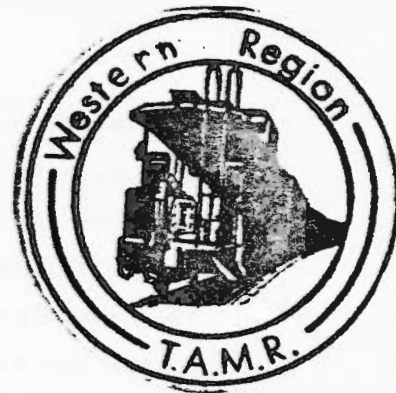


Winter 1980

# Daylight



The Daylight is the official publication of the Western Region of the T.A.M.R. Circ. 29 Issued quarterly, \$3.50 per year.

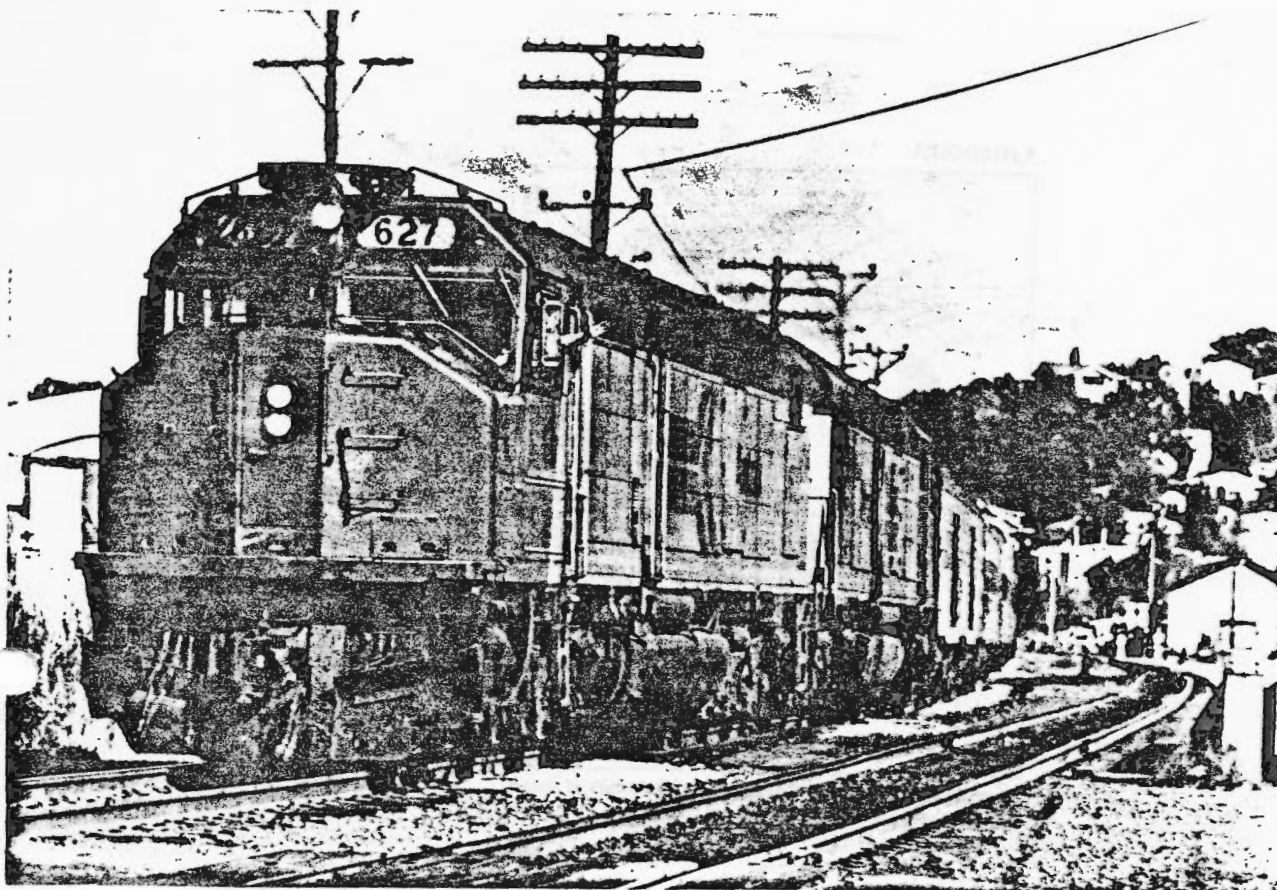
Will it help to say I am sorry? I hope so, I have had more trouble getting this issue out than any other in the three or so years I have been editing this publication. But excuses don't make up for being a month late. This will be my last issue as editor, there is more on that inside. As well as Dave Harmers ride in the cab of Southern Ry.'s Royal Hudson, and Roger Arnold in the Feather River Canyon and more.

