



# SEMAPHORE



## December 2011

The next meeting of LIST will be on **Friday, December 16th at 8:00pm** at the Christ Episcopal Church, South Carl Avenue and Prospect Street, Babylon, NY.

### THIS MONTH:

Ed Koehler continues his in depth presentation on the abandoned New York, Ontario and Western Railway, tying in its small but important role in Long Island Rail Road history. This portion of the presentation focuses on the Northern Division visiting such communities as Sydney, Norwich, Oneida, and Oswego plus a trip to Sylvan Beach. While most of the rolling stock coverage was in the first part of this show there are a few gems to be had in this segment. This show will also offer coverage of the long abandoned and mostly forgotten Auburn branch; the Oswego Midland's attempt to reach a second Great Lakes port at Buffalo.

As before, Ed has available an illustrated 59 page (2.31 megabyte) booklet that is available electronically, E-mail Ed at [EdwardMKoehler@nyc.rr.com](mailto:EdwardMKoehler@nyc.rr.com) for your copy by return E-Mail (make sure you allow attachments in your E-Mail security).

### IN THIS ISSUE:

Page 2	LIST Order Form
Page 3	LIST Happenings
Page 4 thru 7	Rail Trip to Montauk
Page 8 & 9	LIRR Book Review

**For regular updates and other important information,  
visit the Chapter website at:**

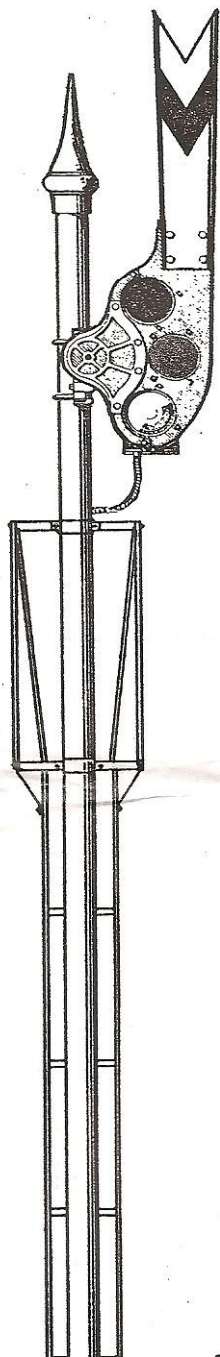
<http://www.nrhs-list.org>

**The Chapter mailing address is:**

**LIST—NRHS**

**P O Box 507**

**Babylon, New York 11702-0507**



THE PUBLICATION OF THE  
LONG ISLAND-SUNRISE TRAIL CHAPTER  
OF THE  
NATIONAL RAILWAY HISTORICAL SOCIETY





## List Happenings by Steve Quigley

The NRHS has sent out the dues renewal notice. Please send it back to our Treasurer, Alan Mark, as soon as possible. Alan's Name and address will appear in the window of the return envelope that was provided when you fold the notice appropriately. We need your assistance with one item. The bottom part of the dues renewal notice which is to be mailed to Alan, does not note your name. PLEASE WRITE IN YOUR NAME NEXT TO YOUR MEMBER NUMBER. This was an oversight by National which should be corrected next year. If you write your name on the bottom part of the notice, it will greatly assist us in processing your renewal. Thank you for your co-operation.

If you are a Chapter only member in that your primary Chapter is not LIST, please make a copy of your dues renewal and send it along with a check for \$10 to our PO Box. Please make a notation on the copy you are sending us or write a brief note telling us that you are a Chapter only member.

Our Chapter sponsored a trip on the Riverline in New Jersey from Trenton to Camden with a tour of the shop. Many thanks to John Kilbride for arranging the tour and making sure that it was enjoyable and informative. More information to follow in the Semaphore.

The Winter 2011 edition of "Classic Trains" magazine has a notation regarding an exhibition of Richard Steinheimers photographs. The exhibit is titled, "Richard Steinheimer: A Passion for Trains," featuring the work of famed western rail photographer, is set for Dec. 15, 2011 – Jan. 21, 2012 at the Robert Mann Gallery in New York City.

If you wish to write an article for the Semaphore, just let me know and we will try and print it, space permitting. My e mail address is [csquigley@optonline.net](mailto:csquigley@optonline.net). My telephone number is 631-487-4766 if you wish to discuss Chapter related items.

