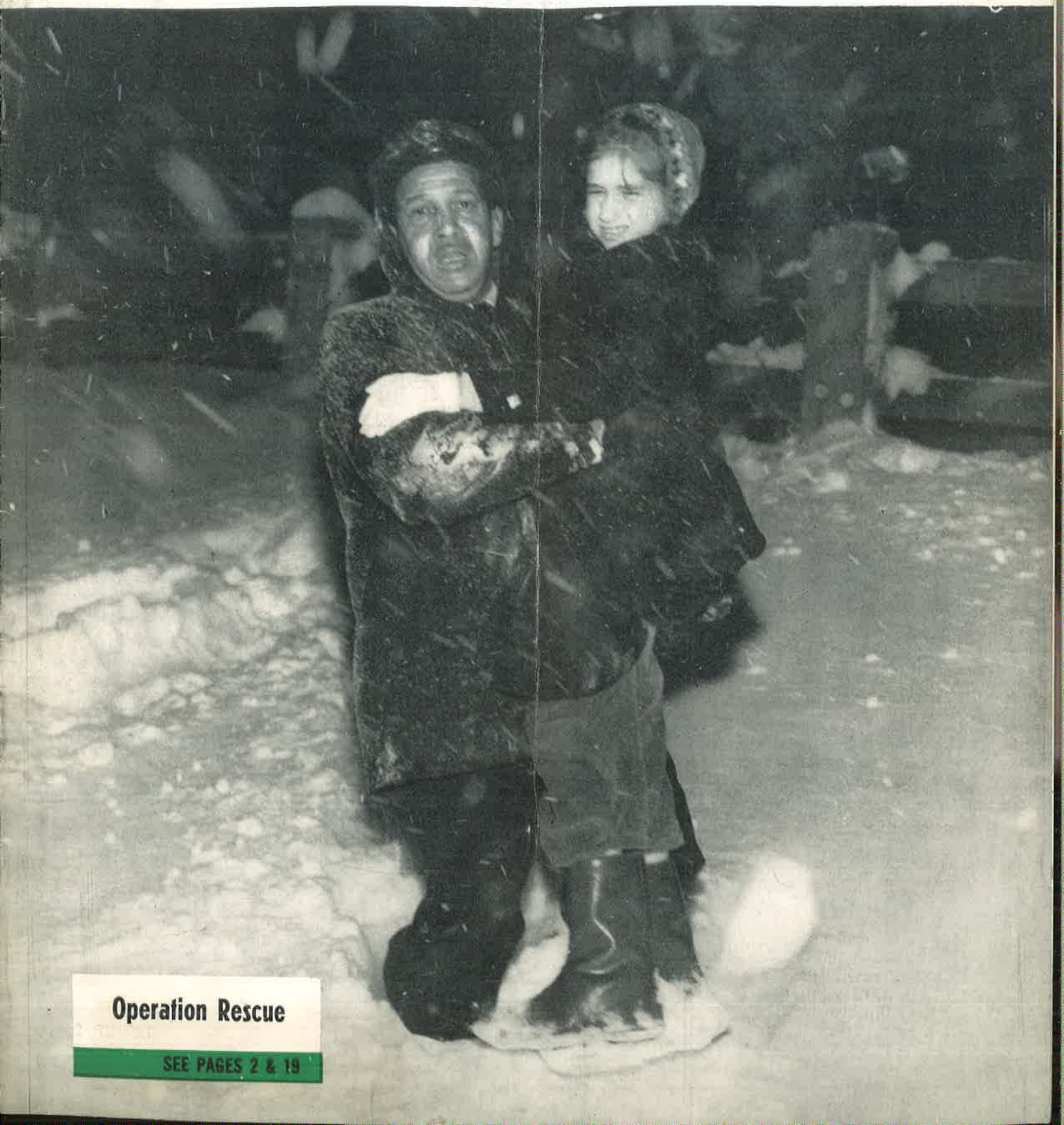
Transit

NEW YORK • MARCH 1956



Operation Rescue

SEE PAGES 2 & 19

Transit

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

LEO CASEY
EDITOR

VOLUME 2, NO. 5

March 1956

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

From The Editor's Desk



A number of employes have taken to the air waves lately . . . Among them, Trainmaster Anthony Stefenac; Transit Police Sergeant Francis Sullivan; Dispatcher Irving Merkel; Chairman Charles L. Patterson; Conductors Leon Menahem, Newton E. Cooke and Arthur Donochod; Car Inspector Thomas C. Quigley; Station Supervisor Eugene Schwartz and Trackman William Corrigan. Chairman Patterson broadcast over Frank Singiser's Sunday show on WOR. The other men over Bill Cullen's morning show, "Pulse" on WRCA. In the photo above are (l to r) Messrs. Quigley, Menahem and Donochod. Trainmaster Walter K. Barnes is holding microphone. We got a lot of nice letters and phone calls saying they all sounded like professionals . . . Cullen praised the TA for its job during the storm, while Singiser noted the splendid progress since the present Authority took office . . . See The Brass Horn (Page 19) on the big snow of March 19. Nothing illustrates better the fine job done than the striking cover picture of Surface Dispatcher Profit Bailey in "Operation Rescue." Photo below shows Bus Operator Frank Fezza (boy in arms) and Dispatcher Lester Spevens aiding a woman passenger. . . . Letters appearing in "As Others See Us" show the stepped-up interest the general public is taking in the way we are doing our jobs . . . makes us feel good.

(This photo and front cover by Long Island Press)



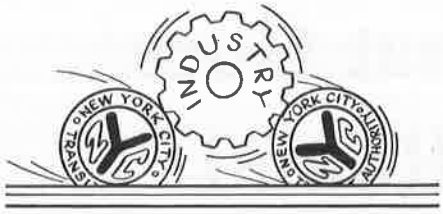
AS OTHERS   SEE US



Storm Echos

May I take this opportunity to congratulate the Transit Authority on the magnificent job they did of carrying on as nearly on schedule as it was humanly possible, during the 2-day blizzard of '56. It enabled thousands of people to get to their offices who otherwise would have been stranded.

IRENE WARSCHAUER
Concourse Plaza Hotel
Bronx, N. Y.



TA Helps Industry

With our city pretty well bogged down by the snow storm, it was very gratifying to see the local subway lines operating in wonderful condition. In fact, if it had not been for this fine service the wheels of industrial progress in our town would certainly have come to a complete halt. Your boys deserve a great deal of credit for the fine manner in which they operated under trying conditions.

JOHN E. MCKEEN, PRESIDENT
Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Let me say "Thank you" for the careful driving and courtesy of one of your drivers on the R-107 (Forest Avenue), Staten Island, run on Monday, March 19th, the morning of the blizzard. I think the number of the bus was either 4738 or 4638, but it left the St. George Ferry Terminal shortly after 6:45 A.M. The driver worked under extremely difficult conditions. The same comments about courtesy should apply to the starter at the ferry terminal at that time.

ROSEMARY BOWER
141 St. Mark's Place
Staten Island, N.Y.

He's Proud of Us

Last Monday (March 12) I was made very proud of the fact that I am a resident of this city. Three of your employes deported themselves with such courtesy and honesty that I feel it my duty to relate the facts.

Mr. Frederik Gorthon, of Stockholm, Sweden, a rare visitor to these shores, told me the story. He said that he had gone into the Broadway-Seventh Ave., subway station at Wall and William St. and purchased a token, giving the attendant what he thought to be a dollar bill. However, the attendant gave him change of $5, which Mr. Gorthon said was incorrect as he had only given him a dollar. The attendant said he was sure that he had given him $5 and Mr. Gorthon stated he was equally sure that he had given him a dollar. The attendant suggested that Mr. Gorthon return to the booth at about 6 P.M. when an audit of the day's receipts would be taken there. However, Mr. Gorthon paid little attention to it until he had an opportunity to take an audit of his own receipts and disbursements during the day and discovered to his amazement that the attendant was correct. We visited the booth to see how the attendant made out in his check-up.

