



# The Times

March 2014

A journal of transport timetable history and analysis

# ALL ABOARD WITH E.M. FRIMBO

World's Greatest Railroad Buff



Inside: Three viewpoints on USA train travel

RRP \$4.95  
Incl. GST

# The Times

A journal of the Australian Timetable Association Inc. (A0043673H)

Print Publication No: 349069/00070, ISSN 0813-6327

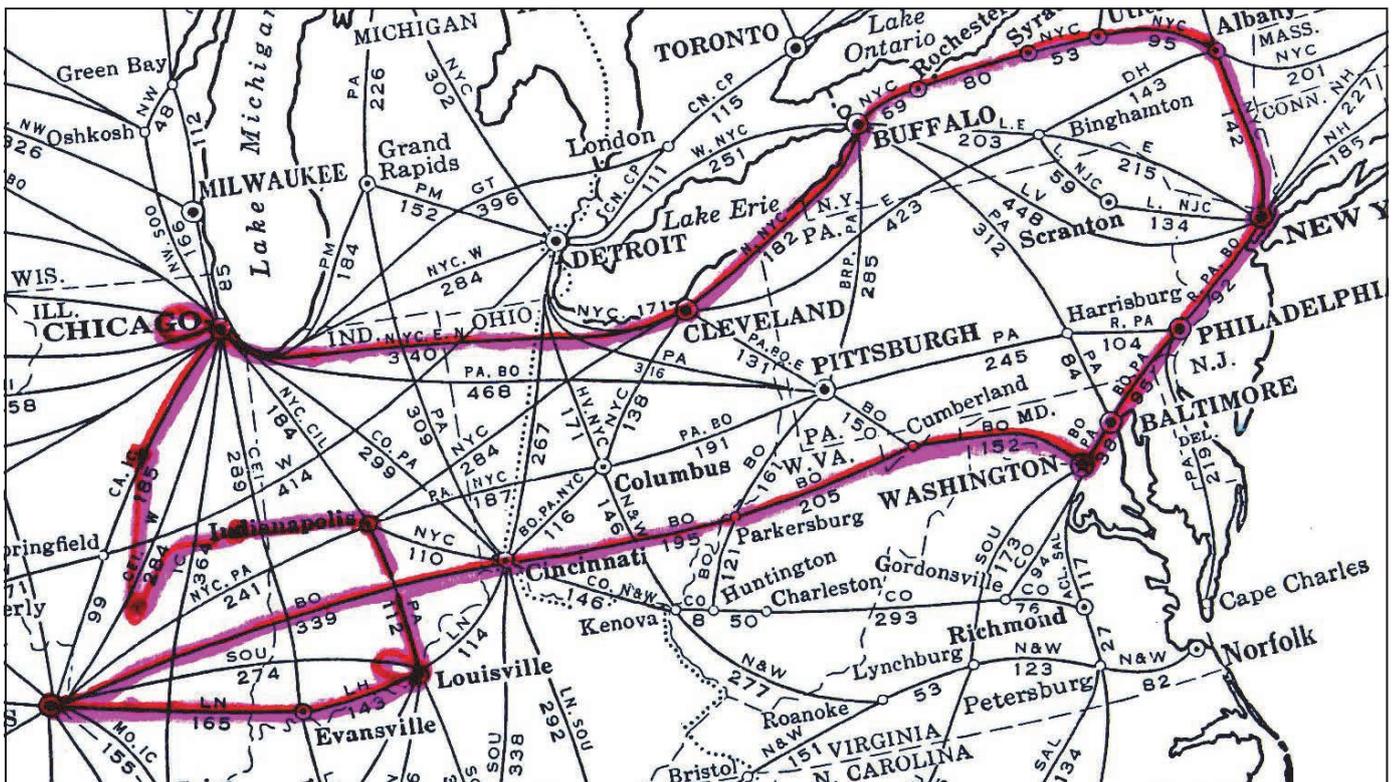
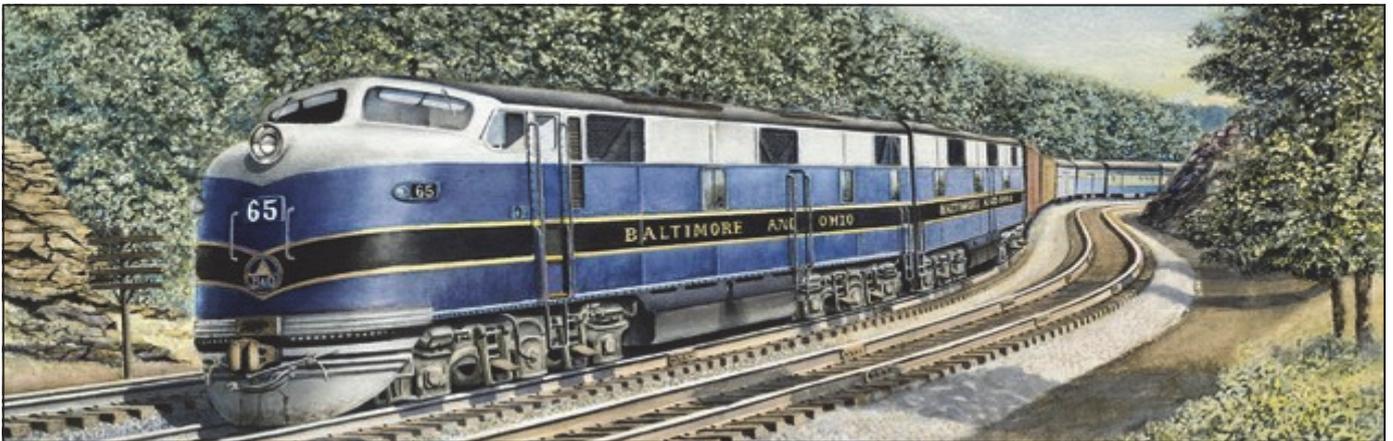
**March 2014**

**Vol. 31 No. 03, Issue No. 362**

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**Editor, The Times** Geoff Lambert 179 Sydney Rd FAIRLIGHT 2094 NSW G.Lambert@inet.com.au  
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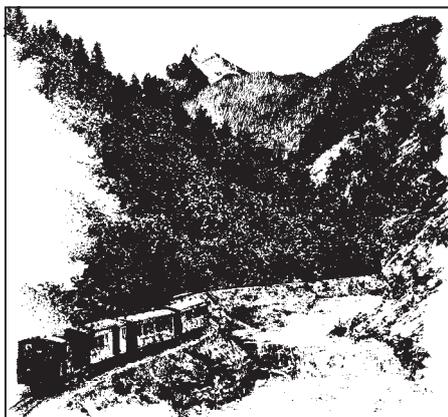
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# All Aboard with E.M. Frimbo

ROGERS E. M. WHITTAKER



**WE FIRST MET** Ernest Malcolm Frimbo, the man who is regarded as the world's greatest railroad buff, in the little Alpine town of Zermatt, in Switzerland, in the summer of 1946. You can see the Matterhorn from Zermatt—it's that high up in the mountains. You reach Zermatt on a series of trains, the last of them a cog railway. By order of the Zermatt town council, there are no internal combustion engines on the premises, except for a few police cars and fire trucks and some delivery vans that are allowed about early in the morning. The Hotel Mont Cervin (where, on doctor's orders, we were spending a couple of lazy weeks away from New York City and the weekly magazine we write for) sends a coach-and-two to the railroad station to meet incoming trains. "There are no stories in Zermatt," the doctor had told us. "And if there is one, anyway, you just look the other way. Please."

But one morning what can you do?—we noticed that the Mont Cervin coach-and-two seemed to be working overtime—trundling coach-load after coach-load of travelers to the hotel. And we noticed that on one of its trips the coach had only a single passenger, a tall, distinguished-looking man in a Homburg who looked around with the glance seen in portraits of Dr. Samuel Johnson. And then we noticed, on the way in to lunch, a discreetly small sign on the reception desk: BIENVENUS, LEXICOGRAPHES DU MONDE. And inside the hotel restaurant, which was full of newcomers, at a table by the window, all by himself, was a tall, distinguished looking man who was staring at a menu with a dubious eye.

We stared ourselves. Presumably the man was a lexicographer. But the odd thing was, when we looked at him, we kept thinking, irresistibly, of railroads. In the first place, he looked a lot like a conductor on a crack express. He had the same pink

face. And the look he was giving the menu was certainly the look a conductor gives a small boy who is sitting right next to the emergency cord. He did not produce a pocket watch, but we knew he had one.

But there was more to it than this. As we watched him, a most vivid image sprang into our mind—and stayed there. We saw a steam engine. It was a Union Pacific 4-8-4, and it had stopped at a prairie village at five-forty in the morning. We could see steam curling up around the boiler, and then we could hear the driving rods clanking in the predawn stillness. Cinders settled down on the clover. The engineer was peering down miles of track silvered by a late-setting moon. A story had appeared in Zermatt!

So we went to work, and asked a lot of questions, and finally secured an invitation to dine that night at the table by the window. The lexicographer who looked like a conductor and made us see a steam engine said, "Good evening. My name is Frimbo. I can answer your questions. I have taken the liberty of ordering—I assume you have no objections to veal Oscar and a bottle of Sion Fondant? We lexicographers are having our first big get-together since the war. We are here in Zermatt because I made a fuss and insisted we forgather in a place where the loudest noises are made by trains. I told everybody that nobody could get any work done with a lot of automobiles in the neighborhood showering internal combustion over everything in sight. Well, they finally gave in, since I was only telling the truth.

