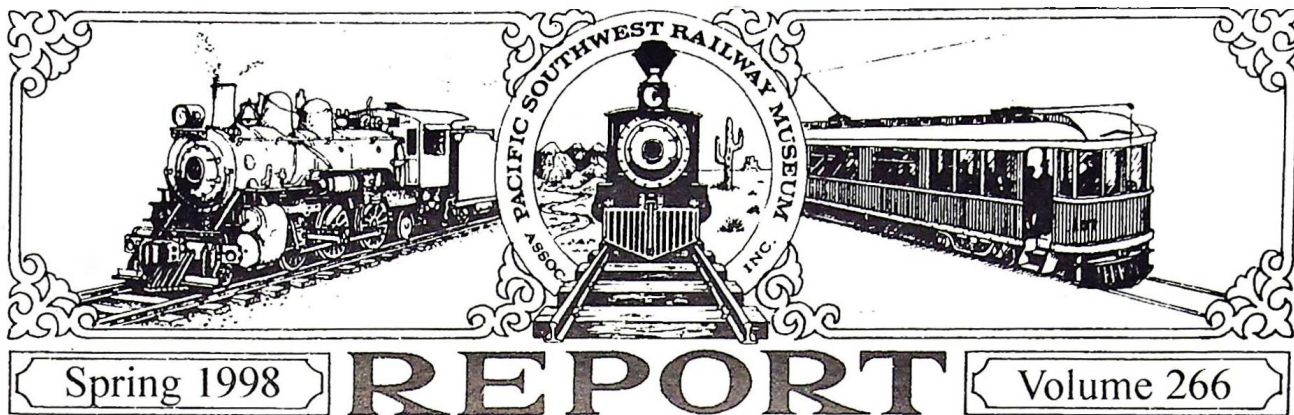




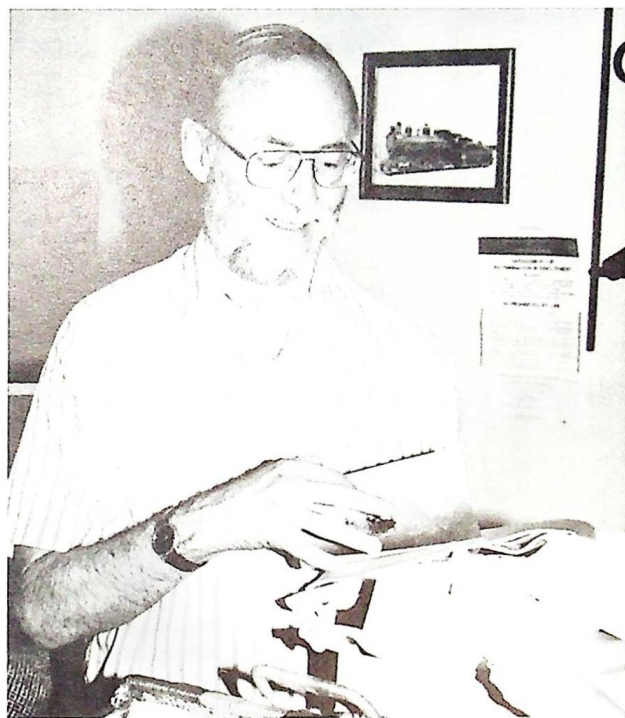
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE PACIFIC SOUTHWEST RAILWAY MUSEUM ASSOCIATION
 --OPERATING THE SAN DIEGO RAILROAD MUSEUM AND THE SD&A RAILWAY--

From The Executive Director's Desk

In the first of these columns three years ago, I commented on the enormous potential which I observed the Museum to have. Nothing which I have seen in the past three years has done anything to change that observation, and in fact additional reasons have emerged to strengthen the thought. At the same time, major problems and obstacles loomed large three years ago to thwart any realization of that potential. The organization was in severe financial crisis and lacked a cohesive method of operating as one unit. We have seen progress in these areas, due to the efforts of many people within the leadership of the Museum. The financial situation of the Museum is now stable, and we are just successfully completing our second annual audit.

The audit base allows us access to funding sources which will only donate to fiscally responsible organizations and gives us the internal security of knowing that our funds are being handled in an accountable manner. As well, the Museum is more cohesive, has a much higher profile in the community and is achieving recognition as an agency with integrity and with an important contribution to make in our larger community of Southern California and Baja California.

On April 15, I announced my resignation effective as of June 15, as many of you already know. I am moving to semi-retirement, but will maintain a consulting relationship with the Museum until the end of the year. For me personally, it has been a special experience, and although the hours were much too long and the days too short to achieve everything which needed to be done, the rewards from accomplishing some very significant things were personally gratifying.



It will now be the turn of another to fill the post. If I were to share the benefit of my experience from having been intensely in the middle of things, I would note the following:

1. The Museum should not worry about operating vs. "authentic" presentations of rail history. Our operating ability is the envy of museums with more static kinds of subject matter. Our operating trains are by far the best way to be a museum. What we lack is a more comprehensive interpretation to accompany our demonstration of rail history.

2. Our past financial survival has depended on the Miller Creek trains. Our financial future depends on the Tecate trains. At the same time, the Tecate community is



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building its future on its unique character as a colonial Mexican city located on the border. This means a common interest in presenting a historical message, which harmonizes perfectly. We are partners with Tecate in a special kind of tourism. Our focus needs to be on building the Tecate trains to the kind of ridership enjoyed by other railroad museums of our size (70,000 to 200,000 per year instead of our 25,000 for all trips), in cooperation with the leadership in Tecate. Tecate trips can do that if we concentrate on that aspect, clustering the rest of the Museum's interpretive functions around Tecate.

