

JOURNAL OR MEMOIRS OF  
EDWIN PRICE  
LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER 1829-1901

ms. 207      third line

p. 142      9th line from bottom

this seems somewhat unclear.

Guess he thinks faster than he can write.

JOURNAL OR MEMOIRS OF

Edwin Price

Locomotive Engineer

1829-1901

Born--Averton, Wales

Lived in Ludlow, Ky.

Gift of Mrs. Marian Price Taylor

Washington, D.C., 1958

his number nine (No.9's) this I resent...."never mind" said I "some day I will....the engine that pulls the cars. Wether ....confession produced any serious regret on....for so maltreating a would be Engineer. I....my determination was only increased....of it. I went home tired and depressed but with the long walking and the insult....that evening I asked my Father what step could be taken to become an Engineer on the Railroad, well really my Boy, I know very little about Railroading but I think you should first...the trade of Machinist to build them, then....seems to me with a little practice you would soon learn to run one. "That such was good advice....was verified later experience. When....of age during my summer vacation....run a small stationary engine for the <sup>Latta</sup> ~~the~~ Bros. inventors of the Steam, Fire Engines at their Buckeye Works a small shop adjoining their residence, one Fifth Street....of Broadway (Center). The first morning I ....up, Mr. Latta came in and gave me orders as to water in boiler and oiling....the engine shafting....I did as.... then went to breakfast....hurried back....impatient for seven o'clock and eager to start even this small engine. When it still lacked a few minutes of seven, I asked him if I should start "all right, sir be careful." I started up the engine and all went smoothly and well and by the end of three months, I received the commendation of my employer and three months practice and pay and returned to school.

ms.3, 4

The next vacation Mr. Tompkins came for me to run his Engine at a Bedstead Factory, corner of 5th and Pike. I went but only run about two weeks as I had to fire mostly with wood turnings and sawdust and what coal I used I had to wheel up a very steep plank. My Father seeing me wheel the coal knowing it was too hard work sent me back to school. Shortly after this Alex Latta, my former employer, took me to Anthony Harkness Locomotive Shop a new frame structure, adjoining his Foundry on Front Street between Laurence and Pike Streets. Here the first locomotive was built west of the Alleghanies; Anthony Harkness, proprietor, Alex Latta, Builder. He built two only. They were his own idea and invention. He would not copy. The first was nine months in building, the second was about six. The cost about twice the amount of money Harkness received for them. As this was nonprofitable a change was made and Mr. Latta was succeeded by Mr. William Van Loan who was Master Mechanic of the Little Miami R.R. whose place was filled by his brother-in-law. Mr. C.T. Hamm, Van Loan built a light passenger Engine after the Roger pattern turned them out quite lively making a paying business for Mr. Harkness, diminishing the time of building from 9x6 months down to three weeks. Latta being offered the cotton machinery department and the same pay would not accept, but resigned from Harkness & Son and shortly afterwards bought out

ms. 4, 5

the first successful Steam Fire Engine in the World. Mr. Van Loan put me at the trade at once with an increase of pay, in a few months he was taken sick and died. I finished my apprenticeship under Mr. John Richardson's Foremanship, the latter afterward became partner with Mr. Robert Moore (later City Treasurer of the City of Cincinnati), Mr. Harkness having also died. During all this time, I was on the lookout for realising my youthful hopes and earliest intentions of being an Engineer. And as Mr. Thomas Webster was taking two locomotives built by Harkness to the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, the first shipped to any distance, now I felt was my opportunity. I said to him Mr. Webster if you become Master Mechanic of said road, will you give me a trial at running on the road after I am out of my apprenticeship. I gained his favor and his promise. In 1851 I left my Home for the first time in my life to become a Locomotive Engineer. I shall never forget that journey--home, friends-schoolmates all left behind. In the language of the old familiar poem "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood when fond recollections press them to view" how in rounding the bend, as we lose sight of the City I kept looking and still a last look at the old Mill Creek where beyond the Brighton House, on Saturday afternoon, we went swimming,

playing Indian and fighting with mudd balls until our backs were blistered with the sun. This place and Milk and Pies' up the Licking river were our two favorite resorts. We were much more delighted with the Licking trip, but as it was necessary to hire a skiff if funds were low, we would take the alternative, Millcreek. All these thoughts overcame me, and unseen by any one on boat, I retreated behind the Pilot house and Nature unrestrained relieved my aching heart by fast falling tears and love for the dear ones, mother, father, sisters, brothers, schoolmates and fellow apprentices proved so great that the parting was keen even to one so well equipped with youth, hope and a promising future.

Arriving in Louisville I took stage to Nashville, as there was no railway and the Cumberland too low to navigate. The only route was by Stage Coach. I had for a companion on this journey the Hon. Robert Toombs, Georgia's Senator now returning from Washington, D.C. to his home in Georgia. He was, I thought a very interesting person. He inquired of me my destination, also my business, I told him, so young and Manley said he, I hope you will realize your expectations. A few years afterwards he again a passenger while I was the little Engineer, he spoke to me and expressed his compliments for a smooth trip over the road. To return to my arrival in Nashville, there was no room for me on the road so Mr. Webster placed me at work in a

ms. 7, 8,

new Locomotive Shop connected with the Nashville Foundry and Machine Shops, at the foot of Broad Street on the Bank of the Cumberland River. Here I worked for one year and then was transferred to the N & C.R.R. Shops and Roundhouse. It took almost another year to get out on the road and this only with the influence and intercessions of two intimate friends working in my behalf. These were Matt Thornton, The Gen. Foreman and John Andrews, Websters favorite Engineer, both of whom were my apprentice chums and learned their trades at Harkness, during my year in the roundhouse. Matt would say well Ed, if you want to do so, you make a trip up the road today what little work that is reported I will attend to it for you. Matt knew how anxious I was to run and I never failed to avail myself of these opportunities. The first time I tried to run was on Andrews Engine one passenger I had not run but a few miles until I had spotted John's pretty Watterson as well as his white laundered linen. Now John was very particular about his Engine and the water, and little less so of his personal appearance. Scarcely ever did he pump too much water. His Engine would come in just as clean almost as when he started out. I had pumped the Boiler too full and the exhaust threw it out of the smokestack. That finished my running for that day. I was uncerimoniously grabbed by the collar, pushed out of the way and with the usual reproof 'if you can't do any better than that', etc.etc. John took the throttle, I knew

ms. 8, 9, 10

one of the secrets of running was in carrying the water evenly and not above a certain point but I felt assured it would come by practice. I felt chagrined but not discouraged. I had moved them in yards switching, but this was my first attempt out on the main line, a few weeks after this I again went up the road to meet John. I mounted his Engine at Chattanooga and watched him run awhile. Presently, unable to keep still longer I said Johney I've got it, I believe I can run and pump allright. "Very well let me see you do it." I took the throttle ran station after station on time no water sprinkled on Engine or linin and with a proper quantity in the boiler. John sat upon the Firemans seat some sixty miles distance, he seemed pleased, and now said he " I am going back to the coach for awhile. Be careful to have plenty of water up the Cumberland Mountain for when you turn the grade in the Tunnel, you'll not have a gauge unless you pump well towards the top of the grade. I left Tantallion at the base of the Mountain and ascended the grade. I had three gauges going up with the throttle valve open, but to be doubly sure, I used the left pump for the last half mile ere I entered the tunnel shut off steam also both pumps, as I knew Andrews allowed no pumping with the throttle shut of f, as I emerged out of the tunnel into the light, I was in the act of trying the water when behold! here was Johns hand on the lower gauge, he found a good gauge-yes two gauges. Well Dutchey, said he, "lookout or you'll sprinkle her all over leaving Cowan Station

ms. 10,111

as we left though I opened the fire door used an easy throttle until I got over the hard pull and away we went arriving at Deehard on time for dinner, to the dot not a drop of water thrown from stack and all O.K. After this trial with success, I went out the road oftener than ever, and as I done the repairs for the Engineers, in the roundhouse, I became well acquainted and known by them and most of the Freight Engineers would invite me to run for them, some were a little careless in looking their engine over, some of course outside of running knew but little of the machinery. Railroading was in its infancy. On several occasions while taking a trip with them some thing would occur to baffle. I remember the first I assisted broke an eccentric strap, he said he could not run any farther. We put her on one side by blocking the crosshead covering the steamports on the broken side, and taking the main rod out of the way and disconnecting the valve stem, of course we took down the broken eccentric strap, instead of being dead he took part of his train through to Nashville. Again; when out with an old Fireman who fired for Mr. Webster on the old Reading Road East and was but recently promoted to running on this road, his pumps refused to work. As he was about to extinguish the fire, I said, Pat for he was a Jovial Son of Erin, suppose we take the right pump down and see if we can't fix it." He consented, we first disconnected the hose notting in strainer water flowed freely through hose from tank. I then took

ms. 11, 12, 13.

out lower valve of pump this seemed all right, then taking out upper valve there appeared a small aperture in the ball or valve, it was a Norris pump with hollow round brass valves. I plugged up the small hole with a common brass pin, smoothed it up nicely ground it on the valve seat, with sand and water, put together the pump and adjusted the hose. Pat cutt loose from the train to try it. The pump went right to work throwing a splendid stream out of the Pet Cock which served the purpose of allowing all air to escape and relieve the pump. Pat was all smiles and told the engineers Sure little "Ed's, a trump about an engine."

After this incident the engineers showed me many favors. One day Mr. Thornton said, "Ed how are you doing out on the road." I replied Matt, you need not send me out on the road to practice again. I find I can run about as well as any of them. So I have heard.

He and John then obtained Websters consent to my going on the road. Mr. Webster not knowing that I was familiar with every foot of the road, Immediately sent me out to learn the Road. I went with Pat as it so happened you made it at last, sonny. Yes I am glad to get out of that old round house." Pat I discovered, was too fond of whisky and with one lonely glass before leaving gave it the company of a second at Levergn, second Station: Right here pardon me

ms. 13, 14

for the digressions but where is that person who can demonstrate to me any wealth gained, happiness increased, virtue added or spirituality promoted by the indulgence in that cursed fiend--Alcohol. Touch not, taste not, handle not, young man, look not at the cup while it is red for it stingeth like an adder.

Pat retired to the Caboose and let me run to Chattanooga and return to Nashville without once touching the throttle. We did nicely and arrived at Nashville promptly on time.

As we cut loose in yard coming down into the City, Pat took his engine to the turntable for roundhouse. Next morning I was around bright and early inspecting the Engine, presently Pat made his appearance, is she allright soney?" I replied there was a little gob I would do and no repairs need be reported. Mr. Webster bidding me good morning, passed on and engaged in a conversation with Pat, which I learned was as follows: "How is the Robinson (Pats Engine) "All right Sir" I Believe you had Ed out with you learning the road" "Yes Sir." "Very Well, I want the Engineers to give him a chance and teach him to run. "How did he get along?" Teach him to run, run! get along? Why Tommy I fired for you for many a year on the old Reading, and though you was considered a good runner, I tell ye, that little Ed can beat ye a running. Sure, I let him take the throttle at Laverne and he ran through to Chattanooga and back to Nashville, while I rode in the caboose. Thats the kind of show I gave him, Sir" Mr. Webster was astonished as he knew nothing of Mr. Thornton

ms. 14, 15, 16.

permitting to go out on the road at least once a week during the entire year. Pats report of my morning put an end to my learning the road, for if I could make a round trip on local freight, I could run the construction train out to Smyrna and Newfreesborough though the grounds were nice, the Great Battle was fought between the South and North of (Stone River). The old engineer had become so irregular and irresponsible through a growing habit of drinking that he was given orders to report at M.M. office. The foreman, who also was conductor became tired of such conduct and requested a new or different engineer, saying "I will not run the train after this week unless you send me an Engineer. Consequently Old Jim along Gosey was relieved, reported to the Master Mechanic and was discharged. I was sent out and ran the engine a few days and up to the present moment, I never saw such a dirty set of machinery. I knew and indeed helped to build that engine, only two years ago and you could scarcely tell the color of cab, drivers, etc.--not a stripe to be seen. I am confident the greese was over a quarter of an inch thick in some places. As we had plenty of time during the day and sometimes did not move for two hours or more awaiting on the side track for some train to pass, I thought I would see what good soap, brush, sponge, water and etc. would do. It was a very hot day but the engine stood in the shade so I gathered together my implements and made ready for the task.

ms. 16, 17.

The interior of the cab was so charged with smoke and grease, that had I not known she was nicely painted by a painter name of Thomas, who could paint a life like portrait, I would have had no evidence of it. The fireman lay asleep in the shade of a tree. Applying the soap carefully not to injure the paint and varnish, I rubbed a small portion of the ceiling and with clear water rinsed off the soap and wiped with a clean cloth. I expected to improve it, but was surprised to find the color of the ceiling to be a beautiful light green, the ribs striped with dark red, and nearly as fresh looking as if it had been varnished within a few days. The next morning the hands were blasting sock to widen the cut, I found we would lay there several hours. I placed the engine in the shade of the cut and procured one bucket with brush and soap and cloth for myself, and another for the fireman. I started towards my side of the engine and said "Bill, I wish you would take that brush and lets see if we can't make this engine look like something." What! he said, "do you think I am going to be a wiper!" No sir, I fire this engine, I am none of your wipers. Well, I replied "you are allowed extra pay for cleaning this engine and you don't do it. Now if you want to continue as a fireman for me I shall expect you to clean her". I'll help clean all the paint work and after once getting her clean we can easily keep her so. "I'll not clean or scrub for you or anybody else, I'll go down to Nashville. You can send for another fireman. I'll not fire the old engine. I'm allright I can fire for most any of the runners."

I sent word by Mr. Calder engineer on the Wartrace accommodation, to

ms. 17, 18,19.

to Mr. Webster to give me another fireman as the one I did have refused to fire for me. That evening a young man came out on the accommodation and took the position of fireman. Bill went in and reported to the M.M. who asked him why he wanted to leave his present situation. He said the engineer wanted him to scrub and clean the paint work of the engine and I would not do it. "Well if you can't fire for Ed, you can't fire on the road, Sir, consider yourself discharged." My new man, William Spencer, married and steady, also industrious, was always willing to do his duty, yes and more. I mention this to show the secret of success. You hear men say, what luck that man has, while they sit down and complain of their fate. God almighty helps those who are willing to help themselves and I always found the more trips I ran, the more money I received at the end of the month. The following morning as we were resting, I got my bucket etc, and commenced to clean the outside of the cab "Mr. Price, I wish you would not trouble yourself to clean. I am paid for that and if you will stop, I will do the cleaning." He made good his word and converted that old black kettle to a new looking engine and kept her so. In a short time, I was changed from construction to freight and in fifteen months from my first running, I had a passenger train and one of the best runs on the road. The good industrious fireman took with me these successive steps up the ladder of promotion, until Mr. Webster finely asked me if my fireman

could run, I replied that he could. I want, he said, to put an engine on the dump and I don't know whom of the fireman to promote. Do you know of any sorthy of promotion? Yes,Sir: I do not like to lose him but there is your man. You will find him capable and trustworthy. Thus, Spencer was promoted to be position of engineer and during the following years, while I was on the road, was giving perfect satisfaction as engineer, and now faithfull reader, if this manuscript is given to the public eye, return with me if you will to an incident of my first running on the Construction train, showing how daring and impetuous youth may be. We of course had to keep out of the way of all regular trains and generally went to Smyrna sideling. Here a particular friend of mine George A. Calder, as he passed would pat the side of his cab as he would pass implying the superior merits of his engine train, etc. One day our engines stood opposite each other and Calder patting his cab said this is the kind of train to run--starting up, I said the train is allright but my Governor can beat that old mail factory you have in front of it, with all its racket (the name of my engine was Governer Sevier). The next day he bantered and jested again, and I grew excited and to prove my boast of the day previous, I told him thatI could leave the side track after he passed the switch, stop for my rear brakeman to close it, then catch him before he reached the cutt where the crew were at work about four miles distant. That afternoon George came along

ms. 20, 21, 22

about 5:30 P.M. with his little passenger train and stopped at the station. My engine was at the other end of sidetrack and passing he beckoned me to come on with his usual gestures. Here you will see my foolish caper. He had quite a start on me, so I did not stop to pick up my brakeman, but told him to be sure to close the switch for the main track and saw that he did so. Now my whole aim and bent was to catch Calder. Now I gained on him and as he passed through the cut, the negro trackman, stepped upon the track to resume their work, not expecting me for sometime, I called their attention by whistling several blasts. A gentleman riding in the rear car heard the sound and stepping out on the rear platform saw us. I approached near enough to of thrown a quoit at his feet. I discovered him to be Mr. Harry Anderson, Gen. Superintendant of the road. I was completely nonplused. I felt as I never had felt in all my life. I stopped, backed up to the cut, it was now quitting time, all hands on board away to Smyrna. The next day I ran as usual but I was stupified and restless. Something worried me but I could not explain what that something was. Mr. Anderson returned on the accommodation train the next morning, went straightway to Mr. Webster and telling him of my reckless running. said "Thomas I want you to discharge that Tom Fit of an engineer, that runs the Smyrna Construction Engine at once." Mr. W. pleaded in my behalf and requested Mr. Anderson to grant him an interview first. Finely the Colonel consented, and when the next day I saw Mr. Webster approaching me, the whole panorama of yesterday's adventure appeared before me. Ed, you had a fast run yesterday, and Col. Anderson ordered you discharged. I told him with a little practice you were going to

be one of the best runners on the road, and of your faithful workmanship in the roundhouse, and he reluctantly yielded to my request to see you. Let us suppose for example that Calder had broken a driving rod, axle, driving wheel or truck wheel, all of which are liable to break; he would have to stop, tell me what would have been the result yesterday had any one of these accidents happened. I said Mr. Webster, if Calder's train had stopped, I would of run through half of those coaches, killing or crippling perhaps one half of those passengers. I see it as vividly as though it had occurred there is your engine Sir, take it. I'll quit, I don't deserve to be intrusted with a locomotive. I'll run no more. "No Ed replied that experienced Man, "I don't want you to quit. I know this lesson will last you through life." I continued on as I previously stated, was in a year and half at the head of the heap! I pulled the construction about six months, until all the work was done for the season. The winter set in and freight began to increase after September the road had all the freight it could haul. I have known the freight agent to place a notice up that after such a date, no more freight received, until a mentioned date of the month, so I then ran the old Governor on freight the last construction work being the cleaning out of the Tunnel in Nashville. Mr. Webster lived opposite this tunnel across the commons at that time, the first morning that we lay in Nashville and stood on side track near the tunnel entrance he crossed the commons and looking around the engine said "Why how is this?" I intended to take your engine in the shop and give her a thorough overhauling

ms.24, 25

but gracious my boy there is not a much better looking engine on the road." I told him I had learned one thing certain that if you want to preserve paintwork for some future occasion just apply a layer of oil or grease very thick. Any time you wished you could unmask her by simply scrubbing it off thoroughly as my fireman had done and you have a newly painted engine. I also remarked she looks well enough like the consumptive with that hectic flush but the machinery or vital organs were worn out; links and guides badly cut packing and valves blowing badly also truck cellers hanging and an inch and a half below the axle journal. Ah! well he said, you will finish here in a few days then run a few weeks on freight. I have ordered three new ones from Moore and Richardsons. They will be here by the 1st of the month and you may have your choice. Thank you. I ran five weeks on freight without any accident. The new engines had arrived. I chose the G. C. Calhoun a very smart engine having the stationery link, fourteen inch cylinder, 20" stroke, 5 foot wheel. They had been allowing four days for the round trip (freight) from Nashville to Chattanooga and return i.e. the first day to Dechards and lay over all night, second day to Chattanooga and lay over all night, third and fourth days, ditto, returning to Nashville on the fourth day at 4:30 P.M. I will state right here that Dechards was a first rate place to lay over right, where coming to Nashville via stage on the memorable trip from my home, Hon. Robert Toombs, then Georgia state Senator remarked that Dechards

was the only place he could get a good meal between Cincinnati and his home after leaving Louisville. Col. Anderson on his new time card reduced the time from four to three days and there was some who made it O.K. and one of these was "Tom Fit" on my first trip on the new schedule, I followed Hitner as second section of local freight. My reader may think the time was slow, allowing two days for one hundred and fifty one miles. In explanation let me tell you that the company had neither the cars or the money that these great corporations have now, and it was necessary to stand perhaps two to three hours loading cotton, hemp or other produce, where now you need but back into side track switch out six, eight, or more already loaded couple up and away you go. I followed Hitner keeping at a proper distance, ascending the long grades I would gain on him. As my experience had taught me, it is safer, brother engineer to be close up to the head train ascending a grade than at a greater distance especially where is crooked. Should the forward train become detached or as we call it brake in two and get the swing of the brake men it would in all probability strike your engine ere you could stop and back out of its way, even had you the right to do so, as sometimes another section follows you and you dare not back. I will state that I never knew of any accident to occur when you follow closely up grade. But in descending always hold back especially where there is a rise then a depression in the land. When the forward engineer pulls out to ascend the grade he is apt to break

in two unless he is careful with his throttle, and should the cars become detached the rear cars must stop. Now if you are coming down the previous grade very closely you will strike those cars ere you think it for in descending you cannot stop as readily as you might think.

Now Hitner being a middle aged man, did not particularly like the beardless youth to follow so closely up the long grades. At the station of Normandy he had considerable freight to load and I walked up to see him. Presently the conductor called all aboard, Hitner we have finished here. Hitner pulled up to the water tank, took water, then told the brakeman to pull the pin disconnecting the engine from the train. Belle pulled the pin, he was known to be one of the best couplers on the road. Hitner now ran his engine around the first curve up the grade clear out of sight. I saw him work both pumps, could tell by seeing the water squirt out of both jets. The conductor said, "Price, this is a queer piece of business. We have been here about one hour loading, wheat and when we have finished, the Engineer must take water, pump up and I know not what else. Could he not of done all of these whilst we were loading?" I concluded the less said the better. I realized that all I could say would not improve the situation, and would only create hardfeelings. I had no enemies amongst the engineers neither desired any. Down the grade came Hitner pretty lively. We were all looking at the engine now he reversed she checked up a little, the conductor said

"Belle don't you undertake to couple he is coming too fast" Belle replied I'll couple though" He stood at the drawhead of car threw up the link in the rear end of tank, as she came up, the pin was entered in the drawhead of car and when they struck which we heard as well as saw, the coupling was made, the pin dropped and so did Belle, they came together with such force that the train was moved the length of the tank stove in the rear end letting the water out in a few seconds. You see he had pumped his engine, entirely out of breath. He had all water no steam and when he reversed and thought she would soon stop, there was no power. We sidetracked his engine and train switched out some important cars and went on. I watched it all with great interest. I noticed when he reversed and opened his throttle valve, it had scarcely any effect in checking the speed. He came up too fast any way, but being a powerful man, I suppose he thought he could compel the engine to obey and stop but he failed. I have known others to run the same risks i.e. run up so fast though a train stood on main track ahead of them at some station--they could not of stopped one yard shorter distance(give them what power you would). Now I made a rule for life to stop sooner than necessary to explain--after the airbrakes were put on, it was better to apply so as to have to ease off to come up to the station, than to run by and back up. That looks bad and one must infer: either the engineer did not know where the station was or had no control of his train. If Hitner would of had to let his tank brake off to get up to the train he most

ms. 30, 31

assuredly he would not of bursted his tank or broken a half dozen drawheads. Well says you what became of Belle! who coupled the flying engine as they collided Belle dropped down on the track and when all was over, who should come crawling out from beneath but the same Belle, uninjured though dripping wet, much resembling the appearance of a drowned rat. He remarked triumphantly that, that's the way to couple. This was the first smashup I had ever witnessed. I had been running over a year and had not even broken a drawhead but the future unrevealed lay before me. It was a second lesson unto me though at anothers misfortune. The engineer was not discharged. Many a M.M. would have discharged the very best man he had for such carelessness. Mr. Webster was a very lenient man and realized Mr. Hitner had ten years experience as locomotive engineer, he came from the Reading road of Pennsylvania.

Soon after this I was promoted to the night express a mixed train just put on consisting of six freight cars and baggage car: also two coaches. I had a new Roger Engine named Hugh L. White. She was a beauty, had double d oms, <sup>7</sup>5 $\frac{1}{2}$  foot driver wheel, 14 inch cylinder, 22" stroke a "v" throttle in the smoke chamber. I could oil that valve from steam chests and a child could pull it out. She had link motion the counter balance link a regular passenger engine.

Whilst running this night express we had a novel experience and my first ride on a locomotive into a cotton field, it happened as

follows: we made Fosters going south on time this was our meeting point with the northbound night express. We waited twenty minutes and the three allowed for variation of watches then moved on just as we were circling around the first curve, the stock fence seemed to be larger then usual, I thought. The thought had scarcely flitted through my mind when I realized we were off the track out in a cotton field. The whole train except the last coach. The land was perfectly level and the dirt very soft, and before I could get down from my seat we had stopped still. The ground being so soft the drivers and truck and axles sank down to the hubs, the obstruction was found to be ties placed in the stock pit placed there to throw the other engine off the track as the latter had run over and killed some fine stock a few weeks previous and the company had refused to pay for them. Some one (and the great day of judgement) and reckoning only will reveal the secret deeds done in the midnight darkness, had placed those ties on for revenge which is a dangerous instrument to use often dispersing harm and indeed death to the innocent. If the other train had of been on time they would of been derailed, when we stopped in the field. The conductor was alarmed for the engine was blowing off and I could not shut the damper the dirt I found held it open. He cried out "Gracious: I wonder if little Ed is killed," I had not as yet come out of the cab and was safe as were all on the train. It was a gradual though sudden stop. We lay there until morning as we

ms. 33,34,

had to be pulled on by another engine and the dawn disclosed nothing broken.

One morning after arriving at Chattanooga on this night express, the engineer of the day express who took Andrews run after he left was intoxicated and several of the directors of the company refused to ride and requested the conductor to get some other engineer. I had been up all night, the assistant superintendent being present, requested me to run this mans engine to Nashville. I consented and went to the engineer, a clever man and fine runner. In his present condition he was crassy and would not listen to me. I told him if he wished to lie down in the baggage car I would run as far as Cowan, about half way over the road where we would meet the other express, by this time you will be rested and I can return to Chat. to run my own train this evening. He grew more furious and refused, abusing and calling me slanderous names saying I wanted his run. I tried to convince him that such was not true but all in vain, convince a man against his will. He's of the same opinion still might have been written for a man in similar condition so well does it fit him. He held a large wrench in his grasp and emphasized his words with wild, gestures. He would not allow any one to come near except the conductor and myself.

He may have run to Nashville safely for he pumped her up by running up and down and every time he would stop at the same place and did not touch the train. Finally the directors summoned the police who took him off the engine. I ran the train to Nashville with

my own engine and regular conductor of the night express induced the engineer to go to the Hotel and sleep off the effects of the drink. It was a very sad case for reasonable he lost his situation, and a more clever and steady man you selfom meet. He was married, and I never knew him to drink at all. I could not conceive how he so forgot himself as he had done in this instance. I did not ask for his run although it was one of the best on the road. I would he could of kept it, and I did not expect so soon to climb to the top of the ladder. The night express paid more money, but it made a far greater demand on strength and vitality. Mr. Webster gave me this daylight run, with my High L. White and all, I ran her on this day express between Nashville and Chattanooga for the next two and a half years and met with no accident. During this time Mr. Webster and his Gen. Foreman, my old friend, Thornton, had a misunderstanding, the former having his reasons for not needing Mr. Thornton any longer as general foreman of the shops. I, you might say sided with Matt. and in so doing offended my heretofore friendly Boss and gained his illwill. He gave me a chance to remain with him and talked very kindly telling me only to attend to my own business and I would be allright, but I could not forsake my old friend and on the other hand, I could not be true to both. Mr. Webster now requested me to run on freight with my engine as she was a good one and could pull a fair load over the road. I asked who was to run my passenger train. Well I thought you might not want any one else to run the(White) so I decided to put

Will Rhodes on your run for a while with the old Watterson. I am going to overhaul her shortly and Rhodes will soon wear her out. Mr. Webster, why can't you let me wear her out? I had rather run my passenger run with a wheelbarrow, if you choose to place one there, then to go back to freight. I took the Watterson and continued on passenger. This engine was built when I was an apprentice at Harkness Cincinnati, and had a very heavy outside frame. I had not run her over two weeks, when I had a collision near Anderson Station. Hitner who you remember backed into his train at Normandy was the engineer of the fast train. I had met him out of time once before near a small side track at an old saw mill some three miles south of Anderson. He broke in two as he started to come to Anderson for the express he backed up to couple. I whistled for the little sideling as I had not met him, the brakeman heard the whistle and ran around the curve signaled me with his hat, I was running slow, stopped allright, he told me about three minutes previous they started to make Anderson, which was fully three miles if they had not of broken in two a collision must have been the result. On a subsequent trip he came to Anderson our proper meeting point when we had started for Stevenson the next station, at the junction of the Memphis and Charleston road, my time had fully expired. He came around the curve very fast, I do not know where he intended to stop. We stopped. The fireman ran ahead, threw the switch for the sidetrack, as we thought better, so since strike he must then to strike us. In Nashville a few days afterwards, I spoke to him

of his carelessness and if it occurred again, I would report him as I should of done before. A third time here comes Hitner with his Iron Horse veritabily flying. We met at the curve, he being four minutes on our time. We arrived at the station on time, no freight train there. They should arrive at the station thirty minutes before we were due and be ready to depart as soon as we arrived, making their leaving time, our arriving time. Our conductor only made a short stop. He saw our time was fully elapsed and give us the go ahead signal. He pulled up to the water tank between the switches and took water, I was afraid that train would come. Mc. Cleveland came to the side of the engine. "Why Price, I never saw you take water here before!.. What's the matter with Stevenson Tank?" I replied the last time it was very muddy and we thought we would try this. The tank being filled and valve detatched. All right! all aboard! We pulled out slowly for the curve was near. I stood on the firemans side to get the first possible view around the curve. Here she comes! The smoke stack fairly dancing in the air. We called for brakes, our answer was a very quick stop, whistled back and had the train moving backwards ere we collided. Mr. Cleveland saw by his watch they were over four minutes on our time. The agent of the station, Mr. Anderson, lived on the hill side just back of the depot. His wife standing on the front porch could see the location of the curve by a cut through the bank. She saw the freight coming and also us going out, she screamed and waved her kerchief to and fro. I could not hear or did I think of looking up the hillside behind me for a signal. Charles was coming

fast, his conductor had told him a mile back you have just four minutes to make it. The engineer had no time piece, well no one was injured except the company as the outside frame of the Watterson protected her machinery. Nothing was broke except both steam chests which the frames of the other engine broke. It was badly demolished as our engine ran under her, knocking back her truck which tore the rockers, links etc., off and set the engine cross ways of the track. The Watterson stood on all her wheels square upon the track but perfectly useless by both steam chests being broken. The freight engine was a smarter and much more modern build and did not have the Wattersons fortifications around her, the latter was built by Moore and Richardson. As the telegraph was not in operation at Anderson, it took sometime to obtain help or an engine to pull the train and clear the track. A hand car was sent to Dechards for an engine as the local freight would arrive there by 5 P.M. The assistant superintendent was present when the engineer arrived on freight, he was told he would have to go to a wreck at Anderson. His first declaration was he would not go to any wreck that night, it was beginning to get dark. The assistant supt. said "Oh yes! Jake you'll go, we have no other engineer." He afterwards told me at the wreck he felt as though something would happen he could not account for, therefore he hated to come. We cleared the road, got all the cars on the track except five or six that were badly broken and the other engine that lay beside the track. Our engine was in the train next to the caboose.

At 12:30 A.M. we started for Dechards. Jack Shillcut with whom I had run a great deal, who was conductor, came into my cab and said, Ed let's go ride with Jeak awhile, the engineer that was pulling us. I replied "no Jack, I may not run out again. I'll not leave my engine. She will need oiling if she does not pull the train." He said then I'll ride with you, all right glad of your company. The fireman placed our cushions on the front pile of wood. We sat down and had just entered into a little conversation when suddenly we were thrown backwards into the tank, and by the time we arose to our feet, the train had stopped. Now we could hear a blowing of steam. It did not sound like the escape valve although that was blowing off too. We ran to the engine and the steam ascended like a cloud. Presently we could see there was another roof under the cab roof, the roof of the front car of train, we made an entrance under it. I groped around, for you could not hear or see for the steam escaping. I felt the engineer. I think he called my attention to the gauges. I found them by feeling the hot steam and water burning my hand. They were open and this steam and hot water was scalding that engineer. I shut them at once. The arrangements of these gauges was a stupid one. The handles extended out from boiler head when shut off and I presume his body, pressed by the car roof pushed them open by turning them half around and this caused his death. He was not hurt otherwise as I shut off the steam. The trainmen released him from the car roof but he lay helpless. We placed him on a plank across the tank.

ms. 43, 44

We found the reverse lever ratchet bent and after repairing that we ran three or four miles to a farm house and placed our almost lifeless burden on a bed. We had every attention by the good farmers family and a physician who relieved him of his severe pains and he seemed to sleep. I inquired of the doctor what hopes he had of his patient and shaking his head replied, he cannot possibly recover. I am afraid he is absolutely baked inwardly! The track must be cleared for the night express, so the conductor, one brakeman, the fireman and myself went on with the train. This was the first person I had seen hurt on the road and the thought of his almost impossible recovery made me feel very sad during our onward journey. We back up to the train coupled up and started on for Nashville, stopping for breakfast at Dechards. At Tantallion we met the passenger train and there were on board Mrs. Glare, the wife of the injured enginner and Mr. Webster on their way to do all that human agency could do. She, the wife who but a month ago was a glad and joyous romping girl, and whom I knew so well as I visited at the M.M.'s, they inquired how he was. I told them how it happened how we found him imprisoned beneath the car roof in his cab, how we released him and finally left him resting easily. Could I tell all the harsh news to that girlish bride--not I. The train started. She will soon see and know it all but a few miles they alight from the train opposite the farm house and walk up the path to the door. She enters, an awful silence is in the atmosphere. Everything whispers the truth that the angel of death has entered and flown.

ms. 44, 45, 46

She needs not ask, it is too evident. He was dead. He lived until about 11 A.M. but it was now twelve o'clock when they arrived. It was but yesterday that she watched the train as it mounted the grade. Now the graveyard is reached, then a last wave of the handkerchief and he is gone--forever. Just wedded a month or so and the loved one whom she took to be her guide and protector, whose wing might shelter her from the storms of life, is dead and she'll see him no more till the final day of reckoning. Oh! tis a crushing blow so sudden. Those lips that I did kiss but yesterday so warm with life and health are now so cold and pale. Oh! could they but open and speak one last farewell. No, my dear reader, the Great and only true God that created man of clay, breathed into it and made it a living soul has claimed that spirit--the body returns to clay the spirit to God who gave it.-----.

The cause of the accident, we learned was the engine had become detached from the train while descending the grade. The engineer though a splendid machinist had not much experience as a runner on the road. After he discovered he was broke loose from the train, he pulled his reverse lever back of the centre for he was already shut off. This of course checked the speed of the engine. The fireman noticing the train coming close up said, "pull out Jake or the train will strike us" he replied he could see the red light far distant, Yes, but that is upon the rear car Jake" Pull out! They are coming fast, pull her out and as he was in the act of

giving her steam, the train struck the tank. The first car was an old one with a new roof. The old uprights were rotten and the sudden jar sent the roof into the cab, and this was the shock we felt on our tank. This was a lesson I shall never forget were I to run a thousand years. Always keep an eye on your red light or flag on the rear of your train, and always be assured it accompanies you on your journey, for it is splendid company, and should you miss it note wither you are ascending or descending grade or running on level track, and govern yourself accordingly. In going up grade the train will not run into you, it is in descending where the danger is. Roll on until you know they cannot run into you if on a straight line, you can stop and await a sufficient length of time to come if they are not stopped, then if you get a signal to back up, you can do so, if you back up without getting a signal go very slow around all curves as they may come and you'll find it a tedious quick movement to stop and get out of the way. I have broken apart several times but always thought of this accident and death of the engineer. I never ran into the detached part, as Gen. Grant said, I would find my cars in safety if it took all summer.

So two weeks passed since our collision. One day I made quite a toilet and went uptown, on Church St. I met Col. Anderson, the Gen. Superintendent. "Well", he said, I hardly knew you. Tom Fit you

don't look much like the engineer. I replied that I didn't know that I was one as I was not running or had not since the collision. Oh, I had forgotten that. I should of attended to that myself. You are not in the least to blame, in fact two of the Directors of the road were on the train, and they said, if you had run out of that station at the regular allotted speed, many persons on that train would of been seriously hurt. You deserve great credit for preventing an awful fatality.

The young man that is now running in your place ran into a hand car upgrade all he did was to whistle at them. I do not believe he shut off the throttle at all, consequently he knocked the hand car off and broke your Brass cylinder casing. No I don't propose to have such running. Now go to Tommy and tell him I want you to have your regular engine and train. The next morning, I went to Mr. Webster and asked if he intended for me to run. "I don't know. I have not thought about it." I then delivered Mr. Andersons message verbatim. Take it then, go out tomorrow." The Hugh L. White was standing in the roundhouse it being her lay over day. I doffed my coat, removed the cylinder casing had the copper smith hammer it into proper shape, polished it up myself then placed it on the cylinder. There were one or two dents in it but it looked very well. The next morning I took my train out as usual. I must tell you of a wreck we stumbled on while running these next few months.

It was located between Crystiana and Newfreesboro. We had left Chattanooga on time came along smoothly after passing Crystiana, I noticed prints of the flanges of the wheels in the ties. They were cut in quite deep and I remarked to the Fireman, "some train or engine has been off the track. Look at those flange prints on the ties," they seemed to get deeper and fresher looking. We gradually reduced the speed of the train for just ahead was a curve, and as we turned we could distinguish what appeared to be a red bank on each side of the road. But there is no excavation here, it is a level cotton field. As we approached nearer, our red bank developed into red freight cars, ditched on either side. I do not know wither they had any flag out. I did not see any. The brakemen were sitting on top of a box car playing a game of cards.

From what we could learn, it appeared that the two freights were racing. The train following was to catch the forward train between Crystiana and Newfreesboro, giving the first train a certain allowance of time for a start. Thus the engineer of the rear train whose cars were here all in a heap, had run on, barehead streached out of cab window and never looking back, the entire distance to Newfreesboro with but one or two cars and the hand truck of the last car off the track. This eclipsed all races I had ever known. Consequently we were detained several hours arriving at Nashville about midnight instead of 5 P.M.

I will now refer my indulgent reader to the last of my running on this road, illustrating the difference of opinions regarding the position of engineer.

