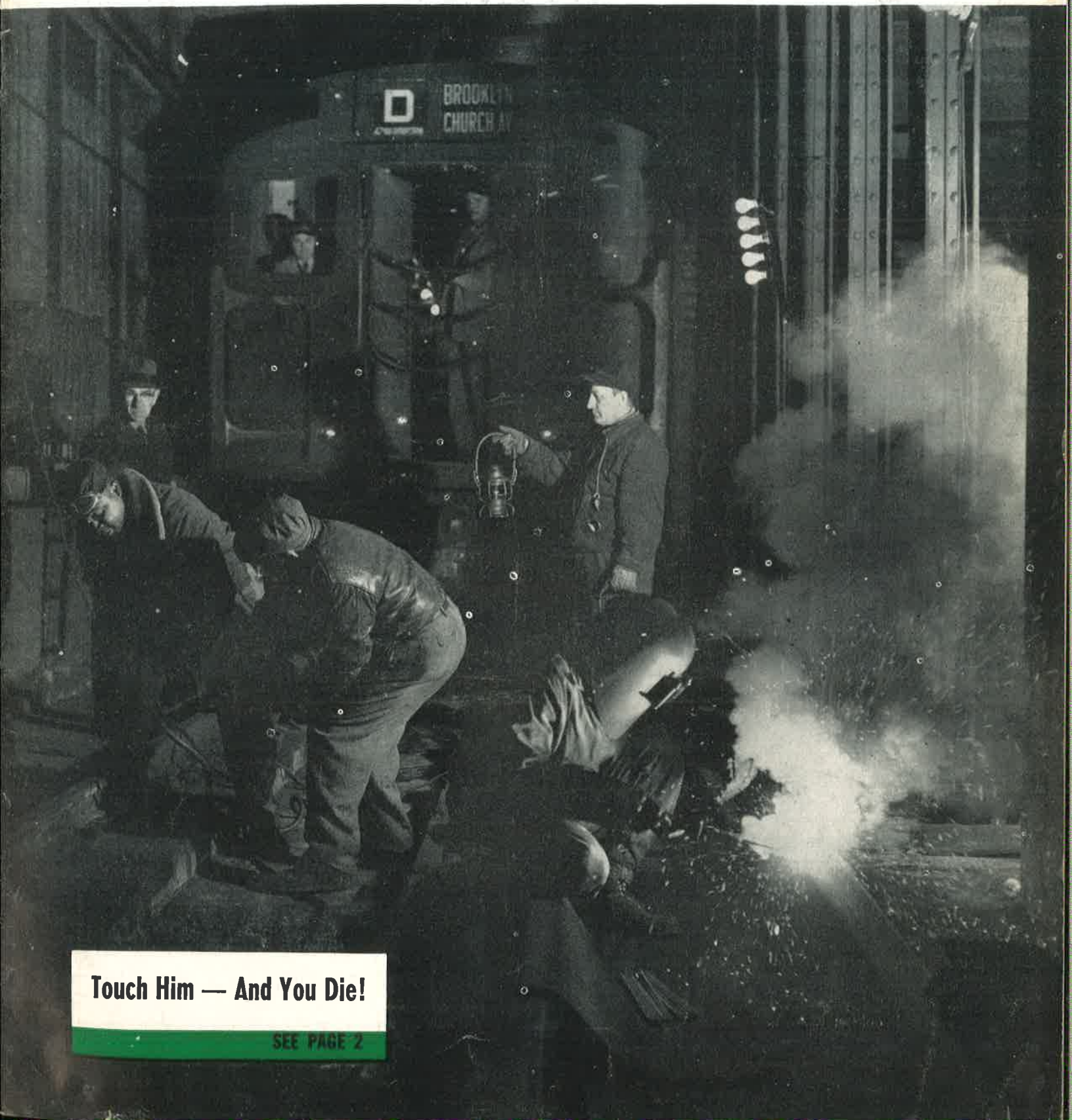
Transit

NEW YORK • JANUARY 1956



Touch Him — And You Die!

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. 4

January 1956

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

From The Editor's Desk

WE felt pretty good the other day when the members of the Authority handed us their copy for "The Brass Horn" because nothing pleases your Editor more than recognition of the fine work of his fellow employes. . . . We were asked once what we considered the best media of publicity. We listed them all — press, TV, movies, radio, posters. Now, all are very valuable. But there is one more valuable than all of them and that medium is "word of mouth." . . . There is nothing mysterious about good public relations. It means just what it says—good relations with the public. But we can't have good relations with the public unless we do things to make the public like us and respect us. Sweet talk helps but it is not enough. Isn't it grand to find out that employes are *doing* things? . . . It is fun editing Transit. It is fun putting into words, taking pictures, doing the art work, writing the headlines about individuals like Carl Madsen. . . . Makes your spine tingle when you see guys clear the hurdles and get up there with the front runners. . . . It is people like Madsen—of every race, creed and national origin—who made this country great. . . . People, too, like Kenneth Fox. Wish *we* could read more than one language. . . . It takes guts to work in the subways. The Man from Mars, Welder John Carletti,and his comrades, shown on the cover and in the photograph at the bottom of this page, have plenty. . . . Yes, it seems that things are looking up in The System, plenty of cheers—but some tears too. . . . Tears for Scotty Hartmann and his family. Scotty was Administrative Assistant to the General Superintendent. He died of a heart attack in his office two days before Christmas — in harness, as he would have wanted to. Scotty worked for The System for 31 years.

TA'S UNTOUCHABLE



A deadly current charges through the man in the mask—Welder Johnny Carletti. Touch him and you—and Johnny, too—would die. Johnny's safe enough, by himself, as long as he keeps that rubber mat underneath him. Since he can't hear above the roar of welder, a stickman, Grinder Joe Evans, is ready to shove away, with stick, anybody who might try to tap his shoulder. Grinder Everett McKinnis (bending) at extreme left, Joe Moschella (center, background), serves as flagman and Power Distribution Maintainer Vincent Salimine (extreme left).

AS OTHERS   SEE US



The Gentle People

My husband and myself thank all the boys who have taken time to send cheerful thoughts and pleasant greetings. . . . Clarence says he'll be back punching as soon as he gets his strength back.

MR. AND MRS. CLARENCE RISEDORF

The Unknown World at Jay St.

I especially was glad to read the note written by our three commissioners. Now that they know that there are 43,000 people working for them in a variety of jobs, how about a little recreation room at various buildings where employees can meet and play chess, checkers, library etc. with an extended invitation to all retired employes? I would also like to see you run a series of articles and photos on 370 Jay Street building. Many of us will probably never see the building after our initial hiring procedure.

Your truly,
S.S.
Towerman — IRT



The Passenger Was a Goat

Reading Bella Strachan's narrative of queer passengers, I recalled an incident while I was R.R. Clerk on the 6th and 9th Ave. El Station at Battery Place. It was my duty to prevent passengers from entering the station with unusual bulky bundles. On a fine Summer morning a man . . . dragged upstairs a crated goat and deposited it on the head of the staircase facing my booth. I refused to let him in, directing his attention to a sign regulating the size of parcels to be carried by passengers, but he . . . insisted. While we were engaged in debating the issue, the goat broke out of the fragile crate, and in the twinkling of an eye the frisky animal dashed through the exit gate left open for department passegers and out on the station platform. He pranced up and down pursued by his owner, apparently enjoying his new-won freedom. He evaded capture, and, running back to the exit gate, he sprinted downstairs, mingling with the amazed noonday crowd in the Battery Park.

PHILIP KORNBERG
1085 Walton Ave.
N. Y. 52, N. Y.

Any O'Henrys Around?

As a former newspaperman and an ex-Public Relations Specialist in the Marine Corps, I have a suggestion to make in regards to the TRANSIT Magazine. Maybe I should add as: a potential fiction writer.

Why not add fiction and poetry features in the TRANSIT Magazine?

This, in my humble opinion, would give a relaxing tone to the contents of TRANSIT; would encourage expression of private hobbies of TA employees with an artistic bent; would, also, enhance the overall interest-appeal of the magazine.

Yours truly,
JOSE J. SMITH — Pass 3-42
Clerk, 3
IND Lighting Office
34th St.-6th Ave., Manhattan



Share-the-Summer Plan

I feel it is my duty to bring to the attention of the TA the fact that absenteeism could be cut down at least 10 per cent in the station section if better vacations periods were adopted.

Vacation periods in this department run throughout the year with the most consideration going to those with the highest seniority. As years go by, more and more people are entitled to pick three weeks vacation upon completion of ten consecutive years of service, causing people who only pick two weeks vacation to pick nearer to the first month of the year instead of early Spring, Summer or late Fall vacations, and also causing people who enter the three-week periods to pick less desirable vacations than they did the year previously.

This cause for dissatisfaction could be alleviated by having twenty-six vacation periods of two weeks for every seventy employes and fifty-two one week vacation periods for every twenty-five employes and anyone picking two weeks in the summer would be told to pick one week in another season, thereby giving people with less seniority a better chance to pick when their children, too, are home from school.

The employes would be more satisfied, I believe, and would not be taking days off to be with their families, as is the present outlook for people who do not have enough service on the job to pick Summer or Autumn vacations.

EMILY A. GARRISON
IRT-RR Clerk
Whitestone, L. I.

I am not very good at writing letters, but let me congratulate you on this month's issue. To me and I believe lots of others, it has a digestive way, especially for an old timer who had put 34 years with the Railroad when retired.

CHARLES MARKOWITZ
639 East 12th Street
New York 9, N. Y.



TA's Unrecognized Geniuses

You speak of the promotion of Mr. Coddington to Administrative Assistant. That is as it should be. Men qualified by superior intelligence and education should be given an opportunity to work at better and more responsible jobs. I know that if the TA were to follow the lead of the Police Department in utilizing the full potentialities of its many employees, by Golly! — we'd really have a super-duper TA. In that Department they take a man out of one place and put him in another if he has the capabilities. How about the TA "taking full advantage of the abilities of its men and women?" I speak of the office clerks, conductors and railroad clerks and various personnel who have fine superior education and training and yet find not outlet for their abilities in the TA, but have to go outside the TA to demonstrate their capabilities.

ARTHUR KENNEDY

I found that there wasn't anything in TRANSIT concerning bus drivers. It's made up of Transit Police and other Transit workers, but I haven't found one thing about bus drivers or trolley operators in the three issues I have received so far. . . . There seems to be some partiality toward the police.

