$3.50 (U.S.)

A.W. N.U.T.S. (Always Whimsical • Not Usually To Scale)

PENTAMEROUS

• Volume 1 Issue 3 • Pentacle* the Third, 1994 •

* See our "Name the Pentacles" Contest!

A.W. N.U.T.S. GOES MULTI-SCALE!

"Big Wayne" Gets On His Scale Soap Box

Okay, okay. Yes, part of the name of our group is "Not Usually To Scale." What scale? Well, **A.W. N.U.T.S.** was founded in G-scale, of course. But what about that O-scale Roto-Rooter rig? Well, sure, that qualifies - it's fairly big and it's very whimsical. Does that mean that this guy's Z-scale duck pond freight car is too small to qualify? Well, uh, it certainly is whimsical. Nope, not too small.

You've got us, folks. How can a club like this be exclusive to only one scale? It can't. Your Publishure, Big Wayne, upon joining the Society, immediately went on a campaign to open up our society to anyone, anywhere, any scale. Skip and various members of the Advizery Bored agree, and thus **A.W. N.U.T.S.** officially goes multiscale, effective immediately.

You have always been free to express your whimsy in whatever scale tickles your fancy – now you have a forum to share your models, ideas, and lapses of sanity. Bucky sez "Send in your stuff!"

Non-Rule Rules for Scale

1. Members are free to model in whatever scale they wish, (no one will complain if you don't get absolutely everything in exact proportions for one particular scale).
2. If anyone complains about your scale (or lack thereof), just holler AW NUTS! and give him a **PENTAMEROUS** to read.

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A.W. N.U.T.S. AT THE "RUSTY BOAT" SHOW

Colleen Weiss "Womans" the A.W. N.U.T.S. Booth

The Big Train Show, held recently on the **Queen Mary**, (Long Beach, CA), is, in fact, a *big* show. Filling large conference rooms on three floors, there were hundreds of exhibitors and some nice running layouts, including a huge modular setup run by (we think) the **Los Angeles Garden Railway Society**. Your publisher, **Big Wayne**, accompanied by photographer **Engle Meredith** and his intended, **Colleen Weiss**, did both days of the show.

If one were to pick an ideal booth at which to plug a whimsical railroad society, it would most likely be that of **Samuél Addison-Muncy**. We took him up on his offer to share space with us, and what a wonderful experience it turned out to be. During the two days of the show, a plethora of curious and whimsical modelers stopped in to admire (and purchase) Muncy treasures. The most popular item was the "**Jurassic Park**" freight car with a healthy brontosaurus breaking through the top of the car.

Bruce Hebron from **The Metal Shed** displayed the first two prototypes of the **A.W. N.U.T.S. Commemorative Car**, and most wonderful models they are! (See our Commemorative Car flyer, coming soon to a theater near you.)

We talked to hundreds of interesting folks, including **Mac McCalla**, who does marvelous rolling stock with **Harley Davidson** logos. We also got quite a few new signups for **A.W. N.U.T.S.** If you're anywhere near the "Rusty Boat" next year, don't miss this show!

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A.W. N.U.T.S. Presents "Dirty Laundry"

The **A.W. N.U.T.S. Garden Railway Society** has been founded on the precept that it's okay if everything is not exactly perfect.

Fortunately for your Publishure and Eddietour, that gives us a little leeway to screw up once in a while. With the Freedom of Information Act, the Truth-In-Advertising laws, and with legal concepts like *caveat emptor* and such, however, it behooves us to "fess up" when we do make a slight error. Dirty laundry.

First, a carryover from last issue. There was a name missing from a letter in **Pentamerous 1**. In typical **A.W. N.U.T.S.** fashion, we "fixed it" by mistakenly attributing it to **John Haynes**. It turns out that it wasn't John's letter after all, (sorry, John). It was from someone from Canada who didn't even sign up for **A.W. N.U.T.S.** Send in your $10 and maybe we'll print your name.

We owe a couple of apologies to **Graham McAllister**. Not only did we misspell his last name in the **Pentamerous 2**, we also sent out our European Subscription address all over the world, again with his name misspelled.

To make matters worse, your Publishure inadvertently mistook **Graham McAllister** for **Graham Stowell**, (to whom we *also* owe an apology, we just realized). We are so embarrassed.

Now, at the count of three, everybody yell **AW NUTS!** in unison. [For some fresh dirty laundry, see Letters to the Eddietour, p.6.]

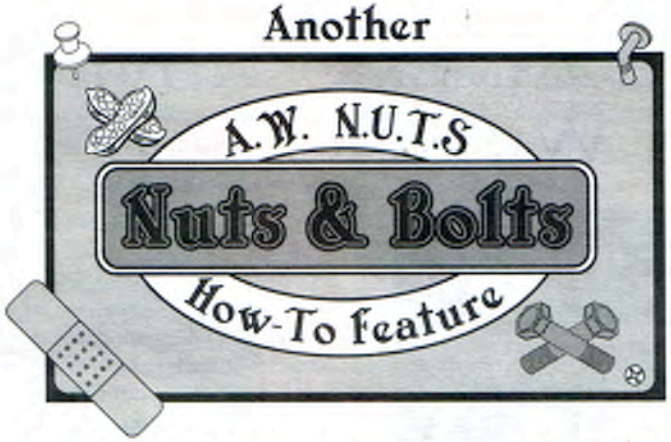
Non-Rule Rules for Submitting Things

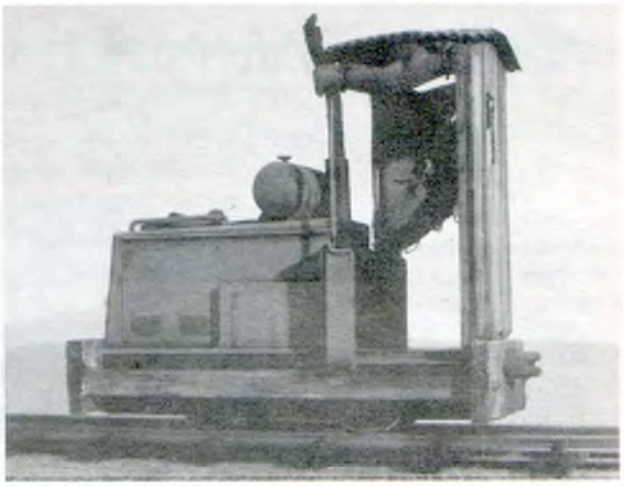
1. **TEXT: (English and related dialects are preferred)**
   Computer: Mac or DOS file (MS Word.TXT or ASCII) is best.
   Typed is second best. Handwriting's 3rd. (Try to be neat!)
2. **PHOTOS:* (Shoot up CLOSE to get the details)**
   Sharp 3x5 or 5x7 Prints (no slides, please).
   Black and White prints are best, Color is O.K.
3. **DRAWINGS:* (Black on White, up to 8 $^1/_2$ x 14)**
   Black pen and ink is best; felt tip marker, even crayons are acceptable if dark. If you MUST use pencil, make it DARK!

   Please don't do drawings on grid paper. (Tape tracing paper over the grid and draw on the tracing paper.)

*If you want to keep your originals, please don't send them to us. Photocopies will work O.K. if the image is reasonably dark.

Don't be shy!
Send in your stuff!





The URCHIN

A Lima Short and Rust Project

by Graham McAllister, Wales Village, U.K.

The Lima 0-4-0 diesel is a 7 mm-scale O-gauge lump of plastic that needs saving from itself. The "Urchin" is my contribution to this noble cause, in 16 mm:1 foot scale, or thereabouts.

Scale, (with a small "s"), is a funny thing. Look at the model and the old gray matter scans the retinal image, searching for a benchmark from which to judge the scale. In the absence of a human figure, height is the key, specifically cab, seat, or window box height. With this in mind, re-scaling is a snap.

The little Lima has a nice bonnet, so I kept it. Off with its cab!

You will note that this article is meant to inspire, not instruct. If we all wanted to end up with the same diesel, we would *buy* one, wouldn't we!

A razor saw and file sees off the axle box and tank detail, making way for the stout wooden running boards. (Use wood, it is more woody than plastic.)

Large wood buffer beams and bulkhead hide the works. Wire frame, angle iron and planks hold up a very rusted corrugated iron cab roof. Heavy sacking drapes give a little protection to the driver who picks the short straw. Tea and acrylic stain a plain cotton cloth, which was cut, attached, and set into shape by soaking with acrylic matte medium. Musn't forget a fuel tank, think scale-ish hand rails, and junk. I sprayed the bonnet my favorite color, and added weathering, rust, dirt and dribbles.

