

Daylight



The Daylight is the official publication of the Western Region of the Teen Assoc. of Model Railroaders.

Letter from the (new) Editor

As most of you know, John has asked me to take over the publication of the "Daylight". Which I gladly accepted, I will try to put out a high quality publication but I will need your help, I can't do it alone. My thanks to all of you who have helped in this issue and I hope the rest of you can help next time. My apologies for this issue, but it is my first time, and we all (well most of us) make mistakes.

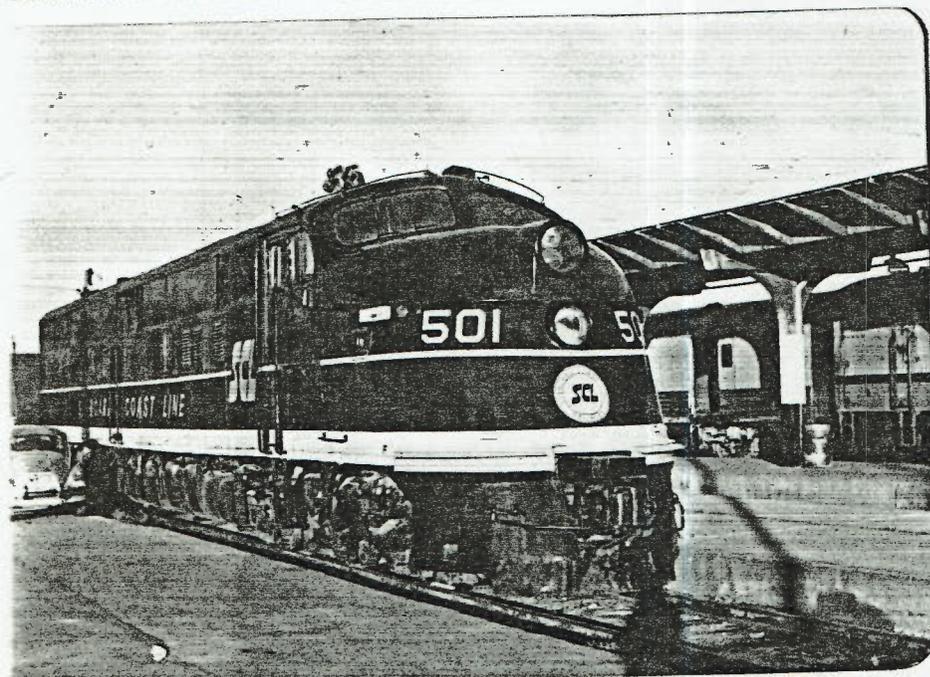
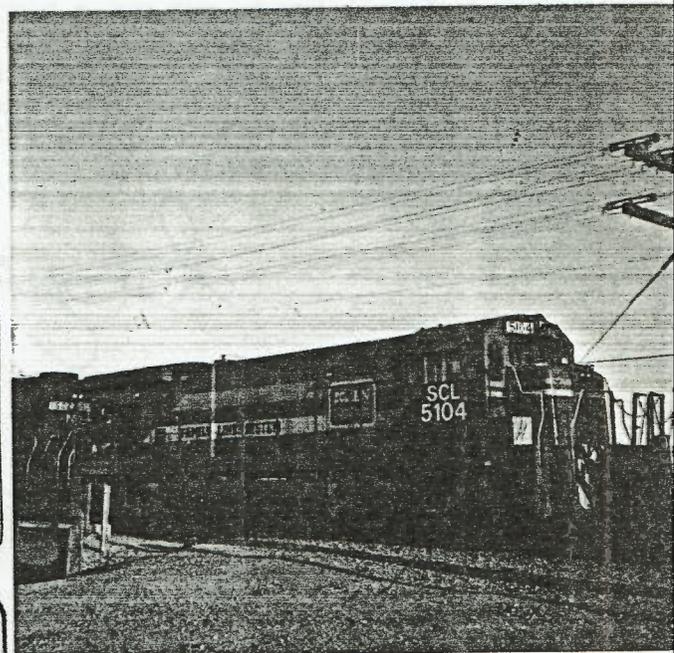
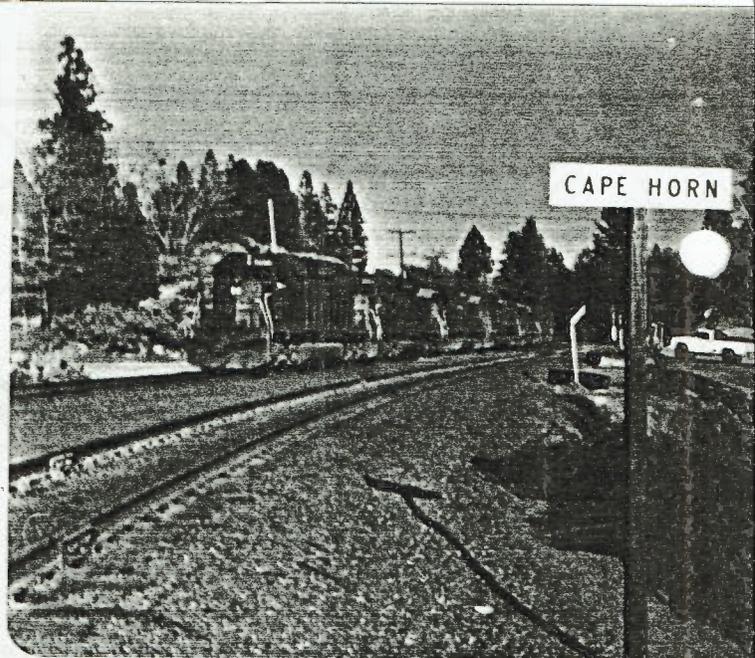
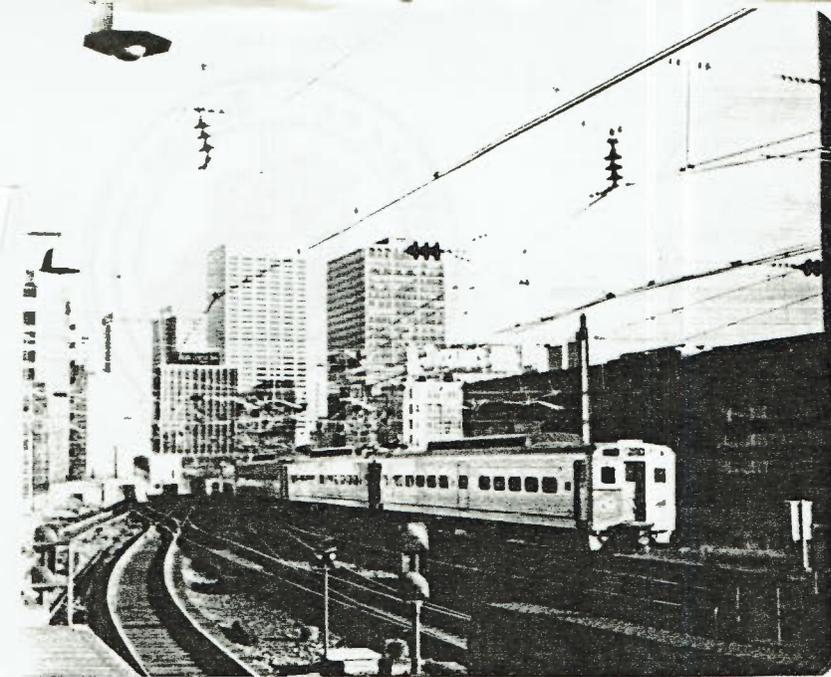
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Gary

