

In memory of our friend Jack Palmer, this reprint of a series of articles Jack wrote for the *Train Sheet* is presented here to remember a truly great railfan, friend and man.

- Paul Finnegan
Train Sheet Editor



Reflections of the WP and its Willing People (reprinted from *Train Sheet* #174)

—Jack Palmer

I have been requested by one of our Directors to share with other members of the Feather River Rail Society a few of my personal experiences with both the employees of the Western Pacific Railroad and my interests in their activities during the 1960-1980 era.

It all began when I bought an HO scale model railroad set as a present for my son in 1960. My co-workers in the Post Office advised me to forget the “Toy Train Stuff” and to choose a local railroad to model.

So one Sunday my son and I went to the Southern Pacific yard in Brisbane, California, with my Brownie camera in hand, to take pictures of the roundhouse and engines (bad idea!). Needless to say it wasn't long til we were told to get off their property.

One day I went to the Western Pacific office in San Francisco and was directed to Mr. Lee Sherwood, their Public Relations Officer. At that and several following meetings, he provided me

with Time Tables, color paint chips of the paint used on their locomotives, information on their local 25th Street and Oakland yards and placed my name on their monthly mailing list of their employee publication “Mileposts”. I was hooked.

When time permitted, my son and I would go to the 25th Street yard for pictures of everything on the property including the ferry “Las Plumas”. However, the best was yet to come as we had no idea of what to expect when we would visit their Oakland Yard.

In April of 1964 we finally went to the Oakland Yard. WHAT A SURPRISE. I said to myself “WOW” This is Pig Heaven! Now I need to save money for a good camera. Having a family with three children and only one source of income would be a problem, but I eventually managed to buy a Minolta 35mm with a 1.2 lens, and prepared for some serious photography after that.

On that visit of we found the WP 334 “Mike” and several narrow gauge cars and combine near the turntable, many small buildings (shacks) throughout the facility plus miscellaneous remnants of the days of steam. We then discovered the WP 94 and General Bowker steam engines in the roundhouse together with several diesel switchers. That was a great visit.

On another visit to the Oakland Yard that year we had to wait for a freight drag to clear the entrance. I walked up to talk to the driver of the pick-up ahead of us. He asked where I was going and I replied to take pictures. He informed me that he was the Roundhouse Foreman and if we would be at the roundhouse at 8:30 he would take us for a ride around the yard in the Zephyr units when he would make up the train. Yes, we were at the roundhouse before 8:30 and enjoyed another pleasant surprise, courtesy of another WP's WILLING PEOPLE.

During a visit to the Oakland Yard in September 1975, I was fortunate to also photograph WP caboose 683 which was recently stenciled “RETIRED”. (The 683 was one of 38 WP box car series 15001-16000 that had been converted into cabooses in 1942).

I promptly went to the Yard Office and asked for one of its Heralds. I was told they would have it for me the next day. Since then, it has been prominently displayed on the door to the entrance to my model railroad.

I next began one-day trips to other nearby location along the WP. right-of-way between Niles (Now Fremont) and Altamont. Although they were easy to get to, it required a lot of patience waiting for hours for only a photo of two of anything coming from either direction.

I was aware I had two strikes against me from the beginning. First, WP did not operate on schedules, and second, I could not afford to buy a Bear-Cat Scanner which would enable me to listen for train movements in my area.

On a good day at Altamont it was always difficult waiting for the SJT, CZ No. 18, GGM, or a work train because there was no shade or even a hard rock to sit on – but the photos taken that day were worth the effort.

I found Altamont to be a favorite location among rail fans because if I was already waiting, it soon became obvious that something was about to happen whenever a group would suddenly arrive with all their cameras and recording equipment. (I knew I was in good company when Ted Benson showed up).

Vacations or holiday week-ends would usually find me anywhere from Oroville to Portola chasing the “Orange and Silver”. But that’s another story.

Reflections of The Western Pacific – Part 2 (reprinted from *Train Sheet* #175)

—Jack Palmer

In September 1964 I took my family camping for a few days at a Forestry Service campground across the river opposite Portola. My son and I went fishing and my wife and daughters were entertained by the Blue Jays and chipmunks. Whenever a train appeared we all ran down to the edge of the river and waved to the crews (naturally) as they ran by. Sleep was difficult at

times because of the noise caused by the switching crews in the yard when switching and making up trains, much less the ground-shaking caused by the arrival and departure of the trains on the main.

