

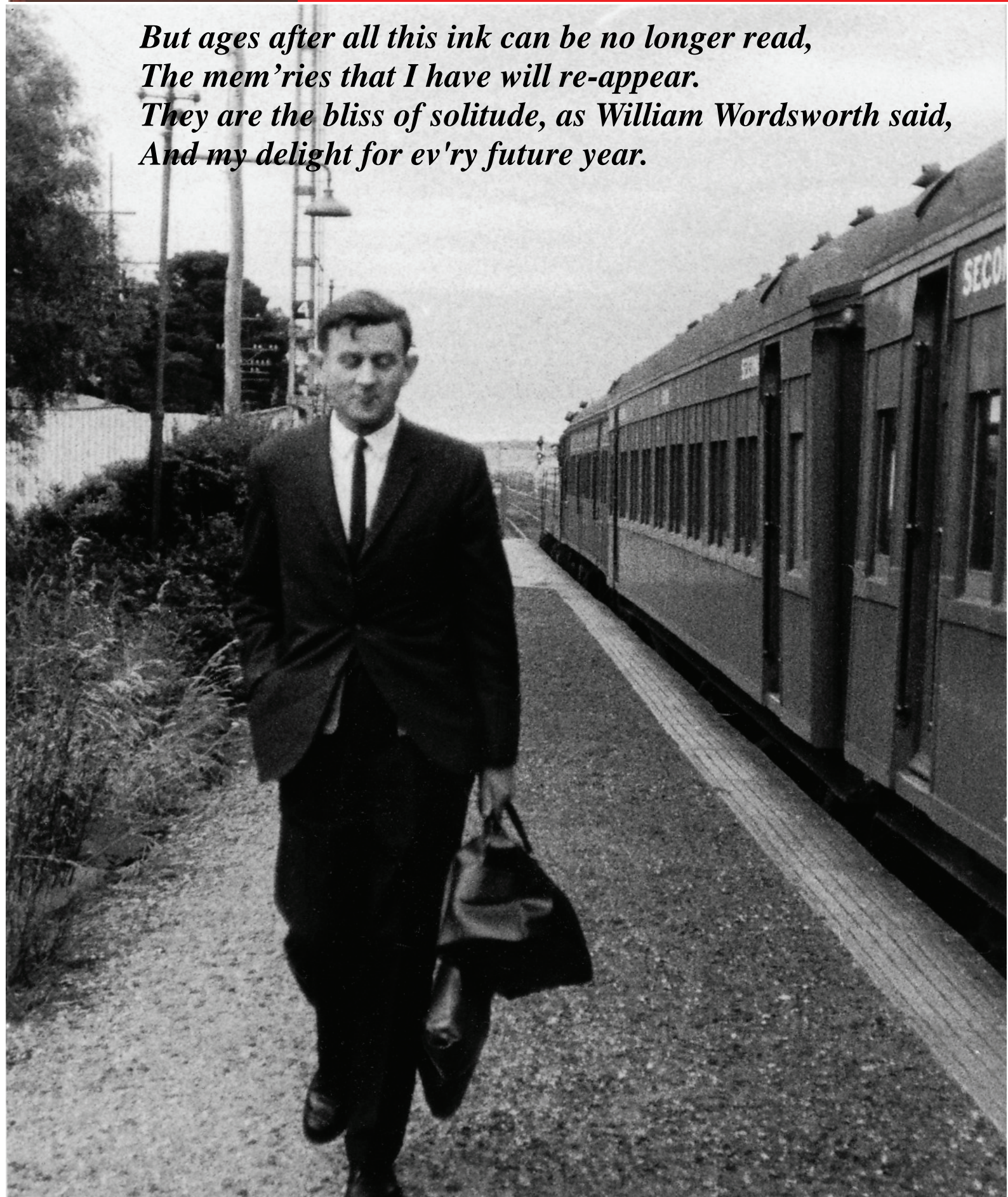


# The Life & The Times

of Jack McLean

A tribute issue, July 2010

*But ages after all this ink can be no longer read,  
The mem'ries that I have will re-appear.  
They are the bliss of solitude, as William Wordsworth said,  
And my delight for ev'ry future year.*



# The Times

Journal of the Australian Association of Time Table Collectors Inc. (A0043673H)

Print Publication No: 349069/00070, ISSN 0813-6327

July 2010

Issue No. 316, Vol 27 No. 07

## —Contents—

### On the front cover

Jack McLean at Donnybrook.

This special issue is produced as a tribute to the founder of the Australian Association of Timetable Collectors, Jack McLean. Jack's role in starting the AATTC is recounted in the Times of June 2009, page !0. This issue reprints a few of Jack's many writings. They show his love of observing train operations, especially of Victoria's single-track western line, safeworking and, of course, timetables. An explanation of a couple of terms in the poems is necessary to understand them. Although these terms were well known at the time, they are not known now. "Jet" was the main overnight express freight train from Melbourne to Adelaide and *vice versa*. It was accorded top priority in train running. "Coalie" refers to the Bacchus March coal train. It was accorded the lowest priority.

-Victor Isaacs



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Timetable collectors of the world. Thanks to Rod Smith for the photos on pages 1 and 2 welcomes articles and letters. Send paper manuscripts or word-processor files on disk or via e-mail to the editor at the address below. Illustrations should be submitted as clean sharp photocopies on white paper or scanned GIF or TIF format images with at least 300 dpi resolution on disk or via e-mail.

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# The photo that launched a 42-year friendship

Geoff Lambert



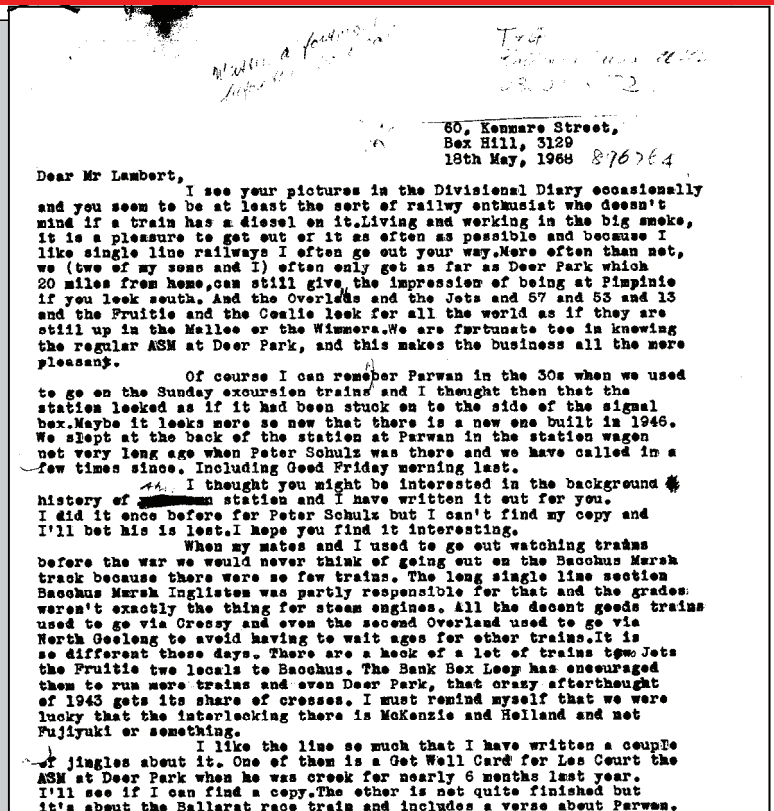
I knew Jack for 42 years and the memory of our first meeting is burned in my memory. Actually, I didn't know I HAD met him until after the event. It was a dark and stormy night. A bunch of what were fundamentally steam freaks were gathered on the Dog Trap Gully road bridge on Black Thursday watching the passing parade. Among the trains were an ARE steam-hauled excursion. That was what WE came to see. But this aim was not shared by everyone.... A rather querulous voice from inside a car asked several times, "and where's the Maniac Special?"

Suitably chastened, I decided there and then that I had better widen my interests. I didn't think I liked being called a maniac. Later that weekend I photographed the Sunday Jet with 6 diesel locomotives and sent the print to Keith Turton another steam freak. To everybody's amazement, Keith published the photo on the cover of Divisional Diary. This, I believe, was a ground-breaking first.

A few days later, I received the letter at right from a man I'd never heard of. Obviously I had struck a chord with someone who had wider interests. Now I could put a name to the voice

These were my introductions to Jack McLean and they started a friendship which lasted 42 years until his death on 24th June last. He kept this kind of correspondence up for more than 35 years and this very definitely shaped the way I looked at railways.

