

# The HEADLIGHT

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**THE HEADLIGHT**

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★

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" . . . and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." —Shakespeare.

**EDITORIAL**

★ On April 12th, the nation was stunned by the news of President Roosevelt's sudden passing at Warm Springs . . . less than two weeks before the United Nations Conference for International Organization, for which he had labored so diligently, would assemble in San Francisco. The entire nation mourns his loss. Even as his body was borne back to Washington in the railroad car "Conneaut", which he had used frequently in travels around the country, men in all walks of life . . . in almost all the countries of the world . . . were expressing the deep feeling of all Americans—that they had suffered a great personal loss. This, again, is a tribute to the solidarity of our people, many of whom have, on occasion, violently disagreed with the late President;

**R. I. P.** yet, when the chips were down, knew he was working for the right as he saw it. Born to "the purple", he developed an absorbing interest in the lot of his less fortunate compatriots and did much to improve the lot of "the common man". Anticipating that we would ultimately be drawn into the current world conflict, he did a timely job of fence-mending which proved of incalculable value when we were attacked . . . and he then strove for agreement among our allies and for the hope of the world when this struggle is over—a peace that will last. But let us not judge. Later historians, with objectivity gained by the passing of time, will judge more ably the niche in the world's Hall of Fame which Franklin Delano Roosevelt will occupy. A resolution has been introduced in the Congress calling for the designation of January 30th—the late President's birthday—as a national holiday. We hope the resolution is adopted. *Another Gold Star has been added to the nation's honor roll.*

Able and respected representatives of the United Nations have already begun their discussions in San Francisco, which all peace-loving people the world over hope will produce a workable plan for maintaining pacific relations between nations that will last not for a generation, but for many generations. These delegates begin their parleys with two strikes against them. The world's batting record on peace is nil and many Americans insist there will always be wars, an opinion no doubt shared by similarly minded people in other countries. Let us pray the delegates will overcome all obstacles and prejudices and will come up with something to silence even the cynics. Our only suggestion . . . and we fear it comes too late for adoption by UNCIO (!) . . . would be that each delegation, with armed forces in battle, include one front-line veteran from each branch of the service. Surely their advice could do no harm. Further, contrary to the belief held by some that Mr. Roosevelt's death dims the prospects of agreement by UNCIO, we feel his passing strengthens the determination of those involved to make it the success for which he hoped.

May 1st is Child Health Day here; in Russia it is a great national holiday (though probably not this year); it is also the anniversary of Dewey's victory at Manila Bay in 1898. The Lusitania was sunk on the 7th in 1915. Ascension Day is the 10th, and National Hospital Day is the 12th. The 13th is the anniversary of the founding of the first English settlement in America at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. Mother's Day also falls on the 13th. Pentecost is the 20th. On the 21st, in 1927, Charles A. Lindbergh completed his solo over the Atlantic in "The Spirit of St. Louis", landing at LeBourget Field, Paris. National Maritime Day, commemorating the first trans-oceanic voyage under steam, is the 22nd, and Memorial Day, when the nation honors its war heroes, is the 30th.

Happy anniversary to the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific on the 76th celebration of the driving of the golden spike at Promontory Point on May 10th, 1869. That ceremony, as we all know, joined the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific in completing the first transcontinental railway, the fore-runner of the many great present-day transcontinental railroad systems, of which we are proud to be a part. Though Gov. Leland Stanford pounded California's golden spike (now safely lodged in the Wells Fargo Bank, San Francisco) into place, wonder how many of us know that a silver spike was also contributed for the occasion . . . by Nevada?

**GOLD SPIKE**



HIGHBALLING THE WAR SUPPLIES

EXEMPLIFYING THE SPEEDY AND CONSTANT DELIVERY OF WAR MATERIAL BY THE MILITARY RAILWAY SERVICE OF THE TRANSPORTATION CORPS, THE TOOT-SWEET EXPRESS WAS INAUGURATED AS A SPECIAL EXPRESS RUN FROM CHERBOURG, TO FRONT LINE RAILHEADS. OPERATING ON A 37 HOUR SCHEDULE THE TOOT-SWEET CARRIES ONLY HIGH PRIORITY SHIPMENTS OF PACKAGE SIZE REQUESTED BY THE OTHER SERVICES OF SUPPLY. ALREADY THE TOOT-SWEET HAS CARRIED THOUSANDS OF TONS OF WAR SUPPLIES TO THE RAILHEADS NEAR THE COMBAT LINES. ON A RUN DURING ITS EARLY DAYS SHE HAULED MORE THAN 75,000 LBS OF BADLY NEEDED TIRES AND TUBES. THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WM. A. MARGOLIS

## Hy-Lites

By JACK HYLAND

★ In keeping with our cover picture, and no matter how exciting the expected victory . . . the "Unconditional Surrender" of the hated Nazi, there will be many whose eyes will not be filled with tears of jubilation. They cannot and will not see all the gaiety around them, for their eyes will be dim, they have a private grief—a grief still very unreal and new, but already they understand that even with the defeat of Germany and later the defeat of Japan . . . it cannot return to them what they have lost in the winning of this peace. To these people whose loved ones will not return, we wish to extend our deepest sympathy in their hour of sorrow, for they have paid dearly, and while condolences may not appear proper to those who might celebrate in a more jovial manner, nevertheless . . . we shall not forget those who gave their lives, so that our country will continue to be, and always remain . . . **the land of the free and the home of the brave.**

Recently learned that **Anne Laudel** (formerly Traffic) is still as lucky as ever (except when she hangs "things" on the clothes line), for her hubby, **Delbert**, has been assigned to a Super-Fortress "B-29" group, being transferred from Texas to a training base in Colorado, where he'll be stationed for at least another six months. (This will permit Anne and Delbert to celebrate together—their "2nd year" anniversary on May 25th, and we send our "Best!")

Understand **G. R. (Bob) Parker**, formerly 3rd trick Yardmaster, Stkn., entered the U. S. Army as of March 31st, and spent (or should say was ordered to take) his training period at Camp Beale, Marysville, Cal. From what I've heard, Bob, that's quite a training location . . . rough and tough.

Although **Clifford Worth** (Traffic) missed on the "colors" in his Navy radar examination . . . his sight is still good enough to tell that instead of wearing "Navy Blue", he's wearing "Olive Drab" . . . and so it's Private C.L.W. (Texas).

A Norfolk, Virginia, gal is working in **Tom Barry's** Frt. Claim Dept. and answers to the name of **MISS Doris Myatt**. From reports—Doris stands 5' 2" high, tips the scales at about 110 lbs., is a brunette and also has a very, very distinctive southern drawl. (My reporter didn't let me know anymore).

