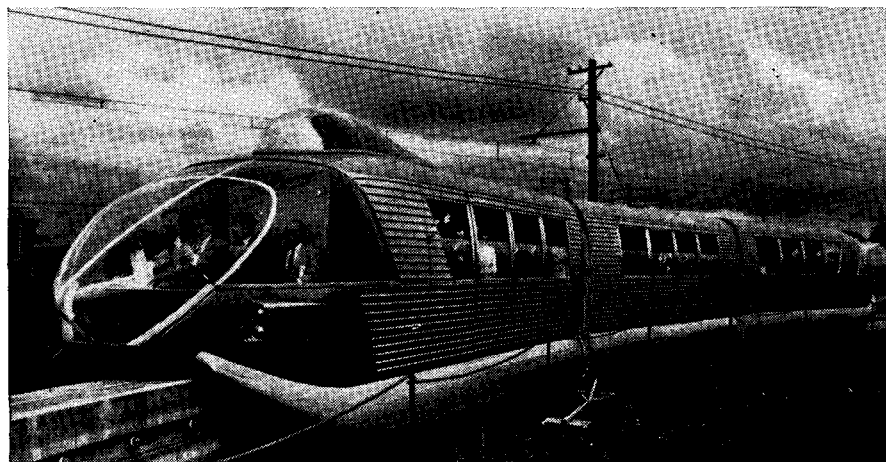


—Bettmann Archive.

Then: Cow-catching locomotive puffs into Lebanon, Pennsylvania, circa 1895.

A CENTURY OF RAILROADING:

EARLY DEMISE OR DARING NEW DESIGNS?



Now: Glittering monorail slithers into terminal in Japan, circa 1969.

By JACK GOODMAN

EXACTLY a century ago this May, Leland Stanford raised a silver maul and swung at a golden spike. The electric telegraph, that marvel of a simpler age, flashed word to Washington and New York, and stuttering keys rapped out exclamation marks at scores of stations along the way. Dashed from Promontory, Utah, to President Grant in the White House, the first message read: "Done! The last rail is laid! The last spike is driven! The Pa-

cific Railroad is completed! The point of junction is 1,086 miles west of the Missouri River and 690 east of Sacramento City!"

One hundred years after completion of the transcontinental railroad, the West's rivers and red men have been tamed, as the speechmakers predicted at Promontory on May 10, 1869. Virtually every event forecast in the gush of oratory and editorials has come to pass—with one odd exception. People no longer clamor to ride the transcontinental high iron laid by brawny Irish immi-

grants and diligent Chinese coolies. In fact, long-haul passenger business is bad and likely to get worse on the dwindling number of railroads that still cater to passengers.

Century-old statistics are scarce, but it is quite possible that, aside from commuters, fewer passengers ride the nation's trains today than in 1869. Only the glacial pace with which the Interstate Commerce Commission handles its affairs, the outcries of railroad labor, and the fulminations of that strange breed, the railroad buff, have stalled extinction of once-famous trains and lowlier locals. Even so, events these past few years had threatened to eliminate all transcontinental train service before the Golden Spike Centennial could be properly celebrated at Promontory this May. The Government's decision to remove post office cars and transfer most mail service to the air or to highways cut deeply into the revenues of slower trains to which "head end" cars were traditionally attached. This further slimmed down passenger schedules.

While interstate highway construction, air route miles, and air passenger miles have been rising sharply—and using a multitude of tax dollars in the process—the nation's rail service and rail passenger miles have been shrinking. In 1920 the nation's railroads registered approximately 47.5 billion passenger miles (including commuter carriage). The figure peaked at almost 92 billion in the war year of 1945. But peacetime and the end to gas rationing, plus the arrival of speedy, multi-engined airliners, saw passenger-mile figures slump to 31.8 billion by 1950, despite speeded rail schedules, the advent of diesels, and the use of newly designed dome cars and roomettes on light weight streamliners.

Traffic figures currently being totted up by passenger carriers are expected to show only 15 billion or fewer rail passenger miles in 1968, including commuters, while revenue passenger miles flown by the airlines should handily reach the heights of 100 billion. Some 211,000 miles of railroad track remain in the forty-eight contiguous states—still more than in any other nation—but two-thirds of that track lies unused and rusting.

