WALLY ABBEY VISITS CINCINNATI UNION TERMINAL
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Wally Abbey photographs courtesy of the Center for Railroad Photography and Art
WHO WAS WALLY ABBEY?
WHO WAS WALLY ABBEY?

Wallace W. Abbey III; 1927-2014

- Journalist
- Railroader
- Communications/Public Relations Professional
THERE IS A NORTHWESTERN CONNECTION
THERE IS A NORTHWESTERN CONNECTION

The tradition of Willie the Wildcat was established in 1924 when Wallace Abbey of the Chicago Tribune wrote, "The Northwestern team fought like wildcats yesterday..." The name so expressed the fighting spirit of the team that the name "Wildcats" was officially adopted as the University's athletic nickname.

Source: “History of Willie the Wildcat”, www.northwestern.edu
WHO WAS WALLY ABBEY?
WHO WAS WALLY ABBEY?

Wallace W. “Wally” Abbey (1927-2014) belongs to a rare species of railroad photographers: those who have a full understanding of all aspects of railroading, coupled with the knowledge of how to present visual ideas in a manner that excites the railroad community and the general public alike.

Source: Center for Railroad Photography & Art website
In Wally Abbey’s creative and comprehensive views, we see people at work, travelers on luxury trains, interiors of cars, workers in the shop and on the track, and trains in many of their varied habitats.

Source: Center for Railroad Photography & Art website
The Magnificent Venue
AN ART DECO MASTERPIECE

The Cincinnati Union Terminal was begun in 1930 and completed in 1933.

The terminal, with its associated buildings, with its twenty-one associated buildings, bridges, viaducts, and walkways was indeed built in a coordinated Art Deco style. The project was so massive that it can be compared only to the largest projects of the 1930s – Hoover Dam, Golden Gate Bridge, and Rockefeller Center.

Weinold Reiss murals
Weinold Reiss murals-detail
7—Bird’s-Eye View of Cincinnati, Ohio, Union Terminal in Foreground
THE PLAYERS
Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

Passenger Time Tables

Corrected to
APRIL 27, 1952
Subject to Change Without Notice
L & N

PASSENGER TRAIN
TIME TABLES

LOUISVILLE
AND
NASHVILLE
RAILROAD

APRIL 27, 1952
New York Central
The Scenic Water Level Route

1802 WEST POINT 1952
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY
Celebrating its 150th Anniversary
ALONG THE BEAUTIFUL HUDSON

Effective April 27, 1952
Form 1001

The times shown herein is Standard Time, and one hour for Daylight Saving Time.

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
THE TRAINS
The MERCURY
"THE TRAIN OF TOMORROW"

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
Presenting a New
CINCINNATI LIMITED
FASTEST PULLMAN AND COACH TRAIN
NEW YORK - CINCINNATI
The Cincinnatian, Baltimore & Ohio All-Coach Streamliner in the Allegheny Foothills, near Dawson, Md.
TWO ONGOING TRANSITIONS

• Steam-Diesel
• Postwar streamliners
# STEAM FINALE

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GREAT DOMES
on Great Northern’s
Greatest Train
B&O “Bird” series sleeping car
L&N “Pine” series sleeping car; L&N Historical Society, via Ron Flanary
OUTSTANDING PHOTOS

• Tell a story, or are a part of a story
• Will stand the test of time
• Have strong esthetic appeal
OUTSTANDING PHOTOGRAPHY ON THREE LEVELS

• Photojournalism
• History
• Art
OUTSTANDING PHOTOGRAPHY ON THREE LEVELS

• Photojournalism
The Fruits of Wally’s Labors
The Fruits of Wally’s Labors
Behind the impressive facade of Cincinnati Union Terminal is a remarkable story of large-scale railroad station operation.

The only time that Cincinnati's fabulous Union Terminal has seen a situation as critical as that of the organizational genius which runs this $45-million-dollar plant was about two weeks before it was open for business. It was in March 1933, as the company was turning out the last details before receiving the first trains of Cincinnati's seven railroads on April 1. The Ohio River, known throughout its valley as an unpredictable stream, suddenly went berserk and shaded the railroad out of their old Central Union Depot.