*Gary*

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

Assistant: Tom Gasior  
Box 67  
RMC  
Billings MT  
59102

The Westbound San Francisco Zephyr at Martinez California with two of the last "pointless arrow" SDP40Fs. The train is all superliner and F40PH now. Photo by Brian Lynch.



TRACK ONE

ideas and opinions

As I stated on the front cover, this will be my last issue as editor. My job, school and lifestyle have deprived me of the time I need to do the good job that Daylight readers have come to expect from our publication. On the following page is an item by the former editor, and possibly the founder of the Western Region, John McGreevy, which expresses the sentiment I fell exactly. I hope you will understand. I have enjoyed greatly the past three years as Daylight editor and contrubutor, and would do it all over again if I had the chance. I am going to miss doing this every 3 months, and I am going to miss the people who helped make it what it is. I hope you will all keep in touch and we can all remain friends. I am ordering you (I can still do that, for I am still editor) to support you new editor. I feel that Tom Gasior will do a most admariable job, and he is going to need all the help he can get. Under Tom's guidance and leadership, you will see the Daylight change and grow, just as it did while I was editor. Tom is going to need contributions just the same as I did, and have yelled about for so manny issues. Toms address is as follows. College: Box 67, Rocky Mt College, Billings MT. 59102  
Home: 11800 Pheasant Ln, Minnetonka MN 55343

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the members of the Western Region for supporting me these past years, You did one hell of a job.

Guindon



"This could be goodbye forever. You never know with Amtrak."



It is time for me to come out of my literary hibernation and let anyone who is interested know my feelings on this crazy hobby of ours. I'm sorry if you needed me to say "he lost interest" for it ain't quite so.

At some age it hits all railfans "I wish I had time to do all my railfanning and my shcoolwork or my job" It seems like there is no time to do it all. In short, that is the plain truth of it. I got started in model railroading at age 7. It wasn't until the American Freedom Train came along that I had any real interest in seeing the real thing. My layouts grew from the proverbial oval to a still standing 8' by 11' pike. I wish this layout was in tru operating condition, but it isn't. I wish I was out railfanning once a week, but it has been three months since my last trip. Am I losing touch?

It is the lack of time to do everything that is responsible. When I took my first full-time job, and kept my school work my number one priority, there was no choice except to cut back non-essential activities. The result has been that after 8 years of buying Model Railroader at my hobby store every month I now get it only once in a while. I am going to school only one mile away from the Missouri Pacific line here in Warrensburg Mo. yet I haven't spent any time at all at the station or the tracks. Am I interested? Yes, but until I get out of college and as long as I have to work for a living railfanning an model railroading must wait.

What is the point of all this to any of you who love your hobby? I love this hobby too. I was President of the TAMR for two years, I slaved (this is the proper term, I'm sure you agree, Gary) over the Daylight. Beware! Life is full of responsibilities. As you guys get older you will find out. School is tough if you have to work, too. I will do more on this hobby when I graduate in May. Please remember that just because there isn't as much time to spend, it does not mean that the hobby is liked any less.

My career will see me do much in Aviation and Economics. It is true that these areas don't have much to do with railfanning. I will nver clame to love this hobby like you guys who do it no matter the waather, financial status and other interests. There is notheing wrong with obsession. I guess that because I have a love for Airplanes, Hocky, Baseball, running and have a girlfriend, that I am not a Railfans Railfan. Despite all the above, when I hear an engines horn in the middle of the night, or when I read in the Daylight or Hotbox about a model pike, I know that the railfan in me will never die. After all once a railfan..always a railfan.