"But it is also true that I am myself a rail buff, and that I need to catch up on my traveling. During the war I've only been able to get around at the rate of thirty or forty thousand miles a year. Last year, for instance, I covered only forty-one thousand miles, whereas in nineteen-forty-one, my best year, I achieved a total of ninety thousand seven hundred and fifty-six miles. Of course, I only travel weekends and during my vacations."

A rail buff! So that was the explanation. Of course. We found ourselves warming to this man. Mr. Frimbo eyed us disdainfully. "Most people think rail buffs are nuts," he said. "I don't know why. If I rode around in a Buick all weekend, no one would say a word. Furthermore, the government doesn't think we're nuts. After we got into the war, the Army called me down to Washington and gave me a majority, so the knowledge I've picked up wandering around the countryside must be worth something."



We didn't want to get off on the wrong foot. "Major," we said, "please tell us more." And we asked him when he had felt the first stirrings of his passion for trains. He said, "I understand that when I was a baby, living with my family in England, I used to make my nanny push me in my pram to a certain railroad bridge in Hadley Wood, on the outskirts of London, so I could watch the trains go by [below]. When we had gone home to tea, I'm told, I was inconsolable. By the time my family moved back to the States, I was old enough to give my inclination full rein. Those were glorious days, because I had the whole world of trolleys as well as trains at my disposal. Young people nowadays don't know what could be done when trolleys were at their zenith. Why, out in Danville, Illinois, there was an interurban trolley line that had sleepers and dining cars! I knew that a number of these delights would not last the war—the rails would be used to keep mainline tracks in repair—so just before I became a major, I took six weeks off from work and rode and rode, carefully picking out lines like the Rapid City & Black Hills Western. I rode my seat off.

"But I am getting ahead of my story. When I came of age, I set myself a goal, like all young men. My ambition has been to ride over every single foot of passenger track-age in the United States. I think I can accomplish that in another ten years or so. I'm down to the hard bits now. Last month I added fifty miles of the Santa Fe Railroad in Texas to my list, but I had to take a taxi from Amarillo to Spearman, a distance of some ninety miles, to catch my train. It was bad enough to find myself in a car; to make matters worse, there was a frightful dust storm, and the hood of the car, an insubstantial quadricycle, kept blowing back and smashing against the windshield."

"You don't like cars, sir?"

"Cars and planes, sir, are the natural enemies of railroads. What is a car? A car is a rolling sneeze. A little slice of selfishness. As for planes, I have been trying to get the railroads to fight the airlines by adopting a



slogan I have coined—'Go through Our Mountains, Not into Them.'

A waiter now appeared with our veal Oscar, and Frimbo attacked his portion as if it were one of the Wright brothers. He didn't speak to us again until he had finished eating. Then he said, "Now that was a dish worthy of the Swiss Restaurant Car Company—the people, you know, who prepare the meals in the dining cars on Swiss trains. Wonderful people! Have you ever drunk a Château Malessert? I thought not. It is a wine found only on Swiss restaurant cars. These remarkable cars are painted red, unlike most other Swiss railway cars, which are painted green. This very sound system allows aficionados to board trains at just the right place. I remember once suggesting to a congressman that much the same thing could be done with money—different denominations of bills could be printed up in different colors. But the congressman said, 'But that wouldn't help blind people,' and the matter died there, because I couldn't think up an answer to that.

"Do you always travel first class, sir?"

"Yes, sir. My father told me—and I think it was the only thing he ever told me—'A gentleman always rides in the Pullman.'

I hope that we may meet again. At the moment I must go preside, as Temporary Chairman, over this evening's first plenary session of the lexicographers' conference. And then I have to get to bed early, because tomorrow I am taking some lexicographers who are fellow buffs on a narrow-gauge railroad to a point which affords an excellent view of the Matterhorn. I am planning a lunch at a little hostelry the end of the line. Right now, you may ask just one question."

Our question was: what further goal would Frimbo set himself when he had polished off all the passenger trackage the U.S.A.?

"The world", he answered.

#### **Autobiography of E.M.Frimbo**

The railway was invented early in the nineteenth century and I was invented late in that century, so the railway must have precedence. Because hardly anyone was really migratory then, the railway began by hauling timber and stone and coal and ore at a most leisurely speed, inasmuch as horses were the motive power, but when someone proved that pent-up steam could be released to drive a piston that could impart motion to a wheel, the age of overland travel was in hand. The journeyer on horseback and the stagecoach fell, literally, by the wayside, and goods that had been the prerogative of the canal started to move by rail.

In England, the true birthplace of the railway, the Mania took the form of venomous competition and thus produced somewhat

too much railway. In the United States, it was decided—after the Civil War had come to a close—that the Great West could not, if only for military reasons, be allowed to remain in its splendid isolation, and so the building of a railway to the Pacific became inevitable. But the venomous competition engendered by the Mania in this country also produced a great deal too much railway.

Well, all this is an enormous simplification of the matter, and I am indisposed to argue it. The First World War, though it demonstrated the absolute indispensability of the railway in a time of emergency, commenced the deflowering of that necessity. The engineering industries of the nations concerned in that war brought the internal-combustion engine to such a state of efficiency that self-propelled military vehicles (the tank comes quickly to mind) became nearly as valuable as the railway in the field of combat. After the war, the civilian equivalents of these vehicles attained so great a state of efficiency that they could often move people and goods quicker and cheaper than most branch-line, and not a few main-line, railways could.

So began the slow suffocation not only of the railway but of those eminently nonpolluting means of transport called electric interurban railways and electric street cars. A great many of the interurban lines and street railways in this country died a most untimely death, as a finding by a recent congressional committee has belatedly revealed, because years ago General Motors and sundry gasoline purveyors, tire makers, and bus builders set up an enterprise whose sole aim was to replace these railways and cars with internal-combustion (known in the trade as infernal-combustion) vehicles, in order that our national pollution could be expedited. This enterprise, National City Lines, bought up quite a few trolley lines that were earning a profit, converted them to bus lines that operated at a loss, and then sold them off to the cities they—so to speak—served.

The arrival of the airplane—which benefited no end from the man-hours expended upon its improvement in the interest of the wartime military establishment—removed travelers and many other sorts of commodities from the railway; today we fly more than just letters, strawberries, pompano, orchids—we fly men's suits, furniture, cattle. At what expenditure of energy, and at what premium cost to the user, one would rather not think.

It is not the Man on Horseback who gives us pause today. It is the Man in the Automobile. As we admit what we have known for a long time—that there is a finite limit to the world's mass of energy—we contemplate a scene of planned disorder: railways in bankruptcy and eager to expire; airlines in debt for a shortage of customers and the

high cost of fuel; big bus companies dropping this run and that run small bus companies ceasing to exist; city transit lines on a deficit arrangement for lack of trade. Oh, and perhaps we should also consider the new super-managements of railways. A few of these hierarchies have devoted themselves to prying the assets and the cash flow out of the systems they are in charge of and putting the stuff in other activities, even while they proclaim the need for government assistance to keep the railways in health.

Whatever the faults of the society and the industrial system we have contrived, mobility is its essence. For me, mobility is not only a pastime but—sometimes—a way of earning a living. (We'll get to that later on.) Through the long illness of my favorite invalid, the railway, I have maintained my bedside manners and my temper. The railway, undernourished and often undermanaged, must, it does seem, be compelled to survive.

To do that, it does also seem, it must learn once again how to deal satisfactorily with its labor, its passengers, and its shippers of freight. The Congress, paying scant attention to the firmly expressed wishes of the current Administration, has applied one or two poultices to the wounds. One of the poultices was the bill that invented Amtrak. Amtrak has laid out (with the not especially noticeable assistance of a dozen railways) what remains to us of a system of long-distance passenger trains. Amtrak has diminished the disorder that had previously prevailed, but it has been rather thwarted by neatly phrased passages in the law that created it—phrases that, for instance, have inserted into its management several men whose displeasure with the whole scheme has frequently been made public.

However, no matter! We shall overcome.

And so, back to the time when the railway was in a buoyant mood, and to the days and nights I spent on it.

If I had it to do all over again, I would do the same. But I can't, for most of those many trains I rode from the beginning of the twentieth century were long ago annulled forever, and many of the rails on which they moved have been torn up. In New England, which is my part of the world, son follows father in the choice of profession; and I came upon my lifework by inheritance—my father was a born traveler. At the age of nine I was not outdoors playing baseball with boys my own age, and I was not indoors reading about the unlikely adventures of the Rover Boys. I was in my father's study, doing not my homework but my father's: he was going to the Pacific Coast, stopping off in Toledo, Chicago, Kansas City, Albuquerque, and Los Angeles on his way to San Francisco; he was coming back through Seattle, Van-



couver, and Banff. What, then, were the best trains (with parlor or sleeping cars, and with dining cars) between these cities, and which among the innumerable tariffs prevailing was the most inclusive and advantageous round-trip fare?

My rewards for all this information (which had to be letter perfect) were a gigantic collection of railway timetables, a copious assortment of railway postcards (collected by my father en route), and use of the stub ends of his mileage books. These books held a thousand coupons apiece, each one worth a mile of journeying—or two cents—and Father would always come home with twenty-one miles left in one book, thirty-eight in another, and so on. With these stubs and the assistance of amused conductors, I was soon taking small Saturday trips of my own. Vast was my elation when I discovered that the stubs could also be used for seats in parlor cars and for luncheons in diners; and vast was my shame when I found out that parlor-car porters and dining-car waiters customarily were presented with tips. I didn't have that kind of pin money—only the scrip.

