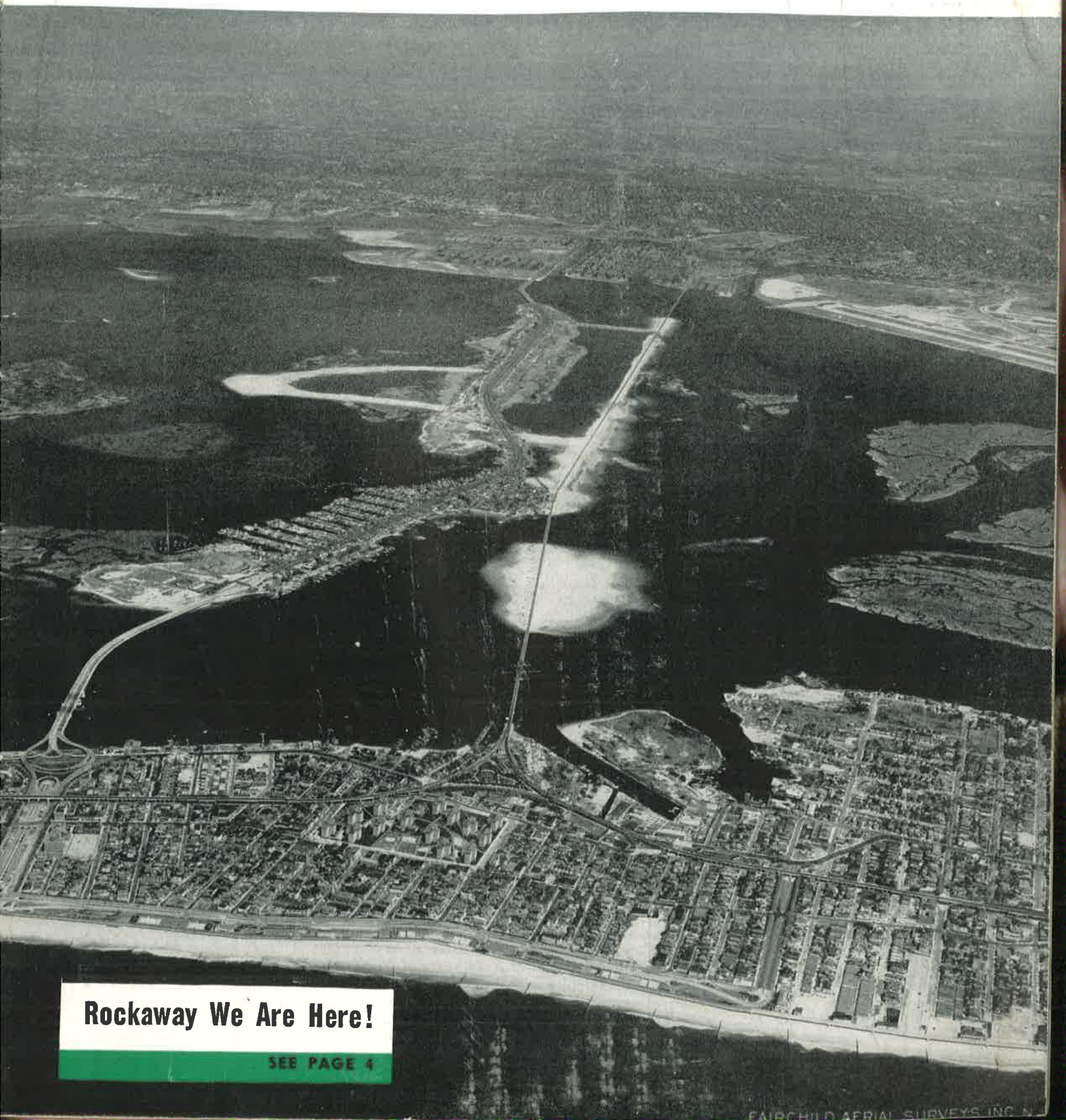
Transit

NEW YORK • SUMMER 1956



Rockaway We Are Here!

SEE PAGE 4

FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS, INC.

Transit

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

LEO CASEY
EDITOR

VOLUME 2, NO. 8

Summer 1956

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TRANSIT
370 Jay Street
Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

From The Editor's Desk

WE have made this Summer Issue the Rockaway number. . . . Many hearts, many minds, strong arms and sturdy backs went into the building of the Rockaway Division before the $56,000,000 project was completed and the people of New York could have a "Subway That Goes to Sea." Unions, management and contractors pitched in together to keep the faith and meet the date of June 28. . . . The Rockaway pictures were taken and the articles written before the first ceremonial train made the run from Howard Beach on Thursday, June 28. . . . The ceremonial train, of course, wasn't the first train. Test trains, polishing trains, instruction trains preceded it. The fact is, the first *first* pulled out of Euclid Avenue at 9:03 a.m. on the misty morning of June 9 and crept gingerly out over the new man-made islands, across the four mile stretch of Jamaica Bay. Photographer Roland Harvey recorded this epochal crossing on film. See center fold. . . . This issue marks the end of the second year of TRANSIT. Once again The Editors want to say thanks to all our fellow employes who are helping us make TRANSIT a lively, interesting magazine. We could not do our job without your help. See you again in the Fall.

The Mayor Proclaims R-Day



Mayor Wagner officially proclaims June 28 R-Day. Here, at City Hall, he hands document to Chairman Patterson, before the first train left for Rockaway, after forty years of planning and talking about providing that community with rapid transit service. Commissioner Curtayne looks on as Commissioner O'Grady presents R-Day Subway Sun to Mayor.

AS OTHERS   SEE US

DONALD C. WAITE

Donald C. Waite, beloved ex-chief of Maintenance of Way (Transit, Nov. '1954), died in Rochester, N. Y., last May 10, after a five-month's illness. He started with The System, July 18, 1904, and retired Dec. 1, 1954, at the age of 72.



"These Are Our Employes . . ."

I saved two lives.

The first instance was on this last Easter Sunday on my way to Church. I was on the "Pelham Parkway" platform waiting for the Lexington Ave. 241st St. and White Plains Road train, when I noticed a blind man come up the stairs. He stood near the top of the stairs' landing. I realized that if he tried to get on the train from where he was standing, he would fall to the tracks. The reason is that on Sundays the trains are very short; the platform is several blocks long. I went over to him and explained the situation to him and when the train came I put him on safely.

The other man I helped was deaf and dumb as well as blind. This was on the 42nd Street, Grand Central Station platform. I tapped him on the arm to let me help him. He had a sign on him that told where he was going. I went on the same train and when we arrived at the Pelham Parkway Station, he conveyed to me that he could get along all right to the Institute for the Blind that is on Pelham Parkway.

May I suggest that the Institute for the Blind should be instructed about the great danger of the short trains on the Pelham Parkway Station (especially on Sundays) so that the Blind may be prevented from having accidents? (Several years ago, two blind men were killed because they did not calculate right under such circumstances. They fell to the tracks and were fatally injured.)

BEATRICE F. GALE



We're Sorry, Sorry, Sorry

In the picture of the rail-laying car in the Coney Island Shop, you stated that the car was made in the Coney Island Shop. The car might have been, but the structure for the rail carrier and the rail carrier itself was fabricated in the Union Post Road Shop by Group C men. A little credit should have been given them also, but, as always, we remain the forgotten children.

A STRUCTURE MAINTAINER "C"

Watch Out for Swollen Heads!