Rio Grande's last F unit leads the Rio Grande Zephyr west from Grand Junction CO in July 1976 (G.R. Gardner)





L to R

Amtrak Silverliners near Philadelphia Pa. David Harner

SP SD-40 and 45's lead a freight down hill at Cape Horn Dave Harner

Union Pacific's last E9 #954 leads the eastbound SFZ at Ogden Gary Gardner

Seaboard Coast Line new ge unit with new paint. James Murphy

SCL E5 in denver beside departing

RGZ Dave Harner

TRACK 1

IDEAS, & OPINIONS

[editors note this is a new page, readers are invited to send their ideas and opinions to this column]

WHAT'S TO BE DONE ABOUT AMTRAK?

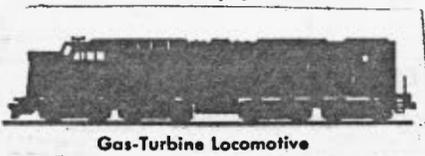
(reprinted from the Wall Street Journal)

On May 1 1971, Amtrak took over rail passenger service in the U.S. amid glowing predictions that it would resuscitate traffic and, in a very short time, earn profits for its stockholders. When Amtrak started operations, taxpayers paid half of the cost of an Amtrak passenger; now they pay 2/3, not a single one of Amtraks routs covers its cost. Which brings up the question, Should we have Amtrak At all? Proponents marshal [proponents, thats us guys] many reasons to justify Amtrak. One that makes no sense at all is that rail service is a lowcost comfortable mode of transportation. When it comes down to the bare essentials the only real justification for Amtrak is that people are apparently willing to pay something just to have rail service around, even though they seldom if ever use it. Such justification is highly promoted by the formidable "rial passenger lobby" But lets put this issue in perspective: \$1 billion per year is about \$4 for every man woman and child in this country. The question is wheter that proverbial family of four is willing to pay \$16 a year to support rail passenger service. In short, what is nostalgia worth?

Now this is a brief excerpt from that editorial, but I think you get the idea, and it probably made you very mad, especialy Mr. Harmer, so I will wait for you mad people to hammer a way a nasty counter editorial to this for the next issue

John McGreevy and myself have brought up the idea of buying our own passenger car, you know the big kind with 8 wheels, a coupler and made by Budd in 1951. We figure that if enough people pool, say 50.00, we could bid on one and maybe buy one more on that next time.

I would appreciate hearing from you how this first issue went, negative or positive.



Gas-Turbine Locomotive

CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE bull* kind

John Mc Greevy

Dodgers Baseball, certainly a national topic this month but it has nothing to do with Railroading. Not true for WR members John McGreevy, Scott Wolf and James Murphy (as well as my friend from Ireland, Maeloisa Stafford and my best friend Gary Soble)

It was Sep 4. We were planning a special night. This was Mr. Murphy's birthday. At midnight it would be Gary's birthday.

We went to the Dodgers vs Giants game, which the Dodgers won big and we were on our way to celebrate the victory and the "twin" birthdays. However this was Mr. Murphys birthday still and he requested to visit Taylor Yard, which is right outside Dodger Stadium. Of course it is illegal to go to all parts of the yard. There is visitors parking next to the turntable. We reached the yard entrance and stopped to rummage through the trash can to find recent "train orders" and lin-up sheets to see what's been going on. This is a Mr. Murphy habit. We remained in the car.

Suddenly John returned briskly to the car. My window was open and I heard "Hold it right there!!! It was a bull (R.R. Police) "Everyone out of the car and hands on the hood!!" My first instinct was to laugh but this was no laughing matter and we all soon realized it.

The bright lights of the Patrol car were in our eyes as the barked their questions. "What are you doing here?" "Well were railfans, officers." "What !!!!!" "I know it sounds strange, but we like to watch trains, you know, take pictures." "O.K. O.K." He had heard it all before. "Now you know you are on private property" Well, it went on like this and they took all of our names and addresses. The older officer said it was to insure the railroad against liability if we ever hurt ourselves on their property. This was alright with me, many times I've wanted to sign a waiver so I could see a rare engine and was refused.

After the interrogation was over we were told by the younger officer to go to a liquor store. There he delivered the papers they had previously confiscated from John. Nice guy, really.

As we drove off Maeloisa commented, "So this is what railfanning is!!!"

"Z"

Rio Grande Zephyr

All Cars Have The prefix "Silver"

Locomotives are F9's 5771, 5762, 5763 GP40 3103

7/8/79

combine, Pony, Mustang, Colt, Banquet, Sky.

