



THE SEMAPHORE

ROCHESTER CHAPTER

N. A. H. S.

Vol. XII

MAY 1970

No. 3

MAY MEETING will be held at the Chapter's meeting room at 49 South Ave., Rochester on Thursday May 21 at 8:00 PM sharp. Under consideration for this evening will be the voting for next years officers, dicussion concerning the upcoming trips, and furth er infomation concerning our possible acquisition of a station. The meeting will be followed by a presentation by member Charles Rosengreen of movies he has taken on Quakerstown & Eastern trips, Cleveland Rapid Transit, Columbia Park Trolley Museum, pictures from Horseshoe Curve and from past fan trips. Thus it looks like we will have someth ing for all.

MARCH MEETING Meeting called to order at 8:10 PM, by Vice-President Gores. Forty-one mem bers and guests were present.

Our new name and organization badges are now available to mem bers at 75¢ a piece. So far forty reservations for the banquet have come in.

Geoffrey Gerstung reported on the proposed May 24 trip from Hamilton to Stratford, Ont..Price form Niagara Falls, Ont is \$15 and from Hamilton is \$13. As a favor to Rochester area fans our Chapter is running buses from Midtown Plaza to Hamilton for \$5.00 round trip. Quite a bargain!

Harold Caulkins reported on the spring National Directors meeting at Burlington, Vt.

The application of Fred B. Cupp was accepted for membership. Welcome Aboard.

Greg Sullivan reported on our treasury. Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved as read.

It was reported that Rail City at Sandy Ponds will be running again this summer. All had thought it was done as a going operation. We are glad to see old #11 of the Bath & Hammondsport running again.

The motion was made, seconded and passed that the chapter reimburse Chapter Director Harold Caulkins \$25.00 as a partial payment for his expenses of attending the Spring Directors meeting.

Meeting adjourned at 8:50 PM.

Following the meeting a most interesting and comprehensive slide program was given by Dick Pearson and Geoffrey Gerstung on the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

Respectfully Submitted

Leon D. Arras, Sec.

THE BARK PEELER

TURBO AND TURBO

Most of us are now familiar with the Turbo train running between Boston and New York, but I wonder how many of you know of the Turbo that has been running on the Long Island RR since 1967. To be a little more accurate let me refer to this as a turbo-electric. This means that unlike United Aircraft's Turbotrain the turbine is being used to produce electricity and this in turn is what actually powers the car.

This new type of self-propelled commuter railcar can also operate directly off third-rail power in electrified territory. The car has been undergoing extensive testing on the Long Island. Built by Budd and equipped with a gas-turbine supplied by AiResearch Division of Garrett Corp. it could with its dual mode system revolutionize commuter service in the metropolitan areas where rail service is partially electrified. If tests prove successful future models would be built so that they could be mixed with existing all-electric equipment. The two kinds of cars would be run as a train through the under-river tunnels and out along the electrified tracks and would then be separated so the Turbo-Electric cars could continue on into the non-electrified areas.

PASSENGER TRAINS

The Nixon Administration has given it's approval to a plan in Congress which would establish a National Rail Passenger Corporation. This has been done in an attempt to head off another bill in Congress which would have resulted in direct subsidies. Many people seem to feel that this second bill was meant only to be a lever to obtain Administration approval of the corporation plan. The corporation plan would be similar to what was done in establishing Comsat a few years ago. Under the plan any railroad which did not come into the corporation would not be allowed to discontinue any passenger trains until 1975. The corporation would also be allowed to drop unprofitable trains, but only with ICC approval and not until 1975. The 1975 date is being used so as to make sure the corporation has a chance to prove itself. The individual railroads would buy an interest in the corporation with either money or rolling stock. This may be the moment of truth for the passenger train. So let your congressman know how you feel.

Afterthought: If it passes, I certainly hope they provide an adequate budget.

