

THE TEXAS STATE RAILROAD DEVELOPMENT HISTORY 1974-1980

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A Chance Call to Dallas:

My relationship with the Texas State Railroad began in January 1973, while I was building the Wasatch Mountain Railroad, which operated out of Heber City, Utah, and is today called the Heber Valley Railroad. A longtime friend, Everett DeGoyer, DeGoyer Library SMU, Dallas, TX had been diagnosed with terminal cancer. In learning that Everett did not have long, I telephoned to say whatever one does when trying to express "goodbye" to those that have little time remaining. I had met Mr. DeGoyer when he and others were developing the Age of Steam Exhibit at the Texas State Fairgrounds in Dallas. We had remained friends over the years. My call was one he did not relish. When I mentioned the cause of his illness, he immediately changed the subject asking, "Have you heard that the State of Texas, Parks and Wildlife Department I believe, is going to build a railroad like the one you are developing in Utah?"

"No, news about historical railroads doesn't always reach us very quickly out here on the frontier."

Everett laughed at my attempt to be humorous at a time in his life when he saw little humor in anything. Then going back on track he said, "Well, you being a native of Fort Worth and all, you should contact the Parks Department and tell them what you are doing out there to see if they need any help. The track they are talking about is the old line between Palestine and Rusk. I think the article was in the Dallas Morning News."

"Right, I was down there years ago and looked at what one could see of it. Basically it appeared to be much like an abandoned roadbed disappearing into a jungle of brambles. I will look into it, who knows." We talked awhile longer about trains as I brought him up to speed with our latest acquisitions in Heber, which included a large Union Pacific Harriman styled 2-8-0 steam locomotive, and related rolling stock. This was the last conversation we had prior to Everett's death.

A Call to The Parks & Wildlife Department in Austin:

The following day, acting on Mr. DeGoyer's suggestion, I placed a call to the Parks & Wildlife Department and talked to a Mr. Bob Hauser, Director of Park Operations. He was interested in the steam railroad we had developed and opened in Utah. I related how we had started with an abandoned Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad (D&RGW) track that went through the Wasatch Mountain State Park. As one of the principal concept people on the project, I had subsequently become the line's General Manager. Hauser then asked if we could fill out a little questionnaire that would help the Parks Department in starting their railroad restoration in East Texas. He indicated they had sent out approximately 36 of the questionnaires to other railroad operations across the country and were trying to gain as much advice and information as possible. As he looked at his railroad list, he saw our Utah operation was not noted. "Guess you are too new to be in my

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book." I could only presume he was looking at a copy of the Steam Passenger Directory.

Since we were shutdown for the winter, I indicated we could look at the questionnaire and gave him our depot address in Heber City. Mr. Hauser said he would pencil us in and send a questionnaire shortly. In putting the phone down, I glanced out the office window and saw the winter wind had started to drift snow against the north end of the station. It was not hard to think about how much warmer Texas might be this time of year.

The Little Questionnaire:

During the first week of February, the Parks Department envelope arrived containing the questionnaire dealing with their concerns in how to create a steam powered historical railroad. Someone with no railroad industry or steam train experience had obviously written the document. Leafing through its several pages and scanning the many questions, one quickly realized each question could be the subject of a book. The questions covered broad terms and subjects that were all valid. Actually knowing where to start with some of these sweeping questions was more crux of the task than providing the material and information they wanted. The questions ranged from how do you repair and maintain steam locomotives, to how is track cared for, and what are the important design considerations when laying out stations, tracks, etc.? Most all of the railroad questions were as if asking, "How long is a piece of string?" Setting the questions to one side, I turned and rolled a piece of paper into the old Royal.

Looking at question number one, I began to type a brief answer, which before long evolved into paragraphs and then into nearly a page or more. As I typed and proof reading my responses to the questions brought more to mind, which I added with additional pages. In some cases, two questions were tied together, and in others, I broke the question down into sub-topics, which became major subjects in themselves. So it went as I carefully typed and considered both the questions and responses. To the inexperienced person, these responses could be confusing if one used railroad jargon and some technical terms. Therefore it was important to fully explain the topics in order to not mislead the reader.

As the typing progressed, the detailed answers became more complicated. I only stopped to reflect on all we had faced in Heber, or pull something out of the file to refer to an operating issue or measurement, site a Federal Railroad Administration (FRA) regulation, or indicate a parts source. Taking a break, I looked across the terminal grounds at the massive locomotives mantled in white. It was snowing again. With the operation for the winter, the shop crew remained buttoned up in the engine house rebuilding one of our other steam locomotives. Like the Vatican, I could see their distant smokestack as coal smoke rose from its soot-stained cap and was instantly whisked away by the cold wind. As long as one could

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see the coal smoke, we knew they were still hard at it under the direction of Dennis Spendlove, Shop Superintendent for the Heber operation.

Several days went by, and I still had more to write in order to cover the subject. Intermittently, I would pull on my parka and trudge through the snow down to the engine house to clear my head when I needed to put distance between the "little questionnaire" and me. All technical information about our steam engines was kept in the little reference area in the engine shop stacks. These were manuals and operating books that had been collected from shops, terminals, and engine houses on both the D&RGW and the Union Pacific Railroad at various locations in Utah, Colorado, and Nevada. Railroaders had been quite generous in contributing their obsolete steam engine reference materials and books when they realized what we were preserving in Heber City. These were also times when I needed to check on the progress of the work since it was my responsibility to handle all of the purchasing and bid writing for the railroad.

By the end of 6th day, I reached the final question on the last page. After this exhausting exercise, the realization had come through loud and clear. If the Texas State Railroad were going to realize the success they expected, marketing and advertising would be critical for this project. In large part, this would need to be driven by the terminal cities, and counties that had the most to gain in sharing the railroad attraction. The Parks Department, and train organizations within the State also had opportunities to promote and advertise the new railroad. In looking at the state highway map, both Rusk and Palestine were not in the mainstream tourism corridor for Texas, and yet all historical or tourist railroads had always been market driven enterprises. The State Railroad would be no different.

The length the report had grown far beyond what I had originally expected when I agreed to respond to the "little questionnaire" sight unseen. Looking at its length I said to myself, "They will never read it because it is too long." Forcing a staple through the report's bulk, I placed it in an envelope along with a few photos of the Heber railroad as illustrative examples. In a cover letter, I offered an invitation to show any of the Parks Department people that would be interested, a firsthand look at our railroad in the spring when we would be running again. Then I took the envelop to the post office and within minutes the report was on its way.

Spring came to the Wasatch Mountains, and the snow and ice finally released their grip on our rails retreating to the lofty summit of the 11,750-ft. Mount Timpanogas. We had opened for the 1973 season and the trains were running with near capacity crowds. One day Mr. Spendlove came into the depot and casually asked if I ever heard how that Texas project was doing. I suddenly realized I had heard nothing; it had been months and not even a postcard saying "Thank you." I went to my office and pulled out the file containing the report looking for a phone number on the questionnaire. Placing a call to Austin, the switchboard put me through to Mr. Hauser and we talked at length about their planning and progress. Then I asked if they had received my response to the questionnaire? He casually

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responded by saying, "Everyone here appreciated your efforts." That one statement made me feel better perhaps they had read it. Again, I extended an invitation to him to visit our railroad if they had time and wanted a trip to the mountains. He indicated they would consider it when the time was right. It would have been bad form to ask what constituted knowing when the time was right. Hanging up the phone, I wanted to ask other questions about how many responses Mr. Hauser received to his questionnaire? Were they better than the report I submitted? What else could have been said to those questions? Suddenly, I realized these were questions better left unanswered. It was not good to fixate or become compulsive with thoughts about a railroad nearly 1,500 miles away. After all, I had not knowingly entered a competition – or had I? The afternoon train to Prove Canyon was about to leave; it was time for me to make an inspection trip.

Texans Come to the Wasatch Mountains:

In late August, when it is too hot to stay in Texas, a contingent from Texas Parks & Wildlife, Austin Headquarters arrived in Heber, namely: Johnny Buck, Director of Parks Engineering; Bob Hauser, Head of Park Operations; and Park Operations Region Five Director, Mr. Murphy. They had all come to Utah to see our railroad. For two days, they stayed at the Mountain View Motel in Heber City. Plenty of time was available for the Texans to ride the train, enjoy the spectacular mountain scenery, meet the engine crews and train stewardesses, see the on-board food operations, and ask the staff questions. The Texans also went to see the track crew at work, inspect depot ticket and merchandise sales activities, reviewed cash management, and locomotive service / maintenance procedures at the engine house. We gave them access to the total railroad operation.

During dinner on the second evening, I visited with the Austin contingent in the more relaxed atmosphere of the Mountain View's dining room. As we talked, Mr. Hauser pushed the Texas State Railroad Project Master Plan across the table and asked if I could take a look at it. As it was growing late after a full day I said, "Sure, I will read it and get back to you." Placing the book in my briefcase, I knew they expected me to respond in writing in a couple of weeks, but I felt I knew the subject well enough that I could make a preliminary report by the next morning when we agreed to have breakfast before they left for Texas.

Returning home, I tore into the book reading every page and saw much evidence of "model train around the Christmas tree" thinking going into the design plan. I immediately set to work analyzing the various maps, tables, charts, distances, and track layouts as they were presented. The total operation was to be based at Maydelle with little more than station platforms, a very small ticket booth, and toilets to be built at the Rusk and Palestine terminals. The operational plan called for the locomotives and their trains to deadhead all equipment back to Maydelle every night for service, cleaning, and maintenance in the vicinity of a small shed. I read into the early morning hours, and nearly filled a yellow tablet with comments, ideas, and questions. The notes and calculations about the plan were

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reflecting problems as seen from the perspective of an operations manager looking at the proposed rail system. The deadhead miles to Maydelle alone would make the plan less than practical in terms of locomotive wear and tear, annual maintenance costs, fuel consumption, and subsequent delays. By the time I reached the end of the book, the dilemma was in knowing they likely did not want to hear all of this. Yet they needed to know my concerns and how to address them. If only I had seen this project book before I had completed the long questionnaire, tomorrows meeting and their trip to Utah would have been far different.

The next morning, we met for breakfast at the Mountain View, and after the coffee was pored, and our orders taken; the question was asked if I had any first impressions about the Master Plan book. I thought to myself, "They don't waste any time." Yet they knew I would have at least looked through the book if nothing else.

My briefcase sat on the floor next to the chair, which contained the yellow pad and other materials, but there was no room on the table to display my preliminary findings. Further, I was not totally prepared to make a full presentation and they had to drive to Salt Lake to catch a plane back to Texas. Yet they wanted me to say something. Without hesitation I began by saying, "In my opinion, the present plan is not very practical when one considers that adequate marketing could produce from two to four hundred people per day arriving to ride the train. Presenting the public with a station of nothing more than a platform area, a toilet, and a miniscule ticket booth was totally anticlimactic. This would likely be the case with the first and last impressions of the proposed railroad." Thinking for a moment, I continued saying, "When we take our families to a theme park such as a Disney or Six Flags property, the more spectacular and beautiful areas in these parks are the front gate ticket plazas where you find fountains, sprays of large flowerbeds, and boutique retail carts, stands, and even a retail gauntlet called 'Main Street USA.' Since the Master Plan indicates that the Texas State Railroad Park will be a stand alone facility, the Rusk and Palestine terminals should be upgraded considerably." Pausing for a moment to let this sink in, I expected one of three park professionals sitting at the table to defend the plan, but no one spoke a word.

The next point to be stated was how the anticipated wear and tear in running the trains back and forth to Maydelle each day for service would greatly accelerate direct annual maintenance and fuel costs. The faces sitting around the table were now totally expressionless. My last comment may have left little else to be said, "Frankly, it is not a very workable railroad using the infrastructure plan as proposed in the Project Book."

Hauser looked at the others contemplating what to say next, "Well I guess we have our work cutout for us." Breakfast ended with small talk and a few questions about the Heber operation. Privately, I had made my point saying what they needed to know and not what they necessarily wanted to hear. I felt this approach was always best and perhaps my honesty was likely going to be the end of my involvement. They must have much more data and information from a number of

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other questionnaire responses sent in by the other railroads. Could there be large group of design professionals in Austin at this very moment busily poring over the data modifying the master plan as I spoke?

Walking out to our cars after breakfast, Johnny Buck, almost as if an afterthought, asked, "Could you send us a resume? Send it to Bob, you have his address." I indicated I would be honored to offer one. The Texans left for Salt Lake City airport. I forwarded a resume to Mr. Hauser two days later.

Encounter at Maydelle:

November came and the Heber operation was once more closed for the winter as we were working on last minute major track projects and equipment restoration efforts before the snows came. The Parks Department in Austin had called to ask if I were going to be in Texas for the holidays and I told them my wife, Shannon, and I had planned to be in Fort Worth to have Thanksgiving with the McLaughlin family. Hauser then asked if we could meet in Maydelle in order to give me an idea of what they had accomplished. He wanted to reciprocate with a tour of their railroad. We agreed on a time and I was now starting to look forward to seeing how much work had been performed. After all the written memorandums and interfacing I had experienced with Austin Headquarters, it felt like I had been working on the railroad for the past 9-months. Perhaps it was time to see the fruits of this labor.