We extend our deepest sympathy to **Gertrude Shout** (Purchasing Dept.) in the recent loss of her husband, **Virgil M. Shout**, who was fatally injured in an automobile accident, which occurred on the return trip to Fort Ord, Cal., following a short furlough. Virgil's passing is also keenly felt by his uncle **Lee Classen** (AF&PA).

**Grace Heaney** (Traffic) is now **Mrs. John Kent**, and has been since Easter Sunday when the marriage vows were exchanged at the St. Elizabeth's Church, San Francisco. Their many friends extend best wishes and hopes for a happy future. Understand Grace has moved from her "two by seven" apartment to a larger place which is "three by eight" based upon hopes that John will be transferred from Chandler, Ariz. . . . to Hamilton Field, Cal. (preferably).

While **Friday the 13th** proved somewhat unlucky for most of us commuters account it took over two hours to arrive home (fire on Bay Bridge), the 5th was a very lucky day for **Nora Bayley** and **Lee Brown** (AF&PA) when they jointly won two thousand iron men. Little "me" won \$5.00 worth of War Stamps in a raffle, so I'm not complaining, but I should—because when **Janie Coon** (Treas.) was chosen to select the winning ducat, thought I had an inside chance to win the bowling ball, bag and shoes which **Howard Sevey** (Treas.) was raffling off, but missed and came up with **Carl Flaig's** (Treas.) ticket . . . so he won the outfit.

Last January I jokingly mentioned **Pvt. John "Light'nin" O'Connell** (formerly Traffic) was learning to aim the 105-mm. howitzer so he could "hit 'em without seeing 'em", but now John is going to prove it, for he has moved from Texas to somewhere in the Pacific area and will soon demonstrate to the Japs that "light'nin" can strike in the same place, twice or three times, if necessary.

Following a lead received from England sometime ago, I recently confirmed the marriage of two individuals (both of the W.P.). This item is written to prove I can **keep a secret** (when requested) and yet at the same time print the news. Hope these two people will, as a return favor, allow me to be the first to officially and publicly report their marriage. (You were right—Ser. No. 39122067).

As some of our boys are now in Germany, and in case they desire to change from regular army rations, suggest they consider the following for their hauptmahlzeit (dinner): Austern in der schale, Kraftbruehe in tasse, Hochrippe, englisch or Kalbsleber mit speck, Sautierte perlbohnen or Junge erbson, Gekochte kartoffeln, and Kaffee. (P.S.—On second thought it's quite possible such things may not be available, so better hurry back to your U. S. A. mess hall).

Then there is a little girl named **Marion Moe**, living in Hollywood, Cal., on Santa Monica Blvd., who writes the nicest letters to . . . not me, but to . . . (well, anyway, I won't tell, but he'll know I know, and she'll find out I know, somehow or other). No, Marion, I didn't get to read the letter, in fact he doesn't even know I know.

Learned from **Dick Beltz** (Gen. Mgrs.) that his brother, **John Beltz** (formerly employed VP-Gen. Mgrs. office) now a Chief Yeoman, was aboard a destroyer that participated in the battle and landings of Iwo Jima. After six full days of it, John was sent back to Saipan, from where he was flown 4000 miles to Honolulu, later returning to the States. He's now at Camp Shoemaker awaiting orders for another destroyer and hopes to participate in the invasion of Japan.

The Western Pacific has added another girl to their family, but this one actually belongs to **Pic.** and **Mrs. George Bowers**, for their daughter was born on March 14th at the Monterey Hospital. George is from our AF&PA department.

## SPORTS REVIEW

By Jack Hyland

★ The Western Pacific Bowling League's 1944-45 season is rapidly drawing to a close—ending May 10th, and at the present writing it would appear that the Oakland Carmen (a first year aggregation) has the best chance of winning the title, for they are six games out in front of the 8th & Brannon St. Freight Agents outfit, winners of the 1st-half schedule, whom they must play for the league Championship. However, we don't predict the winner, or award any titles until after May 17th, when these two teams will toe the foul line for their crucial three-game match, with total pinnage deciding the victor.

The bowling "dope sheet" which is now ably typed each week by one of our feminine bowlers, Helen Decker of the Traffickers team, shows the teams in the following order, including games of April 19th:

	Won	Lost	H.G.	H.S.
Oak. Carmen	38	7	912	2512
Freight Agents	32	13	883	2486
Treasurers	26	19	849	2444
Traffickers	25	20	852	2444
Disbursements	24	21	858	2371
Switchmen	19	26	835	2333
Transportation	18	27	871	2477
Auditors	17	28	833	2337
S. F. Carmen	14	31	789	2287
Freight Accounts	13	32	869	2428

### Wilkinson Retains Leadership

Bill Wilkinson, anchor man for the Oakland Carmen, is one of the reasons why their team is in top spot, and it has been his very consistent bowling since the season started that has kept their outfit right up on the top. However, from the following list of "Big Ten" bowlers, it may be easily seen our league doesn't have any one particular star . . . for the first ten places are separated by only a few percentage points:

	Gms.	Avg.	H.G.	H.S.
Wilkinson	99	166	224	568
Dooling	87	166	257	577
Stoney	81	165	208	558
Prismich	99	164	217	543
Potter	93	164	235	604
Brown	87	164	230	626
Craig	75	164	210	553
Fee	51	164	236	602
Sevey	99	163	233	592
Heagney	93	161	214	587

Two oddities were noted in looking over the bowling sheet, and they are—Parker Swain, Bill Hatfield and myself are the only bowlers (?) of the first twenty-seven names that haven't hit a 200 game this season, but we've had a lot of 199 and under games; then Bill Stout (our League President) and Joe Stout are both bowling an equal average . . . 134—and they are no relation. We do have a brothers combination—Ray Ackeret with 136, and Vern Ackert with 123.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Thomas P. Brown, Publicity Manager, San Francisco

(Copyright, 1945, Thomas P. Brown)

★ **PRESIDENTS' NAMES** — For the first time in United States history we have a president whose given name is **Harry**, so we devote some space to the names of our presidents. First, there is the dispatch which the Associated Press sent out from Washington, D. C., on Thursday, April 12, the day on which Franklin Delano Roosevelt said "30."

*"President Truman's middle initial 'S' is just an initial—it has no name significance. It represents a compromise by his parents. One of his grandparents had the first name Solomon, the other, Shippe. Not wanting to play favorites between the two, the President's parents decided upon the 'S'."*

As the following roll-call of our 32 presidents will reveal, five had **James** as the first name; four were named **John**; three, **William**; two, **Andrew**, two, **Thomas**; and two **Franklin**.