My son and I, together with my Brownie camera in hand, went over to the Portola Depot and Yard one day and discovered that this is a modern Diesel facility, unlike the yards as San Francisco and Oakland. The most interesting photos taken that day were of the WP Rotary Snow Plow #4 with Water Tender #82 and other equipment spotted outside the west end of the shop plus FT set 911A-D on #3 rail next to the shop with a huge orange snow plow on its nose. We also caught a four unit set of FT’s switching the yard with WP 908A on the point and the CZ No. 17 going through the washer so she would have nice clean windows before her run down the canyon.

Following that trip I made several visits to the Oroville Yard and its Roundhouse area. I was aware that the WP’s diesel fleet received their routine maintenance here and I was expecting to see a number of F units. (How wrong I was)

On my first visit I was awed by the sight of the huge 18 stall roundhouse and the number of miscellaneous orange and silver units in the immediate area and fascinated by the bee-hive of activity.

The roundhouse was filled with diesels and others were spotted on all the whisksers around the turntable idling away. Several new GP-20’s were spotted outside the entrance to the roundhouse idling away with their high-pitched turbos singing a new song for the WP. (On later visits GP-20’s, 35’s and 40’s would also be seen here.)

The steam powered derrick WP37 and its crew was working on a project in the yard. (It was later converted to diesel power and now resides at the Western Pacific Railroad Museum.)

The Feather River Railroad Shay #2 was seen a short distance from the side of the roundhouse

sitting in a huge dried-up mud puddle in mud up to its side-rods.

An old wooden Pullman car was found behind the roundhouse with much of its ornate stained-glass intact, and WP Emergency Car #0635, which at one time was assigned to a work train and was used to replace wheel sets.

Although the Sand Tower was intended to serve WP power, at different times I would also see power from other roads, i.e. Burlington (Chinese Red), BN, SP&S, D&RG all as a result of Pool Power which originated in 1953.

On another visit I saw a few F-Units together with more GP-20's and nice shiny new orange and silver GP-35's, 40's and U-Boats shortly after their arrival on the WP and again later when they appeared in orange and green.

How fortunate I was to have taken those photos and to have witnessed all that – never to be seen again, because the roundhouse was completely destroyed by fire September 10, 1976, caused by a careless welder.

With the loss of the imposing roundhouse, the appearance of the entire facility had changed dramatically. My visits after that were totally different until I met Mr. Al Hill, the Trainmaster, on the morning of April 25, 1980, which led to another unforgettable experience.

Reflections of the Western Pacific (Part 3) (reprinted from *Train Sheet* #176)

—Jack Palmer, Member

In the early hours of August 14, 1979, I left my home in South San Francisco prepared for a full week of shooting photos of WP action in the canyon.

While enjoying my drive up the canyon there were no trains to be seen until shortly after crossing the Williams Loop and found a train in the hole at Spring Garden.

I parked on the service road over-looking the area and discovered I was approximately 50 feet above the track. I waved to the crew and the engineer got out of the cab so I hollered down

to him, “would you guys like a cold drink?” I went back to my car and promptly threw two “Cokes” down to them. I then grabbed my camera and climbed down to join them. I told them I would like to take pictures. The engineer said “WAIT! I’ll put out the white flags and get my camera too!” (This was my first meeting with engineer BOB LARSON) He was at the controls of new GP-40 dash 2's No. 3547 and 3548 with U-23B No. 2262 sandwiched in between. We took our pictures of his train and exchanged personal information (Another example of Willing People.)

When BN138 rolled by on the main, one GE U-Boat in the middle was smoking badly and Bob remarked: “If she's not smoking that means she's out of oil”. I ask if I could have a ride around the “Loop” and he said Okay let's go. When he got “the Green” we took off and I told him I wanted to get off at the end of the loop. He told me he had to maintain his speed of 25 mph – could I get off Okay? I got off running and somehow managed to stay on my feet and hurried back to my car. I believe I set a new speed record in the canyon because I arrived at Keddie just in time to catch the 138 on the Wye.

After exploring everything at Keddie I spent the night at the campgrounds maintained at the Quincy Fairgrounds. I rolled out early the next morning and after a short stack and coffee at the local cafe was prepared to run up and down the canyon all day but ended at Portola without any photos that day and decided to stay at the campground across the river that night.

