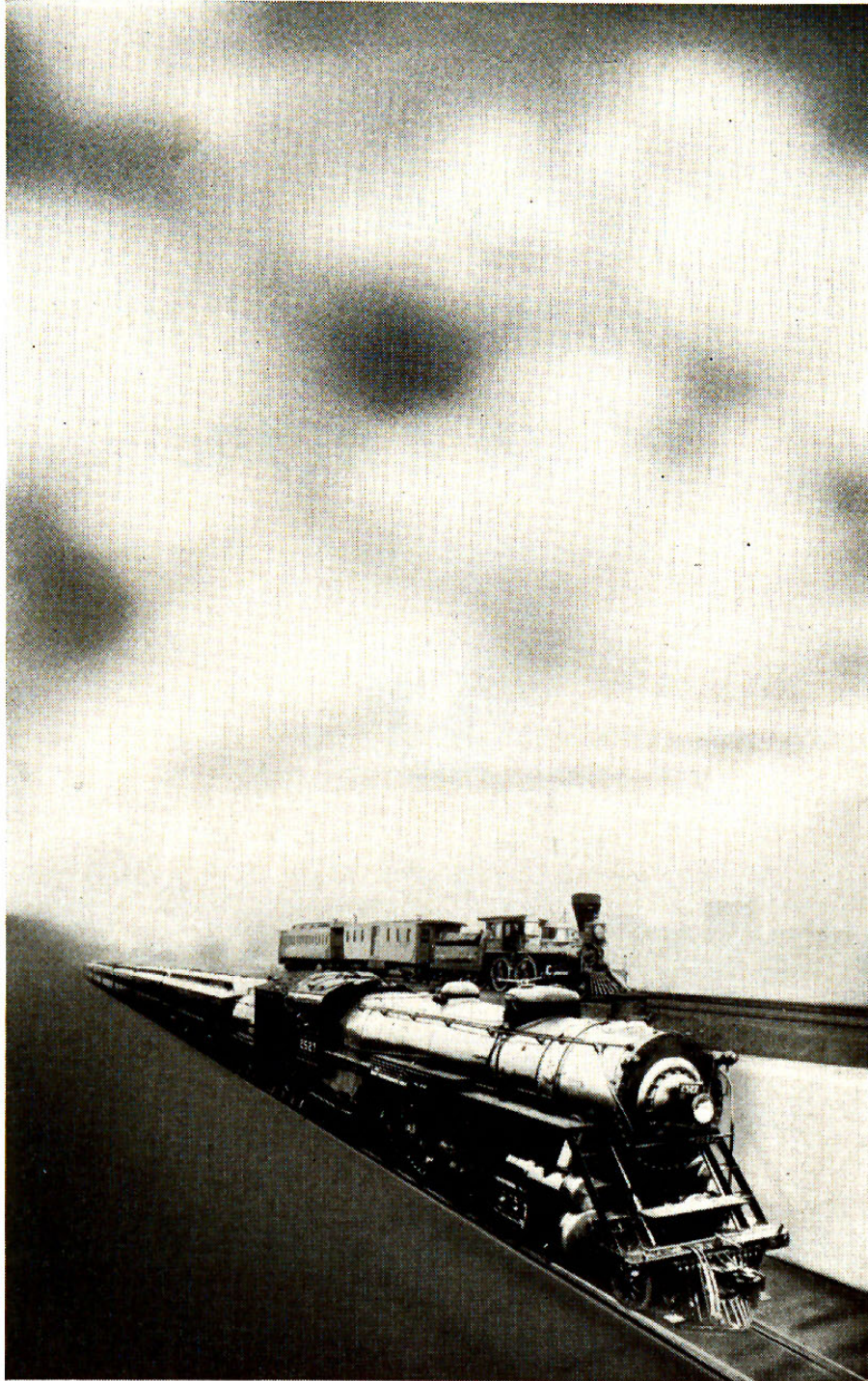


*The
Autobiography
of an Engine*



The Story of the William Crooks



The Wm. Crooks and one of its Big Brothers

The Autobiography of an Engine

AFTER nearly half a century of what I hope has been faithful service, I stand here, with fire-box cold and steam dome empty, an inert mass of wheels, trucks, tubes, and levers, an object lesson to the multitude; and to complete the lesson, by my side looms one of my biggest brothers. Together we watch the crowds come and go, and as I hear their comments upon his bigness and my littleness and old fashioned make, I am always interested, and often amused.

If I had any jealousy in my make-up which I am glad to say I haven't, or at least not very much, I might feel hurt at some of the things said, and hold a grudge against my big brother. But I have sense enough, I trust, to size up the situation properly and, accordingly, I get lots of fun out of it all.