FREDERICK HARTINGER
1518 East 57th Street
Brooklyn 34, N. Y.



Transit Goes to School

Is that magazine TRANSIT on the news stands every month? If not can you tell me where I can get it. My whole class and I thank you for it.

RONALD BERNSTEIN
355 East Fourth Street
New York 9, N. Y.

(Continued on Page 18)

Doomsday for the Birthday



Trolley barons paid little heed to New York's first bus. People gawked, but didn't ride. Note that here artist painted in passengers.

The trolley isn't buried yet — not quite — but the year 1955 was generally recognized as its doomsday. At the end of that year the TA voted approval of a bid for 318 new buses, which, when delivered, will terminate the service of the two last trolley lines in this City, once the greatest concentration of street railway trackage in the world. But another fact quite escaped attention— 1955 was also the fiftieth birthday of the bus in New York, in fact, on this continent.

Any handwriting that appeared on the wall in 1905, when the first imported monster snorted up and down Fifth Avenue from 90th Street to the Square, was thoroughly invisible. The event caused no ripple whatever. A few street railway executives went up to laugh themselves sick over the silly double-decked monstrosity, guzzling an expensive gallon of gasoline every two miles or so, and blowing it out at people in loud snorts. Other New Yorkers, too, gawked at the thing, but firmly declined to ride in it. Two passengers a trip were usual, three or four indicated a booming business, often there were none at all. The passengers much preferred the horse-drawn omnibuses, a nickel cheaper, and a smoother ride, to boot.

The street railway men were thoroughly unworried. With reason. They were just entering their lushest period. Twenty-seven companies operated 683 miles of track, nearly every mile of it at a handsome profit. The little fellows had largely been squeezed out. These were giant combines, which were eventually to form still greater combines, that seventeen years later were to operate 1,251 miles of track, before the tide turned, and carried many of them down the road which eventually led to the city taking over and forming the nucleus of the present TA.

But, in 1905, when the Fifth Ave. Coach Company's first motorbus hungrily searched for an occasional passenger, the trolley people had nothing to worry about. They were dishing out a lot of ulcers to other people, getting none themselves. They had the truckmen worried, because they were muscling into that field, hauling provisions and freight by trolley to all points, doing it swifter and cheaper than the truckmen. They were still to go after — and get — the fast express business, and carry the mails. They were progressive fellows, converting to electricity in 1905 at a terrific rate and selling their horses at auction. They had railroads and steamboat people worried, because they were offering outings in luxurious parlor cars at low rates. They even had the hay farmers of Canada worried, because those people had long prospered by reason of the fierce competition among the buyers who ranged that far to buy the fuel to fire

Even during its last year, 1907, the horse-drawn omnibus still was people's choice, as this photo, taken then, proves. The motorbus cost a dime, and jolted passengers. The rig here cost only a nickel.



Can you spot the wonderful improvement in this model of the early 'twenties? Look hard and you will note that driver is protected from snow and rain. On solid tires, riders still got jarred.



Trolley: for the Bus



In 1917 the motorbus was still a strange enough critter to draw the crowds to hear war-speakers urge Times Square crowds to buy Liberty Bonds.

the four-legged motors of New York's transportation system. And the electric trolley could do anything horses could do, cheaper and faster. A thousand miles away horse breeders felt the crushing effects of the electric trolley.

The ferry operators were in a dither because William Steinway, the Queens trolley tycoon had hammered twin trolley tubes from Grand Central and Long Island City to meet under the East River. Well, they missed by a couple of feet, but that was considered pretty slick engineering in the 1890's. But he'd run into financial difficulties, and, as a matter of fact, only one trolley was ever run through the tunnel. Today, every 24 weekday hours, 550 IRT trains charge through these tunnels. Probably only a scant handful of the tens of thousands passengers know the history of the tunnels. But the TA trackmen who work there, ducking for the shelter of safety niches at the approach of every train, are constantly reminded that these tunnels were built for vehicles of lesser girth than subway cars.

After a year of this charging up and down Fifth Ave., a year in which the operating loss was slightly less than 100 per cent, bus owners called the venture a roaring success, and ordered thirteen more chassis shipped from Europe to Philadelphia. Equipped there with bodies, they were driven all the way to New York.

Missed the Bus

Trolley men were considerably unimpressed. The notion that these gasoline-drinking monsters would ever pose a threat was ridiculous. It was against an established historical fact. In 1832 John Mason, the banker, had proved that New Yorkers wanted to ride smoothly on rails. That was the year he built the first street car line along Fourth Ave., between Prince and 14th St. Passengers deserted the omnibuses in droves to ride his fast, comfortable horsecars. And automobiles? They were all right for the swells, but expensive, when you figured the cost of a chauffeur and footman in, also. Of course, some of the young rich men were driving their cars themselves, accompanied only by a mechanician. But automobiles were strictly a plaything. For mass transportation, the trolley was the thing. And the latest, wonderful improvement was electricity. All over the city, street car firms were selling their plugs and changing to electric power. Trolleys were the answer, electric trolleys. In this year of 1907, electric trolley lines were going up like mad all over the country. In five years it would be possible—and it became a reality—for a man to trolley clear from Brooklyn to Boston, paying nickel fares—48 of them—at each change. That's how the street railway business was booming. Electrified trolley track in the country had jumped from 1,260 miles in 1890 to 22,000 miles in 1902, and clearly would continue, the rail men were convinced. They were right, too, for in 1917 the industry had 45,000 miles of track, and practically no horses along the way.

In 1908 the bus company, in response to a public clamor for its new motor buses—a clamor oddly inaudible to all but the bus company's ears—added 20 buses, and sent its 400 horses to the auction block. People began riding gasoline-powered buses in great numbers. This didn't impress the trolley men, either. After all, they pointed out, rather nastily, buses had a monopoly on public transportation on Fifth Avenue, the most beautiful thoroughfare in America. If people wanted to ride from one point on Fifth to another point—and droves of them did—they had a limited choice of conveyance. They could take a Fifth Ave. motorbus or a Fifth Ave. motorbus. They pointed out, too, that the bus firm was turned down when it asked for permission to increase its omnibus fare to ten cents. It was simply using the motorbus to justify a dime fare. Bus people, in those days, by the way, never made any



The First Street Car in the World

First of a Great Breed

secret of the fact that they wanted the plushy trade.

It would be the grossest historical inaccuracy to imply that the bus ever stood up to the trolley, and slugged it out, toe to toe, with the winner walking off with the honors of public favor.

On Way Out

True, trolleys are on the verge of extinction in New York and many other cities. And buses still spawn. But the events leading up to the passing of the trolley from the American scene had comparatively little to do with the bus, as we know it today.

To begin with, there was not—nor for decades thereafter—any comparison in operating costs between the bus and the trolley. The trolley was vastly cheaper. It cost little more to build. Even the PCC million-dollar trolley, once it actually got into production, only cost $15,000 a copy. And even the poorer, cheaper trolleys of the early '20's had a life expectancy of twenty years, as compared to a bus life of five years. The trolley maintenance was less, steel wheels didn't cost as much as rubber tires, lasted infinitely longer.

Perhaps the clearest proof that buses couldn't compete with trolleys—at a nickel fare—was the lack of imitators. Seven years after buses had been introduced, the first street railway company tried them out — a long, long time for a lucrative venture to go without others seizing upon it. In 1912, the Cleveland Railways bought three of the machines, but only to extend its service to sparsely populated areas. Eight years later, in 1920, there were still only sixty motor buses in use by street railways throughout the country.

But the end of World War I found the street car companies reeling under two heavy blows. Labor and material costs had gone up—and the cry, "Save the five-cent fare!" had been sounded. Throughout the country candidates for political office carefully trained their hackles to rise fearsomely at the very thought of a fare increase, and got a pledge, to defend the nickel fare to the death, in the first paragraph of the speech accepting the nomination. To do otherwise was political suicide. That combination was one blow.

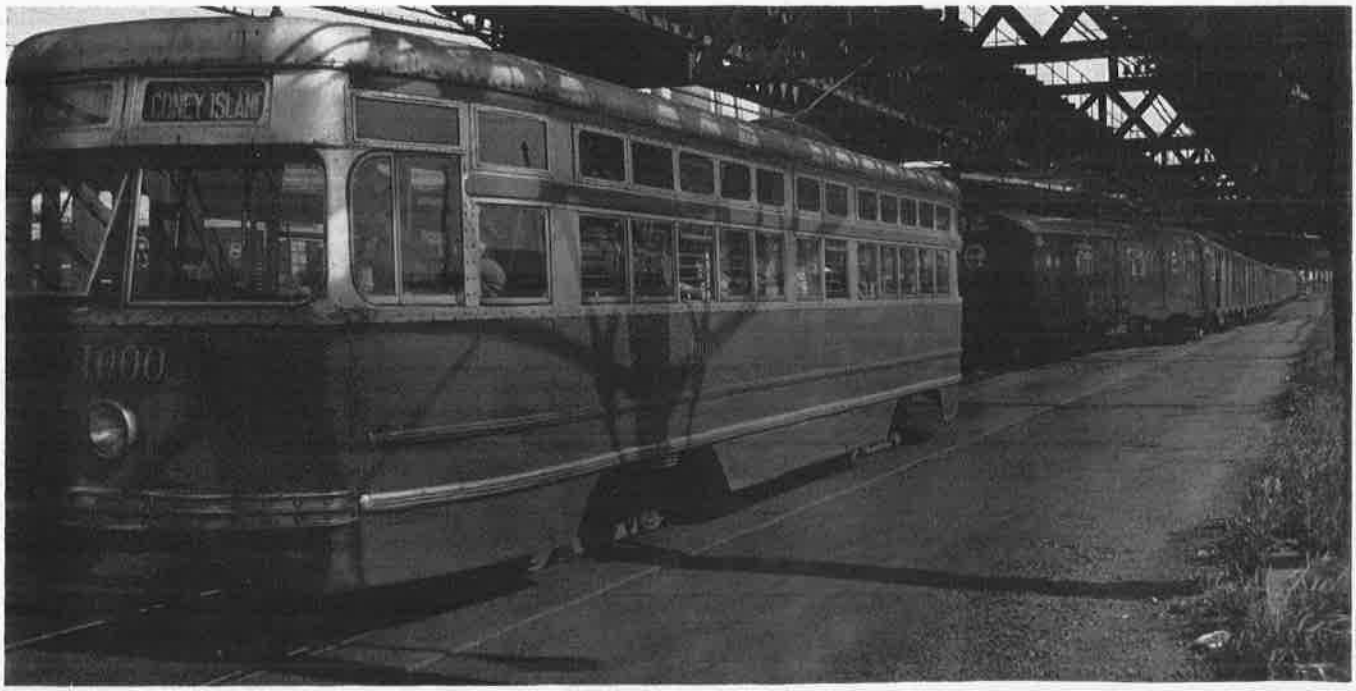
Another Blow

The other came from the jitneurs. This thing started in 1914 in Los Angeles, spread over the country like wildfire. Jitneurs were usually men who owned seven-passenger touring cars and were out of work. To keep the family going they'd drive along a trolley route in the morning, pick up passengers, and, for the same cost as a trolley, deliver them to their jobs, swifter, in greater comfort, and at no greater cost than the rider would pay on the trolley, where, in rush hours,

(*Continued on Page* 16)

Make Way For Tomorrow

Curiously symbolic is this photo of a new subway train impatiently nudging one of last "million-dollar" trolleys at Coney Island yards.



