



SEPTEMBER 9th

The HEADLIGHT



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ADMISSION DAY

Vol. 15 SEPTEMBER, 1944 No. 9

THE HEADLIGHT

- Walter Mittelberg Editor
- Jack Hyland Associate Editor
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- Bill Stout Business Mgr.

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The WESTERN PACIFIC CLUB

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EDITORIAL PAGE

"Its satiny petals, bright with the gleam of our gold mines, rich with the sheen of our fruits and warm with the radiance of our sunshine, typify the ideal of California as no other flower could."

★ These are the words used to describe California's state flower, the Golden Poppy (Eschscholtzia Californica), which can be found blooming somewhere in the state on any day of the year. Similarly, throughout the state, the Bear Flag (a reproduction of which is superimposed on our cover) will be found displayed on state property. The original of this flag was raised at Sonoma in 1846 by a group of Americans in revolt against Mexican rule (begun in 1822). In less than 4 weeks, the Bear Flag was replaced by the American Flag, but in 1911 the State Legislature adopted it as the California State Flag. All of which has to do with the 94th Anniversary of California's admission to the Union, as the 31st state, on September 9, 1850. War puts a damper on all celebrations, but maybe we can look forward six years to the time when appropriate arrangements may be made to properly observe Admission Day's Centennial. Few states can match the adventurous and romantic history of California . . . its Russians, Spaniards, English and Mexicans . . . its Missions . . . its gold rush era. Mount Whitney rising to an elevation of 14,996 feet; Death Valley 276 feet below sea level; a land area exceeding that of the British Isles; a population growth from less than 100,000 in 1850 to approximately 8,000,000 in 1943; Mount Lassen, the only active volcano in the United States; a tremendous petroleum industry; more than 30,000,000 acres of farms and orchards; Redwood and Pine forests; the poignant memories of the adventurous spirits who stalked the stage of California's pioneer days . . . what a potpourri for a magnificent Centennial!

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Another great American holiday, which will receive scant attention in this year of global warfare, is Labor Day, regularly celebrated on the first Monday of September. The Associated Press reports that the A. F. of L, CIO, UMW, NLRB and NWLB were unaware, until told, that 1944 is a big anniversary for the American labor union movement . . . actually its sesqui-centennial, the Federal Society of Journeymen Cordwainers (shoemakers) having been organized in Philadelphia in 1794! AP didn't mention the railroad brotherhoods, so we're assuming they knew. We didn't! It appears that in Colonial days, prior to 1794, there were friendly "associations" of master craftsmen (usually shop-owners) and their journeymen employes (Association of Mechanics and Manufacturers, of Providence, R. I.). Working side by side, employer and employe talked out their differences at the work-bench, the employer's home, or at the nearest tavern! Give-and-take concern for each other's family, fortune and future governed. After the constitution ratification in 1791 things changed quickly. The master craftsman became an industrialist. His former employe-associate took orders from a strange "hired-boss". Competition arrived in many forms and management, to protect investment, began to cut wages. Laborers banded together for protection. They found a new weapon . . . the strike. In 1799, the cordwainers, last word in unionism at that time, voted to "stand out" against a pay cut. With pickets and union funds to support strikers' families, the cordwainers won the first victory for organized labor after 9 weeks. Flushed with success, they "stood out" 6 years later for higher wages and were promptly squelched, the first defeat for organized labor. English common law, which penalized strikers for "criminal conspiracy" caused the disbandment of the Federal Society of Journeymen Cordwainers, but the incident pushed labor into the midst of politics, where it is to this day (with Hillman's PAC deeper in politics than any labor organization in our history). Early in the 19th century, 15 trade societies in Philadelphia united to become the Mechanics' Union of Trade Associations, the first alliance of workers in various occupations. Boston and New York labor politicians formed the Workingmen's Party in 1828 and organized labor's career was really under way. "Collective bargaining", "American standard of living", "living wage", "stretch out", child labor, "sweat shop", "yellow dog" contracts, "economic royalists", strikebreakers, "walkouts", "sitdowns", "labor racketeers", etc., etc., are familiar terms to all of us. The struggle goes on. We've hoped in these columns . . . and we express the hope again . . . that, with the coming of age of the labor movement, the trend will gradually be toward peaceful settlement of all disputes . . . the use of force in such controversies being as stupid as war between nations . . . and, indeed, if our system of free enterprise (and no better has yet come to our attention, human frailties being what they are) is to survive, those who provide leadership on all sides must come to realize the obvious.

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Along these lines, we were more than a little surprised to find the editor of the official publication of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks joining Hillman way out on the limb of presidential politics. It's rather sad to contemplate the intelligent railroad brotherhoods following the lead of the CIO . . . and the limb upon which they presently perch appears none too strong. Too, the term "tory" sounds a little silly these days. Surely a magazine editor can improve on that! Possibly troglodyte? Or even, perish forbid, an open and fair discussion?

We are indebted to Hon. Frank M. Jordan, Secretary of State, and Miss Mabel R. Gillis, State Librarian, of Sacramento, for photographs enabling us to produce this month's cover.

PRESIDENT HEAGNEY ON OUR ANNIVERSARY

★ He sat down, spread out a sheet of paper, picked up a pencil and started to write; no, it wasn't a soldier on the Normandy front telling his wife or sweetheart he wished he were home, or that he had just ploughed thru a foot of mud to get to a sodden tent where he could relax until the next bomber came over.

Nor was it one of our forefathers drawing up a rough draft of the Declaration of Independence, that wondrous document so many people in this distressed world envy and long for, or the Bill of Rights whose precepts could well be followed by all nations.

Nor was it a man writing out an order for more War Bonds to salve his conscience because he had just talked to a young flyer who casually mentioned that a good part of his pay went into War Bonds and figured that was as much his duty as knocking enemy planes out of the sky.

No, it wasn't a big business man with a war contract trying to figure how he could cut down on quality and make a larger profit, or a war worker endeavoring to devise a way to work less for more money.

Nor was it a Marine from Saipan on a transport headed for home, writing of his determination not to break down when he caught his first glance of the Golden Gate looming up out of San Francisco Bay, or his resolve not to gorge himself on steaks and chops and ham and eggs, as his taste had, no doubt, been ruined by C rations and dehydrated foods.

No, it wasn't any of these, nor was it a solemn faced Judge deciding the punishment of a dealer in counterfeit "B" coupons who couldn't understand why anyone should object to him making a little profit out of the war born shortages.

No, it wasn't anyone but me, trying to figure out how a person who had spent the last twenty or so years thumbing rate tariffs in a railroad office could suddenly develop into a Bill Shakespeare or a Victor Hugo overnight and write an article for the anniversary issue of The Headlight.

I have come to the conclusion that I had better stick to the tariffs and let the literary talent fall where it may . . . and if you've read this far I'm sure you will agree with me.

Yet I cannot conclude this effort without publicly acknowledging the splendid assistance rendered during my term as president of our club by Howard Sevey, our treasurer, and Frank Lindee, chairman of our entertainment committee; and to convey my sincere thanks to those officers and directors who have lent their time and energy in the conduct of the club's business.

—Harold Heagney.

THE WESTERN PACIFIC CLUB'S THIRD BIRTHDAY

★ This month our club is three years old. During most of that time we have been at war, our organization having been set up less than three months before Pearl Harbor. In time of war, we turn to more serious things . . . and rightly so; ergo our stated aims . . . to promote social relations among Western Pacific, Sacramento Northern and Tidewater Southern workers . . . must suffer somewhat. Too, membership drives lag and some of us overlook the little matter of dues, but the faithful have carried on and the lessons learned will help in future years.

