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Lingering Memories of the Iron Horse Days

by
W. L. Tupper



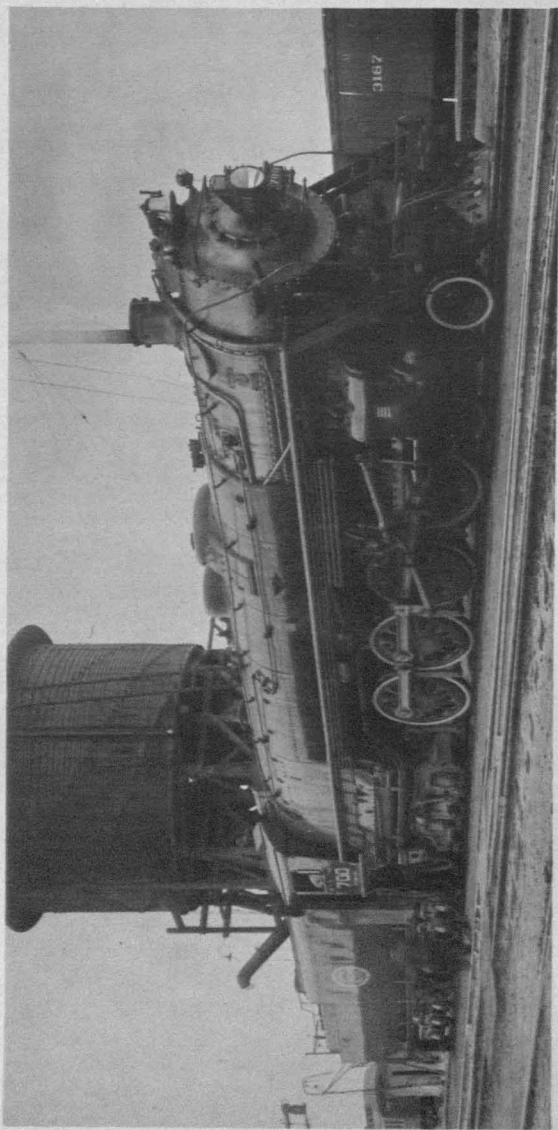
Lingering Memories

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SP&S - 700 Grand Chief

C. J. Caughlin galloped this speed merchant many times
... such lingering memories!



Bill Tupper — 1911



Bill Tupper — 1950



Ruth and Bill Tupper — 1970

LINGERING MEMORIES of the IRON HORSE DAYS

PREFACE

Finally, I have yielded to my good Wife's patient, generous urging to record in printed form some of the "Lingering Memories" of my lifetime experiences of riding the old "Iron Horse Gallopers."

In this book you will discover no evidence of literary ability. It is written in the simple everyday language of the men who ride and roll the wheels on U. S. and Canadian railroads. Therefore, to these men only, will it make complete understanding.

Railroading is often called a dog's life — men curse it — for it tears them from home and loved ones. Many times in the blackness of night when other folks are snugly in bed, they are compelled to "roll out" and face cold, disagreeable weather in order to keep the wheels of transportation rolling.

Yet railroading has its rewarding aspects, for "riding the rails" is a combination of many and varied experiences — it is the beauty of a glorious sunrise over the lofty heights of the mighty Cascades, the warm glow of a harvest moon over valley farmlands, a wedge of wild geese circling over the green fields in springtime.

Railroading is the red glow of caboose stoves when cold winds are howling around the cupolo and the air in the crummy is thick with the aroma of strong coffee brewing over a coal fire, blue with tobacco smoke and the fumes of oil lamps. It is the throb of air pumps and the pounding of rain on cab windows.

Railroading is the bright streak of color that marks the flight of the streamliner, the solitary glow of the green eye of a block signal. In the old days of steam power it was the rattle of tank spouts when heat waves danced over the gleaming rails. It was the odor of creosote across the cool

path of shade, cast by dripping water tanks; the warm, friendly lights shining from the farm house windows; the flickering glow of an oil torch as some runner "puts the fat on 'er."

Railroading is the indescribable beauty of the mighty Cascades buried in a deep mantle of snow, like a winter fairyland, on a clear moonlight night standing at Cruzatte Siding, high on the side of the mountain, looking down far below into Salt Creek Canyon, I have seen the billowing exhaust of three "Mighty Malles" growling and biting the "high iron", emitting great coughs and snorts as they quarrel with the ever up and up grade, like angry demons. These are rewarding memories that shall linger on and on to the end of our allotted time.

After nineteen years of enjoyable retirement, I cherish the lingering memory of those passing years when the "rattle and roar" of "blasting exhausts" and "pounding rods" of the old Iron Gallopers" could be heard "rushing and roaring" through the blackness of night, or the heat of the noonday sun, lugging the heavy tonnage, wheeling the hot shot manifests, the fast mail — and deluxe passenger trains — many of them were dillies in their day — the finest in the world. Over mountain tops and in the valleys below could be heard, like friendly voices, the familiar, sometimes mournful, wail of the old steam whistles.

But the huff and puff of the old "smoke-belching Iron Ramblers" is forever stilled, their throttles closed, their reverse levers on center, their fires extinguished. The old steam "Tooters" have tooted their last toot; they have passed into the distant yonder from which they came.

Today as I linger down memory lane into the final sunset days of my restful retirement, the most rewarding memory of all is the long, enduring friendship of the many fine men with whom I worked on the Southern Pacific Lines in Oregon.

Mingled with the pleasant memories of these, my "true friends," I frequently sit quietly and listen to sound recordings of some of the big steamers as they wiggle the heavy tonnage out of the yard or over mountain grades; and in fancied memory I seem to be living over again those days

of long ago when I decorated the old Seat Box and "galloped" the old "Iron Bouncers" over the 'high iron" in all classes of service. Frequently I find myself wiping the moisture from my leaky old eyes; then it suddenly occurs to me, 'silly old man, wake up—you are only dreaming; it's all over, they are gone forever."

THE EARLY YEARS

For well over a hundred years, the steam locomotive represented the very life of all railroads. And it was only natural that the overalled engineer, seen from the lurching cab, his hand holding the throttle as he controlled the "Black Monster," held a fascination for many men of various ages. The sound of the old steam whistles, whether it be from an all-steel Pullman limited, or from a rattling consist of freight equipment, the reaction of the listener was the same, for the mournful wail brought to them "Blues in the Night" and in some instances women cried on their pillows, and strong men felt the urge to hop a train and ride.

Of course to small boys, full of vim — vigor — and adventure, the sound of the old "Iron Horse" as they roared — rattled — and galloped over the "Iron Trail" made their youthful hearts go 'pitty-pat," and when the train disappeared in the distance, many a lad resolved that the desire of his life was to become a railroader and 'Ride the Rails."

I first became exposed to the fascinating glamour and romance of railroad trains when as a small lad I moved with my parents and sister Ruth to a farm in the state of Iowa, just over the right-of-way fence of the Chicago Great Western, between Oneida Junction and Thorpe. It was here the day and night "Rattling Roar" of shrieking whistles became the center of my life.

Father, too, was fascinated by the "Rush and Rattle" of the old "Iron Clunkers," and how I cherish the lingering memory of those days when we sat on the back porch in the evening — weather permitting, during the stock moving season, and watched the stock trains roar by on their way to Chicago and Kansas City. In the darkness many times we could see the fireman bending over, facing the white heat

of the open-firebox, scoop shovel in hand working his fire, the glare of the open firebox casting its illuminating shadows skyward, the blasting exhaust, the wail of the old steam whistle, the rapid "Clickety Click" on the rail joints, as the "Old Crummy" (caboose) rattled by, a momentary 'whiff' of animal aroma, and Father would exclaim, 'Whoopee' the boys are "Moving the Meat" tonight. What an exciting blast this was for a clodhopper farm boy who somehow could never get a bang out of farm life.

How well I remember those cold winter nights when lying in my cozy feather bed, I would hear the mournful wail of an approaching train in the distance, I would sneak out of bed, find my way to a window, scratch a peckhole in the ice and frost, and watch the "Rattlers" roar by. And dear little Mother — bless her, in my lingering memory I can hear her say, 'you get right back in bed young man, before you catch more cold', and she would say to Father, 'Willard, do you suppose that boy will ever get over that craze for those noisy old engines.'

Finally, the time came when I was old enough to follow a team of horses behind a spring tooth harrow. Old Prince and Charlie were our only source of horsepower; of course every time a train approached, I had to "pull the air" on the old plugs, and stare "popeyed" and dream of the day when I might ride the CHOO CHOO's. In fact, the old boys got so every time they heard a train approaching, they would stop automatically, and then frequently I faced a difficult situation — I had to get them going again. I would sound two big clucks out of the corner of my mouth; I figured this means go ahead or "high ball." Old Prince would respond at once and lean hard into the collar; however, old Charlie would lean slowly against the collar and just stand there just like his steam pressure was low. This was very annoying and so in desperation I would give his tail a big twist, then two big jerks just like a bell cord; this would wake him up and he would slowly pull out the slack, sometimes whistle off, then again the dust would fly until another train approached. I have always thought perhaps old Charley's straight air was slow to release, or possibly he had a dirty feed valve.

Then the day came in February 1902 when Father, Mother, Sister Ruth and I prepared to take off for Portland, Oregon, the Wild West, from whence Father, Mother and I had departed for Iowa in 1891, when I was a wee one in Mother's arms. Father and I were born in Washington County, a few miles from Portland — Father, close to Forest Grove in 1855, and I in Hillsboro in 1891.

Leaving the old Iowa farm was a most heartbreaking experience for us all; tears were shed as we prepared to dispose of almost everything we possessed. And there were our many friends who had become so very dear to us; and of our animal family — of course, was our faithful old Prince and Charlie. They were the pride and necessity of our entire home life. They not only tilled the soil for us, but pulled the bob sled or sleigh in winter and our two-seated hack — or farm wagon, the rest of the year as we journeyed to Manchester to do our trading, or to church on Sundays.

We had a small herd of cows, but especially how we loved old Bessie, whose extra rich milk Father saved for our own use. Then there was a pet pig called Sukie — a pet lamb, Nanny — our beloved dog, Shep who was our constant companion as we roamed the fields in search of wild strawberries, black Haws and wild crab apples; and, of course, we had numerous barn cats, among them a little mother cat. When her first family arrived, she soon feared for the safety of her little ones living in the barn, and so she carefully moved them one by one into the old "straight-shot" two holer in the back yard — into a box of corn cobs and catalogue pages. However, frequent visitations of the family were, to her, worse than the barn cats I suppose, for Mother found her wandering around in the back yard with one baby, searching for a new home for her little family. Of course Mother's heart went out to her and little tabby cat found a new home in a box behind the stove.

Then there was a bull calf that pulled our sled; however, after some time Bully Boy tired of having the sled bump his heels, took off for home, headed through a machine shed, jumped through an open window — sled and all, the horse collar around his neck was too big for the window opening and so he took the window frame with

him. Unfortunately for me, Father showed up before I had time to get Bully Boy cut loose from his badly tangled up mess. Father was greatly annoyed but he had to smile as he said, "That's a valuable animal, son. You do that again and I will dust your britches!"

Then, of course, for me there was the sad parting with my dear friends who rolled the wheels past our farm. I did not know their names but they had been my wonderful friends through the years as we exchanged greetings by a wave of a gloved hand or a blast on the tooter. They had become a part of my daily life. Father and I would give the old "hay burner" farm lantern a wiggle; the train men would give us a big "high ball"; all this was our friendly way of saying, "Greetings out there; see you again!"

But the most joyous event of my early "Choo Choo" fever days occurred on a hot summer's day the year before we departed for Oregon. I had a burning desire to become acquainted with my good friends of the "steaming cabs" and to see what the inside of an engine cab looked like; and so without thinking of how my good parents would miss me, I took off up the track barefooted for Thorpe. Shortly after I arrived at Thorpe, a freight train headed in on the siding. This was my lucky day — with abated breath and pounding heart I slipped up on the "hogers side" and cast a wistful eye up at the big fat engineer. He was preparing to hit the ground and, as we say in railroad lingo, "slop a little fat on the old gal." He stood in the gangway, looking down at me with a big, friendly smile.

"Hello, son," he said. "I remember you! Want to climb up here and have a look." Needless so say, I mounted to the cabin like a monkey. He showed me the old "Armstrong" Johnson Bar that made her go ahead and backwards, and how it thrilled me to see the throttle that made her "snort." He even showed me his seat box where he kept his "go home clothes." The kindly fireman opened the Fire Box door and showed me the blazing fire. Yes sir, he even allowed me to take the Scoop Shovel and throw in a scoop of coal. Then my new friend, "the Hoger" said, "Come with me now and I will show you where we put the oil from this big long can." He helped me get my bare feet up on the

side rods beside him. "Now lean over like I do and I will show you where I put the oil." Then he helped me down and how he did laugh as he said, "Oh, look! You have a greasy spot on your belly just like I do. What will Mother say."