One beautiful day we left Bridgeport and after crossing the Tennessee River, was entering the valley of Lookout Mountain, a party of gents were invited to take a ride on the engine. The conductor introduced them and thought they might be crowding us, Oh no, we can accommodate all, we stood up, the fireman and I, making room for two on each seat. Presently one of their number, a fine large gentleman said Price let me pull that steam thing out. "certainly" we were a little behind time and were gradually making it up. If he did run fast we would not be ahead of time. So he pulled the throttle wide open. I attended to the supply of water and we fairly flew, for she could make her mile a minute with four coaches on a level track those days. He was delighted and as we ascended Raccoon Mountain, I had him shut off for running water bridge pulled out again and we are at Whiteside. The grade is heavy and the train with the power taken away, will stop in a short distance. I indicated to him that we were to stop here at Whiteside. Letting go of the throttle, he stepped back and said "take her, I could never stop at that platform." I shut off that is all he need do for we had two reliable brakeman who if given a fair chance never ran by. He said "Price, if I could run a locomotive like you, I had rather be an engineer

then President of the U. S. When leaving the engine to return to the train, tossing me a five dollar gold piece, he said, "get you and your crew some cigars." This gentleman was George Polk of Tennessee, a brother of James K. then President of the U.S.

A few weeks subsequent to this as we were leaving Antioch for Nashville all right on time, it was raining heavily. I looked for the switch target; all right for the main track, but the very next instant we felt the engine jolt, the front truck and drivers were off the track. We stopped ere the tank got off. Some one had disconnected the switch which was the old stubtoe which signifies if I am turned to the side track and you run over me here I hold you for you are off the track sure. Thus if a split switch is set wrong you run through it, and there you go, as no help would assist us in the heavy rain. We lay there a half hour before we could work. The rain ceased we got on the track in a few minutes arriving in Nashville half hour late. For this offense, Mr. W. give me my time. I did not care very much as my two comrades, Mr. Thornton who taught me to build, and Mr. Andrews who taught me to run had quit and gone.

Mr. Thornton, hearing of my discharge, wrote at once for me to come to Atlanta, Georgia, and take a situation on the road. On the N. & C. road there was a rule holding the engineer responsible

for running off at a switch. It was a difficult thing to get on again as there were stringers on top of ties upon which the iron rails rested, which made it quite a height from the ground.

Before travelling with me to Atlanta, I invite you to return with me some few months while I relate an incident which happened on this road.

One morning we ran up from Chattanooga to Tanttallion, it had been raining all night but about 8 A.M. the storm cleared away and King Sol held forth on high. About 10 A.M. we with our day express were held by a red flag on the bridge at the foot of the Cumberland Mountain. The freight train descending the grade to meet us at the station, was suddenly arrested by a very large rock, which had been washed from the side of the cut and had fallen on the track. In order to remove this, it was necessary to blast it into fragments, as it would take some time to do this to let the freight come down (and they could not back up) we took side track at the station only a few yards from the bridge, giving the freight a clear main track. I walked up to this end of the bridge at north end of sidetrack, as I came near, the chief engineer speaking to the roadmaster said "we'll have the locomotive placed on the bridge to hold it down, hearing this I hurried back to my engine. A few minutes afterwards he came, told me to cut loose from the train and place my engine on the center of the bridge and remain there.

I saw how the water was passing through and over the bridge, and ever and anon a floating log would strike the stringer, turn up on its end, dive down and pass under. The current was so very swift it seemed to me there could scarcely be any support left. I almost refused and showed my reluctance by my deliberation. Now Mr. Webster our M.M. came up they conversed together "Ed" said Mr. Webster "you'll have to put your engine on the bridge to keep it from washing away." The freight whistled for the station. Mr. W. said I can't you let the freight engine hold the bridge. They are coming now. Twould be a pity to have the White go down the creek, "I'll see", said he. He told the chief engineer to substitute the freight engine instead of mine. So the engineer was told to place his engine about the centre of the bridge. "All right" said Rufus, and to his fireman and woodpasser, "Boys you may get off it you choose, as something might happen." They did as directed. As I was released I stood watching. "That will do" said the chief and the locomotive stood still. Seeing the joints of the rails spreading apart I cried, "look, look! Mr. Webster, the bridge is sinking!" Old Tommy was quick, he called to back off; but the civil engineer, said as the bridge creaked "it's" settled to its original position."

His words were scarcely uttered when bridge, engine and rails all were swept down the stream. As the rails went down, one of them

sorry to say, struck the civil engineer in the forehead hurting him severely for the time. Natural philosophy will not class a locomotive as a floating body and it seems incredible yet the current was so powerful that it really appeared to do so, as a very large tree caught the engine and prevented its turning over. The tank swung around one side of tree the engine the other. Though the accident was a serious one, and might of had a more tragical ending, the situation was so ludicrous you could not refrain from laughing as you witnessed the engineer swimming down that swift torrent, his valise and straw hat following. He landed safely on shore. I was foolish he remarked to me to put her on the bridge. "Oh no I answered, you obeyed orders and the knowledge of this occurrence will be to your credit. The last time I saw him was many years after this. After running on the little Miami road for sixteen years, I visited my friend Thornton, M.M. of the Macon & Brunswick Railway. As I returned after leaving Chattanooga, I had a long talk with the conductor who casually mentioned the name of his engineer. Upon hearing his name, I said I will go out and ride with him at the next station.

By a strange coincidence the next station proved to be Tantalion and the engineer the same Rufus Sartin, hero of the bridge which just ahead could be seen the new bridge, but now getting old, and here we have the engineer running the day express, the very train I ran the last time I saw him. I learned he was

promoted to passenger shortly after I left the road.

Passing the rear end of his tank, I noticed the break beam dragging upon the track without an introduction I said, "Rufus, your breakbeam is hanging down on track behind the tank." He came down from his cab and shook hands. Though the breakbeam must be attended to, it was secondary now. He took it off as the hanger was broken. Together we mounted the engine and away for old Dechards and a good square dinner.

Time of running on this road five years.

Mileage----155,720 miles.

As I stated in preceeding chapter I was written for by Mr. Thornton of the Western and Atlantic or State road of Georgia. The main shops being in the city of Atlanta. I left for that city. Upon arrival I was introduced by Mr. Frank Cannon as my friend Matt was out on the road. After a short conversation I made known by business vis could he give me a situation on the road as engineer. He replied yes, you can go out in the morning to learn the road. Train leaves the yard at 9.A.M. The next morning the passenger preceeded us through the yard. He pulled out slowly giving her a good start ahead of us, the engineer of the freight train was John Marsh a fine looking educated, intelligent American, a native of Philadelphia. His engine, a beautiful one, built by Rogers with double dome similar to the White though she was built for freight having a feet driver, as we were descending

some three miles out of Atlanta and about three quarters from a water tank. John said, "Price, you see this cut and reverse curve", I signified assent. Should you follow a train and not know wither it would stop at the water tank, (though we generally tell one another) you must go very slowly through this cut and reverse curve for beyond it there is a straight track and at its end around a sharp curve, the water tank. A very difficult place to stop. This morning I am No. 1 freight and the only one out, but during the winter we generally have three trains and frequently four on this run. Today there is but one train ahead of me, the Passenger and she never stops. By this time we were on the straight line and I noticed the train's speed increasing as we descended the grade along this stretch of track, a man suddenly signaled us to stop, immediately he reversed his engine. The tank break was set by the fireman and myself and breakes called for. Marsh had told me that often there would be no brakes except on the eaboose and tank, and these with the engine must hold the whole train. As he reversed he remarked "that passenger has stopped for water, and if they don't pull out, I am afraid we'll strike them". We turned the curve and confirming his worst fears, that train had stopped. Neither the regular engineer or engine was out on this run. A young man, and a good runner that worked in the machine shop

and run extras was sent out with a splendid Roger engine, the Gazelle, She was nearly new and had not been out for some time, the same engineer had run her last and brought her in with a full tank of water, but as water was scarce at the shops, it was a rule to take water at the aforesaid tank on their approach to Atlanta. This he had done. The engineers, fireman, etc. had drawn water from this tank to wash with, leaving very little in it. After passing us in the yard, he discovered his pump would not work, therefore he had to throw the wood out of the firebox as he found he had no water in his tank. This is why he had no steam to run out of our way. Thus it happened and we ran into that train, putting the rear coach on top of the President knocking off the smokestack and punching the front end in breaking headlight, brackets, etc. as our train had very little momentum this one coach was the only one damaged. The two rear coaches were empty and were being taken to Marietta to bring an excursion party to Atlanta. No one hurt in the least the passenger was severed from its crippled coach and went on.

We went to work to extricate the coach from the engine. The brake rod was twisted around the braces of the engine and other bolts were fastened to bumper, so with hammer and cold chisel, I chipped them loose. As for a moment I rested, Mr. Marsh said, "well what do you think of this kind of railroading?" I replied, "John it is a shame to run a train of cars with scarcely a brake use, when with good brakes on each car of that train, I could of stopped alone"

"Why the road I came from does not run a car with the brake out of order and every car has one," I chipped away. A gentleman stood looking at the proceedings. He spoke to Marsh. I did not hear their conversation but Marsh reported it as follows: who is the little man chipping those rods apart. That is a young enginner from the N & C. He is learning the road, Mr. Cooper, and he says he will always remember this place." Well he's all right about the brakes, said the Gen'l Superintendent of the road, for he it was. He gave strict orders for no car to be sent out unless furnished with a good brake, and had Winship & Co. put brakes on all cars built for the W & A. After we had succeeded in placing the coach down on the track we used a barrel for a smokestack, boarded up the front end or smokebox and back to Atlanta. The following morning, I went out with another engineer. I was told by the engineers, it was a hard road to learn as it was so crooked and there were so many places just alike, so I provided myself with a blankbook and pencil. The road had whistling posts at all stations and mile-posts every mile. As the time was not fast, I would write down every woodpile, water tank and station; between which miles posts-wither up or down grade and if bad place to stop, would indicate so. Thus in going from Atlanta to Chattanooga and return, I had the road on paper. I learned it for I went out another round trip and tested it. Sometimes I recollected the point of road we were approaching, but I could rely upon my infallible little guide book and would refer to it and whither woodpile, tank or station it plainly gave.

It was important to know every foot of track upon the road, for in the winter we had from three to four sections on one schedule so it was necessary to approach these marked places with great care or have a rear collision. To illustrate the mode of this guide arrangement: out of Atlanta 'twas down grade to the river between 3rd and 4th mile post as you go through the sandy cut reverse curve; represented  reverse curve \_\_\_\_\_ straight line;  curve with water tank down to river bridge ~~up~~ up grade  nine mile post turnings  up grade such a post; sharp  curve Marietta down grade after turning the curve into Station. Again all down grade to Acworth etc. I had the proper number of each mile post but being thirty six years ago, has slipped my memory. Leaving Marietta \_\_\_\_\_ straight  reverse curve down Big Shanta grade between 15th and 16th mile posts woodpile \_\_\_\_\_ good wood bad stop. After passing the 15th mile post be careful bad curve  woodpile. Leave woodpile at twenty mile post around curve  Acworth. In this manner I marked the road and it showed that every and all stops with very few exceptions were at the very turn of some curve and you cannot see two mile posts at once except between Chattanooga and Boyce, and up the summit between, Kingston and Addainsville. Some say the contractors received more pay for curves and had the civil engineers get in all they could. Whither this be true or not I cannot say, but for instance going into Marietta en route from Chattanooga to

Atlanta near the summit of Big Shanta, there is a big sandy hill through which the road lies in a reverse curve, when it is evident it might as well have been a straight line. I put in a whole week learning the road. I then reported to the M.M. I was ready to run. He said, "you had better go out again. You cannot learn the road too well. 'Tis a hard road to learn. Keep on learning it until I need you." So I went out almost another week. Freight became heavy and one afternoon the Master Mechanic said, "here Price is your engine, she is entirely new, has not been run on any train, but merely broken in. You will go out on freight 9 A.M. tomorrow as third section." It was now 3 P.M. I stood and looked at that monstrous locomotive, the Commerce. There was but one more as large on the road and that her mate, they were from the Norris Works and were sent to pull freight. That they could do indeed but required twice the amount of wood as a Roger or Baldwin. They were hook motion with half stroke cut off. The half stroke could not be used on the steep grades, so you must run at full stroke. Upon trial they did steam, but Will Mc Min nthe engineer of the Enterprise, the mate, requested the M.M. to put in a new set of grates with narrower air space between ribs of grate bars. This he consented to saying go to the pattern maker. Have him make a pattern to suit you and I will have a set cast. A set for both engines were casted, were put in and proved a perfect success, saving at least a

third of the wood and steaming freely. I often thought what a contrast. We, the two smallest engineers on the road, running the two largest engines, for Mc was very little larger than I. He was a no. 1 machinist and a fair runner.

Somehow he always fancied my engine worked the better or was quicker. This he noticed even previous to changing the grades. Mine seemed to improve in some proportion as his. Oft times we would follow each other, one trip he had some eighteen loads whilst I had thirty-five empties, on this crooked road. A long train held back in the curves and we decided of the two, my train should pull the harder. We were in advance and could run up those heavy grades leaving Mc away behind. dHe was not satisfied and requested me to let him try my engine for a few stations. "Certainly, I will bring up the rear" He ran the commerce the distance of forty miles, then we took our respective engines.

Well, said he, it is strange, yet I have often heard it said, that you may build two engines exactly alike and one will naturally out run or pull the other. Such is the case with these. Your engine is a third smarter than mine. I indeed did try my best to keep up, but I fell behind.

Yes at that day, 1856 me with the commerce pulled more loaded cars (23 loads) up big Shanty into Atlanta then had ever been pulled with one locomotive.

First Frank Cannon with his beautiful Nick a Jack, A Danforth and Cook, coupled on to three coal cars at Ettawah besides his twenty which was our full load. He stalled a short distance from Ettawah. Next my partner Mc Min with his Enterprise tried them ahead of his twenty but failed to pull them around the first curve beyond Ettawah Bridge where now I see represented the soldier's grave in history of Civil War. The next day we came along my conductor said, Price here is three cars of coal for Atlanta, Cannon and Mc both tried to pull them besides their twenty loads. You have twenty and I believe the Commerce can easily pull them all. We'll try, we coupled on to the three coal cars in side track backed on to train and pulled them all right, no difficulty whatever, and I am confident she could of taken one or two more, we only carried 125 lb. steam pressure--very fair.

Upon entering Acworth, as I shut off steam one of the hooks broke. It was the left forward motion prong broke off where the dic is set in. I think it flew out of gear as I shut off and caught as the rocker was moving in the opposite direction which would reasonable cause something to brake. We almost cleared the side track at Acworth when we stopped, I took the broken hook eccentric strap all down together, another section of freight was following. They were flagged, pulled up coupled on to our caboose and pushed us up the main track far enough to clear the switch to let two express freights out which were standing there bound for Chattanooga. After they left,

I went to Tom Long, engineer of second section and told him I thought I could fix up all right and bring my train into Atlanta, requesting him to carry flag for us. Long's conductor understood about the flag, so they backed up so as to enter side track and ran by us as first section to Atlanta. We were left alone I said to my wood passer, (old Black Henry) get me the hammer chisel and big monkey wrench. He got them immediately. He was very quick about machinery and a very powerful man. I said, Henry come under here and help me take down this eccentric strap, blade and hook. This was the back motion right side of engine. What! massa Price said he, you don't mean to say you can fix her up so we can take dis big train to Atlanta. I told him in the course of twenty minutes we I thought would be all right having our full power. I then told him to get the broken one. He did so from the hind end of tank he laid it on the ties underneath the engine, we placed the right back motion that we had just taken down on top with the straps both together and I was pleased to find from inside of strap to dies were precisely of a length. We then placed it to the left forward eccentric, so we were in good condition to move forward though we could not back up. Henry put the broken hook strap etc. on back part of tank, being already I told the conductor not to let me run by the water tank at Vinings and we would reach Atlanta 20 miles distant. With no further trouble, we left Acworth, had to climb big Shanta which she did nobly, her valves being perfectly square. As we approached Marietta, we met

Mc Min on double track, who also had a Shanghi negro as woodpasser. 'twas amusing to hear Henry boast and blow about puälen dat big train and you folks done stall wid it. Yesterday go away you no account nuffin you no good, no how. At this station we had a car to leave after loading some fruit etc. The conductor said, Price we'll now set a car off and we are done. I said I would not leave it as it necessitated my changing my eccentric strap three times and it was not worth the great trouble and labor. This decision did not entirely meet his approval. You can take it into Atlanta and send it out on the first train of freight "all right" he replied, go ahead remember water tank at Vineings-on we went took water correct the boys stopped me all right, cross the river all up grade to Atlanta. As we entered the yard, Tom Long who passed me at Acworth was returning from discharging his cars to the different roads. I stopped at the switch leading to roundhouse, requested him to put my train away for me as it would cause so many changes of the machinery to leave cars at four or five different roads. He assented willingly. I cut loose and ran on to the turntable.

Henry produced our tools--we got under the engine, exchanged the strap, blade and hook we borrowed from the right back motion eccentric and placed it where it belonged. Henry replaced the tools, we were about to back into roundhouse when Mr. Baldwin appeared Why how is this? The conductor of 1st section reported you broke forward motion hook. Yes sir, and I used the right back one in its place. Well, but according to that you can't back into the stall (we had not moved) Oh, but it is now where it belongs.

Upon this I back her into the round house. Henry handed the broken hook, etc. down and showed it to Mr. Baldwin. Pretty good for a young fellow. Fortune then seemed to smile on me. Frequently there were near collisions, one engineer ran into the train ahead on three different occasions, breaking smoke stack and front end. They would board up the front end or smoke box substitute a barrel for a stack. I do not ever recollect of seeing any of the engineers intoxicated on duty. Yet there was too much drinking. Where we would take our meals it was a customary thing to see the bottle of bourbon and glass on the sideboard served gratis with the invitation to help yourself. I remember there was a new governor elected and as the road belonged to the state, the Governor of the state was the head of the road, so the Governor elect Mr. Spurlock had placards placed in round house superintendents and other offices to this effect: the following extra pay will be allowed to employees on the road who will abstain from drinking or handling whiskey or and liquor that will intoxicate while either on or off duty. Employees will be required to make affidavit to that effect. Engineers to receive one hundred \$ per year payable every three months, conductors \$75, fireman and brakeman \$50 each. I ran on this road only eleven months and during that time I never knew of a face to face collision. We ran by schedule or time card, had no telegraph, train dispatcher, our only trouble was rear collisions. At Acworth we took dinner coming North. The 1st section

would arrive ahead of time, the second about on time, the third, for we frequently had three sections, a little behind. It was a habit to go back to the caboose and see if each section would come near without running into the train or lifting the caboose and now and then they would come up lifting the caboose upon the front of the engine. I was young then yet I thought why don't the leading engineers remain on their engines until all sections arrive especially at the foot of a grade and, or at principal stations, then if the following trains should have a poor set or brakes or brakeman, how well it would work for the forward trains to pull up and save the smash up, and why not? On the contrary it seemed to me they would expect one or other to lift the caboose, and it often happened so.

I ran the Commerce eleven months on this road and did not have an accident of any kind. I do not believe we broke a link or pin or drawbar during this time. One trip I recollect, I was approaching Marietta, I had not as yet turned the grade when I noticed the engine and tank stretching apart. I shut off, we stopped. I found the drawbar broke in two and the safety chains was all that held. I took the drawbar to a blacksmith nearby as we were entering the yard when we stopped, and had it welded, put it in its place, pulled down to station, O.K.

About Christman time though so far south as Atlanta, we had two or three very cold days. We were out on the second days run, the coldest day, the night previous we lay over at Calhoon. When we

arrived that evening, I noticed the air was quite sharp and it was freezing. Of course we were insideling for the night clear and out of harmsway---being somewhat used to cold weather I knew its searching qualities. I therefore shut both tank valves down detached both hose from feed pipes, took plugs out of pumps, then made a wooden plug for feed pipe, drove it into it, opened pet cock, put on the heater cock and blew out all water out of pump, feed pipe etc. This being done on each engine on each side, seeing they checks did not leak, I went to the hotel. The telegraph wire had been laid a few months and was now in operation. In the morning I was up bright and early, we were to run to Chattanooga on local. I went to the engine, the fireman had his fire burning and forty lbs. steam on the gauge. I put wooden plug in feed pipe, put on the heater and blew the steam through pipes pump etc. out of pet cock allowing ice water etc. to escape. Finally all would be steam demonstrating the fact that neither pump or feed pipe contained either ice or water. I then hastened to attach the hose to the feed pipes, but could not bend them. They were frozen stiff. The tank valves leaked a little and as the drops came down, they froze, and during the night had frozen solid. We took them off and placing them on the footboard near firebox under the furnace door to thaw out, went to breakfast. Returned after the meal and found the hose thawed somewhat, yet there was ice in them. Being flexible enough to bend, we put them on attached them to

feedpipes, opened tank valve as soon as the heater, which I put on a little, thawed it, the steam from heaters soon freed the hose from ice, and we were now ready except oiling around for the days trip. As I was oiling around, the conductor came and inquired can we run today. And why not, said I? Is it not too cold? P'shaw, I have run in colder weather than this.

We left for Chattanooga with a full train. At Dalton he told me that the day express passenger out of Atlanta was abandoned, therefore we would have no express to bother us today, also no freight trains out this date. We left Dalton after doing some little loading of freight. Done the local work at Ressaca, Ringold, Chicamauga, Boyce, etc, arriving at Chattanooga at 4:30 P.M. our schedule time.

When running on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway, I boarded at the Chritchfield house as it had the patronage of travelers i.e. and boarded the N & C passenger crews only. On account of running out of pass<sup>7</sup> Shed opposite hotel, the company procured this agreement i.e. but now I am running on.

The state road of Georgia and the company boarded us at the Johnson House. After supper Mr. Fuller said he would take a walk over to the Critchfield. I was tired and would rather set at the big log fire than to walk out in the cold. Our proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Johnson, was excellent company. I was fond of his conversation and often listened to his remarks or anecdotes.

A fine looking intelligent gentleman I often thought, since he

might be the General's brother of Confederate fame. At any rate, he was worthy of being any hero's brother. I was still at the fireside when Mr. Fuller, my conductor, returned. He drew up his chair near to the fire and told me he had seen my old M.M. of the N & C, and they had quite a railroad interview. Mr. Webster told him that neither passenger or freight had arrived on their road. Pretty cold, expect they are frozen up, not accustomed to cold weather Old Tommy observed.

Mr. Fuller told him the day express did not leave Atlanta this morning, it was abandoned. Mr. Webster then inquired when did you come in. "I came from Calhoon, leaving at 8:15 this morning on local freight arriving at 4:30 P.M. We had no orders to lay at Calhoon. I asked the engineer if we could run today, he replied and why not? It's too cold, oh no, he said he had run in colder weather than this, so we came through without any trouble. "Who was your engineer? said Mr. W." He is a small young fellow, let me see, Oh! I have it, Price is the name. He formerly run on your road." Yes, I first put him to running, no wonder you came through. He didn't mention he discharged me, after running five years without wrecking or breaking a car or engine or had any mishaps, except the collision at Anderson which was no fault of mine, and getting trucks and drivers off at Antioch. Oh! no, well he was

a kind forgiving M.M. and it was my own fault for leaving his employ. We afterwards learned why the passenger was abandoned at Atlanta. The engineer placed his engine at the wood shed to wood up, he did not put his heaters on, some of the engines did not have any. He had a little business to attend to uptwon ere he went out, and requested the Gen'l. Foreman of the shops, Mr. William Graham, a fine little gentleman and good mechanic, if he would back his engine as soon as wooded up, to the Depot. Certainly, I will said Billy. When she was wooded up, the negro fireman for this engine had fireman and wood passer both colored men, Billy was told that they were ready to back to the Depot. Mr. Graham mounted the deck, put her in the forward motion gave her steam, she made no response. She did not offer to move. He got down thinking she might be cho'ked. No impediment could be seen. He tried again. Mr. Baldwin, the M.M. passing said, "what's the matter Billy? There appears to be something holding her fast". Let me try said M.M. He gave her steam, shut her off, reversed her, pulled the throttle wide open and away went both pumps, of course they were frozen. Abandon the train--too cold. Not more than two or three months after this occurrence, I was laying over at Calhoon on Sunday, my fireman wished to return to Atlanta to be with a sick mother over the Sabbath. He could go down on the night express Saturday night, returning Sunday night ditto. He requested a pass of the conductor who were supplied with passes for the train men should any wish to go home Sundays, or any other occasion. The conductor refused to grant

him one and told him he should not go. The fireman replied, I'll go any way if my engineer will give his consent, He said I'll be back on night express Sunday night. I said allright, you can go, all I ask is that you be at your post on time to fire up Monday morning. He went to Atlanta on the night express, his brother being fireman, he fired the greater part of the distance, his brother going back in the coach and taking a nap. There seemed to be a grudge existing between these two, my conductor and fireman. They had quarreled previously. The conductor was angry, even with me for granting him leave of absence. Monday morning he returned, had steam up at the proper time, nevertheless as soon as we reached Atlanta that conductor, for he was a friend of the acting manager, had that fireman discharged. On the next trip out I had a new fireman. I remarked it was a mean trick if the mother was so low and now he is discharged, it will only add to her illness. A week or so afterwards, I met the conductor, vis-a-vis uptown. He demanded me to take back what I said. I told him that I would not swallow the truth. I felt sorry for the fireman and had said it was a mean trick and I still think so. He talked with a Bowie knife in his hand. I did not yield. Directly with an angry oath, he struck at me with that knife. I told him to lay down his knife and I'd whip him big as he was. A gentleman passing by, who was an

eye witness to the affair drew out from behind him a long steel foil and presenting to me, here take this and run him through. He has tried to take your life. Protect yourself!" I took it in my hand, looked at its point, I had not the heart to take that mans life. He had a large family. I thought of my parents far away at Cincinnati. I gave the doctor his weapon and thanked him. "I cannot kill." He went his way but said had it been my case, I had slain him on the spot.

Well that conductor had great influence with the acting manager, enough so at any rate to have me discharged. The M.M. said I have orders to discharge you Price. For what, Mr. Baldwin, I never damaged an engine car or caboose or had a mishap on the road, or disobeyed a rule. Wherein is my failure? It is from higher authority. Well, you can do as you please, but I would not discharge an engineer or any other employee who had proved himself a faithful reliable servant for all the authorities and powers combined. Good day, Sir. Discharged again! and nothing proved against me. Thus I bid adieu to the state road of Georgia. It might here be opportune to insert my first composition of a railroad song, sung on the eve of July 4th, '51. We first met at Mulinbrinks but our membership became so large that a committee hired the City Hall (Atlanta). I sang one or two songs and I presume I must of pleased the party for I was actually carried

upon the shoulders of two engineers from our first room to the City Hall. Arriving there and all seated, I then gave an extempore song (composed as I sang it).

Come rail boys and list to me  
For I came here from Tennessee  
And to Billy Baldwin, I did go  
Asking for an engine, he didn't say no

I started out to learn the road  
With Marsh and the President, good for her load  
We met with an accident John's not to blame  
Four miles out we struck the Passenger train

The good Crawford pulls the day express  
John Flin runs her, no one less  
He's a very large man and seldom smiles  
Learned his trade in Cincinnati at the works of miles.

Callahan and Marrapa may both be all right  
He runs in the day time, not in the night  
But he missed it, when he left her at the old wood shed  
Both pumps got frozen, the engine was dead

Now old Frank Cannon with his Nick-o-Jack  
Up big Shanty makes them whack  
At the time of the Memphis & Charleston commotion  
He pulled the barrel of water that came from the ocean

The Enterprise ran by Will McMin  
In my ditty I next put in  
In the firebox the wood seems lost  
For away goes a cartload every exhaust

The Commerce which is run by Price  
Like Enterprise and looks as nice  
But 'tis wonderful how Ed gets along at all  
For she's so big, and he's so small

But the feature of the evening was The Star Spangled Banner by an engineer of the Macon & Western road. I never heard it sung equal to his rendition. Every word was pronounced with such distinct utterance, his articulation was as clear as if speaking, yet the tone,

the music was not marred. His voice was grand, clear and sweet and he felt what he sang. He could reach the highest note with perfect ease and when he came to "In God is our Trust", he uncovered that noble brow and cast his eyes toward heaven above-- I shall never forget that song----. Receiving a letter the very day I was discharged telling of my father's death, I left Georgia for home, Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West.

Mileage on state road of Georgia                      25,496 miles

Arriving at home I found my mother living with my brother Tom, and my kind father buried in Spring Grove. As the Louisville & Nashville road was not yet built, it took from three to four days to make the trip home. I came by steamboat from Nashville to Louisville thence by the A & M Railway to Cincinnati, therefore I could not arrive in time to follow my good and generous parent to the tomb. All I could do was to comfort a kind affectionate mother in this hour of affliction and help to support and nourish her the remainder of her life, which I did but not half so well. I often thought after she too died, or as I would could I recall that mother to earth again. For years I could not but think how much more would I do for that mother. Yes my brother or dear reader, be kind to her who taught the first accent that fell from thy tongue and joined thee in thy innocent glee. A father may be kind

deserve the obedience and love, but a mother's heart is so entwined with her offspring, that should it suffer she is sensitive of it, and oft when she may lose her little lamb by sickness of some fever does she die too and is buried with that bud of a flower she loved so well at her side. You cannot repay they mother for her kindness, watchfullness, amity and love for thee in thy golden days though she lived a hundred lives and thou didst comfort her in them all.

This, at least is what I think of my mother. My heretofore mentioned brother Tom, lived in Pendleton on Ringold Street. Was employed as gang boss in the machine shops overhauling locomotives, (overhauling is rebuilding an engine) taking up all lost motion; reboring the cylinders, facing of the valve seats and valves giving new brasses in driving boxes and rod, refacing wedges, resetting guides, lining up crossheads taking lost motion up in links, rockers eccentrics, etc, all this done, your engine comes out as good, almost as new.

This position my brother filled with a gang of six to seven men. On my journey home, in the train I met Mr. James Crawford, M.M. of the Memphis and Charleston R.R. After a cordial greeting, he inquired of my future intentions. I told him of my fathers death that called me home. Well said he, if you should come south again, I want you to give me a call. I will give you one of the best

passenger runs on the road. I thanked him for his kind offer, saying I will very apt to return as it is a difficult matter to obtain a situation as engineer on those Cincinnati roads. After being idle three or four weeks, I began to be restless to be running again, though I disliked to leave my Mother--I felt I must make a decision between home and Mother and work (and) no work, no pay). By the latter choice I could assist her more. It was my habit to walk up to the machine shops to see my brother rattle the engines out. He was expert at overhauling and there one morning who should I meet but my friend Andrews, looking around the shops. We had not seen each other for two years. He quit the N. & C. R.R. and went to Savannah, Georgia, ran a month or two on the Georgia Central, did not like the road, quit, took a steamer for New York City. Finally returned to Cincinnati where I first knew him at Harkness. He was an expert lathe hand in the Marine SHops. Here I find him running the day express and Bromley's pet engineer. I surmised that he and my brother had spoken for my interest to Mr. Bromley for as I was leaving the shops, Mr. Bromley approached and inquired when do you intend to return south. I answered I thought of returning the last of the week, as I am tired of being idle. How would you like a situation here? I said I did not expect to run on any of these old roads, and

told him I would gladly accept his kind offer.

John goes out in the morning on the day express. You can go with him. I cannot express the gladness that filled me to think that I was about to fulfill my boyish expectations of running a locomotive upon the old reliable Little Miami, where foremerely I was oft put off for stealing a ride. I went directly to my mother, told her of my good fortune. I shall not go south mother, Mr. Bromley has given me a situation and I go out in the morning to learn the road. We were both very well satisfied with this arrangement. The following morning I was on hand bright and early. Andrews came a half hour later and on time, we backed to the city following the night express from Pendleton to the passenger depot. The night express being out of the way we coupled on to the train consisting of seven cars, had four hours to run 120 miles with five stops from Cincinnati to Columbus, the capitol of the state. We started on time, moved slowly to Pendleton allowing fifteen minutes to that point, because the rules of the company forbid any engineer with or without a train running through the streets of the city to that point in any less time. But now we have crossed the Turnpike or dummy crossing. John lets her out, we sweep around Columbia Graveyard, the telegraph poles seemed to

at shorter distance. The different stations and switches are rushed by at the regular speed, no retarding of it until we reach Loveland. Here we take water, oil around. I thought it fast time and awfully dangerous after passing Miamiville at North switch, it is downgrade almost to Branch Hill, opposite the station house where John Morgan the raider ate his breakfast the morning he captured the Morrow accommodation, is dangerous crossing, there is a large sign board (Danger here) the road or tunrpike is very steep approaching the railroad and just around a curve. John dashed along curve or no curve I saw the sign. I said "Johnny there is danger, I suppose death is farther along." He smiled! Why said I, suppose one of the switches were wrong where we have whirled around the curves. The way we are flying what would be the consequence should we pile into the sidetrack filled with cars. Yes, but they have no business to be wrong. They are supposed to be right and thus far I have always found them so on this road.

Now he whistled for Morrowtown at the junction of the Cin. & Wilmington R.R. a regular stop. There being a great amount of express for this road we are hold a few minutes late. On we start for Xenia, the next regular stop and all up grade. We arrive at Xenia on time, here we have five minutes to take a supply of wood and water (as coal had not as yet been introduced as a fuel)

our next stop was London, where the shortline from Springfield connected. Here again we take water and perhaps a little wood while waiting. All aboard for Columbus! a short stop at West Jefferson, fourteen miles west, then away we fly! arriving at the capitol city on time. Andrews was a good runner very particular of his engine the Larre Anderson named for one of Nicholus Longworth's son-in-law, who was, I think a brother to the Anderson of Fort Sumpter fame. I remained with John at Columbus until the next day at 12:40 P.M. we left on his regular run No. 8 day express, a heavy train having three important connections from the east; the Cleveland through train, the Central Ohio and the Pan Handle, this made a train of nine cars and often ten. We had four hours and fifty minutes to run to Cin. making fifteen stops. We started ten minutes late which John made up very easily arriving in the Front Street Depot Cin. on time. I went out again on the fast run with the opposite train and runner John Wilson, and returned with Old Jimmey Wiggins, a hero of an engineer. A few weeks previous to my first trip out he was in the side track at Spring Valley with the accommodation all safe. It was his meeting point with the Cin. lightning express, the train that Andrews was now running. Chas. Hunt was engineer on the express, also a fine runner. This train did not stop at Spring Valley unless the accommodation had not arrived. There were seven miles of one of the heaviest grades on the road to climb to

Xenia. Seeing the accommodation was in the side, Hunt let her out for the hill. The switch man, an aged man who worked around the station and watched the switches, and had often let this same accommodation out after the express had gone by, actually on this occasion just after the express had turned the curve not more than seventy five yards from the switch, he threw that switch for the sidetrack. Hunt saw the target change reversed, called for brakes, the air brakes were not yet patented, and done all man could do to check up.

Old Uncle Jimmey Wiggins who was engineer on the accommodation had arrived on good time, had stopped at Depot after getting passengers on, he pulled up off the road crossing to the west end of sidetrack, he was on the ground oiling some part of his engine when suddenly he saw that train enter the sideling, he knew how they dashed through that station for he ran that same express for years. He mounted his engine and had the train moving backwards ere the engines struck. A brave act, and no doubt the very reason no one was seriously hurt, except poor Hunt, the engineer of the express was killed.

This being my second trip over the road, I reported to the M.M. ready for duty. I received orders to run out that evening on the night freight from Cin. to Columbus, left side track at Pendleton yard at 4:30 P.M. arriving at Columbus on time 5 A.M.

