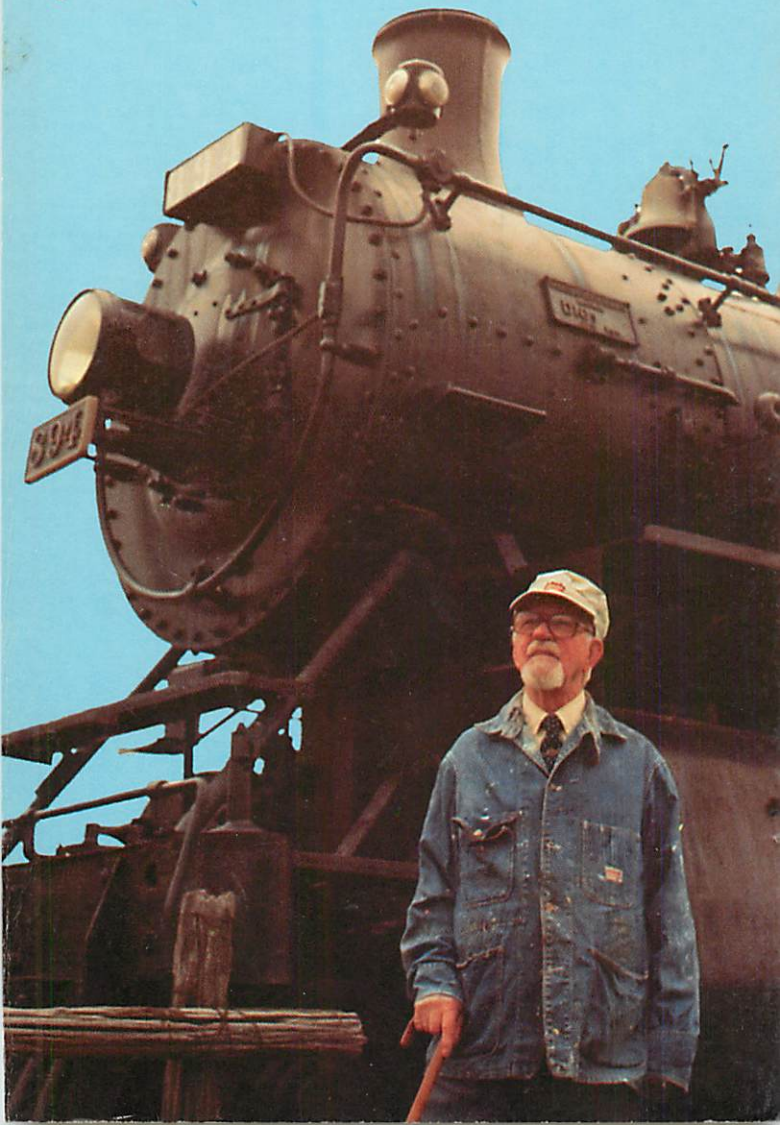
I Remember

by Herbert Stitt



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INTRODUCTION

The most remarkable aspect of *I Remember* is that the author is eighty-six years old, had only three years of formal education, and wrote the book entirely on his own. The text is unedited, exclusively in the author's own words.

In these latter years of the Welfare State with its human and civil "rights" *ad nauseum*, it is refreshing to read about loyalty, respect, and responsibility. Men like Herbert Stitt, through their sweat and dedication to responsibility, won freedom for the whole of society to demand independent choice.

There is an important and profound lesson to be learned from this short autobiography: just as Good has meaning only when it is relative to Evil, so there are no Human Rights without an equal degree of Responsibility.

Herbert Stitt is living proof of tried and true values. Eighty-six years of the Canadian way of living during a period of revolutionary changes in morals, attitudes, and beliefs make his story worth telling.

This autobiography spans the period from the hungry 1890's through the desperate privations of the Great War and the sweat shops of the '20's, up to the present time. Human values changed during this period like never before in history. Workingmen of this time exhibited great dignity in their pride of workmanship and respect for their source of daily bread. Respect came before Privilege, and Responsibility came before Rights. Times were hard and lessons were learned well. This was the backbone of Canada, a reflection of Canadian values, and the source that made Canada strong.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I wish to thank my daughter-in-law Patricia Stitt, my niece Patricia Auld, and my good friend and neighbour Norma McNicol for their great help in typing the original manuscript. Without their help, the task would have been so much greater.

I also wish to thank Ross Wilson of Guelph, Ontario for his help and guidance; and Cherie Finucan of Brantford, Ontario for typing the final manuscript.

Herbert Stitt
Toronto, December, 1983

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by Herbert Stitt

C.P.R. Engineer, (Retired)
October 1915 to September 1962

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Cover Photo: Taken by John McBain, of the author and the C.P.R. locomotive #894, at Doon Pioneer Village, Kitchener, Ontario.

The author, Herbert Stitt, looks through the window of a small gatekeeper's shack, which is no doubt familiar to many Torontonians. At one time, it was thirty feet in the air, located on John Street just between King and Front Streets. The gatekeeper raised and lowered the crossing gates for local traffic. Each of the men on the morning and afternoon shifts had lost an arm in the First World War. And the man on the third shift was a retired City of Toronto Fire Department Captain.

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my dear friend Elizabeth A. Willmot the author of the two books, "Meet Me at the Station", and "Faces and Places Along the Railway".

Her help in getting me started on the book and her valuable assistance and advice during its progress has helped me to bring it to its final conclusion.

Herbert Stitt
August 1982

THE TIE UP

No more will I pull the throttle,
No more will I set the air,
No more will I pull the whistle cord
And listen to the blare.

Never again will I brace myself
As I feel the engines' swerve,
Never again will I hold her up
As she rocks around the curve.

The little kids who waved at me
And the towns that thundered past
Are lost to me, for Father Time
Has taken his toll at last.

Those long, dark nights, those eerie dawns,
The smoke stacks roaring blast,
Those peaceful farms that drifted by
Are a part of the distant past.

When looking back in retrospect
There will come to me the thrills
That I felt when she thundered
Through some sag,
Or laboured up the hills.

I have lived my life; there are no regrets.
I have no cause to grieve,
But the fellowship of all my friends
Is the thing that is hard to leave.

I leave them now with kindly thoughts
As I finish this last run,
But with all the grief and hardship,
It's been a lot of fun.

Author Unknown

THE EARLY YEARS

This is a story about a boy of eight years old who, upon seeing for the first time, a steam locomotive standing at the head of a train of cream coloured passenger cars, decided that when he grew up he would drive a locomotive like that one. It was a beautiful green painted engine with brass bands around its boiler and steam was hissing from different parts of its boiler.

My Mother had taken me to the station to catch the train for Belfast. We lived at the time in the town of Sligo in the west of Ireland. My Father was a music teacher and used to teach the organ, piano and violin. He would start out in the morning on his bicycle and attend to his pupils in the country first, then the ones in the town, arriving home at seven or eight o'clock at night. At the time he was doing this, 1905, his earnings were not very high. I was one of twelve children, so it kept my father busy trying to feed and clothe such a large brood. I have often wondered how my dear mother managed. We very often went hungry in those days, but somehow she was able to keep us alive.

In 1906 my father decided to go to Toronto where he established a home for his family who joined him in May 1907. We had moved at this time to Belfast and my mother supplemented the money she received from my father by sewing buttons on men's shirts that were delivered to her each day; stacks and stacks of shirts; she never got to bed before eleven o'clock at night. The few shillings she earned from this slave labour kept us going till we left for Canada.

I remember more mealtimes than meals. As children in Ireland we spent many hours in search of food—sometimes in the garbage bins, sometimes at the seashore, where we ate raw shellfish. A typical breakfast was a slice of bread and jam. No butter. How we lived I don't know, we

just did. For lunch the same thing, and for supper another slice of bread and jam.

We left Belfast one evening in May 1907 and sailed on a small ocean liner called Sicilian of the Allan Line. There were ten of us, as my sister Elizabeth had died quite young in 1904. My sister Gladys was five months old at the time and in very delicate health. When we got on board ship Mother told the ship's doctor that our doctor in Belfast had told her that her baby would never reach Canada alive. "Don't you believe it, dear," the ship's doctor told her. A huge man with a full beard and who was reputed to be very fond of the bottle. "I will bring the child to Canada alive and well." He kept his word too, for the formula he put the baby on worked wonders in a few days and when we arrived in Quebec two weeks later she had gained weight and was quite healthy.

But getting back to our arrival on board the huge liner. When we kids saw the food on the long tables one of us said to Mother, "Can we eat as much as we want to?" With tears in her eyes she said, "Yes indeed my dears, eat as much as you want." She was so happy to know that her children would not be hungry anymore, at least as long as the voyage lasted. We children never missed a meal the whole time we were on the ship. We were too busy eating to get seasick. My oldest brother, William, who had served six years in the British Navy was a tower of strength to us all, and my oldest sister Lily was a great help to my mother too. I was only nine and a half years old then, but I will always remember the two days we were stopped in mid-ocean due to a terrible storm. The ship rolled and pitched all that time and the waves were so high that we were all terrified and were not allowed on deck. My brother showed us all what a sailor he was by calming us all and telling us that he had seen worse storms than this one.

In those days they didn't have stabilizers on board. The old ship lurched like it was going to roll right over. It lasted two days. We were scared, everyone of us; but my brother William who had been sailing, said, "This is nothing, I've been in worse than this. Don't worry about it." He was very

good. I remember that they wouldn't allow anybody on the deck. He attempted to go up one day, and a sailor tried to stop him. He said, "Have you ever been on a torpedo boat destroyer in weather like this?" The sailor shook his head. My brother said, "Well, I have!" He pushed his way past him and went up.

After our two weeks' voyage we landed at Quebec and boarded a long immigrant train that took us to Toronto. I remember there was an engine at the head of the train and one at the tail-end. When we arrived in Toronto at the old Union Station, my father was there to meet us and took us to the house on Pears Avenue where he had a table loaded with food. Pears Avenue runs off Avenue Road one block north of Davenport, and back to the old Gardener Park—that used to be a garbage dump. The house on Pears Avenue is still standing and I often stop a few moments to look at it and think back to the time we entered it on that May night seventy-seven years ago.

My five older brothers soon found jobs, so did my sister Lily. My father secured a position as organist in a church on Lippincot Street, and soon had a few pupils to teach. Two of my younger brothers and myself went to Jesse Ketchum School. My parents moved a few times in Toronto, the last time to a large house on the north-west corner of Spadina Road and Dupont Street. This house has since been demolished. The C.P.R. tracks ran past the back of the house and I spent many an hour looking out of the bedroom window at the passing trains, little dreaming that in a few years I would be driving many of these same engines.

My father at this time was organist and choirmaster of St. John's Garrison Church on Portland Street. His seven sons were in the choir and mother was on the contralto soloists. We had to be at choir practice on Friday nights and at two services on Sundays and Sunday school. The Rector was, at this time, the Reverend Canon Williams and his curate the Reverend Mr. Costigan. The church was always full at both services and at Christmas and Easter. I remember Tom Longboat, the famous marathon runner

being married in this church. My father played the wedding march and I pumped the organ.

The regular soldiers from Stanley Barracks attended this church, hence the name Garrison. Those days were happy ones for our family. We all enjoyed singing in this seventy-voice choir, and at home we always had a sing-song around the piano or organ, mother being an excellent pianist.

The old church was demolished several years ago, but I believe the former Parish Hall is still standing and is now a factory.

In the fall of 1910 we moved to Smiths Falls, my father having accepted a position as organist and choirmaster in the Anglican Church there. Four boys and two girls went with our parents and the rest of the family stayed in Toronto, as they had good jobs and did not wish to give them up. This was really the beginning of my railway career as I will explain later.

My two younger brothers and myself went to school in Smiths Falls, and father soon had plenty of pupils to teach. My brother Fred got a job at Frost & Woods, the well-known farm implement people. We were all very happy in our new environment; sleighing in the winter and skating, and lots of fishing and swimming in the summer. As I have said this is where my real career of railroading began, because in the winter when other kids were out skating or sleighing I would be over at the C.P.R. roundhouse where about ten or more engines would be standing on storage tracks, dead, with canvas tied over their smoke stacks. I would climb up on one and sit on the ice cold engineer's seat and grasp the ice cold throttle and put my head out of the window and travel scores of miles in my imagination, glancing occasionally at my imaginary fireman and telling him to "keep her hot son" . . . "we want to go in on time". I would be really enjoying myself all this time until I realized I was nearly frozen. I would then climb down and run home to a devoted mother who always knew by the dirt and grease on my face that I had had a very successful trip.

After a year in Smiths Falls, we moved to Carleton Place where my father became organist and choirmaster of the

Anglican Church. The organ bellows in this church was so large, it took two of us to pump it. Those pipe organs were hogs on air, especially if they were played full chord. This was the end of brother Harold's and my schooling. We were both in junior second which, I believe, is Grade Three now. We both got jobs in the brickyard which paid 50 cents for a 10-hour day. I was now thirteen and a half years old and Harold was twelve and a half years old. I sat on a huge table that moved around to the man moulding the bricks from raw clay. I provided him with the platters on which the raw bricks were trolleyed into the kiln. It wasn't heavy work, and paid five cents an hour — from seven A.M. until six at night. We worked all that summer and when the brickyard closed down for the winter we both got jobs in the Bates & Innes Woollen Mills for the same pay and same hours.

Like most mills of the time, it was run by water power. Harold was on one side of the river and I was on the other. They made underwear in my section. During the war they were very busy making blankets and underwear for the soldiers. The best blankets and underwear at that time were all made of wool. My job was cutting teasels and gluing them onto spindles for the teasing machines. Teasels were prickly plant burrs used to "tease" or fluff up the nap on felt. The 100 foot long felt we made went to the paper mills.

Carleton Place is a lovely town near Ottawa and the C.P.R. had an erecting shop there where locomotives were sent for needed repairs. Needless to say, that's where I could be found on my free days watching the huge overhead crane moving engine boilers or driving wheels from one end of the shop to the other. I knew a few of the boilermakers and fitters through their being in the choir. Roy Brown the man who shot down Baron Von Richstofen, The Red Baron in the First World War, was in the choir when we were there.

Our family moved back to Toronto in the fall of 1912 and joined the rest of the family. All the boys had good jobs and I got a job in Massey-Harris at a dollar a day for a 10 hour day. I was helping a tinsmith. We were riveting ten

inch diameter tin pipes to control arms on farm binders. My job was to hold the pieces steady and flat on the anvil while he hammered the rivets in. That went on for ten hours a day. If I relaxed a little and let it drop, he'd quietly say, "Hold it up". Then, after a while he'd say, "God-dammit, hold it up!" He got two dollars a day, and I got a dollar. I was laid off in the spring of 1913 and my two younger brothers and I got jobs in the Dominion Bolt and Screw works on Pellam Avenue for fifty cents a day for a 10 hour day. Harold and I ran bolt threading machines and Robin ran a nut tapping machine. Dominion Bolt was below Davenport, near the old Canada Foundry, right next door the Dodge Pulley Works. We made bolts from plain steel rod. The round-headed carriage bolts were headed on a big machine that weighed about eight tons. My job was threading. I put each bolt into a chuck and pushed a lever to run them through a die to be threaded. Sometimes it was so cold in that building that you couldn't lift the bolt out of the holder to put it in the chuck. My father at this time was not in good health and had become quite deaf, which prevented him from playing in a church. My brother William was married and was on the vaudeville stage. My sister Lily was also married, also brother Ben. Bob drove a horse and wagon for a butcher shop and Fred for a grocer shop in West Toronto.

STARTING WITH C.P.R.

In 1913 Fred got a job in the roundhouse on Runnymede Road and St. Clair Avenue West. His job was to light up fires on locomotives that were to go out on the various freight trains. His pay was 14 cents an hour, 10 hour day. First of all, he would fill the boiler with water. He then threw four or five bundles of four foot cedar slabs up in the cab of the engine and would shovel enough coal to cover the grates in the firebox. Then he would throw the slabs of wood in and spread them over the coal, get a bundle of cottonwaste that had been soaked in coal-oil, light it and throw it in the firebox on top of the slabs of wood. He then went to the next engine and repeated the performance and the next, and the next, until he had five or six engines lit up. He would also have to couple up the "shop blower" to an outlet in the smoke box; this blower creating a forced draft generated steam faster. Compressed air or steam was used on these shop blowers and was directed up the smoke stack. The locomotive had a blower of its own, which was used when the boiler had steam. The light-up man had to go from each of these lit-up engines and shovel more coal into the firebox and also, most importantly, keep water in the boiler.

When there was sufficient steam on each engine for them to move out of the shop, he would put a big bank of coal in the firebox and disconnect the shop blower. The lighter-up man, like the engine wipers, worked ten hours on day shift, and twelve hours on nights. On his last day on the shift, say on Saturday, he would start work at seven a.m. on Sunday. Then he would come in to work at six o'clock on Sunday night and work through until seven o'clock on Monday morning. The next week-end he would be off for twenty-four hours and go back on day shift. This was all done at

straight pay of 14 cents per hour. All railway work was hard manual labour in the days of which I write. I used to go over to the roundhouse and help my brother by "lining up" the grates on engines he was going to "light up", that is, I would line them with about 4" of coal before he laid in the cedar slabs. I loved doing it and he was glad of my help. Once the fire was going well, you put more coal on top. The object was to work up steam pressure of 200 pounds. It took about an hour just to get 20-30 pounds of pressure. The fire burned so hot, at about 3200 degrees, that the soft bituminous coal left very little ash. You could run 200 or 300 miles before you had to dump your ash pan.

I remember in later years we would have to sometimes break up lumps of coal as it came down from the tender. If it was fine coal it would freeze in the winter.

In August 1914 The First World War started and two months later my brother Fred and my brother Harold joined the 19th Battalion. My brother Bob joined the Governor-General's Bodyguards, a Cavalry regiment which later became the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles. Those were exciting days. Young men were joining up by the thousands to fight the Germans. Most of the first division of the Canadian Corps were men from the British Isles. The army would not take me as I was too small at that time but they were glad to take me in 1916 when I was a bit bigger and the demand for new recruits was heavy.

During the time between 1914 when the war was started and October 1915 when I began with the C.P.R. I worked in the Capewell Horseshoe Nail Works. There were 21 machines in the plant and each man looked after three. They were automatic, and a large coil of flat wire was set on the top of these seven-foot high machines; the wire would be threaded into the dies and zig-zagged down the length of them to drop as nails into a box under the machines. When these 21 machines were running a person would have to shout at the top of his voice to be heard. The nails were of different sizes too; some big for big horses and others for smaller horses and donkeys. There was a big market for horseshoe nails at that time, as the army used a lot of horses

and mules in the war. The Capewell Horseshoe Nail Works was on Duke Street, right next to Christie Brown. I got the job because my mother was a friend of the superintendent's wife who lived across the street from us. And even though I was only 17, I got $1.60 a day — full wages for a man. Each man had three machines to look after during an eleven hour day. A coil of flat wire, about ¼" thick was threaded through the machine, which cut the nail to length, pointed it, and put a head on. The nails dropped into boxes underneath, at about 1000 per box, and we each did about 10 boxes a day.

At this time I was biding my time waiting for the opportunity to get a job on the railways. I was offered a job wiping engines at the C.P.R. roundhouse at John Street in October 1915. I jumped at the chance and promptly quit my job at the horseshoe nail works. The pay for wiping engines was 16 cents an hour for a 10-hour day. There were four men working on each engine, two on the boiler and two on the wheels and rods. We had a kindly old Scotsman as our boss who kept us busy wiping these beautiful passenger engines. The company was very particular about the appearance of the engines that pulled their passenger trains, and at that time there were a large number of trains running out of the Old Union Station. There were very few automobiles and of course no air planes except for the small air force and a few private planes. The trains were the only means of travel, and the tremendous job they did in moving thousands of troops and war material as well as the civilian population during those fateful war years has never received the credit it deserved. The fine old men who drove these passenger trains were the senior engineers of the company and had many years service to their credit. We shop men certainly looked up to them. We considered them our heroes.

After a few weeks wiping engines, I was moved to the tool shop where my job was to take the tools off the incoming engines and put them on the outgoing engines. The broom—the shovel—the coal pick—the flagging kit. We were called "trimmers". We worked under a straw-boss

named Bob Simes. Bob used to regale us with stories of his time firing the Flying Scotsman train in Scotland. His job was to clean the oil lamps and fill them. The big New York Central engines that came in on the Buffalo trains had big oil headlamps and he used to clean and fill them too. Our yard engines had oil headlamps as well, one in front of the smokestack and one on the back of the tender. The cab lamps were oil also. One to show the level of the water in the waterglass and one to show the steam pressure on the steam gauge. Later, freight engines and passenger engines all had electric cab and head lamps. The electricity being provided by a small steam driven dynamo on top of the boiler.

I must mention four young men who worked with me at that time and who became life-long friends. They all started firing at the same time as I did. Earl Dumaresq - his brother Llew - Alf Bunker and Hans Mueler. They have all passed on but I shall always remember them.

The two Dumaresq brothers' father and mother had a big grocery store on Bloor Street near Dovercourt Road. So we were kept well supplied with candies, nuts, oranges and apples. Earl and Llew would bring them down in a huge club bag every day. The locomotive foreman at the time I mention this was Chris Gribben, a very kindly man who was exceedingly tolerant of the pranks we young men used to pull off.

