



FIRST ANNIVERSARY EDITION - SEPTEMBER 1942

OUR HONOR ROLE: W. P. MEN IN UNIFORM

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CLAIM PREVENTION THOUGHTS

By P. H. Emerson, Inspector of Transportation

★ Under recent order No. 1 of Office of Defense Transportation, the tonnage now loaded into merchandise (l.c.l.) cars must, so far as available, exceed 20,000 pounds per car; and most of our l.c.l. cars will be so loaded.

We know that forms a heavy l.c.l. load, one hard to store and pack especially in view of the many varying packages, sizes, shapes and the shippers' practices in methods of packing goods.

Prevention of damage in handling l.c.l. starts at receipt over freight house platform, particularly in storage in car. We must use scientific study therein—note the relation of quality of packing to weights—the relation of packages to its neighbors in the car—do they fit together—can the package stand the weight of a load on top—should the weak package be held for top load—heavy packages belong in floor load.

Keep in mind that normal oscillation of cars due to train speeds of today, create walking effects within a car. The pressure from walking is invariably from ends of car towards center doorway. Weak packages suffer when in doorway due to this pressure. Watch your doorway load, store it so pressure towards center will not unduly force doorway load against doors and between door post where damage is sure to occur. Cross gate doorways between door posts when necessary or advisable.

When your load does not cover entire floor end to end, or when necessary to "break down" either floor or top load, do the breaking down so as to afford good and sufficient space for steps in load to safely walk or tumble. Support steps as far as you can by packages in front. Avoid necessity for "breaking down" when you can. Load level, end of car to end of car, depressed at doorway.

Use care in starting to unload a heavily loaded l.c.l. car insuring you safeguard the back load (l.c.l. remaining behind point you start at). Much damage is caused in unloading because we do not plan for safety of packages around the package we are pulling from load. Don't walk on loads of l.c.l. to get to some particular package. The shipment under your feet may not suffer, but others between that or around it are sure to suffer.

Think about this fact—A "Merchandise car" represents a service accorded to many times more patrons (shippers and consignees) than do individual carloads—that when shippers use l.c.l. service, it often is shipments that they especially require in the conduct of their business—that l.c.l. shippers and receivers are generally carload patrons and judge our service possibilities by all our results.

The Western Pacific management has recently distributed to Trainmasters, Assistant Trainmasters and Yardmasters, an interesting pamphlet entitled "Im-

part," a treatise on "The Story of Rough Handling Prevention." Ask to read it. You will find the subject good reading and educational.

A few interesting highlights are quoted herewith:

"Since railroading is a play of forces in motion, we have the possibility of damage, because under the laws of motion or movement, we must have impact, starts and stops, speed, slips, slides and slams. They are as necessary as the black squares in a crossword puzzle, but we want less of it and to this end we poke and prod, and plead and praise, plot and plan and preach and pray, and push and pull, talk and think, and write and work—that is some of us do."

"We have found that one good method of keeping the handling down to reasonable limits at time of impact is to talk careful handling at every opportunity, in order to keep the subject on the minds of everyone handling cars."

"Whenever the question of rough handling comes up everybody looks around to find the switchman. It never occurs to them that the switchman does not move the cars. He may cut them loose, but he certainly does not shove them or kick them."

"Also, he cannot do much about it if the start is too fast and the track is also fast, unless he has "climbed high" and is on the car, and he still cannot do much if he finds the brake chain too long, or kinked, or the ratchet dog fails to hold. So, this simple statement immediately brings into the picture the enginemen, switchmen, carmen, and others, to join the switchmen in preventing over-speed impact."

"Individual yardmen in many situations are on their own, just like a crew doubling a hill. They have no regular rule to follow, but must rely on their own knowledge and thinking, and this is nearly always but the expanding thinking of others. The yardman today is much more than a simple draw bar tester."