7/10/78

(3103) 5771 in shop

combine, Pony, colt, Mustang, Pine, Aspen, Banquett, Sky.

7/30/78

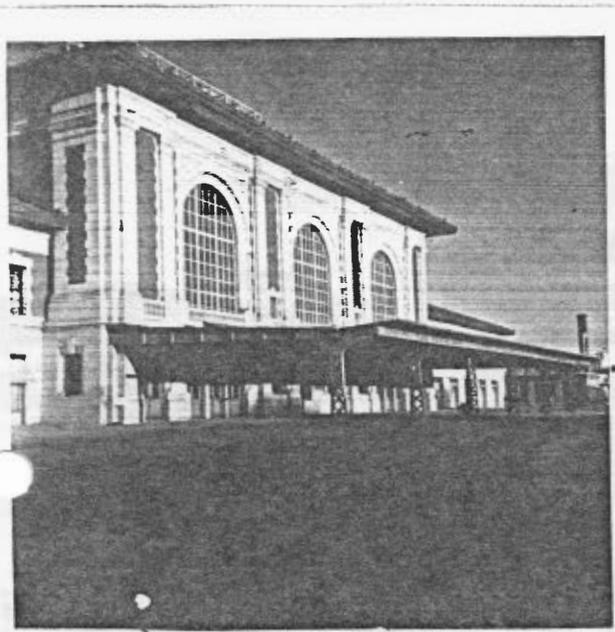
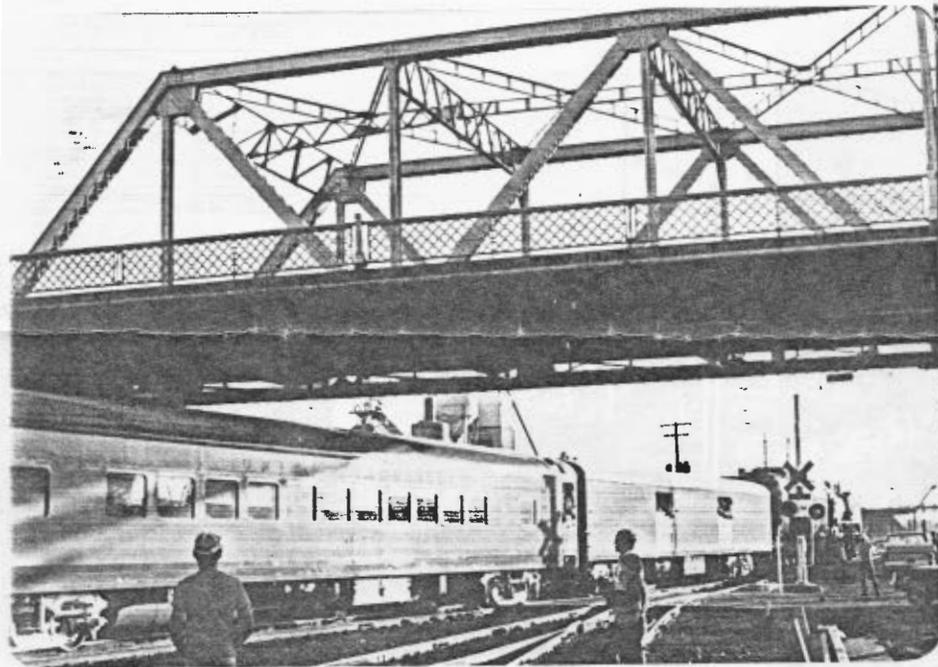
(3103) Pine colt Mustang Banquett Sky.