C&NW is seeking a 6% increase in commuter fares effective June 1st. C&NW carries 90,000 passengers a day on it's commuter service is running in the black and has been

in the black for seven successive years. (Penn Central et al, please note)

PENN CENTRAL'S RECENT DISCONTINUANCE PETITION

The trains involved are:

<u>NUMBER</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>BETWEEN</u>
22, 23	Manhattan Limited	N.Y. and Chicago
48, 49	Broadway Limited	" " "
54, 55	Pennsylvania Limited	" " "
31	Spirit of St. Louis	N.Y. and St. Louis
4	Penn-Texas	St. Louis and New York
77, 78	Cincinnati Limited	Columbus and Cincinnati
16, 25	The Dequesne	N.Y. and Pittsburgh
13, 32		" " "
548, 549		Harrisburg and Baltimore
63, 64		Buffalo and Chicago
27, 28		" " "
51, 98		" " "
14, 17		Detroit and Chicago
355, 356		" " "
351, 352		" " "
427, 428		Boston and Albany
315, 316		Cleveland and Indianapolis
90, 93		Chicago and Louisville

CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR AGAIN

From the newsletter of the National Association of Railroad Passengers: "NARP intends to fight the Southern Pacific and the Denver & Rio Grande Western's Calculated attempt to sabotage the California Zephyr." At issue is a reported plan to make the connection between SP and D&RGW either a bus connection between Salt Lake City and Ogden or an across the platform transfer at Ogden rather than a through train. Burlington Northern has received permission subject to later investigation to discontinue it's portion of the Zephyr and to operate it's trains 11 and 12 to Denver on a tri-weekly basis to connect with the D&RGW.

HEAVYWEIGHT SLEEPERS

Got the urge to ride in a heavyweight sleeper? It can still be done. The following roads still have heavyweights;

GM&O	1	(SHOW ME)
Southern	2	(LAKE CHILDS & LAKE PEARL)
CP	31	
CN	88	
N de M	121	
Other Mex-	48	
ican lines		

U.C.R.S. FANTRIP APRIL 25, 1970.

Canadian National's 6218 provided another fine fan trip for several hundred fans up the Uxbridge Subdivision from Toronto to Lindsay, Ont. Most of this route is sin-

gle track with many hills and curves. A combination of fine weather and 4 good run-pasts made it a very worthwhile trip. The Upper Canada Railway Society was kind enough to give our May 24th trip a good plug over their public address system.

Returning from Toronto I travelled, of course, by train. It was however very disheartening to me to find that upon arrival in Rochester only one other person got off and none boarded the train. Certainly a city the size of Rochester should be able to provide more business than that. When was the last time you took a train out of Rochester? My fare from Toronto was only \$8.35 and in Canadian funds yet.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS NOTES

Boston's famous or infamous (Depending on one's viewpoint) Union Freight Railroad ended its long existence on March 5, 1970 at 1 AM on track 3 at Boston's North Station. For those of you who are unfamiliar with this line, it was a switching line connecting Boston's North and South Stations with the tracks embedded in the streets. Most of the company's business came from the piers and other waterfront businesses. As if to rub it in the Penn Central (owners of Union Freight) sent a crew out on March 4th, before the Union Freight had even run its last train and stripped the offices to the bone. They took not only desks and chairs, but also electrical fixtures, wiring, furnace, and plumbing including the ancient toilet bowls. (It looks as though the PC is harder up than we think, ed.) In recent years the Union Freight had been referred to as America's only common carrier roller coaster due to the poor track conditions.

Penn Central presently operates commuter service in the Boston area over the former New Haven lines to Needham and Franklin. However PC has told the MBTA that after August 31st when the present agreement expires they will no longer operate the service unless MBTA buys the lines and equipment.

LATE NEWS

Sante Fe has been ordered to keep running its trains 23 and 24 (Formerly the Grand Canyon) for another six months and to continue running the San Francisco Chief on its present route for another year.

Penn Central has submitted another discontinuance petition. This one if approved would end all passenger service on the former New Haven line between Worcester Mass. and New London, Conn.

The bill to establish a rail passenger corporation passed the Senate by a wide margin on May 6th. House passage has been predicted. Could this be the dawn of a new era?

Caboose

Dick Barrett

STRANGER HEARD FROM

Former editor of the Semaphore Jack Collins wrote this month to your present editor and included the following piece to be passed on to you the reader. It shows all too well the present state of affairs as seen through the eyes of one who has known the best.

OUCH! Those acetylene torches can really smart....but, they say it is for a good cause....'cause we are now to become "deluxe" rider cars for our mail trains.

Yessiree, we will now provide the maximum in comfort and convenience for crews and others who ride with us.

Alas, it was not always so. The years tend to dim memories, but let me ponder a moment. I think it was around 1919, give or take a few years. The 'Water Level Route' had about run out of cars, with troop movements for the western front and the generally heavy wartime travel, and the old wooden coaches had nearly reached the end of the line.

