



*The
Story of
Phoebe Snow*

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD

The Route of The Phoebe Snow

Back at the turn of the century, when railroad travel was "in plush", although less refined than the service of today, an auburn-haired maiden, garbed in immaculate white and adorned by a dainty corsage of violets, made her bow on the American scene.

Her name was Phoebe Snow. And her sparkling white dress and hat symbolized cleanliness of travel on the Lackawanna Railroad. The Lackawanna of those days was one of the few railroads



whose locomotives took the "sin" out of cinders by burning hard instead of soft coal.

Penrhyn Stanlaus and other celebrated portrait artists glorified

Miss Phoebe Snow with palette and canvas. Vaudeville vocalists sang her praises. Poets and wags, too, contributed to Phoebe Snow's popularity. Advertisements, set to rhyme and illustrated with pictures of Miss Phoebe, appeared in profusion in streetcars, in magazines and in newspapers.

Typical of these verses was the one in which Phoebe admitted:

"I won my fame and wide acclaim
For Lackawanna's splendid name
By keeping bright and snowy white
Upon the Road of Anthracite."

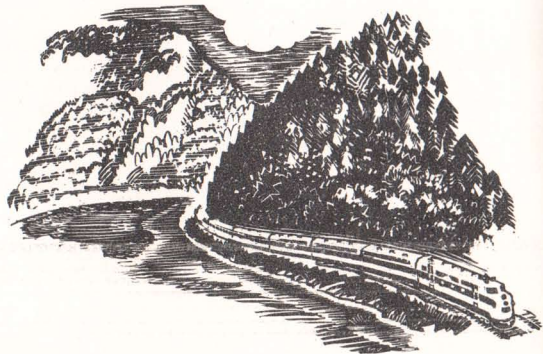


But when Phoebe Snow had reached her peak of popularity someone started a war — the first of the two World Wars. Then the Government took over the railroads, which were ordered to burn soft coal. That order brought about the disappearance of Phoebe Snow and her garb of dainty white for many long years.

But when the Second World War started, Phoebe Snow came out of retirement, volunteered her services, donned a uniform and went to work for Victory. Her verses decried the tremendous part the railroads of America played in the war effort.



When Victory was won, Phoebe Snow was honorably discharged from service and turned her attention and her verses to the safety, speed and comfort of travel along the Road of Anthracite. Gowned once more in "snowy white", she again symbolizes the cleanliness of travel on Lackawanna's smooth-riding, cinder-free Diesel-powered trains. More than that, Phoebe Snow now has a train all her own! Yes, today she lends her "name and splendid fame" to the greatest of all Lackawanna trains, the luxurious, ultra-modern streamliner—the PHOEBE SNOW!



The Original Phoebe Snow Jingles

FROM THE TURN OF THE CENTURY UNTIL WORLD WAR I

Says Phoebe Snow about to go,
Upon a trip to Buffalo
"My gown stays white from morn till night
Upon the Road of Anthracite."

The man in blue now helps her through.
And tells her when her train is due.
"He's so polite. They do things right
Upon the Road of Anthracite."

Miss Phoebe Snow has stopped to show
Her ticket at the gate, you know,
The guard, polite, declares it right.
Of course — its Road of Anthracite



Now Phoebe Snow direct can go
From Thirty-third to Buffalo.
From Broadway bright the “Tubes” run right
Into the Road of Anthracite.



Each cut and fill 'cross dale and hill
Has made “The Shortest” shorter still.
Like arrow's flight I now delight
To speed o'er Road of Anthracite.

With dimpling face all full of grace
Fair Phoebe pictures in a daze
That journey bright when clad in white
She used the Road of Anthracite.



Says Phoebe — “You have travelled too,
On many roads — and find it true
That all that's bright and best, unite
Upon the Road of Anthracite.”



Says Phoebe Snow: “I see you know,
(As mothers should) the way to go
To keep the children clean and bright
Upon the Road of Anthracite.