Cincinnati's railroads asked "Foot" and highlighted it for their almost-completed Union Terminal. Gerald W. Rogers, who came to install the signals and interlocking in the new depot and stayed to become its present manager, can laugh about it now. But he definitely leaves the impression that it was no laughing matter to 1933 to suddenly find oneself utilizing a major railroad station which had all the sections except that section of them weren't hooked up. Even today, the hectic morning and evening rush hours when the 15 tracks are seldom empty, or back in 1935 when 374,396 passengers, mail, and express cars moved in and out of the terminal, so that once summer when 256 persons slept all night in the depot, never was the detail more noticeable. Yet, as those papers show, after Cincinnati Union Terminal went from blueprint to inspiration all the complications somehow floated on down the river.

A photo story by Wallace W. Abbey
Temple of Transportation... continued

This is what makes the terminal tick

Although its construction and opening was the result of the depression and the crisis in the American railroads, the new Cincinnati Union Terminal provided itself the answer to the city's economic problems. The terminal's success was due in part to the fact that the city's economic problems were not only local, but national. The depression of the 1930s had a profound effect on the railroads, which were hard hit by a decrease in freight traffic. The new terminal was designed to accommodate the needs of both passengers and freight, and it was built to last. The terminal's architecture was designed to reflect the city's culture and history, and it was built to meet the needs of the 20th century traveler. The terminal was a symbol of hope and future growth for the city of Cincinnati.
Temple of transportation... continued

The business of serving people never ceases

Seven railroads—Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, Louisville & Nashville, New York Central, Norfolk & Western, Pennsylvania, and Southern—use the terminal with 31 trains in and 31 out a day, but only the R&O has trains which do not terminate. The result is a great and eternal transfer of passengers and head-end business which brings upwards of 80,000 persons a day under the awe-inspiring 105-foot-high rotunda dome, a factor of tremendous value which alone justifies the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce for going off the deep end when the depot was opened and calling it "a great temple of transportation."
DID IT WORK?

“His article on the Terminal was especially memorable; legions of talented photographers flocked there in the early 1950s to record the Art Deco passenger-train mecca. But Abbey’s photographs were definitive.”

A 1972 REPRISE
Cincinnati Union Terminal: a memoir

"You had to be there, preferably on a soft spring evening"

DAVID P. MORGAN

I. WHEN I first saw Cincinnati Union Terminal, I was 12 years old, and the structure was the grandest railroad architecture I had ever seen or imagined I ever would. CUT was more than a station. In a sense, its station function was one of its lesser values. The Terminal was the confirmation of everything railroading stood for in my formative, impressionable years. The size and sweep of its masonry symbolized an enduring, self-sustaining, fundamental transportation. For CUT was a built-for-the-ages edifice, fit for the tomb of an Egyptian pharaoh, aptly acclaimed by the local chamber of commerce as a "great temple of transportation." In very location, 1 1/4 miles west of downtown, expressed its character: the Terminal didn't come to the city; the city came to it.

Imagine, please, the impact of the place upon a boy who had just arrived on the leather cushions of the smoker-combine of the B&O 54, a morning train from downtown to Louisville. For him, Cincinnati Union Terminal was a ramp leading from the platform up into the train corridor—a 30-foot kaleidoscope of murals and red marble walls and leather waiting-room seats and terrazzo floor— which emptied into an immense (160 feet high, 125 feet deep, 176 feet wide) main-concourse rotunda, which in turn looked down more than a third of a mile of terraced fountains, green park, and dust-proofed plaza.

My recollection is that the Terminal had everything in addition to trains, and research verifies that it did. Everything: a newswed theater; Western Union, soda fountain; heroic artwok; a time-zoned map of the nation, plan world globes, gift shop; a garage, restaurants, a cocktail lounge, a bank branch, a directors' board room with fireplace, and oh, yes—ticket windows, baggage rooms, arrivals and departures boards, phone booths, and other facilities of all those other stations in all those other places.

