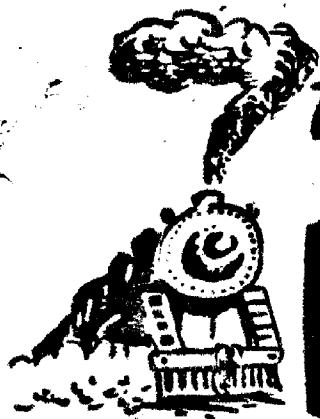




7th Division

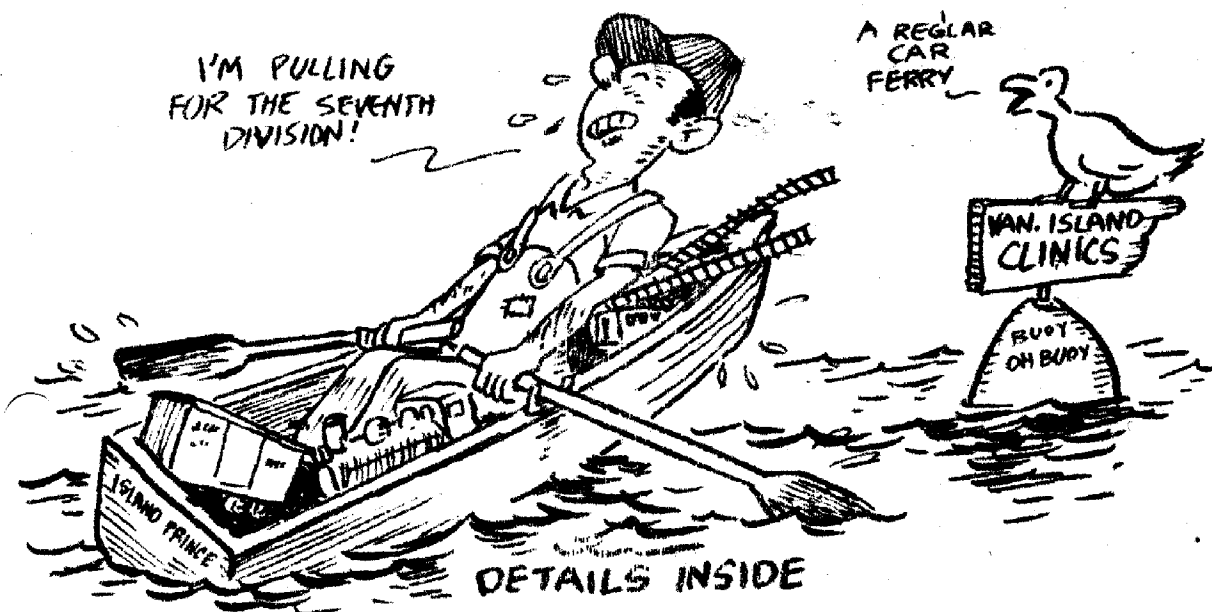


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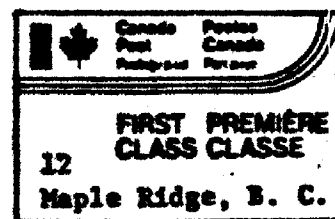
HOBBY SHOW — OAKRIDGE AUDITORIUM Sept. 29

to Oct. 3
during mall
hours.



CLINICS GO ON THE ROAD see page 2

THE BULLETIN BOARD
P. O. BOX 368
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TIMETABLE No. 7, Effective Sept. 1/82

