



ROCHESTER CHAPTER

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# THE SEMAPHORE

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*National Railway Historical Society*

Vol. XIII

February 1972

No. 10

PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGE IN TIME AND PLACE.

Our February meeting will be at 7:30 P.M. on Thursday, the 17th, in the auditorium of the Rochester Museum & Science Center at 657 East Avenue. For details about the program, please turn to our president's HOTT BOX on the next page. Be sure to come early or you might miss the business session completely.

Those who attended last month's meeting agreed the program was one of the most spectacular we've had. DEVAN LAWTON showed slides and movies of the trip west on the FLYING SCOTSMAN when he, PETE GORES and GARY YOUNGBERG, of Buffalo Chapter, joined the crew. Their shots of the tornado alongside the train and the destroyed town rival professional news coverage, and the scenery alone was fantastic. Since this will be a light-weight issue, some items are postponed till next month so Devan's story can be concluded in March.

Oatka Scoreboard

During the month of January, 16 adult members of the Chapter put in a total of 119.5 hours of work on our "new" depot. Many additional hours have been worked this month. A wood stove has been installed in the ticket office and many panes of window glass have been replaced. (One pane has been replaced twice, hasn't it, Hank?) Charlie Knoll has donated a half-door with a shelf top which will be fitted into the new "doorway" between the ticket office and the South waiting room. We now urgently need an experienced carpenter to work on replacing all or part of the cellar stairs. Do we have any volunteers? Work parties will continue to be held on Sunday afternoons for the next few weeks. Please contact Hank Pape for more specific information.

Banquet in May

The Annual Chapter Banquet will be held on Friday, May 19, 1972 at Sweet's Party House on Holt Road in Webster. We had hoped to have it on a Saturday night, but we were fortunate to find a good place with any weekend opening at this late date.

Chapter Officers Meet

In January your Chapter officers began holding special monthly meetings to discuss urgent Chapter business and to make long range plans for the Chapter. These meetings will make it possible to shorten the "business" portion of our regular Chapter meetings. We will have more time for programs and still get home at a reasonable hour.

Steam Around the World

Dr. David A. Smith, Associate Professor of Geography at the State University of New York (Buffalo) will present his excellent program "A Steam Safari - '71" in the Museum auditorium following our short February 17th meeting. Professor Smith will personally narrate his recent tour of fast-disappearing steam railroad operations in many parts of the world. If time allows, we will have a short "Second Section" as well, so bring a friend for some interesting and educational entertainment.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Thursday, Feb. 17 - Rochester Chapter meeting at East Avenue Science Museum.  
Feb. 18, 19, 20, 25, 26, 27 - Kodak City Model Railroad Club Open House, South Ave.  
March 4 - Buffalo Chapter CN trip to London and Toronto.  
March 16 - Rochester Chapter meeting at the Science Museum.  
Saturday, April 22 - Central New York Chapter Banquet, Syracuse, N.Y.  
Saturday, April 29 - Buffalo Chapter Banquet, Lord Amherst, Williamsville, N.Y.  
Friday, May 19 - Rochester Chapter Banquet, Sweet's Party House, Webster, N.Y.  
Saturday, Sept. 23rd - Joint Chapter Dinner Meeting in Batavia, N.Y.

## FROM THE GOVERNORS' LOUNGE

by JOHN WOODBURY

### SVT - SOPS --- OHIO REMINISCENCES IN THE 1920's

SVT, Scioto Valley Traction Co., still in existence in 1972 as the Midland Railroad. But the Midland Railroad is nothing like its incorporator, the SVT. Not only was Scioto Valley the first third-rail line I ever saw, but the railway was an adjunct to the Scioto Valley Railway & Power Company. In later years as I studied the intricacies of power companies operating railways as rights of way for the power lines but to introduce electric railway service to the power customers, I could see why so many electric lines did go out of business with their present rights of way a stretch of high tension lines. So while the passenger was lost to the automobile, the consumer, the same driver, remains as user of that electricity.

