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Smoky The Lively Locomotive





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FOREWORD

“Smoky, The Lively Locomotive,” is a charming story with most attractive illustrations. Small boys will love it. There are still few train and locomotive stories, and since that is a subject for which little people always beg, a long-felt need is answered in this picture-storybook of trains and locomotives.

Here they can follow Smoky, the lively locomotive, across Germany, up and down hills, around sweeping curves, stopping at the villages, on into the spicy pine forests, puffing through snowdrifts, singing with him:

“Puff, puff, puff!

Choo, choo, choo!

Toot, toot!

It’s great to be a lively engine!”

The boys and girls who read this story will love Smoky and his cheery whistle, and they will smile happily with him as he completes his run after many adventures along the way.

Marian A. Webb, Head of Children’s Work,
Public Library,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.



Smoky

The Lively Locomotive

Story
by
Lois
Donaldson



Pictures
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Albert Whitman & Company
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The big white rooster perched himself on a fence and joyously flapped his wings. "Cock-a-doodle-doo," he crowed as the sky was growing golden with the light of early morning. Once more the rooster crowed loud and long, "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

Smoky shook himself. He creaked in every joint as he slipped down the railroad siding, for Smoky was a railroad locomotive in Germany. He had stood all night long in the clear cold air after yesterday's hot run.

Running as fast as one can, up- and downhill, around curves, and coming to sudden stops are very tiring, even to a big black engine that makes the same run every day.

"How the axle of my front wheel does hurt," squeaked Smoky crossly, as he came to a stop.

His old friend, the man at the roundhouse, shoveled coal into the fire box from the tender which was hitched at the rear of the engine. Even the water tank was filled brimful.

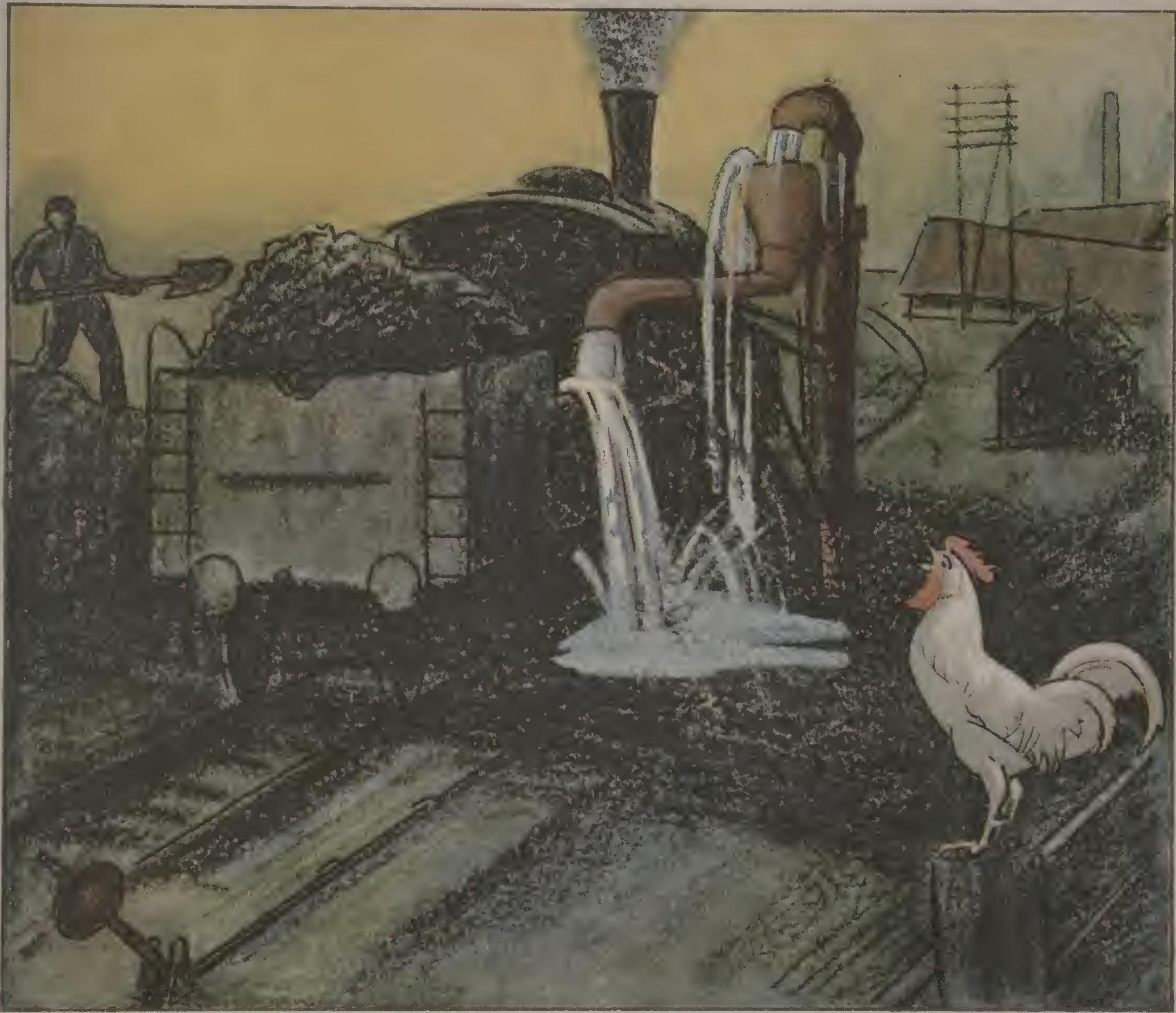
"A good breakfast helps to start the day happily," chortled Smoky to himself when the water in the boiler turned into steam. The hot coals glowed in his fire box.

