

only had ten minutes to complete the task. Steve Habeck watched the oil pressure, I was on the layshaft, and Doug cranked on the start button. In about 20 seconds she fired, what a sound!

For the first time the isolation switch was turned to run without activating alarm bells. Using very nervous and sweaty hands I opened the throttle to run 1. At last, 300 amps to the ground. After a few switching moves the 2001 was MUed with the 921 for passenger train duties. All systems were go. Steve Habeck, the conductor, was notified that our brand new power was ready for work. The 608 was removed from passenger train work and put back in the yard. The 921/2001 was backed up to the passenger cars. A brake test was successfully completed and then a hi-ball was given. Away we went. This was the first time at FRRS that two units were MUed with each under it's own power.

After passenger train operations were finished everyone got a well-deserved hand at the throttle during switching chores.

With a little bit of cleaning and a fresh coat of paint 2001 will be complete. The important tack is done though, to have her operational for Railroad Days.

Our next task is our new GP30. It looks like she is relatively complete, including lube oil and fuel, thanks to the UP.

All my thanks go to Steve Milward, Steve Habeck, Ski, Howard Wise, Randy Leber, Jim Ley, Norm Holmes, and Matt Parker for helping with the most difficult task of 2001. We really do have a good crew.

Also special thanks goes to our new member Pam Hodson. She spent numerous occasions photographing and cheering us on during some of the worst engine repairs.

WESTERN PACIFIC Mileposts

SEPTEMBER, 1956

"The Red Light Was a Fake"

A story of the Deep Creek train robbery, as told by Percy T. Hewitt, fireman on the train

"ON October 16, 1917, in the early morning, I was called to fire for Engineer Bill Veasey on the Gold Hill run of the Deep Creek Railroad.

"I believe this was Bill's last trip before getting reinstated on the Southern Pacific to work out of Ogden. However, we left Wendover at 2:45 a. m. and followed the Utah-Nevada line south for 17 miles.

"As we approached a siding called Salt Springs, where we had to cross over into the state of Nevada, we noticed a red light on the track. Upon stopping, we found a push car with a hayburner lantern on it, covered with a lady's red sweater. Not knowing what it was all about, we thought some duck hunters were having a little joke on us because we had been giving them water and coal off our engine.

"In the meantime, the rear brakeman came up to find out why we had stopped and went to take a look at the red light. Suddenly someone shot out

the brakeman's light and called out for us to keep quiet and we wouldn't get hurt. The brakeman ducked under the tender and came out on my side, wanting to know wotinell was going on, but I didn't know the answer.

"It was then that I saw outlined against the sky, the figures of four men, two of them running toward the combination coach. A few minutes later one of the men against the engine fired a gun. The whine of the bullet was pretty close to us in the cab. However, it may have been a signal for the other two to return. One of them shouted in a feminine voice, 'Back up, and keep on backing up,' then fired three shots.

"We backed all the way into Wendover, where we found that one of the passengers had been shot in the lower part of the leg, tearing away the flesh and heel bone. The Western Pacific ran a caboose hop into Salt Lake City with the injured man.



Conductor Bucky Rogers, Engineer Hewitt and son, Fireman F. R. Hewitt, ready for last run.

"ALL the passengers had been backed up into the baggage compartment. Conductor Bill Turner had some valuables in a pouch which he pushed into his pants front. While he stood there shaking, with his hands up, the package began to slip down his pants leg. When he lowered his hands to pull up the pouch, the robber fired a shot. Old Bill carried a star as a deputy sheriff, but his badge was found among the baggage and mail sacks, and we kidded him a lot about throwing away his badge.

"What the robbers were after was a payroll of several thousand dollars

which was being taken up to Gold Hill for the miners' pay day. The man who usually went for the money from a Salt Lake bank was ill, so the bandits didn't know which man carried the money. They took a first-class mail pouch, cut it open, and stole money and jewelry.

"When we got back to Wendover a posse was formed who went out to Salt Springs where they found diamond tire-tread marks in the sand. Following the trail into Ely, Nevada, they came upon the bandits lined up at a bar. They were put under arrest and later sentenced to 25 years in jail.

"It was discovered that the man who had a feminine voice had been a fireman on this run and had made several trips also as a brakeman and was familiar with what was carried in the coach. I recognized his voice, told the sheriff who I thought he was, and it was found to be correct.

"Brother Veasey was reinstated after this incident, and I ran the engine until the road was abandoned in August, 1939. The last year of operation I was made manager."