**George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan.**

**Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Hiram Ulysses (Simpson) Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, Stephen Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, (Stephen Grover Cleveland), William McKinley.**

**Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, Thomas Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding, John Calvin Coolidge, Herbert C. Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry S. Truman.**

As we recall it, the story about our 18th president is that when he reported at West Point in 1839 as Hiram Ulysses Grant, he was informed that the member of Congress who had made the appointment had given Grant's name as Ulysses Simpson Grant (Hannah Simpson was his mother's name) and that if he wished to enter as a cadet he would have to sign his name as shown in the official papers. Grant quickly accepted the situation and so we have U. S. Grant, "Uncle Sam" Grant (his fellow cadets called him "Sam") and "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

Suppose that Grant had declined to enter West Point under the stipulated circumstances. That would be another chapter in "The Ifs of History." Here's another "If of History": Would it have made any difference in their political fortunes if Cleveland, Wilson and Coolidge, instead of dropping their first names, had insisted on being known as S. Grover Cleveland, T. Woodrow Wilson and J. Calvin Coolidge?

Study of the names of our presidents will reveal interesting angles and coincidences. Thus, the man whose full name had 14 letters in it and whose initials stand for the words "Fourteenth President", became the 14th president—

Franklin Pierce. Then there is the name of our 16th president. His first vice-president was Hannibal Hamlin. Strange, is it not, that Hamlin is found within the name of **Abraham Lincoln**?

**PORTSMOUTH SQUARE**, San Francisco, which is on the Chinatown side of Kearny street, between Clay and Washington, was known as the **Plaza when San Francisco, first called Yerba Buena**, was under Mexican rule.

July 9, 1946, will be the 100th anniversary of the historic event when Capt. James B. Montgomery of the U. S. Sloop-of-War "Portsmouth", landed with 70 men, marched up Clay Street and hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the pole in front of the first Custom House—whence the names **Portsmouth Square** and **Montgomery Street**.

Portsmouth Square is identified with a great deal of early history, but Robert Louis Stevenson of "Treasure Island" note, has perhaps given the Square its greatest claim to fame, because it was here that this beloved writer was wont, in 1879, to sit and gather material for his tales from those who dwelt in the Latin Quarter at the base of Telegraph Hill, from sailors attracted by the "Barbary Coast", and from Chinatown.

In Portsmouth Square is a fountain, the first monument erected to the memory of Stevenson. Flanked by poplars, it is surmounted by a golden galleon, modeled by George Piper after the "Hispaniola" of "Treasure Island." On one side is the following quotation from Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon":

*"To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less—to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence—to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered—to keep a few friends, but those without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself, here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy".*

Should one visit this historic spot in the evening or, better still, at midnight when recollection and imagination mingle in reverie to conjure up scenes and characters of a fast receding past, he will be amply repaid. Even at night the inscription may be deciphered but one must not be surprised should he find that the little galleon has deserted its anchorage place.

For there is a legend, as told in verse by William O. McGeehan, the newspaperman, that every night this little ship with its queer, phantom crew, sails away in the moonlight and the mist for a cruise "on the sea of dreams", not to return until just before the break of day. And perhaps in the stillness of the night, one may, if he listen intently, hear wraith voices sing the old-time sailors' chantey, or perhaps catch echoes of the tread of Montgomery's marching men.

## STOCKTON STUFF

By Bette Elliott

★ There seems to be an epidemic of bare-foot boys around here! Saw Engineer **J. C. "Smoky" Joe Moffitt** running to work with his shoes in his hand. Don't you know that's hard on the socks, Joe? Now that the baseball season is around again, we're wondering if Joe will be able to duplicate the great double-play he executed while holding down the short-stop spot in a game at Keddie several seasons back. Ask him about it, men. "Smoky" is only too happy to fill in the details of one of baseball's great stories.

Fireman 3/c **Harold E. Parks**, former WP fireman, dropped in to tell us goodbye. His new address is a San Francisco APO. The Navy must agree with Harold for he has gained 30 pounds!

Engineer **Harry M. Brown** is back after a 10-day jaunt in Mexico.

We're sorry to hear that Pvt. **James F. Wehe** lost the sight of an eye in the fighting on Iwo Jima (this is the third WP casualty, to our knowledge, on that bloody battlefield—editor). Jimmy was a boiler-washer here before he joined the Marines.

**Lee E. Gunderson**, machinist helper, is back at work after nearly 3 months hospitalization. His legs were badly burned when he fell into a pit of boiling water and it was feared amputation would be necessary. However, Lee came through in good shape.

There was more excitement when Engine 44 ran through the roundhouse wall than there would have been if someone had dropped a bomb!

Conductor **Russell "Tule" Rolfe** and Mrs. Rolfe will be cradle-rocking in June.

We're sorry to report the death of brakeman **D. W. "Mickey" Thomas** following a heart attack. "Mickey" had been with the WP for many years.

From Oroville comes news that Engineer and Mrs. **Howard Q. Parker** have a date with the long-legged bird!

**Paul Berkeley**, third trick roundhouse foreman, claims to be a champion hot-cake cook. How about a sample, Paul! Incidentally, Paul was in such a hurry to get home to those hot-cakes the other morning that he forgot his shoes and left them under his desk. Talk about your absent-minded professors! (This seems to be part of the epidemic previously referred to—editor).

**Don Carman**, hostler helper, is practically turning hand-springs because he bowled 225. Keep up the good work, Don!

Bradshaw, F. O.

Hipes, M. V.

Jankowsky, H. G.



McCourry, E. L.

Parker, Guy R.

Rilea, J. E.

**ELMER CLAYTON MILLIKEN**

★ Cpl. Elmer C. Milliken, USMC, former store laborer at Sacramento Shops, was killed in action on Iwo Jima February 28th.

Elmer was born at Marysville, Calif., on March 22nd, 1924, and attended McClatchy High School, Sacramento, prior to joining the WP organization in May, 1942.



He enlisted in the Marines in March, 1943, and had been overseas since December of that year. Holder of three decorations . . . the Bronze Star, the Presidential Unit Citation (as a member of the 4th Division) and the Purple Heart

. . . he had previously participated in the Marshall, Mariana and Volcano Island campaigns.

While still a Pfc. on Saipan last July 8th, he proceeded down a cliff in the face of enemy fire to place a demolition charge in a cave from which Japanese machine-guns were pouring fire into American ranks. This job was performed successfully and he was able to make his way safely back to his outfit. That exploit won for him the Bronze Star.

We feel you will agree with us that 19-year old Elmer Milliken performed valorously for his country and will join us in sincere sympathy to his family and friends. A courageous American . . . Elmer Milliken . . . lies in a hero's grave.

\* \* \*

**SGT. ROBERT B. CORKETT  
CITED**

★ Sgt. Robert B. Corkett, of the 12th Air Force, former shop and car clerk at Sacramento Shops, has been awarded the Air Medal for meritorious service while participating in extended air operations in the Adriatic Sea. This was disclosed by his wife, Thelma Corkett, who received her husband's citation and medal early last month.