To all of the members of L.I.S.T., their families as well as our friends, I hope you find happiness and joy in the Holiday Season [as well as a train set under your Christmas tree whatever the size of the trains]

MERRY CHRISTMAS, HAPPY CHANUKAH AND HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO ALL!



## Rail Trip to Montauk by Richard W. Faye

My story here is about a day in my life that occurred over sixty years ago. The memories of this days events are so etched in my mind that, every time I think of them, they seem like they occurred only yesterday.

My Dad was a Long Island Rail Road conductor for almost forty years, from 1928 through 1967. Through his early years on the "the road", he often worked the steam trains to eastern Long Island. I also remember him working in freight service from time to time. Through the later years he worked primarily the electric MU passenger trains on the Babylon and Long Beach branches.

I never rode with Dad much, when he was working, although there were times when we had to go into the city, we would walk the few blocks to the Lynbrook station and catch Dads train for Penn Station.

My story, however, takes place around 1950, give or take a year or so before or after. I was about 12 years old, and Dad, quite unexpectedly asked me if I would like to accompany him on his trip to Montauk on Sunday coming up. I quite assuredly acknowledged in the affirmative.

With great anticipation, I eagerly awaited for this eventful Sunday. Finally, it arrived. I had to get up early (for a Sunday morning) and get ready. We left the house about 7:30 and walked to the Lynbrook station. We had to catch a train that would get Dad to Jamaica in time for him to report on time for his assignment. I remember walking to an office on the ground floor inside Jamaica station, where he met and talked with other conductors. Shortly, we walked up to the platform level, and over to Track 8. We waited there for a while, as we were a bit early.

In due time, however, I soon noticed at the west end of track 8, one of the fairly new Fairbanks Morse 2000 numbered series locomotives, leading a train into the station. "That's our train" Dad said. With in moments it was in position, and the passengers began to board. Some of the locomotives and passenger rolling stock on this day were painted in the new slate gray color scheme; however, some of the passenger cars were still in the Tuscan red with the gold lettering scheme. Dad was assigned one or two coaches toward the rear of the train. I do not recall how long the train was, but I'm pretty sure it was at least 12 cars or more. There were also several trainmen deadheading on this trip.

I do not recall the exact scheduled departure time, but I do seem to remember it being a little after 9AM (9:10 or 9:15). I checked my watch, and I knew that it would soon be time to be rolling. I recall an announcement being made over the station loudspeakers, that the train on track 8 was ready for boarding, and then announcing the scheduled station stops all the way to Montauk. Then a few minutes later, over the station loudspeakers, I heard, "All Aboard Track 8, All Aboard," followed by the conductors on the platform calling out "All Aboard". With that, the train began to roll, and I heard the conductors securing the entry doors, as we got under way.

We cleared HALL tower, and soon began switching and criss-crossing over the tracks onto the Main Line. We passed Union Hall St. station, Hillside and Hollis. Crossing into Nassau County we soon passed through Mineola, and then the farm fields of central Nassau. We slowed a bit as we approached Hicksville station, but kept on going as we passed to the right of DIVIDE tower and headed southward to 'B' tower and the Central branch.

We met up with the Montauk branch and soon approached Babylon station, where we made a quick stop. Soon we were underway again. I don't recall what stops we were scheduled to make on this train, but it seemed to me to that we stopped at every station east of Babylon. Bay Shore, Oakdale, Sayville, Patchogue, etc. and every station in between. I quietly sat in the rear of the coach, and observed Dad and other trainmen perform their duties as we went along.

Sometime prior to our stop in Mastic, one of the deadheading trainman came through the car saying that when the train stops at Mastic, they would get off and go to the deli across the street from the station and get coffee, donuts. He asked if there were any members of the crew that would

## Rail Trip to Montauk...continued by Richard W. Faye

like anything. Some of the crew said yes. The train made its stop at Mastic. The last few cars of the train blocked the grade crossing, but I guess that was usual. As the passengers were getting on and off, I noticed the coffee guys crossing the street to the deli. I figured the train would be ready to leave before they returned. I wondered to myself if this wasn't a bit unusual. Anyway, the train then began to move, and I exclaimed to my Dad that the guys are still in the deli. He said, "That's okay, we just have to pull ahead a bit to clear the grade crossing." With that, the train stopped, and I looked back, and could see that we had cleared the crossing. Within a few minutes, the coffee guys came out of the deli, with cardboard boxes filled with coffee and donuts, etc. They made it back to the train, and within a few moments we were underway. I guess I was concerned the train would leave without them. They made it to the back of the train, passing out the refreshments to those who ordered. I am sure we lost more than a few minutes.

