11. Life on the Utah Railway

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.

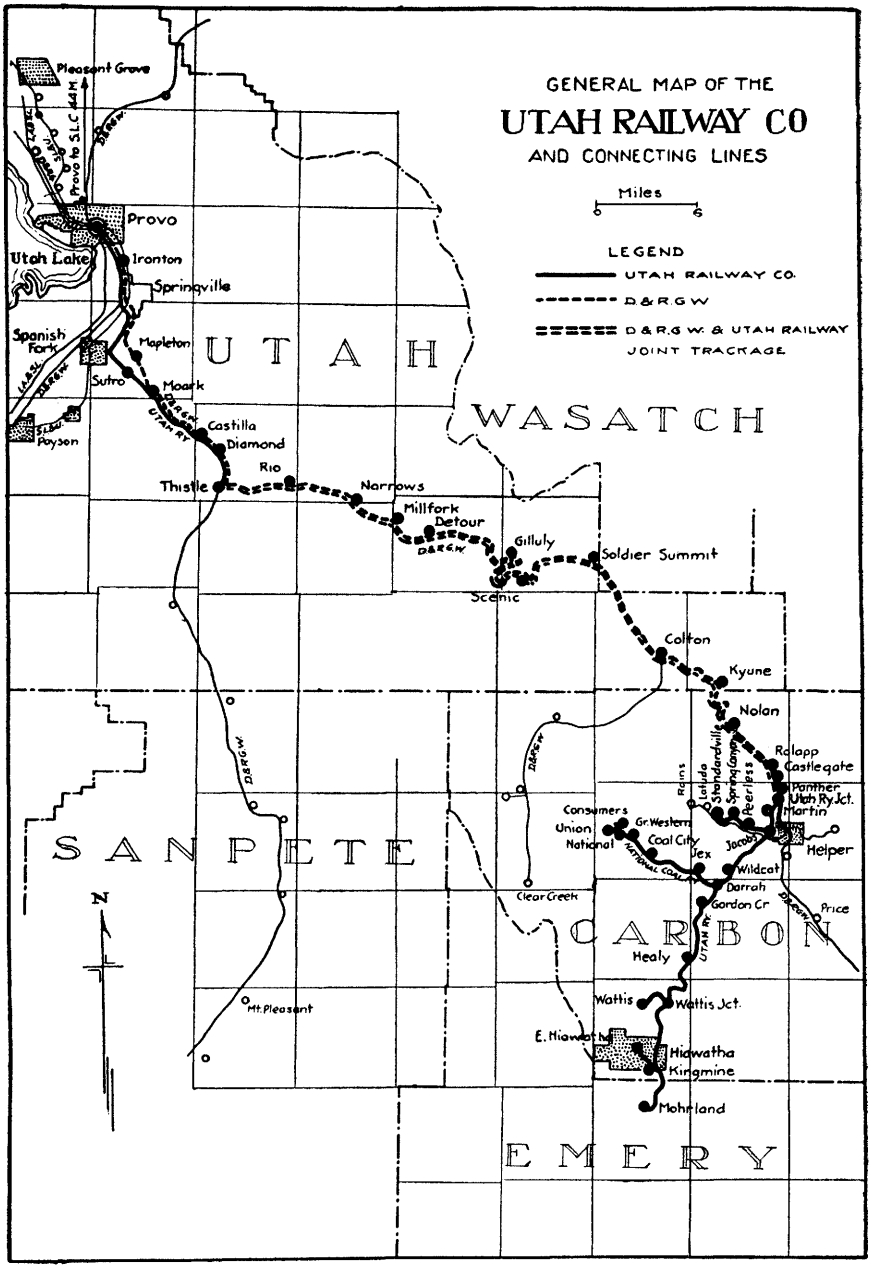
I was just coming into town on a mainline drag when all this happened. They flagged me down and held me at the coal chute until they got Joe out from under the caboose. He was pretty badly cut up and he died after being taken to the hospital at Price.

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

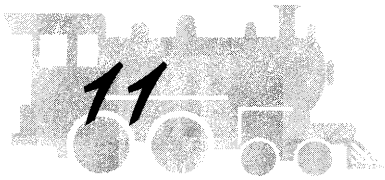
several other pieces of extremely bad luck. Even so I know he was very nervous on an engine even as a fireman.

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.