Passenger train timetables, once fat, map-filled compilations of fact and trivia treasured by small boys, traveling salesmen, and prospective vacationists, have been reduced to mere leaflets. One is lucky to locate a schedule of any kind on travel agency counters or rail terminal racks. Even the terminals are vanishing. Those marble-vaulted, tile-floored palaces are being replaced by highrise, glass-box office buildings. Small-town depots, where generations of country lads eagerly awaited the

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Europe, hotel accommodations, and most meals.

Be Uninhibited for \$398:

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Be Romantic for \$400:

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Take a luxurious motorcoach Roman Sojourn tour for 2 weeks through Germany, Austria, Switzerland and all the fabled cities of Italy. You'll have an experienced escort, meals, accommodations, and round trip air fare from New York.

Be Imaginative for \$568:

On our 3 week escorted EUROPACAR Coach tour through Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Included is round trip air fare New York/Cologne, all transportation in Europe, 20 nights accommodation, continental breakfast and dinner, tips and taxes.

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On our 3 week Lutheran Heritage tour. This is an escorted motorcoach tour that visits Luther's birthplace, Wittenberg, and other European cities where history was

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steam cars, are being leveled for super-market parking lots, or stand ignored and unpainted.

Most important to today's traveler, such once-favored trains as the *Golden State*, *Commodore Vanderbilt*, *Olympian Hiawatha*, *Overland Limited*, and *Phoebe Snow* have departed their depots for the last time. The *Wabash Cannonball*, *Sunset Limited*, *Diplomat*, *Ak-Sar-Ben*, and a few dozen others continue, for now. Too often they are creaking, poorly maintained relics, shorn of fast schedules, lounges, diners, Pullmans, or parlor cars.

To those of us who remember, the dull-green, heavyweight, twelve-wheeled Pullmans of the 1920s, hauled along the New York Central's vaunted "water level route" by smoke-belching locomotives at better than a mile-a-minute, were the acme of smooth-riding luxury. So, too, were the more recent post-World War II streamliners that connected most major cities. We awoke refreshed in shiny roomettes snaking through Pennsylvania behind growling diesels, viewed the high country from new-fangled Vista Domes, chewed succulent steaks as *Zephyrs*, *Cities*, and *Rockets* zipped across the Nebraska or Texas plains at speeds that now and then exceeded 100 miles an hour. A few streamliners boasted phone service, secretaries, barbers, private dining rooms, and showers. Railroads such as the Baltimore & Ohio were known among seasoned travelers for their fine

food; the Santa Fe was a glamour route for Hollywood notables. One arrived downtown precisely "on the advertised" aboard the Pennsylvania or New York Central's fleet.

To make a railroad voyage in like style today, an American must, with a few exceptions, journey overseas. In Germany, he rides the *Rheingold*; in France, the *Mistral*; in Japan, the Tokaido Line from Tokyo to Osaka. Even tradition-bound England is electrifying its lines, London-to-Manchester trains often nipping along at 100 mph. Switzerland's gleaming trains purr behind electric engines through tunnels and above Alpine torrents, slowing occasionally to let a Trans-Europ-Express roar past. Even in Italy, where Mussolini never succeeded in getting trains to run on time, the jet-set junkets from Milan to Rome aboard *Il Settebello* (390 miles in six hours). Closer to home, the Canadian National operates trains superior to most of ours on its Montreal-Toronto *Rapido* service. The 9 a.m. *Rapido*, for example, covers the 335-mile run from Montreal in five hours, averaging 67 mph, including two stops.

Even faster is Canadian National's new Turbo, which averaged 85 mph last month in its debut from Toronto to Montreal. Passengers stayed in their plush leather seats to eat airline-style lunches. In fact the interior of the extra-wide train closely resembles the first-class compartment of a jetliner. Tickets range from \$10.90 to \$22.70 for the

335-mile run, considerably lower than the \$25 to \$34 air fare between the two cities.

Overseas lines have their limits too. The flanged steel wheel, even when running on welded rails without the old clickety-clack tattoo, will never overcome friction completely. The 130 mph achieved on many portions of the *Hikari* super-express runs on the new Tokaido Line may be close to the practical maximum. The Japanese flyers average 101 mph on their 320-mile trips, including station stops at Nagoya and Kyoto.

