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Running the Utah Trains

Joe Stevenson, in charge of the Bingham branch, came out to Cuprum to speak in glowing terms of the jobs for enginemen on the Utah Railway, soon to begin operation out of Provo. He told of the fine big new engines that would handle the trains, and of how they would have rights over the trains of the Rio Grande on the joint track. He made those jobs sound very good, especially to a young man on the extra board.

Finally I said, "Joe, are you going over to the Utah?"

He was tamping tobacco into his pipe at the time. He just looked at me without answering. After he had left on a train of loads for Welby, I tried to figure out what it was that he was trying to tell me.

It was then that I remembered an occasion a month or so earlier. At that time I was deadheading east on no. 6 to relieve an engineer who was tied up under the hog law. Joe had come through the coach, and he sat down beside me. Going out of Provo we could see men, teams, and work trains breaking ground for what is now the Utah Railway yards.

I said, "What's carrying on there?"

Joe looked out the window. "That's going to be the Utah Railway terminal," he said.

We had heard rumors concerning the advent of the Utah Railway but that had been common talk for a couple of years. No one had seemed to take it seriously.

A few moments later Joe said, "If you get a chance to go over there, Gouldie, you better go!"

I had heard that the Utah would be a road of big mallets. I said, "Oh, I don't want to run a big old mallet."

Joe said, "The mainline power won't be mallets."

After that the talk had turned to other subjects. And now, thinking it over, I wondered if there was something for me on this new railroad.

The next time Joe came out to Cuprum I asked him point blank. "Joe, are you going to take me to the Utah with you?"

Again he was tamping his pipe. And again he gave me that half-furtive sidelong glance.

"Gouldie, you listen to me, and you'll have one of those fine new engines on a regular job. Just keep thinking about it, but don't say anything." He went on to paint it to me in glowing terms.

My wife came up to Bingham a day or two later to get my paycheck. I told her what I had on my mind—how I would soon have a regular job paying good money on this new railroad out of Provo. I would be able to make as high as two hundred dollars a month. No more skimping and scraping. We could live much better.

She said that if I had those prospects, why not start right now. Our kids were hungry at home. They were not getting enough to eat. When we left Salt Lake to move to Provo we left quite a large grocery bill which we soon paid up. The future looked rosy. I was walking on air. My hopes were high.

I will admit that I was a little reluctant to let go of ten years seniority to take a new job. There was so much talk that the Rio Grande men would have those jobs back again in a very short time that it took a lot of nerve to leave the "Dirty and Ragged and Greasy," as we sometimes called it.

I was sitting in the call room at Salt Lake one afternoon in November 1917. There were about a dozen rails there. Of course the talk was all about the coming of the Utah. I listened to those old heads give their opinions. Anyone who left the Rio Grande to go to the Utah would be out of a job in sixty days at the most.

This was very disheartening to a young fellow who had been promised a job on that new road. I afterward learned from Joe Stevenson that one of those guys, an engineer who was loudest in his faith that those jobs would revert back to the Rio Grande, had actually submitted an application for a job under Joe's front door.

I had not made my intentions known. One afternoon in late November I was again listening to the different opinions in that call room. They were anything but encouraging. I saw Bob Crosbie come in the door. After listening to the old head floating around the room he reached into his inside coat pocket and took out an envelope. He walked over to the slot in the door leading to the traveling engineer's office. He slid that envelope through the slot and turned to stun the gang into startled silence with a quiet remark.

"That's my resignation, brothers. I'll be going to the Utah in ten days!" As he started through the door he added, "There goes eighteen years' seniority!"

Eighteen years' seniority he was throwing away that easily! That decided me. If he could let go of eighteen years with no more worry than that, I could surely take a chance with my ten. I went into the engine dispatcher's office and grabbed an envelope and writing paper. I made out my resignation to take effect in ten days. I then got out of that place in a hurry.

Frank Deerman, an engineer on the Union Pacific, spent his last years of service on the Provo-Geneva run. He retired a year or more before I did. When we were both working he and I seemed to have something to talk about whenever we would meet down at the call room. The first time I saw him was when I was still on the Rio Grande.

The Utah Railway's 2–10–2s all came to the UP roundhouse in Salt Lake when they were first built. They were assembled (set-up) there and then taken to Provo light by a UP crew.

A few days before the Utah started operations, I was riding home on a street car down Second South in Salt Lake. When we got to Third West, the 102 was going south, light, over the crossing. Joe Stevenson had told me that the 102 was going to be my regular engine. When I saw it moving slowly over that crossing I unloaded from that street car and ran and climbed on the 102.

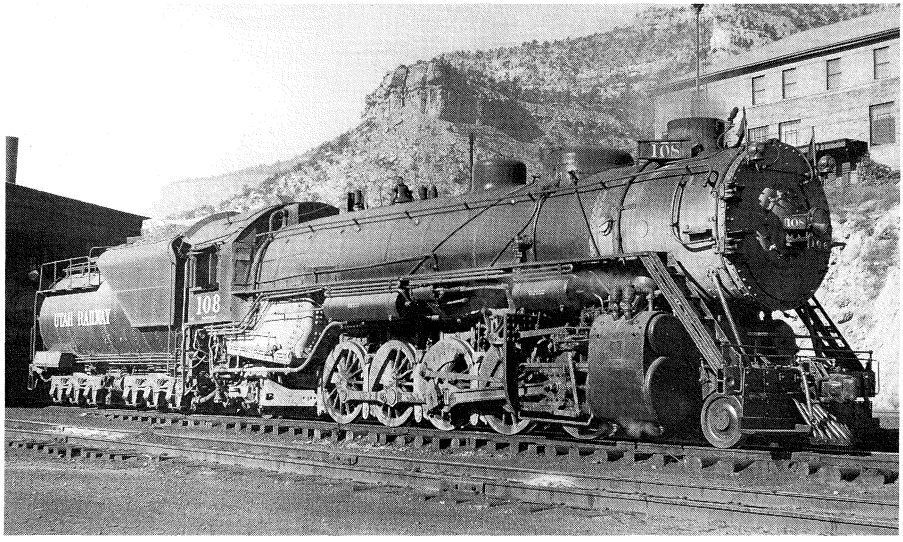
This Frank Deerman was the engineer. Of course Joe Stevenson was riding on her too. I rode with them from Salt Lake to Murray, just to see what it was like to ride an engine that size. Frank remembered that trip. He remembered me climbing on that engine at Second South and riding to Murray. He said he didn't know where or how he was going to eat that day.

They went on to Provo. He said that there Joe Stevenson found out about his condition and gave him a silver dollar. He said that dollar looked as big to him as twenty dollars has looked lots of times since. I guess that was a characteristic of a railroad man in those days. I wonder how many times I have been hungry and broke in my life.

The Utah Railway 100, a 2–10–2, at Martins. Photo by R. H. Kindig

The Utah Railway 101. Photo by R. H. Kindig.

The Utah Railway 102. Photo by R. H. Kindig.



The Utah Railway 108 at Helper. Photo by R. H. Kindig.

I brought the first coal train into Provo on the Utah Railway. Starting a new railroad is a pretty tough job. A new railroad starting operations is not prepared to meet all the situations that can confront it. Bob Crosbie was called to take out the first train of empties to the mines, but he didn't get out of town. He ran into the first set-back even before we had started. Being the oldest in seniority he was given the first call. For some reason or another there was no hostler on duty at Provo. Bob was called for the 103. The 103 was pointed in the wrong direction, so Bob had to put her on the turntable to get her oriented properly. When that monstrous piece of machinery put its full weight on that turntable the poor table gave a despairing sigh and settled down several inches. So Bob in later years was unable to say to his grandchildren, "I took the first train out of Provo on the Utah Railway."

