

March April 1980

Daylight



Well, spring is here, I think. It has snowed almost constantly for two days now. The only good thing that I can think of this snow is that we will be skiing till June here. I hope you enjoy this issue, and re subscribe those of you who need to. Happy Easter.

Lynch

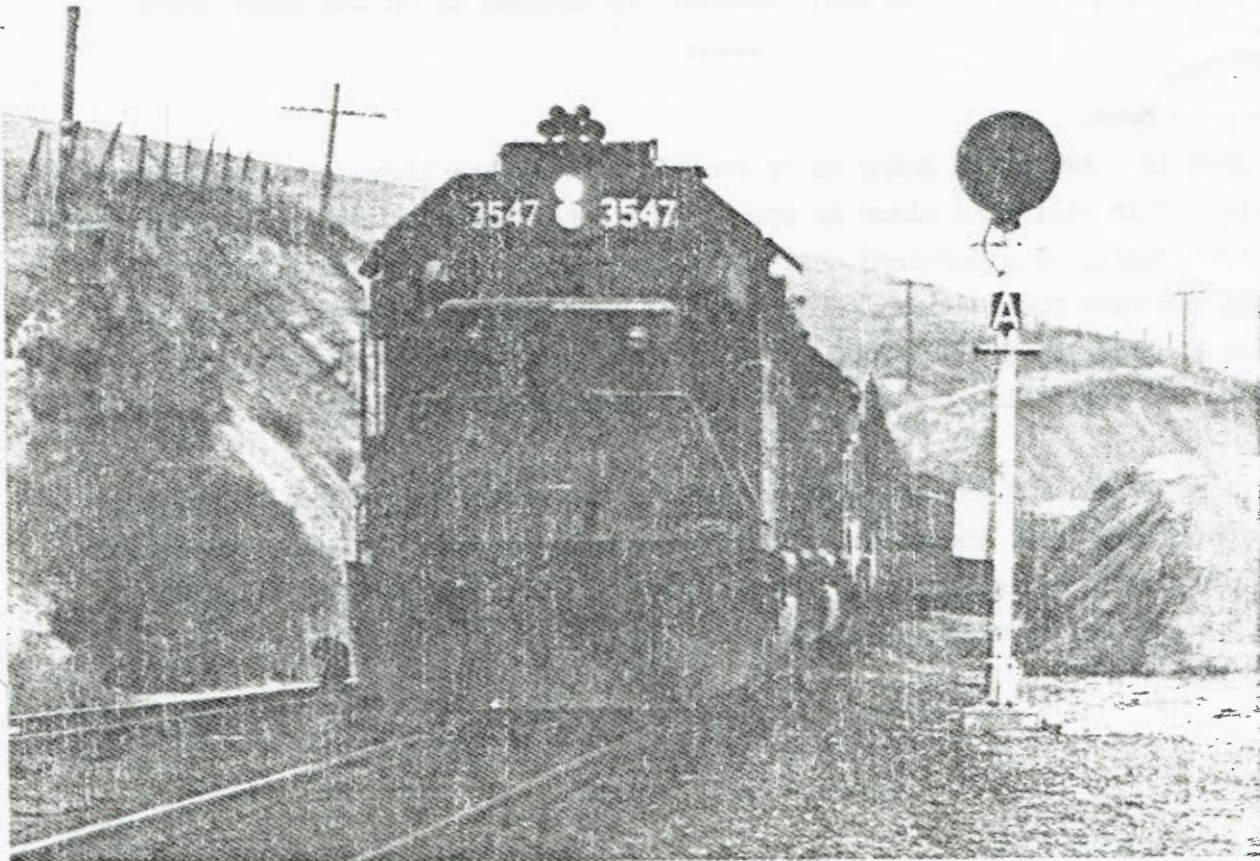
The Daylight is the official publication of the Western Region of the T.A.M.R.

Subscription rate: \$3.50 per year.

Editor: Gary R. Gardner
2365 Campus Dr.
Salt Lake City
Utah, 84121
(801)-943-6629

Model Dept. Tom Gasior
11800 Pheasant L.
Hopkins MN

Westbound Western Pacific train CCVX roars through Altamont Pass in California with a heavy consist of cars in February of this year. Brian Lynch



TRACK ONE

Ideas and Opinions

Once again, (as in the last issue) I sincerely apologize for the lateness of this issue. With a severe bout of the flu laying me up for a week, and then working for other people who had the flu the next week, and three weeks prior there was a week of train chasing with one Brian K. Lynch. So there is the explanation for all it is worth.