The original attendant was not there but the booth was occupied by two men who stated they had heard of the matter and as soon as they completed their count they could say which of the two was right. Soon both men came out of the booth and reported in a very pleasing way that they had discovered an overage of $4 which, under the circumstances, they felt belonged to Mr. Gorthon.

He signed a receipt and accepted the $4. I asked the names of the two men and also the name of the original attendant, Messrs. John J. Maher and Philip Goodman who made the count, and Mr. Lionel C. Bostick, the original attendant.



Mr. Gorthon is a very distinguished citizen of Sweden and a Papal Chamberlain, being a member of the Pope's household, expressed the greatest admiration for the honesty and courtesy of those three men who had not the slightest inkling of his identity. He doubted, he said, if he would have a similar experience anywhere else. He asked me to express his appreciation to them and extend his compliments to the Transit Authority, their employers.

JAMES H. TULLY
25 Broad Street
New York, N.Y.



Thanks to a little publicity in Transit last year we now have a full-fledged "TA Softball League," which goes into operation the first week in May. If you can muster up a crew, get in touch with the undersigned, because team managers will be meeting again before the season opens to make provisions for additional teams. Existing teams are always on the lookout for good individuals, in case your particular branch doesn't have enough enthusiasts to get up a full team. Some existing teams and their manager are 207th St. "Truck Shop", John McDermott; 148th St.," IRT", Willie Grimes; 110th St. "IRT Cable", J. Gaetjens; Livonia St. "Stars," Bob Ernest; Queens "Rockets," J. J. Manfro; and Jay St. Bombers, Dave England.

DAVE ENGLAND
370 Jay St.
ULster 2-5000, Ext 4191



Faraway Places

Would it be possible for me to obtain about a dozen copies of the SUBWAY SUN which conveys the thought that one may not be able to go to Heaven, but can live in New York? That one is the brightest SUBWAY SUN in quite a while and as a native New Yorker I love it. I want to send it to friends who are eating their hearts out in faraway places.

ALBERT J. FRANCK
P.O. Box 171
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

(Continued on Page 18)





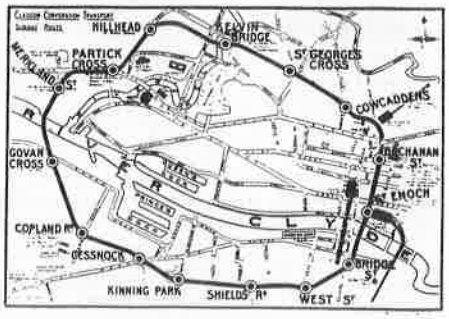
The Subway That Goes 'Round and 'Round

Glasgow's subway—"Underground," the native calls it — strikes the whimsical New Yorker as the epitome of all the Scotch jokes he ever heard. It was built small to save money; the parallel endless tubes forming a complete circle around the city's business section are only eleven feet in diameter. To fit the undersized tubes, the cars are built so low that a customer would crack his head on the ceiling if he tried to stand where the seats are located. Full headroom occurs only in the center of the cars. Since the trains go around and around, one side is forever unseen. That side is painted a dull, unattractive red. It is only the side which the customer sees that is painted a brave scarlet and cream, with gilt lettering. The saving on track switches was exactly 100 per cent, since none are needed. The thrifty designers didn't do quite so well on doors. Two had to be put in on the platform side of each. Still, a fifty per cent savings is better than nothing. Only one side needs signal lights, and only two bunched together are used.

No Feather-bedding

The amused New Yorker notes that the operators of this pioneer among the world's subways are no more profligate than their forebears. A motorman's time is not squandered in idleness while the train is halted at stations to pick up and discharge passengers. At such times the motorman becomes a ticket collector. Nor is the forward compartment wasted in providing the motorman with expensive exclusivity. The passengers pass out that way from the forward car, surrendering tickets as they go. The conductor gets those who leave from the rear car.

Actually, the Scotch-joke business is much more superficial than real. Glasgow laid out its subways a dozen years before New York got around to it and many of its faults are the same faults which developed in the original New York subway, magnified by the fact that in those dozen years early rapid transit systems throughout the world were showing up all the mistakes of



the pioneers. Ten years after Glasgow was at work, lining its little tunnels with iron segments, subway promoters in New York were still talking — and sincerely — of a seat for every passenger.

Glasgow engineers considered that they were looking into the distant future when they laid out subway stations designed to handle two-car trains, should traffic ever warrant such extensive facilities. Based on the glowing reports of the success of cable-car operation in New York, they passed up the new-fangled electric-powered cars and designed cable cars. The platforms were wide enough to handle nearly fifty people at a time, without too severe crowding.

The terrific rush hour demand that was to follow such rapid transit facilities caught the Glasgow subway people even less prepared than the operators of New York's first subway. Thus today, at rush hours, at such busy stations as St. Enoch's, customers form queues extending for rods from the ticket offices through the streets. Admission to the station is rationed, to avoid such jams as to cause passengers being pushed off the platforms.

The length of these queues dwarfs the worst of the bus "conga lines" of Queens, which, a year or so ago, brought great wrath down on the TA of the time. But the Glaswegians accept them with no fuss whatever. The whimsical New Yorker will arrive at the conclusion that the Glaswegian doesn't mind waiting a bit for a whopping big bargain. The Glasgow subway will take you across the Clyde — under which it dips twice—for 1 pence, roughly an American penny. For a ride of intermediate distance, the fare is 3 hapence. If you want to throw your money away and ride the full six-and-a-half-mile circle back to the starting point, that'll cost you two cents, or tuppence, brother.