Designers of the scarlet and cream-colored lightweight aluminum cars used in Trans-Europ-Express pool service linking Holland, West Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Switzerland, and Italy borrowed ideas liberally from the best American rolling stock of the 1950s, and from airplanes. Some lines have introduced meals-in-the-seat and checked-through luggage. Other runs operating between national capitals provide on-train customs men to check documents; on a few you can have currency exchanged—at the official rate. In Geneva and Rome, porters will haul baggage from trainside to hotel.

SOME months ago, Western Pacific petitioned to halt operation of the popular *California Zephyr*, a train labeled a "national monument" by railroaders foreign and domestic. Operated for twenty years, it is the best that remains of American long-distance railroading. The ICC stalled the *Zephyr's* decline, ordering its continuance for at least a year, while permitting an added charge of \$10 coach and \$20 first class for the Chicago-San Francisco journey. The new surcharges obviously won't enable the Burlington, Rio Grande, and Western Pacific roads, which operate the *California Zephyr*, to replace the silver-sided lounges, buffet cars, domes, diners, Pullmans, and coaches in use since 1949. Efforts are being made to replace worn upholstery, keep dining car service above average, and continue the C-Z as a luxury train with a timetable geared to superlative scenery. But passengers boarding or detraining at such a major station as Salt Lake City often find no redcaps and must wheel their own baggage in supermarket carts toward often nonexistent cabs. San Francisco passengers use the ill-smelling, close-to-decrepit Fourth Street Station, which is linked by bus to Western Pacific's Middle Harbor Road tackage in Oakland.

Burlington president William J. Quinn, comparing a Boeing 727 flight between Chicago and Denver (two hours) and his line's *Zephyr* run on the same route (eighteen and a half hours), finds a \$350 loss for the train, a \$950 profit for the plane. Labor accounts for 42 per cent of the *Zephyr's* operating

Ten Best Rail Rides in U.S.—A Thinning Timetable

BROADWAY LIMITED: Runs daily from New York's Penn Station to Chicago's Union. Operates with some vestige of former style. Superb service, a rarity in the East.

CAPITOL LIMITED: Plies B&O-C&O tracks daily between Chicago and Washington, D.C. Serves up better-than-average food. Low off-season fare gimmicks.

FLORIDA SPECIAL: Whisks daily between mid-December and April from New York concrete to Miami sands. Touts some of country's most modern equipment. Candlelight Cordon Bleu dinners and gratis champagne.

SILVER STAR, SILVER METEOR AND CHAMPION: Less posh than *Florida Special*, somewhat slower along the same route, but still a good ride.

EMPIRE BUILDER: Chicago to Seattle daily. Spectacular view south of Glacier National Park.

NORTH COAST LIMITED: To Seattle via Butte. Yellowstone scene always awesome from Vista Dome's ninety-six grandstand seats.

CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR: Links Chicago and Los Angeles. Only a shadow of its salad days, but the view can't be beat.

CITY OF DENVER/CITY OF PORTLAND: Leaves Chicago every afternoon. Crews handy and helpful with children.

CITY OF LOS ANGELES/CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO/CHALLENGER: Three trains in one—result of railroad belt-tightening. Slower than *Zephyr*, but fine food and good views of Echo or Weber Canyons.

SUPER CHIEF/EL CAPITAN: Beats City of Los Angeles into L.A. by four hours. "Pleasure dome" lounge and Turquoise Room remain from glamorous Hollywood past. Sunsets on the Arizona desert.