My conductor, John Grovenor was satisfied with my running, and seemed interested in my welfare as he rode with me on the engine and informed of the road and was quite a help to me, but on the return trip leaving Columbus at 6:30 P.M. he proved to be of greater assistance. This trip west was much more difficult to make the time, the first 35 miles out of Columbus was nearly all up heavy grade, and on this run there was always a full load. The first nine miles from Columbus to Alton was very hard pulling, then water at Jefferson, then another very heavy grade. After turning the curve out of West Jeff. you have a straight track for eleven miles, when about half way up this steep grade a head light appeared, it is the Columbus accommodation. We were about three miles from Glade run, our meeting point with the passenger train, the latter only being a flag station for them as there was but a section house there. This view of a great lustrous burning ball was a novel one to me. It seemed like a firmament sweeping towards me, for the road I had just left, had not two miles of straight line upon it with the exception of the straight line from Chat. to Boyce and between Adairsville and Kingston over the Summit. Thus this sudden appearance of the headlight produced a strange sensation over me. I had but one half mile to pull, then it was all down grade to the meeting point. I looked at my watch, had some twenty minutes to make the station on time. I spoke to Mr. Grover, how far is it to the top of the grade. Only half mile,

he replied. How are we doing? Nicely, we will turn the grade now, then will be but a few minutes gaining the side track. We then compared time. Watches agreed, plenty of time, having twelve minutes of our due time besides a tenminute wait for their arrival. Still that headlight was in perfect view. When just seen they were on the summit of Florence on top of London Hill, and we were ascending the West Jefferson grade the valley lay between us. This caused the headlight to appear much nearer than it was. We pulled into the side track, had a few minutes to spare, in perhaps six or seven minutes the headlight disappeared. "Now" said the conductor they are about two miles from us, They are fast approaching Duck Creek and will be in sight again in a minute or two and in another, will pass us. His words were verified to an iota. The headlight again comes in view and in less than two minutes she sweeps by us like a whirlwind. It was an accommodation only but a hard train to make the time on. I said to Mr. Grover, "John it seems to me these engineers on this road run very fast through stations." Yes, he said, they had to do so to make the time. Where they do not stop he said they run as fast over switches as anywhere else and indeed, I believe some of them run faster especially at passing points of some freight trains. Our next place of meeting was Selma with the night express, one of the heaviest passenger runs on the line, and as conductor stated was universally from 10 to 15 min. late which caused very

frequently a tight run to be made to Caderville, meeting point for east bound freight, the more was this true if we headed in at Selma. He said one of the engineers would not run down and back in, and why not said I, because it was up grade, backing in and his engine slipped so badly he would never try it again. He then asked me if I thought I could back this train into Selma side track. Is it as heavy a grade as out of W. Jefferson? No, not near, then Grover I can back them in and no trouble. When we whistled for Selma, he said Price, we are in good time. There are cars in sidetrack, plenty of time to roll down and back in to sidetrack. As soon as my engine passed the switch, I gave the rail a coat of sand from the sandbox until we stopped. The brakemen were on the alert and were pleased to see us run down to back in at lower end so ---- held me carefull the switch is passed thrown for side track, I get signal, back up, we pulled over gave her steam and backed that train into the clearance without the least difficulty and no slipping. Well, Grover says that is the best backing in on this side track I ever witnessed. Well as usual, the night express was ten minutes late and carried no signals. We pulled out slow after shutting switch, got go-a-head signal and let out down a short grade for about one mile and attained a good velocity for Cederville arriving very close to time. The east bound night freight was now about Peirces, some three to four miles distant. The summit of the elevation whose base on the east side is Cederville and on the west side Xenia,

3rd line  
bottom  
pg. 103-

with the very engineer who never would back in at Selma. They were fifteen minutes late by the time they pulled into sidetrack. Mr. Grover got down from his seat in my cab and had a few words with the east bound conductor. All right, Price, we'll go for Xenia. We arrived at Xenia eight minutes late as the other train had held us. Descending the grades from Xenia to Cincinnati, we had no meeting points as far as Loveland. The Conductor went back to his caboose and rose to Morrow. Here he came out and we took on some stock cars being done here, off we go for Loveland where we took water. Grover was on hand as usual from Fosters to Cin. it was double track therefore we had nothing to meet out of the city as all east bound trains were on the other track. We met east bound local at Loveland coming down Highland grade below Milford, the day express came sailing by, sidetracked at Plainville for night express to pass, and arrived at Pendleton on time, slowing up passing the roundhouse where the Hostler and fireman relieved the engineer and fireman of night freight. As Grover passed by in his caboose, he saluted us. The train went on down to the Fulton yard and in fifteen minutes he too will have finished for that trip. So my first trip is a success, and I never could help but treat that conductor with the greatest kindness and respect wherever we met. I continued running on this night freight for several

months when two of the passenger engineers quit and went with Mr. W. H. Clement, our former President to the O and M (Broad gauge) having a six foot gauge or track, one of these runners was no other than my old friend John L. Andrews. I regretted it very much as it seemed to me as soon as I would get settled on his road, he would quit and go to another. These two vacancies made a general change among the passenger men. Mr. B. the M.M. offered me the night express, though he told me it would probably be taken off in the latter end of November and remain so until the 1st of April or later, making it not so very desirable. I had nothing regular. The night freight belonged to another man who was suspended and he might soon resume his run. So I accepted this offer of the night express and trusted to providence for the winter. I took the train and engine Deshler.. previously run by old Jimmey Wiggins, and ran out that night, left Cin. 8:30 P.M. arrived at Columbus on time no trouble whatever. At Columbus, I received orders from Mr. B. to exchange engines with Barnett, who was running the old Patterson, an inside connected six feet drivers, unlucky all ways ~~break~~ breaking down an as ugly looking as a mud parlor, could run like electricity, but not to be depended upon. I did not like the change but said nothing. 'Twas very cold weather and yet this train was kept on. I suffered with the cold as I

so often sat under the boiler upon the truck repairing some part of machinery, setting eccentric, etc. I always got through, fire or no fire. My partner who ran the opposite train, Peter Woerdendyke, had also an inside connected engine, the Boston that seemed to be always in perfect trim. He is at present time, 1893 running in passenger service on the C.H. & D, between Hamilton and Cincinnati, a good reliable and faithful runner, holding his age better than any engineer I ever knew. He was an extremely hard man to run opposite and he did have better connections to run from out of Columbus, he would invariably get out so as to make Alton for the mail train meeting point. The very next afternoon, we would make all preparations for our departure, but after all lay at Columbus for the mail train from Cincinnati. This was almost a daily occurrence though occasionally we would receive orders to meet mail at Alton. This would be when she too was late. This awaiting the arrival of the mail train at Columbus would throw us forty minutes late to begin with. Peter and I had made a bargain with the M.M.'s consent that since the time was changed of the arrival of the west bound incoming train, that whomsoever was going out should take the incoming train to the depot, providing it was near on time, no waiting there was not margin enough for that. By this arrangement only one of us went to the city instead of both. A saving to both crew and engine and let the incoming engineer off one hour sooner, adding

no extra mileage or labor to the outgoing. Of course, if I was not close to time, I would have to take my own train to city, and Peter almost always on time, he would reap all the benefit. One afternoon we left Columbus fifty minutes late. We had only four coaches, two less than the usual number. We regained time at Millford, fourteen miles from Cincinnati, no stop until we reach Pendleton. Just as we came in sight of the whistling post at Plainville, away went about a foot of the right forward driver tire. By the time we stopped, the ends of the remaining tire on wheel were flattened out a gradual taper to the rim of the wheel. Nothing was broken about the machinery, so I said to my conductor, I think I'll run in slow as there is nothing' broken only the tire and what is on the wheel is perfectly fast you see if we can make it a little late. I whistled early so as to have Peter wait a little for us, so away we go but I found I must run slower or I would break down sure, so I ran moderate. I whistled about a mile ere I came to the post, but Peter had gone to the City. He said we were forty minutes late leaving Columbus by operator's report, therefore he did not expect us but backed down promptly on his time, we were 10 minutes late. We went on down to the depot with that driver pounding like a trip hammer. I was told the next day that I jarred the foundations of the residences along Fulton. I was provoked at having to run the

engine in such condition clear to the city, and had it been cold weather I'd have broken one half of the rails during the distance. Had I not expected to arrive on time for Peter, I would have put her on one side, blocked up the driver box with the broken tire to clear the rail and run her in on three drivers wheels and forward trucks. The next day, an old tire, the same tire as the other three was substituted for the broken one and we went out on our regular run in the evening going through all right and on time. About the first time for this unlucky engine. The following afternoon left Columbus in time to make Alton for the mail train, we both arrived from opposite directions just at the same moment the mail twelve minutes late whilst we left Columbus 15 minutes late. We sped along, left Xenia very nearly on the dot and approached Corwin, a regular stop. Just as I shut off the throttle valve, the forward right side eccentric strap broke near the lower lugs where the two half t-strap are bolted together. The colored porter, standing on platform of rear coach saw the piece of eccentric strap on the track. When I shut off I noticed the reverse lever jerked me, so I got under the engine and found the cause, we now must either fix that eccentric strap or put her on one side. We got out our tools and got under the engine at this the porter came up and said, why Price, I saw a piece of iron

laying on the ties just this side the whistling post. I'll go get it." He brought it and I saw at once I could patch it up to take us through. We took the piece procured a bolt from the tender box, for I carried a supply, and a piece of American sheet iron punched two holes with cape chissel at the distance desired, one at each end of this strap, bent it around to fit both lugs, slipped the broken lug to its place, brought front half of strap to eccentric slipped up my sheet iron strap and put bolt through all, the upper lugs were not broken, put piece of pasteboard between bottom lugs so as not to have strap too tight, tightened up with all my strength to be sure my patching would not work loose which it did not as my trip to Cincinnati proved, we were but twenty five minutes all told. We arrived at Pendleton very near on time. In fact so near to it that Peter (the prompt) took our train to the city. While we were engaged cutting the holes in the iron strap or band, the M.M. of the Columbus Shops stood watching. I did not know him at that time, he told the conductor that I would do. I mention this as a year afterwards, I was leavin g the O. & M.R.R. and met him at Vincennes. He was M. M. at the shops. I ran the old Patterson until the latter part of November when this train was taken off for the winter. Then I first took extras, afterwards ran the Joseph R. Swan on local freight for two years, a ten wheeler or six driver connected with a regular forward truck built by Moore & Richardson, and I will state right here the best freight engine I ever put my foot upon.

We would bring from Florences to Cin. forty eight loaded cars into Cincinnati on local freight if we could get them and Jim Kelley, regular conductor could almost invariably ferret out that many. During this time a banquet was given at the Spencer House and the presentation of a Silver Tea set to the retiring M.M., Mr. C.T. Ham, who had left the little Miami to take charge of the West Division of the O & M, the shop being located at Illinois town or East St. Louis. It was at this supper, I sang my second attempt at a railroad song.

No Song            No Supper            Air of the Red,White,Blue

Come all ye railroad boys and listen

My song I tell you tis true

Tis about our little Miami railroad

Where all things are put through

Her conductors are ever faithful

Her engineers are ever true

Then three cheers for our narrow gauge railroad

And hurrah! for her bold bully crew:

Chorus:

Three cheers for her bold bully crew

Three cheers for her bold bully crew

Our narrow gauge railway boys forever

And Hurrah! for its bold bully crew

Our President's name it is Clement

His talents have been put to the test  
After placing this road in good standing

He established his fame farther west  
On the broad gauge railway he did labor

Our Woodward was there with him too  
But, he's back with his former comrades  
And he's captain of our bold, bully crew

Mr. Pease I had almost forgotten

His office is Master of Trains  
In running them through by the telegraph  
How oft does it puzzle his brains

For its extra flagging and extra  
With the regular day and night freight too  
But in the busiest time that we have boys  
On time he tries to put them through

There is old Uncle Jimmey, as we call him

His name sounds familiar to our ears  
He has pulled out the throttle of an engine  
For days ye for months and for years

And Andrews I mean my friend Johncy  
Who at home on the day express did feel  
On time was the cry with the Deshler

It's the same on the short run with Mc Neil

Reuben Watts and his Kugler will do boys

On time! I hear them cry

If Reuben fails for to make it

There's no use for the rest of us to try

And Redmond that now runs the Deshler

To make his time seldom fails

Was the only one amongst us had the honor

Of riding with his highness Price of Wales

Our night express is run through by Dayton

With Peter and Arnold so true

And if you want to take a fast ride by night

Why these are the bohoys will put you through

And Donley, with his little Gebbart

Will now finish my rhymes

Keeps up a continual connection

Between these great Miami lines.

Finis

After running the local freight I was given the Xenia accommodation, from Xenia every morning except Sunday and return in the evening, arriving at 9:55 P.M. While running this train I can tell you of breaking a driving wheel and the result(which called my attention to Mr. Webster's remarks the time I chased that passenger on the N & C R.R.) I was running this Xenia Accm. with a very small engine (in fact it was built by Mr. Van Loan

in my first year as apprentice at Harness) the train was becoming too heavy for her to make the time, so one afternoon and it was in April Mr. Bromley said Ed, if you want to do so you may take the Nat Wright out this evening. She has been broken in a little watch her closely. I thanked him and said I would gladly do so. He had just given her a thorough overhauling and had her repainted with bright red driver wheels, striped with white and gold she looked very gay indeed. We ran up to Xenia all correct on time. Mr. Bromley sat in the dispatchers office at Pendleton watching the report of our trip and was satisfied. The next morning left Xenia ran along on time until we advanced to the Whistling post of Ft. Ancient. On one side of us was an almost perpendicular bank on the other, the little Miami River very near at that. I shut off steam and suddenly the left foreward driver wheel broke into fragments. I saw the spokes revolving end over end and some buried themselves in the bank out of sight, the rods on that side tore off running board side of cab guide yoke, etc., to sum it all up, the whole side was broken. She naturally jumped the rail and we had a very rough ride over the crossties. The brakeman for we had one, looked out of the door of baggage car and instead of putting on brakes ran clear through the train frightening the passengers. I had not time scarcely to get off my seat until we were stopped. The fireman was thrown

against me which I supposed held me on my seat so long. The  
conductor dispatched hand car to morrowtown and the C.W.& Z  
Engine that we ran in connection with was dispatched to take  
our train to the City. They pulled us upon the track I blocked  
up axle with the broken wheel level with frake, they pulled  
us into side track and I am left alone. They took my train,  
the broken side or engine (as a locomotive has two engines  
worked from one throttle valve), disconnecting valve from  
rocker blocking crosshead and taking off the main rod and if  
one side rod should be broke, as it was in this instance,  
take off the other never allow her to run with one side rod  
only, thus I was ready to run in on three Drivers. We fired up  
received orders to follow Local.....Ft. Ancient to Pendleton.  
This we accomplished. I was very much dissatisfied but it  
was no fault of mine. Those days we used all wrought iron  
tire. They wore very fast and would have to be turned off in  
order to keep them round. These had been turned off for the  
last time and were not over one and one eighth inch thick.  
Several spokes in the cast iron driver were cracked, no detriment  
when surrounded by a thick steel tire, but should tire burst  
as mine did, your wheel or driver flies into pieces.  
The hub alone was intact. I took out my little Shawnee again,  
and ran about three months. This run had its layover at Xenia  
every night and all day Sunday. This being the home of

Dick Goodale, one of the old engineers, he requested Mr. Bromley if I didn't care for it, to let him have it. It kept me so much away from home, that I consented. This threw me back on extras.

My next trip out was on local frt with my old favorite engine Joseph R. Swan. 'twas late in the fall, business brisk. We were behind time and should have met the Central Ohio express at West Jefferson and we were but now at London two stations behind. Just here is a straight line of track from London to curve at West Jefferson (the part of road where the headlight you remember so perplexed me on my first trip over the road) though I was now going east, the passenger train was due in six minutes, but was not yet in sight. It was 6:30 P.M. and dark. I helped wood up, said to the crew, come boys lets hurry up, I'll not take much wood we've almost enough now to make Columbus. We had a very long train of forty (3) cars and intended to pull up and back in on to the Springfield track, as the sidetrack on our road would not hold us. My conductor replied, Oh we've plenty of time to pull and back in, why they are not in sight yet. I answered "Doc, I never like to pull by and back into a station unless I have plenty of time, so as to get in out of the way, and a passenger almost due. Nevertheless we pulled up, backed in it lacked only three minutes of their time when the switch was thrown to main track. There was still no sign of them, no headlight in sight, but

within four minutes that train dashed by through the station and only stopped when beyond all the switches of the yard.

'Twas well we took the Springfield track for had we taken our own one, half of our train would of extended on the main track, just so this flying train would have ran into it.

My conductor rode on the engine to West Jefferson, he said, "that puzzles me--that train passing the station and no headlight." Doc, I will, as I told you, be out of the way of any train before it is due or flag it. You can't trust to headlights. The time is the thing, and now I'll be more particular than ever." This engine had run over some stock on the track and broken the glass out of the headlight. The engineer was feeling pretty good from taking his tea, and did not care whether he had a light or not. As for my part, I would not run after dark without a light if anything happened to my headlight, I invariably substituted a white hand lantern to warn any approaching pedestrian or train of my coming. Now suppose, I had taken plenty of time wooding up and depended upon my conductor, and the headlight there might of been a wreck. Again sometime after this I was sent down from Columbus with this engine and train which we met without any headlight. It was a fast run. We made it on time, but leaving Loveland, I put pump on, it refused to work. I went out on the running board

jarred the check with my hammer, and the pet cock opened. the pump worked all right of course the steam had run up to 130 lbs. we carried 123 lbs. She was blowing off had two gauges of water with the throttle open, of course the pump stopped the blowing. I eased off on pump not to cool off too sudden, eased off the throttle, had one good gage stop at Milford with steam and water in bottom gauge. I left Milford no further trouble with pump or steam, went in to Cincinnati on time, after backing in to round house as I was on turntable, I looked into firebox, the upper row of flues were leaking as she was light when I took her. I reported to have them caulked. The next morning the flue caulker reported the boiler had been too low in water, the top row of flues were scorched, for this at fault or not, I was suspended. I was not satisfied they put in a new row of flues so I measured the distance from lower gauge cock to crown sheet only one inch and half. They are generally put at from 3 to 4 inches. Well in a few days after this, I received a letter from George A. Calder, enginaer on the Western division of the O & M, that if I would accept it, there was a situation for me on the road. I replied I would come. Mr. C. T. Ham, sent me a letter also a pass over the road. Off I started for St. Louis. The conductor took up his tickets, I showed him my pass also the letter as regards to my coming to take a position on the road as engineer, and for all conductors

to treat me accordingly. He read and remarked, you're O.K., thinks I you are O.K. or a trump of a man, for he was young and handsome as a painting, his father, a stockholder on the road, very wealthy. The son need not work, but he loved the road and its excitements, when about forty miles this side of St. Louis, or Illinoistown, we stopped and did not move for some time. Finally I thought I would go out and see what was the trouble. I walked to the front of the engine, the engineer sat on a stump of a tree side of the road. I saw the smoke coming from one of the truck axles, of the engine truck. It had been very hot. Dick, the jovial conductor, as I will christen him, says "Price we are about played out, this truck axle has cut through box casting and into truckframe. What do you think of it." He then introduced me to the engineer. As I had already apprehended the situation, I stated I thought it could be fixed so as to run through to St. Louis, and if Mr. Williams has no objections, I will try my hand any way. Mr. W. said, go ahead and told his fireman to loan me his oversuit, I did not wear fine clothes to work, but at present I was disguised in a fine suit of broadcloth. I donned the suit. We had plenty of help as there was a gang of bridge repairers on board the train, Dick brought them forward. We jacked up the

front of engine taking the weight off the truck. I could now see where the axle had cut through the cast iron truck box. I measured the distance from frame to axle on the opposite journal.. Had carpenter to make a wooden bearing or box and brass combined to fill this cut out cavity in box, making it one half inch thicker than the one on the opposite side, so as to last longer and it would have a tendency to throw more weight to the other side. This was made of a piece of hickom fence post sawed off the proper width of bearing and gouged out to a rough fit on journal bored a small auger hole through it for oil, put this under in its place, let the engine down, had celler made of piece of board filled it with waste and tallow put it under, put in collar bolts as they were not lost or burned. Now we are ready. We start, make a few stops and we arrive at Illinoistown, we had no trouble whatever. The journal ran cool, for as I passed to go to the boarding house I felt it, and was some what astonished as it was perfectly cool. The next morning, I called at the M.M. office, who sent me out to learn the road with old man Becker, on local freight. He ran out some twenty miles, when we overtook the day express which had broken down. The engine truck frame broke and Mr. Becker took the train with his engine making up all lost time to Vincennes. How he did sail them!

You could scarcely tell whether on the track or in mid air, he returned next morning on the Day Express west, running through on time. The next day, I had orders to run the Mudd train, the river, the mighty Mississippi, was over its banks, and was about to wash over the dyke. This train was hauling dirt to elevate the track, and Jovial Dick, the passenger conductor, was boss. That evening as we quit, he handed me a ten dollar gold piece saying, "you deserve it for fixing that axle box etc." I thanked him. The next trip went out with Mr. Benedict on local freight with engine Tom Gray. When we had accomplished about one third of our trip, the valves began to work out, and kept getting worse. The engineer finally remarked to me, the right valve stem was stripped. Those days the valve rod had deep coarse thread end of rod each side of valve with large jam nuts to adjust valve to its proper position and hold it there. Of course this thread wears and you soon have lost motion, (now the valve is surrounded by a yoke on end of valve stem which does away with all stripping of threads). He requested me to go out and see if he was right. I went out and as it was down grade, he shut off steam and put reverse lever full stroke as the fireman oiled the valves. (no lubricators those days). I felt of both valve rods, one on each side and was satisfied they were not stripped, but both having considerable

lost motion. I went back into the cab and reported that I did not think the valve stem was stripped, and said if one is, they both are, but that is not the trouble. Your engine is lame on one side only. He told the conductor who came on the engine if she gets any worse he would give up the train at the next main station, the meeting point with the day express. We now stopped at a sidetrack of a saw mill had some flats to leave, he ran up main track, and give the flats a kick as call it, now she is in back motion and exhausts perfectly square, which proved to me the valve rods were not stripped at all. We coupled on to the train and soon was in the sidetrack at meeting point, which was a telegraph station. The express was reported forty minutes late, which gave us ample time to do any little repairing. I got under the engine, put my hand on the set screws of right forward motion eccentric, they were so loose, I could move them with my fingers. I told Mr. B. his forward eccentric had slipped on the right side. He did not offer to reset it. I proposed we reset it, and your engine will then work all right. I have no tools for that job he replied. Why we only need the socket wrench and steel bar and pinchbar. I preceived that he did not know the position of an eccentric but finally said, can you fix it, I can set it correctly, I replied. We had to pinch her only a little

and she was on the dead center, got underneath and brought the throw of the eccentric nearer to the crank or wrist pin. We all know the throw follows the pin and if you do not know how far from it you can look at any of those that are not slipped, and see how far to bring the throw towards the pin. Having set it as you judge about right, have the engineer or fireman to move the reverse lever from its extreme back notch to the extreme forward notch. Mark these points on the valve stem when you get these extremes to come to one scratch on valve stem, (as you can on a stationary link) your eccentric is correct. On the counterbalance link or shifting you can not get the scratch on valve stem to come to the one point exactly. Well my valve here moved a half inch, got under, moved eccentric about quarter of an inch towards the pin fastened one set screw reverse from back to forward full stroke mark valve stem reverse to extreme back motion marks on each end of stroke almost agree. I was satisfied that she would be as square as ever. We got underneath and put the set screws home, as we were tightening them up I told the fireman to pull steady, no jerking but I meant to fasten so it could not slip or get loose. We got from under, put tools away, backed up to train, coupled on, we are now ready to proceed. As we were pulling so hard on the set screws with steel bar in socket wrench Mr. B. said, lookout Price, you'll break those set screws. If I do, you'll not have it to slip on you anyway the express had not yet

arrived. Later than she was reported, we were standing near the switch, finally the express came and after passing by, the conductor, who was a spectator to our repairing, said well George, let's go, but had we not better try her. Oh no, I said, try her with your train, that's the better test. He pulled out sidetrack we get the go ahead signal from the rear brakeman who had thrown the switch to the main track. George did let her go sure enough, and if I do say so, I never heard an engine exhaust more evenly, The conductor was on the engine and was relieved that we could go through to Vincennes, and not give up the train. He soon made up his lost time, and everything went all smoothly until twilight, the valves began to work out again, and ere we sidetracked at Lawrenceville for another passenger train. They were as bad as ever, though I was confident the eccentric we set could not slip. It was now dark, 151 miles was a long run to make on local freight in those days. As we lay in the siding awaiting the p. train, I said George get your torch and let's look underneath, it might be that the left forward eccentric has slipped. "Oh no" said he, "we only have to go about seven miles to Vincennes, and I can get her fixed all right there." I said no more. The passenger came, we made Vincennes. We had a rough night in the caboose where I slept with the crew.

The Company was three months in arrears with their pay and the brakeman etc., owed for board which made it unpleasant for other and one could hardly get board at some of the stations. During the night it rained. The caboose leaked, and I got wet and caught a very severe cold. Early at dawn, before any one stirred, I arose, went uptown, got a good breakfast, then returned to the caboose. The brakeman had a good fire in the stove. I drew up to it and toasted myself well. Presently the yard engine made up the train and when all was ready, our Tom Gray was backed up and coupled on by the Hostler.

It was now nearly 5 A.M. our leaving time. At 3, the conductor gave all aboard with go-ahead signal. The engineer started up moved about the length of train, then stopped. Had the brakeman pull the pin, and ran his engine back to the roundhouse. I remained in the caboose as the road could not be well seen or learned until daylight. I could tell he was very angry the way he flew for that roundhouse. The night previous he reported the right side forward motion eccentric slipped, the night foreman went through the proper method of testing and setting the eccentric reported and found it to be correct, therefore he did not move it. This was the one you remember we reset on the road. When he now reached the round-

house he sent for Harry Elliot, the M.M. at this point I was getting kind of tired of waiting and being broad daylight, thought I would go up to the shops. As I walked across the turntable, towards the engine, the foreman, engineer, and M.M. were standing on the farther side of the engine. Mr. Benedict said here comes the little man that set the eccentric. Elliot looked and said yes, and he can set one. They were now working at the resetting of the left side forward motion eccentric which Elliot detected at once was out of position.

Harry seemed glad to see me, inquired if I was learning the road, invited me to call at his office whenever I came to his end of the division.

The foreman set the eccentric, we ran up the yard, coupled on to the train and started about one hour late, The old Tom Gray was all square as a d.....but my fellow engineer had it not of been much better for that engineer to of produced his torch at Lawrenceville the previous evening, than to cause so much trouble and even report repairs upon the wrong side of the engine. He knew the right one was set correct. He had seen his valves beat square, and if it had of moved, we could of reset it, but it had not moved, as it proved to be the other side which we could of set and saved all this trouble. We ran through to Illinoistown all smoothly and arrived on time. I made one more

trip going out again with old man Becker on freight, back ditto. On this trip nothing unusual occurred except when going west from Olney, after taking dinner.

The old ~~Gaity~~ had stood there for full forty minutes blowing off steam at the Dome valve, (we had no pop valves at that time) when we started she only had one gauge of water and blowing off hard, the fireman put in a fire of green coal. The engineer trying his water, one gauge with throttle open puts on his pump and it goes to work, the blowing off stops, we have 135 lbs. on the steam gauge, the coal being just put in is not yet giving much heat, it is now charring. He pulls out pretty lively, the switch being closed and brakeman on his caboose the steam goes down tries the water, one gauge scant, he now actually puts on the left pump also, the steam goes down faster than ever. In a few minutes she drops from 135 lbs. to 50 lbs. We were going down grade, but just ahead of us was a hard pull of a mile or so. I could plainly see the grade and knew that he would stall, for he had about a full train. "Here Price, take her and run awhile." I thanked him and said I did not care to run as I did not know the road, and I will stall sure going up yon grade. He rattled through the little valley, but did not ascend one eighth of a mile until we stopped, no steam, all water. He stood there put on blower when the Index of the steam gauge pointed to 135 lb. pressure, he pulled out and she walked them right along.

When he stalled he had but 50 lbs. steam, three gauges scant of water. After he blowed her up to 135 lbs. steam, she had all gauges solid water. This illustrates how the water and steam act in a locomotive when not managed properly. He had let her stand at the station with the damper open until she had blown the water to a scant gauge with the escape valve lifting up the water, then starting out with a green fire, ran the steam through the ports and not using enough power to create much of an exhaust as it was down hill. He lost his steam, to be sure he struck the grade with some momentum but that amounts to nothing when the grade is a long one ahead of you, the steam or power is what you want.

Now in the first place he aught to of pumped his engine or rather boiler to two or three gauges or not of left her to blow the water away, and if he must start low in water, he should of worked a light pump and a very light exhaust and thus keeping up a head of steam with the water if he showed a gauge shut off descending the grade. I would of shut the pump off until I began to pull out for the grade, then I would work my pump keeping both uniform by so doing, he would not of stuck dead still on that hill. We had a hard trip, arriving at Illinoistown three to four hours late. The next trip out for this engine, the old man laid off and I ~~wax~~ sent out in his stead. It was on Friday. We ran to Vincennes from Illinoistown all

all right arriving on time, but the next day, on our return trip, I must say was the hardest trip I ever made in all my railroading. We left Vincennes about on time, had full train ran along all right to meeting point of through freight, sixteen miles west of Clay City, where we took water as we passed. The engineers of the express freights, for there were two sections, told us there was no water at Skillet Fork, this was the next water tank we would get our supply from. My conductor said it would be impossible to run to the next water tank beyond the above mentioned one unless we have a good supply from here. I asked, "what will you do?" There is a tank here, what is the reason there is no water in it. He answered the Creek is dry. Are there any hotels in the place? Yes, there are two. Well said I, we have plenty of water in the boiler if there is not so much in the tank. Let's go register at the hotel and wait for a rain, jesting of course. No, said he, we will have to return to Clay City with our Engine and get a tank of water. I was in doubt as to whether or not I could make it as I was not perfectly familiar with the grades so the conductor suggested we couple on to the construction train who were going to Clay City for a load of crossties. They had some fifteen empty flats. This I reluctantly consented to as I did not favor the idea of running

the old Gaiety backwards as her leftrear driver tire was worn square down on the flange of the tire and was as sharp as a razor. I feared she would mount the rail, and jump the track at every sharp curve, but we coupled on to the rear car. He started, I gave my engine merely enough of steam to moisten the valve seats and cylinders open, my cylindercocks which indicated how much throttle to give her, I then closed them. This young engineer and fireman were two brothers, sons of Mr. Becker whose engine I was running. The engineer remarked as we coupled on to his conductor and crew, "that is one of the bully little Miami engineers. I bet I'll give him a shaking up he'll never forget before I arrive at Clay City." He had a worn down passenger engine, the Tom Brown that was to be overhauled as soon as there was room in the machine shop to take her in. She was inside connected six foot driver. He dashed along the old Gaiety, appeared to be running on stilts instead of round wheels or tire, for she would fairly jump from one side to the other. It was the worst piece of track on this division of road. The pinchbar and fire tongues from the rear end of tank were actually hurled on to the deck at my feet, and I must at times, clutch the cab to keep my equilibrium. I would have given readily a ten dollar gold piece to have been off that engine. I never rode faster in all my life. Directly, he whistles down brakes we stopped--Clay City or Clay Country, I cared not which. I was glad to have a rest. I see something was

wrong, so I walked up to the 'Tom Brown. The fireman had the right hose off the strainer in his hand, he turned the valve of the tank to let the water wash the strainer, but none came. He then said to his brother, I don't believe there is any water in the tank. He jumped up, took the tank lid off and reported dry as a bone. You didn't take water this morning at----such a place. (I forget the name) I was going to take it as we went west and you said we would take as you returned, and you did not stop at all. The engineer affirmed that such was the case and seeing me standing near, said Price, we are in a fix now, no water in our tank (and he could of said not much in boiler he might of added), for he could not show any. The construction crew were gathered around the engine, one of whom told me of the ride I was to have. Well says I, how far is it yet to Clay City? About four miles. Why Pshaw! if you had only ran a little faster, we would have made it. The crew fairly yelled. Well said I, I have enough of water in boiler to take us there and my pump still works allright. I pushed his train to the watertank, let him take water first, as I knew he needed it the most, then backed up, and took our own tank full. We then started for our own train. We were now running forward, we pulled the construction

train and his engine until he was pumped enough to fire up on, then cut loose and left him on the main track to raise steam, and thus we parted with the Tom Brown, and the flying engineer, arriving at the station where we left our train. We coupled up and started for the west. We were thrown out of all manner of time. Had lots of local work to do, broke in two after dark after waiting at water tank sometime, backed up some three miles, picked up brakeman about half a mile from train, he went back on the hindmost car and with his lamp signaled us back up. We had twelve cars to the engine, we backed slowly though he kept signaling to back faster, we moved cautiously. We could see another red lamp beside the brakeman's and I thought we were very near the detached part of the train, yet he signaled to back up! I had closed the throttle when he last signaled, he signaled again and just as I gave her steam, we struck the rear part of train breaking two drawheads. It took sometime to chain them up. In fact the conductor went to a saw mill a half mile distant to procure a chain: and again we go along plodding our way arriving at Illinoistown freight yard, Sunday Morn 5 A.M. instead of Saturday Evening 6:30 P.M. As we approached the tressel who should I see but Mr. Calder the engineer and friend who obtained for me this situation. The morning we started out, he said, "I want you to come in Saturday evening rather than Sunday morning as old Becker does."

I returned from the yard to the engine house, together we went to breakfast. George plagued me no little about my trip. I explained about getting out of water etc. but my excuse, though a good one, was in vain. He still clung to that bad trip. I did not again go out as I did not care to run on this division. Mr. Calder had just been taken off his passenger run, for disobeying the division Superintendent, who ordered him discharged. Mr. C. T. Ham said to me that Calder was the best runner he had and I cannot discharge him. I will place him in charge of the Roundhouse, how would you like to work with him. I replied nothing would suit me better. I worked two months for George in the Roundhouse, and was then sent to Caseyville to take a small narrow gauge locomotive, put her together, (for she was disconnected) and run her on the coal road to the Mississippi River distributing ties so as to widen the track to the same gauge as the O. & M. This work though nice and easy was exhausted in about six weeks, the track was finished. I returned to the roundhouse and Calder. Three months had elapsed since I left the Little Miami, when I received a letter to come back and go to work.--I thanked Mr. Ham for his kindness and bade ~~him~~ adieu to Mr. Calder and the O & M. Arrived in Cincinnati found my folks all well, and was soon in the shops. Mr. Bromley put me to work in the machine shop,

giving me a half dozen pumps to fit up. I went to work with a will and was satisfied being again with my mother and relatives.

I had been about two weeks in the shop when one afternoon the Columbus accommodation passed. It was 4:15 P.M. The night freight engine pulled out from the siding and stood with the caboose attached nearly opposite my window. She stood there sometime with the fireman alone upon her and I knew they ought to be gone. Presently the M.M. came to me and said, Ed, I want you to run night freight out. This I did. It was warm weather and I noticed when oiling the main boxes, the oil overflowed the box and ran down the sides. I thought after starting this ten wheeler moves stiffly (for she was mate to the J.R.Swan) for it was all we could do to make the time to Columbus. I was no great sleeper in the day time, never slept more than five to six hours, no matter how long I had been out, so after sleeping in the morning until eleven a.m. I got up to eat dinner then went over to the roundhouse. I took waste off of all the driving boxes as there is pockets on top of these main boxes to hold the waste swab and oil to feed the journal from these pockets. There is one oil hole on each side that goes through box and brass leading to journal, or I might say main axle. I found these entirely corroded stopped up with

dirt and rust. I could scarcely find them and yet I knew exactly where they are drilled thus one running to one side of bearing the other to the opposite. I took a piece of steel wire and burned those oil holes out. I then repacked the pockets with fine hemp or packing yarn well saturated with oil which does not clog up as waste does, of course I got all trash out of it before I put it in the pockets or use it. Well that evening I return on the night freight west for Cincinnati much the hardest run to make the time on which we had no trouble whatever. Instead of having the train knock her ahead everytime, I shut off she seemed to help pull the train. If you are sceptical of the difference it makes whether a journal has oil on or not, just neglect to oil your lawn mower. Let it become dry and corroded and watch the result. I had not run this more than a few weeks when Mr. Bromley gave me the ~~Dennison~~ Dennison on the Columbus accommodation. Now he said, you are a regular passenger engineer. I continued on this run for nearly three years. One morning arriving at Cincinnati Depot at 10 A.M. our regular time, with the Dennison shining brightly, The baggage being all taken out, The switch engine now pulled the train from behind us, an elderly gentleman with hair as white as snow, inquired if I was the engineer. I answered in the affirmative. He stated he had a little business with

Mr. Bromley up at Pendleton shops, could I let him ride with me. Certainly I replied, we are allowed that privilege. Have a seat. "Oh no", he said, I'll not take your seat. I explained I always stood up when backing through the streets, as there was great danger of running over someone and if I should hurt anybody, I at least wanted to see it. We reach the switch opposite the roundhouse, I stopped to cross over to the turntable, he got off, crossed over to the house, Mr. Whiting, ( I knew him well though he did not recognize me. This was the engineer that would not let me ride though he knew me perfectly well, the man I told as I left his engine, you'll want to ride with me old man, for I'll yet be an engineer. My old friend Andrews had returned from the O & M and was again on the road. Mr. Whiting walking up to him said John, who is that young man that runs the Dennison. Johnny glanced across the round house and could see me crossing over to the turntable.

That is Dutchee, the little giant from the Nashville road, don't you recollect the little apprentice at Harkness' that fired the engines through the streets and up to the little Miami roundhouse? Yes, he reflected. He did remember me. With tears in his eyes he said, well John, I refused to let him ride when he was up at the roundhouse alone. I ordered him to get off. I took a stick of wood and told him I'd knock him off

he told me to slacken my speed and he would get off. I checked up and off he went, saying never mind, I'll run an engine some day yet, and you may want to ride yourself. Now in return for this he carries me from the depot, gives me his seat and is very agreeable. Dear reader, do not think that I did not want revenge. I did, and took it in a different manner. Suppose, I had walked up, "once you took a stick of wood to knock me off your engine, now you ask to ride on mine. This evil for evil would soon be forgotten, but the kindness touched his heart strings, and the impression went to his very soul. For men have feelings though the exterior be apparently rough. Kindness will make the impression when harshness and force fail. During the three years and a half that I ran this accommodation, I had for my conductors Mr. Wood, Mr. Ganson, Mr. Holman, for two years Mr. Holman and Ganson alternate conductors. During this time, I must tell of an accident that happened to the old night freight going east near Claysville. I came down that morning arriving at Cincinnati 10 A.M. on time. That night, a heavy thunder storm passed over the little Miami Valley below Xenia around Claysville and Spring Valley. The rain came down in torrents. The river overflowed its banks, for a short time this night it crossed the track at Claysville (and as I have seen on one or more occasions) would form a large lake some distance from the track, nearly a mile south of Claysville. This night this lake or pool, broke loose, the earth was torn cutting a chasm

through to a small creek that passed under the track through a stone culvert, the water came with such force that those large stones were washed away. The storm is over, every tie is there, the rails stretch across it looks allright. The last train the accommodation had passed over safely, but this was before the storm, but three hours has gone since and now comes the night freight from Cincinnati with its heavy load. She turns a curve, the headlight reflects on rail and ties. Suddenly there is a crash, the engine pitches into the chasm, the cars pile upon the engine imprisoning the engineer. The cars take fire from the firebox and in a few minutes are in flames. The conductor rushed forward as no one else was hurt, and here he witnessed a sight that made his heart bleed. There was Mr. O'Brien, his engineer, burning alive by torture. He called to Corbett, kill me, Corbett kill me, I cannot endure this agony, kill me for God's sake, kill me! Poor Corbet was powerless. Had he the nerve to strike a death blow, he could not reach the victim. O'Brien was buried beneath two or more freight cars all broken into fragments. He could not be reached. Mr. Corbet ran to Claysville for help, but when he returned, the angry flames had devoured the engineer as well as the cars before he could summon assistance. This was the second engineer's death to my knowledge while on

duty. I lived near to the deceased one in Pendleton. I attended the funeral, a sorrowful sight to see those charred remains that left but yesterday in perfect health, joy and gladness. He's no more but his spirit, pure and white is with God and it may be now clothed in garments worthy of the mansion it occupies.

'Twas now about the beginning of the Civil War between the north and south when brother fought against brother and I thought the people were all going crazy.

Every other day after coming down from Columbus in the afternoon I would run to Camp Dennison and return. It was called the soldier's train, it was here, I first saw James Garfield of Mentor, it seemed to me at that time every one knew Jim Garfield. The fine looking soldier, afterwards Gen'l. then President of the U. S. and finally, martyr for his country. In those days we had to watch the track very closely, as we would meet many pedestrians, soldiers between City and the camp. Sometimes they were intoxicated. I think I may be indulged to relate a fast run I made ere I leave the accommodation. Our regular time was five hours, leaving Columbus at 5 A.M. arriving at Cincinnati 10 A.M. Chas. Mack, conductor, we received orders to wait until six A.M. if necessary for the Cleveland night express, as she had missed connection with our night express. We left Columbus at 6:03 A.M.

had four cars to Xenia, 5 to Morrowtown and 6 to Cincinnati, 120 miles, 32 stops. Twenty minutes for breakfast, making the run in 3 hours and forty minutes, actual running time---- pretty good for thirty years ago (1863-1893)

Mr. Hollman and Ganson, both deceased now, conducted this train for 16 years apposite one another. I left them still upon it when I was promoted to the day express. During the three years I ran upon it, I do not recollect the least jar occurring or the slightest breaking of anything, except I broke crank pin on Sullivans hill, and broke two drawbars in extra frt. train, standing on my time at London wooding up and no light on rear car. No damage to engine, ran through on time.