What was Scioto Valley like in the 1920's? A single-track, weed-grown right of way, the rails buried in grass, the third rail just above the grass, all fenced in, including the heavy poles which carried cables for the power lines. The poles could not have been 12 feet above the ground, while mounted on top of the pole, an insulator for the telephone train dispatcher's line, one to two strands of wire stretched tight pole to pole. Not needed, of course, was any kind of contact between power cable and thin strand of telephone wire. Today the power poles are very high above the ground carrying heavy wires instead of cables, and, except for the raised embankment not apparent to too many people, a one-time right of way of a railroad line.

So picture a green, railroad-roof, wooden interurban car swaying down through the grass and arcing at every crossing for the third rail abruptly ended with the power cable in a trench under the crossing and then the third rail shoe hit the re-suming third rail beyond the crossing. Entering a town, the right of way swung into the street and the conductor would lean out the rear door and raise a trolley pole to the wire "all on the fly". Each car could be MU'd with any other car and there were the "train doors" between each car. My memories of the cars were that they were anything but handsome---out of alignment and lopsided with paint peeling. I loved to look at them, though, in Columbus station right across the street from the inter-urban station. The heavy wooden beam and plate mounted on the side of the wheel trucks fascinated me just as such mechanisms on the present-day subway cars around here and in Canada do now.

And why are my memories of Scioto Valley Traction so very clear today as compared with memories of maybe Ohio Electric, Columbus Delaware & Marion, or others? Well, my father, as a graduate of Kenyon College, got his first paycheck from Scioto Valley for installing that telephone train dispatching system. He then made the telephone industry his life work and the only work he ever did. He never forgot Scioto Valley, and many a ride to all sorts of places I had on the line---Lancaster, Circleville, Chillicothe, and Hanging Rock, now an Ohio state park.

Some time during the depression, and perhaps at the instigation of Samuel Utilities, Scioto Valley was reorganized as Ohio Midland Power Co. Thereupon all third-rail service was discontinued except for a five-mile line between Obetz and Pickaway power plant of Columbus & Southern Ohio Electric Co. Later on Ohio Midland and Southern Ohio Electric merged after the Roosevelt scare and the inattention of Eisenhower, and Columbus & Southern Ohio Electric emerged as the surviving company. Around 1965 it was realized that the electric engines were worn out and diesels were substituted, but under ICC regulations a dummy company was set up---the Midland Railroad.



SOPS—Southern Ohio Public Service, successor to Columbus, Newark & Zanesville Electric Railway, operating between the points of its title with a branch to Buckeye Lake Park, steamers and gasoline launches on Buckeye Lake, a branch from Newark to Granville, and city lines in Newark and Zanesville, the latter outlasting the rest of the system as the Pioneer Transportation Co. As a boy of under ten what a line it was to travel between Columbus, Newark and Granville. Granville, seat of Denison University, I shall always consider my home town. My grandfather was postmaster, I lived in three different homes and went to grade and high school there. My neighbor was coach Walter Livingston of the Denison University football, basketball and track teams, and his protege Sid Gilman and I would demonstrate to Paul Brown various football maneuvers. Paul Brown was coach of the Cleveland Browns and now with the Cincinnati Bengals, and Sid Gilman served as coach of the San Diego Chargers for ten years till October 1971.

