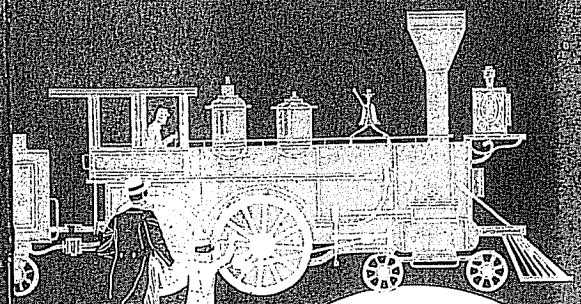
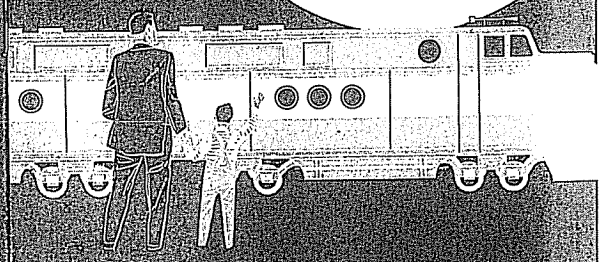
ohio
sesqui-
centennial
1803·1953

AKRON, CANTON & YOUNGSTOWN
BALTIMORE & OHIO • BESSEMER & LAKE ERIE
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO
DETROIT, TOLEDO & IRONTON • ERIE
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
NICKEL PLATE • NORFOLK & WESTERN
PENNSYLVANIA • PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
PITTSBURGH & WEST VIRGINIA
SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM • WABASH



The Story of Ohio's Railroads



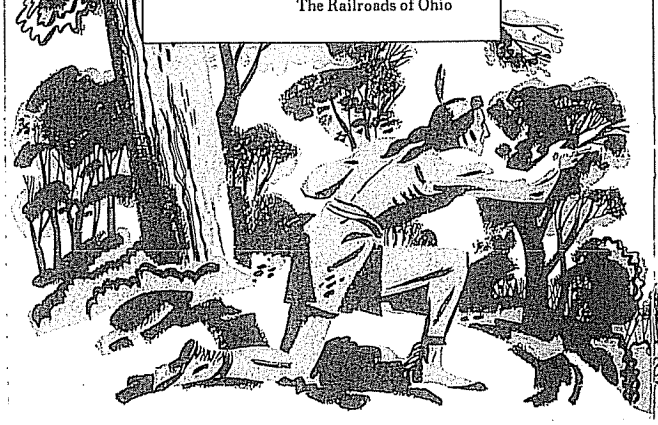
The railroads serving the State of Ohio (see back cover) publish this booklet to join in doing honor to this great State in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Year of its history.

Grateful acknowledgement is made for the help of the historian of early Ohio railroads, Dr. Walter Rumsey Marvin of Columbus.

The development of a single rail system is a colorful and complex history. Many of us have published ours, in book or other form. So, here we present a few highlights.

We trust, however, that running through these vignettes the reader will detect a thread of continuity—of how the railroads grew with Ohio, and of how they helped our State to grow.

The Railroads of Ohio



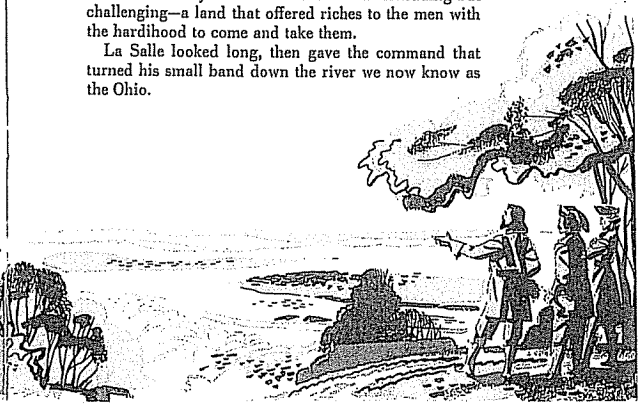
THIS SPLENDID CORRIDOR . . .

A stealthy hand reached out and moved aside the branch that hung low and wet. The Mingo scout watched as the white men climbed the ridge. He noted carefully every detail of these strange intruders, then vanished into the forest with a message of foreboding for his tribe. If these few had come, others might follow . . . and more . . . and more . . .

The face of the white leader was gaunt. His companions stood aside, silent and surly, as he reached the top. Two long years lay behind . . . two years of dangerous travel from the settlement of Montreal . . . hardship which seemed small, however, as the leader's eyes swept the panorama below.

For René-Robert Cavalier Sieur de la Salle on his hilltop in 1669, there was the incomparable thrill of discovery . . . the great river below . . . the forests . . . the rolling plains . . . this splendid corridor, between the lake on the north and the river on the south. He could imagine, and others would prove the wealth in the great hardwood forests, in the fertility of the soil, and the minerals that lay beneath. It was a land forbidding but challenging—a land that offered riches to the men with the hardihood to come and take them.