Pine: flattop coach, Aspen: same, Pony Colt Mustang: vista

dome coaches. Banquett: Diner Sky Observation Dome Lounge

combine: Ex Prospector

*Its not what you think;
Railroad bull or policeman



L to R

The westbound SFZ leaves Colfax with sd 40 for helper David Harmer

SFz arrives in Sacramento Dave Harmer

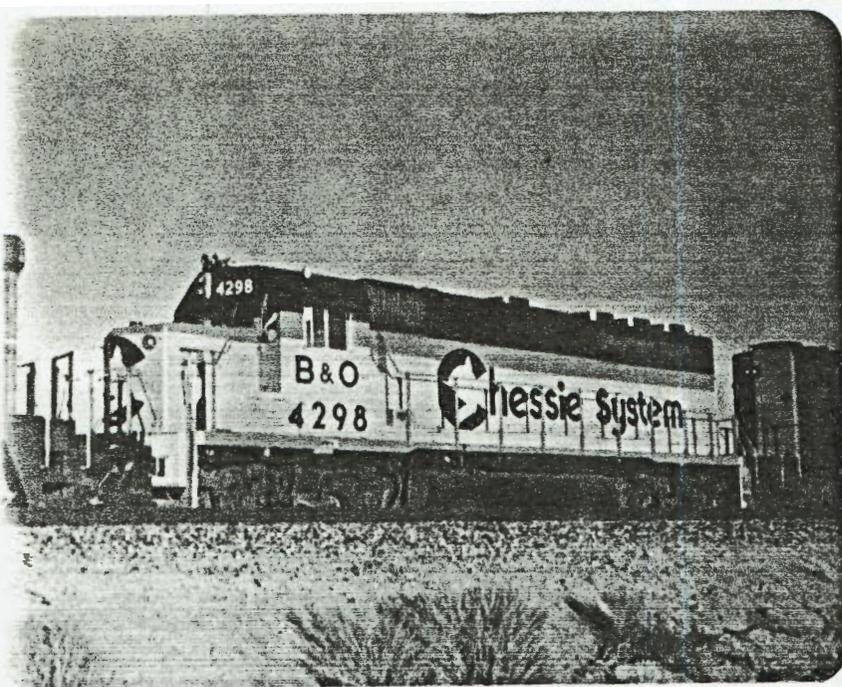
UP 8444 leaves Denver on a fan trip David Harmer

Mr. ~~John~~ Murphy, on Amtrak's Southwest Limited.