All locomotive foremen in those days wore Christie Hats, so we always knew where the boss was. Sometimes during the night shift when our work was done we would very often crawl into the firebox of a "dead" engine and have half an hour's sleep. The night foreman was Joe Graham, and he also was a very fine man who didn't bother anyone as long as the work was done. Regarding the two Dumaresq brothers, my wife and I were visiting a nephew in the town of Godstone in Surrey, England in 1971 and we wandered into the 13th century Anglican Church on the outskirts of the town where we saw two bronze plaques on the wall. One had the name of Rear-Admiral George Dumaresq killed in action in the First World War. The

other was Major John Dumaresq also killed in action in that war. When we arrived home I discovered they were related to my friends the Dumaresq brothers here. The family had left France in the 17th century and settled in England.

At the time in which I write there were C.P.R. passenger trains running from the Old Union Station in all directions. Two trains a day to Owen Sound, two to Goderich, two to Teeswater. Several trains to New York, two to Vancouver, and then there were the branch line trains. All earning a profit. The four Montreal trains were also loaded. Also the two Ottawa trains. They continued to earn their keep after the first world war through until well past the second World War, when the private automobile made such inroads into rail travel (along with air travel), that passenger trains just could not compete. Many trains were taken out of service. Many famous trains in the United States such as the Twentieth Century Limited and many more that had served the public for many, many years were forced out of business. They were beautiful trains with dining cars, club cars, barber shop cars, even nursery cars and of course luxurious sleeping cars. Some of them had such a record of on-time performance that the business people who travelled on them were willing to pay the extra fare to ride them. They were fast and they were safe. The advent of the jet airplane played a similar role in dooming the ocean-going passenger ships. This gracious, relaxing mode of travel gradually lost out to the faster method of crossing the oceans.

After working in the roundhouse for eight months we five young men were set up as locomotive firemen and were assigned to fire yard engines at first, to learn the job. We were paid 25 cents an hour for a ten-hour day. And the same pay on the night shift. Yard engines are used to switch cars and make up trains that leave town as freight trains. The duties of a yard fireman were to keep steam up and to put water in the boiler when needed. When not shovelling coal into the firebox, they were required to keep a sharp eye open and always look in the direction the engine was

moving and to obey the instructions of the engineer. Firing a yard engine was not as demanding as firing a freight engine or passenger engine.

As time went on, the engineer would let the fireman run the engine once he learned the signals the switchmen were using on the ground. After a few weeks on the yard engines we were sent out on freight trains. This was really hard work, for while the train was in motion the fireman was on the deck every three minutes shovelling coal into the huge firebox. He would hit the heel of the big shovel on the rim of the fire hole so that the coal would bounce off and spread over the white hot fire. Then after shovelling about 6 or 8 scoops of coal he would sit down on the fireman's seat for about three minutes and then get down and repeat the performance. At the time I write the speed limit for freight trains was twenty-five miles per hour on main lines. Consequently, it took a long time for a train to reach its destination on a single track line; and other trains coming from the opposing direction had to be by-passed.

I remember the first trip I made to London from West Toronto. We were ordered for seven o'clock at night but did not leave until nine. Well that was a nightmare for an 18-year old boy. I was not an experienced fireman and in those days one was actually a bit afraid of that big man who sat on the right side of the cab. He would be keeping one eye on the steam gauge, and the other on the road ahead. If the steam pressure on the gauge started to fall below the 200 pounds mark he would let a roar out of him — "Keep her hot son, keep her hot". Anyway, on this trip we met about four freight trains, which meant that we had to pull into the adjacent "passing" tracks to let them by. Eventually we arrived at London at eleven o'clock in the morning, half starved and dead tired. After a good meal I went to bed in the bunk house and slept like a baby until seven o'clock at night, when I was ordered to go back to Toronto on a beef train. These trains had special rights over other freight trains as obviously they had to be rushed to the packing plants before the meat spoiled. This trip wasn't as hard as the one to London, and we were only

about ten hours getting to Toronto. I shovelled about ten tons of coal going to London and about eight tons coming back to Toronto. It's really hard to believe in this day and age of the forty-hour week, that men worked such long hours on the railways. But they did, and thought nothing of it, because that's the way it was.

THE MEN

Railroad men, as a rule, were very loyal to each other in regards to covering up any incident, (as far as possible), so that the officers would not get wind of it. For instance, I remember one such incident that happened when I was firing for Joe Fair on the Listowel branch. We were turning a train of one coach and baggage car on the wye so that we would be headed towards Linwood Junction. The end of the tail of the wye allowed for our train and perhaps one more coach to fit into the end of the tail and the switch. Well, we backed around the wye and when we got our engine over the switch the engineer applied the brakes, but the cars broke away from the engine and the four wheel truck on the coach kept going and left the track to drop over about eight feet of bank. The belly of the coach was then on the edge of the ground. We knew that we had no time to get the car back on the rails again so we uncoupled the baggage car and backed down to the station. By this time the station was full of passengers all ready to board the train. The conductor explained the situation to them and told them he hoped they wouldn't mind riding in the baggage car to Linwood Junction. The passengers very readily agreed and even helped to carry station chairs and benches into the baggage car. When we arrived at the junction, the passengers detrained, all laughing and joking and acting as if they enjoyed the unusual experience.

On our return to Listowel under the same circumstances, we returned the chairs and benches to the station and proceeded to the wye to get the derailed coach back on the rails. We got two big jacks out of the shop and after about an hour we re-railed the coach. The engine crew and the two brakemen and the conductor all worked overtime to do this time-and-a-half job, but did not claim any pay for it.

It was not reported to the superintendent and thus no one had to be subjected to discipline. It was a violation of the rule which required that air hoses be connected to the engine. When the train broke away from the engine, the brakes on the cars would have been applied and the cars stopped immediately thus preventing the coach from going over the bank. It was co-operative team work such as this that kept such incidents away from the attention of the officers of the company and saved a good many of us from being disciplined.

Here is an amusing incident which is supposed to have happened on the Wabash Railroad at St. Thomas, which illustrates what I mean. Two freight trains met in a head-on collision one evening and piled up about thirty cars over the right-of-way. When the dust settled, each conductor left his caboose and met at the centre of the wreck. One said to the other "Have you reported to the dispatcher yet on the phone?" The other one said, "No, not yet;" "Well," the first one said, "don't be in a hurry, I think we can cover this up".

In the early days of railroading, men who wanted to live the life of freedom took to "riding the rods", which were the cross-rods under the cars. Others rode across the countryside on top of freight cars and were known as "hoboes". These men enjoyed the freedom of movement. Not having to work, except of course to do certain chores on farms to obtain a meal. They never bothered anyone and the crews of trains frequently spotted a few of them gathered around a fire in some vacant field, eating beans from cans. The train crews never bothered to put them off the trains. They were different from the men who rode the trains during the great depression. These unfortunate men were former workers who had lost their jobs and were roaming the country seeking work. They came from all walks of life and they rode the trains to get to where they thought the jobs might be, especially to the grain farms in western Canada. I myself, when I got back to work after being laid off for more than a year, remember one occasion when firing the first section of number 4, the Vancouver

passenger train from MacTier. It was a dreadfully cold night with a blizzard raging. When we stopped for water at Midhurst, and I went out to the back of the tender to fill the tank in the darkness, I stepped on a live body. It was a boy of about sixteen years of age. He was going to Toronto to look for a job. He said he didn't want to be a burden to his parents any longer because they were having a hard time making ends meet. He had boarded the tender at Sudbury, and was nearly frozen, since he had only a piece of canvas with which to cover himself. After I took on water, I told the engineer about the boy and he instructed me to bring him in the cab. The poor lad was so stiff with cold he could hardly walk. However, he gradually thawed out and we fed him with what we had in our pails. When we arrived at West Toronto station he left us, thanking us for saving his life. No doubt we did, for in such a cold and stormy night he would surely have perished. A few weeks later I happened to be walking along Queen Street when a young fellow touched me on the shoulder and asked me how railroading was. I did not recognize this well dressed young man. He told me that he was the chap whose life we had saved. He had a job, was able to buy clothes, and was even able to send some money to his parents. He thanked me again and went on his way. I felt a warm glow in my heart from having met such a fine young man.

I must relate an amusing story about a freight train conductor who was a bit out of the ordinary run of conductors in that he would not allow a hobo to ride on his train. One day when his train was going slowly up a long grade, he was sitting up in the cupola of his caboose while his tail end brakeman was sitting on the other side. He suddenly spotted a hobo riding about ten cars from the van. He said to the brakeman "Jim, go up and put that bum off, I don't want any bum riding my train." The brakeman crawled out of the window of the cupalo and went along the top of the cars till he came to the hobo. "My conductor sent me to put you off his train and I don't want any arguments about it either. The train is going slow, so you can unload without getting hurt." The hobo, who was a

giant of a man said, "I never argue with anyone, I let this argue for me," and he pulled out a big six-shooter revolver, pointing it at the brakeman. The brakeman said no more but scurried back to the caboose. "Did you put him off?" said the conductor. "No," replied the brakeman, "I discovered he was a cousin of mine and you just can't go putting your relatives off." "Well by gosh I will soon put him off, relative or no relative," said the conductor. Up he goes to the hobo but soon came hurrying back. "Did you get him off?" "No," the conductor said. "I discovered he was a cousin of mine too."

Conductors are special people. Everyone remembers the gentleman in the fine blue uniform standing on the station platform. When the time comes for the train departure, he looks at his watch and calls out in a loud voice, "All, aboard!"

The conductor is in charge of that long line of varnished cars. When he comes on duty at the station, he goes to the "booking-out" room where he signs the register, scans all bulletins, and synchronizes his watch with the large standard clock. He then proceeds to the train, where he deposits his club-bag, containing extra tickets, punch orders (and maybe a few sandwiches) — on the two end seats of the first coach. This will be his "office" during the trip. He then takes any orders he may have for the engineer up to the engine, where they compare time-pieces.

After the train pulls out of the station, the Conductor, usually with his trainman following him, would walk down the aisle of the coach calling out, "Tickets please." When collecting a ticket, he would stick the ticket-end in a man's hatband, or in the bottom of the window, if it was a lady. This was to remind him which passengers had paid their fare as the train continued to pick up passengers along the route.

C.P.R. officials were very particular about the character and appearance of their conductors. And most conductors reflected this in their tidy, brass-buttoned uniforms. Passenger conductors usually had put in long years as freight conductors before promotion. Each gold bar on the right

sleeve of their uniform jacket represented five years of service.

The conductor had a very responsible job, for he was in total charge of the train — the captain of the ship, so to speak.

One well-known conductor named Matthew Grimes, who lived to almost one hundred years of age, was on the Toronto-Owen Sound passenger trains for many, many years.

A Havelock passenger train engineer Tom Wright by name, was going out on his run to Smiths Falls one fine summer day. His son Don was his fireman. He had fired for his father many times in the past. While standing in the station waiting for the time to leave, Tom was having a final look around the engine. Don was standing in the gangway of the cab, when the conductor came up with the train orders, and to compare watches with the engineer. This conductor was noted for his wit and good humour, and when he reached the engine he pointed to Tom and Don and said "The Father, The Son and The Holy Ghost". The Holy Ghost he was referring to was the wife and mother of the engine crew who was in the coach and on her way to Smiths Falls to visit some friends.

Of the many fine officers of the company that I have worked under during the years, I have to mention an assistant superintendent named Bill Stinson. He was also named "Profanity Bill" due to his fine choice of cuss words which, when he was annoyed, he could use to perfection. He was very highly thought of by everybody and acquired his nickname by reason of popularity and his splendid collection of cuss words. He had a wonderful knack of trying not to see any violation of rules by an employee providing it was not too serious. I would like to relate a story about this fine railroad man which happened on the Galt Subdivision one hot July day many years ago. Bill was supervising the changing of rails by a gang of men. It was quite a big job because there was a work train with several cars of new rails to be laid. A young farm lad was looking over the fence at the activities. And he asked one of the

trainmen who he should see about getting a job on the railway. "Well," the trainman said, "you go down to that caboose and ask for Mr. Profanity. I am sure he can give you a job." So the young man went to the van where he asked to see Mr. Profanity about giving him a job. As it happened it was Bill Stinson he was talking to. Bill exploded in a torrent of cuss words and asked the young man who had sent him. The young man pointed to the unfortunate brakeman. "I will deal with that so and so later," said Bill. This is only one of the many stories that have been told about this really fine gentleman whose grandson is now the President of this great Canadian Company.

Railroad men were a special breed. They were sometimes colourful like Bill Stinson, full of fun when they had the opportunity, and always loyal to each other.

Whenever there was trouble, the men rallied together to prevent a brother railroader from being hauled up on the carpet. I remember an incident during 1924-1926 when I was firing on the Listowel to Linwood branch line. We would leave Listowel at 2:05 p.m.; arriving at Linwood Junction at 3:00 p.m.; unload our passengers and set off our freight cars for the Goderich way-freight, then go around the wye to lay there for five hours waiting for passengers from the Toronto-Goderich train. We would then go to Listowel.

Since this branch line was in the snow belt, we used to get some wild blizzards that filled the cuts with snow. So, instead of laying over at Linwood, we would be ordered back to Listowel for the snowplow to plow out the branch. On one occasion, when we got to Listowel, we discovered that the dynamo was frozen. This meant no headlight or lights in the cab. I suggested to Charlie Luce, the engineer, that I would open the doors of the engine house for him to run the engine in, where we'd be out of the cold wind. Inside, we'd be able to thaw-out the dynamo. Suprisingly he agreed, because he was normally very crusty, and didn't take kindly to advice or suggestions from a fireman.

Anyway, I opened the doors, walked up to the far end of

the shop where I lit the torch and gave Charlie a signal to come ahead slowly. A huge perpendicular steam boiler stood beside me. It had pipes radiating from it in all directions to heat the pit and other parts of the shop. In response to my signal, Charlie came in so fast, that after I signalled him to stop, I had to jump for my life. Needless to say, he hit the big boiler, knocked it flying and smashed all the piping. Luckily there was no fire in the boiler.

Finally, we got our dynamo thawed out, coupled onto the snowplow, and cleared the branch line. Since it was now late Saturday night, Charlie woke up the owner of the local hardware store, and got all of the pipe and fittings we needed for the repair. The next day being Sunday, allowed us to work without disturbing the timetable. Tailend crews from both trains, as well as section men, Charlie and myself went up to the shop, raised the boiler and worked all day cutting, threading and fitting the piping.

All of this was done so Charlie would not get into trouble. No railway official ever got wind of what had happened that cold stormy night. And Charlie was most grateful to all the men who sacrificed their only day off to save him from getting demerit marks. Incidents like this happened often over the years, and the men always stuck together. I am sure other railroaders have experienced similar acts of loyalty.

I was called one early morning to deadhead to Port Burwell to relieve an engineer who had had a bereavement in the family. "Dead-heading" means riding the train as a passenger to the assignment. I boarded the Chicago train at West Toronto and got off at Woodstock to board the mixed train there for the trip to Port Burwell. An elderly lady and myself were the only passengers in the coach. When we reached Tilsonburg the lady asked the conductor how long we would be there. He told her that he had a lot of work to do, such as unload way-freight and some switching, but we would be ready to leave in about an hour. The poor old soul was very disappointed as she had expected to be in Port Burwell earlier. She told me that she had just had a light breakfast when leaving Toronto and was very

hungry. I spotted a small grocery store through the coach window, so I went over and bought a pint of milk and asked the storekeeper if I could have some hot water in a tin. She gladly consented, so I hurried back to the train with the hot water, put two tea bags in it and I asked the lady if she would like to join me in a little lunch. The lady was delighted. So I opened my dinner pail and invited her to help herself. It was full of fresh sandwiches, cake, oranges, bananas, and had two collapsible aluminum cups. The dear old soul could not thank me enough. She thoroughly enjoyed her meal, especially the tea. When we were met by her daughter an hour and a half later at Port Burwell she raved about the grand feast we had together.

Railway men put a high priority on food. They worked hard and needed the nourishment. But they also had to consider the long hours, the double shifts, and possible emergencies where they found themselves marooned or storm-stayed. Therefore they usually packed enough food to see them through. A typical lunch pail is about one foot square, with a tray in the top section for pie and cakes. Under the tray one would pack meat, steak, several strips of bacon with eggs, sugar and tea. Tea was usually made at the bunkhouse. Naturally, a large chunk of bread was also included. The lunch pail would usually hold enough for four meals.

The preoccupation with food is reflected in the following poem:

TURKEY STEW

Cockney Watts, and his gallant crew
Decided they needed a Turkey stew.
With engine and van, they left Glen Tay,
And headed for Havelock, were on their way.
Frederick Chase the "tallow pot"
Was doing his darndest to keep her hot.

Diddle Warne, as big as a louse,
Was back in the crummy keeping house

Brown was the name of the head end Jake.
Pathetic'lly trying to keep awake.
Cond'ct Hogg, he was starving too —
Said nothing would do, but a turkey stew.

So skin your eyes, for the pantrys flat
And watch for a turkey good and fat,
And over the hills and thru the dales.
Skimming along the shining rails,
They looked for turkeys of wonderous size
But never a feather assailed their eyes.

They rounded a curve, Oh Joy, such luck
Between the rails stood a turkey buck.
The Cockney grinned at the wonderful view
And he pulled out the TIT of the "42",
Chase, he was speechless, said never a word
Oh Lordy, said he, let's hit that bird.

The Gobbler bird he was wise 'cause he—
Belonged to the B. of L.F. & E.
Of railroad wisdom, he showed no lack
As he mounted the rail, and cleared the track.
His fan-tails spread and his wings adrag
As the train flashed by, like a King's Plate nag.

The Cockney swore as he missed the goal
Then, slamming the brake in the biggest hole
He hit the grit, and called his crew—
We're needing that bird for a turkey stew
Took after that gobbler, the whole darn lot
Over the fence in the Farmer's plot

With an evil intent, and bloody lust
Till that poor old turkey bit the dust.
The farmers wife, from the window high
Was viewing the scene with an eagle eye,
Said she I will make those bozos pay
I'll make them hoboes remember this day.

Turkeys are cheap, and the markets flat
But I'll make them pay or I'll eat my hat.

That night the gang with their days work thru,
All met in the Dog-house three and two
And gorged on turkey, their hearts content
Then, out in the morning homeward bent
And down the line where the day before.
They had fought and swore for that turkeys gore.

That farmers wife, comtemptable hag
Was straddled the track with a big red flag
Said she to the Conny, "You big fat slob"
"Dig down in your jeans, or you'll lose your job"
"Just Five brown berries, t'will cost you each"
"You'd better get busy, and start to reach."

"You can eat turkey, while I get hash"
"You keep the turkey but hand me the cash."
With tears of anguish and hearts of ice
They each dug down and they paid the price.

Now Cockney Watts, and his gallant crew
Go up and down on the O and Q
Skinning their eyes, for turkey flocks
Thru fields and meadows and cuts of rocks
Stopping to herd them hither and hence,
And shooing the turkeys over the fence.

Searching the places where shadows lurk
And making the railroad safe for the turks.
They often think, to this very day
Of the five bones each they had to pay.
Say's Cockney Watts, and his gallant crew
T'was a helluva price for turkey stew.

Written by an
Agent-Operator
near Smiths Falls

Yardmen or switchmen as they were sometimes called were the men who made up the trains. A yard crew was made up of the foreman and his two helpers, a yard engine and crew. All the work was done by signals given to the engineer by the yardmen on the ground. It was a very dangerous job and over the years I have witnessed some very tragic scenes where a man had lost an arm, or leg, and in many cases his life. They were on their feet a lot and did a lot of running around and climbing up ladders of cars to put on hand brakes. They had to be alert at all times in order to keep out of the way of moving cars or engines. The winter time was particularly dangerous for these brave men and the yard at Lambton was very dangerous. There were several yard engines working there day and night. I had a lot of friends among the yard crews. One man in particular I have known for many years, was the fastest man on his feet I have ever known. His name is Bill West and he has been the President of the Canadian Pacific Pensioners Toronto Club for about twelve years. He could hop off the foot board of a moving yard engine and run for a switch faster than any man I ever knew. He was quite a sportsman in his younger days and played hockey and baseball. He is a good friend, and as I have been the secretary of the same club, we have worked together over the years to keep this club afloat. Men and officers from all branches of the service belong to it and although owing to the nature of this club, we lose members each year. New members join up with us as they reach retirement age.

In the days of steam, the fireman was the most important man on the crew, for without him to shovel the coal to make the steam, the train could not move. He had to have a knowledge of combustion and of how to maintain the fire in order to get the best results from the coal. Above all, he had to have a strong back, for in the days of which I write, fifteen tons of coal on trips lasting eighteen or twenty and sometimes more hours was not uncommon. So as we can imagine, the poor fireman had to have strong muscles. Sometimes when trains got stuck in the deep snow for days, it often happened that although they would have plenty

of coal left in the tender to keep the engine alive, the water would run out and the crew would have to shovel snow into the tank. Steam would then be blown back through the injectors to melt it back into water. In this way the engine could be kept alive. If this were not done and the engine froze up, a great deal of damage could result. To be stuck in the snow for hours and sometimes days was a real hardship for the train and engine crews. The monotonous long hours were very trying and it was a great relief when we would finally be dug out and able to continue our trip. In times like these our food would run out, and by the time we were rescued from our predicament we were ravenous.

Even in the midst of the very serious business of running a railroad, the men still had the good spirit to enjoy the lighter side of life.

An engineer I knew very well had the reputation of being a teller of tall stories. One story he used to tell was about a trip he made to Havelock, when between Myrtle and Peterborough he ran out of water. He could not understand how this could have happened since he had taken water at Agincourt. However, his tank was dry and he had to dump the fire and wait to be towed into Peterborough. While he waited for that, he discovered that there was a car next to the engine that had about ten elephants in it. A lot of cars in service at the time this happened were wooden ones and had a sliding door on the end that could only be opened from the inside. The elephants had managed to get this open and sticking their trunks through it, opened the hinged cover on the manhole on the tank of the tender and drank all the water in it. The mystery was solved, and Tom was absolved of all blame.

