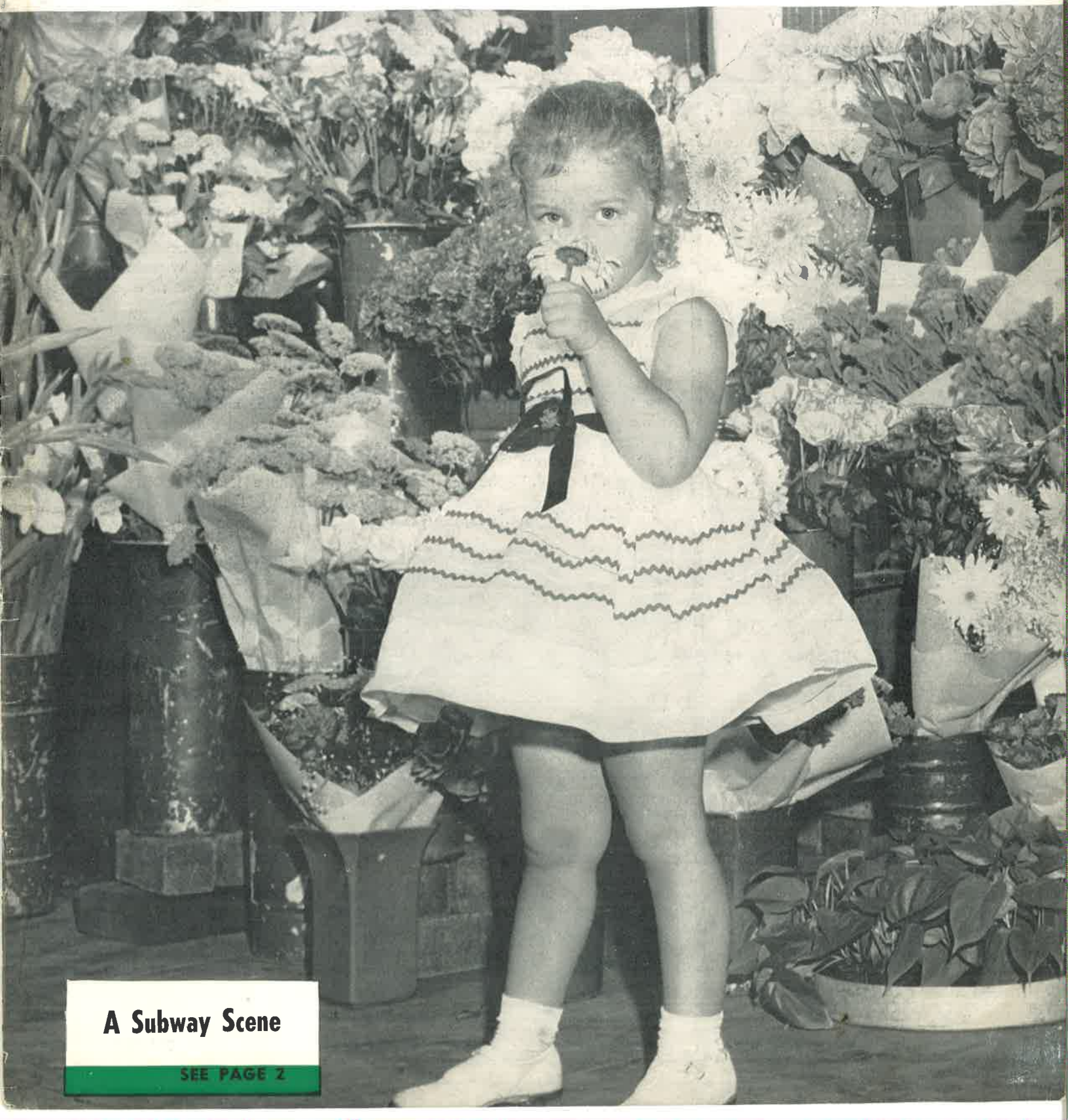
Transit

NEW YORK • SUMMER 1957



A Subway Scene

SEE PAGE 2

Transit

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

LEO CASEY
EDITOR

VOLUME 3, NO. 5

Summer, 1957

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TRANSIT
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Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Two Years Older

REMEMBER this TRANSIT cover? It showed Regina Lee Gillies trying on her Old Man's hat in the Summer issue, 1955. The Old Man, who's really pretty young, is Robert W. Gillies, IND conductor, who became a camera fan when his first-born became a photographer's model, at an hourly rate that was slightly embarrassing, considering *his* hourly rate.



Well, Regina Lee made it again. That's her on Page 1, just two years older, even prettier, illustrating the changing subway scene described in the article beginning on Page 4.

That same issue, Summer, 1955, carried an article and pictures on another newcomer to the TA scene, one Joseph E. O'Grady, who'd just been appointed a commissioner. The same week that Regina Lee was being photographed for the new cover, Commissioner O'Grady was sworn in for a new term, six years this time. That's him of course, at the bottom of the page, a little grayer now than he was two years ago.

We asked him, as he was being photographed, how he felt after two years and being reappointed.

"Don't," he said, "make me look too happy."

Commenting in that issue, two years ago, on the title of the cover, Something New Has Been Added, we wrote:

"For his fledgling, Mr. Gillies expects wonders. Judging by press comment, New York's collective expectations for its newborn TA aim at least as high as Mr. Gillies! May both their dreams come true."

All of which made us stop and think back to our hopes and dreams of the Summer, 1955, and how differently things have turned out, some for the better, some for the poorer, but at least this much is definite: This is the last of Volume III of TRANSIT, and we'll be back in the Fall with a whole bunch of new dreams and aspirations.



AS OTHERS   SEE US

TA's Flagpole

Thank you very much for granting the UN Tennis Club permission to use the Transit Authority flagpole on 12th St. in Flushing on the occasion of their Open Day Ceremony. The UN flag flew during the ceremony, and it enhanced the occasion very much.

PEGGY MAHONEY
Secretary, UN Tennis Club
United Nations, N. Y.

Inventor at Work

In the March-April issue of TRANSIT, your article, New Subway Song, described the welding of rails to cut down on the staccato clickety-clack of the cars running over the joined rails.

I began thinking of the joined rails and why they are joined by a straight cut. I am certain that if the rails were joined by a 90-degree cut the noise of the wheels sinking into a straight cut would be eliminated. I suppose you can call it a mitered cut.

JOSEPH SPERBER, 43-965
Car Inspector
Concourse Insp. Barn (IND)



He Went South

Today after my fifty years of railroading I am here in good old St. Petersburg, Florida, with my dear wife, enjoying the sunshine all year round. A nice little home, working in my garden, fishing, bathing, and a little bit of traveling—and living nicely on my pension. What more could anyone ask for?

I am very thankful of my years of service with the old BMT and the Transit Authority, and would take the same job if I had it over again. I certainly have no regrets.

HARRY J. BOWMAN
5311 Fourth Ave. No.
St. Petersburgh, Fla.



He Went North

West Rupert, Vermont, is the residence of a number of retired IRT men. There are also BMT, New Haven & Hartford, NYC police force, all retired, who own homes and property in the town.

We were highly honored in this small place when the Federal Government selected this town as the site of the Vermont section of a movie. It is to be a good-will picture, titled Pursuit of Happiness.

The writer was chosen to act a small part in this picture, as was also my nephew, Arthur Peck, a retired conductor of the IRT.

West Rupert is located between Route 22 (NY) and Route 7 (VT) in sight of Mt. Equinox. The town was chosen because it is a typical Vermont town.

DANIEL S. FLOWER
Retired Motorman, Man. Div.
Third Ave. IRT
West Rupert, Vt.

Softball News

When the smoke cleared at the end of the "first round" of competition, the T.A. Police managed by Lieut. Kosits were in first place having beat the E.N.Y. Bus Shop "Jets" (managed by M. Cafiero) in an exciting one game play-off for this position.

The large crowd on hand had the novelty of seeing two players ejected from the ball game by the umpire in charge.

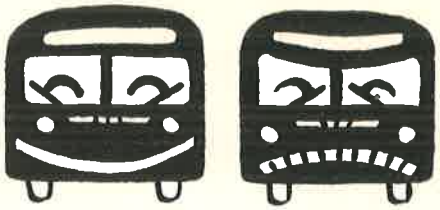
The standings at the end of the first round were:

Pos.	*Team*	*W*	*L*
1st	TA Police	6	1
2nd	E.N.Y. Bus Shop "Jets"	5	2
3rd	E.N.Y. Inspection "Tigers"	4	2
4th	207th St. Truck Shop	3	3
5th	Jay St. "Bombers"	2	4
6th	E4th St. "Powerhouse"	1	5
7th	Jay St. "Rockets"	1	5

The TA Police will now be assured of a position in the championship games with the winner of the "second round" in Sept.

Mr. Patterson, Chairman, will award the championship team with individual trophies and the one-year plaque which stays with the championship team for one year.

D. ENGLAND
League President, B-419



The Gold Box Unfair?

In your March-April issue of TRANSIT you ran an article on a device known as the Gold Box. I find no fault with this device if it is used correctly. The only way to use it correctly is to use it on the same bus or the same vehicles every time you test someone's reflexes.