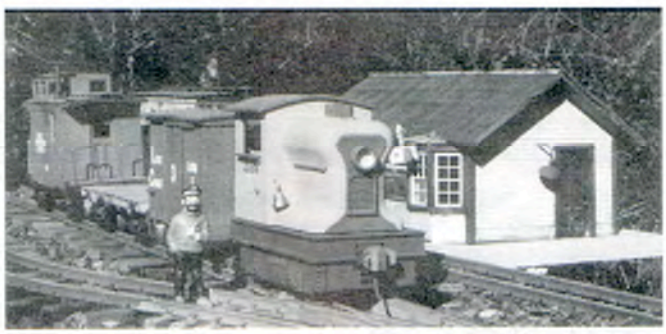
Remember, no ill-paid railroad employee ever turned up for work an hour early to wash and polish a critter like this!

"Urchin" retains his pickups for two-rail operation and does sterling work hauling small wagons around my 30-inch diameter **T.P.R. (Totally Pointless Railway)**, at U.K. garden railway exhibitions.

And in the garden on the **Marmet & Owl End Light Railway**, throw the switch to "battery" and rattle those rails. In essence, if it's cheap, plastic and O-scale, chop it up and make it bigger!

As for the flora in the grille, would you want to smell diesel fumes all day?

(Too bad we can't see the flora from this view! – Ed.)



The Loleta by Richard Heisler

Dear Mr. Eddietour, Sir!

Congrats on the great newsletter. I'm so glad you clarified the meaning of "Pentamerous." I had thought maybe it was medical jargon for the condition more commonly known as "insanity." (Edited for family viewing.) Enclosed please find a photo of the **Loleta**, constructed on a Don Winter chassis I found at Coronado Scale Models. A layer of $^1/_2$" plywood gets it high enough to mount the couplers. The deck and cab are covered with various Plastruct sheets and shapes, and the hood is a Rubbermaid serving container, run through the carbide blade on my table saw. Headlight is from an AMB Whitcomb; stacks are K&S brass; radiator is a Simpson gable vent. It runs off two four-packs of AA NiCad rechargeables, with two Radio Shack DPDT switches, giving two speeds plus forward and reverse. I'll probably find something else to annoy you with later. I remain, eternally, your obedient servant,

Richard Heisler – Eureka, CA

THE A.W. N.U.T.S. COMMEMORATIVE CAR CONTEST WINNER

The winning design for the **A.W. N.U.T.S. Commemorative Car** is this wonderful little caboose. The creator of this car is a long-time member and a regular **PENTAMEROUS** contributor. He's a whimsical modeler and owner of the **Ferro Carril Minerales de Santo Niño Railroad** from Fountain Hills, AZ. Yes, you guessed it! The "Bobbitized Lorena boxcar guy" himself, **LARRY HARGIS!**

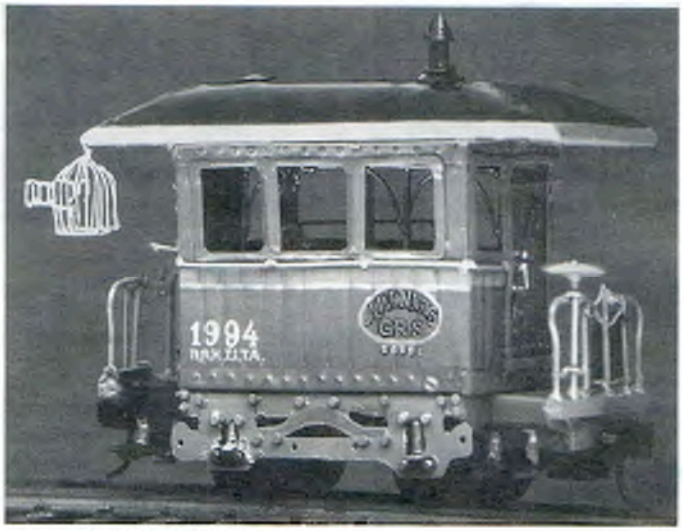
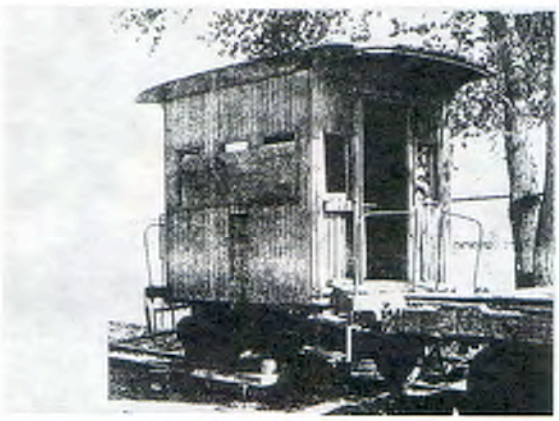


Photo by Engle Meredith

Larry designed this car for his own logging railroad to serve as a combination caboose/ passenger car. Our winning modeler likes to scratch-building whimsical rolling stock from real-life, prototypical equipment. A photo of this stubby caboose appeared in the **N.G. & S.L. Gazette** and it was love at first sight. It seems that the owners of a real railroad, the **Chihuahua Mineral Railway**, of Chihuahua Mexico needed a short passenger car for their mining consists. In fact, Larry says he believes that it is articulated much the same way LGB articulates their shorty rolling stock. The full-sized version, which also was home built, however, has seen better days (see photo).

For his efforts, Larry will be awarded the very first 1994 Commemorative Car that rolled off the production assembly line.

After the judges finally stopped laughing, they sent Larry's drawings and plans to be manufactured at **The Metal Shed** in Creston, CA. Bruce and Rosie Hebron, who have been in the business of metal sculpting for 15 years, are perhaps best known for their forced-prospective, semi-realistic wall sculptures and interesting vehicles and trains. At first, Bruce wasn't sure he could build an appropriate model. We answered, "Perhaps you forgot who commissioned you!" As you can see, the resulting car is a real winner! **Toys In The Attic (TITA)** is a division of the Metal Shed which specializes in whimsical toys. **TITA** is giving the Hebrons national exposure with its museum-quality metal toys. Each piece is acetylene welded by hand, using different types of metals. The pieces for each car are first cut out of large sheets of metal through a process known as photo-chemical etching. The cars are built in assembly-line fashion; then Bruce adds the final details. Then it's off to the enamel paint booths for final paint and clear coating. Even the **A.W. N.U.T.S.** lettering and car numbering is done by hand.



Chihuahua Mineral Railway, Chihuahua City, Mexico

Photo by Jim Hickey; printed courtesy Narrow Gauge & Short Line Gazette

The cars come equipped with a set of someone's knuckle couplers and somebody else's plastic wheels donated by various Aw Nutsers. (The cars are not equipped with Kaydees as shown, however they are compatible.) Operation of our little car has been flawless on LGB-compatible track and turnouts.

Each of our limited-edition 1994 Commemorative Cars is individually numbered and come in two versions: the Deluxe Model, which has a complete interior, and the Standard Model, which has opaque window glass and no interior.

	Members	Non-Members
Deluxe	$185.00	$225.00
European	*£118.60*	*£144.25*
Standard	$135.00	$175.00
European	*£86.50*	*£112.20*
Shipping and handling (U.S.)		$10.00
European shipping		*£16.00*

Sales tax is included in price. Please allow 8 to 10 weeks delivery. (Yes, we know that's a long time, but **hey**, they're made by **hand!**)

The **1994 A.W. N.U.T.S. Commemorative Car** can be purchased by **Visa** or **MasterCard** (card # and expiration date) and, of course, check or money order. To order by phone, call (305) 776-4473

The **A.W. N.U.T.S. Cars** will be on display at the **10th Annual Garden Railway Convention** in Denver. (Aug 11-14). Those in attendance might also catch a sneak preview of **TITA**'s new **A.W. N.U.T.S.** Locomotive

Meet Larry Hargis!

Our design-winning modeler is **Larry Hargis**, a pilot for **Southwest Airlines** who, while on layovers, enjoys designing whimsical rolling stock after actual prototype RR information he gleans from libraries around the country.

Larry picked up the railroad bug from his Dad, and they set up a 4x8 HO layout in San Diego, where he grew up. An N-scaler for 6 years, Larry added Large Scale to his hobby interests about four years ago. The **Ferro Carril Minerales de Santo Niño Railroad** is presently under construction in his back and side yards.