PS congratulations to Gary for three years of terrific service.

(We are privileged to read excerpts from David's personal journal regarding his once in a lifetime trip on and in the Southern Ry's. leased Royal Hudson.)

Saturday, July 12: Today I had my cab ride on 2839, the Southern Railway's leased Royal Hudson! The 16-car excursion train left from the Alexandria VA station at 8:00 in the morning for its 100+ mile trip to Richmond. I found Jim Bistline, the Assistant to the Chairman of the railroad for Steam Operations, and introduced myself. Mr. Morgret had called him to let him know that I would be coming and ask him to arrange for the cab ride. I bought some goggles to use in the food and souvenir car (to keep the cinders from the coal out of my eyes) and stuck my head out the side of the car. What a feeling! The motion of the train rolling over the heavy welded rail, the speed, the wind in my face, the plume of smoke pushing its way out of the engine, the flash of the driving rods, the countryside gliding by, my hair battering my head -- ahh. At Culpepper or Manassas (I can't remember which), the train stopped so the tender could take on water from a fire hydrant adjacent to the tracks. Mr. Bistline and I walked up to the engine, where he introduced me to Bill Purdie, Southern's master mechanic for steam locomotives. After an Amtrak train passed, we climbed into the cab and started. I sat behind the fireman. While we waited to start I savored the sounds around me -- the slow hissing, then sudden banging of the feedwater injector, the very muffled roar coming from the firebox, the crunching grinding sound of the coal being pushed through the screw into the firebox, the sharp hiss of the airvalve. With a couple of tugs on the whistlecord and a yank on the throttle, the engineer set us in motion. The high cab afforded us seats well above the crowd in the station below -- the rain gutter was almost at eye level. Puffing once, with mighty effort, then again, and again a little more quickly, 2839 began to push her steam into the cylinders and in turn to force those towering driving wheels to pull the weight of eight heavyweight cars and eight other cars.

Once in a lifetime cont...

The puffs came with increasing frequency, the slack banged out of the couplers and the whistle sounded again, stentorian, throaty, and full. Now the stack talk sounds like machine-gun fire as the Royal Hudson really picks up speed. The opposed pistons begin to give the train a rocking rhythm as cinders begin to pelt our faces. The fireman slams open the butterfly doors and our hair is inged by the blast of white-hot heat from the firebox. A couple of blasts of air to clear the coal out of the screw and the soors bang shut again. Signal towers showing green over green fly by, and we head into open country. The stack talk is fierce now, and the wheels keep singing on those steel rails, changing thier tone dramtically as we cross a bridge. I have a clear view down the running board and along the track. I clock our speed between tow mileposts and discover that we are doing a very respectiable, not to mention exhiliarating 70 mph. The whistle again--so loud that you could hear it even if you were deaf. It is so powerfull that it makes your stomach tremble and massages your nerves. The gates are lowered and the bell clags and gives a distorted sound as we rush past a grade crossing. After maybe twenty or thirty minutes we stop in a small town to let the Southern Crescent go by. After she slamms past the engineer began to coax the sturdy Hudson up to speed again--no easy task, since we were starting on an upgrade and a rather tight curve without a booster. He eased the throttle out and listened to the slow stack talk--then a sudden confused roar as the tall drivers slip and spin. The throttle is pushed back in and gently pulled out again. The graceful locomotive struggles to keep her footing as we creep around the curve through a long cut. Finally the drivers are keeping their hold and we are agian underway. We stop for a photo run and it is someone else's turn to have a ride. I climb down and step back to watch the train. The rest of the ride although anticlimactic is pleasant. After washing off the grime I sit back and stretch out in the comfortable seats of an airconditioned coach. I slpet for much of the trip back. A delightful day.



