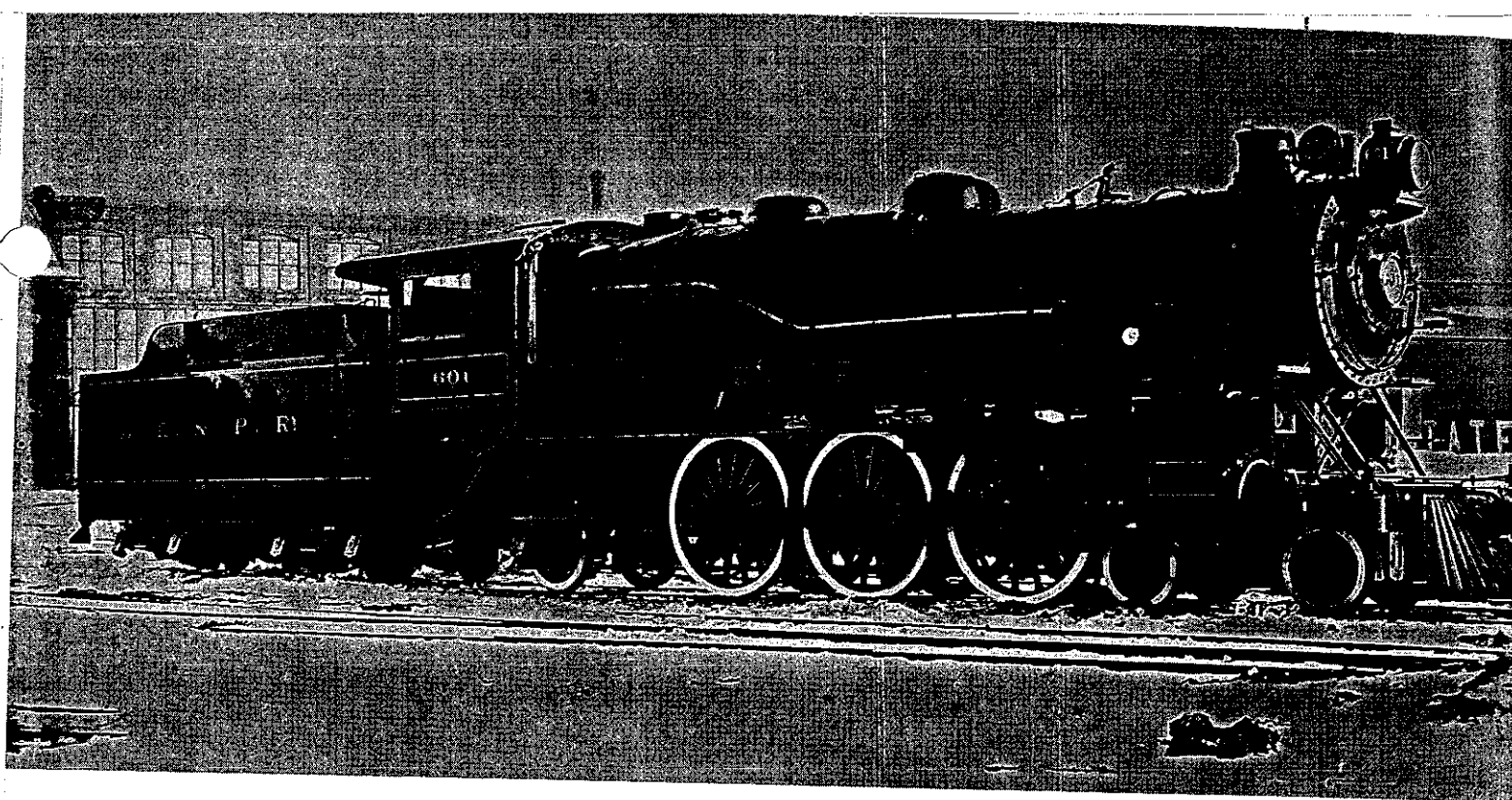


BUFFALO
ROCHESTER
AND
PITTSBURGH
RAILWAY
DIARY

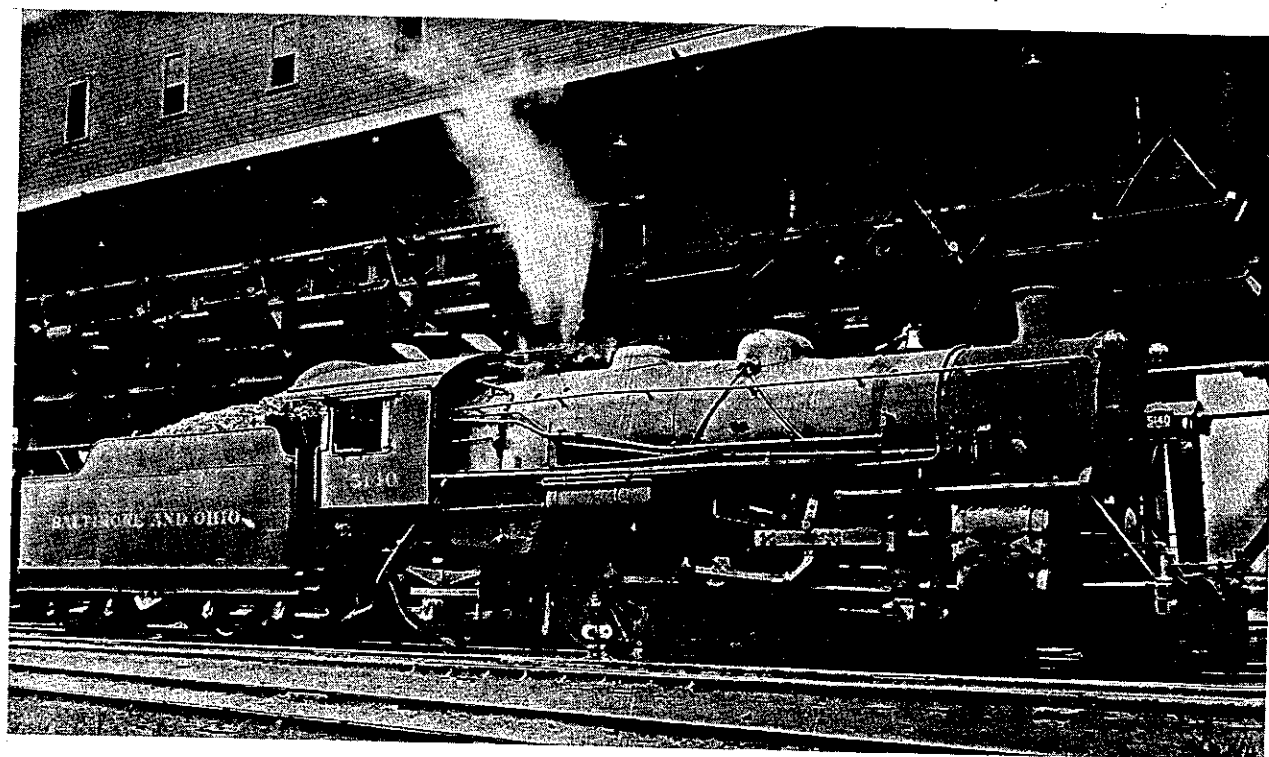
C. H. RIFF



Brooks built this Pacific in 1912 to haul the Varnish on the BR&P.

History Center Schenectady

Former BR&P No. 600 gets coaled up at Parkersburg, W. Va. 1947.



Howard Davis

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh

On January 1, 1932, the B. & O. took over control and operation of the B. R. & P. Ry. This railroad had long used the B. & O. station in Pittsburgh as a tenant, and had trackage rights over the B. & O. (old P. & W.) from Butler Jct. to Pittsburgh. The B. & O. roster of locomotives was increased by 241 from this road, most of it good heavy power which lasted up to the end of steam. They were renumbered into the B. & O. series in 1932.

Locomotives of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry.

(In the tabulations below, the original B. R. & P. class and number are shown, with the new B. & O. class and number in parentheses.)

Class W-2, (A-6), 4-4-2, 20½" x 26" cyl., 72" driv., 173000 lbs. wt., 25173 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 162 and 163 (1487 and 1488) were built by Brooks in 1901. All retired by 1937.

Class W-3, (A-7), 4-4-2, 19½" x 26" cyl., 72" driv., 164000 lbs. wt., 23373 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 165 to 167 (1489 to 1491) were built by Schenectady in 1903. All retired by 1936.

Class W-4, (A-8), 4-4-2, 20½" x 26" cyl., 73" driv., 183500 lbs. wt., 25445 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 170 to 173 (1492 to 1495) were built by Brooks in 1906. Retired by 1937.

Class W-5, (A-8a), 4-4-2, 20½" x 26" cyl., 73" driv., 195000 lbs. wt., 25445 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. No. 174 (1496) was built by Brooks in 1909. Retired in 1936.

Class F-3, (D-44), 0-6-0, 20" x 26" cyl., 61" driv., 138500 lbs. wt., 31200 lbs. t. p., 180 lbs. s. p. Nos. 152 to 156 (390 to 394) were built by Brooks in 1904. All retired by 1954.

Class P, (E-51), 2-8-0, 18" x 26" cyl., 48" driv., 129000 lbs. wt., 26852 lbs. t. p., 180 lbs. s. p. Nos. 117, 120, 121, 129, 131 and 135 (3000 to 3002, 3004 to 3006) were built in 1893, and Nos. 145 and 146 (3007 and 3008) in 1897 by Brooks. All retired by 1954.

Class X, (E-52), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. No. 307 (3009) was built by Brooks in 1902. Retired in 1934.

Class X, (E-53), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. No. 300 (3013) was built by Brooks in 1903. Retired in 1934.

Class X, (E-53a), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. No. 312 (3014) was built by Brooks in 1902. Retired in 1934.

Class X-2, (E-53b), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. No. 322 (3015) was built by Brooks in 1904. Retired in 1934.

Class X-2, (E-53c), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. No. 327 (3017) was built by Brooks in 1904. Retired in 1933.

Class X-3, (E-54), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. No. 365 (3018) was built by Brooks in 1907. Retired in 1933.

Class X-3, (E-54a), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 356 and 360 (3019 and 3020) were built by Brooks in 1906. All retired by 1934.

Class X-3, (E-54b), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 364, 367, 377 and 384 (3021 to 3024) were built by Brooks in 1907. All retired by 1934.

Class X-2, (E-55), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 330 and 332 (3025 and 3026) were built by Brooks in 1904. All retired by 1937.

Class X-3, (E-55a), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. No. 334 (3027) was built in 1904, and Nos. 357 to 359, and 355 (3028 to 3031) were built in 1906 by Brooks. All retired by 1950.

Class X-3, (E-55b), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 361 to 363, 366, 368 to 373, 375 to 376, 378, 380 to 383 (3032 to 3048) were built by Brooks in 1907. All retired by 1950.

Class X-3, (E-55c), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 184000

lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. No. 374 (3050) was by Brooks in 1907. Retired in 1933.

Class X-4, (E-56), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 1 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 335, 338 and 343 to 3053) were built by Brooks in 1905. All retired by 1950.

Class X-4, (E-56a), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 1 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 336, 337, 339 to 344 to 347, 349 to 351, and 354 (3054 to 3063, 3065 to 306 3069) were built by Brooks in 1905. All retired by 1950.

Class X-6, (E-57), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 1 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 386, 388, 389, 391 390 and 397 (3071, 3073 to 3076, 3081 and 3082) were bui Brooks in 1909. All retired by 1935.

Class X-6, (E-57a), 2-8-0, 21" x 28" cyl., 57" driv., 1 lbs. wt., 36827 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 393 to 396 (30 3080) were built by Brooks in 1909. All retired by 1949.

Class V-2, (E-58), 2-8-0, 22" x 28" cyl., 56" driv., 1 lbs. wt., 41140 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 270 to 273 (30 3087) were built by Baldwin in 1902. All retired by 1935.

Class V-3, (E-58a), 2-8-0, 22" x 28" cyl., 56" driv., 1 lbs. wt., 41104 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 275 to 281, 283 284 (3088 to 3096) were built by Baldwin in 1903. All ret by 1936.

Class V-4, (E-58b), 2-8-0, 22" x 28" cyl., 56" driv., 17 lbs. wt., 41104 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. No. 285 (3083) was l by Baldwin in 1901. Retired in 1934.

Class F-4, (L-4), 0-8-0, 24½" x 28" cyl., 52" driv., 23 lbs. wt., 51000 lbs. t. p., 185 lbs. s. p. Nos. 520 to 528 (77 780) were built by Brooks in 1918. All retired in 1958.

Class F-4, (L-4a), 0-8-0, 24½" x 28" cyl., 52" driv., 23 lbs. wt., 51000 lbs. t. p., 185 lbs. s. p. Nos. 529 to 537 (78 789) were built by Brooks in 1923. All retired by 1956.

Class WW, (P-17), 4-6-2, 24½" x 26" cyl., 73" driv., 258 lbs. wt., 36340 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 600 to 602 (514 5142) were built by Brooks in 1912. All retired by 1953.

Class WW, (P-17a), 4-6-2, 24½" x 26" cyl., 73" driv., 258 lbs. wt., 36340 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 603 to 608 (5143 5148) were built by Brooks in 1913. All retired by 1953.

Class WW, (P-18), 4-6-2, 24½" x 26" cyl., 73" driv., 258 lbs. wt., 36340 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 609 to 611 (5185 5187) were built by Brooks in 1918. All retired by 1953.

Class WW, (P-18a), 4-6-2, 24½" x 26" cyl., 73" dri 258000 lbs. wt., 36340 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 612 to (5188 to 5192) were built by Brooks in 1918. All retired 1953.

Class WW-2, (P-19), 4-6-2, 22½" x 28" cyl., 73" dri 241200 lbs. wt., 33010 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 675 to 6 (5260 to 5264) were built by Brooks in 1923. All retired i 1953.

Class Z, (Q-10), 2-8-2, 26½" x 30" cyl., 63" driv., 2750 lbs. wt., 54000 lbs. t. p., 190 lbs. s. p. Nos. 400 to 406 (4700 4706) built by Brooks in 1912. All retired by 1954.

Class Z, (Q-10a), 2-8-2, 26½" x 30" cyl., 63" driv., 2750 lbs. wt., 54000 lbs. t. p., 190 lbs. s. p. Nos. 407 to 437 (4707 4737) were built by Brooks in 1913. All retired by 1954.

Class Z, (Q-10b), 2-8-2, 26½" x 30" cyl., 63" driv., 2750 lbs. wt., 54000 lbs. t. p., 190 lbs. s. p. Nos. 438 to 446 (4738 t 4746) were built by Brooks in 1917. All retired by 1954.

Class Z, (Q-10c), 2-8-2, 26½" x 30" cyl., 63" driv., 27500 lbs. wt., 54000 lbs. t. p., 190 lbs. s. p. No. 447 (4747) was buil by Brooks in 1917. Retired by 1954.

Class Y, (Y), 2-10-0, 24" x 28" cyl., 52" driv., 268000 lbs wt., 52730 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 501 to 506 (6500 to 6505 were built in 1907, and Nos. 507 and 508 (6506 and 6507) in 1909 by Brooks. All retired by 1951. These were the only Decapods ever owned by the B. & O.

Class XX, (EE-2), 2-8-8-2, 28" & 44" x 32" cyl., 57" driv. 569000 lbs. wt., 113000 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 800 to 806 (7316 to 7322) were built in 1918 by Brooks.

569000 lbs. wt., 113000 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 807 and 808 (7323 and 7324) were built by Brooks in 1923. All retired by 1952.

Class LL, (KK-4), 2-6-6-2, 23½" & 37" x 32" cyl., 57" driv., 429000 lbs. wt., 80000 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 700 to 704 (7500 to 7504) were built by Schenectady in 1914. All retired by 1952.

Class LL, (KK-4a), 2-6-6-2, 23½" & 37" x 32" cyl., 57" driv., 429000 lbs. wt., 80000 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 705 to 709 (7505 to 7509) were built by Brooks in 1917. All retired by 1951.

Class LL, (KK-4b), 2-6-6-2, 23½" & 37" x 32" cyl., 57" driv., 432000 lbs. wt., 80000 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 710 to

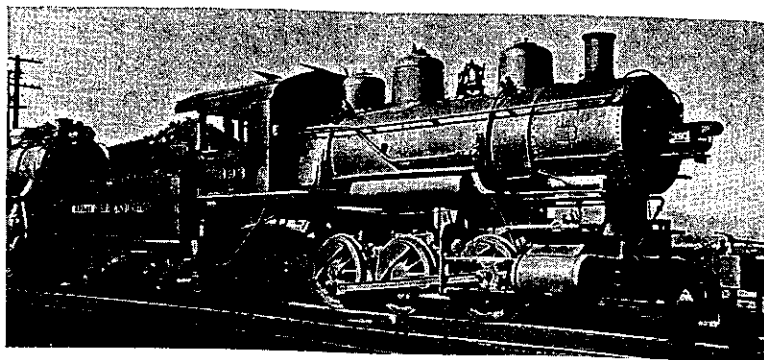
by 1953. Note: No. 7518 was rebuilt as Class KK-5 in 1949. Bed castings, chassis lubrication, etc. added.

Class LL, (KK-4c), 2-6-6-2, 23½" & 37" x 32" cyl., 57" driv., 437000 lbs. wt., 80000 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 726 to 740 (7526 to 7540) were built by Brooks in 1918. All retired by 1953.

Class LL, (KK-4d), 2-6-6-2, 23½" & 37" x 32" cyl., 57" driv., 445000 lbs. wt., 80000 lbs. t. p., 200 lbs. s. p. Nos. 741 to 754 (7541 to 7554) were built in 1923 by Brooks. All retired by 1952.

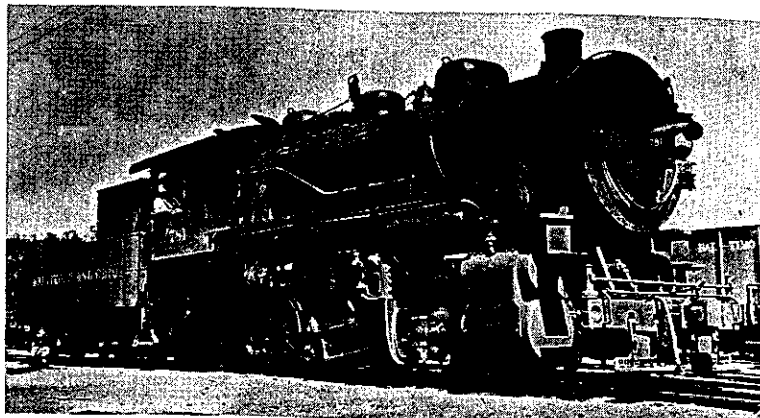
Many of the B. R. & P. locomotives wandered from home territory after the B. & O. took over, some running as far away as Fairmont, W. Va.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry. No. 155 became B&O Class D-44, No. 393 in 1932.



F. R. Kern Jr.

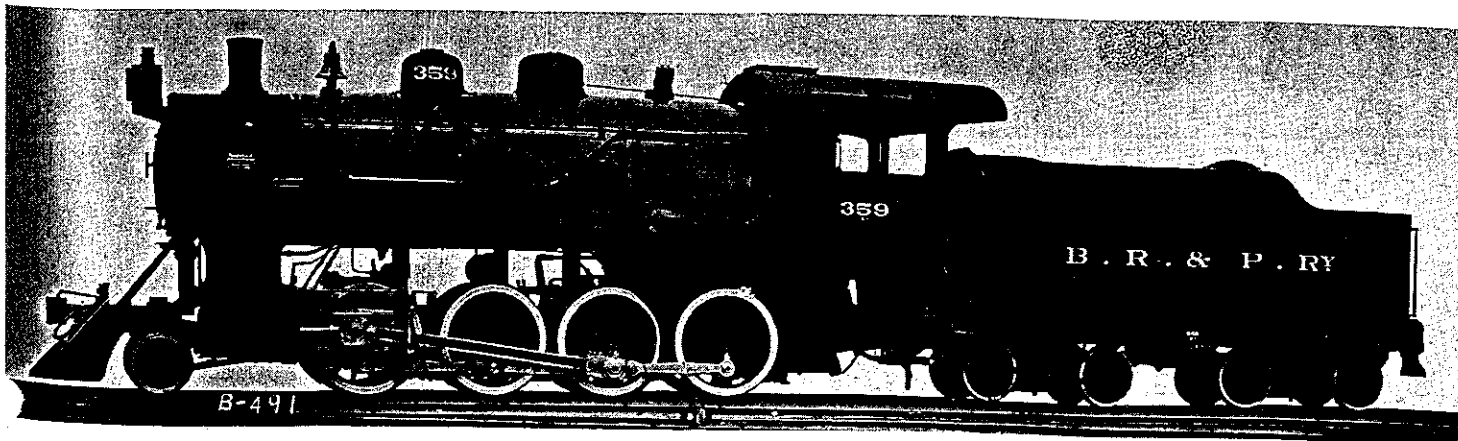
This heavy, straight-barrelled 0-8-0 switcher had been BR&P No. 529.



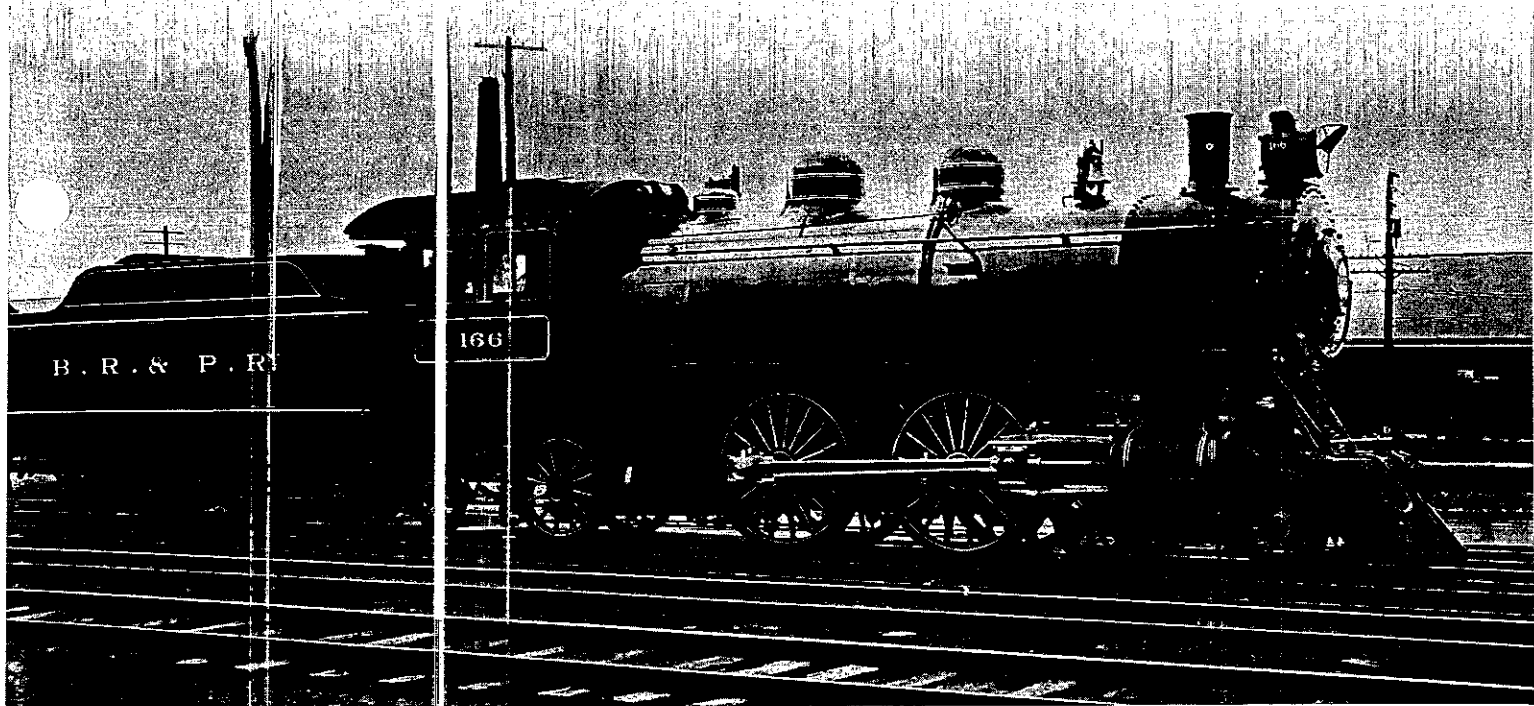
Baltimore & Ohio

History Center Schenectady

High-boiler 2-8-0, from Brooks in 1904.

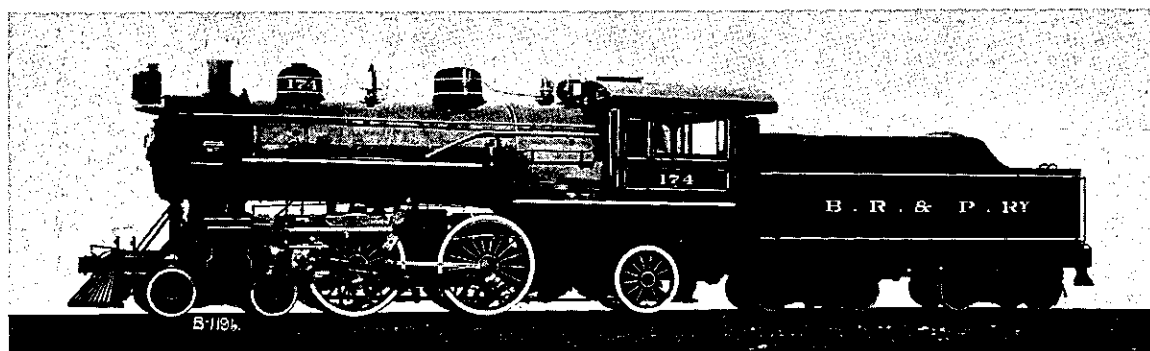


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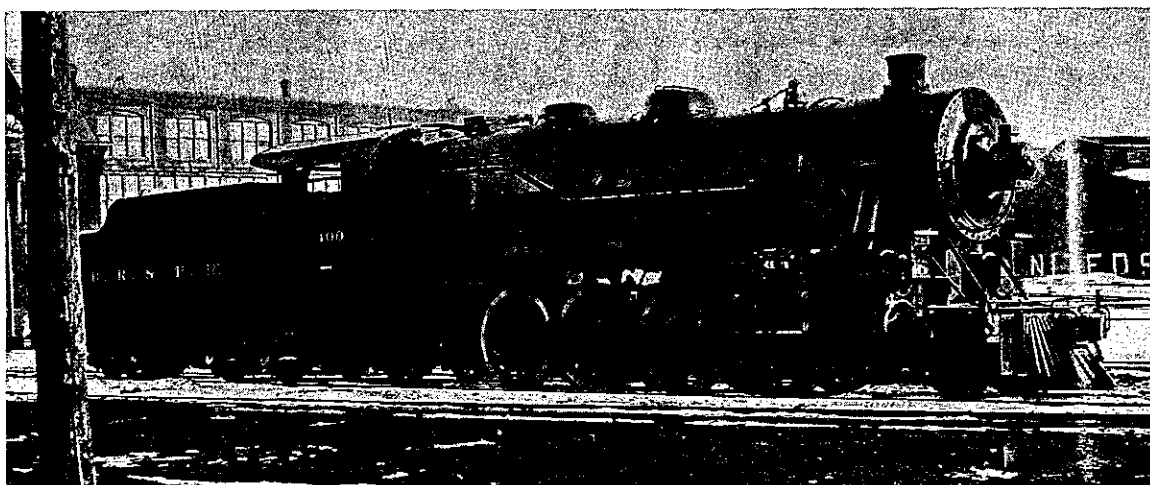
History Center Schenectady

No. 166 was built by Schenectady in 1903. It became B&O Class A-7, No. 1490.



History Center Schenectady

No. 174, built by Brooks in 1909, had slide valves.



History Center Schenectady

A sleek Mike, built by Brooks in 1912. It was later B&O Class Q-10, No. 4700.

by Pittsburgh in 1882

Class C (Codd) 0-4-0, 16x24" cyl., 50" driv., 65,650 lbs. weight, 14,100 lbs. T.F., and 135 lbs. pressure. No. 11 (5) was built by Pittsburgh in 1886.

