

Book

the DIVISION BULLETIN BOARD

VOL. 81 - NO. 1 JANUARY 1981

PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGION
NATIONAL MODEL RAILROAD ASSOCIATION



2ND ANNUAL
MODEL
RAILROADERS'

SWAP MEET



JAN.
18TH
1981
1:00 P.M.

OAKRIDGE AUDITORIUM

* ONLY P.N.R. MEMBERS MAY PARTICIPATE • 10% REMITTED TO P.N.R.



STOP!
LOOK!
LISTEN!
COMING UP...

FEB. 22 - FILMS OF TRANS-SIBERIAN R.R.
MARCH 22 - H.O. MODULE DEMONSTRATION
APRIL. 19 - SPRING MEET - KAMLOOPS, B.C.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL -- 1981!

BULLETIN BOARD

The BULLETIN BOARD is the official publication of the 7th Division, Pacific Northwest Region of the National Model Railroad Association, and is authorized by the Standing Committee. It is mailed free of charge to all members of the 7th Division. Subscription rates to others is \$3.00 per year, which comprizes approximately six issues.

Correspondence pertaining to this publication should be directed to the Editor, whose address appears below.

All other correspondence relating to the 7th Division, P.N.R., NMRA should be forwarded to the Superintendent, as listed below.

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SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT

The diode constant lighting clinic on November 16th was another successful participating clinic, with approximately fifty people attending. Most actually assembled their unit, tested it on a locomotive set up, and, to my knowledge, not one was incorrectly assembled. At least two members even got as far as installing their unit in one of their own diesels. Those not taking part in the construction were treated to a showing of movies and slides.

The location for the 1981 Spring Meet has been finalized. It will be held in Kamloops on the Easter Weekend, April 18th. See elsewhere in this issue for details.

As some of you may already know, the 6th Division has been kicking around the idea for a number of years of forming a region unto themselves. The main argument for this is that due to geographic distances, it is very difficult for 6th Division members to attend most P.N.R. functions, as they are usually held on the coast, where they can draw on the greatest concentration of members. Tempering this is the realization that there may not be sufficient resources, both human and financial, to allow them to go it alone.

Several people here in the 7th Division have proposed that, if the 6th does form a region, that the 7th should consider joining them to form a larger and stronger region. This would give them a larger membership base to work from, and would eliminate the problems of international postage for the Switchlist. As it now stands, all Canadian copies must be sent by First Class in an envelope, while the U.S. ones are mailed at bulk rate. One problem that would still remain, however, is that Sixth division includes most of Montana, so that there would still be a mailing across the border.

The 6th Division is planning to hold a vote on this issue at their Spring Meet in May 1981. If we intend to join them, we should let them know so that it can be discussed, prior to their May meet.

It is my hope that by writing this, those of you who have opinions one way or

another will let me know. Do you feel we should stay in P.N.R. regardless of what the 6th does, or should we join them if they form a new region?

Our next event will be the 2nd Annual Swap Meet at Oakridge on Sunday, January 18, 1981. This is your once a year chance to clean out your basement and sell all the stuff you don't need to somebody who does!

Although you won't be reading this until January, I am writing it in the middle of December, and would like to wish each one of you a very Happy Christmas, and a Healthy and Prosperous New Year! Let's all try to make 1981 as good, if not better, than the past one.

Happy Railroading,

Greg Madsen

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H.O. INTERNATIONAL MODEL RAILWAYS GUIDESPECIAL OFFER

The International Model Railways Guide is a catalog-like book published each year, composed of full colour photos of nearly every piece of rolling stock (locos, cars, etc.) produced in H.O. scale throughout the world. The accompanying descriptive text is printed in English, French, and German. Copies of the 1978/79 edition are being made available to us for \$15.00 each, rather than at the regular price of \$40.00. I will have one copy available for inspection at the Swap Meet on January 18th. If you are interested and would like a copy, please let me know before the end of January.

Greg Madsen

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For The Record: CP Rail sold its 86.7 per cent interest in Arcoostook Valley Railroad Co., which owns 36 miles of track in Maine near the New Brunswick border, to Arbox Three Corp. of New York. (Financial Times of Canada, Oct.27, 1980, thanks to Ted Edwards. Ed.)

January 1981

HOME RUN FOR CHRISTMAS

(By Edmund E. Pugsley)

From "The RAILWAY - CONDUCTOR"

December, 1932

(With THANKS to Tom Vardey)

CHRIS Jenkins minced with the straight air valve between jerking his wiry head about to stare impatiently up the cinder path along the roundhouse.

