

# MarkTime 140

Mark Strickert - PO Box 1171, Rialto CA 92377

[busnrail@yahoo.com](mailto:busnrail@yahoo.com)

\$2 cash/stamps/trade/LoC

## Started 9/6/2021

This was originally to be *MarkTime 138*, until we got back from Montana. Now, my goal is to use the leftovers in this issue, and the next big family trip that will almost certainly become the contents of an oversized *MarkTime 141*.

The schools just started the final quarter of the 2021-22 season, and the kids are for now still attending classes in their respective schools. We have had several "Your child may have been exposed" e-mails for each, but so far no follow-up e-mail saying they needed to stay quarantined at home. We had one close call, but since it was when we in Montana Andrew was thankfully not among the potentially exposed. Matthew's class schedule is wacky, with a "Period 0" music class three days a week, and at least two late band classes a week. Nancy is still working at home at least three days a week, and this will continue for the foreseeable future. I continue to be retired, in theory.

We have made repeat field trips to the Amoeba, Doctor Strange, and Penny Lane record stores. Matthew has been actively seeking punk and hard rock vinyl and t-shirts, Andrew is widening his own t-shirt selection, Nancy is finding cool stickers for refrigerator and luggage, and I am still trying to fill holes in my easy listening CD and TV/movie DVD collections. I am interested in obtaining more Anthony Bourdain programs, especially anything prior to *Parts Unknown*.

Nancy got me *My Cubs: A Love Story* by Scott Simon for Christmas, a good read but a bit quick. I had placed it on my want list when a friend had suggested two of Simon's other books, but so far *Unforgettable* and *Home and Away* have been harder to find. I have also recently read Rick Steves' *Travel as a Political Act*, which I had gotten Nancy for Christmas, *the Zinester's Guide to Portland* (referenced in the Portland section), and *Dave Grohl The Storyteller: Tales of Life and Music*, which we had bought for Matthew at a certain large bookstore that gets mentioned later in this very issue. I did not know many of the Nirvana or Foo Fighters songs Grohl references in his book, so I foresee an evening of picking through Spotify some upcoming evening. Also I just finished reading S.E. Hinton's *The Outsiders*, years after Nancy first suggested the book. Andrew's middle school English class is reading it in class, as did Matthew's several years before.

Nancy and I have been on three just-us trips in the past few months. We were up in Walnut Creek last September, for Nancy's friend's sister wedding. The Gardens at Heather Farm Park was a beautiful place for a wedding. Nancy had to work a half-day while we were up there, so I spent the morning on a transit field trip. I had never done any riding out in Antioch or Pittsburg even

when I lived in the Bay Area, so it was east to find new routes on Tri-Delta and the County Connection. I met Nancy for lunch at Zachary's pizza in Pleasant Hill ... we had a Mediterranean stuffed pizza, and we ordered an all-meat one to bring home for the kids. The next morning we stopped by Nancy's sister for breakfast, then continued south on 880-101-152-5-138-15-215-210, with stops only at the ex-Burger King Starbucks near Harris ranch and at a Starbucks in Palmdale, both convenient for cold drinks and bathroom breaks.

For our anniversary in October, we spent a night in Pasadena, with dinner at the kitschy Clearman's North Woods Inn and the next morning for a nice stroll around the grounds at Huntington Library and Gardens. Their afternoon tea room was closed For The Duration, but just as well we wanted to head home before the usual 210 Freeway afternoon traffic mayhem.

Our other couple's getaway was to Portland in mid-February. We were not planning on anything out of town for Valentine's Day or for anytime before the Egypt tour, but Alaska Airlines and Starbucks announced a 2-for-1 airfare deal. Of the places they fly to nonstop out of Ontario, Portland was highest on my must-do list as I had spent so little time there before.

One of Nancy's middle school friends now lives in Portland. Sarah was kind enough to pick us up at PDX and drove us to our hotel, with a stop for lunch and catching-up time at the Rontoms Bar. The seating was well-spaced in the outdoor patio area. We were seated next to a tree that had graffiti, and we knew Matthew would get a kick out of it. The food and drinks were great and it was nice to meet one of Nancy's friends who knew about a part of her life I'm not too familiar with.



