

THE MANIFEST

November 2019



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

GREETINGS ALL:

Well we have ended our 2019 season at the railroad park. It was a great year, and I enjoyed seeing many of you each run day.

Now are attention needs to be directed at our annual Thanksgiving show. Thank you everyone who volunteered and helped us quickly fill our slots for the show. I will email everyone a reminder of the spots they chose about a week before the show.

I hope to see many of you at the show, tell you friends and family please. In addition, even if you did not specifically sign up for a time slot, it is always possible that we will need your help (we always appreciate extra help), so please plan on attending as many days as you can and help out if necessary and by all means enjoy!

I want to wish each and every one of you a very happy Thanksgiving. I may see some of you at the meeting next

week, but if I do not my best wishes to you and your family for a happy, safe and healthy holiday season.

In honor of Thanksgiving, I found a wonderful story that I would like to share.

Thanksgiving Train Story 1958

By
Greg Scholl

Living east of Cincinnati along the former Norfolk & Western we enjoyed steam operations from 1954 when we first moved to Batavia, Ohio, until July 1958 when the N&W leased diesels to replace steam on their passenger trains. Traditionally our big Thanksgiving meals would be early in the afternoon, maybe around 1 or 1:30 if mom got everything done by then. On this Thanksgiving in 1958 there were 6 of us for the big meal. My mother and father (Dee and Warren), my brother Randy and me (Greg), plus 2 guests. Our guests were an older couple Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Johnson. They had been long time friends of my dad's and did some part-time work for him years ago. They had no relatives so my dad invited them to our place in Batavia. Our house is up on a hill across the valley from the N&W grade which climbs out of the valley at Batavia. In 1954, the first thing dad did was have a tree guy take out some trees down behind our house so we had a clear view of a small section even in the summer when the trees blocked most of it. But now it was nearly winter, and you could see through the trees from our second story picture window that looked out in the direction of the valley and the railroad. I cannot remember the exact situation, but I believe we were all sitting around the table having eaten all or most all of our dinner, when we heard a steam whistle. The Class J 4-8-4's had a low steamboat style whistle, and there was a crossing about a 1/4 mile from our house for the road we live on. I think dad caught a glimpse of an engine out the window as it made the first whistle blow. Well this was 4 months after the last steam passenger run on the Portsmouth to Cincinnati line, so this was something very unique. Dad said "Let's go boys", and the three of us bolted from

the table to get jackets and so forth and were out the door in a flash. Dad drove the 22 miles to Cincinnati, and we learned that the 4-8-4 would be pulling a troop train extra from Cincinnati headed to Norfolk. Apparently N&W was short of power, and there was one J on stand-by service in Portsmouth that we knew about. One of the last J class engines was 613 to operate in this area.

After the engine was turned at Cincinnati Union Terminal Roundhouse, it departed CUT with the passenger extra, and we proceeded to chase it back east toward Batavia. Being 7 at the time I don't really recall all the details, but my recollection is that we chased it half-way to Portsmouth, some 50 miles or until it was dark. In the past whenever we had Mr. and Mrs. Johnson over for dinner they always talked about the day Warren and the boys left them and my mom at Thanksgiving dinner to chase a train. Of course this was rude on our part, and mom was none too pleased to be left with our guests as we went out in search of steam, but this was no ordinary train, and we thought it might be the last one ever. In reality I believe there was one other such move a month or two after this for another troop train. In both these instances the engine would go light from Portsmouth (100 miles) to Cincinnati, then pull the train east. This is a true story and that was a Thanksgiving we will never forget!!!

Citation Reference

<https://www.trainorders.com/discussion/read.php?10,2327124>

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

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 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, or the good Lord was watching over me.

Southern Oregon Railway Historical Society
Board of Directors Meeting
Minutes of October 8, 2019

1. **Call to Order:** Membership Meeting was called to order at 7:35 P.M. by Bruce Kelly, President
2. **Roll Call:** Bruce Kelly, Allen Dobney, Jerry Hellinga, Chris Manley, as well as several other members were present. Ric Walch was absent.
3. **Minutes** were read by Chris Manley and approved with revision of the misspelling of Ric's last name as

Walch, not Walsh. Motion to accept with revision made 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:* Jerry informed us that one year after the tubes were installed we were supposed to file a Form 5, however we are still waiting on information about getting a waiver.

Sand Box prep is finished, rivets may be hard to find. Also may need a new dome lid made. Will use penetrating epoxy for the doors and windows.

- b. *Burger Shack:* Allen has been working on landscaping; I (Chris) have helped some. It is a work in progress

- b. *Newsletter* Nothing new

- c. *Website* N/A

- d. *Butte Falls:* N/A

- e. *Surplus:* N/A

- f. *RR Park:* Agreement accepted with only change being no live-in groundskeeper in an RV. It is a 10-year agreement.

Tim from the City is waiting for IT about security camera.

Water should not be turned off until after October 28.

Lock on main gate is missing will have to change all the lock combos and get new lock.

Will need to tell Tim about the light shorting out in Pavilion.

8. **Old Business:** Allen or Jerry will make some membership cards.
9. **New Business** Nominations for officers was requested. All current board members willing to stay in their positions.
10. **Good of the Order:** A letter and \$10.00 came as a thankyou from a father with a special needs son who loves to ring the bell.

Allen went over the project list.

Show sign-up sheet was passed around and Allen asked for help in distributing some membership posters.

11. **Adjournment:** Allen Dobney moved we adjourn, Joe seconded it, meeting adjourned at 8:36 p.m.

CHAPTER OFFICERS

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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 November 12, 2019

Allen Dobney will be presenting a slide show: "Union Pacific in Oregon, Washington & Idaho, Volume 2"

**Annual Rogue Valley Railroad Show will be
November 30, 2019 from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. at the
Jackson County Expo and December 1 from 10:00**

a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Admission is \$5 for adults and kids over 12, ages 6-12 admission is \$1 and under 5 admission is free. Tell all your friends, neighbors about the show and encourage them to attend.

*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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