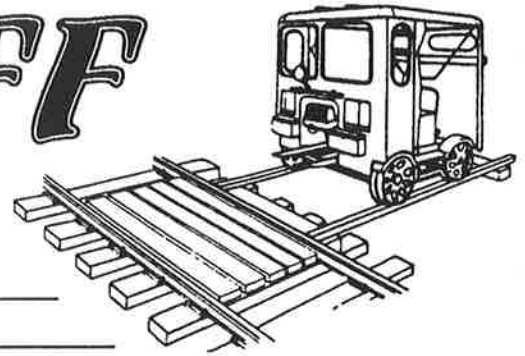


THE SETOFF

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NORTH AMERICAN
RAILCAR OPERATORS ASSOCIATION (NARCOA)

Fall 1991



The Black River & Western Railroad in Lambertville, New Jersey, attracted lots of motorcar enthusiasts to its first meet this past August. See story on page 16.

Photo by Dick Ray

UPCOMING MEETS/EVENTS

DONT WINTERIZE IT YET!

EVENTS REQUIRING NARCOA INSURANCE:

December 14: Scenic Western Maryland RR, Cumberland, MD to Frostburg, MD. Contact Dave Rose, 202 Center Street, Elmer, NJ 08318. Phone: (609) 358-3409.

December 15: Everett RR, Brookes Mills to Sproul, PA, and Roaring Springs to Curryville, PA. Contact Dave Rose (see above).

NARCOA INSURANCE PLAN

By Gene Tucker

Recently, we published a guide to the services available to NARCOA members. We left out one important item, however, and that item was the NARCOA insurance plan offered by the organization and administered by John Nolan.

If you pay even passing attention to the list of meets in every issue of *THE SETOFF*, you'll see that an increasing number of meets require that members attending hold the NARCOA insurance in order to participate.

A few details about the plan are worth repeating here:

1. The plan is open to enrollment throughout the year.
2. Cost of the plan is currently \$115.00 per year.
3. This insurance is useable for large events, or for small ones (even one motorcar running over a railroad qualifies).
4. For the insurance to be in force, an individual must contact the host railroad, who then completes an insurance form available from John Nolan, along with a letter on company stationery agreeing to host the event. NOTE: The NARCOA insurance plan does not provide blanket insurance all the time, anytime, like your auto insurance does. It is available only on an event-by-event basis, arranged well in advance (processing time, John says, is about three to four weeks prior to the event).
5. Additional details about the plan and the coverage provided may be obtained from John Nolan, 39 Tumble Falls Road, Stockton, NJ 08559. Phone: (908) 996-3733.

Finally, we should add a note of thanks both to John for his handling of this insurance plan, and to his wife, Andrea, who has helped with insurance matters during John's recuperation from a recent accident.



A sample of the Fall newsletter of the First Iowa Division of NARCOA which was begun in May and chartered on June 7, 1991. Board members of the division include Dave Pratt, Bob Murphy, Carl Schneider, Rick Kennedy, Mark Gunton and Scott Srenslund.

ORGANIZATION NEWS

by Joel Williams

Lots of information has been received for the NARCOA Roster and plans are being made to get a copy to every member around the end of the year. The roster is a handy reference of phone numbers and motorcar equipment owned by members. I use mine all the time. Due to work load within the organization, I have been unable to publish the roster since April.

On average, I receive and send 30 pieces of mail per week. This sometimes makes it tough to write personal replies as I would like to do. We have tried to spread the work between the committee heads and have a number of ideas for streamlining the operations.

SETOFF Editor Gene Tucker has a new IBM-compatible computer in operation. Articles for *THE SETOFF* can be submitted on either 3 1/2" or 5 1/4" (low density only) diskettes. He uses Word-Perfect 5.1.

Back issues of *THE SETOFF* are available for \$2.00 per copy, postage paid. A list of the issues and articles within them is available from me (my address is listed in the box on page 3).

EDITOR'S NOTES

By Gene Tucker, SETOFF Editor

Well, the Swan computer provided by the organization to prepare *THE SETOFF* is now up and running. It is fully operational now, thanks to Deanna's expertise in getting it set up, and also to Joel Williams' initiative in choosing the components. This will make getting each issue ready easier, since I will now be able to enter each story as it comes in, making the final assembly that much quicker when each deadline rolls around.

Speaking of deadlines, the next issue of *THE SETOFF* (the Winter issue) will go to press on January 15th, so be sure to have your information to me by then.

Speaking of information, you'll notice that this issue is very large, and that is directly due to the large amount of material provided by you, the readers and members. Many thanks for the high quality of the photos and stories. Keep them coming, and we'll endeavor to get it all in and correctly, too.

Speaking of corrections, our Spring issue carried a story about a meet on the Yolo Shortline in Sacramento, CA, and another about the display at Railfair '91. Our reporting of that story was less than complete, it turns out, since the Railfair display was principally the work of the Western Railway Motorcar Owners and Operators (WRYMOO). It is true that NARCOA members were present at the event, so we were correct in reporting it as an event in which our members were involved. Apparently, some offense was taken at the reporting which didn't give WRYMOO the full credit for the event. Well, our principal obligation is to NARCOA, since this is the official

publication of NARCOA. But, we are more than happy to give credit to our sister organizations--witness the numerous mentions of Motorcar Collectors Association (MCCA) in past issues. We even mentioned both MCCA and WRYMOO in the article in question. We're also happy to print corrections when they are merited. So, we're happy to correct this slightly misguided impression.

Finally, two housekeeping announcements are in order:

First, back issues are available from Joel Williams at \$2.00 apiece. This is a change necessitated by the fact that he has most of the back issues on hand.

Second, if you wish to have photos returned that you submit for publication, please send along a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. This will make it possible for us to return them to you. Otherwise, we won't be able to keep up with the volume received. Many thanks, and we'll be seeing you track-side!

THE SETOFF

Volume 5 Number 3

Editor	Gene Tucker 1004 N. Kentucky St. Arlington, VA 22205
Co-Editor	Deanna Baird 2700 S. First St. Arlington, VA 22204
Contributing Editor (East Coast)	Dick Ray 5 Hemlock Pl. Randolph, NJ 07869
Contributing Editor	Doug Leffler 622 Pawnee Jackson, MI 49203
Contributing Editor (West Coast)	Brett Tallman 3354 Fuchsia St. Costa Mesa, CA 92626
NARCOA Roster Coordinator	Joel Williams Box 82 Greendell, NJ 07839

THE SETOFF is published quarterly by the North American Railcar Operators Association (NARCOA) to promote safe operation of railroad motor cars, and to encourage fellowship and exchange of information among motor car enthusiasts. Membership in NARCOA, which includes a subscription to *THE SETOFF*, is \$10.00 per year, and is available from Joel Williams, Box 82, Greendell, NJ 07839.



NARCOA, MCCA and WRYMOO participated in California's RailFair '91.

MY TRUCK IS A HYRAILER

By Jeffrey Ciccone

It was a rainy November Saturday morning at the Metro North Commuter Railroad auction in Croton, New York. Two friends and I received an auction notice several weeks earlier listing six hyrail vehicles. We were disappointed as only one vehicle had both front and rear rail gear. This vehicle was No. 2310M, used by the track department. It was obviously a supervisor's truck, as it had an AM radio antenna on it and the body was not in too bad shape. It also had a spare tire, rail wrench, some track tools and all kinds of railroad forms, track diagrams and rulebooks stuffed in the glovebox.

As I milled about the audience, I figured this group was not interested in railroad equipment. That is, until I started talking to a person I met previously from Auto Rail Equipment Associates (AREA) in Reading, Pennsylvania. "Oh, sure, we can put hyrail gear on your pickup truck for about \$4,000, with five new tires." At the time, I thought that the price was a little too steep, so I never pursued it until this auction.

The AREA owner said he was there to keep everyone honest, whatever that meant! My hopes for a hyrail truck were fading!

The bidding on "my truck" then started a short time later. To my surprise, the auctioneer made an announcement that if anyone who bought a vehicle and had no use for the hyrail gear, a gentleman from AREA would like to talk to them. AREA's business cards were neatly displayed under the windshield wipers of every hyrail vehicle.

The bidding was then started on "my truck", Metro North No. 2310M. In auctions, you have to avoid getting auction fever. You just set a maximum bid and stick to it. As it turned out, AREA did not bid on my truck, and I bought it for under my designated "strike price".

Next the problem was how to get it home! Although it ran well, the motor vehicle agency was closed on Saturday. No worry, however, as my trusty military towbar along with my friend's F250 pickup were on hand for this sort of thing. The F250 effortlessly hauled No. 2310M all the way down the Garden State Parkway to south Jersey.

The next several weeks were spent getting it in shape. New belts, hoses, oil change, tune-up, etc.,

were done. I also added a beacon light, spotlight, and a two-way railroad radio. The true test came when I drove down New Jersey Route 206, lowered the railgear, and set on the rails. At first it was five miles an hour, then ten, then twenty! Not bad! We received a lot of strange looks from hikers, hunters, and dirt-bikers.