The W.J.G. Gould collection



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Life on the Utah Railway

The Utah Railway officially started operation on December 1, 1917. Until about the summer of 1931 we were continually growing and getting bigger, handling more and more tonnage. During these years the Wattis Branch was built, then the Spring Canyon Branch. We also had a spur leading off the Rio Grande mainline just below Castle Gate which crossed the Price River to the United States Fuel Panther mine. It was after much agitation and argument with the Rio Grande that the three mining companies, Standard, Spring Canyon, and Peerless, built the Spring Canyon Branch. Then about 1926 the National Branch was built to serve the Sweet, Blue Blaze, and National mines. We operated them all as part of the Utah Railway.

For many years the talk was always that the Rio Grande was going to take over the Utah Railway. It would either be on the first or the fifteenth of the month that this change was to take place. There came a time when the Denver and Rio Grande changed its name to the Denver and Rio Grande Western. This change of name gave some of those Rio Grande men new hopes. This change of names would abrogate the existing contract. The Denver and Rio Grande Western would not be compelled to live up to a contract made by the Denver and Rio Grande.

About that time I went into the Beanery at Thistle for a quick cup of coffee. Across the horseshoe-shaped counter sat an old Rio Grande engineer. I always considered him a friend. He called to me to come over to his side of the counter. I crossed over. He had news for me, and I am sure he was sincere.

Did I know that the Rio Grande had added another word to its name? That added word changed the road's position regarding contracts made under the former name. If I didn't do something right soon I would be out of a job. He thought I should quit the Utah and try to hire back onto the Rio Grande to protect myself. I thought for a moment and then told him not to build his hopes too high on that change of names. I told him that I had been privileged to read the contract with the Utah before leaving the Rio Grande. I told him that in no place in that contract was either the name "Utah Railway" or the "Rio Grande" mentioned. It said that the contract was entered into by the party owning the eastbound mainline between the middle of the wye at Provo and the coal chute at Thistle, and the party owning the westbound mainline between those same points.

The party owning the eastbound mainline would be hereafter known as the "Utah Party." The one owning the westbound mainline would be known as the "Denver Party." Throughout the contract those were the names used to designate the two roads. As long as one road owned one mainline and one owned the other, the contract would stand. I don't know if I convinced him or not, but the more I thought about it, the higher my faith soared.

When we first started on the Utah Railway we were right in the middle of World War I. There was a general sabotage scare throughout the country. Consequently there were armed watchmen stationed day and night at the Gordon Creek bridge. They lived in a little cave-like shanty dug into the bank of the cut. It was reinforced with odds and ends of old lumber. They also had three or four barrels buried in the ground alongside the track for water.

All trains had orders to stop on signal and replenish those water barrels. We all hated this chore, although the procedure was simple. We only had to spot the engine right and prime the injector so the water from the overflow pipe would flow into the barrels. This was no task at all. Yet we all hated to be flagged for water.

If I thought I was going to have to fill those barrels I would try to approach the bridge as silently as possible so as not to let the guards know we were coming. I would work as light a throttle as I could. I would not

blow the whistle for miles. Once I actually got away with it. We were half way out on the bridge before those poor thirsty guys realized we were there. Of course we couldn't see a signal then.

At first I was overjoyed to know that I had slipped one over on those guards. I was quite happy and proud of myself. After a while I began to remember how mother and us kids had suffered from thirst years before on account of such a feeling on the part of an engine crew. I began to rue my actions. I never tried to sneak up on those water barrels or ignore a signal for water again.

When we lived at Silver City Junction we had four big barrels buried in the ground alongside the track. The tops of these barrels just peeked over the level of the ground. These barrels contained our water supply.

Whenever the water got low in these barrels we would stick a white flag alongside the track. The 518, the mine-run engine that plied between Ironton and Eureka, would stop and fill those barrels from the tender. It was quite an operation. They would have to close the tank valve and disconnect the hose between the engine and the tank. With one man holding the hose, the tank valve would then be opened, and the water directed into the barrels.

It was quite a job to fill those four big water barrels. I think that is what caused that mine-run crew to be slightly blind. That is what happened many times when we needed water. They couldn't recognize that white flag. Many times we were without water for hours. As we had four to six section hands using water besides our own family, those water barrels needed refilling quite often.