When Camp Dennison was first laid out, and a great many carpenters were employed to build quarters for the volunteers, the engineer running opposite and myself alternately ran out every morning with the carpenter train, leaving the Old Front Street Depot at 6:30 A.M. arriving at camp about 7 A.M. After the buildings were pretty well completed, this train was changed to the afternoon and hundreds would go out to see the Dress Parade. My partner engineer who had some little trouble and was suspended. A new runner on the road was his substitute. This run lay in Pendleton over Sunday, while mine lay in Columbus, so if I wanted to be at home with my little family, I would

deadhead back from Columbus Saturday night or more correctly Sunday morning, for we left at 12:30 A.M. on the night express, and at this time ran through Dayton over the C.H. & D. into the Fifth St. Depot. I could generally get a streetcar for uptown, but often I have walked from Third and Lawrence to Pendleton. Then I would have to return Sunday evening again on the same night express in order to leave Columbus, on my accomodation at 5 A.M. Monday, this made it very tiresome to spend the Sabbath home during these deadhead trips. I'll never forget one in particular. One Sunday night, I was returning as usual when I was placed in rather a ridiculous position, through the kindness of the sleeping car conductor, I had as usual a berth in the sleeper. After having a sound sleep, I suddenly awoke, I heard as I thought the voice of Old Joe Pike, of the Columbus Yard. The train had just started, and was now rattling over the switches. I hastily gathered up my coat, hat and shoes, put on my hat and shoes, rushed out, off I jumped. I as well as the train had now acquired a good velocity, and when I could finally stop myself, I had reached the bank near the creek that flows under the tracks at Xenia. There I lay not much hurt, but now fully conscious of my absurd mistake. Here I am I yonder goes the train. I watched that red signal until it faded in the distance. When I felt the rattling and jarring as we went

over the frogs, etc. I thought we were leaving Columbus for the east and heard the voice of Joe saying back up a little. I knew that I was not on a pleasure trip to Saratoga or Europe so I precipitately drop from that train, just 54 miles out of the way. Most any person however verdant, could do as well though they had never seen a train.

Well the very next best thing to do was to go up on the night freight. This was the train I heard coupling up. I walked back a short distance, here she comes. I got on the caboose, meeting my engineer at West Jefferson. I telegraphed my mistake to Columbus and Charles A. Wiggins, the yard engineer was sent out to meet me. No harm, though I was sore for a week. Pitching, sliding and rolling down the embankment. One more occurrence and I will have finished with my Dennison and the Columbus accommodation. We left Columbus at 5 A.M. 'Twas in the winter, we ran along on time until we reached Morrowtown, here we received orders run to wreck near South Lebanon. Passengers will be transferred. We ran to wreck one mile east of South Lebanon. Here the regular local freight and an extra (hog train) collided just around the sharp curve coming from stubbs grade to South Lebanon. The stock train from Morrow was moving fast as they had special orders to do so, the smash up was the worst I ever saw on the

road. The cars were piled up in a heap, the two locomotives interlocked and one of the tanks on its end on top of whole. The engineer of the hog train, Reuben Watts of the John Kugler (formerly) was hurt inwardly and unconscious when I saw him. He had tried the grocery business at Morrow, sold out and had only been running a few days when this occurs. We took him to his home at Morrow, he lived but a few hours. His fireman escaped by jumpin g off. The engineer of local and frt. escaped without injury but his fireman was killed by car crushing him to atoms. No one else was hurt. The cause of the collision was not the fault of either crew but rather a failure of memory on the part of the Master of Trains. He ordered the conductor of the train to follow accommodation to South Lebanon under track, signal against local make good time. I'll hold local for you. When the time came what with other business with the local's conductor, who was to lay off at this point, and then did not, the holding of the train was forgotten, hence the collision.

My partner who ran opposite on this Columbus accommoda-  
tion had left the road, and a new runner succeeded him. He was a fine runner, but as he had an offer from the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway Co. of Master Mechanic at Nashville, he informed me beforehand so I might ask for the run he had which lay at Cincinnati, Sunday while I lay at Columbus. He thought I could get it for he said when he informed

Mr. B. of his leaving, he offered him the run regular, if he would remain. As he had better prospects, he quit. When I asked for the run, Mr. B. stated "I have promised that run to Mr. Auger." Well, I said Richard, I never had a run that laid over Sunday at this end, my engine always lay at Columbus, and it is lonesome without the family and very tiresome to dead-head back home so much. I will remove my little family to Columbus. He said, Ed, if you move to Columbus, I tell you what I will do. I intend to take the Kelly in shop, convert her into as good as new, and when she comes out, you may have her. On what run do you expect to place her? The day express opposite Peter. The day express and the Kelley I repeated, why that is the best run on the road, Richard! They are yours and you deserve them he replied. I must confess I felt somewhat exalted for I often used to think I would like to run the highflyer, No. 1 Express. In a week or so she was taken in, while she was being rebuilt I used to go in every alternate afternoon to observe how she was progressing. Almost the first thing I noticed was the exhaust pipe and nozzle lying on the floor. She had one exhaust nozzle in the direct center of the smoke stack, the exhaust from each cylinder came into one center pipe, this was bolted down to the two branch pipes extending to both cylinders. I measured

this center casting and nozzle, the exhaust measured at the extreme  $3 \frac{1}{8}$ " but a few inches lower I found it was smaller. I closed the calipers and found the true exhaust was only  $2 \frac{7}{8}$ " thus having the taper the wrong way and spreading the steam in the inside pipe of smoke stack. Now the steam should be compressed closely to take as little of the space or area of the stack as possible leaving all space possible for the smoke and cinders.

So I had Mr. Royce, Gen'l. Foreman to put this center casting on the lath and bore it out to admit a  $3 \frac{1}{4}$  inch nozzle and below this nozzle tapered gradual to full size of the inside of the exhaust pipe. This Kelly had always steamed well and was thought to be about the highflyer of the road. I had run her for a week in her regular engineers stead and was satisfied she would do still better work with a larger exhaust. This mode of bringing the exhaust from each cylinder into one single central exhaust. She always steamed well, but she was running with a small exhaust and you can, by closing the exhaust make your engine labor. The larger the exhaust the better as long as you can steam all right. I had run the Kelley enough to know she would stand a larger exhaust, so I had the foreman put in  $3 \frac{1}{4}$ " nozzle at the extreme. This single outlet for the exhaust from both

cylinders was condemned by some builders, and also Master Mechanics, but I believe today it is the best and truest.

Now the first pattern of the central and branch pipes to each cylinder were on too straight a line, the curvature too shallow, for the very objection to the single central exhaust was that the steam from one cylinder was interfering with the other, or rather that the steam from one cylinder would enter the other at least into exhaust pipe. Below find illustration of Bromleys first and also improved set of exhaust steam pipes.

In No. 1, the first set of the branches of the center exhaust are on too straight a line, there may be some little vapor enter the left chamber from the right, but No. 2 being so concave is so separated, that I am confident that not one iota of steam enters one side from the other and I am satisfied today it is the best and truest exhaust.

No. 2 is all right, all the builders in the U.S. cannot convince me that the steam from the right exhaust would return or enter the left pipe. Oh no! By its very nature steam loves its freedom too well to turn out of its course and go down hill. It is up in the air in an instant as it is lighter than the air. Again if you are running a large exhaust there is no

great strain or pressure on the exhaust pipes though you let escape all the valve allows to enter, thus the nearer the square inches of exhaust nozzle and the square inches of valve exhaust agree, the less strain on your exhaust pipes and the smarter the engine. So having freed this engine of all strain, most undoubtedly we improved her speed, yea her power also. Now I must make preparations to fill the position. I never expected to be placed at the head of my class. This was even beyond my earliest dreams.

Ed said, Richard, after dinner you can run the Kelley to Cin. yard and pull up a trip or so of freight. Let me know when you are through and we'll run out to Loveland and return. I had run down on the Columbus accommodation for the last time. I ran down to City Yard and returned to Pendleton yard with freight train. In fact, I switched in place of the regular yard engine until 4:15 P.M. made up night freight all correct, then reported to Mr. B. I was ready to run to Loveland. I had received orders to the(?) of track and handed it to him to peruse. It was customary for the gang boss and one or more machinists that overhauled the engine to take an experimental ride, it was necessary that they be present as some part of machinery might be troublesome, so Mr. Bromley invited all the

gang that wished to go. We were patronized by all and L.S. Blake, a locomotive engineer and a good one. All aboard. Richard says, back her out Ed. All right. It was summertime and the road was very dusty, especially at the various street and pike crossings. At Plainville I stopped only seven miles out and oiled guides, links, eccentrics, and front truck of engine. As I stepped upon the footboard Mr. B. said "what did you stop for she's running all right" Yes, Richard, and I want to keep her so. He looked at Mr. Blake and winked his left eye. We arrived at Loveland in good season. I did not run fast, there isn't much fun in backing fast as was customary those days. I took the crew into the restaurant ordered Mr. Ramsey to have set before them anything they wished. Whilest they were enjoying their little luncheon, I looked the Kelley all over. I saw some of the tallow was on each driver box and nothing hot oiled her well, went in took a cigar and settled the bill. All being ready, we started for Pendleton Shops. Richard took the throttle returning as she was headed west, he was but a few minutes returning. The hands went home as it was now 6 P.M. I backed into the roundhouse, overlooked the engine thoroughly. The main driver boxes were pretty warm, the tallow had all disappeared as the pockets were warm. I thought it was a good time to put more tallow as it would adhere better to the hemp, so I put fresh tallow all around then went to supper.

The understanding was I would break her in the next day on freight, but about 8:50 P.M. Old Barnie, who had been brakeman, conductor and at present night watchman of the roundhouse for 30 years, now came and said, Ed, Mr. Bromley wants you to run out No. 1 in the morning. Well, this is quick work Barnie. She has only run to Loveland and returned. Go tell Richard that I'll not be responsible for the time in the morning and you jog his memory as to the drivers rather getting hot running in from Loveland. Barnie departed, but soon came back to report Mr. Bromley says you'll have to go and he will be responsible as to time. He also said for you to tallow those driver boxes. I went up to the machine shop, got the two cracked oil cups, for back end of side rods, put them in as they were better than none. They were turning up a new set of cups for side rods which I was to have the next morning. As I had already tallowed the drivers boxes, I bid old Barnie good night, went home and was soon in dreamland. The morning dawned. I was up by half past four. My wife had breakfast ready by five, when Old Barnie came to call me. I answered all right, ate my breakfast, went up to the roundhouse. Barnie had her wooded up etc. ready to back down to the city. We followed the night express if on time, if late, we would back

down on her time so as not to conflict with the yard engineers doing their work. The express came on time, we followed to Front Street Depot. At seven o'clock, we started for Columbus, ran to Loveland on time, took water, oiled around, next stop Morrow, on time--oiled guides, links, forward trucks, main boxes, off for Freeport meeting point with Columbus accommodation. She is late. While waiting, take a look all around the engine, find all correct, return to the cab, fireman says "too bad", this will knock us out of making Columbus on time.

James Stoughton, my conductor, lately of the O & M (1890) now deceased, inquired what did you say about time? Ah, Eddie, you'll find this is not the accommodation. You can't make up twenty minutes on this run. I answered I did not say anything about making up time though I do say she made the time to this point with perfect ease, and Jim I venture that I want her over a month before, if necessary I can make up twenty minutes between Freeport and Columbus. I glanced at Mr. Stoughton who stood along side the engine and who should appear but R. Bromley, M.M. and that eye of his gave me a wink. (?)

The accommodation now whistled nineteen minutes late, one more minute and she dare not come. By the time she cleared the main track, (we had the switch ready for her to sidetrack) we pulled out over the twenty late. We had no further trouble with (?)

the engine or train. Everything worked smoothly and when we whistled at the post for Columbus, we should have been entering the depot, we stop in the depot just three minutes late. Mr. Bromley came through to Columbus and was well satisfied. Stoughton, astonished. Not many weeks after this having my friend Stoughton again conductor, we met with an accident that detained us in Cincinnati very late which gave me the chance of trying the Kelley to her behest and making my word good. Leaving the Cincinnati Depot on time, just as we were about to turn off of Front Street into the stockyards near Washington Street at end of brick wall, a bolder stone threw off the fifth and sixth cars, the seventh was O.K. It did not get off, but the fifth was nearly across the street, the sixth one pair of tucks off. We had a large trip of passengers and only four cars in trim. Conductor sent dispatch to the office, three rear coaches off the track, bad on Front Street, engine and four forward cars all right. Reply came Stoughton conductor No. 1 Express, the Night Express and No. 1 Express will meet and pass at the schoolhouse switch. The Night Express will sidetrack, you then can take two coaches to fill out your train as soon as the passengers are out. The omnibuses will come up to the school house crossing for the passengers from the Night Express on account of the track being

blocked. We pulled up near said crossing and stood upon the main track. Up came the Express wagons, baggage and omnibuses and in comes the Night Express. She took the side track. As soon as the passengers vacated, we switched out two coaches for our train and left one hour late from the crossing and arrived at Columbus, ten minutes late. Ran from the school house crossing in Fulton to Columbus in 3 hours and 10 minutes, making up 45 minutes, allowing 5 minutes to Cincinnati Depot, from the school house. John Molloy was fireman at present (1892) engineer at the East end Columbus Water Works, Columbus, Ohio.

We did a great amount of running about this time during the rebellion. The divisions of the army were from east to west and southwest to east again. The soldier's wife, his brother, his son and daughter, his father and mother, it seemed to me everybody was travelling.

We have run out from Cincinnati at 7 A.M. arrived at Columbus at 11 A.M. started back for Cincinnati at 12:40 P.M. arrived at 5:30 P.M. left for Columbus 8 P.M. taking night freight whose engine was disabled, arriving at Columbus at 7:30 A.M. Twenty four and a half hours without a wink of sleep, then get to sleep until 11:30 A.M. Just three hours and a half for at 12:40 P.M. left for Cincinnati on my regular run No. 8 or Day Express. The road was over taxed with traffic. It was a common occurrence after running up to Columbus on No. 1

to go out on an extra to Richmond or Dayton or more often to Xenia, or help night freight out at 9:15 P.M. to Florences. I would average four extra trips a week and during all the movements of all the various corps of the army over the road, I do not know of one single soldier getting hurt on any of the trains, some few were killed by walking the track, for I never will forget one poor old gray haired veteran who was returning from Columbus to the Soldier's Home about a mile out on our rode, he was walking on the end of the ties near to the Home with his head cast down. The fireman rang the bell. I looked, that instant whistled down brakes, tuted several blasts, reversed my engine, done all in my power to avoid striking that human form when I whistled, he deliberately right about face on the end of the tie and looked towards Columbus. I was coming in the opposite direction, not less than fifty miles per hour, when I first saw him. Had he stepped just one stride to the right of the track, he would have been safe, but no, he remains on the tie. The bumper strikes him in the side, hurls him in the air some distance into the corn field. We stop, back up, but when the trainmen get to him he is dead. We were told afterwards, he was deaf and very nearly dumb. Let us now attempt to review a collision that occurred at Loveland or more correctly at the switch connecting with the Marietta Road. We were on No. 1 East bound express, nearing Loveland. I had shut off steam and

was turning the first curve approaching the station, it was a wet stormy morning. I said, "Jack, what's the matter yonder?" Those cars look queer." The fireman replied, they are on the connecting track. The switch was at the next curve as you turn to the crossing, therefore we could not see clearly. We had whistled for the station, this brought out the conductor of the train who was at breakfast, running towards us swinging his hat. I reversed, called down brakes, his caboose without any flag on it at all was on the switch so it did not clear. One of my brakeman was not at his post, the other set his brakes and done all he could to make a quick stop, but we failed to do so until we lifted that caboose on to the front end of the Kelley. It was an old rotten caboose, but it broke our smoke stack headlight and front end. Now the engineer of that train who was packing his pump, was told by one of our conductors (as two local's and our night freight crews were at breakfast) to pull up as his train did not clear the Little Miami track and the express is due in a few minutes. He replied he would not pull up unless his conductor said no. The conductor was at breakfast. Our conductor then told him at the table. The whistle then attracted his attention and he came running out. All this could have been avoided. That conductor should have put his train to clear, but instead of so

doing, left it to his brakeman who followed his instructions partly as regarding clearing their own main track for the Marietta express, but never thinking of their caboose which did not clear our main track. Of course it was impossible for us to complete that trip. The extra local freight engine took our train through to Columbus. We fixed up temporarily and ran light to Pendleton shops receiving a new smoke stack, headlight and front end, and went out on our next regular trip. I remember another instance. I gave up my train, I was running East on the No. 1 Express near Cederville, I burst a flue and before I approached Selma, steam was failing. I knew we pass the local East at this point, they were in the sideling. I stopped and proposed to Mr. Stoughton (my conductor again) that he had better take the freight engine as I knew I could not go in on time as one of the flues was bursted. He did so. I cut off, ran up out of the way. The freight engine was cut off of local, she coupled on to the Express, went in on time. I coupled on to the Local, then took a fence rail, plugged up the flue at each end, took the local through on time. These are the only mishaps I recollect occurring during my five years on the No. 1 to Columbus and No. 8 from Columbus with the A. Kelley.

We will hasten on with the old highflyer, but will mention one more trip before we surrender her entirely. She had now grown

quite infirm. The tank was in very bad condition. The side timbers were rotten and the spring, out of line some six inches. The iron or side plates were rotted out and leaked badly. I had reported the tank sometime previous so Mr. Bromley had a new tank built for her and held me over until the afternoon to attach the hose, and more particular, to adjust the drawbar between the tank and engine, sending Ed Chamberlin out on my run 7A.M., and I was to take out his run at 4 P.M. the old Columbus accommodation. It was extremely cold weather, a few days before Christmas, there were orders on the bulletin board forbidding any making up of time. Running time alone must be strictly adhered to. This day all trains were more or less late. The day express run by Peter, my old partner, was forty minutes late at Corwin. We had orders to meet him there so we waited until he arrived. We left Corwin forty minutes late and ran that much behind as far as Alton, where we again had a backset that put us in to Columbus over one hour late. At West Jefferson we passed local freight which should have been in Columbus at 5:30 P.M. and she is only at this station at 9 P.M. My conductor, Charles Holman, whom I had pulled so often on this run and who I believe had scarcely missed a trip since I left him on it some five years ago to take the Express, went in to the telegraph or agents office, for the agent served as operator to see if any orders

were for him. He came out called all aboard, gave the go ahead signal with his lamp. I started but a doubt entered my mind as to whether that was Charlie, my conductor. I then said to my fireman, "Jack, that was Holman gave us the signal." "Why certainly, I am sure it was," he replied. Well when I ran this train regular some years ago whenever we would be thirty minutes late or over, the train dispatcher would invariably run night freight to Alton against us. Of course we would receive orders to meet them at Alton. These orders we would receive at West Jefferson here where we just left. We ran on to Alton, here the platform was on the firemans side, of the engine. I walked over and when the go ahead signal was given, I called out, "is that you charlie?" All right, it's me, go ahead. I started up about a mile or over from here the Sullivant grade descends and is downgrade to the Sciota River. As usual I shut off my throttle, descending this grade, the fireman oiled his valves. We were running at a moderate speed as the extreme cold did not allow the train to increase her momentum. We had not descended more than half a mile when a light appeared. I knew just where and what it was, so called for brakes, we stopped. Charles inquired what was the matter. The light we see yonder is the night freight. They have just reached the straight line of this grade. "Pshaw, if that was the night freight, I would have received orders at West Jefferson. That's a coal oil Johny(track walker) go ahead." Well, I'll go a little farther

but if that isn't a headlight, then I never saw one. My father-in-law was sitting on the fireman's seat. He was on a Xmas visit to my home. I said, "father, here is a chance to have a collision, but we will avoid it. That is the night freight and it is now about two miles from us." Having given the brakeman instructions to hold me to about 12 miles per hour, we rolled down until we could see the red hot cinders flying up out of the smoke stack. I called down brakes, they stopped in the length of my four coaches. Charlie came forward. I waited for him to speak. Several passengers also came to the engine. It is the night freight sure, he admitted, but I'd like to know what they are doing on my time. We might as well back to Alton at once without stopping them as it is a very hard place to start.

I'll see the conductor and know about this, said Charles. Oh, I said, when you have stopped them, the conductor will show you a piece of yellow paper with the following: Meet Columbus accommodation at Alton. Then we'll back up anyhow, by this time they were but a few rods from us and stopped. The conductors then approached one another, talked it over a little. My Charles came back and said, well Ed, we'll have to go back to Alton. The freight conductor had an order thus, Van Horn Conductor and Davis Engineer of Cincinnati Night freight No. 18, will meet and pass Columbus accommodation,

Holman conductor, Price, Engineer at Alton. We backed into the sidetrack at Alton so as to save them the trouble of stopping and would let us out so much sooner than to have them take it. Local freight also pulled in behind us, the train we passed at Jefferson, it being a very hard pull for about four miles from where we left them on the grade. It took them sometime to pass Alton, but they came and on we pull out for Columbus, where we arrived all safe, but over one hour late. The regular night hostler takes charge of our engines, so I was relieved at the depot. As I was crossing the track, walking on High Street towards the National Hotel, and my father-in-law at my side, some of the passengers were also going our way, well said one in a complaining manner "well we got here at last." His companion said, "yes and you ought to be thankful that you are here at all, for had we not have had a careful, well posted engineer, we might half of us have been killed. We turned up Noughton Street to my home, while the group of passengers went up High Street. They were all tired of the trip and the pokey engineer, conductor, etc., and this is the thanks an engineer gets for being late, even though he does prevent a collision. Yet it is even so. I saved a wreck, my passengers go to their homes and hotels, all more or less grumbling. The company, if they do see you had the opportunity to cost them thousands of dollars,

forget it in a day and you hear of it no more. Why because the accident did not occur. How can it be remembered? Could I picture two trains running against the night freight, one has the engineer that stopped and would not be convinced against his will, that the light he saw was a track walker, but governed his train believeing it to be a headlight and by so doing, saved the lives of his passengers. The other passenger engineer running against the night freight, having no orders and the conductor tells him all right, go ahead. He takes the apparently clear way regardless of the whisperings that the coal oil Johny is the night freight, he plunges along at his usual speed, and now he does see it is a headlight. He does all in his power to stop before they collide, but it is impossible. Too late! perhaps he jumps and saves his life and the passengers receive the blow, or he stands at his throttle having reversed his lever and applied the brakes, the crash comes, he dies at his post. You'll see an account of this in the daily papers and heralded all over the land. Perhaps the coaches take fire and some perish in the flames. The next morning we visit the wreck. We see some with limbs bandaged, another on crutches. Oh! what a sad affair. You can see this train, the engineer was not to blame having no orders to the contrary he had the right of track. Why can you not see the other train that went through these same conditions.

Why? It has gone on in safety, the time prolonged just a little, but the passengers this morning at their respective pursuits. Well my kind reader, have patience with me, for I could dwell on this subject of preventing accidents and saving life, until time is no more.

It takes twenty one years to raise a man or woman to maturity, and in one moment, shall I take that life? Oh no! If I ever had one good virtue or qualification, it is that I always endeavored to take care of the lives of those who were riding behind me no matter at what cost of discomfort or trouble to myself. Such for example as a heavy rain or blinding snow storm. You cannot see the track through the glass in your cab if you open your window or door, so you can see you get wet. The pelting sleet or rain drops strike your face if you extend your head out of the side cab your head and shoulders soon become wet, and it is not pleasant to endure these at the rate of 45 to 50 miles an hour. Yet I would endure it, I would not run thirty seconds without seeing the track ahead. It is not safe to do so. A flagman is sent back or ahead as the case may be to signal a train, and if that flagman goes one half mile, he would be farther from his train than one out of a dozen would go and far enough too in most cases for passenger trains since they have the air brakes. Yet you see at the speed they run nowadays, that allows only a little more than one half minute to stop in. If the engineer

then closes his for half a minute, he misses the flagman and strikes the train. Yea, a few seconds on a curve would miss the signal of danger, and death might be the result. Therefore, it is exclusive necessary that the engineer see the track every moment. Yea, every second for you know not the second a red flag or lamp may be held out against you. This must be strictly attended to by all means. I will call your attention to an extra made whilst running this engine. I was ordered out on extra freight, our running orders were to follow flag of the local freight Columbus to Charleston, there get orders. We followed all right with fourteen loads and caboose, as my engine was a passenger engine. This was considered a fair load, the local freight engine had her full complement also. We followed all smoothly to Charleston, here we should have asked for orders. We both forgot to do so. Local switches for sometime, my conductor walks down to the station and converses with the local conductor. Presently the local pulls out and she goes around the curve. I see she still carries signals for us, my conductor steps on to the engine and says, do you want wood here. No, I replied. I have sufficient wood and water to run us to Xenia. All right, go ahead. At Cederville, local had a great amount of work to do and were much behind time. Xenia was two stations ahead. At Peircs they would have no work to do so they pulled out for Xenia, their meeting point with east-bound local freight. By

the speed he rushed them through the Limekill Valley and up to Peirces, I knew the engineer intended to make Xenia his proper meeting point with the east local, so I followed, laying behind well through the Valley, but as he ascended, all coupled up the grade, I gained upon him. I see by my watch, he could make Xenia allright, but I must keep up to make it also. My conductor says, Ed I would not follow too close for they will have to sidetrack at Peirces. Oh no, I replied, the way he is running those cars, he is going to Xenia. Well he said, they can go, but we will sidetrack at Peirces. I was laid off the making fast time a few weeks ago, and I will not repeat the offense. I will not violate the fifteen miles per hour on freight, unless I have orders to do so. Very well. I shut off, in the side track we went, about the time we were settled in the sidetrack, we heard local whistle for Xenia. It was in the fall of the year, and over the fence there was quite a cluster of young hickory trees. Charles stepped over and gathered a few off the ground in taking his knife out of his pocket, out came the order, (get orders at Charleston). Now I know I'll get my time, I forgot to ask for orders. Well, I said, that is bad, we both forgot about the orders, for you read the order to me at Columbus ere we started. Well, I said, we got into the scrape, we must work out of it. If the east-bound local comes here about on time, we can yet make Xenia

ahead of the day express. Of course, we both know we have lost all rights to the track. We cannot receive orders here. The local arrived very little late, pulled by and backed into the sidetrack behind us. Now we have twelve minutes ahead of the express to go to Xenia and we will work this way. We will stop this side of curve quite a distance. I will have the fireman to flag into Xenia and you have your brakeman get off at said curve to flag the express, should it be necessary. While we are making it into Xenia, you will attend to the brakes in letting us down. If there should be an extra engine or train ordered out of Xenia, my fireman will stop them and your brakeman will stop the day express behind us until we get out of the way. If we are not stopped, we can get into Xenia sidetrack before the express is due. He said we'll do so. We left Peirces, closed switch, and did as above stated. There was no obstacle in the way we reached Xenia, took sidetrack, called in the brakeman, who of course, had to walk in as the express did not come. She was late. My conductor still felt very much depressed and said he knew he would be suspended for his mistake. Well, we will soon know how we stand as here comes Mack, our train dispatcher. Well, where have you been anyway? I missed you at Charleston? The conductor did not reply, or hesitated to do so. I

I explained that we forgot to ask for orders at Charleston, and seeing local carrying the red signals for us. Now the conductor said all right go ahead, which I did, and would of come to Xenia right behind them, but my conductor who said he had just been laid off for running faster than fifteen miles per hour, would not violate the rule again, so we turned in at Peirces. While awaiting for the local, we found our orders (as to Charleston's order), I am glad you came through said Mack, but how did you work your way from Peirces. I explained as I have stated already, the express passed by as we were talking, the local freight had not left for Cincinnati, as they take dinner at this station, our cars were nearly all for Cincinnati---so we were in time for the local to take them through. We got an extra for Columbus, turned the engine and started back but not before partaking of a good square meal; (as the hickory nuts were not very strengthening). The conductor was in excellent spirits as we were not blamed at all.

Some two months after this mishap, I took an extra soldier train consisting of sixteen empty coaches for a regiment, or part of one. They were at Richmond, Ind. awaiting transportation. The General was anxious to move for it was the famous--Hooker, better known as Joe Hooker. He was ordered to the army of the Potomac, and to obtain these coaches as soon as possible.

Our train dispatcher, the same Mack that forgave our mistake, now gave us the most responsible and strange order I ever executed in all my railroading, and we received the orders at Charleston again. Arriving at this station, we were running wild avoiding regular trains and could not go any further as a through express freight was due at Selma before we possibly could make them, as we approached Charleston, the red signal was out--orders for you. Conductor Corbet went into the telegraph office, got orders, signed them and had them o.k.'d. He stepped up on the footboard handing me the orders and said, how do you understand this. I read the order, "Corbet conductor, Price engineer, extra west run to Selma for through express freight, if you have to flag them back to the station." Although dull enough in some instances, it instantly struck my mind, "he wants us to take these coaches to Xenia as quick as possible, and we are to run as fast and get as far as possible toward Selma without trespassing on express freights time, then stop and send flag ahead into Selma, backing them should they be on time."

We ran the Old Kelly as fast as her wheels would revolve out of Charleston, down the grade, past the water tank (did not stop for water--could make Xenia) through the hollow, up the

grade we went, about half a mile from the curve at the top of the grade we shut off steam. She soon came almost to a stop. I gave her steam and moved along about as fast as a man could walk. When we shut off steam, we were one and a quarter miles from Selma, and the Express freight was just due at that point. We kept moving very very slow. The curve was quite a distance yet. I said come Mr. Corbet, had you not better get out with your flag, for he had one in his hand, looking at his watch. Oh, he said, they are only due at Selma now. "Well", I said again, If you get a little distance ahead, they will be at the curve, if on time and it will look bad on our part should they be a little early and come in sight and we have no flagman ahead. He stepped down and had not walked more than twenty feet ahead in front of our train, when around the curve they came. They too were ascending grade as the curve was the turning point each way. The engineer was a gray haired responsible old timer. He called for brakes, stopped. My conductor walked up to conductor of this train, showed his orders, the engineer on signal without any hesitation, backed to Selma. Yes, even took sidetrack for us, we following closely and by his promptness in letting us pass, it still left him time enough to make Charleston his meeting point with the day express. And he made it too. As regards us, it threw us ahead of the express. The very point

the train dispatcher was working. When we arrived at Xenia and our train had left for Richmond and Mack had made his point, he said, I tried to catch through freight at Cederville, (which is the telegraph station. Selma is not), in order to make Selma a meeting point for us, but the operator answered, just passed through on time. I then thought that I could get you there by the plan you carried out. "I replied, "I have received thousands of orders in my railroad life, but that was the most important and complicated one I ever received." Anybody that could work out of a difficulty as you did when you ate the hickory nuts at Peirces, could be entrusted to execute even such an order. He said, Gen'l. Hooker was very impatient awaiting for those coaches, and I knew if I could get them out of here ahead of the Richmond accommodation, which runs from the Cincinnati Express making all stops between Xenia and Richmond, it would make over an hour difference in the time, besides save the possibility of the extra running into the accommodation in making all her stops should the extra follow. Now if I had waited at Charleston for the express freight, I would invade upon the Cincinnati Express time, then I dare not follow within ten minutes of her time to Xenia. This is the reason he had us to back through the Express Freight to Selma, to allow us to pass, which was accomplished successfully.

We will now give up the Kelly, for Mr. B. has built two new ones to take the place of the Strader and Kelly. One is named for John Kugler of Millford, Ohio. The other in honor of our worthy Cincinnati Philanthropist, and millionaire, R.R. Springer.

Mr. Woerdendyke, has the Kugler and it is doubtful who is to run the other. The talk is of doubling from Cincinnati, which of course, would not suit me--my home being in Columbus, so I did not apply for the Springer. One day about the time of their completion, in fact, Peter had tried his in the Pendleton yard, Mr. Bromley said, you can lay off tomorrow and we will try the Springer. I inquired on what run would she be placed. He replied the day express, and double from Cincinnati, end of the road. No, you will single the road as heretofore, this was a happy surprise to me, a hallelujah, if you'll allow the expression.

My partner Peter wanted to double ever since I moved my family to Columbus, our lay over there through the week was so much greater than at Cincinnati (Peter's home). We alternated each day, starting from Columbus at 12:40 P.M. arriving at Cincinnati at 5:30 P.M. Departed from Cincinnati the next morning at 7 A.M., arriving at Columbus 11 A.M., which threw me home to dinner the year round, unless I went out on an extra

or failed to make the time. This leaving Cincinnati so early in the morning, took him from his dinner. Had we not left until 12 M. or after the runs would have been equal, we both laid over with our family on Sunday, as the day express at that day did not run. Another point, it looked a little to my advantage, he left Cincinnati 7 A.M. Monday morning, I did not leave Columbus until 12:40 P.M. I finished my weeks running 11 A.M. Saturday Morn, he finished at 5:30 P.M. Saturday evening. Well we tried the Springer on the following afternoon, brought in No. 6 passenger train from Loveland on time. I had the M.M.'s. permission to do so. The regular engineer was cut off and ran ahead on time to the roundhouse at Pendleton where he put his engine away. We took his train into the City, relieving him of an hours work. The following morning, Peter ran out the Kugler on his regular run and the day after I went out with my Springer, ditto, we both made the time nicely. And now, as I have run this engine for sometime, I must say she is a much more satisfactory engine to run than the Kelly. I do not say she was much smarter, but you would be surprised to know how much more easily she rode. No matter how fast you ran, she was perfectly calm, I might term it. The Kelly at a mile a minute, would shake the cab off should you continue at such a speed, whereas I could and have run the

Springer at this speed mile after mile and she rode as smoothly as at half this speed. The counter balance was so perfect, the other engine did not have enough and at a high rate of speed, would shake or jar all over. The rebellion was now coming to its close, and we did not have as many extras as when I first took the Springer though I could still make two a week. I remember going out on an extra freight after running up from Cincinnati to Columbus on No. 1 Day Express. We left Columbus at 11:30 A.M. for Xenia on extra freight. Doc. Dearduff, conductor, 'twas in the month of March. We came to West Jefferson, took water. Here Doc said, "Ed, there are a couple of cars to take on at Glade Run, and I would like you to give the train a good start going into Glade Run. The forward brakeman will cut you off, let him off at this end of sidetrack, then you run to the other end and back up on to the two cars in sidetrack, if you will." Why of course, my fireman can throw the switch and let me in. We will let the train run into the sidetrack behind you. It was a stormy typical March day, now sunshine, again clouds, and flakes of snow. At West Jefferson it was sunny. As we ascended the grade out of Jefferson, it clouded, again snowed and as we approached Glade Run, where we were to make this running switch, it blew up a regular blizzard, I may call it. The snow fell in flakes, it turned bitter cold,

I gave the train a good start, we cut off, ran ahead to the first switch, let the brakeman off to open it, for the train to run in, ran to the other end of the sidetrack and backed up to the two cars which were near the west-end switch. My fireman coupled on to the cars. I looked for the train. It was out on the main track, quite a distance from the switch. The snow was coming down heavier than ever. You could see only a short distance. The strong wind and drifting snow stopped the train, not a brake being set. The sidetrack was a very long one, would hold some 75 cars and the train, I think was at least half that distance from the switch. The conductor and kind brakeman were on the train at least a half mile from where we stood with our engine and the two cars. I now glanced at my watch. The mail train is due in four minutes. The forward brakeman had come from the switch (seeing the train was stopped) to the engine. I told my fireman to back up to the train (the switch was open the brakeman said) couple on, be careful. Start them carefully. Be sure to bring them all into the sidetrack and when you are positive, you are in ~~the~~ clear, give me the four whistles. I will go flag the mail, due now in 3' minutes. I took the flag out of the cowcatcher and started up the main track. Went as far as I could walk until I was called in by the four whistles. Rolled up my flag and started to walk back to my engine. When I had returned about half the siatance to the switch, the mail went past me at the rate of forty to forty five miles per hour.

As this was only a flag station, they seldom stopped. How would I have liked to have been in its way? Well, what of all this? The conductor being so far from us I could not tell what he would do. I could not see for the snow which was falling faster than ever, so thought, if they come, I'll flag them and make a sure thing. When I returned and stepped upon my footboard, the conductor was in the cab, seeing me put my flag into its place of safety, he said, He was greatly indebted to me for so protecting him. I only replied to this, "Doc. I am not a wooden engineer." There are plenty of engineers who would have done as I did, yet there are many others who would never have troubled themselves as long as they were safe in the siding.

While running the Springer I recall a serious accident that occurred one Sunday evening about 9 P.M. I had helped C.O. freight as far as Charleston. We could not find the operator at London where we usually received our returning orders. So after waiting some twenty minutes, the conductor proposed for me to help him to Charleston and get my returning orders there. If he remained any longer, it would throw him out of making his meeting point with the Night Express out of Cincinnati, so I helped him to Charleston. They cut me off and I ran into the sidetrack, went into the telegraph office, received my orders (you have clear track from Charleston to Columbus avoiding regular trains).

It was but daylight as we left London, and I noticed a hand car at west-end of the sidetrack, and also saw two of the section hands near the bakery, but I gave it no further thought. We left Charleston with white lamp hung behind the tank to warn any one that a train or engine was coming. I ran pretty lively as I wanted to make London for the regular night freight. Just after I shut off steam at the top of London Grade, and the fireman stepped out to oil the valves, as I kept my eyes on the track, I thought I saw some horses galloping just ahead. I tuted the whistle for stock, so the fireman would hold fast, reversed the engine and stopped as quickly as possible. For as we were backing up, no cowcatcher to protect us, I was afraid we would get ditched, but with all our precaution, we struck something and felt the jar.

I stepped down and looked, and there was the handcar, I had noticed at London. Then I was much afraid that we must have hurt someone surely. We threw the handcar off the track. It had cracked the brakebeam but was still secure.

I sent the fireman ahead with a red light to flag me into London as the freight train was about due. I reported to the agent what had happened. He put a red signal out to hold all trains and we returned to the handcar. We moved very slowly and as the headlight glared, we came to the first body, a few yards the other. Two were killed, the third of the party was

not hurt at all. He came up to the engine at London and swore a train of fifty cars came along and struck their handcar throwing him over the fence into the cornfield. This man was intoxicated, so he could not help propel the handcar and as he was seated behind, he was saved. What I thought were horses were the two men working the levers of the car. We brought the bodies to London, held an inquest. I was pronounced nto to blame, but that did not restore to a large family, the husband and father, the section boss at Florences where only a week ago he came out to the engine, (I was out on an extra) and we had a long conversation. I had for some five years been out on these extras, and often took a lunch at his home. His good lady would have us take a glass of cool fresh milk anyway, then she would set out some very nice cake or pie. Offer to pay she would not accept it. I never could bear to lay there after this occurrence, they were all so kind to me, all knew me and yet I killed the husband and father of that family. I passed by every day up or down and never could forget that good old man and the fatal handcar. The other man was one of his section hands and was single.

A few months later the man who escaped without injury, stepped up to me in my cab and begged of me to carry him to London.

