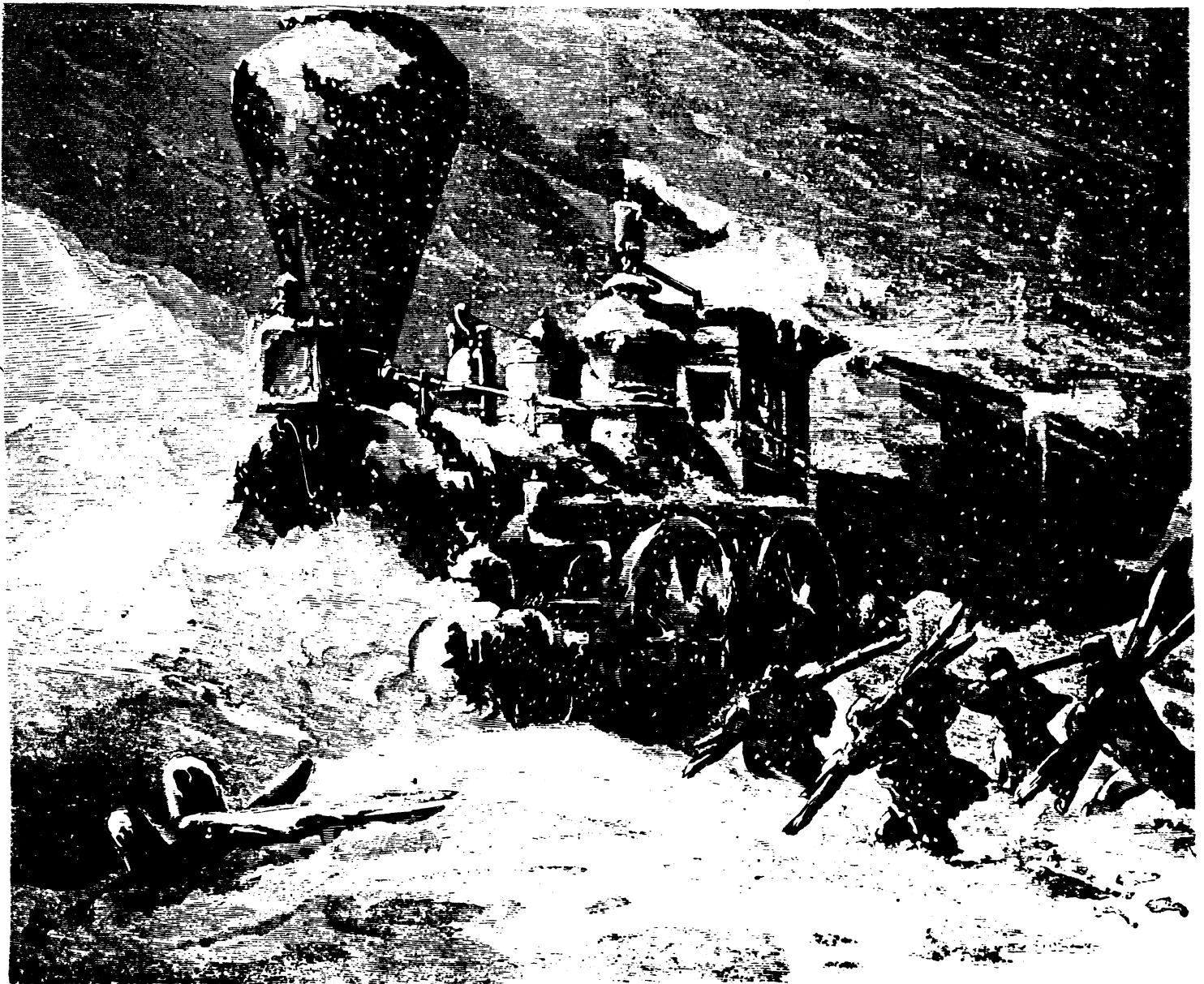




HOTBOX

"the Un-Magazine of Model Railroading"
December 1985

No. 218





HOTBOX

Issued eleven times a year (June through April) with a special mailing of a Directory of Membership in May.

Annual dues are as follows:

- REGULAR (under 21) \$10.00
- ASSOCIATE (21 and up) \$12.00
- OVERSEAS (outside N. Amer.) \$15.00
- SUSTAINING (Regular & Associate) \$15.00

Please address all renewals, membership applications, address changes and complaints of non-receipt of TAMR publications to the TAMR Secretary.

