

# Record Break- ing Run of the SCOTT SPECIAL



Los Angeles  
to Chicago



44 HOURS & 54 MINUTES

E. Berr, Santa Fe, N.M.





## The Run of the Scott Special

As told by  
Mr. Frank Newton Holman  
(Who rode on the train)

At one o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, July 9, 1905, a special train, chartered by Mr. Walter Scott, pulled out of La Grande Station of the Santa Fe System, at Los Angeles. The train consisted of engine number 442, baggage car 210, dining car 1407, and the standard Pullman car Muskegon, the three cars weighing exactly 170 tons. This was the train which came to be known as the Death Valley Coyote and the Scott Special.

At 11:54 on the forenoon of July 11th, it came to a stop in the Dearborn Street Station, Chicago, having made the run of 2,265 miles in 44 hours and 54 minutes. The record stands unparalleled in railroad history.

The best previous run between these points had been made by the Lowe Special over the same road in August, 1903, which covered the distance in 52 hours and 49 minutes. The latter train, however, ran westbound and carried only a baggage and Pullman car. The best record on the eastbound run was made by the Peacock Special in March, 1900, Los Angeles to Chicago, over the Santa Fe, in 57 hours and 56 minutes, carrying a Pullman sleeping car and a buffet-smoking car.

The story of this latest epoch-making feat of railroading has been told graphically in the public press. From edition to edition its details leaped into large type in the newspapers, were caught up and passed from lip to lip, the whole continent catching the sporting spirit of this mad dash from the Pacific to the Great Lakes.

To the general public it meant, in the main, the freak of a speed-mad miner; to railroad men the run of the Coyote was a matter of much more engrossing interest. Many of them did not sleep while the train was on the road. It was not the picturesque, even grotesque, spectacle of a blue-shirted dare-devil shaking hands with death, delirious with delight in danger, that kept them tense. It was the growing joy of the accomplished fact, the steady conquering of the seemingly impossible, the imminent fulfillment of careful calculations---something, too, of the sobering sense of an unusual responsibility.

A few minutes before noon on Saturday, the eighth of July, a man walked into Mr. John J. Byrne's private office, in the Conservative Life Building, Los Angeles. Mr. Byrne is Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager of the Santa Fe lines west of Albuquerque. The stranger wore a cheap serge suit, a blue woolen shirt, high-heeled vaquero boots, a cowboy hat, and a fiery red tie. He pitched the hat into one corner of the office, tossed his coat on a settee, and dropping into a chair remarked quietly: "Mister Byrne, I've been thinking some of taking a train over your road to Chicago. I want you to put me in there in forty-six hours. Kin you do it?"

Mr. Byrne whistled.

"Forty-six hours?" said he. "That's a big contract, Mr. Scott. That is 11 hours and 56 minutes faster than the eastbound run has ever been made. Man, do you realize that half the road is over mountain divisions?"

"I ought to," answered Scott. "I've been over the Santa Fe thirty-two times between here and Chicago. I ought to! Here's the money!" And the man in the blue shirt began to shed \$1,000 bills.

"I'm willing to pay any old figure, but I want to make the TIME! Kin you do it for me, or can't you? Let's talk business!"

Mr. Byrne drew out his pencil, and as he figured he talked. The miner broke in every few minutes with a shrewd remark. The conference lasted a long time, and in the end Mr. Byrne put the \$5,500 in his safe.

The train had been bought and paid for.

"Young man," said Mr. Byrne, "the Santa Fe will put you into Chicago in forty-six hours, if steam and steel will hold together. We've got the roadbed, the equipment, and the



Walter Scott and Wife



men; don't forget that. But let me tell you that you'll be riding faster than a white man ever rode before!"

"Pardner," said Scott, simply, "I like your talk. It sounds good to me. Line 'em up all along the way and tell 'em we're coming."

An hour before the time appointed, the Coyote Special was standing in the depot. Thousands of curious sightseers were on hand to see the miner start on his wild ride for a record. As the time drew near, the crowd increased until the train sheds were packed and from every eminence faces looked down.

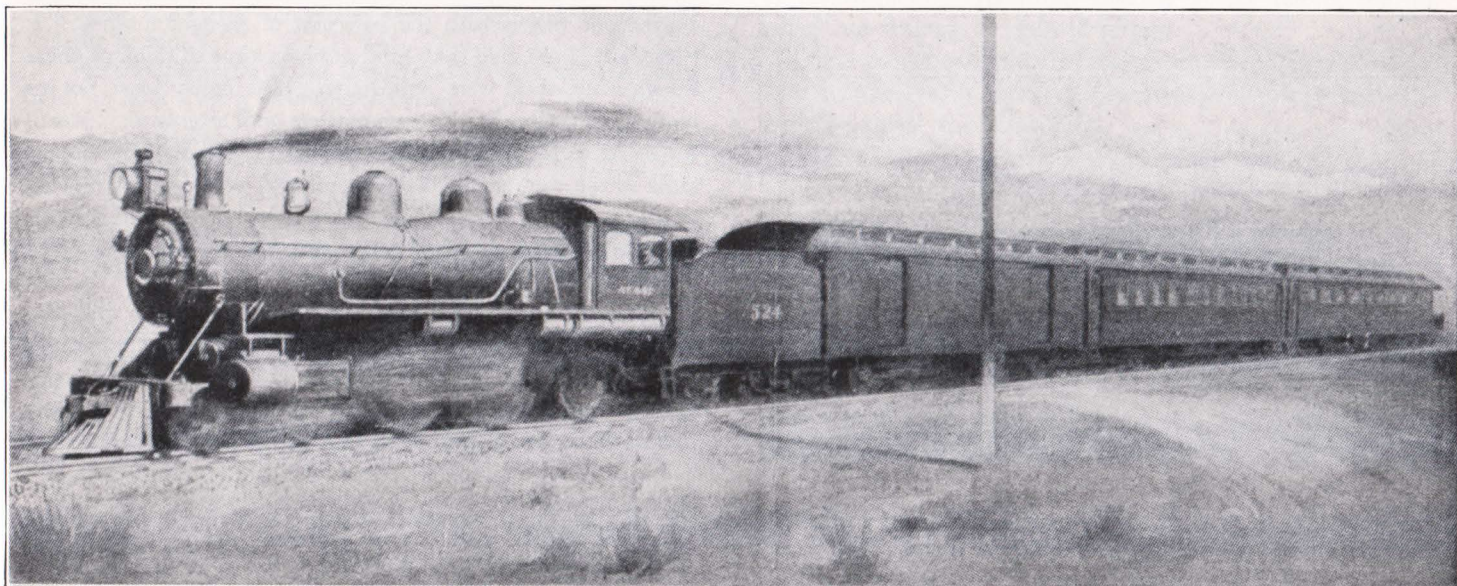
A big engine slowly backed up and wheezed into place at the head of the train. It was No. 442 in charge of Engineer John Finlay. A big automobile dashed up to the entrance of

to move. A great cheer went up from the spectators, Scott waved his slouch hat in response, and inside of fifteen seconds the Coyote disappeared from sight.

The passage through the city was a fleeting ovation, crowds lining every side street to see the train dash along. The little towns outside Los Angeles flitted by like shadows, the cheers of the crowds shrilling an instant and then dropping away from the tail of the racing train.

Thirty-five miles out of Los Angeles, the jar of the air brakes told that something was wrong. The big engine was slowing down and high on the flank of the mountain of steel, a fireman was clinging.

"Too bad!" said Conductor Simpson, "The tank box has gone hot on us! The fireman's playing the hose on it."



*The Santa Fe Train That Carried the Scott Party Across the Kansas Prairies*

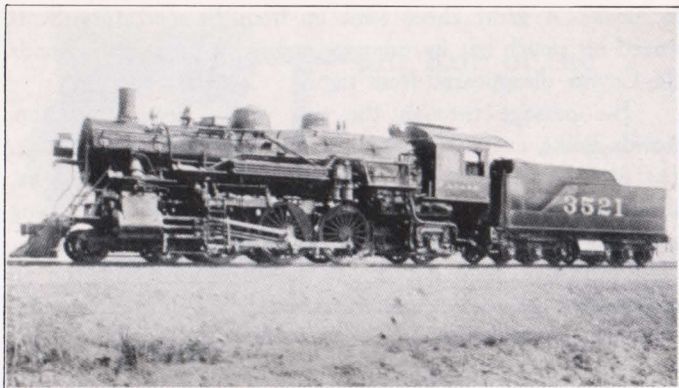
the station and Walter Scott alighted. He had to fight his way through the crowd to get to the train. Entering the cab, he shook hands with the engineer, greeted the fireman, and, urged by the crowd, made a short speech from the tender.