In spite of all handicaps, we did have one dance, a picnic at Lake Temescal, the showing of a sound movie about coal (courtesy of the Norfolk & Western Railway), remembered our service men with cigarettes before Christmas, participated in the Call-Bulletin's Service Men's Christmas Fund, produced handsome new membership cards, improved our cash balance from \$263.45 on July 31, 1943, to \$577.58 on August 8, 1944 AND produced twelve issues of The Headlight. Not too impressive, but a wartime record of which we need not be ashamed.

The Headlight has not been too seriously castigated and, since President Heagney does not dwell on any of our shortcomings in his message, we dare to hope for the best!

Be of good cheer. The future still lies ahead. We have many sincere workers. After the war is over . . . and we're a bit more settled . . . we'll get that old steam up again!

—The Editor.

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OUR BLOOD DONORS

★ Responding to an urgent appeal from our Chief Surgeon, Dr. Alson R. Kilgore, for blood donations to build up Western Pacific credit with the San Francisco County Medical Society, eleven general office donors have trekked to Irwin Memorial Blood Bank in San Francisco. They were Pearl Mayfield, Josephine Bein, Patricia Orrett, Janice Markuse, John Coupin, John Carroll, Peter Citron, Dan Costello, Charles Tackett, Herb Harrison and James English. Others have promised and we may yet attain our goal of 20 pints.

This is not a selfish, local project. The blood so donated is for use of our medical staff in San Francisco when the need arises for ANY WP worker who may require transfusions. Ours is a vital war industry and though, naturally, military needs are of primary importance, occasionally one of us require emergency attention; so it seems we owe at least a rousing vote of thanks to our donors. Their donations are invaluable.

BIRTH

★ On July 7th, this year, a brand new freight station was born on the Western Pacific Railroad. It is known as Lyoth Q. M. Depot, California, and is located 2 miles from our main line, about 2 miles from Lyoth and 2½ miles from Carbona . . . roughly 2 miles from anywhere except the Depot! Purpose is to handle business for the California Q. M. Sub-Depot. Agent Frank G. Hardwick says railroad mail should be addressed to them at Lyoth, railroad wires to Carbona and WU wires to Tracy. Post office address is Box 886, Tracy. Preston B. Moyer, Bernece Winitzky, Ethyl Feldmeir and Betty DeVoto constitute the balance of Agent Hardwick's station personnel.

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THE FUSILIERS AT ANZIO

When machine guns stop their chatter,
And the cannons stop their roar,
And you're back in dear old Blighty
In your favorite Pub once more,
When the small talk is all over
And the war tales start to flow,
You can cap the lot by telling
Of the fight at Anzio.

Let them bum about the deserts,
Let them brag about Dunkirk,
Let them brag about the Jungle
Where the Japanese did lurk;
Let them talk about their campaigns
And their medals till they're red,
You can put the lot in silence
When you mention the Beach-head.

You can tell of Anzio Archie
And the fortress where the Huns
Used to ask us out for breakfast
As they rubbed against our guns.
You can talk of nite patrolling,
They know nothing of it at home,
And tell them that you learned it
On the Beach-head south of Rome.

You can tell them how the Huns
Tried to break us with attack,
Using tanks, bombs and flame-throwers
And how we hurled them back.
You can tell them how we took it,
And dished it out as well,
How we thought it was a picnic
And Tedeschi called it Hell.

And when your tale is finished
And going time is near,
Just fill your pipe again, lads,
And finish up your beer.
Then order up another
You want before you go,
To the boys that fought beside you
On the beach at Anzio.

This epic came to us through Max Potter, of Lathrop. His friend, Cpl. George W. Johnson, who landed at Anzio with the 5th Army and was wounded in the ensuing battle, sent it along and signed it "Buff" to indicate, perhaps, the author.

Hy-Lites

By JACK HYLAND

case, I'll just ask . . . "WHY?". Possibly Tom Brown, our author of "What's in a Name," can tell us the reason there is a "Japan" in North Carolina, and five cities named "Tokio", located in Arkansas, North Dakota, Ohio and (believe it or not) two in Texas. And, while some of the State Librarians or members of the State Historical Society are digging deep for the answers, we might add . . . "Berlin" appears fourteen times, in Alabama, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin.

Recent letter from **Cpl. George McDearmid** (Traffic) somewhere in Australia, tells of being in the Army 15 months on August 15th, which includes 27,000 miles of travel, continuing with: "At 5 p. m. Thursday in Australia, it's 11 p. m. Wednesday in San Francisco". (Does this mean when it's today there it's yesterday here, and today here is tomorrow in Australia? Sounds confusing).

From **L. H. Rodebaugh** (Claim Agt.-Sacto) we learn Chief Clerk **Ed. Jagels** (Traffic Sacto) has at last found a home for the family. Eddie is an experienced house hunter for it was only last October he moved from Oakland to Klamath Falls. **Helen Rank**, secretary to Gen. Agt. Charlie Harmon, is spending her evenings doing U. S. O. work, and earns . . . our congratulations.

Ensign Dorothy Jarvis, who was **Spen Lewis'** right hand girl in the Car Record office before joining the WAVES, has announced her engagement to **Lt. Howard King** (Air Corps), culminating a Chico State College romance, and we hear tell of an unusually lovely sparkler.

As mentioned last month, **Arthur Thatcher** (Spcl. Agent) gave out on the news of our former "Special Agents" so continuing: **Wm. Bergman** (BM1/c) has experienced some bombing while in the South Pacific Isles, but says it doesn't bother him; **PFC Jack Vekander** is doing M. P. duty in England and **Don Langston** (Cox'n 1/c) is doing Shore Patrol detail in Santa Cruz, keeping the places serene and peaceful; **James Polk** (WT1/c) is on a battle wagon . . . and **Art Davis** (Carpenter 1/c) is in the Seabees and too busy to write. (P. S.—To **E. R. Stratton** (Fl/c) serving on an "L.S.T." in the Pacific we say . . . "Here's your Headlight, so your Dad can now keep his copy.")

Training days are over for **T/5 Jim Drury** (Car Record) for Company C, 722nd Ry. Opn. Bn.—APO 5783, care Postmaster, New York, has moved overseas. Best of luck Jimmy and your address shown here, especially for the notice of **Cpl. Joe Corven** and **Sgt. Connie Murphy**. (Maybe you can have a bowling game).

Well, well . . . **Pvt. Bob Witts** (Traffic) now in Australia writes: "The Aussies can teach us a great deal about making beer, for it's a lot better than any U. S. A. brand". That's quite odd Bob, and it's the first report from anywhere that states our beer isn't tops, but then of course . . . you never tasted my cousin's "home brew".

A general idea of where our firemen have gone comes from ex-fireman **W. D. (Bud) Taber**, now in the Army at New Orleans, who met former firemen **J. Lusar**, **R. P. Joy** and **J. E. Bramse** and states **N. G. O'Neill**, **C. H. Mathews** and **R. J. McGinnis** are there too, but hasn't seen them. Better keep an eye peeled for **John "Ossie" Osterdock** for he's also in New Orleans.

From Thomasville, Ga., **Cpl. Ray Boyer** (Traffic) had planned to accompany his wife, **June**, on a trip home (Oakland, Cal.) but his furlough was . . . "Cancelled", so Ray had to remain. Incidentally, your columnist learned the Boyer household will be enlarged . . . comes next February. Extend advance congratulations.