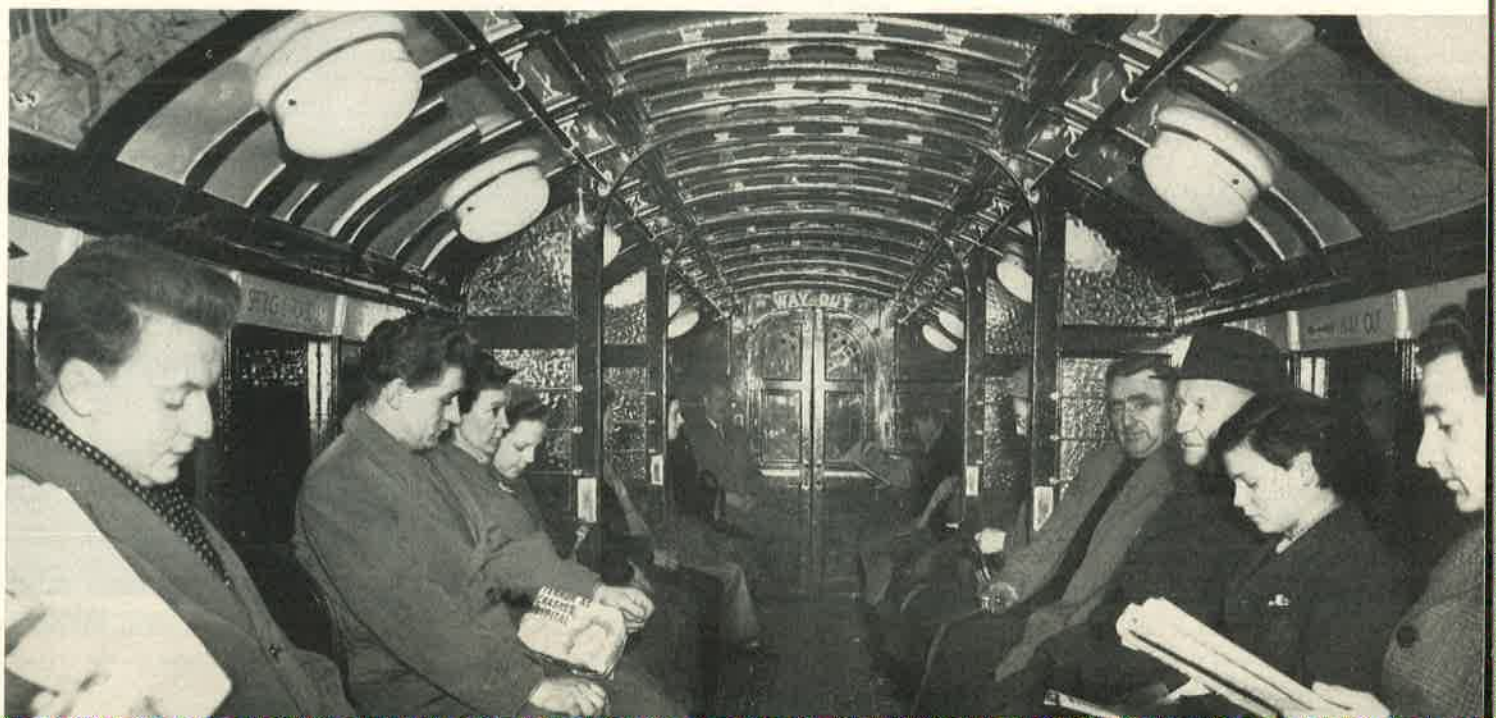
Going deeper than the whimsical, American transit men who've been there, have a tremendous admiration for the Scotch line. Herman Rinke, a past president of the Electric Railroaders Association, who spent a recent vacation looking it over, and who provided much of the first hand information here, said, "In a lot of things, they could give us lessons." The little trains rattle briskly along on short headways, the cleanliness — in an old world city noted for its soot — is remarkable in a subway which was gloomy when new. No provision was made for running cars out into yards when construction was begun in 1891. Instead, at one point, an open pit was made over the tunnels, which run from seven to 155 feet below the surface. At this point a crane hauls up a disabled car, or one due for an overhaul. Today a disabled car can be detached at this point, hauled up, a reserve car lowered and attached, all in six minutes.

Things were not always so good. The cable operation proved terribly expensive and the private company ran into financial difficulty and closed down in 1922. The City then took it over, driving—naturally—a murderous bargain with the embarrassed owners, paying only a quarter of the original cost. Fresh paint began to brighten things up a bit. In 1934 the Glasgow Corporation decided to electrify. There was no room for a conventional third rail — indeed, there wasn't room for a trackman to stand against the wall to let a train pass, manholes being provided for this. The gauge was 8½ inches less than standard, too. Nevertheless, engineers devised an offset third rail. The venerable cable cars weren't junked; they were fitted with little 60 h. p. motors, some gear being installed in yestibule space, and run today, showing a bright face.



Fanciest of Glasgow's stations is St. Enoch's.

Victorian is the word for decor of ex-cable cars.
Scotch thrift caused lack of headroom over seats.





Greek invented semaphore about 2,000 B.C. Romans borrowed idea.

The Signals We Ride By

The First 4,000 Years in the Romance of Railroad Signalling

About 4,000 years ago a clever Greek mounted a movable arm on a wooden mast on a hill. By moving the arm to one of the several positions he was able to send simple messages to neighbors a mile away. Necessarily the messages were limited to the number of clearly visible positions, but he could call help; he could let his neighbors know all was well, and such simple things. Thus it was at least thirty-six centuries before the first horse-drawn railway was invented that railway signalling began. For the semaphore, greatly changed, using colors of lights instead of wooden arms — which would be invisible at night—that is the backbone of today's railroad signalling. The name of the Greek is lost, but Polybius, writing in 1884 BC, mentions that semaphore is two Greek terms — "a sign" and "to bear" — contracted to one.

A Good Theft

The Romans, who lifted a good idea where they found it, discovered it was useful to convey information. Since they used it for military purposes, they were probably the first to use it for traffic control. In time it spread throughout Europe, refined and improved by every group which used it. It was the earliest European telegraph. Telegraph lines spread over countries. At first semaphores were a mile apart. Later, with the availability of telescopes, they were set three miles apart — a tremendous man-power saving, for each semaphore had to have its operator, a man with strong arms, since the number of changes of position to spell out a single word involved a great deal of labor.

The need for railroad signalling in America became evident about 1830. Horses were being discarded right and left. Railroads were acquiring steam locomotives. The locomotives brought tremendous speed — as much as fifteen miles an hour, but they also brought danger. Progressive-minded railroads maintained gangs of roustabouts at stations, who seized a train as it approached and dragged it to a stop by sheer strength at the station, or, at least, within walking distance of it. These monsters did not heed a cry of "whoa!" And, after the power was shut off, they rolled great distances. The human brakes and no signalling were all right until some prosperous railroads acquired two, or even three locomotives and operated several trains simultaneously on the single-track systems. The roustabouts weren't available between stations to stop the trains and accidents began to happen. Train schedules were in use which should have made it possible for trains to meet at predetermined points, where a second track was available for passing. But the schedules didn't mean much. Aside from the common breakdown, the farmers, in many localities, had the right — and strongly defended it — to use the railways to haul their produce to town in wagons fitted with flanged wheels. Thus many an engineer, whose schedule called for a twelve-mile speed, crept slowly behind a wagonload of turnips drawn at two or three miles an hour by a pair of weary farm-plugs.

Peach-basket Signalling

The first signalling in America was on the New Castle and Frenchtown R.R., which ran seventeen miles through Delaware and Maryland from the Chesapeake Bay to the Delaware, an important rail link for steamship routes. Wooden masts, thirty feet high, were built three miles apart. From them was suspended an inverted peach basket — this was peach orchard country. The baskets were covered with white or black cloth. When the train left the terminal, the white-covered peach basket was hoisted to the top of the mast. Three miles away, at the next tower, a man saw the signal through a marine spyglass, hoisted the white signal to the top of his mast, and so on. Thus, in a manner of minutes, the other terminal was apprised that a train was coming through. The white basket, at half mast at a station, told the engineer to stop for passengers or freight. The basket was raised at each station to the top of the mast as the train went through, lowered immediately after it passed to the bottom of the mast, in which position it meant "Stop!" If a train was disabled and could not proceed, a black basket was hoisted to the top of the mast to spread the word. In some form or another the "ball-and-mast" system of signalling, as it became known, still exists in various parts of the country.



Signalling in America sprang from trains meeting on single-track lines. Hot-headed engineers were ordered to let conductors settle dispute.

It was the beginning of railroad signalling, but an awfully slow beginning. There was no rush by other railroads to take up the business of letting engineers know where other trains on the lines were. Indeed, twenty-five years later, the Tallahassee, Pensacola & Georgia was dealing with the problems of trains confronting each other between stations by writing a rule that, in such case, "the dispute as to which shall retire shall be settled by the Conductors, without interference on the part of the engineers." The locomotive engineers were hot-headed prima donnas in those days, not to be trusted with diplomatic negotiations. Even so, the issue of which train was to back up to the nearest siding was not always settled by peaceable debate.