In the meantime the party who were to accompany him had boarded the train. Mrs. Scott, a comely young woman altogether without nerves, awaited her husband in the Pullman. C. E. Van Loan, the newspaper representative who was to write the story of the run, busied himself with his typewriter, and the writer hereof completed the quartette.

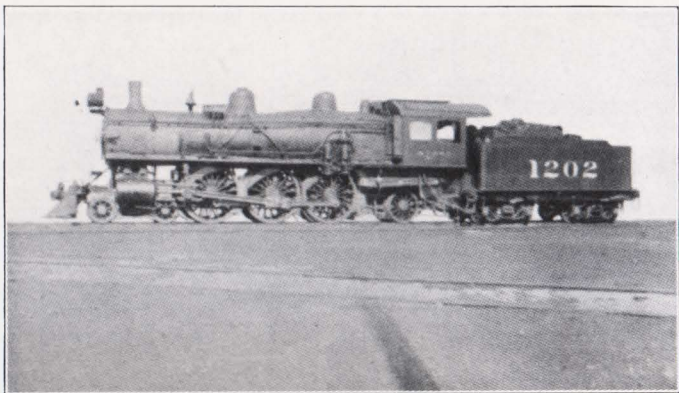
At last the clock pointed to the hour, No. 442 gave a warning toot, visitors scrambled off the train, Conductor George Simpson raised a long forefinger and the Coyote began

But the trouble was immediately rectified and then the train began to whiz in earnest. John Finlay meant to make up that lost time. And he did. One hour and fifteen minutes had been the railroad schedule to San Bernardino. The Coyote cut ten minutes off this time. Here a helper engine was picked up and in a few minutes the engine-drivers were attacking the heavy grade of the Cajon Pass. Up near Summit, at the crest of the hill, we saw the first bit of what to the amateur railroaders of the party seemed almost miraculous railroading. A mile before we reached Summit the helper engine was uncoupled on the fly and, while the speed of the train never slackened for an instant, the light engine dashed ahead, ran

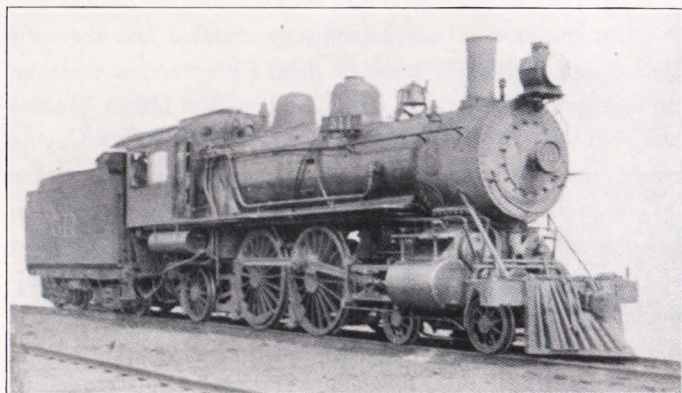




*Pacific Type Engine*



*Prairie Type Engine*



*Atlantic Type, Balanced Compound Engine*

onto a siding, the switch was thrown back, and the on-coming special whirled over the crest of the hill.

Here it was a different story. We were on our first descending grade. The problem now was not how fast we could run, but how fast we dared run. So we shot down toward Barstow at a mile a minute, turning and twisting in and out, Engineer Finlay's hand always on the air-brake. When we made the mile between mile-posts 44 and 43 in 39 seconds, or at the rate of 96 miles an hour, we began to feel that the great race was fairly on. Fast time on a mountain division is a very different proposition from the same rate on the straight-away of the plains. Mountain divisions are full of curves and if one pauses to reflect on the impact with which 338 tons of equipment hits the outer rail of a sharp curve when hurled against it at the rate of 90 miles an hour, the charm of record-breaking is tinged with the pale cast of thought a whole lot. Personally, I am glad that I did not have time to think of these things while they were happening. It is much wiser not to inquire too curiously into such matters until afterward. Meanwhile the certainty that your welfare was the thought uppermost in the cool brains of every member of the operating department of the Santa Fe System, compares not unfavorably with the comforts of a clear conscience. At any rate, it supplements them nicely.

Back in the Pullman, we knew that every man who had our safety in his keeping had been picked with reference to his known possession of the qualities which make for security as well as speed---safety first, then speed. And so, when they told us that we were skimming their roadbed faster than a train had ever done it before, we patted the Santa Fe System on the back and said:

"Hit her up!"

We whistled into Barstow 26 minutes ahead of the killing schedule which had been laid out for us. That 26 minutes was the gift of Engineer Finlay and his crew, and anyone looking for good railroading may rely on them to repeat it as often as the call comes in.

At Barstow we changed engines for the race across the desert. It was a warm run from Barstow to the Needles, but the Coyote took it on the fly, causing the lizards to hastily hunt their holes and making the cacti by the roadside look like a hedge fence.

At 7:13 the Colorado River shimmered in the distance; at 7:17 the Coyote came to a standstill at the head of the Needles yard. In exactly eighty seconds the train was moving again, a fresh engine taking up the work. Thousands lined the track near the depot, but they had no more than a fleeting glimpse of the flying special and she was gone.



Twelve tortuous miles below Needles the Santa Fe crosses the Colorado River on a steel cantilever bridge--a marvel of modern engineering, flung solidly across a wide, tawny stream. Engineer Jackson swung over that twisting track at 65 miles an hour and the glasses leaped in the diner. A rush of sound, a creaking of bridge timbers, and with a dull whirl the Coyote found Arizona soil.

To quote verbatim from a dispatch to the "Kansas City Star":

Have you ever seen the salt cellars playing ping pong with each other? It is not conducive to a healthy appetite. One gets to wondering what would happen if an engine should take the ditch going at that rate of speed. The correspondent looked over at the conductor, Tom Brayil, and it was great relief to an amateur record-breaker to note that he was still smiling. "Jackson don't know a curve when he sees one," called the conductor across the car. "The whole road looks straight to him."

Here is the menu of the Death Valley Coyote, eaten sixty miles an hour over a mountain division:

Caviare Sandwich a la Death Valley.	Iced Consomme.
Porterhouse Steak a la Coyote, two inches thick, and a Marvel of Tenderness.	
Broiled Squab on Toast, with Strips of Bacon au Scotty.	
Stuffed Tomatoes.	
Ice Cream with Colored Trimmings.	
Cheese.	Coffee.
	Cigars.

Now, where can you beat that, Mr. Epicure? Hats off to Chef Geyer, who will see the trip through to Chicago. Mr. Geyer has been many years in the service of Fred Harvey, and when he was slated to make this run, his wife objected seriously. She reminded Geyer of his four small children and bade him let some other man break his neck on the Coyote Special.

"Und I say to her," explained Geyer, "if dot man in der enchine can stand it to pull der train, I can stand it to ride behind him, yet."

Any man who can cook like that at sixty miles an hour is worthy a place in the culinary hall of fame.

Three hours of hard mountain railroading brought us to Seligman, where we picked up an hour. Division Superintendent Gibson climbed into the Pullman and his first facetious words were: "What detained you?" Jackson's dare-devil run will go down in song and story as the most spectacular dash of the western section.

Then began the real fight of the trip---a war against heavy grades. Clouds of sparks whirled by the windows---the little Arizona towns winked once as the Coyote passed. It was here, they said, that we were to win or lose, for if we could make the schedule up and down the divides which separate Seligman from Albuquerque, win over the famous Glorieta Pass, and hold our own on the Raton Mountains, the record was ours beyond question

It is impossible, recalling the events of that nerve-racking night, to pick out for special mention the names of the railroad heroes who won for their road a victory over those grim Arizona mountains.

I only know that from time to time crews of stern visaged men succeeded one another; that engines were changed in record haste, and that Division Superintendent Gibson, heavy-jawed, laconic, and resourceful, rode the train, alert, confident, and conquering. Outside the cool mountain wind swept through the stunted pines and over all twinkled the clear stars of the great Southwest.