"Dret his lazy hide!" he muttered again. "Of all trips to be late -- Christmas Eve!"

His mutterings were interrupted by the sound of shambling hurried footsteps in the narrow alley on the other side of the engine, next the sandhouse. A moment later a head showed on the fireman's side.

"'Bout time!" the engineer commenced to complain, then stopped abruptly. The head that was coming up was not that of his fireman, Bob King, at all. It was, instead, a most untidy head -- unshaven face white-coated with hoar frost. The nose was the colour of copper slag from constant exposure to the zero air, and the hands that tugged in agitation at the grab-handles were blood-smeared and seamed with unsightly frost cracks.

As the broken shoes finally reached the iron deck the stranger gaped a moment in uncertainty at the figure in the opposite window. Now came further disturbance from without. Sharp words. Heavy feet crunching the frosted cinders.

Jenkins put out his head to see the bulky figure of the yard cop thumping along toward him. Instinctively he drew in again and keenly appraised the pathetic figure on the deck before him. Then with one swift movement he drew a pair of overalls from the seat box beneath him and tossed them to the stranger.

"Get into them -- quick!"

With surprising alacrity the gaunt figure stuffed his feet through the legs of the garment and pulled the bib up over his coat. A moment later he had seized the scoop and was driving it industriously into the coal pile of the tender.

"Hey, Jenkins, see anything of an old be go past here jest now?"

Chris Jenkins peered soberly down upon the railway officer.

"Nope, Dickie," he replied, studiously. "No one passed me."

The policeman pulled himself high enough on the steps to scan the deck, saw only the overalled legs of the man with the shovel and dropped back in disgust, muttering imprecations on all hoboes as he shuffled off toward the warmth of the roundhouse.

Chris watched him disappear and then turned back to a more critical survey of his uninvited guest. The stranger had now pried open the firebox door and was spreading coal over the grate with a stiff though not altogether unfamiliar stroke. The engineer watched with growing interest.

"Old tallaw-pot, eh?" Chris suggested after a minute.

The shaggy head nodded as the man turned back for more fuel. Jenkins fumbled for his watch and again thrust an impatient head from the window. The head brakeman saw him and wanted to know in his breezy way if the hogger intended to have his breakfast in bed. With a sudden impulse Jenkins jerked a warning bell and kicked over the reverse bar.

"He'll have to find us now!" he barked. "I'm not waiting any longer."

He eased back the throttle and with a wide swath of steam engine 3440 puffed snappily out to the switch and in due time was coupled to the seaboard freight.

Back along the line of frost-covered box cars that stretched for nearly half a mile parallel to the main line brakemen and car inspector were giving the last touches of inspection to hose couplings, journal bearings, triples and brake rigging. A signal was waved to apply terminal brake test and Chris shoved over the

Continued..... 5

automatic valve handle while his keen eye watched the black hand in the gauge slowly recede to a matter of some fifteen pounds. Then he lapped the valve and settled back to wait for the release signal.

On the other side of the cab the stranger in overalls stood uncertainly fumbling with the shoulder straps the while he kept his back close against the boiler like a scrawny cat that suddenly found access to the warmth of a kitchen stove.

A voice from below the engineer's window piped out above the intermittent pound of injector and compressor.

"Thought you'd decided to spend Christmas in that infernal roundhouse!"

The growling voice was that of the corpulent conductor, Jim Cummings. "What's the delay -- havin' a B.L.E. meeting? We should have been out of this frozen hole ten minutes ago!"

"Us'll be lucky if us gets out today!" snorted Jenkins, kicking off the air at a signal from the caboose. "That wall-eyed tallow-pot of mine must have hibernated. Hasn't shown up yet."

"What!" The irate conductor hauled himself laboriously to the deck and shot an inquisitive glance at the fireman, now stoking easily to keep the gauge needle on the pin. "Who -- where'd you pick up this man?"

"Just an old rail keeping her hot till that lunkhead shows up," Jenkins fibbed. The conductor pulled a sheaf of orders from his pocket and the two checked carefully the pink, white and blue tissues.

"All wheat! Now aint that just the luck us gets!" growled Jenkins as he finished checking his orders. "A chance to make a hot shot run home for Christmas and that dumb flatfoot don't show up! For ten cents us'd go without him!"

Cummings eased himself to the ground again and started for the station, but was met midway by a flustered operator.

"Dispatcher says if you guys don't get out right now you're stuck here for the flanger till nobody knows when."

"Can't go without a fireman!" the conductor explained. "Get on that phone and see where our decrepit coal passer is hiding out -- or get another!"