On May 23rd, the chess team of the recently organized New York City Transit Authority Chess Club played their first interclub match with the veteran Port of New York Authority's Chess Team at the latter's clubrooms, 111 8th Avenue, New York City. When the smoke of battle had cleared, the unseasoned Transit Authority Chesspions emerged victorious to the tune of seven games to two. The individual games scored are as follows:

Transit Authority		Port of N. Y. Authority	
Houchen	0	V. Gula	1
Hirschhorn	1	B. Guala	0
Henderson	1	Laskorski	0
Moglen	1	Krivashapko	0
Ruy	1	Foley	0
Samstag	1	DeJong	0
Levy	1	Suibo	0
Brotman	1	DeNicolo	0
Allyn	0	Schein	1

The TA Chess Club meets Tuesday evenings in Room 1027, 370 Jay Street—the use of which we have through the courtesy of Assistant Secretary Bergbom and Mr. Finkel of Designs. Employes desiring to join, please contact:

IRVING D. MOGLEN
Club Secretary
Room 539, 370 Jay St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Battle Is Joined

The TA softball league has really swung into high gear. Mr. Patterson was present to throw out the first ball as the Jay St. "Bombers" clashed with Kent Ave. "Powerplant." The league standings at present are:

American League

Jay St. "Bombers"	3 - 1
Livonia Ave. "Whirlwinds"	2 - 1
Bklyn. "Rockets"	2 - 1
TA "Police"	2 - 2
Kent Ave. "Powerplant"	0 - 4

National League

148th St. "Lenox Ave."	4 - 0
207th St. "Truck Shop"	3 - 1
125th St. "Clowns	2 - 2
74th "Powerhouse"	1 - 3
207th St. "Elect. Shop"	0 - 4

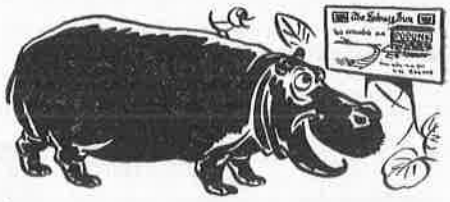
Highlights of some of the games played were:

Vic DeSantos of 148th St. pitched and won a one-hit shutout against 74th St. "Powerhouse'.'

The TA "Police," with Coponins pitching, lost a close one in extra innings, 5-4, to G. Cestaro of the Jay Street "Bombers."

In a game between the "Whirlwinds" and Kent Ave. "Powerplant," Bob Ernest got himself a shutout game, with Maidhof getting four hits in four times up. Fred Botti, pitcher for the Jay St. "Bombers," has pitched two three-hitters and struck out 18 in winning two games for the "Bombers."

D. ENGLAND
League President



From the Mau-Mau Land

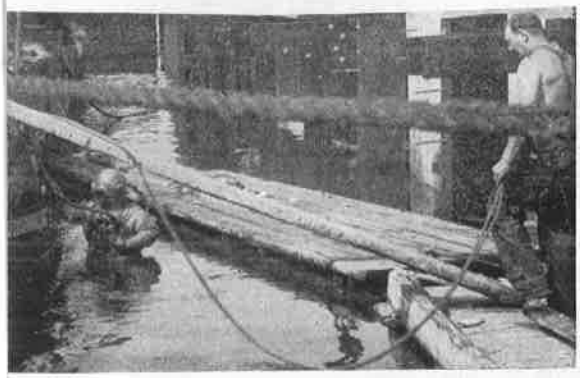
I wonder if you can do me a favor? During a visit to New York in April I saw in the compartment of the subway a very funny advertisement regarding the rush in your underground. It was a drawing of a faraway station with the wording "THERE IS NO RUSH IN PODUNK—but who wants to live in Podunk."

Do you think you could get me a copy of it for my collection of original ideas?

(Dr.) K. SIMON
P.O. Box 103
Nairobi, Kenya
Brit. East Africa

It Just Can't Be Done!

TA COULDN'T POSSIBLY OPEN THE ROCKAWAY EXTENSION ON JUNE 28 – EVERYONE KNEW THAT – BUT TA



Divers worked constantly in rebuilding line to Rockaway.

You know how it is. Somebody sets a date. In this case, June 28, 1956. But nobody really expects it will open then. They never do. Ask any old-timer at 370 Jay. The old graybeards, particularly. Did a new line, or a new extension ever open on the date set months or years before? Of course not! It's just one of those things.

In this case, the alibi for not opening June 28, 1956, was flawless, perfect.

On October 16, 1955, the Westinghouse Electric Corporation was struck. For 156 days the twenty-nine plants of the firm were idle. Westinghouse had the contract to provide the power equipment for the line. It wasn't the first—or the last strike—to plague the construction of TA's greatest single extension of the rapid transit lines, in fact, the longest extension, mile-wise, since the subway was built in 1904, adding, as it does, 11.62 route miles.

But it was certainly the deadliest. Last January, Westinghouse broke the bad news to TA—the equipment would not be ready until at least the first or second week this coming October. That settled it—seemingly, no power, no trains, no rapid transit to Rockaway this Summer.

That settled it—for everybody but TA. TA was bull-headed about it. At the TA meeting of Thursday, January 26, Chairman Patterson made a lot of reckless statements, such as:

". . . All right—but we have got to open down there (on June 28). It's going to take a lot of hard work. I realize that. We are on the spot. . . . If we don't operate down there, it is going to play hell, frankly, with the people in Far Rockaway and the Rockaway Park territory.

". . . the thing is, we have got to meet our deadline. That is the thing. Whatever it takes to do it, that is what we have got to do. . . . I just want everybody to realize we are not fooling on this thing. It has got to be done."

Everybody in the room may have been convinced, on that January 26, that the Chairman wasn't "fooling." But outside the room, it is doubtful that anybody was convinced. The contractors doing the work said, "Yes, sir!" smartly, when TA brass told them the line was going to open June 28, as scheduled. To the non-brass, they said, more sincerely, "You're crazy" or "You're nuts,' or, if they didn't know you quite well, they'd say, "Of course, my job will be done—but, brother, you'll never open June 28. Wait and see. I've been through all this before. You never open on the set date, anyhow, and with this strike —what the hell do you expect?"

A Cheer for the Boss

Chief Engineer John W. Daly gets a cheer from colleagues at the finish of the Rockaway project, longest single extension to city's rapid transit lines in history. L. to R., John Flynn and Moe Salinger, project engineers, Thomas Murray, Assistant Division Engineer, Frank Hayes, division chief, Samuel Messer and Charles Norchi, project engineers, Fred Schneider, assistant division engineer, and Bill Murphy, project engineer. Scene is Broad Channel Station.





CONTRACTORS ARE SUMMONED TO WEEKLY CO-ORDINATING MEETINGS.

Good spirits are obvious at end of project—but it wasn't all smiles and laughter when going got rough. L. to R., seated, Victor Lefkowitz and Al Kluger of TA's construction division, Irving Warshaw of Warshaw Construction, George Schuck and Charles Caruso, of Watson-Flagg Company, Marvin Berger, Signal Division, Ed Bartley, of Watson-Flagg, H. J. Groenendale of Union Switch & Signal, Bill Walden, of Fischbach & Moore, Moe Salinger, of TA's construction division, J. W. Lindsey, of J. G. White Company, Doris Mayer, reporter, Mike Spivack of TA power, W. E. Young of Tully & Di Napoli. Standing, same order. Steve Freeman, of Jandous Electric, Charles McGovern, of Emerson, Garden & Comstock, Walter Hasselwander, of General Railway Signal, Si Dornfeld, of TA signal division, John P. Hull, of Emerson, Garden & Comstock, John McNeely, TA signal engineer, Tom Dougherty, of Union Switch & Signal, George Unver, of Hoffman & Elias, R. Vitale, TA equipment division, Carl Lanzano and Andy Quirk, of Astoria Star Welding, Charles E. Chisholm, chief project engineer, Louis A. Swanson, signal maintenance engineer, W. E. Young, of Tully & Di Napoli, C. J. Zimmel of F. S. Remond and J. J. Keegan, track project engineer.

That's what they said last mid-Winter. They still said it this Spring, only not quite so positively, not offering fantastic odds if you wanted to bet that it would open. A whiff of Summer was in the air when the first contractor, after the weekly meeting which was called to find out if any contractor was falling behind, and, if so, what the hell did he propose to do about it, and which contractor was getting into his way—after that weekly "co-ordinating" meeting, one contractor said to a man from 370 Jay, in an amazed tone, "You know, I wouldn't be surprised if we are ready to run on this June 28." To which the man from 370 Jay retorted, "Ready? We *will* be running then." The language sometimes wasn't too diplomatic—but the meaning was unmistakable. Rockaway was going to open June 28.

The insurmountable problem of no power equipment? Oh, that was surmounted. The Dyre Ave. line was robbed of some equipment, the Aqueduct substation was skeletonized, arrangements were made to buy power. The temporary power setup leaves much to be desired. Trains aren't able to travel at full speed to and from Rockaway. But they travel.