DOUBLE LIVES



By day Carl Dugard is a car maintainer, electrical, working in the 207th yards. Below he's shown (left) with a co-worker, Louis London. But his heart is always with his beloved glockenspiel. Can't wait to get home nights to get going on it. He gives lessons to learners of this wonderful instrument, which makes him, so far as we know, the only glockenspiel professor in the TA system. He's taught it to his wife, too, but she'd rather spend her time and money on antique furniture.





Glockenspiels and Miniatures

Wouldn't you just know it? Christopher F. Marschhauser, a man of noble proportions (220 pounds, before breakfast) despises things of massive size, is passionately fond of infinitesmal things. He collects miniatures, has hundreds of them, but denies they're beginning to pile up at his desk in East New York Bus Depot because his apartment won't hold another one. He's been collecting them since he was a bus driver, is just as avid now that he's Assistant Superintendent of Surface, a gap he cleared in five years. On the side he's studying law. Above he serves as moderator at Cornell University session on labor relations.



East Meets West in Tokyo Tubes

In Tokyo, when an American says, "So then I ducked into the subway . . .", the chances are that he means literally that. I found that out when I ducked into the gay orange subway train at Ginza station. These trains were made for people about five feet tall, and no inches were thrown away on entrances. I'm exceptionally tall, but even an average-sized American would have had to bow politely on entering a train. Or get a bump on his forehead.

Riding Asia's first subway—Japan has two more now; another in Tokyo and one on Osaka—is a strange, slightly unreal experience for a New Yorker. The crowds at rush hour are as thick as any in New York. The sound of four-car trains at this time, hustling through Ginza station every two minutes is the sound of Grand Central.



Pretty Japanese miss buys a ticket to go a-shopping.

Ear and Eye Sweetness

But the music of thousands of wooden clogs, which the girls wear, tapping on concrete is strange. The fantastic cleanliness is different. The smells in the cars are fragrant. Tokyo's subways are just about the cleanest in the world. Not only are the warmly-colored tile walls washed down every day, but, in addition, during non-rush hours, mobile cleaning crews ride the trains, sweeping and polishing. A disinfectant, with a pine-like perfume, is sprayed over the interior of the cars. Thriftily every inch of spare space inside the stations is used for shops, stalls, refreshment counters. Manpower is cheap, although employes of the Teito Rapid Transit Authority are well-paid by Japanese standards, and is thus used far more extravagantly. No turnstiles, comparatively little automation by American standards. The ticket-agent sells tickets, a collector collects them. Platform men are there in abundance.

Boards a spotless train at a spotless station near home.



The matter of tariffs would certainly confuse a New York subway man. At present the Ginza line, from Shibuya to Asakusa is some nine miles long —more than twice as long as the newer, flossier four-mile route from Ikebukura to Ochanomizu—but costs less to ride.

It's Cheaper for a Long Ride

Admission to the longer line for a single passage is 15 yen, roughly four-and-a-half cents. But most of the riders are commuters, who pay 450 yen and ride as often as they like. If the commuter is a student he pays only 270 yen a month, or 75 cents. On the shorter line the commuter must pay 550 yen a month, the student 350 yen. This might not seem to make sense to American transit experts. But the Japanese have figured it simply. The short line is losing money, so the passengers it serves must pay more for their service, since it costs more per individual.

To the Japanese it's very simple. Those who benefit by the new line must also pay for it.

Earthquakes Here No Bother

Japan was a late starter in the subway field. Tokyo, for one thing, has frequent earth tremors, minor quakes. For a long time it was feared that a

Japan Uses Perfume to Make Its Subways, Fragrant, Claims to Have Cleanest Underground in World, As Well as the Lowest Fares.



Mobile cleaning crews ride trains during non-rush hours.

subway would be an invitation to disaster. Engineers, though, finally reached the firm conviction that steel-reinforced tubes, arching underneath the city, would reduce the effects of such shocks, and have apparently proved it. The long Ginza line was begun in 1927, concluded in 1929, at a cost that would flabbergast American transit people. Even the Ochanomizu-Ikebukuro line, built much later, cost only $14,700,000, or slightly more than $3,000,000 a mile, complete with shiny new trains, and six stations. Fluorescent lighting is used throughout on this line, although the older line has just the later and most advanced type of indirect lighting. The rolling stock are all motor-cars, each with four 100-horsepower motors, and dynamic braking, which changes to air braking in case of power failure. Electric fans are presently being installed in ceilings, all made of stainless steel. The new line carries about 50,000 passengers a day, the older line 350,000 daily.

Old Line Makes Money

On the new line, trains of three coaches run at three-and-a-half minute intervals during the rush hours, four minutes during the non-rush hours. This line is being expanded by some 2.2 kilometers. There is room, when traffic warrants it, to use six-car trains. At the moment, though, the old line is still the money-maker. Yearly intake on the old line is $3,785,992, as compared to an intake of $501,276 on the new line, which is generally called the Marunouchi line. Both lines go to sleep nights, about 2:30 a.m., wake up at 5:10 a. m.

The subway business set some records in Japan. On the new line some 80,000 cubic meters of ready-mixed concrete were used, the first large-scale use of this material in all Japan. Subway building suffered a hiatus during the war years, since then has been just about the biggest construction operation in Japan. Both lines employed the cut-and-cover method of construction.

History in a Few Pages

I found Japan generally a railroad fan's dream. They don't seem to have scrapped anything since the Year One. There are ancient wooden trolleys, with hand-powered brakes, fantastically modernistic railroads with the last word in design.

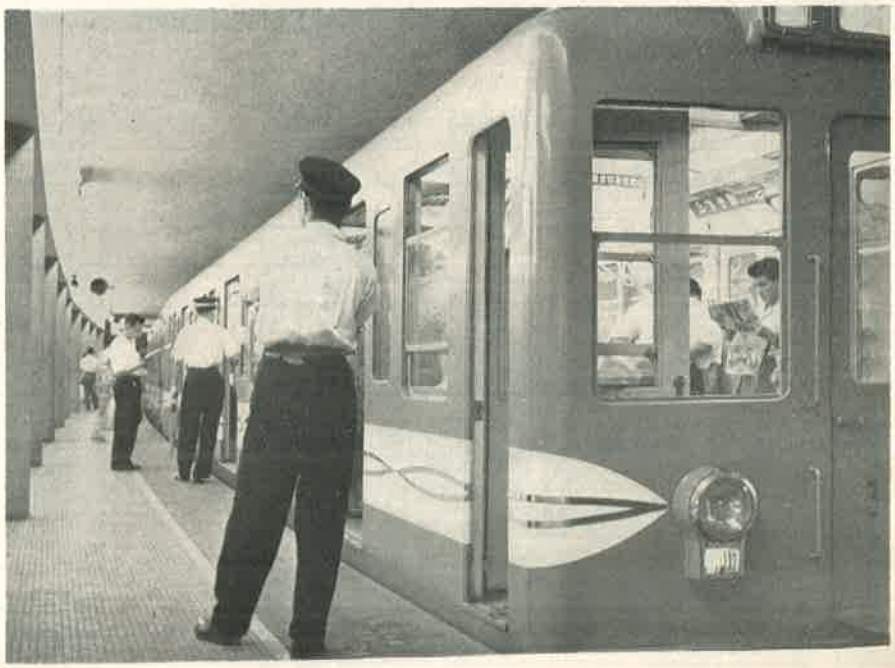
One thing I couldn't do: That was to convince the Japanese rapid transit men—swell, hospitable guys—that I was a subway motorman, formerly a trolley motorman. They seem convinced that, in New York, everybody's a millionaire, a big shot, and there aren't such mundane people as conductors, motormen and maintainers.

—George Horn

Girl leaves subway at Ginza, the Times Square of Tokyo.



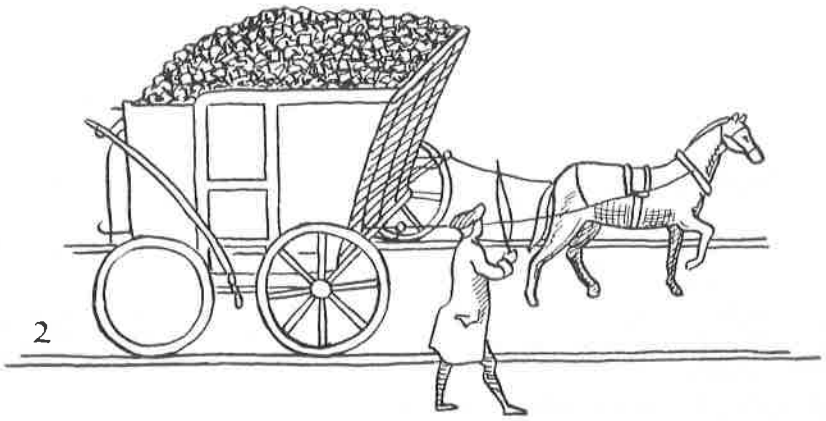
This is Ochanomizu station on city's newest subway line.





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Rapid transit had a common ancestor with the railroad in the coal country of England and Wales. Up to the 17th century, coals were commonly carried on panniers on the backs of horses. Three bushels was a full and heavy load. And horses were expensive.

