would be cheaper to air-condition the place rather than carry out a dozen oven-roasted operators practically every hot day.



Boss-lady of the girls who say "Transit!" is Gertrude Saegert, the supervising senior telephone operator.



Here a million wires meet in a tangle of equipment that handles the automatic dialing of the TA telephone system. An ordinary telephone call on the dial system brings 200 solder contacts into play. Here, L to R, Supervisor Nelson and William Colgan and Robert Connelly check the apparatus. Without this automatic dialling, the switchboard at 370 Jay would require some three dozen operators at busy times instead of a dozen.

The Signals We Ride By

Signaling Makes Trains Without Crews Possible, But TA Is in No Hurry to Try for Its First Achievement



Brawn and muscle are needed by Harry Born (above) as he switches trains at Canarsie Yards, last of such points in TA system. At right Towerman Anthony P. Schawb Jr. does vastly more switching, easily, in Westchester Sq. yards.

(This is the second and last of two articles tracing the growth of rapid-transit signaling)

The electro-pneumatic interlocking signals of the IRT were—in the words of Cameron A. Reed—the "marvel of the times." In 1904, that is. The basic idea that an electric current passing from one rail, through the train's own axels and wheels to the other rail, could light an electric lamp—or operate a switch or actuate a motor—was already beginning to grow in fantastic directions. Electric charges could carry messages; that was well known. When a train's wheels were used to send that message, no human telegrapher was needed. Six years after the IRT opened, in 1910, the Block Signal and Control Board reported, after a long study, to the I.C.C.:

The Only Safe Way

"The track circuit is today the only medium recognized as fundamentally safe by experts in railway signaling, whereby a train, or any part thereof, may retain continuous and direct control of a block signal while occupying any portion of the track guarded by the signal."

It was pretty revolutionary, that statement, and it was to be years before railroads generally took to the track circuit. But the IRT was already plunging far ahead of this simple feature.

The "marvel of the times"—the signaling of the IRT, and its next competitor, the BMT—today are currently being modernized to the tune of something over $50,000,000. Some idea of the extent to which signaling has grown in importance may be gleaned from the fact that the original IRT subway, from City Hall to 145th St., cost, complete, only $35,000,000. The IND, being the newest subway, is not undergoing any important signal overhaul. But, in some ways, its "modern" equipment will presently be outdated by the new signaling of the old lines.

Will this new signaling include all we know about signaling?

Oh, no! Signaling has advanced far beyond the point where it can be put to practical and economical use at this time.