In Granville everyone traveled via the interurban, although Toledo & Ohio Central ran there too. But a ride on the interurban is still vivid in my memory. Thumping down a street, the odor of brake shoes crunching the dust or grass, swishing down the side of a highway, passing everything at what seemed like breakneck speed. The swishing of tree limbs against the bars across the open window just above the arm rest, the whistle and clang of car bell or crossing bell up hill and down dale, the pumping up of brake pressure during a stop, the dimming of lights when again on the move. I loved every bit of it, and no wonder it's such a part of me that it is like my skin. The closer I could get to the front of the car the better to see the scenery, watch the motorman and hear the whistle. The interior of the car, the raking of the Ohmar cash register, the swaying bell cord which the conductor used to signal the motorman, two jerks to start and one jerk to stop which was repeated at intervals if the motorman did not acknowledge with a jerk of his whistle. The window sills rocking one way and the car body the other. No wonder I loved Southern Ohio Public Service and many another line I went miles out of my way to ride. The zip of Indiana Railroad, the mile after mile of top speed on the North Shore Line, down into Fischers on the Rochester & Eastern, down by Float Bridge on the Sodus Line, the rickety interurban of Lancaster Ohio Traction & Power, the ride of Portsmouth Ohio Public Service alongside the flood wall of the Ohio River with the wall echoing a definite clatter for each individual rail joint. Chicago & Joliet, mile upon mile along Chicago's "beautiful" sanitary canal, the unbelievable hills of West Penn Railways around Marietta, Ohio, and the same east of Pittsburgh. Arlington & Fairfax alongside Fort Meyers, Virginia. And Toledo Bowling Green & Southern where you thought the car would stall after starting up and the traction motors whined for more power. No wonder they called them the Traction Lines. Or zip alongside the dunes bordering Lake Michigan on the South Shore Line. Or watch Inland Steel, Bethlehem Steel or Pittsburgh Plate Glass with car side pantographs, or ride with me again on a U.S. Steel combination locomotive dump motor with an exposed center third rail—exposed, that is, if you were to stick your bare feet down far enough—not slot type operation but a bare third rail resting on the ties some 4 to 7 inches below ground surface. No wonder I prefer the trolley pole or zing of the pantograph over that sparking third rail.

After all these years I still consider myself lucky to have lived the life of the Ohio trolley and steam road, and, had you been able to share that life with me, I am sure you would love those rails as much as I still do. I may be prejudiced, but the diesel engine and diesel bus have helped me to love transportation.

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## FROM BUFFALO TO THE PACIFIC BEHIND STEAM

by DEVAN LAWTON

The scene opens as Gary Youngberg, Peter Gores and I, Devan Lawton, wave eagerly at the Buffalo crowd which appeared on that shortly-awaited day of September 2, 1971. The three of us, extremely excited, bid farewell to our families and friends as the mighty 4-6-2 pulled out of Bison Yard. A 3200-mile trip started to unfold before us across the northern part of the States. We left Bison Yard at 9:35 A.M. on the N&W heading west to spend the night at Fort Wayne, Indiana. After stopping at "GB" block station in Blasdell for three eastbound freights, and only after the mayor and chief of police had their pictures taken with the crew, the famous FLYING SCOTSMAN got under way. We went only 16 miles before stopping again at Angola. Here we checked the train's journals for running hot or any other malfunction. A short stay here then allowed us to quickly get under way to our division point in Conneaut, Ohio.

It was great for us to travel behind steam again. Peter got his first chance to fire a British, hand-fired bomber, and only after about 3 or 4 tons went through his shovel did he realize what a backbreaking job he was in for. Some 60 to 65 tons of coal were shoveled by Webster's star policeman going across the country. Gary watched in the observation car for anything askew, such as dragging equipment marks or fires started. Gary would converse with the train's crew and wave to onlookers who would wait at times many hours into the night. He'd laugh as I came back in a hurry trying to find another roll of film which I ran out of or a lens hood which I'd forgotten. Up and down the train I'd go all day shooting pictures when not working. The majority of my work started as soon as the train stopped—either at block signals or "whistle stops".

Now we arrive at Conneaut where the Buffalo crew is relieved so that a Conneaut crew can take us into Bellevue, Ohio. Somewhere between Buffalo and Conneaut we lost a journal box lid off Sir Winston Churchill's private Pullman, the "Lydia". (If anyone wants a souvenir from the L&NER, a marked lid lies somewhere between.) (Come to think of it, I'll go and start looking myself.) Souvenirs were sold at Conneaut, as at every stop, and here I got to do my first job—polish the brass bell. Peter did some firing, as could be seen by his coal-blackened face. We saw some of our friends who had chased us from Buffalo, one being our illustrious program director, Geoff Gerstung, and some unknown woman trying to sell books, records and Buffalo Chapter NRHS pins to the crowd. (Only kidding, Becky.)