On the way back we decided to check out the action at Winslow Junction. Lo and behold but what did we see, a track speeder (an M9) owned by a NARCOA member. After a quick ride in the speeder, we reciprocated with a hyrail ride. I was hooked! Several weeks later, I joined NARCOA. Later on, we were able to ride several lines in the Garden State area. I even applied for the courtesy license plate "HY RAIL".

Unfortunately, my first hyrail truck is for sale. At another auction in June, I picked up a 1978 Rail Eagle used by a construction company in Delaware. The Rail Eagle was designed jointly by Penn Central Railroad and its subsidiary, Excelsior Truck Leasing, to replace the older Dodge A100 and Ford Econoline forward control pickup trucks used by track inspectors. It consists of a Grumman Kurbmaster Step Van front and a flatbed on the rear with an eight-foot toolbox on each side. This is a true railroad truck! This vehicle was originally used by Conrail (No. X9???)

If I can be of assistance to anyone interested in hyrail vehicles, please call me at 609-641-2594, or write me at P.O. Box 431, Absecon, New Jersey 08201.



Jeff Ciccone's ex-Metro North Commuter Railroad hyrail truck, ready for the (rail)road.

MY FIRST MOTORCAR MEET WAS A HIGH "7"

by Ric Tritsch

I have been a railroad aficionado ever since I can remember. Just over a year ago I entered the wonderful world of motorcar collectors by acquiring my first Fairmont motorcar. Since then I have become more and more enthusiastic with this aspect of railroad memorabilia. I have met and talked with so many collectors and now have a total of six speeders and a HyRail pickup.

My profession as a disc jockey and talk show host at a radio station in New Castle, PA, allows me to promote railroading as much as possible (without boring my listeners). Because I work seven days a week, it is very hard to attend motorcar meets. How to solve this dilemma?

This past spring I invited Mr. Lou Adelson to appear on my talk show. Lou is president of the Oil Creek and Titusville Historical Society. His passion for railroading matches mine. Lou talked about the excursion railroad that winds along a 13-mile stretch of track in Titusville, PA. After the show I suggested to Lou that we have a work day and ride on the Oil Creek and Titusville track that runs through the "valley that changed the world." The first oil well was drilled in Titusville in 1805, two miles from the restored Perry Street Freight House which is the northern headquarters of the Oil Creek and Titusville Railroad. Lou jumped on the idea and we chose Labor Day weekend to hold the meet.

As the time grew near, I began receiving reservations from other motorcar collectors who were anxious to ride the rails in Titusville. During the week before Labor Day, I worked day and night getting my little M9 in shape. Three days were spent on installing an alternator belt, painting, oiling, greasing, and adjusting this and that. Finally the weekend was here. At 6 a.m. on Saturday, August 31, I was at my good friend Fred Sheffler's farm. We loaded my M9, my M19, and his M9 on one trailer and were off to our first motorcar run.

We arrived at the C C & T at 9 a.m. where we were greeted by three operators and their M19s from the Cuyahoga Valley Line, and an operator from the Cleveland area with an S-2 open car. We put my M19 on display in the station, and then all of us set off on a yard spur. The excursion train runs passengers twice a day on the weekend so we had to wait until its last run was over before we could run the main line. As promised, we attacked the job of clearing future yard trackages. When we were finished we headed out to ride the three miles of freight track which runs right through the center of Titusville. We caused quite a stir when we stopped and had lunch at the local Burger King.

After returning to the Perry Street Station we passed the time by riding the excursion train and sight-seeing. We all met at a great little restaurant that Lou

had chosen for us and talked of our experiences with our motorcars. After dinner we assembled back at the Station and switched the motorcars to the main line and away we went.

I was the lead of six motorcars, my lady at my side, and my little engine putting along. The headlight was cutting through the evening shadows, the strobe light flashing along the beautiful C C & T track. Whoops, wait a minute. What happened to the headlight? My tail lights were not working either and the amp gauge was reading 0. "Maybe if I am lucky all it is is a fuse," I thought to myself. About 10 miles into the run the engine died and that alternator belt that gave me such a headache was in shreds. Everyone tells me that you aren't a true motorcar operator unless you have been towed at least once. My first motorcar meet ended that Saturday night at the Rynn Farm Station at the end of a tow bar.

Sunday morning dawned and we assembled at the Perry Street Station for one more run on the main line before the train pulled out at 11:45. I watched sadly as everyone set off for another round-trip run of the main line, a total of 26 miles. I have never been one to sit idly by and watch, so I "borrowed" good buddy Fred's battery from his truck. I knew it would allow me to run the freight tracks later on when we would go for lunch again at Burger King. I rode the yard spur a few times just to be sure that everything worked.

Dick Ray had arranged for a reporter and camera person to cover the meet. Dave and Bob arrived from the Pittsburgh *Post Gazette* and we discovered that both were railroad nuts, too. They were anxious to ride on a motorcar as well as get great pictures and stories from everyone. I putzed around and the time was passing slowly while I waited for everyone's return. It was 10:45 and still no motorcars. We had promised Lou that we would be back by 11:00 so that there would be no conflict with the train's timetable. Finally at 11:10 the little yellow speeders appeared around the bend at the Perry Street Station. The S-2 had broken down and was in tow, but everyone, including the reporters, had a big smile. The morning run had shown everyone our beautiful Pennsylvania countryside and wildlife.

We made the switch to the freight tracks and it was off again for lunch. More stories and advice, and it was agreed that it had been a wonderful weekend. Dave and Bob were now hooked, and even took a "class picture" and our names and addresses so that they could send everyone a copy.

That evening as Barb, Fred, his wife Sally, and I were giving our heartfelt thank yous and goodbyes to Lou, we reflected upon the two days and agreed that on a scale of 1 to 10, this meet was a high 7. Next spring we are planning another run at the C C & T. We were all loaded and ready to head home. To cap off the entire weekend, Fred discovered that he had locked his keys in the truck. Lou had to get the local gendarmes to open the door.

WHY NOT BUILD YOUR OWN RAILROAD HANDCAR?

By Gene Tucker

About three years ago, I realized a 20-year dream I'd harbored, by building my own handcar. But, when I began to draw up plans for it, I didn't have access to an original car to study for construction details and the like, so I drew up a set of plans largely in my head, using steel for the frame, Fairmont M19 wheels and axles, and then rented a videotape of the movie "Blazing Saddles" to watch the opening handcar sequence to figure out what the ratio was between the wheels and the walking beam.

In the ensuing years, I have enjoyed my pumpcar immensely. I've put over 100 miles on it this year alone, and it gets on the rails more often than my motorcars do. But, it's not an original, something that bothers me a little, but not a lot.

So, you can imagine that I was very interested in a packet of plans sent to me recently by Bruce Carpenter. It turns out that Bruce had taken the time to professionally draw up a set of blueprints for a replica of a Sheffield pumpcar (Bruce is a draftsman by profession, so drawing up these plans was a matter of course for him, and it shows). Too bad I didn't have such a set of plans three years ago! I would have built my pumpcar after his plans, which are simpler than mine, and authentic to boot.

Bruce's plans are easy to read, complete, with matching prints showing numerous details, hints, and the like. He also provides you with a set of materials needed, so you won't have to sit down and watch "Blazing Saddles" like I did to figure out what the drive ratio is (I guess the movie still retains its entertainment value, so you can watch it for that). He also provides you with a set of helpful construction hints, and if you get stuck, he's willing to help you out with prob-

lems either by mail or over the phone. What could be easier? With the prices being asked and gotten these days for an original handcar (when you can find them), many have concluded that the only way to own one of these relics of days gone by is to build one somehow. If you're like me, with two daughters in college, that isn't within the realm of possibility. This is your answer, and believe me, once you've put some miles on one of these creations, you'll develop a sense of pride in your ever-improving physical condition and a healthy (no pun intended) appreciation for every mile travelled.

What follows is Bruce's introduction to his plans.

If you ever wanted to own a hand pump car, now is your chance! With the rarity of handcars, let alone being able to afford one, I felt there was a need for an alternative way to acquire a car. Why not build one, I asked?

In 1989, I started to gather information, pictures, and plans of original handcars. 1990 saw all of the data compiled into final form that is very similar to a Sheffield 2 - to 4-person handcar. I started preliminary layouts which eventually led to a final design. Some items that seemed "light" in design were beefed up to ensure safety and greater strength. Authenticity and appearance were of primary concern during design stages: therefore, bronze babbitt bearings, cast iron gears, etc., were incorporated into the final design, all of which are readily available.

The enclosed picture, I believe, speaks for itself. The car in the picture is the final outcome of my efforts. The car is 100% scratch built with the exception of the wheels and axles, which are Fairmont M19.