Then I stood fascinated as my wonderful friend put his big gloved hand on the throttle just like he had showed me, eased her out a few notches, then wide open — the old girl stood and "wheezed" a moment, the drivers spun, the fire from the drivers looked like a fourth of July pinwheel, then with sand on the rail, she settled down and went to work like a faithful old horse and the train began to roll. My friend looked down at me, gave me a big smile, a wave of his gloved hand, and he was on his way. The boys on the "crummy" gave me a friendly wave as they rolled out of the siding. As I stood watching the vanishing train, I was in another world — a dream world — for I had dreamed of the day when I could meet these, my wonderful friends, face to face and have them show me how they made the "OLD IRON HORSE" "rip and snort, rattle and roar." Now my dream was a reality and my 'Choo Choo fever' was nearing the highest point possible! Then suddenly it occurred to me, Mother will wonder where I am. I took off down the track — I ran all the way home, where I arrived all out of breath with a big bruise on one heel and a sliver in one big toe.

Of course, little Mother had missed me, but before she had an opportunity to administer her intended punishment, I unfolded the complete story of the most exciting experience of my young life, and when I finally ran down — still out of breath, Mother dropped to her big rocking chair and put her arm around me. "Son, you deserve a good, hard spanking, but because you love those nasty, dirty, old engines so much, and this experience has meant so much to you, I will forget it this time if you are really sorry. Just look at that nasty grease spot on your nice clean overalls." Then she wiped the perspiration from my sweaty brow with her apron while I convinced her I was really sorry. I shed tears and all as forgiven.

Now I must bring my wandering memories back to that day in February 1902. It was bitter cold when we left

Manchester for Omaha. We traveled from Omaha to Portland, Oregon via the Union Pacific. Our coach was heated by an old fashioned "Baker Heater" — a big coal stove in one end of the coach. The cars were usually too cold or too hot — Father and Mother had used good judgment in bringing along several warm blankets which proved to be very helpful. Mother prepared much food, packed in a large tin bread box and a wicker basket; this proved to be a life saver, for heavy snows and numerous slides made it a long journey of five days and five nights. We never forgot our great surprise when we finally rolled into Portland on March 2, 1902 and found green grass and pleasant temperatures.

We settled in Hillsboro, where sister Ruth and I attended our first school of more than one room. My parents had hoped I would escape the tantalizing attraction of the Iron Horses after leaving the farm in Iowa where I was exposed to the night-and-day rumble and roar of the "rattlers" but I was again stricken with the same old fever when we established a new home only a short distance from the tracks of the Southern Pacific.

In 1905 a new railroad began building from Hillsboro to Tillamook on the Oregon coast, a distance of ninety-two miles. By 1906 the new pike was in operation to Buxton and Timber — this new adventure, known as the Pacific Railway and Navigation, was also referred to as the "Punk, Rotten and Nasty." At first they owned one American Standard engine on the Hillsboro end of the Iron Trail. She was known as the "one spot" or as "Old Betsy" in her day she had wheeled the 'Northern Pacific Varnish' out of Tacoma and Seattle. Her number one 'Hoger' was Charley Follett." He usually wore a dicer hat, on and off of the the engine, and always wore a big "handle-bar moustache." Therefore he was known known as old "Broom Face." Charley as my good friend and allowed me to ride with him in the yard and on the road when I played hookey from school.

For several years I followed the plumbing trade. However, I was unhappy with this work for I was still suffering from frequent attacks of rail fever. It was like a plague — the dream of shining rails ahead haunted me day and night.

In March 1910 I left the home roost and found my way to Portland, where I roomed with my good friend, W. F. Smith, later known as "Dynamite Smith," who spent his active years in engine service out of Albina (Union Pacific out of Portland). At this time this pike was the old early day Oregon Railroad and Navigation, which later became the Union Pacific. After some time I persuaded Billy Ladd, shop foreman, to employ me as a "Hostler Helper," or more correctly speaking, a "Clinker Nocker." Old Cyclone Smith, was the night round house foreman. Cleaning coal burners was a vigorous job and "Old Cyclone" was a regular Simon Lagree. He really hung our hides on the fence, but my fever was raging and I was going to make good or leave my hide on the end of a "Clinker Hook." The first night I worked, I thought I had to prove myself capable of doing two men's work. I ran, jumped, stumbled, stepped on my own feet—raced around the end of a pilot beam so fast that I couldn't get stopped when I saw the open pit and fell smack-dab on my belley in a pit of hot cinders. I bounced out of there like a cat on a hot stove; I made a run for the cab—missed the steps—and fell on my back under the water tank, just as the Hostler threw the spout up and before I could get to my feet I was soaked.

Old Cyclone was watching me from the cab. "Slow down, kid," he said, 'before you knock the water tank down."

After several weeks I guess Cyclone wanted to get me off his hands and out of his sight, so he recommended that I be given an order for a student trip on the road. I "dangled out" on the main stem on a regular night "hot-shot" to The Dalles. Our Pig Jockey was Jake Smith, and John Heim, a big bruiser I knew quite well, was fireman; our motive power was an old ten wheeler of early vintage.

At that time the O R and N burned good coal and on some of their passenger power, however, in freight service they used a mixture of slack—slats and dirt they called "Tono." John loaded the old relic with some of this "bug dust" and Jake took a run up Sullivan's Gulch right out of Portland. After we surmounted "Sullivan's summit," Jake let 'er dangle until he really had her rolling high. Then he shut off.

"John!" he shouted. "Get a little putty on 'er if you can, so I can blow a blast on the tooter." Of course, at this Point John was doing all the work. I was a popeyed spectator. I recall we took water at Hood River, I believe it was, we cleaned the firebox of cinders the best we could. John had me on the ground, hoeing the pan, and up on the smoke box end raking and netting. Poor Jake was all fussed up. Of course he wanted to wind 'er up again. So John shouted to me, "Come on! Let's go!" I made a wild dash to get down off the pilot beam; I caught my foot on the pin lifter and landed on the side of my face in a mud puddle. After stopping and blowing up a couple of times poor old Jake finally set 'er down in The Dalles and my first "razzle-dazzle" on a coal burner was over. What I had learned was very little. All I did was "bugger-up" John's fire and scatter coal all over the cab. Jake shouted at me. "sit down; keep out of the way and hang on!"

Needless to say, I was a messy looking clod buster. My clean overalls were a "sickly sight," one leg was ripped to the knee when I fell off the pilot and caught it on the pin lifter. My new cap was gone—my face was skinned up—I had blisters on both hands; and in addition to all this, my dreams of riding "Bouncing Boilers" with dignity and pride were all shot full of holes. I was a pooped-out kid. But good old John put his arm around me.

"Come on, Kid," he said, "don't give up. This is just your beginning. Let's get us some beans and a little 'hay', then you will be ready to give 'er another whirl." Before we went to bed, he stopped at a corner saloon, got on the outside of a beer and a big Limburger sandwich. I had to sleep with the big bun, and in our hot cubbyhole room, I assure you, the aroma was not like a peach orchard. In fact, I accused John of having a mishap.

Our return trip to Portland was quite uneventful. We had an oil burner, S. P. 2545, one of several Hog engines leased from Southern Pacific at that time. In later years I ran this pig many times. Back in Portland John tried to sell me on staying with it. 'The O R and N will be getting some big Mikes someday, with stokers," he told me.

"Yes. Someday." I said. "But who knows when that 'someday' will be? No thank you. The word Tono' makes me sick! Nix on being a human stoker." I headed for Bill Ladd's office and 'lifted the pin." Later my friend John Hein pulled the pin, too, and went into the cattle business. He also had his belly full of "Tono."

Well, here I was, a homesick rube in a big city, too proud to return home just yet. And so I picked up a job — skinning mules on a slip scraper. When this fluked out, I accepted a high ranking position as "shovel stiff," scooping dirt into a wagon. Work was scarce and I accepted the job gladly, for it paid one seventy-five per day — enough to buy beans and a place to flop. Then I was informed the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railroad needed firemen, and of course the lingering memory of that lousy trip trying to scoop Tono dirt was not very encouraging. However, I reasoned to myself, possibly the SP&S is using better coal and so I found my way to the Round House office in Vancouver, Washington.

The round house foreman, Billy Collins, proved to be a fine, honest man. "Yes," he said, "I do need firemen but I must tell you that our coal is not the best. It's a tough job but I'll give you an order for a student trip to Pasco. Then report to me."

As I departed from the roundhouse, a road engine was tying up. A big, husky fireman slowly rolled off.

"What kind of a job do you have?" I asked him, he gave me a sickly, pooped-out reply.

"Get up there and look at that tank and firebox. You'll see what kind of a job I have."

I mounted to the cabin. The hostler opened the firebox door and a huge slug of cinders rolled out on the deck. One look made me sick. That one lousy trip with Tono still lingered in my memory. Same old stuff. For every scoop of coal deposited in that "hungry hole," she done "swole up" and stayed swole up, just like popcorn. As dumb as I was, I knew what a back breaking thing it was to remove that "motley mess" of cinders. I took a squint into the

empty tank. What a sight — just another heartbreaking reminder of my one and only fizzled out trip with that “Tono dirt.” And there, lying on its back in that empty tank, was a poor, old “hair-lipped” scoop — a pitiful thing to behold. Here was time and place for reflection! I lingered a few moments, wondering why railroads attempted to roll trains with such fuel. Yes — I was still dreaming about those “gleaming rails ahead.” But the thought of a tank of slack, slate and dirt behind me made a sissy out of me. I hit the ground and never went back.

I returned to my home in Hillsboro, where I received a most hearty welcome. I also returned to my job as a plumber, and for a year I remained quite satisfied. However, the choo-choo germ had apparently only been lying dormant. My friendship and association with numerous enginemen and trainmen again sparked a new full grown attack of the “furious fever” and in September 1911 Dan McLaughlin, Superintendent of the PR&N, the new pike out of Hillsboro, gave me a job firing. He sent John Quinn and I to Wheeler, on the Oregon coast, to double crew the three spot, an old mogul formerly the SP 1605. She was an old timer that had been shipped by boat from Astoria to Tillamook Bay. This turned out to be a high-falutin’ position, paying the high sum of twenty-five cents per hour. They were trying to burn odd length, wet driftwood, picked up along the beach and what a revolting situation this turned out to be. We would load ’er up with this salt water assortment; John would soft-puff ’er about a mile to Rockaway with three or four cars of mud, and by the time we had made this mile, cold air sucked up through the holes in the grates had turned our “faint flickering flame” to a dark cherry red, or worse, a complete blackout — and “Quinine Johnny” wouldn’t have enough putty to even blow his tooter.

“Is she sick?” the conductor would shout, and Johnny would shout back.

“Sick? She’s worse than that. She’s cold enough to be buried.” They finally rustled some good old Douglas Fir wood of uniform length, and after that we had “oodles of putty.”

Finally we returned to the Hillsboro end of the pike,

where they had several old "Iron Puffers." Old Bill Groscha was a down south boomer Hog Head. In the south he sometimes had colored firemen, and at the end of his run, he would turn around on the seat box and the colored boy would shine his shoes. He told of one colored boy who missed shining the heels of his shoes one day. When Bill called his attention to it, he replied, "How come, Mr. Bill — you ain't a-goin' to back up, is you?" Bill was a real "Slam Bang hogger." He kept the entire crew in a state of the jitters. New track with very little ballast under the ties did not mix well with wild, excessive speed and he was reprimanded time and again. But he seemed to take delight in making the crew "squack." For weeks I tried hard to be patient with the old boy; however my well intended efforts were only wasted. So one night I rolled off the "old dinky" right in the Superintendent's face; in a state of red hot emotion I informed the gentleman that Bill as impossible and here and now I was "pulling the pin."

Thus, my short period of service on the Punk Rotten and Nasty ended very abruptly, but some months later I realized I had "made a mess" in my "own hat." I was out of work, and again I was running a temperature — the same old choo-choo fever was raging.

ON THE HIGH IRON

In June 1912 I heard the SP was going to hire firemen, so I screwed up my courage, looked Dan McLaughlin, the Superintendent, in the face and asked him for a service letter. The kindly gentleman gave me some fatherly advice that I have carried under my hat the rest of my days. He gave me a good recommendation and on July 1st, 1912, I hired out on the Southern Pacific as an experienced fireman. A few months in "yard service" and I was assigned to the "Road Extra List." At last, at age twenty-one, my life's dream had come true! I would be riding the "High Iron" down through the country like a "tall dog," and they were all oil burners!

Of course I shall never forget my first voyage on the "main stem." I caught I-221, the regular night "hot-shot" over the first freight division to Junction City (it is now to

Eugene). My engineer was a little Irishman, Ed Clark, one of the finest friends I ever had—a real fine engineman, a fast runner but with proper judgment at the right time. We drew a slide valve consolidated Hog engine (2638). I informed Ed this was my “first voyage”; I wasn’t used to the noise set. He laid his hand on my shoulder and said, “Well, son, you know we all had to make a first trip; these old slide valves make a lot of noise but don’t let that scare you; I will help you all I can. In some places I will have to “hit ’er hard”; in other places I will ease off to a light throttle. This will give you a chance to catch up with your steam and water.” At Oregon City the dispatcher gave him a message, saying make a good run and I will double you back on a “stock train.”