Now for some bad news. The 18 or more percent inflation rate has finally caught up with us. (Its the Democrats fault) And there is talk of raising the postal rate again. My printer just raised the price 1.5 cents per page, and it goes on and on. The point of all this is that we are seriously running out of money, and its not my fault. (As Rich Nixon once said, "I am not a crook.") As I see it we have two and only two courses of action to take. One is that we raise the basic subscription rate to \$4.35 a year and still have six issues of 4 to 6 pages each. Or two, go to a quarterly format with four issues per year at the same rate of \$3.50 for four 6 to 8 page issues. The choice is yours. Personally I favor the quarterly format because I know many of you are pressed for money, and A quarterly format will allow me to put far more effort and time into each issue and we will end up with a much more professional looking magazine. So, please let me know which option you would like and we will go from there, just drop me a card or letter as soon as you can. Thanks. My address is on the front cover.

Now some good news.

This just in: Amtrak is going to re route the Coast Starlight through Sacramento California. This will take place as soon as the Superliners arrive. (Now where have I heard that one?). I understand that the second San J. is running quite well, now people can make round trips in one day. If only they would run it in to LA period, or at least Barstow. Also one more SanDiegan should be starting soon if the Santa Fe will allow it, all you Southlanders have all the luck.

It looks like UP and MOP are going at it for all its worth, I hope the ICC allows it. However I hope that their deal with the WP falls through, I would hate to see the poor old Wobbly get eaten up by the UP. By the way, nickname for the UP MOPAC is MopUp. Don't say anything, I didn't make it up.

It was a typical travel day for me. Up early making sure every item was packed.

Of course I had been over this just six hours before. Down the Ventura Freeway, on the San Diego and the Marina freeways, parking in the TWA employees parking lot, catching the tram over to the terminal. Yes a typical day for an airline employees kid. Yet this day was like no trip I had ever taken. The reward for my circuitous trip, (LA to St. Louis to Salt Lake City, the only way that TWA gets there) was a trip on the Rio Grande Zephyr.

The landing at Salt Lake City provided me with a view of the valley. Salt Lake is a beautiful city. After waiting for Jim Murphy's flight from LA, Gary Gardner our host drove us around a bit. It was December 27th and it felt like 15° with patches of snow everywhere. The downtown headquarters of the LDS church were lit with pink and gold Christmas lights. Other places were equally beautiful. We went high on a hill overlooking the entire city. I was impressed.

New things continued to amaze me as we arrived at the Rio Grande station. Gary may as well be the owner of the Grande. Everyone at the station knows him, and he knows everything and employee knows, maybe more. When a phone rang on the baggage counter, Gary answered it and explained to the caller the baggage arrangements. Then Gary led us into the outer offices of the station to show us how these now unused portions once played a role in the operation of the D&RGW. You don't do this in LA. You also don't drive conspicuously around the yards in a Blazer. Gary even kiddes us about being in an ad for shock absorbers when we drove over 24 tracks at one time. After this we went back to the station to wait for the incoming Zephyr to arrive.

The crowd was not large as the Zephyr arrived. Despite the freezing temperature, I was enthusiastic about finally seeing this train which for me had long been nothing but railfan lore. It pulled in smoothly, led by the famous F. 5771 makes this train it leads utterly beautiful. The cars were the finest around. This time it didn't surprise me that Gary led us aboard to get a pre-ride checkout. My reaction was awe. The coaches are spacious and there was something about the smoothness of the lines that struck me. No bus or plane that I'd seen could possibly compare. This is just the beginning.

Moving on, the walk became like Disneyland there was something new each step of the way. I was impressed with the murals, depicting a scene appropriate to the train's route. On every coach I was amazed to find so many references to the California Zephyr still remaining. I was thrilled to go up in a dome coach and imagine what tomorrow was going to be like. What amazed me the most was the dome observation. This was no car it was a club. It had a bar lounge as well as club seating downstairs. The view from the back is unique on the train, and there is a dome on top so the car is like a world in itself. I'd enjoy many hours up here later on.