(No wonder, then, that not one of the seven railroads which erected the 41-million-dollar Terminal and which "jointly and severally and unconditionally guaranteed" its bonds was in the hands of receivers; insolvency rarely would have been grounds for expulsion from that most august of all railroad associations.)

Cincinnati should and should not have broken ground for a huge rail passenger terminal in August 1928 (a few months before Black Tuesday on Wall Street) and completed it in March 1933 (the month FDR closed the banks). The case can be argued pro and con with equal fervor and facts. In 1928, on the eve of construction, 100 passenger trains arrived in the city and 100 departed each day. By 1950, half that number were left. Today Amtrak operates one train each way and those soon will leave in search of smaller, less costly facilities. But who could have forecast the ultimate depth of the decline a half century ago, when people still rode trains and when the gateway completion of Cincinnati traffic (as many as
three out of four passengers were changing trains or otherwise passing through it was cursed with too fewer than five different depots, all old! Was it to say that Cincinnati didn’t deserve a decent unified station, or that once the battle was won and the pews were joined, CUT would not make eminent as well an aesthetic sense?

Regardless, the great work was incorporated on November 13, 1937: stocks and bonds were issued; the first dirt was dug in August 1899; and the builders proceeded with their objective of an 8-platform, Bi-level through-type passenger station capable of handling more than 200 trains and 17,000 travelers every 24 hours. This meant 212,564 cubic yards of poured concrete, 45,421 tons of brick and building stock, 8,250,000 bricks, 94 miles of new tracks (including 187 switches and 149 signals), and total support facilities (i.e., mail and express buildings, coachyard, 200,000-gallon water tank, coal dock, powerhouse, and 20-stall roundhouse). Depression was not, logic or not, Cincinnati would not be a civic wonder of a terminal on the banks of the Ohio River, just as sister Cleveland had won one evening with sight of the shore of Lake Erie. As its statistics reveal, Cincinnati’s CUT (like Cleveland’s) was a complete proposition, and not solely because of its exotic rotundity (the station building itself accounted for only 21 per cent of the total budget). Insufficient grooving was necessary to lift the Terminal out of the reach of a flood-stage Ohio River, and that meant elaborate steel bridges at the south end of the station. Again, CUT’s inability to purchase a particular parcel of hard meant that the station was likely not to be built at right angles to the train concourse (they’re okay by approximately 4 degrees).

The architects and the engineers prevailed, however, and at 8:50 a.m. on Monday, March 11, 1935, CUT was opened to revenue traffic as Southern 13, all-day, all-stage local to Chattanooga, jettied out of the station. The first arrival took place at 7:10 a.m., when CBD 6, the Sportsman, pulled in.Both trains were simultaneous. CUT had been scheduled to open on April 1, but an uneasy river had chased the trains out of their old depot.

Thus did Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, Louisville & Nashville, New York Central (Big Four), Norfolk & Western, Pennsylvania, and Southern (CNO&T) depart the old B&O, Central Union, Court Street, Fourth Street, and P&LE-L&N depots to enter the last but two (30th Street, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles Union Passenger Terminal) of the ultimate rail passenger facilities to be built in the land. And thus was created an experience for every sensitive traveler who passed through the Queen City; I know. I was there, first when CUT was a mere six years old; again during the Big War; then on subsequent affairs with drama in midwinter, with Mr. Young’s X, and with old friends from the Cincinnati to the Fox, that were running out their final miles. If you were ever on CUT, you knew the attraction. If not, allow me to tell you about it.

CINCINNATI UNION TERMINAL... the blueprint, the photographs — they go just as far in describing the place in either its great dimensions or its face details. You had to be there, preferably on a soft spring evening with a washout or weather. You walked outside, across the driveway, down the terrace past the fountain, and there — you turned and looked back up at that huge arch with its illuminated clock, the one with the 16-foot face. I stood there first as a boy with my Dad, I stood there once with the most beautiful girl in the world. I stood there on many occasions, absorbed in the fact that something so large, so beautiful could be pure railroad to the last penny of its mortgauge. (If you stood inside the rotunda, at the foot of the arch, and talked in normal tones, a person 11 feet across the way at the other foot could not hear you.) I don’t like to admit it, but it’s true: Without the rotundity the arch, CUT would have been just another nice big station, nothing justifiable.