TAMR SECRETARY: Dee Gilbert
Box 1098
LaGrange Park, IL
60525-9198

All other TAMR HOTBOX business, except where specifically noted, is handled by the Editor. Please address all comments to the Editor

PUBLICATIONS, Mark Kaszniak
EDITOR 4818 W. George Street
Chicago, IL 60641

The TAMR HOTBOX welcomes articles, photographs (B&W only), artwork and cartoons pertaining to model and/or prototype railroad subjects. All items for publication must be received 30 days before the month of publication. The TAMR HOTBOX assumes that all items are submitted for the mutual benefit and enjoyment of the hobby by our members and thus no payment will be made upon publication.

FRONT COVER

The title of this month's cover drawing is "Snowbound." It is an illustration of an 19th century wood engraving from Transportation: A Pictorial Archive from Nineteenth-Century Sources by Jim Harter. Published by Dover Publications, Inc and used with permission.

BACK COVER

When he heard that I was leaving the editorship of the HOTBOX, Scott Sackett couldn't resist one last drawing in tribute to your outgoing editor.

EXTRA BOARD

All the news that fits, we print:

MEMBERSHIP

By Dee Gilbert

Total TAMR Membership (12-1-85): 119

Breakdown as follows:

<u>Region</u>	<u>Number</u>	<u>Percentage</u>
Canadian	5	4.2
Central	55	46.2
Eastern	31	26.1
International	2	1.7
Southern	10	8.4
Western	16	13.4

Please Welcome These New Members:

- Stephen Nanders, Gainesville, FL
- Greg Martin, Columbia, MO
- Darris Houltzhouser, Columbia, MO
- Steven Warren, Columbia, MO
- Paul Schmidt, Columbia, MO
- Brian Smith, Columbia, MO
- Christian Johanninger, Columbia, MO
- Todd Radek, Bensenville, IL
- John Krattinger, Garden City, NY
- Charles Sanders, Highland Park, NJ
- Brian Warren, Tacoma, WA
- Eric Zahn, Toledo, OH
- Troy Kirchner, Avoca, MN
- Donald Richard, Newark, DE

Also, Welcome Back:

- Gerry Dobe, Villa Park, IL
- Jason McAnitch, Grove City, OH
- Chuck Janda, LaGrange Park, IL
- Bob Huron, Locust Valley, NJ
- Jeff Patelski, Vienna, VA
- Joseph Kehnert, Pottsville, PA
- Chris Hogendorn, North Vasselboro, ME
- Beth Wolsthenholme, Ewing, NJ
- Tom Novitske, Onalaska, WI
- Ed Moran, Chicago, IL
- Dee Gilbert, LaGrange Park, IL

HOTBOX Editors

In response to a letter received some time ago concerning past HOTBOX Editors, here is the information requested:

<u>Year</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>
1966-67	Rodney Owensby	16-17
1968	Bert Kahm	15
1969	Doug Rhodes	15
1970-71	Tom Papadeas	17-18
1972	Mike Bonk	17
1973-74	John Held	17-18
1975-77	Tim Vermande	21-23
1978	Mark Tomlonson	23
1979	Tim Vermande	25
1980-85	Mark Kaszniak	20-25



CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Guess this is the last chance I'm going to get to act as Santa Claus and pass out Christmas gifts. David Holden will be taking over this position next month which means that I will probably be on the receiving end come next December if he wishes to continue this TAMR tradition.

Thus a little history on this gift giving is in order for those of you who haven't been around too long in our association. Way back in 1975, HOTBOX Editor Tim Vermande gave the first series of Christmas gifts in this magazine. The gifts were used as a way of filling up some extra space in the HOTBOX with the premise being that the items being given are not too badly needed by the recipients. The rationale behind this is that the gifts are given only to deserving TAMR members who have caused the editor problems over the year. The motive is revenge, of sorts, plain and simple. Needless to say is that the practice caught on (it has been rumored that the column is so popular that certain regional newsletters have also stolen this idea and are producing similar sorts of columns) and thus every December, the editor puts on his Santa Claus suit and trots out his bag of goodies.

