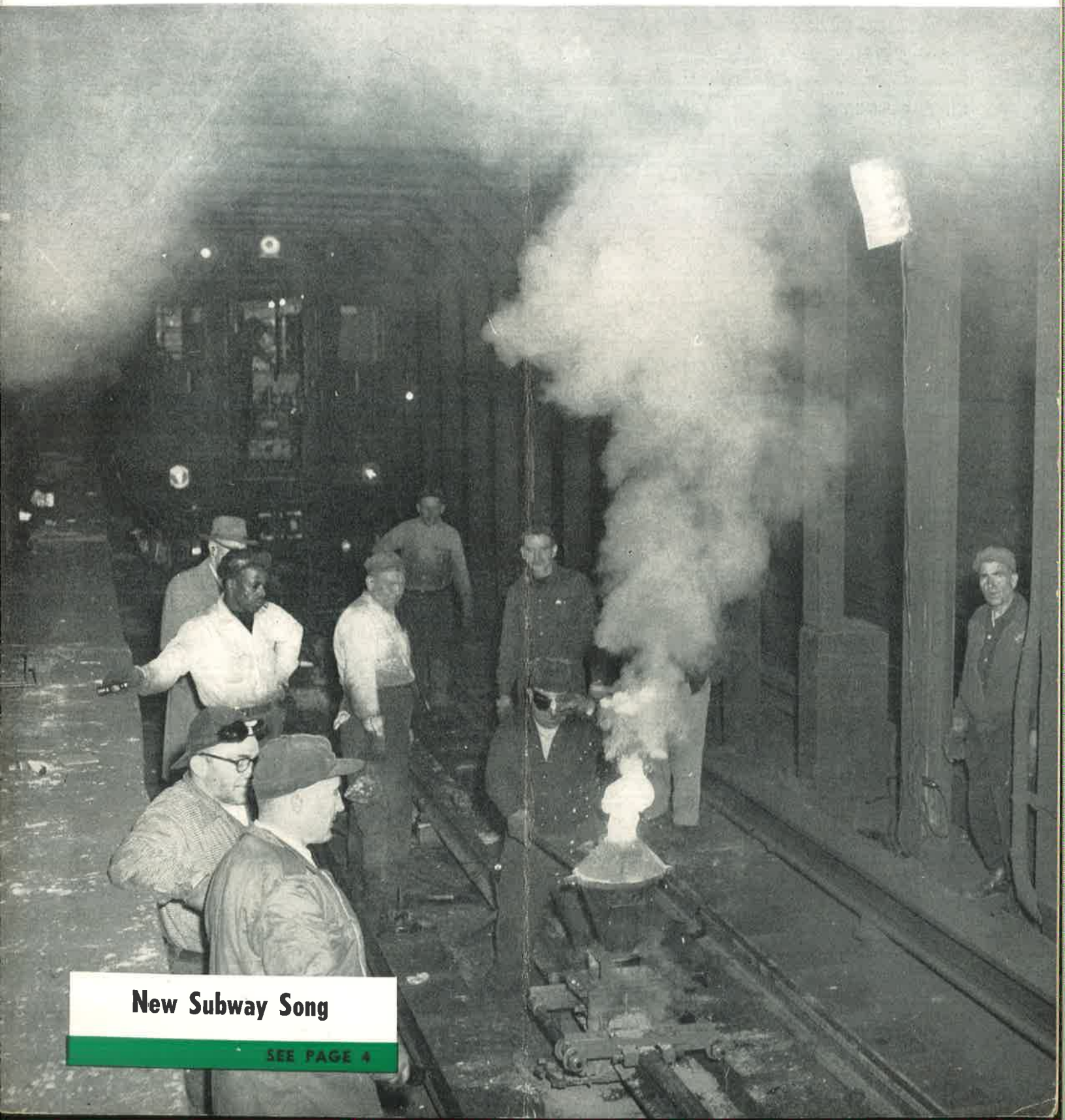
Transit

NEW YORK • MARCH-APRIL 1957



New Subway Song

SEE PAGE 4

Transit

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

LEO CASEY
EDITOR

VOLUME 4, NO. 3

March - April 1957

In This Issue

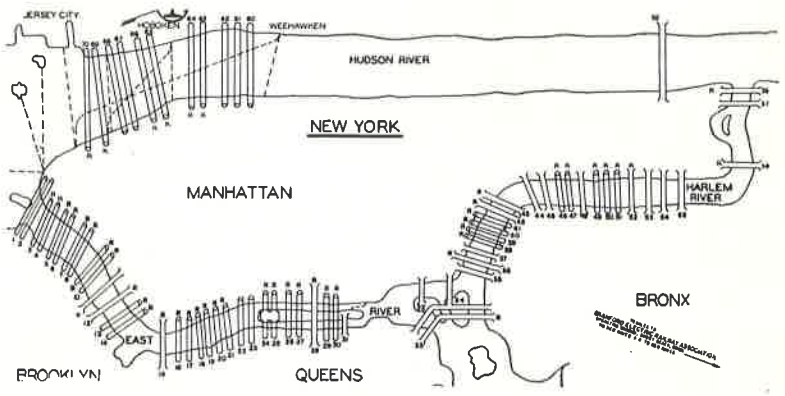
	PAGE
Editorial	2
As Others See Us	3
A New Subway Song	4
The Great Subway Art Mystery	6
The River Bottoms Are Getting Crowded	10
Retirement—End or Beginning?	12
TA News in Pictures	14
The Gold Box	16
The Boss Goes Back to School	18
The Brass Horn	19

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

From The Editor's Desk

OFTEN, dealing with all the niggling annoyances that crop up day by day, we're inclined to forget the massive nature of the job we do. It takes a picture like that on Page 10 to bring us back to the drama of the subway. There, in the distance, are the spires of Manhattan, which would be ghost spires if it wasn't for the 46 tubes which bore under the river bottoms to feed the great enterprises housed in those concrete and steel peaks with the manpower, the skill and the knowhow to keep them going. Or take a look at the diagram on this page, drawn by Mr. E. J. Quinby of the Electric Railroaders' Association, and you will get an idea of how the lifeblood of the city is drawn, not from the rocky little island itself, but from Brooklyn, Queens, The Bronx, New Jersey and Staten Island.

There are twenty-four bridges, too, and a couple of surviving ferries. Of course, some of the tubes are vehicular. But the bulk of that lifeblood is carried by the electric railways. On the diagram, each crossing marked R means it carries an electric railway. Forty-four out of seventy tunnels and bridges do that. And the lion's share of the traffic is borne by the twelve multi-track tubes of TA, and the two TA overwater crossings. Indeed, the bulk of passengers brought to Manhattan by other electric railways sift into the TA system once they get to the Island.



Take a look at Mr. Quinby's diagram, turn to Page 10, and see if you don't get a Certain Feeling.

THE EDITOR

AS OTHERS   SEE US



The London Story

The article by S. V. Madden was interesting, and—Oh! how true! However it seems every one misses the real reason for the difference. For example, law and order.

Freedom in London means the right to travel free and unmolested. No one travels without paying a fare.

Freedom here means the right of thousands to dart under turnstiles, skylark, damage and annoy passengers. When caught they cannot even be ejected.

Freedom here is the right of panhandlers to ride the subways for hours soliciting.

Freedom here is the right of bums, filthy with disease and covered with vermin, to ride with decent people.

Freedom here is the rights of cheap merchants to use the subways to transport bulky merchandise.

Why don't additional police simply stop them from entering the subway? They do it in London, why not here?

Cleanliness. Is there any reason why the outside of a subway car cannot be kept as clean as a London car? New cars recently delivered are already filthy. Is it necessary for a car cleaner to clean the windows on the outside to use a ladder?

I could go on at length. I have been with the City Transit for 24 years. There, labor relations stink then and still do.

PATRICK MCCANN—5409
23 West 31st Street
New York 1, N. Y.