The next morning I was awakened by the Steel whistling in the yard at 6:20. I jumped up out of a sound sleep, threw everything into my car and made a mad dash out to town. I stepped on the gas and drove down to the Little Bear crossing and was waiting for him when he came charging through there at the advertised and made me welcome with a long blast with his Nathan M-5 after the normal signal. I recognized the engineer. It was Bill Reed, a friend I met several times before. THAT was a great photo! I then drove down to the loop and got him again.

I liked hanging out at the Loop because I could get several photos of a train in both the upper and lower levels as it traversed the loop. Thereafter, every day was like playing a game of "Catch me if you can" On "Are we having fun yet?"

I would leave Portola early and drive down to Williams Loop and wait there for a train coming up the canyon and take photos at the upper and lower levels, then hightail it up to Keddie and from there to the Little Bear crossing and finally on its arrival at Portola..

It was great to catch the GGM like that and after leaving Keddie to get photos of it on the Clio Trestle rather than on its arrival at Portola. It was not possible to catch it at both. (The service road going out to the Clio Trestle was rather long, twisty and rough, and then the time it took to get my pictures and get to Portola it would be long gone.)

This became my daily routine except one afternoon after chasing a train up to Portola I meandered over to the yard and noticed a Box Car and Caboose that were extensively damaged and I thought would make an interesting picture. At the moment the Trainmaster emerged from his office and requested that I not take the photos because they were part of an ongoing investigation. He immediately recalled we had met several years ago when I visited him at his office in San Francisco. (This was Mr. Mel Graham, now Trainmaster.) I assured him that all my pictures were for my own personal use and was then allowed to take the photos. (Willing People again) I must add that wherever speaking with any WP employee who knew him held him in very high regards.

After lunch, I spent a couple of afternoons out east of town at Rocky Point sitting on a large rock waiting for a train coming from either direction.

This was a good location too, because it offered a different perspective of the taking photos of trains slowly leaving Portola, as well as those on the curve approaching Rocky Point from the east.

I resumed chasing trains the next morning until the day I had to go home. On that morning I spotted the Steel at Keddie and decided to catch it at Rock Creek on the trestle.

When I arrived at Rock Creek I promptly prepared for the Steel to come into view and was suddenly surprised to have Ted Benson join me for the same shot. After that I made a quick visit at Oroville for any last photos and continued on my way home.

I couldn't help thinking about some of the favorite locations and photos I had taken and anxious to see the results after this adventure. I also marveled at "the devil made me do it" attitude when speeding 80 mph up and down the canyon all week without being stopped once.

Train "Nuts" do a lot of crazy things to get pictures of trains and I am no exception. It all depends on what you are willing to do that THAT PICTURE. I do GO FOR IT!

Reflections of the Western Pacific – Part 4 (reprinted from *Train Sheet* #177)

—Jack Palmer

At the invitation of a co-worker, I drove to Oroville April 25, 1980, to visit him at his home there and noticed that his property was next to the WP yard.

After our visit that morning I went across the WP yard to the office and was promptly directed to Mr. Al Hill, Trainmaster, at his desk in the far corner. He appeared to be a very tall and robust individual and had a booming voice.

After introducing myself and while requesting permission to take photos on the property, I assured him of my conduct to do so safely. I could see that he was sizing me up and his final remark was: (Quote) "You can go out there and take all the pictures you like --- but if you get hurt I will send all the parts down to Oakland!" Although he was smiling, those exact words were deeply impressed in my mind to this day.

I found only a few things of interest except a set of four WP units near the turntable; GP-35 No.

3001 and GP-40's Nos. 3525, 3506 and 3531.

I returned to the office and told Mr. Hill that I was still alive and inquired of any train activity. He said a crew would be called at noon to take those engines and 50 Auto Racks up the canyon.

I began thinking that this might be the best chance I would ever have to ride a WP drag up the canyon before the pending merger. I returned and informed my friend of the idea and packed my knapsack, camera and jacket and headed for the string of Auto Racks shortly before noon.

At mid-train I chose to ride on AT&AF No. 88547 and stayed down out of sight as much as possible.

We finally began moving at 4:00 pm, crossed over the Feather River and soon came to a stop. A few minutes later I was surprised to see our power as it came back down and out of sight. I immediately realized we had been set out on a siding.