Class D (D-8) 0-6-0, 17x24" cyl., 50" driv., 73,000 lbs. weight, 15,980 lbs. T.F. and 135 lbs. pressure. Nos. 16-18 (314, 315 & 317) built by Pittsburgh in 1882.

Class E (D-9) 0-6-0, 18x24" cyl., 50" driv., 90,700 lbs. weight, 19,829 lbs. T.F. and 150 lbs. pressure. Nos. 26 (338), 27-30 (340-343), 31, 32 (344, 345) were built by Pittsburgh from 1888 to 1893. All retired by 1926.

Class F (D-10) 0-6-0, 20x24" cyl., 50" driv., 101,423 lbs. weight, 26,112 lbs. T.F. and 160 lbs. pressure. Nos. 51-54 (346-349) were built by Pittsburgh in 1890.

Class G (E odd) 2-8-0, 18x24" cyl., 50" driv., 94,000 lbs. weight, 19,167 lbs. T.F. and 145 lbs. pressure. Nos. 61 (350) 62 (351) were built by Pittsburgh in 1886 & 87.

Class H-2 (E-1 odd) 2-8-0, 21x28" cyl., 56" driv., 157,000 lbs. weight, 33,736 lbs. T.F. and 180 lbs. pressure. No. 71 (1545) built by Baldwin 1900 and retired by 1924.

Class H (E-20) 2-8-0, 22x28" cyl., 50" driv., 160,000 lbs. weight, 36,860 lbs. T.F. and 160 lbs. pressure. Nos. 62, 64 (1757, 1759), 65 (1760), 66, 87, 89 (1761, 1763, 1765) were built at Pittsburgh from 1895-1898. From the gaps in the numbers there must have been more in 1902, but these are taken from the roster of 1907.

Class H (E-20) 2-8-0, 22x28" cyl., 50" driv., 160,000 lbs.

weight, 36,860 lbs. T.F. and 160 lbs. pressure.

Class E-20 changed to E-20a. Nos. 63, 67, 88 (1756, 1762, 1764) were built by Pittsburgh in 1899.

Class H-1 (E-21) 2-8-0, 22x28" cyl., 54" driv., 172,500 lbs. weight, 38,297 lbs. T.F. and 180 lbs. pressure. Nos. 68, 69, 90 (1943, 1944, 1945), 93, 94, 95, 70 (1946, 1947, 1948 and 1949) were built by Pittsburgh 1899-1900.

Class H-3 (E-21b) 2-8-0, 23 & 35x30" cyl., comp. 54" driv., 168,000 lbs. weight, 39,291 lbs. T.F. and 180 lbs. pressure. Changed to 21½x30" cyl., and 39,300 lbs. T.F. Nos. 60, 95 (1941, 1942) were built by Pittsburgh in 1900.

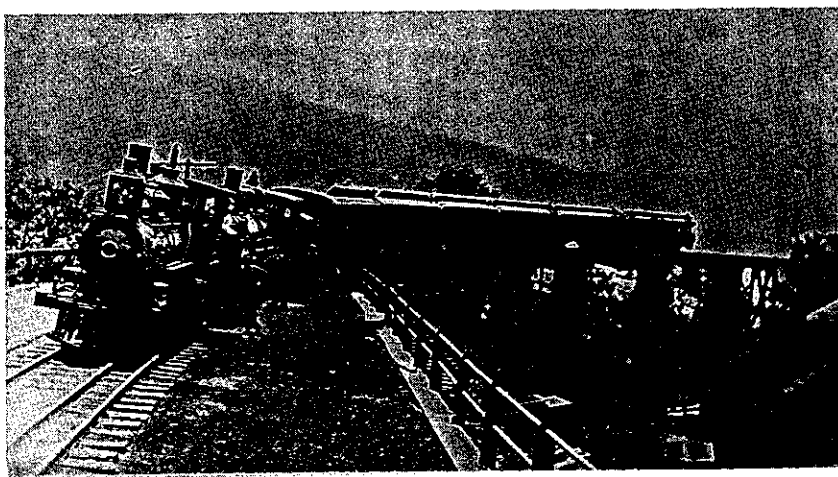
Class H-1 (E-22) 2-8-0, 22x28" cyl., 54" driv., 176,000 lbs. weight, 38,397 lbs. T.F. and 180 lbs. pressure. Nos. 55-59 (1950-1954) were built by Pittsburgh in 1901.

Class P (G-13) 4-4-0, 17x24" cyl., 64" driv., 83,800 lbs. weight and 145 lbs. pressure. B. & O. No. 664 was built by Pittsburgh.

Class R (H-7) 4-4-0, 18x24" cyl., 68" driv., 83,800 lbs. weight, 14,094 lbs. T.F. and 145 lbs. pressure. Nos. 260, 261 (715, 706) 258, 259 (712, 707) were built by Pittsburgh 1883 & 1884. All retired by 1912.

Class S (H-7a) 4-4-0, 18x24" cyl., 64" driv., 83,800 lbs. weight, 14,974 lbs. T.F. and 145 lbs. pressure. Nos. 262 (717), 273 (799) were built by Pittsburgh 1885, 1886.

Class T (M odd) 4-4-0, 20x26" cyl., 70" driv., 133,000 lbs. weight, 22,731 lbs. T.F. and 180 lbs. pressure. Nos. 248, 249 (1448, 1449) were built by Pittsburgh in 1899. Retired by 1912.



Narrow-gauge excursion train on the Pittsburgh & Western at Foxburg, Pa., in 1903.

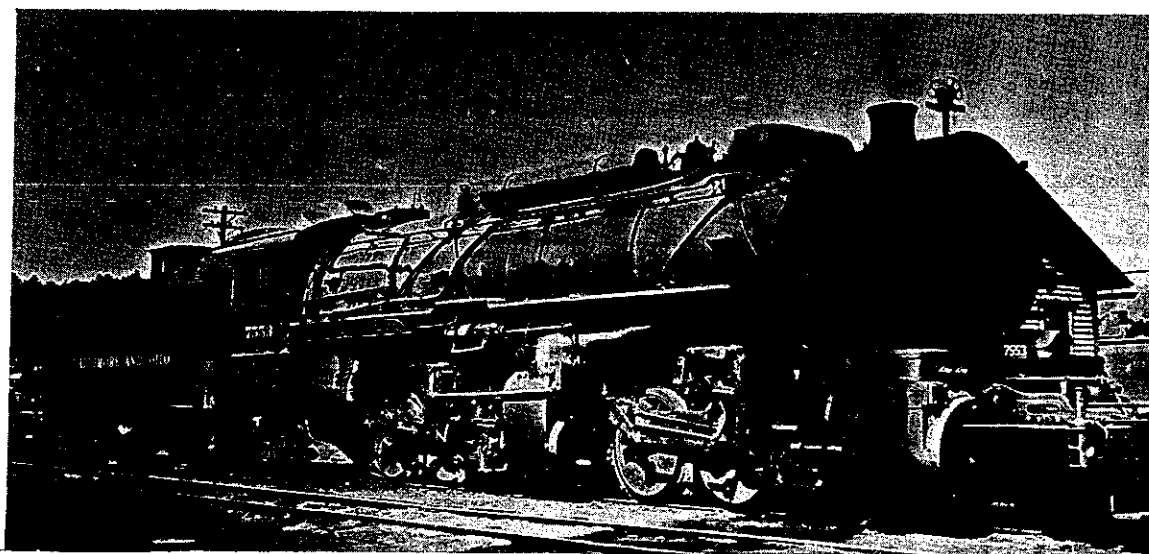
Joseph Lavelle

Diminutive P&W narrow-gauge Mogul, No. 11, crossing the Allegheny River in 1882. It doesn't look safe.

Smithsonian Institution

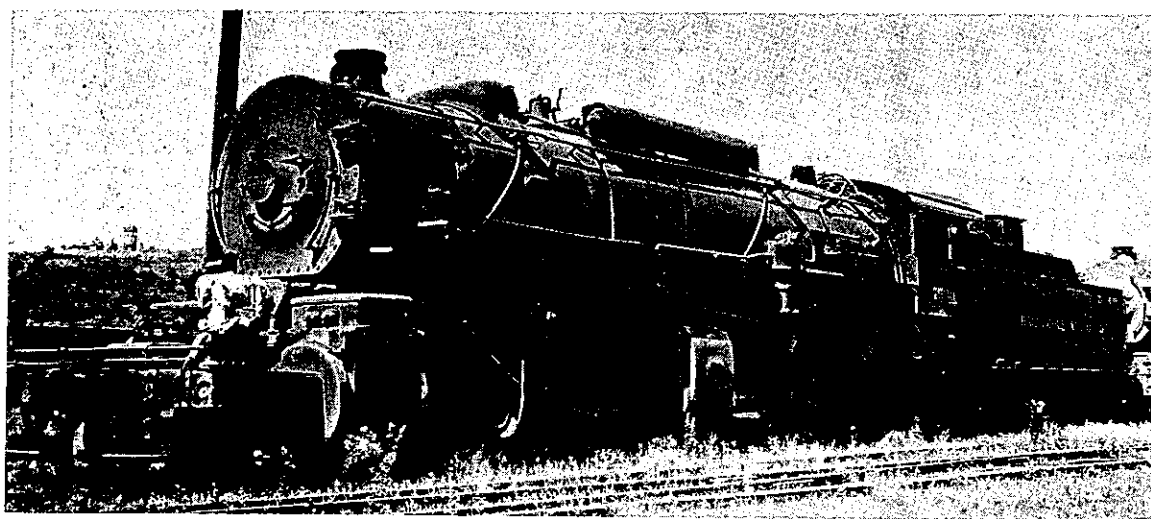


Baltimore & Ohio



Piston valves aft for the high pressure cylinders, and slide valves forward for the low.

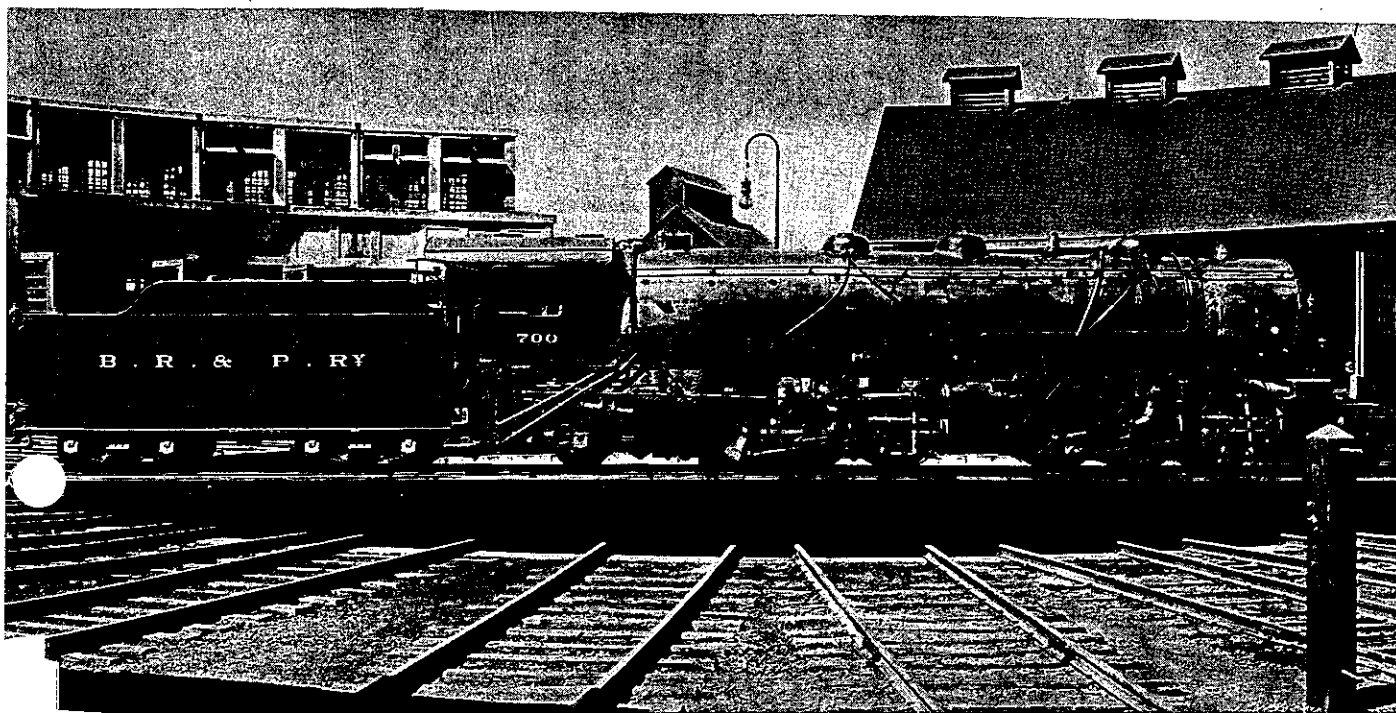
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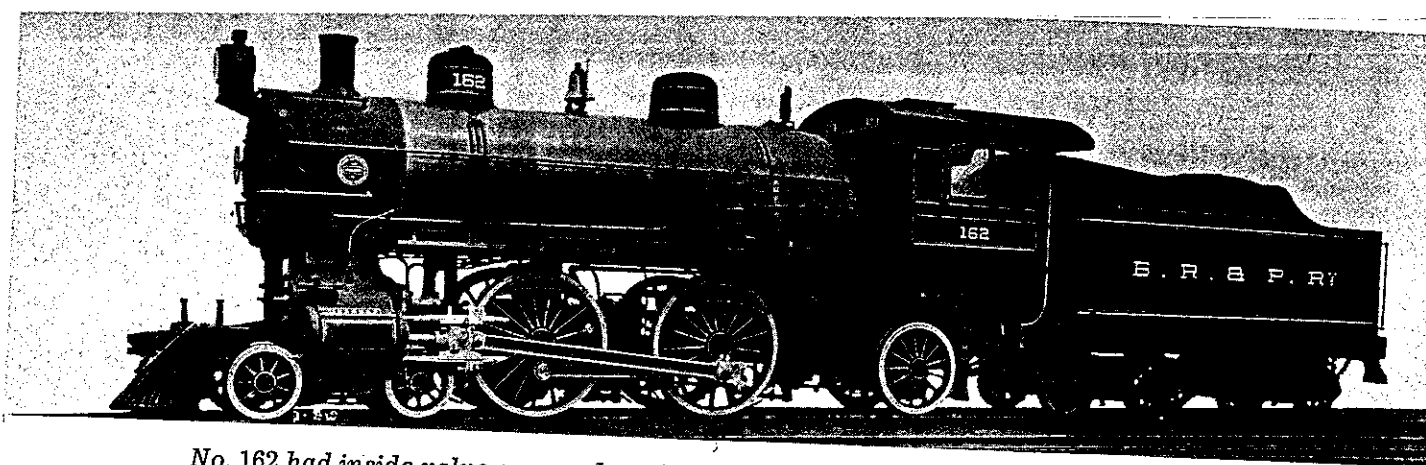


No. 7530 carries her air tanks boilertop.

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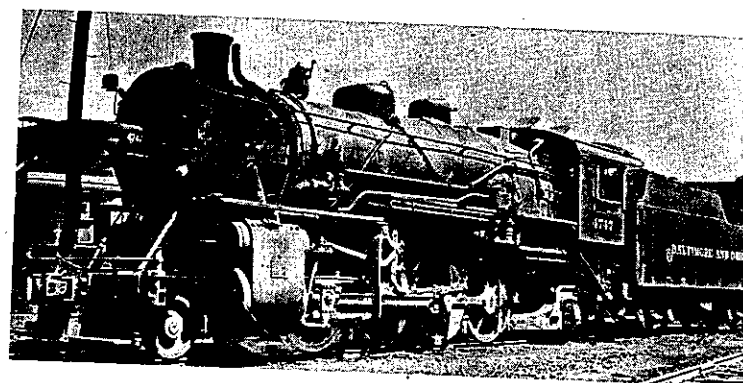
No. 700 became B&O Class KK-4, No. 7500. Note reversing piston beneath the cab.





No. 162 had inside valve gear and trailer truck bearings.

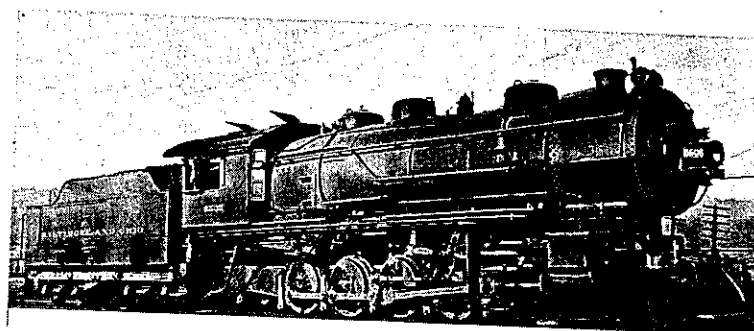
History Center Schenec



This Mikado has typical ALCO straight lines.

Baltimore & C

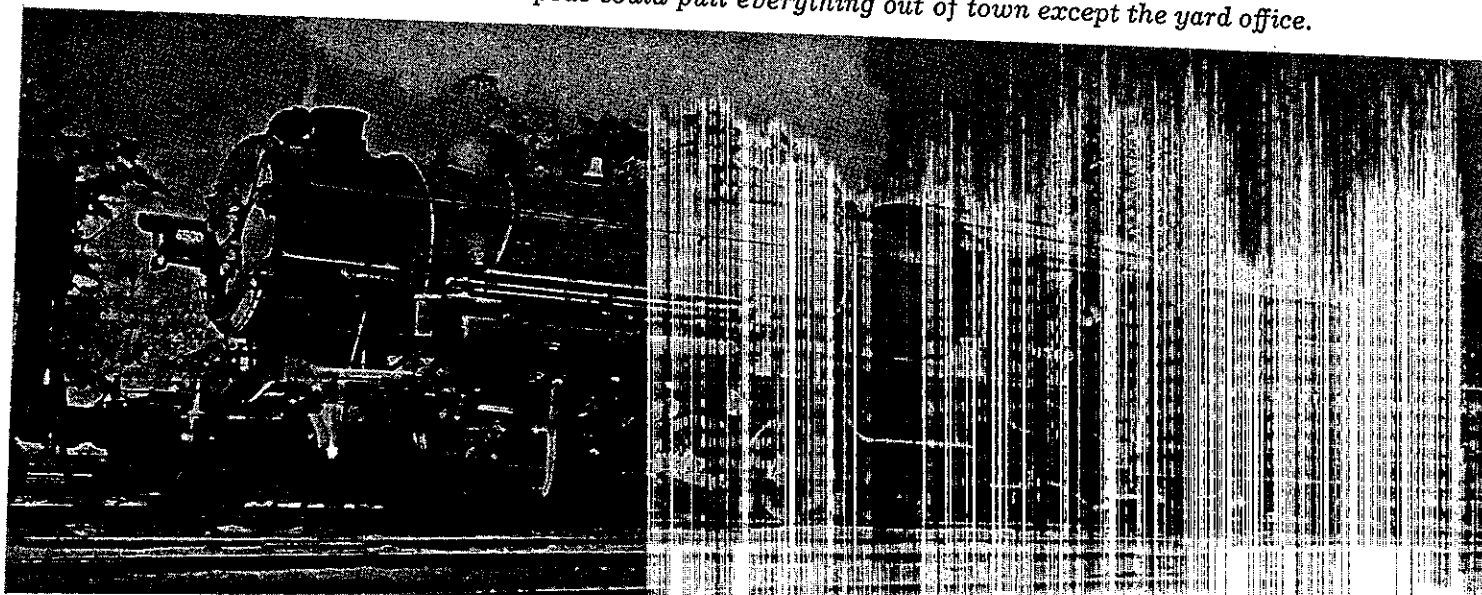
These heavy 2-10-0 Decapods were the only ones of this type used on the B&O.



Howard Da

Harold K. Vollrath

Class Y Decapods could pull everything out of town except the yard office.



Three Million Miles on the BR&P

*Retired Conductor Looks Back at a Long Rail Career
That Passed All Too Quickly*

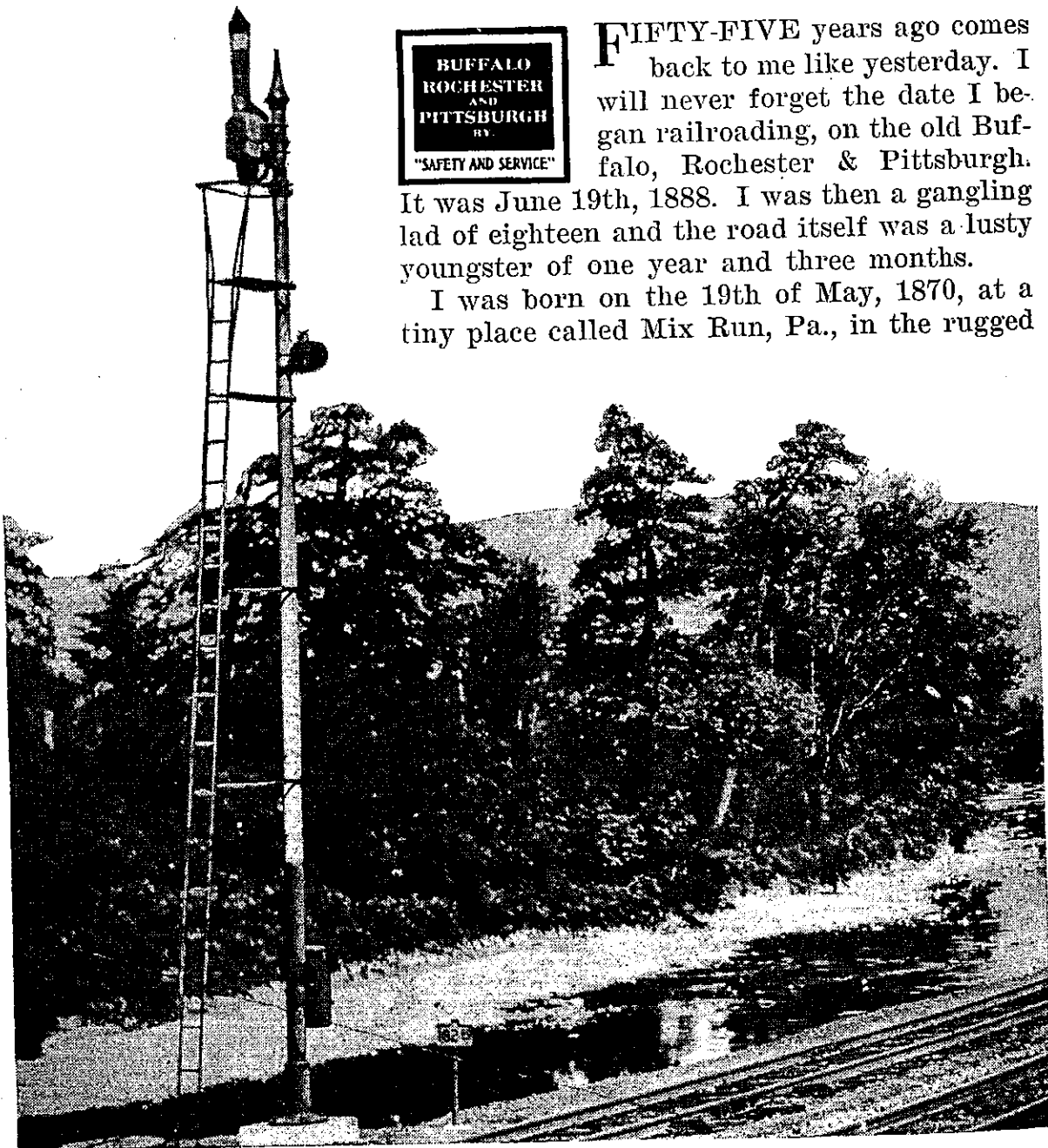
By MAX J. MOORE



FIFTY-FIVE years ago comes back to me like yesterday. I will never forget the date I began railroading, on the old Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh.

It was June 19th, 1888. I was then a gangling lad of eighteen and the road itself was a lusty youngster of one year and three months.

I was born on the 19th of May, 1870, at a tiny place called Mix Run, Pa., in the rugged



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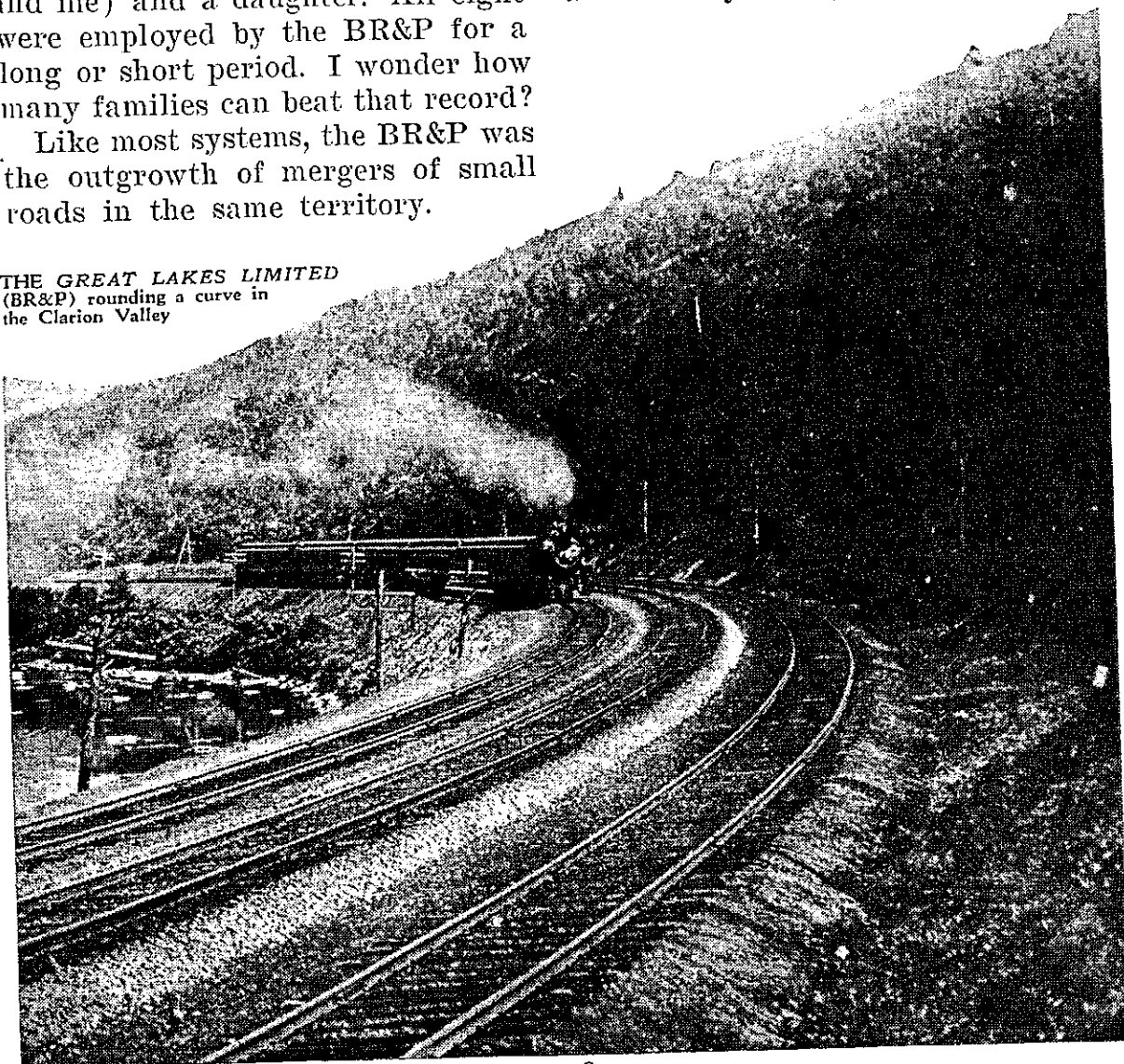
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wilderness of Cameron County. Tom Mix was born there, too. His family and mine were neighbors. Tom grew up and headed into the show business and made a name for himself as a Wild West movie actor, while I took up switching. I guess the iron was in my blood. My father, Maxwell Moore, was a construction boss. One of his jobs about the time I first saw daylight was the Low Grade Division of the Old Allegheny Valley, now part of the Pennsy. It was only natural that I should follow in his footsteps. Fact is, Dad had six sons (William, McRae, James, John, Tom and me) and a daughter. All eight were employed by the BR&P for a long or short period. I wonder how many families can beat that record?