Another story he liked to tell was the time he was going up a long grade with a heavy train and as the train got slower and slower he sensed that he was going to stall, so, knowing that there was a car of turkeys next to the engine, he handed the brakeman the coal-pick and told him to drop off and bang the side of the car of turkeys. This the brakeman did, and the birds flew up in a panic and kept flying around in the car, reducing the weight. The result

was that the train picked up speed and went over the hill in grand style. It was always a pleasure to find one's self in a bunk house where Tom happened to be. He could tell so many stories, which of course he swore were true, but his listeners knew were lies.

* * * * *

In my early years on the railway very few men had telephones in their homes. It was a luxury few people could afford. Consequently engine and train crews were ordered out by a most important person called a "Call Boy". Usually he was a boy of about 15 or 16 years of age. His duty was to knock loudly on the door of the person who is to go out on the run, whether an engineer, fireman, conductor, brake man or baggage man. He usually rode around on a bicycle in the summer, and on stormy snowy days or nights he walked. He covered many miles during his ten hour days and 12 hour nights. From the point of view of the person who was called in the middle of the night, from a sound sleep and dead tired, the Call Boy was a person whose throat he would like to cut. However, after his wife had prepared a meal of bacon and eggs and packed his pail or basket he would forget about the poor Call Boy. After his meal he would proceed to the roundhouse or the yard office depending on his job. As a rule the Call Boy was a quiet sort of person who kept his eyes and ears open. He knew the men who tried all the tricks to get out of going out on the snow-plow, like the man whose wife was about to have a baby, or like the man who could not accept the call because he had strained his back digging the garden and couldn't possibly fire an engine. The Call Boy had to be tough, and these excuses just would not be tolerated. It was a serious offence to refuse to accept the call. Of course if the excuse was legitimate the boy would accept it and go on to the next man. A good many railroad men had started their careers as Call Boys, ending with 50 or more years on the job. My late brother Bob, was driving a horse and wagon for a butcher in West Toronto in 1912, when he wanted badly to own a motorcycle. So, after driving the horse all day till five o'clock he would go over to the roundhouse at

St. Clair and Runnymede road to work as a Call Boy from six p.m. till seven a.m. He did this for 5 days, but had to give it up. It was too much for a 17 year old boy. (However, by working around the clock for 5 days and 5 nights my brother was able to make a down payment on a motorcycle.) Most wives of railroad men had a motherly sympathy for the Call Boy, and would invite him to come in for a cup of tea and piece of pie or cake. As more people were able to afford telephones, the job of the Call Boy was gradually abolished and he left for greener fields or stayed on the railway as a shop man or in some other job. Our hats are off to the Call Boy. That lonely figure who made his rounds in all kinds of weather and whose pay was of the lowest. We loved him and we hated him, but we respected him too. All hail to the Call Boy.

* * * * *

When engine crews and tail-end crews "booked out" on a trip they signed the book for twelve hours duty, and if they completed the trip in that time they considered it a good trip. More often it turned out to be an eighteen or twenty-hour trip. However, most men stuck it out. They liked the job in spite of its drawbacks, and the pay was more than factory-hands made; and the fireman looked forward to the day he would become an engineer. The brakeman would look forward to the day when he became a freight train conductor and have his brakeman cook meals in the caboose. Then after a few years he would be promoted to passenger train conductor, where he would be issued a fine uniform. The conductor was boss of the train—the captain of the ship so to speak. Although every member of the train crew was equally responsible for the safe operation of the train, the conductor was in charge. The brakeman was the fireman's friend. He would shovel down coal when it got out of reach in the tender. He would take water for the fireman so that he could grab a bite to eat. He would very often take a turn at firing the engine so that the fireman could have a rest for a few miles. The fireman would, in turn, open the switch when the train was to go into the siding to meet another train so that the

brakeman could drop back to the van for a quick lunch. Sometimes when a train crew and an engine crew were on a trip and were a long time on the road and very tired, little spats would break out and some angry words would be exchanged, but on the whole everything would be forgotten afterwards. I can honestly say that after my forty-seven years on the railway I retired with not an enemy but a host of friends.

I should mention at this point that before a fireman was allowed to get out on his first trip he had to have a medical examination by the Chief Medical Officer of the C.P.R. who was in my time Dr. H. A. Beatty. When I went for my examination to his office on Howland Avenue, he told me to strip and when he saw this specimen of skin and bones standing there he said, "Oh my boy, I can't pass you. You are too small; you could never fire an engine; that is real hard work and you could not stand it." I said, "Doctor, if you will pass me I am more than willing to give it a try." The kindly doctor put his arm around my shoulder and said, "That's the spirit I like to hear, and I will pass you." No wonder he had his doubts; I weighed 100 pounds stripped at the time. Had he not passed me I probably would have remained in the shop for a long time.

Lord George T. Shaunessy was the President of the C.P.R. when I started in 1915. He was succeeded by Sir Edward Beatty who was the brother of Dr. H. A. Beatty. Dr. Beatty was one of the kindliest men I have ever met. After my return from the first world war I had to be examined by him before I resumed my work as a fireman. He took time to ask me about my experience in the trenches and congratulated me on coming out of the war alive. Although his brother was the President, he leaned more to the employees and would not permit a man who had been injured on the job to return to work until he was sure that he was able to resume his job.

The first trip I made to MacTier was a long-hour run. It was just after the trip to London. (MacTier is fourteen miles north of Bala, and was named after a former C.P.R. Vice-President.) I was called at 9 p.m. for eleven o'clock. I

had been up all day and was just getting ready to go to bed when the phone rang. We always got a two hour call, and as we had to appear on duty forty-five minutes before the time we were assigned, we had to hurry, have a meal and get our pail packed. The large tin pails railroad men carried those days were always filled with food to last at least two days. Tea, sugar, raw meat, butter, bread, potatoes to fry, bacon and eggs, sandwiches, pie and cakes. We cooked our meals in the bunk house at the various terminals. Our mothers or wives, if we were married, always knew what to pack in our pails. When I told the engineer that I had not been firing very long his jaw dropped. He knew he was in for a miserable trip.

We left the shop track and went around to couple onto our train. We pulled out of the West Toronto yard at 1 a.m. and stopped at Woodbridge for water. We had an assisting engine on the front of our engine to help us as far as Bolton. It left us there and we were on our own. I distinctly remember when I arrived at Bolton. It was five o'clock on what was to be a scorching hot day in July. We had arrived at Midhurst around noon and cut off the engine to go into the shop track for coal, for by this time I had shovelled about six tons into the firebox. When I saw the coal chutes I thought we had arrived at MacTier, so I reached for my pail, which was in the tender box and prepared to get off the engine. The engineer asked where I was going and I said, "Isn't this MacTier?" "Oh no son, we are only half way there," he replied. I could hardly believe him. I had been shovelling coal for eleven of these fifteen hours. I was dead tired and had little time to even grab a sandwich let alone a square meal since nine o'clock the night before. We had sixty more miles to go and more than three trains to meet before we reached MacTier. How I was able to fire the engine the next seven hours I will never know. We finally arrived at MacTier at seven o'clock. After a good meal I went to bed and slept like never before. I was called the next morning for the return trip. We left at eleven a.m. and arrived in West Toronto at three o'clock the following morning. By this time I had no food in my pail so I went

into a restaurant on my way home and ordered a big steak with all the trimmings and really had a feed. Well, although it is hard to believe, that is what railroading was like in those days. But in spite of the long hard trips, most of us loved the job. I was afraid that if I could not do the job I would be sacked. So consequently I would collapse to the deck of an engine before I would give in. However, there were some men who just didn't relish the idea of spending their lives on such a job.

A FURLOUGH FROM THE C.P.R.

During the time I was working in the shop and while out firing I had been trying to enlist in the Army; and after trying and being rejected three times as being too small, the doctor said, "Why don't you go down to the YMCA and get built up—you're too small." I weighed 100 pounds and had a chest expansion of 28 inches. So I did go down to the Y one night. They threw a big medicine ball at me and knocked me flying over the floor. The next day I couldn't move out of bed. I said to my mother, "If I've got to join this way, I'll never be in the army." I couldn't move a muscle.

Finally, I was accepted into the 234th Peel Battalion in August 1916. Colonel Wallace was in command and his son was the Adjutant. The battalion sergeant-major was Bill Worthington, a former locomotive engineer on the C.P.R. He had served in one of the guards' regiments in England and was an excellent soldier. He soon made soldiers out of us young men. He was strict, but fair. We trained at Niagara-on-the-Lake for a few weeks and then spent the winter in Ravina Barracks, formerly the Ravina Rink in West Toronto. The battalion sailed for England in April 1917 from Halifax. There were four ships in the convoy headed by the H.M.S. Drake. This naval ship was sunk in enemy action later in the war. Nearing England four destroyers came to protect our convoy, weaving around the huge liners, giving us a feeling of security. The 216th Bantam Battalion was on our ship, the Scandinavia, and when we sailed up the Mersey River to Liverpool every ship in the harbour blew its whistle like a rooster crowing, "cock-a-doodle-doo". The roars of laughter from our ship could be heard all over the harbour.

We left the ship and boarded a train for the 12th Reserve

Battalion in Sandling Camp. We got further training in this camp until November when we were posted to different units in France. The 234th Peel Battalion was then dispersed. I was posted to the 19th Battalion making me one of three brothers serving in it. The stark reality of war was brought home to me the night I joined 13th platoon, D Company. Along with ten other men I was going up the communication trench to the front line when we had to squeeze against the side of the trench to allow two men carrying a stretcher upon which a badly wounded soldier lay. I shall always remember the moans and groans the poor fellow made as he was carried along to the dressing station. I could not see in the semi-darkness the extent of his wounds. But for the next twelve months I was to see dozens of such cases. The D company commander was Captain James Linton who had joined the 19th Battalion as a private in Toronto. He was a very capable officer and very well liked by all. He came through the war and studied medicine, then after graduation he entered the army as a medical officer. When the Second World War broke out he was appointed deputy medical chief with the rank of Brigadier General. He lives in a lovely village in Surrey, England where I have visited him twice.

I shall never forget the misery of living in the trenches especially in the winter. The numbing coldness, standing in the mud from "stand to" at four o'clock in the afternoon till "stand down" at about 8 o'clock in the morning, not knowing when a German attack might come. Many a cold night, had there been an attack, our hands were so cold we would not have been able to pull the trigger on our weapons. No one who has lived under such horrible conditions can ever forget the utter misery of such an existence. We looked forward to the rum station when it came around during the night, and as each man received his three swallows he was able for a brief moment to forget his misery.

The rats were a big headache too; they were so bold that if a man were sleeping in a dugout he could very often be awakened by a big fat rat walking across his face. Then

there were the lice. Hundreds of them, living in our woollen underwear and waxing fat on our blood. But worst of all was the constant shelling of our front line. We lived in fear most of the time; and we had good reason to be afraid. When one of those big 9.2 shells exploded near us and scattered its contents around, it was enough to scare anyone. Some of the jagged hot pieces of shell casing would find some unfortunate soldier's body and literally tear it to pieces.

And then there was the gas. We always knew when a gas shell exploded; it went off with a sort of soft plop, and the gas would seep into the trench. We would get out our gas masks right smartly. We used to spend six days in the front line—six days in the support trenches a few hundred yards behind the front line and six days in the reserve line. All these lines were under fire. Then after 18 days we would go back a few miles to a village where we would be billeted in barns and cow sheds until our next tour of trench duty. While out of the line we were kept busy polishing our brass tunic buttons, cleaning and polishing our web equipment, and drilling every day. We were supposed to be out on rest but the only "rest" we got was at night lying on the cold floor of the barn or cow shed. However, it was a reprieve from being in the front line. The only pleasure we got while in the village was in frequenting the little taverns or cafes called *estaminets* at night, and drinking the horrible cheap French wine. Nearly all the troops smoked cigarettes, especially during a bombardment when we would smoke one after another. Every veteran will remember those cheap cigarettes, the Ruby Queens, or Red Hussars. Of course in the parcels from home, we got Canadian cigarettes, like Sweet Caporal and others. Many a poor chap died while taking his last puff. One great factor which came out of that war was the utter selflessness of the men. A soldier would give his last crust of bread to his pal, or even to a man he didn't know.

During all the misery we were enduring we knew that the German troops were suffering the same way and would have chucked it all up and gone home to wives, mothers

and children if they had the opportunity. Most of us used to receive parcels from home that contained cigarettes, candies, butter and other things. Without exception, each man would share his parcel with his pals. I was number one on a Lewis machine gun and when going "over the top" to attack the enemy trenches was a prime target for snipers. But for 12 months I bore a charmed life and the closest incident was when advancing across no man's land I received a machine gun bullet through the rim of my steel helmet. The platoon sergeant who was at my side during the advance, received a machine gun bullet through his ankle which put him out of the war. At the 19th battalion reunions which were held every year after the war, we would seek each other out to have a drink together. He was a fine man who owned a furniture factory in Paris, Ontario. His name was Edgar Harold. He has since passed on, as so many of the 19th battalion association have.

There have been scores of books written about the first world war, but those who have read them, unless they were in the war themselves, cannot begin to really visualize what it was like. One had to be there and experience the dreadful conditions under which men lived and suffered. The terrible pain the wounded went through, the hunger, the thirst, the cold, the mud. The terrible fear of being wounded and die before being evacuated out of the line.

As the war dragged on, men began to fear it would never end. There was never any indication that gave hope to us that perhaps it would soon end. General Ludendorf had made one last attempt to break through on the 21st of March and very nearly succeeded. He advanced many miles but his troops were tired and hungry, and fortunately ran out of steam. Then it was our turn.

From August 8th, which Ludendorf called Germany's "blackest day", we kept on advancing. I had been "over the top" three times and kept wondering when I was going to get killed or wounded because two of my brothers were already home and one was in the hospital in England. The one in the navy was somewhere on the high seas. When the armistice was signed on November 11th, I was sitting

talking to my brother Fred in the hospital in England, (having left the battalion up near Mons to go on 14 days' leave). The nurse came in and told us the war was over. I will always remember the cheers from those poor unfortunate wounded men at such great news. Fred had been badly wounded while out on patrol in no man's land, on the Canal-du-Nord front. As a sergeant in command of the patrol he met up with a German patrol and they had quite a battle. Fred was hit by a hand grenade thrown by one of the enemy soldiers. He was so badly wounded in the legs that he had to be carried back to his own lines.

When I received the news the next day and found out the extent of his wounds, I felt so sorry, but also glad that he was out of the war. He was in "A" Company and I was in "D" Company, and the only time we met was when we were in the village at the end of our tour of duty in the line. Consequently, we were always worrying about each other. The day the armistice was signed the people in Britain went wild. The lights came on at night, after being off for four and a half years. After my visit to my dear brother, I went to Belfast on the 12th of November and visited my grandmother, aunts and uncles and finished my leave and returned to France. The 19th Battalion was at this time in Germany. But I, having caught the flu on leave was put into the hospital and never caught up to the battalion. Instead, I was put into a company of convalescents and sent to the big Canadian Camp in Ryl in North Wales. Each week there would be so many men put on draft for Canada. My turn came in May 1919 and I sailed for home on the ocean liner Orduna. My brother Fred had returned home a short time before.

BACK FROM THE WAR

My dear mother was so proud and so glad that her six sons had all returned safely from that terrible war, albeit with various wounds and ailments. And now, after a few days of getting used to civilian life I was anxious to get back on the job of railroading.

I went one day to see the locomotive foreman at Lambton Roundhouse. Since I had nearly three years seniority I could pick any job I wanted. I chose to fire a yard engine for a while to sort of get broken in. While I was away the eight-hour day came into effect on certain jobs. Yard service, shop staff, freight sheds and so on. It was quite a change from the ten-hour day and twelve-hour night jobs. Of course the main line and branch jobs still worked on the mileage system. The train and engine crews still signed on for twelve hours duty. The yard job I took after leaving the army was at the King Street shed. This was the freight shed which was located on Wellington Street. The yard extended from Front Street to Simcoe Street. The new Massey-Hall is built on the site of the old yard. The yard engine worked three eight-hour shifts. I fired the day shift for Tom Morrow, a white-haired Veteran engineer, and a very fine man to work with. On the day shift we would sometimes go to Parkdale and do some switching in that area.

One day in May 1920 we were pulling some cars out of the Dominion Bridge siding near the Dundas Street overhead bridge. When we backed out onto the service track, and stopped, Tom got down off the engine with a monkey wrench to tighten up a nut on the crosshead which he noticed had come loose. He happened to step back onto the east bound main line just as the passenger train from Goderich travelling about fifty miles an hour came from

under the bridge. He was struck and thrown about two box car lengths. I heard the brakes going on, on the train, and I feared the worst. So I got down off our engine and saw Tom lying on his face. I turned him over but he was dead. I was all ready to render first aid as I had done so many times on the battlefield, but poor Tom was beyond that. We lifted him into the baggage car and he was taken to Union Station. The engineer on the passenger train, Russel Folis was cleared of all blame at the inquest. Russel Folis' father Ben Folis, was a retired locomotive engineer at the time and lived to a ripe old age. Russel was appointed to a position on the Board of Railway Commissioners some time after the above incident.

During the time I was on this King Street yard job I was going with my future wife, Molly Auld, a most beautiful girl, who used to send me parcels in France every month. We were married in September 1920 and had a wonderful life together. After firing different jobs I decided to take the night transfer. We would transfer a freight train from Lambton to Toronto yard. This was a twelve hour a night job, seven nights a week. I worked it for one whole year and never laid off once. Trying to sleep in the daytime was a problem, because the street I lived on was a blind one, and nearly every household had a dog, and the constant barking of those dogs made it very hard to sleep. This of course affected my health. So after putting up with it for a year I decided to move out of Toronto and get a branch job. I put in a bid for the Listowel branch job. It was a sixteen mile branch running off the Goderich main line. I got the job, and Molly and I moved up there with our two sons, Herbert and Walter. What a change from that night job in Toronto. I went to work at one o'clock in the afternoon and left Listowel at two o'clock with several freight cars, a baggage car, and a coach. We would stop at the two stations, Tralee and Dorking, then proceed to Linwood Junction, arriving there at three o'clock where we would unload our express and detrain our passengers, set off our freight cars, pull our baggage car and coach around the wye and stay there till eight o'clock. We would then get

the passengers off the Toronto-Goderich train and leave for Listowel. It was a welcome change to be sleeping at night instead of trying to sleep to the tune of dogs barking.

We had a lovely wee house for seventeen dollars a month and were very happy there. The engineer I fired for was Charlie Luce. Charlie was a man who had been around. He soldiered in the Guards in England and ran an engine in the Argentine before settling in Canada and getting a job on the C.P.R. In the first World War he went overseas with the railway troops and ran an engine on the French railways. He won a medal for taking an engine up close to enemy lines and coupling onto an ammunition train, then bringing it back under fire. He was lucky, for the enemy overran miles of allied lines in the next few days during their last desperate big push in March of 1918. Charlie was the father of 11 children, so perhaps he had plenty of reason to be crusty and ill-tempered at times. However, when he was in good humour he could be quite witty.

The engineer on the morning train was Joe Fair. He had been on this branch line since it was built in 1907. And he also had the same engine all that time, Number 7048, a four-wheel coupled engine that was built in 1882. Joe did all the work on his engine and was paid extra for it. He was an excellent mechanic. He could change springs, and even changed engine trucks one time. His wife was the sister of the general manager of eastern lines on the C.P.R., so whenever Joe wanted anything for his engine, all he had to do was send a wire to Toronto and the part would be up on the next train. He was a pillar of the United Church and was well liked by everyone. His fireman was a veteran of the war also, a major in the 38th Battalion who had a stiff leg from being badly wounded at Vimy Ridge. It did not prevent him from firing an engine however. The C.P.R. was very good to the war veterans who had left their jobs to serve in the war, even to the extent of allowing men who were disabled to run engines, and even a man who had lost an eye. Of course in the latter case the man could only run a yard engine. He was not allowed on the main line. The company was very generous to those men and women who

entered armed forces in the first world war. They paid their next of kin a full six months' wages. This is not generally known, but at the time it was considered a very fine gesture by this truly Canadian company.

A great many of the officers had come up through the ranks and had risen to the top. A former president Mr. N. R. Crump, started as a fitter's helper and knew a steam locomotive inside out. He started in Lethbridge at age 16. He went right up the ladder, from fitter's helper to night locomotive foreman, then day foreman and Master Mechanic, and so on until he got right to the top. When Mr. Crump was General Superintendent and I was on the Montreal local trains, he got on at Pontypool and rode into Havelock with me. He liked to ride up in the engineer's cab. When we were going through Peterborough at 10 miles per hour, cars were darting in front of us at the crossings, almost hitting the drawbar. I remember he was quite upset, and said, "My goodness, those people have no respect for trains at all." I cannot speak too highly of the many officers I have worked under in my many years with the C.P.R.

Molly and I had two more children in the two years we were in Listowel. Our daughter, Eleanor, was born there and our son John. The company did about seventy-five thousand dollars per year on this branch in spite of the cost of keeping it open during the severe winters when the snow plow would be used nearly every other day. There was a car of milk shipped from the City Dairy to Toronto six days a week. There was furniture from the Malcolm plant, and there was livestock and many other commodities. This all went to the truckers—which caused the closure of the branch. The Listowel station is now used as the town hydro building. As I have said, the engine 7048 was Joe Fair's pride and joy. I used to polish the brass and copper fittings and piping in the cab as well as the bell.