I thought, Oh well, so much for the ride, got down and began walking back to Oroville and soon saw the Conductor coming toward me. jokingly said "a fine bunch of guys you are to drop me off away out here." He replied, "Don't worry. I saw you back there. We'll take care of you. When the power comes back up from around the corner get up on the last unit" I promptly thanked him for his courtesies. I began thinking how lucky I was that the Conductor allowed me this privilege rather than kicking me off his train. (Willing People) I felt greatly relieved to see our power coming back and boarded the last unit as it was going by.

I couldn't get over the fact that this was really happening to me. Here I am sitting in the engineer's seat of a locomotive going up the canyon. It just doesn't get any better than this! (Yes it does)

About an hour later I thought it would be nice to go up to the lead unit and get acquainted with the crew. (The devil made me do it) Bill Reed was the engineer and we soon became friends

when he learned of my interest in the WP.

He told me that he lived in Portola and was hired out by our mutual friend Mr. Mel Graham and our train was the WPE (a Peddler Freight). We didn't pick up anything until we arrived at Sloat for a couple of Wood Chip cars on our way up to Portola. By then it began to get dark and he radioed ahead for their dinners and reported that he was going slow because the Head Light was not working.

At that point I knew I was pushing my luck when I asked Bill what my chances might be to go further east when we arrived at Portola. He said that he would speak with his replacement and the "proper words" I should use in any future crew changes. We met with the new crew and it was OK for me to stay in the last unit and to stay down out of sight whenever going through towns. (Now I was really cranked up!)

It was getting cold so I turned the heater on. I was having the time of my life enjoying all the comforts of home, sitting in the engineer's seat with the window partially open, running at the advertised speed and listening to our Nathan M-5's at the crossings. Suddenly smoke came pouring in as we entered the Chilcoat Tunnel and I began choking before I could close the window. (Big surprise!)

When we reached Winnemucca I got down out of sight when I saw a man as he was checking the water level in each of our units. We soon left and got into Elko at 4:00am. They tied the train down and we then went into the Crew Shack. Not having dinner last night I was satisfied to buy a candy bar at a vending machine and the crew was soon gone.

Soon a man entered and really put me to the test with a barrage of various questions as he had never met me before and loved to talk. I was struggling at times to provide suitable answers to his questions and was greatly relieved when the new crew came in. Once they were prepared to leave we all walked out together and I climbed up into the last unit without saying a word. I remained there and finally got some

sleep before getting into Wendover, and when leaving Wendover I was extremely happy that I was about to complete my trip to Salt Lake City - all made possible by those wonderful WP guys.

We were soon rockin' an rollin' doing the advertised speed and the Sanding light began flickering on and off so I decided to use that as an excuse to meet the engineer. I held tightly to the railing all the way up to the lead unit because the trackage in that area was extremely rough. The Engineer, Bob Smith, and his Fireman were both totally shocked to see me when I opened the cab door. Apparently when we changed crews at Elko nothing was said about me riding in the last unit.

I began telling him about the Sanding light in the last unit, introduced myself and explained why I was riding in their last unit. The Engineer appeared quite apprehensive at first and I'm not sure to this day if he was serious or kidding me when he told me he thought I was a company spy sent to check him out. When he recovered from the situation he introduced himself as Bob Smith and lived in Sandy, Utah, and was known as "Iron Jaws" by the members of his union.

He became sincerely interested when told of my trip originating at Oroville and we laughed about the "Iron Jaws" thing and had a great visit. At one point he told me (Quote) "When we get to Roper, you stick close to me and I will take good care of you. When the Taxi comes to pick us up, you get into the Taxi with us"

On our arrival at Roper Yard April 27, 1980, the Taxi came out for the crew and took us to the office. I waited until Bob came out of the office and we then "went for Beans" and exchanged our names and addresses. We returned to the office area and he told me to wait while he was making arrangements for my return trip to Oroville.

When he came out he said: I have some good news for you - You're going back on the "Ford Fast". I replied are you kidding me? He said no, the "Ford Fast" was next out. I thanked him for his many courtesies and friendship before he left

and I waited there until "train time" and joined the crew as we headed out to the bright and shiny set of four UP SD-40's heading up the "Ford Fast" and climbed up and into the last unit.