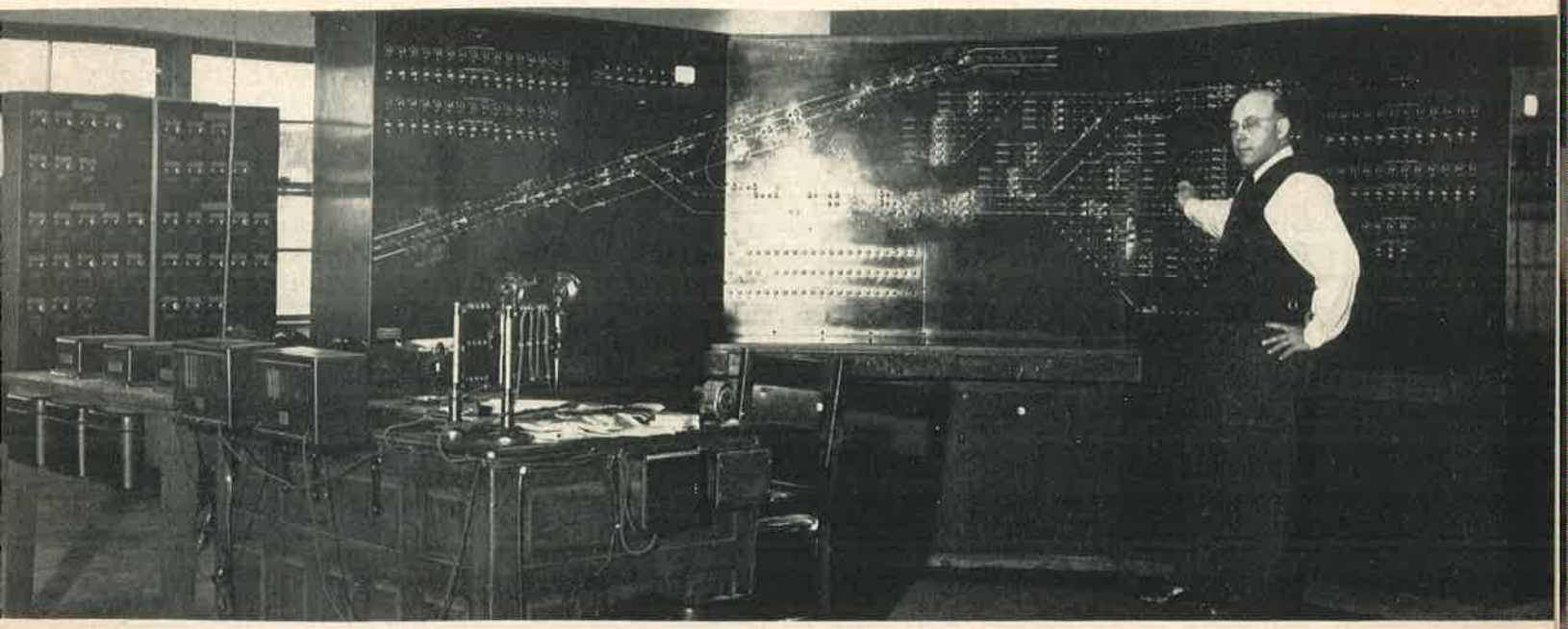
Trains Without Crews

"It is now technologically possible," said Mr. Reed, "to run a train entirely by signaling. No motorman, no conductor."

Signaling would apply the brakes as it entered the station. The doors

The relay room which houses the intricate machinery behind the $1,000,000-switchboard of the Westchester Sq. tower. L to R, Charles Amen, maintainer, Thaddeus Kuchorczyk, helper, and Roy Ward, who also is a maintainer.





The Easy Way, and the Hard Way, to Switch Trains

would open by themselves, stay open —a few seconds at an unimportant local stop where traffic is light—longer, at say, Grand Central. Then close, and off would go the train.

But this, however technologically practical, isn't even in the future book of TA. There are a lot of reasons. Passengers would be uneasy if they were aware that the train was hurtling along without a man at the controls; panicky if the train stalled between stations. TA engineers aren't crazy to be the "firsters" in such a step, brag though they may about being the first in so many other, less sensational, developments in railroad signaling.

Train "identification" is being exhaustively tested. This expensive gimmick will tell the man in the central control tower not only that a train is at such-and-such a point, but would specifically identify that particular train by its destination.

"Interesting—very," said one engineer. "But would it be worth a lot of money for us to have that information? After all we've got to show value for our money."

"Route interlocking," on the other hand, does show value and is rapidly increasing in our system. Interlocking was born a hundred years ago in an Englishman's brain when careless or impatient towermen yanked a manual switch before a train had fully cleared a switch point. This had the rear of the train being yanked onto a wrong track while its front was going ahead on the right track, a common cause of derailment. The first devices merely prevented a switchman from opening or closing an individual switch while a train was halfway over it. Next the interlocking principle was used to make it impossible for a towerman to switch a train in such a way as to cause a collision. Today it's "route interlocking." A towerman touches a button which permits the train to enter a track; he presses another to indicate the point where he wants it to emerge. Automatically all the switches and signals operate ahead of the train with no further attention. "In many cases," said Mr. Reed, "this does away with the operation of as many as eighteen or twenty levers." CTC—Central Tower Control—this is called.

The Red Signal

In 1904, safety was the primary issue still. When the train passed a signal into a new block, the signal behind it turned red. As it did, a little metal arm beside the track rose upright, to remain there as long as the signal remained red. The trip, this thing was called. A train which tried to pass without waiting for the signal to clear struck this projection with its "trip cock," a lever which released compressed air from the braking system, causing the brakes to engage. Normally, the motorman would have to "key by"—that is, come to a full stop, and turn a "key" to release the trip lever. There being always two red signals behind each train, in the overlap system, this means he would have to come to a full stop at least twice, turn the "key," and proceed beyond two red lights before reaching the point where his own train could menace the car ahead. It was—and is—still possible for a motorman to crash into the car ahead, but it takes an awful lot of work to do it. In time the actual turning of a "key" was outmoded. Now the train simply comes to a stop just before a signal, and a time element goes to work and lowers the trip arm for him. The time element has found many other uses retarding trains going into stations and curves and such. This isn't what standard railroads call speed control, although for all practical purposes it serves us as such. "Time control," transit men call the time element which allows trains to proceed only at pre-determined speeds.

But after 1904, as engineers played with the possibilities of using a train as a robot telegrapher, ordering changes ahead and behind, the thought arose: Couldn't signaling, up to now used chiefly to stop or slow up trains, also serve to increase track capacity

and reduce delays? Because as subways filled to overflowing, and construction costs for new lines soared skyward, the need for squeezing every ounce of carrying capacity from the old tunnels became a primary consideration.