Shannon and I made the trip to Texas, and had Thanksgiving dinner with the family. A few days later, we arrived in Maydelle for the scheduled morning meeting to inspect the track. The weather was perfect with the air warm and the sky a sunny crystal blue. Looking at the prison compound, I presumed it had been established much like many decades before, only now a chain link fence topped by three strands of barbed wire surrounded it. I noticed the barbed wire pointed out and not into the compound. A guard sat in a pickup watching the main gate. Mr. Hauser and several other Park Headquarters officials were in the group. Parking the car, I helped Shannon out as she held our first child, Dallas, in her arms. Introductions were made as we met each of the Austin Headquarters delegation. Knowing we would be out on the track for a while, Hauser asked Shannon if she could wait in the cool of the camp mess hall with the baby and have a glass of ice tea until we returned from inspecting the track. She smiled and said, "That would be fine." As the group turned to escort her and the baby toward the compound gate, the crusty old guard dressed in a gray uniform and straw cowboy hat suddenly bolted from the prison pickup, shotgun in hand, and spit a long stream of dark brown tobacco juice on to the pavement before shouting in an East Texas drawl, "That thar' woman can't go inside the compound!" Instantly, we were all thrust into a surreal *Cool Hand Luke* moment... The hard looks he gave each of us meant there would be no negotiations in the matter.

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Everyone froze, the Austin people were embarrassed and Shannon was scared half-to-death. Now, the center of an altercation, she held our baby close and looked at the guard not knowing what to do or think. A deer caught in the headlights came to mind. There were not many armed tobacco chewing prison guards on the country roads in Utah. Quickly seeing the situation and the opportunity that hung in the balance, I immediately turned her and the baby around and placed them back in the car. Thinking fast, I suggested, loud enough for all to hear, "Honey, why don't you drive into Rusk and look at the town, have a cup of coffee, bowl of ice cream or whatever you want. Check out the shopping and we'll be back in two hours." I knew looking at Rusk would not take 20-minutes, much less two hours - she would have to improvise while we were gone.

Shannon put the car in reverse, glance at us over her shoulder and drove away. The prison guard lowered his gun and got back into his pickup to wile away the lazy autumn day with the comfort of his chewing tobacco, spit can, and trusty shotgun by his side.

Hauser was the first to apologize and I waved it off saying, "Let's go look at the railroad, the law is the law." We boarded a little General Electric 45-ton diesel switcher and trundled east toward Rusk to look at what could be seen of the railroad the convicts had cleared from the uncompromising grip of the East Texas thicket. They had just finished clearing the track all the way to the Rusk interchange switch with the Cotton Belt, and were now battling the undergrowth west of Maydelle. As we rolled along one could see evidence of recent bridgework on the major trestles, cut timbers lay scattered below some of the structures, and new creosote treated wood was evident in places. One bridge appeared to have received a new deck. The approaches were all solid and level. New ties could be seen in the track and the work looked and rode good as the little engine carried its passengers eastward.

Rounding a curve a mile and or two east of Maydelle, we approached a trestle where the engineer could see the bridge gang clearing the track of their tools and waving us to proceed over the bridge. As we passed men lining both sides of the track dressed in white uniforms; I realized these were the first inmates I had seen and they looked perfectly harmless. Another guard, dressed in a gray uniform, holding a shotgun and rolling a cigarette stood on the far edge of the right-of-way. Smiling broadly as the engine safely passed over the trestle was an old gentleman in a white straw hat and khaki work clothes that obviously was the bridge gang foreman. He was well into his 60's and looked the same as all railroad bridge foremen. Hauser leaned over the railing and expressed compliments to the foreman and his crew on the fine job they were doing. Everyone on the ground waved and smiled in appreciation of the compliment. The prison guard remained a passive expressionless monument of authority standing in the shade lighting his hand-rolled cigarette with a wooden match, which he tossed to one side. I looked for a "Cool Hand Luke" individual in the group of uniformed inmates, but he was not to be found.

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After the track inspection trip, we returned to Maydelle where I was offered an appointment to be General Superintendent of Operations for the Texas State Railroad. I could only indicate I would think about it, and obviously have to talk to Shannon. "After what happened with the guard earlier this afternoon, I am not sure she will let me work down here." They all well understood the problem.

Within a few minutes, Shannon wheeled the car into the Maydelle parking lot and we said goodbye to everyone. By her obvious coolness, each man there knew I had a hard sales job to do if I were going to accept the State Railroad position they had just offered. Once on the road to Fort Worth, and all the way back to Utah, Shannon argued endlessly over the wisdom of the father of her children placing himself inside a working prison compound with harden convicts, and gun toting guards. This was definitely not her idea of a good time or a safe place to raise a 6-month old child. It was necessary to call on all of my negotiating skills and talents to prevail in this discussion. She finally, grudgingly, saw the career opportunity the State appointment offered and we came to Texas.

Adjusting the Railroad's Master Plan:

My physical presence on the Texas State Railroad began on January 3, 1974 when I arrived in Maydelle. After settling into the temporary field office in Maydelle, meetings began in earnest at the Austin Headquarters to devise justifications and budgets to amend the Railroad Master Plan. It was during one of these discussions that I was told, in no uncertain terms, that the ultimate mission was to have a live steam train on the track ready for passenger service by July 4, 1976. "From here on out, consider that you have a priority one status." Even with such a critical time constraint, and high priority, every change had to be justified and presented to the Parks Commission who ultimately had the final say on what was built and operated at the State Railroad.

The Parks Operations Department, to which I was assigned, as the railroad's General Superintendent and as such, was directly responsible for acquisition of the rolling stock and its restoration. My duties also included the general overseeing of the track work and making recommendations to the extent that Park Operations would inherit the total track maintenance responsibilities after the inmates left the property. This was always scheduled or planned to be essentially when the public showed up to start riding the trains.

Revisions to the Railroad Master Plan were critical, and Austin Headquarters wanted justifications and capital budget details to finalize alterations and adjustments to the railroad plan. These adjustments included larger station facilities, with gift shops, and a concession snack food service area, the addition of working water towers, plus a full service railroad shop structure for heavy locomotive repairs. The shop building was most desired by the City of Rusk and was ultimately located near their community. Moving the locomotive maintenance to Rusk would eliminate costly deadheading to and from Maydelle each day. All of this activity required

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extensive budgetary estimating to create cost schedules for locomotives that had not been located or inspected as of that time. The engines found on the railroad property were too far gone to resurrect in time for the July 4th, 1976 opening.

As the days and weeks past, the Maydelle field office quickly became a beehive of planning activity, at times requiring a Texas Department of Corrections (TDC) clerk and a park ranger typist to keep up with the developing justification reports. We worked many days late into the night, and I became a regular at the TDC supper table eating with the inmates in the compound mess hall. Often, Shannon would have already gone to bed by the time I arrived home. She began to refer to herself as a "railroad widow."

During this time, the work included new floor plans for the recommended station buildings suitable for managing large crowds at both Rusk and Palestine. In close proximity to the depot buildings would be the water towers of suitable scale and size to provided water service for two trains in quick succession. Designing the two-stall engine house required both an inspection pit and a driving wheel drop pit. These two features were important to conduct routine maintenance on the steam engines. The engine house would also have to have a machine shop for doing locomotive machine work and other heavy repairs. After all, no other steam locomotive shops remained in Texas. Palestine required a train to be stationed at their end of the line and this would in time require a minimal engine service facility to be placed in the Western terminal as part of a later phase.

The budgets and plans were expanded as thoroughly as possible for the anticipated dual train operation out of both Rusk and Palestine with the trains running through to the opposite depots. When each section of the redesigned master plan and budget segment were completed, the file was shipped to Austin and placed into a full presentation package for the Parks Commission. While it was never said, we all knew that only when this master planning revision work was completed could the actual search for steam locomotives begin.

Locomotive and Coach Analysis:

As the redesign work on the railroad master plan proceeded, periodicals were reviewed for any news or listing of possible steam locomotives. As information about engines was collected, it would be filed in a personal notebook I kept in the desk. Some of the steam engines we already knew about while others were situations that no one suspected the particular engine might be available from a city, individual, or organization. As this information trickled into the field office, each engine was noted on a spreadsheet and kept in the notebook with reference material such as possible names, phone numbers, addresses, locations, and locomotive types, weight, and other dimensions. In selecting equipment and support tooling for operating and maintaining steam locomotives and historic passenger cars, we specified the newest machinery available where possible. Old machine tooling was at times offered to the railroad, but when it was inspected, most all of it was found to

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be too small or badly worn indicating it would be difficult to maintain any real tolerance or calibration accuracy when machining parts such as steel rod or wheel brass bearings.

#28

When I arrived at the State Railroad, one of the first locomotives to be inspected was a World War I, US Army, 2-8-0, Pershing Class engine numbered #208 that had been donated by Temple Industries. Inspection of this unit revealed that it needed everything including extensive running gear bearing and internal boiler work of major proportions, its appliances were locked in heavy rust and needed rebuilding, new air brake reservoirs were mandated, her electrical system was non-existent, and a need for a rebuilt tender tank was a strong possibility. Without a shop or any spare parts, the #208, later renumbered the #300, was far too large of a job to tackle in Maydelle. This engine had been secured by the Parks Engineering Department early in the program's startup and could not be made operationally road worthy by opening day. Her introduction to service on the State Railroad would have to wait.

After years of working with steam locomotives and historical passenger coaches, my personal reference library had grown. I had spent hundreds of hours over the years at bookstores searching through stacks of used book for locomotive, railcar, as well as track and bridge mechanical and technical reference books. Arriving from Utah, I came well prepared to address just about any railroad questions that might be asked. When it came to rolling stock and locomotives several books in the collection were of particular importance. Those included 2-each Railcar, and 3-each Locomotive Cyclopedias spanning nearly 50-years of railroading. Those five massive books proved most valuable when it came to selecting locomotives since large numbers of engines were pictured with the unit's general specifications, i.e., weight on drivers, total serviceable weight, wheelbase length, tractive effort, cylinder dimensions, water capacity, operating boiler pressure, etc. The Railcar Cyclopedias featured photos of everything from baggage and mail cars, day coaches, lounges, dinners and deluxe observation cars. Again, each coach was pictured and its specifications were listed with length, width, seating capacity, and other data provided by the builder or railroad. Within each of these books were also found sections featuring vendors' descriptions of various products, component parts, and cutaway diagrams showing the construction details of car bodies, frames, boilers, wheel assemblies, castings, and other technical engineering information.

When a specific coach or locomotive was found and available, the appropriate Cyclopedias would immediately be consulted to determine what particular specifications were available. Generally, if the exact coach or engine was not pictured in the reference book, a very close alternate would be found. As all of the data was analyzed, it started to form a picture where one would know generally how to inspect or survey the coach or locomotive unit. Additionally, to justify and recommend this equipment to the State for acquisition, it required my knowing the technical specifications to support questions asked by the Commission. Austin

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Headquarters always wanted to be fully prepared when we made presentations to the Parks Commission relative to any park related major decision. Acquiring locomotives or coaches were considered major decisions.

In time, the railroad's master plan changes were completed and a national search for steam locomotives and other rolling stock finally began. With each passing day, I felt the July 4, 1976 date growing ever closer. It was like we were always burning daylight. Ultimately the engine search extended from Arkansas to West Texas, Arizona and eventually into California over the next few months. Having the predetermined engine list at hand simplified the search process immensely.

Texas Boiler Standards:

The first three locomotives were inspected at the Reader Railroad in Arkansas, where Tom Long, owner of the Reader, was interested in liquidating his family's total operation. Having visited the Reader since my early teen years and knowing Mr. Long well, the Reader collection seemed to be the perfect opportunity for the State of Texas railway development. In talking with Mr. Long, he indicated they were prepared to liquidate the locomotives and related parts inventories, all being operational with FRA inspection papers and documentation. He even had the #1702 hot and ready for an inspection run when we arrived from Maydelle to see his equipment.

In asking Tom how flexible he was on his prices, he said, "There was not much room to maneuver, but you can make me an offer." A Texas Boiler Standards (TBS) representative had tagged along on the trip to Reader for a firsthand look at the locomotives. He stood on the opposite side of Tom's disheveled desk and gave me a look that meant we had to talk privately. Leaving Mr. Long's office, we both went down to the engine shed to see the locomotives and spent the rest of the afternoon checking out the steam parts and rolling stock.

That evening at supper, the TBS representative and I met alone. He then proceeded to state what he would and would not accept or approve when it came to steam locomotives in Texas. What followed was his telling me just what had been troubling him all day as we looked at the train in Reader. I listened intently, because up until that moment, the state boiler people had not made a statement about how they would govern or inspect our locomotives. It was then he said that he would not approve any operational steam locomotive we might bring to Texas, running or not, FRA papered or not. This was a sweeping decision for it totally rejected the FRA's steam safety and maintenance rules. Secondly, it rejected the FRA's potential jurisdiction in governing Texas State owned and operated locomotives. As of that time, the FRA had not declared its ultimate jurisdiction over all steam locomotives operated in the nation. In 1974, the FRA only governed steam locomotives on major and short line railroads that worked in the normal flow of rail commerce within the US. Insular railroads that did not haul freight, or were part of a tourist attraction as in

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the case of a state park were not governed by the rules of the FRA. Yet, most all railroads in the US, insular or not, voluntarily followed the FRA steam rules and regulations for liability insurance reasons and general safety guidelines.