The letter was, as so often, typed on the back of some recycled stationery from the T&G insurance company... it seemed to be an office equipment survey of some sort and made reference to people called "typistes". T&G was where Jack earned a living. He said it was "frightfully hum-



drum" and regarded his railway hobby outside of T&G as the only thing which made it tolerable.

The letter finished with what Jack called a "jingle"- *The Racer* (page 4) and Jack thought that I might try to illustrate it with my photos, tied to some of the imagery in the words.

The letter, in many ways, was an encapsulation of Jack's philosophy on life and, in re-reading *The Racer*, I have been struck by the last verse, reproduced on the cover of this issue.

Jack was the most personable man I ever knew. He had that easy camaraderie which struck a chord in all he encountered. I remember boarding the Manly Ferry one night while he was our house guest and finding him deeply engrossed in chatting up the next door neighbours' teenage daughter, regaling her with stories of Greek railways. His easy manner put him in good stead when pursuing his hobby of timetable collecting. I remember also being frightfully pleased with myself in 1976 having obtained a photograph of a BLS Public Graphical Timetable on the notice-board of Brig station in Switzerland. I was crestfallen when telling Jack of this when he announced, "I have one... I just waltzed into the Station Master's Office and asked

for one in Swiss and he handed it over". He only knew a few words of Swiss (an obscure language even in Switzerland), but he knew how to use them. Gavan-Duffy, once known as the most unauthorized person on the Victorian Railways, used beer as a bribe to admit himself into the signal-boxes, but with Jack it was the sheer force of his personality.

Jack was famous for his Wingrove line in the garage, a model railway run to have fun with signalling and block-working rules. Run at 7 times normal speed, it was a harrowing experience for the uninitiated. Participants took the rules seriously and, when a Telephone Train Control system was installed, run from Stephen's bedroom, the squabbles were so fierce that the system had to be withdrawn. Jack once said that the ringing of the block bells both annoyed and bemused the neighbours and they had formed the opinion that the garage was a "nest of poofers". "After all", he said, "It's about as far removed from normal life as it is possible to get."

*My delight in ev'ry future year* was a precient statement.

There were many more of them to come, delightful years, well spent.

# The Racer

*Included in JACK MCLEAN's first letter to Times editor GEOFF LAMBERT was the following piece of poetry about the Ballarat Race Special, probably the only poetry about Working Time Tables*

From Serviceton to Orbost and from Queenscliff to Merbein.  
Are folk who like to watch the horses race,  
And in the Spring or Autumn, they are really rather keen  
To back them for a Win or for a Place.  
It seems they read a most confusing City Paper's guide,  
And then they put their money on with care,  
And having gone a long way to be taken for a ride,  
They hope with any luck they'll come out square.

It's obvious from this, that I have never seen a race.  
So, why do I peruse the Racing Sheet?  
Because the Turf Club, Ballarat, to take a certain case,  
Run trains to take-the punters to the Meet.  
The Race, of course, is not the only thing that entertains  
And, on the racing day, of which I've read  
I find it much more interesting to watch the special trains  
Competing with relentless time instead.

The train is born, when someone .takes a blue sheet from the rack  
The bright green Worker's graphic counterpart  
And contemplates the trains which run along the North West track,  
But which they should already know by heart.  
Two sloping pencil lines will soon appear across the sheet,  
And it's unnecessary to explain  
That pencil lines and blueprint lines must be arranged to meet  
Somewhere that has a loop to hold a train.

The forward journey's plotted in. 9.10 from Spencer Street.  
Ahead of 25 right out of Town,  
With just the second Jet and Gordon DRC to meet,  
A path is not much trouble on the down.  
But later, in the ev'ning, when you see that 59,  
The Coalie, 57 Pass, the Jet,  
The Motor and the Fruitie occupy the single line,  
The wonder is these trains can all be met.

The circulars which show the times at stations on the way  
Are stenciled out and run off by the scores.  
And copies go to Bacchus Marsh, Control, the Man in Grey,  
The District Super, Ballarat, gets four.  
They send one to the Ganger with a length near Bungaree,  
Another to the box at Humffray Street,  
There's one for Dynon's notice board for all the crews to see,  
And somehow, one gets sent to Burrumbeet.

And on the nominated date, we hear the Man in Grey  
Announcing when the special train will start.  
From Platform 3 at Spencer Street, begins the Racer's day,  
To pleasant country scene from City's heart,  
The "B" is coupled to the cars as time for starting nears,  
2AS, Diner, BS and CE,  
And, sharp to time, the Racer's leaving Town, and this appears  
To be propitious punctuality

The Deer Park ASM has heard two beats on Sunshine's bell  
To tell him that the Racer is "On Line."  
He. takes the Rockbank staff, a pouch, the big white disc as well,  
The Racer's due through here at half past 9  
Today, it's dry, and he will walk. If wet, he'd take his car  
The changer's out at least 800 feet.  
But, he's consoled, the late shift bloke will walk out twice as far,  
When 13 and tonight's up Racer meet.

Beyond the lonely Bank Box Loop, the second morning Jet  
Crawls down the grade and enters into view,  
The signalman at Bacchus Marsh has previously set  
The motor points from Main to No.2  
With plaintive whine, dynamic brakes and Westinghouse will stay  
The forty bogies vehicles and van  
Until the Racer, and the Pass., still several miles away  
Have climbed the grade and gone on to Ballan

The gang watch No- 4, the Gordon van-goods DRC  
Arrive and leave, for in the interlude  
Before the special train will pass through Bungaree,  
A fish-plate near the home must be renewed,  
The Ganger, supervising takes his time to read the "S",  
The fishplate's changed. The last adjustment made.  
The Racer clatters through with all expected eagerness,  
And four men have a smoko in the shade.

An angled arm bids welcome as the Racer nears the course,  
The three-way points direct it slowly in.  
The punters hurry off the train to idolise a horse,  
But soon forsake it if it fails to win.  
Preparing for the journey home, the train is "run around".  
And coupled up an afternoon to wait,  
And for an hour or two, the resting railwaymen are found  
Discussing horses, iron or vertebrate.

The white-clad chef in "Murray" cooks a steak and kidney pie.  
As cheers announce the day's last race is run.  
A bank of cirrocumulus command the western sky  
And shadows lengthen in the setting sun.  
A porter checks the tickets as the passengers arrive,  
The Officer in Charge gives his O.K.  
The guard leans out and waves his flag and, at 5 past 5,  
The diesel whistles once and they're away.

The "competent employee" gets a staff out for the train,  
While 4 pause 2 in ringing back and forth.  
The Waubra Junction home admits the Racer to the main,  
To pause before continuing to "North"  
The fireman takes the large electric staff and boards the "B".  
It's 5.15, by all the railway clocks,  
The Racer has resumed its run, and leaves a fine old tree  
With mem'ries of a lonely signal box.

A street car, called "*Sebastopol*" is held at "B" Box gates,  
While Fords and Holdens turn to Armstrong Street  
But like a horse at starting time, the green four-wheeler waits  
Until the Racer has arrived complete.  
The Ballarat Controller has a break and steps outside  
To watch the Racer pass one-thirty-three,  
And soon the lofty pillars of the old grey building hide  
The tail disc on the Racer's blue CE.

The 1 in 52, up which the A2's used to creep  
Has offered little Challenge to the "B",  
Which lift, its load, and opposite the box at Warrenheip  
It snatches up a staff for Bungaree.  
And watching as the Racer is continuing its climb  
Mount Warrenheip must take a scornful view  
Of frantic railwaymen, who try to run their trains on time  
To keep a distant City rendezvous,

At Bungaree, the years hays long concealed from careless gaze  
The branch beneath a sea of waving grass.  
The up departure's lofty dolls recall those bygone days.  
A green light flickers through the right hand glass.  
Past Wallace and through Millbrook, where beneath the dark'n-  
ing skies,  
The Black Hill fades into the coming night  
The driver of the Racer peers ahead to recognize  
A favourable Gordon distant light.

As well as all the normal trains which blue lines indicate  
The graph shows others, drawn in red, today,  
They are the Racer's timings and where other trains must wait  
And how much later, they go on their way.  
The time at Gordon's pencilled, and Control draws in a line  
To show the Racer's progress on the sheet,  
While 34's at Ballaarat, Ballan holds 59,  
And Deer Park's where the Pass. and Coalie meet.