The North American continent was not enough for my father, though. I was born in the suburbs of Boston, but as a babe in arms I made my very first railway journey on a slip carriage of a Great Western Railway express out of London's Paddington Station [above]. The carriage was slipped, i.e., dropped off, at Reading, through which the express rolled nonstop on its way to Bristol; and after a guard had hand-braked the carriage into the station, a local carried us on to Goring, where my family lived in a house on the Thames. After I'd grown a bit older, I commuted—to the theater, the dentist, the analyst—on the Great Northern Railway from our house in Hadley Wood to King's Cross Station in London. When I am in England in the summer I can still see, as I roll north on the magnificent all-parlor train called the Yorkshire Pullman, the grassy slope directly above the tunnel near Hadley Wood where as a little fellow I watched the great steam-hauled expresses dive into and shoot out of that hole in the hill.

Much too soon, my father bundled us aboard a boat train to Dover, then a cross-channel steamer to Belgium, and into the center of the big Belgian industrial city of Liege. There I had my first tramcar journey, and became an instant and permanent

devotee of electric traction. In the winter there were trips by rail back and forth between Liege and Brussels; in the summer came the annual sojourn to a seaside house near Ostend.

It was not until 1908, after arriving in Boston on the Cunard liner *Ivernia*, that I began what has become a lifetime career of commuting on the railways of the United States. I first lived in Boston, Arlington, Jamaica Plain, Waban, New Bedford, and Brookfield, Massachusetts—and I was hauled here and there by locomotives of the Boston & Maine, the New Haven, the Boston & Albany, the Old Colony, and—best of all—the narrow-gauge Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn, reached from Boston by the Atlantic Avenue steam ferry. If there wasn't a railway train to wherever I wanted to go, there was a ferry or a trolley car. New Bedford offered expresses by two routes to Boston; trolleys in every direction for miles and miles; a night steamer to New York; and a ferry, owned by the New Haven, across the harbor to Fairhaven—whence, from a one-platform station, New Haven locals wandered out onto Cape Cod.

The ferry fare was three cents and was collected aboard ship by a man who walked the length of the vessel and back. I walked ahead of him and voyaged without paying. Some of the expresses from Boston—after stopping at the New Bedford station, to which, in the good old tradition, a trolley car ran to meet all the trains—went on to the wharf of the steamers for the islands. I had just finished off covering all the trolley and steamer routes thereabouts when I was shipped by my family to Manchester, New Hampshire—but not with regrets, for Manchester had a prideful trolley system, an incline railway up Mount Uncanoonuc, and fourteen expresses a day to Boston. Manchester was not the biggest city in the world, but it was on the route of the first transcontinental sleeping car. Every Thursday the morning Boston & Maine-Canadian Pacific train from Boston to Montreal carried a tourist Pullman that went all the way to Vancouver, British Columbia. Later on, we summered in Brandon and Burlington, Vermont, which were both on the Rutland, a noble railway, although it was tumbledown even in those days. The northbound morning mail-and-milk-can local would run three and four

hours late, but it did have a Pullman on the rear.

Ah! The Green Mountain Flyer [below], with its three parlor cars, its Rutland diner (half coach, half tables with black leather chairs), and its dingy coaches in which I journeyed between the two towns [below]. And the Mount Royal, with its five or six Pullmans, one of which ran between Rutland and Burlington on the milk-can job, so that every village had its overnight sleeper service to New York. The Burlington trolleys that ran down to where the Shelburne Museum is now, standing in part on what was my great-great-grandfather's farm. And the new Union Station in Burlington from which the Rutland and Central Vermont offered trains to Montreal and New York. And the steamboats on Lake Champlain—some of them operated by the Delaware & Hudson—which served the great railway hotel at Bluff Point.

Then came New Jersey. I commuted from Montclair to New York on the Lackawanna; from Somerville and Bound Brook on the Jersey Central; from Bound Brook to school in New Brunswick on a fine old hourly wooden interurban along the Raritan River; and from New Brunswick to New York on the Pennsylvania. In the District of Columbia came more years of schooling, and more weekends on the interurbans to Rockville, Great Falls, Mount Vernon, and Alexandria.

Other weekends there were chartered day coaches over the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania for school basketball or track meets or football in Baltimore; or excursions to Norfolk on the Old Bay Line steamers, with return by the Chesapeake & Ohio's ferry and train to Richmond, then by the first train back to Washington. Afterward there was long-distance commuting: on the Penny or the B & O in combination with the Philadelphia & Reading to Trenton, and from there by one of the two interurbans to Princeton for my college years and my term in the Army for the First World War. Then off to New York to earn my keep.

Being lexicographical consultant to The



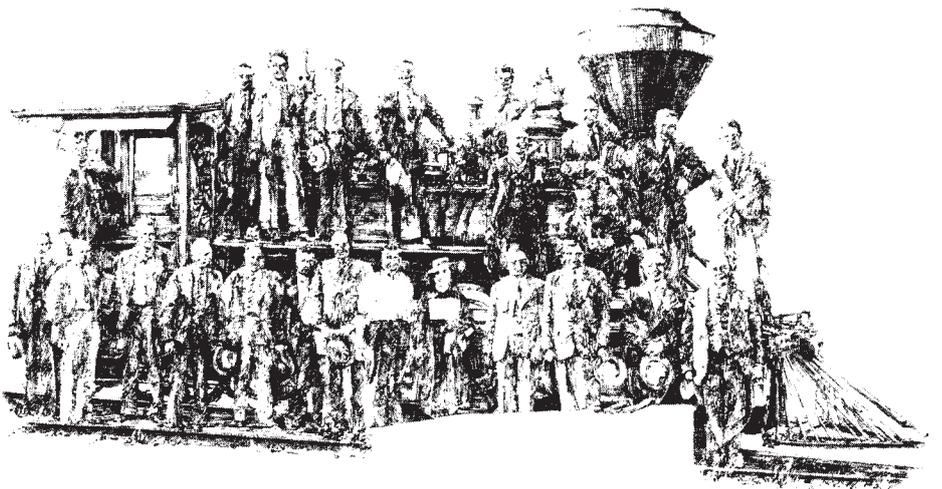
New York Times was all right, for the Times gave me Thursday or Friday off, when commuter service (and there was an incredible amount of it at that time) was in full flow—satisfactory indeed for someone who likes to do his exploring by railway. I was still following in my father's routine—he was first the traveler, second the lexicographer. Later I graduated to being consultant to a publishing house whose printing was done on Staten Island; this required an occasional journey on the elevated to Battery Park, an excursion on a steam ferry to St. George, and a ride on the wooden cars of the B & O to Richmond (today this is the electrified Staten Island Rapid Transit) behind tiny tank steam locomotives.

Even better was a publishing house which asked me to visit its printer in Albany (night boat up the Hudson, New York Central afternoon train down) and its printer in Harrisburg (Reading's Queen of the Valley and Harrisburg Special, with their diners and open-platform observation cars, were my favorite carriers). The head of the publishing house lived far out in New Jersey, and a great many weekends I went to Hackettstown—burdened with my reports—on Lackawanna locals that were never in a hurry.

Plenty of traveling, and all expenses paid; but after a while, a lack of variety. So I opened my own shop, E. M. Frimbo, Ltd., and started selling lexicographical advice to all corners—university departments, advertising executives, publishers, magazine editors, and other downtrodden word users. My traveling only increased. My goal was to ride over every mile of passenger trackage, and on every passenger train in the United States—and my early years of study served me well.

By the time I was nine I was studying timetables; by the time I was twenty I had discovered the Official Guide—that monthly compilation of all the railroad schedules in the country—which revealed to me the existence of railways and passenger trains of which I had never heard; by the time I was twenty-five I had discovered employee timetables—those specialized mines of information that railways distribute only to their own employees. Employee timetables revealed such special information as the fact that certain Wabash freights would on certain days carry passengers between certain stations. And the race was on.

It was still too early to discover that great American institution, the fan club, and the chartered trains it ran; but as soon as the fan clubs came into existence I began joining them and riding their chartered trains. Wishing to explore lines



*Some buffs on the celebrated Virginia & Truckee Railway*

I had never seen, I chartered trains myself and drummed up customers—those who wanted to examine the Wilkes-Barre & Eastern, the Southern New Jersey, the Delaware & Northern, and other railways that are no longer even memories. I helped set up a national correspondence school. "The Santa Fe is going to pull off its mixed" (i.e., part-freight, part-passenger) "into Pampa," someone at the University of New Mexico would write in; and thus alerted, a group of us would converge upon that train before it ceased to exist.

There were other devices. I developed a side line as a journalist and wrote commentary on sports events in the Ivy League colleges (most of which can still be reached by railway today). I even took to the air at times, I regret to say. In the midst of the football season, word came that the Stockton Terminal & Eastern was running a steam excursion train the following Sunday. The weekend went like this: The P.R.R.'s Midday Congressional at eleven Saturday morning to Philadelphia for the Princeton-Pennsylvania football game; the Representative at five-oh-nine that afternoon back to New York; an evening at a newspaper office composing an account of the game; a taxi to the airport; an overnight flight to San Francisco; a cab into town; a bus to the Western Pacific station; a dome car on the California Zephyr to Stockton; a cab east into the country to a crossing where I could flag down the S T & E special, which had left Stockton ahead of me; this train back to Stockton that afternoon; the Santa Fe's Golden Gate to San Francisco in the evening; and a plane back to New York Sunday night.