For clarification to make sure I understood what he had just said, I asked, "Even if the locomotive has current FRA papers and certifications, the TBS will not approve its service on the State Railroad without a complete boiler job? This would include removing everything including the cab, all piping and sandblast the shell inside and out."

His next response was very clear and definite saying, "That is right, I am within a couple of years of retirement, and I am not going to have a leaky stay-bolt stand between me and my pension." I now knew exactly what he meant and what to expect.

After returning to Maydelle, I had other discussions about the exact specifications or boiler tolerances the TBS office would require for refitting old locomotive boilers shells and end-sheets. The responses were generally vague and not totally specific, indicating it was going to be a rather subjective exercise in terms of inspections. Still they said they would not recognize FRA boiler standards. It was obvious, if the TBS would recognize the FRA, they would have to also recognize an in-date FRA cab card for a fully operational steam locomotive. During one phone call, I off-handily asked if they had a steam locomotive boiler reference flyer, guide book or manual that I could use at the Maydelle office. There was a pause, and then the boiler inspector said they had no manuals or standards for steam locomotives of any kind. These discussions with TBS seemed totally stalled and highly subjective in their favor. Was the railroad going to be stopped because of a boiler inspectors retirement date? The frustration level was mounting as the days passed.

Negotiations for the Reader equipment ultimately failed when TBS would not recognize the FRA locomotive cab cards, and mandating that essentially any locomotive brought into the State of Texas, operational or not, would have to be given a major renovation, which would include removal of the cabs, insulating boiler jacket, sand dome, all fittings, nozzles, and pipes, flues and fire tubes, plus sandblast the entire boiler shell, and inspect for pitting, wasted rivets, and cracks. Also remove, sandblast, and hammer test the air brake reservoirs, plus repair any leaks in the tender water tanks. I had heard this discussion many times before in working with other steam engines, and knew it was standard rhetoric for any boiler or pressure vessel person.

With the extensive boiler refitting work the TBS office was demanding for operational locomotives having current in-date FRA cab-cards and inspection reports, it became cost prohibitive to purchase the engines at Reader, AR. The asking price was too high if the TBS boiler work was to be added to the total capital investment. It was then that I contacted Mr. Long to tell him that Texas could not consider his equipment and explained the situation with the TBS boiler

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requirements. He was utterly astonished at the suggestion that the State of Texas boiler people would not recognize the FRA, and said so in an explosive colorful exchange, which escalated into a brief tirade. Tom did not mask his disappointed well. When he regained his composure, as the Southern gentleman he truly was, he said he did not blame me for this odd Texas behavior or turn of events. He understood the strange and peculiar ideas that were often found with some Texas bureaucrats.

As tactfully as one could say it, I suggested that his asking price for the Reader train equipment placed them totally out of our reach. Again he soared into a fury of critically dark expressions about the lack of common sense Texans and others south of the Red River seem to demonstrate at times. Trying to end the phone call as gracefully as possible, I suggested he would do better to sell his equipment to an FRA regulated railroad, and that I would pass along any references or leads that came my way. He thanked me for my call saying, "We do have a ton of locomotive parts over there. Keep us in mind if you need anything." Then he hung up. Months later we did return to Reader and purchase a substantial number of items on the order of air compressors and injector fittings, valves, and other component parts.

One afternoon, a call was received from the City of Palestine letting us know the Palestine State Railroad depot building was to be razed. I decided to pay a visit to the old station and take a photo before it was gone forever. On the way there would also be an opportunity to check the Missouri Pacific rip track to see if any obsolete maintenance-of-way passenger coaches had arrived for scrapping. Each time I was in Palestine, there was generally always something of interest sitting on Missouri Pacific's rip track. In a storage siding deeper in the yard, I had found an old maintenance-of-way Pullman standard coach that the rip-track foreman said could be coming up for disposition and scrap. He recommended that I keep checking from time to time, which I did during each trip into Palestine. The Pullman had been inspected weeks before and looked like a great candidate with which to make the railroad's first open-air coach. Passing the yard, I could see the Pullman had not moved to the rip track for disposition. We would have to keep checking. I then proceeded on to the abandoned State Railroad's depot structure on the south side of Palestine.

Walking into the rambling old frame station nestled in the large trees, one immediately realized this must have been the last headquarters for the State Railroad. Moldy damp files littered the floor and dust covered everything. The windows were broken and there was nothing left in the building but the ghosts of railroaders past. In looking through the papers that were scattered across the floor, another business of some kind may have used the building a few years after the railroad's business ceased. Walking further back into the building, there were other papers tossed on the floor. Shoving the toe of my boot into a pile of debris, I half expected to find a big snake hiding in the dark recess. Yet, there was nothing but old typed correspondence on car movements, loading instructions, personnel

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reports, and letters from shippers. Another pile of paper was mixed with a few catalogues and manuals stacked against the wall. Since I was always looking for old books, I focused on the little dusty manuals, which dealt with farming, harvesting implements, hardware, and timber-cutting tools. As if someone had been looking through them, here and there were ragged Official Guides and an assortment of magazines stacked randomly in a couple of rooms. I asked myself as I walked through the rooms and papers covering the floors, "Why hadn't this place burned to the ground years before?"

Pushing through several torn and coverless Official Guides, I started looking for any possible New York or Westinghouse Air Brake Books, but found nothing. Then, below a crumbling blueprint diagram of a switch track assembly, lay another little manual that caused my hand to shake when I noticed the full title on its heavy paper cover. In an instant, I knew it could answer and resolve many issues. Forgotten and lost for years, in the dust of an abandoned train station where there were no trains, lay a small booklet entitled Texas State Boiler Standards for Steam Locomotives, "1941-Edition." Reaching down, I pulled the little book out of the debris and very carefully opened its dusty cover and read through the pages yellowed with age. Here were written specifications and locomotive boiler safety maintenance standards that had been approved by the State of Texas. This would give the TBS office a written standard they said did not exist for Texas steam locomotives. The long abandoned State Railroad depot in Palestine would have been the last place on earth anyone would have expected to find such a bulletin. Whether it was divine providence, intervention or pure luck, I did not know, but while driving back to Maydelle, I said a small prayer of thanks just the same.

Back at the Maydelle office, each of the 33-year old Boilers Manual's pages were carefully Xeroxed and shipped by mail to the TBS office in Austin. At this point, the TBS now had an official published boiler standards and specification guide for steam locomotives. Within days, these 1941 regulations were quickly reinstated for the pending State Railroad steam equipment. While these standards did not change the requirement to totally retrofit State Railroad boilers before service, they did outline more formal inspection procedures and schedules. Our space-time continuum, where locomotive boiler standards were concerned, could now move forward in Maydelle.

The Search for Locomotives Goes to Arizona:

We continued the search to find out-of-service locomotives requiring minimal mechanical repairs where one could concentrate on the major boiler work. Plans were next made to inspect other steam locomotives that had previously been placed on the target list as potential candidates for acquisition. Marcus Hassle, a young college man from Rusk had joined the railroad for a summer job. He and I left for Arizona to inspect the Magma Arizona Railroad (MARR) #7, which was a Baldwin built 2-8-2 locomotive that once operated in East Texas on the Tremont & Gulf Railroad. In looking at photos of the 1918 engine, it was felt she would be suitable

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for the State Railroad. After telephoning the owner, who lived in Wisconsin, arrangements were made to visit Superior, Arizona to inspect the #7. The acquisition paperwork and other requisite documentation had been completed in advanced in order that if the engine appeared as was reported by the owner, a basic phone call back to Austin would be all that was needed to release payment and close on the sale. Knowing the owner of the #7 was in financial trouble and had never moved the locomotive; we were prepared to act. Scrapers were dismantling the old copper smelter at Superior and the mine manager had made it clear he wanted the #7 out of their way and gone at the earliest possible date.

Inspection of the #7 revealed her to be a good choice as her mechanical components were in fairly good order. This would leave us to primarily focus on skinning the boiler shell of the cab, jacket, sand dome, all fittings, and pipes, plus removing the internal flues, dry-pipe, super-heater header and steam delivery pipes in order to complete the required TBS boiler work.

The wind was hot and dry as the thermometer climbed well pass the century mark each day during the loading process. Shade was always in scarce supply about midday, except under the locomotive or the flat cars that arrived a few days later. Our hand tools could never be left in the sun for very long or they would be too hot to handle without gloves.

The Southern Pacific (SPRR) had approved the loading diagrams that I had submitted several weeks prior to the trip to Arizona. These were also the same loading diagrams that I originally developed to ship steam locomotives by flatcar to Salt Lake City for the Heber train operation. All such steam locomotive shipments had to be approved in advance by the railroad's High-Wide Load Department in San Francisco, CA. They primarily did a review for clearance issues where tunnels and bridges may be encountered along the route to Texas. The SPRR also requested that all of the locomotive's springs be removed so that the boiler sat dead-X on the frame in order to lower the center of gravity as much as possible. In preparation for loading, Marcus and I had used the smelters 80-ton air-jacks and blocking to remove the engine's heavy leaf springs. Marcus had also oiled the pistons and running gear bearings so that she would freely roll when necessary. Our plan was to simply let gravity bring the old engine down a ramp onto the deck of the flat cars. We were not able to use cranes to load the #7 because rigs of sufficient size to handle the job were committed for the next month and a half.

For the #7's tie-down, a contract was arranged with a rigging company in Mesa, where they would provided a supervisor and two Apache Indian laborers with a truck load of rigging equipment to assist in the necessary ramp building, track laying, and tie-down process. Before any ramp building or track setting could be completed, we had the #7 switched into position at the top of an elevated ramp that was below a large copper ore tipple constructed of weathered heavy timbers. Once the MARR diesel switcher spotted the #7 on the ramp track, Marcus and I chocked her wheels. Next we pulled the pin disconnecting the tender's drawbar, uncoupled

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the air brake hoses, and the oil and feed water lines. The locomotive and tender were now ready to independently move down a ramp on to the flatcars.

Two flat cars had arrived the day before and during the night were positioned by MARR switching crew exactly as we had requested. The cars were spotted end to end at the base of the tipple ramp track below the locomotive. Our loading plan called for building a graduated 40-ft. wood ramp from the end of the first flat car over the rails to within a few feet of the #7. A railroad track, made from scavenged rails found at the smelter, was then built down the ramp and extended the full length of the two flatcars. The ramp rails were spiked in place, while the rails on the flatcar decks were all held secure with metal plates bolted through the floors of the cars. This was a requirement by the railroad if the rail car was to be shipped in interchange traffic to Texas. Timbers were also placed between the flatcars to support the rails bridging the space over the couplers. All would be ready once the last spikes and bolts were set. It was then that rigging crew foreman, Shane, suggested we brake for lunch, as he said he had to go to the bank. We also did not know how long it would take to center spot the engine on the flatcar deck once it came down the ramp.

I agreed saying, "This could turn into a long afternoon. Yeah, breaking for lunch was a good idea." Marcus collected his hand tools and joined me at the pickup as I started the engine.

"Great! Meet you and Marcus back here around 1:30." Shane and his two Apaches left first in their big rigging truck. We followed them down the dusty road through the smelter grounds. While it was not said, I think everyone realized that demolishing of the old Superior smelter and the liquidation of the MARR's steam locomotives was signaling the end of an era.

Marcus and I, wearing our usual jeans and the blue denim railroad work-shirts went into Mesa for lunch. After we had eaten, we walked out of the restaurant and headed east to Superior on highway 60 in the gray Parks Department pickup with its large state logo emblazoned on each door. We stopped for a red light and waited for it to change. When the light turned green, we slowly pulled into the normal flow of the traffic. Traveling only about a half-block, a tan sedan pulled in close behind us with its lights flashing. I immediately stopped the truck and looked in the rearview mirror to see four plain closed deputies getting out as two strapped on their pistols. The other two already had their weapons drawn. A voice from the unit's loudspeaker said, clear enough to be heard in El Paso, "Do not touch anything in the seat and get out of the truck with you hands up."

Looking back Marcus whispered, "Oh my god, they've got their guns out, and one of them is walking this way."

We both got out of the truck with our hands raised over our heads as traffic slowly eased past wanting a look at the felons caught driving the gray pickup. The

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voice from the unit's loudspeaker told Marcus to put his hands on the truck bed. He immediately complied his big hands shaking as he tightly gripped the side the truck. Another officer, his hand now on his holstered pistol, wearing sunglasses, and a big cowboy hat approached me on the driver's side of the truck. Being 6-ft. 4-in. I felt as if I towered over the 5-ft. 7-in. sunglasses and hat. Traffic across the street was now starting to slow and people were coming out of stores to watch the drama unfolding during a quiet Mesa afternoon.

Sunglasses faced me, his hand still on his holstered pistol and asked, "Do you have any identification?" He studied me closely even through the dark sunglasses.