It was always a mystery to that mine-run crew what we did with all that water, or so they said. I know we didn't dip it up and throw it on the ground, and we had no garden. Yet those guys thought we were wasting it in some way. If there was snow on the ground we could melt it for water. I have known many times when we all very badly needed a drink of water.

Years later, when I was coming out of Spring Canyon with my young son Bill aboard, people were lined up along the right of way with buckets and kettles. This was because their water came from underground sources in the mines and tasted heavily of sulfur. We stopped that night as I had done other times, and I took Bill down on the ground to fill their containers from the tank hoses.

Like all little boys Bill was full of questions. When we were back in the cab and rolling down toward Martin he asked me why we did it. When I told him the circumstance he asked if the water was all right for them to drink. I recall I smiled at his question and said something to the effect that

it was good water and would only give them a mild laxative because of the boiler compound in it. I believe he thought that was a great joke.

Operation over that Gordon Creek trestle was quite exacting if you lived up to the rules. There was a slow board at the approach to the bridge from each direction. I believe the allowed speed was eight or ten miles an hour. This presented no problem to eastbound (up grade) trains, but it was very much a problem in the opposite direction with the down grade trains.

Coming down the grade with a long, heavy train of coal, all the retainers with the exception of five or six cars on the rear end would be in holding position. I think I have explained that a retaining valve is used to hold some air in the brake cylinders after a release operation and before the next application of the brakes. It could be likened to a plug held over the exhaust pipe by a predetermined weight. When the compression under the plug was greater than the weight, air would lift the weight and blow out to the atmosphere. When the weight was greater it would force the plug to its seat, thereby retaining what was left of the pressure in the brake cylinder. This was to control the train and to insure a recharge of the auxiliary reservoirs between brake applications.

On the east end of the bridge you came down a two percent grade. After crossing the bridge and leaving it on the west you had about a half-mile of level track. If you came down off the two percent stretch too slowly and with too much pressure retaining in the brake cylinders, you would always have to work steam to beat hell to get that train across the bridge and over the flat half-mile section.

I always tried to hit the east end of that bridge as slowly as possible and with as little pressure retaining as possible. I would most always work a little steam after leaving the bridge to get them over the flat. I always tried to live up to that speed restriction over the bridge.

There were some enginemen who were not so particular. Bert Pumphrey was one of them. Bert was always a little wild and reckless. There had been quite a lot of rainfall one year, and Bert was coming down the hill with a long train of coal. He let go of his brakes quite a distance above the bridge. By the time he hit the bridge he was going twenty miles an hour or better, and the speed was increasing. He figured on rolling them so fast that he wouldn't have to work steam across the flat beyond the bridge.

When the engine and about fifteen cars had left the bridge, Bert said he felt as though something was pulling back on the train. Something was slowing him down. He glanced back, then took a longer look. Those cars of coal were derailed and going in all directions. They zigzagged to a stop with that cut filled with coal.

I saw those rails in the cut afterward. They were twisted and kinked all out of shape like strands of bailing wire. I believe this was the first wreck we had on the Utah Railway. The Utah had an agreement with the Rio Grande to have the use of its wrecker when needed. I am sure the Rio Grande took its own sweet time in making it available, so I believe we were tied up for several days on account of this accident.

Compared to the Rio Grande we had very little trouble in the nature of wrecks, although we did have a few. I remember on one occasion we had the railroad tied up near Gilluly for several hours. A Utah westbound train had a car leave the rails just below the old station of Scenic. It stopped in such a position as to block both mainlines. I think that was the first derailment for the Utah on the joint track.

Johnny McKenna was firing for Gallagher in helping service out of Martin when we started to operate the Utah Railway. At the beginning of operations we had only received a few of the 2–10-2s we had on order. Consequently the Utah borrowed several engines from different railroads until all our power was delivered. Among the borrowed engines was one from the Rio Grande, the 1073. It was a mallet, a 2–8–8–2 and a very large engine. Not only that, it was hand-fired!

When the Utah engines came they were all equipped with automatic stokers. The first automatic stokers that I ever saw were on those Utah engines. All the Rio Grande engines on the west end were still hand fired. Even the big mallets.

Johnny and Gallagher wouldn't be very far up the canyon before Johnny would suddenly become sick. He described his illness as "one of them spells."

For a while the ruse worked all right. Gallagher would get down and take the scoop shovel and fire the engine. After a few times Gallagher got wise to Johnny. When Johnny would complain that he could feel "one of them spells" coming on, Gallagher would move the Johnson bar a little lower down. Then Johnny would remind Gallagher he was getting sick.

Gallagher would answer, "Yes, I know. I'm trying to hurry a little to get you to a doctor," And he would drop the Johnson bar down a little further. After awhile Johnny would get well. He didn't complain that he could feel "one of them spells" coming on anymore.

Johnny carried an old newspaper in the seat box. When he passed a Rio Grande engine, he would have his feet propped up against the boiler and be deeply engrossed in that old newspaper until the Rio Grande man had passed. Then the newspaper would be put back in the seat box. In this way he lorded it over his former fireman friends on the Rio Grande.

After a few years the Rio Grande's new engines also came stoker equipped. They then went back and put stokers on all the engines down to as small as the eleven hundred class. That old newspaper stunt didn't mean a thing anymore!

After going to the Utah Railway and while working as an engineer, Johnny McKenna was on the sharp end of a coal drag pounding up the canyon westbound toward Summit at Nolon. He had the 103 as his engine. He and his fireman had reached the west end of Nolon. It was dark. Around the curve and a number of car lengths above them they saw two red marker lamps bearing down on them at what looked like terrific speed. The fireman prepared to get off the engine.

Johnnie hollered at him, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Let's shake hands now ... so if we die.... Shake hands. I don't have anything but friendship for you. Goodbye now. Goodbye."

About that time a Rio Grande caboose plastered itself all over the front end of the 103. This caboose had gotten away at Soldier Summit and had come rollicking down the grade. The first obstacle it encountered was Johnnie on the 103 at Nolon.

I was called at Provo to deadhead out to Nolon and bring in Johnnie's train. Johnnie's time was up after the delay of scraping that caboose off the front end of the 103. Johnnie was still white and trembling when I got there.

It was quite an experience. When they saw those two red marker lamps bearing down on them they had no way of knowing that it was a caboose running light. It could have been a train of coal. In that case the result would have been different.

That old 103 carried the marks of that impact until they put her to the torch. The wheels skidded out from under the caboose, and their flanges were buried deep into the pilot casting. Parts of those flanges remained imbedded in that casting as long as there was an engine 103. This was a case of a caboose smashing into an engine, instead of the usual situation of an engine smashing into a caboose.

Very early in my career as an engineer on the Utah I had an experience that I shall never forget. I was coming west with a train of coal. My conductor was Lew Bayrell. The rear brakeman was Tommy Burk, who later died from injuries received in a tunnel wreck.

At Soldier Summit I got an order reading: "2nd. number 1 run 2 hours and fifty minutes late Soldier Summit to Provo."

That order, the way it was written, violated the rules regarding the way orders should be written. It started out by designating the word "second" in the manner of "2nd." This was not proper nor to be permitted.

"Second" should have been spelled out, as should all numbers, without abbreviations or flourishes.

I read that order as "Number 1 run 2 hours and fifty minutes late Soldier Summit to Provo." Every member of the crew read the order just as I did. We left Soldier Summit, and I dismissed no. 1 from my mind. The way I had read that order gave me plenty of time to go to Provo ahead of her.

I used the regulation time going down the canyon. About two miles above Thistle there is a straight piece of open track about a mile and a half long. We always turned to get a look at our train on this straight rail. This morning I casually turned my head for that look. What I saw was not only our train but no. 1 as well dogging along slowly behind our caboose.

Little Tommy Burke was out on a high car trying to get us to speed up. I reached for my train orders to reread them. It was then that I discovered that it was *second* no. 1 that was running 2 hours and fifty minutes late. First no. 1 was running right on schedule; or had been until they caught up with us. I lost no more time getting into Thistle and letting first no. 1 by us.

I was called up a few days later for investigation. It seemed rather odd that every member of our crew had read the orders the way I did. It just shows that the more orders you read, the less they seem in importance. Anyone asked to read that order out loud would have gotten it right the first time.

I was given fifty brownies. The rest of the crew were given the same except the conductor. He was demoted permanently to the position of brakeman. He spent the rest of his days in that capacity. What made it so tough for him was the fact that he was supposed to be all-wise on train orders. He had spent years on the UP conducting classes on the book of rules and train orders.

I believe that was the first really bad mistake I had made since going to the Utah, and I felt the humiliation deeply. In the few years that followed, without anything else against my record, I removed those brownies.

In the years that I worked as an engineer I can say more from pride than braggadocio that I have been called several times for some particular job that required extra skill. However, there was one incident that I recall where I fell down on the job with which I was entrusted. I will describe the circumstance.

Every so often the government would send out a specially equipped car to visit the mines. The object was to check on the mining company to see if they were living up to the safety rules and regulations.

Once, when this car had been at Hiawatha a couple of weeks, I was called to handle it together with a train of coal to Utah Railway Junction.

They held the switch crew on duty at Hiawatha until I showed up. I was asked where I would like to have this car placed in the train—on the head end or on the rear end next to the caboose. It was already on the head end so I told them it would be alright to leave it right there. We left Hiawatha with this coach right behind the engine and ahead of that train of coal.

There were two couples living in that coach. They were employees of the government. I gave them a very good ride from Hiawatha to Utah Junction. We set the car out at Utah Junction on a Rio Grande connection. We were returning to our train when the two brakemen decided that the car didn't clear properly.

After some discussion they decided to go back and nudge it down a little further into the passing track. We were moving slowly down against the car. It was very dark, and the brakemen were both walking down before me on an adjacent track. They were giving slow signs without paying any particular attention to where I was. All at once I crashed into the car.

The occupants were sitting at a table playing cards. A radio was going full blast. When the old 108 crashed into that car it upset the radio, knocking it to the floor and upsetting the card players. I was reprimanded for that. A reprimand is the lowest form of censure that a person can be given. The brakemen both got brownies, as did the conductor, for not being on the job. After that every engine was equipped with a back-up headlight. I consider this as another black mark on my record.

It was for a while tough on enginemen after the Utah started operations. It was difficult to find a place to sleep and eat on the layover at the far terminal of the run. The train crews, of course, had the caboose, their home away from home, that we carried with us.

You had to be at the Hiawatha boarding house during meal hours or you didn't get anything to eat. Most of the time there were no empty beds. Joe Stevenson finally cleared out an outfit car on the ground behind the round house. He placed several bunks and a stove in it. If you brought your own grub you could fry it on the stove, and then if there was an empty bunk you climbed in it. While you were in bed another engine crew would come in and start cooking. This made it very hard to sleep.

Joe finally had the section men unload a lot of used ties down the bank just as you come into town. Some crews dug into the bank and built dugouts with the ties.

Bob Crosbie had his eye on a little lumber shack that stood off the right of way at Royal, just above Castle Gate. Once when he came down the canyon in the small hours of morning he stopped and loaded that

whole thing on the engine. When reassembled at Hiawatha he had the best shack of all.

I learned there was a dentist living at Provo who had two furnished rooms in a house at Hiawatha. It seemed that every so often he would spend a week or two at Hiawatha fixing up the townsfolks' molars. I went to see him at Provo to see if we couldn't occupy the place at Hiawatha while he was away. Early in our talk I thought I sensed the fact that he didn't seem to be anxious to revisit Hiawatha. Provo was growing fast at that time, and his practice was keeping him busy in Provo. He didn't know when he would be able to take care of his patients at Hiawatha again.

I cautiously put forth the idea of him selling out to me. After a little persuasion he agreed. I bought the whole outfit of his furnishings for ten dollars and took over the rental of the rooms. I paid five dollars a month for room rental, and from then on we were sitting pretty.

The biggest remaining problem was groceries. When we had groceries we had some real feeds. If you were in Hiawatha in the daytime you could always get canned goods at the store and sometimes a piece of fresh meat. If you tried to carry fresh vegetables or meats from home on the engine, they usually weren't fit to eat upon arriving at Hiawatha. After a while we finally got the train crews to carry our meat on the ice in the caboose.

I was burned out twice while we were working into Hiawatha. I had an old two-room lumber shack beside the mainline which belonged to the mining company. It was fitted out with an old coal cooking range. There was also a cupboard, dishes, cooking utensils and two sleeping bunks. Leon Smith was my fireman. Business fell off on the mainline with the approach of spring. Leon found that he couldn't hold a job out of Provo, so he went to Hiawatha to fire the switch engine. He had an interest in the shack so he bunked there.

One morning while I was at Provo the Utah Railway office called. They told me my shack had just burned to the ground at Hiawatha. Not a thing had been saved. It developed that Leon had let a brakeman sleep in my bunk while I was away. He said that when he had left for work that morning the brakeman was sitting on the edge of the bunk smoking a cigarette. The next thing he saw was the shack ablaze. No one made an effort to put out the fire, so it burned to the ground. I think the mining company was glad to see it burn, as it was an eyesore.

I arrived at Hiawatha the following evening. The switch engine had tied up. I couldn't see Leon Smith anywhere around. We took the engine around the wye and headed down onto the caboose. There was a train of

coal on one of the yard tracks. We put the caboose on the coal train. It was to be our train to leave with in the morning.

Howard Hinton was my conductor. He came to the cab and told me that there was a guy in the caboose who would like to speak to me. I got off the engine and went into the caboose to see who it was. It was Leon. He had been doing a little drinking, and had a pint of liquor in his hand. As soon as I came in the door he shoved this bottle of whiskey in my face. I have always said that he wanted me to see the bottle before I saw him.

"I burned down our shack, old pal. It's gone—it's gone," he blubbered.

He had a room at the hotel, and I slept there that night. It was while I was there that I learned of the Provo dentist who had furnished rooms in a house on the main drag. I went to see him on my return to Provo. We soon came to an understanding, and Leon and I had a home again.

A few years later the railway company built an apartment house for the mainline engine crews. There were four apartments. McPhie was my fireman by then. We moved in apartment number 2. This structure was built on the high ground just behind the roundhouse. We only had to walk a few steps to or from work or for coal or water.

A year or two later the company built a house for the car man and his family, Jack Phillips, just a short distance from our apartment. Mrs. Phillips, Ma Phillips, served meals to the extra train and engine crews boarding house style. This arrangement went on for five or six years. Then one morning the telephone at Provo rang again to inform me that I was burned out at Hiawatha.

No one seemed to know how the fire had started, but it took the whole building. I have always thought I knew how it came about. Ma Phillips had a son. He was about six years old, the peskiest brat I ever knew. I have always suspected that he set that fire. Well, after that we had to rent and refurnish another set of rooms.

During the twenties the Utah Railway developed into quite a railroad. Business was getting better all the time. We served three big mines up the National Branch, three on the Spring Canyon Branch, one at Panther, one at Wattis, and three in the Hiawatha district. We ran more coal trains over the joint track than the Rio Grande did.

Westbound Rio Grande coal trains over Soldier Summit consisted of sixty to sixty-five cars. The Utah Railway handled up to seventy-five cars in a train. Mr. Vaughan, our superintendent, was desirous of handling even more. But there was one bad feature about handling long trains in those days. If the weather was cold over the mountain, as it is after the sun goes

down, the brakes might operate well. But in the heat of the day a long train is apt to develop a "dynamiter."

A train that dynamites can cause all kinds of trouble in the triple valve operation. When a triple piston in the triple valve moves out on a service application, say five to twenty pounds reduction in train line pressure, it stops up against a post in the valve. This bumping post, as it is called, is held there by a spring.

In those days this spring had a tension of seven pounds to keep the piston from going all the way into the emergency position. The triple piston, when it begins to move, comes in contact with a small slide valve. Piston and slide valves then move out together until stopped at the bumping post. In this position the port in the slide valve is uncovered and connected to a port in the seat of the piston valve. This allows air to flow from the auxiliary reservoir to the brake cylinder.

When enough air has reached the brake cylinder to bring the pressure in the auxiliary reservoir down to just below what is left in the train line, the triple piston will then move back to lap position, shutting off the connection between auxiliary reservoir and brake cylinder until a further reduction in train line pressure is made. If the tension spring holding the piston bumping post is too weak to stop the movement, the piston valve will continue to move out until it reaches emergency position.

When one triple piston valve goes out into the emergency position it robs the train line of pressure, and every triple valve in the train will go into the emergency position. This is called "dynamiting" the train, when caused by a defective triple valve. If the sudden pressure reduction in the train line is at the engineer's brake valve, it is called "big holing" the train.

The reason a train was more apt to develop a dynamiter in the heat of the day than in the cool of the night was due to the oil or grease in the valve melting and running down to surround the slide valve. This would cause the valve to stick and move out in jerks, as the slide valve would be unbalanced. If the slide valve would not move at the first slight difference in pressure, but waited until that pressure differential was greater, the bumping post held by a seven pound spring would not be able to stop the piston valve at the desired service application but would continue to let it go on out into the emergency position.