Slightly Critical

Received TRANSIT today. To my estimation it STINKS.

For a good many years, during my employment on the BMT we received every month a copy of TRANSIT. It was not a funny book or cook book or picture book. It contained articles and reactions such as promotions, pensioners retiring and deaths of members of interest to employes, whether still employed or retired.

Give us a magazine to remember our job, whether present and passed.

JOSEPH A. SCHNURR
16 Reading Lane
Plainedge, N. Y.—Bethpage P.O.

Reading the Children's Corner, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to show what the men and women employed by the Transit Authority are doing to assist their children.

I am a Surface Line Dispatcher in the Flushing Depot in Queens and the father of two sons. My eldest son received a scholarship to New York University. He graduated in June 1951 with a B.S. degree and today is a teacher in East Meadow, Long Island. My younger son graduated in June 1954 from City College with a B.S. degree. He has attended the University of Bologna, Italy, for one year, and for the past two years is a student attending the University of Geneva, Switzerland, as a medical student.

I feel positive that there are many employes of the TA who are trying to help humanity through the education of their children.

S. L. D. HARRY BADEN



The Brainy Offspring

The IRT Division Holy Name Society announces results of recent tests for high school scholarships:

Full Scholarships: Jeanne Giebelhouse, daughter of Genevieve and George G., of 4236 Carpenter Ave., Bronx. George is a schedule maker in the Jay St. building. James P. Going, Jr., son of Mary and James P. Sr., of 40-40 Ithaca St., Elmhurst. James Sr. is a Dispatcher at Main St.

Partial Scholarships: Rosemary Hopkins, daughter of Bridget and Patrick, of 3120 Buhre Ave., Bronx. Mr. Hopkins is a Motorman, Pelham Bay Division. John M. Dooley, son of Elizabeth C. and James J. (UpMoyne') of 603 Beech Terrace, Bronx. James J. is a towerman, Pelham Bay Division. Miss Mary McLellan, daughter of Asst. Station Supervisor Gerald J. McLellan, declined partial scholarship having won the Bishop McDonnell Memorial Scholarship, Diocese of Brooklyn.

JAMES P. TIERNEY,
Chairman, Scholarship Committee,
Holy Name Society, IRT Division



M. Girard's Train

I have always found TRANSIT very interesting and entertaining, especially since we are engaged in similar industries and much of your material applies here in Detroit as well as in New York.

Your January-February issue, however, contained some exceptionally good reading in the article "The Wonderful Train of M. Girard." This kind of feature writing certainly deserves a top place in an employe publication and you have done an excellent job here.

The subject material, moreover, was so interesting that we should like to tell about M. Girard's experiments in an issue of our "DSR Reporter," also an employe publication. That is, if you would be so kind as to either give us permission to utilize the material (with credit, of course) or tell us where we can obtain this material.

Congratulations again on going a little beyond the usual in employe publication writing.

ROBERT JEWETT, Public Relations
City of Detroit, Dept, of Street Railways
11200 Shoemaker Avenue, PO Box 1058
Detroit 31, Michigan

Kindly Words

I think a note of appreciation is in order at this time. I read your TRANSIT magazine every month and I think it has a very humane message. Ordinarily the men of the Transit System are looked upon as a part of a machine, a part of the trains and they run. However, in your magazine you show the world that not only are your engineers good Trainmen but also good family men and good fathers and good husbands.

And when the call of our beloved country came they were good soldiers, too. And even at 84 James McKeon still makes himself useful at other smaller endeavors.

I think as a whole they are a pretty wonderful group, including yourself.

MRS. PAULINE SOKOL
28-35 - 36th St.
Long Island City 3, N. Y.

A New Subway Song

The subway is changing its tune. Relatively few passengers have noticed it yet. But TA people, ears more attuned to the familiar cadence, have caught a change in the A4 track—the uptown IND express track—north of 81st St. The staccato *clickety-click, clickety-clack,* is gone. Welded rail has been installed here for about a mile, and track joints, producers of the clickety refrain, occur only about 800 feet apart on the signal rail, 1,200 feet on the negative rail, instead of the usual 33 feet with standard rail.

Smoother, Cheaper

The result, so far as passengers are concerned, is a far smoother, much quieter ride. The result, so far as TA is concerned, is a large cut in rail maintenance, perhaps fifty per cent on the IND, where most track troubles occur at the joints. The job of changing over to welded rail has been going on about two months, proceeding in the dazzling glare of flaring magnesium, in the early morning hours when most important track work is done. It will continue, but to what extent is not yet determined. And, for at least some time, it will not supplant standard 33-foot rail on sharp curves, where rails wear out fast. For all the advances in the use of welded rail, it still isn't as simple to replace a damaged or worn out part of it as it is to repair jointed rail. At present it is being used only on tangents.

Long-Tried

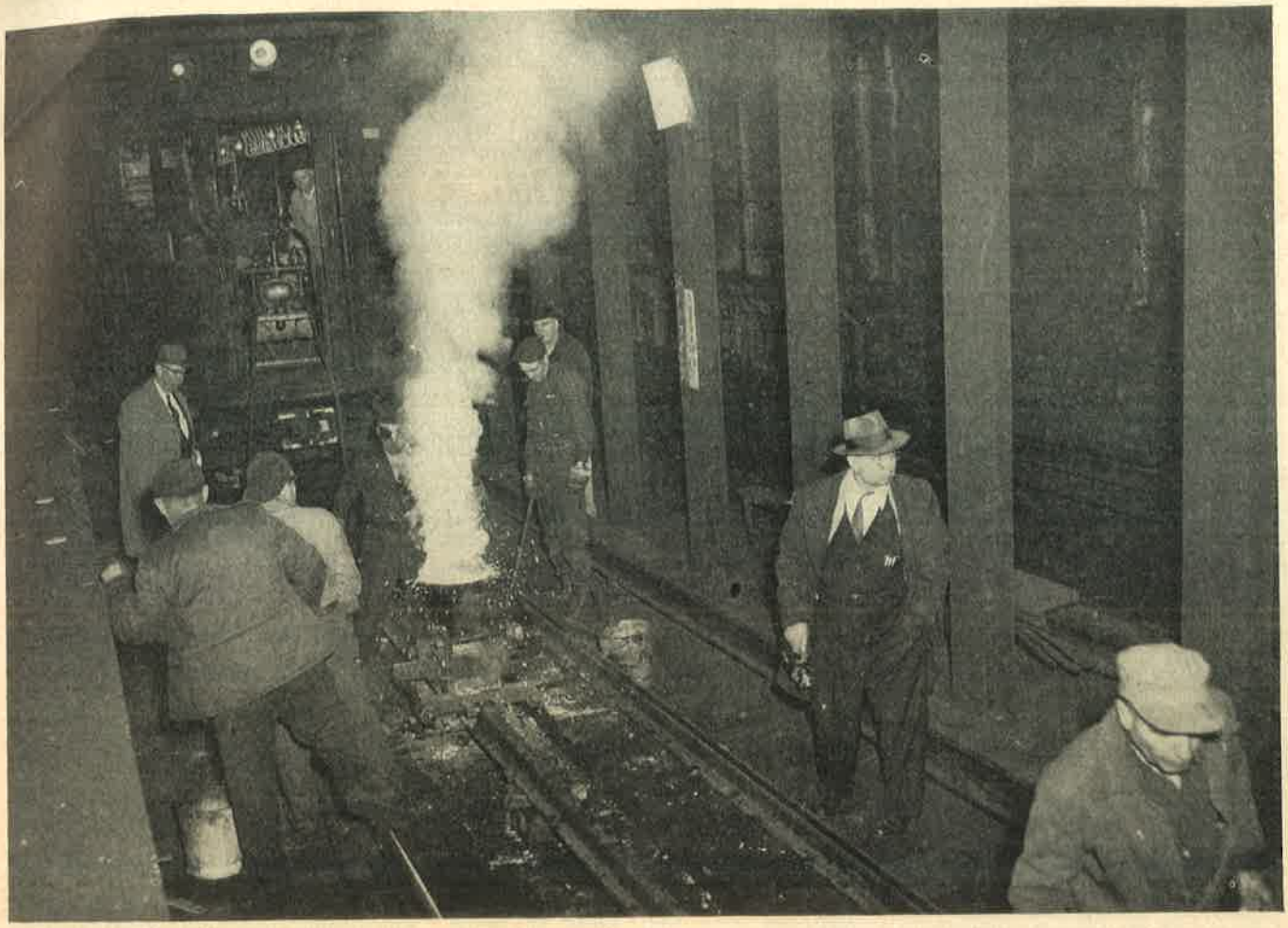
Welded rail came into the headlines with a bound recently. But, actually, there is nothing new about it. In fact, it has been experimented with for more than a quarter of a century. Indeed, in 1936, the BMT laid about a mile of it on the Sea Beach line. A good part of this is still giving excellent service after twenty-one years, although the method of "hold-down" would be considered pretty archaic nowadays.

