

"CHOO CHOO TRAINS" CHEER WEARY GROWNUPS

"Model Bugs" Find Relaxation in Being "Eagle-Eyes," "Shacks," and "Captains" On Toy B. & O.'s and Pennsylvanias

By GILBERT E. HYATT

THERE is nothing truer than that "men are simply boys grown tall," and where is the normal boy who has not dreamed of becoming a cowboy, a policeman, a sailor or a rail-roader?

Most of us, under the stern necessity of earning a living, turn to other occupations, but visions of steering a gallant schooner to the shores of a tropical island; of dashing, pistol and lasso in hand, on some wild frontier foray; of dragging desperate malefactors to justice or of driving a mighty locomotive down some long main line, often come back to brighten the evening of a day at desk or bench.

Some—among them dignified leaders of finance, industry and the professions—even go to the extent of hiding away, in some secret place, a glorified version of the "choo-choo train" of childhood.

Those who continue to cherish the youthful ambition of pulling a throttle or running a train are sufficiently numerous to have an organization.

This association of "model bugs," as they call themselves, bears the dignified title of "Society of Model Engineers."

They even held an exposition, unadvertised of course, in the Bush Terminal Building in New York at which miniature "merry-go-rounds," yachts, tugs, ocean liners and square-riggers, but particularly railroads and locomotives, were shown.

Milton Cronkhite, a New York millionaire, exhibited some of the crack locomotives and cars from his partially completed replica of the Altoona Division of the Pennsylvania which finished will cost \$50,000.

This reproduction, complete to the last spike and bolt, will be housed in a building 85 feet long by 35 wide. It will be equipped with some 400 of all types of Pennsylvania rolling stock, with about 30 equally accurate copies of locomotives to haul them.

Vincent Astor has a baby locomotive on his Rhineback estate which burns real coal and will haul coaches with sufficient capacity to take care of 12 adults.

But Astor and Cronkhite hire experts to construct their toys, so they do not fulfill the exacting requirement for 32-degree "model bugs," which is that they must be their own mechanical engineers, master mechanics and machinists.

Roger Lee of Minneapolis has a very large railroad system which he calls the "Lee Lines."

Hugh V. Boutell of Washington, D. C., is the owner and builder of another noted system.

One of the most famous is the "Mountain Division of the B. and O.," belonging to John N. Swartzell, a real estate man of Washington.

As an old "rail" I was given the privilege of a trip over this line, located in the basement of Mr. Swartzell's home.

"I liked the B. and O. from the time I first knew it," Mr. Swartzell said.

"I like the men, both officials and rank and file, and especially admire their wonderful loyalty and affection for their 'Best and Only'."

This is probably the reason that the road was chosen by Mr. Swartzell as the one to copy.

"All railroaders are splendid, upstanding fellows and one of the finest things about my hobby is the friends among them which it has brought me," declared the owner of the "Little B. and O."

A number of the B. & O. officials and mechanical force take a great interest in Mr. Swartzell's "Little B. & O."

Among the notable delegations which have visited it was a large party of apprentices from "Chesapeake & Ohio" shops.

The construction was begun over 20 years ago, when Mr. Swartzell was only 14 years old. Some of the equipment dates back to that time, and, with the pieces added since, form a very good picture of some of the changes in railroading.

The "railroad" is supposed to be located in a valley of the Alleghenys, with the mountains away to the west and north. The main line stretches westward, enters a tunnel, swings around a long loop and returns, down the banks of a river, across a steel bridge, to the terminal.

In the west foreground is the roundhouse, with turntable, coal dock, oil, sand and supply house, etc.

Behind it is the back shop, with two "drop-pits" for light repairs and, beside it, the freight and storage yards.

To the east is the coach yard and the express and freight depot while the main switch tower and dispatcher's office are opposite the

passenger depot, with a maze of switches and crossovers between.

The town lies beyond the main line, on the river flats, with hotel, farm houses, residences, etc. Highways run across the flats and up into the mountains.