Like most systems, the BR&P was the outgrowth of mergers of small roads in the same territory.

While I was still a baby, tracks were being laid for one of these roads, the Rochester & State Line, 26 miles southwest from Rochester to LeRoy, N. Y. This route was extended south to DuBois, Pa., in 1883. I helped to build the line to DuBois from Salamanca, N. Y., the Erie junction point. The extent of my help was a dual job as waterboy and camp cook for four construction foremen. I made a fairly good water carrier, but I don't recall anyone praising my skill as a chef. At length, on March 11th, 1887, the BR&P was chartered by two states, New York and Pennsylvania, on the basis of

THE GREAT LAKES LIMITED
(BR&P) rounding a curve in
the Clarion Valley



perpetual leases and operation of the short lines by the parent company; and a year later, as I said, I went switching.

The day before I hired out, a costly fire had swept DuBois, where I was then living. About five hundred buildings were destroyed. Many homes were gone and nearly every place of business was gutted. Not a single hotel, restaurant or boarding-house was left. An acute problem arose suddenly—where to find a spot to eat or sleep. I overheard the BR&P yardmaster say he was unable to work one of the yard engines he needed that night on account of having no men. This was the chance I'd been looking for. More than anything else in the world I wanted to railroad. So I spoke up.

The Y.M. looked me over. I wasn't exactly full grown. After some hesitation he said that if I could get my parents' consent he'd give me a trial.



EXCEPT on rare occasions, circus elephants are patient and easy to unload

Well, I made a record run for home a mile or so away, obtained the necessary permission, and dashed back to the yard office before the official could change his mind. Thus began a railway career that lasted unbroken, for nearly fifty-two and a half years on the same road—a career that took me over three million miles of steel!

I don't think we did much work that first night, as there was only one other man on the crew, Jim Bechtel. We alternated with the night shift for one month, the day shift the next month. Switchmen of that era were a rather salty bunch, men much older than I. It was the much-quoted age of "wooden cars and iron men."

I caught onto the job fairly well, and nothing of moment happened until Forepaugh's Circus came to town. We handled the train in the yard and spotted the cars for unloading. I was the drawbar man—that is, the one who follows the engine, opening and closing switches and coupling the engine onto all cars to be moved. That day I coupled onto the circus cars. I spotted them on a street crossing and, with hundreds of spectators, watched the unloading of animals.

The door to the elephant car was opened. One of the trainers attempted to pass a large bull elephant. The bull, apparently enraged at having been penned up so long, seized the man with his mighty trunk and hurled him first against the roof, then down to the floor, and speared the poor fellow with

s sharp ivory tusks. A keeper rang to the rescue. Another switchman and I, at the risk of our own lives, helped him to drag the victim from the killer; but, alas! the trainer had been mauled so badly that rescue came too late. Death was swift and terrible. Deprived of his prey, the elephant sought to break loose from his cage. This the keeper forestalled by slamming the big door. I shudder to think what would have happened if the enraged beast had run amuck through the dense crowd!

Being the first violent death I had ever witnessed, this incident filled me with gloom that clung for weeks. And, to make matters worse, the switchman who had joined me in trying to save the circus employe was killed by an accident in the same yard a few months later. Present-day railroad men probably do not realize how lucky they are to have escaped the hazards of link-and-pin operation. We old-timers had our safety rules, too, but those rules were rather primitive and the casualty lists ran high.

IN TIME I was promoted to yard conductor. Then Trainmaster Kahoe, who had the authority of a Superintendent, wired for me to report for an interview at Bradford, Pa.; and, of course, I went.

"Moore," he said, "I'm going to put you out on the road. I think you'll like it more than in the yard

and you will stand a better chance for promotion."

Mr. Kahoe's interest in me came as a surprise, as I had barely spoken to him but once before in my life.



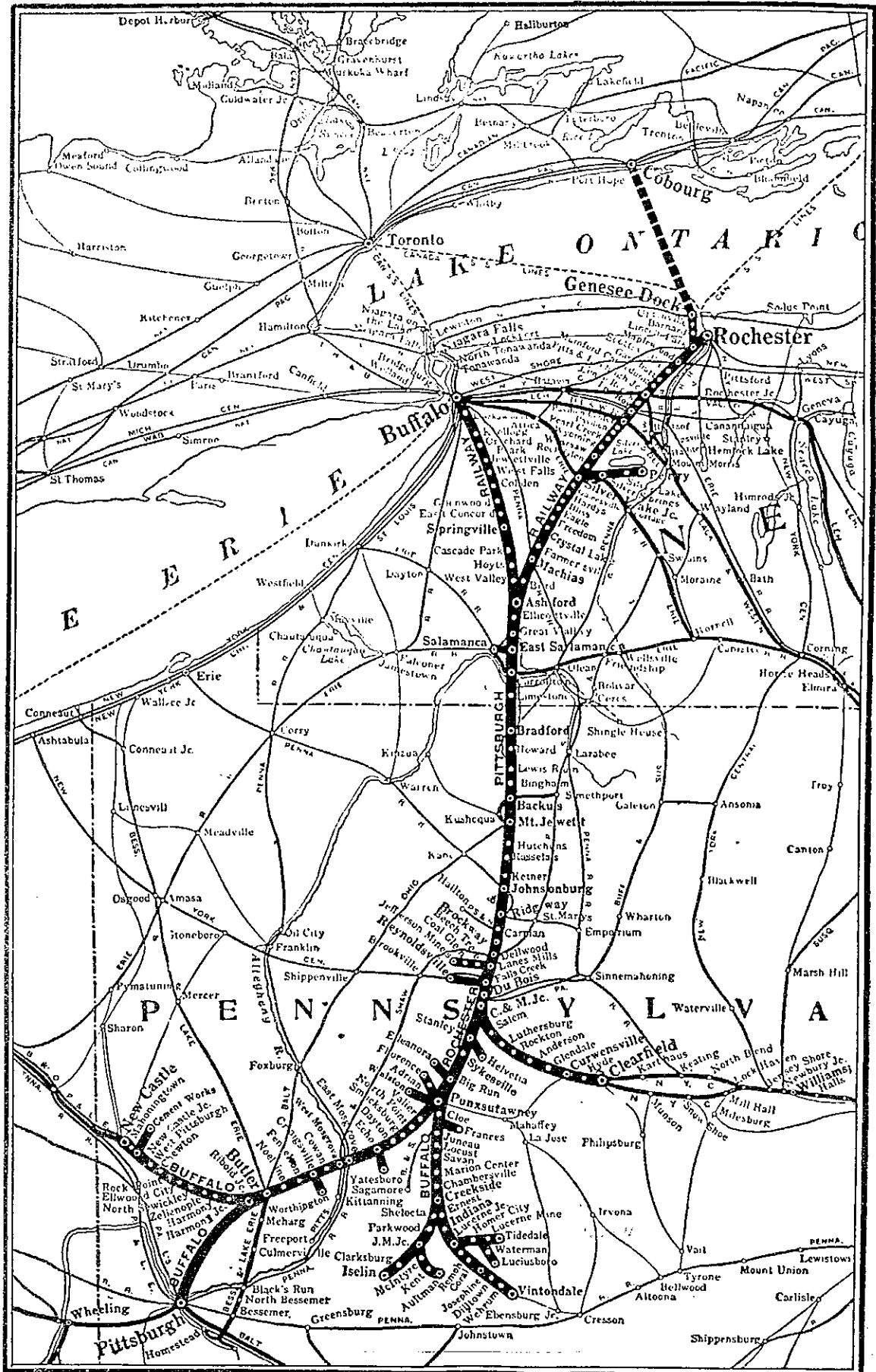
MAX J. MOORE, one of six rail-roading brothers

Thus I started as freight brakeman on July 12th, 1889. The equipment the BR&P had in 1889 would bring smiles of pity from modern crews. Our freight cars ranged in capacity from ten to twenty-five tons, the latter being so large by contrast that we called them "Jumbos." Our road engines corresponded in size to the rolling stock. They were variously equipped with air, steam and vacuum brakes. A few had no power brakes at all. None of our yard goats

had brakes of any kind. If you wanted to make a stop, you put her in reverse, dropped a little sand on the rails and let nature take its course.

My career as a freight brakeman was not momentous—just the usual routine. There were many derailments, collisions and minor mishaps—which were "routine" in those days. Among our chief troubles and the cause of innumerable wrecks involving loss of life and property was trains parting. A trainman speaking of such an accident would say, "We broke in two and ran together." This was due to a link or pin snapping, and as this was the era before any road used airbrakes on freight cars, the several sections had to be stopped by hand brakes.

One bright morning we were bowl-



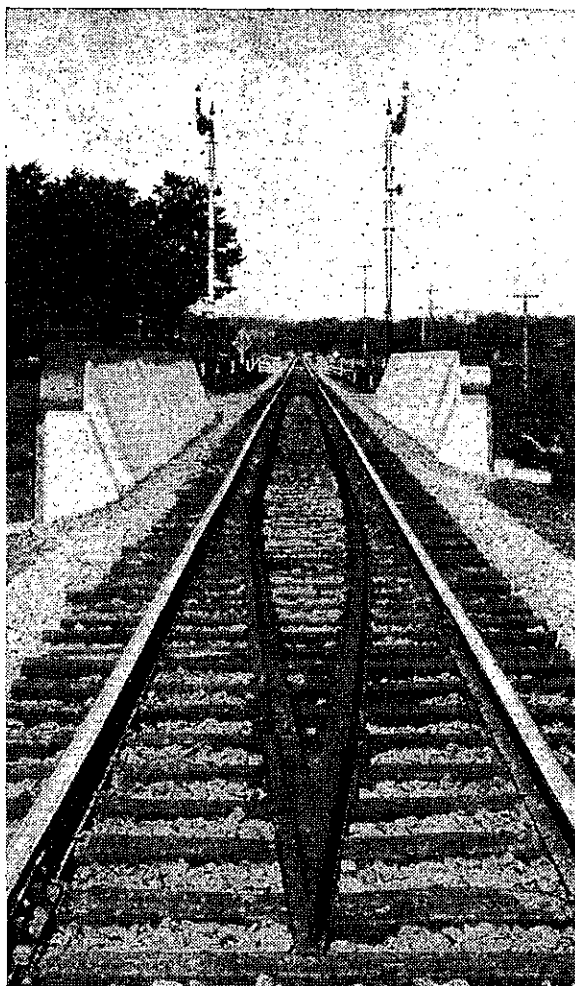
along at a fast clip down a rather
y grade with a string of coal,
n train parted ten cars from
cal se. This left about twenty-
cars with the engine. The head
keman and I were riding the first
ion. Our flagman got busy. He
he caboose brake and uncoupled
ten cars from the caboose so they
e rolling along down the grade
a no one on them. Knowing that
had to stop for orders within a
miles, we realized that if this
section wasn't checked we would
into plenty of trouble.

t a glance I saw what had hap-
ed—through the flagman's bad
gment. I hurried to the rear of
section, tried the brake and
ad it good. Then I pulled the pin
set the brake slightly. This let
runaway section catch up with
and when it did, I was able to
th cars under control, thereby
ening what might have been a
ous pile-up. The incident reached
ears of my good friend, Train-
ter Kahoe, who remarked, "I'll
o my eyes on that young man
a now on." And I believe he did.

brakeman's life in the 1880s
'90s was one of hardship. We
ked long hours, had too little
, often went hungry, received
ll pay and were exposed almost
stantly to hazards of life and
p. And as I said, there were
erous accidents, many of them
ic. I will go into this matter
her on in my story.

ne cold, stormy night I was fight-
my way over the tops of a string
boxcars while we were going at
ty high speed. As we rounded

P { was strategic location of the old
BR&P Railway



BRIDGE at Freedom, N. Y., with its 100-pound steel and its rock ballast, is an example of the BR&P's durable construction

a curve I began to slip. I was wear-
ing arctics, but the soles were worn
smooth, so I couldn't check myself.
Sliding desperately to the edge of
the car, I was just about to go over-
board. Then Fate intervened. We
rounded a reverse curve, which
tipped the car at another angle. This
gave me a chance to grab the run-
ning board and I held on for dear
life until I regained my balance.

On another occasion we were com-
ing down Big Shanty Hill. I was on
a drag of boxcars. Four or five car-
lengths ahead, I saw a car suddenly
leave the rails and the following cars
begin to pile up. It was plain to me

that I had to go somewhere, and mighty soon, so I started begging it back till I came to a car of coal. Then I made two flying leaps, one to the coal car, the other to the ground, and landed on the clinders just as the car I had been riding turned over. I received nothing more than a bad shake-up. My guardian angel must have been near on both of these occasions. Many good fellows were not so fortunate as I.

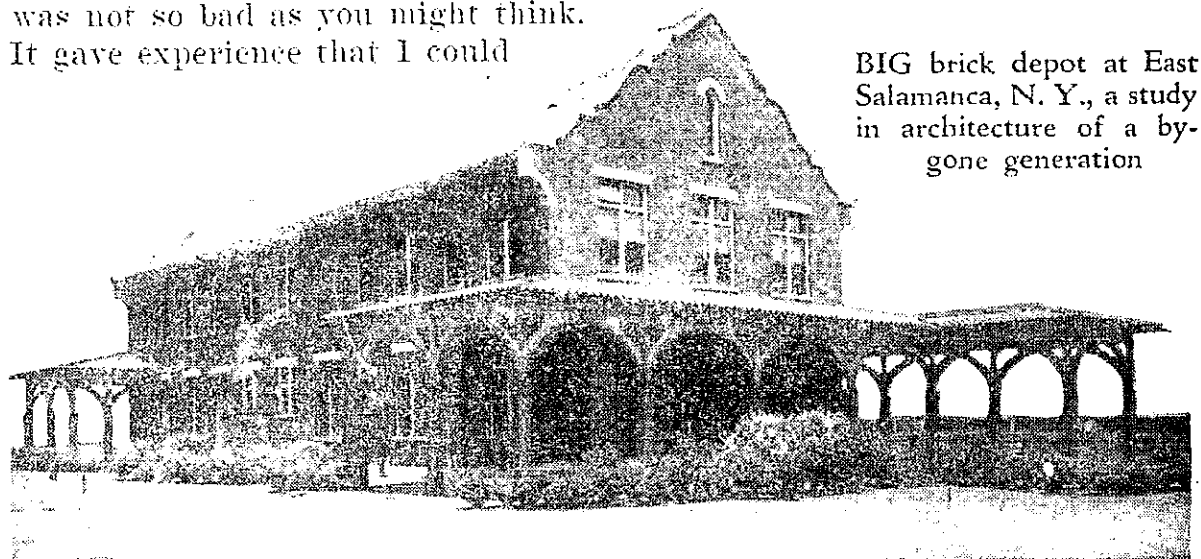
ABOUT this time I was promoted to flagman. This was a job I liked. It added a few pennies to my skimpy pay and lessened the dangers to which I was subjected. My duties were largely confined to the caboose, making out reports and protecting the train by flag whenever we stopped. I was assigned to a crew with Conductor George Slowey. If ever a name meant anything, his certainly did. Mr. Slowey was the laziest man I have known. In all the months I served under him, I'm sure I never saw Conductor Slowey quite sober more than a dozen times, either on or off duty.

This situation doubled my duties. I had to do the skipper's work as well as my own. But the arrangement was not so bad as you might think. It gave experience that I could

have gotten only as a real conductor --experience which stood me in good stead later on. We had two large, sturdy brakemen named "Ada" Cherry and Bill McCauley. Each weighed about two hundred pounds and was hard as steel. Both were top ear-hands. Both knew their stuff, but they did not know how to stay away from King Alcohol. I'll tell you about it.

On a night run from Bradford to DuBois we arrived in town at a late hour and were more than ready to eat and hit the hay, but were ordered to return to Bradford at once. This entailed remaining on duty for an additional long period without rest or food. It didn't mean a thing to our rum-soaked skipper. He had slumbered from one terminus to the other, snoring loudly. But the two brakemen and I objected to the rank injustice of being forced to continue work while utterly worn out.

Then Ada dug up a quart of red-eye from somewhere. The two brakemen were determined to make the best of a bad mess by taking a few drinks to fortify their spirits. A social hour followed. After numerous libations they got into an argument. I can't recall now what the



BIG brick depot at East Salamanca, N. Y., a study in architecture of a by-gone generation



From collection of Joseph Lavelle

NUMBER 172 was one of 32 passenger engines on the BR&P early in 1930. There were 238 freight locomotives

was about, but it ended in an st-to-goodness fight. And such out! I never saw anything to it outside of a ring.

At George Slowey draped himself ne cushions and slept through . After a time Ada and Bill de- to shake hands and take an- drink. This they did, and again went too far. The boys got into gument as to who was at fault. couldn't agree on this point, so went at it again. That second s about as hot as the first. ke poor George up. The ruby- l gentleman couldn't understand was going on, so he went back eep.

the morning Ada Cherry and McCauley were sorry spectacles. r faces were badly swollen, with ry cuts and bruises. The ns" decided he should have an- drink before reporting for If he had stopped at one, all t have been well; but he took al, and when we ambled over e office the conductor was in iable state.

luckily for him, the assistant master happened to be on the t that time and instantly sized he status of the three men. ge showed what he must have gh was keen acumen. Taking our by the horns, he declared sely that he would not take the

crew out, as they were intoxicated.

Later in the day an extra conduc- tor was called, and our crew returned to Bradford. It is hardly necessary for me to add that George, Ada and Bill lost their jobs. Where any of them went to, I never knew. Maybe some reader can supply the answer.

NEXT day I was called to the office. Trainmaster Kahoe asked me to explain what the trouble had been at DuBois. Now, I have never liked a squealer. I hedged on the direct question by saying:

"Mr. Kahoe, your assistant was on the job and I think he can give you a full report of the affair."

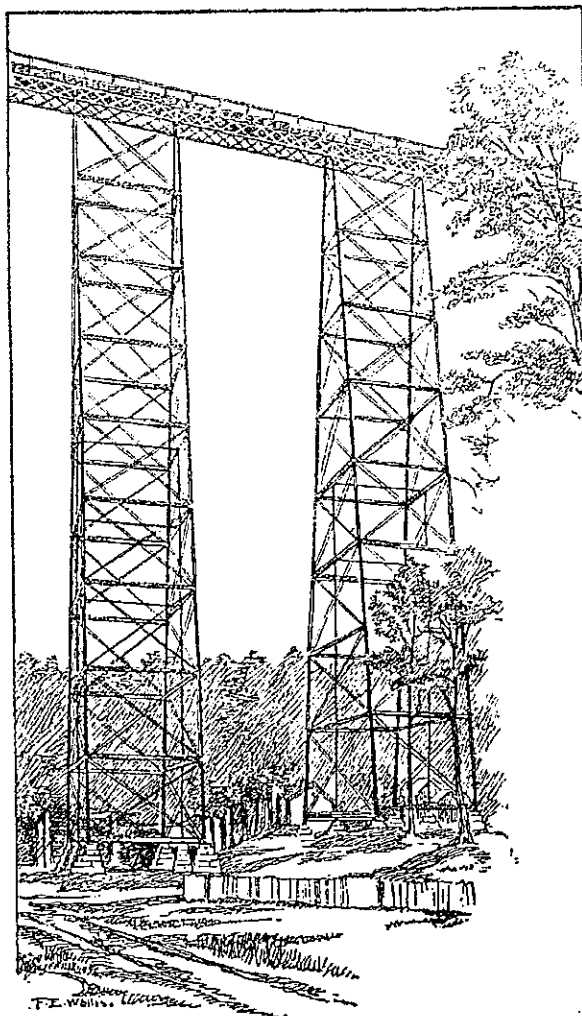
"He has already given me one," came the response. "What I want to know is, were you drunk too?"

"No, sir, I don't drink."

He gave me a friendly grin.

"All right! Now I want you to go over to the Erie Superintendent's office and take the Book of Rules examination, and if you pass I'll send you out tonight on your old caboose as conductor."

That bit of news made me very happy. A chance at being promoted! Well, I took the exam and I passed. Thus on the 9th of January, 1891, I became a freight conductor. It was not exactly new work for me, as I had carried the pencil and the book for George Slowey for many months.



KINZUA BRIDGE. The author's train ran away over this viaduct

This time I had the full responsibility. But I had been working on the new job for only about a week when we had a serious rear-end collision.

I have never been a man to dodge blame when I deserved it. In this case, however, the wreck was partly my engineer's fault but mostly that of the conductor and flagman on the preceding train. By a stroke of good luck, nobody was hurt—only the personal records of the men responsible for the pile-up. Each was socked with a thirty-day suspension.

We had a lot of first-class men in all branches of BR&P service. It goes without saying that not all of us measured up to that standard. For

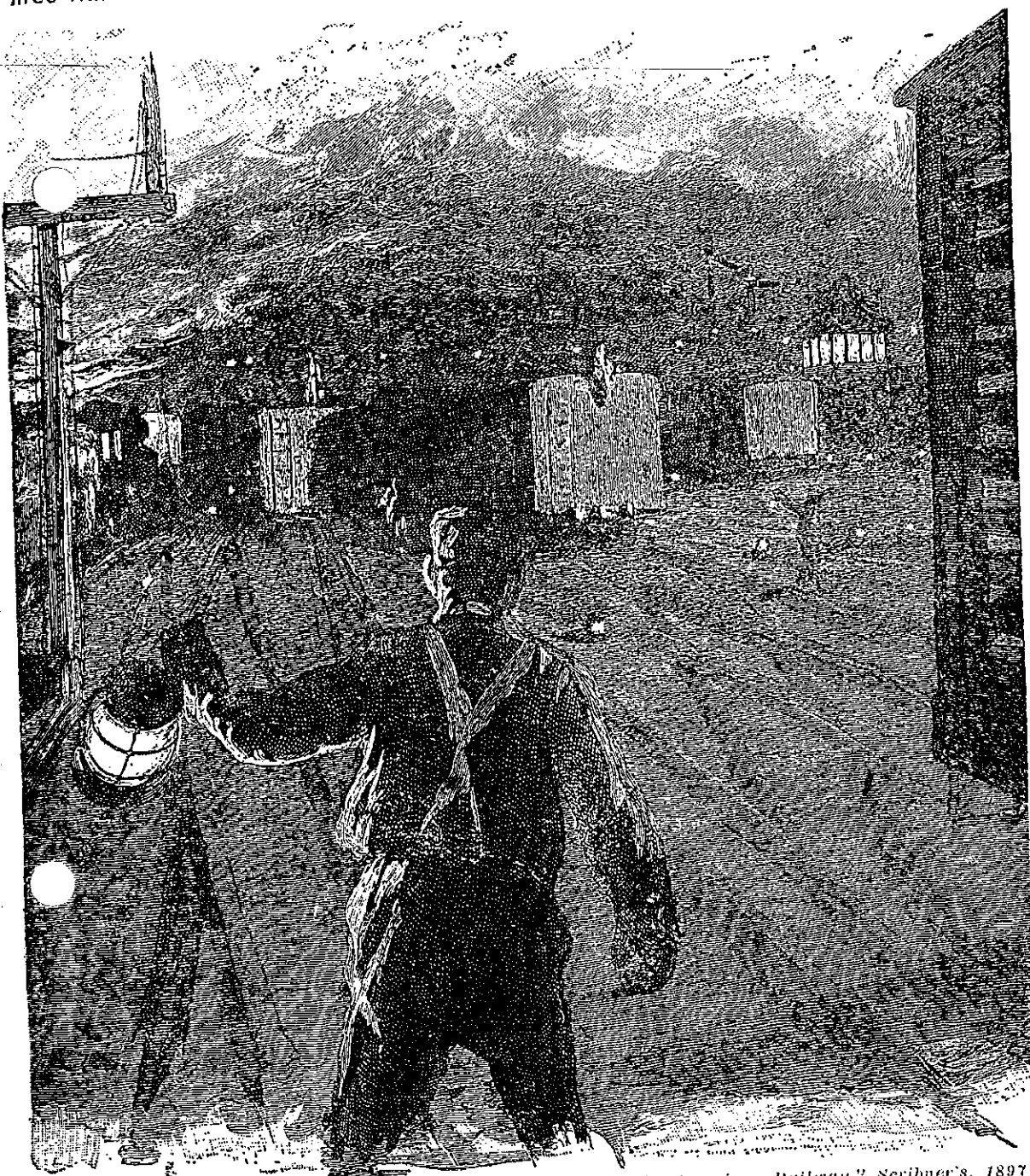
instance, there were half a dozen engineers whom none of the conductors liked to work with. They just weren't dependable. We knew that if we caught any one of them we usually had to take more hours than necessary on the trip. In cases of the kind it was my custom to run the engine myself—yes, we did such things a half-century ago—acting as engineer as well as conductor on the same trip, with the engineer's okay.

One occasion nearly ended in disaster. We had a few cars equipped with airbrakes, which I decided to try out. They were not in good working order, as I learned later. In those days the BR&P was using the Erie's famous Kinzua viaduct. There was quite a stiff grade from Mt. Jewett to the bridge. The trains had to be controlled by hand brakes, as the span was a spidery structure, and we were supposed to pass onto it at a speed not greater than six miles per hour.

The night was dark and stormy. Rain fell in sheets. I was still at the throttle as we left Mt. Jewett and I said to the head brakeman:

"You may ride inside tonight. I'll hold the train on to the bridge with the air."

Of course, he was more than willing. Anything to keep out of the rain! And I was the boss. We were rolling right along when, about a mile from the viaduct, I made a slight application of the brakes. There was no reaction. I tried a more powerful application, but still with no result. I was suddenly worried then. There was nothing else to do except put her in the "big hole," which I did. All I got was a blaze of fire from the driving wheels—and I realized the train was running away!



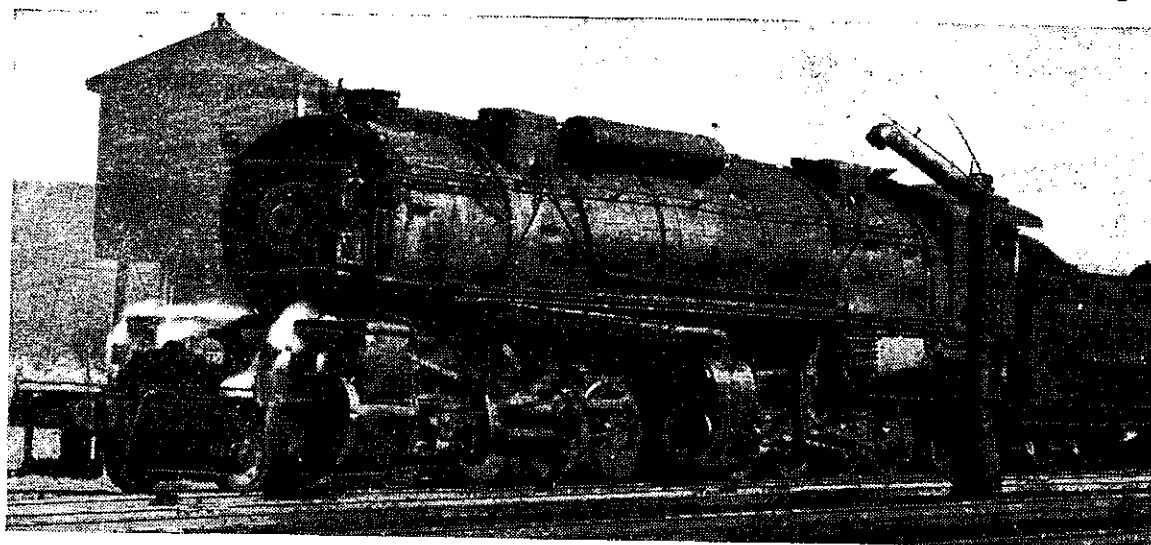
Old prints on pages 16, 17 and 21 from "The American Railway," Scribner's, 1897

"LET 'ER ROLL!" Typical yard scene in the 1890s. A switchman is giving the come-ahead signal to a cut of cars

Although I was scared stiff, I had to ride it out. We struck the bridge at about forty-five miles an hour. The thin structure, built in 1882, rocked and swayed as we roared across. It was 301 feet high and 2051 feet long, but I think we covered it in one minute. Many years later, when

I was on a fishing trip, I happened to mention the incident to a friend, C. V. Merrick, Superintendent of the Erie's Bradford Division, and he declared:

"Max, you were mighty close to death that day! That Kinzua viaduct had been condemned by our



BIG POWER. A B&O freight-hauler is pulling a train of 100 steel wagontop-type cars that were built in the company's shops at DuBois, Pa. (BELOW) Number 74, built by Alco for the author's road, has 57-inch driving wheels and weighs, in working order, 651,500 pounds with tender

engineers several years before 1899, when it was finally taken down and replaced by a sturdier bridge."