On the down grade from Canby, through Barlow, he eased off to a light throttle but when he neared the “Puddin River” bridge, he reached up, got ’er “by the tail” and gave ’er the “Boo Gee” and the way we roared through ‘Arora’ taking a run for Hito Hill,” it sounded like thunder in Iowa. When we hit that ‘long curve” at Jefferson, I wondered if we were going to “hit that hole” in the Santiam bridge. At Junction City we had our hash and shortly thereafter we mounted to the cabin of the 2299, a high wheeler that sure could “ramble” but rode like a “Siberian gut wagon.”

Ed Clark loved to ‘wind ’em up” and get the old gals “a-steppin’ through the dew.” This was his life, and as he reached up and got ’er by the neck, he shouted, “hang on, son, we have the ‘B S Special’ back there; thirty “cars of bulls” and they are due in Portland right now. By the time he rolled through Harrisburg I thought he was really “cutting the mustard,” but I was mistaken, for when he hit that thirty miles of straight track to Albany, he “reefed” on the throttle and “put ’er to work.” By the time we reached Halsey, he had the “old bouncer” doing the ‘rock and roll.” A “west drag” was on the siding; the boys heard us coming and “ran for the fence.” Ed was “straddle the arm rest,” beating the side of the cab with his cap as we rolled into the yard at Brooklyn (Portland)—The yard master shouted, “Where have you been all day, Ed?” “I couldn’t get ’er wound up!” shouted Ed.

In 1912 "Slippery Dick Morris" (Road Foreman of Engines) hired a "slug" of boomer "hog heads." I worked with them all. A few of them were "roving ramblers" because of "Rule G" and were flagging under an assumed name. Some of them were fine enginemen — men of integrity who remained on the SP lines in Oregon until their retirement. But on the basis of averages, a few of them were "ham and eggheads" and missed their calling. There was one — Thomas O'Donnell. Tom was so loaded with lard, he needed the "Big hook" to get him into the cab of some of the smaller engines. He had big corns and callouses on the soles of both feet, so he wore only house slippers, with "mutton tallow" in the bottoms — usually so much tallow that it squashed over the tops of the slippers. What a stinker in a hot cab! Tom was a good old fellow when he kept his nose dry, but when he was "overloaded" with "al-k-hall," he was a bad boy and difficult to get along with. He finally terminated his service with the SP when he went after his fireman with a monkey wrench. The fireman went out his front window to the pilot, opened the angle cock, and stopped the train. The crew tied old Tom up with the bell rope and the "show was over." It was reported that poor old Tom wound up his little ball of yarn on the Santa Fe desert.

And then there was my "boomer friend, Smiley Moore." the name Smiley fit him very well, for his quiet, pleasant personality made him a likeable man to work with. He was a very intelligent man and revealed little of his past life. However, his very skillful ability in railroading indicated the fact that he had worked for some of the "best pikes" in the country. He was a fine engineman and we were sorry to see him get itchy feet and "ramble on." Shortly before he "pulled the pin," he remarked to a group of us, "I am surprised to see a large railroad system like the Southern Pacific still hanging on to some of their antiquated operating rules — rules that other roads have eliminated long ago. It seems to me, what is needed is new blood in the "official family." Then he referred to a number of "wooden axle" rules, such as that "silly twaddle" requiring an engineman to get a "high ball" from the rear of his train at the mile board for every siding or else stop. Many times because of foggy or other bad weather, it would be impossible to see more

than a few cars behind the boiler; so in order to get over the road many "hogers" made a practice of simply "squeaking" one long blast for a siding — hesitate a moment — give two more blasts and "roll on" without even looking back. one dark, foggy night "old liver foot Boomer Burke" was working up ahead with the machinery as the "head barnacle," the "pig jockey" blasted a long one for a siding. Old Boomer, sitting with his head down, about half asleep, without looking up let out a big fog horn roar "high ball!" The Hoger cried, "Where did you get a "high ball?" Replied Boomer, "Where do you suppose I got it? Sears and Roebuck?" As for my good friend, Smiley Moore, he secured a service letter and disappeared into the unknown.

"John S. Howell" was a skinny little 1912 "Boomer." Jack was a fine engineman in any class of service and remained on the Lines in Oregon until his retirement. He never bragged, but liked to tell of his "varied experiences" in a most amusing manner. He delighted in telling tall tales in a group of new, inexperienced men just to see the expression on their faces. With his funny, squeaky giggle, he would say, "Did I tell you this one? Many moons ago I was up in Alaska, running an engine on the "White Pass and Bull Con" (Yukon). One terrible, cold night I was going up a steep mountain grade with a trainload of "straw hats." About halfway up the incline, it got so cold, icicles from the fire box stopped up the flues. The exhaust steam from the cylinders pooped out the smoke stack in the form of snowballs. I tried my gauge cocks and all I got was a squirt of ice water. I whistled for town but the sound wasn't heard until the next spring when it thawed out. And, oh yes, I had to "double the hill."

Another "eye popper" he told for the truth was about a "Dutch Hog Head" on a "wooden axle pike" in the mountains of Alaska. Dutch was rolling a light engine down a steep grade. His "wheezy" air pump stopped on him and he didn't notice it until he was "really dangling." He slipped her over in reverse but the cylinder packing was so far gone, old Dutch was "on his way." And as Jack told it, said he, "The old piston head was going in and out in the cylinder like a weanie in a lard bucket. He swooped around a curve,

onto an open telegraph office. "Old Dutch" rammed his neck out the cab window and shouted, "TELEGRAPH!" "Which way," squaked the operator. "Both ways!" shouted Dutch.

Jack would "giggle and cackle" as he told about the time he had a train of Methodist preachers out of Portland. Said he, "At Albany I went to dock 'er for water but missed the landing; went to slide 'er back a few feet to reach the spout. I made a wild grab for the "big handle" but missed; got my hand on the little valve, set the anchor on the "pig." and knocked down twenty-five preachers. In a short time so many preachers came to the head end to see if the engineer had "forgot his orders," the town folks thought it was a "camp meeting." In desperation the fireman ran and I hid in the seat box."

Finally, I must relate an actual experience Jack had while working freight pool, Crescent Lake to Klamath Falls, Oregon. They accused Jack of "kinking" several miles of rails because of excessive speed with a big "three cylinder" engine. They said he could not make the running time as shown on the Dispatcher's Train Sheet between two given points without exceeding the maximum allowable speed of these engines. Jack said he could and could prove it. The Division Superintendent "accepted the challenge" and ran a "special train." The time of "departure" was at hand when the "traveling pig jockey" (Road Foreman of Engines) mounted to the cabin. Jack informed the gentleman, "Go back on the train where you belong; I don't want you up here — my job is at stake and if you ride up here, you might need clean underwear and we don't carry any spares." Jack proved he could do it, too. "What a slicker."

In later years an engineer by the name of Frank Lalor hired out on the SP lines in Oregon. Frank was a fine man and a "good runner." I caught him his first trip on a west side local out of Portland. Our motive power was one of the old Stevenson "Monkey Motion." They were built by the Central Pacific in 1888 and because of their valve arrangement, they always sounded lame. Leaving Brooklyn, Frank finally said, "Where do you work this consumptive monstrosity so she won't sound lame?" "Can't be done," I

said. "They all have a lingo of their own "Whiskey Two Bits." We took water at Gaston. The skipper (conductor) informed us we had all the "old monk" could "waddle with" over the Cove Orchard Hill. Said he, "Kid, you tell him where to begin his run for the 'hump.' I said to Frank, "A few miles ahead, when you poke your nose around the first right hand curve, you see a station sign that says "WAPATO." And when you see that sign, you had better "WAPATO 'ER" or you won't make 'er over this Tater Bug Hill." Frank never forgot this trip and the last time I saw him in Portland, he laughed and hollered, "WAPATO 'ER." Frank was later reinstated on the Union Pacific.

Now I must tell you about another one of our 1912 "Boomer Boys," one Charles Sandusky. Sandy was a "big lardo" type of a character who railroaded like a village half-wit, but because of his breezy, kindly personality, everyone liked him; so the men that worked with him took him on their back and helped him squeeze by. One day at Salem, going west, his Conductor gave him his orders and said, "Sandy, can you make Marion for "Number Eighteen?" Without looking at his watch, Sandy instantly replied, "Sure I can make 'er; if you say so, I'll take 'er by the neck. Which way are they coming?"

One night Sandy was pulling a section of Ringling Brothers Circus. He had right over all "second classers," with waits at several sidings. I was firing for Walter Davis, going east. We made Shedd in time to clear Sandy by at least ten minutes. There were no block signals there at that time and we were about half way in on the siding when Sandy went by our "head end," doing the "clickety click" on a full throttle. Our trainmen heard him coming, jumped off the caboose, sprung a "red one," and gave him a "wash out signal." Sandy went to the "big hole." (What a way to handle a circus.) Our conductor said to the old boy, "Man, where did you think you were going?" Sandy replied, "I figured you had time to get in the clear, and in case you don't know it, I've got a circus train back there." "Yes," replied the skipper, "and with your brains, you should be back there with the rest of the clowns!"

Like some others of the Boomers of those days, Sandy

greatly enjoyed relating his many wild and woolly experiences among "many faces" in "far away places." As he related those "dog house dingers," he would laugh until his round jovial face was cherry red and his huge belly would shiver and shake like a bowl of jello. One of his favorite recitals I shall never forget — he said, "I was running an engine on the "Shawnee Harrison and Indian Territory."

This "wooden axle iron trail" moved their trains by "jaw bone" and "black smoke" and so the "hog heads" rode with their feet dangling out the cab window ready to join the birds. This "piddlin' pike" frequently handled carload lots of Epsom Salts and cars of cheese; and so some Boomer trainman dubbed it the "Loose Goose and Choke-um," the "perkiest pike" that ever "rattled" on "rusty rails."

"I was soon 'long gone'," said Sandy, "when this 'dinkey dangler' found out my name was not 'Bolliver McFudd'. And so my itchy feet headed me for a 'bad water' division on the UP. But I soon got enough of looking at a water glass full of bubbles and a dry squirt from the gauge cocks, so I headed west to Portland, Oregon, where I heard they had good clean water in their boilers. I convinced 'Slippery Dick Morris' I needed a job; he took a chance and I am still 'fooling 'em'."

However, Sandy's day in road service were cut short when the Southern Pacific restricted him to 'yard service only,' where he pestered the yardmen until his retirement.

James Corbett, better known as 'Throttle Arm,' was another one of our rambling rovers of 1912. Jim was a good old boy who greatly enjoyed telling big yarns about his wild, hair-raising, eye-popping runs in Mexico. His hottest rail scorching episode took place during the Mexican revolution, led by the big blubber, "Poncho Villa." Poncho had ordered Jim to pull him and his train of revolutionary cutthroats. Jim sent word to Poncho: **Drop dead. Go stick your head under a pile driver.** For this, Poncho cast Jim into the outer darkness of a Mexican jug and ordered that he be shot at sunrise. But before the sun peeked over the horizon, Jim's Mexican fireman sneaked up in the dark night and with his 'peg leg' he punched a hole in the wall of the pokey

house and rescued Jim. Then they both volunteered to pull a train of soldiers for the Mexican government.

Throttle Arm shoved off on the boiler, unaware that Poncho, with a train of his bad eggs, was right at his rear end like a short overcoat. Jim was cutting the mustard but needed water, all his water was in the boiler. They had ten miles to go in order to reach safety. Jim tried his gauge cocks and they spit fire.

"We'll run 'er anyhow!" he told his fireman. They reached their home terminal; Jim shut off and made a light reduction. Then he and his fireman jumped off and 'joined the birds' in the yard. The train rolled on into the station, making a perfect stop with no one in the cab. Poncho was still feverishly looking for Jim when some "brave geezer" punctured old Poncho with a "bloomin' blast" and the show was over.

As for Jim, he lived in Oregon until one dark night in 1943, when he hit a sharp curve too fast with a passenger train. Old 4348 couldn't take it and rolled down a long, sloping bank into a field at Oakland, Oregon. The fireman survived but my good friend Jim lost his life.

Enough about the Boomer Boys I believe. Let's spin a few about our home town boys. Right now I am thinking about my old friend of long ago, Frank Howe, better known as 'Hammer Head Howe,' or for short, just "Hammer Howe." His lack of good judgment somehow just fit the name "Hammer Head." Also, the name "Hammer Howe" suited him very well, also, for how he could hammer an engine and never get anywhere. One day he said to the engineman while tying up, "What's the matter with that engine? She just won't travel!" An old timer answered, "Hook 'er up you "Hammer Head knocker" and she'll travel."