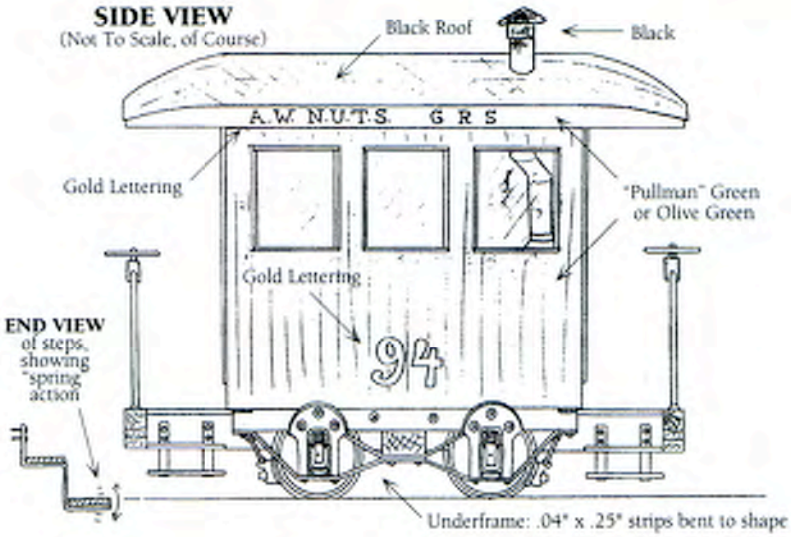
Larry spent his "previous life" as a pilot in the **Air Force**, and he spent 9 months as an active participant in **Desert Storm**. Can you picture our whimsical modeler chasing trains in Egypt, Turkey and Saudia Arabia?

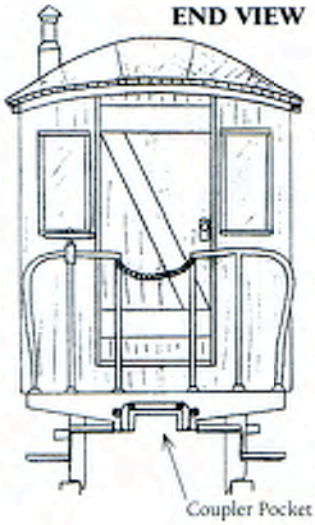
Between stints, Larry spent some time as head track layer, bridge and building builder, and chief engineer of a 16"-gauge, 1/4 scale (sorta) miniature railroad at a park in Chandler, Arizona.

Larry's Original Model for his Ferro Carril Minerales de Santo Niño RR

Larry and his wife, **Debbie** are passing on RR whimsicality to **Grace**, their 4-year-old daughter, a Thomas the Tank Engine fan.

To pass away the long hours on the "road," he carries along a portfolio of prototype photos, including, believe it or not, a steam lawn mower. We will be expecting a model one of these days, Larry.





Larry's Winning Design

DEAR SKIP... Letters to the Eddietour

Dear Skip,

I was distressed to note that, in your excellently and whimsically produced **PENTAMEROUS 1** (2), 10 (1994), you allowed an unforgivable micro-error to creep into your otherwise finely proof-read publication. While you may endeavor to publish the **PENTAMEROUS** every 73.02 days (leap years being factored into that calculation!), unless you take account of the fact that one-fifth ($^1/_5$) of a year is 73.05 days (to the nearest 2nd decimal point [.], annualized over a century), you (or your successors) will be confronted with the need to offer your "A.W. N.U.T.T.Y." (sic) subscribers a "Leap Issue" after the next 2,434 issues, if your original schedule were precisely adhered to. Good luck until then!

Mort Golub, a "BAGRS" N.U.T., Sunnyvale, CA

(Editor's note: If you're thinking it would take a rocket scientist to figure this out, you're right. Mr. Golub is a technical writer for **NASA**. He wasn't the only one, though – read on.)

Dear Skip,

I have struggled through the first two issues of the **PENTAMEROUS**; it's not that I *can't* read, but it's hard to read through tears of laughter. I would like to add my congratulations to the Eddietour and the Board for their efforts in establishing this revered society of train lovers/comedians.

A concern that I have about the time-keeping system is the length of each Pentacle. Although I am not a rocket scientist (but I do know one - he works at **JPL**!!), I have deduced that since five divides exactly into 365 (=73), and leap year comes once every 4 years (or 20 pentacles), each Pentacle should be 73.05 days. In short, you have "bobbitized" each calendar year by 0.03 days, or 43.2 minutes. I trust that the board will take up this very important concern of mine at the next "bored meeting," because if the correction is not made, by the year 2094, our pentacles will begin on December 28, 2093!!

I do not have a garden railroad as yet, but as an obsessive-compulsive type, I had been planning that everything must be just so. With that in mind, the project would never have left the ground. The perspective that your wonderful organization and publication have provided, however, has motivated me to start the project and let it go where it may. But I do have one question: how do you get the Brush Trimmer Car through a tunnel?

For your next issue, I would like to tell you the story of the trains that flew (out of a six-story window)...I know that your readership will await this tale with baited breath...

Robert H. Odell, Jr., M.D. – Dublin, CA

(O.K., O.K.! We confess our grievous error! To make matters even worse, the people in charge of Time, whomever THEY may be, have just added a **leap second** to 1994, which screws *everything* up!! A.W. N.U.T.S.! – Ed.)

Politically Incorrect on Visions of the Inquisition

by Terry "Stumpy" Stone, Martins Ferry, OH

Just a note here on this whimsey thing. Are you sure this is a good idea? I have found, in my many years, that a lot of people don't understand the workings of a sick and twisted mind such as mine. This is especially true of scale-model railroaders.

Not long ago I had occasion to invite some of the local hobby shop gang out to my place to check out my garden railroad. Most of them managed to get up my "driveway from Hell" to my palatial mobile home on Rock Ridge without totally destroying their cars.

They were unimpressed with the grounds as I tend to "collect" things, which pile up around the place. One of them asked why I lived in a junkyard. Hey, this is Appalachia; a major appliance on the porch is a status symbol around here!

Well, after they got over that, they inspected the railway. I was firing up one of my live steamers when one of them tapped me on the shoulder and asked, "What's that?"

"A Roundhouse 'Fowler,' made in Great Britain," I answered.

"Oh," he said. "How come Wile E. Coyote is in the cab?"

"Because Garfield wouldn't fit," I replied.

The railroad is in a fenced area, which my dogs also have access to. We raise pure-bred Yorkshire Terrier Attack Dogs. One of the gang accidentally stepped on a "puppy mine."

"Why don't you clean this —— up!" he screamed. I handed him a putty knife, but, unfortunately, he was wearing deeply grooved tennis shoes. I knew he would be busy for the next half hour.

"Why are there gargoyle statues down by this station?" asked another member of the group.

"That's the Gargoyle Stone Co.," I explained. "Hold on a minute; I'll need you to throw that switch so I can pick up that flat car with the dinosaur on it."

"Aw, come on, Stumpy," he retorted. "That's not prototypical. You know darn well that dinosaurs died out a long time ago!"

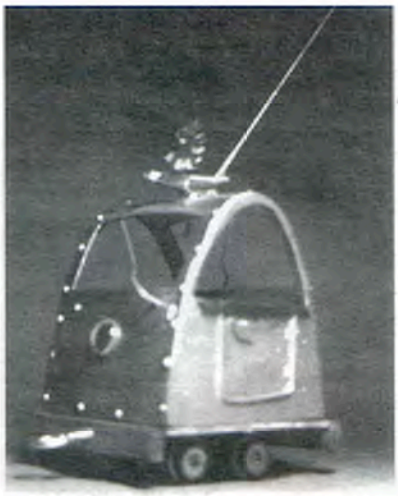
"Yeah, but he's running British locos with US-type cars and using cartoon characters as train crew," sneered another guy.

"Sure, why not?" I replied. Suddenly there was a dead silence. You could have heard a locomotive drop! All eyes were on me, faces flushed, teeth bared. I had become a model railroad heretic! Visions of the Inquisition passed before my mind's eye; I saw myself tied to a post, getting twenty lashes with a piece of flex track!

"It's not prototypical," they all said in unison.

"But I don't care," I came back. "I want to have fun with my trains."

Seeing there was no hope, they left. Now when I enter the hobby shop, I hear people whispering and pointing. It's sometimes very hard to be POLITICALLY INCORRECT.