"I do, its in my billfold, may I show you?"

Sunglasses, in a measured response, "Yes, turn around slowly." He made a circular motioned with his left index finger pointing at the pavement.

I turned slowly as instructed feeling like one of the convicts back in Maydelle and asked, "May I lower my hands, sir?"

"Yes, but don't make any sudden moves."

Sweat was now forming on my brow, and Marcus looked as if he was about to cry. With an arrest record, he could see his chances of getting into medical school fading fast. My billfold felt as if it had been glued into my back pocket. I struggled to get it out and held it up with my hands raised.

"Turn around and show me what you have."

There was no other sound I heard but the low voice of Sunglasses as he ordered me to turn and face him. Even through the sunglasses, I could feel his eyes watching my every move. "Yes sir." I lowered my hands slowly turning around as I liberated my drivers' license from the wallet. Carefully, I handed it to officer Sunglasses. He looked at the license for a long time and handed it back. The sun was burning hot, searing our flesh as we stood in silence on the black pavement. A substantial crowd had now gathered on the sidewalk and traffic was backing up. Would the television news cameras arrive at any moment? What would happen if they did? How would I explain being arrested to Austin Headquarters? Would we only get one phone call? Worse yet, how would I explain this to Shannon? My whole State Railroad career passed before my eyes.

Looking across the truck bed at Marcus, Sunglasses asked, "Do you have any identification?"

"Yes sir..." Marcus replied in his East Texas drawl, "I have a drivers' license." He started to reach for it.

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"That's okay." Looking at both of us, Sunglasses said, "I don't suppose you two would be driving around Arizona in a State of Texas truck with Texas drivers licenses if you were escaped convicts. We saw the blue shirts, and just figured you had stolen the truck from a prison gang, and made it this far. What are you doing in Arizona anyway?"

Noticing the other officers were now standing down, I turned to them and said, "We're loading an old steam locomotive out at Superior to ship to Texas..." As I talked, I could see by their expressions that they were not sure whether to buy that story or not.

Sunglasses said as he walked back to his unit, "Have a nice stay in Arizona." With that, the incident was over much to the disappointment of the bystanders whom I am sure wanted to see the street erupt into a major gun battle. Marcus and I got into the pickup and wasted no time getting back to work in Superior. That brush with the law was enough for us. When we returned to Rusk, the first thing I planned to ask Austin for would be Parks & Wildlife identification cards for all of us.

Arriving back at the #7's loading area in the smelter, Shane had all in readiness; it had taken a full week to get to this moment of "loading truth." He had extended a restraining cable through a tackle-block with one end attached to the locomotive and the other connected to a winch on his rigging truck. The ramp looked sufficiently steep to let gravity do the work to roll the engine down onto the flatcars.

I signaled Marcus to remove the chocks and he did so with a large sledgehammer - then nothing. The #7 did not move. Shane slowly backed off the winch and still the engine's wheels did not turn. Everyone looked at each other. One of the Indians swore something in Apache or Spanish under his breath. I was not sure what the term meant, but knew from the tone it was not complimentary. Waving to Shane to let off more slack, he did as Marcus grabbed a large pinch bar and shoved it under the number 4-driver trying to pry-nudge the engine into motion down the ramp. Still nothing. Shane now released all of the slack on his cable, and each man stood there trying to will the engine to roll down that damn ramp. Slamming the truck door, Shane came over and said, "Now what? Why won't she roll?"

"I don't know, Marcus sloshed enough oil on her to lubricate everything twice over. Sometimes an engine that hasn't run in a long time gets stiff from the rust on the various bearings." I waved Marcus to come down and join us at the base of the ramp.

"Did she move at all when you knocked out the chocks?"

"Naw, nothing." Marcus looked over his shoulder at the engine.

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"Did she creek or anything?" Asked Shane. The two Apaches said nothing but kept watching the iron horse perched precariously at the top of the ramp as if it would suddenly take flight off the hill and sweep down bent on total destruction of our little group.

"No, nothing..." Marcus moved the sweat off his forehead onto his large muscular arm in a single motion.

"We can pull her down the hill with the winch on the rigging truck." Shane said without hesitation.

"Yep, and we will need your riggers walking along on each side ready to shove chock blocks under the wheels if she looks like she could go too fast." I started picking up several pieces of three foot long blocking to hand to the two Indians. I could tell they were not sure this was a good idea, but they took the wood posts just the same.

"Let's go." Shane went back to the winch truck to remove one of the tackle blocks and I went to change the cable on the engine. Marcus set the original chocks in front of the main drivers as I reset the pull cable.

The riggers were now on each side of the big engine ready to shove the long chocks under the wheels if there was a potential runaway situation about to develop. I signaled to Shane and he took up the slack on the cable causing big engine to slowly start to move without her tender. Quietly the #7 inched along the rails down the ramp grade toward the flatcars. Everyone expected her to pick up speed but her pace did not change as Shane took-up additional slack on the truck's winch. At one point, he stopped and the #7 stopped. She would not roll down the ramp without help. I looked at Shane and he shook his head as the winch growled again taking up the slack pulling the weight of the engine. He hollered from across the yard, "If we didn't want her to roll, she would have raced down the ramp." Now, the Indians were actually smiling for the first time, and looked considerably relieved that things were going well. Reaching the first flat car, we had to disconnect from the #7 and reposition the winch truck to pull the locomotive to the second flatcar. We had already marked the centerline on the car's deck and knew exactly where to stop the #7 in order to evenly distribute her loaded weight. Slowly the main driver reached the mark and I signaled for the winch to stop. Marcus measured from each end of the car, which indicated that the #7 sat as close to center as we could manage. "We'll tie her down here."

The tender was moved next and complied easily rolling down the ramp as we had expected would happen with the #7. We only had to restrain her with the cable and winch truck. Earlier, Shane had gone to the mine Superintendent and somehow talked him out of six hundred feet of greasy 7/8-in. well worn steel cable. We had to measure and cut out useable pieces with the acetylene torch mounted on the truck.

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Shane and his two Apache helpers wasted no time in helping us set and tie the cables once we had marked all of their locations from the approved set of loading plans. Within four days of cutting and fitting the cables, we had all of the tie-down set and properly tensioned with six cable clamps on each tie end. Marcus had secured the engine's cab with plywood.

I left Shane to finish the tie-down and went to the MARR yard office where a call was placed to the SPRR in Phoenix requesting a car inspector come to Superior to check our load for interchange. The voice on the other end of the wire said they could have someone out there that afternoon if we could wait. I thanked him and said we would definitely wait. When a railroad car inspector comes to check a load of this size and configuration, one never knows what to expect. We knew the inspection of the #7 would likely not be the exception.

The inspector arrived in a white SPRR pickup with another railroad employee. They got out of the truck putting on their hardhats and sunglasses. The inspector was a tall man wearing a tan khaki shirt that labored to contain his barrel chest. The second man was casually dressed in jeans and a blue tee-shirt. Before them stood our tired, dusty, greasy, and sweaty little group looking like they had been fighting a war. Stepping forward, I removed my gloves and shook hands with the inspector. With the formalities over, he quickly turned and pointed at the #7 sitting on top the flatcar.

"Is that the load? They didn't tell me it was a locomotive. I can't approve this without first running it through the High-Wide group. This could take a week or longer. Didn't they tell you that when you ordered the flatcars? Sorry, but we can't approve this today." He was not sure how to handle the situation and his mind was made-up. The inspector's body language left no doubt as to his exacerbation at the assumption we lacked any knowledge in the various workings of railroad load approvals.

"Just a minute," I walked over to our gray pickup and retrieved a large brown envelope. The inspector was now walking around the loaded freight cars shaking his head and talking quietly to his associate. I approached them when they came around the far end of the second car. Shane looked apprehensive but said nothing. Handing the envelope to the SPRR inspector I asked him to take a look at the load plan. He flipped the clasp open and pulled out the load drawings with the written approval on official Southern Pacific stationery. After he read the letter, he carefully looked at the load diagrams handing each page to his associate as he finished. The associate handed the sheets back to me after he glanced at them.

"This all looks in order. You got the load centered?" Without looking, the inspector gripped one of the greasy cables and pulled on it hard with his burly body weight. The line did not give. "Good tension," he exclaimed pulling his hand back and looking at the black grease that covered his palm. Marcus casually reached forward handing the carload inspector a rag with which he partially wiped some of

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the grease from his hands. "I am glad to see you boys have done such a good job and all." Removing his hardhat, he folded the rag to what appeared to be a clean side and absently wiped sweat from his forehead nonetheless leaving a thin gray film of grease above his eyes. He replaced his hardhat and handed the rag back to Marcus.

"Yep, she is centered and loaded to those specifications." I desperately tried not to smile.

"I didn't know we had plans for this type of load. Don't get much call to move steam engines these days." His demeanor had definitely changed for the better, and everyone in our little group seemed to feel the stress leave the air.

"The High Wide group said they didn't have plans like that. I had to prepare them for moving an engine off the Northwestern Pacific a couple of years back for a project in Utah. I have just kept using the same general arrangement load plans for these other jobs."

"Interesting. I heard about that move. Guess you want these cars out of here tonight?"

"Yeah, we'll want to interchange both cars this evening once you have seen them."

"I'll call the office and let them know it all looks good. We'll take 'em."

With that, we shook hands and the SPRR boys left. Everyone felt a sigh of relief as we started picking up the tools and loading to leave Superior. The mine manager came by in his pickup and looked at the load. We waved the "okay" sign and he waved back not bothering the stop. Marcus and I headed for the motel to shower and rest before the MARR's evening trick (train crew) took the #7 and her tender to the SPRR interchanged track near a desolate switch known as "Magma, AZ." We were also planning to not wear our State Railroad blue denim work shirts to dinner that evening.

The #7 and the #316 were subsequently stripped and sandblasted with both engines being ultimately shipped to Hahn & Clay in Houston, TX where their boiler work was completed, while work continued on the other engines in Maydelle. The Arizona #7 engine became Texas State Railroad #400. The acquisition of the #316 is detailed in a following chapter of this history.

Returning to Rusk, with the #400 acquired, it became readily apparent if the work was to proceed in a timely manner, the railroad needed a Chief Mechanical Officer or Shop Superintendent familiar with steam locomotives and rail cars. At the time, steam locomotive specialists were far and few between, the only other one I knew besides myself was Dennis Spendlove in Heber. I placed a call to Dennis and

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encouraged him to leave the mountains, because I wanted him to apply to be the Texas State Railroad's as first Shop Superintendent. He did apply, and was accepted whereupon he then made the trip to Maydelle.

The #2248 in San Fernando:

Mr. Spendlove arrived from Utah and we immediately headed to California anticipating inspection of another steam locomotive. The target locomotive this trip was the venerable antique Southern Pacific 4-6-0, #2248, built by Cooke in 1896, and owned by Charles T. Brown, of Brown Construction Company in San Fernando, California. Charlie was a rail buff and it was his company that built the first freeways in Los Angeles. Mr. Brown had saved the locomotive when the Purdy Scrap Company received the ceremonial engine with a batch of off-roster freight cars that were to be scrapped. It seems that the locomotive's flue time had expired and rather than refit her with new fire tubes or donate the engine to a museum, SPRR management decided to just quietly scrap the 19th century classic. It should be noted that when the #2248 entered service on the Southern Pacific, Butch Cassidy and the Sun Dance Kid were still robbing trains and banks in the west. Charlie once related the story of how he came by the #2248 in the early 1950's.

Mr. Brown told the story one evening when we were having dinner, "When I returned from a business trip late one afternoon, a note was lying on the desk. It read, 'Call the manager at the Purdy scrap yard - important!' I vaguely knew the yard manager and felt he would not be calling if it were not important. The next morning before even getting my first cup of coffee, I called him back. When the Yard Manager answered the phone, he said he arrived for work Monday morning and found the #2248 sitting on their siding with a bunch of scrap cars. It was Tuesday and the yard manager wanted someone to do something with the historic locomotive since he didn't have the heart to cut her up. He asked if I could step-in, buy the old engine and move her to a safe place."

Charlie said, "I told him I would come on out and take a look. Sure enough, when I got to the yard, there she sat proudly in the midst of a group of derelict freight cars. My heart immediately went out to her. After all, she would be in good company in my little collection." It should be said that Charlie's collection consisted of Hermann Goering's personal Mercedes Benz, a 1901-fire truck, and the private office railroad car *Elsmere* off the Carson & Colorado narrow gauge railroad. Charlie said, "One look at the old engine, and I thought there would be room enough for it in our San Fernando lot. I walked back to the yard office and asked how much Purdy wanted for the engine?"

"Without hesitation, the yard manager asked, '...would \$5,000 be too much?' I couldn't get my checkbook out fast enough. I wrote him a check for \$5,000 on the spot. A week later, our heavy equipment crew transported the old locomotive across Los Angeles to the safety of the Brown Construction equipment yard. I later invited Walt Disney, a close friend who loved trains, out to see my new acquisition. It

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wasn't long before he later suggested a plan to build a railroad all the way around Griffith Park in Los Angeles, and operate the #2248 in excursion service. Since Brown Construction built the freeways, he knew we had the equipment to build a railroad track. As things turned out, we could never get the City to give us a permit. Then Walt went to Orange County and built Disneyland. The #2248 has set in the Brown yard in San Fernando and has remained there all these years."