Now that you know the history and rationale behind all this, on to this year's offering:

To John Dunn, TAMR President: I am always at a loss as to what to give to important TAMR dignitaries, such as yourself. Thus I have to go back to time-proven gifts. This year, you get the Atlantic Ocean, use it wisely.

December 1985

To Steve Craig, TAMR Auditor: A free week's lodgings at Ma Dobeys "No Tell" motel.

To Claude Morelli, TAMR Treasurer: Surprise! when John Huseby comes to visit you this January, he will inform you that he will be staying for an indefinite period!

To Dee Gilbert, TAMR Secretary: Lots of rubber rafts, at least this way the layout won't get wet next time the basement floods.

To John Huseby III, Central Region Rep: Numerous Greyhound tickets. You'll need them after they cut Amtrak's budget again.

To Gerry Dobeys, CR WAYFREIGHT Editor: Great quantities of plastic sheet. Now that you have the computer engraver, we are all waiting for an engraved edition of the WAYFREIGHT.

To Tim Vermande, former editor of this rag: Edited versions of all your movies sans the "human interest" footage.

To Scott "Smurf" Eastin, honorary convention mascot: A copy of Steve Craig's new book: "How To Budget Money Wisely At Conventions."

To Stan "Squeaky" Ujka: An organic mouse-trap (i.e. cat) to control the rodent infestations on the Spooner Central.

To Dan Carroll, DAYLIGHT Editor: A prayer breakfast with Paul and Jim to define your duties as our liaison.

To Ed "Ding-Ding" Moran: A two week, all expenses paid vacation is beautiful, law-abiding West Salem, WI with the John Huseby of your choice.

To Greg "Opus" Dahl: A nose job of your choice so you can run against Konnie next time around.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Growing Up With Steam

Not all loved the old steam locomotive, but its detractors were few and its admirers were legion. Unhappiness generally came to the fore when the pitch black smoke of the belching iron horse enveloped a small town in darkness during the daylight hours, leaving grime and soot in its wake. Housewives with clothing on the line complained bitterly as did whose home windows happened to be open during the occasional blackouts. The male village "fashion plate" found out quickly that this was no time to be caught wearing a white linen suit. The chap with a light shirt counted himself lucky if he escaped with only "ring around the collar." Then there were those who blamed the acrid, sulphurous smoke for their respiratory ailments. There were even some farmers, having dairy land adjacent to the railroad tracks, who damned the locomotive's shrieking whistle for stampeding the cows and lowering their milk production.

Yet these scattered complainers were drowned out by the collective voice of most of the town's citizens whose infatuation with the mysteries of steam gave unqualified support to the then prevailing mode of travel and transportation. To them, the irritation from dirt and soot was a small price to pay for the efficient inter-city transportation of products and the speedy journeys afforded. To them, the steam locomotive was the greatest machine on the face of the earth.

No kid who grew up in a small town during the twenties or thirties can forget the enchantment of the railroads. The mighty, ever churning steam locomotive and all its associated activity made an indelible impression on both young and old. Who could forget the wailing whistle in the lone of night? The awesome power of a massive locomotive thundering down the rails. The sight of a mile long freight train crawling across the countryside. The train time activity and excitement which took place at the town depot. The deafening hiss of escaping steam. The continued panting of the air pumps, plus the combined smell of hot oil and grease, steam and smoke.

No mechanical device has captured the imagination of youth as much as the steam driven locomotive and the consist which it headed. While the speed, comfort and smoothness of the contemporary diesel, electric and gas-turbine trains represent forward progress, the magnetic

entrancement of the old steam engine is missing. What other mechanism could make the farm boy quit his plow to watch an unending steam of freight cars or a speedy passenger train moving by? What else then the midnight wailing of a locomotive whistle could bring him exciting dreams of travel to distant places? What else could temporarily stop a ball game by his city counterparts? What else could bring on a rush of town youth to the train depot and hold them in awe?

To the average small town lad who frequently "hung around" the railroad station to watch the arrival and departure of trains, the steam locomotive was not a mere machine. It was an animal--an astonishing, fire-breathing monster! During its stop at the depot, it was merely resting, panting to catch its breath, quenching its thirst and revitalizing itself for the long journey still ahead. It often balked at starting and complained loudly. It was kind of a social center--the source of local news and gossip. People gathered there for local visitation and no one arriving from or departing on the train went unnoticed. During the horse and buggy era, the village depot was a primary means of social contact with the outside world. The depot was also the hangout of the town loafers and a place where nearby merchants could take a break from their shops. It further served as a gathering point for kids who wanted to kill time in an exciting atmosphere.