I read my July 80 issue of Trains with an article on "Tenting tonight on the old mainline" and I put their words into context by doing just that myself. I got off work early one hot August Friday afternoon to get ready for the trip. We managed to leave Maysville around 4:30 that afternoon and by a small miracle we make it to Oroville right at 5:00 and I asked a WP clerk if anything was about to leave the yard. He told me that I would see trains all weekend and indeed he was right! Our first train was just up the grade outside of Oroville with a 100+ car freight led by one WPGP40 and four BN SD40s. We stayed with the train all the way to Keddie Wye. With the trains average speed of 45 mph we managed to get to Keddie right at sunset. That was truly a spectacular sight! It had just rained at Keddie and pink ominous clouds and high winds dominated the sky. It did not even look like the same Keddie I had seen earlier this summer. We left the train on the highline and we drove a few miles onward to Quincy and a rest stop where we could spend the night.

We got up early the next morning and drove up to Portola, where the delight of any railfan was at hand. The usually quite yard was bustling with activity as 5 trains were on hand in the yard and more coming and leaving throughout the day. I noticed a UP train sitting on a siding and I decided to go down and talk with the crew. I wish now I would've stayed where I was. The siding was more than a mile away and when I got there--no crew! We decided to make camp at Reno Jct. With a main and junction tracks and a tunnel to investigate. We took pictures and had a great time. About noon, we drove back to Portola to gas up our reliable Pinto which has over 100,000 miles on it and take last pictures of the yard while we were still there.

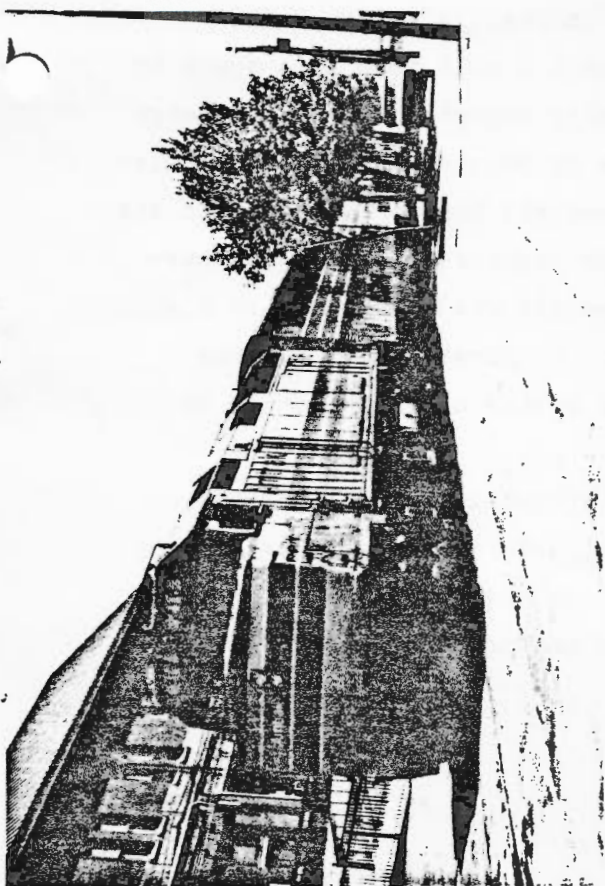
The next train wasn't due to leave Portola until 3PM that afternoon. I talked with the entire crew. They were going to race us to Reno Junction to see who could get there first. We sped off at an unbelievable rate. We went back to the same crossing we had been at earlier for a quick photo and we were hibernating it to Reno jct. The train slowed down to a yellow signal and WE slowed down with the heavy weekend traffic on highway 70. At last, we climbed the summit of the canyon at 5,212 feet above sea level. We got to Reno Jct. barely in time to get out the camera and it was a great time as the crew inside the engine blew the loud whistle and waved to us from the inside of the huge diesel.

In a few short hours, nightfall dominated the canyon sky. It was a cold and chilly night. High winds and dark clouds pierced the sky and me with light cloths on. We decided to stay inside the car that night, which was uncomfortable but better than the cold wind outside. About 8 pm, a near full moon came out of the Nevada desert sky and later on that evening, I saw an unusual glowing substance from the base of the tunnel. I realized a minute afterward, the signal facing the tunnel was on indicating a green light and the moon beams were hitting at the right angle to create an illuminous glowing effect from the tunnel.