Delay would have been nothing new to the Rockaway extension. Soon after the Long Island Railroad drove 50,000 piles deep into the mud and sand of Jamaica Bay, built a railroad across the four and a fraction miles of shallow water upon them in 1892, and started running trains across the short route to the Rockaways, delays started cropping up. Fire was the largest contributor to the delays. The trestle, only a few feet above water most of the way, was particularly vulnerable. The

Going over finished work plans are, L. to R., H. J. Groenendale, of Union Switch & Signal, Charles Caruso of Watson-Flagg, Charles Chisholm, chief project engineer, George Schuck, of Watson-Flagg and John P. Hynes, TA coordinator on job.



Three-way jubilant handshake by top TA men mark the completion of project. L. to R., Chief Engineer John W. Daly, General Manager Thomas J. McLernon, General Superintendent E. T. McNally.





Nathan D. Brodkin
Maintenance of Way Chief



Charles Chisholm
Chief Project Engineer



George J. Tzougros
Power Chief



T. J. McLernon & J. P. Hynes
Manager and Coordinator

THE MEN BEHIND THE FIRS

hot sun dried out ties, cigarettes popped out of open windows landed on dry, creosoted wood, smouldered for five or six hours, then burst into flame, fanned by drafts through the open lattice of the ties.

But the really fantastic type of delay was of a different sort. Nearly 40 years ago the Rockaway line started appearing on the "future" maps as part of the city transit system—that is, the planners of the day felt it should be acquired as a part of the system.

It was to remain that way—something on paper—for more than a generation, although the Rockaways did have rapid transit service of a sort from 1898 to 1917. In those nineteen years the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad Company ran summer excursions over the trestle, the use of which it rented from the LIRR, having built a ramp at Chestnut St. and Atlantic Ave. so it would have a means of entering the tracks leading to the trestle.

In the early 1920's Mayor Hylan planked for city acquisition of the Rockaway Division. His successor, Mayor Walker, was a hundred per cent for it, worked out details for the purchase of the line, but resigned before the deal was consummated. Mayor O'Brien was all for it, too, but when it came before the Board of Estimate in December, 1933, Hizzoner had just been defeated by Mayor LaGuardia, and he felt it only fair to bequeath the honor and the glory of accomplishing the job to his successor. Nobody—in public life—ever came out and said one word against the deal, but somehow nothing ever came of it. The next Mayor, O'Dwyer, was even more enthusiastic about bringing rapid transit to the Rockaways. Things hummed under him, and—as before—got nowhere.

The man who really did the most toward turning a dream into a reality from a political standpoint never did step forward and identify himself. He's the chap who flicked a burning cigarette butt out of the window of an LIRR on May 8, 1950, and burned down 1,800 feet of trestle.

The financially shaky LIRR, which had spent several fortunes rebuilding after fires, threw up its hands at this one and walked away from the whole business. That is, it made no effort to rebuild and petitioned to abandon service. The Board of Estimate bestirred itself, the then Chairman of the Board of Transportation dickered with the LIRR trustee, and the line was acquired for $8,500,000. It was, by every account, a bargain. Including the purchase price and the modernizing of the line, the project cost the city of New York some $56,000,000. Thus it cost rather less than five million dollars a route mile, and you can't buy much in the way of rapid transit at such a price these days. The low cost was due primarily to the huge sections of the road that were either salvagable or ready for use merely by modernizing the signals, plus, of course, catching up on the maintenance always piling up on a discontinued line.

Much of the money went into the crossing of the Bay. The TA wanted no more fires. Thus two man-made islands were created, spanning most of the four mile across-water stretch. The ties are buried here in ballast and sand, flush to their tops, so that no drafts can seep from underneath to fan a dying cigarette butt resting on a tie made flammable with creosote oil into a destructive blaze. Since, unlike the LIRR, TA won't operate smoking cars, this danger is further reduced. Steel and concrete has replaced a great deal of the wooden topsides of the structure. The 50,000 piles are still there, buried under sand, which, among other things, protects them from the mussels. The first TA field engineer, Victor Lefkowitz, who has been on the scene since 1950, made a study of mussels, and found them to be thoroughly villainous creatures. Getting a foothold in a pile crack, they would increase the size of the opening, permitting other marine life, too, to get inside and gorge themselves on tasty pile innards not protected by the creosote, which penetrated only to a depth of about two inches. Often piles were found completely hollow inside the creosoted shell. Some 500 had to be replaced, and these, with the old ones, form the skeletons of the two man-made islands over which the line hops Jamaica Bay.

Studying the life and procreation habits of mussels was something new for transit men, but before the field crew was finished, it was doing a lot of queer things. The members, for instance, were fighting off dive-bombing



John Page
Conductor



Michael Bruce
Motorman



Peter Foley
Conductor

ROCKAWAY TRAIN AND THE MEN WHO RAN IT

gulls. By arrangement with the Park Department, the TA built a sanctuary for water fowl, which is doing fine, but the water fowl turned out to be like the camel that was permitted a few inches of tent. Spreading from the sanctuary, a certain type of small gull found the new railroad bed ideally suited for nesting purposes. It may sound silly—insisting that the birds were quarrelsome—but many a man, walking the track, came to blows with gulls flying in his face because he got near a nest. "The darn things dive-bomb you," one of the field crew explained. "Knock your hat or glasses off in a wink."

The TA field crew don't think much of water-fowl, anyway. These same dive-bombers were among the thousands of waterfowl who enjoyed a constant, bountiful cafeteria during the months that thousands of tons of sand were being pumped up to create the new islands. Along with the sand came clams and all manner of fish. The- waterbirds, who once had to hustle for a living, quit hunting their own. Morning, noon and night—the dredging was a twenty-four hour daily operation—they came to the dredge spouts and ate hearily of food that was practically put into their mouths for them.

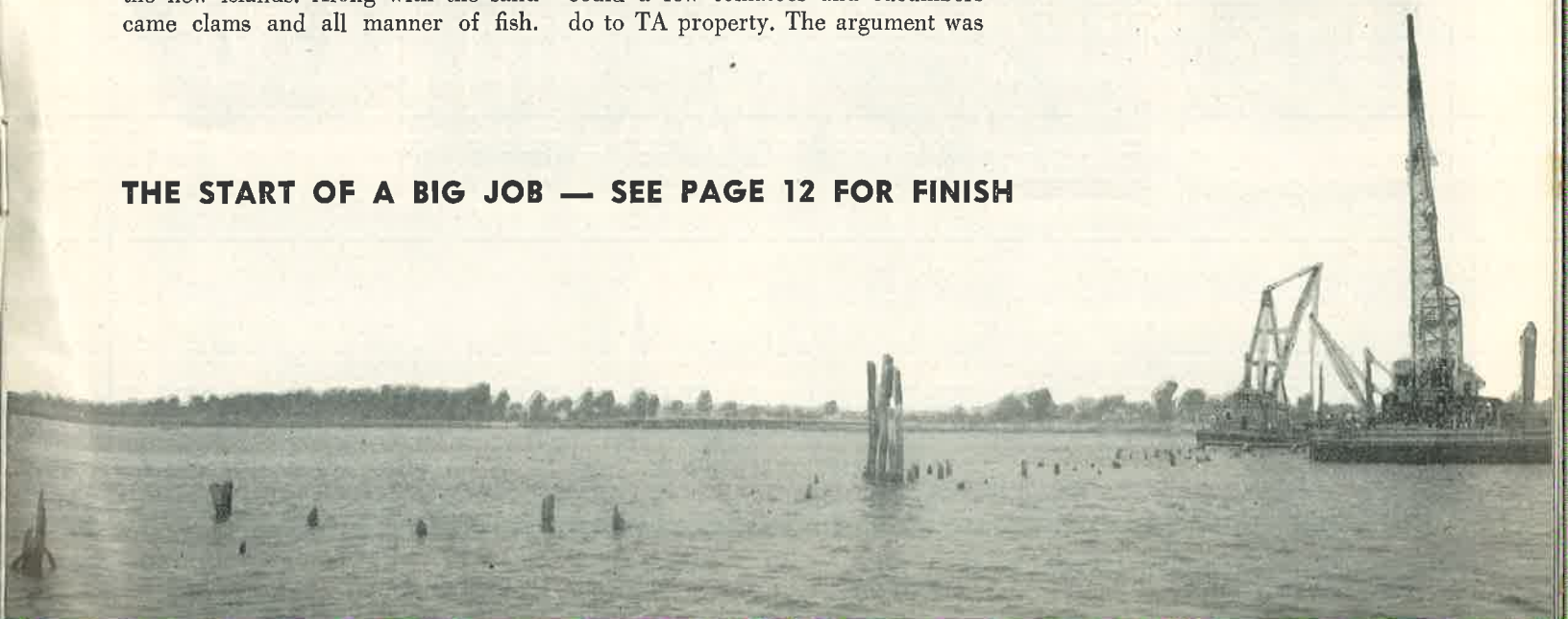
For that matter, not content with the bird sanctuary, they have taken complete possession of Sand Island, the lesser of the two new islands, and are now inspecting the control tower at the Beach Channel Bridge, obviously picking out nesting sites there.