Signals for Speed, Too

It could, of course. The answer: More signaling, a great deal more. Take a simple problem, which was the fact on the old IRT system. A train waited to enter a station, at a complete stop, because a train was already in that station. Until the first train got slowly under way, slowly cleared the end of the platform, the second train had to stay motionless. For, in 1904, this seemed pretty close to maximum signaling. The idea of having one train start to enter a station before the preceding train was out of that station didn't seem reasonable.

Now, of course, a signal intermediate along the station platform, lets the second train get under way, slowly, while the slow-starting train ahead is still in the station but leaving it.

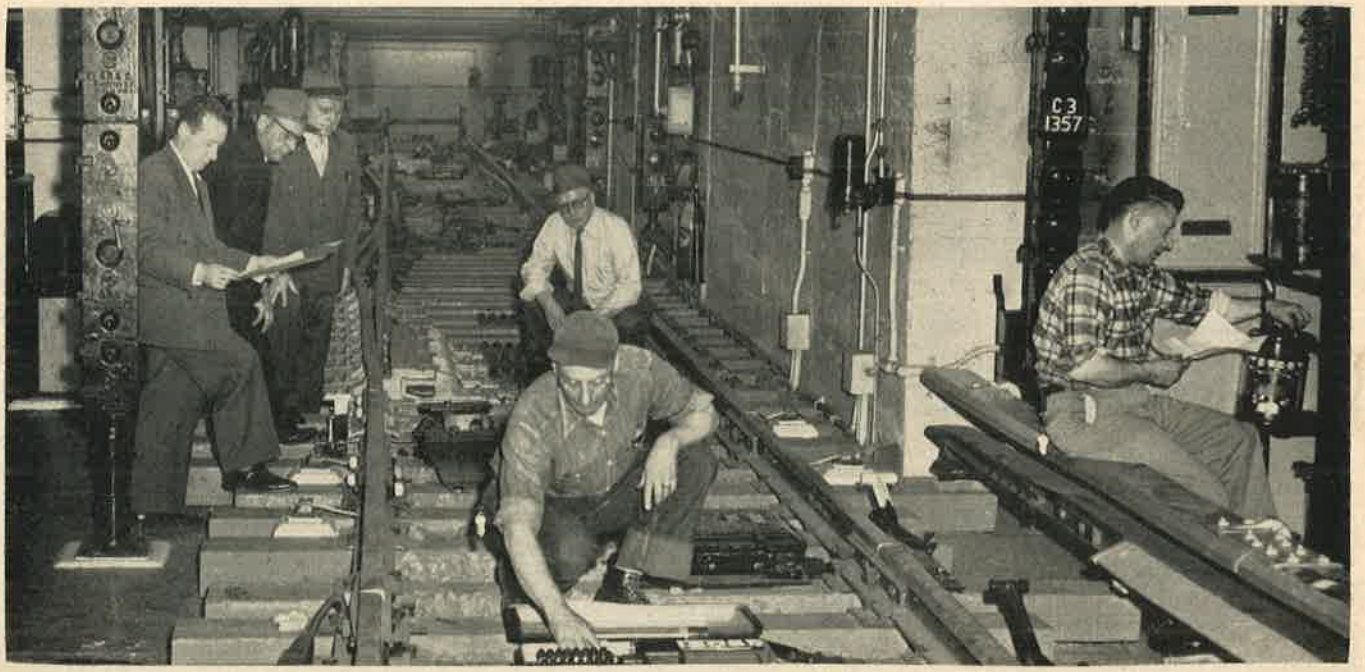
"Theoretically, the track space, between trains," said one signalman, "is wasted space. The less of it there is, the better, from an economic viewpoint. The ultimate in efficiency would be one continuous train running around and around on a conveyor belt principle. That idea isn't here yet. But the closer we can come to it the higher goes the efficiency in moving cargo. All right, we've got to stop at platforms for passengers, we've got to stop and go.

"But we can, and are, cutting down on the need for such wide spaces between trains. More signals means it is possible to run more trains safely over the same track. In a sense, it is like braking a train going forty miles an hour, as compared to breaking it at twenty. At twenty you need only a quarter of the distance to stop. We don't have to slow up the whole railroad; it's just a matter of slipping extra trains in between."



Signalmen nowadays look down their noses at the old IRT electro-pneumatic relay, model of 1902, on table in Line Equipment School. But in '04, when IRT opened, it was the "marvel of the times." John Ehrenzweig holds newest model.

In this old, disused stretch of track, at 8th Ave. and 14th St., now part of the Line Equipment school, fledgling trainmen get introduced to the wonders of signaling, old-timers are brought abreast of latest developments. Installing newest train stop are (L to R) Assistant Supervisors John Ehrenzweig, William C. Young, Walter B. Moffat, Signal Foreman Don Kelly (in rear) and Signal Maintainers William Dorrmann (front) and John Colletti. A few yards of track hold specimens from all three divisions.