The operator ran back while Cummings puffed heavily in his waka. As the conductor reached the office the operator met him again at the door.

"King's still in bed. Got a heavy cold!" he reported. "And there isn't another fireman in. But you ought to hear what that dispatcher is calling you now!"

The conductor jerked a cigar from an inside pocket and savagely bit off the end. Then he swung on his heel to call back over his shoulder: "Report us gone! We'll find some way to fire that jack if I have to do it myself."

He waddled back to the locomotive. "No fireman in town," he called up to Jenkins. "That orphan of yours is sick in bed!"

"Hope he dies!" snorted Jenkins. He swung around to the ho-be fireman. "Maybe you're heading down to the coast, mate," he suggested. "How'd you like to give us a hand to keep her hot? Us's stuck, and the boys want to get home. It aint just according to the rule book, but us'll fix it up some way. Got a good easy run. Us'll maybe explain that the brakeman did the work."

"And we'll all chip in and pay you good wages for the trip," Cummings added. For a moment the dull eyes across the boiler lit up with a strange expression, half pleasure, half resentment. Then with an indifferent shrug he nodded agreement and took up the shovel again. "Was figuring to go there anyway," he mumbled.

"Good!" exclaimed the engineer and conductor in unison. Let's go!"

Following a couple sharp jerks of the whistle Chris let down the Johnston bar and notched out the throttle. The 3440 ground her drivers on the sanded rails, barked heavily and slowly moved out and over the switch to the main line. When the train had cleared the siding and was hitting its stride Johnnie Burke climbed to the fireman's window seat to check the blocks and soon the seaboard was high-balling for home and Christmas.

Continued...../6

HOME RUN FOR CHRISTMAS (Continued):-

The mile boards came up and dropped behind with steady regularity, while Johnnie called the boards from his side with equal punctuality. Chris Jenkins checked his orders as they passed each siding and gradually a smile of satisfaction took possession of his sharp features. Home in good time now. Home for Christmas! That dispatcher wasn't so dumb after all.

He settled back on his seat as the engine struck the foot of the two-mile grade through the Long Bend Canyon. Then he remembered about his new fireman. Nice work he was doing for a bo. Kept the needle on the pin all the way so far.

In the light as the man passed Chris could see the heavy lines on his forehead and the cobwebs about his eyes and decided that time as well as hard usage had done its part to age this one-time engineman. He saw the struggle for balance as the cab rocked around curves. Saw the set of the lean jaw in grim determination to keep his feet. The engineer's conscience smote him and he beckoned to Johnnie.

"Spell the old man off a bit, Johnnie," he asked. "He's not strong. If I thought he could run her I'd put him up here."

The brakeman sprang quickly to obey, but the old man waved him aside. "You keep watch on the boards and targets, son," he insisted. "Your eyes are good. Mine aren't!"

Reluctantly Johnnie transmitted the words to Jenkins and slowly regained his place at the left window. The 3440 labored up and over the hill. It was a hard fight but the old man made it, easing off for a swallow from the water jug as they commenced the drop down the other side.

At Boulder Bar they stopped for orders and water. The fireman sat on the hump of his shovel, his back against the boiler as though his shriveled frame could never absorb enough warmth. Jenkins put a question: "How long since you fired an engine, old-timer?"

The man stared as though disinclined to answer. Then he spoke. "About thirty years." He shot a glance of disgust about the cab. "I got no business doing this now!"

Chris studied the bearded face. "It was mighty good of you to take it on, ol-timer," he assured heartily. "Us'll make it right with you at the end of the run, no foul-in'. Tell you what," he exclaimed suddenly, "you come up to my place for Christmas! There's only me and my old mother since dad died. And the old lady, she'll be missing dad this year. She'll be right glad to have you."

The hobo fireman declined to reply and after a moment the engineer continued: "Dad, he used to run an engine, too. He must have been about your age. Got his pension last December, but couldn't stand sitting around idle and he just pined away and died. Went sort of off his head for a spell. Got to talking all kinds of stuff about the old days. One of his favorites was about a rear-end wreck. Plenty of hooch going in those days on the new roads, and dad said he got tight one night and his fireman run the engine alone. Ran by a board and plowed into a caboose while he was down keeping her hot. A flagman was killed."

"The fireman got panic and pulled out. Afraid he'd be arrested for manslaughter 'cause the board was on his side of the track. He wrote a letter taking all the responsibility and disappeared, leaving behind his bride of two months."