I have seen this device in operation in Jamaica Depot and a different bus was used in each case. My argument is this—a bus equipped with air brakes has an application valve. Some of these valves are slow and some are fast. Now then, if you are unfortunate and get a bus with a slow application valve for your test, no matter how fast your reflexes may be, chances are you will still get a poor reading. So actually you are testing the driver and the application valve. This, to my way of thinking is not a fair test.

PETER J. REILLY
St. Albans, N. Y.

October 10 is an important date to remember—on that day you should vote in the referendum on Social Security.

Flowers Grow Where Newsstands Wither

We dropped in at the Concession Department a few weeks ago, confidently expecting to find an atmosphere of gloating, what with banks, flower stalls, hosiery, jewelry stores, and other new revenue producers blossoming throughout the System. Instead, we found the director, Ferdinand Roth, distinctly on the glum side. Turned out that he'd just been taking a long, hard look at the penny gum situation, and found it dark indeed. In fact, black. Last year, he said, gloomily, hardly 82,000,000 pennies went tinkling into the half-starved mouths of the 3,435 penny gum machines deployed throughout the rapid transit lines. This means that TA's share of those pennies is down to a current $300,000 a year. "Once," he recalled, "the subway was the greatest gum sampling location in the country. That meant the manufacturers were bidding one against the other to get the penny gum concession, because, naturally, it had great advertising value. They paid us as high as $780,000 a year for the penny gum and candy concession. But now that's gone."

The future, he said, looks even darker than the present for the penny gum business. Seems this industry had been reeling under a series of blows. The cost of replenishing the machines with gum, and lugging back those tons of pennies, has been going up steadily. The value of the penny has been declining just as steadily. "And now look at what's happened—all the newspapers are up to a nickle or a dime. That's going to hurt. People who used to drop their penny change in the gum machine instead of cluttering up their pockets—well, they just won't have a penny or two handy, so a lot of them will do without gum." Mr. Roth said he wouldn't be surprised if he lived to see the day when the last penny-vending machine disappeared from the subway. As a matter of fact, nickel candy machines are appearing now in increasing numbers as the penny machines diminish.

It isn't that the subway concession business is bad. Quite the contrary. It's been expanding gradually, spreading into new fields, ever since the department was founded in 1948. That was the year when, after three quarters of a century of steadily mounting passenger volume, there began the ten-year cycle of steadily declining riders, now apparently just ending. In a hunt for new revenue, Commissioner William Reid of the old Board of Transportation introduced a resolution creating the new department, and Mr. Roth was appointed to head it. As we said, it's doing fine. But it does bother Mr. Roth that many of the traditional producers of revenue are fading from the subway scene, so that it takes a great deal of hustling to produce just replacements.

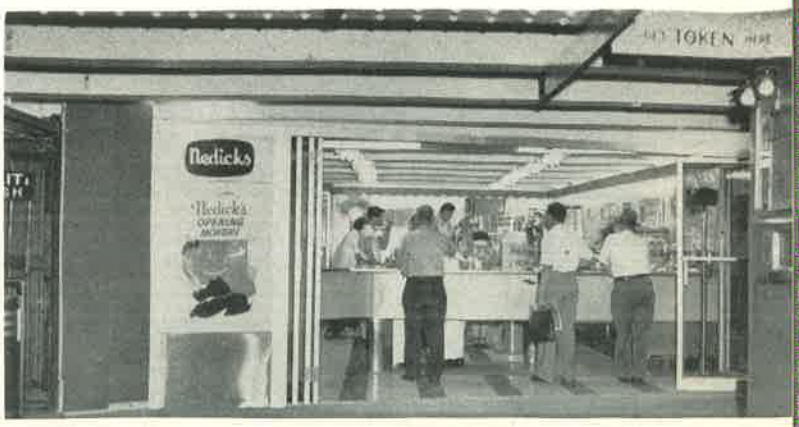
The subway shoe-shine business, for example, seems to be on the way out, he told us. He was trying to persuade the shoe-shine bosses to do something about it—dress up their bootblacks, say, in spiffy uniforms. (Getting business into the subway is only the half of it—unless they make profits, they'll move out. That's why he worries about business for them). "They told me they'd go broke, buying new uniforms every couple of weeks. The labor problem there is bad. The old time bootblack who was dedicated to his job—

BEFORE AND AFTER OF A GLOOMY SPOT ON THE IND









A GLOOMY CORNER OF THE IRT TURNS INTO A SPOTLESS CAFETERIA

he's gone. The bootblack of today really isn't interested at all in his job. Give him a couple of weeks pay, and he's off."

The subway newsstand, as old as the subway itself, grows fewer year by year. "Labor again," said Mr. Roth. "A good many stands showed enough of a profit to keep going when a man was paid thirty a week or so, and worked through both morning and evening rush hours. Nobody wants to work for that—can't blame 'em—and nobody wants to put in a ten or twelve hour day—can't blame 'em for that, either. But a good many of the stands don't do enough business to pay higher wages for shorter hours. So they go."

People are always dropping in with bright ideas on how to make more money by ingenious schemes, for which Mr. Roth has an ever-alert ear. One chap dropped in with an intriguing deal—he planned to install electric shavers in small booths, to which grubby passengers could obtain admission by dropping a coin in the lock, and, for this pittance, acquire a groomed look. The deal sounded good, but on weighing it, Mr. Roth discerned one flaw. He advised the self-barbering dealer that not everyone of TA's 6,000,000 customers was—well, strictly honest. Some few might be inclined to snip the cord and walk off with the razor.

A Hard Problem

"I hadn't thought of that," the inquirer said, thoughtfully. "H'mm. Yes, I can see that would be a problem."

He went off. But he was back a few days later. "I've licked it," he announced confidently. He was quite proud of it. As he'd worked it out, the light-handed customer would get a shocking surprise—that is, he'd be electrocuted if he tried any such thing. Mr. Roth looked at him to see if he was serious. No doubt about it, he was.

"Rather drastic punishment, don't you think—killing a man for that?" he murmured.

"Not at all. Anybody who tries to steal my razors deserves to be killed."

With visions of the problem of disposing of stacks of corpses daily at the self-shave booths. Mr. Roth politely shooed off this prospect.

One letter-writer was convinced that he had an idea for TA worth millions, but he'd give it to us for a lifetime pass on the subway plus a lump sum of "whatever you think is fair." This

HELP WANTED

Opportunity is knocking. The Transit Authority is now providing on-the-job training for Remington Rand Key Punch and Tabular Operators, designed to make them eligible for Civil Service examinations to be held in November, 1957. Immediate provisional appointments are available at $2,750 per annum.

Typical minimum requirements for Key Punch Operators as previously posted by the New York City Department of Personnel and Civil Service both specify experience. This is a chance to get it in a new, expanding field. There are no educational requirements.

Age is no barrier in applying for these positions. We will supply the training. These positions should appeal to the young who are seeking a career in machine accounting, and to the more mature, such as the women who are no longer tied to household and family chores, who feel the urge to "go to business" again.

Some of the benefits the Authority offers in these titles are ideal working conditions in a beautifully air-conditioned office; opportunities for training and advancement in the science of the future—electronics; regular salary increases to $3,650; an annual leave allowance of 20 days (25 days after 8 years.)

The Authority naturally is anxious to give these job opportunities to members of its own family of employes. Therefore, if you, some relative or friend, are interested, why not pay a visit to the Authority's Data Processing Department in Room 142 at 370 Jay Street, Brooklyn. Ask for Mr. O'Reilly or myself.

W. F. TIEDEMANN,
Director, Data Processing Department

called for fuller utilization of the public announcement system in trains. As the train approached Macgim's Department Store, for example, the conductor would announce that Macgim was practically giving away $3.98 bed sheets for a mere $1.98 and urge passengers to alight and stock up at these prices. The writer was confident that the likes of Macgim would pay handsomely for this service. Possibly they might, but it seems there are laws on bombarding the ears of captive audiences with salestalk.

Subway Movies

Another couldn't see why we didn't use the motion of the train to animate a series of drawings which the riders would see posted on the walls of the tunnels as the train reeled by. With advertisements, naturally. There were slightly stupendous mechanical problems which make this ingenious scheme not workable at this time.

When he first got the job of directing the new department in 1948, Mr. Roth spent some weeks riding the system, looking for likely sources of revenue. One of the first things he noticed were signs directing passengers at appropriate stations on how to get to this or that department store. Not a mean man, Mr. Roth had no objection to this guidance of customers. But, frankly, a mercenary man, he didn't see why this service didn't yield a dollar profit. The signs are still there—but now they bring in thirty or forty thousand a year as advertising.

He found an abundance of space not used for anything but dirt-catching and dreamed up a lot of likely uses. He's strong for "class," so he tried to introduce top-notchers in their fields to build retail outlets in the subway. The top-notchers didn't see why they should be guinea pigs in Mr. Roth's noble experiment along these lines. Said if he could show them a shoe store doing well in the subway, they might be interested in putting one in, too. What made it rather difficult is that most landlords do something for their tenants—provide four walls, a roof, make light and water available. "They think nothing of spending thousands of dollars fixing up a place to suit a desirable tenant," Mr. Roth said. TA, although a whopping big landlord now, provides none of these things—just a stretch of concrete floor. If the customer wants walls, he's got to build them; heat, he's got to provide it, also water and electrical connections and plumbing. Thus a small subway concession costs about $6,000 to $8,000 to open. About all TA has to offer—not that it's to be sneezed at—is the millions of people who use the subway daily.