- Sept 19/82 Swamp Creek and Western's Annual Sooper Swap Meet & Clinic, 1-6 PM in the Francis Anderson Recreation Center, 700 Main Street, Edmonds, Washington. If you have been buttonholed by Roger (RobinHood) Ferris for some of the raffle tickets on the brass, this the meet at which the prize winning tickets will be drawn. You should attend and do your hobby shopping at the start of our hobby season.
- Sept. 26/82 Vancouver Island Clinics. The show is on the road for those members who are unable to attend our Oakridge clinics. From 1-4 PM at the Beban Park Recreation Center, at the Naniamo Exhibition Grounds. For Info contact Ken Rutherford in Port Alberni. His phone no. is in the list of standing committee members.
- Sept. 29/82 to Oct. 3/82 Modelling Hobbies Show at the Oakridge Auditorium, during Mall hours. Sponsored by the Seventh Division, PNR, NMRA, and the Burnaby Rotary Club, with gate going to the Rotary for the purchase of radio equipment for cars of paraplegics (Emergency radio gear) Should be a terrific show with a great many hobbies represented, some of which we don't normally see.
- Oct. 17/82 Seventh Division Clinic at Oakridge. This is supposed to be the one at which Jim Finnell, and Kelly Morris come up to entertain us.
- Oct. 23/82 Pacific Northwest Narrow Gaugers 4th Annual Meet at the Como Lake United Church Hall, 535 Marmont Street, Coquitlam, B.C. From 10 AM until ? Admission \$3.00, Dinner (Optional) 6:00 PM Cost approx. \$10.00 Cut off date for meal reservations Oct. 15th. Contact Tom Beaton at 13337-62nd Ave., Surrey, VW 1V4 or phone (604) 396-6572
- Nov. 7/82 Seventh Division Fall Meet. Sheraton Villa Motor Hotel, 401 Hwy. and Willingdon St., Burnaby, B.C. Set up in the Morning, have a banquet and awards luncheon, and open to the public in the afternoon. More details to follow.
- Dec. 5/82 to Dec. 31/82 Burnaby Art Gallery, Centennial Park, Burnaby. Month long show on model railroading, with some railroadianna as space will permit. Should be one of the best exhibits to come our way in a long time, with time to go back and have a second look, or take the shots you wish you had taken in the first place.
- Jan. 16/83 Seventh Division Annual Swap Meet, Oakridge Auditorium. This is the one I always look forward to. Lot's of super stuff for sale, swap etc.
- July 18/83 to July 23/83 Railway Jamboree, 48th Annual Convention of the National Model Railway Association, Winnipeg. For Registration info., write Railway Jamboree 83, Box 21, St. Vital PO, Winnipeg, Manitoba Canada, R2M 4A5

BULLETIN BOARD

The BULLETIN BOARD is the official publication of the 7th Division of the Pacific Northwest Region of the National Model Railroad Association, authorized by the Standing Committee. It is mailed free of charge to all members of the 7th Division. Subscription rates to all others is \$6.00 per year, and consists of at least 6 issues.

Correspondence pertaining to this publication should be addressed to the Editor, whose address appears below. All other correspondence relating to the 7th Division, PNR, NMRA, should be forwarded to the Superintendent, as listed below.

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Psssst! Wanna buy a Station?

We spotted this hand written card on the way to the meet in Vernon. We had come over the North Cascades Pass (with some difficulty as some of you have heard, and still others had a weirder time of it) anyway, I had stopped the camper to get out and stretch, and photograph the old BN station in Oroville, Washington, and I saw the following notice pinned to the wall.

For Sale

Burlington Northern Station Oroville,

Contact R.S. Howery, Superintendent,

(509) 455-7418 Spokane.

So any of you who have been complaining about the lack of railroad space at home, consider moving the station into your back yard. Incidentally, the notice is for real, I checked!

SANDING THE FLUES

After the Vernon Meet, I was talking to one of our members who had what I felt was a legitimate gripe, however the way he put it to me, annoyed me. Here is the unexpurgated version. He says to me "you were one of the judges, how come the photo contest was judged on Thursday night insted of Saturday, cause I sat up all night on Wednesday and Thursday to mount my entries, and then drive all the rest of Thursday night and into Friday just to get here and find that the contest is over, and all my work is for nothing! How come they can't do all th judging on Saturday?

My reply was "Do you think that the judges have no other interest in coming to a meet other than locking themselves up in a room for the whole of the meet's last day just so you can get your photos judged? The judges give their time with no reservations, however they too are entitled to enjoy the full facilities of the meet, just as everyone else is!