La Salle looked long, then gave the command that turned his small band down the river we now know as the Ohio.



LAND FOR VETERANS

Frank Mason reined his sweating horse at the edge of the clearing, and his wagon creaked to a halt. It was hardly a metropolis, this handful of cabins. They were clustered for protection, and there were the beginnings of a stockade against raiding redskins from the north. Barrels and a bale of skins in front of one cabin marked the trading post and center of community life. Public worship was held under a spreading oak whenever the circuit-riding preacher could make it. Each frontier woman was of necessity a midwife; the nearest doctor was in Marietta, six days away.

On the wagon were all of Frank Mason's earthly possessions: flintlock and powder, broadaxe, a few simple tools and household items, a crate with a pair of pigs and—a luxury from Fort Duquesne which was putting on airs, calling itself Pittsburg—a pane of glass for the home he was to hew from logs. Oilskin-wrapped and strapped against his skin was the document that had brought him on the long journey from Connecticut, across Pennsylvania and by flatboat down the Ohio: a warrant for one hundred acres in the Northwest Territory. Mason was here to claim the land with which Congress, poor in cash but rich in newly-acquired wilderness land, had rewarded him for fighting the British.

Other veterans with less stomach for the rigors of frontier travel had sold their warrants to the eastern land speculators for as little as ten, twenty and thirty cents an acre. But with grim singleness of purpose Mason wanted the land—to clear it, to till it, and perhaps one day to find himself a wife to live on it with him, to share his work and to bear his children.

A larger vision came to Mason as he clucked his horse forward over the rutted homestretch. The day would come . . . he would help make it come . . . when there would be better roads, or canals, or even other methods by which a man could get his animals and his produce to market, and bring back the things he needed to build a better home.

It was Mason and his hardy kind who carved the State of Ohio out of the wilderness that was the Northwest Territory.

RAPID TRANSIT: 1802

Thomas Worthington pulled his hat tightly over his mop of red hair, lowered his head against the driving December snow and headed his horse for Washington. Behind him fingers of smoke from the cabins of Chillicothe beckoned an invitation to tarry. But history rode with him . . . tightly wrapped in his saddlebag was Ohio's newly-signed Constitution . . . and history was in a hurry.

Before him stretched some 320 crowflight miles that would lengthen to many more as man and horse fought the blizzard: Zane's Trace, deeply-rutted where frozen, otherwise a ribbon of mud where one could do better by plunging through the underbrush . . . streams which could be forded if not too badly swollen, and rivers crossed by hand-poled ferries . . . lice-infested taverns . . . hilly miles beyond the town of Wheeling where one's

boots filled with icy water . . . past Cumberland . . . and finally the Potomac Valley, leading down to the frozen streets of the nation's new Capital.

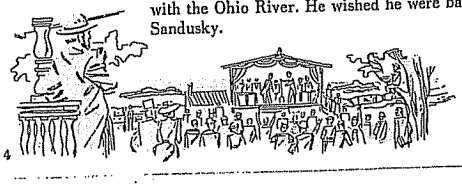
He was an "upstart from Virginia", this brash 26-year-older, but no man disputed that he had a way of getting things done. A year before he had prevailed upon Congress to adopt the Enabling Act which opened the door to Statehood for Ohio.

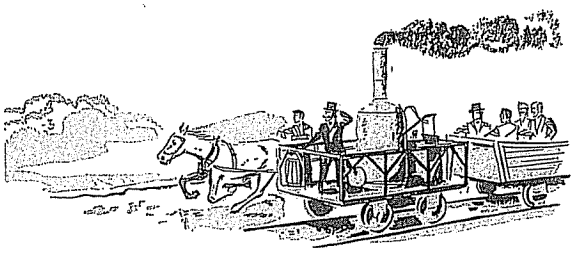
Worthington made it in 14 days—notable time for midwinter. (Passenger train time today is seven hours.) Complaining loudly of the cold, he first presented himself to his friend President Thomas Jefferson at the White House, then made directly for the halls of Congress with the Constitution of the State-to-be. Within a few weeks he had goaded and guided the necessary legislation into being. Then the redhead who was to become one of Ohio's first two U. S. senators and its sixth governor saddled his horse and headed westward and homeward along the National Road.

The fruits of his labors preceded him. When on March 16, 1803 he took his seat in the new Legislature at Marietta . . . Ohio had been a State for 16 days.

LET THEM KEEP THEIR CANAL . . .

It was the Fourth of July, 1825, and Newark was bursting with people—eight thousand of them—and pride. On the edge of the great crowd Matthew Brown stood apart. In him there was no holiday spirit as Governor De Witt Clinton of New York bowed to Governor Jeremiah Morrow of Ohio and launched his oration. Nor did he join in the cheers when the first spadeful of earth was turned for the Ohio Canal that was to unite Lake Erie with the Ohio River. He wished he were back home in Sandusky.





