



Southern Oregon Chapter National Railway Historical Society
P.O. Box 622 Medford, Oregon 97501
Newsletter for Apr 2011



Jedediah Strong Smith
1799-1831

"I wanted to be the first to view a country on which the eyes of a white man had never gazed and to follow the course of rivers that run through a new land. "

At the age of 22, Jedediah Smith signed on with the expedition of General William Ashley to travel to the Upper Missouri and trap beaver. A year later, he led another of Ashley's groups deep into the central Rockies where he rediscovered the forgotten South Pass, the key to the settlement of Oregon and California.

The wandering spirit was planted deep in the heart of Jedediah Smith. Born January 6th, 1799, Smith's family moved several times in an effort to stay on the edge of the growing frontier boundary. According to family tradition, young Jedediah read Biddle's 1814 edition of the Lewis and Clark journals and was set on living a life in the wilderness.

In his lifetime, Smith would travel more extensively in unknown territory than any other single mountain man. He traveled in the central Rockies, then down to Arizona, across the Mojave Desert and into California making him the first American to travel overland to California through the southwest. In a most amazing journey, he also came back from California across the desert of the Great Basin.

Though he was an accomplished outdoorsman, Smith did not fit the stereotype of the typical mountain man. He never drank, never used tobacco, never boasted and was rarely humorous. Another rare quality was his strident faith. Smith was very religious and often prayed and meditated.

In 1830, Smith, rattled over the death of his mother and his neglect of family duty, decided he had had enough of mountain life. He purchased a farm and townhouse, complete

with servants, in St. Louis. However, he would have to make one more fated trip into the wilds of the Southwest. When Smith sold his shares in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company the year before, he had agreed to help procure supplies for the subsequent owners. He left in the spring of 1831 and while looking for water on the Santa Fe Trail, he was killed by Comanche warriors.

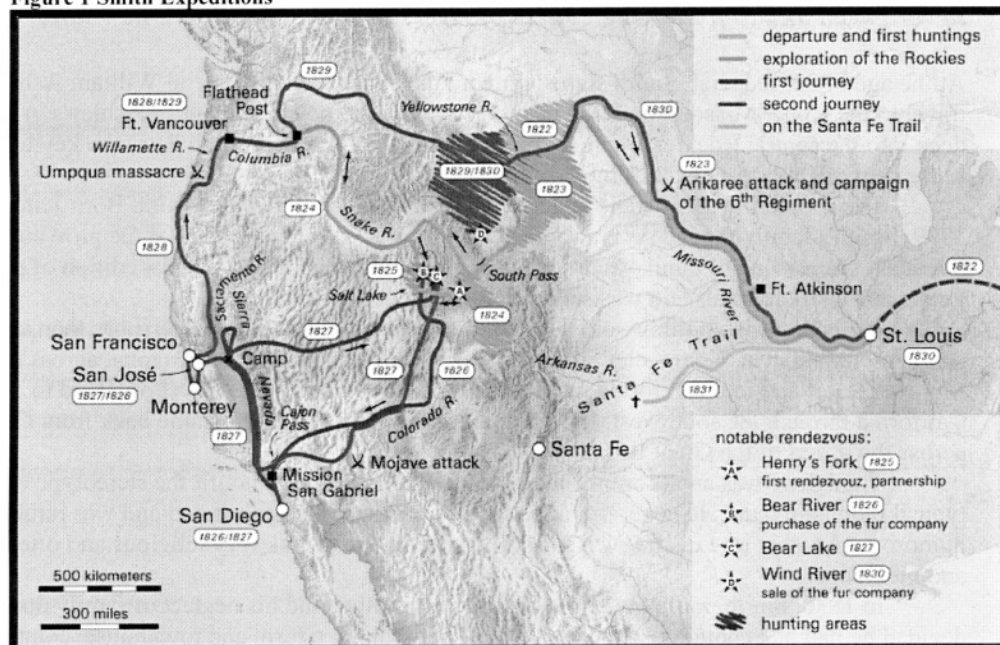
Journal entries (as written) from the second California expedition 19th May 1828 (Location near present day Crescent City California). The large cedar trees he describes are actually believed to be Redwoods.

19th May West 6 Miles principally along a ridge brushy and timbered with Hemlock Pine & Cedar. Some of the Cedars Were the noblest trees I had ever seen being 12 or 15 feet in diameter tall [and] straight & handsome. I encamped in a prairie with the Ocean in sight. 6 Elk were killed two of them in tolerable order. Counting my horses I found that three were missing. 4 indians that followed us on the trail came up and encamped with us.

Mag 22nd I had my horses caught up early but just as I was ready for starting it commenced raining and made it impossible to travel for the dense fogs quite common to this coast would prevent me from avoiding the deep ravines and precipices that everywhere came across my way. Among the animals I observed in the country was Elk, Black tailed Deer & Black Bear all of them plenty. Some Raccoons, Large and small wolves, Foxes, Wild Cats, Grey & striped squirrels. The Birds are Large & small Buzzards, Crows, Ducks, Ravens, several kinds of hawks, Eagles and a few small birds among which are Robbins & Humming Birds.

"I started into the mountains, with the determination of becoming a first-rate hunter, of making myself thoroughly acquainted with the character and habits of the Indians, of tracing out the sources of the Columbia River and following it to its mouth; and of making the whole profitable to me, and I have perfectly succeeded. "

Figure 1 Smith Expeditions



Greetings from the Plush NRHS Editorial Offices- Bringing the chapter news to your home and hearth Ric Walch Editor, Home 772-6255 or cell 840-4380 engmgr@medfab.com. Contributors in this issue, Victor Seeberger, Larry Tuttle

Apr. Activities- *The following is our Apr. activities schedule, this schedule will appear monthly to help remind everyone of our monthly meetings and any special planned activities . Think Spring (Think Harder)!!!*

12 Apr. 7:00 P.M. @ Model Railroad Clubhouse- NRHS membership meeting. This month we have a special guest presentation by Todd Montgomery. The presentation Will be on SP Coos bay Line and Cascade Hill...

26th Apr. 7:00 P.M. @ Model Railroad Clubhouse- NRHS board meeting, forging the future with steel from the past....

News Bits - from Around the Block, Around the World

Track Extension- We are forming up plans to begin our motorcar track extension project, we have most of the materials donated and can begin. Anyone that would like to help out on the track crew please let me know...

McCloud River Railroad #25 sold to Oregon Coast Scenic Railroad-

MCC loud #25 will be left in her McCloud River RR paint and lettering in her service on the OCSRR. OCSRR will be able to expand their operations with the addition of #25 to their roster. Currently OCSRR uses ex: C unis Lumber Heisler #2 in their summer operations out of Garibaldi on the Oregon Coast. OCSRR is in the process this month of moving the ex: SP Tillamook Depot to the Blue Heron Cheese Factory complex alongside HWY 101 north of Tillamook. Once the depot is installed there. the plan is to extend track from the Port of Tillamook Bay RR to the new depot site and have a second point of departure for the OCSRR steam...**Editor**



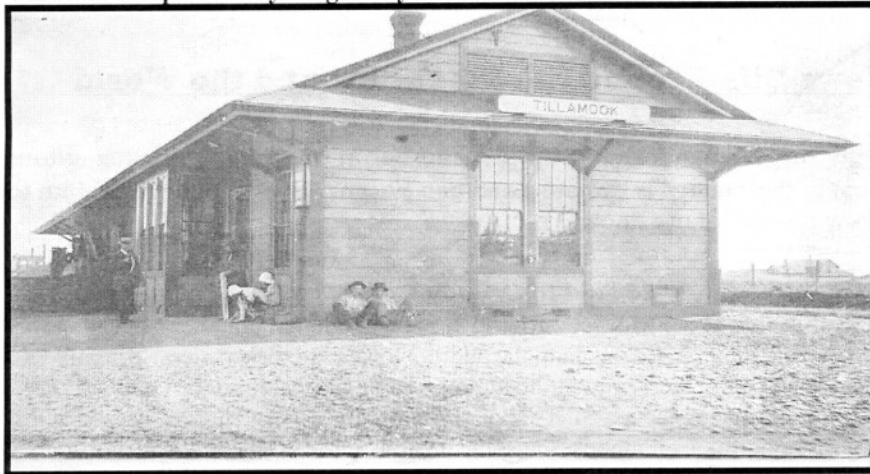
#25 in McCloud Calif.

Tillamook Depot moved-

The OCSR has been working the last couple of months towards moving the Tillamook Depot from its original location. After several weeks of preparation which included removing the roof, windows and doors and

jacking the building off its foundation. The day arrived to back a trailer under the building and pull it out of the hole. With the depot and trailer on solid ground the load was moved through the Hampton Lumber Mill and staged near 3rd st in Tillamook for a 7AM departure. Due to the height of the load, 19 feet and change, they had to loop through downtown to avoid overhead traffic lights at a couple of major intersections in Tillamook (Downtown Tillamook has 6 intersections with traffic lights). This provided the opportunity to shoot the depot crossing Main St (US 101) at 2nd. After exiting the downtown area the depot turned onto US 101 and crossed Hoquarton Slew and headed north towards its new home at the Blue Heron property. The plan is to reopen the depot next year to celebrate its 100th anniversary. . .**Editor**

Tillamook depot in its younger days...




Moving to the new site.....




Bullis Rail Trail Signs-

The Jacksonville Woodlands Association with the support of the NRHS Southern Oregon Chapter has built and installed the first informational sign on the Bullis logging railroad trail. These signs are very ruggedly constructed and look quite good: they are very "Railroad Looking" and are a great addition to the rail trail. We will be working with them in the very near future to help install a short section of track at this same location..... Keep up the great work JWA....Editor

Rail Trail Sign...Steel frame and lexan cover (dynamite resistant) design....



TRAIN ENGINEER STEAMED TO DEATH



At this site in 1917, train engineer Denver Marsh was steamed to death when his locomotive's brakes failed. The heavily loaded log train slid backwards at a high rate of speed and derailed just above the City Reservoir.

July 21, 1917
From the Jacksonville Post
ACCIDENT ON LOGGING ROAD.

Engineer dead, firemen badly hurt.

An accident on the logging road near the City dam on Jackson Creek. Friday afternoon, resulted in the death of Denver Marsh the engineer, and Charles Schumpf, the fireman of the logging engine had a leg broken and other injuries.

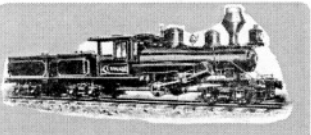
It seems that the engine and

two cars were at the landing about a mile above the dam, the car next to the engine was loaded with logs and the second car was partly loaded when the loading crew asked to have the car moved ahead. Denver backed up and Schumpf removed the chunk with which the locomotive was blocked, started ahead until the rear car was at the desired place, but when he tried to stop the train the air brakes failed to work and engine and cars started down the grade at a rapidly increasing speed until

near the upper end of the city reservoir, when engine and cars left the track in a general smashup.

It is said that Denver threw Schumpf off the engine but stuck to it himself and when found was pinned under the wreck of the cab, where he was badly scalded by steam and hot water from the boiler, his body a mass of bruises.

Medical aid was summoned and autos conveyed the injured man to the hospital at Medford, when examination showed that there was no hope for his life.



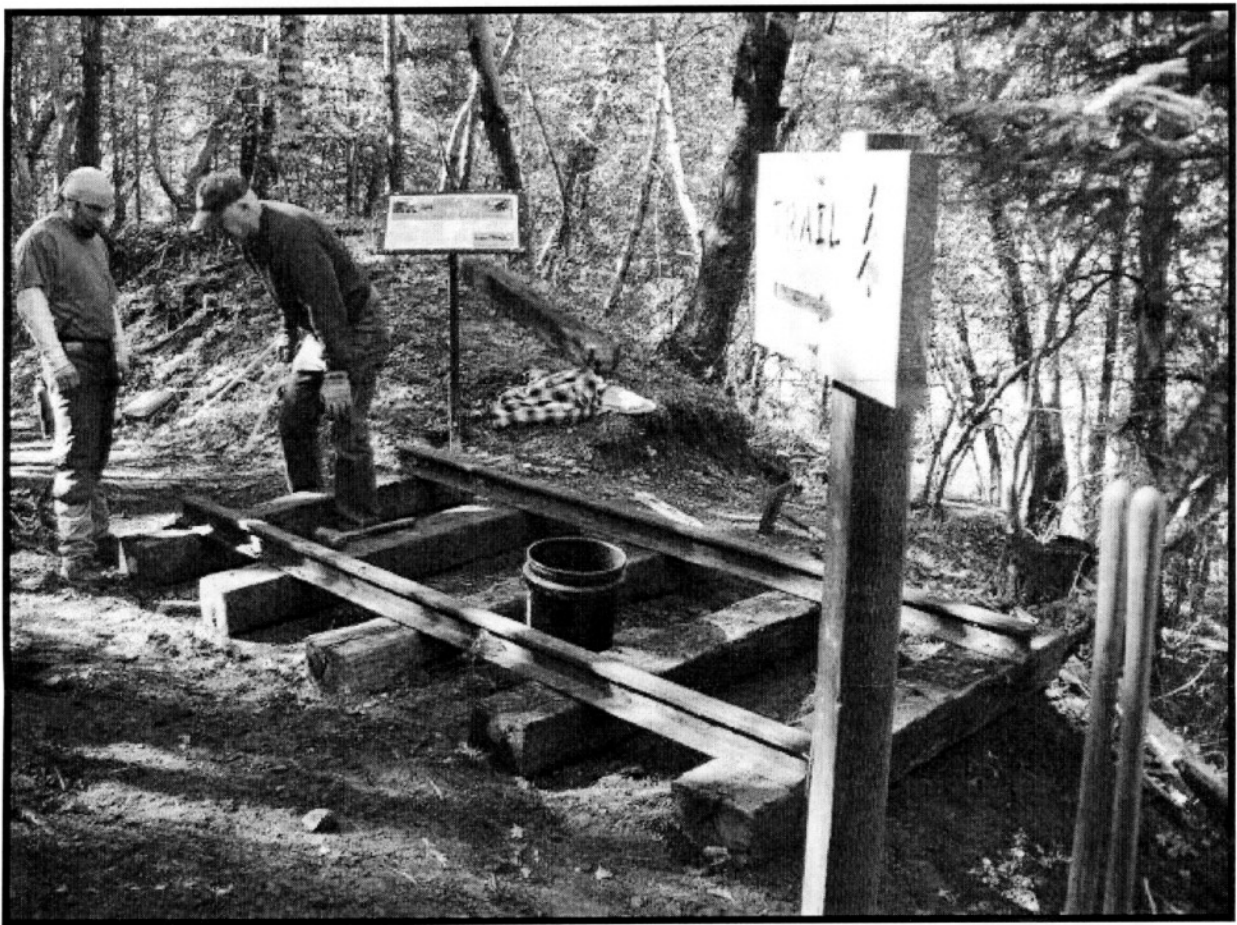
The engine Denver Marsh was driving was a Climax built in 1906 #685. 886 5-40 Weight class, Standard Gauge 5-1906.

