

THE MANIFEST

October 2019



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

GREETINGS ALL:

WOW, where has the summer gone. We are down to our last two run days, with the train show coming up fast. Speaking of the train show, we need to fill up our spots. Below are the available spots as of today, to my knowledge and since no one can sign up without me, as I have the sheet, I would expect them to be accurate. Please sign up if you possibly can, we need to get these spots filled. Thank you in advance.



SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 2019

9:30-11:30	11:30-1:30	1:30-3:30	3:30-5:00
Timetables-2	Best-in-Show-2	Security-5 Ticket Area	Raffle-1
Best-in-show-1			Timetables-1
Bathroom Monitor			

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 2019			
10:00-12:00	12:00-2:00	2:00-4:00	4:00-6:00 Teardown Cleanup
Raffle-2		Security-Door D	Takedown Tree, Pack, etc.
Timetables-2		Bathroom Monitor	
Security Rover-6			

In addition, we are asking local high schools, museums, colleges, etc. if we can put up a poster asking for students to join; it's only \$5.00 for students to join. If you know of any youth that would like to join, please have them contact any one of our officers. If we get our tourist line running, we will be following the rules and regulations of the Federal Railroad Administration (FRA), it would be a fantastic opportunity for them to get some training and experience should they be considering a career as an engineer or on the railroad.

Our last run day in September was rather wet, and slow, but we still had fun, like catching Ken with his pretty red umbrella



Once, again I am including our donation PDF, Allen has updated it from the last newsletter. We really, really need your help in this so:

PLEASE FEEL FREE TO PRINT AND SHARE

**The Southern
Oregon Railway
Historical Society**



**NEEDS YOUR HELP TO
FINANCE THE DEVELOPMENT
OF A TOURIST RAILWAY IN
BUTTE FALLS, OREGON**

We Need Funds To

Purchase Rail, Ties, Switches, rail components, & building materials.

**To donate or volunteer go to
soc-nrhs.org**

(Or talk to a Society member)

Your donations are tax deductible.

We are a 501c3 non-profit organization.

Thanks to all those who have already donated

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Vic Seeberger would give me stories for the newsletter on a regular basis. In his memory, I am reprinting one of them again this month.

Hobo Trip to St. Louis **By Vic Seeberger**

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.

Southern Oregon Railway Historical Society
Board of Directors Meeting
Minutes of September 10, 2019

1. **Call to Order:** Membership Meeting was called to order at 7:38 P.M. by Bruce Kelly, President

2. **Roll Call:** Bruce Kelly, Allen Dobney, Jerry Hellinga, Chris Manley, Ric Walsh, as well as several other members were present.
3. **Minutes** were read by Chris Manley and approved with revision of potential cost of security from \$200.00 a night to a month. Motion to accept with revision mad by Allen Dobney and seconded by Jerry Hellinga.
5. **Treasurer's Report:** The report was read and approved with a motion from Chris Manley and second by Allen Dobney
6. **Committee Reports:**
 - a. *Medco 4:* Allen continues his work on the doors. Jerry is working on the bridge plate. Cost of rolling metal oil cups is too high, Jerry will make something. Grease cups are about \$34.00.

The Oregon Railroad Historical Foundation (ORHF) has decided not to finish the MedCo 4 restoration; therefore, it will not be going to Portland. However, we have made some important contacts with people who have experience and are willing to assist us in the final stages of the restoration.

So far no record of the boiler inspection, and the inspector has retired. Jerry is looking into possible waiver, or exactly what we need to do.

- b. *Burger Shack:* Allen has been working on landscaping; I (Chris) have helped some. It is looking awesome. Will be even better next year with fresh plants. Allen will be replacing watering system.
- b. *Newsletter* Nothing new

- c. *Website*: Putting history of the park on the web. Trying to get all clubs on the same page when it comes to the park itself.
- d. *Butte Falls*: N/A
- e. *Surplus*: N/A
- f. *RR Park*: Agreement is with City lawyer, not back yet. No word on security cameras. The arborist will be working on the trees in October rather than September as originally planned.

We need to change our focus of advertising, especially regarding the show. More on that later. Chris has the job list, so please see her, email, call, etc. to sign up.

8. Old Business: NA

9. **New Business** Ken mentioned possibly making some sort of membership card for members.

10. **Good of the Order:** Leslie Lensagrav made a beautiful quilt that Allen will put up on E-bay and proceeds will go to Butte Falls project.

11. **Adjournment:** Allen Dobney moved we adjourn, Jerry Hellinga seconded it; the meeting was adjourned at 7:37 pm.

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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)/ call, (541-291-1705), with the details.

Our next meeting is Tuesday October 8, 2019

Allen Dobney will be presenting a slide show; however, I am unaware of what it is at this point.

*Meetings are in the **Model Railroad Building** and begin at **7:00 p.m., on second Tuesday of the month.***

If you have never been to the park, it is at 799 Berrydale Avenue in Medford (Behind Fire Station) off Table Rock Road. The model railroad building is at the far end of the parking lot.

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