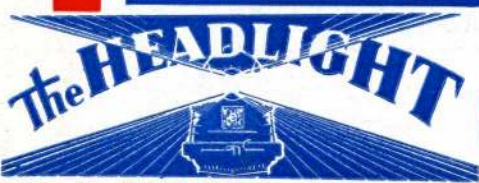


# PEACE

The tumult and shouting dies;  
The captains and the kings depart:  
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

—Rudyard Kipling.



Vol. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1945 No. 9

**THE HEADLIGHT**

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 Jack Hyland . . . . . Associate Editor  
 Bill Stout . . . . . Business Manager

★

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*Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,  
 neither shall they learn war any more.*

—Isaiah 2:4

**EDITORIAL**

★ Last month our hearts were gladdened by the conclusion of history's greatest flood of death and destruction. The forces of righteousness and decency have triumphed in a world contaminated by the existence of the likes of Hitler,

Goebels, Goering and Tojo (and his sabre-rattling associates); **PEACE** not to mention the host of lesser satellites, including Mussolini and Franco, the latter still enjoying power by the grace of the Allies. As Winston Churchill predicted years ago, the totalitarian madmen have been tracked to their lairs and their power destroyed. August 14th, 1945, is now a great day in the history of a great nation. Our men, who have endured homesickness, privation and injury, will be coming home. But victory is not the end. Many of our men . . . all too many . . . will not return. Will we forget? Or will we, cooperating with our powerful friends throughout the world, establish an enduring peace? And will we do what must be done to insure that madmen will not again secure power through default? In a spirit of reverence, we have thanked God it is over. Now let us pray that we may conduct ourselves, in tolerance and in friendship, as good neighbors to all peoples so that NEVER AGAIN will the scourge of war blight the world.

★ Approximately 300 billions of dollars were expended by the United States and our total casualties of all kinds exceeded 1,000,000 before the war was won. The cost was frightful, yet had to be. Have you ever given thought to what

might have been accomplished had the same number of **THE COST** dollars been expended to further the progress of civilization and peaceful pursuits, with only a minute fraction of the casualties? No doubt we would have been horrified at the very **THOUGHT** of such an expenditure in peace time. In "The Arsenal at Springfield," Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote what we are trying to say . . .

*Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,  
 Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
 There were no need of arsenals or forts.*

★ U.S. Treasury Department experts and most economists have warned from time in time that the most dangerous period in our economic life would come following the end of the war. If we use our vast savings, built up through War Bond purchases, to bid up prices for the slim inventories on the **INFLATION** counters of the nation, we may do OURSELVES irreparable harm. We may get ourselves inflated prices that would make the war prices seem modest. However, should we act wisely and postpone our spending until our manufacturing plants are in full production and the nation's shelves well stocked, we not only will save ourselves many dollars but we will also do our part to prevent any possibility of runaway inflation. Think it over!

★ This is the 48th issue of our publication and, thus, the fourth birthday of The Western Pacific Club, since our magazine was born simultaneously with the Club. Frank Lindee, our Club's 4th president, has done an exceptionally fine job during a difficult year. He and his appointees have striven mightily to carry on the task planned four years ago and we congratulate them on their achievements. Paul Shelmerdine edited the first 13 issues of The Headlight; Al Bramy the next 13 issues and the present incumbent has edited the past 22, including this issue. He misses the "gold old days" when Paul and Al merely asked him to contribute!

## TIME, LTD.

By Stanley A. Pope  
CHAPTER III

★ In our July contribution we gave a brief resume of early methods of metering time, concluding with the invention of DeVick's clock in the year 1364.

During the following two centuries development in time measuring instruments was a slow, laborious proposition. The world was emerging from the dark ages and inventors were not in popular favor.

It was the year 1504 before the first portable clock or "watch," as it came to be known, was constructed by Peter Henlein, a young locksmith of Nuremburg. It was a spring-power contrivance, half a foot high, made entirely of iron. DeVick's old clock, although a crude machine, was, however, the real ancestor of the numerous timepieces which now govern the lives of our modern times.

We will now pass over a period of two hundred years. In my possession is an old watch—perhaps it may be better described as an old "Turnip" because it more resembles that humble vegetable than the present day watch. It was about 1750 that this pioneer was constructed and it probably took the artisan who designed and made it many months to complete the job; it measures three inches in diameter. If it performed within a variation of ten minutes per day it was considered satisfactory. A matter of ten minutes either way would have made no particular difference in the quiet, easy-going lives of people of that period. Seconds were of no account; in fact, this watch was constructed but a few years after the minute hand had been introduced. There was no commuting, no established eight hour working day; and no transportation systems requiring "time to the second," but this old watch illustrates a very definite advance in mechanical construction from the time of Henlein's work, paving the way for the modern wonder which has made possible the "on time" performance in which our railroads take such justified pride.

Marvelous inventions were made during the eighteenth century. Craftsmen pitted their ability one against the other, endeavoring to gain supremacy in mechanical achievement. Their work was focused principally on ornamentation and complicated mechanism, rather than timekeeping excellence. Watches were expensive toys for the enjoyment of the wealthy—in no sense of the word instruments of utility for the general public. Wonderful specimens, the construction of which illustrates infinite patience and skill, may be seen in our museums; and there are some priceless private collections. Those who have access to the museum in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, may view some excellent examples of the work to which I refer.

I wish it were possible to display a collection of ancient timepieces at my command to interested readers of The Headlight, starting with examples constructed during the seventeenth century and following through to the opening of the present century. So many people have an innate interest in the evolution of watches and clocks but so few have the opportunity to examine ancient pieces and to be informed of the very interesting mechanical changes in their chronological order. Perhaps it may be arranged, in the not distant future, to give those in our organization this privilege.

During the nineteenth century rapid development was made in all branches of mechanical invention. Watchmakers had been keeping abreast with this progress and were developing a timepiece of practical value. Allow me to direct your attention to a period still to be remembered by some of our railroad pioneers—back in the 1870's. The railroads had stretched their ribbons of steel across the country, opening up enormous productive areas. Industries were developing rapidly and demanding that railroads provide larger and better facilities, continually increasing the density of traffic and necessitating more accurate timepieces that would make possible speeding up train schedules. Accidents due to variation in time were not uncommon, often resulting in loss of lives and destruction of railroad property. It was then that a system of Time Service and Watch Inspection was evolved, and which we referred to in our March issue.

Those at the top of the seniority list will remember the key-wind watch (our grandfather's watch), with their early railroad experiences.

With the advent of Railroad Watch Inspection the American watch factories were compelled to introduce improvements which have made the railroad standard watch the dependable safety appliance we value today.

Let us not brag of our "on time" performances without giving due credit to that little "box of wonders" in the pockets of engineers, conductors, brakemen, section foremen and other workers whose duties involve them in train operation. Neither should we forget the watch inspectors who so carefully guard the conditions of our watches against hazardous possibilities, their vigilant eyes constantly on the alert for conditions which might affect accurate performance. These inspectors must be constantly attentive that our railroad watches do not vary to exceed thirty seconds a week. The slogan "A careful man and an accurate watch are the best safety devices," should have originated with the watch inspectors because, without their help, we would be in a serious plight.

Where would the dispatcher be without his standard clock and telegraph key? Where would the engineer and his train be if his watch and the dispatcher's clock did not agree? Here is where the watch inspector performs signal service. Is there a watch inspector who has not been thrilled as he stood on the depot platform and watched our trains arrive and depart on the time he has given them? Our trains go thundering down the track to make a meet at some point designated by the dispatcher. The inspector's participation in these movements is a grave responsibility, and by reason of his carefulness, schedules are maintained with speed and safety.

