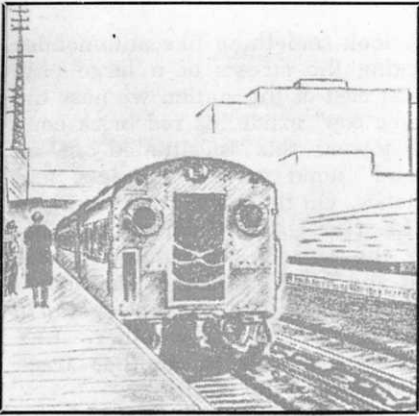
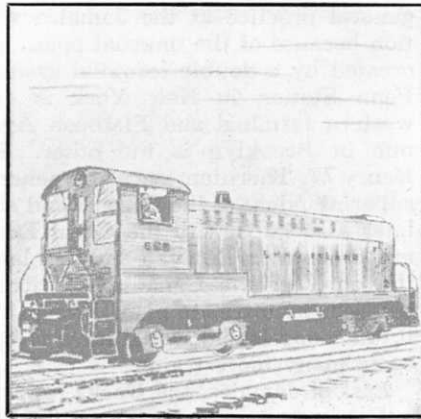


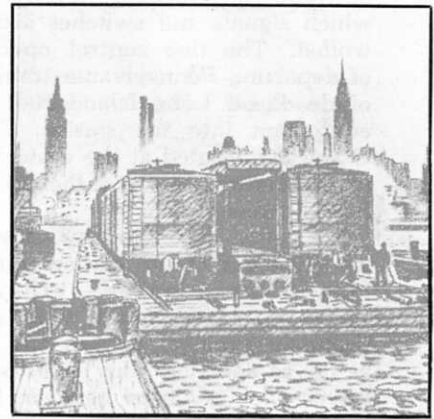
Morris Park engine terminal.



Electric.



Diesel.



Car Float.

Long Island Rail Road

One out of every five U. S. rail commuters rides on the Long Island, the only class 1 railroad whose passenger revenues exceed the income derived from freight

BY RAE EDIGER

FROM winding underground tunnels thousands of homebound workers come streaming into New York's Pennsylvania Station along about 6 in the evening, like so many moles from their runways. They come from subterranean railroad trains — the Interborough Rapid Transit, the Broadway Manhattan Transit, and the Independent — which erupt with loads of weary executives and secretaries, Fifth Avenue shop sales girls, Wall Street brokers. In one of the world's busiest railroad stations they make a dash, sometimes a near stampede, for Long Island Rail Road* trains.

That is what makes the Long Island the world's greatest commuter railroad. One out of every five rail commuters in the United States goes by Long Island. The line connects New York with a prosperous residential and playground island 120 miles long and up to 20 miles wide.

The station, shared by the Long Island and its daddy, the mighty Pennsylvania, is a city in itself. We crash through the human lines to buy

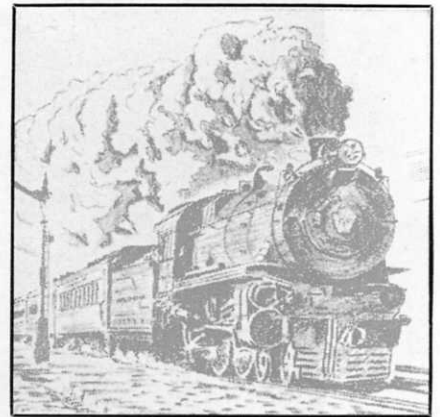
* The Long Island still retains the archaic two-word spelling of "Rail Road." In this it is unique.

a late *World-Telegram* or *Sun* at a newsstand, push on to a bakery to take home an apple crumb cake, then rush to the train gates.

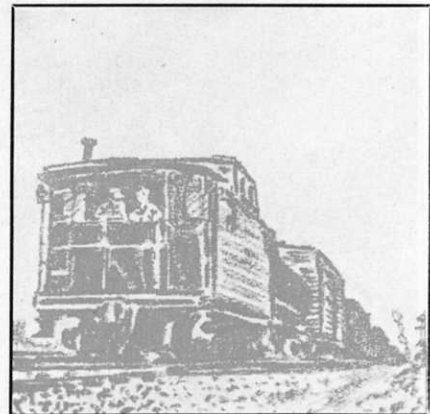
We enter between tracks 13 and 14 where a sign says "Long Beach." No one stops us although a sign states that tickets are needed to enter. There are swarms of people on the platform and trains on both tracks. If we boarded the one on Track 13 we might wind up in Chicago. It is Pennsylvania's *Broadway Limited*. But there is not much chance for such error; white-clad Pullman porters guard each door. Our multiple-unit Long Island train to Long Beach is on Track 14. It is Tuscan red, the same as its big brother across the platform though not as shiny. Our train has 12 cars in this rush period. This is the limit for the Long Island, which is rationed on space in the East River tunnels, the dividing line between roaring Manhattan and suburban Long Island.

The platform on which we stand is but one from a 4-mile battery of enclosed passenger tracks at Penn Station. There are 21 tracks, over which 100.5 million passengers arrived and departed in 1947. Of these, 68.1 million rode the Long Island Rail Road.

At the westerly end of our platform



Steam.



Way Freight.