The truth is, I am very proud of my big brother and he likes me. Because he is a big, hearty, strong, athletic youngster weighing ready for service 664,000 pounds he isn't in the least haughty or domineering. He is as generous as he is big and looks out for my interests every time.

"You're all right, Billy,"—he calls me "Billy," for short—"You're all right Billy," he says; "there's what these humans call evolution in machinery as well as in man, and you represent one stage of it and I another. You were on the top of the heap in your time, as I am now, for which neither of us is especially responsible, and 50 or 100 years from now there will be a third one to place alongside of us that will be as far ahead of me as I am now beyond you.

"So you see, there's no use of you being jealous of me or in my crowing over you, it's all in the game, as the people say; we are brothers just the same and we'll get all the fun and glory we can out of this thing. When it's over I will go back to hauling 'The Empire Builder' over the mountains and maybe they'll place you in one of those glass cases and sort of put a halo around you."

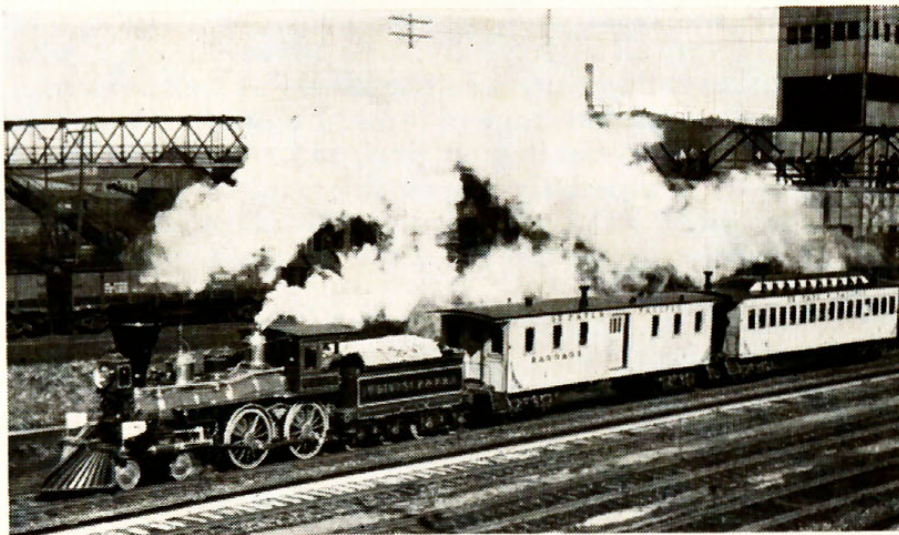
So, that's the way it is, and he and I are having a pretty good time.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of an ENGINE

But for me, there is yet another side to it. Many of the remarks I hear, especially some of those made by old engineers and mechanical men, have set me to *thinking*. I have moods of retrospection, when for hours at a time I think upon the past and pay no attention to anything or anybody and hardly notice what even the big fellow says to me. He don't quite understand it, of course. Big and fine and mighty as he is, he is only a "Kid," you know, and has no past to speak of. I think though that he has a sort of glimmering of what this all means to me, as he is very patient and considerate and humors my moods and fancies.

In thinking it all over I have determined to write a sort of a memorial story about myself, and why shouldn't I? They tell a story, and it is very interesting, too, about a locomotive called the "General" that is just about my size and style and I suspect may be some kin to me. He was at work in the South during the great Civil War just about the time I was set to work in the Northwest. His adventures, at least some of them, were very exciting.

To begin, then, at the beginning, I came from "Way down East" as I have heard men say. To be frank, I come



The William Crooks Engine No. 1 and the First Train in the State of Minnesota

near being a genuine "Down East Yankee," and yet I have often been referred to as a "foreigner." I was assembled and put together at Paterson, New Jersey, and surely that is in the United States. Why then should I be said to have come from a foreign country, when the days of my infancy were spent within a few miles of New York City?

At the time I was under construction, Paterson was a noted center of activity in locomotive building. I remember there was such a large family of us, of all ages and sizes, that I couldn't remember the names of one-half of them or whether I had ever met them before.

While there was a strong and unmistakable family resemblance among us, there was at the same time great individuality. Some were huge, long brawny fellows for that day, and intended for hard, heavy work. These bade ill to any bulls that might choose to dispute the way with them. Some of my sisters were handsome, shapely, dainty, and I am afraid were sometimes affected with a touch of vanity. Their arms, or rods, were nicely rounded and tapering; their limbs, or wheels, were sinewy yet graceful and supple; and their voices were very soft and soothing as compared with those of some of their brothers.