Things had been pretty free and easy along the right of way, and one householder now has a low opinion of TA. He'd extended his garden a bit, and TA inspectors found him cultivating a tidy patch of tomatoes and cucumbers on TA land. They said he'd have to stop, and he said, the LIRR had never objected, and what harm could a few tomatoes and cucumbers do to TA property. The argument was settled, but not happily.

There was trouble with the dogs, too, along the right of way. Many people whose property back against the right of way had used the old railroad fence as their own back fence, finding it a handy place to drape rugs, linen, mops and such. Their dogs had long been deceived into believing the property was their masters', and bit workmen who took it down, along with destroying several pair of pants. The new fence is erected now, but the ill-feeling on the part of the dogs hasn't subsided and they still show a strong dislike of TA personnel.

But, strikes or no, argumentative dogs, ungrateful seabirds, doubting Thomases of some contractors—for all of them, June 28, 1956 was the date that was kept.

THE START OF A BIG JOB — SEE PAGE 12 FOR FINISH



THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY



PADDINGTON JUNCTION



CHAPEL ST EDGEWARE RP



BAKER STREET.



PORTLAND ROAD.



GOWER ST EUSTON RR



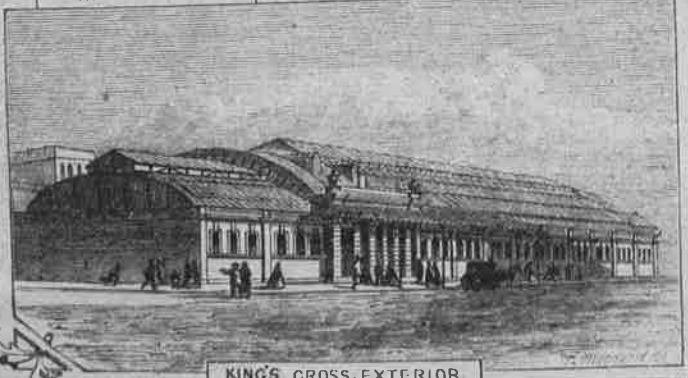
SIGNAL MAN'S STATION AT KING'S CROSS



KING'S CROSS. INTERIOR



SIGNAL MAN'S STATION KING'S CROSS INTERIOR



KING'S CROSS. EXTERIOR



FARRINGDON STREET

A CENTURY of STATIONS

TA's Newest Stations Break Cleanly with the Fascinating Past

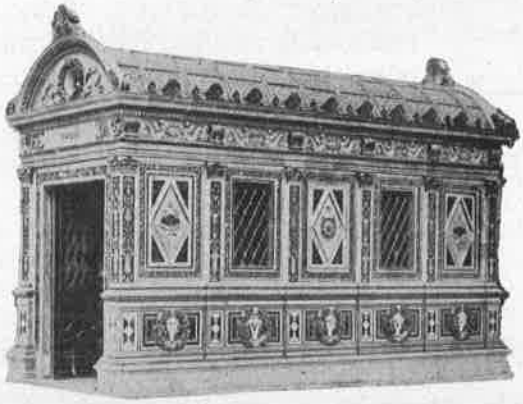
The Story of How Fragments from a Persian Garden Came to Manhattan

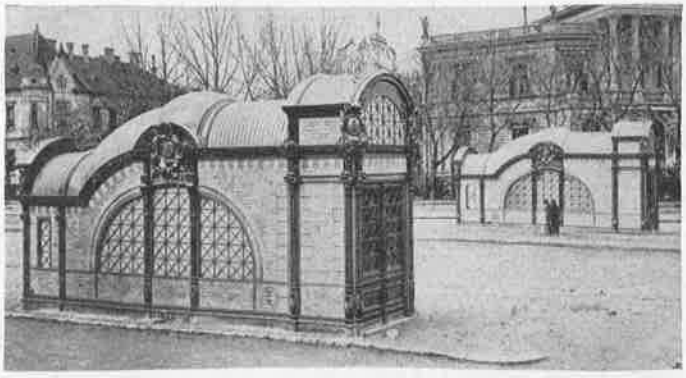


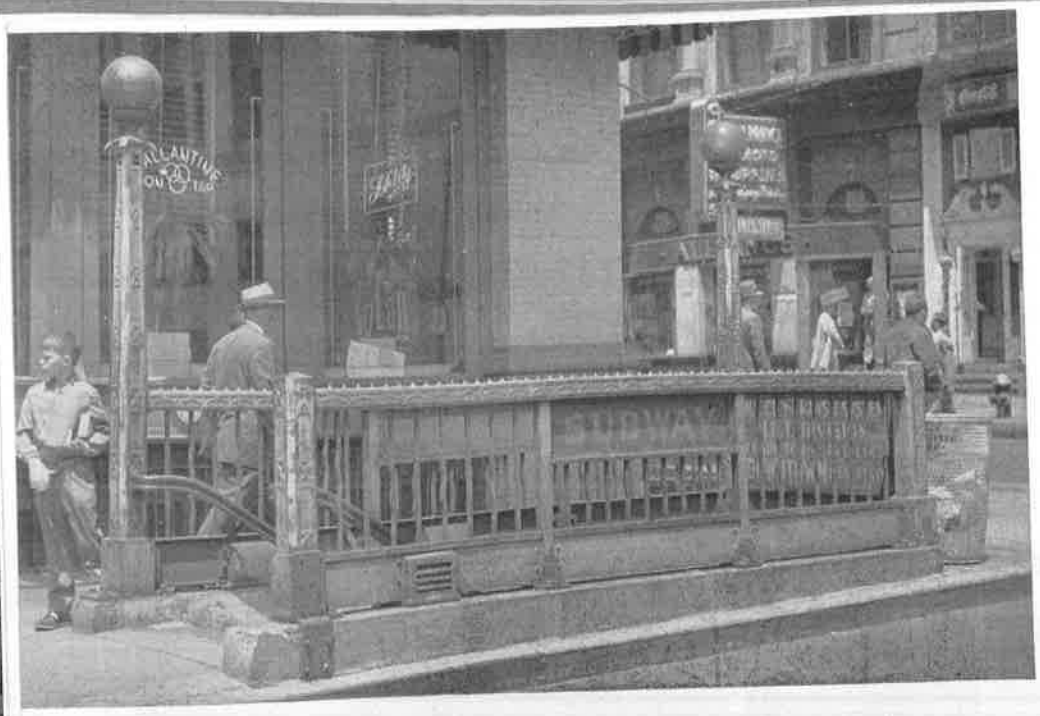
London, beginning the world's first subway in 1855, had absolutely nothing to guide it in the design of the first subway stations. Queen Victoria had been on the throne for eighteen years, and the elegance of the period which was to bear her name was well established in the field of architecture. Hence every station was a miniature Grand Central. Interesting, but quite useless, domes and towers and noble facades arose. Curiously, the average New Yorker, possibly because London is famous as the first builder of an underground railway, is under the impression that New York copied much of its technique from that world-famous system.

The fact is, that all London's early subways contributed little or nothing to the techniques employed by New York a half century later. London's "Underground" were deep tubes, bored by the shield method so far underground, as not to interrupt surface traffic or to dislocate any of the buried utility pipes in the streets.