At the end of our two years in Listowel my wife and I with our four children moved to St. Marys, but before I write about our two happy years in that lovely town I want to mention the name of the conductor on the morning train in Listowel. Bert Allen was a real fine gentleman who was

well liked and respected by all who knew him. The reason I mention him at this time is because I am afraid that I might forget later on that this very fine man met a tragic death during the great depression.

He was the conductor on the Chicago-Montreal passenger train, and while standing on the steps of one of the cars coming into London, he stepped off the slow moving train and on to a patch of ice on the station platform and slipped under the wheels which severed both his legs. He died on the way to the hospital.

The afternoon run that was to be my job for the next two years left St. Marys at three o'clock in the afternoon and was composed of freight cars and a baggage car and a coach so it was called a mixed train. We would run to Ingersoll North, then return to St. Marys arriving at seven-thirty. From that time till eleven or twelve o'clock we would "switch" the floor mill, the cement plant, and the stone quarry. The engineer I fired for was Fred Chubb, better known as "Chubby". He was born in London, England and had been a fireman on a railway in that country before coming to Canada in 1907. He was a wonderful man and he and I became very good friends. His wife's name was Elsie, and they had one son. Chubby could play the violin and he and Elsie used to come to our house on a Sunday evening and he would play his violin and Molly and I would sing.

Chubby and I kept chickens and we were able to keep ourselves in eggs. I had 32 hens and 2 roosters. I kept them in a nice clean henhouse and never let them out in the wintertime; but to give them exercise I would tie a head of cabbage to the ceiling of the henhouse about three feet off the floor, so that the hens could jump up and peck at it all day. I fed them a hot bran mash every morning, and grain scattered over the floor and raw meat three days a week. In the 20's you could get a bag of scrap beef for a dime at the butcher shop. That provided protein, and they loved it. When grain cars pulled away from the flour mill, grain spilled to the ground, and I'd sweep it up to take home. I also gave them skim milk, because a gallon was only 3 or 4

cents at the dairy in those days. The result of this good care was 30 to 32 eggs a day in the coldest weather. We were able to sell what we didn't use, and in those years 1926-27-28, we got 50 cents a dozen for them.

I remember one time, during a winter in St. Marys when a neighbour's dog took a liking for my chickens. I used to put a screen door over the front of the henhouse to let the fresh air in. The dog knocked the screen door down, and chased the chickens out. My wife had to go out in the snow up to her knees to gather them all in. She finally got all but two. When she told me what had happened, I went to the neighbour to tell him what his dog had done. I asked him to compensate me for the two missing hens. He said, "Oh no, I'm not paying. It's not my fault." I went straight to the magistrate, who was also the grocer. He said, "Herb, you go tell that guy if he doesn't pay you, he'll be in my court tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock." When I went back to tell the guy, he said he didn't care; but as I turned to leave, he said, "Just a minute. What do you value a hen at?" Justice followed swiftly.

The St. Marys branch line was, at the time I write, a very profitable one for the company. The St. Marys Cement plant was very busy and the morning and afternoon trains were a sight to behold with their cars of cement and crushed rock, and cars of flour, with the baggage car and passenger car on the tail-end. All the cars but these two would be set off at Zorra, and later lifted by the pick-up train from London. Zorra was located on the Toronto-Windsor main line. The engine with the baggage car and coach, after setting off the freight cars, would proceed to Ingersoll North where the engine was turned on the turn-table. After a half hour lay-by, the train would return to St. Marys, picking up cars at Zorra on the way. The Ingersoll Cream Cheese Company had a plant in Ingersoll North, and at various times we would get a car of cheese from there. At Christmastime this firm would give each member of the train and engine crew a five pound wheel of cheese. This was a good will gesture on their part, in appreciation for any switching we had done for them during the year.

I remember one afternoon we pulled into Ingersoll North Station and we had a brand new engine that had just arrived from Angus shops in Montreal the previous day. She was all bright and shiny with the tender just sparkling with varnish. It reminded me of my "wiping" job at the John Street Station. We used to go over the entire engine with clean crude oil from top to bottom. It took about half a day. Two men wiped down the boiler and two men worked on the wheels down below. In the old days before the Great War, there was an inspector wearing white gloves who would even feel in behind the wheel's spokes to see if they were clean. They don't have high standards like that today. Anyway, a man of about 60 years of age took out his pipe and casually walked over and scratched a match on the side of the shiny tender leaving an ugly mark about fifteen inches long. I was dumbfounded for a minute, but then I got down off the engine and I told the vandal what I thought of him. I told him I could have him arrested for defacing private property. He looked at this young whipper-snapper who was dressing him down, then without a word he slunk away.

I shall never forget the silk trains that used to roar through Ingersoll. They would be headed by a No. 6100 engine that was one of many the C.N.R. had built about that time. They hauled fifteen or sixteen baggage cars loaded with raw silk. These trains had right-of-way over all trains and had an armed guard on each car. I understood that the silk had to be rushed to the processing plant, as it deteriorated very quickly in the atmosphere. It was a most thrilling sight to see these trains speeding along the rails at about seventy miles an hour, with the huge driving wheels just a blur. An automobile race is quite tame compared to a sight like this.

Molly and I had an eight-room house in St. Marys for twenty dollars a month rent. It had a furnace and a bath but no toilet, so we had to use the outside privy which wasn't very pleasant in the winter. However, we with our four children were very happy the two years we lived in the "Stone Town". We used to run a bill at the grocery store

owned by the town magistrate and we used to pay him every pay day, that was on the 15th and 31st of each month. The bill for the two weeks very rarely exceeded sixteen dollars. We cannot get very much today for that.

Every Christmas Mr. Lynd, the owner of the St. Marys Cement Works gave his married employees a turkey, and his single employees two dollars. He included the train crews of both the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. in this Christmas giving. It was much appreciated by all concerned. The large office staff that was required to handle the business for the C.P.R. was located in a spacious room in the station, and this room also served as a hall where employees would gather on Friday evenings for a social get-together and dance. While Molly and I were there, the freight business increased to the extent that a larger engine was required to handle it. In addition, after we finished our regular afternoon trip, we would take an extra train to Woodstock on the main line. We would arrive back about six a.m. in time to have a sleep before coming on duty at 2:15 p.m. Our Conductor was a very fine, handsome man named Frank Perry. A good railroad man who knew his job and the rules. Crawford McAuley was one of our trainmen and the other one whose name escapes me at the moment, in later years worked in through-freight and met a tragic death by being crushed between two freight cars at Galt.

In may of 1928 Molly and I with our four children moved to Toronto, as our two years were up and a senior fireman displaced or "bumped" me. The rule was, that a fireman was guaranteed two years on an outside branch job or yard job. He could not be "bumped" by a senior fireman. If his seniority allowed him to stay on the job after his two years were up he could then be "bumped", but only after six months. We hated to leave our lovely home but we could not help it; it was all part of the game of railroading.

We rented a house in West Toronto where our fourth son was born on Dominion Day. We named him Norman Edward. None of us took very kindly to city life, so we moved to Orangeville in the fall of 1928. I had been the successful applicant for the job as fireman on the Orange-

ville to Owen Sound Way-Freight. We rented a house on First Avenue, next door to Dr. W. Leach, whose son Wilfred is a prominent Provincial Judge.

Dr. Leach was in the first world war as a medical officer with the rank of captain. His wife, a truly pleasant lady, had been a nurse in a military hospital. Dr. Leach was a very dedicated man, and, as his neighbour I accompanied him on several occasions in winter, when he would be called to deliver a baby out in the country. He would hitch up his horse to the cutter and away we would go, over snow drifts so deep that only a horse could navigate them. I would sit in the parlour while the good doctor would deliver the baby, or, as sometimes happened, the twins. Our baby son Norman was very delicate at this time, so Dr. Leach had him admitted to the hospital, and in no time at all he soon brought him around. Norman soon developed into a strong healthy boy. Dr. Leach never worried much about money matters; he was more concerned about his patients and their problems than about whether they would ever pay him. He and Mrs. Leach were close friends of ours and wonderful neighbours. They had two daughters as well as their son Wilfred.

The Orangeville-Owen Sound way-freight was so called because pieces of freight would be unloaded at each station.These five or six way-cars were at the head end of the train. They were uncoupled from the rest of the train and backed into the siding where pieces of freight were unloaded and wheeled into the freight shed. This worked out fine if the article were not too big, but quite often a piano or a large piece of farm machinery would have to be handled by four or five men. The conductor and his two trainmen and the station agent handled the way-freight. The engineer and fireman did not have to do any of it unless they wanted to. During the period of which I write there was a large amount of freight moved on the railways. The Orangeville way-freight was a very busy job. Twelve to fourteen hours a day was the usual shift spent on this job. But one good feature was the kindness of the two trainmen. Tommy Arnett used to cook the dinner in the caboose for

all five crew members going to Owen Sound, while Jack Brawley cooked for us going to Orangeville. The engineer and fireman would leave their dinner pails in the caboose at the beginning of each trip and when we tied up at around noon we would all sit down to a real good feed. Railroad men all had good appetites, generated by fresh air, hard work, and long hours.

There was a large potato house at the town of Shelburne, which is just north of Orangeville, where we could get any amount of potatoes and turnips very cheaply. We used to put two or three very large potatoes on top of the boiler near the safety valves; when we got to Owen Sound seven or eight hours later they would be baked to a turn and we would have them for supper.

Owen Sound is a pleasant town as most people who know it will agree. There were two passenger trains a day from Toronto; one in the morning and one in the evening, and two from Owen Sound to Toronto. These trains were well patronized and had a club car where passengers could get refreshments. The late Sir William Mulock the Chief Justice of Ontario used to ride the morning train to Berkley where he had a private trout pond. He would fish for a few hours, then catch the afternoon train for Toronto.

I spent a good many quiet hours in the public library in Owen Sound. The first winter I was on this job I read every volume of Charles Dickens in the library. We were in Owen Sound on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. During the two or three hours each of these nights spent reading, one could forget the tiring day spent shovelling coal into the hungry firebox of the engine. The winters were extremely severe, with a lot of snow.

* * * * *

Steam locomotives require special consideration because of their need for both fuel and water. The following letter illustrates some Canadian ingenuity in this regard:

January 21, 1969
29 Burncrest Drive
Toronto-12-Ontario
Canada

Mr. W. A. Rice
Executive Director
B.L.E.

Dear Sir & Brother,

In the January 17th issue of the Locomotive Engineer there is an article entitled Yankee-Ingenuity, and it concerns the hauling of a train by a British steam locomotive from Boston to Dallas next April to a display of British-made goods. The article goes on to say that due to the demise of steam locomotives in America there are no more water tanks and consequently this posed a problem for the British steam engine.

The matter was solved however by "Yankee Ingenuity" the tender of the engine will be replenished with water by the fire department along the route every 175 miles.

There was no mention as to how the engine was to be serviced with coal however. Now, just to keep the record straight, the Canadian Pacific & Canadian National, although they both have done away with steam power and have been operating diesel engines for years-have operated steam locomotives on their "Rail Fan Trains" and have had the cooperation of fire departments ever since the water tanks were pulled down. They have also had lots of help at places where they had to have coal. All they had to do was to spot the engine next to a car of coal and a portable coal conveyor would load the tender in a short time. I can also remember an incident which happened in 1915, the year I started wiping on the Canadian Pacific Railway at 14¢ an hour. The engines on the Montreal-Chicago passenger train ran out of water at Brighton, nine miles from Trenton, where he had backed his engine onto the train to take it to Toronto. He stopped at Brighton after discovering that he was out of water and told the operator

in the station to call the fire department. When the firemen arrived they were very angry at being roused out of bed at 3 o'clock in the morning and it took quite a lot of pleading on the part of John Maines—the engineer of the train—to persuade them to give him enough water to get him to Cobourg. At last they agreed and John got his water. He left 20 minutes late with the thoughts of how he was going to explain why he had left Trenton with so little water on such an important train. Not only that but the General Manager was in his private car with a lot of other top brass on the very train he was pulling. Anyway he made a very good run to Toronto having made up the lost time and arriving on the dot. The officers who were on the train having got wind of what had happened, instead of criticizing John, walked up to the engine and congratulated him on his ingenuity and resourcefulness. Now sir, you can see for yourself that there is nothing unique in what after all, is about the only way a locomotive tender can be replenished with water when the water tanks are all demolished, except of water pails of course, and that would take too long.

Yours Frat,
Herbert Stitt, Div. 295
(Retired)

* * * * *

I remember when I was firing the Owen Sound way-freight and we were coming into the town of Shelburne one hot day in July. I saw this small man walking along the track. When we caught up to him he stepped over on the left side of the right-of-way. He looked up at me and I at him and we recognized each other as pals in the 19th battalion in France in the first world war. Well, we waved and waved at each other and he caught up to us when we stopped for water at the station. I got down off the engine and threw my arms around him. He told me he was going to Toronto so I asked the engineer if he would let him ride the engine to Orangeville where we both lived. He

consented, so wee Mike rode in with us. I took him home with me where we had a good meal and talked far into the night. He went to France with the 216th Bantam battalion and served in the 19th battalion in France. I told him I had to be up at five a.m. to go back to Owen Sound but he could sleep as long as he wanted. Molly made him a good breakfast and a lunch to take with him when he went on his way. He had been tramping across the country since he got out of the army. He loved the free and easy life. He was a good soldier and could march and fight with the best of them.

Speaking of railway stations, Elizabeth A. Willmot, the author of "Meet Me At The Station" and "Faces And Places Along The Railway" certainly deserves a lot of credit for the many photographs she took of stations throughout Ontario. She was able to foresee the time when these picturesque stations would be no more. Some have become private dwellings, but most of them have been simply demolished. Her photographs insure that the memories will be kept alive in the hearts of those who used them in the days gone by. She has travelled extensively throughout Ontario, the western provinces and down east to photograph railway stations, railway roundhouses, railway trestles and other railway structures. She has always had a keen interest in trains since her first train ride as a little girl. Only she could have the foresight to photograph the three-quarter mile long Hog Bay trestle leading into the C.P.R. yard at Port McNicholl. It too has been demolished.

The C.P.R. has had running rights over the Canadian National Lines to Hamilton for years, even before the line was C.N. Then it was the Grand Trunk Railway. The Grand Trunk Railway was in bad financial straits before Sir Henry Thornton took it along with several other railways and amalgamated them into the Canadian National Railways under Government ownership. Sir Henry made the C.N.R. into a first-class railway. The Old Grand Trunk had a lot of inferior equipment. A good many of their box cars had leaky roofs; and those that did

would have a sign on their sides reading "leaky roof". So when C.P.R. yardmen had cars to transfer to the Grand Trunk lines they would always say "We have some cars for the Leaky Roof"—as if it were the name of the company. Even when it became the C.N.R. the old nickname still stuck.

After firing for three years a man could be examined to be qualified as an engineer. All the time he was firing he was learning about locomotives. He would be attending classes, reading books and asking questions. At the end of three years he was examined by a board of examiners; if he failed he could be examined again in six months. If he failed this second test, he could be examined once again in six months. If he failed the third time, he would be put on the bottom of the firemen's seniority list or dismissed. There is a great deal to know about a steam locomotive. First of all there was the boiler and its construction. How much steam pressure it could stand before it would explode. There were the cylinders, the crosshead, the main rods, side rods, and the driving wheels. Then there were the air-brakes, with the air-compressor that supplied the air. One had to know the names of the different pipes leading to and from the distributing valve, and what to do when one of them broke. One had to know what to do if one side of the engine broke down. He could still run the engine on the good side but with half the train. In addition to knowing all about this marvellous machine, the engineer had to know the book of rules pertaining to train operations. He was learning all the time. He was examined every year for hearing and vision, and had to have a medical examination every year. In addition to his oral examination at the end of his three years' firing, he had a written examination. He had to attend classes in the rules car when it was in his terminal, and also attend classes in the mechanical car when he could. Most men on the spare board had to write the C.N.R. train rules and have an oral examination on them before they were allowed to run a train to Hamilton over the C.N.R. lines.

When I was on the Montreal local trains we would leave

Toronto Union Station at 9:15 a.m. and making all the station stops would arrive at Havelock at 12:00 o'clock noon. In the wintertime a portion of the line between Myrtle and Pontypool was a fairyland. Going through the cuts with evergreen trees on each side of the track covered with snow and shining in the sunlight, it was a most beautiful sight. Near Pontypool there were a few farms that specialized in growing Christmas trees, and when these trees of various sizes were covered with snow, they looked like a winter wonderland.

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The second class freight train that was made up in Parkdale yard used to leave west Toronto at 7:45 p.m. It was a high class merchandise train that terminated at Winnipeg. We on the MacTier subdivision used to like to be called for it. For quite some time some of the cars when opened at Winnipeg were found to have been pillaged. The investigation department decided to keep a close watch on this train. They found that as the train moved slowly out of Parkdale yard, a group of thieves would break the seals of the box cars and hoist each other into the cars. They apparently knew which cars to enter. Well, one night several men of the investigation department lay in the tall grass at Bolton, opposite where the cars would stop when the engine was taking water. The doors of the cars were opened by the thieves and the merchandise came flying out. The C.P.R. police nabbed six or seven of the culprits. This train, number 955, gave excellent fast service and was very popular with the merchant shippers.

During the great days of train travel the C.P.R. ran a train from Toronto to Port McNicholl twice weekly in the summertime to connect with the C.P.R. passenger steamship the Keewatin or the Assiniboi. The ship would leave Port McNicholl say, on a Saturday afternoon at 3:00 p.m. and would arrive at Fort William on Monday morning. It was a most enjoyable trip and a good way to break the long train journey if one were going to Vancouver. The meals were excellent and the cabins very comfortable. The flower garden in front of summer station at Port McNicholl was a

showplace, and took first prize year after year when the station gardens were judged by the company officials.

In the year 1955 the C.P.R. put on what was to become the finest, the most luxurious, and the fastest train to run between Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Vancouver. The cars were stainless steel and the fourth and last cars were dome cars where passengers could sit high, to see all over the countryside. There was usually one day coach—the rest of the cars were sleeping cars, with one or two dining cars. There were standard sleeping cars, drawing room cars and family cars. When the train from Montreal and Ottawa amalgamated with the train from Toronto at Sudbury, there would be a train of sixteen or eighteen cars from there to Vancouver.

Before the train left on its initial trip the company officials made an appeal to the federal Members of Parliament to please refrain from using their free passes on this train on its first trip. I remember the Members were quite annoyed at this attempt to curtail their privilege. This was perhaps the finest train that ever ran across Canada. I had the honour of driving it for three years before retiring in 1962. It always had first class motive power on its head-end and was pretty well on time at every station. It had soft music piped into each car; the meals were superb and the service excellent. To ride this train was a pleasure indeed. To ride in the dome car going through the rockies was a thrill never to be forgotten. Dick Slack was one of the conductors working with me on this train. I correspond with him now and then. Like me he is retired, living in MacTier, and looks fine despite his seventy-eight years. Orville MacDonald was also one of the conductors on this train. I have only seen him once since his retirement. A very fine man of the old school who was a strict railroad man. Owing to the vast distance this train had to cover, there would be six of them on the rails at once. This meant that there were three Canadians in each direction every day. Thousands of people of all ages rode this train over the years and enjoyed the experience. However, the advent of the jet plane made deep inroads into the rail traffic,

especially into the "Canadian".

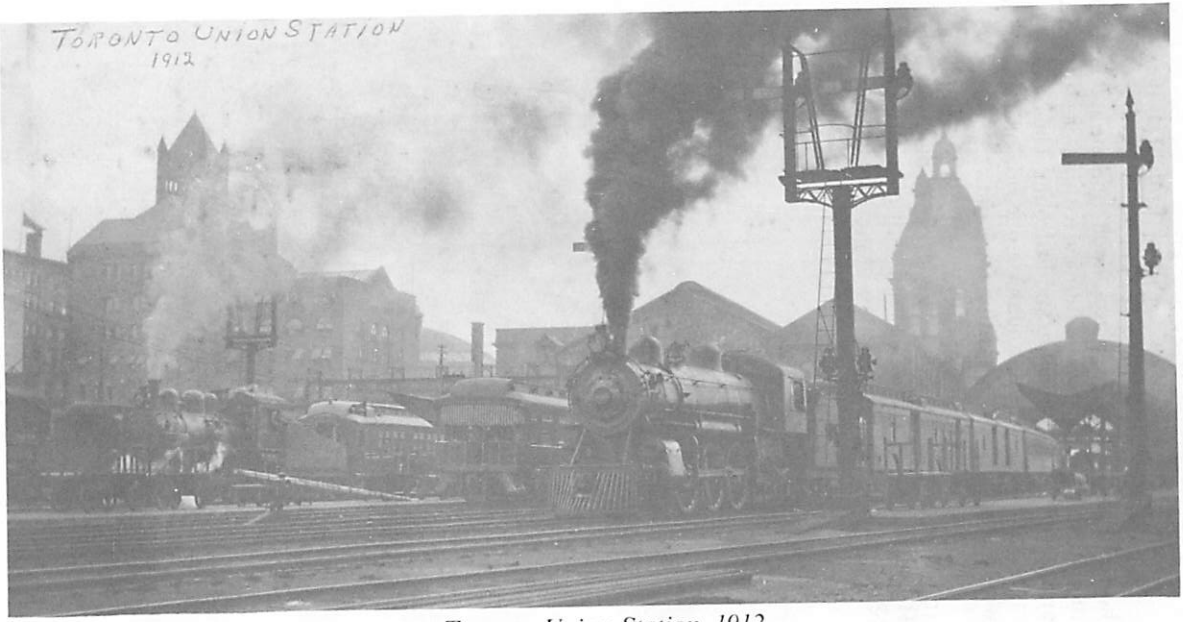
It seems that people in this age are not content to move at a leisurely pace along life's highways, but have to get from here to there in a big hurry. Well, speaking as an eighty-six year old man, I longingly look back to the days of my youth when the world moved more slowly.