Salt Lake City's Rio Grande depot. Gary R, Gardner

~~John~~ Murphys mother

Photo
Page



L. to R
Chessie GP 40 spliced between Sp Units
Sean Nottingham

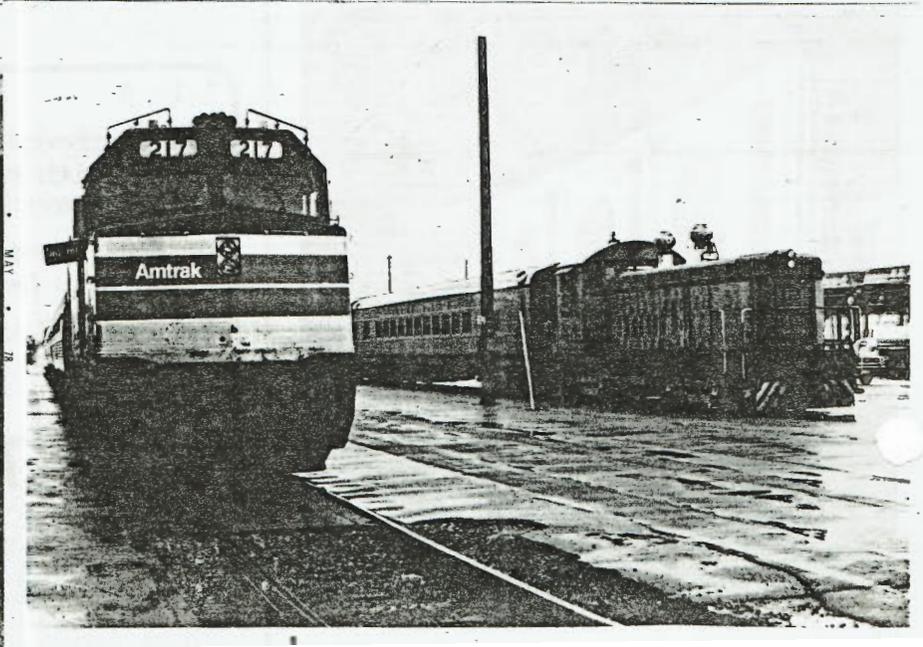
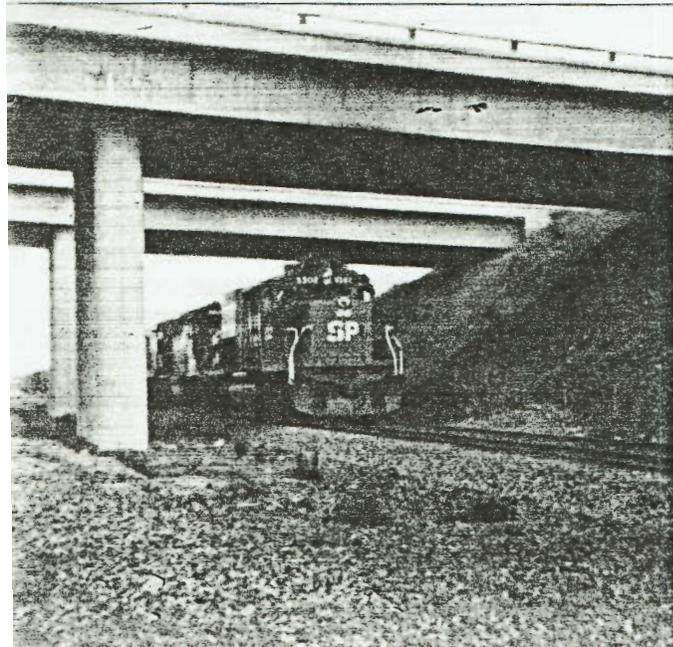
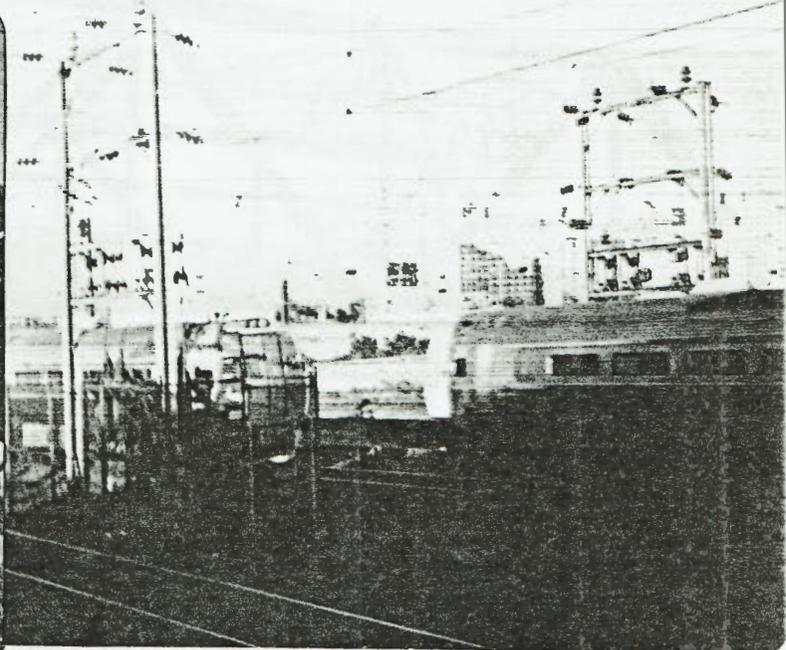
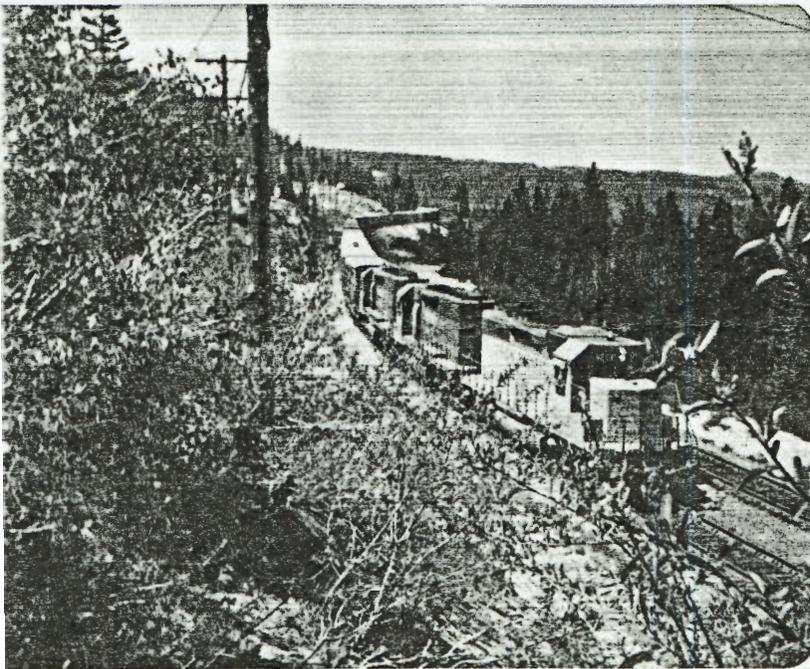
Sp PFE train led by UP SD40 Soda Springs
Dave Harner