"GOING TO HELL IN A HACK"

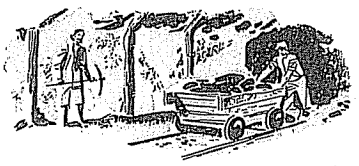
News was also coming over the mountains to Ohio of Colonel John Stevens, a colorful Revolutionary veteran who was outraging public opinion by proclaiming that a steam engine might one day move with a velocity of 100 miles per hour. Stevens answered his critics by building an experimental locomotive which he ran in 1825 on a circular track on his estate in Hoboken, New Jersey, and he earned himself the title of "Father of the American Railroads."

Then there were other "firsts" in the late 1820's and early 1830's: the first locomotive to run on a standard railroad in the United States, the British-built Stourbridge Lion . . . the colorful test run of Peter Cooper's diminutive Tom Thumb against a horse-drawn rail car near Relay, Maryland, in 1830 . . . the Christmas morning in 1830 when The Best Friend of Charleston, the South Carolina Railroad's spit-and-polish locomotive, drew a trainload of first citizens on America's first ride in successful commercial service . . . and the Mohawk and Hudson's wood-burning DeWitt Clinton, which chuffed the 16 miles from Albany to Schenectady, N. Y., in August, 1831.

It was at Charleston that a phrase was born which was for many years to epitomize the opposition to the railroads. Said one of a group of boatmen who had gathered, without enthusiasm, to witness the demonstration: "Look at them, going to hell in a hack!"

Sandusky had just lost out to Cleveland in a grim legislative battle over the location of the northern terminus of the canal, and Matthew Brown and his fellow-Sanduskians were plunged in gloom.

"Let them celebrate," Brown muttered. "One of these days Sandusky will build something that will put their noses out of joint . . . maybe one of these rail-roads like they're just starting over in England, with a steam engine on wheels to pull it. The papers say it goes 12 miles an hour. That would be three times as fast as a canal boat. Even allowing for exaggeration, that ought to be fast enough to put Cleveland's canal out of business."



JUST WHAT IS A RAILROAD?

The news from overseas which Matthew Brown had read in the Ohio newspapers told of the inauguration of the world's first public passenger railroad in England in 1825. Eleven years earlier an imaginative Briton, George Stephenson, had constructed a steam engine which turned the wheels on which it was mounted and which he now used to pull flat cars with passengers. The riders were awed by the experience.

But there were earlier railroads: arrangements by which a vehicle, singly or in train, was pulled or pushed along a pair of rails. Coal cars were drawn on rails by horses and men from British mines as early as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the 1790's Bostonians used horse-drawn rail cars to move brick and other clay products for short distances.

OHIO LAUNCHES THE RAIL ERA

There was a sharp crack of gavel on desk. Chairs scraped, and the hum of voices filled the air as the lawmakers rose. The Ohio Legislature stood in temporary adjournment.

History had been made, that day in January of 1832. On the table lay Ohio's first effective railroad charter: that of the Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad.

The legislators that day launched the era of railroad-building in Ohio. In so doing they rang up the curtain on a stage where thousands of dramas were to be played. The actors were to be Ohio's foremost citizens . . . men like William Neil of Columbus, who as the "Stage Coach King" exerted great influence in the world of transportation, and Alfred Kelley, the banker-lawyer-statesman from Cleveland and Columbus who had been called the "Financier of the Ohio Canals," and whose stately residence still stands today on Broad Street, Columbus, a few blocks from the Capitol. These brilliant men had the touch of greatness in that they could peer, even briefly, into the future. In the future they saw the railroads weaving a network of transportation across the State, and they and their associates put their hands to the building of that future.

The early thirties, however, were an era of many false starts and dream-weaving in Ohio. Between 1830 and 1837 sixty-nine charters were issued by the Ohio Legislature. The vast majority of the railroads to which charters were granted never broke ground . . . and some of those started never finished. Most of them withered

for lack of capital. Some lacked the leadership of strong men, vital in the opening rounds of construction. Others were crushed by the Great Panic of 1837, which turned off the faucet of enthusiasm and money supply for many of the young railroads.

Although many of the embryonic railroads never reached maturity, it was increasingly evident that there was a new king in the Ohio empire...the railroad...and its crown prince was the steam locomotive. The vision that stirred Frank Mason in the clearing many years ago was about to be realized.

ALFRED KELLEY

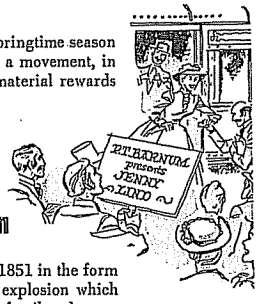
"THEY FOUGHT TO GET THE RAILROAD"

"The intensity, the bitterness with which neighbor communities competed, each to bring the railroad through its area, is difficult to picture today," an editor-historians tells us. "As the fever of railroad-building swept over Ohio each group felt that it was fighting, literally, for its life. If the railroad built their way, it brought jobs, business and prosperity. If the railroad passed them by, so did progress."

