UPPER NORTH DAKOTA EASTERN COLORADO RAILROAD

A MODEL RAILROAD BY MONTY HOFFMAN



Mother nature's harvester is checking on the corn crop to see if it is ripe enough to eat as it seems Farmer Brown lets it get a little too ripe for the very best flavor. The entire raccoon clan will be awaiting his evaluation so they can plan for tomorrow night's foraging.

Apparently sister Beneficia was following the uniform as she went to get her new glasses and fell in with the wrong crowd. At any rate she ended up on the wrong side of the tracks as her brother sisters are over at the depot waiting for the local and wondering where she got to.





The board of directors of the local zoo (elected because they were the only candidates who had suits) are going to the Frost Room- one of their favorite spots for the monthly meeting.

Little Boy Blue is probably snoozing over at the stock pens, but his cow is busily at work. As soon as she can push the fence down she'll no doubt have a feast. Probably get bloated like she usually does on fresh corn.





The diving club was going to check out their new scuba gear today but the rookie arrived early, ignored the "buddy" rule and went for a quick dip. Thinking he found some new trash, he pulled the plug on The Lake. By the time the rest of the guys had arrived, The Lake was dry and everyone (including the ducks) ended up hollering at the new kid.

While a GMC 2 ¹/₂ ton and a Mack 5 ton truck load up the perishable shipments from the local cold storage, a 'Q' Mikado snakes a troop train through town. The head end cars are 4 troop sleepers and a troop kitchen car. Both cars were designed on a 50 foot boxcar chassis, the sleepers built by Pullman (keeping company policy the cars also belonged to Pullman and had a PORTER to see to the needs of the riders). The kitchen cars were built by American Car and Foundry and although there seemed to be a grumpy mess sergeant in each one, apparently this was a standard Government Issue item. The cow in the lower left part of the photo seems to belong to Little Boy Blue.



In addition to the rationing of such items such as gasoline, tires, sugar and meat; the citizens also supported the war effort with their money! Bond drives were common and all kinds of promotions to urge people to buy bonds were used. Coming out of the depression into full employment, people really had money they didn't need, and the government guaranteed to give it back to them at the end of hostilities.





As Little Boy Blue's boss arrived at the stock yard with the first pen of sheep. The local ne'er-do-well is galloping off to report the goings on to the local sheriff. You can see this outrageous event has stopped all work on the new pens being built next to The Lake just because the hands are so amazed.

Major Gotrocks, the sole proprietor has arrived at the depot only to discover that his luggage was misplaced. The new redcap is trying explain why it is not his fault but the experienced hand just retrieved it; knowing that the Major didn't want excuses- he just wanted his luggageand RIGHT NOW.





Two other scenes came about as a result of the suggestion that my steam engines belonged behind a chain link fence. One is this "diesel dump" scene. It still needs the grandstand and concession booth which the local Civic Improvement Committee (me) wants so they can enjoy their favorite sport. The popularity of this operation was rather surprising as it actually grew out of a necessary support service for the Diesel Rating Team.

The Diesel Rating Team is ready to start the day's evaluation run...yes, run. Diesels are rated as one shot, two shot...etc. A week or so back, the team was still recovering from the celebration of the previous day's "run" and neglected to get the proper boiler pressure (OF COURSE IT'S STEAM POWERED!!!) in time for the day's test and the subject got completely away... You can see the steam running draft in the stack today and a supervisor on duty to check to see that the reception committee in the factory Rep's lounge is properly armed.



Ronson T Cooker Advanced Armor training center cycles troops through about every three weeks. Tanks, troops, and supplies come and go in an endless stream. No one knows about this Ronson T Cooker. The brass says it's a major battle and "loose lips etc., etc.," but a German POŴ working on a farm in the next county says the Brits call the Sherman tanks "Ronsons" because they catch fire so easily and the Panzer ranks refer to them as "tommy cookers" for the same reason. Looks like someone in the pentagon got sucked in on a bad joke .



Martin F Gebhart Industries, one of the largest occupants at Warbucks Park siding started as Gibs Foundry (the one story building behind the gas station). Now it receives flats of bulk steel from Industrial Ingots on a weekly basis. The Upper North Dakota Eastern Colorado, (UNDEC) needs to locate a station to accommodate the droves of workers that commute to the factory each day.