Since completion of my car, I have spent many hours on it. I am so pleased with the results that I have decided to make sets of plans available for purchase. Cost of the project entirely depends on you. If you are skilled in woodworking and metal fabrication, this project could be quite inexpensive. I did all of the work as far as the wooden parts were concerned. I contracted all of the metal parts out to a local machine shop and a welding shop. A vocational school would be a good place to have the entire project completed.

I am offering a complete package to construct the car for \$60.00 (postage included). You will receive the following:

1. Complete set of blueprints.
2. Complete bill of materials.
3. List of vendors for purchased parts.
4. Compiled list of helpful hints (do's and don'ts).
5. My technical assistance if needed (by phone or by mail).

This has been a great project for me, and I'm sure you will feel the same way. Thank you for your support and your interest in my service. I can be reached at: Carpenter Rail Design, 719 West Pearl, Wapakoneta, OH 45895. Phone: (419) 738-5384.

THE TRACK INSPECTOR SEZ:



It's easier to fix your ignition at home than to fix it while being towed down the track at 30 m.p.h.

ANOTHER FLOOD IN SOUTH BRANCH VALLEY, WV!

By Dick Ray

The pent-up demand for a third motorcar tour of the South Branch Valley Railroad resulted in a flood of motor cars pouring over the bridges and through The Trough in scenic West Virginia on August 10. Parking lots of motels in three towns were knee-deep in trailers and tow vehicles, and there were reports of McDonalds in Moorefield calling for emergency help.

In 1985 it was water. This year it was railcars. Those in the know show up early. Jon Knight was on the rails at 6:30 a.m. By 10 a.m. cars from 14 states were leaving the shops area at Moorefield headed toward Green Spring, WV, just south of Cumberland, MD.

The NARCOA practice of not limiting attendance

2:45 we had permission from the dispatcher in Cumberland to use the CSX scale track. After 30 minutes our track warrant expired and we had to request a 15-minute extension.

Soon after 4 p.m. all cars were rolling south again toward Moorefield. A handful of people with a long drive ahead switched themselves in the yard there, while the rest of us went on south another 11 miles to Petersburg. The small wye there turned six cars at a time. While waiting my turn, I noticed that some of the rail had been rolled in 1898! This was no surprise to Reggie Clauze from the railroad, who said that there was a lot of old rail in this lightly used area.

On the way back to Moorefield we dropped several cars off at a highway crossing and another group went to a crossing past the yard switch to load up. This greatly relieved the usual congestion at loading time at the limited facilities near the shop.

Those who missed this popular tour in 1991 can make it next year when we plan to do it again.



A CSX freight hiballs past motorcars on the scale track at Green Spring, West Virginia, at the South Branch Valley motorcar meet held August 10, 1991.

Photo by Dick Ray

drew many owners who would not have made it otherwise. The run went well although some early troubles with coils and plugs slowed the back of the pack. A little first-aid got all of us to Green Spring by 1:30 p.m.

Our plan was to turn on the wye at Green Spring depending on the CSX traffic. Of course, a coal train was using the scale track which forms one leg of the wye when we arrived. This provided our opportunity for lunch. The coal train started moving at 2:30 p.m. and by

WEST SHORE AND LEWISBURG & BUFFALO CREEK RAIL EXCURSION HELD ON AUGUST 24 AND 25, 1991

(Editor's Note: Most of the time, it isn't easy to encourage people to sit down and write about their experiences on the railroad. This issue, we are very fortunate to have had two different writers share their experiences of this August's excursion on the West Shore and Lewisburg & Buffalo Creek Railroads. Here they are:)

By Gary Gadziala

The invitation sounded too good to be true. Two days to run on ex-PRR and Reading lines track, evening entertainment, prizes and food. It turned out to be even better.

On Saturday, August 24, 1991, 24 cars anxiously awaited our 10 a.m. departure time from Delta Place Station in Lewisburg. Our first trip was scheduled to switch off the Reading and head west on the Pennsy to Mifflinburg. The first group of five cars missed the switch and hobbled south toward Winfield. After a spirited pursuit, the errant cars were brought to a halt about a mile south, and after some discussion we headed back north and rejoined the main group.

The run to Mifflinburg was 11.8 miles and there were 16 grade crossings to make things interesting. The very scenic farm country presented a beautiful panorama on this lovely day. The day got hotter as we rode along, but we all made it to the end at Mifflinburg Park. After a layover for refreshments, we turned the cars and headed back toward Delta Place, trying to make it by 2 p.m. to clear the excursion train coming up from Winfield. It was slow going and despite the best efforts of Rod Hall, we had to hold at the switch for the excursion train to pass.

The two-mile afternoon run north from Delta Place brought us to W. Milton on excellent Reading track. The huge Conrail bridge across the Susquehanna beckoned, and five of us walked across.

That evening, a six-mile night run to Winfield brought relief from the heat. The evening ended with refreshments and railroad videos.

Sunday saw a sharply reduced turnout. Two round-trips to Winfield allowed us to enjoy the scenery we missed on the night run. On one section, a high rockcut separated the right-of-way from the outside world. The Susquehanna River ran majestically along the east side of the tracks. This once busy Reading double track continued south from Winfield and crossed the river at Sunbury on the way to Reading and Philadelphia years ago. No wonder the Reading steam rambles were so popular. An unexpected surprise was an ALCO-GE RS1 at the Agway plant. It's ex-Washington Terminal Co.

That afternoon several members enjoyed the complimentary excursion train ride to Mifflinburg, followed by a last motorcar trip along this line.

Our special thanks to Richard Sanders, owner of the West Shore RR, who was recuperating in the hospital that weekend. His Tour Director, Dennis Confer, got us signed in and made us feel welcome. Trainman Allan Bubb accompanied us on our numerous trips, and thanks to Rod Hall of NARCOA who organized the event.

Let's have another big turnout in 1992, the weekend before Labor Day is the tentative date.

By Rodman Hall, Jr.

On August 24, 1991, track vehicles of various styles gathered at the invitation of Mr. Richard Sanders, the President of West Shore Rail Excursions, Inc., to operate over the West Shore and Lewisburg and Buffalo Creek Railroads located near Lewisburg, Pa.

After registration and a safety inspection, and the last-minute top-off of fuel tanks, 23 cars (including Mac Duffton's Teetor Railbike) were off to Mifflinburg, PA. We had a slight delay due to a minor mix-up on our way to Mifflinburg, but were soon gathered to cross busy U.S. Rte. 15 with the help of Mr. Glenn Snook of the West Shore Railroad, who activated the signals. The trip went very smoothly. We were in groups of six cars to ease the flagging chores. Upon arrival in Mifflinburg we turned the cars. Several people had mentioned that they had heard a sound resembling a steam locomotive, but upon further investigation it was determined that it was Mac Duffton trying to catch his breath!

Looking at our watches, we saw that it was time to head back to Delta Place Station in order to clear the excursion train. A trip to West Milton was made on the return leg of the trip and then a break for the operators. A night trip to Winfield through scenic Lewisburg and along the Susquehanna River over former Reading tracks by several cars with headlights was followed by another trip to West Milton. Upon returning, the meet participants were treated to snacks and a VCR/TV setup at the barn at Delta Place Station hosted by the Buffalo Valley Antique Machinery Association, which was having a show in conjunction with the railcars. The campground area was made available for our use as well.

Sunday at 9 a.m. we headed for Winfield again. Upon our arrival back at Delta Place Station, we were treated to a scrumptious picnic-style lunch provided by

(Continued on next page)

WEST SHORE AND BUFFALO CREEK EXCURSION (CONT.)

the Antique Machinery Assn. At that time, Mr. Dennis Confer, General Manager of West Shore Rail Excursions, Inc., thanked all participants for attending and presented prizes for:

Most distance travelled (240 miles): Ed & Laurie Dutcher

Oldest car: Scott Cotner, Fairbanks-Morse

Oldest Handcar: Mac Duffton, Teetor Railbike

No steam-powered cars were present.

After lunch and the presentation of the prizes, the group "fired 'em up" for yet another run to Winfield and West Milton. Some of the participants opted to ride the Excursion Train with the complimentary tickets provided by West Shore Rail Excursions, Inc. Later that afternoon, another trip to Mifflinburg, PA, was made by five cars. Mechanical problems were encountered by the Bellefonte Historical Railroad car at Mifflinburg. While the crew of that car was trying to get it running (yes, the

tow bar was produced!) it afforded a number of spectators at an adjoining part a chance to ask questions about the cars. One man we spoke with had worked on this line for the P.R.R. in earlier years. The conversation soon led to his story of killing a number of poisonous copperhead snakes near one of the tunnels a number of miles up the track. Several loads of curious children--complete with "tickets" (leaves from nearby bushes)--were taken for short rides as the B.H.R.R. car tried to sputter back to health. After about a half hour of rides and railroad safety talks to the kids, we were on the final leg of our last trip. No explanation was given for the mechanical delay but I'm sure we made some new friends/railfans of the children.