Sgt. Corkett has been in the Army since September, 1942.



—Photo by Koehne, Chicago.

**S/Sgt. Joseph F. Schulien**

\* \* \*

**Pfc. Dan S. Nyrehn, USMC, Whose Death  
in Action on Iwo Jima Was Chronicled  
in Our April, 1944, Issue.**

\* \* \*

**JOSEPH FRANCIS SCHULIEN**

★ With deep regret we report the death in action on March 20th of S/Sgt. Joseph F. Schulien. He was serving with our First Army in the Ruhr district of Germany. "Joe" had seen considerable action, but, just prior to the sad news from the War Department, had written a few letters (the last dated March 18th) from a rest camp behind the lines. Two of these letters were received after word of his death had reached his family.

Prior to his entry into the armed forces, Joe had been on the staff of our assistant traffic manager at Chicago, the city in which he was born on June 16th, 1914.

We'd like to quote from the last letter Joe wrote the Chicago Office (on February 25th) because it not only tells his story, but the stories of so many of our men, who, like Joe, risk their lives for our future liberty and many of whom, like Joe, have made the supreme sacrifice. After expressing appreciation for the full backing of the folks back home, Joe continued:

"It is only a human trait to want to tell of any accomplishments, so you now have one of the boys in the Chicago office of the WP who has been awarded the Bronze Star. I was decorated yesterday by a General, along with nine other officers and six enlisted men of this division for parts played in recent operations. My only regret is that the squad of men who were with me didn't get something out of it. Was also awarded the Purple Heart for getting clipped (though not seriously) by shrapnel during a recent advance. In addition, have received the Combat Infantry Badge, which is issued to Joes who have had the privilege (?) of experiencing enemy fire. All you have to do is to stay lucky and have 99 people praying for your safe return 'n you'll make it! But every day has its humorous angles if you look for them. Guess that and thoughts of the future are what keep the majority of us going strong. That and a desire to get this affair over with and go home again. It's approaching the final stage now and the majority of us expect the finishing touches over here ought to come off in 4 to 5 months, which will seem like 4 to 5 years to this guy."

Joe was not lucky. We—his family and friends—were not lucky. Joe was popular with all his Western Pacific associates. We will miss him, but his traffic department friends will keep green the memory of Joe Schulien. He and Eddie Reel had endeared themselves to us. Both have been called upon to lay down their lives for us. How can we forget them?

### CHARLES SHELDON WACK

★ Sgt. Charles S. Wack, former warehouseman and street car operator for the Sacramento Northern Railway, died on April 3rd in a McKinney, Texas, hospital of a tubercular disease contracted while on active service in India.

Charles, who was very popular with his fellow-workers, was working at SN's Oakland freight office when he entered military service in April, 1943. He received his early training at New Orleans, following which he served with the 705th Railway Grand Division of the U. S. Army.

He was born at Charlotte, Michigan, in July, 1908.

As surely as though struck down by enemy fire, Charles Wack made the supreme offering to his country. He will be missed by his many friends, to whom we offer our sincere sympathy.

\* \* \*

### ARTIST ERNEST CLAYTON'S DISPLAY OF WATER COLORS

★ In one of the Shell Building's display windows, on Battery Street, just off Bush, San Francisco, can be seen a magnificent display of wild flowers, in water colors . . . some 90 of them. The explanatory card in the window reads . . . Ernest Clayton, an artist in stained glass, paints Martin County wild flowers as a hobby.

The author of these works . . . Ernest Clayton . . . born in London, England, now lives at San Anselmo. "Ernie" is a popular member of our engineering department staff at GO, working as a draftsman. We recommend his water color display to all lovers of genuine art.

(Editor's note: The Shell Co. removed this display April 26th. For shame!)

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### WAR BOND BOX SCORE

Since August, 1941, when the payroll savings plan for the purchase of War Bonds was initiated on our railroad, through March, 1945, Western Pacific, Sacramento Northern and Tidewater Southern employes and officers subscribed \$3,221,038 for War Bonds and bought an additional \$330,525 for cash through the treasurer of our company . . . total \$3,551,563.

A grand total of \$8,183,000 was invested in War Bonds during the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th War Loan Drives by our companies and a substantial purchase in the 7th will shortly be announced.

The batting record of our workers and our management looks good!

### HOSPITALS' WAR ACCOMPLISHMENTS

★ Battle-torn soldiers . . .

Sick and injured civilians . . .

Each has a great deal in common with the other.

Both rely upon the skill and readiness of trained physicians, surgeons, nurses, technicians, and administrative personnel.

Fighting death and disease at home in America and defeating death's demands on the battle fields of the world, hospital and medical people are saving life on two fronts.

Perhaps it seems that war-front hospital care and community hospital care are not closely related. But the excellent medical attention received by our servicemen is a direct result of hospitals' preparedness to meet sudden demands.

The voluntary hospital system was developed by the American people to serve their needs. Making available facilities and equipment that are of incomparable value in the care of the patient, hospitals present service opportunities to thousands and thousands of doctors and nurses.

With more doctors and nurses than any other country in the world, American hospitals could assume the double responsibility of wartime with less difficulty than any other nation.

Despite the absence of 60,000 hospital-trained doctors—54,000 hospital-trained nurses—and thousands of other key personnel, hospitals last year cared for 16,036,-948 patients, almost a million more than in 1943.

A baby was born in a hospital every 16.4 seconds all year long, two million in all.

Every two seconds someone entered a civilian hospital—one out of every eight Americans—and required the trained care of all employees and staff members of the institution. Ninety-seven per cent of the 529,917 wounded servicemen who have needed the attention of the Army and Navy medical departments since Pearl Harbor have recovered.

Those two full-time jobs—at war and at home—are being accomplished by the same number of doctors and nurses that formerly served the communities of America. On National Hospital Day, May 12, even while accomplishing these seemingly impossible tasks, hospitals are planning for the future . . . for the near future, by training 129,879 nurses at once, and by sponsoring programs for the promotion of civilian health and the prevention of tuberculosis, cancer, and other diseases.

They are planning for postwar America as well . . . with a billion dollar expansion program, with studies for the coordination of health facilities, and with the furtherance of voluntary prepayment plans for health care, such as the hospital-sponsored Blue Cross plan including 17,000,000 subscribers.

Serving life on two fronts and preparing to assume additional responsibilities as voluntary agents of society, hospitals are accomplishing a double task and are doing their best to justify the faith placed in them. Continually improving the quality of health care, hospitals, during these war years, have offered these increased benefits of their labors to all members of the community—battle-weary soldiers far from home, and overburdened workers on the home front.

On this National Hospital Day, all America recognizes hospitals' accomplishments as they work toward making America a happier and healthier nation.