First Break

His first big break was Loft's, which was reluctant to serve as guinea pig, but finally did. Didn't regret it—last year their subway stores grossed a million dollars. Barton's came in, too. Also, but on the dark side, people became silhouette conscious and started eating less candy. This hurt because TA's rent is a percentage of the gross. That applies to all the subway businesses except banks—for obvious reasons—and flower stalls, for not-so-obvious reasons. The first flower stalls



Hosiery stores are something new in the subway and are increasing as old stands fade.



Jewelry — no real diamonds, but paste stuff — is now available to riders who needn't leave premises to decorate their persons.

which went in under Mr. Roth's administration were on a percentage-of-the-gross basis. "Their books—and rents—showed one thing distinctly," he recalled. "That is, they were in the business purely because they liked the sight and smell of their pretty wares—certainly they weren't making any money. Not according to their books."

Hard-hearted

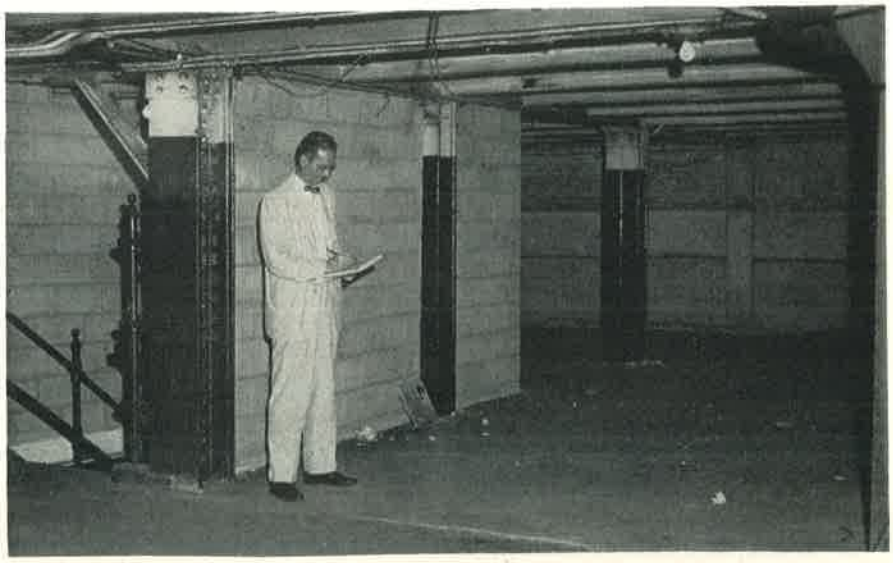
Not a particularly trusting man—too many concessionaires have wept upon his shoulder about how poor business is, even though he'd been unable to reach them for months because they were summering in Florida and wintering in the south of France—Mr. Roth had a couple of men check the sales at these flower stalls. What he found out was such that he made it an ironclad rule that subway florists paid a flat rental. Not, y'understand, that he doesn't think they're fine, upstanding people.

Color Does It

In 1948, TA got $57,182 as its share of the receipts in the coin box telephones. Remember the booths in those days—a nice, conservative shade of dark green, free of sound insulation? Mr. Roth argued that the Telephone Company ought to get a little splashy on the color. Finally, the company, for its first new "acoustical" booth, did a red paint job. A vice-president of the Telephone Company, he remembers, spotted it one day and nearly collapsed. He telephoned his superior and said, "What's the Telephone Company coming to? A red booth!" It was only when he was shown the monthly take from this booth, as compared to the dark green booths in the same location, that his prejudices against radical coloration were somewhat ameliorated. Last year TA's telephone take was $257,708.34. The Telephone Company didn't do too badly, either.

Stolen Idea

Some of his bright ideas turned out well, but not for TA. He got the idea that the subway would be an ideal place to display the new automobiles to the passing hordes, and tried to get Detroit interested. Detroit got interested—and rented display space in railroad terminals! Seemed to feel, Mr. Roth said, that the idea was good, but the subway lacked the aristocratic background necessary for their wares. This feeling, he said, is cockeyed, but widely held. "The fact is," he said, "the same people use the subway that use Grand Central or Pennsylvania station, only a lot more of them." But it's hard to persuade some merchants that there's nothing lowbrow about the subway. Thus we now have jewelry stores, selling big glittering paste diamonds in the subway. But Tiffany's seems unlikely at this time to open a subway branch.



FOR RENT: A SLICE OF AIR

That's really what this was — just a slice of air over the tracks in the Union Square station. Going to waste, Mr. Roth felt—seen above—so he had a floor put in and now its ready to rent out to any merchant who wants it.

Forbidden

Certain businesses he has—regretfully, because of his mercenary tendencies—barred from the subway. Fruit stands are out, because that might lead to banana peels on stairways with disastrous results. Vegetable stores have offered to move in—but "the garbage problem in the subway is difficult; you've got to be careful to avoid any of the odors of decaying foods." He feels there are possibilities in discount houses, because some stations have vast areas of floor space available, but the difficulty of getting heavy appliances in and out of the subway has given pause to this.

Brand New

Pay toilets are something new, and going fine. Last year TA's revenue from this amounted to $41,000 in cash, and, in reaction from passengers, quite a few bushels of good-will. Actually this was started to eliminate the dirt and vandalism spawned by free sanitary facilities at stations where their infrequent use gave the wall-scrawling humorists and the frustrated house-wreckers free play.

Drink vending in the subway is now big business. Last year it netted TA $303,000 as against $78,000 in 1948. Weighing machines, now that people are weight conscious, do pretty good in making up for the national drop in candy consumption. Nearly 1,800 of these gadgets stand ready to break the bad news to travelers.

On the average, concessions now earn the system about $5,000,000 a year.





It's not really true that Drum Major-IND Motorman Thomas Casey pilots his train while wearing his seven-yard green kilt, Irish lace jabot, silver-embroidered sporran, black ostrich busby with white ostrich cockade, etc. It's just that Motorman H. T. Buford—a bit of a double lifer himself, doubling in lens and controller—in taking this picture, got the pixyish notion of showing what would happen if TA people got their double lives mixed up. So, at left you see Motorman Casey in what the well-dressed motorman won't wear, excepting when he's parading at the head of the New York Celtic Pipers or the Canadian Legion. At right, he's with his daughter, Helen, who's a confirmed parader, too, specializing in Irish jigs, reels and hornpipes. Motorman Casey has been publicly doing baton gymnastics for 23 years—just about as long as he's been in the transit game.

DOUBLE LIVES

From 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., he's Joe Averna, Car Maintainer F, in greasy khakis or dungarees, in the 147th St. IRT yards, appearing as at right, operating a hi-lo machine. But evenings, Saturdays and Sundays, he's Joseph P. Averna, of the up-and-coming real estate firm, on Wyckoff Avenue in Ridgewood, selling houses, renting apartments, writing insurance policies and filling out income tax returns. In his spare time he studies real estate appraising at Pace.







Scene at TA's newest medical clinic as it opened a few weeks ago in the Coney Island yards, replacing the 37-year old clinic. Here, about to begin a tour of inspection, are L to R, Dr. Henry Green, assistant medical director, Registered Nurse Mary E. Cummings, Dr. Walter D. Ludlum Jr., medical director and chief surgeon, Dr. Louis Werner, Dr. Joseph Sawicki, Commissioner E. Vincent Curtayne, Dr. T. J. McKiernan, medical supervisor, and (seated, same order) Dr. Jesse Wildenberg and Miss Belle Wolf, administrative assistant.

Hope We Never See You Here!

The Transit Authority presented its workers with a beautiful new clinic last month—a medical center we hope you'll never have to see, except out of curiosity. Commissioner E. Vincent Curtayne and Dr. Walter D. Ludlum, Jr., TA Medical Director and Chief Surgeon, presided at the opening ceremonies.

Gleaming bright as a scalpel, immaculate as a sterilizer, the clinic is located on the ground floor of the administration building of the ivy-cloaked Coney Island shops, just a token's throw from the Avenue X and McDonald Avenue station of the IND.

The old clinic which operated in an adjacent building since 1920 has closed its creaky doors. It functioned bravely but under trying conditions these past few years—littered quarters cramped by bulky old equipment, antiquated filing cabinets, tiny examination rooms and no adequate physical-therapy treatment, which is so vital to the success of industrial medicine.

Let Miss Mary E. Cummings, RN, staff nurse for 10 years at the old Coney clinic and now the Nightingale of the new, describe the change.

"It," she said, "is like stepping out into the sunlight. Like moving into a glorious new home."

The new Coney Island Clinic got its spick-and-span polish and the glittering up-to-date equipment through the expenditure of $31,000 in capital budget funds.

Let's take a tour to see how some of the typical cases such as "abrasions, contusions, burns, back injury, foreign-body-in-the-eye troubles, fractures, hernia, lacerations, infections and sprains" are treated.

Our guide is Miss Cummings; our medical experts are Drs. Joseph Sawicki, Jesse Wildenberg and Louis Werner, also Jack Peselnick, physical therapist.

That husky man seated beside the small whirlpool therapy tank has sprained his wrist repairing a BMT BX. Mr. Peselnick has that aching carpus immersed in the swirling waters, all gadgets adjusted to proper temperature and water-action.

