The NEW ERA of Railroading

FROM the Rockies to Chicago between twilight and dawn races the million-dollar "City of Denver," glittering ten-car streamliner hauled by this massive Diesel-electric power car.
A NEW era of railroading has captured America. Gone are the days of stuffy coaches with dingy red-plush seats, cinder-covered window sills, aisles littered with aromatic orange peel, and exasperating waits on the siding for the limited, over an hour late, to clear.

Fast freights now rumble through at the speed of yesterday’s passenger train, while America rides—and watches—the streamliner.

Across the prairies it streaks, a silver shaft, a bolt of gold or blue or canary, slicing the continent in half, bringing Chicago to the foot of the mountains, thrilling breathless "galleries" at every highway crossing. Townsfolk that had forgotten the railroads, country dwellers who had quit driving to town to meet the 3:10, park along the road to see the streamliner flash past at eighty, ninety, a hundred miles an hour. By night the low, musical blast of an air horn, the vertical shaft of light piercing the sky warn of the speed train's approach, and suddenly it is gone, a streak of gay lighted windows alluring as the portholes of an ocean liner.

Aboard the train a passenger, counting telegraph poles and checking his
INDIRECT lighting and wood-veneer paneled walls trimmed with aluminum lend a smart modern accent to the lounge car of the "City of Denver." One of the Burlington railroad's fleet of "Zephyrs" is shown below.
watch, asks the stewardess what speed they're making. The stewardess, dressed in a trim green uniform, picks up the telephone in the observation car and calls the head end. Telephones are located at strategic points through the streamliner. The message reaches a loudspeaker in the engine cab, and the engineer, with a look at the speedometer, lifts his speaker and calls back; "Eighty-seven miles an hour."

Minutes squeeze the miles in this new day of railroading. Two years ago the first of these modern trains rocketed across a startled continent. Today a fleet of more than twenty streamliners clicks off more than 115,000 miles each week, six million miles a year. Forty-four miles in forty-four minutes between

STEEL louvers afford privacy to occupants of berths on the Union Pacific's "City of Los Angeles," and a curtain protruding into the aisle allows more room for dressing. At the right is the ladies' "makeup room" aboard the Denver streamliner.
Boston and Providence, six round trips a day, races the "Comet" of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. Traveling salesmen who used to sleep two nights on the train now leave St. Louis after breakfast, enjoy a noonday lunch at a counter in a cool, clean car, reach Chicago in time for an afternoon's business, take the streamliner back home in time to sleep. Two hundred ninety-four miles, each way, in two hundred eighty-five minutes. Over three railway speed lanes between St. Paul-Minneapolis and Chicago, six trains run daily round trips at better than mile-a-minute paces. This was the proving ground where railroads found passengers multiply when drama replaces drabness. Here the Burlington's twin "Zephyrs" packed in passengers so steadily that these streamliners were called on to make two trips a day. Eight hundred eighty-two miles of high-speed travel for each train every day in the week between 8 a.m. and 11 p.m., with just one hour's rest between trips in mid-afternoon. By the end of this year a $5,000,000 fleet of eight Zephyrs will be plying the Burlington lines at a rate of probably 40,000 miles a week. The Union Pacific already has a fleet of six streamliners in service that cost $5,000,000 or more. The Southern Pacific is building trains for a faster Los Angeles-San Francisco run. The
MOST powerful Diesel-electric locomotive in America is the Santa Fe "Super-Chief."
Left, a streamliner's power plant.

Canadian National Railways have just built Canada's first streamlined engine, a steam locomotive of gigantic proportions to haul its crack trains into Montreal from the west. And so from Boston to Bangor, from Washington to New York, from Detroit to Toledo and Cleveland, and down the Mississippi Valley, the rails are singing the new song of speed.

But it is the west that shrinks most dramatically under the flying wheels of 1936. A year ago you crossed the Nebraska plains under a blazing sun, slept two nights on the best trains from Chicago to Denver. Tonight you step aboard a million-dollar twelve-car streamlined at sunset in Chicago, glide
through the night with unbelievable speed and the smoothness of articulated cars, awake to see dawn on the Rockies. Sixteen hours from Chicago to Denver—nearly ten hours faster than a year ago.