After leaving Mastic we continued to make all the local stops along the way. Eastport, Speonk, and all the Hamptons on the way to Montauk. We arrived at Montauk a little past noon, and I believe, pretty close to schedule.

We disembarked with all the passengers and crew. Dad and I lingered at the far end of the ground level platform to watch some of the train movements in the yard. I observed among the rolling stock being moved about some Pullman parlor cars. There was quite a bit of switching going on. I noticed the sidings or lay-up tracks filling up. The switching continued, assembling that afternoons and evening departures.

After watching the train movements in the yard for a while, we then walked over to a small building or cabin located south of the tracks. Dad led us as we walked through the maze of tracks carefully stepping over the tracks, and walking around some of the passenger cars. The building we were heading for apparently was a place for the train crews to rest & relax between train assignments, and I think where they would sign in for their next assignment. I noticed next to the cabin a track and switch, and then looking up I saw, backing down the track, a locomotive and a baggage car. I asked Dad what was going on. He said that this was a 'wye' and that they were changing the direction of the locomotive. Soon, the locomotive cleared the switch, a crewmember standing by threw the switch and the locomotive then proceeded forward, eventually facing west. I don't know what it was about this maneuver that fascinated me, but it just amazed me that a locomotive could change direction with such a simple movement. Of course, it was something that I had never really thought about before.

It was at this time that Dad suggested we get some lunch. We retraced our steps back to the station. Along the way, Dad picked up one of his conductor buddies, and we walked over to the restaurant across from the station. I believe the name of the restaurant, was 'The Blue Marlin'. I believe this establishment was still there the last time I was in Montauk a few years ago.

After lunch we sauntered back to the platform area. There was a train already parked at the platform and a few passengers were boarding. It was a fairly long train as I recall. At least 12 or more cars. This was our train. It was now shortly before three o'clock.

Dad and I walked to the head end so that I could get a close up view of the locomotive. Again a Fairbanks-Morse 2000 numbered locomotive. The engineman was standing next to the locomotive and recognized Dad as we approached. After exchanging a few words of chitchat, the engineman asked me if I would like to ride in the cab of the engine. I couldn't believe my ears. Ride in the cab of a locomotive? I could tell he wasn't joking. I quite eagerly said yes. He then went on to explain that his fireman, who was to operate with him, lived in Amagansett, and would be getting on there, and that he as engineer, would be operating alone from Montauk to Amagansett. It was suggested that Dad ride with me. Dad then went back to tell his co-crew members, and make sure they would cover his area of the train.

## Rail Trip to Montauk...continued by Richard W. Faye

In due time I was climbing the steps of the locomotive and was soon inside the cab. Dad and the engineer were right behind me. I sat down in the fireman's seat on the left side. The engineer took the right hand seat, and Dad sort of stood some where in the middle, toward the back of the cab. I couldn't believe what was happening. I think I pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. The engineer checked his watch. It would only be a few more minutes. Finally, two beeps on the conductors cord signaled the train was ready to depart. I noticed it was a little past three o'clock and right on time. I looked over and saw the engineer very gingerly maneuver the throttle. We started to move very slowly. Soon, we were passing a maze of tracks and switches and beginning to gain speed. This was something I had only dreamed of. Actually sitting in the cab of a moving railroad locomotive. No one could have imagined how I felt. There were probably hundreds, if not thousands, of young boys my age that would have wanted to be in my shoes at this time.

We gained speed and soon we were winding our way through the hilly terrain of Hither Hills State Park. And then the straight away, paralleling Highway 27. I also remember the blast of the horn as the engineer dutifully sounded the signal as we approached each grade crossing. We were moving along at a pretty good rate of speed. I knew my excitement would soon be over, however. Shortly the engineer started to slow the train down a bit. As we came around a curve, I could see the Amagansett station ahead, with many passengers waiting on the platform. As the train gradually slowed down I imagined that passengers on the platform were probably thinking to themselves that the fireman in the locomotive was very young. The locomotive stopped. I now knew my 15 minutes of glory was over. And that was approximately how long it was, 15 minutes from Montauk to Amagansett. At this time I thanked the engineer so very much for allowing me to ride with him. Dad and I then climbed down to return to the coach towards the rear of the train.

Many passengers were boarding, apparently ending a summer weekend in the Hamptons. We made it back to Dads coach and boarded. The train started up, proceeding west, hopefully with the real fireman in place.

Our train continued west, making all the stops between Amagansett and Speonk. At Speonk our train then was to become an express nonstop to Jamaica and two conductors would not be needed. Dad and another conductor disembarked at Speonk, and would operate a later train to Jamaica. Up to this point we were pretty close to on time, it now being about 5PM. Having the time, Dad, myself and the other conductor walked over to a small restaurant on Montauk Highway and had something to eat.

As we got back to the station, we saw that passengers were accumulating, and there seemed to be a buzz in the air. We went into the station, where there were other conductors. There were, also, two railroad people behind the counter, the ticket agent, who was selling tickets to passengers and the station agent. I'm not sure of their job titles. The station agent seemed very busy. He was on the phone, and then he seemed to be hammering out a message on the telegraph, then back on the phone, etc. Then I heard one of the other conductors say that the "Cannonball" was running late.

The "Cannonball" running late meant one thing. Our train, which was on a siding, could not be moved to the main platform track until the Cannonball had passed through. So now began a waiting game. I don't remember what the scheduled times were, but I do remember, passengers and crew stating that our train was already running late. Finally, after what seemed like a very long time, the station agent emerged from the station with two long poles, with a "y" like formation at one end. Tied with a piece of string, between the points of the "y" was a folded piece of paper. Dad advised that these were train orders that the agent had to relay to the train crew of the Cannonball.

The agent advised that the Cannonball had just cleared Westhampton. Soon it would be passing through. With great anticipation, passengers and crew peered down the track, eagerly, but patiently

## Rail Trip to Montauk...continued by Richard W. Faye

awaiting the emergence of the Cannonball. Finally, in the distance, we all could see the head end of the locomotive coming around the curve, barreling down the tracks at a very great rate of speed. The agent positioned himself near the track, and held up the pole with the orders. All stepped back, well clear of the track, to allow plenty of room for the agent. Gradually, but very quickly the Cannonball, highballing down the track neared the platform area. I saw the fireman leaning out the locomotive's cab window. With his arm outstretched, and the agent holding the pole with the orders perfectly, the fireman, quite adeptly, grabbed the orders in the crook of his arm. The agent then, very quickly, upheld the second pole. Looking toward the rear of the train, in fact, the last car, I saw a conductor, leaning out the doorway, actually, on the footsteps of the doorway. He outstretched his arm to grab the orders. But unfortunately, he was not able to grasp and hold onto them. This did not seem to matter. I was told, that as long as the engine crew got the orders that was okay, and the train did not have to stop.

As the Cannonball cleared the switch to the siding just west of Speonk, a crewmember already stationed there, threw the switch. Our train on the siding began to move forward. When the entire train was on the main track, and the last car cleared the switch, the crewmember threw the switch back to align itself with the main track. Our train then backed up to position itself by the station. The engineer knew just when to stop the train. It was aligned perfectly, so that the passengers could easily board. I also remember that the train blocked the grade crossing while the passengers boarded, but this made no difference. The passengers (and crew) eager to get going quickly boarded. Soon, all passengers and crew were on board and the train started up. I would say, that from the time the Cannonball passed through, till our train departed was less than five minutes. I don't know what our scheduled departure time was, but it was now well after 6PM.

Our train, with two Alco RS3's in the lead, was quite long, again, with at least 12 cars. I guess most passenger trains to the east end during the summer months were this long, in order to accommodate the summer tourists. However, we continued west, stopping at most, if not all, stations between Speonk and Babylon.

Shortly, after departing Babylon, our train switched over onto the Central branch heading towards Hicksville and the Main Line. We were soon heading down the Main Line at full throttle. It was dark as we neared Jamaica, and we began to slow down a bit. We passed Hillside and Union Hall St. stations at a crawl, slowly but surely proceeding into Jamaica station. By now it was well after nine o'clock, and a long day was about to come to an end.