Our head-gear was very stylish for that day, large and top-heavy and they would seem very funny now, as doubtless mine does; some of us, too, were fairly resplendent in rouge and yellow trimmings.

My designers and constructors were Smith & Jackson and they brought me out in 1861. In those days engines were constructed largely by hand and every wheel and rod, bolt and rivet, angle and pipe, lever and pin about me was cast or forged from the best stuff obtainable. If it hadn't been this tale would never have been told after nearly fifty years of hard work.

My driving wheels are 63 inches in diameter, my cylinders are 12 by 22 inches in size, and, all ready for work, I tip the scales at 36,000 pounds on my drivers. Now note the difference between one of my big brothers, No. 2575, who hauls the "Empire Builder" and me. His wheels are 80 inches in diameter and he weighs on his drivers, 247,300

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of an ENGINE

pounds, or nearly seven times what I do. But, just remember, that he has to haul heavy steel passenger trains over the mountains, while I was meant for short, fast passenger runs on the level prairies.

He can outpull me all right, but I believe I can outrun him; at any rate, I can start even with him and be a mile up the track before he really wakes up and gets his wheels to turning fast. We have tried that several times and had lots of fun out of it. Big 2575 is as proud of my agility as I am of his great strength.

My recollections of my infantile days are very hazy. About all I can recall is that there was a great deal of noisy hammering and heavy lifting. When I was finally taken to the paint shop to be touched up and made presentable the quiet was a great relief. It was here that I learned that my name, painted on each side of my cab, was "WM. CROOKS," and that I was also to have a secondary name, "No. 1." In those days the numbers didn't count for much, it was the other name that was important. Sometimes it was the name of a person, again that of a town, but it was a name with a meaning to it and locomotives then possessed an individuality that numbers never give. I may be prejudiced but I like the old way the better.

When "WM. CROOKS" was painted on my cab, I wondered what it meant and who the real "WM. CROOKS" was, but I had to wait until I reached St. Paul before I ascertained.

When the preliminary touches to my home education were ended and I had been tried and tested and drilled in all manner of engine ways, I was pronounced fit to go forth to make my way and reputation in the railway world.

While I was ambitious to get to work and anxious to show my mettle, it was hard to leave my familiar surroundings and my friends at Paterson and strike out alone and friendless into a far off region.

This long slow journeying into the new Northwest taught me many things and was a valuable experience.

At length I reached the end of my rail trip at La Crosse, Wisconsin, having passed through a place called Chicago, on a big lake, and which I believe has since become a won-

derful city. La Crosse was on a large river, but it was a small town and there were so many steamboats tied along the bank and going and coming that I couldn't count them.

While there were many white people here, there were also some of a kind I had never before seen. These were called Indians. They went about with skins and bright colored blankets wrapped about them and their jet black hair was done up in braids. Their reddish brown faces were so painted that sometimes they looked hideous or grotesque.

After a good deal of trouble, I was run out and onto a barge on the river and this was attached to one of the steamers. From La Crosse I was taken in this way by the steamboat to St. Paul, Minnesota.

That ride up the Mississippi River I shall always remember. I was tired from my long trip across the country and it seemed good and was very restful to be slowly going up the big river without any motion or effort of my own. I remained quietly on the barge and saw the fine scenery, the passing boats as the latter swept down the stream, watched the loading and unloading at the river landings, and heard so much about the Northwest that I almost felt like an old settler before I reached St. Paul.

There were Indians everywhere, on shore and in their light birch bark canoes on the waters.

Well, after several days and nights of constant travel up the Father of Waters as they called it, we reached St. Paul. The town was not very large and was scattered along the river bluffs.

It was so named from a log chapel, or church, called St. Paul's Chapel, built on a hill overlooking the city many years before.

When the whistle of the steamer announced our approach a great many people could be seen hastening down to the levee. I soon learned that I was the occasion of much of this gathering and as soon as I was seen upon the barge, a shout went up. I was not, in what I trust was a becoming modesty, expecting such a reception and was of course much pleased by it. What stranger in a strange land would not be? As soon as the steamer was made fast at



William Crooks, Colonel Sixth Regiment,
Minnesota Volunteers, 1862

the levee, men and women swarmed onto the barge and began an inspection of my humble self. They all seemed pleased at my arrival, made complimentary remarks about my appearance, and arrangements were at once made to remove me from the barge to the railway tracks.

Among the men who most carefully examined me was William Crooks, who I now learned was the Chief Engineer of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad upon which I was to run.

I was much interested in the man for whom I, the first locomotive in Minnesota, was named, and was glad that he was pleased with me.