Now we head toward Cleveland for a water stop. Being in charge of watering the tenders, I went up top to keep an eye on it. Like a good railfan, I took my camera along. (I couldn't resist the ex-NKP "RS" units and Cleveland Rapid Transit running above.) We had some injector trouble before Cleveland. This, of course, had the eye of our General Manager, George D. Hinchcliffe, and the crew under the 4472 while we were watering. Temporary maintenance of the injector allowed us to start again westward. Continuing through the farm lands and towns of northern Ohio brought us to Bellevue. Here we took on water once more as one of the Scotsman's crew members went over to the railroad "Y" and got us, of all things, scrambled eggs. None of us complained as it was 7 P.M. and none of us had eaten since that morning. After receiving our Bellevue train crew we continued into the dusk toward Fort Wayne, Indiana, and our first "official" night on the train.

We found out just before reaching town that another journal box lid had fallen off. This one was from the rear truck of the observation car, the "Devon Belle".

It was five minutes after midnight before reaching our siding for the night. After getting rid of the newly-acquired cinders and smoke dust from ourselves, thanks to a hot shower, we hit the rack for a good night's sleep. The three of us slept in the observation car that night. When morning came, we found No. 4472 still in the Fort Wayne engine house. Some of the crew stayed up all night repairing the injector which gave us trouble. After fixing the trouble, we pulled out at the late hour of 11:45 A.M. (CST). We were heading to the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railway (Chicago's Outer Belt) at Hobart, Indiana, where camera crews, railroad officials and rail buffs awaited our arrival. We left the N&W and continued to East Joliet, Illinois, where we were to exhibit for some five days. To get to our exhibition site at East Joliet, we had to back the train for approximately one mile. For this short distance we had to go around quite a few sharp curves. The observation car and "Lydia" had a tight drawbar pull, or I guess I should say tight turn-buckle pull as this is how they were coupled. George gave me the job of keeping the right amount of slack on for these cars. Now here I am between the two cars with five or six railroad officials around (from the Superintendent down) all talking on their two-way radios. All had to be in touch with the front end to tell the back end's progress. After one close call---nearly jumping the track because the front end couldn't understand the back---we managed to arrive at the exhibition site. We set up for exhibition late that afternoon. For a rail buff the site was fantastic. The main lines of the GM&O and Santa Fe into Chicago ran only a few yards from where we sat. On the other side was a shopping plaza which was good for exhibiting. We exhibited, sold souvenirs and cleaned the train and engine while there. Gary was the official ticket collector and information guide while Peter and I cleaned the engine and tenders along with the other engine crew. Peter cleaned the firebox and maintained equipment along with being guard at night. (I guess he just can't get away from his job.) One other crewman and I had the glorious job of washing the train. Any other time not cleaning the train meant wiping down the engine or polishing the brass. Unfortunately, I didn't have much time for picture taking. One night we had a downpour. Now we found ourselves running the length of the train finding leaks. The worst ones were in the "Lydia" and observation car. The bucket brigade was then formed. A little work then had to be done cleaning up the mess. We picked up eleven more crew members here, and when we left on the 7th, our crew numbered nineteen. We were to leave East Joliet at 7 A.M., but because the Burlington Northern Railroad had not received the bond money we didn't move until 12:30 P.M.

Finally under way again, we reached the BN at Eola, Illinois, where crews changed. Now on the BN (ex-CB&Q line) we headed for Savanna, Illinois, for our next water stop. We were put into the "hole" at several places for passing freight trains. Now leaving Savanna and heading northwest to North LaCrosse, Wisconsin, we paralleled the mighty Mississippi River during the dusk hours. This was beautiful scenic country and with that vivid sun setting across the water, accompanied with smoke dust in the air, you'd almost expect to see a steamboat pass on its way to New Orleans. It was after 10 P.M. when we reached North LaCrosse, and the bed sure seemed to be a nice place to be. Eight o'clock seemed to come quickly as we felt the train begin its day's run. What a fantastic way to travel and see the country. Stop the train at night and, when it's light, be off again to see more of our land. It was a trip that I wish more could have enjoyed.

