Transit

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The Children's Corner

SEE PAGE 18

Transit

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

LEO CASEY
EDITOR

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From The Editor's Desk

READER interest is something an editor is supposed to be able to judge expertly and unerringly. The fact is, all the editors we know are full of stories about their own misjudgements. A casual little item, to which they paid little attention, brings an avalanche of comment. An "important" story stirs little interest.

This month we're trying out two new features. One—the first of a series on retirement—we're fairly sure of. That's because, a couple of years ago, we printed some letters from pensioners, and for months after people stopped us to say they'd often wondered about Old Bill, or Sam, or Joe; and it gave them quite a bang to read that he was picking oranges in his backyard in Florida, or farming upstate. Not to mention the letters that came in with requests that they be forwarded to Bill, or Sam or Joe. Where are they now? seems a favorite wonderment. Also we'd like to hear from pensioners with unusual "careers."

The other—The Children's Corner on Page 18—is brand new to this magazine, and we're very curious to find out what you think of it. We've had a lot of letters suggesting we do something along that line. After all, most of TA's forty-odd thousand employes are parents. Will they be as interested in fellow-workers' small fry as their own?

Well, we'll find out and let you know.

Pop's a Hero



After receiving commendation for meritorious work from Transit Authority, Patrolman John Bongiorno gets another kind of commendation from his sons, Jack, five (left) and Steve, three, while proud missus looks on. Bongiorno captured a man who assaulted and robbed a woman in the subway.

AS OTHERS SEE US



More Etymological Stuff

We enjoy TRANSIT. It is bright and lively and informative. Sometimes it gives us ideas that we adapt for use in RAILROAD MAGAZINE. For example, "Good-bye to the Gandy Dancer" inspired us to write to one of our best authors, who happens to be a section boss, and ask him to do an article somewhat along those lines.

But you are way off in tracing the origin of the term "gandy dancer." In my book, it goes back to the old Gandy Manufacturing Company of Chicago, which used to make equipment for track workers, and the "dancing," of course, refers to tamping.

FREEMAN HUBBARD, *Editor*
RAILROAD MAGAZINE



Where Subways Are Fiction

I am, as a second grade teacher, faced annually with a problem to which you may or may not have a solution. Our class reader has a story about a boy who rides downtown on a subway. In this open country, when I try to describe and explain a subway, the children are obviously unbelieving. Can you send me or do you know who can send me any pictures which will help me out? I would really appreciate anything at all. This has been frustrating me for five years.

(Mrs.) ANNE PRESTON SHERBURNE
120 Tuxedo Ave.
San Antonio 9, Texas

Travel Is Broadening

A lesson can be gained in citizenship by a visit to Williamsburg, Va. home of the Presidents—ten hours from N. Y. on a visit to Washington, D. C.

Even a clerk 2nd grade can become a better 5 by this visit. Any information write me c/o 147th St. Shop.

MARTIN REMNEK
3-67

The Editors Regret

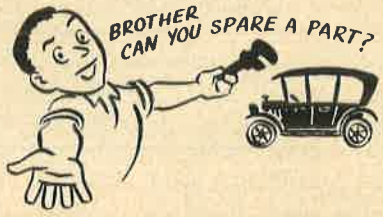
I want to make a complaint to the Editor of TRANSIT magazine regarding the printing of my name and photo in the December issue for personal reasons.

I did not voluntarily pose for this picture but only on orders from my immediate foreman after I had made it clear to him that I didn't prefer to do so. I didn't agree to have my name printed with same, also for personal reasons. I think this was an invasion of a person's privacy and detrimental to his social living.

I think, in the future, you should show a little consideration to Transit employes as human beings. We have enough troubles as it is without the TA bugle adding to them.

E.F.

(Note: The Editors feel much more upset about this than Mr. E. F. possibly could. Invasion of rights or not, it was certainly his privilege not to be photographed, and we publish his letter to let it be known than any such incident utterly defeats the purpose of this magazine. If your supervisor isn't aware of this policy, please mention your dislike of publicity to the TRANSIT cameraman, who is.)



Anyone Have a '23 Ford?

I am restoring a 1923 Model-T Ford Suburban. I could use, and would appreciate, any parts I could get to keep this car in running condition for years to come.

Please consider the publication of this letter in a future issue of "TRANSIT."

HENRY W. HAUG—5-259
Foreman Buses & Shops

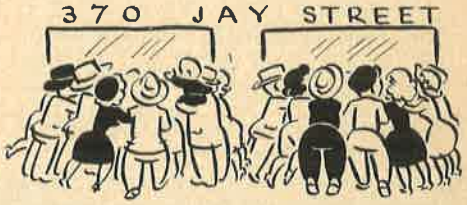


The Carols Heard 'Round The World

By the press of my country Greece, the best friend of your country, and the inventor of the Christian custom of songs of the Christmas holidays, by voice I am very pleased when I have seen men and women personnel of your Railroad Society of Subways of New York singing the Christmas caleinda (carols) vocally like in Greece.

My best wishes.

ELIAS N. CATSICOYANNIS
Athens, Greece



The Suggestion Box

I suggest that the windows on the main floor of the Jay St. Transit building be utilized for the purpose of educating the public as to the functions and activities of the New York transit system.