Oh yes, it was a nice afternoon in Portland. The normal high in mid-February is around 50, but this day was in the mid-60s so my jacket was off during lunch especially knowing that soon the "False Spring" would leave town before we did.

We did not get to the hotel until dark. We said our goodbyes and Nancy took pictures to mark the occasion but while doing so a driver passed by and yelled out "15 Minutes!!" We think they were mistaken for Instagram/Fakebook people who take pictures in spots they shouldn't. Sarah's car was parked in a zone signed for 15 minutes only, but duh! she was gone before that time was up.



We stayed at a place called the Moxy. The Moxy is obviously aimed at whatever passes for hipsters these days. We had to check three doors to find the right entrance, and the bar dominates

the first floor. Sure enough, the registration "desk" is at the end of the bar. They gave us a couple of drink coupons to use during our stay.

After checking out our room and dropping off luggage, we walked to the opposite corner of SW 10th and Alder and caught the downtown streetcar loop, taking streetcar route A clockwise over to the Portland Night Market. When we got off, we could tell we were in the right area as we could hear the thumping of the music and droves of people walking (many with dogs) towards the sounds. When we got to the location there was a line around the corner literally and figuratively. I wanted to leave but Nancy said we should stay and see how far we could get. We were the oldest people in the crowd, or it seemed. The line actually went pretty fast and we had to get carded in case we wanted to drink.

To say the place was crowded would not do it justice. Every inch of space had a person or two standing in it and there were sections we didn't even get to because people were at a standstill. The inside area was a combination of flea market and crafts fair, while the outside area was for food, drink, and dancing or would have been if there were any room. We did try to purchase food at the assortment of food trucks but alas the lines were so long that we weren't sure which food truck we would really be standing in line for. So, after a hot and crowded 20 minutes we left. Looking by our hotel we found a Ramen shop around the corner. We had a nice soup for dinner with their version of pieces of crispy chicken. It was delicious. Later Sarah told us that this was the first Market Night since lockdown. My guess though is it's only slightly quieter at the best of times.

Sunday morning we first headed to SW 11<sup>th</sup> and Taylor, as the brunch at The Daily Feast was highly recommended. It must be good as the wait time was much too long. Plan B, we walked up 11<sup>th</sup> to Harvey Milk St. as Kenny & Zuke's Bagelworks and Delicatessen sounded like a good alternative. Nancy really wanted a good bagel, and my obvious menu choice was the homemade chunky corned beef hash. After breakfast we walked over to 6<sup>th</sup> and Pine to catch the MAX Green Line to make our way out to Best Buy in Clackamas.

Somehow an important power cord had been left behind at home so we took a field trip to get a new one. We also got nice views of Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens from the Green Line train. Heading back to downtown Portland, we transferred from the Green Line a Red Line train since that line stops closer to the hotel. Right at the SW 10<sup>th</sup> Red Line stop is a Target store. Since we were not hungry enough yet for a full lunch, we picked up some good snacks like hummus and pretzel chips.



After going back to the hotel for snacks and a welcome nap, we took the Blue Line to the Hollywood stop, as Sarah's house was a few blocks east of there. The stop also happened to be near a Trader

Joe's ... One of Nancy's co-workers has made it a habit of stopping by Trader Joe's in other states to bring back their local bags as souvenirs. As you may have gotten from the recent Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, Prescott, and New Orleans visits, we have taken that tradition on ourselves. Alas, this store was out of Oregon bags.

Sarah invited us over for dinner, and we met her partner Helena. Helena is a retired firefighter but now works on her music and photography. Dinner consisted of rice and curry which was spicy for me but still delicious. We even got treated to homemade cookies and brownies. The evening went quickly as there was not a loss of topics. Both Helena and I did not really know the stories of how Nancy and Sarah met. Sarah distinctly remembers meeting in Band Class as they both played clarinet. However Nancy take was *poof* they were friends.