There was no sleep on board the Coyote that night. In far-off cities tireless presses were reeling off the story of the flying Coyote, and on board the train "Van" hammered away at his staggering typewriter, clicking off the tale of the run which now belongs to railroad history.

It was not until the first switch at the outer edge of the Albuquerque yards clattered beneath the flying wheels that Superintendent Gibson smiled.

"I've brought you over the Albuquerque Division 34 minutes faster than any train ever went over it before," said he, as he bade us good-by. He had beaten the time of the Lowe Special by 34 minutes; he expected to beat it by 30.

The two Indian villages between Albuquerque and Lamy had never seen a train dropped down a hill at such a rate of speed. Engineer Ed Sears was at the throttle and every inch of the track is well known to this big engineer. A helper engine swung in at Lamy for the climb to the top of the Glorieta, one of the steepest grades on the entire run, 158 feet to the mile. Back in the Pullman, Trainmaster Jim Kurn grinned as he greeted Scott.

"Here's where you get a touch of real mountain railroading," said he, "and we're going to beat the schedule if we have to sidetrack that dining car. She's got another hot box."

"Sure," said Scott, "If she smokes any more, cut 'er out!"

A few minutes later the Coyote struck the Apache Canyon, a wild bit of mountain country, memorable as the scene of many an Indian fight. At the rate of 40 miles an hour the train climbed the incline; there was a few seconds delay as the helper engine dropped out, and then began the "real mountain railroading."

Down the steep grade, Sears drove his engine, the white mile posts flashing by at the rate of one every minute. The whole train lurched and staggered over the reverse curves, the typewriter carriage banged from side to side, and the passengers, looking at each other, smiled. It seemed that the train must leave the track as it took those great curves, and from



the diner came a negro, blanched almost white. "Ah's seen a lot ob railroadin', fus an' las'," said he, "but runnin' lak dis is plumb ridiculous! Jess plumb ridiculous!" It was impossible to stand up in the leaping swaying Pullman. One man tried it; his shoulder went through the window. After that we were all content to sit still and hang on. Only Jim Kurn was calm. He knew Sears' reputation for careful running, but it seems to me the engineer crowded the limit hard that morning. None of us were sorry when the train stopped at Las Vegas.

At Raton, Jim Kurn said good-by.

"You're a long way ahead of that schedule now," he said, "and it won't be our fault if the people east of here don't shoot you into Chicago on time! It's hard work fighting these mountains twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four, but show me a mountain railroad man who wants a job on a plains division! Good luck!"

Two engines took the Coyote at Raton. The time of the change was a trifle over a minute and we were off again. "Hud" Gardner is another mountain engineer who knows the game. He brought us into La Junta at 5:13, hours ahead of schedule and the worst part of the journey behind us.

East of La Junta lies the Santa Fe "race track." It is here that trains are supposed to make time. With a straight track, the Kansas plains lying level as a floor and a good roadbed underneath, the Coyote took up the second part of the journey.

With engineers Leshner, Simmons, Norton, and Halsey alternating in the cab, all the way from La Junta to Newton, the new and mighty balanced-compounds whizzed down the Arkansas Valley. "Scotty" rode the engine into Dodge, with the telegraph poles looking like a fine-tooth comb. It was from Dodge he wired President Roosevelt:

"An American cowboy is coming East on a special train faster than any cowpuncher ever rode before; how much shall I break transcontinental record?"

All that Monday night the miles flew from under the whirring wheels; in places at the rate of 85 and 90 miles an hour; the average for 300 miles being a mile every 50 seconds. The great Kipling once wrote the story of a record-breaking run East over this same road. It is a part of his "Captains Courageous." It was fiction, but it reads like fact. That is because Kipling wrote it. On almost every point covered in his narrative of the fictitious run I can say he tells the truth. He says, however, that "the ties ripple and surge away behind the flying train," and for once he is wrong. Given a reasonably straight piece of roadbed, and the faster the train goes the smoother

it goes. And the ties do not ripple and surge away behind it. The roadbed just slips away, as the paper slips from the roller of a big newspaper press. That was the way it slipped from under the wheels of the flying Scott Special.

Josiah Gossard, who has been an engineer on the Santa Fe for twenty-three years, took the train from Emporia to Argentine in the quickest time ever made between those two points—124 miles in 130 minutes, notwithstanding four slow orders and several grade crossings. Gossard has a medal, recently presented by the Shriners, for making up one and a half hours of lost time on their special, Newton to Kansas City.

It was nearly eight o'clock Tuesday morning when the Coyote crossed the Mississippi. The end was almost in sight now.

We had taken on another engineer at Ft. Madison shops just on the western edge of Illinois. He was a German named Losee. As a fine finisher in the stretch you will look a long time for his equal. Stolid, modest, destitute of nerves, he is the direct antithesis of the dare-devil engineer of fiction.

With Losee at the throttle and a straightaway stretch to the wire, the Coyote cut loose for the run home across the State of Illinois. They knew all about "Scotty" and his private train in Illinois. And so they made a holiday of that July morning, and every little hamlet along the line from Shopton to Chicago turned out to cheer the Coyote on to the goal.

It was one ovation all through Illinois. And Losee was earning every bit of it. The special had made some splendid miles in Colorado and Kansas. She was to outdo them all in Illinois. Losee ran engine No. 510 from Ft. Madison to Chillicothe, 105 miles, in 101 minutes, changing at the latter point to clear track into Chicago, with every switch spiked and the entire operating department standing on its toes "rooting."

"Scotty" rode a part of the distance on the engine with Losee, and helped the fireman feed coal into the furnace.

From the little hamlet of Cameron to the still smaller one of Surrey is 2.8 miles. "She" made it in one minute and thirty-five seconds, at the rate of 106 miles an hour. The world's record before had been held by the Pennsylvania road, which covered the 2.5 miles between Landover and Anacosta in 102-miles-an-hour time. That was in August, 1895.

We lost five minutes at Chillicothe, and four more at South Joliet. Nevertheless we made the run of 239 miles from Shopton to the Dearborn Street Station in Chicago, in 239 minutes.

The record-breaking run was ended!





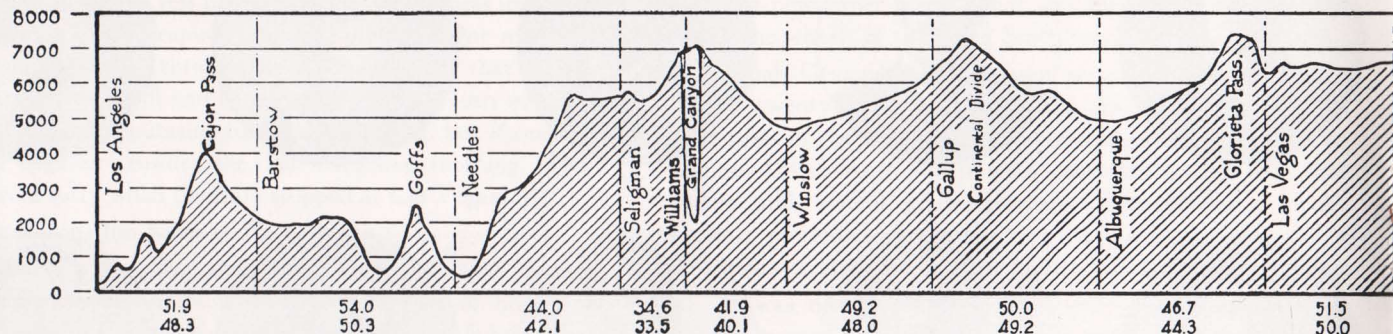
## The Nervy Engineers of the Scott Special

- No. 1. John Finlay, Los Angeles to Barstow.
- No. 2. Thomas E. Gallagher, Barstow to Needles.
- No. 3. Fred. W. Jackson, Needles to Seligman.
- No. 4. Charles Wood, Seligman to Williams.
- No. 5. D. A. Lenhart, Williams to Winslow.
- No. 6. John F. Briscoe, Winslow to Gallup.
- No. 7. Henry J. Rehder, Gallup to Albuquerque.
- No. 8. Edward Sears, Albuquerque to Las Vegas.
- No. 9. George A. Norman, Las Vegas to Raton.
- No. 10. Hudson A. Gardner, Raton to La Junta.