A real lengthy letter recently arrived from **Ray Kastl** (Radio Tech.), formerly Auditors, telling of his escapades while on the USS Rock Mount, and I would have learned more . . . but the "censor" had his little scissors handy. Thanks greatly Ray for the Japanese souvenir which came from . . . (censor active again). Your letter was shown to **Fred Lamb** and **Frank Ferguson** and know they'll write.

On behalf of the boys in the service . . . we extend thanks to Traffic Dept's two samaritans . . . **Dahrl Evans** and **Grace Heaney**, for addressing and mailing the August Headlight while "yours truly" was on a well earned??? vacation. And, speaking of Grace—understood she tore up her pay check (during my absence) and was greatly shocked when little pieces of green paper fluttered to the floor. Naturally, it was a mistake, but presume I'll have to take over on pay days . . . can now keep his copy.")

It finally happened . . . but then we've always contended the Army had a way. Guess they still have, for in his first letter **Pvt. John (Light'nin) O'Connell** (formerly Traffic) now at Buckley Field, Colo., writes: "Arise at 5 a. m. and am kept extremely busy until 6 p. m., when, if I've any energy left, I'm free to roam the field". John jokingly adds: "Was offered a 'Colonelcy' but turned it down, preferring to earn my ratings in a more democratic way".

Just learned **Clyde Janic** has been promoted from chief clerk to TF&PA in the Portland area . . . and when we say "area" we really mean it, but I'm sure he'll cover every inch of the ground to which he is assigned.

After nearly two years service in Arabia, **M/Sgt. Richard Gollan** (Traffic) visited the Gen. Office recently on his way to Cincinnati, Ohio (his new post) and while it isn't California . . . Dick is mighty glad to be back on U. S. A. soil (plain dirt) instead of sand.

THE DISTAFF SIDE

By Barbara Spacher

★ While most of us are familiar with the State flower, the California poppy, how many of us know there is also a State bird? It is the Lophortyx Californica, known to the layman as the California valley quail. The valley quail, which closely resembles the partridge both in appearance and flavor, was designated official bird of the State by an act of legislature in 1931, after a large number of societies and clubs voted it the bird most likely to succeed! The valley quail is found in many parts of the State and has been seen as close to San Francisco as Sausalito.

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Next on the agenda is the Great Seal and "coat of arms" of California, adopted October 2nd, 1849, by the convention which framed the Constitution of California. The Seal is shaped like a great ring with 31 stars around the bend, representing the number of states in the Union at the time of the admission of California. A Grizzly Bear, long symbolic of the State as evidenced by its appearance on the State Flag, and the legendary Goddess of Wisdom, Minerva, are shown in the foreground of the Seal. In the background we see snow-clad peaks representing the Sierra Nevada, a miner working his claim and a sailing ship in the harbor, typifying industrial and commercial greatness. At the top of the Seal is found the Greek motto "Eureka", meaning "I have found it", which probably applies to the achievement of statehood in the Union by California. Said Lincoln's Secretary of State, William H. Seward, upon her admission, "California, the youthful queen of the Pacific in robes of freedom, inlaid with gold, is doubly welcome".

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These effusions are brought on by the imminence of the 94th anniversary of the admission of California to the Union. We think it fitting to quote from Lillian H. S. Bailey's poem, "California":

Sown is the golden grain, planted the vines;
Fall swift, O loving rain, lift prayers,
O pines;
O green land, O gold land, fair land
by the sea,
The trust of thy children reposes in thee.

★ ★ ★

And did you know that Florida is the place where bad Californians go when they die???

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Thomas P. Brown, Publicity Manager, San Francisco
(Copyright, 1944, Thomas P. Brown)

★ **THE SEVEN SEAS**—The use of seven as a representative symbolic number goes back to a time so ancient that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Seven is a mystical, holy number, and many have been its applications. Thus, the seven days of creation, the seven stars, the seven sages of Greece, the seven wonders of the world, the seven cities of Cibola, and the Seven Seas. Withstanding the wear and tear of centuries, seven has come to mean a long time or a great many. In this last phrase lies the answer to a query propounded by Mr. D. C. DeGraff, Western Pacific general auditor. We hope that our Western Pacific boys who have been "sailing the seven seas" in this World War II will agree with the explanation that this term has really a metaphorical significance.

While this name has appeared in various literatures, it was (Joseph) Rudyard Kipling who gave it renewed circulation by using it as the title of a book of verse. Mr. Kipling of course was asked to name The Seven Seas. Through the courtesy of Miss Louella D. Everett of Boston, Mass., associate editor of the Eleventh Edition of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, we have a copy of a letter written by M. Quarrier-Hogg, Mr. Kipling's secretary, to James W. Walker, Esq., and dated June 15, 1912, at Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, England. The letter, which was published in the Saturday Review of Literature, Jan. 28, 1928, reads:

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling desires me to tell you that . . . the Seven Seas are the North and South Atlantic, North and South Pacific, Mediterranean, Indian Ocean and Channel Seas."

We had hoped to find a poem by Kipling under this caption, but Mrs. W. T. Worley of the Mechanics Institute Library, San Francisco, who found a copy of "The Seven Seas" (Appleton's, 1896) in the library of the Francesca Club of that city, says that while the volume opens with verse entitled "Dedication," there is no poem entitled "The Seven Seas." We wonder what this Master would have written. It would have been another classic.

One of the most succinct and enlightening accounts of the meaning of The Seven Seas is to be found in "Nuggets of Knowledge" by George W. Stimpson and published in 1928 by George Sully & Co., New York. We quote:

"The Seven Seas' is a figurative term denoting all the seas and oceans of the world. It is often explained that the seven seas are the Arctic, the Antarctic, the North and South Pacific, the North and South Atlantic, and the Indian Oceans. This explanation is purely imaginary. The term is not to be taken literally. It was part of the vernacular of several nations long before some of the oceans named were known to the inhabitants of Europe and Asia.

"The seven seas are referred to in

the literature of the ancient Hindus, Chinese, Persians, Romans and other nations. In each case the term refers to different bodies of water. To the Persians the seven seas were the streams forming the Oxus River; the Hindus applied the name to bodies of water in the Punjab. Near Venice, Italy, is a group of salt-water lagoons which the Romans called 'septem maria,' the Latin phrase for seven seas."

Quizzically enough, we have found in this present research seven listings of The Seven Seas, with some duplications of course. In addition to Kipling's category, cited in the foregoing, these groupings may be entitled the Early European, the Classical, East of Suez, Polynesian, Western Hemisphere, and Modern—made up from the latest geography—at your pleasure.

ELBURZ, Elko County, Nev., a station on the W. P., 683.3 miles east of San Francisco. In the August issue of THE HEADLIGHT, Editor Walter C. Mittelberg wrote an interesting account of the Trans-Iranian Railroad of Iran, the article incorporating a letter from S/Sgt. Millard A. Parks, former W.P. brakeman at Portola, Calif., now on duty with the U.S.A. in that land of Omar Khayyam. Noting the implied query in Mr. Mittelberg's article, we have to report that the origin of Elburz, Nevada, is still to be run down. We had a letter from Hon. J. F. McElroy, member of the Nevada State Legislature and W.P. agent at Wells, who says that Elburz perhaps was named for an early settler of Elko County. We hope that one of our readers on the eastern division can give us the full story.

