

excursion, we've done some work at O.E.T., we're moving - slowly perhaps - toward a museum, and we've had some fun talking and exchanging ideas and knowledge.

I personally have one plea. Let's increase our membership. Let's go from

is now in need of a larger membership base. I suggest that SDCRMA look into the membership problem. In the meantime, bring a friend to the November meeting.

Good luck to the new officers.

Sincerely,
Eric Sanders

MISSION VALLEY SOUTHERN ROSTER OF EQUIPMENT (Terry Durkin's operation)

- No. 1 SD&AE push car - donated by Tom Sefton
- No. 2 Southern Pacific three-wheel velocipede (from Santa Barbara area)
- No. 3 Point Comfort and Northern three-wheel velocipede
- No. 4 Four-wheel push car with brake-from Perris Museum
- No. 5 High Point, Thomasville & Denton four-wheel motor car, 16 h.p., Fairmont.

IN THE GLARE OF THE HEADLIGHT

G. J. Oliver

The Fourth District looks more like a main line every day, what with long heavy potash trains, drawbars and knuckles scattered along the track, mostly on the hill between Sorrento and Miramar, and, occasionally, passenger trains sawed by at short sidings. One result of these trains has been the need for beefing up some of the bridges; a gang has been working on the trestle just west of Del Mar where a 30 mile per hour restriction has been in effect for a couple of weeks.

The only apparent result of Santa Fe's giving the old depot at Carlsbad to the city, which they tried to sell to anyone to raze, has been the taking off of the boards from the windows, and a small sign over the name plate claiming a population for the town of 11,288. If the IBM machines are correct that figure should undoubtedly be revised upward.

The grumbling about the new "station" at San Clemente seems to have died down. The city wanted it by the pier and the Santa Fe obliged, but the people found there parking meters on the streets instead of free parking at the old location; then, the motels found that trains make more noise starting and stopping than going by on the fly. After many letters to the General Manager, the Road Foreman of Engines told all engineers to lay off the whistle and bell at the new location.

Train 73's fan club gains members all the time. Number one and the oldest senioritywise is our old compadre RPM, who can just be seen waving from his window if one knows where to look as the train passes the gap between two buildings. No.2 is a man and wife at the west end of the Morena siding, plus any visitors and/or grandchildren present. Then we jump to Del Mar where a retired sea-captain and wife wave from their breakfast table as we leave the depot. Next are schoolgirls on the overpass between Del Mar and Solana Beach.

After various and assorted moppets who mostly put objects on the track and then wonder why we don't wave pleasantly at them. After blowing up to one hundred surfers off the tracks, so far successfully, between San Onofre and San Clemente, with the whistle while trying to spot at the San Clemente station, we see numerous tenants of the egg crate motel by the tracks some out to the balconies to wave or give dirty looks, depending upon the amount of sleep the passing trains have robbed them of. As we start, the Alcos lay a nice trail of smoke along the motel and the wavers join the dirty lookers. A little beyond, a glance up on top of the bluff shows a number of aristocrats out on their verandas highballing us. We always give them extra attention as they appear in the Super-Chief class of prospective customers. This about winds up the fans, as the leisured people seem to be south of Capistrano and the rest are at work. Besides, from there to Los Angeles we are too busy with the whistle trying to keep the motorists from connecting with the engine pilot, to wave at train watchers.