It wasn't over yet. Back down we went to the head end. On the way we passed through all the other coaches and domes. 5 domes on one train is impressive. If this were a Disney creation, the dining car would be an E coupon. It was great. Maybe the arrangement of tables along a center row would not particularly thrill an oldtimer but I was taken in by the linen and silver which makes this car look like a luxurious restaurant.

Before Gary led us off, we helped the baggageman unload the luggage. I was really amazed by how Gary was able to do what he does. He has access to the entire town. Salt Lake is an accessible town. It is easy to drive downtown from civic center to shopping center. The streets are wide (wide enough to turn an entire team of horses in they say.) Even the few people we met seemed very friendly. I have to admit it was almost eerie. I went to sleep that night with a good impression of this place, and the trip we were about to embark on.

Only the anticipation of what lay ahead got me out of bed at 6am to go into the ten degree cold at the station. We got an even colder taste of reality when, according to Gary, we encountered the one "bad" conductor. We were assigned to the Silver Pony and by god we were leaving town in it. It wouldn't matter after a while. We did find a place on the coach to serve as our home base, but we seldom actually sat there. We pulled out sitting in the dome of the observation car. It was great, quite a sight to see. The sun rising and it shining orange colors off the silver cars.

Johns First cont...

Seven Thirty. Breakfast time. Gary's boasting was not overdone. My first meal, club breakfast #2, was great. The food is of high quality, hot, and the service is for a fact, unbeatable in American train travel today. The eggs were perfect, but what I liked was the use of ceramic glass and silver, no plastic, only class. Eating on the train was no trying experience as I has thought it would be. It was a very smooth ride the entire way actually.

Whats better than eating breakfast on the Z, why vestibuling on the Z of course. Open the dutch doors, brace for the below zero wind chill factor and wow!! I'm quite convinced that there isn't as magnificent a sight as watching 5771 winding around a sunlight curve. Gary felt comfortable leaning out constantly, absorbing all the scenic beauty. (Beauty my eye, I like diesel fumes. GRC) Jim and I weren't so used to this. We only stuck our heads out for a moment before coming back in again. The vestibule was a heck of a place to watch freights roll by within a few feet.

We weren't the only crazies (railfans) aboard. In every dome were a couple of good old boys who were obviously weaned on creosote. Then there were the elder, seen it all, and the normal types too. The fans, those of us the most fanatical were always back in the vestibule. Normal people too ride this train. They would pause on their way from car to car and look at what we were doing, shake their heads and move on. Unfortunalely one "visitor" was our "freindly" conductor who gave us a lecture on rules and we went back to the dome. Lunch was near and besides at Grand Junction we would get a new conductor.

As the afternoon wore on, the Colorado river which we followed became more and more solid and frozen. The sun was falling and the snow was deeper. Just before dark I glance out the window to see a coors truck rising the highway near us, the next day Jim and I would drink a brew in the bar of the observation car and toast our trip. With a Coors in hand and a good friend with me the experience reminded me of an Irish pub setting. There was the same special magic feeling and class. Something to celebrate in this land or ours.

As our train pulled into the Denver snowst, we regreted getting off. However we would depart the very next morning. It was a good thing too as Denver didn't perform as well as the Grande did. The baggage arrived OK, but once out of the station it was a disaster. There were about twenty people waiting for cabs only one was available. Calls were made on the pay phone in the station. Cabs were driving by a block away but none came close. It was so bad we thought about staying in a \$5 a night place next to the station. Finally some cabs showed up and we got one, and were finally at our hotel. Instead of catching many, I rode one Z all night.

Are all trips like this? Up early and although we were not really awake we piled into a taxi. Our whistling driver dropped us off at the depot. It was much more freindly in the day although it was still cold. I guess this depot once say a lot of business. Unused platforms and empty tracks were all around our lonely train. BN units scampered by and then Jim shouted "MoPac units" He was given stares by other fans which indicated "This is Denver, so what about a mopac unit?" Sorry sir. Yes, among our westward travels were some "sophisticated fans" One in particular was amazing.