There were a lot of us, rolling everywhere from Chicago expresses to Albany locals. If I do say so myself, we were a proud lot, resplendent in the distinctive coach green of the New York Central Lines and offering the last word in luxury in our plush seats. Some had a good fortune to be equipped with six-wheel trucks, but I had to settle for four. Oh, well....

Years pass and take their toll. There was little change in the picture until somebody decided to modernize the Empire State Express and various other trains. Into the shops we went. Let me tell you, it feels strange to have your seats, lights and even panels ripped out? I didn't like it. What's more, some guy with an interior decorator's idea book under his arm gave me a look that suggested acute indigestion and condemned my opal-shaded lamps as archaic. Archaic, indeed! A good many people had read such gems as the old New York World and the Saturday Evening Post under their friendly glow. Anyway, we emerged in several versions. Some became fancy recliners with completely modernized styling for the Pacemaker, Mercury, James Whitcomb Riley and others of the legendary "great steel fleet." I stayed plain; only new upholstery, lights and air-conditioning. The boys at Beech Grove did a good job. It was 1938 and the New York Central had launched a new era in travel!

Now, in the dismal rain, I sit....with nothing left but memories....forlorn and unnoticed on the rear of an equally shoddy hodgepodge of head-end cars; well, almost unnoticed. Some mopheads chortle with genuine mirth at this relic of another age. As I await the departure of yet another dreary mail run, with shuffling feet and grumbling crew, I think of other times. I think of an even bigger war....of soldiers, sailors, marines, their wives and babies....you name it! I remember my air blue with smoke, racks overflowing with luggage, hooks loaded with coats. There was a job to be done and done it was, to the symphony of whistles and exhaust from mighty Hudsons under the relentless shower of soot upon my roof!

As we finally get underway, swaying through the interlocking and creaking in that certain way we always do, I can't help thinking what a dreadful sight this whole lashup must be. I don't even rate marker lamps; a reflectorized red disc hangs on my tail. It's too late to worry about appearances now. They have put steel plates over most of my windows and bolted a smelly oil heater to my floor at each end and now I am a "rider".... well, hooray! I go as fast now as ever (maybe faster), but it just ain't the same.

-Coach 2323-

Buffalo News- 4/22/70

\$1.8 million Rail Outlay- Special to Buffalo Evening News

Philadelphia- Penn Central is buying 99 new track rebuilding, maintaining and cleaning units at a cost of more than \$1.8 million for systemwide use, Robert G. Flannery, executive vice-president, announced today. The purchase includes 95 units to regulate and tamp stone ballast, remove old ties and insert new ones, replace track spikes and tighten bolts, and four self-propelled track cleaners. (About time, ed.)

TANTALIZING TIDBITS

Aside from the bill before Congress to create a national passenger service operation, the rail news is fairly depressing. Rather than those items and yet to be in with the times, here's some violence from another era.

One of my little treasures is "REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER", dedicated "to the railroad men of the United States, a class with whom my interests were long identified, and who I ever found generous and brave, I dedicate this unpretending volume." Lest anyone wonder about copyright law, this fascinating book was published anonymously in 1860.

Running in a Fog

In the year 185- I was running an engine on the ***** road. My engine was named the Racer, and a "racer" she was, too; her driving-wheels were seven feet in diameter, and she could turn them about as fast as was necessary, I can assure you. My regular train was the "Morning Express," leaving the upper terminus of the road at half past four, running sixty-nine miles in an hour and forty-five minutes, which, as I had to make three stops, might with justice be considered pretty fast traveling.

I liked this run amazingly---for, mounted on my "iron steed," as I sped in the dawn of day along the banks of the river which ran beside the road, I saw all nature wake; the sun would begin to deck the eastern clouds with roseate hues---rising higher, it would tip the mountain-tops with its glory---higher still, it would shed its radiance over every hill-side and in every valley. It would illumine the broad bosom of the river, before flowing so dark and drear, now sparkling and glittering with radiant beauty, seeming to run rejoicing in its course to the sea. The little vessels that had lain at anchor all night, swinging idly with the tide, would, as day came on, shake out their broad white sails, and, gracefully careening to the morning breeze, sweep away over the water, looking so ethereal that I no longer wondered at the innocent Mexicans supposing the ships of Cortez were gigantic birds from the spirit-land. Some mornings were not so pleasant, for frequently a dense fog would rise and envelop in its damp, unwholesome folds the river, the road, and all things near them. This was rendered doubly unpleasant from the fact that there were on the line numerous draw-bridges which were liable to be opened at all hours, but more especially about day-break. To be sure there were men stationed at every bridge, and in fact every half-mile along the road, whose special duty it was to warn approaching trains of danger from open drawbridges, obstructions on the track, etc., but the class of men employed in such duty was not noted for sobriety, and the wages paid were not sufficient to secure a peculiarly intelligent or careful class. So the confidence I was compelled to place in them was necessarily burdened with much distrust.