Whimsian What's-It from S.A.M.

Samuél Addison-Muncy, Cambria, CA.

Photos by Samuél Addison-Muncy, probably.

(We left this letter fairly unedited so the real flavor of Muncy's whimsy, and our personal friendship, would shine through. – Ed.)

Attn, Skip,

Here's a couple of articles and photos for the cool, new newsletter. Can we still use the last stuff I sent you? I thought it was useful, and the readers might find it interesting. If you think it was not interesting, then to h*** with you and the horse you rode in on.

Now then, the stuff....but first, I think it's important that my name is done correctly. There is an apostrophe over the "e" and a hyphen after the Addison and before the Muncy, I'd show you how it looks, but I can't figure out how to make this computer make a hyphen. I think I have to buy it separately, and then some guy comes in and installs it in the computer. When this happens, I'll send you a whole page of hyphens...OKAY?

(Aw, *hyphens* are a piece of cake, but that **é** was a little tricky - Pub.)

Gary Ramond (of Raymond wheels fame) and I have long been discussing the concept of creating a line of square wheels. We have even gone as far as investigating CAD-CAM machining them, but the cost would be about $25.50 for a pair of axles...ouch. So with the idea of metal wheels ruled out, we are now considering casting them out of plastic. Why bother? Well, I'm always a sucker for the great lost cause, and if I keep humoring Gary, who belives they would be a great "novelty item," I can get a couple sets for myself and our fellow loonies. I personally think a caboose with square wheels would be the highlight of my railway, and I know exactly how I'm gonna build it, too. I plan to add little spring plungers with flint refills (originally intended for cigarette lighters) to the flat flanges, so as the car is dragged along, it kicks up sparks...neat eh? Mind you, the whole idea is not totally original; my favorite eccentric model builder (his models, not himself), **Graham Stowell**, has created a square-wheeled locomotive that really runs under its own power. Graham writes, "it clatters and hobbles quite a bit"...I can imagine.

Sometimes the best things I create take no time at all. I built this little loco in a few hours while watching the Saturday morning cartoons. The inspiration for the design was from a satirical artist named **Stan Mott**, who created a series of illustrations for Road and Track magazine based on a fictional little car called the Cyclops. It was a yellow, plywood-bodied, two-seater with a one-cylinder lawnmower motor (with a wooden piston head!) that used baby pram wheels and boldly sported a single headlamp. The strip became so popular they carried the joke for decades and went so far as to build several real examples. The little thing is even mentioned in a **Peter Ustinov** record about Le Mans, made in the middle sixties. If there are any car geeks out there reading this who have any copies of Mott's work in the magazine, please let me know. I'd love to have more of his work; just drop me a line in care of the Eddietour; that is, if he decides to print this part.

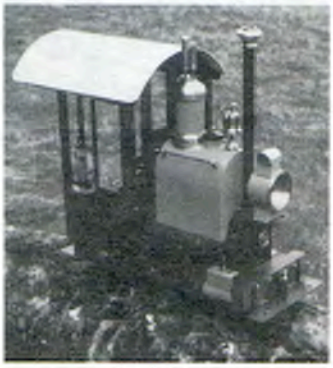
Anyway, I used a cheap Japanese toy chassis from a battery-powered H.O. locomotive kit I found while touring Little Tokyo in Los Angeles. I played with it as is for a short time and then lengthened the axles so I had a Gauge-One, H.O. scale locomotive,....pretty neat, until it was crushed when I stepped on it by mistake...whoops.

After I re-glued the running gear back together, I added Ozarks' neat little mine car wheels and used neoprene washers in the centers. The body was built using thin aircraft ply for the sides and extra-thin styrene for the middle, with bent wire to simulate doors and windscreen wipers. I used little plastic beads (orginally used for doll eyes), Westrim Craft #7572/3 for the rivet detail, and then sponge-painted the whole body with gloss enamel black. When that dried, I sprayed it silver, so it resembles galvanized metal. Pretty clever trick, thank you very much. For the final details, I added a toy cat's eye (ripped from a stuffed cat's head), headlights and a superb brass trolley pole, made for me by **Ralph Ryan**. Connected to two pen cell batteries and a simple switch, it runs like it looks...not very good. It sways and rocks as it trundles about, all the time shaking violently, emitting screeching gear noises. Boy, I love this thing. (photo 1)

In the "real" railway world (ugh!) it is not uncommon to have a papal coach (photo 2) for the odd visiting pope or two. To keep this short, had to build one; used a wedding cake ornament for the body, axles in brass tubes, tons of brass filligree from egg decorating supplies in my local craft shop (yes, there really is an egg decorating section!), a splash of gold paint. Little girls often think I've built it for the fairies; most men do too.

(Sorry, we ran out of room for the Buck Rodgers Railcar. – Ed.)

A.W. N.U.T.S. Around the World



A Trio of Whimsical Locos from Graham Stowell, London, U.K.

Dear Skip,

I came to know about the **A.W. N.U.T.S Garden Railway Society** from **Graham Stowell,** and it sounds just like my kind of railroading. I think that the primary object of any hobby is that it be fun; models can be accurate, or wild and wonderful; anything, but not serious.

I have long been an admirer of **Bruce Bates**, and having seen Graham's 1-$^1/_2$" = 1' model of a Bruce O-4-OT, I decided this is what I want from the hobby.

I plan to use a basic scale of 1" = 1'; this will allow me to model 15" gauge stock accurately, or as wild and wacky as I like. Probably the most wild and whacky railway was the 15" gauge **Far Tottering & Oyster Creek**, which ran on the Festival of Britain site in 1951; it was inspired by the cartoons of **Rowland Emett** and it was brilliant. Information about this railway is very difficult to obtain, but some of the creations make even the **Bruce Bates** cartoons look very conservative.

Best wishes,

Eric Lloyd – Wrexham Cluyd, UK

Dear Skip,

I read your article in the November-December, 1993, **Garden Railways** Magazine (it takes a little while to reach Redlands!) with great interest, but wasn't sure if **A.W. N.U.T.S.** was actually in being or simply being proposed. So now that I know it's a reality, I'd like to know how I have to apply for a membership. I enclose a copy of an article I wrote for **G Scale Journal**, which, I hope, shows how I can see the funny side of our great, fun hobby of garden railwaying.

Yours sincerely,

Bryan Betts, Redlands, Canon Pyon – Hereford, England

The A.W. N.U.T.S. Traveling Museum of Whimsey

We are currently collecting whimsical stuff to show at the **10th Annual Garden Railway Convention** in Denver. So far we have a few models and several photos to show. What we'd like to do, long term, is to maintain a collection - **The A.W. N.U.T.S. Traveling Museum of Whimsey** - to display the work of our occasionally crazy and always whimsical readers.

Because this is a traveling museum which we're going to haul around to shows, we'd prefer if you didn't send in something huge, like a G-Scale BigBoy or a life-size model of the Taj Mahal. We would, however, like to display unique pieces of rolling stock, *small* structures, photos, and even drawings or sketches, if you have a great idea for something you haven't built yet.

You can loan your stuff to the museum, either temporarily or permanently, and we'll try our best to make sure it doesn't get shipped to Outer Botswana or somewhere. Just let us know when (or if) you want your stuff returned and we'll get them back to you.

Don't be shy – even though *you* might think it's "not good enough," somebody else may think it looks great, and perhaps they might draw a spark of inspiration from your work.

A Rebuttal of the Previous PENTAMEROUS

(or Where did Skip find all this stuff?)

by Bruce Bates

NOTICE: Instead of Bruce's usual rebuttal to the letters from **PENTAMEROUS** 2, he has opted to offer up this editorial - Ed.

Perhaps a serious word about whimsy is in order. **Peter Jones**, in his statement in issue #1 says it best, I think. "Whimsy is like the best jazz: it can't be written down, but you sure know it when you hear it."

Whimsy is that involuntary juxtaposition of circumstance that invokes a light and mirthful emotion. It can evoke a small smile or a belly laugh. Whimsy may be silly, like a Spike Jones song, or as subtle as a pun. Like good jazz, we are able, after a fashion, to record some of our whimsy for posterity.

Whimsy shares another attribute with jazz in that its interpretation is highly subjective and varies with the individual. **Samuel Muncy** is able to apply liberal doses of whimsy in his sculpture, almost to an avant-garde level. However, if you aren't in the mood for it, it's just plain weird. This is true of most whimsy.