Our editor friend knew whereof he spoke. "My great-grandfather and his associates wanted a railroad for their town in the north-central part of the State," he said. "They bought large acreage, surveyed and graded a right of way, and even laid ties. They offered the strip as a gift. Even in the face of this substantial blandishment, the railroad passed to the south."

Little wonder, then, that town and country authorities joined bankers and small investors in subscribing public funds for the purchase of rail securities. Dr. Walter Rumsey Marvin of Columbus, an authority on early Ohio railroads, concludes that "it was in fact a thoroughly pragmatic, thoroughly American way of getting

results. To support a railroad in that springtime season of our history was to support a cause, a movement, in which spiritual value and hoped-for material rewards were in most satisfying balance."



THE BOOM IS ON

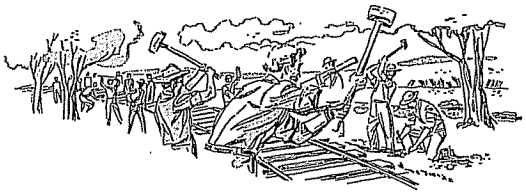
A legislative bombshell exploded in 1851 in the form of a new Ohio State Constitution—an explosion which shattered another barrier in the path of railroad progress. The complicated and politically-devious procedure of chartering railroads by legislative enactment was abolished. Now business corporations, including railroads, could obtain charters through routine administrative procedure.

The railroad-building fever reached epidemic proportions. Farmers, bankers, store owners, politicians, landowners—all shared the excitement. A young State and a young industry were joining hands to create an era of unprecedented progress and prosperity.

The snorting iron horse was bringing arts and refinements to Ohio. Pianos, once an exciting novelty, now were being shipped by rail from Cincinnati and Springfield factories. Crowds flocked to the theatres to see the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, and catch a glimpse of her manager, the remarkable Mr. P. T. Barnum, who traveled over much of the State in the "cars".

Financing a new railroad, even in these prosperous days, was never easy. Sources of capital, however, tended to fall into a general pattern: ½ of the investment was raised in the East by sale of bonds, about ⅓ came from municipal funds, ⅙ was put up by the promoters themselves, and the balance came in the form of other loans and investments.

Although the Federal government encouraged the development of highways—Zane's Trace among them—and canals by making land grants, none was made to the railroads of this State. Ohio built its railroads without help—land grants or other—from Washington.



MEN BUILD RAILROADS, NOT BOYS

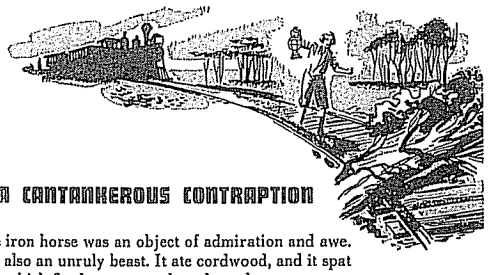
If financing the railroads brought gray hairs to their promoters, their actual construction brought accidents, disease and sometimes death to their builders. Few of the early lines were completed without interruption. The first to go any distance was the Mad River and Lake Erie, which began laying rails at Sandusky in 1835; in 1848 it reached Springfield and there linked with the Little Miami Railroad which had built up from Cincinnati via Xenia. The two lines created the first cross-state rail route, joining Ohio's largest city and river port with Lake Erie.

Ohio's flat or rolling land made railroad building less difficult than in more rugged terrain; but still there were forests to be cleared and rivers to be bridged. It was a hazardous occupation at best. Weather ranged through blazing sun, driving rain and kneedeep snow. Cholera, dysentery and other diseases plagued the workers.

What little machinery they had was primitive. Most

of the jobs were done by the muscles and the hands of men. The rails—the first were iron straps laid on timbers—in many cases had to be shipped from England, and delays in delivery dragged out schedules by months and sometimes years.

But they were tough, those men who built the railroads. They suffered and some of them died, but they kept on building.



A CANTANKEROUS CONTRAPTION

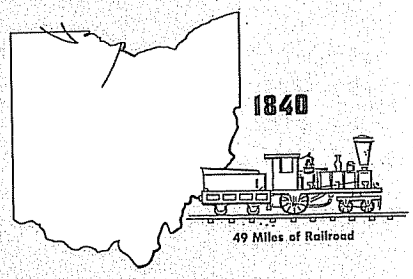
The iron horse was an object of admiration and awe. It was also an unruly beast. It ate cordwood, and it spat sparks which fired crops, woods and trestles.

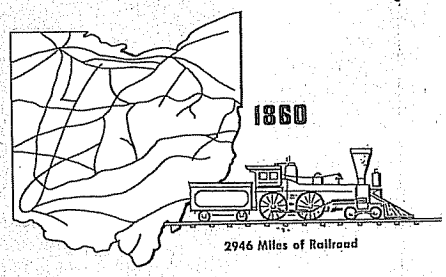
The strap-iron rails would work loose and spear through the floor of a car. Coaches were coupled with chains which would snap on rough roadbeds. Passengers fumed and the train crew swore while they re-assembled the train. Hard-riding coaches tested the courage and the spinal columns of riders.