"They fired my dad, but the brotherhood got him back. He tried to locate the fireman when he sent home some money once for his young wife, but it was no use. Then they read in the paper where the fugitive had been killed on an Eastern road, and after awhile dad took pity on the widow and married her so's he could help take care of the child that hadn't never seen the dad that never knew he was a dad."

Big Jim Cummings came puffing up with the orders at last, his breath white against the frost like a miniature exhaust from the 3440. As the train moved off again the old fireman struggled to his feet.

"Quite a yarn, that. Did you ever hear your dad name the tallow-pot?" the hobo wheezed as he paused, shovel in hand.

"Bell, I think it was. D.D. Bell. Nick-named 'Ding Dong'. Ever hear of him?"

The old man straightened abruptly and lurched back to the tender with an odd

Continued.../8

HOME RUN FOR CHRISTMAS (Continued):-

cackle. "Crazy sort of name, that."

With a downhill water grade the seaboard freight roared steadily out of the canyon and on across the wider valley. The atmosphere became heavier, salt-laden. Chris Jenkins was absorbed in his task of watching crossings and switches. They left the river abruptly for a drive across the peninsula to the harbor at salt water. Ten minutes later the 3440 bumped and clattered through the east yard and ground to a blisterous stop just as lights began to twinkle at street corners.

Johnnie slid back over the tender to cut off behind the engine and Chris relaxed and turned to congratulate his fireman. He found him slumped to the deck by the coal pile, his grimy, chapped hands gripping the shovel.

"Well, you poor old duffer!" he exclaimed. "The job was too much for you, huh! I ought to be shot for letting you do it." He fumbled nervously for the man's neck-band, then his heart. There was still a weak motion. He sprang to the window.

"Hey, Johnnie! Skin across to the yard office and call a doctor and ambulance. The old man's gone haywire!"

He turned to move him to a more comfortable position. God! His ribs were like rafters. Must have been starved! He fumbled in the man's pockets for identity. In the shirt pocket was buttoned an old worn leather card case. Chris took this to the light from the firebox and slowly deciphered the words. It was a Brotherhood Fireman's card and in the holder's name margin he made out the words, D.D. Bell.

COMMUNICATION From TOM VARDEY

A letter from Tom Vardey, enclosing a January, 1930 "The Railroad Trainman" and a December, 1932 "The Railway Conductor", from which the above story was taken. If anyone desires to read these books, please let me know, for Tom figured they would be of interest to some of you.

Tom writes, "All is well here, Currently we are bogged down with snow (Dec.7) and quite cold temperatures. The highway grader has been through from time to time so we don't feel completely isolated."

He wishes to extend his best wishes to all his many friends at the Coast for 1981! Thanks, Tom, its great to hear from you! All the best for you and your wife!

New PHILADELPHIA Hotel (Financial Times of Canada, October 27, 1980)

CP Hotels, a Division of Canadian Pacific Ltd., officially opened the \$50-million Franklin Plaza Hotel in Philadelphia. The 800-room hotel is the chain's first in the United States.

CP Reconstruction (Financial Times of Canada, August 25, 1980)

CP Rail will spend \$21-million this year on building, maintenance and reconstruction in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, eastern Ontario and Vermont. More than 300,000 track ties will be replaced, 36 miles of rail will be laid, and ten bridges will be built. (Thanks to Ted Edwards for the above information. Ed.)

SWAP MEET! Sunday, JANUARY 18, 1981 1 p.m. Dakridge Auditorium

This will be our 2nd Annual Swap Meet. Only P.N.R. Members may exhibit goods for sale; 10% of all sales to be remitted to 7th Division P.N.R. Treasury. The matter in respect to sales tax is the responsibility of the seller, not the 7th Division P.N.R.. Purchasers need not be members of P.N.R..

WANTED: BUYERS!

FREE ADMISSION!

WANTED: BUYERS!

REGISTRATION FORM

SPRING MEET

7th Div. P.N.R., NMRA

KAMLOOPS, B.C.

April 18, 1981 - Saturday - - STOCKMENS HOTEL - - Easter Weekend - 540 Victoria St..
 Hours : 9:00 am to 5:00 pm

Name _____

ADDRESS _____ PHONE No. _____

Postal Code _____

Registration Fee includes attendance at all functions and the Banquet.

Full Registration is \$16.00

Additional Names _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED : : : : : \$ _____

NOTE***** Registrations received up to and including April 4, 1981 will be \$16.00. Thereafter the fee will be \$18.00. Pre-registration is important as the Hotel requires maximum advance notice.

Make all cheques payable to:-

"7th Division P.N.R."