The Fast Goods which arrived Ballan is strung out on the main,  
The ASM adults the DRC.  
The motorman is waiting, while the passengers detrain.  
He wants to get off home and have his tea.  
The luggage and the parcels are unloaded from the van,  
The Motor goes to "Loco" for the night.  
The road is made. The stick's off for the platform, and Ballan  
Is ready when the Racer comes in sight.

And then the Goods pulls into 2, a long footr6whse1er load,  
The Gordon staff is handed through a door.  
The levers move the points and lock-bars setting up the road,  
And green lights shine from signals 5 and 4.  
You know, of course, that Ingliston is now no longer manned,  
The forty and a half mile box is dead,  
They won't be stopped at Rowsley, for a "red light in the hand".  
For A2504 has cleared, instead.

The driver and the fireman scan the gently curving line.  
"Clear Normal Speed", the automatics show.  
The homeward punters watch from "Murray" as they dine,  
The lights of Bacchus Marsh, some miles below.  
The guard, while reading morning news, enjoys an ev'ning  
meal.  
He notes a bridge of three position sticks.  
He hears the clatter of a frog beneath a bogie wheel.  
It's Bank Box Loop. The time is 10 past 6.

The signalman at Bacchus Marsh has cleared off 55.  
The cars, and van are stabled in the dock  
And one-o-two, the Coalie, will be running with the "P",  
But won't get out till after 8 o'clock.  
The whining "B" drops round the curve and through the quiv'ring gates,  
The up arrival home slaps back to red.  
The Parwan staff is whipped away. The train accelerates  
To climb the 1 in 50 grade ahead.

At Parwan, 57 Pass comes in at 6.18  
Three passengers alight and disappear  
The engine backs up, whistles, and the down loop home shows green.  
The clerestory cars are drawn in clear  
The staff exchanger's ready with its indicating light.  
The Racer rocks through Parwan with a roar,  
And as the tail lights on the van dissolve into the night,  
The register's inscribed 6.24.

The Melton stationmaster moves without apparent haste,  
The passing of the special train his cue.  
And in the down side instrument, the Parwan staff's replaced  
The generator grinds out 3 and 2  
He throws the long red levers back. They clatter in the frame.  
He writes the times the Racer's on its way,  
And leaning on the 'phone he tells Control the station's name  
And sends his up-to-date communiqué.

The eucalypts at Rockbank have been whispering perhaps,  
About the Racer, standing there, in 2  
The bloke is at the level crossing, setting up the traps,  
For one three nine, the westbound Jet, is due.  
The headlight outs across the ridge, and slashes trough the grey,  
A pair of mighty S's working bard,  
And forty loads of merchandise, which by the break of day,  
They've promised to unload in Mile End yard.

The circular which Deer Park reads, with three long foolscap sheets  
Amends 13 and goes on to explain  
Instead of going through, it stops and takes the loop and meets  
The more important eastbound special train.  
The absence of the key, of course, has locked up all the sticks,  
And so, outside the Home, the train must stay,  
Until the motor's in the loop, and clear at 46.  
The whistling "B" protests at the delay

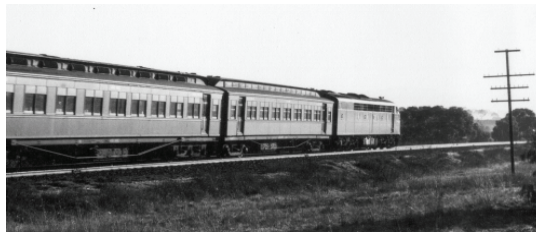
The signalman inserts the staff, gives 3 and asks for line  
The key goes back, the home to off, at last.  
The Racer is accelerating down the slight decline,  
But comes into the station much too fast  
They rust be doing 45. The fireman leans way out.  
The Sunshine staff eludes his outstretched hand  
The brake blocks, tight on every wheel in answer to his shout  
Take eighty yards :to bring them to a stand

The signalman has grabbed the hoop and darts off like a bird  
To hand it to the fireman climbing, down  
The fireman uses a not-exactly-complimentary word,  
The crossing bells have done their best to drown  
The fireman looks around to get a green light from the guard.  
A steward mops a minute slop of tea  
A punter wonders where they are and why they stopped so herd,  
But wouldn't dream of looking out to see.

An up St Albans spark marks time at Sunshine's Home Post 9  
 It's following the Racer and will wait.  
 The Fruitie wants a Deer Park staff to use the single line  
 And all is clear along the Footscray straight.  
 A Willy spark leaves yellow lights and slightly spoils the run,  
 Until the tracks diverge beyond South Ken,  
 But passing North, and Franklin St and Spencer No. 1  
 The Racer stops in 5 at 7:10

Tomorrow, many eyes will scan the graph, which will be used,  
 To hold an Inquisition on Today.  
 And as the tapes and sheets and books are carefully perused,  
 They'll send a crop of *Please Explains* away.  
 But ages after all this ink can be no longer read,  
 The mem'ries that I have will re-appear.  
 They are the bliss of solitude, as William Wordsworth said,  
 And my delight for ev'ry future year.

The Train Controller draws the final line upon the sheet,  
 He moves his foot, say "Finished No 1",  
 But can't afford to rest as if his day is complete,  
 For other main line trains have just begun  
 An "F" will take the darkened empty cars out to the yard  
 The "B" will go to Dynon when it's clear,  
 But not a punter notices the driver, fireman, guard,  
 As in the subway crowd they disappear.



S.320/68 VICTORIAN RAILWAYS S.320/68

Office of Chief Traffic Manager,  
 Room 205 Phone 1147,  
 12th February, 1968.

BALLARAT TURF CLUB RACE MEETING AT BALLARAT

In connection with the above race meeting guaranteed special train will  
 run as under:-

SPENCER STREET - BALLARAT RACECOURSE PLATFORM

FIRST RACE 12.10pm	THURSDAY, 15TH FEBRUARY, 1968		LAST RACE 4.30pm
DOWN -	W.1	UP -	W.2
	PASS		PASS
	A.M.		P.M.
Spencer Street dep	9.10	RACECOURSE PLAT. dep	5.05
(No.3 Platform)		Waubra Junction	5.15*
Footscray	9.18P	(See Note)	
Sunshine	9.25*	North Ballarat Junction	5.23*
Deer Park	9.30*	Ballarat	5.25*
Rockbank	9.38*	Ballarat East	5.27*
Melton	9.43*	Warrenheip	5.34*
Parwan	9.50*	Bungaree	5.41*
Bacchus Marsh	9.55*	Gordon	5.49*
Bank Box Loop	10.14*-150	Ballan	arr 5.56D-59
Ballan	10.30*		dep 6.01
Gordon	10.39*-4	Bank Box Loop	6.10*
Bungaree	10.47*	Bacchus Marsh	6.18*
Warrenheip	10.54*	Parwan	6.24*-57
Ballarat East	10.59D	Melton	6.31*
Ballarat	11. 4*	Rockbank	arr 6.36D
North Ballarat Jctn.	11. 6*		dep 6.42-139
Waubra Junction	11.16*	Deer Park	6.51*-13
(See Note)		Sunshine	6.55*
RACECOURSE PLAT. arr	11.30	Footscray	7. 5S
		Spencer Street	arr 7.14

\*Not required to stop for passengers. P - Pick up only. S. - Set down only.  
 D - Stop, if required, for Departmental purposes only.

NOTE: District Superintendent, Ballarat, will arrange for:-

(a) A competent Electric Staff worker to be placed at Waubra Junction for the purpose of working the Intermediate Electric Staff Instrument and Fixed Signal.

(b) Appointment of an Officer-in-Charge at Ballarat Racecourse Platform and provision of necessary staff.

The Officer-in-Charge, Racecourse Platform, will be responsible for the operation of the Annett-locked points for arrival and departure of Race Specials.

AUTHORITY IS HEREBY GRANTED FOR "B" CLASS DIESEL LOCOMOTIVE  
 TO OPERATE BETWEEN WAUBRA JUNCTION AND BALLARAT RACECOURSE  
 PLATFORM. SPEED NOT TO EXCEED 15 M.P.H.

See A.54/68 regarding fares and booking arrangements for travel from Melbourne.

LOAD

'CW' Brakevan, 2'AS' carriages, 'MURRAY' Dining Car, 'BS' carriage, 'B' Class Locomotive.

S.M.'s Spencer Street and Ballarat to ensure carriages are thoroughly cleaned, fully equipped and watered.

NOTE: SPECIAL TRAIN WILL BE AVAILABLE FOR FARE PAYING PASSENGERS ONLY.