These men were provided with white and red signal lanterns, detonating torpedoes and colored flags, and the rules of the road required them to place a torpedo on the rail and show a red signal both on the bridge and at a "fog station," distant half a mile from the bridge, before they opened the draw. At all times when the draw was closed they were to show a white light or flag at this "fog station." This explanation will, I trust, be sufficient to enable every reader to understand the position in which I found myself in the "gray" of one September morning.

I left the starting-point of my route that morning ten minutes behind time. The fog was more dense than I ever remembered having seen it. It enveloped every thing. I could not see the end of my train, which consisted of five cars filled with passengers. The "headlight" which I carried on my engine illumined the fleecy cloud only a few feet, so that I was running into the most utter darkness. I did not like the look of things at all, but my "orders" were positive to use all due exertions to

make time. So, blindly putting my trust in Providence and the miserable twenty-dollars-a-month-men who were its agents along the road, I darted headlong into and through the thick and, to all mortal vision, impenetrable fog. The Racer behaved nobly that morning; she seemed gifted with the "wings of the wind," and rushed thunderingly on, making such "time" as astonished even me, almost "native and to the manor born." Every thing passed off right. I had "made up" seven minutes of my time, and was within ten miles of my journey's end. The tremendous speed at which I had been running had exhilarated and excited me. That pitching into darkness, blindly trusting to men that I had at best but weak faith in, had given my nerves an unnatural tension, so I resolved to run the remaining ten miles at whatever rate of speed the Racer was capable of making. I gave her steam, and away we flew. The fog was so thick that I could not tell by passing objects how fast we ran, but the dull, heavy and oppressive roar, as we shot through rock cuttings and tunnels, the rocking and straining of my engine, and the almost inconceivable velocity at which the driving-wheels revolved, told me that my speed was something absolutely awful. I did not care, though. I was used to that, and the rules bore me out; besides, I wanted to win for my engine the title of the fastest engine on the road, which I knew she deserved. So I cried, "On! on!!"

I had to cross one drawbridge which, owing to the intervention of a high hill, could not be seen from the time we passed the "fog station" until we were within three or four rods of it. I watched closely for the "fog station" signal. It was white. "All right! go ahead my beauty!" shouted I, giving at the same time another jerk at the "throttle," and we shot into the "cut" In less time than it takes me to write it, we were through, and there on the top of the "draw," dimly seen through a rift in the fog, glimmered with to me actual ghastliness the danger signal---a red light. It seemed to glare at me with almost fiendish malignancy. Stopping was out of the question, even had I been running at a quarter of my actual speed. As I was running, I had not even time to grasp the whistle-cord before we would be in. So giving one longing, lingering thought to the bright world, whose duration to me could not be reckoned in seconds even, I shut my eyes and waited my death, which seemed as absolute and inevitable as inglorious. It was but an instant of time, but an age of thought and dread---and then---I was over the bridge. A drunken bridge-tender had, with accursed stupidity, hoisted the wrong light, and my adventure was but a "scare,"---but half a dozen such were as bad as death.

It was three weeks before I ran again, and I never after "made up time" in a fog

A Collision

Of the various kinds of accidents that may befall a railroad-man, a collision is the most dreaded, because, generally, the most fatal. The man who is in the wreck of matter that follows the terrible shock of two trains colliding, stands indeed but a poor chance to escape with either life or limb. No combination of metal or wood can be formed strong enough to resist the tremendous momentum of a locomotive at full or even half speed, suddenly brought to a stand-still; and when two trains meet the result is even more frightful, for the momentum is not only doubled, but the scene of the wreck is lengthened, and the amount of matter is twice as great. The two locomotives are jammed and twisted together, and the wrecked cars stretch behind, bringing up the rear of the procession of destruction. I, myself, never had a collision with another engine, but I did collide with the hind end of another train of forty cars, which was standing still, at the foot of a heavy grade, and into which I ran at about thirty-five miles an hour, and from the ninth car of which I made my way, for the engine had run right into it. The roof of the car was extended over the engine, and the sides had bulged out, and were on either side of me. The cars were all loaded with flour. The shock of the collision broke the barrels open and diffused the "Double Extra Genesee" all over; it mingled with the smoke and steam and floated all round, so that when, during the several minutes I was confined there, I essayed to breathe, I inhaled a compound of flour, dust, hot steam and choking smoke. Take it altogether, that car