(To be concluded)

## "JACK" HYLAND-"JANIE" COON JESSIE HOAG-LLOYD MORGAN

★ The week of August 6th was apparently "Headlight" week at the First Methodist Church of Reno! There, on the 6th, Associate Editor John Herbert (Jack) Hyland and Mary Jane (Janie) Coon were joined in wedlock and, on the 9th, according to reports reaching us, Staff Reporter Jessie Ruth Hoag, of Portola, was married to Flight Officer Lloyd E. Morgan, of Stockton, Rev. James Asa White officiating at both ceremonies.

With an editor's modesty (?), Jack has furnished us only the salient facts so we are unable to describe the bride's appearance, though we feel sure of the traditional happy smile. Janie is a pretty brunette performing regular chores in our treasurer's office, and Jack is in our general traffic department, both at GO. They will reside in San Francisco (with the war over, this does not sound quite as silly as before!). We know their many friends join us in wishing Janie and Jack great happiness.

We are informed that, for her nuptials, Jessie wore a rose-biege wool suit with brown accessories and a corsage of yellow roses. She is now back at her old desk, since her husband, who is in the Air Transport Command, formerly stationed at the Reno Army Air Base, was ordered overseas August 15th. When conditions return to normal and Jessie and Lloyd can resume life together, we hope they will be very happy.

THE EDITOR

★ ★ ★

## WAR BOND CITATIONS

★ Last month our War Bond chairman received from the United States Treasury Department and delivered to the Eastern Division and the Mechanical Department citations for the achievement of more than a 10% subscription of the average gross payroll for War Bonds through our payroll savings plan. The latest figures show the Eastern Division at 12½% and the Mechanical Department at 10.1%. Though no fanfare accompanied these awards, they are magnificent accomplishments. The War Bond chairman is grateful to all who cooperated in the job . . . those who worked with him in the necessary solicitation—and all the men and women who have seen the wisdom of regular savings.

★ ★ ★

## RETURNED VET

★ Among Western Pacific workers honorably discharged from the armed forces and back at the old stand with us is Pfc. Willie Charley, who entered military service in February 1941 and subsequently saw service in the infantry with the 41st (Sunset) Division. Willie saw action in New Guinea, in the Dutch East Indies and on Biak Island. He received a shrapnel wound in the arm in the fighting on Biak. He can display several campaign ribbons and battle stars.

Willie has returned to his old job as a section laborer on the Plumas Section.

## Hy-Lites

By JACK HYLAND

ment became a symbol of American freedom, its torch a beacon of hope to the oppressed everywhere. The spirit of the Statue of Liberty is something our enemies never could understand, they imagined they could destroy our nation because we were a people of many races and differing religions, people drawn from every corner of the earth, but World War II has proven to them that our strength lies in our unity. The cruelties and oppressions of the would-be masters have taught this generation what its liberties can mean . . . and so long as we remember, this liberty has been dearly paid for with many lives, friends of yours and friends of mine, and understand what they fought for and act accordingly . . . the spirit of liberty will live forever, in this **our blessed land.**

Once again, your columnist—having accumulated a sufficient amount of points under the "Railroad System" was entitled to a two weeks vacation away from the Freight Traffic Dept. and its daily grind of handling Rate Adjustments, etc. It has been said and written many times before, that a vacation is about the fastest two weeks of the year . . . but when you try and combine a honeymoon within that period of time—you'll really find out how fast time passes, for its speed compares quite favorably with that of the jet-propulsion plane. Have just returned from the aforementioned "combination," so will have to gather a few news items at random in order to fill this month's issue.

First—a note was handed me by **Richard Beltz** (Gen. Mgrs.) indicating that **Cpl. John Osterdock** (Trans. Dept.—later fireman) had asked whether his name could be placed upon our Headlight mailing list. It certainly can, John, and it already has been, so you can read this item with personal interest and then write and tell us of your life at Fort Warren, Wyo.

A letter from **Lt. Frank Bedient** (Reno) tells of receiving the January issue of the "300 Bowling Magazine" and of seeing my picture therein, together with a story about the W. P. Bowling League. The picture would have been much better, Frank, had I not been included—for **Marg. Patsey** (Car Record) was the main reason for the picture and the article. Incidentally, Frank, when you signed your letter "Frank (94 points) Bedient," did it mean you'll soon be home?

Another letter from **Cpl. George McDearmid** (Traffic) now in Brisbane, Australia . . . and instead of mentioning the war, he was more concerned with the fact his little daughter was only six months old when he left, but is now over thirty-two months old. He did write something about the Botanical Gardens, and that "they were beautiful." Hope he meant . . . "the gardens."

The power of the press still prevails—in this instance meaning The Headlight—for last month was able to arrange accommodations at the Hotel El Cortez, Reno, Nev., through their genial manager, **Bob Miller**. In fact, it might have been Bob's friendliness that prevented any towels, bath mats or blankets finding their way into my suitcase. Usually us San Franciscans depend almost entirely upon the one and only **G. I. Martin** for favors, etc., but was able to save him this trouble . . . but I'll call upon him yet. Needless to say, the "Trocadero Room" at the El Cortez is the best in Reno, for its coolness, quietness, beauty and refreshments.

**Henry Fegley** (Gen. Mgrs.) was leaving the Western Pacific Bldg. last July 24th when suddenly the electric power of the building went dead, leaving him marooned . . . in a dark elevator with 6, 7 or 8 girls. Henry doesn't recall the exact number of girls in the elevator, but then . . . who would, particularly when one (meaning Henry) is intent upon going home.

Then on July 19th **Jeannette May** (Traffic) resigned from the W. P. services . . . and because I thought there possibly "could be a reason" and maybe a scoop for a write-up, asked her . . . but she truthfully stated she was accepting another position. Personally, Jeannette, that was a very clever answer . . . in fact, the more I think of it . . . it was **TOO CLEVER.**

**T/Sgt. Roy Olson** (Traffic) dropped into the office last month and the main purpose of his visit was to give me his new address, so The Headlight would be received without any delay. This really proves our little magazine is enjoyed and desired, which is very gratifying. Also learned Roy has become a married man since entering the Army payroll. Congratulations, Roy, and hope you and the "Mrs." are very, very happy.

More service men return . . . **Frank Zitzelsberger Jr.** (AF&PA) returned to the W. P. on July 27th after an honorable discharge from the Army; also heard that **Alvin Johnson** (8th & Brannon) recently returned from the services . . . and then our old pal and friend, **Joe Corven** (Auditors) was lucky enough to receive his discharge and be in San Francisco the night of the "Peace" celebration.

Just learned **Pvt. Clifford Worth** (Traffic) had a great day on July 21st, for it was then he learned the results on his written test for O. C. S., and they were: "Excellent recommendation for Trans. School" and a "Very good for the Air Corp. Administrative School." Sounds good, Cliff, and you'll soon be able to discontinue being a nursemaid to the delicate mechanisms of the remote control turrets, involving electronics, optics and radar.

Although **Boyd Sells**, Yeo 2/c (Traffic) could have obtained a release from the U.S. Navy sometime ago, he preferred to remain in uniform until after the war was over, and that kind of patriotism we are proud of—but now that Pease has been proclaimed, he returned to the W. P. fold on August 27th and is once again pounding the typewriter at his old familiar desk.

## THE PORTOLA RAILROADERS

By W. E. McDaniel

★ On July 22nd, at Moana Park, Reno, the Railroaders won both ends of a double-header, trouncing Picks Club 5 to 2 in the matinee performance, reversing the previous week's results at Portola, with Alf Sorenson hurling and, in the night-cap, posting their third win over the Reno Army Base 9 to 7, with Salkil going the route on the mound.

In the Nevada State Tournament, played the last week-end of July, the Indian Springs Army Base eliminated the Railroaders 4 to 0 in a pitchers' duel between Sorenson and Johnson. Indian Springs went on to win the tournament.

The Railroaders bounced back from their Reno defeat and, finding their batting eyes, belabored Herlong 15 to 1, behind the pitching of Alf Sorenson, who also pounded out a homer in the sixth inning.