Yes, Phoebe, I can now see why
The praises of this road you cry.
My gloves are white as when last night
We took the Road of Anthracite.



Her laundry bill for fluff and frill
Miss Phoebe finds is nearly nil
It's always light though gowns of white
Are worn on Road of Anthracite.



When "Made" they say "in U.S.A."
They mean the Maid who's made away
With travel's bright both day and night
By Using Simply Anthracite.

Like aeroplanes my favorite trains
O'er top the lofty mountain chains.
There's cool delight at such a height
Upon the Road of Anthracite.



Here Phoebe may by night or day
Enjoy her book upon the way —
Electric light dispels the night
Upon the Road of Anthracite.



A glance will show why Phoebe Snow
Prefers this route to Buffalo.
And Phoebe's right, no route is quite
So short as Road of Anthracite.

When nearly there her only care
Is but to smooth her auburn hair,
Her face is bright, her frock still white
Upon the Road of Anthracite.



On time the trip ends without slip
And Phoebe sadly takes her grip
Loath to alight, bows left and right,
“Goodbye, dear Road of Anthracite.”



Miss Snow commends her road to friends
To one and all this message sends:
“No route brings quite as much delight
As cleanly Road of Anthracite.”

It's time to go with Phoebe Snow
Where banks of rhododendron blow
In pink and white on every height
Along the Road of Anthracite.



It's time to go where records show
It's cooler ten degrees or so
By Fahrenheit each Summer Night
Along the Road of Anthracite.



Miss Phoebe's there don't you know where?
Why, Water Gap on the Delaware.
Good sport in sight, both day and night;
Go by the Road of Anthracite.

A birch canoe and Phoebe too,
Already there to welcome you.
The season's right, the distance slight
Upon the Road of Anthracite.



The wondrous sight of mountain height
At Water Gap brings such delight
She must alight to walk a mite
Beside the Road of Anthracite.



Goodbye to Care! It's time to share
With Phoebe Snow the mountain air,
The towering height and vistas bright
Which mark The Road of Anthracite.

Each passing look at nook or brook
Unfolds a flying picture book
Of landscape bright, or mountain height,
Beside the Road of Anthracite.



The evening flies till Phoebe's eyes
Grow sleepy under mountain skies.
Sweet dreams all night are hers, till light
Dawns on the Road of Anthracite.



A coach or sleigh was once the way
Of reaching Home on Christmas Day.
Now — Phoebe's right, you'll expedite
The trip by Road of Anthracite.

*If up the Bay he came today
And asked to learn "The Shortest Way"
Each wise polite Manhattanite
Would answer "Road of Anthracite."

**(Hudson sailed into New York harbor
— he was seeking the "Northwest Pas-
sage" Shortest Way to the West.)*



These are the views disclosed to sight
Of Water Gap and mountain height
That lie on the Road of Anthracite.



If custom bars from Buffet Cars
Where men may read and smoke cigars,
Miss Snow is quite convinced 'tis right
Upon the Road of Anthracite.

No trip is far where comforts are,
An Observation Lounging Car
Adds new delight to Phoebe's flight
Along the Road of Anthracite.



This scene reveals a chef on wheels
With care preparing Phoebe's meals.
He, too, wears white from morn till night
Upon the Road of Anthracite.



Now that I see how spotlessly
Your kitchen's kept it seems to me
It gives one quite an appetite
This cleanly Road of Anthracite.

A cozy seat, a dainty treat
Make Phoebe's happiness complete,
With linen white and silver bright
Upon the Road of Anthracite.



To do her share Miss Phoebe fair
Selects her food with watchful care.
Though appetite be large or slight
No waste on Road of Anthracite.



Her appetite, by no means light,
Finds in her lunch a new delight,
With linen white, and prices right,
Upon the Road of Anthracite.

Not far apart from Nature's heart
Miss Phoebe plies her skillful art
Both appetite and mountain height
Are reached by Road of Anthracite.



On railroad trips no other lips
Have touched the cup that Phoebe sips.
Each cup of white makes drinking quite
A treat on Road of Anthracite.