It was in the diner as we pulled out. Breakfast was great as usual, but unexpected was this guys commentary at our table. At first I thought he was one of the crew. Most everyone else did too. The guy was good. He gave us dimensions of the history of the area. He knows exactly every little detail and all about it too. Even if he was a knowitall, he was entertaining.

One thing our man did was to further the Disneyland atmosphere on me. I mean the second leg, sunshine on the Colorado Rockies snow, was indescribable. Im sorry. You have to go yourself. The only way to know it is to do it. To have blowing snow hit you in the face as you vestibule for a picture of the lead unit about to enter a tunnel. To learn how to close the dutch doors before entering a tunnel. We experienced Moffat tunnel, and the canyons with 2000' foot high walls. There were frozen waterfalls, cascading into the frozen Colorado river. There were many Grande freights. There were famous ski resorts,vail and aspen right along the tracks. The beauty to me is so great that I knew that I couldn't possibly appreciate it all, that I couldn't grasp so much grandure at once. It is still affecting me now.

Dinner time. Our last meal on the train.

Johns first cont...

What to have? Would it be the bonless rockymountain trout. Or Brisket Jardiniera? No, how about a new yourk serloin and a bottle of sautene. Life is full of tough decisions. One of the toughest is when to eat. As delicious as the food was the lines were increadable. Unfortunatly the only place to wait is the 18" wide hallway alongside the kitchen. If you were late, many selections might be gone. But even the Rio Grande's chef salad bowl was so suberb that for that reason alone I will be back. Now, should I have my apple pie ala mode. Oh, of course!!

All too soon it was dinner, and our trip would be over. The lights of the city were as great as the flight in the other night. The Salt Lake Christmas lights still on as the Zephyr set its brakes. You mean its over? Yes, unfortunately, but the appreciation is only now begining. I will be back. You can bet on that. I will be back.

####

In part two, John returns home to the southland via the Desert Wind, the newest Amtrak baby. Next in the Daylights

M of W

Modeling hints by Tom Gasior

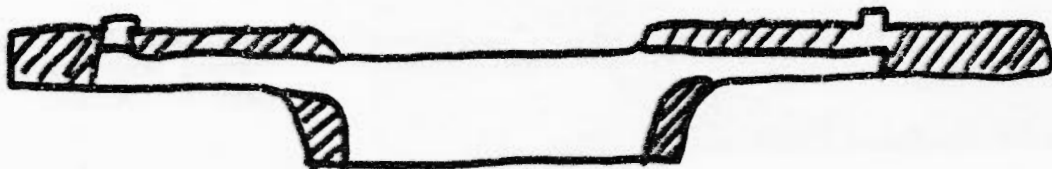
So... You want to build an SD40-2 do you. I will help you but don't ask me to do it for you..... Building my own takes up all my own time, just ask my Mom.

