

The Central Suffolk Dispatch

A News Service for the Central Suffolk Operations Group

Located in the F. P. Carlsen Printing Co. Building

Carlsen, New York 11738

BFL - Owner, CEO, Author, Editor and Delivery Boy 163564

Issue: #70

Circulation: 17

dateline: The Jerome Central Rail Road, March 2, 2017

Tonight's session had, what is believed to be, the largest attendance of any previous session that we can remember. The gathering included Mike, Howard, Jeff, Ron, JJ, John, Ward, Carl, Bruce, Dave and Byron. (This order is put together randomly as names pop into mind and does not reflect any sort of priority or ranking on the part of any CSD employee, even though Mike may think otherwise.) That's eleven operators! Count them yourself if you don't believe us. Mike ran the railroad as Superintendent and during some apparent slack time he was observed operating at least one passenger train. Like we said before, one has to keep a sharp eye out when operating on the Jerome Central; new stuff is popping up all the time, even if some of it is rather ghoulish. If one doesn't remember, let us be the first to remind you. Back when, there was a double homicide over in Clarkdale. Mrs. Lucy Lupo was reported missing and was eventually discovered dead in the trunk of a white coupe over in West Clarkdale. Her husband,



Lucy Lupo found dead in West Clarkdale.

Larry Lupo, was, in a rush to judgement, considered by many to be the prime suspect. Remember the falling out the two had after Lucy returned from Los Vegas after her fling with the mobster Tony Proboscus? Well, Larry was later found dead in Ashfork near the tracks entering the tunnel to New River. Not only was he dead, but someone, or some thing, cut off his head, after the fact, and stuck it on a spike on the hillside North of the tracks. Well, things are getting a little clearer



Larry Lupu missing his head. Oh, there it is!

now. Tonight, a cluster of ghouls and/or vampires, a group of beings of that sort, showed up and were spotted circling the cadaver doing some sort of head-on-a-stick worshipping. The following message is for the citizens of Ashfork and the nearby vicinities of Mt. Dwyer and New River. Please don't be alarmed, but at the same time we advise you to lock your doors and stay inside. The police have cordoned off the site and at last report had the group surrounded and were moving in to apprehend the villains. It was difficult to read the officers shoulder patches from our reporter's perch high in the large gumball tree in the nearby construction site, but the numerous officers involved were most likely from the Ashfork Police Department. The newly elected Mayor of Clarkdale questioned our reporter as follows, "Where the h--- does that stinking little town get all those police officers when our beloved metropolis can only afford four of them? Maybe we should get a ghoul or two of our own!"

Howard was this evenings Dispatcher, and if there was any doubt in your mind, all one had to do was read the giant placard he wore announcing that he was not only the Dispatcher, but mind you, the "Chief Dispatcher!" But we must give credit where credit is due. Howard did a masterful job keeping the railroad running at full capacity. A number of operator comments were overheard admiring the tenor of his voice and the polite communications over the radio. It just made one happy to be struggling with the tension, congestion and delays. In our humble opinion, Howard did a great job directing traffic tonight. That's why he's the "Chief!"

Dave was the Jerome Yard Master and Jeff was his able Assistant Yard Master. Our reporters had time to make only one excursion to the yard and reported back to headquarters that these guys had the yard well under control and were very pleasant and helpful to arriving and departing train crews. The rest of the crew operated the trains. Our staff was so busy that we didn't get too much information on who ran exactly what train. It was clear that Bruce operated the primary passenger train, with everyone else operating freights or freight/passenger combines. It was observed that the first hour of railroad time was rather hectic with a lot of trains scurrying around to get to their major work areas, followed by approximately a very quiet hour when the real work is being performed. Then the crescendo builds up again as the trains head for their

individual end of session staging locations. The decibels slowly decrease until late in the session a pin drop could be heard, along with the clanking of couplers emanating from Clarkdale as Byron completed the run of Clarkdale Freight Turn; last to finish as usual.