The "Holdown"

When railroads first started dabbling in the welded rail, this aspect—the "hold-down," or anchoring — was viewed as the likeliest cause of trouble. Ever since steel rail came into use, it had been considered imperative to provide for expansion of the rails in heat, contraction in cold. Thus the New York subway rails were laid with three-sixteenth of an inch space at the ordinary joints—seven sixteenths at insulated joints. Expansion and contraction due to varying temperature, it was believed, would surely cause the continuous—or "ribbon"—rails to buckle

First step in installing the new welded rail in the subway is to preheat the rail ends to be joined. Here a kerosene-fed heater brings the rail ends to a glowing, cherry-red in the IND.





In a dazzling glare of flaring magnesium the weld boils down to form a seal, stronger than the "mother" metal between the two rail ends. The process gives passengers a far easier, quieter ride. It's advantage to TA is a lowered cost of track upkeep.

WELDED RAIL IS SILENCING THE FAMILIAR CLACKETING SOUND OF UNDERGROUND

up, or twist out of alignment, This contraction and expansion exists, all right, but by no means to bugaboo proportions.

Fighting Frost

It was found that these stresses could be "contained" by more solid anchorage. In effect, the rail is anchored so firmly that the contraction and expansion is largely overcome. Further, the expansion will occur at the ends of the welded rail, and all of them eventually have joints. Standard railroads have thousands of feet between joints. This, of course, is possible only because standard railroads often measure their signals usually in miles. TA, measuring its signals in feet, can use no such vast stretches of ribbon track. On the average TA signals throughout the system are 400 feet apart. An insulated joint must be provided for each signal.

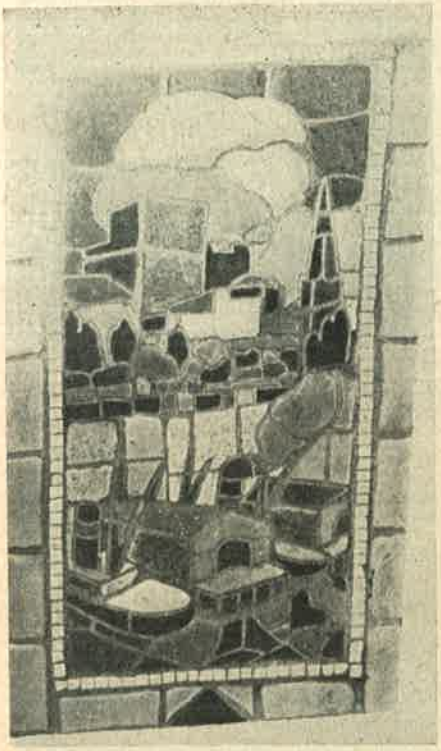
English Import

To provide the hold-down, TA is using, among other things, a new spike, called the "MacBeth spike," imported from England, a two-pronged affair employing spring steel, about which track crews are enthusiastic. While standard railroads bring track in sections hundreds of feet long and lay them ready for replacement alongside existing track, TA still brings its track to the spot in 33-foot lengths. This is necessary because the width of the tunnels permits little space for juggling track in lengths hundreds of feet long.

Between Ties

With jointed track, the joints, of course, must occur directly over a tie. With the welded joint, the reverse occurs—the sections must be welded at a point between ties. This is because the weld that fuses two lengths together must run not only between the two rail ends and around the topsides, but underneath as well.

The Great Subway Art Mystery



The mosiac in the Clark St. station on Brooklyn Heights shows the waterfront there, as it was about 1900.

A lady telephoned to say that she'd been admiring the beautiful mosaics in the subway system and was wondering what they meant and why we used them. "What mosaics?" we asked. "In *our* subway?" She said yes; we had very beautiful mosaics in the IRT. Within a week we had a dozen more inquiries. Detecting a sudden upsurge of interest in subway art, we called a veteran IRT man and asked him what the mosaics meant and why they were installed. "What mosaics?" he replied helpfully. "In *our* subway?"

Blushing Unseen

This wasn't characteristic of all the answers we got. Roughly about fifty per cent of the people we contacted who'd worked and ridden in the IRT, man and boy, had never even seen them. Another forty-nine and ninety-nine one hundreths per cent hadn't the foggiest notion what they were doing there. We eventually found our way to Walter Cozzolino, senior architect, who, we were told, knew all about such things.

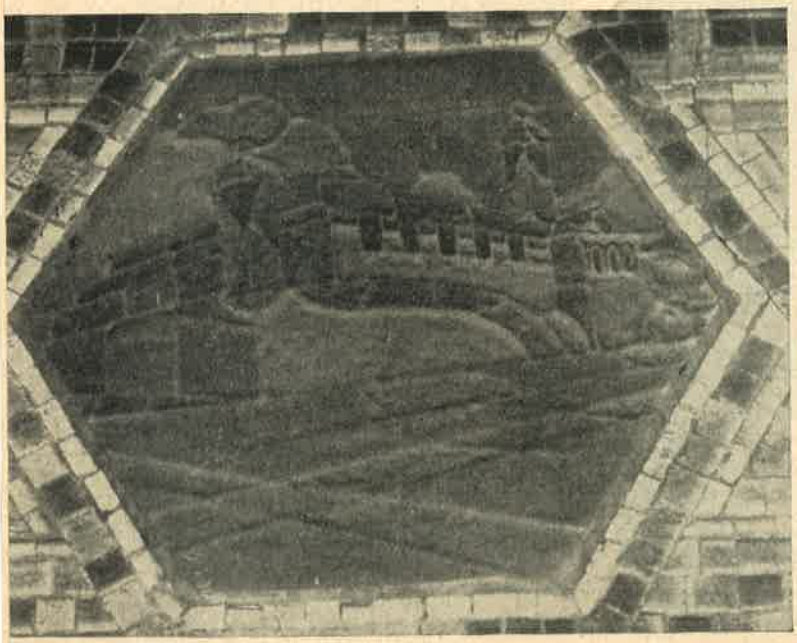
"Ah, yes," said Mr. Cozzolino. "Beautiful work. Just beautiful." The only things he didn't know was what they represented and why they were installed. "But I do know this—that sort of workmanship would cost too much for us to use in any new subway."

Mr. Adolph Bergbom, assistant secretary, said, confidently, the answer to all such questions was in his files. He rooted through his files and came up triumphantly with part of the answer, anyway. The first contract for the first subway specified that the stations were to be embellished with a landmark of the neighborhood. But as to just why a beaver gnawed a log at Astor Place, or a side-wheeler churned at Fulton St., it didn't say. No details whatever, and nothing as to the purpose.