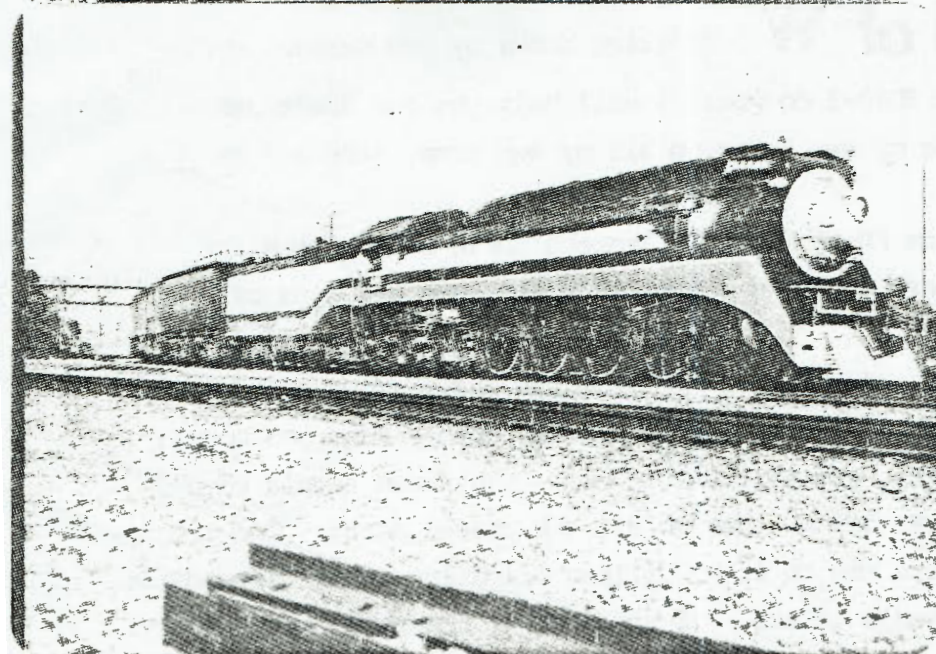
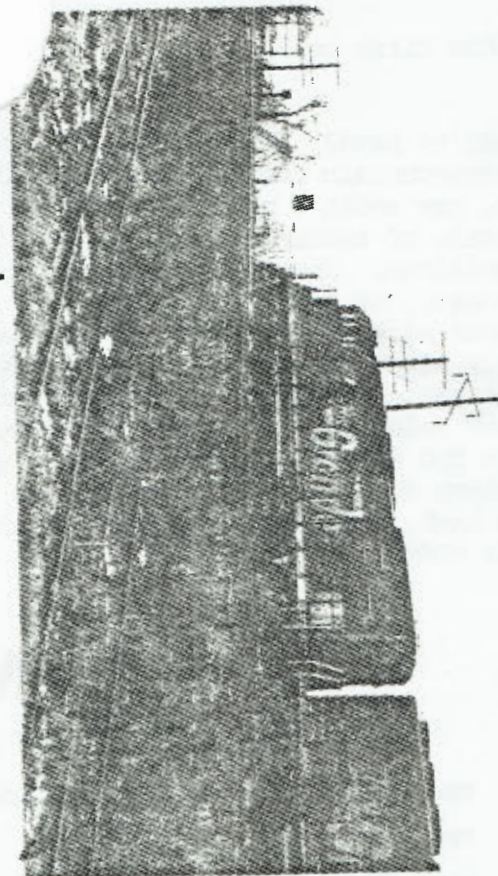
What we need to start is 1 Athearn FP-45 frame, 1 Athearn SDP40 Body, 1 Athearn GP35 Body, a variety of sand paper, modeling putty, glue and lots and lots of patience.

First remove the trucks and motor, if there is one from the FP45. Then cut down the fuel tank about 1/4 of an inch to 1/2 an inch depending on the road you model. (Note, don't cut from only one side, try to equal it out) The frame should then be milled and cut as in the diagram below. Remove all the shaded parts. You might have to come back later and fit the top to it by filling slightly. Next dissassemble the trucks and make one set of wheels idlers. If you look at the photo of an SD40-2, you will see that you have to turn the trucks around. This requires a little cutting to fit. Next mont we will start on the shell.

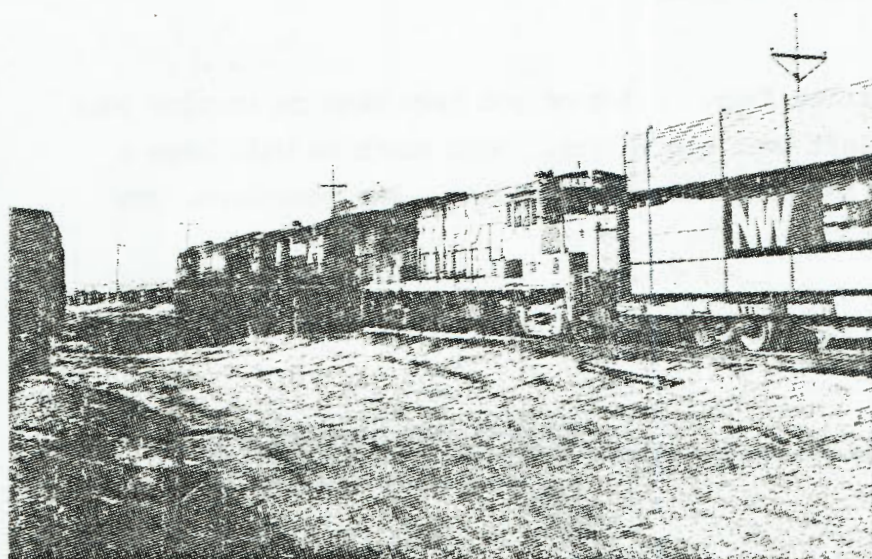
Wars of the World:

