

The HEADLIGHT



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THE HEADLIGHT

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EDITORIAL

1941 has passed . . . 1942 is here . . . and as the days of this historic year unfold the joys, sorrows, successes, defeats . . . we pray a new and lasting peace will again be ours before 1943.

As we look forward with confidence and hope in our hearts, we realize the tremendous job to be done.

Initial successes by our "sneak" enemies at Manila and elsewhere are the result of "getting there firstus with the mostus" but their treachery has effected for us the one vital thing our enemies fear the most . . . *a National Unity that makes this nation unbeatable!*

Modern wars can only be won by this National Unity, which means simply this: we've got to out-produce . . . out-build . . . *and not just out-talk our enemies.* It's action, co-operation, sweat and toil, that count now and the quicker our nation can swing into high gear the quicker we can pay back, with interest, the treachery our "sneak" enemies have dealt us. Don't worry about an occasional Jap submarine somewhere off the California coast, and wonder where our Navy is. They are on the job and following a well-defined plan. Don't fret about some small outposts being taken by the enemy. Our Army is on the job and they will strike hard and fast when the opportune time comes. Let's leave these important functions to those charged with this responsibility and give them the confidence they deserve.

People, everywhere, now realize our job at home is well defined. This war is no pushover. Wars are on a 7-days a week basis, no time off Saturday afternoons, Sundays or holidays, and the sooner our nation gets on an equal production basis with planes, tanks, guns and materiel, the quicker the days of peace will come.

May this year 1942 bring all of us the peace and contentment rightfully ours. But it won't come this year of 1942, or any other year, unless we all put our shoulders to the wheel *and now is the time to push!*

THE EDITOR.



WISDOM, INC.

Shoulder to Shoulder, Toward Victory

We are in the war, and that fact constitutes a challenge to us all. How are the railway men responding? Let me quote from a recognized leader:

"The railroad workers of America will keep the wheels of transportation turning with unparalleled speed and efficiency during every minute and every hour until victory perches on the standards of our beloved country.

"That is what the railroad workers did in the last World War and in every other war in which the United States has been involved. We have never failed our country, and we will not fail our country now.

"Living in a democracy as we do, it has been the most natural thing in the world that during recent months we should be divided in our discussion of domestic and foreign policies . . . and I recognize that, at times, our differences have been deep and, unfortunately, by no means free from bitterness.

"But all that must now be forgotten. . . United we can win this war, not in a day, not in a month, but we will win it."

Those are the words of Thomas C. Cashen, chairman of the Railway Labor Executives' Association. They are good American words. They parallel my own recent message to members of the Illinois Central family regarding our wartime railway duties:

"We are neither helpless nor useless. We've got a part to play—a job to do. We are engaged in a service that will have a very direct and vital influence on the outcome of the war . . . The fate of all our people rides with us. Now as never before we need clear heads and steady hands." (J. L. Beven, President, Illinois Central System.)

OUR AMERICAN RED CROSS

(Editor's Note) Few people, until recent events, fully realized the vital functions of the American Red Cross. Many people contribute willingly money and many other things to this humanitarian cause, but only a few really learn the inner workings. After you have read the following article, especially those whose homes are in coastal cities, you will be proud of your contributions, will want to give more, and will sleep better at night, secure in the knowledge that should disaster strike, the Red Cross is ever ready.

By **LOWELL BREADY**

Director of Public Information

San Francisco Chapter of the American Red Cross

There is an echo in America today that has spent its strength; an echo which began to die only after months and years of buffeting back and forth between hard walls of fact. It's the echo of an attitude which afflicted England and France in those pre-war days when leaders and people alike were tied to inaction by the belief and hope that, though diplomatic palaver might be sharp, war would never come.

Now the echo is gone in America. Men are springing into action and their action results in more than preparation for defense. Now men are saying, "Maybe there won't be bombs here in San Francisco; maybe there won't be fires or earthquakes or hurricanes or floods. Maybe not. But if they come, brother, I for one want to be ready."

One of the most startling results of that changing attitude in San Francisco, even before war began for us, was the growth in the last 12 months of the Red Cross Disaster Relief Commission, whose ranks include some 3000 trained first aiders alone. All of the DRC's manpower, all its equipment, are ready to work with and under the Office of Civilian Defense.