SAN ANTONIO, Bexar County, Texas, was named in honor of St. Anthony of Padua by Father Massanet in 1691, according to "Texas: A Guide to the Lone Star State" (Hasting's House, N. Y.). The same authority says that Governor Don Martin de Alarcon founded in 1718 the Villa de Bejar, whence the later spelling "Bexar" and the name of the county. (Pronounced "Bay-ar" or "Bay-har.") By exception, we add another explanation which we came by casually and which illustrates a popular tendency to account for names. The story goes that once there was a man named Bear. He could not write, hence used an X for his signature. Thereupon his fellows inserted an X in Bear, producing the surname Bexar.

GRAND JUNCTION, Colo.—So named in 1881, according to Director LeRoy R. Hafen, Colorado Historical Museum, Denver, because of its location at the junction of the Grand (now the Colorado) and the Gunnison rivers. **Gunnison** was named for Capt. John W. Gunnison who had led a survey through that region in 1853 for "a Pacific railroad." Gunnison was killed by Utah Indians in the fall of that year. **Chipeta Street**, Grand Junction, is doubtless named for the wife of Ouray, famous Colorado Indian chief.

SPORTS REVIEW

By Jack Hyland

★ On August 17th at 6 p. m. at San Francisco's ultra Downtown Bowl, the 1944-45 season of the Western Pacific Bowling League began its fifth year of existence, under the leadership of President Bill Stout. To most of us, the long awaited hour had arrived and the bowlers appeared quite anxious to get started, somewhat resembling a field of race horses boxed in a starting chute awaiting the "Go" signal. Anyway, from now on—every pin knocked down (or left standing) will be counted into the records . . . and none of the so-called "verbally" played games will mean a thing.

On opening night, it was either 'all' or 'nothing', for the teams either won, or they lost, so the score sheet shows:

	Won	Lost	H.G.	H.S.
Auditors	3	0	842	2452
Freight Accts.....	3	0	804	2367
Transportation	3	0	832	2360
Switchmen	3	0	829	2243
Freight Agts.....	3	0	788	2235
S. F. Carmen.....	0	3	774	2206
Disbursements.....	0	3	784	2156
Oak. Carmen.....	0	3	730	2137
Traffickers	0	3	745	2043
Treasurers	0	3	697	2033

While some of the keglers haven't hit their stride, the averages indicate it will require steady and consistent bowling to continue in our "Big Ten" list which includes:

	Gms.	Avg.	H.G.	H.S.
Heagney	3	187	194	562
Lewis	3	176	186	530
Greiner	3	176	203	529
Warren	3	174	222	522
Potter	3	173	190	521
Hyland	3	171	189	514
Dooling	3	169	186	508
Prismich	3	164	177	494
Wilkinson	3	163	179	489
Craig	3	162	187	487

The hy-lites of the first night was Harold Heagney's 562 series to take over the league lead, and Earl Warren's 222 high game. Incidentally, Earl is not the "Governor". The real oddity or lo-lite of the evening was Frank Lindee's (almost) intentional fall down over the foul line to PREVENT a spare being counted . . . he wanted to preserve his string of six or seven straight "Nine" count frames.

Before concluding, extend a cordial welcome to our many new bowlers, especially to the Oakland Carmen team (including Car Foreman Ed. Moss who came over to keep an eye on his boys), and naturally we're glad to see the regular keglers of last year.

Cavanaugh, E. W.
Craver, Chester
Evans, J. W.
Furtney, G. A.
Geeston, C. D.
Griffin, Thos., Jr.
Johnson, S. H.



McMillan, A. L.
Miller, D. H.
Moody, L. R.
Naylor, D. L.
Stephenson, W. L.
Tellaisha, Ona

RUFUS G. HARMON

★ It is with deep regret we report the passing of Rufus G. Harmon on July 28, 1944.

Rufus retired from active service as terminal agent, Oakland, on January 1, 1944, after 34 years with the Western Pacific. He had been in ill health for several months. However, his sudden passing was a shock to his many friends in the transportation field.

Born in Sacramento, California, on September 28, 1880, he started his railroad career in 1891 in the Sacramento freight house of the Southern Pacific as office boy. Realizing that great opportunities would lie with a young railroad pioneering in the west, he entered the employ of the Western Pacific in 1909 as window clerk. Opportunities were not wasted as he steadily worked his way up through various positions. In 1927 he was appointed terminal agent at Oakland, which position he held until his retirement. Rufus' knowledge of the history of our railroad was extensive and his interesting stories on the origins of names of various stations on the line would hold one spellbound for hours.

To his widow, Ada May, and two sons, R. Jordan of Vallejo, and Lou B. of Oakland, we extend our deepest sympathy. Though departed, the memory of Rufus' friendship will linger long in the hearts of his many acquaintances.

R.L.R.

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THEODORE DANIEL LaPOINT, Sr.

★ After 47 years of railroading, 34 of them spent on the Western Pacific as brakeman and conductor, Theodore LaPoint, Sr., retired from active service early last month.

"Babe", as he was known to his friends, was born at Deerfield, Michigan, in 1879. At 18, he hit the westward trail and followed his brother to Winnemucca, Nevada. He went to work for the Southern Pacific in 1897 and was with that road until 1910. On July 20th of that year he came to us as a brakeman and was promoted to conductor on August 11th, 1910.

A capable railroader with a jovial disposition, LaPoint was well liked by all his associates, and he has their best wishes for many happy days of fishing and hunting from his new home headquarters at Winnemucca.

OUR DIESEL SWITCHERS

★ Western Pacific operates 16 Alco/G.E. diesel-electric switchers, 8 of them 660 HP; the others 1,000 HP, at San Francisco, Oakland, Stockton, Oroville and Elko, enabling us to meet war-time transportation demands by delivering 30% more work hours per unit than was previously possible.

Currently four of these switchers are doing their stuff with the heavy perishable tonnage in Stockton Yard. In this work, time is the essence and these switchers, because they're on the job continuously, handle more efficiently the tremendous and exacting yard movements required in the break-up of trains, the icing of the "reefers" and the make-up of new trains.

The 30% saving of time in each switching operation, by the use of the diesel-electric switchers, is attributed by operating men to fast pick-up, high visibility, ease of operation and operator comfort.

This is one phase of Western Pacific's great program of modernization.

★ ★ ★

STEPHEN JOHN GARDNER

★ We deeply regret to record the passing, on August 8th, of Stephen J. Gardner, head maintenance of way clerk, Sacramento, following an illness of several weeks.

"Steve" Gardner was born at Pittsburgh, Pa., on October 30, 1880. He came to California in 1909 and, for a short time, engaged in ranching activity at Conley.

Gardner began his more than 34 years of service with the Western Pacific in 1910 as a clerk. In October, 1915, he became chief clerk to the superintendent and, in 1928, he took over the duties of head maintenance clerk. A.W.

★ ★ ★

Mail Christmas Packages Early for Overseas Destinations

★ Christmas packages for our men and women in the armed forces overseas should be mailed between Sept. 15th and Oct. 15th to insure delivery. Even the packages for those in the States should be forwarded early.

When sending packages to prisoners of war, DO NOT include any material derogatory to the enemy. He doesn't like it and refuses to deliver.

HELP WANTED: MEN

★ Two and a half months ago Vice-President Mason addressed a communication to all WP male workers in San Francisco explaining the need for additional volunteers to serve with the Coast Guard's Port Security Force. Even those who had already enlisted were asked to respond to make the record complete. To date the response has been almost nil . . . only one man having discussed the matter with Dick Beltz, who is serving on this force and quite capable of outlining full details to all those interested.