"Morning prayers" was a daily part of our routine as many other jobs. Here George Hinchcliffe, our manager, got to relieve his pet peeves or gripes, gave us praise if we deserved it and talked about the day's activities.

Now we journey into the Twin Cities area, passing through St. Paul at 11:20 A.M. We arrived at the Minneapolis passenger station at 11:35 A.M. We proceeded to set up

for exhibition for all afternoon. Minneapolis was one of the best places we stayed at for many reasons. The crowds were large and friendly, and our souvenir sales were high. As for Gary, Peter and me, it was a heaven for collecting. Since the three of us are collectors, in varying degrees, we managed to acquire a few good articles. Old public and employee timetables, buttons, books and dining car materials were among many articles given to us. A certain party was able to acquire an old Northern Pacific conductor's uniform and a beautiful old Northern Pacific ticket dater also.

The scene opens as the mighty English Pacific belched out a massive amount of grey smoke from the small flat stack. The famed "Flying Scotsman" started its westward journey from the Minneapolis passenger station at precisely 9:35 A.M. The 9th of September is the date as the exhibition train now enters the ex-Northern Pacific territory. We are now on the Twin Cities Region, 1st sub-division of the Burlington Northern. Along the east shore of the Mississippi we travel through small country towns of Anoka, Elk River, Startell, and Little Falls. At Little Falls we cross the mighty Mississippi and head into the town of Staples. The tender's appetite for coal and water are quenched in a little more than an hour's time. There was enough time to sell souvenirs to the vast crowds which gathered, though. George Hinchcliffe sent a note to us on the quick but profitable stay at Staples, Minn.: "We took nearly \$170 at Staples - Well done. G." Not bad for an hour's work.

On we head toward a small town named Detroit Lakes, Minn., where we stopped. A short whistle stop here revealed that a television crew had climbed aboard from a local station in Fargo, North Dakota. On we go through more dairy and farm land as the television crew took shots within the private Pullman "Lydia" and the observation car "Devon Belle". A personal interview, given from the "Devon Belle" with Mr. Hinchcliffe told the story and history of the Scotsman train. After our arrival and setting up at Fargo, yours truly scooted off to a television set at a hotel and watched the interview appear on the 6 o'clock news.

We arrived at Fargo shortly after five to stay the night. The usual chores of setting up for exhibit, watering and coaling the engine, and souvenir selling constituted the balance of the day. Gary manned his ticket post on the ground as good old Peter, up in the 4472, answered questions from sightseers and kept up the steam. A fellow crew member, Jim Hinkleman, and I started to clean the Scotsman train at 7:30 P.M. Around 2:30 the next morning a pair of car washers completed the long, wet task---that is, only after half of a case of beer was eagerly consumed.

A small jolt of a turn-buckle (draw-head) awakened me from my deep sleep. The clock revealed 6:35 A.M. on the 10th. Leaving Fargo the Scotsman would now be on the old Great Northern right-of-way and remain on this system until Sandpoint, Idaho. Today the train would cover 352.3 miles across the dry grassland of North Dakota. Up on the tender I would go to trim coal as Peter would feed the firebox another shovelful of the black mineral we grew to know so well. What a carefree and invigorating experience just to sit and watch the country pass by as steam, smoke and cinders bounced from one's face. This, if nothing else, would make any railfan or any other person appreciate living in this country.

New Rockford, N.D., population approximately 2,200, was the first stop that morning. Arriving here at 9:40 A.M. we took on water. Part of the crew had a chance to eat breakfast while the watering and souvenir duties were tended to.

Once again under way, we are now on the Minot Division of the Twin Cities Region, 1st sub-division. The town and junction point at Surrey joined us with the old main line of the Great Northern to Devils Lake and points east. 7.2 miles brings us to Minot, N.D. Four hours' time were spent here for exhibiting and polishing the engine.



A three-picture spread made the front page of the "Minot Daily News". (We were even put atop the headlines stating Khrushchev's death.)