Early Sunday morning we drove to Reno for a brief stop and then on to Soda Springs CA. to meet Brian Lynch who was on the way to Nebraska to go to school. We got to Soda Springs a few minutes before Brian so we grabbed a cup of coffee and donut for breakfast. I met Brian at the SP crossing at Soda Springs and I wish to thank him for the scanner he gave me there. I have had a great time listening to the SP ever since.

I will return to the canyon this fall to do more of the same. The relaxing feeling of unwinding and yet doing what you like to do best can be rewarding and challenge. I hope everyone has had a great summer whatever he likes doing. And remember, let's make railfanning an adventure we can be proud of.





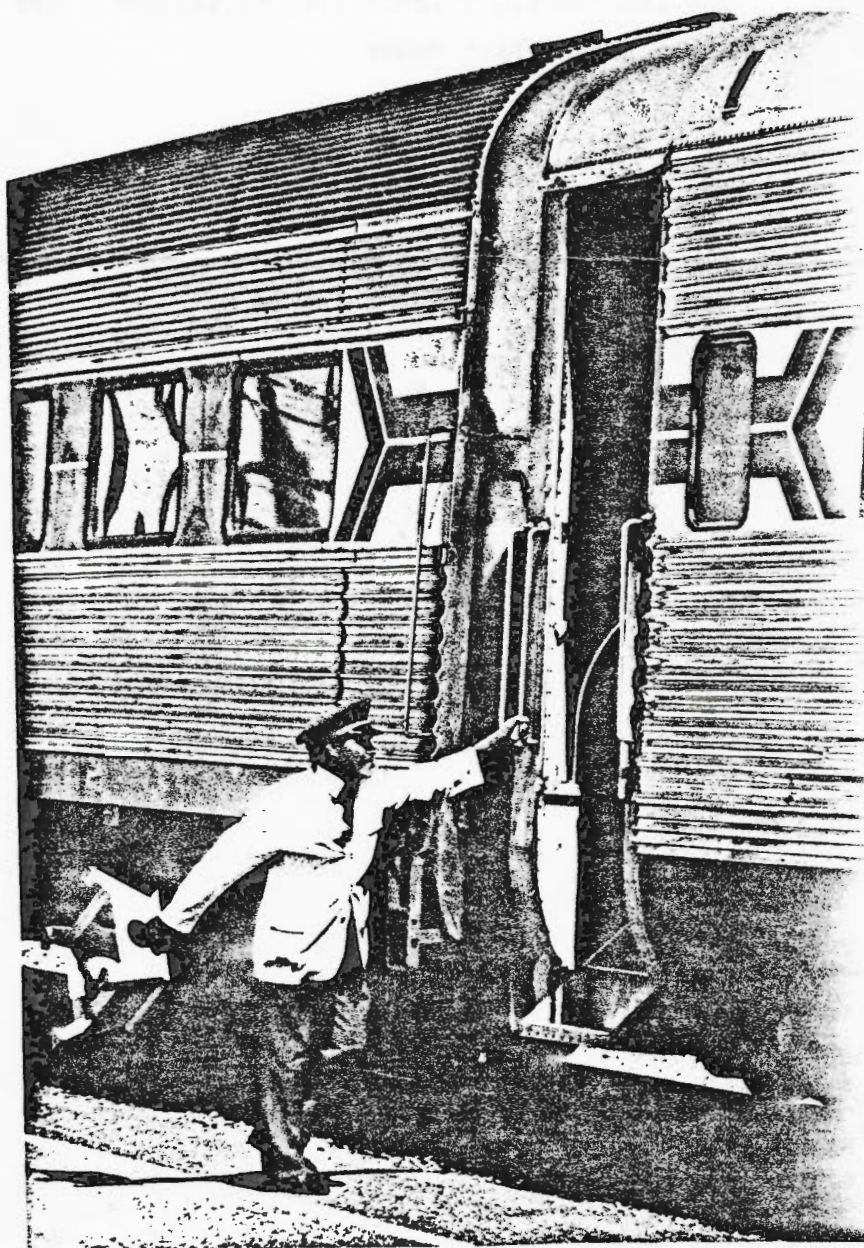
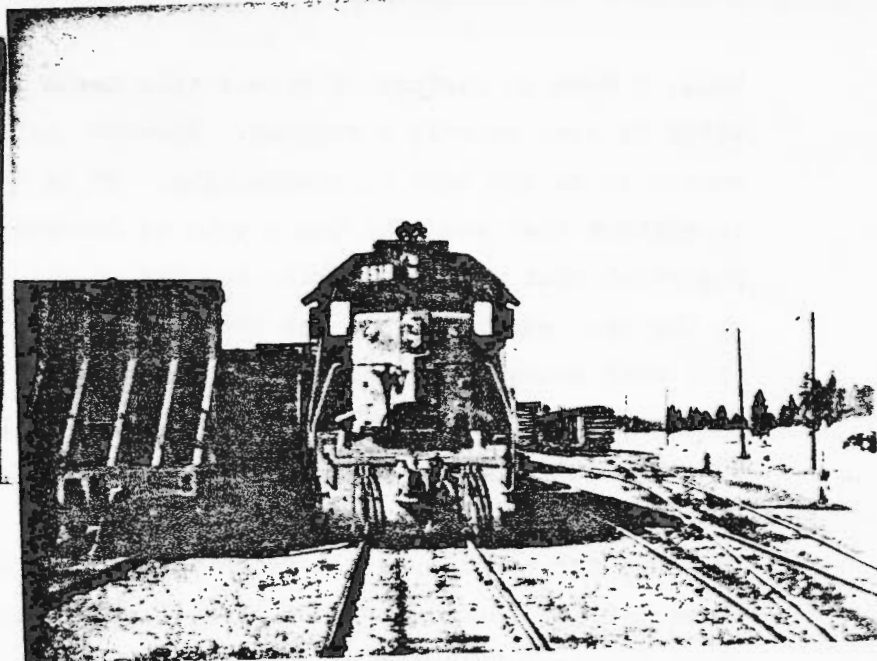
JUL 80