They then called Bert Pumphrey with the 102, so he got out of Provo with the first train of empties for the mines. The 102 was also facing in the wrong direction. Bert took his train of empties to Springville or Thistle backing up. There he turned the 102 on the wye. After much hard work they got the 103 off the table, and Bob was called again. I don't remember what engine he had. That same afternoon I was called with the 100 or the 101. I am not sure which. It was a very busy mainline at that time due to war-time traffic and two railroads using the same track.

I do remember turning that huge contraption on the UP wye at Provo. This was a very slow job as the track was not built for engines the size and weight of ours. I remember I went around that wye very slowly. None of those curves on those wyes seemed ready to perform under the weight of those huge 2–10–2s. I know that in going around this wye I had to go very slowly. There were men walking beside me on both sides of that engine, watching every turn of the wheels to see how she held the rail. Several times I stopped at their command while they put oil on the rail to make her curve better. It was nerve-racking to turn on any of those wyes. But we got along all right and took off for the mines with, I believe, thirty-three empties. I was the third engineer to get out of Provo on the new railroad.

I left Provo on November 30, 1917. The next day, the official opening day of the Utah, December 1, 1917, I was called at Hiawatha to take the first Utah Railway train into Provo. I can tell that to my grandkids!

While on the eastward leg of the trip to Hiawatha, Joe Stevenson, our superintendent and master mechanic, was at Martin on the welcoming committee. The telegraph operator at Martin told me later that Joe made a remark to the effect that if any of them get through, Gould will. Of course

that made me feel good, and I would have been something other than human if I didn't develop a slight case of swelling of the head.

Earlier at Utah Junction I had to wait while a Rio Grande crew came out of Martin with a Rio Grande train. I talked to an engine crew that was there to make a help on this train up to the Summit. I asked them how the track was up the branch to Hiawatha. They shook their heads dubiously and with some gloom.

They made remarks such as "I wouldn't want to go up there with one of those big engines," and "I'd hate to start across that Gordon Creek bridge with that thing."

This dampened my spirits somewhat. I hadn't been up that branch for three or four weeks. At that time the track was in anything but good shape. Derailments had been frequent. When one happened, while under Rio Grande management, the company would do nothing to clear the tracks for days. This had caused the shutdown of all the mines on the branch for lack of rail service. Such acts were what finally prompted the Utah Railway to take over the operation of this railroad themselves.

My orders on leaving Martin restricted the speed of the train to seven miles an hour. I asked Joe Stevenson how the track was. He answered that it was good. I rattled that slow order at him. He just grinned. I was in a quite fearful mood as I took off for the mines.

Holding my speed down to between seven and twelve miles an hour we made it to Hiawatha without too much trouble. But when I started across that Gordon Creek trestle I will confess my heart was in my mouth. I tried to remember that two of our engines had crossed that bridge already, and it gave me courage.

At Hiawatha we had more trouble getting around the wye, but we finally made it. Those wyes continued to give us trouble for some months. They were just not built for our heavy engines. That wye at Colton had to be rebuilt several times after we used it.

We were rested at Hiawatha and then called in time to get out the first train of Utah Railway loads. That train, I well remember, consisted of twenty-eight "battleships" (hopper cars) for Provo. Bert, the first engineer, took a train from Hiawatha to Martin. This was still Rio Grande tonnage. He got into Provo with only the caboose. Bob, who was second, took a Rio Grande train down the hill and set it out at Martin. With no Utah loads of coal available, he helped a Rio Grande drag to Soldier Summit. From there he also went caboose bounce to Provo. My train of twenty-eight loads was the first Utah Railway train into Provo.

On leaving Hiawatha I again received that seven-mile-an-hour slow order all the way to Martin. Of course I exceeded it slightly. It is very hard to hold a train down to that speed and I don't think the authorities really expected it.

I once heard an official giving instructions to the dispatcher over the telephone. He was talking about a piece of track which he wanted covered by a slow order.

He said, "Put out an order not to exceed, say, twelve miles an hour. That will hold 'em down to between sixteen and eighteen. That ought to be safe enough."

At Martin Joe Stevenson met me. He said, "Gouldie, have you got that slow order?"

I answered, "Yes."

He was fumbling with his watch.

"Well, Joe," I went on, "Can you hold a train of loads down to seven miles an hour for over twenty miles of grade like there is on that branch?"

He grinned slightly as he tucked his watch away. "Never mind now. Never mind," he said as he turned away.

At Martin, for a helper we picked up Gallagher and McKenna on that old Rio Grande hand-fired mallet, the 1073. Somehow we all made it up the hill to Soldier Summit. They cut off at that point and returned to Martin. I went on down the west side toward Provo. As we pulled into the yard at Provo Joe Stevenson again met me. I think he had run around me by coming in on no. 3.

He said, "Gouldie, you're bringing the first train of coal into town on the Utah Railway!"

I remember that our Utah cars (gondolas) had not arrived yet. But they did very shortly thereafter. The yards were full of our new all-steel coal cars. As fast as a train of empties left the yard the UP yard goat would jam some more in their place.

Compared to the consist of other trains, those fine, all-steel, newly painted cars made quite a contrast. Forty to forty-five of them, one after another, made a fine-looking train with one of those big 2–10–2s on the point. The equipment then in use on the Rio Grande could not compare.

I know that my picture is in many homes both locally and all over the country. There was always someone along the road unlimbering a Kodak to get a picture of us.

A few more words about those wyes: the one at Colton, I believe, was the worst of all. Although it wasn't much worse than the one at Hiawatha. One day we were making a Colton turn. That is, we set our train of loads

out at Colton and returned to Hiawatha. These loads that we set out would be picked up by following trains. This day, after setting our train out, we had to turn the engine on the wye.

On the inside of those firedoors was a piece of sheet metal to deflect the coal into the firebox. This piece of metal was attached to the door by about a half dozen screws. This shield, as I will call it, had come loose. We had no screw driver on the engine with which to tighten it in place, so the fireman had removed it, and it was lying on the deck.

When we reached the stem of the wye and started to back around the other leg, the tank (tender) refused to take the right rail. Several times we tried but couldn't get it to track. I happened to think of the metal shield deflector plate lying on the deck. I told the fireman to get it. He brought it down and I fitted it in the frog so that the flanges would be guided by it. When we backed over it the wheels took the right rail, and we made the turn all right. That metal shield was all pushed out of shape and useless for its intended purpose. I don't know what became of it.

At Martin when we arrived I met Joe Stevenson, our superintendent and master mechanic. He wanted to know how we were getting along. I told him about our trouble getting around the wye at Colton. I told him how I had finally made it by using that door shield wedged in the frog to guide the flanges. He patted me on the back and told me that I was using my head. He told me that whenever a man got into trouble like that, if he would just use his head, there was always a way out. I began to think I was using my head.

A few days later I got a long letter from Joe. He noted that the shield on the inside of the firedoor of the 104 was missing. As this engine had been in my charge for several weeks, would I kindly explain what had become of it. I didn't answer that letter, but when I next met him I told him I had used my head and used that metal to guide the tank wheels over the frog on the wye at Colton. Joe told me that he hadn't dictated that letter at all. Ed Hall, the foreman at Provo, had told Tom Schott, the chief clerk, that the shield was missing. It was he who had written that letter over Joe Stevenson's signature.

