



April 2020

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## 2020 Operator Test

Jonathan Muse 1330

Even though our annual requalification has been postponed, all operators are encouraged to complete the 2020 operator test if you haven't done so already. This will help to refresh and reinforce the policies and practices that make for a safe and enjoyable experience for our visitors and volunteers.

To get to the test follow the link on the Ops main page and capture your responses wherever it says "your answer." Once completed press the Submit button at the end. If the auto grading function marks any of your answers as incorrect because of spelling, abbreviations, etc. there is no need to retake the test as they are being reviewed as they are submitted.



## Something Different

DF Cramer 618

The Pennsylvania Trolley Museum is closed to the public and volunteers due the outbreak of Covid-19. No one is sure at this point when things will return to normal. Our staff members are working from home and our volunteers are eagerly waiting for the call to action.

For this issue, I decided to contact all readers and ask for their stories relating to themselves or their fellow volunteers. I heard back from fifteen. Their stories are printed here. If you would like to tell your story, send it to me and I will put it in the next issue.

You will note from several of the stories, that our volunteers miss you. Do not hesitate to reach out to them via social media, e-mail, phone call or even an old fashioned letter. If you need contact information, send me an email and I will forward it to them. Then they, if they so choose, will directly send you their contact information. I will not directly give out that information.

The ephemera in this issue comes from both my personal collection and images I have scanned at the Miller Library.

We will get through this and we will once again be together sharing our stories and enlightening our guests on the Electric Era. Stay safe and stay home.

## My Introduction to Traction

Bram Bailey 1526

My maternal Grandfather, Frank Gifford, was the one who introduced me to the world of Trolley cars. Don't confuse him with the ex-football jock who could not be faithful to Kathy Lee...Gramps would have told you in no uncertain terms that he had the name first. After all he was born in 1904. He grew up on Cleveland Railways' Clifton Line. When he reached adulthood, he conducted business using the Lake Shore Electric for transportation to and from his customers. We shared a model railroad where he had an eclectic collection of HO trolleys and my part was my first shot at modeling a class one railroad.

One of the first fantrips I went on with him was in the twilight of the Johnstown operation. Likely 1959 or so. I was just an 11 year old kid at the time. Armed with a point & shoot camera and four rolls of film, off we went. We spent the day riding around town on one of their PCC cars with many photo stops. The week before we left, we had been working on street trackwork on the model railroad. Unfortunately, I let my fixation with special work influence my choice of photo subjects. When Grandpa came back with the developed prints, about 90% of what I shot was track work. He was not the least bit pleased and let me know it in no uncertain terms.

In the late fall of 1962, we made a trip to Chicago to ride the North Shore. There were five of us, My grandparents, Milt Brown, his wife Carol and me. What I remember about the North Shore was a blur...literally. We did a lot of fast running on a silver liner heading for Milwaukee. On our return trip we rode the Electroliner. I do remember chowing down on an Electro-burger in the diner. I also remember the telephone poles going by like slats in a picket fence.



We made countless trips to the east side of Cleveland to ride the Shaker Heights Rapid. I loved riding those big Pullman cars like our #94. Sometimes we rode regular service cars and other times there were fantrips, usually on #12, a Kuhlman center entrance and exit car. What really impressed me were trains of up to five PCC cars during the rush hour.

My Grandfather, Frank Gifford and my Mom, Charlotte before she met my Dad.

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Trips to Pittsburgh were less frequent, but typically fantrips on a chartered PCC car. We did visit what was then called the Arden Trolley Museum in the early 1960's. I do not remember much about it because there were some technical issues that precluded them from running anything that day. At the time, I had no clue that many years later I would become a member of PTM.

My favorite place to ride trolley cars was Toronto. My grandparents owned a cottage in the Muskokas, so it was a day trip to Toronto. We would ride regular service cars on as many lines as we could cram in for the day and then head back to the cabin. One day we were on a fantrip with a chartered PCC car. When we got to the end of the St. Clair line, I realized I was almost out of film. There was a drug store next to the loop, so I ran in and bought a couple rolls of film.



On one of our many treks to Toronto my Grandfather and I encountered a pair of former Cleveland Pullman built class A11 cars passing Danforth Car House on the Bloor line in August 1965.

Bram Bailey photograph

When I came out, I jumped on the PCC in the loop. The only problem was, it was not the charter car. They were gone and this was a regular service car. I explained my situation to the operator. He closed the doors immediately and gave chase to the charter car. As we got closer to the charter, he speeded up to stay out of the way of the service car. As the great PCC chase was taking place the operator was blowing past potential riders until we were just behind the charter car when they made a turn on Bathurst Street. The operator on my car was obligated to stay on St. Clair. We got to a place where he could access a company phone and called for an inspector. A few minutes later the TTC inspector arrived and took me in his vehicle to Hillcrest Shops where the charter car had stopped. My folks never missed me because I had been riding on the front platform and they were in the rear of the car. It sure scared the bejeebers out of this teen age kid.