How well I remember the time when I was firing for Hammer Head on a double header, Wild West Circus train on the Tillamook branch. John Quinn was next to the train and Hammer Head was on the head end. At Enright we picked up three helper engines on the rear end for the big 'slip and slide' up the three and one-half percent grade. Cap Mays, our Trainmaster, informed John and Hammer Head:

"This train is due in Portland at nine a.m." (It was then about three thirty a.m.) "And, remember — these wooden axle cars are all wooden underframes and look like they were infested with termites or woodpecker holes. Therefore, easy on the slack. Take your time starting." The time of departure was at hand. "Hammer Head whistled off, long and loud; the helpers echoed with two blasts. The boys were now ready to 'rassle the bear,' that is, get this shebang rolling without removing a handle from one of those wooden monstrosities. They began 'reefing on the riggin,' very carefully at first. They slacked and slacked, but no go. Then they became disorganized. One was trying to back up to get the slack; the other one was trying to pull the slack out, with Cap and the Conductor both shouting orders. The confusion increased to the point where the two "brave Hogs" were getting hot under the collar. Then they turned dangerously reckless, and in careless abandon, they jammed the slack up again the helpers, slapped the pigs in the forward corner and reefed the old fogsticks wide open. There were a few loud grunts at the old pots jerked the slack out.

"Come or bleed!" Hammer Head shouted; then came that sickening BANG, SIZZLE and SQUEAL of the air-brakes that gives every engineman a fluttering heartbeat and a sickening feeling in the vicinity of his belt buckle. Yes, they really "got a gut." The entire rust-eaten draw bar on the front of the first car had been painlessly removed from the decayed center sill. What a heart breaking sight to behold! The disabled car contained horses. It was four a.m. and raining a cloudburst. There was a moment of quietness. Then poor old Cap threw his hat into the mud, and being a military man, the language he used would make an old mule skinner feel defeated and disqualified. It developed later that a bad leak on the rearend had gummed the works. Finally, Cap got his hat out of the mud, pulled it down to his ears, got into the cab with "Hammer Head," his mouth full of fine cut chewing tobacco all ready to 'chew' on the old boy.

But Hammer Head 'threw a chunk' under his wheels before he could get started. Seeing the water and mud running down Cap's face, mixed with tobacco juice, he began

to laugh like a braying mule. "You look like a circus clown," he told Cap.

Cap chewed and spit faster and faster, threw Hammer Head a most disgusted look and some vile words, and finished with, "There is a certain big jackass I know that should be back there with those horses."

Needless to say, we rolled the sad circus in to Portland too late to show that day. In later years I talked to Cap about that rootin' tootin' trip.

"Yes," he said, "I'll never forget that heartbreaking night!" Then he added, "Sometimes I wonder which is the most exasperating—being a military officer or a railroad Brass." Then he chuckled. "Both give me a cramp in the neck."

Another one of our 'home Hogers' who comes to mind was James Duck, or 'Jim, the Duck.' Jim was a happy-go-lucky individual, who, somehow, never really grew up. His idea of accepting the responsibility of running an engine never developed beyond the teenager stage. He enjoyed blasting on the 'tooter' and waving at the ladies; he also enjoyed playing the piano. He had one finger off at the knuckle joint and, of course, this resulted in a few sour sounds. But this never bothered Jim. He would sit with a big cigar in his face and wallop the ivories and forget it was time to go to work.

One night we were dangling down Clackamas Hill on 1-221. Around the curves at park place, Jim suddenly got up on the oil tray, got both feet hooked over the top cab braces and with his head swinging back and forth in front of the firebox door, he tried to sing IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME. With one foot hooked over the whistle lever, he tried to keep time with his singing by tooting on the whistle lever.

One day we were rolling an East manifest. At Salem we had just nice time to go to Gervais for a passenger train. At the mile board I shouted, "Head in for Seventeen!"

"No," shouted Jim. "Let's go to Woodburn!"

I shouted back, "You can't clear 'em, Jim!"

"No," he yelled. "But it's straight track and they can see us coming." (No blocks.)

At Woodburn number Seventeen was waiting for us, switch all lined up. The train master was standing on the platform and shouted at me.

"What happened?"

"Nothing!" I shouted. "We just 'ducked in'!" (Zook, I am ashamed of that one.)

Jim's final flukie-dukie that severed him from the SP payroll occurred on the PR&N branch. He was going up the hill on a light helper engine; a work train had a flag out against him. But 'Jim, the Duck' was down on the deck playing with his pet bull dog — got by a flag and slam-bang, he stuck the 'pig's nose' into the rear of the 'crummy.' Fortunately, no one was hurt. However, the proper authorities informed Jim, "Sorry, Jim, but your personal record is so loaded with 'brownies' it needs double sideboard. So we suggest you go home, play with your bull dog, plink-plunk on the ivories, and forget you ever worked for the SP."

My old friend, Robert Gittens, was a fine citizen, but all who ever worked with him agreed that he ran an engine like "Old Mother Hubbard." Bob was a large man with long arms; he seldom wore anything on his head and as he shuffled along, he reminded one of a big ape. He was well educated (his parents were both Seminary teachers) but Bob's mind ran mostly to nonsense and vulgarity. He would recite a lot of his own original vulgar nonsense; then he would grin like a jackass eating thistles and slowly remark, "Can you believe I am the son of a propounder of the Gospel?"

I fired a branch passenger job for Bob. We had a small eight wheeler, American Standard engine, with three cars. On this 'streak of rust' the maximum speed limit was thirty-five miles per hour. One day Bob asked me to check the mile boards for him to see how fast he was 'flying.'

"Bob," I said, "you are breaking a speed record. You are doing thirty-eight miles per!" For a moment I thought he was going to have a stroke. He grabbed the old G-6, sizzled out a wee squirt, slowed 'er down to about twenty-five.

"Son," he told me, "never let me do that again!"

One morning as we shoved off from our initial station on this same rootin' tootin' run, the little Dinky Dangler barked a few times, then suddenly bogged down, just like dropping the handles of a wheelbarrow. I hit the ground, and behold, the left back driving axle was broken off at the hub. Only the side rod was holding the driver from completely lying down to rest.

Bob slowly hit the ground. For some time he stood in silence, wringing his hands, with perspiration lining his forehead. Finally he looked at me. "What shall we do? Can we fix it?"

After some discussion we convinced old Bob that the "Sheridan Fling Ding" must, of necessity, have another CHOO CHOO.

One time Bob screwed up his courage and bid in a main line helper job at Grants Pass. In telling me of his brief adventure, he said, "I made a candy run one day between Hugo, Merlin and Dimmick with a big freight train." He was referring to the time he was on the head of a three engine train going west. From Hugo to Merlin it is slightly down-grade and mostly straight track, and from Merlin to Dimmick it is upgrade. The regular practice was to let 'em ramble from Hugo to Merlin, thereby getting a good run for the upgrade. However, from Hugo to Merlin Bob hit the racetrack with brakes dragging and crow-hopping along about fifteen miles per. The road Hoger finally became disgusted and decided he would give the old boy a ride, and when Bob made a reduction, he would cut in his brake valve an 'kick 'em off.' Later Bob's fireman told me, "When we roared through Merlin, Bob's hair was sticking up like bristles, his coattail was flopping in the breeze, and his eyes were popped out like a choked mouse. On arrival at Grants Pass poor Bob laid off sick until he could bid in another branch job. Naturally, he remained on a 'streak of rust' until the end of his service.

Many times I think of our old regular passenger-assigned enginemen. With but few exceptions they were real slickers with the heavy trains and light power of those days. They

could not be excelled on any man's railroad. I recall firing for my wonderful friend, Gus Edlund, out of Portland. Gus was a big Swede without a nerve in his body, nothing bothered him. One day on the old Shasta Limited, our regular run, we had a big train with the General Manager's private car on the rear. A freight train delayed us at Brooks and our assistant Superintendent came to the head end.

"Gus," he said, "we are going to be about forty minutes late out of here. Can you go to Roseburg on time?"

Gus calmly looked at his watch and after some thought, he replied, "Well, I'll tell you. If our Mister General Manager back there will hang his hat over that stool pigeon (speedometer), and Mister Dispatcher will let the bars down and don't slow me down with run-lates, and this pile of yunk holds out, I YUST make 'er."

And he did 'Yust make 'er," and what a fine run it was! Of course, he beat the sox off the scheduled running time and the maximum speed limit. However, he eased around the curves with care and excellent judgment and set the high falutin' varnish down in Roseburg right on the advertised. As we hit the ground, our old friend Orvil Jennings was there, his mouth loaded with fine cut chawin' tobacco, ready to take over for the one hundred forty miles to Ashland.

Said Orvil, "Sounds like a driving box pounding, Gus."

Replied Gus, "That wasn't a driving box you heard. That was the seat of my pants hitting the seat box."

Orvill's big pot belly teetered up and down and he spit tobacco juice all over his face.

The General Manager sent his secretary to the head end to tell Gus, "Thank you for an excellent ride. And I didn't hang my hat over the stool pigeon, either."

Francis Marion Hewett was a slick engineer and pulled passenger trains most of his many years of service. He was a natural born clown and was always originating "silly sayings" and expressions. About 1914 that song, "ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND, was all the rage and that part of the song, "Come on and hear, Come on and hear" struck Francis

Marion's funny bone. So he changed it to "Come over here" and said it wherever he went. One day as we cleared him on a siding, he roared by on his passenger run, leaned out the cab window and shouted, "Come over here!" Zip, and he was gone. Then he had another one, "A K Fire Box." One day at Medford a new road foreman of engines looked up at him in the cab, and with his mouth full of 'mule bedding' (Mail Pouch tobacco), he shouted down at the galloping brass, A K Fire Box, right on the "peckerino!"

In later years, he had a saying that he used until the end of his days. It was, "Never make 'er now!" While riding in his new car along a country road one day, he met two ladies in their car. Francis Marion hit a soft shoulder of loose gravel on his right as he pulled over for them to pass. His new hack slowly rolled over on its right side. The ladies stopped and ran back to see if Frank was injured but about the time they reached him, the old boy opened the window on the top side, stuck his head out, and shouted, "never make 'er now!"

In 1945 I was in the San Francisco hospital, in a ten bed ward, with Frank for thirty days. One inspection day the top ranking doctors gathered at the foot of Frank's bed in huddle formation and for some time discussed his physical condition. He was lying on his back with his eyes closed, apparently asleep. The medical brass finally turned to walk away. Suddenly Francis Marion raised up like a jack-in-the-box, and with his usual comical expression on his face, he squawked, "never make 'er now," and fell back as if he had dropped dead. I shall never forget the bewildered look on those doctors' faces.

Some years later Frank was stricken with cirrhosis of the liver and as they loaded him on a sleeper at Roseburg, he raised up on the stretcher, gave a group of his old friends a feeble 'highball,' and in a shakey voice, he exclaimed, "Never make 'er now." And how right he was.

During the winter of 1913, I was firing the 'one and only' 'yard engine' in the capitol city of Salem, Oregon. Our "motive power" was the 1906; originally this old "DING DING" was one of a stable full of "Iron Steads," built to

roll the Southern Pacific "street car system of long ago, from Oakland Pier, Cal., through Oakland to Berkeley and Alameda. This antique "galloping goose" was a "saddle tank," with a small square tank behind the cab for water and fuel oil. Under this tank was a single pair of wheels, with no brakes. She had no 'engine trucks,' therefore, her 'only brakes' were on her three pairs of drivers. She was not equipped with independent air and so the old G-6 Automatic Brake Valve was all we had. But in doing light work, we did not like to listen to that silly thing sizzle and blow in service position. So when we did not have the air cut in on one or more cars, we used the old Johnson Bar for making fancy joints — using the old Automatic Valve only when we wanted to stop quick. By going to the BIG HOLE every time we made a "jarring joint," the old "straddle bug" would entertain us with a "TOOT" and so we called her "Little Tooter."

Our regular assigned "Goat Skinner," George Horton, had a dislike for rolling out of bed early, and so many mornings we never saw him for several hours. In fact, some days he never showed up at all and when this occurred, my wonderful friend, Milo Atterbery, our foot board Yard Master, would mount the 'Dinky' and we did the 'chores' with two men on the ground. Milo was a "poor fireman." He produced a 'lot of smoke' and usually a very limited amount of steam, therefore I insisted he be the brave "throttle jerker." This he did gladly for he very much disliked 'choking on his own smoke.'

One day "Hoger Horton" was absent and while switching on front street, a 'Brake Hanger' broke. Before Milo got the 'old pot' stopped, all her brake rigging was tangled in a sorry mess on the cobblestone street. We dismantled what was left of her brake rigging. There stood Little Tooter, a beautiful piece of mechanical ingenuity, except for one thing — she had no brakes. Milo scratched his head and said, "What shall we do?" "I suggest you call the Dispatcher," I said. "Tell him we have no brakes on the 'Shunting Boiler'." The Dispatcher said, "I will give you running orders to Dallas and get you another 'slack rattler'." Then, turning to me, Milo said, "Gosh, Tup, what a mess we have; no "Hog Head," and I have never been over this pike; have you?"