Our thanks to Mr. Richard Sanders, who was not able to participate due to illness, West Shore Rail Excursions, Inc., the Lewisburg and Buffalo Creek Railroad, the West Shore Railroad, and the Buffalo Valley Antique Machinery Association for a great weekend and the hospitality shown us. Hope we can do it again next year!

WARNING CONTAGIOUS

RAILFAN'S DISEASE: RAILROADIOUS PHOTOGRAPHIOUS
ADULT MALES VERY SUSCEPTIBLE

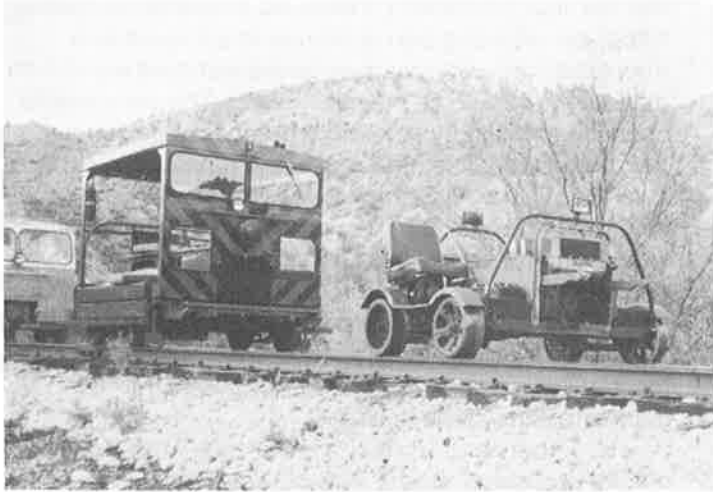
SYMPTOMS: Continual complaint as to need for a constructive hobby, patients nose is continually buried in railroad books and magazines. Often suggests strange sounding places such as Tehachapi, Sand Patch, Sisikyou's, Squamish, Cajun and the Rat Hole for family vacations. Has more photographic equipment and radio listening devices than the average CIA Field Agent. Can recall from memory every locomotive owned by the local railroad, but can't remember what he was supposed to pick up from the store on the way home from work. Has 24,612 pictures and slides in his collection (that he swears he will index some day). Often found standing near railroad tracks with camera.
ADVANCE STAGES: Patient will actually foam at the mouth upon sighting a first generation diesel.

No Known Cure — Disease Not Fatal

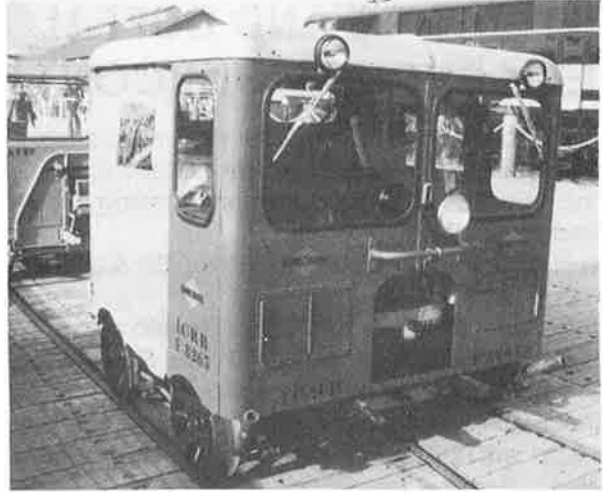
VISIT LOCAL RAIL YARD WITH CAMERA FOR TEMPORARY RELIEF



J. Filmmum
Dept. of Public Health

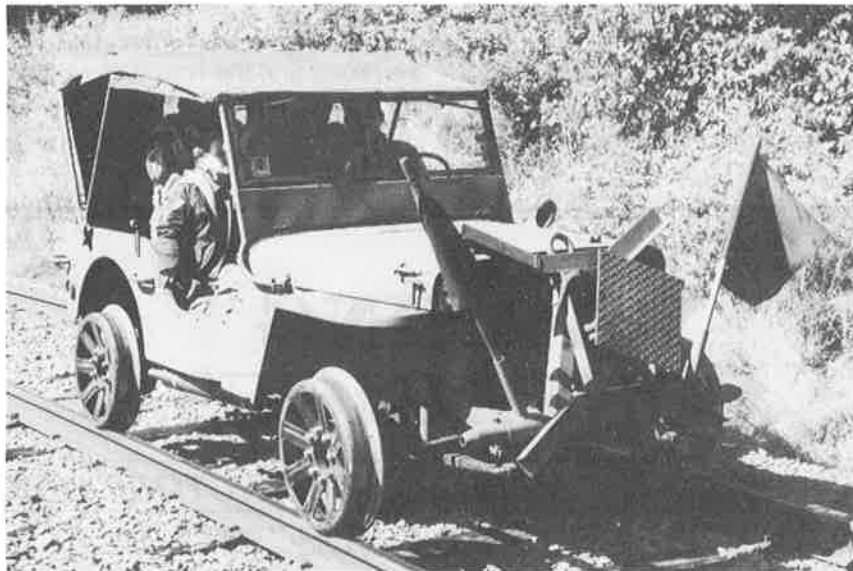


Above, John Higgens, Sr.'s M9, ex-Kaiser Steel on the Arizona Central RR, October 13, 1991.



Above, Ron Zammit's ex-Illinois Central M19 with extended cab, built in 1950, at Rail-Fair '91.

Photo by Ron Zammit



At left is Tom Hauck's 1942 Jeep, modified per U.S. Army instructions for use on the rails.



Ric Tritsch's M19 seems to be towing the caboose as it is displayed at the New Castle, Pennsylvania, Lawrence County Fair this Spring.

Photo by Ric Tritsch

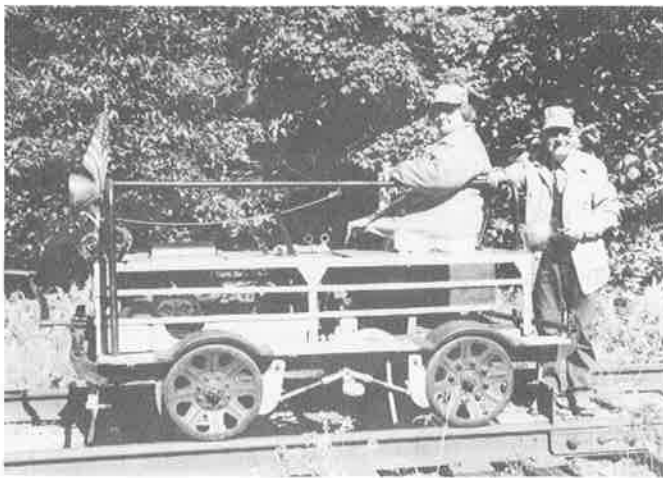


At left, Camas Prairie RR #20 in Orofino, Idaho, in October 1991.

Photo by Cecil & Jill Tallman

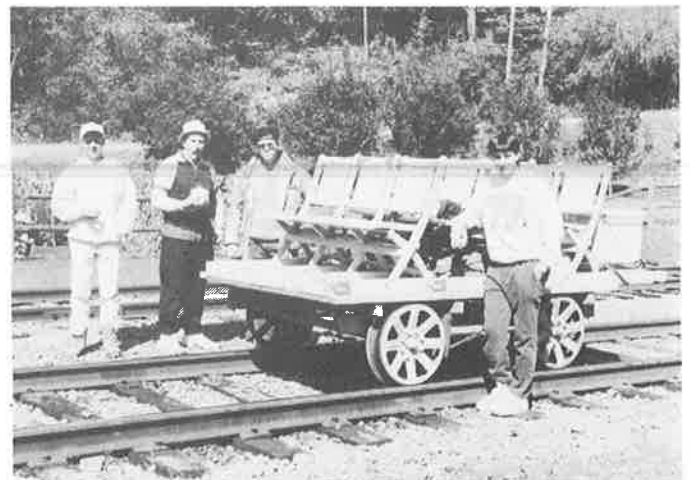
Below, a Fairmont S-2 poses on a drawbridge over Cumberland River at Nashville, Tennessee, on the McCormick, Ashland City & Nashville RR.

Photo by Robert Bolster



Arkville, NY, September 1991: At left, Bill and Delia Wayson of Kingston, NY, on their Buda car. Below left, John Eppler of Havertown, PA, with his home-built gas/hydraulic car. Below right, Randy Lawry, Jamie Sluiter, Rob Roy and Scott Lawry on a homemade B & S powered machine; the folding seats from a church still have hymnal racks!

Photos by D. Lebeau



6 RAILROADS IN 8 DAYS

By Hank Brown

(Editor's note: This Spring, the author and his family ventured west from their home in Wisconsin into South Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington on a rail vacation which covered 600 miles of rail riding on six railroads, the Dakota Southern, Deadwood Central, Black Hills Central, Central Montana, Pend Oreille Valley, and the St. Maries River RR. Here is Part I of the story of their adventure.)

Carol and I left Cottage Grove on schedule or thereabouts on Saturday June 15 full of the enthusiasm of two people off on an adventure.