We are in the state of reorganizing fans. A lot of you have been re routing your railroads and the map looks like left over spagehitti. Next month we will have a complete listing of the railroads and other assorted goodies.. Any questions, you know where to find me.





le photo page



Stockton Terminal and Eastern
#564 in Stockton. Brian Shishido

Eastcof LADPT is Amtrak extra
4449 to Portland. Brian Shishido

Westbound Rock Island U-Boats at
Newport MN Tom Gasior

Eastbound Rio Grande freight with
Tunnel Motor near Salt Lake.
Gary R. Gardner

LA

PT

A Grand old Lady

Tom Millsap

Forty years ago, on May 7, 1939, the Los Angeles Union Passenger Terminal was dedicated. Over near the Old Plaza, where the city was founded, stands a graceful structure, highlighted by a tall clock tower. The architecture is reminiscent of the old missions, reflecting the Spanish heritage of the city. For four decades, this handsome edifice has greeted all railroad passengers in the "City of Angels".

Unlike many of its counterparts elsewhere, LA UPT has survived to be neither a monument to opulence or a squalid slum which has outlived its usefulness. Though tastes have changed, the station appears as modern today as it did in 1939. Indeed, the warmth imparted by its rich walnut ceiling beams, bronze and travertine sashes, and patios with their flower gardens is absent, absent in the buildings of the present.

The station has changed little over the years, travelers still stroll through its patios and enjoy the flowers, or relax in the waiting room and marvel at the bronze chandeliers which illuminate the intricate designs on the ceiling and marble floors.

Behind the beauty of the station lies the struggle of LAUPT. For 22 years heated controversy surrounded the proposal for construction

of a Union Station at the present local. Legal battles raged, reaching the US Supreme court on two occasions. In 1933 the issue was settled when the UP, SP and SantaFe agreed to construct a union station.

Prior to the opening of Union Station in 1939, two major stations served the LA traveler. Passengers on SP trains headed for the venerable Central Station, located at 5th and Central ave. The station had 10 tracks and in 1918 was handling close to 4,000 passengers a day.

Not far behind the SP in carrying people in and out of LA was the SantaFe, which built its distinctive LaGrande station in 1893 at 2nd and SantaFe. The ATSF occupied the LaGrande station for 46 years, longer than it was to operate its trains out of union station. LaGrande was a most interesting structure, crowned with Mosque-like domes and it formed the backdrop for many early Hollywood silent movies.

Los Angeles' third passenger railroad was the Union Pacific. Originally called the Los Angeles and Salt Lake, this line occupied its own station on East First St on the east bank of the LA river until it moved in with the SP at Central in 1924.

The Golden Rocket In Roseville

Roger L. Arnold

No, I'm not here to give you the lyrics of that old popular tune of Hank Snow many years back. I will however, give you an update on Railworld '79, in Roseville CA.

I got to the site on Friday the 30th of Nov. where I was met by members of the groups attending. Those attending Railworld were European Train Enthusiasts, Roseville Roundhouse MR club, INTERRAIL, Sacramento Modular Lines, Redding Modular Lines and the NMRA Pacific Coast Division-Sierra Div.

First, everything had to be taken out of the car and be set up, this took until 9:00am when fellow TAMR member Erik Barrett took me to his home in Auburn to spend the night. We watched slides till 12:00 and finally went to sleep about 1:00.

We got back to Railworld about 10:00 the next morning when the whole day was dedicated to the country store where most of my rolling stock was sold and that afternoon was spent with Sacramento Modular Lines running trains.

After dinner that evening, we heard from

Dr. Robert Church who presented us with some valuable information on SP's Cab Forward. We left about 9:00 pm that night, and I should have stayed in Roseville as I had to drive 21 miles in thick Tule fog all the way home.