If your favorite rubber duck has just sunk or, for whatever reason, you have been smitten with sad, the best of whimsy is just annoying. More of it only serves to depress or anger. Therefore one must be in a humorous frame of mind to begin with. So, if you find yourself in a blue funk (I think my uncle had a '47 Funk coupe), maintain control, and gently place your **PENTAMEROUS** in the desk drawer or bedside table until you heal up.

However, if your blues are of a more pastel hue, read on! As **Readers Digest** asserts, "laughter is the best medicine." Depending upon one's frame of reference, education and life experience, there is some whimsy that can evoke a range of mirth from a mild titter to a full blown guffaw. I remember a dear friend once telling me that immediately upon seeing one of my cartoons, the absurdity struck her right in the funny bone and she was compelled to actually laugh out loud for a prolonged period. Ergo, guffaw.

Now, creating whimsy is much the same. It is tough to do if your spirits aren't light to begin with. If you find yourself in a serious mode, don't even try. You just can't force it. The best thing to do is to learn to be aware of whimsy when it happens. If you can then capture the moment in prose, verse, or a snapshot, so much the better. But just let it happen.

Skip Wilkenson told me that we are opening our society to all scales and gauges. Hooray! Humor abounds in nearly all aspects of the human experience if one is able to see it. I am sure that there are many humorous vignettes on layouts all over the world that have yet to be shared with the public. Even **"Big Wayne"** in his HO days, when he was younger and could see it, incorporated some mirth in his marvelously detailed dioramas.

The late **John Allen** sprinkled generous amounts of whimsy through his Gorre & Daphetid. One that I remember, from a photo in **Model Railroader**, was a "work bronto." This was a plastic dinosaur, of about scale dimension, with the number 5 painted on its side in Railroad Roman. The creature was fitted with a harness and coupled to a boxcar. I think there might even have been a driver astride its neck. Sure, it didn't move, but in a feast of detail, it lifted the spirits and kept things in perspective.

Another of Allen's more macabre touches was a diesel salesman hanging from one of the many bridges on the G&D layout. Allen was an ardent steam enthusiast.

Even the folks at **Walthers** sold a small passenger car during the Carter administration called "Peanut One." This car had a superstructure in the form of a . . . peanut.

So there you have it, the realm of good humor, wit, and whimsy seem to be the common ground for the Micro Ferro Equinologist (small iron horseman). Whether it brings a smile, cringe or guffaw, it is fodder for **A.W. N.U.T.S.**

See you in the **PENTAMEROUS**.

Miss the Last Pentamerous?
Back Issues are only $3.50

The next two issues are Holiday Issues – Send in your Halloween and Christmas stuff!

Nuttiest of Them All?

Recently your Eddietour had the great fortune of meeting a truly whimsical Aw Nutser. His name is **Phread Henderson**. Phread presented himself as being "the Nuttiest of Them All." This is a very strong statement, especially made to someone who has read *all* of the **A.W. N.U.T.S.** mail. Immediately doubting his claim, I pushed further to get to know "Phread, the Man".

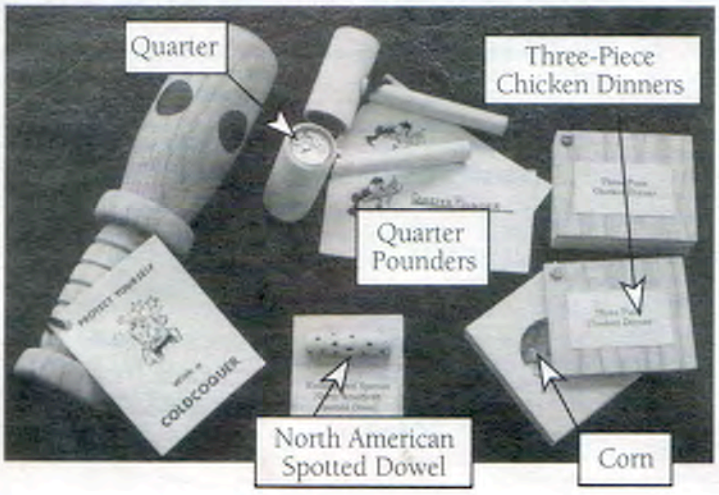
For ten years he served as "Curator and Resident Sanitary Engineer of **Whitney's Water Closet Museum**." He was also a "Goldcard member" of the **National Order of the Biffy**, an organization dedicated to the preservation of the memory of the outhouse. The organization is now defunct due to the fact that almost all of its members have gone on to that great outhouse in the sky."

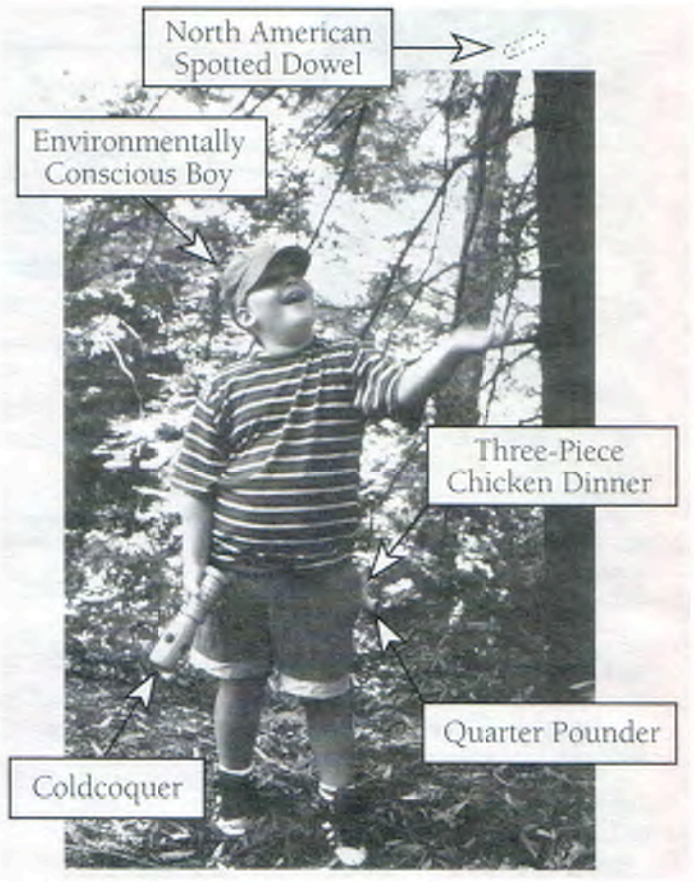
Phread got hooked on model railroading in December of 1950, while in the Marine Corps Band. His first RR was in HO scale, the **Costmore and Getless Railroad**, however he dabbled in several different scales and gauges. Through the years it was trains, trains, trains, and more trains. Phread tunneled through the walls and built a 5-track remote hidden storage yard in his bedroom.

Having been involved with various modular groups recently, Phread realized "...that many small children were left on the floor only to gaze at nothing but adult fannies." This led to Phread's idea to build a "Storybook Land" at the McCormick Railroad Park in Scottsdale AZ. Fund-raising campaigns were successful and on April 19, 1986 **Storybook Land,** complete with large-scale trains, became a reality. "Scale is not important to this display," says Phread. "Most important is to have all the latest cartoon and movie characters on display."

With this knowledge, I was convinced Phread was an avid model railroader, a compassionate and child-loving man, but "Nuttiest of Them All?" I was not yet convinced.

That is, until Phread asked the **A.W. N.U.T.S**. crew to do something a little out of our league. Phread presented us with a specimen (not an Italian astronaut) of a most endangered species, the **North American Spotted Dowel.** (see photos) Phread's request was that we should secretly return the creature to its natural habitat in the great forests of the Northwest. Though a dangerous task, it was very environmentally sensitive, so we agreed.





David Gravelle Releases the North Americal Spotted Dowel

Phread even provided our representatives with rations for the trip: two Quarter Pounders and two Three-Piece Chicken Dinners. As protection against angry lumberjacks and anti-environmentalists, Phread also sent us a Deluxe Coldcoquer.

With this charter, your Publishure and his son, **David Gravelle**, set out to find a suitable place to release the Spotted Dowel. After much discussion, they settled on a piece of Redwood forest in the Sierras. Armed with their Phreadco provisions, our valiant **A.W. N.U.T.S.**ers braved the elements, wild animals, lumberjacks, and some sales-type dude who tried to interest them in buying into a time-share condo. Not to be deterred from their task, the two fought on and finally found a place of solitude to release the dowel. It is too bad that Phread Henderson only supplied one of the Coldcoquers, though. **Big Wayne** reported that he felt quite vulnerable in the woods with only a Nikon camera to protect himself.