Miss Snow draws near the cab to cheer
The level-headed Engineer,
Whose watchful sight makes safe her
flight
Upon the Road of Anthracite.

Devoid of fear with roadbed clear
Miss Phoebe with the Engineer
Notes green and white of signal light
'Tis the Safe Road of Anthracite.



If Phoebe's cause has won applause
The Fireman knows that it's because
With all his might on fires bright
He shovels only Anthracite.



Among the crew the flagman, too,
With Phoebe's trip has much to do,
His flag and light guide her aright
Upon the Road of Anthracite.

'Tis evidence his whole intent
Is guarding her from accident
So Phoebe's quite convinced "all's right"
Upon the Road of Anthracite.



Miss Snow you see was sure to be
The object of much courtesy,
For day or night they're all polite
Upon the Road of Anthracite.



Miss Snow you may see, through clicking
key,
The Train Dispatcher's Mastery
Of every light that guards her flight
Upon the Road of Anthracite.

Miss Snow may scan through journey's
span
Each keen and faithful tower-man,
Whose levers bright are swung aright
Upon the Road of Anthracite.



On time with clock, on bed of rock,
The train rides free from jar or shock.
'Tis comfort quite "to read or write
Upon the Road of Anthracite."



Says Phoebe Snow: "The miners know
That to hard coal my fame I owe,
For my delight in wearing white
Is due alone to Anthracite."

This is the Maiden all in Lawn,
Who boarded the train one early morn
That runs on the Road of Anthracite
And when she left the train that night
She found to her surprised delight
Hard coal had kept her dress still bright.



This is the bed of ballast rock
That keeps the trains from jar and shock
Past Water Gap and mountain height
That lie on the Road of Anthracite.



These are the signals prompt and true
That make the journey safe for you
Over the bed of ballast rock
That keeps the trains from jar and shock
That smoothly run both day and night
On the dustless Road of Anthracite.

This is the swain all shaven and shorn
Who wooed the maiden all in lawn
Because her gown untravelworn
Delighted his fastidious sight
All on the Road of Anthracite.



This is the Priest in gown and band
Who marries the couple out of hand
Who said they fell in love at sight
Because each looked so fresh and bright
On the dustless Road of Anthracite.

This is the waiter, sauve, polite
Who laid the table clean and white
That held the wedding feast that night
For priest, and swain, and maid in lawn
Who boarded the train one early morn
A trip made safe for them and you
By signals prompt and ballast true
On the dustless Road of Anthracite.



While some may wait and hesitate
To bring their stations up to date
They're new and bright when you alight
From off The Road of Anthracite.

The stars now peep at her asleep,
While trackmen keen their night watch
keep,
For Phoebe's flight must be all right
Upon the Road of Anthracite.



Phoebe says and Phoebe knows
That smoke and cinders spoil good
clothes
'Tis thus a pleasure and delight
To take the Road of Anthracite.



"Although compelled to widely roam
And leave the comforts of a home,
Like you, I find them day and night
Upon the Road of Anthracite."

When Sam his nightly trip does make
And leaves behind a shining wake
Of shoes, Miss Snow's he muses o'er
Then sets them softly on the floor:
"Dem slippahs sho'ly do stay white
On dis heah Road O' Anthracite."



An hour's ride and she's beside
Niagara Falls of fame world wide —
Her garb of white remains just right
She thanks the Road of Anthracite.



Phoebe Snow's World War II Jingles

A message, folks, from Phoebe Snow:
"I think you all would like to know
We're all prepared to do our share
To move the tanks from here to there
To keep freight rolling — rolling fast
To play our part from first to last,
To do our bit — and do it right —
Along the Road of Anthracite."

Says Phoebe Snow, "A vital trip
Is getting freight from pier to ship.
So here's the man whose job each day
Starts fighting goods upon their way.
His tugboats haul the guns and tanks
That soon will pierce the Axis' ranks.
Just one more way we're in the fight
Along the Road of Anthracite."