Well, that was my life in North America until the extent of my travels and the extinction of trains suddenly met head-on. In June 1957 a chartered cab arrived in Hannah, North Dakota, as I arrived in a Great Northern gas-powered railcar—and suddenly my goal was achieved. I rode back to the main line in that char-

tered cab, wondering what to do next: there were no more passenger trains in the United States for me to ride."

"Any questions?"

We told Frimbo we'd like to know more about his methods and procedures. What was his last train trip before coming to Zermatt for the lexicographers' meeting? Had it covered any new trackage? Frimbo then described a three-day jaunt he had taken the previous weekend. He said it had been one day longer but no more devious than usual.

At eleven-thirty on Friday night, Frimbo caught the Baltimore & Ohio train bus at Rockefeller Center, in New York City. This bus took him to Jersey City, where he had reserved a lower berth on the one-oh-two A.M. Washington express. He reached Washington at seven-oh-five A.M.

His sleeper was then attached to a Washington-to-St. Louis train, the Metropolitan Special, which left at seven-fifty-five A.M. He reached St. Louis at seven-forty Sunday morning.

Drawing a deep breath, he caught the eight-fifteen train for Evansville, Indiana, reached Evansville at one-fifteen P.M., and there boarded the one-thirty-five kcal for Louisville. He reached Louisville at five-thirty-five and, presumably with some regret, took a cab to New Albany, Indiana.

"There's an old trolley line between New Albany and Louisville," he told us. "I wanted to ride this one before some smelly



bus takes its place." Frimbo got the six-thirty trolley from New Albany, reentered Louisville at seven-oh-five, and departed for Indianapolis at seven-thirty. He ate, shaved, and changed his shirt aboard the train, and disembarked at ten-thirty.

He enjoyed a trolley ride of six or seven miles around the city, got back to the station at twelve-twelve Monday morning, and boarded a twelve-fifteen A.M. train for Danville, Illinois.

He arrived at Danville at two-thirty A.M. and walked down the street to the station of the Illinois Terminal Railway, the interurban trolley company that once had sleepers and still, after the war, had observation-dining cars. The first trolley left at four-thirty A.M., and Frimbo rode it as far as Decatur Junction, where, at seven-oh-eight A.M., he boarded an interurban to Bloomington.

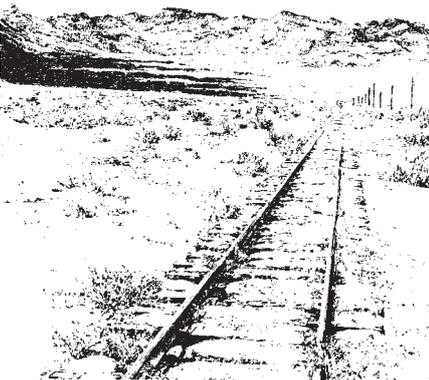
He reached Bloomington at eight-forty-two A.M. and at nine-ten boarded a train called the Alton Hummer for Chicago.

He arrived in Chicago at eleven-fifty-nine and made a quick run out to LaGrange on the Burlington. He returned by a Chicago & West Towns Railway Company trolley and then a Chicago Surface Lines trolley, reaching the La Salle Street station at two-fifty-seven P.M.

He there engaged a bedroom on the Twentieth Century. "I always wear a black Homberg when I travel," Frimbo told us, "and I'm taken for a troubled businessman." The Century left Chicago at three-thirty P.M. Having been without sleep for thirty-nine hours, Frimbo went to bed early. He reached New York at nine-thirty A.M. Tuesday and was at his New York desk before ten.

"I covered about twenty-eight hundred miles," Frimbo said. "Three hundred and sixty-six of them were new. The New Albany-to-Louisville and Chicago & West Towns trolleys were the real gems."

[Some timetables and timetable brochures for this trip follow. Thanks to Sky Magary and the NAOTC for some of these- Ed]



## The Metropolitan

# BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD											
Table 42 - WASHINGTON, PARKERSBURG AND CINCINNATI.											
April 25, 1954 (Eastern time.)											
Miles.      STATIONS.											
11	7-233	3	1	Mls.	12	238	2	4			
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	LEAVE	ARRIVE	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	
8:00	10:55	9:30	6:30	Washington	11:10	7:45	6:30	10:10			
8:05	3:10	2:25		Ar. Parkersburg (6th St. Sta.)	1:40		9:59	1:41			
5:52	5:53	3:12		Le. Parkersburg (6th St. Sta.)	1:53		9:50	1:38			
6:05	7:57	4:15	0	Belpre							
				Rockland							
				Potterfield							
				Little Hocking							
				Fouch Hill							
				Coolville							
				Frost's							
				Canonsville							
				Stewart							
				Guysville							
				Athens	12:46		9:05	12:59			
				Grosvenor							
				Luhrig							
				New Marshall							
				Mineral							
				Inghams							
				Moonsville							
				Hope							
				Zaleski							
				Red Diamond							
				Richland							
				Byers							
				West							
				Vigo							
				Schooleys							
				Chillicothe	11:16		7:56	11:44			
				Anderson							
				Musselman							
				Rozell							
				Harpers							
				Lyndon							
				East Monroe	10:40		7:23	11:10			
				Leesburg	10:30						
				Highland							
				New Vienna							
				Farmers							
				Martinsville							
				Midland City	10:01						
				Blanchester	9:52		2:18	4:03			
				Pleasant Plain			3:08				
				Cozadale			3:03				
				Hills							
				Loveland	9:28		1:51				
				Twightwee							
				Symmes							
				Miami Grove							
				Remington							
				Allandale							
				Madison							
				East Madisonville							
				Madisonville							
				Oakley	9:48		1:35	4:15	10:00		
				Winton Place	9:00		1:22	6:05	9:50		
				Cincinnati (E. T. Sta.)	8:50		1:15	5:55	9:40		
				ARRIVE							

Table 43 - ZANESVILLE, MARIETTA AND PARKERSBURG.											
Freight Service only.											
Miles.      STATIONS.											
				0	Zanesville						
				1.0	Fair Oaks						
				9.3	Phio.						
				13.7	Merriam						
				15.3	Stone						
				18.0	Durant						
				19.2	Egleport						
				23.6	Stockport						
				26.0	Maite (McConnellsville)						
				33.2	Hoodsburg						
				36.1	Stockport						
				39.4	Rockbury						
				43.4	Swift						
				45.0	Beckett						
				46.8	Relief						
				51.5	Waterford						
				56.3	Equity						
				61.0	Lowell						
				64.4	Rainbow						
				73.8	West Marietta						
				74.5	Marietta						
				80.3	Constitution						
				82.1	Briges						
				85.7	Belpre						
				88.4	Parkersburg						

Table 44 - PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.											
Freight Service only.											
Miles.      STATIONS.											
				0	Hamden						
				3.1	Wellston						
				12.3	Jackson						
				22.1	Clay						
				25.1	Oak Hill						
				28.3	Black Fork Junc.						
				31.8	Fire Brick						
				32.4	Elfort						
				37.2	Smith Wehster						
				40.5	Scioto Furnace						
				42.6	Gepharts						
				45.9	Sisicum						
				49.7	Sciotoville						
				52.6	New Boston						
				55.3	Portsmouth						

Table 45 - LOUISVILLE, CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS.													
April 25, 1954.													
Miles.      STATIONS.													
				56	58	52-4	50-2	64-3	12	57	53-51	2-55	4-63
				P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	LEAVE	ARRIVE	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
				10:25	6:50	5:10	12:00	8:20	St. Louis	7:40	10:05	12:15	4:15
				See Note					Jaffersonville	See Note			
				11:35	7:00	5:20	1:30	8:30	New Albany	7:25	9:50	12:04	4:05
									Watson				
				11:49	5:15	5:35	1:44	18:40	Charlestown	16:57	19:20	11:44	4:46
									Marysville				
									Nabb				
									Logginton				
									Blount				
									Deputy				
									Paris				
									Comiskey				
									Lovett				
				12:37	8:00	6:20	2:30	9:30	No. Vernon, Ind. Ar.	5:55	8:27	11:00	4:00
				4:53	3:17	6:40	3:00	3:30	No. Vernon, Ind. Ar.	12:36	8:21	10:38	2:49
				7:50	10:5	9:20	5:35	10:30	Cincinnati (C. T. Sta.)	10:59	12:15	4:15	8:30
									ARRIVE	LEAVE	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
				7:40					St. Louis (C. T. Sta.)	11:30		9:45	1:25
									ARRIVE	LEAVE	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.

**EXPLANATION OF SIGNS**  
 \* Daily.  
 † Daily, except Sunday.  
 ‡ Daily, except Saturday.  
 § Daily, except Monday.  
 ¶ Sunday only.  
 Ⓐ Stops to receive or discharge revenue passengers for or from Washington and east, and receive or discharge revenue passengers for or from west of Cincinnati.  
 Ⓑ Stops on signal to receive or discharge passengers  
 Ⓒ Stops daily, except Sunday.  
 Ⓓ Coupon stations.  
 Ⓔ Rail- Auto Service available at this point  
 Ⓕ Freight service only. Ticket Agents should sell to New Albany or Louisville.  
 For number of table upon which each station is located, see General Index of Stations in back part of Guide.