When he isn't driving a bus for TA, Ray Moss is president of the Metropolitan Motion Picture Club, a group devoted to bringing pure, uncommercial art to the movies. The members make Westerns (in Central Park) African jungle opuses (in the Zoo) and you'd never know it to see them.

DOUBLE LIVES



Only during business hours is Arneta Ferguson a clerk in the TA. After hours she's a lyric soprano. At left she takes orders from Senior Clerk Sam Schatz. Below she prepares for a recital at Carnegie Hall. With her are Pianist Dean Ryan and Edward Lee Tyler, professor of music, her teacher.





TA'S BRAINY PEOPLE copped the largest award of any single agency in the city's Suggestion Award program. Here the honors are dispensed (R to L) by Gen. John Reed Kilpatrick, chairman of Award Board, and Acting Mayor Abe Stark, under eyes of Chairman Patterson and Mr. Curtayne to Richard Conrad, bus maintainer, Edward Ehlenger, turnstile maintainer, Robert Graham, turnstile maintainer, Hans Schierack, bus shop foreman, Austin D. Co en Ch



THE MILLION-MILER. Motorman Frank Brown operated that far, carried ten million passengers in his 42½ years, mostly on Fulton St. El. Here he signals last trip.



THE NEW LOOK in subway unveiled in Brooklyn, giving things to come in the farawa in design, the structure bre



THE MILLIONTH PHONE installed in Brooklyn goes to TA, the lightning striking Commissioner O'Grady. General Manager Walter A. Giles of Telephone Company explains TA is borough's largest customer. Secretary Jean C. Wallace tries out instrument, finds it works like any other.



500,000 SAFE HOURS br American Transit Associa Edwin R. Meeker stand by and Vice Chairman Jose



ve, bus maintainer, Calvin Turin, civil
er, Samuel Paradise, Jr., bus foreman, and
R. Walker, railroad clerk. Men split $825.



SAFE, SAFE, SAFE! The Surface Division of TA also grabbed off a handful of safety certificates, these from the Greater New York Safety Counsel. Surface Chief James B. Edmunds hands 'em out, with handshakes, to (L to R) Bus Operator William Hellerick, Truck Coordinator Edward J. McKeever, and Bus Driver Joseph Endres. Drivers represented Jamaica, Queens depots.

TA NEWS IN PICTURES



ions at Grant Ave. is
Yorkers a glimpse of
ture. Trimly functional
cleanly with the past.

ROBOT INFORMATION CLERK, who never makes mistakes, answers a question on how to get there for Miss Razina Atiqullah, who hails from 10,000 miles away in Pakistan and doesn't know her way around. Gadgets will cost several millions, but TA won't pay. Promoter expects advertisers to do that.





this award for safety achievement to the BMT Division, Car Maintenance Department, from the
L to R, Superintendent Clarence N. Chase. Assistant Super Joseph J. Brogden and Supervisor
e Assistant General Superintendent A. G. Lyons hands scroll to TWU Chairman Michael J. Savarese
Guilfoyle, of Coney Island Shops, while Bill Kirrane, organizer, indicates approval with grin.



See how it is? The double-exposure on the back cover is here explained, with Miss Doris Yonke posing the mysterious wig on a plaster-mask, which happened to be laying around Lost & Found. Fact is, nearly anything you can name is laying around this department, awaiting rescuing owners.

TA NEWS IN PICTURES



TA became part of the organization which sniffs at snow, rain, heat and dark of night, to get the mail to your door. Here, L to R, Assemblyman Frank J. McMullen, Postmaster Robert H. Schaffer, Chairman Charles L. Patterson, and Senator Thomas J. Cuite agree to use subways for mails.

HEIRLOOM RECIPES

TRANSIT WILL PAY $5 FOR EACH RECIPE PUBLISHED

Swedish meat balls are double-duty delectations. Served with a tangy cream sauce and buttered noodles, they are a hearty, satisfying main dish. Served without the noodles they are hot hors d'oeuvres that will make talk. This recipe is from Mrs. Rhoda Berkley, 2-A Devon St., Lynbrook.

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

2 lbs. ground chuck
3 slices stale bread, soaked in ½ cup milk
2 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup sauteed onions
½ cup sauteed mushrooms
salt and pepper to taste
¼ teaspoon nutmeg



Combine these ingredients, form into small meat balls and brown rapidly in hot butter. Remove to bowl.