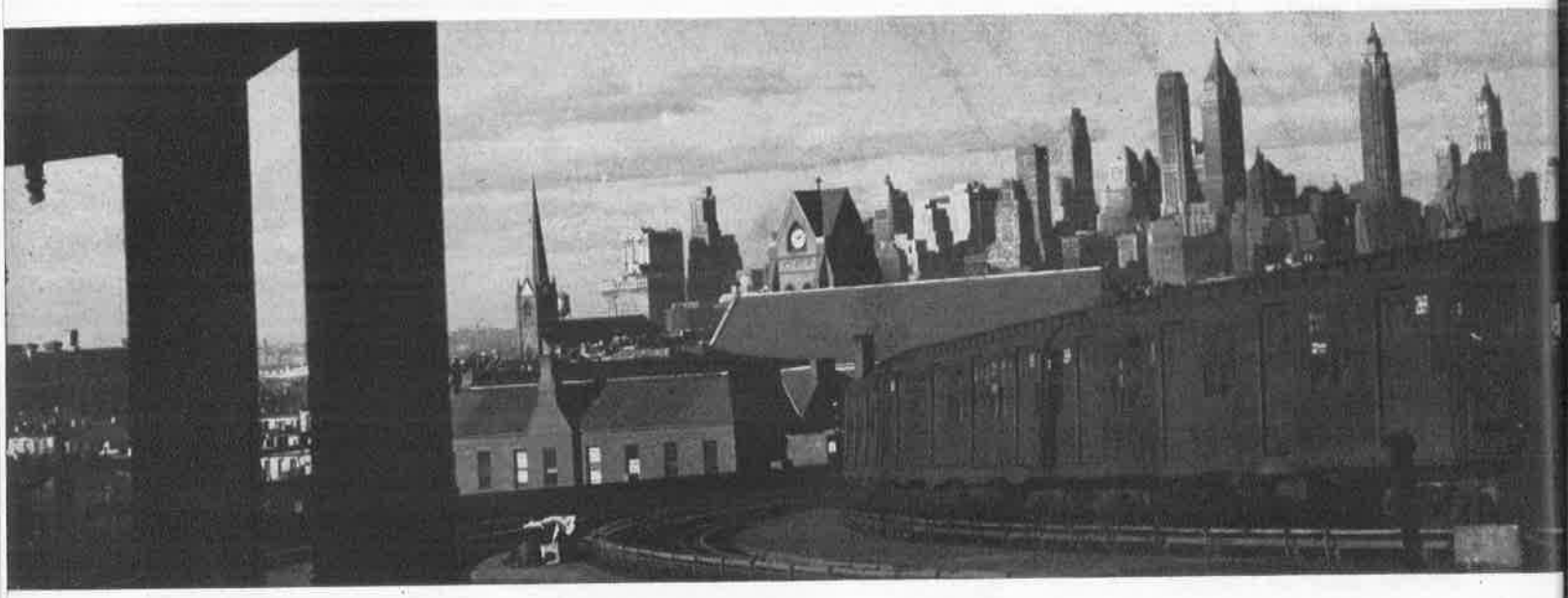


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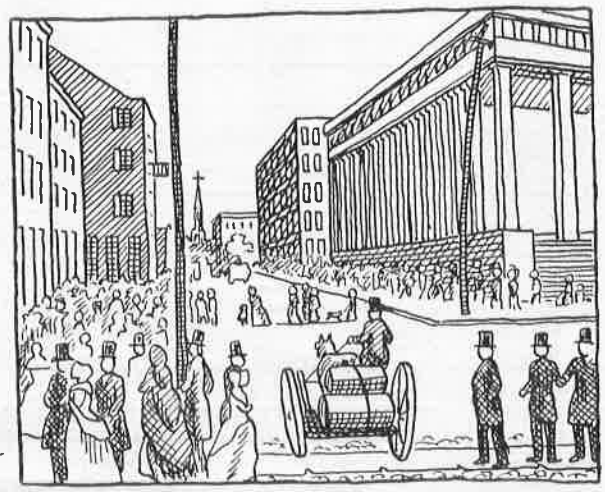
Coal mine owners, to avoid the expense of buying and feeding horses, laid wooden rails, which permitted the use of carts, even at moist spots. The capacity of the horse was increased 20 to 30 times. He could now haul about 60 bushels. Later, still more.

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The Evolution of Rapid Transit

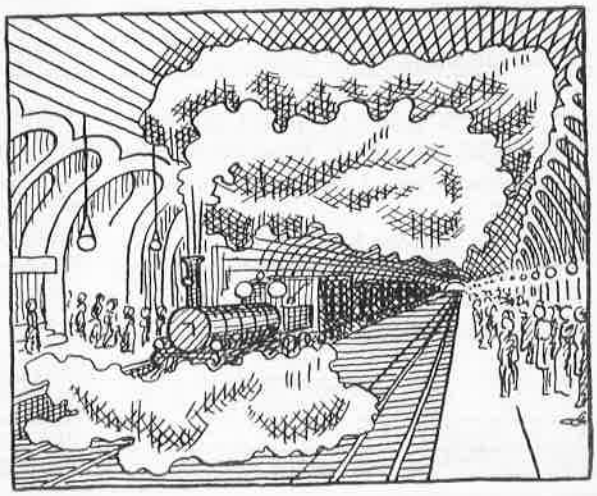


Rapid transit was born of desire to bring railroad speed and capacity to cities. It was realized that such ponderous juggernauts would kill many if operated in the streets. Choking cities planned to build under or over the streets to protect humans.

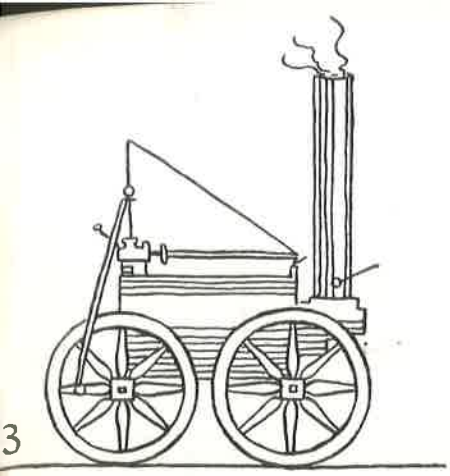


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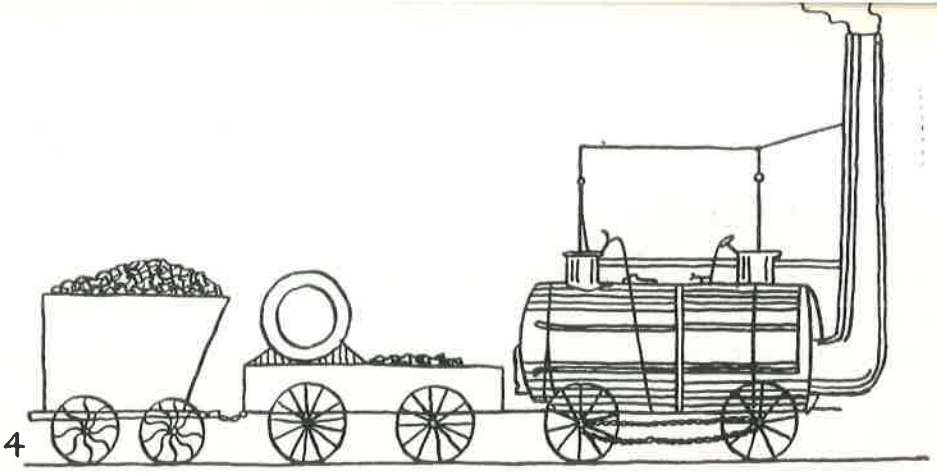
In 1854 London started its "underground"—literally a steam railroad running through deep tubes. Noisy, dirty, it nevertheless reduced the unbearable street traffic, which, curiously, its surface ancestor brought to city. It's been electrified since then.



6



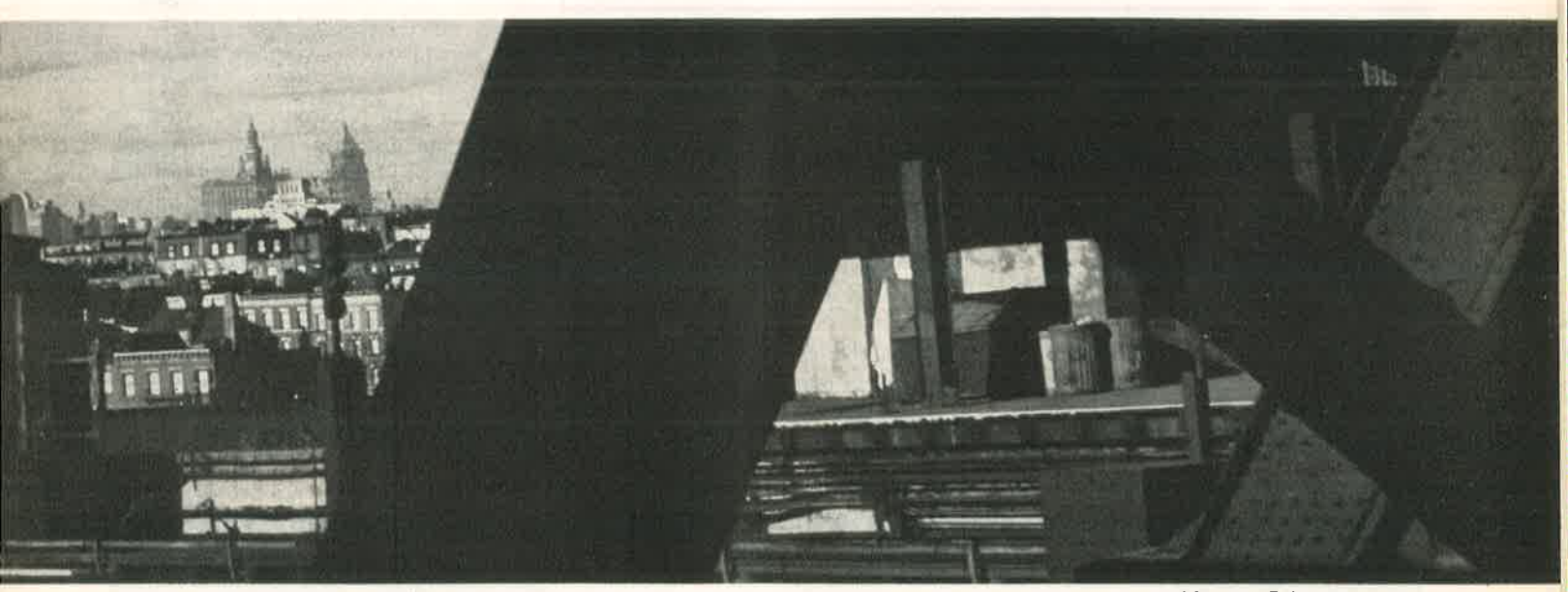
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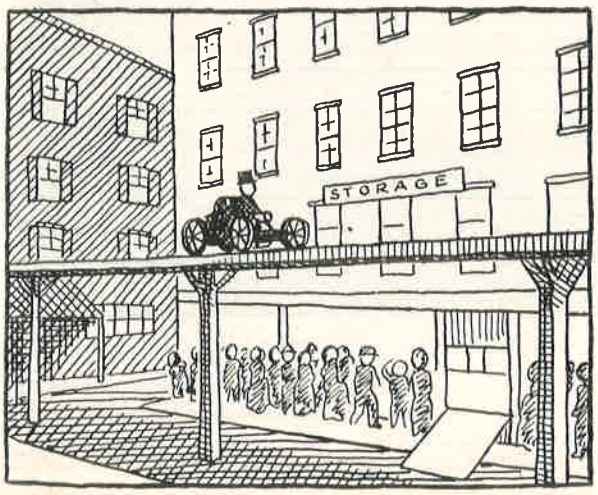
Trevithick, an erratic genius, built a "portable fire-engine" am carriage—in 1803, to run on roads. Though horse- railways were now quite common, Trevithick took no inter- em, died a financial failure, after having a fortune in grasp.