* * * * *

A good example of earlier times when people moved more slowly, and had time to care for each other, was when the C.P.R. ran its large boardinghouse in MacTier. At the boardinghouse there were six rooms for engineers and firemen who ran from Toronto to MacTier. These rooms were provided free by the company and took the place of bunkhouses that were provided at other terminals such as Trenton, Havelock, Smiths Falls, London etc. There were twenty-four rooms in the boardinghouse and engine crews who ran from Sudbury to MacTier were provided with six rooms also. The remaining rooms were on the second floor and were rented to various individuals who worked in the town. Over the years the boardinghouse was operated by different people. It took the place of a hotel. Mrs. William Coyne was the last person to run the boardinghouse before I retired. I don't know who ran it after that. Her husband William was the C.P.R. policeman for many years at MacTier. He was a first war veteran and won the Military Medal for bravery in that war. Bill was a very kind man, as was his dear wife. If Bill spotted a man riding in a boxcar during the depression he told him to go over to the boardinghouse and tell Mrs. Coyne that "Bill sent me". Mrs. Coyne knew what to do then. She would sit the man down to a hot meal and give him a package of sandwiches and send him on his way. Many, many times this fine couple repeated this generous act during those hard times during the hungry thirties. They have since passed away but their five children are still living. Audrey is with Bell Canada and two of the boys are locomotive engineers on the Canadian National Railway. I don't know the whereabouts of the other two children. The old boardinghouse has since been demolished at MacTier and small bunk-

houses have taken its place. Each bunkhouse accommodates two men and is equipped with an electric stove and refrigerator, bathroom and bedroom. The old boardinghouse had a long verandah on one side of it and men would sit talking while waiting for a run.

My long career on the railway was exciting and happy, and if it were possible I would do it all over again. However, the memories are still with me and I can look back on them with the greatest of pleasure.

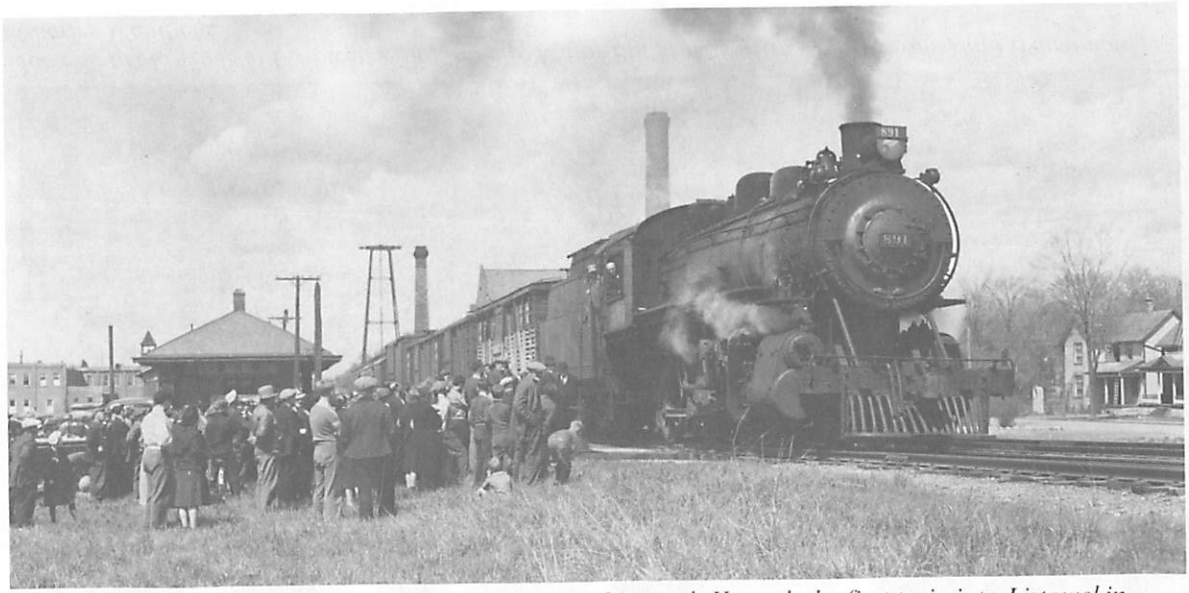


Toronto Union Station, 1912.

Canadian Pacific Scenic Dome Streamliner, "The Canadian", driven by the author for three years before his retirement in 1962.

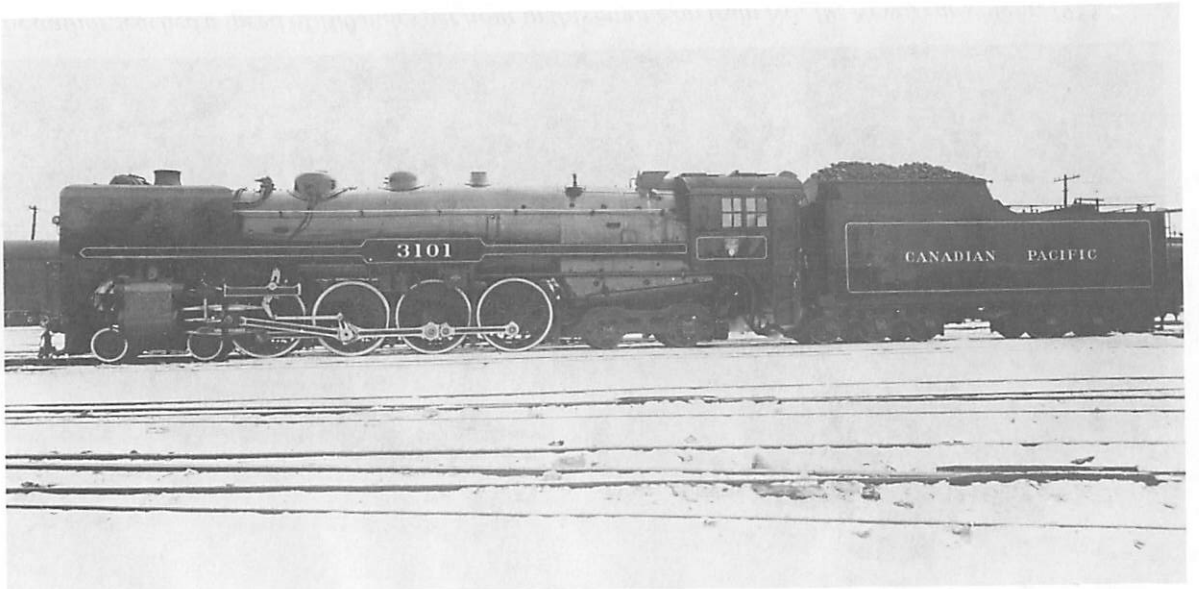
The author and his wife Molly with their grandson Paul on his last trip, September 8, 1962.

Joe Fair in old #7048 at Listowel, with Fireman, Major Bill Morrison (in white overalls) and Watchman, Charles Wambole.

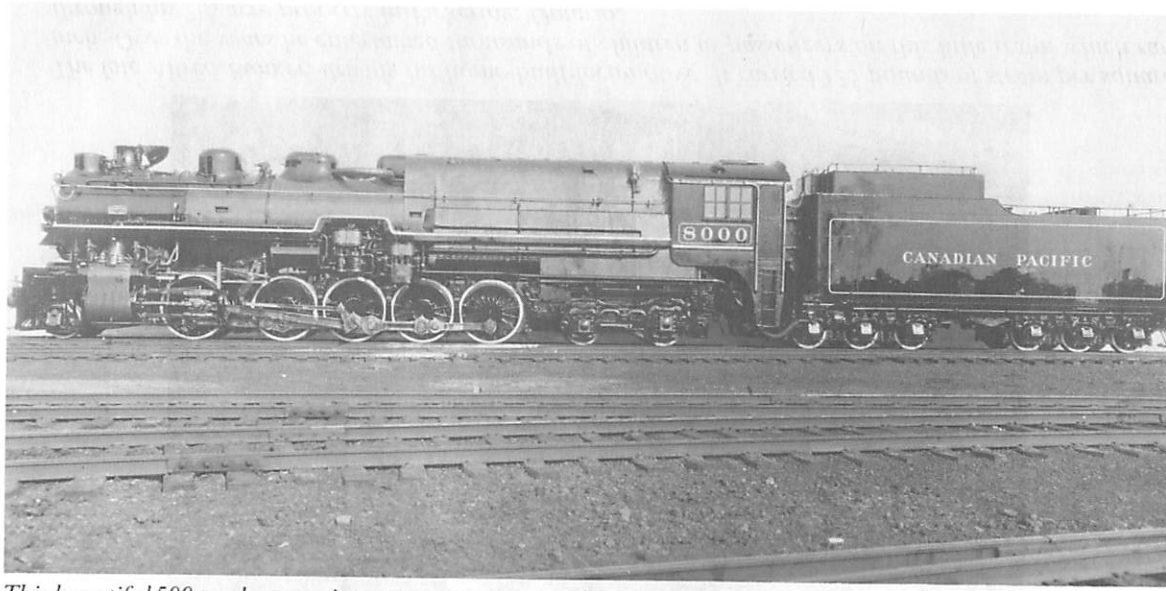


Joe Fair at the throttle of the last C.P.R. train leaving Listowel. He took the first train into Listowel in 1908. and the last train out in 1939.

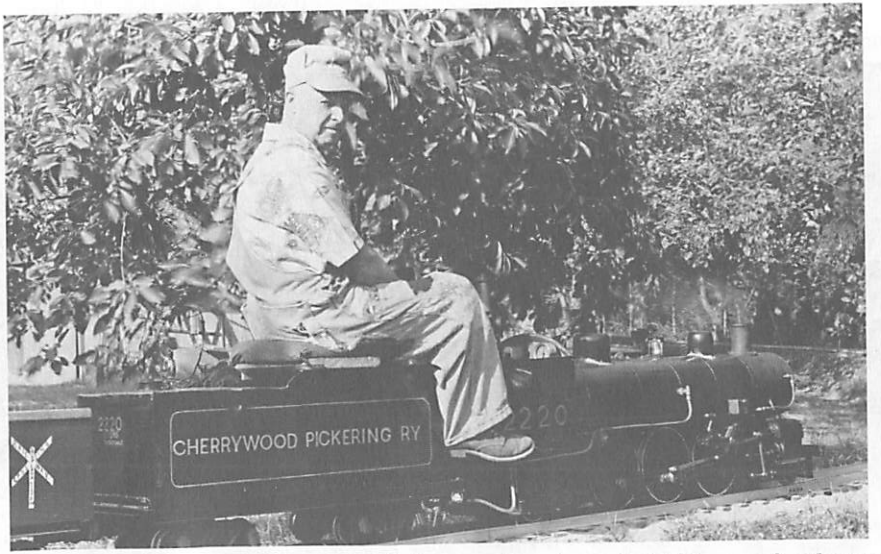
The author reached a speed of 100 miles per hour in this engine on train No. 19, New Year's night, 1955.



This engine, a Northern Type, 4-8-4, Freight and Passenger is now in a park in Regina, Saskatchewan.



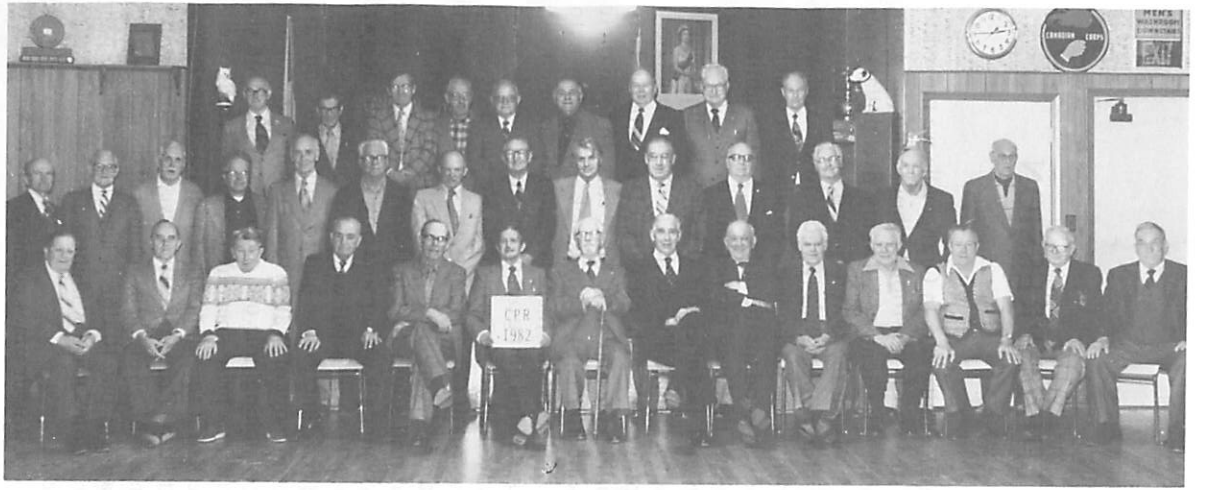
This beautiful 500 ton locomotive was an experimental prototype engine, tested in the Rocky Mountains. Unfortunately, it was never put into regular service.



The late Alfred Bunker, driving his home-built locomotive. It carried 125 pounds of steam per square inch. Over the years he entertained thousands of children as passengers on this little train, which ran through his 2½ acre property in Pickering, Ontario.

The author and his wife Molly in 1944, and later in 1963.

The author at the throttle of a Budd Car (self-propelled diesel rail car); and in later years with wife Molly.



Canadian Pacific Pensioners' Toronto Club, May 1982. The author sits in front center with a cane, and the President, Bill West sits to his right. The CPP Toronto Club was formed in 1950, first holding its meetings in the Canadian Express Building, Simcoe Street, compliments of the CPR Eastern lines. When the building was demolished to make way for Thompson Hall, the Canadian Corps Association generously offered the use of part of their building rent free.

THE DEPRESSION

After two and a half years in Orangeville we moved to Owen Sound to a sturdy six-roomed house, not far from the roundhouse. The rent was twenty-five dollars per month. Now I was on the Owen Sound end of the way-freight. The children loved this friendly town, and we all used to go down to the harbour on Sundays to watch the ships. Business was good for the railways, for in addition to the western grain that was moved out of Owen Sound, there were several factories on the C.P.R. line which seemed to be always busy. I've seen us come in from Owen Sound to Orangeville with 60 cars of livestock. Then Teeswater would have maybe 30 more cars. In total there would be about 100 cars of livestock going down to Toronto. But alas, our stay there lasted only six months.

There was quite a hill going out of Owen Sound. As soon as we started, we had to go as hard as we could to get up that hill. Going out of Owen Sound, the route went north, about a mile along Georgian Bay then out to a turn onto higher ground and south to Chatsworth. The run from Chatsworth to Dundalk was up and down hills all the way. Then, at Dundalk it was all downhill to Orangeville.

At the Saugeen Junction we had to wait to pick up cars from trains coming out of Walkerton. During the wait one day, I took a twitching pole out of the van, stood on the bridge, and caught a prize-specimen rainbow trout. Needless to say, we had it for supper that night at home.

At the next stop, Proton Station, we used to buy our eggs for 16 cents a dozen at the beginning of the depression. I used to be able to put 10 dozen eggs in my lunch pail. When I got home on Saturday night, I'd give them away to all my relatives.

I could see the tough times coming. There were a few

people laid off every week. When the Great Depression finally struck there were trains taken out of service right and left. I was "bumped" off my way-freight job by a senior fireman. Consequently, we were forced back to Toronto. But we had no trouble getting a house to rent, and I went on the "spare board". The spare board was composed of firemen who did not stand for a regular job. These men took the place of those on regular jobs who were sick or for any other reason could not go out on their runs. When times were good a spare man could make a fairly reasonable living, but during the depression there was very little to make. He dare not travel very far from the house and phone for fear of missing a call. If he missed a call, they would move his name to the bottom of the list, and he had to wait until it came to the top again. I was on the spare board all that winter and summer, and times kept getting worse and worse. Men were laid off every week, in reverse order of seniority. Engineers were being set back firing, conductors were set braking. Yard foremen were set back as helpers. It was a really difficult time for nearly everyone. There were dozens of locomotives tied up on storage tracks at Lambton roundhouse. No work for them. No trains to pull. Finally, the blow fell for me. After seventeen years seniority I was laid off. Immediately I went up to London, which was the junior district. I lasted one week on the spare board at London. The crew clerk came into the bunkhouse one day and read out fifteen names, (mine among them), telling us we were laid off.

Back we all went to Toronto, some to their homes in Smiths Falls. We did not stand for work anywhere on the Ontario seniority district. Well, Molly and I never owned a car, and we had a wee nest egg tucked away in the bank which helped out during those bad times. One day I met Charlie Luce in the Junction and he said to me, "Why don't you go up to Port McNicoll? There is lots of spare work up there for a laid off fireman." So up I went, and sure enough he was right. Charlie was the engineer for whom I fired on the Listowel job years ago. He was currently pensioned off. When I arrived, a laid off fireman from Smiths Falls was

doing the spare work at the Port. He was a junior to me on the seniority list, I had to "bump" him, much to my regret. Naturally he wasn't pleased, but seniority counted even though we were both laid off. I worked at that job for six weeks without losing a day, and even the man I had "bumped" got three or four days work a week during that time. There were four yard engines working at the Port, some working two shifts, plus a "shuttle" job that went to Midland and Orillia. Tons of grain went through Port McNicoll at this time. Finally, things started to slow down and jobs were cut off. There was no more work for me so I went home.

The winter of 1932-33 was pretty grim. Our little nest egg was getting smaller and smaller. Sometimes I would hear through the grapevine that I stood for work in London, so up I would go and get on the spare board. But it was very spare indeed. After waiting in the bunkhouse, not daring to leave for days on end for fear of missing a call, I would be lucky enough to get a trip to Windsor or Goderich. I remember making twenty-eight dollars for two weeks. Another time I made fifty-six which was pretty good at that time. I went to London every time my seniority allowed me to get on the spare board. Finally, after I had spent a year on the spare board in London, I was notified that I stood for work in Toronto. From then on things started to improve and I eventually stood for a steady job on the North End Pool. Our territory covered the MacTier subdivision, the Owen Sound subdivision, Port McNicoll subdivision and Teeswater and Walkerton subdivision. There were about ten fireman and ten engineers on the pool. We would run first in, first out, and we could be called for a train on any of the above subdivisions, including passenger trains.

I must mention a call I received one 24th of December to dead-head to Walkerton to relieve the regular fireman on the Walkerton-Orangeville mixed train who had very conveniently taken sick in order to have Christmas off. I dead-headed to Orangeville and fired the Walkerton train to reach there on Christmas eve. Our bunkhouse up there

was a caboose without wheels. The engineer was an old friend of mine and when we got washed up he put a big chicken in a pot and boiled it on the coal stove. In a couple of hours it was cooked, and we had a real feed washed down with hard cider. We had a very merry Christmas eve till the stone jar of cider was empty. The job left on Christmas day for Orangeville and the regular fireman was O.K. to go back to Walkerton the following day.

In my forty-seven years on the railway I have worked about thirty Christmas days. It didn't bother me that much. It was all part of the job and my dear Molly never complained. Trains had to be run Christmas or not. I stayed on the North End Pool till a couple of years before the second world war broke out. During those two years I was firing passenger trains. I fired the Sudbury local trains for a while, then the Montreal trains to Havelock. I must digress here and go back to the years after the first great war and talk about the great train races between the C.P.R. and Montreal passenger trains and the C.N.R. trains.

Both C.P.R. and C.N.R. stopped at Cobourg to take water and both would leave about the same time. They would gradually pick up speed and at times were running neck to neck. It was really thrilling for 35 miles or so. The passengers thoroughly enjoyed the fun with screaming and waving back and forth. At one point near Brighton the tracks were so close to each other that it would have been possible for the engineer on the C.N.R. engine, if he had a fishing pole, to hand it to the fireman on the C.P.R. engine. The race would continue until the C.N. train veered away to the left and disappeared into a deep cut. And the C.P. train would start down the grade and begin slowing up for the stop at Trenton. The speed of the trains at times would be eighty miles an hour. As this was before the trains were air conditioned the windows in the coaches could be opened, and the passengers could be seen hanging half out of the windows waving like mad. I would be doing my best to keep the steam pressure at the two hundred and seventy-five pounds per square inch maximum. The engine crews of course would be just as excited as the passengers, for in my

opinion there is nothing in the world to compare with two trains racing. The C.N.R. engines would be the 6100 class—beautiful machines they were. The C.P.R. had the very efficient Hudson engines. Both engines had automatic stokers on them, and a good fireman could supply more steam than the engineer needed.