"A 40 foot car moving at 2 m.p.h. will pass a given point in 14 seconds; at 2.15 m.p.h. in 13 seconds; at 2.5 m.p.h., 11 seconds; at 2.8 m.p.h., 10 seconds; at 3.1 m.p.h., 9 seconds; at 3.5 m.p.h., 8 seconds; at 4 m.p.h., 7 seconds; at 4.7 m.p.h., 6 seconds; at 5.6 m.p.h., 5 seconds; at 7 m.p.h., 4 seconds; at 9.3 m.p.h., 3 seconds; at 14 m.p.h., 2 seconds; and 28 m.p.h., 1 second.

"We learn that many accidents happen because the average man thinks of the move to be made and performs it before he thinks of possible adverse results. The same mental attitude applies to car handling; our job is to swing the thought around or try to do it.

"If all of us talk about ways and means of preventing overspeed impact, we are bound to have less of it. It is just about as easy to do a thing auto-

matically right as to do it automatically wrong.

"Passenger enginemen learn how to bring their locomotives to a stop with the main driver in the best position to start without rough handling, and switchmen and enginemen working together can, no doubt, learn to start cars so that they will be in the best position to stop without excessive impacts.

"Men working around a dock know how carefully a boat must be handled when docking, because of the mass of weight. The same principle applies to the treatment of freight cars. The difference is in degree.

At 4 m.p.h., the force is 4 times or 16 times as great as at one m.p.h., and at 5 m.p.h., 5 times or 25 times as great, etc., The point of destruction is reached very rapidly.

"Whenever there is a discussion of speed in switching, somebody always arises to say that you have to switch fast. If we stop there, the argument is over. Only in one or two cases does someone suggest that you can switch as fast as can be done without damage to the scenery, but that you can also prevent cars actually coming together at a speed great enough to close the draft gear mechanism. Every yardman can ask himself the question, after the draft gear goes solid, then what?

"In the old days before retarders, we would say that every time a man 'climbs high' he has a different horse to ride, and that was true and still is true.

"Have you heard motorists say, 'I was going slow,' thinking only of the speed and forgetting the weight, and wondering how they could get such big results from such little action. We must learn how to deal with forces under our control.

"It has often been said by operating officers that it is the duty of trainmen to tell enginemen when they do not handle their train smoothly. That doesn't mean standing on the ground and barking up like you had a squirrel up a tree. It has to be done in an uncritical and helpful way. Imagine what might happen if the conductor came limping up to the head end and said: 'What were you trying to do back there.'

"When it comes to switching operations the engineman might say: 'I could not tell from the movement of the light whether you were dancing or fighting.' It shows there are two sides to the question and all have to work together.

"One time we were endeavoring to work up some talking points on the passing of hand signals. That was a tough assignment because the hand or lamp signal procedure suffers more from the quirks of personality than any railroad move of which we know.

"For years we have been gathering thoughts and expressions of railroad men in respect to car handling so we find it difficult to avoid including a list of 'don'ts' in these articles, but we intend to resist the temptation because we are sure the men know all the 'don'ts.'"

PEOPLE and THINGS

By AL BRAMY

★ San Francisco—After a period of several months of warm blazing neon that make this city a fairyland to see at night . . . lights that beckon and invite both the native and visitor . . . we are again faced with Dim-out—second cousin to Black-out. Only in the short interval of time between sunset and darkness do the neon and electric lights blaze.

Now at night the entire city is in a perpetual state of semi-darkness. Motorists use only their dim parking lights and strain their eyes for the hard to see safety zone buttons . . . and pedestrians keep a wary eye on the traffic.

Cy Rogers (Chicago) took the marriage vow, beaten down by Cupid aided by Jane Vannucci . . . C. I. Huford succeeds Wint Hanson in the Milwaukee area. He's formerly of The Great Lakes Transit Co.

Wilbur West says 'Phooey' to Phil Kramm's (San Jose) seven foot ticket claims. Wilbur tells of many fifteen and twenty foot tickets when working for the Santa Fe. Can anybody top Wilbur?

