

August 1901
Long Island, New York

A late afternoon thunderstorm rolled
into the Garden City train station
frightening a wet yellow dog.

Boom-boom-boom rumbled the thunder.

Lightning flashed!

The dog barked and barked, wanting to
be let inside the station house.
Still, nobody came.





Finally, the door did open, and a tall man in a blue uniform looked down at him. “Whose dog are you?” he asked. “Don’t you have a home?”

The dog burst into the empty waiting room.

Inside the man’s office he curled up under the telegraph desk.

The agent spoke softly to him.

“I once had a dog like you, afraid of thunderstorms. If nobody claims you, then you can be my new station dog. I’ll call you Roxey after my old dog,” Agent Heaney said.

And just like that, this Roxey found a home with Agent Heaney in Hempstead. Each morning the two commuted to work on the train.

Roxey had so much fun riding to and from Garden City. But, he wasn't the kind of dog who liked lazing around a station all day long.

While Agent Heaney worked, tending to passenger's needs, Roxey wasn't allowed to ride on any trains. Roxey grew restless. He wasn't even allowed to ride on the baggage wagon.