A few feet away the big whirlpool tank—large as a bathtub but much more fascinating with all its dials, thermometers and thermostats — is chugging away as therapeutic liquid gurgles around the sturdy but wrenched knee of a car maintainer.

The Eye Well

Come along to the "eye well." Having any trouble seeing that signal light? Let Drs. Sawicki, Wildenberg or Werner give you our complex eye tests.

The "eye well" is a long, narrow cubicle, painted black and at its end is the Snellen's Chart, which determines visual acuity (that's how perfect 20-20 vision or need of correction is established) and the Williams' Lantern, which lights up with all sorts of beautiful hues to determine color blindness, if any.

Looks Pretty, Too

The Ishihara Plates, a book of mosaic-like multi-colored prints, also are on hand to correct the kind of sight which leads to the sending of lurid neckties at Christmas.

What appears to be a set of binoculars also await you. Peering through these you'll try to identify key points in a diorama of a stretch of subway track, as actual as if you were in the motorman's seat on an R-12. This rates your depth perception, your ability to distinguish objects looming from left to right.

Such eye examinations are, of course, extremely important to safety in subway and surface operation, particularly in such jobs as motorman, bus driver and signalman.

Whirling Baths

In the therapy section, besides the two whirlpool baths, four huge infrared lamps stand ready to warm up a torn ligament and chase the pains away; and a short-wave diathermy machine is charged with enough controlled electricity to probe deep into human tissues to pluck a stubborn ache.

Construction and renovation for the new clinic consisted of installation of metal partitions to provide an office, waiting room, general treatment room, six private examining and treatment rooms, and the therapy section.

Color Scheme

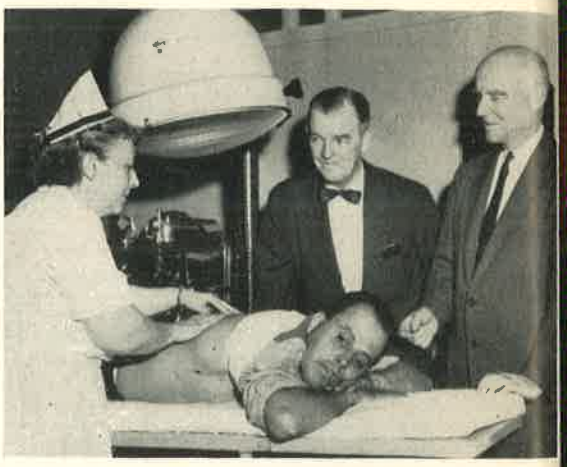
New lighting and heating systems were lined in, the flooring was enhanced by gleaming linoleum. New paint — cream-colored and cool — adorns every nook and cranny, and new translucent windows bring in the sifted sunlight.

Veteran Nurse

The clinic, designated as the Coney Island Clinic, is open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays. However, staff doctors of the medical Department of TA are on call 24 hours a day.

Miss Cummings, a top-notch nurse with soft but alert brown eyes, has been treating contusions and abrasions, sprains and fractures, at the Coney Island shops for the past 10 years.

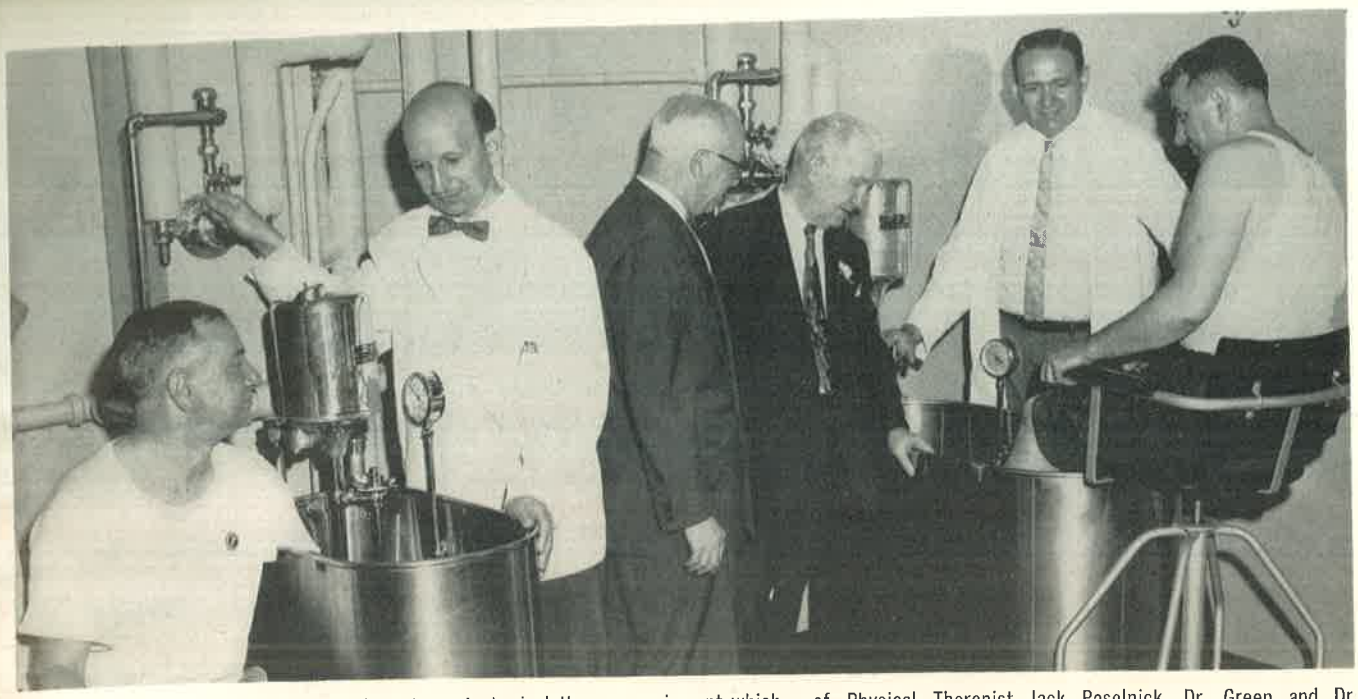
Her starched black-banded white cap identifies her as a graduate of the New York City Hospital School of Nursing which was on Welfare Island when she received her "RN."



They see Nurse Cummings using the infrared lamp on Charles Ferzola, car maintainer of the BMT Division. Nurse Cummings is an old hand at old Coney clinic.



In the waiting room Dr. Ludlum and the Commissioner find the first patients of new clinic waiting to identify themselves to Joseph Tucker, the receptionist.



Shop workers here try out physical therapy equipment which is the last word in this equipment. At left BMT Car Maintainer Louis Romeo gets an arm whirlpool bath under the eye of Physical Therapist Jack Peselnick. Dr. Green and Dr. McKiernan and Dr. Wildenberg (in that order) watch the effects of the leg bath on Alexander Gualano, BMT maintainer.

She loves our TA people and, as a nurse, has high compliments for them.

"There's hardly one cry-baby out of a hundred," said Miss Cummings. "All our TA people seem to realize that we are trying to give them the best possible treatment for any health conditions which arise from their work."

New Duties

With the opening of the new clinic, medical services formerly available at the East New York bus shop clinic are now given at Coney or at the clinic on the sixth floor of the Transportation Building, 370 Jay.

At Coney and at Jay employes receive the most complete and up-to-date treatment possible under an industrial medical program.

Many Services

Most TA'ers do not know the vast work being done by the Medical Department of the Transit Authority.

In the last fiscal year the department rendered a total of 90,763 services to TA employes. These included pre-employment and other types of examination, night and holiday first-aid treatments, consultations, hospital cases, surgical operations, clinic visits after initial treatments, house calls and Department of Labor hearings attendance.

X-Ray Lab

TA's medical bureau at Jay has special services beyond clinical treatments. These include an x-ray laboratory, a chemical-biological laboratory, electro-cardiographing, basal metabolism tests (establishing degrees of hyperthyroidism) and fluoroscopy equipment for examination of the lungs and gastric-intestinal tracts.

Polio Shots

An innovation at the bureau is a polio vaccine inoculation section where Salk shots are given any employe wishing them. This section was set up on May 15 with the cooperation of the New York City Health Department, which supplies us vaccine at cost.

The employe pays only vaccine cost —80¢ per shot—receiving three injections over a seven-month period. This is paid through payroll deduction.

More than 500 TA folks got the Salk shots during the first month, finding Miss Morrian Knudsen, head nurse, the most gentle "injectionist."

At the head of our network of medical services is Dr. Ludlum, medical director and chief surgeon. Dr. Ludlum is a tall man, erect as a general, with crisp white eye-brows and kindly blue eyes.

Dr. Henry Green is assistant medical director. He traces his transit medical experience back to 1915 at the first clinic of the New York City Railways Co., at the old New York Red Cross Hospital, 110th St. and Central Park West.

Another Veteran

In charge of clinics is Dr. T. J. McKiernan, medical supervisor, whose transit career began in the "dressing station" of the BMT set up in the Coney shops in 1923.

JOHN J. MOORHEAD, M.D.

Dr. Moorhead, the first medical director of the transit system under the old New York City Board of Transportation, died quietly in his sleep at his home in Millbrook, N. Y., on July 1 at the age of 82. He was known to thousands of TA employes some of whom are alive because of him. To TA people he was a great surgeon; to others he was a writer and lecturer of distinction.