# PHOTO PAGE

Amtrak Superliners on  
the Pioneer for a trial  
run in May 1980  
Gary Gardner

Freshly repainted WP  
GP40 in Portola CA  
Roger Arnold

Porter in Action on the  
Coast Starlight.  
John McGreevy

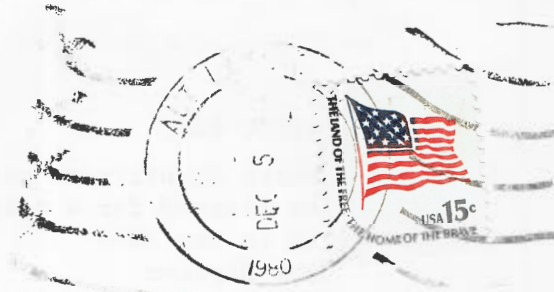


Well, I have no picture of myself this issue to "imortalize"my final issue which is just as well i suppose. However, as usuall I will take this space to remind those who need to resubscribe. It is vitally important with the change in editors that you give Tom a vote of confidence by resubscribing. It is also important that you resubscribe because we will need all the money we can to start up the new editions and get the thing off on the right foot. We don't have that much money left, and without a majority of people resubscribing, or a bunch of new members, we can't go on functioning. So please, give Tom the vote of confidence by resubscribing, you will be better off for it, and he will know you care.

Those up for renewals are: Brian Lynch; Jeff Wilkie; Claude Morelli; Dave Harmer; Brian Shishido; Tom Millsap; Mark Kaszinak; Don Peterson; Roger Arnold; Gerry Dobey; Patrik Tinnes; and Glenn Newman. Thank You.

One last thing, I would like to welcome these new members. Luke Freries, Jon O'Brien, Rich Hoker.

Western Region TAMR  
2365 Campus Dr.  
Salt Lake City UT 84121



TO:



*Mary  
Chisholm*