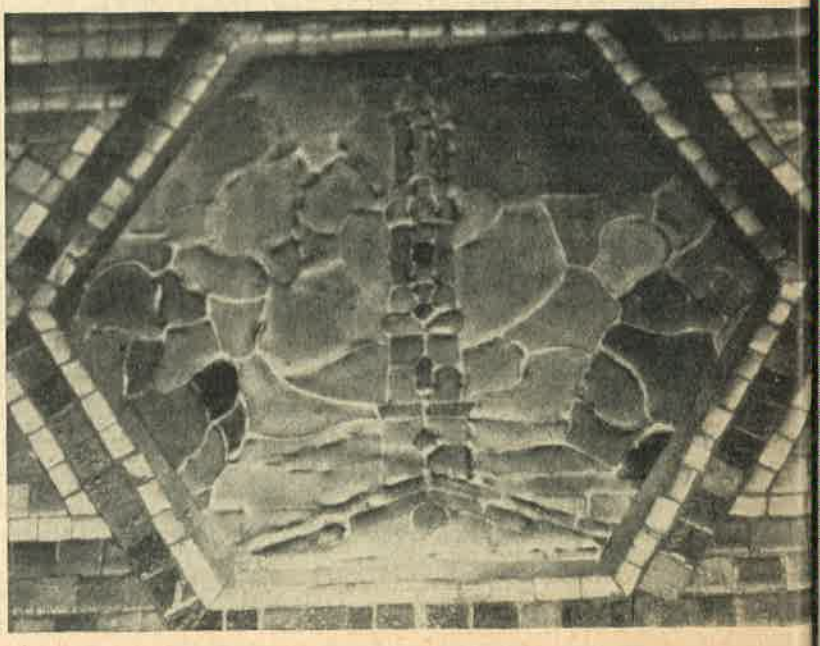
Special Studies

We struck richer pay dirt, though, when we remembered George Horn who spends eight hours a day piloting an IND train and another ten hours or

The grim building in the Christopher St. station is a likeness of the old state penitentiary, once located there.



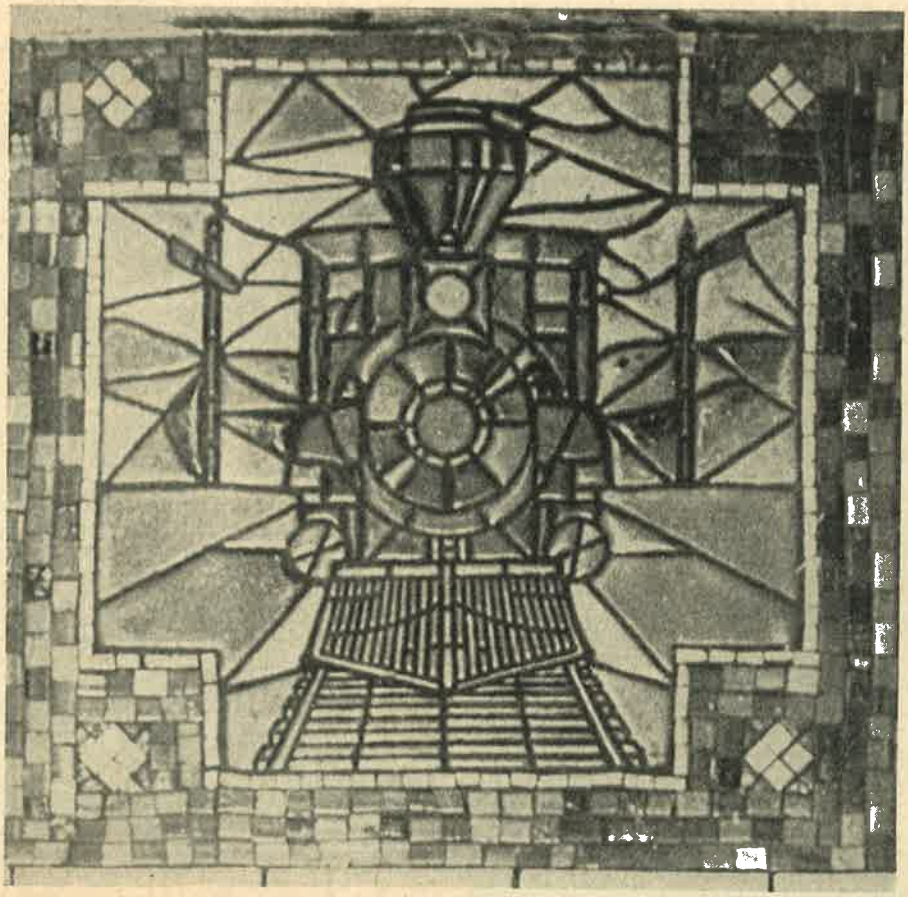
Spire of St. John's Chapel pierces clouds at Canal St. IRT station. The church itself was demolished in 1918.





One story has it that the decorations were to guide the illiterate travelers. Here, at the Fulton St. IRT station, this theory goes, they would recognize the old Clermont, and grasp that this was station named after Robert Fulton.

Arriving at Grand Central visitors would find this bell-stacked locomotive to describe whereabouts.



so making Special Studies of practically everything connected with the subway system.

"Oh, those mosaics!" said George. "By a peculiar coincidence, I've just finished making a Special Study of those. Gave me a little trouble, some of them did. You know the house in the one on the Canal St. BMT mosaic —the one with the canal and the bridge?"

"No," we said.

"Well, that's Aaron Burr's house—the chap who fought a duel with Alexander Hamilton."

"Fine. Now why were the mosaics put there?"

Mystery Remains

George said, sadly, "Peculiar thing. That's one thing I never could find out definitely. I've heard that the reason was to guide people who couldn't read English. Seems logical. After all



The Hall of Records, as practically nobody can see, identifies the IRT Borough Hall station in Brooklyn.

Christopher Columbus's flagship, the Santa Maria, has been sailing these fifty-odd years at Columbus Circle.



there was still a strong tide of immigration back in 1900, and a good many immigrants couldn't read English. The theory was that Robert Fulton was an international figure. People might not be able to read his name, or recognize his picture. But seeing the picture of the 'Clermont'—that's what it is on the Fulton St. station—they'd know right away they were on the street named for him.

"But I've never been able to prove or disprove the story. I did nail it down that the mosaics and the bas reliefs were August Belmont's personal ideas; in fact I understand he even did the preliminary sketches."

Gnawing Beaver

The reason a bas relief beaver thus gnaws a log on Astor Place is that John Jakob Astor once had his establishment there, and Mr. Astor was the beaver tycoon of colonial days. Tens of thousands of European dandies wore beaver hats the raw materials for which came from Mr. Astor's establishment.

The sloop that scuds in the South Ferry station is a faithful picture of the ferries that plied between Staten Island and Manhattan rather well before the era of radar-equipped ferryboats. The spire that pierces the clouds in the Borough Hall station in Brooklyn is actually the spire of the Hall of Records, as any competent clairvoyant could see at a glance. The plaster lady with three naked cherubs at 116th St. and Broadway is a copy of Columbia University's coat of arms. (We tried this one on four Columbia graduates; all got zero for identification.) Columbus Circle naturally has Christopher Columbus's flagship for its decoration. The Christopher St. station shamefacedly wears the state penitentiary, which was located there before its population moved to the town of Sing Sing, which thereupon changed its name to Ossining, the townfolk not wishing to be associated with New York toughs. The Canal St. IRT mosaic shows the spire of St. John's Chapel, which should confuse today's travelers no end since this church was demolished in 1918. But the replica of King's College at Chambers St. takes the prize in this connection—in a strong burst of patriotism this institution changed its name to Columbia after the revolution, and, anyway, it moved up to 49th St. in 1860—a half century before the station was built. At the BMT Whitehall St. station, the decoration, by another coincidence, is of White Hall, when Peter Stuyvesant lived there.