Nancy mentioned how I am into radio and zining. This was a rare time that locals gave me suggestions for radio stations, which I greatly appreciated. Portland has many high school, college, and other independent non-commercial stations, all of which I enjoyed. Helena is especially into KXRY "X-Ray Radio". They did not have much of a signal at the hotel, but I heard enough



to find a great selection of music old and new, and a number of talk shows most of which were thankfully a welcome relief from typical commercial fare. One show I recorded turned out to be a DJ training program called "They Gave Us a Show?". The music was a bit too Hip-Hoppish for my taste but the DJs were cool. Nancy innocently asked Sarah and Helena if they knew what a zine was, as she always has to explain them to her other friends. However without missing a beat Helena and Sarah both said, "Of course we do!" To which Helena added "We're punk!" Later when we got home Nancy asked Matthew "Did you know Dad was punk?" and Matthew replied, "I've known this for a very long time Mom."

Monday morning we again walked over to Daily Feast, and they had tables available this time. They had yet another take on homemade corned beef hash, still good. We then caught a streetcar right out front, taking the NS line to Portland State University. Yes, school bookstores have become yet another must-do on trips, especially to find fun mascot T-shirts. While we were at PSU the rains came, and stayed with us the rest of the daylight hours. Despite that we continued our touring ... we next hopped on the A streetcar line back to the hotel, dropped off our school purchases, then continued our pilgrimage to Powell's books.

While I had passed through Portland many times in my travels, the only other time I saw more than the Greydog station or I-5 had been an afternoon during the Washington State County Hunt of 1997. Most of that afternoon were spent at a Portland Rockies baseball game (well on their way to winning their only Northwest League championship) and Powell's Books. Returning to that store had been high on my To-Do List ever since.



We did not find any books on our personal want lists, but we still made plenty of purchases such as postcards, patches, that Dave Grohl book for Matthew, and *The Zinester's Guide to Portland* I wish I had known about and read before this trip not that we had enough time for just what was already on my usual Trip Notes list. I looked through the zines section of the book hoping to find a mention of the zine store I liked here in 1997. No luck there, but they noted Microcosm Publishing had a shop on the North Side, and there was another zine store listed further north on the same bus route 4.

Microcosm had a bus stop right out front, and they even sponsored the bus stop trash can. Alas, they were not allowing shoppers inside, but they were kind enough to sell me a copy of *Xerography Debt #51* through the door and they also passed along a sticker and a couple of their catalogs. We continued north on the 4 up to Mississippi Ave. Sadly there was no sign of the Reading Frenzy store. We did however find a pizza pub on our way to the southbound bus stop. We enjoyed pizza and KMHD playing in the dining area.



The southbound 4 dropped us near the Lan Su Chinese Garden, an island of calm in the middle of a densely populated part of Skid Row. We had hoped to visit for their Lunar New Year lantern viewings, but those were sold out for the few nights they were on display during our trip. We still did enjoy the unlit lanterns still up,



plus the daytime displays and the tearoom. We then intended to ride the Red Line from Old Town/ Chinatown to the hotel, but the line was disrupted by some accident so we had to get

off at Oak St. and walk over to Wahington St. to catch bus route 15 back to the hotel. Our walk took us past 2nd Avenue Records, which looked like a good punk/indie music store but darn they had just closed for the day. We chose Habibi Mediterranean on Morrison west of SW 10<sup>th</sup> for our Valentine's Evening dinner spot, but it was closed ... it did not look permanently shuttered, so was it a place allergic to Mondays or just understaffed? Plan B, back to the corner for Maya Taqueria. Their Chili Verde was a bit spicier than I get in Cali but it was still within tolerance. We then hung out at the hotel bar, cashing in our drink coupons and snacking on marshmallow & rice cereal bars

while filling out postcards and playing a meme card game they had in their game rack.

