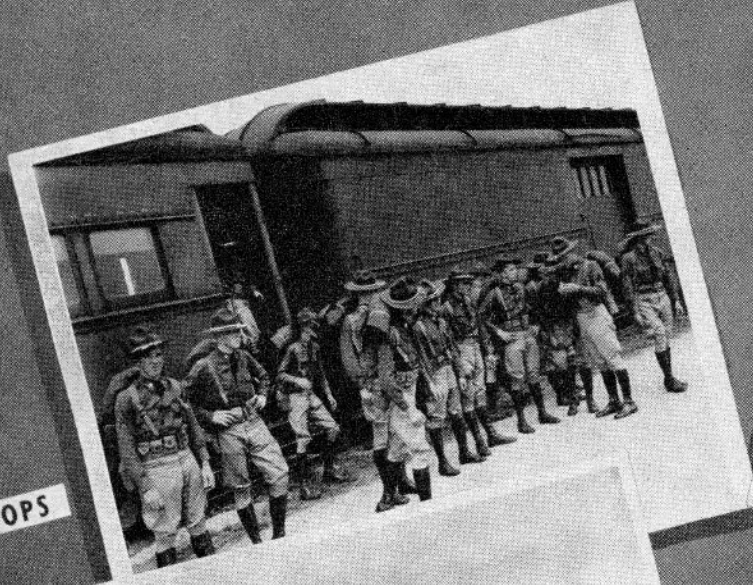


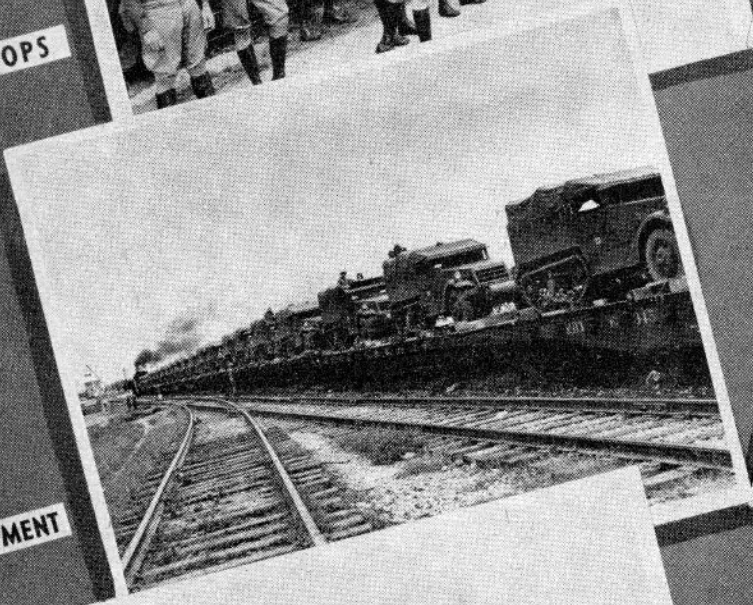
025



TROOPS



SCRAP



EQUIPMENT



FOOD



TOOLS



ARMAMENT

THE WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY



AMERICA ROLLS ON RAILS

FREEDOM'S BANNERS UNFURL AGAIN!



THE HEADLIGHT

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The Pictures On The Front Page

We gratefully acknowledge the kindness of U.S. Army, Public Relations Branch, Office of the Quartermaster, Ninth Corps Area, for making available the pictures, "Troops," "Food," "Armament," all photos by the U.S. Army Signal Corps.

We also thank the Office of War Information, Photographic Section, Washington, D.C., for permitting the reproduction of the pictures, "Equipment," "Tools," "Scrap," all official O.W.I. photos.

★ It's the month of February—the month of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, two of the greatest figures in American and World history.

They gave us Liberty and Equality, and the Rights of the Common Man. They experienced the rigors of war and privation to pass on to us the traditions of fraternity, religion and kindness; and the right of every man regardless of creed or color to live as he pleased, without fear. Today freedom-loving people everywhere . . . in the fighting fronts . . . the home fronts . . . are determined that the doings of Washington and Lincoln will not become vague myths of the past, but shall continue to be a vibrant living part of the present.

We proudly add the following to the Western Pacific men in uniform:

- Ackerman, A. J.
Ariaga, Albert
Bigelow, Dalton E.
Bird, James S.
Bone, W. H.
Carlson, Wesley Jr.
Cline, Verun McGoon
Corven, Joe
Curtis, Wayne D.
Day, Gillis B.
Dillon, James R. Jr.
Geil, Charles H.
Geil, Denis W.
Gilbraith, Thomas H.
Gravenkamp, Carl
Hodgins, George Mertin
Kay, N. G.
Kesinger, Wm. R.
Kibber, Everett E.
Kirkpatrick, Glen
Krein, Melvin R.
Mason, Joseph
Martinez, Jose
McInerney, John J.
Pike, Gordon
Wilburn, H. Knight
Zorn, George O.

WESTERN PACIFIC HITS A NEW RECORD

★ By every measure, the year 1942 was the greatest in Western Pacific's history. Revenues, expenses, taxes, net income, payrolls, ton-miles, train-miles, man-hours, or other factors indicating transportation load, all sailed into heights heretofore considered fantastic.

The large volume of freight and passenger traffic handled by Western Pacific is an important part of the greatest transport load ever handled by the railroads of any country in the world's history. It is their physical contribution to speeding up the war effort and aid to our Allies. From call-boy to president, each of us has a part to play in making sure that neither our armed forces nor those of our Allies lack anything for want of vital transportation. We must continue to "Keep 'Em Rolling!"

A few figures tell the story better than a thousand words:

Table with 4 columns: Item, 1940, 1941, 1942. Rows include Total Revenues, Freight Revenues, Passenger Revenues, Operating Exps. (Taxes - Rentals), Payrolls, Fuel—Yard and Train, Taxes, Gross Ton Miles of Cars and Contents (thousands), Passenger Miles (thousands).

*Partly estimated.

E. W. E.

RAILROADERS RANK HIGH IN BRITAIN

FROM "THE NEW YORK TIMES."

★ Under the title "Our Engines and Our Men," Toram Beg, described by the London office of the International Transport Workers Federation as an active British railway trade unionist and a recognized writer on British labor affairs, has written a special article with the object of giving Americans and Canadians an idea of wartime conditions on the railroads of Great Britain. It runs as follows:

"As trade unionists, we railway-men stand pretty near the top of things here. With the possible exception of the miners, we have hammered and slogged to improve our conditions with more effect than the generality of craft unions in Britain. We are working under a scheme of negotiating machinery which eliminates practically every aspect of unjust dealing. Our rates of pay were, prior to the war, something like \$2 or \$3 a week higher when compared with those of other mechanics.

Our rates of pay will no doubt seem miserably small when compared with American rates, but let us get them into proper perspective. I draw a basic rate of approximately \$25 for a forty-eight hour week; my fireman gets about \$20. These are maximum rates for drivers and firemen throughout Britain.

I can buy a decent suit of clothes for a week's pay. My fireman can rent a good house at about \$3 a week. If we wanted to get uppish, we could, before the war, purchase a decent little house for about \$2,000. If the job takes you away from home and you have to board with another family, it costs you about \$7 a week. This brief outline will, I hope, give you a fairly accurate idea on which to compare our economic standards.

We have a guaranteed work day and week. That is, we must be employed when we present ourselves for duty every work day. No overtime can be carried forward to make up the forty-eight hour week, and no leave may be given in lieu of overtime worked. Sunday is also paid for at the rate of time and a half.

Promotion is on a strict seniority basis; there is no special payment for any class of work, except that the man on the long trip (passengers) has a mileage base for payment—140 miles counting as a day's pay, with an hours' pay for every exceeding fifteen miles. Apart from this, the fellow on the big streamliners has the same pay as the man chugging along on the short trip freights or banging about in a marshalling yard on a wee pug engine—provided he has completed six years of continuous service as driver or fireman.

At the depot we have a whole lot to say as to how things are to be done. If a driver or fireman wants an easier job, say—after an illness or because he is feeling the strain—he applies through the men's committee. An open meeting of the men themselves decides what job shall be given to him. Very seldom do railroad officials object to our findings.

We decide how the various trains are to be allocated on the duty roster. A man being transferred from one depot

to another immediately benefits from the local benefit fund, which is run by the men themselves. Payments are deducted from the pay, deposited, and all clerical work is done by the railway company, free of charge.

We have a whole gamut of complaints and grievance committees and councils, stretching from the depot to an all-Britain council, at which representatives of the companies sit in judgment along with those of the men. And, believe me, none of these is in the "yes men" category.

We have a say in the disciplinary procedure, too. The man is entitled to a personal hearing and is at liberty to have with him any one whom he nominates to act as his advocate; moreover, he can pursue his case through to the highest railway official if he feels that he has had a raw deal lower down. I have been called (or should I say embroiled) frequently into action on behalf of my mates, and I must confess that up to now neither my "clients" nor myself have had cause to complain.

The war has made little or no difference to our service conditions. Some of the older men have been asked to remain when the time had come to retire. Firemen can now be registered at 17 years of age instead of 18. Women are employed as cleaners. We are also (in the majority of freight crews) working more hours than before the war, but this is quite understandable.

We can't grouse about getting a raw deal, but there is certainly something to be said about the state our locomotives are getting into. Before the war, if we had the faintest suspicion of "knock" on a bearing or the slightest sign of steam from a gland or steam key, we almost turned somersaults until a mechanic was browbeaten into doing his stuff.

Now? Well, we simply plug our ears to the bangs and try to see through the fog of steam which we carry constantly with us. After a turn on what could be described as a bucking bronco, instead of an iron horse, we count the blue and black with which our hides are decorated as another point to add to the total we are summing up against "that man."

Yes, this is war. All the black and blue bruises, all the knocks, bangs and steam coming out of Hades are not going to stop us getting those tanks, guns and material just where your boys and our boys want them. All the clattering bits and pieces of our locomotives are being coaxed and cursed into transporting not only the stuff for them but the lads themselves, some on leave, some going to places with a definite rendezvous which must be kept secret, and some from far shores like America.

Do we have anything to say to each other? I just wish you could hear us, and that the censor would permit me to write about the sort of things we say. I catch your boys looking at me to see if what the movies depict is really true. And I see, as we get to know each other better, a dawning on their minds, "Gee, you guys are just the same as the folks back home."

Hy-Lites

By JACK HYLAND

even more saddening to those who have lost their loved ones. We should, therefore, especially remember the words of Abraham Lincoln, not only during February, but through every month and every year . . . earnestly resolving "THAT THESE MEN SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN."

Maurice Deeley and Willard Workman (Pittsburg) contributed their pint of blood recently and experienced no serious complications other than looking for their extra "shot." I guess it's the same everywhere, you have to faint to get it, and then its . . . "too little—too late."

After an absence of many years, Madelyn Blanchflower, nee Sauer, has returned to the General Auditor's office. Madelyn first entered our Western Pacific family in July 1926, and we welcome her return.

Same old story . . . one man's loss, another man's gain: Because of Irving Lyon's winning ways, his recent return to civilian duties has resulted in losers, Carl Moore and John Carroll (Traffic) having less of that "E Pluribus Unum" left from their checks each pay day.

This isn't a "Personal or Advice" column . . . but to (Miss) Irene Schuepbach (St. Louis), my answer is: "Yes, you should retaliate."

Staff Sgt. Owens (formerly telegraph operator at Keddie, Cal.) was seen conversing with Carl Rath (G.O.-Operator). Topic of conversation could have been and undoubtedly was about wires and pictures.

Grace Kerswill (Traffic) who lives on Army St., is now "Mrs. J. H."; No, not me . . . but Jack Hilliard (U.S. Navy) was the lucky fellow.

The W.P. Club extends deepest sympathy to members Arthur Lund (Spokane) and Frank Ferguson (Gen. Auditors), both of whom lost their wives recently. Though gone from this life, they shall be rewarded by continual love and remembrance from those they leave behind.

Charles Craig (Gen. Mgrs.) started the New Year off with a bang—bowling a "251" game at Broadway-Van Ness on Jan. 3rd, making the S.F. Chronicle "Honor Roll" for the day. Too bad it wasn't at Downtown Bowl, and in one of the Wes. Pac. League games.

Another W.P. First: The Dave Copenhagen's (Oakland) little answer arrived on Jan. 1st, and when little "David Jr." grows a bit older, he will really celebrate New Year's.

Instead of allowing Harold (AF&PA) to relight the gas furnace, Mrs. Heagney attempted the task and for her efforts, received a severely burned hand. Hope for an early recovery without complications, but don't be so "fuelish" next time.

Editor Al. Bramy, who made a speedy cross-country trip to New York, was rewarded in seeing his brother, Sam Bramy, for the first time since November 1941. Normally, Sam is riding the high seas, but fortunately was on a furlough during Al's visit.

G. I. Martin, GA (Reno, Nev.), recently visited the General Offices, confirming reports, he is on a diet, necessitated account dental troubles. It seems to agree with you "G.I.", so keep it up.

Wilbur West (Los Angeles) and family, after being Beverly Hill (billies) since their marriage last September, have moved to Los Angeles. It must have been the tire and gasoline rationing which caused the change, for there isn't any other reason I know of, to prefer Los Angeles. (Beverly Hills papers please note).

Robert Grace (Pass. Dept.) works all day and studies nearly all night . . . patiently awaiting a letter from the Air Corps. When it arrives, he WILL be up in the air. (Flash: Letter received, and Bob left us Feb. 4th).

Mildred McDonald (Purch. Dept.) informs me Duan Richardson (Duplicating Bureau) has not only taken to the Navy, but recently took unto himself a "wife." Undoubtedly, his "Battle Stations" training will come in handy, but, all joking aside . . . we extend congratulations (two-fold).

Change of locations: Sgt. Forrest Mote (Manifest) transferred to Jacksonville, Fla.; Robert Searles (Traffic) now at Pensacola, Fla.; Connie Murphy (Car Record) from "5th floor" to Monterey, thence to Fort Knox, Ky., and Roland Sebring (Traffic) to Pearl Harbor, T.H.

Uncle Sam again hits bowling league: Joe Corven (Auditors) our No. 1 bowler received his "Greetings from the President" letter and has taken train trip to Monterey. Additional names for "Honor Roll" include: N. G. Kay (Salt Lake) and Joe Mason (New York).

That certain young lady who has been typing YOUR name on YOUR "War Bonds" . . . Doris Rohlfis (Treasurers) is leaving the Western Pacific. Understand she is joining the "W.A.A.C.", and was sworn in on Jan. 16th. Best of luck Doris, and congratulations.

L. D. (Mike) Michelson (Elko) who is temporarily working in San Francisco was recently deprived of bowling in a match game between the W.P. and S.P. teams at "Bagdad Alleys," because of (Time Table) complications. Knowing how Mike likes to bowl, it was a pure case of business before pleasure.

What's the use, gals? No one ever remembers the names of the "Ten Best Dressed Women of the World," but who ever forgets . . . Gypsy Rose Lee?

FROM THE BOYS . . .

Bruce Heilman:

★ Aviation Cadet Center, Texas: "So far my grades here in Preflight are up near the top. I only hope they stay there. Haven't gotten any actual flying training as yet. That will come in our next step which is Primary Training School. We're now getting Math, Code, Ground Forces and Airplane Identification. In our last half of Preflight we'll get Physics, Naval Identification, more Code and Math. We don't get K.P. duty but do get guard duty. Of course, on what was considered the coldest night ever in Texas I got stuck."

George Terhaust, 1st Lt. Air Force:

Africa: "Everyone naturally misses the States, but we'll be back some day and make up for lost time. Be sure and save me some cold beer. There isn't much I can tell you except that I'm well and getting plenty to eat and plenty of sleep. We got the wine and song . . .

Tony Quill:

San Diego: "We were on the firing range last week and the Captain said "fire at will." Somebody asked, "Well, where's Will?"

Nate Wolf:

Caribbean Defense Area: "I'm a Laboratory Technician at the Station Hospital which is part of an air base in the defense area. My work is principally taking blood counts and typing blood and doing other lab work in connection with prevention of diseases. We have no entertainment, except for one radio which we just received. Boy, was I homesick when the first broadcast we heard came from San Francisco."

Dick Patterson:

Oceanside: "I am learning some advanced communications, but the largest part of my training is learning the art of amphibious warfare, which is ship-to-shore operations. When I finish my training here I will be working jointly with the Marines in their landing operations."

Con (Murf) Murphy:

Fort Knox, Ky.: "The trip back was swell. We moved in a troop train all the way. We got all the breaks possible from our Lieutenant and Corporal. From Los Angeles and St. Louis there isn't a thing worth writing about including those Texas girls. But St. Louis is different. They've a U.S.O. in the basement of the Civic Auditorium that's a pip. Never saw so many pretty girls except maybe in the Car Record Office. In addition to my thirteen weeks basic training I'm listed for Supply School, Auto and Radio Mechanics."

* * *

Winton Hanson, 2nd Lt., Air Force:

Air Service Area Command:

★ As one who previously found it expensive to buy a drink for everyone in the house whenever a W.P. freight car went past, while I was working in Milwaukee, it seems odd to be located in Sacramento and see the W.P. cars go by in droves while the streetcar or bus patiently waits at 19th and J Sts.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Romance Along the Line of the W. P.

By Thomas P. Brown, Western Pacific Publicity Manager, San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the eighth article in the series begun in the July number of THE HEADLIGHT and devoted to the derivation or meaning of places in the territory traversed by the W.P. and its subsidiary lines in California, Nevada and Utah. "Mile Post" numbers in parentheses indicate the distance on the main line east of San Francisco.

★ **TREVARNO**, Calif. (M.P. 49.0)—This is a Welsh word meaning "Head of the Valley," being the name of the George Bickford home in Cornwall, Wales, a name connected with the safety fuse industry for many years. As heretofore stated in these columns, there is a story behind every place name, and in this instance the writer passes on to the readers of THE HEADLIGHT the tale told by Mr. Thomas W. Norris, president of the Coast Manufacturing and Supply Company, manufacturers of safety fuse, which runs as follows:

At Tuckingmill, in Wales, there lived in 1830 a leather merchant, William Bickford. He had long seen and deplored the terrible frequency of accidents in the mines of that locality and this led him to ponder on how these evils might be prevented. At first he thought of enclosing the charge of gunpowder in a parchment bag or cartridge but this did not prove feasible, and in addition, the cost made the proposition impracticable.

The real remedy was revealed to Mr. Bickford one day when he visited a friend at Tuckingmill who was a rope-maker. Mr. Bickford visited him in his rope-walk and walked up and down with him as, with some hemp around his waist, his friend spun the yarn for the making of rope. The idea flashed across Mr. Bickford's mind that if a funnel filled with gunpowder could be so arranged as to pour a stream of gunpowder into the yarn as it spun, and if subsequently it could be securely fastened and varnished, it would be just the means he was looking for to convey fire to the charge and that with comparative safety.

This was the origin of the Bickford fuse. There is no doubt that Mr. Bickford was at first prompted by humanitarian motives but it was natural that later on he should conceive the idea of making it a marketable commodity and a commercial enterprise. But by that time Mr. Bickford was already advanced in years and in failing health so he was prevented from taking an active part in the practical organization required in building up a manufacturing business.

Mr. Bickford had an only son, a schoolmaster at Hayle. A George Smith, builder in Camborne, had married Mr. Bickford's daughter a few years prior to his invention and upon this son and son-in-law devolved the task of organizing the manufacture of safety fuse on practical business lines. Very early, these two gentlemen obtained the services of Thomas Davey, another Tuckingmill man, who rendered valuable assistance with the engineering problems, and was chiefly responsible for

the erection of the plant for the earliest production of safety fuse.

And so, years later, Trevarno became one of California's place-names, to preserve the memory of the beginning of safety fuse in faraway Wales.

ALVARADO JUNCTION, Calif. (M.P. 25.2)—Alvarado was named for Gen. Juan Bautista Alvarado who was Mexican governor of California 1836-1842. Originally called New Haven.

HARTE, Calif. (M.P. 100.5)—For Francis Bret Harte, author of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Society Upon the Stanislaus," etc.

TROWBRIDGE, Calif. (M.P. 161.6)—For George T. Trowbridge, prominent citizen and colonizer.

SPRING GARDEN TUNNEL, California (M.P. 297.18)—In driving this tunnel at an elevation of 3,965 ft., construction engineers fought for several months against obstacles presented by boulders and sand of an ancient river-bed, also by an underground stream. The length of this tunnel (No. 35) is 7,343.7 ft.

CALPINE JUNCTION, Calif. (M.P. 326.4)—For Calpine, originally known as McAlpine. Calpine is coined from California Pine Box and Lumber Co.

RED ROCK, Calif. (M.P. 352.5)—For the rock formations nearby.

RAGLAN, Nev. (M.P. 519.4)—For Lord Fitzroy James Henry Somerset Raglan, British field marshal, who lost an arm while serving under the Duke of Wellington at the Battle of Waterloo.

RENNOX, Nev. (M.P. 590.5)—Said to be named for an old settler.

MAGGIE CREEK, Nev. (M.P. 645.2) and **SUSIE CREEK**, Nev. (M.P. 645.6)—Tributaries of the Humboldt River, flowing from the north. Names are mementos of emigrant days. According to a very old guide book, Maggie Creek was named for "a beautiful Scotch girl."

HUNTER, Nev. (M.P. 656.6)—For John Hunter, prominent Nevadan and cattleman.

RUBY, Nev. (M.P. 728.2)—For Ruby Valley and the Ruby Mountains (East Humboldt Range), highest and most rugged mountain mass in interior Nevada. Old settlers tell of the finding of "rubies" (probably red garnet) in gravels of streams flowing from these mountains.

OQUIRRH RANGE, Utah. (M.P. 910.0)—Name probably derived from oqar, Indian for yellow. Also name of an Indian chief. Far above the track, ancient shore lines of pre-historic Lake Bonneville, whose waves once beat against the higher contours of this range, are still remarkably distinct.

W.P. HAS OWN RIFLE COMPANY

★ For the purpose of protecting both the railroad and the community in case of attack, and to prevent sabotage, the Western Pacific Rifle Company was organized at the Sacramento Shops as an accredited unit of the California State Militia.

The Company is now drilling in the William Land School, having temporarily given up their quarters at the State Armory to a company of Military Police.

The Rifle Company is made up in its entirety by employees of the Western Pacific R.R.

R. E. Booth

BOWLERS SPLIT WITH S.P.

★ The return contest between Southern Pacific and Western Pacific bowlers was held at Bagdad Alleys, Saturday afternoon, January 23rd.

The S.P. Co. first team while bowling a 2627 series, lost to the Western Pacific keglers who slammed out a 2716 total, featured by a 955 game.

The closeness of the contest was evident, with BOTH TEAMS having a two game total of 1761 pins, but the W.P. aggregation hit their stride in the third game.

For the winners: Brown registered a 598, followed by Corven's 576 series. The S.P. high series men were: Fink with a 609 and Montague's 550 series.

The second team contest was taken by the Southern Pacific boys by a 2505 to 2401 score; Rominger's 567 being high for the S.P., while Heagney for the W.P. hit a 509 total.

Western Pacific No. 1

Hyland	159	153	203	515
Vanskike	163	157	191	511
Lindee	160	144	170	474
Brown	212	209	177	598
Corven	189	187	200	576
Handicap	14	14	14	42
Total	897	864	955	2716

Southern Pacific No. 1

Kelley	143	170	156	469
Pearson	174	176	116	466
Campbell	157	161	215	533
Fink	186	203	220	609
Montague	205	186	159	550
Total	865	896	866	2627

Southern Pacific No. 2

Montour	141	144	133	418
Rominger	201	143	223	567
Gibson	155	110	170	435
Fitzpatrick	206	190	153	549
Harvey	145	183	208	536
Total	848	770	887	2505

Western Pacific No. 2

Sevey	159	147	119	425
Drury	149	173	124	446
Bettencourt	166	135	147	448
Kearns	132	174	171	477
Heagney	163	173	173	509
Handicap	32	32	32	96
Total	801	834	766	2401

PEOPLE and THINGS

By AL BRAMY

You look out over the crowded railroad depot and everywhere you see the same tender little scenes—hear the same age old expressions. Young kids in uniform forget momentarily they are men as they fiercely clasp their gray haired folks close to them. Their words are tinged with deeply felt emotion . . . their eyes speak pages as they take that last long look and hastily turn away. Dense crowds pack the depots, yet each group is utterly alone in their own little world made up of their loved ones. Once you could have grinned philosophically or even cynically, but not today. Instead you find yourself gripped by an inner burning—a feeling of futility and frustration . . . If you are wearing civilian clothes.

As you have so many times recently, you think back on the old days. There were those daily family squabbles with the kid brothers; and a houseful of friends any time of the day or night. Now they're in the service and there's only a gloomy silence to greet you. There's the telephone that hasn't rung for months because . . . "Wolf" writes of South American native villages . . . "Mac" and "Jim" write of the sensation of speeding thru storm swept skies . . . "Les" never has written but the papers told how he brought in a riddled plane with only a prayer keeping him from the treacherous reaching waves. The same Les who had never been inside a church in his life! How he must have prayed that day! You hear from "Jack" pretty regularly . . . pages and pages of moaning complaint of the terrific heat of desert training. When the gang used to hit the Russian River and stretch out for their sun tans, you could always find Jack under the shade of the nearest tree. And so it goes on . . . Val, Pete, Scott, Tony, and the hosts of others. One by one you saw them off until today there are none left . . . so your telephone never rings.

But it's time to board the train. There are those first restless moments of getting settled comfortably. You don't feel like reading. You walk up towards the coaches and you're halfway thru them when you wish you had stayed in your seat. Literally surrounding you are men in uniform. You were the cynosure of all eyes . . . or so it seemed. It could have been imagination but you could feel all those pairs of eyes focusing on you. Some were speculative, some smiled, some seemed accusing.

You find yourself running at a slow walk back to your pullman and right smack into a card game being played at your recently vacated seat. There's a friendly invitation and before long you're trying to outwit two sailors and a sergeant in four handed poker. Then comes the inevitable question that you had thought yourself inured to, "Where's your uniform?" It came from a girl directly across the aisle just at the moment you were drawing in the pot. Even while you could feel the uncomfortable heat coming up from your collar, you were saved the trouble of answering. An Army Major sitting at her side replied, "I'm sure Miss, that's nobody's business but his own." He wore wings and couldn't have been over 25 years old. While she indignantly stalked off in the direction of the Ladies room, he smiled over saying, "Bet you the amount in that pot you don't work in a defense plant or shipyard." We looked at him curiously as he continued, "Your hands are too soft." The tension that was present for those few moments was broken by the Sergeant. "I know he's no card sharp." He patted his winnings affectionately.

In moments like that, no matter how important you think your job is, or others think your job is, you feel like some sort of a worthless goon, letting others do your fighting for you. You find little solace in the Major's words at dinner. "Hell, man, we in uniform have to be backed by a home front, or we wouldn't be worth a damn. When we see someone as obviously young and fit for duty as you apparently are, we know he's in an essential job."

The train still speeds on thru the night making a remarkable run in its race against scheduled time in these days of freight and troop trains racing across the nation's multiple steel tracks, all heading for Tokio and Berlin.

You lose that feeling of sticking out like a sore thumb and start making friends with these uniformed men. It seems they are anxious to talk to a civilian. You hear amusing tales of camp and training, of outsmarting the sergeant, of fixing up a cook with a blind date in exchange for smuggled midnight snacks. And in direct contrast you hear tales from the seasoned campaigners of Guadalcanal.

There was the sailor on his way to New York to pick up his Chief's papers and a new assignment. He was a veteran of nine years service at the age of 27, and he spoke feelingly of the "rookie" navy and the reserves. "At Guadalcanal, the first time they were under fire, I saw them so scared, their bodies trembled, but the Japs couldn't take the hell they dished out. I've seen many a scared kid, but never a yellow one. We don't breed that color." The Marines, the Army and the Air Corps can echo those some sentiments.

There is no premium on courage. It's an intangible something that most men are endowed with to varying degrees . . . and there are many types of courage. The kind that wins wars is backed by the will to win and the determination to preserve that worth dying for. Our men fortified with the memories of American homes and standards can face the enemy secure in the knowledge that their sacrifices are not for the chosen few who rule the masses in the dictator countries, but for every last soul of the 130,000,000 Americans within our borders.

Bon Voyage, Men!

★ A Civilian Travels In War Time: You've undoubtedly seen pictures of young wives and mothers kissing their uniformed men goodbye; but have you ever stood right alongside of them and listened to their soft conversation . . . seen the tears in her eyes . . . the moisture in his.

SPORTS REVIEW

By Jack Hyland

BOWLING

★ In a complete "nose-dive," we find the "1st Half Winners," now fighting desperately to climb out of the cellar. The Disbursements in the first four weeks of bowling have actually won "4 games" out of a total of 12 games, but they are losing a lot of tough, close contests by "one" or "two" pins.

Frank Ferguson turned the Captaincy of the "Auditors" team over to Joe Corven for games of January 21st—and Joe didn't fail him. His "593 series, including a 235 game" enabled them to win two games from Thos. Kearns' Freight Accounts, to technically take over "1st place." Corven finished his high game with six consecutive strikes and then started the next game with four more—ten strikes in a row is really pouring it on. League standings are:

	Won	Lost	Aver.
Auditors	9	3	774
Freight Accts.	9	3	751
Freight Agents	8	4	699
Traffickers	7	5	740
Car Record	6	6	704
Exporters	5	7	648
Disbursements	4	8	718

The top TEN bowlers include:

	Aver.	Hi Game	Hi Series
Corven	172	235	593
Brown	164	224	591
Gentry	164	211	578
Hyland	163	205	574
Heagney	161	218	561
Sevey	160	267	627
Borgfeldt	159	204	591
Mittelberg	158	203	520
Craig	157	224	558
Lewis	153	200	516
Rintala	152	210	503

The Freight Agents office recently had five ladies (girls) bowling and no doubt will be challenging the General Office feminine bowlers. Those present were: Lucille Ferguson, Dee King, Ann Osdoba, Gail Blaisdell and Mary Madison.

BASKETBALL

The Traffic Dept. quintet had its challenge accepted—and not by the AF&PA boys, but by the San Mateo Victory Club, of which John Nelin is a player. As a consequence the General Office team was "gunning" for him, but the Victory Club showing excellent team work, trounced the W.P. boys by a 64 to 37 score, at Aptos Junior High on January 19th.

The Railroaders outfit has some promising material in Hal Nordberg, Ken Stoney, John O'Connell and Byron Larson, and will give any team a good battle after a few more games together.

O'Connell's free throw scored the first point of the game, but 7 min. later, the Traffic five were behind 18-1. Genesey (not of the Traffic Dept.) was high point man for the Railroad group, scoring 20 points by aggressive floor work, while Nelin (S.M.) hit the basket for 14 points.

WENDOVER REPORTS ON THE STRATEGY OF WEATHER

(Special to The Headlight)

★ Prophecy for better prosecution of the war. Are we crazy? No, it's not by the cards, numbers, bumps on the head, or the hangman seen in the crystal ball fishing in troubled waters. Prophecy, in which the countless airmen of America put their faith, is that of the weather officer and his co-workers, commissioned and enlisted.

"How about icing?" a pilot about to fly through some clouds along his route radios the forecaster.

"How high are clouds over the practice bombing target?" asks another.

"How is the weather at Spokane?" a Major, suddenly called to that post, telephones the station.

This is Lt. Thomas C. Council's office, weather officer for Wendover Field. Lt. Council is a North Carolinian from Raleigh. A quiet, earnest man, he is a college graduate, and for his present job spent nine months of exhaustive preparation at New York University.

Questioned concerning his work, he spreads his hands in a patient gesture and says: "What exactly do you want to know?" That is just the point: the new science of weather is a subject broad as it is long.

In and out of his office are streaming the countless visitors with their queries concerning the vagaries of the climate, most of them pilots—from cadets freshly-commissioned 2nd Lieutenants to the command pilot who, likely as not, is a Colonel. Their respect for Lt. Council is evident measure of their dependence on his prophecy.

The weather office is a severe interior; the activity of many workers fills the rooms. Prominently displayed is the current weather map illustrating reports gathered from the entire country, which are analyzed to show storm centers and their movement. Always a qualified forecaster is on hand to interpret the map, and explain last minute reports coming in over the teletype machines. Twenty-four hours a day the teletype machines pound out their messages arrived from the four corners of the nation.

Another chart displays the character of the winds aloft. To navigators and pilots who travel at high altitudes in heavy bombers this is important information for determining at what altitude they will find the best flying weather.

Wind direction and velocity at various altitudes are determined by hydrogen filled balloons, followed as they rise by ground observers with the aid of a

theodolite. The theodolite is an instrument similar to a surveyor's transit. As many bombing missions are carried out at tremendous heights, the balloon is often followed to 40 or 50 thousand feet up.

Meteorology is the weather man's science. In its modern form it is a new science developed out of the exigencies of another war. During the last great conflict, Norwegian meteorologists and weather forecasters living in a neutral country hemmed in by warring nations, were cut off from world-wide weather reports. To meet their needs they localized the work of weathercasting. The result was new discoveries of theory and practice in their field.

In general, Meteorology observes weather as an effect of the movement of dynamic air-masses, the cold moving from the poles, the warm from the equatorial region, the two perplexed by the rotation of the earth. Like two armies opposed, the cold and warm and the dry and hot meet for battle. Whichever is the victor or vanquished determines the trend of the weather. So weathercasting, like General Staff work, is discovering all the possibilities of the enemies' strategy from what is being revealed of his plan in action observed.

Nearer to the newscaster is the local airfield weather caster. For like the national radio commentator, he gathers all the news of the day concerning the armies of the weather, takes the measure of the local weather, and predicts the result. Unlike the newscaster, the weathercaster has a deliberate and exact science with which to achieve his results.

Throughout the country today the Army has instituted schools for the weather man. Qualifications to attend include at least two years of college with the accent on mathematics and physics. This new mass education in, and aeronautical struggle with, the weather portends enormous advances in the modern science of meteorology.

Lt. Council at Wendover Field apologizes that sometimes his office, as every other office, makes mistakes of prediction, but adds that such errors are being further and further eliminated by the very important job the Army is doing in this direction.

The weather office excepted, "Keep 'Em Flying" is how the amazing job of the American Air Forces is done. The weather office must keep 'em grounded, sometimes, when weather strategy so advises . . . for better flying health.

WENDOVER U. S. O.

★ Letters received from the Wendover U.S.O. gratefully acknowledge the continued interest of the Western Pacific Club in the welfare of the army personnel stationed at the Bombing and Artillery Range at Wendover. They thank us also for the thousands of magazines we have sent them.

Wendover is our own little baby. We've watched it grow until today it is the outstanding camp of its type in the country. They look towards us for the countless little things that can so easily bolster their well-being and comfort.

Books and magazines, play games, cards, puzzles, and the host of other amusements you don't use any more would be welcome at Wendover.

SACRAMENTO SHOPS SHORTS

In making the rounds with **George Mayberry**, he shows us how in every department you can "look up" and see Old Glory overhead; which is one of the standards the men are working under . . . We meet **Edna Spratt**, a full time nurse on duty in the First Aid room. Nurse Spratt doctors all colds, sore fingers and other minor injuries.

One of the busiest fellows in the Shops is **Ross Kelleher** who took it upon himself to sell Bonds and Stamps. The employees buy from Ross, but this is in addition to their authorized 10% wage deduction.

An inkling as to why **Pete Del Moro** is referred to as "Wolf" is given in his copy which is concentrated about the presence of a new girl in the Mechanical Dept. clerical force, "which," says Pete, "is something of a treat." What's her name, Pete?

The Lord said let there be light, but the Ninth Regional Command said "Dim It," so we have been busy "Dimming," says **R. E. Booth**, who is in charge of the Gasoline and Tire Rationing Board at the Shops. (Dear, Dear Mr. Booth! Can you spare a "C").

A nice guy to have around in these days . . . **Homer "The Great" Darr**. He's got a gift of making you laugh, even when you don't feel like it . . . **Rip Twigh**, Asst. Foreman of the Boiler Shop, is around again after suffering from a bad hand infection . . . almost any noon you'll see **Fritz Rohrer** attempting to give **Dickie Stadler** a "Dutch Rub" . . . if he can catch him.

Manuel Fernandez riding to work on his scooter took a terrific nose dive to the pavement . . . blames it on the hard rain storm he was driving through. That same period almost forced all workers to swim to work because of so much water being in the yard. A good number of the boys had to have their cars pushed or towed to get them started.

Charlie Wisor, Machinist, recuperating from a couple of broken toes . . . **Babe Rose** is back to work. The happy smiles seen on the faces of all and sundry due to the Vacation Lists being out. **Flue Welder**, "**Fish Hawk**," **Joe Roderick**, already anticipating some fancy catches comes fishing season.

★ ★ ★

SAN JOSE SCENES

★ **Betty Burrell** is the first girl to be hired at the San Jose office. Old patrons who phone regularly had to be convinced they did not have the wrong number when Betty answered . . . **Phil Kramm** has left the W.P. and is now with Lorimer Diesel. With Phil gone, Bill Jones has moved up from Salinas to alternate with Carl Nipper as Chief Clerk. They take turns working the office and outside jobs . . . **I. R. Cranston**, retired Conductor was a recent visitor.

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

The HEADLIGHT

**NEW SACRAMENTO
FREIGHT STATION**

★ The Western Pacific freight station, located at Third and R Streets, Sacramento, which was destroyed by fire in July, 1941, will be re-opened in a brand-new building Monday (January 25) according to announcement made by Charles R. Harmon, Western Pacific general agent for Sacramento and Superior California. Freight operations during the rebuilding program have been carried on at the Sacramento Northern's freight station at Second and M Streets.

The Western Pacific freight station rebuilding project has involved a cost of approximately \$65,000, which includes the freight house and equipment, and also grading, driveway paving and the relocation of trackage.

In addition to the two tracks serving the freight house directly, there is immediately adjacent a total team track capacity for twenty-two cars to be spotted at one time.

The driveway serving the freight station is 46x320 feet in area and is covered with asphaltic pavement. The freight station has nineteen doors on the driveway side through which freight can be received or delivered.

The floor area of the station proper is approximately 40x250 feet and is equipped with two platform scales depressed in the floor so that the platform top of the scales is flush with the floor level.

The office, which is located on the 3rd Street end of the building, measures

approximately 40x50 feet and includes a private office for the agent and a separate room for the cashier's department. There is a second story to this office area, which is mainly for use as a record room and storage room, but could be used to provide additional office space if necessary.

The freight station also provides an open platform on the 4th Street end for the convenience of the public over which heavy or bulky shipments can be more conveniently handled than through the freight station proper.

M. J. Beasley, local agent, will be in charge of the freight station under the direct supervision of G. W. Curtis, division superintendent.

**BRITISH RAILWAYS FIGHT
AGAINST SNOW**

★ British railways are making war on snow more vigorously than ever before in the fourth winter of the struggle of nations. Vast preparations were made to fight snow and frost on the steel highways, it is revealed in London. Electric heaters, salt and anti-freeze compounds help to keep switches free of ice and snow, and locomotives with steam hoses thaw them. Attached to powerful engines, 400 more snowploughs have been put in service and are run where they are most needed when snow is falling. They have achieved marvels in keeping the rails clear for the victory trains.

U.S. SENDS ENGINES

★ Railway engines built to designs drawn in London have arrived in Great Britain from the United States. Many more are said to be on the way. They were asked for as part of the lend-lease program so that British locomotive builders would be free to do other jobs. Told that Britain needed the locomotives in a hurry, the locomotive works in the United States did a rush job on the first one and completed it in two months. Normal building time is six months. One of the locomotives is on a run to and from an American campsite.

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