When the white rooster crowed again, Smoky snorted, "Good morning" in answer.

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The engineer stepped into the cab. He opened the throttle and the lively locomotive slid down the tracks.

“Good morning,” he snorted to each engine he passed.

“Really, we engines are a busy group,” thought Smoky. “I don’t know what people would do without us! Black Pete hauls carloads of heavy brick day after day. Blackie hauls carloads of fresh vegetables and milk from the country to the people in the cities.

“As for me, I am most important! I carry the people themselves. I am the one who makes it possible for little children to visit their grandparents. When fathers go away on business trips, they know they can count on me to bring them back to their little boys and girls. Of course I carry letters and packages too. Think what Christmas would be without packages! Yes, the life of an engine is surely a lively one,” and Smoky whistled cheerily as he ran down the straightaway, and sped on his journey.

“I must get my front axle greased. It got very hot yesterday and every turn hurt badly. Oil in that joint is all I need. I really don’t like to complain, but we engines know that a creaking wheel gets the oil!” Smoky at once developed a very bad squeak in his front right axle.



But the squeak came so late that the engineer did not hear it. So Smoky found himself, with his passenger coach and mail car attached, rolling over the bright steel rails in the early morning sunshine. The roundhouse where he had breakfast and his old friends, Black Pete and the big white rooster, were far behind.

For a little while Smoky forgot his aching axle. The morning was sunny. The air was cool. The steam ran through his pipes, and Smoky was happy in his work.

Far ahead down the ribbons of silver track was a station. On the platform stood many people.

“All those folks are waiting for me,” snorted Smoky. “It is nice to be so important!” Smoky gave a lively plunge and pulled up to the platform with a cheery whistle, which clearly meant, “Good morning, everybody.”

People scrambled on the train. Other people came running. The guard called, “All aboard,” in his loudest voice. Then the people ran faster than ever.

Smoky stood smiling and waiting at the station.

When everybody was on, the engineer opened the throttle. With a jerk Smoky pulled away from the station platform.



Out of the town he scurried. He passed little homes where children were eating breakfast.

He passed a railroad crossing where wagons loaded with fresh vegetables, on their way to market, stood waiting for him to pass.

Then his road took him through the country with green fields on each side. A boy on a bicycle tried hard to race with him down the broad highway which followed the track. With a cheery whistle Smoky raced by.

An old man taking his sheep to pasture stood by the roadside as the boy on his bicycle and Smoky raced with each other.

“Stupid things, sheep,” snorted Smoky to himself. “I don’t suppose they have ever been five miles from home. I cross Germany every day. It is fine to be so traveled.”