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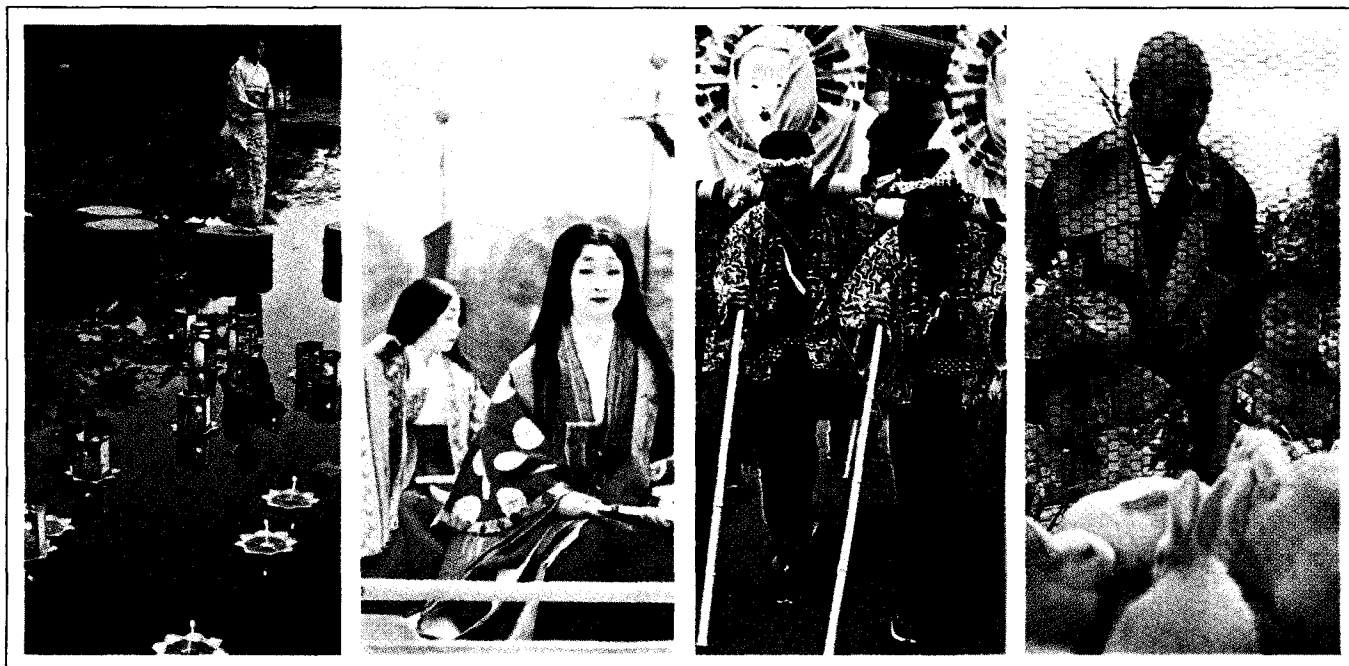
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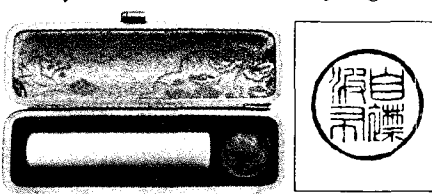


In Japan the festivals find you. Each with its own delightful legend and color. Candlelit lanterns floating on a quiet stream. Elegantly staged pageants commemorating a page of local history. Whole villages turned out in parade. Traditionally dressed children thanking animals for their fur with gifts of food. Or perhaps it will be a tiny street fair you'll discover just around the corner from your new western-style hotel. Big or small, you're bound to sight a celebration almost any day in Japan. Complete with costumes and customs from another era. In delightful contrast to the bustling present.

It's all part of the charm of visiting Japan. The old and the new happily blended—to see, and to enjoy. Travel by luxurious jet to a town where time seems to have stood still, and where the

houses are festooned with bright streamers for the Summer Star festival.

Stay in a 17th-century ryokan—inn—and enjoy ham and eggs for breakfast. Feast your eyes on shops loaded with cameras, pearls, silks. Indulge yourself in one of the unique crafts—perhaps a han seal with your own name delicately engraved



in Japanese characters. Or, just down the street, join the owner of the tiny antique shop in tea and sweet senbei crackers before he shows you his treasures.

For the festivals aren't the only thing that's old in Japan. So is the tradition of hospitality. You'll feel as welcome as a personal guest wherever you go.

Ask your travel agent about what's happening in Japan this year, and arrange to be a part of it. And ask us for our free new edition of "Your Guide to Japan." Then pack your bags and prepare for a real holiday—every day.

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expenses, as against 16 per cent for the plane.