George Stephenson, an unlettered engine-wright in a coal mine, conceived the idea that the very coals themselves would haul coal to waterside. In 1825 he built the first real railroad. Surprisingly, people wanted to ride it, too. Passenger "experimentation" began.



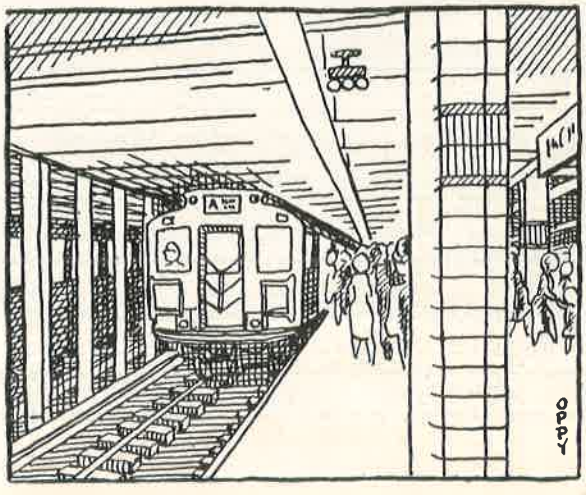
(*Photos by Roland Harvey*)

New York decided to go up instead of down for its rapid transit. Charles Harvey "successfully" demonstrated his cable-car on Greenwich Street in 1868. Underground powerhouses supplied power. Like Trevithick, Harvey made no money, in fact, lost it.



7

The direct kinship between this modern New York subway and the crude coal cart in No. 2 appears in one feature. The coal haulers built their rails just 4 feet, 8½ inches apart for cart wheels. This is the "standard gauge" of today's rapid transit.



8

The Case of the Erudite Motorman

He Hated School Until the Joys of Greek Were Revealed to Him

Kenneth Fox, a lawyer employed by TA in Torts for the last three years, and representing TA almost every court day in examinations before trials, is now a lawyer for TA in Torts. Officially, that is. Up to a few weeks ago he was officially just a motorman and carried on the TA payroll as such. Then TA gave him a leave of absence — as a motorman, that is — and appointed him an attorney. There's quite a difference. From now on he gets lawyers' pay. From now on he can go further than represent TA in examinations before trial, and try a case for TA, a procedure which, for some mysterious reason, wouldn't have been quite proper, although he's been a full-fledged member of the bar for eight years now.

It's Practically Spent

We stopped down to see Mr. Fox and ask him to explain this curious business to us. Found him gloating over the prospect of using the extra pay for something he's been dying to have — a really good library of ancient Egyptian literature. This is expensive stuff, but Mr. Fox is satisfied that it is the richest literature in the world. We asked whether he also read modern Egyptian stuff. With a pitying glance, Mr. Fox explained that Egyptians haven't talked or written Egyptian for nigh onto four hundred years. They talk Arabic now, a language in which Mr. Fox can find his way around also, as well as Greek, Latin, Hebrew and French. But the Semitic languages are his passion. He told us to be sure not to get this confused with the Amharic (as though we could be *that* stupid). He said a lot of people do, and, in fact, a lot of scholars believe they both spring from the same family tree. But he, personally, can't read a word of Amharic. Not yet, anyway.

On inquiring whether the symptoms of erudition appeared at an early age, we discovered they didn't. In fact, when he completed his first year of high school, his parents sorrowfully faced up to certain hard, unpleasant facts. On the baseball diamond, their darling Kenneth was practically the pride of Bryant High; but in the classroom he drove the most patient teachers mad. On the incontrovertible evidence of his marks, they arrived at the conclusion that it would be a waste of time trying to get any learning under that thatch of blond hair. So Kenneth became an office boy for Con Edison.

Whiskers As a Cash Crop

He carefully shaved once a week to encourage an aged appearance, and, when he was fifteen, he walked into the New York Railways lines with an impressive stubble, convinced the boss he was twenty-one, and got a job as trolley conductor. He liked this life very well, but it was quite a blow to his aunt, Mrs. Robert Campbell, a strong believer in education. She put it to him that if he finished high school, she'd see him through college financially. So he quit.



Kenneth Fox can't understand it. He loves Latin, second only to Greek, which is second only to Ancient Egyptian for his money. But his daughters hate the stuff. Here he helps Rosemary, a student at St. Angela's, with Latin. Mrs. F. and Alice at left.



The Fox girls prove to the old man he SIMPLY CAN'T spend any money on Ancient Egyptian literature. They haven't got a single thing—not a thing—to wear. What will boy friends think?

not with any great enthusiasm, and entered Bushwick High at the age of 18. Purely by chance, he signed up for Latin, and suffered a shock when he discovered that Latin wasn't just another educational chore — it was intoxicating and fascinating. Surprise followed surprise — before he was finished with Bushwick, he had discovered the incredible joys of Greek. He minored in that at the University of South Carolina, which he selected because he hates wearing an overcoat and down there you don't need one.

During one vacation he actually got paid for instructing a group of Baptist preachers in the Greek New Testament in the original. Never before or since has he gotten paid for the exquisite pleasure of submerging himself in that lovely language.

The Deathless Prose

He got his MA on the basis of an impressive thesis entitled "A Historical Study of Old English Weak Verbs." Unlike most theses, which we, personally, find dull going, this one seizes the reader's interest at the very beginning and carries him through spellbound to the last of the 55 tightly typed pages. Just to give you an idea, this is how it starts:

This thesis traces the development of Old English weak verbs from their formation by the suffixes -eyo, -o-y-a-, -o-, in Indo-European to their state in Old English.

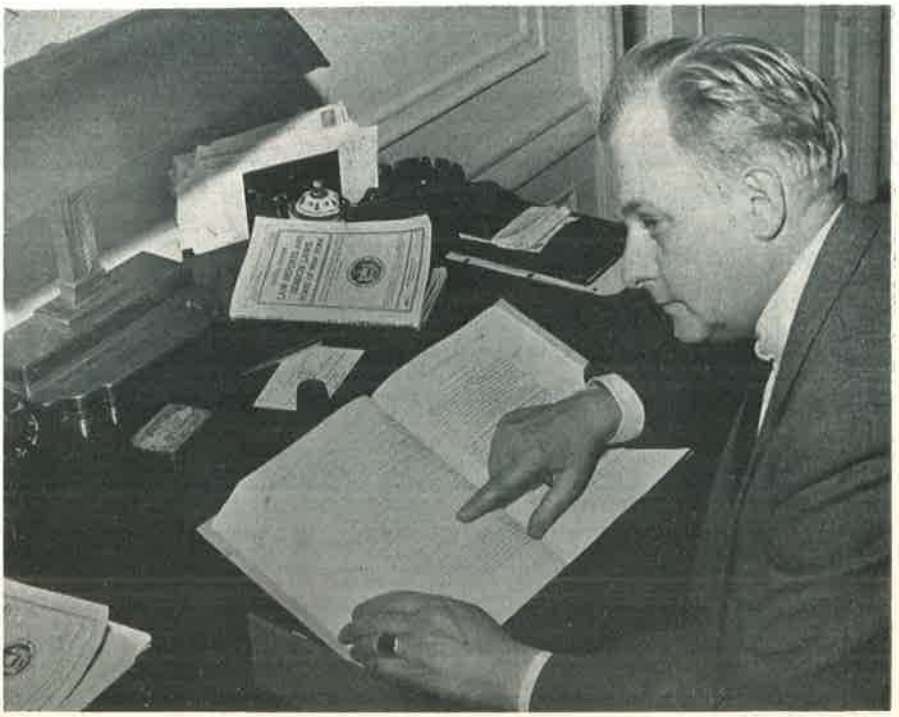
It is pointed out that through the agency of the strong verbs in — jan, that weak verbs are not to be distinguished by suffixes in the present or infinitive, but by their forms in the preterit tense.

The dental element of the weak preterit is traced back by means of comparisons of weak preterits, t-abstracts, and t-participles in the several Germanic dialects to an original t.

With the identity of the dental established, it is next demonstrated that the Gothic passive and the Greek present middle, on the one hand, and the Gothic strong preterit and Greek second perfect are cognate. Next the formations of the Gothic -dedum forms on the Sanskrit dual stem and of the West and North Germanic forms on the plural stem are demonstrated; then that the Germanic weak preterit and the Greek perfect middle are identical.

The formation of the Old English present and preterit forms is treated rather thoroughly.

Hieroglyphics Hound at Play



The Erudite Motorman at his favorite pasttime—reading Ancient Egyptian. He plans to use his pay increase to expand library.

Education Meant Nothing

On graduating he found his grasp of languages no help whatever in a depression-hounded city. But his experience as a motorman — now, that was something. In no time at all, on the basis of his extra-legal trolley experience, he was ringing up fares on the Steinway trolley lines. His heart was still in languages, however, and he married a girl named Alice Raleigh, whose extensive French vocabulary he still speaks of with reverent awe. They have two girls now, Alice, Jr., 17, a student at St. Angela's Hall, and Rosemary, 15, who is in Manual Training High. Neither of 'em gives a darn about Ancient Egyptian. They hate Latin.