Although the Disaster Relief Commission is a city-wide organization, it finds its roots in each of 12 districts, where there are individual semi-autonomous Disaster Relief Commissions, as follows:

On a city-wide scale, separate divisions have been established to handle relief work that would have to be done; medical aid, rescue, food and fuel, clothing and bedding, shelter, communications, transportation, registration and information, survey, public information, headquarters (administrative), finance and audit, central purchase and supply, and evacuation. Chairmen and vice chairmen of the divisions constitute the headquar-

ters division, which would direct the disaster program under Thos. Larke Jr., general chairman, and H. D. Hart, general vice chairman.

Because the men in that city-wide setup could hardly know conditions in each district as well as the residents of the district, each of the 12 has its own commission with its own leaders. Every district commission then has its own rescue section, medical aid section, etc., patterned after the city-wide organization.

The minute disaster strikes—regardless of its nature—the district commission would rush to its already established headquarters and go into action. For help it would call on the city commission, which in any case would keep in close touch with every district by means of its motorcyclists and bicyclists, who are organized under the communications division to step in, if, and when, even the commission's hand-crank switchboard becomes useless.

Not only are city and district disaster headquarters already designated, with second and third alternates in case of destruction, but men and women are trained and ready to act at their assigned stations.

The 3000 first aiders will work with the rescue and medical aid divisions, the first under men who are today taking training in rescue work with ropes, axes, crowbars; the latter under the corps of doctors who are volunteering their time to prepare district medical aid stations. The shelter division, with the unstinted assistance of a number of San Francisco's leading architects and engineers, has determined where it could house 374,000 people in case their homes were destroyed—in other words, about 60 per cent of San Francisco's population. In addition the architects drew plans for low-cost, quick-assembly camp units to house those whose evacuation proves necessary.

District commissions, together with the city-wide commission, are making broad inventories now of the clothing and bedding available for emergency use. The Transportation Division has signed up scores of panel trucks which could be converted overnight into emergency ambulances; has signed up drays for bigger transportation jobs. The Food and Fuel Divisions in the districts are responsible for enough food to meet the worst possible needs for two or three meals, after which the city-wide Food and Fuel Division takes over the securing and distribution of additional food.

To the Registration and Information Division will fall the vast job of answering inquiries from out-of-town and within the town about relatives and friends who have not been heard from, who may be dead or lost, or out working with a rescue squad somewhere. This same group has the task of registering those whose relief needs seem more than temporary, for whatever type of relief they need. This division also has its own small communications system established and as part of its corps has experienced social workers.

And the training still goes on. There will probably never be a perfect disaster relief organization, but this preparation can go far toward decreasing the misery and confusion, the inevitable companions of disaster. First aid, nutrition and canteen, home hygiene, motor corps training—all continue literally day and night in preparation for what every volunteer, and every man and woman in the work is a volunteer, hopes will never come.

Ted West

Instrumental in organization of THE HEADLIGHT, Managing Editor Ted West has transferred his allegiance from the W. P. to The Association of American Railroads. Ted's loss in this department will be severely felt, but along with the rest of the W. P. we wish him success in his new job.

The car retarder, for use in connection with classifying freight cars in hump yards, was designed by Geo. Hanauer, who later became President of the Boston and Maine.



BUY United States Defense Bonds!

PEOPLE and THINGS
By AL BRAMY

San Francisco—international metropolis of the west, nestling among its hills, bordered by its great bridges, miles of sandy beach, Golden Gate Park and its famed waterfront . . . with its Latin Quarter, Russian Hill, Chinatown, Little Italy and the vast Mission District—a city in itself. World-famed Market Street with its four street car lanes, long lines of traffic, thousands of pedestrians along its length. Gay, colorful, solid.

At night, circling Twin Peaks with the city stretching from your very feet until it recedes into the Bay. The countless lights—a fairy's carpet of twinkling magic . . . the amber lights, like suspended stars, that follow the course of the mighty Bay span—a necklace of breath-taking beauty looping across moon-drenched waters. Market Street, a riotous blaze of neon and electricity . . . a deep gash of blinding brilliance. The fog drifting in the Gate, passing over multi-colored lights—a transparent veil of ever-changing color. An awe-inspiring panorama that swells the heart of the native with pride and love.

* * *

Ed Leffler retires from Auditor's office after many years of service. Was given a radio by the gang. Congrats from the Club to the Hank Aviles, who have added a wee feminine addition to the family . . . "Dog House Blues" for Byron Larson. For the ninth consecutive Christmas he's . . .

Through mutual agreement between the C. B. & O., D. R. G. and W. P., all hostess nurses on the *Exposition Flyer* are being released from service effective January 15. Because of a shortage of trained nurses for Red Cross work and other national defense duties, the railroads working in co-operation with the authorities are releasing the girls for immediate duty elsewhere.

* * *

San Francisco, Monday, December 8. Blackout! Pitiful and ineffectual as citizens failed to grasp the meaning of wailing sirens. Faltering and hesitating lights went out. Contradictory rumors and announcements in mounting confusion . . . and downtown, mammoth neon signs that could not be shut off, advertised their products to darkened skies suddenly become ominous.

San Francisco, Tuesday, December 9. Irate Army Commander bluntly advised a shocked populace that as many as 60 enemy planes had reconnoitered overhead taking in all its objectives as a bewildered public failed to blackout.

* * *

Christmas spirits high over holidays with all departments giving affairs. Oakland Federated Shop Crafts and Bay District Roundhouse and Car Department men went high-class with dance and party at Hotel Oakland. Santa Claus the popular favorite of the kiddies.

The W. C. Mittelbergs had Christmas open house with a big turnout from the W. P. taking over . . . Mrs. W. C. M. the gracious and charming hostess with Club Prexy Walter C. looking too cute in apron and shirt sleeves.

* * *

San Francisco, Tuesday night, December 9. Sirens again echo through a silent city—a tense, eerie silence that sends involuntary chills along your spine. With lights out you peek out into a darkened landscape again dotted with residential lights, but this time downtown is black. The shrill scream of policeman's whistle intermingles with the mournful wail of the siren and the incessant cry "Close your lights! Close your lights!" . . . and finally there is darkness, except for the gigantic circle of spotlights that reach into the night, poking and searching.

* * *

A Red Feather: To C. L. Droit who, after months of planning and figuring ending with sleepless nights, saw his work climaxed with the moving of the General Offices to the new W. P. building . . . and to Norman Menzies who helped through all the stages to the completion.

* * *

San Francisco, Wednesday, December 10. It's 5 p. m., and the flood of workers released overflow Market street in surging waves of massed humanity. But it's not the usual Market Street that flashes its welcome to tired people with its warm neon lights and brightly lighted windows, for all non-essential lights have been blacked out and a once resplendent street is enshrouded in the semi-gloom of street lights. It's a depressing sight. People seem to speak in whispers . . . to look at each other with uncertain glances. It's a city in half blackout.

And in the myriad of night clubs, ballrooms and theatres that make up our night life, so completely are their lavish electrical displays blacked out that people mistakingly think they are closed. Where once the bright lights beckoned, now only darkness.

* * *

Sympathies of the W. P. Club extended to Louise Larson who recently lost her mother.

Our second powerful Diesel, No. 902, received at Salt Lake December 28. Relieves the pressure on engine power on the line.

"Mistah" Oscar Larson has a new secretary, Betty Crosby, who hails all the way from South Carolinah, suh! Betty reckons as how you all don't say "we all" or "I all" but just "you all." . . . Gordon Scott of Auditors is now in the Army. Kinda worried because he couldn't take his fiddle along.

* * *

San Francisco, Thursday, December 11. It can't happen here? Startling sights as sandbags by the hundreds are placed around our buildings. Windows are being painted black . . . automobile headlights in gloomy blue. Precaution after precaution by Civilian Defense. "It can't happen here," but people are wondering . . .

* * *

Heartbreaks of W. P. bachelors when lovely Florence McManus said "I do" to become Mrs. Harold Libby. We could

have "Winchellized" this when we caught Flo furniture shopping a couple months back . . . and to make the competish even tougher, it's heartbeats in increasing tempo for Mary McCully who now wears the diamond halter . . . June in January.

* * *

San Francisco, Friday, December 12. It's a little past 7 p. m. Most people are at home having gone through a city in semi-blackout . . . and then—blackout! For a moment you again experience that involuntary chill. Again that peek out the window, and where once a city stood only a thick and impenetrable blackness is without . . . a city in total and complete blackout.

Long minutes drag by and still more. You wait for the spotlights, but they don't appear . . . minutes that drag on and on. Here and there a light appears and suddenly blacks out as some neighbor's kid yells at the offender. Nerves are just a wee bit frayed. Down the corner someone lights a cigarette and the resulting light resembles a torch in the complete darkness.

Your weak radio which was dead suddenly picks up Denver, Chicago—and still the time drags. Again you go to the window . . . only that black wall—that silence so intense it seems to sbriek, and time drags and drags. Finally, after hours and hours—although it was just a little more than two—the all clear! Lights go on and San Francisco is again a city in semi-blackout.

* * *

Chicago's J. B. Warren elected President of the South Water Market Perishable Freight Association for 1942. Just another W. P. honor . . . Recommended for the block W. P.—Jack Hyland, Chairman Good and Welfare, member of the Membership and Entertainment Committees and Vice Prexy of Bowling Club, and a booster for everybody and everything.

* * *

San Francisco. Beneath the mantle of darkness here a new spirit is humming as people clamor for Civilian Defense duties. They are awake to their peril—and ready. It can't happen here, but if it does, a great city with a united America behind it stands ready—and will with but one thought . . . "Give 'em hell!"

FLAG PRESENTATION

The presentation of the American Flag to the Company by the Club, which was first thought of by member Leo Gosney, will take place some time this month. President Walter Mittelberg will make the presentation to the W. P. officials.

In these days when our Flag stands as the symbol of unity and faith in our ideals, the presentation assumes even greater significance with a united W. P. Club working in complete harmony and cooperation with the Company for concentrated action to do our part for our country.

Further details and actual date of presentation will be announced in *The Tale Lite*, and will take place as soon as conditions in the building settle down to normalcy.

HORSEPOWER vs. TRACTIVE EFFORT

By PHIL WYCHE

Our second 5400 horsepower diesel-electric locomotive was received on our line at the close of the year, was sent to Sacramento Shops for servicing and is now relieving the need for additional power.

The introduction of diesel power has brought with it a new nomenclature not hitherto widely used by railroads. In days gone by the conception of a locomotive's size and power was conveyed by its rated tractive effort. Diesel locomotives, on the other hand, are invariably cataloged according to horsepower. We have our 600 horsepower switchers, our 5400 road engines and are soon to have some additional switchers of 660 h.p. capacity.

To most of us, the term horsepower fails as yet to produce so concrete a conception of a locomotive's ability as the old familiar gauge of tractive effort. It's a good deal like describing a distance in kilometers instead of miles. But horsepower goes a little beyond that. It's got something that tractive effort hasn't. Two men can both run the hundred, but the one who can do it in 9.6 gets more credit than the one who can do it in 10 flat. Horsepower takes into consideration the element of time as well as the bare ability to pull.

There is no reason why our regular steam locomotives shouldn't be rated according to horsepower, but evidently initial tractive effort got in on the ground floor and stayed there.

Based on the draw bar pull characteristics furnished by the manufacturers, our largest 2-8-8-2 articulated locomotives operating in the canyon develop 3425 h.p. at 10 m.p.h. This gradually increases to 4800 at about 45 m.p.h. At higher speeds it commences to decline. Similarly our 4-6-6-4 Wendover Hill engines start

out with 2500 h.p. at 10 m.p.h. and climb up to a maximum of 4930 at 55 m.p.h.

Technically, a horsepower is the production of sufficient force to raise 550 lbs. of dead weight through a vertical distance of one foot in one second's time. If the force was sufficient to raise 1100 lbs. in two seconds it would still be the equivalent of one horsepower. Therefore, horsepower is merely a measure of the force necessary to move a given load in a certain length of time, and is akin to ton miles per train hour. Instead of ton miles, horsepower is expressed in pound feet; the pounds being pounds of force necessary to overcome the drag of the train and the feet the distance through which such force is exerted. Tractive effort can be converted into horsepower by merely multiplying the draw-bar pull exerted by the speed in m.p.h. and dividing by 375. The 375 is merely a factor to convert miles into feet and hours into seconds.

There is an interesting sidelight when comparing the performance of diesel with steam power. As pointed out, the horsepower of a steam locomotive gradually increases with the speed until a maximum is reached at around 40-50 m.p.h. Not so with the diesel. It is possessed of a diesel motor which under load conditions turns over at a constant rate of some 800 r.p.m. regardless of the ground speed of the locomotive. Since at this uniform speed the diesel motor puts out 5400 h.p. continuously, there is in effect a fixed source of power throughout the entire range of road speed.

It is this fact which causes the available tractive effort to reach such enormous proportions at starting and to fall off so rapidly as the speed increases. With the horsepower constant, the speed and tractive effort must remain in direct balance. If the speed is doubled the tractive effort is halved. In contrast to this, the steam engine has a relatively low horsepower output at starting, which gradu-

ally rises as the speed is increased. Thus when the speed is increased from 10 to 20 m.p.h. the drop in tractive effort is only one-sixth to one-third instead of one-half, the rise in speed being compensated to some extent by the rise in horsepower.

Another peculiar result produced by the constant horsepower characteristic is manifested in the gear ratio. Substantially all of the 5400 h.p. developed by the diesel motors is converted into electrical energy and delivered to the traction motors in the form of torque. This is transmitted to the wheels through a pinion on the motor shaft and gear on the axle. Our road locomotives have the lowest gear ratio manufactured, 62.15, but the startling part is that even with this lowest gear combination, our locomotives have no more pulling power at any given speed than similar 5400's equipped with the highest gear ratio have at that same speed. This seems somewhat paradoxical since experience with automobiles has confirmed the idea that vastly greater pull is produced when low or intermediate

(Continued on Page 6, Col. One)

"AT THE CORNER"

... A Few Steps From
Your New Building

★
QUALITY FOODS
REASONABLE PRICES

★
THE COMMUTER

Invites You to
Breakfast
Luncheon
Dinner

★
YUkon 1893

Pay checks cashed for your convenience

INSURANCE

IS THE PAY CAR
IN CASE OF
ACCIDENT
OR
SICKNESS

Get Your Health and
Accident Protection

from

ORDER of RAILWAY EMPLOYEES

1000 PHELAN BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA



Western Pacific Flyers: Back row left to right—Dick Patterson, Tony Quill, Marge Paisey (Basketball Committee), Coach Gin Gallatin, Bob Salkeld and Hal Furney. Front row: Hank Aviles, Bruce Heilman, Jack Jones, Captain Ken Reilly and Al Bramy.

HORSEPOWER vs. TRACTIVE EFFORT

(Continued from Page 5)

gear is used than in high. However, in an automobile, the engine is turning over much faster and developing more horsepower at 5 m.p.h. in low than at 5 m.p.h. in high, and therein lies the answer.

At 5 m.p.h. with our low geared locomotive, the diesel engine is revolving at the same rate as in a higher geared locomotive. This results in the same power delivery to the wheels, so that regardless of gear ratio the same tractive effort is produced by either locomotive at any given road speed.

This being the case, then why is one gear ratio any more desirable than another? The only variation produced by different gear combinations is that of changing the relative speed of the traction motors with respect to the wheels. Our locomotives can haul 4950 tons up a 1% grade at 12½ miles per hour. So could a locomotive with a higher gear ratio. However, in order to avoid overheating, the traction motors cannot continuously revolve at less than 450 r.p.m. With a higher gear ratio they would only revolve at say 350 r.p.m. and soon overheat if the load was such as to produce a road speed of 12½ m.p.h.

Thus with a higher ratio the road speed would have to be increased to 14 m.p.h. to bring the motors up to 450 r.p.m. This would necessitate a lightening of the trailing load to 4450 tons. Thus the lower gear ratio permits the handling of a heavier load on long grades than could be accomplished with a higher gear locomotive. This privilege, however, causes a sacrifice in the top operating speed which is limited to 65 m.p.h., beyond which point the armature speed would be dangerously high, due to the tremendous centrifugal force which is set up when the motors reach 2300 r.p.m.

However, it is our belief that the greater hauling capacity at low speeds is more essential than a potential top speed of 75 or 80 m.p.h., hence the low gear selection.

W. P. RED CROSS CLASS

For the past few weeks, Miss Charlotte Williams (Transportation) has been working with Red Cross authorities in an effort to organize a Western Pacific Chapter to learn First Aid.

At this writing, fifteen men and women have signified their intentions to attend the classes which will be held twice weekly, two hours per night.

Miss Williams advises, however, that a minimum of 30 must sign for the course before the Red Cross will send an instructor to the W. P. meetings. Mr. C. L. Droit has indicated the Management would allow the class to use a blackout room in the building; but if the desired 30 members are not signed up, then the class will have to join some other group for instruction.

Western Pacific people who are interested are asked to contact Miss Williams as quickly as possible. The meeting nights will be decided upon as soon as the group is organized. The course is free and the only expense entailed will probably be the purchase of a First Aid manual for approximately 75 cents to \$1.00.

Mel Lyons

You start time and time again writing dozens of lines of copy but somehow the words seem too futile and inexpressive. When you once thought you could write anything on paper, you find yourself actually stumped on the toughest assignment you've faced yet.

You keep thinking back on that last conversation, when upon picking up the receiver you hear, "This is Captain Squeak of the Hog Patrol. When will my hogs reach Oakland?" and you know it's Mel Lyons checking on his livestock movements.

The next morning you hear the tragic news that stunned the entire Company: that Mel and his wife met an untimely death in an automobile accident. And while the personnel grieved, shippers began to call to verify what they had read and to express their sorrow.

No one who knew Mel could ever forget his willing co-operation and keen sense of humor. From the day Mel joined the Company in October, 1922, as a file clerk and began his climb upward, he never once lost that fresh eagerness and readiness to serve that characterized his career.

Words we say here can't express how any of us feel over his loss but Mel leaves behind him among his hosts of friends, a memory of a guy who was always tops in any league . . . and in being transferred to that mythical railroad where we all hope to eventually land a job, we know Mel is "keeping 'em rolling."



Dr. Eugene S. Kilgore

Western medical centers are mourning the death of Dr. E. S. Kilgore, 64, division surgeon for the Western Pacific since 1920, who died of natural causes at his home. For many years he has been recognized as one of the foremost authorities in the country on all heart ailments.

He had been on the University of California staff for the past 27 years and during the World War he served as a lieutenant colonel in the medical division. Last August he joined with other prominent Californians in opposing further appeasement of Japan. He was active in the Committee to Defend America.

Dr. Kilgore was graduated from the University of California in 1904 and from Harvard Medical College in 1909. He leaves behind his wife, three children; a brother and a sister.

"ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE"

A Message from the President

W. C. MITTELBERG

The motto of the Three Musketeers, of well-chronicled fame, is one we can all take to our hearts these days, whether it be with our new Club in mind, or our railroad, or last, but definitely not least, the present crisis in our nation's history.

Pulling together, we can accomplish all things, overcome all obstacles and fight through to a victorious conclusion; and this applies equally to our nation, our railroad and our Club. Our Club has gotten off to a flying start and it's up to us to maintain the pace. Our railroad has struggled through against many odds, natural and otherwise, and is now doing a magnificent job in the face of very heavy demands made upon it. We expect to do even better, as these demands grow, in maintaining our artery of rails and doing our part in the emergency.

Nationally, we have been struck a treacherous blow. Manila and Wake have fallen to the enemy and we admittedly have gotten off to a poor start. But in martial affairs the winner is not always he who gains the first victory; rather, Great Britain has proved the fallacy of such a theory. Who does not recall the oft-repeated truism applicable since the American Revolution, that Great Britain loses all the battles, but wins the wars?

Now we Americans have been forced into the maelstrom of war by a vicious attack upon our Pacific possessions and our all-out effort to remove the forces of aggression from the earth is in motion. This war is primarily one of production and it's heartening to know that the United States in 1941 out-produced the combined Axis nations in the production of all materials required for the successful conduct of present-day wars.

But it may be a long struggle before victory is achieved and all of us will be called on to make sacrifices of one kind or another. Let's try to make them as cheerfully as possible, remembering that the founding fathers of this great nation mutually pledged their lives and their fortunes that our greatness might be born.

Let's keep 'em rolling and help to keep 'em flying, so the ramparts of liberty may be adequately manned. And above all, let neither panic nor fear find lodging in our hearts, but let us prove to the Axis J-I-G mind that American morale, military or civilian, cannot be broken no matter how trying the circumstances.

Maintain your equilibrium and remember the motto . . . all for one and one for all.

Silence isn't always golden—sometimes it's merely yellow.

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

KING GEORGE HOTEL

All Rooms with Bath
Outside Exposure

Rates: Single, \$2 • Double, \$2.50, per day

Mason Near Geary Street

FEMININE FREIGHT

By PAT NICKERSON

Add interesting (and palatable) hobbies: Charlotte Williams collects miniature bottles of liquor. More than 15 countries are represented, with whiskies from Scotland and Ireland, as well as the United States; wine from Spain and Portugal and liqueurs from all parts of the world. Our pet is a tiny bottle of D. O. M. benedictine, in the shape of the original bottle, complete with tissue wrapper and wax seal.

One of the trickiest gadgets we've seen in a long time is a thick silver chain to be worn on a "weskit" or across the front of your tailored suit. It has a small cable car on one end; the other holds your keys or what have you.

With the weather so cold, you couldn't do better than get Vera Lindstrom's recipe for "glug." This department has never sampled anything so delicious in the way of holiday drinks, but we warn you, drink it sitting down and don't try to get up in a hurry.

We were reminded of its being a small world after all again the other day when a man who was pointed out to us as being "a fine amateur photographer, whose wife writes" turned out to be Carl Rath, husband of (you guessed it) Virginia Rath, one of the better mystery story writers of these parts. Incidentally, you mystery fans will like her skillful plots and live characters and, of course, the California setting adds much.

The following communication, printed just as received, speaks for itself and we speak for ourself when we say that the omission was entirely unintentional:

"In reading over THE HEADLIGHT on page 7—"Feminine Freight"—I feel awfully neglected and left out. All the wim-men ops named but me. Gosh, who copies your long ink reports in the wee hours while the blackout is on, and keeps awake (or tries to) while you're all in the hay?"

"Was I left out because you were citing the best of the female telegraphers and I'm a lid, or because I show up on pay day morning with blue ink on my face?"

"Yours hurt to the core,
"PUMPHREY."

The first circus to be transported by railroad was in 1872. P. T. Barnum, the famous showman, who had previously moved his circus and menagerie from town to town by teams drawn by 600 horses, bought 65 railway cars, painted in the most flamboyant manner, and began touring the United States by rail. Barnum's venture prospered beyond his expectations, and in time additional equipment was necessary to transport his huge "Museum, Menagerie and Hippodrome."

At the stroke of 12 o'clock noon, on November 18, 1883, more than fifty different "times" were abolished in the United States and railway clocks and watches throughout the country were set to Standard Time, or four standards of time—Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific—each one hour apart.



GIVE! Red Cross War Fund!

THE BIG GAME

The millions packed in the huge International Stadium gazed down tensely at the drama unfolding before them. Except for the yellow contingent in one corner, they were strangely silent waiting for the vaunted power of the United States to be unleashed.

To the anxious listeners dialing in the game, the words of the radio announcer offered little comfort. His words tinged with excitement came to them clearly via short wave from the Far East.

... "The little yellow men are lining up again. Looks like an air attack! The ball is snapped, the quarterback has it ... he's fading back; yes, it's a pass ... incomplete—knocked down by Corregidor at right end for the Americans. Time out; the yellow men have called for time.

For a quick resume, since the game's inception, the action has been all Nipponese. Since their first devastating attack which caught the Americans by surprise (you'll remember we mentioned the Americans apparently failed to hear the whistle—and neither did we) the Japs have been advancing slowly.

Manila at center looks pretty groggy, but battle-scarred Harbor at safety looks like he is itching for some more action. Harbor was caught napping on the first Jap play, as was the entire team, and only his magnificent playing staved off a Jap touchdown. The luster of his game so far has been matched only by the gem whose name he bears. Yes sir, Pearl Harbor at safety, grim and wide-awake, stands as the bulwark of defense.

Time is in again. Ball is snapped! It's a smash through center, stopped by Corregidor. Manila has been knocked out of the game.

Surprise package so far has been substitute Corregidor who's taken everything thrown at him and comes up for more.

The big American first string on the bench seem to be getting restless. Some of the boys are talking to Coach F. D. Roosevelt. "Gob" Navy is warming up. Down there on the field Corregidor is all over the field stopping those aerial attacks. He's playing an inspired game, taking the whole defensive upon himself since Manila, Wake and Guam have been knocked out.

"Yank" Army and "Behemoth" Labor are limbering up their muscles down by the bench. The game is still young. Ball now on the Jap's 35-yard line. Roosevelt is making a substitution. "Gob" Navy is going into action. Wait until he unleashes his big guns.

Yank and Behemoth want to get in there but Coach F. D. R. says "Not yet." It takes those two ponderous babies a long time to get out of low gear to meet those tricky Nippons.

To you Americans on the mainland, be patient. The ball is still in enemy territory and as soon as Army and Labor move into high gear the greatest team of all time will be on the field. Behemoth Labor at fullback, Army at right, Navy at left and Pearl Harbor at safety. What a backfield!

In the line Faith, Courage, Truth, Freedom and Democracy, flanked at the ends by "Bill" Rights and "Con" Stitution.

It's the all-American of all all-Americans that will be on the field before long,

smashing the enemy line with crunching power on the ground, crushing their spirit by swift and dynamic air attacks.

All the world is sitting in on judgment. Some of these stout lads will be hurt, but look at those reserves ready to play! There's Planes and Bombs, the touchdown twins; "Lotts-a" Tanks, the great blocking back, and there's "Munitions," who plays any position with deadly precision and sitting next to Coach F. D. Roosevelt is the great non-playing inspirational leader, Captain Religion.

We've got them all on our side and when that mighty force unites on the playing field, brother, you'll see action!

SPORT REVIEW

What has war got to do with sports; or, more to the point, what has Japan got to do with bowling? War means inconveniences and blackouts, and despite protests from the Bowling Committee, nasty little visitors from across the waters insist on playing along our shores.

As they come from the wrong side of the tracks, Uncle Sam doesn't want us to play with them, so he shuts off the lights to let them think we're not at home. When the lights are out, the large percentage of bowlers who live across the Bay can't get home over the bridge, so Bowling League activities have been temporarily suspended.

But as THE HEADLIGHT goes to press, our bowlers once again are making their weekly jaunt to the Broadway Alleys, and as usual, their doings will be faithfully chronicled in these pages. A flash as of January 6th, gives us the following team standings:

| | Won | Lost |
|-------------------------|-----|------|
| 1. Traffickers | 26 | 13 |
| 2. Treasurers | 25 | 14 |
| 3. Auditors | 20 | 19 |
| 4. Freight Accts | 19 | 17 |
| 5. Transportation | 18 | 18 |
| 6. Disbursement | 17 | 22 |
| 7. Telegraph | 15 | 24 |
| 8. Car Record | 13 | 26 |

Bob Harlan, alternate, with a 253 high, Craig 231, and Hibson 201, were individual high scorers for the night, with Harlan's score highest recorded in the present league. High series for the night, Harlan 593, Gil Hibson, 527 and Harold Heagney 517. Walt Mittelberg of the big ten is now on the bench due to a serious back injury, which will keep him out of action for some time.

BUY A BOND!

THE HEADLIGHT continues the campaign started in the *Tale Lite*, the mimeographed weekly, for the purchase of at least one Defense Bond from the back pay we will receive some time this month.

For a good many of us, it is money that, while most welcome, was still unexpected, in that we never had it in the first place and therefore could not miss it. The money we receive, which is almost akin to picking it up off the street, can easily cover the purchase of one bond. In these troubled times, it's an investment in the future, safeguarding both our country and ourselves.



BUY United States Defense Bonds!



BUILDING THE WESTERN PACIFIC

By C. L. GERMANN

Part four:

On the Western Pacific Railroad in the Humboldt River Valley country between Winnemucca and Wells, there is remarkable evidence of careful study in location in railway construction. The Central Pacific which was reconstructed in 1904, is 193 miles long, with five tunnels totaling 8900 feet in length, and 27 crossings of the Humboldt River. The Western Pacific is 185 miles in length, with five tunnels, which total 5300 feet in length, and 24 crossings of the Humboldt River.

Eastbound from Wells, Nevada, the Western Pacific follows the "Hastings Trail," used by Carson, Fremont, Hastings, the Reed-Donner party and many others of the 1846 to 1849 wagon trains. On leaving the head of the Humboldt River near Wells, the railroad veers in a southeasterly direction into Independence Valley, skirting the westerly side of the

Pequor mountains passing famous Hastings Pass, then Hollands Pass to Flower Lake, rolling easterly through Flower Lake tunnel near Shafter, Nevada. Crossing of Gosiute Valley and Silver Zone Pass in the Gosiute Range brings the railroad to the Nevada-Utah State line, about 120 miles west of Salt Lake City, where the town of Wendover is located. Here the Great Salt Lake Desert proper is reached, following the 49-ers wagon trail across the desert to Salt Lake City, crossing the desert on a tangent for 42 miles, more than 30 of which are on material of salt and earth comparable to California adobe.

The problem of construction here was speed in order to avoid settlement. All material for banks had to be brought by train from the eastern edge of the desert. Planks four by 10 inches and 20 feet in length, were laid diagonally to the track, and on these men stood to keep planks from floating away, for at the time of construction, there was eight inches of water over 30 miles of desert. Ties were placed, then rails, after which loaded cars of rock and gravel were backed out on the track and dumped, and the track raised for the entire 30 miles. The completed banks are broad and low, the material coarse, with finer gravel for ballast. No serious settlement has occurred for 30 years and none is ever likely.

From Timpie, Utah, the road follows the shore of the Great Salt Lake crossing the southern end by a fill in shallow water for about seven miles. The economy of a low bank can be appreciated when it is considered that material could not be scraped by teams from the right of way or adjacent property to a depth of more than a few inches without striking water.

The problem of the Western Pacific was to secure a roadbed without sacrifice of distance, one that would settle least and so remain above water, and this has been accomplished by broad low banks which do not overload the underlying material. Now we may speed over this portion of

the desert in a streamlined Western Pacific train perhaps thinking, "What desolation! Even a crow must carry his lunch box around his neck when flying across this country!"

Due to lack of fresh water in the days of the 49-ers, this route was known as "Death's Trail," and for miles along the desert, man, beast and baggage were strewn along the desert when fresh water became exhausted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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