We were at South Charleston, I knew him and granted his request. My object was to question him about the accident, as he was perfectly sober. He said they had been at London since morning and he got pretty full of beer. The other two worked the car for he could not stand up, so he sat down behind. When we struck the car, he thought he never would come down. He alighted over the fence in the cornfield--a bad Sunday work all around. This was in the active part of the war near its close. Trains were numerous, and there was a strict order that no handcars be used on Sunday as it was dangerous to do so. Sometimes the section bosses would take their family to Church and there had been someone hurt, therefore the superindent forbid them being used on Sundays, so this party was to blame. The extra running was now coming to a close, and indeed I was glad of it, as I was tired out. I had been out all hours of the night as well as the day.

I have backed in from Florence's where we used to help the freights. The regular engine on a freight train could bring to Cincinnati from Florence almost twice as many cars as from Columbus to Florence, therefore it paid to almost double the train by giving it a helper to that point. The only additional expense being engineer, fireman's pay, fuel oil and a little wear of machinery. I would have the regular conductor going out

but would return with just the fireman. I have done this over a thousand times or trips on the Little Miami Railway. I well remember one morning an hour after midnight, we took sidetrack at Darby Woods switch for the night freight. We were returning from helping out the C.O. freight. We would often stop at West Jefferson and inquire how is such a train or how is night express--on time, no orders for you. By stopping we perhaps could not proceed any further and a few miles sometimes would make a difference of a couple of hours in arriving at Columbus (home). So this night, I did not stop at Jefferson, but ran further and took sidetrack at Darby Woods at one a.m. We waited, and waited. The fireman fell fast asleep. I remained awake until 4 A.M. and still no train. I think it was in the spring of the year, by the morning I could tell the day was almost breaking, yet all quiet, no noise, no train. I could do with very little sleep when running, but now I felt sleepy too. I felt I must close my eyes just a little, yet knew if I did, I would sleep soundly. I stepped to the ground, put a chip on the rail of the main track, returned to the cab, after putting a shovel full of coal in the firebox. I slept until broad daylight. I awoke, the fireman was still enjoying his nap. I did not molest him, he had been on duty from 7 A.M. the previous morning and now it was 5:30 A.M., another day had

dawned. I went and looked for my chip, there it was as I had placed it on the rail. I was satisfied no trains had gone by. I started to walk to West Jefferson only two miles west to either get orders, or find out what the trouble was. I had not advanced more than a few hundred yards when I heard a whistle. I returned to my engine and in a few moments the night express went by. The night freight had a broken car axle which was the cause of the delay. The night express passed the freight at Alton, so we had also to wait for her, and by the time it passed, we barely could go to Alton for the local freight out of Columbus, and accommodation and by the time they came, it was after 6 A.M. We finally arrived at Columbus at 6:30 A.M. then left at 12:40 P.M. on our regular run for Cincinnati having five hours rest after being on duty  $23\frac{1}{2}$  hours, and then go it again. Not sufficient for any one, but there was one thing in our favor. We always could sleep at Cincinnati end every other night from 7 P.M. to 5:30 A.M. if we wished, as we were scarcely needed to go out. We now ran our regular trips for two weeks or more, then comes an extra from Columbus to Richmond, Ind., after stock. We had a bright, intelligent young man as conductor. Returning we made Dayton early in the morning when or about the time the various passenger trains occupied the depot. The agent told my conductor that he must move his train out of the way of the passenger trains. We had 8 minutes to go over to the old

canal sidetrack, for our Xenia and Richmond accommodation, the conductor said if we could make it he did not know of any better way to do. I replied that we could make it all right if nothing happened, so we ran over as fast as we were allowed to run within the city limits. We had just four minutes left as we were backing in to the canal sideling, 'twas a heavy train full of stock and as we were leaving the main track, the tank truck wheels mounted the frog and dropped between the crossties. We stopped very suddenly. The instant I felt the jar and saw the trouble, I said Jack, take the flag and stop Goodale. He is due in three minutes. He was quick, the flag was directly in its pocket--no trouble to find it, no box lid to open or anything in the way, simply take hold of the brass ring and pull it out as he walks by the cowcatcher. He goes around the curve near the old water tank, stops the train, gets on with the engineer.

In the meantime, I began to make preparations to put the truck in its proper position. The conductor, when we stopped, was in his caboose and eighteen car lengths from the engine. He was making a hasty toilet for breakfast to which we were about to do ample justice, as soon as we were clear of the main track, but when he felt the train stop so suddenly, he dropped his soap and ran to the side. He soon understood the situation, was a quick worker. Got frog bar, Ed? Yes, and frogboard too. They are in the large box behind the tank down below. Just as

he stepped to the ground, around came the passenger train. I think his hair did stand on end, if such could be. The passenger train! he shouted. They are upon us. "Oh no," I replied, I guess not for my fireman is standing at Goodale's side." Well, brother Goodale did come around the curve pretty lively, but the fireman had told him exactly where our engine stood. He had the airbrakes on his train, he applied them and stopped with room to spare. We succeeded in getting on the track all right in a few minutes by running ahead on to the main track, but we could not do so until the passenger train was stopped, which went over to the Union Depot four minutes late. We now went to breakfast. My conductor says, "so you sent your fireman to flag that train?" I knew we had but eight minutes to run over here from the depot and no time to spare, against we backed into the sidetrack, and when the tank dropped off, I looked at my watch, but for four minutes, and the train is due. I saw you were back in the caboose and 'twould take considerable time for you to come to the engine. I dispatched Jack the instant we stopped, and saw that he went. Well, he replied, you are the first engineer that ever had to flag for me. You are worthwhile running with. I told him I always made it a practice and thought my duty to protect my engine or front end of the train, for I have know occasions

when the conductor could not readily do so. After breakfast we started for Columbus where we arrived at 11:40 A.M. just one hour and we start for Cincinnati on No. 8, our regular run. I mentioned previously how easily this Springer rode. I had this same young man as conductor again on an extra we went to Xenia, arrived about 5 P.M. as there was nothing very urgent, we returned light. That is, having only the conductors, caboose, regular trains and may have until 6:30 P.M. to make South Charleston for No. 24. This gave us until their regular time to make Charleston, plenty of time to make it--25 minutes-19 miles, but as we pulled out of the yard at Xenia, the yard master had the main track blocked with cars.

The young conductor very nimbly sprang down and ran to the yard master, who cleared the track and let us out. Now the secret of his hurry was that he had made arrangements to accompany a young lady to the opera, and here we were 54 miles from the city. When we started the second time, we had but 23 minutes to run 19 miles to a meeting point against a passenger train. As we were approaching Cederville, I retarded a little less than full speed as I was afraid of hurting some one.

walked towards the depot along side of the coaches to set my watch with the conductor, or to get the correct time. Mr. Stoughton came out of the telegraph office, I said Jim, give me the correct time, my watch stopped three minutes after leaving London. I set it coming in here on time. We compared, and he said, why your watch is exactly right, what more do you want. There was not but a few seconds difference in the two. After this, Mr. Stoughton would every once in a while bring out to the engine, some Eastern conductor, or R.R. official to show them how we did things.....It often occurred leaving the city of Columbus, and on these occasions Mr. S. would bring his visitor.....through his train and seeing ..... passengers secure, etc. he would now.....engine, introduce his brother conductor.....official. Well Eddie, we .....today, just forty minutes.....Columbus. Yes, well what time will you make such a station, emntioning a station 25 or 30 miles away. I would state the time, and he would say, put your watch away, let's see you run it. I would make the run and stop at the mentioned station none ahead of the time and not one minute late.

I have run these trips or tests for him some dozens of times. He would wager on my accomplishing the task, and I do not recollect of ever Jim losing his bet.

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He would have me put my watch in my handkerchief, rolled up, and then place it in my box. I would then sit down on the box so there was no possibility of seeing the time. Some thought I told by the revolutions of the.....others that I must see the time by.....means or other, but neither was the case. For myself, I can only.....I was running No. 1 lightning..... make up easily from 20 to.....Cinn. to Col. when going..... for regular time, my left.....move towards the throttle. I have noticed it hundreds of times. My arm would naturally move toward the throttle lever, if I had not already hold of it. And now, I will review as memory will allow, one occurrence although my partner and witnesses are now dead.

Mr. Stoughton was conductor, Will Campbell, fireman, and an eastern conductor rode upon the engine most of the trip. He might be alive today, the proposition--I was to run from Cincinnati depot to Columbus depot, 120 miles on time, passing no station ahead nor over 3 minutes late, and arrive at Columbus not a second ahead or over three minutes late, or in short, to run on time within 3 minutes and not a second ahead, without seeing a time piece for 4 hours. Having placed the watch.....box, we leave front street depot.....minutes late. I did not see the watch.....we arrived at the Union Depot.....

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I had made these various runs.....at a time, as for instance.....  
50 minutes I would run it.....east stop within the 51st minute,  
but to put these runs altogether running 4 hours without seeing  
the time 'twas too much strain.

We stopped in the depot and the old veteran baggage  
master, George Wright calls "that will do," as the baggage car  
faces the baggage room. I open my seat box, consult my watch  
and it is eleven o'clock and one minute, just one moment late.  
Mr. S. timed me, also the visiting conductor, and I had fireman  
to notice that I passed no station ahead. Well, I cannot  
describe my feelings, after all was over the perspiration  
flowed copiously down my cheeks. I trembled from head to foot,  
my brain had been overtaxed. I would not care to endure this  
ordeal again. He won the wager, it had been within the three  
minutes all the way up from Cincinnati to Columbus.

Practice makes perfect. I had run this No. 1 Express  
every other morning for eleven years. I ought to know what I  
was doing. It became clockwork to me. My reader may say this  
was risky work, but some explanation can be given--which will  
overcome such opposition.

We had a right to the road over all trains except  
we must not pass any station one second ahead of time. This  
I never did. I would rather be a minute late, than one second  
ahead, and in fact, always passed each station where we did not

stop about one to two minutes late, especially at meeting and passing points, where I would allow these one or two minutes for the trains to settle in the sidetrack and become secure, then we would glide by in safety. After the air was attached to my engine, I had perfect control of stopping as well as starting my train, and I can say that I never touched a single car, only to couple up to it during the remainder of my running. It was a wonderful invention, placing the power of protection to the train in the hands of that same person who gives it the great velocity at which they are running at the present time. (1893)

I have now had the Springer out over three years. Yea it is that number and two months more since she came out when overhauled by G.H. Setchel, foreman and Mr. Stone, M.M. of Little Miami R.R. Shops, Pendleton, viz. Cinn. to O. During this period, I have run her over the road at least once a day except Sunday, with many extras out of Columbus, and lost but one round trip (from Friday evening after running down from Columbus, until Tuesday morning 7 A.M. when I went out on my regular run). I laid over to have my valves faced off and new cylinder packing put in and I must say, Mr. Setchel (who at this time was Master Mechanic, Mr. Stone being deceased), had a vast amount of work done for me in so short a time. He had the

pistons turned off, also valve rods, and pump plungers. Had all these glands bushed and bored out to fit, gave her a new paint work, carefully cleaned the engine and tank, all receiving a splendid coat of varnish. She had been out when this occurred over two years, and now, by losing one round trip, I ran her over a year longer without losing a single trip or day. As Sunday came between Friday evening and Tuesday morning, it gave an extra day for the varnish to dry, etc.

I went out on Tuesday morning, my regular run and the R.R.S. looked quite gay. After some few months, my runs were changed. I was now running the No. 5 Pittsburg Express up, and the No. 6 down from Columbus. We have a new superintendent. He is introduced to me at Morrowtown where he steps upon the engine in the company of the assistant superintendent. We are going east on No. 5 Pittsburgh Express. After the introduction, the assistant Supt. said, "what time have you." I gave him the correct time. You are late! Yes, ten minutes, left the city twenty minutes late. What time are you going to arrive at Xenia? On time! We take dinner there and I am fond of a good hot dinner. We started. What time will you pass Corwin says my assist. Supt.? I answered, "I would divide the time between Morrow and Xenia, making up five minutes to Corwin and the other five between Corwin and Xenia passing Corwin 2:32 P.M. just five

late, will make an even run to Xenia on time. Well, he said put your watch away, let's see you make the run. I wrapped my watch in kerchief put it in the seat box, sat down and now for Xenia. We had no stop to make until we arrived there. As we were about to approach the whistling post at Corwin, the assisnt. Sup't. feigned an angry or rather serious look (he was too good a soul to be cross). "Why Eddie, what is the matter with you?" Nothing's the matter with me! "Yes, but the time, the time," Ah, I said, Louis, the time is all right. I haven't passed the whistling post yet, just look when we strike yon first switch." I whistled, at the turn of the curve was the station. We were very near the switch. They both glanced at their repeaters but said nothing. The Gen'l. Sup't. looked across the cab at me. I could tell I struck the mark by the astonishment I read upon his brow. We ran to Morrowtown, calling the time as we went through each station. Stopped at Corwin, passed the local freight at Fresport, went through Ft. Ancient, and as we approached the bridge entering into Morrowtown, called out one minute to stop on time at depot. He looked at his watch and timecard. We stop. He steps off, and goes into the Agents office. I request him to compare the time, with my timepiece. He shook his head. I glance at the time, I am not one minute late. We take on the Baggage Car of C.W. & Z. and arrive in Cincinnati on time. I did not see him for some time after this trip. I could run the light engine almost as perfectly, have backed up from

Front Street Depot to switch at round house in Pendleton using 15 minutes to run the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, a very slow speed yet I could do so without looking at the time, using 15 minutes and not 16. Have done so, having the M.M. to time me. I have backed up hundreds of times and never do I recollect failing to make it within the minute, and why not? I had backed up that same  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles every other day for 15 years. The above mentioned 15 minutes was specified as there was a rule that all engineers with or without a train use this amount of time between Cincinnati Depot and Pendleton, and the Co. expected this rule to be strictly observed, for should an accident occur and we were running faster, they would be liable to damage.

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As I may not have any better opportunity, let me now tell you of a pretty run, made by two engineers on the Little Miami. It was on the occasion of the nomination of George Pendleton. The convention was held in the City of New York. There were seventeen cars of passengers, our Superintendent was rather against running two passenger trains on the same time. We had been used to running coupled together making one train of it.

Now this makes it bad for the hindmost engine especially in the summertime upon a dusty road, the second locomotive catching all the dust stirred up by the leading one, which would frequently cause trouble by some part of the second one's machinery or running gear to get hot and perhaps prevent her from going through. Our Master of trains on this occasion received the consent of Supt. to run these cars in two sections. It was my regular run out on No. 1 Express, of course. I could not pull the seventeen coaches to Columbus, let alone make the .....therefore we took eight of them, and George Gardner with engine Governor Morrow, coupled on to the other nine. As on all such occasions, we could not get off on time, we left at 7:20 A.M. just twenty minutes late. Now in order for Mr. Gardner to make Morrowtown for the accommodation which was our meeting point, for that train, I must make up some time to allow him a chance to make it on his twenty minutes. So a minute or so before we started, not ~~that~~ he would not make it for there was no timidity in his running, I told him I could make up and would do so nothing happening. Ten minutes to Morrow and that would give him a chance to come there for said accommodation. We got started at 7:20, he left 7:30 just ten minutes later, according to my promise we arrived at Morrowtown just ten minutes late, making

up ten minutes, which he would have to do in order to come to his meeting point for the accommodation, which he did. We had some little express articles to put off. Got away as soon as possible gaining a little on the ten minutes late which lasted me having eight cars once more than our regular train, and crowded with passengers, delegates etc., clear to Columbus where I arrived promptly at 11 a.m. on time. I looked back and there are numerous straight lines one between top of London grade and W. Jefferson, 10 miles long, yet I did not see his train or smoke from his stack. I put my engine in the roundhouse at Columbus, at this time it was close to the Pass. depot and as I lived east of the depot and had to pass it to go home, I thought I will go home now to my dinner and go through the depot and see Gardner come in. I crossed a few tracks entered the depot at the west end a train was entering the bell ringing. I looked at my time piece 11:09 a.m. another minute yet to stop. We had left Cincinnati ten minutes apart both making up 20 minutes of a fast runs time, and had not seen one another for 120 miles or 3 hours and forty minutes and all this time, just ten minutes apart. "Our" superintendent was satisfied. We could follow one another with safety. I know now-a-days there are trains (1892) following each other every day passing through Columbus and it

is a beautiful and wonderful sight to see the Panhandle mail train enter the Union Depot at Columbus, change engines, stand a few minutes. I think say ten, she starts for Indianapolis and you look behind and down the yard rolls the regular highflyer or vestibule express, yes you have an advantage now, you have the air brakes, You are not depending on the hand brake or brakeman the instant you are signaled to stop, you are doing so. Well the Springer goes in the Train shop for repairs or general overhauling and all our glory is about to come to an end. Mr. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Central Railway, and leased lines had issued an order, on and after 1st. of November, all employees, officers, etc. of the leased lines will be reduced ten percent except engineers and fireman. On the 1st of December came another. On and after Nov. 1st, 1873, all engineers and fireman running or employed on leased lines of the Pennsylvania Railway Company will be reduced ten percent on the dollar. This last was a cutter. Had we of been cut in the first place, we would not have felt it so severely, but now it surely was wormwood. The engineers had a contract setting the wage question with the company some few years previous which the company signed and said they would enforce and live up to most rigidly. Now they break it without a word of explanation.

This was a severe stroke which the engineers concluded they would not stand, and finally appointed a committee to inform the

Gen'l. Manager, but could not get any satisfaction. We then appointed a certain time to stop if the ten percent was not restored. Our Superintendent informed me not to enter this strike for we would be defeated. The Pennsylvania Company was determined that they would not yield or be governed by the engineers any longer. He complimented me in being a careful man with an engine and one of the most reliable on the road, on being a good citizen of Columbus respected by my neighbors and having a nice little home and family. He said "all this you are partly, if not wholly renouncing ;to drag along a lot of things not worthy the name of men. Yet they are the very class that will fill your places, so you keep out of it. I had already signed the demand, the time came, we stopped at the specified hour 12 midday. Yes we made a complete stop. Some of us never to pull a throttle again for that mighty railway company. 'Twas too bad this so happened, but we thought we were in the right. We had a contract or agreement with them. A committee of our Brotherhood Engineers on the one part, the Officials of the Pennsylvania on the other. Every particular item was mentioned, our duties fully explained and pay distinctly noted "and if this be ever broken, it will be by the engineers themselves, as the Pennsylvania Co. will enforce and live up to it most rigidly," signed by the Gen'l. Manager and assistant Gen'l. Manager of the Pennsylvania leased lines west of Pittsburg.

But there came a time when they saw fit to break it without calling any committee of engineers together, and we were the defeated party. The result my Superintendent predicted. Some seventy to eighty on the Little Miami Div. alone, as good a set of men as ever met and passed each other by day or night, all lost their situations. Men who you almost might say could not make a mistake. As there is no one perfect, no not one, I can safely say that these men as engineers were as near perfection as could be.

Here is a record from 1861 to 1866 during the Civil War. Millions of passengers and hundreds of thousands of soldiers were transported from east to west and west to east again with two camps upon the road. Camp Dennison, fourteen miles east of Cincinnati, and Camp Todd, near Columbus. Yet all this amount of travel was accomplished without the loss of a single soul. Passenger or soldier in the cars, some few were struck and killed by walking upon the track, but I do not know of a single passenger or soldier being crippled or killed while seated within the cars, and I ran over the road one way or the other every day except Sunday, and often out on an extra even on Sunday--not one during the whole rebellion, a pretty good record for the Little Miami Old Reliable R.R. I referred to the soldiers walking the track. It was a common occurrence to see them upon the track. It became

very annoying to us for between Cincinnati and Camp Dennison and the Soldiers Home and Columbus, we would have to whistle them off frequently. I'll never forget killing a poor soldier who had been to the City (Cin.) and was returning to Camp Dennison. He was walking with a brakeman of the road as far as Columbia. Here the brakeman lived, bade the soldier good evening and cautiously directed him if he took the railroad for his path, to keep on the right track, the track he then was on, as there was no train to molest him for over three hours at that time. The night express would leave Cin. for the east. Be sure you keep to the right for the day express will be coming in on the other track in a short time. The brakeman went home, the soldier onward. 'Twas dark, a few minutes after they parted, we came around the curve above the graveyard. When I first saw him he was on the right or up track, the headlight shinning upon his face. He waslkd over on to our track square in front of the engine. We were running at a high rate of speed, we of course struck him and the cow catcher threw him some distance. We stopped, backed up. I told the conductor the trouble, but when we found him over in the graveyard, he was dead. Poor Patriot. He did not have to go south to die, he was killed nearer home and had no enemy to face. "No, no, he is now to face his Creator where War is not known, but all is joy and peace."

On another occasion, we were running No. 1 lightning express from Cincinnati to Columbus, just as we passed the Soldier's Home near the foot of Sullivant Grade, my fireman rang the bell. As I knew immediately something was wrong, I tute tute the whistle for I saw a soldier upon the track, walking toward us on the end of the ties. I called for brakes and reversed my engine. We could see if he did not step off, the bumper would strike him. I whistled again, he turned right about face you may call it, upon the end of the tie with his back to us and looked towards Columbus. We were running very fast when we first saw him therefore had not much chance to slacken up, and just as he turned, the bumper struck him in the side and hurled him over some young trees into a cornfield. Poor old patriot, he never knew what hurt him. When we reached him, he was dead. We were told by some of his friends he was deaf. If he had but stepped one step sideways he would have been safe. His life prolonged, but 'twas not to be, his time had come. He had finished his career and he now too is with that multitude of white haired Patriarchs in those mansions prepared above.

With thanks kind reader, I will now close my connection with Little Miami, least line of the Pennsylvania Railway.

During the time we were on strike, at first very few trains were moved, yet each day, more and more engineers were hired until

we began to see we were very apt to be defeated, and when some of our brotherhood engineers for gold, a few thousand dollars bought them body and soul if they possessed the latter, we were utterly left in the cold. All those who awaited the committee to tell them to take their engineers are still waiting and are likely to do so.

I think it will now be in place to relate the close of our trouble. Wherever man is found, you will find some who will do most anything for money. Really they are not men, but human beings. So we had some in the Brotherhood, some I was told took their engine receiving quite a bounty, others for the situation alone. This they could not do unless ordered by the committee. They had pledged themselves on Gods Holy Word, to abide by that Committee's orders, then sacrificed their honor, their word and even their oath. Now my dear reader, think not that either you or I could trifle with the Word of God-not so! I give you the truth, vis to wit, those who took their engines in an unfair way did not succeed. This I do know. In less than five years, there were few left on the road some were killed by collisions and upsets on the road, some took sick and died a natural death, some in less than one year were struck blind. One brother who told the division he had come to Columbus with the intention of running out that night on the night express, but since I have been informed of your

true cause of striking, "May God sever this right arm from my body, if I should go out" after saying this he left our meeting and at midnight ran the night express east. God did not sever that arm from his body, but within a year his engine upset on the road and he was killed instantly. God took him all in all. No, I do not believe we can trifle with justice, someone may say truth cannot always be told, but you cannot prevail against it. 'Tis from everlasting to everlasting. Truth crushed to earth will rise again, the eternal years of God are hers; but error wounded writhes in pain and dies among its worshippers. Some of us who suffered defeat never did much after this trouble. Some so took it to heart and worried themselves until death came to their relief. As for myself, I did all in my power to persuade the company and citizens that we were in the right and only used lawful means to secure our former pay. I would rather starve than use any other, put not a straw in their way but let them see that you are honorable and trustworthy, this I thought would win, but I was deceived and it crushed me for the remainder of my life. This I suffered for principle. The last meeting we held was on Christmas Eve. I believe I am correct, December 24, 1873, and was a remarkable event. It was indeed a laughable burlesque with a rather tragical finale. This was the initiation of Josiah Bauchman, without author or rehearsal that I know of, one of our engineers an educated, intelligent American citizen, and a first

class engineer was at the Union Depot in the evening, a tall man approached him and said, can you inform me as to running a locomotive? I can here to hire out. Our witty and I may say dry brother told him if that is all that is wanted, you just go to the meeting on High Street this evening at half past seven, and the engineers will put you through all O.K. We had a large meeting, a great many citizens were present and we were still standing firm with a shakey foundation as a day or two proved. After several engineers had expressed their views and we had tried to prove to the citizens we were in the right, we closed the meeting thanking the public for their kind attention and presence. Our President then invited all members to remain as there was a little private business to attend to. After the audience had dispersed, there were none in the room except engineers, save one man who sat in the corner with his gripsack by his side. Orders were given by the Grand Tiger to see that none were present that did not belong to this Brotherhood of Royal Tigers. The examiner cried out, "Brother Railroad Greaser, I find an enemy within our camp." Seize the villian, bring him forth. Let none escape who dare scale our walls. He was seized by two stout men, blindfolded and marched up and down the hall. It was midnight in Division 34 the gas was turned down very low. We were all seated except the

two who are marching the prisoner to appear at the Grand Worthy Greasers throne. As they marched, we all stamped our feet as though an army was on the advance. Finally the command was given to halt; Whence cometh ~~h~~hou whom we find within our private walls, devouring our secrets and spying among our followers. Speak sir, your name sir! He speaks not a word. To the dungeon, away with him, away--one of the brothers had already gone into a large closet where we kept our coal and a lot of old stove pipe, coal buckets, etc. As he was thrust into this somewhat roughly he fell over the old buckets, the old stove pipes made a rattling sound. The brother in there hammering on an old tin pan calls out "Who dares enter my regions?" He is brought out and again confronts the Grand Chief Greaser. Are you now willing to take the oath? I do not know of an iota of this being premeditated, it happened about as I write it with perhaps the deviation of a word or two. I put the poker into the stove. The first time he would not speak. I thought if tried again, I would force him to do so. I stuck white fools cap paper on my brow and both cheeks(the room was still dark). The Chief Greaser cries take off his blindfold that he may see. It is done, he casts his eyes to the right, a powerful man confronts his stare. He looks to the left, a seven shooter(though empty) touches his cheek. He stands it bravely for he has some encouragement from hearing some of the boys laughing and calling

scab etc. they could not be still. Are you ready to swear  
cries Grad Greaser, he hesitates, with my black coat one  
sleave off to appear as Hamlet's Tunic took the Joker out  
of the fire. It was at a hissing white heat grushed at  
him hear "Hear thou sneaking Spy, swear" he consented. As  
I darted towards him one of the Brothers dashed at me. Ed  
for God's Sake don't kill him, why of course not, I would  
not harm a hair of his head though he ran a dozen Engines  
no not I.

Grand Greaser - repeat the the following after me (the  
gas is turned on the room is brilliant). I with your name  
Josiah Bauchman. Your occupation Sawmill Engineer...your  
location....Chickamuckinsville - do solemnly swear do solemnly  
swear, hear cries from all sides, grooms, etc. scat, scat,  
bah-bha-sawmill bah - -Silence demands the Royal Chief further-  
more that I will not divulge.

I will not divulge

any of the secrets of this order

any of the secrets of this order

So help me

so help me

By the immortal Andrew Jackson U.S. Grant or any other man.  
about this our humerous brother had fastened several packs  
of shooting crackers to his Coat tail, they commenced shooting

off. He turned half way around and told to quick step, half running and partly carried he was started down three flights of stairs. His valice was thrown out of the window of the third storey this was the close of the Strike meetings and the last I ever saw of Josiah Bauchman.

I remained out of employment for four months did not try to obtain a situation, at the expiation of this time, I began to get so lazy I could not do anything scarcely but sleep, I would sleep all night and lounge it all day. My bones would ache so. I expressed myself as being tired of doing nothing so I said to my Wife I will write away off to some rail way official for a situation. I have given the others a fair chance. Now I'll try my luck. I am confident out of the three to whom I will write I will recieve, at least one favorable answer. Haveing recieved two favorable I choose the nearest offer, and went to running on the I. B. & W between Indianapolis and Peoria Ill.'s. The princple shops being at Urbana Ill's. I had good letter from Superintendent to the M. M.

I was sent out to learn the road between Urbana and Indianapolis in a few trips. I had it learned, reported to the M. M. he said at present he had no Engine he could give me in

a few weeks he would have two out of the back shop and I could have one of them, well I said suppose you let me work in the machine shop and help get them out as I am a machinest oh! no I never put Engineers to work in shop - - - so I had to be contented having a situation and no Engine to fill it with, the company were in arrears as to pay, but her checks were good for board. I had a good hotel to board at what more do you ask. I answer I have a family who must live as well as I. Well I eat and drank and loafed between the Hotel and Shops for two weeks, finally I was sent out on Local freight to Peoria the Division of road I hadnot been allowed to learn, as the M. M. said he would run me east towards home---I went out and as I had rode one trip with John Sharp by Invitation I recollected some parts of road it is a big help to even see it once, we made the trip all right arriving at Peoria on time returned the next day on same in fact ran the whole week all correct. Saturday afternoon after we arrived from (one line missing on page 246) Peoria the regular Engineer of this engine came around and inquired how the stranger made it his fireman said Oh: He is an old timer and made the trip as smoothly as if you was running yourself, he was pleased that you gave him the whole week as he needs money to send to us family, well if that is so I will give him another week as the

children are not yet out danger I will lay off. So I ran another week all correct. Now I am out for two weeks, the Superintendent who I had pulled thousands of miles came down to Urbana and asked me how I was getting along, how I liked the road etc. I said it was very easy no hard work about it I have been down here six weeks and made two weeks pay. Well he says that won't do, I said the M.M. had no Engine for me, and only for one Engineer laying off I would be Idle yet, how would you like to run Gravel train both ends that is be your own Conductor, our Manager proposes to run them this way if we can find Engineers that are capable to do so. I consented he had me an Engine the next morning. I was off to the Gravel pit and took my train of flats running oppsite three other trains, all of which had Conductors as well as Engineers, they objected to my running thus but did not say so. I went out the road to the section I was to deliver the Gravel upon, the Conductor who I relieved and gave him an order to that effect and also instructions to report himself at Indianapolis. (And who had many a time when a boy got on my Engine at Xenia on the little Miami for his parents still lived there). Treated me kindly, went out this trip with me instructed me as to unloading the cars picking up the two nearest section gangs to the point of unloading, the Gravel pit Foreman always stating the section, I ran my trips for a few

days all correct but could see the other crews, all against me. They began to show it, they put Oil into my tank to cause the engine to foam then cut the tank hose so I could not supply the Boiler with water. I patched up the right hose, got orders to remain in gravel pit that day and load all trains at the Steam Shovel the other three crews to disperse it upon the road. I telegraphed early for 6 ft. 10 inches of tank hose. It came upon the afternoon train and with the help of the Pit blacksmith we made two new hose and put them on that same afternoon, the next morning I was all right for the road. Each one of us loading our respective trains. When my Fireman went to take water previous to backing to the pit from Covington Ina, where we laid over at night The other crews were looking at the Engine and makeing remarks, one said as I passed by there goes the Conductor and wonder where's the Engineer? I stepped upon the footboard my fireman said after taking tank lid off "m Price some one has poured nearly all our Oil into the Tank I see it floating on the water, had I not better let the water out and urnice it out? Oh; no the oil won't hurt anything he took water and was carefull not to over flow but fill easily to the top by so doing you as my old fireman will tell you get a full tank, I said Budd don't be afraid of wasting a little water pull down and let her overflow. I'll take the blame he gave her full value and overflowed the tank, where the rods went through the castings to the values the openings were very much wire through

these the black strap flowed forced out by the water. If we had of let the water out the whole surface of the inside of tank would of been covered with oil from water line down the other plan to force the oil out off the surface caused us no trouble to carry water at all, after this they let us alone. I ran all the summer on Gravel train ballasting the road which needed it badly. In the latter part of November there came a blizzard and a heavy fall of snow, we were all ordered into Urbana. I then pulled ffeight all winter and it was a cold one 74 -75 Spring came. I was again ordered to the Gravel pit. I answered my kind Superintendent I would go open the pit, but I would prefer having a Conductor, then to run it alone. I went the next day a Conductor, came and took charge. We did not remain but a short time when the road went into the hands of a reciever and Gravel trains were dispended with. I then pulled freight again, though not long for a new Super took charge, and my friend had resigned the new Master Mechanic took charge of the motive power. In a month after these changes, I who had not had any accident or broke any cars or violateed any rule was relieved of my situation. Thus freight was light and we were haveing two days rest at Urbana instead of one it was in the latter end of Merry Meaz, I said to my fireman, Jim if you will wash off the headlight Case Dome and Cab I will get some varnish from

the Boss painter if he does not object and we will make the 59 look like something. Indeed I will he replied we cleaned and varnished said parts, it was beautiful weather the next day we still laid over the fireman was smart as well as Industrvious, he started in and made a rough pair of arm rests or hackets after he had them. I took them to the up-holster ship or car for he worked in a box car and asked him for a little old plush to cover them with, he said Mr. Price just leave them with me and I will cover them for you by the time you make another trip you can have them. I then bed him and left them our next day over came. I went and sure enough they were covered with very good plush tacked on with nickel head tacks. I took them to the Engine gave them to the fireman he placed them in their place sat on hes seat placed his arm on and looked out, remarking that's comfort. I sat on my side looking across the Turn table I see the M.M. and Round House Boss looking at all the different engines but go wherever they did it appeared the old 59 was their prey. I said to fireman we are taking a great deal of trouble and pains with this engine for some ones else to recieve the benifit, I called his atgtention to the two officials, and said I am done running here you mark my words, he did not think so presently the two walked square over to my Engine the M.M.M.'s Cooper says Price did'nt you report some bad wheels under your tank sometime ago, Yes Sir? Well you can show Mr. Hiser which ones are so bad as I have to send a

freight Engine to switch in yard at Peoria, and as I would prefer a good looking one I thought I would send the 59. Well I said what am I to do? Oh he said I heard you intened to make a visit to your family in Ohio and this will be a good time to go." "Well" I said you can pay off in full" he added if freight picks up and I should have a spare Locomotive I can wire you, as I left his office he says Price would you not like to have a reccommendation? Well I don't think it will do any harm I'll except one Sir his Clerk wrote out a splendid reccomend I remarked after reading it, this is queer to take a M&M's Engine from him and give to another who blew out the side of five bosc on account of low water. Then give the cast off engineer a number one reccommendation: (Yet this is truth)

I returned home to Columbus, O. In a few days went to running upon the C.S.&c a friend of mine who was Agent at London on the Springfield and Columbus Branch of this road had asked me if I would except a situation as Engineer on the road I told him that I would conditionlly vie that I was in the strike as I did not want to start in and then be put off. I was informed a few days after this that I was to report to the Master Mechanic at Sandusky. I called at his office and was hired as Engineer and was sent out on Local Fest to Springfield made the trip all right returned on local the next day arriveing at Sandusky on time. I remember the

trip so well as I noticed every exhaust she made the steam, smoke, etc.- - came out around the front head of Smoke blx the first station we stooped at I screwed up all tne nutts clear around actually the whole front was ready to chop off, the fireman said will that make any difference. I said it would in her steaming most assuredly, well he said she has'nt been steaming at all lately we started up and ran along all right making plenty of steam arriveing as I have said at both ends of road on time. The next night I was sent down to Springfield with Engine No. 4 that I was to run between Springfield and Columbus. We were ordered to follow Night Express carrying Signals from Sandusky to Springfield, and night here is the first time I ever gave up a run in all my rail-roading. We left Sandusky about 7:30 P.M. a few minutes after the regular train. We (the fireman and your humble Servent) followed all nicely to Clyde. Here a freight train had broken a car axle, which held both Night Express and I just one hour late, the Conductor of this belated train came to me and begged of me as soon as the passenger left to couple on to a part of his train that was in a spur track and pull it out on to the main track, he said it would save him half an hour's time. I asked the Engineer of the train I was following his advice, he said I had better not do so. I he said meet two freights five miles from here and you must be witnin 5 minutes of us or you dare not run against them." Well it

won't detain me more than 3 minutes and I don't like to refuse being a new man on the road. The Night Express pulled out. I also pulled the freight out the Conductor pulled the Tin and the 4 spot is off to make Green Springs in proper time. I soon gain time presently I see the Red Signals or lamp on the rear coach they are just going through the station. I see the headlight of the first freight. I am signaled ahead I whistle for the Station and pass on correct I too swing around the curve on to a freight line now. I see the rear light on the train distinctly any Engineer of experience can tell very near to the distance of a train ahead of him (thus when you first see the red lights of a Caboose (they are placed one each side). You see a red glare seems to be one glow as you approach nearer you see this to separate and nearer still you will see two distinct lights and when these seem to be far apart look out you are getting close. We'll let us follow this night Express. It has the Tiffin fire department on it also their apparatus Engines Hose, reel etc. They are returning from Sandusky where they had been at a throwing of water for a prize. We came into Tiffin carefully and find them setting the three extra Cars in side track now they only have three Cars, behind a large Taunton Engine that you may say did not feel the feather weight behind her. Thus being about the one hour late, You can imagine he did some tall running. I did not know the road having only made the one

trip over it on the Day freight, and when I would ask the Fireman how close are we to station he sometimes could not tell. "How far now to the Station he would look out and say I do not know" Bang! bang we go over a switch. Then I would whistle for station as we were passing it instead of a proper distance away. We ran at a high rate of speed for 60 miles. Now a streight line of track appears and previous to this I had not seen the red light on rear coach for all that distance. Finilly, I reached them at Huntsville. I remembered the approach to this Station, and shut off at the curve about a mile away, as soon as we swang around the curve several lights were swang for me to stop which we did, pulling up slowly to a proper distance. I oiled my Engine then walked up to their train. The trouble was a red hot journal on one of the coaches, they were ready to start the Conductor and Engineer were doubtful of makeing Urbana for North bound Express especially if the took lunch at Bellefontain which was the next station. They start for Bellefontain we follow. As I did not know exactly the position of the Depot, though I knew it was just around a sharp curve and the town strung along the track for a mile. I ran very slow to be sure not to run into them, but here is the Depot and they are gone! did not stop for lunch. Here the CCC&I.R.R. Crossed the Target is against us and holds us untill three

sections of freight pull by ascending a heavy grade. When we get the Target I asked the Watchman how long our night express had been gone. Looking at his watch he said 8 minutes, twas early noon the fog so thick we could scarcely see the rails ten feet ahead. We had three stations to pass one we arrived at Urbana. We are 3 minutes behind the 3 minute rule. They are still late but we can not tell as we pass West Liberty whether 5, 6 or 8 minutes behind them, looking at the time card I find the north bound Express due to leave Urbana allowing us 4 minutes to 2 3/4 miles. I knew I would loose time in approaching the station as I remembered that this town also stretched along the track for a long distance. If we give up we have lost all rights to the Track, but the fog and no knowledge of the distance the train is ahead of us cause us to take the safe side in case of doubt and we take the side track of an old Corn Mill I do not know the name of the Station it was my last chance. Well we lay here one, two, yes three hours at last the North bound Express goes bye but we as my old Friend cosher said were out of harm's way, the next train due was the Bellefontain and Columbus accommodation, as we had lost all rights. I stood at the little platform to signal but the Station Agent flagged them. I requested the Engineer to carry signals for me so I could follow to Urbana, certaivily (he knew me well) I follow to Urbana a telegraph Station, I reported we had came

to life again and would wish orders to run to Springfield. Engine no. 4 Price Engineer, after Local Freight arrives you have clear track Urbana to Springfield avoiding regular trains. This freight was the train that caused the delay of the night Express by having several Cars off the track in yard at Springfield, this train alas arrives, we now run to Springfield arriveing about 10 A.M. the train I followed out of Sanduskey and left me in the fog recieved orders at Urbana to run to Springfield regardless of north bound Express which brought them in on time. I arrive 5 hours afterwards yet all is safe.