He Discovers Blackstone

In 1938 he was appointed a conductor by the Board of Transportation, and became a motorman two and a half years later. While he was a motorman he served as a juror in Surrogate's Court. It was the first time he had ever seen lawyers performing, and the shock was akin to the shock of his first Latin lesson. In a flash — well, as flashy as those things can be — he was a law student at St. John's University, graduating at the head of the evening class in 1947. He was on the staff of St. John's Law Review for two years. He was admitted to the bar after passing both parts of the examination in one session. He practiced law on the side, in a small way. That, it seems was all right, but when Torts decided they'd like to have a lawyer who knew the ins-and-outs of motoring, and picked him, then it would have been all wrong for him to try a case. Since February 17, 1953, he has been conducting Examinations before Trial for TA, day in and day out, which was okay.

His Fault Entirely

If you really want to know why he couldn't actually represent TA in the actual trials of cases during the period he was also a motorman, we'll give you a tip. When you ask him, don't let him get off on the subject of Semitic languages. If you do, you won't find out any more than we did.



TA BIDS GOODBYE TO RETIRING EMPLOYES

(Figures in parentheses indicate number of years served.)

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
Joseph A. Frederickson, 165 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn 5 (35)
Martina A. Phillips, 157 East 81st Street, New York 28 (35)

AIRBRAKE MAINTAINER
Kazimier F. Prazmo, 160 First Avenue, New York 3 (38)
James J. Ware, 3329 Bruckner Blvd., New York 61 (28)

ASSISTANT COUNSEL
John F. Moore, 210 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn 5 (18)

ASSISTANT MECHANICAL ENGINEER
Edward J. Raab, 86-23 51st Avenue, Elmhurst, L. I. (27)

ASSISTANT SUPERVISOR (SURFACE TRACK)
David M. Connard, 1672 E. 38th Street, Brooklyn 10 (49)

ASSISTANT SUPERVISOR (VENT. & DRAIN.)
William J. Kehoe, 17 West 32nd Street, Hotel Aberdeen, Room 814, New York 1 (23)

ATTORNEY
Harold L. Warner, 855 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26 (41)

BUS MAINTAINER—GROUP B
Philip A. Colombo, 65-40 Parsons Blvd., Fresh Meadow 65, New York (5)

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Rufo D. Berenguer, 26-26 94th Street, Jackson Heights 69, New York (24)
Walter R. Decker, 4272 Victory Blvd., Castleton Corners, Staten Island 14 (13)
Dominick Maffia, 448 Clinton Street, Brooklyn 31 (18)
Henry Prolgow, 485 Vermont Street, Brooklyn 7 (26)



CAR INSPECTOR
Gilbert Brathwaite , 134 Macon Street, Brooklyn 16 (34)
Leon Guzowski, 741 E. 221st Street, Bronx 67 (37)
Samuel Harris, 2857 Sedgwick Avenue, New York 63 (27)
Andrew Kobylarski, 1438 44th Street, Brooklyn 19 (33)
Michael Pietrusiak, 1540 Leland Avenue, Bronx 60 (37)
Daniel P. Walsh, 304 St. Ann's Avenue, New York 54 (34)

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William Keeney, 334 81st Street, Brooklyn 9 (30)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP B)
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Vincent Riccio, 349 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn (25)
Julius Zolobkowski, 9 Sebree Place, Plainview, Long Island (27)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP C)
Ignatz Madak, 1515 Boston Road, Bronx 60 (27)
Antony Satkausky, 128 19th Street, Brooklyn 32 (30)

CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP E)
William Marquardt, 2509 Washington Avenue, Bronx 58 (26)



CAR MAINTAINER (GROUP F)
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Bartholomew Kiely, 472 E. 146th Street New York 55 (25)
Giuseppe Montagna, 1601 Anderson Avenue, Fort Lee, N. J. (28)

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CIVIL ENGINEER
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Joseph S. Harris, 200 East 18th Street, Brooklyn 26 (42)
Robert K. Taylor, 2725 Marion Avenue, Bronx 58 (26)

CLERK (GRADE 3)
Phillip Gatti, 1766—44th Street, Brooklyn 4 (38)

CLERK (GRADE 4)
Percy E. Heydt, 455 Bloomingdale Road, Pleasant Plains, Staten Island 9 (49)
Malcolm M. Southworth, 2527 Valentine Avenue, New York 58 (45)

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Louis Ciampa, 107-22 90th Street, Ozone Park 16, New York (41)
James P. Coughlin, 234 East Avenue, Valley Stream, Long Island (20)
Peter Curneen, 565 West 175th Street, New York 33 (31)
James Ertol, 375—42nd Street, Brooklyn 32 (36)
Frank Fimmano, 20 Village Court, Brooklyn 23 (29)
Bernard Flanagan, 312 E. 83rd Street, New York 21 (37)
Patrick J. Gormley, 219 West 106th Street, New York 25 (26)
Alex Grand, 8201 Bay Parkway, Brooklyn 14 (36)
Richard Hourigan, 1120 Woodycrest Avenue, Bronx 52 (38)
David Kapelner, 1471 Boston Road, New York 60 (37)
Alfred Kessel, 3010 Wilson Avenue, Bronx 67 (47)
Samuel Leon, 983 East Tremont Avenue, Bronx 60 (38)
Thomas J. McGuire, 530 Isham Street, New York 34, (18)
Patrick M. Murphy, 343 East 142nd Street, New York 54 (28)
Claudio Rattazzi, Box 144, Arlington Avenue, Wyndanch, Long Island (38)
Morris Reif, 578 Georgia Avenue, Brooklyn 7 (39)
Frederick Schagel, 154 Court Street, Brooklyn 2 (36)
Thomas J. Stack, 1174 Clay Avenue, Bronx 56 (41)
James Sullivan, 124 West 91st Street, New York 24 (16)
Fred Vitow, 164 Parkside Avenue, Brooklyn 26 (28)

FOREMAN (ELECTRICAL POWER)
Frederick Frohbesen, 510 17th Avenue S., St. Petersburg, Fla. 5 (38)

FOREMAN (POWER CABLES)
Frank F. Aberger, 103-11 91st Avenue, Ozone Park 18, New York (47)

FOREMAN (TRACK)
Nunzio Stori, 143 Terrace Place, Valley Stream, New York (37)

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Henry A. Schmidt, 2067 38th Street, Astoria 5, Long Island (21)



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James J. Fay, 1451 Cornell Place, Bronx 61 (45)
Robert Heaney, 405 East 159th Street, Bronx 56 (35)
John W. Hickey, 2650 Marion Avenue, Bronx 58 (45)
Thomas G. Hickey, 2050 East 27th Street, Brooklyn 29 (46)
Henry H. Lake, 118-51 226th Street, St. Albans 11, New York (22)
Peter J. McDonough, 6638 Saunders Street, Forest Hills, Long Island (44)
David I. Moclair, 1130 Woodycrest Avenue, Bronx 52 (22)
John Murray, 21-A Woodbine Street, Brooklyn 21 (34)
John A. O'Shea, 2229 E. 38th Street, Brooklyn 29 (46)
Joseph Sadlo, 73-38 72nd Street, Glendale 27, Long Island (47)
Frank Safran, 413—63rd Street, Brooklyn 20 (50)
Frank A. Sawicki, 64-38 79th Street, Middle Village, Long Island (35)
August F. Schmutz, 111-55 77th Avenue, Forest Hills, New York (25)
Frank G. Twing, 547 Grant Avenue, Brooklyn 8 (46)

MOTORMAN INSTRUCTOR
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POWER DISTRIBUTION MAINTAINER
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Richard Richmond, 831 Hunts Point Avenue, Bronx 59 (25)

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William Glutt, 3256—77th Street, Jackson Heights, Long Island (48)
Louis Loschin, 241 Irving Avenue, Brooklyn 27 (31)

POWER MAINTAINER (GROUP B)
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POWER MAINTAINER (GROUP C)
Jeremiah J. Bradshaw, 157 E. 95th Street, New York 28 (36)

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Catherine L. Freeman, 658—60th Street, Brooklyn 20 (19)
Sarah Gagne, 41-37 Denman Street, Elmhurst, Long Island (24)
Daniel Galvin, 343 E. 55th Street, New York 22 (27)
Daniel J. Lynch, 162 E. 19th Street, Brooklyn 26 (25)
Sadie McEneany, 546 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn 33 (21)
Louis Meyer, 6148 Woodbine Street, Brooklyn 27 (21)
Catherine Price, 3914 Avenue P Brooklyn 10 (25)
Edward T. Schmitt, 421 E. 157th Street, Bronx 51 (39)

RAILROAD PORTER
Richard A. Brown, 54 West 99th Street, New York 25 (44)
Charles Devonish, 906 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn 13 (32)

SENIOR CLERK
Gertrude M. Scanlan, 4547 Park Avenue, New York 35 (37)

STRUCTURE MAINTAINER (GROUP C)
Lucien Babcock, 149 Etna Street, Brooklyn 8 (35)

STRUCTURE MAINTAINER (GROUP D)
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SUPERVISING CLAIM EXAMINER
Samuel Goldner, 918 Sterling Place, Brooklyn 16 (49)



SUPERVISING CLERK
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SURFACE LINE OPERATOR
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William J. Dunn, 615—59th Street, Brooklyn 27 (39)
Edward J. Fischer, 113 Lockman Avenue, Staten Island 3 (8)
Milton F. Gilbert, 244 Sherman Street, Brooklyn 18 (38)
John Kirwan, 1228 Pacific Street, Brooklyn 16 (25)
Guiseppe Leggio, 1605 Putnam Avenue, Brooklyn 27 (37)
Curtis L. Lowrimore, 65-96—58th Avenue, Maspeth, Long Island (26)

Lawyers, Lawyers!

We didn't plan this issue that way at all. It was one of those coincidences —seemed that every time we turned a stone this month, looking for a TA personality, out sprang a counselor-at-law. The late Scotty Hartmann told us about Carl H. Madsen. There, he said, was a story Horatio Alger himself wouldn't have had the nerve to write. This Carl Madsen rose in twelve years from porter to station supervisor, from a cleaner of toilets to the highest job in his department, and a swell guy also. We agreed that was a good story, dashed up forthwith to see Mr. Madsen. In no time at all we discovered that Mr. Madsen was a lawyer, too. In fact, he'd gone through St. John's University with Kenneth Fox, graduated with him, was awfully glad to hear that Kenneth was now on the payroll as a lawyer, instead of a motorman. But there was a difference. Fox might be crazy about law, but Madsen isn't. Just got sick and tired of studying, studying, studying in colleges, decided he ought to study something or another definite, took up law and became a lawyer.