Art Carlson (6th Floor) has a 5th Floor Heart Throb . . . visits almost daily, leaves notes and things, and doing his best to keep everything hush hush. Leon Borjas promoted to Lieutenant in the Army engineers. He's the son of Section Foreman Cecil Borjas of Elko . . . Congrats to the George Wallers on their new daughter. George is still convalescing . . . from the flu. Robert Munce (San Jose) also presented with a wee femme addition. Dick Wilkens (Los Angeles) elected president of the Angelus Mesa Toastmasters Club. Dick was just made a grandpop for the second time . . . has two sons working in the Aircraft industry in the Southland.

Hard to tell who was most embarrassed in a touching scene in the Manifest office . . . Bruce Heilman, who was leaving for the Air Corp . . . or the six girls he was kissing goodbye . . . A note from Dick Patterson tells of Navy training and ends with "It's the Navy for me . . . Always."

Solicitors office now call him "Aquarius" Citron since Pete became a Fire Warden and started carrying a bottle of water about in case of an emergency. What the war does to some people: Bob Runge, FTA Oakland, rushed into the office one evening after a hard days work, picked up a memo from Dave Copenhagen relating to rate on household goods and queried loudly, "Who is this Mr. H. H. Goods?" Tch. tch.

B. J. Simmons is still confined to the hospital and though there is an im-

provement in his condition, visiting is very limited. We look forward to his return to duty.

A message from Lieutenant Charley McNamee says he's happy about the whole thing and mentions a "new dish." Gives no details, but it's probably a military secret . . . Fred Bagge attempted a dive from a tree to the nearest cement landing in his back yard—missed—and landed on some barbed wire. He's quite cut up about the whole thing . . . Al Heiner, ex W.P., has been placed in charge of Henry Kaiser's Traffic Dept., Oakland, and will handle the many intricate rate adjustment problems for the Kaisers steel department.

Dorothy Leheney honeymooned at Tahoe following a Carson City wedding. Local newspapers carried nice clippings of the event. Carl Mangum is the 1942 picnic chairman for the Oakland Traffic Club and is completing plans for what is hoped to be one of the largest events in the East Bay in years . . . What do the artists do in war time is a question Washington wants the answer to. Charles Safford pumps oil for the Tug boats . . . dropped into the office with a display of colorful railroad paintings depicting night scenes in the Oakland Yard . . . says most artists are now in industry and getting an opportunity to paint in hitherto unexploited fields.

Wandered into the Copacabana the other evening and greeted Bruce Heilman celebrating his last night in Civies with Bunny Pratt and Hal Furtney. A few minutes later Hank Aviles and Ed Flahive joined the group . . . The gay Lothario of the Car Record Office, Tony Quill, is getting palsy walsy with Uncle Sam.

San Francisco—Despite the constant, grim reminder that Dim-outs bring to us of a nation at war, San Franciscans no longer experience the eerie, scared feeling that possessed us in the days after Pearl Harbor. The slight inconveniences we have been subject to have been taken in stride. Talk of possible bombing by enemy planes is practically nil; although naturally all war news is avidly read while the bleacher quarterbacks second guess the military leaders.

We are not complacent, but rather accustomed to the changes about us; and reconciled to the "do's" and "don'ts" we must adhere to. Civilian Defense and Red Cross workers have their organizations running smoothly in high gear but with less tension than formerly.

We stand at the Gateway to the Pacific facing the Nippons; but an understanding Military lets us live pretty much as we please. We stand today unafraid, relaxed . . . and alert.

HAL NORDBERG'S SPORTS REVIEW

Gil Hibson Tops Bowlers

★ The 1942-43 Bowling season for the W.P. Bowling Club opened with a crash of pins, Thursday, August 20th. At the end of the third week of play, the defending champions, The Traffickers, were leading the pack with seven wins against two defeats.