It has finally dawned on me what CUT looked like inside. Observe the semi-circular Queen Mary. Bear in mind that the head of the Cincinnati was laid in 1889, little more than a year after work was started on CUT, and that but for the exigencies of the Great War caused by the depression the Mary would have been launched about the time CUT opened — then compare interiors. You find the same great halls, the same standards stated above, the same effect as modernism came to grips with conservatism, the same big-to-beat and nothing-to-date; the same goal, the same outcome.

The men in the train, Cincinnati had much in common with Kansas City, and the Great American, (more people rode through or changed trains than originated in these stations, thus) both emitted committers, both enjoyed a great deal of competing and connecting among transit roads. There were places you could reach by way of only one road out of Cincinnati (SR’s Ashville, N. C., cousin to milford), but not many. And to most places you had a choice of at least two daily departures on each of two roads. To Jacksonville, Virginia, for example, there were N&W’s Caboose and Pocohantas vs. Chesnee’s F&V & Sportman; and to Florida there were L&M & Southern and Florida & Western split against SR’s Royal Palm and Pacific of Louisiana.

I never could make up my mind which trains appealed the most on CUT’s Arrivals & Departures board — or why. Lebanon & Nashville, which was rural in nature even if it was affluent in coal, the big time in Cincinnati as it did in no other town. Its trains crossed the Ohio on Chesnee’s great bridge, then wound along high above the riverbank on steel trelliswork before coming into CUT beside such scenery as Central Humber. I always felt that L&M looked a bit short of interest in CUT, with the dwarf signals and electromechanical turnouts and modernist rotundity. The P&LE & Alabama was more one with bluegrass and Gulf bayous, Bowling Green and Montgomery; yet there she was — hey, look over! We Lebanonites usually rode “yard road” up to Cincinnati, but we didn’t necessarily tell anyone in the big city how we got there.

If L&M was different, Lebanon was haphazard — as any road could be that could field tremendous 4-6-0s plastered up in green and gold, and topped by three-quarter-blower-lamb Monsters, and coupled to cisterns with names such as Queen and Crescent, but SR went a step further. Their axioms didn’t allow its engine or cage to linger in CUT but pulled them back across the river to Ludlow, Ky., for servicing. Even Pennsy didn’t try that, and I never found out how SR explained the exclamation. Unless, of course, 4-6-0 (4671-4678 series on the CNO&T) was too regal to find any bones in Cincinnati.

New York Central was right at home in CUT. It should have been. The year work had begun in the Queen City, CUT’s architects, Polk promoters and Wagner, had just completed NYC’s own Central Station in Buffalo; and allowing for a few months of a rotation in the hullabaloo, the similarity is apparent. Central was at home in the big time, what with its trains serving Grand Central, Central, and the other CUT. In fact, a mural of a J-1s Hudson hung over the Cincinnati Arrivals board. A J-1s carrying green, at that. My Dad, who is British and therefore a receptive to multiple icon and high speed and graceful design, admitted to doing CUT on the lines of the
Spramore, with the logger of the 4-6-6 up front steering us off the embankment and down in the railroad, then screwing up his reversion shank and allowing that marvellous mow to build up to 68 and 69 and beyond running away, running wild.

Rival Pennsylvania loomed large in Cincinnati Union Terminal with, for example, 10 departures between 9:05 a.m. and 11:40 p.m. in the summer of 1939. Of course, CUTF was not out of the clubs of PRR architecture; it had bathing in common with 300 Street, Philadelphia. (Thirtieth Street, although it was never called older, yet conversely it had aged better.) One cannot imagine a GHO electric motorizing into CUTF, and heaven forbid speculation on what General Albury would have thought of modernมวล and grey-stone curves. PRR owned a shade over 14 per cent of CUTF and 20 per cent of Chicago Union Station, and the two structures reflected those statistics.

