

STEAM AT WASHAGO

*Ian
Wilson*



Action at a CNR junction north of Toronto in 1952

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Nonfiction by Ian Wilson

Steam at Allandale
To Stratford Under Steam
Steam Over Palmerston
Steam Through London
Steam to the Niagara Frontier
Steam in Northern Ontario
Steam Scenes of Allandale
Steam Echoes of Hamilton
Steam Memories of Lindsay

Fiction by Ian Wilson

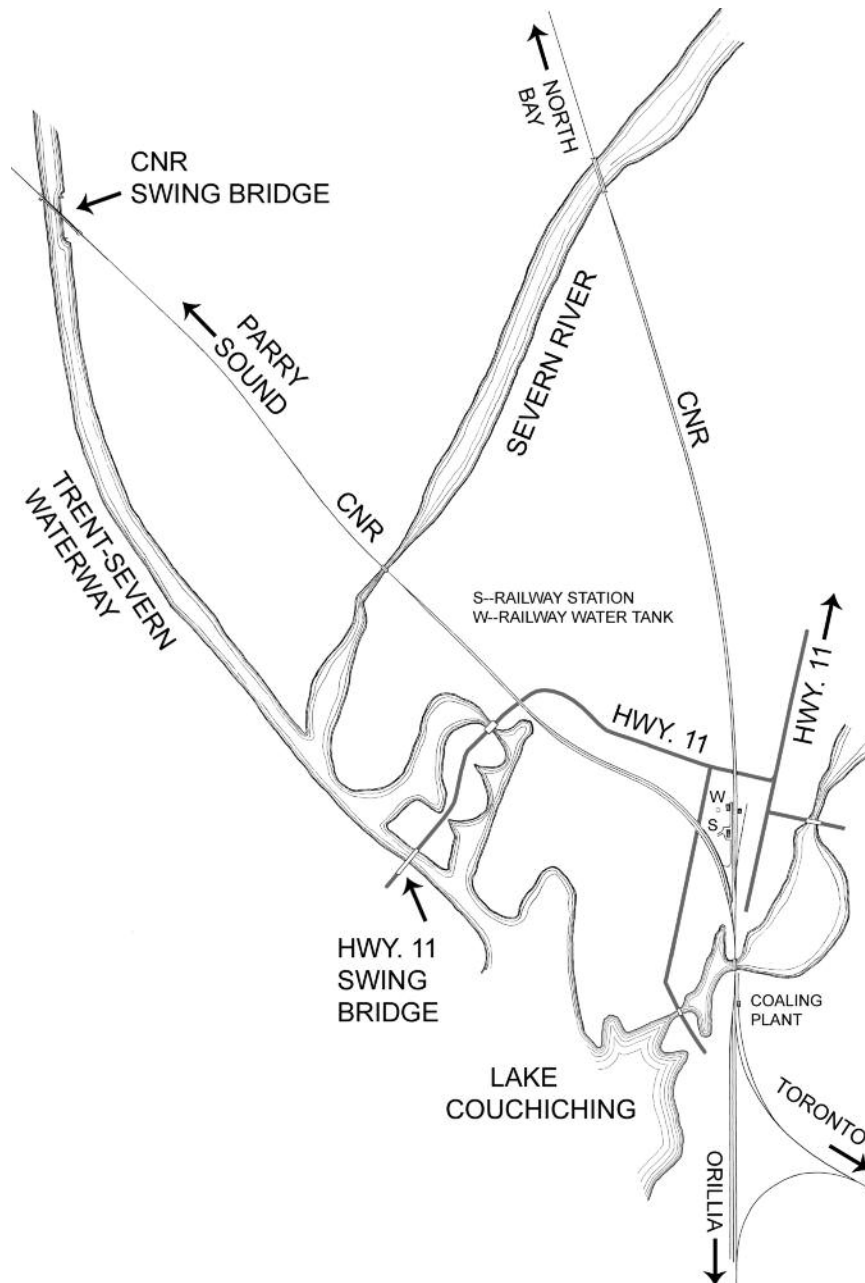
The Secret of the Old Swing Bridge
The King's Puzzle

Steam at Washago

Action at a CNR junction north of Toronto in 1952



Ian Wilson



Dedicated to Mark Harris



—Howard Ameling photo, author's collection

Where to Find It

Amsterdam	10	11	12
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The Globe and Mail

Sunny Weekend
Buy an Apple
Drinking Water Report on Page 2

109th Year. No. 32,090.