In conclusion it was my grandfather who got me interested in trolleys and in particular PCC's because when we went trolley riding most systems were 100% PCC cars. To me that was the norm. He still had much more passion for the vintage cars than I did. I think of him every time I am down at PTM knowing what a good time he would have if he could accompany me.



## My Most Satisfying Job at the Museum

RJ Powischill 285

The museum offers volunteers many different job opportunities. My most satisfying job at the museum was to redesign the suspension on car 2227. Frequently as was the case for car 2227, the trucks get changed out and sometimes with characteristics not suited to the body weight that they support. It's believed the 2227 trucks came from a much heavier crane car and as a result car 2227 occasionally derailed at a couple switches.

It was thought that the offending switches would have to be regraded to solve the problem. However, I suggested several times that we redesign the suspension on car 2227 and my offer was accepted. As an aside, I use the museum as an opportunity to refresh my engineering knowledge and do analysis that I'm familiar with but have never done.

I worked with Bernie, Larry and Dan to determine the suspension characteristics of trolleys with similar body weights and establish the criteria to redesign the suspension. Briefly, trolleys rely on the springs at the truck bolster or frame where it supports the body to determine the ride attributes and then on the springs at the wheels to ensure they can follow track irregularities. Bernie and I decided to first remove one of the two springs at the bolster, and found that it improved the ride. I then redesigned the two springs at the wheels, and with help from Bernie, Scott placed an order for these different springs from Wabtec. I worked with Bernie, Brett and possibly others to install the new springs. These different springs were installed in car 2227, and Larry after the first completed trip observed that the trolley "rode like a Buick".

## M551

Bernie Orient 792

I thought I'd pass along some information on car M551. I've received some criticism about spending time and volunteer hours on this car as it is rarely used and a lot of people have never seen it run. M551 actually made the new trucks for M283 crane car a reality. We got permission to remove the M551 trucks, which were close to condemnation anyways, and had them used as patterns for the new trucks now under the crane, plus \$100,000.

The wheels, motors, journal boxes and most cast truck parts were utilized but we spent some time and money on new brake beams, rods and clevises. M551, as is M283, are accessioned museum pieces, the title implying the museum will care for it similar to operating cars but funding is tougher as donors don't get to ride on it. Although we did ok on M283 I felt there was considerable unfinished business the "donor car" M551 and pushed the ball, and still am, to get it back to operating status.

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The former, complete, trucks from M283 were destined for M551. We got the ailing motor repaired that had been "idle" for many years beneath the heavy tub end of the Crane car. It actually required minimal repairs but the mere process of removing the truck had eluded us. We also took care of other minor structural repairs.

So presently M551 sports a new paint job, one new floor in one cab, working hand brakes, some new air piping, body and structural repairs here and there, and two really good sounding air horns. Right now were trying to straighten out the resistor wiring as the controllers only have two different resistance points from the five it should, not counting full series. We've determined the fault is that three of the six wires from the resistors are somehow shorted together, although we don't know where. Wiring diagrams for the car, specifically the controllers, were not to be found but a lead from an East Coast museum shed a lot of light on things. I'm confident once the health restrictions are lifted we can sort it out in short order.

### Joe Warkany 534

One memory stands out over my 25-year history as a PTM operator: the early years of evening County Fair Park & Ride service from McLane to Fairgrounds (2002 ??), prior to completion of the TDB, and when County Fair siding wasn't ready yet for continuous-thru-the-siding meets (because there were still mothballed cars parked on the west end of the siding).

Inbound cars from McLane pulled into the east end of the siding for the meet with the outbound car, then backed out to the main to continue inbound. Things ran smoothly until right in the middle of the evening peak traffic inbound to the fair, appeared Governor-elect Rendell on a "visit" to PTM, whose "personal trolley ride" was given priority over the riders to the fair. Organized chaos, but we got thru it!!

### Tony Schill 74

What led you to become a volunteer at PTM? In recent years I have learned that many more of our volunteers than I would have expected have not had a life-long interest in streetcars, or in railroads. Of course, there is nothing at all wrong in that, and in fact it shouldn't be a surprise anyway, given the increasingly long time since Pittsburgh had a large trolley system. But it's a lot different from what was common in the earlier incarnations of what today is PTM, say 55 years ago. Back then, the members were nearly all what one early Port Authority official referred to (not approvingly) as "Trolley Jollies." That term usually meant folks who took lots of pictures of streetcars, generally hated buses, and constantly wrote to the newspaper in opposition to whatever it was that the Authority wanted to do.