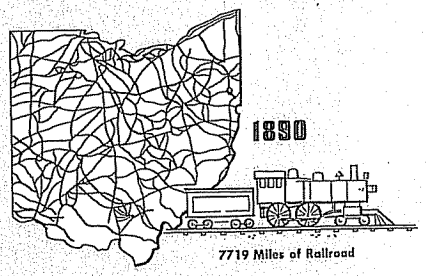
Some cities refused to permit the smoke-belching engines within their corporate limits, and teams of horses dragged the cars from city line to city line. Frequently the engineer halted the train and sent the fireboy ahead to reconnoiter the track for loose rails or fallen trees.

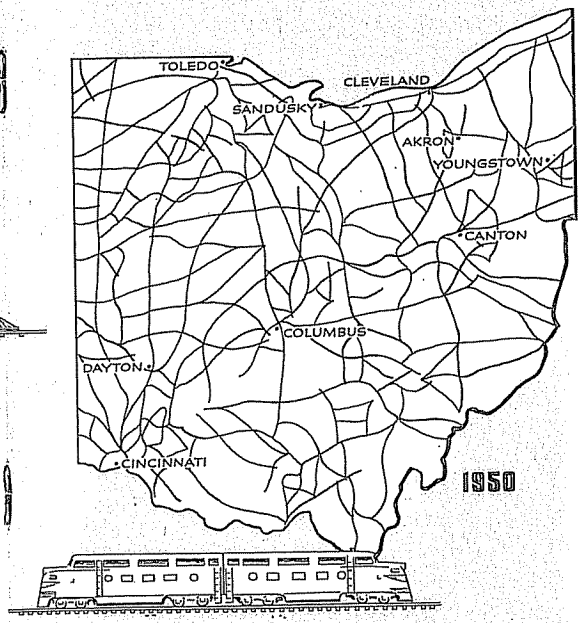
Then there were the direct-action critics of the railroads, who derailed trains, burned bridges and stirred other bedevilments. Yes, they were hardy souls, those early train crews and passengers.

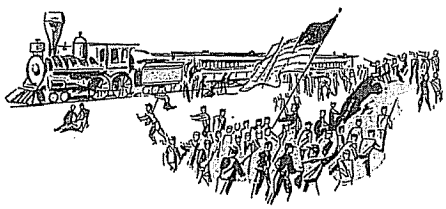
MAPS OF OHIO RAILROADS











BAPTISM OF FIRE

"Nobody wants this war, Mary, but it's a war that's got to be fought."

John Carter pressed his wife's hand and glanced around the little grocery store which held their hopes and savings. He could hear the band playing down at the station. The tightness of Mary's hand became a tightness in his throat. He felt awkward and self-conscious in his blue Union uniform.

"I won't be gone long, Mary. Then we'll start building a new life for ourselves . . . and our children." There was a long warning whistle-blast. He held her close. Then he was gone.

Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Sheridan, Lee, Longstreet and Jeb Stuart became giants marching across the pages of history. It was a war which saw the introduction of breech-loading weapons and repeating firearms. It was the first war with a photographic record. It was the first war in which the now universally-recognized science of logistics—transportation and distribution of men and supplies—began to be appreciated.

It was also the first railroad war. Troops moved by rail. Food, ammunition and equipment flowed in a steady stream over the iron paths to the battlefield. Special hospital cars were built, and helped save hundreds of lives. General Daniel Craig McCallum, commander of the United States Military Railroad, was cited for the tremendous contributions of the railroads to the Union victory.

The war years ground slowly by. The railroad was king of transportation. Fantastic burdens were placed on it, but it produced . . . and produced . . . and produced. In the North, there was costly deterioration; in the South, complete breakdown.

"We had the generals and the soldiers," said Johnny Reb, "but the damyankees had the factories and the railroads!"

"TO BIND UP THE NATION'S WOUNDS"

John Carter and his comrades came home—those that remained—some on stretchers . . . some on crutches . . . here and there an empty sleeve. John and Mary picked up the broken threads of their life, but the eyes of many men from his regiment were turning toward the West . . . the West that the railroads were now making attainable.

General George B. Wright, Ohio's first Commissioner of Railroads and Telegraph, wrote in 1867:

" . . . The day is not far distant when Ohio is to be among the first, if not the first State in the Union in respect to the railway advantages and facilities. A glance at the map and railways . . . discloses the important fact that Ohio lies directly in the line of railway communication from our great commercial cities in the East to those on the Pacific Coast . . . "

Along with the rest of the nation, the railroads were binding up their wounds. But they were doing more. They were entering a new era of expansion that rocked the imagination. Ohio now had 3,877 miles of single main track, built at a cost of $42,441 per mile. Ohio had invested $92,528,515 in its railroads. There were now 18,778 Ohioans drawing their pay from the various lines.

The snorting locomotive now was capable of attaining speeds of 50 to 60 miles per hour although the average speed on runs was approximately 17 miles per hour.