Final Edition

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1952.

5 Cents Per Copy

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Now Full Corporal is Leading Aircraft Dog t North Bay, Yorkshire terrier (part spaniel) Whitey as more flying hours than many pilots after nine years service on the base with the RCAF, with TCA and now with ICAF. He stands at attention on his hind feet during inspections.

Monarchy to End, Republican Rule

Test Bud, Bark, Leaf and Twig

Not One Red Maple Found In University Ave. Survey

Must Debate Racial Issue, UN Insists

By RALPH HYMAN
United Nations, N.Y., Oct. 17. (Staff)—The United Nations today lost its fight to keep the racial conflict from the UN agenda, and in the course of administering this defeat, the General Assembly upset a ruling of the assembly president, Canadian External Affairs Minister Pearson.

The race conflict issue now goes to the first political committee of the assembly, and it is here that the question of the assembly's competence to deal with it will be raised by South Africa. In the event the committee decides that the assembly has competence, there is every likelihood the South African delegation will walk out of the committee and take no further part in the discussion on this subject.



Canadian Bushplanes for Chile—Chilean Air Force officers study map showing 8,000-mile route from home first four of eight Canadian-designed de Havilland Beaver bushplanes purchased by their government for light transport work. Contract is for nearly \$500,000. Officer with pencil is Commander Rene Carcamo, head of Chilean air mission at de Havilland plant.

Replacements Demanded By Belyea

As far as experts can determine, not one of the maples which line University Ave. is a red maple, as ordered by the city.

Ald. Roy Belyea announced yesterday that results of the official survey showed all the trees were Norway maples—the variety that in autumn produces a dirty yellow or brown leaf rather than the glorious gold, yellow, and red tints common to the red.

Prof. R. C. Hoole, chief dendrologist of the Faculty of Forestry, University of Toronto, by whose report division Parks Commissioner Leach and Ald. Belyea agreed to abide, made bud, bark, leaf and twig tests on all 127 maples yesterday afternoon.

Ald. Belyea, who accompanied Prof. Hoole, said that Prof. Hoole gave it as his expert opinion that the trees were all Norway maples. Prof. Hoole's report will be made in writing by the dean of the faculty to Mr. Leach on Monday. Mr. Leach will then report to the parks committee.

"As far as I am concerned," declared Ald. Belyea, "this is proof and I must insist that the trees be removed and replaced by the contract with the red maples which the city ordered. Any expense incurred in this action should be borne by the contractor."

"Contractors must not be allowed to get the idea they can accept an order from the city, receive payment for delivery of that order and then deliver whatever suits them," Ald.

Action at a CNR junction north of Toronto in 1952

Steam at Washago

IT'S OCTOBER 18, SOME YEAR IN THE SECOND DECADE OF THE 21ST CENTURY. The weather has been cold and rainy around Toronto, where you live, and you've missed those early autumn weekends at the cottage that you'd been counting on. You lean out of bed and look out the window at another dreary day. You're tired of the city and just want to get out, maybe go up north a ways to see if any colour remains on the trees. Where would you go? Someplace you'd see a train or two. The CN and CP tracks come together at Parry Sound, but that might be a little far. Washago wouldn't be too bad, though, right off Highway 11 north of Orillia. You glance at your watch—8:00 a.m. Any point in waking the wife? She'd want to see the colour, but maybe not the trains. May as well let her sleep. Just head out for a few hours, text her that you'll take her to dinner tonight. That works. Done.

You don't remember getting on a train. You don't even remember leaving the house. But there you are, aboard a railway coach, stopped near a bridge over a river. You hoist the window and peer ahead along the right side of the train. A few cars up is a steam engine, stopped at a tall concrete silo. There is a man on the tender deck of the locomotive, pouring forth a supply of coal from a chute attached to the silo. You glance at your watch, which says about a quarter to one. Walking the length of the coach is a conductor, resting his hands on seat backs as he chants.