JUST IN CASE there's any doubt about it, this photo was taken at the annual entertainment of the TA Sholom Society. Doubt may come from names of participants. L to R, Edward J. Denahan, president, Staten Island Holy Name Society, William Garrett, president of BMT Holy Name; Albert C. Graham, president Nassau-Queens Holy Name, Joseph Schwartz, president—at last!—of Sholom, Charles Salmieri, president Columbia Society, Joseph Brady, president IND Holy Name, and Eugene L. Tinker, president of St. George Association. Well, anyway, one Sholom man didn't crumple underfoot in the rush!

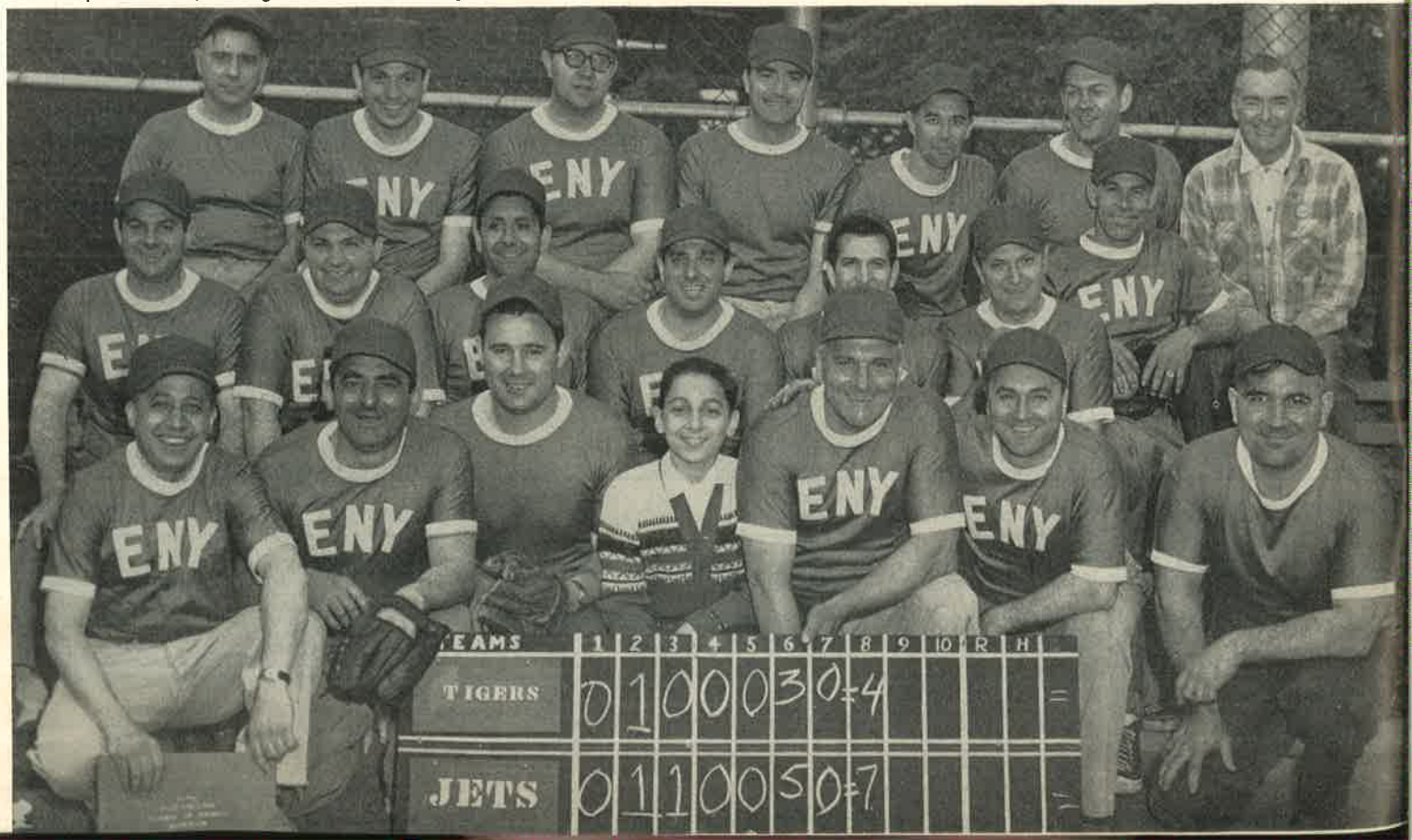


THE MONEY MEN CO
bowling tournament.
J. McLernon hands
lates the Cashiers
partment's best. L
Lernon, Joseph Duga

SAFETY RECORDS set by TA departments get recognition from American Transit Association. Here Chairman Patterson passes out two bronze certificates (250,000 man hours without accident) and one silver (500,000 safe hours), to L to R, William A. Hochstaetter, superintendent of Line Equipment, J. Cioffi, signal maintainer, Fred Archer, assistant supervisor, Cars & Shops, J. J. Ferguson, car inspector, Clarence N. Chase, superintendent, Cars & Shops, L. C. Benos, division superintendent of Power, Milton J. Jewett, assistant superintendent of Power, and F. D. Barbato, power maintainer, in ceremony at 370 Jay Street.



THAT CAWING SOUND you heard coming from the direction of East New York wasn't really crows—just the Jets, last year's softball champs in surface, crowing over their first victory of the new season. Moaning came later when the TA police team beat down Jets. Latest standings have coppers in first place, six wins, one defeat, Jets storming at their heels with five wins, two losses.





the most prized trophies in the Here General Manager Thomas ut the trophies and congratu- am, made up of Revenue De- R, Eugene Cestaro, Mr. Mc- Michael Cascino, John Dobbins, Frank Rhodes, John Mullane. Dugan placed in No. 1 spot, Cascino 2d, Dobbins 3rd, Rhodes 4th, Mullane 5th. The engineering team, consisting of Jack Nastasi, Paul Gagliardi, Thomas Diana, Joseph Raitano and Ted Martino took second place in the tournament, followed by the Cashiers 2nd team.



TA NEWS IN PICTURES



FRUIT OF HEAVY contributions by TA employes to the Generoso Pope Memorial Scholarship Fund ripens here as Fortune Pope and Mayor Wagner pass out awards to students. This one is Frances Mulligan.



AFTER A HALF CENTURY in the transit service, James P. Waring retired as Purchasing Agent of the TA. Here he speaks at luncheon in his honor at Montauk Club.

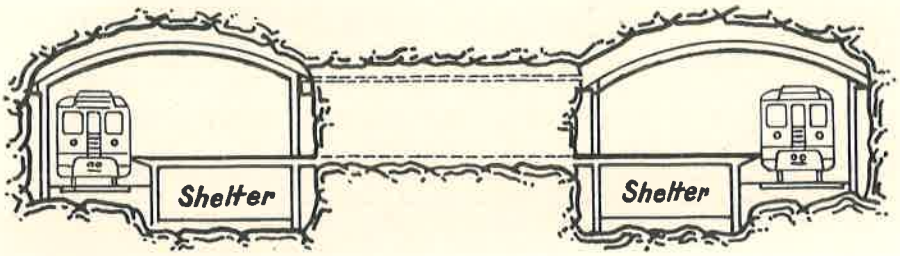


ANTI-POLIO SALK injections are administered at negligible cost to TA employees by Nurse Morrian Knudsen in clinic at 370 Jay. Injectees, L to R, are Miss Mary Torello, Mrs. Terry Colamarie and Miss Eva Siacca, all of Personnel.

Subway With A Difference

In Stockholm now it no longer sends mama into a panic when company drops in unexpectedly of an evening, thus putting her reputation for hospitality in dire peril. "Olaf," she'll say to a son, "run down to the subway and pick up a half dozen herrings, a quart of milk and a loaf of bread." The shops of this thriving metropolis, scattered over fifty islands, all close at 6 o'clock in the evening, but its subway system runs until the early morning.

Plan of the A-Bomb shelters and the deep, granite tunnels in which they were built.





And every station in part resembles an Automat, with refrigerated cases dispensing everything from fresh fruits to strudel baked right on subway premises.

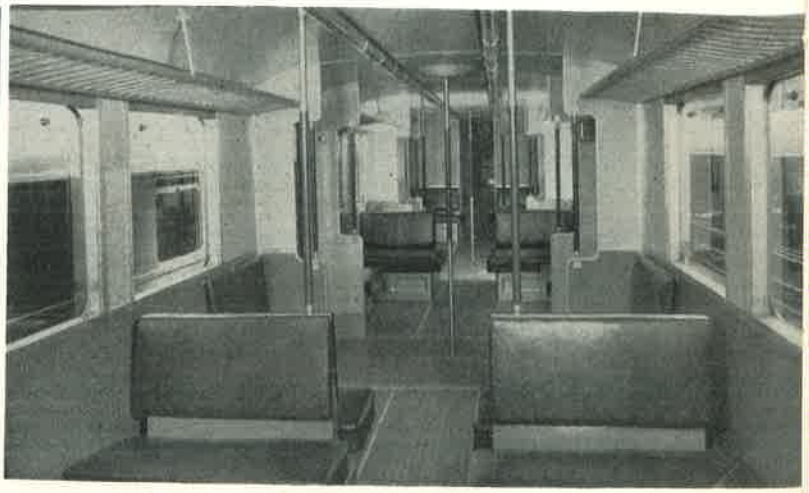
For the Weary

Papa, in downtown Stockholm, may feel tired and fagged in midday. In that case, he'll go to the subway station called Kungsgaten, where the AB Stockholms Sparvager, operators of the city's transit system, also operate a small "day hotel" for just such customers. Papa will get a little room where he can bath, shave if he wants, and take a snooze of an hour or so. For this he pays a krona (about 20 cents) an hour.