This was getting to be quite a problem when we were trying to run longer trains with the old arrangement of valves and spring tension. When a train goes into emergency there is nothing you can do but let it come to a complete stop before attempting to release the brakes.

This undesirable condition was getting to be very annoying to Westinghouse, the manufacturer of the air brake systems. Someone back at the factory got a bright idea. They would equip a long train with a tension spring of fourteen pounds in each triple valve, instead of the standard seven pounds. The Utah Railway, way out west in Utah, was to them the logical place to try it out.

One morning I got a call for a westbound train of coal. I noticed a coach on the head end of the train right next to the engine. It was a Westinghouse dynamometer car. It had everything inside to register every move the engineman made with his air brakes. On the rear end was another such car. We had every load that the railway could scare up. We left Soldier Summit with seventy-seven cars. That was a long train of coal to descend that mountain in those days. Bob Crosbie, our traveling engineer, was riding the engine with me.

When we left Soldier Summit I made up my mind I would handle that train as I did all the others and try to forget its importance. Slim Wilkins, the Rio Grande traveling engineer, was also with us. I had fired many a trip for him when I was on the Rio Grande.

Those Rio Grande men had a certain way of coming off the Summit. They would try to hold the speed down by using the engine brakes and overcharging the head end until the entire train was on the grade. Under this method of handling, the speed would be about twenty-five or thirty miles an hour before the caboose came off the top.

Those two traveling engineers were watching every move I made. When the speed got up to about ten miles an hour I made a light reduction of about five or six pounds in train line pressure. I only held on a few seconds, not long enough for that reduction to reach the rear end. I then held the brake valve in release position long enough to release those brakes on the head end that had set.

When I started that first reduction Slim Wilkins was standing in the left gangway. When he heard the brake valve start to screech he started to cower against the back of the cab and protest loudly. He had never seen a train come off the mountain like that. He was sure we would break in two. But we didn't. Both he and Crosbie glanced apprehensively at each other when I started another reduction. I went through the same performance, again being careful to kick off any overcharge. They began to complain about my method.

I rose from my seatbox, and turning to Crosbie, I said, "Would you like to take 'em down, Bob?" That seemed to silence him, and Slim grinned out the gangway.

I made several more light reductions before the train was entirely off the top of the hill. The speed was never more than fifteen miles an hour coming off, and there were no jars or jerks. I held that train to regulation speed all the way down the mountain.

Before leaving Soldier Summit I was told that if I had a legitimate excuse to big hole the train to go ahead and do it so that they could see what would happen against those fourteen-pound springs. About a mile and a half below Gilluly there are two reverse curves. As I rounded the last one I saw a few rocks on the track that had slid down off the side of the high cut. Ordinarily I would not have bothered about them; there were not enough to cause concern.

However, having received instruction about trying out the fourteen-pound spring in the big hole situation, I thought this would be a good chance to do it. So I immediately moved the brake valve to emergency. Everything handled perfectly. That train came to a nice quick stop with no trouble at all. That test was all that the air brake engineers could hope for. From then on triple valves all over the country were fitted with the heavier spring.

I received a lot of compliments from those Westinghouse men on the way I handled that train. For several years I kept hearing remarks about it. The last time was when a Rio Grande man told me of Slim Wilkins's remarks to a student meeting in Salt Lake.

He was supposed to have said (regarding the speed off the Summit), "We don't know what happened back there, but that train came off that mountain as pretty as anything you'd want to see!" The dispatcher at Hiawatha told me of compliments going over the wire to Mr. Vaughan from Westinghouse. And the operator at Soldier Summit told me, "You didn't do yourself any harm in handling that train!"

That heavier spring in the triple valve did away with a lot of the dynamiting of trains. "Undesired quick action," it was termed.

Mr. Vaughan had his heart set on handling one hundred loads in a train down Soldier Summit. One morning he had set up to try it out. Claude Gillis was the engineer. When everything was right they assembled one hundred loads at the Summit. Everyone at the site was interested and carefully watching. Claude started the train. When it began to pick up speed on the down grade, Claude set the air brakes. I was not there so I can't say just how he did it, but the train broke in three or four pieces on that first application of air. I was at home in Provo at the time. They sent a hurry up call for me to get up to Soldier Summit as quickly as possible.

The rear third of the train was still up on the flat at the Summit. The bad order cars had been set out, and the train was ready to roll again. There