Representation from the Local Freight Office for the first time found the Freight Agents and the Exporters pitching for honors. Team standings as we go to press:

	Win	Lose
1. Traffickers	7	2
2. Exporters	6	3
3. Disbursements	5	4
3. Car Record	5	4
3. Freight Agents	5	4
4. Auditors	4	4
5. Freight Accts.	4	5
6. Telegraph	3	5
7. Transportation	3	6
8. Solicitors	2	7

Gil Hibson, Freight Agents, leads in the race for individual honors with 180 average for nine games. Bob Runge, Solicitors, holds high series with 566 and Joe Corven smashed the pins for high game to date of 235. The standings:

"BIG TEN"	Games	Avg.	High
Hibson	9	180	210
Sevey	6	173	205
Runge	9	170	232
Heagney	9	167	218
Corven	9	165	235
Gentry	9	165	189
Hyland	9	164	196
Con Murphy	9	163	194
Grace	6	163	193
Nelin	9	157	180

Ken Reilley seems to have as good an eye on the bowling alley as he has on the ball field. He rolled a 202 game on the second night he's ever bowled.

Johnny Nelin furnished some entertainment on opening night doing a swan dive down the alley. Jim Drury attempted to show Dooley Fee of the Exporters how to take the "10" pin, did a nice flip flap in the air, landed on his back . . . and missed.

Marge Patsey used as a pacer each week smacked out a nice 181 game and is one of the best feminine bowlers in town . . . and we're told Lorraine Nordberg (the kid sister) beat one of the editors.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Romance Along the Line of the W. P.

By Thomas P. Brown, Western Pacific Publicity Manager, San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the third article in the series begun in the July number of THE HEADLIGHT and devoted to the derivation or meaning of places in the territory traversed by the W.P. and its subsidiary lines in California, Nevada and Utah. "Mile Post" numbers in parentheses indicate the distance on the main line east of San Francisco.

★ **WINNEMUCCA.** Nev. (M.P. 532.2)—Named for a noted Piute chief, Po-i-to, known in later years as "Old Winnemucca," who commanded the redskins at the Battle of Pyramid Lake. Winnemucca is said to signify the "bread-giver" or "the charitable man." A characteristic of the Indian language is the use of generic forms to express general or fundamental ideas. In "Winnemucca" we have the counterpart of the English word "lord" which is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "hlaforð" or "hlafeard" which means "loaf (bread) keeper" or "loaf-guard." Whether Anglo-Saxon or Indian, he who acquires bread and shares it with others is the lord and master, and guardian of his followers.

There is a whimsical story to the effect that Winnemucca is derived from "one-moccasin" or "wonna-mocca" because an Indian chief chose to roam about, shod on one foot only. But that again is one of those fanciful, albeit popular explanations which one encounters when running down the origin of names.

Truckee, who was John C. Fremont's Indian guide, had a daughter who was one of the three wives of Old Winnemucca and she was the mother of the Indian princess, Sarah Winnemucca, who became chief of her tribe. One authority states that Old Winnemucca was also the father of a beautiful maiden named **Toc-me-to-ne**, meaning "Daughter of the Wild Mint," that is to say, the sagebrush, which is Nevada's chosen state flower.

Young Winnemucca, whose name was **Nu-ma-ga**, was a "peace-chief" and lived on Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation. **Winnemucca Mountain** (Alt. 6,600 ft.) is northwest of Winnemucca, county seat of Humboldt county.

DECOTO. Calif. (M.P. 26.6)—As to the origin of this name, this writer quotes from a letter written by Hon. Ezra W. Decoto, former member of the California Railroad Commission, and now engaged in the practice of law in Oakland, Calif., Mr. Decoto says:

"My father, Ezra Decoto, came to California from Canada in 1854; he farmed in Alameda for a few years and went back to Canada to stay. He spent one winter in northeast Canada at his home, came to the conclusion that there was no place in the world to live except in Alameda county. He gathered together quite a Canadian colony and returned to Alameda county in 1860.

"He and his two brothers, Adolphus Decoto and John Decoto, bought from Mr. Clark, who had originally bought from the Vallejos, about 1,000 acres of

land. When the Southern Pacific Company built its line through Alameda county, it passed directly through the Decoto farm. My father gave the Southern Pacific the right-of-way and when it established its station, it called the town Decoto."

The California Home for widows and orphans of members of the order of F.&A.M. is located in the foothills back of Decoto.

WILLIAMS LOOP. Calif. (M.P. 294.38)—For J. F. Williams, construction engineer in charge. Here, in a mountain meadow the W.P. track describes a complete circle nine-tenths of a mile in circumference to maintain the ruling grade of one per cent compensated. The diameter of the loop is approximately 1,500 ft.