- No. 11. David Leshner, La Junta to Syracuse.
- No. 12. H. G. Simmons, Syracuse to Dodge City.
- No. 13. Edward Norton, Dodge City to Kent.
- No. 14. Oliver W. Halsey, Kent to Newton.
- No. 15. Hadley R. Rossetter, Newton to Emporia.
- No. 16. Josiah Gossard, Emporia to Argentine.
- No. 17. A. F. Bauer, Argentine to Marceline.
- No. 18. Richard Jones, Marceline to Shopton.
- No. 19. Charles Losee, Shopton to Chicago.

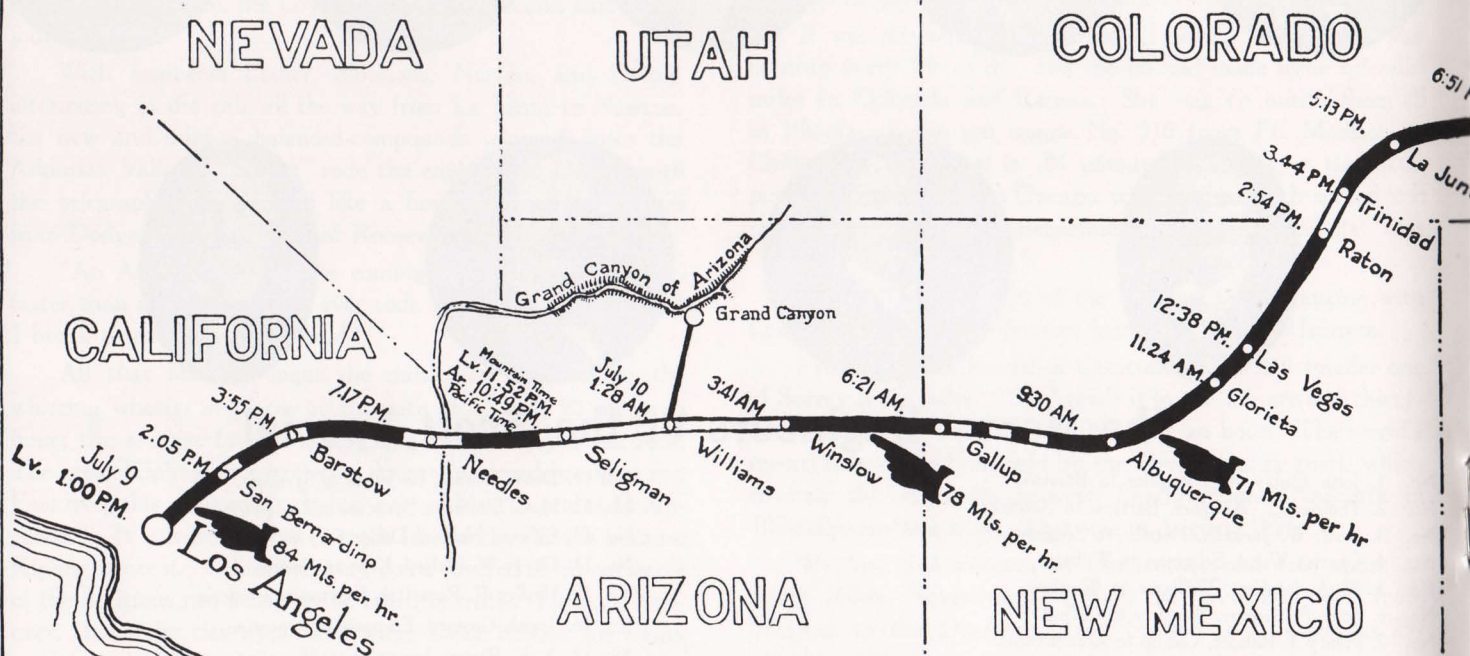


Elevation above Sea Level in Feet.

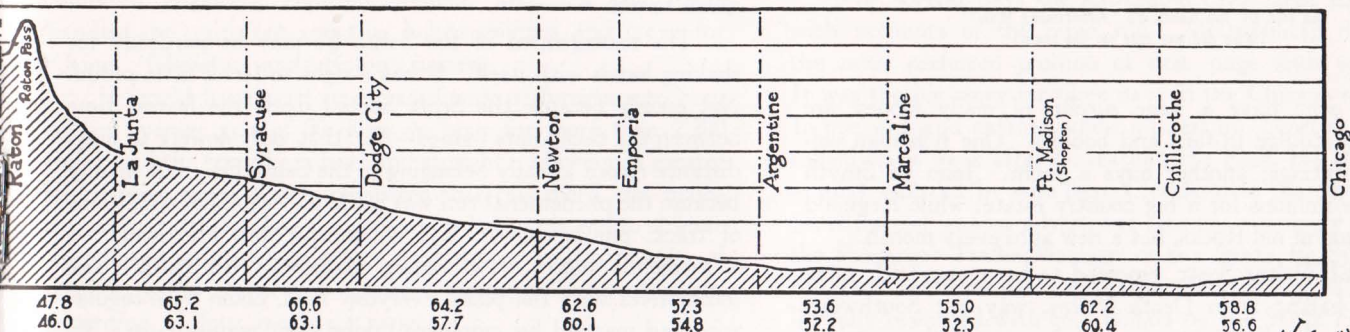


### Condensed Profile of the Santa Fe

Note: The upper row of figures below speed in miles per hour made by the S districts not including delays. The lower row including all delays.

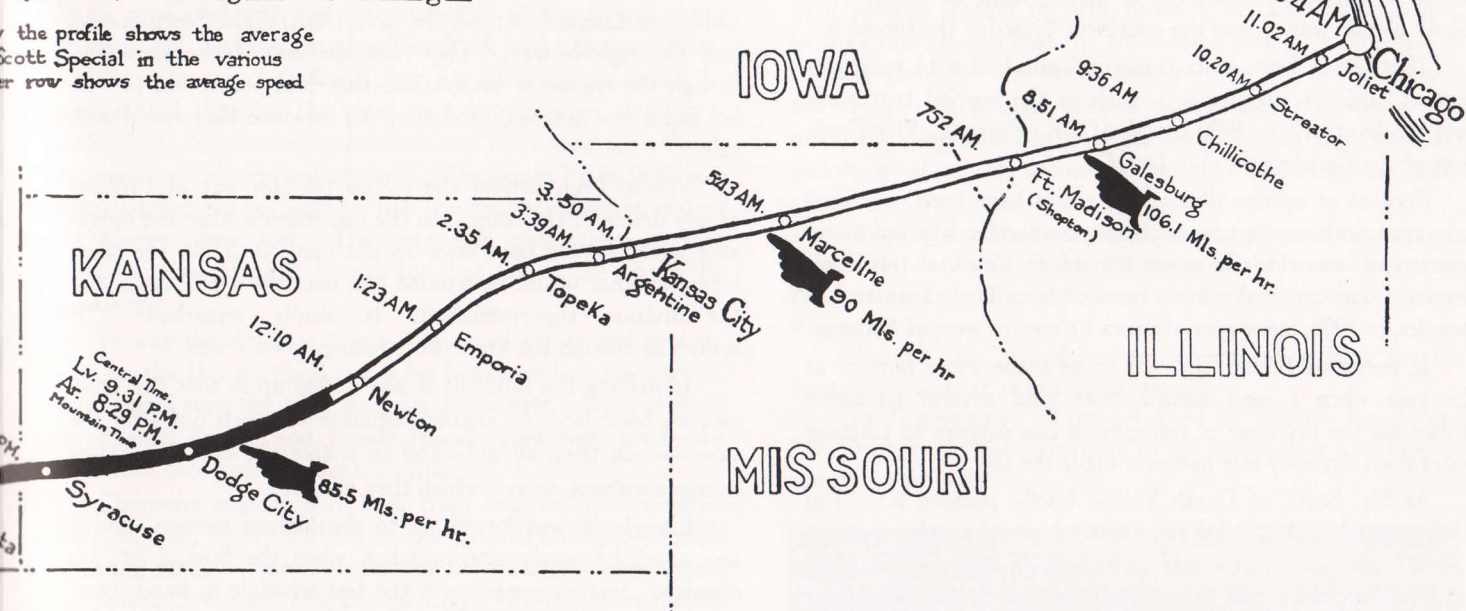






## System, Los Angeles to Chicago.

The profile shows the average  
Scott Special in the various  
er row shows the average speed



Map Showing Run of the Record-Breaking

## Scott Special Train

consisting of

Baggage Car 210, Dining Car 1407, and Pullman Car "Muskegon."