On August 5th, our Sacramento Shops team journeyed to Portola and were bombarded by the Portolans 15 to 6, with Swartsley and McNaughton punching out homers to lead the Railroaders' attack. Chet Lockwood and Johnny Lusar worked on the mound for Portola, while Reebe started for Sacramento. Gull, Asbury and O'Rullian were the big noise for the Sacramento Shops team, with Gull garnering a triple and a homer.

Up to this time, the Portola Railroaders had won 14 and lost 6 . . . a fine record. Plans are now being made for the revival of the old league next year, but under a little different set-up. There will be six teams each from California and Nevada. The California six will be Portola, Quincy, Susanville, Oroville, Greenville and Yuba City, while Nevada will be represented by two teams from Reno and one each from Sparks, Fallon, Hawthorne and either Carson City or Lovelock. One game a week will be played and the winner from each group will play off for the championship.

At this writing, it appears as though Dr. Kenneth L. Rees will be the Commissioner of the League, with league headquarters at Portola.

(We hope these optimistic plans come to fruition next year and that Portola comes out on top.—The Editor.)

★ ★ ★

## FRANK BLALOCK

★ Frank Blalock, our telegrapher and ticket agent at Oroville, passed away the 14th of last month following a heart attack.

Frank was born at Ardmore, Oklahoma, March 10th, 1899, and had been with the Western Pacific since 1937. Frank will be missed. He exhibited considerably more than average interest in the progress and activity of his railroad and the community in which he lived. And he was a staunch supporter of our War Bond campaigns.

We offer our sincere sympathy to his widow, Mrs. Frankie Blalock.

## THE WESTERN WAYFARER

### THE HAPPY VALLEY OF THE HUMBOLDT

By Thomas P. Brown, W. P. Publicity Manager, San Francisco

(Copyright, 1945, by Thomas P. Brown)

★ Again we are happy to write about Nevada's noted Humboldt River which Professor Josiah Royce of Yale so felicitously described as "that kindly stream," quoted in the July issue of The Headlight. Since then we have learned that Mr. Horace Greeley, following his return to his New York Tribune editorial sanctum after his stage coach trip to the Pacific Coast in the summer of 1859, wrote a bit of splenetic copy about the Humboldt—copy which did not stand up.

Our source of information is Judge Frank H. Norcross of Reno, Nevada. Judge Norcross is the surviving member of the first class to be graduated from the University of Nevada (1891). He was a member of Nevada's Supreme Court from 1905 to 1917 and later served as United States Judge, District of Nevada, from 1928 until his retirement May 1 of this year.

Judge Norcross has given us carte blanche to draw on an article which he wrote a number of years ago for a Nevada newspaper (sorry we cannot supply the name) and which he signed as "Old Timer." In this article, Judge Norcross first quotes Greeley's pen picture of the Humboldt and then tells the real story of the "Happy Valley of Humboldt" as it came to be. Finally our distinguished Nevada jurist advances a theory to explain why Greeley wrote in such an unhappy vein—but we shall not anticipate. First, we re-present Horace Greeley, as quoted by Judge Norcross:

"The Humboldt, all things considered, is the meanest river of its length on earth. Rising in the Humboldt Mountains . . . it is at first a pure stream, but it is soon corrupted by its alkaline surroundings, and its water, for at least the lower half of its course, is about the most detestable I ever tasted. I mainly chose to suffer from thirst rather than drink it . . . Its narrow bottom, or intervals, produces grass; but so coarse in structure, and so alkaline by impregnation, that no sensible man would let his stock eat it if there were any alternative. Here, however, there is none. Cattle must eat this, or die; many of them eat it and die.

"I believe no tree of any size grows on this forlorn river from its forks to its mouth; I am sure I saw none. . . Half a dozen specimens of a large, worthless shrub, known as buffalo bush or bull-berry, with a prevalent fringe of willows of about the proper size for a school-ma'am's use, comprise the entire timber of this detestable stream, whose gadflies, gnats, etc., are so countless, the atmosphere at times darkened, and so bloodthirsty as to allow cattle . . . no chance to eat or sleep. . .

"It certainly is not a pleasure to ride night and day, along such a stream, with the heat intense, the dust a constant cloud . . . ; but then, who would stay in such a region one moment longer than he must? Here Famine sits enthroned, and waves his scepter over a domain expressly made for him. . . The sagebrush and the greasewood, which cover the high, parched plain on either side of the river's bottom, seem thinly set, with broad spaces of naked, shining, glaring, blinding day between them; the hills beyond, which bound the prospect, seem even more naked . . ."

Now we quote the answer by Judge Norcross, of counsel for Nevada's kindly stream:

"The stage road, over which Greeley passed, bordered the Humboldt River for about 350 miles. What other mean river or rivers 'of its length' which he had observed, he does not inform us. Let us assume, and give him credit for intending, in effect to say that there were other rivers of both longer and shorter lengths that were meaner. To his credit, also, he did concede it to be a pure stream at its source and for about half its length. From then on, it would be difficult, if not impossible to add to his words of condemnation.

"The fact is, however, that pioneer emigrants shortly followed with their mule and ox teams and saw in this great river valley an awaiting haven from which could be constructed a great agricultural and stock-raising empire.

"They settled along the river throughout its entire length. They

turned what Greeley called 'alkaline surroundings' into great fields of alfalfa, blue grass and grain. Over 'the hills beyond' they grazed their sheep and cattle in many thousands upon the bunch grass he did not see. Of the 'domain,' which he described as 'especially made for and where Famine sits enthroned,' they builded an agricultural paradise, where their children and children's children have stayed because they loved there to stay.

"Not only this, but the school-ma'ams, also, came to stay because schools were a necessity and they made use of those willow branches to point the way for rising generations to follow the progressive footsteps of their parents.

"Greeley should have seen more possibilities in those willows than he recorded. Horace also got off wrong on his botany. Because, possibly coming from the city of New York, he didn't like to wrink the water, it didn't follow that the 'coarse grass' was impregnated with alkali. The fact that the grass grew tall and coarse was conclusive proof not only to the contrary but that such a soil basis would produce other more valuable varieties of vegetation. The pioneers who hailed from Missouri, Iowa, Kansas and other Eastern farm sections were quick to see this and there stopped their wagon trains without waiting to reach California.

"Now let us see if we may explain how it happened that Horace Greeley, recognized as the greatest newspaper editor and writer of his time, could have written a description of one of Nature's panoramas which appears like the visions which now and then come when one is suffering from a nightmare.

The stage coach of those days covered about 100 miles per day. In his coming and going, Greeley spent about a week along the river, half of the time riding in darkness.

"The year following, Sam Clemens, our Mark Twain, with his brother Orion, who had just been appointed Secretary of Nevada Territory, came over the same route to locate at Carson City. Twain in his book, 'Roughing It,' also describes the same region, but Mark didn't see anything like what

(Continued on next page)



View of the Humboldt River from the Fifth Street bridge, Elko, Nevada  
Courtesy of Mr. Chris H. Sheerin, Editor, Elko Free Press

Androzzi, Joe  
Bowser, K. E.  
Comstock, Walter  
Coope, G. S.  
Evers, J. N.  
Jacinto, J. D.



Latino, M. J.  
Ralston, A. G.  
Rank, K. A.  
Raso, T.  
Sanchez, Manuel

Horace thought he saw. In 'Roughing It,' Twain tells a story, which he repeatedly heard along the stage route, of an event which occurred on Greeley's trip."

The story, which Judge Norcross quotes from "Roughing it," is that of Greeley's famous ride with Hank Monk from Carson City, Nevada, to Placerville (Hangtown), California. Condensing, Greeley averred that he was very anxious "to go through quick," to which Hank Monk replied: "Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time." And, as narrated by Mark Twain, "the coach bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons all off of Horace's coat, and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage."