Personally, I didn't hate buses, and I didn't write to the Press (at least not about streetcars). But I did really like streetcars (and trains), and had done so since what now seems to be a very long time ago. I attribute my probably excessive interest in things that run on rails to some experiences rather early in life—one of which I was too young to even remember. That one was a trip from Homewood to Charle-roi by trolley, probably in late 1947 (or so my mother told me). I do dimly recall two other contributing factors to my becoming a "railfan for life." The first involved where we lived about that time—on Homewood Avenue near Thomas Boulevard in Point Breeze—and the second was the birth on my brother Jon in May, 1948. Our Homewood apartment was just a short walk from what is today Westinghouse Park (which was once the location of Solitude, the mansion of George and Marguerite Westinghouse.) At the age of two I was regularly taken by my mom to that park, the north edge of which closely paralleled, at a slightly higher level, the Pennsy four-track main line. There I must have been greatly impressed by the constant parade of steam-hauled passenger and freight trains. I probably even witnessed a T1 in operation! Needless to say, the PRR remains my favorite railroad.

Then my brother came along. In 1948 new mothers actually stayed in the hospital for a few days for such events, and my dad was busy at work at Westinghouse in East Pittsburgh. So little Tony was sent off to stay with relatives in Turtle Creek (there was more family in Wilmerding, and all of the breadwinners were employed by "The Electric" or "The Air Brake."). Anyway, how was the two-year-old to be entertained while away from Mom & Dad? One of my uncles hit upon a very successful solution to the problem—he and my aunt packed me into their car and off we went to Pitcairn! If that name doesn't ring a bell, Pitcairn at that time was the Pennsylvania's largest, busiest and most important railroad yard in the Pittsburgh area. It was a great place to visit, and it must have "hooked" me pretty good, as I was later told that I never wanted to leave.

Also in those early years Downtown Pittsburgh was THE shopping destination of the entire area, what with big department stores including Kauffman's, Horne's, Gimbel's, Rosenbaum's and Frank & Seder. On occasion, my mother would take me shopping with her, which always involved travel on the 75 Wilkesburg car line. Decades later she would occasionally remind me that upon boarding the streetcar I would loudly announce "Good Morning, Mr. Motorman."

And the rest, as they say, is history. What (eventually) followed was a 40-year career in the transit industry, ranging from Bus Operator to Subway Motorman, Towerman and eventually, General Manager of the Buffalo bus/light rail system (and a 60-year PTM membership). But it all started with that interurban to Charle-roi. And by the way—I still operate at PTM and I still take far too many streetcar and railroad pictures.

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CJ Bick 2287

Over the many years coming to this museum, it's hard for me to pick one memory as being my favorite memory, however, if I had to choose, it would have to be my very first visit. It feels like it was yesterday, but it was so long ago now. My great-grandfather was a motorman for the PRCo and often shared the stories of his time on the rails. He had told of a museum in Arden that had streetcars like the ones that he'd ran so many years ago. Many years later, after I had grown a little bit older, my grandmother found an old brochure for the Arden Trolley Museum. She made a few phone calls to see if the place even still existed. Seeing that it did, she decided to take me down there one day.

Like many other first time riders, the car that they were using that day was New Orleans 832. This was back when we only had one car running all day. I remember that one of the operators that day was Art Ellis Sr. because his badge was only a number 5, it was my favorite number, and it was very easy to remember. There was no Trolley Display Building, or Wye. McLane Loop was just put in. The track was in place and the poles and wire were there, yet no ballast was in place yet. We had followed the line car out, it went into the loop, but we didn't. We instead changed ends and headed back the other way. Back then the New Orleans car had an air whistle on it too. When we stopped up at Arden loop, and the crew gave the usual spiel, they gave everyone the chance to ring the bell and asked if anyone had any questions. My grandmother asked if the cars were difficult to run. Art then asked if I was her grandson. He brought me up to the front of the car, telling me to hit the bell pedal twice. He moved the brake lever to the left, pulled a few points, and got us moving. Shut off the power, told me to stand there and look out the window, while turning to the rest of the car and saying, "It's so easy that a kid can do it." It wasn't much, we were just coasting down the hill, but to me it was everything. I "ran" the car all the way back down to fairgrounds.

That was all that it took for me to become hooked. Every chance that I had free, I wanted to go ride the trolleys. It also started a long relationship with the museum, that I'm not sure would have been there if that didn't happen. Now, all these years later, being an operator myself, and running that car on a regular basis. It's not hard to remember being that wide-eyed child sitting there doing the same thing so many years before.



## How I got interested in trolleys

Ray Lonabaugh 1427

My interest in trolleys began when I started to crawl. I was born in June of 1946 and Philadelphia was a trolley town back then. I grew up in Southwest Philadelphia two city blocks to the east from the Route 37 and two blocks south of the Route 36. A few blocks further were the Routes 11, 12, 13, 46 and 70. My mother was raised in Brooklyn, New York and she was a city girl. Before I started elementary school there wasn't a week that went by that we were not on a trolley going somewhere. If it was the 36 it was to down town, center city, or the 37 to the Woodland Avenue shopping district. I remember going to 69<sup>th</sup> Street in Upper Darby on the Red Arrow 'J' Bus and seeing the line of Saint Louis Cars, like PTM #14, parked on a siding.

