



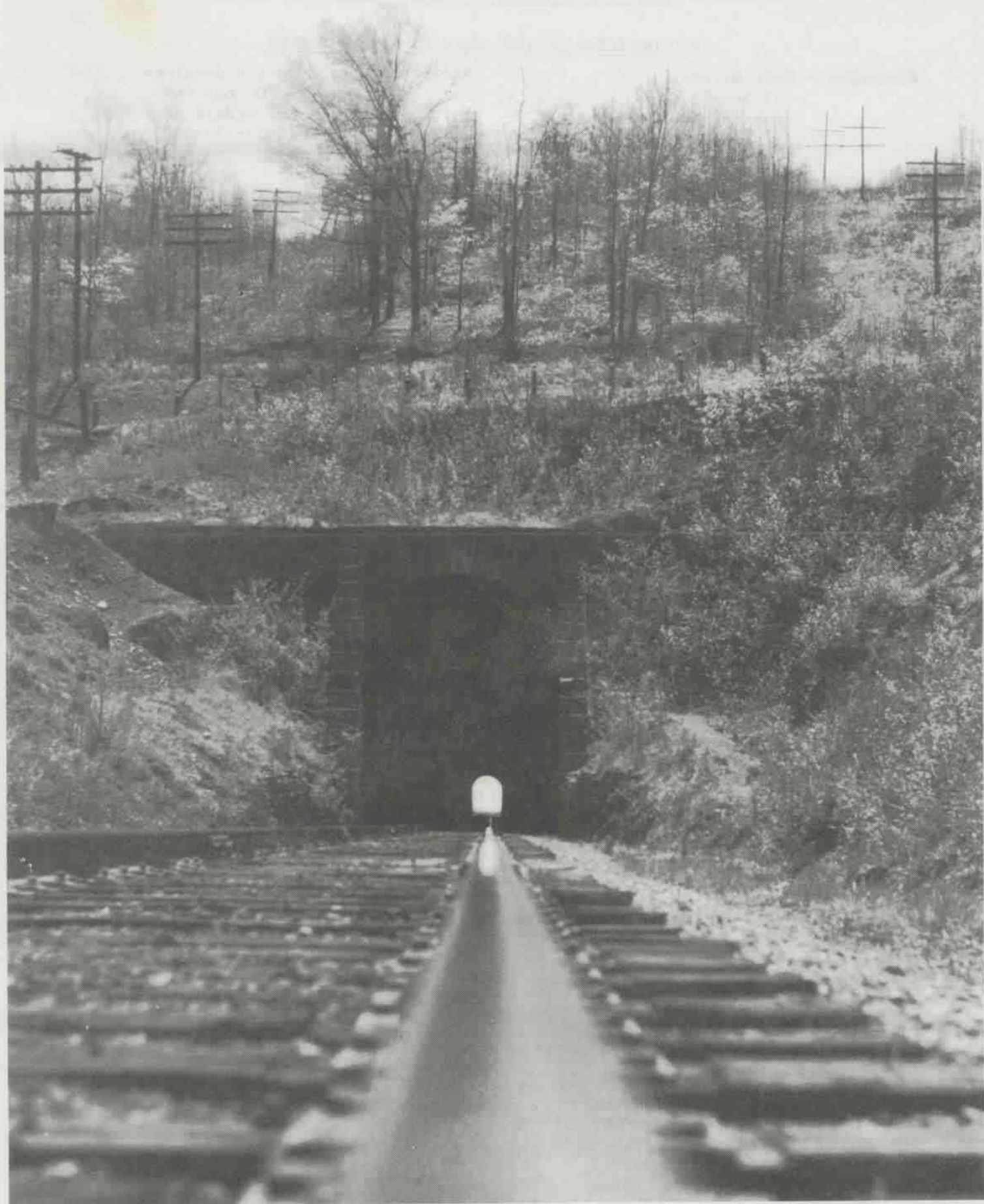
ARKANSAS RAILROADER



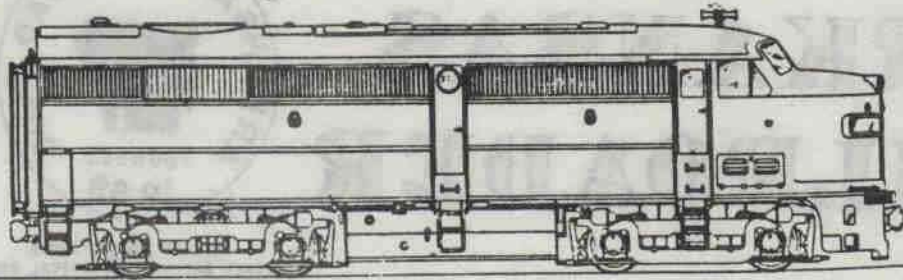
LITTLE ROCK CHAPTER
NATIONAL RAILWAY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOLUME 21 NUMBER 6

JUNE 1990



MISSOURI PACIFIC tunnel near Conway, Arkansas. The walls and ceiling of the 1,111 ft. bore was reinforced with steel and concrete in 1987, the first refurbishing since the tunnel was dug in 1903. Photo by Gene Hull. (See related story, CHASING RAILROAD GHOSTS by Gene Hull beginning on page 3)



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GENERAL NEWS

CLUB HAPPENINGS - ANNOUNCEMENTS

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The next meeting of the Arkansas Railroad Club will be on Sunday JUNE 3 (notice change from the usual second Sunday) at the Twin City Bank in North Little Rock, third floor. At presstime, the program had not been confirmed (Bart Jennings was working on getting someone but plans were not firmed up yet. However, there WILL be a program). We could all talk about the Show & Sale held June 2, for one thing. Time will be at 2 PM.

ORDER OF BUSINESS CHANGED - The Club membership that attended the April 8 meeting voted to change the order in which the club does business. Beginning with the June 3 meeting, the PROGRAM will be given first, followed by a break, and then the business meeting.

BUS TRIP TO FORDYCE SLIM - Only about 15 traveled to Fordyce April 29 to ride behind the 819 to Pine Bluff via the chartered bus. However, many more were already in Fordyce when the bus arrived. There was simply not enough time to give adequate notice. (While it is a lot of trouble to move up the deadline for a whole 20-plus page RAILROADER just to announce one trip, the club could still use its non-profit permit to mail 200 one-sheet notices in a much quicker time frame - just give your editor the word and it'll be done).

FREE ISSUES - About 200 extra copies of this edition of the RAILROADER were run off to give out at our Show & Sale as well as at the NRHS convention in St. Louis. If you're one of the free recipients, we'd love to have you join our club. A membership application is on page 15.