SOUR CREAM SAUCE

3 tablespoons butter
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon tomato paste
3 tablespoons flour
1 clove garlic
2 cups consomme
1 teaspoon meat glaze

In skillet used for meat balls, melt butter. When frothy, add crushed garlic. Remove from fire, blend in flour, gradually adding consomme, paste and glaze and return to fire to thicken. When sauce is simmering, slowly add sour cream. Now add meat balls and heat thoroughly.

Mrs. J. De Blonde, 94-05 32 Ave., Jackson Heights, calls this version of



chili con carne her "dollar stretcher." It'll cost a little more than a dollar, but it will satisfy six appetites.

CHILI CON CARNE

1 onion, chopped
1 small clove garlic
2 lbs. ground beef
¼ cup fat
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ teaspoons salt
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
1 No. 2 can kidney beans
1 tablespoon chili powder

Brown onion, garlic and meat in hot fat. Remove garlic. Add remaining ingredients, cover and cook over low flame for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally.

No heirloom recipe, this one. Not yet, anyway. The sender, Mrs. John L. Russo, 3940 Carpenter Ave., The Bronx, invented it herself, being a devotee of cake-making.

CHERRY-NUT LOAF

1½ cups sugar
½ cup shortening, soft
2 eggs, unbeaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
2¼ cups sifted flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup milk
½ cup broken walnuts
⅓ cup maraschino cherries
2 tablespoons cherry syrup

Cream together sugar, shortening, eggs and vanilla. Sift together baking powder, flour and salt. Add this to the creamed mixture, alternately with milk (to which has been added the cherry syrup for color). Beat well. Add cherries and walnuts and mix. Baked in a greased loaf pan in preheated oven, at 350 degrees for 40 to 50 minutes.





Underground Impresario

It just about broke the heart of Collecting Agent Joseph A. Spatrisano when his son, Eddie, said to hell with the stage and the artistic life; he was going to be a farmer. In fact, Joe got a heart attack from it, and almost died.

After all, Eddie had starred in the London presentation of "Oklahoma!" after a long onward-and-upward career since he appeared in "Star and Garter" at the age of 13. And here he was, chucking fame and fortune over his shoulder, all for the love of a pretty girl who didn't want her husband to be an actor. Joe, as we said, got a heart attack, spent weeks in bed and didn't care whether he died or not. Death, he figured, couldn't be any worse.

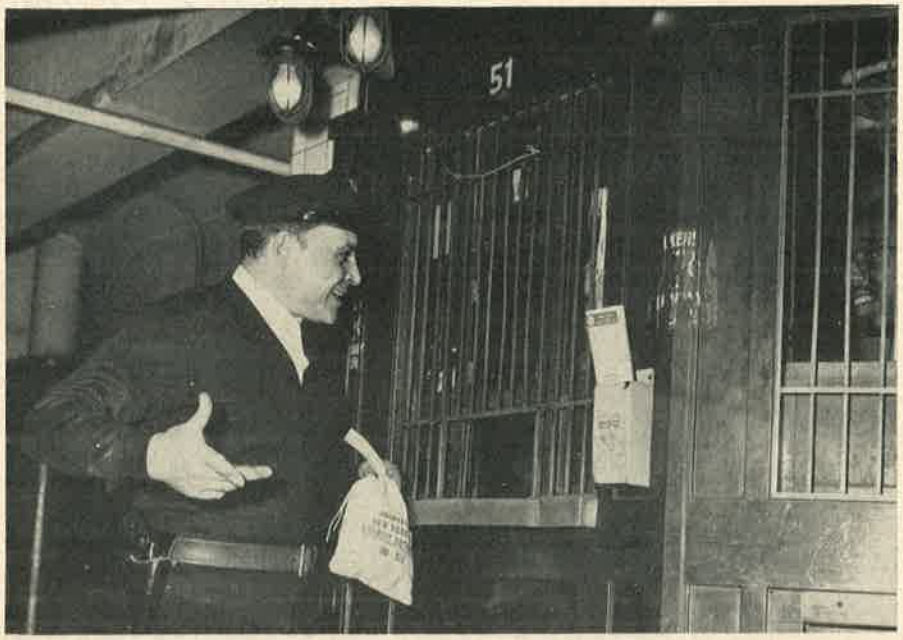
"Why," growled his doctor one day, "if you're so confoundedly set on having an actor in the family—why don't you take up acting yourself?"

"Who, me?" asked Joe. "At my age?"

At the time he was forty-four—this was back in 1949—and he had a long career as railroad clerk and collecting agent on the IND behind him. He thought the stage was pretty wonderful; he knew there was a streak of stage genius in the family—his cousin, Jack LaRue, is the veteran Hollywood actor. But, in his youth, he'd made a stab or two in that direction, once even was a stand-in for his illustrious cousin, So, if he had the spark within him, somehow experts had failed to discover it.