ENGINEERING AT LAST

The second great war which started in September 1939 brought terrible misery and suffering upon the world. My two sons joined the Governor Generals Horse Guards which became a Tank regiment. The commanding officer was Colonel Allan Burton. Herbert and Walter went all through the war till about three weeks before the end, when Herbert met a tragic death. He was lying asleep alongside his tank when a truck moved close to it to supply it with gasoline, and the driver not seeing him ran over him. He died shortly after. He had been in a battle the night before when, through his bravery his tank drove off a large force of the enemy. He was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal and his mother and I went to Ottawa to receive it from the then Governor General Lord Alexander. Walter was on leave in England at the time of Herbert's death, and received the sad news when he returned to his unit. He was devastated as can be imagined, for they were very close. Molly and I have been to Holland three times to visit Herbert's grave. Our third son John entered medical school at Toronto University at this time and graduated in 1948.

I was firing the Dominion, the Vancouver passenger train for engineer Tommy Ward, for several months previous to November 1943 when I was promoted to engineer. We had the semi-streamlined Royal Hudson locomotives on these trains. They were beautiful engines and could handle the heavy trains with ease. The engine that took the train from Toronto would take it as far as Fort William, which is about a thousand miles from Toronto. The fire would be cleaned at every divisional point and coal and water taken. This is all the attention these engines would require, and they would return on the train from Vancouver after a few hours lay at Fort

William. The engine that took the Royal train, number 2850, to Vancouver in 1939 with their Majesties King George 6th and The Queen, went all the way without any trouble. I enjoyed firing for Tommy Ward on these trains. When I was set up as an engineer he gave me a lot of good advice from his fifty-four years' service on the C.P.R.

Well, here at last, the dream come true of that small boy who, in the station at Sligo, Ireland, had seen his first steam locomotive. He was now a locomotive engineer. No more shovelling coal, no more snowplow work. From now on he was the master of any locomotive he was called to run. I was put on the spare board of the engineers. The first job I was called for was the Teeswater mixed train which ran from that town to Orangeville. I dead-headed to Orangeville on the night train and went out on the mixed train in the morning. I was on the job for one week till the regular engineer came back, then I returned to Toronto and got my name on the engineer's spare board again. A man on the spare board could be called for any job. Freight trains, passenger trains, yard engines, work trains, at any hour of the day or night. Quite often I was called to go to Hamilton on the New York trains where an American crew would take the train to Buffalo. The big Hudson engines could move a heavy train out of Sunnyside station with ease. They had an auxiliary engine under the cab called a booster which was cut in to help lift a heavy train from a standing position. The auxiliary was also used to avoid stalling on a heavy grade. They carried twenty-eight tons of coal in the tender and eleven thousand gallons of water, where the automatic stoker fired and carried two hundred and fifty pounds of steam. They had a speed recorder on which I have clocked one of these engines going eighty-seven miles per hour through Burlington. They, of course, could go much faster than that, but at Burlington it was time to get ready to slow up for the station stop at Hamilton.

* * * * *

I would like at this point to relate a very amusing incident which took place during the second world war, and in which I was involved.

I was called to assist a "high ball" freight train to Agincourt one evening in July. I coupled my engine to the engine of the train I was to assist. After we arrived at Agincourt, I backed down to Leaside to await the next train to be assisted. We assisted three more trains to Agincourt and by this time it was after midnight so we got orders to return to Lambton. After we passed North Toronto Station, we saw the red "tail-lamps" on a freight train so we continued slowly to within a car length of the caboose and came to a stop. We discovered there was another train ahead of the one we were standing behind so we prepared ourselves for a good two or three hours wait. I told my fireman to sneak up to the caboose and place a torpedo on the rails just ahead of the last pair of wheels, so that when the train moved ahead they would explode and wake us up, but to be quiet so as to not be heard by either the conductor or brakeman. Torpedoes are what are used to flag another train and are fixed to the track by flexible wire. They are filled with explosive powder and when the first wheel of an engine or car runs over them they go off with a loud bang. The bang has to be loud enough for the engine crew to hear them above the noise of the engine.

Well, the fireman placed the torpedoes under the wheels of the caboose and we settled down for a little sleep. We must have slept about an hour when we were awakened by the noise of the torpedoes going off under the caboose. We waited till the train moved a couple of car lengths away from us, then I opened the throttle of our engine and heard the most deafening series of explosions since I was in the trenches of the first world war. The two men on the platform of the caboose were laughing their heads off, and of course we were too. Obviously they had got wind of what my fireman had done and determined to turn the tables on us. The lights in the nearby houses and the blinds going up must have convinced the occupants that the war had come to Toronto. The two men had made sure that we were asleep and placed a torpedo under each wheel of our twelve wheel tender. Incidents like this made railroading an even greater pleasure.

STEAM ADDICTION

Running a steam locomotive was the most satisfying occupation anybody could wish. To listen to the exhaust from the smoke stack was rhythm for the soul. To sound the whistle of a steam engine for level crossings was music to the ears. There was a romance in steam locomotives that got into one's blood. To drive a modern sleek work of art, as those large engines most certainly were, was a rare treat indeed. For well over a century these beautiful machines did most of the world's work. From the tiny wood burners to the giant automatic stoker-fired engines that were rudely shoved aside to make way for the more efficient diesel engines. Fortunately, there are still some third world countries that have decided to keep the steamers.

I have had the extreme pleasure of driving a Royal Hudson steam locomotive a mile in thirty-six seconds, which extrapolates to one hundred miles an hour. On Christmas night in 1955, I was called to take No. 19, the Toronto-Chicago passenger train to London. We were running a bit late and I was determined to be in on time. Approaching the station of Nissouri near London where there is a slight down grade, we timed ourselves as we flew at full throttle. That old number 2857 was just singing. The thrill I got from travelling that speed on a steam locomotive will never be forgotten. It was beautiful. This incident was later recorded in Trains Magazine and also in a magazine published by The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. I am very sorry to say that this same engine was coming from Windsor on the Chicago train one morning with my old friend Freddy Chubb (of St. Marys days) at the throttle. Approaching Chatham, he struck a floater truck at a level crossing, killing the driver and turning the locomotive over on her side, as well as the mail and baggage cars. The

fireman was also killed and poor old Chubbie was pinned in the cab and so badly scalded that he died twelve days later, the very day that he would have retired on pension after more than forty years service. I had met my dear friend a few weeks previously in the station at London and he told me that he had just a few weeks to go before retiring. He was planning to take a trip with his wife to London, England where he was born.

The line from London to Windsor was as straight as an arrow. Once a freight train got up the only grade from London to Hyde Park it was all on its own, pulling a full tonnage train. A fireman had a hard time on this Windsor subdivision, for there was always a strong wind blowing to impede the speed of the train, consequently the engine had to be worked harder to maintain its speed. There was a coal chute at Chatham and by the time a freight train arrived there from London or Windsor, the exhausted fireman would be reaching back into the tender for coal. Of course when engines got too big to hand fire, they had automatic stokers. What a boon to the fireman. The large tenders had a long trough in the centre of the floor where a worm or screw such as in a meat grinder lay. The coal would be wormed up to a short extension under the deck of the cab, then deposited on a plate inside the firebox just under and in front of the firebox door. On top and behind this plate would be a manifold with eleven jet holes in it, and when the coal fell onto the plate, the steam from the jet holes would blow the coal into the firebox. If for any reason the stoker engine, which was located under the cab deck broke down, the unfortunate fireman had to get busy with the scoop shovel. A fireman not used to stoking found it very hard work indeed. My brother Fred had to do it once on No. 3, the Vancouver train. He hand fired the engine a distance of eighty-two miles. His back was aching when he arrived at MacTier, and no wonder, it had been broken in the second world war, and this was two years after. He was highly commended by the divisional superintendent and awarded ten merit marks.

Of all the machines that man has invented, surely the

invention of the steam locomotive has been his greatest triumph. The idea of boiling water to generate steam at such a high pressure that it could act in such a way as to move mile long trains at seventy miles an hour is nothing short of marvelous. The steam locomotive that we used to see speeding along the rails with its huge driving wheels and its flailing main and side rods is almost a thing of the past. Although some have been saved. A steam locomotive as we know it is actually two engines under one boiler. If one side was disabled, the other engine could still be operated but with half of its original train. I will not go into detail as to how this could be done, but any former engineer or fitter or locomotive foreman or master mechanic reading this book will know. Some of the huge Mallett type of locomotives had four engines under one boiler. They were of course connected in series to form one powerful engine, capable of pulling ten or twelve thousand ton trains. There was something romantic about a steam locomotive. The wail of the whistle as the train wound its way through the countryside will never be forgotten. The whine of the little steam dynamo on top of the boiler that supplied the electricity for the cab lamps and the powerful headlight that shone far ahead of the train. The air compressor that supplied air for the brakes on the engine and every car on the train. We have seen Christmas cars of trains standing at the station and snow falling on people who are boarding it to visit friends and loved ones for Christmas. I have witnessed this scene many times in my career and it always touched my heart to see the happy faces as they boarded the train. Also those who were getting off to visit loved ones. We who lived in those times are fortunate to have such memories to look back on.

SNOWPLOWING

Blizzards are a beautiful sight from the warm window of home, but to a railroader, they often mean long cold and wet shifts of plowing.

I remember one bad winter, where for a whole week no freight was moved. Instead, we ran ahead of the passenger trains with the snowplow to keep the road open. For the engine crew, pushing a plow was a most disagreeable job. The snow flew back entering every crack in the cab. Then, the heat of the cab would melt it, creating a draughty Turkish bath. There were two men in the snowplow; the section foreman and a section man. The wings of the plow and the "nose" were operated by compressed air supplied by the engine compressor. There was a long wire running from the plow back to the whistle on the engine. The section foreman used this wire to blow the whistle for the level crossing, and also to signal the engineer to increase speed to get through a heavy cut, or to stop, or back up, or for other signals. While running along, the engine crew dare not open their cab windows, as they would be blinded by flying snow. The man who was operating the plow was the "eyes" of the engineer. Twenty hours on this job was not uncommon. I remember an occasion where the Teeswater passenger train got stuck in the snow just a few miles from Teeswater. It was there for three days. There happened to be a young newly married couple on the train who were on their honeymoon. The conductor arranged with the men in the mail car to curtain off one end of the car and provide a bed of empty mail bags for the happy couple. In the meantime the baggage man and the train man made their way through waist-high snow to a farm house where the farmer and his wife gave them eggs and bread and other provisions to feed the passengers, and hitched up a team of

horses to a sleigh and drove them back across the snow-covered fields to the train. It was not unusual for trains to be stuck for up to two weeks on the Teeswater line in the early years of this century.

The C.P.R. kept a rotary snowplow in the West Toronto "Back Shop" for years, to be used when and where necessary. It had a huge wheel-like affair with several blades attached to it and the wheel would rotate at a terrific speed to bore into the hard packed snow. It was used when the winged plows could not penetrate the snow drifts. In the severe winter of 1944 the snow got so deep on the Teeswater subdivision that seven steam locomotives were required to push a winged snowplow through the cuts which were packed full of snow. We sometimes complain when we have to shovel out our driveways, but section men on the railways shovelled snow for eight or ten hours to keep the switches clear. And during blizzards the snow would blow in as fast as it was shovelled out. It was a hard, frustrating job and the men would be exhausted at the end of their day. The section men were a special breed of men who were always ready to help out when needed.

When high winds fill in the cuts, it can be quite exciting. For example, on April 4th, 1926, I was firing for Joe Fair on the Listowel branch. We had our regular little engine, the 7048. (This is the one that was built in 1882.) We got into a long deep cut about a mile out of Linwood Junction. It was about a mile long and 15 feet deep. We went into it pretty fast. Naturally, we got stuck. Imagine, on the fourth day of April! But we had the plow on, so we were able to back up and take another run. Finally we got through. Running into a deep cut like that at high speed and being dragged to a stop by the heavy snow is a strange experience. It's just like a giant hand pulling you back slowly.

I well remember one trip from Orangeville to Owen Sound on the way-freight, which stands out in my mind. We left Orangeville at our usual time of 7 a.m. When we got up to Fraxa we started to switch out the cars that had been brought up from Toronto during the night. There was a

strong blizzard blowing, so it was several hours before we got our train marshalled, because the snow would plug the switches as fast as they were cleaned out, and the engineer could only occasionally see the signals the trainmen were giving. We then had to wait for the passenger train from Owen Sound to arrive before we could proceed to Shelburne 9 miles away. The passenger train was late; she had been bucking snow all the way. After she arrived we pulled out and started for Shelburne. The storm was getting worse all the time. When we got our freight unloaded and our switching all finished it was five o'clock and we had a long way to go.

We were given a train order to meet the snowplow at Corbetton eight miles away. We struck out from Shelburne and got stuck in a cut that was filled level with snow. We backed up and took another run at it and got stuck again, so we had to back into Shelburne.

In the meantime, the operator had notified the train dispatcher about the trouble we were having, so he changed the meeting place we had with the plow, and brought him over to Shelburne, thus clearing the way for us to proceed. We arrived at Owen Sound about midnight and by this time the storm was over, so we did not book any rest, as we figured we would be going back to Orangeville on our regular job on the way-freight at 8 a.m. But we were awakened at four o'clock and called to go to Orangeville on the snowplow at 6 a.m. We kicked ourselves for not booking rest the night before, after such a long hard day of eighteen hours. Of course we could not refuse to go. (Our agreement with the company was that we could book rest after a trip of up to ten hours.) I shall never forget that trip. The storm had started up again at about one o'clock, just about the time we got to bed; so we had only three hours sleep. We plowed as much snow going back as we pushed the day before. When we got to Fraxa we were ordered to go to Teeswater from there. Teeswater, about seventy miles west of Orangeville, was noted for its hard winters. We arrived there about one o'clock. We went into the bunkhouse and cooked up a meal of bacon and eggs and beans

while the shop staff coaled the engine and turned the plow. We were ordered back to Owen Sound at three p.m. We had to plow all the sidings on the way, and arrived in Owen Sound at nine p.m. We made certain that we booked enough rest this time, because we sure needed it.

ANECDOTES

Running out of water was a serious offence in the steam days. The engineer was solely responsible for keeping a good supply of water in the tender of his engine. Consequently, if in doubt as to whether he could reach a destination to water, he would take it where available. Sometimes an engineer would take a chance and "run" by a water tank to try to get to the next one. Sometimes he couldn't make it, would uncouple his engine, and run like mad hell to the water tank, fill his tender and back up to the train, whistle in his flag and proceed. This was a very anxious time for an engineer, for all the water he had was in his boiler and he would be hoping it would last till he reached the water tank. In addition to his water woe, the dispatcher would be asking him what the detention was and what caused it. But an engineer always had the stock answer: the engine wasn't steaming, or he had a green (new) fireman, or he had very bad coal. He usually got away with these excuses. No one could tell an engineer where he was supposed to take water. It was strictly up to him. Not even the President could tell him where to take water.

I remember one cold morning I left MacTier on a freight train and about a mile from Carley I asked the fireman to go out to the back of the tender and measure the water in the tank. He came back and said we had three feet of water. So I decided to "run" the Carley tank and get water at Midhurst. This would save stopping and dragging the heavy train up the grade. We had a good swing on the train and would be at Midhurst in less than thirty minutes. About a mile out of Carley the injector of the fireman's side of the boiler gave out. This is the thing that puts the water into the boiler. It is mixed with steam and its velocity hits against the top check valve and forces it open against the

pressure in the boiler. I tried to get the injector to operate on my side but without results. By this time I had shut the throttle on the engine and let the train drift to a stand still, all the while trying to get either injector to work. After we stopped, I whistled out the flag. When the water got quite low in the boiler I told the fireman to dump the fire. While he was doing so I kept trying to get my injector to work. Finally it started to work and I got a boilerfull of water. We had enough steam to run the engine to a saw mill about a mile away, where we got a few armsful of nice dry cedar slabs. We then got a fire started in the firebox and in a short time were able to have enough steam to back onto the train, whistle in the flag and continue our journey.

When we reached Midhurst, I measured the water in our tender and we had nearly a foot of water left. I called the station operator up on the tender and asked him to put down on a piece of paper the amount of water we had, so that if he was called by the superintendent to verify my statement about the detention of the train, he would have it down on paper. On our arrival in Toronto, sure enough, I was brought into the office of the Master Mechanic and asked why I had run out of water after passing Carley water tank. I told him what had happened. When I got to the end of the story, he shook my hand and congratulated me on my resourcefulness. He said that he was all ready to give me demerit points but instead he was going to give me merit points. It was very seldom that both injectors gave trouble at the same time, but on this occasion it could not have happened in a more convenient place because the bush was waist high in snow and there wasn't a dry stick to be found. It was just one of our lucky days to be so close to the saw mill.

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On a freight train the slack between the drawbars of each car is such that there is a constant run in and run out of this slack, depending on the territory the train is running over. On hilly country it is quite considerable. The conductor and trainman riding back in the caboose can tell us about this, for they get some nasty jolts. It is the practice of the

engineer and the fireman, also the head-end trainman to look back along the train when it going round a curve to see that everything looks alright: no hot boxes or anything sticking out. One day, Charlie White, who was coming down from MacTier on a freight train looked back as usual and to his dismay saw a lot of water coming down from the back of his tender. He decided to stop at once and see what was going on. He got down from his cab and discovered that a four inch pipe on the flat car behind the engine had come loose, and due to the slack running in and out, had come forward with such force that it had punctured a hole in the back of the tender. Charlie pushed the pipe back in place and found an old bag in the tender box. Dropping down into the tank from the manhole, he stuffed the bag tightly into the hole, thus stopping the water from escaping. He then secured the pipe so that it would not move again and climbed back into the cab, whistled in the flag; and when he returned to the van he proceeded on his journey. He had just enough water to get to Carley where he filled up. He was highly commended by the superintendent for his resourcefulness and awarded some merit points. Charlie was a good friend of mine and after he was pensioned he got a job as engineer of the girls college on Avenue Road. He was there for several years till he retired from that job.

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It happened sometimes that engineers and firemen and tail end crews would run out of food after being on a trip for a long time, in spite of the fact that their pails and baskets were full when they left home. Usually it happened on the return trip. One Christmas eve I was called at MacTier for a return trip to Toronto on a freight train. When we had our meal at MacTier at four p.m., we left at 5:30 p.m. and upon reaching a station called Essa were ordered to take the siding to wait till all the passenger trains passed. Well, from 10:00 p.m. till 9:00 a.m. we identified eight separate trains: two sections of number 3, the Vancouver train, three sections of number 5, the Vancouver train, three sections of number 27, the Sault Ste.

Marie train. All these trains were running in sections which means that each section had the same rights as the first section: and each section except the last carried green flags on the front of the engine, and green lights at night indicate to other trains that the train was running in sections. When each section but the last passed another train that was in a siding, the engineer would sound his whistle one long and two shorts to call attention to the fact that the train was running in sections. The train in the siding would answer with two short and one long whistle to indicate that he understood. If the train in the siding failed to answer, the first named train would have to stop and notify the train in the siding that he was carrying green signals.

It was a bitterly cold night and I was kept very busy answering all these green signals. By and by the south bound passenger trains started to pass us. They were all carrying green signals. When these trains had all passed, we headed out of the siding onto the main line and came to Baxter where we were ordered to take the siding for the Sudbury local passenger train. On the way into the siding I told the fireman to drop off and to go the big grocery store. Although it was Christmas day, the owner would open up if the fireman knocked loudly enough. The store was only a short distance from the station. I told the fireman to get a pound of butter, a loaf of bread, a pound of bacon, a dozen eggs and a can of beans and a cake. When he returned with all this including some picnic plates, we cleaned off the coal shovel and proceeded to cook the bacon and eggs and beans on it by just resting it inside the firebox door.

It can be imagined just how hungry we both were when at the end of this feast, there were just a few slices of bread left and a small piece of cake, and this at about eleven o'clock in the morning. To top off this fine meal, the head-end brakeman had had a good meal back in the van and had brought us up a steaming hot jug of coffee. I shall never forget that meal! While we were eating it, number 25, the Sudbury local came along and was carrying green signals to indicate he was in sections, which meant that we

had to stay put for as many sections as were running. In a short time the second section came along and he had no green signals indicating he was the last. But still we could not move out of the siding, for we had to stay there till the Sudbury local came along. When he did come he had green signals on, so we were there till the second one passed. Thankfully, he was the last. We arrived in west Toronto at four o'clock, getting home just in time to enjoy our Christmas dinner. Many, many times I have cooked a steak on the coal shovel while we were tied up somewhere along the way, and to a hungry man it would taste as good as a meal that was cooked in a first class restaurant.

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An amusing incident happened one day on my way to MacTier on a freight train. The engine number was 2309. About thirty miles out of Toronto I pulled the whistle cord and to my surprise there was no sound. Since there is a shut-off valve under the whistle itself I knew it was open, so it could not be anything to do with that. According to the rules, I slowed the train to twenty miles an hour over all level crossings after advising the trains dispatcher at the first open telegraph station that my whistle was not working. It so happened that about half way to MacTier I was flagged by the Master Mechanic and the Assistant Superintendent, so I stopped the train and they climbed aboard to ask why I had not whistled out the flag when I stopped. I told them that my whistle was not working.

As this was known as a surprise test which the officers of the company carried out periodically to see that men were living up to the rules, I naturally felt quite pleased that I had such a good excuse for not whistling the flag. When we arrived at MacTier the engine had to be blown down so that the boiler man could take off the whistle and examine it. He discovered a rivet stuck tight in the throat of the whistle. It had been sucked up by the action of the swirling water in the boiler. An incident such as this could not happen in a thousand years. A lone rivet was left in the boiler after the men finished their work a week ago or perhaps a month ago.