Across the tracks, at the end of the block the new owners of the interior decoration services have had the building painted a rather ugly green before he started the equally ugly maroon trim; the painter found a paper sack to cover his face hoping that those who recognized him would realize that the "Unknown Painter" didn't like that combo either. Several citizens have become nauseated by it and the ambulance has arrived to solve things.

The namesake landowner-Warbucks Supply-fell on hard times during the depression and had to sell off most of his land to Beffort Industries Inc. who began work on a new fangled electronic device invented in England called a radar set- not the radio set; but a RADAR set. Neither the management nor the workers would discuss it except to say "loose lips sink ships" but the place employed a lot of well paid workers.





A military convoy really snarls up traffic on the normally busy Downtown to Midvale road, which was already partially blocked by a road repair project. The SW1 in the background is doing its part toward the war effort- by blocking the crossing.

A group of citizens have discovered the end of the world just off of the road from Midvale to Uptown, and Alice Jones is convinced it's a communist plot. The army turned left at Midvale to avoid getting mixed up in the group. The local Steam Shrine (the outgrowth of several diesel devotees' opinion's that my steam engines belonged behind a chain link fence) still has its usual morning devotions. So...life goes on and another load of saw logs crosses the girder bridge on its way to Six-Falls lumber mill to help with the building boom.



The hilly terrain around Modern Plastics dictates that the new addition occupies both sides of the track to get enough room. Little does anyone expect that within six months Modern will be moving to a huge new plant on the flat lands and a new industry will grow up in their old plant at what is now known as "Plastics Siding". Mary McGuffy (shown here on her favorite cat, the one her husband told her to sell when he was drafted) has built quite a regional heavy equipment operation since she discovered she had a more effective and delicate touch then most of the guys who decided it was too small for "real" work. Though she has amassed a large amount of equipment, she still prefers her original "cat" and says it sure beats teaching fourth grade.



Although flywheel presses are not very desirable, they are available and the demand is keeping Kinetic in business until they can design a line of more easily controlled machines. The 2-3 car loads of finished product testify to the good reputation of the firm. Of course the 2-3 carloads of finished product out, means 3-4 carloads of raw materials in, and obviously a carload of scrap there somewhere.



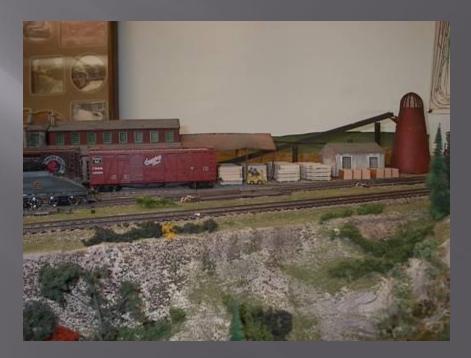


The state industrial safety council ruled that the UNDEC couldn't use a four wheel caboose on its mainline so the Major had the shop crew jack it up and squeeze two trucks under it, saving about eight tons of weight and a bag of money over getting a new caboose. The Helfer is seen here delivering coal to Northern Powers generating plant and will drag off the empties as it leaves. The empties will run the loop at Edgemont and be delivered to Osage Mine then the crew will proceed to Deadwood to pick up a train for the yard at Edgemont.

Here we are at Osage Mines dropping off the hoppers we got from Northern Powers. Looks like we got there just in time with the empties. That's really not too surprising; there are two tracks that go under the mountain from Osage to Northern each ten cars long. When the loads are shoved into the siding at Northern, they show up at Osage. Same with Osage, inbound empties become outbound empties at Northern.



Six Falls owner Angus McKenzie (the original "Great Scott") bought the old grist mill which had been vacant for a decade, reconditioned the interior, built an addition as large as the original building and by 1939 ended up with a lumber mill large enough to handle two boxcars of lumber daily, on a government contract in addition to the normal local demand. Today he and the foreman are discussing the roof modifications that the green forklift operator installed yesterday. "We make lumber, the repairs won't be so expensive, but how will we work the down time into our schedule?



