

NIGHTMARE IN WHITE



Mornings are a bad time around our house. The world doesn't begin to look like a very bright place until Kitty and I have had at least two cups of coffee. Monday of last week was no exception. We were fighting to clear our heads when Penny entered the kitchen, singing and dancing.

"OH! No!" I wailed in despair. "Please, Penny, go 'way for a few minutes!" Kitty sat quietly by, but I was certain that only morning numbness was shutting off a flow of verbal discipline.

I was not surprised when our little lady completely ignored my plea. She planted a big kiss, first on my cheek and then on her mother's and whirled into a kind of pirouette in the center of the room.

"Gee, Daddy," she babbled excitedly, "I had a wonderful dream last night, just wonderful . . . and I can hardly wait!"

"In heaven's name," I retorted, "make this a short story! You can hardly wait for what?"

"Why for snow, of course," she said quickly. "What else? I dreamed we had nine feet of snow. You couldn't even see the top of Jones's garage. We went sleigh riding, built snowmen, and made a great big igloo in the back yard! In my dream, I mean!"

"And I hope the blizzard was so bad that we couldn't get to school," Jack's drowsy voice added from the next room.

"Of course, we couldn't go to school," Penny replied. "We were having a lot of fun . . . honest, I can hardly wait. It's November already. Don't you think we'll have snow any day now, Daddy?"

"What," I asked, "was I doing in this dream?"

"Oh," said Penny, "you and Jack were out front with the other men shoveling snow!"

"What an awful dream!" Jack commented.

"That was no dream, honey," I added as the aroma of percolating coffee stirred my half-sleeping brain. "Take it from me—and the CTA—that was a nightmare in white!"

"What's a nightmare?" she wanted to know.

"A very bad dream," I explained. "Let me tell you why I called your dream a nightmare. Heavy snow is one of the toughest problems the CTA must face because it's our job to get other people

to their jobs in any kind of weather.

"When there's a heavy blizzard, CTA must have as many as 1,000 men and about 250 snowplows, sweepers and trucks out clearing streets all over the city. If it's a real bad storm, they may be out for twenty-four or more hours at a time. You know what a big job it is just to clear the snow from our sidewalks. Well, CTA has about 1,500 miles of bus and streetcar routes to keep open!"

"One sidewalk's enough," Jack interrupted.

"And it is for most people," I agreed. "But the CTA has many snow-fighting difficulties that the average shoveler never considers. For instance, automobiles parked along transit lines prevent the CTA sweepers and plows from cleaning the streets from curb to curb. Then when we've cleared center lanes for our buses and streetcars, every automobile that can move funnels into these snow-narrowed thoroughfares. That's the discouraging thing. After long hours of work, and spending thousands of dollars in snow removal, the inconsiderate few can still cause inexcusable delays to large numbers of transit riders!"

Kitty was awake now. "Can anything be done about it?" she asked.

"Only with the cooperation of all Chicagoans can we hope to win any 'battle of the blizzards,'" I replied. The city has a snow-parking ordinance. If motorists would observe that, it would help immensely. Then, the same goes for double parking. Then, too, the 'L'-Subway is almost entirely unaffected by snowstorms. Motorists can help themselves and everyone else, when it snows, by leaving their cars at home and riding rapid transit at least part of the way!" I summarized.

"Where are you going, Jack?" his mother asked, as the boy shuffled from the kitchen.

"All of this snow-shoveling talk has me a bit weary," he answered. "Think I'll sneak back to bed and work up a dream about Florida!"

I gulped down my second cup of coffee. Penny was still singing and dancing as I left.

Sincerely,

Bill Saver

**BE WISE
THIS YEAR...
SHOP EARLY**



**RIDE
CTA
LINES**