\* \* \*

### PORTOLA PUTTS

By Jessie Hoag

★ Here's one hot off the griddle! The merchants of Portola have donated about \$1,500 for the purchase of full baseball equipment for a local Western Pacific baseball club. The opening game was scheduled for April 29th against the Sierra Ordnance Depot on the Portola High School field. Col. Kelley, of the Ordnance Depot, threw out the first ball at the opening ceremonies. Our magazine was on the press at game time, so announcement of the result must be postponed until next month. Playing for Portola are Carl and George Hettinger, Johnny Lusar, Pete Thill, Morris Story, Dory Detton (all firemen); "Hank" Parrish, yardmaster; Dick Bacon, engineer; Bill Thrailkill, conductor; Bob Smith, brakeman; Clarence Salkil and W. E. McDaniel, switchmen, and the latter doubling as manager; and Trainmaster Bill Howell. It's reputed the boys practice when they are "in" and we expect a good, fast ball club. Reno Air Base, Camp Beale and Hawthorne Marine Base have been lined up for later games. Officers of the Portola Baseball Association are C. O. Walquist, president; T. J. Bohling, treasurer, and Dan Irwin, secretary. John Sanders, ice laborer, suffered severe lacerations and a fractured thumb when he fell from a car while icing it, necessitating a 10-day stay at our hospital. We wish you a speedy recovery, John.

Wonder what Elko's got that Portola and Winnemucca have not? Two popular roadmaster's clerks . . . Arline Janes (Portola) and Yvonne Etchart (Winnemucca) were seen spending a recent week-end at Elko!

Elsie Groshart, yard clerk, is taking a 90-day leave of absence. Purpose: moving to Oroville. (To the editor this sounds like a rather permanent departure from Portola!)

Pfc. Varcelle Swartfager, son of Telegrapher Ray Swartfager, wrote recently that his company, with Hodges' 9th Army, had just successfully accomplished one of the most important missions of the war. "Swarts" is addressing mail to his son care general delivery, Berlin!

## EASTBAY GRAPEVINE

By Bob Runge

★ Due to the manpower situation, this month's epistle emanates from Stockton Yard and the Hotel Wolf . . . the hotel had that name long before **Elmer Lindquist**, **Charlie Tackett**, "**Father**" **Cameron** and yours truly moved in, so no cracks!

Stockton Yard . . . that's where clerks may come and clerks may go but **Jack Peters** goes on forever . . . eyeshade and all! I think it's the same eyeshade Jack had when I hired out as call boy back in 1929.

Wonder how many remember Stockton Yard as it was in 1929? The main yard only had 11 tracks, but that was plenty when there was only one man to do the checking. In those days the call boy, besides calling crews, worked the baggage on trains 3 and 4 and did the jumboing. **Johnny Nolte** was the GYM and how he used to snap his fingers! "**Painter**" **Duncan** held down the night yardmaster's spot . . . they worked 12 hours in those days. Remember the silk trains? When one was due to pass the Yard everybody would run out to watch it go by . . . and, brother, it really went by with **Pete Barry** usually hanging on in the last car. Enough for the old days; let's get back to the present!

"**Little Round Man**" **Daniels** and "**Ceesco**" **Rusten** have received letters from **Keith Reese**. Keith is in an anti-aircraft outfit and is now in Okinawa. He's only had two beers in the last two months and is getting mighty thirsty. Keith is definitely interested in receiving some mail from some of the Stockton Yard bunch . . . see "LRM" or "Ceesco" for his address.

Wasted effort: "**Mac**" **McAtee**, "**Father**" **Cameron** and **Bernice Moni** searching for Bernice's purse, when all the time it was resting in her car!

"**Junior**" **Williams** is still trying to figured out if he was operated on for appendicitis or whether it was professional curiosity!

Since being in Stockton have found out that **Eula Hadlock** makes very good coffee . . . **Jim Kennedy's** glasses continue to slide up and down his nose . . . **Ed DuBrutz** still "rolls his own" . . . **Harry Beattie** hasn't given up his bicycle . . . **Fred Atkinson** has maintained his desire for "opple" pie . . . **Les Hamilton** is putting on weight . . . **Eleanor Harrigan** hasn't any new stories . . . "**Tim**" **Timberman** is getting a bigger front . . . the reign of quiet ends at 8 a.m. . . . found out a few other things, too, but after all . . . is nothing sacred?

## ELKO ECHOES

By Peggy Phillips

★ The Eastern Division welcomes a new assistant division engineer, **Charles E. Forseth**. Before coming to Elko, he was assistant engineer, with headquarters in San Francisco.

We're sorry to hear of the serious illness of file clerk **Kay Fields'** father and sincerely hope for a speedy recovery.

"**Rusty**", Western Pacific mascot, is sporting his 1945 dog-tag, supplied from donations of WP employes. Apparently "**Rusty**" feels the need of developing his religious education, since he is dividing his time between the railroad office and the Catholic parsonage lately. Perhaps he will not make railroading his career, after all! (At any rate, the dog-catcher won't get him while he makes up his mind!)

**Kellogg Orgain** has taken over the duties of mechanical clerk, succeeding **Edith Graham**, who is now employed by the Stockmen's Hotel.

**Helen Abegglen**, assistant timekeeper, became the bride of **Cpl. Donald Drown**, recently returned from India. Helen's plans were to accompany her husband to Santa Ana, where he is temporarily assigned. Congratulations to the happy couple!

★ ★ ★

## WENDOVER WHISPERS

By Marchetta McDuffie

★ **Jerry Jones**, yard clerk, is convalescing in St. Marks Hospital, Salt Lake City, after an appendectomy. Our best wishes for a quick return.

**Frank Holmes**, cashier, is handing out cigars for the new grandson who arrived on April 1st, weighing in at 7 lbs., 6 oz., and christened **Robert Charles**.

We welcome back **Bob Allison**, yardmaster, who spent ten days at St. Joseph's Hospital, San Francisco.

**Walt Enke** has returned to Elko after spending a couple of weeks here classifying cars for special commodities.

**Chester Burnett**, brakeman, is the proud papa of a baby girl, who arrived on April 10th at the Elko General Hospital. Mother and daughter are doing well, thank you.

★ ★ ★

## AGENCY CHANGES

★ **Dan G. Brew** was transferred to our Delle agency on March 19th; **George P. Smith** took over at Shafter on April 15th, and **Elmer T. Carter** is now handling the Sulphur agency.

## "TAL" KELLY SAYS . . .

★ That earlier this year the four military branches of the Government and the three San Francisco railroads opened the various service units comprising the new military travel bureau at 49 4th Street, San Francisco, the only organization of its kind in the country. **Naomi Gray** and **Peggy Fields**, formerly of our service bureau, were transferred to the Government Reservation Bureau opened by the railroads under the new set up. A military coach travel agency was inaugurated by the military in an endeavor to control the movement of furlougees and level off the peaks and valleys of our coach traffic.