It is widely held that railroad passenger traffic in the United States will continue to wither unless the Government takes control. The Department of Transportation (DOT), established in April 1967, is directing the \$90,000,000 High-Speed Ground Transportation Research and Development Program, an effort to ease airport and highway congestion by returning a decent proportion of traffic in the 455-mile-long Boston-New York-Philadelphia-Washington megalopolis to the railroads. While the public focus has been on Penn Central's DOT electrics, which test out at 156 mph, and on New Haven's end of the Northeast Corridor where turbine-powered runs have zipped along at equivalent speeds, the federal effort has also resulted in roadbed and track improvements on the "Pennsy" and new attention to the pros and cons of electrification. Significantly, most of the new fast lines overseas are electric operations. On the Penn Central's New York-Washington lines, electrified in post-Depression days, former speed limitations of the three-decade-old GG-1 locomotives have been raised to 100 mph on some tracks, a boost of 20 mph. With the correction of pantograph and catenary-wire power supply problems, the new Budd Silverliner cars built under the DOT program are expected to cut Washington-New York time to two hours and fifty-eight minutes from the fastest previous schedules of three hours and thirty-five minutes for the 226-mile run.

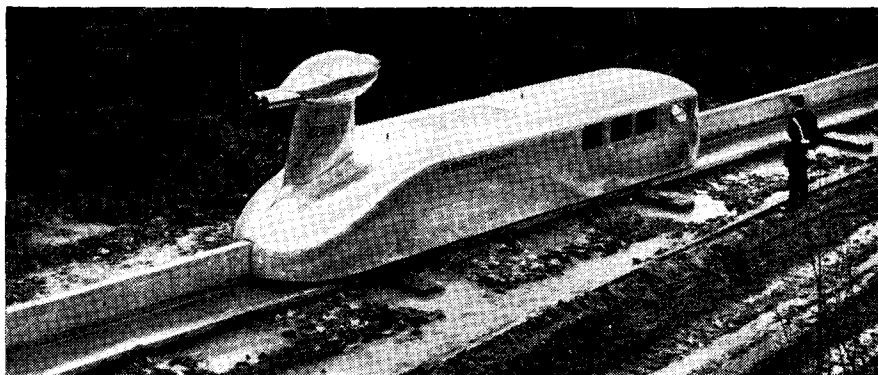
The Penn Central is spending \$55,000,000 of its own money improving tracks, electric catenary, stations, and equipment to upgrade long-haul passenger service and commuter service on the old "Pennsy" lines. While the New Haven has few dollars of its own to spend, the turbine train—unless it's a flop like the Talgo lightweight of a decade ago—should be the forerunner of improving service on both New Haven's day and night runs to Boston and for the line's long-suffering commuters. New Haven Turbotrains are due to operate in the New York-Boston corridor in 1969. Timetables call for a three-and-a-quarter-hour pace, slicing a full sixty minutes from the best present runs.

Six years ago, Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island urged a study of railroad potential in twenty-two heavily populated, heavily traveled corridors. It was found that modern passenger trains could cut airway and highway congestion significantly between cities 150 to 350 miles apart. One hundred-mph trains operating in and out of downtown stations obviously can ease the problems of businessmen, especially if the trains are modern, equipped with phones, secretaries, work areas, and food and bev-

(Continued on page 63)