In reading the RAG, it was observed that Mr. Howard Dwyer has been re-elected as mayor of Mt. Dwyer. Did anyone know there was an election going on? Were candidate resumes published? Was there a ballot box? We think not. This sounds like some sort of sneaky doings that goes on in those hills up there. It was further learned that Mayor Dwyer has renewed the permit for Wicked Wanda's for the duration of his time in office. You may remember that Wicked Wanda's establishment was previously located in Carlsen before they ran her and her girls out of town. This was a considerable disappointment to the staff of the CSD. The F. P. Carlsen Printing Co. Building is located just down the street from where Wicked Wanda did her business. A few of our printers and type setters, yes, type setters, came down with severe cases of "Testor's Plastic Solvent Disease" which kind of put an end to extended lunches at WW's. You best be on your guard when dealing with Ore Train engineer Ron. He spends a considerable amount of time up there in Mt. Dwyer. It will be no time at all before he starts scratching!

On a sad note, the personable Wicked Wanda, alluded to above, has passed away. As the following photograph shows, her funeral was attended by a bevy of high ranking dignitaries, and



Wicked Wanda ~~had~~ put to rest in the Mt. Dwyer Cemetery

assumed former clients, from around Jerome and the far corners of the world. Seen at the funeral, along with Mayor Dwyer, were the Pope and the Police Commissioner.

"Mayor Lane of Clarkdale has decided to keep his headquarters building. It will be open for town hall meetings and a room will be maintained for voter registration. The Mayor has worked with the owners of American Foundry Co. to change over from making large pipes to making any and all small arms for the U.S. military. This will greatly increase jobs and tax revenue for the town. It has been observed that the crowds for the Mayor's monthly speeches at the foundry have

decreased in size since he was elected. It seems nobody cares to listen after you're in office."

Credit for the above paragraph goes to the Colls Corner RAG.

Thank you very much for the Clarkdale plug in your recent article, Mr. Ghost. However, the RAG didn't happen to mention the real hot item going on over in the "Dale", as we like to call it! As you sit and read today's issue of the CSD, we want you to know that the Town Counsel has just dropped off on the Mayor's desk a proposed amendment to the City Charter for signature that directs to turn Clarkdale into a Sanctuary City. Let's just see how many locals show up for next month's speech!

In addition, the Mayor is trying to establish a railroading academy in Clarkdale in an effort to increase city revenue and establish closer ties with the Jerome Central Management. The first class being considered is *Computational Railroading 101*. This course will cater to that branch of railroading which focuses on the role dispatchers play in ascertaining how many freight cars can be accommodated by a specified number of locomotives acting in consist and their susceptibility to derailment negotiating small radius curves. The first sessions will be restricted to qualified dispatchers only holding NMRA certification.

As the westbound Clarkdale Turn approached Eastern Ashfork tonight, the observant engineer noticed what appeared to be a covered up freight train partially shoved up a dark ~~office~~ tunnel. He quickly alerted our staff and an investigative reporter crew was hastily dispatched to the scene. What they "uncovered", and we mean that literally, was un-nerving. There sat the "Byron-for-Mayor-Victory-Train", covered up, disrespected, and hidden away by local Clarkdale



Byron-for Mayor-Victory-Train and other assorted vehicles

election dissenters. Where were they when it was time to cast their God given right to vote? Oh! Maybe they were not registered to vote.

It was good to see the military shape-up being conducted over near Lupo Landing. Those fellows look great passing in review in column-of-two's before that snappy Rail Lady Saloon bar tender.



Did we just hear the commanding officer call for a "column left?"

It looks like they might be building fences or checking cards in the near future. By the way, did anyone happen to see the Rail Lady tonight? We searched high and low for her but to no avail. We bet she was there somewhere. Let us know via "Letters to the Editor."

Engineer Byron would like to extend his sincere apology to Engineer Carl for taking an inordinate amount of time to conduct his switching assignments at New River and Ashfork and holding up Carl to conduct his work with the coal train at New River. Carl was very gracious about the matter. However, the Superintendent threw in a couple of curve balls which made an already hard job a little bit harder. The Superintendent was later overheard bragging about how he threw in a few little "extras" for a lot of the trains.

All-in-all, in our humble opinion, it was a great operating session.

Obituaries:

Ms. Wicked Wanda of Mount Dwyer, 1945-2017, born a baby-boomer in the shabbier parts of East Utica, of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wanda, survived by an adoring Second Cousin Ms. Pleasurable Wanda, currently of Colls Corner. After an extravagant funeral service, which included casket pallbearers from the Second Marine Division currently on maneuvers in Lupo Landing, she was interred in the Mount Dwyer Cemetery. She will be lovingly missed ... , well, by just about all.