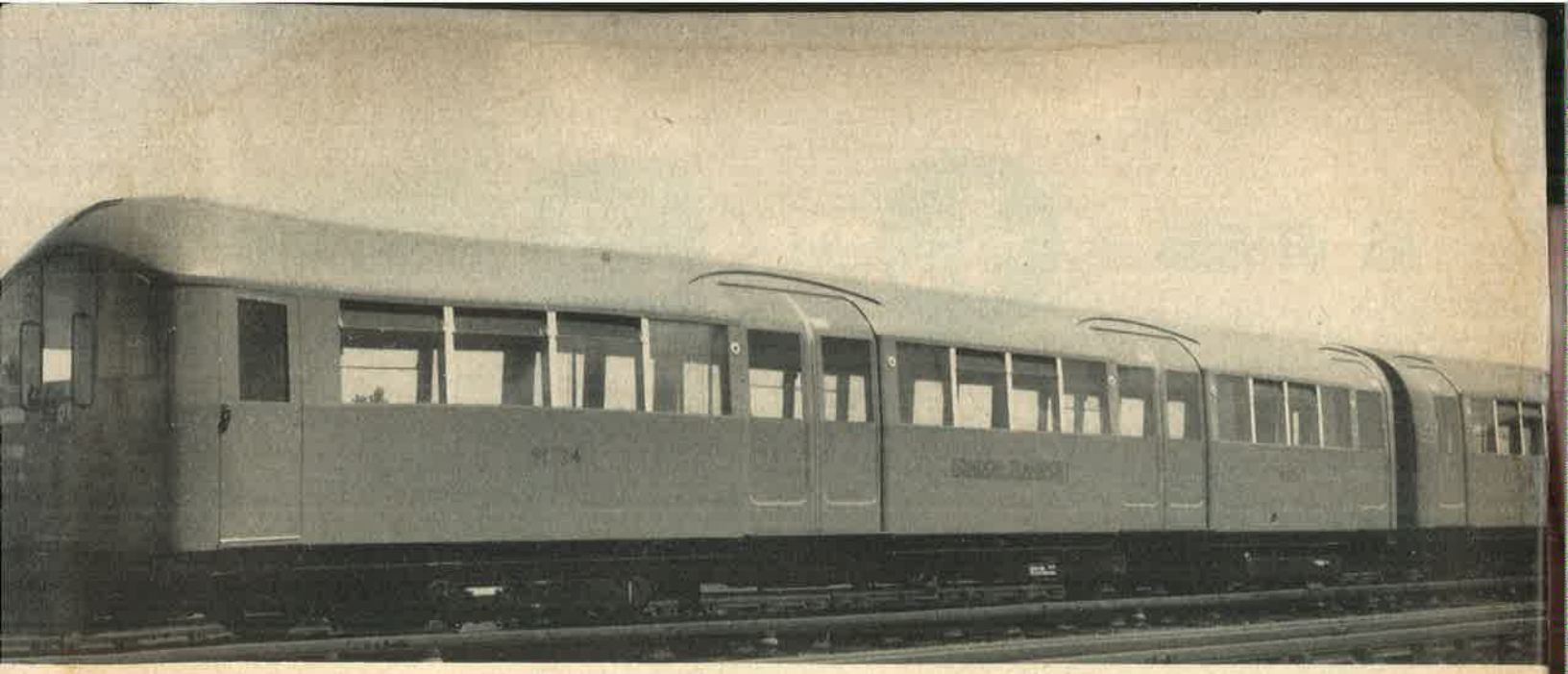
EDITH T. PIKELNY
Pass 1-4194

Sports Corner

The TA Bowling League is going into the final third of a most successful season.

This being a handicap league, based on the point system, there is a close race for the top three positions. Cashiers #2 is leading, but is not out of the woods yet. The next seven teams are at the moment, no more than fifteen points behind. None of the league is out of reach of prize money and trophies.

EMIL DIACZUN
Records & Mails



London's subway trains are sleek by comparison to New York's. Painted a cherry red, they undergo numerous re-paintings of exterior, are bathed as often as buses. London Transport junks all cars at the age of 30 years.

Big Brother

A Visitor From London Finds New York's Trains (and Martinis) Bigger

Subways of the World so far have been viewed through New York eyes. For a change we asked Mr. Madden, of London Transport Public Relations, a recent visitor, to do the honors himself. Result follows:

Before I left Britain for New York I was told that I would find everything in America bigger and better. Bigger, yes; after two dry martinis in a bar near Times Square I could be heard singing "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" in my most raucous cockney voice. On the other hand, after two weeks of frozen super-market vegetables my stomach became dehydrated and refrigerated and I longed for one small sweet-tasting fresh Guernsey tomato.

No History Indeed!

Some people told me that I would find no history in the States. "That great streamlined country has every modern convenience" they said, "but no romance, no history, no roots." Stuff and nonsense! Is there another country in the world which can trace its growth through the still remaining tracks and landmarks of its pioneers? There is more history in one derelict covered wagon than in a hundred reproductions of Roman chariots. And of course there is the New York Subway! Its network still bears the marks of the nineteenth century; huge cavern-like tunnels gaping through the rock of New York and stations decorated in the lavatory-tile decor beloved of our grandfathers at the turn of the century.

What a thrill it is to be able to catch a glimpse of something which must have delighted Diamond Jim in the days when a lady's slipper was a proper container for champagne and when Lillian Russell rode downtown in a whirl of ostrich feathers and ermine. Those angry grey giant express trains fraught with all the glory of the Vanderbilts; the double row of wicker seats, the succession of large tortuous-looking straps; the sudden appearance through a forest of girders of a station on the local line; the lurching of the train as it speeds along when it is a case of every man for himself with a mass of New Yorkers acting as a sizeable shock absorber.

It was with a pang of regret that I changed from these grey monsters into the comparative modernity of the Lexington Ave. local. It was like leaving the solidarity and drabness of the late Victorian era for the lightness, brightness and gaiety of another age, and instead of hurtling along to the accompaniment of a brass band we bobbed along rhythmically in an atmosphere of rock an' roll, although I must admit we neither rocked nor rolled!

This Is Fun?

What fun it must be during the rush hours. In London we have a battery of stationmen yelling at passengers to mind the doors and calling out train destinations. In New York all was comparatively peaceful. The only staff I saw was the booking clerk who issued me a token in exchange for fifteen cents, two cleaners who were sweeping up at Grand Central in the early hours of the morning and the guard of the train. But peace vanishes as soon as the train enters the station and pandemonium breaks loose. A mass of struggling passengers frantically hold open auto-

matic doors while the more enterprising squeeze through the opening thus made. As the last umbrella ferrule disappears through the gap there is a mighty clatter and the train screams out of the station leaving peace and tranquility behind once more.

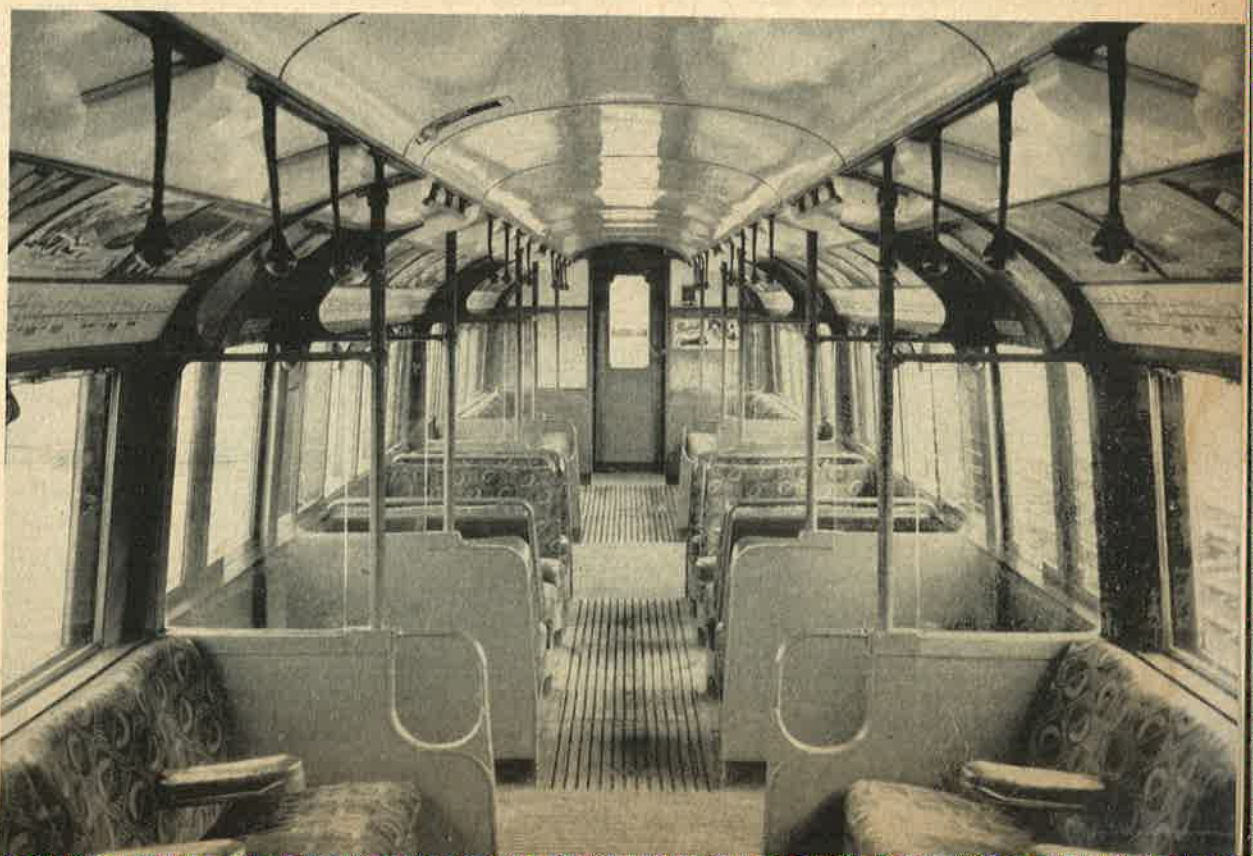
If you find that your nerves are torn to shreds by the din you cannot soothe them with a cigarette for you must not smoke in the sacred precincts of the subway. Once, on a long journey from Brooklyn to the Bronx, I had to equip myself with a supply of gum drops to protect myself against nervous exhaustion. "No Smoking" means a wonderful harvest for every hobo as he gathers up cigarette ends at every station entrance. And quaint are the tiny escalators at some of the downtown stations, hardly a foot and a half wide: what sort of a bottleneck do these cause when the surge of New Yorkers assails them in the rush hours? Or are they, too, a relic of those gracious days when Mamma could be wafted above with her bustle and parasol without a screaming horde of office workers to impede her progress?



Americans Abroad

To me travel on New York's Subway was an unforgettable experience. Although not many Londoners will admit it, we are all very proud of *our* transport system but a lot of the success of that system is due to American influence.

In the year 1863 the world's first underground railway completed on the cut and cover method was opened in London between Paddington and Farringdon Street. Paddington is where the Great Western Railway from the west of England enters London, it was also the home of Sarah Siddons and of Pretty Polly Perkins who, if you remember the song, lived at Paddington Green. Farringdon Street is in the heart of the commercial center of the City of London. The line passed two



Author was astonished by narrowness of TA's older escalators. London's are wider. Note wall space is utilized for advertising. At right, the interior of a typical London subway, with glass shields throughout to break drafts, richly upholstered in velour, with London Transport emblem woven, plus the luxury of padded armrests.

THE BIGGEST SYSTEM

New Yorkers have bragged so much about having the biggest subway system in the world, quite sincerely, that it will be a bit of a shock to discover we haven't. Mr. Madden has politely omitted the fact that London's rapid transit system is slightly over eleven route miles longer—248 miles. And London Transport's employment list dwarf's TA's. They have in the neighborhood of 100,000 men and women operating their subways and buses.

★ ★ ★

London's rush-hour crowding is slight by comparison to New York's. This is because less than 30 per cent of the urban travelers use the rapid transit lines. In New York well over 60 per cent do.

★ ★ ★

It would be unthinkable to deprive a London motorman of his proper spot of tea comes tea-time, just because he's in the middle of a trip. A mobile canteen and a relief crew meets the train at certain points, the regular crew alights for its steaming cups and serves as the relief crew for a later train. The commissary is operated by London Transport, which trains all its own chefs, waitresses, etc.

★ ★ ★

London's rapid transit system closes down for the wee hours of the morning. Probably always will, for maintenance reasons. Many of the tubes are so narrow that trackmen could not get out of the way of trains.

★ ★ ★

The use of written tests to determine advancement is quite unknown. Promotion is made on the basis of seniority and ability.

★ ★ ★

Just as Mr. Madden was impressed by the rarity of subway workers encountered, so Americans are impressed by the great many subway workers in London. One checks your ticket on entering, another on leaving, and inspectors constantly percolate through trains to make sure no passenger is taking a longer ride than he paid for.

other main line stations en route and the general idea was to connect the main railway terminals around London. In time, this railway joined up with another urban system, also built on the cut and cover principle, to make a circle around inner London with branches extending into the surrounding suburbs and country. One of these tentacles almost reached a little village in Buckinghamshire called Penn and there, as you know, a most illustrious American is buried and it is reputed that the timbers of a seventeenth century sailing vessel called the Mayflower may be seen nearby.

It wasn't until the advent of electric traction at the turn of the century that the tube station which is so typical of London's transport came into being and a warren of tube railways was burrowed in the London clay.

London employed the nation's greatest artists, sculptors and architects to transform its ugly old stations into something attractive. Here is one of the most beautiful—St. John's Wood.



In 1907 an enterprising Englishman who had gone with his family to America as a child and who eventually became general manager of the Detroit Transport System, returned to the country of his birth and set about modernizing the whole of the transport system of London. When Albert Stanley as he was called (he later became Lord Ashfield) first came upon the scene in London there were many railway companies and omnibus companies all operating in the London area. By the beginning of the world war Lord Ashfield had obtained control over most of them. In 1933 Parliament transferred all London's transport to one undertaking called the London Passenger Transport Board with Lord Ashfield at its head. In 1947 the British transport system was nationalized and London Transport became part of the British Transport Commission with the title of London Transport Executive. Lord Ashfield died in 1948 and his memorial on the wall of the Executive's chief offices bears the inscription "Creator of London's Transport."

Lively Building

Ashfield's chief organizer was a hard-headed man of vision from Yorkshire called Frank Pick. Whereas Lord Ashfield looked after the financial interest and the amalgamations of the various companies throughout the years, Frank Pick set about making London's transport not only as efficient as possible but as attractive as possible. Stations were rebuilt, new tube extensions opened, equipment modernized and standardized and as Pick was a great advocate of industrial design, stations, posters, signs and almost everything connected with the system were designed and made to conform with the latest trends in design as allied to industry. During the years the greatest of modern artists have designed London Transport's posters and sculptors such as Epstein have decorated its buildings.

To-day there is little in London to remind one of the early Victorian beginnings although at some of the older stations you can still see traces of the old station buildings beneath the new veneer and modern facings. The cut-and-cover system under which these old railways were built means, too, that here and there an old ventilator or an iron framework can be seen popping





The before-and-after of a remodeling job on a London subway station. At left is Sloan Square station as it looked before the war, over-embellished with victorian nonsense. At right, as it appears today, simple and beautiful, with a few flowers growing over the entrance shed.

up along some of London's main highways and in odd corners of the metropolis.

Not So Different

It is sometimes thought that we in London are a lazy lot, wallowing in the bounties of a welfare state. The ordinary working man in Britain is however frantically interested in international relations; he knows that if he works hard he will have a reasonable standard of living. The welfare state he takes as his right especially as quite a part of his wages are taken from him each week to pay for it. Through the medium of the Hollywood movie he views the American scene with wonder and sometimes with envy. It was with some surprise therefore that I found New York similar in so many respects to London. Here were the same grey buildings, a little taller of course, the large stores, the bright lights and the wonderful atmosphere of the big city. I had always heard of Broadway and I wasn't disappointed. The Greenwich Village restaurants where they mix a Manhattan with dynamite and most of all the kindliness of the New Yorkers at home in the Bronx and in Brooklyn or in the plushy surrounding of Long Island. "You're British, glad to know yer" and those wonderful words heard nowhere else in the world—"You're welcome."

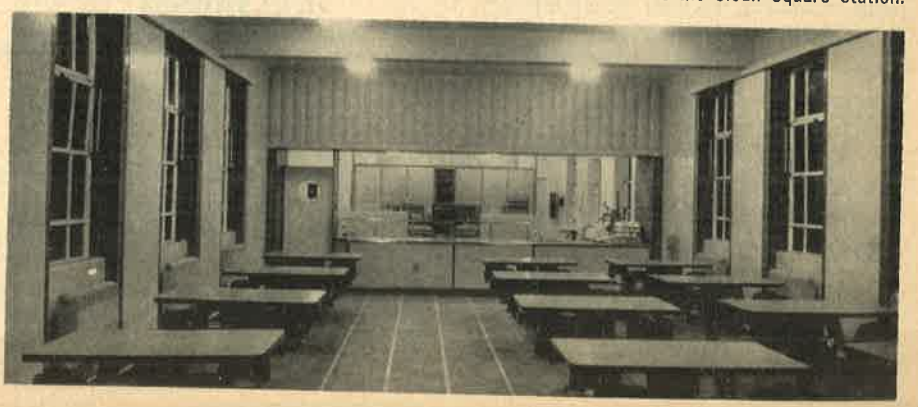
I stayed with a friend in Brooklyn and there *was* a tree right outside the front door. I dashed out in the morning to the subway, I jostled with the rest of New York on its way to work. There were no colored direction lights, no bright signs, no shouting stationmen and no cherry red trains as there are in London but there was still something exciting about those cold grey trains and cavernous stations. I felt quite at home even if it is only the colored lollypops in the slot machines that give some of the stations a touch of brightness.

Wonderful town, wonderful experience. One day New York's subways will glow with the vigor of youth. Just as the loss of the Elevated has brought sunshine back to the dark reaches of the Bowery so will the New York City Transit Authority bring glamour to the Subway. Many of you will be sorry to see the old order changing and perhaps when change does come the Authority will preserve just one small piece of Edwardian tiling to remind us of another more spacious and less atomic age.

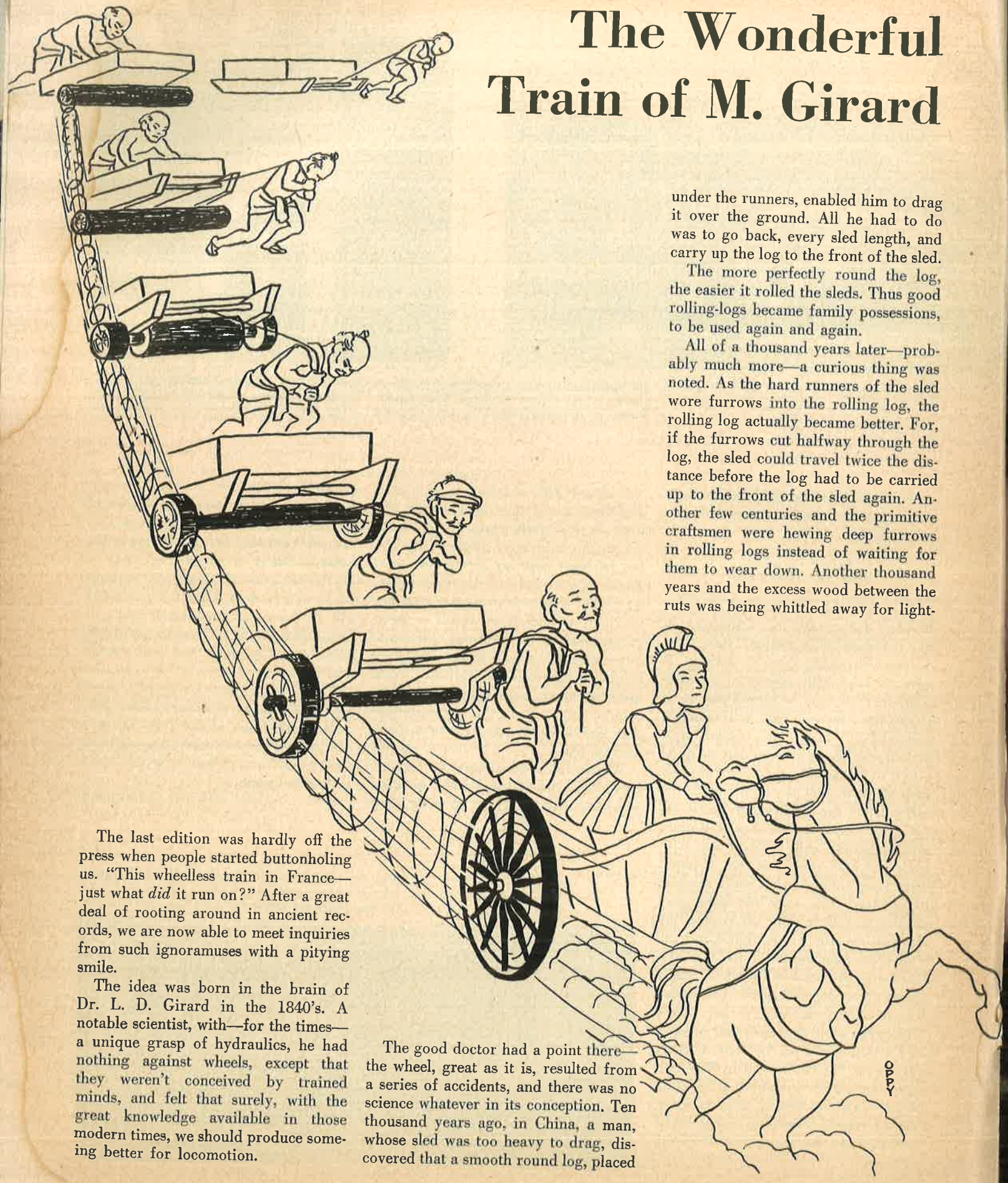
I shall go to New York again some day. The climate is so much better than ours! And if any of you New Yorkers who are helping to carry its millions ever come to London, look me up—you're welcome.

—S. V. MADDEN

Crew quarters weren't overlooked in the briskly-pushed program of station remodeling. This is the men's cheerful mess room and canteen at the Sloan Square station.