"Yes," I said, "I was over this fifteen miles of 'rusty rails' just once, in the dark, but it's all standard gauge and daylight. What else can we do? We don't want to get George in trouble. So we 'shoved off" on Little Tooter and what a crew. Milo was humped up on Horton's low seat box, his knees up under his chin, long rubber boots on, a big Mackinaw coat with the collar turned up above his ears, a slouch hat turned up in front, an old switch list stuck up under his hat in front of his ear. We "dangled the Dinky" right through the business streets of Salem, over street car crossings, over a draw bridge, through busy West Salem, and as Milo used to say, "NO HOG HEAD," "NO BRAKE" and "NO BRAINS." As we "galloped around a curve" at Eola, there in the middle of the track, stood a big plow horse — as big as "Old Jumbo." Milo shouted, "What shall I do?" I belated, "HOLD 'er." He grabbed the "whistle rope" with one hand, and with the other hand, he pumped the old "G-6 brake valve" back and forth from "Big Hole" to "full release." Of course, with no brakes, "Little Tooter" rambled on. The poor old plug took off down the middle of the track, with his tail sticking straight up, displaying his one lone marker. I have always thought, perhaps he figured he could "smoke over" ahead of us to the next siding, but apparently his "brakes were dragging." We both forgot to reverse the "old Pot," and finally the foot board coupled with the "north end" of the flying steed as he headed south, and rolled the poor old nag down a bank, into a huge patch of berry vines.

We finally "docked the Dinky" on the Round House lead in Dallas. As I was "registering in," my old "Dutch friend," Carl Gerlinger, Round House Foreman, sneaked up behind me and whispered in my ear, "Who is dat 'sheep herder running dat engine?" Before I had time to answer his "baffling question," he smiled and said, "Dat's all right, kid. I ain't seen nothing; but I tink you better run dat "good engine" going back. It looks better." Then he laughed heartily as he said, "Dat's a good one; no Hog Head and no brakes; what would Mr. Fields, our Superintendent, say if he found this out?" Fortunately, he never found out.

THE SUNSET YEARS OF STEAM

In the fall of 1920, at age 29, I was "set up," "knocked

in the head" — this being interpreted means I was now a "locomotive engineer," or in railroad language, I was a "Hog Head," "Meat Head," "Pig Jockey," "Goat Skinner," "Malley Knocker," "Varnish Jerker," "Knuckle Buster," and other names that cannot be recorded herein.

Working the Engineer's extra list on an eleven hundred mile division was like "playing a card game." You never knew what you were going to "draw next." The SP had all kinds of power, including several "breeds" of compounds. However, they did as most all other roads did — they finally deserted the "compound theory" of using steam twice and converted them to "simple engines." Working a large Extra List included many outside jobs and was therefore a real "tramp life." Yet I somehow enjoyed it; it provided a great deal of variety; it was a life of continual expectancy. At the time of my promotion the largest engines we had on the Lines in Oregon were the "consolidated Hog engines." These pigs were restricted to a maximum speed of forty miles per hour, but of course on the "high iron" with "full tonnage," taking a run for a hill, we ran them as fast as they could "turn over." Also, when double heading in passenger service, we "galloped them" up to sixty-five miles per in some places. Some of the first Hogs were "slide valve," "quarter decks," and not superheated. I shall always remember when I pulled a "boo boo" by trying to be smart and hook up one of these old "slam bangs" at high speed on a "full throttle." The old "Johnson bar" went "ker-plunk" into the corner and took me with it. The result was a broken front window and a goose egg on my noggin. I knew better but had to learn the hard way." Thereafter I "eased off" on the throttle before I "rassled the bear." We had one of the "old sliders" that ran for several years with one valve so badly worn, she blowed like a "cross over compound." Working her hard, you could hear her coming "ka-flump, ka-flump." She was known as "Old Loose-Lung."

In later years most of the Hog engines were "piston valve" and "superheated" and were a fine engine of those days. Our passenger power was a varied assortment of "Ten Wheelers," "High Wheeled Pacifics and Atlantic." All of these were bought in different sizes and from different builders. And, of course, on the many branch passenger runs,

we had a wide variety of early day "antique relics," many of these little "iron ponies" were rolling the wheels and smoking up the landscape before I had become a citizen of this "terrestrial ball." In fact, one time I ran one of these Iron Puffers on a branch run that was fifty-two years old and my fireman was firing a wood burner six years before I was born.

Every new runner has to learn a few things about "galloping an engine" by the "hard knocks of experience," and I assure you, I was "no exception." One night I was rolling 1-221, the regular daily Hot Shot out of Brooklyn (Portland) at Oregon City. I "scooped up a message" saying, "Make a good run," and I will "double you back" on an "east manifest." I had a good Consolidated Hog engine; she was "rolling the tonnage" beautifully. I was going to run the tank at Woodburn and go to Salem for water. Woodburn is "in yard limits," but I thought to myself, tonight I won't shut off at the mile board and roll through this rural community at "restricted" speed as required by "the rules." I'll be a "slam bang" Hoger and pull a "whizzer." I'll leave the throttle wide open and "roar" through this "slumbering berg" clickety click and show the world how to get this "moldy hot-shot" over the high iron in storybook style. The ratety tat-tat on the stack may possibly awaken the "old town cop." He may even "turn me in," but who cares. Split nose Hoberg got away with it. As I neared the distant signal, in "clear position," I suddenly realized a huge bank of fog was obscuring Woodburn. It was a dark, heavy fog. I hesitated; my feet were icing badly, but the little demons in the back of my "reckless brain" were saying, 'you've come this far with your neck stuck out; "be cute," ride 'er out.' Now looming up in the terrible fog I could see the home signal in "clear position." "CLEAR," I chirped to my fireman; my fluttering heart leveled off. I breathed with ease again, "confidence was restored." I was really "cuttin' the mustard," my sails were "catching the breeze." Then suddenly, "zook," my "conceited bubble" busted like a "toy balloon." That beautiful green signal had "flipped" to a "shocking RED." As I grabbed the "big brass handle," I must admit, I didn't know whether to "respond to nature's call," or "join the birds" out the cab window. But with the seat of my pants "sticking to the seat box," I could only "stay with the ship." I slid

the big handle into "service position," left the "throttle skinned out," held the independent in "full release," and sat like a "tom cat" at a "rat hole," with my eyes glued on that "home signal." My pilot was almost under the bloomin' signal when she "turned green." (I had already turned green.) I bellered, "Clear!" 'so loud I almost "ripped my tonsils out;" at the same instant I slipped the "big handle" in "full release" and rolled on my way at a speed prescribed by ordinance and "operating rules." A night local was "doing the chores" on the "house track and siding." A "student brakeman" had lined a "cross over switch" for the main momentarily.

Needless to say, I was sick "TUM TUM." Confidently, I was like a little boy who had bad luck in his pants and wanted to hide. As long as I "galloped the rattlers," I assure you I had the "greatest respect" for that "forked board" sitting out there alone, like a "scare crow," as if to say, "take 'er easy; bud, you're in no man's land." And a number of times during the passing years I found it "paid dividends" by having them "under my thumb" at the "right time."

During those years they did lots of "double heading" passenger trains with Hog engines, in order to "balance the power." The rules required that a new runner must have in a certain number of road trips before he could "handle passenger trains" on the point. Some of our old passenger Hogers would turn a "flip flop" when they were compelled to "lope off" their comfortable high wheeled "Passenger engines" next to the train and "gallop" a dirty, old "freight Hog." Many of them rode so hard they would give a man the "falling of the crug."

Bill O'Malley, one of our old time enginemen, was tall and straight with snow white hair — a fine looking man, "well respected," and liked by everyone. He as one of the finest enginemen I ever worked with — always calm and relaxed; nothing bothered him — "highly respected" by all the officials. To these men, "Bill's word" and "good judgment" were "readily accepted." I speak of the following to show how Bill could "get away" with some things other men could not. One day I as double heading him with a freight Hog on a passenger run out of Portland. I performed the "time

honored task" of "anointing" the "numerous bearings" of the "old pigie" with "rapid oil," made the required "air test," got the "HO-kay" on the "hair," climbed on Bill's nice, shiny road engine. "Sorry, Bill," I said, "I am a new 'pig jockey,' not dry behind the ears yet." I shall always remember that kindly old 'brother.' As he smiled, continued "filling his pipe," got out a match, got a "smudge going," turned around on his "seat box," laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, "Son, I am an old man; I have spent a long lifetime riding these things. Now the time has come when I am physically unable to ride these "Hog engines." You have fired for me on this run; you know the road, I am sure. So you "go up there" on that hog. "Handle this train" the best you know how, and remember, I will 'assume full responsibility." I spotted for water at Salem, and there stood the "galloping Pig Jockey" (Road Foreman of Engines.) He followed me around the engines and visited as I "squirted" a bit of "rabbit" oil in the "prescribed holes;" asked me how I liked working the Extra List, never mentioned me being up there on the "business end" where I "didn't belong" and finally gave Bill and I a "big high ball" as we "roared off" into the night. Some time later our Master Mechanic persuaded the Superintendent to "discontinue" "double heading" the "Hog engines" in passenger service. With a fifty-seven inch driver they "turn over so fast," they are "burning up" too many bearings, and so in order to "balance the power," they ran them "light," usually two or three "coupled together." This seemed a reasonable thing to do; however, this soon turned out to be an "unwise choice" mechanically speaking, simply because every engineman wants to make a "short trip" as short as possible. I was involved in the last "light engine" movement out of Brooklyn. We had three Hog engines coupled—I was the young "whistle monkey" on the "head pig;" another "young runner" on the rear engine; and an "Old regular pool man" in the middle. We 'rambled right along"—Brooklyn to Albany, where the old boy "in the middle" found out there were three crews "dead heading" on a passenger train right behind us. He said, "We have got to go to Eugene ahead of those three dead head crews, or we are "stuck" for a long lay over in Eugene." While he was informing me of our tight situation, I found I had an

"engine truck running warm." The rear man had a "tank box" warming up, but he said, "I'll take a chance, Tup." I said to the "old Hoger" in the middle, "How is 'your pig' running. He replied, "I am 'afraid to look' but forget about me." We dangled over to Tangent, met an 'East Manifest" and "shoved off" with "the varnish" "in the yellow" right behind us. Needless to say, those three "bouncing PIGLETS" slipped by the telegraph poles" like a 'picket fence." As we headed in at Eugene yard, the "first classer" was right at "our rear end," like a "short overcoat." When we "parked the pigies" on the round house lead, the man behind had a 'tank box" ready to blaze and a "drive box smoking." I had a "driving box" hotter than a "caboose stove," and the old timer in the middle had both "eccentrics dripping babbitt" like a leaky faucet. That ended "light engine movements."

Except in emergency, said our worthy Master Mechanic to the Chief Dispatcher, henceforth, double head 'em; it's cheaper.

At this point I wish to pay my respects to the many "courageous men" of long ago who had a part in "rolling the wheels" of transportation on U. S. and Canadian railroads. I think of the trainmen of those days who were required to "risk life and limb" going over the top of "swaying trains," "brake clubs" in their hands, jumping from car to car, in all kinds of miserable weather, ready to "club 'em up" if necessary. On some roads they had a "silly rule" that required them to get on top of "speeding trains" and "decorate" while passing open telegraph offices.

Then, of course, I think of the "veteran enginemmen" who were "old in the game" when I was just "old enough to vote." As young men these "old timers" were so "impelled" by an "irresistible desire" to accept the responsibility of "galloping" the old "steamchargers," that they endured many years of "Rough-TOUGH" going, many of them riding the old coal burning "Bouncers," with a "hump in their back," facing the white heat of an "open firebox," scoop shovel in their hands, pitching tons of 'black diamonds" on a trip "hoeing pans," "rasseling the bear" on the business end of a shaker bar and clinker hook.

Then after being promoted, they "faced years" of "hardships" as they assumed the responsibility of getting trains "over the road" under many "trying circumstances." These men were not "pussy-foot, cream-puff sissies;" they were "real he-men" in every "sense of the word." They were men of "courage" and "determination." They were "dedicated" to their work and looked forward to the day when they could hold a better job under "improved conditions." Therefore, may we always remember these men with "respect and gratitude" for their "faithful, untiring efforts" to "improve working conditions," through the "patient, relentless efforts" of these able men who have "guided the destiny of our organizations, through the "passing years," and so we say, "Well done, worthy brothers, well done."

And may we "pay tribute" to the many "telegraph operators" and "train dispatchers," the old "brass pounders" of the Morse Code days. These men shared the "responsibility" along with the trainmen and enginemen of "rolling the rattlers" over the "gleaming rails."

Those of us in "engine and train service" know, "OH" so well, what a good operator means in every train movement on the "high iron," where all trains are moved by "train order." He is the Dispatcher's "right hand man"—a "wrong date" on a clearance or train order, "no complete time" on an order, no "Chief Dispatcher's initials," "wrong order number on clearance"—these are just a few of the things that can "stop a train," and thereby "gum up" a Dispatcher's parade.