Tuesday morning we unintentionally slept in until 10. I quickly recalculated our day ... instead of breakfast, I found bus route 58 took us from near our hotel west almost to both our Beaverton stops. Also, where we did have to transfer buses, there was another Trader Joe's. However, they too had no Oregon bags for the foreseeable future. It seems that all the West Coast stores have been waiting for fresh supplies, but the bags were stuck on ships somewhere in the Pacific. At least this stop shorted our wait for the southbound route 78 to our lunch at Taco Time.

Our other Beaverton stop was two short bus rides north, with a blink-and-you-miss-it connection at Beaverton Transit Center. The Cedar Hills Apartments would be a standard suburban apartment complex, if not for the good bus service and for a tall garden gnome standing in public view even after good reviews on the Roadside America website (<https://www.roadsideamerica.com/tip/50300>).



Nearby Washington Park is a beautiful green, hilly area with museums, the Portland Zoo, and a Japanese garden. The light rail station has some fun displays, such as some of the core samples they had drilled when surveying for building the station ... since the station is 260 feet below ground, you get to see quite a few layers of rock. There are also more than a few quotes and pictures chiseled into the granite walls of the station. Someone placed the first few hundred digits of pi, except someone caught some boo-boos and others thought it worthy of listing them on the Roadside America website (<https://www.roadsideamerica.com/tip/20814>).



3,1415926535  
821480865144  
288109757245  
870066330572  
703698336733  
620005681271  
420199561150  
244594555982  
534904897932

Being so deep, one must take an elevator up to ground level. Instead of floor numbers,

the display shows a count-up of feet above sea level from the platform up to the surface. The elevator doors got a bit confused by the air pressure change when a

train sped into the station, but eventually the doors closed



and we made it to the surface for our scenic bus ride to the Japanese Garden.

We should have known ... the science museum near the station looked closed, and the adjacent zoo parking lot was very quiet. Most of the park facilities were closed on Tuesdays, including yes the Japanese Garden. Well, closed to the general public. While we were waiting for route 68 back to the Max station, a fancy looking tour bus pulled up to the Japanese Garden gate and a group of grade schoolers was led through the gate on a field trip. We considered attempting to pose as chaperones, if not to tour the grounds then to at least access the bathrooms. Instead I plotted out the itinerary to our next destination, one with an obvious bathroom break point at the transfer point. We rode the Blue Line to Lloyd Center, a dying shopping mall east of downtown, with enough time to get to a northbound route 70 bus stop. This route would drop us off at the foot of Grant Park, home of the Beverly Cleary sculpture garden, bronze sculptures of the author's beloved characters Ramona Quimby, Henry Huggins, and Ribsby the dog. Appropriately enough, the first house north of the park hosts a Little Free Library.



The southbound route 70 was much more crowded, as there is a high school adjacent to the park, but by Burnside Ave. we were able to get off without too many Excuse Me's or sharp elbows 🙄.



Wow route 20 is long ... the same route that we used in Beaverton to visit the gnome also serves Burnside east of downtown. We had some time, so we walked around looking for a coffee shop noted on Google Maps.

Speed-o Cappuccino turned out to be a food trailer and covered picnic bench area in a parking lot behind a music store, and there was no sign of current business activity. That food truck has since been converted into CyberCat Café, and does not even open for business until 4:00 PM. Anyway, Nancy saw a sausage store on her phone map ... this would be Michael's Italian Beef & Sausage Co., purveyor of Chicago-style sandwiches. During my Chicago days I rarely had the local delicacy the Italian beef sandwich, but these days I consider them to be more than worthy of my attention when I find them. Even more so the Italian beef and Italian sausage "combo" with added green peppers also cooked in the Italian beef juices. Nancy and I shared a combo sandwich and some iced tea. We then hopped on the eastbound 20 out to Music Millennium records. I had a list of records and

videos to watch for, but it was Nancy who bought records. We also found Matthew a store t-shirt he has worn several times since we got back, and a nice "Keep Portland Weird" magnet for the refrigerator. Not too far away from Music Millennium is the Ate-O-Ate Hawaiian restaurant. We met Sarah there for dinner. We could have stayed longer, but all of us had a ridiculously early plane to catch in the morning.