BUT this didn't dampen my desire to run an engine, and I continued to do so whenever I felt it was necessary.

Two other events that happened later had much more tragic results. One of them occurred September 27th, 1892. Going south, we had taken the siding at Grove Summit to meet an opposing train which was coming up the hill where the loaded trains required a helper or pusher. We waited an hour or so before this train showed up.

The pusher stopped close to my caboose and, as I was curious to learn what had delayed them so long, I went over to talk with the engineer, to find out the trouble. He was a young fellow from DuBois by the name of Hal Wise.

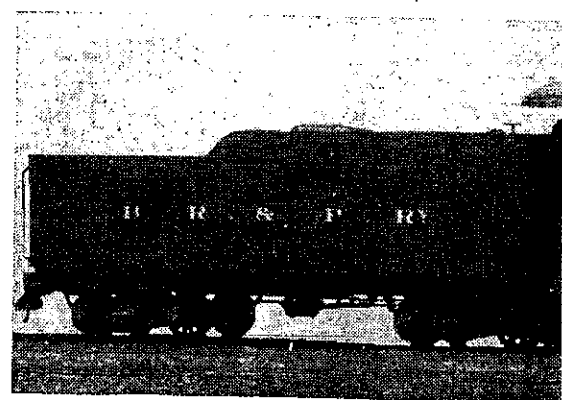
"This engine is foaming and leaking badly," he grumbled. "Charley, here"—meaning his fireman, Charles Flynn—"can't keep steam on her."

I gave him a few suggestions about moving his engine and then, as the night was bitterly cold, I turned to make a bee-line for my caboose, where I knew was warm and cheerful.

Half a minute after I had left Hal Wise a terrible blast rent the air. The boiler exploded, literally tearing him to pieces and killing the fireman also. At the same time the flagman was blown across the track, severely shocked but otherwise unhurt. As for myself, I was dazed with fright.

My composure was not restored that morning when we got to Punxsutawney and found part of Hal's remains on my caboose roof.

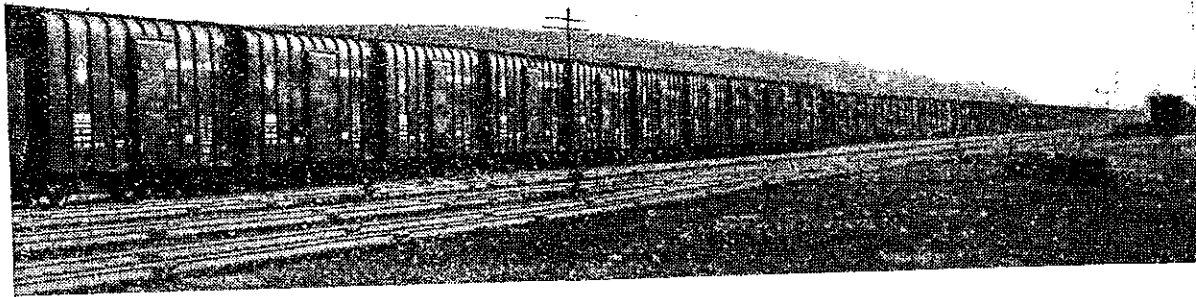
For years we were required



weigh our trains at Beechtree Junction, Pa. This was the procedure: We pulled into the siding and reversed our engine by putting her on

was pinned beneath the car, with a leg crushed from ankle to hip!

There he was under the forward truck, critically injured. We were



the rear so as to give the train a slight momentum when the cars would be uncoupled and pass over the scales one by one. It was the conductor's duty to pull the pins, while a brakeman would ride the cars slowly over the scales. When the weighmaster got the weight, he would ring a bell and the cars would pass on, to be coupled by a man known as the coupler.

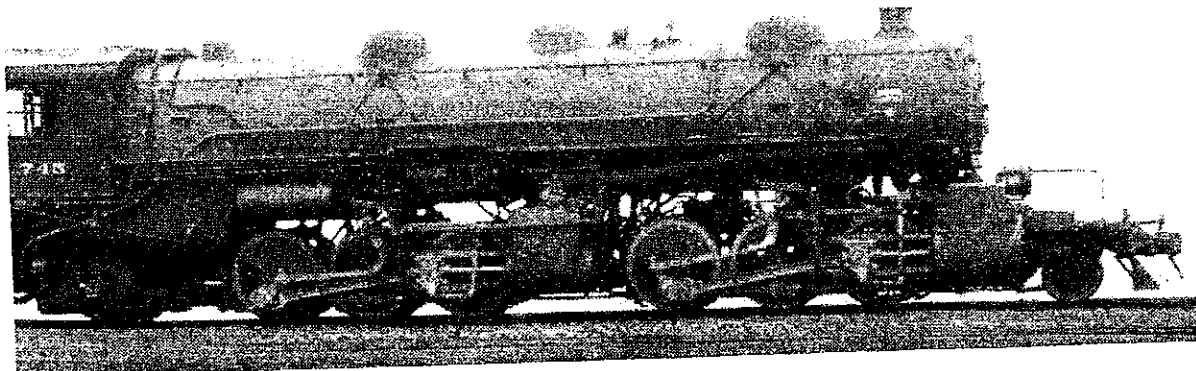
One night we had a few merchandise cars that didn't have to be weighed. My crew consisted of Miles Cline, flagman, and John Millen and Mert Wheelply, brakemen.

I was about to step in and pull the pin on this cut. Mert said: "Let me do that, Max." He stepped quickly between the cars to do what was my duty, but caught his foot in a guardrail. A split second later he

in a quandary as to how we could get him out. We could not move the train, nor had we any means of lifting the car. I knew, though, that we would need bandages; so I sent the other brakeman, John Millen, to a nearby house to see if he could get a sheet. Remember, I'm writing about the hazardous 1890s, when railroad men were not given First Aid training and their cabooses were not equipped with emergency medical kits. In case of accidents such as this one we were on our own.

Without waiting for John to return, I crawled under the car to learn if I could do anything for Mert. I was hoping that unconsciousness had mercifully relieved his pain; but no, my friend was able to talk.

"Max," he groaned, "I'm in a bad way."



"Hold tight, Mert!" I promised. "We'll get you out all right."

Mert, looking Death in the face, did not flinch. He said: "If you do, I guess you'll have to cut my leg off."

Gritting my teeth, I did that very thing, with the aid of a pocket knife. The task was simpler than I had expected, because the car wheels had already performed the major part of the operation. We tied up the wound as well as we could, put the injured brakeman into the caboose and took him to the home of his parents at Brockway, Pa. But it was no use. I shook hands with the unfortunate man, saying:

"Good-bye, Mert! You'll be all right when the doctor gets here."

He gave a wan smile, courageous to the end. "Yes, Max, I'll be all right for the grave."

And he died—a victim of careless railroading in the link-and-pin days. Thank God, those days have gone! New methods have come. Railroaders today, officials as well as the rank and file, serve an industry whose watchword is "Safety." But I cannot forget that we of the older generation paid a bitter price for the comparative security which our sons and grandsons now enjoy.

WHEN I got back to the caboose after leaving Mert Wheelply, I felt like the sickest man who had ever walked on two feet. To make things a little worse, I found that my flagman had quit. The harrowing sight Miles Cline had just witnessed was too much for him. Miles had walked over to the Erie yards and caught a freight train home. He never worked on a railroad after that.

John Millen left me shortly afterward, but did not quit railroading.

He went over to the Illinois Central. Last I heard of John, he was running one of their best passenger trains. If he is alive today and reads this, I hope he will get in touch with me.

Thus I lost one of the best train crews a skipper could want. We had many men come and go. Some were smart and would have made their mark if they had stayed put; but they were boomers—here today and gone with the summer. I recall one character, Mike Carroll. Mike had formerly followed the circus game as a roustabout, and some of the stories he told us of the big top were most interesting. He related an adventure he'd had with an elephant. Luckily, it was quite different from the grim scene I had witnessed at DuBois in 1888.

"We were traveling from one town to another," he said, "and as a roustabout had to sleep when and where he could, I crawled into an elephant car and made my bed on some hay. Then I blocked the car open a bit to get some fresh air. The night was warm and I don't need to tell you that pachyderms rarely smell like roses. Anyhow, I went to sleep at once, but was soon awakened by one of the animals trying to get the hay I was using as a bed. I gave him a slap on the trunk. He didn't seem to like that very much, for he picked me up, shoved me through the open door and dropped me on the right-of-way. The train was moving slowly at the time, so all I got was a huge surprise and a bad shake-up. I tried to get back on the train, but couldn't make it. Later I caught a ride on a freight, and reached my town after the rest of the gang had put the big tent up. I told my boss what had happened. He grinned and fined me a day's pay."

Being a boomer, Mike Carroll left me after a few months and I never heard from him afterward. Maybe he went back to the circus. If perchance he reads this story, I hope he will get in touch with me. It was a queer thing about those boys of the itching feet. They would work for a while, then one day you'd wake up and find them missing.

Speaking now of derailments, I recall one that stands out as a record for retracking cars. We were going south under a heavy fall of wet snow, when a frog broke after the engine had passed over it, causing eighteen cars to leave the tracks—eleven loads and seven empties. I decided to try to pull them on as they had gone off. Reporting the accident to the dispatcher, I told him what we aimed to do.

"Eighteen cars derailed!" he snapped. "Order the wrecker at once."

"No," I said, "I'll let you know in about thirty minutes whether or not we need it."

Well, we brought the engine through the passing siding, coupled on the caboose and pulled every car back on the rails. It was quite a stunt, if I do say so myself. In just forty minutes I reported for orders, ready to continue our journey. I think we set an all-high record for re-tracking so many cars in so few minutes.

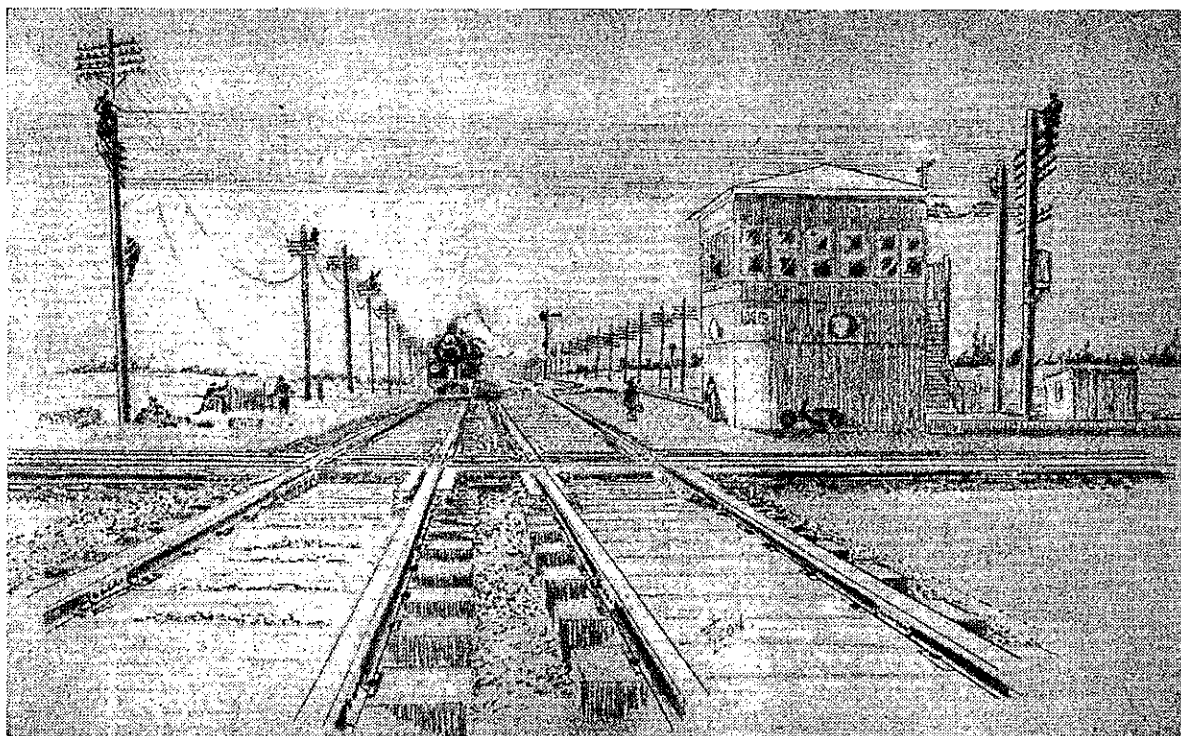
AROUND that time, in the 1890s, the BR&P had an average of fifty freight crews running out of Bradford, Pa. I mention this place because I've been living there the past fifty years (at 20 Petrolia Street). The BR&P's nearest rival in that vicinity was the Erie, which operated only about thirty-five

freight crews out of the town. Even in those days Bradford was quite a rail center. It was popular with the men because it offered accommodations you couldn't find in many other communities. Take the food problem. If you arrived at DuBois or Punxsutawney after seven p. m. you wouldn't find a restaurant open, while in Bradford you could always buy a meal, night or day.

With some regret I lost a good friend, Trainmaster Kahoe, whose job was given to a very practical "rail" by the name of James Bruce. Before coming to our line as Superintendent, Mr. Bruce had worked on a Southern road, passing through the grades of switchman, yardmaster, freight and passenger conductor, fireman, engineer, trainmaster and then Super. So the new official was well acquainted with the tricks of the trade. He knew all the alibis. Woe betide the luckless fellow who tried to tell him a cock and bull story of what had happened out on the line! And was the new Super hard-boiled? The answer is, Yes.

He blew in at a time when such a man was needed. The road was in poor shape. Pay was low, working conditions were tough, equipment was run down. Even the home guards were discontented. The average employe would stay but a short time and then drift on to greener pastures. No wonder we had so many boomers!

The second day Mr. Bruce was on the job, a bad fire gutted the depot, destroying the telegraph and Superintendent's offices and reducing to ashes all the records which were kept there. If you think this upset him, you didn't know James Bruce. The big boy just went along with his work as if the fire had been an everyday occurrence. I can see him now



LINEMEN string telegraph wires along the right-of-way; from a pencil sketch by F. Leon, former BR&P employe

in my mind's eye: cold, calm, machine-like and vastly efficient. He had been with us only a short time when he began showing his mettle by firing men right and left—some for good reasons and some for what I would say were very slight reasons.

The ax descended upon brakemen and conductors, firemen and engineers, switchmen, shop workers, telegraph operators, even section men—none of us felt safe. Some of those who were canned were glad to go; others felt miserable about it. I was one of the home guards who liked the BR&P well enough to want to stay, but as much as I tried to please the Super he did not seem satisfied with my work. After some time he placed me on a job where two older conductors had failed. That looked like a bad sign. However, I caught onto the routine and, strange to say, made a hit with Hard-Boiled Jim. The Super called me into his office. I went with some misgivings,

but he put me at ease by saying:

"Max, we have some very poor conductors on this property and just a few who are all right. You are one of the latter. I've told some of these who get in trouble that if they would only follow your smoke they might learn something."

Well, this was quite a compliment coming from Jim Bruce. I don't mind telling you it made me feel good. But what was he leading up to? I asked myself. I quickly learned.

"I have decided to appoint you a passenger conductor," he said. "I want you to order a uniform at once and be ready for a call at any time. I'm going to use you for extra work of this class, as well as for specials and excursion trains."

TALK about seniority, Superintendent Bruce had jumped me over the heads of six other men. That part of it didn't suit me too much, but otherwise I was thrilled to the



TUNNEL near Cowan, Pa.



core. Of course, I bought a nice blue uniform as soon as I could. I was proud at having been advanced much sooner than I had expected. But the seniority angle didn't set too well with the other boys. A delegation of half a dozen freight conductors called on me and their spokesman said:

"Max, we are here to protest against your being appointed to passenger service. It's something you're not entitled to. All of us here are older heads than you and one of our number should have been given the job."

That put me in a dilemma. What could I answer? At length the words came out:

"Well, boys, I admit that what you say is true, but you don't suppose I'd turn down this offer. You all know the Old Man as well as I do. If I had refused, he would have fired me on the spot. It's up to you to tell him what you've just told me, and

whatever he does will be all right with me."

So they went to the Super with their protest. The interview was brief and conclusive. Jim Bruce told them:

"The appointment has been made and will have to stand. Good day, gentlemen!"

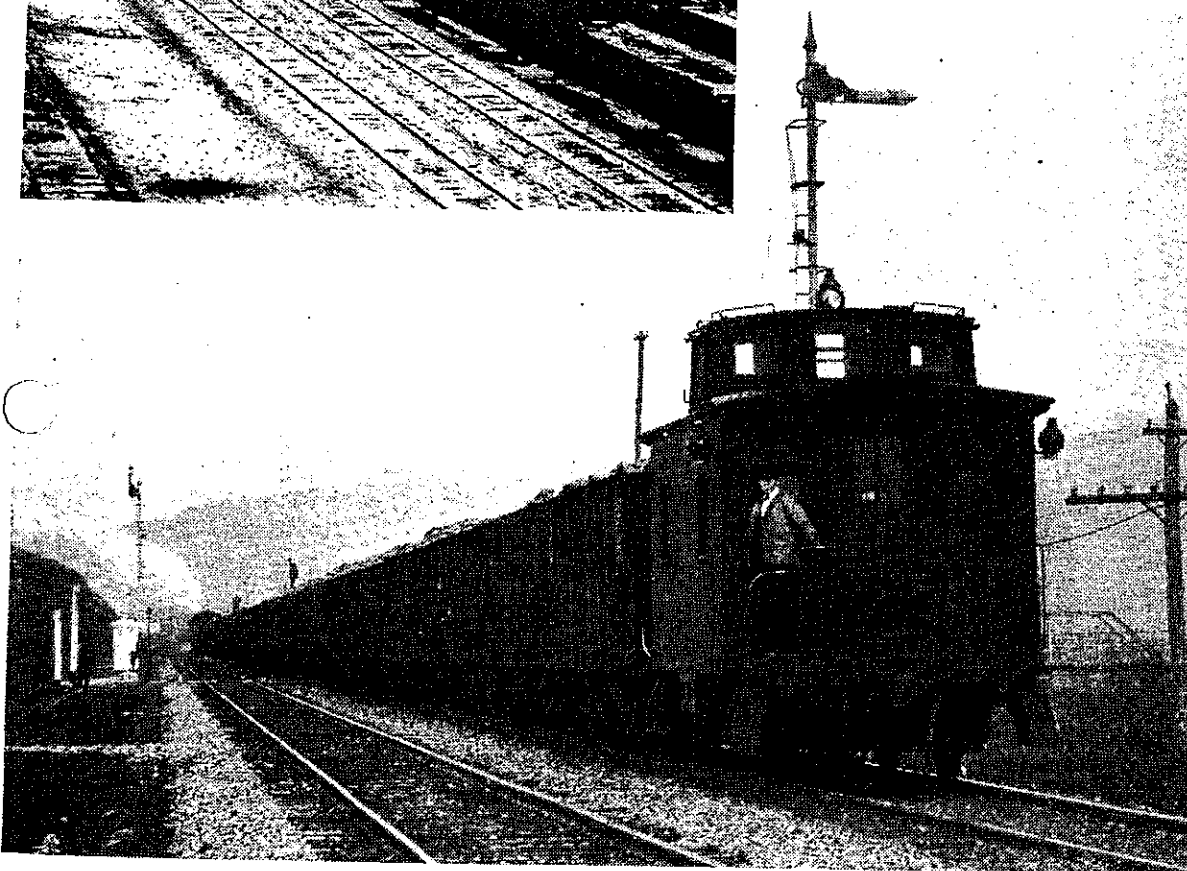
After that the Super and I got along fine together and became close friends.

Jim had done all his previous railroading in the South. One winter while he was on the BR&P we had a great snowstorm that tied up the road for about a week. This puzzled him somewhat, as Jim had never seen the like of it before. I was called to run the flanger from DuBois to Clearfield to clear the tracks. The flanger was a contraption for heavy snow, the best we had at the time. We made the trip to Clearfield without any trouble to speak of. Then, as the blizzard rose in ferocity, we



BIRD'S EYE VIEW of busy yard at East Salamanca, N. Y. Among the nine engines shown here are Numbers 216, 224, 322, 425 and 503

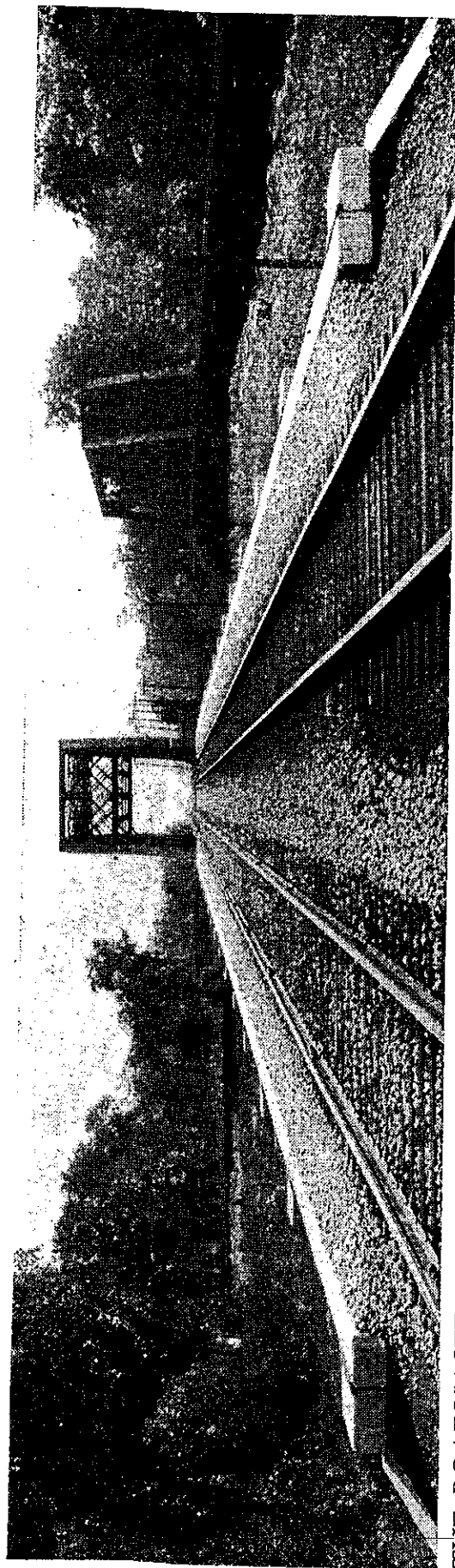
BELOW: Hopper cars of an earlier day gave trainmen an unobstructed view from the gig-top



were ordered to couple on ahead of a passenger train and help them over the mountain on the way to DuBois. With some difficulty we reached the top of the grade and were stalled. In seeking to break through the snowdrifts we yanked out the drawbars on the coaches. There we were — couldn't move the cars, a

whole trainload of passengers stuck in the snow!

We finally decided to load the passengers into the caboose and try and make DuBois with two engines, one shoving, the other pulling. We had gone a mile or so when we plowed into a drift at least ten feet deep, in a cut. There we were stalled.



THE ROADMASTER'S Irish-blue eyes must have lit with pride when they fell upon this well-kept stretch of track over the Allegheny River at Riverside Junction, N. Y.

Couldn't budge either forward or backward. I forced my way through snow up to my hips, reported our plight from a telegraph office, and asked that several sleighs be sent to our rescue. Then I labored back to the snowbound train and waited. I did not have to wait very long.

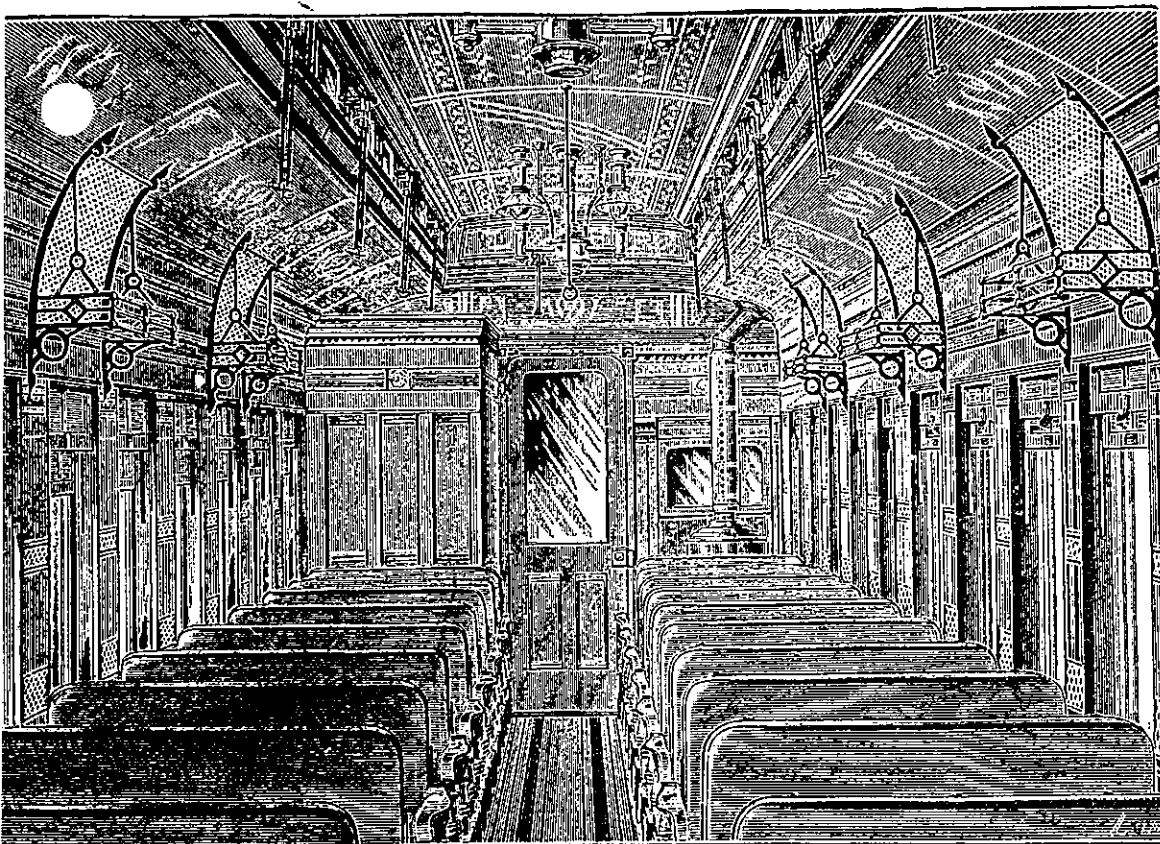
In due time we heard the merry jingle of bells and a great sleigh drew up. It was drawn by four spirited horses, which were breathing hard from miles of floundering through the drifts. Well, we packed our passengers into the seats and we all took a sleigh ride, arriving at DuBois at night. I don't need to tell you that I slept like a log.

The next morning I started out with four engines and a gang of laborers to dig out the disabled train. We toiled all day, returning to DuBois late at night. Our road, as I said was tied up for a whole week before we got the wheels moving again.

IN SUMMER the BR&P ran many excursions — to Niagara Falls, Ontario Beach, Kinzua bridge and other resorts. I handled these trains and Jim Bruce always went along. Although he was hard-boiled with regard to the Book of Rules, my friend could enjoy an outing as well as the next man and was popular with the fair sex. On picnics he would find a lady's smile more absorbing than problems of railroad operation. I would hand him business messages, which the Super would wave aside without even reading.

"You take care of that, Max," he would say. "I'm busy now."

So on these excursions I often acted as Superintendent in addition to being conductor—just as sometimes I ran the engine while serving



VARNISHED COACH of fifty years ago. Note the small, spindly-looking, baggagelocks; the coal stove that diffused heat unevenly, and the "dimout" lighting fixtures

was skipper of a train, and just as I had performed the duties of my alcoholic captain, George Slowey, when I was braking. It would be interesting to hear from veterans of bygone days who have held dual jobs such as the ones I have mentioned.