from which, as soon as I could, I crawled, was a little the hottest, most dusty, and cramped position into which I was ever thrown. To add to the terror-producing elements of the scene, my fireman lay at my feet, caught between the tender and the head of the boiler, and so crushed that he never breathed from the instant he was caught. He was crushed the whole length of his body, from the left hip to the right shoulder, and compressed to the thinness of my hand. In fact, an indentation was made in the boiler where the tender struck it, and his body was between boiler and tender! The way this accident happened was simple, and easily explained. The freight train which I was to pass with the express at the next station, broke down while on this grade. The breakage was trifling and could easily be repaired, so the conductor dispatched a man (a green hand, that they paid twenty-two dollars a month) to the rear with orders, as the night was very dark and rainy, to go clear to the top of the ~~grade~~ grade, a full mile off, and swing his red light from the time he saw my head light, which he could see for a mile, as the track was straight, until I saw it and stopped, and then he was to tell me what was the matter, and I, of course, would proceed with caution until I passed the train. The conductor was thus particular, for he knew he was a green hand, and sent him back only because he could be spared, in case the train proceeded, better than the other man and he was allowed only two brakemen. Well, with these apparently clear instructions, the brakeman went back to the top of the grade. I was then in sight; he gave, according to his own statement, one swing of the lamp, and it went out. He had no matches, and what to do he didn't know. He had in his pocket, to be sure, a half a dozen torpedoes, given to him expressly for such emergencies, but if he ever knew their use, he was too big a fool to use the knowledge when it was needed. He might, to be sure, have stood right in the track, and, by swinging his arms, have attracted my attention, for on dark nights and on roads where they hire cheap men, I generally kept a close lookout; and if I saw a man swinging his arms, and, apparently trying to see how like a madman he could act, I stopped quick, for there was no telling what was the matter. But this fellow was too big a fool for that even. He turned from me and made towards his own train, bellowing lustily, no doubt, for them to go ahead, but they were at the engine, and its hissing steam made too much noise for them to hear, even had he been within ten rods of them. But a mile away, that chance was pretty slim, and yet on it hung a good many lives. I came on, running about forty-five miles an hour, for the next station was a wood and water station, and I wanted time there.

I discovered the red light, held at the rear of the train, when within about fifteen rods of it. I had barely time to shut off, and was in the very act of reversing when the collision took place. The tender jumped up on the footboard, somehow I was raised at the same time, so that it did not catch me feet, but the end of the tank caught my hand on the "reverse lever," which I had not time to let go, and there I was fast. The first five cars were thrown clear to one side of the track, by the impetus of my train; the other four were crushed like egg-shells, and in the ninth, the engine brought up. I was fast; it all occurred in a second, and the scene was so confusing and rapid that I hardly knew when my hand was caught; I certainly should not have known where but for the locality of the piece of it afterwards found. My pain was awful, for not only was my hand caught, but the wood from the tender, as I crouched behind the dome, gave my body a most horrible pummeling, and the blinding smoke and scalding steam added to the misery of my position. I really began to fear that I should have to stay there and undergo the slow, protracted torture of being scalded to death; but with a final effort I jerked my hand loose, and groped my way out. My clothes were saturated with moisture. The place had been so hot that my hands peeled, and my face was blistered. I did not fully recover for months. But at last I did and went at it again, to run into the doors of death, which are wide open all along every mile of a railroad, and into which, even if nature does not let you go, some fool of a man, who is willing to risk his own worthless neck in such scenes for twenty-five dollars a month, will contrive, ten chances against one, by his stupid blundering to push you.

(Arlene)

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS FROM THE "GOVERNOR'S LOUNGE"

Because we all certainly enjoyed the program presented last month on the Lehigh Valley as much or more than any other presented on one railroad, I thought that these few thoughts about the Lehigh might be in order.