With this evidence in the record, Judge Norcross then proceeds to sum up the case for the Humboldt as follows:

"Let us consider from a medico-physiological standpoint what the effect may have been of shooting Horace's head through the top of one of those old time stages. To an ordinary individual it is manifest that the thinking apparatus would for some time be seriously affected. Even in the case of an editor's head it is not beyond the range of possibility that a blow might be severe enough for a time, or from time to time, to affect his normal cogitation."

"Twain, in his 'Roughing it,' appears to question the verity of the story as he heard it repeatedly told. Doubtless he did not happen to read Greeley's description of the Humboldt River which was written shortly following his stage ride with Hank Monk. In that description is to be found positive verity of the story as related by Twain. Hank Monk, and not Horace Greeley, is therefore the real party to blame for Greeley's libel on the Humboldt River."

"If we might assume that newspaper editors do sometimes get by St. Peter and that Horace Greeley was one of the more fortunate and that some time he might again behold with undimmed vision Nature's real handiwork, we might hope he could find some medium through which he might employ his superior talents in portraying the picture as it really was and so correcting his error."

"Anyhow, Nature will always speak for itself and so truth ultimately prevails. **Happy Valley of the Humboldt was put there to stay.**"

## PORTOLA PUTTS

By Jessie Morgan

★ No, you haven't a new reporter! Fact is your old one just "went and done it." (The editor has relieved Jessie of further comment on the subject. See column 3, page 3.)

Trainmaster's Clerk **Carrie Black** will soon be back with us, we hope. Carrie has been released from our hospital after a week there.

Fireman **Harry F. Dennison** suffered a bad spill recently. Running down his front stairs, he slipped and wrenched his back, lying unconscious for an hour before he came to and discovered what had happened. We wish you a quick recovery, Harry.

**Wilma Nicolos** is a new member of the Portola station staff. She has been doing extra work, first relieving yours truly in the agent's office; next it will be to relieve Roadmaster's Clerk **Arline Janes**, when she takes time off soon. Wilma formerly was with Uncle Sam's WAVES, stationed in San Francisco.

The word on everyone's lips these days around our little town is whether or not Portola will become an incorporated city. Some Main Street establishments have pulled a fast one (question mark, by the editor) on the Incorporation Boys. (Editor's note: The next sentence in Jessie's copy is eliminated. Suffice it to say that the action of the Main Streeters is just too childish and obtuse to place in print.) The action taken is an example of **what they would like people to believe** will be the result of incorporation.

★ ★ ★

## TOM BROWN ANNEXES SAN FRANCISCO MEN'S SINGLES AND SERVICE MEN'S SINGLES TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

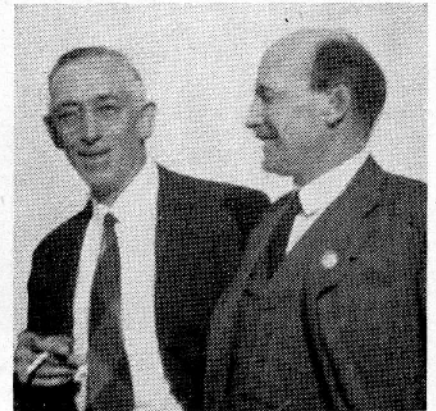
★ With little opportunity to practice, but playing in rare form, Tom Brown waded through some capable competition to win both men's titles in the San Francisco tennis championships played in late August.

Tom is the son of our publicity manager and Headlight columnist, Thomas P. Brown. Tom, who served with the 20th Armored Division in Europe, is enjoying a 30-day furlough at home.

## ROBT. COLLIER, PRINTER, AND CLEMENT ATTLEE, PRIME MINISTER

★ On the same day, July 28th, that a B-25 bomber crashed into the 78th floor of the Empire State Building, San Francisco newspapers were featuring the visit last spring of the United Kingdom's UNCIO delegate Clement Attlee, now prime minister, at the San Bruno home of Robert Collier, San Francisco printer, on which occasion Clement Richard Attlee "did" the dishes.

We're certain you've heard about Clement Attlee, but the Robert Collier, San Francisco printer, is also "Bob" Collier, who cooperates so ably and so



Bob Collier — Clem Attlee  
Reunion After Thirty Years

generously with your editorial staff in the issuance of The Headlight and without whose assistance our task would be much more difficult.

In connection with all this, our "Tom" Brown encouraged "Bob" Collier to write a few lines about England and about Clement Attlee. We hope these lines impress you as they did us, and with "Bob" Collier's permission, we quote:

"My old friend and mentor—**Clement R. Attlee**: England is complex—welded in the crucible of centuries; one fibre a part of the other . . . Churchill, praise be, personifies the centuries! Attlee, also, is just as much a part of "the stuff" which is England! He bridges the gap down to Joe Bloke, of Limehouse, White Chapel, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Devon, the "Old Kent Road," Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, "The Free Men of Kent," etc., who staggered out of Dunkirk in their underwear, climbed into the craft of amateur boatmen, and said, 'Give us 24 hours rest and let's have another bloody good slap at them!'"

THE EDITOR

**ACCIDENT PREVENTION**

★ It takes every employe of the Western Pacific to make up our Accident Prevention Team. Improvements in our team work will be reflected in the records and each change for the better means that we, collectively, have reduced pain, suffering, worry, loss of time and destruction of critically needed facilities. Could there be anything in which we have an interest more common to us all?

Our standing in our particular League C is given to you covering the first five months of this year. It is easily observed that we got off to a poor start. To get into the first division, where we belong, is a big jump and may take time but the Spokane, Portland & Seattle is there with a ratio of 14.11. There isn't a thing that the S. P. & S. can do that we can't do. Do we hear any dissent?

The Sacramento Shops went through May and June without a reportable injury. The records of the performance of some of their activities is most commendable. The record as of August 1st is as follows:

Department	Number of Days Without Reportable Injury
Paint Shops .....	3076
Laborers .....	1555
Car Shops .....	1201
Store .....	505
Machine Shops .....	6
Tank Shops .....	134
Boiler Shops .....	122
Erecting Shops .....	100
Pipe and Tin Shops .....	93

In June the Eastern Division reduced its reportable injuries to 23.6% under May, but the Western Division fell down and showed some increase in June both in frequency and severity. However, while July reports are not complete as this is written, our performance for the month of July is encouraging indeed and proves that we can get into the First Division if we keep our minds set on that goal. In fact, we can be as good as the Portola Baseball Team if we play our game as they do theirs. With the kind cooperation of Headlight our standing will be published from time to time so we may all know how we are doing.

In the meantime, let us remember the few following important points that will help: Big accidents make the biggest stories, but small accidents make the most suffering and cripples.

Think about what you are doing now. Be sure that all traces of fire are extinguished before discarding a match, cigar or cigarette.

We've had many accidents in getting off cars and engines, even when standing. Footing is being improved, but watching your step is always necessary.

The reputation of a railroad is the sum total of the reputations of all of its employes

Ever practice courtesy. By it gentlemen are known. Group C (our league) follows:

**GROUP C: 8 and less than 20 Million Man-Hours per Year**

Rank No.	RAILROAD OR SYSTEM	Million Man-Hours	First Five Months, 1945				Total	First Five Mos. 1944 Total Casualty Ratio
			K.	I.	K.	I.		
1.	Duluth, Missabe & I. R.....	3,708	2	3	.54	.81	1.35	.54
2.	Gulf, Mobile & Ohio.....	6,732	1	37	.14	5.50	5.64	5.88
3.	Western Maryland.....	5,306	3	37	.57	6.97	7.54	6.00
4.	Int'l.-Great Northern.....	5,149	0	42	.00	8.16	8.16	8.80
5.	Chic. St. P. Mpls. & Omaha.....	5,193	0	45	.00	8.66	8.66	10.18
6.	Maine Central.....	3,584	0	33	.00	9.21	9.21	7.70
7.	Central of Georgia.....	7,495	3	87	.40	11.61	12.01	11.18
8.	Louisana & Arkansas.....	3,205	1	44	.31	13.73	14.04	17.48
9.	Spokane, Port. & Seattle.....	4,110	5	53	1.21	12.90	14.11	12.72
10.	N. O. T. & M. (Inc. G.C.L.).....	5,288	1	77	.19	14.56	14.75	13.11
11.	Alton.....	7,394	3	112	.40	15.15	15.55	12.82
12.	Elgin, Joliet & Eastern.....	5,873	1	93	.17	15.83	16.00	17.58
13.	Chicago Great Western.....	4,972	0	83	.00	16.69	16.69	22.63
14.	Kansas City Southern.....	6,439	5	121	.78	18.79	19.57	21.60
15.	Florida East Coast.....	5,003	2	111	.40	22.18	22.58	18.17
16.	Western Pacific.....	8,072	3	193	.38	23.90	24.28	21.04
17.	Grand Trunk Western.....	8,128	0	233	.00	28.66	28.66	22.72
18.	Virginian.....	3,849	0	128	.00	33.26	33.26	19.96
19.	Rich. Fred. & Potomac.....	4,503	0	158	.00	35.08	35.08	34.99
20.	Chic. & Eastern Illinois.....	5,565	2	220	.36	39.53	39.89	33.07
21.	Wheeling & L. E. (Inc. Lorain & West Va.).....	4,114	2	172	.49	41.80	42.29	29.42
	<b>TOTALS</b> .....		<b>34</b>	<b>2082</b>	<b>.29</b>	<b>18.31</b>	<b>18.60</b>	<b>16.74</b>

HOMER BRYAN

**A ROUTINE DAY, BUT . . .**

By James T. Williams

Dear Mr. Safety Director:

I am writing from the confines of my pink-papered bedroom, my neatly bandaged ankle resting almost comfortably on a pillow.

I thought you might be interested in my retrospect.

The day it happened—Wednesday—started out routine enough. As a matter of fact, the whole day was routine, which is my point.

At six I rolled out of bed and almost broke my neck on a little throw rug on the floor by the bed. But I recovered my equilibrium (?) and slammed the window shut without smashing my finger as I have done several times before.

I breezed through breakfast with only a little burn from the toaster which I got while fumbling for my handkerchief so I could dab at a nick I got while shaving.

Well, I went to the garage, opened the door—calmly unlocked the trunk and got out the jack and tire tools. Flat tire, right rear. I had the tire free of the ground and was jerking on a frozen nut when the wrench slipped, the car came off the jack, the trunk lid came down hard, the car rolled two feet backwards, and the wrench flew through a window. But I wasn't hurt!

I was a little late and a mite impatient. As a consequence I didn't see the second train at Marconi Avenue. Almost got taken there. But I soon forgot that.

But the last straw was that I'd forgotten my badge. That really set me off right. All the rest of the day I was knocked around. The jig wouldn't hold on the press, I almost caught my tie in the lathe chuck, got three blood blisters from a worn-out pair of pliers, several black and blue marks on my arms and a beaut on my forehead.

But no first aid for me. I'm tough!

Well sir, I finally made it; you might say the whistle saved me. I arrived home without too many out of the way incidents. I tripped over a rake just outside the garage and bumped my head on the trellis when I rose up with the rake in my hand.

But everything was rosy and I enjoyed a quiet evening.

And then I started for bed.

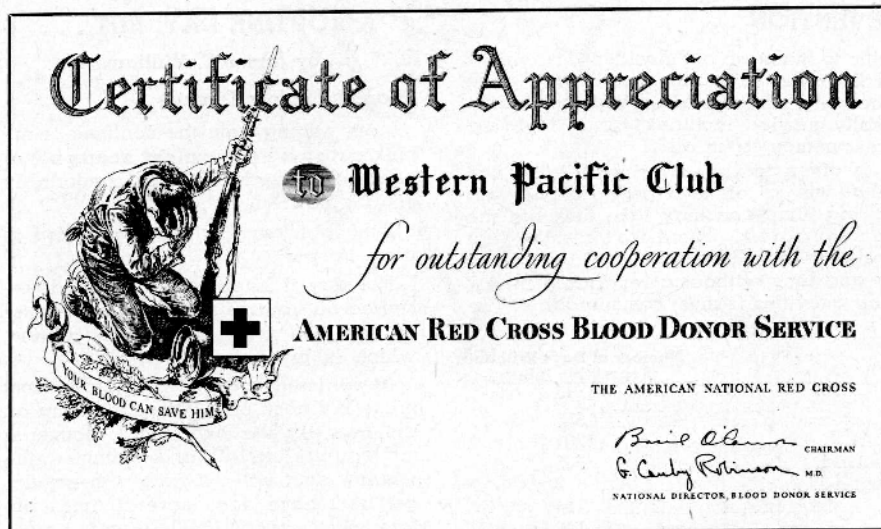
Do you know what happened then? I slipped on that darn rug that had started my day.

Well, here's the doctor to check my ankle.

Yours for a safer life,

I. L. B. Careful,  
From: Nowon

(This is from the National Safety News of July 1945)



★ This certificate was presented to the members of The Western Pacific Club, at their regular August meeting, by Carl Quigley, of San Francisco Chapter of the Red Cross Blood Donor Service. In making the presentation, Quigley said in part . . . "You have done an outstanding job—a magnificent job . . . **The membership of the Western Pacific Club contributed more than 500 pints of blood since the beginning of the Blood Donor Program . . .** You must experience a deep feeling of gratification knowing that your blood donations saved the lives of many of our wounded boys . . . Death walked hand in hand with our boys in Europe and the Pacific . . . Many desperately wounded soldiers, sailors and marines, unconscious and weak from loss of blood, stood in the valley of the shadow and whether they lived to return to their loved ones or remained behind buried under white crosses in a distant hostile land depended upon your willingness to sacrifice a little of your time—a little of your blood to have a dying boy . . . Blood plasma and whole blood are the greatest medical discoveries to come out of this war . . . They are the gift of life; they are life itself . . . Thousands of our wounded boys are alive today only through the miracle of blood plasma . . . **To date the people of San Francisco and the Bay Area have contributed more than 800,000 pints of blood . . .** Since the inauguration of the Type "O" whole blood program, more than 43,000 bottles of whole blood have been flown from San Francisco to the battlefronts of the Pacific. This is truly a remarkable record and the people of San Francisco are to be commended for their support of this vital program . . . You performed a great patriotic and a great public service."

### GEORGE DYCK TO BUTLER BROS.

George Dyck, popular rate clerk in our general freight traffic department, is leaving us this month to accept position of assistant to the traffic manager for Butler Brothers, in San Francisco.

We're sorry George is leaving us, but happy over this opportunity offered him. He has our best wishes for success.

### MARCHETTA AND JERRY

Marchetta McDuffie and Jerry Jones, —formerly clerk to trainmaster and crew caller, respectively, at Wendover, are now busy performing chores in the manifest bureau of our transportation department at GO. We welcome them to San Francisco, which they may find slightly crowded by comparison with "the garden spot of the 'salt flats'!"

Marchetta also used to be our staff reporter at Wenover and we hope Floella Jones will pick up where Marchetta stopped.

### UNFAIR

A famous alienist was visiting Bermuda and a certain prominent official happened to meet him. The official, after discovering that the alienist was authority, not on immigration, but on the mentally unsound, asked:

"Doctor, how do you really tell if a person is insane?"

"Oh, we merely ask him a few ordinary questions which ordinary people can answer correctly."

"What type of question?"

"Well," replied the alienist, "this is the sort of thing: Captain Cook made three voyages round the world and died on one of them. Which was it?"

"Oh, I say," objected the official, "I think that's a bit steep. I'm not very good at history."

*From The Recorder, published by The Recorder Printing & Publishing Co. (San Francisco Recorder, Edward F. O'Day, Editor.)*

### SEPTEMBER

★ In addition to "September Morn" of past fame, the current month marks the anniversary of many famous historical dates.

For instance, on the 1st, in 1939, Nazi Germany began sending troops across the border into Poland, Pomerania, Silesia and East Prussia, touching off the powder-keg of World War II and resulting . . .

On the 3rd, of the same year, in Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's announcement to Parliament that a state of war existed between Great Britain and Germany.

Four years later, on the 3rd, the Allies invaded the mainland of Italy (and, on the 11th, Mussolini was kidnapped from the Allies by German paratroopers).

This year, on the 3rd, we celebrate Labor Day, and Labor has good reason to celebrate this year for the tremendous role played by it in the war of production.

Again, on the 3rd, in 1925, the Navy dirigible "Shenandoah" was torn to pieces by a thunder squall while passing over Ava, Ohio.

The 6th is the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne in 1914, as well as Lafayette's birthday (he was born in 1757).

At sunset on the 7th the Jewish New Year (5706) begins.

On the 8th, in 1926, the League of Nations admitted Germany to membership.

The Battle of St. Mihiel began on the 9th in 1918.

The 131st anniversary of the writing of the Star Spangled Banner by Francis Scott Key is on the 14th.

William Howard Taft, our 27th president, was born on the 15th in 1857.

Our United States Constitution was adopted in 1787 on the 17th.

On the 20th, in 1918, the Battle of Meuse-Argonne began and ended only with the Armistice on November 11th.

The first day of Autumn is the 23rd this year. And football will be just around the corner.

The 30th has been named Gold Star Mother's Day and is also the Anniversary of the ill-fated Munich pact signed in 1938.

Along with March, September was Hitler's favorite month for doing something foolish. If you've anything in mind history indicates it would be wiser to wait until October! THE EDITOR



## RANDOM

★ **Leland Michelson**, TF&PA at Elko, wandered into the general office on July 27th, just too late to make the August issue. We certainly enjoyed his visit and his "big talk" about the wide open spaces.

**Cyrus A. (Cy) Oels**, formerly agent at Keddie, is now an operator at Oakland, we're told. Cy's son **Phillip**, we also hear, recently reported for duty at Stanford University in the Army specialized Training Reserve program. Though the war is over, we hope Phillip stays on at Stanford. While in high school (Quincy) he participated in boxing, basketball, baseball, track and soccer. What . . . no football?

Had a pleasant visit recently with **Jo McCracken**, retired WP conductor, who now lives at 911 Wilson Avenue, Richmond, California. He was interested in The Headlight and we were interested in him.

We were mighty glad to see **Frank King**, auditor of payroll accounts, return to his desk a few weeks ago. Though Frank's illness was severe, he seems to be coming along nicely and is looking quite normal and fit now.

**Jack H. Wade** seems to be acting very much like an assistant auditor of payroll accounts these days, but we've nothing official.

From Salt Lake City we hear that **C. J. (Charlie) Fischer** must have been affected by the intense local heat when he became slightly confused and attempted to dial 7-26-45, which happened to be the current date, for a telephone number! General Agent **H. R. (Ray) Coulam**, on the other hand, ignored the heat to indulge in a little bowling, resulting in the loss of a practically new pair of "Florsheims." Obviously some one had run out of shoe stamps and decided he could use Ray's shoes to good advantage. We fondly hope they were the wrong size!

**Lt. John C. (Jack) Boyer, Jr.**, wrote **John Conger** (our New York general agent) early in August indicating he had been transferred from Dallas to the District Transportation Office at Laredo, Texas. Jack, who was formerly in our passenger traffic department, said he had not yet had an opportunity to look up **Major F. B. (Bert) Stratton** (formerly our general agent at Seattle), now at 8th Transportation Zone headquarters in Dallas.

From San Francisco's PACIFIC BUILDER of recent date we've a clipping of a column titled GROOVER AND I in which our own **Jesse R. Holmes**, Oakland freight traffic agent, received considerable and favorable mention. "Groover" referred to the "forgotten group" of railroaders . . . the traffic representatives. Says "Groover" . . . "they are of the white collar brotherhood who

## W. P. CLUB PICNIC

★ This annual fun-fest was held at Lake Temescal Regional Park, Oakland, on August 5th. The "beautiful weather" advertised was in hiding until 1 P.M. After that, a really enjoyable time was had until the last dance at 11:30 P.M.

To get things off to a good start, Arthur (Pete) Petersen was appointed Vice President in Charge of Coffee . . . and his brew proved he was the right man for the job!

The writer, with the able assistance of John Carroll and Al McNamara, ran off the racing events for the youngsters. This was climaxed by a baseball toss for men (some 20 or 30 participants), Bill Friborg copping the "tie."

Late in the afternoon, the crowd (well, group) moved over to the social hall overlooking beautiful Lake Temescal, where they danced to "Candy" and "Béll Bottom Trousers" until all were exhausted!

The consensus of those attending was that they had enjoyed a completely pleasant afternoon and evening.

The writer desires to thank Frank Lindee, "Pete" Petersen, Homer Bryan, John Carroll, Al McNamara, Bill Gertsen, Mike Zellin (of Harold Wyman's staff) and all others who helped so much in making our picnic a success.

"Tom" Brown says "Temescal" is an Indian word meaning "oven," or, more specifically, a type of Turkish bath, Indian style!

L. B. (By) LARSON

★ \* \*

## VICTORY LOAN CONFERENCE

The Railroad Unit of the War Finance Division has scheduled a meeting of railroad representatives at San Francisco, in the PG&E auditorium, September 17th, to discuss plans for the Victory Loan Drive beginning October 29th.

The Santa Fe, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and Western Pacific will be represented. Messrs. Houghteling, O'Brien, Switzer and Walker will represent the War Finance Division.

have no brotherhood to fight for them. Their collars are getting frayed and there are no laundries to keep them white. Regardless of neglect these traffic men are the ones who maintain an orderly flow on the 'high iron.'" For obvious reasons, we refuse to comment! Jesse sent the "Groover" a birthday package containing: 1) a king-size aspirin; 2) a luncheon ticket to the American Legion Service Club; and 3) a handful of pipe cleaners! To be used in that order??

THE EDITOR

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

★ The fourth birthday of our Club and publication seems like the proper occasion for reminiscences of personalities, past and present, associated with our magazine. In other columns of this issue we've already mentioned the editors and their tenures of office . . . and we will go on from there.

John H. (Jack) Hyland, who writes Hy-Lites (begun in the October 1942 issue), has been an associate editor since July 1943. It would be quite difficult to properly express the debt we owe Jack for his loyalty, steadfastness and industry in the efforts being made to maintain a high standard for our publication.

Thomas P. Brown has been "What's in a Name?"ing since 'way back in July 1942 and, more recently, has supplemented these fine contributions with his "Western Wayfarer" stories. What has been said about Jack Hyland also goes for Tom Brown, and the editor is in great debt to Tom for his wise counsel.

Associate editors who have moved into the spotlight for a time and then flitted away are Barbara Spacher, Irv Abramson and Phil Wyche.

Bill Stout has been circulation manager, managing editor and business manager during various periods since December 1942, sporting the last named title since December 1944.

Other staff assistants have been Carl Moore (advertising manager), now with the Western Transportation Company; Irv Lyons (business manager), now a Lieutenant in the Army; Bill Foster, who was system correspondent for a few months in the early days; and Ted West (managing editor for the first three issues), now associated with an arm of the AAR.

Al Bramy began as staff reporter with our first issue, became associate editor in January 1942 and finally editor in November 1943. He must have read Horatio Alger!

None of the reporters shown in the first issue is now officially connected with our magazine, though Tal Kelly and Carl Nipper come through occasionally. Irene Schuepbach, of our St. Louis traffic agency, first appeared as a reporter in the February 1942 issue and you will still find her name now.