In my early teens I learned that my grandfather worked for Philadelphia Rapid Transit as a motorman before he was employed at Philadelphia Electric Company. If I was in center city I would board a 23 car to his home in South Philadelphia and listen to him for hours talking about his days with the PRT. I learned from him that my great grandfather was a blacksmith for one of the companies that made up the PRT.

Whenever I traveled for work there were two places I would look for, a ball park to catch a game and a trolley museum to visit. Many years ago I met Bill Fronczak at the Orange Empire Trolley Museum in California. Bill gave me his business card with "Arden Trolley Museum" on it.

I had been a member of PTM for a few years and when I was working in western Pennsylvania I would always make it a point to pass by the Arden then later the Pennsylvania Trolley Museum to see what was new. A few times I stopped and took a ride. Then one day I decided to do the operator for an hour. I asked to operate a hand control car as I remembered many from my younger days and I got my first chance to operate 78. That was it, the next year I was in a new operator class.

I wanted to operate a trolley like my grandfather did and I would also, as required be a docent. It didn't take long when I started enjoying being a docent as much as operating a trolley. I remember one day I had a group in the TDB with a man in it who seemed to be totally bored and not interested in what I had to say. As we went around we came upon a PCC with "Kennywood" on the roll sign. All I said was all aboard for Kennywood and this guy lit up like a pinball machine. I have had others who responded the same and I really enjoy when I can find something that can light a person up.

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Also when 8042, Philadelphia 1923 "Eighty hundred" was in the TDB I would tell the group that Philadelphia had 535 of these cars and my mom had me on every-one. It always drew a laugh from the group.

Right now I'm climbing the walls. I was ready to head west for the annual operator training and get ready for another year. Unfortunately that has been interrupted. I hope everyone comes out of this dilemma okay and I hope to see everyone soon.

## Kevin Zebley 978

My favorite activities at the museum are Power and Signals, and track work. As a teacher, often time nothing is more relaxing than just doing hard physical labor. The sense of accomplishment from doing a day of hard labor is rewarding. I love seeing work getting done.

My favorite memory is hanging out with my museum friends all the time.

Scott Davis is someone that helped me greatly expand my interest in the museum with his great mentoring in Power and Signals.

I vaguely remember as a small child riding a PCC over the original Overbrook Line.

## Barrie Baker 1369

### REDUCING PARENTAL STRESS VIA ALCOHOL

One Santa Trolley day there were the usual crowds but I was chatting with one Grandmother who had her two pre-teen grandsons with her. And, about this point in time a very nice and young parents passed with 4 very close in age children with the mother carrying the youngest (a girl with a bright pink ribbon around her head with a matching bow on top). Another visitor grandmother asked the young mother how old the little girl was and was told "she will be one tomorrow). I was filling in on this trip as the conductor and got all on board and we were off. The two grandsons chatted and one asked his Grandmother if when he got older and married would he have to have four children. The Grandmother replied: "Oh my, NO, I had twins." The three looked around as we went on down the line and the Grandmother looked up at me and asked: "Do you suppose they drink?" I responded with a comment that I would have no way of knowing. The Grandmother looked over at the family of 6 and back up to me and said: "I'd suppose you'd have to in order to stand it."

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 UPLIFTING ONE'S WIFE
 

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One day I was standing outside a car as a conductor and assisting visitors boarding. All was going along well until one older lady was having some difficulty getting up the steps. I asked if I could help her and before I could do anything the man behind her reached up and firmly placed a hand on each of her buttocks and up the woman went into the car. The man looked over at me, smiled, and said "I'd been doing this for years." Just then the lady said "thank you."

### THERE ARE STILL PARENTS OUT THERE

On one special event trip with pre-teens and adults that I was assisting with we were leaving Allison with the conductor outside doing the boarding activity. I was in the car and the pre-teen set was going down the aisle and a little bit of acting up occurred. I said something like please watch your step; don't want anyone to get injured. Just then, one of the junior visitors said something "you can't tell us what to do." Before I could say anything an arm flew past my face and the boy's mother grabbed him and lifted him backward and as he returned to the floor; mother was right there eyeball-to-eyeball with him and said "he can most certainly tell us what to do, he's the conductor" and she was launching into further comments when someone asked a question and life went on.

### Ned Apalakian 1672

When I was five or six years old my parents returned to visit my maternal grandmother in Philadelphia. I remember her taking me for a walk through a park with a streetcar passing by on a bordering street. The weather was a pleasant summer day. That memory was that one thing that kindled my interest in streetcars. Another time was my mom's comment after getting off the Union /Corlett streetcar in the winter of 1947. "These barbarian's have no heat." Many Cleveland streetcars had coal stoves.

### Joseph Brandtner

Why did the founders not pursue obtaining Tylerdale Carhouse as a base of operations? It would have provided a secure location for the first three cars of the collection as well as future opportunities for expansion.

