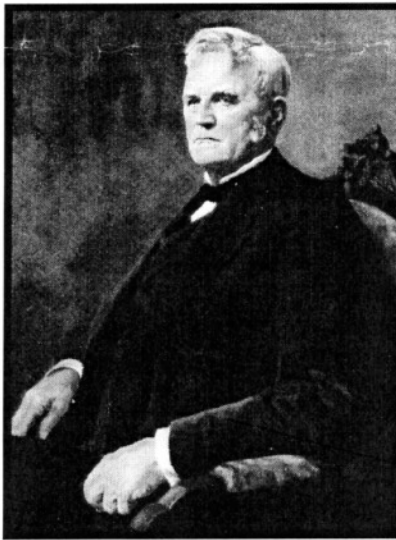




Southern Oregon chapter National Railway Historical Society
P.O. Box 622 Medford, Oregon 97511
Newsletter for June 2011



John Deere

"I will never put my name on a product that does not have the best that is in me.



The words JOHN DEERE and TRACTORS go hand in hand! John Deere tractors have been around for so long that many of the most popular vintage machines found in antique tractor archives are from JD. John Deere is probably the best known tractor company in the US. The founder of the company. John Deere (a blacksmith by trade) started out by making plows for the pioneers in the mid west in the 1800's. John was a stickler for quality and product innovation. He was quoted as saying: "I will never put my name a product that does not have in it the best that is in me." This reputation for high quality has been with the company ever since. John never fully understood how his business would take off and become the giant that it is today! In fact. he would probably be shocked to see some of the high tech machines that bear his name today. And the legacy continues...



500HP! 2005 John Deere Model 9620

“If we could get this tractor with a grass mower, I think we should have one at the park”

Greetings from the Plush NRHS Editorial Offices- Bringing the chapter news to the History starved massesRic Walch Editor, Home 772-6255 or cell 840-4380 engmgr@med.fab.com.

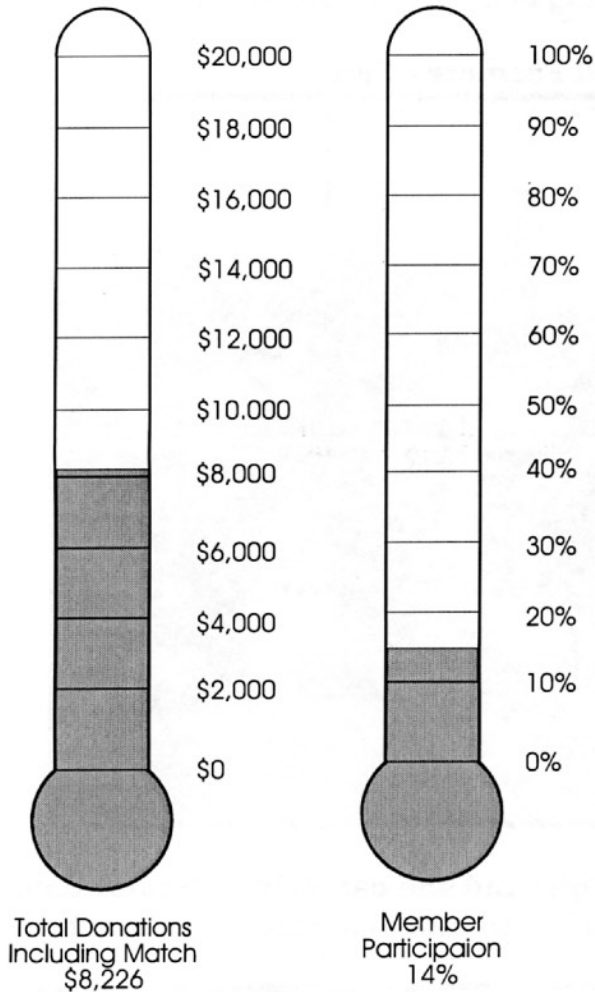
June. Activities- The following is our June. activities schedule, this schedule will appear monthly to help remind everyone of our monthly meetings and any special planned activities.