Four Western Pacific Club presidents have come and gone . . . Walter Mittelberg, Cliff Norden, Harold Heagney and Frank Lindee (who still clings by an eye-lash pending the annual election this month!). Under our by-laws, an officer may not serve successive terms in the same office, though that particular by-law has already been maltreated—by the required unanimous consent!

All these people have contributed much time and energy toward the growth of our Club and The Headlight. It is our fond hope that the end of the war will be the beginning of better things for our Club. Many of our active members are in the armed forces and with their return we hope for a revitalized Club and a heavier program of activities.

THE EDITOR

## CLUB PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

★ Well, it's over! That's what we are all saying. Your Western Pacific Club officers are saying the same thing, only double, because August 14th was also the last regular meeting for your present officers.

I am proud to have been President of the Club especially during the year which is so indelibly stamped on the memories of all of us. It was the push from the five yard line with some brand new plays to spring, and yet, with the rush of business, the chairmen and their committees were able, not to find time, but to make time, to do those things necessary for an active club.

My first orchid to Walt Mittelberg and his hard working staff in putting out The Headlight, each issue better than the last, with less time to do the fine job. The highlight was, I believe, the May issue with the beautiful V-E cover which took plenty of previous planning. The Headlight has an international circulation with praise from every source. The local news service of The Headlight, The Tale Lite, was reinstated under the editorship of Bill Friberg to shine brighter than ever.

Sharing first honors, Frank Rauwolf, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, with a stacked desk against him, had some sort of an affair nearly every month. There was the dinner and dance at El Jardin, then a Christmas dance at the Ariel Club, two affairs at the Professional Club, three motion pictures in the roof lounge during the noon hour and last, but not least, the finale, a dance at the Dove Club in the Mission on September 8th. All this with restaurants and clubs telling you of their hardships in securing points, foods or what have you.

Without money you drain the life's blood from a club, but Howard Sevey, with his membership drive, gave us a slight case of high blood pressure and, in addition, set up the membership list so that with this September, to collect dues, we will merely have to set the pump to work. John Quinn, our Treasurer, could write checks without the least worry; in fact, you probably noticed how happy he looked as he read the financial report each month.

Speaking of blood, not so long ago a person shuddered at the word. Now it means that chance you gave some wounded veteran to return to a peaceful world, something very wonderful. Al McNamara, his assistant, Doris Wetmore, and a representative from each department in the Bay Area went after every available pint. A good job, well done with a fitting climax—the presentation by the Red Cross of the Certificate of Appreciation to the Western Pacific Employees on the very day that the world was told "The war is over."

A picnic is something we all look forward to, but it was no picnic for your Chairman "By" Larson to put it over. A month of planning and a hurried last two days to see that everything clicked. And it did, as those who

## COMMON SENSE

### A Revelation and a Warning

★ The explosion of the experimental atomic bomb in the New Mexico desert is said to have illuminated the sky with a brightness greater than that of the sun at noonday. Shaking the earth over an area of 300 miles in diameter, reverberating like a heavy clap of thunder, it lightened the peaks, ridges—and even crevasses—of mountains three miles away.

The explosion of this atomic bomb, marking the advent of awful power in the hands of men, illuminated more than the deep and dark places in the mountains. The blinding flash was a revelation which threw searing and penetrating light into the dark chambers of men's souls where pride and greed and hate are stored up and nurtured. The deafening roar of thunder was a warning of the dire fate awaiting humanity if men, possessing new destructive power, use it in the service of pride and greed and hate.

It is a ghastly thing to contemplate the words of so keen an observer as Commander Herbert Agar, aid to Ambassador Winant, "I sincerely believe that in a very few years human beings will know how to destroy the human race."

These are not idle words. For here we have before us an instrument of destruction of such potency as to possess more power than 20,000 tons of TNT—an instrument of death, a single bomb, equal in destructive power to all the bombs that 2,000 B-29 bombers can carry. All this power in one atomic bomb—all this now a reality, not a theory.

In view of these circumstances, all who have contributed anything to the sum total of racial and religious hate in this country ought to repent of their evil works. For today evil must be seen as being more deadly than ever it was. Today there are powers of world-wide destruction at its disposal. It is terrifying now to think of what destruction awaited mankind had the Nazis, imbued with hate and prejudice, first discovered the secret of atomic energy.

*(From the Institute for American Democracy, Inc.)*

made the trek to Lake Temescal Park will confirm.

Our Santa Claus last Christmas was not according to type; in fact, he was a she, Lou Jean Keller, and the girls in the Treasury took on the task of sending Readers Digest subscriptions to the members overseas. It was not simple because the boys were always going places.

Yes, it's over and the President believes we had a successful year. From the above you can see he had little choice with such a swell gang backing him. So to the other officers, committees, chairmen and you members, thanks for the support. FRANK G. LINDEE

## SPORTS REVIEW

By Jack Hyland

★ Normally our new bowling schedule commences during the latter part of August, but this year it was decided to give the bowlers an extra few weeks of relaxation, thus the Western Pacific Bowling League schedule for the 1945-46 season will officially open on September 13th, and naturally at the Downtown Bowl, located at Jones and Eddy Streets, San Francisco.

This season will mark the W. P. League's sixth year of existence and our fourth consecutive at the Henry Golobic establishment. Oddly our name was listed on the Downtown Bowl ledger book even before the bowling alley was actually opened, and from past treatment by the management, we will continue on their books for many years to come.

Because of the later starting date, it leaves me without a darned thing to write about which could properly be covered and written under a "Sports Review" caption, but a few things I learned are: In discussion with the officers of the league, understand that the previously submitted ballots indicate the majority of the voters cast their ballots in favor of retaining the same officers for the coming season as handled the affairs for the 1944-45 season. Therefore, it appears at the present writing, the 1945-46 slate will be: Wm. (Bill) Stout, President; Wm. (Bill) Hatfield, Vice-President; Earl (Mac) McKellips, Treasurer; and Parker (George) Swain, Secretary. These men have handled their duties in a very satisfactory manner and voting them into office for a second successive term is the bowlers' way of passing high praise.

Present plans call for an eight team league, but there are very excellent possibilities of the league enlarging into ten full teams before the opening date rolls around. We have weathered the storm of losing quite a few of our male bowlers to the Armed Services during the past four years, and through the able assistance and help from the ladies who filled in wherever a vacancy appeared, our league was able to continue its existence on practically a pre-war basis. In this respect, we wish to extend our thanks and express our greatest appreciation to these ladies, and while present plans call for a solid male bowling league, steps will be taken to assure them a place in a women's league, or even by the formation of a W. P. Ladies' League.

The defending champions of last year, the Freight Agents, will be endeavoring to be a three time winner. The past champions of other years have been: Freight Accounts (1940-41); Traffickers (1941-42); Freight Agents (1942-43); Transportation (1943-44) and Freight Agents (1944-45).

## COL. HENRY TO WESTBROOK PEGLER

★ When Westbrook Pegler said, as he did recently, that the fine old record of safety in railroad travel was just a memory, he voiced the erroneous belief of all too many of his fellow Americans. Col. Robert Selph Henry, well-known railroad spokesman and author ("This Fascinating Railroad Business" and, more recently, "First With the Most"), went into considerable detail in a letter to Mr. Pegler . . . a letter which we quote for the benefit of our readers.—  
The Editor.

Washington, D. C., June 26, 1945

Mr. Westbrook Pegler,  
Ridgefield, Conn.

Dear Mr. Pegler: We railroad people, being called upon by necessity to pick up virtually all of the increase in freight and passenger traffic caused by the war, are acutely conscious of the fact that our passenger service has deteriorated. After all, with the same equipment we had before the war, we are handling about four and a half times as much travel, with all that means in the way of crowding, inconvenience, and delay.