The Wonderful Train of M. Girard



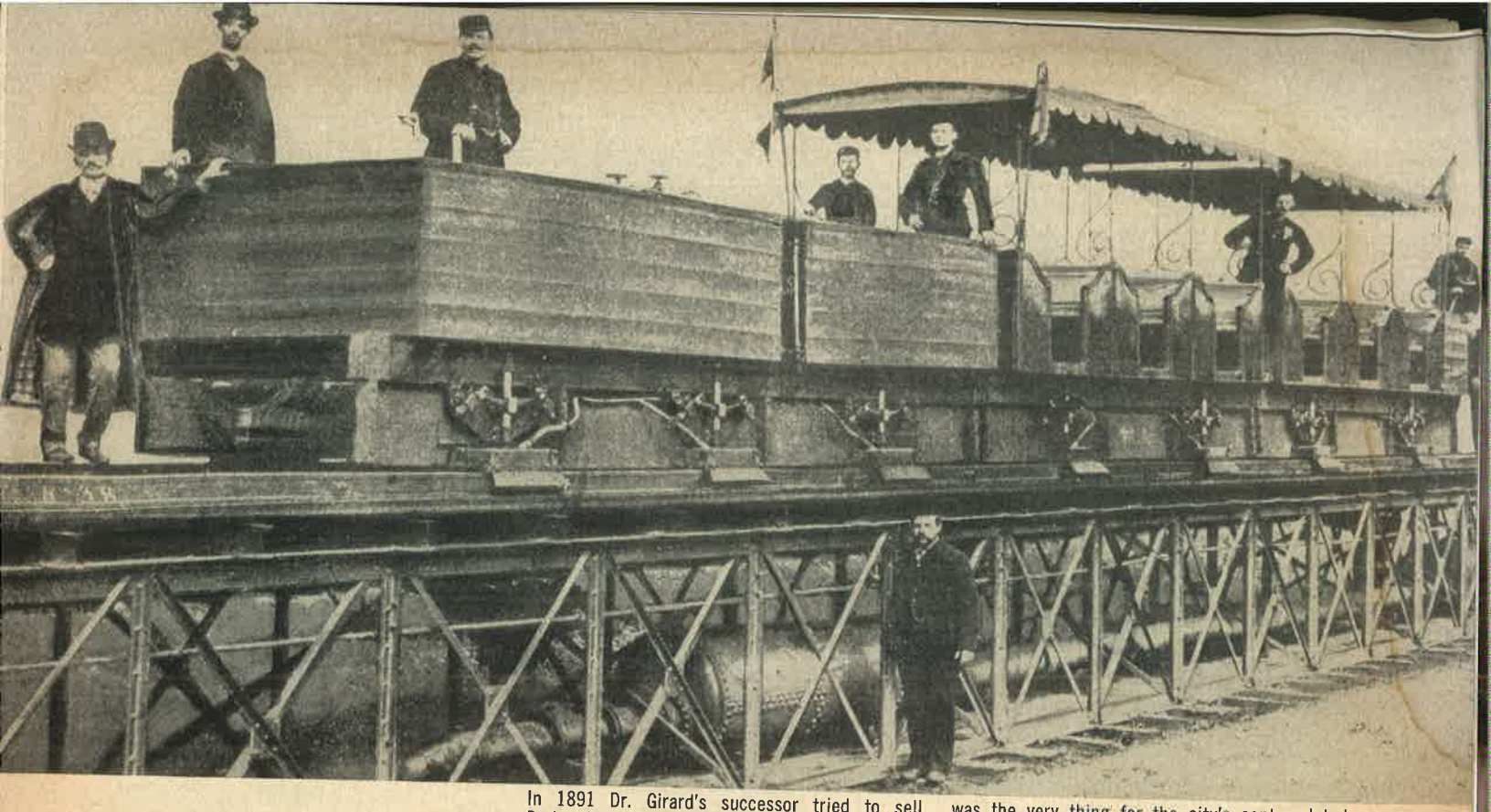
The last edition was hardly off the press when people started buttonholing us. "This wheelless train in France—just what *did* it run on?" After a great deal of rooting around in ancient records, we are now able to meet inquiries from such ignoramuses with a pitying smile.

The idea was born in the brain of Dr. L. D. Girard in the 1840's. A notable scientist, with—for the times—a unique grasp of hydraulics, he had nothing against wheels, except that they weren't conceived by trained minds, and felt that surely, with the great knowledge available in those modern times, we should produce someing better for locomotion.

The good doctor had a point there—the wheel, great as it is, resulted from a series of accidents, and there was no science whatever in its conception. Ten thousand years ago, in China, a man, whose sled was too heavy to drag, discovered that a smooth round log, placed under the runners, enabled him to drag it over the ground. All he had to do was to go back, every sled length, and carry up the log to the front of the sled.

The more perfectly round the log, the easier it rolled the sleds. Thus good rolling-logs became family possessions, to be used again and again.

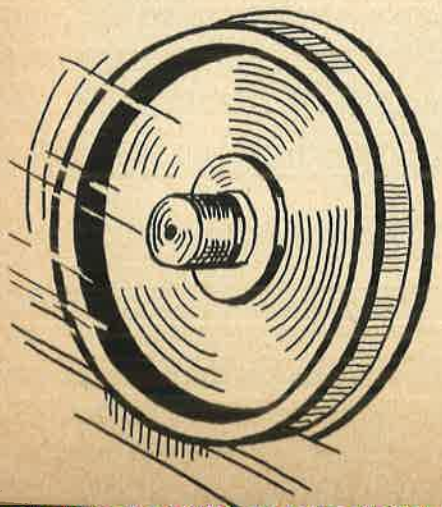
All of a thousand years later—probably much more—a curious thing was noted. As the hard runners of the sled wore furrows into the rolling log, the rolling log actually became better. For, if the furrows cut halfway through the log, the sled could travel twice the distance before the log had to be carried up to the front of the sled again. Another few centuries and the primitive craftsmen were hewing deep furrows in rolling logs instead of waiting for them to wear down. Another thousand years and the excess wood between the ruts was being whittled away for light-



In 1891 Dr. Girard's successor tried to sell Paris that the wheelless train, the Glissant, was the very thing for the city's contemplated subway. Paris, though, stuck to the old wheels.

ness, leaving an axle, fixed to two round disks. The remains of something like this were found in the sands of Mesopotamia, and dated by scientists as being about five thousand years old.

The wheel spread to Egypt. These people fixed the axle to the wheel of a chariot in such a way that it turned without binding, and nobles used it for sport. The Greeks borrowed the idea from the Egyptians, and the Romans got it from the Greeks. The ancient Romans are generally credited with bringing the wheel to a stage only slightly less refined than those on Grandpa's gig. They had everything down to the modern improvements in bearings and rubber wheels; they used it, not only for chariots, but for carts to haul supplies; they had wheels with spokes, and iron rims, not too dissimilar from our farm wagons.



The wheel of 1840 Dr. Girard viewed as a pretty clumsy makeshift, lumbering, bumpy and losing much power through friction. His first idea was to float a train on compressed air, so that the merest shove would be sufficient to propel it swiftly. He couldn't work it out. So he turned to the idea of floating a train on a thin film of water and, after twenty years, built a gliding railway—*Glissant*—on his estate. Everybody who rode in it was tremendously impressed. The train moved solidly, swiftly, but without any semblance of a train motion. The nearest anyone could describe the sensation was that it was like floating on ice-skates.

The train stood on four flanged plates, which slid over a seven-inch rail. Water, turned on automatically as the train approached, flowed in such a way that it formed a thin film. At the same time jets sprayed water against vanes underneath the train, urging it along, somewhat like a very crude form of the hydraulic automobile transmission of today. Power-consuming friction was vastly reduced—in that the *Glissant* was an outstanding success. A mere pound of pressure could move a ton of train over the watery film.

But, for the friction it saved, the *Glissant* used a terrific amount of water, even though every possible means was used to catch and reuse the water. Nevertheless, Girard believed he could lick the problem and, after years of activity, started to build a gliding railroad all the way from Calais to Marseille, a work that was going along at a fine clip, when the war broke out. The Germans captured Girard at the scene of railroad construction, listened to his unreasonable talk that the works was a new type of railway and shot him. They ripped up the fantastic contraption and did the same with the model at his estate.

Later one Barre picked up the work. The Doctor's notes and scientific calculations were so complex that it took Barre a dozen years to figure out the principles. But, in 1889, he built a new *Glissant* at the Paris Exposition, where it was held in practically unanimous wonder — a railway without noise, jouncing, or coal dust—capable of flying—if the length of track could be extended—at 120 miles an hour.

In 1891, when the talk of Paris was of subway construction, Barre produced a plan for a wheelless subway train, driven by an electric traction track, but supported by the two regular glissant rails, filmed with water and glycerine, the latter to prevent freezing. Old-fashioned Paris, however, decided to stick to the ten-thousand-year-old contraption called the wheel.



TA'S FIGHTING MEN





Major-SLO Albert Mazzarella



Airman-Conductor John Watkins



When First Lieut. Richard E. Marks isn't serving in the artillery, he's an electrical maintainer at 147th St. yards.



Lieut.-RRC Dermot C. O'Connell

Below RRC Waldemar H. Holdorf dispenses tokens at the IND booth at Steinway Ave. Inset shows Captain W. H. Holdorf.