"Washago, next stop. Next stop, Washago." A lady tugs the conductor on the arm. He leans down to speak with her. "No, ma'am, we're going to pull ahead to the station after we take coal."

Perplexed, you peer around the coach until you spot a newspaper tucked into a seatback. Pulling it out, you see that it's the *Globe and Mail*. There's a picture of some Chilean Air Force pilots on the cover, with a story about eight de Havilland Beaver bush planes to be convoyed there from Canada. The date at the top of the newspaper is correct—Saturday, October 18. Except for the year—1952.

Before you have time to contemplate your situation, the train pulls ahead from the coaling stop, then pauses again at the Washago station. The conductor comes back through the coach and nods down to you on the way by.

"This is your stop."

Bewildered, you stand up and follow several other passengers to the end of the car, down the vestibule steps, and onto the asphalt platform.



—William Hood photo,
author's collection

This isn't the first time you've been to Washago, but it's the first time in 1952. You are amazed at the pristine condition of the red frame station, with its two bay windows, one for each of the two railway lines that flank it. This is the era before the combining of routes north of the station.

Your train from Toronto is on the line to North Bay, on the right side of the station as you face north. There is a train stopped on the other platform as well. Strolling over there, you see a small steam locomotive numbered 1366. You wave to the fireman in the cab, and ask him what his train is. He replies that it's the way freight from Parry Sound, for Allandale. Pointing to the coal pocket in the tender, you remark that the engine can't have worked very hard.

"We been here awhile." The fireman peers at the water glass indicating steam pressure, then comes to the cab window and leans on the armrest. "Already took coal. We like to skedaddle on the homebound trip."

You marvel at locomotive 1366, known as a Ten Wheeler. You've seen one of these behind a chain link fence on display, at Barrie. A couple of them have run in excursion service, in the United States, all-Americanized with visor headlamps and stylized paint jobs. But here is a Canadian National Ten Wheeler alive and well in regular service. You wish you had a camera as you study the steam issuing from the cylinders, the white classification flags, the raised yellow numerals on the cab. Better still, you wish you could package up this experience—whatever it



—William Hood photo,
author's collection

is—and relive it for the rest of your life. It dawns upon you now that you are back in time. This is no re-enactment for rail enthusiasts. Before your eyes is the workaday world of the steam era on the Canadian National at Washago, Ontario on October 18, 1952.

The fireman still wants to talk. He asks where you're heading. You don't know, so you mumble something that he can't hear over the hiss of the dynamo atop the boiler. Then you ask him if he thinks the days of his little engine are numbered, maybe they'll bring in a diesel.

"Not that I'd heard of. Haven't got enough diesels." He rattles off a string of about a dozen engine numbers in the same class, handling everything from the Orillia Switcher to the Algonquin Park run. "Mind you, they took 1315 out of service and used her as a stationary boiler for the engine shop at Gravenhurst." He calls across the cab to the engineer, then waves at you. "Gotta go. We got a clear board."

Sure enough, a man from the station has been busy working levers at a little shack down near the bridge. He's lined the north junction switch for the way freight, and pulled the lower semaphore blade to a raised position. You watch Extra 1366 South, under a billowing cloud of steam, pull slowly southward out of the station area. Boxcars and hopper cars roll past, then an orange caboose. Beyond the concrete coaling plant, you hear the locomotive's bark as she accelerates, then lets out a long whistle blast. In the aroma of soft coal smoke drifting about in the damp air, you listen to the melodic sound as if for the first time, and it makes chills run up and down your spine.



—William Hood photo,
author's collection

Crossing back over the station platform, you walk past a white stucco building, from which a white-and-orange *Canadian National Telegraphs* sign hangs. Somewhere in your memory, you recall that the CN uses the structure for storing thermite charges nowadays. But what is nowadays, anyway? Looking around, you're fast preferring the 1952 version of "nowadays". Everything appears tidier than it does—or will—in the second decade of the 21st century. The people are more reserved. There is a feeling of community on the Washago station platform. There are no gaudy colours—the world is a mix of dark reds, greens, fall foliage, and stark black and white. Most of all, there is steam. It permeates the air, warms your insides, and imparts a fascination to the surroundings that you've never known firsthand.