In addition, the very necessities of the case have caused both the railroads and the government agencies interested in transportation to lay these facts before people and to ask them to travel no more than is necessary. As a result of this necessary program, there has been both in the press and on the radio quite a lot of humorous exaggeration of the difficulties of travel.

That's all right with us because it helps get across the main story of travel difficulties, but it is unfortunate that this necessary campaign has so frequently taken the turn of exaggerating the rate of accident on railroads. For example, in your column the other day, you say that "the fine old record of safety in railroad travel is just a memory." Actually, the thing that has suffered is the railroad reputation for safety, quite a different thing from the record.

There have been more wrecks and more injuries during the war years than before, of course, but in relation to the tremendous increase in traffic and opportunity for injury, the rate of injuries has actually been lower than ever before in the history of railroads.

In the five years 1935-1939, the total injuries (fatal and nonfatal) to passengers, employees, trespassers and all other persons in all railroad accidents amounted to 9.27 per 100 million traffic units. That was the lowest ever recorded up to that time, but in the five years 1940-1944, covering the war years, this rate of injuries in railroad accidents declined to 6.84 per 100 million traffic units. And the most striking fact of all is that in each year of this five-year period, the rate of injuries in all railroad accidents was less than in the preceding year, as follows:

Year	Injuries to all persons in all railroad accidents per 100 million traffic units
1940 .....	7.69
1941 .....	7.60
1942 .....	6.66
1943 .....	6.58
1944 .....	6.44

These figures refer to railroad operations as a whole. Taking passengers alone, a similar story is found. In the five years 1935-1939, injuries (fatal and nonfatal) to railroad passengers averaged 10.68 per 100 million passenger miles. In the five years beginning with 1940, this rate of injury declined to 6.62 per 100 million passenger miles. By years, these figures are as follows:

Year	Injuries (fatal & nonfatal) to railroad passengers per 100 million passenger miles
1940 .....	10.94
1941 .....	10.03
1942 .....	6.49
1943 .....	6.01
1944 .....	5.14

Because, however, public attention is centered more upon *fatal* accidents to passengers than upon the whole picture, it is interesting to compare the reports in transportation deaths compiled and published by the National Safety Council. In its *Accident Fact*, 1944 edition (the latest available), on page 87 it is shown that for the three-year period 1941-1943 inclusive, fatalities to passengers per 100 million passenger miles traveled by the different modes of transport were as follows:

Passenger deaths in passenger operations	1941-1943 average death rate
Buses .....	0.22
Railroad passenger trains.....	0.24
Scheduled air transport planes.....	2.40
Passenger automobiles and taxis.....	3.20

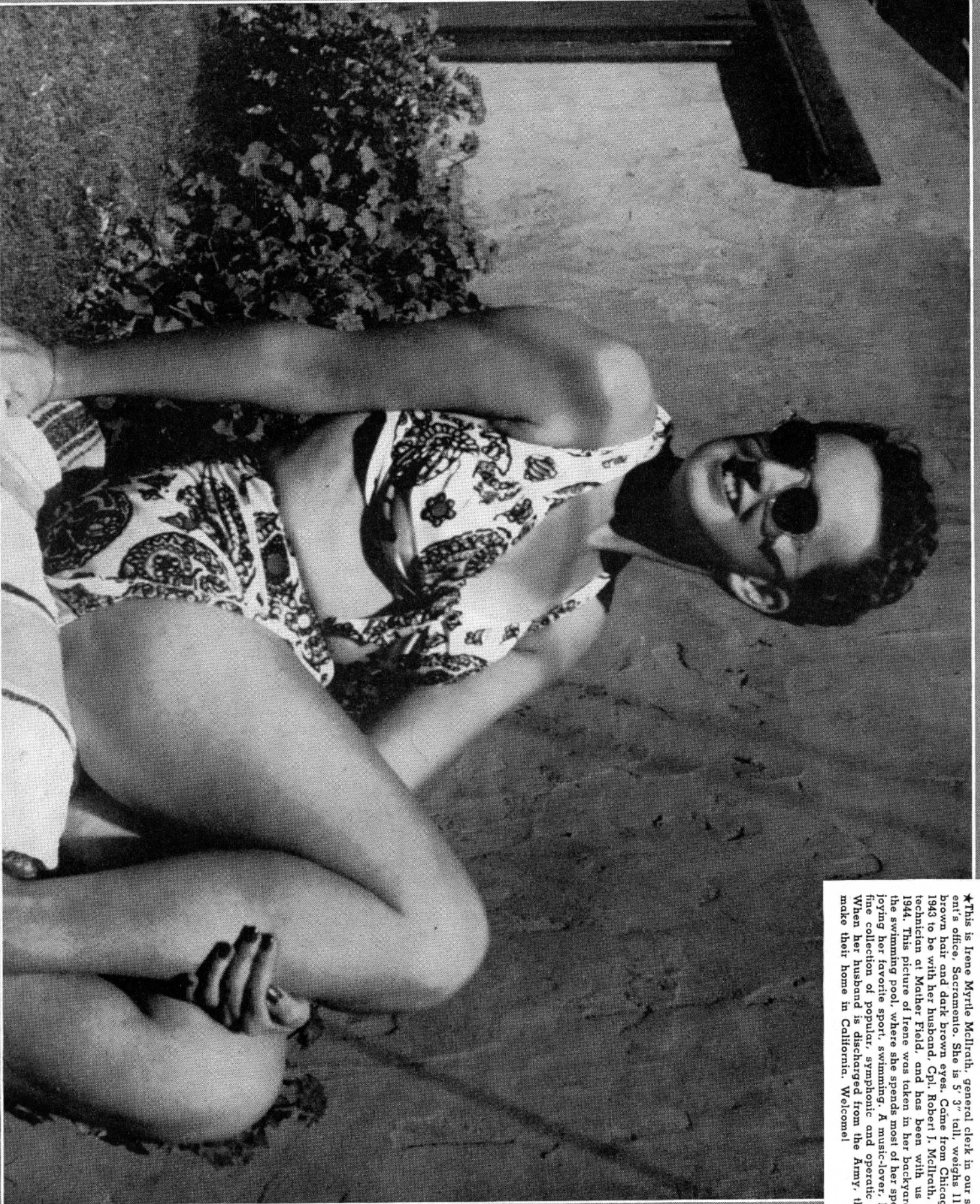
In 1944, the fatalities to passengers in railroad passenger trains was 0.23 per 100 million passenger-miles—just about the same as the average for the preceding three years. Figures for 1944 for the other forms of transportation are not yet available to us.

On page 33 of its 58th Annual Report, the Interstate Commerce Commission says: ". . . in each of the years following 1940 the passenger casualties, both fatal and non-fatal, averaged fewer per million passenger-miles than in 1940. . . ."

And 1940, it might be added, was by no means an extra bad year in railroad accidents, being in fact about average for the ten years preceding.

I don't mind being ribbed about the crowds on the trains and inconveniences of travel. Railroad men know about that and feel that most passengers have been exceedingly understanding and good-humored about it. I doubt that if many people realize, however, that our safety record, as contrasted with our reputation for safety, continues as good as it is.

(Signed) ROBERT S. HENRY



## A Western Pacific Pin-Up Girl At Last!

★This is Irene Myrtle McIlrath, general clerk in our superintendent's office, Sacramento. She is 5' 3" tall, weighs 118, has light brown hair and dark brown eyes. Came from Chicago in March 1943 to be with her husband, Cpl. Robert J. McIlrath, Army radar technician at Mather Field, and has been with us since April 1944. This picture of Irene was taken in her backyard alongside the swimming pool, where she spends most of her spare time enjoying her favorite sport, swimming. A music-lover, Irene has a fine collection of popular, symphonic and operatic recordings. When her husband is discharged from the Army, they plan to make their home in California. Welcome!