Everything is accurately built to a scale of one-fourth of an inch to the foot.

There is the equivalent of one mile of double-tracked "first main line," on this scale, with numerous sidings, spurs, crossovers and switches.

"It is not, as has been stated, a reproduction of the B. & O. Mountain Division," Mr. Swartzell said.

"It is, however, a faithful copy of B. & O. equipment located at an imaginary mountain division point which I have called 'Fair River.'"

The picture before us was so real that it was easy to enter into the spirit of "make-believe" so we were no longer a host, half apologizing for an unusual hobby, and a polite guest, but a Dan Willard discussing the problems of a congested terminal with a Sir Henry Thornton.

"You will note that some of the equipment is out of date," Mr. Swartzell said. "For example, the old wooden highway bridge over the tracks is an exact copy of a few yet re-

maining on B. & O. branch lines but fast being replaced with stronger and more modern structures.

"That old frame building on the river bank is the original power house which supplies the shops and other company property with power and light. It is now being superseded by the modern steel and glass building behind the station.

"Another old-timer is the frame hotel with a general store in one end. That will be replaced by a modern hotel, probably located elsewhere."

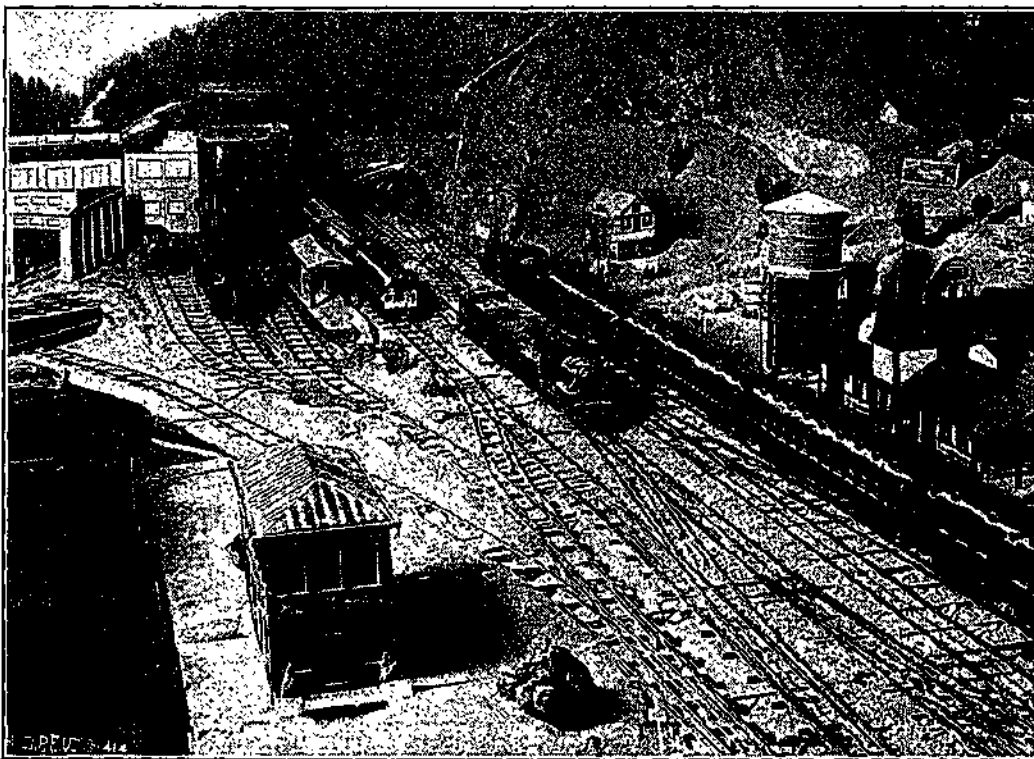
The tracks are of the usual "T" rails, spiked to wooden ties and ballasted with gravel. Their condition speaks highly of the efficiency of the section gangs.

