

ATTENTION! REVISED REVISED REVISED. PLEASE DISCARD MY ORIGINAL COPY SENT. PRINT THIS ONE. RE TELEPHONE CONVERSTAIION WITH EDITOR.

The East & West Passenger Trains met and departed at Lipton.

In my youth days, the economic depression struck with such a ferocity on the prairies that it shocked us all. Life was difficult. Canada exported in 1928 about 405 million bushels of grain and the farmer received around \$1.50 a bushel for wheat. By 1932 the crop intake had fallen to about 150 million bushels. The highest grade of wheat on the Winnipeg Grain exchange (open market) was about 35c a bushel while the lowest price was about 25c. When the yearly farm costs had been subtracted many farmers were bankrupt. They survived because of mixed-farming. They had their own cattle, poultry and garden, producing their own products and spent little money. Many received the low pittance of a monthly relief cheque of 5 to 10 dollars. In such a situation, the use of the Passenger trains was very helpful for town and farm business. The price for travel and express needs was effective and efficient.

It was a period of much dependence on Steam Locomotive Railway Passenger Travel and express-mail needs. It was also an exception, where east-west passenger trains met and departed at the same time of day in Lipton. At that period of history, we were conditioned with an environment of mainly horse power, manual hard work, lots of bush, berries, meat and wild fur catch. People depended mainly by Railway to travel to the cities and towns, especially Regina. Railway was a special need

for farmers from far distance who owned few cars. The town folk greatly depended on Railway service, and they were proud about it. There was no Bus service, heavy trucking etc and they would of had a set-back in the standard of life. Every-day orders were made by telephone, and mail, and the service was delivered in town in excellent time. There was a special respect for the Station Agent Mr. Crosby who concentrated with strictness and exactness in selling passenger tickets, sending out telegrams, collecting freight bills etc. The CPR Station Big Pot Belly Coal Heater-stove in the lobby was a great place to warm up from the cold winter with wooden benches to sit-on.

The Steam Engine Passenger Trains, arriving six (6) days a week, was all embracing. It arrived from Monday to Saturday late noon hour (12:20 p.m). It had a powerful engine whistle with three blasts which alerted everybody in town. It had immense power from its basic elements - fire and water. In starting the train, usually a sudden and huge dark cloud of steam forcefully came out of the Engine Smoke stack. The Driver Steel Wheels on the Engine were the gripping force to move ahead. At the time, it was a great scene to watch. When it was windy there was black coal cinders coming out of the smoke stack and into your eyes. In very cold and heavy snow drift weather, (and one season when heavily covered caterpillars-grasshoppers on the railway tracks) forced the engine steel wheels to slip more and nothing moved for awhile. The Train was finally moved and pushed ahead by a skilled Engineer and an experienced fireman quickly stacking the coal into the fire-box. It was a hot job for firemen and they

shovelled around 25 ton of coal between railway divisional points. The Town Businesses and Residents was a short distance away and the CPR station was the centre of activity for the old and young. The arrivals and departures of the passenger trains was exceptional accurate. It was the pride of the Train Crew to come on time. They were always inspecting their gold railway watch (chained tied in the vest pocket) for time accuracy. There was the loading and unloading into the station wagon and then unto the baggage car empty and full (5) gallon cream cans. They were mainly shipped to Regina Creameries and some for Brandon. We watched the loading and unloading of Baggage and Express from the baggage-car by the baggagemen. There was a dozen and more mail bags, boxes for different Merchants, Implement & Auto Dealers, Lumber-yard, Municipal and School needs, Bakery, Hotel Restaurant, Blacksmith, Mail-Order parcels, etc. The drayman was on hand with his helper and was always there ahead of time to load goods from the station wooden platform onto the dray for delivery to its destination. The Drayman was a well known loyal worker and respected. The Post-Office Mail was badly waited for by town and farm folk. Business & personal letters, cream cheques, weekly and the Regina daily newspaper and smaller mail-order parcels were quickly sorted. The excitement was: meeting your family and friends on the station wooden platform that came off the Passenger Car from the Regina line with suit-case and parcels, and parted with those boarding for the big City and other towns with suit-cases and home-made lunches. Many farmer families, especially children, travelled so

little and enjoyed immensely the passenger ride on comfortable plush seats with steam heat for warmth in winter and open window-breeze in summer. They were in their best dress to travel. Looking out of the huge windows, the scenery and town-stop along the branch line kept up their interest. It was always pleasant and interesting to see the Conductor and Trainman in Train Tunic and Cap carrying out their duties. The Conductor either punched or collected passenger tickets quickly before the next stop. Before each town stop he announced: "Next stop is Dysart" etc. His orders when letting passengers off and onto the passenger car was well obeyed. His command on his last call "All aboard" (ready to go) was done with a strong discipline voice and everybody liked it. Railway was great progress. It was part of our culture.

Dear Editor: January 27, 1996 506-96 Ave SE Calgary AB T2J-0G9.
Friends encouraged me (at 80) to write about life around passenger trains at Lipton. It was the meeting point on that branch line. Well - I tried! (with cold weather irritation) I sent it out too soon. Ha. The above is a revised copy.
For 21 years, in my later years, I worked at the Ogden Shops - Calgary and not strange to Railway. I know it is a long letter etc, but I try too tell a true story from personal-memories.
Please print if possible.
Thanks,
Dave Raichman
Calgary, Alta