



GRAND CANYON MODEL RAILROADERS

MAIN LINE

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by John Draftz

Our next regular meeting will be May 18th at the Our Savior's hall on E Glendale. **NOTE:** our May meeting is the third Saturday to avoid the holiday. The theme is Memorial Day – space/military trains/hardware. Individual layouts are always welcome at the meetings so feel free to bring one especially if it's space/military. A goal of this activity is to give members a chance to share the hobby with other members thus increasing our appreciation for our hobby. The BoD usually meets that morning about 8:30 with the general member meeting at 10.

The 2024 annual spring mini-meet was on our regular April 27th meeting day from 9-11 and followed the format we've used before. Buyers were in and out throughout the 9-11 timeframe and we filled the hall with sellers thus by all indications, it was a success. The major problem was that some sellers showed up expecting a table only to learn there wasn't one available since they didn't contact Janet beforehand to reserve one. Fortunately, we were able to make tables available for everyone. Since table space is limited, it's critical that reservations be made. Once all reservations have been made and tables are still available, sellers can ask Janet for a second table.

A special thanks to Chris Allen for bringing in the extra tables we needed.

After moving the July Cactus meet to September, it left the July 27th meeting date available. The decision was to try that as a summer mini-meet. The meet is free to the public and tables on a first come basis are free to sellers. Janet is willing to serve as the event coordinator. Members wanting a table must contact her before July 1st (602-569-0568 or tjmattern@cox.net) to reserve one. After that, members of other train clubs will have access to any remaining unreserved tables. The challenge is to get the word out to the public and thus potential buyers. If the July mini-meet is a success, we can continue holding it as such. If not, July will be a regular meeting day.

There are some changes we need to make to our bylaws. Therefore, we held a brief, no discussion regular meeting on April 27th to present the changes with. Voting to make the changes or not will be at the May meeting where discussion will be done. The changes are included elsewhere in this newsletter.

As we display the mobile layout at our regular venues and as we host sellers and buyers at meets, we need to find ways to invite people to join the GCMR. Please give some thought to what can be done to attract new members. What could we do at regular meetings that would motivate people to attend beyond what we already do. This will be an agenda item for May.

See you the 18th.

CALENDAR

GCMR meets are held at 9:00am in the Parish Hall of Our Saviors Lutheran Church at 1212 East Glendale Avenue in Phoenix, located on the north side of Glendale, just east of the traffic light at 12th St. It is easily reached off the Glendale Exit of either I-17 or SR 51. Go east from I-17 or west from SR 51 to 12th Street.

May 18 (note early date) - Memorial Day; Space/Military Trains/Hardware

June 22 - GCMR meet - Our Saviors Lutheran Church - Hot Dogs and Apple Pie; Flag Day; Red, White, and Blue trains; patriotic trains, cars, etc.; item(s) w/flag(s)

July 27 - GCMR meet - Our Saviors Lutheran Church - summer Mini Meet



THIS YEAR'S BIG BOY TOUR ANNOUNCED

Union Pacific's legendary [Big Boy No. 4014](#), the world's largest operating steam locomotive built to conquer mountains, will make 19 whistle-stops in five states this summer during its 2024 Westward Bound Tour from Wyoming to California. In addition, this mighty steam locomotive will be on public display for two days

each in Roseville, California, July 12-13, and Ogden, Utah, July 20-21.

Big Boy will leave its home base in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on Sunday, June 30, traveling across Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, California and Idaho during July. Display days in Roseville and Ogden offer an up-close look at the 1.1-million-pound marvel along with the "[Experience the Union Pacific](#)" rail car, a captivating walk-through exhibition that provides a unique glimpse into the rich history of railroading

NO LONGER SHRINKING

by Peter Atonna

A year ago, I did a story about the shrinking in the downtown Douglas scene on my layout. Now that those projects are completed, I can announce that it is no longer shrinking, but it is growing!

Here is the story:

I can remember a strange building in the old part of downtown Douglas. It was located towards the railroad line to Mexico, west of the main street, G Avenue. It was a brick building but lined with outside porches on the two sides I could see. I had never seen another building like it.