On March 5th, each of the San Francisco railroads opened a ticket office on the military travel bureau premises. The Western Pacific office, designated as "M" office, is in charge of Special Passenger Representative **Edwin R. Jennings**, who is assisted by **Beth Anderson** and **Maxwell Stoughton**, ticket clerks, and **Margaret McMillen**, report clerk, all transferred from our local city ticket office.

**Ann Bossio**, formerly ass't. city passenger and ticket agent, was promoted to city passenger agent, succeeding **Ed Jennings**. Ann thus becomes one of the few women traffic representatives in the country and the only one on the Western Pacific.

**Col. Daniel D. Coons**, formerly one of our troop train escorts, was promoted to assistant city passenger and ticket agent.

**Thomas A. Kyle** is serving as acting manager of our service bureau, in addition to his other duties.

Seven service inspectors have been employed by our passenger department to operate on Trains 39 and 40. Troop train escorts **Rex M. Davenport**, **Leland O. Gee** and **Charles G. Tryor** were promoted to fill three of these new positions. **Emmett Lucey**, formerly of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, and **Dallas Brock**, just retired as a Major in the Army Air Forces, were more recently employed to fill similar positions.

**Rosa Clements** has assumed duties as stenographer-clerk in our mail, baggage and express department.

**Willard (Jake) Workman**, district passenger agent at Sacramento, became a proud father for the third time on April 15th, when Mrs. Workman presented him with a baby daughter, which seems like a fine idea since the other small Workmans are boys!

**Leonard (Bud) Velsir**, assistant DC&H sup't. at Wendover, has been in the San Francisco Bay area for a couple of weeks acting in DC&H Superintendent **Wyman's** stead while the latter was business-tripping in the East.



**IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK!**

★ Sure, maybe the show in Europe is just about over. Maybe what you've been reading in the papers lately is really true this time. Maybe Germany IS on the verge of collapse and complete surrender. But that doesn't mean that we can write "The End" to the chapter. Even if we can celebrate the anniversary of D-Day on June 6th by writing off the Germans as a finished job, we STILL are left with a full-fledged war on our hands in the Pacific.

Arm chair strategists and cracker-barrel philosophers may dispute at length concerning the best way in which the campaigns overseas should be waged, but they're in complete agreement about one fact. And it's a fact which none of us here at home can afford to overlook. We're still fighting. The war doesn't end at a certain hour of a certain day for each one of us as individuals. It goes on, bitterly and tragically, for all of us as a nation . . . until the final victory is won.

This is not the time for sitting back and slackening our efforts. Just remember this. Each day that this terrific struggle continues there are thousands of casualties. Maybe to you they're just names in a newspaper, fellows you've never heard of, men you've never met. But, when you come across the name of a friend of yours, someone from our own organization, someone you really know . . . does that make you stop and think? Do you realize then that for him the war is over, but not for you? Not until the last gun has been stilled forever.

Maybe when you were asked to sign up for extra War Bonds for the Seventh War Loan you said, "Well, I'll see. I'll think about it." That's not enough. This isn't a matter you can deliberate about, because from the very outset of this war time has been our most implacable enemy.

The time is NOW!! If you haven't already done so, don't delay. Do it today. Contact your local War Bond campaigner—you know who he is—and tell him you want to increase your regular payroll subscription, or want to start one if you haven't already signed up. But tell him, at least, that you want to buy War Bonds to the limit of your ability in the Seventh!



★ These pictures are from and about Lt. Comdr. Alan F. Williams, Commanding Officer of the 43rd Naval Construction Battalion, and formerly division engineer for our Western Division. The upper photo shows Al. in his office on Oahu.

★ ★ ★

In the center is the Christmas tree devised by "The Skipper" and his associates. It is made of some 257 Sea Bee tools and 22 wooden models of Sea Bee equipment.

★ ★ ★

The lower photo gives you Al. obviously attempting the hula with a Samoan sword for the benefit of the battalion . . . and now for our benefit.



## HOW TO HANDLE FREIGHT AND INFLUENCE SHIPPERS

(Unnoticed Apologies to Dale Carnegie)

### ARTICLE VI.

★ A piece of granite was among some packages coming last into a car. It looked solid and heavy and was placed in the doorway without blocking. A carton of glass goblets came next and just filled the space at one end of the granite. Everything was under control until the car moved . . . Well! So did the piece of granite—right into the carton of glass. The glass could not stand the gaff. That is why we say, give thought to the fact that when the car moves, the freight in the car also moves—unless it is braced in some manner.

One day two men sweated out a job of getting a small tractor properly braced in a car of merchandise. When they finished they thought it looked good, but were not too sure that it would not move. So, one of them placed a piece of paper on the hood with the words, "Please let us know how this rides." It rode O.K. That little stunt started an exchange of information which did another thing. It indicated to the fellows at the other end that some one was interested in doing a good job and would be open to suggestions based on what the load looked like at destination.

Human nature is such that men learn not to stick their necks out, but, when invited, they are glad to do so. We learn from each other and we grouch when we see dumb work—you and I and all of us. Especially when the dumb work causes us trouble. So, it is a good plan to think of the fellow who has to unload your stuff, and hope that he does the same.

The man who did not protect a case of honey when loading would have thought differently of it if he had the job of keeping the flies off the man who had to clean up the mess at destination.

Every load looks good at closing time. The real story is told at the end of the long haul. And the folks doing the unloading are in the best position to generate ideas that would prevent some of the things they see.

One of the great problems yet to be solved is how to shake out the great volume of "know how" now buried in the heads of thousands of railroad men who hesitate to make them known. That is one of the purposes behind the plan of holding prevention meetings from time to time.

Trading dope. Adding one idea to another has resulted in building the most efficient industrial machine in existence—the American Railroad machine. We need a lot more of that in freight handling. We can then understand more about what we know and make our jobs easier to handle.

Freight receives lots of handling after it is loaded and starts to roll over the high iron. We will talk a little more about that next time.

Article VII will conclude this series next month.

★ ★ ★

### DANIEL J. KENNEDY CITED

★ Cpl. Daniel J. Kennedy, formerly of our Sacramento Northern's track and roadway department, now with Co. "A", 719th Railway Operating Battalion, recently received Citation for Legion of Merit for his outstanding work as a track supervisor in Italy. Congratulations to Dan on his achievements and to SN's Roadmaster Jack Kelly, whose training, Dan says, apparently was not in vain!

## WENDOVER . . . IN 1987!

★ It was the year 1987. The dark shroud of clouds blanketing Wendover grew lighter in color.

Sprawling magnificently upon the nearby mountain side, the metropolis of Wendover presented a pretty sight in the early morning sun. An aged man felt his way across the 8-lane boulevard—U.S. 40, leading into the heart of the city. His clothes were torn and worn with the air of a "Grapes of Wrath" character. But amid the evidenced poverty, something stood out and distinguished him from other men. The battered expression on his face, the "wild blue yonder" wings of the AAF carved from plexi-glass pinned upon his coat, and his pockets bulging with "white silver"—salt—designated him as a veteran of the Battle of Wendover, in those crucial, sweating-out years of 1944 and 1945.

He looked at the towering structure on top of the largest hill—86 stories high. Yes, it was the Border Line Hotel. The familiar sound of polka-dot cubes dancing against felt walls was still coming from the Casino door. In the valley, to the right of the hotel, was an equally-imposing building—the elite State of Nevada Cabaret with electric and neon signs as large as CNT towers. One sign generously announced, "Free Beer to Men 80 Years or Older, if Accompanied by Their Parents."

The streak of taxi-cabs flashed by, changing the scene into a moving checkerboard. On the top of a large drug-store, near the entrance to North Nev-tah, now the high rent district, an electric sign flashed the latest news. The tattered veteran watched it slowly spell out, "B-1 Hotel and Cafe Burnt to Ground Last Night! Sparks Thrown From Huge Railroad Shop Believed Cause!"

He went down into the subway and soon was speeded to the giant Western Pacific Railroad Depot. Huge, streamlined locomotives, actually on the front of passenger trains now, raced to and from Salt Lake City every hour on the hour. A street car line wound itself toward Wells, Nevada, on a daily schedule. A small depot for a dog-sled team was nearby. It seemed that some veteran, overcome by the constant sight of salt while stationed at Wendover, developed a mental attitude which converted the white vastness into a countryside of snow. After dragging the sled across the salt flats a few times in the blistering heat of the sun, even the dogs developed the complex. Eventually, a well-established route was formed and the mania became a growing business concern.

Traveling out to the Eastern Cafe, the veteran was amazed at the huge stone columns adorning the entrance and the wide, grassy campus leading to it. Another clever sign was hanging from the door: "All right, youse bums, no loafers allowed."

He took a long sniff of the air and was astonished not to detect the familiar desert odor, but instead a pleasant aroma of misty, green vegetation. What once were barren mountains were now covered with evergreen trees, shrubs of romantic, blushing flowers and a continuous carpet of grass. It was alleged that some enthusiastic Chamber of Commerce men transplanted the trees here and had advertised all over America, "Welcome to Wendover—the Country Club of the Golden West". Yes, this was the year 1987!

(This amazing pipe-dream came to us from Pfc. Robert V. McKnight, AAF, Wendover Field, Utah. As War Bond chairman, the editor has a warm spot in his heart for Wendover, Bob, and he hopes the local citizenry will accept your effort in the spirit in which it was written. We offer it to our readers in the same spirit.—Editor.)

## TRAIN WHISTLES

★ There is something about a train whistle. It is one of the links that bind a great sprawling nation together. It is puzzling in these days of graphs, polls, and things laid end to end that reach so many times around the earth, that no statistician has figured out how many train whistles a day there are on our approximately 231,000 miles of railroad tracks.

Men and women now dwelling in teeming cities, whose ears are attuned to the rumbling roar of city traffic, jangling telephones and the impatient blare of electrically motivated car horns, remember the train whistle when they lived in a more peaceful environment. It may have been on the broad, black-soil reaches of the Midwest when the flier tore across the farmlands, toward the distant metropolis. Many a farm lad has halted the team when turning over the brown slices of earth, or when riding the hayrake, to watch the approach of the train and wave to the engineer. It may have been on the short-grass lonely prairie, or in the sandy-soiled, piney regions of the South.

Again, it may have been in the mountains and valleys of the Northwest, and the whistle echoed back and forth among the hills as the train puffed its way up steep grades following the river valley as it wound in and out among the wooded heights. On rainy days and at night the long, lonesome, drawn-out whooo-whooh-whooh-whooh—seemed to linger over the fields and uplands. On the branch lines farmers and villagers knew when Local 67 arrived at the Johnson's Crossing. They would look at their watches. "She's late, but she can make it up on the level stretch going into Centerville."

In the last century no one knows how many farm lads have lain in their beds and listened to the whistle as the lighted train rushed through the black night. And as they listened they dreamed youth's dream of high adventure. And always that dream included the nerve-tingling anticipation that some day they would be on that train—riding to a future of accomplishment in the world of human affairs.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES.

## TOM BROWN GUEST SPEAKER AT U. N. 1945 MACKAY DAY CELEBRATION

★ "Along the Skyline of Memory" . . . this was the theme Thomas P. Brown, Manager of our News Service Bureau, adopted in recalling the early days of the University of Nevada (when his father was its head and, later, when Tom was a student) upon delivering the chief address April 7th at the annual Mackay Day Celebration on the Nevada campus. Each year, students, faculty and alumni of the university join in this celebration, paying tribute to John W. Mackay and to members of his family, who have been the greatest benefactors of the institution (see our January issue).

In keeping with the early days, when Mackay was a miner on the Comstock Lode, students dressed in costumes of long ago, endeavoring to recreate the spirit of Nevada at that time. Other activities included a baseball game, a beard-growing contest for the men (naturally!), a forty-niner dance, award of campus organization honors and nomination of student officers.

Tom has never lost touch with the University of Nevada since 1887, when his father, LeRoy D. Brown, became the first president. Tom was graduated from the Normal School of the University in 1898 and received his A. B. degree in 1899. After his graduation, Tom taught school in Nevada and California for 9 years; then joined the staff of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of California. In 1909, he went into newspaper work, serving over a period of 10 years on the editorial staffs of the Los Angeles Examiner, San Francisco Examiner, New Orleans Times-Picayune and in the Washington, D. C., Bureau of the New York American. During World War I, he was in the armed forces and, until recently, held the rank of Captain, staff specialist, in the reserve. Before returning to the West, Tom did publicity and public relations work in Ohio, Indiana and Washington, D. C. He has been with the Western Pacific Railroad since 1928.

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## THE BLACK CAT

★ Edited by John T. Wallace, of the San Francisco Chronicle, THE BLACK CAT, Uncio edition of SCOOP, publication of the Press Club of San Francisco, made its initial appearance April 25th. Traditional symbol of the Press Club, the black cat assures club guests that their comments, if they wish it, are "under the hat".

## FRANK P. FERGUSON AND EARL R. MCKELLIPS PROMOTED

★ With the retirement of Ralph Allen in March, two members of the general auditor's staff were promoted . . . Frank Ferguson to head capital expenditure and valuation clerk and Earl McKellips to general disbursements clerk.