In the twenty-three years since the first section of the *tunnelbanan* was opened to Stockholmers, the subway has come to play an important role in the lives of its citizens and the city itself. Formerly any evening social life that involved long travelling distance was difficult for carless families. Now the subway operates to the wee hours on a six-minute headway. Such headways, which would pose a disastrous economic problem for American transit companies—where a scattered few late passengers are carried at burdensome costs which must be made up in the hours of heavy travel—are possible in Stockholm because of a unique fare wrinkle. After the evening rush hours, the fare goes up.

Such a deal in New York or any other American city — fare increases where service is less frequent and passengers far fewer—would undoubtedly bring forth howls of anguish. But the Stockholmers see nothing even remarkable about it. They know the transit workers must be paid out of revenue, that passenger volume is smaller in these hours. And since the service is for them, the fare boost seems entirely logical.





The pastel-tinted stations of the Stockholm subway offer everything from wide, ventilated platforms and cars with comfortable seats to (running down, at right) bake shops, industrial art exhibits, lavish gift shops and barber parlors. You can even hire a little room in a "hotel" to take a nap.









It isn't that the Stockholm subway user is against complaining about the subway. In that respect, he is closely related to his New York cousin. But the subject of his complaint is altogether different. He is vociferous about the tremendously long, deep escalators, which are inclined to give some elderly people vertigo as they stand on top, looking down a steep slope well over a hundred feet long. Seems to think the engineers should have given some consideration to those folk. The engineers, though, didn't have any choice but to go very deep, because of the nature of the terrain.

Riot of Color

Every station is tiled in a pretty pastel, a different shade for each one, so that tourists and immigrants can find their stations without necessarily reading signs. Presumably many like the pretty pastels, but the ones who make themselves heard are those who think strong colors should have been used. They aren't, of course, troubled by the fact that such colors are limited in number, and that station designers would soon run out of identifying colors of this type. Color and design are important items to the Swedish people. While subway stations are not lavishly landscaped, like standard railroad stations, still in summer they all sport a couple of potted geraniums or some such bloom suspended from the entrance sheds.

Beginning a few minutes after five o'clock, the trains leaving the old city, bound for the new housing developments which have sprung up in recent years, are just about as crowded as the Lexington Ave. express leaving Grand Central at the same time. The old-time urbanite, hardened to crowds and wartime queues, takes this in his stride. But the country folk fresh from farms, who are flocking to the city in droves, take a shove as being virtually felonious assault upon their persons.

A-bomb Shelters

Sweden, starting in subway construction as late as it did, first sent its engineers to make exhaustive studies of the New York and London systems, then virtually complete. Thus they avoided the mistakes of the old subways, but they didn't stop there. They added refinements and niceties undreamed of when the New York and London systems were built. Indeed, the newest line even has A-bomb shelters for its passengers at each of its 17 stations — great subterranean set-ups under the platforms, complete with operating rooms, de-contamination chambers, first aid posts, kitchens and sanitary facilities.



Difficult terrain makes it necessary for Stockholm to often build bridges over apparently dry land when subway ran into the open. Here subway heads for new housing developments.



Blinding snows and fog impelled Stockholm engineers to turn to cab signalling. Here dial flashes "L"—meaning low speed.

Cab Signals

The Stockholm subway engineers chose cab signalling in addition to conventional fixed wayside signal to control the trains. It is the only rapid transit system in the world thus equipped. The choice was dictated by Stockholm's climate. Emerging from the three-mile tunnel under the heart of the old city, a train may find itself in a blinding snowstorm, or a pea-soup fog. Also, sudden icing conditions are encountered in that latitude which could play havoc with ordinary train trips. The motorman thus travels with a four-signal indicator board before him at eye level. The electric circuit will illustrate "H"—for "high"—when the train may proceed at 46.5 miles an hour, "M" — for "medium" — when a lower speed of less than 30 miles per hour and "L" for low. The fourth signal, "S," calls for a full stop. Unless the motorman promptly obeys the signal, he is warned by a buzzer, which, of course, sounds automatically. If he still fails to obey, the brakes are automatically and swiftly applied.

The great winter cold, too, is the reason for not opening all the doors when traffic is light; the guard controls them individually and opens only the number required.

Faster and Growing

The subway system in Sweden's capital is one of the fastest-growing in the entire world, which is curious, because it is doubtful that in any other city did nature provide such stupendous obstacles to subway-building. In the construction of six underground route miles, the builders ran into every rock obstacle to tunnelling that exists anywhere in the world, plus one that is peculiar to Scandinavia. Indeed, just about the simplest part of the original downtown tunnel to build was that section which ran through about two miles of solid granite and gneiss. At least, when this rock was blasted and chipped out—about five million cubic feet of it—the builders found themselves with a fine, strong tunnel. Then they got into the peculiarly Scandinavian rock formation, which breaks and collapses without warning. Here the crown of the tunnel had to be reinforced with massive concrete arches spaced nine to twelve feet apart.

And Mud, Too

They ran into mud, too, of such gooeyness that Swedish engineers found the easiest way to handle it was to freeze the stuff and cut it out in slabs.

Many ingenious tricks were used. At one point, where the tunnel passed close to the famous Stockholm Concert Hall, only a thin wall of sand separated the tunnel from the building's foundations—so thin that even temporary removal would have posed the danger of collapse. The engineers in this case simply turned that wall of sand into stone by pumping in sodium silicate and salt, which has a petrifying effect. With the waterways, the water seepage problem was one of gargantuan proportions. The city is 700 years old, much of it had been reclaimed land in ancient days, and the excavators found themselves boring through wooden pilings and great boulders used to create artificial foundations centuries before.

Roof Comes First

Where the tunnel neared the surface, making cut-and-cover construction possible, the surface traffic congestion made it impossible to close the streets for any length of time or to reduce traffic over them for a prolonged period. So, what the Stockholmers did was to build the roof of the tunnel before even starting to excavate for the tunnel itself. This was done by digging two deep ditches on either side of the future tunnel. Into these ditches were poured massive concrete footings. Now the surface of the road was removed and the roof built, being immediately surfaced over. With the pre-built roof, the excavators bored out the tunnels beneath at their leisure.

Land Bridges

Once out in the open, the builders' problems were not ended. Soft, clay

terrain made it necessary to run the lines on great concrete landbridges over these spots, which seem dry land to the casual eye.

The cars themselves most clearly resemble the latest IND cars.

Automatic Oiling

One of every fifty cars is equipped with an automatic device which oils the friction edges of the rails, a gadget which is said to reduce rail wear by ten per cent. On curves, the valve serving the outside rail automatically closes with the bending motion of the train, thus oiling only the inside edge which takes the brunt of the wear.

On one point the subway has failed to achieve its purpose. Twenty-five years ago the private car was creating a traffic problem which Stockholmers saw as strangling the city. The subway, they felt, would persuade Swedes to lay off cluttering the streets with cars. But they kept right on buying them. Three years ago one person in every thirteen owned a car. Now that the new link is open—well, now one in seven own cars, and traffic engineers are buying aspirin in carload lots.



Automatic dispensing machines vend everything from strudel to herring — variety enough for a complete meal. This one sells chocolate and fresh fruit.



SWEDISH CURE FOR HOMESICK NEW YORKERS

Modern as it is, the Stockholm subway's rush hour crowds are exactly as New York's. This is a typical scene in an outbound train. about 5:15 of a winter evening.

And Waterfalls Too!

TA runs 8,756 trains every day, keeps 1,825 buses operating on 127 routes—and maintains six waterfalls splashing gently away.

It isn't that TA has gone artistic, or loves the soothing sound, or anything like that.

These waterfalls are strictly functional. They play in twin cascades in the three spray booths at the East New York Bus Depot, where, in the separate paint shop, the traffic-scarred, beat-up veterans get the final beauty treatment that turns them out looking almost new.

The waterfalls, a combination of water and a chemical powder called "clearfiant," also knock out the chance of other buildings in the neighborhood getting a free paint job at the expense of Surface Transportation. Stray paint and paint fumes are sucked into the six-foot high wall units at either end of the booth. The action of the falling water and "clearfiant" on the paint causes it to coagulate and drop to the trough below. From there it is scooped up and thrown out as waste. This eliminates the possibility of any paint escaping through the air flutes and makes for a remarkably clean workshop.

Air-conditioned Paint

This paint shop is remarkable in many ways. The four-year-old building, a separate structure from the main depot, was built at a cost of one million dollars. Workers in the fireproof, explosion-proof, vapor-proof shop have the protection of inter-locked safety equipment. Temperature is closely controlled.

