

# THE MANIFEST

## March 2019



*Volunteers are not paid because they are worthless but because they are PRICELESS*

### GREETINGS ALL:

Hello everyone, the 2019-run season is quickly approaching. If you have not volunteered, please consider doing so, we would love to have your help and expertise.

**I would also like to remind everyone that 2019 dues were due on December 31, 2018**, so if you have not gotten them to Jerry yet, please do so as soon as possible. Thank you again for your support, we could not function without it.

In addition, we still need more donations for the woodcarving that was purchased and is on display in the museum.

Allen Dobney has an updated project list, which he will be reviewing at the March 11 meeting. I have attached the updated list via attachment in the email version.

In loving memory of Vic Seeberger, I am reprinting one of his stories he gave me back in 2013. Hope you enjoy, even if you have read it before.

## **Hobo trip to St Louis**

I grew up on the last block of South Main Street in Waurika, Oklahoma. One of my dearest friends lived 3 doors from us. His name was David Sullivan. He was raised at his grandparents, named Cutler, and used their name until he was about 18 years old. We called him "Skinny Cutler." One year, in the late 1930s, Skinny came back from visiting his aunt in St Louis, Missouri. He told me many stories about St Louis, and great things that he had seen and how well his aunt and uncle had treated him. As time went on, he persuaded me to go with him to St Louis. So, one summer, we caught a freight train and headed that way.

First stop was El Reno, Oklahoma and we rode into town sitting in the door of an empty boxcar with our feet dangling out in the breeze because we were young and dumb about the "rules of the road. We got off the train and found out which track the St Louis train would depart. Soon, a train came chugging along on that track heading out of town. We didn't have much time to check it out and we caught the first tank car in a line of about 6 tankers. We were standing on the platform that runs around the tanker, and we passed by a little building with a guy standing in front of it. When he saw us he motioned very emphatically for us to get off the train. We both knew what he meant, but we waved at him and grinned because we were on the train and we thought he would not be able to get us off. I kept looking back at him until he came towards the train and I could not see him anymore. I held on to the pipe that ran around the car and leaned way out and looked back and I saw he was getting on the train about two tank cars back of us. I told Skinny that we better get off and we moved around

to the other side of the train. It had not picked up much speed yet and we were able to get off on the other side. When I got a little ways away from the train, I squatted down and looked back underneath the cars as the train went by. Soon, I saw the railroad man on the other side on the ground and he saw me. He had a pistol in his hand and it was pointed toward me. It was only a revolver, but it looked like a cannon! He took aim and fired at me. I couldn't hear the gun because of the noise of the train, but I saw the fire and smoke come out of the barrel right towards me. It scared the hell out of me! I took off running in the same direction as the train was moving and caught the train about 5 cars away. Ran the fastest 100-yard dash that I had ever ran in my life. He was probably shooting blanks to scare us, and he certainly did that. Skinny caught the train also, and he was almost as frightened as I. We rode those tank cars, standing up holding on to that pipe, all the way to Kansas City. When we arrived in Kansas City, many hours later, we were very tired, hungry and thirsty. We found a water faucet and drank our fill of water. Then, we found a little grocery store just outside the railroad yards. We had a couple of bucks, so we got a can of pork n' beans and a one-pound box of soda crackers. We had a can opener. So, we took the crackers out of the box, opened and flattened it and dumped the beans on top of the box.. We ate the beans, picking them up with the crackers and our fingers. We had found out which track the St Louis train departed on, and, sure enough, a train came chugging out of the yards on that track and it was picking up speed. We both wolfed down the rest of the crackers and beans and started running to catch the train. I could always outrun Skinny, so I was a little ahead of him. I managed to catch the first car of a line of flat cars carrying farm equipment. As I got up on the car, I looked back down the train and Skinny was running as hard as he could go about 2 cars back from me, and the train continued to pick up speed. Just then the train went into a left curve and soon I could no longer

see back any further than the next car on the train. The track finally straightened out, and I could see back on the 7 or 8 flatcars, but there was no sign of Skinny. The line of flatcars was hauling farm equipment, mostly combines. I walked back on the cars looking for him. There must have been about 8 flatcars and I could not find him on any one of them. I retraced my route back to the first car, still looking, and fearing the worst, that Skinny had been unable to catch the train.

It soon started getting dark, so I got inside one of the combines, out of the wind, and tried to get comfortable. It was then that I realized what a predicament I was in. Here I was speeding through the night, alone, on a freight train, bound for St Louis. I had no idea what Skinny's aunt's name or address was in St Louis. I had no idea when or if I would ever see Skinny again. I would have to get off in St Louis and catch a train back home.

When it started to get daylight, I stood up and leaned out the opening in the combine and looked back at the cars behind me. As it got lighter, I thought I saw something in a combine about 2 cars back. Soon I could discern that it was Skinny looking out an opening and looking for me. Boy, what a relief! We got together and rode on into St Louis.

We spent a week or so with the Aunt and Uncle, and they really treated us like royalty. The uncle worked in a shoe factory. Skinny's aunt managed to give us money to go to the Highlands Amusement Park and ride some rides that I had never even seen before. She also managed to get us tickets to a Vaudeville show downtown and we got to see Betty Hutton's sister on stage. It was a wonderful show. Skinny also took me to one store that had an "electric eye" that would open the door for you. I walked up to that door to open it, and it opened before I could reach it. I almost fell down. First time I had ever seen an automatic door opener and I was impressed. I think that was one of the main reasons Skinny wanted me to go to St Louis.

The trip home was uneventful, but we were glad to get back from our hobo trip. And, to this day, I still do not know Skinny's Aunt's name or her address. I sometimes wonder how I managed to survive my young and dumb days. Just lucky, I guess, or the good Lord was watching over me.

**Vic Seeberger**

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING  
MINUTES**

**Southern Oregon Railway Historical Society  
Board of Directors  
Regular Meeting February 12, 2019**

1. Call to Order: By Bruce Kelly at 7:29PM.
2. Roll Call: Bruce Kelly, Jerry Hellinga, Allen Dobney & 8 members present. Chris Manley & Ric Walch were absent.
3. Consent of the Agenda: The agenda was approved by consensus.
4. Approval of Minutes: Both the December & January minutes were reviewed with the following corrections:

In the December Minutes under old business / cultural, the minutes should read; A motion that \$500.00 from the Cultural Coalition Grant for the CB&Q should be paid to Ruth Ann. was made by Jerry and seconded by Allen and passed unanimously.

In the January Minutes under committee reports part G, Council should read City Council.

5. Treasurer's Report: Jerry Hellinga presented the Treasurer's report. Allen Dobney moved to approved the report as presented, Jerry seconded, the motion passed.
6. Committee Reports:
  - a. Medco 4: No update
  - b. Burger Shack: Allen will be getting one section of the floor replaced, 2 picnic tables we received from the garden railway group repaired and painted, and paint the south wall of the burger shack before the first run day in April.
  - c. Newsletter: Chris sent the January/February newsletter out several days before the meeting.
  - d. Website: Allen reported our By-Laws and the latest newsletter was added to the website. Allen is also planning on adding a page to the website covering our signal and crossing equipment on display at the park.
  - e. Butte Falls: No update
  - f. Excess Sales: No update
  - g. RR Park: No update
7. Old Business:

a. None.

8. New Business

- a. Jerry Hellinga reported that we received a donation of \$2,000.00. Jerry moved to apply this donation to the purchase of the railroad carving. Allen Dobney seconded, the motion passed.
- b. We received a request that the \$1,102.56 remaining from the Cultural Coalition for the Burlington Caboose was to be returned by check made out to SOHS. Dan Wilkinson will get a written clarification on this request.

9. Good of the Order:

- a. Micro Trains donated a booklet of Medco Logging railroad photos taken in August, 1959 to the society. Allen Dobney will scan them and digital copies available.

10. Adjournment: At 7:50PM Allen Moved to Adjourn. Jerry seconded, the motion passed.

Prepared by Allen Dobney

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## UPCOMING CHAPTER EVENTS

*If you know of any other events that should be added to our newsletter, please email, me at ([chrismanleysteam@gmail.com](mailto:chrismanleysteam@gmail.com))/ call, (541-291-1705), with the details.*

**Our next meeting is Tuesday, March 11, 2019**

*Meetings are in the Model Railroad Building.*

Allen Dobney will be presenting "Southern Pacific in the Willamette Valley Volume 3" at the March 11, 2019 meeting.

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