After leaving Minot, the town of Stanley was the next stop. Unfortunately, coal was needed here because of the poor grade of coal obtained in Fargo the night before. It was after 8:30 P.M. before we left Stanley with 66.5 miles to go before reaching our night's stay at Williston. Another one of George's notes came down through the grapevine stating to the effect that one unscheduled day's stop at Williston was inevitable. The engine was causing fires along the right-of-way and the boiler was in desperate need of a wash. Arriving at Williston at the late hour of 10:30, George, with his knack for speaking, told the anxiously awaiting crowd of the difficulties. His apologies for the delay and the postponing of the exhibition were stated to the disappointed crowd. "The Scotsman Exhibition Train would be on exhibit all day on the 11th," and how true it was. From nine in the morning to six that afternoon we stayed open. The boiler was drained, the ashpan fixed and cleaned out, a spring bracket on the 4472 was replaced, smoke box cleaned, and the entire engine was polished. It was a hard night's work for most. Gary Hossback, master mechanic, Peter Gores, George Hinchcliffe, Les Richards and other key men worked through the night to get the Scotsman back on its healthy status. When the hour of 7:15 A.M. on the 12th arrived, the train began once more its westward trip toward the goal of San Francisco, California.

A quick change of crews at Bainville, Montana, marked our entrance to that large northern state.

Culbertson, Montana, was reached shortly before 9 A.M. (MST) where an eastbound BN hotshot passed. Here we enter the Billings Region, Montana Division of this 26,500-mile system.

An unfortunate event occurred when, at one point, we came across a town by the name of Oswego, Montana. We had heard early that morning that a grass fire virtually destroyed the town. A prairie fire was started by burning debris from the town dump. The BN's main line went through this small Indian town. Approximately 2.8 miles of the BN main line were still on fire as the Scotsman neared. The majority of the ties were smoldering and some were on fire as we passed. The remains of Oswego amounted to five lonely buildings.

On the lighter side, an odd sight occurred that was common in the Old West. A herd of seven heifers and one bull straddled the track. At this time I was riding in a hi-rail truck a half mile behind the Scotsman when all of a sudden she goes into emergency. When we approached the back of the train and saw the trouble, a couple of maintenance-of-way men got out to chase the cattle away. The train started before they reached the front. The Pacific plugged along at a snail's pace, easing the bull off first and eventually the remaining cows.

It wasn't too long after this when out of the blue came "Snoopy" in his airplane. I'm glad that he was aiming at us with just a camera. I guess since the roads in the west do not follow railroads very closely, a train chaser has to get around somehow.

Glasgow, Montana, was reached at 11:45 A.M. An hour and twenty-five minute layover was made here to sell souvenirs and take on water. The next stop brought us to the town of Tampico at 1:25 to await two eastbound freight trains.

Five or six crewmen of the train, including myself, got a rare and different "treat". We pulled into the town of Dodson, a thriving megalopolis of 330 people. The townspeople had a rare scene to behold this day and age. The 4472 pulled along-

side one of the town's wheat storage bins. Here a Burlington Northern dump truck pulled alongside the 1923-built loco. The six of us got shovels, whole and in parts, and with our hands transferred the black fuel from the truck into the tender. George stated afterward that for time consumed we beat all previously used machines, shovels, conveyors and lifts.

Savoy was a town which brought an old trouble back to life. The Scotsman's ashpan started to give us trouble once again. Hot coals and cinders started to drop freely along the tracks as we traveled across the dry terrain of Montana. All too many fires were to follow. I guess the aluminum foil put in at Williston broke loose from engine vibration.

If this were not enough, twelve miles further down the line at Harlem the Flying Scotsman was brought to another emergency stop. All of a sudden crewmen jumped off yelling for fire extinguishers and buckets of water. It wasn't long until everyone knew and witnessed the smoke billowing out of Exhibition Car "C". Cinders from the stack were presumed to be to blame for this freak incident. Car "C" was one of the wooden cars of the train. A cinder must have lodged in a crack and a fire resulted. The crew finally got the small burning ember out by chopping down a railroad exhibit and dousing it with water. Even before the train could get under way again, we noticed a fire truck speeding down the adjacent dirt road toward three or four gigantic smoke plumes. We found out later, as we had expected, that we had started these also. The ashpan was then packed with insulation.

