



TTOS CANADIAN FLYER



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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

We seem to have made it through the Olympics without too much fall out. I for one did not venture downtown, many of my friends did and they reported that they had a wonderful time. The transit system seemed to hold up under the pressure and if I can use the old adage, a good time was had by all. I don't want to offend our American members, BUT, Hockey is Canada's game!

I was very surprised to see the number of members who came to the last meeting. I was wondering if I should cancel the meet due to the Canada/USA Gold Medal hockey game. Gail had been really concerned about how much food to buy but it seemed to work out just fine. I

would like to see a full house for the next meeting; there were some very interesting items in the auction. I was personally pleased when one of our new members showed up with some MARX trains to auction. In the group was a red Commodore Vanderbilt clockwork engine. It was in very good to excellent condition, and I was lucky enough to be the high bidder and win that auction.

I dropped in to the **Cameron Show** today and it didn't seem to be very busy at all. The fact that we did not display this year left a pretty big hole in the floor plan. There were some "O" Scale trains for sale, a few Marx items, some Lionel but the most interesting item I saw was some "O" Scale "CHAD VALLEY" track. We miss you guys! included were several sets of switches in the original boxes. All of this was in very good



Alvin Rays with President David Cook

condition. Sometimes, you see some very interesting things at the local train shows.

I would like to thank **Doreen Palm** and **Olivia Ball** for bringing in the cakes and sweets to every meeting since last November. I know everyone enjoys their contributions and it really makes shopping so much easier for Gail.

I hope everyone can make it to the next meeting, hopefully we can see some more of the island group too. We miss you guys!

Warmest Regards

2010 TTOS Canadian Division Meets

**All meetings take place
at Charles Rummel
Community Centre
3630 Lozells Ave
Burnaby, BC**

**Doors Open 11:00
Meeting 12:30**

**Door Prizes,
Sale Tables,
Lots of Toys, &
Great Opportunities to
meet fellow toy train en-
thusiasts!**

Auction!

- **March 28**
- **April 25**
- **May 30**
- **June 27 – BBQ**
- **September 26 AGM**
- **October 31 Halloween**
- **November 28 – Christmas Festivities**

TTOS MEET FEBRUARY 2010



Ed Santor checking out the table sales. Above L: Caitlin & her puppy are almost always with Gary Zabenskie Above R: Doreen Palm pictured with Peter Tofield & Janice Crowder. Below: Members including Frank Schmidt, George Dixon, Bill Stephenson, James Johnson & Martin Howbold catch up on what's happening in Toy Train Hobby



Below Left: Neil Whitehead & Gunter Sage concurr... "Train meet trumps even Gold Medal Hockey Games, every time!" Below Right: It's good to see an increasing number of ladies join their husbands for "quality train time" - It's a Family Affair.



More Than 60 Attend February Train



Ian & Bob Garton enjoy both the food & the table sales

Above: James Johnson, Doug McCleod, President David Cook & Graham Gorling check out what might be coming up for auction this month.

Surprisingly more than 60 toy train enthusiasts turned out for the February 28 TTOS Canadian Division Toy Train Society meet even though Canada's Hockey team was battling the US Hockey Team for Olympic Gold! You've got to know your priorities, right?



Clockwise : ???, John Wolfe, John Constible & VP Mark Home, Board members John Warlimont & Tom Modica and some dedicated island guys, Fred Webb & Bill Stephenson

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CANADIAN DIVISION CLUB NEWS

Shuswap Rails 2010 PNR 7th Division Spring Meet April 2-3 Easter Weekend 2010

Prestige Harbourfront Resort & Convention Centre Salmon Arm, B.C.

Sponsored by the Salmon Arm Model Railroad Layout Tours, Clinics, Portable Layouts, AP Judging, Contests, Commercial booths and Main Line Canadian Pacific Action. Beer & Burger Night - Special Tours for Ladies.

Chair: Ed Parsons
250 679-3976 moc13@telus.net
Registrar: Eric Reynard

26th Annual Vancouver Island Spring Model Railroad Show Sunday, April 11, 2010

10:00 AM to 4:00 PM
Beban Park Rec Center
2300 Bowen Road Nanaimo, B.C.
Operating Layouts, Swap & Shop
Tables, Retail Sales Model Contests
(Popular Vote)

READ MORE... SEE MORE PHOTOS & VIDEO CLIPS
& NEWS ON OUR CLUB WEBSITE:
www.ttoscanada.org

Atlas O Canadian Pacific Railway 40' Woodsided Reefer

January 5, 2010

Atlas O is manufacturing a prototypical 40' woodsided reefer in the Canadian Pacific Railway colors. This very limited production "O" gauge reefer is comes in two numbers in both 2 and 3 rail.