3. The Museum's future is also at Campo. Our Campo site looks neglected and forlorn all week long (and weekends it could still use some sprucing up, although the volunteer efforts to improve the look of the grounds has made a big difference). People relate to the Museum because of what it does at Campo, and the Museum will never be a big success unless it also concentrates on what it does at Campo. We need to be open at Campo every day: the tourists and enthusiasts flock there all week long even though we advertise that we are closed. Successful rail museums and tourist trains generally operate daily even if some operate out of necessity on a seasonal basis. We can never succeed if Campo is primarily a place for us to play with trains and is operated primarily for our convenience.

4. If there is one word which is crucial for the future of the Museum it is the word "focus." I remember Jim Friedlan pointing that out almost three years ago at a board meeting, and it still remains the crucial word. If we try to do everything and do not set firm priorities, we will do everything very badly if at all. If we try to acquire everything, we will end up irresponsibly letting priceless artifacts rust to death; if we choose some and deaccess others, we can have a smaller but beautifully restored and maintained collection. If we try to have major operations in San Diego, Campo, and the South Bay, we will have shoddy operations in all places; if we can focus on one and let the others go, we will have a Museum we can all take great pride in. I wish the Museum well for the future, and hope that I can be a part of future successes as well, even if in a less intense position.

Win Mott

GETTING INTO TRAINING

Become a part of our all-volunteer train crew!

The entry position is that of Trainman (including women). We run the classes for this position through Cuyamaca College. They have just confirmed the dates

of the Fall Trainman's Class: Sept. 23 & 30, 6:30 to 9:00 P.M. at Cuyamaca College, and all day Oct. 10 at Campo. If you live in the Grossmont-Cuyamaca College District, look for the fall PREVIEW of Community Learning Classes in August. If you didn't get a PREVIEW, contact the Museum Training Officer, Jim Baker at 619-670-7441 or jimbaker@cts.com.

Words From The Museum President

By now most of you are aware that our Executive Director, Win Mott, is retiring on June 15. Fortunately, Patricia Blackmore, our Marketing Director and assistant to the Executive Director, has the qualifications for the position. Pat has over 15 years of diversified experience in management, administration, supervision, sales, operations, customer service, contract management, budgeting and business management.

She started and managed a successful marine survey towing and salvage company. She successfully bid and managed large government contracts with Military Sealift Command, completing those contracts on time and within budget. She developed business plans, budgets, business goals and objectives including policies and procedures for the company.

Her duties and responsibilities at the San Diego Railroad Museum have included maintenance of membership database, bookkeeping, bank reconciliation, accounts payable, accounts receivable, sales and marketing as well as office management. She has been instrumental in the production of newsletters, increased ridership and enhanced membership services.

Based upon her performance and work experience, the Board of Directors overwhelmingly appointed Pat Blackmore as Executive Director for the San Diego Railroad Museum to replace Win Mott.

We anticipate some exciting challenges in the forthcoming months and are quite confident that Pat will effectively accept these challenges and bring them to a successful resolution.

On a personal note, I am particularly pleased to have the opportunity to work with Pat and look forward to a very exciting and productive year.

On behalf of the Board of Directors, I wish to thank Win Mott for his services to the Museum and the best of luck and enjoyment in his retirement.

Glenn Reiter

Donations

Next time you get a chance, check out the Robert Peary's new gallery and bathroom floor, courtesy of Tom McVeagh and his All-Brite Carpet Company who donated and installed the floor. Great job under hot, cramped and difficult conditions. Thank you Tom. It looks great!

Ann McVeagh

Annual Dinner and Awards Night

The Museum held its annual dinner March 19 at the beautiful Bali Hai Restaurant on Shelter Island. With the spectacular view of San Diego as a backdrop, the guest enjoyed a gala south seas evening, attired in hawaiian outfits, complete with leis and tropical drinks. The buffet was delicious, the tables all had a great view and everyone enjoyed the evening. Thank you to Larry Baumann and his staff at the restaurant, they made it all so easy.

Dinner was followed by a terrific program starting with a "State of the Museum" address by Board President Glenn Reiter ("We're doing well.") followed by Paul Desrochers, Executive Director of National City's Community Development Commission. Mr. Desrochers discussed the City's beginning restoration of the old National City Depot and the history of railroad development in the South Bay. His talk was followed by a great slide show by Bruce Semelsberger on the same subject. All very interesting for us, especially the Depot project. If you are in the area, stop by and see the work in progress.

Finally, to the awards! This year we had a new category of awards The Eager Beavers, those new volunteers who had jumped in with both feet, ready to help: Rod and Alma Gilbert, Beverly and Herman Hodges, Stephen Kostelak, Diane Roberson, Bob and Betty Schussler and Sue Ann Taggart.

Silver Spike Awards went to Alan Dillane and Lew Wolfgang for their many and varied contributions to the Museum. Breaking tradition, our two top Directors received Gold Spike Awards: Rich Borstadt, for his many years of work heading up the interpretation, or services, side of the Museum. The side responsible for all public interface with all of us and to Denby Jones, for all of his years of hard work keeping the wheels running and the mechanical side of the Museum humming along so we have cars and locomotives for the public we serve. And last, the big award, Rail Fan Of The Year, which this year was awarded to Jim Baker, for his many accomplishments, not the least being his excellent training program. Congratulations to all of these hard-working ladies and gentlemen. Thanks from all of us for your much appreciated contributions to the Museum's mission.

Many people helped with the Annual Dinner, both with services and time. Special thanks to Pat Sainz at the Family Resource Center in National City for the invitations, to Laura Meadors of Ocean Beach for a myriad of

things with which she helped. Thanks also to Rita Cloud for her help with the tables and prizes and to Carl and Tom McVeagh for their varied and helpful assistance. Thank you all!

We would also like to thank and recognize Lemon Grove Plating which, for the last two dinners has done the plating of the spikes; Goulet Industries for the plaques, also for two years running and to Lico Orchids for the flowers. All of these fine businesses provided their services to us at a reduced cost which was more than generous and thanks again to the Bali Hai Staff. Thanks to everyone who came and made the evening a success. We had a wonderful time!

Ann McVeagh

Burning Tree Takes Over Gift Shop

Jim Buel and his "Burning Tree" restaurant in Boulevard have taken over the responsibility of running the Campo Gift Shop and of providing on-board train services and catering.

Jim is a railfan and has the same goals and desires as we do to see the Museum move into a new era of self sufficiency. Jim also is a first class chef, as is proven by his catering of Win's Hail and Fairwell party and June's Dinner Train. He fired up the stove in #1509 and prepared as fine a gourmet dinner as we have ever seen in Campo!

Lew Wolfgang

Remembering Eric Sanders

Frederic "Eric" Sanders was one of the the founders of Pacific Southwest Railway Museum and the San Diego Electric Railway Association. He edited and published a railroad periodical, *Dispatcher*, and was honored with various awards for his pioneering efforts in railroad clubs.

Eric's father was a Congregational minister born in Scotland. The family emigrated to Campbell Town, Australia, a suburb of Sydney, where Eric was born on March 2, 1914. When Eric was 14, his family moved to San Diego where he attended San Diego High School and San Diego State. He earned a Master's Degree at Claremont College.

Eric joined other early San Diego railfans, including Homer Rydell, Corky and Barbara Thomson, Aylmer Keith, Tommy Mann, Dick Dodge, Lyle Judd, Eddie Junghans, Doug Duncan, John Gorby and Fred Reif, and formed the Pacific Southwest Railway Museum Association in the 1950's. From this organization, came the San Diego Railroad Museum which houses vintage rail cars and steam engines in Campo. Eric held every office the Association had: President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Director, Excursion Director, Newsletter Editor, Historian and Docent. He enjoyed taking photographs of trains, railroads and railway memorabilia. He was involved in the planning and operation of local and Mexican railfan excursions including trips on the Santa Fe branch lines to Fallbrook and Escondido in pre-Amtrak times; between Tijuana and Tecate; several trips over the 36" gauge rails of the U.S. Gypsum

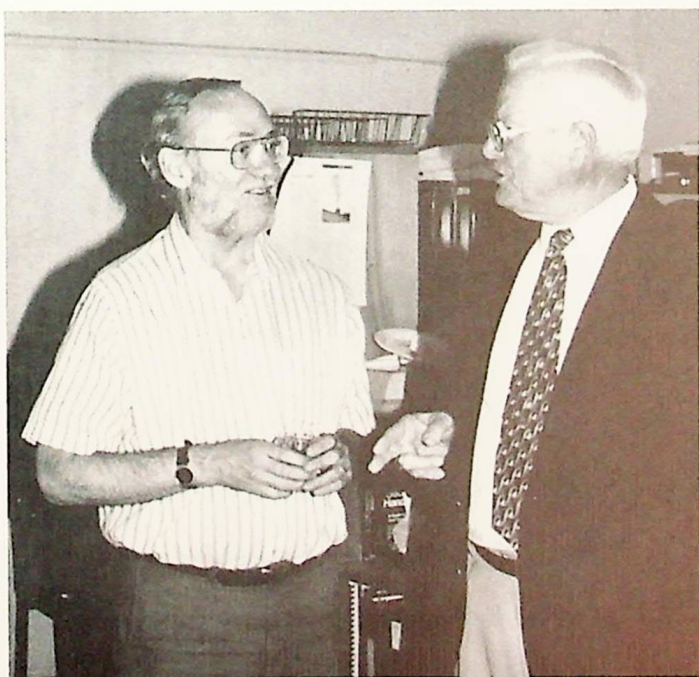
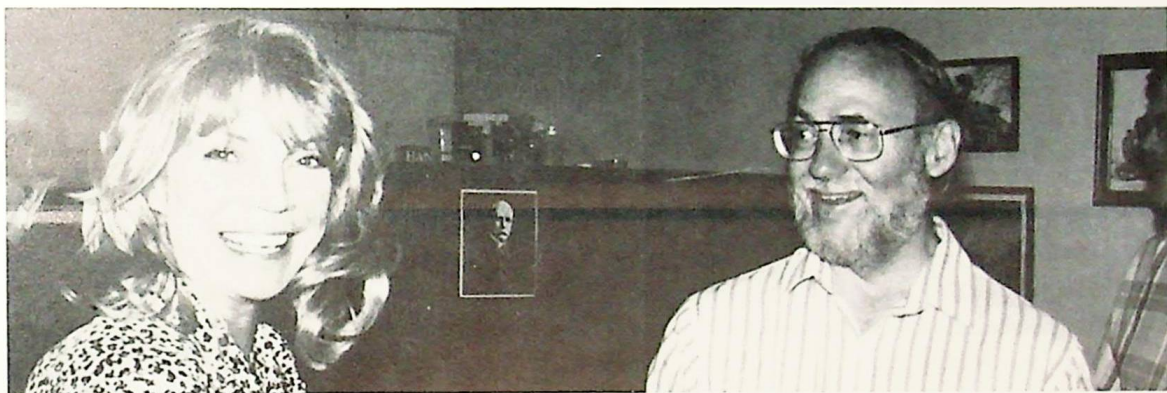
Company's industrial railroad at Plaster City; and many trips on the Ferrocarril Sonora-Baja California between Mexicali, B.C. Norte and Puerto Penasco, Sonora. He also led tours to Copper Canyon and Guadalajara, Mexico on Mexican railroads.

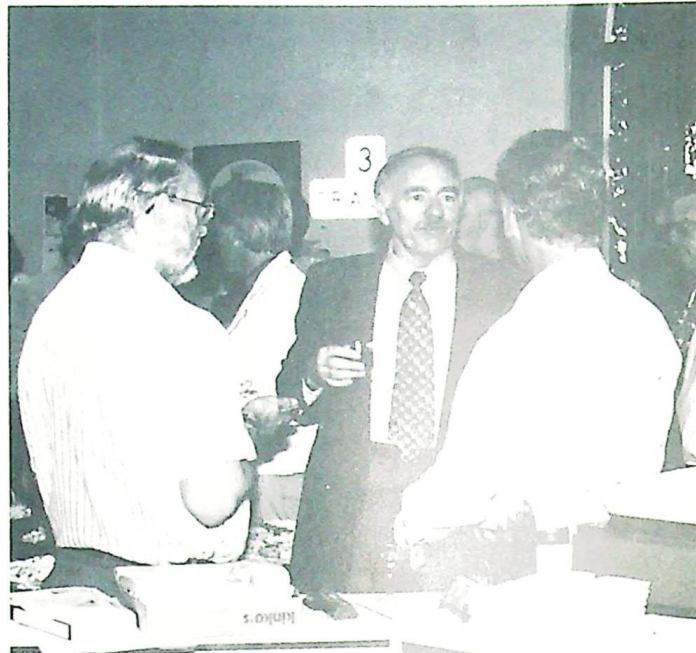
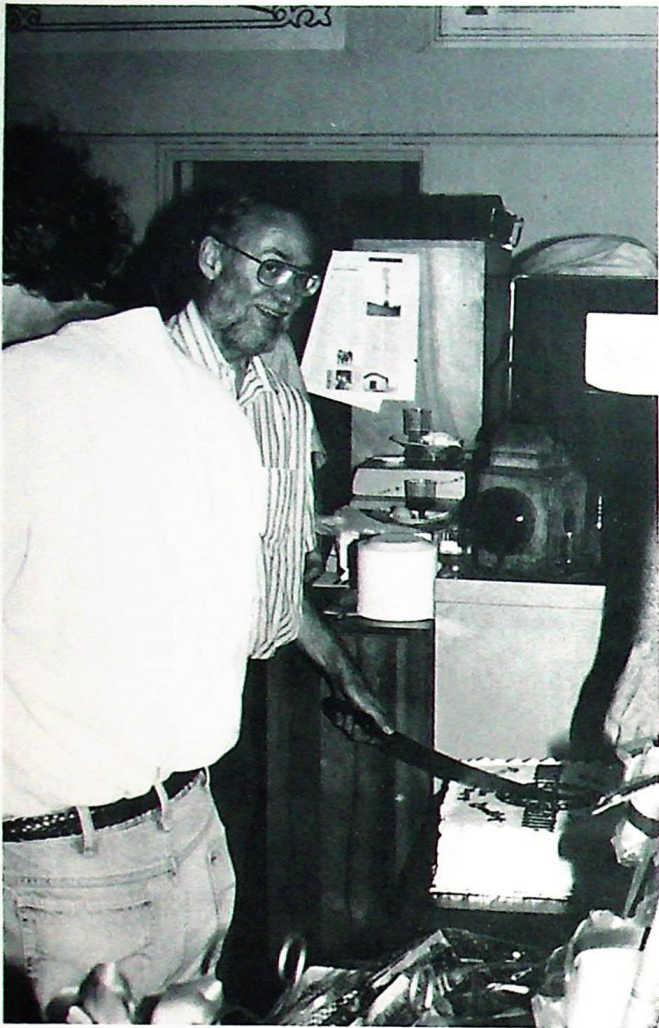
I will always remember Eric when I assisted him on our first trip to Copper Canyon and he was left behind in Sufragio with his son, Paul, and eight other people. They had walked up to the station for coffee and pictures. When the engine came to pick up our car in the yard, it failed to stop at the station because the train was oversold. We arrived in Creel at 5 p.m. and Eric and his second section showed up at 1 a.m. after riding 3 freight trains to catch up with us. Railfan that he was, Eric enjoyed sitting on flat cars with his feet dangling over the side looking down on bridges and tunnels. His only concern was the comfort of his eight passengers, some of whom were elderly and on medication.

Until age and illness forced Eric to take a back seat, he could always be counted on to be close at hand for many tasks, especially historical research, writing, promotion, education, interpretation and other similar activities. He always had a ready smile for everyone and rarely lost his temper.

Eric Sanders died April 8, 1998 at age 84. (Special thanks to Ellen Sanders, Dick Pennick, Chop Kerr and other longtime members for their assistance on this article.

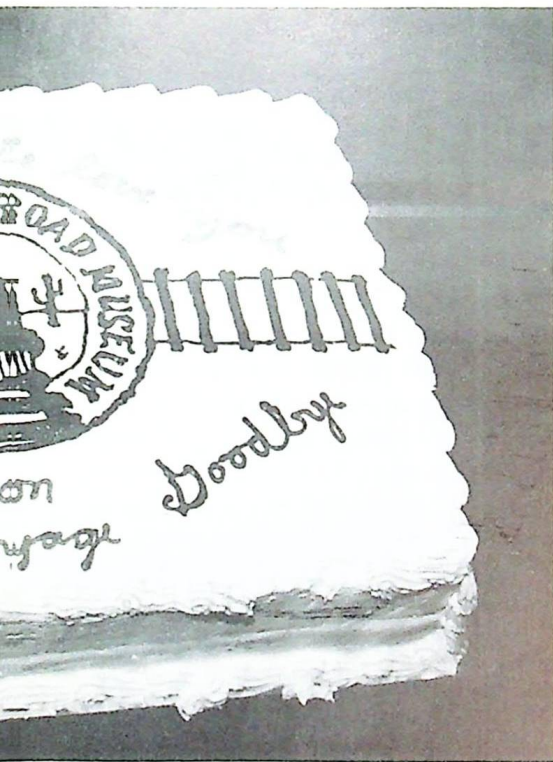
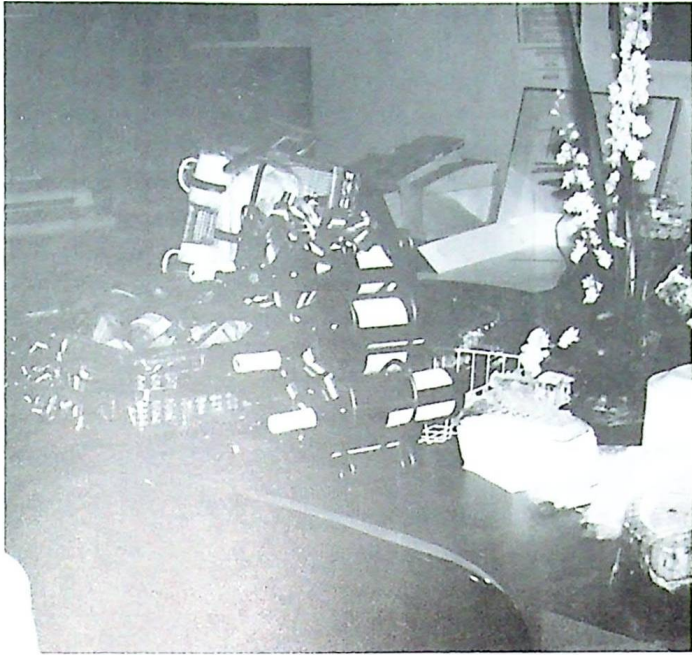
Vernon Cook





Win's Hail And Farewell Party





Photography by Ray Tatlock

Food Donated by Burning Tree Restaurant

Backcountry Background

Part 1

Starting in this issue of the REPORT, I will be running a series of short articles about the SD&A Railroad and the Campo area. Although these are designed to give the Trainmen additional information to pass on to the tourist, I hope it is interesting enough for all to read.

In the following article, Jim Hinds sums up the military events of 1911 that took place on both sides of the border. Keep in mind that the SD&A was under construction at this time between Redondo and Tecate (MP 21 to MP 37). Although there were minor skirmishes during May and June of that year, the railroad was not damaged. This was probably due to the patience and cool heads of those in charge of construction as well as railroad management.

Mike Retz

It Happened In 1911

During the winter of 1910-1911, there occurred an event that foretold a future permanent military presence in San Diego county that remains intact to this day. In March of that year, President William H. Taft ordered the United States Army onto the Mexican border. In response to the president's orders, 20,000 American troops started patrolling the Mexican border between Brownsville, Texas and San Diego. The Army sent a Provisional Infantry Brigade to San Diego County, owing to the fact that the coast artillery troops stationed in San Diego were of insufficient strength to undertake the entire border patrol in San Diego County alone. The Pacific Fleet was massed in San Diego Bay. And a provisional Marine Corps regiment was hurriedly assembled and shipped to San Diego. Though the revolutionary crisis in Mexico that precipitated this movement of troops onto the border would end, and the Army would be withdrawn after only five months on the border, the military would be back to stay in just three years!

In 1910, a revolution, led by Francisco I. Madero, was started against Mexican President Porfirio Diaz. The movement of US troops onto the border was to enforce United States neutrality laws, with the primary objective being to stop the flow of weapons and supplies being smuggled into Mexico from the US. In Baja

California, where the Madero revolution had not penetrated, a revolution was started by Ricardo Flores Magon, whose forces captured Mexicali on January 29, 1911.

The military forces stationed in San Diego in 1911 were both Army and Navy forces. As of yet in the twentieth century the military had not established outlying bases away from the proximity of San Diego Bay. The key Army facility in San Diego was Fort Rosecrans that had been established in 1899, on the 1300 acre 1852 Point Loma Military Reservation. Fort Rosecrans was a harbor defense fort, armed with 10-inch, 5-inch, and 3-inch Seacoast guns.

Directly across the channel from Fort Rosecrans, and on North Island's Zungia Shoal Tract, was Fort Pio Pico that had been established in 1901. Fort Pio Pico was the first military facility on North Island and it was armed with a battery of 3-inch Seacoast guns. The fort was a sub-post of Fort Rosecrans. Except for caretakers staying at the fort, soldiers from Fort Rosecrans rowed across the channel daily to man Battery Mead. In downtown San Diego was the venerable old San Diego Barracks, which had been established in 1850. The barracks was also a sub-post of Fort Rosecrans.

The Navy's presence in San Diego in 1911 consisted of two small facilities on Point Loma. The oldest facility was the Coaling Station which was established in 1904 at La Playa, on 360 acres of Fort Rosecrans. The other facility was the Navy Radio Station, Point Loma, which was established in 1906.

Responding to President Taft's order sending it onto the border, the Army entrained a Provisional Infantry Brigade in San Francisco and hastened it to San Diego. The 1650 man strong brigade was composed of the Army's 8th and 30th Infantry Regiments. Upon their arrival, the troops were deployed to the border where they took up station at Campo, Tecate, Delzura and Tijuana (San Ysidro). Over all, the Army was patrolling the border in San Diego County from Jacumba to San Diego.

On March 24, Magon's forces from Mexicali attacked and captured Tecate, Mexico. During the first day's fighting, an American soldier, stationed across the border in Tecate, California, was shot through the neck by a stray Mexican bullet. The next day, a battalion of Mexican troops reached Tecate and defeated the rebel forces, who then retreated back to Mexicali. From Delzura, a detachment of American troops patrolled southward through the Marron Valley toward the border.

Finally, on May 8, 1911, the rebel army's attack on Tijuana started. The rebel forces, with Mexican citizens in the minority, consisted of radicals, drifters, adventurers and criminals from the US under the command of Caryl Ap Rhys Pryce. Pryce was a Welch soldier of fortune,

who had served in the British Army in both India and South Africa. Pryce's army captured Tijuana on the 10th of May. But in June, Pryce, sensing their cause was lost, deserted his army and in his place an American Marine Corps deserter named Jack Mosby was elected commander of the rebel army. Within Mexico at this same time the political climate had changed. President Diaz had made peace with Madero and resigned the presidency of Mexico. But in Baja California the climax to the Magon revolution pitted Mexican Federal troops against Mosby's rag-tag rebel army. On June 22, 1911, a force of 560 Mexican troops marched northward from Ensenada on Tijuana. Mosby, with a force of 155 men, engaged the advancing Mexican troops on the approach to Tijuana, north of the hot springs. In a three hour battle, Mosby had 30 of his men killed and was put to flight in defeat.

For the American troops on the US side of the border, came the task of taking the surrender of the rebels as they fled unceremoniously across the border to the safety of the United States and interment at Fort Rosecrans.

Following the battle of Tijuana, and with the internal affairs in Mexico stabilizing following the resignation of Diaz, the US started reducing its military strength in San Diego. By the end of July 1911, the troops were off the border. But this five month deployment foretold of what the future held for San Diego. For the Mountain Empire, the year 1911 marked the reentry of the Army into this region of San Diego County following a 35 year absence. In the nineteenth century, the Army had been very active in the Mountain Empire, especially during the pre-Civil period following the Mexican War.

Jim Hinds

Backcountry Background Part 2

We'll do the war years and the transition from the 11th to the 10th and 28th Cavalry. Again, my thanks to Jim Hinds, who allows us to use the information in his book "Military Presence in the San Diego Backcountry". By the way, this and other books on the area are available at the Stone Store.

In addition to their military duties, the soldiers at Camp Lockett found time for other pursuits, some of which brought them in contact with the civilian popula-

tion. In April 1942, the regiment took part in several social events in the Imperial Valley. The most significant were the International Desert Cavalcade at Calexico-Mexicali and the Palm Springs Victory Spring Festival.

While stationed at Campo, Major Kern M. Copeland met and eventually married Dorothy Cannon, and Mabel (Coleman) Moffitt met her husband when he was there. According to Mrs. Moffitt, her husband "used to ride the countryside on maneuvers. On one ride, he saw me and dismounted to chat. Later, a romance developed." No doubt the Copeland and Moffitt stories were the exception to the rule. When compared to the thousands of young men stationed at Lockett, there were simply not enough single women to meet, unless, that is, a soldier wanted to pay for it.

Officially, the Army had a negative view of prostitution, which stemmed not from moral grounds but rather from medical concerns. The spread of venereal disease in the military was such a national problem that Congress attempted to regulate prostitution by prohibiting it within a reasonable distance of military establishments. As with all large army bases, however, prostitution at Camp Lockett was clearly evident. The best known whorehouse in the area was approximately a mile or two west of the camp. According to local sources, the house was not only popular with soldiers but was also frequented by some area residents. Reportedly, on weekends when the demand was the greatest, prostitutes were brought in from San Diego to Campo where they plied their trade under the oak trees just beyond the confines of the camp. Several of the establishments were widely known and well patronized.

In addition to the illegal activities that flourished as a direct result of the base, Camp Lockett afforded other employment opportunities. During the war, hundreds of civilians were employed throughout the camp. Men found jobs as firefighters, custodians and painters. Women were employed as clerks in the post exchange, hospital and bank.