We are pleased to announce that staff and the Spotted Dowel are alive and well in their own environments. It gives us a great sense of pride when we know that we did our part in the preservation of an entire species.

For those of you who might be interested in embarking on your own adventure, **Phreadco Products** will be on display at our booth at the **10th National Garden Railway Convention**.

Oh, and by the way, Phread, you just *might* be **"the Nuttiest of Them All."** —Ed.

The Fine Print ...
The "Eddietour" has his say.

by Skip Wilkenson

Well, look what we have wrought! **A.W. N.U.T.S.** has been represented at several garden railway meets in Ohio, Florida, and California, and one large regional meet, **The Big Train Show** at the Queen Mary. The "Rusty Boat" show, as she was affectionately called here (due to your Eddietour's inability to remember the name of the ship), gave us some good exposure to the southern California folks. These meets, along with some very snappy ads from our publisher, have fattened up our membership roll. We've had three nameless Pentacles with Pentamerouses (hmmmmm ... Pentameri?... Pentamerice?...) placed forever in posterity.

Our first annual commemorative car has been designed and built and is available for sale. And, I might add, it is a beauty of a car, if I say so myself. We also have avaliable **A.W. N.U.T.S.** top-quality polo shirts, coffee mugs, bumper stickers, silly gardening bucket hats, American genuine-, imitation-, made-in-Taiwan railroad lanterns, garden / workshop / bar-b-que / kitchen aprons, kazoos and the best tasting gall-darn suckers around!

No matter what happens now we've made our mark in model railroading. If I may be so bold as to use the style and manner of a famous American statesman, **Dr. Martin Luther King**, and say,

"I had a dream that model railroaders of every scale and every persuasion played with their trains together in perfect harmony. I had a DREEEEAM that finescalers and whisical modelers sat together and exchanged ideas amongst each other. I HAD A DREAM that manufacturers manufactured, that publishers published, that Garden Railway Societies socialized and that model railroaders enjoyed the fruits of their efforts without standardization, without intimidation, and without a stigma of correctness attached. I Had a Dream."

A.W. N.U.T.S. is not just a whimsical state of mind for garden railroaders, but rather an attitude of good cheer and merriment for all. I want to open up our forum from this time forward to model railroaders of all scales. Maybe we can help reduce stodgy, standardized modeling in all gauges and scales, and add an outlet for some lighter-side modeling giggles there, too.

Yes, I had a dream one night...and this is what we have wrought. Thank you for your continued support, and a hearty welcome to those "Always Whimsical and Not Usually To Scale" modelers from whatever scale you happen to like!

Yours Empowered Whimsically,

Skip Wilkenson, Eddietour

Dear Skip,

I just got my membership pack, and I read the newsletter from cover to cover first thing. It is just great. Second, let me say I like the idea of a convention car, and if we can't make it to the convention, we have a chance to get club hats, shirts, patches, and what-have-you by mail.

I would like to get a local chapter of the club going here in the Phoenix area. I see by the newsletter that I am not the only nut in Arizona. The club would be of a round-robin type, so we could see each other's layouts and just have a fun time playing trains and friendshipping. We have many railroad events here, the GATS shows, the Bank Center Show in November, and the Rail Fair in October, so please put my full address and phone number in the close of my letter. I want to hear from all my fellow nuts in Arizona. Let us have fun and get together. Please keep up the good work on the newsletter. Happy rails,

Art Riddle –236 W. Buist Ave.
Phoenix AZ 85041 (602) 268-3913

(Hope you know what you're doing, Art – I have talked to and *met* some of our Arizona members! Remember to keep your A.W. N.U.T.S. mini-meets fun! Ed.)

Dear Skip,

Based on a recent conversation with **Sam Muncy**, I have become interested in your society. Sam feels that my modeling would fit into your style of organization. After all, where else could an Aristocraft FA&FB set, equipped with a 10" tall engineer, sitting in the B unit, find an appreciative audience? As soon as A-C releases streamline cars, I will have the rest of my park train. Seriously (is this allowed?), I find your approach to the hobby right on the button. Please send more info. Thanks,

Fred Stillwell – Marietta, GA

Dear Skip,

Joanne thanks you for her certificate. Here is a photo of a whimsical caboose. The logo of the P & P is done in counted cross-stitch and is attached to the red caboose. Who needs scale decals?

Doug and Joanne Johnson, Patio & Puckerbrush Garden Railway – East Montpelier, VT

Patio & Puckerbrush Bobber

Name The Pentacles Contest

For those newcomers out there, welcome to **A.W N.U.T.S.!** For several whimsical reasons, we have decided to partition our year up into 5 equal pieces, or Pentacles. We've been having this silly contest, you see, to name the 5 Pentacles (which happen to coincide with the publication of this unusual newsletter). COOL? The names continue to flood in, and the task of choosing the winning 5 is going to be a tough one, indeed.

You still have time to get your entries in – by popular demand, we're extending the contest. We'll announce the winner when we get bored with Pentacle suggestions (or sometime toward the end of the year) and adopt the new names with the first **PENTAMEROUS** of 1995.

We still haven't picked a prize for the winner, but it will surely be whimsical (and probably not to scale).

The Non-Rule Rules for Pentacles:

1. There are five Pentacles per year (73.025 days each)
2. Each Pentacle needs a name
3. There are no other rules

Lynn Erny from Port Angeles, WA. wanted to just eliminate Pentacles altogether and just, I guess, write one newsletter per year and call it the Pentagram. (Humbug – Ed.) However, after that suggestion, she did suggest the following entries:

1. Plan Ahead Issue
2. Spring Issue
3. Growing Season Issue
4. Mid-Summer Issue
5. Seasons Greetings Issue

Then we have **Bob Odell** from Dublin, CA. He's the one who is so concerned with the math being off on our calculation of the exact length of our Pentacles. He claims (and rightly so) that each Pentacle is 73.05 days, not 73.02 days, as we at **A.W. N.U.T.S.** headquarters have been saying. He claims we are "bobbitizing" each year by .03 days or 43.2 minutes. Wellllll, Excuuuuuuse Meeeee!!! What's the name of this organization? **Always Precise?** I think the 10-foot rule applies here.

Bob also gets the cuteness award this issue with his "handy" suggestion to name the Pentacles:

1. Thumb
2. Index
3. Middle
4. Ring
5. Little

He also suggested that the **PENTAMEROUS** of alternate years be read left to right and then right to left (or something like that).

Moving on, Mister Depression from Eureka, CA., **Richard Heisler**, delivered these Pentacle names:

1. Foul Weather and Taxes
2. Slugfest
3. Weeds
4. Sunburn
5. Falling Leaves

Are things really that tough in Eureka?

Some of our Across The Big Pond members seem to think alike. Both **Bryan Betts** from Redlands, England and our Advisery Bored member, **Graham Stowell,** of London, England, within days of each other, suggested combining calender months.

Bryan wrote:	Graham's contribution:
1. Janch	1. Jafema
2. Maray	2. Mapray
3. Magust	3. Majujulau
4. Autober	4. Auseptoc
5. Octember	5. Ocnodec

Graham continued with others based on aspects of the hobby.

The weather:	Operating Conditions:
1. Freeze	1. Toobloodycold
2. Thaw	2. Mudallovertheplace
3. Flood	3. Lotsofweeding
4. Dry	4. Playwiththetrains
5. Hibernate	5. Darktooearly

The layout:	Pentacle Contributions
1. Indoor	1. Shouldwriteanarticle
2. Clean-up	2. Notimeshouldweedthegarden
3. Repair	3. Gardenmeetingstogoto
4. Runtrains	4. Toonicetositindoorswriting
5. Packaway	5. Wakemeuphalfpastfebruary

Model Building:	or:
1. Build	1. Bash
2. Rebuild	2. Rehash
3. Scrap	3. Trash
4. Save	4. Stash
5. Buy	5. Cash

Last, but not least, **Bob Wilcox** of Los Angeles, CA wrote a "pentabulation of pentameral nominations" as follows:

Based on the 5 seasons of LA:	Or the more cynical:
1. Winter Issue	1. Prayforrain
2. Summer Issue	2. Littlebitofrain
3. Summer Issue	3. Fog
4. Summer Issue	4. Smog
5. Summer Issue	5. Mayhem

After these two entries, Bob submitted an entry which we have chosen to receive the Most Confusing Entry Award. Adding

Spanish "and" to summer and winter gives 25 letters. Winter starts before New Year. Dividing, we get:

1. Inter
2. Sprin
3. Gsumm
4. Eryau
5. Tumnw

Bob then closes his letter with, "Doesn't 'pentamerous' mean 'of the Seas'? Well, two of them are oceans. How about "pentaseasonal'?" (Isn't "pentaseasonal" what you get in those diet salt substitutes?