Then he says, "Well that's why they volunteer for the job in the first place they know how much time is involved so why are they complaining? I said" they aren't complaining, you are! That really cheeses me off--- all you guys ever do is complain- never volunteer for anything!

Then he says" if I had known the photos were to be judged on Thursday, I could have sent the entries on with someone else! At which point I break in and say "You hadn't finished mounting them yet!

When the dust settles over the battle ground, and we are friends once again, one point remains----- the committee that planned the meet could have established the neccessary entry times, and published them in the promotional material so that judges and contestants alike would have the times for reference.

All of you planners out there, bear this in mind for the next gathering you are putting together.

When Lucille and I went north this summer to ride the White Pass & Yukon, I had written to the one and only seventh division member in the Yukon territories, telling him that we would be passing through. When we did get together he said that he loved to talk to the various members, but had limited access to our gatherings down here, and would therefore be delighted to hear from any of you travelling through his part of the world. If any of you are planning to go and ride Ole 73, or some of the WP&Y's MLW'S contact the Editor and I'll pass on the name and address of our man in Whitehorse.

Notes on the Cornfield Meet---

This year, again Hank and Henny Menkveld outdid themselves again. By the time the last of the dinner guests had departed, they had fed 196 people for dinner on Sunday. This is an increase of nearly 40 over the year before. There are a great many people who also contribute to the sucess of the weekend, and I won't mention them here, because they would want it that way. This is Hank's weekend.

We arrived on Saturday morning, and set up camp. By noon there were perhaps 30 people there, and by supper time, perhaps 50 people and their kids. I think 46 went to the no host dinner held for the second year in a row, at the Pantry. The weather co-operated from about noon onwards, giving us a partly cloudy Sat. Night with most of a full moon shing through the clouds.

SANDING THE FLUES

Cornfield Meet Notes Cont'd.

The thing that fascinated me was that although there were a lot of people who had attended the last meet, and the numbers show a steady increase in attendance, there were a great many people who weren't there last year. Many more than were indicated by the increase in numbers. So some previous attendees must have stayed home, but new ones took their places and then some. Sunday dawned nearly cloudless, and about noon the procession of new arrivals started, culminating as I said before, in nearly two hundred people for supper. Afterwards, when the sun had gone down, John Green entertained us with his slide presentation on "The Coquihala, Then And Now".

I had forgotten to mention that there were some live steam movies shown in the train shed during the afternoon. And of course, there was the ubiquitous Rail Baron game, although Paul Vaughn forgot to bring his own version of the game. I brought one called Rails Through The Rockies, but the directions were beyond us, so we never did play the thing. The Horseshoe pits provided by Hank's neighbor, got a lot of use, with games going until dusk.

A great time was had by all those who attended, and Hank hopes to see you all again next year, and bring along those members who didn't come this year.

Jeez, I gotta tell ya, I can't believe how rusty I am in the typwriting department, after summer of just typing letters, etc. Not only that, I can't seem to get organized with the copy for this rag (Thanks Brian). Maybe by Christmas time I can get my act together.

Over the summer, I finally got started on the cupboards and racks to hold the 8 foot module, so that I can build the benchwork for the HOn3 pike that I have been wanting to build for nearly a year. I have also been building up some of the rolling stock, and have discovered that although the NMRA have proposed standards for coupler heights for both HOn3 and N gauge, some of the kit manufacturers in HOn3 are using the height set for N gauge to place the coupler pockets in HOn3. Having discovered this, I wonder if the manufacturers have decided as I did that it looks better on the smaller HOn3 rolling stock. SO, MY QUESTION IS, at what height have the manufacturers of brass engines in HOn3 set their coupler pockets. You guessed it---HO leaving me with a disparity of nearly 18 inches in HO scale. Ah well!

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The following is a letter from Rod Craggs, addressed to Lucille and me, and I thought that we would share it with you.

Dear Ian and Lucille,

our holidays this year, saw us meandering slowly east through the prairie provinces, and into Ontario to Niagara Falls and back, for a very enjoyable six week holiday.