Charlie said many times over that he was only going to sell the #2248 on the condition that, "Who ever buys her will promise to run her. There had been all sorts of people go through here who wanted the engine, but they didn't have a track or even the real hope of getting a track. Most of these 'prospective buyers' just wanted to display her in front of their restaurant or in front of their place of business much like that bunch over at Little Engines in Lomita. I have always told all of them no deal."

Little Engines was a West Coast company that manufactured live steam scale model locomotives and as I listened to Charlie talk, I could envision the #2248 sitting in a flowerbed in front of their headquarters building. Then I heard myself saying, "Yes, Charlie, it would not be a very befitting fate for such a grand old engine that has come so far to sit in a bed of petunias." I could also tell by his tone that he was serious. As we signed the purchase agreement, I told him, "If the State of Texas buys her, we'll run her wheels off." He seemed satisfied with my comment and signed both copies of the agreement. I handed him a check, and we shook hands. The #2248 now belonged to the State of Texas.

As preparations were made to load the antique engine on to flat cars in a large paved team track parking lot near downtown San Fernando, Dennis and I experienced a few days of brief vocal opposition within the rail buff community. It seemed that news of the engine's sale traveled on the "bush telegraph" faster than it could have on any television network. A small group of vocal, and somewhat irrational, Southern California rail enthusiasts wanted to mount a full scale opposition movement against the #2248 going to Texas. Referring to us as "Texas Raiders," we were cast in the light of having come west to spirit away one of their beloved state historical treasures. We well knew the #2248's significance as piece of West Coast railroad history, but the Southern Pacific also ran through Texas. In the end, when the emotional moment passed, and everyone had ample time to think about what had happened, things settled down. After all, we had made a legitimate purchase from the private owner.

As planned, work got underway in the large San Fernando team track area. Charlie was determined to supervise the loading and transporting of the locomotive and tender from his yard through the streets of San Fernando to the SPRR track. Dennis and I had worked for several days, prior to movement of the engine and tender, cleaning the flat cars' decks and bolting rails in place to receive the #2248. As per our normal loading plan one car would hold the locomotive and the second would carry the tender. All through the process, a cadre of sidewalk superintendents

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observed every step of the entire operation. When Charlie's trucks arrived with the locomotive and its tender, they backed up to the end of the flatcar and each train was winched onto the receiving car deck. The loads were carefully centered and tied down with heavy cables. When all of the work was completed, Charlie called the SPRR load inspector's office and they made a brief tour of the team track area passing our cable handy work with no changes. It had taken six days to load and securely tie the engine and tender in place. That afternoon the SPRR accepted the locomotive load for interchange and shipped her to Texas. We took the #2248's smokestack, bell, box headlight, pilot, and assorted FRA paperwork back to Texas in a Parks Department truck proud in knowing that Texas now had a famous Southern Pacific locomotive to add to its growing collection. A year before Mr. Brown's death, he visited the Texas State Railroad and saw the #2248 in service just as had been promised years before.

As the engines started to arrive in Maydelle, it was decided that the classic Southern Pacific #2248 should go into service first because it was the most antique and mechanically sound engine we had on the property. The equipment restoration and rebuilding work began in earnest by an outside boiler contractor who worked in the Maydelle yard under our close supervision. He made limited progress and ultimately forfeited the job and as his performance bond to go seek his fortune on construction of the Alaska pipeline. By defaulting, Dennis and I assumed the engine project management duties and saw to the completion of the boiler work. Once the boiler was ready and had passed a full hydrostatic test as per TBS specifications, the TDC inmates assisted us in completing the cosmetic and light running gear work on the engine. She was renumbered the #200, and an inmate crafted an excellent number plate and a turn of the century oil style headlight, which had been converted to electric, for the front of the engine. TDC inmate restoration crews continued to work on the adjacent passenger coaches at Maydelle. All of the coach seating was removed and sent to the TDC upholstery shop at the prison farm, this was the same shop that handles reupholstering for Texas school bus seating.

With the final depot plan completed and approved, contractors began working on the large Rusk and then Palestine Depots. The prison trustees continued to restore the track and bridge structures with work crews pushing both east and west. Track work seemed to accelerate when the first steam locomotive started to show real restoration progress. Everyone that saw the #200 under restoration wanted her fired-up and thundering down the track as soon as humanly possible. For some reason, the enthusiasm for the #200 was contagious. The magic was not lost, Charlie Brown and Walt Disney had seen the vision years before in California.

The Winning of the #316 - A Prize Worth Saving:

By the end of the steam era in Texas, there were only two original authentic Texas & Pacific (T&PRY) steam locomotives in existence. One locomotive was the 2-10-4 #610, and the other engine was the 4-6-0 #316 sitting in an Abilene park. Years before I had been part of the group that saved the #610 at the Will Rogers

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Coliseum in Fort Worth. I wondered if something similar could be done for the #316. In talking with Dennis, we both considered the #316 a perfect locomotive for the Texas State Railroad.

Arriving in Abilene a week later on a Saturday morning, Dennis and I found the #316 had been all but forgotten in the city park. Vandals had stolen her bell and many other collectables years before. The cab windows were broken or rotted away entirely and the 1901 Cooke built engine was in very rough shape. Needless to say her situation, even though fenced, had become one of desperation like many displayed steam locomotives across the US. But as we walked around her, inspecting the firebox inside and out, we found no condemning issues. Both of us felt she could be restored to service. We decided to see if there was a remote possibility that the engine could be donated to the State Railroad where she could once again strut her stuff. We would ask for the engine. Two weeks later I telephoned the Abilene Parks Department and spoke with the Director. When I asked for an opportunity to meet with him to discuss the #316, his tone and demeanor became even more warm and encouraging. Our assumption was correct, they wanted a better fate for the old engine than the City could provide. We agreed to meet in his office the following week.

The scheduled meeting took place and we discussed how the engine had sat in the park for decades. He went on to reiterate how the City could no longer take care of the engine, which was blatantly obvious from the vandalism and theft that had been perpetrated on the unit. The Parks Director finally suggested, "If the widow of the man that was instrumental in getting the #316 donated to the city did not oppose letting it go to the State, the City would comply." As I was about to leave, the Director offered a single caution saying that if there were a loud public protest about letting the engine go, they would have no choice but to stand down and the matter would not likely be addressed again in his lifetime. I understood his meaning wanting no publicity and for us to move the engine as quietly and expeditiously as possible.

The widow of the T&P official lived in a spacious ranch style home on a quiet Abilene street. The Parks Director had made arrangements for a meeting with her where I could privately discuss the possibility of her endorsement of gifting the engine to the State Railroad. Sitting in her living room sipping coffee, she reminisced about her husband's long career on the Texas & Pacific. After a suitable time of historical reflection, I asked her how she felt about letting the State place the #316 into active service on the State Railroad? She thought for a moment and said, "Oh my dear husband would applaud that offer. It would be a far better fate for the engine than what it has now." Her words delighted the deepest reaches of my railroader's soul. She then said her late husband would most likely rather see the engine running than sitting rusting away behind a chain link fence. The widow sitting before me was talking like she had nothing less than 100-proof T&PRY blood in her veins. We shook hands, and I told the widow we were hopeful that the process could proceed quietly. She said that was what she also wanted.

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During the next two weeks, an Agreement of Gift was entered into with the City of Abilene and approved by the Parks Commission in Austin. With all paperwork filed and approved, we contracted the move of the #316 with a heavy haul company out of Houston, which I had used in the past. Their crew leader, Robbins, was the type of individual you only had to tell once where the job was and how much it weighed. He knew how to do all the rest, and had moved steam engines before. As usual, his only two requests were for us to have the fence down, and the tender disconnected from the locomotive by the time they arrived.

Organized like a military campaign, I scheduled the Houston trucks to arrive at the Abilene park early on a Monday morning. Armed with the approved Agreement of Gift, Mr. Spendlove and I arrived at the park just before daybreak. We quickly open the chain link fence at the loading end of the #316, which required us to neatly rollback the wire and cleared away the fence posts. Next, the tender was uncoupled from the locomotive, which required removing the two water hoses, fuel oil line, sever the brake hose connections, and pulled the 3-in. pin holding the heavy 4-ft. drawbar in place. Dennis and I oiled the piston rods and bearings as best we could since they were coated with heavy thick silver paint. At that hour of the morning, no one was on the street except contractors going into the Dairy Queen across the street for coffee. They paid no attention to us.

At 7:20-am the two heavy haul trucks from Houston pulled into the park. Robbins directed the first truck to place its trailer directly behind the tender and dropped the gooseneck leaving the front of the trailer sitting on the ground. Robbins and his two riggers next set 2 x 12-in. board runners on the trailer's wooden deck and nailed them in place. Dennis helped the driver with the winch cable after the tractor had been positioned beyond the tilting trailer, which sat some 25-ft. from the rear of the tender. Next, Dennis placed a short chain around the tender's back coupler as I positioned more 2 x 12-in. lumber from the display track rails to the trailer bed.

When Robbins gave the signal, the driver powered up the winch and took up the cable slack. Slowly, the tender wheels began to move the tender body. Within several feet, the wheels left the display track rails and dropped down on to the timbers. The tender rolled over the wooden runners on to the waiting trailer. Robbins had always said, "The secret to this operation is to fill every void under the timber runners with small boards, pieces of sheet plywood, and blocking." As the tender rose over the nose of the lowered trailer it gingerly rolled into place on the heavy planks nailed to the trailer deck.

Held in place with the winch cable, the driver and two other riggers set chains and chain binders to secure the tender to the trailer deck. Once adequate set chains were in place to hold the tender, the tractor pulled around to the front of the trailer and coupled the winch cable to a large hook set in the nose housing and winched the front of the trailer 2-ft. off the ground. Then the "winch truck ballet" continued

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turning the loaded trailer a full 90-degrees and gently setting the nose back on the ground. Next the winch truck lifted the heavy gooseneck yoke and the riggers guided it into place on the trailer's nose housing. The tractor set its brakes and the massive winch slowly pulled the yoked trailer up onto the fifth-wheel plate until the keeper pin clicked into place. Looking at my watch, the loading process took less than 30-minutes. Once the "Wide Load " signs were affixed to the trailer and tractor, the driver immediately rolled out of the park to a prearranged rendezvous location east of town where we would all meet to convoy back to Rusk.

The loading of the #316 followed much the same process except Robbins used a much heavier trailer with more rear axles. Once the chains and chain binders were set, and the tractor was on the business end of the loaded trailer with the "Wide Load" signs in place, he left the park. The total #316 loading operation had taken exactly 1-hour and 11-minutes start to finish for everything. During the entire time we worked on the loading, no one came to the engine site or to ask what we were doing. The Park Director did drive by at a respectful distance after picking up a cup of Dairy Queen coffee.

Since the SPRR 4-6-0 was numbered 200, this would make the T&P 4-6-0 #316 the #201 since all 4-6-0 type engines were to be of the #200 series on the State Railroad. After the #201 arrived in Maydelle, her boiler shell was stripped and the engine was sandblasted and primed, whereupon it was sent to Hahn & Clay in Houston for completion of its TBS boiler work.

The Mud Track Debate:

But there were comments of concern from well-meaning track people on the project. Mr. Murray, a retired MoPac, Track Supervisor, was managing the TDC's restoration of the roadbed and track. He saw the 64-in. drivers on the #200 and the #201, and emphatically said these locomotives were too large for the State Railroad. He was expecting the Texas State railroad to only operate small 45 or 50-ton engines. Yet as we talked, he was standing next to a string of Rock Island steel passenger coaches each weighing approximately 50-tons. It was impossible for a locomotive weighing only 40 to 50-tons to pull a train consist of four or five steel coaches at track speed over the grades between Rusk and Palestine. I could only suggest, "If he felt this way, he should bring the matter up with his supervisors at their office in Ennis, TX."

Mr. Murray worked for Track Work, Inc., which was the consulting company providing management supervision to TDC in restoring the track and roadbed. When we had this conversation, I privately felt it would be best for him to stay working the track and leave the acquisition of train sets and locomotives to others. But I saw his comment and concerns as the opportunity we had been waiting for, to introduce the need to raise the Texas State track out of the mud and apply crushed aggregate ballast to the entire roadbed. With out delay, I set to work outlining the initial track and roadbed-ballasting program justifications.

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Murray wasted no time in talking to his office in Ennis. It was not long before I was advised that Track Work, Inc. had different ideas about the need for ballast. I was summarily summoned to Austin to answer questions about the need for ballast and the size of locomotives. The size of the locomotives was relative easy to answer when considering the tractive efforts needed to pull a five car 250-ton train plus its passengers over the "hogbacks" and the various associated track grades between the Rusk and Palestine terminals. The discussion then turned to the ballasting question. As we talked, the Track Work's representative flatly stated to Austin Headquarters management that ballast was not needed. It was Track Work's thought and plan to enter into a long-term contract, and come back each year, or whenever it was necessary, to surface the State's track.