The town depot was hardly an architect's dream. It was built to be functional and was quite simple in design. It was sparsely furnished. Typical of its accessories were a Seth Thomas clock, a train bulletin board which recorded train arrival and departure, a railroad map on the wall, uncushioned wooden benches, strategically placed spittoons and a potbelly stove. In this rather barren atmosphere, the ticket counter and adjoining telegraph office stood out in bold relief.

The station agent was a very busy man. He took care of everything--selling the tickets, answering inquiries, handling baggage, keeping the stove going, receiving and transmitting telegraph messages. In larger depots, the agent was assisted by a baggage man who handled the railway express.

(cont'd next page)

Growing Up With Steam (cont'd from page 3)

Much of what happened after the arrival of the passenger train was routine procedure. Yet the events which transpired always intrigued the youngsters. Each stop found the fireman atop the locomotive tender unleashing a heavy stream from the spout of the water tower. There was the train engineer with his long stemmed oil can carefully checking his iron steed. There was the station agent quickly loading and unloading his baggage cart, as well as the prompt disposition of the incoming and outgoing mail delivery bags. Most of the boys gathered around the train engineer, calling him by his nickname and engaging in animated conversation. Some talked with the train conductor hoping they would be with him on a future trip. The railway mail clerk, always adorned with gun in holster, also attracted a good measure of attention. Youthful conversation with him was always at a distance since he remained in the RPO coach. Even so, his rather imposing presence generated a lot of talk among the kids about Jesse and Frank James and other notorious train robbers of the past.

With the engineer and fireman back in the cab and the removal of the footstool by the conductor, all knew the train was ready to depart. With an "All Aboard" shout, the clanging of the bell, and a spit blast from its whistle, the train started on its way.

Aside from hanging around the depot at train time, some of the town lads extended their train related pleasure to "hopping the freights." Riding a boxcar for six or seven blocks at the company's expense was a favorite pastime of the more bold. Of course, there are hazards to car hopping. Kids could suddenly find themselves in the company of hoboes. This unanticipated exposure usually scared hell out of the youngsters. Rumor has it that these traveling freeloaders were boozers, menacing and of evil repute. Jumping out of a freight car at too high speed was another peril. This maneuver, at times, resulted in physical injury. Less dangerous, but requiring careful execution, was walking across a railroad bridge. Other types of railroad fun, usually enjoyed by the more timid, was placing one's ear to the track to detect the approach of a distant train or climbing on top of a boxcar stationed on a side track.

Initial train travel by the young was usually an exhilarating experience. The sight of different towns and the view of changing landscape captured continued interest, even though often seen through dirty window panes. To eat in the train dining car was close to being in heaven.

Considerable enjoyment was also derived by kids of the less affluent in eating packed lunches or sandwiches and drinks purchased from the train vendor. It was fun to watch the conductor winding his way down the train aisle collecting tickets as well as listening to the chatter of various seat occupants.

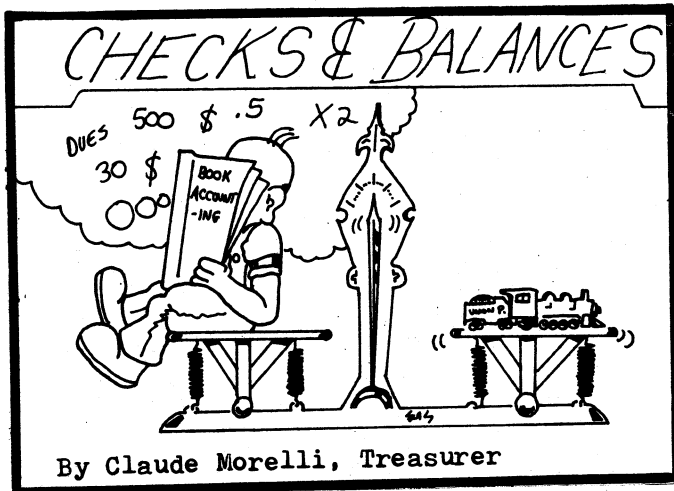
Sleeping in a Pullman car, while unique, was not always restful. Youngsters who had to double-up in an upper berth, found sleeping quite a chore. Cramped quarters accompanied by constant swaying of the car and the sudden jarring effects resulting from the steam locomotive's exodus from the various station stops made a restful evening virtually impossible. Having to descend from an upper berth in the mid of the night to answer nature's call was also a challenging and formidable undertaking. Those fortunate to occupy a lower berth had it much easier. When unable to sleep, they could pass away the time peering under the window shade and taking in the view of dimly lit towns and station platforms. During the early morning hours, while still uncomfortable in bed, they could observe all that went on at various depot stops--sleepy-eyed people, the movement of baggage, the loading of milk cans, awaiting horse drawn drayages and an occasional automobile. Yet both upper and lower berth patrons could enjoy the sounds of night travel--the intermittent clanging of the road crossing bell, the periodic blowing of the train whistle, the rumbling noise of crossing over a bridge and the staccato clicking of the rails. When it came time to get dressed, all found that their shoes had taken on a shiny hue--compliments of the Pullman porter.

Youngsters were not alone in their enjoyment of train travel. Adults, too, found pleasure in viewing towns and countryside along the way. Many relished the opportunity to converse with fellow passengers. New friendships were often formed.

Family heads often found riding pleasure marred by train-sick offspring. Children not used to the roll and sway of the train were frequently subject to dizziness and nausea. It was a harrowing experience for a parent to lead a stricken child to the train toilet before he/she heaved into the aisle. There were winners and there were losers!

The supreme test of one's ingenuity took place when one attempted to open the passenger train window. This exercise in frustration was prompted by the stuffy and still air which was commonplace in the passenger coach. Many windows just wouldn't open--they appeared to be locked in for eternity

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By Claude Morelli, Treasurer

MID-YEAR REPORT

(Editor's Note: Claude submitted this report several months ago, but due to space limitations, I was unable to print it until now)

Another six months has passed in the life of the TAMR and income is still a disappointment. The reason for this is the same as it has been for the past few years--teen modelers are simply not interested in paying \$10.00 to join this association. Shouldn't this tell us something? TAMR dues are far too high for the benefits members receive. To correct this situation would require either an increase in benefits offered by the association or a dues decrease.

First-half income was not expected to increase, but it wasn't expected to decrease either. Unfortunately, it did decrease and the TAMR may be facing a financial crisis if it does not begin to rise immediately. Income from all dues decreased 34.39% from \$812.37 during the first half of 1984 to \$533.00 during the same period in 1985. Income from supplies and HOTBOX ads also decreased 61.54% and 64.32%, respectively. The only income increases came from interest (up 184.15%) and donations (up 4.45%).

Although the 21st. Anniversary HOTBOX issue was a larger-than-normal expense, it did not cause an increase in expenses for the first half of this year as compared with the first half of last year. Because of various economy moves, expenses were actually 3.99% lower in the 1985 period than in 1984. In addition, as the 21st. Anniversary HOTBOX is a combination of the June and July issues, there will be one less HOTBOX that will have to be paid for in the second-half of this year.

Enthusiasm for the TAMR among its members is perhaps the most important thing

the association lacks. It is obvious that enthusiastic members will attend regional and national conventions, write more articles for the HOTBOX and regional publications, use or volunteer to participate in such TAMR services as the Member Services Committee and let others know about the TAMR. Yet how is enthusiasm supposed to be instilled into our potentially great association if it lacks leadership? As pointed out in a letter printed in a recent HOTBOX, TAMR leaders are mostly members who will soon become Associate members or are already so. This is unfortunate since it means that the TAMR may experience a lack of leadership in the near future. This is most important when looking at my own office. In the past two elections for Treasurer, I was the only member who ran for the office. Although I haven't decided whether or not I will run again for this position next year, I have begun to worry as to whether or not I will have to if there are no other members who are willing to take the job.

If the TAMR is to be an effective association, it makes sense for present officials to prepare younger members for future positions of leadership. This can only be accomplished if there is a great enough supply of these potential leaders. Since the most basic problem of the TAMR is lack of members, this supply will be small unless the membership increases. The traditional route for "grooming" national TAMR officers is through our regional offices. Younger members gain practical experience in handling affairs at the regional level and are then nominated for national positions. However, our regions are currently starving for volunteers to help with publications and alike. Thus those who wish to get involved in the TAMR should look to their region, there are plenty of positions to be filled even if the region is not actively advertising their availability.