In consequence of the operation of the Race Special the following alterations to normal train services will have effect on Thursday, 15th February, 1968.

(CONTINUED OVERLEAF)

# Why do I collect railway timetables?

On 13 November 1993, I was one of about twenty speakers at the Melbourne Conference of the Ephemera Society of Australia Inc. In a session entitled "Who, What and Why - The Rationale Behind Their Collections" I was allowed seven minutes to more or less answer the question, "Why do I collect railway timetables?"

I think readers will agree that seven minutes was scarcely enough time. I needed to keep to the essentials. So I had to give the subject very careful thought. The notes I used were based on something I had written for *The Times* a few years earlier. The talk seemed to be successful so I re-wrote the notes into the form of an article for the First Edition, the news magazine of the National Association of Timetable Collectors in USA. It was published in 1994. This is still the gist of my explanation when I am asked the question "Why do I collect railway timetables?"

The definition of ephemera seems to include any article that is produced for short term use - something which will be discarded very soon when another version turns up. Railway timetables were (and are) certainly in that category because they were not intended to be used for very long and then would probably be consigned to the waste paper basket or somewhere for repulping.

The fact that they are ephemera is not the reason for my collecting them. As a sort of railway historian, I know that each one of them is a cross section of some railway somewhere at a particular date. If I can collect enough of them, I can build a continuous picture of the development and activities of that railway. But why a railway?

I can never remember when I was not interested in trains. My father was a railwayman, but he was interested only in playing bowls. When I asked him how the railway worked, his refusal to answer piqued my curiosity. If anything, it increased my interest in railways and at the same time strengthened my determination never to play bowls.

I don't know when I started to collect timetables. Perhaps it was when I was going to High School by train every day. At that time I kept only the current items and threw out those which were out of date. These days I wish I still had the ones I had thrown out.

The 1939 - 1945 War years, when it was said the "Enemy Listens", would not seem to have been a good time to ask railway blokes about time tables, but I did. However, I was careful not to flash them about.

When I was in the Army, I usually had the Special Train Notices for the troop train I travelled on.

After a couple of years in the Army, I surprised everyone, including myself, by joining the Air Force. As a result I went around the world, incidentally without a passport, and picked up timetables in all sorts of places. After landing at Los Angeles, I spent four days on two troop trains getting to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. I still have the Employees Timetables and some of the Train Orders for this journey. Particularly now, they are of immense interest and certainly valuable.

My knowledge of the Canadian prairie railways and what Canadian railway facilities looked like resulted in my doing extraordinarily well in a subject called aerial reconnaissance.

While on leave, before going to USA, I went to a lot of trouble to get an Employees Timetable for my journey from Buffalo, NY to New York City. Because of this timetable, I seemed to know more about the journey than even local American passengers. One of them offered me five dollars if I could tell him within a minute the time the train (running 28 minutes late) would actually arrive in Schenectady. I did tell him and I assure readers the five dollars made the difference between a spartan visit and a comfortable one.

Across the Atlantic in the UK, I was surprised to find how easy it was to get "Working Timetables" - the timetables the railways have for their own use with information like lists of signal boxes and times of goods trains. I maintained my reputation by having three Working Timetables on my first day in the UK. I kept up the good work to such an extent that when I arrived home in 1946, I found I had sent home or brought home about 120 pounds weight of railway items. To mail them home at concession postage had cost £5 pounds in English money.

On the troop ship coming home, we were not allowed ashore in Port Said, so I wrote then and there to the Egyptian State Railways for a Rule Book, a General Appendix and a Timetable. I was delighted when the Egyptian parcel arrived in Melbourne a few months after I did.

Writing to railway companies (in those days anyway) seemed to be a good way of helping the collection along a bit. So in the next year or two, I wrote to about 50 railway companies and about half of them came good. At first I wrote only in English but later dug out my High School French. It was then I found that no matter how

poorly I wrote in that language, the request at least got an answer. Frequently it included what I asked for. My High School French resulted in parcels turning up from France, Tunisia and Ethiopia. If I had known there would be, some time, a use for learning the language I might have done better than my Intermediate 54%.

The Railways of Mozambique replied with a letter written in English and sent some items which looked interesting but were in the Portuguese language. I bought myself a "Teach Yourself Portuguese" and a Portuguese dictionary. My self-taught language skills could not have been all that bad as I eventually received timetables from Portugal itself as well as Angola and Brazil.

After I retired, I found out about the National Association of Timetable Collectors based in USA. Over the years I have corresponded with a number of timetable collectors in America and Canada. One member was an expatriate Englishman in New York to whom I sent a Rhodesian Working Timetable. In return he sent me Employee Timetables from Cuba and Burma. There were six countries involved in that transaction. Timetables still turn up from far away places.

When I decided to start the Australian Association of Timetable Collectors, the Americans gave me lots of good advice, among which was "Get a good editor and run a regular magazine". Luckily we were able to do that.

Over the years I have had dozens of interesting questions about timetables. The questions come from the Railways themselves, the State Library, from people writing histories, novels, stories, from makers of TV programmes as well as from other railway enthusiasts. "When did we increase the speed limit between A and B?" asked a friend in the Railways. He knew I could find it quicker in my collection of Working Timetables than he could. "Did troop trains ever run via Tocumwal?" asked a TV studio making "The Sullivans". Answer: Yes. I have several Special Train Notices for them. "Could my mother have travelled from Nathalia to Queenscliff in one day in 1930?" asked the son of a lady writing her life story. Answer: again Yes. I quoted from my own Working Time-tables and suggested he ask to look at Bradshaws Guide in the State Library.

I am one of many people who started collecting something without realising that I was starting. After a while whether I have liked it or not, I have become some sort of authority on this subject and instead of me asking the questions, I answer them. I had an enquiry from ARE many years ago, "We are going to Indonesia. Have you got

any maps and timetables?" And so I found my copy of the US Army Recce Book. "Have you got any railway rule books where the rules change at a state or international border?" My friend in Vancouver, BC, had already written to me on this subject with some instances on the Burlington Northern in BC. Some years back, I had a telephone enquiry "We have a lot of old timetables here. Would you like to suggest

what we should do with them?" My suggestion resulted in one library being able to give away some of its surplus to another library.

For a long time now, I have realised I belong to a sort of world wide club of people who run trains or talk or write about them. The railway friendships I made during World War Two kept me out of a fair

amount of trouble one way or another - because they enabled me to withstand the boredom. And in peacetime I have found that doing enthusiastically these unnecessary things has enabled me to put up with the often hum drum business of living. For something like 60 years it has been an enormous amount of fun which looks like continuing.



Deputy Chairman of Commissioners, Mr. G. F. Brown, presents an historic locomotive number plate to the Blind Boys' Railway Club. On Mr. Brown's right are Peter, Club President, Residential Matron Mrs. E. Dunell, Club Adviser Mr. J. McLean and School Headmaster Mr. A. Dovy.



The number plate presented to the boys came from steam locomotive A2 932. Under the plate is a short history of the loco. in ordinary type and braille.



Peter and Ross follow the tracks, by their sense of touch, on a matchstick diagram of Spencer Street station yard layout. With them is Mr. J. McLean, the club's adviser. In the right foreground is a section of the model railway which the boys operate themselves.

## SEEING HANDS RUN TRAINS

**B**LIND boys at the Burwood R.V.I.B. school railway club certainly know their trains. Out there they run the Stratford, Sale and Bainsdale Railway Company . . . a model railway layout that has three station yards planned and named after those locations.

Consequently a good-will visit to their club by Mr. G. F. Brown, Deputy Chairman of Commissioners, had all the background atmosphere of railway executives exchanging their views.

Mr. Brown presented the boys with a historic number plate that steam locomotive A2 932 carried when it hauled the *Sydney Limited*, *The Overland* and main-line passenger trains during its 48 years service. The plate is mounted on polished wood and is accompanied by both an ordinary type and braille inscription that tells the locomotive's history. As the figures on the number plate are raised, they can easily be distinguished by the boys' sense of touch.

In return, the club president, Peter, presented Mr. Brown with a braille inscribed pass that serves as a standing invitation to use the S.S.B. Company's Rolling stock.

The presentations were covered by metropolitan press reporters and photographers and television cameramen.

Afterwards Mr. Brown faced a barrage of penetrating questions by the boys. Flexi-van, bogie-change-over, straight-through passenger and freight services on standard gauge were some of the subjects that revealed the boys' extensive knowledge of railways. Eventually the steam locomotive came up and they asked spirited questions on its preservation. Surprisingly, one lad was not keen about the black colour of the steamers. Appreciating the boys' love of steam locomotives, Mr. Brown replied: "Boys, you've certainly pressurising me on this one."