I learned from time to time of Mr. Crooks' antecedents and family and was proud to know that I was, by my name connected, as men say, historically, with an important episode in the history and development of the Pacific Northwest. His father was Ramsay Crooks, who crossed the continent with the Astorian party in 1810 and he, William Crooks I mean, later distinguished himself in the Sioux uprisings and in Minnesota politics.

The date of my arrival at St. Paul was September 9, 1861. That day and for several succeeding days I was the center of a continuous reception. I really felt quite proud of myself.

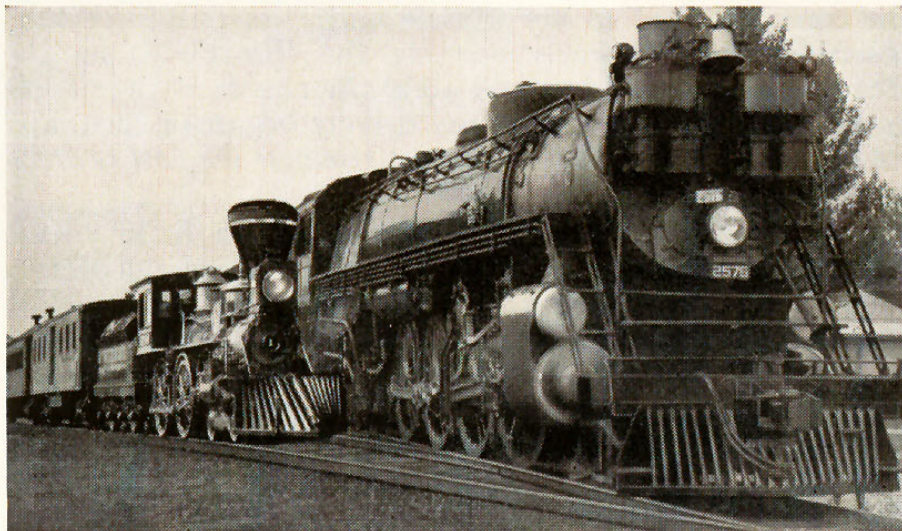
It was a good deal of a job transferring me from the barge to the rails and a large crowd watched the operation. It required a large amount of pulling by men and horses but it

G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y

was finally accomplished. I felt almost chagrined that, owing to my somewhat dismantled condition just then, I was utterly unable to exert a pound of my strength to assist in this work.

But at last I was at my destination and resting on my own drivers on the rails. I was anxious to get to work and turn my wheels and exult in my strength, that of the first locomotive in Minnesota.

Notwithstanding the warmth and unanimity of my welcome to the picturesque bluffs and wide prairies of St. Paul and Minnesota, it developed that through somebody's lack of foresight no lodging place had been prepared for me. For a night or two I was left to the mercies or otherwise, of whatever rigorous zephyrs from the Hudson's Bay region might be frisking about the prairies. But, fortune was kind, the breezes were gentle and mild and, besides, in my ride up the river I had become quite acclimated to the region. In the meantime a rude sort of protection was hastily formed from railroad ties and a roof of planks thrown across them. As I made no complaint regarding this makeshift roundhouse, I was allowed—I really hate to state the fact but I must declare the truth—to remain there all winter. It was pretty nipping cold some nights during that



The Wm. Crooks and Its Big Brother, No. 2575

winter to a newcomer, but I managed to go through without a whimper. Not a bolt broke or a band cracked although the contraction was something fearful it seemed to me, without any fire or steam to help me stand it.

Finally I was all put together, pilot and smokestack were in place, dirt and grease rubbed off, all the bearings and journals oiled, the brass parts polished, a fire was burning in my fire-box, and the steam circulating through my iron veins. And it certainly did feel good. When all was ready I was started up the track which ran for some distance on a pile trestle and then for a good ways at a steep grade by the side of a trout brook. I did my best and seemed to meet all the expectations of my owners.

For several months there was little for me to do. The cars that I was to haul failed to arrive before navigation on the river closed for the season. This train of passenger cars reached St. Paul on the steamer Key City, June 28, 1862, and it was taken off the boat at once. The fire was started in my furnace and before long the steam was hissing from my cylinders and escape valves.