Eventually, Jim Bruce left the BR&P to take an official job on the Wabash. When he got settled in the new position he wrote a letter asking me to join him there, but I preferred to stay where I was. I had grown to love the BR&P and had no desire to quit. It pains me to add that Jim was accidentally killed a few years later. Thus the world lost a good railroad man while I lost a valuable friend.

After Jim left, we were given another Superintendent, George F. Gardner. In many ways Mr. Gard-

ner was a fine fellow but was not a strong executive. He came from a small road in the Midwest and unlike his predecessor, had gotten all his experience from office work. The extent of his activity out on the road was largely to take a trip over the line on a Monday morning, going from Bradford to Punxsutawney and returning to Bradford next day—both ways being on passenger trains! Most of his time was spent in the office.

Mr. Gardner was far from tough. Because he never seemed to catch on to the operation of a busy road, the heads of other departments made a football of him, and he didn't last very long.

I got along fairly well with Mr. Gardner. On May 19th, 1896, I was called into his office. The summons

filled me with vague foreboding. You generally weren't called to the office unless you had done something out of order. But when I entered the Super's presence and found him smiling I knew there was no bad news. After a few casual remarks he said:

"Max, I want you to go to Rochester tomorrow on Number 4. Come out on Number 1 the following day and stay on that run until further orders."

Both 4 and 1 were passenger trains. I obeyed his orders and thus ended my career in freight service. I never worked a day on freight afterward.

I entered my new job in a very happy frame of mind. All was sunshine and roses. However, this was not exactly new work for me. I'd had a lot of experience on excursions and extra passenger runs under Superintendent Bruce. In fact, I had run passenger trains for a short period before I was twenty-one years of age. But this was my first regular assignment and was I excited! Like a kid with a new toy.

OUR passenger engines nearly fifty years ago were light but fast. And how they did shine! Each engine crew had its own locomotive, which nobody else was permitted to run. They would fool around the shop for hours before it was time to go out, shining up the brass and all other parts that could be brightened by elbow grease. The old girl fairly glittered; and as we usually handled only three or four cars at a time her tractive power was not so important.

All coaches were of wooden construction, with four-wheel trucks, open platforms and Miller couplers. This type of coupler was widely

used at that time but has since been discarded. It was a notable improvement over the link-and-pin method. The coaches were lighted by dim oil lamps, supposedly of an improved type. Drinking-water tanks were located at the end of the car. Every one drank out of the same glass. There were no wash bowls, and the toilet was a crude affair.

In those days, the BR&P had no Pullman cars. However, at one time we had operated this class of service between Rochester and Pittsburgh via Falls Creek and the Allegheny Valley, but it had not proved a financial success and it was discontinued. Later it was tried again, between DuBois and Philadelphia via the Beech Creek, Clearfield & Southwest (now New York Central) and the Philadelphia & Reading. Pullman service over this route was operated for only a short time and then abandoned.

I handled the latter service for a time and well remember the colored sleeping-car porter we had. Unlike present day Pullman porters, who must be tall in order to make up the upper berths efficiently, our man was a little fellow who weighed no more than a hundred pounds. We called him Johnny Bull. The sleeping-car had no vestibule. Its coupling wouldn't interchange with our Miller equipment, so we had to use the old style link-and-pin, thus leaving an open space of about one foot between the cars—a dangerous gap!

Meanwhile, all was going fine with me. I liked my work, and for a long time nothing happened to mar the pleasure I took in it. And then one day Alexander Herman, a professional magician billed as "Herman the Great," occupied a private car together with his wife and about ten

members of his company, which was attached to my train to be moved to Salamanca enroute west. When we were near Ellicottville, N. Y., one of the troupe came running into the day coach and asked me if we had a physician on board. He said Mr. Herman was very sick.

"I don't know of any doctor on this train," I replied, "but we're about to stop and I'll call one for you as soon as we do."

Much to my distress, Mr. Herman passed away before medical aid could reach him, and we solemnly got off his car at Salamanca to be returned to New York.

Shortly after Mr. Herman's death I was transferred to another run, between Bradford and Punxsutawney. This run I covered for several years.

I recall a trip we were making to Punxsutawney on a Saturday evening. Somewhere near DuBois my engineer saw a man walking on the track a short way ahead, and yanked his whistle cord. The man stepped off, but when we came closer he got back on the track again. Well, we couldn't stop in time, so we struck the poor fellow.

We carried him over to the depot a short distance away. There we found a doctor, who pronounced the man dead. I told the station agent what had happened and asked him to find out the victim's name and advise me, so I could make out the usual report.

It developed that he had been a deaf old farmer living about eight miles up in the mountains with several sons. The agent found one of the sons and brought him down to

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Don't have to take it on the chin—
Get fast, slick, thrifty shaves each time
With Thin Gillettes, four for a dime!**



Produced By
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Famous
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Blade

4 for 10c

**Easy Way To Get Even
More Shaves With
Every Gillette Blade**



1. WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges



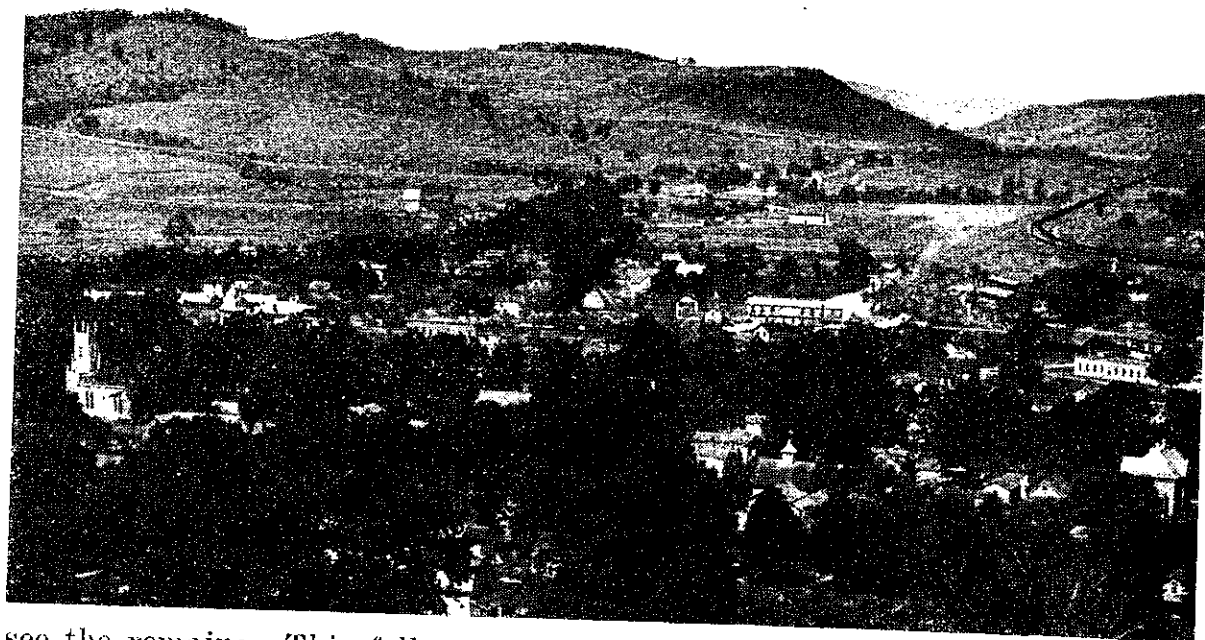
2. APPLY LATHER or brushless shaving cream while face is wet. If lather is used, dip your brush in water frequently



3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated above identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves



4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges



see the remains. This fellow took a look and drawled: "Yes, that's Pap all right," but acted as though his duty ended there.

"Well, hadn't you better make some arrangements to get your father out of here?" the agent inquired. The son shook his head.

"You look up Jim. Jim's my brother. He is in town an' will take care of Pap. I'm goin' to Kinzua bridge on the excursion tomorrow."

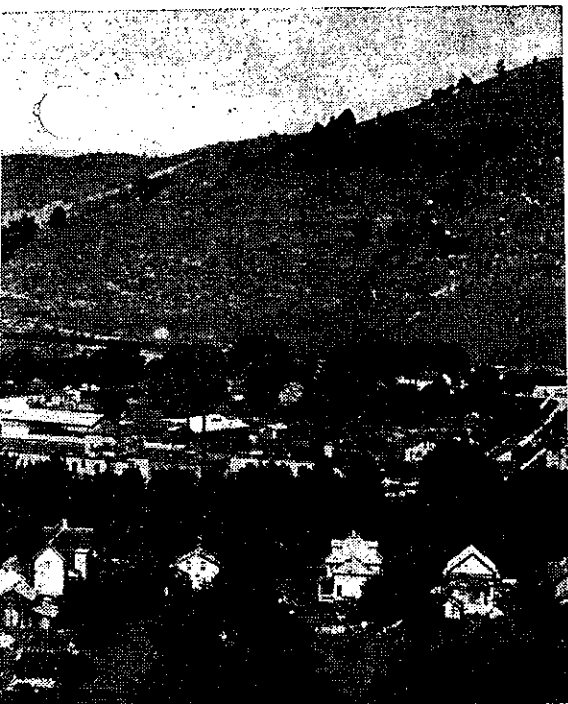
I handled this excursion, but I do not know whether or not he was one of the many persons who boarded our train the following day at Du Bois.

In 1898 the BR&P was extended from Punxsutawney to Butler, a distance of 62 miles, connecting with the Pittsburgh & Western (now part of the B&O). This gave us an entrance into Pittsburgh, Pa., for both freight and passenger business. We were all in a dither as to what our passenger equipment would be like. The locomotives had arrived and were put in storage waiting for the coaches and other cars to be used

in this service. The latter equipment didn't arrive until the night before these trains were put on, so it was a hurry-up job to get things going.

And such fine rolling stock! These cars were the best that any car-building plant turned out in those days and were works of art, both interior and exterior. Floors were covered with fine Brussels carpet, while the walls were finished in mahogany and black walnut. The cafe car was in keeping with the rest. One innovation was the lighting system. We now had Pintsch gas, a great improvement over our old oil lamps.

IN MY opinion, we had the honor of operating the finest trains in and out of the several cities of any road we competed with, and held this distinction for years. Of course, all the men employed in passenger service wanted to have charge of these fine trains. Since I was among the younger conductors, I was not one of the fortunate . . . but my



TYPICAL BR&P COUNTRY is this valley in which nestles the pleasant village of Ellicottville, N. Y. You can see the main line winding through the hills

chance came a few years later.

About this time I was held off my regular run on a certain occasion to handle a very special train—very special for the reason that in its consist were the luxurious private cars of three important railroad presidents: Mr. A. G. Yates of the BR&P, Mr. W. C. Brown of the New York Central and Mr. George Baer of the Reading. These big executives were to take a trip over our line and connections—I didn't know why.

I was rather proud of this honor. The train was a splendid outfit. All of its equipment was in keeping with the three private cars. We picked up the train at Bradford, took it to Clearfield and we turned it over to the Beech Creek road. Pat Crowley, then employed by the Beech Creek as trainmaster, took charge of the train. In after years he became President of the Central. The party was to go to Williamsport, Pa., and return the following day, when we would again take charge.

The next morning we started out of Clearfield and proceeded over all



THE AUTHOR was a B&O conductor when this picture was taken

the branches as well as the main stem. We were traveling all day until we arrived back at Clearfield about nine p.m. Here we left the Reading and Central private cars and made ready to return to Bradford. We had been going steadily for thirteen hours, with no opportunity to eat. I thought this was too much of an imposition, especially in view of the fact that we would not arrive in Bradford until one a.m. So I said to Superintendent Gardner:

"Our crew has been on the go all day and hasn't had anything to eat. We'd like to go to a restaurant for coffee and sandwiches before we start back."

Mr. Gardner held up a restraining hand. "Sorry, Max, but our schedule is made out and we can't wait."

Mr. Merchant, our General Manager, overheard the conversation and cut in with: "Max, did I hear you say the crew hadn't eaten all day?"

"That's right, Mr. Merchant," I answered. "We haven't had a chance. You know we've been on the move since we started out. It would take us only a few minutes to snatch a bite."

The G. M. smiled broadly. "Well, you're not going to snatch a bite.

You go into my car and tell the colored boys to get you and your boy the best dinner they can dish up. Invite the engineer and fireman to come back. We will stay right here until you have finished, and take your time about it, too."

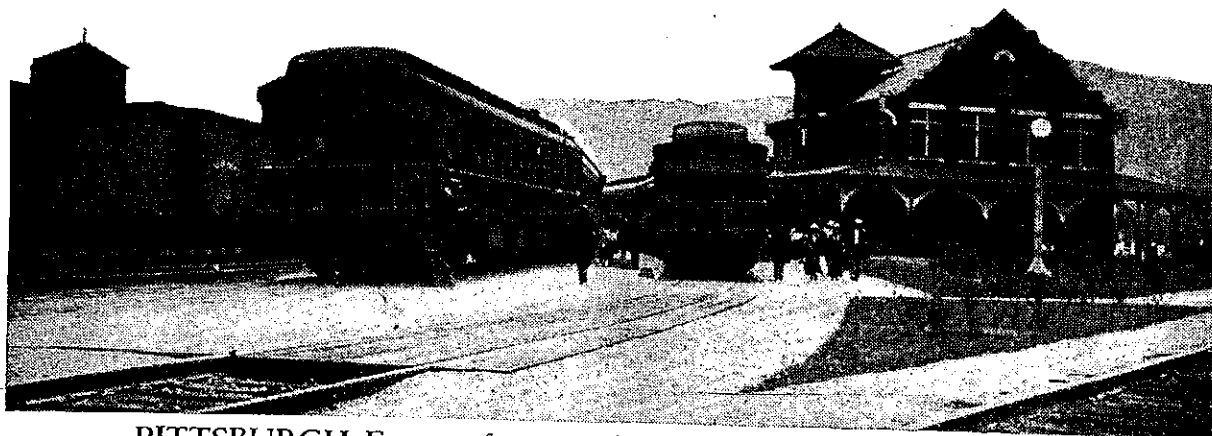
Well, we didn't hesitate to accept his invitation; and I had the kindest feeling for Mr. Merchant after that until the day of his death.

Before we ate, I reported to the dispatcher what we were going to do; and he raised hell, saying:

"You can't, Moore! Your schedule has been made out all the way and you have to get right out."

But this time I stood my ground. "We *are* doing it—General Manager's orders!"

THIS meal made us about forty minutes late on our schedule, and as it would cause many more delays to freight trains, we sought to make up some of the time. We passed through the DuBois yards at high speed. Conductor John W. Moore had pulled in on the siding to let us pass and stood in the cab talking with his engineer. The unsuspecting man was in the act of getting off when his attention was called to the Special. He didn't real-



PITTSBURGH Express from Rochester-Buffalo at East Salamanca

how fast we were running and tried to get clear by crossing the creek just ahead of us. He was killed instantly.

After this doleful incident we arrived in Bradford without further delay. You can believe me, we all were glad to get back. It had been a hard trip and the death of John Moore didn't add to our pleasure.

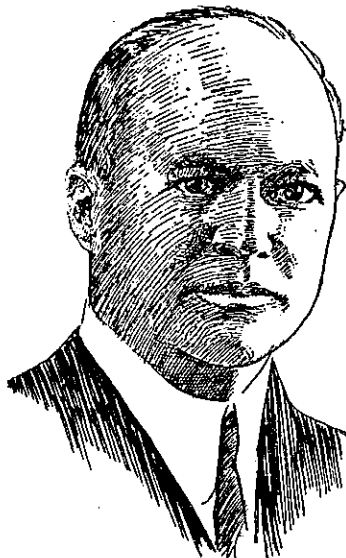
Years later I found that every person but one who had made this trip—the three Presidents and all of the lesser officials, the engineer, the fireman and two trainmen—had passed away. I was the only one left!

In 1904 James H. Barrett came back to the road as General Superintendent. J.H.B. had been with us several years previous in the same capacity. He was somewhat of a loner. Shortly after he took over, the terminal was moved from Bradford to East Salamanca.

Up to this time the through trains from Buffalo to Pittsburgh and *vice versa* had been operated by three train crews. One came from Buffalo to Bradford, the second from Bradford to Butler, and the third from Butler to Pittsburgh. Mr. Barrett conceived the idea of one train crew making the full run from Buffalo to Pittsburgh. Because we ran over part of four other lines, we were required to take the Book of Rules common to all four lines. They included the Central, the Pennsy, the Erie and the Baltimore & Ohio. So we operated under five sets of rules, no two alike.

ANOTHER change Mr. Barrett made was to remove Superintendent Gardner and to put John McGarvey in his place. This was not a wise choice. McGarvey knew

little or nothing about transportation. He had come up from a track hand to road supervisor of track, and this was the extent of his knowledge. The new Super got off to a bad start, incurring the ill will of men under him. He abused or discharged those who would not agree with his ideas of operation—ideas which I, for one, considered very poor. Among the men he fired was my brother William, the general yardmaster at

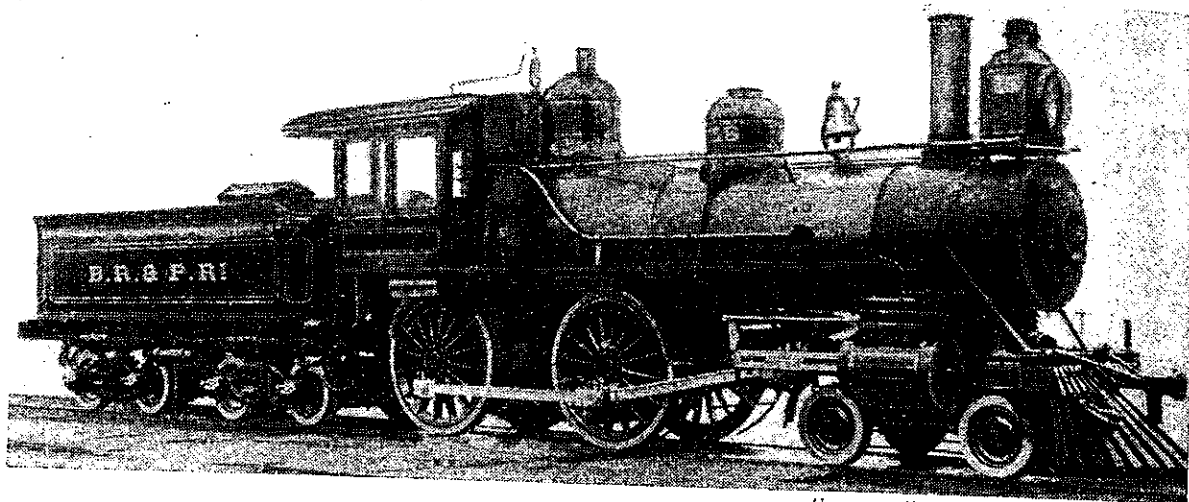


PRESIDENT NOONAN

DuBois. William had been with the company many years and was generally held in high regard. Prior to his dismissal there were four of us Moore brothers in BR&P service. But McGarvey's autocratic rule did not last long.

The situation on the BR&P had been going from bad to worse. Superintendent McGarvey did not achieve any popularity that I could notice. One trainman remarked, "Whoever took the spike maul off that man's shoulder made an awful mistake." When conditions were at low ebb, General Superintendent Barrett died, and in December, 1904, Noonan was persuaded to leave the Erie and fill the chair vacated by Barrett.

In 1874, when I was four years old, William T. Noonan was born on a Minnesota farm. He began work at the age of fourteen in the Minne-



From collection of Joseph Lucello

NUMBER 116: Built by Brooks in 1892; 67-inch drivers, 18x24-inch cylinders; total weight, 100,000 pounds

apolis & St. Louis general offices, and remained with the M&StL for fourteen years, serving in the Accounting, Purchasing, Telegraph, Operating, Traffic and Executive departments. During that period he studied railroading intensively, even going to Europe to inform himself on methods there. In 1904 from January to December, he served the Erie as assistant to the General Manager. Then he came over to us.

Mr. Noonan's trained mind sized up the situation. He saw where the fault lay. His first important change was a quick switch on McGarvey, whose position he gave to A. J. Johnson. This was a big improvement. Mr. Johnson was a practical "rail," having come up from the ranks as messenger, telegraph operator, chief dispatcher, trainmaster and superintendent of telegraph on various roads. Then Mr. Noonan reinstated several men who had been fired unjustly, among them my brother William. The situation eased up; there was much less friction.

Noonan labored so effectively, that in 1906 he was advanced to General Manager. He worked like a beaver,

spending much of his time on the road, night and day, getting acquainted with his job and his men.

Eventually President Yates died. In November, 1910, Mr. Noonan was chosen his successor—a position he held until the B&O took us over at the close of 1931, when he was elected a B&O Vice President.

KNOWING that a railway is judged to a large extent by the attitude of its employees who come in contact with the public, I did what I could to make my passengers feel at home. I liked my company, was proud to be in its service, and have always been careful of personal appearance. For years my pet vanity has been to wear a carnation in my coat lapel. Some of the boys used to call me "the Beau Brummel of conductors."

It is only natural that a man in my position should meet a number of celebrities. I have already told you about Herman the Great. Among others whose tickets I have punched were Elbert Hubbard, journalist, author and publisher; John L. Sullivan and Bob Fitzsimmons, two of

the greatest prize fighters of all time; Robert Mantell, Shakespearean actor; John W. Vagee, a nationally popular minstrel man; Vice Admiral William S. Sims, U. S. Navy; Miss Ida M. Tarbell, whose history of the Standard Oil Company has become a classic, and Miss Alice Bently, a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in the days when women politicians were rare.

I believe all these notables have since passed on. Elbert Hubbard is best remembered as the author of *Message to Garcia*. After traveling on my train, he saw fit to write me up in his magazine, *The Philistine*. Under the title *Courtesy as an Asset*, Hubbard wrote: "The conductor did something that caught my attention—he thanked me when he took up my ticket. . . He was tall, strong, healthy, smiling. . . He must have been on good terms with himself, his family, world. He was well dressed. . ."

The author laid it on a bit too thick, but the managers of a certain large rail system liked the article so much that they ordered 10,000 copies in pamphlet form for distribution among their employees. That was in 1911. Three years later "Fra Elbertus," as he called himself, embodied some of this material in a larger booklet, entitled *A Little Journey Over the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry.*, which told the road's story in thirty-one pages.

Such stuff was considered smart in 1914, and it made quite a hit; but present-day readers would have little patience with its "sweetness and light" propaganda. I refer to statements such as this: "President Noonan does not lie on the sunny slopes of Parnassus and dream of things."

Another excerpt was rather unfortunate: "On the BR&P you will find

the discipline similar to that which exists in the German army." I never did see any similarity to Prussian militarism on the BR&P. Since the comment was written before the first World War, I can only assume that Fra Elbertus did not know any more about the German army than the rest of us did at that time.

The following incident from the *Little Journey* is cited to show that President Noonan was "the friend of his employes."

A CERTAIN conductor took a train out of Bradford every morning at seven o'clock for Buffalo. One morning, as he was taking up tickets he came across a seedy-looking individual who carried in his hands an adz and a big monkey wrench. This man told the conductor that he had no money, but that he had just heard of a job that was open for him in Buffalo, and he gave the name of the man who had given him the job. Incidentally, this man was well known to the conductor.

The conductor listened to the man's tale patiently, and then frankly said: "Look here, friend, you know perfectly well that I cannot carry anybody without their paying fare. It would be a positive infringement of the rules."

Said the man: "I have no money, and I have got to get to Buffalo."

"Well," said the conductor, "I will pay your fare out of my own pocket; you give me your address and take mine, and when you get your first week's pay send me the money."

"Well, really," answered the man, "that is more than I expected; but now that you have been so kind with me, I will tell you, I have just one dollar." And he reached in his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar. "Here, take that."

"No," said the conductor, "I will not take that money—it isn't enough to pay the fare. You pay me all or nothing."

"Take it," said the man. "I don't need any money right away when I get to Buffalo. The boss will put me up in a boarding-house, and I will get along some way. Keep this dollar for yourself."



To stop the argument the conductor put the dollar in his pocket.

It was a plain case of knocking down. The conductor was called in, admitted the facts, and was discharged from the employ of the company.

Three months went by, and the papers in the case were sent to the office of William T. Noonan, President of the railroad, who looked the papers over and sent for the man. The ex-conductor came, but he wasn't the same happy, self-efficient individual that Noonan had known. The man had not only lost his job, but his nerve was gone, too. He was only a wreck of a man, a derelict floating on the sea of time.

Noonan shook hands with him, took out the papers in the case, and said: "Well, I guess you took the dollar all right?"

"Sure, Mr. Noonan."

"And you didn't turn in the cash fare out of your own pocket?"

"No, Mr. Noonan."

"And you are out of a job. But I know you were not in the business of 'knocking down.'"

"Mr. Noonan, I certainly was not. Here was a temptation, a peculiar one. It came to me unawares; it was pushed on to me."

"Well, we all make mistakes," said the railroad president. "I have made a few myself. The thing to do is not to make the same mistake a second time."

And as Mr. Noonan talked to the man he began tearing up the papers and throwing them into the waste basket.

"Look here, Mr. Noonan—what are you doing, tearing up those papers?"

"Because," said Noonan, "we do not need them any longer"; and he threw the

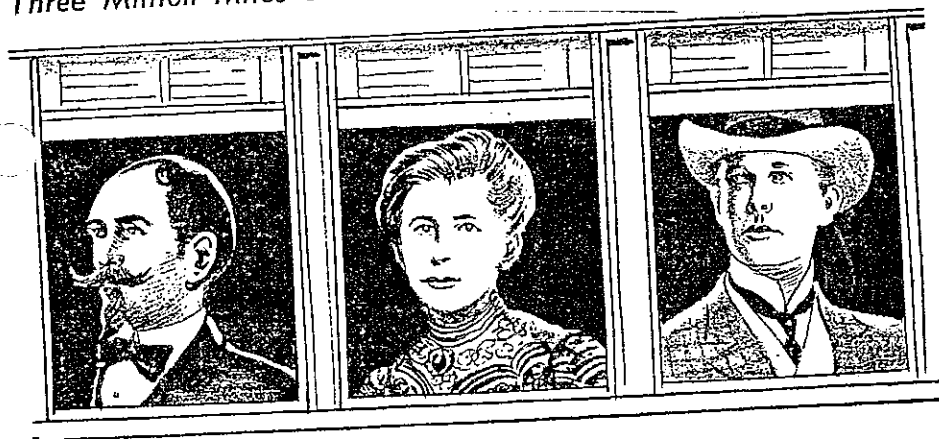
last handful of bits into the waste basket and said: "Go get measured for a new suit of clothes. You have lost about fifty pounds, and the old duds will no longer do. Go back to your run on Monday morning."

And he led the man to the door and shook hands with the astonished, speechless individual. The man stumbled his way down the stairs, managed to find the tailor shop, got his new suit of clothes, and today is back on the job, a bomb-proof individual doing good work.

I CAME to know Elbert Hubbard and his wife very well, and felt personal grief when both were drowned off the Irish coast in the first World War, victims of the U-boat which sank the *Lusitania*. To this day I cherish some autographed books by Hubbard and letters he sent me.

When I met John L. Sullivan and Bob Fitzsimmons, those two old-timers were traveling with road shows. John was a gruff rascal, with a salty sense of humor and a bit of conceit for his fading prowess in the ring, while Bob was given to wisecracking with a decided Cockney accent. Robert Mantell, one of the foremost tragedians on the American stage, often traveled with me, but he never seemed to have much to say outside of the theater. However, I found him congenial.

Vice Admiral Sims was on my train for the best part of a day en



CELEBRITIES whose tickets our author punched: (left to right) John L. Sullivan, Elbert Hubbard, Vice Admiral Sims, Bob Fitzsimmons, Herman the Great, Ida Tarbell, R. Mantell

route to Pittsburgh. Since he was in a mood to talk and as I figured it was better to be a good listener than a poor conversationalist, I let him say what he pleased. He recounted events all over the world that had transpired while he was on active duty. He predicted that war with Japan was inevitable within a few years. Like many other folks I was skeptical then, but I know now the old sea dog was right.

Yes, working on trains was most agreeable to me. Something of interest took place on every trip. Even though these incidents were not always pleasant, they at least broke the monotony of daily routine.