14 June. 7:00 P.M. @ Model Railroad Clubhouse- NRHS membership meeting. This month we have a special guest presentation by Syd Stoner. The presentation will be on two motorcar runs, the most recent on the Virginia & Truckee....Thx Syd
I have also collected quite a lot of archival material about the Gold Hill Railroad and Lumber Company Routes and locations that I will be sharing...Bring your maps and GPS.

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

We Can Do It-You Can Help Don't forget to send in your donation for the Medco # 4 project as the matching funds contribution expires on July 13'. ***Please send in what you can***

Medco No. 4 Fund Drive Update



It has been two months since our fund drive was initiated. We are now at about 41% of our goal with about 14% of our members responding. Donations to-date, not including matching funds, total \$4,113. Chapter member donations total \$3,315 and varied from \$25 to \$1,000. Donations from non-members totaled \$725 and varied from \$25 to \$500. An additional \$73 was collected in donation jars at events like the National Train Day in Ashland and the Railroad Park run days.

We still have a long way to go. Thank yo if you have already donated. If you have not donated yet, please make a donation before July 1st. to take advantage of the matching funds offer. Every donation an every dollar counts.

Remember, donations must be postmarked on or before July 1, 2011 to qualify for the matching

We are almost halfway to our goal and we greatly appreciate the response from everyone that has contributed, you still have time to send in your donation. Remember we are not just trying to achieve our monetary goal of \$20,000 but also our member participation goal of 100%. Any amount is appreciated and demonstrates that you are squarely behind finishing Medco #4.

Rusty Relics at the Park- Our friends from the Rusty Relics Tractor club visited the park on the May 32nd run and we all had a great time. This group of tractor aficionados always put on a great show and they did so again. They always bring a great selection of tractors for the crowd to enjoy and I believe that every child in the park had their picture taken sitting on their favorite tractor. As usual the interactive displays (especially the bubble blowing machine) are always a huge hit. Thank you to Ralph and friends for helping make a great run day at the park.....

Rusty Relics + Old Farmers= Fun



**My Grampa always said if you meet a girl and she can drive a tractor date her,
If she has her own tractor court her, if her tractor is a Farmall marry her.**