To me the train Dispatcher's have always been the forgotten men of the rails. Behind the scenes they bear the "central responsibility" of every train movement. I think of my "old friends," the Dispatchers, with whom I worked on the "Cascade Mountain" during the War, with all the Military movements plus a "staggering" volume of general commodities. Our forty-four mile "helper district" was known as one of the "busiest, single track operations" to be found on any man's railroad.

How greatly it "annoyed me" at times to hear some member of my crew "cursing the Dispatcher" because we

were "delayed on a meet." Frequently when I tired of their "belly aching," I would remind them—have you ever stopped to consider the fact that we are "responsible only" for this "one train movement" entrusted to us, while "that Dispatcher has them all on his back." Yes, I think a number of the "old Dispatchers" of those train order days, whose "days on Earth" were "shortened" because of the "terrific strain" of "bearing" their necessary responsibility. I "revere the memory" of these men, who "at times" had "my job," yes, even "my life" in their hands.

I have many "foud memories" of the "old passenger trainmen" with whom I worked in those days of "long ago." Fine men they were. Let us "recall" some of the "amusing episodes." My old friend, "Harley Crandall," a passenger conductor, coming into "Klamath Falls, Oregon" passed through the day coach and announced "Klamath Falls next station." An old lady called out in a "squeaky voice," "No, this train doesn't go through Klamath Falls." Harley "stopped," turned around and with his usual "pleasant smile," he "bowed," tipped his cap, and said, "Thank you, lady, glad you set me straight; I have been on the wrong train for ten years."

Jack Lally in his younger days was "flagging" on a freight train in "Cow Creek Canyon." The night was dark. Suddenly the rear caboose door opened with a bang. Jack stumbled in, panting for breath. The conductor said, "You are supposed to be 'flagging.' You haven't been called in. Why are you 'panting' for breath?" Replied Jack, "Listen, skipper, you do a "double time" "quarter mile" dash "making a drop" of a "wildcat" and your "air pump will be "racing too." The Conductor went to the rear caboose door and there stood a big "shepherd dog"—tongue hanging out and his eyes shining like "two tail lights" in the distance.

In "later years" Jack was a "passenger Conductor" on a "McKeene Gasoline Motor Coach," most commonly called a "skunk." One day, standing at the depot in Hillsboro, with the old "skunk" idling, a "whopty-plunk" an "old lady" came up to Jack and inquired, "Is this the train to Timber?" Jack bowed and replied, "Yes, lady, this is the timber 'fling ding.' 'Loper' while she's 'standing still'." As the old lady "climbed

aboard," she sniffed and said, "What's the matter with this thing? It stinks." Jack replied, "No, lady, it's not the odor of this 'mechanical wonder;' it's the Engineer you smell."

Then I think of those long, claw hammer coats the passenger Conductors wore. An old Conductor we called "Humpy" finally grew enough whiskers to bid in a regular passenger run. On his first trip he "bloomed out" in a second hand uniform and cap he bought from some retiring Conductor. The cap was so large it sat "smack dab" on his ears. His hair on the back of his head was "so long," it turned up like a "duck's tail." The claw hammer coat was so long, it was dragging his "tracks out." The Train Master "showed up," sized old "Hump" up, and almost "choked" he laughed so hard. Finally he got his breath and said, "You look like a 'G A R veteran.' Look, you get a hair cut, a 'new cap,' and 'uniform' or back in the 'little red caboose,' behind the 'rattlers' for you." "Hump" obeyed and looked like a new man.

However, some years later, while working a night passenger run, an official "found" Hump in the smoking car, his coat and cap off, no shoes on his feet cocked up on the back of the seat in front of him, "fully relaxed" in "sweet slumber." Of course, this was the "end" of Humpy's passenger service and my old friend wound up his "little ball of yarn" on a good daylight local freight.

Joel Crocker was an "early day" passenger Conductor — a kindly old Scotchman, "greatly respected" by all who knew him. Joe loved a "good joke." He even enjoyed telling them on himself. Working a "local passenger" job one day, they made a "flag stop" at Barlow to pick up passengers. Joe liked to keep busy and so he said to his "head Brakeman," "I will load 'em on, Walter." He helped two ladies aboard, turned around to an 'elderly lady' standing behind him, 'grabbed' her by the arm, said "Come on Grandma." They took off for Portland. Finally, coming to the old lady he addressed as 'Grandma,' he said, "All right, where are you going?" The bewildered old lady looked at him and in a 'slakey voice' replied, "I don't know." Said Joe, "didn't you want to get on this train?" "No," she replied; "I was just watching the people get on." Joe scratched his head, turned to his Brakeman, and said, "Gosh, Walter, I've pulled another one."

Turning to the lady, he inquired, "Lady, do you have anyone in Portland you know?" "Yes," she replied, "I have a daughter in Portland." Said Joe, "Do you know her name?" "Yes," said the lady, "but I don't know where she lives." Joe helped her into the 'Union Depot' in Portland turned her over to the 'lady attendant,' secured a 'telephone directory,' and finally found the 'lady's daughter.' Said Joe, "Does your Mother live in Barlow?" "Yes," the daughter replied. "Well," said Joe, "would you like to have her make you a visit?" "Yes," the daughter replied. "I have planned on driving out to get Mother; however, I have been too busy." "Well, I can assist you in that," said Joe. "I have her with me here in the Union Depot. I will send her to your home 'by taxi.' I will provide her with a return ticket, good for 'thirty days' at 'no cost' too." "You wait a minute," said the bewildered daughter. "Who are you? 'Santa Claus?' What kind of a joke is this?" Then Joe explained what had happened; they both enjoyed a 'good laugh,' and no doubt Joe felt 'very much relieved.'

Then there was the time Joe tried to catch a 'bootlegger' and 'slowed up' the railroad. He was working an 'overland' passenger run to Portland (Oregon). Oregon was dry and the porters on this train were doing a land office business 'running in' 'hootch' in jugs from California. Marion, Oregon, was a 'flag stop' for train number 16. At the mile board for Marion, the porters would get in the 'rear sleepers,' give the engineer 'three bells' to stop. A dark shadow would rush out from behind a 'woodpile' in the dark, grab the 'Yug,' and disappear. One morning Joe felt the brakes setting up and took a sudden notion he was going to see what was going on. And so without telling his Brakeman, he opened a trap door in a 'rear sleeper,' peeked out, and 'sure enough,' a dark shadow ran out from behind a big woodpile, 'grabbed a Jug' from a sleeper window, and 'took off.' Joe also 'took off' in the dark. He stubbed his toe, 'fell flat,' his old 'hay burner' lantern went out. But Joe continued on. The head Brakeman loaded a passenger, got a 'high ball' from the rear man, gave the 'Hoger' two bells, and away they went. When Joe heard them 'pulling out,' he tried 'frantically' to get his 'hay burner' lantern lit, but by the time he got a 'flicker' in the 'old SMOKER,' his train was on its way to Salem, a distance of twelve miles. Joe slopped along in the

mud to the Section Foreman's house. The dogs tried to bite him. He got the Jerry boss out of the hay. He and Joe pumped an old high wheeled hand car to Salem in the rain.

Of course, the Superintendent had Joe on the 'RUG.' Said he, "Joe, what made you think you could 'catch a bootlegger' in the dark?" With a smile Joe replied, "Was silly, wasn't it?" Then he added, "I will be honest with you, Boss; you know 'that stuff' is hard to get, and when I saw that bootlegger 'grab that jug,' I suddenly thought to myself — maybe he will fall down; I will grab the jug and 'get away with it,' but I fell down instead of the bootlegger. Then that blankety-blank hay burner lantern went out and I got left." Replied the Superintendent, "Joe, that was an 'honest effort' to explain, but what a poor alibi. After this, you 'run' your train and let those in authority 'chase' the bootleggers."

Finally, I wish to relate an unusual experience of two 'passenger Conductors' of long ago. 'Earnie Morian' went Braking at seventeen years of age and was a Conductor at twenty-one. When still a young man, he was a regular assigned 'passenger Conductor' on trains one and two between 'Portland and Corvallis,' a distance of ninety-seven miles. Two crews were assigned, each to make a round trip every other day. The other assigned Conductor was 'Harry Craw.' He also was a young man, although at an early age his hair became a 'beautiful white.' The unusual experience of these two fine men was this. 'Earnie Morian's' father was his 'Rear Brakeman,' a 'grand old gentleman,' greatly admired and respected by all who knew him. And 'Harry Craw's' father was his regular assigned 'Engineer." 'Frank Craw,' affectionately known as 'Daddy Craw,' a small man with white hair and moustache; and like 'Earnie Morian's' father, 'he too was a 'wonderful old gentleman' with a 'kindly smile' and 'highly respected' and 'admired' by everyone.

As a long, 'gauky' kid, I greatly enjoyed spending my time around the SP depot at Hillsboro, my home town sixteen miles from Portland, watching the 'CHOO CHOO' trains come and go. At this time I greatly admired 'Earnie Morian.' He always gave me a 'pleasant smile' and a 'hello there, kid.' And when I sometimes rode with him between Hillsboro and Portland, he remembered me as the "Hillsboro Kid." When

I went railroading in 1912, I met Earnie one day on his passenger run. He remembered me and how he laughed when I told him I was railroading on the SP out of Portland. He said, "Well, well, so the 'Hillsboro Kid' has finally become a 'real railroader.' But I am not 'greatly surprised,' for when I watched you around Hillsboro, so greatly interested in 'trains and engines,' I knew you had been bitten by the 'railroad bug' real hard." From then on, through the passing years, Earnie and I became wonderful friends and he has always called me "Kid Tupper."

'One dark night' more than twenty years ago, in regular assigned 'Helper Service' at Oakridge, I was helping the 'Cascade Limited,' a most beautiful deluxe train in those days. After I coupled my 'big deck' helper engine onto the big mountain type road engine, 'Earnie Morian' shouted, "Come down here, Tup." We 'checked watches;' he handed me my orders, then taking my hand in both of his, in 'choked emotion,' he finally said, "Tup, this is the last time I shall hand you your orders; it has been 'so wonderful' to have you as my friend all these many years." Because of my emotions, I was unable to reply for a moment. Then I laid my hand on his shoulder and replied, "Oh, Earnie, where have the years gone so rapidly?"

As I 'roared up' the Cascade Mountains that 'stormy night' through seventeen tunnels, it was difficult for me to control 'my emotions.' My mind went back to those 'long ago days' when I first knew 'Earnie Morian,' so young and attractive in his neat 'passenger uniform,' his 'breezy' personality, and his 'smiling' salutation as he greeted me, "Hello there, Kid." Yes, he had been my 'wonderful friend' all these many years and now I was 'pulling him' up this mountain grade for the 'last time.' And then 'once again,' as in the 'passing years,' my mind went back to those 'boyhood' days on the 'old farm' in IOWA, it was here as a 'little boy,' I stood 'buger eyed' and 'trembling' — just over the right-of-way fence of the Chicago Great Western — watching the 'old clunkers' rattle by. It was here that I 'dreamed of the day' when I could 'gallop' those 'rip snortin'' dirty, 'old engines,' as dear, little Mother called them. My 'boyhood dream' had become a 'reality.' My fleeting years had passed 'so rapidly'

into the 'distant yonder,' 'like a dream'; and 'how swiftly' a few more years will 'roll on' into 'eternity.' And like my dear friend, 'Earnie Morian,' I too, will be rolling into my 'home terminal' for the last time. I will "hang up the harness" and head for home and enjoy the comforts of a 'quiet, normal life." This dream has also become a reality and I am eternally grateful.

I have never known a man 'more respected' and liked by all who know him that 'Earnie Morian.' He is still living and 'going strong.' His mind is 'very sharp,' his 'friendly smile' and 'warm personality' are as 'warm as ever." For many years he has been the Chaplin of the Portland 'Unit #55' of the 'National Association of Retired and Veteran Railroaders.' He still calls me 'Kid Tupper.' We 'greatly' enjoy talking of our past life and also about our 'future life,' for we believe in the "Old Book," and for us it 'provides an answer' to 'all of life,' both 'here and hereafter.'

In the fall of 1926 the Southern Pacific completed the building of their new 'Cascade' Mountain main line over the forty-four mile, one and one-eighth percent grade and on to Klamath Falls, Oregon; from there, over a new line to a connection with their Salt Lake Division into Ogden, where the SP tonnage is turned over to the Union Pacific. This new line is known as the Natron cut-off.

By the fall of 1926 the big power began coming to Eugene. Rolling the heavy tonnage with the 'Big Clunkers' was a real challenge to me. Therefore, I decided that Eugene would be my new home terminal henceforth, and so we disposed of our new home in Portland and established a new home in Eugene.

On September 1, 1926, the construction department turned the new pike over to the Operating Department. The first heavy tonnage train was called for 2 a.m. at Eugene. I was the 'Pig Jockey.' My old friend, Bob Tracy, was my very trustworthy fireman.

Our new Road Foreman of Engines for the new Mountains District was my good friend, George H. Kilborn, the father of A. W. Kilborn, also an Engineer and now Division Superintendent of the Oregon Division.

George Kilborn was a very fine engineman, having spent many years on heavy mountain grades in Northern California and over the 'hump' into Ashland, Oregon.