On a night run from Pittsburgh to Buffalo we had a wild-eyed passenger, a man who sat in the smoking compartment of the day coach. My duties required me to pass through the train often. Every time I glanced at this fellow I noticed he made a move toward his hip pocket. I began to think there was something wrong with him. When we stopped at Riverside Junction, N. Y., the suspicious-looking man jumped off the train, and, before anyone could stop him, shot himself through the head. Why he did so, I have never been able to learn, but I feel sure he'd been suffering from a homicidal mania.

I recall another occasion, on the same night train, when my Pullman conductor rushed excitedly into the coaches just after we had left Johnsonburg, Pa., crying: "Max, come back with me. There's a woman in the Buffalo sleeper who's going to have a baby!"

"Great God, Bill," I replied, dumbfounded, "I am not a doctor."

I did the next best thing; I found a lady passenger who volunteered to help in the emergency. The baby, I am sorry to add, was still-born. When we arrived at Bradford we called an ambulance and packed the mother off to a hospital, where she later made a normal recovery.

And now there flashes through my mind the recollection of a young couple I met aboard train on a clear, sunshiny, Sunday morning. They were so full of pep that I presumed they were newlyweds. Smilingly I asked if they were on a honeymoon.

The woman replied: "Yes, our tenth. We've been married ten years and we always celebrate our anniversary by taking a trip. This time we're going to Buffalo and then take a boat trip."

They were Wilbur and Dorothy Peterson. The man was a Pittsburgh Street Railway electrician and his wife a professional dancer. Wilbur was a movie-camera fan. I assisted



From collection of Joseph Lavelle, 4615 66th St., Woodside, Long Island, N. Y.

MALLETS haul heavy freight over the Allegheny mountain grades. Coal constituted more than half the tonnage of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh. Number 801 was one of 64 articulated locomotives on the road when it was absorbed by the B&O. Altogether the line had 270 steam engines on its roster at that time

him by pointing out spots of interest along the journey. Then I asked if either of them had ever ridden a locomotive. I could tell they were railroad fans at heart by the way they both answered that they hadn't but would be thrilled to try it. So I put the matter up to my engineer.

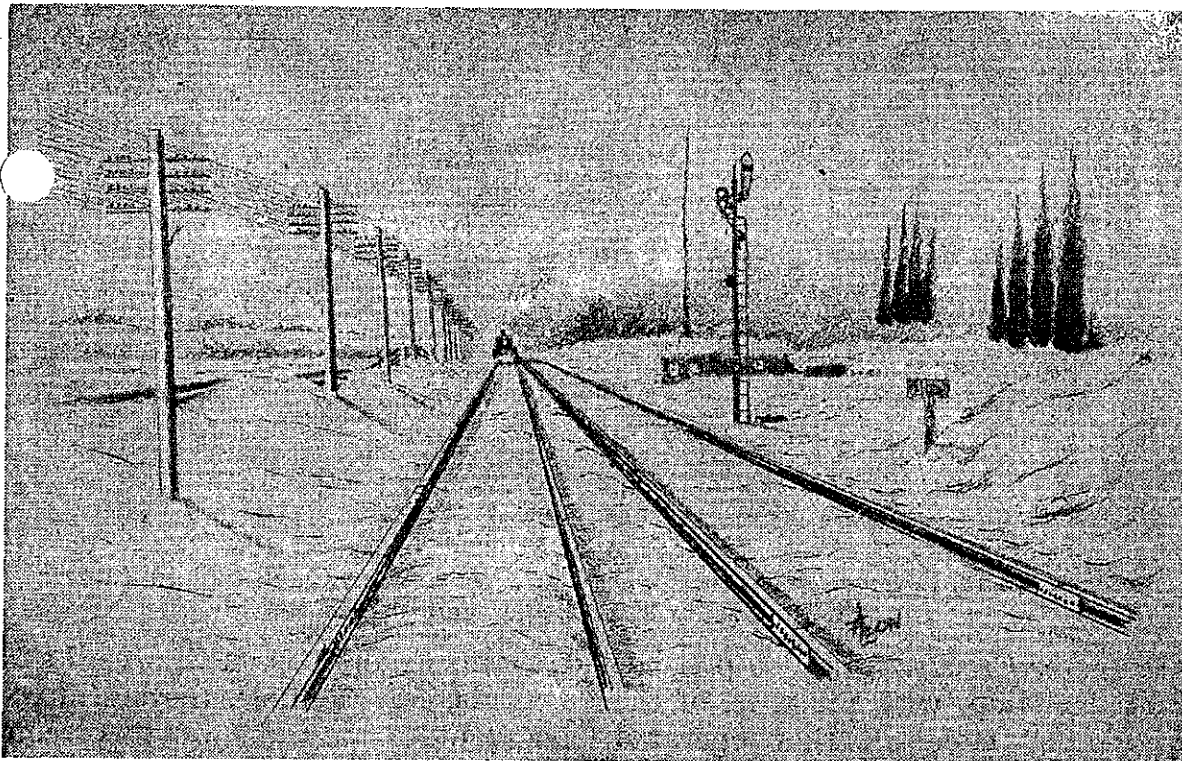
"Send them along," he agreed. "I will take care of them."

So the "honeymooners" got their ride in the cab. But that isn't the end of the story. While the engine was rounding a sharp curve, with a high cliff on one side and the Clarion River on the other, they saw a rock weighing maybe two tons blocking the opposite track. The engineer brought the train to a quick stop with a jolt that threw coach passengers forward in their seats; and, with the help of the crew and some other men, we got the line clear.

Wilbur took movies of the incident. He is now in the Navy and is stationed at Casa Marina, Key West, Fla. Dorothy is with him. I cherish their friendship very much and get letters from them rather often.

MEANWHILE, in 1912, I was induced to enter politics, and, without leaving the railway, I became Democratic candidate for Bradford city comptroller. I had small hopes of winning, as the city normally rolled up a Republican majority better than two to one. Nevertheless, I did win, much to my surprise.

For eleven years I held this job, in conjunction with railroading, and then was elected to the Pennsylvania State Legislature. To carry on at the Legislature I was obliged to get six months' leave of absence from the BR&P—the longest period I have been away from the railway in more than fifty-two years.



From pencil sketch by F. Leon, courtesy of Ernest Briars

WINTERSCAPE: A light snowfall has blanketed the BR&P

I HAVE already mentioned that my father, sister and five brothers, in addition to myself, were railroaders. The old BR&P magazine, *Railway Life*, gave the six brothers a write-up in the September, 1925, issue, under the heading "These Men Have Served Our Company 851 Years!" At that time McRae was Assistant Superintendent of the Middle Pittsburgh Division, with thirty-eight years' seniority; James was a passenger conductor, thirty-seven years' service; William was yardmaster at DuBois, forty years, and I had chalked up 37 years with the company. At the same time my brother Thomas, after two years of railroading, was Philadelphia manager for Armour & Co., while John had retired, after three years on the BR&P and twenty-eight years in Nickel Plate engine service.

The *Rochester Times-Union* of July 17th, 1925, carried a photo of

the Moores, captioned, "Six Brothers in Railroad Service 183 Years." None of the six are now left on the job.

John was involved in the wreck at Silver Creek, N. Y., on September 14th, 1886. This is said to have been the most disastrous pile-up in the history of the Nickel Plate Road, nineteen persons being killed. An excursion train eastbound for Niagara Falls plowed head-on into a westbound freight. The catastrophe occurred ten miles west of Angola, N. Y., and ninety miles east of Ash-tabula, Ohio—scenes of two of the most frightful wrecks known to Amercian railroading. My brother was in the crew of the Niagara Falls excursion. He saved himself by leaping from the train, although they were running at high speed.

Curiously enough, the same issue of *Railroad Magazine* (Aug. '34) that carried an illustrated article on

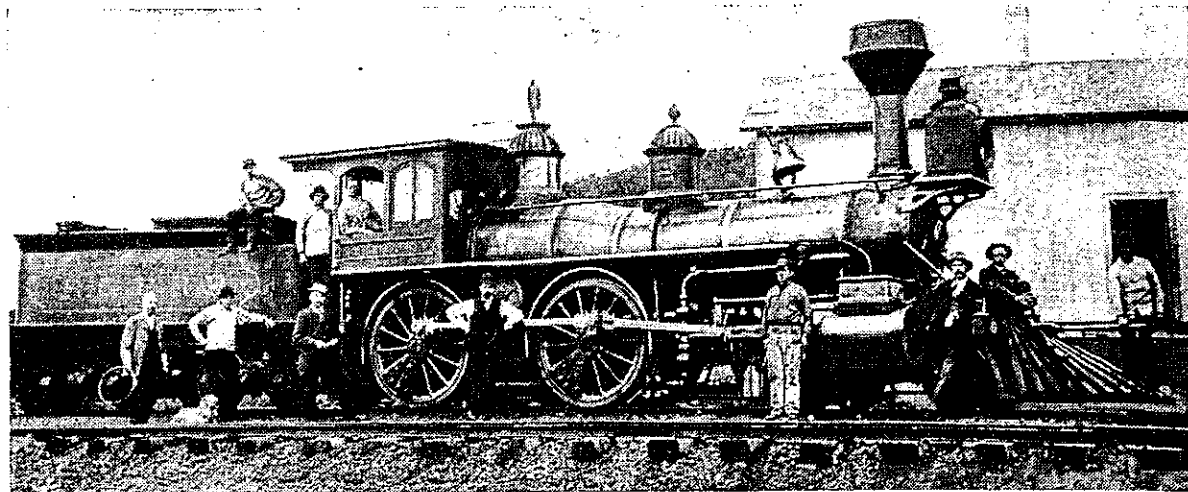


Photo from Harry H. Kingston, Jr., 2855 East Ave., Rochester, 10, N. Y.

THE SALAMANCA, BR&P Number 2, at Salamanca, N. Y., about 1900. Photo shows Engr. H. E. Brook, Fireman H. Barsdale, W. Cronin, O. B. Fullum (and his dog), Condr. Tom Lanie, and others

the Silver Creek wreck also presented a write-up, with pictures, of the "Peg-Leg" monorail that operated out of my present home city, Bradford, in 1878 and '79. I never saw the Peg-Leg, because I was only eight at the time and was then living at DuBois. But that freak railroad of the Oil Regions is still a tradition in and around Bradford. A friend of mine, Elmer E. Howe, now eighty-two is, I believe, the only living person who's ridden that line.

My brother William spent forty-nine of his eighty years in BR&P service.

"The procedure for getting a job has altered greatly with the years," he tells me. "All that was necessary in the early days was to ask a trainmaster or yardmaster for work, and if he could use you the job was yours. No applications, references or physical exams were required, so men often changed over from one road to another. I have known fellows to quit work as soon as they had a few days' pay coming to them, in order to spend it all at once.

"As a solution to this problem the company began issuing coupons. If a

trip was made between Bradford and DuBois, for instance, the trainmaster would issue \$2.50 worth of coupons to a train or engine man. If two trips had been made, the man would get \$5 worth of coupons. These slips were redeemable in cash."

ON February 28th, 1930, the B&O took over the BR&P, with the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, after the matter had been hanging fire for about nine years. The BR&P at that time had 1273 miles of trackage, the main line and principal branches being laid with 100-pound rail; the rest, 80-, 85- and 90-pound rail. Between 50 and 60 percent of the ballast was rock and slag, the remainder being cinders.

Our road had erected its own timber treating plant for ties near Bradford, the first plant of its kind in the East. Modern plants for the treating of water for locomotives were located at Johnsonburg, Du Bois, Punxsutawney and Creekside.

On our locomotive roster were 32 passenger engines (10 Atlantics, 22 Pacifics) and 238 freight hogs (9

heavy Mallets, 121 Mikados, 55 road Mallets, 53 yard goats). Passenger equipment consisted of 48 steel coaches, 2 chair cars, a cafe coach, 5 observation cars, and baggage, mail and combine cars, etc., to a total of 103.

The BR&P also had 12,500 freight cars, mostly coal cars and including about 1500 boxcars. Tentative valuation of the entire road and its assets, as fixed by the ICC, was well above \$75,000,000. We had about 7500 employes.

There was some apprehension among the employes when news came that we were being absorbed into the B&O System. We expected a great many changes in personnel and methods of operation. We were afraid that our fine family spirit might be disrupted. I am happy to say that as time went on we of the BR&P discovered our fears were groundless, and our vague sense of dread transformed into goodwill toward the new parent company.

Of course, there were official changes. Mr. Noonan, as I said, became a Vice President of the B&O. Mr. Devens, our General Superintendent, was retired, while all of our Superintendents were reduced to trainmasters. Several BR&P general yardmasters were either retired or

demoted. My trainmaster was a man who had been Terminal Superintendent for years.

All through life I have been fortunate. No passenger of mine was killed and but three were slightly injured. The most serious was a lady hurting her finger in a door jamb. Besides serving for two years as Chief Conductor of the Order of Railway Conductors, I have been active as a Mason. Among my proudest possessions is the fiftieth-year gold emblem presented to me by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

On November 27th, 1940, my long railway career was ended. The night before my last run, which was from Pittsburgh to Buffalo, I was entertained by a party of friends. And although I received some demonstrations enroute, as well as gifts and many letters, it was with heavy heart that I stepped off the train at the end of that run. No man who loves the railway ever wants to be retired.

Since I can't go back to the old job, I have gone into politics again, this time as a candidate for county commissioner, with a fair chance of election; and I keep in close touch with my BR&P associates. Although I have traveled about three million miles I have never wearied of riding the clicking rails.

"THAT'S FOR ME FOR ENERGY"



Falls Creek, Pa.: Area of railroad thrills

Pennsylvania, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio and Erie all use one interlocking plant at Falls Creek, and near by are two short lines and many abandoned roadbeds

BY E. L. THOMPSON

The area extending about 40 miles from near Du Bois, Pa., on the south, to Johnstown on the north, abounds with railroad thrills. It offers the Pittsburgh & Shawmut, the Clarion River Railway, the abandoned Pittsburgh, Shawmut & Northern, and a great many other abandoned roadbeds. It includes one place where the freight trains of the four largest freight roads in the East—Pennsylvania, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, and Erie—rattle through a common interlocking plant: Falls Creek.

Most employees of the big roads just named would scratch their heads if you asked them to locate Falls Creek. Only one road has any passenger service

through this point: The Baltimore & Ohio (formerly Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh). Falls Creek is just two miles north of Du Bois, and Du Bois is 135 miles northeast of Pittsburgh via B&O.

Some of the fascinating attractions in this region are:

... The Erie rapping them off along the Clarion River with two Mikados separated by six cars because of weight restrictions on the Kinzua Viaduct.

... a Heisler geared engine on the Clarion River Railway.

... the New York Central double-heading with a Mike and a Mohawk (and one of the first of that type, by the way).

... B&O fast freight 97 roaring out of

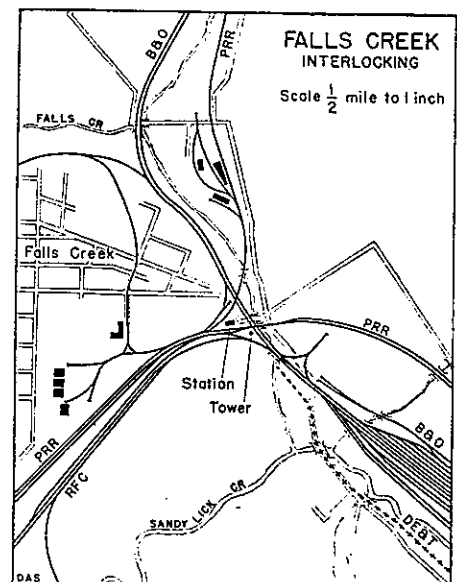
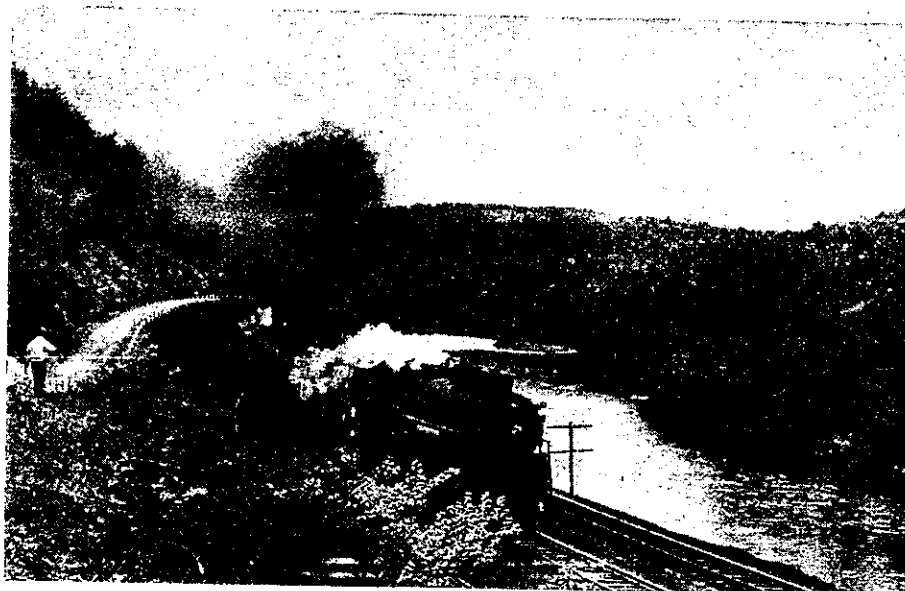
the early morning behind a giant class EL articulated.

Three miles south of Du Bois is C&M Junction, which boasts one of the attractive white stone towers of the old Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh. Here the main line of the B&O's Buffalo Division meets the Clearfield & Mahoning branch extending eastward to Clearfield. Clearfield, by the way, is on the PRR, NYC and B&O, but has no passenger service whatsoever. A long wye at the south end of C&M Junction gives the impression of three different lines, and on one leg the interesting freights of the NYC join the main line. NYC uses B&O track from Clearfield to Falls Creek. Almost invariably the power is a Mikado and a Mohawk double-headed.

It is seldom that a stopover at C&M Junction will not bring to light some kind of action; in addition, the open country and long, sweeping curves afford ideal backdrops for photographs. Just a half mile north of the tower are the remains of the old Buffalo & Susquehanna line ["Sunset of an Empire," February 1947 TRAINS] which ran down to a point near Sykesville; connection with the main line is now made at this point.

Moving north, the B&O passes through the heart of Du Bois. The station is an ideal point to watch operations. The B&O

New York Central Mikado and Mohawk drift over the connection track at Falls Creek interlocking. Two Erie Mikados tote 67 cars of coal along the Clarion River north of Carman. Six cars are sandwiched between the engines.





maintains shops in Du Bois, and the tenders for the class T-3 engines were all constructed here. The former Buffalo & Susquehanna main line and the remains of the B&S depot are in the eastern part of town. This line is now the Driftwood branch of the B&O. The Pennsylvania's low-grade route from Sinnemahoning to Red Bank is on the north edge of town.

But Falls Creek is the real hub of the area—Falls Creek, the magic name which produces all the East's major trunk lines! Here is the double-track north-south line of the B&O; Erie trains use the same rails. And here is the Pennsylvania's low-grade line, crossing the B&O at right angles. A connection between the two affords the route for NYC freights, which use PRR tracks from this point over to Brookville. There they return to their own iron for the rest of the way to Ash-tabula. PRR's Ridgway branch forks to the north at Falls Creek and parallels (on the opposite bank) the B&O along Wolf Run and Toby Creek to Ridgway.

Easily the most interesting event of the day at Falls Creek occurs each morning shortly after 7, when B&O fast freight 97 roars out of the north and clatters over the Pennsylvania tracks. The sensation is one which you will remember as you make a short side trip westward to Reynoldsville, following the PRR track and also the abandoned road-bed of the old Reynolds & Falls Creek. PRR way freights terminate at Reynoldsville, which has limited locomotive facilities. By continuing a few additional miles to Brookville, you can see the chief shops of the Pittsburgh & Shawmut and the resumption of NYC tracks.

But fascinating though Falls Creek may be, there is still more to see farther north. Both B&O and PRR climb over McMinns summit and then drop into Brockway, another town chock-full of railroad interest. Just before reaching Brockway, the P&S passes overhead on



B&O's QD train 97 is handled by a class EL-1a simple articulated 2-8-8ⁿ originally a true Mallet but converted in 1930 to simple operation. PRR Mikeⁿ readies for a day's work on a way freight. B&O train 51ⁿ at C&M Junction.



a high bridge and makes a sweeping loop into its terminal at Erie Junction, where it maintains engine facilities jointly with the Erie. Between the enginehouse and Brockway is the Erie yard from which trains move north to join B&O tracks at WI Tower, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile above the town. Most of Erie's traffic is above WI Tower; its principal coal mines are in this area.

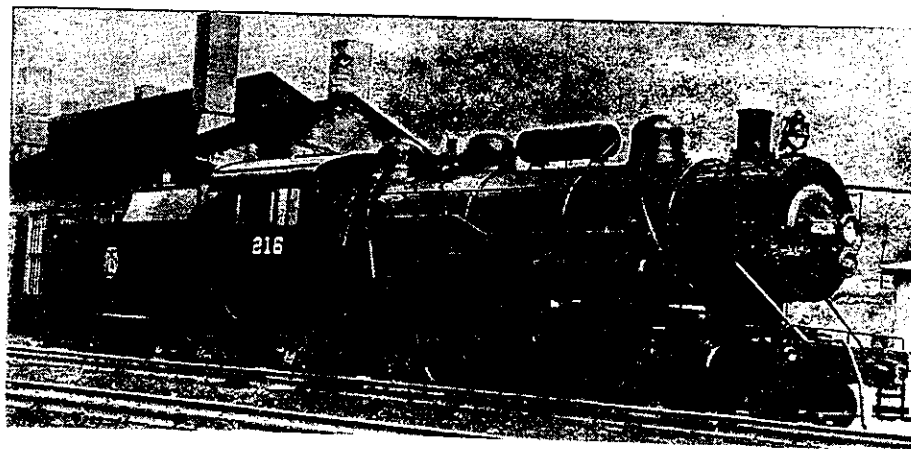
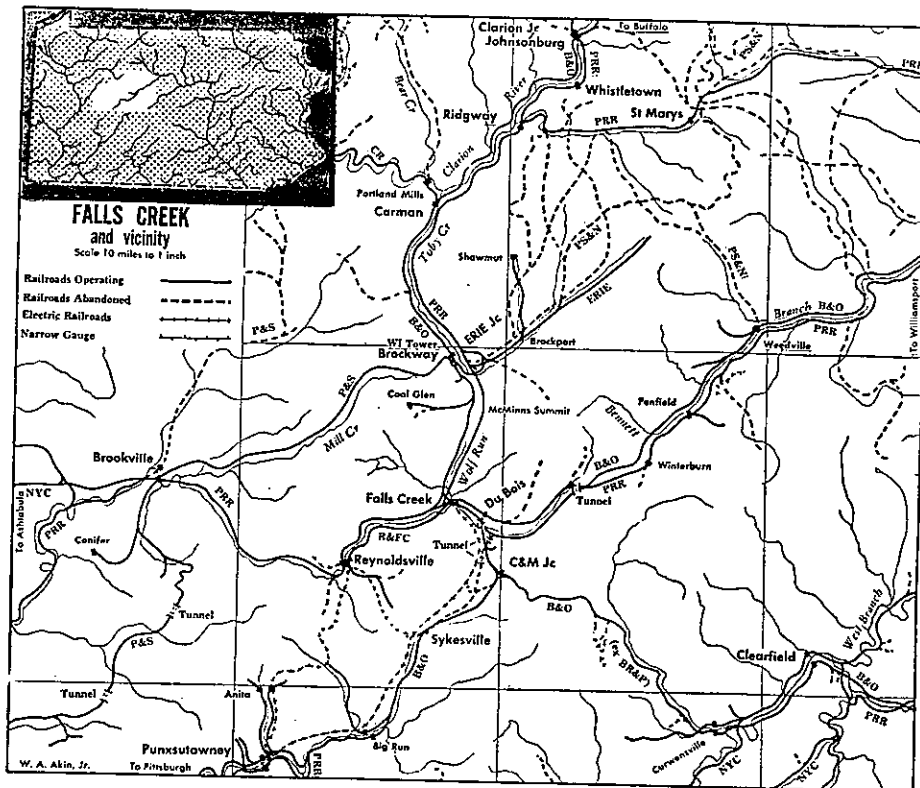
Continuing northward, the next point of interest is Carman, where the B&O interchanges with the 11-mile Clarion River Railway on the bank of the stream which gave the little railroad its name. The CR, now owned by the Susquehanna Chemical Corporation, was originally part of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railway. In days gone by it had an old box car for a depot, but now nothing except the somewhat dilapidated square building of the B&O is left at the junction. The B&O tracks lean on a graceful curve as they cross the river; then they run side by side with the Pennsylvania almost into Ridgway. The river meanders between the high hills.

Ridgway is an active spot. Just as the B&O predominates at Du Bois, and as the Erie predominates at Brockway, here the Pennsylvania is the leader. Its yard and roundhouse feature something moving all the time. Giant Decapods stand ready for pusher service on Kane and St. Marys hills. The B&O's rather majestic depot is across the river.

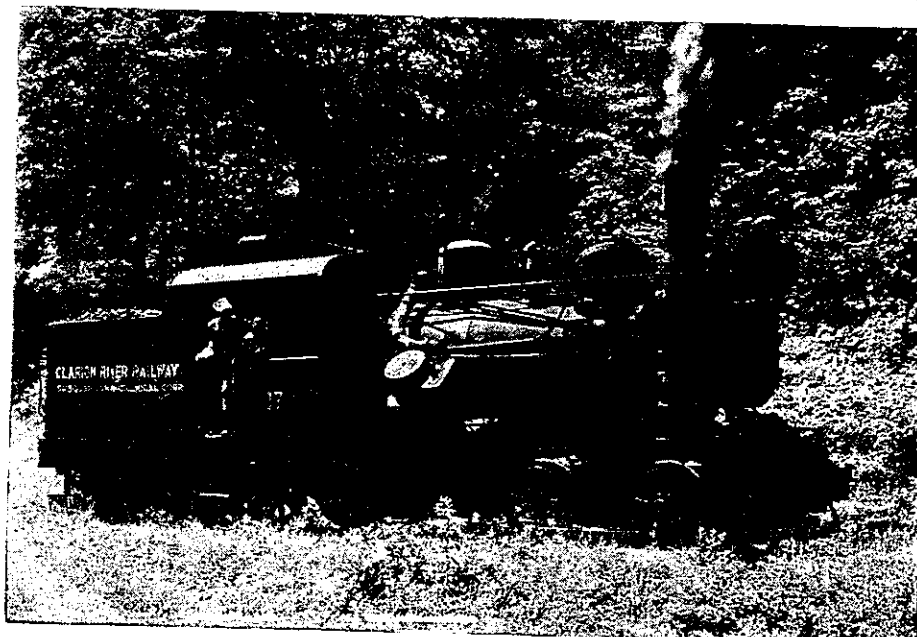
A side trip eastward up the long hill to St. Marys is well worth while. Here you can see where the erstwhile Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern maintained its main shops and roundhouse in the eastern outskirts. The Pennsylvania rolls right through the middle of town.

From Ridgway the B&O and PRR proceed north on opposite sides of the Clarion River, through Whistletown and into Johnsonburg. A mile north of Johnsonburg is Clarion Junction, primarily a helper/station for the B&O and Erie. This is one of the few points where you can see the EE class of B&O Mallets. The Pennsylvania tracks are plainly visible across the river, and the countryside literally seems to vibrate when the 2-10-0 pushers start up the long grade to Kane. B&O and Erie pushers add to the action, and an industrial railroad gives a touch of variety.

Motive power in the Falls Creek area is plentiful and varied. The Pennsylvania uses K-4s Pacifics on passenger trains and Mikados in freight service, an occasional Consolidation here and there, and Decapods for pushers. The Erie uses Mikes in both road and pusher service. New York Central uses its famous Mohawks and Mikados with either type performing helper service, and generally runs one of each at the head end. Baltimore & Ohio uses ex-BR&P locomotives almost exclusively — light KK-4 Mallets for freight service, and giant EE Mallets as helpers. In addition, QD (quick dispatch) trains are handled by EL Mallets or simple articulateds from the main line. Pittsburg & Shawmut uses small Mikados. The Clarion River Railway's Heisler geared locomotive (originally built for 35-inch gauge) is worth traveling many miles to see.