TOBAR. Nev. (M.P. 733.4)—Adapting Shakespeare's phrase, here hangs a tale, as related by Attorney Milton B. Badt, of Elko, Nev., who, at the instance of the writer, checked up on the origin of this name. Authenticity rests in the statements of ranchers in Clover Valley when the town was formed. This is the story:

When the Western Pacific Railroad was being constructed along in the first decade of this century, a construction camp was maintained at the present site of the town of Tobar. At the point where the road from Clover Valley entered the construction camp there was a sign pointing to what was called the Rag Saloon. It was a temporary structure, made of canvas.

The rude sign read "To Bar." The spacing between the word "To" and the word "Bar" was not well defined and so the sign was read as "Tobar." The camp, and later the town, came to be known by this name.

SULPHUR. Nev. (M.P. 474.7)—From the sulphur mines on the west flank of the **Kamma Mountains** to the south. Kamma is probably derived from "qam-mo," Indian for jack-rabbit.

TOOLE COUNTY. Utah. (W.P. crosses the Nevada-Utah line at M.P. 805.58, a short distance from Wendover—see The Headlight for August, 1942, p. 5)—The county was originally named **Tule**, which is Spanish for "rush" because water-flags grew where fresh water flowed into Great Salt Lake. The name, misspelled at first, was never corrected. It is now pronounced Too-EL-e, with a musical intonation.

(Continued on Page 6)

"RUNYON SAYS"

NOTE:—In 1921, Mr. J. P. Quigley, Supt. of Transportation, submitted three names for a station at milepost 128.7. The name selected was that of Runyon, in honor of the noted writer Damon Runyon.

In connection with the articles "Names" by Mr. Thomas Brown, the following Universal Service article written in 1929 was brought to light, which we quote in part . . . or as Runyon says:

★ Dear Reader: It seems that honors continue to pile upon your faithful operative. A great teeming city of the future bears his name. It is Runyon, Calif., which has the finest airport sites in this country, and the amplest parking spaces for automobiles.

Sacramento, the capital of the State, is just around the corner from Runyon. I am told that it was suggested that the State house be moved to Runyon but the noble citizens of Runyon both indignantly rejected the idea and shuddered thereat, because it is their desire to maintain the highest standard of purity in Runyon, in keeping with the name.

You may not find Runyon, Calif., on some maps as yet, because the map makers are notoriously jealous of the Runyons. But on the time table of the Western Pacific Railroad, a fine, discriminating road, by the way, there it is! There it is, indeed! The scenic limited hits the city limits at Runyon 8:02 a.m. daily, and the passengers peer from the Pullman windows, and remark in awe, "So this is Runyon!" The Pacific Express makes it at 2:56 p.m.

I haven't been in Runyon as yet—in fact I just heard of it—but I have already made plans for many civic improvements, including a big public park in which the feature will be a life size statue in bronze of Damon Runyon, the race hawss. Mr. Arthur Bugs Baer has already been delegated to work out the design.

I am advised by Mr. Charles F. Craig, assistant to the general manager of the Western Pacific Railroad, that when this vast municipality of the future was named, back in 1921, several other titles were suggested. One was Cobb, possibly in joining honor of Tyrus Raymond and Irvin Shrewsbury. Another was Brisbane, for the great journalist.

Well, the citizens of Runyon, Calif., just laughed, and laughed, and laughed over these suggestions, until they had laughed them to at least a scorn and a half.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha," they hahahaed, "The werry ideal! We want the good old sounding name of Runyon, reflecting as it does the sterling character and forthrightness of its owner. Furthermore, it is easy to remember if you think of onion, or bunion. No Cobb for us! No Brisbane for us! Give us Runyon!"

I don't know why its citizens have kept me in ignorance of the honor up to the receipt of Mr. Craig's missive. Maybe they were afraid I'd get mad.

But now that I know about Runyon, Calif., just watch 'er smoke! I am going

(Continued on Page 6)

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

★ This article made its debut in an optimistic way in the July "Headlight" and was followed up in the August issue with a plea for cooperation from fellow Hobbyists with the sole idea of promoting the exchange of ideas and perhaps things material.

So far we have had one response which was printed in the August "Headlight" and sent in by Robt. W. Turner of Stockton. I believe you will agree that it was very interesting and anything but boresome, as the writer feared it would be.

So, once again I urge you—drop us a line and let us know your Hobby. We need this sort of material so that the "Headlight" may continue to be the magazine it is intended to be, that is, your magazine.—C. A. Norden.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

355

★ Since the printing of our last issue our Honor Roll of Western Pacific men in uniform has increased from 272 to 355 men; an increase of 83 in the past month. Indications are that in the next few months there will be a further heavy drain on our man power.

So that we may not forget, the management is purchasing a Service flag to hang in the lobby of the building showing the actual number of men in the armed services.

In addition a new American flag will be purchased which will be placed in the Roof Lounge. Letters received from many of these men express their appreciation for being placed on the Headlight mailing list.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Runyon Says"

(Continued from Page 5)

to get into the spirit of the town. I am going to see that, first of all, it takes its rightful place in the field of sport and, to that end, I expect to build a dog racing track at which only Damon Runyon, the racing greyhound, will run, and thus win all his races.

A fistic arena will also be provided for Damon Runyon, the fighter, who took my name very much in vain. Every time I pick up a western paper I see where he got belted around. I will take pains to see that he gets a few opponents in Runyon, Calif., that he can lick, which ought to be a great novelty to him.

IT'S BEEN TWELVE MONTHS!

★ Twelve months of Headlighting have passed...twelve months which saw a woefully inexperienced staff tackle the job of editing and publishing. Twelve months of burning midnight oil to meet deadlines . . . of wondering if we would have enough copy . . . of organizing and cajoling . . . of nervous anticipation of public reaction.

It's been twelve long months while we slowly gained experience . . . studying other publications with a critical, if inexpert, eye on type of items, set up, eye appeal and the host of little things that make up the magazine. We have studied all the criticisms . . . including those that rankled . . . and how some of them did hurt.

We have found that the tastes of our readers are as opposite as black from white. While George thinks a certain article is "tops," Dick thinks it's "corn," Mary says it's wonderful. Penelope says "plui," but Hortense calls it propaganda.

We recently submitted a questionnaire to all traffic agencies throughout the country in an effort to clear our own doubts as to the policy we should follow. The answers we got back were: "Keep the magazine of general interest." "The magazine should be 90 per cent Western Pacific." "We like the personals. It helps us keep tract of our friends." "The personals are no good, we don't know any of the people mentioned." "The Headlight does a lot of good in building up friendly relationships with outside interests." "The magazine isn't of any value as far as our work is concerned, except once in a while."

See what we mean?

We have had the pleasure of seeing our magazine become one of the most quoted industrial publications in the west, with newspapers and magazines copying our articles in their entirety. We have had personal letters of commendation from Washington Nabobs praising our items on the war effort.

We have sunk to the depths of despair, throwing our hands up in disgust . . . and we have floated on the clouds, basking in the reflected glory of the Headlight.

Yes, dear reader, it's been twelve months of fun.

What's In A Name?

(Continued from Page 5)

PABRICO, Calif. (M.P. 27.5)—Coined from Pacific Brick Co.

EBERLY, Calif. (M.P. 28.9)—Named for W. V. Eberly, former manager of the California Nursery Co.

GOECKEN, Calif. (M.P. 53.9)—For H. B. Goecken, early settler.

VALPICO, Calif. (M.P. 68.3)—Coined from Valley Pipe Line Co.

CALAVERAS RIVER, Calif. (M.P. 96.47)—W.P. Crossing)—Calaveras is Spanish for "skulls." Lieut. Gabriel Moraga, who led the first expedition up the Sacramento river and also up the San Joaquin river, found many skulls along the Calaveras river, relics of battles fought between Indians for control of salmon fishing in the San Joaquin river and its tributaries.

GLANVALE, Calif. (M.P. 118.6)—For Peter Glann's ranch.