The Battleground

One of the dozen callers following the first inquiry wanted to know specifically about the "very beautiful one" in the Clark St. station on Brooklyn Heights. "What," she inquired, "is it supposed to show?" We found out about that, too. By an odd coincidence, it is a likeness of Brooklyn Heights, about 1900, at the point where George Washington's army, hopelessly defeated in the battle of Long Island, awaited the coup de grace, which it was powerless to resist. The British waited for dawn to do it; General Washington didn't. Rounding up a sorry collection of everything that would float, he ferried his battered army across the river to fight and retreat and fight and retreat for many more years.

Slightly Unscientific

We asked Mr. Irving Finkel, chief of designs, what he thought of the legend that the designs were intended to guide travelers who couldn't read. Mr. Finkel thought it was poppycock, as it turned out.

"Doesn't make sense at all," he said. "Now on the IND they worked out a system of using colored tiles to acquaint passengers who couldn't read with their whereabouts. The system is fully keyed."

"What's the key?" we asked.

Mr. Finkel said he didn't know but Mr. Cozzolino would know. Turned out, though, Mr. Cozzolino didn't know, but dug up a chart showing the different colors at the different stations. We asked if he thought that actually helped passengers identify their whereabouts.

"Put it this way," he said. "It was a noble experiment."

We asked Mr. Finkel, who seemed pretty enthusiastic about it, what was the color of the tile at *his* home station.

Mr. Finkel rubbed a hand through his hair. "I don't know," he confessed. "But I'm sure I'd sense something wrong if I got off at a wrong station with different tile."

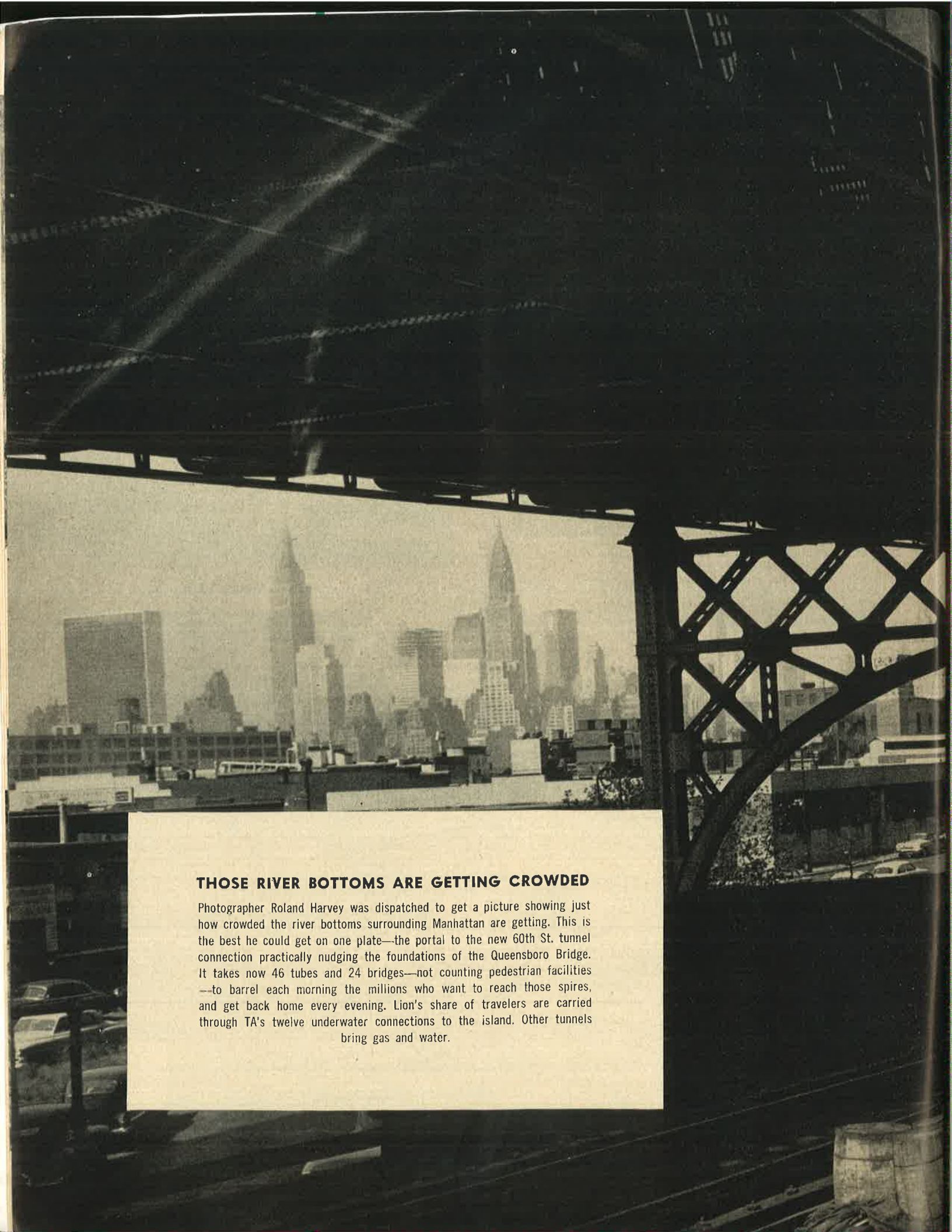


Because John Jakob Astor left his name on Astor Place, and John made his fortune out of furs, mostly beaver, this animal, in bas relief, marks that station. The insignia at right, above, which baffled several Columbia grads in TA, is the Columbia University emblem, and, of course, is at 116th.



The mosiac below takes a bit of studying. It marks the BMT station at Canal St. The little waterway, flowing beneath the bridge, indicates the canal, for which the street was named. Not much of a canal by modern standards, as you can see. The house at the upper left is a replica of Aaron Burr's old homestead.





THOSE RIVER BOTTOMS ARE GETTING CROWDED

Photographer Roland Harvey was dispatched to get a picture showing just how crowded the river bottoms surrounding Manhattan are getting. This is the best he could get on one plate—the portal to the new 60th St. tunnel connection practically nudging the foundations of the Queensboro Bridge. It takes now 46 tubes and 24 bridges—not counting pedestrian facilities —to barrel each morning the millions who want to reach those spires, and get back home every evening. Lion's share of travelers are carried through TA's twelve underwater connections to the island. Other tunnels bring gas and water.



RETIREMENT



Thomas M. McGrath, who started with the IRT as assistant wireman back in 1902 and retired as Assistant Supervisor, Electrical Department, forty-five years later, did just what the doctors order nowadays. But, at the time, he didn't know what the doctors would be ordering; never troubled to see one about it.

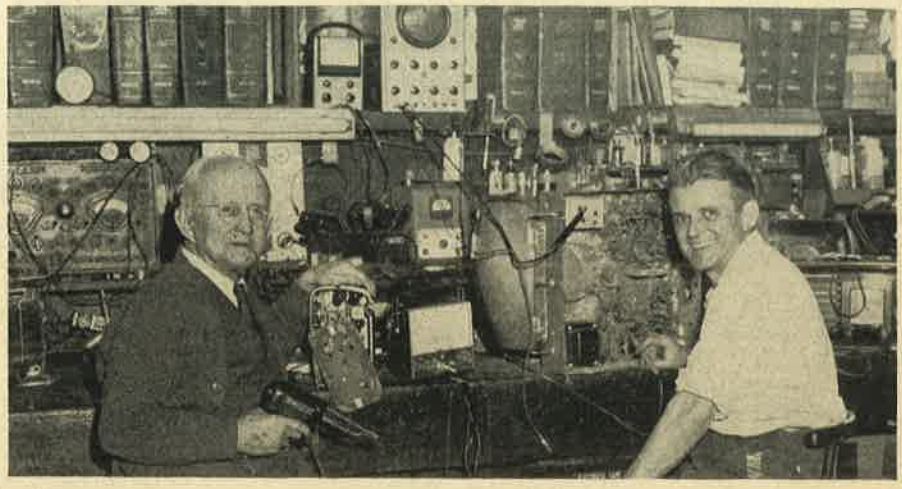
Develop a hobby and make it pay. . . . Start your business before you retire. . . . Specialize . . . Start very small. . . . Risk as little capital as possible. . . . That's what the doctors' say now. . . .