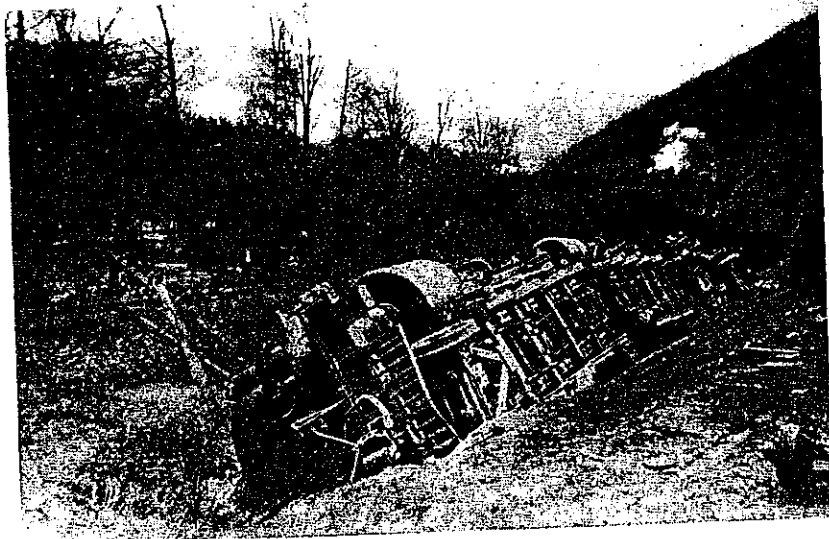


Pittsburg & Shawmut engine 216⁺ looks like new after a trip to the paint shop at Brookville. No. 17⁺ of the Clarion River Railway originally ran on the narrow-gauge Tionesta Valley Railway.



Courtesy Susquehanna Chemical Corporation.

Railroadiana

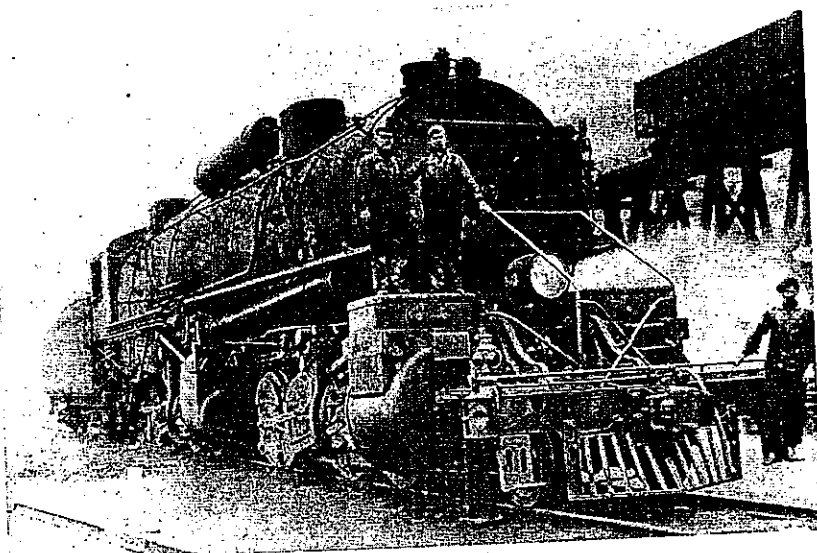


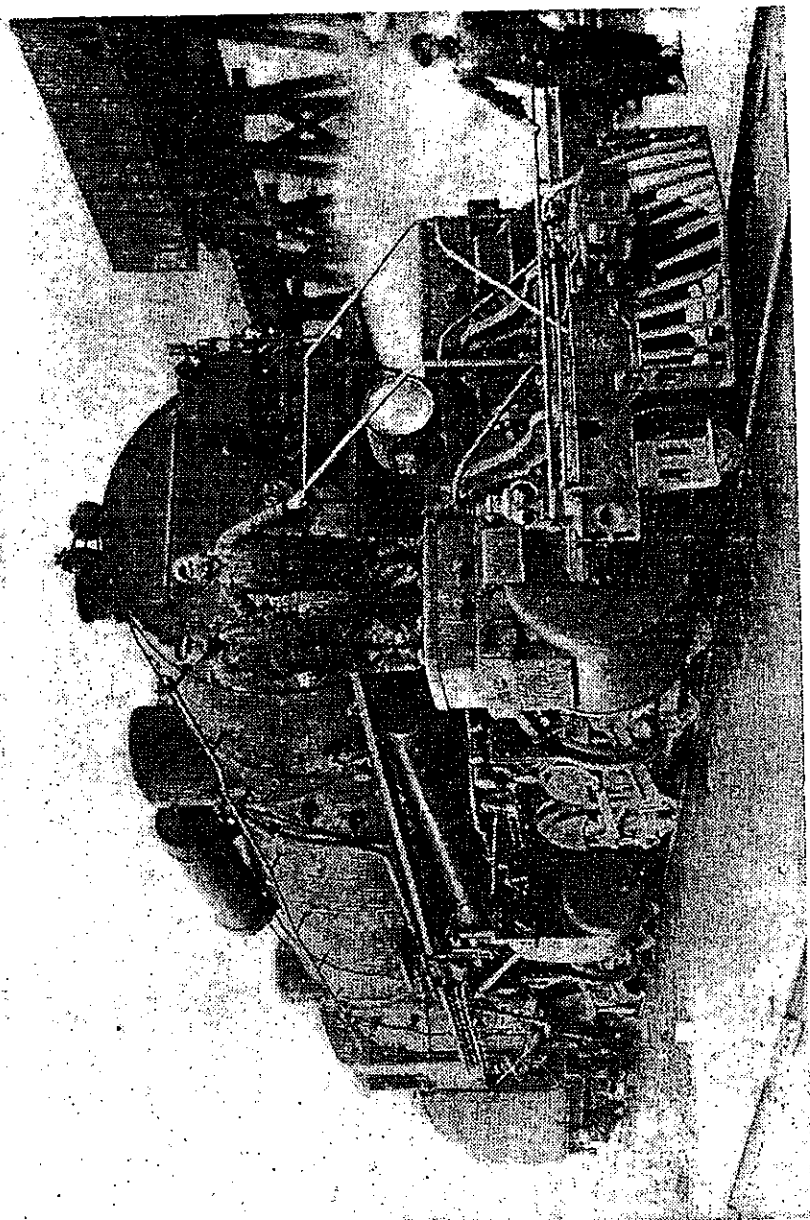
Upsy-daisy!

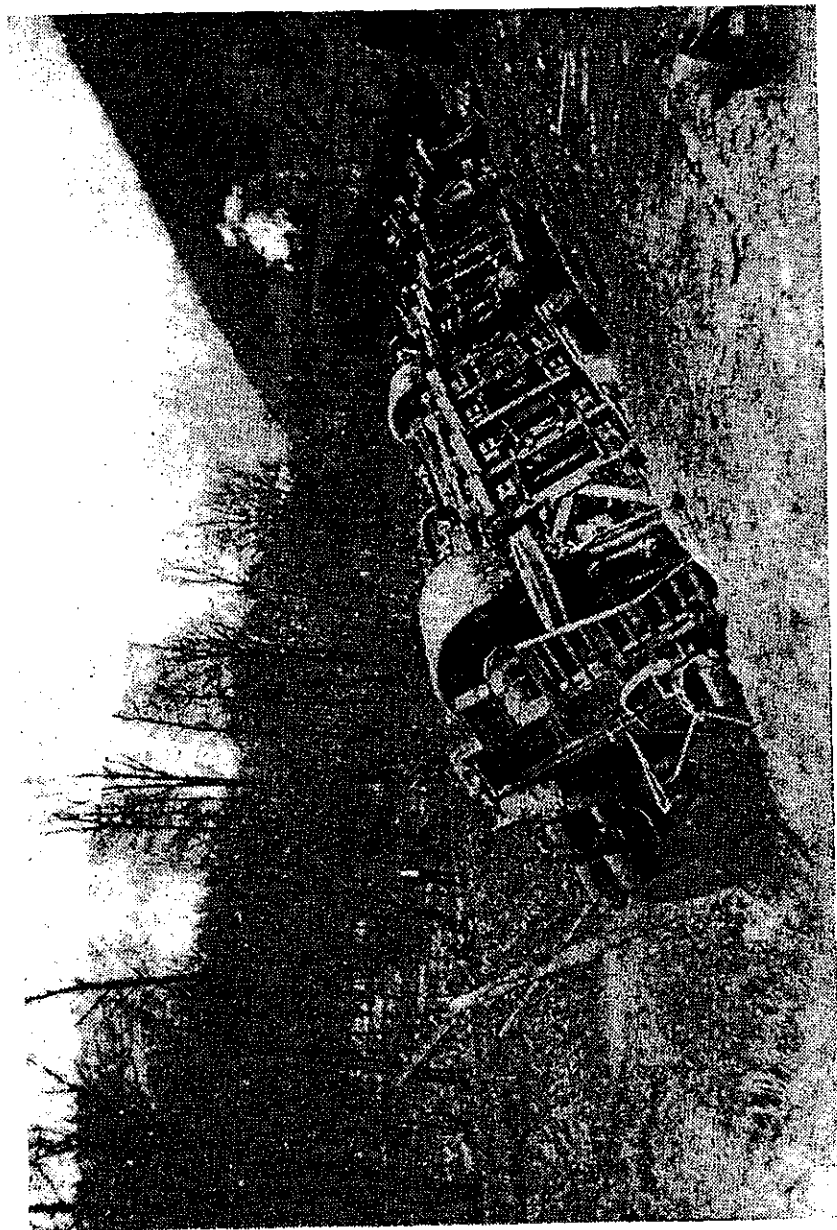
WHAT more pathetic sight could there be in railroading than this: a Mallet compound lying on her side, her 16 low drivers thrust helplessly into the air? Less than a minute before she assumed this undignified position, this 2-8-8-2, No. 801 on the roster of the old Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway, was working her tonnage and minding her own business. Then suddenly a light rail gave way beneath the heavy tramp of her 57-inch drivers, and the Brooks articulated flopped over on her side down the embankment. Here she lies, awaiting the wrecker which is approaching in the distance.

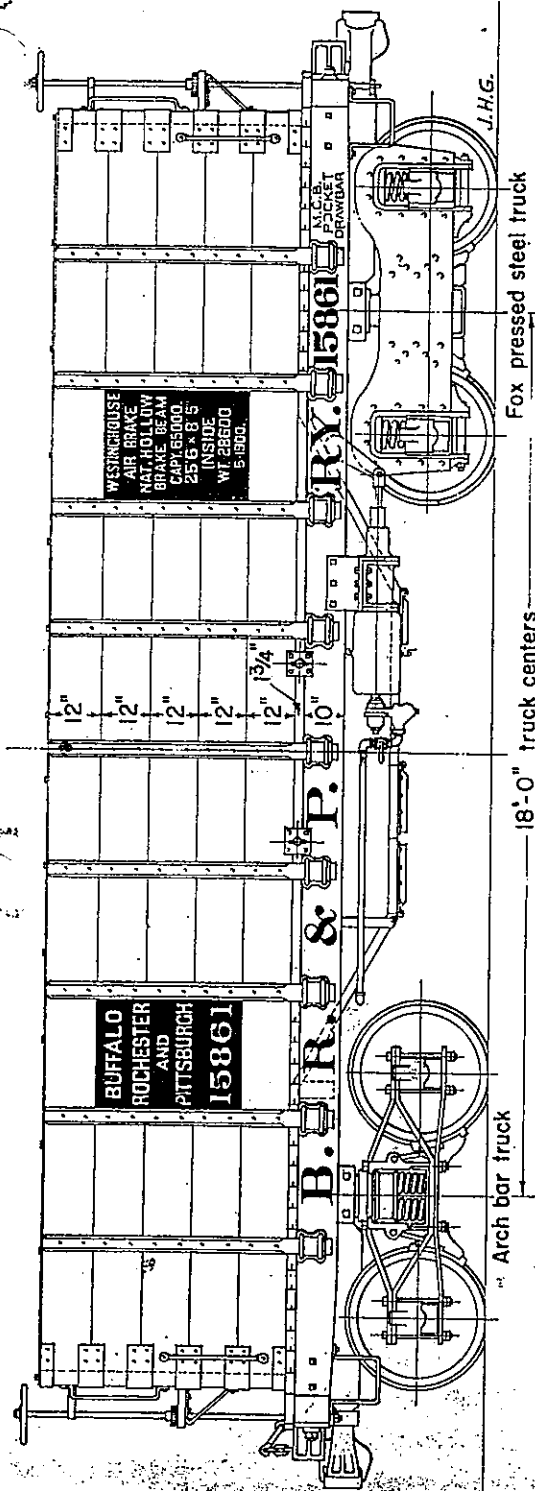
Meantime, of course, bystanders got a most unusual look at an engine — from the bottom up. They saw the complex driver brake rigging, the connection between No. 801's two frames, the details of her pony truck. Until the big hooks pulled her upright, the Mallet was a sad and incapable machine with no steam in her boiler, no fire on her grates, and no adhesion for her wheels.

A happier sight is sister No. 805, pictured below. Both engines were members of class XX on the BR&P and were built in 1918. When the Baltimore & Ohio acquired control of the road in 1929, both engines were reclassified as EE-2's, No. 801 becoming B&O 7317 and No. 805 becoming B&O 7321. And, of course, the light rail that caused the tumble has long since been replaced with heavier steel, and the grass grows green on the embankment near Clarion Junction, Pa., where once a compound Mallet lost her dignity. — D.P.M.



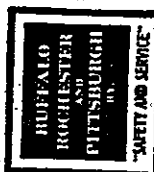




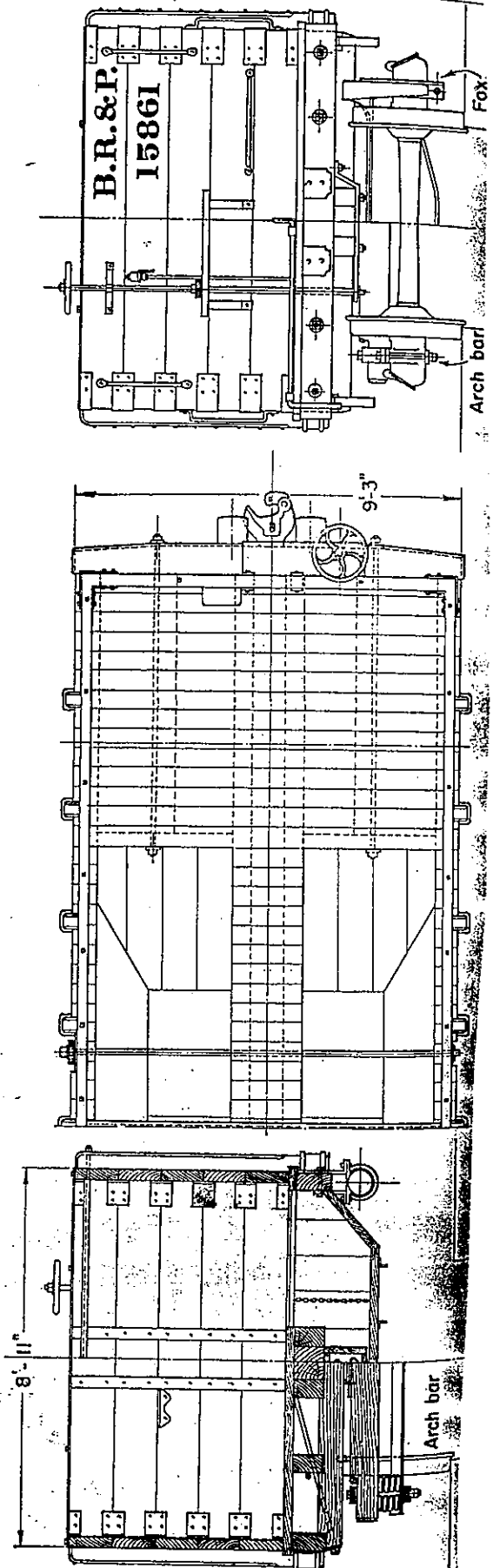


High-Side Wood Gondola

Scale: 1/4" = 1'-0"



This BR&P car would be appropriate in revenue service on an old-time road or on a modern one as a house car at engine terminals for disposal or similar service. Arch Bar and Fox pressed steel trucks are shown. The former can be obtained commercially, but the Fox type will have to be built up. Floor and sides can be clear pine scribed to represent planking. Use tin stock for angle irons, stake pockets.



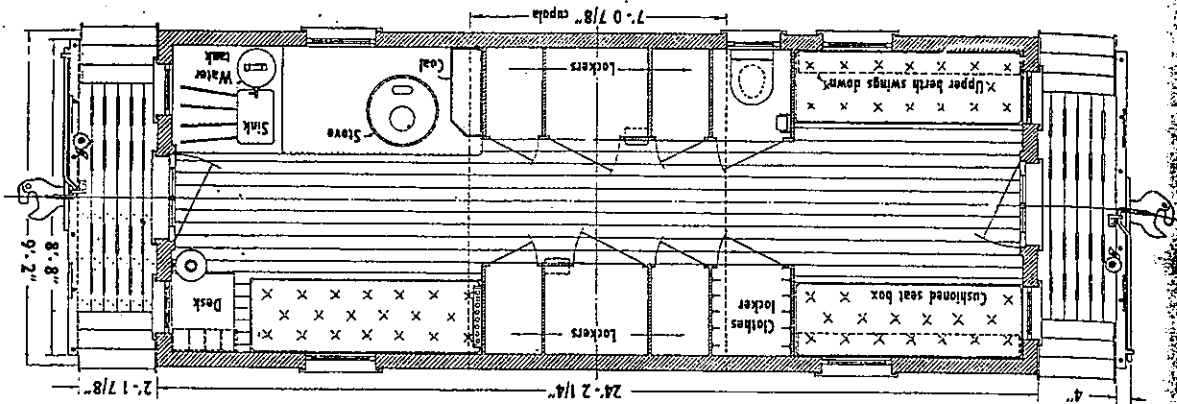
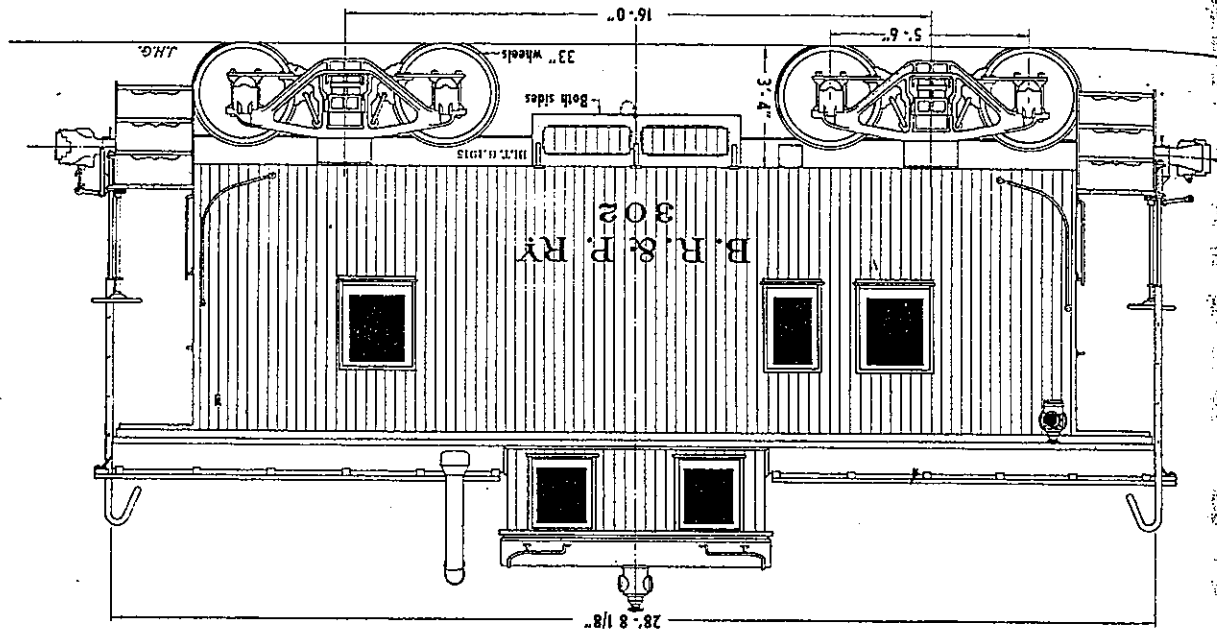
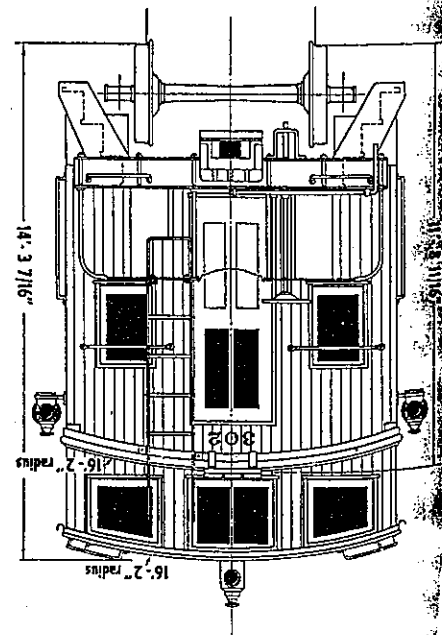
BR&P caboose

A caboose is a natural subject for superdetailing—inside and out—because it invariably draws more spectator attention than any other kind of freight car. And this Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh crummy has a "typical caboose" appearance that should make it appealing from the modeler's point of view. It was built for the Buffalo & Susquehanna (now B&O) and also—with side doors—on the Unadilla Valley. Trucks are Andrews.

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MODEL RAILROADER MAGAZINE BY
J. HAROLD GEISSEL
FROM OFFICIAL RAILROAD BLUEPRINTS

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stated to different scales for any gauge.

Scale: 3/16" = 1'-0"



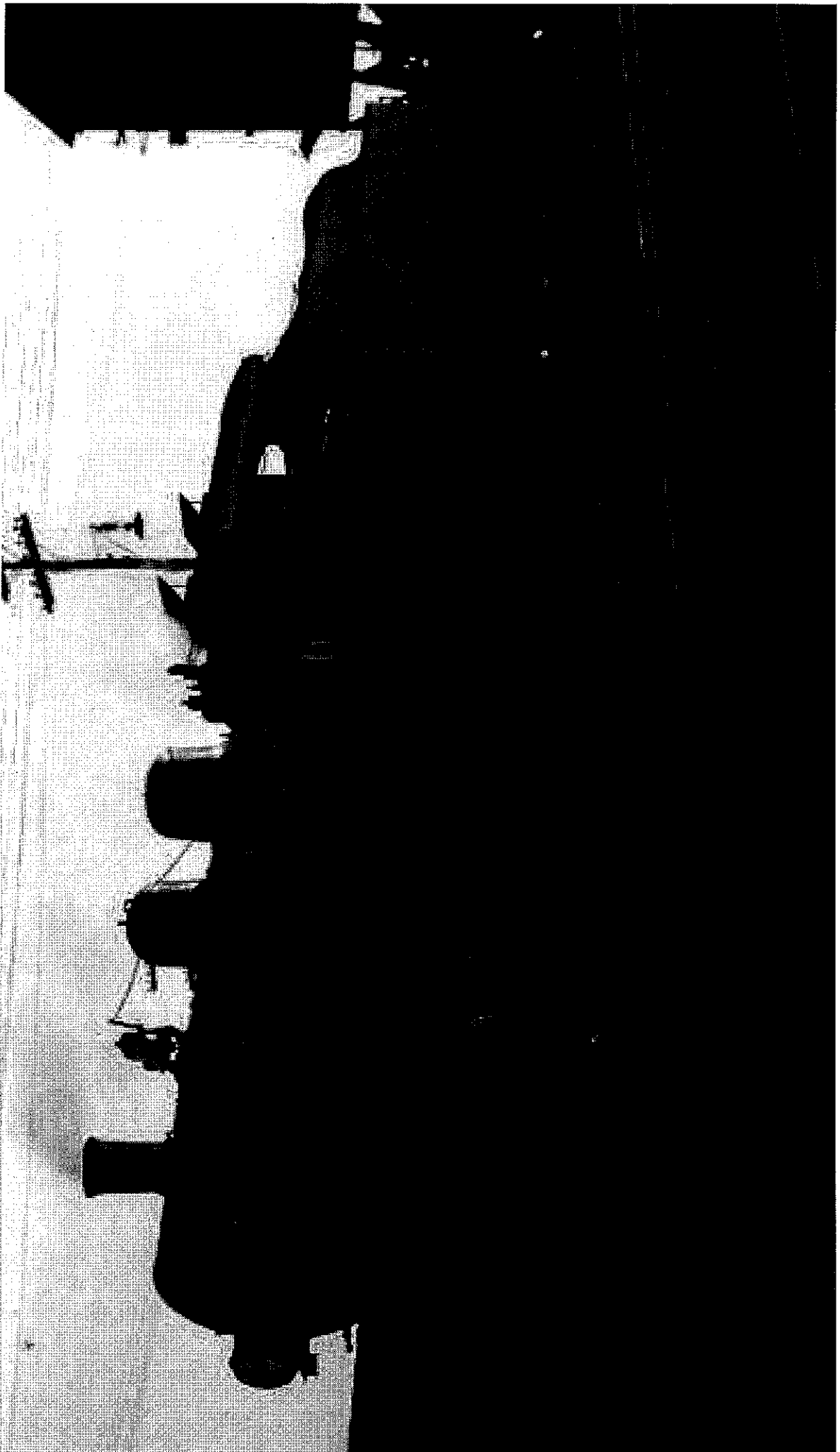
21 B. & O. FREIGHT CARS ARE DERAILED

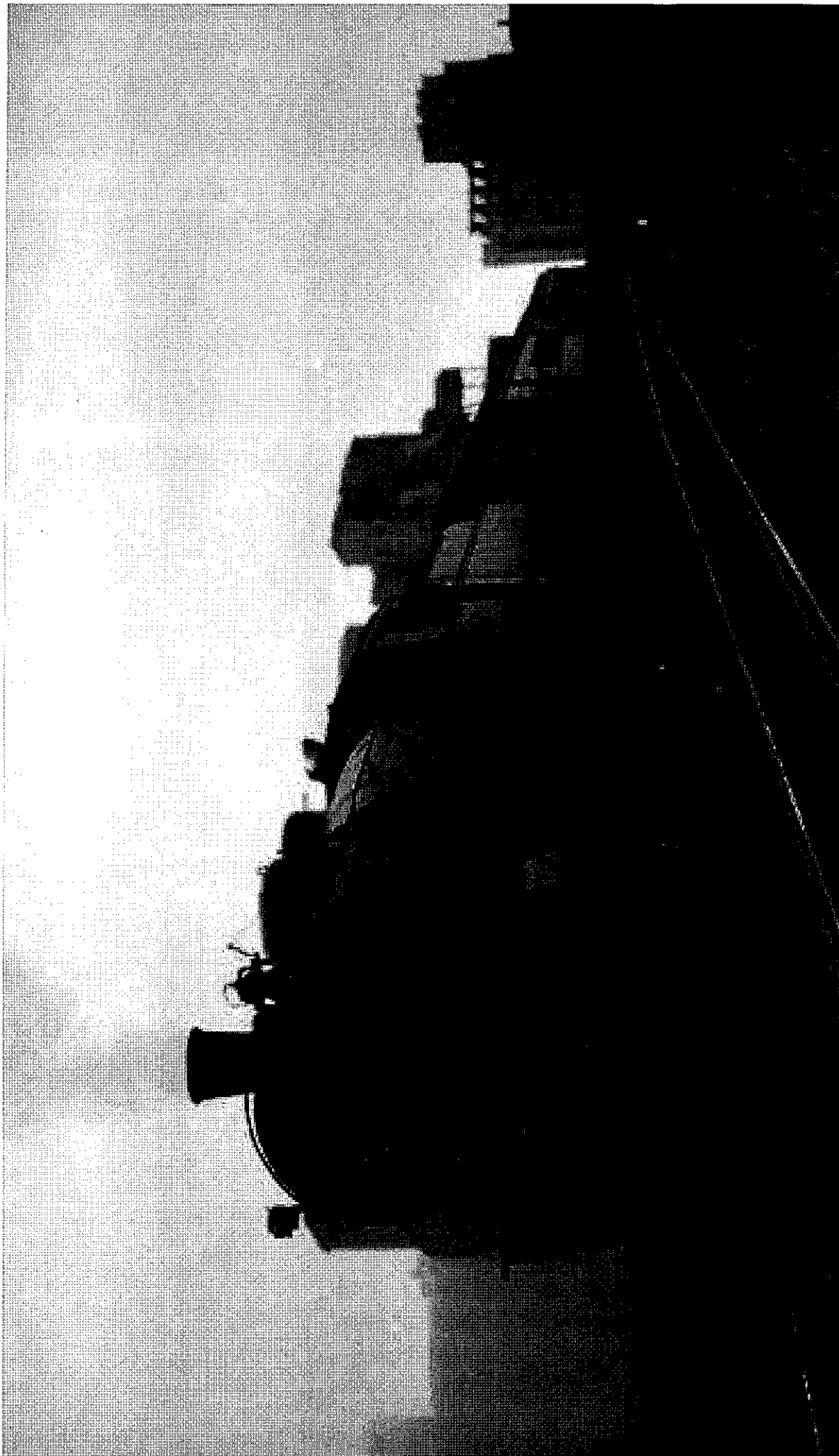
BUFFALO, July 5 (AP). — The chief dispatcher of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad here reported Saturday that 21 cars of a freight train had been derailed outside of Lackawanna, blocking the road's main line.