We drove through the Wisconsin countryside watching the miles of green fields pass before our eyes. We arrived at LaCrosse and crossed the mighty Mississippi River. Many tugs and pleasure boats were scooting along the water. The weather was perfect.

Carol sat quietly reading her latest novel. Occasionally, she would look up and ask where we were. I, on the other hand, was eagerly looking forward to the next mile. I've always enjoyed travel. No matter where it is.

The next morning we were up early and ready to make the next section of our trip. We stopped in Chamberlain, South Dakota to visit with Alex Huff, General Manager of the Dakota Southern Railroad, and Greg Bunce, his righthand man. We found Alex chatting with one of his employees named Paul. I asked where we might find Greg. I had done much corresponding with him so I felt it appropriate to meet with him and discuss the trip from Kadoka to Belvidere.

Alex informed us that the Van Loo family from Oregon and Dennis and his daughter, 5-year-old Katie Madden, from Florida were coming. The Van Loos were heading toward Mitchell and the Maddens were riding

over the Missouri River Bridge. We offered to buy Alex lunch, which he declined, so we headed west to Kadoka. Alex told us that they had just had a derailment near Vivian. He gave us easy instructions on how to find it. About four miles west of Vivian four hopper cars were standing by three hoppers lying on the ground. We returned to Vivian when we spotted their switch engine hauling a crane toward the derailment. The wreck made a spectacular sight for picture taking.

After several photos we continued on to Kadoka. We arrived at the Wagon Wheel Motel about 3 p.m. and met Ron and Kay Zammit from California. They were eager to take a run on the rails. I have to admit my enthusiasm was very high for a quick trip to Belvidere. Just as we were putting our motorcars on the track, Don Lemon arrived. He was our local contact who helped me put this together. He put his MT19 on the track and we were off. Ron and Kay led the way. As we rounded the first turn out of Kadoka we looked back to find that Don was nowhere in sight.

We felt that he knew the line very well and would catch up shortly. What a ride!! Ron kept a good pace as we climbed over the hills and dropped into the valley. The wild animals were everywhere. Several deer and mule deer bounded out of their hiding places, crossing the tracks just in front of us. The deer would occasionally lead us down the tracks just in front of us. The deer would occasionally lead us down the main line, then race off to hide again. It was a beautiful sight.

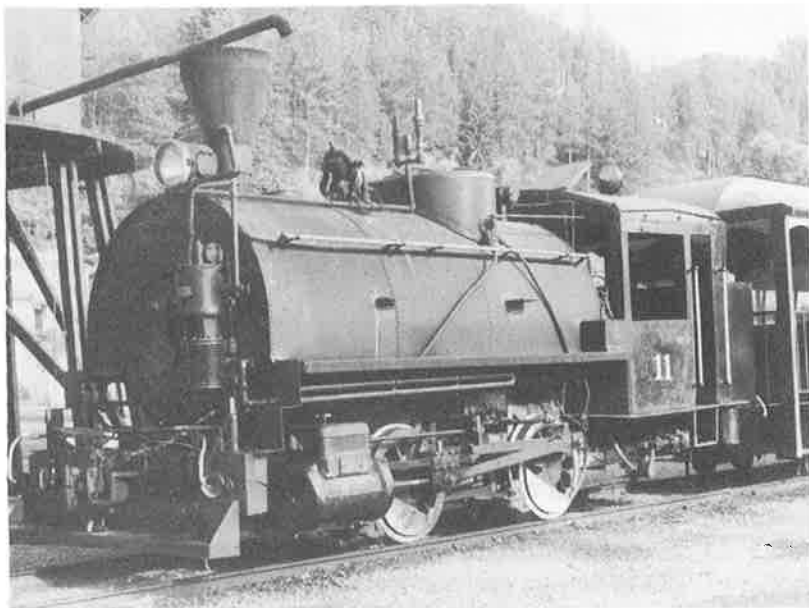
When we arrived in Belvidere, I walked to the local cafe to check the hours of operation and the food on the menu. As I was returning to the railroad, Don Lemon was just arriving. He informed us that he had never driven so fast as he had that trip. Not wanting to make him feel uncomfortable about this speed, we let him lead the way back to Kadoka. We were able to count the blades of grass on the return trip.

We arrived in Kadoka about 5:15 p.m. to find Jack and Elaine Gish from Omaha ready to put their MT19 on the track. They had Katie Madden with them. Dennis Madden would be down shortly if the starter on his automobile could be fixed. While the Gishes unloaded, I returned to the motel to find Dennis under this car trying to remove his starter. I persuaded him to join us for a run to Belvidere for dinner. He seemed relieved to get away from the car. We loaded his motorcar onto my trailer and returned

The lineup for the ride on the Deadwood Central RR at the engine house in Deadwood, South Dakota, from left, motorcars belonging to the Van Loos, Zammits, Maddens and Browns.



Sharp motive power on the Deadwood Central in Deadwood, South Dakota.



to the railroad. Within minutes we had all four cars on the rails and cranked up ready for the run to dinner.

We were no more than three miles from Kadoka when Jack experienced engine problems. His engine had dropped its oil pressure. The car quit. We were out in the middle of nowhere with no road access, so we took out the tow bars and hooked all the cars together. What a great ride. We felt we were on a roller coaster. We moved along with all cars locked together. We learned about momentum when trying to brake for the road crossings. We all tried to brake at once but discovered that we didn't slow down as quickly as we would have on our own.

We arrived in Belvidere and walked to the cafe. We enjoyed a leisurely supper and returned to Kadoka under a star-filled sky without the Gish's' car. Jack and I drove back to Belvidere to pick up his motorcar that night. We talked about what they were going to do about the car. It was decided to take it to Rapid City where a certified Onan motor repairman could fix whatever was wrong. Wo, Jack and Elaine left early to find an Onan dealership. The rest of us headed to Deadwood, South Dakota, for more motorcar fun.

It was decided to have everyone meet at the Deadwood Central Railroad Station at 4 p.m. to make the run up the canyon. As scheduled, everyone arrived on time only to find out that we couldn't get the line until after 6:00. So we found motels and relaxed until 5:30. The group began setting on the rails about 6:00. The Gishes arrived to tell us that their trip with us was over unless the motorcar could be fixed. They felt that they would head home because no one seemed competent in Rapid City. They did stay long enough to go up the

canyon on the Deadwood Central. We headed up the 2% and 3% grades out of Deadwood. We followed the canyon along the rushing creek, passed our motel, and several other motels. We crossed the highway several times and continued to climb. The railroad curves up for more than nine miles. It passes the smelters and flotation tubs of the Homestake Gold Mining Co. High above us on the right side was the tailings from the underground mining operation. As we approached the middle of the gorge, it narrowed to about 100 feet across. A dirt road paralleled the tracks and the creek all the way. As we climbed higher our speed began to decrease. The grade was increasing. We applied more pressure on the belts and raced along. All of us were doing our best to maintain our speed when suddenly the track disappeared into the creek. I slammed on the brakes and came to a stop several feet before my car and I would have become a casualty of the railroad by dropping ten feet into the water. Although we had been warned by the railroad people that the bridge was out near the top, they didn't tell us where we should have stopped.

There weren't any signs or warnings when the track would end.

A reserve unit of the Army Corps of Engineers was repairing the road and road bridge which had washed out during one of the rain storms. They told us that the railroad bridge would not be replaced. So, much to our disappointment we descended the mountain and returned to town.

Upon our return to the station, one of the employees asked if we would like to store our motorcars in their engine house for the night. Gratefully we drove them into the shed. Dennis Madden was delighted because they had a lubricating pit in the shed. He jumped down into the pit and lubricated all the motorcars.

The Deadwood Central asked us if we wanted to ride in the early morning, so we met at the station at 7 a.m. for a quick ride up the canyon again. The ladies stayed behind to pack up for the trip to Hill City. The ride up the canyon in the early morning was very refreshing. The aroma of pine blown on a soft morning breeze coming down from the canyon was intoxicating.

After our return to the station and bidding our farewells to the employees, we headed to Hill City. We arrived at 4 p.m. at the Black Hills Central Railroad Station only to find a repeat of the Deadwood Central. We would have to return at 6 o'clock when the owner would meet us and show us where to put on the tracks. At 6 p.m. promptly, the owner showed, as did the neatest saddle-tanker steam engine and three cars loaded with passengers returning from their ride toward Keystone. We quickly set our cars on the tracks ahead of the engine and were off to climb the 6% grade out of the valley. The Van Loos were kind enough to tow us to

(continued on next page)

6 RAILROADS IN 8 DAYS

(continued from previous page)

the top, as I didn't want to stretch my belt on this long grade. Dennis Madden had to stop on the grade and push himself to continue the climb. We all made the top and enjoyed the long 2% grade down toward Keystone. We walked down to the washout where a bridge once crossed a small creek and saw where the creek had overflowed its banks and washed away the roadbed. Beside the steep grades out of the valley, another point of interest was that the railroad was once narrow and standard gauge. Most of the narrow gauge track is still in place. They even had the frogs and switches in on most of the line to this mining district. At the top of the grade, well hidden from vandals, was a beautiful old wooden narrow gauge caboose which must have been used when they hauled ore from this area. We took many pictures of this railroad because it was the jewel of Hill City.

