

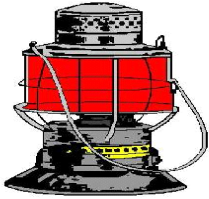


# Pop-Valve

Vol. 53 No. 6

June 2010

Temp. Editor – J.R.Herman



## *Stops Along The Way*

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## *The PopValve*

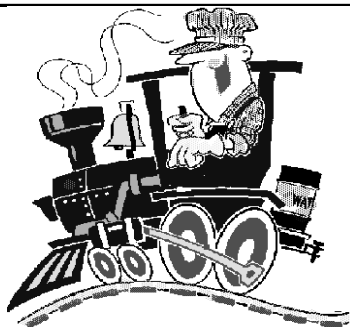
*Is the official monthly  
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On the road again.



## Chairman Letter

## Director Letter June

As I am searching for thoughts for this letter, I thought back a couple years ago, about this time of year and remember a day like today when the sky was full of rain. That day moved us forward with great force. We changed, decisions were made to fix the damage to our track and improve it. That process is still going on. Those changes in the physical plant and the organization are what keep moving us forward. A every successful businessmen man once said, “ There is no standing still, if you are not moving forward, then you moving backwards in business” that person was Joshua Lionel Cohen, the founder of that Train Company. I believe he is right, there is no standing still. Things will past you by.

This month we are going to try a little car switching (train playing) to see how it will go. I am going to take baby steps in the beginning, so people and myself can get a handle on this. We are going to try this during the public run day. I would like not to, but it is the only time that open with enough people and trains to make it work. Radios will be important, we will be switching in the Nebo yard and dispatching from Nebo Station. This is a trial run, so we can make this work during the Dogs Doze Run. It is every important that this a fun time. I do not want this to turn in to a job.

Please remember to email your section gang reports to John McDaniel before the meeting he will greatly appreciate it. The Section signs and posts are ready for installation, please have your up before the meeting. There will two more non section signs used, one will be the highest point on the railroad Summit siding, and a second sign at McCain Station. It would be nice to mark the McCain unloading platform also.

The Crown vetch has been planted on the embankment of Petigo bridge last week. I want to thanks those that came out to help plant. If this is successful I hope to do all the hills next year. See you at the meeting June 19th.

Dave



**Important dates—  
Work days June 5, 17-18 mowing weeds  
and cleanup.  
June 19 Meeting 10:00 AM—Public run 12-4.**

From your President

It seems that I have been running in circles this month while standing still. Sheila has had her surgery and I have been sticking close to the house to help care and support as much as possible. So I have had little time to spend at the track do far this month. I will try to make it down Saturday to help get some more cleanup and mowing done. Health permitting.

Many have been working at the track and it shows, but it is a never ending process to keep up with the maintenance and plan for the additions that we would like to accomplish. I would like to get the route for phase three laid out and marked so that we may begin to think about the ground work that will be required. It is the most important that the ground work be done correctly with the proper elevations and curves set correctly if we plan to have a minimum maintenance set of trackage in the future. The ground work needs to settle for a season before we can begin the final installation of trackage.

We also need to decide on the proper construction, connections and installation of track sections. I have heard several different opinions on these topics and before we begin construction of track sections we need go reach consensus on the procedures.

I tried out the rail bender that was donated to us on both types of rail the old and the new. It seems to work with some effort and adjustments it produces even bends and I think it will help considerably on the curve connections in the future.

Enough to think about now. Please get me or Dave your suggestion on future work and techniques on either Email or paper. So we have something to work from.

John

The Pop-Valve editor request ideas for articles. **I'm looking for members that would like to spotlight their train related projects both in progress and finished.**

Please feel free to **e-mail** or call the with your ideas.

**E-mail –Herjansh@hotmail.com**

## The Lincoln Death Train

retold by S. E. Schlosser

I'd been transferred to the Hudson Division of the New York Central system, and was working the rails on the main line between New York and Albany. I was on the late shift to start with, since I was a bit of a night owl. After six weeks of stomping the tracks and mending the rails, I was feeling right at home. Then, just before midnight on a clear spring night in late April, we got a report of some brush on the track near our station. I was sent out immediately to clear it away before the next train came. I had nearly an hour before the next train, and so I did not hurry as I walked along the rails. It was surprisingly pleasant and rather warm. Overhead, the clouds were obscuring the moon, but the light from my lantern made cheerful glow in the night. Suddenly, a chilly wind swept over the rails with a whoosh, like a wind just before a thunderstorm. It was so strong that it nearly knocked me over. I staggered backward, swearing and wind-milling my arms to try to keep my balance. I almost dropped the lantern, but managed to get my balance just before it slipped out of my hand.

Shivering in the sudden cold, I squinted down the track and saw a huge blanket of utter darkness rolling toward me. It blanked out the rails, the trees, the sky, everything. "Good lord, what is that?" I gasped. I leapt away from the track and started to run back toward the station, but the darkness swept up and over me before I had moved a yard. The lantern in my hand was snuffed out instantly. I stopped, unable to see more than a few paces around me. To my right, the rails began to gleam with a strange blue light. I staggered backwards from the tracks, my pulses pounding in fear and dread. What was going on?

Then the headlight of a train pierced the thick darkness. It gleamed blue-white in the strange black fog, and when it appeared, the rails brightened in response. A huge steam-engine draped in black crepe approached, stacks bellowing forth a steady stream of smoke. The brass on the engine gleamed, and it pulled several flat cars along behind it. I stared into the windows of the engine, but couldn't see any crew. Just at the edge of hearing came the faint sound of music and turned to look at the flat cars behind the engine. I gasped and back up so far that I bumped into the trunk of a tree growing near the tracks. There was a glowing orchestra of skeletons seated in a semi-circle. They were playing a nearly-soundless funeral dirge on glowing black instruments. A violinist played passionately; a skeleton lifted a flute to its lipless mouth; a lone drummer sat waiting patiently for his cue from the skeletal conductor.

Then the orchestra was gone and another glowing headlight pierced the blackness. I was trying unsuccessfully to push my way through the bark of the tree by this time. Another black crepe draped train was approaching. A funeral train, I thought. Again, there was no one manning the engine, and no one appeared on the flat car behind it. The only thing there was a single black-crepe draped coffin. But swirling in the air around the train were the ghostly figures of soldiers dressed in the blue uniforms worn by the North during the civil war. They lined up before my eyes, saluting the solitary coffin as it passed. Some of the ghosts staggered under the weight of their own coffins; some limped on one leg or sat in a wheeled chair, legless. Their eyes were fixed upon the flat-car and the black-creped coffin. Then they were joined by soldiers from the Southern army, and all these lads saluted too, honoring the one who had fallen.

That's when I knew what I was seeing. This was the funeral train of Abraham Lincoln. I straightened up and saluted myself, having done my bit for the North many years ago. The steam train moved slowly away and with it went the darkness and the chill and the clouds that had obscured the moon. In my hand, the lantern sprang back to life. I blinked a few times and brushed away a tear. As the world around me brightened, I saw the reported brush littering the tracks right in front of me. Mechanically, I cleared it away and made sure the track was safe for the next train. Then I went back to the station.

The next morning, all the clocks on the Hudson Division were six minutes behind and all the trains were running six minutes late. When I asked the stationmaster about it, he shook his head and told me not to worry. It was caused by the Lincoln Death Train, which had stopped time as it ran by in the night.



# Dog Daze of Summer Run

Aug. 13, 14, and 15, 2010

Come and Enjoy the Fellowship  
& Run Your Train

## Registration Form

(Please Print)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Club Affiliation \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

I plan to Arrive on Friday, Saturday, Other, \_\_\_\_\_ (Circle answers)

I will be alone. Yes No /or I will have \_\_\_\_\_ people with me.

Include names: \_\_\_\_\_

I will have a locomotive with me. Yes No

If yes: Type – Electric, Gasser, or Steamer.

Name of Engine- \_\_\_\_\_

Length of Train I am Bringing; (total footage)

\_\_\_\_\_

I will be camping Yes No (Plenty of tent space available)

I will need power. Yes No (Hook ups are limited)

I will need water connection. Yes No (RV hook ups limited)

**(Note: 1<sup>st</sup> Come, 1<sup>st</sup> Served)**

Registration Fee: \$6.00 per person. 2 Catered meals Fri. Eve.

And

Sat. Eve. \$20.00 (Yes/No) \_\_\_\_\_

Amount included: \_\_\_\_\_


Send Registration Form To: **(By July 31<sup>st</sup>, 2010)**

**Jim Hanners**


Please submit your registration forms to Jim asap. This will help with the planning and allow us to plan work schedules program easier.

C/O ILS Temp Pop Valve Editor  
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 Indianapolis In. 46217  
 E-mail Herjansh@hotmail.com

## June 2010

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5 <i>Work session</i> Boars meeting
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14 	15	16	17 <i>Retirees work day</i>	18 <i>Retirees work day—Mowing</i>	19 <i>Mtg. 10:00 am in Our Building</i> Runday 12-4
20	21	22	23	24	25 <i>Cub scouts</i>	26
27	28	29	30			

## July

				1	2	3
4 	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17 <i>Mtg. 10:00 am in Our Building</i> Runday 12-4
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31