There's another fireman to talk to. You move to the head end of the train which brought you to Washago. The locomotive is number 5250, a 4-6-2 wheel arrangement. It's stopped just short of the wig wags at Highway 11. That's a railway crossing that no longer exists in the world you come from, but you're beginning to hope that that world doesn't exist anymore. You query the fireman about his train.

"Number 41, Toronto to North Bay."

You ask him about the delay at the station. He gestures over his shoulder with his thumb.

"Head end traffic. Express and the RPO." You cock your head at the mention of the latter term "Railway Post Office. They're after us for taking too long with mail at stations. They should look at what we handle. More'n a hundred bags between Allandale and Gravenhurst alone. Even had to back all the way down to Muskoka Wharf to connect with the steamships in the summer. Last time that'll happen, by the sounds of it."

NORTHWARD TRAINS—INFERIOR DIRECTION					Miles from Toronto	Symbols	BALA SUBDIVISION		Train Order and Telephone Offices		Car Capacity		SOUTHWARD TRAINS—SUPERIOR DIRECTION				
FIRST CLASS							STATIONS		D-Day N-Night	Office Signals	Stilages	Other Trains	FIRST CLASS				
49	633	3	51				52	4					50	634			
Passenger Daily ex. Saturday	Passenger Monday, Wednesday, Friday	Passenger Daily	Passenger Daily ex. Monday				Passenger Daily ex. Tuesday	Passenger Daily					Passenger Daily ex. Sunday	Passenger Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday			
L 6:00 PM	L 9:40 AM			0.0	K	TORONTO	D N U N						A 7:00 AM	A 8:10 AM	A 5:05 PM		
6:03	9:43			0.5		JARVIS STREET				Y A R D			6:57	8:07	5:02		
6:08	9:48			2.0	R	DON	D N D N						6:53	8:03	5:48		
6:12	9:52			3.6	Y	ROSEDALE				185			6:49	7:59	4:53		
6:16	9:56			6.2		TODMORDEN	P			31	N5		6:44	7:54	4:49		
6:27	F 10:06			11.2	Z	ORFORD	D N A N	44	59				6:34	7:44	F 4:38		
6:36	10:16			16.5		THORNLEA	P			53	56		6:26	7:36	4:29		
6:43	8 10:25			21.2	WZ	RICHMOND HILL	D N R H	93	44				6:19	7:29	8 4:21		
6:51	F 10:34			25.9		GORMLEY	P			35	23		6:13	7:21	F 4:12		
7:00	F 10:44			31.0		VANDORF	P D F	68					6:06	7:13	F 4:02		
7:08	F 10:53			35.5		PINE ORCHARD	P F O	62					6:00	7:06	F 3:53		
7:17	8 11:04			40.9		MOUNT ALBERT	D M U	68	12				5:52	6:57	8 3:42		
7:25	F 11:13			45.2	WVZ	ZEPHYR Jct. with Sutton Subdivision	D N V R	69	4				5:46	6:50	F 3:33		
7:33	F 11:21			49.2		CEDAR BRAE	P C B	67					5:40	6:42	F 3:23		
7:42	8 11:32			55.5		PEPPERLAW	D F R	69	11				5:33	6:34	8 3:14		
F 7:55	8 11:55			64.2		BEAVERTON	D N B N	69	8				5:21	F 6:22	8 2:57		
8:03	F 12:04			68.9		GAMBRIDGE EAST	P			22			5:14	6:15	F 2:49		
8:09	F 12:10	From Newmarket Sub.	From Newmarket Sub.	72.4		BRECHIN EAST	P B H	64				To Newmarket Sub.	5:09	6:10	F 2:42		
8:17	F 12:18			77.5		UDNEY	P U V	66	16				5:02	6:03	F 2:34		
8:24	F 12:25			81.4		RATEBURN	N R B	71					4:56	5:57	F 2:26		
A 8:37 PM	L 12:33 AM	L 1:57 AM	AM 12:25	88.9	*CR WYZ	WASHAGO Jct. with Newmarket Subdivision	D N W G	53	49	A 3:07			S 4:39	L 5:41 AM	S 2:13		
				93.9		SPARROW LAKE	P S A	54				2:58	4:24	From Newmarket Sub.	8 2:01		
	To Newmarket Sub.	F 1:22	2:18	104.2		SOUTHWOOD	P S W	54	7			2:43	4:09		F 1:44		
		F 1:35	2:29	F 12:55	112.0	TORRANCE	D N N C	63	7	F 2:29			3:57		F 1:30		
	F 1:39			113.3		BALA PARK	P								F 1:25		
	F 1:47	2:39	1:05	118.2		MEDORA	P			60			2:19	3:45	F 1:14		
	8 2:00	2:49	F 1:15	125.3		FOOTES BAY	D N F N	56	22	F 2:10			3:33		8 1:00		
	F 2:09			129.8		LAKE JOSEPH	P								F 12:51		
	2:11	3:00	1:23	130.6	W	DOCK LANDING	P			75			2:00	3:22		12:49	
	2:22	3:10	1:33	136.1		BLACKSTONE	P B S	49		1:52			3:10			12:37	
	2:35	3:23	1:43	141.9	Z	FALDING Jct. with Algonquin Subdivision	P F D	54		1:43			3:00			12:23	
A 2:46 PM	A 3:37 AM	A 2:00 AM		147.1	*CK WYZ	SOUTH PARRY	D N J U	Y A R D	L 1:30 AM			L 2:50 AM			L 12:12 PM		
Daily ex. Saturday	Monday, Wednesday, Friday	Daily	Daily ex. Monday										Daily ex. Tuesday	Daily	Daily ex. Sunday	Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday	
49	633	3	51										52	4	50	634	