Metroliners Meet near the NE Corridor
Dave Harner

Northbound SP freight at Devore Cal led
by SD 40-2 Don Peterson

Old meets new with Amtraks pioneer and
UP special at SLC Gary R. Gardner

TRAINS! 5



SHORT LINE

(10-4 Good Buddy, Smokie on the main line milepost 18)

The above conversation could be heard on SP trains in Stafford TX, because of many grade crossing accidents in the small Texas town. The town commission passed a speed limit of 20 mph for all trains on the SP mainline through the town. Trains are being observed with radar and speeding ones are being pulled over, (how do you pull over a train) and the Engineer receives a ticket. SP spokesman said the engineers have been informed of the speed limit and if they disobey it, well that's their tough luck.

Now where did I put that SD40:

John Mc. reports that someone has twice stolen out of Taylor yard in IA, an SP locomotive and gone "joy riding" up in the Chatworth mountains, he got caught when he couldn't get the unit back on the main.

(The following story from new member Ron Hiatt.)

Gary G. and I started our trip at about 4.00 am early one Sunday morning. Before we left Salt Lake we stopped at the Rio Grande Depot to see the Rio Grande Zephyr before it left for Denver. When we arrived at the Depot not only was the Zephyr there, but the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus train was there also because the circus was playing in the Salt Palace that week.

Then we left, Salt Lake for Ogden to chase the San Francisco Zephyr to Evanston WY. We arrived in Ogden at about six in the morning. The SFZ wasn't due for another hour but when we got there it was sitting in the depot. Because of the recent strike it hadn't moved since Tuesday, that morning's train was the first since the six day strike had come to an end.

We left the station before the SFZ so we could get a good head start, because we knew it would soon catch up, and if it passed us we couldn't catch it. When it caught up with us we could barely keep with it. We were doing 85 miles an hour and the SFZ with two SDP40F's and 11 cars gradually pulled ahead of us going up the 1.6 grade of Weber Canyon east of Ogden. The sun was just coming over the horizon, it was a beautiful sight seeing the early morning sun reflect off the silver stainless-steel cars. Eventually it passed us, and beat us to Evanston, but we were lucky to get there in time to get some good photos of the train, it sat there for just a few moments, and then left for its journey for Chicago.

How Embarrassing.

UP's star public relations tool 4-8-4 8444 was in Salt Lake to take the governor to Ogden for the rededication of the Ogden Union Depot, when going around a sharp curve, she lost the back truck of her tender and went on the ground.

riding on the "rgz"

David Harmer

I left Sacramento on the San Francisco Zephyr at 3:17 p.m. on Wednesday, Dec. 28, 1978. Bound for Salt Lake City and my first face-to-face encounter with Gary [your beloved Editor], I travelled with the assurance that the upcoming days would be anything but dull. The crossing of the Sierras was as exciting and spectacular as always but that is another story

The SFZ was in Ogden Thursday morning twenty minutes early. I walked up to the front of the train with my ponderously heavy suitcase, travel bags, camera bag etc... On the way, I passed an odd-looking character in what appeared to be a black baseball cap, but I didn't think anything of him until a few minutes later when I still hadn't found Gary. Walking toward the station I again noticed the black cap but this time I could see that it had a Rio Grande patch on it and the Individual wearing it was snapping photos at an impressive rate with a 35mm camera. As I approached him, this railfan noticed my Union Pacific cap, and we quickly guessed who we were. Gary helped me put my baggage into his car, and a long day of railroading followed.