Baltimore & Ohio, on the other hand, although it was older than Perney and scarcely as difficult an asset to control, and was most celebrated for such venerables as its Mount Royal and Camden stations in Baltimore, appeared to me to match with CUTF quite well. In those days B&O had to cut corners to maintain the appearance of parity with the No. 1 and 2 of Eastern railroading. B&O took you right to the doorstep of your hotel in New York because it didn't have a tunnel; B&O streamlined as good heavyweight sleepers because it couldn't afford new lightweights; B&O took a plunge on diesel to offset USRA heavyweight designs; and B&O welcomed (I thought) a next-generation Cincinnati station for which another carrier, most of them competitive in some measure, shared the tab. B&O was the only road to run through CUTF, was the first with diesel in CUTF, and was the owner of the Cincinnati, the Terminal's most decorative streamliner (so, I haven't forgotten about the original James Whitcomb Riley).

The road-borders, Norfolk & Western was Avis to you-know-whose Hertz. M&W came crawling out of the roadbeds on a party, riding, bridge-mounted tender, content to play a supporting role in CUTF as the least passenger-oriented corner to the station. But in 1981 N&W changed its image. Boomer turned out engine 661, prototype of the streamlined J-class 4-6-4's whose bullet-headed look denoted a modern surrounding. Pound for pound, detail for detail, the J surely was the finest steam locomotive ever to thread the Terminal's double-deck tunnels. Also, she was an absolute contrast in time and style to the GHP that pulled M&W out of CUTF for the last time.

Which leaves Chesapeake & Ohio ... and I mean the C&O of Van Swearingen cost, not the later-day blue-and-yellow invention of Robert R. Young's publicists. Chesapeake, the old classic Choozle, laid it on for passengers with P-13 Pacific (remember the stars on the cylinders, and the canopy of the first American president on the Berkshire tender, and the splendid Vanderbilt tank) and library-lounge sleepers and Imperial Salon Cars ("Individual seats for passengers desiring Pullman accommodations"). That was countenance. Westbound C&O scaled everything down to a choice if unremarked little local that a 4-4-2 took out of CUTF for an hour, 268-mile journey to, of all places, Hammond, Ind. C&O was a reason, a key reason, we rode the L&N to CUTF, for Cincinnati was the one big city where Chessie was to be found in full bloom.

Today Amtrak waits out of Cincinnati Union Terminal. No ticket the agency sells in CUTF begins to cover terminal charges, much less contribute anything toward the east of the train ride itself. Even a smattering of its support facilities and run by a skeleton staff (21 in 1978 down from 200 in 1968), the Terminal has turned in an annual deficit of more than $4 million dollars in recent years. The most visionary of Amtrak's can't justify one of a transportation temple at those prices. This will leave the Terminal empty and its owners (the biggest one bankrupt) individually, severally, and unconditionally responsible for 10 million dollars' worth of bonds due in 1974.

I'm sorry about the debt, but I'm happy that Amtrak elected to leave CUTF, my Terminal, wasn't seats for the idea of a quasi-Government agency operating a national system of passenger trains out of a common timetable. CUTF was of the railroads, by the railroads, a dramatic, private, public, a monument to a vanished time of Pullman and Vanderbilt, the Van Swearingen and Willard, the Tri-Morit and Model A's 160-per-cent-a-mile fares and 10 per cent reductions on round trips. Naturally, I'd read about Cincinnati's place for its empty schedule, if only for material for Thraser's news column. But in my heart, the Terminal — the temple, if you will — is secure. Lights wink across the track diagram over its 187-berth interlocking machine. Under the great roundels tickets are being nailed and sleeping-car diagrams inked in. Down the train become crowds of disable people assembling at the ramps and stairs leading to the platforms below. And below, at track level, smoke from diner galleys, blankets are turned into lower and upper, and engineers and trainmen compare Rambunctious.