Frank entered WP service 25 years ago in April, 1920, as a ticket sorter and has since worked his way through eleven different jobs up to general disbursements clerk, the position he held from August, 1937, until his recent promotion.

"Mac" started with the Southern Pacific in December, 1922, and stayed with that road until 1928. In March, 1929, he went into the passenger department of the Sacramento Northern and, in June, 1931, transferred to the office of auditor of freight and passenger accounts. Mac, too, has waded through at least a half dozen jobs in the accounting department and, in August, 1943, became WP abstract clerk, the position he held until his latest promotion.

Our sincere congratulations to Frank and Mac.

\* \* \*

## THE RAILROADS AT WAR

(From the "Moody Monthly", Publication of the Moody Bible Institution, Chicago, Illinois)

★ All honor to the railroads of America! They have done a magnificent war job under the greatest difficulties imaginable.

A few weeks ago, a railroader who had reached the age of retirement decided to stay on because the railroad needed him and because as a patriotic American he wanted to do his best. A few days after his decision, when his train was tied up in a blinding blizzard, a sense of duty caused him to trudge through the snow to a signal tower where he collapsed and died of a heart attack.

He is representative of the spirit of the railroaders—officers and men, whether in locomotive cabs or walking the tracks, or giving themselves faithfully to the important but monotonous round of office duty.

When you have an overnight trip on a train, do you ever think of the many men whose faithfulness to duty has enabled you to make the trip in safety? The writer confesses that he frequently entertains such thoughts and offers a silent prayer for railroaders all over our land.

So here's to that great institution—the American railroads! They have measured up in war; let us see they are fairly treated in peace.

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

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

RANDOM

★ From Chief Dispatcher **G. S. "Red" Allen** comes word that Lt. **George E. Owens** (0580137), former second trick telegrapher at Keddie, who had been serving on New Guinea, is now on his way elsewhere . . . in the direction of the Philippines. His address is 140th AACSS Sq., APO 72, Care Postmaster, San Francisco.

San Francisco Switchman **Frank W. Fritz** tells us about two of our former switchmen in the armed forces . . . Pfc. **John L. Maxwell**, now at Fort Lewis, and A/C **Donald E. Koors**, who is at the Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Capt. "**Bob**" **Bennyhoff**, son of Night Roundhouse Foreman **Frank Bennyhoff**, Keddie, recently arrived at his home in Monrovia, Calif., to spend his 21-day leave with his wife and parents. Bob was a lead navigator in the 8th Air Force, based in England, and completed 30 missions! His brother, Midshipman **Jim Bennyhoff**, is now attending school at Fort Schuyler, New York City.

Staff Reporter "**Bob**" **Runge** (Eastbay Grapevine) sent us a clipping from the

Oakland TRIBUNE last month. It was topped with a picture taken at the hospital bedside of Marine Sgt. **Albert J. Sochovka** (of Scranton, Pa.), who was expressing his gratitude to the two men whose blood donations helped save his life when he was seriously wounded in the Iwa Jima invasion. One of the two men was **Clarence R. Brandt**, a WP car inspector at Oroville, hence our interest. Clarence, whose brother Earl is now on a destroyer in the South Pacific, must have enjoyed a feeling of great satisfaction seeing at first-hand the great good done by his "type O" donation.

**William E. (Bill) Denney**, chief clerk to general manager, Sacramento Northern Railway, is currently enjoying a leave of absence. Our scouts report the rest is working wonders. Bill has been with us since January, 1916. We wish him well.

Pvt. **Clifford L. Worth** (formerly general traffic, GO) is sporting the following address . . . ASN 39433031, 3706th AAF Base Unit, Squadron H, Sheppard Field, Texas. The Army seems to be slating Cliff for Air Corps radio!

Our men in train and engine service in San Francisco are to be heartily congratulated on their response to the

recent one-day War Bond payroll campaign. If their aggregate showing isn't 10% of the payroll, it isn't much off. The boys . . . and girls . . . in the Oakland roundhouse and car department also responded nobly, as did many train and enginemen on the east shore of San Francisco Bay.

We're mighty glad to hear that **Hugh Allen**, road foreman of engines, Stockton, is back on the job. Take it a little easier, Hughie; we like to see you and that battered chapeau on the job!

According to our records, former WP men are now representing us in the 715th, 722nd, 726th, 743rd, 746th, 748th, 762nd and 770th Railway Operating Battalions. If we've overlooked any, how about setting us straight?

Our best wishes to **Ruel K. Smith**, former agent for the Tidewater Southern Railway at Turlock, who retired on April 1st after 30 years of service. Tidewater Southern's ONE SPOT says he will be missed . . . and he will be, not only because of those 30 years, but because he knew how to make friends.

Lt. **Frank E. Bedient**, O-1946659, 8th Traffic Reg. Group, TC, APO 517, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y., wrote **Bill Fauntleroy** (AGFA) recently that he spent a grand afternoon and evening with Lt. **Harry Lawrence**, formerly a Portola brakeman. The get-together occurred at (censored). Frank has broken into print so often we suppose it's not necessary to say he was formerly our traffic department representative at Keddie and Reno! Greetings and good luck to you both.

RT 3/c **Orren K. Prentiss**, USN, reports from the Philippines, where he is getting a little rest after three months of constant air attacks in connection with the invasions of Leyte, Mindoro and Luzon. Orren's comments do not improve our already poor opinion of the Japs!

We are prone to overlook good work done by our friends. Discontinuance of our Air Raid Precautions group at GO reminds us that we owe a considerable debt to **Bill Fauntleroy**, **Henry Fegley**, "**Tux**" **Wadsworth**, **Marshall Boyd**, **Manuel Bettencourt**, **Al McNamara**, **Bill Levy**, **Frank King**, **Cliff Norden**, "**Andy**" **Anderson**, **Harold Heagney**, Pvt. **Al Bramy**, Capt. **Paul Shelmerdine**, **Jack Hyland**, **Carl Rath** and all members of the Mobile Unit, all of whom cooperated so well and efficiently with the building captain during the early trying days of this war when an air attack on the fair city of San Francisco was, at first, anticipated hourly; then daily; then monthly; and now not at all because of the valiant efforts of our fighting men in the Pacific. One of our own, Lt. **Eddie Reel**, gave his life in the effort to prevent any such bombing

—The Editor.



Official U.S. Army Signal Corps Photo.

Col. Edwin L. Hogan (left), Commanding Officer at Fort Douglas, Utah, pins Legion of Merit Badge on S/Sgt. James C. Branch for meritorious service in Sardinia with the Allied military railway operations (759th Railway Operating Battalion). Sgt. Branch is a former WP brakeman at Elko and has been mentioned previously in these columns. Presently he is at the Fort Douglas Hospital recovering from a fractured ankle, an injury sustained in the Sardinia railway yards.