For Registration and Information, please write:-

Mr. James Barker
 1199 Clearview Drive
 Kamloops, B.C. V2C 5E6

Phone : (604) 573 - 4561

Hotel/Motel Reservations are your responsibility. Reserve early!

Models and Displays are welcome! Please advise what space you will require, also special power or other facilities.

SPACE REQUIREMENTS _____

SPECIAL POWER, Etc. _____

Name _____ Address _____ Phone _____

LAYOUT TOURS - Probably Friday evening, April 17th.

PROTOTYPE TOUR - Trying to arrange tour of C.N. Junction - Have a look at "Ouija" Board (C.T.C.).

OPEN TO GENERAL PUBLIC, Saturday, the 18th from 9 am to 5 pm

ADMISSION : All Day - \$3.00 per person

2 pm to 4 pm - \$1.00 person; \$2.00 family; .50¢ Children and O.A. P's.

Bulletin Board

January, 1981

TIMETABLE No. 7 Effective January 4, 1981

- January 10 POT LUCK SUPPER & EVENING starting at 5 p.m.. This is to be the last SWITCHLIST put-together by the Seattle Group. If you wish to join in the fun evening, phone Nancy Smith at (206) 762-1895 and she'll fill you in on the details.
- " 18 2nd ANNUAL SWAP MEET - Oakridge Auditorium, 1 p.m.. Only P.N.R. members may exhibit merchandise for sale, with 10% of all sales to be remitted to 7th Division Treasurer, Ken Davis, or his stand-in. Any Sales Tax involved is the responsibility of the seller, not the 7th Division P.N.R.. Purchasers need not be members of P.N.R. or NMRA.. ANYONE May purchase goods offered for sale.
- " 24 4th Annual Model Railroad Show, Lewis County Mall, CHEHALIS, Washington
& 25 Saturday 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Sunday 12 p.m. to 5 p.m.. Featuring: Operating model railroad layouts, Model Contest, Prizes and Give-a-ways Antique trains, Model building, Displays, Films, Exhibits and prototype activities. For further details write: Donald M. Smith, P.O. Box 824, Centralia, WA. 98531 or phone 206:273;9416 or 206:736;6242
- " 31
February 1 P.N.R. Board Meeting, Eastern Washington. Check your Switchlist or contact your Superintendent for further information.
- " 7 TARGET RAILS 9th Annual show, Saturday from 13:30 hrs to 23:30 hrs.. Marineview Chapel Hall, 4000 West 41st Avenue, Vancouver. Movies, slides and displays welcome. Norris Adams, Phone 261 3415
- " 22 TRANS SIBERIAN RAILWAY - Fraser Wilson and Paul Lawrence will show slides of their trip around the world at the Northern Hemisphere. Fraser and Paul were on different tours about the same time, but were not aware of it until just recently. (See January 1980 Bulletin Board) Oakridge Auditorium, 1 p.m.
- March 7 The Columbia Gorge Model Railroad Club, Portland, Oregon, along with Pacific Northwest Chapter of NRHS are sponsoring their 3rd Annual Railroadiana and Model Railroad Swap Meet at the Sheraton Inn-Portland Airport, 8235 Airport Way. Sellers: 8:00am to 4:00p.m. and Buyers: 10:00am to 4:00p.m.. Tables: \$7.50 each and general admission: \$1.00. Make checks payable to the CGMRC, Inc., Info: Terry Parker, c/o PNW Chapter NRHS, Room 1, Union Station, Portland, OR. 97209 or phone (503) 284-8742 after 7pm.
- " 22 HO Module Construction Clinic, Oakridge Auditorium, 1 p.m., demonstrated by the fellows of the Dewdney-Alouette Model Railway Society.
- April 18 7th Div SPRING MEET, Stockmen's Hotel, 540 Victoria Street, Kamloops, BC. Registration, including Banquet, \$16.00 before April 4th, \$18.00 after. Probably layout tours Friday evening, the 17th and possible tour of C.N. Junction, and look at "Ouija" Board (CTC) are in plans. Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., open to public. Admission: All day - \$3.00 per person; 2pm to 4 pm - \$1.00 per, \$2.00 family, .50¢ children and old age pensioners. Registrar: Jim Barker, 1199 Clearview Drive, Kamloops, B.C. V2C 5E6 - phone (604) 573-4561
- July 17 1981 PNR Regional Convention at Pacific Lutheran University, Tacoma,
to 19 WA. See the Switchlist for further details
- August 18 NMRA National Convention - San Mateo, CA
to 21 See NMRA Bulletin for more details
- 1982 PNR Regional Convention, Vernon, B.C. - Al Adams, Convention Chairman.