"Why not?" asked the doctor. "Better do something."

Which explains why Joe today is a writer-producer-director-actor; that is, when he isn't busy collecting money for the IND. He's got twenty-three years in on the job now; he can hardly wait the few more to retire. Then he's going to devote himself wholly to his theatrical career. Oh, he doesn't expect to see the name Joe La Rue—naturally, he's got a stage name now—





Collecting Agent Joseph A. Spatrisano (left) goes about his TA job. Upper left, that's him in blackface. Below, his actor-turned-farmer son, Eddie, who got him into theatrical game.



In the beginning Joe was too shy to serve as emcee. He got over that. Here he appears in a show he wrote, produced, directed and also starred in for Our Lady of Good Counsel Church.

He Produced More Shows than Ziegfeld And the Schuberts Combined, but They Didn't Interfere with His TA Duties

up in lights on Broadway—as he is sure Eddie's would have been by now, if the benighted kid hadn't gotten married and gone off to study agriculture at the University of Oregon. But he'll be busy, producing charity shows, and making a gratifying few bucks in night clubs at least. He has two small spots in night clubs now, one at the Polka Dot, on West 72nd St., another out in Queens.

They're Sure To Win

"A take-off on Arthur Godfrey in reverse," he told us. It's a confusing affair. The audience participants are given a chance to be talent scouts, but they don't have much to say about who they scout. Joe says it goes over wonderfully well.

On emerging from his sick-bed, Joe took singing lessons. Young Eddie was a baritone-tenor. On expert advice Joe decided to be a minstrel. Only one trouble—he was bashful. When he got up before an audience he couldn't remember anything. So, in view of that, he next decided to be a producer, where you don't have to face a lot of people. He met a few stage people, professional and "semi-professional," and asked if they'd like to put on a charity show with him. Right away, he made a curious discovery. Actors love to do charity shows. He explained this to us this way: An actor always has an idea for a new bit of business, which he (or she) is confident will knock 'em dead. If he puts on the new business before a paying audience, and it doesn't knock 'em dead, but leaves 'em with frost-bitten hands—that's a catastrophe. If he puts it before an audience at a home for the aged, and the business still falls flat on its kisser, well, that's too bad. Nothing irretrievable lost.

The Great Producer

He put on his first show at the Mount Carmel Home with four actors. Since then, in the last seven years, he has put on more than five hundred charity shows. The little handful of actors grew into an organization of 125 professional and semi-pro artists, which at the drop of a cocked hat, will bring a full show to a home for the aged, a children's hospital, a home for mental defectives, or what have you. It's got a name, the Artists Guild for Charity Shows, Inc., Joe LaRue, founder and president. Somewhere along the line he lost his bashfulness and took over as emcee at these performances. As a sideline he writes, directs and produces shows for churches, using native talent, to be used in parish shows.

Charity Is The Best

"There's a great deal of living in putting on these charity shows," he said, "and, no matter what after my retirement, I mean to do mostly that—charity shows."

All of this keeps Joe so busy he often doesn't think of young Eddie for hours at a time.

And he hasn't had a heart attack since he went into show business.

Retrieve That Gum, Girls!

Easy on Those Typewriters!

In Which Transit Brings You the Lowdown on How To Impress TA's 'Efficiency Expert'

The dreadful news spread fast through 370 Jay. Faces wore worry, dismay and anger. Innocent typewriters suffered under a merciless flogging, half-used chewing gum was stashed away, the consumption of cokes, malteds and coffee fell off alarmingly. Everybody rushed furiously. A girl stopped us in the hall, glanced backward to make sure no one was within earshot. "Who," she demanded, her black eyes flashing, "is *he* going to fire?," jerking her head toward the office where, as everyone knew, the new "efficiency expert" was whetting his throat-slitting knife to a razor's edge. We didn't know, but, always on the alert for a juicy bit of news, gossip or scandal, we hustled right down and interviewed the ogre personally. He's a pretty big one. Stands six feet tall and is down, after some rugged dieting, to 180-something pounds. Doesn't know just how long he can keep it up, because, next to cooking, he likes most consuming the products thereof. He hasn't let his wife cook Sunday dinner in years, he told us, modestly admitting he was far and away the better cook. His name is David W. Palmlund.

We can hardly wait to pass on one revealing bit that came out, before those typewriters are beaten to death. Reminiscing about the efficiency experting game, he mentioned that once a tipster came in to tell him, breathlessly, that right down the hall, if he hurried, he'd catch John Doe with his feet cocked up on his desk, gazing dreamily at the ceiling. "Great!" said Palmlund, enthusiastically. "Now he's getting somewhere!" He explained that's what *he* does when he's working hard, doesn't object to it in others.

