

THREE OF THE "LONG-TIMERS" that served together for many years were Zolly Riviere, engineer from 1903 to 1917; "STICK" ELLIOTT now retired, having worked for 34 years starting out as brakeman, later became fireman and sometimes served as an extra engineer; also JOHN LATTIMORE, the train conductor, who started with the road about 1903 and retired in the early part of the last decade. The tales of "Uncle Johnny Lattimore" would fill a book the length of "Gone with the Wind"--he took great delight in expressing his contempt for such things as music, ball games, and automobiles, and we know, if he were here today, it would be of great interest (to men only) to hear him express his unqualified disapproval of the discontinuation of the train in favor of those "damn motor trucks." "Uncle Johnny" had many pet dislikes, but among some of the few things he loved were his corn-cob pipe and his beloved little train. When the "three musketeers," above-mentioned, were young in service, it became necessary to replace the two wood-burner engines with a heavier locomotive, and after some dickerin', No. 1 and No. 2 were traded in for the THREE SPOT--a second-hand, Camel back type, with a six wheel drive; that was the road's first coal-burner, but it was unsatisfactory because of its daily habit of jumping the track. This brought about the purchase of two spankin' new engines, built by the Vulcan Locomotive Works, replete with eight-wheel drivers, airbrakes and all the latest fixings, and known as No. 4 and 5. MAJOR SCHENCK was on hand when No. 4 arrived in Shelby on two flat cars, her engine on one car and her tender on another. He expressed his satisfaction and pride, by exclaiming, "Dog-thunder, but isn't she a monster?"

SEMI-ANNUALLY, an excursion train was made up to accommodate the crowds from Lawndale and Upper Cleveland who wished to attend the "Hoey contest" and take in the annual circus. Piedmont high school, which was then a boarding school, always drew capacity crowds too on the little train when they had commencement exercises, which always lasted a full week. At times like those, when the coaches and summer cars were filled, the problem of taking care of the "over-flow" was solved by hooking on several empty box-cars with improvised seats of cross-ties, and everybody was completely and gloriously happy.

MANY PEOPLE CAME TO LAWNDALE to see their first train and were not fazed by its dwarf-like proportions, but on the other hand were greatly impressed by its "immense" size. The story goes, that in the early days an overgrown lad from the vicinity of "Three Corners," who had never traveled beyond a three mile radius of his home, came with his father to Lawndale and was so impressed with the train that he couldn't resist the opportunity of making the trip to Lawndale, an historical event in his life; he bought a round-trip ticket to Shelby and as he alighted from the train that same evening, with an amazed expression on his face, his father was heard to ask, "Well son, what all did you see?" The travel weary boy replied, "Well, pap, if the world's as big up towards Morganton way, as it is down yonder to Shelby--she sho' is a whopper.

ZOLLY RIVIERE gave up the job as engineer about 1917 and was replaced by B.B. WILSON who operated the train until his death in 1941. B.B. as he was affectionately known by his countless friends was succeeded by ODIS ROYSTER who made the last run on April 30th.

THE DAYS ARE GONE when the engineers of the little road will be subjected to humiliating and belittling comments by interested onlookers and would-be hecklers; even the youngsters often made their faces turn red, like the time when the little freckle-faced kid at the Seaboard junction sidled up to B.B. WILSON, and asked, "Mister, when you get through with that thing, can I play with it awhile, can I please?"

THE TRAIN CREW of the Seaboard railway also enjoyed taking an occasional "crack" at our little train. One day the "Junior Miss" was standing by at the junction, waiting a pass-order from the Seaboard freight, so she could continue her run into Shelby on main track, made possible by a third rail. The Big Freight did not have orders to stop, but she pulled up anyway, the engineer leaned out of the window of his cab and yelled to Zolly Riviere, "Hey, I haven't got all day, so if you want that thing to 'suck', bring her alongside and be quick about it."

THEN THERE IS THE STORY of the old codger from "tother" side of Ben's Knob who walked up to the train crew one day and pushing his hat on the back of his head, 'lowed as how, "I've allus hee'rd of Schenck's Dummy, but never seed it before"; then calmly placing his "chaw ter-backer" where his jaw teeth should have been, he proceeded to  
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