BRADFORD JUNCTION, Calif. (M.P. 119.0)—Named for the Bradford Winery (reached by a spur from the main line) which in turn was named for John B. Bradford, early Sacramento county resident.

COUNSMAN, Calif. (M.P. 150.6)—For Michael Counsman, pioneer settler.

CALIME, Calif. (M.P. 234.1)—Coined from California Lime Co.

FERICO, Calif. (M.P. 325.0)—Coined from Feather River Lumber Co.

CALNEVA, Calif. (M.P. 377.6)—Coined from the first syllables of California and Nevada. Cf. **Calvada**, **Calexico**, **Mexicali**, **Nevuta**, etc.

CHOLONA, Nev. (M.P. 461.5)—Probably of Spanish derivation, but corrupt in form. Said to mean "dried meat."

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THE FIRST MILESTONE

★ This issue of THE HEADLIGHT marks the close of our Club's first year of existence. The twelve months which have fled into the limbo of the past have been rather auspicious ones for our club, our railroad and our nation. Less than three months after our organization, the Japs launched their contemptible attack on Pearl Harbor. Immediately all our activities were, perforce, subordinated to the war effort, the ramifications of which are many. Our first job was to keep our railroad operating at maximum efficiency to carry the load of war traffic; then many of us actively assisted in civilian defense work and in our own building ARP; and others interested themselves in the myriad related war activities.

Under such circumstances, it would not have been surprising had the club's activities been considerably curtailed . . . and, in some directions, they have been . . . but our two voices—the monthly HEADLIGHT and the weekly TALE LITE—have heralded the efforts we did make and the degree of success or failure of the ventures. Basketball and softball teams were put in the field. Even a tennis tournament was attempted. Club interest has also been helpful in increasing the number of bowlers. An ice-skating party was held; as were two dances—the inaugural last October and one in June this year, both thoroughly enjoyable. An American flag was presented to the company and now waves proudly over our building. We have furnished thousands of magazines and books to the boys in the service and we are now furnishing service kits to all of our own boys who have entered the struggle against international gangsterism. Messrs. Faye and Kidd offered addresses on civilian defense work under the auspices of the club. Too, the club was very helpful in promoting a USO recreational building, now a reality, for the Army Air Base at Wendover. And club members have done much to bring about the success of the War Bond campaign on the Western Pacific and the efficient ARP organization established in our building. Our 1942 picnic has been delayed, but will be held in October. Under peaceful conditions, our activities would no doubt have been more numerous, but the beginning has been made and we still have the future.

The retiring president wishes to salute and thank Paul Shelmerdine and his staff for the superb job done with our two publications, THE HEADLIGHT and THE TALE LITE.

He is also indebted to the management for the understanding exhibited and the fine cooperation extended.

To the new president, greetings and best wishes. My hope for him is that he receives from his officers and directors the same splendid assistance so willingly extended to me by my associates during my tenure of office.

—Walter C. Mittelberg

BOYD ADDRESSES LEGION

★ One of the most interesting talks ever presented to members of the American Legion Service Club in Oakland was delivered by Marshall Boyd recently. His subject was "The Railroad's Part in the War Effort."

Marshall told our correspondent he believed a fifteen minute talk would be long enough, but the Legion members were so intensely interested that he went over the allotted thirty minutes to answer many timely questions from the floor.

* * *

ONCE A RAILROADER . . .

★ Walking into the San Jose Roundhouse early one morning, P. F. Prentiss, Assistant Trainmaster, grinned at a sight that would have warmed the heart of any railroader.

Sitting on whatever was handy and talking over old times and new were Harry Date and Al Ellis, retired engineers; Arthur C. Potter, retired traffic agent; Walter Rupert, Howard Coulter, Bill Ernst and Ira Cranston, retired conductors.

Prentiss reports he was literally bombarded with questions on "what's doing" along the road. All the men were in good health.

* * *

"HOWDY, FRIEND!"

★ The Transportation Department is preparing for the second of its "Get Acquainted" lunches. The first of these lunches held a month ago was for the purpose of meeting the many new employees in the Car Record, Manifest and Military Bureau.

