

SAGEBRUSH HEADLIGHT

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THE NEVADA STATE RAILROAD MUSEUM
An Agency of the Division of Museums and History
Nevada Department of Cultural Affairs

Spring 2009

“We were certain we would work for the railroad.”

Condensed from oral history interviews with Arthur M. Smith, Jr., by R. T. King for the University of Nevada Oral History Program. Photos by Albert C. Phelps, Courtesy of Signature Press; or as noted.

Every summer day as a kid, I'd go to the railroad shops to see my dad and hang around as he worked on locomotives. I was a railroad nut—I practically lived in the yards watching trains come and go. My friends' fathers were conductors and engineers, so we were often in a caboose going to Imlay, or in the cab of a high-speed passenger train headed for Carlin. It was a way of life for us. We were certain we would work for the railroad when we grew up.

When my mother and father married, Dad was working on a farm near Logan, Utah. Following my birth in 1922 he learned of job openings in the railroad shops in Sparks, Nevada. He went to Sparks, got a job and a place to stay, and sent for us. I was six weeks old.

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*Southern Pacific train
No. 21 at Palisade,
Nevada, July 12, 1938.*



About 75,000 people lived in Nevada when Art Smith's parents brought him here. The state was 80 percent rural. Mining, ranching, and railroading were its economic foundations. Casino gaming was forbidden by law. The population grew by 40 percent before Art graduated from high school, but that growth stemmed from construction of Hoover Dam and the location of war industries and military facilities in Clark County. Economically and socially the rest of the state was hardly affected. After a year at the University of Nevada and a stint on the SP, Art spent 18 months as a bank clerk in Sparks before leaving home in 1943 for Navy pilot training. After the war he took work with the Bank of Nevada in Las Vegas while waiting to get a commercial pilot's seat. Art never became an airline pilot, but retired 38 years later as Chairman and CEO of First Interstate Bank of Nevada. Nevada began an economic and demographic metamorphosis after the war. By 1984, when Art retired from banking, Nevada's population was eight times greater than when he started. That growth was propelled almost entirely by casino gaming. The industry's revenues had expanded by 14,000 percent, from \$21.5 million in 1946 to \$3 billion a year by 1984. Mining, agriculture and railroads hardly mattered anymore, but banking was at the middle of everything.

--R.T. King

**NEVADA STATE
RAILROAD MUSEUM**

2180 South Carson Street
Carson City, NV 89701-5999
775/687-6953

www.nevadaculture.org

open daily 8:30 to 4:30

Except Nov. 27, Dec. 25, Jan. 1

Admission: Adult \$4, Senior \$3

Children under 18 and members of the
Friends of the Nevada State Railroad
Museum are admitted FREE



The museum is an agency of the
State of Nevada

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Please provide submissions for the Summer issue of the
Sagebrush Headlight by Monday, June 1, 2009.

**NEVADA STATE RAILROAD MUSEUM
2009 STEAM-UPS**

Saturday/Sunday/Monday, May 23 - 25: Memorial Day

Saturday/Sunday, June 20 & 21: Fathers Day

Saturday/Sunday, July 4 & 5: Independence Day

Saturday/Sunday, August 1 & 2

Saturday/Sunday/Monday, Sept. 5 - 7: Labor Day

Saturday, October 31: Nevada Day

Friday/Saturday, November 27 & 28: Thanksgiving

Trains depart from Wabuska Depot, 10:00 am till 4:00 pm.

Steam Train Fares: Adults- \$5.00, seniors (65 and above)-

\$4.00, Children 6-11- \$3.00, Five and under FREE

FNSRM Members, with Membership Card, HALF FARE.

Saturday/Sunday, December 12 & 13: Santa Train

Trains depart from Wabuska Depot, 9:00 am till 4:00 pm.

All Seats \$2.00.

**NEVADA STATE RAILROAD MUSEUM
2009 MOTOR CAR OPERATIONS**

TC&GB Motor Car No. 401 will operate every

Saturday & Sunday, May 2 through Sept. 27, departing

from Wabuska Depot, 10:00 am till 4:00 pm,

except when the Steam Train is operating.

Motor Car Fares: Adults- \$4.00, seniors (65 and above)-

\$3.00, Children 6-11- \$2.00, Five and under FREE

FNSRM Members, with Membership Card, HALF FARE.