Early Friday morning, we left Gary's house heading toward the venerable Salt Lake City Rio Grande Depot. December is a beautiful time in Salt Lake, and this morning was no exception. The station was so wonderfully calm and dark, with a light snowfall on the ground. We boarded, found our seats in Silver Mustang, one of the RGZ's classy stainless-steel California Zephyr, Budd-built vista domes. Then we chose seats in the diner and ordered breakfast-- the traditional Rio Grande special (French Toast, bacon, Orange juice. We were soon on our way and the diner quickly filled. The breakfast was delicious, of course, and our many fellow passengers seemed to agree. The Rio Grande Zephyr's dining crew is the ultimate in rail travel.

We were soon speeding south at over 60 mph, gliding through the dark pre-dawn countryside. After breakfast, we took some time to explore the Rgz from beginning to beautiful end. We took our seats in the front of the dome of Silver Sky the dome-lounge-observation, which had recently been refurbished. Soon after leaving Provo, we entered the fascinating canyon leading to Helper. Our three F9's and ex-Alco PB steam generator led the Nine car stainless-steel silver streak called Zephyr in an assault on some of the nation's most interesting mountain track. You've got to ride the train to believe it!

(More on next page)

RGZ continued....

Across the Eastern Utah desert and into Colorado we rolled, always some fascinating new photo angle appearing. Freight traffic, although relatively light, lived up to the Grande's short and fast reputation.

We left the magic town of Glenwood Springs on the advertised and entered breathtaking Glenwood Canyon. Sheer rock walls rose hundreds of feet on either side of the narrow river channel, with the tracks perched on the edge of the water. What a sight! Every sinuous curve brought a refreshingly new view of the train and scenery. From this canyon all the way to Denver, we couldn't take our eyes from the view.

Darkness along with occasional snow flurries, descended upon the earth, but we stayed in our front-row seats in Silver Sky [until the pot smokers drove us out] The light shere turned out in all the domes except the first one, so it was difficult to tell how many were up front-- which made the train look for all the world like the fabled California Zephyr. The rotating Mars light lit the sides of the numerous tunnels, canyons and cuts we passed through

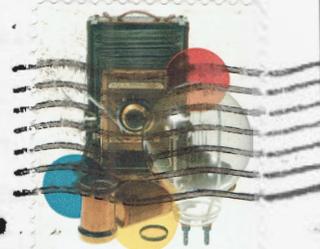
Suddenly we were inside Moffat Tunnel. For over six miles we silently bored through the heart of the Colorado Rockies. Then, as we bursted out of the East portal, we saw the lights of Denver, the mile-high city, spread out on the plain before us. We wound down the mighty front range, passing through more than 30 tunnels.

Our arrival in Denver, right on time was at 9:00 p.m. We hailed a taxi and rode to the Holliday Inn in downtown Denver. Our luxurious but expensive room was on the 17th floor so we had a great view. We soon fell asleep, and the rest felt good. All too soon, Gary was pulling my weary body out of bed. We prepared for another great day on the D&RGW. The ride back to Salt Lake was an experience never to be forgotten. Our assault of the front range began when we passed a huge coal train on Rocky siding at the Big Ten curve. Then, we wound upward, through the thick grey overcast, through the streams and rock and wildlife of the pristine Front Range. Not even my beloved Sierras could compare to these Might Colorado Rockies. And the Rio Grande knows how mountain railroading should be done.

The return trip passed all too quickly. I could take forty pages telling about all our experiences and adventures on the RGZ that beautiful winter day, and Gary could take 87 pages. We'll tell you more about this trip later.

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