As everyone got off the train, we all looked a little weary. My Dad and I had one last leg to complete. We still had to get back to Lynbrook. We walked over to the platforms for the eastbound trains. We waited a little while, and soon a Lynbrook train arrived and within a few minutes we were home. It was after 10 o'clock.

What kind of a day had it been? Well, one that at that time, I thought was just another ordinary day, that was exciting and interesting, but nothing extra special. But as time went on, I soon realized that it was something special. I began to recollect all the events; the coffee break at Mastic, riding in the left seat of the locomotive, and of course the Cannonball highballing through Speonk. To some, this may not seem an exceptional day, but as time went by, I began to realize that these events and happenings would not leave my mind. My Dad has given me many good memories about a lot of things, but as far as the railroad is concerned, this day was most exceptional, and after sixty years I still remember it quite vividly.



***THE LIRR MODELER by Mike Boland******THIS MONTH'S FEATURE:  
LIRR BOOK REVIEW***

Fans of the LIRR and modelers of “The Route of The Dashing Commuter” have been treated well lately, with the books that have come out on the railroad. The two books from Morning Sun, although loaded with factual errors in their captions, have offered a plethora of interesting photographs that really capture the flavor and look of the LIRR. So it was a nice surprise to find a new book on the LIRR—specifically its Fairbanks-Morse diesel locomotives—that is both good and relatively inexpensive.

The book is “Remembering: Long Island Rail Road’s Fairbanks-Morse Era” by Gerard Bernet and is published by Double Take Productions, P. O. Box 4231, in Metuchen, New Jersey 08840-4231. Costing \$20, this is a great little book about some interesting locomotives that the LIRR used as first-generation diesel power, as it phased out its fleet of steam locomotives and finally withdrew them from service in 1955.

Fairbanks-Morse and its opposed piston power plant, which became quite famous powering U. S. Navy submarines during World War Two, was one of several manufacturers of steam locomotives that began to build diesel-electric locomotives as railroads slowly made the transition from steam to diesel.

The LIRR, which had its first diesel purchase back around 1925, began to purchase the new diesel-electrics, just like most other U. S. railroads and in 1946, the railroad bought its first Alco S1 switchers. The LIRR also bought diesel switchers from Baldwin.

Several years later, in 1949, the railroad was in bankruptcy, but was still making the conversion from steam to diesel. This book tells that story...the era of F-M locomotives on the LIRR. It began, as the book says, in the summer of 1950 with the arrival of eight 2,000 horsepower CPA 20-5 cab locomotives known as C-Liners, from the F-M Consolidation Line. These units were built for passenger service along with a single hood unit, an H16-44. In 1951, the LIRR bought four more cab units and these units were 2400 horsepower. Also, that year saw eight more H16-44 road switchers delivered. These road switchers saw passenger service primarily, but also pulled freight trains.

These units, used primarily in passenger service came in the very attractive Tichey paint scheme with slate gray body and off-white roof.

There was a nifty red-orange trim on the pilots and small condensed gothic LONG ISLAND lettering in white. In a neat touch, the C-Liners have massive white numbers similar to a battleship with black dropframe or shadows on their noses.



## *THE LIRR MODELER, continued... by Mike Boland*

Author Bernet, a newcomer to the group of LIRR authors but obviously a LIRR fan, tells the F-M diesel story on the LIRR very well although his writing style is somewhat clumsy and conversational. Nonetheless, the real treat of this book is the number of excellent photos—mainly in black and white—that perfectly capture the look of the LIRR when these locomotives were polishing the rails in both passenger and freight service.

LIRR fans will have a real treat with this 48-page book and modelers will be overjoyed with the photos, finding them a great source of information for these good-looking locomotives. (Isn't Lionel bringing out the H16-44s in the dark gray and orange paint scheme in both powered and dummy units very soon?) F-M units in the early Tichey paint scheme and the later very popular dark gray and orange ends scheme are both well-covered. And those color photos on the front and rear covers are to die for! The book obviously could have used more color photos but this would have no doubt increased the price of the book, making it more expensive.