Some of the trains that we ran into were TH&B nicely weathered GP-9s. While parking to attend a flea market, we ran into a nearby threesome of RDCs done up in VIA colours. At St. Catharines, while visiting a winery, I surprised everyone by taking off at a dead run for my truck. I grabbed my camera, and managed to catch two VIA RDC units. The other people on the winery tour had not heard the distant air horn.

While at the Soo, driving down to the locks, we spotted two GP-38-2s on the head end of a string of stainless steel cars. The following day we rode to Agawis Canyon on the Algoma Central passenger run. Spent two hours there taking pictures. While doing so, along came a pair of AC GP-9s, with a long boomed crane, also in the AC grey, maroon, and yellow. Took some pictures our two units with a converted steam loco tender that is now a steam generator car, while the units were running around our train to reverse for the trip home. Spent a very nice evening in the Algoma Central yards where they have a fine collection of both modern and antique equipment. Nearby, Algoma steel operates yellow 44 tonners. At Red Rock we spotted a yellow and black RS-1 lettered up for DOMTAR.

While in Winnipeg, we were lost as usual, and I had just told Barney, when I spotted a headlight on my left. There sat a 44 tonner lettered for the Greater Winnipeg Water Works trying valiantly to push 12 loads of sand up a small hill. Got some nice pictures a few blocks away when we suddenly stumbled upon a railway yard with a fabulous collection of Gas Electrics, cars and ancient cabooses. Went into a very picturesque stone station, with a Mack gas electric parked on the front, and on enquiry, were told that we could wander anywhere, but don't get run over, and this we did. My wee wife Barney who has repeatedly said "No way will I take train pictures" sure got some nice ones. The shop crew rolled out their homemade 75 Chevy van on steel wheels. Someone pressed a button, and up came the van sitting on its own hydraulic turntable, which one person can operate easily! They also rolled out a 44 tonner so that we could take pictures. That railway is a must for anyone who is going to Winnipeg for the 83 Convention.

Heading north towards Edmonton, with the usual tracks along side, noticed an F-7 in CN colours catching up. The second unit was painted in black and grey, and had High Prairie painted under each window, and was hitched to a GP-38 with no logo. Saw a town about 10 miles away, so we put the pedal to the metal, and with our fifth wheel bouncing along behind, we tried to outrun the train.

Suddenly the tracks took off in a cut to the right. We stopped, waited, and continued on after a five minute wait, stopped again and along it came. We noted a small CN logo on the front of the cab. Outside of Vegreville, we caught it again, and while clocking 60mph, we paced the locos while Barney clicked away with the train crew whistling and waving.

Saw a great many trains on the prairie, where you can see the entire train on the horizon, and we paced VIA several times to get action pictures. Then we would pull over and put the drawers back in their runners, and roll up the toilet paper again. It's amazing what 60 mph over a rough road will do to the inside of a trailer!

SANDING THE FLUES - Rod Craggs letter Cont'd.

It seems that no matter how many diesels I see and photograph, the thrill and action is just not there compared to steam(I can already hear the screams of the outraged diesel purists!), however a long, green, superdetailed PA-1 can frequently be seen connected to my Side Hill Gouger, when the trains usual 2-8-0 is in the shops. A 44 tonner is in the process of being run in at present, and I have a couple of other diesels on my roster.

Talking about the action just not being there, that jogs my memory back to my first night shift a Glacier. As I came on duty, a 5900 was backing down on her caboose, about 80 cars back, as the helper engine had just cut loose. I gave the hogger his orders and sat back in my swivel chair, earphone hooked over one ear, listening to the dispatcher and enjoying the warm steam heat on a cold winter's night. When suddenly came a BAM! followed by a staccatto RAT-TAT-TAT! At the same time, the glass in the very large windows bowed in on me and then out again. The second KABAM! saw one very scared telegrapher running out the office door in the back of the station. As the explosions lessened I realized that the cause of the noises was the big Salkirk lifting its train up the grade, and the explosions came when the booster cut in! I staggered back into the station and sat there shaking. I have never been so startled, and for years after, each time that happened I would walk into the waiting room and watch the office windows bow in and out every time a 5900 lifted it's train with the booster on. It was a soul stirring sight, and talk about sound effects!!