The boys then demonstrated how their railway system operated.

The school has made a room available for the boys' model railway layout and club functions, but the club itself is solely organized by the boys, aged from 10 to 13 years. They elect office bearers and decide the policy of the club and the use of its equipment.

Club Adviser is Mr. Jack McLean, a sighted railway enthusiast, who makes novel aids for the boys to learn about railways by their sense of touch and sound.

In making a complete Spencer Street station yard layout, Mr. McLean used lines of matchsticks, which allow the boy's sensitive fingers to follow points, crossings and signal boxes in a maze of broad and standard gauge tracks.

He also embosses the outlines of locomotives and rolling stock on thin aluminium sheets and adds descriptions in raised braille characters.

Mr. McLean encourages the boys to operate their model railway like a real system. Each boy acts the part of a traffic man, engineer, etc. With the aid of braille timetables and a braille faced clock, the trains can be run to a schedule. The boys are given tasks on railways and are taken on railway inspections to get the "feel" of a real life railway system.

The Blind School Railway Club is affiliated with the Victorian School Railway Clubs' Association. Member clubs are keenly interested in the blind boys' activities and model layout. In addition, the Department, as part of its policy of fostering school railway clubs by the supply of interesting V.R. literature, is now making tape recordings of selected *New Letter* articles which the boys will have played back to them.

Commenting on the success of the Blind School Railway Club, the Residential Matron Mrs. E. Dunell summed it up this way: "Blind School authorities are delighted with the keenness and initiative of the boys who are further illustrating the determination of students to tackle any activity enjoyed by normal sighted children."



(Above) This matchstick diagram, made by Mr. McLean, is an accurate representation of Spencer Street station yard. It features both broad and standard gauge tracks which, together with platforms and signal boxes, are identified by braille inscriptions.



(Right) Mr. Brown was delighted to accept a braille inscribed pass, from Club President Peter, that allows the bearer to use the club's rolling stock.

(Below) A C class steam locomotive and a *Harsh* suburban electric motor carriage outlines, embossed on this aluminium sheet, are typical of many such diagrams that teach boys about Victorian Railways rolling stock.



## The coal-hole story

I think it must have been when I was transferred from Wigtown in Scotland to Moreton in the Marsh in Gloucestershire after I had been in UK for about three months in 1944. I was waiting on Victoria Station in Manchester for a train to Crewe and thence to Birmingham and had time to fill in. I asked a porter where the railway headquarters was and he directed me up a street called Hunts Bank to a building which had once been the HQ of part of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. I asked the liftman where I could get some timetables. He took me down to the basement and introduced me to a Traffic Inspector called Joe Kelly. Joe was responsible for the issuing of all working timetables and special train notices for the Lancashire section of the Central Division of

the LMS. I think he gave me a current Central Division passenger working timetable which had maybe 200 pages. I still have it.

He then said it was the only current one he had, but "Come along here" and he took me to the coal hole under the footpath where the coal in peacetime (there was a shortage of coal during the war!) would have been tipped through a hole in the footpath. There I found a mountain of working timetables! As I found out Joe Kelly was also the Collector of Salvage and all used timetables were sent to his office, except those which were needed for toilet purposes! "Take what you want" he said. I think I went away with a load of out of date LMS working timetables about a

foot high. Perhaps that is where I got the out of date Scottish ones for the trains to Wigtownshire, which I would have liked when I was in Wigtown. I bundled the timetables up as best I could, then carted them back to the train and on to Moreton in the Marsh. Blokes in uniform, particularly from "the Colonies", were treated as





welcome visitors. I have several stories about this.

After that Joe Kelly's office was a regular port of call when I was in that area. One

Saturday afternoon I joined a party from the Manchester Model Railway Club on a visit to Lostock Junction to watch the holiday trains off to Blackpool for the first peacetime holiday in six years. I was the

only enthusiast there with a COMPLETE set of regular working timetables and special train notices. I think I still have most of them.

## Peg and paper

So many thousand miles there are  
From Widgiemooltha to Navarre  
Where staff and ticket still prevail  
Upon the single line of rail.

From Menzies' Creek to Pinkenbah  
(But nowhere on the SAR),  
Are tons of staffs exchanged each year  
To ascertain the Line Is Clear.

The drivers all look out to see  
The staff at Dartmoor or Dundee,  
Because its presence means a cross  
At Campbelltown instead of Ross.

And to a limited extent,  
A ticket in its place is sent.  
The staff is seen, but it remains  
To send across some later trains.

Occasionally its powers decline,  
Although it mostly runs the line,  
For its authority has force  
Except when trains run out of course.

For then, the waiting train is brought  
Across by that Line Clear Report,  
The useless staff the S.M. locks  
Away in safe, or lock-up box.

The Queensland single line behaves  
According to its juggled staves,  
These are changed, and trains work through  
By Rule (amended) 442.

Especially when trains are thick,  
The block is absolute, in Vic.,  
And NTA's are very few,  
But APIX, Acre, phoned in lieu.

And every state, except SA,  
Has variations in the play,  
And new amendments to GA's  
Are issued on alternate days.

Well this is how it's done per book  
But no keen clocko cares to look  
At rules consistently ignored  
And trains which run by Guess and Gawd.

The staffs are changed, this much is true,  
But any piece of wood will do.  
The staff's not shown, nor ticket read.  
It's tied around a stick instead.

And as for LCR's, I'd say,  
The staff is rarely locked away.  
The system's fortunate, for sure,  
If it's inside the SM's drawer.

So when you're westward out of Leith,  
Remember those six feet beneath,  
Who left the section in the middle  
Because the SM's name was Biddle.'

And then you'll give your thanks, I guess,  
To Webb and Thompson, for ES,  
And say your prayers, at half past nine,  
For those in peril, on the line.



# Where the Hell is Les?

The main line trims may come and go and do so as they please.  
The office shows no vestige of a light,  
The signals, six, are showing green and flickering in the breeze,  
And s the Deer Park station spends the night.  
But early birds are stirring and are singing to the skies  
And gradually to usher in the day,  
Behind the *Queen of Heaven's* dome, the morning sun will rise  
As Nylex call a bloke on their PA.

*(As opposite the station all his railway cares forgot,  
Les Court, today no early bin, is snoring in his cot.)*

A car arrives down Station Rd, a key turns in the lock,  
A light goes on and all at once we see.  
The phones, the two staff instruments, the register, the clock,  
The frame, the levers and the Annett key.  
From Sunshine and from Rockbank, the bell. ring 2.,2, 4,  
The levers crash. The signals go to red  
Sunshine has worked with Rockbank since 9 the night before.  
They're working local sections now, instead.

*(About this time, the ASM will sign in in the book.  
He's just relieving here because you know that Les is crook)*

He. gets 5 bells from Rockbank and so he knows the Jet  
Has been belled on from Melton just before.  
He pulls off homes and distant. The staff exchanger's set.  
The Worker shows it's due 6:24.  
And moving smartly with its list from SA and the Trans,  
The S class diesels thunder noisily,  
Ahead of 40 louvres, box cars, flats and Flexivans.  
Its fourteen hundred with the JCP.

*(If Les were here, he'd tell you how the Jet once paid a call  
A louvre got a hot box and they backed up Ravenhall.)*

18, the Bacchus Marsh DE grinds slowly to a halt  
The guard steps out the door to stretch his legs.  
The time is 7.51 with which we can't find fault  
And ASM and driver change the pegs.  
The engines roar crescendo as the diesel motor leaves.  
A passenger from Deer Park finds a seat,  
And in the Rockbank signal bay, the signalman receives  
Three bells to tell him Train Arrived Complete.