**DECATUR TO PEDRIA and BLOOMINGTON**

	AM	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	
<i>Northbound</i>											
DECATUR	Lv	5 30*	7 45*	10 10	12 10	2 10	4 10	6 10	7 20*	9 06*	11 18
CLINTON	Lv	6 40	8 48	11 03	1 03	3 03	5 03	7 03	8 32	10 10	12 20
BLOOMINGTON	Ar	7 25	9 50	11 55	1 55	3 55	5 55	7 55	9 28	11 05	1 15
BLOOMINGTON	Lv	5 00*	8 00	10 10	12 01	2 00	4 00	6 00	8 00	9 30*	
PEORIA	Ar	6 50	9 40	11 40	1 30	3 30	5 30	7 30	9 30	11 05	
	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	AM

**ALTON**  
RAILROAD

**ALTON**  
RAILROAD

**TIME TABLES**

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**Burlington Route**

100th Anniversary 1849-1949

**TIME TABLES**  
EVERYWHERE WEST

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A CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION

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**New York Central**  
SYSTEM TIME TABLES

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY—BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Effective April 18, 1943—Form 1001

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# How to travel by train in America

by VICTOR ISAACS



**A**MERICA IS DIFFERENT. American timetables are different. If you are familiar with railway timetables anywhere else in the world, forget half of what you understand when it comes to planning your trip in the US. (When it comes to Working Timetables / Employees' Timetables, forget everything you understand, but that is not the subject of this article).

First, traditionally, American passenger train timetables place all trains together in time order, irrespective of the fact that they have different schedules on Weekdays and Weekends. This has now largely been abandoned by most urban passenger train operators. But this impairment to easy understanding remains the rule with the long-distance passenger train operator, Amtrak. Our illustration is of a typical page of Amtrak's busy North East Corridor route from the timetable of 15 July 2013 [our page 11]. Note there is not even one train that has the same schedule on Weekdays and Weekends. Yet they are all lumped together within the same timetable.

Second, Americans do not know how to write dates. Everywhere else in the world, written dates go in a logical order, from the smallest unit (day), to the middle size unit (month) to the biggest unit (year). Sometimes in Europe, they go the opposite way – biggest, middle, smallest (year, month, day). But in America, for some reason, logic is forgotten. There they go, middle size unit (month), then smallest size unit (day), then largest size unit (year). This also shows up in our illustration.

(At least this is consistent with the fact that Americans simply do not logically measure anything. They are the last country in the world to still use the ancient, British, Imperial system of weights and measurements.

Remind an American of this, and they get very uncomfortable and defensive. The US adopted the decimal monetary system very early, but subsequently have completely negated all advantages of this by adopting funny names for coins that no-one outside the country understands, by making smaller value coins bigger than larger value coins, and by not even putting the value on the coins!)

The 24 hour clock is unknown in America, outside of the military. Indeed, in America it is called "Military Time". So don't expect to see it used in railway, or any other, timetable.

All over Europe and much of the rest of the world, the standard timetable symbol for operation on Sundays only is †. This makes sense, as it is reminiscent of the Christian symbol of a Cross. However, traditionally American railroad timetables were the exact opposite. It used to be that there † meant the train operated daily except Sundays. However, this symbol is no longer used in American timetables.

To continue this rant, a few non-timetable items relevant to understanding train travel in America:

Most carriages on day trains in Amtrak's fleet have tiny windows. The reason for this is beyond understanding.

Amtrak perpetuates an exceedingly bureaucratic and time-consuming boarding procedure. Passengers are herded up in the main part of the station until their train is "called". Then, and only then, they pass through a "gate" and as they slowly do so, they have their seats allocated. Why passengers cannot go on the platforms earlier, as in 99% of worldwide passenger train operations, and/or why passengers cannot

have their seats allocated earlier, and/or, why they cannot get on to a train without allocated seats at all, as in 99% of passenger train operations worldwide, also passeth all human understanding.

American stations usually have low level platforms. Consequently, American passenger trains seem grossly over-staffed. The only function of many onboard operating personnel seems to be to open a door at station and put steps in place for passengers [see below -Ed].

Two incidental points arise from the above:

Platforms at the main American stations are dreary, dismal places that passengers merely quickly scurry through on the way from the "gate" to their train.

As soon as you travel by train in America, you immediately understand where all the procedures and terminology for air travel come from. ("The train/plane is now boarding from gate four", "Coach class passengers board now", etc.).

Sorry for this rant. It is misleading. The above points aside, train travel in America is a truly wonderful experience. It is by far the best way to see that huge and diverse country, to meet the people, and, of course, to travel in comfort.

I shall conclude by returning to the subject of timetables. There is one exemplary American practice that operators elsewhere in the world (including Australia) should learn from. At any staffed passenger station in the US, timetables are always very readily available, usually without having to ask. This even extends to Amtrak's large system-wide timetable book.



## NORTHEAST CORRIDOR-Northbound

Train Name ▶	Northwest Regional	Northwest Regional	Acela Express	Northwest Regional	Vermont	Keystone	Acela Express	Keystone	Vermont	Northwest Regional	Northwest Regional	Acela Express
Train Number ▶	162	130	2154	172	54	660	2104	642	56	152	86	2158
Normal Days of Operation ▶	SaSu	Mo-Fr	Mo-Fr	Mo-Fr	SaSu	SaSu	Mo-Fr	Mo-Fr	Mo-Fr	SaSu	Mo-Fr	Mo-Fr
Will Also Operate ▶	9/2				9/2	9/2				9/2		
Will Not Operate ▶		9/2	9/2	9/2			9/2	9/2	9/2		9/2	9/2
On Board Service ▶		R B	R B	R B	R B	R B	R B	R B	R B	R B	R B	R B
<b>WASHINGTON, DC</b>	0	6 20A	6 30A	7 00A	7 25A	7 30A	8 00A		8 10A	8 10A	8 40A	9 00A
New Carrollton, MD	9	R6 31A	R6 41A		R7 37A	R7 39A			R8 18A	R8 21A	8 50A	
BWI Marshall Airport, MD ✈	30	6 47A	6 57A	7 21A	7 53A	7 55A	8 21A		8 35A	8 37A	9 07A	9 21A
Baltimore, MD-Penn Station	41	7 04A	7 14A	7 34A	8 09A	8 12A	8 34A		8 52A	8 54A	9 23A	9 34A
Aberdeen, MD	71	7 28A	7 37A									
Newark, DE	98									9 32A		
Wilmington, DE	110	7 56A	8 03A	8 16A	8 55A	8 56A	9 16A		9 36A	9 46A	10 10A	10 16A
<b>PHILADELPHIA, PA</b>	135	8 16A	8 23A		9 15A	9 17A			9 56A	10 06A	10 31A	
-30th Street Station		8 19A	8 28A	8 35A	9 18A	9 20A	9 23A	9 35A	9 45A	9 59A	10 12A	10 38A
North Philadelphia, PA	139											
Cornwells Heights, PA	152											
Trenton, NJ	168	8 47A	9 00A		9 45A	9 48A			10 12A	10 27A	10 42A	11 08A
Princeton Jct., NJ	178											
New Brunswick, NJ	194											
Metropark, NJ	202	9 09A	9 25A		10 08A	10 10A					11 06A	11 31A
Newark Liberty Intl. Airport, NJ ✈	213		9 36A		10 20A						L11 19A	
Newark, NJ	216	9 24A	L9 41A	9 30A	10 26A	10 25A	L10 31A	D10 28A	L10 46A	11 03A	D11 23A	11 47A
<b>NEW YORK, NY</b>	226	9 42A	9 59A	9 47A	10 44A	10 43A	10 49A	10 46A	11 04A	11 21A	11 45A	12 05P
-Penn Station		10 00A		10 03A	11 00A	11 30A				11 33A		12 30P
New Rochelle, NY	245	10 27A										
Stamford, CT	262	10 48A		10 43A	11 48A	12 18P				12 18P		1 16P
Bridgeport, CT	284	11 12A			12 12P	12 42P				12 42P		1 46P
<b>NEW HAVEN, CT</b>	301	11 36A			12 36P	1 06P				1 06P		2 00P
New Haven, CT	0	11 38A		11 30A	12 38P	1 20P				1 22P		2 05P
Wallingford, CT	12											
Meriden, CT	18											
Berlin, CT	25											
Hartford, CT	36											
Windsor, CT	42											
Windsor Locks, CT	47											
Springfield, MA	62											
Old Saybrook, CT	344	12 08P			1 08P							
New London, CT (Casino 🎰)	352	12 28P			1 28P							
Mystic, CT	361	12 41P										
Westerly, RI	370											
Kingston, RI (🚗🚘, 🚗🚘)	387	1 08P				2 00P						3 21P
Providence, RI	414	1 26P			12 48P	2 19P						3 42P
Route 128, MA	446	D2 00P			D1 25P	D2 53P						D4 16P
Boston, MA-Back Bay Station	456	D2 11P			D1 34P	D3 05P						D4 28P
<b>BOSTON, MA</b>	457	2 18P			1 40P	3 12P						4 36P
-South Station												3 39P

### Eastern Maryland Thruway Bus Connections

#### BWI Thurgood Marshall Airport • Kent Island • Easton • Cambridge • Salisbury • Ocean Pines • Ocean City

(BayRunner Shuttle Service)

8109	8111	8113	8115	8117	8119	8121	Thruway Bus Number		8108	8110	8112	8114	8116	8118	8120
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Days of Operation		Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
8 35A	10 35A	12 35P	2 35P	4 35P	6 35P	8 35P	↓	BWI Marshall Airport, MD ✈	7 30A	9 30A	11 30A	1 30P	3 30P	5 30P	7 30P
9 15A	11 15A	1 15P	3 15P	5 15P	7 15P	9 15P	↑	Kent Island, MD	6 55A	8 55A	10 55A	12 55P	2 55P	4 55P	6 55P
9 35A	11 35A	1 35P	3 35P	5 40P	7 35P	9 35P	↓	Easton (Airport), MD	6 30A	8 30A	10 30A	12 30P	2 30P	4 30P	6 30P
9 55A	11 55A	1 55P	3 55P	5 55P	7 55P	9 55P	↑	Cambridge, MD	6 00A	8 00A	10 00A	12 00P	2 00P	4 00P	6 00P
10 40A	12 40P	2 40P	4 40P	6 40P	8 40P	10 40P	↓	Salisbury, MD	5 20A	7 20A	9 20A	11 20A	1 20P	3 20P	5 20P
11 30A	1 30P	3 30P	5 30P	7 30P	9 30P	11 30P	↑	Ocean Pines, MD			8 30A	10 30A	12 30P	2 30P	4 30P
11 50A	1 50P	3 50P	5 50P	7 50P	9 50P	11 50P	↓	Ocean City, MD			8 10A	10 10A	12 10P	2 10P	4 10P

NOTE—Reservations required.