Stephens are envenying up, a headlight turns bright, a gloved hand turns a throttle, and at 6:25 p.m. L&N 1, the Amtrak, rolls out of Cincinnati Union Terminal. The rods of its Mountain type recoil above the green diamonds, and R.P.O. and baggage cars and coaches and Pullman and diner follow their charge obediently over existing embankment. From a high-backed green-pitch seat a boy of 17, with his face pressed against the window, looks back at that soaring arch of CUTF. Dash is deceiving on 80-inch drivers keep couplers tight, as the city and the river fall behind the number ten on the rear of the diner, as a career makes the first call for dinner. The boy, in his formative years and impressive, is happy. He has seen the big time and has lived up to its billing.
OUTSTANDING PHOTOGRAPHY ON THREE LEVELS

- Photojournalism
- History
What do all these trains have in common?
See page 44
What do all these trains have in common?

See page 44
NIXON PLACES FATE IN GOP COMMITTEE HANDS; DEMANDS STEVENSON POLITICAL FUND ACCOUNT

QUIT, AOLA! To Blunt Demand

Registration Rush, Record Expected

SENATOR Stays On Ticket, As Democratic Choice Varies In Varying Old Whistle-Stop

Candidate No Quitter, He Tells TV Audience In Unprecedented Talk DENIES ANY WRONGDOING In Use Of Expense Monies In Financial Condition

Fire Nixon? No! "I Shall Not Run" Formula Is Adopted In Case Of Republican Victory

White House In Yes-No Spot; Move Against Nixon Affirmed Then Denied, But Study's On

Rest Control Loses In 26 Communities

See Hurt In Korea; Hurry Informed; Captain In Mortar
NIXON PLACES FATE IN GOP COMMITTEE HANDS; DEMANDS STEVENSON POLITICAL FUND ACCOUNT

QUIT, ADLAI! Is Blunt Demand

As Democratic Clamor Over Nixon Backfires

GOP Committeeman Sends Notice To Stevenson's Aid For Showdown

CHICAGO, Sept. 23—Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson's withdrawal from the presidential campaign was demanded today because of his use of special cash fund to augment state salaries of some of his aids.

The demand was made by C. Wayland Brooks, Illinois Republican National Committeeman and Former U. S. Senator from Illinois, in a letter to the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Stephen Mitchell.

Mr. Brooks also called for a congressional committee investigation of the fund collections to bring out who put up the money and how it was spent.

Today Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Dol.

Registration Rush, Record Expected

Hamilton County voters are expected to set a record for registration before the 8 p.m. deadline today.

Joseph H. Hudspeth, Deputy Clerk of the Board of Elections, yesterday predicted the total would reach 300,000—25,000 more than 1952's all-time high.

The board had its biggest day of the year yesterday with 1,836 persons registering. Mr. Hudspeth said an even larger throng probably would appear at the board's office at 872 Washington St. The office will be open from 8:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. today.

In addition, more than 3,000 polling places in the county also will be open for registration. Their hours will be from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m.

The total registration in the county so far is 344,735.

Mr. Hudspeth said the polling places would be marked with flags. The Board of Elections will be glad to answer telephone queries concerning exact addresses of any of the polling places.

To insure a record turnout, the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Federated Civics Association last night conducted a one-hour porch-light campaign, during which all registered voters were asked to turn on their porch lights. Members of both associations then made calls on houses with dark porches to urge the residents to register today.

The junior covered on Golf Manor while the rest of the county was covered by the more than 50 affiliate groups of the Federated Civic Association.

 Persons who have never registered previously (including those who have recently come of age), who did

NIXON AS HE DEFENDED CAMPAIGN FUND

NIXON AS HE DEFENDED CAMPAIGN FUND

In Use Of Expense Monies ---Senator Bares Entire Financial Condition

Los Angeles, Sept. 23—Sen. Richard Nixon, Republican nominee for Vice President, addressed a nationwide television audience last night, defending an $8,000 fund collected by friends for his expenses. The talk was made from Los Angeles; this picture was made from a TV screen in New York. No pictures were permitted in the Los Angeles studio during Senator Nixon's talk. —AP Wirephoto.

Candidate No Quitter, He Tells TV Audience In Unprecedented Talk

DENIES ANY WRONGDOING

Los Angeles, Sept. 23—Sen. Richard Nixon, pleading his case in a future over an $18,000 expense fund, declared tonight he is not a quitter and that he is submitting his political fate to the Republican National Committee. The GOP candidate for Vice President said in an unprecedented report to the people that he will abide by the committee's decision, whatever it may be.