Looking at locomotive 5250, you can't help but marvel at her clean lines. Some years ago—or half a century in the future, whatever it was—you saw a sister locomotive stored in the United States. That engine they'd tucked away, almost out of sight, as if its heritage was an embarrassment. It was a stretch to say that that locomotive was preserved. But the sister engine, 5250, right before your eyes, is preserved. Shop crews in Toronto and North Bay preserve her every night. She's been preserved by the motive power shop at Stratford, which rebuilt her barely three weeks ago—September 24, by the yellow stencil on her cylinders. Her illuminated classification lights, the red and yellow herald emblazoned on her tender, the glistening boiler jacket—*this* is a preserved engine. Once again, you wish you could package this locomotive, this place, this day, this *experience*—and show everyone in your present day what the steam era was really all about.

And now engine 5250 whistles twice, then begins moving forward. Puffing out clouds of smoke and steam, bell ringing all the while, she pulls train 41 across Highway 11 en route for Gravenhurst and points north. You wave goodbye to your fireman friend, wondering where the years will take him. Where you come from, he would have to be long dead, as would be most or all of his children. But what did that matter? He was living and breathing when you spoke to him, as was locomotive 5250, now accelerating out of Washago past the spot where a community centre was supposed to be. Ah, but that is in the future, a time you are starting to feel more accustomed to considering the past.

You glance at the schedule board on the side of the railway station and see that the next passenger train due is number 634 from Parry Sound. Somehow, you have the feeling that you'll