JWA trail crew and trail sign at the accident site near the ravine....



Bullis Logging Railroad Track Relayed- The Jacksonville Woodlands Association track crew led by Gary Sprague (track maintenance supervisor) have been very busy relaying track on the old logging right of way (at least a 12 foot section) at the site of the Denver Marsh accident. I told Gary that if we could connect that track section to Jacksonville we would bring our motorcar up for live rail operations. (That's a little scary because when I say it out loud it sounds like a good idea!!) Our chapter loaned the tie and rail tongs to the JWA and I even gave Gary a short lesson on their use. To everyone's surprise when the crew began clearing the site they found a set of vintage rail tongs exactly like the ones we loaned Gary grown into a tree next to the trail. I am sure it had probably been there since the accident in 1917. At some point in the future the JWA is planning on reconstructing the trestle across the ravine in the same location as the original. The Southern Oregon Chapter NRHS greatly appreciates the efforts of the Jacksonville Woodlands Association in helping preserve the areas railroading history. We look forward to working with them in the future. Editor.

New track section next to the information sign and the trail marker.





Second verse same as the first, view from north south westish.....



A Hobo is a migratory worker or homeless vagabond often penniless. The term originated in the Western—probably Northwestern—United States during the last decade of the 19th century Unlike tramps, who work only when they are forced to and bums who do not work at all hobos are workers who wander.
Boxcar Willie



Bygone Day'sBy Chapter Mernber Victor Seeberger.

Being born in 1922, I grew up during the first great depression. Money was very hard to come by and we made do with what we had or could get for free. Hardly anyone had money for a bus or train ticket, and airplane travel was in the distant future. When you wanted to go out of town. there were two ways you could afford. Hitchhiking and riding a freight train. I did a lot of both. My hometown, Waurika, Oklahoma, was a main stop for the Rock Island trains that passed through. The mainline was only a couple of blocks from our house. I still miss those lonesome steam train whistles. I guess the town was really created when the Rock Island Railroad decided to make it a stopping place for all trains. About 250 railroaders moved into town with their families and the town grew up around the railroad stop. Our town was a little over 100 miles northwest of Fort Worth, TX, and was about the second fuel and water stop on the way north. We had a roundhouse. turntable, coal chute, depot with Morse telegraphers, a yard with several tracks for storing empty boxcars, and some unused cabooses, a Stockade for holding livestock and loading platforms to put them on and off the trains. There was also a pumping station where the railroad pumped water from Beaver Creek into a 50 ft high (or more) metal holding tank where they applied the chemicals to the water to make it clean enough to use in the steamers. Then they pumped it underground about a half-mile away and stored it in another similar tank that had the necessary plumbing to get it to the main line to be placed in the boilers of the steamers.