CHASING RAILROAD GHOSTS

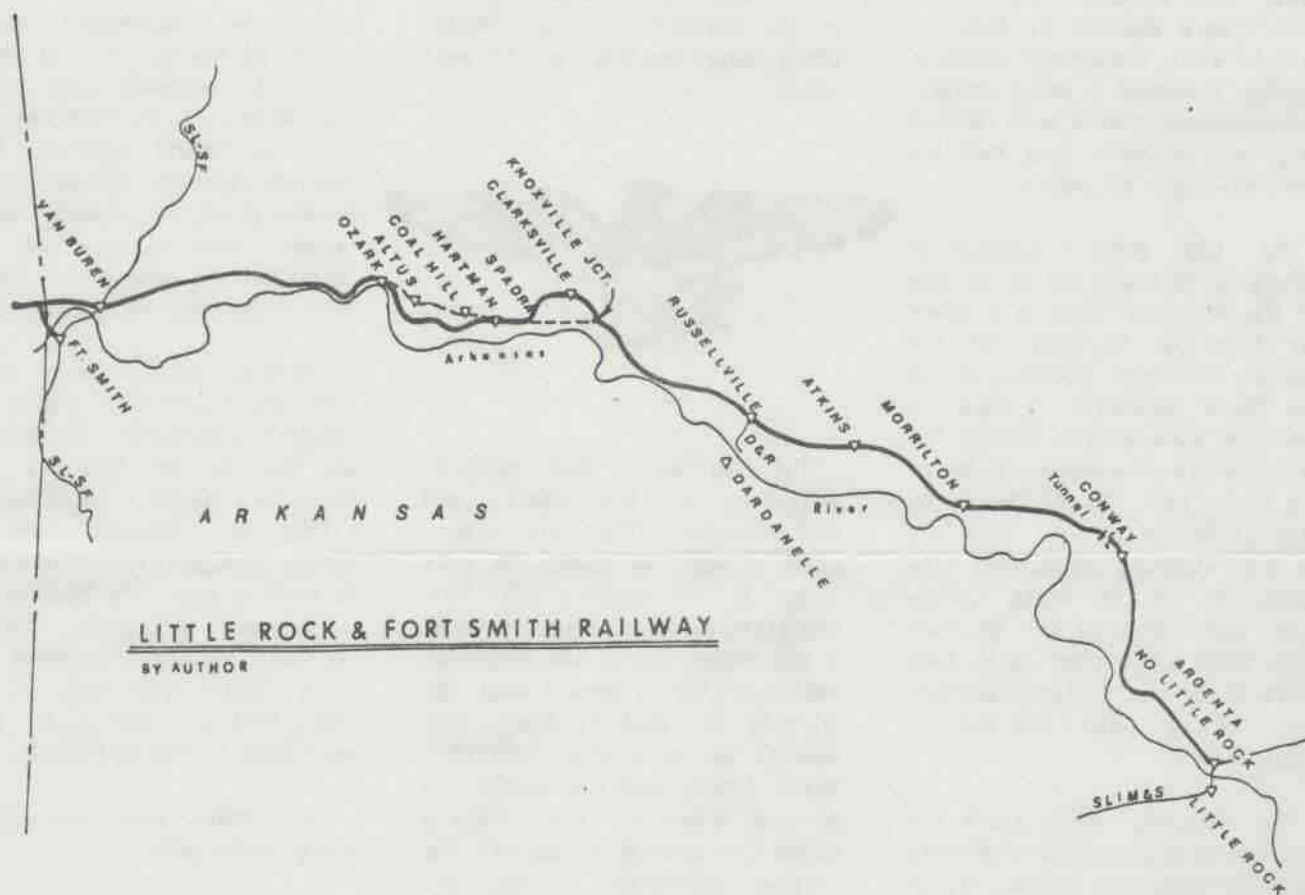
by: Clifton E. Hull

My railroad career was rather brief, only three years, and ended in 1943. Recently, while browsing through a very fragile timebook, there were some moments of retrospect. Even in such a short time quite a few incidents occurred, but had grown dim with the passing of nearly forty-five years. A thought came to my mind - Could it be possible that a few old ghosts might still be wandering along those rails?

through the most wonderful and amazing medium ever known - the human mind. Perhaps some of the present railroaders, long inured to computer wizardry, diesel fumes and roar, caboose-less trains, sorting cars by gravity, no switch lists, no way bills, and other such nonsense, may be amused. Perhaps a few whiskery "home guards" may find something similar to their own ghosts.

road. I found quite a few.

It was in November 1940 that I learned the Missouri Pacific was going to hire some new fellows as brakemen for the Van Buren Sub-division between North Little Rock and Van Buren, Arkansas. My father was a locomotive fireman, and my brother was a brakeman on this division, so I wasn't starting cold turkey. I was barely twenty years old, and during the



Clifton E. Hull
3507 East Washington, #31
N. Little Rock, AR 72114

Did you say there are no such things as ghosts? What are those life-size scenes which can be viewed upon the clear, wide screen of memory? After all, they are actual people, places, things, and events of long ago being cast forward to the present

Fortunately there is a good highway paralleling most of my old home division, and short side roads reach some of the more remote stretches. Surrendering to a strong urge, I recently spent some time chasing ghosts along 150 miles of single-track rail-

previous three years I frequently camouflaged myself in overalls and jumper to accompany my dad while he hosted locomotives, steam, of course, between the roundhouse and two busy yards. Here I learned to fire and run those iron beasts. After this

coal-smoke inoculation I was hoping for a job in engine service, but brakemen were being hired first. Vestiges of the Great Depression were still hanging around, and when a job became available, you grabbed it instead of asking what it was.

After a rules examination December 26-27, I made my first paying trip on January 3, 1941, on local freight, which paid \$6.06 per 100 miles. Through freight rate was \$5.59. During that month I earned \$69.41.

Predominately the work horses were Mikados of the 1400-1500 class, with stokers. Most of the locals were powered by Consolidations with "Armstrong" stokers, usually a Number 3 scoop shovel. The passenger trains were handled very well by 6400-class Pacifics and 5500-class Atlantics.

The Van Buren Subdivision generally followed the north bank of the Arkansas River and never far from the foothills of the eroded limestone plateau called the Ozark Mountains. Frequently the high rock bluffs forced the rails to lie on a narrow ledge on the river bank, to follow a 15-mile series of curves. This was in the vicinity of Ozark. The foothills end at North Little Rock, and southward the Arkansas River enters the great delta land built up by the ancient, wandering Arkansas, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers.

The liesurely quest along the meandering track produced several recollections, not necessarily in chronological order of their occurrence. One difference was quickly noticed - Centralized Traffic Control has been installed between North Little Rock and Mayflower, only 21 miles. The remainder of the subdivision was "lighted" by Automatic Block Signal. These are quite an improvement on the "dark" railroad I knew. We had a timetable, a good watch, some train order flimsies, and a good-luck wish from the dispatcher. All these were well used as wartime traffic

grew like mushrooms.

Just 1.41 miles from North Little Rock two rusty rails leave the main line to the right. This was called Military Junction, and this branch line climbed about 200 feet in four miles to reach Camp Robinson, named in honor of Arkansas' U. S. Senator, Joseph T. Robinson. It was a new name for Camp Pike, a military installation during World War I. Camp Robinson was selected to house a training division when the war in Europe cast its shadow across the ocean. The 35th Infantry Division, with 28,000 men and all equipment, began arriving in December, and a week later the entire Division, men and equipment, began heading for the west coast.



The camp was a mad house of activity. In the small yard switch engines often were in each other's way. We moved the Division in 63 trains, with one departing every two hours! Anytime I was called for a Camp Robinson switch engine, I knew I would be on duty at least 12 hours. The weather was miserable. Drizzling rains froze, coating everything with a glaze of ice. Nothing moved fast enough to satisfy the harried yardmaster. Young, inexperienced brakemen were tense and nervous under the pressure. Tempers sparked and exploded frequently, but soldiers and equipment moved.