We left Harlem at 6:40 P.M. and went less than four miles before stopping once again. A quick look at the ashpan for cracks took only ten minutes.

It was  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles to our next stop. (It seems as if the Scotsman is becoming a way-freight type train.) The town of Zurich, Montana, was host to this next episode. The train's crew out-lawed, and the siding in Zurich seemed to be the place to put us until a relief crew was sent out. It was enough time for some evening shots, I thought, so off I went. Little did I know that the relief crew had already boarded the train and the Scotsman was just waiting for an eastbound freight to clear. When the freight passed the Scotsman started. Well, here I am on a highway with a swampy ravine between me and the railroad tracks. Needless to say, I lost no time in getting back any way I could. The hind-end crew was trying to swing up the head-end men with little luck. I just made a running lunge for the last car as they headed onto the main line at 10 to 15 MPH.

Thirty-one miles brought us to our night's stop at Havre, Montana. Entering the yard board at 8:30 P.M. brought us near the day's end. This full day encompassed 310 miles of cattle chasing, plane racing, fire dodging, crew changing, truck following, train jumping, fire fighting, hand-loading coal, and just plain hard working.

The end of this day, as many others, did not stop good old Peter. After the Scot was watered and fed, Peter got to baby sit the 4472 during a good chunk of the night. Many nights, as with the rest of the engine crew, he'd catch a few winks by the glowing coals and embers peering from the crack in the firebox door. A dirty job was his as could be seen from his clothes and face at dawn. A tribute is in order to the engine crew who continuously looked after Alan Pegler's beautiful green steamer.

THE CONCLUSION TO THIS ADVENTURE WILL BE IN NEXT MONTH'S SEMAPHORE.

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NOTICE: The Pennsylvania Railroad will auction off over 100,000 items from their railroad museum. These items will be on display March 13th thru the 17th, and the auction will be held in Philadelphia on March 20th, 21st and 22nd.

## THE BARK PEELER

by DICK BARRETT

A new Amtrak timetable was issued on January 16, 1972. There are no important schedule changes within the timetable, but there are some changes, including many corrections of typographical errors which occurred in the November 14, 1971, timetable. The most obvious change is the inclusion of several pages of advertising which had previously been run in newspapers across the country. Included in these ads is one which announces "Amtrak announces another historic ride Boston-New York \$9.90, new low coach fare. Purchase tickets before boarding." Pictured below the ad is Paul Revere galloping along a railroad track on his horse. Another ad pictures the Super Chief/El Capitan with the caption, "We're making the trains worth traveling again. Come aboard and see." Another ad proclaims, "We've rejected 2 out of every 3 cars you used to ride on the railroad." In the spot which formerly held the "Lake Shore" schedule we now find a picture of a smiling, mini-skirted girl hanging out the doorway of a Metroliner with the caption "Welcome to Amtrak. A new look... A whole new viewpoint."

The major new inclusion is an equipment table which lists the trains having sleepers, slumbercoaches, parlor cars, parlor cars with food service, dining cars, cafe coaches, domes, reserved coaches and checked luggage.

### The Great Inventory Caper

The inventory of club equipment is going well. Two Saturday mornings have now been spent in cleaning, inventorying, marking and repairing club property. As this is written, we plan to finish the inventory of Chapter property down on South Avenue tomorrow morning (February 12th).

Thru the efforts of Rand Warner, the bookcases on South Avenue are now locked. Rand and I accomplished this task last Thursday night.

If anyone has the yen to become a Librarian, by all means step forward. In doing the inventory we have come across library supplies obtained several years ago (cards and card pockets) which can give us control over withdrawals.

Let me once more make the plea that if anyone of you has club property that has not yet been inventoried, please either return it to me at the February meeting or send me your inventory of what you have out on loan.

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The SEMAPHORE is published monthly, except in July and August, by the Rochester Chapter of the National Railway Historical Society. Subscription price to non-members is \$2.50 a year. Correspondence with other chapters is most welcome.

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