It was fun to watch the loading process at the coal chute. They placed coal on a conveyer belt and put several hundred pounds of it in a chamber above the tracks. The steam engine would pull his coal car underneath that chamber and the coal chute operator would open the bottom of the chamber and all that coal would go crashing down into that coal car. It made a tremendous noise and all that weight falling into the car would cause the coal car to jump up and down on the track. Quite a sight and sound to behold.

We kids that grew up there became very well acquainted with all these railroad things. We climbed on the empty boxcars and cabooses and even took some of the things home with us that were stored in the cabooses. There were warning flares similar to the ones we use on the highways today, and a little item we called a "dynamite." It was a warning device that was strapped to the rails and when a train ran over it there would be a loud explosion — loud enough to hear above the noise of the train. It's a wonder some of us didn't get severely wounded learning how to explode those things at home. or set fire to something valuable with those flares, but boys will be boys you know, and we did have fun.

One year, during the 1930s, the railroad constructed a quarter mile long (approximate) trough about three feet wide and four feet deep between the rails so the trains could pick up water on the fly. They modified the train with a scoop that the engineer could lower into this 4-foot ditch filled with water and proceed slowly along and scoop the water right up into the storage tank for the boiler. Then he would haul in the scoop and proceed on his way without having to stop for water. I don't think the idea caught on. It might have been because this happened about the same time as the diesel/electric engines came along and removed the need for water.

As I said, catching freight trains and hitchhiking was part of life for many people in that era. We kids played on the railroad quite a bit. We saw the hobos getting on and off the trains, so we tried it ourselves. At first. we would catch a slow moving train and ride a short distance and get

off. Later on we would catch a train and ride to the next stop. El Reno, Oklahoma, about 80 miles away was the next junction north and Bowie, Texas, a little over 50 miles away, was the next junction south. You could usually catch a train and ride to the next junction, get off and wait for a train going back and get home the same day. We kids didn't have much money or anything else in the 20s and 30s, so some of us tried to emulate the hobos. As we got older, we got bolder and took longer trips. One year I went to Houston, Texas which took about 4 or 5 days round trip. One summer one neighbor kid and I went to St Louis, MO and stayed a week or so with his aunt and then caught a train back. (But that's another story.)

The longest trip I ever made was to Pueblo, Colorado. A friend, named Joe Skinner, and I decided we wanted to go to California. So we caught freight on a hot August day. I think we were either 16 or 17 years old. It was hot weather and we left Waurika wearing khaki pants and a tee shirt and tennis shoes and carried very little else. We caught a freight train to El Reno, and then caught another train westbound going to Amarillo, Texas. When we got to Sayre, Oklahoma, three railroad "bulls" kicked all the hobos off the train and when the train pulled out of the yards there was one man on top of the 15' boxcar, one in the middle of the train, and one near the end of the train. If we tried to catch the train they would come to the ladder and stomp on your hands and make you get off. They did not allow us to catch the train when it pulled out. We hung around the yards and hobo jungle near Sayre for a whole day and night. Then one of the older hoboes told us he knew how to catch the train. He said he had been there before. He said those three railroad men that kicked us off the train lived there in Sayre, and had to come back, so they had to stop that train out a few miles west of Sayre to let them get off. We believed him and we all walked several miles down the railroad westbound and came to a place that had parking spaces for cars. We got out of sight in the brush just west of there and waited for a train to leave town. Many hours later a westbound train came and stopped and let the 3 men get off and then "highballed" (two blasts on the steam whistle) and started picking up speed. We were waiting and ran over to the tracks and caught the train on the fly before it gained enough speed to out run us. All that practice catching trains on the fly back in Waurika paid off. I think we went from Waurika to Amarillo on the Rock Island Railroad. In Amarillo, we found out from other hoboes where to catch a train going to Colorado and we waited for a train to pull out. Many hours later, we caught one and I think it was the Denver and Rio Grande Western (D&RGW) railroad. Or maybe we rode another railroad into Denver. All this happened in the late 1930s and my memory has dimmed quite a bit since then. After we got out of Denver, Colorado, I am almost sure we were on the D&RGW. We were to cross the Rocky Mountains. We went through the Moffett tunnel, supposedly one of the longest railroad tunnels in the country. At one place we came out of a tunnel and went under a bridge that looked like it was a quarter mile up in the air. (Many years later I drove a car across that bridge and stopped to look down at that railroad where I had been on that freight.) We finally got to Pueblo, Colorado and it was very cold. In fact there were a few inches of snow everywhere and these two Okie kids wished they had brought their long handles. We got off the train in Pueblo, and tried to burn something to eat. We were cold and very hungry. I had mooched food before, but I wasn't very good at it. I went up to a house and knocked on the front door. A lady, old enough to be my mother, or grandmother, answered the door and I asked her if I could mow her lawn for something to eat. When I had said that, we both turned and looked over where the lawn should be and it was solid snow several inches deep over the whole yard. She smiled and told me to go around to the back and she would give me something to eat. She let me inside and brought out some leftovers and they really tasted good. I ate until I bulged at the seams. She asked me where my coat was and I told her it had been very hot when we left Oklahoma and we thought it was that way everywhere so we would not need a coat. She went to another part of the house and came back with a World War One trench coat and told me to try it on. I put it on and it was probably for a guy 6 foot 5 (and I was only 5 foot 8.) The sleeves were about three inches longer than my arms and the bottom of the coat drug the floor. She said it was probably too big for me (an understatement, if I