Editor's Note: I doubt they had the financial where withal to make that purchase.



## Kyle McGrogan 166

These stories will be going back a few years, and some names may get changed to protect the innocent.

### Story 1:

Many years ago, we often operated the Museum during the summer weekday operations with one person running the store, doing the tours, and running the cars. Some days could be painfully slow, as I remember one of those days during a summer heat wave where we had 5 visitors from between opening and closing times, and it was before we had crossed Main Street. Which, shows you how far back it was and NOPSI 832, even with the windows open would have been a broiler at best when sitting. That was one slow day (and it was when we were using the Bessemer Combine as a store (with No AC), so no relief from the heat their either.....! The worst part was the visitation allowed for only two trips that day, so when it came time to put 832 away, the motorcycle I used to get to the museum with looked pretty good in terms of air flow at speed....

### Story 2:



Similar day, hot, sunny and only one Operator/Guide/ Store Manager: me. The day had been fairly slow, and to spread the work around on the cars I had picked PTC 5326, which ended up being a poor choice as you will see. At the end of the day, it was time to put 5326 in the old barn, I cannot remember which track was hers, but.... The car had been sitting at Richfol and so I changed ends and started to move her northbound to the old PRCo main track to turn her and get her ready to go into the old barn.

Well, Murphy's lawyers and his gremlins were surely out in force that particular day, as when the lead (north) truck of 5326 reached the points of the south (closest to the barn) end of the County Home passing track, she decided to pick the switch, not with one, but three wheels going on the ground at the same time (both pony wheels and the driver closest to the county home side of the car. three wheels on the ground and me being the only one around...! At least I had been ready for it and the car hadn't moved three feet since the drop!

I hauled out the simplex jacks and blocks by hand from the Barn (they used to live next to C-125/2), and started jacking.... I was able to get the off driver back on the rail by jacking and pinch barring, so far, so good.

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Just then Mr. Dave Wright came along, and with some more jacking and pinch barring we got the east side pony wheel on the rails..... BUT! the off side pony wheel was just between the main and siding rails in an area probably not 9" wide, and we could figure no way to get the wheel on to the correct (mainline) rail....????!!!!

Right about then, Art Ellis comes along on a mission (what it was, I cannot quite remember now), and we laid our problem in front of him, as it seemed insoluble to us... Well, Art being Art, he says "Why not lay some tie plates upside down on the rails under the wheel, and run her backwards till she drops in!" Problem solved in about two minutes, backed the car up, the wheel dropped in, and watching her like a hawk, we completed the move back into the barn for the night. You may be sure that I avoided 5326 afterwards whenever I was working by myself, as I had no intention of repeating that mistake again. However, without Dave and Art's intercession, I might well have been there all night trying to solve that one.

As a reminder to the old motormen, this is the time in 5326's life where you had to watch her on the starts from Richfol in either direction, as she tended to pick up the pony wheels in a torque reaction to the motor starting up and when she set them back down, well, often they were not on the rails. If you didn't catch her quick enough, the rear end could wonder quite a ways off of the track. They had to double the starting point resistances to solve that particular issue.

### Story 3:

Last 5326 story.... Scott Davis and Dan Bower will likely remember this one. One particular day, nice, hot and sunny, but on a weekend, I inspected 5326 before pulling her out of the old barn, noted no issues or deficiencies, so I set her out in the yard for my first trip to the North End (long before the present extensions). Well, after making the turnaround (reversing ends down in the fields below Reliance), I started back up the hill heading for the county fair siding (as that is as far as the line went back then)...Man! I must've bent a controller finger or two, as this controller is taking almost two hands to operate.... I slowed at Richfol and hollered to Scott to check this controller when I get back as it is working HARD!

Well, switched ends at Fairgrounds siding, came back and parked the car at Richfol, blocked her, and took the visitors on the usual tour. When the tour was over, I found Scott, Dan and a few hangers on had that controller case open... It seems that there had been a copperhead snake napping in the bottom of the case, and when I started notching up, he, she or it, made a break for the air vent at the top back of the controller case...The only problem was, the snake got caught between the controller fingers and met a most electrifying end. Scales and cooked snake every where! Fortunately for me, it never made it out of the vent alive, for if it had, we'd a found out of the deadman and door unlock features of that safety car actually worked as I would have left the platform stage right.....!!!

The last story from that period recalls Red Arrow 66 and one of her malfunctions (infrequent though they were), when being down at the old North End of the original PRCo mainline, she had a reverser failure at the changing of the ends. Fortunately I had a conductor, but again we were the only two working that day, so to solve the problem I wound up the south end (towards the old barn) handbrake good and tight, pulled the pole, and set up the airbrakes. Knowing how to solve this issue on a GP-9 locomotive came in handy, as very carefully opening the reverse case (remember-no power anywhere on the car with the pole pulled), I hand rolled the reverser to the other position, closed the case, and got the car powered up to head for the barn. Instead of chancing a problem down by Main Street on the next reverse, I parked the car and pulled another one out to finish the day. I reported the issue, and I can't now remember what caused the malfunction, but malfunction it was.