Back to diesels. Came on shift a Glacier one winter night and was told the GM test train of 3 units and 2000 tons was out of Beavermouth, 40 miles away. Not long after, the phone rang, and a voice said " we've spun out at Griffith, and are backing down the hill to Beavermouth. They made a second try an hour later. Again the phone rang, and the voice said " spun out again, and backing down the hill". Then the Superintendent came on the train phone shortly thereafter and said to the dispatcher the well remembered phrase- " Send out a 5900 and shove that son of a bitch up th hill. We'll never buy any of those goddamned things!" I have often wondered if he ever had to eat those words! Incidentally, those 40 miles took 9 hours!

Rod Craggs.

I am very much inclined to agree with Rod about the action and excitement of steam versus diesels, and did some experimenting along those lines myself this summer. As I mentioned earlier about our trip on the WP&Y. However, just a couple of weeks ago, I entertained Elaine Jones and Sue Damgaard and Dick Sutcliffe with a repeat journey (For Me) on the B.C. Hydro Rail Line out to Huntingdon and back. That trip, which I will describe in detail in the next couple of pages, was almost as much fun!

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

As many of you will remember, at about this time last year, Lucille and I went out and rode on B.C. Hydro's Railway line to Huntingdon(Sumas) and back.

Here is an account of another trip taken just recently, with Elaine Jones, Sue Damgaard, and Dick Sutcliffe, and I, all riding in the one unit in the number two position in the train. It all started in the wee small hours of the morning at the convention hotel in Vernon. I asked Elaine if she and Al were planning on coming up to the Corn Field Meet, and she replied that they were, although she wasn't sure that everyone was going to arrive at the same time because Al and Duane were sure to be working. So I said, "why don't you come a day or so early, and I'll set up a ride on Hydro Rail for whoever can get here in time. The whole thing was left there, until I phoned Tom Beaton the weekend before the meet, and he told me the Elaine had been trying to contact me. Since I knew what she wanted, I phoned her back that same Sunday evening.

Once I got through on the phone I asked her how the ride home had been, and was she still interested in riding the train? She said 'Oh yes please!', and I heard these growls in the background she identified as Al, as she went on to explain that there would be just her and Sue because both men were going to be working right up until the weekend. So I told her that I would fix it up and call her when she arrived at Beaton's on the Wednesday night, which I did.

I had arranged for us to ride the train on the Thursday, so I went over to Tom's and picked them up, and drove them down to the yard under the Queensborough bridge. We parked the car, and I steered them down towards the shops, because I had recently seen a snow plow down there that really was a hybrid, and well worth the walk down there to get a picture of same. This thing was a double ended snow plow built on the frame of, and around the cab of, a steeple cab electric engine, and what's more, still had the spoked wheels under it!

While walking back toward the yard office from this side trip, we were met by a man in a compact car(He sports a genuine RAF type waxed mustache!) who asked if we were riding with him on the train, to which we replied in the affirmative. After we had reached the yard office, where we joined Dick, we discover that the dude with the mustache is the hogger! The train rolls up, and we are taken down to the second unit where we all climb aboard. The driver introduces himself, and I puzzle over the name, because I know that name from somewhere.

Soon enough the train pulls out of the yard and heads for the Fraser River crossing under the Pattullo Bridge. Enroute, we pass through an area near where the old Seven Seas Restaraunt was, and they are re-aligning the track, and installing a couple of new turnouts. The crew has left the radio on in the cab for us, and as we roll under the Parkade at the foot of Sixth, I can hear them calling the bridge tender for clearance for the train, and then we hear the dispatcher giving the train crew the lowdown on the crossing orders.