Total Car Weight 170 tons.

Left Los Angeles 1:00 PM. July 9, 1905.- Arrived Chicago 11:54 AM. July 11, 1905.

Distance 2265 miles.

Time 44 hrs. 54 min.

Average Speed per Hour, 50.4 Miles (including all delays)



Double Track



# Inside Facts About the Run

As told by the Santa Fe "Advertising Man"  
(Who did not ride on the train)

Persons who have a large surplus of ready money are privileged to indulge in fads and hobbies. One rich man collects rare paintings; another buys a yacht. John de Smyth spends a few millions for a big country estate; while Reginald van Rocks, son of old Rocks, has a new auto every month.

But until Walter Scott, reported to be a very rich mine owner, and hailing from Death Valley, way out Southwest, emerged into the limelight of publicity, no dollar-surfeited American ever had chartered a special train to travel two-thirds of the way across the continent "just for the fun of it."

There have been swift transcontinental runs to meet important business engagements, such as the hurried trip made over the Santa Fe in 1900 by Mr. C. R. Peacock, Vice-President of the Carnegie Steel & Iron Co.

Because of sudden illness, fast trains have been chartered in a race from ocean to ocean, beating the regular Limited many hours; such was the case when Mr. H. P. Lowe, of the Engineering Company of America, traveled from New York to Los Angeles, in 1903, using special Santa Fe service west of Chicago.

It remained for A. D. 1905 to be made more famous as the year when a man named Scott paid several thousand dollars for the privilege of riding from Los Angeles to Chicago faster than anybody else had ever made the trip.

As Mr. Scott, of Death Valley, briefly phrased it: "I'm buying speed." A shrewd journalist advanced another reason: "Scott's not mad. It's just downright Western exuberance. He feels that the world is too small for the sort of whoop he wants to give."

Be the reason what it may, evidently he was satisfied with the bargain—though the average traveler is content with the fast time of the California Limited, which is scheduled to pick you up in Los Angeles at 1:10 p. m. today and land you in Chicago at 11:15 a. m. the third day out. That is fast enough traveling for the ordinary man, requiring frequent spurts of a mile a minute on the long, level plains stretches to even up for the slower pace while crossing the mountains.

The value of a whirlwind run lies in the fact that such spurts thoroughly put to test the track, the engines, and the operating force. They demonstrate to the world of travel that the regular hurry-up schedule can be easily maintained the year round; that the track is solid and dependable; that the engines

are powerful and swift; also that the men on and behind the engines and along the track are keen of eye, clear-brained, and quick to act.

The management of the Santa Fe may be pardoned for shaking hands with itself. It has a right to feel a little proud. Not merely because the Scott Special made the fastest time between the two points named--- for that only lowers a long-distance record already belonging to the Santa Fe--- but mainly because the phenomenal run was made under normal conditions of track, motive power, and equipment, and practically on a moment's notice. No racing machines were used. The locomotives were the plain, everyday kind, taken from regular runs and manned by employes taking their regular turn. To be sure, the main line was kept clear, and even the exclusive California Limited put on the side track. The Scott Special had the right-of-way. That was the only favor shown it, though the engineers understood they had permission to "let her out a few notches," and they did so, when they could with safety.

Viewed from behind the scenes the run was as thrilling as any drama of the stage. In the dispatcher's office the operator would hardly have time to put one "O. S." on the sheet before another would be handed him over the wire. As one of the division superintendents laconically remarked: "It looked as though the train were falling down a well."

In making the schedule it was strung up so that the train was an hour late, to enable engineers to reach out after the time---which they all did---and to enable the opposing trains to move without delay---which they all did.

Everybody was keyed up to the highest tension, and it was a relief to each superintendent when the Special left his division. Section gangs, with the fast schedule in hand, carefully walked the track half an hour before "Scotty" and his flyer were due, inspecting rails, ties, and culverts. Switches and frogs were closely examined. Each man did his duty ---that's why complete success resulted. As General Manager Hurley, of the line east of Albuquerque, said to a newspaper reporter: "It makes me proud of the men who did the work; there was not a hitch; no one stuck his head out at the wrong time; not a switch was misplaced." It was Mr. Hurley who wired the following dispatch to his men:

"I congratulate and compliment the operating and mechanical departments upon the unprecedented handling of the Scott Special. It indicates competent, careful supervision and management. I thank all interested for their splendid work."



The Scott Special traversed eight States. Engines were changed nineteen times, the average run being 119 miles. Nineteen engineers, eighteen firemen, and ten conductors handled the train, not counting helper engines and crews for Cajon, Glorieta, and Raton passes.

It would have been an extraordinary performance to keep up an average gait of 50 miles an hour for more than 2,200 miles, had the track been level and straight. How much greater the exploit when it is remembered that this speed was maintained, notwithstanding slow-downs for big yards and to observe the speed ordinances of towns en route, as well as in spite of grade-crossing stops and—greatest obstacle of all—the surmounting of four mountain ranges.

A speed of 50 miles an hour may not seem very wonderful as compared with the daily schedule of the fastest trains on several of the lines between New York and Chicago. Without detracting an iota from their fine showing, it should be remembered that for the most part the Eastern country is quite level, double tracks are used, and the trains are only on the road one day instead of three. The Santa Fe in 1905, was a single-track railway, and for half the distance the way is over the Rocky Mountains. The only fair comparison is with other transcontinental lines. In that class the Santa Fe is supreme.

It was the Atlantic type of balanced compound engines, used on the fast overland trains for heavy and speedy service, that helped turn the trick from La Junta east. West of there the Pacific, Prairie, and Rhode Island types were used—the kind that can climb a church steeple.

Changing engines only took from one to four minutes. Needles, Cal., captured the blue ribbon with an eighty-seconds lightning change. In the two-minute list we find Gallup, Raton, La Junta, Syracuse, and Dodge City. In the three-minute class are Barstow, Seligman, Williams, Newton, Argentine, and Fort Madison shops.

A novel plan was adopted as a time-saver, and it worked out all right. The fresh engine was backed out on the main line just ahead of a crossover from the main track to a siding. The train was halted before it reached the crossover; the engine drawing it was cut out and run over on the siding. Scarcely was the main line cleared when the new locomotive was coupled on, the air tested, and the journey was begun again.

And this miner from Death Valley incidentally helped advertise the fact that by “going Santa Fe” the journey from the Pacific Ocean to the Great Lakes may be made in less than forty-five hours, *when necessary*.

The publicity given Scott’s unique ride was as notable as the trip itself.

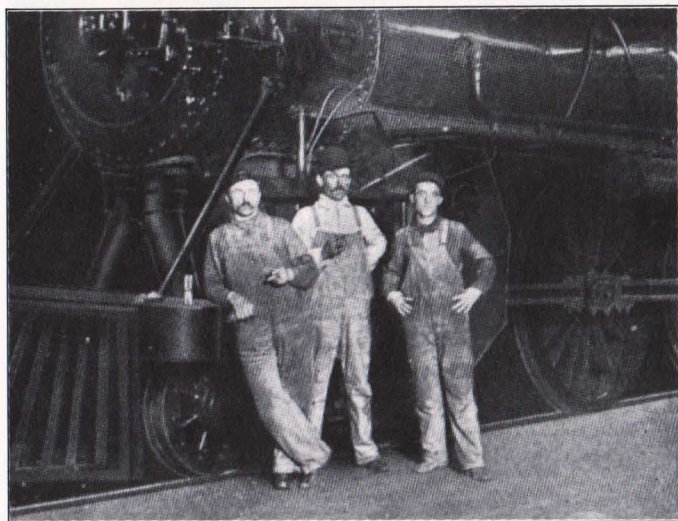
For several days the Associated Press kept its wires hot with accounts of the rapid run. Metropolitan dailies gave the news preferred position of first page with scare heads. It was the big story for three days in the Chicago newspapers. In one way and another public interest in “Scotty” was maintained for a week after he reached the East, the climax being a story sent out by wire from Cleveland to the effect that the Scott Special was an advertising scheme, cunningly devised by the Passenger Traffic Manager of the Santa Fe System; that the train was never paid for; that on the contrary Mr. Scott was liberally rewarded with gold dollars by the Santa Fe, etc., etc.

If there be any doubting Thomas who feels that he has been cleverly fooled to help boom a certain California line, he may rest assured that the transaction was a genuine one all the way through. Mr. Scott wanted a fast ride and paid for it out of his own pocket, without any rebate afterwards. He made the proposition in good faith and it was accepted. He had the good sense to choose the road that could and did “make good.”