#### Philadelphia, PA Suburban Stops

Amtrak offers limited stops at North Philadelphia and Cornwells Heights for the convenience of passengers traveling to/from Newark and New York.

QR Quik-Trak self-serve ticketing kiosk

○ Unstaffed station

● Staffed Station with ticket office; may or may not be open for all train departures

♿ Station wheelchair accessible; no barriers between station and train

♿ Station wheelchair accessible; not all station facilities accessible

Details about services,  
see pages 131-144

page  
35

# Proof of the Pudding

E.M.FRIMBO, *communicated to* GEOFF LAMBERT



**M**R FRIMBO WAS AN Editor of *The New Yorker* and retired in 1975, not long after I arrived to live in New York. His book was published a little later and reviewed in (of course) *The New Yorker*. I was never able to obtain a copy until my recent return to New York. Through the medium of a spiritualist with offices behind Grand Central Station, I was put in touch with Mr Frimbo— dead for 34 years—and put Victor’s comments to him. Here is what he said:

“There are two types of people in the world - timetable users and timetable collectors. Judging by the membership of ATA and NAOTC, the users outnumber the collectors by about a million to one. Users win hands down. In my more than two million miles of train travel, I met few people like myself— collectors. As your founding President, Mr McLean once famously wrote in a poem about timetables:

*“They are the bliss of solitude,  
“As William Wordsworth said,  
“And my delight in every future year.*

Mr Isaacs is at one with me when he says “train travel in America is a truly wonderful experience.” He is also right inasmuch as timetables are “ridiculously easy” to obtain. This might, however, be a symptom of old-fashioned fuddy-duddiness by the railroads. You tell me that you never saw another person take a timetable from a timetable rack in Grand Central, Pennsylvania

or Washington Union stations. I can believe it! Like the rest of the planet, Americans get their timetables *via* their smartphones. Even the printed timetables now have a QR code. No need to pocket a piece of paper- just scan the code and walk away with the complete timetable on your phone. I suggest that you use them henceforth in your publications [we have].

And why should it be any different for the timetable user? Train timetables have always been ephemeral- “use and dispose”. Like most paper products, really- newspapers, bus tickets, *The New Yorker* and – dare I say it?– toilet paper. Your readers may recall that one parsimonious Scottish railway company used its discarded Working Time Tables for exactly this purpose.

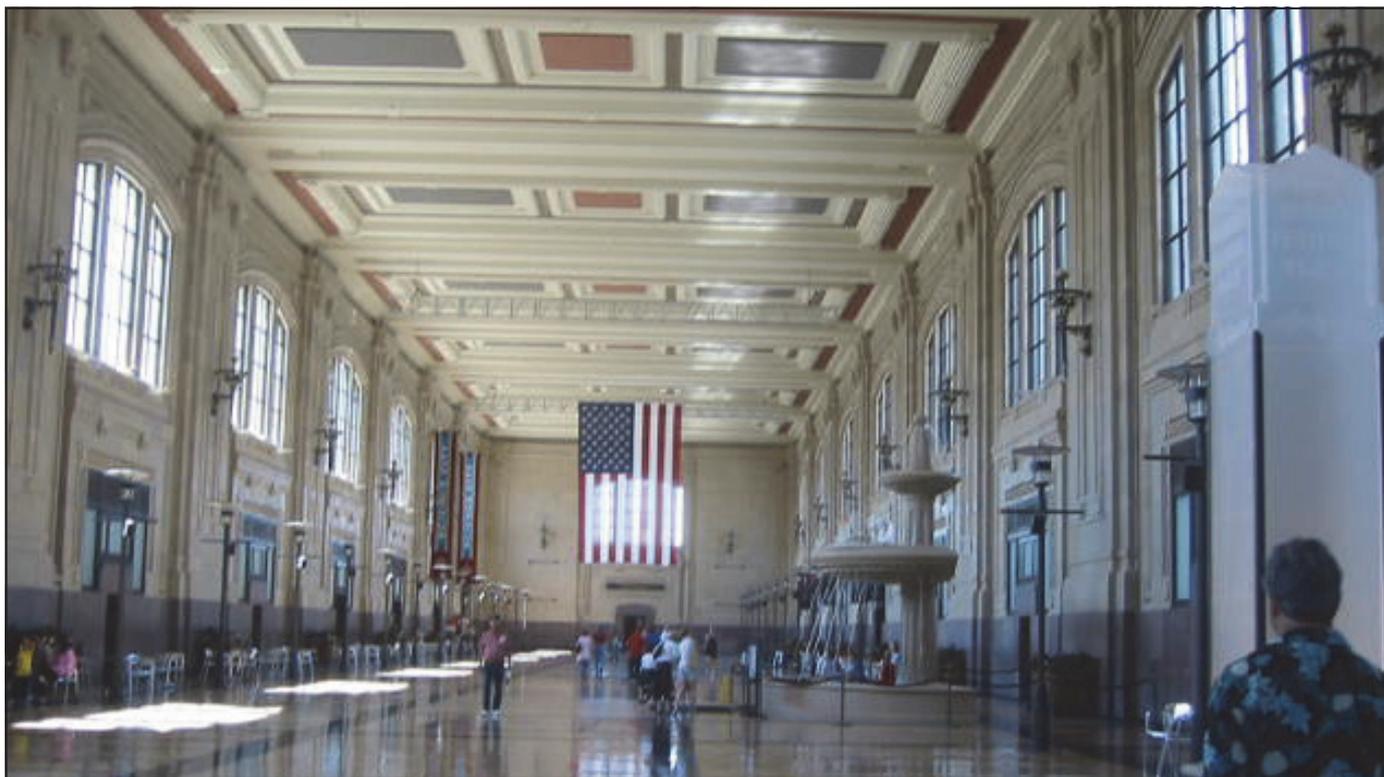
It can be argued – and Victor argues it implicitly– that timetables would be better for the users if the compilers took heed of timetable collectors’ criticisms. I doubt it. Victor argues North American have historical and current illogicitities that baffle and bemuse visitors from more enlightened places. But it is a case of “horses for courses”, or “what you are used to.” Logic is in the eyes or, might we say, the mind of the beholder. Let us look at some of Victor’s peevish and analyse them in this light.

**Dates are illogically arranged** (i.e. month:day:year). This IS illogical on the face of it, but there is at least some logic behind it. There is also historical prece-

dent. I was surprised to discover when I investigated this issue that newspapers (and my *New Yorker!*), for instance, use the month:day:year notation at the top of every page- always have, still do. Users of Microsoft Excel, will be aware that the software allows for representation of a single date in either format. Naturally this is confusing when expressed in numbers- is 11-12-2013 a December or a November date? Easy if you use a name instead of a number- which is what timetables (and newspapers) do.

**Days of the week are all jumbled up.** It was ever thus. The timetables Father used in England and Belgium when I was a babe in arms were the same. This is a criticism that had never struck me before- and I have been studying and using timetables for about 125 years now. The practice has been going on all over the world ever since the timetable was invented. If a user is searching for a convenient time for the commencement of their journey, it seems easier to search time-wise through a single timetable, that to search first for the pages that have the weekday of departure. This certainly is the way I planned my Father’s journeys for him and, later, for myself.

**Low level platforms.** This is true for many large stations, but I never found it a burden until I became dodderly in my later years. Amtrak has mostly done away with them on its “main stations”. Subways and



commuter lines hardly ever have them these days.

**Passengers have to wait in line to board.** Stuff happens. But it never happened to me, because I was a privileged traveller. One of the reasons it happens more often today is security. This is a major change from my days living in New York- and it seems eminently justified. When suicide bombers fly passenger planes into your city buildings, naturally you become twitchy. I know I do. Furthermore, at places like Washington Union Station and Penn Station in New York, where the turn-around and dwell times are short, it makes sense to separate the sheep (disembarking passengers) from the goats (embarking passengers). Imagine what the airlines would say about this!

**The money has strange names and sizes.** The first book I ever had read to me at school was Tom Sawyer. In the first chapter – the famous fence-whitewashing scene – a fight breaks out between Tom and the “new boy” over “two bits”. So I, and I suspect, most English-speaking peoples know what a dime is, what a nickel is- and how to recognise them. It is not so long ago that your country had pennies that were bigger than two-shilling pieces and two-cent coins that were bigger than five-cent coins. I once tried to suggest a “good idea” to the U.S. Treasury– to print our paper money in different colors for different

notes– but they declined to do so, I regret.