To attract new members and retain the present ones, the TAMR can do a number of things. First, the TAMR could lower its dues down to a more affordable level for teens. This could be done through a corresponding decrease in TAMR benefits (i.e. reducing the number of HOTBOXes published each year), or with TAMR benefits remaining at their present level. The second option would make the TAMR much more attractive to new members, but could lead to a financial crisis. We should explore possible areas of outside funding (i.e. donations from other associations, commercial advertising in the HOTBOX) to see if this can be accomplished. Secondly, the TAMR could make itself

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Growing Up With Steam (Cont'd from page 5)

The few who frequently were rewarded with a blast of soot or a cinder in the eye! Ask any oldtimer and he will tell you that the trials and tribulations of train travel were far out-weighted by the pleasures and satisfactions derived.

It is doubtful that anyone in the future will experience the heart throbbing thrill and enjoyment afforded by the steam locomotive age. Except for the very few steam locomotives that have been re-conditioned or preserved for special excursions, there is little opportunity for the general public to experience the tingling sensation of a steam driven train. It is doubtful that even those privileged to be aboard one of today's steam locomotive junkets will be able to fully recapture the electrifying excitement of the yester years. Only in memory can the small town excitement and socialization of the steam era be relived.

Yet railroading is still an important and prominent part of the current American scene. Passenger service has dwindled, but quality has improved. The Amtrak train is providing passengers with speeds and comforts hitherto unknown. Freight service continues to meet a highly essential need and innovations in efficiency and safety are constantly being developed.

Yes, "the old order changeth yielding place to new", but fond and lasting memories remain tucked in the hearts of those who were fortunate to grow up with the steam locomotive. Conceivably, and if it were possible, many of them would choose to take that final trip to the "great beyond" in a steam driven train!

Checks & Balances (cont'd)

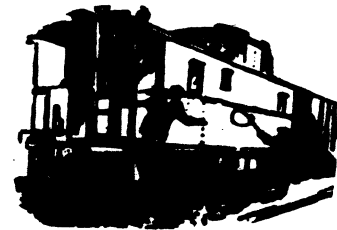
more well known and credible in the model railroading world. This could be done through a major advertising campaign in magazines or hobby shops. However, this would cost the TAMR tremendous amounts of non-existent funds. In addition, improvements would have to be made if interested teen modelers are to join the association. A good first step in this direction was accomplished by holding our convention in conjunction with the NMRA's this summer. We got a chance to talk with a lot of different hobby people and even garnered some valuable publicity in MODEL RAILROADER. We will have to see how much this will help the association in the upcoming months.

Thirdly, the TAMR could put a great deal of emphasis on local activities. This is really where the strength of the

association lies. Perhaps the HOTBOX could be reduced to a quarterly publication and the funds that are currently being spent on the remaining seven issues be used to print better regional publications or pay for regional activities? Maybe we can combine the HOTBOX and our regional publications? Regional editors could prepare a series of pages which could be inserted into the middle of the HOTBOX several times a year. This would certainly save on postage and increase the quality of regional publications.

Some of the ideas presented may not be completely practical, but they are at least worth looking into. As always, I am interested in hearing what other TAMR members and officials are thinking and would appreciate hearing any comments regarding this letter or any additional ideas you may have.

TRAIN ORDERS



TRAIN ORDERS is a letters column in the TAMR HOTBOX where you can express your views on the TAMR, its publications and its officers. All letters for this column should be sent to the Editor of the TAMR HOTBOX.