Dura Chesley

In spite of military calls, we still have probably 400 male workers in San Francisco; yet only 5 or 6 have volunteered for this work. The Coast Guard is no longer appealing for women volunteers, lending strength to the belief that the girls have responded more satisfactorily than the men to the appeal. With the termination of hostilities in Europe, we're sure it's no secret that Pacific Coast ports will become the focal point of the mighty attack upon Japan . . . the funnel for the men and vital material. This will mean many more ships calling at the port of San Francisco and much more work for the Port Security Force.

Dura Chesley (above), secretary to our AGFA, is one of WP's girl volunteers on the force and, who knows, you may be one of the lucky men to be fed by her during one of your vigils.

How about it, you male civilians? Are you going to swamp Dick Beltz (Room 502, GO; Telephone Extension 267) with applications to swell the roster of WP men serving in the Port Security Force?

OPERATION OF "DIRECT KEYBOARD" AND "TAPE TRANSMISSION" TELETYPE APPARATUS

★ Western Pacific's System Wire Chief J. C. Cotter has compiled some basic information on teletype operation, including the Order of Railroad Telegraphers' instantaneous tape reader and code memorizer (chart below), all of which is reproduced here, not only for the edification of our people involved in such work, but also for the enlightenment of any readers who find the subject of more than passing interest.

The Direct Keyboard operation is similar to that of a typewriter, with the exception that the operation of the keyboard is controlled by an electric motor. When a key is depressed, the clutch throw-out lever permits the cam sleeve assembly to make one revolution and the five selector bars (which correspond to the five unit code) allows signals sent to the line to conform to the contact arrangement set up by the depression of the key.

Tape Transmission is accomplished by the operator punching out the message on a perforator which punches the code combinations in a paper tape. This tape is then fed into a tape transmitter which translates the perforations into code signals which are transmitted to the line. The impulse positions on the perforated tape in passing over corresponding tape pins in the transmitter, positions five transmitter tongues so that they either pick up marking or spacing battery from two sets of contacts. These tongues are connected to segments on the transmitting distributor. Two brushes, which are connected together electrically, pass over two rings. The outer ring is divided into segments; the inner ring is solid and is connected to the line. As these brushes ride over the rings, combinations set up in the transmitter will be picked up by the outer brush as it passes over the segments and sent to the line. These signals are then received at the distant office by a printing unit, which is a single magnetic motor-operated printer which prints its message on a page like an ordinary typewriter.

Familiarity with the five unit code is important to printer operators since it will enable them to intelligently discuss any difficulty with the distant office, resulting in locating and clearing the trouble with a minimum loss of operating time to the circuit. The distant office may inquire if an operator is gaining or losing pulses, such as getting the letter "A" for "E", which would indicate the operator was gaining the second pulse, for "E" is made up of the first pulse (or No. 1 hole in the tape) and the letter "A" consists of the first and second pulse.

To whatever extent interest in telegraphy is increased by this discussion The Headlight will be happy, for we understand our railroad is currently suffering from a dearth of telegraphers.

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EASTBAY GRAPEVINE

By Bob Runge

★ Sleep is a condition in which some people talk, some walk and others snore. **Mace Gordon** talks . . . so-O-o no more "smokers" for him. Tch! Tch! **Joe Penner** likes to get his rest and exercise at the same time . . . he walks in his sleep!

New faces department: **Hazel Petersen** and **Delphia McClain** are two additions to **Charlie Davis'** "harem" at the LO; **Kathryn (Mrs. Riley Reinig)** now battles the elements to arrive at the Easton Building every morning; **Eldora LeGreve** is the new stenographer for **Joe Nash**; **Dorothy Kyle** (blonde), **Marjorie Ward** (brunette), **Frank "Five by Five" Williams** and **Robert Hume** are the new ones (give or take a month) at the local ticketorium.

Arrival Notices: Above mentioned **Robert** is now a floor walker . . . weighs 7 lbs. and mama named him **Geofry**; **Wanda** and **Dave Charlebois** are matching to see who gets up at 2 a. m. to feed **David Charles**; **Virginia Lee Stewart** (formerly Car Record Office SF) thinks it will be sometime in November. Papa-to-be is now piloting a bomber in the New Guinea area, and that man walking around muttering, "grandpa," is none other than **Tony Day!**

WIVES ATTENTION: Does your husband sleep out loud? Does he Z-z-z? Does he make with the sheet music? **Gertrude Hutchinson** says you can cure your husbands' snoring by kindness, patience and stuffing an old sock in his mouth! Ugh!

Understand **Margaret Bell**, **Olga Margetts** and **Lucille Thomas** of the YO writes regularly to Waikiki, New Orleans and Italy respectively. All three write to men of few words . . . husbands!

The grapevine has it that **Vernie Ackeret**, SF car inspector, is a newly married man . . . now he can steer his car with two hands! Along the same line: his first name is **Walt**, but you'll have to ask **Madeline DeMartini** about the last . . . Ah-h . . . Reno in June (sigh).

A recent visitor at the Fruitvale station was Pvt. **Leo Fratangelo** of the USA, QMC. Leo has just returned from Saipan where he underwent quite a number of bombings. One night his Company was bombed six times; however he waited to get back here before being disabled. What's the story about the twisted knee, Leo???

No, that's not a new general agent at 1944 Broadway . . . **Russ Cleland** has just raised a mustache! **Russ** and **Elmer Lindquist** should get together and count hairs. **George Mix** says confusion reigns at the CTO . . . what with a **Raleigh Cleland** and a **Russ Cleland!**

Betty Stadtfeld has been made chairman of the Reception Committee of the newly formed Women's Traffic Club of Oakland . . . "Cotton-Top" is a good gal for the job.

Do you have spots before your eyes? Do your hands shake? Do you have that tired feeling in the morning? You do? Boy, you'd better see a doctor, but quick!

RED ROCK "WASH-IN"

★ Encouraged by a cloudburst the evening of July 24th, rocks, decomposed granite and debris washed over our track at mile post 353.3, Red Rock, to an average depth of about 4 feet for a distance of 150 feet. The crew of 1st 54, engines 175 and 329, had encountered light showers between Portola and Red Rock, not sufficient, in their opinion, to warrant apprehension as to the condition of the track or structures. When the obstruction was first noticed the train was running 30 to 35 mph and, though emergency application of brakes was made immediately, the locomotive went through and over the washed-in material, being derailed and considerably damaged.

The four cars directly behind the engines remained on the track, but the next 15 cars were telescoped and piled up in a space of some 150 feet. Two of the cars went over the side of the high bridge at mile post 353.29 and, in doing so, took away the walk-way and broke off ends of ties for about two-thirds of the distance across the bridge on the north side.

After Trainmaster Bill Howell surveyed the scene, his best guess was 72 hours before the main line could be opened, but he reckoned without the cooperation of the Army officials at the Sierra Ordnance Depot (Herlong) and the Isbell Construction Company (Reno). The Ordnance Depot provided two portable power plants enabling us to maintain daylight efficiency throughout the night with wrecking and work crews. The Isbell people had a bulldozer already loaded for another job, but when contacted by us changed the destination to Red Rock and the bulldozer arrived at 6 a. m. of the 25th. The Portola derrick had arrived shortly after midnight, Ditcher 16, which was at Sand Pass, arrived about 5 a. m. that morning and the Elko derrick came in shortly before 7 p. m.

Bill Howell's 72-hour figure was a sound one based on normal availability of dirt-moving equipment, but the estimate was cut in half upon quick arrival of the bulldozer, and the main track was cleared at 8 a. m. of July 26th, 36 hours after the derailment.