On through the German countryside ran Smoky pulling his train. The green fields lay warm and bright on either side of the track. The sky was blue.

“It’s great to be a lively engine,” chortled Smoky to himself as he gathered speed for a rush into another town.

Within the passenger coach the people said to one another, “We are certainly making good time, aren’t we?”



At the outskirts of a town Smoky saw little children playing.

“It’s time for me to slow down,” said Smoky to himself.

With real effort he ground his front wheels into the track.

A flock of geese near the track watched him slow down.

“I suppose he is afraid of us,” quacked one big goose to the other.

Fortunately Smoky was watching the little children playing, and he did not hear what the big goose said. So he only smiled and ran very, very quietly so that he could hear the song of the little children at play:

“Sah ein Knab’ ein Röslein steh’n,
Röslein auf der Heiden;
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell es nah’ zu seh’n,
Sah’s mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.”



Soon Smoky was running very, very slowly, for he was running along the streets of a little village. At the crossing gates stood an old woman taking her pig to market. Her big pink pig sat in a funny wooden wagon, and as Smoky passed it seemed to him that the pig was smiling.

A little girl and her brother stood hand in hand, waving at the train. A hunter with a gun hung over his shoulder and a little feather in his hat stood smoking a long pipe as he waited for the train to pass. Passengers bought newspapers from a newsboy who ran along the tracks.

“How my front axle does hurt,” said Smoky to himself. “If I just squeak loudly enough, perhaps somebody will do something for me when we stop here.”

But without coming to a stop the engineer pulled the throttle.

“Puff, puff, puff! Choo, choo, choo! Puff, puff, puff! Choo, choo, choo! Puff, puff! Choo, choo! Toot, toot!” called Smoky.

The lively locomotive creaked into more rapid motion, and the noises grew fainter as the train rolled away into the open country.



Smoky and his train went dashing through hills and valleys and sweeping around long curves, whistling at crossings and racing through the German countryside. Smoky rocked on the rails and snorted in annoyance at the speed with which he was hurried along, while all the time the ache in his front axle got worse and worse.

Clear the track! The lively locomotive rounded a curve. A few feet ahead stood a cow.

Smoky opened his mouth in amazement, but his heavy wheels rushed down the shining track, clickety-click, clickety-click.

The lively locomotive roared nearer with a hissing of steam. The engineer had one hand on the throttle as he leaned from the cab window, his eyes fixed on the cow.

Smoky's wheels gripped the rails as he tried to stop. The pain in his front axle was dreadful.

"After all, why should I stop? That cow is on my right-of-way," said Smoky.

The old woman who owned the cow ran out of her little home. The old man who was taking the cow to pasture ran back to try to hurry her off the track.



Smoky slid down the rails with a swish and a roar. His mouth was closed grimly.

“I’ll teach that cow to respect the rights of others! I have used this same track at this same time in the morning for years and years,” growled Smoky.

He gave the cow a bump — a hard bump, and at the same time shoved her off the tracks and out of his way.

Smoky hurried on.

“I’m really sorry I hit that cow,” he thought a little later. “It is the first time in my life that I ever struck anything. I know the pain in my axle made me cross, but it does hurt me so to try to stop.

“Anyway, cows as well as people should learn that engines are dangerous. Engines can’t always stop, even though they would like to.

“I know that cow won’t get in the way of another engine!”

Smoky rolled on, the pain in his axle growing worse and worse, the squeak growing louder and louder.



The track over which Smoky was running ran through many hills and dales and came at last into a thick pine forest. The air was sweet and spicy with the smell of pines.

“This is really one of the nicest parts of my run,” purred Smoky. “But how my front axle does ache. Just a little oil is all it needs.”

A rabbit scurried off in the tall grass beside the track.

Two deer stood half-hidden among the pines and watched Smoky and his train hurry by.

Smoky looked at them out of the corners of his eyes.

“I know I can run as fast as they can, and I can keep it up much longer. I do hope, though, they never have anything that aches as my front axle does,” said Smoky, groaning with pain.



“Clickety-click, clickety-click,” went the racing wheels.

Like a flash Smoky and his train sped through the forests.