He Views Busyness With Dark Suspicion

Conversely, he said, a little grimly, if he finds a man pushing two pencils madly across two sheets of paper, he's going to give serious attention to *that* fellow. "He isn't getting anywhere at all. That man needs an industrial engineer in the worst way." This surprised us, for we thought "efficiency experts" were supposed to figure out ways to make people work harder. That, Palmlund told us, was just a crazy notion held by people who didn't know the first thing about industrial engineering. The man who invented the term "efficiency expert," he added, must have been a pretty stuffy guy, and sadly lacking in human relations.

Take It Easy! Just Do More!

"Work — actual labor — that's got nothing to do with it. Production — that's what counts. An industrial engineer is supposed to figure out ways to make the job easier, not harder."

Anyone Familiar With That Subway To Connecticut?

Dubuque, Iowa
April 28, 1956

Dear Sirs:

Next month I and my family are going to drive our car from Boston toward New York City and want to leave the car in Connecticut and take a subway or elevated from some nearby city in Connecticut, Stamford, Conn., for instance, where we leave the car, to our hotel in New York City which will probably be the Taft Hotel, 55th St. Can you suggest a good city in Connecticut to leave our car while in New York City? And where to catch the subway from there to our hotel?

J——— C———
Attorney-at-Law

Meet TA's New Industrial Engineer; He's Going to Make Your Job a Cinch!



Not that he's been hired by TA to make your job softer. He frankly admitted an ulterior motive in all this. "The easier the job becomes, the more the worker can produce. And that's what we're interested in—production."

He personally, doesn't give a darn about how easy you take it. Just get more accomplished, and he's satisfied.

The Boss Made His Blood Run Cold

As for this firing business, the picture there has changed, he told us. Industrial engineers certainly deserved their reputation once, but not now. He remembered that sixteen years ago, when he got his first job as an industrial engineer with Carnegie in Chicago, his boss said flatly: "Remember, if you want to be an industrial engineer, you've got to have ice water in your veins." When he got his last previous job, with the Eagle Pencil Company, the boss said just as flatly: "I don't want a single man fired because his job is eliminated." The bosses aren't quite the heartless brutes they once were, he said, and he's glad of it. He eliminated an awful lot of jobs in his early years, but he never did like what happened to the men who filled them.

"The picture has changed so much in that direction," he said, "that now the industrial engineer sits in on the grievance hearings, and it's one of his most important duties."

A Reputation That Lingers and Lingers

The reputation is still there, though, he said, and it's quite a handicap. "I've had workers freeze — couldn't do a thing — just because they saw me watching them." Also, industrial engineers like to call themselves I. E.'s, but, whether they like it or not, they're going to be called by different initials, much less flattering, when they first get on the job. He expects that, expects that it will wear away as soon as TA people know what an industrial engineer really does.

Palmlund didn't start life as an industrial engineer. Right after he was born in Chicago, forty-four years ago, his mother decided there should be a musician or an artist in the family. At six he was taking piano and art lessons. When he graduated from high school, his father, a shoemaker, decided he should learn a trade, and he became a lithographer's apprentice. He graduated to journeyman lithographer, then to supervisor of a small lithographing plant. While an apprentice, he decided he ought to decide for himself what he should be. He picked industrial engineering and took a night course in this at the Armour Institute.

Wanderlust as an Occupational Disease

Industrial engineers, he explained, are pretty much a nomadic tribe. After serving Carnegie, he went to Continental Can, an assignment which brought him to New York, eleven years ago. He's been here ever since. A year and a half ago he built himself a house in Eastchester, lives there with his wife, Dorothy, and son, David III, likes to play the piano at parties, broil and eat steaks with copious butter, and worries about his waistline. Incidentally, his wife, not he, he says, is the real musician of the family. Mrs. Palmlund is concert master of the New Rochelle Symphony Orchestra.

H'mn! Did He Hide It in a Drawer?

He was perfectly happy in his previous job, he explained, but I. E.'s are always forever looking for bigger and better things. So he filed a resume with an employment agency, and thus the TA heard about him. The Eagle company, he explained, only has about twelve hundred employes; TA has 42,500. It's bigger, he knows; better, he hopes.

That's about all we can tell you at this time. That throat-slitting knife — we couldn't spot it anywhere in his office.

The Million-Dollar Joke

Stubbing your toe is a little like seasickness. The pain is excruciating, and your closest friends think its rip-snortingly funny when you hop around in agony on the one good foot. Note the whole-hearted laughter when this happens to you. You've probably laughed heartily when it happened to somebody else.