On the afternoon of that same day—glory! will I ever forget it—I was backed up to the cars and then they were loaded full and running over with people; my master pulled the rope attached to my whistle and I let out three long blasts—and then slowly opening the throttle to let the steam into my cylinders and amid the cheers of the people and a great waving of hats my drivers began to turn, and *the first trainload of passengers was run over the first railroad in Minnesota.*

Ten miles away across the prairie was a little village called St. Anthony. It was also on the bank of the Mississippi River, at the point where the whole river goes tumbling pell-mell, hurly-burly, over a precipice. The town was named from this fall—St. Anthony, which name was given to the fall by a wandering Franciscan priest, Father Hennepin, in 1680, in honor of his patron saint. The good father had been captured by the Indians and was with them on a great buffalo hunt, when he discovered this cataract and named it. Soon afterwards he was rescued by a friend

named Du Luth. Hennepin's name was given to the county in which the fall is found and Du Luth had a little town on Lake Superior named after him. The town, St. Anthony, before many years, became known as Minneapolis and it is now a very large city, and it is the same way with Duluth—it, too, has become a very important city.

Well! here I have almost run off the track of my story—the first trip, haven't I? I can't help it—all these old stories and tales, that I have heard so many times, come crowding back in my memory as I wobble on, as it were, and if I run off the main track onto a siding now and then, you must remember that it has become a second nature with me.

But now we are on the main line again, and I tell you that first trip to St. Anthony, for that is where we started for, was a corker all right. My joints were not limbered up much, the grade was steep for half the way—and it is yet let me remark—and the train was a heavy one. Then, too, my fireman and engineer were new to me and I to them. But we three got along all right and by hard, steady work reached the top of the grade—there's a Methodist college right there now—and then it was fun the rest of the way. The engineer, my first one, named Gardner, let me out as much as he dared and my drivers did some lively turning before he pulled my whistle and gave a long and loud salute that those prairies and falls had never heard before.

And the Indians—I'll never forget them until I am "scrapped," if I ever am. They didn't know what to make of the long fire wagon. They stood a long way off here and there and watched us, half scared to death, as we pulled along. When the whistle blew they and their ponies went tearing off over the prairie as if their evil spirit of whom they were so afraid was come among them. The engineer gave a few extra toots that added to their fear and how long they kept going no one knows, but they remained away from the track and train for many days afterwards.

All St. Anthony and people, white and Indians, from all parts of the country, had gathered to see and greet us and I was given another fine reception, and all in all it was a great day.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY *of an* ENGINE

Besides Wm. Crooks there were men on that first train who then were, or afterwards became, noted in the history of the Northwest and this country. Among the names that now come back to me after all these years are those of Sibley, Ramsey, the Governor, Rice, Drake, who built the railroad, Becker, DeGraff, Kittson, Hill, Merriam, Smith, Burbank and Blakeley. And there were many others.

This first trip was on June 28, and on July 2, 1862, the first regular train service began.

Naturally, two days later, on July 4, I was very busy and put in a hard day's work pulling excursion trains.

Railroads were not managed then as they are now. In those days a little road like ours was a sort of a family affair and everything was done in a free and easy way.

We had some rich experiences but I can stop to refer to but a few.

Good fuel was hard to get. I was what was called a wood burner and required good dry wood to keep up the steam so that I could properly do my work.

Sometimes the wood was so green that there was almost as much steam in my fire-box as there was in my boiler, the engineers used to say.

In the winter time we had the most trouble. After the road was extended up the Mississippi Valley very often a heavy snowstorm would come on when we were out on the prairie. My tender held only two cords of wood and this often gave out before we could reach another wood pile. Then we would have to stop the train and men would take down the fences along the track and we used them for fuel, the company rebuilding the fences the next summer. At one time they tried a sort of a peat found near St. Paul but it wouldn't make steam worth a cent.

The train schedule was not a sacred thing in those days. Why we thought nothing of stopping anywhere to let a hunting or fishing party off or on, or even, sometimes, a picnic or a berrying party.

As a usual thing we made from 15 to 25 miles an hour, but when it was necessary, I could rustle along the rails at a mile a minute and do it easily. Once, when I was in

G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y

charge of Engineer Pete Olson we made ten miles in seven minutes. The engine drivers all liked me. My driving wheels were high for my size and I was a "good steamer" and a very easy riding engine.

I was very lucky in one respect; I had few serious accidents. The first one was when a vain and foolish but ambitious steer tried to butt me off the tracks. I butted the harder and threw him off onto the prairie at one side. In the mix-up, however, I lost my own balance and rolled into the mud at the other side. While I couldn't well help it I was ashamed of my mishap and was a sight to see.

I was soon put on the rails and at work again though, the possessor of added experience. The steer made a feast for the Indians.

My saddest experience came in 1868. In some way the roundhouse caught fire. I was all alone and had no steam up to signal with and when my plight was discovered to be a serious one it was too late to get me out. So I had to stay there while the fire grew hotter and hotter and when it was all over there wasn't much left of me it was thought at first. But I had grit and Smith & Jackson had done a good job and there was a good deal of salvage after all.