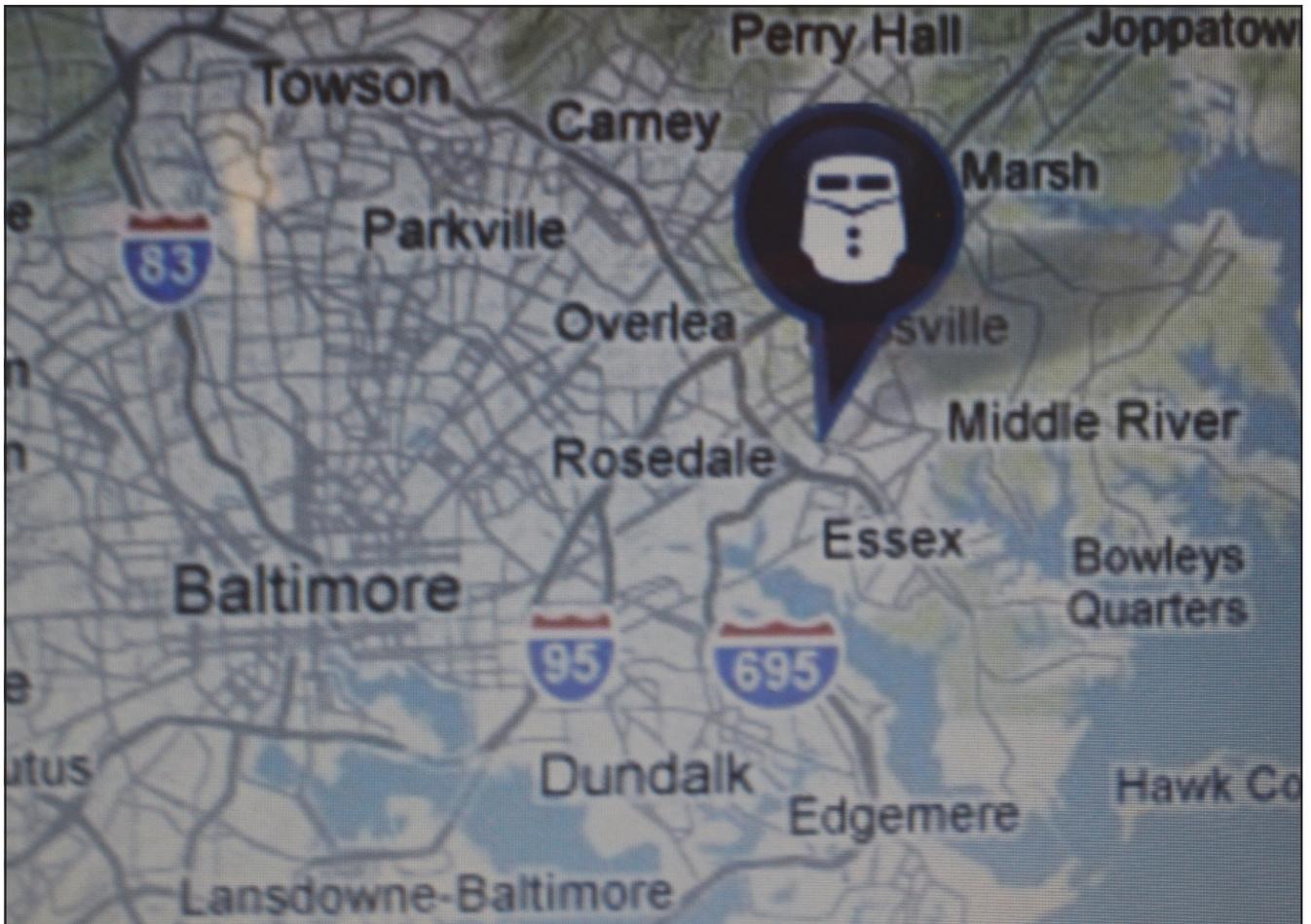
**Americans use Imperial units.** WE certainly do. This does not annoy or embarrass me– I am an Anglophile at heart. The reaction against the decimal system has long been ingrained in the American psyche. Dual road signs were coming in when I left this mortal coil. It was Jimmy Carter’s idea. They have since been abandoned- probably because they were Jimmy Carter’s idea. However, it was surprising to me to find that the American system is in fact, tied to the metric system at its most basic level. This is because of Benjamin Franklin, a devoted Francophile and admirer of the French Revolution. He saw to it, for instance, that the inch was defined as *exactly* 2.54 centimeters.

**The 24 hour clock is unknown in America.** “It was a bright cold day in April and the clocks were striking thirteen”. So begins “1984”- but this prophecy never came to pass. It never even came to pass in countries that embraced the 24-hour clock for their rail timetables. Even so, Victor’s statement is only partly true- there are some of places in my country where it is not. One of the places where it is still true is Australia- so Mr Isaacs has little reason to be smug. The most recent Sydney Trains timetable was the first that ever burst onto the 24-hour scene. Even now, when someone asks me the time, I look up my Hamilton fob watch and answer “five to two”,

not “five to fourteen”. Wouldn’t you? Indeed, may I make a criticism of a widely used practice in Australian timetables of a bastardised system- to express, for instance, the time 1600 as 04:00 PM.- and sometimes without the PM at all. Sydney Ferries drives me nuts with this. This issue has been discussed since the days when Adam was a boy and no universally-agreed and completely satisfactory answer seems to have been reached.

**The “Sundays only” symbol † was incorrectly used.** As a timetable aficionado, I beg to differ. This is really a *sans serif dagger symbol* and I do not think the religious overtones of a cross have anything to do with it. The dagger symbol originated from a variant of the *obelus*, originally depicted by a plain line (-) or a line with one or two dots (÷). It represented an iron roasting spit, a dart, or the sharp end of a javelin, symbolizing the skewering or cutting out of dubious matter. Sunday Only was symbolized by “§”, may I add. Your readers might like to consult “Schedule Semantics” in the February 2004 issue of The Times.

**Most carriages have tiny windows.** This has always escaped my attention- perhaps because I only traveled First Class- but I think not. Partly the perception arises from “normal”-sized windows being set into the “overized” cars which we can afford to build in North America. They may look



small from the outside but not so much from inside the train. I always found them perfectly satisfactory from this perspective.

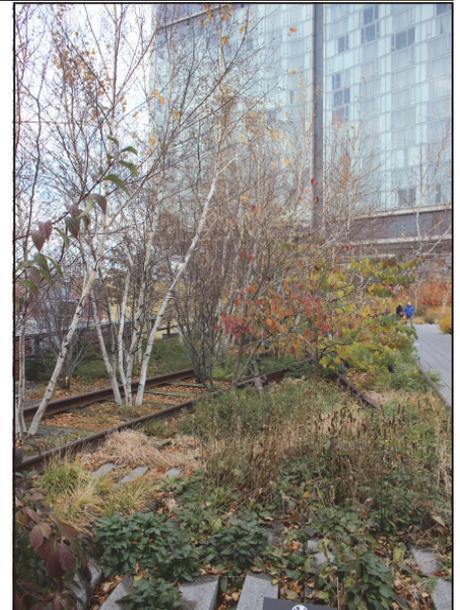
**Platforms are dreary.** Some are, some are not. Same as in Australia, really. But who wants to hang about on a platform anyway?- just buffs, I expect. In my days, platforms were enlivened by red carpets—at least for the Twentieth Century Limited. Some stations, however, particularly the grand old stations are truly magnificent and are inspirational places to hang about in. Stations that come to mind are Los Angeles Union, Chicago Union, Kansas City (page 12, arguably one of the most beautiful stations of all time), its close rival Grand Central and St Louis Union. Any of these make the “award-winning” Southern Cross station in your country shrink into its boots with shame.”

The crystal ball clouded over at that point. There were many questions I would have liked to put to Mr Frimbo, but my spiritualist’s “Travel Card” had expired. But, what were the rail highlights of *our* recent trip to the USA?

**The Acela Express.** Although its speed is not a patch on the old time Metroliner trial schedules described here in “A pair of



moments” a couple of years ago and although it is not a patch on true HSR, this train is ideally suited to business travel. It rides a trifle rougher than it ought, but it serves a CBD to CBD purpose for business people better than most others- it certainly outshines air. We discovered on our trips that the train’s wifi server broadcasts the Acela’s position in real time onto Google maps, with high resolution (p13). Apart from when we were inside the Baltimore tunnels, we always knew where we were.