*Southern Pacific's eastbound San Francisco Overland Limited, train
No. 28, along the Humboldt River near Carlin, Nevada, in 1936.*

A. C. Phelps photo, courtesy of Signature Press.

The 38th Annual Nevada Railroad History Symposium will take
place in Carson City Friday through Sunday, October 16 - 18,
2009. This year's theme is **Notable Nevada Passenger Trains.**
PLEASE NOTE: The Symposium brochure/registration form will
come to you as an insert in the next *Sagebrush Headlight*.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Although we suffer dismal financial times at both state and national levels, efforts are being made to turn the situation around. Members of the Friends of the Nevada State Railroad Museum attended state budget hearings and wrote to their legislators to express concern about cutbacks in funding of Nevada's state museums. I want to thank all Friends members who made these efforts. Nevada legislators are exploring ways to restore the budgets of the Nevada State Railroad Museum and all state museums. We owe them vote of thanks for doing so.

We need to educate the public that Nevada is much more than slot machines: without the preservation of our history we will lose much of our identity. As Friends members we need to be aware of the problems facing the museum, and to respond with our personal assistance when necessary.

The NSRM 2009 operating schedule has been announced (please see page 2). It is posted on both the NSRM and the Friends websites, and printed copies may be picked up at the museum. Although the number of steam-ups has been cut back a bit, it's planned that every weekend from May through September will feature either the steam train or the motor car.

As this newsletter goes to press, there are still three openings for the motor car training class on April 17, 18 and 19. If you want to participate, please contact the museum. This program makes a great gift for anyone who has always entertained dreams of becoming a hands-on railroader.

To free-up space for other merchandise, the museum store has ceased the sale of bottled water. The Friends have assumed the role of selling water at the Interpretive Center admissions desk, providing a money-earning activity for the organization as well as continuing this essential service for museum visitors.

These have been trying economic times for museum staff and volunteers alike. On behalf of the Board of Trustees, I want to express thanks to all of you for your continuing efforts to keep the Nevada State Railroad Museum the premier institution we have always known it to be.

--Bill Kohler

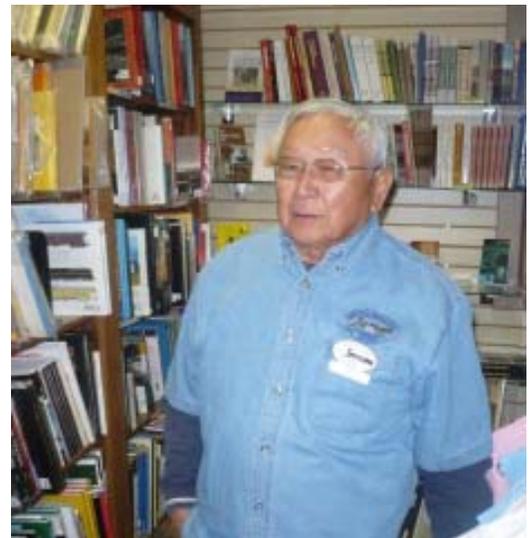
SPOTLIGHT ON "SHIG" SUMIDA

Shigeo "Shig" Sumida was born and raised in Hawaii in the thirties and forties. He lived in Pearl City, which in those days was "out in the country," and travelled to school every day on the narrow-gauge Oahu Railway. He had been changing the oil in his father's car on the morning of December 7, 1941, and witnessed the attack on Pearl Harbor from his second-floor front porch.

Shig says you always had to keep your eyes on the narrow cliff-side roads when travelling around the island or you might wind up in the Ocean! Speaking of the ocean, he got to experience the tsunami that swept the island on April 1, 1946, and which eventually resulted in the Oahu Railway's demise.

Starting college in 1950, he met ex-servicemen on the GI Bill who had been in Hawaii during the war. They would ask him if he knew a certain person on Maui or Kauai – assuming that every Hawaiian knows every other Hawaiian! He would say sure, I know that guy, and when home for vacation would go to the other islands and look the people up.

After serving in the Air Force from 1957 to 1965, Shig practiced medicine in southern California for more than thirty years. Much of that time he spent at USC as a pediatric physician. Two years ago, Shig and his wife, Anne, a Registered Nurse, moved to Nevada. Both of them came to the Museum to volunteer in February 2007. Although Anne died some months later, Shig continued and has accumulated more than 150 hours of volunteer time. When not travelling to southern California to visit his children and grandchildren, he "fills-in" at the Admission Desk or in the Annex.