On the way down from Tom's, I have been acting like a tour guide, and have told Elaine and Sue about the wye on the steel portion of the bridge at the west end, and also to watch out for the burned out portion in the center and then to look for the three way trestle on the eastern end. All in all, this is one of the most unusual rail bridges around.

Soon we are on the approach to the bridge, and the picture taking starts in earnest. Then we are across the span, on to the trestle, and along the base of the hill. The long climb up the hill is slow, but not as slow as the last trip we made when we were pulling 4000 tons, and this trip we are pulling some where around 2000.

Repeat Performance- Cont'd.

Soon we reach the top of the hill, and I have warned the ladies about the numbers of level crossings, and the Kamikaze drivers who race trains for fun. Sue decides that there are better camera angles to be had if she goes out on the deck, and soon almost all of us are out there, basking in the warm summer sun that has favoured us.

All the way down through the valley people are stopping to stare at Sue and Elaine standing on the porch of this diesel as it pulls the freight towards Huntingdon. Past the old Hydro substation at Bradner, and starting down the hill to the interlock at Clayburn. I had informed the ladies about the ballet the train crew does at the interlock, and if any of you need your memories jogged, I'll describe it again for you. On arrival at the crossing of the CPR track (actually they cross Hydro's track which was there first) the head end brakie gets down and goes over to the interlock shack. Then the train starts to back up to meet the tail end brakie who has gotten down from the caboose, and is walking up the track to meet the train which is backing down to meet him etc. When they are both in the same place, the tail end man climbs up into the lead unit and becomes the front end brakman. When the train has gone all the way through the crossing, the front end man who has been hiding in this little sort of outhouse, comes out and gets into the caboose and takes up the duties of the tail end brakeman. See? simple.

We arrive in Huntingdon, and drop off the cars we have been pulling, and pick up the ones destined for Trapp Yard in New Westminster. Then we stop in front of the yard office at Huntingdon and get down for a pit stop and a cold drink. We gather with the Hogger, and I introduce the ladies to him. Now I know where I know the name from! Vern Sills, is a member of the 7th Division, and I see his name on the mailing list for the Bulletin Board. Once I introduce Elaine and Sue to him and the Conductor Al Mc Naughton, many mutual interests are discovered, and discussed. Vern digs out some old photographs of steam and electric locomotives and passes them around. We seem to be waiting much longer than the first time for our orders to return to Trapp Yard, and just as I am about to ask how come, we are told that the Langley switcher is just coming up Scott Hill, and we are ahead of the game waiting in the yard office by the pop machine (it's hot out there) instead of somewhere up the line. So we wait. At nearly 14:00 we get the word that we can go, and Vern cautions us about riding out on the deck because of people that throw rocks, and tells about the time that he lost most of the glass in the cab to rock throwing kids.

So off we go again, this time with us standing, or sitting inside the cab. Back we go to the interlock, and a repeat performance of the folk dance with the brakemen. Soon we are climbing the hill to Bradner, and rolling along the top once more. We reach the spot where the CN Roberts Bank line enters, and we are stopped by the signals that are against us. I think perhaps we are going to have a coal train cross our paths, but no, Vern comes back to tell us that it's just the Langley switcher cluttering up the main.

Then we get the green, and are moving once more. It is a good thing that we heeded the advice that Vern gave us about staying in the cab, because as we go by the Langley switcher, I see some objects flying through the air at the lead unit. I yell at Elaine and Sue to duck, and then I see that what is happening is that the switcher crew has filled some train order bags with water and are doing the yard crew a favour by trying to wash the engine, the windows, and train crew while they are on the move past the switcher and it's crew.

Repeat Performance - Cont'd

After the demonstration on how to wash cars at 35 mph, we cruise along through the industrial areas of Langley, and then along to Cloverdale, where we had the race with the screwball driver the first time I took the trip. The sun is starting to set, and the evening is cooling off just beautifully, with what promises to be a super sunset. Everyone seems lost in their own thoughts as we tool along toward the top of the hill at Kennedy Road. I'm convinced that Elaine and Sue are going to have sore facial muscles from the constant and wide grins they have been sporting all day!