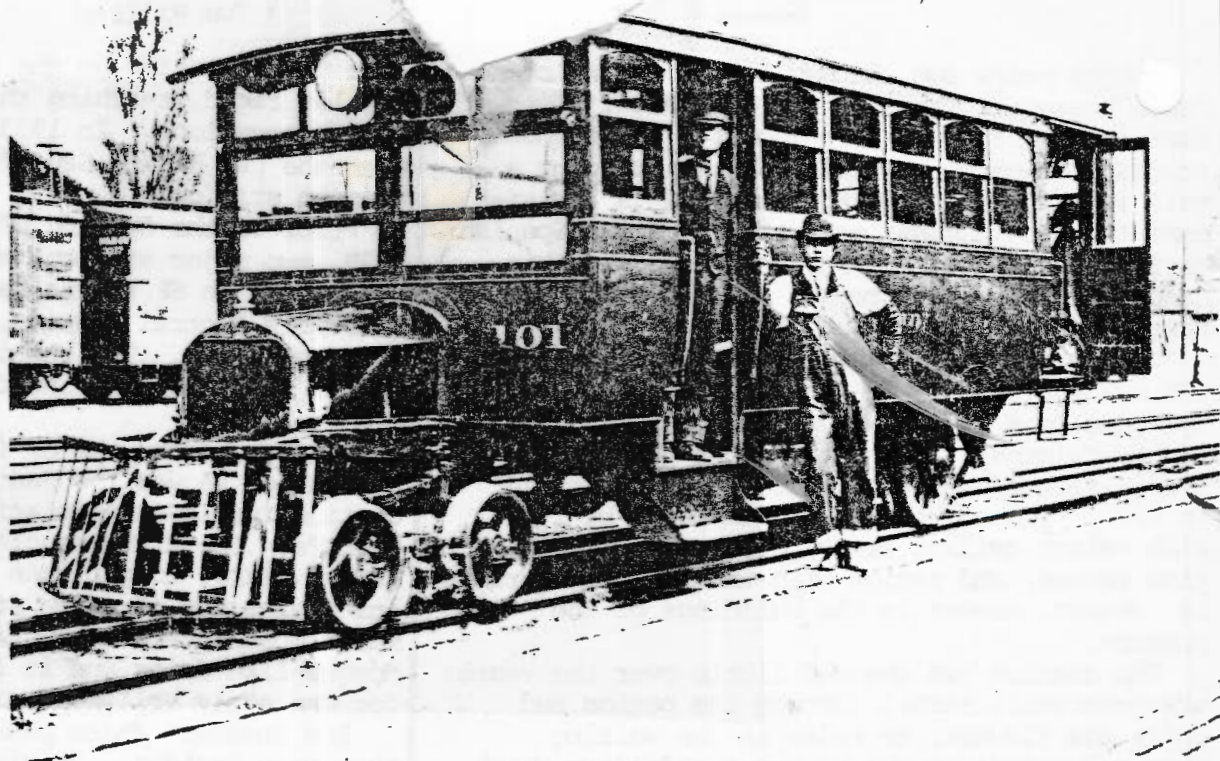
The next morning my Dad drove me down to Railworld again where I started the day running my Lehigh Valley GP38-2 and a TAMR boxcar. After the switching session, I went on to Higher things, like running films all afternoon, including everyone's favorite "Model Railroading Unlimited".

If you weren't there, you missed a treat as I had to hold down the film in place the entire time, and try to watch it at the same time. Things got hectic when the dancing girls were on the set.

After the movie I presented some TAMR members slides and gave out booklets on the TAMR. I think I was fairly successful in reaching these kids. All in all it was a great time, I earned 100 dollars for the stuff at the country store, my wallet felt comfortable again. Hope to see you at railworld '80.

Hurry up with
that Daylight
Gardner, this
train waits for
no one, not even
the Illustrious
potentate i.e.
the editor. What
do you mean that
you are waiting for
renewals from
Craig Walker, Jim
Murphy, Darrel
Prestridge, and
Adam B. in Poland.
Don't they know
that the Daylight is
the second most
important thing in
their lives and
couldn't want to
ever do without
it? Come on people,
let your act together,
this train is slow
(peddle power) and we
are already late.
Have you done yet Gardner?

Remember, only \$3.50
per year. Hurry so
you don't miss the
next issue!



New Mexico Central motor car used in passenger and mail service
in Santa Fe New Mexico, circa 1921-26. Museum of New Mexico,
Claude Morelli Collection, George Law photo.

Gary R. Gardner
2365 Campus Dr.
Salt Lake City Utah 84121



TO: