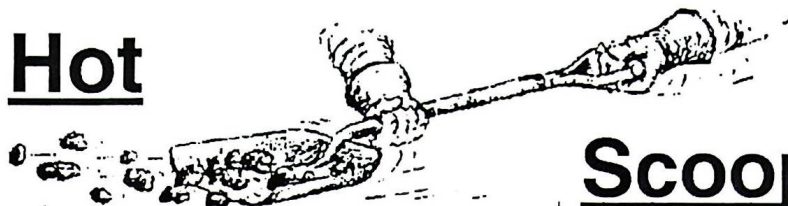


Hot



Scoop

A publication dedicated to the volunteers of the San Diego Railroad Museum

July, 1994
VOL VI NO VII

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DIRECTOR OF CAMPO OPERATIONS

Denby Jones

We are into the summer months, as all that have been out to Campo lately can attest to, and along with them the summer heat. We can make jokes about "beating the heat" or what ever, but the fact is it is here, we can't "beat it", we are going to have to work with it. Don't fool yourselves into thinking that you are immune. this last Saturday (June 25) during the Tecate trip five (05) people collapsed from heat exhaustion. Thanks to the efforts of Maryanne Thompson, who was working the Perry and is a Registered Nurse, all made it back to Campo even though one person had to be transported to San Diego by ambulance. If she had not been there to assist I have no doubt that at least one of our passengers would have died. One of our Steam Team members became ill while working on 2353 in the sun.

So what can we do? Well the first thing is to force fluids. As good as as soft drink tastes, there is nothing like plan water, and large quantities of it to restore your bodies fluid balance. If you want something sweet, try Gatorade. It will replace some of the body's salts. Wear loose clothing, giving the air room to circulate, and above all wear a hat to protect your head. The term "frying your brain" in this case is no joke. Keep an eye on your co-workers. If they show signs of dizziness, or loss of coordination get them into the shade, get fluids down them, and cool them down. think about the possibility of re-scheduling your work hours, maybe starting early when it is cool, taking a break during the hottest part of the day, and continuing later into the evening. Train crew, ensure that each car has a supply of water and cups for the passengers. Watch your passengers and each other for evidence of heat exhaustion or heat stroke.

See you all at Campo,
Denby

OPERATIONS DEPARTMENT

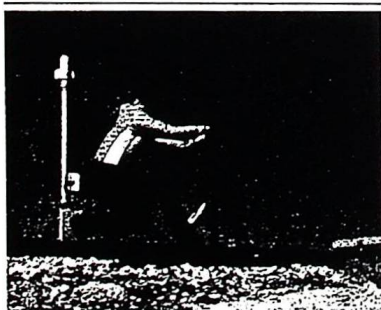
Maryanne Thompson

The ridership total for the month of May was 2,632 including school days and Legacy Ranch trips. Thanks to all of the crew members who help to keep the trains rolling. As usual, there are openings on the Call Board. Please fill in the blanks when you can.

Along with crew help, we need help with the weeds!! In order to continue with our operation, we must clear the line and the yard area. If anyone has any time at all to help with this project, please come on up to Campo and dig in!! If you need any guidance, please contact Michael Reneau at 466-5402 and he will get you going in the right direction.

Now onto a lighter side. I've been talking to a few people recently at Campo and found that one thing that has been missing has been any kind of get together for all of the volunteers. Well, mark your calendar! On Saturday, July 30th we're going to have a pot luck barbecue at the end of the day in the Depot area. Anyone who wants to join in is invited. This would be a great opportunity for people from all of the departments to get together and meet all of the people you only know by sight. We'll start the festivities after the train is put away, about 4:45 p.m. or so. Nancy Boggs and I will be trying to organize this. We're asking that everyone chip in \$2 to help cover the cost of hamburgers and hot dogs and that everyone bring a side dish. If you have any questions or want to know what you can bring (so that we don't have 17 dishes of potato salad) please give me a call at 443-4418 or Nancy at 789-4210. If you plan to attend, please let Nancy or I know by July 25th so that we can plan for enough food for everyone. I look forward to seeing you there!!

As mentioned last month there will not be an Operations Department meeting in July. The next meeting will be in August. If you have any questions or concerns, please contact Superintendent Reneau.



INTERPRETATION DEPARTMENT

Rich Borstadt

CREWS ON SPECIAL EXCURSIONS

It is essential that all trainmen and excursion personnel who have accepted responsibilities as crew members on our special excursion

trains out of Campo arrive well ahead of departure time and on-time for the morning crew briefing at 8:30 a.m. Even if you have worked one or more previous trips for the destination involved (Tecate, Jacumba, etc.), you must attend this meeting. Check in at the Operations Office to sign in and determine the meeting location. The train crew is a team working through coordination between each of its members to give the visiting public an enjoyable and educational experience. Each trip has unique situations associated with it you must know about and you may not be covering the exact same functions as you did the last time. This was very evident on the last two trips to Tecate. As a result, our visitors did not get the service and quality of experience to which they are entitled when they purchase a ticket. When crew members do not arrive promptly at 8:30 and the meeting gets delayed, it backs into the hectic last minute details needed to be accomplished before departure. Things get overlooked, people do not get informed of special circumstances and procedures, and the public gets left standing without information because the individuals needed to serve them in front of the depot prior to departure, are prevented from reporting there on time. We are staging a theatrical event and timing is everything.

Enough said; we must all take our commitments to the Museum seriously, particularly where it directly affects the paying visitor who is supporting our mission by their ticket purchase.

NOTICE TO ALL TRAINMEN/TOUR GUIDES CAMPO GROUND TOUR CHANGES

Because of grading and the soon-to-be-started construction for erection of our new display building, our normal visitor's ground tour route must be altered. In the longer term and starting in the fall we will be using the new trail over Rail Buff Bluff, but until the signage and logistic details for that are in place and an appropriate training session has been attended by all taking the tours, we must begin a simpler short term alternative. Beginning immediately and throughout the month of July all Trainmen/Tour Guides should alter the ground tour routine as follows:

- + There will be no upper grounds tour at 11:00 a.m. Early arrivals should be encouraged to visit the Gaskill Stone Store Historical Museum and we should make them aware of an 11:30 a.m., or before at your discretion, talk under the large tree in front of the depot.

Explain that the upper grounds tour will be conducted at approximately 1:15 p.m. upon return of the demonstration train 2 from Miller Creek when they will have an option of disembarking from the train at Campo Junction in order to shorten the walk in Summer heat.

- + Conduct a short talk under the tree on The Museum, Campo history, the construction of the SD&A and its coming to Campo at about 11:30 a.m. In cooler weather you may want to vary this with a conducted

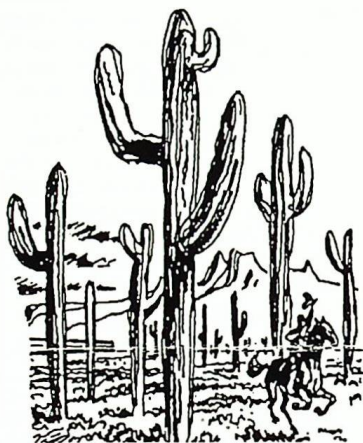
tour along the freight string or the passenger string to the east of the depot if suitable consist is available. Coordinate with the conductor so s/he checks from the door of the gift shop and makes a train boarding announcement just as you finish your talk. That way we lead the visitor from one activity to the next.

- + During the basic safety and general briefing to each car once on board, include a short pre-announcement that the train will stop at Campo Junction on the return trip to enable all those passengers wishing to take the walking tour to detain. The rest of train procedure is unaltered until Departure from Miller Creek.
- + Upon departure from Miller Creek for the return, remind everyone on board that they may join you for the walking tour by getting off the train at Campo Junction. If any have coolers or other bulky carry-on items that they are concerned about, provide them with a tag to be placed on the item and marked with their name. They can leave the item on board and reclaim it at the depot on returning from the walk. (Conductor will determine method of off loading such items at the depot until a standard procedure is decided by the Operations Department).
- + Passengers will off load at milepost 66 and walk across on the trail, through the break in the string on the Museum Main. Trainman/Tour Guide will LEAD them to the road and gather them there before proceeding, emphasizing the "stay with the group" and "watch where you are stepping" messages.

The second trainman or other train crew, if a second one is not available, will guard the rear of the group until clear of the train. At this time the train will proceed back to the depot with those not choosing to join the tour.

- + Tour route is via the road with a pause at the corner of the corral property to explain about the new building construction site and to emphasize staying out of the construction site. DO NOT TAKE TOURS THROUGH THE CLEARED AREA or along the new track 7. This will become increasingly important as activity on-site picks up. In any case, make the stop brief and move on up the road around the east side of the Car Barn, talking about what they can see (steam engine parts which are ideal for a teaser to set up the climax of the tour with the 2353 restoration project, ... wheel lathe and the car barn itself and its history from Gymnasium to Car Shop).
- + Go along caboose row and tell the western railroad caboose story, point out speeders, and for now, the Shay is another opportunity to create anticipation for 2353. Depending on time, you may take the group onto Rail Buff Bluff and give them a little background on yards and ladder tracks or pitch new developments at the Museum in preparation for the 75th celebration in November.

- + The three-way switch makes a good story and then you can bring them back along one of the central tracks on the upper level, talking about whatever projects are visible (1509, bridge crane, Fallbrook cars, the trolley, etc.) Be certain that all tour members remain on the upper level and do not wander down to the construction zone.
- + During your morning check of the upper grounds prior to the tree lecture and first train, you should be certain the doors on the NE end of the Car Barn are fastened open (or arrange to have them open for when the tour passes the area enroute to the 2353 Project area.) Naturally, this will not be possible in inclement weather or if painting or some specific Car barn activity for the day precludes it. You should set this up based on morning contact with



those working in the area.

Once you have the tour group back by the Car Barn, turn them over to a Steam Team Member to brief them on restoration at the Museum, a pitch for membership and becoming active, etc. We will have a canopy in place to the west of the SP No. 2353 locomotive starting in the next week or so, to provide some shade during this tour stop. Identify who the Steam Team member will be for each tour while doing your morning setup trip to the Car Barn and before leaving on the train. BE certain that the Steam team person is aware that their responsibility for the tour group includes keeping them together and walking the last of visitors down to the section house, explaining to the tour members that they should not walk along the depot tracks next to the main, and being certain that they do not do so. Between trains and after the last one, there may be switching or the second train may be departing. We do not want them unsafe near this traffic, especially unescorted.

Once you have turned the group over to the Steam Team on the first train, you should return to the depot, if you are the only trainman, to conduct the before train

short lecture under the tree for the second group at about 2:00 p.m. as described above. If a second trainman is available you will divide the duties between you as always. Once boarding of Train No. 3 commences, you have the added duty of keeping an eye out to warn off any coming back from the first tour who wander near the main independent of or in spite of warnings from the Steam Team member.

- + Train 3 and 4 passengers follow the same basic tour loop as with the earlier group, however you may remain with the group and offer an extended tour after 2353 for those interested, either through the Car Barn or along other tracks, but confining tour traffic to the upper level. For the previously mentioned safety reasons, the Steam Team member should still accompany to the section house those not opting to take this extended tour.

As always, feel free to customize the pattern on your tour to include your own specialty railroad knowledge and interests to the extent time will permit. Make the visit a pleasant and stimulating one for our guests and encourage them to return for future excursions and events, if not as a volunteer.

Please offer your observations or suggestions for making this tour route better. Talk with Mike Retz (466-8808) or Rich Borstadt (544-5875). We will be experimenting over the next few months with this and the Rail Buff Bluff tour patterns, so keep an eye on HOT SCOOP where we will share these suggestions. Also, keep a watch out for notices of special training sessions in late summer or early fall to prepare for the 75th anniversary events and our new Rolling Stock Placement and Interpretation Plan for the Campo facility to be implemented in October.

Thanks,
Rich

TRAINING DEPARTMENT

Jim Baker

Brakeman Training

The new Training Department, headed by Jim Baker, and assisted by Pete Sheakley and Jack O'Lexey are organizing a brakeman's training class. It will consist of four 2-hour evening classes, in town (location tba) on successive Tuesdays: July 26, Aug. 2, 9 & 16; and an all-day session at Campo on Aug. 20. Experienced trainmen may take the class. To enroll, or if you have questions, call Jim Baker at 467-6476 (weekdays, 7:30 to 3:30) or 670-7441 (other times). Get a new Rule Book from George Boggs at Campo Depot (\$12.50) to read through before the class starts. (You can skip Sections 9-13, & 16). A small fee to cover materials will also be charged (we haven't figured out how much yet, but should be on the order of \$2 to \$3). Enrollment deadline will be July 19.

SAFETY CORNER

Lew Wolfgang

Congratulations to Karla Von Huben for winning the Root Beer Of The Month award. Karla correctly guessed the phrase I was thinking of:

THERE ARE NO SHORTCUTS IN SAFETY

It sure is a dandy phrase to think about. I wager that a day doesn't go by where you couldn't apply it's wisdom. Say, I have an idea for next months Root Beer contest: The first person to call me and give an example of how taking a shortcut could lead to an unsafe situation will take home a cold "Dads".