A Crusader at Heart

What Mr. Madsen would like to do, we discovered, is to fight a gallant fight for a good cause. He loves causes, good causes. Not that he's quarrelsome, or anything like that. The people under him say he's easy to get along with, and he has a soft, pleasant air of friendliness about him. But, show him a good cause, and he'll take a good gulp of his ulcer medicine and be off like a house afire.

He wasn't always this way. In Christenstead, in the Virgin Islands, where he was born, forty-six years ago, he was a pretty smug guy. When he was still a child, his father died. His mother brought him to the great, free land of opportunity, which he didn't find that way at all. "First time I heard the word—I remember going in and asking my mother what 'nigger' meant." He discovered that here he wasn't upper crust stuff at all.

He went to public schools in Rockville Center and Harlem, is firmly convinced that the Harlem of those days was far superior to today's. He went to De Witt Clinton High School then launched out as a radio mechanic, a job that died in the beginning of the depression. In September, 1932, he was appointed a porter for the IND. Porter-supervisor was the rather grand title then, to make up for the forty cents an hour pay.

He immediately made the discovery that, in those days, in the subway, a colored man didn't have a chance. It was his first real fight, and he loved it. "We knocked that discrimination on the head, ended it once and for all, in 1933 when we had John H. Delaney down to answer some questions before the Board of Alderman. When he left, there wasn't any discrimination—it was ended. Permanently." A lot of hard work had gone into the preparation for that hearing, and Madsen had played an important part in getting it done.

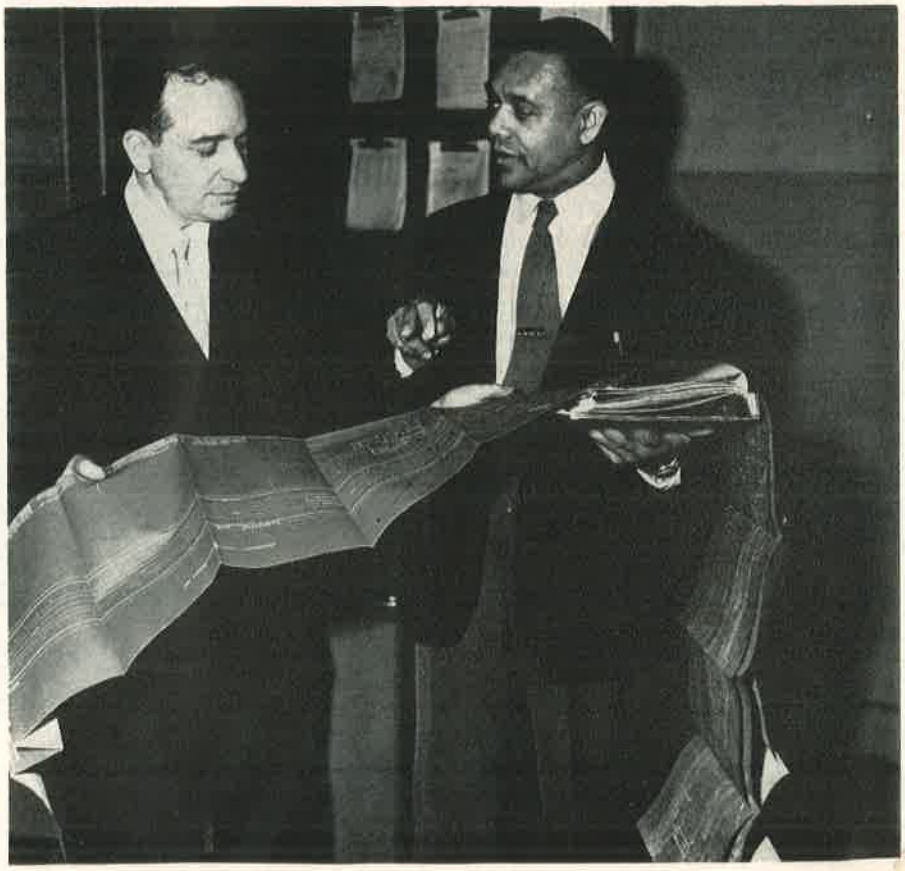
He hasn't stopped fighting since. When he lived in Harlem he fought furiously for better conditions there. Recently he moved to Queens, and he's going to fight on civic matters there. "Right now I'm learning about things in Queens. I want to know the right side to fight for." In between he's fought for the Virgin Islands before Congressional Committees. He thinks what this country has done, unwittingly, to the Islands, is a bit of a tragedy.

A Paradise Lost

"When I lived there, they carried a population of 30,000, mostly agrarian, and they were all fat. Look at these bits of Eden today. Today they have a population of 19,000. They have a thousand automobiles where there shouldn't be more than a hundred. They have pleasure-seeking millionaires taking over the land, squeezing the few natives into corners, teaching them new, but not good standards of living. Nobody works the land; the young fellows want to get easy jobs in town. It isn't good at all. They've got to import their food. A few millionaires look down from the heights at a few thousand, struggling to make both ends meet."

He has no plans of ever going back to the islands himself. He'd love to, but couldn't afford it, and couldn't stand what has happened to his birthplace. When he retires, he means to practice law—and fight. Oh, yes—fight.

Carl H. Madsen (right), who rose from porter to station supervisor, in 12 years, talks out problem with associate, Edward C. Buonsignore.



Birthday For the Bus: Doomsday for the Trolley

(*Continued from Page 6*)

he would be jampacked, squeezed, jostled and made thoroughly miserable.

The jitneurs, honest and worthy people, mostly, relieved this rush-hour crush, and thus could make out a case for themselves. Certainly none of them got rich. Many went out of business when their cars wore out.

No Law to Save Them

But many, too, saved the six or seven hundred dollars necessary to make the down payment on something new—the jitney bus. For the truck manufacturers, seeing a golden opportunity, were turning out trucks with passenger bus bodies. Not very comfortable, but cheap; and for a matter of a few hundred dollars a man could become a jitney line operator, picking his own route. In the three-quarters of a century since Mason laid iron rails in the street, a bookful of laws had been written regulating trolley cars to the teeth. But obviously nobody had written any laws on jitneys because nobody had heard of them before. The laws were written all right, but it took a long time to write them, argue, amend and amend and amend. And the jitneys mushroomed with incredible speed during the law-making. In some cities the number of jitneys exceeded the number of street cars. The trolley owner, pictured in the newspapers as a pot-bellied, silk-hatted rascal, trying to snatch an extra two cents from the workman's pocket, really had something to weep about in that period. He paid high taxes, his lines, where expensive underground conduit work was involved, had cost often in excess of two million dollars a mile. And here were these jitneys scuttling ahead of his cars—picking up his passengers. Excepting, of course, when there was heavy snow, in which case the jitney operators would wait for the company's workmen and plowing equipment to clear the passage for them. The well-paved roads which were all the jitney needed very often represented a terrific cost, too—but the jitneur hadn't built them. Furthermore, the municipality kept up the jitneur's road at no expense to him.

The "Save the nickel fare!" crusade, the inroads of jitneys, the rising costs, soon had the street railways selling rides, which cost them six, seven and eight cents, for a nickel. In that situation something had to snap. Something did. Street railways went bust all over the country.

The Decline Begins

In 1917 the street railways lost a little trackage, but carried a peak load. But the slide was beginning to gather momentum. In May, 1919, some sixty-two companies, operating 534 miles of track, were in receivership, sixty companies had dismantled and scrapped 534 miles of track. And the trend was just gathering momentum. During one 13-month stretch in 1919-20, 56 more companies, with 1908 miles of track, went into receivership. President Woodrow Wilson appointed a commission to study the collapse of what was then the backbone of urban transportation in America.

Things straightened out, of course. The jitneys were brought under control and forced to accept responsibilities the same as street railways. But the companies that did survive were in weakened condition. To survive at all they had put off maintenance, bought no replacements. They needed capital—and capital, after the debacle, just wasn't available. Too many people had already lost their shirts on the street railways now rusting and abandoned.

Sensational Step

In February, 1920, the Electric Railway Journal gently suggested to its readers that "there is a place for the motor bus in local transportation." At that time this was almost sensational, for motor bus suggested jitney, and the street railwayman, remembering those pirates scuttling ahead and making off with his passengers, hated the sight, sound and smell of the things. The hate wore off, but not quickly. He bought buses in the beginning generally because he was forced to, for lack of money to rehabilitate his costly track. The changeover, starting gradually, worked up speed. The 60 buses owned by street railways in 1920—and used chiefly to service outlying points too thinly populated for track—had grown to 21,000 in 1929.

Heroic Motorman Meets the Mayor



A blood-thirsty killer didn't get away with the senseless murder of an elderly nurse in an IRT train because Motorman John S. Hough was at the controls. Too late to succor the victim, the motorman left his post, pursued hulking youth up six stories of winding stairs at Clark St. station, caused his capture. Here Mayor Wagner hands him scroll for brave deed. Chairman Charles L. Patterson was there.

HEIRLOOM RECIPES

TRANSIT WILL PAY $5 FOR EACH RECIPE PUBLISHED



In the lumbering country of Maine, beef stew—known by a dozen local names—is a mighty dish. Nothing better if you plan to buck a couple of cords of wood before breakfast, or plow the south forty directly after lunch. All right for a desk job, too—providing you mean to go to bed and sleep for eight hours while it wears off. And, peculiarly, it isn't the beef that makes this northern stew a rib-sticker, or a weighter-downer. It's the salt pork, without which beef stew isn't beef stew in northern Maine. The pot is started with a half pound, maybe three-quarters or a full pound of salt pork, rendered before the beef and vegetables go in. The flavor is delicious, quite unlike the more citified beef stew, at which a State-of-Mainer would turn up his nose.

Mrs. George Yostpille, 2580 46th St., Astoria, sends a recipe though, which carries some of that peculiarly Maine beef-stew flavor, but without the knock-out caloric punch. She calls it baked stew. It's still hearty, but not frighteningly so.

BAKED STEW

- 2 lbs. of chuck beef
- 1 bunch of carrots
- 4 or 5 potatoes
- 5 slices of bacon or cooked ham
- 1 can condensed tomato soup
- 1 can tomato sauce

Put bacon or ham in bottom of large casserole dish. Next, meat cut up in 2 pieces, followed by carrots and potatoes cut in quarters. Then pour tomato soup undiluted over all, then tomato sauce. Cover casserole and bake in oven for 2 hours.