Sherlock Holmes would have used the Baker St. station (on facing page) if his creator hadn't made him so partial to hansom cabs. London's were the first rapid transit stations in the world. New York, building its first subway a half century later, eyed them, but didn't copy. Instead the Manhattan engineers lifted their basic idea from Budapest's little subway (below). Budapest had, in turn, swiped their idea of subway entrances from the Persian kiosk (garden house). Thus the mosque-like roofline on the old IRT (upper right) in shadow of skyscrapers.







Kiosks became a nuisance when autos appeared on the streets. This entrance improved vision.

Thus it happened that the first subway, the old IRT, had strangely oriental, mosque-like roofs, although we did the buildings in steel and glass, instead of stone and tile.

It wasn't just a whim. In 1904, these had a definitely functional purpose. It was foreseen that, in a heavy rainstorm, without such protection, rain would pour in through an opening, and the platforms would become sloppy. In time New York engineers found that it was easier to trap the water, as it started to enter, and pump it directly into sewers.



Fantastic value of space in downtown Manhattan caused designers to go to office building entrances, making them serve double as subway passages, too.

In 1893 Budapest opened a little subway. Among the subways of the world today it is still insignificant—a mere two and a half miles long, and with trains that are simply antiquated trolley cars. It is a curious fact that New York copied the techniques of this little known subway—and later most of the world was to copy New York's borrowed techniques.

"Cut and Cover"

Instead of sinking a pit, and then driving a bore laterally—as did London and Glasgow—the Austrians simply cut a huge trench along the route of their subway, built their railroad at the bottom, roofed it with steel girders, and used a few feet of fill and paving on top of the roof. This is the "cut-and-cover" method now universally employed. American engineers grasped that it was far cheaper, easier and faster than driving a tunnel by the shield method.

Omar Khayam Slept There

For its stations, the Austrians broke away from the idea of building something that resembled a railroad terminal on the surface. They broke with that notion—but, by no means, with the past. Instead they went back a thousand years to the gardens of Persia and Turkey, where oddly shaped little summerhouses abounded. The Turks had a word—*chiousk*—for the little buildings with the odd roofs, which, to western eyes, suggested the roofs of mosques. These little garden houses had spread west as far as England, losing gradually the oddly oriental roof lines as they spread. But the little sidewalk structures of Budapest might have been moved, stone for stone, from an old garden on the Sea of Marmora.

Persia to Manhattan

The American engineers, while they were lifting ideas, also copied the *chiousk*—which they called kiosks.

The Automobile Came

The kiosks became an anachronism for other reasons. In 1904, surface traffic lumbered along at three or four miles an hour, geared to horses. At such speed, or lack of it, four-foot brakes were effective. When automobiles became numerous, darting around at twelve or fifteen miles an hour, another drawback of the kiosk became apparent—they made most corners at which they stood blind corners; automobiles meeting at such intersections were invisible to the drivers of each until only a few feet separated them. Also the little buildings were discovered by authors of extremely short, extremely salacious comments,

who seemed unable to find any other means of publication.

The Clean Break

It isn't often that the Designs Division gets a chance to design a new station, from scratch. And, when TA took over the Rockaway line, it was mostly a job of salvaging old stations. But two of them, Howard Beach and Broad Channel—if they could be called stations—were in such a state that new stations had to be built. The Designs Department went cheerfully ahead with what they thought a rapid transit station should look like, and if ears have been burning down there lately, there's good reason.

"Are they crazy, there?" demanded one workman, putting the finishing touches to the massive, monolithic structure at Howard Beach. "Building the best and most beautiful station in the whole system in a place like this?" He gestured around at the solid futuristic masses of concrete, studded with stainless steel and aluminum, and great sweeps of glass in the overhead cross-over. "Either," he said, and he was one of the scores who said it, "they expect something big to happen here—or they've gone nuts."

Sane and Thrifty

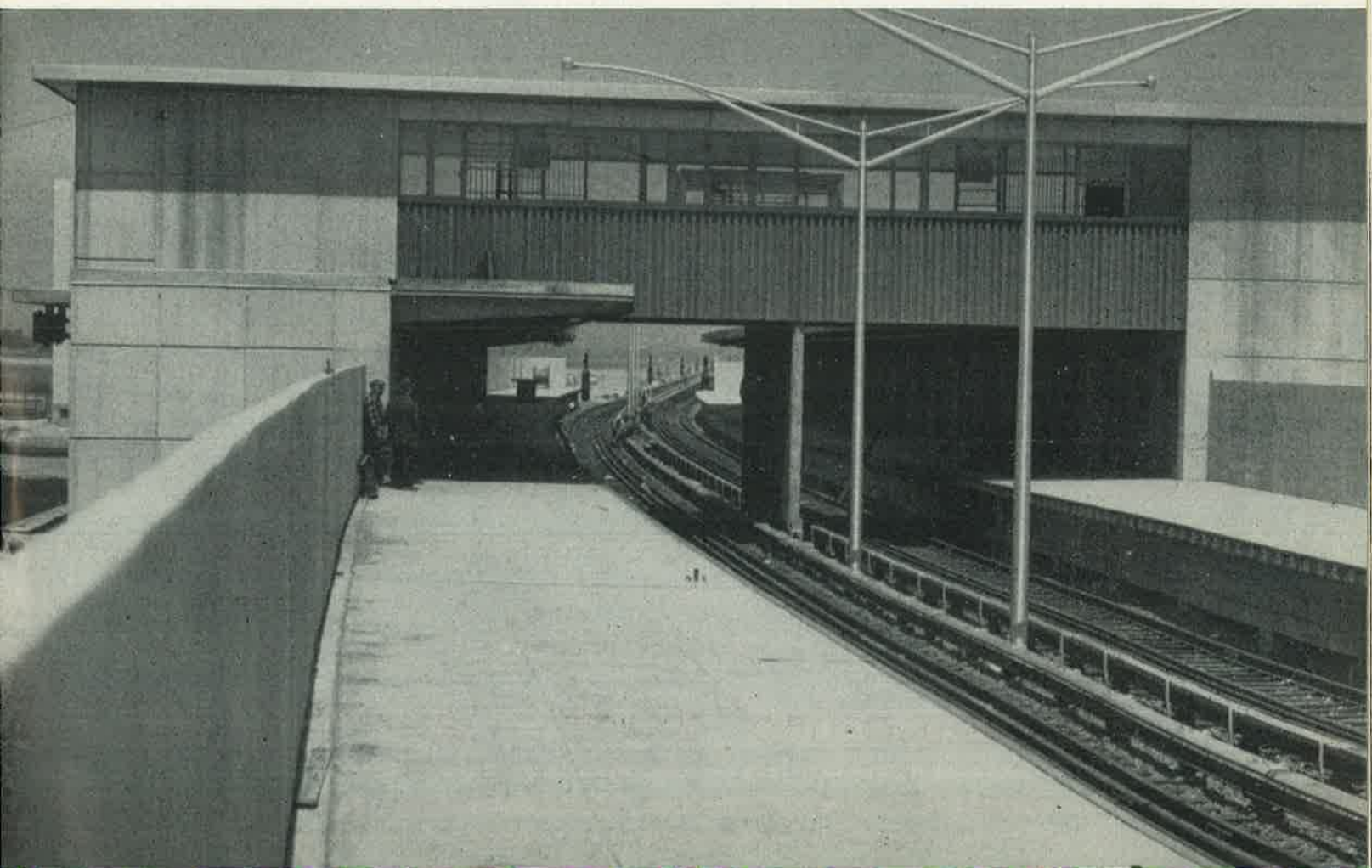
We went down to Designs and saw Mr. Irving Finkel, who's boss there and was fascinated to hear what people were saying about the stations. He said no, Designs hadn't gone crazy. And, far from spending a lot of money, the stations were designed "primarily from the dollar standpoint." That is, they were built with as few of them as possible. "It's just as cheap to build a well-designed structure, as a badly designed one, sometimes cheaper."

The Vista Is Free

And the items which impress most casual bystanders as extravagant, he disclosed, were selected because they happened to be the cheapest. The exteriors are of great concrete slabs, resembling stone blocks. "They're prefabricated," he explained, "go up fast, and at far less cost than would have been involved in laying brick by brick at mason's wages." The sweep of windows in the overhead cross-over — "Prefabrication, also. Cheaper than putting in windows on the job." That passengers may wait in a cool, breeze-swept room, with a vista suggesting the deckhouse of a yacht—well, the view was there for free, and the cross-over makes it possible for one railroad clerk to serve where the 1904 set-up required two. The stainless steel and aluminum eliminates painting and upkeep practically forever.