I remember one occasion very early in my Utah Railway career that is worth mentioning. There were several westbound freight trains, Utah and Rio Grande, at Thistle. Something had happened to delay the westbound movement and traffic was piling up there. Besides that, two westbound passenger trains, nos. 1 and 5, were due.

They finally turned us loose. One man was to go right on through Provo to Lakota. The next man had cars to set out and pick up at Provo.

He was instructed to head in at Mapleton and stay there for the passenger trains. I had instructions to go to Provo—and fast!

I gave the man ahead of me a little start and then took off. These were the days before block signals, so I had to keep in mind that there were two trains roaring along ahead of me. When I came out of the canyon and could look down in the valley I could see the man ahead of me almost into clear at Mapleton. As we say on the road, "I took the bridle off."

As soon as the train ahead of me got nicely into clear the crews, both engine and train, got off and lined up against the right of way fence to get a better look at us as we roared by. They were making signs to me to speed up. That was one part of the road where you could really make time! And we did just that. We went rolling into Provo well ahead of nos. 1 and 5.

I was going east up through Mill Fork one morning. A flagman slowed me down. He pointed up ahead and made signs that I should blow the whistle and keep my eyes peeled. I rounded the curve at reduced speed, blasting the whistle. Up ahead another flagman gave me signs to come ahead slowly. In a cloud of black smoke I could see a slow-moving work train pushing material and work train equipment into clear on the passing track above the telegraph office.

When he was entirely into clear the flagman gave me a proceed sign. I blasted twice on the whistle and widened on the throttle. When I went by that work train I looked down at the engine. It was a monkey passenger engine. When the smoke cleared a little I read the number: 768!

I think I should be pardoned if I experienced a rising lump in my throat. A few miles further on I reached into my pocket and drew out a memorandum book that I carried to write down notes of the trip. With a stub of a lead pencil I wrote the following bit of poetry. I had it finished before leaving Soldier Summit.

Old Seven Sixty-Eight

You're draggin a work train,
I'm 'plowing the main.'
We're both getting old, but we're still in the game.
Old Seven Sixty-Eight, as I passed you today,
A-shrieking a warning to stay clear of the way,
I glanced at your jacket, all musty with foam,
And your greasy old side rods and rusty old dome.

When I was a boy,
You were my toy.

I polished your brass, and you were my joy.
I've boasted with pride of how swift you could run,
And the sheen of your jacket out-dazzled the sun.
When we charged o'er the line on old no. 3,
The way you would scamper was wondrous to see.

Now, you're sidetracked at last,
Though back in the past,
You pulled the hot shots, the ones that were fast.
I remember the time when your gleaming headlight
Was splintering the darkness as we crashed the night.
You seldom did falter, you seldom did fail,
And I stoked your fire on the sharp end of the "Mail."

How I struggled and fought
To keep you hot,
As we "stepped through the dew" on that fast "varnished shot."
I've flung your door wide on a dark stormy night
When the glow from your furnace bathed the train in its flight.
I've petted and curse, and petted again,
I've raved and swore at the stubborn old train.

Yes I fed you "slack"
From your tank just aback,
Of that bright shining boiler and silvery stack.
And the thrill of my life, how my hair raised my hat,
When that "crank" lined the switch that sent you out on the flat.
In the swamps by the track where your nose took that dive—
Then—Oh boy! Wasn't it grand just to be there—alive?

Remember the Old Man—
Old silver-haired Dan,
Who petted and oiled you with his trusty old can?
He went to his God with a hole in his head,
When you stubbed your toe, east of the big snow shed.
They picked you up, and brought you in, and built you anew,
But the soul of old Dan had flittered to the realm of the true.

On the side track there
Do you wonder where
Are those who in the past your perils did share?
They who have guided you on many a wild ride,

Are tottering now and dreaming by a warm fireside.
They long to hear again your whistle's weird peal,
And the crashing and clanging of steel on steel.

You'll soon be junk
And I just a hunk
Of clay, when this body and brain have shrunk.
But tonight while the blood within flows free
Let's take up the battle on the stormy end of Three.
Let me swing on your chain, fling open the "gate,"
And I'll give you some coal, Old Seven Sixty-Eight.

Sounds pretty good, I think, for a punk with a fifth grade education.

Several times I have recited this bit of doggerel when my fireman and I would get in a reminiscent mood. It always seemed to make an impression. Maybe it's the way I recite it.

There was a man named Young. He was, I think, manager of the Blue Hill Dairy between Helper and Price. He approached me one night when I was about to leave Martin. He said he had heard that I had a piece of poetry pertaining to railroading. He would very much like to get a copy. I hated to turn him down, but I didn't want it to get away from me. I told him also that it existed only in my mind, and I wanted to keep it that way; I wanted it only for myself.

There are several inconsistencies in that poem. The name Old Silver Haired Dan refers to old Art Campbell. Near the long snow shed means Soldier Summit. Also Art didn't have the 768 on that fateful night. Something had gone wrong with her at Helper, and they gave him the 771, I believe. Anyway, all those incidents are, I think, closely associated, and the poem pleases me.

Referring to the mention of the "silvery stack" in the poem, I have seen Art, at times when we were right on the advertised, take a bucket of paint he always carried on the engine and go out and paint the smoke box and stack. This paint was called Plumbago. When it dried it would glisten like silver in the sun. After three or four coats of this on the stack, when the sun shone on it, it would shine fit to knock your eye out. He did this usually between Lehi and Mesa.

The running time between Provo and Salt Lake was about an hour and twenty minutes. If you left Provo right on time it was pretty hard to kill the time on the schedule between those two points. It was customary in those days to lengthen out the running time on the last few miles into the terminal. This was done to allow the engine crew to make up a few

minutes if you were late. Twenty-five to thirty minutes could be made up on the schedule between Provo and Salt lake. But if you left Provo on time it was pretty hard to kill that twenty-five or thirty minutes.

I refer to that "crank" lining the switch that sent you out on the flat. It came about this way. At Mill Fork at that time there was a section boss named Atwood. He had two boys. One of them went firing, and later fired for me on the Utah. I don't know what eventually became of the other one. He was the one I called the crank.

At the time of which I write the single track mainline was being straightened out considerably between Tucker and Thistle. One portion of about a quarter of a mile or less had been connected to the mainline at the west end. The other end ran out near where it would connect at the east end. This piece of track was not yet ready for service. Those ties and rails were just laid on top of the ground, and were not ballasted or lined in any final form.

This younger boy of Atwood's wanted to go up to Tucker. Number 4, the train we were pulling, did not stop at Mill Fork, so he got the idea that if he lined that switch for this unfinished piece of track we would stop to reline the switch, which would give him time to get on and ride to Tucker.

We came along with one of those little moguls on the head end for a helper. That mogul had an oil headlight. Its rays did not penetrate very far into the gloom. Besides that, Dutch Wiedman, the engineer, was having trouble with his injector, and the fireman was down on the deck flashing the door. So no one saw that the switch was lined for the spur. The result was that we went in on that unfinished piece of track at full speed.