--John Frink



Transition on the Overland Route: the *Forty Niner*

Success of the 1936 *City of San Francisco* streamliner (lower right) encouraged the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Chicago & North Western Railroads to launch the all-Pullman, streamlined *Forty Niner* on July 11, 1937. It had a running time of 49 hours, made five round-trips per month, and alternated with the *City of San Francisco* to provide deluxe, high-speed service between San Francisco and Chicago every third day.

The train's exterior was painted gunmetal gray, with black-and-gold striping above and below the windows. The eight-car consist included six pieces of rebuilt or refurbished standard equipment and the lightweight, articulated *Advance* and *Progress*, built by Pullman in 1936 to demonstrate the value of this kind of equipment. The rebuilt cars were baggage-dormitory-kitchen *Donner Lake*, diner *Angels Camp* and three-compartment, four drawing-room sleeper *Joaquin Miller* (rebuilt from *Yosemite Park*, with a fourth compartment converted to a barbershop and shower). Three refurbished 12-section, drawing-room sleepers were renamed *James Marshall*, *Captain John Sutter*, and *Gold Run* for *Forty Niner* service. *Advance*, renamed *Bear Flag*, contained two bedrooms and fourteen duplex-single rooms. *Progress*, renamed *California Republic*, provided a compartment and three bedrooms (two *en suite*), with a buffet and observation-lounge at the rear.

SP 4-6-2 No. 2461 took the inaugural run of the *Forty Niner* from Oakland to Roseville and cab-forward No. 4163 brought the train into Sparks. Mt-5 class 4-8-2 No. 4376 (above) took the train (above, right) across the Salt Lake Division. Soon, the assignment of one 4-8-2 for the *Forty Niner's* entire 781-mile Oakland-Ogden run became standard practice. Locomotive changes, if needed, took place at Sparks. Locomotives were serviced at Roseville, Sparks and Carlin. Helpers, usually 2-8-0s, were put on the head end eastbound at Colfax and westbound at Truckee. Colfax helpers went at least to Emigrant Gap, and sometimes to Norden. Truckee helpers operated to Norden. If freight traffic made helpers unavailable, the 4-8-2 would be replaced at Roseville or Sparks with a cab-forward that would take the train over the Sierra.

The last eastbound *Forty Niner* departed Oakland on July 23, 1941. Three days later a second *City of San Francisco* schedule replaced it.

--Frank Ackerman

Sources for this article include Church, Robert J., *The 4300 4-8-2s: Southern Pacific's Mt-Class Locomotives* (pp. 125-129), and Ranks, Harold E. & William K. Kratville, *The Union Pacific Streamliners* (pp. 242-273).



Photographer Phelps recorded (above, left; above) the first departure from Sparks of SP train No. 48, the eastbound Forty Niner, behind Mt-5 No. 4376, last locomotive built by the Sacramento General Shops. NSRM owns an HO-scale model of No. 4376, donated by the family of the late Kel Aiken.

(Below) The train that started the trend: the first City of San Francisco, at Sparks on June 5, 1936, during its inaugural run.

Three photos: Albert C. Phelps, courtesy of Signature Press.



Continued from Page 1

In Sparks, the SP had a big back shop. They would move locomotives into the shop and tear them down, lay every part out on the floor, replace or repair it, then put them back together. They'd come out like new. Dad hired on as a machinist's helper, and after a lengthy apprenticeship, he became a machinist.

Our family valued education. Dad had graduated from Utah State, and Mom had completed high school. Mom and Dad also were devout Mormons, and Sparks was a big Mormon community. The church was the center of everything. You didn't even realize there was another religion.

Over the years Dad kept getting promotions. Eventually he became a federal inspector whose job was to check certain parts of locomotives—see that there was enough lubrication, and that this worked and that worked. One day an engine that he'd inspected left Sparks at the head of an eastbound train that changed crews at Imlay, and then Carlin, and then Montello. It was rushing across the Great Salt Lake trestle, 500 miles east of Sparks, when a backfire blew out the firebox door, burning the fireman's hands. For this, my father lost his job. In those days, first they fired you and *then* they launched an investigation.