DOWN IN THE LEHIGH VALLEY

This writer in the soft chair of the Governors Lounge can't help thinking about the Lehigh Valley Railroad and why it is and always was one of my favorite roads, so I hope you won't mind if I do a little reminiscing.

First I would like to comment a little on the present state of the Lehigh and then touch on the past. Today the Lehigh seems to be an unwanted stepchild of the Penn Central. Always considered a part of the greater Pennsylvania, it is now chocked of its traffic by the NYC segment of present PC routing trends. The PRR used the Lehigh to feed its eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey areas, but now the former NYC routes which operate in much the same area to wit-National Junction-Newberry Junction and the Ashtabula-Newberry Junction channels. The Lehigh has lost nearly all business at the Buffalo gateway except that of Canadian National and such New York area business that PC sometimes condescends to send by way of the Lehigh. Therefore you can visit the LV mainline and not see a train for up to 18 hours and the one or two freights that seem to honor the route are only a fraction that used to use the old route of the NKP*LV*RDG combination. Thereby one should fear for the future of the Lehigh Valley for the N&W and PC seem bent on changing the shippers mind to re-route traffic.

Why such an attachment for the Lehigh Valley RR, because it has always been on its toes, ready to serve every shipper and passenger with the best possible service. Came the prosperous 1920's and the 10 years of the depression the Lehigh never forgot that they had one and only one product to provide the public and that product was service. Never mind their own coal companies and cement manufacturing plants, they were out to serve you, to move your milk and your food or move your tours in the best possible manner. Truly a railroad that always did its best.

Of course the Lehigh was built to haul coal from the mines in Pennsylvania to the seaboard in New Jersey. But interest in the Buffalo Gateway and the traffic off the Great Lakes enticed the Lehigh to extend through to Buffalo and the Niagara Frontier. A sound investment for the traffic from the Buffalo area more than equals the coal and cement traffic in central Pennsylvania. The Lehigh always moved this traffic from Buffalo and the Falls in fast, short trains which were usually combined at Manchester for New Jersey and Philadelphia areas. Then they boosted the coal traffic over Glen Summit east of Wilkes Barre and joined those trains with cars from the Lehighton area. Several happy times were spent at Glen Summit by this observer, and it was on one occasion that I saw the potential of the diesel, for the Lehigh had just purchased their first GMD F3s for pusher service on the mountains. It would be several years before more diesels would be bought but convinced by these performances on Glen Summit, the Lehigh a few years later wasted no time dieselizing everything, even the steam cranes and other mobile work equipment.

The Lehigh always saw to it that their passenger service was the best and they used the best equipment and advertising to make it so. Remember the 'Black Diamond' it was the very first train to have an enclosed observation car. Perhaps thinking of their competition, and feeling why should the Phoebe Snows have to expose themselves to trackside dust and breezes of an open observation car that they researched around and noted the B&O's success with the wind resistance cars on the Columbian ordered an enclosed observation car. They then hit the bell with that one and soon the Phoebe Snows were riding the lounge observation of the Black Diamond. Competition forced

the Lackawanna and the Erie to adapt the same thing as well as the transcontinentals west of Chicago. The Canadian Pacific soon followed suit with glass enclosed observation cars.

Nor did the Lehigh neglect the towns along it's lines. Local freights made the connections at the major yards with through freights. Local passenger service was performed almost exclusively by gas-electrics most of whose bodies were built by Bethlehem Steel right alongside the LV mainline. But the cars were powered by a variety of motors; Brill, GE, Hall, Scott, and Electro-Motive (not then a part of GM) Those trains were really something to watch when getting underway, smoke and noise soon combined to give speed to the motor with usually a passenger trailer and sometimes with two or three milkcars trailing. Mindfull of the noise, LV built some fo the nicest passenger trailers ever used, and saw to it that the passengers picked up at local stations made good connections at major stations. Thus service trains operated New York-Bethlehem, Bethlehem-Wilkes Barre, Wilkes-Barre-Sayre, Sayre-Geneva and Geneva-Buffalo, with adequate coverag eof branch lines also. Your observer in many cases went out of his way to ride the gas-electrics. For example down to Auburn via NYC, LV to Sayre, Sayre to Geneva always via Burdett and the Black Diamond, Geneva to Rochester Jct., Winding up back in Rochester with my third motor train ride of the day. It was nothing to have a milk car behind the motor after picking it up at say Moraivia enroute to Sayre or to have one milk car behind the trailer and drop it off at Odessa or Lodi out of Sayre, backing the entire train up to the milk plant. Then we really roared to the next station to get back on schedule. I pointed out the power of those cars because in many cases they used to assemble a train of 5 or 6 milk cars on a local to a terminal such as Sayre or Wilkes-Barre, using a motor combination of baggage, mail and passenger. In only one spot can I remember the gas-electrics getting pushers or helpers and that was south out of Ithaca, where the Lv always kept one or two light-Pacifics to help anything south of Ithaca, and even north up the hill to Trumansburg and Interlachen.