*(The guard says to the motorman as they approach Ardeer',  
They say that Les is crook again. I s'pose he's off the beer)*

We look inside the Working Book for column No 10  
And note the time the *Overland* is due.  
It's almost 8.11. It approaches fast and then,  
It whistles like a Banshee racing through.  
The lady in *Tantini* is considering her frock.  
From where we stand, we reckon she looks fine.  
The guard and the conductor are considering the clock.  
They're due in Town at 25 to 9,

*(The guard's an Ararat man and he turns around and says  
I think that that's a new bloke there. Now, where the Hell is  
Les?)*

Early and if possible when main line trains are slack,  
Roy patrols the section every day.  
Sixteen and a half miles on his trolley and then back,  
Making sure the length is still 0 K.  
As the ganger and the trains all use the single track,  
He listens as the ASM explains  
That 22 is right on time and 15's been put back  
And lots of other dope about the trains,

*(Roy Is heard to mumble that he hates relieving blokes,  
I wish that Les was back again, so I could bet some smokes')*

As 22's right on time and 15 well behind,  
Control rings up and says to cross them here.  
The ASM accepts the cross as if he doesn't mind  
But not exactly with a hearty cheer,  
As 15's turned into the loop, how brightly shines the sun,  
Then down the straight comes frantic 22.  
It starts to rain as 15 leaves. The betting's 10 to 1  
That, walking back, the bloke will get wet through.

*(I knew it wasn't Les, the guard thinks lacking from the train,  
He'll never use these down end paints when there's a chance it rain.)*

Between those trains, the Coalie is a-moving slowly east.  
Remember Parwan hill's a double haul.  
Stuck in every crossing loop for half an hour at least,  
When every place becomes a social call.  
Play a game at Parwan, Melton make some tea.  
Rockbank wait and make another brew,  
Deer Park is unsociable account that lousy key  
And hopes Control will send the Coalie through.

*(Les is on a sickie, so there's no-one to sing his song,  
That "putting trains through Deer Park leap will take too bloody long )*

And ii you note the daily news is humdrum, in the main.  
A passenger arrived on 25.  
The Jet just missed a quarry bloke on Robinson's again.  
He doesn't knew he's lucky he's alive,  
The bloke who is relieving moved the table. near the fire  
He even put new Workers in the dike.  
It seems somebody called the bloke on Train Control a liar.  
And someone's oiled the Sunshine station bike,

*(But why the hell should we suppose this interests ALC.  
He's gone off up to Yendon to his sister's joint for tea.)*

And so I came to state the reason for this rhyme.  
Who cares if it is fine or if it rains?  
Who cares a if everything is late or if they're all on time  
As long as Les is there to run the trains,  
For on one subject, he should be no longer in the dark.  
We all appear be share a single thought  
That the funny little station which the VR. calls Deer Park  
Is never quite the same without Les Court,

*(I hope he's back in duty soon, because it seems to me  
A Get Well Card as good as this is worth a cup at tea.)*

## Tributes

Jack was active in many railway groups over many decades; he was well known by railway managers from low to top ranks. His circle of friends is spread widely, and it will fall to the power of internet groups and mailing lists and friendship circles to pass on the news

Jack had been keen on railways since his youth; he attended meetings and activities with the fledgling railway societies in the late 1930s, when the youngster would address the main members as 'mister'.

His wartime experiences in Canada and UK resulted in a huge stock of timetables and railway-operating documents being freighted home; a postwar flurry of letter writing resulted in timetables arriving from almost every country of the world. Jack must have had the largest private collection of timetables in Australia (the world?).

He started the Australian Association of Timetable Collectors.

From the 1950s, his Wingrove model railway became an institution. It was designed to run like a real railway, with a timetable, hot clock and block safeworking. Friday night open houses were famous, with regulars developing their skills and their hobby learning, and frequent visitors from railway managers (Australian and overseas). Jack was active with ARHS, and was an early tour organiser, and president for a term.

His safeworking interests led to the formation of Signalling Records Society Australian, modelled on the UK parent. In the 1950s, he was recognised for his work with blind children, demonstrating railway-operating principles using tactile diagrams made from matchsticks.

He was a prolific writer about aspects of railway operation, often under pseudonyms in the early days (the fashion of the era).

—Rod Smith

"I'm thinking of starting a timetable collecting mob and I'm looking for an editor; would you be interested?" Thus started a conversation in 1983 between Jack McLean and myself in Albert's Stamp Centre, the shop I was then running. This was the beginning of a very strong relationship between Jack and me. Of course, he became the first President of the A.A.T.T.C., with me as the first Editor

and, later, the first Vice President.

At the time of that conversation, I was aware that he had, some years' earlier, made similar approaches to David Langley and that, together, the two of them had founded the Signalling Record Society. In 1983, Jack had recently retired from work and was prepared to put some of his new found leisure time into forming the organisation that very soon became the A.A.T.T.C. It was Jack's enthusiasm, vision and foresight that led to the Association taking on the form with which we are still familiar today.

Early editions of *The Times* (and later *Table Talk*) often came about after input from Jack. I hope he didn't mind the numerous phone calls from me – sometimes as many as two or three a day – I know that Jack's ate wife Ena was bemused by the number of calls I would make.

Most of Jack's visions for the A.A.T.T.C. reached fruition but on one point he was proved to be wrong. At about the time that the first edition of *The Times* appeared in September 1983, Jack had a so called a meeting of timetable collectors in his iconic garage. (Garage? There wasn't room for a car in there as it was full-to-overflowing with Jack's model railway set-up and his railway ephemera and, in particular, his vast collection of timetables.) Anyway, apart from Jack and one other person turned up. Even I wrote the date down incorrectly and didn't get there. "It looks like the Association won't be meeting oriented," Jack opined. "It looks like the magazine will be the main thing." Of course, even today, *The Times* and *Table Talk* are mainstays of the Association. However, as meetings began to be held in cities right across Australia, Jack was pleased to admit that his earlier prediction had not been quite right.

Despite a growing frailty in later years, Jack always followed the business of the Association with enthusiasm. Despite his natural humility, he was always proud of the growth of an organisation that had once been no more than a gleam in his eye.

Vale Jack McLean

—Albert Isaacs

Hadn't talked to or corresponded with Jack for many years, but I've been to his place, and seen the model railway.

Jack was very enthusiastic about the railways of Prince Edward Is and. He sent me a list of the Canadian National public timetables in his collection, and when I acquired one that wasn't on that list, I'd copy

the PEI pages and post them.

His birthday was the same as my daughter's and he seemed to get quite the kick out of that.

Someplace around here I've got a draft of an article he wrote, explaining North American timetable and train order operation to those unfamiliar with it.

—Dean Ogle

Jack McLean began submitting articles to National Association of Timetable Collectors in the 1980s. Jack was a major contribution to NAOTC's "The Timetable Collector." Jack and I started corresponding in the 1990s. He wrote the some of the most interesting correspondence, an art which seems to be disappearing in this E-mail age. His recall which was reinforced by his timetable collection was amazing. I was fortunate enough to meet Jack twice. The first time 2001 Jack was at his peak. The visit to his home in Box Hill and his auto tour around Melbourne on a rainy day was unforgettable. Jack had an amazing gift, he could talk to anyone, even someone who really did not want to talk to him, and by the time Jack had finished the conversation, whoever was talking to Jack was genuinely glad to have had the conversation and to have met Jack. Jack and I obtained entry to a few places that day that I would not have dreamed of even attempting to visit.