In 1942, the War Department decided to increase the Army's armored and motorized divisions. After only seven months at Camp Lockett, the 11th Cavalry was committed to the new 10th Armored Division at Fort Benning, Georgia. In late June, the dismounted 11th Cavalry started an incremental transfer to Fort Benning. The 11th Cavalry S-2 officer transferred custody of documents and records to an advance party from the yet-to-transfer Headquarters Staff and Headquarters Company, Southern Land Frontier Sector.

The end of the 11th Cavalry's tenure at Camp Lockett signalled the beginning of more dramatic events in the area. Not only did the government have plans to

expand the camp, but the Army intended to station approximately 3,000 black soldiers there. Coming at a time when racial intolerance was the rule rather than the exception, one might expect trouble. In Campo, the reaction to the news was certainly tempered by the fact that there were hardly enough residents to mount any real opposition. Besides, there was a war to be won. One could not discount the fact that the camp was a boon for the local economy. Black or white, the soldiers were using the same green money.

The 11th Cavalry was relieved at Camp Lockett by the 4th Cavalry Brigade, which consisted of the 9th and 10th Cavalry regiments. The 9th, however, was transferred to Fort Clark, Texas, to relieve the Texas National Guard's 112th Cavalry Regiment. On February 25, 1943, the 28th Cavalry was activated; upon being filled with selectees (draftees), the regiment undertook to train its new men. Meanwhile, the 10th Cavalry continued its normal mission of guarding the border, tunnels, bridges and radar sites. It was not until July 24th that the entire 4th Cavalry Brigade was assembled as a unit. General Brown called for a full mounted review.

Camp Lockett cavalymen fought a series of wild fires during the 1943 fire season. These soldiers, along with a force of Marines stationed at Pine Valley, were utilized in fighting four major blazes that ravaged 25,000 acres of the Back Country. The brigade threw its full resources against the deadly 16,000 acre Hauser Canyon fire of 2-6 October, in which the 10th Cavalry lost one man and the Marines lost six. The San Diego Union reported, "The flow of injured into the Camp Lockett Hospital became so heavy that the Red Cross field director sent an urgent appeal to San Diego for nurses' aides, surgical dressing and medicines."

Life as a soldier at Camp Lockett was not all work. The troops were allowed passes for weekend jaunts into San Diego and Los Angeles. Live entertainment was brought to the camp. In 1943, Joe Louis, the heavyweight champion of the world, put on a boxing demonstration for the troops. There were two swimming pools at the camp plus a theater that provided entertainment.

The War Department, foreseeing no need for a cavalry division, decided to convert the 2nd Cavalry division to service units. By January 1944, the War Department was fully committed to shipping the 2nd Cavalry Division overseas to North Africa for disbandment and to using its personnel to form other service units. The 4th Cavalry Brigade was alerted for overseas movement. On January 27, 1944, General Brown relinquished his command; three days later the brigade left by train for Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia, an overseas staging area. The 10th and 28th Cavalry Regiments followed. On February

28 the brigade sailed for North Africa, arriving March 12. There, after being active for more than three years, it was inactivated on March 23, 1944. This also brought to a close the 78 year history of the Buffalo Soldiers, although the name — 10th Cavalry — would reappear many times on into the 1990's. Not, however as horse soldiers!

Saturday Tecate Trips

The Advisory Staff and Board have decided that the time is right of the Museum to set the goal of establishing weekly Saturday Tecate trips. Weekly service is hoped to commence in September and continue on a year round basis. To conserve Volunteers and equipment, it is anticipated that the Saturday Miller Creek excursions will be terminated except on Steam Weekends.

This goal is arguably the most significant event for the Museum since the start of the Miller Creek excursions. Staff realizes that there are many details to be worked out before weekly Tecate ops can proceed, and asks that we all chip in and help with the planning and implementation. Please talk things over with your Superintendents and let them know of your concerns and ideas.

The potential benefits for the Museum are significant if things go well for in this endeavor, let's all pull together and make it work!

Lew Wolfgang

The following article by Michael De Larrabeiti was printed in The Sunday Times 1 December 1991

Romance On The Rails

We sent four of our writers out to report on the world's most luxurious railway journeys. To begin this grand tour, Michael De Larrabeiti gets up steam on the Andalus Express for a stately tour of southern Spain

ANDALUS EXPRESS

The Andalus Express was waiting for me in Seville: 14 carriages in cream and brown livery; a luxury train with furnishing and decor from the 1920s; its technology modern. I caught hold of the brass handrail, pulled myself up the iron steps and went straight into the Belle Epoque.

I had come into the reception car which is also a games room. At the far end were two early arrivals direct from central casting; mohair suits and panama hats. They

sat in dark green armchairs, playing backgammon at a polished table. Half-a-dozen receptionists, in yellow monkey jackets and dark blue skirts, fussed over me, cheerful as sparrows. The Captain of the Train was there, too — a striking-looking woman of 28 — Pilar Rosas Subires. Luxury already, I thought, romance beckoning.

A steward led me to my "suite" in Car Three; along the carpeted corridors there lay a feeling of opulence, the paneling shone and the windows were bright. In my cabin I discovered a shower, a wooden-seated loo, a semi-circular wardrobe, a table for writing and an armchair. Best of all, above the bed that becomes a sofa by day, I found a tiny light like an upside-down ashtray, which switched on when I opened it; I was conquered entirely.