The power is admittedly inadequate for the heavy traffic of recent years.

It consists entirely of "four-four-twos," Atlantics, some with the Vanderbilt tank, common on the B. & O., and others with the square tank.

They are exact duplicates of the old B. & O. Atlantics, even to such details as coalgates, ladders and marker holders, except that they are propelled by electricity and not by steam.

Some of those which have been through the shops recently have been rebuilt with 72 instead of 60-inch drivers and with Walschaert



DOES THIS LOOK LIKE A REAL TERMINAL? WELL, IT ISN'T. BUT IT IS A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF THE MODEL WHICH JOHN N. SWARTZELL, WASHINGTON REAL ESTATE DEALER, HAS IN THE BASEMENT OF HIS HOME.

valve gear for the old Stevenson link motion.

One is now on the storage track, awaiting her turn in the back shop, when she, too, will be rebuilt.

The passenger rolling stock consists of Pullmans, day coaches, observation and chair cars, baggage, mail, express and express refrigerators and even combination mail, baggage and express cars.

The freight equipment is equally varied, but much of it is out of date and must be replaced when, as Superintendent Swartzell says, "the appropriations for maintenance of equipment permit."

"The division needs an official car," he explained. "I intend to rebuild an old 'Observation-diner' for this purpose, in accord with the established practice of utilizing old equipment in such ways.

"We now have sufficient equipment to put on a solid baggage, refrigerator and express train. I am going to provide an old day coach for this run. At the present we are using the standard B. & O. caboose which you see in the coach yard."

Superintendent Swartzell ordered out a train so an engine came out of the roundhouse, across the turntable, down the out-

going track and was coupled to its train in the coach yard.

It filled its tank at a standpipe on the yard lead before crossing over to the main. This standpipe is supplied from a tank on the main line near the depot.

As the train came through the crossover and backed down to the station the platform was seen to be full of baggage trucks, local freight and passengers.

A passenger bus stood behind the station after having come down a mountain road.

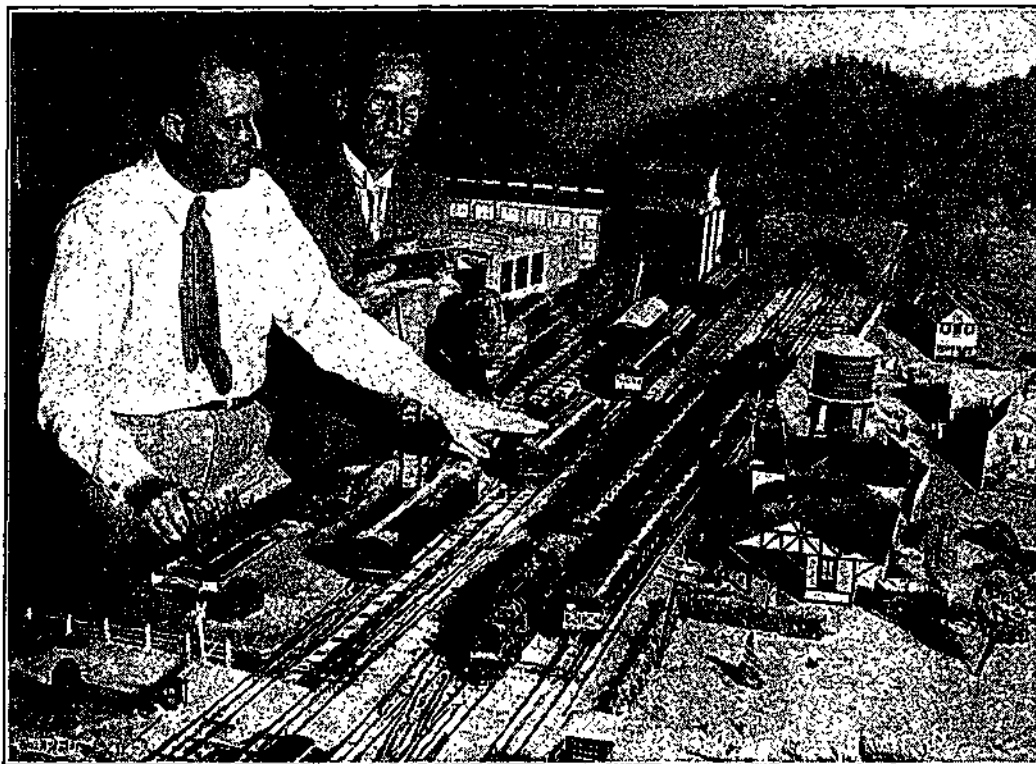
Superintendent Swartzell now became chief dispatcher. The train sped away through the tunnel, climbed over the mountains and came back to view down the opposite bank of the river.