ever heard one) and I told her yes it was too big but it sure felt good. She said take it with you if you want it. I did want it, and when I left the house wearing that coat I cut a 3 foot wide swath in the snow as I dragged it down the street.

Joe and I finally figured out that we didn't want to go to California. It must be too cold out there. So we decided to catch an eastbound train and go back home. There in the yards in Pueblo, they must have used iron Pyrite along the tracks like we used white rock back home. Iron Pyrite looks like gold nuggets and I walked up and down the tracks picking up shiny pieces of that rock and sticking them in the coat pockets to take home with me. The coat originally weighed about 10 pounds, I guess, and I must have added a few more pounds of iron Pyrite. We finally caught a train going back to Amarillo, and the only car we could get any protection from the wind and weather was an empty coal car. There was a string of several coal cars and we ended up on the first one behind a boxcar for more protection from the wind and weather. Coal cars have a lot of coal dust in the bottom of the car and when the train is moving the coal dust is blowing around and gets in your eyes, mouth and nose and other places--very unpleasant. Joe and I huddled underneath that trench coat for warmth and to get away from the coal dust. Then, about 40 miles out of Amarillo, it started to rain. By the time we pulled into the yards at Amarillo, that coat had soaked up many more pounds of rainwater. It took us both to lift that coat up and we each got on an end of the coat and tossed it over the side of the coal car. I think I heard it go PLOP on the concrete above the noise of the freight train. And, the coat must still be there, because I didn't walk the several blocks back to pick it up after we got off the train.

It was very early in the morning when we reached Amarillo and very cold. We could smell something baking in the air, so we horned in on that smell and found the bakery. I think we had fifteen cents to our name, and we asked the guy what we could have for that much money. He loaded us down with bakery things. Some of them might have been a day old, but they sure did taste good and filled out all the wrinkles in our stomachs. We were there in Amarillo for a day waiting for a train. We had a choice to make. We could go back through Sayre, the way we came, or we could catch a FW&D (Fort Worth & Denver) train on another track going to Bowie, TX. While we were trying to make up our minds, a train pulled out going to Bowie. The Bowie train showed up first, so we caught it. This meant we would be about 52 miles from home when we got to Bowie, but we could wait for a train coming out of Ft Worth on the Rock Island, or hitchhike on old highway 81 up to Waurika.

When we got to Bowie, we had been on the road for about 10 days. We waited for many hours for a train from Ft Worth. Finally, we were tired of waiting and we decided to hitchhike to Waurika. Now this was a dumb decision because we had not bathed in the 10 days we had been on the road and due to riding in that coal car from Pueblo to Amarillo, we both looked much darker than we should have. We could have been mistaken for Africans. Nevertheless, we walked a mile or two over to the outskirts of Bowie on highway 81, and started trying to thumb a ride. After a couple of hours of cars whizzing by, we decided no one was going to pick us up, so we started walking up the road. We passed by a farmhouse near the road and there was a garden next to it. We angled into the garden to see if there was anything good to eat. The only thing we found was some large Bermuda onions about golf ball size. We pulled a few of those out of the ground and walked on up the highway peeling the outside skin and the dirt off the onions and eating them. They were fairly mild and sure tasted good. Now a car stopped and picked us up. We got in the back seat and breathed a smelly breath of relief. After only a mile or so, the driver suddenly decided that he had to turn off at the next intersection and he put us out on the road again. I'm sure that he couldn't stand the sight or the smell of us.