The photo graphically illustrates the rather disconcerting sight greeting the engine crews. We are indebted to Chief Special Agent Groom and Portola's Special Agent Drew for furnishing and permitting use of this picture.

This is a splendid example of war-time cooperation. Because of their quick response to an emergency, the Army and the Isbell people reduced by one-half the time required to reopen a vital rail link handling a heavy war tonnage.

NEW RAILWAY DINER ANNOUNCED BY PULLMAN-STANDARD

★ Another improvement for the post-war period, just announced by the Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company, is a railroad dining car embodying an entirely new principle of diagonal seating. Tables in the new diner will be placed diagonally and seats will be set at a 45-degree angle to the side of the car, instead of at right angles as now. There will be tables for 2, as well as for 4. The unique floor plan will accelerate service, eliminate interruptions caused by arrivals and departures and enable waiters to step to the side when serving, thus keeping the aisles free at all times. Other innovations include vibrationless tables, spot-ray illuminations, linen storage at each table, inter-car telephone communication and tables uncluttered with water bottles and other service. This air-conditioned car will be of streamlined, lightweight construction and, though seating capacity will be reduced from 48 to 42, the more efficient operation possible will make for a speedier turn-over. Improved table setting will result from keeping water bottles, creamers, sugar containers and menus on triangular shelves along the wall at the juncture of the diagonal seats. Entertainment via radio, or concealed phonograph, inter-car telephone communication and the spot-ray illumination, by means of which the surface of each table will be bathed with a cone of light of the proper intensity . . . all will add to the new diner's club-like atmosphere. Blueprints are ready, but actual construction must await release of materials by the WPB.

WESTERN DIVISION NOTES

By Agnes Welch

★ **Janice MacCrone** became the bride of **Bill Hobbs** at a quiet ceremony performed in the First Baptist Church, Sacramento, on August 13th. Janice is our file clerk in the WD office at Sacramento and her co-workers presented her with beautiful silver candlesticks. We all join in wishing the happy couple many years of wedded bliss.

D. C. "Dave" Charlebois has returned to his duties as assistant roadmaster, Oakland, following recovery from an injury.

W. C. Zent has been appointed assistant roadmaster, third district, headquarters Keddie.

Kenny Williams, former DC clerk, has taken over the duties of assistant T&E timekeeper, and **David S. Lay**, a newcomer to the superintendent's office, is now on Kenny's old job.

We've heard that early last month a baby girl was born at Salt Lake City to **Ginger Jensen**, wife of our Cpl **Hal Jensen**. We extend our congratulations and will be looking for the cigars!

Major **John C. Nolan**, T.C., was on No. 39 through Sacramento on August 9th on his way to San Francisco and points south. Formerly our assistant general passenger agent at Chicago, the Major is invalided home from Italy for the nonce.

A surprise visitor in the Sacramento office was Sgt. **John Rossi**, secretary to ass't. supt., on military leave, now stationed at Fort Myer, Virginia.

PFC **Marcia Whitlock** also visited us. She's stationed at El Centro, California, where the temperature really soars. Marcia was typing payrolls for the WP. Guess what she's doing in the Marine Corps! Typing payrolls, of course!

Effective 7 a. m., August 17th, PBX was placed in operation in the superintendent's office covering superintendent's and division engineer's offices only. Day exchange number will be 2-4971. Installation of this PBX board will greatly facilitate handling of telephone calls, and Chief Clerk **Frank Fowler** is already wearing a happy expression since the incessant ringing of the 'phone will no longer derail his train . . . of thought. (HA! . . . Editor's note).

The following new employes are welcomed to the superintendent's office: **Mary Schantz**, typist clerk; **June Nay-grow**, steno-clerk; **Mary McKay**, file clerk; **Joye Wallis**, file clerk in division engineer's office, and **Lysbeth Wilkins**, PBX operator. ★ ★ ★

BERT HAZLETT LELAND MICHELSON CARROLL A. HOOD

★ Last month Bert Hazlett was transferred to Keddie, California, as traveling freight and passenger agent, and Leland Michelson, formerly assistant chief clerk to our Eastern Division superintendent, was appointed to succeed Bert as traveling freight and passenger agent at Elko, Nevada. Carroll Hood was transferred from Keddie to Salt Lake City, where he will be traveling freight agent.



Picture of Eastern Division Superintendent's Office
Personnel Taken At Elko in May, 1944

Left to Right

Bottom Row

Virginia Smith, stenographer
Eileen Daly, typist and assistant file clerk
Emily Sansinena, B&B clerk
Mary Jones McConnell, assistant accountant
Barbara Ogilvie, steno. to master mechanic
Helen Hachquet, tax clerk
Peggy Phillips, secretary to superintendent
Norma Santochi, stenographer

Second Row

Dennis Daly, assistant accountant
Hazel Yoe Cook, tax clerk
Ruth Johnson, stenographer
Elaine Shelton, assistant timekeeper
Mitzi Lami, secretary to division engineer
Ona Tellaisha, bond clerk
Fred Egelston, general clerk

Third Row

Allan Thorpe, head timekeeper
Jackie Etchebere, stenographer
Madeline Fritz, roadway clerk
Florence Duncan, general clerk
Marquerite Glenn, MW&S timekeeper
Genevieve Frantzen (hiding), stenographer
R. A. Hollenbeck, division engineer

Fourth Row

Jane Littlefield, relief stenographer
Mary Lamberty, stenographer to chief clerk
Edna Norton, general clerk
Eleanor Massie, general clerk
Nevada Michelson, assistant accountant
Edith Graham, mechanical clerk
Tony Martinez, Mexican interpr't'r, asst. rdmstr.
George Greathouse, former MW&S timekeeper

Fifth Row

Bonny Bardsley, assistant timekeeper
"Doc" Frease, division accountant
Jean Teaverbaugh, special agent
John Murphy, assistant accountant
Leland Michelson, assistant chief clerk
Helen Abeggan, stenographer
Ray Sargent, personal record clerk
Jean Roberts, assistant timekeeper

Missing

Loren Ames, chief clerk
Marianne Smith, stenographer
Hans Tiechman, statistical clerk
Ralph Stewart, assistant timekeeper
K. K. Clark, assistant chief clerk
Iris Woodward, extra clerk
Guy Blair, agent
Paul Sawyer, chief clerk freight office
Beverley Gittens, stenographer
Robert Lynch, extra stenographer
Sid Tremewan, ticket clerk
Tony Primeaux, accident clerk

Since this photograph was made a few months ago, we don't guarantee that those listed are still on the job. C'est la guerre. We know that Ona Tellaisha is now in the WAVES, that George Greathouse has left, that Leland Michelson is now TF&PA at Elko for the traffic department and that Jane Littlefield is now the bond clerk and our staff reporter. So it goes!

"Rusty", the dog, who appears to be admiring Eileen Daly, is well known on the Eastern Division. Reputedly a troop train mascot, Rusty was accidentally left at Elko and practically immediately joined the WP organization. He makes regular trips in cabooses, but his headquarters are Elko. He plays no particular favorites, though, if anyone has the inside track with him it is Denny Daly. Last spring Elko train and enginemen and crew callers took up a collection and bought Rusty a collar and tag, making the whole thing official. Look for Rusty on your next trip to or through Elko.

RANDOM

★ A few months ago, Lieut. **Don Burgess** (traffic department), then in New Guinea, wrote Western Pacific's War Bond chairman, alias the editor, without doubt the most interesting letter from a war front these tired eyes have seen. It was our idea to reproduce it in full on these pages, but the months have passed and our eight pages were too small. We looked forward to the next "special" issue, but now we're there and still no space! But we'll get his letter in yet, for we firmly believe you'll find it as interesting and informative as we did.