—National Archives of Canada

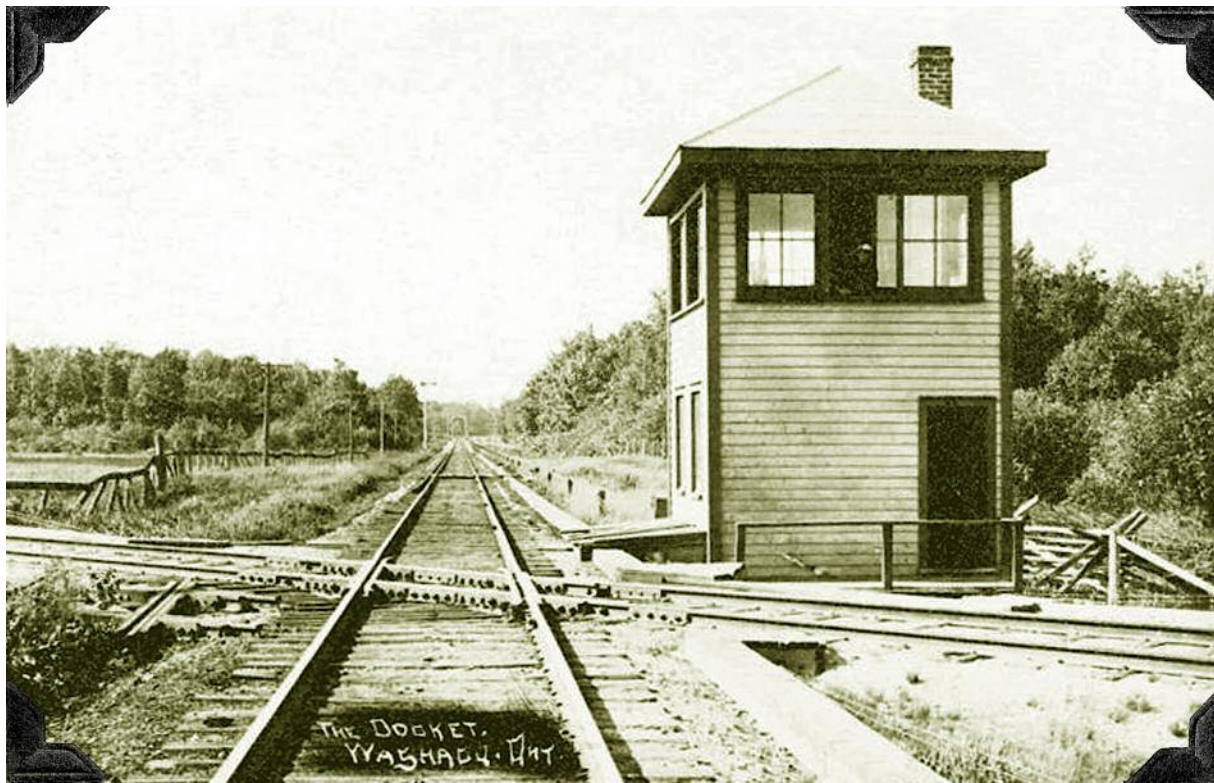
end up on that train. It's almost one o'clock now. Ever since you arrived, you've been intrigued by that big coaling plant south of the station. You nose into the station and ask the agent permission to walk down the tracks for a quick look, promising to be careful. He waves his okay. A few seconds later, he walks out onto the platform and calls you back. Afraid he's spotted that you are peculiar for some reason, you retrace your steps slowly, pulling your collar up over your hair which is too long at the back by 1952 standards.

"Got some pictures to show you." The agent leads you into the station. At the ticket wicket, he slides a couple of black-and-white photographs to you. "See here," he says, pointing to a parallel line of trees that knifes across an area you remember from your time as a park, "this is where the old Canadian Northern line used to go. There were two railway companies here until about 30 years ago."

You nod. Then you examine the second picture, showing a building labelled 'the docket', which you recognize as an interlocking tower. You tap the photograph.

"So this is where the Canadian Northern crossed—"

"The Grand Trunk. That's right." The agent slides the photos back to his side of the wicket. "They built a connecting link in 1921 and eliminated the crossing."



—author's collection

—Ken Davis photo

“And took out the tower.”

“Right. Later, in 1936, they built the coal chute down that way.” The agent angles his head to you. “We caught an escaped prisoner there, you know.”

“Oh?”

“Night operator spotted him in the coal chute.”

“When was that?”

“That’d be December of ’42. German p-o-w. We called the provincial constables and they chased him into a snowbank.” The agent’s telephone rings and he waves you on. On the way out the door, you hear him call.

“Don’t worry, he’s long gone. But mind, it’s a hobo jungle down there.”