Notary Help Needed

One of my responsibilities is the preparation of a monthly report that is sent to the FRA. The law stipulates that this form be notarized. Up until recently San Diego Trust and Savings Bank donated notary services for these forms. Alas, due to policy changes resulting from the bank's change of ownership, they are no longer able to provide this service to us. So is anyone out there in a position to offer free notary services on a once per month basis? The Museum will be eternally grateful.

Let's not be too hard on First Interstate for changing their policy, here is the story:

Banks historically provided free notary service for their customers even though the notarized object did not concern bank related business. The state of California noticed this and said, "This is unfair! People without bank accounts can't get free notary services!". The State then told all California banks that if they offer free notary services to their customers, they must offer it free to EVERYONE! Even non-customers. Banks obviously couldn't do this, so they adopted the policy of serving only their customers, and only when the service had a direct relationship with the bank's business. San Diego Trust, to their credit, let us slide. And we thank them for that.

SIDE-DOOR PULLMAN

Museum member Randy Houk forwarded this to me for your enjoyment. I think you will like it.

Hi, Lewie.

Here is that story I told you about some weeks ago. It was written by my uncle John, who passed away about 4 years ago. I hope you can use it in the "Hot Scoop."

Randy Houk

John R. Niemi, Jr.

(First Person)

ROUND TRIP IN A SIDE-DOOR PULLMAN

It was eleven o'clock on the night of August 15, 1932. I boarded my first side-door pullman (boxcar) in the railroad yards of Superior, Wisconsin. I had three dollars in my pocket. I was going to look for work.

I did not take a timetable or a map along. This was going to be a projected excursion, with no specific destination. Therefore, a planned itinerary would have been useless.

My arrival in St. Cloud, Minnesota the next morning was without incident. I washed up in a nearby washroom and went into town for breakfast. I had a fine breakfast of hot-cakes and coffee for only fifteen cents.

After breakfast I meandered to the west edge of the yards and caught a west bound freight out of St. Cloud. St. Cloud was a nice town, but there was no work available there, so it was of no use to hang around.

The boxcar I caught was very clean. Grain had been its last content. Most side-door pullmans are clean, they are swept after each shipment. They are roomy, but only as comfortable as one makes them. There are no soft pillows, mattresses or sheets. You use your hat for a pillow and an old newspaper for a blanket. You spread another old newspaper on the floor and use it for a mattress. It's surprising how soft that floor feels when you are dead tired.

I soon learned the fine art of catching and leaving moving trains. Unless one uses great caution in this maneuver, he is apt to lose a foot, leg or even his life. Once on a train, a hobo was hardly ever bothered by the train crew. The hobos numbered so many, the brakemen and the engineers just gave up. The biggest thorn in the hobo's side was the railway detective. He showed no mercy. One had to be of nimble foot to keep away from the "dicks". The first full day out was uneventful. It was warm and pleasant. When I wasn't playing poker (with matches) with some of the other "boes", I would sit on the edge of the boxcar doorway enjoying the passing country side.

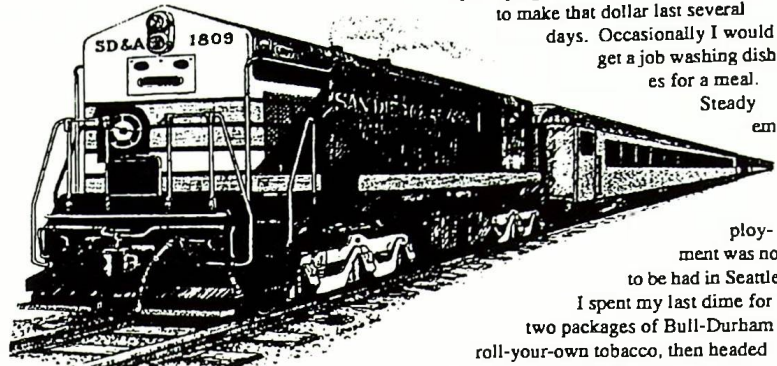
The trains arrival in Bismark, North Dakota late that night went undetected. The local gendarmes must have been busy with more important duties. I was not afraid of the law, I had no reason to be. If it could be called a crime, my only crime was to be out looking for work. A hobo can, however, be jailed on a vagrancy charge. Such a charge would have netted me at least thirty days in the bastille. I was in no particular hurry, but in case no work was to be had, I wanted to beat the oncoming cold weather on my homeward trek.