The Commissioner's report also noted that farm animals had a habit of wandering on the tracks. In one year owners demanded and received damages for the death of 13 horses and colts, 47 bulls, cows and heifers,

53 sheep and lambs and 13 hogs.

This was 1867 and there were 31 railroads operating in Ohio. The early days of the railroad had passed. Now there were mechanical devices to assist in the building of the roads, preventive medicines to keep the construction crews in good health and a willingness of people to invest capital in the railroads.

THE GOLDEN SPIKE

" . . . only 25 miles . . . only 18 miles . . . only 10 miles . . . only 5 miles . . ."

That was the chant that reverberated through Ohio and the rest of the nation in the spring of 1869. All eyes followed the construction gangs of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific as they sweated toward each other.

Weary men and machines were accomplishing the impossible. They had fought the Indians and the tantrums of Mother Nature. They had conquered the twisting, tumbling, unconquerable West.

In a final day-and-night drive, the construction crews met at Promontory, Utah.

President Johnson had been impeached, tried and acquitted . . . there were rumblings which would erupt in "Black Friday," bringing ruin to many men . . . the Franco-Prussian war clouds loomed on the international horizon.

But these events took a back seat on the morning of May 10, 1869. This was the climax. The last rails were laid and spikes of California gold and Nevada silver were driven.

The country went wild. Whistles shrilled, guns boomed, bells clanged, oratory gushed. The railroads had joined the country with bands which no man or other country could ever put asunder.

. . . and Ohio stood astride the new transcontinental paths of steel.

FANCY TRIMMINGS FOR THE IRON HORSE

The iron horse was becoming a gentlemanly steed.

Its manners had been crude . . . its actions questionable at times . . . and its snorting and rampaging frequently outrageous. But now, on an energy-packed diet of coal, it was growing sleek and muscular, safe and conservative.

Passengers found new traveling comforts. In 1859, George M. Pullman, a Chicago contractor, began building the sleeping car which soon was in common use throughout the United States.

The same year the world's first oil well was opened in Titusville, Pennsylvania, and soon the first tank car was being loaded there.

Dining cars put in their appearance in 1863. The food in those days was prepared at the terminal stations and placed on the cars immediately before the departure of the trains. Pullman introduced "hotel cars" with kitchen and dining facilities.

In Pittsburgh George Westinghouse was using air, of all things, to operate brakes.

A few years later came the automatic coupler which reduced shakes and bruises and saved many a finger for many a brakeman.

Electric lighting for trains came into existence in 1887, and eventually replaced oil and gas.

Meanwhile the refrigerator car in its roughest origin

had carried dressed beef in 1857 . . . to be followed in the next few years by a car designed to handle fresh strawberries.

. . . and so the railroads moved steadily forward in safety, passenger convenience, operating time and all other progressive phases of railroad life. Snowplows, the electric headlight, the caboose, mail service, vestibule, railroad telephone service, telegraph for train dispatching became standard for America's railroads.

Also came the screwball inventions. One squirted a stream of water forward to chase animals from the track. It had a short but heady life.

There were many others. The railroads investigated each patiently. From these beginnings came the research departments whose job it is to find ways to make America's railroads safer, more comfortable and more efficient. Frank Mason's vision in the clearing was being realized handsomely.

THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

In the first years of the new-born century Toledo was starting to build a new-fangled contraption called the automobile . . . the wireless telegraph was now sending messages across oceans . . . President McKinley met tragic death . . . Teddy Roosevelt was preparing to walk softly and carry a big stick . . . rural mail routes came to Ohio . . . and for the first time the State of Ohio was emerging from indebtedness.

Man's mechanical genius had developed a hundred ways of making things and this in turn developed centers of industry. Factories hummed, business prospered and the corn grew tall.

During the first seventy years of their existence, the railroads had made contributions to Ohio and to the United States that probably never will be surpassed in any future seventy years.

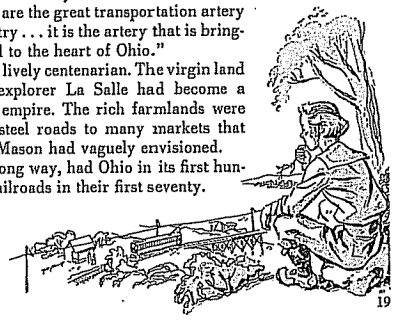
Railroaders in Ohio were talking about the construction of interlocking grade crossings and the fact that more than 65,000 employees were now lining up at the railroad paymasters' windows. They popped prideful buttons from vests when the Commissioner of Railways and Telegraph reported that 117,628,852 tons of freight were transported in a year in the State of Ohio. Tracks in Ohio had zoomed up to the grand total of 8,719 miles operated by nearly 100 companies.