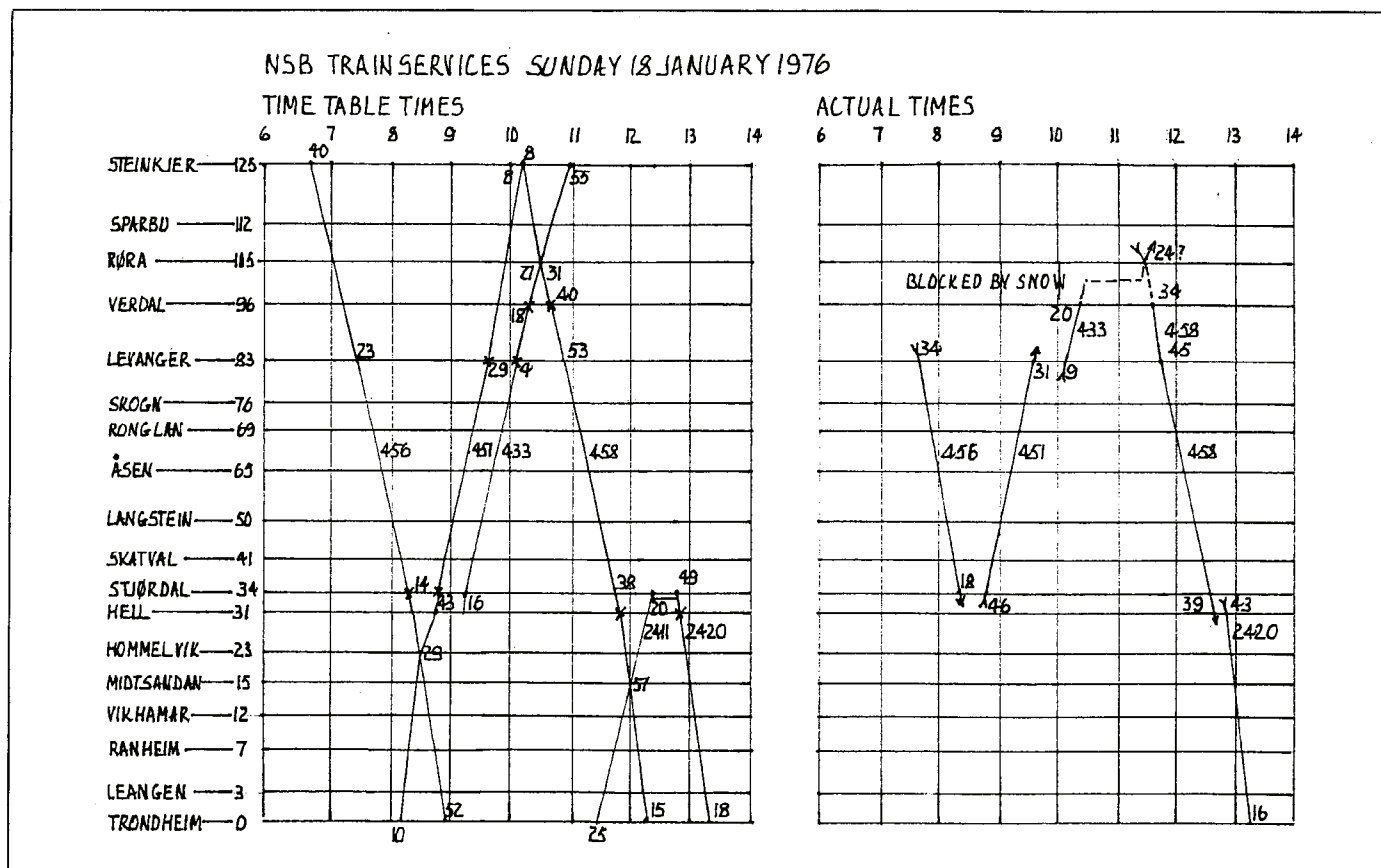
Of course, Jack had an astounding timetable collection. His Victorian Railways collection took up an entire room. His "foreign" collection was world class, as well as his generosity. Regrettably, I missed his monthly Friday mode railway session which used a prototype block system. I am kind of glad that I did, as an American railroader since I would have fallen flat on my face. An American Manual Block System is so much easier than the Australian Safe Working System.

The second time that I saw Jack was in 2009 at his Canterbury address. During a visit with Geoff Lambert, the subject of Jack came up and how he had disappeared off the radar scope. Since I was going to Melbourne during my visit, I decided to try drop by to visit Jack. It was another cold rainy winter Victorian day. I was able to take a suburban train very close to Jack's address. The walk ended up at a, by American standards, very top end nursing home. Jack was upstairs at breakfast in a wing which had a keypad for entry and exit. I was told I could visit him but he

(Continued on page 16)

# Hell-bound train

Reflections on Jack McLean's timetables by GEOFF LAMBERT



Train graphs are a Jack McLean specialty

As the caption to this graph, taken from the June 1999 issue of *Australian Railway Enthusiast*, asserts, train graphs were one of Jack's specialties. This chart was drawn to illustrate an article written about a European trip taken by Jack, his son Stephen and Rod Smith in 1976. The attraction of course is Hell, the famous station near the Norway-Sweden border, which frequently freezes over.

Jack had a way of drawing these charts with a clarity which no computer graphics program has yet to equal. I tried to do so for an article he wrote for *The Times* on VR's Maldon line, but he rejected them out of hand. He was correct to do so.

Jack's timetable collection was legendary not so much for its size, but for its scope. One day in the garage, he asked me to name an obscure railway and he would check to see if he had a representative WTT. I picked the Gold Coast Railway out of the blue and only a minute or two later, I held its WTT in my hands.

WTTs, of course, were valued far and above PTTs, but this was for the simple

reason that they helped illuminate the way in which railways were run. When founding the AATTC, Jack sent out a letter to prospective members in these terms:

*We think an important role of the Association is to facilitate the exchange of information about timetables and the exchange of timetables themselves., as well as related items such as Rule Books, GA.s etc.*

This set the early tone for AATTC, and in this respect the AATTC mimicked the NAOTC, on which Jack based his idea for the AATTC. I don't think I ever saw a Public Timetable among Jack's collection.

Jack used WTTs, then, as windows into the inside workings of railways, an inquisitiveness which his Stationmaster father had strongly discouraged. For all their utilitarian purpose though, Jack could still appreciate the "thrill of the chase" - so much so that he later wrote a series of articles for *The Times* entitled "How to collect timetables". Working timetables of course.

Jack also made his own timetables, including some for the Wingrove line. These even included a graphical version. He also

made timetables (of a sort) for the train-watchers who would gather at Spencer St every Good Friday Eve to watch the mass exodus of trains for the holiday period. The earliest ones of these which I have were reproduced on a spirit duplicator because this all took place in the days before photocopiers.

As someone brought up in the Great Depression, it was not at all surprising that Jack preferred not to pay for timetables... "If you can't get it for free, then it can't be worth having", he once told me. That's all very well for a silver-tongued devil like Jack, but the rest of us had to rely upon money to get what we wanted.

To Jack, photocopies or hand-copied versions were perfectly acceptable as a substitute for the real thing. This, at least, has rubbed off on most of our members and at least 70% have indicated thus in membership surveys. This merely confirms, I suppose, that the collecting of timetables is not done to "have and to hold" nor to admire... but to dissect the innards in order to gain insight into how transport systems tick.

# The early days of the AATTC

by JACK McLEAN



A detailed history of the AATTC will be written one of these days, and maybe we should start to do so now. I suppose I should at least begin the task but a full detailed account might be safer if it were published post-humously.

One thing I reckon would have worked for AATTC was to form a partnership with some friends and run AATTC the way we wanted, not the way a committee would run it or as a result of pressure from "the members". If I had had some spare money it might have worked that way. A sort of benevolent dictatorship such as runs the 43 year old model railway in my garage. The first two or three years of the AATTC were a bit precarious financially. If I started something similar these days, I might set it up like a one man business. I had more energy then but no money to throw around.

## Before AATTC

I have always primarily been a railway enthusiast, with a specialty in signalling and operations. In other words I have never

really been interested in trams let alone buses and aircraft. As a railway enthusiast I wanted to know which trains ran, how often and how close to the ones in front so that I could work out what sort of signalling there was and how it coped. I was already a member of the Australian Railway Historical Society (ARHS) and had written a score or so of articles, generally on signals and the constraints they had on timetables and vice versa. I also founded what ended up as the Signalling Record Society of Victoria (SRSV).

While the interests of these societies overlap a bit they also complement each other. If I write about signals I can send it to the SRSV. If I write about timetables I can send it to the AATTC. If both signals and timetables are involved maybe I will send it to the ARHS Victorian Division journal Newsrail. If it is about UK or North America it might go to the Australian Railway Enthusiast (ARE) magazine and occasionally I get things in the National Association Of Timetable Collectors (NAOTC)

journal.

Because of the geographical spread of members it was obvious that AATTC would be a magazine oriented association and it mostly still is. Apart from AGM's it seems that there were no social meetings until October 1984.

If people ask me what I collect, I say "Timetables" because most people (including many railway enthusiasts) don't know what a Rule Book, General Appendix or a Signal Diagram is. I use the words "Time Table" as my stated subject when I talk to Probus Clubs and other community organisations.

Yet. I have never thought of myself primarily as a timetable collector. I do collect timetables but only to be able to understand the sort of train services which require the sort of signals the railways provide and vice versa. Working Timetables were relatively difficult to obtain, but I had my contacts and knew where the waste paper baskets were.

There were lots of railway blokes I knew whose office had more copies than they needed of all sorts of treasures like Working Timetables, Rule Books, General Appendices, Weekly Notices and Signal Diagrams. They would slide one into my bag on top of my lunch. Occasionally even my father, a railwayman, who disapproved of and discouraged my interest in railways, would bring home some railway item for me when he had won a trophy at bowls (which was his lifelong interest), or if I got a rare pass in an exam.

At first I only kept the current issue of a timetable like the 1935 Melbourne suburban working timetable that I carried to and from High School. Now I wish I had the ones I'd thrown away. After a while the railway blokes began asking me (and still ask me) if I had a copy of such and such instead of me asking them if could I have one.