As in, at 5:15

Wednesday morning we were already out the door to catch the Red Line to the airport. Being that early, it was a relatively quiet ride and still very dark out when we reached the airport. It turns out Sarah was leaving home on the same flight as she still has lots of family in her hometown. So we were able to have one final meal with her at PDX before we left Portland. It was cloudy much of the way back to Ontario airport, but there we had a nice view of Mt. Shasta and the Lassen Volcanic Park area during a break in the clouds in far northern California.

The past few months have been good for cleaning up some of my lists for Cities I Still Need To Visit, and Cities I Need To Do More Than Just Pass Through. With Helena finally off the To-Visit list and Portland, Missoula, and New Orleans handled from the Pass-Through list, the Top 10s for each now read thusly:

#### Cities I Still Need To Visit

1. Great Falls
2. Anchorage
3. Edmonton
4. Halifax
5. Idaho Falls
6. Durham
7. Natchez
8. Casper
9. Sag Harbor, New York
10. Bend, Oregon

#### Cities I Need To Do More Than Just Pass Through

1. Louisville
2. Tucson
3. Fort Collins
4. Colorado Springs
5. Annapolis
6. El Paso
7. Harrisburg
8. New Haven
9. Omaha
10. Knoxville

A week later, I took a solo overnight trip down to Oceanside, Carlsbad, and San Diego for a bit of transit riding with George Greene and John Sally. The main event was to try the new extension of the San Diego



Trolley's Blue Line up to UC San Diego, but we also took most of the Sprinter and Coaster train routes. The Scandia motel in Carlsbad is very convenient to transit and the beach, so I am sure the summer rate is far higher than February's \$52.

## Lettuce of Condiments

[Catching up on several months of backlog, though surprisingly little to catch up on sniffle. Did ANYONE receive MarkTime 139?? – MaS]



**Arnold H. Hollander** (via Facebook)  
8/26/2021

I just finished reading *MarkTime 137*. I was sorry to hear about your nephew. I am impressed by all the traveling you and your family do. Indeed, you, Ken and Brent are always on the move. You mentioned reading *A Canticle for Liebowitz*, and that's one tale I remember reading in the sixties. My wife and I do not travel as much as we'd like with this pandemic crap going on. We do binge watch a lot of PBS shows. I hope you and your family stay well.

[*Nancy and I would go bonkers if we were stuck home all the time. It helps that she can telecommute!* – MaS]

## Fred Argoff

Penthouse L  
1170 Ocean Pkwy.  
Brooklyn NY 11230  
August 25, 2021  
Hey Mark!

Time for one of those lettuce of condiments ....

I saw that nice long letter in *MarkTime # 137* that mentioned Pete Reiser. My Dad used to talk about him all the time—how his career got shortened by his unfortunate tendency to smash into walls. Just offhand I forget the name, but there was a character who did that in Philip Roth's *The Great American Novel* (a wonderful baseball-themed story I heartily recommend to, well, everyone!)

The commentary I was really inspired to make, though, is about the Dodgers in general and not Reiser specifically. My father was a lifelong Brooklyn Dodger fan. Even after they moved west, he only ever referred to them as the Brooklyn Dodgers—the team playing in L.A. didn't count (which, I believe was a fairly common phenomenon among the Flatbush Faithful).



Reiser's gravesite in Palm Springs

The Brooklyn Dodgers are why I'm a Mets fan today. When I was a kid and watched a baseball game with my father, we couldn't get to the third inning before he was telling me about the Dodgers. I felt like I grew up with that team, even though I was only a baby when they played their last season in Brooklyn. As a matter of fact, last year we just passed a rather sad milestone. With the conclusion of the 2020 season, the Dodgers (who joined the National League in 1890) have now played more years in Los Angeles than they did in Brooklyn!

I can see the site of Ebbets Field from my living room window. There's been a huge apartment complex there since the stadium came down in 1960.

Incidentally, the name of the team doesn't have any real meaning in Los Angeles. It's a short form of "trolley dodgers." This was a sort of street game played by kids in Brooklyn a hundred years ago—scooting in front of oncoming streetcars. There used to be several trolley lines converging on the site of Ebbets Field, and fans of the baseball team sometimes had to be literal trolley dodgers themselves.

Take care, Fred

[*Yep, the streetcars were nearly all gone in Los Angeles by 1958, and no line ever served the hill surrounding Chavez Ravine. I find it equally bizzarro that "old" Ebbets Field was used for 45 seasons, yet Dodger Stadium just entered its 61<sup>st</sup> season – MaS*]

## Fred Argoff

October 5, 2021  
Hey Mark!

Hang on a second – my head is spinning. I want to make sure I have this right – you were going to get me a Capital Transit token from Helena, but the sales office was closed on the day of your visit? When you say something like that to a New Yorker, the only possible reaction is...*that's weird!* You can get subway and bus tokens at any subway station in the city, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Well...you used to be able to do that before MetroCard made tokens obsolete. But nowadays you can get a MetroCard 24/7.

I'm still waiting patiently for someone (anyone!) to tell me they've been able to scale the bureaucracy and get me one of those new bus tokens from Winnipeg. That's just about the only city I know of where they scrapped a system of fare cards and reinstituted tokens. But you can't just stroll up to their office and buy them. You actually have to put in an application and tell them how many you need for your business. The silly question this gets from me is, what if you're not a business owner, just a plain old fashioned individual who wants to use to bus system in Winnipeg? I have a feeling that if I put in an application, it might get denied. I'm not a business owner and I live thousands of miles from Winnipeg.

As long as you devoted *MarkTime 138* to Montana ... there's something I always imagined doing there. Several other western states too, for that matter. I'd really want to go wandering across the state, poking around in long-abandoned ghost towns. That fascinates me no end.

Take care, Fred

[*My birthday present from Nancy was some Helena Transit tokens and schedules she was able to order by mail after our unsuccessful visit ## It appears Winnipeg Transit now has some sort of tap-and-ride fare card, the "Peggo". There is still a reference to their institutional-only token program on the city's website ... <https://winnipegtransit.com/en/fares/say-hello-to-peggo/transit-tokens/> ## Yes, lots of Ghost Towns in several*



western states, mostly mining towns that were abandoned when the mines were emptied -- **MaS**]

**John Hertz**

236 S. Coronado St. No. 409

Los Angeles, CA 90057

26 Aug 21

Dear Mark.

Thanks for *MarkTime 137*.

Here is *Carry On, Mr. Bowditch*. I've been its fan since my 5<sup>th</sup> Grade teacher at the University of Chicago Laboratory School, Miss (as we then called her) Cacioppo, read aloud to us. I don't know why you thought it would be a loan; it's a gift.

*A Canticle for Leibowitz* is indeed worth re-reading. It's Excellent. It may be great.

Alas, you were here and I knew not. Who knows, we might have been unable to meet. Those grapes!

A chain of restaurants here called Der Wienerschnitzel serves hot dogs – I suppose because the two best known in the U.S., are Frankfurters and Wieners (and it should be das Wiener Schnitzel, anyhow). Presumably Herr Launer (the Austrian Consul General) is amused but too diplomatic to say so. Asking for Wiener Schnitzel at the Red Lion on Glendale, and getting a hot dog, even if it was Wienerwurst, seems very strange.

I don't know much about bands, but I do know you can't make a living selling big trombones.

Your fan, John A.