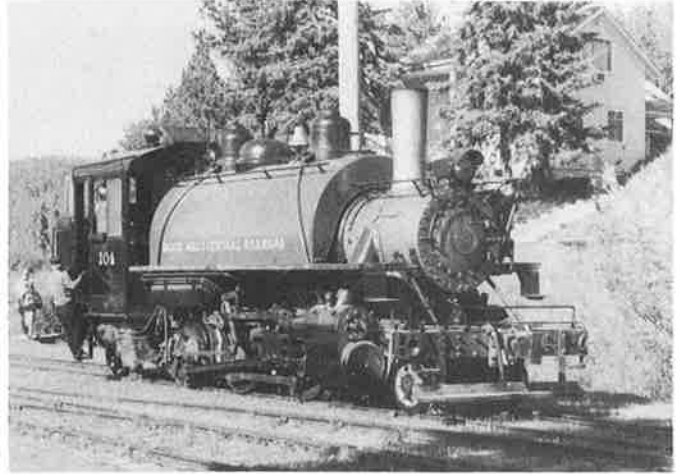
Prior to the Black Hills Central ride, Carol and I journeyed south through Custer to Jewel Cave National Monument. We descended 275 feet into the earth to enjoy the cool comforts of about 400 miles of caves, underground rooms and passageways. The cave walk took about an hour and half covering a mile underground. The interesting formations and easy access made this one of the highlights of our trip. After the cave exploring, we made a hasty run to Mount Rushmore. It is a grand monument and stands high above the Badlands. We were pushed for time and decided not to go through the visitors center. After a hurried picture, we returned to Hill City for our motorcar ride.

After the motorcar ride all of us dined in the finest place in Hill City. After dinner we said our goodbyes to the Van Loos who were heading to Canada to ride on the Algoma Central. We retired early and prepared for our next adventure--in Montana.

Carol and I rose early and headed north on I-94. With the planning I had done, we decided to drive through southeastern Montana on Highway 212. The scenery began to change from the mountains of South Dakota to the great valleys and rolling hills of Montana. The trees grew farther and farther apart while the grassland seemed to take over much of what we saw. I was gazing out over the vast landscape in front of me when Carol suddenly looked up from her novel and said this scenery was boring. She said there were no road signs or advertising. She missed the "Wall Drug" signs every mile or so. In fact we didn't see an advertising sign for more than 100 miles. There were few towns along the road and when one came into view, we blinked and it was gone. For over 200 miles we saw wilderness and open range. It was magnificent.

We finally arrived at the Little Big Horn River where Custer met his last. There we headed north through Billings, then Roundup, where the old Milwaukee Road

Motive power on the Black Hills Central in Hill City, South Dakota.



electric line ran (now just an abandoned roadbed). With the rain coming down in large buckets, we turned west toward Lewistown. The Zammits had passed us coming out of Billings and had found a motel for us. It was great because the owners of the Montana Central found us. We discussed the ride for the next day and they were invited to join us, which they readily accepted.

The next morning the sky was overcast and threatened rain again. Carla Allen, the General Manager of the MCR, had left word that a bridge on the Maccasin line had washed out and was under repair. We would not be able to ride that section. We were to meet them at Hanover at 8 in the morning. At 8 a.m., Carla and her Board of Directors arrived. They brought a driving rainstorm with them. We unloaded the motorcars in the rain and after much discussion, it was decided to have only one of their directors ride with us. Carol and I snapped our new canvas covers on the motorcar and felt cozy and dry as we started out across a magnificent wood bent trestle. It rose about a hundred feet above the river and was about a quarter mile in length. We quickly passed the Spring Creek Junction wye and headed out on the plateau toward Danvers. The rain began to lighten and the trip for our two other open motor cars became bearable. Not two miles from Spring Creek Junction we crossed another spectacular steel trestle about the same dimensions as the wood bent trestle. As the rain had stopped and the sun was beginning to come through the clouds, we stopped to enjoy the view from the trestle. We saw deer bounding off to hide from our sight. On one of the steel bents an eagle had laid four eggs in a huge nest. We had a breathtaking view of the river below and the valley surrounding us. We could have stayed longer but it was 60 miles to Geraldine. We crossed the wheat fields of central Montana which are the reason the railroad exists.

About two miles north of Danvers, we rounded a corner and spread out before us was a great valley. Off

in the distance, and what seemed ten miles away, was another of the high trestles which was the trademark of this line. We serpented down to the trestle. Crossing this long trestle, we rose quickly and rounded another corner to find the Sage Creek Tunnel. Over 2,000 feet in length, it had just been relined and was in great condition. We made a rest stop here for lots of pictures. After the tunnel we descended into Denton and the home of the Montana Central Railroad. Carla was nice enough to have hot coffee and rolls waiting for us. After a thorough inspection of the engine facilities we mounted our motorcars and headed northwest. For about ten miles we were surrounded by wheat fields and the wide open spaces that Montana is noted for.

After Coffee Creek, the railroad begins to wind through low knolls. After rounding several of these, we

began to see the mountain called Square Butte. It rises out of the plateau like a knife thrust upwards carrying with it the wheat fields. It dominates everything in the area.

Turning away from Square Butte, the railroad begins a 2% grade down a 10-mile horseshoe curve. Way off in the distance we could see the trestle in the middle of the horseshoe. The drop from the top of the plateau down to the valley floor is spectacular. The vegetation changes rapidly from wheat to cactus and pine trees. After the horseshoe curve, we began to rise slowly from the valley floor toward Geraldine.

Lunch in Geraldine was an experience. It is a town of 300 hardy souls who ranch and farm for a living. The town buildings look like a Hollywood set from a wild west movie. The streets were dirt. The town even had some wood plank sidewalks. After lunch we started our return trip through the valley and up the horseshoe curve. It was a slow climb to the Sage Creek Tunnel, across those magnificent trestles and on to Hanover.

At Hanover, we staged the reenactment of the Promontory Point meeting of East and West. The Zammits from California and the Maddens from Florida took their ocean water and together they poured it over the trestle. Finally the East coast members had met the West coast members. After the ceremony, the Maddens and Zammits returned to Lewistown, while Carol and I headed 100 miles north to Great Falls.

(To be continued in next issue.)



Our nostalgia photo is a picture of Mr. Jerry Taylor, assistant foreman for the New Haven Railroad, taken at the Parker Mills station near the town of Harwich, on Cape Cod in Massachusetts circa 1935. The photo appeared in the July issue of the Cape Rail Dispatch (Cape Cod chapter of the N.R.H.S.), and also in the book, "Railroads of Cape Cod" by Robert Farson. The photo was submitted by Frank Kelley, Jr., of Holliston, Massachusetts.

FLEMINGTON FESTIVAL OF MOTORCARS HELD ON THE BLACK RIVER & WESTERN

By Dick Ray

The Black River & Western Railroad hosted its first ever motor tour on August 17. We unloaded and parked at the Holcombe-Jimson Farmstead Museum just north of Lambertville, NJ, organized our flagging groups, and departed up the hill toward Ringoes. The humid morning, slightly rusty rail, and weeks led to wheel-spin for some cars on the 1.25% grade.

We paused just outside Ringoes so that all could catch up--then proceeded into the station after the steam train left. Giving the train a ten-minute head start,



we followed it to Flemington, site of the future New Jersey State Railroad Museum, and Turntable Junction shopping area. The ice cream and soft drink shops were especially popular on this 90-degree day!

The Black River & Western was originally the Flemington Transportation Co., built in 1854 to carry largely agricultural products from Flemington to markets in Philadelphia and Trenton. The end of their line was at Lambertville on the Delaware River where they connected with the Belvidere-Delaware Railroad, laid in 1840. This line became part of the Pennsylvania RR in 1970, then the Penn Central in 1968, and finally part of

the Black River & Western in 1976. This section has always been called the Bel-Del line.

The present BR&W traffic is plastic pellets, lumber, and brick and is 60% inbound. Half of the total business is now passengers with numerous excursions to Ringoes and on to Lambertville behind the 1937 ex-Great Western (until 1962) ALCO 2-8-0.

After a one-hour stop we left for the end of the BR&W line over track that was once part of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. From the Conrail connection at Three Bridges we returned to Flemington and another visit to the ice cream shops while we awaited the excursion train arrival. Once it was clear we ran to Ringoes for a stop in the station area as a display, in addition to the antique car display in the adjacent parking lot.

The trip down the hill led us into the center of old town Lambertville along the canal.

Reversing, we backed up the Quarry Branch, took our cars off the rails at a dirt grade crossing, and pushed them over a wooden bridge to the parking lot where our trailers were. Yes, we unloaded from a different track than we loaded on!