The public wanted to know all about this novel race against time. The Santa Fe realized the value of the story and helped the newspapers gather the news, which was published because it was news.

That all this turned out to be fine advertising for the Santa Fe was that road’s good fortune.

Shy Opportunity, as immortalized by Senator Ingalls and Mr. Dooley, did not have time to get away after knocking at the Santa Fe door.



*Resting at Journey's End, Dearborn Station*



# Other Notable Santa Fe Runs

As Gathered from the Office Archives

Other transcontinental trips have been made by way of the Santa Fe which, at the time, were almost as noteworthy as that of the Scott Special.

**NELLIE BLY SPECIAL:** On Miss Nelly Bly's journey around the world (representing the New York "World") in a successful endeavor to surpass the time of Jules Verne's hero, she reached San Francisco eastbound, January 21, 1890, and was carried over the Santa Fe, San Francisco to Chicago, 2,577 miles in 69 hours. This was an average speed of 37 1-3 miles per hour—a creditable performance for that day. Some of the fastest continuous runs (dead time out) were: 62 miles in 52 minutes; 69 miles in 53 minutes; 120 miles in 118 minutes, and 241 miles in 252 minutes.

The **CHENEY SPECIAL**, consisting of a business car and coach, carrying Mr. B. P. Cheney, Jr. (one of the board of directors of the A., T. & S. F. Ry. System), and party, left Colton, Cal., July 23, 1895, and reached Chicago, 2,267 miles, in three days, seven hours, and two minutes. The rapid speed on certain sections was offset by a long detour from the main line, caused by washouts. This run is immortalized in Rudyard Kipling's story, "Captains Courageous."

The **HUNTINGTON SPECIAL**, occupied by Mr. C. P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific Company, and party, comprised two special cars and a coach. It ran from Pueblo to Chicago, May 30-31, 1899. The train did not travel at night, hence no terminal records were broken. But the wheels turned fast when the train was moving; 1,075 miles in 1,292 minutes was one record. The distance from Argentine to Chicago, 463 miles, was reeled off in 9 hours and 31 minutes, the running time (deducting stops) being 8 hours and 32 minutes, or within 38 minutes as fast as the actual running time of the Scott Special—though the latter beat the Huntington flyer one hour and 19 minutes between terminals.

The **PEACOCK SPECIAL** set the mark at 57 hours and 56 minutes, Los Angeles to Chicago. It left Los Angeles 10:00 a. m. March 27, 1900, and reached Chicago 9:56 p. m., the 29th. It consisted of a special Pullman and a combination buffet-smoking-baggage car. It carried Mr. A. R. Peacock, Vice-President of the Carnegie Steel & Iron Co., and party, en route to Pittsburgh. The best short-distance time reported was from Elmdale to Neva, 2.5 miles in two minutes, or at the rate of 75 miles an hour. The fastest long-distance spurt was from

La Junta to Emporia, 429 miles in 447 minutes, the actual running time being 58 miles an hour. Other notable speeds varied from 72 down to 66 miles an hour.

The **LOWE SPECIAL** created a distinct sensation in the long-distance railway speed world. Mr. H. P. Lowe, of the Engineering Co. of America, left New York on the Lake Shore Twentieth Century Limited at 2:45 p. m. Tuesday, August 4, 1903, transferring at Chicago to a special train on the Santa Fe (comprising a hotel-car and coach), which reached Los Angeles at 1:06 p. m., August 7th. The trip from ocean to ocean was made in 73 hours and 21 minutes. The time from Chicago to Los Angeles was whittled down to 52 hours and 49 minutes, or 10 hours and 11 minutes faster than originally scheduled. The Lowe Special left Dearborn Station, Chicago, at 10:17 a. m., August 5, and reached La Grande Station at 1:06 p. m., August 7th, covering the 2,265 miles at an average rate of 42.8 miles per hour, beating the time of the California Limited by 15 hours and 16 minutes.

Assume that the Nelly Bly, Peacock, Lowe, and Scott Specials had left Los Angeles the same day and approximately at the same time, all bound for Chicago, and had each maintained the relative speeds actually made as above. When Scott's train was triumphantly pulling into Dearborn Station at the end of its run of 2,265 miles, the one carrying Mr. Lowe would be near Hart, Mo., 342 miles west of Chicago; the Peacock Special would be in the vicinity of Grover, Kan., 511 miles from Chicago; and Nelly Bly would be trailing still farther back, near Emporia, Kan., 585 miles from Chicago. That is to say, one of the competing flyers would be quite a distance west of the Mississippi River and the other two west of the Missouri River, when the Scott Special had finished its task.

The **THOMSON SPECIALS** are more recent examples of fast and safe running. Mr. A. D. Thomson, a prominent grain dealer of Duluth, Minn., arranged with the Santa Fe for three special trains. The first, carrying his family physician, left Chicago 2:45 p. m., July 7, 1914, and arrived Raton, N. M., 10:40 a. m., July 8, covering 1,096 miles in 20 hours and 55 minutes—average running time of 53.7 miles per hour to Trinidad. The second, carrying Mr. Thomson, left Chicago 9:39 a. m., July 8, and arrived Raton 5:20 a. m., July 9, only 20 hours and 41 minutes—average running time of 54.4 miles per hour to Trinidad. The third, carrying Mr. Thomson, his invalid son, physician and nurse, speeded a few days later from Raton to Argentine (Kansas City), 641 miles in 12 hours and 30 minutes, an average of 54 miles per hour from Trinidad.

A tabular analysis of the runs of the Nelly Bly, Huntington, Peacock, and Scott specials is given on pages 25 and 26.



# ANALYSIS OF RUNS OF NELLY BLY, HUNTINGTON, PEACOCK, AND SCOTT SPECIALS

STATIONS.	Miles	NELLY BLY				HUNTINGTON				PEACOCK				SCOTT			
		Time, Minutes	Miles per hour			Time, Minutes	Miles per hour			Time, Minutes	Miles per hour			Time, Minutes	Miles per hour		
Albuquerque to La Junta	347.5	543	515	38.39	40.48					658	604	31.73	34.57	463	431	45.1	48.4
La Junta to Dodge City	202.4	230	220	52.80	55.20	258	249	47.06	48.82	217	212	55.85	57.12	196	184	61.9	62.1
Dodge City to Emporia	240.5	280	234	51.53	61.66	675	306		47.15	259	243	52.58	55.80	x 233	x 212	58.3	64.1
Emporia to Argentine via Topeka	123.4	169	158	43.81	46.86									136	130	54.8	57.3
Emporia to Argentine via North Ottawa	108.2					148	140	43.86	46.37	183	164	35.47	39.58				
Argentine to Chicago	463.0	753	700	36.89	39.68	571	512	48.50	55.26	593	547	46.84	51.25	495	478	55.2	57.2
Albuquerque to Argentine via Topeka	913.8	1246	1151	44.00	47.63									x 1028	x957	52.6	56.5
Albuquerque to Las Vegas	132.2	220	204	36.05	38.88					280	246	30.48	32.22	188	171	44.3	46.7
Las Vegas to La Junta	215.3	321	309	40.24	41.80					380	340	33.24	37.14	275	260	47.0	49.7
La Junta to Coolidge	86.2	80	80	64.65	64.65	98	98	52.77	52.77	87	87	59.40	59.40	85	80	60.8	64.6
La Junta to Chicago via Topeka	1029.3	1453	1333	42.50	46.33	*1668	1204		50.47					1060	1004	58.2	61.5
Coolidge to Garden City	66.4					90	90	44.27	44.27	73	67	54.54	54.96	66	59	60.4	67.5
Garden City to Dodge City	49.8					61	61	48.99	48.99	57	57	52.38	52.38	45	45	66.4	66.4
Coolidge to Dodge City	116.2	140	120	49.80	58.10	155	151	44.98	46.17	130	124	53.58	56.16	111	104	62.8	67.0
Coolidge to Nickerson	239.7	278	243	51.73	59.18	389	371	36.97	38.76								
Hutchinson to Newton	33.1	39	39	50.92	50.92	50	48	39.72	41.37	36	36	55.14	55.14	45	36	44.1	55.2
Nickerson to Emporia	117.0	149	129	47.11	54.39												
Florence to Emporia	44.7	47	47	57.06	57.06	48	48	55.87	55.87	45	45	59.58	59.58				
Emporia to Osage City	27.1	32	32	50.81	50.81												
Emporia to Topeka	61.5	81	72	45.55	51.24												
Topeka to Argentine	61.9	80	71	46.42	52.31												
Argentine to Marceline	111.2	201	186	33.10	34.84	134	130	49.79	51.32	136	131	48.72	49.48	124	121	52.2	53.6
Marceline to Ft. Madison Shops	112.8	194	190	34.88	35.62	148	125	45.73	54.14	150	147	45.12	46.02	129	123	52.5	55.0
Ft. Madison Shops to Chillicothe	104.7	138	130	45.52	48.32	112	110	56.09	57.11	115	111	54.60	56.58	104	101	60.4	62.2
Chillicothe to Chicago	134.3	203	187	39.69	43.08	161	151	50.05	53.36	180	162	43.38	48.24	138	133	56.6	58.8

Time is given in minutes, the first column including all stops, and the second with all stops out. Under heading of "Miles per hour," first column indicates number of miles per hour, including stops; and second column gives average actual running time. \* Via North Ottawa. x Via Hutchinson Branch.

## Concerning the Engines

No matter how smooth and solid the track may be, or how cleverly the engineer may do his duty, if the engine is not capable of high speed—the dependable kind, mile after mile, hour after hour—then records can not be broken.

The engines used in pulling the Scott Special, Los Angeles to Chicago, were as enumerated below:

BALDWIN TEN-WHEELER—No. 442, Los Angeles to Barstow.

RHODE ISLAND TEN-WHEELER—No. 478, Gallup to Albuquerque, and No. 485, Williams to Winslow.

BALDWIN, PRAIRIE TYPE—No. 1,000, Winslow to Gallup; No. 1,005, Barstow to Needles; No. 1,010, Needles to Seligman, and No. 1,016, Seligman to Williams.

BALDWIN, PACIFIC TYPE—No. 1,208, Las Vegas to Raton; No. 1,211, Albuquerque to Las Vegas, and No. 1,215, Raton to La Junta.

BALDWIN, ATLANTIC TYPE, BALANCED COMPOUND—No. 510, Shopton to Chillicothe; No. 517, Chillicothe to Chicago; No. 524, Emporia to Argentine; No. 526, Newton to Emporia; No. 530, Dodge City to Newton; No. 531, Syracuse to Dodge City; No. 536, La Junta to Syracuse; No. 542, Marceline to Shopton, and No. 547, Argentine to Marceline.

It will be observed that the Atlantic type of locomotive was wholly used on the prairie runs east of the Rockies. The Santa Fe recently bought seventy-two of the finest ever made,

at a cost of about one and a half million dollars. The cylinders of these powerful machines measure 15 and 25 by 26 inches; the driving wheels have a diameter of 79 inches; the total heating surface is 3,206 square feet; the engine and tender are nearly 60 feet long, and both weigh 359,000 pounds, or about 180 tons. It was one of these magnificent engines that attained a speed of 106 miles an hour.

The Pacific type was used on the mountain division between Albuquerque and La Junta, where the line crosses Glorieta and Raton passes. This class of engines has a cylinder 22½ by 28 inches, a boiler pressure of 220 pounds, and a wheel diameter of 79 inches. The weight of the engine alone is 216,000 pounds, and the heating surface is 3,595 square feet. The time made by the "Pacifics" was the fastest ever recorded for that part of the run.

The Prairie type did not run on the prairies, but mainly over the great uplift of Arizona. All the way from Barstow to Williams, and Winslow to Gallup, up and down hill, they kept up the pace in a fierce fashion. The technician will tell you that the "Prairies" have a cylinder 17 and 28 by 28 inches, a boiler pressure of 220 pounds, and a wheel diameter of 79 inches; that they weigh 105 tons each, not counting the tender, and that the heating surface is 3,738 square feet.

Of the ten-wheelers used on three of the western districts, two were oil burners. No. 442 has 20 by 26 inch cylinders, a boiler pressure of 180 pounds, a wheel diameter of 69 inches, a weight (engine alone) of 79 tons, and a heating surface of 2,148 square feet. Nos. 478 and 485 are of approximately



the same dimensions. Though not so big and powerful as the Pacific and Atlantic types, the ten-wheelers did all that was asked of them, as is evidenced by speeds of 80 and 84 miles an hour at several places between Los Angeles and San Bernardino.

While the average speed for the 1,360 miles east of Albuquerque was about 54 miles an hour (the average being kept down by lessened speed up two ranges of the Rockies), there were many short spurts where the engineer "let her loose."

The speed list given below makes a very fine showing as compared with what has been done on other American rail-ways:

		Miles.	Min.	Sec.	Miles per hr.
CALIFORNIA	Pasadena to Olivewood.....	1.4	1.00		84.0
	Cucamonga to Rochester...	2.0	1.30		80.0
	Goffs to Ibis.....	16.9	16.00		63.4
ARIZONA	Cinder Pit to Bellemont....	2.1	12.00		63.0
	Bibo to Pinta.....	6.5	5.00		78.0
NEW MEXICO	Toltec to Grants.....	5.4	5.00		64.8
	Alameda to Bernalillo.....	8.3	7.00		71.1
COLORADO	Poso to Tyrone.....	5.8	5.00		69.6
	Caddoa to Lamar.....	18.8	14.00		80.6
	Deerfield to Sherlock.....	8.1	6.00		81.0
KANSAS	Speareville to Offerle.....	11.4	8.00		85.5
	Saffordsv. to Plymouth.....	3.4	2.45		74.2
	Lake View to Lawrence.....	7.5	6.00		75.0
MISSOURI	Norborne to Carrollton.....	1.0	0.40		90.0
	Baring to Rutledge.....	8.1	7.00		69.4
	Decorra to Stronghurst.....	3.4	2.50		74.1
ILLINOIS	Cameron to Surrey.....	2.8	1.35		106.1
	Williamsfield to Laura.....	5.0	4.03		74.1
	Laura to Monica.....	5.3	3.50		83.0
	Streator to Verona.....	18.9	16.00		70.9
	Joliet to Lockport.....	4.5	3.00		90.0

## Concerning the Engineers

### Of The Scott Special

You may be interested in knowing a little about the engineers whose skill and daring made possible the fast speed of the special train that Mr. Scott paid for.

Brief biographies follow, up to date of Scott Special, with notes added as to whether or not yet in Santa Fe service.

JOHN FINLAY is a big Scotchman, 45 years of age, who has railroaded since 1879; has run an engine on the Santa Fe since 1894; is one of the nerviest and most careful men on the Los Angeles division--his regular run being on the overland passenger between Los Angeles and Barstow. Finlay was engineer of the first local Scott Special, which ran from Barstow to Los Angeles. June 26, 1905, in four hours. (Still in service.)

THOMAS E. GALLAGHER is of Irish descent and hails from Milwaukee; he began railroading with the Michigan Central as fireman in 1884; was promoted the next year to the "right hand side;" entered Santa Fe service in July, 1896, and quickly worked up to the regular passenger run between Barstow and Needles; has the reputation of being one of the best runners on the division. (Still in service.)

FRED W. JACKSON is a Londoner; his first railroad work in the United States was with the I. & G. N. in 1891; thence to Mexican Central; started with the Santa Fe as fireman in 1895; was promoted three years later; is 35 years old and a personal friend of Walter Scott, of Death Valley. (Still in service.)

CHARLES WOOD ran on the Santa Fe, as engineer, continuously from November, 1884--his record was A-1 for getting trains over the division without delays; he was about 47 years old and of English parentage. (Now deceased.)

D. A. LENHART is a native of Ohio, and is now 40 years of age; he worked 12 years for the Big Four as fireman and engineer before getting on the Santa Fe pay-roll; has been running an engine out of Winslow since November, 1897, and knows the track there like a book. (Still in service.)

JOHN F. BRISCOE is 36 years old, and all of his railroading has been on the Santa Fe; entered the service as fireman at Winslow, August, 1893, and was promoted in 1898; he worked on a division where both coal and oil were used as fuel and had the reputation of being one of the most efficient engineers on that part of the line; is a native of Pennsylvania. (No longer in service.)

HENRY J. REHDER has been running an engine on the Albuquerque division since Christmas Day, 1890; is about 48 years old and an American; while Mr. Rehder is a careful man, the engines can not go too fast to suit him. (Still in service.)