I unpacked and the train moved slowly out of the station, trying hard to pretend it was standing still. I left the blinds up as I undressed and showered, so that I might see the countryside as we set off. We passed Cantilla and Lora del Rio, through cotton fields and orange groves. And then, without warning, we came into a station, bringing a sudden shock to the stationmaster and his wife as my naked body drifted by within a yard or two of their faces. It was time for lunch.

In the restaurant the blinds were half-drawn against the day, and the light that fell from the rosy lampshades warmed the linen tablecloths. There were vases of flowers on the table, and foliage was etched into the plate glass of the doors. There was wood everywhere, walnut and mahogany, inlaid with more flowers and more vases.

An aperitif, and then the menu was placed before me: Cream of Asparagus Soup — Shellfish Mousse — Fresh Salmon and Endive Salad — Squid a la Romana — Galician Pie — Hake with Clams — Veal Scallops in Wine Sauce — Peppers stuffed with Veal — A Selection of Spanish Cheeses — Fresh Fruits — Pastries — Yoghurts Mineral Water — Coffee.

I hesitated about what to choose. The waiters appeared and disappeared like well-mannered ectoplasm, swaying to the movement of the train. They smiled in an avuncular way at my pathetic suggestions: "In this restaurant," they said, "we serve everything that is written; *"mektoub"* [it is written]! They shrugged another smile and poured the wines.

Toward the end of siesta time we arrived in Cordoba, capital of the caliphate. At the station we were met by Enrique, a man who knew his business and how not to hurry. He took us for a wander through the old Jewish quarter, a network of narrow streets and secret patios, their walls covered in flowers. Then to the mosque: 1,000 red and white Moorish columns striding away forever in all directions — red for power, white for

wisdom — a marble forest with pools of gloom.

After dinner that night the company moved to the bar car for liqueurs; an international group: Spaniards, Americans, Belgian, French and English. As we drank, we discovered that the train carried its own minstrel, a large and mournful-looking man named Pedro. He took his place at the Yamaha Clavinova, stately at first, but then, as he played, his face and his voice began to reflect an increasing and painful passion. He stood and danced to his own music and sang of the pangs of love. Moved, I danced with a tall and distinguished lady called Judith, who was kind enough not to notice that I was dancing a rumba to her cha-cha-cha. In my crumpled linen jacket I was a villain from Agatha Christie, an outcast of the Orient.

"But the Andalus is better than the Orient," said the Captain of the Train, "because, you see, we stop along the way, and you can visit such wonderful things. This is a cruise. And we have air-conditioning and hot-water showers, two whole carriages of them."

The Andalus went gently on towards Granada. Gently, because it had no schedule to meet; it, and all its passengers, had disappeared from the timetable. It could glide on, if it wished, or spend its time loitering along deserted lines. Scott Fitzgerald in my cabin, I turned out the lights and sat up late, my last brandy on the table, swirled in its glass by the movement of the train. There was a three-quarter moon, modest behind the clouds. I opened my window for the noise of the wheels, the drift of the wind and the scent of the flowers. Shapes of trees and bushes went by, leapt over by the light from the bar car. In the stations, when we stopped, there were mysterious trains from Algeciras, smelling of hashish and garlic, and in their dark compartments cigarettes gleamed red out of the black.

Paco was our guide for Granada. It was a warm day, but the sky was low with grey cloud. Paco scowled. "It is not very Catholic," he said, "this weather." Paco was a philosopher with knowledge always ready on his tongue.

"The walls of the Alhambra are blank, ugly even; like tents around an oasis, looking inwards to beauty — the water and the green of the trees. For the Moors the gardens of the Generalife were an idea of paradise: roses and fountains, shining foliage and the scent of flowers evaporating between the cypresses. The Moors said that there should be three sounds in your life — the voice of your lover, the splashing of water and the clink of gold." Paco twirled his walking-stick and added some wisdom of his own "If you die without seeing the Alhambra, you may count your life lost. If you have seen it, you may die content."



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ANDALUS EXPRESS (continued)

That afternoon we were in Malaga and then on overnight to Seville, arriving there in the hours before dawn, the circle completed, returning to a place where station announcements are made for ordinary mortals, and times are kept, more or less. It was not easy, after breakfast, walking down the platform and back into the world; cold out of the cocoon. But on the other hand, there was a certain relief. Taking the Andalus is a restful and gloriously self-indulgent way of stealing a glimpse or two of a magnificent country. In a sense, the trip is not real, but it is none the worse for that, for it is not meant to be. Those two nights and three days are just about right; any longer might be bad for the moral fibre — whatever that is.



A Letter From A Thankful Rider

To all of the people on the train ride from Campo to Tecate, Mex. and return on March 15, 1997.

I am enclosing 3 pictures of myself and the wonderful people that helped me with my very heavy electric wheelchair, they picked it up and put it in the baggage car and me and my K-9 dog "Cali" traveled in style and did not consider ourselves baggage.

One of the gentlemen even drove his new pickup truck from Campo to Tecate so that I would be able to go downtown and shop and sightsee. I don't remember their names but they all know who they are and a great big vote of THANKS go to all, they went farther than the extra mile to make this trip a nice experience and the Museum is very fortunate to have people like that helping them. They just don't make 'em like that anymore.

Thank you again and again to all. You may keep the pictures.

V. G. Ward, Chula Vista CA