TODAY'S STATION — AFTER 100 YEARS OF TRIAL

Architectural embellishment disappeared when TA designed a new station for Broad Channel. Note simple, functional lines.




PASSENGERS

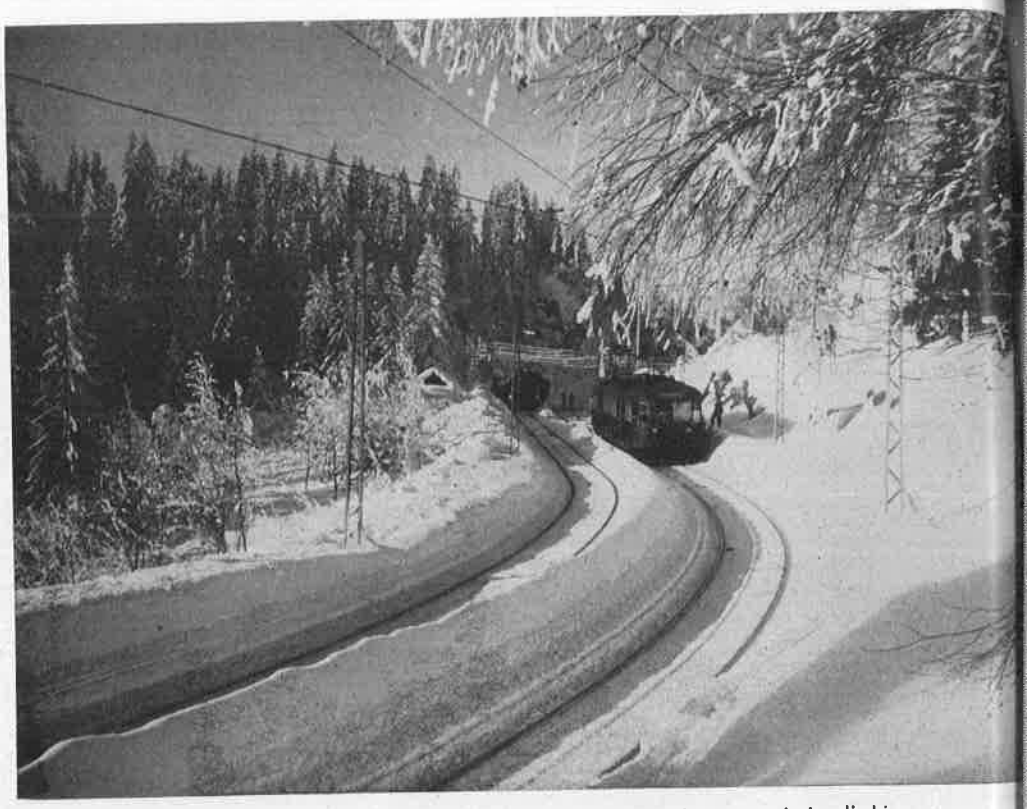


This Subway Climbs Mountains

SKI RACKS ARE AS NECESSARY IN OSLO TRAINS AS WHEELS ON NEW YORK SUBWAY

Oslo's modest little subway system has one thing in common with New York. The morning and evening rush-hour crowds are pretty bad. Passengers must queue up and exercise great patience before being admitted. Inside the cars the crowding isn't so bad, because the Holmenkol Railway people limit the number admitted. But, for all that the trains are designed for sittees, with relatively small place for standees, it is still pretty much like a rush hour train anyplace in the world.

But, on Sunday mornings, from November to April, the rush hour weekday queues become as nothing compared to the mob scenes then enacted. It would appear that every Oslopike who wasn't crippled — too badly, that is — had risen from his breakfast to snatch his skis, hurry over to pick up his favorite Oslogutt, and her skis, and dash down to the Nationalteatret (National Theatre) station to catch the subway.



Immediately the train of one or two cars starts climbing into rugged mountains. Frognerseteren line climbs from sea level to 1,800 feet over stiff grades and short curves.

The Oslo subway train emerges from its short tunnel at Majorstuen on a Sunday morning. Skiers rack equipment on outside of cars for journey.



A Ride On Oslo's Subway

Actually, this isn't so — there are quite a few Oslo residents who spend an occasional Sunday at home, and some tiny infants are left behind with enfeebled grandparents. But, out of a population of 450,000, a clear Sunday will bring out 75,000 subway riders—150,000 revenue passengers. Sunday is the big day on the Oslo subway.

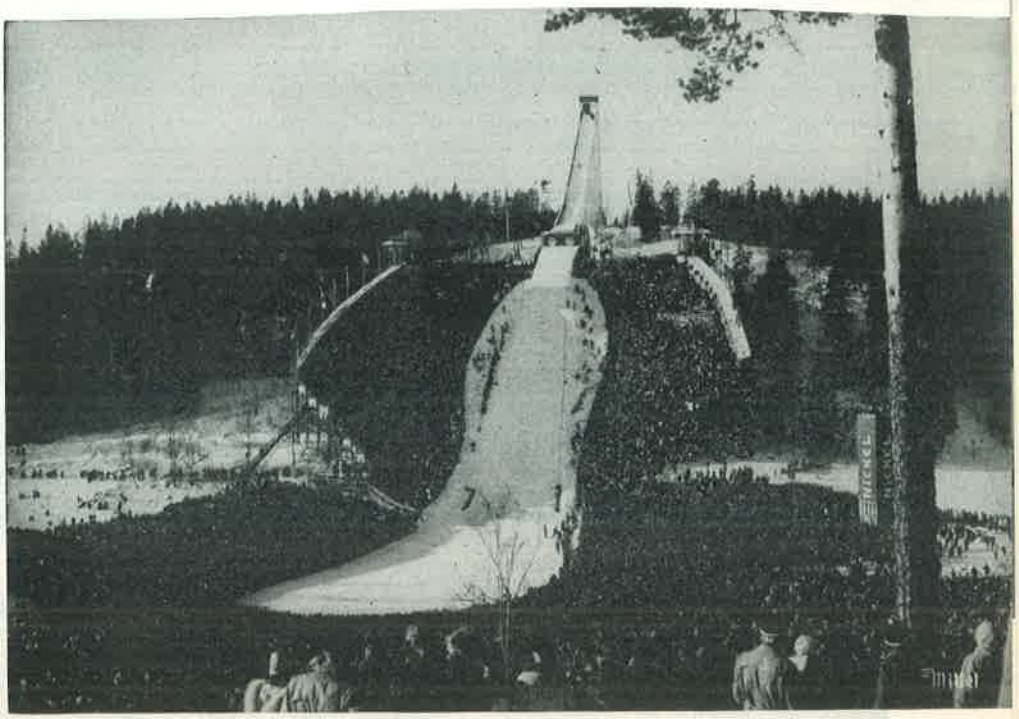
At Nationalteatret, the skiers—when their turns presently come — fasten their long, waxed footwear in the racks provided on the outside of the train. In Oslo, a subway car without ski racks would be viewed approximately as a New Yorker would view a subway car without wheels—quite use-

less. Inside, the passengers walk down slatted floor aisles—slatted to handle the snow melting from ski boots—to wide, comfortable leather seats beside great picture windows, extremely wide, so that tourists may enjoy the view. The Holmenkol people go strongly for the tourist trade. Certainly, for mounted rugged scenery, it is unique among the subways of the world.

That stern-looking pasteboard sign inside the car, which looks like it prohibits spitting, doesn't. It's stern all right—but it forbids you to bring your skis inside the car. The railway owners want none of their passengers' eyes poked out. That other sign prohibits bringing the big, heavy bobsleds inside, and recommends that, for a pittance, you send it by Holmenkol's freight service. Little sleighs—okay.



Soaring like a ferris wheel, subway gives passengers breathtaking views of forested hills and shining fjords.



Destination of many passengers is the Olympic ski jump at Holmenkollen. Skiers are the big business of the Holmenkol Railway. Tourists ride it for extraordinary views.