Within 24 hours after Dad was fired, the relief society of the Mormon Church had our house so full of canned vegetables and milk and clothes that we could hardly move. Mormons stick together and care for one another, but our family was no different from others during the Depression. You'd tell the bank you couldn't pay the mortgage on time, but you'd get it to them soon; instead of two quarts of milk, you'd have one delivered; and we always had a garden out back, so vegetables on the table were automatic. Saturday mornings before I could play I had to weed that damn garden!

Mom went to work as a sales clerk at J.C. Penney's. Dad got on a WPA road project. He didn't have to do that for long. When the railroad investigated the incident, all the engineers and firemen said, "There's no reason to fire this guy. *None* of the firebox doors latch properly. Every engine that goes out of here has

them that way. We drive trains every day and we've had firebox doors in much worse shape than that." Dad got his job back.

Every summer Mom took us to visit her mother on the farm outside Brigham City, Utah, for a few weeks. After





Above, left: A destination for Art Smith's boyhood excursions: Southern Pacific's depot at Imlay. July 11, 1938.

Above: Southern Pacific ferriboat Berkeley underway on San Francisco Bay.

Robert H. McFarland Photo, Arnold Menke collection.

Below: Extra 4180 east, Reno. July 4, 1941. Note the "Tourist Car" at right.



Grandma died, her son, Edgar, kept the place. Each summer I could hardly wait to get on a train and go to Uncle Edgar's! From the farm, I could walk to Brigham City's main street in fifteen minutes. The railroad went right through town, and I'd sit watching steam trains by the hour.

The first time I went to Uncle Edgar's by myself, Dad got me a pass. I was eight years old. Mom took me to the train, put me in my pajamas (it was about eight at night), tucked me in an upper berth, and pinned a note on me that said, "His Uncle Edgar will be waiting for him at Ogden." She gave the porter a dollar to watch over me. The train took off, and I went to sleep. The porter woke me and said, "It's time to get up and get dressed." We were in Ogden, and Uncle Edgar was waiting. We were inseparable. It was always sad when I had to get on the train back to Sparks. I didn't have a care in the world in Brigham City in summer. In fact, when my mother got there for her two weeks it would kind of slow me down, because she started making me do things.

Dad could get passes for all of us, so once in a while we'd go to San Francisco. There were no bridges across the bays back then. They took the train across Carquinez Strait on a barge. The train went on to Oakland Mole where you boarded a ferry to San Francisco. I was about nine the first time we did this. We crossed the bay on the old *Berkeley*, stayed at the Powell Hotel and rode the cable cars.

At Penney's, Mom started at ten o'clock and got off at six. If Dad worked the swing shift, nobody was home after school. There was a key hidden under the house, but I don't remember locking the doors unless we were going out of town. In summer we rented a cabin at Carnelian Bay on Lake Tahoe for a week. Mom and us kids went first and settled in. Dad came up after work.

The big basketball rivalry in the state was between Reno and Sparks. For our rally before the big game, we always had a bonfire. We'd build a pile of junk as big as a

house at the football field. Reno students got in one year, and torched it. To retaliate, we hooked up a horse and plow and put the biggest "S" you ever saw in the middle of their football field. Another bunch of guys took buckets of maroon and gold paint to Reno High School and decorated it in our school colors.

Before long, twelve of us were called to the principal's office. There was Judge Cunningham, the municipal judge in Sparks. His father had been an SP engineer—ran a switch engine in the yards. When the judge was a boy he'd take his dad's lunch to him. One day he tried to jump up on the engine while it was moving, and fell beneath a wheel, which cut off parts of both arms. His left arm ended in a stump above the elbow and he had a hook on his right arm: Scary looking guy. He said, "I know you're the guys who did it. Reno High's shop people have repaired the damage, and it cost 144 dollars. You've got till Friday, each of you, to come up with twelve bucks." I said, "I don't have any money, Judge." He said, "Then you're going to jail." The next week we each showed up with our twelve dollars. That was the closest we ever got to being in real trouble.

I'd ride my bicycle out to the airport at the end of Gentry Lane to watch the airplanes come and go. In those days it was a big deal. A United flight came every night about eight, and even if we hadn't had supper yet, I'd ride over to see it land. I graduated from high school in 1940 and hoped for a career in aviation. Boeing ran an engineering school and flight training base in Oakland. I wanted to be an aeronautical engineer, and had saved money for tuition, but didn't have enough math to qualify for Boeing's program. That fall I went to the University of Nevada for a year's math.

