

Thief's Lament:

'There Must Be An Easier Way--'

SHORTLY AFTER 9 a.m. on October 3 Ticket Clerk Gordon Robertson locked up the California Avenue ticket office in Palo Alto and was about to step into his car to carry the morning receipts and cash to the Palo Alto station, when he felt a large hunting knife being poked into his ribs.

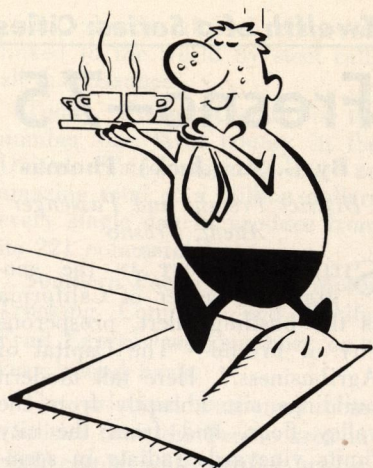
Gordon was directed by the knife-wielding stranger to surrender his package and keep quiet. Commute sales had been heavy that morning and the package contained nearly \$4,000.

Gordon thought it over, decided to act, and so kicked the fellow in the stomach. Stunned by this sudden reaction, the would-be thief staggered to the rear of the car, probably contemplating whether or not this was worth all the trouble. In a few seconds he returned and stoutly repeated his demand. Gordon replied with another firm kick in the stomach.

Satisfied that his particular crime wouldn't pay, the aching "bad 'un" departed petulantly from the area on foot.

He was apprehended a few blocks away by police who had been summoned by witnesses to the incident.

And fearless Gordon with the talented toe continued blithely on his way to his destination, the money intact.



REPORT UNSAFE CONDITIONS

Ogden Chapter Hosts NARBW Meet

THE Ogden Chapter of the National Association of Railway Business Women was host to the District Conference of the organization held recently.

Highlighting the conference were addresses by Bess Bowling of Columbus, Ohio, who is national president of the organization, and Frances Krimmel, manager women's division of the Association of American Railroads. Entertainment was provided by the Southern Pacific male chorus, directed by Owen Rouse.

Z. F. Moody, superintendent of Pacific Fruit Express at Portland since 1945, retired October 1 after 48 years service with the company. Succeeding him is **D. T. Weichlein**, former assistant to superintendent.

Fresno—75 this Year

By G. A. (Jack) Thomas

District Freight and Passenger Agent, Fresno

SITUATED ALMOST in the geographical center of California is the bustling, alert, prosperous city of Fresno—"The Capital of Agribusiness." Here tall modern buildings rise abruptly from the valley floor, and from the city limits vineyards radiate in seemingly endless rows.

Thanks to a view Governor Leland Stanford had from Central Pacific tracks one day in 1872, Fresno is celebrating its 75th anniversary this year.

Fresno—unlike many California cities—is purely an American growth. Spanish and Mexican expeditions passed up the site as desolate and barren. Indian troubles scared away settlers of the pre-gold rush period; and the 49ers, eager to reach the gold fields in the Sierra foothills, rushed across the San Joaquin Valley with scarcely a pause.

After the gold rush fever had subsided, many Americans around Fresno turned to stock raising.

According to historical records, the first permanent settlement on the site was made in the 1860's by A. J. Manssen, a Hollander with large plans (although a poor speller). He sank a well, built a wooden water trough and erected this hand lettered sign:

HORSE RESTAURANT

Bring your Horse in
One Horse by Fresh Water—
One bet

One Day Hay Water—3 Bet

By "bet" he meant twelve and a half cents—a "bit."

A few families joined Manssen, but the place remained "the sorriest and most woe-begone little settlement on the map" until 1872. That was the year it became a station on the Central Pacific.

When Leland Stanford, one of the "Big Four" of Central Pacific, was touring the newly built San Joaquin Valley lines he noted with keen interest the green fields of irrigated grain near Manssen's place, contrasting with its arid surroundings. Forseeing future business possibilities, the astute Stanford exclaimed, "Wonderful! Here we must build a town."

He named the site Fresno (Spanish for ash tree) Station. The ash trees were in the foothills, and not near the embryo town, incidentally.

The only important settlement in the area at that time was Millerton. Its citizens journeyed to Fresno Station and viewed the gleaming new track thoughtfully. In 1874, Millerton voted to relinquish the county seat to Fresno Station; and soon after, practically the entire population of Millerton (many bringing their houses with them) moved to the new county

seat in order to be on the railroad line. Millerton became a ghost town overnight, and now lies covered by Lake Millerton, part of the Central Valley Project.

In the early days, Fresno's main street was a "rough depression, billowy, dusty in dry weather, and in winter a mudhole for its three blocks to the railroad station." The countryside was so bare that boys had to play hide-and-seek in the graveyard. Cows, horses, dogs and pigs wandered about in the streets, and flocks of sheep were driven lazily through the little town.

But shortly after Fresno was linked to the world by steel rails all that changed.

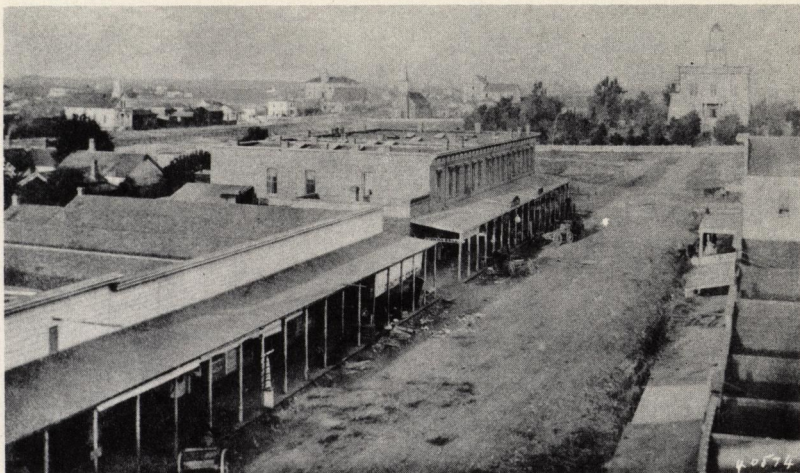
Today, Fresno County is the number one farm county in the United States, turning out an amazing total of a million dollars every single day in produce from its 221 commercial crops.

Southern Pacific, Pacific Motor Trucking Company and Pacific Fruit Express are kept busy on a year 'round basis.

The principal outbound commodities from the Fresno area include cotton, wine, raisins, lumber,

A composite view of Fresno which is the distribution center of the San Joaquin Valley, as well as the agribusiness capital of an area whose economy is built on agriculture and industry. Note the Southern Pacific station in the center.





You are looking down Fresno's Mariposa Street in the horse and cart days of 1885. The sidewalk canopies, so typical of the early streets, still exist in the wholesale district near the station.

grapes, tree fruit, canned goods, citrus and vending machines.

There are six compresses in the area that compress the gin bales of cotton produced in a five-county area (Tulare, Kings, Madera, Merced and Fresno). These bales weigh approximately 500 pounds each, and as they come from the gin, only 50 bales will fit into a 40-foot box car. After they have been compressed, however, it is possible to load from 100 to 120 bales in an identical box car before they are sent to their final destinations. In this five-county area, there were approximately 1,229,000 bales ginned in 1959.

Fresno is known as the raisin capital of the world; almost the entire raisin output in the USA is from the Fresno area.

The area also is the largest producer of sweet wines in the

world and has many wineries from which SP moves thousands of carloads of wine in both tank cars and in bottles.

Fresno is surrounded by fields which produce grapes and tree fruit, and annually, thousands of carloads of these delectables move by rail in PFE refrigerator cars to eastern destinations.

The West Side area is served by local freight trains operating from Fresno. These trains haul the empty, iced refrigerator cars to the West Side loading points where they are filled with cantaloupes and then returned to Fresno where they are again iced before starting their long journey eastward.

During one recent month approximately 8,000 cars of perishables were loaded in the area; this meant that it was necessary to run these cars over the icing deck

at Fresno two times or the equivalent of 16,000 cars handled over the icing deck in one month just to take care of the Fresno area.

Inbound into Fresno, our company handles a variety of items such as radios, television sets, paper, paper products, agricultural machinery, fertilizer (to make the perishables grow), insecticides (to control the pests), empty cans, automobiles, vending machine components, steel, grain and grain products (used for poultry and livestock feed).

Fresno is unlike many districts where agricultural products mature and are harvested within a short period of time during the year.

A typical year in the Fresno area goes something like this:

We begin shipping plums about May 30, followed by peaches, potatoes, cantaloupes, watermelons, grapes, pomegranates, etc., until the end of November.

In the meantime, the cotton harvest begins in September and actual movement to eastern destinations starts immediately. The cotton movement hits its peak as a rule in November and December, at which time the Navel orange crop begins to move, continuing into March. While all this is going on we are shipping grapes to eastern destinations continually from cold storage facilities in the Fresno area, with a continuing volume of cotton which moves from large covered storage facilities located in the area.

Aside from its booming business, Fresno has other attractions. Nearby are the Yosemite, Sequoia

and Kings Canyon national parks and many state parks.

Fresno is also a cultural center, boasting a community theatre and a philharmonic orchestra. For the sports minded, Fresno offers golf, tennis, roller and ice skating, yachting both at Lake Millerton and in the Sierra lakes; and the annual West Coast Relays—"Where Records are Broken" in track.

This year Fresno celebrates its Diamond Jubilee. From October 27 through the 30th, its 133,000 residents enjoyed carnivals, special entertainment, parties, contests and parades.

Perhaps had it not been for Leland Stanford's decision to found Fresno as a freight station in 1872 there would have been no 75th anniversary to celebrate.

GRAPE DRYING AT FRESNO

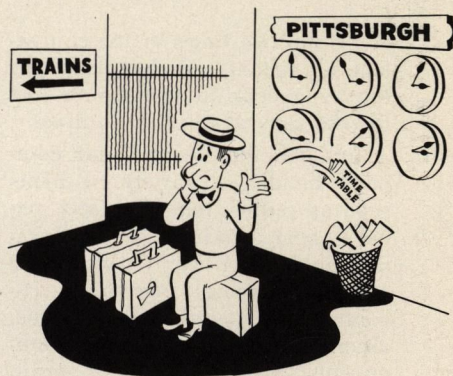


There Was a Time...

TIME IS A pretty sure thing these days—thanks to American railroads. There was a day, though, when time was about as consistent as a child's appetite.

It was 77 years ago this month that the American Railroads adopted Standard Time. Before then the only time that existed in the United States was local or "sun" time based upon movement of the sun across the meridian. It varied in the latitudes of Boston, Chicago, and Salt Lake City approximately one minute for every thirteen miles.

Because of this variation, true sun time was never observed at all points in the country. Most cities



and towns adopted a time standard based upon local sun time at their city had. Other towns adopted the time of one of their railroads and each railroad adopted the time standard of its home city or some important city on its lines.

As you can well imagine every one involved had a hard time keeping up with the "time." For example, the Pennsylvania Railroad used Philadelphia time, which was five minutes slower than New York time and five minutes faster than Baltimore time.

In Buffalo's railroad station there were three clocks—one set to New York time, by which the New York Central operated; one set to Columbus time, by which the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and other railroads operated; the other set to local Buffalo time.

But in Pittsburgh the situation was even worse. Six different time standards governed train arrivals and departures in the city.

To have correct railroad time a traveler from Maine to California had to change his watch some twenty times during the journey.

In Kansas City prominent jewelers had their own "standard times," and no two standards agreed. Sometimes they differed as much as twenty minutes. It was said that "the people of Kansas City never did have accurate information on the arrival and departure of trains, except such as was gained by going to the edge of the hill and looking down on the railway station."

All this confusion with time led Professor H. S. Pritchett, a noted astronomer, to recommend the city's adoption of a "time ball" system.

Each day at official noon at a particular location, a large ball, sometimes as large as three or four feet in diameter, was dropped from a high mast. Due to the size of the ball it was visible for several miles. As the ball fell, the people adjusted their timepieces to noon. That way everyone in the city was provided with a uniform time.

Now this worked fine for the citizens of Kansas City and other cities using the system, but it didn't solve the problem of having a multiplicity of time standards throughout the country. It's easy to see why passengers and shippers, as well as railway officers and employees, were confused and bewildered. Mistakes and errors popped up frequently and sometimes were disastrous.

The railroads decided it was about time someone did something about "time." And they took on the job. At the General Time Convention's (forerunner of the Association of American Railroads) meeting in Chicago in 1883

a plan for standard time was adopted.

The plan provided for four time zones in the United States—Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific—based upon sun-time on the 75th, 90th, 105th and 120th meridians west of Greenwich, England. These meridians are approximately on the longitudes of Philadelphia, Memphis, Denver and Fresno.

The railroads realized that the success of the new plan would depend greatly upon cooperation of cities and towns in adopting the new time locally. Fortunately, newspapers and local public officials approved and promoted the change and it was soon accepted as standard time for the country. However, it was not until 1918 that Congress actually passed what is known as the Standard Time Act.

As with any change—whether for better or worse—the adoption of a standard time had its opponents. Some claimed it was "contrary to nature." Others felt the railroads or watchmakers were trying to put something over on them for selfish reasons. And one opponent damned the railroads' time and said "We want God's time!"

Commenting about the annoyance caused by the change, one newspaperman wrote, "The change in time may be annoying to some, but those who are so annoyed should console themselves with the reflection that there is in the Fiji Islands a house which is so divided by the 180th degree of longitude that when it is Sunday in the parlor it is Monday in the kitchen."



MILEPOST



WHY THIS SERIES?

WHATEVER YOUR age or place in the Southern Pacific family, you share one progressive position with all your fellow employees:

Today you are one day closer to retirement.

You may face this fact with grim resignation or with pleasurable anticipation. But face it you must.

All the really important events in your life are rather personal. Your retirement is basically your own affair, and your decisions about it are the only ones that should count.

This *Bulletin* series is designed, then, not to tell you how to go about your retirement plans, but simply to give you a little food for thought. The series represents a response to many requests for guidance. Its aim is to offer practical suggestions, without any of the usual platitudes of the "golden sunset" variety.

If there's anything approaching a sermon in these articles, it's the reminder that planning is important to your future happiness. A single sentence—this one—should suffice to bring out the obvious truism: The better your preparation for retirement, the better your chances for contentment in your later years. Thus endeth the lesson!

Now, to business. In looking