Just at that time a man came to us from another railroad and to him was given the task of rebuilding me. His name was Al. Smith. Al. and I took to each other from the start. He was very sympathetic, handled me gently, talked to me a good deal, and rebuilt me as good as new and when the work was all done they installed him as my engineer. We have been hard and fast friends ever since.

Just to let you know what damage that fire did, it cost \$12,500 to put me in condition to work again.

With Al. Smith as my engine driver, or engineer, my life went on in a regular locomotive sort of way without much of an eventful sort to enliven it.

I hauled the little passenger train up and down the road day and week and month and year in and out through all kinds of weather. Now and then we had a diversion in a race with one or more deer that in those days frequented the wide prairies.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY *of an* ENGINE



The Wm. Crooks, one of the 2500's and one of the latest Electric Locomotives now used in the Cascade Mountains.

I saw many changes come to the country. People steadily came in and settled on farms and made new towns. Many of these pioneer folk went far beyond the limits of my run. Business increased and I soon had a good many brothers and sisters to help me and I was glad of it for I had at first been rather lonely at times.

Of course as the years passed changes of many sorts came to the country, the road and to me. In 1879, the road passed into other hands and became the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, and this name was again changed in 1890 when the line became a part of the Great Northern Railway Company.

With these changes the railroad was greatly expanded, lines being built into Northern Minnesota, North Dakota, Manitoba, Wisconsin, and South Dakota and finally across Montana, Idaho, and Washington to the Pacific Coast as a transcontinental line. The moving spirit in these new organizations and expansions was Mr. James J. Hill.

Mr. Hill had for many years been connected with the transportation business in the Northwest and foresaw a

G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y

great future for it and for this system, particularly, if it was properly conducted. With the old St. Paul & Pacific Company as a basis he developed one of the greatest railway systems in the world.

And as for the country itself—who that saw it in those early days of the sixties would ever have imagined that it would become the wonderful Northwest Empire that it now is? Now there are towns and cities where there weren't even farms and villages when I began chasing deer up the track and scaring Indians.

As the business grew and heavier and more powerful engines were required for the long passenger trains, I, of course, was relegated to other and special work.

My prestige as "No. 1" I have always retained. When wood became scarce and coal was substituted for it for fuel, my grates were changed and I became a coal burner. I never have liked the black, dirty, sooty stuff and I yet remember with pleasure my old wood burning days.

Among the special duties to which I was assigned, one was that of hauling the pay car over the road, and this was always a pleasant duty. The men on the road were always glad to see me when I had that car in tow. Another task was to draw the special cars of various officials on their inspection and other trips. In this way I have run over many miles of track of the Great Northern System. I have raced across the prairies in high glee, followed the windings of the great rivers, threaded the narrow and deep canyons where the mountain streams roared loudly beside me, have breathed the pure fresh air from the tops of the Rockies and Cascades after puffing and tugging heavily up the toilsome grades. I have seen the brown valleys and hillsides grow green and beautiful following a refreshing rain, have trailed for mile after mile through wonderful gardens of nature's own wild flowers, brilliant in hue and bending gracefully as they were gently kissed by the playful upland breeze, and have seen the grey, ashen desert of yesterday miraculously change into the purpled green alfalfa of today, through the magical wand of irrigation.

On the vast silent prairie land I have watched the god of day as it rose in glorious majesty and splendor, and have

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of an ENGINE

flashed back to it warm messages of greeting. By the quiet shores of the great landlocked Puget Sound, I have seen that same sun god sink slowly to rest in the bosom of the heaving ocean leaving a trail of ineffable light and grandeur behind.

I know that men, generally, cannot understand how we machines can enjoy and appreciate things like this, but we have our own way of enjoying them and Smith, Olson, Morrison, Benson and many others of my old partners will vouch for what I say.

In time I drifted to the Montana and Washington country where I was engaged in all sorts of odd jobs. These afforded me a great variety of occupations and experiences, none of 'em, to speak of, that were disagreeable.

Along about 1900, the beginning of the new century, it seemed as if things had changed so greatly that there wasn't much left for me to do. So I was quietly run into a retired corner of the yard and left to ruminate upon the lives and vicissitudes of locomotives.

And now I must tell of the reunion as I call it. It was in 1908, and is perhaps the proudest part of all my career.

Chairman J. J. Hill was approaching his 70th birthday. The old boys determined to give him a dinner at Lake Minnetonka. When I overheard some of them talking about it it made me feel mighty blue for I was 2,000 miles away, out of commission, practically forgotten, and yet I felt as if I was one of 'em if anybody or anything was, and I wanted to be there. I was pretty forlorn.