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland are a day closer to Chicago on the fleet of streamliners now plying across the plains and mountains. They span the western two-thirds of the continent in the time it took the best steam trains out of Chicago to reach Butte, Mont., or southwestern Colorado. The most powerful Diesel-electric locomotive in the land, the blunt-nosed "Super-Chief" of the Santa Fe route, summons its 3,600 horsepower to haul standard heavy steel sleepers from Los Angeles to Chicago in less than forty hours. Or you can ride in million-dollar luxury at two cents a mile or less on the Union Pacific's "City of Los Angeles," "City of San Francisco" and "City of Portland," spanning the west in two nights and a day.

No Indian maharajah could command more comfort than the traveler aboard one of these streamliners. They are less like the conventional railway train of two years ago than itinerant palaces, colorful, festive, comfortable. Observation cars have become solariums, curving toward the finlike tail, with lounge chairs clustered in groups as intimately as a club. Wide windows afford broad vistas of the kaleidoscopic scene. Aluminum striping and paneling, wood-veneer walls, chromium-framed furniture contrast smartly with soft-hued upholstery. And you are in a climate apart from the world. Through desert heat and mountain chill, through blinding dust storm the streamliner's weather is man-made. The railroads spent $16,000,000 to install air-conditioning equipment last year, just as a starter. Windows are twin panes of shatterproof glass separated by a gas chamber, sealing out dust and assuring a view unclouded by moisture.
IN THE pastel-hued "solarium" of the "Green Diamond" is this buffet section. Meals are also served in the coaches.

Steel louvers along the aisle of the sleeping car let the traveler seclude himself, day or night. Upper berths have been made as attractive as lowers, with windows that admit light and a view of the outdoors. Curtains protruding into the aisle make it easy to dress in upper or lower and steps to the upper berth instead of ladders, fold automatically when not in use and are removed during the day. In the club cars, lanes of reflected light enhance the pastel coloring of the room. In the sleepers, slim pencils of light illumine the aisles, and numbered bulbs glow above each section to guide you to your berth. Wall lamps over every seat shoot bright bullets of light over your shoulder while you read, and at a flick of a switch the lamp sheds a soft, blue night light. Rheostats dim the overhead lights in the coaches to a restful blue glow at night.

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The genius of modern architects, designers, interior decorators has made the woman's room a "makeup room" worthy of a fashionable home, and the bedrooms — no longer red plush, nor flecked with soot and cinders — are alternately green, rust brown or blue, with sliding doors that open to make a spacious double room for the family. You may telephone from the club car to the dining-car steward for a dinner reservation, and listen as you wait to a sweet-toned radio set behind decorative metal grilles in the wall.

You may have a midday snack at a lunch counter where prices compare favorably with the corner drug store back home, or have the stewardess set your supper on the tray that unfolds conveniently from the seat ahead. The most unique car on the "City of Denver," streamliner of the Chicago and North Western and Union Pacific lines, is its "frontier" tavern room, a replica of an old-time western inn with unfinished log beams across its ceiling and bare pine board walls decorated with prize-fight pictures of frontier days, old newspapers and bills of traveling theatrical troupes.

Speed has not taken the place of safety in this new era. While the transcontinental streamliner weighs only half as much as its conventional predecessor, its cars are built of a sturdy aluminum alloy and the locomotive is of Cor-Ten steel. From his post high above the engine room and well back from the grilled steel nose of the "City of San Francisco," the engineer's view is unobstructed and he can see the track less than fifty feet ahead. Air brakes clap double brake shoes simultaneously on wheels throughout the train, and, if one brake line fails, the engineer can whip out the brake grip and slip it instantly into an emergency line. In a test, this streamliner was brought to a halt from eighty-seven miles an hour in 2,800 feet. Like modern steam locomotives, the Diesel-electric has a "dead-man control" which will stop the train if the engineer is disabled.

As you ride these streamliners you experience the thrill of the pioneer, for you are watching the birth of a new era. But is the streamliner just a "trial horse" of the railroads, to be forgotten in a decade?

(To be concluded next month)
Silver-Sided Luxury Train Is Speed Champion

Inter-car telephones, wall outlets for alternating current in the men's and women's dressing rooms, individual radios in every bedroom, drawing room and compartment and an “air curtain” that shuts out all kitchen odors from the dining room are some of the luxuries introduced by the Burlington railroad on its “Denver Zephyrs.” The twelve-car stainless steel train, hauled by 3,000-horsepower Diesel-electric locomotives, was recently placed in overnight service between Denver and Chicago. One of the twin trains established a long-distance speed record on its first run, covering the 1,017 miles in twelve hours, twelve minutes and twenty-seven seconds for an average of eighty-three and four-tenths miles per hour, and touching a top speed of 116 miles per hour, sustained for one mile.