Later on a truck stopped and we got on the back where the driver couldn't smell us and rode all the way to the intersection of highway 81 and highway 70, about a mile or so from home. We walked that mile and were thankful to be home. We were black dirty, hungry, tired and sleepy. It took about two weeks before we scrubbed the last of that coal dust out of our skins.

And so ended our Hobo trig to California.

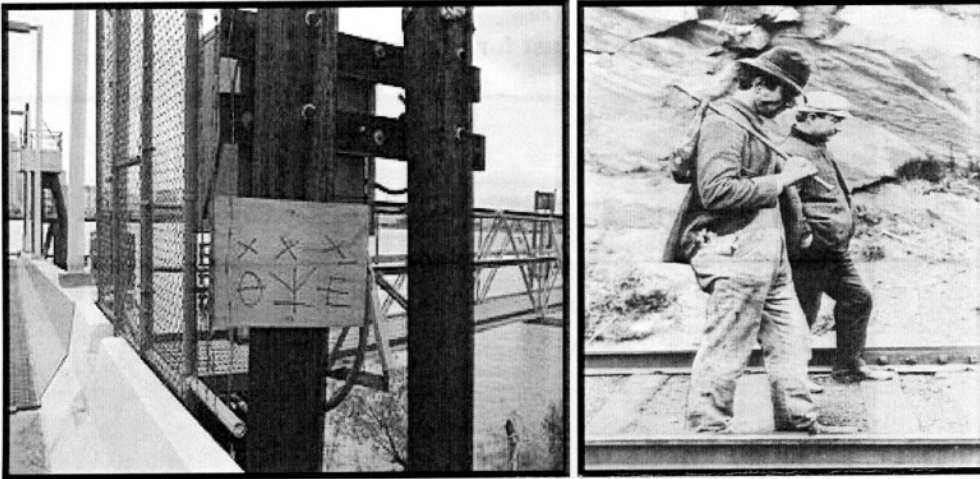
I came in on a cannonball ridin the cowcrate, I had to carry the banner to keep from catchin the westbound. When the bull rolled me I had to chuck a dummy to dodge the bighouse*Head End Fred*



Hobo Lingo in use up to the 1940s

Hobo term	Explanation
Accommodation car	the caboose of a train
Angellina	young inexperienced kid
Bad Road	a train line rendered useless by some hobo's bad action
Banjo	(1) a small portable frying pan. (2) a short, "D" handled shovel
Barnacle	a person who sticks to one job a year or more
Beachcomber	a hobo who hangs around docks or seaports
Big House	prison
Bindle stick	collection of belongings wrapped in cloth and tied around a stick
Bindlestiff	a hobo who carries a bindle.
Blowed-In-the-glass	a genuine, trustworthy individual
"Bo"	the common way one hobo referred to another: "I met that 'Bo on the way to Bangor last spring'".
Boil Up	specifically, to boil one's clothes to kill lice and their eggs. Generally, to get oneself as clean as possible
Bone polisher	a mean dog
Bone orchard	a graveyard
Bull	a railroad officer
Bullets	beans
Buck	a Catholic priest good for a dollar
Buger	today's lunch
C, H, and D	indicates an individual is Cold, Hungry, and Dry (thirsty)
California Blankets	newspapers, intended to be used for bedding
Calling In	using another's campfire to warm up or cook
Cannonball	a fast train
Carrying the Banner	keeping in constant motion so as to avoid being picked up for loitering or to keep from freezing
Catch the Westbound	to die
Chuck a dummy	pretend to faint
Cover with the moon	sleep out in the open