Knowing that a mud track-surfacing job only lasts until the first heavy rains, I could only ask if the Parks Department wanted a fair weather railroad? "With a mud track, that is about all you have. When the trains start operating, and the track becomes rough, settling unevenly into the mud, it increases the bearing and wheel wear and tear dramatically." The conference room fell silent as everyone contemplated these opposing points of view. Then someone asked Track Work if a mud track was more costly in terms of operating equipment maintenance than a ballasted track? Logically, they had no choice but to agree and in the end they privately knew their plan for a long-term contract was dashed.

The conference ended, and the Track Work representatives left the building to continue their agreement and management of the TDC crews for as long as it lasted. As soon as the door closed, there was an unqualified sigh of relief from everyone in the room. Park Operations had avoided a ploy that could have caused the railroad irreparable cost and damage if Track Work's hand had not been called. Turning to everyone in the room Hauser said, "You all know what we need to do. My office needs as many justifications as can be found about railroad ballast. This is going to increase the railroad's capital budget."

Returning to Maydelle, I finished drafting the memo outlining the specific reasons that all railroads ballast their roadbeds. The basic justifications for ballast included, but were not limited to, the following: a) to keep the ties off the damp soil, b) to better allow rain and snowmelt moisture to drain away, c) to protect from accelerated tie degradation from soil microbes, and d) to offer greater support in keeping the rails level and smooth under traffic. Each topic was stated in full with definitions of ballast, cost comparisons in maintenance, and other factors supporting the use of crushed stone under the ties. Charts and graphs were prepared showing how crushed stone ballast is made, comparative sizes, how it generally is applied to a railroad bed, plus where various sources of ballast could be found within the state. This justification report, once finished, was presented to the Austin Headquarters staff and ultimately to the Parks Commission whereupon a complete ballasting program was approved for the State Railroad main line and yards.

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The first ballast trains came to the railroad from the Georgetown, TX limestone quarries. The ballasting process first extended from the east (Rusk) end of the railroad toward the west. Each railcar that arrived with crushed stone ballast weighed 100-tons. The ballast was applied by placing crossties in front of the rear trucks on one or two loaded cars. Chains were then hooked around the hopper car door latches and each door was opened slightly allowing the ballast to spill onto the ties. Next the train was slowly pulled forward causing the crosstie to blade the rock level with the top of the rail as they slid along pushed by the car's wheels. Later ballast regulators and tamping machines came down the railroad and raise the track and ties up through the ballast to a suitable level. The tamping machine would pack the ballast under the ties to support the rails and the passing trains.

The "Little Questionnaire" Returned:

The operation opened on schedule July 4, 1976, and the train run was a total success proving Texas State Railroad was finally on its way. A number of months passed when Mr. Hauser telephoned saying, "They would be relinquishing all railroad files to the railroad office in Rusk. When these files arrived from Austin, I opened the boxes and glanced through the voluminous records. Toward the back of one box was an envelope that looked oddly familiar. Pulling it up, I realized it was my original report. I opened the envelope flap and looked at the pages over which I had labored so diligently to get the railroad started in the right direction. Each page had many red notations all along the margins. Many other things were marked with yellow and orange highlighter or underlined. Yes, they had read it in great detailed and asked even more questions among themselves. Reaching the last page, I saw scrawled across the bottom in large, black, felt-tip-pen marker the words, "Hire this guy!!!" Seeing this, it was the first time that I realized just how important my responses and due diligence to the Department's original questionnaire had truly been.

Quickly I looked through all the boxes, but no other responses to the original 30 or so questionnaires were to be found. I had anticipated reading the comments of other railroaders firsthand, but there were none in any of the four file boxes. The contents included mainly office memorandums, recommendation reports, action correspondence, Park Commission hearing minutes, and copies of technical park data, plus a few early track inspection reports to TDC from Track Work. Later, I asked Mr. Hauser how many questionnaire responses the Department received and where were they filed? He said, "Yours was the only one, no others came back..."

The Rusk Shop Completed:

Once the Rusk Locomotive Shop was completed, and shortly after the start of the railroad's regular operation, there was a marked increase in the level of requisite paperwork and record keeping. For Dennis Spendlove, such paperwork tedium was not a situation with which he wanted to contend on a daily basis. Soon he opted out of the Shop Superintendent's position to fill a track foreman and maintenance-of-way

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operators role on the railroad. Nearly a year and half prior to that time, Blair Lavell had approached me one afternoon in a Fort Worth restaurant while I was visiting his associates who were rebuilding the #610. He privately asked if he could apply for a job on the State Railroad and I told him that I would keep him in mind.

With Mr. Spendlove vacating the Shop Superintendent's position, I suggested to Blair that he apply for the position. Of the many applications that were received, Blair's knowledge of steam engines and his direct background with the #610 qualified him to move into the shop management position at Rusk. Shortly after Blair arrived, we immediately began working on establishing the machine shop, securing and organizing the supplies, material and tooling inventories, plus handling the day-to-day tasks in keeping the engines serviced. The shop crew was now growing and there was plenty of work to be done. As it turned out, the Shop Superintendent's position was an assignment Blair had always wanted.

A few months after his decision to work in the track department, Dennis realized, or finally admitted, that his real problem was homesickness. It was then he decided to return to Utah. He finally confessed that he missed the mountains. Although I never said anything, I well understood and shared the same feeling. We said goodbye and I wished him luck as he headed west for the last time.

Legal Access to the Right-of-Way:

The track was like any other railroad left for years to be ravage by the East Texas weather and elements. All along the railroad were 5 to 6-inch diameter trees growing out from between the rails, ties and up through the trestle decks and bents. For a while, one did not go out on the track without a trusty chain saw by his side. For the most part, the line was in tact, except for a few rails that had been removed by farmers wanting scrap or tie plates to repair farm implements. Yet with no trains operating for years in some sections, the railroad for all intensive purposes appeared to the general public to be totally abandoned since the forest and undergrowth had reclaimed most of the right-of-way.

The first order of business was to remove the many encroachments that had illegally come on to the right-of-way, which included fences, gates, and other obstructions. The Legal Department in Austin work for months to clear these legalities whereby TDC work crews could pass over the track without being perceived as trespassing. The right-of-way easement disputes were quietly settled out of court.

Technically, it is important to note that the railroad had not been officially abandoned by the State of Texas, the rightful owner. Although, to the locals, it did look as if the line was abandoned since trains did not operate over most of the right-of-way. Secondly the Missouri Pacific Railroad (MoPac) was still operating over several miles at the extreme western end of the railroad into a rendering plant just east of downtown Palestine. This active MoPac rail operation set precedence that

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State Railroad tracks had been in continuous operation throughout the years since the Cotton Belt had ended their service. Ultimately, this legal work revested the old Texas State Railroad right-of-way and restored the easements between Palestine and Rusk.

A Mud Track, Crossties & Trestles:

Historically the railroad's track had always been a mud railroad with no ballast. The original State and subsequent operators of the railroad had always used very small engines and light freight cars as was the general rule in the last century. It should be noted that Cotton Belt records did indicate they had installed many carloads of rock ballast on the railroad during their years of custodial maintenance and use of the line. Yet, if they had deposited ballast in vast quantities over the subject track, we were never able to find it. What few carloads of ballast that were found proved to be pit or river run material with soothe marble-like sides. This was perhaps the poorest quality rock ballast a railroad could use because it would never lock together as does crushed stone. There was no standard crushed stone aggregate ballast found on the original roadbed.

Subsequently, it should be noted that even the best crossties on a track tend to deteriorate very quickly when they rest directly in dirt or mud. The most expensive aspect of a railroad is the crosstie inventory to maintain such an infrastructure. The Texas State Railroad was no different. Even with no traffic over the line, the ties continued to decay at an accelerated rate from the moisture trapped in the soil and below the undergrowth over the years. Replacement of defective crossties, with approximately 3,250-ties to a mile of track, was the largest and most labor-intensive aspect of the railroad's reconstruction. The Texas State was no exception in that we had to replace approximately 2/3-rds of the crossties in 25-miles of track.

The total railroad needed surfacing and tamping once ties were replaced. This work was also critical, and much of the time with TDC it was being done by hand or in time with a tamper when it was available or operational. There were 2-pneumatic jackhammers that were used to drive the spikes, and impact wrenches for bridge and trestle bolts. There was little else in the way of real production track maintenance equipment on the railroad at the start. Parks Operations soon began to purchase labor saving production track work equipment, which was utilized to maintain the roadbed after the TDC crews left the property.

The trestles on the railroad were wooden with all manner of decay. Once the trees were cleared away, Mr. Denman, who was employed by Track Work, Inc., was a bridge expert retired off the MoPac Bridge and Building Department. His inmate bridge crew numbered from 9 to 18-men depending on the level and magnitude of work required. Their equipment consisted of one flatcar, a Burrow crane, and an air compressor with impact wrenches, chain saws, and a large iron box of hand tools, coils of rope, and a number of long aluminum ladders.

The work routine consisted mainly in fitting or replacing mudsills, cut bent legs, cross bracing, caps, stringers, deck ties and outside guard rails. Denman had inspected each bridge, and he brought over 45-years of bridge building experience to the Texas State Railroad. For his 65-years, he was a spry old gentleman with a great disposition. He always said, "Son bridge building was an art." He never seemed to remember to say the last part about "the science." Yet, when one watched him direct his crew to replace just enough of the rotten timbers to make a feeble old timber trestle sound, we all knew we were watching an artist at work. I once heard an inmate on his crew comment, "If they're railroad trestles in Heaven, old man Denman will likely be rebuilding them."

Most of the trestles were far too large to be totally replaced if we were to open by July 4th. Denman had to do the best he could to make the bridges serviceable in the time limits under which we were all working. He felt that installing mudsills was to be considered only a temporary repair. As each bridge was finished, he would have his TDC laborers swab the structure down with a liberal coat of creosote making the old structures look almost new. When Denman said they were ready to go, no one question his word. His bridges looked great, but trouble was coming.

Late in the 1979 season, a conductor rushed into my office and said I needed to see the Neches River trestle sway after the train passes over it. At first I thought he was joking, because by the animated description he presented with his arms and hands I figured there was no way the bridge could still be standing. Another train crewman came in the office and substantiated the story. He was on the same train as the conductor and he said it was defiantly swaying each time the train passed over it. He went on to relate that they had slowed down on the way back that afternoon and it still swayed.

"Funny, the track inspector and Road Master have not reported any swaying, or recommended a restricted speed slow order." I commented, fearing the worst deep inside. It was a nagging thought, "Had one of Mr. Denman's patched and creosote painted bridges finally started to give up?"

"Perhaps it only sways under the weight of the train the Conductor suggested. The track inspector only rides a motor car most of the time."

"Could be; we will need to check it out just the same. Guess a diesel running light might do it. Can't have any more trains going over the trestle until we inspect the structure. If we have to run half way trips. This is what we will do."

"Ask Mose Tensely if he can bring the RS-2 down, and lets run over there this afternoon to see what happens. That old Alco weighs 120-tons and should make her sway if she is going to."

I placed a call to Bill Hinchliffe, Region 5 Director, and his Maintenance Coordinator, Curtis Pruitt, in Mexia suggesting that they should meet me over at the Neches River bridge as we may have a problem. After I told Bill what had been relayed to me, he said he would drive over with Curtis. It was going to be a late night. The next call was placed to Curtis Marchant, the Road Master in charge of the track, to meet us over at the bridge. The depot staff was completing the cleaning of the station building and preparing to close.

Before long Mose wheeled past the station with the RS-2 #7 and I waved him on west as I had decided to drive my truck over to the bridge. I needed time to think. This could be a major issue if the bridge had failing mudsills, posts or entire bents. Bridge timbers mainly rot and fail where the air and water meet. That is the first wood to waste away over the years. We all knew that Denman had installed a substantial number of mudsills in the structure, but that was nearly 4 years ago. I also knew there were bent legs out in the center of the primary channel and flood shallows he had never changed. I recalled that Denman had recommended that it would be a good idea to drive a number of the pilings on the Neches, but the time factor to get open had been a major concern. Perhaps some of the trestles legs and other mud seals were giving way, but how many? The bridge looked good and there were no sagging problems with it. What could be the problem I pondered driving west on highway 84? A dozen other concerns fled through my mind as I drove into the afternoon sun.

Everyone arrived at the Neches Bridge with in close succession. Even Mr. Hauser had accompanied Bill and Curtis from their office in Mexia. Hauser had been in Mexia on another matter and decided to tag along. Within a few minutes, the headlight came into view as the big Alco #7 rounded the curve on the approach to the bridge. Waving the engine to a stop, I climbed aboard and asked Mose to let me take her across. He did not have to do this in the event the structure collapsed. He said, "Let's go..," and signaled with the air horn we were ready to wheel across the bridge at normal train speed.

Slowly the big diesel gained momentum as it rolled down grade toward the bridge accelerating all the while achieving normal operating speed of approximately 10-miles per hour just after reaching the trestle deck. Ahead, as the engine rolled across, the bridge looked perfect. When I turned around to look at the bridge behind the engine, it was then, in the fading afternoon light, I saw a sight that made my blood run cold. The entire structure was reacting to the weight of the engine in a lateral rolling wave or ripple action following almost an engine length behind us. The bridge appeared to be shifting 6 to 8-inches to the south under the weight of the passing locomotive, and then whipping back into perfect alignment. Mose kept the engine going steady to the opposite end of the trestle before we stopped.

I told him I would not take responsibility for operating trains over the structure, and to take it easy going back. Keep it under 5-miles an hour or less. Moses took the engine back across the trestle and the ripple was not as great at the slower

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speed. He went back to Rusk to clock out. Before stepping off the engine, I asked him to keep this situation quiet, and to tell the others to do the same. He nodded and pulled up the grade and around the curve heading east to the Rusk Yard.

A quick conference was convened below the old timber structure and everyone knew without saying it that the Neches Trestle was closed until further notice. None of the railroad's management would be expected to take responsibility to operate passenger trains across a structure in this condition. We all knew one day the bridge would ripple south and just keep going over as it would no longer be able to support the weight of a train. "Loaded Passenger Train Plunges into River," was a headline no one wanted to see. The total bridge was replaced the following year with the new concrete structure now seen over the Neches.

Turntable for Maydelle:

With the railroad needing an option for shorter trips, I remembered a small turntable that was sitting in the weeds in Paris, TX on the Frisco Railroad. The next day, I immediately left to see if it was still there. Arriving in the Frisco yard I waded into tall Johnson grass in the direction where I thought the table had been. After a few minutes I found the table just as I had remembered. In looking it over, the open deck table was completely intact, except there were no longer tracks to it. I went down to the yard office and asked the clerk if a call could be placed to the Frisco's Division Engineer? The clerk thought I was with the Frisco, and placed the call on the company wire to Springfield, MO. When the Division Engineer answered, I told him I was with the State Railroad and identified myself. Several switch crewmen sitting in the office were also listening to the telephone exchange. It was then I simply asked if the State could request donation of the Paris turntable for use at the State Railroad. The Engineer thought for a moment and then said, "We scrapped it years ago, had to get it and other obsolete equipment yard off the tax rolls."

I turned to the yard office window and looked through the weeds sure in the fact that I had just walked all over a turntable and took a picture of it. Turning back to the phone I said, "I know I am in the Paris, TX yard, in the railroad's yard office and I was just standing on the table still nestled securely in its pit. Of course it is hard to see through the chest high Johnson grass."

He was quite for a moment and then said, "Christ, it's still there? Give me your name again?" I slowly spelled my name and gave him my phone number as he wrote them down. It was easy to sense his agitation growing as he considered what the County tax people might say or do to a railroad that had submitted false property tax reports.

"Send me a letter as soon as possible requesting the table. As far as we are concerned, it is already gone – it does not exist. If you can move it you can have it. Make sure you don't tell anyone in Paris it is still there."

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"Roger that, I will get back to the office and send a letter right away." He gave me his address and I handed the phone back to the clerk as he commented that the table had not been used in years.

"Yeah, the switch to it isn't even there anymore. How would we get in to use it?" commented one of the switchmen sitting across the room. Within two weeks the much-needed turntable was on its way to Maydelle where it was quickly installed to facilitate shorter trips from Rusk Depot. A large wye (turning) track was installed at Mewshaw to accommodate shorter trips out of the Palestine terminal. Both turning facilities were utilized while the Neches River bridge was reconstructed.

A Caisson for The Fort Concho:

When word came from a chance comment made by a rail enthusiast from San Angelo about the Santa Fe #1347 being rumored to be available, I entered it on the spreadsheet and wondered what the chances were of getting it. It was now late 1979 and the State Railroad's trains had grown in size. We needed a larger engine to pull the longer and heavier train consist. The #1347 was a veteran of the main line high iron that could do the job. Reviewing a photo of her class in the Locomotive Cyclopedia, I found the Baldwin 1911's specifications and determined that the engine could work on the State Railroad. Taking another weekend to scout engines, Blair and I drove to San Angelo and found the #1347 sitting oddly enough in the Fort Concho Museum, which was an old 19th century U.S. Army Indian outpost. To display the #1347, she was shoved in between two buildings and left poised on a segment of track where the ties were buried in dirt and grass. The crossties appeared to be rotting under the rails. In climbing into the engines running gear, the grass and dirt looked to be about all that was supporting the rails in places. Earlier, the Fort Director had said we could look all we wanted. When we finished, I was to let him know what the State may want to do. With that he retreated to his office and left us to checkout the various aspects to be found with the #1347.

Inspecting the 128-ton locomotive, I ran my fingers across the wheel tread face on the main driver and immediately felt the mill marks left by the wheel lathe from her last out shopping. Next I looked at her rod bearings and there was virtually no wear. The #1347 appeared to have been totally out shipped, placed on the railroads ready reserve yard track in case the new diesels that were arriving from General Motors were not going to last. This steam locomotive was truly an interesting and unusual find.

The Santa Fe had continued to overhaul of steam locomotives on different divisions even as new diesels were being introduced to the railroad. These last steam engines were referred to as the reserve fleet for use as helpers in hauling trains during the annual grain rush. Additionally, some of the old timers also said, "If the new diesels don't last, there would be plenty of power to continue to operate the railroad." Yet, when a community on the ATSF asked for an engine to display in their respective parks, the steam units stored on the ready reserve tracks were the

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ones usually selected for donation and display. The ATSF reserve engines had been restored to near perfect mechanical condition and freshly painted. About the only thing the railroad had to do to make a suitable display engine was dust or wash the unit off and tow the selected engine to the recipient community.

As I surveyed the #1347, this appeared to be exactly what had happened in her case. She had hardly any miles on her running gear since the major rebuilding. Otherwise, the mill marks or ridges would have been worn completely away from the driving wheels' tread face and the rod bearings would have shown far more wear around the bras bushings. The only work needed on the old girl was the rusted sheet metal jacket shell, and the dry rot found in the wood windows frames. Blair and I were please with this discovery. About all that was needed to get the #1347 engine on the road was a basic boiler job. Now, I pondered, "Just what did the fort people want to do?"

After Parks Headquarters people considered our request and justifications for the larger locomotive, and the Commission has subsequently passed on her acquisition, I went forward with negotiations by scheduling a second meeting at the fort. This was a conference with the Fort Director in San Angelo where he would never quite say what type of deal he or they wanted. He did say that the engine was seen as being totally out of place within an army post. He also confirmed that they were afraid the rails sitting under the heavy engine were going to roll over at some point when the last tie gave way. I said he had a very good point, and we totally agreed in that it is hard to lay new ties under a standing locomotive. "This is especially true when one or both of the rails have rolled over and there is 128-tons of engine still sitting on them." Everyone could see it would be a very difficult situation in that the engine would soon have to be shifted off the display track and all of the crossties below the rails replaced. While it was not said directly, replacing the display track ties was a maintenance proposition the fort did not want to undertake for lack of tools, and ability to move the engine.

The meeting broke for lunch and he lead the way to a local Mexican restaurant. The lunch conversation did not include the #1347, but he instead talked about the history of Fort Concho – the Director's favorite subject. He knew the history of Fort Concho in minute detail and was more than prepared to talk about all aspects of the fort's design and life. It seems the fort's main historical contribution to the winning of the west was that in the 1870's Fort Concho had been an outpost for the US Army's mounted Negro regiments know as the Buffalo soldiers. Their job was to keep the West Texas Comanche Indian tribes at bay. As he talked, I could not help but wonder if I often sounded like this when elaborating about my favorite subject, the Texas State Railroad. I made a mental note to try and refine my enthusiasm when talking about the railroad in the future. As the meal ended, so did the oratory about Fort Concho - the Early Days.

After lunch we went back to the Director's office where I asked what did the fort need to make the visitor's experience more complete, historically speaking -

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other than the #1347. He thought for a minute and said, "We need a horse drawn historically correct U. S. Army caisson."

I asked, "How much does a caisson cost?" It was then when the Director's demeanor changed as he took a pencil and wrote a number on a notepad. Was the figure too difficult to say aloud? With the eraser end of his pencil, he pushed the pad across to my side of the desk and waited for my response. Suddenly it felt like I was negotiating to buy a used car and the sales manager had just entered the office to close the deal. Without touching the notepad, I looked at the figure and said, "Done." The dollar amount he had written was half the price we had been paying for any of other locomotives that had been purchased for the State Railroad fleet.

The Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific subsequently moved the #1347 on her own wheels to the Texas State Railroad dead in train as I had resigned my position as Superintendent at the railroad by the time these arrangements were made.

The Rails:

The rails weight was 80-lb. to the yard and this particular rail was an old and somewhat odd size. The largest problem the Track Department faced was finding joint bars to match the 80-lb. rail configuration and a hole-punch. When a rail order was discussed, rail suppliers would most likely say that all of that weight of rail has or is going to Mexico as scrap to be made into rebar for concrete construction. The railroad was able to secure the track that extended toward the Rusk State Hospital where we were able to get emergency joint bars and sections of rails as they were needed. For the most part, while the 80-lb. rail was scarce, the State Railroad's rails were still in relative good shape showing very little signs of wear due to the fact there had not been extensive heavy traffic over the system since the line was built.

Shortly after the railroad was open, a portion of the railroad bed west of Maydelle, well into Anderson County, passes through an area that is constantly wet and marshy. This condition was seen as being prone to causing the track to settle and not hold proper surface or alignment. The area was seen as a continual problem once the trains started making daily trips over the road in earnest during extended seasons. After serious deliberations, when the operation ended after the first season, the decision was made to replace a mile of the 80-lb. rail with larger 133-lb. steel through the marsh. The heavier the rail on a ballasted track, the more support a train has when passing over it at speed. We knew this to especially be the rule in marshy areas. Thus a plan was made to relay this section of track with new 133-lb. steel direct from the Colorado Fuel & Iron foundry at Pueblo, CO. Hank Todero, Road Master at the time, and his crew installed the new heavy iron. With this relay program completed, the railroad was able to realize a sufficient amount of rail and joint bar inventory to continue to keep the rest of the 80-lb. rail in good repair.

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Convict Labor:

The Texas Department of Corrections (TDC) had positioned approximately 50-trustees on the Texas State Railroad in late 1973 to begin clearing the forest from the railroad right-of-way. When they arrived it was impossible to even see the rails in many places much less operate a train over the railroad. It was common to find trees with 4, 6, and even 8-in. diameter trunks growing out of the track.

Since the Texas Prison System grows much of its own produce and other staples, they can support a work crew fairly well. It goes without saying that a great deal of talent resides within the Texas inmate population. The State Railroad complement of inmate labor was no exception. There were sheet metal body workers, painters, carpenters, and a host of other talents from which to draw. Of the 50-man prison farm inmates, the contingent consisted of 1 administrative clerk, 6 trustees doing housekeeping, cooking, and mess hall duties, a bridge crew from 9 to 18 (depending on the project), and a track gang numbering from approximately 25 as the work proceeded. Several of the 25 were also assigned to the restoration of the passenger coaches and doing any welding that was required for the steam locomotives. There were approximately 5-uniformed guards assigned to the Maydelle railroad project, complete with several classic blue tick hounds.

The work schedule for the inmates would begin when they arrived Monday morning at around 9:30-a.m. and end on Friday just after lunch at 1:45-p.m. when all inmates were taken back to the prison farms. With this travel schedule to and from the prison farms, the inmates actually only worked on the railroad a total of 4-days a week.

During the workday, the inmates would have breakfast at 7:00-a.m., load their hand tools and necessary supplies, and travel by train to their work site by 8:00-a.m. At noon each day, the work train would bring the TDC crews back into Maydelle where they received a hot meal for lunch, and secured more supplies or materials as needed. By 1:30-p.m., the work train would return the inmates crews to their work site(s). The workday would generally extend to around 5:30-p.m. when the work train again return to Maydelle where tools were cleaned and put away, equipment serviced, and the inmates would shower and eat supper. As the work progressed westward, the travel time back and forth to Maydelle became a greater problem, as it reduced the overall efficiency in the TDC workforce. This is why historically, railroad support facilities generally traveled with the work crews in order to keep production moving at a steady pace. TDC could not do this because their entire mode of operation was established around the fixed base camp management principle.

The accommodations were much like a military styled barrack with excellent home-style family cooking, clean bunks, hot showers, and two-color televisions. This is a far cry from the sub-human medieval chain and post treatment the first inmates received in Maydelle when building the railroad at the turn of the last century.

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During the course of the TDC involvement on the railroad, I personally had many inmates tell me that they appreciated the opportunity to work on the State Railroad. It was far better to do work on the railroad than repair school busses or tending crops at the prison farm. The railroad opportunity gave the inmates excellent experience and training in something that they could ultimately take into an industry upon release from TDC. Railroad section crews were always looking for experienced track maintenance personnel. The Texas State Railroad offered an educational experience in how it was done in the early days – railroad basics by hand. Someone once said, “Working in a highly automated production track gang found on most modern railroads would have seemed like child’s play to any of the inmates graduating from the State Railroad’s training course.” While it was hard work, it was also interesting and during the entire time the inmate crews were on the State Railroad, only two actually walked away. In each case, they were apprehended the next day and returned to the prison farm with an additional 10-years automatically added to their sentence.