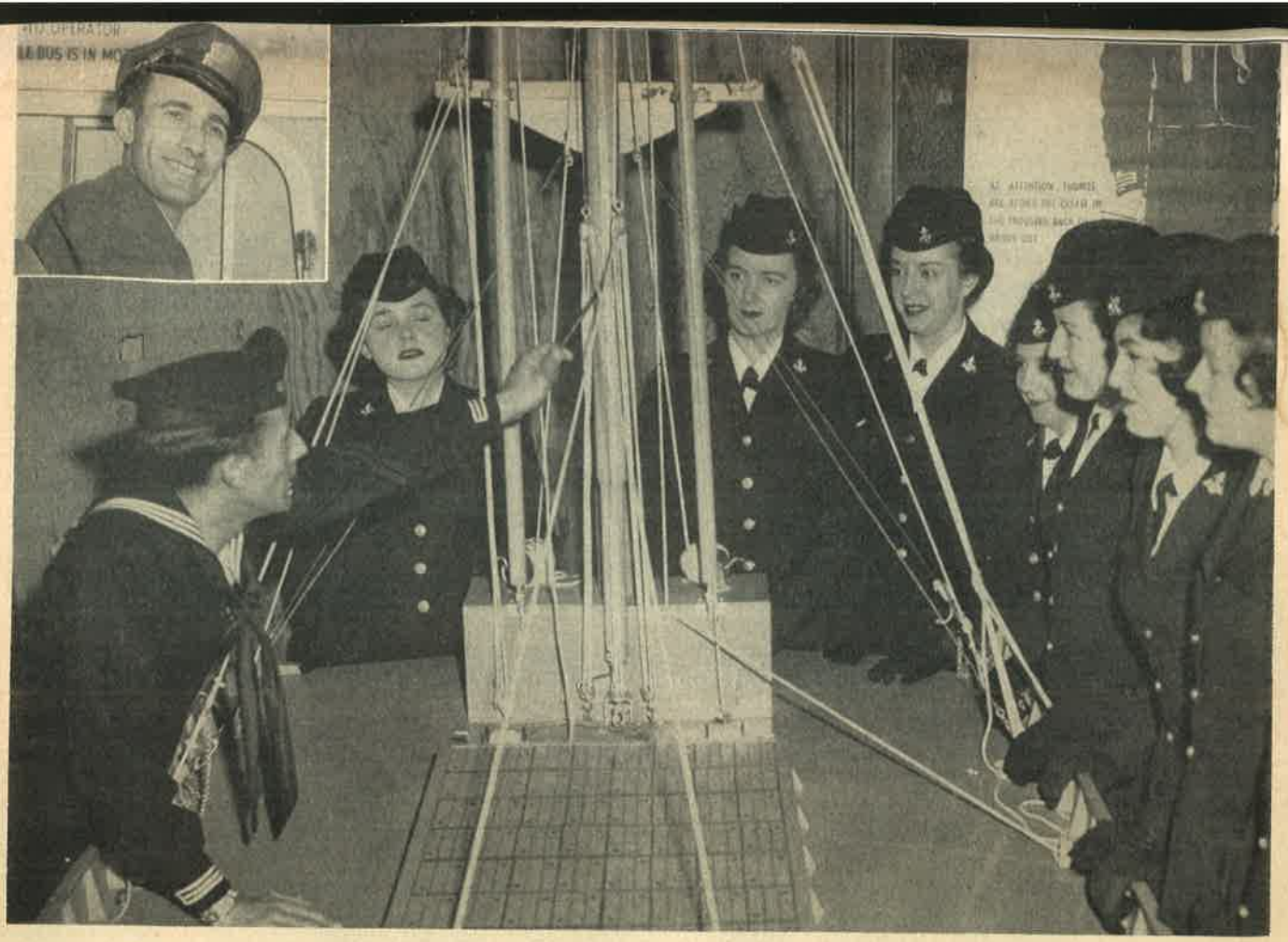
In TA it really happens—the sergeant tells the major what to do, and the major says, "Yes, sir!" smartly.

This is because about 800 TA employes belong to the army or naval reserves, and what ranks they hold in the service has little to do with their ratings in TA.

Not always, of course. But dozens of captains, lieutenant-commanders, and lieutenants skipper the System's change booths, train doors and feed the current into the third rail.

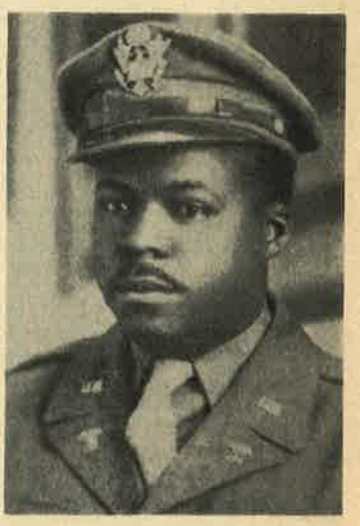
Unlike most of the double lives hitherto recorded in these pages, TA actually shares in this type. Last year the Authority paid out $163,000 in pay for the reservists on military duty.

The Navy is presently conducting a recruiting campaign for its reserve. In this connection, one word of caution. On the facing page SLO Michael A. Ruvolo is shown piloting his bus and, as Petty Officer Ruvolo he is showing the ropes of seamanship to a bevy of pretty Waves. This is a Navy picture, and, pinned right down to it, the U. S. Navy makes no guarantee that all future recruits will have exactly that sort of job.



Inset shows SLO Michael A. Ruvolo piloting his TA bus. More interesting picture shows him instructing a group of Wave reserves in art of cargo handling at Fort Schuyler. Even Michael, a petty officer, finds latter a great deal more interesting than following car ahead.





IRT Conductor Floyd H. Mitchell at his TA post and, farther right, on the job as captain, QMC-USAR.

L to R, Walter L. Schlager, Jr., superintendent of Track and Structures, is a Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserves, Richard L. Minetti, superintendent, maintainence of way, is a Commander in the Naval Reserve, and Edward A. Brophy, of track maintenance, is a captain of the Army reserves. They are shown at 370 Jay.





Some of TA's power people who double in real brass. Above, L. to R., Lieut. Col. William E. Robins, administrative assistant at the 74th St. plant, Captain William G. Simmen, assistant general superintendent at 74th St., Col. Milton A. Jewett, assistant supervisor at the Kent Ave. plant, Lieut. Col. Frank E. Fischer, assistant superintendent, and Lieut. Col. Frederick J. Kramer, assistant supervisor. Below, same order they're photographed in a more warlike garb. Some 800 TA men are in the active reserves of services.











THEY DOUBLE IN BRASS





At right Albert M. Hartzog makes his run as an IRT conductor. At left he's on the job as a First Lieutenant in Army.



Above Captain Jack D. Seon peaceably dispenses tokens and smiles at the IND station at 179th St. in Queens. At right, he's seen in more exciting days against a backdrop of bleak Korean hills during trouble.







These part-time tars undergoing inspection at Fort Schuyler are all TA men. L to R, Commander Chris Marschhauser is assistant superintendent of surface (above), Barkev Tookmanian is a power maintainer, Victor Bordonaro is a power maintainer helper, and Ludwig Schoeberl is a maintainer in Maintenance of Way.

RETIREMENT
END OR BEGINNING?

Not long ago a supervisor suggested retirement to a TA veteran. We'll call him John. "I'd like that," John said. "I've been working since I was fourteen; I've been on the job here more than thirty years. I'm tired and I'd like nothing better than to do just nothing from now on."