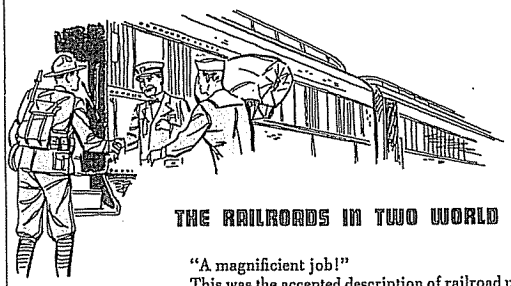
A phenomenon of the early 1900's was the electric interurban. In a forty-year period these cross-country speeders were to careen to prominence in the transportation field and then gradually perish in a lingering death. In 1900 there were 68 interurban lines operating 868 miles of track. By 1916 there were 2,869 miles with a decrease to 2,600 by 1920. The decline skidded from 1,717 miles in 1930 to only 164 miles in 1940. Born and pioneered in Ohio, the interurbans added an interesting chapter in the transportation annals of the State.

In 1903, Ohio celebrated its Centennial. Ironically, the death of General Wright, the first Commissioner of Railways and Telegraph for the State of Ohio, coincided with the Centennial. Said the Governor in his Centennial address, "He devoted a great part of his life to railroads and he couldn't have served any cause more beneficial to the people. Railroads are the great transportation artery of Ohio and the country . . . it is the artery that is bringing the very lifeblood to the heart of Ohio."

Ohio in 1903 was a lively centenarian. The virgin land first penetrated by explorer La Salle had become a throbbing, energetic empire. The rich farmlands were now laced with the steel roads to many markets that frontiersman Frank Mason had vaguely envisioned.

They had come a long way, had Ohio in its first hundred years and the railroads in their first seventy.





THE RAILROADS IN TWO WORLD WARS

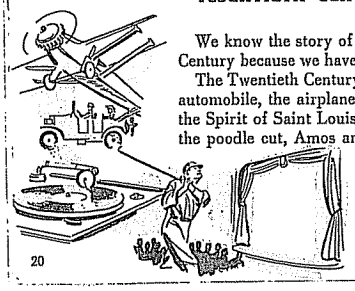
"A magnificient job!"

This was the accepted description of railroad performance in World War II. It was in striking contrast with World War I, when Washington ran the railroads at a loss to the taxpayers of $2,000,000 per day. In World War II the roads were operated by their owners and contributed more than $3,000,000 a day in taxes; more important, they moved 97 per cent of all troops and 90 per cent of all Army and Navy equipment and supplies. With less equipment and manpower, they handled twice the passengers and freight of World War I, and without the congestion and delays of government operation.

Ohio was already known as "the heartland of the American Ruhr," and its industries were turning out the tools of war in a mighty torrent. Notable among them were machine tools—"the machines that reproduce themselves"—from Cincinnati and Cleveland.

A hundred years of industrial and railroad know-how had stood the nation in good stead.

TWENTIETH CENTURY: TRACK CLEAR



We know the story of the railroads in the Twentieth Century because we have seen it and lived with it.

The Twentieth Century brought with it the yo-yo, the automobile, the airplane, Little Abner, Lindbergh and the Spirit of Saint Louis, motion pictures, prohibition, the poodle cut, Amos and Andy, the phonograph, miraculous new farming equipment, the Charleston, Babe Ruth, frozen food, Grandma Moses, the 21-inch screen, Al Jolson, women who vote and women who work.

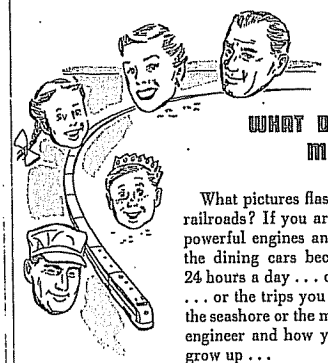
. . . and the railroads brought to the Twentieth Century the diesel engine, reclining seat coaches, roomettes, bedrooms, duplexes and club cars, steel freight cars that protect shipping, safety equipment on all trains, the Railway Express Agency, improved mail service, air conditioning of passenger cars, streamlined trains, deluxe dining rooms on wheels, railroad time, engine-to-caboose radios, dynamometer cars and unexcelled track construction.

The Twentieth Century brought a terrible depression in which railroads suffered with the rest of the nation. It also brought to the railroads federal and state regulation in bewildering profusion, and it brought competition — tough, government-subsidized competition — from new quarters. As for the regulation—well, the pendulum can't swing one way forever. And the railroads have a habit of thriving on competition, although they do like it better when each competitor is governed by the same set of ground rules.

Good citizens are the Ohio railroads as they roll into the second half of the Twentieth Century. As the State's fourth largest employer, the railroads in 1952 paid out a total of $369,275,352 which flowed into the homes of 85,767 workers. In only four of Ohio's 88 counties was the payroll less than $100,000. The railroads are also one of the State's largest taxpayers; for 1951 the grand total was $16,622,953 for property taxes, and of this sum $9,913,534 went for the support of schools.

Fifty-three of the Twentieth Century's years have passed into history. As Ohio, prosperous sesqui-centenarian, pauses to celebrate, its railroads offer it this pledge: that they will continue to transport its people and its goods, for one and all, twenty-four hours of the day, in fair weather and foul.

That is the honorable, the proud role of the Ohio railroads: common carrier to the Empire Within An Empire.