The engineer knew his business for he made a beautiful "station stop" at the depot platform.

"That tunnel is a problem," Swartzell confided. "It is right at the foot of a steep grade with sharp curves.

"The worst wreck the division ever had occurred right inside it. You have recently written something about freak wrecks. This was a queer one.

(Continued on page 618)



HERE IS ANOTHER VIEW OF "FAIR RIVER" TERMINAL, WITH MR. SWARTZELL MANIPULATING THE LEVERS WHILE HERMAN E. WILLS, VETERAN LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER AND FORMER NATIONAL LEGISLATIVE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE B. OF L. E., STANDS BY TO GIVE EXPERT ADVICE.

Here's friend Galena

Galena, that oil you've known so well, has taken to the highways. It is ready for your car *now!*

Ask your dealer to fill your crankcase with Galena *PERFECTION*—the guaranteed 100% Pennsylvania oil—

tough, enduring and long-lived. Then, *keep it filled!*

If your dealer can't supply Galena *PERFECTION* immediately, write us and we'll see that you are supplied promptly.

GALENA OIL CORPORATION

Home Office: FRANKLIN, PENNSYLVANIA

Chicago Office: 319 Railway Exchange Bldg.



ASK ANY RAILROAD MAN - HE KNOWS GALENA

"CHOO CHOO TRAINS" CHEER WEARY GROWNUPS

(Continued from page 586)

"We sent out a solid express and baggage train and a freight right behind it, west-bound. A careless baggageman left a door open and some trunks fell out on the opposite main.

"The freight had been swung over on the east-bound main so it hit the trunks and piled up.

"We had a lot of trouble picking up the wreckage and clearing the line."

We next made a tour of the back shop. Not the one behind the roundhouse but an auxiliary, consisting of a workbench and tools, maintained by Master Mechanic Swartzell in another part of the basement.

He showed me some of the new power in course of construction. One is a heavy Pacific type passenger engine and another a big Mikado.

"We will have one of the President's class soon which will solve some of the heavy passenger problems," he said.

"Of course, we need bigger power everywhere but the curves on the west end seem too sharp for the long wheel base of a Mikado. What is your idea?"

"Well," I responded, "it is not a question for a stranger to solve at a glance but you might use a Mallet on the hill as a helper and thus make your light power serve for a time at least."

"That is true," he said, "but we cannot stop heavy passenger trains to hook on a helper. It loses too much time."

"That's your grief," I said, "but, just so sure as you use a 'mike' on those sharp curves, some one will hit them at too high speed and then—Bloocy."

Superintendent Swartzell shut off the power switch and the "Little B. & O." suspended operations.

We stepped out into the blazing sunlight of a Washington summer day.

The houses and people seemed monstrously out of proportion, but, in a second, we became our real selves, keen, self-possessed business men being painstakingly polite to a persistent newspaper reporter.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

"When things go wrong, as they often will,

With the work you have in hand,

Just whistle a song of cheer until

You can see the work you've planned;

And do your best, however men sneer,

And all will be right in the end, my dear."

—Madison Cawein.