Between the long warehouses and platforms, that yard at night was dark and the inside of a black cat. Freight car stirrups, ladders, and brake wheels were slippery as a greased pig. The engines, 0-6-0 switchers and 2-8-0s, used enormous amounts of sand. Fun was scarce, but no one

was injured. Truly a miracle!

About 18 miles farther along U.S. Highway 64 is a little village called Mayflower with a population of about 1,300. There was a passing track with a capacity of 81 cars. At the north switch my brother was permanently injured at 2:00 a.m. on 15 April 1948. He was the flagman on Extra 1439 southbound from Van Buren, called to leave at 4:15 p.m. on the 14th. They had a train order to meet a superior northbound extra freight at Mayflower. The superior train was waiting, and the brakeman had set the switch for the passing track.

As the southbound caboos rolled by the switch, Bud dropped off on the opposite side. Just as he swung off the caboos step, the northbound engineer turned his headlight on. Bud was blinded by the light, he stumbled on the rough, rock ballast and fell, striking the back of his head on the sharp edge of a crosstie.

Several nerves were severed behind his left ear, and he had a serious concussion. An ambulance was called, and Bud was in a Missouri Pacific Hospital at Little Rock several weeks. He never recovered sufficiently to go back to work. The company made a generous settlement, but Bud suffered severe headaches and dizzy spells the rest of his life. Photos I made at the scene were used in the settlement.

Yes, there were some ghosts along those rails.

A couple of miles beyond Conway, and 32 miles from North Little Rock, there is a hogback ridge of sandstone and shale about five miles long and lying east-west. A quarter-mile-long tunnel was drilled and blasted through Cadron Ridge during a track relocation program in 1903.

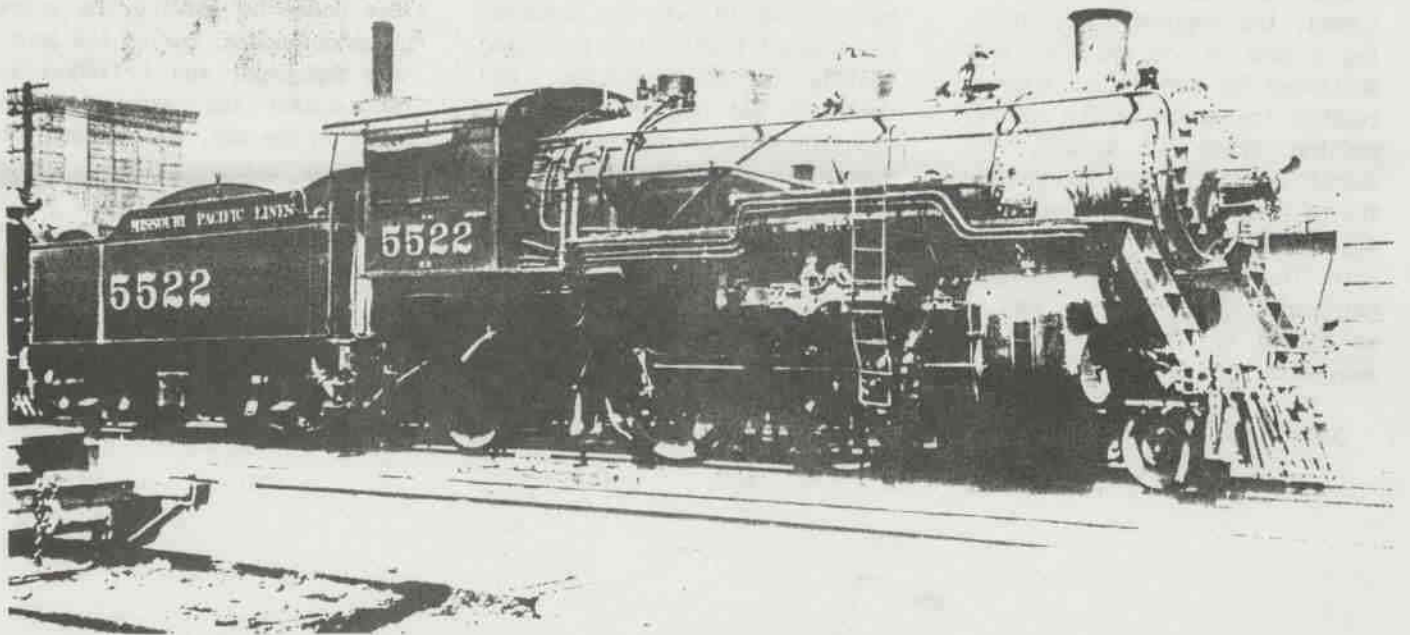
In the summer of 1942 I was called for a work train to deliver and distribute 12 cars of rock ballast about 25 miles west of Conway. We were given Atlantic

type engine Number 2522 with 99-inch driving wheels. Those Atlantics were truly race horses with trains of reasonable tonnage.

road and run to North Little Rock with the cabooses.

About six miles west of Conway the station of Gleason consisted

The exhaust began to bark, and we started up the two-mile grade along the north side of Cadron Ridge. In the caboose cupola I could feel every surge of the



ABOVE - This race horse blew the windows out of a caboose cupola entering the north end of the tunnel near Conway, Ark. LEFT - Similar to the work train caboose, which lost its windows in the cupola at the Conway, Arkansas tunnel. (Both photos by author)

We got the ballast delivered, and spent most of the day dumping the crushed rock while gandy dancers spread it with shovels. The conductor got verbal orders from the dispatcher via telephone to take the 12 empty gondolas west about 20 miles to Russellville, set them out to be picked up by the local freight next day, turn the engine on a wye connection with the little five-mile Dardanelle & Russellville Rail-

of a passing track and a water tank sitting on the bank of Cadron Creek. Northbound passenger train Number 124 was due at Gleason at 5:52 p.m., and we surely would be needing a tank of water. Just before we reached there the fireman climbed back onto the tank and measured the water with the clinker hook. He gave the engineer a highball signal!

engine. The throttle was out against the peg, and the power reverse was pushed to the front of the quadrant. We were going to Conway for Number 124!

There was no way we could be in the clear at Conway five minutes before that passenger train was due to leave Conway, as the rules required. There was a momentary drag of brake shoes as we began the curving approach to

the north entrance to the tunnel. I swung down from the cupola to the center aisle of the caboose, a very lucky move. We went into the tunnel and it sounded like we had hit a brick wall. Every window in the cupola was blown out of its frame. Of course, work train cabooses were not in the best condition.

When we came out of the tunnel, the engineer began playing a tune on the whistle. That continued for two miles. When we reached the north switch of the passing track at Conway, the switch was already aligned for the passing track, and Number 124 was waiting for us to clear the main. The engineer of the passenger train just shook his head as we rolled by. Sometimes we got away with such things.