For Safety Only

Oddly, in America, the saving of manpower by the use of signalling never entered the picture at all. In England, which was greatly ahead of this country in signalling — the railroads were shorter, the traffic heavier — there were a few voices raised in pointing out that signalling could reduce the use of hired men. But here safety was the only issue. Railroads which could buy a gang of slaves to serve as brakes weren't at all concerned about conserving manpower. They were worried chiefly about the killing off of so many paying passengers in wrecks. Also long lists of casualties discouraged people from riding new locomotive-hauled trains. Thus to keep one man on the payroll to hoist a ball, or a flag, or show a colored light, or a disc — the semaphore had assumed many forms by now — was accepted casually. Looking back today — from the smug seat of hindsight — this seems incredible. For the TA today has more than a million electric contacts doing the work of semaphoring. It has 1,200 men who do nothing but serve the mechanical wants of these relays.

The Old Way and the New

To make certain TA trains don't meet, as at top of page, William Hochstaetter (right), acting superintendent of Signals & Lights, works out a plan with aides Dan Readyoff (left) and James Goudreau.



The Block Signal

In 1863, the block system was born in this country. England had one, previously, but in those days there was no free dissemination of information. Indeed, it is remarkable that railroad thinking in America developed so closely along British lines without any means of interchange of thought. In arriving at the block system, America went its parent country one better. It grasped that if things went wrong, the



In 1832 the first American railroad introduced signalling. A peach basket is lowered indicating a train has just passed. Next towerman, three miles away, relays "train coming!"



Trains began running during nighttime. Semaphores thus had to be lighted to serve. Kerosene lamps illuminated colored glass disks. White originally said "All Clear!," a bad error.



Railroaders seized upon telegraph to lengthen blocks, warn towermen ahead and behind. Trains could thus run when rain or such obscured visibility so that even telescopes were useless.

signal would show danger ahead, not safety.

Telegraphy Arrives

In 1863, Ashbel Welch, chief engineer of the United New Jersey Canal and Railroad Companies — canal companies were beginning to poke into this railroad business — divided the track between Trenton, N. J., and Philadelphia, into sections, or blocks, about six miles apart. At each section border a building housed a crew and a simple telegraph apparatus. As a train passed, the telegrapher wired ahead that it was on its way, and an illuminated signal closed the track to all trains behind that one, until the telegrapher ahead flashed back word that the train had passed his point, at which time the track would be opened for another train. The signal was manually operated, but "otherwise fool-proof." It eliminated the danger that two trains could be on the same section of track at the same time and even rear-end collisions could be avoided. The telegraphers are gone now, the wageless electric contact takes their place, more alertly, but the basic principle hasn't changed much. An IRT train, or any of the others, cannot enter a section of track occupied by another train.

Now Automation

The semaphore, as invented by the Greek four thousand years ago, had its griefs when automation came into being. Men had their failings; they got sleepy and didn't hear the click of a telegraph key; they got tight and showed the wrong signals. To get around that problem, the pedestrian signal man was eliminated. A train entering a block smacked against an obstruction which immediately turned the signal behind it to "Danger!" It rushed on and at the next block smacked against an obstruction, rod or lever or arm, which did the same, and, in addition, turned the signal at the previous block to "Proceed." The semaphore worked fine in the South. It worked fine in the North, in Summer. But in Winter, sleet drove into the works and the all-clear locked in ice.

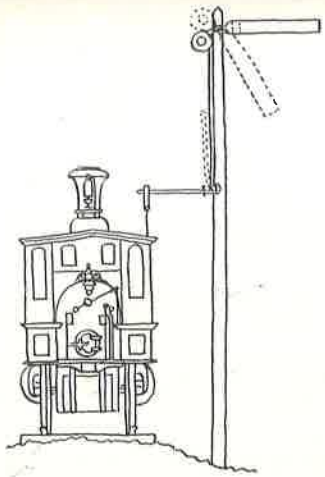
The Light Shines

The lighted semaphore — some railroads now were running through tunnels, and there was talk of subways — was even worse. In 1841 an international committee of railway men met in Birmingham, England, and decided to settle the light question once and for all. They declared that a white light meant "Full speed ahead," red meant "Stop!" and green meant "Proceed cautiously." All over the world railroads changed to this design. All over the world trains crashed and a lot of people were killed.

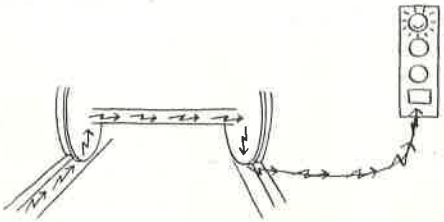
The theory was sound. A white light had many times the carrying capacity of red or green or blue. But the crashes promptly pinpointed two things: If the red glass disc was smashed by any means, the "danger" bulb showed white and beckoned to disaster. If the signal wasn't working at all, the engineer would glimpse any white light — a farmer's lantern, a street light — and charge ahead to a crash. Like many another railroad device, the green for safety emerged from a bath of blood. Red remains a signal for danger. Yellow became the sign of caution.

From Blood—Safety

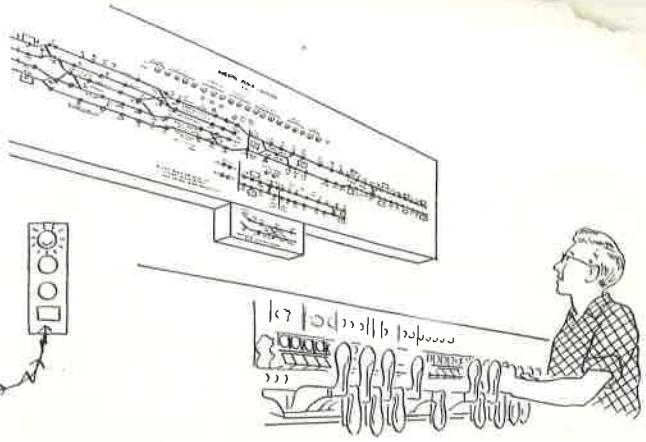
It was the blood that spilled in wrecks that caused Dr. William Robinson, a long time before he became a doctor, to become a dedicated man. Horrified by a couple of accidents, he set out to devise a system that would end railroad crashes once and for all. In 1869 he constructed, and showed in New York a year later, an "open circuit" system of block control. He conceived that the signals should not be dependent on human control; they should be actuated by every pair of wheels entering a block, or section. The only way this could be done, as he saw it, and as we see it today, is by having electric current pass from up one track, through the wheels on that side, through the car axle, through the other wheel, and, by that flow of current, actuating the signal ahead and behind. He didn't like it; he attacked details of it himself immediately. But, polished and refined, this passing of current from track to wheel to axle to wheel, to track, or the breaking of that current, is what actuates the signals of today. That's where the million contacts come in.



First automatic signalling device was a projecting arm on locomotive, which struck a lever, moving the semaphore to "Danger!" First devices, though faulty were safer than manual.



Using electric current, flowing from one track to wheel, to axel, to opposite wheel, to track, to actuate signals, sounds complicated. But actually it is basis of today's "fail-proof" type.