My supper that evening consisted of two hamburgers with coffee, that set me back another fifteen cents. It wasn't a big supper, but I had to be frugal. I had two seventy left of my original three dollars. This had to last at least another week.

Boarding a west bound freight out of Bismark later that night was a simple matter. There were about twenty five other hobos in the boxcar I got into, but there was still plenty of

room for me.

I bedded down about nine o'clock. The night was very warm, so the doors were left open. With the warm breeze blowing, the click, click of the rails and being very weary, I was asleep in no time. That deep sleep was abruptly interrupted by a sudden commotion. A couple of men had caught a fellow hobo trying to lift them of their wallets. The two men immediate-



ly got the sympathy of the other brothers and they decreed that the culprit get the so called treatment. The thief was stripped of all his clothing except his underwear and shoes. When the train slowed down going up a grade, he was told to jump, or else. He jumped. This is known as the "kangaroo court justice" of hobo travel. At the time I didn't know what the alternative, "or else" meant. I wasn't inquisitive, I thought it best to keep my mouth shut. I did find out years later, though, that the alternative was a cruel beating. A friend of mine had witnessed such an incident.

We traveled westward. Along the way all of us hobos were offered work in the harvest fields by the farmers. The farmers stood on the railway sidings, holding up one finger, indicating one dollar per day and meals, for working ten hours pitching grain shocks. For ten cents per hour, that did not appeal to me, so I rode on. The prairie country gradually evolved into the badlands, then the rolling hills, then finally into the majestic Rocky Mountains. The scenery was beautiful. As we entered the mountains, the engines changed over from coal burners to oil burners. To us, that was a welcome relief. We could now sit on top of the boxcars and really enjoy the mountain beauty, without getting cinders in our eyes. It was slow going through the mountain range. The really bad feature of the mountain trip was the absence of towns. We could not find a place to buy, beg, borrow or steal something to eat.

After leaving the Rocky Mountains behind us, the countryside became a little flatter, but not for long. The long freight train wound in and out of small mountain ranges until we reached the great Cascades. This is where the train switched from oil burning locomotive to electric. We finally reached the eight mile tunnel, the longest railway tunnel in the world. The ride through that tunnel is one experience I will never forget. It was made riding on top of a boxcar. One false move, and oblivion. It

took only thirty minutes to go through, but they were a long thirty minutes.

I arrived in Seattle, Washington on the morning of the sixth day. I had traveled through six states in six days. I still had one dollar in my pocket. I will admit that the hunger pangs had struck more than once, but I just had to make the short funds last as long as possible. I had up to this point, lost eleven pounds.

By sleeping in hobo-jungles, I managed to make that dollar last several days. Occasionally I would get a job washing dishes for a meal. Steady em-

ployment was not to be had in Seattle.

I spent my last dime for two packages of Bull-Durham roll-your-own tobacco, then headed for the railroad yards. One hour later I caught a sound bound freight for Portland, Oregon. I arrived there late the next day, flat broke, and hungry. Up until now, I had paid for everything, but it was going to be different from here on in.

This is where I began talking to myself. "John, sez I, 'You are broke; you haven't found a job; you are hungry; what now?'" "Well now, that's a darn good question John, and it deserves a damn good answer." I sez, "Let's try a little panhandling and see what happens." That was my answer. So John headed for the "silk stocking" district, the district that housed the housewives. You know, it turned out real good. God bless the American housewife. During the ensuing days, I knocked on many back doors, begging for a chance to do some little chore for something to eat. I was turned down only twice. I always offered to work for my food. I painted fences, mowed lawns, chopped wood, trimmed hedges, scrubbed floors, washed windows, hung washing, washed dishes and many small around-the-house tasks.

Portland had no steady jobs to offer, so I had to be on my way once again. A few days later I arrived in Klamath Falls, Oregon about ten in the morning. This is one town I will never forget. At eleven that same morning, a brand spanking new restaurant was opening for business. To advertise, they were giving FREE meals from eleven A.M. to three P.M. I had strolled into town about ten-thirty. I saw two long lines of people in front of the restaurant. Being a curious hobo, I went to investigate. After I saw what was being offered free of charge, I was in one of those lines, tout desuite. One line was for the main meal, the other line was for the soda fountain. Naturally, I was in the main course line. I had a very fine meal, a meat loaf dinner. I was still hungry, the meal was good, but not quite adequate. I came out of the dinner side, and then slipped into the soda fountain line. Thirty minutes later, I was walk-

ing down the street smoking a nice big fat cigar. I had a good dinner, a chocolate malt, and a cigar, without begging for them. Life can be beautiful.