At last they came to a grinding stop in the heart of the mountains.

“Now,” thought Smoky, “I’ll have my front right axle oiled.”

But the engineer called to the man who controlled the signals, “All right, just on time.”

“Clear track ahead,” called the other.

Smoky found himself toiling on his way up a steep hill without his engineer stepping out of the cab.

An engine pulling a long train clattered over a high bridge above him.

“Oh dear,” sighed Smoky between puffs, “that engine has a smooth level road. Its train isn’t nearly so long or so heavy to pull as mine, and I know its front axle doesn’t need oil!”

By this time Smoky was in a cross, ugly mood.



So when Smoky rounded the curve and saw ahead another big black engine pulling another train on the very track he always used he ran straight ahead!

Smoky gathered speed.

“Whoever hits first and hits hardest will get hurt least,” growled Smoky. “This is my track and my right-of-way. Moreover, if I get hurt, I’ll at least get my front right axle oiled, and nothing could be worse than finishing my run with the pain I am in now.”

Smoky fairly leaped from the tracks.

There was a crash and a roar.

Each engine spit smoke, flames, and steam.

The engineers jumped from their cabs, but not a passenger car left the tracks.

As Smoky was dragged down the tracks to be repaired, he snorted, “Of course I wouldn’t let anybody get hurt, but this is a good way to get my own front axle oiled and made as good as new.”



A kind old man with white hair began to work on Smoky.

The bolts and rods were oiled and polished.

The dreadful ache in his front right axle was gone the moment the long spout of the oil can reached the hot joint.

When the kind old man tightened the last screw, Smoky was smiling broadly.

The bell swung gently back and forth and tinkled a little tune to itself while every joint that had been oiled joined in the song:

“Now we can go up, up, up,
And now we can go down, down, down;
And now we can go backwards and forwards,
And now we can go round, round, round.”

For the second time that day the tender was heaped full of coal. The water tank was filled brimful. Smoky was taken back to his train.

With a swish and a roar they started up the mountains.



As Smoky climbed higher and higher dark clouds blew up from the west. They seemed to cover Smoky and his train in a thick gray blanket.

But the lively locomotive smiled knowingly and said, "Now that my front right axle doesn't hurt, nothing matters!"

"Let it blow, let it rain, let it snow. I'll take my train through. But I am sure I never could have made this part of the run with an axle that hurt."

Smoky's joints all hummed in chorus:

"Now we can go up, up, up,
And now we can go down, down, down;
And now we can go backwards and forwards,
And now we can go round, round, round."

Smoky gathered steam. As the wind blew out of the blanket of clouds, Smoky blew thick white smoke out of his chimney as much as to say, "No, nothing can stop me now."



It began to grow colder as Smoky and his train climbed upward. They were running into a storm. The sun was hidden. Soon there began to be drifts of snow across the track.

Smoky gathered speed and went puffing and snorting up the grade as though he knew there was need for hurry.

“I know there are fathers on my train who are anxious to get home to their little girls and boys. I have letters and packages that I must get through. Choo! Choo! I think I can! I am sure I can!”

He charged into a solid white bank of snow. He went with a rush and a roar that carried all before it. There was a moment of grinding, a white whirl of snow, and the train went plunging through.

Smoky came to a small station half-hidden in the deep drifts. Here two fathers and one mother got off and hurried home to waiting boys and girls.

“I knew I could! I was sure I could,” puffed Smoky, weary from his hard climb. He hissed and panted, but he now began to jog slowly downward.



At last Smoky had crossed the mountains.

The thick blanket of clouds and the deep snow were far behind.

Soon the sun shone brightly and the grass grew green as he ran down the mountainside.

Children waved as he went by.

Smoky always answered with a cheery whistle.

He was smiling happily as he completed his run. His aching axle had been oiled and every joint whirred in chorus:

“Now we can go up, up, up,

And now we can go down, down, down;

And now we can go backwards and forwards,

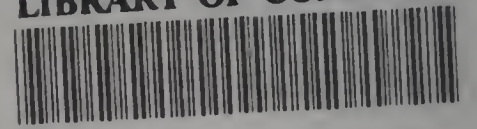
And now we can go round, round, round.”







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