Yes, it's almost never as exciting today around the old Trolley Farm, but then, between you and I, I prefer it the way we do it today, but I do miss the one person operation now and then.

I hope to get up for some training one way or the other, we might have to do it at County Fair time, but right now the USAF has me grounded here due to the COVID-19 issues. The nearest trolley operation to me is, I believe the McKinney Avenue line in Dallas, about 189 miles away.

Have a Great Day!

## My Other Passion...Montreal Locomotive Works Power

Bram Bailey 1526

Most of those who know me from around the Pennsylvania Trolley Museum know me as a PCC nut. Of that I stand guilty as charged. What many of you do not know about me is I am equally dedicated to Montreal Locomotive Works (MLW) first and second generation diesels. The RS-18 is my all-time favorite locomotive. For those not familiar with Canadian Railroading, the RS-18 is the Canadian version of the American Locomotive Company (Alco) RS-11. MLW built Alco patented locomotives under license for the Canadian and international market, but typically added their own tweaks. That explains why the RS-18 looks more like a cousin to an RS-11 than a twin brother. Under the hood, both locomotives are virtually identical.

Just as Alco was a minority builder of locomotives in the US, MLW was the most successful of the minority builders in Canada. One thing that made Alco/MLW locomotives unpopular with the railways was the high failure rate compared to competitive GM engines.

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Roads that were exclusively Alco or MLW always had better performance from their engines than those railways who mixed manufacturers. This can be explained by the fact that if your roster is 90% GM the maintenance force knows the routines forward and backwards. When an Alco arrives, they need to look up the proper procedures, so the best case is the units spend a disproportionately long time in for maintenance or if the shop force wings it and the routines are not done properly. The former leads to extended downtime and the latter results in a higher than normal failure rate.

The way the Canadian National approached the problem was to first eliminate the 244 powered units. By the end of the 1960's all of the RS-3 and RS-10 units were off to the scrap line. The 244 prime mover had flaws that even good maintenance could not fix. With those units gone the rest of the MLW roster was moved to the Atlantic Region. This included the 239 Powered switching fleet as well as the 251 powered units mostly in road service.

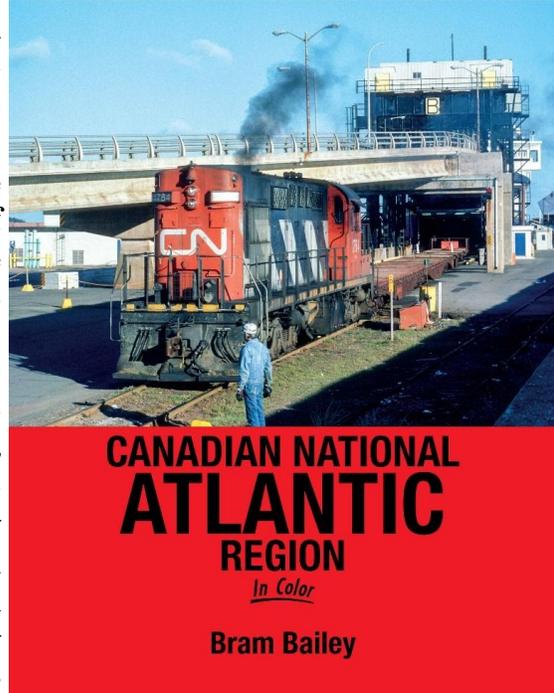
Another issue to confront CN's management team in the early 1970's was the fact that the fleet of RSC-13 units that were designed for the light rail branch lines common to the maritime provinces were starting to wear out due to the fact that they had been in service since 1955. Rather than rebuild the 239 based units, when the balance of the S-Series switcher fleet using the same prime mover was being phased out, the decision was made to rebuild some of the newest RS-18 units to meet the needs of the light rail branch lines in the Atlantic Region. The RSC-14 program was initiated that would result in 38 units being rebuilt over a two-year period. These engines, already considered "light rail" units, were further lightened and placed on the six-wheel trucks of the former RSC-13 and RSC-24 units that were presently assigned to the Maritimes.

The lure of the MLW fleet serving the Atlantic Region was enough to get me to make five extended trips to the area between 1975 and 1994 to photograph them. It is from the fruit of those trips that I elected to write my third book; Canadian National Atlantic Region in Color published by Morning Sun. The book starts off with a detailed description of the RSC-14 program. In essence, these 38 units that had served the railway for about 15 years were completely remanufactured and served the railway for another 20 years.

There are chapters devoted to operations in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. The book combines coverage of the mainline operation connecting the port of Halifax to the rest of Canada where it was not unusual to see big Century units on long trains of containers and FPA-4 units pulling the Ocean and Scotian passenger trains.