I was down on the deck of the 768 putting in a fire. The first I knew that something was wrong was when that deck started to bounce and weave under me. I looked up at Art. He was staring ahead with a puzzled look on his face. That deck started to caper around more and more. I jumped up on my seat box, taking my shovel with me. Dutch, on the mogul, shut off. Pretty soon Art shut off also. We shortly jolted to a stop. The nose of the 768 was leaning slightly to the swamp on the right. The little mogul was leaning over in the opposite direction. The tank was almost at right angles to the track. No one was hurt, but there were several very scared people there.

The boy who lined that switch in hopes of getting a ride to Tucker afterward confessed. I saw him there that night and I had a suspicion he had done it. He was a very fresh young punk. A few days afterward a special agent—railroad policeman—got to him. He was sent away to

reform school, as I recall. Anyway, we missed him around Mill Fork for several years.

The last time I saw him I was running an engine on the Utah. I was at Soldier Summit pointed west. A young fellow in about his middle twenties climbed into the cab. It was quite some time before I recognized him. He was dressed in western garb and had a six-shooter the size of a young cannon strapped around his hip. He wanted to go to Thistle. Who was I to tell him no? When I looked at that artillery he was carrying and recognized that he was something other than normal to be dressed the way he was, I let him ride.

He rode down to Thistle on the engine with us! Every once in a while he would blast off that cannon trying to knock an insulator off a telegraph pole. He was standing in the gangway when we passed the Mill Fork section gang. Mr. Atwood, the section boss, looked up as we passed.

He hollered at this wild-west punk, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going down here and get a guy," was the answer.

It was then that I recognized him. He was the punk who had lined that switch. He was now playing cop or desperado, I didn't know which. I was glad to get rid of him at Thistle. He went down the San Pete Branch, and that was the last time I saw him.

Gilbert Lathrop, the author of the book *Big Men and Little Engines* (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Press, 1954), says that safety devices and modern conveniences have made the modern generation of rails soft. I heartily agree. It would be utterly impossible to get these recalled railroaders of late years to take upon themselves some of the tasks that we accepted as commonplace.

Take those old oil headlights. Do you think you could get one of these modern firemen to light one at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour or better? Of course, we are not plagued with oil headlights any more, and it's a good thing we are not. The electric headlight is such an improvement in so many ways. But to light one of the old oil headlights at the speeds I have mentioned required not only skill but nerve as well. I have, scores of times, hung on to the end of the hand rail that paralleled the boiler waiting to see if my efforts to light that headlight would meet with success.

Now, in my old age the very thought almost brings on a shudder. In those days if we were standing in a passing track with as much as two hours of daylight left, we would take advantage of the occasion to light the headlight. If that opportunity didn't present itself, we would just have to light it on the fly before it became dark.

We would take a few sheets of old train orders, of which there were always plenty in the seat boxes or stuffed behind the gauges. We would fold them into a long roll, go out along the running board, and stand with one foot on the little step on the left side of the smoke box holding onto that bouncing and shimmying hand rail with one hand. We would then open the side door of the headlight cage with the other hand. We would stuff that roll of train orders down the glass chimney inside the headlight. We would turn the wick up until it touched the bottom of those old orders, then light a match, touch it to the orders in the top end of the chimney, close the cage door, and hang on as best we could until the flame reached the wick. If it did, and if the wick ignited, you could reach in, turn the wick down to its proper position, and return to the cab.

If you were successful the first time, you were lucky. If you could get a match to stay lighted in the rushing breeze long enough to get those train orders burning, you were lucky. Then maybe you would have to return several times to see that the glass chimney was not smoking up. I've gone through this performance scores of times.

Now in these days of several units of diesel, it is too dangerous for a fireman to walk from one unit to the next while the train is in motion!

I had a Rio Grande engineer tell me that while they still had steam power he was called to take an eleven hundred engine light to Thistle from Helper. This engine was still hand fired. He said that fireman raised an awful fuss because he had to fire that engine light from Helper to Thistle with the scoop shovel. He was going to take it up with the firemen's organization and make a grievance of it. He would take it up with the railroad labor board if necessary.

By way of contrast I remember we once had a westbound train of loaded coke racks. These cars were quite a bit higher than the ordinary box car. They were boarded solid about half-way up the side and then racked the rest of the way with slats, like a chicken coop. When running along really fast, these cars would sway badly from side to side.

On this particular night, as we were leaving Provo westbound, the conductor came up and told the head brakeman to drop back to the caboose and eat (train crews did a lot of eating on the caboose in those days). That conductor took the brakeman's place on the head end on this occasion.

A little later we were rolling along at a pretty good speed between Olivers and Midvale when the conductor called my attention to a light coming over the top of those swaying coke racks. We watched that light for miles getting closer and closer to the engine.

Just before getting to Midvale that head brakeman dropped down into the cab with a lighted lantern in his hand. I wonder how many modern brakemen would have dared to walk over an entire train of swaying coke racks in the dark of night with only an oil lantern to show the way.

Of course, I know that it's better to be safe than sorry, and I know that the safety-first movement has saved lots of lives and injuries. But I do also believe that the modern railroader, just as that author says, has gone soft.

I was just a young runner newly set up when I was called one cold winter morning to deadhead on no. 6 to Soldier Summit. I had to pick up a train of coal that was tied up on the mainline due to the crew having run out of time on the sixteen-hour law.

I climbed on that engine when we arrived to await our orders to proceed. It was very cold. We pulled down the back curtain and tried to keep warm. It is always colder standing than when moving. The engine was hot and we opened the fire door. The pumps were chugging along, and everything seemed in order. The conductor finally arrived with the orders. We were ready to descend the mountain. The car foreman appeared in the gangway.

He said to me, "We have already worked this train; it's okay. Will you go or do you want a test?"

I was about to say, "We'll go!"

Then that party up there who has watched over me down through the years seemed to object.

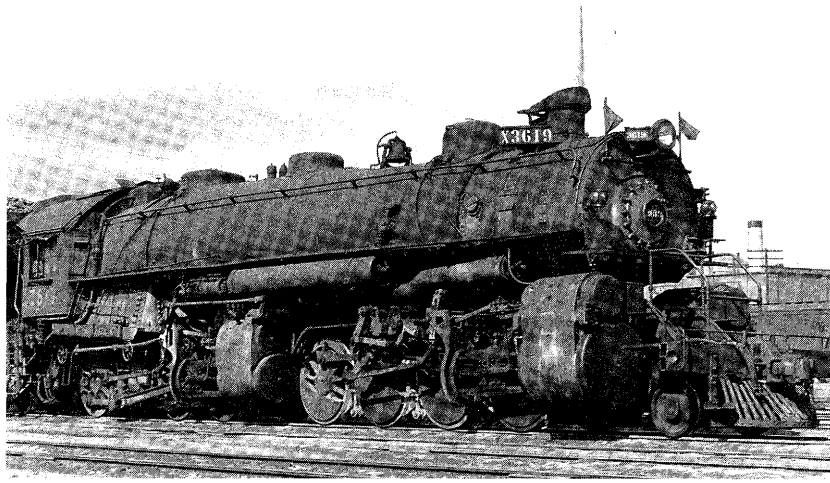
I reflected a moment, then said, "we'll make a little test."

I whistled one long blast. I moved the brake valve to the service position. Nothing but the preliminary exhaust sounded. I again brought the brake valve around to service. Again nothing but the preliminary exhaust. I turned to the car foreman. No words were necessary. He took a doubtful look at the air gauge, bundled himself up and climbed off the engine. I put the brake valve in running position to keep up the air. The pumps jingled right along.

In a few moments that car man again appeared at the gangway. "There seems to be plenty of pressure in those reservoirs," he said. "Let's try it again."

I did, with the same result. There was then only one thing left to do: break every connection and see which way the air was flowing. This they started to do. They didn't have to go far. They found a nice little marble of ice in the hose connection between the tank of the engine and the first car.

How easy it would have been to have started that train rolling down that steep grade. The brakes were all released, and it was a continuous two-percent grade for fourteen miles. There were no let ups or flat spots to help



The Union Pacific 3619, a 2–8–8–0 compound mallet, ready to leave Cheyenne, Wyoming. Photo by R. H. Kindig.

the slow setting of the brakes from leakage to stop that train for all of those fourteen miles on that cold morning.

One winter, after I was running engines for the Utah Railway, the company was, due to the greater business, short of power. They rented a large mallet from the UP. It was the biggest engine I had ever seen up to that time. It was numbered 3636. As soon as it arrived at Provo, I was called to take it over the hill on the head end of a train of empties.

I believe that there was no railroad anywhere in the world that kept its power in the good shape that the Utah kept theirs. Old Jack Somo, our master mechanic, put all our power through the shop every summer when traffic was light so it would be in good shape for the rest of the year. But this old UP mallet was long overdue for the back shop. She was dirty and miserable inside and outside. However, she did handle that train over the mountain very well.

When we tipped over Soldier Summit I made an air test of the brakes. Everything seemed to be in order. But a little while later after leaving Kyune and entering the steepest part of the eastward descent, I noticed it seemed to take longer for the brakes to take hold. The exhaust from the brake valve didn't have that solid, healthy sound that it should have had.

At first I thought that maybe it was a peculiarity of the brake valve, but I didn't like it. The train line exhaust would blow faintly for a second or two and then quit. It would open and close several times before it blew

down the desired amount. I thought that condition would improve with use. Instead it got worse. We were not as yet going very fast. But when I tried to set the brakes going down through Nolon all I could get was a sharp blow from the preliminary exhaust. The speed started to pick up. I thought several times, good bye, old UP mallet. Then after a short time I saw that the speed was not increasing, and I began to hope.

A short distance farther down I began to believe the brakes were taking hold—they were. I would not attempt to release them and let the train maintain momentum. I kept that brake valve in lap position until we finally stopped. I had been using the engine brakes as well, as much as I dared.

When we stopped I let go of the train brakes and set the engine brakes in full. I turned to the head brakeman. He was a boomer fresh up from California—low cut shoes and all. I tried to tell him that I wanted him to go back and see if he could find any ice in the train line. I don't think he had worked anywhere but in a warm climate. I couldn't make him understand.

I finally called the fireman over and told him to see that the engine brake valve was not moved. Taking a hammer to loosen the hose couplings I went back along the train myself. I broke the hose connections between each car, looking to see that they were free of ice. And there it was between the third and fourth car—a nice little marble of solid ice. It had rolled back and forth in that train line until it got big enough to block the outward flow of air. We were lucky to have been able to stop.

The colder the air the more leaks you will find in a train line. This condition helped us on this occasion. We were going down that mountain with only the engine and three head cars braking, yet we were still getting a little help from leaks in the train line.

Whenever you find ice in the train line it will be close to the engine. There is a certain amount of moisture forced into the train line with the charging air. This comes from the condensation of the cold air as it is compressed by the pump and not dropped out in the main reservoir on the engine. The wetness around a steam pump contributes to the moisture entrained as the air is compressed.

Another time at Soldier Summit we were headed west. My head brakeman was Speedy Martin, a former UP engineer. I can't remember now what the occasion was, but for some reason or another I felt that ice was forming in the train line. We were waiting to let no. 5 go down the hill ahead of us. I told Speedy to go back and break a few hose couplings to see if he could find any ice. He went back about a half-dozen cars and returned

to the engine. He said there was no ice. I wasn't satisfied. The longer we stood there the more nervous I became.

Finally I got up on my feet and went back. Speedy followed me. I broke the hose between the tank and the first car, and there was what I was looking for—ice! I asked Speedy why he hadn't found it. He said he thought the engine was my responsibility, so he hadn't looked there. Yes, I think someone up there must like me.

The line from Mapleton down to Provo was a very fast track. I was tearing down this section one dark night, gazing into the swath of white light cast by the headlight. I was in a hurry, moving right along. I saw in the headlight's shaft a horse ambling slowly up toward the track. I made no effort to stop; it would have been useless. But I grabbed the whistle cord and yanked out a series of alarms. That horse paid no attention whatever, but continued to move slowly on up toward the track. It collided with the front end of the 108 as I watched helplessly. As I did so, a horse's head with two feet of neck almost brushed off my cap. If my head had been a little farther out of the cab window, I shudder to think what might have happened to the brave young engineer.

Another time I came down this piece of track with a mallet engine and was making good time. As I tipped down into the cut at the west end of this straight track the engine seemed to ride in a peculiar manner. I stuck my head out the window to look at the running gear. That low-pressure engine was intermittently running ahead normally and then reversing itself to turn in the opposite direction. It would also stop its movement for several turns and then pick up again. I saw this happen several times later in my career.

This time it happened from a different cause. A Rio Grande crew ahead of me had run through a herd of sheep. I have forgotten how many they had killed, but the rail was slick with mutton tallow and other liquids. That low-pressure engine with the back pressure building up in those large cylinders could not get traction. I have seen this happen on a dry rail at high speed with a mallet engine. Strangely, it doesn't seem to hurt the engines.

Speaking of sheep, Jack Johnson at this same place went through a herd of sheep with one of our 2–10–2s. The count was over two hundred and eighty dead and only the Good Lord alone knows how many were injured.

I followed a Rio Grande train up the Price River Canyon one summer night. I was making a Soldier Summit turn. That is, we were to set our train out at Soldier Summit and return to Hiawatha. A Rio Grande man went though a herd of sheep halfway between Kyune and Colton. I was following

him pretty closely. It was a moonlight night. Where he went through this herd we could see dead and injured sheep all along the right of way.

After we set our train out at Soldier Summit we returned to Martin, caboose bounce. When we got to the sheep, we stopped and by the light of the torch we picked out several that only had their toes cut off. We loaded them in the cab and hung them up on the cross iron that holds the handles to the different valves. We butchered and dressed them there in the cab as we were going down the hill. At Hiawatha we put the meat in the ice house until we were again called. Somewhere we got a lot of thick wrapping paper and rolled them up in it and took them home to Provo.

Twice I have brought home deer killed from the engine. On one occasion deer season had just opened. We were going east just above Thistle. Hugh Brown, our head brakeman, was sitting across the cab on that little seat just ahead of the fireman. I happened to glance across and saw him sitting straight up on the seat. I thought this was a little unusual, because he would usually be asleep. It was just breaking day. I took another look at Brownie and noticed something else. He had a thirty-thirty rifle alongside of him. I knew then what that meant. As I have said, it was deer season. I let a nasty smirk cross my face.

"You poor bum," I sneered to myself. "You won't get a shot at a deer!"

That nasty reflection had hardly left me when I heard the loud crack of the rifle. I jumped across the cab to see a running deer going across the highway. Brownie had missed! He stood up now and took careful aim. Crack went the rifle. That deer's hind quarters seemed to raise in the air. Its head and front quarters slid along on the ground for several feet.