Everyone present, however, had such an enjoyable time in the Roof Lounge, which was filled to its seating capacity, that it was voted to hold such an affair once a month.

Menu included Chicken Turnover with hot gravy, Potato Salad, Ice Cream, Coffee and Cookies. The price was 35 cents.

Committee included Janet White, Nancy Tabor, Pearl Mayfield, Betty Spowart, Dot Jarvis and Marge Patsey.

BLOOD DONORS WANTED

★ No doubt there are a great number of employees who have donated their blood to the Red Cross as indicated from the following, which was received from the Interline Department of the A.F.&P.A. Office.

"Interline Bureau has again come to the front in the War Effort, this time by donating their blood to the American Red Cross.

"Iron Man' Harry Stark has donated three pints and is a proud wearer of the Silver pin. Margaret Pedrotte has given two pints; and H. Jaeger, Jess Dowd and N. Schoeplein have given one pint."

Let's hear from all departments so we can put up a Roll of Donors to match our Roll of Honor. If you have not already donated, why not make an appointment now to do so? It's absolutely painless and gives you a marvelous feeling of having really contributed something personal to the worthiest of all causes.—Leo J. Gosney.

* * *

BUY UNTIL IT HURTS

★ By the slim margin of six-tenths of one per cent, the Western Pacific System is still unable to flaunt the minute man flag which so many industries are now proudly flying to indicate that 90 per cent of the employees are enrolled in payroll deduction plans for the purchase of war bonds.

Latest figures available from the Committee show that 89.4 per cent of the System is taking advantage of this plan.

There is no need to go into a glowing thesis on the mutual benefit our government and ourselves receive through the purchase of these bonds; but let us remember that Washington does not demand, but merely requests that we buy the War bonds.

The whole country is going all out in this direction. Gigantic campaigns are in progress backed by the press, radio and movie industries telling us of the necessity to buy bonds, and more bonds, and buy until it hurts. It's our duty and we must and will buy these bonds until it hurts.

We are not being martyrs forced to buy bonds against our will, but we are being pounded to do so, which is the least we can do. No matter how much it hurts—which is a "mental hurt"—we are still not risking our lives on distant fronts. Lets remember those who are, and put our all into the Bond campaign.

* * *

★ The W. P. Club war bond raffle held last Monday for a \$25.00 bond was won by Irma Luce. B. O'Keefe won \$8.00; H. E. Poulterer, \$5.00; John Baird, \$3.25; M. F. Ziehn, \$2.50; B. Pinkert, Etta Frazier, A.D.Q. and Scully won \$1.00 each. Connie Murphy won the \$5 door prize.

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**JOHN NOLAN OF CHICAGO
 COMMISSIONED IN ARMY**

★ Assistant General Passenger Agent, John Nolan of Chicago, has changed titles. It's now Captain Nolan, United States Army! While the Chicago office temporarily lose a good friend, Uncle Sam gains a valuable asset for his war time needs.

Nolan began his railroad career in early boyhood working for the Burlington as a Yard Clerk. His full time experience began in 1918 with the Santa Fe at Galesburg, as night ticket agent. He was transferred to Chillicothe, Illinois, by the Santa Fe as Chief Clerk to the Cashier, and followed this up in the Passenger Traffic Dept., in Chicago.

In April, 1928, Nolan began service with the Western Pacific in Chicago as City Passenger Agent. In 1932 he was promoted to Assistant General Passenger Agent.

Nolan is a member of the Illinois Athletic Club and the Traffic Club of Chicago; charter member of the Chicago City Passenger Agent's assn.; member of the Chicago Passenger Club, the American Ass'n of Passenger Traffic Officers; honorary life member of the American Ass'n of Railroad Ticket Agents, and The Skat Club. In 1941 he was also Chairman of the General Agent's Ass'n.

The entire Travel Fraternity of Chicago will miss John but extend to him every good wish for the future.—R.E.G.

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For advertising space at attractive rates in "The Headlight," telephone or write to Carl Moore, Advertising Manager, 526 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

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