Have fun with your new Garden Railway Society. I have!

Bob Wilcox

(And to think that members of the Advisery Bored were concerned as to whether I would print everything or not.)

I want to thank all of you who have contributed to the contest and to the **PENTAMEROUS** in general. I also want to ask all of you to pick up a pen and contribute something, some kind of article, or a silly story. Our newsletter will only be as successful as you, the membership, make it. And yes, Bob I am enjoying this organization and it's people like you who make it fun. I'm glad to hear that others are enjoying it, too. – Skip

Naming Pentacles is Not Hazardous to your Health! Send in your entries!

Dear Skip,

I wanted to add my name to what is almost certainly a large membership in the **A.W. N.U.T.S. Garden Railway Society**. My railroad mixes scales and toy-like imitations with careless abandon. I began life with a Bachman 4-6-0, lettered for RGS, and added an LGB Mogul in bright yellow LGB livery. At this point, I was still more or less in the 1:24/1:22.5 ratio and firmly in the narrow-gauge area. I lost all hope, however, at the **9th Annual Garden Railway Convention**, where I saw the Aristocraft cars, most particularly the long, standard-era passenger cars (a four-car Santa Fe train now shares track with a narrow-gauge passenger train. But even this was later labeled Union Pacific as the yellow cars went better with the yellow Mogul).

My garden is an equally eclectic collection of miniature pines and full-size plants (including some 50-foot, full-size pines), which have a tendency to drop full-size needles on critical portions of the track.

If you need membership dues to finance a newsletter, let me know. And remember that many of us moved to the garden to escape rivet counters and perfectionists, who seem to be capturing the smaller scales.

Regards,

Dick and Jeanne Izen – Los Altos, CA

DEAR SKIP... Letters to the Eddietour

Dear Mr. Wilkenson,

Being a woman and on the uphill side of fifty years old notwithstanding, I am a child at heart when it comes to hobbies. As a result, my garden railroad is halfway between the planning stage and the buying stage. No equipment yet, but I do have 13' of straight track, 4' of 30° curved track, one right-hand manual turnout and enough ideas down on graph paper to rival the **Burlington Northern Railroad** (offspring of the Northern Pacific Railroad, on which my father worked as a pumper for the steam trains back in the 30's, 40's, and 50's). Or I could build a block-sized garden railroad!

My railroad "empire" consists of four rail lines; two are coupled and two are independent. The coupled lines are **Spruce Independent Railroad** (strictly freight), hauled by steam (propane-fired); **Pacific Northwest Railway** (strictly passenger), hauled by diesel (propane-fired), both owned by Revelation Industries; **Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow Railroad** (strictly freight with Railway Express), hauled by electro-steam; and **MA&AT Railbus** (electricity provided by a revolutionary battery and completely self-contained).

I believe that the future can be now, so that's how I've set up my garden railroad. Both steam and diesel have their places in our present civilization, and when we use propane to fire them, the pollution caused by coal and low-grade fuel oil is cancelled. Coming up with better ways to provide electricity is the next step.

As an old song goes..."There is a new way a'coming..." I believe the above qualifies me for **A.W. N.U.T.S.**

Lynn Erny – Port Angeles, WA

(We do, too, Lynn. Keep up the good work and keep us posted. - Ed.)

Dear Skip,

Just received your letter, and I want to get this out as soon as possible. You sure can use my letter in the **A.W. N.U.T.S.** newsletter. I would also like to volunteer to help in any way I can. As you can see or can't see from my strange address, I'm in the Army, stationed in The Netherlands, and will be here for the next nine months, then I'm due to return to the States. So I don't know how much help that will be until I get home.

Whoever said a Garden Railway had to be built outside, anyway? The Army has this thing about staying in any one place too long. Over the last 19 years I have had to move myself and my family about every three years. That makes it hard to put down any type of roots or build a pike that lasts. So I'll settle for temporary layouts until I get out of the Army.

Please find enclosed my completed application for the **Always Whimsical & Not Usually To Scale Garden Railway Society** and a check for $10.00. Sign me up today. I will be waiting for your response.

Sincerely yours,

Larry Kastriba – APO, AE

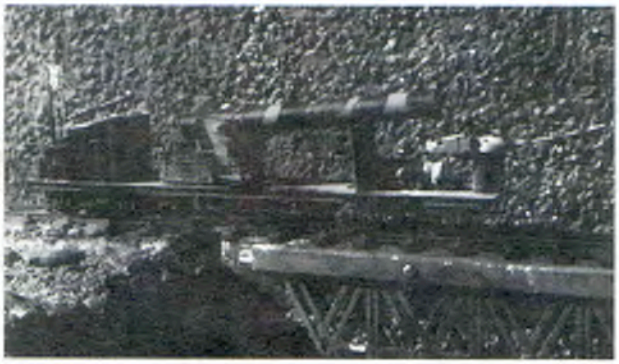
(There's your APO, AE, Mr. Bates. [Rebuttal... P2, p.7] – Ed.)

The Many Faces of AW NUTSERY

Peter Jones, Haverfordwest, Dyfed,UK

A.W. N.U.T.S. is not so much a hobby, more a state of mind. I have a feeling that it would be all too easy for it to boil down to being nothing more than a Society For Building Quaint Engines. This is a most worthy occupation for a gentleman with two pairs of trousers, but there has to be more in life.

The first photograph illustrates the point well. The War Machine was built by my son, **Denys,** and is hostile in intent. Apart from downing low-flying aircraft, it is also designed to take out any fine-scale modelers who threaten the magical kingdom of Compton Down.

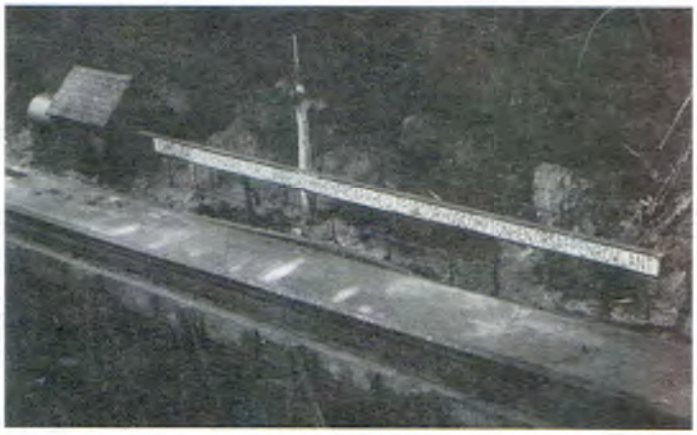


The second illustration depicts a straightforward bit of whimsy: a small station building, which is mostly innocent of the straight line or right angle.

Finally, we come to a station-name board. I claim to have the world's longest model station name. It is in Welch and is spelt:

"Cwmdubachgerchwarelforllanbedrymmhenfroarrheilfforddrhos-comptonhenorsafenrowlant."

I'm sure I don't need to translate it for you, and the pronunciation is conventional.
Whimsically yours, P. Jones



DEAR SKIP... Letters to the Eddietour

Re: Solicitation of Whimsical Nonconformists

Dear Gentlefolk:

As a confirmed advocate of the rights of those who stumble to the beat of a different drum, your society's goal of protecting our hobby from the untoward advances of prototypical conformity appeals to me.

I have been castigated for such practices in my quarter-century of model railroading in Z, N, HO, and, most recently, G scale. My cardinal sin appears to be my ability to offend purists when I tell them that my fascination with the hobby is that it allows me to build dioramas with things that move around on them.