[Books are always welcome here, though most books people send me are loaners. Thanks! I finished it in less than a week, not a normal thing during summer travel season ## Is the "You were here" referring to that last-second, barely-enough-time Red Lion lunch? I haven't been getting over to Los Angeles so much the past few years, especially since my friend Dana went off to the Great Bus Terminal in the Sky a few months ago, but when I do I would need a phone number or e-mail to pass along any short notice. ## It would be cool if Weinerschnitzel had Weiner Schnitzel ... or maybe not. During my 1980s Bay Area days, I was most likely to get their Hawaiian burger for lunch or biscuits & gravy for breakfast, items since long gone from the menu. Nancy and the kids love their chili dogs, but we do not have them often – **MaS**]

**Lloyd & Yvonne Penney** <[penneys@bell.net](mailto:penneys@bell.net)>

1706-24 Eva Rd.

Etobicoke, ON

CANADA M9C 2B2

September 1, 2021

Dear Mark:

Many thanks for *MarkTime 137*. It's now that time of year where the kids are going back to school soon...it's the end of their summer, but not the end of ours! We have plans for picnics through the week, and relax, smiling at the fact that the kids are stuck in school, and not packing the parks. We call September and October until it gets cool adult summer.

This has been a good summer, and we are hoping for another couple of months of warm weather before we have to put the jeans and long-sleeved shirts back on. Great travels around, and you should know that in Toronto the Eglinton LRT, to be known as Line 5, should be open in a year or so, and soon, ground will start up for the subway line the provincial government has forced upon the City, and it will be called the Ontario Line. In neighbouring Mississauga, the LRT that will go from central Brampton in the NE to lower Mississauga in the

SW has its loading platforms being built before the rails are actually set into the ground. I think that's a mistake, but the road most of the LRT will be on, Hurontario Street, is exceedingly busy, and they can't really shut it down for so much construction. Toronto's Union Station has just reopened after about five years of remodeling, and we had a look at it, and it looks great. Close to Kipling Station in Toronto's west end is the new GO Transit/MiWay Kipling Terminal, which lets GO, TTC and MiWay all hook up together.

I had been wanting to respond to this issue sooner, but I thought I would wait for today, for today is the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Toronto Transit Commission. Have a look at (<https://www.ttc100years.ca/>) for some great old photos.

My loc... Time for lots of catchup. We did catch COVID-19, and we recovered, we had our first shot in late March/early April, and had our second shots on Canada Day, July 1. If there will be a third shot as a booster, I will happily take it. We mask up every day, and about ¾ of the entire population is fully vaccinated. We have our problems with anti-maskers and anti-vaxxers, and they are violent and loud. Add to that we are in the middle of a federal election here, and life certainly is interesting.

Ted Sturgeon was an optimist...and with that passing remark, I will finish up. Thanks for this one, and see you with the next. Have a great adult summer!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

[The TTC link you gave me did not work, but I found 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary photos, swag, etc. at the link I replaced it with above. The agency I worked for, OCTA, is a relative baby at only 50 ## All four of us have gotten two full shots and a booster, and I am eligible for a 2<sup>nd</sup> booster just need to 8make a new appointment – **MaS**]

**Andrew Novak** <[rtd1121@yahoo.com](mailto:rtd1121@yahoo.com)>

Tuesday, October 12, 2021 2:31 PM

Mark,

I enjoyed the Montana issue, brought back some memories from the 2019 trip there. That issue is motivating me to work on my own report from that trip, which started as a trip to Ogden, Utah. Attached is a *Wheel Clicks* I did back in August 2019 with a brief story on the Butte Street Car system. Yes while in Butte in 2019 we did visit the Berkeley Pit and it was interesting.

= Andrew Novak

[I just went back and read that issue of *Wheel Clicks*. Alas we were in Butte on a Sunday, a day of rest for most transit agencies in Montana – **MaS**]

From **Frank Merrill** [fmerrilljr@yahoo.com](mailto:fmerrilljr@yahoo.com)

10/11/2021

Hi Mark,

THANKS MAN... yeah, the printed copy got here last week too. This has been an interesting ride this year. Only time prevents me from writing it all up like I really want to, like you KNOW I'd have a *MarkTime* equivalent if I did that, but these last 72 hours have been INCREDIBLE.

Friday: Much better medical news than I ever had any right to expect, at 74: coronary artery blockage about 25%!! That's pretty damn good for my age.

