

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication

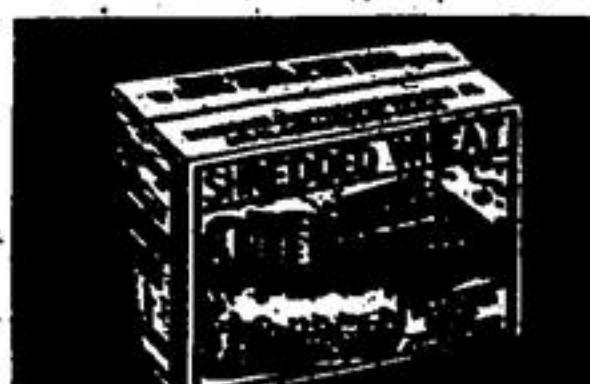
The Georgetown Herald
J. M. H. Bennett
Publisher and Proprietor
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C.N.R. Time Table	
(Standard Time)	
Passenger and Mail	10:30 a.m.
Passenger	2:30 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:30 p.m.
Passenger, stops for passengers going East and Toronto	9:30 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday's going East	
Passenger	8:15 p.m.
Passenger	9:30 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	7:25 a.m.
Passenger	8:45 a.m.
Passenger	2:05 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:25 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10:25 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8:35 a.m.
Going South	6:30 p.m.
Mail and Passenger	

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EVERY BOX

HE BUMPED INTO THE
PROMISED LAND

(A graphic story of the song-famed "Casey Jones" the Southern Engineer who rode to his death with one hand on the whistle cord and the other on the brake valve.—As told by R. H. Ayre in Canadian National Railways Magazine for Sept. 1.)

THIS is no use being a hero, but I'll take a little time to sing about you. And once you get into a ballad, you're booked for immortality.

Casey Jones was the sort of man who was made for song. Casey Jones went to glory in 1883, and he's still there. And he's alive forever.

A Negro wiper who loved him was moved to express his feelings as Negroes are wont to do—this way:

"I'm going to tell you all about my girl, and how she's a real girl, and how she's a real girl."

And his girl, who was a real girl,

was a real girl, and how she's a real girl.

And when she heard the words, she burst into tears.

Another old railroader who remembers Jones is Commander Lucius C. Smith, of the United States Navy, who once worked for the Illinois Central.

"During my boyhood days," he says, "in the old home town, Water Valley, Miss., our house was just four doors away from the railroad station. When Casey Jones' wife had two children, he took them to the station to see him off. At that time Casey was a motocross engineer employed by the Illinois Central Railroad, running engine No. 22, between Water Valley and Jackson, Tenn. I know of only one man who could run that engine, and that man was Casey. He was a debonair engineer who died with one hand on the brake valve and the other on the whistle cord. He need not even be a real person."

He need not even be a real person, but we can be sure that Casey Jones had ever existed. The name "Casey Jones" was irresistible. His real name was John Luther Jones, but everyone knew him as "Casey" because he came from the Deep South. Kentucky which was pronounced that way although it was spelt "Casey."

Had his name been John Higginbotham, or even Casey Higginbotham, he would not have got to be a hero.

Very few circumstances would toward his immortality. He himself was irresistible. He was debonair, but he was also a good engineer.

He was one of the most popular toys of the day. He was a real hero.

He was not a hero without imagination, who lived and worked and died a plodder. There was the essential human loveliness about him, the essential romantic flair. He had been a soldier, but they say he never took a drink in his life—but he was debonair. When he whistled over the crossing, he whistled with an air of his own; he played cards on his whistle, and he sang on his whistle.

The schoolboys ran down to the fence to answer his toot and held no grudge against him when he whistled the schoolhouse was burned down.

The story of his last run has been told many times and with variations.

An article written by Hazel Manley for the Eagle Magazine gives it in the form of an interview with the engineer who witnessed it.

"As the Cannonball was going to Ward Cannon, a second Cannon ball was on the way to Chicago. Fresh crews took over the trains at various points along the line. Casey ran than an hour, and he became an apprentice operator in the local station and soon learned to play the key with his own fingers. But Casey could not make head or tail of what he was watching the trains go by. There was a thrill in doing his little bit to his death. This 'whippoorwill' call from the engine was Casey's last booby to his wife."

Casey pulled up old Reno hill.

He hooted for the crossings with an awful shrill.

The train came through by the whistle's moan.

That was the last at the throttle was Casey Jones.

"On that last night," Mrs. Jones recollects, "April 29, 1900, her husband pulled into the Memphis station with the Cannonball at about 10 o'clock. He looked over the engine with his fireman, Sam Webb, and pulled up old Reno hill again, to the crossing office. While they were there, a report came that the engine on the southbound Cannonball had suddenly become ill and could not make head or tail of the engine. The conductor, Mr. MacPherson, volunteered to drive the engine back over the tracks he had just covered. Webb spoke up at once and said that if Casey was going back he would sit peering out of the cab window, with one of those giant, whose heat was fire and in whose hands ran the handle, holding dutifully to the front of his hands. There was a feeling of power he would have, riding the monster or forcing it to greater and greater effort!

So young Casey dreamed and before long he was a hero.

Giggling. It was as a flagman that he went to Jackson, Tennessee. Six feet four and a half inches tall, with dark hair and yes, with a smiling mouth and a wide, easy handle, won the heart of Jamie Brady, whose mother kept the boarding house where he went to stay. Jamie was Casey's heart, too, but his new love did not turn him from his old love, the railroad. But just another good reason why Casey Jones must become an engineer. He pushed ahead and was qualified to guide the crack train.

Casey was told to take the run. He was a fireman, he took great pride in his engine, he had been able to make the crack train.

The night was foggy and the headlight could pierce the gloom for only about half a mile.

That was when Casey was given the Cannonball. But between his hand and the day the Cannonball hit him, he had his last love, Jamie Brady, just another good reason why Casey Jones must become an engineer.

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