The shop boasts three spray paint booths where two freshly painted buses can be turned out in one day. But first the bus must be smoothed down, checked up and washed all around in the main shop before being delivered for painting. Surface's Maintenance Department gets the dings and the dongs (shop talk for slight dents and king-size ones) by the thousands. But by the time a bus has gone through a grueling week-long overhaul — the paint shop stopover takes two days— the dents and scratches are a thing of the past. The bus emerges with its armor bright and shiny and ready again for battle.

Face Lifting

Whether a victim of an accident, overwork or just downright old age, 443 buses went through the same process during 1956. Where the dents are too deep to be pounded out, new panels are inserted. Minor bumps and bruises are sanded down and filled in with a "quick" metal that dries in a matter of a few hours.

The spray booth offers some unique features. An upside-down lift that depresses the bus into the ground for easy access to the roof surface completely does away with the need for scaffolding or ladders. As a safety device, a sliding platform can be adjusted to conform to the varying length of the buses, so there is no danger of the painter falling into the pit.

William Kimmel, foreman of the paint shop, is proud of his Elcometers or dry and wet thickness gauges. With these sensitive electronic instruments, which resemble a stopwatch in appearance, he can determine the thickness of paint on a bus by measuring the difference in magnetic force.

The idea behind the Elcometer, which can determine the thickness down to one ten-thousandth of an inch, is to check the amount of paint being sprayed on a bus. Too much or too little results in a poor job. A light spray makes the bus unattractive to the eye and doesn't stand up. On the other hand, a thick spray causes the paint to crack and means higher costs.

A Day's Work

Kimmel takes a wet reading after the first coat has been applied and eliminates any trouble before too much damage can be done. In other words, if the sprayer is not working correctly, it shows up in the wet reading. The painter may be spraying in too wide a pattern, or he might have too much air in his spray gun. Kimmel takes a second reading after the second coat has been applied and dried.

It takes one full day to apply two coats of paint to the body of the bus, but it has to be divided into a two-day process because of it being a two-color job. The bus, fully prepared for painting, is driven right into the booth where it is sealed in, complete with painter and spray gun. The top of the bus is masked with brown paper while the green paint is being applied to the bottom. The following day, masking paper is skirted around the bottom of the bus, the windows are shielded with steel clip-on masking plates, and the painter is ready for action with the spray gun.

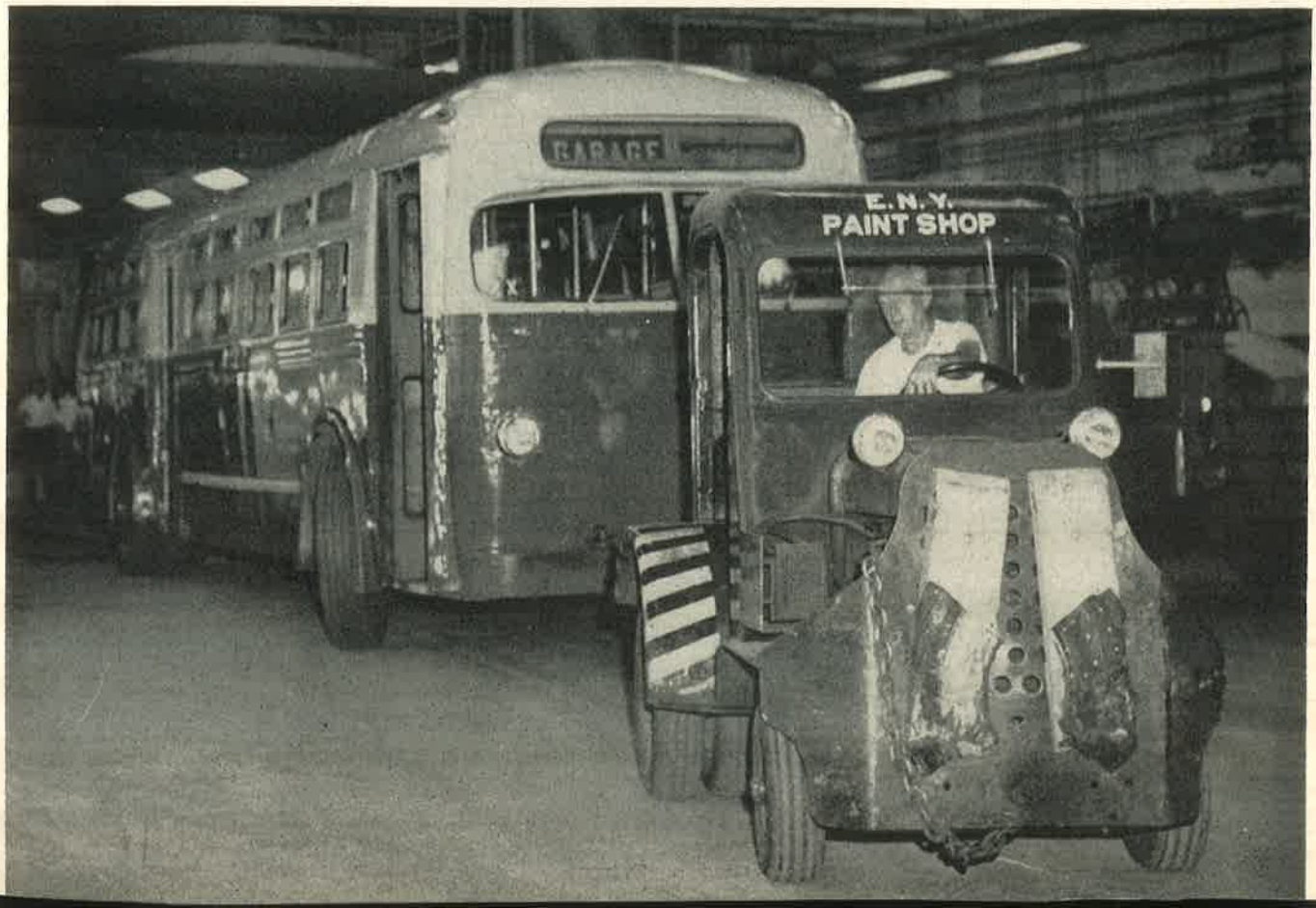
Three stages in the face lifting of a traffic-scarred bus. This one was seared by fire, as well. At top Vincent Grillo cuts away the "dongs." Center, Tony Cangelosi and Robert Love tackle the "dings" — little wounds. Below, after it gets the full works, leaving paint shop.

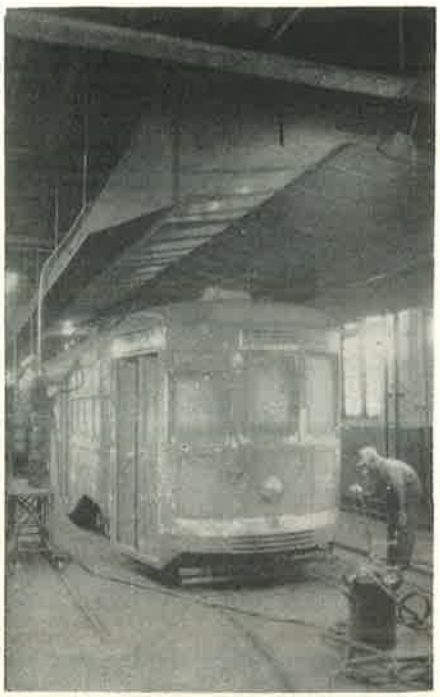






Foreman William Kimmel takes a reading with Elcometer, to determine, to ten thousandths of inch, whether paint's too thin.





But don't get the idea that in the case of fire, the painter goes down with his bus. As soon as an emergency starts, a central control switch stops all operations. The supply of oxygen is shut off, and carbon dioxide sprinkles the enclosure. The fire is therefore smothered, but not the painter. He has the use of two escape doors that are part of the interlocked safety equipment. Before the main safety switch is put into operation, the latch on the escape door has to be set at "safe," indicating that the painter is out.

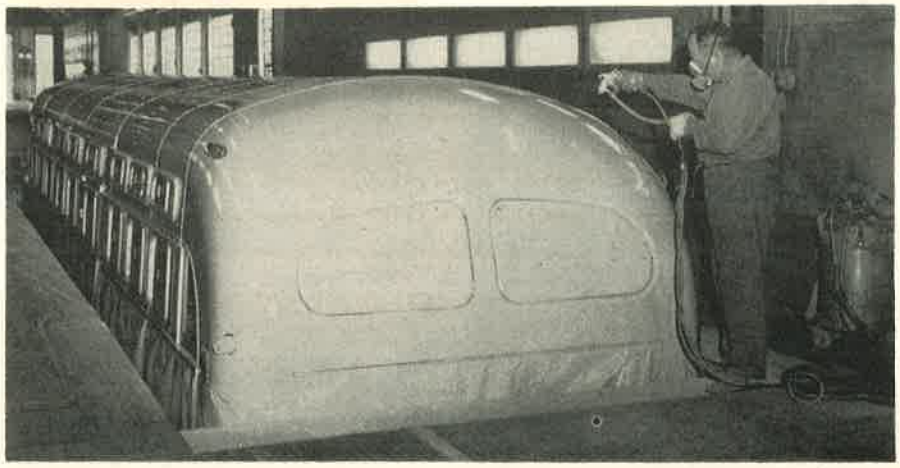
No Climbing

The loss of scaffolding and ladders is o.k. by Benjamin Krieger and Adolph Warsaw, two paint shop employees who share 69 years of Surface experience and who remember the old methods of painting vehicles from their days in the DeKalb trolley depot. They look on the new way of doing things with love and affection.