"Few people know", says Phoebe Snow,
"To keep a railroad on the go,
Requires research just as much
As schedules, engines, tracks and such!
Behind the scenes, our engineers
And chemists test wood, steel and gears:
They, too, help keep trains running right —
Along the Road of Anthracite!"



"A railroad's job", says Phoebe Snow,
"Is keeping war freight on the go,
Inspectors check each rail and switch
So trains can move without a hitch;
Research men test equipment, too,
Help keep trains almost good as new,
'Til V-Day we're ALL in the fight,
Along the Road of Anthracite!"

An answer, folks, from Phoebe Snow —
"What keeps war trains on the go?"
A thousand "little" things we do
To help supplies go speeding through.
In shops and labs we never cease
To search for ways to hasten Peace.
For "Progress" is our guiding light —
Along the road of Anthracite!



"Our first job now", says Phoebe Snow,
"Is getting troops to Tokyo!
Civilian travel won't be fun
Until these westward trips are done.
So meanwhile, folks, be patient, please,
Until we've licked the Japanese.
We're moving troops both day and night,
Along the Road of Anthracite!"

Now Phoebe Praises Lackawanna's Modern Trains

"The way to go", says Phoebe Snow,
"When you've no time to lose,
Is on a Lackawanna train . . .
No highway traffic blues!
The Lackawanna's smooth and swift;
It saves you time enroute,
Not only do you get there fast . . .
You feel relaxed, to boot!"

Says Phoebe Snow: "The way to go
In comfort and in ease
Is on the Lackawanna . . .
Where you do just as you please!
Lounging in a lean-back chair,
Relaxed and free from strain,
You've got no "driving" worries
on a Lackawanna train!"

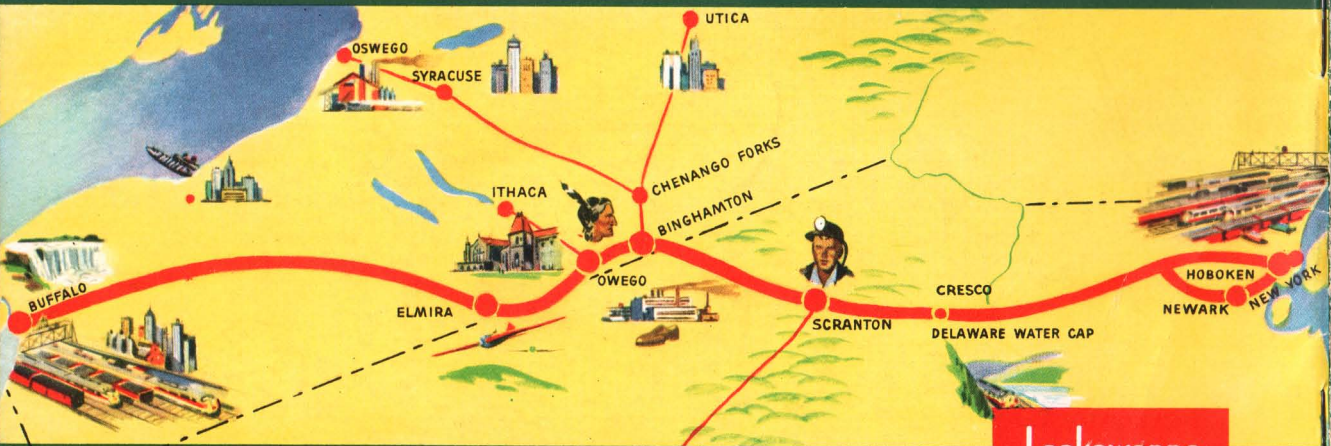


Says Phoebe Snow: "It's grand to go
On trips . . . without a care.
My Lackawanna Diesel trains
Will get you safely there.
When traffic's bad and weather's worse,
You're spared all nervous strain,
You're cozy and relaxed,
Aboard a Lackawanna train!"





THE ROUTE OF THE PHOEBE SNOW



Lackawanna
Railroad