

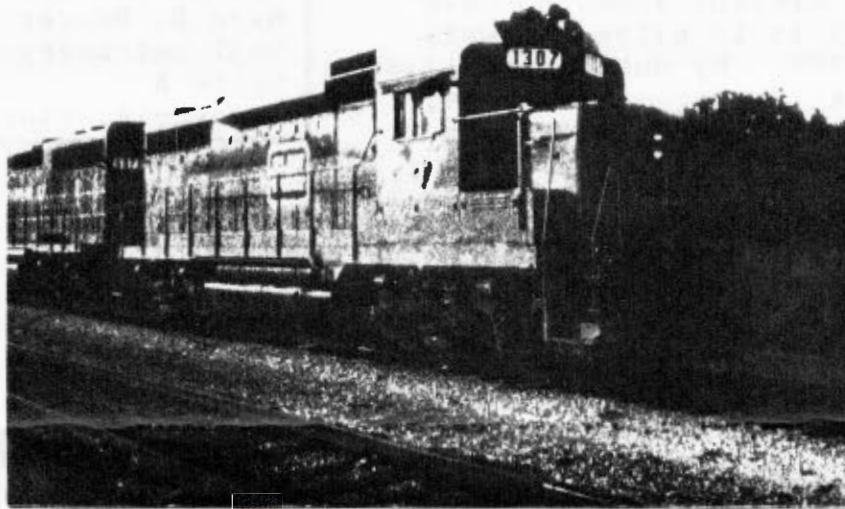
SOUTHERN

# rescent

October/November/December 1983

Volume 3 Publication 5

The Official Publication  
of the  
Southern Region



#1307 and #6670 SCL/LN Resting After a Long Haul  
Pensacola, Florida 9/83

The SOUTHERN CRESENT is the official publication of the Southern region of the Teen Association of Model Railroading (TAMR). It is distributed six (6) times a year to those who hold valid membership in the Southern Region.

The deadline for submission of articles for publication is the first day of the month of the issue, (ie. for the January/February issue the deadline is January).

The Southern Cresent assumes that all material is submitted for the benefit of the regional members. No payment can be made upon publication of any material.

From the (Late) Editor:

Dear Members: I know that the Southern Cresent seems to have died, but it is alive and well in the TAMR. My duties to bills have greatly consumed my time, but progress is being made to keep the Southern Cresent going.

As I stated, the (Late) Editor is still trying to get the late January/February 1984 issue out after finally completeing the last issue. I hope you can bear with me on this and understand that I am trying to catch up and meet the deadlines.

The Southern Cresent may continue to run late (as a great many trains did in the past), but until I don't have the time to give to the publication, the Southern Cresent will still continue to be sent out to all paid members. The publication for the last three months of the calendar year is small, but articles are hard to come by. If there is any member in the region that would consider contributing ANYTHING they so desire, I will welcome it gladly. Thank you for your patience.

Now, just a little about myself. I am a second year college student living away from home with no support from my parents. To meet bills, I must work 50 hours weekly. Work and school consume 90% of my time. This is the major factor of not being able to put the publication out on time.

Again, Thanks.  
Mark D. Nerger

President/(Late) Editor

All Southern Cresent business should be sent to the editor, except as follows:

Annual Membership, a full calendar year, of six issues of the Cresent is \$3.50. This payment should be sent to:

Southern Cresent Membership  
Chairman  
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Rt. 2 Box 27A  
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The Editor and President:  
Mark D. Nerger  
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# ALL ABOARD CONTEST WINNERS

The Southern Crescent ran a contest in the Double Issue Publication in which 40 words were to be found. We had quite a lot of entries which resulted in several ties. Each of the ties were awarded similar prizes. We hope that all members enjoyed this contest.

**FIRST** - Winner of a U33B Norfolk and Western Diesel  
DEAN MOODY, Waycross, Georgia

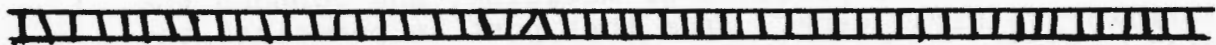
**SECOND** - Winner of a Chicago and North Western Athearn  
Boxcar

GERRY DOBEY, Villa Park, Illinois

Winner of a Santa Fe Boxcar by Athearn  
Mr. J.J. BARTHELEMY, Cookeville, Tennessee

**THIRD** - Winner of a HO Scale Home, The Meadowbrook House  
COLIN KING, Cape Coral, Florida

Winner of a HO Scale Home, The Kramer Home  
LONE EAGLE PAYNE, New Carlisle, Ohio



More Railroad Slang-----Part Six

HIGHLINER---Main line fast passenger

HIGH WHEELER---Passenger locomotive; a fast passenger train;  
A highvall artist

HITTING THE GRIT---Falling off a car

HOG---A locomotive

HOGGER---A locomotive engineer

-----More Railroad Slang continued on Page 5-----

When the first train came to town.....Part IV

A five part series.

By: Mark D. Nerger

Of all the little railroads, few achieved such immortality as "The Rawhide Railroad" that traversed the 30 miles of sage brush between Walla Walla and Wallula (a joyous combination to roll around on your tongue!).

The legend was that due to the prohibitive expense of shipping rails' round the Horn in 1868, the narrow gauge line was laid on wooden stringers. These were then coated with rawhide, a plentiful commodity in the cattle country. The rawhide rails weren't of much use in winter when they turned mushy from rain and snow, but that was no hindrance, because the road didn't operate in the winter anyhow. Come summer, and the blazing sun of the eastern Washington hardened the cattle hide into an impermeable surface that easily handled the little trains.

But then came a severe winter that covered the land in deep snow. Cattle froze to death in the fields, and the coyotes were ravenous. Whereupon, the story goes, they discovered the delicious rawhide---and proceeded to eat up the railroad!

A wonderful tall story, and too bad it isn't true. The little railroad was sure enough laid on wooden stringers---but they were surfaced with strap iron, not rawhide. And that was problem enough, for occasionally the jolting of a train would come curling up through the car floors, which must have been more discomfiting to passengers than to have viewed a pack of hungry coyotes gnawing at the track.

The road's actual name was the Walla Walla & Columbia River, and it was the prodigy of the legendary Doc Baker---or Dr. Dorsey Syng Baker, to give him his due.

He had come over the Oregon Trail in 1848, and ten years later moved to the little settlement of Walla Walla, in Washington Territory. There he found business more lucrative than the practice of medicine, and founded the territory's first bank. From that post he perceived the village's desperate need for transportation, but unlike his counterparts in Nevada, was unable to persuade the county officials to angel a railroad.

Doc Baker, whose white beard reaching to his belt gave him the look of a biblical patriarch, thereupon built a railroad. He couldn't afford to be anything but frugal, which perhaps gave rise to the rawhide tales. But like all frontiersmen of his day, he knew that his town wouldn't survive without a railroad. So he built it himself.

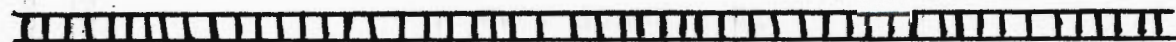
The railroad's main traffic was wheat, and until it

acquired its first coach, passengers rode atop bags of wheat on flat cars. That coach turned out to be a box car hammered together from native lumber, with wooden benches lining each side. It was promptly dubbed "the hearse."

The first little locomotives shipped to the line from the East had puny "cowcatchers" that were no match for the roving herds of cattle which roamed the right of way. So Doc Baker ripped them off and replaced them with platforms attached to the front of the engines. Then he trained sheep dogs to ride these perches and go roaring after the wayward cows, which turned out to be one of the more effective ways of moving cows, which one of his dispatchers dismissed as "a bunch of corset staves."

Well, as for Doc Baker's rawhide railroad, he laughed all the way to the bank---his bank. Because he finally sold out to a subsidiary of the Union Pacific for a reputed one million dollars, and his little line is now a prosperous branch of that railroad system.

This concludes the final chapter of "When the first train came to town..."



More Railroad Slang Continued from page 3

HOGHEAD---A locomotive engineer

HOG LAW---The federal statute which provides that all train and engine crews tie up after 12 hours of continuous service; also called the dog law

HOLE---Term applied to passing track where one train pulls in to meet another

HOME GUARD---One who stays with one railroad

HOOK---Wrecking crane or auxilliary

HOPPER---A steel-sided coal car with a hopper bottom which allows the unloading from that point

HOP-TOAD---Derail

HOT BOX---Overheated journal or bearing

HOT FOOTER---Engineer or conductor in switching service who is always in a hurry

HOT SHOT---A fast train of any class. Sometimes called a highball run

HUMP---An artificial knoll at the end of a classification yard over which cars are pushed to be allowed to roll to separate tracks on their own momentum.

HUT---A term sometimed applied to a caboose and sometimes applied to the cab of a locomotive

More Railroad Slang Continued from page 5

IN THE HOLE---On a siding

IRON SKULL---A boiler maker

JACK---Locomotive

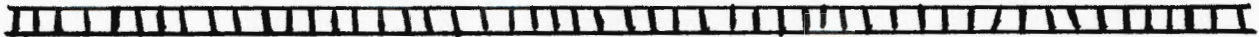
JAM BUSTER---Assistant yardmaster

JEWEL---Journal brass

JIGGER---A full tonnage train of dead freight

JOHNSON BAR---Reverse lever on a locomotive

JUGGLER---A term applied sometimes to members of the train crew of way freight runs, whose duties require them to load and unload less than carload freight at station stops



GROWING UP  
IN A SMALL TOWN  
DURING THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE AGE

By Rulolph N. Evjen

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 daylight hours, leaving grime and soot in its wake. Housewives with clothing on the line complained bitterly as did those 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 cows and lowering their milk production.

But these scattered complaints 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 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 earth!

No kid who grew up in a small town during the "twenties or early thirties" can forget the enchantment of the railroads. The mighty, ever churning steam locomotive and all of its associated activity made an indelible impression on 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 air pumps; and 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 operated 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 stream of freight cars or a speedy passenger train moving by? What else than the midnight wailing of a locomotive whistle could bring to 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. At times, this steel ribbed beast did not appear to be fully rested. It often balkied at starting and complained loudly. Despite stubborn slippage of wheels and protesting blasts of exhaust it somehow was prodded into slow but ever increasing momentum.

The small town railroad depot served as a focal point for local residents. It as 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 the gathering point for kids who wanted to kill time in an exciting atmosphere.

More next issue with "Growing up in a small town during the steam locomotive age."



L&N #1650 and three other diesels pull past  
hauling over 83 cars at 4:37 p.m. 10/83  
Scenic Highway, Pensacola, Florida

Another new article, in a series, appears on page 6. This was written by a avid railroader friend of many years. He is in his late 70's, but continues to keep his main interest of passenger trains alive. I hope everyone will enjoy this article.

Also in this issue, is the last article of "When the first train came to town. Hope you all enjoyed this.

Railroad slang is continued. Please send any articles that any of you may currently have or any ideas. Also some of you, this is your last issue. Please contact Edward Shelby (listed on the second page) for renewal of your membership.

THE SOUTHERN CRESENT IS ALIVE. PLEASE RENEW.

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