After leaving Salt Lake City I began thinking that THIS was Western Pacific railroading at it's best - a high priority train, a WP crew, nice comfortable cab, beautiful music from an EMD 16 cylinder unit, and sailing on WP rails. The only thing different was the sound of the "Bull Horns" rather than the WP's melodious Nathan M-5 chimes. Also, I was sure we were running on time because there were no delays whenever we changed crews.

As we neared Reno Junction I closed the windows at the moment we entered the Chilcoot Tunnel. After we passed Chilcoot I knew I was soon coming to the end of my adventure. I left my cab and walked up to the lead unit and had a brief visit with the crew and thanked them for a great trip. We had no time to exchange names as we arrived at Oroville in the last afternoon of April 28, 1980, and I promptly got off with the crew.

I walked to my friend's home, apologized for my absence, and told them of my enjoyable visits with the engine crews and exciting experience, enjoyed a fine Italian dinner, thanked them for their hospitality and left for home.

On following trips to Portola, I visited Bill and Jan Reed in their home. One time he said he needed to purchase a new Railroad Approved Watch and if I was interested, he would buy one for me too.

I was more than happy to pay for mine and proud of still wearing it every day in remembrance of all those truly "Willing People": Mel Graham, Al Hill, Norman Holmes, Bob Larson, Bill Reed and Bob Smith and the pleasure of their friendship, although Mel Graham, Al Hill and Bob Smith have since passed away. Yes, I remember Western Pacific and it's Willing People!

Reflections of the Western Pacific (part 5)
(reprinted from *Train Sheet* #179)

- Jack Palmer

I made several visits to the Niles (now Fremont) Station and its small storage yard to take pictures of the WP equipment and on November 27, 1981, was pleasantly surprised to see Al Hill whom I met previously in April 1980, when he was the Trainmaster at Oroville.

We had a great time recalling our first meeting and his words of advice in response to my request to go into the yard for pictures and also my ridin' the rails' from Oroville that day up to Portola and eventually Salt Lake City and return. He also informed me he would soon be reassigned to Milpitas and that we should keep in touch. (I'm thankful we did)

After his move to Milpitas he would occasionally call and tell me "Bring your camera Saturday, I have something to show you". That was September, 1983, and only a few WP units remained in service and their days were numbered so he kept GP-7's numbers 708, 709 and 711 and GP-9's Nos. 715, 728, 729 and 731 long enough for me to get their pictures while still in WP colors. After that, he was promoted to Ass't. Terminal Supt, Stockton.

One day I told him I would like to go to the Union Pacific facility at North Platte, Nebraska, to take pictures of WP units as they were going through the process of changing their colors to the Union Pacific, and had written to the local U.P. office for their consideration.

In our several conversations after that he asked if I had received a reply to my request, until one day he called and said: "Start packing your bags - I received authorization for you to go to Salt Lake City and North Platte!" This came as a total surprise because I had not asked for his assistance, nor had he even once hinted that he would become involved with my request. I don't recall my response in expressing my appreciation, but I was sincerely grateful for his assistance.

Upon completion of all my arrangements, I wrote

to Ex-WP Engineer Bob Smith (who I met in 1980) to inform him of my plans and that I would leave Oakland April 8, 1984, on Amtrak, and the possibility he might be at the controls when we arrived at Salt Lake City.

He was indeed the engineer and was waiting to greet me and then took me up into the cab for a quick look. We had but a brief visit because I was scheduled for a 7:00 a.m. appointment with the Shop Superintendent.

I then met with Mr. William Cocking, Shop Supt., who promptly gave me a personal tour and told me that he did this occasionally for school children as an introduction to the Union Pacific, some of which might become employees in the future.

I first noticed the U.P. Centennial No. 6929 as it was lifted up off its trucks and hoisted up to the roof by the shop Crane and barely clearing the end walls of the shop. (THAT was impressive!)

I took several photos of the "Reno Runaways". WP GP-35 No. 3014 was seen partially assembled by parts salvaged from other locomotives. The WP GP-35 No. 3020 was located outside the shop waiting its turn and the WP Derrick No. 79 was being serviced.

I then went out into the yard area and took pictures of six WP Cabooses and the remainder of the WP Dead Line.

I left early the next morning and arrived at North Platte April 11, 1984, and was happy to see my car rental was waiting for me.

As I approached the entrance to the Union Pacific's Bailey Yard I was amazed at the sight of this huge facility because it is seven miles long - the largest in the U.S. I immediately realized it would be necessary to develop a plan where I could take pictures of each area separately during my visit.