High-priced Laughter

Just how funny is it? It ought to be very funny, considering what it costs. Dr. Green in Medical checked back recently day by day through the clinic records and gave us an inkling. Thirty to fifty percent of the cases coming in for first aid treatment were foot injuries. A broken big toe is quite common.

Nothing tragic about a triviality like a fractured toe?

"The fact is," said Dr. Green, "that a broken big toe immobilizes a man for four to six weeks—and is likely to keep him on light duty for quite some time after that. It may sound funny, a big man being invalided because a weight fell on his toe, or he got it jammed under something — but it isn't."

A healthy slice of the compensation paid out by The System over the years goes for foot injuries. A million dollars wouldn't cover the cost.

We don't think the laughter is worth it. Mean to do something about it.

Antidote for a Joke

Soon there will be available to all employes a safety shoe. This footgear has a metal plate encasing the toes, and a steel shank. They will be purchased in wholesale quantities at a bid price, far lower than they would cost in individual pairs. This savings will be passed on to you. The cost of distribution will be absorbed by the Authority, which also has a stake in the matter. They probably will sell for about $7.50 the pair.

Won't Cure Carelessness

This shoe won't make foot injuries impossible, but it will eliminate the more common types. Certainly you won't stub your toe. If you wear the regular work-shoe, you won't be apt to sprain your ankle, either.

They aren't the heavy, cumbersome things of years gone by. For those fussy about their appearance, some are on the natty side of styling.

When the truck comes your way, we suggest you try a pair. Let your friends find something else to laugh about.



the BRASS HORN

"These Are Our Customers . . ."

AMONG the five hundred-odd letters which came in the daily mail a few weeks ago was the one addressed like this:

The Tokens & Change Booth
Uptown Station of the IRT
at Franklin Street & Broadway

On opening it our people found three pennies and a letter in which a Mae Jones explained she was returning the money which "Respected sir, you loaned me when I had but twelve cents."

One of our people tracked down the creditor. Found him to be Railroad Clerk Frank Brown, #8439. Mr. Brown remembered the lady, the three cents, and said thanks for sending it along. He was so offhand about it that the girl from 370 Jay St. grew curious.

"You do this often—lend money to people who haven't the fare?"

"Oh, yes—happens all the time," Mr. Brown said.

"Ever figure out how much it costs you out of pocket—say, over a year?"

Mr. Brown made an astonishing answer.

"Doesn't cost me anything," said Mr. Brown. "Everybody sends it back or brings it back. Maybe take a year, but I don't remember any one who didn't pay it back."

We're not repeating this story, which touched us deeply, for Mr. Brown's sake. Obviously Mr. Brown knows what fine customers we have. We are repeating it for those of our employes who may not, judging from their treatment of passengers, be aware of it.

In a way, it is understandable. Consider what makes news in the daily press, and doesn't. If, for example, we ran everyone of our 8,800 trains for a day, and every one of them arrived at every station at precisely the split second that it was scheduled—well, now there would be a feat that we doubt even the contrivers of the atomic bomb could manage. Would it make headlines? Not even a line of agate!

Oppositely, let one of those 8,800 trains develop reverse trouble, say, coming down the Lexington Avenue express track at 8:30 in the morning, just north of Grand Central—and that will surely make Page One.

So it is with the type of customers we have. You read about the rapists, the shivs, the flirts. Not about the ladies like Mae Jones, who went to such trouble to repay a three-cent debt—and used three more cents for a stamp to do it.

And yet—and this is the significant part—Railroad Clerk Brown has found nearly all that kind in his nine years in The System.

We thought you might like to know that most of the passengers you deal with—probably 99 and a fraction per cent—are the Mae Jones kind.

The Mae Jones kind may also get angry or unreasonable over a delay or in a bad crush on a hot day.

But they're good people, nice people, this 99 per cent. Remember that.

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



DEEP, DARK UNDERGROUND MYSTERY: OR, WAS SHE A BLONDE OR REDHEAD?

By the hour intriguing mysteries pop up in TA's Lost and Found. One of the most titillating was the finding of an expensive Paris-made wig, worth perhaps $400, discarded in a car. Now why? Did the lady suddenly discover her boy-friend didn't like brunettes, and change promptly to something else? Or was she—sssssh!—an international spy, pursued by other secret agents, as she ducked, a dark-haired Mata Hari, into the IRT? To emerge, wholly changed, as Miss Doris Yonke demonstrates? Miss Yonke is definitely NOT an international spy. She's a typist in Personnel and here demonstrates, fetchingly, the possibilities, surrounded by the flotsam and jetsam of the underground shores. Yup, that's her twice above.

Transit

April-May, 1956

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