Prior to opening day in 1976, the TDC inmates had struck the historic camp in Maydelle and departed to their respective prison farms in south Texas. It was never intended that the inmates would associate or interface within an environment where the general public would be visiting the park. The State Railroad in some ways should be considered as a monument to the TDC’s ability to adapt and adjust in developing projects for the State of Texas.

Joe Dale Morris Entered the Picture:

Some months prior to the opening of the railroad in 1975, Joe Dale Morris and Mike Ellis, two railroad enthusiasts from Austin, arrived at the railroad for a look at what we had accomplished. Joe Dale said he came to take pictures of the #200, as he was an avid SPRR enthusiast working for the Austin Police Department and holding the rank of detective or investigator. We envisioned him, whenever possible, as the officer having all the Austin police cases that dealt with trains. Since he did not play golf, we figured his passion for photographing locomotives must have been a way to relieve the pressures of fighting crime. He was also a photographer who seemed to want to be in the book publishing business. I knew I did not have the time to put a book together and liked what he suggested regarding his plans to publish a Texas State Railroad book. He asked if I could supply him with story details and photos. I proceeded to loan him the railroad’s file photos and in some cases the negatives when I no longer had prints. Periodically, Joe Dale would come up from Austin on his days off from crime investigations and take pictures of the trains and the depot construction process.

We foresaw Joe Dale’s proposed book would be a great public relations and marketing tool. We called him regularly and kept Joe Dale informed for the chronology of the book he was assembling. If he were going to publish a book about the railroad, I suggested that we needed a logo designed to symbolize the Cherokee

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County culture and wondered if he could do something with an arrowhead motif. Joe Dale did the design and it was adopted as the Texas State Railroad arrowhead logo.

Most all of the other graphics for the railroad I had previously created, including the Texas State Railroad "1900-era" logo for the railroad's first brochures, which were printed by Park Operations in Austin. Joe Dale finally published his excellent book after we opened the railroad and they were sold in the depot gift shops.

Joe Dale later called to tell us he had gone active in the US Army and was attached to the Railroad Transportation Command. I congratulated him thinking this was great because he now finally would be able to work with trains. As he rose in rank and his responsibilities increased with the drive toward the Middle East buildup in Saudi Arabia, Joe Dale's visits to photograph the State Railroad became fewer until they ended entirely.

Looking for a Greater Opportunity:

By late 1980, our family had grown with the arrival of a daughter, Annalisa, and another son, David, we now totaled 5. Shannon and I wanted to return to a larger city where there were greater opportunities and conveniences than those found in Rusk. Being a builder, I also wanted a new challenge or project on which to work. To that end, I accepted a position with Texas Industries (TXI) in Dallas since they were in the process of starting plans for a large gravel-hauling railroad in Southern California. Company officials had been told by California that this was to be the cement plant to be built in their state. Since I wanted another railroad construction project, and to facilitate this rail development opportunity, I took a position in the TXI Corporate Contract Purchasing Department, and the McLaughlin's relocated to the Dallas/Fort Worth area. Shannon had finally arrived in the big city.

The #200 Goes to a New Home:

The experience on the Texas State Railroad paved the way for me to spearhead development of the Fort Worth & Western and the Fort Worth & Dallas Railroads during the late 1980's. Aside from handling freight, this railroad was conceived as a way to bring a large-scale family attraction to the Fort Worth Stockyards Historical District. The plan was submitted to local investors and they opted that the operation would be called the "Tarantula Train" named after an 1870's railroad map designed by Fort Worth business leaders to accurately show the eight railroad that were either proposed or had actually laid rails into the city. The historic map did indeed resemble a tarantula with the railroads forming the legs and Fort Worth the spider's body. In order to secure the appropriate period style locomotive this operation would require, we desired an engine that "looked like Jesse James may have robbed a train it once pulled." There was only one engine in the State that

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fit that design criteria, and it was sitting as surplus, too small for the trains on the Texas State Railroad. A call was placed to Blair Lavell and Curtis Pruett, the General Superintendent, regarding possible acquisition of the #200. They both felt something might be arranged and asked, "What did I have in mind?"

I went on to explain how the State Railroad still needed larger motive power on the order of the #300, #400, and #500 locomotives since their trains had gotten longer and heavier making the #200 and the #201 too small for regular service. The Rusk shop forces had started work on the #300's running gear, but ultimately the Texas Boiler Standards and the FRA had condemned her boiler. FRA had by this time declared their jurisdiction over the State Railroad locomotives. Having worked for years buying and acquiring through donation locomotives for the State of Texas, I well knew the purchasing procedures the State would require and elected to make the transaction as efficient as possible in the interest of time. It was therefore necessary that private sector Tarantula Corporation would initiate and conduct the entire primary purchasing process for the new boiler assembly. The subsequent proposal we offered was simple. Tarantula Corporation would have a new fire tube boiler built to the #300's specifications, and trade it to the State for the #200 and its tender. This proposal was submitted to Park Operations in Austin who approved it based on the justifications that making a new boiler was not in the State Railroad's budget, nor was restoring the #200 to active service. Plus a new boiler would finally allow the larger #300 to be completed by the Rusk shop. Work on the #300's running gear was nearly complete, and all that was needed to finish the job was a suitable boiler.

Building a New Boiler for the #300:

A contract was drawn with a Southern California based boiler manufacturing company that had built the same type of boilers for the new steam locomotive on operational display at Promontory Summit, Utah. This was the National Park dedicated to the driving of the golden spike in 1869 linking the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific Railroads across the U.S. Meetings were held in Los Angeles and the boiler design was completed based on the dimensions of the exterior of the #300's original shell. When the specifications were written for the new boiler, I suggested that it should be specified to have a plate steel thickness of 3/4-in. rather than the 5/8-in. plate Baldwin had originally used. Additionally, the new boiler would be all welded by a track welding process and not riveted construction. Essentially these changes in the boiler's design would make it modern and heavier, thereby insuring that it should easily last well over one hundred years. These general specifications were drafted and sent to the boiler company in California where the requisite final ASME code calculations and design work were completed.

Layout work began with large 3/4-in. sheet steel plates being rolled into the proper diameter and seam welded. As the boiler barrel shell was assembled, the end sheets were drilled for the fire tubes, flues, and the dry pipe. These end sheets were then welded into place at each end of the barrel. Slowly the locomotive boiler

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began to fill one of the large erection bays at the boiler shop. The firebox wrapper sheet was cut to shape, drilled to receive the stay bolts, which were on approximate 6-in. centers, and then rolled to its proper shape. The outer wrapper and throat sheets were then welded into place giving the large boiler much of its final shape. The inter firebox back, sides, and crown sheets were drilled and welded together. Next the inter firebox was welded to the back of the rear end-sheet. This process was followed with a 4-in. by 4-in. square steel bar being heated and formed into a rectangle frame for a mud-ring. The large boiler shell was turned on its side to access the bottom of the wrapper and inter firebox sheet areas in order to weld the mud-ring into the base of the firebox base. The mud-ring formed a heavy foundation to support the inner and outer walls of the boiler's firebox area. With the boiler turned back to the normal upright position, and to further secure the inter firebox to the exterior wrapper sheet, several hundred stay bolts were then applied. These stay bolts allow the inter firebox to expand as the boiler heat increases. As the boiler shell and firebox were completed, the entire assembly was placed in a large furnace room and annealed (heated and slowly cooled) to make sure the fabricated boiler shell was less brittle. That is to relax the metal and eliminate any stress point created by welds. Annealing does not change the shear factor of the metal. Next, the fire tubes and flues were installed and the flared seams, at the rear end-sheet, were seal welded.

Soon after, Blair received a call in Rusk and was asked to come to California for a final inspection. The last step in the boiler construction process was to fill it with water, and apply a hydrostatic pressure test to the entire unit. As the test progressed, no leaks were observed with the pressure reaching 300-psi., and held for an extended period.

Seeing the boiler's successful hydro test, and that the work completed to the proper specifications, Blair placed a call to our office in Fort Worth where shipping arrangements were made for delivery of the boiler by truck to the State Railroad in Texas. Once the boiler arrived in Rusk, workers installed it on the waiting chassis and soon after completed the #300. The State Railroad now had a third large engine to pull their heavy trains. To our knowledge, the #300's boiler was the last major steam locomotive fire tube boiler to be manufactured in the United States.

With the letting of the contract for the manufacturer and delivery of the #300's boiler, the State subsequently allowed the 1896 #200 to leave the railroad's property. She was transported to Fort Worth by truck in the late 1980's, where she was rebuilt and renumbered as the Fort Worth & Western #2248.

Edward M. McLaughlin
Former General Superintendent
Texas State Railroad, 1974 – 1980.

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STEAM LOCOMOTIVES

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Edward M. McLaughlin Steam Locomotive Work History

<u>RAILROAD</u>	<u>TYPE</u>	<u>WEIGHT</u>	<u>DATE & BUILDER</u>	<u>ACTIVITY</u>
Trinity Valley Rail Club				Texas Railroad Museum
A. & N. R. RR - #208	2-6-0 *	65-Tons	1907-BLW * *	Moved to Display
Heber Valley Railroad				Utah State Park – 18-Mi.
Y. V. R. - #4	3-truck Shay	85-Tons	1914 – Lima	Acquired, Restored to Operate
P. L. Co. - #35	2-8-2 *	80-Tons	1923 – BLW	Acquired, Restored to Operate
U. P. RR - #618	2-8-0 *	90-Tons	1907 – BLW	Acquired, Restored to Operate
S. P. RR - #1744	2-6-0 *	78-Tons	1907 - BLW	Acquired
Texas State RR				Texas State Park – 25-Mi.
S. P. RR - (#2248) #200	4-6-0 *	75-Tons	1896 – Cooke	Acquired, Restored to Operate
T. & P. RR - (#316) #201	4-6-0 *	75-Tons	1901 - Cooke	Acquired, Restored to Operate
T. S. E. RR – (#208) #300	2-8-0 *	80-Tons	1918 – BLW	Had New Boiler Built for Engine
M. A. RR - (#7) #400	2-8-2 *	88-Tons	1917 – BLW	Acquired, Restored to Operate
A. T. & S. F- (#1347) #500	4-6-2 *	128-Tons	1911 – BLW	Acquired
T. & P. RR. – (#610) #610	2-10-4 *	175-Tons	1923 – Lima	Moved from Display Ft. Worth, TX
Fort Worth & Western RR				Common Carrier – 150-Mi
S. P. RR. - #2248	4-6-0 *	75-Tons	1896 – Cooke	Acquired, Restored to Operate
S. P. RR. - #1744	2-6-0 *	78-Tons	1907 - BLW	Acquired, Restoration Scheduled
C. R. I. & P. - #639	4-6-2 *	128-Tons	1918 - BLW	Acquired & Stored
Durango & Silverton RR				Colorado Narrow Gauge 46-Mi.
D. R. & G. - #486	2-8-2 *	93-Tons	1925 – BLW	Transported from Display
D. R. & G. - #499	2-8-2 *	93-Tons	1928-30-D&RG	Transported to Display
Cumbres & Toltec Scenic				State Narrow Gauge RR – 64-Mi.
D. R. & G. - #463	2-8-2 *	70-Tons	1903 – BLW	Restored to Operate
D. R. & G. - #483	2-8-2	93-Tons	1925 – BLW	Stored, Restoration Scheduled
D. R. & G. - #484	2-8-2	93-Tons	1925 – BLW	Restoration Scheduled
D. R. & G. - #487	2-8-2 *	93-Tons	1925 – BLW	Operating
D. R. & G. - #488	2-8-2	93-Tons	1925 – BLW	Stored, Restoration Scheduled
D. R. & G. - #489	2-8-2 *	93-Tons	1925 – BLW	Operating
D. R. & G. - #492	2-8-2	93-Tons	1928-30-D&RG	Stored as Display
D. R. & G. - #494	2-8-2	93-Tons	1928-30-D&RG	Stored as Display
D. R. & G. - #495	2-8-2	93-Tons	1928-30-D&RG	Stored as Display
D. R. & G. - #497	2-8-2 *	93-Tons	1928-30-D&RG	Restored to Operate

* Locomotives where McLaughlin directly handled inspections, acquisition negotiations, transportation logistics, restoration and/or maintenance to develop the steam passenger rail operations listed.

** BLW – Baldwin Locomotive Works

Note: All locomotives shown as restored and operating were directly managed by McLaughlin, and his mechanical railway shop force(s) while they were in service on the listed railroads.

The railroad operating management positions McLaughlin has held are as follows:

- Wasatch Mountain Railroad (Utah Valley Railroad) – Project Development & General Manager
- Texas State Railroad – Operations Development & General Manager
- Fort Worth & Western Railroad – Vice Chairman – C.E.O - General Manager
- Northwestern Pacific Railroad – C.E.O. – General Manager (No steam power on this line.)
- Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad – General Manager
- Rail Transport Services International – Owner (Rail Consulting, Feasibility Audits, Fleet Management)