I first noticed two "slugs" on the track nearest the parking area and went into the yard office where I was greeted by Mr. Berney, Trainmaster, and then directed to Mr. Tom Allred, who after signing my "Release of Liability" form, provided

me with my Visitor's I.D., Hard hat and Safety glasses. I was then instructed on the Safety Practices to be observed while on their property.

Mr. Allred and I drove out to the West Hump Yard and Bowl and watched the operator of the computer as it classified each newly arrived box car at the top of the hump and sent down to one of fifty tracks in the bowl to its designated track to become part of a new westbound train.

(There's an East Hump too.)

We then went to the "One Spot" which is a small shop building where they repaired Freight Cars. We next visited the Paint Shop which is attached to the north side of the Diesel Shop Building.

There is but one rail and is long enough to accommodate two locomotives. And what a sight to behold when we went into the Diesel Shop. There are eleven tracks in this shop and all were occupied. I thanked him for the tour and left for lunch and checked into my motel.

I reviewed a booklet prepared by their Public Relations Department at Omaha, and learned that the Diesel Shop here installs new or rebuilt parts and that parts needing major rebuilding are sent to Omaha.

When I returned that afternoon I pursued my original plan of following the WP locomotives as they were being processed to meet the requirements of their new owner. I was informed that the WP units were initially prepared in the Diesel Shop. I soon located the WP 3508 and noticed the Nathan M-5 horn was removed and placed in a basket with others and the number boards also removed, and was being checked by shop personnel. It was then washed and allowed to dry before being sent to the Paint Shop. I then began taking pics of my surroundings and was impressed to see such an efficient modern shop.

All eleven tracks were surrounded by concrete platforms built up to the height of a locomotive's frame and tools and parts within easy reach at each work station and bins provided for the parts being discarded. Ramps were found at the ends of the shop that led down BELOW track level (rather than pits) and noticed that the

locomotives and rails were supported on a large number of pedestals, allowing for clearance all around for any work to be performed. Here too, everything was within easy reach. I also particularly noticed nothing was found loose laying on the floor on either level. It was fascinating to see all the work being performed on such a large number of units all at one time until 4:00 p.m.

At exactly 4:00 p.m. each day, bells would continue to ring and warning lights flashing while all the Diesel Shop doors opened for any movements to be made or around the shop at that time, and that time only.

The WP3508 was moved over to the Paint Shop at that time and the Paint Gang would take over the next morning.

After masking all the glass inside and outside of the cab, the paint gang donned their protective gear and climbed up onto the platforms which were mounted on an inverted "U" shaped unit mounted on wheels that ran on tracks located on both sides of the engine and began painting the interior of the cab Beige color and then continued painting the in-side of the doors to the entire hood. When dried, they applied primer to the entire exterior, which looked like "red lead" in appearance.

Another employee came into the shop next morning, laid a chalk-line the length of the hood and applied the lettering to both sides and finally the wings on the front and shield under the cab window.

Then the Paint gang applied all the yellow and when dry masked it in preparation for the gray. When the gray was finished, they removed all masking and then painted the trim and mounted the new number boards, now U.P. No. 657. Scotch-lite was then applied around the frame.

WP GP-40 No. 3514 and WP GP-35 No. 3015 were next and I took photos of all three going through the process and becoming additions to the U.P. Fleet.

The Paint Gang allowed me to assist them in

applying the Scotch-lite to the 3015 (now U.P. 794) and cleaning the glass on the headlight. (A kiss goodbye?)

Whenever time permitted, I would go out to other areas to photograph and acquired shots of seventeen Centennials out at the East end and other U.P. units outside the doors of the Diesel Shop at sun-down. During my visits to the four-track servicing area I took pics of MP, CNW, BN, NS, NW, MK, MIL and MKT units, and night shots from the towers, one of which was WP GP-40 No. 3553.

The day before leaving I was paged over the P.A. system to report to Mr. Robert Gay, District Foreman, and was assigned Fireman on Centennial No. 6938 as we negotiated several moves over to the East Ready Track.

Before leaving August 19, 1984, I met with Mr. Berney, and expressed my appreciation for the privilege of allowing me to take photos from down in the "Pits" to up in the yard towers and everything in between, and also for my "Visitor's paraphernalia". I then drove down to McCook and caught the Amtrak for home.