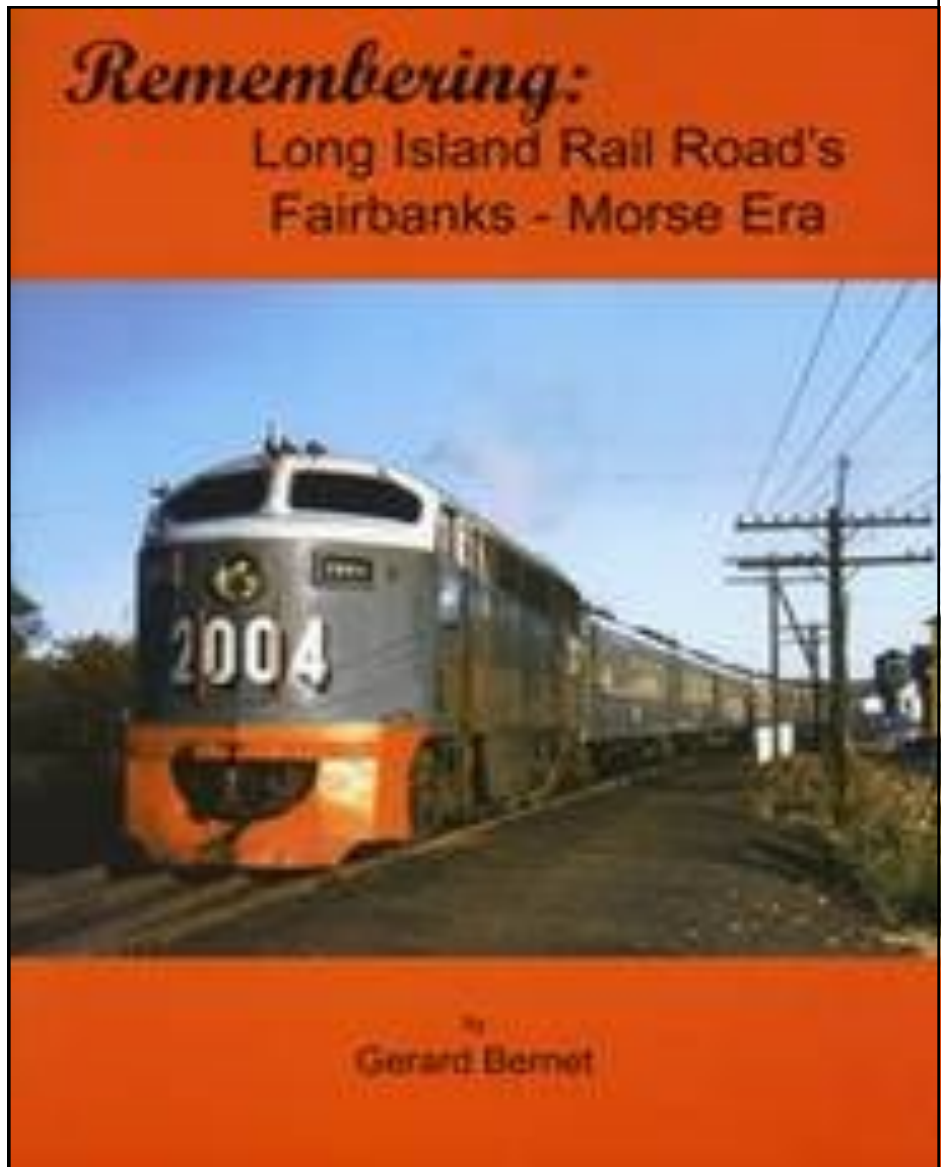
Many of the photos show F-M power with their consists, giving readers a very good idea of what LIRR trains looked like through the years.

A nice section of the book is devoted to "moving the mail" and covers the relatively-little-known subject very well.

"Remembering...." is a good book and should be on the shelf of all LIRR fans and modelers. It makes a great Christmas gift.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from the LIRR Modeler! We'll return next month—next year—to continue our series on Railbox freight cars.

Until then, happy modeling!



Long Island Sunrise Trail Chapter  
National Railway Historical Society  
Post Office Box 507  
Babylon, New York 11702-0507

---

*MERRY CHRISTMAS,  
HAPPY CHANUKAH  
AND HAPPY  
HOLIDAYS TO ALL!  
From LIST-NRHS*