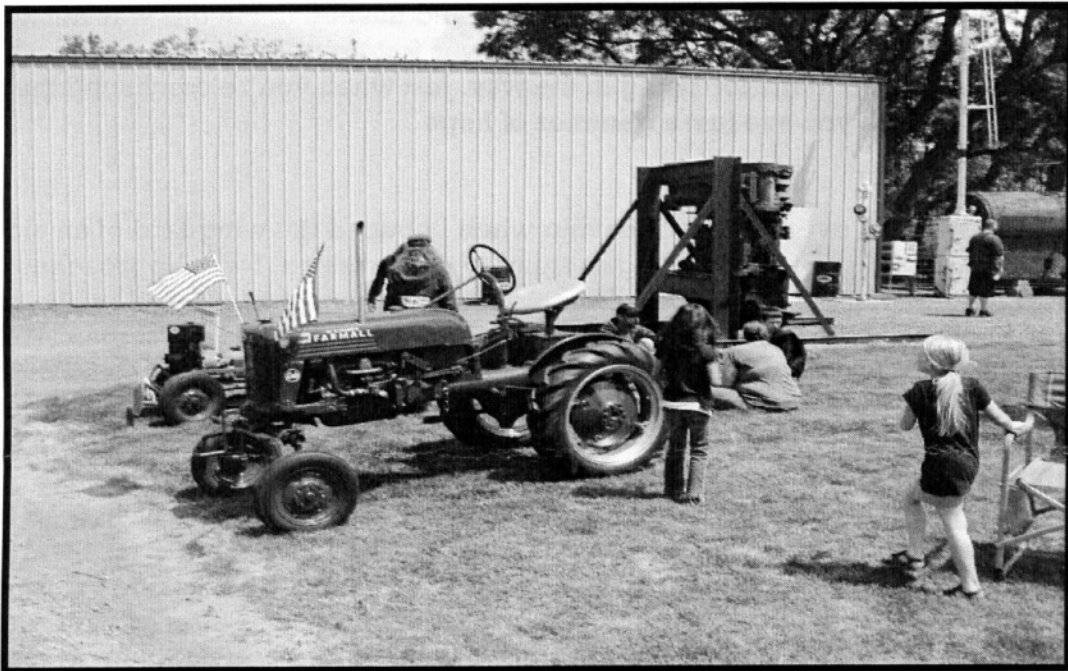


Rick Aubin Pictures

Corner of 1st and Broadway



Nice Farmall Cub



Thx Again Rusty Relics

Life Lessons at the Park- Often times in the struggle to operate the park at the level we do currently we tend to lose sight of the reasons of why we put in such long hours and hard work. As an ever vigilant editor type I tend to notice these “life lessons” when they occur and on the 22 May run I noticed a couple that I thought I would share.

A young (single) mother approached me and handed me a jar full of pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters, I asked what they may be for and she told me that her son and her had rode on the clubs motor car earlier in the year and really enjoyed the experience. They had overheard the docents discussing the fact that that the donations for that ride had been very low and that they were hardly taking in enough donations to pay for the fuel. Her son wanted to help so he spent several weeks turning in pop bottles and doing odd jobs so he could help keep us going. After he was able to fill the jar with coins she brought it to the park with a message from the young boy. I-Ie said for us to not get discouraged and keep the train running so other families could have the same experience he and his mother had. I asked her if she would leave her and her sons name but she wanted to remain anonymous. So for the next 3 or 4 runs our fuel is paid for in advance by the efforts of this exceptional young man.

I went into the rest room for the pause that refreshes and noticed a little fellow (about 3 or 4 yrs. old) busy washing his hands in the urinal. I started to correct him and just then his older brother came in (he was about 8 or 10). I instantly recalled my youth and if this had been my brother he would have probably stuck my head in and flushed it. But this was not the case the older brother patiently explained what the urinal was for, helped the little guy wash his hands in the sink and apologized to me for being in the way. Just when you’re convinced the younger generation is hopeless you see just a glimmer of hope.

It was 3:15 and everyone was leaving when I noticed the vanguard of an elderly group head toward the NRHS concession stand seemingly on a mission. I was approached by an old fellow and I judged him to be the self appointed leader of this group based on the fact that he was the only one walking unassisted and that he also wore a US Marine Veteran (WWII and Korea) cap. It seems that they came over from Grants Pass to ride the trains and didn't quite make it on time. I hustled over to ask Tony if the SOLS could accommodate this group and the always stalwart Tony and friends agreed to bring out a train even though they had all been put away and give everyone a ride. Now let me tell you it wasn't pretty or fast but this group was determined and made their way to the exit platform to board. Several of us helped them get situated and I was very surprised. Everyone managed to bend legs and arms that I am sure hadn’t for a long time. They groaned stretching to get as comfortable as one can straddling a miniature lumber car and off they went. The boarding platform was littered with wheel chairs, canes and walkers as they left the station, it looked sort of like a huge aluminum scrap yard. Based on the expressions cheers and screams I am sure these seasoned citizens were just for a brief period visiting another time and place. A time when they were all younger and setting out to experience life for the first time. Even the US Marine (usually very serious guys) was grinning ear to ear. The life lesson in this story should be obvious you are only as old as you believe yourself to be....**Editor**