An outdoor picnic at the farm completed our day. Many thanks to Kean Beranga and the entire BR&W staff for accommodating us, and to Andrea and John Nolan for planning the entire operation, from registration to dinner.

The motorcar lineup at the Black River & Western Railroad in Lambertville, New Jersey, August 1991.

Photo by Dick Ray

WHY WON'T IT RUN? PART V

By Dick Ray

Previous articles in this series have tried to help get a car running after it has broken down. Of course, we assumed that it started and ran properly in the beginning. As you know by now, that is not always the case.

Maybe you recognize this scenario: Good ol' Charlie arrives early at the set-on point, unloads, and gets his cameras, food, Pepsi, and boombox stowed in his car. Eventually he starts cranking . . . and cranking . . . and cranking, with no effect. While others are learning about the history and scenic highlights of the railroad, he is lying under his car hammering on something. Finally, just as the safety briefing starts, the car does also and half of the people can't hear what is being said. He can't shut it off now because it always starts very hard and it may not restart. Charlie has his own unique way of starting his car and never accepts suggestions on how to do it easier. After all, he is the only one who understands this hard-starting car.

Of course the foregoing is an extreme case, and could apply to a two-stroke, an Onon, or a Waukesha/Hercules engine.

The best advice for starting a two-stroke engine is given by Fairmont:

- Adjust the mixture to 1 1/2 to 2 turns open.
- Retard the timing slightly.
- Adjust the throttle to 1/3 to 1/2 open.
- With the ignition off, crank the engine over several times while holding the choke knob up.
- Turn on the ignition, release the choke, and lift the crank once--HARD.

In normal service and weather it should start. Extreme cold or a long storage period will require more priming.

The big single cylinder engines are very easy to start because of the huge flywheels. Some owners flip the flywheel and bounce the piston off compression to start it. Priming is difficult without a crank, and fuel must be dripped into the priming cups.

The RK two-cylinder engine has a somewhat undeserved reputation for being hard to start. Once all the ignition and fuel system problems are made right, the engine can be easy to start. Just follow the Fairmont instructions with several cautions. First, drain the crankcase if the car has been sitting overnight or longer. A lot of oil and gas condenses in a twin because of the large surface area in the crankcase compared to a single. Next, prime it with only two or three revolutions. Remember that fuel is drawn into the crankcase only when the piston is moving up on compression. If you lift

the crank slowly as you try to overcome the compression force little fuel will be drawn in. Overpriming and flooding is easy because there are two cylinders pulling air through the same size carb as is used on the single. This creates a rich mixture.

Once flooding occurs in the crankcase the excess oil and gas is sucked into the cylinder where it lodges in the spark plug gap. The plug can't fire because the oil is a better insulator than air. In addition the transfer ports in a twin have a low spot where excess oil and fuel can collect. Don't forget to check the screen between the crankcase and transfer ports in a twin. This could get plugged with oil residues.

Another factor which affects starting a twin is the relative lack of flywheel inertia. While the one flywheel weighs as much as two RO flywheels, it is smaller and has less inertia. The compression forces are twice as much. If, when cranking, the timing is retarded too much the flywheel cannot carry the pistons up over top center again. If the timing is advanced too much, the engine can fire and simply stall in place.

So the RK has worse gas flow and less flywheel compared to a single and this tends to make it more intolerant of poor starting techniques. One way to learn the starting technique is to start your RK engine every few days and warm it up. Use the identical technique each time and change only one thing at a time. You may need a dozen plugs before you are done, but it will pay off in the end.

Starting a four-stroke engine is simple for those old enough to remember manual-choke automobiles. Pull the choke out, open the throttle slightly, turn on the ignition, and crank it over a few times. If it doesn't start, open the choke half-way and try it again. This procedure gets some raw fuel into the intake manifold and cylinders. In cold weather it is necessary to wait for a moment after choking so that some of the fuel can vaporize into a combustible mixture. If you flood the engine from excessive choking and cranking (and maybe forgetting to turn on the ignition) simply open the choke all the way, open the throttle all the way, and crank it for five seconds. If it doesn't start, wait fifteen seconds and do it again.

Back to Good ol' Charlie's car. Part of his problem is due to all of the improvements he has made. A 10 to 1 mix of mink oil in avgas with a little benzol for stability, his special aircraft sparkplugs which he cleans and re-installs after each run, his megaphone exhaust system, his special secret timer point adjustment, and the eight layers of shiny aluminum paint on his coil all contribute.

Few things in life are more satisfying than returning your motorcar to the factory specifications, and having it start and run perfectly after that.

WHY WON'T IT RUN ... STRAIGHT?

By Dick Ray

Did you ever wish that you could run on good rail so that your car didn't lurch back and forth? Maybe it's your wheels and not the rail. As it turns out, wheel contour is more important than rail contour. Worn wheels won't track well anywhere.

Several years ago we ran an article on measuring wheel contour and another article on alignment. Since that time the number of operating motorcars has tripled and few owners recognize when the wheels are worn out. There is a simple way to judge wear and contour.

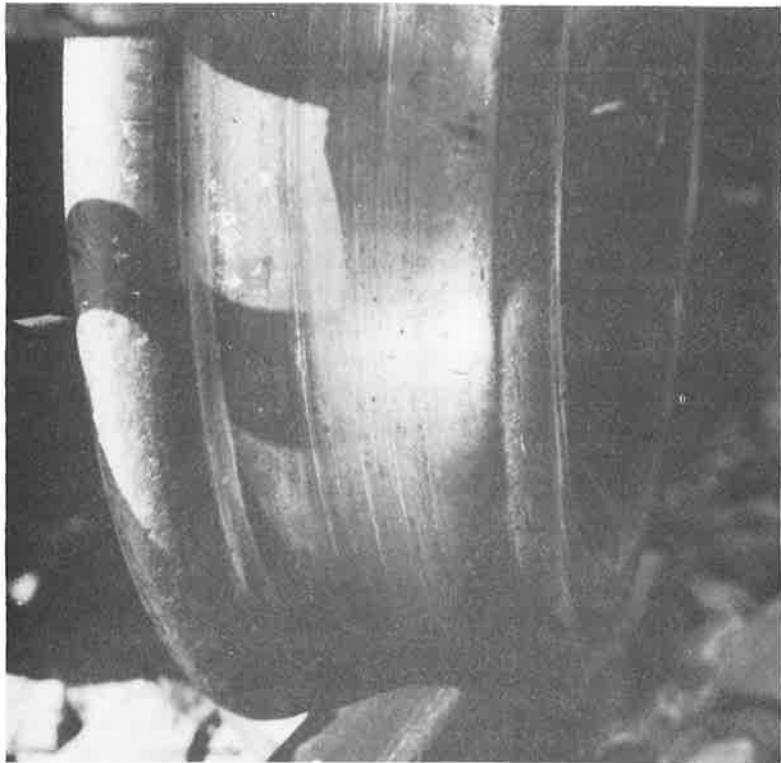
At the BR&W meet last summer, I photographed my own front wheel which has more than two thousand miles on it but still tracks well. The two photos on this page show a good wheel and a worn wheel. I'm not sure how well they will print, but I will explain what to look for.

The photo of the good wheel shows a shiny stripe on the flange, then a rusty stripe on the tread next to the flange, and finally a shiny surface on the outer half of the wheel tread. This does not mean that the car has narrow gauge--it means that the tapered tread is guiding the car properly and the wheels are not moving back and forth across the rail much.

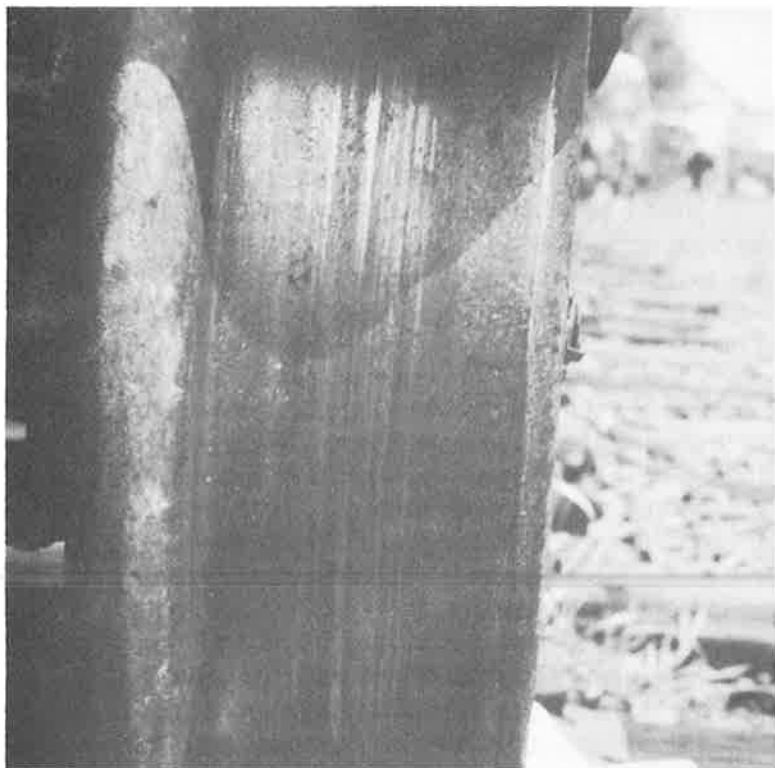
The other photo, of a worn wheel, shows that the wheel is shiny all the way across. This comes from the wheel moving back and forth across the rail. Having ridden in this car I can attest that it does not track well on straight track or curves. The wheel is still plenty thick and safe but it will wear rapidly from now on.