WHAT DOES THE RAILROAD MEAN TO YOU?

What pictures flash in your mind when you think of railroads? If you are a small boy, maybe you think of powerful engines and their fascinating controls . . . or the dining cars because all little boys think of food 24 hours a day . . . or the faraway places that trains go . . . or the trips you take with your mother or father to the seashore or the mountains . . . or you think about the engineer and how you would like to be one when you grow up . . .

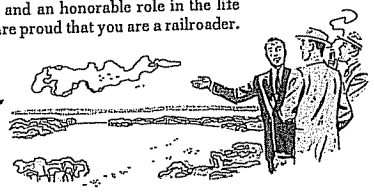
. . . if you are a little girl, maybe you think about the whistle of the train and the mystery and romance it suggests . . . or the berth where you slept safe and snug when your mother took you on a trip . . . or the nice conductor who told you all about the countryside on that trip . . . or the engineer you have decided to marry when you grow up.

. . . if you are a woman, maybe you think of the food that it brings to the bustling produce yards of your city and then to your table . . . or the safety of your husband when he takes those business trips . . . or the household article that you bought and that is being shipped by train . . .

. . . if you are a man, perhaps you are more mechanically and economically minded . . . and you think about the iron ore and coal being carried to the mills . . . or the farm products being carried to market . . . or the tremendous job of keeping the railroads operating 24 hours a day—of men working while you sleep . . . or the strength and body that railroads give to a community . . . or what a terrible position we would be in without railroads . . . or how railroads are large local investors and taxpayers, building and maintaining station buildings, repair shops, yards and supply depots and providing regular employment for hundreds of thousands of people . . . or maybe that next business trip and whether to take a roomette or a berth . . .

. . . if you are a mother, maybe you think of your children, small or grown . . . or your son coming home from the service on furloughs during World War II on a train . . . or your younger son who is now in the army and coming home to you again by train . . .

. . . if you are a railroader, you have most of all a solid pride in the fact that each of your fellow-workers, from trackwalker to president, is a member of a fraternity which plays a needed and an honorable role in the life of our America. You are proud that you are a railroader.



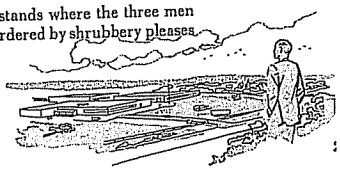
THE RAILROADS' BIGGEST UNTOLD STORY

Would you like to hear the story that the railroads *haven't* told?

Ten years ago three men strolled across a field near an Ohio town which we shall call Center City. Two of them, representatives of one of the country's great corporations, were listening to Joe Green, railroader.

"Here's your land," he said. "Gentle slope—good drainage. Down there"—he pointed to the river—"is more water than you'll ever need. We'll run your siding in the rear, away from the highway. We'll bring in your raw materials and haul your finished products." He reminded them of the schools, churches, cultural and recreational facilities of the Center City area. "Don't forget these things. Your people will enjoy living here, and your balance sheet will show that they do. Think it over."

Today a handsome plant stands where the three men strolled. A carpet of green bordered by shrubbery pleases



the eye of worker and neighbor alike. In the parking area stand the cars of the men and women who hold the jobs which didn't exist when those three men strolled the field ten years ago. Tidy homes dot the countryside. Down the road is a drive-in theatre—farther, a bustling new shopping center. The once-sleepy town is brisk, busy and prosperous.

Joe Green, who first called the attention of the great corporation to Center City, sees these changes and feels a warm glow of satisfaction. He helped bring them about, he reflects, but not he alone. The town officials, the newspaper editor, the Chamber of Commerce and service clubs, school heads and the clergy—all these and many more were members of the team on which he played.

As he watches, a switch engine moves off with a string of loaded cars, headed for the markets of the world, and he grins.

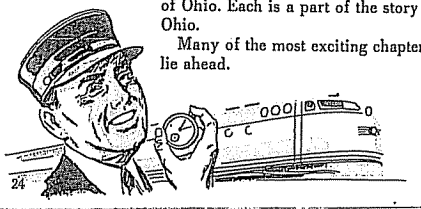
"Got to keep them rolling," he says to himself. "Now, those folks over in the next county . . . "

Joe Green and his department—Industrial and Agricultural Development—shun the spotlight. He is a trial to his public relations department. "Sure, we helped bring that plant to Center City," he tells them, "but we didn't do it alone and unaided. Don't go rushing in there and tramping on the toes of our friends while you grab a few bows." So the story goes untold.

This story—true, typical and with details only slightly blurred—has hundreds, thousands of counterparts, large and small, across the State.

Travel Ohio and you'll see them springing up, these branch plants or new enterprises where a man can do a good day's work and then go fishing, or whack a golf ball, or putter in his garden or shop. Each is a piece of the fabulously-growing economic family that is the State of Ohio. Each is a part of the story of the railroads in Ohio.

Many of the most exciting chapters of this story still lie ahead.



THE RAILROADS OF OHIO