You walk down the tracks past the junction switch. You peek through the open door on the shack near the river. There are about a dozen levers connected to linkages for operating semaphore signals and switches for all four approaches. In “your time”, the routes would be cleared with mouse clicks or automatically by computer program, and have none of the fascination of all the moving parts.





As you cross the girder bridge over the river, you gape at the tall concrete structure, with its chute and chain rigging. You've lost track of the times you've tried to explain to ordinary people what this facility was—*is*—for. They vaguely know about steam locomotives. But the concept of burning coal? It's foreign to them. You remember visiting a website once, where the owner presented a number of pictures and described the old "grain loading station" at Washago, Ontario. Again, you find yourself wishing that you could take the scene before you—the majestic, towering monument to the steam era and the elevated ramp which runs beneath it, on which several hopper cars of coal rest—and shriek to the ignorant multitudes—*this is what this structure is for*.

You walk back toward the station, observing the semaphores flanking the platform, one mast for each mainline. Telegraph lines are strung from crossarms alongside the right-of-way. What is most conspicuous are the things missing from the Washago that you know—unsightly communications towers, cast-off shipping containers used as storage bins, weeds, chunks of concrete and asphalt, and a general unkempt atmosphere.

You step onto the timber station platform. The gentleman who was working the levers—the agent's assistant—nods a greeting. After replying in kind, you point to a maroon bullet-nosed Studebaker in the station lot.

"Sure is neat seeing all these old cars." The words are out of your mouth before you realize their import.

—William Hood photos,
author's collection





“That ’51 over there?” The man cocks his head, grinning. “Or do you see something I don’t see?”

“It’ll be old someday, I guess.” Fumbling for words, you point up at the big railway water tank, babbling like Bertie from *Wooster and Jeeves*. “Quite the thing, that.”

Still looking at you askance, the man replies. “They put it up in the summer of 1925. Until then, the *National* wasn’t stopping anywhere useful between Toronto and Parry Sound.”

“So the local people started liking that, I suppose.”

“You could say that. Townsfolk here are funny, though. You know they still have a blacksmith?” The man points to the automobile traffic rattling over the Highway 11 crossing just north of the station. “They want to keep that horse-and-buggy road. Worst traffic bottleneck in Ontario. Cars backed up for five miles this past summer, what with the swing bridge over the canal and two level crossings. The Highway Department’s been talking to us about what they can do about it, but townsfolk have been holding things up for years.”

“Why?”

“Well, traffic jams bring trade to their hamlet, don’t there?” The man glances at you, tongue in cheek, then points inside of the station. “Gotta get back to work. Don’t know where you’re from, Mister, but when you come back hopefully there’ll be a couple of new bridges in place and a half-mile of new track.”

You ponder progress and consumerism. Namely, the thousands of cars that pass by Washago every hour in your time, going to and from cottage country and the north. Folks around these parts have a name for your ilk, the out-of-towners: *citiots*. Or maybe it’s *cidiot*s. Whichever. They’re the ones in 1952 demanding removal of the old swing bridge and the level crossings at Washago, and you know that they get their wish. Nothing really changes with the years, just

—Archives of Ontario



—Archives of Ontario



—William Hood photo,
author's collection





—William Hood photo,
author's collection

the form of it. People have to have things and they have to get places. The more, the better. The faster, the better. But you'd rather like the idea of sitting at Washago on a summer evening, watching a string of 1940s and 1950s vehicles in original factory paint, stopped at railway crossings for trains drawn by steam locomotives. Let the people fret all they want.

As for those people of 1952, you'd want them to have smoke detectors and better lifejackets. Better awareness of the hazards of tobacco, and safety glass in their cars. But, on balance? You'll take the Washago of 1952 over that of the present-day. Instead of getting into your car and fighting traffic on the multi-lane highways to Toronto, you'd prefer to take the self-propelled diesel passenger train that is just now coming around the bend southbound on the Bala Subdivision.