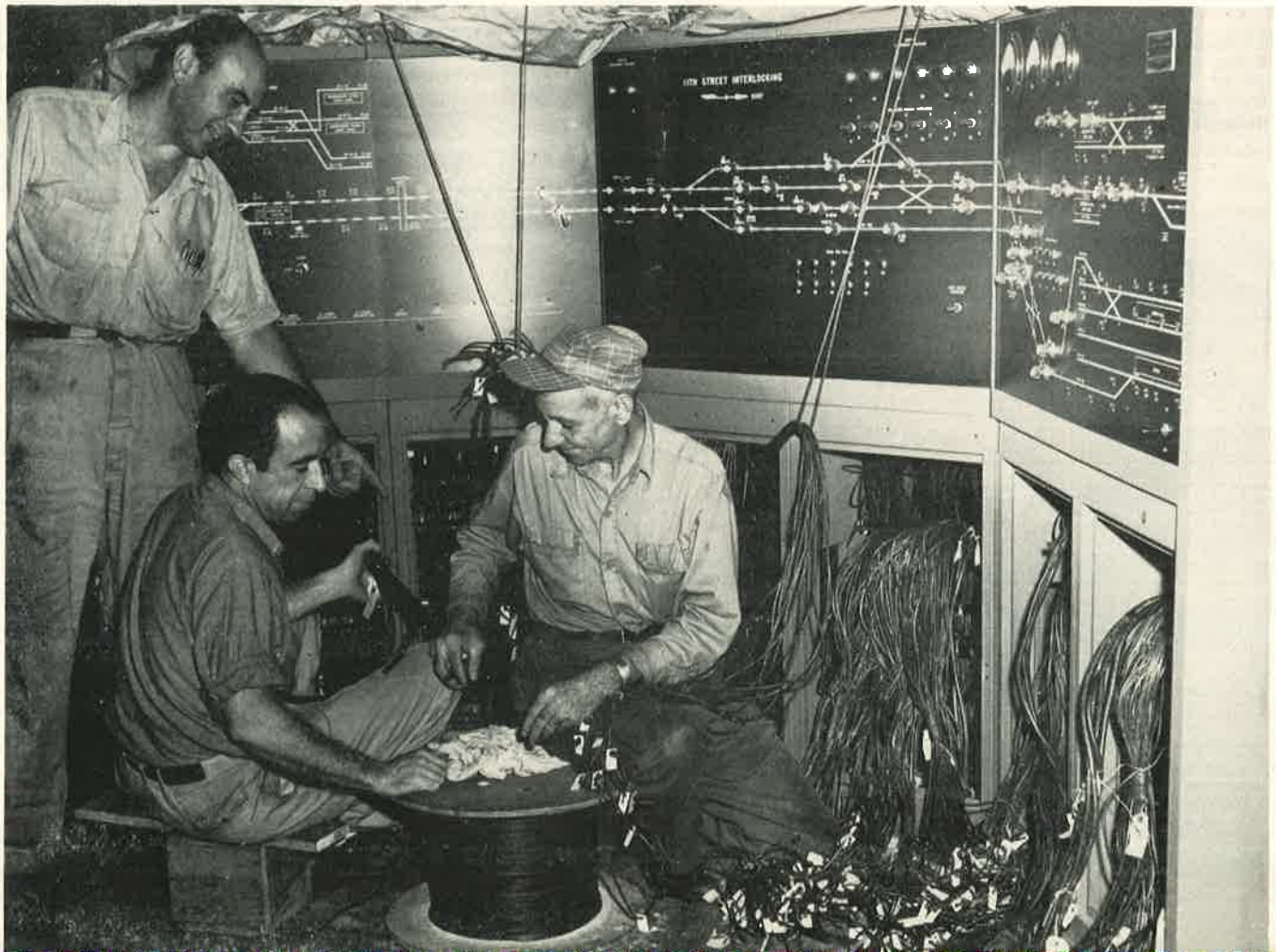


Pre-Christian era towermen who worked the semaphores gave the name to today's subway towerman, who usually works far underground, in a "tower room" buried under tons of earth and concrete.

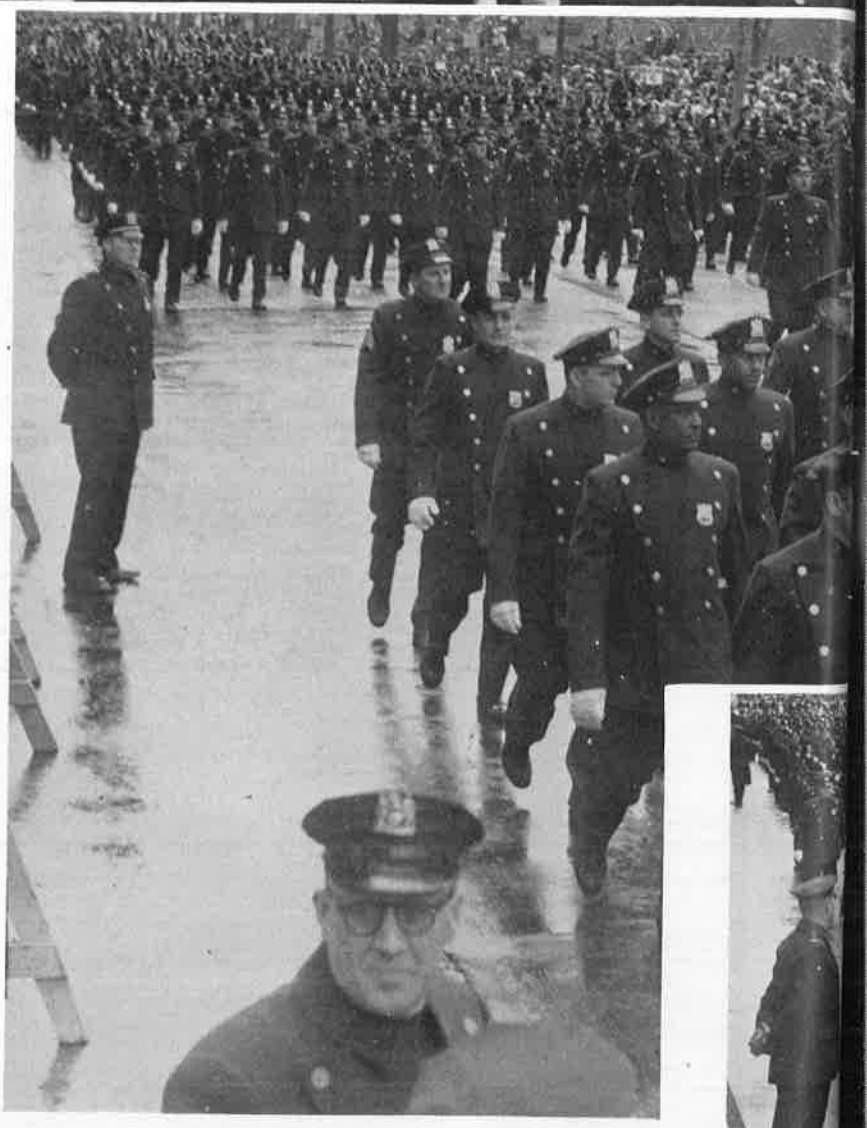
That was 1869. The railroads didn't buy it. They didn't like it at all for a variety of reasons. It was newfangled, it was complicated. To a scientist, it was as reasonable as adding two and two and arriving at four. To a railroader, it was too tricky, it was expensive, it was experimental. Here and there it was tried out on small sections of track. But in 1904 an upstart, the IRT, a rapid transit outfit in New York, was the first completely electrically signalled railroad to go into operation in this country.

(This is the first of two articles. The next will deal with signalling in the fifty-two years since the subway first opened in New York.)

A standard railroad figures its signalling by miles, or fractions. TA's signals average 400 feet apart, sometimes are set less than a hundred feet away. This installation, for the 60th St. tunnel connection, is an indication of the built-in safety. Foreman W. Manse directs Electricians S. Schiff and F. Dunleavy on job.





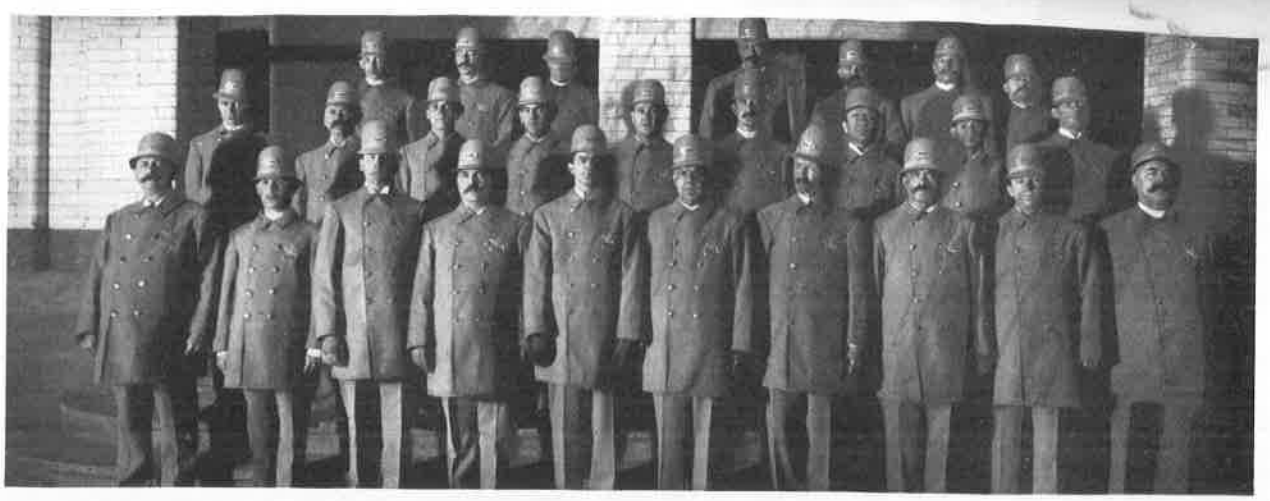


TA Police Chief Thomas J. O'Rourke (seated) leaves his job to take 12-week course in the art of "criminalistics" at FBI Academy in Washington, at invitation of FBI Chief Hoover. He hands reins to Deputy Chief Robert H. Rapp.



From Keystone Cops To Criminologists







They Grew and Grew

Don't laugh at that little group of Keystone cops above. They're the great grandpas—all of them—of today's present large, spick-and-span TA police. At upper left, descending to lower right, you get an idea of how they roll on, growing more numerous, more powerful (if less paunchy) all the time. These pictures at the St. Patrick's Day Parade offered one of the few chances to photograph the strength of the TA police. Usually they're too busy guarding New York's subways and its passengers to group.



Chairman Patterson, whose forebears hail from Scotland, carries a shillelagh, Commissioners Curtayne and O'Grady, Irish both, are unarmed.

St. Patrick's Day Was Cold and Clear . . .

The Transit Band shows off its new Kelly-green uniforms for the first time, vowed it played all the better thus arrayed. Just blarney?





The Surface Division turned out in force. Heading it is Bus Driver Edward Stevens, president of the Irish-American Association. Behind him (L to R) are Assistant Superintendent Patrick Hayes, Gerald Kiniry, and John Durand. At right, rear, is General Supervisor of Revenue, George F. Cassidy.

The lady bowlers left score-cards at home, but left no doubt of their favorite pastime. L to R, Jane Bailey, Reva Labelson, Ella Mahoney, Mary Tovello, Anna Taravella.



THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Uniformed workers of diverse branches of TA preceded top officials. L to R, Conductor John Sullivan, Motorman Michael Sullivan, Bus Operator James Kelly, Assistant Station Supervisor Arthur Marshall. Just behind are Edward T. McNally, Thomas J. McLernon, Marcel Roehrich.



How To Become A Judge

Ordinarily we wouldn't waste a lick of space on a man who quit his job with TA and got a better job elsewhere. Just isn't policy. But for eighteen months now people have been asking us why we didn't do a story on Magistrate James J. Comerford, who used to be a railroad clerk on the IND. We were a little slow on the uptake. We finally caught on that a lot of railroad clerks would like to be judges, too, and were sincerely interested in finding out just how to do it.

Obliging Fellows, Aren't We?

So a few days ago we journeyed up to the Bronx, where Judge Comerford was sitting in the Youth Court, and asked him if he'd mind telling us how a railroad clerk could become a judge. The Judge, a big, genial Irishman (we knew he was that, right away, by his brogue) was nothing loathe, and plunged in forthwith. The first thing to do, he said, is to avoid those stations like Times Square in the daytime, where you're kept busy pushing out tokens and taking in money. This might be very profitable for the TA but it won't advance you a bit on the road to the bench.

Take Care to Avoid the Evil of Work

Get on, he recommended, the 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. shift. That's what he had. If possible, wangle a post in some villainous section of the city, where the supervisor, if he has any respect for his skin, won't be forever poking around. That way, when you do your studying of law, you won't be always getting interrupted.

First thing to do is to get a college degree. He himself, when he came to America, in 1925, didn't realize the importance of a college degree. He got a job first with the Butler grocery chain, heaving crates in a cold, damp basement, shifted around quite a bit and was a stock clerk in Bloomingdale's when the depression in 1930 lost him his job. He bought himself a couple of chamois cloths and went along Riverside Drive, ringing doorbells and offering to wash windows to great cleanliness at low cost. Very rich people lived on Riverside Drive, and, being a clever fellow, he immediately caught onto one thing. Practically all the rich men who had magnificent private barrooms — Prohibition was in then — also had college degrees. Jim Comerford never tasted liquor or smoked a cigarette but the opulence of these plushy apartments made him thoughtful and envious. He polished windows; he met a gentleman from Middle Europe, who also polished windows. This gentleman had an unpronounceable name with a whale of a lot of consonants and a shortage of vowels; the Judge declined to attempt its pronunciation. To make it easy to remember, the Middle European gentleman contracted — quite a job of contraction it was, too — his name to Healey. The firm of Healey & Comerford, window cleaners, was thus formed. You may have heard of it, but we doubt it. Eleven months later Jim Comerford got a steady job again; the good-will and going business (less the chamois cloths) of Healey & Comerford was sold at a handsome profit. In the carpet factory and the wax paper mill where he subsequently worked, Jim noticed, and was rather mad about, the fact that he would be passed over for promotion in favor of a man with a college degree.

The Professor Knew A Mind-reading Trick

He decided to do something about it and presented himself for admission to Columbia. He was interviewed by a Professor Merle Hoover, a man of extraordinary perspicacity. Judge Comerford said he was astonished because Professor Hoover, towards the end, said, "I think you're one of these bomb-throwing Irishmen." This astonished Jim Comerford because he *was* a bomb thrower, he explained. This astonished *us* because Judge Comerford seemed to us to be a nice, peaceable man who didn't want to throw a bomb at anybody. We mentioned this, and Judge Comerford said, well, things were a bit ruffled in Ireland at the time. This was back between 1919 and 1921. The Comerfords had quit locking the door of their farmhouse in Kilkenny at night, because, what with the way the "foreign" police were busting it down every night in search of Irish patriots, the Comerfords were going bankrupt buying new doors all the time. Such a dreadful waste of good doors, too, the Judge said, angrily. After all he knew better than to sleep in bed at home nights. And, anyway, the Black-and-Tans threw one back at him, one

Kilkenny night, just a small one, fortunately — a mere hand grenade — and it went off right at his feet and left these scars on his face. Those were exciting years, he said, but, really, they have nothing to do with the story, since it's no help to a man, wanting to be a judge, to establish that he's familiar with the fine art of bomb-throwing.

Explanation, Please! Wooing Took No Time?

Anyway, it turned out that Professor Hoover had nothing personal against bomb-throwers. But he couldn't admit Jim Comerford to Columbia on his record. He was very helpful, suggesting that Jim put in a year at an "adult school," to freshen up his French and German, which he did, then got into Columbia, where he worked himself to the bone, so he said, for his B.S., majoring in Government, after which he got an M.A. in the same college in Social Science, and also picked himself a wife, Vera M. Carr, who was taking a secretarial course there. He was taken out of railroad clerk duty on the basis of his scholastic record and put in personnel. After Columbia, Fordham Law School, he said, was a cinch. He just breezed through that one. He was appointed an assistant district attorney, then a magistrate, temporarily, finally got a ten-year appointment.

Just a Few More Trifles to Watch

There are a few other things prerequisite to being a judge. You should get around and meet people and join good organizations. He, for example, is a member of the Irish Feis at Fordham, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the United Irish Counties Association, the St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee, the American Irish Historical Society, and the Knights of Columbus, to mention just a few. This sort of thing broadens your viewpoint, and, naturally, a judge should have a broad viewpoint.

Also, a bit of luck won't hurt a bit, he tells us, and said, by the way, he'd like to send his kindest regards to a fine bunch of fellows.

TA Railroad Clerk Quits for Better Job; Tells How You, Too, Can Be a Magistrate



James J. Comerford used to be a railroad clerk for the IND. Here he peddles tokens at one of his old stands, Yankee Stadium Station, but now—

He's a Magistrate, and we present him in his judicial robes. He says there's no better way to get into the judge business than clerking at dull post.



HEIRLOOM RECIPES

TRANSIT WILL PAY $5 FOR EACH RECIPE PUBLISHED



"My husband, Bob, works the 4 p. m. to midnight shift, and, as all good wives know, he is hungry when he comes home," writes Mrs. Robert McEnearney, 1357 Hugenot Ave, Staten Island. "He won't let me cook him a meal—just a dessert to tide him over until breakfast. Here's his favorite!"

APPLE CAKE WITH LEMON SAUCE

1 cup sifted flour
1½ teaspoons baking power
½ teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
2 egg yokes
½ cup milk
4 pared apples, sliced thin
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon (approx) butter

Sift flour, baking power, two tablespoons sugar together. Cut in shortening and mix well. Beat the egg yokes, combine with milk, stir into the mixture and beat well.

Pour into a greased shallow pan, cover with apple slices, sprinkle with remaining sugar, cinnamon and lemon rind. Dot with butter and bake in 400 degree oven about thirty-five minutes. Serve with this lemon sauce poured over it.

1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 egg yoke
1 tablespoon butter

Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt, add water, heat to boiling and cook until clear and thickened, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and rind, mixed with beaten egg yoke, to mixture. Cook another minute and add butter. This makes about 1½ cups.

Much simpler, much different, is a Swedish recipe from Mrs. M. Hallberg, of 359 Cheves Ave., St. George, S. I. and known simply by the country of its origin.

SWEDISH CAKE

3 tablespoons butter
1 heaping cup of sugar
3 tablespoons baking molasses
2 eggs
1 cup milk
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon baking soda

Sift together flour, cloves and baking soda. Cream butter, sugar and baking molasses, mix well, Add milk and blend, then add dry ingredients. Bake in a greased tube pan in a 350 degree oven about one hour.



A real "party dessert" comes from Olive Sprock, 594 Bellevue Ave., Yonkers. A three-part dish.

CHERRY UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

½ cup butter (scant)
2/3 cup brown sugar (packed)
1 can sour cherries (drained)

Melt butter in a ten-inch square pan, add brown sugar and cherries. Pour over this mixture the dough made as follows:

4 egg yokes
1½ cups sugar
½ cup boiling water
1½ cups cake flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 stiffly beaten egg whites

Beat egg yolks until very stiff, gradually add sugar white beating. Add water, mix well, than add sifted dry ingredients. Mix until smooth, add vanilla. Pour this over the filling in the pan and bake about 1 hour in 325 degree oven. Turn out upside down, on rack, and cover with cherry sauce made as follows:

1 cup juice from cherries
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon almond extract.

Mix sugar and cornstarch. Add juice. (If the can does not provide a cupful, add water to make that amount.) Slowly cook over direct heat until clear and thick, stirring constantly. Take from fire, add extract and cool. When cold pour on cake, or spoon over each serving as cut.



Phooey to Leisure!



This wooden shanty was all the Coney Island yards had in buildings when Bill Blewitt first came there in 1926. Retiring last month, he saw the scene below.

Curiously, two weeks after Bill Blewitt joined The System, he had three-quarters of a mind to quit this rapid transit business. Curiously, because this month, thirty-eight years later, the Beau Brummel of Coney Island's Tower B fought to the last ditch against going out. On TA records, Trainmaster William A. Blewitt "retired." In fact, that's nonsense. "Retire!" he sniffed. "Why should I? Never had an ache or a pain in my life, feel as good as ever. I'm going to look for a job." He isn't a bit concerned about the fact that men of seventy aren't exactly pursued these days by prospective employers; in fact, those fatheads hold age like that against a man. What does worry him is that, after fifty-two years, he'll have to get out of the railroad business, because all other railroads, too, decline to keep on men of that age. Which proves, to Bill Blewitt, that the people running railroads today don't have the brains they used to have.

In case, from the above, you've jumped to the conclusion that Bill Blewitt is a crusty, hard-bitten old railroader, you've jumped to the wrong one. As a matter of fact, he's proud that in his thirty-eight years here he never had a fight, never made an enemy, never let a situation get to the point where impolite words were exchanged. It's just that he's hipped on the subject of a man's age being held against him.

What's Wrong with Work?

"It shouldn't be like that at all. If a man wants to work, and can, why shouldn't he?" The picture has another, more personal side. "I just couldn't sit around doing nothing. Go crazy if I tried. What in the world could I do with myself? When a man's been working as long as I have it's about the only thing he likes to do."

Bill Blewitt was born into a railroad family in Coxton, Pa. His father, a car inspector on the Lehigh, was killed on the job. Young Bill, the eldest of the Blewitt children, was out delivering telegrams when he was fourteen and holding down other odd jobs. At fifteen he became a call boy on the Lehigh. He was yardmaster there fourteen years later when the war broke out. He left the Lehigh and went to the National Lead Company, which was in war work and needed a railroader. He travelled around the country for two years, getting home only occasionally, to see his wife and children whom he'd set up, temporarily, in a New York apartment. That particular job ended with the Armistice. He could have stayed with the company, but it would mean settling out west. And Mrs. Blewitt, a country girl from Pennsylvania, had arrived at the unshakable conviction that the only decently habitable part of this country lay east of the Hudson.

Jobs were scarce, and Bill went down to the employment office of the BRT and got in line with 40 other men looking for jobs. When his turn came, "Got any experience?" the clerk asked. And Bill, who looked down his nose at rapid transit people, somewhat snootily indicated that he knew practically everything there was to be known about railroading. "Maybe we can use you," the employment man said, and gave him a card introducing him to the superintendent of the BRT as qualified to serve as train clerk. The superintendent, T. F. Blewitt, said, "Why the hell didn't you let me know you wanted a job?" T. F. was one of Bill's railroading uncles.

A Nose Has Two Sides

So he went to work, and stopped looking down his nose — at rapid transit people, that is. He still looks down his nose, all right, but now it's the other way, at standard railroaders. "I was never afraid of work, but I hadn't known before there was so much of it, and all to be done at high pressure." In those days the Lehigh ran a couple of dozen trains a day; at the end of his time as trainmaster Bill was putting out about twice that many trains in the morning rush hour. The only thing that held him on was the excellent pay — $35 a week. Of course, the hours were long, twelve a day, and the number of days off you got was rather less than attraction — none per year. But the pay was good — at one time the BRT had a reputation as the best paying road in the country — and, besides, Mrs. Blewitt wasn't having any place but New York, thank you. Mrs. Blewitt had three girls and a boy, and, in later years, when hours were shortened and he got a day off every week, Bill met them, too. The boy, when he grew up, tried railroading briefly, decided that there were less fearful ways of making a living. "Nobody likes work these days, it seems to me."