For a more conventional dessert, try Mrs. Ellis Sommers' cheese cake. Mrs. Sommers, who lives at 1176 Van Nest Ave., Bronx, makes it with a graham cracker crust, and we don't know of a finer embellishment to this rich dessert.



SPRING-PAN CHEESE CAKE

- 2 lbs. pot cheese
- 1 pint sour cream
- 6 eggs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon vanilla
- 2½ tablespoons flour
- 1 box graham crackers
- 1¾ cups sugar

Grease pan well. Use 8 or 10 graham crackers and grind them fine with a rolling pin. Then put them in the pan and roll the pan around so the crackers get around the whole pan.

Put pot cheese through ricer and add salt and sugar. Mix well, then add the yolks of the eggs and sour cream and vanilla. Beat the white of the eggs very well. Add flour, mix thoroughly, then pour into pan.

Bake one hour in 350° oven. Leave in oven after gas is out for one-half hour.

Rather complicated, we'll admit, but, as Mrs. N. Tesdesco writes, "I'm sure everyone will enjoy this delicious cake."

"This is a favorate dessert at our home," writes Mrs. Esther Berkowitz, 140-15 25th St., Rosedale, of her pineapple-stuffed apples. We notice she's got to fight off her children.

PINEAPPLE-STUFFED APPLES

- 4 baking apples
- 1 9-ounce can crushed pineapple
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup water
- 1 teaspon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg

Wash and core apples. Pare one-third way down, starting at stem end. Place in shallow baking dish, pared side up. Drain pineapple, reserving a quarter cup of juice. Spoon pineapple into cored centers. Boil juice with water, sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg for ten minutes, then pour over apples. Bake 45 minutes to an hour in 350 oven, basting often with syrup from pan. Serve warm, or with cream.



THE LOWDOWN ON RECLASSIFICATION

(This interpretation was prepared by Julius Friend, Nicholas De Fazio, Morris Bloom and Joseph D. Mastrarigo of the Classification Bureau.)

It's all over but the shouting — for some of our employes in the upper grades. The "Desk Audit" has been almost completed for those employes whose jobs had several "equivalencies" and whose salaries were "unlimited."

For the next step, the New York City Department of Personnel will use the questionnaires, organization charts and discussions held with each affected employe, to determine the proper classification for each position. This part of the job should be finished by July 1, 1956, and after these jobs are rated, a similar procedure will be followed some time in 1956 with all other positions in the Career and Salary Plan.

Relax? On Needles?

Of course, any upgraded title will be effective as of January 1, 1956 except for Engineers, whose upgraded classifications will be effective as of July 1954. Now, it's just a matter of sitting back and relaxing (while you're working, of course) and waiting for official word as to what level your job has been slotted. Then you'll see whether your job has been "fully appreciated" or not.

Remember, it's not *you* but your job. Your supervisor will still love you, regardless of the rating given you.

In any event, up or down, no one loses. Nobody's salary will be cut and every employe with a standard service rating will receive salary requirements.

As a matter of fact, by January 1, 1956, all employes should be receiving their new salaries — every effort is being made to meet this deadline — and the supplementary checks for the July 1955-January 1956 period should be in your hands in April 1956.

As you know, the Career and Salary Plan is not a cure-all for everything that ails employes in Civil Service. It will not give you a cute, young private secretary, if you don't already have one. It will not give you an intelligent, fearless, understanding supervisor—if you don't already have one; it will not give you a thousand other things you would like to have.

But, it is a tremendous step forward for all employes in Civil Service. It is the first real attempt to correct some of the many abuses which have crept into the merit system over the past 30 years and have been irritating and frustrating Civil Service employes. After all, the whole study was due to the many complaints of employes, unions, civic groups and the City itself and is the result of joint effort and numerous hearings. Also, it is a million times better than the late, unlamented Griffenhagen Study. (May *that* rest in peace!)

It's Got To Be Better

The Transit Authority wholeheartedly accepted the Plan because it felt that such a plan would benefit the transit employes (in other than Part 39) and the Authority by providing better salaries and better job relationships.

The Classification Bureau was established to administer the Classification program and to inform all employes in these matters. It is staffed with employes who have administrative and personnel education and experience and is temporarily located in Room 610—Phone Ext. B-4706 or B-4707. This Bureau will continue to give instruction to all employes required to fill out questionnaires and is available to answer all classification questions.

Of course, some employes feel that they have not benefitted as much as others. Some employes, too, feel that the salary rates could have and should have been higher; that career opportunities are still limited; that nothing has been done or said about "out-of title" work; etc. Some of the gripes are legitimate. In time the Plan will undoubtedly correct them.

A Court of Last Resort

For example — employes were disturbed by the absence of appeals machinery in the Career and Salary Plan. That's been corrected now. Employes who feel that they were not treated properly can appeal their classification —and the Authority's Classification Bureau will explain the appeal procedure and help them wherever possible.

All employes in other than Part 39 will be required to fill out position classification questionnaires eventually and will have their jobs "desk audited" too. It's just a matter of time.

Of course, the ultimate goal of the Career and Salary Plan, "equal pay for equal work," will be achieved — and then we may all get what we deserve.

(Continued from Page 3)



On Wednesday, Dec. 14, I suddenly became very ill at the office about 1 p.m. My associates, knowing I have a cardiac history, led me down to the Medical Clinic where I was immediately taken in tow by Dr. Jacob Oberman. I was overwhelmed with medical care and attention. Dr. Oberman went to work on me, instantly. In seconds, I was examined. In minutes, a cardiogram was taken, which showed I had to be hospitalized.

While waiting for the ambulance, Dr. Oberman told an associate: "He is not President Eisenhower. He'll not walk to the ambulance — he'll be carried to it."

Now, recuperating at home, I cannot forget the completely effective, very efficient and very considerate and kind treatment I received at the hands of Dr. Jacob Oberman and the staff of the Clinic.

JOSHUA B. STEINSAPIR,
C. E. Designs Division



From the Land of Sunshine

Just a line to express my appreciation of my pension; because of which I am able to enjoy my golden years!

MORRIS SCHULTZ
820 Meridan Avenue
Miami Beach, Florida



No matter how hot, cold or miserable the weather, he was always there in the morning at the IND Church St. station, with his cheery good morning and pleasant smile. It was really a pleasure to see him there, and everyone who passed, through the gate on his way to work felt better after seeing him. Daniel J. Lynch, RR clerk, is now retired after many years of service with the subway system and we two TA employes now take this opportunity to wish him many years of good health and happiness.

JEAN JULIAN AND SUE POWELL
Personnel Office

the BRASS HORN

WE'RE giving the Brass Horn an extra-loud toot this month. It seems TA employes are doing an extra good job of public relations. A newspaperman friend of ours pointed it up for us.

He was telling us how, at 96th Street, on the West Side. he saw a Conductor hop from his perch, dart out to the platform, and return, guiding a blind customer. He was touched; he said the sixty or so passengers in the car were impressed.

"You know," he said, thoughtfully; "that didn't make one friend for TA—It made sixty! For to those passengers, that Conductor was the TA. The real TA. Not you three members of the Authority sitting in your office at Jay Street. They'll never meet you, maybe never read your statements, or wade through your plans. You're a thousand miles away from them. As a matter of fact, there is nothing the three of you could do in a week to win as many friends as that Conductor did in a second."

He's right, of course.

There are many other signs, not enough to make our heads swell, but indicative of progress. A letter commends Pat Behan, an IRT Conductor, who helped a shaky old man off the train at 14th Street. George L. Tenncavage, a Surface Line Operator, brought us our kindest gripe from a customer. Mrs. Herman Greenberg, of 1089 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, sat down and wrote a letter starting, indignantly, "Everybody is always complaining about how grouchy most bus drivers are. . . ." And went on to tell how her experience with the courteous Mr. Tenncavage left her "with an inner glow." A gripe against gripers—may they increase a thousand-fold!

That's All Your Doing

For these sure and steady signs of more friends, the credit is yours. Although we've had the coldest winter in years, there have been fewer breakdowns. The maintenance crews did that. And good operation and maintenance — that's TA to the public. Let a breakdown occur because some crew was less than perfect, let a couple of thousand passengers be delayed on a train, or a bus fail to complete its run — and upon that the riders will blame the TA. Let a Towerman or a Motorman make a mistake and an Eighth Avenue train go down Sixth Avenue — and it will be proved to a thousand passengers that TA runs a stupid road. Let a tired Bus Driver snap at a customer, and every passenger in that bus knows that TA is rude and discourteous. Because to them the Bus Drivers and the Motormen and the Conductors and the Porters and the Railroad Clerks, and all the others they see — are the real TA.

There are other signs of improvement that the public doesn't see, and while we must serve the public well to stay in business, we also work for the satisfaction of doing a good job. Car Maintenance Department Foremen in a conference, distilling scores of years of experience came up with several suggestions, including a door part, redesigned through cooperative efforts of supervision, that made possible reduction of service delays and accidents to passengers. During the 1955 fiscal year, the frequency rate of employe lost-time accidents was nearly 5% lower than in 1954. A cold figure, this percentage reduction, but it means that 29 fewer men had accidents serious enough to cause them to lose time. You can't turn that into a percentage reduction in grief, but it's substantial. Since August, 196 employees have sent in suggestions for improving our equipment, methods or procedures, and about 20 have been accepted, with cash awards to follow.

Courtesy Means Money in the Bank

We said we were going to give an extra big toot of The Brass Horn this month. It isn't just because the appreciative letters are increasing, because efficiency is growing. It's because courtesy and efficiency are paying off. Based on past records, we estimated a 3.08 per cent loss in passenger revenue for this year. Actually, for the first six months, ended December 31, 1955, the loss was 2.57%. It's still a loss, but less than expected, and we hope it is the beginning of the climb back.

So here goes.

TOOT!

That's for you.

Charles L. Patterson

Vincent Quintayne

Joseph E. O'Grady



THE BIGGEST MAN IN TA TODAY

Railroad Clerk Alfred S. Coleman's little boy, Alfred Jr., joined his father in the BMT Division last month, and in a flash was at the very top of the subway empire. Six feet, ten, in his stockings, Alfred is just under seven feet with shoes on. He finds it a big help, since he can see over heads from one end of platform to the other. Alfred wonders, but doesn't know, whether some ancestors came from the Watusi tribe, in which seven-footers are common. His dad's 6' 3" and Coleman men less than six feet are unknown.

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