**Washington Metro.** Clean, busy, architecturally stylish (and with large windows!), this was a pleasure to travel on. There are no timetables- who need them on a 5 minute service through the centre of the city. A feature of this (and also the New York Transit) system is the seamless ticketing with passes. One can travel all day on a \$14 ticket (about two-thirds of the Sydney price). Reagan airport is served (no

**MTA Long Island Rail Road** PJ3  
 November 11 thru December 15, 2013

**Hicksville** ♿

Jamaica ♿ AIRRAIL

Atlantic Terminal (Brooklyn) ♿

Hunterspoint Avenue

Long Island City ♿

Penn Station ♿

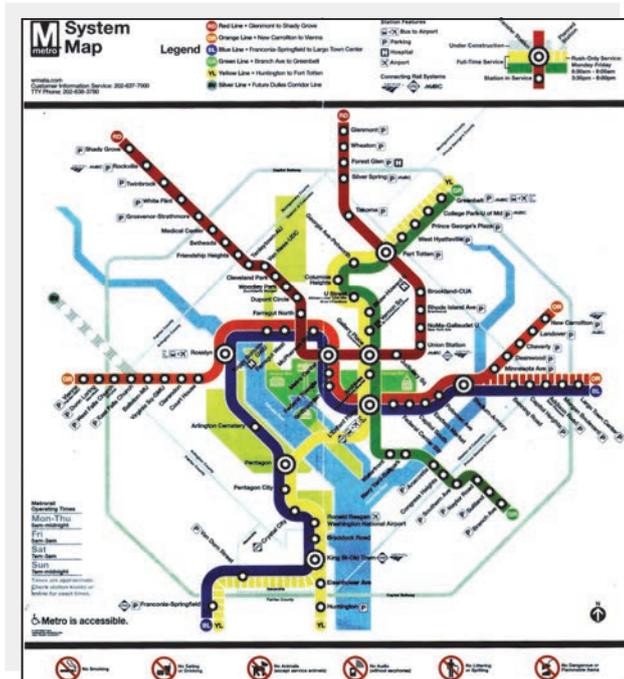
**Attention Customers:**  
 Timetable Includes Extra Thanksgiving Day Service and Extra Year-End Holiday Weekend Service.

[www.mta.info](http://www.mta.info)

**MTA Police** (212) 878-1001  
**EMERGENCY ONLY CALL 911**

Helpful Phone Numbers  
 LIRR Travel Info, Lost & Found and all other Departments: 511 (Say "LIRR" at anytime)  
 Deaf/Hard of Hearing Customers: Use your preferred relay service provider or the free 711 relay to reach 511

**Buy Before Boarding**  
 Save Money on Tickets



surcharge!)—soon Dulles will be as well.

**NY Subway.** While Judy was unable to completely overcome her trepidation born of years of subway travel in the 1970s, even she admitted that the trains were cleaner and less creepy. The salient feature about the subway is its frequency and its patronage. We had to travel on the Times Square – Grand Central Station shuttle (the S train) on several occasions. This runs at 3 to 5 minute intervals and is always crowded. My main query about it is whether the drivers go stir-crazy shuttling back and forth on a half-mile route all day. Do they change ends or have 2 drivers?

**Grand Central station.** The giant Kodachrome from Frimbo's days has been replaced by an Apple store, but otherwise the station is as impressive as ever. The balconies are forever crowded with people gawking and photographing the view.

**The West Side Freight line.** Here is an innovation- a "rail-trail" in the world's most urbanized spot. Frimbo described in his book his experience of travelling over

this line as a "rail buff" in the early 1970s. We walked along the elevated roadbed of this old freight line. Old and newly-planted trees in autumn colours pushed their way up among the decaying sleepers and within spitting distance of the Empire State building, North of 34th St, the line is now served only by upstate Amtrak trains which run into Penn Station. In the north of Manhattan, at Inwood Hill, these trains run through what is still a bucolic landscape (below) in which the "breathe down your neck" proximity of the city is nowhere apparent. Incidentally, the point where this line enters Manhattan is the point where the recent Metro North accident occurred.

**Thanksgiving.** The Amtrak Thanksgiving timetable (32 pages of real paper, its front cover reproduced on our back cover) made the point that the Wednesday prior and the Sunday subsequent to Thanksgiving were twice as busy for Amtrak as a normal weekday. On each of those days



300,000 passengers were carried on the North East Corridor alone. This comprised 10% of all Thanksgiving-related public transport journeys for the entire country. Ten extra trains each way were put on in the Corridor. This is practice once common in Australia at Easter ("Black Thursday" we used to call it), but now utterly vanished here. But, of course, 40 million people travelled by car. It was the end of the line for 44 million turkeys as well, apart from Popcorn, pardoned by the President. Incidentally America now celebrates "Black Friday" on the day after Thanksgiving- a postprandial day of shopping frenzy.

SAMPLE FARES		Effective March 1, 2013						
On-board fares are indicated in red.		Monthly	Weekly	10-Trip	10-Trip	One Way	One Way	St. City
Station	between Grand Central Terminal and	Commu- tation	Commu- tation	Peak	Off-Peak	Peak	Off-Peak	Disabled One Way
4	Harlem-125th Street	\$167.00	\$53.50	\$75.00	\$46.75	\$7.50	\$5.50	\$3.75
6	Yankees-E. 153rd St.					\$14.00	\$12.00	\$4.00
8	Morris Heights							
9	University Heights	\$193.00	\$61.00	\$82.50	\$53.25	\$8.25	\$6.25	\$4.00
10	Marble Hill							
11	Spuytyn Duyvil							
13	Riverdale							
14	Ludlow							
15	Yonkers	\$222.00	\$71.00	\$100.00	\$63.75	\$10.00	\$7.50	\$5.00
16	Glenwood					\$16.00	\$14.00	\$5.00
18	Greystone							
20	Hastings-on-Hudson							
21	Dobbs Ferry	\$248.00	\$78.75	\$112.50	\$72.25	\$11.25	\$8.50	\$5.50
22	Ardsey-on-Hudson					\$17.00	\$15.00	\$5.50
23	Irvington							
25	Tarrytown							
27	Philipse Manor							
30	Scarborough	\$288.00	\$82.50	\$130.00	\$83.00	\$13.00	\$9.75	\$6.50
31	Ossining					\$19.00	\$16.00	\$6.50
33	Croton-Harmon							
38	Cortlandt	\$343.00	\$109.75	\$155.00	\$100.00	\$15.50	\$11.75	\$7.75
41	Peekskill					\$22.00	\$18.00	\$7.75
46	Manitou							
50	Garrison	\$392.00	\$125.50	\$177.50	\$112.75	\$17.75	\$13.25	\$8.75
52	Cold Spring					\$24.00	\$19.00	\$8.75
55	Breakneck Ridge							
59	Beacon	\$443.00	\$141.75	\$202.50	\$129.75	\$20.25	\$15.25	\$10.00
65	New Hamburg					\$26.00	\$21.00	\$10.00
74	Poughkeepsie	\$486.00	\$155.50	\$227.50	\$144.50	\$22.75	\$17.00	\$11.25
						\$29.00	\$23.00	\$11.25

**GRAND CENTRAL NORTH**  
 When your destination is north of 45th Street, use any of the following exits accessible from the north end of Grand Central platforms.  
**EXITS:** 230 Park Avenue (East & West Walks - 45th Street)  
 47th Street and Madison Avenue  
 48th Street and Park Avenue  
**OPEN:** Monday - Friday: 6:30 am - 9:30 pm  
 Sat., Sun., & Holidays: Closed

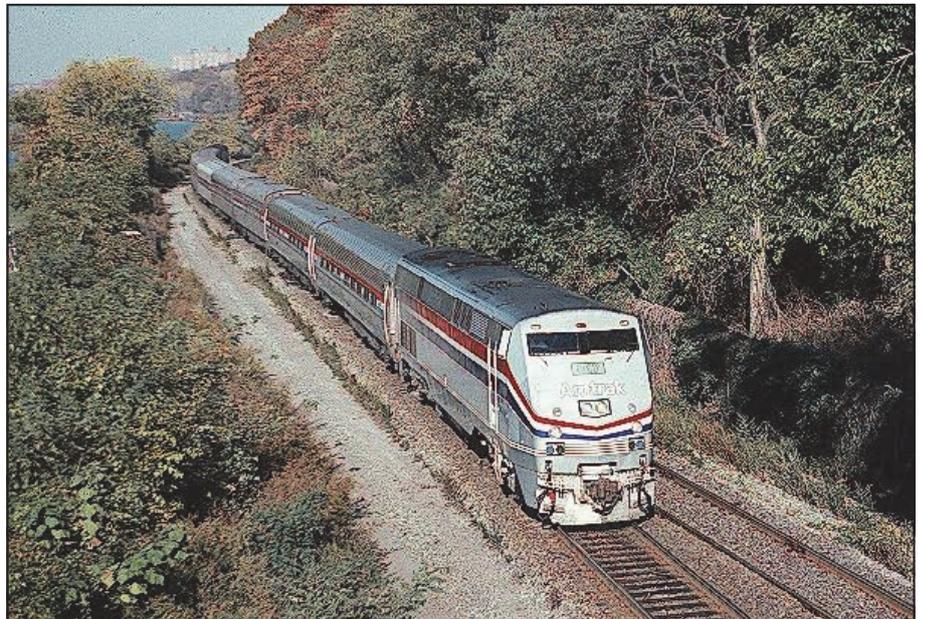
Scan the QR (quick response) codes with your Smart Phone to quickly access the Metro-North schedules and Train Time™ mobile web pages.



Schedules



Train Time™



# SPECIAL THANKSGIVING HOLIDAY TIMETABLE

EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 26 – DECEMBER 2, 2013

## AMTRAK® NORTHEAST CORRIDOR SERVICES

Boston-Springfield-New York-Philadelphia-  
Washington-Richmond

This Special Thanksgiving Holiday Timetable temporarily replaces the Northeast Corridor section of the System Timetable. Please consult [AMTRAK.COM](http://AMTRAK.COM) for normal operation schedules outside these dates.

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For travel between Pittsburgh and New York and intermediate points, please refer to our online Special Thanksgiving Holiday Timetable for the **Keystone Service**®

For travel between New York and Toronto and intermediate points, please refer to our online Special Thanksgiving Holiday Timetable for the **Empire Service**®/ **Maple Leaf**™

[AMTRAK.COM](http://AMTRAK.COM)

 **AMTRAK**