There were several features I did not like about this night trip First- - the light Engine running on a regulars train time should run in advance of it and the regular train follow (three) minutes late. I have made a thousand such trips on the little Miami succesfully and should any mistake be made one running into the other their are no passengers on the light Engine to be injured or killed. Again even though the train preceeded me, if they were on him I would know how far in advance they were, but being one hour late and making that up between Tiffin and Urbana, but I knew the North bound Express left Urbana such a time and the Fog drove me into safety. I never dreaded a trip so in all my life. We did

not have to run out until 8:15 that evening, therefore I took the safe side in case of doubt. The latter, and be sure you are right then go ahead were two motto's of H. H. Clemments. Formerly of the L. M. R. R.

At 8:15, we leave Springfield for Columbus with a very light train baggage car and through Coach from Cincinnati constituted our train, I will describe the performance and build of this Engine Built at Sanduskey Shops of the C. S. and C. R. R. by William Swanson Master Mechanic who was Formerly Gen<sup>rl</sup> Foreman under Richard Bromley M. M. of the Little Miami from 1857 until 1872) She was built for Freight having 15" Cylinder 24" Stroke counter ballance Link and 5 foot Drivers with good size Boiler. Swanson had left, new officials were running the road and this Engine had been reduced to pulling 2/3 rds. of her former load, one of the Engineers who ran the day Express between Springfield and Sandusky told me of this and said, Ed don't worrie about her blowing She is a good smart Engine, and you'll not have to pull a full train, on account of her failing, you'll get along I bet. There is something about that waste of Steam but they have't found it out as yet. Oh! I said I thought we could get along correct we ran over to Columbus on time any one could of done so lonly haveing two cars behind that powerful Engine, but Gracious how she burned the Coal, we used as much coal running that 45 miles with two cars, as I used to burn on the

Little Miami 120 miles with 7 cars, the next morning I went out at 8 A. M. on Freight train with 16 Loaded Cars for Springfield (18 would of constituted full train), we ran along stopped for L. M. Crossing this was a very hard pull you should have heard her blow through as we pulled out of this hole. It seemed to me there could not be any packing rings in her Cylinder's we made London about on time, did a little work the Conductor said "we are ready to go you have running time lacking three minutes to make Plattsburg for the accomodation, can you make it?" I answered You ought to be the best judge of that, I never pulled a train up here. I know it is nearly all up a heavy Grade but the way we made time so far do you think we can make it? He answered yes and we made it in good time, after the accommodation came we pressed on to Springfield arriving at 8:10 A. M. on time, well if we burned Coal with two Cars you ought to see her melt it with 16, we put away the train also engine and then went to breakfast, after breakfast I walked over to the roundhouse took off both Cylinder heads the fireman helping me, then the follower heads to examine packing springs etc. She had excellent netalic Packing and in good condition, and the first follower head I took off settled the question of the blowing in my mind. It was follower bound, which means the follower clamps the rings

so tight the springs can not act on the Packing therefore as the rings were the more she blows through, also if you work water through your cylinder this will press the rings in your follower head will hold them so, and now she blows worse then ever. When you set your packing out to work freely and yet fill the Cylinder, leaving a little pressure or strain on it, the Steam pressure has nothing to do with it, it is the same when the Steam is applied as when shut off up grade or down your packing always fills the cylinder wearing it round or nearly so, of course when Shut off it wears the lower half the most, now Steam packing is all right as long as you use steam, but when you shut off going down the long grades you are scooping out the very bottom of the Cylinder, also when you are using steam the harder the grade the more the pressure of steam you carry, the tighter you press that packing against the cylinder. Adding to the load you are pulling, now I have had M. M. and Gen<sup>e</sup> Foreman's to tell me that the Spring or Strain you leave in the ring's of the Steam packing holds it out against the Cylinder but it is not so the steam sets it out, Take an Engine that has not lately been overhauled and has plenty of lost motion in glands of Pistons suppose you can and 1/8 of an inch splinter on top of Piston into gland when she is shut off, get some one who is responsible to give her steam, you will see that piston

raise that 1/8 inch up, if your splinter is left in you can not pull it out, if you took it out now you can not get it in, the steam sets the piston in direct centre of Cylinder as there is an equal pressure all around. I scraped these follower heads getting the impression with the nib of red lead on the ring, until I had a string bearing on the spider head then adjusted the packing with calipers to centre of cylinder a little higher than centre but true sidewise, took my short chisel bar and I could raise that piston easily or pry it to the right or left a little showing the springs had command of it, to force it out as it were, I put my nut secure placed on the followers Cylinder heads and covers that evening you could not notice the change much running over with the little Pass's train but the fireman noticed the difference in the quantity of Coal, he had not used half as much as he did the evening previous, the next morning with freight again 16 loads we did notice a vast difference, we could play with them, no blow at the L. M. crossing but going up the Plattsburg grade she called for a little more scraping for she blowed after breakfast. I gave the followers another good scraping and this settled the trouble entirely. We used less coal than ever and had more steam. The next morning they put full train 18 cars we made the time with ease, the fireman who had fired her for over a year was very much pleased, as he did not use on half the coal he formerly did, the Superintendent was satisfied to

know she could pull her full quoto, a few days after having made my trip from Columbus with full train arriveing at Springfield at 8:10 A.M. He informed me to get into good shape to return to Columbus at 9:30 A.M. with an excursion train from Cinti. I had the 4 spett wiped off backed up to the Depot, thain arrived over one hour late. The Engineer said it was a very hard pulling train and he lost time right along, I knew him will he formerly was one of us on the little Miami, I inquired!, his cylinder and Stroke, (15" by 22) My engine was 15 by 24, so I had the advantage. My Superintendent gave us one hour and forty minutes to take these eleven coaches to Columbus we ran it in one hour and thirty minutes, beating his time ten minutes a few days after this another excursion from Cincinnati of 16 cars also for Columbus, this they ran in two sections each Engine haveing 8 cars, and each one was over one hour and fifty minutes makeing the run, a month after this I was called upon to run another Extra during my lay over at Springfield, the Superintendent inquired of me if I could run up the road towards Sunduskey, untill I came across a Construction train and Engine, and pull then to Springfield, as the Engines pumps had played out. You will have the Conductor of said train returning and be subject to his orders, I said I can do this only I have no switch key, he gave me his. I backed up town recieved running orders from Train dispatcher and off I

started Engine hunting. I found her about 50 miles out the road, coupled on to the train loaded with cross ties, which were to be destributed between Urbana and Springfield, we arrived at Springfield 6:30 P.M. all right at 8:10 P.M. took regular Pass train to Columbus. This fixed me all right as I thought but as you hear me further you will see I am all wrong. One of the Engineers tired of running the No. 14 Engine a small leakey little thing, on this branch, took a new one on the main line, the Supert" rather objected to his changeing as he did not think he had an Engineer to put in his place that could make the time, "oh yes! replied the Engineer you have one on the branch who will make as sure as it ever was made" he reccommended yours truly, it was a very nice run as regards the days work, we left Columbus at 10:00 A.M. returned from Springfield arriveing at Columbus at 3 P.M. all day light running home part of the day and all night, it did not pay big money but it paid to rest, I took it and I was satisfied, I ran if only failing twice the entire Winter of going into Springfield on time and these two trips I had to stop for water on account of the flues lakeing, If we stopped for water we could not make Springfield under 5 minutes late. Therfore I only took water on two occasions the entire Winter, arriveing at Springfield with from one to two inches left in tank close running but perfectly safe as long as you make it, I ran the 45 miles

all winter with out stopping for water, except two occasions these I went into Springfield 3 to five" late, in the Spring, I gave her up her flues leaked so I could not make the time they give me the 24 an Engine worn out on the main line, presently they took the two trains off that I was running, and I was ordered to run Engine 24 to Sandusky Shops, I did so the Master Mechanic said he would overhaul her, I inquired what I would have, he said I will give you the same chance I gave a man yesterday. He came in with his Engine broken down, and I let him go untill freight picks up, so when freight or buisness revives I can send for You." Yes" but Mr. Acmes my Engine is not broken down, nor have I broken link or pin or anything on the road in fourteen months running, but I will take my time I know I am not wanted.

When the Chief Clerk made out my time he said Price you are not leaving us entirely "Well" I replied "How can I do otherwise when I am not wanted, and the trains I run are taken off." Well he said I would not think they would let you go, You have a good record on this road"

That matters not I know why I am gotten rid of but I will let it pass.

I recieved my three months pay which was in arrears, and the month I had just given in and returned

Home to Columbus Ohio

C. S. and C. adieux!

The Cincinnati Southern being about to open as far as Somerset, Ky, a company had formed principle of Cincinnati and the W. H. Clement was chosen President who appointed J. T. Redmond master machinc and Master of trains. I visted him at the Burnet House where he was surrounded by Engineers, there being some 275 applications at the Office of trustees I kept away from there. I do not know of any of that number ever being employed, But I understood Mr. Clement had informed Mr. Redmond to hire the old Engineers who left the little Miami as he knew them personally to be reliable Engineers, I myself being one of that stock I passed the Committe correct. W. V. Clemons was the 1 st. Engineer hired by the Common C-- Company, your humble servant second. The M. M. told me in a few days he would need me as soon as Cars Engines etc. arrived. I returned to my Family and told them I guess we will remove to Cincinnati as I had a situation on the new Cinti. Southern Railway to run Passenger train. The Engines Coaches etc. would arrive in a few days the I will be notified to report at Ludlow Ky., sure enough I recieved the message, I first started to work on the Fleming Transfer track in Ludlow changeing the Trucks of the Coaches placeing five feet gauge trucks under instead of 4'8 as the road was first built with the regular Southern gauge, then went out to over look the road, the Numbers 5 & 6 were the first to arrive two freight Engines Built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, they were run

from Louisville to Ludlow, by the way of Danville junction. By Wm. Clemons and Oscar Wilson Engineers. I was then sent out the road with Engine Six with the first freight train to Lexington, Frank Foster of Cinti. Conductor, we made the trip smoothly put up at the Lagonda and were treated with a general greeting. We returned to Ludlow, I next ran this same Engine from Georgetown to Danville and return for four successive days. It was the County Fair and being the first held since the opening of the road it seemed every body turned out, we did not have enough of Cars to carry the crowds that attended this fair. Mr. Shadley Conductor could scarcely crowd through to collect fare, we had several flat cars in addition to the Coaches I think we had nine cars all told, after the close of the Fair recieved orders at Georgetown to give up Engine Six to ~~Engines~~ Redmond who came out to Georgetown to meet me, and who ran said Engine to Ludlow, I recieved orders to come to Ludlow and look after the motive power of Common carryer Co. untill further notice, the next morning the yard master wanted a Engine to haul Several Cars or a barge load rather of Salt for shipment down the road, I borrowed Engine 4 spot of the trustees M. M. fired her up and ran her on the incline pulling said cars os salt up in to Ludlow yard about 10 a.m. Mr. E. P. Wilson our Supert. came over from City informed me that Mr. Redmond M. M. wanted me at once to come to Louisville to bring Engine around

to Ludlow. Your train leaves at 2 P.M. call at my office for Pass etc. I answered I would haul the Salt Cars untill 12 M) then I would come over in time to make the train. After dinner I crossed the river secured my pass arrived in Louisville in time for supper, after Supper I was Introduced to Mr. Jim Slusher who was Ger. Foreman of the L and N Shops where our Engines were being put up for the road. Andrews Clemons and Mr. Redmond went down a day or so ahead of me, we were now alltogether, three or four old shums, (well as one good turn deserves another it came to me) Mr. Slusher had inquired of Andrews who was to come for Engine 7. Why Dutchey of the Little Miami Ed Price a little follow full of fun describeing me. "Well" replied Mr. Slusher, when I came South in search of a situation there was an Engineer on the Little Miami, who I asked if he recognized a Card or letter, he said certainly if they are genuine. I showed him letter he replied that is all correct, it was leaving time but he said I will Introduce you to the Conductor we walked towards the rear Coaches, meeting the Conductor the---Engineer Introduces me thus, Charlie this is Engineer Slusher he has good letters etc. please pass him to Cincinnati. I had not said anything about my Wife & Boy being with me now I said my wife is along oh! that's all right said the Engineer! But the Conductor remarked he did not mind carrying me on the free list but he did not care to pass Women. "That says the

Engineer why Charlie she is his Wife and you surely would not part mand and sife. You know the good book tells us, what God hath joined togehter let not man put as under. Well said the Conductor all right let's go E2, all aboard and away we fled for Cincinnati, arriveing on time. I had not seen this engineef since or scarcely thought of him as it is a common occurrence to pass a Brother Engineer over the road, and now here after Supper I am Introduced to the same Gentleman and whom seemed so glad to meet me again. We all smoked and we also joked and the evening became morn- ing ere we retired. The Sabbath passed, Monday Morning the 8 was ready, Tuesday<sup>9</sup> and Wednesday the Andrews ran the No. 8 around by Danville J. C. Clemmons the 9 your most the No. 7. We all arrived safe at Ludlow and in turn started out on the Passenger trains, running to Dan Juntion on the accommodation and Somerset on the day Express. I could not say how long we ran thus but only a few months passed by, when my old Friend and Tutor on the N & C and Comrade on the little Miami and now partner on the Queer & Cresent finishes his career of railroading, Two boys are standing upon the bank along side of track near Mason station Ky. one of them says to his chum, "See me hit that head light. He throw the stone my Brother Engineer had his head out side the Cab swinging around the curve into the station. Instead of the stone strikeing the headlight It struck our

Hero of a runner on the Temple fracturing the Skull. He never was conscious of his suffering and never knew Wife or sons again. Five boys are left Fatherless-he only survived a day and night his Widow was our next door Neighbor for the balance of her life, She seemed to be recovering somewhat from the shock, She said little but hers was an inward grief. About two years after the sad event she took very ill, convalesced & one day walked to the Gate. My Wife told her she ought to be careful of her self, it is too Cold for you. She did take cold had a relapse and the next time she came to that gate, it was to be borne to Spring Grove and laid alongside of him who left one afternoon in the best of health but returned (Insane) now she joins him, who was so suddenly struck from her side without a moments warning, poor Orphan's cheated of home with all its joys and blessings. He was a good provider a man who had plenty of this world's goods, a more agreeable couple were very seldom met with. I had known them both before they married. In fact was best Man at the Wedding and some twenty five years pass by without a jar or discord. After Facing Death on the Rail for most of this time, he escaped without a Scratch. Many a dark Stormy trip has he had on the Night Express on the Little Miami, many a trip, has he sailed around the narrows into Chattanooga around Mt. Lookout's base, the rocks extending over the coaches on one side and the beautiful Tennessee upon

the other, oft has he been flagged down the Mountain of the Cumberland stopped in Safety, through all these he passes, without a scar, to be killed by a stone thrown by a foolish Boy. Terrible! Terrible! I sat up with him the night before he died. I could do no more but so long as I live I will ever remember my true friend and Brother Engineer John S. Andrews.

They laid him in Spring Grove Cemetery where, although the steam whistle may be heard, it does not disturb him. He is asleep and cannot awake untill the resurrection moon when all shall arise to be at peace with their Saviour, or be cast off! I know ye not, go ye hence.

I went out upon my run as usual but often thought of my departed friend as I approached Masson Station.

The following Spring the road was completed to Chattanooga about Xamas I had orders to take a heavier Engine instead of the No. 7. I had run the latter two years and six months without looseing a trip then took the (22) a larger Engine having one inch Larger Cylinder but half a foot less driver which of cours made her more suitable for the heavier trains. Shortly after the road was finished to Chattanooga, I ran through to Somerset altogether on one and two and five six the through trains soon the Citizens of the South one and were Invited to a banquet given at the Burnett House

Cinti. in honor of the Opening of the road. Four Banquet trains were run from Chattanooga to the Queen City filled with the Merchants, Railway magnatws, Officials, etc. with news Editors and those who favored the opening of the road. The four sections or trains were all filled not a seat vacant the first and second had 8 coaches each the other two I did not see. Mr. Hunt Supert. gave me the 1 st. train, Mr. Stewart ran the second Mr. Combs the 3 rd. and Mr. Walsh the 4th the running time we made respectively is recorded on the Books of the common Carrier Co. each and all made the trip with safety nothing amiss.

I do not know how much late the others left but we left one hour later then the appointed time from Somerset. Rus Williams, young, bright, and quick as a stelle trap was my Conductor, Mr. Hunt had already informed us to take good Coal and plenty and leave nothing undone to make good time, therefore I was prepared to do so. All aboard says Rus. I started slowly the Inhabitants of Pulaski County as Somerset is the County seat hurrah! hurrah!s some are clng ing to the cars and others wishing friends good bye handkerchields are waved and all is joy we get out of this throng with safety, now I let her go a little all up grade to Norwood about seven miles when about one mile from this station my Conductor comes over the tank on the Engine. Well Ed this is too bad learing a ful hour late. I replied Russ if nothing happens

to detain us the way she is danceing them up this grade. I can take you to Ludlow on time just then I I whistled for Norwood(we did not have to stop untill we reached Dan Junction) as i swang around the Curve here I behold a flagman at each switch with white Flag streaming to the ah! ah! I said to Dave Moses my Fireman who is now an Engineer on the O & M give it to her Dave(this means buisness give her the balck diamonds) every switch secure to Cincinnati. I got up off of my seat and felt that I could help her along the next station was Science hill a little down grade oh! My did'nt we sail them two White flags held by a flagman at each switch, Russ my Conductor says well Ed If you make Cincinnati near the time specified you shall have the finest hat money will buy. I'll go backinto the train. As the switches were all guarded we did run those cars regardless sure enough. Our first order as to meeting the Dan<sup>e</sup> Accommodation was Mason but as we left one hour later than expected, our train dispatcher changed said order to meet and pass at Sadieville where we lay waiting for the fully 20 minutes, I guess I got young again, for I stood on my bumper of Engine looking across Gray Eagle creek bridge anxious for for it to appear, at last she comes I have now lost twenty minutes and only got about 52 miles to make it up in. We got away the instant they cleared we was not detained any more I did not make Lud-

low on time for that would be a gain of one hour and twenty minutes, but when I passed Kenton heights we were due at Ludlow, just about 13 minutes late makeing up one hour and 7 minutes, at Ludlow. My Cont. said Ed run her over to quest Street and we'll go get the hat. I thanked him and said no Russ the hostler will run you over my trip is ended and my family are now waiting for me to supper with them, they knew my tute te tute in a few moments I was with them they anxious to hear of the trip, I proud of such anxiety. I do not know who was the authority of having the switches all guarded and the safety signal to welcome you on although it was just like Mr. W. H. Clements made of railroading, he was always known to be on the safe side in ease of doubt.

Why did this Experianced Manager, President and Civil Engineer, give orders to his Master Mechanic on the opening of the Cinti. Southern railway to hire all the old Engineers formerly of the Little Miami he could get, because he wanted a success, he had always been succesful and wanted so to continue, he did not propose to try experiments. He knew evry man personally, He knew we were journeymen at the buisiness, Men, that would not violate a rule or run one minute out of the Time Cards privilege. Men that thoroughly understood all a bought the Engines they were running and also how to run them, and this ---Insured success in the trains being pulled over the road in safety. The above holds good in any and

all departments, the fewer the changes the better and I might say espeically amongst the Engineer's. The Old Gentleman once expressed himself when President of the Little Miami railway he did not like to part with his old Engineers, as his experiance had taught him that it cost from five to ten thousand Dollars to make a good one to fill his place. I have known young promoted Engineers ere they become perfectly capable and responsible to cost by some over sight ten times the amount mentioned, I know the young beginer must be promoted the worthy Fireman deserves to step to the right side of the Engine and all can not be experianced Engineers, it takes time to become sb, but it will come your turn to be Old and Experianced and you too will wee the advantage of the yearly lessons you have learned. Then prehabs you will think like myself and not condemn him and say you're too old, which is often the case and a superior carefull Engineer is cast aside, who might run for years to come, To prove my ascertainment of keeping exprianced Engineers or any other officials. I would refer back to the few years the common carrier company ran the Southern road almost five years under Mr. W. H. Clement's management he had expeieranced men in all departments but I will speak of the Enginemen he made no changes especially as regards the motive power, as certain the value of stock when the road was ran

under his Management. You could not find any for sale, twas too good an Investment to part with. You may say they had an easey lease or rental but that is not all they had carefull experianced men evry where. I ran Engine No. 7 two years and six months and the only mishaps I know of I ran off at switch in Ludlow yard and a freight train standing at Williamstown was ran into by a Section following breaking the Cabloose very light damage these were the only accidents that I know of to occur in those two years and a half whilst running on the road. This was very good showing for a new road, the buisness kept picking up more and more every month, both in freight as well as Passengers, as soon as the road was oppened to Chattanooga and the Night Express was put on I ran on the through trains altogether Number one and 5 south and 2 and 6 North between Cincinnati and Somerset, nothing occurring but daily and nightly trips over the road in safety. I could see the time was getting to be difficult and more difficult to make. Instead of having four to five Cars in the train we were hauling from 7 to 8 almost evry trip and the Conductor would state the to were much heavier. I ran with one of these behind me, they are so termed but being the Engineer does the brakeing we might call them assistant Conductors, arriveing at Somerset on No. 1 Express after running my best we were a few minutes late we had 8 coaches all told made all the stops

was ten minutes unloading Express goods at Lexington, he remarked how much greater the travel was getting to be, I--- remarked it will be five times greater at the close of ten years hence, the time is up now, he is still running Pass<sup>s</sup> Con<sup>s</sup> on the road and I believe my assertion is not far from being fullfilled. When this Young Man was breaking behind me some three years previous I used to check up entering the Thort tunnel going south towards high bridge the first trip I ran on passenger through this tunnill was going south you swing around a sharp curve and you are in the tunnill not knowing the road I went through it at least forty miles per hour. I noticed we were going down grade, shut off but before I was aware of it through we went, my Conductor who formerly ran upon the little Miami called my attention to such reckless running, I said this is my first trip over the road on passenger train and I did not recollect the location he replied, I thought something was the matter as you did not run as smoothly as you used to do. He remarked it was dangerous to approach it at a high rate of speed. I will check up when I know the road so has to be on the safe side and this I did as long as I ran on the road. I had checked up at this tunnel for some months in approaching it you could see the daylight at the other end when clear of any obstruction, at length I was repaid for checking the speed for before

I entered I could see a dark object in the Tunnel. We stopped when we observed five Cows marched out of the other and we followed them slowly for a quarter of a mile when finely they gave us the right of way as they stepped to one side we resumed our proper speed. On another occasion or subsequent trip with same brakeman behind us we applied the brakes entering the tunnel slowly when again I saw a dark object it did not move we stopped and when we went to investigate we found it to be a large rock had fell from the roof or ceiling measuring the width of track one way about four feet the other and from one to two feet thick, it took three of us to move it with pinch bar etc to one side the track near the south end of Tunnel where it laid for months afterwards, now I am perfectly satisfied that if we had struck that rock at a high rate of speed it would of thrown our engine off against the side of that Tunnel the Coaches pileing up in one massive wreck, I do not see where else they could go, but it did not occur the Tunnel is these to day and the trains pass through in safety, but were I running again I would apply my brakes enough to get the friction of shoes to the wheels so has to make the stop if necessary in all such dangerous places, I always would take the safe side in case of doubt and more so after these two incidents then ever. You may call it luck Goodluck or by any name you choose but when there is a Tunnel to pass through around a sharp curve where you see it

when in it, a train to meet or pass ditto it is better to check up and if required to stop, you can do so ere you murder your passengers, this is a good plan to adopt, where there is no watchman at the tunnel and so it was in this case, and if such exerciseing of judgement is not done by the Engineer it is only a matter of time, the accident will come soon enough and if you take these precautions and run year in and out and do not run into anything nor kill yourself or any one else. They will say you are a lucky Engineer, when you see plainly that luck had nothing to do with it, tis the management of the affair.

If you should run a fast train are on time, because you have the right of way over other trains at bad meeting points, around some sharp curve at the foot of some steep grade dont go by that meeting or passing point---perfectly loose at fifty to Sixty miles per hour speed because you are on the Dot and think the opposeing train are out of the way. If you make no allowance, you will make one trip where some unforeseen trouble has delayed some train they will hail you to stop at the last moment, but alas too late! You are swinging those coaches at your highest speed now you apply your brakes but before they are effective in stopping you strike the train, a dreadful loss of life is often the result besides

property destroyed. We read of these accidents over and over again and it seems they will occur as long as the cars the cars are run on wheels but some of these might of been prevented.

I can not but compare an Engineer running at full speed past these points to a driver or Coachman Imagine him Driving in the streets of Chicago or Cincinnati at a fare trot his lines or reins dangling---loosely over the dashboard he has no particular meeting point, best he is meeting and passing vehicles continually his horse stumbles and before he can gather his reins to pull on the mouth of the horse the animal is down on his kneew or prostrate the vehicle behind press upon them the tongue of the one behind is forced through the other no one is killed but the elderly Lady has a rib broken the Grand daughter ahip dislocated. All of which would have been prevented if that coachman had his lines in hand ready to pull and hold that horse up in an instant. No one would scarcely believe unless by Experiance the differance it makes in makeing a stop, on the one hand you are approaching a station at a certain point very close you have your brakes applied easily decreseing the speed you get signal to stop you apply full power of Brakes you make the stop all safely, on the other hand you pass that same point at same rate of speed but you are all free and loose you are now signaled to stop but you fail to do so it takes quite a dis-

tance together up the lost motion of those brakes running at 50 to 60 miles per hour. I checked up at all such places more particularly after I had the power of doing so in my own hand and recieved the cognomen of the lucky Engineer. Let it go at that it does not sound so bad after all. The 22 myself and Fireman got along very well, I had run her on passenger and frequently on freight when there was no other Engine to send out I have remained on freight for two weeks at a stretch ere I could catch my regular run on Passenger train as we ran first in first out.

I now beg your attention while I narrate the facts or details of a true event, an accident in one sence a tragedy in another it was the most Heart rending scene I ever beheld on the rail in my thirty years running at that time. Conductor wells and I left Somerset on No. 2 at 12:40 P.M. we ran to Kings mountain on time passed through the tunnill safe at Green river Gravel switch we were signaled to stop by the Flagman of Construction train, which stood upon the main track ahead of them stood a local freight train at the water tank, my Conductor went forward to see into the trouble. I looked around my Engine and presently I walked down to the freight train I looked at the Cars there were none broken except a few drawheads or drawbars I was satisfied they could be pushed to the next station, McKinney about two miles

from the W. Tank I returned to my Engine my Conductor remarked "this is bad" I thought he ment the train so I observed the train is all right a few broken drawbars & bumpers but we can push them into side track at McKinney and go on" Why he answered the Construction train has been waiting here for two hours for the Engine of the freight to return from--- Mckinney. We had been told of the Engine backing into the train and the Tank being bursted I said it is no use to wait any longer, You can not push that train and pull your coaches up that grade, no but we can back up main track above this gravel switch and let the construction train take the gravel side track then we pull down and the construction Engine can couple on to our rear Coach and we will pull up slowly to McKinney sending flagman ahead to stop any Engine or train that might be coming to the detained train, although nothing dare come on our time, he sent the flagman ahead giving him ample time to get to McKinney ere we started we made our changes coupled up I told the Engineer behind I would have to take water as this was our regular water station, and one of our main supplies after takeing water we started slowly for the Station as we passed along on the green sward lay six dead men under white covers. They were the victims of this accident all killed in an instant they were surrounded by their respective Families, Mothers, Sons, Daughters and

aged Fathers I can not describe that scene I have not the words to express my feelings to see Grand Mothers with their white hairs, Mothers and even babes surrounding these corpses. They all lived near McKinney station so all were able to come to the Death Trap. I have seen the Cars piled one upon another. I have seen Engines welded into one the Tank of one standing on end on top of the Mass but I had never seen six humane beings laying side by side who were slaughtered in an Instant, for although they were only Section men they were God's Creation, although they toiled all day long on the track they had a home to return to at close of the day, with loving hearts and kind hands to greet them. Thus it happened The Engine that pulled the freight train was detached at the Water Tank the conductor had orders to run up to McKinney and get Section men to unload car of Coal for Water Station, they did so the hands got on and in a few minutes are killed. Their families soon cluster around them but they need no assistance now no wonder at the grief I see as we pull by wringing of hands and bleeding of humane hearts of the loss, of the husband the Brother and the father, Yes this was sad indeed. We pushed the train into the side track and just as my Engine was entering it, Mr. Hunt Superintendent with Extra Engine from Lexington came around the curve into the station from the opposite Direction, he had the wrecking car etc to clear the wreck, he ordered his little

train into side track at the North end, then came to our train stepped upon my footboard, asked me how! bad it was. I informed him briefly, their is the train in this side track. He answered you did well and told us to make good time to the City, we did so arriveing a few minutes late at Old Guest St. Depot. Now the Explanation of the accident was as follows: It seems the Conductor was handling the Engine he ran up to McKinney correct to get the Section men to unload the coal, being a very dry summer the Freight Engines hauled a flat Car coupled next to their water tank, with two wooden water tanks one on each end connected to each other with hose, and also connected with their proper water tank. this was to enable them to make the runs where some of the <sup>r</sup>steams had dried up and their was no supply, consequently this Tank Car as I might call it was not uncoupled but but was always kept next the Engine, one of these flats the men occupied, in rideing to unload the Coal some Sat in front some between the water tubs or tanks. I was not a witness of it but the truth will leak out I was told he ran very fast and when he approached the train he reversed the Engine forward She flow into back motion and got the best of him, he lost control and struck the train so hard it jammed or doubled up the old flat car so the tanks were smashed together thus squeezeing to Death the section men. The Engineer and conductor boarded their Engine run her into side track at station, and did not return no

never. We ran trip after trip with success untill one night I was running No. 5 Night Express South at Nicholasville a freight train had sidetracked for the Danville Acc" and after the acc<sup>r</sup> passed on they backed partly out on to the main track so has to pull out the spur to main track going north. they did so and the rear brakeman did not throw the south end switch to main track, which he should of done, but left it for the side track, which he placed it after the accom<sup>r</sup> went by but after his caboose cleared the cross over or spur switch he threw this for main track, a regular trap to catch us; if he had left all the switches as they used them to pull out of the station I would of ran through the yard all night going through part of the side track as they had done. I met said train at Lexington our regular meeting point, we left for Nicholasville and stopped, was on time, left there was taking it easy when all at once I see a red target the switch was for sidetrack, I put on the air reversed but no go we ran off the Engine and baggage car their being a ditch along side the track the 22 stopped suddenly and came very near going on her side, the coaches were not off the Baggage car was not broke and in one hour afterwards having an other Engine to come to our assistance the baggage car was pulled back and the train and conductor went on to Somerset, leaving us in the ditch in the morning and it was christmas morning

at that, the wrecking crew and Mr. King roadmaster came to pull the 22 on the track and just about the time they had unloaded some tools out of the Tool car, a Telegram came for wrecking crew and master to run to wreck near martins water tank about two miles South of Eubanks the tools were gathered up and I and the 22 were left alone, as accidents seldom happen. Single this one occurred about 6 A.M. (I got off the track at Eleven P.M.) No. 17 a heavy freight South and the construction train going north tried to pass each other on the maintrack a usual they did not make it hence a bad collision, the wreck was soon cleared up and the next day they returned to the 22 and put her on the track in a few hours, there was scarcely anything broke one or two caps on tank trucks is all I recollect, we went out the next day on our regular run, which we ran for some few months without anything worthy of notice untill one evening it was my run out on No. 5 Night Express South, ere I left Ludlow to back over to the Depot, we heard the local freight going down high bridge Grade had wrecked a number of cars by running over a large rock that had fallen from the mountain side upon the track---as I came to ludlow with No. 5 ther was red Signal against us. We stopped and stood ther presently the road master for I knew his voice said we'll take this Engine, gave orders to pull the pin all night he said go ahead the brakeman pulled the pin but I did not move, I called his attention

to the bellchord and also the air hose oh: uncle Ed that's one on One sure but you are free now, I pulled up and backed down to the Crane and Tool Car coupled up, the conductor (And it was my Russ of the Banquet train) and Roadmaster on to the Engine, I read the order and we pulled out for thw wreck leaving leaving our passenger train on the main track at Ludlow, arriving at Nicholsville. Received orders as to use of track between Wilmore and the Wreck arriving at the wreck we found The Superindent with Engine from Lexington pulling the first car on. We had not been there but a short time when the Engineer James Greene who had been on duty from 6A.M. and now it was after midnight was tired out, his front drawbar was bent his front braces of Bumper were loose, he told this to his conductor, saying The 22 is just behind us with wreck Car etc. and Uncle Ed can't be beat at pulling cars on the track his conductor then requested the Super---to make the change Yes as soon has piney arrives with Tues and Iron or rails for track, Pinney arrives we all back up to Wilmore to let Greene off. Pinney and our little train hold main track Greene pulls into side track we pinney follwing return to wreck, it was now one A.M. and twelve cars yet off the track. We pulled them upon the track any son who handled the Engine being fireman in remarkable time, the track was badly torn up and new ties

and rails had to be laid for some 50 yds.

Everything was now complete and we crossed over it going down to high bridge at 6:10 A.M. five hours pretty good for night work, we side track at high Bridge and remained until all trains went by rejoicing to their respective destinations. We returned to Ludlow arriving at noon bringing with us wrecked cars, Tool Car etc. went out again on my regular everything working nicely for a month or more, at length in examining my Engine I found a cracked truck wheel and it was the leading pair in Engine truck, I reported it in fact I showed it to the Master Machanic, who said he had none to replace it with, only one pair that were taken out of one of the Engines on account of running hot, the Engineer reporting he could not run with them any longer, But Mr. Iverson said he did not see anything the master with them come and look for your self he said the axle was streight, I looked at them the journals were smooth. I said I would try them as I dare not risk a cracked wheel, they were put under and I ran them a few trips they run pretty warm but I did not have to stop on the road on account of them being hot, I packed the Cellers often so has to have no, trouble on the road, about this time the road was leased to the Eslander syndicate Mr. Iverson resigned and Mr. Meehan was Gen<sup>e</sup> master Mechanic of the whole buisiness, and I was still running this same axle in Engine truck at last the trouble came running No. 6 from Somerset to Cincinnati leaving twenty

minutes late, had hot journal in front truck packed and tallowed the celler four times takeing the celler down evry time arrived at Ludlow twenty minutes late just as late as when we started run fast as I could not take the celler down and packe it in less then ten minutes and four times would make Forty minutes detention. I reported my detention and ~~after~~ working hard to save the axle and not cut it which I did save as it was not cut I recieved a scolding about one or 2 weeks afterwards was the 25 of November Thanksgiving day I thought I would lay off and have my Dinner at Home with my Family as I very seldom lost a trip or lay off on any occasion which the books of the Performance of Engine Service will show, on any road I ran on my Family were quite pleased to have me with them. We had a happy day and of course a Turkey was killed and we rejoiced in these blessings bestowed upon us of course I asked permission to lay off, and reccommended Jame Waters to run for me, he was an Extra Engineer and had made a poor months pay I thought this would help him out. - - -

But I was overwhelmed with astonishment when the next morining, I went over with the intension of going out as it was our regular run with No. 1 Express as I passed the Engineer's Bulleten I glanced at it a thing I hardly ever did having a regular run, and I read Engine 22 No. 1 Pass<sup>s</sup> James Walters Engineer will that was enough to read. Well I was all most struck dumb or I had no accident I had broken no rule. How is this? as I looked

across the turntable I could see the Engines oiling around I walked over, looked at him into his soul if he had one, he does not look at me his slouch hat is pulled down over his forehead. I said not a word. I knew he felt guilty and I thought he has been the cause of this change. he has further embittered the Gene Foreman against me, and I am tired of his groumbing as I had told him before, he He knew my record as an Engineer for more than twenty years yes ever since he was a boy and to be picking at me I could not endure. So I told him if you have any one can do any better than I am doing for, gracious sake put him on. I meant in makeing regular time, in keeping clear of collisions and sun into scrapes, in obeying the rules of the road and keeping the Engine out month after month and year after year without scarcely looseing one trip running 157 miles evry day and frequently 314 as I frequently would double the distance some times three times a week for a month when one of the Engines would be in for a overhauling I would double on 6 and 5 and single on No. 1 and 2 thus leave Somerset on No. 6 1:30 A.M. arrive at Ludlow 6:50 A.M. leave Cin<sup>ti</sup> on No. 5 same date at 7:20 P.M. arrive at Somerset at 12:30 midnight leave at 12:30 noon on No. 2 arrive at Ludlow 5;50 PM I had run on these trains with the same Engine for 23 months and two weeks looseing one round trip the time we were off the track at Nicholsville I had been promised by the former m.m. she should be taken in for repairs and now the Erlangers have the road and I am promised

CBg The Gen<sup>e</sup> M. M. she shall have a thorough overhauling but a few collissions occur she can not be spared, thus I run the Engine to day to run her tomorrow - I do not say I did not give her full power or endeavor to make good time, but I used her properly she was fed plentifully and lubricated greeselly a short time after the Foreman had found fault about makeing up time etc. came thanksgiving and I laid off the Engineer to whom I give the trip was retained in my place, this I did not expect even though I did say put some one else etc. I was put at hostling or running all Passenger trains from Ludlow to Cincinnati and recieving all engines as they came in on Freights and getting turn out for their respective trains, coaling them up and supplying them with water. This was an easey position but it only payed a trifle over half the Say Imade on the mainline, which was a great sacrifice. I took the situation, but was still found fault with by the Gen<sup>e</sup> Foreman which proved he was opposed to me having a situation at all, for when I told him about makeing time he said Well Ed I'll take that back I don't believe there is any Engineer that can beat yourunning a Locomotive. But the 22 is lost for me. The man in my place for a trip or two pleases them he leaves Somerset the first trip returning on No. 6 and makes up 20 minutes having left that much late, but he only had 4 cars about half the regular train no connection at Chattanooga. he ran about a month and

is ordered to be discharged. By orders of Gen<sup>e</sup>, Manager Scot

\_\_\_\_\_ He was a fast runner. I came north from Somerset on No. 2 when this same Engineer left early in the morning with one coach, it was occupied by an appraising Committee of Master Mechanics who were Examining all Motive power etc. belonging to the trustees or in their charge, consisting of Mr. Patterson of the Big four J. H. Setchel of the Little Miami and the other I can not recall his name. I was conversing the evening previous with Mr. Setchel at Somerset they remaining there all night after finishing Inspection at that point. he said he was glad to see me and said they would leave early in the morning on their Inspection tour, when do you return I told him I would leave at noon tomorrow, which we did on No. 2 ran along all correct did not hear of any mishap untill a few miles south of Hinton Station, I noticed smallbrush and Branches of trees strewn along side of track, ran along cautiously as we could see there had been a heavy rainfall. Presently we were flagged here was the Coach and Mealafactors. a large tree had blown down, and lay across the track. It lay on top of the Rock cut simerler to a overhead Bridge but the Engineer had not been long on the road at that time, it could be seen for a half mile, but the fast engineer ran through the Cut, Stripping Smoke stack. Sand Box Some etc. off the Boiler the tree was too low down to

Clear, no one hurt. We pushed Engine Coach and Inspectors into Side track at Hinton, leaving them there persueing our journey arriveing on time at Cincinnati, this was the same man who took my Engine and run from me but did not keep it. Poor fellow he got a Situation on the East. Ten<sup>e</sup> Virginia and Georgia R.R.----- and started out early in the morining out of Chattanooga on passenger train without ever learning the road, he had a pilot to guide him over the line, he ran at regular fast speed. it was a foggy morn along old Chicamauga Creek, I crossed it hundreds of times when I ran on the W&A in 1856 and know of what I speak, He whrled them at full speed, He asks the Pilot how far to station's "about half a mile was the reply" In a few seconds the Fireman calls out "Jump Jim we are upon them".