Even when the world is embroidered in an uproar, some people insist on a simplistic philosophy- the simple pleasures of an evening dining in mother natures own parlor. The insistently restful murmur of a waterfall raised to its full potential by recent rains; the lively sizzle of a hotdog over an open fire and the pervasive odor of a stew contrasting with the scent of hot oil, coal smoke and freshly cut logs stirred up by the logging train above. Who's to say?



Six Falls lumber mill has managed to buy a new fangled pneumatic sawmill control hoping that it will compensate for the loss of several workers to the armed forces. When it gets unloaded by the traveling crane the mills two fork lifts will move it to the plant where the installation technician says it can be operating in three days. The traveling crane was originally intended to unload logs at the mill, but they found a dump track to be more efficient. Since the crane was in great demand for loading and unloading heavy loads a highway truck transfer dock was installed and has been more profitable than the mill. The tender of articulated engine #26623 filling up with water is the latest purchase of Major Gotrocks for the UNDEC's traffic boom.





The Deadwood yard goat is shuffling the ore cars and limestone loads into a turn bound for Precision Metallurgical Products on the main line. The train will consist of ten cars, the safe and conservative limit to train length imposed by Major Gotrocks in keeping with his philosophy on train safety, "It's a lot easier to run another train then to pick up a wreck or bury an employee". The Major's simple stance on safety has created a dedicated workforce, a great asset to his operation.

The "corpus delecti" near the traveling crane was found with a briefcase in his hand which, of course contained briefs. Formal inquiries revealed that not a soul saw what happened or was even concerned. The option around town is that it was a result of justifiable natural causes.





The management at BOYKS Expansion Consultants has taken their own advice and Mary McGuffeys "whopping crane" is on site to "fly" the trusses for the new roof. Old man Crandall is still running the mixture on his model T way too rich, spewing smoke and backfires all over town, terrorizing the chickens, horses, and small children as he passes with a cheerful wave. The passengers at the depot are pretty sure of a seat now that a second coach had been added to handle the war industry work commuters. Though the trip will be slow, the doodlebug will make it.

Warbucks Labor Transport Co-op bought a piece of land and started a bus line- the rides are free to passengersrumor has it that local industries pay Warbucks to do it. At any rate the citizens are glad to get where they are going; what with gas rationing being so severe. The first two busses (the red one and the green one) were proudly repainted with Warbucks Labor Transport Co-op and a "flying teardrop" Logo-WLTC- applied. As the Co-op bought any used busses it could lay its hands on the repainting stopped and the flying WLTC become the only identifier. Even the ex school buses don't have the original names painted out. The one new bus (the maroon and silver one) doesn't even have the logoof course it's only been around three days.





The horses at Pointer Hill Farm are voting to form a Union led by the draft and Carriage breeds. The official position of the Draft, Dray, and Riding Equines is that retention should be based on weight or size; claiming that no small machine could possibly produce as much as "17 horses, and intend to sue for false advertising. While the debate rages in the field, trucks and tractors are doing the replacement thing in city, farm and factory.





UNDEC Power Station was built by Major Gotrocks to run the electric catenary for his electric locomotives which it does very economically. The Major found that bringing loads down the hill raised hob with brake shoes, but if a "Dynamic" switch was put on the locomotives, the same motors that powered them upgrade would generate electricity on the down grade, but it would need to be used. Good old Major Gotrocks couldn't pass up an opportunity like that! His shop crew installed the switches. The Major ran the descending turns only in the day time when there was high demand and SOLD the power. Made a profit and saved on maintaining doing it. Made so much that he out on an addition with 3 generators in it and sold all the power locally without adding a large distributing system, Tada--Major Electric Company.

Big Rock Candy Mountain on the extreme upper left of this area is the location of the entry of "Time Freight Tunnel" the convicts nearby are putting the final touches on the project but the guards wonder if they shot one of the bighorn rams in the background, would it fall where they could retrieve it later. Major Gotrocks got the right of way to a deep water port on the other side of the mountain. They used convict labor (remember this is 1943). Nobody thought that the hard time these guys were sweating out soaked right into the rocky bore causing a 50 year time warp somewhere in the middle. So although it is 1943 in UNDEC it is 1991 on the other side of the mountain. The first train crew was a bunch of octogenarians. When the train arrives at Edgemont, four 35 year olds jumped off and disappeared into the crowd. Nobody has located them since to take a call for a return trip.