EDWARD SEARS is an American, 43 years old; "fired" three years on the Little Miami at Cincinnati; came to the Santa Fe in 1890, and was made an engineer in 1894; his record is first-class in every respect. (Still in service.)

GEORGE A. NORMAN is a native of Wheeling, W. Va., and has had 43 birthdays; worked 13 years on other roads before entering the Santa Fe ranks in 1892; he has the reputation of bringing his train in on time, where there are any rails to run on. (Still in service.)

HUDSON A. GARDNER knew how to climb steep hills and safely run down the other side; he began work with the Santa Fe as machinist-helper in 1882; became a fireman in 1888, and was made a full-fledged engineer in 1892; he was thoroughly at home on an engine, and liked to race with the prairie dogs into La Junta. (No longer in service.)

DAVID LESHER came to the Santa Fe as engineer in May, 1881, and by 1906 would have served a quarter of a century with the Company, a fact to be proud of; he ran on the western end of the Santa Fe race-track, where a mile a minute is just an ordinary clip. (No longer in service.)

H. G. SIMMONS was promoted from fireman to engineer in 1887; ask about this record and the superintendent's office will tell you he got ten credits once for discovering a broken rail in time to prevent an accident. As for fast-running, he travels where no other kind is allowed. (Still in service.)

EDWARD NORTON, who took No. 530 (one of the big balanced-com-pounds) over the road from Dodge City to Kent in record time, modestly omitted to give any facts about his eventful life--but the fact of his selection as one of the "nervy nineteen" engineers of the Scott Special shows in what class he travels. (Now Division Master Mechanic.)

OLIVER W. HALSEY began railroading on the Santa Fe at Ellinwood, Kan., in 1890; worked up through the successive grades of wiper and fireman to engineer; he had several credit marks for making up lost time. (No longer in service.)

HADLEY R. ROSSETTER had been a very successful engineer; he began his railroad career as wiper in Santa Fe round-house at Topeka, away back in 1881, when 20 years old; was fireman nearly four years and ran a switch engine two years more. Rossetter's promotion to engineer in road service came in 1887. (Now deceased.)

JOSIAH GOSSARD is an Ohioan, aged 48; he began with the Santa Fe in 1882 as brakeman at Wellington, Kan.; was later transferred to mechanical department; was made road engineer in 1885, and was given the Kansas City and Newton passenger run in 1900; he has a good record all the way up. (Still in service.)



A. F. BAUER was born at Nauvoo, Ill., in 1858; has been with the Santa Fe for 28 years, which is a longer period of continuous employment than that of any other engineer connected with the flight of the Scott Special, excepting Mr. Jones; that he is considered a first-class man is shown by his having been assigned one of the most important runs between Chicago and the Coast. (Now road foreman of engines, Eastern Division.)

RICHARD JONES came from Waukesha, Wis.; he was of Welsh parentage, was 53 years old, and began with the Santa Fe in 1877; he was one of the men who could be depended upon to keep the wheels moving over the Chicago division on schedule time, and a little faster when necessary. (Now deceased.)

CHARLES LOSEE, who pulled the Scott Special into Chicago, is 47 years old; he began railroading in '77, and ran an engine on the C. B. & Q. when only 19 years old; total length of service as a locomotive engineer on the Santa Fe, 17 years. (Still in service.)

### Other Trainmen Who Helped

#### CONDUCTORS

#### RUN

George Simpson	Los Angeles to Barstow.
Thomas Brayil	Barstow to Seligman.
A. L. Dunklin	Seligman to Winslow.
Dennis Dullea	Winslow to Albuquerque.
G. H. Rhoades	Albuquerque to La Junta.
J. J. McIntyre	La Junta to Dodge City.
Frank C. Hannum	Dodge City to Newton.
C. M. Fetrow	Newton to Argentine.
F. H. Trenton	Argentine to Shopton.
T. M. Thatcher	Shopton to Chicago.

#### FIREMEN

#### RUN

C. B. Ashbaugh	Los Angeles to Barstow.
E. D. Nettleton	Barstow to Needles.
H. Nelson	Needles to Seligman.
R. Edgar	Seligman to Williams.
W. P. Sugrue	Williams to Winslow.
B. F. Chambers	Winslow to Gallup.
F. Brown	Gallup to Albuquerque.
G. A. Bryan	Albuquerque to Las Vegas.
E. Chrystal	Las Vegas to Raton.
R. P. Hinze	Raton to La Junta.
William McClerkin	La Junta to Syracuse.
G. Davis	Syracuse to Dodge City.
C. L. Gray	Dodge City to Newton.
Andy Fairchild	Newton to Emporia.
H. H. Hill	Emporia to Argentine.
Robert Shirk	Argentine to Marceline.
J. J. O'Connor	Marceline to Shopton.
W. M. Schlosser	Shopton to Chicago.

# A Few Facts

## About the Santa Fe

Those who frequently travel via the Santa Fe do not need to be told that it is a first-class railroad in every particular.

Such persons do not require the convincing evidence of fast runs like that of the Scott Special.

During the last few years enormous sums have been expended by the Santa Fe management for betterments. Grades have been reduced, curves straightened, light rails replaced with heavy, wooden bridges changed to steel, new ballast put in place and double track built for hundreds of miles.

The roadbed is thoroughly oiled in Western Arizona and California, thus doing away with the dust nuisance.

A complete block-signal system has been established.

New equipment has been bought, including the latest type of massive engines, capable of pulling heavy trains at great speed.

There is no better, safer, or faster track than that of the Santa Fe, all the way from Chicago to California.

There are no better trains anywhere. The California Limited enjoys the distinction of being the only train between Chicago and Southern California, via any line, exclusively for first class travel.

The Santa Fe de-Luxe, operated only during the winter, is America's finest flyer. The Navajo, Missionary and Scout also furnish excellent accommodations for transcontinental travelers.

The meal service, managed by Mr. Fred Harvey, is the best in the United States.

And there's the Grand Canyon of Arizona—the world's greatest scenic wonder—and the notable Petrified Forest, reached only by the Santa Fe.

For folders describing train service and scenery, address

W. J. BLACK

Passenger Traffic Manager, A. T. & S. F. Ry.

Railway Exchange, Chicago



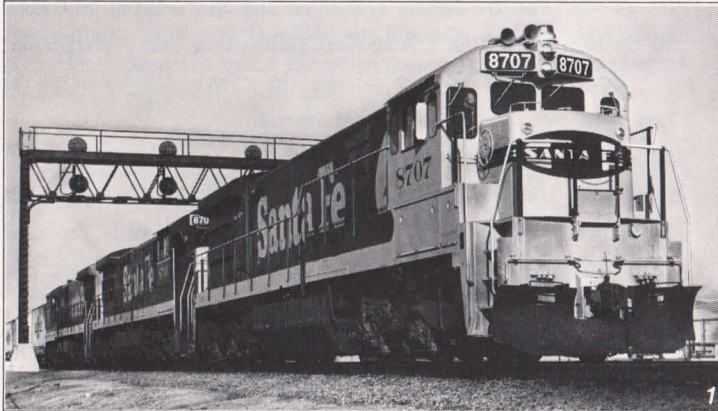
# The modern Santa Fe salutes "Scotty's" memorable ride

This booklet is a reproduction of the official Santa Fe brochure that commemorated Walter Scott's record-breaking ride aboard the "Coyote Special" in 1905.

The three-car "Coyote Special" sped across the 2,265

miles between Los Angeles and Chicago in 44 hours and 54 minutes at an average speed of 50.4 miles per hour. A record not broken until a special test run in 1935 of the famous *Super Chief*.

The record set by Scotty's trip would not be much of a challenge for today's powerful Santa Fe diesel locomotives. Scotty would find the modern Santa Fe Railway a far cry from the one he raced along in 1905.



1. Santa Fe's fleet of diesel locomotives generates millions of horsepower for high speed trains.
2. Travelift cranes lift 40-ton trailers on or off flatcars in less than two minutes.
3. Computer systems provide up-to-the-minute information on the location of freight cars.
4. Modern computerized yard at Barstow, California, handles more than 2,700 cars daily.
5. This coal train, one of several types of unit trains, operates over the Santa Fe.
6. Approximately 1,700,000 new cross ties are installed yearly on the Santa Fe to provide for a smoother and faster ride.