Onward and Upward

That part of the line from Nationalteatret to Majorstuen, on the outskirts of the built-up city, is the only underground section, about one and a quarter miles long. At Majorstuen a few more passengers are admitted. Here the line emerges from the tunnel, and divides into three routes. All of them immediately start mountain-climbing, and from now on it is stiff turns and steep grades as the one- or two-car trains wind into the rugged hills. The most far-reaching line, ending at Frognerseteren, climbs from zero to an elevation of 1,800 feet—the height of a respectable Catskill peak—in its nine miles. After Holmenkollen, the scene of the Olympic ski jump, you can usually get a seat, for this is where many of the skiers alight. Others, though, keep on through villa-dotted countryside, catching a glimpse now and then of the fjords as the train snakes upward, to do their skiing at less populous places.

The conductor—there is at least one in every car — collects your ticket aboard. If you haven't stopped to buy one, he'll sell you one. The fare for even short distances sounds like an awful lot of oere, of which there are a hundred to the crown, or kroner, but it is cheap by American standards. A short ride costs the equivalent of seven cents, American, the longest journey some sixteen cents. The trains are clean, nobody leaves papers scattered around. "Just wouldn't dream of doing it," said an Oslopike living now in New York. "But the strangest thing—I find myself leaving papers on car seats here, just like everybody else."

Trains Fast, Curves Slow

The Oslopikes are impressed by subways, frankly envious of New York's great many miles of them, and would rather not compare the two. They have some sixteen miles or so of double-track route now. The trains, the older ones of wood, the newer of steel, are fast, but the lines are not, partly because of the torturous curves, partly because stations are close together. The nine miles of the Frognerseteren line, for example, has twenty-one stations. The run takes 35 minutes.

The Wonderful Blueprints

But on paper—ah, now, do the Oslopikes have a system! Like many another city the lines—on blueprint—radiate in all directions from Nationalteatret.





SMART YOUNGSTERS & PROUD DADS

TA Holy Name Society awarded scholarships to these children of transit workers at breakfast in Hotel Statler. The students, L to R, Anne Marie Green, Maureen O'Callaghan, Geraldine Thompson, James W. Cuddihy, Kevin Smyth, Patrick Conroy, are flanked by Father Wilfrid T. Riordan and Commissioner Curtayne. In the back row are fathers, Assistant Civil Engineer John C. Green, Stock Clerk John J. O'Callaghan, Assistant Train Dispatcher William Thompson, Lieut. James J. Cuddihy, Str. Maintainer James Smyth, Motorman Patrick Conroy, and Thomas Donovan.



Bowling team captured the city-wide trophy of Mayor's Municipal Bowling League for TA. Here General Superintendent McNally receives the award from Borough President Hulan Jack. Winning team, L to R, consists of Jerry Carucci, Frank Rhodes, Emil Diaczun, Stanley Ezkutnik, John Molitoriss and John Martin.



TA's top lady bowlers are Ella Mahoney (left) and Mary Torello. Ella was second high average, and Mary was high in individual series in city tournament. Mr. McNally looks proud of 'em all.



TAPS FOR THE WAR DEAD

The John J. Slattery Post holds its annual memorial services for the TA war dead in the lobby of 370 Jay street before the impressive monument built into the wall. L to R, Eddie Sullivan, Post historian, Edward Bolster, vice commander, John Johnson, past commander, Bugler John Corpolono, Commander James St. John, Mrs. Helen Kelleher, Alfonso Calabrese, second vice-commander, Irving Kaufman and Gerard Kelleher.

TA NEWS IN PICTURES





TA SOFTBALL SEASON GETS GOING

TA Chairman Patterson heaved out the first ball of the season as the Jay Street "Bombers" tangled with the Kent Avenue "Powerhouse." At left the boss throws his mightiest. Pitcher Fred Botti looks as though he's sure he could do it better. Above the Chairman poses with the battlers. From left to center, kneeling, Rotolo, Cozena, Baylor, Tediger, Peronti, Holt. Left to center, standing, Francis (rear), Silecchia, Stanton (rear) Porta, Sholewinski, Chugkowski, Robinson, Schwartz. Right from center, first row, England, Frydberg, Costello, Klaus, Beninati, Smith, Velesquez, Casino. Standing, Botti, Cestaro, Nelson, Spellman, Garcia, Shiller, Mattio, Astor, Wendt, Ramaro. "Bombers" won the first tussel, leads in American League.



AN OLD G-MAN SENDS FORTH A YOUNG APPRENTICE

Chief Thomas J. O'Rourke of TA police says good-bye to his "professor," J. Edgar Hoover, after completing his studies at the 57th session of the FBI Academy in Washington, devoted to "criminalistics."

106 ROOKIES TAKE OATH AS TA COPS

Commissioner Joseph E. O'Grady swears in a room-sized flock of police rookies at ceremonies in the Line Equipment School. Large addition to the police force was made necessary by the addition of many more route miles brought into system by completion of the Rockaway Division. Flanking Mr. O'Grady at left are Deputy Chief Rapp and Lieut. Manning.



Portia Faces TA Life



Helen R. Cassidy gave her address, 3716 Blackstone Avenue, The Bronx, and then waited for the usual chortle.

"Everybody picks that up," she sighed, good-naturedly.

For Helen Cassidy is TA's newest and fairest attorney. It just happened that she went to live on a street named for the famed British barrister.

That's the way it seems to go. Things have a way of "just happening" to her.

Teaching Came First

Like how she got started in law in the first place. She really got her Bachelor of Arts degree from the College of Mount St. Vincent with an eye toward teaching. In fact, she did teach briefly.

But her widowed mother, a City Welfare Department social worker, had glimpsed attractive young women lawyers around the courts and their profession seemed intriguing and rewarding.

So, more to humor Mother Cassidy than anything else, Helen enrolled in night classes in Fordham Law School, teaching days.

"But when I got into it," she mused, "I found I really liked it."

Then there was her first appointment after taking a city civil service clerk's exam ("for security—those were depression years"). Again that "just happened" routine.

"Of all the departments in the city they could have assigned me to, one guess as to which it was. that's right —the law department."

This made it easier to climb the ladder to law success. And that's what this level-headed lady with the pleasant blue eyes began doing with dispatch.

On to the Courtroom

From a clerk's job of filing and filling out routine forms, she progressed steadily through stints as law assistant, junior assistant corporation counsel and finally, one of the city's top flight civil service attorneys. She came to TA May 1 as executive assistant to General Counsel Daniel T. Scannell.

Mr. Scannell, who was her boss in the Corporation Counsel's office, supplied some details Helen modestly omitted. During her years with the CC office, she worked on many of the city's difficult and complex legal problems through the various courts including the United States Supreme Court.

Perhaps her outstanding achievement was when she successfully argued a case involving $1,000,000 in the Court of Appeals. Her opponent was none other than her one-time chief, Paul Windels, the former corporation counsel.

It just happened that she became TA's first and only female attorney—midst 52 males.

"There was a vacancy," she explained matter-of-factly. "It was the type of work I'd been doing for years, and it seemed to be a new and interesting field."

She claimed that only laymen sometimes seemed awed at a lady lawyer. Judges and other lawyers are used to 'em.

Doesn't Shudder Easy

She's frankly 45, silver-haired (it started turning in her teens) and doesn't object too much to the term, Portia. "Two or three of my lawyer girl friends *do* shudder at it," she admitted, "but nothing really ruffles you after a while."

Helen likes to garden. But what spare time she's had lately has been spent on two fast trips to Europe—"to visit my wandering husband."

The wandering husband is Lt. Com. Richard S. Smith, with the Navy in the South European-North African area. She met him when he was assigned to the Corporation Counsel's office by the police department. He went into military service in World War II.

The Commander hasn't been home much in recent years. But when he is, no one has the last word in the Smith household.

For the Commander, you see, can present a case as well as the next one. He just happened to get a law degree, too.

HEIRLOOM RECIPES

TRANSIT WILL PAY $5 FOR EACH RECIPE PUBLISHED



We all know spinach is loaded with vitamins, minerals, and health. But how many of us have tried to glorify this vegetable to something that is a gourmet's delight, rather than a dutiful dish? Mrs. Julia Corona, 1716 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, has done that in this savory concoction.