Saturday: I \*KILLED\* an 11-mile hike, with a friend, out of Lake Geneva, along the entire north shore of Geneva Lake to Fontana.

Today: Just got my official "moderate carpal tunnel syndrome" diagnosis today with reflex and electrical tests. At one point all three of us were laughing, which is probably an extremely unusual sound to hear coming from a hospital examination room! Doctor mentioned something about the communis nerve and I exclaimed something like "Oh my God! COMMUNISTS!" and the intern was wondering where the capitalist nerve was, etc. and we were off to the races for a couple minutes. Too bad that I didn't think of two REAL-GROANER medical jokes I know:

KNOCK KNOCK. Who's there? HIPAA [pronounced "hippa"]. HIPPA who? Sorry, can't tell ya!

Is there a difference between the ureter and the urethra? YES, there's a vas deferens.

From the Internet, and from 1933 *Gargoyle* (U. of Michigan humor mag), respectively...

Hope you're both doing not just well, but in all respects better than you'd usually have any right to expect. Do you have any new travels coming up?

*[Good to know you are of good health. Geneva Lake is one of those places I have been near or around often, but have almost never stopped. I know one time in the early 1970s I spent an afternoon at The Abbey in Fontana, and I passed by Yerkes Observatory more than once with the promise of stopping by sometime but of course not yet. Is there still talk of extending one of the Metra commuter rail lines up there? ## Keep reading MarkTime for new of recent and upcoming travels – MaS]*

#### **Fred Argoff**

1170 Ocean Pkwy. Penthouse L

Brooklyn NY 11230

March 25, 2022

Mark,

The moment I saw your mention of Off Beat Cinema on Retro TV, I felt sad in a retro sort of way. The local broadcast stations here in New York used to be loaded with programs like that ... once upon a time. They're all gone now. I'd watch more broadcast TV if they weren't.

Fun new development on the subways here in NYC: the Metropolitan Transportation Authority is hard at work installing CBTC (computer-based train control) around the city. This is, of course, presented to the public as a badly needed modernization. But the truth is, you can't jam 21st century technology down the throat of a 19th century system. They're having a world and a half of trouble, CBTC isn't working as hoped, and the end result is some really bad service wherever it's being installed.

Their other goal, which absolutely never gets mentioned publicly, is that MTA would like to eliminate as many jobs currently held by human beings as they can. All these pesky people running around demanding fair wages, health care benefits, and decent treatment at work! Grossly unacceptable to politically appointed bureaucrats who aren't transit professionals and actually know nothing about the system they're supposed to be running.

So it's not just me whining from the 20th century, as I do more and more these days.

Happy 2022 No Longer Daylight Savings Time, (Fred)

*[Retro TV is one of those many oddball networks that could only exist because of Digital broadcast TV, otherwise they would strictly be on cable except cable TV "networks" are monopolized by the Big Boys. Out here Retro TV is on the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> digital sub-channel of some small suburban (former) UHF channel, and*

*we can only see it because the cable company knew of the channel's existence and made room for it. It appears to be the exact same situation out by you ... according to the website <https://www.getafteritmedia.com/retroTV> the Retro TV station for New York City is WJLP, channel 33 licensed to Middletown Township, NJ. WJLP's main channel has MeTV, and subchannel 33.5 is Retro TV. I get the feeling few people can receive it on broadcast TV, so they have to hope some cable systems carry it – MaS]*

#### **WAHF:**

Kjartan Arnorsson; Nicholas Hodson ("MarkTime 138 - It took me awhile to get through this, love the detail! Thanks again for sharing"), Guy Lillian III ("You made the next Zine Dump. Man, I envy you Yellowstone ..."), Hymie Luden, Tim Noonan

## **The End Times**

**4/22/2022**

Big Thank You's to my lovely wife Nancy for all the encouragement and help I needed to get this issue done and out the door! And there is more to come soon.

For the rest of this ish, I will as promised post a few of the photos from last September's Montana trip. Bye!