I jumped back to my side and eased off on the throttle. When we had slowed down sufficiently Brownie and McPhie got off. A little while later, when I was almost stopped, I saw them throwing the deer into one of the empty cars. I was the engineer, fireman, and head brakeman from there to Gilluly, while they dressed that deer back in the car.

About another deer hunt: Little Mickey Carter was our head brakeman this night, some time in the early 1950s. It was a very tough winter, and the snow was exceptionally deep. I had never seen so many wild creatures at the lower altitudes before. The deer all seemed to want to be down close to the tracks. The snow was so deep that they couldn't make much headway trying to move around.

It was almost pitiful to go by a deer a few feet from the tracks up to its belly in the snow. The poor things would look up at you as you went by with those big brown eyes as if asking for help. You couldn't help but feel sympathy for them. I have never pulled the trigger on a gun which killed

one of these gentle animals. I have eaten venison many times that others have taken, but I was never able to kill them myself. In my younger days I may not have openly declared this in a world where it was a proof of manhood to hunt them down, but now I can say it.

We came up the canyon between Kyune and Colton. Mickey Carter had brought his rifle along. He had turned it over to the fireman, and he was up in the doghouse on the back of the tank, probably asleep. The fireman, a young fellow named Bryner, was holding the rifle in his hands. We were just starting to pick up speed.

All at once I heard a loud crack, and the fireman screamed, "I got him! I got him!"

I reached up and shut off the throttle. I set the brakes and brought the train to a stop. Mickey came out of the doghouse, and he and the fireman went back along the train. After a little while they came back dragging the deer. They hung it up and skinned it. When we got to Provo we brought it to our home and cut it up on our kitchen table.

I didn't feel right about this. Not only were the deer at a disadvantage in the deep snow, but it was also out of deer season. And what's more, our rear brakeman, a man named Sholes, was a game warden. I don't think he ever knew what we stopped for on that winter's night, although his suspicions must have been aroused. He made several funny remarks to me later.

One time *I* went through a herd. Only this time it wasn't sheep, it was cattle. I was working the mine run out of Martin. It was a Saturday night. Most of the crew lived at Provo. We were in a hurry to get tied up so we could catch no. 1 for home over Sunday. The last move we had made was to go caboose bounce to Hiawatha to get a few loads at that place. Bill McKelvy was my fireman. After crossing the Gordon Creek bridge you make a right-hand curve, follow a straight piece of track for a mile, then go into a deep cut on a left-hand curve.

I was running this old mallet about as fast as I dared to go when I entered this cut. All at once it felt as if the mallet was on the ground. You couldn't see for dust. There was a strong stench in the air as if from blood and warm meat. Before we could get stopped I realized we were into a herd of cattle.

The day work train had unloaded a couple cars of cinders. These cinders were warm and had attracted the cattle. They found it a nice place to bed down for the night. We counted fourteen dead. Off in the brush we could hear the bawling of the injured.

I told McKelvy to get the coal pick. I carried the torch while we put several out of their misery. One old bull was limping along and moaning

most pitifully. I approached with the torch upraised. McKelvy lifted the coal pick. Then the old bull let out a deep roar and charged us. I'm glad he didn't have the use of four good legs, or we may not have beat it back to the engine.

We didn't try to relieve the suffering of any more that night. I am sure that was the biggest slaughter of livestock in which I was ever involved. There have been a number of times when I have killed one, two, or more animals as they wandered onto the track, and I found it impossible to stop. These are among the most unpleasant experiences a man has when engaged in this business of running an engine.

There's an old, shop-worn statement to the effect that anything can happen on a railroad. I think, and I have heard it said frequently by boomers, that nowhere was this more true than on the Rio Grande line between Helper and Salt Lake.

I can tell of a time when a westbound Utah coal drag lost a car out of its train and no one knew of it until the incoming train was checked at Provo. Bert Pumphrey was the engineer.

It was a dark, moonless night. Bert had just rounded those curves coming down out of Mill Fork. Shortly after coming out on that long tangent coming into Narrows with the brakes in the retaining position, the train brakes went into the emergency position and big holed the entire train. There is nothing that can be done under these conditions except to let the train come to a stop and examine each car in the train.

After the train had come to a stop, Bert sent the head brakeman back to see if he could find anything wrong. The brakeman walked back along the left side of the train. Everything seemed in order. However, when he was about fifteen cars behind the engine he heard, coming from several cars farther back, the intermittent blowing of blasts or puffs of compressed air. This was happening as Bert moved his brake valve from the lap to the service positions in order to see if the air pressure was building up in the train line.

The brakeman quickened his steps. A few car lengths further back in the train he found the air hose connections uncoupled. The drawbars were together with the knuckles locked in the closed position. The brakeman, thinking it was just a case of the air hoses coming uncoupled, recoupled them and went back to the engine. After building up the brake pipe pressure, Bert whistled off, got a highball from the caboose, and took off down the hill. When the car checker at Provo reported a car of coal missing out of the train they began to investigate. That missing car was on the ground, nicely clearing the right of way, on what would have been the right side of the train when it was stopped about a half mile west of Mill Fork.

It had happened like this: That car, for some unknown reason, had derailed and gone completely clear of the west-bound track to the right. The rear portion of the train, before both sections had stopped, caught up with the front section. The automatic couplers recoupled, and in railroad vernacular, the joint had been made.

When the brakeman saw the air hoses were disconnected he naturally figured that to be the trouble. All he had to do was to recouple the air hoses. The car was completely clear of the right of way on the right side of the train. It was dark, and the brakeman had worked from the left side and consequently had not seen the derailed car.

A few years after this happened, I read a railroad story in some magazine. The writer described an incident quite similar to the one above. Anything can happen on a railroad!

Jim "Fig" Newton was a conductor with the Utah Railway. His wife died very shortly after the Utah started operation. It seemed he had four or five children. What he did with them I'm not sure. I think his wife's folks took them. Anyway, Fig lived a very fast life after his wife died. He was slim and tall. I can't say that he was even good looking from a man's point of view, but he sure had something that appealed to the women. They flocked around him in droves. They weren't all single women, either. There were lots of married ones who thought Jim was the most charming of men. Everyone on the railroad either treated him with tolerance or with scorn.

One day we were coming west with a train of coal. Jim was my conductor. At Soldier Summit we met an eastbound Utah train of empties. Roy Palmer was the eastbound conductor. He and Fig met at the telegraph office. Roy thought he would have a little fun with Jim. He furtively called him aside. Speaking low and glancing cautiously around, he told Jim that before leaving Provo, a man came into the office. This man had a big six-shooter strapped on his hip. He seemed to be in an angry mood according to Palmer. He wanted to know if Jim Newton was in town. Upon being told that he was out on the road he wanted to know when they expected him to return. All this Palmer told Fig as though conveying some dreadful secret. He admonished Newton to be very careful on approaching Provo. Jim just laughed it off. He had nothing to fear!

At the east end of Springville was a derail in the track about twenty car lengths before crossing the Orem tracks. There were two block signals—a home signal and a distant signal—denoting the position of the derail. It was always desirable to slow down considerably on approaching this derail until sure of its position.

We came down on these signals about noon. A train length east of this derail there was an apple orchard in full bloom. As usual, I slowed down at this point until I was sure of the derail. When the caboose came by that apple orchard Jim jumped off. He hastily lost himself among the apple trees.