An additional characteristic will appear as a wheel wears, and this can be seen in the photo. At the outer edge of the tread a definite corner takes shape where the wheel once was rounded.

This makes wheel inspection as simple as walking around the car and looking for the dreaded totally shiny surface, and the dismaying outer edge corner. If you see these things, maybe it's time for new wheels.



The good wheel . . . it has a shiny stripe on the flange, then a rusty stripe on the inside of the wheel next to the flange, and then a shiny stripe on the outside edge of the wheel.



The worn wheel . . . it is shiny all the way across the wheel, from the flange to the outside edge, and has developed an edge where the wheel was once rounded.

WANT ADS

FOR SALE: Fairbanks Morse Brake Shoes, #MR39626 \$10.00 each. Kalamazoo brake shoes, #23020, \$10.00 each. Contact Dave Rose, 202 Center Street, Elmer, NJ 08318.

FOR SALE: How would you like to build a hand-car? Plans are now available to build a Sheffield 2- to 4-man replica handcar. Send SASE for more info and picture to Bruce Carpenter, 715 W. Pearl, Wapakoneta, OH 45895. Phone: (419) 738-5384.

FOR SALE: Fairmont MT19-A in nice condition; runs good. \$1750.00. Contact Jim Keil, Box 551, Williamsport, PA 17703. Phone (717) 998-9500.

FOR SALE: Fairmont M9 (ex-Southern Pacific), more than one available; Fairmont MT19 (ex-Cotton Belt), good condition; Fairmont A3, good condition. Contact Brett Tallman, 3354 Fuchsia Street, Costa Mesa, CA 02626.

FOR SALE: Low cost gong for motorcars. 8 inch, electircally operated and quite loud. Has 24V solenoid, but does well on 12V. \$19.95 from C&H Sales, 2176 Colorado Blvd, Pasadena, CA 91107. Phone: (800) 796-2628. (Submitted by Ron Zammit).

FOR SALE: Fairmont MT19-A inspection car #203185 (ex ATSF) with trailer. Asking \$2000.00. MUST SELL. Call Robert Hunsberger (215) 489-1426, or write at 397 W. Ridge Pike, Limerick, PA 19468.

WANTED: Fairbanks Morse Model 40B motorcar to purchase. Contact Robert D. Bolster, PO Box 686, Elkton, KY 42220. Phone: (502) 265-5356.

FOR SALE: 1984 GMC 3500 with Fairmont 0307 hyrail gear. Good overall condition. New brakes, shocks, exhaust, battery, water pump, belts, hoses, oil and antifreeze, tuneup. Rubber covered steel wheels, derail skids, rail sweeps. Automatic, 350 CID V8, PS, PB, dual fuel tanks, pintle hooks, backup alarm and light, auxiliary driving lights, spotlight, revolving light, and RCA two way railroad radio. \$3000.00. Can deliver within 250 miles. Phone: (609) 641-2594. Jeff Ciccone, PO Box 431, Absecon, NJ 08201.

FOR SALE: Fairmont S2, open car. \$1500.00. Bernie Hauck, 156 Lafayette Street, York, PA 17403.

FOR SALE: Nolan TS-I break apart railcart. 5 inch steel wheels. Very good condition. \$200.00 or best offer. Can deliver within 300 miles. Gene Tucker, 1004 North Kentucky Street, Arlington, VA 22205. Phone: (703) 533-0433.

FOR SALE: Fairmont O.D. Aluminum connecting rod cap or cap and rod. (916) 453-1807 evenings only. John Black, 3411 Kroy Way, Sacramento, CA 95820.

FOR SALE: MT-19A #1934 from Union Pacific in good condition with Onan 2-cylinder, air-cooled engine, 2-speed transmission, floor-mounted clutch, head/tail lights, reverse gear with lamp, chain drive, new flange brakes, new paint, twin seats and full glass, one wiper. \$1750. (717) 998-9500.

WHO HAS THE RIGHT OF WAY AT GRADE CROSSINGS?

By Joel Williams

In most cases, trains or locomotives have the right-of-way at grade crossings. But what about motorcars? In all railroad rules that we have found, highway traffic must be given the right-of-way by motorcar operators. The NARCOA rule book also states that motorcars must yield to vehicular traffic.

There are many reasons for this rule. Consider that major railroads spend lots of money on programs such as Operation Lifesaver to educate the public in order to prevent grade crossing accidents. Yet motorists still run in front of trains and get killed. Some are inattentive and don't notice the signals, others are scofflaws. Take the woman in New Jersey who drove past four cars and down crossing gates into the path

of a 60 m.p.h. train. Her driving record showed dozens of traffic summons. Those drivers are out there and YOU must watch for them. They won't watch out for you.

Blowing your horn as a warning isn't going to help where poor drivers are concerned. Even private crossings are a danger. These crossings don't have crossbucks or other warning signs. The people who frequently use these crossings are aware of the railroad, but what about visitors, delivery trucks, or those who may be lost?

You must assume that any crossing that exists is used, or it wouldn't be there. Make sure that you have a safe motorcar trip. Don't proceed unless you can see if the crossing is clear and don't assume that every car will stop for your horn.

TWO WORK/RUN MEETS HELD, ONE IN DELAWARE AND ONE IN PENNSYLVANIA

By Gene Tucker

Two railroads in the East hosted work/run meets this Fall. One was a first for the organization, and the other was hosted by a railroad that has cultivated a long and close relationship over the past several years with NARCOA.

The first event was held on the Wilmington & Western RR in Wilmington, DE. This railroad has hosted several motorcar events, work parties, and handcar meets over the years. In addition, several NARCOA members are active volunteers on the railroad. The event was held on Saturday, September 28, 1991, and NARCOA members from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia attended. Our task for the morning hours (after setting on at the NVF factory at Yorklin, DE, about 8 miles up from the interchange with CSX on the line) was brush cutting. The main target for the day was the large number of overhanging branches that needed trimming to permit passage of excursion trains. So, armed with chainsaws, branch lobbers, and bow saws, we set out. Soon, the foliage was dropping and being thrown over the embankment and members kept a cautious eye out for the bees and yellowjackets that definitely regarded the right-of-way as their home, not ours! Following a lunch break at the Mt. Cuba picnic grove (overlooking the mill dam on the Red Clay Creek), we moved further back down the line toward the Greenbank Station, only to meet the Saturday track crew busily installing gauge rods along the curve about half a mile south of the picnic grove. Well, they weren't supposed to be there, and Dave Hope's train orders read that we had access to that part of the line. But,

"possession is nine tenths of the law," the old saying goes, and they definitely had possession. After a short deliberation, it was decided to help the track crew install the gauge rods, in the hope that this would get the work done sooner, and we'd be able to run more of the line. It worked, and soon, we were headed further along the line. Soon, however, we encountered the other part of the crew (who were where they were supposed to be this time), and the same pattern was repeated, with several of the motorcar operators getting their first chance to swing a spike maul (they were pretty good, too). From then on, we were able to run until darkness fell, pausing along the way to inspect the magnificent covered bridge at Woodale.

The other event was held on the Maryland & Pennsylvania RR Preservation Society tracks at Muddy Creek Forks, PA. A young organization (only five years old), it was a first for them, and the first opportunity to run this historic trackage for many NARCOA members. Our task (this was a work/run meet like the Wilmington & Western) was brush cutting, and we succeeded in getting 300-400 yards of track right-of-way cut during the morning hours. After lunch, we ran the seven miles of winding track alongside one of the best trout streams in the State of Pennsylvania (the RR assists the Izaak Walton League and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission by operating trains during the Spring stocking season each year). By late afternoon, we were getting hungry, and someone mentioned that a local church in nearby Gatchellville was holding a turkey dinner, so off several of us went to replenish our tummies. After a marvelous dinner, we reconvened trackside for a night run under the (nearly) full moon. You haven't lived until you've run a winding track by moonlight on a steamcar (we had two there that day).

Our thanks is due to Dave Hope of the Wilmington & Western, and to Jerry McCloskey, President of the M&P RR PS, for hosting these events.

THE SETOFF

Box 82, Greendell, NJ 07839

POSTMASTER: IF UNDELIVERABLE, PLEASE RETURN TO SENDER.