Many years go by and a couple of years ago my brother, sister in law and I went to a meeting at the Gadsden hotel. Driving around town, reliving youthful memories, I suddenly saw that same building, porches and all. Neither my brother or sister in law had any idea what it was used for.

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I also collect historic photos of the town and keep a scrapbook of prints. One day I was scanning the internet for new to me ones, and this photo popped up!

It was my mystery building.



Turns out, it was built as a hotel and the outside porches were sleeping and sitting porches for buildings built before any form of air cooling. That would place the building in the first quarter of the 20th century. (Note, even the early version of the Adams Hotel in Phoenix also had outside porches.)



What to do? A model of it of course. Earlier, I had found a kit which could be a small hotel with an outside porch and which had been on the layout for a decade or more. That would be the site of the "Queen Hotel".

The little hotel was popped from its site and quickly found a new home on a friend's layout. Then I measured a maximum footprint for the new Queen. It clearly would be only half the size of the original, nonetheless a significant building in its location - and three times the size of its replacement.



Hence, Douglas now grows.

Being totally scratch built, the building turned out to be a multi month project. 3D signs were made by a friend who is a genius in doing 3D printing. Grandt Line furnished the numerous windows and doors. Sheet styrene, brick and shingle sheets comprised the remainder of the supplies. I had a sheet of high quality 1/8th inch plywood for the three decks. Strip LED's lighted it as in all my newer buildings.



But now, I can say at least a part of Douglas is growing, at least into the FIRST quarter of the 20th century.

CHRIS'S MINI MEET PHOTOS



IMPORTANT!

Attached to this newsletter is the proposed bylaws amendment. As noted, these are critical to be done to bring us into compliance with the laws for non-profits. Please read them and be ready to take action at this month's meeting. It is a pretty convoluted process, but it is important that we follow each step

For some reason we model and toy train folks take ourselves very seriously. A long time ago, there were sparks of humor. Here is a delightful article from a long gone model magazine: Feb 1952 issue of Model Trains.

"What'll you Throw In?"

MANY OF YOU have, at one time or another, consummated a trade. You may have traded two marbles for an all-day sucker when you were younger, and later felt that the "sucker" was not restricted to one end of the stick.

In every trade, at least among collectors of old tinsplate trains (those odd characters who will walk six miles to track down a rumor that someone has seen a battered Dorfan box car in a garbage can), there comes a time when in your eagerness to obtain a desired item you have completely "gone overboard." You have offered the other trader several of your prize locomotives and catalogs, the use of the spare room in the attic, and free rides to and from work for the next month, and you've even stooped so low as to tear the kiddie car away from your only child to include in the deal.

In short, you've already put everything together that you can possibly scrape up, and even as you say to the other fellow, "There now, what do you think of *all* that for your one little car," you half hope he will refuse your offer and save you from your mad folly.

If he's a real trader, however, he knows all his cues as surely as if he were Barrymore playing Hamlet. He knows what you're thinking. He knows that if he accepts too readily you might even try and back out. He knows there is one thing he can say that will turn the trick. Besides, who knows but what he may



A Humorous Study of Collectors and Their Foibles

by **DON LA SPALUTO**

not get still something more in the deal?

Dubiously (remember, he is a trained actor and knows all the nuances of his role), he looks at the pile, then looks lovingly at his single car which you hold, glances up at you, and asks, "What'll you throw in?"

It is things like this that make butterfly collectors out of train collectors!

The deal is consummated—any deal—and the collectors part, both happy and satisfied, for the moment. Now it is an absolute fact, though utterly unexplainable, that within a short time each will start wondering if he has not been too easy on the other fellow, and by nightfall,

each will be convinced he has been taken! Of course, neither will be willing to call the deal off.