Lately there has been a little friction in the park between the clubs that make up the Railroad Park. This is not unusual with any organized group much less groups X 5 as in the Railroad Park. We need to remember we are all there for the same reason and that is to enjoy our hobby and share it with the public. We need to work together to make this experience as good as it can be and not fall into the belief that any one group has precedence over another. I have always personally strived to work together with all of the groups and support all projects that improve the park and the public's experience. As a design/manufacturing engineer my training is such that I always seek the most efficient, direct and logical method to acquire positive and productive results. Thinking outside of established parameters is paramount to initiate constructive change. Having worked in the private sector all of my life one real truth prevails and that is that you live or die by how efficient you work and the results of your efforts. Often times I am the target of the slings and arrows of some of the more abstract thinkers in the park that resist change, progress and cooperation just because they can. So it is that we all have opinions; some good some not so good but all are collectively homogenized by the different perspectives and ideas that everyone brings to the table. The fact is that the one thing that we all need to work on is the considerations, cooperation and compromises required to make the best decisions for the Railroad Park and continue to improve the experience that we offer to the public....**Editor**

This just in- Recently I had contacted the county commissioners to discuss rail operations in Jackson County. We have discussed different opportunities in the past with the county with mixed results. Commissioner John Rachor called me back and we ended up meeting down at the Railroad Park. After a quick tour we discussed the possibility of local rail operations and the potential for increased tourism it could bring to the valley. John seemed very enthused and is actively considering several different opportunities. We do appreciate John taking the time to meet with us to consider some of our different ideas and proposals and share some of his ideas. Hopefully we will arrive at a workable scenario and we can begin to do some planning for live rail operations....**Editor**

Another Great "Riding the Rails Stag" From Vic- Hobo trip on the FRISCO By Victor 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 Dave Sullivan. He was raised at his grandparent's home 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 on. 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 run 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 '1 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 aunts 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.

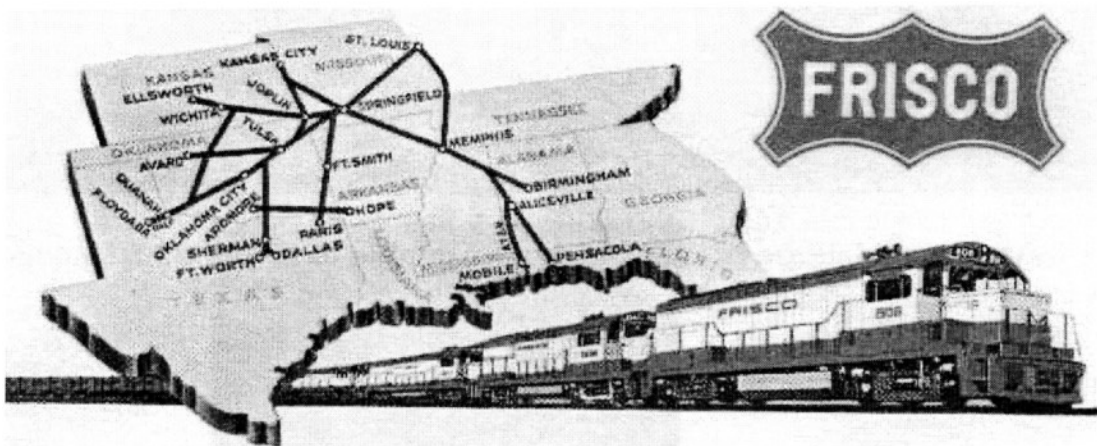
We spent a week or so with the Aunt and Uncle, and they really treated us like royalty. The uncle worked in a shoe factory. Skinny's aunt managed to give us money to go to the Highlands Amusement Park and ride some rides that I had never even seen before. She also managed to get us tickets to a Vaudeville 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. The St. Louis and San Francisco Railway was incorporated in Missouri on September '1,



Old St Louis Rail yards

1876. It was formed from the Missouri Division and Central Division of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. After bankruptcy, the Frisco emerged as the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, which was incorporated on June 29, 1896. This company, too, went bankrupt; on August 24, 1916, the company was reorganized as the St. Louis—San Francisco Railway, even though the line never reached further west than Texas, let alone San Francisco.