Your assistant station agent friend is wheeling a platform truck as diesel unit 15844, with the bright yellow and red nose, comes in. You watch the conductor step down and go inside to confer with the station agent. Then the assistant walks down to the lever shack and pulls the lower semaphore blade upward to a "proceed" position. The diesel train moves forward, over the bridge and past the south interlocking signal, then stops. The man at the shack pushes and pulls some levers, lining the route to the other side of the station. You watch the short passenger train back toward you and into the refuge of the Newmarket Subdivision.

Down at the shack, the assistant agent pushes levers to set all semaphore blades at a stop position. Watching him at work, a smile forms on your face. You'd give anything to have his job in your present—or past—life. He lines the junction switches for the Bala Subdivision mainline, then raises the upper blade on the south semaphore for that route. That must mean something is coming.



—William Hood photo,
author's collection

Sure enough, it is. You hear familiar air horns—familiar to you of the present day, at any rate—and a pair of General Motors F7 cab units, numbers 9042 and 9043 appear from the south.

“Number 403.” A bystander on the station platform has observed your interest in the diesel locomotives. “Hotshot for Winnipeg.”

You marvel at the olive green and gold paint of the diesel units that are barely a year old. They are already scuffed with rust and scrapes. The red maple leaf emblem on the lead engine is covered in grime. They rumble into the station in a reek of fumes and stop. A man from the cab—probably the head-end brakeman—climbs down and goes into the station to sign the register sheet.

From the doorway of the lead diesel unit, the engineer waves a greeting to you. Returning the gesture, you feel a pang of unease, thinking about the Winnipeg manifest. From the recesses of your mind comes a recollection of an awful train wreck in the muskeg north of Washago. It occurred sometime in the early diesel era, around Christmastime. A head-on crash between steam and diesel, five men killed. As you rack your brain, the brakeman climbs back into the cab.

Brakes release with a hiss and the lead diesel screeches a warning for the Highway 11 crossing north of the station. As the long string of boxcars comprising manifest freight 403 for Winnipeg begins rolling past, you recall the date of the wreck: December 23, 1952. A wave of panic ripples through your insides. Maybe the man you just waved to would be involved. You

lurch forward for a moment, then stop as you realize how ludicrous your chances of catching a hotshot freight train on foot.

The assistant agent has walked back to the station platform from the lever shack, and he's observed your spastic antics. Now he's *really* looking at you in a funny way.

"Isn't that your train?" He nods toward the diesel unit with the yellow and red nose, with its trailing passenger car. "She'll be leaving soon as I line the route, so you'd best get aboard."

Flummoxed, your mouth flaps but no words come out. Probably deciding that the sooner he's rid of you the better, the assistant agent strides back to the lever shack.

Walking under the station eaves to the passenger train, you observe a man standing atop a wagon. He is loading express packages into the middle door on the diesel car. The train's engineer is on the platform near a bench seat, looking on. There is a conductor's step positioned at the vestibule of the passenger car trailing the engine. You know that step is for you. Try as you might to speak with the engineer or the station agent about the upcoming train wreck, your feet take you along the station platform toward that step. All around you swirls the sounds, sights, smells and sensations of Washago on a cold, misty October 18, 1952. You desperately want to stay, but know you can't.

You don't recollect climbing on the train, but you have a faint sensation of pressing your nose against a coach window. Then the scene changes and you find yourself in bed, in Toronto. Snatching your watch from a nearby table, you see that it's indeed October 18, sometime past 8:00 a.m.. And you're back in the second decade of the 21st century. The weather is cold and rainy, but your wife is murmuring something about driving north to see a bit of fall colour. Maybe somewhere that you'll have a chance of seeing a train. 🍁

—William Hood photo,
author's collection



About the author

Ian Wilson lives in Orillia, Ontario, Canada. He has been writing and publishing books since 1997. There are nine hardcover (and soon to be eBooks) in his steam railway series. Since 2010, he has also been writing the *Angus Wolfe adventure series* of mystery novels.

You can find Ian's books and related goodies on his website ianwilsonauthor.com.

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Ian enjoys meeting his readers. Do drop by [his blog](#) and leave a greeting or comment. You can also follow him on [Twitter](#) or [Facebook](#). Or send him an email at ian@canadianbranchline.com.