Production is scheduled for the Fall with delivery during December 2010.
Cost is \$ 65.00 US or \$ 70.00 CDN plus shipping.

The price will have to change if the Canadian dollar drops dramatically against the US dollar.

Early payment is recommended.

Questions: email mlhorne@shaw.ca or telephone 604-987-8817 evenings.



If you wish to order please complete the following order form and mail your payment (payable to "Mark Horne") to:

Canadian Car, c/o Mark Horne, 5574 Woodpecker Place, North Vancouver, BC Canada V7R 4P2

Name			
Address			
City	State	ZIP	
Email			
Quantity	Reefers	2 Rail	3 Rail

INTERESTING WEBSITES TO CHECK OUT



TRAINS ON U. S. STAMPS and POSTAL STATIONERY

Trains on stamps are my favourite collecting area, so although these pages are not formally a part of [my philatelic alphabet](http://myphilatelicalphabet.com), — <http://alphabetilately.com/index1.html> I am including them so I can share some of my favour-



ite stamps and cover says the author.

There are thumbnail images of all the U.S. postage stamps and postal stationery with a train or rail theme, as listed in Norm Wright, Sr.'s [ATA Handbook 138, World Railways Philatelic](http://www.uqp.de/cjr/ata_hb138.htm) plus a few others. The stamps are arranged by type — Locals and



ONCE, Aboard a Freight Train

A short story by Jack Pollard a one time reporter for the Vancouver Province Newspaper His story "Once Aboard A Freight Train -" appeared in a 1939 edition of that newspaper.

ONCE ABOARD THE FREIGHT TRAIN ... and THE TRIP IS MINE

"End this continual riding of railways by unemployed. It has become one of Canada's great evils."

Many a seventeen-year old heart was saddened by this order from the government, and as many mothers' hearts were gladdened by it.

All summer hundreds of young boxcar tourists have been chasing around the country wherever a railroad track led. Many are the interesting tales of adventure they tell as they reach home and snuggle up in a real bed again.

All along the line "adventure" beckons. The new traveller, by the time he reaches home is bursting with things to talk about, the engines, the tenders, the country, and the cinders all that brought wonder to his mind. Above all, in every "jungle," at sidings and anywhere the "boys" gather you will hear the story of "eats."

Here are a weekend's jottings in my diary:

Frosty and I were two in a crowd of hundreds who gathered at the foot of Gore Avenue one Friday night. I could see I would have many acquaintances before long. Everybody was talking to everybody else about where they were "heading for". Frosty said, "We're all in the same boat so talk to who you want." ... and I did.

"This old rattler's always late. Ten-thirty now," somebody grunted. A few moments and two short whistles were heard.

"Here she comes, fellas."
"Grab the tender."

"You got my coat, Bill?"

WHAT HO! SHE BUMPS

Frosty grabbed the ladder on the sixth or seventh boxcar and I grabbed the next. We walked along the tops till we found a crowd. There we jacked our packs up in front of us to break the wind, tied ourselves on with strong cord and wrapped up in a blanket, pretended to sleep. At Second Narrows we were well under way and the faster we went the worse the bumping. You had to crouch on your haunches to prevent your insides from being shaken out.



Jack Pollard - Writer

At Coquitlam, the train took on other cars. We walked up the tracks to look at the tender. The engineer was talking to the yardman.

"Well, Mac, I've pulled a lot of freight, but I never saw so many passengers in all my life."

"You got company all right. Hey, you get out of the way of that light!" How the devil do you think we can see? All right, pull out." A group of fellows had walked across the path of the yardman's light.

Ruby Creek... sleepy... smoky... covered with cinders. Cinders in my mouth, my nose, my ears, and like a million nettles in my hair. My hat had slipped back during the night. We both wore goggles and the only clean part about our physiognomy was two beautiful white patches around our eyes.



There has always been some cache or mystique around riding boxcars & hopping freight trains.

The "hobby" continues to this day.

We changed to a flat car loaded with ties and we weren't bothered so much with cinders. We travelled all day Saturday picking up a little to eat and drink at stopping places. At Lytton there was an orchard near the track. One of the railway men's wives tossed us some biscuits at a little place we stopped at. They sure were good with a swig of cold water. Thanks lady!

At Spences Bridge we got down for a wash and a drink. All along the route we had watched the river. Maybe it is possible to die of thirst.

A fellow lying between the trucks and almost on the tracks was crying in terror and holding his side.

"God, I'm shot, what a break.

Get a doctor."

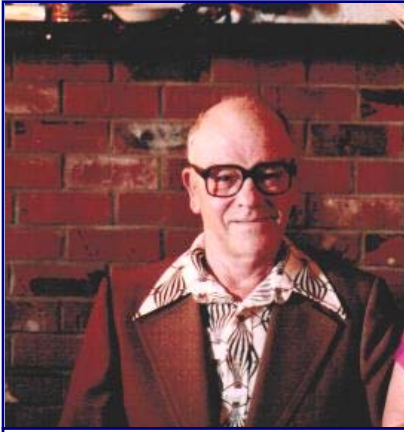
"Where're you shot Buddy?" Frosty asked.

"In my hip... I was jumping down and she went off. Get a doctor."

FYI Jack Pollard is Esther Evans father.

...riding the rails continues on page 6

RIDING THE RAILS



Jack Pollard—writer

Continued from page 5

A trainman said there was no doctor here and the only thing to do was telephone to Lytton. A boy started to run for the telegraph office.

HELD THE TRAIN FOR 'EM

Our train pulled out as a call was put through and all the “bums” were on it but Frosty and I. It looked like we were

being left with a wounded “Knight” on our hands. The boy came running back and said to bring the fellow up to the station. The wound looked bad and we had difficulty carrying him. Frosty was cursing about missing the train and I didn't like the idea of waiting all day either. We were near the station with our wounded when down the track in a gust of steam appeared freight.

“Boy, oh boy, it's the second half of the freight that left Vancouver. Are we lucky?”

The engineer saw we were carrying an injured man and the train stopped so we could cross the track without going between cars.

“So-long, fella, be careful with your toys,” we said as we laid his paralysed form on the office floor. He had slipped into unconsciousness.

The locomotive had “Highballed” and was moving slowly as Frosty and I dashed down the tracks to where we left our packs, a quarter of a mile. The engineer shouted “hurry up.” I was almost all in as I lifted my pack and made a grab for the ladder. The fireman pulled his head in and the train lunged forward. Thanks, engineer!

As we climbed on top I discovered something. Never use hob nails on a steel topped boxcar. You slip.

It was time to eat; the sight of the gun wound had not helped by appetite. I realized there was bad company aboard this freight. Frosty wanted some jam and I reached in my pack for it. Too bad, so sad. When I had thrown my pack from the top at Spences Bridge the jam can had split open and I now had a combination of jam, cinders and the fuzz of blankets, we ate but not the jam.

The heat was getting terrific and we took off everything but our pants. Ah, delicious breeze. When you closed your mouth after a deep breath a cinder would crunch between your teeth. Through

tunnels the heat made my skin sizzle and I wondered it were possible to bake alive. It was hard breathing in some of the longer tunnels. I just held what breath I could and tried to look nonchalant.

ICE WAS NICE

Someone discovered a refrigerator car with a little ice in the box so we sucked ice until our hands were clean. We put ice in a tin can and waited for it to melt. It wasn't long, but it felt like hours. Waiter! Ice water, please.

We reached Kamloops Saturday afternoon in time to wash up and sit down to a plate of beans at the relief camp. We walked to the park and reclined on the grass. A dizzy kind of card shark came along and would tell our fortune for “four-bits.” A deep voice in the twilight said, “All right, fellas, across the river. No parking here.” It was a provincial policeman with an able-looking detective.

Too early to “jungle up” yet. We'd leave our packs in an all-night garage and return to the park to watch the dance.

“Say! Didn't I tell you to go over the river?” The same voice from the twilight commanded: “Get moving!”

“You're good,” Frosty peppered at me. “Don't you know that cops don't like people who fall asleep in the park? Always stand up like a citizen should.”

“But I'm not a citizen.”

A fellow by the stockyard said a train would leave for Kelowna about 11:00. Further down the track was an “empty” boxcar but all accommodation had been taken. We hopped aboard the big loco. Next morning we reached Kelowna. Not much doing there. Too early for picking. Many canning plants were working, but townspeople were, of course, given preference.

A taxi man loaned his pinchers and screwdriver and Frosty removed the hobnails from the soles of my shoes. We rode into the orchard city free in a taxi and ate in an empty old house. Somebody had cooked more mush than they could eat. We did the rest. Later Frosty met friends of his and we went swimming.

We found other “tourists” at the station, and “eats” was the main topic of conversation. Everybody had been treated swell. Some got handouts, other cut wood. One fellow took a dog for a walk and the lady had cooked ham and eggs.... The best he ever tasted. By 12 o'clock we were all asleep on the station platform.

continued on page 7 >

RIDING THE RAILS

“Hey! You fellas coming for staying?” It was the switchman shouting at us as the train stopped in front of the station.

At a water tank the light gave me a chance to look over the “passengers.” It was a sorry sight. One fellow was in pretty poor condition, his clothes patched up in a haywire sort of way, his shoes devoid of sole and heel. When we stopped for orders at a telegraph station the brakeman threw up a pair of boots.

The ragged one said “Thank You” between his teeth and began to pull off the “new scows. He sure looked pleased though he shivered with cold.

At Kamloops I saw my chance to make a trip home on the Canadian National Railway. Frosty asked me to take his sweater and shoes home. “I’m going to Calgary,” he shouted.

“O.K., see you some more,” I shouted back. That was the last I saw of him. Got a job in Edmonton I hear.

LAST LAP IN SIGHT

Heading for Vancouver, I met a couple of boys from Victoria who had been right across to Halifax. Their biggest worry was how they would hop the boats from Vancouver to the Island. I never found out how they did it, but I bet they made it.

There were twenty of us in the “empty” and all seemed good fellows. A young chemist from Florida was going to see about a job in the “lab” at the new Shell Oil plant. Two English boys were still “in college.” Several old men had been prospecting and were coming in for supplies. At one station we bought two raisin loaves and ate like wolves. Our “coach” was supplied with a big can of water and we went merrily on, through tunnels, over bridges (never “drag” your feet at such times). The work of man’s hand on solid rock, the speed, the millions invested in rolling stock, the signals. What a wonderful thing a railroad is!

LEMONADE AWAITED

At one place we were out of water. The young chemist tried to run down to the river with the bucket. He was only halfway down the cinder bank when the engine whistled. He tried to climb back, the cinders giving way. The train had picked up speed before he got up that forty foot bank. But he saved our

can and caught a car near the end, came along the tops till he reached our car and handed us the can half-full. He rode the tops to Yale. There we stopped and so did two American girls in a roadster. The chemist had gone to the same college as one of the girls which meant we drank lemonade. Thanks, girls.

A number of the “boys” got off at Yale, including one of the prospectors. The ride down was more comfortable. The C.N. roadbed hasn’t so many bumps in it. We passed a detector car on a siding. The smell of roast beef brought water to my lips. Someone suggested roasting one of the cows in the cattle truck ahead.



At Port Mann we expected “the boot,” but were only ordered to shut the door. We did – till we were out of the yards. Shutting doors is dangerous. You might get trapped.

All in, I lay in a bunch of paper and fell asleep. I didn’t wake till the train stopped in Vancouver yards. The cattle were

making a noise; guess they were thirsty, too. The English boys shook me and we climbed out and walked into town. I bid them good bye after directing them to the boats. The chemist said he would “jungle up” in the yards somewhere and see about that job tomorrow.

So long, old boy; good luck!

I caught a street car home, on a three-day trip, covering many miles; I patronized both railways and only spent thirty cents. Thanks, both railways.

Article written by Jack Pollard, Cub Reporter for the Vancouver Province. Time – late summer 1932. Published in the Sunday Province, October 9, 1932.

DID YOU KNOW....

There are still many who romanticise “riding the rails”... now a hobby of rich & poor alike, young and old, men & women, boys & girls... Surprised? There are tons of stories in the hobo jungle... many of them are true... check out this recent story online:

<http://www.canada.com/ottawa/citizen/news/story.html?id=e5e4a5e2-87c6-4213-821a-ee535eb19dca>

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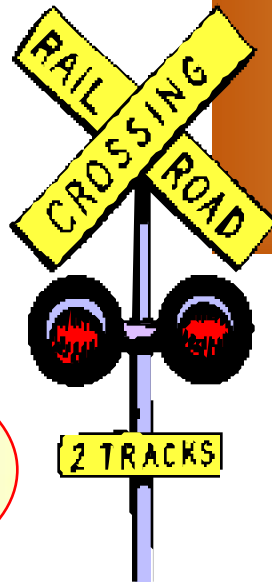
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