One morning to my surprise, the foreman and others came hurrying over to my corner of the yard. And I soon found that the "Wm. Crooks," old "No. 1" was the object of their anxiety. They climbed all over and about me and examined me as closely as if I was going to take out a policy of life insurance at my time of life.

It didn't take long to learn that when Chairman Hill heard about the dinner he inquired if I had been invited to the feast.

When he found out where I was, what I *wasn't* doing, and several other things, he gave 'em to understand that

there wouldn't be any dinner or other festivities unless I, the only and original "No. 1," mind you, "Wm. Crooks," was there to haul the crowd from St. Paul to the lake.

What do you think of that?

I've heard about the first being last and the last being first, but it looked to me as if I was both of them just about that time. I was "it" sure enough.

Well, bless you, I was pulled back to St. Paul in a hurry, and Morrison and Smith and a lot more of my old pals went at it to renovate me and tidy me up. Some of the later giant engines, when they saw me shunted into the yards, were inclined to smile and pass funny remarks at my expense.

But it didn't last long.

Smith and the others made a few plain remarks themselves and when these newer engines learned the story they did the handsome thing and paid me all the honor and deference possible. I was fixed up in fine shape and when the time came I rolled slowly down to the same old Union Station, under the careful handling of Smith, and was attached to my train. And how natural it all seemed again after the many years of absence.

After reaching the station it was hard to tell whether it was the anniversary of Chairman Hill or old "No. 1."

There was a crowd of my old friends there and mighty glad I was to see them again. Almost the first one to greet me was Mr. Hill himself and with him was his wife, and they both had to ride part way to the lake in my cab.

At last we pulled out and it was a picnic. It made me think of that old day in 1862, when I made the first trip.

Smith remembered just how to handle me, Morrison fired as if he was back in his prime, and that I hadn't forgotten my cunning they soon found out.

Some of them were afraid I couldn't make the grade and had arranged for a sturdy young switch engine to follow along and assist if necessary. There wasn't any "necessary" about it; "Wm. Crooks" was right there just as he had been 46 years before. I may not exactly have renewed my

AUTOBIOGRAPHY *of an* ENGINE

youth but I felt very frisky in my wheels all the same, and took that train along just as I had done a thousand times before.

When we reached the top of the grade we stopped and Mr. Ingersoll, a photographer who knew me well and had ridden behind me many times, took a photograph of us. I was so covered up with men and flowers and bunting as to scarcely be recognizable.

Then we went on, through old St. Anthony and Minneapolis to dear, beautiful Minnetonka, where we spent the day and had a great time.

I overheard Smith say to Mr. Hill that he understood I was now about to be "scrapped." The chairman replied with some feeling: "No. I will not be scrapped as long as I am around." This upset me so completely that I started to slip my drivers but caught myself at once. I think Al. Smith noticed it although he never said a word.

Well, I think, perhaps, that I have told the most of my story.

So here's good-bye to you all. I am enjoying myself here like a youngster on his first trip and pulling a limited behind him at 60 miles an hour.

As the Indians used to say at their big councils in Minnesota when each had ended his speech, "I have finished."

POSTSCRIPT

April 30, 1939. I am writing this at the New York World's Fair, which will be opened officially late this month. This is my second visit East since I wrote, "I have finished."

My first Eastern trip was in 1927, when I took part in the parades and pageantry of the Fair of the Iron Horse at Baltimore, sponsored by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in celebration of the 100th Anniversary of the first railroad in America.

I went to that Fair hauling two cars—replicas of the coaches I hauled way back in the Civil War days of 1862. They had wooden seats, wood burning stoves, and candles. For passengers we had forty Blackfeet Indians from the Glacier Park country, including that famous character,

Chief Two Guns White Calf. Of course, we had some Great Northern officials and officers from the Blackfeet reservation. That was a glorious trip, down to Chicago, along the picturesque Mississippi River, over the Burlington Route; then eastward over the Baltimore & Ohio System. We made stops going East at Akron, Cleveland, Youngstown, Pittsburgh, Cumberland, Harpers Ferry, Washington, D. C., Baltimore, and returning at Philadelphia, Jersey City, New York, Wheeling, W. Va., Parkersburg, W. Va., Columbus, Washington Court House, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Springfield, St. Louis and Chicago.

J. Maher drove me — as fine an engineer as ever handled a throttle. (John's brothers, Frank and William, were also Great Northern engineers. The three Maher brothers had a combined service of 160 years on our railroad before retiring.) John used to go out on trips with our "Empire Builder," James J. Hill.