On the branch lines you will see RS-18 and RSC-14's handling way freights. In the yards you will see MLW S-4, S-12 and S-13 units doing the switching and hump work. Out on Prince Edward Island you will see the ferry operation as well as the fleet of RSC-14's that shouldered the bulk of the work assisted by the last four GE 70 tonners to see service on the CN.

In Nova Scotia you will see the main line down to Halifax, the Ocean Terminal at Halifax as well as the operations up on Cape Briton Island where they made the ferry connection to Newfoundland. The branch line passenger service in the Maritimes in this time frame was largely provided by Budd RDC cars known on the Canadian National as "Railiners." There is significant coverage of this aspect as well.



This is the area in which the fleet of Montreal Locomotive Works engines served out the last days of their careers in service to the Canadian National. The book is filled with images of everything from huge M-636 units on the main line to diminutive S-4 switchers working the yards with some photos of the GE 70 Tonners thrown in for good measure.

The book will be available from your favorite Morning Sun dealer as of June 1, 2020, or it can be purchased directly from me. I will personally sign any book purchased from me as well as include a photo CD of 70+ photos considered for, but not used in the book. Contact me at [tbramwellbailey@gmail.com](mailto:tbramwellbailey@gmail.com) for details.

## Doug Mahrer 348

It is important to me (Operator 348) to remember and honor those who began what the successor to the Arden Electric Railway has become:

Lee Madden Dave Burt Frank Reese Seth Bower Dave Gratz

Herman Brown Art Schwartz Barb Myers-Cicone Frank Tomaselo

Raymond Windle Ray Mackenzie Lou Redman George Tucker

(I won't sign it because I'm not ready to add my name to the list.)

## Women Operators and Low Floor Cars

Chris Golofski 103

The Education Department has been working on a new exhibit titled, “HERstory” for the Visitor Center. This exhibit is intended to highlight the role that women played in the transit industry. I have my own story to share about this subject.

I grew up in Braddock, a southeastern suburb of Pittsburgh in a time when low floor cars still roamed the streets on the shuttle lines. I wrote an article that appeared in Trolley Fare a while back (2019.Q1 – January, February, March 2019) about my adventures riding the trolleys. My dad and I would often venture out armed with a Sunday, Ride All Day Pass to explore other parts of the system. One particular trip comes to mind when I think about women operators.

It was on an Easter Sunday sometime in the early 1950’s. This particular year, Kennywood Park was going to open on Easter. Traditionally, we always made a trip to the park on opening day to see what was new. Back then, there was always something new each year. In the days before television news coverage and all the advertising hype, it was often a mystery. You had to go out and see for yourself.

This particular Sunday, my father and I boarded a 55 car (a PCC) and headed toward the Rankin Bridge. As we crossed the bridge, the sky started to look rather ominous. We could see lightening in the far off distance looking toward Downtown Pittsburgh. My dad thought that maybe we needed to rethink our trip to Kennywood. Normally, we would transfer to a route 68 or 60 car on the other side of the bridge, as this was the transfer point. If you rode further into Homestead, your transfer would not be valid as you passed the transfer point. However, since we were riding with an all-day pass, it didn’t matter.

We rode the 55 car into Homestead and got off. Back then, we didn’t spend much time in Homestead. The stores were better in Braddock, or we would go Downtown. As we stood on a corner without much else to do (remember, the “Blue Laws” were in effect and no stores were open and the rainstorm was obviously moving in) my dad said we’d better catch the next streetcar that comes along, just to get some shelter from the incoming rain. We looked down Eighth Avenue and not a car in sight. Then, suddenly, a low floor car came around the corner off Amity Street. OMG, it was a “Yellow Car”! I’ve never ridden a low floor car in the Homestead area. Where this car could be going? We didn’t care; it was shelter from the rain. We boarded, and the distinctive aroma of ozone, hot grease, oil and sand greeted me. But something was different. A lady was operating the car. I knew there were women operators; I’ve seen and ridden with them on the PCC’s, but never on a hand controlled car. Oh my gosh, I didn’t know women could operate a hand controlled car. Back then, the women I had contact with were stay at home moms, teachers or worked in stores and offices.