Marconi was still a name in the news when Wireman Tom became fascinated by the notion of sending messages through the air. Soon he began cluttering the McGrath household with bulky, weird-looking gadgetry. He clicked thousands of messages out into the wild blue yonder and finally souls vast distances away began clicking back at him from their own gadget-filled workrooms.

It was the Day of the Ham. Many years were to pass before, out in Pittsburgh, some bright fellows got the

(*Continued on next page*)





THAT PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

Once practically a majority of men, on retiring from TA, planned on going back to the farm. The proportion has diminished, but still, of all retirements planned, this leads a long and growing list of post-retirement careers. But farms and farming have changed since you were a boy, and certain facts should be clearly recognized.

★ ★ ★

Practically all of us have dreamed of breakfasting in the morning on barnyard pearls, gathered fresh an hour before from the hennery, and dining on crisp-fried chicken, costing virtually nothing, since they were raised by ourselves. That's just a dream today. Hens and poultry meat are now produced in places that resemble factories rather than farms. And eggs, produced in small quantity on a small farm, will cost more than those purchased in cartons at the supermarket. The same holds for poultry meat. This is because the small operator cannot buy his raw materials, chiefly feed, for conversion into eggs and meat nearly as cheaply as the large, skilled producers.

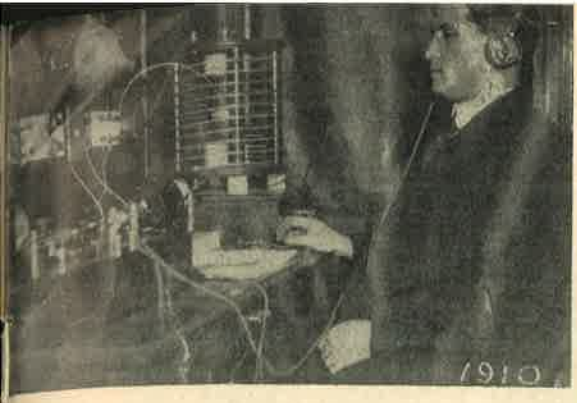
★ ★ ★

The "low taxes" of the country are often—by no means always, but frequently—vastly higher than city taxes. This is because the automobile, particularly in New England, has created the so-called "bedroom town" out of pleasant little villages. Watch for this. Where breadwinners work in huge city plants (which pay taxes in the city), but live in small communities, where each child cost $300 or more per year to educate, many farmers and retired people are being driven out by high taxes.

★ ★ ★

The pretty hillside apple orchard, unless you spray, spray, spray with modern (and expensive) equipment, fertilize, fertilize, fertilize (at $40 per ton or thereabouts), prune, prune, prune (or hire it done at $1.50

(*Continued on next page*)



(*Continued from preceding page*)

notion of sending out entertainment over wireless, getting advertisers to pay for it. It was the day when merely being able to talk to a fellow ham hundreds of miles away was radio—excepting, of course, that sea-going ships were using it for telegraph.

Times changed. The first few broadcasting stations were created. People bought radio receiving sets and sat all evening, earphones clamped to heads, turning all sorts of dials, and occasionally connecting with a station. The sets sometimes, but not always, were good for several months before needing repairs. But they did need them sooner or later.

In his neighborhood, where, naturally, would people take their sets but to Tom McGrath—the man who, in 1910, got the Gernsback award for having the best amateur radio station in the country? In time, Tom found, people were willing—indeed, expected—to pay him for repairing their sets.

His son, John, turned out to be as much of a radio fan as the old man. He used to collect the broken down sets from the neighborhood, bring them home, and he and Pop worked together fixing them, after Tom finished his stint at the 147th St. yards. The demand grew so great that twenty years ago Old Tom and young John opened a radio store at 1836 Westchester Ave., The Bronx. Last year it did a $20,000 business. It's largely TV stuff now, and Tom lets John do that.

Tom lives nearby at 1827 Gleason Ave. with his wife. His four children, two boys and two girls, are off married now, and Tom counts eleven grandsons and two granddaughters. He's eighty now, still rather brisk, "but I don't run around the block anymore—I walk." He takes it easy, doesn't bother to show up for work until afternoon. Doesn't really have to work. But he tried living the life of idle leisure once.

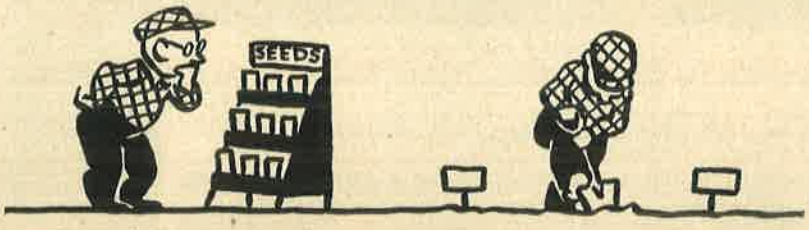
"The monotony drove me crazy," he said.

(*Continued from preceding page*)

an hour), won't produce enough apples to make an apple pie, fruit diseases having become so rampant. Many agricultural school graduates can't produce broccoli, beans or cabbage, even with thousands of dollars of specialized equipment to do it, at a profit. There's no reason to think you can do it better.

★ ★ ★

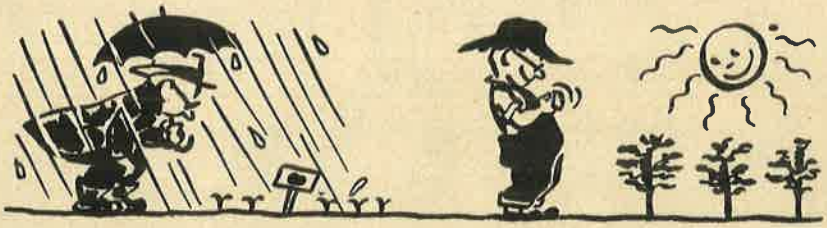
Those are the bad points. If you like country living, don't be dismayed. Living on a small, "subsistence farm" can be the most satisfactory, economical and healthy life there is for retired folk.



Grow food primarily for yourself. With a freezer, a garden tractor, a grasp of what can be done on your farm, you can produce all your own vegetables and fruit, even a good deal of your meat. The small, family cow—if you have some decent pasture—can be a tremendous money-saver. Milk, delivered to your door in the country, cost a penny or two more. Butter, is just as expensive as in the city, and so is cottage cheese. Milk drivers are paid high, the cost of processing and shipping milk has gone up. These costs can be saved by the family cow, once considered too much of a nuisance and uneconomic. Many subsistence farmers, after the cow has freshened, and the first calf has been fattened and vealed off, buy day-old calves (usually at $4 to $6 each) raise them to veal size, and butcher them. Thus three calves can be raised, dressing off at about 100 pounds each, for each yearly freshening of the cow.

★ ★ ★

Get in touch with your county agent, an easy man to talk to and an expert in his field. If you want to make a few hundred dollars or more from a "cash crop," he'll show you how. You can't produce broccoli to compete with the big farm machines, but no machine yet has been invented to handle much of the work of growing strawberries, a fruit still largely a product of hand labor. A well-grown acre of strawberries will produce a cash crop of between $1,000 and $3,000, most of which, on commercial farms, goes for labor. Furthermore, the local market is always available for these, and other highly specialized crops. Find out about them.



The farm agent can produce federal and state booklets on almost anything agricultural. Get them, and read, read, read. The county agent will tell you what will and won't grow on your place.