It is another fact of collecting that no matter how big a load of trains you come off with on a swap or purchase, no matter how many cartons they fill when you carry them off in triumph, saying to yourself "Now, at last, I've finally picked up a big load of trains," that within a day or two the same quantity of equipment will seem to have shrunk in half! Having sorted it out and arranged it in order, you will wonder how such a pathetic few pieces could have seemed like so much but a little time before! If you are to collect with a light heart, you must be prepared for this diminishing quality of old trains.

You have undoubtedly observed classified ads in your local newspapers wherein a "needy family" is in search of toy trains for little Franklin's birthday present. It has been alleged that at least some of these ads are the work of collectors looking for antique trains without having to undergo the complete physical exhaustion that results from a full-dress "What'll you throw in?" type of bargaining session with a fellow collector. While the writer personally doubts that any collector would really stoop so low as to resort to such means to enhance his collection, he did take the time one day to clip out one of the more exacting ads which is shown below in its entirety:

WANTED: Toy trains or equipment. 11 children in family; father out of work; mother in hospital, please make this a happy Christmas in our home. Do not answer this ad unless you have Ives, Bing, or Lionel equipment manufactured before 1918. Must be in good condition and original paint. Write or phone. 24-hour answering service. Limousine will make large quantity pick-ups. Call Hollis 8-4025. Won't you please help us? Note: unusable equipment will be returned.

DESTITUTE FAMILY

There are one or two other common types of enemies of collectors that must be mentioned here. First there is the neighbor who calls you up around midnight and calmly says that he just came across a big box full of trains evidently left in the attic of his fifty-year-old house by the previous owners. He needs the space, so if you want the trains, come over the first thing in the

morning before he throws them out.

Naturally, you don't sleep all night. You toss and turn, your mind is spinning, and you're thinking out loud, "Could the box contain old Carlisle & Finch trains? Or Ives? Or Cayette or Voltamp with three or four Lionel trolleys at the bottom right next to a thick pile of old catalogs? Or could it be a 2-4-0 Ives No. 25, or Lionel 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ " gauge equipment—the house is old enough!"

All these thoughts keep you awake and in the morning, dreary eyed and unshaved, you rush to the neighbor's house, trying to conceal your eagerness, but stumbling all over the place and trembling with excitement as you go up to the attic, each step seeming like an eternity. When an extra large carton is brought into view, your heart pounds like a trip-hammer; you're worried that the vibrations may give you away.

Then the box is opened and you see pile on pile of Standard gauge track sections. You tear them away to get at the bottom. Then suddenly you find the familiar red color of a common Standard gauge engine! Yes, it is a Lionel No. 8 electric type locomotive with two 330 series Pullmans. No forty-year-old catalogs. No Lionel trolleys. No Carlisle & Finch or Ives; not even a little old Bing station! You push past your neighbor, who is amazed at your reaction to his "rare" old train, and walk out the door in a daze, promising yourself that some day, some how, that box of trains you are called in on will contain something really scarce. It hasn't happened to the writer yet!

Guaranteed to make your life equally miserable, but for exactly opposite reasons, is the fellow who has the trains. You fall into conversation with him, and he tells you about the old trains that belonged to his father. He doesn't seem to attach much importance to them, but invites you out to see them. You go up into his attic and he unpacks four boxes of some of the rarest trains you've ever seen, all in perfect condition. "Pop got a new train from Lionel or Ives every year," he explains. You are already picturing these trains on your shelves, when you ask the big question.

"Sell them?" he roars in surprise. "Why I could never sell these trains! I promised my father I'd keep them for my own children to play with as soon as they get old enough for electric trains!" He looks surprised and hurt that you would suggest he part with them.

On the way out you pass one of his children. The little darling is using the locomotive of his Hafner wind-up as a hammer, and driving tenpenny nails into a mahogany china closet. You wonder how long it will be before precious is "old enough" to be given the almost proof Lionel No. 4 trolley, or the Ives 3239!

You resolve to stop collecting then and there, but when you get home you find a letter awaiting you from someone who has some "odd little cars that say 'Fandor' on them" that he'd like to trade for some modern equipment. Immediately forgetting all your good intentions, you pick up your pen and paper and you're in business again!