Two weeks after John went off to a blissful life of ease, he was back, begging for reinstatement. "I'm going crazy, sitting around the house." After a long happy married life, domestic felicity was gone, too. His wife said he "drove her crazy!"—a common situation in unplanned retirements.

Reinstatement of course was impossible. But it suggested that TRANSIT *carry a series of articles based on data compiled by government and institutional researchers—data too often unread by older workers—and illustrated with cases of TA pensioners, successful ones, run-of-the-mill cases, and failures. "Failures" is the right word, for with more people retiring younger and living far longer, retirement is no longer the ending of a story; rather it is the beginning of a new career.*

About the luckiest thing that happened to James McKeon was that he got bored stiff with retirement right after he started it in 1940. He'd put in fifty-two years in transit in New York City; he'd been at it since 1889 when he went to work for the Brooklyn City Railroad and was assigned to take all the bells off trolley horses on Saturday nights, so the Sabbath wouldn't be debauched by the tinkle of horse car bells, which was strictly against the law in those days, and the overlooking of a single bell on some nag's harness might have cost the company dearly.

At 84 James McKeon is quite well off thanks to years he worked under Social Security after leaving TA. Pastimes are cooking, listening to his two canaries, and puttering in house.



Ladies Man

He was restless in a week. "I think," he said to wife, Mary, "I'll get a job." Mary, at first, couldn't see it. After all, they were getting along fine on his BMT pension of $83 a month in their Bay Ridge home and another of $9.42 from the City.

But there was no holding the restless James. He soon got a job as doorman at a Bay Ridge apartment house and liked it fine. Would have stayed for years but one day a lady tenant, who was going to be away all day, gave him the key to her apartment and asked him to look after her dog. James did, and was rewarded with a dollar tip.

Mentioning this handsome reward the next day at breakfast brought repercussions. Mary cross-examined him carefully and then laid down the law. "You give notice of quitting today," she said. And he did.

"You see," James explained gravely, "I had quite a reputation as a ladies' man. And Mary wouldn't stand for me to be on a job where ladies gave me keys to their apartments, no matter for what purpose."

Upward, Upward

After a little more boring retirement, James answered an ad for a messenger for a furniture store. The personnel man was slightly incredulous. "But this job," he said, "only pays $16 a week. Of course, if you want it—."

James did—at any price. And once started he never stepped along so fast in his life. "In no time at all I was getting from $65 to $70 a week," he

MEET ONE OF TA'S PENSIONERS

bragged, "as night watchman. And I liked the work fine—no boss to hustle you around or anything like that. And the bosses liked me fine, treated me royally."

Even Mary was satisfied that the plastic mannequin who occasionally slept sweetly in the window of the store was quite harmless.

Life Saver

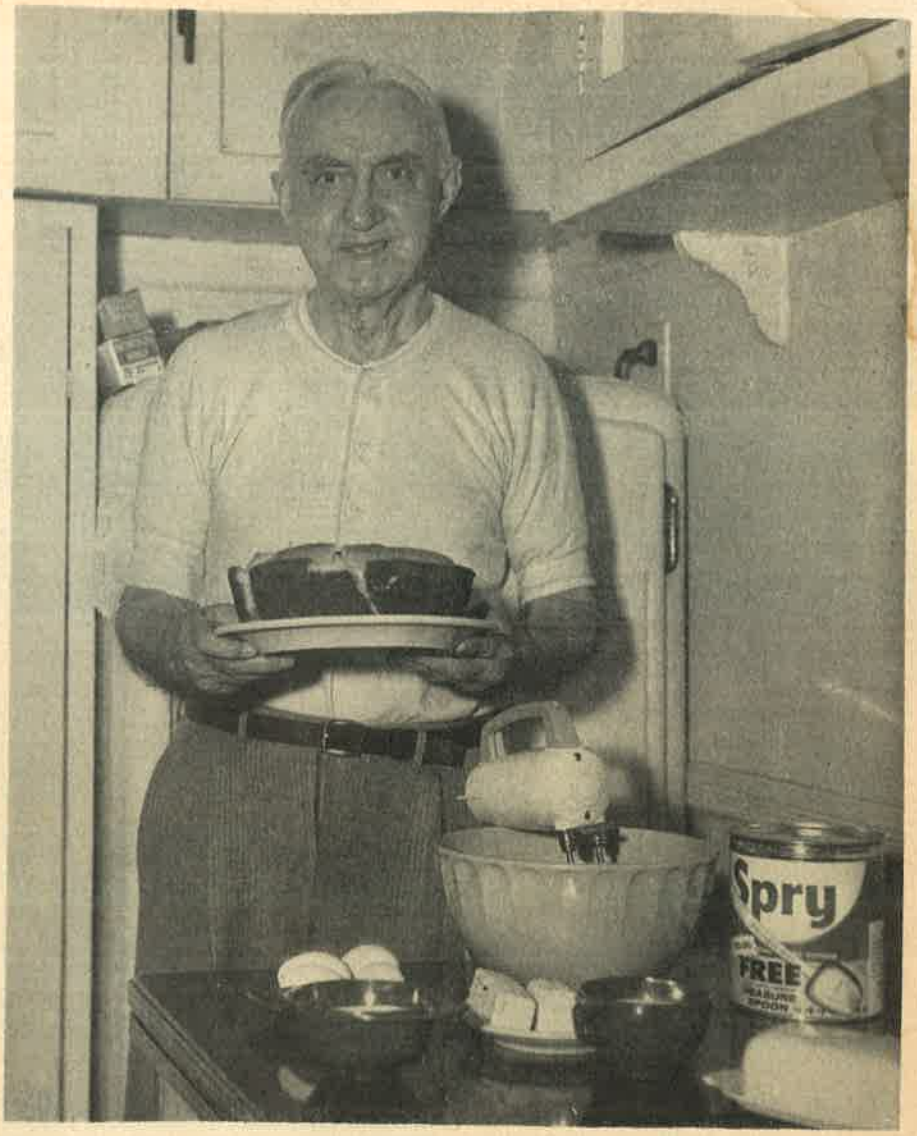
James stayed there for ten years, until the firm went out of business. That's why today he is drawing an additional $70 monthly in social security. "It's a life-saver," he said. For the BMT and City pensions of $92 that were so adequate in 1940 wouldn't bridge the gap of today's living costs. As it is, he now gets along quite well, financially.

The only thing he doesn't like much is that now, at 84, he doesn't have a job to go to. "That's pretty hard," he said. "I'd much rather keep working."

But Naturally

As it is he cooks extensively. He was rather famous as a cook even in the days when he went from horsecars to the El as guard, then as conductor. His specialty—as you would logically expect of a man with an Irish name and living all those years with fellow workers mostly with brogues—is Italian meat balls and spaghetti. He likes to bake, too, and turns out a fancy job of frosted layer cake. Fortunately, a married daughter lives downstairs, and he serves as chef to her family.

The rest of the time he putters about the house, listening to his two canaries sing. One thing leisure has done for him—it's made him appreciate how sweetly these birds sing. "I can listen to them by the hour," he said.



RETIREMENTS HINTS

More and more TA workers, on retiring, are eyeing the benefits of Social Security, which Mr. McKeon's case illustrates. A minimum of six "quarters"—three months' periods of employment under Social Security—entitles you to a pension beginning at the age 65. Forty quarters—ten years of such employment—fully insures you for life. The benefits are based, of course, on your earnings, in the Security-covered jobs. A chat with your local Social Security Office—the people there are quite unhurried and extremely helpful—will enable you to get a clear picture of what it would mean to you under any specific set of circumstances you have in mind.