Choosing the proper tonnage for this first "razzle dazzle" supposed to be 'hot shot' movement was a new venture of 'guess work.' Our Division Superintendent informed Mr. Kilborn we must choose a tonnage that will enable us to average at least fifteen miles per hour, Eugene to Crescent Lake, over the new ninety-seven mile, first freight division. His first estimate was seventy loads and his 'private hack,' Mr. Kilborn replied, "With the power we have chosen, we can't even start them on the hill." After some discussion, the 'boss' finally suggested sixty-four loads, plus the private car. Mr. Kilborn did not agree and replied, "I am not a valley 'punkin' roller"; I spent a lot of years on mountain grades and with your suggested tonnage, we still can't average fifteen miles per hour. We will do well to average ten miles per hour." But our Superintendent was the 'boss.' He felt confident his 'guess' was a good one to 'shoot at.' His word was final and so that settled the 'cat hop.'

Just before we 'shoved off on the boiler' from Eugene, the Superintendent instructed Mr. Kilborn and our Conductor, "At Oakridge, before you 'unhitch the horse' to take water and fuel oil, be sure you set the hand brakes on all sixty-four cars." Mr. Kilborn was 'thoroughly' disgusted. Said he, "Oakridge is not on the mountain grade; it is at the foot of the mountain on a less than one percent grade; eight or ten hand brakes is sufficient."

Our motive power on the head end was a 'big deck,' the 3703. She was a fine engine and did her work well. At Oakridge we picked up helper engine 4011. This 'old waddler' was one of the old original 1908 model, cabin-in-front 'Malley Compounds.' My old friend, Claude Bridenstine, was operating this 'old soak' 'monstrosity.' Because of using 'second hand' steam in two cylinders, these old 'creepers' did not develop much 'UMP.'

With the boss in his private 'band wagon' were several 'lesser brass' of different departments. A 'Trainmaster' rode the 'old wampus cat' helper engine. On the head end with me was, of course, Mr. Kilborn, our Road Foreman of En-

gines, plus our Division Master Mechanic, Mr. Charles Gibson. Said Mr. Gibson, "I am from Oakland, California, a 'flat land division.' What good am I up here riding this old 'slam bang'." Mr. Kilborn, the head Brakeman, my Fireman, and I had good respirators. This is a heavy tin funnel shaped contraption with a wet sponge inside and a small hose connected to the small end through which air can be blown. But Mr. Gibson apparently didn't want to be a 'sissy,' therefore he spurned our offer of a 'tin can' over his face. And there he sat on my seat box behind me as we 'struggled' for eight hours up the long mountain grade — dressed in a business suit, white collar, a light gray hat, and holding a white handkerchief over his nose — through seventeen tunnels. In order to keep the poor man from suffocating, I would 'hold my breath' while I turned around and gave him a 'whiff' of moist air from my respirator.

After much delay at Oakridge taking water and fuel, eating, 'clubbing up,' and 'nocking off' sixty-four hand brakes, we finally, after much 'slacking' and 'reafing on the riggin',' 'got the wheels 'a rollin' and we began our long, 'slippery struggle' up the 'incline.'

It was a beautiful day and we had the new 'mountain railroad' all to ourselves. It was a 'big' day for the General Manager and his associates in San Francisco. They were awaiting every report of our movement — anxious to see what they were getting in return for their initial expenditure of 'forty million dollars.' But as Mr. Kilborn had predicted, our maximum speed on the hill was ten miles per hour. Because the tunnels were wet, the 'old deck' would slip down and almost 'hang up.' As we neared the summit of our 'forty-four' mile 'grind,' I ran out of sand and just ahead was one of the longest tunnels on the 'hill.' My left arm was about worn out 'pumping' the throttle. I could close it sitting on the 'seat box,' but had to stand up and 'reef on 'er' with both hands to 'get 'er open.' As we entered this long tunnel on the summit of our 'mountain climb,' I called out, "I am out of sand, fellows; this is going to be a 'bad one.' I asked Mr. Gibson to stand up beside me so we could take turns using my respirator. Needless to say, it was a long, 'hot, gassy stinker.' When we finally emerged from this 'long, black rat hole,' I

assure you the smell of the exhilarating mountain air was most wonderful. Here I gradually eased off on the throttle for now we were on almost level track, which runs for several miles along the shore of beautiful 'Odell Lake.' Finally we rolled into Crescent Lake, our new freight terminal. Our long 'battle' of "fighting" the new 'Cascade Mountain' grade was over. It was a most 'disappointing' movement for our Superintendent; also, for the 'official family' in San Francisco. For we had been on duty 'fourteen hours' and our average speed was eight miles per hour. Why were we so long on the road? The answer was simple — the 'tonnage' was just more than the two 'old crabs' could 'waddle' with. Mr. Gibson, our Master Mechanic, was a 'sad sight.' His 'lilly white' collar was a 'muckle gray;' his light gray hat was a real 'dark gray;' his eyes and face looked like a 'colored circus clown.' Said he, "Look at me; I look like a 'smoked ham' and smell like a 'skunk.' 'NIX on your mountain railroad; give me the 'good old valley route' in Oakland, California from whence I came."

Some time later, Mr. Kilborn related to me what occurred when they moved the first long train down the 'New Cascade' mountain grade. The train consisted of seventy 'empty rattlers,' plus the Superintendent's private car. Mr. Kilborn suggested turning up fifteen retainers on the head and the Superintendent replied, "We are not going to invite a 'runaway' down this mountain grade with the first train. Turn up 'every' retainer on the train." "Very well," replied Mr. Kilborn, "you are the 'Boss,' but remember, 'no engine-man' can handle this train properly with all retainers turned up; therefore, I must warn you, hang on, and keep your feet braced back there. It's going to be a 'rough voyage'." The 'Hoger' was a new runner, with no experience on a mountain grade: At the end of two hours they had rolled nine miles, 'busted' several knuckles, 'knocked' the 'Superintendent' down, put a 'goose egg' on his 'noggin',' slid the dishes off the dining table. The colored Cook finally 'had enough.' He said, "Say, Boss; what's the matter with that Engineer? Is he drunk? Or is he handling this train with his feet? I can't get 'no dinner'; our dishes are 'busted' and a lot of the food is on the floor." The next time they stopped, the boss walked to the head end, looked Mr. Kilborn in the face, and said, "George, is there any way you can get this train down the mountain?" "Yes," replied Mr. Kilborn, "provided you let me do it my way."

"Very well," replied the 'top brass,' "I admit, I have learned the hard way.' See this bump' on my head. Henceforth I respect your experienced judgment on this mountain grade; the responsibility is yours." Mr. Kilborn had the trainmen turn down all the retainers except the first fifteen behind the 'boiler.' He 'plunked' himself on the 'Hoger's seat,' took charge of the 'big brass handle,' and dropped the Superintendent and the seventy empty 'rattlers' down the remaining thirty-five miles like a passenger train.

During the first year of operation of the new 'Cascade' Mountain grade, many combinations of motive power and tonnage were tried out. Of course, George Kilborn, our new Road Foreman of Engines, was right in the center of it all. His wide experience in mountain train handling was excellent and it was a pleasure to work with him. He was a very fine man.

At first, the only available big power was 'Big Decks' and the 'Old Soak' 'Malley' compounds. Then they converted the 'Old Wamps' to simple engines with 'superheater' units and they were a good little Malley.

About this time they also assigned a few of the forty-nine new three cylinder engines to our new hill. They were powerful 'brutes.' However, because of lugging heavy tonnage at slow speed, they slipped so badly on mountain grades — they were 'tough' on the track as well as the 'Hoger's' left arm, and so they were assigned to valley divisions where they proved to be a 'power house' in wheeling the 'heavy tonnage' at high speed. These engines, because of their three mixed-up exhausts, were called 'stuttering decks.' At Oakridge one day an old gentleman said to me, "Say, Mister, what's the matter with that engine? She sounds funny." "Yes," I said, "she does sound sort of 'flupety flunk,' doesn't she? Perhaps she needs 'new spark plugs.'" "Yes, sir," he said, "That's just what I thought when I heard you coming."

The history of the Southern Pacific's search for larger, 'more powerful' motive power is a most interesting one. 'The Hill' is the SP's 'innocent term' for possibly the 'roughest, toughest' 'operational' problem in American railroading. It is the Sacramento Division's one hundred thirty-nine miles

from Roseville, California, to Sparks, Nevada — some eighty miles of this is "THE HILL." The ruling grade is one hundred forty feet to the mile; about forty-five miles of this is almost entirely curves. At one time there were fifteen tunnels, plus many miles of wooden snow sheds on this 'billy goat' railroad. It's no wonder a boomer Brakeman of those days said after his first trip on the 'HILL,' "I have railroaded on many 'pikes,' but this is the first time I ever 'railroaded in a barn.' Give me a clearance; I've got 'itchy feet'."

The SP's first investment in new, larger power began around 1904, and by 1907 they had invested in some three hundred Consolidated 'Hog' Engines. Originally hand fired coal burners, they were rapidly converted to oil, lest great numbers of 'back weary' firemen follow the disgusted boomer Brakeman 'off the hill.' Six of these 'pigs' were required to 'boost' a train of sixty cars. If burdened with twelve cars per engine, it was a 'tough scramble' for a speed of five or six miles per hour, and they were often 'seized' with an attack of 'stalling,' and this leg of the 'overland route' was a 'sad-sad' place to be 'stalled' with heavy tonnage.

By 1904 American railroads were viewing with suspicion the 'double-jointed antics' of the 'knuckle-busting' four cylinder 'Mallets,' better known as 'Malleys.' They were in reality two 'Consolidated Hog engines' under one boiler. Their total length was one hundred feet, with 57 inch drivers. In 1908 the SP ordered two of these Baldwin 'compound monsters' — just a pair of them until they see what they would do on the 'HILL.'

Engineer Bill Kopka took the 4000 on her 'maiden voyage' up the 'HUMP,' with a train of loads out of Roseville. Both he and Fireman Bill Keenan were uneasy at first, lest these 'Big Smokers' 'lope off' the rails. However, by the time they 'headed her up the hill,' their confidence had been restored. The 'Old Gal' 'dug in her toenails' like a faithful 'old horse,' 'chugging' steam from her 'high pressure' cylinder over into the 'big barrel' low pressure cylinder. They quickly proved they could move at least as much 'tonnage' as a 'double header pair' of 'Consolidated Hogs.' But when they headed into the first low ceiling tunnel, said Engineer Bill Kopka to his superiors, "I thought all hell had let loose; the noise,

smoke and heat made it impossible for 'man or beast' to live in that cab."

Now the mechanical department was convinced these 'Old Crabs' would solve their 'power' problem. In fact, they were eager to invest in these 'monsters' as fast as Baldwin could build them. However, they now faced another 'real problem.' Said Superintendent T. W. Heintzelman of motive power, "We have invested in two of these engines for the 'Hill,' but the 'smoke bug' has us 'frogged.' Enginemen will not 'ride them.' Finally, Charles Browning, Engineer of Tests, who had been riding these two 'rip snorters,' submitted a solution. Said he, "Why not 'back 'em' up — cab in front — through the 'rat holes' with the 'tank on the smoke box end. After some discussion the idea was pronounced a sound one, and so blueprints hurriedly were forwarded to Baldwin with an order for fifteen more of these 'double barreled' 'hogs.'

Early in 1910 the first of these 'wallopers' came to the 'Hill.' They were an awkward outlandish looking piece of mechanical ingenuity, with the front of the cab closed up. With windows they resembled a 'barn' 'shuffling' down the track. Their tenders furnished fuel oil through a series of pipes and hoses. Steam radiators were built in the cabs to protect the men running them as they roared over the 'high' Sierra Nevada Mountains in bitter cold weather. The engine crews soon learned to 'overlook' their 'silly looking face,' for one trip through the tunnels sold them on these 'owl faced,' 'struggle bugs,' for here was fresh air and a clear, unobstructed 'bird's eye view' of all that 'loomed up ahead.' But the Mechanical Department 'goofed' slightly on providing fuel oil from the tank to the firebox. When the tank was full of oil, the laws of gravity supplied the necessary fuel. However, when the fuel oil got low in the tank on the steep grade, 'ZOOK,' out went the fire. But some mechanic suggested, "Make the tank air tight and maintain an air pressure of about five pounds." Yes sir, this solved the problem completely.

The 'Black Demons' proved to be so successful that in 1911 the SP had bought a total of forty-nine of them. In the same year they also ordered twelve 'Mallet Moguls,' 4-6-6-2, also with the cab in front and with 69 inch drivers. They were

designed to 'high ball' the 'overland limited,' and other 'hot shot' varnish over the steep 'Sierra Nevada' Mountains.

Because of their high drivers, these 'Old Ramblers' were a miserable contraption — when starting heavy tonnage, but when they finally 'got 'em' rolling, they sure could 'kick up their heels' and 'gallop.'