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I would like to relate a story about one of the the closest calls I had with death or serious injury. We were in the support trenches on the Luiven front and about eleven o'clock the Germans started shelling our position with trench mortars, or as the troops called them, rum-jars. When they exploded, heaven help any living creature within range of the shrapnel that was scattered around. One of these mortar shells landed a little distance from our position, but one small piece struck one of our men in the head. The sergeant ordered a stretcher party to carry the wounded man to the dressing station. George Haggarty was on the front of the stretcher and I was on the rear. Burns was to come along as well as Arthur Chew to relieve us in carrying the stretcher. Corporal Lester was in charge of the party. We had not gone far along the communication trench when we heard one of the rum-jars coming right for us. We laid the stretchers down and hugged the sides of the trench. It landed so close to us that it blew Haggarty up onto the parapet and it blew the right arms off Burns and Chew. Corporal Lester was hit in the stomach and died soon after. The man on the stretcher wasn't touched nor was I. I shall never forget the thick stream of dark red blood gushing from the two unfortunate bodies. Nevertheless, we all made it to the dressing station. The man on the stretcher was able to walk, and we were able to staunch the flow of blood from Burns' and Chews' wounds.

When I was running a yard engine in Port McNicoll many years after the above incident, I heard that Arthur Chew was living in Midland which is not far from the Port, so one Sunday afternoon I walked to Midland and found out where he lived. I knocked at the door and Arthur opened it. When he saw who it was, he was so overjoyed that he took me in and introduced me to his wife and we talked and talked till supper time. I was invited to have supper with them, and we continued to talk till near ten o'clock when I had to return to Port McNicoll.

The bond that was forged between the men of the first great war who served together was very strong. It could not

be otherwise for they lived and suffered and endured the very essence of misery and hardship. Everyone who was fortunate enough to return from that terrible war looks forward to the yearly reunions of the different Canadian Army units. I have always considered myself a very lucky man to have come home to resume my life on the railroad.

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The C.P.R. had a large number of private cars on hand. In addition to their own there was one that the Eaton family used. It was called the Eatonia. There was one for the Governor General, distinguished by a crown on each side. There was one for the Prime Minister, but I can't recall what it was named. The one that President Sir Edward Beatty used was named Thorold, after his birthplace. There were cars for officers of the company from the President down to the superintendent of each division. These private cars were really splendid inside. They had a beautiful lounge at their rear end, a kitchen, a dining room, two or more bedrooms, storage room, and elegant furniture. They were business cars and were used to entertain clients of the company. They all came into service when King George VI and his Queen visited Canada in 1939. Although I have driven trains with private cars on the tail end, I have only once been inside of one (and that was only to walk through to get to the day coach). This happened during the depression when I was firing out of London. There had been a heavy snow fall all day Saturday and half the night. I was called to dead-head to Windsor to fire a yard engine for five days. It was on a Sunday morning. I packed my pail and started for the station to catch the train to Windsor. When I left home I discovered the snow was more than a foot deep on the level. There were no buses running, nor cabs, so I had to walk. I was pressed for time too and didn't think I would make it in time to catch the train. However, I struggled on and just when I got about fifty feet from the last car, the train started to move. The last car happened to be a private car—it was the general manager's car. He quickly came out onto the platform and helped me onto the car. I was so out

of breath that I just sat on the steps till I recovered strength. He then invited me into the car and ordered his steward to make me a cup of tea. I told him I had been called to go to Windsor. After thanking him for his kindness, I made my way to the day car and arrived in Windsor to start work that night.

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There was never a dull day working on the C.P.R. We all had our share of emergencies. At Peterborough, one morning the watchman awakened my fireman and myself and told us to "get up quick—the shop was on fire". This was about one o'clock in the morning. We got dressed quickly and rushed into the shop which was big enough to hold two engines. We found the cab of the yard engine on fire. The flames had reached the ceiling of the shop. I instructed my fireman to uncouple our engine which was standing on the train in the yard. I then backed onto the burning yard engine and pulled it out of the shop. By this time the fire department had arrived, and promptly put the fire out on the cab of the yard engine, as well as the roof of the shop. I climbed up in the cab of the yard engine and found to my dismay that there was no water in the boiler and a big fire in the firebox, so we had to get busy and dump the fire, otherwise the crown sheet and side sheets of the firebox would have been so badly warped that a whole new firebox would have to be applied. Had I attempted to put water into the boiler with such a hot fire in the firebox there would have been a terrific explosion, and my fireman and I would not be alive today. Anyway, this all took about two hours before we finally got back to bed. The report which I sent in to Mr. Stewart, our superintendent, advising him of the incident, so pleased him that he awarded me and the fireman ten merit marks each for the good work we had done in saving the engine shop and the yard engine from being totally destroyed.

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A story I would like to relate concerns my firing days on the Listowel branch line. The company decided to cut one of the two daily trains off due to the inroads that trucks

were making on the railway's business in Listowel. So the afternoon train was taken off. A new train was due to leave Listowel at 9 a.m. and arrive at Linwood at 9:45 to connect with the Goderich to Toronto passenger train. It would then wait for the Toronto-Goderich train, arriving back in Listowel at noon. Then at 2:05 p.m. it would leave Listowel and go to Linwood Junction and get the passengers off the Goderich-Toronto train, and return to Listowel. So the one crew did what two crews did before the change. All this meant that I would be firing for Joe Fair.

Well, one afternoon when we came back from Linwood we were advised that after we came in off our run the next day we were to take a special train of hockey players and fans to Elmira. The team and fans were from Palmerston and would be coming to Listowel on the C.N.R. from there, on the C.P.R. to Elmira. Joe asked me if I would go in his place and he would get the engine watchman Charlie Wambole to fire for me. Charlie had done some firing earlier in his life, so I told Joe I would go. There were three extra coaches sent up the next day and we brought them in on our second trip from Linwood. At seven o'clock that night we were all ready for this hockey team and fans to arrive from Palmerston. Finally we heard the sound of music and the team and fans headed by a brass band appeared on the station platform. They all crowded into the train. We still had twenty minutes to wait for departure time. While we were waiting, a man climbed up on the engine and unwrapped a large bottle of whiskey and offered me a drink. I declined and told him I never drank on duty. He then got rather nasty and called me a filthy name insisting that I take a drink. By this time I was losing patience, and told him I could have him arrested for offering me booze while I was on duty. I took a hammer out of the "drip pan" and suggested to him in a few unprintable words that if he did not get down off the engine I would brain him. He slid down off the engine as fast as he could, but in his haste he dropped the bottle and broke it. Needless to say, he muttered all the hurried way back to the coach. The fireman said to me, "Herb, the language was

terrible but most effective." Anyway, we finally left for Elmira and got back to Listowel in the early morning. Rule "G" in the Rule Book reads as follows—"The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their use or the frequenting where they are sold is sufficient cause for dismissal." The company was very strict about any violation of this rule and any man who did so had a very slim chance of getting back to work.

TRAGEDY

I was unfortunate however, in my long career to be involved in more than a dozen level-crossing accidents, as well as pedestrian accidents. There was one very sad accident which occurred when I was coming up from Havelock on a five car passenger train. It was on Sunday and most of the stations were closed. After we passed Claremont I noticed a lot of people in a small woods along the way, who appeared to be looking for something, like a small animal, a sheep or calf perhaps. Anyway, we tipped over a long grade going seventy miles an hour, when I noticed what I took to be a bundle of paper; but on getting closer I saw to my horror, a little girl standing on the track. I immediately applied the brakes in emergency, but we struck the child before finally getting stopped. We backed the train after whistling out the flag, then came forward searching for the little girl. We found a pair a boots laced to the top and further on we found the child on her hands and face in a shallow ditch. I found out who the parents were among the crowd, and the mother appeared to be about seven or eight months' pregnant. I spoke to the father and advised him not to let the mother see the remains of her child. After the police had taken a statement from the conductor and myself, I whistled in the flag, and when he arrived back to the train we left to continue our journey to Toronto.

When I arrived home I sat down and wrote to the parents and told them we had done all we could to prevent the accident. When I met them at the inquest I had a long talk with the parents and discovered that they had recently come from Holland and had bought a small farm not far away from the scene of the tragic accident. I told the father that my eldest son was buried in Holland, having been

killed in a similar accident. He sympathized with me and I with him. He told me that his daughter was a twin and was two and a half years old. I shall never forget that terrible experience. I had my head out of the window, hoping against hope that we would get stopped before we struck her.

I was very depressed for a long time after this affair and couldn't seem to get it out of my mind. As for level-crossing accidents I never could understand why some motorists take such awful chances at level-crossings, even when such crossings are protected by gates, flashing red signals and other protective devices. The motorist who takes it into his head to try to beat the train nearly always loses, for he cannot judge the speed of a train while driving a car. A great number of level-crossing accidents in which I was involved were of the car-hits-train type. And a lot occurred in broad daylight, and some by running into the sides of brilliantly lighted passenger cars at night. There have been countless suggestions by concerned citizens as to the best way to cut down on level-crossing accidents. Very few of these suggestions blamed the driver of the motor vehicle. He was never to blame! It was suggested that the engineer never blew the whistle; or, it was raining or snowing; or the trains headlight was not visible. Every excuse under the sun has been given by the survivors of some of these unfortunate accidents.

One writer to the editor of a newspaper suggested that a man with a flag by day, and red lamp by night should be stationed at all level-crossings. This prompted a reply by me. I said in my letter that I did not know how many level-crossings there were across this vast land, but I knew how many there were from Agincourt to Havelock in Ontario, a distance of about one hundred miles. There are ninety-four level-crossings between these two points and if a man were posted at each one of these crossings each eight-hour day the cost would be tremendous. In addition there would have to be a shelter for these men or women. I considered this suggestion ridiculous. One can see that guarding the thousands of level-crossings in Canada would

bankrupt the country. The railways and the Federal Government have spent millions of dollars to erect safety devices at level-crossings but the accidents still happen. It always amazes me to observe how car drivers will approach a main highway from a side road. They slow down and are ready to stop at once if the way is not clear, but they do not use the same caution when approaching railway crossings. I have always maintained that it was up to the motorist to think of his passengers who are with him and not take foolish chances. The train has the right of way and cannot dodge the motor vehicle. And to try to beat the train at a level-crossing is foolhardy, for the train always wins.

Nearly every locomotive engineer has had his share of level-crossing accidents. It's a nerve-wracking experience, and every trip he makes he is faced with the possibility of colliding with a car or truck. The most feared of collisions is the fear of hitting an oil truck. When that happens usually the whole train is enveloped in flames. I have read of such collisions in my time, and the reading of them is not very pleasant. I have also had some narrow escapes from this type of accident. It is a very harrowing experience to witness a collision between a train and car or truck. To see the mangled bodies of the dead and to see the awful grief and wreckage. For the engineer who has been involved in these accidents it is an unforgettable experience. I do not wish to harrow the feelings of the readers of this book by detailing every level-crossing accident, but I would like to tell of a particularly ironical accident concerning a pedestrian, and the Vancouver passenger train.

We had three diesel units at the head of nineteen cars, mostly sleepers. There is a slow order of thirty-five miles *per* hour imposed on all trains passing through Weston. I had the train right on this speed, and the bell was ringing on our lead engine. I noticed a large crowd waiting to cross the tracks after we had cleared the crossing. I also noticed an elderly man walking briskly towards the track we were on. I expected him to stop, but he kept on coming. I started to sound short blasts of the whistle but he kept coming. He looked neither to the right or left, but walked in

I applied the brakes in emergency but the three units and ten cars went over him before we got stopped. When I went back I knew that he could not have survived. I will not describe what I saw under that tenth car, but I learned at the inquest that he was a retired C.N.R. conductor, eighty-one years old and stone deaf. His brother informed me that he had a job in town and was on his way to work. He had been retired for sixteen years. Nevertheless, when he was a conductor, he would have told every young brakeman to always look both ways before stepping off the caboose; and yet the unfortunate man met his end by forgetting to practice what he must have told scores of young men.

When wrecks occurred on the railway the "Big Hook" would be ordered to the scene with the rest of the necessary equipment and men to clean up the wreck. Until it was cleared and the line restored for traffic the work went on around the clock, no matter how long it took. I remember one such occasion when I was on freight. I was called one afternoon for the "Big Hook" to Lovering. A derailment of eighteen cars had happened at that point. The Big Hook from MacTier was on the north end of the wreck and I was on the south end. The cars were scattered all over the right of way. The engine I had was equipped with a hand-operated reverse gear and each time the engineer on the hook wanted it moved, I would have to reverse my engine. This happened several times an hour. In the meantime a track was laid around the wreck so traffic could move slowly past it. The only pause in the fifty-six hours it took to clean up this wreck was when we went to the dining car for meals. Our master mechanic, Bill Moore, who was in charge at the scene of the wreck worked hard to clean it up. Everyone was happy when all was back to normal. It is remarkable how a wreck can be cleaned up. The men work hard the whole time, without sleep or rest and they are utterly exhausted when the job is done.

Moving machinery always presents a danger, and must be treated with respect. I remember when I was firing the Vancouver trains for Tommy Ward. We were coming Number 4 and everything was going fine when

suddenly the coal stopped coming from the tender. Instead of stopping the stoker engine I left it running. Taking a coal pick, I climbed from the cab to the tender and saw this big hole in the centre of the coal pile. I slid down, intending to pick the coal down on the screw worm. I landed on a large lump of coal which was too big to be crushed by the screw worm. I very smartly straddled the trough and started to pick the coal down onto the screw worm, not quite realizing how close I came to a horrible death. Had not that big lump of coal been riding on top of the screw worm, my feet would have been caught in the worm and I would have literally been made into mince meat. When I came back into the cab and told Tommy what a narrow escape I had had, he was furious and told me never to do such a foolish thing again. He said if I had been minced, he would never have heard my screams over the noise of the engine. I confess, I did not sleep very well for a long time when I thought of my foolishness in not shutting off the stoker engine.

A very serious accident occurred on the Peterborough subdivision during the second world war. The Peterborough passenger train was on its way to Toronto and after passing the station at Cavan, it was climbing the long grade towards the siding of Tapley. On reaching that point the steam locomotive No. 2925 exploded. The boiler left the frame and wheels and landed in a field a hundred or so feet away. The engineer and fireman were both killed. The baggage car and three coaches were not affected by the explosion but the passengers had to be bussed the rest of the journey. I saw the boiler of this engine when it arrived at the West Toronto back shop on a flat car. The nickle-steel side sheets and the crown sheet of the firebox were twisted like paper, and considering the fact that the metal was three quarters of an inch thick, it gives us some idea of the tremendous force exerted on the boiler to cause it to explode. The boiler of this engine carried a working pressure of three hundred pounds per square inch with a safety factor of four. The safety factor of four in this case means that the steam pressure would have to go twelve

hundred pounds per square inch of boiler plate before the boiler would explode. This gives us some idea of the power of steam.

One rainy night I was going up to MacTier on the Vancouver passenger train Number 3. We had eighteen cars and two diesel units pulling this heavy train. Upon rounding a curve near the station of Roderick at seventy-two miles an hour, I was horrified to see through the driving rain, a large black object near the east rail. I immediately applied the brakes in emergency but struck the object, which turned out to be a huge piece of rock which had dropped onto the right of way. It was so close to the rail that the pilot shield of the engine gave it a glancing blow and pieces of it landed back onto the roof of the tenth car. Some of the glass in the cab of the engine was broken. When we got stopped I got down to assess the damage to the front of the engine. I discovered the journal-box on the leading axle was broken and the pilot was broken. The axle was bent also. I got on the phone and told the dispatcher we had had an accident and would be a bit late getting back into MacTier. When we arrived there, the locomotive foreman decided after examining the damaged engine, that it had to come off the train. When the divisional engineer examined the track he discovered that the rails had spread a half inch caused by the engine striking the huge piece of fallen rock. He estimated the weight of it to be about eight tons. If that rock had landed between the rails and we had struck it head on, the loss of life would have been enormous and it would have taken a long time to clean up the wreck.

I remember a similar incident when I was on the Toronto-Peterborough local passenger train. I was coming to Toronto, and after leaving Agincourt at a speed of fifty miles an hour, I rounded a curve and saw a huge steel girder swinging on the end of a chain which a large crane was about to place across the double track to rest on the end of the new highway abutment which was being built at that time. I now know that it was the 401. All of a sudden, the girder slipped off the crane and slid down the bank towards the west bound track. The end of the girder landed up

against the outside of the rail. The men up on the bank were pointing to the girder and to me to draw my attention to the falling girder. Well, the pilot missed hitting the girder, but the idler truck struck it and cracked the frame of the truck. I examined the damaged truck then called the flagman and advised the conductor that we would have to proceed very slowly to Toronto. The outcome of this affair was that the construction company had to pay the C.P.R. for the damage to the engine, and also to pay for the expense of a flagman on the east and west tracks to flag any trains approaching the overpass. They were there for about two weeks till the girders were all in place across the tracks.

I remember the night of Hurricane Hazel. I was going out on my regular run to Peterborough that evening. It had rained all day. My fireman was a veteran soldier of the second world war. He had served in the tank corps and I was glad he was with me on this trip, for he was a good fireman. We left Toronto at six o'clock and as we passed over the Rouge River bridge, I noticed the water was about two feet below the tracks. Normally it was about one hundred feet to the river bed. The bridge was swept away about two hours later. About a mile further on we crossed a culvert that was just hanging in the air. The high water had washed the abutments away. However, the engine and four cars went safely over it but the engine broke away from the train at this point and of course the brakes went into emergency. I whistled out the flagman and he went back and fell into the open culvert twisting his knee. When we had coupled onto our train agian, I whistled him to come on in. He could hardly walk, so the baggage man had to go back and help him in. We had not far to go to reach Locust Hill where we were to pull into the siding to meet number 35, the Montreal-Toronto passenger train. This train was standing on the main line and had the switch open for us to go into the siding. While we crept slowly into the siding, we noticed sheets of corrugated iron flying around like newspapers. Had they struck anyone they would surely have cut him in two. As we pulled in I saw a huge black mass of roofing heading towards the cab of our engine the

1259. In the semi-darkness it came off the coal shed and landed on the back of the tender and the roof of the baggage car. When we got well into the clear, my fireman and I tried to lift it off. We could not budge it so I moved the engine away from the train and let it drop down to the ground where several section men moved it off the track.

Meanwhile the train we had just met could go no further and passengers had to continue their journey by bus while we continued our way towards Peterborough. All this time the rain was pelting down as hard as ever. It reminded me of the awful rains I endured in the trenches in the first world war. It was the worst night I ever experienced in all my years on the railroad. We had to stop six times during this trip to wait for the section men to cut up the huge trees that had fallen across the track before we could proceed. We finally reached Peterborough after eight hours, (a trip which normally took two hours). As the passengers passed our engine, most of them thanked us for getting them safely home, for they had quite a scare when we went across the washed out culvert the previous night. A shuttle service was provided by the C.P.R. between Peterborough and Locust Hill for the next two weeks till a temporary bridge was laid over the Rouge River bridgeway.

REFLECTIONS

In the hot summer weather, the steel rails on the railroad expand and if there isn't enough space at the end of each rail, the expansion will cause the rail to form itself into what is known as a "sun kink". It could take the shape of an S or just a ⌒ bulge. In all my years on the railway, I have only encountered two of these strange happenings. When the section men remove the rail it snaps back to its original shape like a finely tempered sword. The steel rails are made of an extremely hard quality of steel to withstand the terrific pounding they get from thousands of wheels every day.

There is a special car that is rented by the railways called a Sperry Car. It has all kinds of gadgets that detect fissures and other flaws inside the rails as it moves over them. When it discovers a flaw it squirts a white paint down on the defective rail. The Sperry Car has it's own engineer and conductor along with a pilot engineer from the railway upon whose rails it travels. Considering the volume of goods that move over the railways of this vast country, there are very few accidents such as the Mississauga tragedy a few years ago and the recent one at Carley near Medonte. A defective wheel can cause a catastrophe any time in spite of the careful examination at each terminal by well-qualified car inspectors. Additionally all trains are carefully inspected at specified stops along the way by the train crew. It has always amused me to watch and listen to the armchair experts on television who have such vast knowledge of how these railway wrecks happen and how they can be prevented.

Some time in the 1950's a new game appeared on the railway scene. It was called "Chicken". It was played by teenaged boys. It consisted of a gang of several boys who

sat on each rail to see how close the train could get to them before they jumped off. My first experience of this crazy stunt was coming down from Leaside to the Don station on the Montreal train. At about sixty miles per hour just south of the Bloor Street viaduct, as I rounded a curve my headlight picked up a dark object, which as I got closer, turned out to be a group of boys sitting on the rails. I started the bell ringing and gave several blasts of the whistle but the idiots didn't move till I was about two hundred feet from them, then they all tumbled off. I reported the incident to the Chief of the investigation department the next day. He told me that the insane game was an importation from the United States. He said that he would certainly keep an eye on the situation. As for myself, I took a philosophical view of the incident and decided that if I wanted to live a long life, I must not let a gang of foolish boys scare me to death.

Each time, over the years that I left the Don Station to proceed to Leaside, I would remember the times my brothers and I used to swim and even fish in that old Don River. We lived on Hillsborough Avenue off Davenport Road at the time and we walked to and from the place. I doubt if anyone could swim in the river now. Even the fish have long since left. The kids of those days never had much money to spend. I remember my brothers and I running all the way down Yonge Street from Davenport Road in our bare feet to catch the free steam boat to the Eastern sandbar to swim. At that time all the movie shows charged five cents and of course were all silent movies. There was one below Queen Street on the east side of Yonge Street called the Comique I think, where a man behind the screen would speak the actors lines. The man also had many instruments and gadgets to make the necessary background sounds in the picture.