★ ★ ★

To many men, retirement offers their first chance to go into business for themselves. This is a situation with unlimited possibilities—and dangers, too. The mortality rate among new businesses, in the first year, is staggering. Strongly recommended are small "home businesses," which can be started on a small scale *before* retirement. And all authorities suggest you specialize in something you like to do—wood-working, boat building on a small scale. Not recommended are the more obvious things like operating a gas station, wayside restaurant or small store, which requires more skill than appears to the casual eye, and all of which chain the retiree to long hours of work. Some leisure, on retirement, is certainly indicated.

Heirloom Recipes

Transit Will Pay $5 for Each Recipe Published

In Southern Europe, the use of a green as the main course of a meal is relatively common. Not by itself, of course—always it is used to stretch a meagre ration of meat or fish, used almost as a condiment. Here, with a far more plentiful supply at the supermarket, Mrs. Peter F. Cassese, of 90 Hale Ave., Brooklyn, creates what she calls:

FESTIVE ESCAROLE

- 3 lbs. escarole
- 4 oz. canned mushrooms
- 4 oz. pitted black olives
- ¾ oz. can of flat anchovies
- ½ cup olive oil
- ¼ cup grated parmesan cheese
- ½ teaspoon thyme
- pinch of garlic powder
- pinch of crushed red pepper
- 1 cup Italian tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons pine nuts
- salt and pepper

Wash and drain escarole, put in large pot with all the other ingredients, also the liquid from the mushrooms, simmer for one and a half hours, turning occasionally.



Straight from Hungary—by way of Mrs. Mildred Grau, 1976 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, that is—comes this recipe for Schekeli Goulash, but far different from any so-called Hungarian goulash that we've tried.



SCHEKELI GOULASH

- 1 tablespoon chicken fat
- 1½ pounds lean chuck, cubed
- 6 all-beef frankfurters
- 1 can sauerkraut (drained)
- 1 large onion
- 2 stalks celery, diced
- 1 can tomato sauce
- 1 cup water
- ⅛ cup raw rice
- 1 teaspoon salt
- dash of pepper
- dash of paprika
- 3 medium potatoes, diced

Brown the onion, diced, in hot fat. Add meat and brown slightly. Add seasonings, celery, tomato sauce and water. Cover and simmer for one and a half hours, until almost tender. Add frankfurters, sauerkraut, potatoes and rice and simmer for another half or three-quarters of an hour, adding water, if necessary, for gravy.

An unusual dessert comes from Mrs. Harry Weidenburner, 272 First Ave.

APPLE PUDDING CAKE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 cups flour
- 3 or 4 tart apples
- sugar and cinnamon

Cream butter, add sugar and mix well. Now add egg, beaten, and flour, sifted with baking powder, and the milk, to form a batter. Pour batter into greased baking dish. Peel and cut apples into eights and spread on top of batter. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, dot with butter. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 45 minutes.



TA NEWS IN PICTURES



On hearing that wives of some Sholom Society members are curious about the children's dancing school which gives a recital at the installation of officers, TRANSIT's camerman snapped the photo at right to reassure any suspicious spouses. Below the more serious business of evening as General Counsel Daniel T. Scannell swears in (L to R) Herman Terr, Murray Lichtig, Joseph Schwartz, Edward Weiss, Mr. Scannell, Milton Berkowitz, David Oderoff, Jack Kolodin, Joseph Pollack.





Troop of Boy Scout Cubs from Flushing learn all about bus transportation on visit to East New York bus depot, largest in the world. Assistant Supervisor Leonard McPeek, right, explains work of test gadget.

Retiring after forty years of service, Superintendent John J. Ford of IRT is given a dinner at Rosoff's. He's shown here with Mrs. Ford, General Superintendent Edward T. McNally (left) and new superintendent Harold McLaughlin, who is presenting him with combination radio and desk set.







INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT

Bus driver John Fanelli and his wife, Mary, finally got their baby—the sweeter for the struggle. Turned down by adoption agencies here as being "too old" for adoptive parents, the Fanellis found a friend who located an amber-eyed waif in Cassanassima, Italy, and, after much to-do, little Anna Maria became their child by order of the Italian courts. The Fanellis then discovered she couldn't enter this country, legal daughter or no. Distractedly, Mrs. Fannelli wrote to Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower — which friends said was a waste of time. It got action. The State Department, on White House suggestion, got busy and admitted Anna Maria on a visitor's permit, and the golden-haired little girl arrived by plane.



THE LITTLE MARSHAL

Grand Marshal of this year's Mothers' March on Polio is four-year-old Gerard Boyle, son of Conductor John Boyle of the BMT. Jerry was stricken with paralytic polio a few weeks after his third birthday and spent four months in St. Charles' Hospital. Today, although he still wears a full brace on his left leg, Jerry can run, ride his tricycle and go up and downstairs without any help. Here he does a little extra for the March of Dimes, from which he benefited, by collecting at the Ninth Ave. station of the Culver line. His father is at right. Others, L to R, Conductor Costanza, Motorman Donnellan and Dispatcher High Mundy, chip in.

the BRASS HORN

Courtesy Is A Climate

RECENTLY we heard about a TA man being told off. Richly deserved, no doubt. But what staggered us was the blunt, angry way—as we got it—that his supervisor gave him his comeuppance.

If the man was a normal human being, it certainly left him in a mood to snarl at his wife, cuff the youngster and kick the dog.

If he did these things, it would be none of our business. But, unfortunately—or perhaps the reverse for them—the wife, the child, the dog were not available.

In a matter of minutes, this worker was back on his job which involved direct dealing with the public. Still smarting, no doubt; and the only people he had to vent his feelings upon were our customers.

Which brings us to the subject of why some organizations are famous for courtesy, others infamous for the lack of it. Why certain steamship lines and nearly all air lines are famous for it. Doubtless you have friends who trade only in suchandsuch a department store, because they are treated always with dignified politeness. Yet their employes are all recruited from the same ranks of workers as those which staff the other sort.

The situation has been thoroughly researched. For courtesy can mean the difference between profit and loss, between goodwill—which we so desperately need—and ill-will on the part of customers.

The researchers turned up the answer—a climate of courtesy. Sounds rather high faluting, but we don't know a better way to put it. And they dismiss as quite false the notion that courtesy can be achieved only by handpicking innately courteous people to run trains, steamers, or airplanes or stores.

The essence of this finding is that courtesy must start at the very top of an organization.

And it must flow down in an unbroken chain to the lowest echelons of workers. It's a delicate chain, and any link that fails will certainly show itself at the ends, which are the part the public sees and deals with.

And, of particular interest to supervision, is the finding that the supervisor is quite as responsible as the porter, the conductor, the bus operator or the railroad clerk, for their attitude toward the customer.

For the worker, consciously or not, is going to start his day's work influenced by the attitude of his boss, his fellow workers and his shop. Whether that attitude has been courteous and friendly—or churlish—some of the same is going to rub off on him. And during the day it's going to rub off him in contact with our customers.

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



PUZZLE: FIND THE SUBWAY IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH

Unless you are one of the few—very few—familiar with the subway structure in this picture, you'll have a hard time. For engineers deliberately did a job of camouflage. Give up? Turn page upside down.

At the turn of the century, residents of Brooklyn Heights rose wrathily at news the IRT proposed to build an air shaft for river tunnel right there. That shuttered "house" at 58 Joralemon St., exactly conforming to neighborhood dwellings, was the result, perplexing peddlers galore.

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