★ ★ ★

Strongly recommended is buying the farm before you actually retire, while you have months or years to search for the ideal spot. Learn values. A good spring, above the house so that gravity will carry the water into your house, is worth $1,000 easily. Lumber is expensive in a lumberyard, but "on the stump" it probably has little value. A level acre, fertile enough to produce three or four tons of hay, is more valuable than twenty acres of scrubland or rocky hillside.



OFF TO A SOFT LIFE from the more rugged game of transit after 25 years goes Henry Harrer, file clerk. In Germany he'll go into goose-down trade. Here he's at farewell dinner with Chief Clerk Genevieve Ryan, Asst. Super. Ed Feeney, Nathan D. Brodkin.



Newspapers and TV were intrigued by gadget invented by Walter D. McInnes, of GM's staff, to retrieve tokens from turnstiles and suck them back to change booth by forced air. He tries it at Jay St. station.



ANOTHER SOFT SNAP was landed by Enrico Giugliano, TA mechanical engineering draftsman (left) who dashed off a short essay on why he liked to sleep on an X..... mattress (which he never had), won a second honeymoon for himself and bride, Dolores, TA stenographer. Here A&S Superintendent David Gray presents the pair with tickets for a Bermuda trip.

NOT SO EASY were the awards won by TA employes for bright and unusual ideas to save employer money. General Manager McLernon presents awards of $10 to $150 to (L to R) Foreman Egan Hasforth, Foreman Frank Locasio, Foreman Otto J. Kammerer, Motorman Milton Schenker, Al Turk (appearing as Surface representative), and Bus Maintainer George J. Patti at 370 Jay Street.





JUST ANOTHER DAY to Daniel J. Roarty, was his 50th anniversary of service. Here he spends it at his desk as chief claims examiner in Torts. Began as BRT office boy.

TA NEWS IN PICTURES



UNENDING SEARCH for a key to cleaner subways has hundreds of materials being tested every year. Here a new chemical, supposed to flush away greasy deposit, is tested at the Chambers Street IND station. Search goes on.

RECRUITING DRIVE for new members for St. George Association gets under way at meeting held very recently. Rev. P. J. Zaccara exhorts members to bring in Protestant prospects. Group will meet the second Wednesday each month at St. Ann's Episcopal Church, at Clinton and Schermerhorn Sts. Chairman Patterson is seen in foreground, back to camera. Campaign got off promptly to a brisk start.





This is a peripheral vision-tester, tells whether you have a good chance of seeing moving objects off to the left or right.

The Gold Box

It Tells Whether You'll Make A Good, Or Bad, Bus Driver

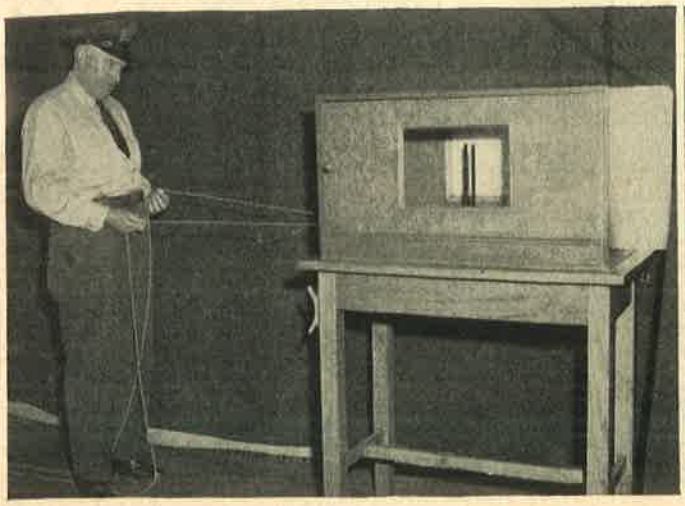
Here the Gold Box is in operation. At command from Instructor Fred Lane, SLO hits brake. Cartridge fires yellow powder to pavement, leaving first mark as command is given. Second cartridge goes off automatically when brake goes on, determining speed of reflexes in applying brake. Driver learns speed of his stop.



We've been a little cockier with the boss ever since we went to the far reaches of Canarsie recently, got behind the wheel of a TA bus, and discovered we were a natural-born bus driver. Mr. John Maute, the senior dispatcher in charge of instruction and custodian of the Gold Box, told us so. And Mr. Maute isn't a reckless man with his mouth. He said that, as far as our reflexes, vision and reactions went, we were pretty wonderful. "But, of course," he added, cautiously, "you'd have to pass a literacy test, too. That's none of my business. I couldn't say as to how you'd make out with that."

We're Exclusive

Don't jump to the conclusion that anybody can get behind the wheel of a 15-ton TA bus and drive it around. Before we did this, even in the far reaches of Canarsie without another vehicle in sight—which made it as easy as piloting the Big Mo up the far reaches of the Gowanus—we had to undergo a lot of tests at the Surface School in the East New York Bus Depot. Such things as a peripheral vision tests, by which we discovered that our right eye was splendid, having a coverage of 105 degrees, and our left eye was just fair, having a coverage of 95 degrees. If we ever clipped a pedestrian, he'd be coming from the left, Mr. Maute said. Nothing to worry



This is a depth-perception machine by which it is determined whether drivers can accurately tell how far ahead machines are in either road lane.



This is the top secret device which, among other things, subjects the driver to carefully planned fusion—as do actual traffic conditions, unplanned.

about, really, if we remembered to keep our head turned just a little to the left while driving.

Mr. Maute said that was nothing to worry about, just so long as we knew it. He was pretty comforting that way. When we took the depth perception test, which involved pulling strings to get two vehicles exactly opposite each other in the distance, we didn't do so good—the two wooden minatures just wouldn't line up. But Mr. Maute said we did all right there, too.

"Some of the people we try out," said he, "think that a car in the left lane is two hundred feet away—we can see that by the tests—when actually it's only twenty feet away. Scares you to think about it—but, actually, it's nothing that can't be cured by the right glasses. We just send those people to their oculist to be fitted with the right glasses and give them the test all over again. You aren't half bad."

Confusion Machine

They also have a machine there which glares a blinding light in your eyes, but this is very hush-hush, top-secret stuff, because, if you know what its supposed to do to you, you can avoid its worst effects, which Mr. Maute doesn't want you to do. He's interested in finding out what a miserable bus driver you'd make. Also a machine called the "telebinocular vision-tester," which tells you an appalling amount about the condition of your eyes.

Some of the thrill of being a natural-born bus driver wore off when we got into a bus and were driven to Canarise. There were two other bus drivers with us, both veterans. Mr. Maute explained that about thirty new bus drivers are trained each month.

The Gold Box

Mr. Maute carried a small wooden box. "I call this my Gold Box," he said. "In my opinion, its worth more than all the new gadgets put together." The Gold Box contained a simple contrivance, which, hitched to the front bumper, fired a blank cartridge which spattered yellow powder on the pavement when the brakes were applied, fired another spattering when the driver received the order to stop. "Shows bus drivers more than I can tell 'em," explained Mr. Maute. "You'd be surprised at some of the foolish anwers I get when I ask 'em how long they think it takes to stop a bus going twenty miles an hour. Eight feet, ten feet, twelve feet—some say. Take them out, show them the powder marks on the pavement, and they're amazed—but they get the idea how far it really takes to stop a bus moving along." Not long ago he took a group of 222 SLO's with a record of 962 accidents in three months, and after a course of re-education, they had 421 accidents in the next three months—a record which he feels should be given largely to his Gold Box.

As we said, the thrill of finding ourselves a natural-born bus driver wore off somewhat when our reflexes were being tested. We jumped on the brake quicker than one bus driver, stopped in a shorter distance than one veteran, but didn't hit the brake as quick, or stop as short, as the other one. "He," said Mr. Maute, speaking of the first one, "is an old guy—fifty-six. Reflexes slowing up." All of three years younger, we clucked sympathetically at the poor chap's dotage. "Not that it means anything," said Mr. Maute. "So long as they know their reflexes are slowing up, and allow for it, they make good bus drivers. Not as good as you, maybe—but pretty good."

