

Sometimes it's a shame. Modern conveniences and relative national affluence have a way of pushing out old traditions, and once shared past times only exist as nostalgic memories that occupy their spot in American folklore. Train hopping is a great example, and what was once a common way to cross the country does not even enter most people's minds as a legitimate way to move from point A to B. It's too bad, really, because outside of being a great part of America's past, travel by train (inside a passenger car or hanging off the ladder) is a great way to see the countryside.

Now I've held many tickets, roared down many tracks towards many destinations, but I prefer to be sitting on the roof watching the world go by. I don't know if it's the wind in the hair, the click and clack, the nervous feeling every time you go through a tunnel (lay down and yell), or admittedly, the fact I'm not really supposed to be doing this. Train hopping could easily be my favorite mode of travel. A bit hot in the summer, cold in the winter, and always dirty, it can't be beat for an adrenaline filled journey. It's an experience you'll always remember.