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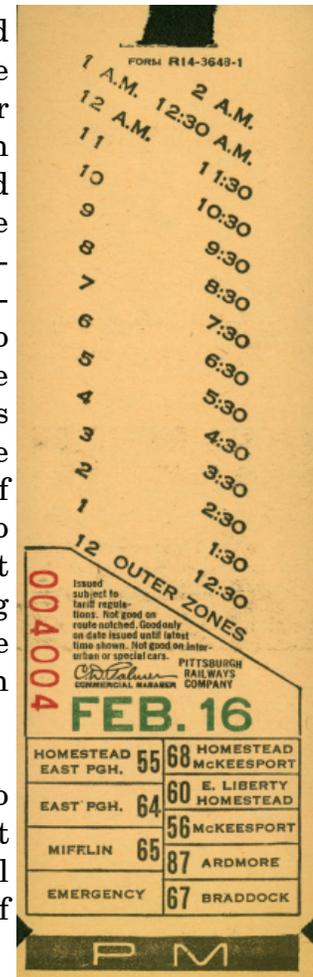
She was a young lady, maybe in her late twenties. She greeted us as my father told her we were just seeking shelter from the rain. We were the only riders and we sat near the center doors. As we turned off the main track at Munhall Junction and headed down the Ravine Street valley, the sky opened up. Soon the rain was coming down so hard we couldn't see where we were. The motorlady struggled with the hand operated windshield wiper. My dad got up to close the open windows. The operator stopped the car in the middle of the road to come back and help close windows. Soon, it was raining inside the car as water poured in from the roof and onto the seats and floor. It was so bad, that if we had an umbrella, we would've put it up. We continued on until we got to the end of the line. I remember the young lady telling us that she had no intention of going outside to change the poles until the rain let up. Eventually, the rain subsided to a drizzle. My dad being chivalrous and probably feeling a bit sorry for the operator, he offered to change the poles for her. She agreed and we were on our way back to Homestead.

I have a very vague memory of the rest of that adventure. I do know that we never made it to Kennywood that Sunday. That trip was postponed until the following weekend. However, I'll never forget the fact that I learned that women are capable of operating hand control trolleys.

### Fred W. Schneider III 633

I guess one of my favorite activities has always been running any vehicle I could get my hands (or feet) on. While most people like this car or that, my life has included driving buses, flying planes, running steam engines, running an MU car filled with passengers down the Pennsylvania RR mainline, playing with a BART subway train in the yards, even running a London double-deck tram at Crich, England (it had the same control scheme as a typical West Penn car). Next favorite ... probably watching the kids enjoying Santa.

I don't think I would like to single out one person because that would neglect too many other great people. Sure, Dennis, I miss seeing you now that you have no relatives left in Philadelphia. But now my artificial brother and my wife's artificial sister will be closer to us ... with the Lybarger's building a house near Reading. But the list goes on and on. And I miss some of the dead guys like Bob Brown (first met him when he lived in West View in the 1950s and would pop in on him when he lived near Paoli with wife number two. And then there was Harry Bartley. So why single out one or two because that would be unfair to the names I've forgotten.



Riding streetcars: Where? Pittsburgh? El Paso? Washington? Baltimore? Boston? St. Louis? San Francisco? New Orleans, Toronto, Montreal, Montreal South? Blackpool? Glasgow? Grimsby? Heidelberg? Munich? Karlsruhe? Stuttgart? Genoa? Rome? Milan? Naples? The Hague? Amsterdam? Paris? Zurich? Lucern? Lisbon? Oporto? Yada yada yada. That would bore the s\*\*t out of too many people. Maybe walking from Trafford to Wilmerding or over a bunch of other Pittsburgh lines taking pictures would not bore them.

Dennis, my first acquaintance with any of the guys took place at a gathering at the Fort Pitt Hotel when I was in town for some other reason. It might have been the week of my Uncle Emil's funeral in February 1953 or later in the same year for my grandfather's funeral. Dick Donahue, who was the number two man in PRC's public relations department clued me in. But Art Ellis would be the only one of the guys who were there that night who would still be living except for this 12 or 13 year old. The others whom I new like Bartley, Browie and Baxter are pushing up daisies. And now I feel like it too.

Who introduced me? Well it would have been my dad who was a OO-gauge model railroader (to a limited degree) and a photographer who sometimes aimed a camera at a train. He introduced me to Model Railroader, Trains, Railroad, and Model Craftsmen magazines. He was also more of a photographer who founded three camera clubs in his lifetime.

Living in Pittsburgh (Penn Hills) until the summer of 1949 gave me a chance to get to know some of the railroads .... The B&O's Glenwood roundhouse, the Pennsy's facility at 24th St., the Union over at Unity, the Bessemer and Lake Erie. I heard of the P&LE but was never really acquainted with it. I remember trolley tracks in the streets of all the towns up the Allegheny Valley (both sides of the river), remember a bunch of lines that had 4300 cars (Laketon Road and Evergreen) (it was near my Grandparents) and I remember riding the single end lowfloors jammed with people in the rush hours on Perrysville and Castle Shannon.

But I guess I would rather put it into perspective as a method of transportation that, for a brief period from 1890 until the 1920s, allowed us to live away from our jobs and commute instead of living across the street from the dirty factory. Of course that too was very brief because it was really only until about the 19th century that we industrialized the world and before then we were a hunting and gathering world.

But now I'm too f\*\*king old to do the teaching. Now I have issues with a bloody toe and you don't go talking to doctors during a Corona virus epidemic. I did email Rich Allman (a doctor and railfan) and I guess it is OK to ignore for a while.