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, speaking in Cleveland, called his running mate a "brave man" indicating that the head of the ticket hoped that Senator Nixon would stay on the ticket.

Fire Nixon? No!

Cincinnati Western Union Office Flooded By Pleading Petitions

Here's the Address! WASHINGTON, Sept. 23 (AP) — Sen. Richard N. Nixon asked his listeners tonight to write the Republican National Committee their views on whether he should...
Traffic Hurts Fatal To Cincinnati Men: Drove Against Rigs

Edward King, 50, 758 W. Berendo St., died at General Hospital early yesterday a few hours after his automobile struck a trolley box and a pole at Liberty and Berendo. His death was the 50th traffic fatality reported in Hamilton County this year. Last year at this time there were 32. Police said Mr. King's automobile side-axed the box, which had stopped for a step sign, and then struck a wooden pole. He suffered a crushed chest.

A new statue is probably the very thing you need.

Traffic has been a common occurrence.

Other communities, which previously had revealed plans to stay away from alcohol were Lockland, Marietta, St. Bernard Terrace Park and Linwood Heights in Hamilton County, and Bellevue, Dayton and Newport in Campbell County, and Ludlow in Kenton County.

Newport's decision was tentative, contingent upon the approval of the Rent Stabilization Board of a 10 percent increase.

The rent stabilization rates were demoted several months ago in Gold Medal, Indian Hill, Wyoming and Harrison as well as unincorporated areas of Kenton and Campbell Counties.

Sonn Hurst In Korea; Hershey Informed; Captain In Marines

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23 (AP) — Marine Capt. Gilbert R. Hershey, son of Maj. Gen. Lewis H. Hershey, Director of Selective Service, has been seriously wounded in Korea.

General Hershey said today he and his wife were officially notified this morning that Captain Hershey was wounded in his chest, neck and upper legs and had been moved to the hospital ship Repose for further treatment.

The Captain's condition was reported as "critical" with "no nerve involvement."

Captain Hershey, whose wife and daughter live in San Clemente, Calif., was in thick of the heavy fighting in Korea almost immediately after the war started, his father said. The Captain later returned to this country and assigned as instructor at Quanton, Va., but on his urgent request was sent back to Korea in June. He commanded Co. C, First Marines, and had been in heavy action at Bunker Hill.

Battle Report: 251 New Casualties

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23 (AP) — The Defense Department today identified 251 battle casualties in Korea last week that reported 43 killed, 191 wounded, nine missing and eight injured.

Took the news early, but was forced to hold their fire until the command was well under way.

Two Are Wounded In Korean Fighting

Two Korean Commandos have been wounded in action in the Korean fighting, the Department of Defense announced yesterday.

They are the Territorial Army of the Republic of Korea, and the Republic of China, and the Commandos have fought a guerrilla campaign of more than 24 hours against the Republic of Korea and the Chinese People's Volunteer Army.

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BEHIND THE SCENES
PASSENGER’S PERSPECTIVE
OUTSTANDING PHOTOGRAPHY ON THREE LEVELS

• Photojournalism
• History
• Art
CATCHING THE VIEWER’S EYE WITH

• Light
• Line
• Form/Shape
But look again at this scene of the *James Whitcomb Riley* boarding on track 4, for it contains a rare, a mysterious, almost an other-world quality. The redcap turns and looks back up the ramp with a look of mixed acceptance and pain on his face ... the young woman turns too, and her expression is more than simple curiosity ... and the train and its passengers and crew appear to vanish into the mist in the distance.

Source: *Trains*, February 1972, page 55
Do these people somehow sense they’re almost beyond time and into history, even as the shutter is snapped? We know not. We do know that Wally Abbey took an uncommon photo as the clock ticked toward 8:30 a.m. on that day in September 1952.

Source: *Trains*, February 1972, page 55
PRESENTED BY: GEORGE W. HAMLIN

At

Northwestern University
Transportation Center
Sandhouse Gang
Evanston, Illinois
April 12, 2018
Available from: www.railphoto-art.org