The Lehigh ran other trains to help serve Black Diamond terrritry, mainly as through Chicago-NewYork service via Grand Trunk and Chicago,-Detroit-Philadelphia in connection with the Michigan Central and again Toronto-Philly-New York with the Canadian National. Remember the Maple Leaf, Niagara New York and the Lehigh Limited? The Lehigh still holds my vote as the most scenic route to New York, high above Cayuga's waters, the hills south of Ithaca, along the Susquehanna, up over Glen Summit east of Wilkes Barre, along the Lehigh River at Mauch Chunk (now Jim Thorpe), high over the Delaware east of Bethlehem, racing across and through the hills of western New Jersey through tunnels and cuts past the dairy and horse farms west of Plainfield and finally the Jersey suburbs of greater New York.

During the depression the Lehigh reduced their fares to keep their business. Penny per mile Sunday and weekend excursions such as Rochester to New York or Philadelphia at \$5.00, to Wilkes Barre or Allentown at \$4.00, Ithaca or Buffalo for \$1.75, Niagara Falls for \$2.00, and Geneva or Batavia for \$1.00. And boy we were lucky to be working during the depression and many a excursion rate we took advantag of. Not too many of those rates applied to the Black Diamond, since the Lehigh was very proud they did not downgrade her by letting the 'commen herd' ride her at such ridiculous rates. The Lehigh believe it or not purchased only four streamlines coaches and one Budd Rail Diesel Car in its modernization attempts, rebuilding everything else at the Sayre shops in the streamline crazed days of the late 39's. Some of their streamlining styles I did not like, but I could not desert the Lehigh for just that reason.

And so the Lehigh Valley continues in operation. Right in April 1970 they are cutting back their most beatuiful mainline from two to one track. The job is done Sayre to Geneva. Now it is North Leroy to the Genessee River. But the Lehigh is not done yet, she is tough and always fighting back. Lets hope this battle is hers.

So passes this editon of the Governor's Lounge, hope to see you when I pass by this way again. All Aboard!

EDITOR'S PAGE

TRAIN TICKETS FOR LAST BIG STEAM TRIP Did you forget to sent in your tickets for the big excursion to Canada Sunday May 24th? If you did be sure to send them in. DO IT RIGHT AWAY.

BANQUET The annual banquet of the Rochester Chapter was an overwhelming success with about 115 present for the fine dinner and show. Your editor would like to thank President and Mrs. Hott, Mr. and Mrs. Cal Bulham, Pete Arras, Greg Sullivan, Dick Pearson, Horst Bruns and all those whose efforts made this a fine success.

ELECTION Once again it is that time of your when each member is given a chance to express his opinion and have his vote counted in respect to the officers of the chapter and the job they are doing. It is thus imperative that each member attend the meeting or send in the absentee ballot on the bottom of this page.

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ABSENTEE BALLOT

Detach and Mail to: Election Tellers, Roch. Chap. NRHS, PO Box 3091, Rochester, N.Y.

PRESIDENT (Vote for one)

Gerald A. Hott.....

.....

FIRST VICE*PRESIDENT (Vote for one)

Peter Gores.....

.....

SECOND VICE*PRESIDENT (Vote for one)

Louis Bracey.....

.....

SECRETARY (Vote for one) (SEE NOTE)

Leon D. Arras.....

.....

TREASURER (Vote for one)

Gregory Sullivan.....

.....

CHAPTER DIRECTOR (Vote for one)

Harold M. Caulkins.....

.....

NOTE: It is the feeling of the Nomination Committee that the posts of Recording Secretary and Corresponding Secretary remain combined as under the ~~new~~ constitution for simplification until the workload of the job becomes too much for one person