* * * * *

The C.P.R. used to stockpile hundreds of tons of coal at a place just off the main line of the Galt subdivision called Obico. Obico was a short line running to Canpa, to connect with the C.N.R. Hamilton subdivision. This huge stock-

pile of coal was used for the steam locomotives. It was brought from Cleveland by a gigantic ferry-ship that held twenty-eight steel gondola cars full of coal. The engine that was to pull these cars off the ship had to have two or three cars to shove ahead to couple onto the cars of coal, as the heavy engine was not allowed to move onto the ship. The ship had an open-ended stern and could be unloaded in a short time and empty cars loaded on. Two engines were used, one for pulling cars off the boat, and one for taking them to Woodstock. The engine that "pulled the boat" would make up the train. When it was all ready, the engine that was to take it to Woodstock would couple onto it, and the one that "pulled the boat" would couple onto the tail end, to assist it up the grade for about two miles, then cut off and return to Port Burwell. I was only on the job for two days when the engineer I was relieving recovered, so I returned to Toronto.

The C.P.R. has built some fine and beautiful locomotives in its time and I have fired and driven the smallest to the largest. The only two Northern type engines that the company built are still preserved. One is in a museum in Ottawa, the 3100. And the 3101 is in a small park on the property of Interprovincial Steel and Pipe Corporation Limited, in Regina, Saskatchewan. I had the pleasure of seeing my old friend 3101 back in July 1980. I stood gazing at that beautiful engine and thought back to the many, many times I had fired her and driven her when she was on the Toronto-Montreal passenger trains along with the sister No. 3100. These two fine locomotives hauled those trains all during the second world war and after. They were on these runs for twenty-six years and gave splendid service. They pulled up to eighteen cars during the war years. One train would leave Toronto Union Sation at around eleven o'clock at night and one would leave Montreal at about the same time. People used to stand and admire these engines. At one time they were the largest passenger trains in the British Empire. The fine, grizzled old engineers who ran them during and after the war are now all in the Great Railroad in the sky; but on that lovely

day in 1980 when I stood looking at the 3101 I could see those dear old friends sitting up there. Charlie Patterson, Fred Scrivens, Nipper Haig, Mel Smith—all first class engineers with whom it was my pleasure to fire. The InterProvincial Steel and Pipe Corporation Limited, the company that has preserved the 3101 certainly deserves great credit for doing so. Out of all the C.P.R. and C.N.R. steam locomotives which they have melted down, they decided to save from such an awful fate this beautiful machine, for which, those of us who worked on her during those far off days, are eternally grateful.

These two engines carried a steam pressure of 275 pounds per square inch and were automatic stoker fired. They weighed as preserved 535,500 lbs. They were a very smooth-riding engine.

I would like to relate an incident that happened one cold night in December of 1944. I was called to dead-head to Port McNicholl to relieve an engineer who had taken sick. I got off the train at Medonte and caught a ride on a C.N.R. train that would be going quite close to Port McNicholl. As Victoria Harbour was on the way I decided to get off there and visit an old friend who had been on the same Lewis machine-gun with me in France. He invited me to stay for supper and his mother put up a superb meal. About nine o'clock I got ready for the long walk to the Port, when he said the ice in the harbour was thick enough to walk across. I started to walk across with my big heavy dinner pail, but when I got to about the middle, the ice started to sound loud cracks like a rifle shot. I thought about turning back but decided to keep on going. I then saw some water coming up from the holes in the ice and heard more cracks. By this time all kinds of thoughts were running through my head. The locomotive foreman would be wiring Toronto and asking why they didn't send a spare engineer up as requested. My poor Molly would break her heart. To say that I was scared would be an understatement. I have been very scared in the front line trenches, but I was terrified about the possibility of dying in such a way. And the more the cracks sounded the more scared I became. Finally,

when I was about a hundred yards from the shore I started to run. When I landed on shore I sat down on the snow and shakily lit a cigarette as I thought about what a close shave I had had with death. I could hardly sleep that night thinking about it. However, while on the job I was told by several men that the ice at that time of the year, early December, was not quite safe. I found out the hard way.

The Port McNicoll subdivision ran from Port McNicoll to Dranoel and connected at that point with the Peterborough subdivision. The station at Dranoel was named after a former Vice-President of the C.P.R. whose name was J. W. Leonard. (His name spelled backwards is Dranoel). All the grain that moved out of Port McNicoll went by way of this route to Montreal. The grain trains would move over onto the Peterborough subdivision at Dranoel and go to Havelock. From there they would go onto Smiths Falls and thence to Montreal. A tremendous volume of grain was shipped out of Port McNicoll during the first and second world war. After the second world war the line was torn up between Lindsay and Orillia and grain was shipped via the MacTier subdivision.

There was a long wooden bridge called the Hog Bay trestle just out of Port McNicoll, which spanned a little inlet on Midland Bay. A speed limit of 5 miles per hour was imposed on all trains crossing the Hog Bay trestle bridge. This bridge was three quarters of a mile long and was the longest trestle bridge in Canada. During the two wars there was an armed soldier patrolling the bridge around the clock. Every winter the bridge and building men would work on the bridge renewing the huge 15" × 15" timbers and doing necessary repairs.

There were many points of interest in northern Ontario, and spectacular scenery throughout the lake country. In fact, special excursion trains were quite popular. After the first world war when the passenger business was at its peak, there used to be a train called the Bobcaygeon weekend. It would leave Union Station on Saturday afternoon at about one o'clock with two engines at the head of fifteen cars, all loaded. It would return from Bobcaygeon on Sunday night.

It was a very popular train and people used to like spending a weekend in the pretty little town. Like a lot more branch lines this one was discontinued and the rails lifted when the inroads of the private automobile rendered it non-profitable.

RETIREMENT

Just a short time before I retired, I decided to build a model railway in a room of my basement. It went all round the room, thirty-four inches wide. It had mountains and bridges and stations. It had four main lines, fifteen electric switches, a yard of twelve tracks that could hold my seventy cars. It had fifteen steam locomotives. It had semaphores and block signals. I could run five trains at a time as well as switch cars in the yard. It had level-crossings and highways with cars and trucks on them. I used to sit in that room running my railroad for hours. However, it wasn't the same as running a locomotive on a real railroad. It was a real showpiece with the scenery painted on the walls in water colour for friends and relatives to admire. I finally sold it and I have regretted it ever since.

I had no plans to guide me in its construction, I just went ahead and laid it out bit by bit out of my head. After all, it wasn't that hard for a man who had worked on a railroad as long as I had. It was H.O. gauge and English style. The passenger cars were beautiful and the engines painted different colours. It was operated from a single panel, with a maze of wire connecting the tracks and the switches. When the grandchildren came to see it, they weren't interested in the trains, but the automobiles on the tiny highways.

I am bringing this book to a close by stating that my life on the railroad was a long and happy one. It's too bad that everyone cannot have a job that he or she loves, for loving one's job is half the battle in life. I also had a beautiful and loving wife to share that happy life. We had five fine children to share it too. Two of our sons are not with us any longer. Herbert, our eldest was killed in the second world war, and Norman died in 1979. I hope that those of the

general public, and those rail fans, of whom there are many, will enjoy reading this book, for I have really enjoyed writing it. As an eighty-six year old man I consider myself very fortunate in having the mental capability to remember all the stories that are in the book. The photos of locomotives will be interesting also. I have driven many of these engines.

I made my last trip on September 8, 1962 by bringing the first section of number 4, the Dominion, from MacTier to Toronto. When we stopped at west Toronto, I helped my dear wife Molly up into the cab of the engine were she rode with me to the Union Station. The family and friends were there as well as the superintendent Mr. R. T. Allison and Master Mechanic the late Ed Wheeler. Mr. Allison is now Vice-President of Western Lines. After many pictures had been taken, I took the engine, with its cab full of grandchildren to the shop and closed the throttle for the last time after forty-seven years on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

At the reception which was held at my home on the day of my retirement, there were a host of relatives and friends to help me celebrate the occasion. The party lasted all day and we finally bade farewell to our guests. I had mixed feelings when it was all over. I was glad in a way to be relieved of the responsibility of having to work for a living but sad at having to give up that fulfilling job of driving the Canadian and Dominion, two of the C.P.R.'s finest passenger trains. However, I soon got used to the idea of sleeping in and taking my time at doing jobs around the house. I got into the habit of walking down to the Union Station twice a week, a distance of about nine miles. I did that for eleven years till I reached the age of seventy-six then I gave it up.

I joined the Canadian Pacific Pensioners Toronto Club when I retired. This club was formed in December of 1950, and is made up of pensioners from all branches of the service: Conductors, Engineers, Trainmen, Shop men, Section men and so on. There is a wonderful bond of comradeship and deep friendship among the members and

our oldest member, a retired engineer, was ninety-nine years old last December. We meet in a large room provided for us through the courtesy of the Canadian Corps Association. Bill West is our president, a former yard foreman. He works hard to keep this club of retired railroad men happy and loyal. Due to the nature of the club, we lose members somewhat faster than clubs composed of younger men. But young blood is added year by year. We have also had over the years a good many former officers, many of whom came up through the ranks, Superintendents, Master Mechanics, Yard Masters. We are all one big happy family and our twice a month meetings are a real treat. Many of our members have a variety of other talents too. We have a group of musicians we call the Pow Pows. Bob Partridge plays the guitar, Jack Ovell the mouth organ and Ed Witty the violin. These members entertain us once a month. At the alternate meeting we show a movie.

A long time member of our C.P.R. pensioners Toronto Club, Leo Rafferty, a dear friend, had a distinguished record of service with the Canadian Pacific Railway as trainman and conductor. He was promoted during the second world war to Rules Instructor. He travelled many many miles on Eastern Lines holding classes at main terminals and smaller terminals. The company could not have selected a better man for such an important position, for he was an expert on the book of train rules. Although he is now in his eighties he could not be stuck on any rule pertaining to the movement of trains.

One of our members, the late Alf Bunker, who worked with me in the shop when we were both engine wipers built himself a real live steam locomotive. It was ten feet long and had a working boiler pressure of 125 pounds per square inch. All the wheels and the side rods and main rods were shaped and finished by Alf. The boiler was the only part that he didn't have to make. He and his two sisters cut up two by two wooden ties for the aluminum rails to be fastened to. Alf had two and a half acres of land on his place and this is where he graded and laid his tracks. He

built an engine house where he could keep the engine on a raised track for special work. For many, many years he ran his little train around his property to the enjoyment of hundreds of children. As he was a member of our club, he invited the club members down to his place in Pickering one lovely day in July. Everyone had a ride on the train and Alf's sisters Dolly and Bessie put on a most wonderful luncheon for us all with roast turkey, potatoes, vegetables and gravy, home made pies, tea and coffee. Everyone really enjoyed himself. As we left we thanked our host and hostesses for their kindness in providing us all with such a lovely meal and such a happy time. Alf Bunker derived a great deal of pleasure from operating his railroad over the years. He built a water tank to supply his engine, also a coal chute, just like the one on a big railway. He had three stations with the original name boards of stations that had been demolished. What Alf did when he retired can be duplicated over and over again, all across this country by former locomotive engineers, thus illustrating the great love they have for steam locomotives. When Alf died his railway died too. He willed the engine to a friend of his and its whereabouts is unknown to me.

Of the twelve children of my parents, eight boys and four girls, there is only one sister and one brother left. Violet who was born in Sligo, Ireland in 1905. Brother Harold was born in Chorly, England in 1898. He served for fifty years on the Toronto Fire Department. He drove the horses on the fire reels at the Ford Street fire hall when he joined the department in 1918. He worked his way up to become District Chief and served in that capacity for eighteen years. This brother and sister are very dear to me for we were part of a closely-knit family.

Six of the boys in this large family served in the Canadian Army and Navy in the first world war, all volunteers. Brother Fred served in the second one and sustained a broken back while testing a gun carriage over rough terrain. He won the Military Medal in the first war. Harold celebrated his sixteenth birthday in the front line in France. When his brother Fred got wounded by shrapnel

at the St. Eloi Craters, Harold carried him out to the dressing station. My brother Robert was badly gassed at the battle of Sanctuary Woods. My eldest brother William was invalided out of the navy with heart trouble. Robin served in the army in Canada and the war ended before he got overseas. My own life in the army seemed to be charmed for I was "over the top" three times and never got a scratch. As number one on a Lewis machine-gun going "over the top" was a sure way to commit suicide, for the enemy always did their best to pick us off.

Fred resumed his job as locomotive fireman upon his return from the war and in time was promoted to engineer. Many times during the long years on the job we have double-headed each other. Although I was close to all my brothers he and I had so much in common that it was natural for us to think so much of each other. We were in the war together and each had forty-seven years on the railway. He was not only a brother but a dear friend too. Many an hour we spent together talking about our experiences. I missed him sorely when he passed away several years ago. His dear wife Bertha is still going strong at eighty-six years of age. His eldest son Fred served in the second war also.

I have often thought that if there is a heaven where good people go when they die, then surely there must be a special place there reserved for the mothers of this world. The countless millions of mothers who, down through the ages slaved and cared for their children and were willing to even die for them, and in many cases did. My own dear mother bore twelve chidren and five still births. What a slave she was in those days of scrubbing-board wash-days, oil lamps and foodless mealtimes. We never grumbled but plodded on, always hoping for better times. She saw six of her sons go off to war in 1914. And she must have had to open the many telegrams she received from the War Department telling her of the wounding or gassing of this one or that one. She then watched them all marry fine wives. At last after such a long hard life, she was able to enjoy some happiness before passing away at the age of eighty-four.

There were millions like her down through the ages. Women in general have never received the credit that is due them. After all, they are the homemakers, it is they who cook and work and manage our homes, and what a good job they do too. Think of the patience they have in raising babies, feeding them, bathing them, picking them up for many years and crying their eyes out when the children finally leave the nest to get married. I remember the patience and devotion my own dear wife showed when our five children were growing up. The many times she got up in the night to feed or comfort them. The lovely meals she always had ready for them when they came in from play. Here is a special salute to the women of the world. Bless their dear hearts. During the great depression, Molly sewed for two weeks at the Poppy Fund so that our children could go to Bolton Camp for two weeks.

In particular, it gives me the greatest pleasure to pay tribute to the wives, mothers and sisters of railroad men; those dedicated and devoted women who rose up out of bed when their men were called to go out on a run, prepare a meal for them, and pack their pails, or, in the case of trainmen, their baskets. No matter what time the call came, the women would answer the phone and take the call, then rise to the task with their man to support him in his duty. All honour to these devoted women.

NICKNAMES

In the days of steam on the railways some men acquired nicknames reflecting a peculiar characteristic. For instance, if an engineer was noted for being hard on a fireman, that is, for working the engine too hard (which meant using more steam than was necessary to move the train) thereby making the fireman shovel more coal, he would be nicknamed as such. One engineer who was well known to most fireman was nicknamed Old Blood Eye. He could sure make the fireman sweat.

Tiny Duncan was so-named because he weighed nearly three hundred pounds and had a hard time climbing up into some engine cabs. Silent George Simmons was a well-liked engineer and certainly suited his nickname. Slim Lamont was very slim and tall, so he also suited his name. Ham Bone Murry suited his nickname also. Bean Belly Harcourt was a conductor and was a great lover of fine foods, so-much-so that as his belly got bigger he reflected his nickname. I could go and on about these nicknames but space doesn't permit. A former president of the Canadian Pacific Pensioners Toronto Club got together a list of about one hundred nicknames. His name was Ed Reeve an engineer on the C.P.R. before his retirement. It follows here:

Silent George Simmons	Long John Campbell
Sheeny Witheridge	Buck Whalley
Moose Reade	Spike Nicol
Old Dog Wiley	Old King Cole
Hero Wilson	Satchel Ass Walker
Broncho Bell	Stick Cross
Black Jack Douglas	Diamond Jim Cooper
Dirty Neck Norris	Pigoon Dunn
High Heel Scott	Snowball Stevenson

Smoke Hart
Bum Davis
Chinaman Flint
Tiny Duncan
Red Davis
Rain In The Face Stinson
Porky Dean
Squeaky Boyd
Snotty Nose Anderson
Goose Neck Carruthers
Soup Bone Chappel
Bloodeye Reesor
Skitts Reid
Slippery Haystead
Nifty Rutherford
Bangor Bill Duncan
Sunbeam Gartley
Pappa Beere
Dinky Holloway
Mousie Munroe
Casey Reid
Grandpa Woods
Lord Topham
Lion Tamer Hood
Chum Routledge
Baldy Stewart
Concertina Bill Armitage
Nigger Rodwell
Jockey Britton
Pig Eye Reid
Happy Hasselfelt
Dago Bennett
Butcher Bowers
Joker Prince
Blondie Moores
Jumbo McLean
Fat McQuire
Slim Lamont
Tess Wilson
Almighty Voice Wilkinson
Oil King Butler
Sulphur Pete Brooks
Hambone Murray
Hooknose Thompson
Nosey Leonard
Steamless Carr
Windy Austin
Dream Morris
Senator Blythe
Scotty Crawford
Snail Wanless
Cannon Ball Cleave
Profanity Bill Stinson
Stud Barlow
Cockney Watts
Chippy Chisholm
Waxey Falconer
Darby Styles
Pinwheel Carey
Hook Fraser
Painter Simpson
Nasty Reffell
Fussy Grant
Sag Bearman
Blondie Chapple
Dobby Dinsmore
Sargeant Major Dobson
Dog Wilcox
Nick Willoughby
Doodle McLellan
Driver Ley
Slip Morrison
Whiskey Nicol
Shirer Carson
Baby Marshall
Pansy Carson

Dooley Marshall
Dusty Griffiths
Nipper Haig
Honey Martin
Pig Newman
Yankee Davis
Driver Pask
Tanlac Thompson
Gabby Walton
Pretty Boylan
Sammy Swift Ashdown
Shorty Shields
Mud Clay
Steer Bullock
Mike Scully
Tiny Curtis
Knockout Brown
Pretty McLean
Father Doyle
Tank Wright
Tanglefoot Roberts
Skinny Jones
High Little
Turkey Weese
Clinker Bill Johnston
Parnell E. Connell
Cock Davies
Flicker Arscott
Honest John Milne
Tanglefoot Hooper
Proner Hylands
Curley Morris
Scotty Ross
Horse Piss McCleod
Rusty Francis
Monkey Moore
Foxy Spencer
SIS Hopkins
Polly Vincent
High Ball Hutton
Johnny Lick Up Pirie
Slick Anderson
Windy Close
Spot McCloud
Squealer Gartley
Boob Lawson
Heavy Bradley
Beau Clark
Hinky Dink Coulter
Slim Hill
Curley Cable
Downey Oates
Superheater Sam Smylie
Slippery Dick Parsons
Sand Blower McDermott
Our Will McCullough
Cutie Spence
Major Seagrave Weir
Blue Grass Kennels Butters
Daddy Sproule
Our Bob Anderson
Ghandi Burke
Snorting Jimmie Galvin
Live Wire Rodgers
Colonel Bradford
Wishy Morrow
Fibber McGee Carnahan
Breezie Crowther
Stump Atkinson
Kidney Edgar
Flatwheel Wright
Tory Thompson
Boomer Forker
Bull Richardson
Paddy Mules
Meat Ball Haines
Trooper Clarke
Banjo Eyes Bartello

Nuddy Hind
Shiner Rose
Spitting Bill Corbett
Scotty Morrison
Scrap Iron Guthrie
Blockem Hazelton
Gasoline Gus DeForest
Puddenhead Dow
Scotty Ballentyne
Patsey Blevins
Pontypool Byers
Count de Broke Armstrong
George Henry Sylvester Clarke
Porky Blevins
Fox Reid
Bean Belly Harcourt
Paddy Miles
Fancy Dunn
Shorty Woods
Dooley Ryan
Dinty Moore
Muddy Hines
Skinback Simpson
Rusty Francis

OVER THE RAILS OF MEMORY

Out in the shops on a storage track,
Is an old sweetheart of mine.
She is battered and worn, faded and shorn,
The old nine forty-nine.
She was brand new when I was set up—
A beautiful sight to see—
And I was the proudest man on the line
When the M.M. gave her to me.

Today when I saw her, there was nobody 'round,
So I spoke to my old-time pal;
And I said in a voice that I know she knew,
How've they been treatin' you, gal?
The years have been long since last we met,
The going mighty hard.
My name is now on the pension list
And you are in the discard.

Things have changed an awful lot
Since the year of seventy-nine,
When we were pulling the fast express,
The finest train on the line.
All the old time bunch are gone
That we knew, both you and I.
Let's hope they're on the payroll
Of the Roundhouse in the sky.

I'm sitting once more in your cab, old girl,
As I did in the days gone by;
Your lever bar is out of gear,
Your water glass rusty and dry,
But I'll be the fireman and engineer
And I'll open your throttle wide,
And over the rails of memory
We'll go for one more ride.

Over the rails of memory
We'll have the right of way
And head for the station of "Auld Lang Syne"
In the land of yesterday,
And as the mile posts of the years fly by,
Sometimes we'll laugh, sometimes we'll sigh.

Author Unknown

The Steam Era comes alive through the memories of the author, as he traces his life from childhood experiences in Ireland and Toronto, through the anguish of World War I at the frontline, to forty-seven years with the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Written entirely in his own hand in his eighty-sixth year, this autobiography tells of a period in Canadian history when people struggled to survive. It speaks of a culture that is slowly disappearing — when social values were high, and life moved at a more graceful pace.

The book takes us on a forty-seven-year rail journey from Union Station in Toronto — sometimes on freight trains, sometimes on the glorious 'Canadian' — telling us about trains and trainmen — of their tragedies and triumphs — in a personal and sometimes very humorous way.

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