With a fire control system that is almost fool-proof, it all adds up to the "safest paint shop in the country," in Kimmel's estimation.

Krieger says that the modern automatic paint mixing machines— a vibrator that really does a mean dance— are a far cry from the days when paint was mixed with a stick. He remembers the winter mornings they used to work in overcoats mixing the paint in a shack out in the backyard.

Warsaw reminisces about carrying 50-foot planks to build scaffolds for the top painting of trolley cars. Automatic lifts, he says, are "much easier on the feet."



Something New

Something new is being tried all the time in the paint shop. Recently a heated spray paint was tested and met the standards set by the department. Serious consideration is now being given to its installation so that Surface Transportation's shop will continue to be one of the leaders in the art of bus painting.



The scene at top shows the last word in automation—back in trolley days. Moving scaffold was considered stroke of genius. Center, George Lebright doesn't climb at all to reach high with paint. Bus sinks in floor. At bottom, at left of Lebright, is one of the chemical waterfalls which suck up paint particles and fumes.

Report on Problem Drinkers

John X.—and any resemblance to a true first name and initial is purely coincidental—got a promotion a month ago.

This makes news, even in a vast organization where promotions are numerous and frequently routine.

It makes news because the previous change in John X.'s status was a demotion. And for a long time after that happened it appeared, from John X.'s record, that his next move in TA was going to be in precisely the same direction—that is, separation. It was a record of absences after payday, of thin excuses about recurring attacks of 24-hour virus, of deaths—an unreasonable number of deaths—in the family, necessitating his presence at funerals.

In short, it was the typical record of an alcoholic.

What happened?

An Important Call

Well, a year ago John X. telephoned B-4788, the number of the then relatively new TA Information Center for problem drinkers. He made an appointment and came in for a talk. He came in, a little uncertainly, not knowing just what to expect, and very ill at ease.

The embarrassment was gone in five minutes. He'd half expected to have the thin shreds of his privacy stripped away. Instead, the counselor was talking about *his* booze fighting days, and what a damn fool *he* was. Before the first session was done, John X. was telling his woes, ruefully, not because he was asked too, but because he found somebody to share his troubles with him. He was the most promising material from the start—that is, it became immediately evident that he wanted desperately to escape from alcoholism, from the horrors of its hangovers and frustration of the thinned pay envelopes. And he was learning some of the tricks by which the alcoholic can get himself firmly seated on the water wagon, which is all the "treatment," actually, that the Information Center can give. That is, they can tell the alcoholic how to help himself.

The New Leaf

Since that first session, up to now, John X. hasn't had a drink. His record changed remarkably. He hasn't missed a day's work, his superior recommended that he be restored to his previous title, which was done, and his income increased by better than thirty per cent.

"Curiously," said the Center's chief counselor, "the absenteeism record of the alcoholic when he's really off the stuff doesn't climb to just normal. The fact is, it improves beyond normal."

"That's natural," said another of the counselors. "The alcoholic has a darn good idea of what drinking costs him —not just in money paid across a bar, but taken out of his pay check. Take me. While I was drinking, I never earned more than $3,300 a year. Last year I made $5,600. I've been sick—colds, things like that—since I went on the wagon, but never sick enough to stay home and lose a day's pay. Brother, do I know what it cost! In the old days I never had a sick day coming to me, never had a dime. Now I've got a home of my own, a darn good car, and people don't find it necessary to cross the street when they see me coming."

To date the Bureau has handled 276 cases—a great increase since we wrote about it last. There are now three counselors to handle the clients who come in every day.

Some Failures

By no means all of the 276 cases parallel John X.'s. But the chief counselor estimates that between sixty-five and seventy per cent haven't had one drink since they received help on their problem. "That one drink—of course, with my kind, there is no difference between one drink and a thousand, except time and money. Have the first one, and the thousandth follows inevitably."

And the number who were reinstated to former higher posts are by no means rare.

Some of the cases, when the Information Center got them, were pretty far gone. Some fifty of them were so far down that hospitalization was indicated. In those cases, a counselor saw to it that each one got it, visited him in the hospital, and brought him out.

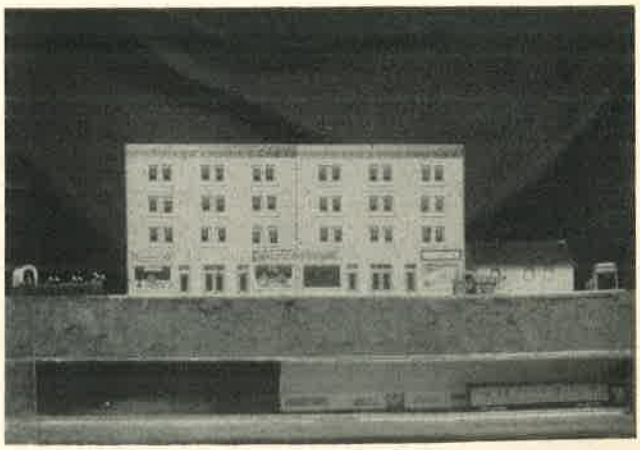
"The gratitude they show for this is really touching," said the chief counselor. "You should see the letters we get." He showed some of them, also a great many others from officials of various welfare groups, religious organizations and large corporations, applauding TA's action in founding such a center for its employes.





THIS SUBWAY WENT TO TEXAS

Meet an obliging sort of fellow—Car Cleaner Michael J. Prunty of the East New York yards. Michael read of the dilemma of a school teacher in San Antonio, Texas, who just couldn't explain to her second-grade students what a subway was. Michael built the model below to exact scale in his home workshop in a month, carried it to San Antonio and presented it to the teacher, Mrs. Anne Preston Sherburne (above). At left he's back on the job, and feeling completely rested after trip.



the BRASS HORN

We Point with Pride . . .

NOW AND THEN a well-meaning friend or casual acquaintance gets under our skin. He'll mention with amazed wonder some act of courtesy he witnessed on the part of one of our employes—which makes us feel good. And then go on to dash the good feeling by adding, patronizingly, "It isn't as though you get the same calibre of men as standard railroads." Or, "You don't expect that from civil service people."

At such times our hackles rise a little, remembering the likes of Mike Prunty—the many likes of him in The System.

Prunty? That's Car Cleaner Michael J. Prunty, Jr., #41-242. And, unless you work in the East New York yards of the BMT, where he does, you probably never heard of him. But you may remember the letter printed in this magazine a few months ago from a school teacher in San Antonio, Texas, a Mrs. Anne Preston Sherburne.

Mrs. Sherburne's problem was how to explain a subway to her second-grade pupils. "When I try, the children are obviously unbelieving," she wrote from the land of vast open spaces.

Public Relations sent Mrs. Sherburne some printed stuff to help out. But Car Cleaner Prunty didn't know about that. He fell to trying to figure out how to help Mrs. Sherburne, and the second-grade pupils of San Antonio, Texas. A subway fan himself, he sent some photographs and clippings, but he felt that they wouldn't be adequate.

Finally he hit upon the solution—a cutaway model of a subway. An experienced model builder, with a well-equipped workshop in his home at Kew Gardens Hills, he fell to work immediately on the project. Over several months, he put in a full month on the job. It was made to meticulous TT scale—a tenth of an inch to the foot, and twenty-five inches overall. The car in it—a replica of the R-7—could actually roll back and forth, and under a half inch of authentic subway soil gathered from Car Cleaner Prunty's back yard, the same soil as the IND runs through. It had a station, with postage stamp cut-outs for posters, a street scene above in HO scale, and a flap at one end so that the youngsters of San Antonio could feel exactly what it was like, standing in the front of a train, looking down the darkened tunnel ahead. He borrowed the kiosk idea from the IRT, the better to illustrate the means of entering and leaving.

He wrote Mrs. Sherburne what he was doing. And she wrote back saying that was lovely, but how could she get it? And George wrote back that he had a vacation coming up in June, he had friends down Texas way, and it would be no trouble at all, ma'am, to bring it down to her.

So last June 18, under the hot Texas sky, against a background of vast open spaces, Car Cleaner Prunty presented his authentic, cutaway model of the New York subway to Mrs. Sherburne. Mrs. Sherburne said she was delighted, and now she'd have no trouble at all explaining the subway to her second-grade pupils.

Well, needless to say, we don't expect our employes to go to any such lengths to give a little extra service. But it gives us a feeling of pride when it does happen.

And, on second thought, maybe we shouldn't bridle when friends or casual acquaintances say, patronizingly, "It isn't as though you get the same calibre of men as standard railroads."

After all, what standard railroad can offer a Prunty?

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



SALUTE FOR TA'S WAR DEAD

Every year during Memorial Week the Colonel John R. Slattery Post 1099 of the American Legion holds a memorial service in the south end of the corridor at 370 Jay, where the names of the eighty-five TA men who fell in combat between 1940 and 1945 are engraved in granite. Here, as the bugle sounds taps, are L to R, Past Commander John Johnson, First Vice Commander Alfred Calabrese, Bugler Charles Dugard, Charles Verderosa, Irving Kaufman, the post historian, Chaplain James Saint John, Post Commander Helen Kelleher, Past Commander Gerard Kelleher, Master at Arms Edward Bolster.

Transit

Summer, 1957

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