Our rear brakeman was Hugh Brown. When we stopped in the yards at Provo he delivered the way bills and did the necessary pencil work instead of Jim. He then hurried out and, without saying a word to anyone, got in Jim's car and drove out to that apple orchard above Springville and picked him up. I learned all this later.

Next trip out I had a new conductor and rear brakeman. I learned that Fig and Brownie were out of service. Everyone seemed amused, but no one seemed to know why.

When I returned to Provo after the next trip I received orders to report as a witness at the investigation of Jim Newton and Hugh Brown. How it ever got out I don't know, but Mr. Vaughan seemed to have all the facts. He fired Jim for deserting his train, and he fired Brownie for conniving with him. He asked me if I knew that I had come into Provo without a conductor. I assured him that I hadn't, which was the truth.

This was during the time of the Great Experiment known as Prohibition. Jim knew and patronized every speakeasy in the county. I believe he also knew who of almost all his friends were making home brew. He promptly landed a job as a revenue officer, and soon thereafter, one by one, all his beer-selling friends were raided. All of the joints he had patronized when he was working on the railroad were put out of business. That was Jim "Fig" Newton for you. He finally drifted out of sight, and many years later I heard he had died. Doubtless, numerous ladies, married and unmarried, mourned his passing.

There used to be an engineer on the road named Landers. At the time of this tale he was working out of Thistle. He had made a help to Hill Top on the Marysvale Branch and was returning light to Thistle. Somewhere up around Indianola his tank became badly derailed. For several hours he worked trying to get it back on the rail. He and the fireman were getting quite hungry, and they were not making much headway toward rerailing that tank.

Finally Shorty Landers decided he had enough. Their engine was a little hog, or a set out. They filled the boiler with water from the derailed tank. The fireman put in a good fire. They set the brakes on the tank and blocked its wheels. They then knocked the pin out of the drawbar connecting the engine to the tank and went down into Thistle on the engine—minus the tank. Anything can happen on a railroad!

Shorty Launders got his on no. 12 one night. He was deadheading from Salt Lake to Midvale on no 12's engine. At a point now known as Thirty-Third South an eastbound freight train was pulling out on the mainline in the face of no. 12. Number 12, with Scotty Grosebeck at the throttle, plowed into the freight. Shorty Landers was killed on the engine he was deadheading home on.

It was at this point that I came closest to getting mine. It happened this way. It was during World War I and I was pulling a westbound troop train. It was an extra, and I was moving along right smart coming into Salt Lake. Between Midvale and the yard limit at Salt Lake I mistook a switchlight for the home signal and big holed the train on nothing more than hunch.

After that switchlight went by the cab of our slowing engine, the fireman, who that night was Mike Maloney, and I were laughing about wartime jitters and an exaggerated fear of sabotage. When the engine stopped we looked ahead and saw a cut of box cars on the mainline just ahead of us with no lights nor flag! A local crew was working the area with no orders indicating our presence. When the conductor of the crew climbed into the cab his first words were, "Where in the h— did you come from? I have no dope on you at all!"

Obviously we were immensely lucky. Mike, a loveable guy and a devout Irish Catholic, said, "You know, Gilbert, The Lord Jesus was riding with us tonight!" And I rather think He was.

In my later days on the Utah Railway there was a time when I was working the helper job at Martin. One night I was on the middle helper of a westbound drag. The engineer on the road engine had pulled out of the yard with the head end of the train. I was backed down onto the rear section. After the usual preliminaries of connecting the air and testing, I pulled out of the yard. As I came out onto the lead track just west of the enginehouse, the conductor, a man named Nickerson, handed me the orders as I passed him. He then stepped back onto an enginehouse track adjacent to the mainline to check the rear portion of the train as I pulled it by him. This procedure was habit with him. He had done it this way innumerable times.

This night the hostler, a little fellow named Joe Pearson, was getting a mallet engine ready to make a help on a later train. He had the engine ready on the cinderpit track, and about this time he decided to back it down to the west end of the enginehouse. This took him past where Nickerson was standing checking the train moving by him.

Meanwhile, I had pulled the rear section up to a joint with the front section and waited. Apparently there was no one at the switch to line it so

that the rear mallet with the caboose coupled behind it could move ahead and couple onto the rear car. Lining the switch and signaling the rear mallet should have been Nickerson's job, but he was nowhere around.

Those around the place started looking for the missing conductor. After about an hour or more someone started rehearsing Nickerson's habits how he always checked the train as it moved by him from the adjacent track. That mallet that had backed down off the cinder pit was contentedly sucking her ashes, as we used to say, just west of the roundhouse. I was up there in the middle of the train wondering what could be causing the delay.

Finally someone near the enginehouse had a bright idea. They looked around the running gear of that mallet, and there they found what once had been Nickerson. He had been run over as the hostler backed that mallet down off the cinderpit. His body was all cut up and tangled in the running gear under that engine. I was the last one to see him alive.

Apparently Nickerson was either so absorbed in doing his job of checking the train or the passing cars so drowned out the sound of the mallet backing down that he did not hear it and was taken unawares. In any event he was run over by the backing engine, moving as they usually did for such a short distance, without lights.

Joe Pearson, the hostler that backed that mallet over Nickerson, went all to pieces when he found out what he had done. Joe laid off for several months. When he did return to work it turned out to be only for a week or so until he quit altogether.

Although no blame could be attached to him, this incident did bring about a rule governing the procedure of hostlers moving engines in and around the engine servicing facilities, that any engine on the cinderpit must stay there while a train was pulling out or making up.

Then there was the case of Tim Devenish of Springville. He was a fireman on the Rio Grande. To start with, he was one of the loudest in his claims that the Rio Grande men would soon have those Utah Railway jobs back again.

One day the Utah Railway found itself short a brakeman on an outgoing train of empties at Provo. Tom Schott, who was the chief clerk to the master mechanic and superintendent at that point, called up Devenish at Springville and asked him if he would like to go out as a brakeman on the Utah. Tim accepted. Soon he was working for both railroads—as a fireman on the Rio Grande and as a brakeman on the Utah.

Tim was a social fellow, and I liked him very much. He was a husky, redheaded Irishman. One night he was braking ahead on our crew. We

came out of Hiawatha on this trip with a boomer fireman, Tim Devenish braking ahead, Hugh Brown braking on the rear end, Jim Newton conductor, and me as the engineer. We were a jolly crew on the head end that night. Right out of Hiawatha the three of us in the cab started singing on our way down the canyon. By the time we reached Martin we had about exhausted our repertoire of all the current popular songs. Tim climbed off the engine as we drifted into Martin. It was to be the last I would see of him alive!

We had some switching to do on the head end of our train. After taking coal and water we backed onto the train and proceeded with the work. We had made several passes, that is, several switching movements, when I got a stop sign. I stopped and watched for the next sign. I peered back a long time in the darkness, but no signal came. I was beginning to think something was wrong. At last Bill Ralston came running up in the darkness. He was called as engineer on one of our helpers.

He scrambled up the gangway ladder, and without waiting to collect his breath, he screamed, "You have just killed Tim Devenish!"

Many times death has suddenly intruded into my consciousness. It is hard to remember what my reactions were at the time. I know I centered the reverse lever and locked the independent air brake valve in holding position. I climbed off the engine and silently accompanied Bill Ralston back to the scene of death. By that time they had carried Tim Devenish over to a little abandoned telegraph office and laid him on the floor. This man, who moments before was singing with us as we drove into town, now lay on this cold cement floor, stark in death, his eyes staring glassily at nothing.