Here was a freight train on the Main Track it was the meeting point, The Engineer grabs the pilot by throat and clasps him saying You come too. They were both killed and the Fast Engineer poor fellow and his Pilot were embraced when found in the wreck. I was sorry for he was quite a young man yet but his course was finished.

I would rather not undertake to run a fast train untill I had been over the road, and it was generally the case a few years back you would be compeled to learn it, ere you would be sent out to run any kind of train over it much less a passenger train. we ought to know where we are at any time

Day or Night or before we are aware of it we are in a trap, or would not like to depend on anothers judgement I would much perfer my own, all though he may be good railroader.

I think an engineer would be more suitable as a pilot as he is more accustomed to the various land marks knows about when he ought to shut off and apply his brakes----- according to the grade and the weight behind him and the speed he is running at. as there is a great differance in the distance it requires to stop at one station and at another, so if I have and experiances engineer or old established fireman as pilot, and could manage tolerable, but I perfered knowing the road myself, then I always felt safe it least it always proved so, well I went along running all Passengers across the river from Ludlow to Cincinnati and Coaljng up and putting away all freight Engines, and getting others ready for the orad, on duty form 6:40 A.M. untill No. 2's Engine was put away which ought to be in by 6 P.M. but some= way or tother it became later andlater and I have known it to be Eleven P.M. ere I would be through and when I asked my worthy Fireman how late I was expected go work he replied untill morining if neccessary, Still picking at the Slow Engineer. Iran this Hostling situation from the latter part of November untill----- March. In february was injured internally by one of the coal shuts, falling upon me crushing me very severely.

We had just taken 75 Bushels of Coal out of it and the

Coal heaven were filling it, as the Foreman had found fault several times about the Coal being spilt over the Tank. I called to the men to put some larger peices against the flareing sides of tank of keep the coal from falling down, as they heeded me not got up and placed it myself thinking I would please the scolder if Possible, I then called let her Come sitting on on the Cab deck with my feet resting on the coal at front end of tank over the Coal gate as the front and of tank was well filled, we were takeing 50 Bushel behind the men let her come and Both of the Shutes came down, the 75 Bashute burneing me under it on top of the coal, they took it off me as quick as possible, I could not speak for a few minutes, I could not allow any one to touch me, I walked home very cautious thinking each stop I made would be my last, a physician was sent for, he reported no bones broken and with proper care he thought I would recover all right. I lay in bed two weeks then began to feel a little stronger another week and I was able to walk over to the shops, the next week I tried my situation. I got along pretty well but it hurt my back to get on and off the engines, in a week or so one morning as I was Coaling Engine 45 that had came in on train No.6 the Roundhouse Fireman who was my direct Boss, said Ed I have orders from the Gen<sup>e</sup> Foreman to have you take the 45 and run train to Enlanger and return to try those new pattent buffers. Injest I answered why Peter

I am no passenger Engineer my duty and bounds are to run all passenger trains between Ludlow and Cincinnati and I have no right beyond these limits, besides the accommodation is due in 20 minutes and I have to run it over to Cin<sup>e</sup> therefore I can't run both, he reported to Gene Foreman came back in a few minutes, Price you will run Eng. 45 to Erlanger and return Passenger man or not, and Peter will take charge of accommodation Engine.

Well I said all right Pete, I went to the Train dispatcher to get the right of road, recieved after accommodation arrives at Ludlow you have the use of track between Ludlow and Erlanger avoiding regular trains, O.K. I observed the acc<sup>r</sup> carried no signals and all being ready we start for Erlanger, I had no particular orders so I ran good fast speed with the three Coaches, without stopping to Erlanger, being a good supply of water at this Station, and a m<sup>ake</sup> for all Engines to fill up as the Pass. we took water, I went to the Coaches, and had a conversation with the Party, consisting of John Richardson Master Car Builder of Cin Southern the Old Gentleman and his son the Patantee of the Buffers, seeing evry thing was all right to return. I said to Mr. Richardson who I had known for thirty years, John how would it do to run pretty lively returning and make several stops I don't care myself about going fast around those curves so we can make our stops at the curves, Mr. R said just the very thing, the Old Gentle-

man agreed it would be a test indeed. We then ran as fast as the Engine would revolve those wheels just below Kenton heights made the first stop, and a quick one applied my brake very eaisely untill the shoes were all touching slack all taken up then gave her full power of the Brakes, by so doing you will not jerk or jar the train buffer or no buffer, I stopper five times under a high speed on Streight linie and come to full stop at the curves.

We arrive at Ludlow had orders to leave the train on the paint shop track where we got it, my Fireman stepped down to pull the pin as we did not clear the track to round house and also we had to take a little coal to seimburse that which we had used, he failed to get the pin out, then I stepped down with coal pick. I said to my helper get up on her and slack ahead easy he done as I bid, I knocked the pin out the first blow, the Old Gentleman or Panantee was standing near, I asked him if he thought they had a fare test and now he thought the buffers worked, he answerd perfectly satisfactory, I said I was glad to hear him say so he invited me to have a smoke giving me a handfull of Cigars. well being down upon terrfirmer I said to my assistant hostler Joe I'll open switch and let you out, then we'll back down on the Tanner strack and let Peter by with the accommodation Engine as I see he is comeing up the Incline from coal bin, I opened the switch for Joe to back in, then stooped down and threw it

for Peter to pass by, as I seen Joe was far enough to clear I give signal to stop, Mr. Richardson was alongside of me both walking. I to get upon my Engine No. 5's Night Express coaches stood upon this track, all at once the Engine gave several Exhausts I remarked to Mr. R----what in the world is Joe doing he'll strike those Coaches John and If he does I'am done for here, and he did strike them brakeing the Platform of the rear Coach and the Casting of Tank and crack- ing the cross timber back of tank this occured about 11<sup>50</sup> A.M. the Coach and Tank were both repaired and went out on No. 5 that Evening. The way it happend was when I signaled him to stop he applied the air but it did not hold, so he reversed his lever into the forward motion, and gave her steam before he had her hooked in gear, or in othe words the latch of re- verse lever had not entered notch in the quadrant therfore the speed of the Engine going back wards down the Grade caused the reverse lever to fly into the back motion knocking down <sup>him</sup> against the coal gate, thus pulling the throttle farther jout, he was up in an Instant shut off reversed her into forward motion, sended the track gave her steam and done all in his power to stop but he had not the space to do so the result was he struck the Coaches.

I went to my dinner, returned after and gave the Gen<sup>e</sup> Foreman a statement of the accident, it was a written state- ment, so he said is this your resignation no Sir I don't think

I am to blame altogether, as you yourself authorized Mr. Morton who I succeeded to use the fireman to handle and assist you in putting Engines away and getting them out, for he asked you when Mr. Scott putt out the order of firemen not to move Engines unless ordered to so by the M. M. he told you he could not go over to the City with the Passenger train and coal up some engine that had just come in, or he could not run two at j one time espeically one to the round house and the other to Cincinnati, you told him it did not effect you, as your Fireman is your assistant and you will use him as heretofore, In my case he denied haveing said so, even though the Fireman made affidavit before the proper authority that he told him you will assist. The Hostler as you have been doing in handling Engines.

If I could of get up and down off or on the 45 and 46 as I could the rest of the Locomotives, I would of handled her myself, but I had not fully recovered from my coal bin injurey. It hurt my back evry time I got up on these two the step was so low from the deck I could not reach the handle opn Cab without a strain therefore being down I staid on and threw the switch in place of my fireman. I would not take the blame so I asked Gen<sup>e</sup> Manager Scot if he thought it was right to discharge me for so small an offence, I know I'm not wanted but is it fare to do so He noddod assent, I then told him who he was letting go of,

a Man who had ran a Locomotive for 32 consecetive years fully 25 on passenger trains and had never crippled, wounded, or killed a single passenger or any one rideing in the train behind him a man who lhad ran the most miles since the opening of the Southern road up to November 25th, 1883 then any Engineer on it, haveing ran Engine No. 7, 2 years and 6 months without looseing a trip and was not taken in for repairs, had orders By Mr. Woodward to choose a heaveir Engine for the through Express took the 22 ran her 23 months without going in for repairs and for this I am put aside. (good day Sir)

I was not Idle long for Mr. Stewart who was running the same through runs opposite me, had eccepted the position of M M of the Dayton and Delphois Railroad and when he quit the Southern Invited me to go with him, you know they are not treating you right have, if you should quit come up to me. I thank him kindly, and told him we could not leave Ludlow at present as two of our Children were about to graduate in Cincinnati, and their mother would not leave or make any change at present, I'll try and stick out it out, it was not but a short time when I was shoved out, he heard of it and wrote for me to come, I went and worked for him in the Shop as Machinest but I found I could not work as I did before the Coal Shure Crushed me. My Brother Thomas who was Fireman for Mr. Stewart quit and re-

turned to Ludlow he informed my Wife I was working too hard and that I could not stand it to work all day go to bed seven P.M., sleep all night in order to be able to stand next dayw work, well it was too true, I would be so tired I would retire while yet it was daylight. Recieveing a letter to come Home work or no work, I quit and returned to my family. haveing rested a few months I thought I was able to go to work again. I took a position on the C.H.and D. as Machinest in Roundhouse worked one week in the day time, and was well satisfied, but the Foreman said Ed (as he was a schoolmate of mine formerly) now next week you will work at night examing all engines that come in, and doing the repairs, of course if neccsary you will call for help, well I ran the Roundhouse evry other week for some three months untill my arm I would scarcely raise for Reumitism. It was in the fall and those pitts in roundhouse being damp I caught a severe cold and suffered with Reumitism most accute until I was held Bedfast I began to think I was getting Old and yet but a young man only 52 when the Coal Bin crushed me and now only a couple of years later I am entirely broken down. after several months of mind and body I start to work for Mr. Watts of the Kentuckey Central as machinest in round house on running repairs, the days work consisting of 10 hours work and a three mile walk in the morn ditto in the evening, six miles from Ludlow to Covington and Return this I endured for

three months, but the supply of physical strength would not meet the demand. One morning as I arose from the breakfast table my, Wife noticed me and remarked you are not able to work to day, well I answered I ache all over well rest then untill you are better so I did not go, Mr. Teowl who I worked for at Delphois foreman for Mr. Stewart was now Gen' Foreman a Southern Shops as he passed my residence he bowed good morning being on the other side the street on route to Shops, an hour or so later he sends a messenger to tell me to come to the depot, I went and found Mr. Joe Wilson Superintendent of the Harrodsburg and south Western, Branch of Cin<sup>ti</sup> South<sup>ea</sup> awaiting me. He had been refered by Mr. Carrol Superintendent of the Cin Southern to Mr. Fowl for an Engineer as these were several Extra men at Ludlow. Mr. Fowl replied to the effect we have several Extra runners but you don't any of them. I passed by an Engineer this morning, who id not go to work to day, he has been working up at the K. C. as machinest and that little road of yours will just suit him, his name is price (Old Joe Wilson)spoke up it is not Uncle Ed of the 22<sup>nd</sup> "Yes, Sir that's your man" "Well," he replied If I can secure him I'll be fixed." Mr. Wilsom engaged my services at once he offered his salary stateing that it was 15\$ more per month then he had been paying, I accepted his offer and went up to the Harrodsburg juction R.R. the next morining on No.1 I enquired of the previous Engineer, the cause of his leaving

etc. I knew him and had his Wife passed over the Southern to the junction when he first took the position. Mr. Wilson's answer" was Whiskey Uncle Ed (his favorite appellation. I suffered it untill I will and cannot any longer. He shall never run for me again. the last trip he was going out and he was so Intoxicated the Engine was running towards the train and he fell down in the tank and if Sam had not of jumped on no telling the damage it might of done, no I'm done with him. Under such conditions I'll accept your offer." I ran the little Engine on this short road, about 5 miles in length, makeing from 6 to 8 trips over \_\_\_\_\_ connecting with all regular trains of the Cinti Southern. It was an easey situation. I took a severe cold after running a short time and went home to Ludlow for 2 weeks recovered and returned to work running evry day for 6 months, or untill Wilson, Cogger and Tomlinson's with Jon Thompson's lease expired. As a new lease would have to be recieved. Mr. Wilson who wanted to be prepared to bie Inteligently requested me to examin the Engine and Tools etc. and state the expense or make an Estimate of the cost of repairs of Engine as accurately as I <sup>i</sup>could. he knew he cost of fuel Oil & Waste etc and these items with cost of repairs of Engine would enable him to make a better bid for the lease of the road for the next five years. During the next few days, as we lay in yard at Harrodsburg, I searched all the Cubboards on top and bottom on old shelves

under old rag or waste piles etc. Result of the search was, found one good tank hose. Several steel packing Springs and a complete set of Metalic packing rings for Cylinders, (good as new) I decided I was all right for packing for years. I examined the engine. Thouroughly I calculated how long certain brasses would last such as drivers, axles etc. I then summed up the mileage I would run in the 5 years, and jit did not amount to only one fifth the mileage I ran the R.R.Springer on the Little Miami Railway under J. H. Setchel Master Mechanic's administration who is at Present (1893) Superintendent of Pittsburg Locomotives. Works I ran said Engine three years and two months looseing one round trip between Cinti and Columbus running once over the road evry day except Sunday and often would be out on Extra but without any Extra the mileage is 112,320 miles---- The mileage of this little road of Mr. Wilsons would be in 5 years only about 27,840 or one fifth so I refered to what I had done, enabling me to judge what I might do in this instance. The Engine truck had very bad wheels also one pair under tank, which would not be safe to run this next winter. My Investigation being complete, I reported to Mr. Wilson I would run her for the five years, Provideing no accident happens such as being thrown off by the Stock along the road, for those Blue Grass Cattle are tremendous fellows and one night we found about 30 head upon the track,

and as we backed or pushed the train ahead of the Engine our last trip at night from the 4:0'Clock accommodation out of Cin<sup>ti</sup> it was dangerous having the Ladies Coach the front of train returning to Harrodsburg and after I stopped for the 40 head I was afraid some night we would get into the Ditch and prehaps some one get killed, this is why I put the pro-  
vise in if nothing happens, so I proposed if you do get the lease, why not put a nice cowcatcher on the rear end of Ladies Coach then if we should strike some Cattle they will be ditched instead of the Train or Ladies Car. well Joe laughed and said every body would be ridiculing the Coach with the Cowcatcher what maniac putt that there, I replied not if they were sitting out on the platform as I have seen them do in the summer time, and we were dusting over after waiting and waiting for the connection from Cin<sup>ti</sup> we pop around the Curve the brakeman pulls belle chord but ere I check up away goes the Cattle the cowcatcher throwing them a one side like as to sheep jumping a fence. oh! oh! says the bystander I see now why that thing is placed there, it is not so ugly or out of place at all. Well I must tell Mr. Wilson my estimate - - I can run your Engine for the next five years for the amount of fvive hundred Dollars or one hundred \$ per year and she must have two hundred and fifty dollars repairs as soon as winter sets in, telling

of the three pair of truck wheels, not safe to run in cold weather and the flues will have to come out and new ends putt on and reset then she is good for the five years. But there will be an additional expense as regards the Engineers pay. I would want more pay. You can have any pay you want in season But I cannot understand how you expect to manage so economically, for how much do you think she has cost for repairs in the four years and a half, we have had the road?" I replied "Joe I have no Idea. Some Engineers are more expensive than others and report for the machinest etc here you have none therfore it makes some differance if the Engineer is a skilled workman he can keep her up, as the wear and tare becomes greater and greater evry day. In fact you know the old adage a stitch in time saves nine' Well he answered I have paid out \$22.00 \$dollars for repairs and overhauling to the C.S.RR. Well Mr. Wilson I have run her very near six months now how much I have I cost you for repairs? well I have not heard of any expenses." Yes Mr. Wilson I bought a new hose from Post and Co. 75¢ and I had your colored Blacksmith to Cut me off four peices of old Spring leaves to put under Engine truck springs when I first came as I noticed the truck frame did not clear the Boxes, so I raised her up in front which caused her to ride smoother steam better and almost set the valves as they were bad. I had one sccentric blade to lengthen and she was square as a die, well Joe was Satisfied if six months run-

ning cost 75 cents and two hours work for blacksmith, may be that my estimate would prove correct, but Joe Wilson did not get the road so I did not have the chance to fulfill my Contract. Mr. Taver the president of the Company who built the road least it, and put his old Engineer on again, as I was to leave Harrodsburg for Home, he addressed as follows Mr. Price I have concluded to put the former Engineer back. Tis the family gets the position not the man, I never felt right while I had the position, for he came to see me very often. He was away a week or two but failed to get a situation he had a nice family and a nice home he had procured in the 4 years and a half he had ran on the road. I was fully half glad when I was told he was to succeed me and get his old position even though it excluded your most obedient. I returned Home and my two oldest children, a Son and Daughter, had graduated, Both receiving good positions and they proposed me takeing a rest, I did so for a while but I could not content myself. I was now offered a situation by Mr. Watts of the Kentucky Central, To run one of the K.C's Engines upon the Big Sandy division of the C and O R.R. hauling the Stone Wood and material for the Bridges of the K. C. Extension from Winchester to Livingston, I took the position with the promise of the best passenger run on it when completed. Mr. Watts thought the salary would be 3<sup>50</sup> at least per day, but that the Chief Engineer would arrange that matter. After running for several days evrything

working smoothly My Conductor said I have some buisiness with our Civil Engineer Mr. Lum. I said I'll go with you as I have a letter to him of Introduction etc. I presented my letter from Mr. Watts, he read it and said I hope you will reain in our employ with such an Introductory, I replied with fair wages I would stay and explained what Mr. Watts considered my desert. Well, he said I have not the authority to set the price, but will write to the proper Official and secure you the best possible salary.

I ran three weeks ere he recieved a reply, during which we lay out on side track twice all night the road being blacked by Collisions. We also met one Train upon the main track, two and a half miles beyond her limits. We did not colide for I See her smoke around the curve called for brakes reversed my Engine Stopped and backed out of the way untill She stopped, we were both desending grade. when they did stop we had them go back to Olympia where had orders to meet them, and where they had orders to meet us. this seemed too much for my Fire-man He quit and said Mr. Price if you stay here a week or two longer you'll be killed" I ran another week and came out with safety. I would often start out on the time of and - ahead of a regular freight and run to the Stone quarry Switch and to Leon over the mountain where we got the large Timbers for the Bridges. We would start at 4 A. M. ahead of the Coal train from Mr. Sterlong and go within a few miles of the coal Mines

where the coal train exchanged her empties for Loaded Cars then returned to Mr. Sterling for this trip the Engineer received \$5.50. We ran within 5 miles of where he did returned to Mr. Sterling, then ran to Winchester Switched our empties out, placed our loaded in, handling a side track full of cars. The crane for hoisting or unloading these large blocks of Stone and extensive Timbers, was erected about the middle of the side track of course the freights would leave their cars ahead of our empties the grade being a hard one, it caused us a great deal of Extra work to get our empties out and loads in, sometimes handling 40 to 50 cars, Now this Stone Track and crane should of been at the upper end on a separate track, after getting our empties we return to Mr. Sterling at 12 midnight, the coal train if on time would arrive at Mr. Sterling 6 P. M. 6 hours shorter than our trip---and \$5.50 the Engineers pay for the run.

The last trip I ran we had been to the Stone quarry siding and returned to Mr. Sterling for Supper, after supper we had to run to Lexington where we lay on Sundays, leaving the Stone cars at Winchester, we received orders at Mr. Sterling at 8 P.M. to take empty stock car to Winchester load it with hogs for Lexington make good time as the K. C. Freight will wait for the stock. This was Saturday night and the M. M. had promised me I could go home to Ludlow, for Sunday. I also received another dispatch from the M. M. of the C and O to this

effect Price. Your wages will be \$2.75 per day no extra pay allowed for extra hours run. That decided my case, (for I wrote myself how often we were detained by the freights, and kept out half the night having no accommodations on the train we had to return to our regular quarters) for food and rest. We loaded the Stock and started for Lexington took side track for Mr. Sterling acc<sup>r</sup> whilst waiting for them, Mr. Tuggles the Division M. M. at Lexington came up on the Engines saying Price, run a little slower if you know how that old caboose flops up and down you would wonder if it had any wheels under it at all." In answer I showed him the Order to make good times etc. I also gave him the notice concerning my wages. When he had finished reading I asked "do you think that is any pay for the running I am doing here? we are out almost evry night this way, and as we have no boarding Car we run to the quarry and return to our boarding place no matter how late it maybe, and then only recieve \$2.75 per diem." No he replied twas not enough: Well you promised me last Suncay I might visit my Family this Sabbath so if I don't return You'll know I have quit. I don't intend to run any such mileage for half pay.

I'll go to see Mr. Watts who placed me here and if he wants me to run for any such money I'll do so, but I do not think he will. I walked up to Covington Sunday after dinner three

good miles. I told him my errand, the fireman that quit had told him the way I was running and the irregularity of the trains, gave my note as to pay etc. he read it and said no Ed I don't want you to work for any such money. If they can obtain men to run for such, they may put them on, so I quit. Monday morning a young man was put in my place he had been hostler at Lescington for some time, the second day he ran he lay over night at Olympia the next morning the weather was cold and a little Ice had form where their was any water, When they were ready to leave the Conductor gave the signal.

The young Engineer could not get the Engine to start ahead it was up a steep grade, so he reversed into the back motion and gave her steam away went the Left Cylinder from one end to the other cracked wide open, but she moved all the same. He had not worked the water out of the cylinder or Ice might of formed but being a heavey grade the train and steam would make her move down the grade the preasure being so great something had to go, of course water confined is solid and can not be pressed into a smaller space. Mr. Watts was informed of the Engine being disabled and he had better send a man to bring her to Covington for repairs as she belonged to the K. C. Company, he sent a young but competent Engineer, (I knew him from boyhood) to put her on one side and bring or rather run her to Covington he succeeded all right, recieving orders at Lexington to follow flag carried by the fast line

Passenger train from Lexington to Covington arriveing at the latter at 6:15 P. M. It was in November and was rather dark about the time the fast line past Boyd station where local freight was in side track for fast line, as soon as the fast line passed by Local backed out of the the side track to continue their trip into Covington, not noticeing the signal's carried for Extra Engine following, they had not got quite out of side track when around the curve came young Pease with the crippled Engine on one side having power enough to run at a high rate of speed with 5 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  feet Driver but almost powerless you would think to see an attempt made to stop now the those who may not understand it running on one side, is running with one engine as a locomotive has two Engines one on each side of the Boiler, all connected and worked with one throttle, therfore to run her on one side, you have to disconnect the other, covering the steam ports with value disconnect the value stem or rod from rocker arm, take off main rod block the crosshead, and your broken engine is separated from the other, now you can run and pull half of your full load, the only trouble being to keep off the dead centre, as you have no power to move. you may say the port is open on the dead centre to admit steam to cylinder, what you call lead, but when on the dead centre the pressure is against the pin on a direct line from Cylinder, therforeit can not turn the Driver, if you had power enough the pin could be broken squire

off and yet the wheel fail to turn. when you have the two Engines connected you can not have them both at one time on the dead point therefore you can always move, well under these circumstances came this young competent engineer around the curve into Boyds station following the Passenger. he had the right to run a few minutes behind them it was no stoping place for the fast line therefore he had not thoughts on that point, but instead he see's the caboose of the freight backing up the main track he reverses, but all to no purpose he strikes the train breaking his already broken Engine besides several cars and the caboose with one or more cars were burnt up so I was told no one was hurt severely but It was a loss to the company of several thousand Dollars. I went up to the K. C. Shops to see Mr. Watts who had promised to get any pay for running on the C. O. he had not heard from them, he said Ed how did you leave the 14 when you quit, I answered all right except I requested to have the Right cylinder packing set out as it blew badly. I set the left side out the only evening I quit befor dark at Mr. Sterling. Mr. Tuggles promised it should be attended too. Mr. Watts then told me of the Cylinder being broke and also of the Collision in bringing her to Covington. I did not recieve my pay for sometime, so I went up to Lexington. The Superindent head quarters for that division of road. the secretary said the would Telegraph for order for my pay. he did so; he told me they were

sorrey I quit, as they had a costly accident and bad luck with Engine etc. I replied my friend I could not run all day and half the night and board myself for about half pay of a good Engineer: The answered "Mr. Chapman did not understand the running you were doing, he thought you were on one of the Construction Boarding trains that side track at proper quitting time and have their meals and lodging on the Train." He aught to find out what a man is doing before he sets his wages. I took my pay, bade the secretary good day I returned home.

I had been resting for some months and began to feel like working again. I started for Cinti by the way Covington thinking something might turn up to my benifit called at K. C. shops. Mr. Watts asked me if I would like to go home change my cloths and go out at 3:30 P. M. to learn the road, I will try it, they were short of an Engineers. I went down home to Ludlow returned to Covington Round house, got switch key Time card from Genel Foreman. I had not time to go to the depot therfore I had the Foreman to hail the expess to let me on but here she comes, Mr. Watts had been to meet me at the Depot but here he stops off and I get on, he tells me to look out he may send telegram to me up the road, the engi-neers puls out and away we go. the first Telegraph station I received the following Price you will ride up the road untill you find Engine 14. Take possession and run her. I

found her at Richmond Junction Ky. We had taken Supper at Winchester (where I used to leave my Stone cars and timbers for this line I was now to run over, I found a Firemand with her coupled to a train of Coaches in Side track. I had known him since childhood he was delighted to see me and hoped I would stay there to run this Engine, I said I did not know about that, I started out to learn the road and received orders to take this Engine, and run her untill further orders "He said he had nor regular engineer as the passenger Engines were take\_\_\_ off here the fireman remaining with them, and the regular Engineneer's ran this Engine between Richmond and Livingston on account of the Stock being so bad and no fences, this Engine having a cowcatcher behind the tank to knock the Cattle off as they had been thrown off backing from Livingston early in the morning with there regular engines, being no turntable at Livingston or end of road. about Eleven P. M. the Conductor who was to take charge this Train came into the Coach I was lying down but was not asleep. he had enquired for the Engineer, this young man said he is in the Coach, as he entered I arose and to my astonishment who should it be Mr. Henry Farmer who I had pulled 20 years ago upon the Little Miami.

He said why what are you doing out here to which question I replied with one filled equally with wonder" What in this world brought you out here in these woods for I was astonished to meet him out jout on this road roughing it for he is well

fixed as regards this worlds goods or treasures. We are to leave he said at 12:30 midnight for Meansville. Do you know the road Ed! no Sir not an inch, He said he did not know it from Paris to Maysville I told him there was a Fireman sent from Paris to Pilot us over so I quess we can get there all right. It was Sunday morning so there would be no regular train out of Maysville to bother us, there was one to meet that left Saturday night we met in safety being in side-track out of its way then ran to Paris. here the Brakeman quit we want on to Maysville, without any my Fireman did not know the road to Maysville, the Pilot did so the Fireman helped Mr. Farmer as brakesman and the Pilot fired the Engine. Our Train I might of said before this was an oddfellows excursion being all coaches, at Paris we had orders to take car load of Ice to Car\_\_\_\_\_ this is why the brakeman quit Mr. Farmer insisted to take it next the Engine the brakeman wanted to take it behind the Coaches. So I could then still do the brakeing with the air brakes, we took it next the Engine. I getting said Car Mr. Farmer in some manner slipt throwing the switch dislocateing his hip, so I got down having Fireman back up and coupled on to the car, pulled out of side track then coupled on the train, and we started for Maysville, the third or fourth stop we made was where we had to leave the Ice Car, no one coming to cut off I requested the fireman to do so, we put the car of Ice near a large Ice

house on side track then coupled up and now I could do the breaking again, rang belle got go ahead signal from the rear end of train and on we went, making the the principle stops, one or two places we would set off a car load of the excursionists, then when I would couple on to train my air would drop pressure on gage as they would fail to shut off stop cock in the rear then I would go back and find it and shut it, thus I was troubled the whole trip but we found Maysville all safe enough, only about an hour later than we were expected. My Conductor's hip by this time had become so soar he could not scarecely move without suffering extreme pain, we arrived at 6:30 A. M. was flagged entering into yard close to Engine House stopped, neither my Conductor or the fireman brakeman came forward. The young man that Flagged me came to the Engine seeing no one except us two on the footboard he asked where our crew was, I have been expecting you for the last hour, we are waiting for three of your coaches, he was the Conductor of another excursion to Richmond Junction, he cut me loose from the train, cut joff hose Belle chord etc., then told me to pull ahead and Back into side track, he then pulled three cars out of our train and backed up to the depot, we pulled up with the balance of our Coaches also to Depot our brakeman coupleing to the train, he then shod me an order he had for me as soon as I had my coaches put away to help him up the Grade out of Maysville which we did and

then returned to Engine house put Engine away and then went to breakfast, after a little rest went to bed to sleep. As I had been up all day and all night without any slumber, after sleeping about four hours was aroused by caller to run light to pairs to bring Excurtion train to Maysville same eveining, after pertakeing of a hasty Dinner we started for Paris where we lay untill 2 A. M. that night or rather monday morning. on route on my way to Paris both the fireman were with me, the former one~~having~~ orders to report at Covington and the pilòt to remain with me~~as~~ fireman, this the former one did not like. I told him it may for a better situation which proved to be the case afterwards, for he was promoted to Hostler he did not remain long at it he quit rail roading, went to work in the Engine Building machine Shop as Machinest for he served his apprenticeship in the little miami Shpps, and to day he is chief Engineer of one of the Greatest Electric Engine House's in the City of Cincinnati 1893, well as we were descending the heavy grade approaching the licking river my Pilot and Now fireman said Mr. Price there is orders to run over this bridge just around the curve at six miles per hour had you not better check up of course we will. I then said set the the tank brake, oh! says the former fireman I forgot to mention that to you the Chain is broke, well I said here is another brake, so I reversed my reverse lever into the back notch and seeing the notch was badly worn braceed my self to hold her from flying or reves-

seing into the forward motion, which they are apt to do when they have a great deal of lost motion and this engine was built at Moore and Richardsons a short time after my apprenticeship and I doubt if ever the Quadrant had ever been readjusted or notches filled out to fit the latch of reverse lever and so the reverse lever threwed itself forward by the reaction of Cylinder, Strikeing me in the back and carrying me with it holding me against the boiler head, tearing the skin of my right arm, \_\_\_\_\_ my thumb and wrist the two firemen released me, and in a few moments I resumed my position at the throttle, in a few days I say the third day after it occured I felt it the worst as my bruises became very much swollen soar and painfull, after arriving at paris we had orders to be ready to leave at 1:30 A. M. for Maysville so we took supper at the Bourbon House and lodgeing had watchman to call us at one A.M. went over to Engine shed oiled around and was ready to leave as soon as the train would arrived, then went over to telegraph office inquired of operator how said train was as to time he said they would be here about 2 A.M. and asked me If I would sign the running order for myself and Conductor it would relieve him for the night I read and then signed them for myself and Conductor then past them (for my) in my vest pocket a little after two A. M. the train arrived the Engine was cut of quickly and we recieved back up signal coupled up all aboard all

night! I started slowly bang went the belle in Cab. I stopped stepped down from Engine and walked towards the train takeing the order out of my vest pocket. I said here is what you want our running orders he read them and said let her go. Thus you see the best of us under certain circumstances will some time or other make mistakes. I knew we were all right to go but I had failed to let him read the order which he dare not leave without reading them I felt cheap it was my mistake or forgetfulness. We had a considerable train it was the colored odd fellows excursion returning from Richmond the same that I helped out of Maysville Sunday morning and the same quick young Conductor that cut me off, on my arrival at Maysville. We ran along safely the pilot now was fireman the other young man having gone to Covington we stopped at several stations the train was becomeing lighter and lighter finially we set off two Coaches, the conductor remarked now you can let her go, you have a light train make good time or we can not make Maysville for the early passenger train which leaves at 6 A. M. this being monday morning so make fast time or we'll fail to make it, I let her go for I never had been afraid to run and this stirred me up to exert myself. I had worked the Engine to her capacity. I could not have carried the water more evenly had I of run her for 20 years Instead of one trip but I had run plenty just like her. She had been run on this K. C. road ever

since I first commenced to run on the N and C.R.R. no wonder her quadrant was badly worn she had been running on this road for the last 25 years, well we left the station and I did let her go presently we went into a tunnell. I shut off steam as soon as I see the entrance for the rules were twelve miles per hour through all tunnels we were running not les then 50. I had called the attention of my fireman to the belle in Cab the spring was too weak to pul the belle chord back after ringing it so I told him to watch it after it was pulled and to pull the chord so it would ring the next time the conductor pulled it, he did not do so the Conductor pulled the Chord I at last hard it strike the Cab and see it jerked I set brakes, just at this time the conductor came over the tank said go ahead now its all over with, he said one of the coaches struck the side of the tunnel he thought at first the Coach would up set but it settled down all night again, but I tell you those colored folks white for a few moments. I answered saying I did not know when I was approaching a tunnel having been only once over the road there are no Signal or distance posts to tell how far to Tunnell or bad Bridge which these should be, then if a Engineer should be sent out without knowing the road as I am would see the Post and have time to check the speed to the rules of the road. You said let her go so I did" speaking to the Fireman he said you should tell him of the Tunnels, Bridges, etc. where the rules require to slacken the speed. He knows the rules is 12 miles

an hour as well as I do, yes but he does not know how soon he will be in to one around these curves. The Conductor said I'll ride with you to Maysville if you have no objections" have a seat here, plenty room. I moved forward on my seat. Directly he whistled for a station where we did not have to stop. he said up grade now for seven miles, I gave her more throttle had plenty of steam again he blew for crossing saying is that all right for me to blow? I answered "you blow for all crossings and Stations also the signal to stop all will be well and if we don't get there they aill at least hear us trying to do so. he knew every inch of track, would call out down heavy ---grade. I would shut of and let her role now let her go up hill would pull out, finilly he said? "Whom am I rideing with anyway? what is your name I answered Price. What? You are not the Ed Price formerly of the Little Miami that once ran the A Kelley? I replied I was the same. Well he said I knew you then. Your Engine was in for repairs, and you ran Local freight for some Engineer that had laid off. well if I had known etc. etc. I said that's all right I knew you wanted to make Maysville for the earley passenger, but It makes all the differance in the world in makeing a smooth yet fast run in knowing the road or not knowing it. I am well aware of that fact, we now on top of grade, where are we now Price. I shut off I said we are descending the big grade going t into Maysville you are

right. we arrived about fifty minutes before the leaving time of the passenger train, whilst standing at the Passenger Depot he led me out on to the platform and pointing with index finger said Mr. Price do you see that red brick House next to the corner" Yes I saw it, now the yard Master will show you where to put the train and he will let you into round house track and as soon as you put your Engine away, I want you and your Fireman to come and partake of Breakfast with me, will you do so. I accepted this kind invitation with thanks, so when we had put engine away we went up to his home and partook of as fine a meal as I ever sat down to either North or South there was a great variety and plenty of it and well served. What with being out Saturday night best part of Sunday half of Sunday night, and now it is 7 a.m. Monday our appetites were such that we did ample justice to that bountiful meal.

The whole bill of fare I cannot recall but I do remember that I was fond of and ate Beefstake so tender and rare, that when you cut it you could see the red claret swimming on the slice. Cold Boiled Ham, fried potatoes, sweet potatoes, Hot Biscuit, cold bread, Ice cold strawberries and cream peach preserves, Jelly, coffee, milk, and blackberry wine. We felt quite restored after enjoying such a repast and had a fine chat of by gone days.