After we returned to St. Paul late that year, I settled down in the Jackson Street Shops at St. Paul. I kept in touch with what was going on by visiting with the big locomotives that haul our crack trans-continental train, "The Empire Builder," between Chicago and the Pacific Coast via Glacier Park.

A few weeks ago I got all polished up for this trip to the New York World's Fair of 1939. We rolled down along the Mississippi River over the smooth Burlington tracks, and they had movie cameramen, radio broadcasters, newspaper reporters and photographers to record my meeting with one of the Burlington diesel-powered Zephyrs. From Chicago we went East over the Erie Railroad, with stops at many cities where crowds came to see me. At Paterson, N. J., where I was born in the Smith & Jackson shops in 1861, I was greeted by Mr. William M. Smith, son of the Smith of the old locomotive firm. That was quite a sentimental homecoming. I was the main attraction of a civic celebration. More than 20,000 persons, railroad men, locomotive builders, old-timers and civic leaders of Paterson came to bid me welcome to my birthplace; bands greeted my arrival and the city was gaily bedecked for my homecoming.

Leaving Paterson, I took my second water trip up the Hudson River on a barge with New York City's sky-line in the distance.

I get a kick out of the fact that the young engineers didn't know just how to handle me. It's my lubricating system that fools 'em. I like my oil heated in a certain way. I don't like cold oil. Well, the young fellows weren't wise to that, and so the big boss in St. Paul got John Maher out of retirement and sent him on to take charge of me at Marion, Ohio. John and I had a good time coming to our second eastern Fair together.

It looks like I'll have to stay here until this Fair is over—but honestly, I'd like to play hookey long enough to pay a visit to the Golden Gate International Exposition at San Francisco.

I used to think of retiring. Now I feel that life grows more interesting every year and I'm very much interested in The World of Tomorrow, which is the theme of this World's Fair.

SOLILOQUY

Well, these new engines have me licked on size and speed and power and looks—but I did my job and it was a job they will never be asked to do. They will be nursed and tuned and petted in great shops. I had to take a squirt of oil when I could get it. They will run by the smooth power of Diesel motors. I made my own steam and made it from wood cut while riflemen watched the woods for Indians.

I have done things these big fellows never will have a chance to do. I have hauled rails on which my own wheels were to run another day's journey toward the sunset.

I have been part of a great job—the job of building the country that is now so big that it needs the big engines. I helped to build and pay for many a homestead that began with a sod house on the prairie and wound up with 14 rooms, an oil burner and a mortgage.

They were great days in which I lived. These days are great, too, but in a different way. I'll just stand here and watch. I have worked long enough to earn a rest.

G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y

The Locomotives That Haul the "Empire Builder"

The most powerful fleet of locomotives in the world haul the "Empire Builder" on their journeys between Chicago and the cities of the Pacific Northwest. For the trip between terminals 9 changes of engines are necessary, 8 burning oil and 1 using electricity for power.

There are two kinds of electric motor-generator locomotives in use, one being the single unit type and the other the double cab type.

To the 2500 class a new type of oil burner has been added; this is the 2575 series or Montana type, a heavier and more powerful locomotive, designed especially for service on the line through Marias Pass in the Rocky Mountains.

Below are comparative figures of the old Wm. Crooks engine, the modern oil-burning and electric locomotives

	Engine No. 1 Wm. Crooks	Engine No. 2575, New Type Passenger Engine	Engine No. 2550 New Mountain Type Passenger Engine	Engine No. 5010, Single-Unit Motor-Generator Electric Locomotive	Engine No. 5004-5004A & B, Two-Unit Motor-Generator Electric Locomotive
Type	Standard	Montana	Montana		
Wheel Arrangement	ooOO	ooOOOOoo	ooOOOOoo	oOOOOOOo	oOOOOooOOOOo
Weight on Drivers	36,000 lbs.	247,300 lbs.	270,600 lbs.	410,680 lbs.	550,000 lbs.
Total Weight	102,000 lbs.	750,500 lbs.	843,300 lbs.	518,000 lbs.	715,000 lbs.
Tractive Power	5,000 lbs.	58,300 lbs.	68,500 lbs.	123,000 lbs.	165,000 lbs.
Steam Pressure	120 lbs.	225 lbs.	250 lbs.		
Capacity of Tender—Water	2,500 gals.	17,250 gals.	22,000 gals.		
Length over all	51 ft.	103 ft. 3 in.	107 ft. 2 in.	73 ft. 9 in.	94 ft. 4 in.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.	595 5th Ave. at 48th St.
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SIoux FALLS, S. D.	504 East 8th St.
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