

sult to the engine.

I crawled out and tried to find the air valve in the darkness. It was jammed down by the reverse lever, which was twisted back against the valve. Luckily the throttle was closed and we were only drifting down the grades by our own momentum. Finding I could not apply the brakes, I crawled back and got Jake out—I don't know how—from beneath the wreckage. Opening the fire door I saw by the glow it shed that he was suffering more from loss of blood than from injury, and after several liberal applications of water he was all right. He quickly realized the state of affairs and getting a wrench started back over the tank to set the brakes on the first mail car, but, finding this impossible as the timber and iron blocked his way, he had to give it up.

Had the crew known of the trouble we could easily have stopped; but the high wind shut off any sounds from them and as we were not accustomed to stop often, they were likely 'swopping' stories with some drummers, or else dozing in a comfortable seat. The whistle was found to be useless and we were in a bad way. We were meanwhile beating all previous records down the mountain and an operator, spying our condition, caused a scattering far and near from our path.

The night was bitter cold, the snow had ceased to fall, and the stars were out. I remember seeing them as Jake and I warmed our half frozen fingers for a moment against the boiler. Then Jake said. "Now Jim you hold me and I will get her stapped." Old 59 was reeling and plunging like mad and the long line of cars behind us rocked like tugs in a swell. Jake started to crawl to the side between the engine and tank and I knew he intended to break the air coupling and in that manner apply the brakes. He crawled over and I hung to him the best I could. Just then we shot by a tower with the "Green" or "Caution" signal and I remembered that probably the last part of the "Limited" had