Well! what of all this. It proved the man to be just what I took him for when I first met him on my first arrival at Mays-

ville \_\_\_\_\_ a good active --- genorous man --- a hustler you might call him. just as his Invitation was genorously and promptly fulfilled so was his workmanship on the train. He was there evry time, spared himself no trouble cut carried on his buisness with order and dispatch. not only was he courteous in having me sup with him, but he also had a heart within warmed by remembrance of a brother railroader. In my opinion he was a noble man --- not a bundle of Bones with a covering of an old tanned skin. I did not remain on the road to run -- with him again as he ran Local freight regular between Maysville and Lexington, the last time I see him he hād a wagon load of Beautifull Peaches along side of his Caboose at Lexington takeing a supply to his home, a good provider a true friend an excellent conductor. I padded him on passenger on my trip to Paris returned to Lexington same evening with passenger train, My Thumb by this time was three times its normal size my right arm stiff and soar in fact my whole body felt so. Mr. Watts was at the Water tank at paris I was going to dispatch to him at Covington but \_\_\_\_\_ I see him personally I told him I was in no fit condition to run My Thumb was so soar I could not reverse the lever only in great pain (showing him the afflicted member also my back felt as though it was broken and my right arm so stiff I could scarcely move it. so I must lay off or quit. Ed he said I formes by thought you were made of cast Iron and now you want to quit for a little squeezing. Pshaw! it will be all

right by tomorrow. run her today and I will try to arrange so you can run her to Covington tomorrow! so I ran her a couple of days, and when we came to Paris again, I telegraph him I could not positively run any longer - I must come home. In answer I recieved you can run her to Covington. Recieving orders from the train dispatcher at to right of way we started having the authority to pass local freight where ever we overtook them, we were very carefull in following them it is a bad train to run behind as you cannot tell where you may find them we finally found them at a station, the Conductor let me go by and said he could not make the next station for the Passenger out of Covington at 3:15 P.M. as we had ample time to do so I ran to the next station and took side track we might by running fast and makeing a close run of gone on one more station, but as I did not know the landmarks I was not going to get into close quarters against a passenger train so after a while along comes Local freight and pulls by then backs in ahead of us in a few minutes the Passenger train goes by local pulls out for Covington there being only two or more stations to stop at. so after we had caught up and passed them in safety they go in ahead of us, this was the first time ever occuring to me of such an incident in all my life on the rail. The first shall be last and the last shall be first, so it was with us. I had the fireman handle the engine most of the time as well as five. while I sat and looked more like a statue than anything else arriveing

at Covington placed the Engine in charge of the day Hostler. left a note stateing as soon as able I would come up and Interview them. I did recover enough to go and recieve my pay but have not worked on any road since. as yet I have not been able to do so unless it was some light easy situation I still reside in Ludlow Ky the Northern Terminal of the Cin<sup>ti</sup> N. O. and T. P. R. W. where I am finishing my life both on paper and in reality. Avon and again I feel some better but change of weather or some unaccountable cause retards my progress so I scarcely can move my limbs. then it is I think I never will run again some may say I do not like to work or I am afraid of it - not so there are numerous railroad acquaintances of mine. that will testify that I had not a lazy bone in my body, who are still on duty upon the various roads on which I have been employed. And moreover should I never be able to mount the Deck again I can or aught to be content to have escaped with safety, after running some 49 times around the World in mileage some onemillion, two hundred and twenty five thousand miles without crippleing, wounding or killing a single soul rideing behind me either Passenger conductor or breakman. Thirty two years Toatl 25 on passenger never recieving an injurey on the main line during all this time. Thus I console myself thinking how fortunate I have been to escape with my life and limbs all perfect, although weak and worn out. when so many of my comrades. Engineers, Conductors, Fireman and Brakeman have been taken hence one by one, some in their infancy of railroading, some

killed out right some roasted alive untill Death came to their relief, some by sickness but alas! of the latter now few, The following is a list all of whom I was acquainted with personally with cause of Death and name of road they were employed upon:

First Jacob Glase Engineer. Killed near Anderson Station on the Nashville and Chattanooga R. R. 1856 rear collission the Engine had broken loose from train on descenging grade. Train ran into Engine, when they collided the roof of first car shot forward from the body crushing in both sides of the cab, squeezing the Engineer's body against the Boiler head opening the guage cocks which scalded him internally.

Second Mr. O'Brien, Engineer on the little Miami Burnt to Death by his engine plunging into chism of Culvert the cars pileing upon one another over him and takeing fire cremating him alive he meanwhile appealing to be killed at once to escape such torture oh! what must is suffering be, seeing his Conductor through those flames, and he powerless to relieve him, not asking for to be extircated from his imprisonment not thinking of the loved ones at home that he had left only a few hours but all he asked for was strike me to death kill me kill me! this occured after night fall near Claysville Ohio 3rd. T.B. Davis a young promiseing Engineer on little Miami only sick a few days died of cholera.

4th Reuben Watts crushed in a collision with Local freight near South Lebanon on little Miami R. R.

5th Fireman of same Local freight killed instantly by Cars falling upon him.

6th Wm. Davis Engineer killed by his switch engine whilest getting off without stopping his Engine running over him. Little Miami R. R.

7th Wesley Reynolds who was formerly a steamboat Engineer and made the famous fast trip as head Engineer on the Duke of Orleans from New Orleans to Cincinnati which I believe has never been beaten. He though paralised on one side would step off his Engine in motion at last he fell under the Driver from which he never recovered. Little Miami! Fulton yard.

8th Charles A. Wiggins. formerly of little Miami and Hocking Valley but later of pan handle at Columbus he was sent to Indianapolis with a new switch engine built at Pan handle shops at Columbus Ohio under the management of Mr. Curtis M. M. who also is dead. he arrived correct and ran the engine best part of a Day until he was Satisfied she was all right, as was the Engineer who was to run her, just as he was about to leave her in the Engineers cars who was to run her regular. he ran into a side-track to let a passenger train go by his Engine mounted the frog of switch throwing her off the track the tank was upset falling on the Body of a noble, true and Christian Engineer, one with whom I was very intimate and the elder Son of Uncle Jimmey of the little Miami.

9th Mr. Freeman of the Pan handle running between Columbus and Dennison O. Killed by his Engine up setting crushi - him to death.

10th Joseph Davis, another young and brilliant Engineer died of Typhoid fever. Little Miami R. R.

11th John S. Andrews Engineer on Cincinnati Southern killed by a rock thrown at the headlight by a careless youth near mason Station Kentucky. The rock strikeing this old reliable Engineer fracturing his skull he lived a day and night afterwards but neverf was conscious.

12th David Auger another young and promiseing Engineer on the Cincinnati Southern. Killed by running over broken rail near Roger Gap.

13th Daniel Driscoll killed by Engine runing of at misplaced switch near Lexington, Ky.

14th Ed Drohan Engineer Cincinnati Southern, killed near dolan's dump by collideing with Extra freight train the road being so crooked at this point, you can see but a few yds. ahead. this young man just in the prime of Life, met his fate like a Hero He was trying his new Engine he had a few of his friends and his Son takeing a ride with him, when he saw the other Engine comeing down upon him he did all was possible to check his speed, reversed but all in vain. He saw they were bound to come together he could not prevent it, and instantly he grasps his Boy and threw him in Safety upon the bank. the next instant the crash he was killed he lost his Life at his post of duty, but saved his child! such

was the Herioc Love of a Father for his Son.

15th Charles Holman Conductor little Miami died natural death a gentleman and very reliable Conductor although he was mistaken as to Night freight being a coal Oil Johnney.

16th Ed Ganson Con<sup>r</sup> whom I pulled for years on the Columbus accommodation opposite Mr. Holman these two ran opposite to one another for upwards of 25 years on the accomdation and now they are taken from their Earthly carrear so soon after each other;

16th Mr. Stone formerly M. M. of the little Miami struck by snatch block strikeing him, fractureing skull site of accident. Pendleton opposite the roundhous, mail train off track by misplaced switch never was consious after being struck was at his bed side when he breathed his last.

17th J. B. Donley - Engineer died I may say of a broken heart for he did not seem to be same man - after the strike of 1873.

Little Miami R. R.

18th Mr. Nichols - Conductor Little Miami died a natural death a kind and accomodateing old Gentleman.

19th James Stoughton - Conductor on Little Miami whom I pulled from nine to ten years on the day Express, who the last time I conversed with him was at his Train in Grand Central Depot he was about to start for St. Louis on Night Express of the O and M. I had not seen him for seversl years, he was very glad to see me, when I told him of my affliction he was sorrey to hear

I had not worked for 7 or 8 years, (he was astonished) and replied too bad Ed too bad and wish me a speedy recovery. he seemed to be then in good health the next Summer I read of his Death, he was one of God's Creatures worthy the name of man.

20th Obe Warner - Engineer of Macon Georgia Whom I was acquainted with on the W and A died of yellow fever macon Georgia

21st. Mathew Thorsnton, my Instructor my Foreman and dear true friend farewell oh! Matt farewell.

Died in Macon Georgia.

22sd Matt Coombs - Engineer on Cin<sup>ti</sup> Southern - killed by Engine running over broken rail and upsetting upon this well known Engineer. happened near Dry Ridge, Ky.

23rd Mr. Stewart - Engineer on Cin<sup>ti</sup> Southern who ran opposite me on said road, but on account of Ill health, changed his location to Conducting. Died natural death at South end of Road.

24th Mr. Ed Wells a near neighbor and Conductor on Cin Southern killed by Freight cars backing over him whilst he was putting on his overshoe at Georgetown, Ky. addiew Ed thou thou wert full of \_\_\_\_\_. twas a - pleasure to be with thee addieu

25th James A. Wiggins at length has been called away who came from Philadelphia with a Locomotive to the Little Miami in the year about 1848 and continued in service upon said road untill 1873, (known as old Uncle Jimey) Died at his home in Springfield Ohio at the advanced age of over 80 years.

26th Richard Bromley Master Mechanic of the Little Miami for some twenty years laterly M. M. of the Midland at Columbus Died natural death. A thorough Mechanic a kind patient Master.

Some few I have omitted as I was not acquainted with full information as to cause of Death. I have witnessed enough and written sufficiently of of death upon the rail and I can be but thankfull that I have been spared while so many of my Brother Engineers Conductors and others have been called hence. They have finished their course and run their race and I trust received their reward.

In closeing this simple though truthfull narrative, I will state my views as to running a Locomotive either on Passenger of freight. If I should write down anything worthy the notice of any Engineer or offer any suggestions that will benifit him or thee Company. I shall feel well paid by seeing it adopted, if not there is no harm done that I can see \_\_\_\_\_

When I first started started to running on the road, I asked my Old friend (Andrews) who first let me try) what constitutated a good engineer. his answer was, to thoroughly understnad the machinery of a Locomotive. at that time almost every part of the machinery was adjustable, the Eccentrics were movable to maintain the proper lead you could lengthen or shorten the eccentric blade or rod as the case might require to set valve. Youfould key up

side rods having them to run without pounding at the end of two years running or just as smoothly as when they came out of the shop, by fileing Brasses to let them close to fit the pin, but to do so you must be carefull, place your Engine upon a good streight level track, loosen all keys in the rods haveing her on dead centre for Side rod keying, then set up your wedges, nicely to keep the pins in the Drivers to run in a true circle not jumping back and forward evry half turn of wheèl or dead centre where the change of Power takes placed now you have your wedges adjusted if you choose you can train your axles and pins then key up your rods comenceing at point end of side rod key up so you can move it sideways having it Brass and Brass solid allowing wearing of one half the Brass against the other half, now go to to back end of rod key up inside key first so you can move rod latterally then drive back or outside key down so you bring Brass to brass and yet move rod sideways, fasten all set screws so key can't work loose and your side rod will run for six months without fileing brasses, now you have the axles running true which govern the rods, with the wedges down you are trying to run the axles true governing them by the Pivis cord rods this you can not do. On most of the principle roads they have abandoned the keying of rods or brasses. They put solid brasses in solid rods, made lentth from centre to centre of axle or from pin to pin and cannot be changed, and the engineer cannot

have a hot pin by keying up too snug, when they pound badly they may heat but a side rod properly oiled and the engine in tram will run a year without any trouble, after which they slip rods of give them new Brasses or bush the old ones, and away you go again. In short Locomotives now a days are built to run a long time with out disturbing, the machinery is made secure and cannot slip. for example the eccentrics one keyed on the axle, you can not slip it. You may have a hot strap and perchance brake it but the Eccentric can not move on the axle, but every trip you are wearing the throw off so daily you are looseing the travel of value and your lead and you can not move it only by going in theShop it is too much work for the Engineer on the road entirely. ----- An Eccentric storey now occurs in my mind, and be in order, it was told by a Yankee Stock Drover one cold Winters night near a Red hot Stove in the Office of the Exchange Hotel Columbus Ohio kept by William Powell who also has departed this Life, those days the Engineers would often slip an Eccentric which was easily placed to its proper position providing you knew how to do so. they dependence was two and some times three large set screws cuped on the end so has to grip the axle. these were sufficient to hold under ordinary care of Engineer keeping his values smooth and oiled and not working water over the surface half the time, but should you have a hot strap your æccentric would move with it and thus your Engine is crippled. The Eccentric is a very important part of

the Locomotive or any other Engine the throw wears faster than any other part and thus it becomes out of round, therefore the strap will be too loose on one point and a nest fit upon another, therefore you dare not clost it it must be free on the largest part, therefore when you have the lost motion taken out if that machinest diss not posted he almost surely gets them too tight and you are apt to have a warm strap and trouble. Now for the Yanks Storey, the Gen<sup>rl</sup> Foreman of our Shops the Landlord and another ---- Engineer and myself compassed the party the night was Cold and Stromy with snow flying outside. "John says Yank addressing our Gen<sup>rl</sup> Foreman" could you not invent some plan to dispence with that tamation thing what you call the Eccentric on a Locomotive! "Well" replied the foreman I never gave and particular study to the subject but I think it possible".

Tarnation, if you could do so I think it would be the greatest invention of the age, for I've tell you of an accident that occured upon the Indiana Central one night about ayear ago. We left Indianapolis about 7 p.m. 'twas a Stormey night in the later part of November. "It rained, the wind Whistled, it sleeted and turned verey cold. We jogged along, sometimes flying then almost stopping. then we would clatter on again, now down hill at a lightning speed. the track was very rough, one would imagine he was rideing on the spokes of the wheels rather then the tire. Such was our progress untill two A. M. we were flying

again down a long grade and I could not keep my seat. I stood up and before I was aware I lay full length on the floor. The Conductor stood up in the Caboose with arms extended one to each side of car having hold of Iron rods that stretch across the doors on either side he was some Six feet in height and with his feet braced against each side of the car, I could not understand such a mode of travelling, instead of improving matters grew worse, now all came to an end. ---- the stove upsett the Caboose took fire and we Stopped, I scarcely remember how I got out but I picked myself up at the bottom of a bank on a fill. The Conductor said we'll go see how the Engineer is". The first thing I saw was about two dozen pairs of wheels and axles without any body or frames of cars upon them but further along were the Cars Stock and Box one piled on another like unto a hay stack the were four car loads of hogs. Here lay some killed, also some twenty head of steers, the other hogs were snorting and running around like they were mad. We finally reached the Locomotive, the Cab was deserted but we heard the sound of a hammer and there under the Boiler were the Engineer and Fireman working at the Machine "How's this" cried the Conductor speaking to the Engineer, what's the matter? "Why I slipped an Eccentric that's all". We succeeded in exting wishing the fire after the Caboose burning up. In an hour the day dawned. I lost 24 head of hogs and there were some thirty head of Cattle killed besides others crippled. all told it cost the

company some ten or twelve thousand Dollars at the lowest calculation. So I thought if that was only slipping an eccentric they had better discontinue their use altogether Says the Yank. Well replied our Foreman, We'll take a smoke on the Eccentric." Yes, always keep a carefull watch of the crossheated links and eccentric. When you see the oil remain on top of \_\_\_\_cking in celler or packet of eccentric's or on top of main Boxes take out the old cloged up packing out of these parts clean out your oil holes with a wire and repack with nice clean hemp well picked having all the dirt and stems worked out of it, soak it well with oil and tallow make a wad of it about the size of of the pocket or space it is to occupy press it in snugly, the tallow will melt and will hold it from working out, although I used to fit a narrow peice of hickory wood across the top of Pocket which would prevent the wad from working out, for I have been sent to run an Engine and found no packing on top of Driver Box at all, be sure to oil your wedges if you want to have a nice rideing one they will not get hot but they will cut and grove themselves so you dare not run them snug to Box without them Sticking, there is no part of the machinery deserves better care then the wedges, they do not revolve so as to squeal for want of oil, therefore do not forget them. It is not nedcessary for me to give you the various methods of repairing up when breaking down upon the road, as there are already some splendid works

Published one of which gives the exact methods the old Engineers used in fixing up in case of brakelapses. The author must of obtained his -----Information from some experienced Engineer.

In closing my memoir of Railroad days let me mention the Conductor, he who has the command of the Train, he who is all right so long as his train is correct, he who is Responsible for the whole Buisness he who if he is with a competent careful Engineer makes his trip with ease and comfort with safety and dispatch.

How oft though, does he go out with a beginner at the throttle or one he does not know or in whom he has no confidence.

This alters the case entirely. A Conductor on local freight on any of our principle roads, will tell you that to deliver all goods, receive receipt for the same, keep out of the way of all passenger trains make his time, watch both ends in case of accident or if out of time and do all way work on his route --- to go through such a trip with a new man at the throttle or as we may say a green Engineer, he will be worn out by the time he arrives at his destination. On the other hand give him an experienced runner who he knows to be acquainted with every run upon the road, who can place on his mind every train upon the road, at what point they are at, at any time of day, who perhaps has run or pulled each and every train upon

the road, who knows evry meeting and passing point on his run, who will not tamper with anothers time, one whom he is satisfied will in case of emergency protect the front end of the train. With the latter one half of the care and ev\_\_\_\_\_ and labor is already taken from his brain, the trip is a pleasure to him. again if both the Conductor and Engineer are new beginners or Inexpericanced there will invariably be some mishap. I have known Engineers not long promoted to run for months giving satisfaction go out with a newly promoted Conductor and both being in their Infancy, get Into some serious trouble. Tis far better, for both the Engineer and Conductor to be journey men at their Buisness. Therefore it is best to make as few changes as possible amongst the road employees, yes or any other department. An Engineer or Conductor cannot know their buisness too well.

I knew a President who never failed to make a road a success both financially and otherwise, who was President of two or more of the best railroads west of the mountains. I mean the Alleghany's who said he never liked to let his experianced engineers go as his Experiance in manageing his roads taught him this fact \_\_\_\_\_ that it cost from five to ten thousand dollars on an average to make an Engineer.

To this end I will state my views as to running a locomotive and becoming a lucky (!) Engineer.

When I made my first attempt to run out upon the main line, I worked I carried the water too high in the Boiler the throttle valve being opened and the Steam rushing to get out of steam pipe carried the water with it, and when once started you are apt to throw out more water than you ought to do, for it acts Similar to the Injector when once primed will not stop forceing the water with the pressure of steam behind it, so I worked the water over the valves and into the Cylinder out again over the valves out of the exhaust, into the air and sprinkled my instructor linin this will not do, it wastes the water looses steam cuts the valve seats and Scratches the Cylinders and is a dead loss all round, and in short wears out your machinery in half the time. So carry the water so you can pull her wide open if neccessary without throwing out of Stack either. I asked my Instructor what do call a good runner or Engineer, his reply was, to run to time, to carry the water evenly in Boiler, to pump regular carry the steam evenly, pumping as little has possible when you are not useing steam, (those days we had no Injectors) to start your train easily, not jerking your train evry time you start, to run as fast up grade as down if possible. keep your Engine in good trim, be particular to oil every thing that has motion about the machine. I followed his instructions to the best of my ability and never cut a guide. Link or axle in all my Life on any road I ran

upon. I will now add a little more to the Subject. Be sure you oil well your Wedges, main Boxes, Guides and Links for these are the most apt to get dry espeically the Guides and links backing up any distance upon a dusty railroad, what I mean by a dusty one is one balasted with fine gravel it is nice bal-last but is verely dusty in dry weather, the broken roack is much the cleaner road. When you have a new engine or one that has just been overhauled completely, and you are breaking her in, Oil her up little as often as possible untill you can get every part glossey with its movement, once broken in, with regular care and faithfull oiling you will have no trouble with hot guides journals, etc. and it does not require much oil ~~either~~ after you once get her glossey, have the oil feed slowly, a drop now and then is better than a bucket full only once in a while. You can regulate the feed to drop as you please according to the strain upon ~~it~~, and if it drops regularly I never knew any thing to cut or heat if there was oil in the cup or celler or pocket. Tis when the oil feeds too fast and the cup is dry, now she heats any your crosshead. Red or Driver Box is hot and you have trouble. Wherefore two or three times a year. I cleaned all these feeders out run a wire down through oil holes in all Boxes, giving them new packing in cellers below and on top both. In Spring I would regulate for Summer feed, in the fall for Winter feed letting the oil feed faster or

freeer in the Winter as it is chilled more in the Cold weather. as to the water, I never had a water gauge or Injector on any Engine I run regular. But as I was employed since I quit railroading, to over see and keep in repairs the Engine Machinery etc. at a Saw mill recently, I fell in Love with the glass gauge it is a very handything. We had hard work to keep a regular fireman Engineer, we had one I could trust to pump and keep a proper quantity in the Boiler but he laid off a great part of the time, we would then have a unknown or green Engineer, so I could not trust them as to the water. (I could not trust them as to the water.)<sup>omit</sup> I could see the gage from most any part of the Mill and sometimes the water would be pretty low in gage I would walk over put the pump on if stopped or run it faster if already running then open little drain cock blow out the gage shut it of and the water returning into gauge she was all correct. I never coveted one to run on the road with and used to argue the first with Engineers who lhad them, if they are reliable why don't you do away with the Brass ones but if we would not open the Brass ones to try the water they too would corrode and stop up with sediment burnt mud etc. untill they would not let the water come through but by the Engineer ever \_\_\_\_\_ opening them they keep open, so it is with the glass gauge if you open the little blow out pet cock below your gauge will not stop up if you blow the steam and water through

it as you do the gauge cocks you will find it reliable for being free after blowing out the water will appear again, it will find its own level if it does not show in the gauge put out your fire for you have none or at least not the proper quantity, be sure you keep these openings free and clean as you may be decieved and have water left in glass when the Boiler is emty, I have known hoslters to be decieved by water left in glass and not a sufficient quantity in Boiler to fire up on, in some instances the Boiler being washed out and not filled, the hosltter having orders to get this engine out seeing water in the Glass would fire up and thus be decieved, now the man who wishes out should let the water out of glass gage by opening the little drain cock at bottom of the tube thus avoiding any mistake being made, of course he can try his gauge cock over the fire box but if the Engineer should depend on the glass gage and not open the Brass gauges these too would become corroded and not show water even though he had plenty all though the mistake would be a safe on and now my Brother Engineer remember the two mot-toes, that will apply I:E Be sure you are right then go ahead---- and take the safe side in case of doubt.

Particular cases will perhaps illustrate better. for the former I must understand my orders. Always reading my copy before I sign my name, then getting the O.K. I would after starting read it again Impressing it on my mind to be sure of its proper sign-

ification and by this time we would be going at regular ----- speed then to take the safe side in case of doubt, if you are in doubt as regards making your meeting point on proper time and never did run over the same in the allotted time you have left, don't hesitate but take side track and not try to make a run you never had made, and await the other train for you must do so to be reliable. Again there is a bad meeting or passing point around some sharp curve at the foot of some grade where you can not see the opposing train until you swing around the curve then you are right onto them. I would always apply my air brakes just enough to warm the shoes on brakes against the wheels, I begin to feel them begin to check the train but I am just around the curve I see they are clear of main track or they give me a head signal I let my brakes off and go ahead all correct not hurting my time one half minute, and continue on in safety, this is being sure you are right then going ahead --- surely---you may do this ninety nine times and not receive any benefit so the one hundredth time you come down that grade as fast as she will revolve them you are on the do not one I \_\_\_\_\_ ahead, your brakes are free every thing loose you swing around the curve at the rate of fifty miles per hour. The train you are meeting had their proper running time to make this meeting point but as they were pulling into side track a car at the rear end mounts the frog and drops off the track the

wheels resting between the ties in<sup>h</sup>ine cases out of ten this causes a drawhead to pull out the Engineer gets signal to stop the conductor sees the Caboose is out on main track and therefore knows it does not clear he also sees or his told a drawhead is pulled out, and although he is an Expert and Immidiately sends a red signal to stop the fast line you are not due even yet they have two or three minutes left how far can a flagman go at night carrying a red and white light in his hands walking over the ties or pounded ballast, their watch or time peice may vary and be slower than yours, the road allows three minutes you allow nothing but you now get the signal~~l~~ of Danger you have the full lenght of side track to make the stop, you apply your air brakes half the distance before your brakes take a good hold it is down grade you fail to stop "crash! bang into the side of the cars you go, it is bad collision to strike the side of a train I read of one occurring on one of our Eastern roads about a year ago 1892 where several passengers lost their lives. well you acknowledge that if you had of applied your brakes as you did the minety nine times you might of stopped in Safety and saved the lives of your passengers and the Company thousands of Dollars and your own life in the bargain and you would be well satisfied that it paid to check up, and be sure you are right then go ahead. Some may say they don't require us to check up, it is no way to do to be in the way of a fast train, we have not the time to spare

to be feeling our way over the road, then your time should be made slower, for as long as you can not have control of your train at these crooked bad meeting points you will evry now and then hear of these accidents as long as railroads are in existance. Mans invention is not perfection if you had a machine capable of running all these railway trains on time, once it would fail one part one part would not work and the others would be whirled into one another. No my Brother, ever have an eye upon the track, keep a clear brain and haveing your little trigger adjusted ready you stop almost the instant you are signaled. You cannot space one half moment from from the track, a half minute nowadays is almost half a mile on the fast trains of our principle lines, how easy then to miss the danger signal and plunge into destruction. Another rule I always observed was to give the train for which we were waiting, the full variation of time then would look and listen to see or hear her. Once in my life, I had awaited out the time variation and all, I looked and listened walked up to my Engine (as I had been down to rear end talking to my Conductor, Who said "come Ed, let's go we aught to have started a minute ago looking at his Watch) and you have to walk to your Engine, if you don't look out we will loose our rights to To road mounting my Iron horse and seeing the switch thrown in my favor, I started the train I looked ahead to the curve not over a quarter of mile, here she comes down that steep grade of course. We stopped

She went by a Whissing just  $24\frac{1}{2}$  minutes late. She had a right to twenty this was the Cincinnati Lighting Express No. 1 that I had run over Eleven Years, and had just changed on to this train I had in side track. This being my first trip as well as my opponents he was one minute and a half over the variation when he passed my Engine. This was the only time I ever knew any runner up the L.M.RR to use the variation except one, I used one minute of it against an Engineer whom I knew would not stir an Iota untill the Variation had elapsed, like myself he would give the last moment and take the same. As I passed this Engineer who was in sidetrack we did not have to stop he looked at his watch and smiled I looked at mine I was tow minutes on the variation had one minute left. I had a heavey train Cin<sup>ti</sup> Day Express wist consisting of nine Cars.

Ah! I tell you when a road is equipped with just such responsible men, it is bound to succeed.

I have known the Veteran engineer to be cast aside and a young beginner substituted and often the result would be a loss to the Company, of course if the Eye should fail   take him off at once for evry moment the Eye should be upon the track to guard and Protect the lives and properly in the care of the Engineer. Think; of it young man, think of your important trust, Although the Millionairs of the World do not come to you and introduce themselves or in any manner seem to recagnize you, yet

they do honer you by placeing themselves and Family in your care as you are running at the rate of fity to sixty miles per hour. In the darkness, as they sleep almost as comfortable as in their own golden Chamber in their costly palace, they are travelling over hills, through valleys, up mountains and through the dark Tunnels, over great Rivers on the noble Iron Structures with vessels beneath, all through and over these the Engineer takes them in safety. They purchase thier Ticket are arranged in the Pullman or Boudoir Sleeper, \_\_\_\_\_ taker of Supper in Cincinnati and enter Chicago ere they are fairly awake, the train enters the depot where all is bustle - a chaotic seranade Drumers Bummers Hack and Buss drivees, this way Sir! to the Palmer, carry your valise Sir and to the Worlds fair sir etc. - - - - - just think of it! Since Supper last evening they have travelled over one third the distance from North to South of this wonderful United States in Safety and dispatch in your care. Oh! Brother Engineer keep try Brain cool, sever ewery connection with old alcohol do not trust him he has decieved thousands and may decieve thee and cause they downfall. You may be called out upon the road when you are not in proper shape to go, therfore don't take him as a partner hs is a deciever and may over power thee. Think again! not alone is thy life to be protected so thou will return to tomorrow unto thy Wife and those little Lambs that did bleak when Papa kissed then good'bye, There are also Fathers Mothers Sisters and

Brothers, rideing in your train as you go dashing through the darkness they may be fast asleep, their eyes are closed but their is one pair of eyes must not be shut not for one moment they are thine, they have to see for all. Their are men who have toiled a lifetime to accumalate their fortunes and after all place their wealth and far greater their lives in thy charge, one neglect on thy part may destroy their life, their all.

Then let the world say what it may, yours is an important part to fill. Oh fill it faithfully take thy proper Sleep between they trips for if you do not Nature may cause thee to close those lide and just a few seconds may cause you to miss the danger signal and a fearfull Slaughter of humane Life be the consequence. Oh! keep thine Eye upon the track ever remembering that a falf a minute means a half a mile on some of the principle lines of Railroads. I believe I have said enough as to squeezing your brakes to warm the shoes at meeting and passing points, but it will not be out of place to try further to convince you of its value, for it is the only way I know of to take the safe side in case of doubt. At meeting and passing points where you can not see your opposeing train, untill you encircle the curve having you holding you a little the signal is given you stop in time and avoid any accident, On the contrary you plunge around the curve on time at the rate of forty five to fifty miles per hour every thing free and loose you are

signaled at the last moment but also too late? You can not make the stop in time you put on your brakes but you strike the Obstruction Train or anything else. Should you check up 99 times and all be clear you have lost a half minute each time by so doing! but the one hundreth you get the red signal, and all will wonder how you made such a remarkable short stop, oh! You were prepared for it. Be sure you are right then go ~~---~~

And now what shall I say of the Fireman who I may say in a few years will change from the Left side to the right of the Engine, You who labor when others are at rest, you whose arms are continually feeding that Iron horse, makeing the steam that propels the whole, for if you stop soon all stop; wherefore your position is very, important. I say to you be faithfull and diligent in the little details. keep a clean set of grates clean ash pan always remembering the more shaking the more scarapeing clean Engine, clean Interior of Cab espeically and you are bound to succeed. The brakmen also has an important part to fill. I can not forget him how often have I turned the Mountanin Cap being short of time at a rapied speed perhaps another train ahead and how cautiously they would let me down the descending grade how oft I have been, summoned to stop and then stopped by thy faithfulness to duty before we had the air brakes under our thumb and finger numerous numerous of times, I rember an occasion the little Miami R. R. when one of the most

faithfull Brakeman on the road lost his Life but saved the lives of others, thus - he was sent back from his freight train which was off the track, to stop the Night Express he went back allmost to the curve a full mile from his train, the Express did not come for an hour, or more he had his Red and White lamps both burning brightly he sat down upon the rail' placeing the lights by his side, the previous night he had been up all night and in the day when he should of slept, he attended the State fair and therfore did not get his rest now it is the second night and no sleep yet tis 2 A.M. in the morn he awaited their comeing so long, and faithfull but at last he could not resist closeing those Eyelids just a little Nature demanded rest he fell asleep never to awake again, The Engineer of the Express was a wide awake old Engineer, he turned the curve the Cow catcher threw the lights up he called for brakes, and made a short stop was signaled to back up, he did so, to the spot where the Body lay cut to peices by the Train running over it, he had always been a sober reliable brakeman. Then never mind if you are only a brakeman. Tis better commence at the bottom and climb step by step to the summit, then if you should fall you certainly will light upon some round that you can fill to overflowing. It is often the Case that those who are placed in high positions can not fill then, and not having filled the lower they have no step to descend too and consequently must

fail entirely. so be true to your trust and it is only a matter of time untill you will gain your reward

Finally I have the section hand to bid addiew, how oft have I been stopped from plunging into Danger in the dark and Stormy night, whilst thou alone did walk <sup>hy</sup> ty section of road to guide and protect the Engineer and all those humane beings who are rideing behind him, be sure when you setting a frog or repairing a joint or replaceing a broken rail, when you drive spike let it be into sound ties drive it home, and should a wreck occur near that locality you can rest assured it was not at the point you had just repaired, and when it is your turn to inspect the track in the bitter Zero weather watching for broken rails be more vigilant if possible than ever also after heavey rains or in the spring time where the frost is drawn out of the ground, think of those rock cuts or the mountain sides where they are likely to crumble and fall upon the rail all these thou hast protected me from in Safety, Yes the Engineer and those Eight to Ten Coaches filled with humane beings are all at thy mercy. You then too can be proud and happy in your calling.

Thus then my dear reader you can see we each have an important part to fill, and are each one are depending on the other and all must fill his position perfectly to make a success.

In conclusion I will say I do not know how I would succeed,

but where I offered all or any of the positions from Gen<sup>e</sup> Manager to Flagman at a rail road crossing, there is one position only I would refuse and yet no Salary whatever could Induce me, to accept the great responsible position of

Train dispatcher

Yours Truly

Ed Price

ExLocomotive Eng.--

| Time and mileage ran on the various roads - | Time           | Mileage |
|---------------------------------------------|----------------|---------|
| Nashville and Chattanooga                   | 5 yrs.         | 213309  |
| Western and Atlantic                        | 18 months      | 39744   |
| Little Miami                                | 18 years       | 694950  |
| I.B. and W.                                 | 2years         | 58750   |
| C.S. and C. Between Colombus                | 14 months      | 32760   |
| Cincinnati Southern                         | 5 years        | 98330   |
| Harrodsburg and South Western               | 6 months       | 6480    |
| Chesapeake & Ohio                           | 3 weeks        | 2250    |
| Columbus & Toledo                           | 5 weeks        | 1350    |
| Total time and mileage                      | 33 yrs. 4 mos. | 1147723 |

One million one hundred and fourtee thousand nine hundred and twenty three miles or equal to forty two time around the World without crippling wounding or killing a single soul rideing behind me.

Twenty five years on Passenger Service

Yours as Ever

Edwin Price  
Ex Locomotive Eng\_\_

On the death of Charles A. Wiggin who was killed by his  
Engine upsetting on the 1st. of February 1873 in \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Yard Indianapolis --- --- --- --- ---

Weep Brothers weep Our Brother's gone

Who once was strong and well  
Most sudden he! was called way  
We hope in heaven to dwell

How can it be that he is gone  
I hear my Brother cry  
He: was so young and useful too  
But oh: he had to die

Weep Mother: weep your Boy is dead  
God takes the Life he gives  
He worshipped that same God while \_\_\_\_\_  
Who says though dead he lives

Ah: weep dear Wife to hee I say  
We knew your Loved one will  
His work tis done with thirty four  
In Heaven he's gone to dwell

God Bless: those children who have lost  
A father true and kind  
My heart did ache the tears did flow  
To see them walk behind

His Lifeless form that once was warm  
They've bore it to the Tomb  
Ah: who will keep them from all harm  
Now dear Papa has gone

Then let us all remember well  
As we draw each feeble health  
We may feel well and strong today  
Tomorrow steps, in death

The Sober Engineer  
sang at a Brotherhood Supper  
of \_\_\_\_\_ 34 Col. O. 1872

Come all ye brothers and Listen  
I'll sing to you a song  
Pray give me your attention

I'll not detain you long  
I'll sing about a Gentleman  
For to me it doth appear  
And such is my opinion  
Of a rail road Engineer

Chorus      The Sober Engineer  
              The carefull Engineer  
              Ther is no one more trustworthy  
              Then the Sober Engineer

You purchase your ticket  
Take a seat within the Car  
No matter your destination  
Be it near or far  
There is one thing, I can tell you  
I say it without fear  
You place your life to a great extent  
In the care of the Engineer

The Bride and the Groom  
Oft take a bridal Tour  
And sometimes Choose the railway  
The swiftest and most sure  
The day has past and gone  
The Night it doth appear  
They lay their bodies down to sleep  
In the care of the Engineer

In the morning they awake  
And cast a glance out side  
Oh! we's fairly flying  
Remarks the happy Bride  
I know we are going very fast  
But my Love you need not fear  
Although we'e on another Line  
We'v a Sober Engineer

And now my song to finish

I'll refer to the Brotherhood  
For each of us know well enough  
Its done a power of good  
It teaches us Sobriety  
And other things so dear  
Then come my Brothers sign the Pledge  
And quit your Lager Beer

Composed and sang during Murphy's visit to Col.

In Memoriam of John S. Andrews  
My first Instructor as to Engineering  
killed near Mason Station  
Cin South Railway  
By a Stone thrown at the headlight by a careless youth - -

He's gone and his Courser he's left behind  
The No. 8's whistle still blow  
Yet alas: when I hear it, I think of Him  
Who is free from these cold frosts snows  
But was it not serious to think of how sudden  
His Life was taken away  
From a loving wife and happy Children  
Who' near forget him but pray

For thirty years he had mounted his Steed  
With safety to all in his train  
But: this fatal trip he is struck in the darkness  
On the Scull destroying the Brain  
After suffering for days as he lays on his Pillow  
His True devoted wife by his side  
We see the last mon his spirity was leaving  
The true one who was his - \_\_\_\_ Bride

They little ones too they gathered around  
To see their dear father so low  
Oh: why must he leave us Frank says to Charlie  
We'll do all we can to bestow  
Ah: Yes well be kind unto our dear Brother  
For he was all help that she had  
And when he is gone we'l work for \_\_\_\_\_  
Do all that we can Make her glad

But who: can replace the one that was kind  
To his loved ones one and all  
A warning is given for us to be ready  
For we know not how soon we'll be called  
It was but Yesterday I truly might say  
That Johnney was happy and gay  
To day he is absent how sadly we miss him  
He sleeps in his Cabin of Clay

Whilest running on the little Miami, Lincoln was assassinated  
running on the Southern games Garfield was Shot by Gat\_\_\_\_\_

I thought of the following lines

Ah: why do we weep  
Our nation's in mourning  
I see by the telegram  
Brave Garfield no more  
The assassin did slay him  
With deadly weapon  
But now he's at rest  
On Gordons bright shore

Oh: who will supply  
His place at the fireside  
The Mother and Daughter  
Even Sons thy will cry  
For he was so brave  
So true and kind hearted  
We'll miss him dear Mother  
When years have flown bye

I myself first see him  
When he came to camp Dermson  
With hundreds of patriots  
Both Father and Son  
They marched from round mentor  
To fight for the Union  
This in the year  
Eighteen sixty one

Myrtend: Lincoln was oblijed  
To call forth an army  
Twas Brother against Brother  
We could not agree  
To arms was the cry  
Twas; answered quite promptly  
The conflict is over  
And all states are free

But why did they slay  
The President of Freedom  
For By such a deed no crown  
No crowns to be gamed  
For hear in this Union  
We are all free an equal

and for no other reason  
Its a shame Its a shame

Oh: why do they take him  
From his loved Mollie darling  
His Daughter I mean  
Who sat by his Bed  
With Oceans of tears  
Flowing so freely  
For that kind Father  
When! they cried he is dead

Ah: yes when he robbed  
This Home of a Father  
He d\_\_\_\_\_ more that  
He stole from our Land  
A bright Gem of freedom  
I will shine on our Banner  
And millions of freeman  
Shall ware it in hand

To his Sons, I will say  
Proceed with your Studies  
For a Christian can say  
God doeth all for the best  
I turst you will prove  
Worthy that Father  
The Gen<sup>e</sup> the Statesman  
The Pride of the West

A Monument you may Build  
In behalf of his memory  
You may Build it so Broad  
So wide and quite high  
You'l never express it  
The loss to our Country  
Of our Chief chosen Magistrate  
Who now sleeps on high

Farewell then dear \_\_\_\_\_  
Me thinks I can see thee  
In yonders bright Heaven  
Where pure stars do shine  
For if these is a home  
For one in that Cluster  
Its thine Gen<sup>e</sup> Garfield  
Our President its thine

P.S.: You can put this in our not I thought the Engineer song  
could be put in where we had a supper and I sang it and  
when I refer to andrews getting killed the lines could  
be brought in on his death.

I have a very severe headache and whenever I go to  
write or at least to scribe or try to compose it all-  
ways effects my head do what you think best

Wells says it could

be brought out bery

intereting

youl see for your

selves. E. Price

Wiggins also has a memorian

No 158 -

108