Cow crate	a railroad stock car
Crumbs	lice
Doggin' it	traveling by bus, especially on the Greyhound bus line
Easy mark	a hobo sign or mark that identifies a person or place where one can get food and a place to stay overnight
Elevated	under the influence of drugs or alcohol
Flip	to board a moving train
Flop	a place to sleep, by extension: "Flophouse", a cheap hotel
Glad Rags	one's best clothes
Graybacks	lice
Grease the Track	to be run over by a train
Gump	a scrap of meat
Honey dipping	working with a shovel in the sewer
Hot	(1) a fugitive hobo. (2) a decent meal: "I could use three hots and a flop." train with priority freight, stops rarely, goes faster; synonym for "Cannonball"
Hot Shot	"Cannonball"
Jungle	an area off a railroad where hobos camp and congregate
Jungle Buzzard	a hobo or tramp who preys on their own
Knowledge bus	a school bus used for shelter
Main Drag	the busiest road in a town
Moniker / Monica	a nickname
Maeve	a child hobo usually a girl
Mulligan	a type of community stew, created by several hobos combining whatever food they have or can collect
Nickel note	five-dollar bill
On the Fly	jumping a moving train
Padding the hoof	to travel by foot
Possum Belly	to ride on the roof of a passenger car. One must lie flat, on his/her stomach, to not be blown off
Pullman	a railroad sleeper car. Most were made by George Pullman company.
Punk	any young kid
Reefer	a compression of "refrigerator car".
Road kid	a young hobo who apprentices himself to an older hobo in order to learn the ways of the road
Road stake	the small amount of money a hobo may have in case of an emergency
Rum dum	a drunkard
Sky pilot	a preacher or minister
Soup bowl	a place to get soup, bread and drinks
Snipes	cigarette butts "sniped" (eg. in ashtrays)
Spear biscuits	looking for food in garbage cans
Stemming	panhandling or mooching along the streets
Tokay Blanket	drinking alcohol to stay warm
Yegg	a traveling professional thief, or burglar



Hobo code at a Canal Street Ferry entrance in New Orleans, Louisiana

To cope with the difficulty of hobo life, hobos developed a system of symbols, or a code. Hobos would write this code with chalk or coal to provide directions, information, and warnings to other hobos. Some signs included "turn right here", "beware of hostile railroad police", "dangerous dog", "food available here", and so on. For instance:

A cross signifies "angel food," that is, food served to the hobos after a sermon.

A triangle with hands signifies that the homeowner has a gun.

A horizontal zigzag signifies a barking dog. A square missing its top line signifies it is safe to camp in that location.

A top hat and a triangle signify wealth.

A spearhead signifies a warning to defend oneself.

A circle with two parallel arrows means to get out fast, as hobos are not welcome in the area.

Two interlocked humans signify handcuffs. (i.e. hobos are hauled off to jail).

A Caduceus symbol signifies the house has a medical doctor living in it.

A cross with a smiley face in one of the comers means the doctor at this office will treat hobos for free.

A cat signifies that a kind lady lives here.

A wavy line (signifying water) above an X means fresh water and a campsite.

Three diagonal lines mean it's not a safe place.

A square with a slanted roof (signifying a house) with an X through it means that the house has already been "burned" or "tricked" by another hobo and is not a trusting house.

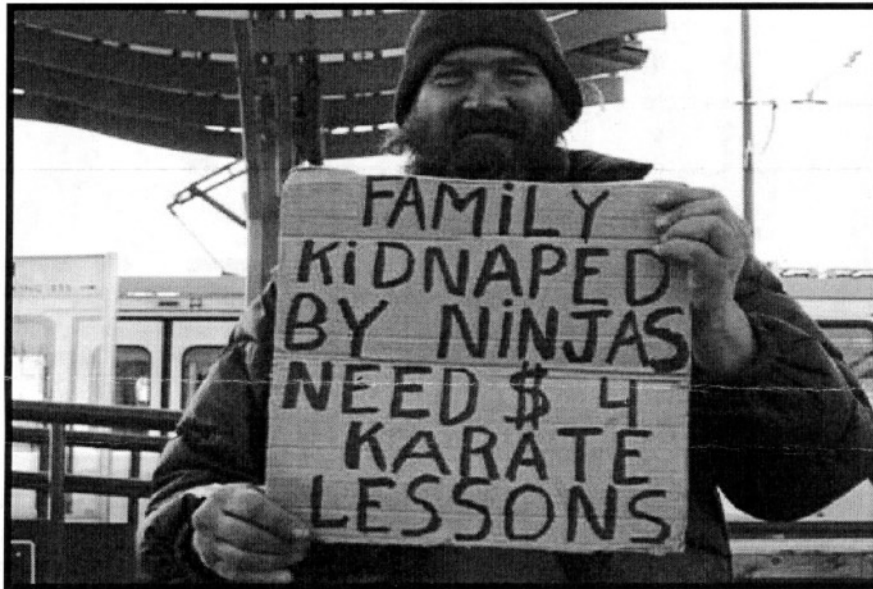
Two shovels, signifying work was available (Shovels, because most hobos did manual labor).



This is (pick one)
1- Hobo Sign Language.
2 - Directions to the post office.
3 - My Wife shopping list.

The Last Page - Hobo Humor...

I would give this guy 4\$ just for creativity....



The caption for this photograph indicated that this Hobo was adjusting his stock portfolio on his laptop computer, I swear] am not making this up. Reminds me of the old "can't judge a book by its cover" maxim.