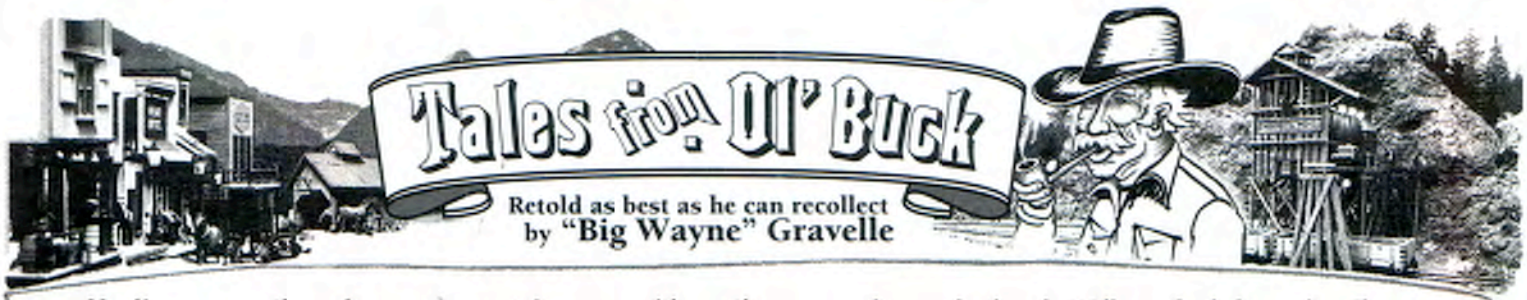
In contrast, the defenders of the purist faith have always managed to put me to sleep with discussions of switching exercises, scale speed, and adherence to time tables.

Send me information on joining up, and I will talk to my club, **Connecticut "G" Scalers**, about establishing a Connecticut beachhead for the preservation of non-conformity. I remain

Very truly yours,

Gerald M. Gaynor – Monroe, CT

Send in your stuff!



Hauling ore cars through narrow mountain passes with mostly handmade equipment is tricky, even for seasoned railroad men. And the Trickle Creek Railroad was a bit shy on seasoned railroad men, with the notable exceptions of Budgie Bates and Spike LeGrange, the young, rugged track boss out of St. Louis. The 3'-gauge track was holding up all right, but equipment breakdowns were common. J.R. "Krusty" Nofalta, never one to hold back on capital expenditures, decided to upgrade the entire line with new equipment. Ol' Buck rolls us back to late summer, 1879.

"Well, the ore comin' out of the Nofalta Mine just kept gettin' better and better and Krusty just kept gettin' richer and richer. T'weren't no time at all before he decides he'll buy hisself a new locomotive for the Trickle Creek Railroad. He don't mess around, neither! He buys a brand spanking new 2-4-0 Baldwin 3-footer, all painted up at the factory.

"When the new engine shipped in down to the new depot in Midland, me and Bates and Spike got our crew together and we unloaded her down on the dual-gauge tracks that we had laid in the week before. Budgie was right proud of his track-work, too, 'til that big old engine pulled up to the switch and the pilot trucks jest rolled right over the points. She kept on a'goin' straight, and we had wheels on the ties before you knew it. What a mess! We had folks ever'wheres laughin' and talkin' while we was trying to roll that engine back up on the tracks."

Who was laughing loudest, though, was the Reverend Lincoln Pinn, General Manager of the Colorado Midland. He was feeling quite confident that J.R. Nofalta would soon have the Trickle Creek Railroad in such a state that a takeover would be fairly simple. The Colorado Midland could use the existing Trickle Creek RR. trackage, finally gaining access to the gold fields at Cripple Creek and Victor, and saving a fortune by not having to purchase right-of-ways and cut new grades.

Rev. Lincoln Pinn

"After a lot of huffin' and puffin,' we heard Spike holler that she was rolling free. He hopped out of the cab, wiped his brow, and said that he'd be back a bit later. In a few minutes, Krusty came by lookin' for Spike, and I told him I figured he was prob'ly headed for the Step Wright Inn to grab a snort. Well, Krusty heads over there and on the way, he passes by the old Midland Junction trackside shanty, and he notices that somebody had carved 'Spike Loves Cherry' in the wooden bench. Well, ever'body knew that Cherry was Krusty's gal! 'Course, he couldn't let a thing like this go unchallenged, so Krusty goes straight to the Step Wright Inn and he peeks in the winder. Sure enough, there's Spike making goo-goo eyes at Cherry Van Ella. Well, Krusty kicks the door open and he hollers, 'Spike LeGrange, you're a rotten, no-good, ding-dang, lily-livered, dog-breath, stinkin,' slimy salamander!'

"'Them's fightin' words, old man,' says Spike, and he rises up out of that chair, all six-foot-seven of him, and he towers over Krusty like a mean old grizzly bear. Now, J.R. weren't no aeroplane scientist, but he knew he'd be no match for Spike's muscles. A poker game would be the ticket! A match to the finish! 'I hear you're a gamblin' man, Spike. How's about putting your money where your mouth is?' They settled on a match to start just past suppertime and run 'til one man or the other was broke."

By the time dawn settled in, a crowd of curious onlookers had packed into the small bar, ready to watch the match. Spike sat with Ol' Buck just to his right and several of the railroad track crew behind. Sitting across the table with a determined look, Nofalta slowly rotated a tall stack of chips as he looked at the cards in his hand. He measured out a stack of ten and slid them to the center of the table. Seated just across from Spike was a large, distinguished older gentleman in a suit and vest. The Reverend Lincoln Pinn. Seven-card stud was the game and as the evening bore on, Spike got a hot streak going, and Krusty's stack of chips and cash began to dwindle.

"It was long about midnight, though, when Lady Luck finally smiled on Krusty. After a few really good hands, he had got Spike in a most worrisome state. After a particular' serious round of betting, Krusty decided to move in for the kill. He says, 'I raise you ten thousand,' which he knew Spike didn't have. But just then, the Reverend Pinn got up out of his chair and he whispered something in Spike's ear. 'Call,' says Spike, and Rev. Pinn drops a huge stack of bills on the table. You could see Krusty's face a'gittin' all red. You see, he was holdin' on to a pair of threes, hoping to end the game with a giant bluff. Spike scooped up that huge pile of chips and bills towards his chest and he says, 'Guess that just about does it for you, Mr. J.R. Nofalta!'

"'Not so fast, you smelly son of a polecat!' says Krusty. 'I ain't givin' up this easy! I say let's go one more hand. Winner take all!' 'What's in it for me?' says Spike. 'I already got all your money.' 'The railroad!' says Krusty. 'I'll put up the Trickle Creek Railroad!'"

A hush fell over the crowd at the Step Wright Inn.

Next Pentamerous:
Read 'em and Weep!

Dear Skip,

I received your letter last month and was pleased to find someone that has put into words what I feel many garden railroaders really think. I am the editor of the **Loco News**, which is the newsletter of the **Southern Tier GRS**. We have members from both southern New York and northern Pennsylvania. Our membership numbers 40 families (not just the menfolk) who live in this area.

I took your letter and added it to my last issue (sent you a copy, too). I think that will help your cause. I would like to know more about your group, what the dues will be, and what is expected of all members.

We, in the STGRS are a loose-knit group that has the hobby as a common bond. We do not have any "official" officers, nor do we have any "official" rules. I am sure that there are a few other members that will be interested in your group, too. About the only rule we use is the 10-foot rule, which states that anything that looks good from 10 feet away is a-okay. As far as "scale" goes, I, for one, run trains that routinely consist of Bachmann, LGB, Aristo, and Lionel cars, pulled by either an LGB or a Bachmann engine.

My best shot at kitbashing has been a Camel Back, made from a battery-powered Big Hauler. I've also made a church out of a Fischer-Price toy schoolhouse. My wife has built a $1/2$" scale, 155mm Long Tom cannon, mounted on a Bachmann flat car. It makes for an interesting piece.

Enough about me; please send me more info as soon as you get the chance. I will keep you on the newsletter list so you can see what's going on in these here parts. Please send us up some of your warmer weather, too. We've had just about enough of this fool, below-zero B.S. For now, Keep on Trackin'.

Sincerely,

John Gordon, Sr. – Endicott, NY

(I want to thank John and all the other contributors, eddietours, and readers for their support of the **A.W. N.U.T.S.** philosophy. Ed.)

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at the A.W. N.U.T.S. Booth

10th Annual National Garden Railway Convention
Denver, CO • August 11 - 14

Happenings - This Pentacle

10th Annual Garden Railway Convention
August 11-14, 1994
Denver, CO

2nd Annual Indiana Transportation Museum Small-Scale Steamup
Sept. 16-18, 1994
Noblesville, IN

Happenings - Next Pentacle

Absolutely nothing's going on next Pentacle, as near as we can determine.

Bucky Sez: this is a great time to build something and Send In Your Stuff!!

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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED