



"SHAKE ON IT!"... Coast Guardsmen and Western Pacificers unite in the final all-out effort for decisive victory in the Pacific.

"Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly
as when they discuss it freely."—Thomas Babington Macaulay

THE HEADLIGHT

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★

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EDITORIAL

★ Last month, in this column, we discussed the activities of the Railroad Retirement Board and asked a few questions. District Manager H. T. Nelson, of the Railroad Retirement Board, at San Francisco, has answered those questions . . .

RAILROAD RETIREMENT BOARD: THE ANSWERS

answers which we feel, in all fairness to the Board, should be passed on to you. He says the board handles no activities other than administration of pension payments and the railroad unemployment insurance act. Of the available fund under the last-named act, 10% is allowed for administration . . . and during the past few years only 5% has been expended . . . a good record. Since employees are not taxed under the provisions of the unemployment insurance act (the employer bearing the entire expense), the 3¼% paid by workers into the retirement fund is used only for this purpose. Too, the Board's efforts to keep railroad workers employed help minimize the number of possible applications for unemployment benefits, thus protecting the unemployment insurance fund. Nelson's facts and figures convince us that we are correct in our conviction that only one organization should handle railroad employment in these trying days, but, instead of the USES, it's quite obvious the Railroad Retirement Board, based on past performance, should be that organization. We are happy to be able to state these facts and to correct any erroneous impression that may have been gained from last month's editorial.

★ The nation's railroads "caught it" last month from some of our "crusading" newspaper friends . . . and rebuttals were few, far between and not too strong, appearing principally in other newspaper editorials. We hope the railroads will, before it's too late, awaken to the realization that they must speak out frankly, courageously and accurately . . . and that their spokesman must be one able to inspire the confidence justified by the facts.

WANTED: A RAILROAD SPOKESMAN

★ A few days ago, Southern Railway's genial general agent, J. L. (Jack) Martin, placed in our hands a printed copy of an address delivered by his road's President, Ernest E. Norris, last December. It is another of Mr. Norris' many fine contributions to the contemporary railroad story, but we've space for only one quotation, which we give you because we feel in these three sentences something refreshingly different is offered . . . "The symbol of a railroad is not, as many believe, the dramatic steam locomotive or the streamlined Diesel, but rather a flanged wheel on a steel rail. For it is the flanged wheel on a rail that makes the train possible; that enables many carrying units, coupled together, to 'track' behind one locomotive. The result is, in turn, true mass transportation, without which neither mass production nor mass consumption can exist in this country."

★ Christopher Columbus set sail for the New World on the 3rd of August in 1492. The 4th is the U. S. Coast Guard's 155th birthday. Herbert Clark Hoover (our 31st president) was born on the 10th in 1874. The Panama Canal was opened on the 15th in 1914. (Remember the Panama Pacific Exposition in the city by the Golden Gate?) Robert Fulton's first steamboat trip was made on the 18th in 1807. Benjamin Harrison (our 23rd president) was born on the 20th in 1833; and the first United States oil well was drilled on the 26th in 1859. On the 28th the voters of Portola will cast their ballots for or against incorporation. We hope the Portola vote will prove encouraging to the proponents of incorporation at Quincy.

AUGUST DATES

U. S. COAST GUARD'S 155th BIRTHDAY

★ Today, as the great Allied offensive moves closer to victory over Japan—two down and one to go—the United States Coast Guard has better reason than ever to commemorate its 155th birthday on August 4th. Men of this unsung service, oldest in the nation's naval history, will take official time out, but only briefly, to celebrate.

They're much too busy landing Army and Marine forces on Jap-held beaches; manning troop, assault and cargo ships; convoying and escorting, and withal, carrying on equally vital Port Security duties to initiate extensive celebrations.

Wherever American forces have stormed ashore on enemy beaches—from North Africa to Normandy to Guadalcanal and Okinawa—Coast Guardsmen were there to put all of their fighting surfman's skill into difficult landing operations, dodging shells and torpedoes, getting vital supplies ashore in driving tropical rains and heavy seas.

Yes, these Coast Guard invaders who hit the beaches with unflinching courage in the face of withering enemy gunfire have earned a birthday salute from a grateful nation.

And so have other proud wearers of the small white shield on the right forearm—170,000 strong—who are performing equally vital duties ashore and afloat. Included in this number are 10,000 women in blue, the SPARS, who are making it possible for an equal number of doughty Coast Guardsmen to join their shipmates at sea.

Just as important as the overseas operations of the Coast Guard—amphibious landings and manning of troop, assault, cargo and convoy ships—are the less spectacular home front activities of Port Security, Merchant Marine inspection, training and licensing, Air Sea Rescue operations and the traditional tasks of tending lighthouses on rocky capes, enforcing navigation laws and rescuing men from foundering vessels.

To assist in Port Security activities—vastly increased now on San Francisco Bay, the main funnel for shipment of men, munitions and supplies to Pacific fighting fronts—are thousands of patriotic Americans who have enlisted in the Coast Guard Auxiliary and Temporary Reserve, devoting a minimum of 12 hours per week at no pay, thus helping to release more regular Coast Guardsmen for other assignments.

With a minimum of lanfare, the Coast Guard is performing its important wartime assignments. Few know that this was the first American service to take German prisoners of war . . . that a Coast Guardsman, volunteering in the rescue of Marines trapped behind enemy lines at Guadalcanal, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously, the nation's highest military award. Further, it was a Coast Guardsman who was responsible for the capture of the saboteurs who landed at Long Island from a Nazi submarine.

And this service, born back in 1790, also lived up to its motto, "Semper Paratus—Always Ready," in the decisive battle of the North Atlantic, both in convoying merchant ships and in prowling the ocean for underseas raiders.

"Semper Paratus—Always Ready," was never more exemplified by doughty Coast Guard personnel than in this war.

RANDOM

★ It is no longer Captain, but **Major F. B. (Bert) Stratton**, formerly our general agent at Seattle. Bert's Majority arrived July 4th. FTM **Malcolm Roper** was our reporter on this one.

We hear that **Lanny Ann Holme** is responsible for the sudden surge of the Store Department to third place in the WP War Bond standing. They went right past 10% in May, but slipped a little in June. If **Lanny Ann** and **Dan Irwin** stay in there pitching, the Store Department will yet receive that 10% citation!

Switchman **Reinhold Schmidt** sent us a clipping from the San Francisco NEWS, which we blush to admit we missed, reporting that 15 of our switchmen from the 25th Street Yard dropped into the Jones Street Blood Donor Center on July 5th to donate their blood. Reinhold organized the group and we're proud of them . . . just as we're proud of the bunch at GO who make regular trips to Jones Street.

SOM 3/c Ray C. Goddard, former Western Pacific Division fireman, is back on duty again after a brief leave spent at Portola. Will someone tell us what SOM is?

And from Rouen, France, comes a note from **Pfc. Robert C. Morris**, son of **Leo (Alarm Clock) Morris**, Western Division's master mechanic. Robert may be on his way home now, we hope!

Presentation of the OPA citation award was made on July 16th to the Western Pacific Railroad-Stockton District for the efficient operation of an organized transportation share-the-ride plan among its workers. The plan embraces home-to-work and in-course-of-work driving and involves 764 workers. The citation was accepted by Superintendent **Glenn Curtis** and Trainmaster "Phil" **Prentiss** and is now in possession of Chief Yard Clerk **L. Ivan McAtee**, Stockton yard.

General Agent **Charles Harmon** (Sacramento) has announced appointment of **Charles G. Tryor** as district passenger agent at Marysville.

The Navy's Fleet Home Town Distribution Center, using a Honolulu date-line, announces that **Y 1/c Norman G. Kay**, formerly of our Salt Lake City traffic agency, is now a member of the office force of the shore patrol unit at that mid-Pacific base. Norman has been in the Navy since October 1942 and has been overseas 16 months.

We welcome the advent of R. H. Macy on the San Francisco scene, through acquisition of O'Connor, Moffatt and purchase of an additional building and adjacent ground area, if for no other reason than recognition of the growth of California and, more specifically, the San Francisco Bay Area. Is it too visionary to foresee the Bay area with a population as great as New York City today and California surpassing New York

State? Maybe you and I won't see it, but destiny is definitely beckoning San Francisco and California . . . and, indeed, the entire area west of the Rockies.

If you've observed that, though four new names appear on our Honor Roll this month, the total decreased by one . . . and if you're wondering . . . the answer is that five of our men have received honorable discharges from the armed forces and have returned to us. In view of current trying circumstances surrounding western railroad operations, it may be the 1,040 total reported last month will eventually prove the peak. The figures we've reported each month represented only the total in the armed forces at that time. The number of Western Pacificers who have served in the armed forces has always been higher than the reported figures because they were currently reduced when released men returned to work.

—THE EDITOR

COVER PHOTO

★ By courtesy of the United States Coast Guard, 12th Naval District, we present a veteran of 21 months' Pacific combat service, Coast Guardsman **William E. Kirby**, water tender second class, who is heading west again for another crack at the last remaining Axis enemy. Our Exposition Flyer carried Kirby to Oakland from his home in Oklahoma City, where he enjoyed a welcome reunion with his wife and daughter. At Kirby's right is Engineer **William F. (Bill) Metzger**, a veteran of 39 years of service as a fireman and engineer on the WP. At his left, Conductor **Frank P. Daugherty**. The occasion is the 155th birthday of the Coast Guard on August 4th. Kirby, who still vividly recalls a Jap suicide plane attack on his Coast Guard-manned assault transport resulting in the death of 35 of his shipmates, commented, "We'll commemorate the day by taking another poke at the Jap." Apparently that's the way the Coast Guard will celebrate its birthday!

A very high percentage of Western Pacific workers are supplementing their big transportation job by buying War Bonds regularly through their payroll savings plan. Those who have yet to subscribe might well make the celebration of the Coast Guard's birthday a personal affair by signing the nearest payroll allotment card!

Hy-Lites

By JACK HYLAND

which is an important sea port, and also that from his car (meaning caboose) he can see the Europa, which the Navy expects to have in sailing condition shortly and it will be used for bringing our boys back home, also that the Bremen is down in the channel and he really means . . . down. He continues by writing of the destruction of Bremen and Bremerhaven (which has a peace time population greater than San Francisco), saying the city now would resemble San Francisco without a single house that wasn't hit by bombs, and further—Kassel, the home of the "German Mark tank," was and is completely destroyed. Jim didn't mention how he earned or received his two battle stars but seemed mostly concerned with the fact they did represent "five points" each toward the required 85 points. How about it, Jimmy, let's have the particulars **other than their point value.**

While on the topic of points—another "one of our boys" returns to civilian life and railroad labors, for on August 6th, **Arthur Allen** assumes duties in the Traffic Dept., after having seen service during the past three years in Hawaii, England, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, with the 9th Army. We're glad to have you back, Art, and I'll bet that goes double.

Latest "V-Letter" from **Pfc Larry Shaughnessy** (Auditors) tells of receiving the April and May Headlights within two days of each other, but says they were both very welcome . . . and that the May issue's cover was a "honey." Thanks, Larry, for the compliment . . . and needless to say, "we" thought so, too. Oddly, he continues by guessing the Japanese scuffle will end . . . around March 1946.

Jimmy Currey (Traffic) tells me he saw **Sgt. Helen Shurtleff** (formerly Traffic) in the bank last July 5th, drawing money to cover an expected week's furlough at her home in Salt Lake City, Utah. I'm somewhat of an artist myself, but unlike Helen, my drawings have never been worth . . . money.

Shortly after 4 p.m. on June 24th at the Calvary Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, Cal., the marriage vows were repeated by the former **Barbara Boyd** (Treasurer's) and **William Senior**, U. S. Navy. Following a reception, the bridal couple slipped away for a few days—later traveling east to Denver, Colo., for their honeymoon . . . taking with them the blessings of their many friends.

After having enjoyed the "Life of Reilly" for the past couple of years, living in swank surroundings adjacent to the famous Waikiki Beach, near Honolulu, **Roland Sebring**, Y 1/c, (Traffic) visited the office force last June 29th before departing for further duty in crowded Washington, D. C. Wasn't able to find out how Roland amused himself while on the Island of Oahu, but hope he visited the famous Bishop Museum, Iolani Palace (home of Hawaiian royalty), the church of Kawaiahoa, the submarine gardens at Kaneohe, or at least the scenic drive past Koko Head and the view from Nuuanu Pali. Maybe I'm wrong and all he was interested in was . . . Polynesian beauties.

Well, almost anything can **happen now . . . and it possibly will, or already has,** for a recent "change of address card" came in showing that **Pfc Albert Bramy** (Trans. Dept.) has been moved out to points in the Pacific area. Don't know where APO 14559 is located, but I'll wager wherever it is that it's a 'ell of a lot better than where you were . . . how about it, Al, am I right?

Maureen Gruber (Traffic) severely burned her hand last June 25th while lighting some book matches; in fact, she set the whole book of matches on fire at one time. She carelessly ignored the caution warning of "Close cover before striking," but having previously burned my own hand in the same manner, know how painful such a burn really is to the individual . . . and so we'll both lock the barn door **after the horse is gone.**

By the time this month's issue goes to press, **Pvt. Clifford Worth** (Traffic) will have seen the entire "Worth Family," for last July 2nd . . . his Father and Mother, together with his wife, Dawn, and the baby daughter . . . departed from the Bay Area headed for Denver, Colo., via the Western Pacific R.R. of course, to visit Cliff at his new home . . . "Lowry Field." Pvt. Cliff was recently transferred from Texas (a wonderful state if you're a Texas Long Horn) and is now learning all about remote control turrets on the B-29 Superforts.

To most of us, ladders and black cats are things to stay clear of, and especially on **Friday the 13th**, but not so for **Betty "Shorty" Kellerer** (Treas. Dept.), for last July 13th (Friday) as she left the W. P. Bldg. at noontime, the first thing she spied was a "black cat" which had been placed upon the curbing, having been killed by an automobile. (How about it, "Shorty" . . . superstitious?)

Was pleasantly surprised when **Capt. Robert Harlan** (Traffic) stopped by the office last June 25th and during our talk learned he was soon to be en route to Camp Beale, Marysville, Cal., and from there—assumably it will be . . . "Destination Tokio." We know Bob is husky enough to take care of things of a material nature, and when we found out he would be traveling on his westward journey in the company of three chaplains . . . it appeared his spiritual needs were definitely taken care of, so all we can add is . . . "Best of luck."

At the Bowlers' Dinner held on July 7th, noticed **Bill Wilkinson** (formerly Oakland, now Sacramento) brought the entire family . . . but, of course, he naturally wanted the whole family group present when he was awarded not only the High Average Medal but an individual trophy. The Oakland Carmen team will sadly miss Bill.

SPORTS REVIEW

By Jack Hyland

★ To those of us who attended the yearly function—more commonly known and referred to as the "Bowlers' Dinner" which was held at the Professional Club last July 7th—the dinner was the best yet, and I'm sure everyone will agree a good time was enjoyed by all. Pres. Bill Stout capably handled the master of ceremonies position, which included short remarks concerning the individuals as he passed out . . . I mean presented the medal and trophy awards to the worthy winners. The major portion of those attending remained until the affair (or the Club) closed, and we all hope next year's dinner will include many of our men who are now in the service.

As promised last month, the winner of the Summer League race would be listed in our "Form Sheet," and so to keep faith with my public . . . the winner was Short Snorters, Marg. Patsey handling the reins; with the Diggers and Hi-los ending up in a photo finish. The entire field ran as follows:

	Won	Lost	H.G.	H.S.
Short Snorters	13	7	818	2317
Diggers	11	9	786	2182
Hi-los	11	9	780	2221
Slow Starters	9	11	805	2213
Hot Cakes	8	12	754	2222
Five Kids	8	12	806	2219

Well, even though I didn't finish in top spot it's a good thing to remember ethics so in this case we must admit that Chas. Craig is actually head man in the final standings of the individuals coming within the "Big Six" beating me out by a mere three pins:

	Gms.	Avg.	H.G.	H.S.
Craig	15	162	212	526
Hyland	15	162	223	590
Swain	15	156	186	510
Lewis	15	154	231	571
Prismich	15	154	206	486
Dooling	15	152	172	489

Now that we have fully covered the 1944-45 W. P. Bowling season the majority of bowlers are again looking forward with renewed vim, vigor and vitality for the opening of the 1945-46 schedule which will again (for the fourth year) find our league bowling at San Francisco's finest . . . Downtown Bowl. At the present writing the new officers for the coming season have not been elected although the ballots were submitted sometime ago and by next month's issue they will be handling their duties like seasoned veterans.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Thomas P. Brown, W. P. Publicity Manager, San Francisco
(Copyright, 1945, by Thomas P. Brown)

*"Far in the West there lies a desert land,
where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty
and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines
where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the
emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Wal-
leway and Owyhee."*

★ **OWYHEE**—Writing on the Humboldt River in the July issue of The Headlight we said this noted stream of the Sagebrush State rises in Elko County from the southern slope of the same divide from which the **Owyhee River** bears off to the northwest to mingle its waters with the Snake, the Columbia and the Pacific Ocean.

Since then we have a letter from Hon. Melvin E. Jepson, District Attorney of Washoe County, Nevada, of which Reno, "The Biggest Little City in the World," is the county seat. After averring that he always has been interested in anything pertaining to the history of Nevada. He writes in part:

"Here's an experience that I had a number of years ago at the time I was Deputy State Engineer under the late United States Senator James G. Scrugham. L. H. Taylor, who had been resident engineer at the time of the building of the Lahontan Dam, and I were delegated to go to the Owyhee River country for the purpose of making a reconnaissance survey and a report to Mr. Scrugham, who was then State Engineer, as to the feasibility and advisability of building a dam on the Owyhee for irrigation purposes.

"In April of 1920 we set out on our mission and one morning it was my lot to go across a large creek, and on through a field, to establish a triangulation point. The field was covered with water about a foot and a half deep, and as I started to wade through the water, my attention was attracted to a splashing and churning of the still water.

"Big fish, weighing 15 to 20 pounds, were going in all directions and for a moment or two I could not understand how such large fish got into the section, but here's the answer. It was in the Springtime—the Owyhee River goes into the Snake and the Snake goes into the Columbia and hence Columbia salmon were actually in Nevada where they had come to spawn. **Think of Pacific Ocean fish in Nevada**—but there they were in all their glory!

"L. H. Taylor, who is now deceased, and I saw many interesting things in that wild section. As for the dam, we reported to the authorities that the cost would not have justified the construction then, but some day a dam will be built in Box Canyon on the Owyhee in Nevada."

Owyhee is a long-known geograph-

ical name of the Far West. In addition to the Owyhee, we have **Owyhee County, Owyhee Range, and Owyhee Dam**, all of Idaho. Then there is **Owyhee, Nevada**, headquarters of the Duck Valley Indian Reservation.

The name caught the musical ear of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "our household poet," and he used it to terminate one of the hexameters in which he told the poignant story of "Evangeline"—that was in 1847. According to "Oregon, End of the Trail" (Binford's and Mort, Portland), "The Owyhee River was named in 1826 by Peter Skene Ogden because two of his men from the Hawaiian or Owyhee Islands had been murdered on the river bank by Indians."

NEVER LAUGHS MOUNTAIN is the name of a peak, 7,360 ft. high, on the ridge between Aster Creek and Paradise Creek, Glacier Park, Montana, as per decision of the National Board on Geographic Names. By way of explanation, Mr. Charles W. Moore, Executive Assistant, Public Relations, Great Northern Railway Company, St. Paul, Minn., writes us in part as follows:

"After several hours of pleasant research, we have uncovered a small amount of material about the story behind the geographical name, **Never Laughs Mountain**. The name of the peak was not unfamiliar to me as I have been in its upper reaches. It overlooks one of the most scenic areas in Glacier Park, the grazing ground of Rocky Mountain goats.

"According to James Willard Schultz, who lived with the Blackfeet in the late 80's and early 90's as a squaw man, Never Laughs Mountain was named for a young white man from the East. In Schultz's book, "My Life as an Indian," reference is made to a man named Ashton, who is described (first name not given) as one who carried with him a secret sorrow. I suspect that he had been 'stood up' and had wandered West to forget.

"Ashton lived for several months with the Blackfeet and because of his unsmiling countenance was named "Never Laughs." The legend of Ashton was picked up by George Bird Grinnell, one of the early explorers and historians of the Rocky Mountain area, and who is responsible for many of the names of Glacier Park."

INDEPENDENCE, Mo.—One of the county seats of Jackson County (named for Andrew Jackson), Mo., Kansas City being the other. Surmise is that Independence is an echo of the Bells of 1776. There's quite a chronological gap between Daniel Morgan Boone, reputed to be the first white man to visit its site, and Harry S. Truman, its most distinguished citizen. President Truman was born in **LAMAR, Mo.**, named for Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, president of the Republic of Texas.

COMMON SENSE

★ Now that the lights are on again in most of the world and China's Soong has predicted the defeat of the Japanese late this year or early next; now that it is blessedly obvious, by continued concentration for possibly another year at whatever our wartime effort, that the Japanese will really be hanging on the ropes and our thoughts can turn to reconversion and the joys of peace, including maybe a small reduction in our income taxes (!) . . . what of the victory? We forget all too soon, judging by the comments voiced by Anna and Joe Doakes! The Institute for American Democracy recently released a thought-provoking editorial asking . . .

Victory for What?

We all agree that, in addition to defeating Germany, our job is to win the war in the Pacific. Our fighting men on all fronts stand shoulder to shoulder—Protestant, Catholic, Jew; Negro and white—without regard to race, color or creed . . . Americans all, united and determined to make the victory complete.

But victory for what?

Victory to re-establish the old hates between peoples, religions, classes?

Victory to go back to the internal prejudices and dissensions that mock and divide us?

No! O'Donovan and Cohen have lived together in foxholes on Okinawa; Calhoun from the South and Prentice from New England are buddies on a battlewagon. They have learned the hard way. They know from actual experience that our fellow Americans of all extractions and persuasions are worthy of their respect.

Our boys in the armed forces have no desire to die for dear old Intolerance. They want to come back to the true America of the Declaration: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." That's what Americans are fighting for . . . the right to live, worship and work in full freedom, with equal opportunity for all.

That's what the boys who come back have a right to expect. **It's what the boys who will never come back died fighting for.** We who watch the ramparts at home can do no less than preserve these freedoms for them.

Give this a little thought, better yet, give these words much thought before taking the usual verbal rap at the Russians, the British, the French, or the Chinese (or what is your pet dislike?)!

—The Editor.

Czeikowitz, R. F.
Elliott, J. J.



Ford, J. H.
Willard, R. R.

ELKO ECHOES

By Peggy Phillips

★ Assistant Trainmaster **Irving L. (Kil) Kilgore** is taking over the duties of Trainmaster **Harry L. McGlothlen** at Salt Lake City while the latter is on vacation. We (Peggy) understand he (Harry) is catching some "whoppers" during his leisure. And we (the editor) don't understand all this talk about leisure and vacation and we perceive that Harry's propoganda appears to be clicking! Sez who?

Harold Peterson, former secretary to **Harry Beem** on both the Eastern and Western division and now trainmaster on the Nevada Northern at Ely, was a visitor at our Elko office recently. Hello, Pete, from the editor/

Hazel Cook, assistant timekeeper, was married to **Albert Orbe** at Winnemucca July 2nd. They will make their home on the Orbe ranch at Jiggs. Best wishes for their happiness!

And **Helen Hachquet**, general clerk, was married at St. Joseph's Catholic Church July 18th to **Lt. George L. Turcott, Jr.** Helen is planning on accompanying her husband to his new assignment, yet unknown. They, too, have our best wishes.

Beverly Gittens' husband has returned from the Pacific for a 30-day furlough (not enough . . . editor). Beverly is assistant timekeeper.

Janice Thorpe arrived at the home of **Allen Thorpe**, head timekeeper, on June 20th. Janice makes three for the Thorpes, the others being boys.

Kay Fields, assistant accountant, resigned to join her husband who has returned from Europe. Kay left Elko on July 16th.

Walter Comstock, assistant timekeeper, has been called to the colors. He reported at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City on July 24th. Walter came to Elko from Ely.

WENDOVER WHISPERS

By Marchetta McDuffie

★ Welcome to **Anna Gregerson**, yard clerk; **Russell L. Stanton**, first trick telegrapher, and **Charlie P. Bruner**, carman. The last named recently transferred from Elko.

John C. (Jack) Combs, recently retired car foreman here, is recovering from a leg amputation at St. Joseph's Hospital, San Francisco. We're happy to report he is recovering nicely.

Friday, the 13th, was certainly an unlucky day for Hostler **Joe Hernandez** for on that day his home caught fire and was destroyed. We're terribly sorry, Joe.

Wendover has been granted \$5,000 for the creation of a park. We haven't seen any action yet, but we're still hoping. (Ed. note: This is wonderful news. Who was the Good Samaritan?)

The two MP's stationed at the door of the depot restaurant are a familiar sight these days. The "beanery" has been declared out of bounds to all military personnel, either stationed here or traveling through. We sincerely hope this will soon be straightened out satisfactorily since the railroad men will also benefit.

★ ★ ★

NEW WESTERN DIVISION OFFICE

★ The handsome new building which will house our 60 Western Division officers and employes at Sacramento is almost ready for occupancy. It's now expected that the new building will be opened officially early in August.

Superannuated though it may be, we will miss old 1904 J Street and hope it will be dismantled reverently when its time comes!

The new building is at the corner of 19th and K, fronting on 19th, and makes a rather imposing appearance, but we feel sure the Messrs. Curtis, McDonald, Morris and Richards will have the usual welcome mat out for visitors!

GINO FREDIANI

★ Plc. Gino Frediani, who entered the armed forces June 23rd, 1942, and who was assigned to the Army Medical Corps, died of pneumonia in Italy last March. This report was just received through Gino's brother.

Gino had been in Sicily and Italy about a year; had located his grandmother in Italy and passed away at her home.

He was 27 years old. Born at Carlin, Nevada, he had worked for us there for eight years during the ice harvest and, later, for a year and a half prior to entering the armed forces, served as an iceman laborer at both Carlin and Portola.

Gino is the seventeenth Western Pacific worker to have lost his life while serving in the armed forces.

★ ★ ★

EDWARD LeROY LEFFLER

★ Edward L. (Eddie) Leffler, retired Western Pacific veteran of 31 years service, passed away in San Francisco the morning of July 21st following a heart attack.

Leffler was born at Des Moines, Iowa, April 27th, 1866; entered Western Pacific service as a voucher clerk February 22nd, 1910, and served in our auditing department until his retirement September 19th, 1941.

His affability, perennial good-humor and competence had won him a host of friends in GO who were saddened by his passing.

★ ★ ★

WP ORDERS DIESEL SWITCHERS

★ When the five 1,000-horsepower Deisel electric switching locomotives just ordered from the Baldwin Locomotive Works are delivered, we will have a total of 24 such engines in service.

The new locomotives will cost some \$400,000 and upon delivery in a month or two will be placed in service at our California terminals where they'll provide additional motive power needed to handle the expanding movement of war supplies and personnel to the Pacific battle area.

★ ★ ★

AGENCY CHANGES

★ On July 2nd, **J. D. Drennan** took over the Keddie agency; on the 13th **Frank G. Hardwick** assumed the Quincy Junction agency duties, and, on the 16th, **W. H. Gross** transferred to the Sloat agency.

THE SUPERVISOR'S RESPONSIBILITY IN ACCIDENT PREVENTION

★ Whatever may be the differences of opinion in regard to methods of preventing accidents there can be no question that a prerequisite of any successful program is constant and unremitting vigilance on the part of those charged with the duty of supervision. Nothing can take the place of it; no program can succeed without it. Supervision must be active and alert, not passive and inert.

In the July issue of the Headlight we stated that whatever is accomplished in accident prevention must be achieved through team-work and there must be a captain to call the plays. Would any captain who criticized, but never coached, have team-work? A coach is one who especially prepares another for an athletic contest. Would anyone support a team that a captain failed to prepare? The answer is obvious. Then a supervising officer, as captain, must prepare his team through coaching. This can never be done through criticism without coaching.

Criticism involves pointing out improper and hazardous ways of performing work. But this is only partial supervision. Adequate supervision must make available to employes methods that the officers' hard won knowledge and long experience indicate are safe and proper ways of performing work. With more coaching there will be less need for criticism. The captain doesn't just tell the first baseman what not to do, he coaches him in what to do and how to play. Team-work from the captain down must be active and alert; it can never be good team-work if it is inert and unheeded. The supervisor, whatever his title may be, who depends wholly on the employes to apply the general principles, or the wisdom contained in slogans and general statements, to their own activities is falling down badly in meeting his responsibility in accident prevention. Coaching—detailed guidance that trains men in what to do as well as what not to do—is essential to any appreciable achievement in reducing our accident frequency. Each workman must be stimulated and helped to weave safe methods of doing work into his own day-by-day activities. This means that the hazards of all operations must be analyzed and safe procedures established.

This is definitely the duty of, and is expected from, the supervising officer. Let's consider an example or two: A foreman sees a worker reaching from a ladder. It is not enough that the foreman warn the worker not to fall. Show him that this hazard can be eliminated by moving the ladder. A road foreman of engines wants a young engineer, or an older one, to avoid accidents at meeting points and interlocking plants. It is not enough to say "be careful." That is helpful but why not give him definite guidance—adequate coaching—by saying, "When you're going into a tight spot keep your speed down to a rate that will enable you to stop in half the distance you have left. This will take care of any error in judgment which you may make. Until the track is clear you are not going any place anyway except maybe to the hospital." An employe's effectiveness depends upon his training which in turn is determined largely by the quality of supervision.

Most employes want to learn, but resent blunt criticism. Keep your voice friendly—this will help to keep your head cool. Keep the emphasis on the proper ways of doing the job; not on the blunders. Nothing can supersed the necessity of being ever on the alert.

Finally, Gen. Wilson says "the war in the Pacific is a war of transportation" as well as a war of fighting. The dead know; their living comrades, who still fight on, know that this war is not yet won. So our every effort should be in a high sphere of national unity.

With a full realization that our work is vital to a "war of transportation" let us recognize, too, that in so far as sacrifices are concerned, as compared with those who have lived intimately with tragedy in Europe, Luzon and Okinawa, we are merely carrying the water bucket. We must be sure that wherever rows of little white crosses are in foreign lands they will not stand in mute testimony to our failure here at home.

HOMER BRYAN

PORTOLA PUTTS

By Jessie Hoag

★ Lt. Wilbur Amlin, former WP fireman (story about his Silver Star for gallantry in action in our April Issue. Editor's note: He was a staff sergeant then!), has returned from the European Theatre of Operations and was here for 30 days visiting his friends after an absence of two and half years.

Fireman Don Housen and Crew Dispatcher Vera are the proud parents of a baby girl born July 1st. Vera took a 90-day leave of absence awaiting the event. Sharelyn Kaye weighed 6 lbs. 10 oz. at birth and is the third child of the Housens. Ye Ed. adds his congratulations!!

Roy Amlin, general day foreman of our perishable freight department, recently suffered a serious heart attack. We're glad to report his condition is improving daily and we hope to have him back with us soon.

Friday, July 13th, turned out to be a lucky day after all for three Portolans . . . Special Agent Dick Drew, Roadmaster's Clerk Arline Janes and your humble servant, Typist Clerk Jessie Hoag . . . who all had birthdays that day and some pretty fancy gifts were exchanged (it all sounds phony to me . . . Ed.). Cashier Earl Fonda shared the limelight, his birthday being the 12th.

Switchman Robert M. Hardwick knows now how it feels to fall from a boxcar! He did it recently and as a result is receiving his mail at the WP Hospital here. Fortunately no bones were broken. Bob comes from a long line of railroad people. His father, Frank G. Hardwick, is our agent at Quincy Junction; his mother is a relief telegrapher and his sister, Frances Keys, is revising clerk at Portola station.

George Hinkle, lead iceman in the perishable freight department, is starting his third year as traveling iceman (summer season) on the road between Portola and Salt Lake.

Brakeman Theodore J. Esterby and his wife are happy over the arrival of their first child, born April 22nd and named Dennis Jens.

Martin C. Brown recently switched employers. He thinks he prefers Ira C. Baldwin, perishable freight agent, but finds himself owing allegiance to his Uncle Sam. Martin's in the Army, stationed at Camp Roberts. Ed's note: Yeah, and Uncle Sam deprived us of a perfectly good, brand new War Bond subscriber!

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FROM IRV FRANKLIN ABRAMSON

A Nonentity (sic!)

★ To the Editor:

Walter, these little items I'm typing may be of no earthly use in your publication, but they are little things that happen in my treks over our railroad. My feelings will not be injured in the least if you read the contents . . . sneer, wince, relight your pipe and exclaim to Jack Hyland, "Just another crank trying to cash the mag"!

For example, take Louie Jones, who is inspecting the building of the freight slip at the Oakland Mole. Louie is somewhere between 60 and 70 (nearer 70); has a smooth, pink face, gray bushy eyebrows that could harbor a bird's nest without his knowledge . . . the only eyes I've ever seen that actually have the fictional "twinkle" in them—and, best of all, a superb white walrus mustache. He used to be a division engineer for the company many years ago and when he wears his brown sheepskin coat, with red socks sticking from his 16-inch boots he looks like the character who used to pose for Albers flapjacks, i. e., a typical 49'er. As for energy, he prances out on the beams over the bay—then waits for me as I crawl out on my hands and knees! He smokes a pipe, chews tobacco, drinks his whiskey straight and swears fluently.

Also at the Mole a couple of weeks ago (now almost months!) George Helbush, the rodman of the field party, and I were giving them cutoffs, that is, we go out on the beams some 20 feet above the water and hold the rod to a specified height, the transit man signals to raise or lower, etc. Anyway, we were playing around on the piles on a plank that wasn't nailed and about 4 feet below the beams, when suddenly I decided to view the panorama from a pile. When I hoisted myself up, Helbush on the other end never had a chance. His end (of the plank!) went down—and so did he! With a fearful splash. When he came up for the second time and spouted water 10 feet into the air, I naively asked him, "What are you doing down there?" . . . he still speaks to me only when absolutely necessary!

Last week (Irv wrote this about six weeks ago!) we couldn't get rooms at the Oroville Inn, so we stayed at the Dormitory. It's a very quiet place. If someone at the other end of the house drops his shoes it merely sounds like thunder; the doors won't shut and someone is always leaving at every minute of the night. And, usually around two or three in the a. m. a group comes in and discover someone they haven't seen for a long time—since that afternoon—and shouts of "Hi Mac"—"What's doing Pete"—"Hiya Pete"—"Hello Bill" ad infinitum echo quietly (?) through the project. You awake the next morning (assuming, of course, that you fell asleep) to find the hot water doesn't work, making shaving slightly difficult. You then go out into the broiling town of Oroville and dream of the San Francisco fog.

Several days ago (again weeks ago) at the Stockton roundhouse (we were trying to solve why the turntable was low at one end or something; I never know what's really going on) we had to work down on the monorail and for an entire morning we ran around dodging the inexorable motion of the turntable when it was being used. Finally, one of the Mexicans working nearby wordlessly suggested we stand in the middle and have the turntable revolve around us! Dumb, eh?

B&B Foreman Carl Bye has a 5 or 6-year-old terrier called "Katy," presumably because it is a female! At the sound of approaching feet, she barks violently, rushing forward at the same time, but when the man, mouse or rabbit she barks at turns around and clicks his (or her) teeth, she runs helter skelter for safety. But the thing about her I love most is that on winter mornings she stays in the bunk house until after lunch. If it's particularly cold, she doesn't budge!

It was very pleasant at San Jose when we were running a line near the slaughterhouse and were inside a corral of future T-bone steaks. When we left the transit unguarded for a second, the critters raced for it, knocked it down and tried awfully hard to digest it! The thing I enjoyed most was Boss Storey racing at them, his arms flailing wildly in the ozone and yelling frantically—and the steers ignoring him!

Incidentally, Olga Cagna says Bill Friborg is doing a job on the Tale Lite which puts me to utter shame. I assumed the only reason she said that was because her name was in it, but after reading a couple of issues am inclined to agree with her!

Also have been watching Manny Bettencourt and Ralph Ott from my advantageous position—reclining on the fender of the International whilst waiting for C. C.—and it's amazing how they only look up when a trim female passes their window. How can they do it so often without missing?

Enough of this if I'm going to complete the second half of my manuscript entitled "Sex Views of the Male Amoeba"!

PORTOLA RAILROADERS WIN 2; LOSE 2

By W. E. McDaniel

★ The Railroaders broke even in four games played July 3rd, 4th and 5th. A double header on the 4th saw the Railroaders win from the Reno Army Air Base 5 to 0 behind the air-tight 3-hit pitching of **Clarence Salkil**, the first shut-out of the year for the men of Portola . . . and drop one to the Stockton Army Air Base, in a free-hitting contest, 15 to 7. The Railroaders won 6 to 5 against the Stockton AAB on the 3rd, with **Al Sorenson** hurling, and dropped another "slugger's holiday" 20 to 10 on the 5th to the same outfit, with Sorenson and Salkil sharing the mound burden for the Portolans.

Highlights of the games: Clarence Salkil's shut-out, of course; his homer in the second game against Stockton, driving in two runs ahead of him; the stick work of **Johnnie Lusar**, **Bill Howell** (newly elected playing manager), **George Swartsley** and **George Hettinger**; **Chet Lockwood's** coverage of the left pasture; and Reno's Johnson spoiling Salkil's potential no-hitter by dropping a Texas Leaguer over second base in the fifth inning.

Sidelights: **Bob Flanigan**, the Stockton AAB catcher, was All-American end at U. of Texas when that school was undefeated and won the Cotton Bowl game at Dallas. **Ray Bischoff**, one of Stockton's pitchers, played in the Three-Eye League at Bloomington, Illinois. On July 5th, batting as a switch-hitter, he hit home runs from both positions! (Hey, that belongs in Highlights!) **Jerry Haines**, another Stockton pitcher who worked on the 3rd, pitched in the Esquire All-Star game at San Francisco. The Railroaders' record at this writing was 11 wins and 5 losses.

On July 28th and 29th (with our magazine on the press) a Nevada-California baseball tournament was played at Reno. The following clubs participated: Sierra Ordnance Depot (Heron); Reno Army Air Base; Tonopah Army Air Base; Fallon Naval Air Base; Indian Springs Army Base; Las Vegas Air Base; Hawthorne Marine Base; Virginia Bar and Pick's Club of Reno; and the Portola Railroaders. Results next month.