At Salt Lake City, heard from **Ray Coulam** (general agent) that his son, Lt. **John Ray Coulam**, met **Clarence C. Cox**, formerly our assistant special agent and now apparently in the Air Corps, at Dyersburg, Tenn. The reason for their meeting was the WP medallion on Lt. Coulam's bomber! Young Coulam has made several trips over Berlin and has visited the Normandy area. He finds the English beer good and the Normandy girls beautiful. Obviously he's been in Normandy!

We're glad to be able to report that **Mrs. R. H. Hellenbeck**, wife of our division engineer at Elko, has now returned home from the hospital and is getting along nicely.

For those who may have missed the change on page two, **Jane Littlefield** is now our staff reporter at Elko, having succeeded **Ona Tellaisha** (who joined the Waves) on that job and as bond clerk. We're very glad to welcome Jane to our midst.

Pvt. **Tom Brown** (son of **Tom Brown**, our columnist and WP's publicist), representing Camp Campbell, Kentucky, has won the Tennessee and Alabama state singles tennis championship and will soon be on his way to Forest Hills to carry the banner of Camp Campbell into the national singles championship. Though we appreciate Tom cannot be in his best tennis condition and though we personally appreciate much practice is required to solve the intricacies of play on grass, we're going to root like the very devil for him to come out on top.

Tom Aldridge (Wendover) was unable to produce his usual column this month because of long working hours, but he has sent a few notes, to-wit:

Knot Fridsche, Oroville lineman, has been promoted to division lineman, Wendover, in place of **Gilbert Ware**, who goes to Oroville. They traded jobs. The latter sold his house in Wendover to Night Yardmaster "**Snuffy**" **Walker** and Switchman "**Boomer**" **Ford**. This is called a 50-50 deal. The editor doesn't savvy what is 50-50!

Grading done by the Army, south of the train-yard at Wendover, has eliminated some unsightly spots and is a help toward elimination of mosquitos.

The new Wendover caboose track is finished and in service; also new yard tracks 6 and 7.

August 1st was visitors' day at the

Wendover Army Air Base. There were conducted tours, band music, demonstrations and parades (all of which the editor missed by one day).

Latest word from Lt. Comdr. **Alan F. Williams** comes from somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands. The Japs will soon have to reckon with Al! The Editor.

★ ★ ★

EASTERN DIVISION SHORTS

By Jane Littlefield

★ Elko station employes and their families enjoyed a pot-luck picnic at the local park in late July. The girls pitched horseshoes and a few of the braver essayed baseball with the men. Subsequently there were rumors of stiff arms and legs . . . and there should have been, judging from the way **Ruth Johnson** was swinging that bat.

Cpl. **Albert Olabarria**, former head timekeeper, visited his wife and daughter in Elko not long ago. Al is a battery clerk in the Field Artillery, stationed at Camp Maxey, Texas.

George Smith and **James W. Barnard**, former Western Division telegraphers, are now working at KN office. So are **Margaret Barry** and **Blanche Miller**, formerly of Pilot. Margaret is a train-order operator and Blanche is a message operator. Greetings and welcome to them all.

"**Andy**" **Piers**, former trick dispatcher at Elko, now assistant chief at Portola, returned to Elko for a few days to renew old acquaintances.

Word comes from Ensign **A. R. "Al" Manhan**, former accident clerk, that he has been in New Guinea and is now in Australia.

Two of our former assistant accountants are now serving overseas . . . Pvt. **Frank Oldham**, formerly stationed at Hawaii, has been heard from in New Guinea. Pvt. **Tom Clark** is in France.

Anna Belle Albrecht is off for 60 days due to ill health. We all wish her a speedy recovery. Telegrapher **Charlie Gowan** is handling her duties as car distributor.

SACRAMENTO SHOPS

By "Hy" O'Rullivan

★ Our softballers hereby issue a challenge to San Francisco softballers for a game in Sacramento. This challenge applies especially to General Office softballers.

Electrical Engineer **Fred Carlson** is back from a business trip to Chicago. He was checking the air-conditioning of our passenger equipment.

Glenn Furtney, popular shop car inspector, has been inducted into the Army.

We're glad to see Machinist **Tom Hannigan** back on the job again after a two months' illness.

Harold Coons has now taken over as chief timekeeper. **Rollo Kimball** is the new PR&SS clerk, and **Mary McKinnon** has been assigned assistant AAR clerk.

Looks as though the timekeepers and the accounting department have finally made up and everybody is happy again (we hope!).

Ass't. to Sup't. of Motive Power **Ed. Cuyler** has spent more days out of town and on the road the past month than ever before! He's slightly busy now that our new lot of 5400 HP diesels is beginning to show up. We now have nine . . . and three will arrive soon.

The mustache craze has hit the boiler shop. Looks like they're all wearing them now!

Bert Boyer and **King King** (sic), boilermakers, are both in hospital. We hope they'll be back with us soon.

The Boiler Shop has formed a new club called the "Bolt Commandos." Even the welders are applying for membership!

We welcome **Madeline Kirkham**, who has joined the store department staff.

Bob Masterton, boilermaker, has been nick-named Tarzan. No doubt due to a certain incident which took place at Lake Temescal last July!

THIS WEEK: BIDDLE AND BERGE. NEXT WEEK: EAST LYNNE.

★ Attorney General Biddle has done it again . . . this time, though, through his assistant Berge, who heads the Justice Department's anti-trust division. It must be the front-page publicity that gets 'em. It seems to matter little that thinking Americans wonder at the clowning performances of the Government's legal department. Now it's the western railroads, et al . . . almost ad infinitum . . . who appear to irk the bungling busy-bodies Biddle and Berge, who can at least claim their names lend themselves to aliteration. Berge has been building his house of sand for some time. In these columns last March we directed attention to his then latest outbreak. The anti-trust suit against the western railroads, filed in the United States District Court of Lincoln, Nebraska, lists nine allegations, most of which indicate the western roads had, by agreement, solemnly sworn to do their level best to block the wheels of progress and drive business away from the rails . . . all but the last allegation. Number 9, in all seriousness, alleges we hindered and prevented "development of motor vehicle transportation and all other modes of transportation competing with the railroads". Wonder what the ICC thinks of that! Wonder what our traffic solicitors, prior to the war, would have thought of such a statement in their daily struggle with other modes of transportation for enough business to keep WP earnings at a paying level! We wonder if, among other things, Biddle and Berge are not trying for punitive rate wars to again toss the railroads into the sea of bankruptcy? We wonder if they don't really have in mind some cute little idea like government ownership of the railroads? Sometimes we just wonder about Biddle and Berge and how they got where they are . . . or do we?



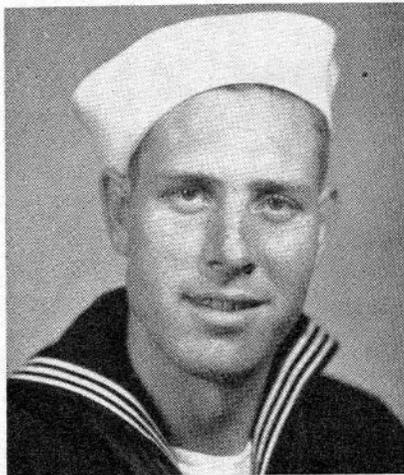
Major Henry E. Stapp



S/Sgt. Millard A. Parks



S/Sgt. Walter A. Powell



S I/c Ernest P. Howell, U.S.N.