No one ever knew how Tim got his. He had not been run over or cut up. There was no blood on him anywhere. His chest was crushed as though a mighty, giant hand had pressed the life out of him there.

After a long delay we received orders to set our train out at Martin and proceed, caboose bounce, to Provo. They loaded Tim's body into the caboose, and I received orders from the Rio Grande dispatcher to make no 1's time to Springville. All the way over the road I was worried about what I would see at Springville. I had visions of meeting Tim's family and witnessing their anguish on our arrival. However, I was spared that as there was only the undertaker and his assistant there to meet the train.

As I have stated, his death was and always has been a mystery. At the coroner's inquest which we all attended it remained unsolved. To this day no one has ever learned just what happened to Tim Devenish.

There was an old woman at Provo. She had the reputation of being able to commune with departed spirits. There were a lot of old women

around Provo at that time who really believed her. Jim Newton, our conductor, roomed at her home. We all got together and decided to take her over to Springville where she could see the body and do some communing for us. We took her into the room where Tim's body lay. For a long time she stood silently looking through half-closed eyelids at the body.

Then she exclaimed, "He's calling; he's pleading with someone named Frank. Who is Frank?"

We were all momentarily startled. The only Frank we knew was Frank Branting. He was asleep in a caboose tied up on the caboose track at the time. Anyway, as that was the extent of her powers, we took the old witch back home and proceeded to forget about her. We really should have let her ride home on her broom!

The whole crew, along with several additions, acted as pall bearers. Every time I looked in Mrs. Devenish's direction, it appeared as though she was staring at me. It seemed as though she was saying to herself, "There's the man who killed my husband!"

Joe Loveridge was conductor on one of the mine runs out of Martin. Harry Clark was his engineer. Harry was the nervous type when on an engine. He carried it to the extreme. This crew had only a short time previously come down into town and set out a train of coal in the load yard. They had backed the engine and caboose down the eastbound main to clear the load yard lead. Then they had all gone to the Beanery to eat.

After eating they returned to the job just as another mine-run crew came into town with a string of loads. Harry and his fireman, a man named Henningson, climbed on their engine. Joe Loveridge and the rear brakeman, Sy Sorensen, sat down on the rail behind the caboose to wait for this second mine crew to dispose of their train.

When those cars of coal started backing into the yard, Harry Clark on the standing engine began to get nervous. He wasn't sure, after standing there all that time, that he cleared the load yard lead. Instead of investigating to find out, he decided to back up a little further. He did, and in doing so he backed that caboose over Joe Loveridge, who was sitting on the rail behind it.

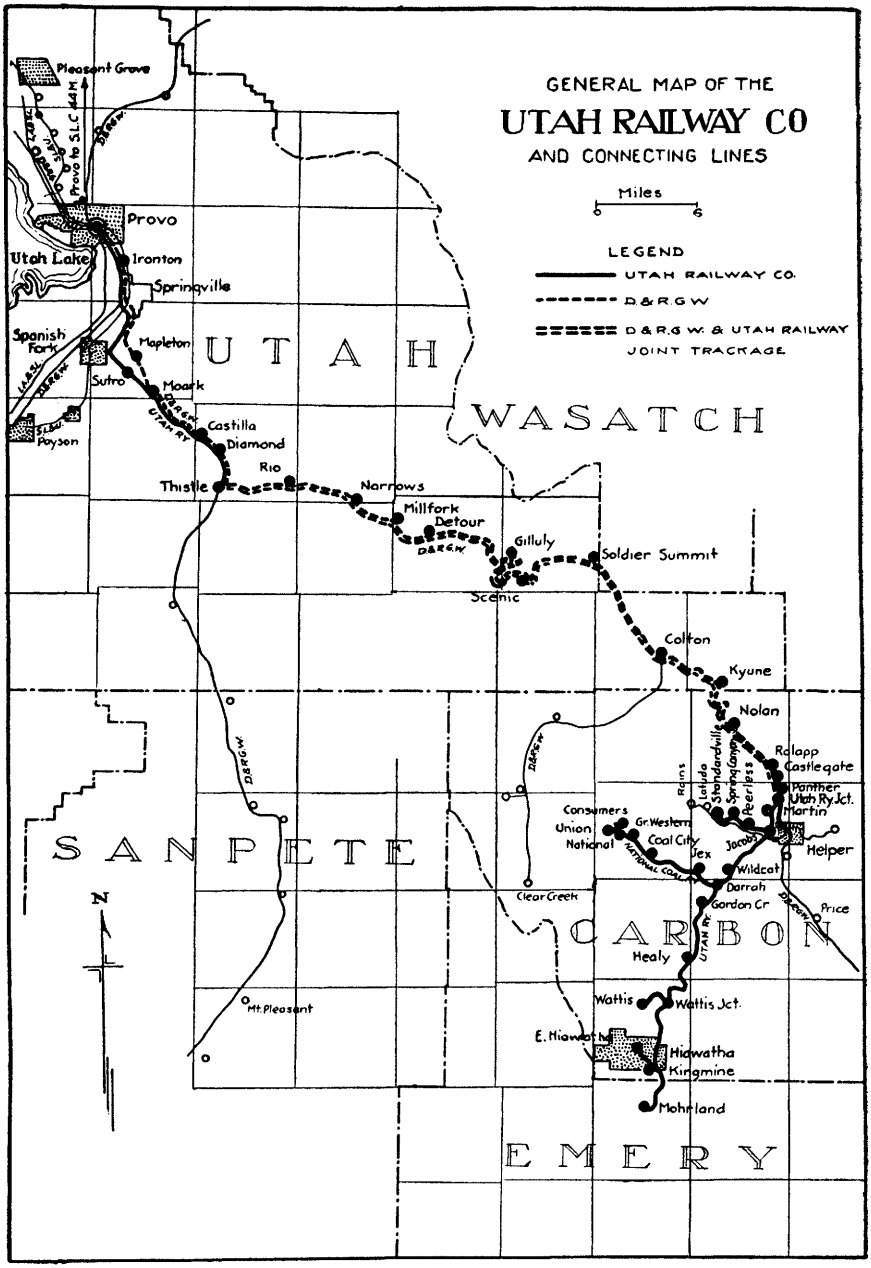
I was just coming into town on a mainline drag when all this happened. They flagged me down and held me at the coal chute until they got Joe out from under the caboose. He was pretty badly cut up and he died after being taken to the hospital at Price.

Harry Clark may have had good reason to be nervous. Early in his career as an engineer his train had run over and cut off the legs of a small child playing on the track on the Spring Canyon Branch. He had also had

several other pieces of extremely bad luck. Even so I know he was very nervous on an engine even as a fireman.

The train crews were all loud in their criticism of Harry in backing up without a signal. But if you will just stop to consider for a moment, what could have been more foolish than the action of that train crew in sitting on the rail behind a caboose with a live engine on the other end? This also violated all the rules of the railroad as well as the rules of common sense. Who was more to blame—Harry Clark or Joe Loveridge?

After they loaded Joe into the ambulance, I was standing at the desk in the roundhouse making out my trip report. Harry came in and walked up to the enginemen's register. He took out his lead-pencil, and with many a wild flourish he wrote, "H. W. Clark—All Through!" He quit right there. He had wanted to quit for a long time and was only trying to hold on till he could get a worthwhile pension. He never went back on an engine again. Yes, anything can happen on a railroad.



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