By 1928 all forty-nine "Mallet Compounds" had been rebuilt and made simple engines with superheater units in them. This work was done in their own Sacramento shops. About this time they also invested in a total of forty-nine of these big 'three cylinder' 'monsters.' These 4-10-2's with conventional cabs were not readily accepted by the engine-men on the mountains for the simple reason they were again 'eating smoke' as they 'rammed' these 'big babies' smoke first ahead of them through miles of tunnels and wooden snow sheds.

While these "Simple Malleys" and a stable full of the 'big three lunger' steeds had filled the gap for the time being, the ever increasing business of the 'Pacific Fruit Express,' livestock, 'hot shot silk trains' a heavy passenger business, plus an increase in general freight tonnage made it necessary to make plans for even 'bigger' and 'better' power for the future, plus continued 'double tracking' and line changes where possible. Also, at this time, larger modernized rotary snow plows, with "Malleys" to boost them up the heavy grades through record breaking snows, began making 'rail-roading in a barn' unnecessary, and therefore wooden snow sheds were gradually eliminated.

But the fight with the 'HILL' continued. The ruling grade was still 2.66 percent. The eternal problem was still the same. "Bigger and better power" was the answer and so the Mechanical Department again collaborated with the Baldwin planners and as a result they came up with blue-prints for an articulated, four cylinder, cab in front, 'Mallet' — a 4-8-8-2 with high pressure superheated steam. Within a year after the first delivery in 1928, steam pressure was increased to 250 pounds with 63 inch drivers — they were a 'double duty' 'big horse' for both freight and passenger service. It was these 'rip snortin'' modern 4-8-8-2's which finally

became Southern Pacific's 'power house' trademark. What was good for the 'Sierra Nevada HILL' was also good for the 'twisting,' 'back busting' 'Tehachapi' Loop south of Bakersfield, as well as other 'heavy grades,' including the 'Cascade Hill' in Oregon. For those many passing years these 'owl faced monsters' 'romped and rambled' over mountain grades and through valleys below on most every division of the Southern Pacific main lines, except the T&NO east of El Paso, Texas.

Some years ago on a beautiful sunny morning, I stood beside the 4294, the last one of these 'unbeatable back-up Malleys' to be built. Standing there like a 'proud old horse' in front of the Sacramento passenger station, amid beautiful lawns and palm trees, her new coat of black enamel glistening in the 'sparkling sunlight.' As I paused in 'silent meditation,' I sensed a momentary feeling of deep emotion, for much of my last twenty-five years of service out of Eugene was spent 'knocking these old lunkers' in all kinds of service. Romping on these 'iron rattlers' had become an interesting part of my daily life. They provided a feeling of 'responsibility' and 'accomplishment,' for as they 'roared' over the "high iron" like a 'spirited horse,' your ear was ever attune to their every sound. Yes, they represented the 'crowning achievement' in the construction of 'modern steam power.' But like the small 'iron ponies' before them, they must now be assigned to the 'scrap heap' and be replaced by the 'more powerful, more flexible' diesel electrics, the 'work horse' of modern railroading.

As I completed my walk around the 'Old Bouncer,' it occurred to me how commendable that the Southern Pacific has preserved the last one of the 'Old Smokers' for public display. What a fitting tribute to the 'mechanical ability' of the many 'skilled workmen' who labored long and faithfully to design and build so many of these 'monsters of iron and steel' (one hundred and ninety-four of them.) It was this vast fleet of 'tonnage boosters' that 'bridged the gap' when one of America's largest railroad systems was so desperately searching for a 'bigger and better' 'iron horse.' Mighty enough to roll the ever increasing flood of perishables thrust upon them from the vast productive expanse of the Sacramento

and San Joaquin Valleys, plus the 'staggering' increase of general commodities coming to them from the 'great Northwest.' It was imperative that this increase in tonnage be moved as fast as possible over one of the 'toughest' most 'difficult' mountain grades ever conquered by man. Truly these 'noble nockers' were not a 'disappointment.' They had served their 'intended purpose very well.'

As I returned to the 'passenger station' to catch my train, I paused and cast one 'long, last look' at the 'faithful old horse,' standing there so 'cold and silent,' never to 'rip and snort' and 'rattle the rails' again. For a brief moment I was overcome with emotion as I said to myself, "Farewell, old 'wampus cat,' fare-thee well."

Finally, how we cherish the memory of that vast fleet of steam passenger power, from the early day 'four wheeled' donkeys, who were not much higher than a 'saddle horse,' on through the passing years as the builders met the demands of the railroads for a faster, more powerful, 'rip snortin'' 'iron horse Rambler' that could wheel the longer, heavier trains of 'modern equipment' on faster 'go-go' schedules.

From this demand there came into being a great variety of 'long legged Gallopers' that could really "carry the mail." Among these "high rollers" there were the famous Prairies — Hudsons — Berkshires, and, of course, every 'steam runner' will long remember the sleek, "high stepping" Pacifics and Atlantics. These 'greyhounds' of the rail sat so high on the frame that when they were 'stepping high,' they sure found all the 'low joints and high centers.' And as my old friend 'Johnny Montgomery' used to say, it takes a 'lot of guts' to ride these 'old babies.' When they get to doing the 'rock and roll' so badly, you can reach out the cab window and get a handful of grass to wipe your nose on.

Then the final achievement of the builders was the mighty mountain type 'Northerns.' Like the Southern Pacific famous 'Yellow Jackets,' these 'speed merchants' could 'turn a nasty wheel' with a long string of modern 'deluxe hot shot varnish,' or they could put on a magnificent demonstration of their 'mighty power' as they 'waltzed' the heavy 'first classers' up heavy grades.

One of my most prized possessions is an enlarged pic-

ture, taken many years ago somewhere along the four track system of the New York Central. Here we see one of the famous 'Hudson type Iron Ramblers' of those days displaying signals for a following section of the 'TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED' — the clear exhaust steam from her short stack and a white feather sizzling from her pops indicate her fireman 'was a slicker.' He had 'er 'stinking hot' and really knew how to handle 'fire and water.' Also, the height of the exhaust steam above the stack indicates the 'man at the throttle' had 'er on a 'reduced throttle.'

As the 'Old Gal' leans into a heavy elevated curve, the 'Hoger' can be seen sitting straight up, his eyes glued on the 'gleaming rails ahead.' He's driving hard; he has 'er 'dancing high.' His entire body is feeling the 'stress and strain' of his 'tremendous' responsibility, his one great objective is to wheel this 'extra fare' "Hebrew Special" into his home terminal and 'set 'er down' right on the advertised.

During my early years of 'riding the rails' this picture was my 'great inspiration.' I dreamed of the day when I might assume the responsibility of 'dangling' one of those "Iron Puffers" on a 'tight schedule."

And now as I look back over a 'lifetime' of riding all kinds of 'seat box bouncers,' I am sure every 'Brother Hoger' of like experience will readily agree with me when I say, there wasn't a greater 'thrill' in all the world for an Engineer than to couple one of those 'shiny high steppers' onto a long string of heavy passenger equipment on a fast schedule. The time of departure is at hand; you get two 'blasts' on the 'communication whistle.' The boys in uniform back there are saying 'We're on'; 'shove off on the boiler.' So you rattle the brass, throw a little sand 'under her feet,' reach up and 'take 'er by the neck' carefully, 'stretch 'em out,' then 'hit 'er hard' with a wide open throttle. You shout to your fireman, "Heavy train, bud." Now, let's see what the 'old gal' can do 'with 'em.' 'We're off — she has a 'beautiful bark' and as you 'hook 'er up' closer and closer, the 'rata-tat-tat' on 'er stack becomes music to your ears as she 'eats up the miles, 'faster and faster — your trained ear tells you, she is doing her work 'very well.' She is 'dancing high' and rolling like a T - - - at sea. You glance at your fireman. The expression

on his face indicates he is wearing 'heavy socks.' He is not suffering from 'cold feet.' Hanging onto his 'arm rest,' he is enjoying the 'clickety click' as much as you are. Now you 'ease off' on your throttle and 'put fire on the wheels' as you approach 'speed restricted track.' Over your 'slow track,' you now 'head up' several miles of 'up grade,' so you 'pop the screws to 'er' again, and by the time you reach a siding at the top of the up grade, you are some five minutes late. Now you 'level off.' It is 'good track' so you 'knocker" and 'leter dangle' and after passing several sidings, you are again 'clipping' the fouling point — right on 'er.' Suddenly your Fireman 'squawks, "Yellow signal!" You set the 'big brass handle' in 'service position' and again 'put a little fire on the wheels;' then 'go in' on your 'fog stick' (throttle) and slow your train down to a safe speed as you approach the home signal' in 'stop position.' In the distance you can see a 'brother Hoger' making a 'squeeze play' as he 'slides' a 'heavy manifest' train in on the siding. 'Clear signal' comes the shout from both sides of the cab. He has slowed you up on the block; you are now six minutes late. Again you reach up and get a 'handful' of the 'big lever' — carefully — 'stretch 'em out,' then 'give-er the "Boo-Gee" as the 'mighty machine' responds to your 'wide open throttle. The familiar 'Bangety-bang' on 'er stack is again 'music to your ears.' As you approach the siding, the trainmen standing well back of the 'fouling point,' toss you a 'big high ball' and cup their hands to their ears, which means 'bore it to-er.' We love to hear the 'old gal bark.' The 'brother Hoger' says 'HI' by blinking his headlight at you, and as you 'roar by' him, you respond with a friendly 'Toot-Toot.' And again you must use your 'best judgment' in order to 'roll 'em in' right 'on the dot.' But ahead you have 'good track' where you can 'crack it to 'er' and 'let-er ramble.' After passing several sidings, you are again approaching the 'fouling point' right on 'the paper,' and finally you slide into your 'home port' and 'dock-er' right on 'the button.'

As you 'hit the ground' and 'walk around-er,' looking for 'reportable defects,' the old body is 'tired and weary.' You haven't been 'on duty' very long, but the 'stress and strain' of 'your responsibility' leaves you 'wrung out' as it were.

But as you head for your 'tie-up point,' you observe the large group of 'happy passengers' hurrying away to their 'many destinations,' 'gratefully glad' that because you have used your 'best judgment,' you have been able to 'set them down' at their designated terminal, 'safely' and 'right on the advertised.'

These were rewarding moments that filled your being with a gratifying 'sense of pride,' for after many years of 'hard nocks' you are grateful you have lived to see the fulfillment of your desired ambition. You were a 'SKILLED WORKMAN' and worthy of your hire. Those were the days of "REAL ROADING."

EPILOGUE

A few rambling 'tales of the tales' have been told. I regret they cannot end in a final 'boom,' 'bang,' 'blaze of glory,' but because they speak of a passing age and the final demise of the old 'Iron Horse'—they must end, therefore, with a sigh. That's the way it must be; there is no choice.

Sharing with you some of my lifetime experiences and observations has been an experience of 'mixed emotions.' For as I sit quietly and in fancied memory live over again a lifetime of doing the 'wiggle and jiggle' on the back of the 'old iron shakers,' most assuredly there are moments when my 'daydreams' end with a sigh and a feeling of regret and disappointment.

Yes, a feeling of disappointment 'overwhelms' me when I pause and give thought to the fact that the 'old iron dangles' like our years of yesterday are now only a "lingering memory" and I readily admit I do miss the 'Old Iron Puffers' that were such a great part of my life for so many years.

As every steam runner remembers so well, there were times of 'Hurry,' 'Worry' and anxious moments when the going was 'rough' and 'tough.' We think of those times when frequently the grim reaper was riding our 'coattail.' Difficult situations were sitting in our lap. The 'Old Horse' got 'er feet tangled up in broken 'galloping apparatus,' or her boiler was seized with a bad case of the 'squirts.' The 'old

gal' dropped her 'wad' and because of 'no putty," Mr. Dispatcher was advised, "Sorry, my Iron Horse is dead; send me another 'Pig'." Frequently we were tempted to "pull the pin." However, the fascinating CHOO CHOO 'fever' had us locked in its relentless grip. Our seniority, which was our capital stock, had advanced upward to the point where it was like getting a bear by the tail; we were afraid to let loose.

And so we accepted the disagreeable aspects of the game and 'growled,' 'grumbled,' and 'rumbled on,' year after year. Driving the old steam 'Calliopes' was our chosen vocation. It was our life and although we were not always ready to admit it, we loved the old 'Iron Knockers' and so we continued to 'roll the wheels' until that memorable day when we set the anchor on the 'Old Horse' for the last time, registered in, said 'farewell' to our old 'playmates,' headed for home and loved ones, and a life of regular habits and relaxation.

The years of my retirement have been most rewarding and today at seventy-nine years of age, my health is very good. And although, like all who travel life's rugged pathway, I have experienced times of grief and heartache when loved ones were taken from me, and the burdens of life seemed too heavy to bear, but God in his infinite mercy, has given me an abiding peace and comfort that comes from trusting Him for time and eternity.

Surrounded by my wonderful family and many friends, my final sunset days are most enjoyable and I am eternally grateful, 'OH' so grateful for my long life of both 'sunshine' and 'shadows.'