Lt. Bruce R. Heilman

★ We received some 55 or 60 pictures in response to our call for photographs of our men in the armed forces; then we found the cost of reproducing them in our magazine was prohibitive—at this time. We still hope to work out some more economical method for this project, but, meantime, to save something out of the wreckage, we've used the pictures of those who have been, to our knowledge, cited for meritorious service, as previously reported in these columns. Sgt. Parks is the exception to this. We used his photograph because of the considerable attention given his report in last month's Headlight—The Editor.

★ At a meeting of the Golden West Region, American Association of Passenger Rate Men, Lloyd E. Graybiel, president of the San Francisco Round Table, Knights of the Round Table, concluded his discussion on "extending a friendly hand to the returning veteran" with this poem. We are indebted to Manuel Bettencourt for passing it on to us.

"Old Man", said a fellow pilgrim near,
 "You are wasting your time building here;
 You never again will pass this way—
 Your journey will end with the close of day.
 You have crossed the chasm deep and wide;
 Why build a bridge at eventide?"

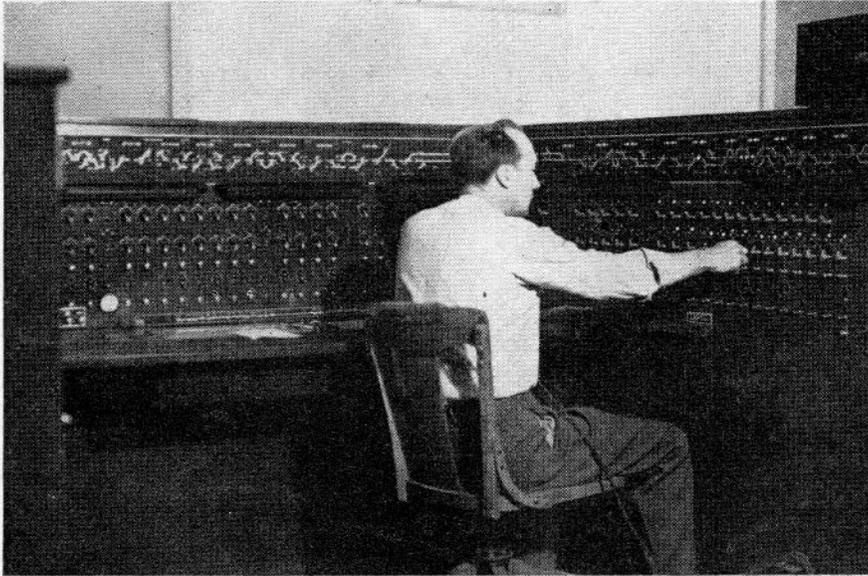
The builder lifted his old gray head;
 "Good friend, in the way I have come", he said,
 "There followed after me today
 A youth whose feet must pass this way.
 This stream which has been as naught to me,
 To the fair headed youth might a pitfall be.
 He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
 Good friend, I am building the bridge for him".

WE MADE THIS THING

Out of the flesh, out of the minds and hearts
 Of thousand upon thousand common men,
 Cranks, martyrs, starry-eyed enthusiasts
 Slow-spoken neighbors, hard to push around,
 Women whose hands were gentle with their kids
 And men with a cold passion for mere justice.
 We made this thing, this dream.
 This land unsatisfied by little ways,
 Open to every man who brought good will,
 This peaceless vision, groping for the stars,
 Not as a huge devouring machine
 Rolling and clanking with remorseless force
 Over submitted bodies and the dead
 But as live earth where anything could grow,
 Your crankiness, my notions and his dream,
 Grow and be looked at, grow and live or die.
 But get their chance of growing and the sun.
 We made it and we make it and it's ours.
 We shall maintain it. It shall be sustained.
 —Stephen Vincent Benet.

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

THE WESTERN PACIFIC CLUB
526 Mission Street
San Francisco 5, Calif.



Dispatcher Jesse E. Taylor at the CTC Main Control Board, Keddie.

JIM BRANCH AIDS IN CAPTURE OF RUNAWAY BARRAGE BALLOON

★ Allied Force Headquarters, North Africa . . . date unknown: Recovery of runaway barrage balloon is a little out of routine for a railroad soldier, but when six enlisted men of the Military Railway Service, Transportation Corps, saw one of these rubber "cows" bouncing down a stretch of North African track and playing tag with the trains, they rubbed their eyes and went into action.

Fully realizing the danger of a possible explosion, the railroaders captured the balloon, which was still considerably buoyant, tied it to a post and placed a guard over it.

S/Sgt. James Cary Branch of Elko, former Western Pacific brakeman, was one of the six men.

Brig. Gen. Carl R. Gray, Jr., Director General of the MRS, has extended his personal commendation to the men . . . "This type of action adds greatly to the reputation which the personnel of the Military Railway Service is establishing in this theater for efficiency and alertness. The conduct of these enlisted men is in the highest traditions of the MRS", said General Gray.

TIMOTHY KENNEDY

★ In July, Timothy Kennedy, retired roadmaster of the Sacramento Northern Railway, passed away.

He was born in the County of Tipperary, Ireland. We do not know when he came to America, but he started his railroad career with the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad in 1890, working on the Tennessee Pass tunnel; then went to the Colorado Midland in 1910 as roadmaster. Later he worked in the same capacity for the Denver & Salt Lake Railway and finally returned to the Rio Grande, where he remained until 1926. That year he came to California to succeed his brother Dave as a roadmaster for the Sacramento Northern.

He retired from active service in 1937 and was well remembered for his ability and kindness.

WAR BOND PROGRESS REPORT

★ And progress can be reported. Our consolidated statement for July shows 8.82% of the average payroll was subscribed for war bonds through the payroll savings plan, with the mechanical department in first place (10.8%), the store department second (10.5%) and the eastern division third (9.85%).

Our 5th War Loan results indicate we achieved 54.5% of our quota of \$594,100. Here the eastern division led with 81%, the general office was next with 71% and the Tidewater Southern was third with 70.7%. We undoubtedly would have made a much better showing had we received advices covering all purchases made by our people. Maybe in the 6th War Loan we'll do better in that connection. In the matter of extra bond purchases during the 5th, the figures we obtained show our people in Sacramento were at the top, with Portola in second place and San Francisco in third. For individual groups, Sacramento Shops copped first money with a total of \$15,234.75.

Have you heard the one about ex-Governor Lehman of New York, who decided that War Bonds were not selling too well among the farmers upstate. . . . So Gov. Lehman went himself to peddle them. . . . After motoring into the wilderness, he encountered a farmer driving a surrey (with no fringe on top!) . . . "Hi," called out the Governor, "did you ever hear of Herbert Lehman of Albany?" "Nope," was the indifferent reply. "Ever hear of Franklin Roosevelt?" "No," said the farmer. "Pearl Harbor?" continued Lehman. "Never heard of her either." "Ever hear of Churchill?" "Nh-uh, what of it?" "Well," said Gov. Lehman, "I'm here to see you about bonds." "Ain't interested," said the farmer as he drove on.

Scene 2: The farmer's wife, who was watching through a window, greeted her husband with: "Who was that? What did he want?" "Oh," said the farmer, sucking his teeth, "some city slicker from Albany . . . named Lehman . . . told me about a fellow named Roosevelt . . . who got in trouble with a girl named Pearl Harbor . . . from some place near Church Hill . . . wanted me to go his bond."

57 Jessie Street
San Francisco