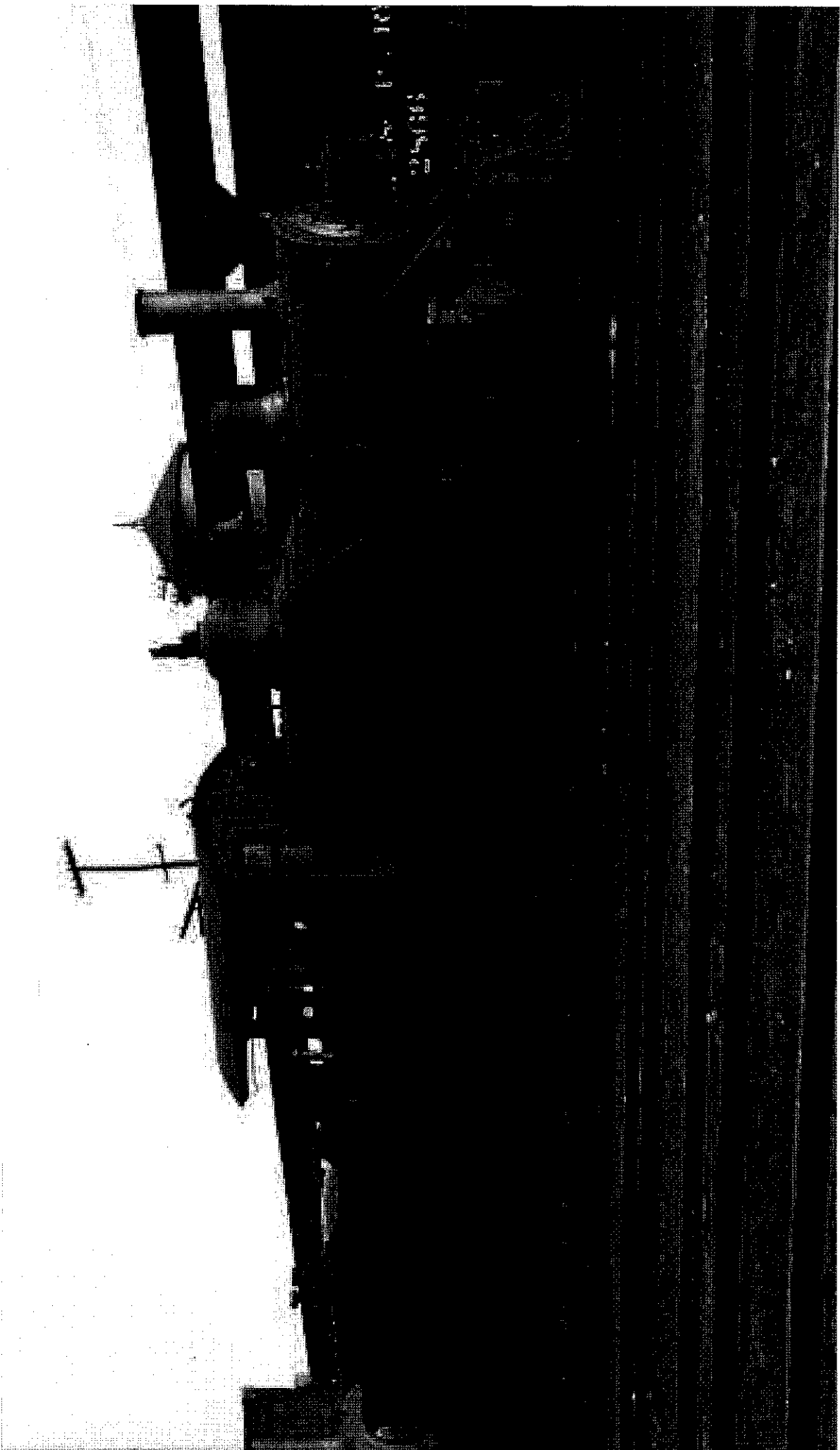
No one was injured, he said, adding that it probably would be "an all-day job" to restore normal traffic.

The cause of the accident, in which the cars left the track but did not overturn, was not determined.

July 5, 1947







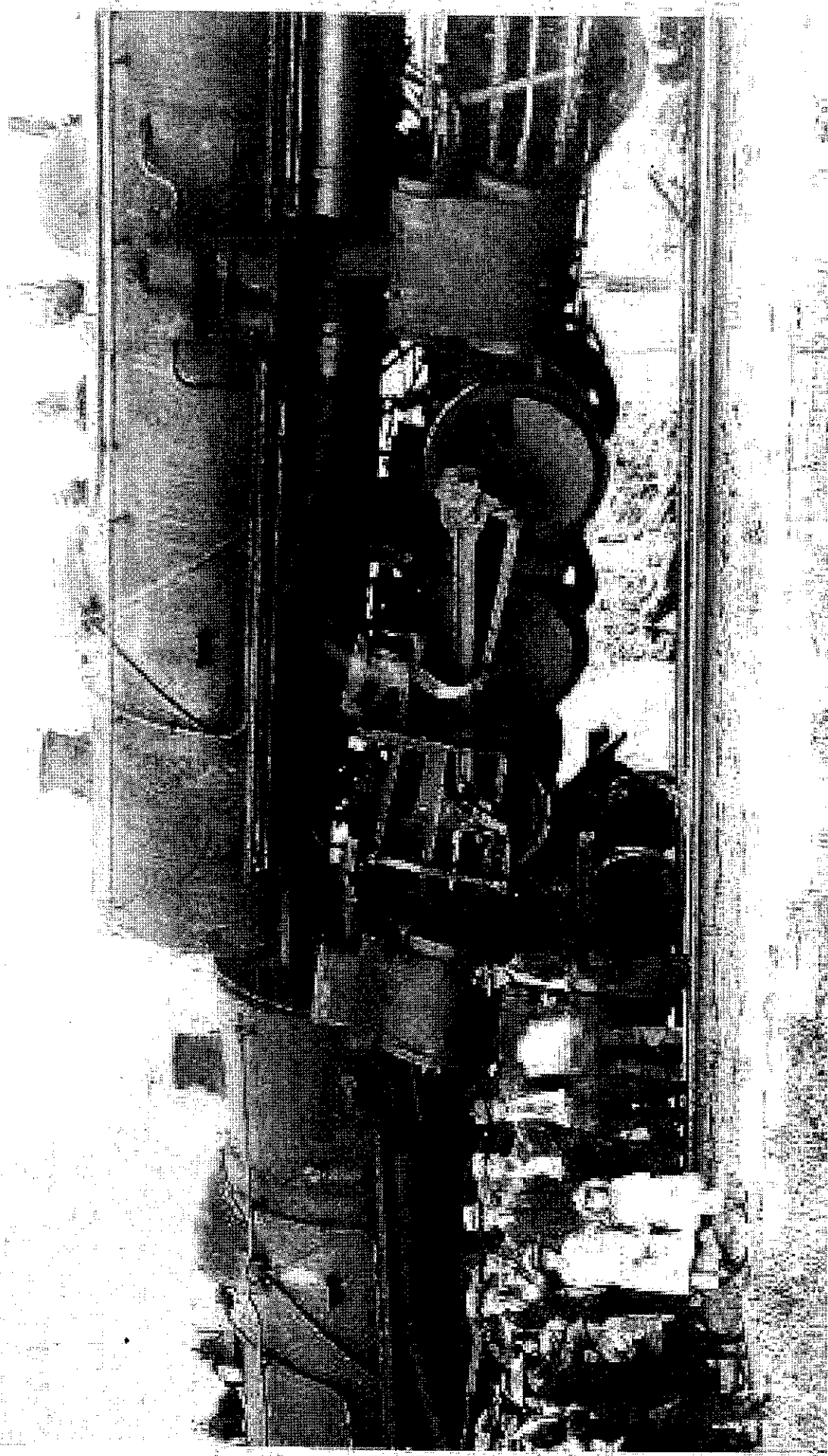




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10

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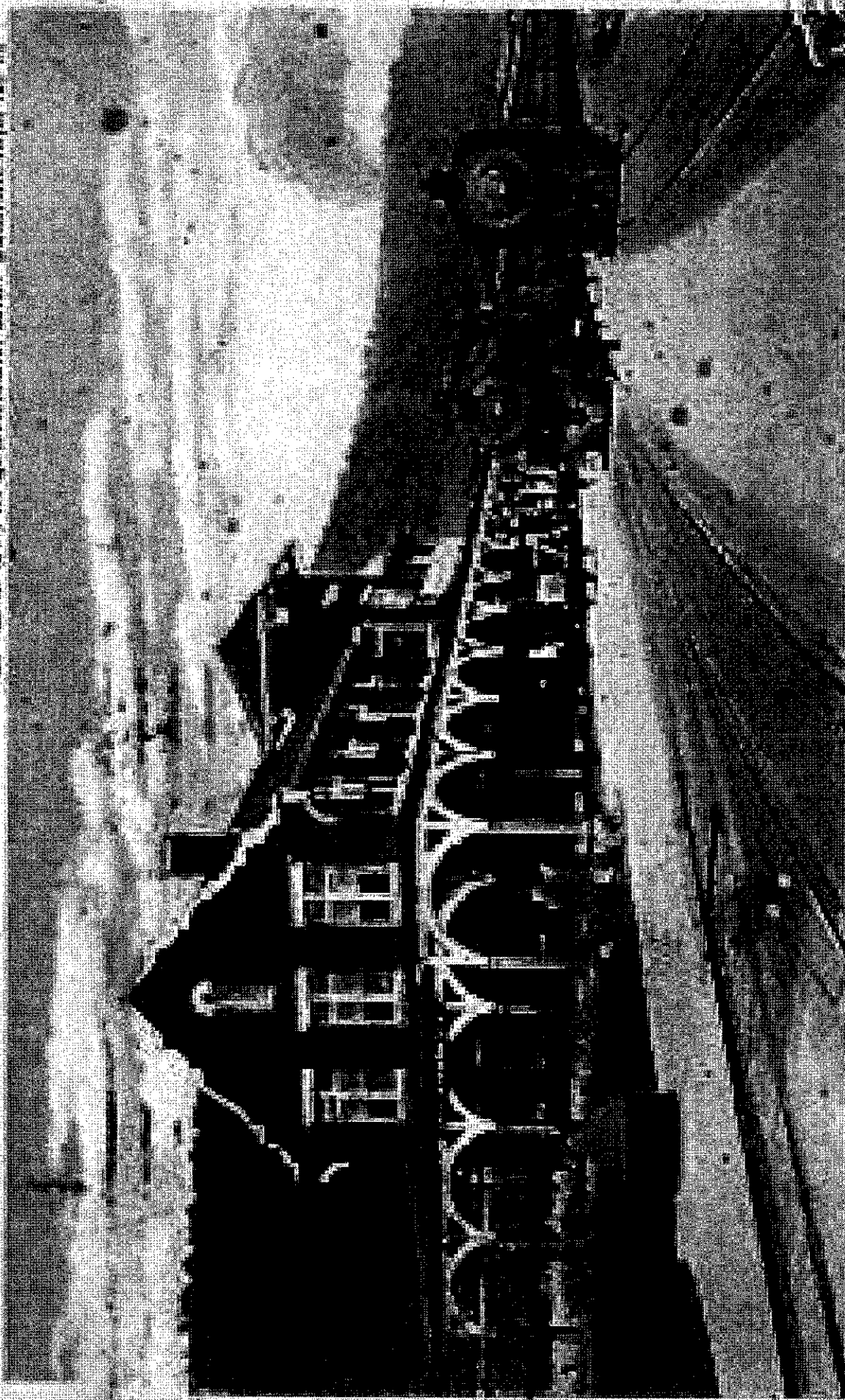
Bradford 9/2/1920



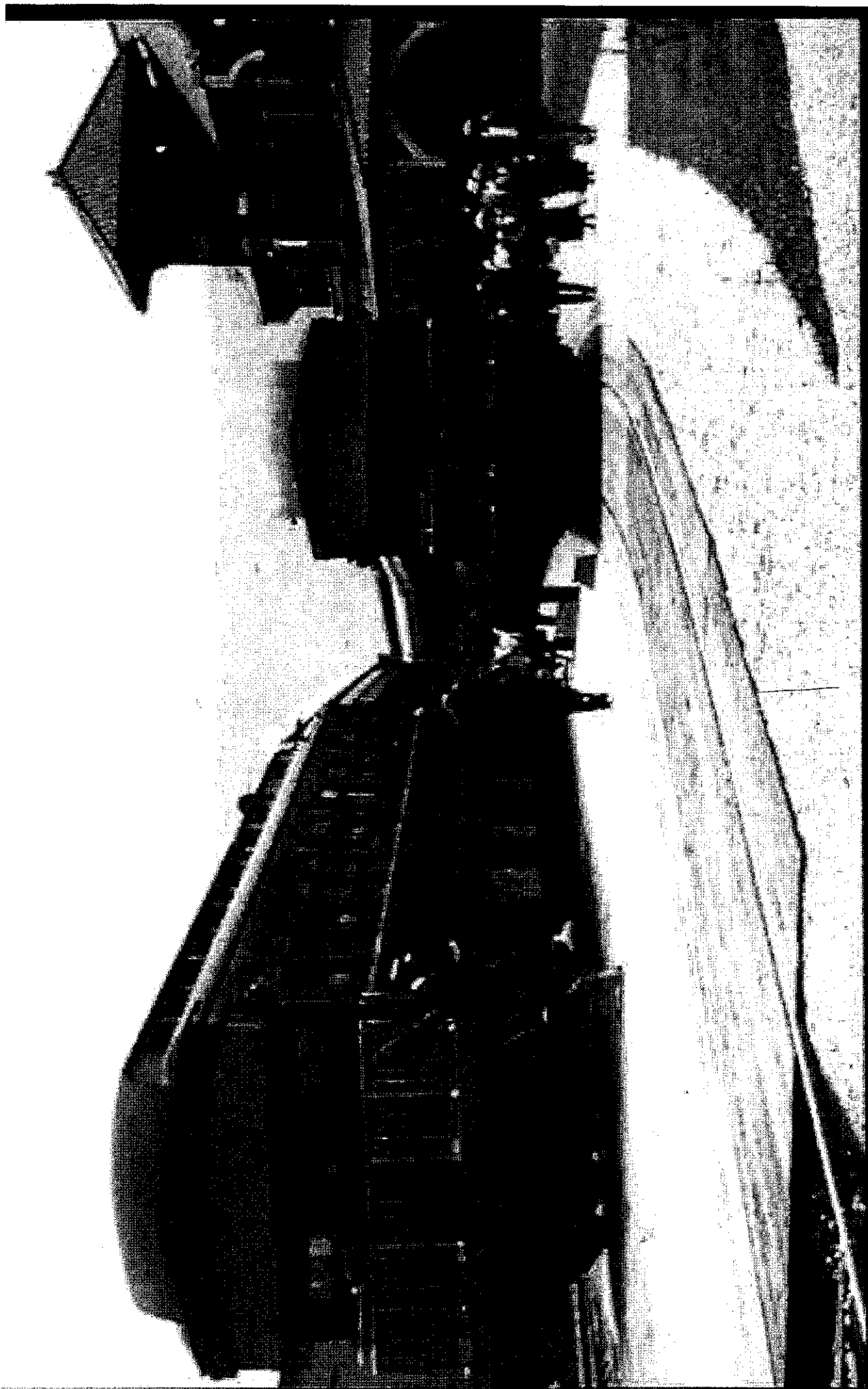
B&O R.R. 7517.

PUNKSUTAWNEY, PA. SEPT 24TH 1935.

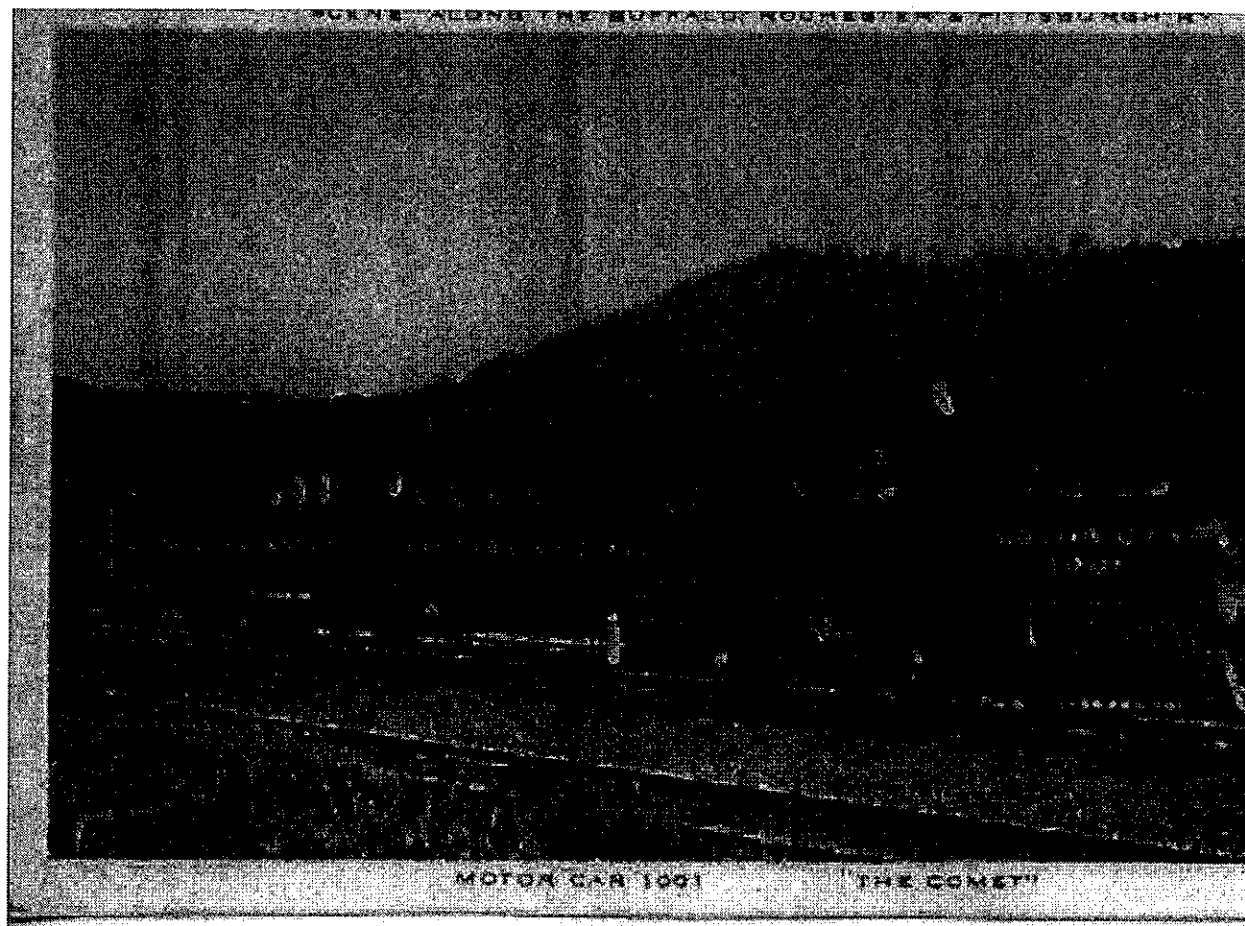
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY, WASHINGTON, D. C.



1919







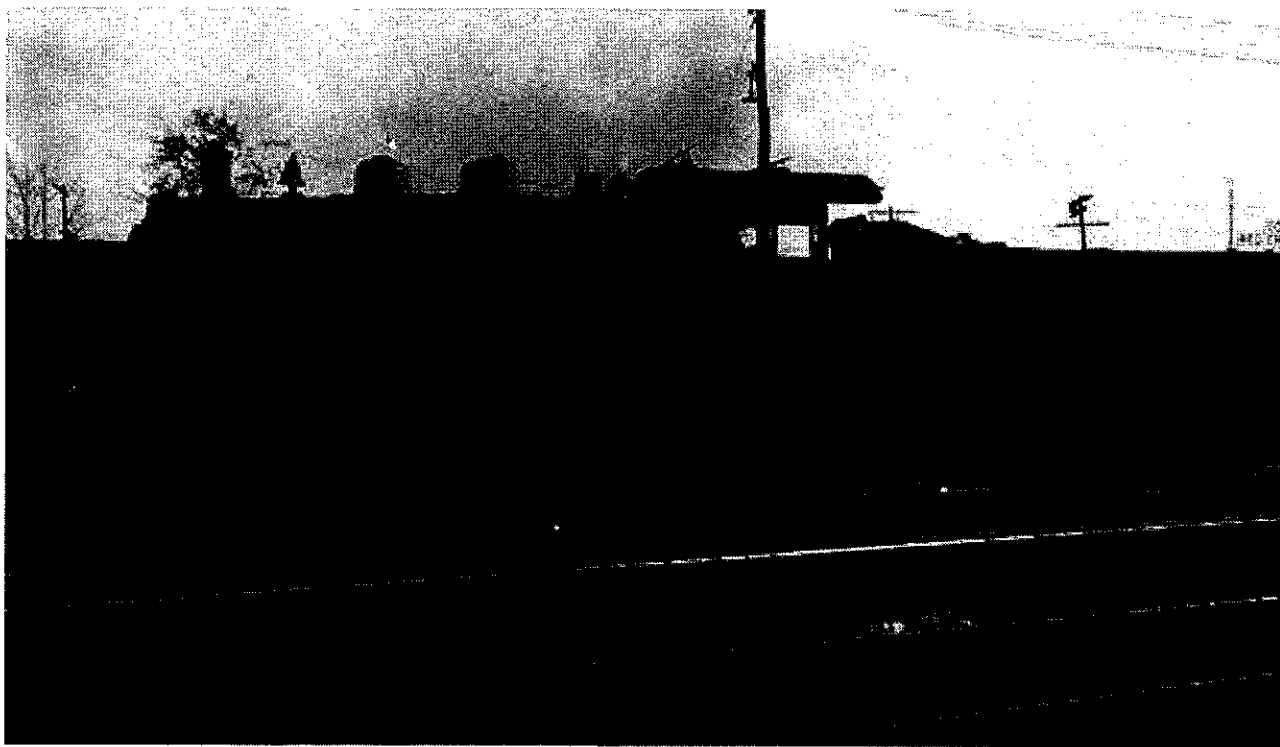


OP

BRoP 165

4-4-2

OP 2772



OP



OP

4-6-0 176

Otto Perry Collection
Denver Public Library

OP 273



BRAP 144
OP 2771 OP



164 OP 281
1919



OP
BRP 1554
066
OP 2769



OP

OP 2770
442



OP

Roster of B&O (ex BR&P) Series I-10 Cabooses

This is list of Baltimore & Ohio Railroad I-10 cabooses, which were originally from the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway.

2 Nov. '96

B&O C2600 SERIES I-10 CABOOSSES (ex-BR&P)

BR&P	B&O	C&O	B&O	Preserved at:
150	C2600	-----	-----	Dismantled, 1/5/62, DuBois, PA
250	C2601	90368	90368	
251	C2602	-----	-----	
252	C2603	-----	-----	3637 Rochester Road, Lakeville, NY
253	C2604	90363	90363	Unusual Junction, US 36, Coshocton, OH
254	C2605	-----	-----	
255	C2606	-----	-----	
256	C2607	-----	-----	
257	C2608	-----	-----	
258	C2609	90369	90369	NYC Depot, East Dayton Street, Lewisburg, OH
259	C2610	-----	-----	
260	-----	Retired	pre-B&O	Wrecked, March 1935
261	-----	Retired	pre-B&O	Wrecked, 10/25/33, Smicksburg, PA
262	C2613	90364	90364	Unusual Junction, US 36, Coshocton, OH
263	C2614	-----	-----	Burned, 8/20/53, Buffalo Creek, NY
264	C2615	-----	-----	Youth Detention Farm, Chillicothe, OH
265	C2616	90362	-----	
266	C2617	90366	90366	
267	C2618	-----	-----	5 miles north, Sinnemahoning, PA
268	C2619	-----	-----	sold to Goodman Bros. Scrap, resold to?
269	C2620	-----	-----	as C&PA C2620, John Rigas, Rt 49, Colesburg, PA
270	C2621	-----	-----	Don Brown, 280 Maple Avenue, Victor, NY
271	-----	Retired	pre-B&O	Wrecked, 3/7/32, Warsaw, NY
272	C2623	-----	-----	Little River Railroad, White Pigeon, MI
273	C2624	-----	-----	
274	C2625	-----	-----	poor condition, Burgoon, OH
275	C2626	-----	-----	
276	C2627	-----	-----	Ronald Allen, Carson City, NV
277	C2628	-----	-----	Destroyed, 1953
278	C2629	-----	-----	Canton & East 29th Streets, Lorain, OH
279	C2630	-----	-----	Little River Railroad, White Pigeon, MI
280	C2631	-----	-----	<u>R&GV Railroad Museum, Rt 251, Industry, NY</u>
281	C2632	-----	-----	
282	C2633	-----	-----	Wrecked, 4/22/50, Punxsutawney, PA
283	C2634	-----	-----	Freight House, Orchard Park, NY
284	C2635	90365	90365	
285	C2636	90367	90367	
286	C2637	90361	-----	
287	C2638	-----	-----	Park, southeast of GE plant, Reading, OH
288	C2639	-----	-----	

289	C2640	-----	-----	Rt 19, 1.5 miles south of Rt 17, Belmont, NY
290	C2641	-----	-----	
291	C2642	90370	90370	
292	C2643	-----	-----	Wrecked, 10/26/46, Lincoln Park, NY
293	C2644	-----	-----	
294	C2645	-----	-----	Cool Springs Park, east of Grafton, WV
295	C2646	-----	-----	Carillon Park, Dayton, OH
296	C2647	-----	-----	Park, Williams Grove, PA
297	-----	Retired pre-B&O		Wrecked, 12/21/33
298	C2649	-----	-----	
299	C2650	90357	-----	
300	C2651	-----	-----	
301	C2652	-----	-----	
302	C2653	90358	-----	Greenup, KY, then scrap? (or 2663?)
303	C2654	-----	-----	Gaines, PA
304	C2655	-----	-----	south of town, US 322, DuBois, PA
305	C2656	-----	-----	Backside of Nowhere, Honey Grove, TX
306	C2657	-----	-----	
307	C2658	-----	-----	very poor condition, Griffiths/Kanesholm, PA
308	C2659	-----	-----	
309	C2660	90360	-----	
310	C2661	-----	-----	
311	C2662	-----	-----	
312	C2663	90359	-----	see entry for 2653
313	C2664	-----	-----	
314	C2665	-----	-----	1260 Broad Street, Brockway, PA
	C26??			Old Grade Road, Lanes Mills, PA
	C26??			Willard Yard shed, OH, then scrap?

Reference

- **Hubler, Robert.** 1994. *Cabooses of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad*: Baltimore, MD, Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Historical Society, 176 pages.

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AND
PITTSBURGH
RAILWAY
DIARY

C. H. RIFF