Latest of the gadgets to determine whether TA students are fit to drive buses is this "telebinocular vision-tester," recently installed.

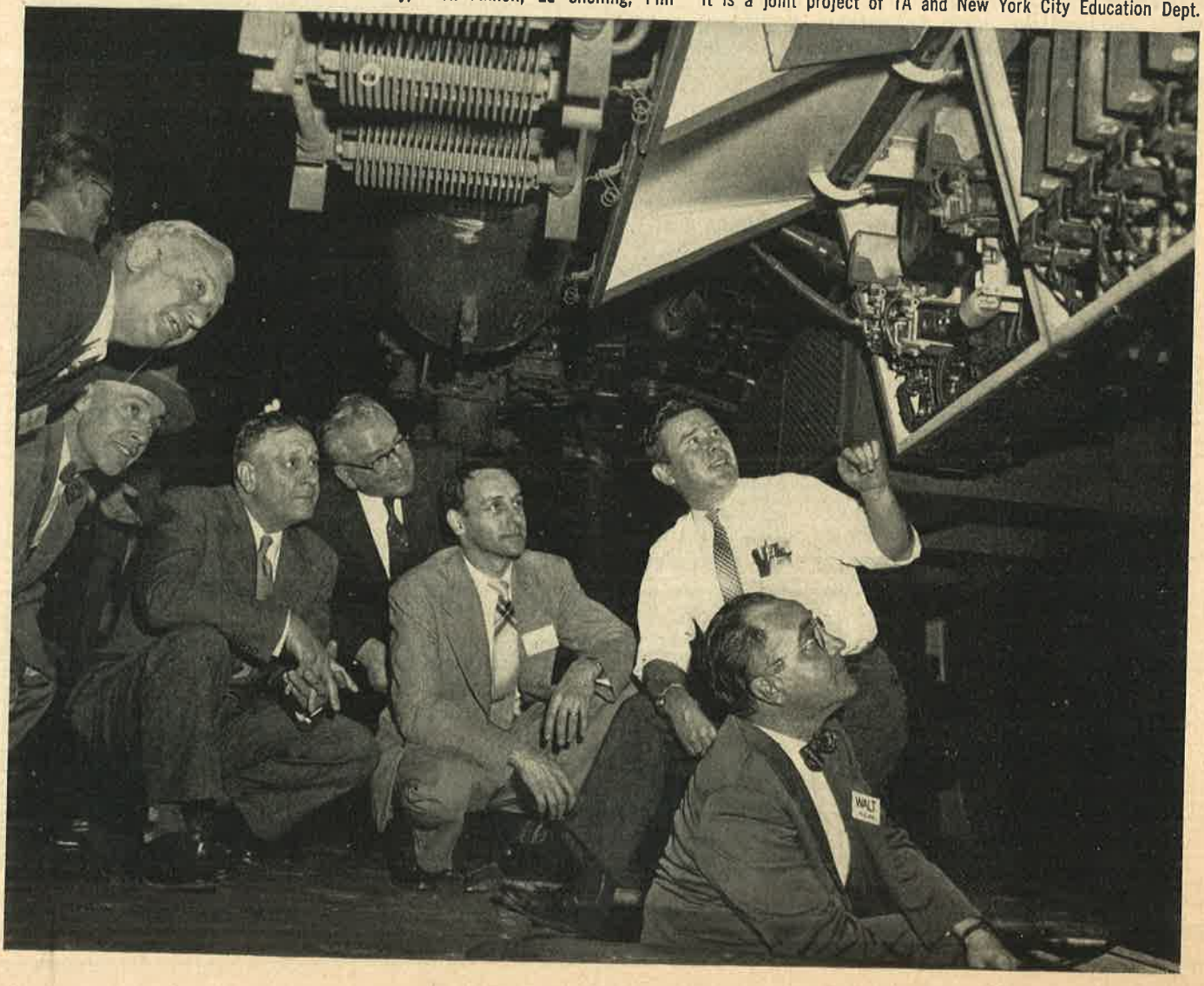


The Boss Goes Back to School



Some gray, some not so gray, twenty-two TA bosses of the intermediate grade went back to school in the 147th St. yards this Spring in a new twist to supervisory training. For a year they'll put in two hours a week, learning the primary, elementary principles of electricity—on the theory that during their years in transit service some important points may have been skipped in this field—and combining that with the newest wrinkles in TA electrical equipment. Thus about an hour of each session is spent in the classroom, the old car instruction shop, and the next usually under a modern train. They will touch upon about every phase from the old Chinese primitive grasp of electricity to the reading of schematics in electrical equipment. The New York City Department of Education is cooperating with TA personnel in giving the course. The bosses are expected to pass along the newest ideas.

After classroom, the boss-pupils get down and get under a new car. L to R, Assistant Supervisor Bob Gallagher (head turned away, Foremen Nat Lubinsky, Dick Finnell, Ed Snelling, Phil Newman, Ray Barkey, Assistant Supervisor Frank Glausen Jr., and Supervisor Walt Klejna. Course will last about a year. It is a joint project of TA and New York City Education Dept.



the BRASS HORN

Accidents Aren't Accidental

OUR HORN BLOWING in this issue may sound somewhat dismal. We hope it also is constructive.

We are sounding off about accidents.

People say accidents "just happen." We say that is not true. Accidents happen because people make them happen.

Any corporation or system which grows to the prodigious size of our transit system cannot expect to be accident free. But through our Safety Bureau we have been cutting down constantly on accidents, resulting in injuries both to customers and workers.

Medals Are Fine, But . . .

The fine work done by the bureau is reflected by awards TA has received.

From the American Transit Association alone in the past two years we have earned one gold, 11 silver, and 11 bronze awards. These are based on man-hours worked without disabling injury.

Such awards make us proud. But the fact remains that since July 1, 1955 to March 31 last 1397 of our workers have sustained disabling injuries. In lost time that represents 21,839 days.

There is a cause behind every one of these injuries. It may be a violation of a rule or a bit of downright carelessness. Accidents are created in the minds of men who got away with violating a precaution a dozen or a hundred times; but on the thirteenth, or the hundred-and-first time, the law of averages has its revenge.

The November 1955 issue of "Transit" had a splendid story and pictures about broken safety goggles. The headline:

"How to Bust Up TA Property and Make TA Love You For It."

The story pointed out that if the safety glasses had not been broken an eye or two might have been lost.

That's what we mean by saying accidents just don't "Happen." The men wearing those protective goggles were using our safety measures.

A study of our records will show that a certain work crew has had a dozen minor accidents within a year. And yet another crew, doing exactly the same work under precisely the same conditions, has shown no accident record at all.

The Lucky Ones Aren't

To say that a man at a certain bench job is lucky because he's had ten years without an accident, and that the man next to him who has had three or four in the past two years is just unlucky—why that's the baldest sort of nonsense.

If our workers can think safety and work safely they will be only following the basic law of self-protection.

And when you think of safety for yourself you'll think of safety for the millions of folks we carry.

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



AT THE SIGN OF THE SCUDDING SLOOP — DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?

An apocryphal legend has it that August Belmont personally dreamed up the idea that each station should have a decoration that would inform illiterates where they were, even if they couldn't read signs. Fact is, few literates today can tell where they are by the mosaics and bas reliefs. The scudding sloop above is a faithful reproduction of the ferry that once carried passengers from Manhattan to Staten Island, but few people would recognize it as South Ferry. For more on the story of art in the subway, please turn to Page 6.

Transit

March - April 1957

Transit
370 Jay Street
Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Return Postage Guaranteed

Bulk Rate
U. S. Postage
PAID
New York, N. Y.
Permit No. 7446

MR ROBERT PRESBY
1156 E. 38TH ST
BROOKLYN N Y C