Just eight miles down the road

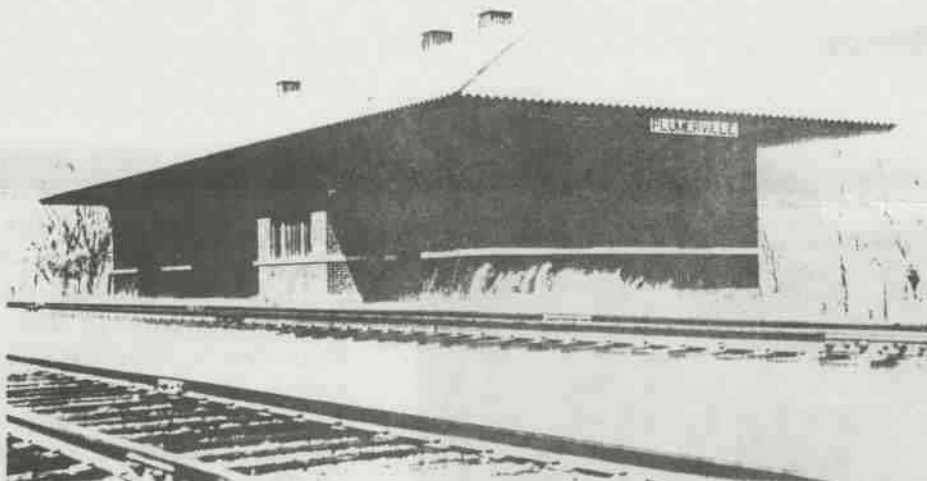
from Gleason is the little village of Plumerville. The railroad is about three blocks south of the highway. Beside the track is a remnant of a concrete foundation of a depot, surrounded by weeds. This brought to mind what could be called The Flying Mail Sack.

By the spring of 1942, Uncle Sam was involved in the War To Make The World Safe For Democracy. Freight traffic had increased rapidly on our railroad, and Uncle Sam was requiring the services of many of his nephews and nieces. We young brakemen on the extra board were being called as soon as our required rest was up. The company could not persuade anyone to agree to sign up to protect the passenger service or extra board. Men on this extra board worked as flagman or baggageman.

In May 1942 I agreed to work the passenger extra board. The other extra brakemen said they could make more money on freight. The fellows on regular passenger crews had no chance to lay off an occasional trip.

We had two regular passenger trains daily, and the men on the crews promised me they would take turns laying off so I would not lose money by working the extra passenger board. During the four-hour passenger run I frequently ran around two extra freight crews in one day, and perhaps two more the return trip. I could then mark up on the freight extra board and be called before the fellows I had run around could get their rest. I was making good money working both extra boards.

My favorite of the two varnish runs was the Rainbow Special,



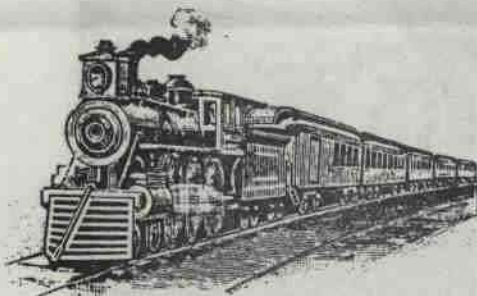
Vacant Missouri Pacific depot at Plumerville, about 1960. (Photo by author)



North passing track switch at Ozark, Ark. The track follows the rock bluffs along the Arkansas River. (Photo by author)

leaving Little Rock Union Station at 5:00 p.m. as Train 124, and arriving at Van Buren 9:10 p.m. After a good nights rest we departed at 6:55 a.m. and reached Little Rock at 10:45 a.m. as Train 117.

Pacific type locomotives of the 6400-class were assigned to these trains. The Rainbow had a mail-express car, a baggage car, a dining car, and a Pullman sleeper. These trains were restricted to 65 miles an hour, but in case of schedule delay, this speed was often exceeded.



When I was working the baggage car, the mail clerk in the RPO car ahead of me often asked me to drop off locked mail bags at some of the small stations which were not regular stops. These stations had mail racks where bags could be picked up on the fly. I would place locked mail bags on the floor of the baggage car near the door and kick them off at the proper station.

One morning on southbound Train 117 I had one mail bag to "dispatch" at Plumerville. We were about a half-hour late and the engineer had "suspended" the speed limit temporarily. I had the door open and was holding the grab iron above the door, and the heavy canvas bag was lying on the floor. As we approached the little station, the whistle was squawling, and I could see the agent standing in front of the station. A couple of local citizens were "decorating" a bench to watch the train go by.

About 100 feet before we reached the station I kicked the mail bag off, just as I had done before, so it would slide across the gravel platform and stop

beside the station. Instead of sliding, that stupid mail bag caught its front edge in the gravel and took off like a bird. I was staring back along the



train, watching that mail bag sailing about four feet off the ground. The agent and visitors scattered like quails. The train canted into a long curve, and the last thing I saw at Plumerville was a gray canvas bag of mail enter the depot through the bay window.

During the next 44 miles I was certain my railroad days would be over when the train reached Little Rock Union Station. It was against all regulations for anyone but the mail clerk to handle mail bags, and I had demolished the front of the depot. I still don't know why, and I certainly didn't ask, but I never heard a word about this incident.

There were so many ghosts to be recalled that all of them cannot be included. One of the most potentially serious occurred about 120 miles out of North Little Rock, just before reach the town of Ozark. In this area about 15 miles of track are a series of curves with very short tangents between. Limestone bluffs as much as 200 feet high are adjacent to the track on the right side (northbound), and on the opposite side is the Arkansas River. This stretch of track is very scenic under ideal conditions, but this is not true when pea-soup fog forms on the river, or when the darkness of night shuts out the world.

One afternoon in June 1942, I was called for an extra freight at North Little Rock. The yardmaster had decided to get rid of

insignificant freight cars which had accumulated in the yard, so he assembled a conglomerate mixture, coupled a Mikado engine to the head end, pointed it west, and called a crew off the extra board, one of whom was me. I inherited the flag, so I had to ride the caboose. There were well over 100 cars, and with such a train, a fellow on the caboose could very seldom see the engine.

We had right over nothing, and was in and out of passing tracks like a prairie dog being chased by a coyote. Single-track railroading was interesting for crews and dispatchers. Meeting points were shuffled like a deck of cards. We were about 75 miles out of town when the darkness of night shut out the world. My red oilburner lantern, the marker lights, and the caboose oil lamp were the only lights available.

Our train was winding its way along the snake-path track between the river and high rock bluffs, and I was perched in the cupola on lookout - that's lookout for hotboxes, lookout for dragging brake beams, and lookout you don't go to sleep.

As the train approached the station at Ozark, I saw the air pressure gauge on the cupola wall indicate a brake line air reduction, there was a rumble of slack between cars running in, and I heard the muted sound of the engine whistle around the bluffs - one long, and three short moans. I scramble to the rear platform of the caboose, and as soon as the train slowed to about ten miles an hour, I swung to the rock ballast beside the bluff.

I walked back around three or four curves, about three-quarters of a mile, to where there was a rare tangent of a few hundred feet. The trainmaster who conducted the rules examination had engraved RULE 99 with a stylus on the brain of every student - "When a train stops under circumstances in which it may be overtaken by another train, the

flagman must go back immediately with flagman's signals a sufficient distance to insure full protection ---." I continued about another 100 feet, clamped two torpedoes to the right hand rail, and returned about the same distance. Darkness along the bluffs was thick enough to feel. The glow from my electric lantern was swallowed quickly.

clamped on the red lantern. I was well prepared - except for one thing. Instead of a long tangent, there was another curve between me and the approaching engine! A projection of the rock bluff prevented the engineer from seeing me. During a fraction of a second I saw the speeding locomotive crashing into the rear of my train, and then bouncing off

frantically lighted another one and held onto it. Two squawling blasts of a whistle came loud and clear. How sweet it was! The glaring headlight swept around the rocky bluff, and two more quick blasts of the whistle greeted the fusee I was holding. I quickly jumped back into a shallow recess of the rock wall. A derailed boxcar would eliminate



A frog croaked down beside the river, and some night creature rustled among the grass and leaves along the base of the bluff. These were the only sounds. Why had we stopped? Only the fellows on the head end knew. There was a momentary glimmer of light reflecting from the placid surface of the river, and there came the muffled, undulating sound of rapid engine exhaust. A fast-moving train was coming up the river.

I had a white lantern, a red lantern, four fuses in my pocket, and a half-dozen torpedoes

the sandstone bluff into the river.

I could see the glare of the headlight outlining the rocky projection. I dropped both lanterns, grabbed a fusee from my back pocket, ripped the cap off, and scratched it across the head of the fusee. A crimson glow blossomed, but the engineer couldn't see it. In desperation I threw the blazing fusee as high as possible out over the river, praying that someone on the engine was watching.

An eternity passed as the fusee arched upward, and I

me instantly. I could only wait.

A sudden rush of wind forced me back against the rock as the engine roared by. A ring of fire surrounded every wheel on the passing cars. The engineer had "big holed" the brake valve, and there was a strong, acrid odor of scorching brakeshoes clamping the wheels. An eternity passed as the train continued its headlong rush.

A pair of white lamps mounted high on the engine's smokebox identified the train as an extra. In the pale glow of my white

lantern each passing car was a flash of yellow, reflecting the crimson glare of the fusee in my hand. This was a train of refrigerator cars, probably with fresh produce from the lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas.

Finally, the train began to slow, slightly at first, then more quickly as friction overcame momentum. Praise the names of the Lord and George Westinghouse. There was no fearful, crashing sound. The train stopped.

I stumbled along between the train of reefers and the bluff to reach the engine, which had stopped about 100 feet from my caboose. I climbed into the cab and apologized to the engineer for the "short" flag, and for not knowing exactly where I was. He said to forget it, he understood. He was glad that I had thrown that fusee. If I hadn't, there was no way he could have stopped in time.

Neither crew knew why we did not have an order to be in the clear for this express train of reefers loaded with fruit and vegetables for Kansas City. Maybe our train of "junk" had been overlooked.

The operator at Ozark had stopped our train because of a message for us to pick up some cars on the house track. We pulled into the passing track, running the engine and about 30 cars out onto the main line at the north switch. The passing track would hold only 78 cars. The train of reefers eased up the main to the north switch and stopped while our train backed up until the engine was in the clear. The crews agreed the conductor of the reefer train would report a mysterious hotbox to account for the delay. The op at Ozark agreed. That was sufficient because we never heard any more about the incident.

This was only one advantage of a "dark" railroad. No little white lights showing on a CTC train board. Many "close encounters" went unreported.

I found quite a few "ghosts" still lingering along the old Van Buren Subdivision. Ghosts such as could never have happened in the days of present technology. It was a bit of crude railroading, but it was interesting and exciting at times.

This railroad was built by the Little Rock & Fort Smith RAILROAD in 1870-73 from Argenta, now North Little Rock, 125 miles to Clarksville. The road was completed by the Little Rock & Fort Smith RAILWAY from Clarksville to Fort Smith in 1877-79. It was purchased by the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern in 1906, which merged with the Missouri Pacific in 1917.

- END -

GREAT FACTS OF SCIENCE

by: Gene Hull

The moustache can never be grown upon the forehead. Experiments have shown that the upper lip is the only place it will thrive.

In Switzerland the natives find it extremely difficult to put on their shoes without stooping over.

History does not supply us with the name of a single celebrity who was born before his parents. They all have been very fortunate in this respect.

Scientists have proved that it is impossible for the elephant to build its nest for its young in the tops of trees, even in a sturdy oak.

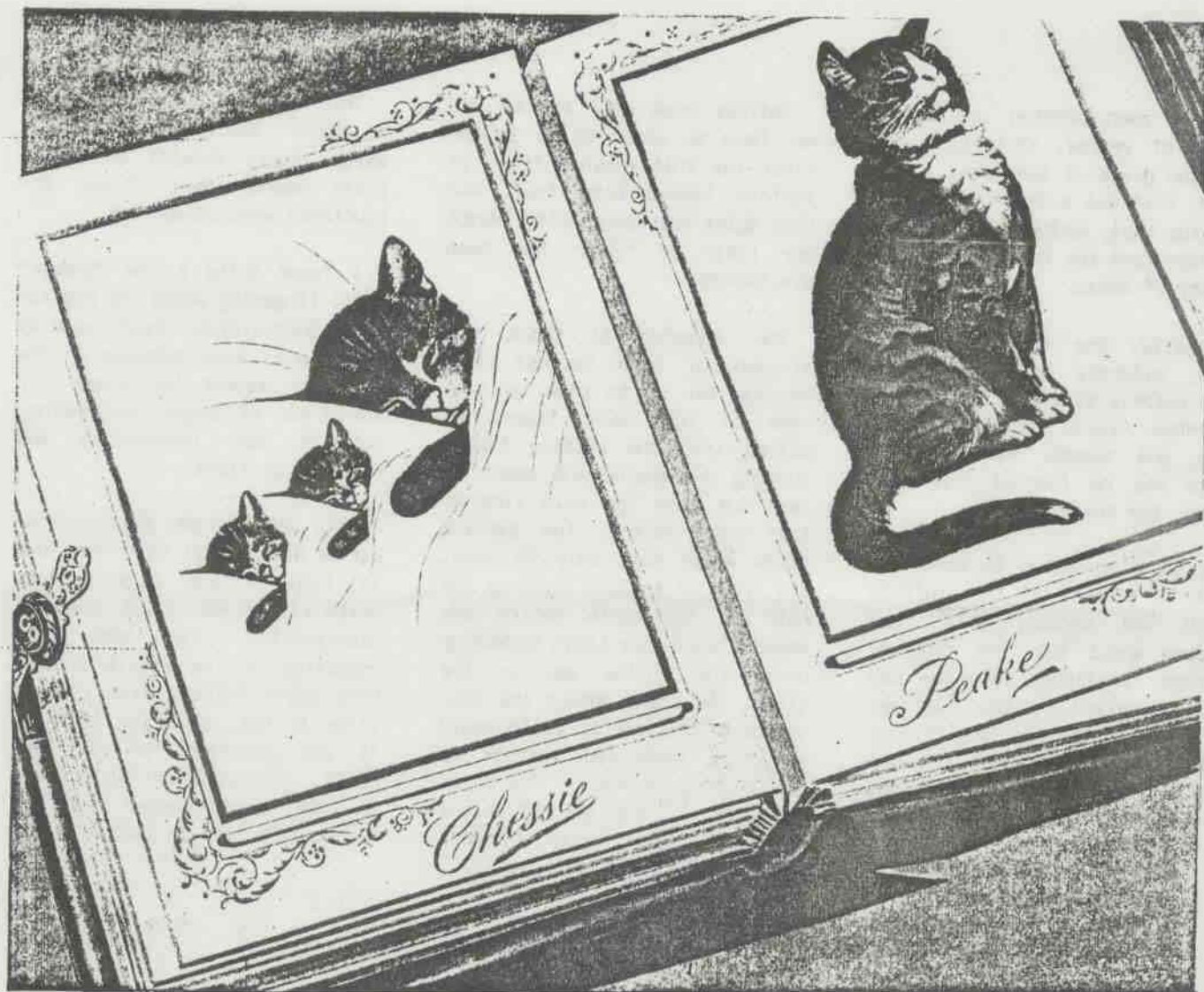
In certain parts of England, the inhabitants have a great deal of trouble in eating grapefruit with the juice squirting.

On cold days, if a phonograph is not wound at intervals it soon will run down and stop. This also will happen on warm days.

It is said that people of Italy prefer to eat their breakfast in the morning rather than at any other time of the day.

Psychologists tell us that it requires almost twice as much wind for a person to play a coronet as it does to play a violin.

The brilliant minds which gave substance to these amazing facts of science should be held in equal esteem with the mind which concocted the idea for the chartered bus trip by the Arkansas Railroad Club to photograph 18-wheel trucks, as noted in the February 1990 issue of the Arkansas Railroader.



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The "Chessie" Family Album

HERE, CERTAINLY, is a distinguished family with a tradition to maintain! Countless legions look to Chessie, who inspires them to *Sleep Like a Kitten* on Chesapeake and Ohio Lines. And this year they also look to Peake—Chessie's "Old Man"—to father the famous kittens, enshrined in the hearts of millions. This happy family can be depended upon to uphold the tradition of travel comfort on The Railroad with a Heart.

Our new calendar—a family album, if you please—will feature handsome pictures of all of them. *Peake* will grace the front page, followed by *Chessie As We Found Her* and *Chessie With Her First Family*.

As usual, there won't be enough to go around. But while they last you can secure the 1938 Chessie Calendar by sending 25 cents (in coin, please) to cover postage and packing costs, to Chesapeake and Ohio Lines, 2406 Terminal Tower, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON • THE SPORTSMAN • THE F. F. V.
America's Most Distinguished Fleet of Trains

The Railroad  *with a Heart*
CHESAPEAKE and Ohio LINES
SLEEP LIKE A KITTEN



NEW CAR COUPLING ON THE HONEY MOON ROUTE

ANOTHER POSSIBLE BUS/TRAIN TRIP - Bill Church, 5619 Bel Caro Place, North Little Rock AR 72118, said that if anyone is interested in chartering a bus to go to Stuttgart on June 17 to ride the 819 from Stuttgart back to Pine Bluff on its return trip from St. Louis, you should contact him. If enough are interested, he will charter the bus. The special excursion is slated to leave Stuttgart at 8:30 that Sunday evening, arriving at Pine Bluff at 9:30 that night. The bus would leave the Twin City Bank parking lot in North Little Rock, take us to Stuttgart, pick us up at Pine Bluff at 9:30, then return to North Little Rock. If interested, give Bill a call at 501-753-4582.

844 WILL NOT RUN THROUGH ARKANSAS IN JUNE - According to a telephone interview with Mark Davis, public relations head of the Union Pacific in Omaha, U.P.'s 844 steam engine will NOT make its planned trip through Arkansas June 7-10 as indicated earlier. He said that the main reason was the expense of running it. The telephone interview was held May 10.

WARREN PELTON, a charter member of the club, apparently died about 10 years ago, according to Bill Church. That makes four charter members who have died. The others were George Holt, Jr., Earl Saunders, and C. H. Ost.

OUR SHOW & SALE will be held Saturday, June 2 at Rick's Armory, 2600 Poplar Street, North Little Rock (close to Bonanza), running from 9:30 AM until 3:00 PM. \$2.00 admission charge.

SHURFINE LABELS continue to earn two cents each for the club. Simply collect them and turn them in at the club's meetings.

NEWSLETTER DEADLINES - ARKANSAS RAILROADER deadlines are now always the 15th of the month. Please try to adhere to this deadline. Thanks.

ARKANSAS RAIL NEWS

THE 819 TRIP TO ST. LOUIS may have the following cars in its consist: 1942 (former SP baggage, built 1960); 1943 (former SP baggage 6741, built 1962); 1944 (former SP baggage 6616, built 1960 - may not be used on this trip); 1945 ("Miss Gerry", former ATSF 3241 built 1938); 1946 ("Yellow Rose", former GN 1120 built 1947); 1947 ("Apple Blossom", former GN 1121 built 1947); 1378 ("Concho", former ATSF 1378 built 1940); 318 ("Jefferson County", former EL 318 built 1949); 1601 ("Susacapejo", former Wabash 1601 built 1950 - dome car); 3480 ("Pegasus", former ATSF 3480 built 1938 - may not be ready for this trip); 853 (former SLBM 853 built 1948); MERCEDES (Canadian National Railway built 1925); 306 ("Lark", former SP 306 built 1941 - may not be ready for this trip).

It should be pointed out that many of these cars are privately owned.

Also...the Cotton Belt Rail Historical Society would appreciate any help in getting ready for this St. Louis trip (June 12-17). If anyone could help out, please go by the museum in Pine Bluff or call 501-541-1819. Their address is P.O. Box 2044, Pine Bluff AR 71613. As of May 10, ticket sales for the St. Louis trip were going at a good clip. Only 45-50 were available on a one-way or round trip basis, with quite a few still remaining on the many short segments, especially north of Brinkley. This should be a really big event for Arkansas.

ES&NA RAILWAY BEGINS SEASON - (Eureka Springs) - The Eureka Springs & North Arkansas Railway in Eureka Springs, which runs along a two-mile stretch of track on the old Missouri & North Arkansas roadbed, operates seven days a week beginning at 10 AM. Dinner rides leave at

5 and 8 PM on a real diner. This year luncheon is also available at 11 AM and 1 PM. Depot hours are 9 AM to 8 PM May through October.

The railroad is located at 229 North Main (Hwy 23). Excursion rides are \$6 for adults and \$3 for children. Dinner is \$23.95 per person and lunch is \$15.35. For more information or for reservations, write to P.O. Box 374, Eureka Springs AR 72632 or phone 501-253-9623. (Green Forest CARROL COUNTY TRIBUNE, April 11, 1990)

Whether you believe you can or you believe you can't, you are right.
- Henry Ford

FLOODING ALONG THE ARKANSAS RIVER - (Little Rock) - Although it is not known the extent of water damage to railroads in the state, the Arkansas River came to within a few feet of the bottom of the Baring Cross bridge of the Union Pacific (Missouri Pacific) on May 8 when the river was cresting at 27.7 feet (4.7 feet above flood stage). I was there at crest and got a picture of a UP freight going over the bridge at the time, which will be a cover shot for the RAILROADER in the near future.

LOOSE CABOOSE FESTIVAL AT PARAGOULD - (Paragould) - The "Loose Caboose Festival...out back by the tracks" was to be held May 18 and 19 at Paragould. The festival features a railroad-type theme complete with two real cabooses. Also this year, Fern Formica and Margaret Pelligreni, who played Munchkins in the 1939 MGM classic "The Wizard of Oz", was to be available for photographs and MGM agreed to allow organizers to show the film in the Collins Theatre. Syndicated prints of the movie for the big screen have not been available since 1954. Benefits from the screenings will go toward renovation of the Collins.

Cabooses for the event were to be donated by the Union Pacific and the Cotton Belt. (JONESBORO SUN, March 21, by Stan Gray)

ARGENTA (ROCK ISLAND) DEPOT NEWS - (North Little Rock) - Efforts are underway to modify a lease between North Little Rock and Union Pacific so that the North Little Rock History Commission can proceed with plans to turn the old Argenta Depot into a city museum. The lease for the depot at Beech and 4th Streets does not protect the city enough for renovation to begin. The lease currently is written so that either party can cancel at the end of each one-year period. A new lease is needed before time and money are spent on improving the depot.

Renovation of the depot has been estimated to cost \$60,000. Architects have said repair of the roof would be one of the major repairs needed. The roof has holes in several places and some tiles are missing. Otherwise the building is said to be structurally sound.

Frank White, chairman of the Commission, said the depot likely will become a general city museum. Plans are being made to gather historical items to place in the museum. In March, the commission met with enough members to conduct business for the first time in almost a year. One more member is needed to fill all board positions. (NORTH LITTLE ROCK TIMES, April 19, by Genny Jones)

TROOPER-ON-A-TRAIN - (Little Rock) - A special Union Pacific train was run Friday, April 20, carrying Little Rock police and Arkansas State Troopers to check on motorists violating railroad crossing laws. The special took observers from Union Station (the Amtrak station) in Little Rock through southwest Little Rock and Maumelle and Jacksonville. Attempts to beat the train to a crossing occurred several times during the day.

TEXARKANA, TEXAS, ALLOWS HORNS - (Texarkana) - The city of Texarkana, Texas, just across the state line from Arkansas, amended a city

ordinance to allow Union Pacific to use its train horns in the city limits and increased the speed limit on the the trains in the city from 20 to 30 miles an hour. U.P. officials based their request for such changes on safety factors, since trains traveling below 30 MPH can create rocking and vertical bouncing, increasing the chances of derailments. (TEXARKANA GAZETTE, March 27 by Doug Myers)

KCS SELLING LAND - (Fort Smith) - Kansas City Southern is selling 5.09 acres of land in downtown Fort Smith to the U.S. Department of Veteran Affairs for expansion of the adjacent Fort Smith National Cemetery. This cemetery serves veterans from parts of Arkansas, Oklahoma and Missouri. (KCS HISTORICAL SOCIETY - THE CROW)

MAYFLOWER CROSSING FLAP APPEARS RESOLVED - (Mayflower) - A compromise among Union Pacific officials, state highway officials and developer Dan Davis appears to have been reached over a proposed railroad crossing in northern Mayflower. Davis has decided to move the crossing 3,000 feet to the north, near Paradise Landing on Highway 365, after meeting with various officials. The cost to construct signal lights at the Paradise Landing location will exceed \$75,000, he said. Dan Davis will be responsible for the cost of the crossing, railroad officials said. (Conway LOG CABIN DEMOCRAT, April 3 by Angela Vanderslice Brown)

GENERAL RAIL NEWS

ST LOUIS CONVENTION UPDATE - The St. Louis Convention of the NRHS will be June 13-17, 1990. Many trips and events have already sold out. However, the 819 NRHS trip between St. Louis and Illmo on June 17 (reserved for convention goers) was only half sold as of April 23. Apparently, the return bus trip to St. Louis precluded many from making connections with airlines and Amtrak later that night for their trips home. It was expected that the trip would eventually sell out anyway.

The trip behind UP 844 to Findlay Jct sold out the first two weeks after the first class mailings of the convention brochures went out in early April. Also sold out within the first two weeks were the 150 river-rail dinner cruise tickets as well as the night photo sessions.

Mass bulk rate mailings of convention brochures went out in late April to NRHS MEMBERS.

Friday, June 15 will have 11 morning seminars, to which all who register may attend at no extra cost. Call your editor at 501-758-1340 if you need their titles. Each lasts about an hour. (See last RAILROADER for a ticket/event order blank for the various events - if you need another one, drop me a line).

As of early April, 954 people had registered for the convention and the figure will likely go above 1,000 easily.

For more information, call the St. Louis Chapter at 314-838-5145 between 7 and 10 PM CDT Monday-Friday or between 1 and 5 PM Saturday and Sunday or call your editor.

An acre of large, healthy maples puts 20,000 gallons of water into the air each day. - From "What Good is a Tree?" by Lowell Ponte.

MAYTAG'S ROCK ISLAND - (Chicago) - The Maytag Corp., which bought the Chicago Pacific (which took over the bankrupt Rock Island in the early 1980s), has sold its interest in 30 acres of land in Chicago known as the South Loop. (THE ROCK)

ALASKA LINE HAS MOOSE PROBLEMS - More than 360 moose were killed by trains in Alaska from mid-December 1989 through January 1990. Because so many have been killed in the seven week period, a committee of the

Alaska legislature was called for an emergency session to deal with the problem. During intense cold spells, moose move along the cleared-out path of the Alaska Railroad in search of food and won't get out of the way despite blaring horns and bright lights from trains. The railroad has done its part to save the moose by using ultrasonic whistles, firing guns with rubber bullets and running trains at half normal speed.

Most of the moose are killed on the 50-mile stretch of track between Willow to Talkeetna, that is known as "slaughter alley." The dead moose killed on the railroad are cleaned and given to low-income residents and institutions as free food. (UTU NEWS, March 1990)

SP SIGNS MAJOR COAL PACT - (Denver) - Southern-Pacific, ARCO Coal Company and the Union Electric Company on April 19 signed a long-term contract to deliver clean Colorado coal to a Midwest power plant near St. Louis. The shipments will originate and terminate on the SP system. As part of the deal, SP is rehabilitating 44 miles of track between St. Louis and Union Electric's plant. The work includes installation of 36,000 new ties and stronger rail. (SP UPDATE, April 25)

GEORGIA-PACIFIC ACQUIRES MORE SHORT LINES - Four short lines were acquired by Georgia-Pacific along with its recent acquisition of the Great Northern-Nekoosa Corporation. They include the Chattahoochee Industrial Railroad, Cedar Springs, Georgia; the Marinette, Tomahawk & Western Railroad, Tomahawk, Wisconsin; the old Augusta Railroad, New Augusta, Mississippi; and the Valdosta Southern Railroad of Valdosta, Georgia. G-P also owns the Fordyce & Princeton and Ashley, Drew & Northern in Arkansas. President Russell Tedder, a club member, is president of these two short lines in the state as well as the Gloster Southern Railroad in Louisiana. (FOREST TRAILS, April 1990)

AMTRAK NEWS

NEW SUPERLINERS - Graham Claytor, president of Amtrak, wants to order at least 75 new Superliner cars, according to TRAVEL WEEKLY (via NRHS NEWS) this spring to increase capacity in the west. Some of these may also be used on the Auto-Train, which runs between Washington D.C. and Florida. He said it would be easier and faster to get delivery of these Superliners than the new Viewliners.

CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR DERAILS - (Batavia, Iowa) - Amtrak's "California Zephyr", carrying more than 400 passengers, derailed near Batavia, Iowa on April 23. The train was running at 79 miles an hour and derailed at 1:25 PM. About 80 people were injured. "In 15 seconds it was done," said Cynthia Criteser of Detroit, who was returning with her family from a trip to San Francisco. "There was a tremendous noise and then dead silence. There was no screaming, no running. Just dead silence. (DES MOINES REGISTER, April 24, 1990 via Jim Johnson)

STILL NO RIDERSHIP INFORMATION from Amtrak this month. As soon as it is available, I'll put it back in the this newsletter.

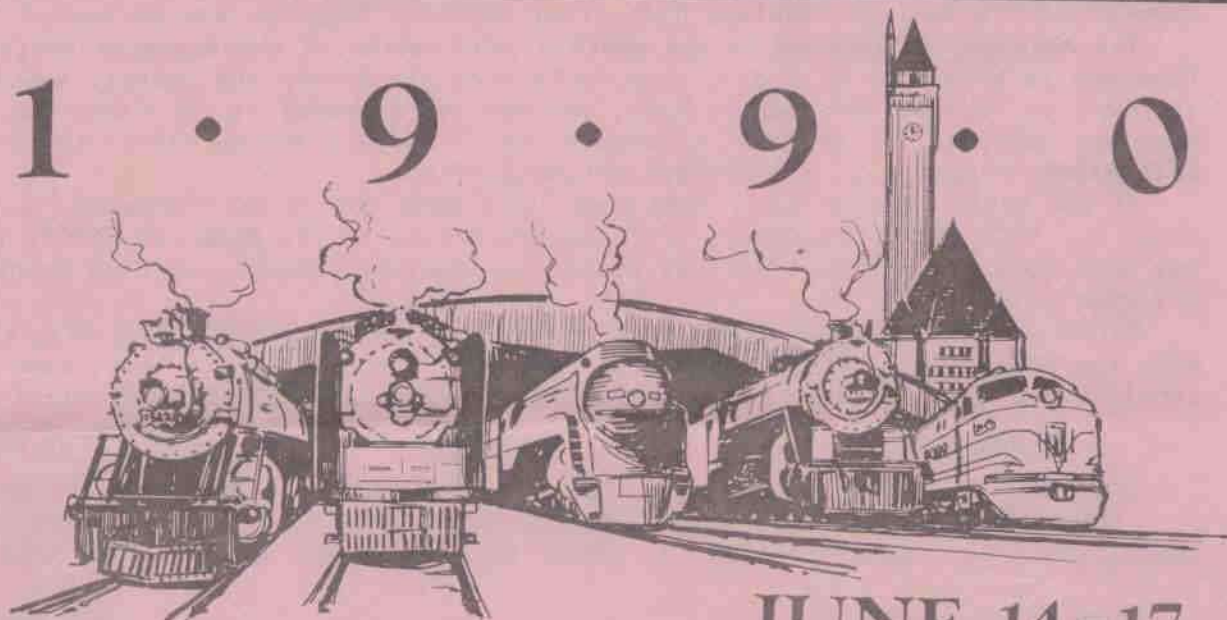
"The overwhelming impression Grayham Clayton (President of AMTRAK) creates is of a man to whom you do not want to say something stupid. Clayton rarely makes small talk with midlevel people; when he communicates, it's all business. If he's on a Metroliner and a toilet doesn't flush, he not only wants it fixed, he also wants a written report on why it broke in the first place."

-- BUSINESS WEEK, December 1989 --

NEWS UPDATED THIS ISSUE through May 15, mailed May 21. Deadline for next issue is June 15.

NRHS ANNUAL CONVENTION

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JUNE 14-17

SAINT LOUIS

JOIN THE ARKANSAS RAILROAD CLUB

Dues are \$10/year for Arkansas residents and \$7.50/year for out-of-state. Dues are for calendar years January through December, so if you pay in the middle of the year, please prorate the payments (for instance, if you pay in June, pay only \$5.00 for the rest of that year). Dues are always due January 1st of each year. You may also join National Railway Historical Society through the club by paying \$12 additional per year (total payment for Arkansas residents \$22.00.)

Membership entitles you to receive the ARKANSAS RAILROADER for the term of your membership. It is published monthly.

RENEWAL

NEW MEMBER

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

YOUR NAME _____

YOUR ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE NUMBER () _____

Make your check out to the "Arkansas Railroad Club" and mail to:

Dick Byrd, Treasurer
12 Flintwood Drive
Little Rock, Arkansas 72207

(NOTE: This address for dues only)

For Change of Address or other concerns about the ARKANSAS RAILROADER, write to this address:

Ken Ziegenbein, Editor
905 Valerie Drive
North Little Rock, AR 72118

WELCOME ABOARD!!!

The Arkansas Railroad Club is a non-profit organization that usually meets the second Sunday of the month. This month the meeting will be held on JUNE 3 at the Twin City Bank Building on Main Street in North Little Rock. We are a chapter of the National Railway Historical Society. Programs are presented.

The ARKANSAS RAILROADER is the monthly publication of the Arkansas Railroad Club and is generally mailed in time to be received before the monthly meetings. In order to receive this publication, you must be a member of the Club. Current dues are \$10/year for Arkansas residents and \$7.50/year for out-of-state. The RAILROADER is mailed to all members automatically.

If you would like to join, send your check made out to the "Arkansas Railroad Club" to: DICK BYRD, Treasurer, 12 Flintwood Drive, Little Rock, AR 72207. You may also join the National Railway Historical Society through our Club by paying \$12/year more.

Editor of the ARKANSAS RAILROADER is Ken Ziegenbein. EVERYTHING having to do with the ARKANSAS RAILROADER should be sent to the address below left, such as stories, pictures (prints only, any size), diagrams, ADDRESS CHANGES, etc.:

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TREASURER:

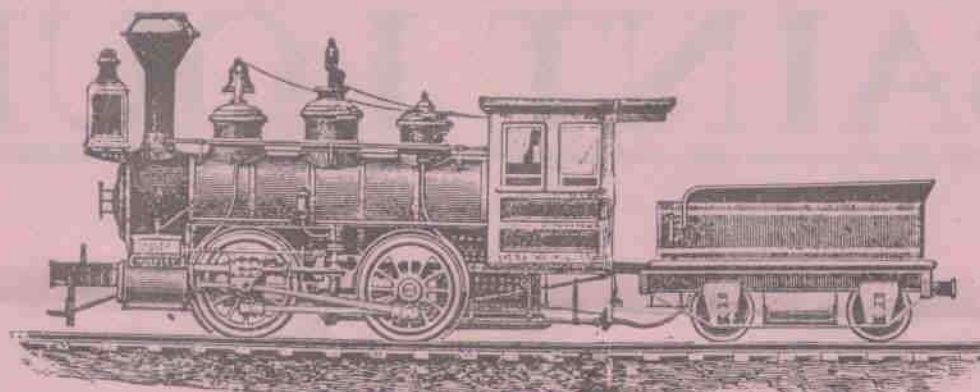
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