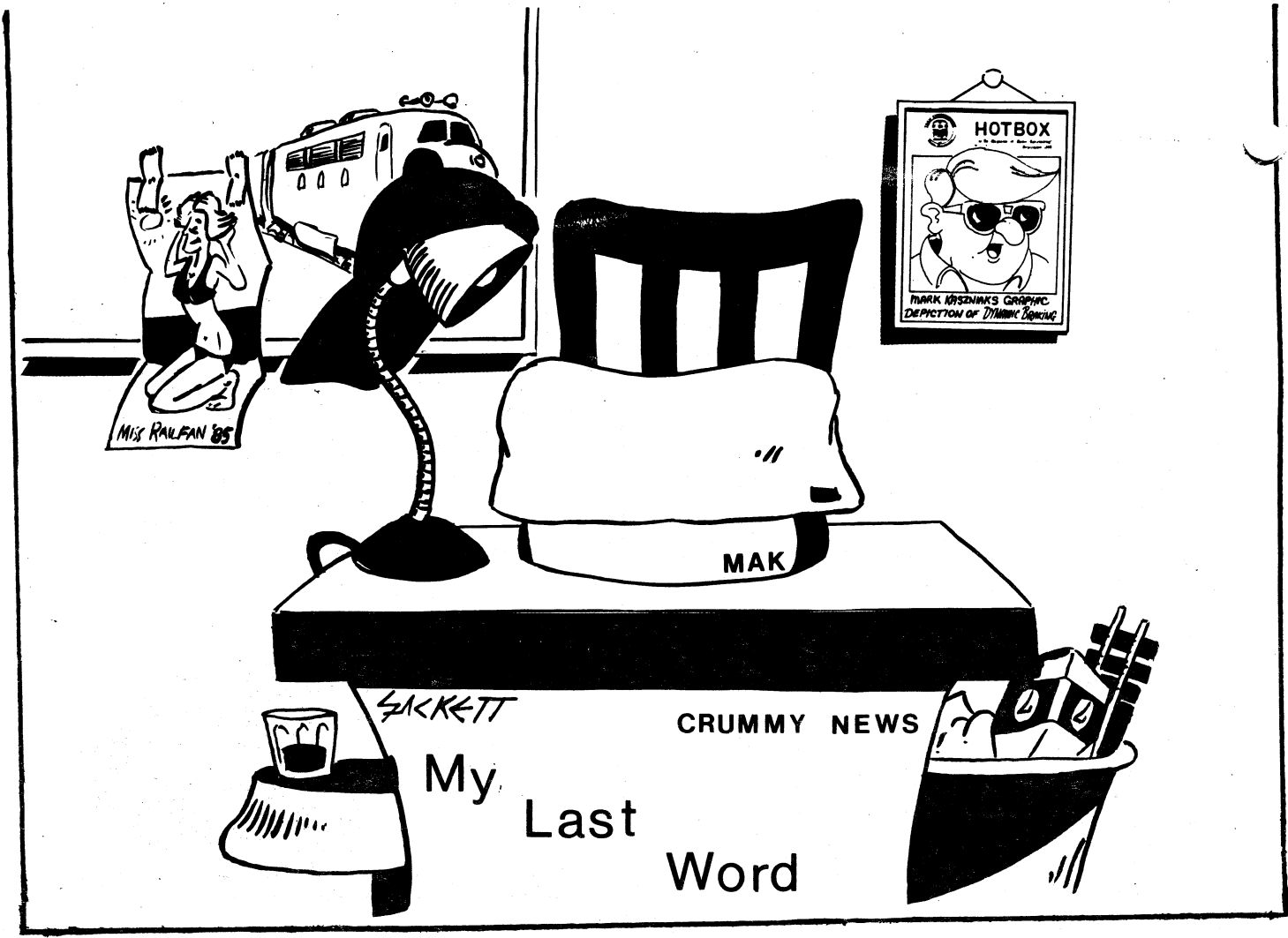
Going To Help

After reading the 21st. Anniversary issue, which by the way was an outstanding accomplishment for the TAMR, I noted that as long as I have been a member of the TAMR, I have failed to help the "organization." Greg "Opus" Dahl in his August comments, really hit home.

I had been corresponding with Dee Gilbert for about two years. Dee then relinquished his duties as the SOUTHERN CRESCENT editor/publisher/main contributor. I then attempted a takeover and put out one decent newsletter. I went so far as to ask "my" members of my region (myself being President) to help contribute to this newsletter. NOTHING! I then became editor/publisher/main and only contributor. I know what it feels like to wear "his shoes." But, back to what I was saying.

Greg was right when he said all everyone needed was to send one article a year to keep this newsletter from becoming a "gossip sheet." I hope to turn out an article every few months, including outside resources that I have been able to pick up, and promote the TAMR as it should be done. Anyway, anyone interested in the Southern region and wants my job can have it.

--Mark Nerger



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