(*Continued from Page 3*)



"Sun" Shines for Soldier

On a recent furlough home to New York I chanced to read the slogan of the Subway Sun, "If you can't go to Heaven at least you can live in New York", and I wondered if you would be good enough to send us one or two copies of this edition of the "Sun" for the unit bulletin board. This little touch of home in the Maryland hills, would, I am sure, delight all the other New Yorkers here on post.

Thanks!

PFC. MYRON ROBINSON AND OTHERS
Physical Detection Branch
Fort Detrick
Frederick, Md.



She Loves New York

Last week on one of my infrequent visits home I noticed one of the posters you had up in the subway trains. I would greatly appreciate it if you could tell me how I could acquire one of these. It was yellow & went more or less like this: "God must love crowds, he made so many of them," and something to the effect that although New York is crowded it's still next to heaven. I heartily agree with this and would like to show some of my more skeptical classmates that there are other people who feel the same as I. I would be willing to pay for it.

BARBARA DUBLIN
Albert Einstein Medical Center
Philadelphia, Pa.



M.I.T. Likes "Sun"

We noted several interesting issues of the "Subway Sun" during a recent trip to New York and wonder if you can send us 3 or 4 copies each of: (a) The "Sun" showing the Limousine vs. the subway (b) The "Sun" which states "You may never get to heaven but you can live in N.Y."

These are interesting examples of mass transit promotional literature which we would like to use as specimens. Thank you.

MELVIN F. LEVINE
Dept. of City and Regional Planning
Mass. Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Mass.



Gray to Gay

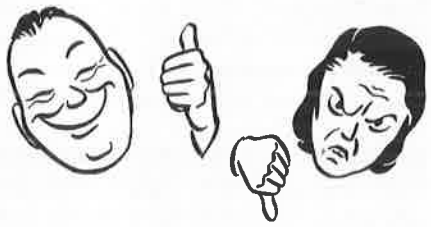
This is to let you know how much the human quality of your "Subway Sun" posters is appreciated, especially your latest. The Spanish have a saying: "From Madrid, only to Heaven" and after seeing your poster I would say: "New York, instead of Heaven!" Thank you for cheering us up these gray Gotham mornings.

HARRIET BRODEY
838 West End Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Wonderful, Says He

Would it be possible for your office to supply me with three copies of the wonderful poster you have currently stuck to subway windows, the one saying "You may not get to Heaven, but you can live in New York?" I would appreciate it very much if you could. Incidentally, congratulations on the poster. I look forward to seeing the one about Podunk.

WILLIAM RANEY
Senior Editor
E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.
300 Fourth Ave., N.Y.



Terrible, Says She

This is just a note to say that I am very disappointed in the latest issue of the Subway Sun. Heaven is a real place and should not be made a joke of, as this last issue seems to do. God made the people but not the crowds—your sign shows very poor taste and I'm very surprised that you issued it—usually they are very attractive and challenging. I trust you will discontinue any more slurs on Heaven. There are many riders who have been offended.

MISS MILDRED EIDE
2912 Greene Place
New York 65, N.Y.



The Girl Scouts

In June of this year, 100 Senior Girl Scouts from Greater New York will journey to Michigan for the first National Girl Scout Encampment—the Senior Roundup. Four thousand girls from all over the United States will join together to share experiences and swap items from their own sections of the country.

We write to you to ask if it would be possible for these 100 New York girls to have at least one copy each of a recent "Subway Sun" poster, I refer to the one picturing a man boasting of his residence in New York—even with its crowded conditions. We feel that this would be an ideal "swap" item for New York City girls.

CHERIE PIERCE, *Advisor to*
Senior Program
Girl Scout Council of
Greater New York, Inc.,
133 East 62nd St. New
York 21, N. Y.



Thank You, TA

We wish to thank the Transit Authority for the quick and efficient service in snow removal for the B-31 (Gerritsen Beach) bus line during and after the recent storm. It is appreciated by the residents.

Gerrittsen Beach Property
Owners' Association, Inc. Brooklyn
MRS. IRMA STILLUFSEN, Secretary

Move Light, Please!

I work up in the offices of the 207th Street Shops at 3961-10th Avenue, N.Y.C. The lighting system being used in these offices are the old out-moded drop lights with white globes. It is very hard on the eyes working with these old lights, especially so, because there is no excuse to still use these lights.

We have in our stock room thousands of fluorescent lights and fixtures. All that would be needed would be a few mechanics to take the old lights and install these new ones and we have the mechanics.

I am certain if this is done, and it would only take a small amount from our stock, it would brighten up the offices and boost the morale of all the employes.

JOSEPH C. HORAN
Purchase-Stores Dept.

the BRASS HORN

"I WASN'T EVEN A CUSTOMER"

TRAINS were late in that dawn-of-Spring blizzard; some didn't run at all. Buses slogged through drifts, stalled in tangles of snow-bound automobiles, ran at fifty per cent normal. The telephone switchboard at 370 Jay staggered under 160,000 calls; the girls scorched their fingers on overheated plugs. Beefs? Complaints? Oh, no! "In all my years," said a veteran trainmaster, "I never heard so many compliments." The switchboard girls said the same.

What happened? After all, New Yorkers don't take kindly to being late for work.

Beyond the Call of Duty

Well, a lot of things happened. It is easy to explain the obvious. To begin with, the cause of the trouble was clearly discernible to the most undiscerning rider, which is a big help. In the second place, our record of performance was outstandingly high by comparison to other nearby transportation systems. And in the third place our people knuckled down, and, in the face of terrific handicaps, turned in a job of work that went far beyond plain duty.

But that doesn't explain everything.

"Why, I wasn't even a customer!" said one caller to a friend in TA. "My car got stuck in a drift way out in Brooklyn about 2 a.m. After stumbling around for blocks I finally found a TA shanty with a watchman. He took me in, fed me hot tea, had me take off my socks and dried them for me at his stove, then went out and woke up a man across the street who had a telephone. I was never so amazed in my life—and I wasn't even a customer!"

The Samaritans Drove Buses

Neither were the 5,000 motorists marooned on snow-bound parkways until TA buses clawed through to rescue them. No charge. That's 5,000 friends—foul-weather friends—made right there, plus their relatives and friends who would be sure to hear about it, not to mention the millions who read about it and heard about it over TV and radio.

A Helping Voice, Too

Thousands of people who telephoned seemed surprised —and grateful—to find an emergency information service set up at 370 Jay Street to advise them which lines were running and which alternate routes were available for those in the vicinity of the delayed lines.

Old timers coming to work marvelled at the high good humor of passengers even on the delayed trains, a condition assisted by the courtesy of our employes. A courtesy that was warm and genuine.

We could do nicely without any more blizzards, thank you. But we could certainly use an unlimited amount of that spirit of helpfulness and courtesy any time of the year.

We are proud of our TA family of employes. We are glad they acted as transit men and women should when the chips were down.

Charles L. Patterson

Vincent Quintayne

Joseph E. O'Grady



THE SUBWAY GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND AND COMES OUT HERE

Glasgow's pioneer subway was built without provision for running cars into shops under their own power. The two endless tubes form circles around the heart of city. At this point an open pit drops to the tubes, and a huge crane hoists the cars to earth's surface for repair and overhaul. See Page Four.

Transit

march, 1956

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