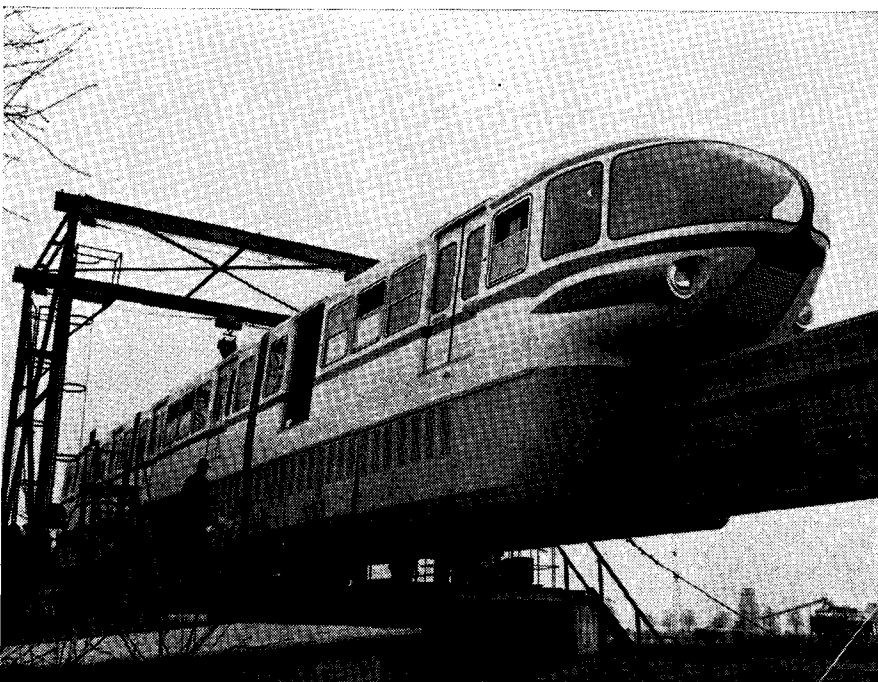


Centennial Medallion—Will 1969 celebration be the last?



—Pictorial Parade.

French Aerotrain—"Some lines have introduced meals-in-the-seat."



—Pictorial Parade.

German railcar on trial—Can U.S. counterparts outrun the death knell?



Birds in flight.

Lady Bird on the wing—"A tour conductor in her next incarnation"?

A LAST LADY-LIKE HURRAH

Mrs. Johnson has assured future travelers, whether peering from trains, planes, or hotel windows, a landscape less marred by billboards and blight.

By CHRISTINE SADLER

WHEN Lady Bird Johnson enters semi-retirement down on the Pedernales, to mull through the notes and tapes which so far comprise her memoirs and to zero in on the Johnson City Garden Club, of which she is a new member, the country—or "This Great Land of Ours," as she calls it—will be lacking one of its happiest travelers.

Mrs. Johnson, unless all signs fail, will be a tour conductor in her next incarnation, specializing in American rivers, parks, seashores, old houses, new schools, sunsets, bluebonnets, and dogwood trees—with "From Sea to Shining Sea" her theme. She is a woman who likes to go places and see things because they are there, and would never maintain that she knew the redwoods until she had visited each tree personally.

As First Lady she led some 300 or more reporters and cameramen across prairies, up rapids and down, into mountains and oceans for some 200,000 miles. Although each of the forty trips had serious conservation or other social welfare

overtones, each also was a lark and a gala. Her enjoyment of each was so obvious that her entourage often caught the gleam and wished for the trail to lead on and on. Drifting down the Mississippi on a grain barge, wading in the Gulf of Mexico, breathing the blue air of the Tetons, hiking up the ridge to visit a one-teacher school, dropping in at Monticello to try one of Jefferson's luncheon menus—to her it was all a happy adventure in her discovery of America.

She says of the Lyndon B. Johnson Administration: "In the White House we had an unfair division of labor. My husband worked on legislation for highways, parks, schools, health centers while I had the fun of going to see them."

Her "To Say Good-bye" trip in late November was no exception. Accompanied by 100 reporters, fourteen of them from other countries, she set out by chartered jet on a Friday morning to go 6,071 miles before Tuesday. Dedication of the new Redwood National Park in northern California was her major objective, but there would be stops in New Orleans and Denver, to open a theater,

visit a special ghetto school, and walk through the French Quarter—to see inner-city preservation ideas in the former city and to visit Larimer Square, a restoration project financed by private enterprise in the latter.

Then the John F. Kennedy Space Center was added because she never had been there and officials promised she could make a simulated trip to the moon, a place which she naturally would like to visit in reality. Also, probably, she thought it would benefit the reporters to hear about moon flights, get a fresh look at the Atlantic, and drive around the 145,000 acres which even contain a wildlife refuge. This trip costs tourists \$2.50, and no identification is needed. It includes the world's largest building and so much important "gadgets" that many visitors feel they must be lost on the movie set of 2001.

AS Mrs. Johnson's plane flew from Florida to Denver she explained the Central Plains to the foreign journalists and filled them in on "this young land of ours." In Eureka, California, conserva-