### Starting AATTC

I am not sure exactly how I met Albert Isaacs or when it was decided to start the AATTC. I thought I knew some enthusiasts who would be interested. Albert offered to edit the magazine which was later named *The Times*. It started as a bi-monthly magazine and soon became monthly. The name *Times* started off as an acronym but I couldn't think what the letters might stand for. The first meeting was held at 60 Kenmare Street, Box Hill North (in Melbourne, Victoria) in my garage along with the Wingrove Model Railway as a distraction. We had few "activities" apart from an Annual Meeting.

Mick Guiney was the first Treasurer. He

and I started a bank account under the name of McLean/Guiney. Members were asked to make cheques payable to McLean/Guiney but I suppose the members thought we would decamp with their money so they would only make out their cheques to AATTC. The bank kicked up a fuss about paying money into an account in another name. Then we decided to have a bank account in the name of the AATTC but the bank wouldn't let us open it until we had a constitution as they wanted to know what to do with the money if AATTC folded.

For quite a long time we didn't have regular committee meetings or regular members meetings. Maybe regular ones started after I retired as President. I suppose until then it was run as a pretty close association of devotees and run like a partnership by three members - Albert, Mick and Myself. Mick is a foundation member but is seen only rarely at AATTC activities these days.

### Comments on Progress to Date

I am interested only in railway timetables although I know there are lots of people who like other sorts of timetables, like Vytautus Radzivanus who even has a timetable for rickshaws. I would have kept the AATTC as a "rail only" timetable association, but I didn't do much of the work so timetables

for other transport modes were included. Our first ad in railway magazines calling a meeting to start the new Association, used the word "HORARIOLOGIST" (which I invented and which no one could spell).

We had about 15 starters at the inaugural meeting. I thought we would soon have 200 members but even after 15 years we haven't reached that number (current membership is approx. 155 - Ed). In the early days we kept a low profile so we would only get members who were interested in timetables, not people who just wanted to join another club.

### The Future of Timetable Collecting

I know the world is gradually leaving behind the use of paper, including the use of paper timetables. Ena goes crook whenever I photocopy someone's timetables - "think of all the trees that are cut down to make the photocopy paper" she says. Anyway, for many years now I have realised that the present rail scene isn't very interesting, at least compared with the past. If the railways themselves look less interesting these days or if the railways one day disappear, then their timetables are also likely to be less interesting and disappear with them.

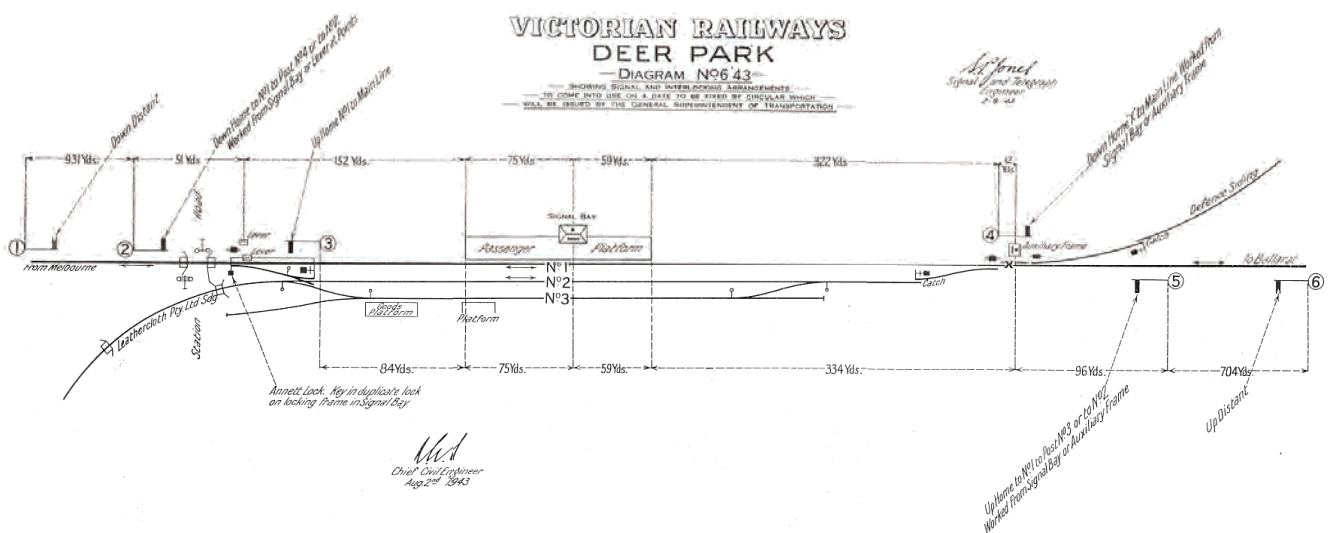
Mrs. Scrafton (the wife of member Derek Scrafton) might not remember she once commented to me on the phone that her husband had this curious ability to read timetables and see pictures of trains. That is what I do too. Perhaps we all do it. It applies particularly to the past. Past railway services and the past timetables are far more interesting than the present. If one day there are no timetables and even no trains I will still be able to get out my old timetables, read them and see pictures of old trains. So get out your old timetables and start looking at mental pictures of trains.



# Bringing the Wimmera to the Big Smoke



*Living and working in the Big Smoke it is a pleasure to get out of it as often as possible and because I like single-line railways I often go out your way. More often than not we (my two sons and I) often only get as far as Deer Park which, 20 miles from home, can still give the impression of being at Pimpinio if you look south. And the Overland and the Jets and 57 and 53 and 13 and the Fruitie and the Coalie look for all the world as if they are still up in the Mallee or the Wimmera. We are fortunate too in knowing the regular ASM at Deer Park and this makes the business all the more pleasant.*



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may not know me. That was the case, in the typical Jack style, after introducing myself as a timetable collector acquaintance, he gave me a long penetrating gaze and said, "I do not know you". After a few minutes I left as Jack did not want to carry on a conversation with someone he did not know. The visit left me in a very contemplative mood. I know that the Jack I visited that day was not the Jack that we all knew and treasured friendship with. I also feel that Jack would have felt the same way--that he was not the Jack he would have wanted to be. Unfortunately life goes on too long some times.

There never will be another Jack McLean.

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-Kent Hannah

Jack was in the CMF, as it was then known for at least 10 years from the 50s. I think he may have also been heavily involved in his local Church in Mont Albert. I discovered this when Jack unexpectedly swore in front of me (very appropriate use of the F word but I was quite surprised). I made a comment to Jack about not expecting him to use such a colourful word and he replied that he had been in the CMF for 10 years so he knew how/ and when to swear. More importantly he gave me a gentle lecture about the origins of the F word and how it wasn't such a bad word at all and compared it to the Bugger word which he (Correct l) said had such a horrible meaning yet it was often used in a kind of term of endearment in the use "silly old bugger". Jack of course was right again, teaching something to a young Turk like me.

He was such a mentor to me in many ways, like the uncle I never had (my parents totally disapproved of my railway interest).

Jack's comment about "doing something useless enthusiastically" as a description of the hobby is something I use in my professional life every day. I see so many patients who are bored and have no hobbies--Jack gets quoted and it also helps me explain my hobbies to the patients especially those who just don't get the railway thing (most of them!!). They see the pictures on the wall and I say-"it beats golf!!!" and they look in disbelief.

It is sad to see Jack go but he has had a long and productive innings.

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-Stuart Turnbull

This morning, along with a big crowd of mourners, I attended the funeral service of pioneer Victorian railway enthusiast, Jack McLean, who died last week.

Jack was famous among the railway enthusiast fraternity. His specialty was timeta-

bles and he was a founding member of the AATTC (Australian Association of Timetable Collectors.)

One of the eulogies was delivered by Roderick B Smith who is well known to railway enthusiasts in Victoria. David Langley and Victor Isaacs were among the other speakers.

I went to Box Hill High School with David and Jack's son Stephen (1950-1989). Jack's other sons Andrew and David told some colourful and entertaining stories about their late father. I felt that everyone present would have learned something about Jack that that they hadn't previously known.

A wake was held at the family home at Mont Albert North and it was sad to see the dormant "Wingrove" railway that had been a Friday night institution for many enthusiasts over a long period of time.

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-Paul Nicholson

Farewell 'Uncle' Jack. Long may you continue to do something useless enthusiastically!

I, among many others, will do so in your name.

You are greatly missed already.

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-Steve Malpass