Again we cross the bridge on the Fraser taking particular note of the blackened steel beams and the new wooden bridge beams under the rails, and the almost destroyed sheerwaters and dolphins under the swing span. There is no new bridge tenders hut on top of the span, and as yet nothing has been done to repair the pilings(that will most probably happen at or near low water this winter). The bridge tender seems to be in a little Atco trailer on the side of the swing span, although I didn't get the chance to look to closely.

Here we go under the parkade again, and past the place where they are doing the re-alignment and putting in the new switches. As we pull into the yard, we are all making jokes about eating our camera straps or shoes and such like, as I prevented the troops from having lunch by arriving later than I should have to pick them up. We thank the crew for their many kindnesses and their courtesy to us and make our way back to the cars in the thickening twilight.

As a perfect finish to the day, I enveigle them into trying the fried chicken at the white spot, and have the satisfaction of seeing everyone enjoy their dinner. I left the girls at this point, and Dick said he would see them home. One of the best memoriel of the day was when Vern presented Elaine with a set of the white flags from the front of a locomotive, denoting an extra.

Those white flags provided us with a little fun at the corn field meet two days later. Al Jones arrived direct from Eugene before Elaine and Sue got there from Tom's I later discovered that they had been delayed doing some shopping. Anyway, here comes Al striding across the grass, and I go up to say Hello, and he says to me "Ah, Shut Up Ian!" Some greeting- do you think maybe he's a little bit jealous of his wife and Sue? So without making matters worse by telling him what a terrific time we've all had, (I figure Elaine will do that for me) Nathan and I locate a roll of duct tape and fix the two white flags to the bumper of Al's car, one on either side. None of us were around to hear what he had to say when a. he heard all the details of the trip, and b. when he found the flags taped to the front of his car.

Maybe next year Al!

PNR/NMRA REGIONAL CONVENTION

Box 255
Vernon, B.C.
VIT 6M2

PNR-OGOPOGO CONVENTION



The recent PNR Convention was very well attended by people from as far as California, Manitoba and all points in between. The attendance at the banquet was 232 and the convention activities was 279. There were about 350 people who came to the open public display on Saturday. From all comments and thank you's received, we feel that everyone had a good-time and enjoyed the convention program.

The convention cars, (crests) patches, buttons and mugs are still on sale. The mugs are being released from customs after we receive the proper inventory slip and process it. The cost of the items are as follows:-

Convention Car	\$6.00
Patches (Crests)	\$2.50
Buttons	\$1.00
Mugs	\$5.00
Plus shipping costs.	

Please mail to:-
PNR Ogopogo Convention,
P.O. Box 255,
Vernon, B.C.
VIT 6M2

If the money sent is American, the difference in the dollar will cover the shipping. If it is Canadian money, please add one dollar for a convention car or a mug, or 30c for a button or a crest.

The convention committee would like to thank the following firms for donations and door prizes:-

Vernon Toys & Hobbies	Vernon	Hunters Hardware & Toys	Kamloops
Cady Crafts	Kelowna	Bridge Appliance Service	Lethbridge
Trains & Such	Calgary	Village Hobby Center	Richmond
Gary's Train Center	Vancouver	Creative Hobbycraft Stores	New Westminster
Pacific N. Scale	N. Vancouver	Meridian Distributors	Vancouver
Totem Tools	Vancouver	Van Hobbies	Vancouver
B Line Railway (G. Beil)	Rosedale	Railway Milepost Books	Vancouver
C.D. & S. Decals	Ottawa	Diamond Scale Construction	Oregon
Lambert Associates	California	A. West	California
Bob Jekel Supplies	Kennewick	M.F. Kotowski (Art Work)	California
Clover House	California	Hearld King Decals	Wisconsin
Carstens Books	New Jersey	Kalmbach Books	Wisconsin
Champion Decals	N. Dakota		

We would like to thank all the PNR members who helped in contest judging, assisting convention committees and putting on clinics.

J.D. Smith,
Secretary
PNR Ogopogo Convention

JDS/dep