Four hours later I was back in my pullman traveling south towards San Francisco. Before getting to San Francisco, we encountered several small railway tunnels. One of these tunnels was about a mile long. In this, I almost met my maker, along with many other hobos. The engine of the train was an oil burner, it left a very acrid trail of smoke behind it, also in front of the engine. This turnabout was caused by the low ceiling of the tunnel. Riding on top of a boxcar was out of the question, to ride inside one was impossible, all cars were sealed. This situation left a choice of three other places to ride. Underneath the cars (the rods), in between the cars, or on the cowcatcher, which is in front of the engine. I chose the cowcatcher



er with six others. The engineer warned us that we were doing so at our own risk. That warning scared me a little, but then on the other hand, I had done everything so far at my own risk, so why stop now? All of us wet our handkerchiefs for better air filtration. The handkerchiefs were held over the nose and mouth as we proceeded through the tunnel. Then it happened! The putrid smoke curled down in front of the engine after hitting the tunnel ceiling. In spite of the wet handkerchiefs, we coughed, gagged and our eyes smarted. The heat was terrific, but all we could do was to hang on and bear it. I seemed an eternity, but we made it. When it was all over, everybody, including the fireman and engineer had a good laugh over our baptism in Hades. Times were tough, work was scarce and most of our meals were far apart, but somehow or another we had not lost our sense of humor. I arrived in San Francisco safe and sound, but again—hungry. That eternal hunger was always with me. I got lucky, I got a job in a restaurant, washing dishes for a meal ticket. I spent several days there sightseeing, and looking for steady employment. San Francisco

didn't have it, so I hit the road again, this time for Los Angeles, California.

With about three hundred other hobos, I arrived in Los Angeles early in the morning. Not early enough, however, to escape the tough railway "dicks." Of the three hundred hobos, about fifty of them were women, some were married, some were not. The police herded all the unmarried women into one group and hauled them off to the city. They didn't overlook the men either. They caught quite a few, me included. Most of the married couples were able to prove that they were going to visit relatives, so the police let them go. Some weren't so lucky. The cops did not reckon with my determination. Fancy leg work, and my youth were in my favor—there were just too many hobos, and too few cops. I escaped from them, and hiked into the city. I washed up and shaved at a gas station. I also changed into my "city" clothes. I had left home with traveling clothes and more presentable clothing for job-hunting and roaming the cities. The gas station attendant was very kind, he took care of my traveling clothes. I told him I would pick them up in a few days.

As soon as I got into the city proper, I decided to do a little panhandling for money. Being in a big city, a man had to have a little cash. This was a new experience again, but it turned out alright. For about three hours of panhandling, I garnered two dollars. Some of this money I used for breakfast, tailor-made cigarettes and car fare to Hollywood. Like any other "tourist", the trip would not have been complete if I had not seen Hollywood.

I did a lot of job-hunting in Hollywood, but to no avail. I did a lot of sightseeing too. I had the rare opportunity of watching a couple of moving pictures being made. One scene of a picture was being filmed in the Hollywood Legion Stadium. It was a wrestling scene. The movie starred Joel McCrea and Marian Marsh. The title of the picture, if my memory serves me correctly, was "The Sports Parade". I was invited to sit in the ringside section with the regular extras. We were all given cigarettes and told to smoke them fast and furiously to give the picture the smoky ringside atmosphere. For this little chore, I was given a good lunch, and five packages of cigarettes. For a burn, I was doing alright.

I was getting rather tired of sleeping in boxcars and hobo-jungles. I decided on a bold move. I went to the Hollywood police station to ask for a night's lodging in the jail. To my surprise, I got it. The only questions I had to answer, were my age, which was nineteen—home town, Duluth, Minnesota—destination, any town or city where I got a permanent job. At six o'clock the next morning I was kicked out of jail, so to speak. Before I left I asked the morning desk sergeant if another night's lodging would put them out too much. To my surprise again, he said no, but to check about ten o'clock that night to see if there was a bunk available. I went back that night and there was a hunk. Along with this night's lodging I got one helluva lecture from the same desk sergeant that was on the job the previous night. What he told me

made my ears sting, but it was the truth. All I could say was "Yes sir". The next morning I thanked everybody concerned and told them I was leaving Los Angeles as soon as I could get to the freight yards.

Hollywood was full of excitement and fun, but there was no work to be had. Along with the scathing invitation from the police to leave town and the fact that I was no playboy, I had to be on my way. I picked up my traveling clothes from the gas station and headed for the yards. At three that afternoon a hot-shot fruit express was leaving Los Angeles for points east, I wanted to be on it. Using fast leg work, I evaded the yard dicks, caught the express and I was on my way again.

I woke up the next morning somewhere in the desert and it was hotter than Hades outside. I didn't notice the heat at first, as I was in the empty ice compartment of refrigerator (reefer) car. The car was loaded with lemons. I poked my head out of the reefer hole and the desert air hit me like a lick from a blast furnace. That was enough, so I stayed in the ice compartment until the train pulled into Indio, California.

The train stopped at Indio for water and re-icing of the other reefers. This gave me a chance to get out and stretch my legs. There were a few houses near the yards, so I went out to try my luck at panhandling again. My luck was good. I got two nice roast beef sandwiches and some sugar. On my way back to the train, I picked up a discarded coffee can. I was about to have some lemonade with my sandwiches. I crawled back into the reefer hole to steal a couple of lemons. The opening between the ice compartment and the lemons was small, but I had a small hand, I got the lemons. I filled the can with ice-water. That completed the ingredients for my lemonade.

Empty reefer compartments were at a premium on the fruit express when it left Indio. I got company in my compartment. Three other "boes" joined me. The four of us slept in the three by seven foot space, smelling each others stinking feet until we pulled into Yuma, Arizona. Here I got out of this reefer hole.

The southern route is a starvation trek due to the sparsity of towns and the increasing number of hobos. Here the housewives were slightly disgusted with the hobo. I couldn't blame them. Arizona was left behind like a dirty shirt. El Paso, Texas was next, and it was no better. No work there, either, but the housewives were better. I spent one day there and I was well fed for the very little work I had to do. One housewife even fixed me a box lunch, which lasted me until I got into Tucumcari, New Mexico.

In Tucumcari I was treated to quite a dinner. I panhandled a Mexican family. I sat at their table, and they passed the food, so I heaped my plate. I took my spoon and began to eat what I thought was stewed tomatoes, but gulped a mixture of hot Mexican chili instead. The tears streamed down my cheeks, but I kept on eating. The Mexican kids and the old folks roared with laughter. I finished the meal, however, and thanked them for the hospitality the Mexicans are noted for.

Kansas City, Missouri was next, then Des Moines, Iowa. Both cities had the same coldness about them concerning work, so I spent only one day in each city.

I was now heading due north and the weather was getting colder, especially the nights. I missed the fruit express out of Des Moines for Minneapolis, Minnesota. The only quick way out now was to catch a freight of oil tankers. I had had some rough rides during the course of my excursion, but the ride on the oil tanker was by far the most miserable. The only place to ride on an oil tanker is on the twelve inch running board. There are two of these boards, one on each side of the car. The night was cold, rainy, and windy. I lay on my stomach, with my arms wrapped around the running board. I didn't dare fall asleep for fear of falling off. I bounced and froze all night long. I arrived at my brothers home in Minneapolis the next morning looking like a frozen rabbit out of deep freeze, and believe me, feeling like one.

That night I had a hot bath and slept in a soft bed with clean sheets and real pillows for the first time in twenty-seven nights. Tired as I was, I had difficulty in falling asleep. I missed the click, click of the wheel against the rail.

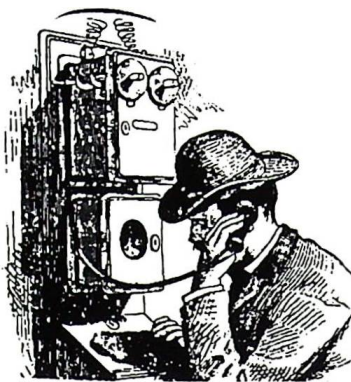
After a few days of rest, my brother gave me railway fare to Duluth. I had left the Twin Ports as bum in a side-door pullman, and arrived back as a bum in a real pullman car.

I arrived home on September 15, 1932, exactly one month after departure. I had lost twenty-three pounds. I can't say whether I was any wiser, but it was an adventure that was never to be forgotten. I had been in fifteen states, many metropolitan cities, and countless small towns, hamlets and whistle stops. I did it with five dollars. I did not find a job, but the good Lord knows how hard I tried. I had seen riches that I never realized existed. I also saw such squalid poverty that it made me sick.

Although I had a brush with death, went hungry for many days, and temporarily lost my pride and self respect while compelled to beg, there is not enough money in these wonderful United States to buy an experience like it.

THE END

The Sidedoor Pullman excursion was started in Superior, Wis. Aug. 15, 1932 and completed in Duluth, Minn. (across the bay from Superior) on Sept. 15, 1932. This story was written 15 years later (1947) in San Diego, Calif. by John R. Niemi, Jr.



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Museum Phone.....	697-7762
Business Office, Bobbie Ringersma.....	595-3030
Business Office Fax.....	595-3034
Director of Operations, Denby Jones.....	279-2419
Executive Director, Kay Carter.....	265-7682
HotScoop Editor, Lew Wolfgang.....	553-3106
La Mesa Depot.....	465-8444
Campo Depot.....	478-9937
Campo Car Shop.....	478-9917
Campo Caretaker, Thomas Lee Braginton.....	478-9344
Campo Gift Shop, George and Nancy Boggs.....	789-4210

DEPARTMENT HEADS

Facilities, Steve Wade.....	469-8029
Interpretation, Rich Borstadt.....	294-9321
Research, Bruce Semelsberger.....	264-7262
Chief Trainman, Mike Retz.....	466-8808
Mechanical, Jim Wilson.....	697-9544
Library, Roy Pickering.....	462-3392
Operations, Mike Reneau.....	466-5402
Restoration, Ted Kornweibel.....	461-0098
Safety, Lew Wolfgang.....	662-9019
Steam, Richard Dick.....	276-2222
Training, Jim Baker.....	467-6476

NETWORK NEWS

Subject: Re: Valve gear

Superheated steam locomotives produce maximum efficiency at the shortest possible cut-off needed to maintain speed which means that the throttle is wide open. Even on the 6 inch to the foot scale 2-6-2 that Alex Schneider and my self built (It is also superheated) I can run it smoothly at any desired speed with the throttle wide open and using just the reverse lever to control the speed. Saturated steam locomotives on the other hand have problems with cylinder condensation if the cut-off is set to short. This is due to the fact that when you shorten the cut-off you also admit steam to the cylinders earlier. This causes some compression of the steam toward the end of the stroke and when you compress saturated steam, it turns into water. Since superheated steam can be compressed some without turning into water this compression can be used to advantage to cushion the weight of the reciprocating parts of the locomotive and reduce the stress on the main rods as well as crank and wrist pins.

Roger Mitchell

Subject: Re: need brakes faq

The answer to the question about how air brake hoses stay together is that some times they don't. The hose couplings are made so they are at about a 120 degree angle when coupled together and are made to un-couple when pulled straight. I can remember one time in Loveland, Colorado on the Burlington Northern they had a glad hand (air hose coupling) between 2 cars, on an empty boxcar and the other an intermodal flat, that was hanging a little too low. It hit a rail on a switch and came apart. The train brakes went into emergency. When the slack ran in from the momentum of the cars in back the empty box car climbed up onto the the intermod flat, sans the wheel sets which ran under the end of the flat car, and landed on it sitting perfectly square. That flat and the other flat car that was on the other side of the box car then coupled together. Of course the air hoses remained un-coupled. Now the brakeman soon found the un-coupled air hoses and coupled them and figured his problems were over, but the conductor had done a car count during this time and came up one short! A search of the right of way found nothing. My brother, who is a section foreman for the BN was called out to inspect the track for damage and found none. He did however find a couple extra trucks under the end of the flat car. He then asked the conductor if the boxcar sitting on that flat was it. A quick number check showed that it was. They then un-coupled the flat cars, pried the trucks loose and pushed them off in a near by siding after which they re-coupled the train and sent it on it's way to Denver.

Roger Mitchell

SDRM TimeCard

[illegible]

July 1994

7/5/94 2:31 pm

wolfgang@rigel

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
	4	5	6	7	8	9 0800 Board Retreat
	11 1830 Staff Mtg. SFD	12	13	14	15	16
	18 1830 Staff Mtg. SFD	19	20	21	22	23
	25	26 1830 Board Mtg.	27 1900 Interp. Mtg. SFD	28	29	30 1845 Pol Luck, Campo I
					June S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	August S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

Month view by Calendar Manager

The Hot Scoop
San Diego Railroad Museum
1050 Kettner Blvd.
San Diego Calif. 92101

(July 1994)