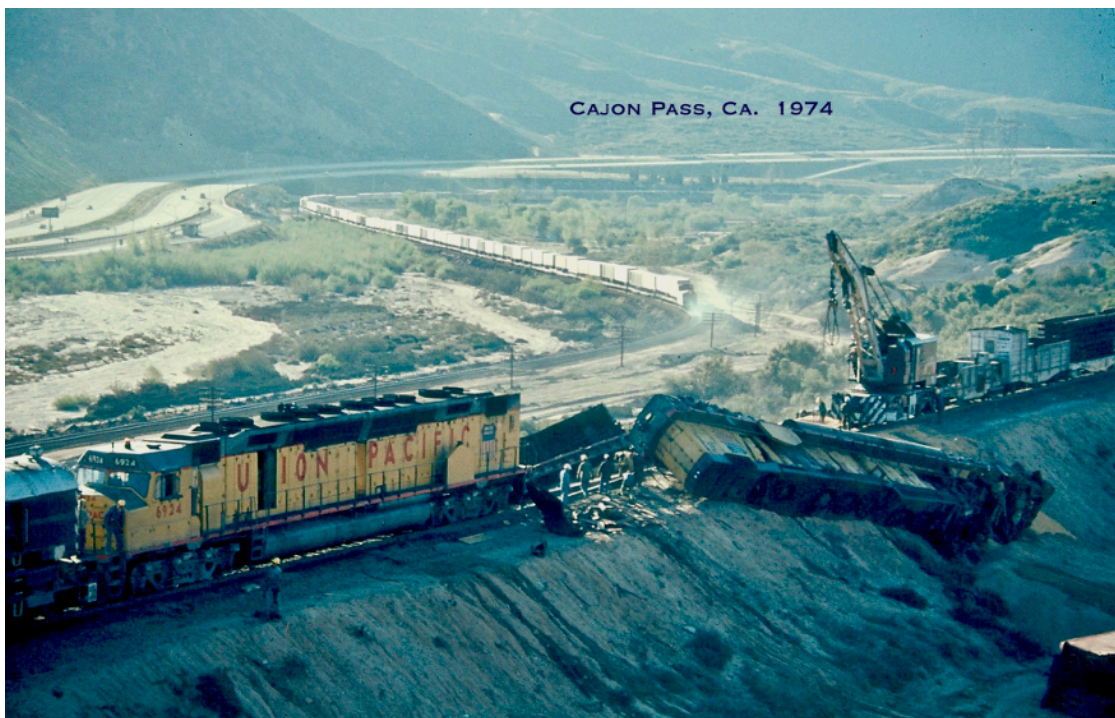
A Deadly Wreck on Cajon Pass - Allen Dobney-

One Saturday in June of 1975 I decided to go to Cajon Pass to take a few railroad pictures. Unknown to me, on the previous Friday a wreck had occurred on Cajon Pass near Sullivan's Curve. Based on a conversation I had with one of the members of the Barstow wrecking crew, here is what happened.

On Friday morning there were 2 UP trains following each other heading west out of Yermo. As these 2 trains entered the Santa Fe main line a Santa Fe freight ended up between the 2 UP trains. The 2 UP trains were keeping in radio contact with each other still not knowing the Santa Fe train was between them.

When the second UP freight passed a yellow block above Sullivan's Curve they radioed the first UP freight. The first UP freight replied that they were well below Blue Cut. The second UP freight continued down the pass. As it rounded a curve just above Sullivan's Curve the saw a red block signal and just beyond the signal was the Santa Fe caboose.

The UP DDA40X plowed into the back of the Santa Fe freight. The brakeman in the SF caboose was killed. The engineer on the UP freight suffered a broken arm after jumping from the engine.



The 2 cranes and 2 large front loaders were unable to lift the UP DDA40x back on the tracks.