SPINACH BALLS

2 cups fresh or frozen chopped spinach
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons grated cheddar cheese
2 tablespoons grated yellow onion
2 eggs
2 cups bread crumbs
⅛ teaspoon allspice
¼ cup water
Salt and pepper

Combine chopped spinach with salt and pepper and one well-beaten egg. Mix in one cup of the bread crumbs, the onion, cheese and allspice. Mix well, then let stand for ten minutes.

Now form the mixture into balls, about fifteen of them. Beat the other egg and mix well with the quarter cup of cold water. Dip spinach balls into crumbs, then egg-water mix, alternately, until all the egg mixture is used up. Fry in hot butter.

Mrs. John T. Lynch, of 1486 East 2nd St., Brooklyn, bakes her favorite cream-cheese cookies in batches of 125 —and it seems hardly enough.

CREAM CHEESE COOKIES

½ pound cream cheese
1 pound shortening
2 cups sugar
4 eggs
5 teaspoons baking powder
4 teaspoons vanilla
7½ cups flour

Mix cream cheese and shortening first, then add sugar and eggs, next the vanilla and baking powder. Now the flour—but one cup at a time, mixing thoroughly the while.

To make her cookies appealing to the eye as well as the palate, Mrs. Lynch often divides the batter into several portions, and uses several vegetable colorings.

Now put in a cookie press and bake 12 minutes at 375 degrees.



A dollop of tart red wine goes into the mix of the pound cake for which Mrs. Benjamin Gross, 1976 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, is famous among her friends. They urged her to send in the recipe, being sure it would win a prize, which it has.

MONA'S BUTTER POUND CAKE

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 pinch of salt
1 cup sugar
½ pound salt butter
4 whole eggs
1 cup raisins
1 cup nuts
¼ cup of tart red wine
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter until light and fluffy. Gradually add sugar, slowly, so that butter remains fluffy. Now the eggs, one at a time. Still slowly, incorporate the flour, which should be sifted three times with the baking powder and salt. Now the wine and the vanilla, and lastly the raisins and nuts.

Bake at 350 degrees for from forty-five minutes to an hour.



Unrecognized Genius



Joking, to Joe Pollock, is a deadly serious business.

Trouble is, folks don't always appreciate it. Editors, particularly.

Joe started creating quips, via cartoons, as a kid back in P. S. 171. But teachers failed to see the bud of genius in their caricatures he had a habit of drawing.

At 15, he became an apprentice in the old New York Journal's art department. Soon felt his talent was going untapped there. "You're not too bright at 15," he recalled regretfully. "After a few months, I got mad because I wasn't made boss and quit."

Nineteen years ago Joe joined the Transit family. It wasn't long until his art work was causing concern in certain quarters.

Between pushing change across the counter to patrons, he took to practicing with his pencil. "I drew a pompous fat guy," he recalled, "and left it in my booth when I went off duty. Someone put the boss' name on it and I got a summons to the office." To this day, Joe doubts that anyone believed his explanation.

Pollock isn't troubled with false modesty. "The 'New Yorker' could use



"On what floor are lost mothers"?

me," he told us, solemnly. "I just haven't convinced them yet."

He has sold cartoons to what he calls "second rate periodicals" and also gags to other cartoonists. It seems that the original idea for a cartoon isn't necessarily the brain child of the man whose name appears at the bottom. They often buy the ideas from some one else.

It's an uncertain business, though. "I have a potential $10,000 here," he said with a sweep of his arm across piles of paper. "Or—it's just junk. It all depends on whether they hit with the editors."

According to Pollock, there are only seven jokes in the world. He refused, however, to tell them. "Do myself out of business," he explained. Then he relented a little. "If you see a drawing of a man driving a car with a deer draped across the fender, that's not funny. But put the deer behind the wheel and drape the man across the fender and you have a cartoon. That's what's called a 'reverse.'"





THE ROCKAWAY LINE RAN FIRST IN THEIR BRAINS

The men and women of the Designs Division took the Rockaway project when it was just a thought and, on paper, converted it into a working railroad. L to R, first row, Samuel Chaftes, Leo Anton, Thomas Normile, Harold Sandifer, Ira D. Lovin, Irving Finkel, William Eberhardt, Samuel Taporaff, Adolph Sussman. Second row: Charlotte Shubert, Sophia Pulos, William Wein, Frances Radow, David Jacobson, Ruth Guerber, Harry Fishman, Theodore Von Zwehl, Jacob Durben, Simeon Kurts, Samuel Kirschner, Anne Rosenbaum. Third row, Mildred Shapiro, Joseph Adler, Joseph Adinolfi, Louis Sussman, Harry Beller, William Harwetel, Charles Steinsapir, Julius Cherrytree, Emil Asch, Rupert Fagan, Solomon Michels, Rose Romeo. Fourth row: Americus Lombardi, Oswald Anselmo, Samuel Tucker, Louis Steinwolf, William Minsky, Harry Jalles, Bernard Adler, Calorni Turin, George Ziegler, William Beckmann, Abraham Waltzer. Top row: Leon Rossum, Daniel Todes, John Casey, Morris Comar, Joseph Kowalski, Louis Mazzola, Ralph Cohen, Walter Brown, Benjamin Fisher, Theodore Regenstreich.



Joe Pollock admits he has "a zillion" of his cartoons piled up at home in Brooklyn but still not enough time to devote to them.

Cartoons often are tied in with current news. "Hot stuff now is this Bridey Murphy business," he said. "Before that it was Grace Kelly. Before that, Liberace."

Pollack, at 52, is still a bachelor. No special reason. "Just lucky, I guess," he said.

As an assistant station supervisor on the Culver Line, he has little time these days for cartooning and collecting coins, his second love. That's why he hasn't exactly made a mint from those activities.

But he's looking forward to retiring in several years to Miami with his cartoons, coins and pension. "Then, he vowed, "I'll really get down to business."



"You never saw a more strong-minded dog."





This month we go into the bird situation in the subways. Eugene Roffalo carves 'em, by the hundreds, out of wood, wonderfully lifelike. When he isn't carving birds, he sells tokens at the Broadway-Nassau station of IND. Also makes flowers from silk.

DOUBLE LIVES

DOUBLE LIVES



Now Motorman Instructor Riley Sands wouldn't give a dime a dozen for wooden birds. He wants 'em alive and smart. He raises and trains parakeets when he isn't training motormen. At left, he's doing latter with Motorman D. B. McCardy of IRT.



Office of the Mayor

CITY OF NEW YORK



Proclamation

Whereas: THE CITY OF NEW YORK HAS GROWN IN SIZE AND GREATNESS AS ITS RAPID TRANSIT SYSTEM HAS EXPANDED, AND

WHEREAS: THE NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT AUTHORITY IS ABOUT TO OPEN A NEW EXTENSION OF ITS SERVICE TO A RAPIDLY DEVELOPING SECTION OF OUR CITY SO THAT MORE PEOPLE CAN LIVE AND PLAY AMID THE HEALTHFUL SURROUNDINGS SO NECESSARY TO A FULL LIFE, AND

WHEREAS: THE SUBWAY GOES TO SEA VIA THE NEW ROCKAWAY DIVISION OF THE NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT SYSTEM ON THE EVENING OF THURSDAY, JUNE 28th, 1956,

NOW, THEREFORE, I, ROBERT F. WAGNER, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, DO HEREBY PROCLAIM THE DAY OF JUNE 28th, 1956, AS

R-DAY

IN NEW YORK CITY, AND DEMONSTRATE TO OUR PEOPLE THAT THEIR SUBWAY, THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD, IS EVER GROWING AND IMPROVING IN SERVICE TO ALL OF US.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I HAVE HEREUNTO SET MY HAND AND CAUSED THE SEAL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK TO BE AFFIXED THIS 7th DAY OF JUNE, 1956



Robert F. Wagner

MAYOR, THE CITY OF NEW YORK



NEW VISTA FOR SUBWAY RIDERS

New York City's most magnificent and longest stretch of beachfront became available to TA customers with the opening of the $56,000,000 Rockaway project. This aerial photograph shows the rehabilitated portion of the former LIRR project as it sweeps for miles close to ocean.

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