During my year at the university, Boeing raised their tuition another \$500. I would have to find work, and in Sparks the railroad provided jobs. Every time you looked around, here came another train, and as many as a dozen engines at a time would be in for service. Sparks was a division point for freight and passengers. It was where they put on the fast passenger engines for the long run to the east—they'd go like crazy out across the desert.

Trains headed west stopped and put on mountain crews to drive big, cab-in-front Mallet locomotives that weren't so fast, but could pull right on up and over the summit, even in blizzards. Engineers said they'd go over the summit in snowstorms so dense they never saw a signal. All the way to Auburn, and never a break in the weather outside the snow sheds.

I went to work in the shops as a wiper—the guy who cleans off the locomotives' rods so the machinist can see that there're no cracks in them. Then I became a hostler's helper. When an engine came off a run it went to the roundhouse, where it was serviced and readied

to go back out. A junior engineer or senior fireman would be the hostler. His job was to back the engines onto the turntable, park them in stalls, and bring them out again when they were ready. As a hostler's helper on the graveyard shift, I serviced engines going in and out of the roundhouse, 11:30 at night to 7:30 in the morning till I almost couldn't hack it anymore: work all night, stay up much of the day, then back to work.

I'd replenish the sand and fill the water and oil tanks. In the dark, I'd signal the engineer that the job was done by waving my flashlight up and down. One night I water a locomotive; then I begin filling the oil tank, and I pull out the stick and shine my light up and down it to see how much oil to add. The hostler thinks I've given him the highball, and he moves out with the oil spout still connected. That oil was at 130 degrees. It started spewing, and I took off.

That was nothing compared to the incident that ended railroading for me. A hostler would drive an engine down, put it in the roundhouse, then have to walk maybe a quarter-mile back out to another one if he did them individually. So he'd hook them together and pull them all down at once. One night a hostler said to me, "Do you know how to run these things?" I said, "Who do you think taught Casey Jones?" He said, "Go out and put them together. Release the brakes when you're finished, blow the horn, and I'll drag them down here."

I got them all tied together except the last one – No. 4204, the newest Mallet on the railroad. When I cracked the throttle, nothing happened. All of a sudden the steam hit, the handle jumped out of my hand, and it was wide open! I slammed it closed, hit the brakes – and broke the drawbar. Then I blew the whistle and came down. The hostler's name was Dan Blevins. He said, "What happened?" I said, "I think I broke the drawbar." When the roundhouse foreman came out to see what was going on, I told him, "The drawbar is broken on No. 4204."

"Did you do it?"

"Yep."

"You know the rules."

I said, "You don't need an investigation. I'm leaving." I had worked in the Sparks shops for just a few months.

Mom had been talking to our banker. She said, "Go down and see Mr. Sbragia. I think he'll give you a job." He did, and I was excited about getting away from that graveyard shift at the railroad yard. Finally I could sleep at night and work in the daytime. From wearing greasy clothes, shoveling sand and pumping oil, I went to a white shirt and tie. Even though banks were notorious for low pay, mine stayed about the same.





AC-8 No. 4204, Roseville, California, July 1941. Albert C. Phelps photo, Arnold Menke collection.

Our normal hours of business were ten o'clock till three. Twice a month, on Southern Pacific paydays, we opened an hour early and stayed open an hour late, and the workers would cash thousands of paychecks. It was organized mayhem, with block-long lines of men waiting to cash their checks! In order to have enough cash to operate the whole day, we'd have stacks of bills stashed everywhere. We'd have \$15,000 in twenties in a wastebasket, and \$10,000 in fives lying over here – our drawers were just full of cash! By the end of the day we'd be out of cash and we'd have stacks and stacks of cashed checks, all drawn on a bank in San Francisco where the railroad had its headquarters.

Our total assets were just \$980,000. If you mentioned that number outside the bank, they fired you. Today you couldn't even open the door with such limited assets, but back then we were the only bank in Sparks.

One Sunday as I drove my girlfriend to Gardnerville to see her parents, we turned on the radio and heard that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. Soon we were all being drafted. I went to Sacramento to join the Army Air Force, but flunked the written test. So I decided to go Navy, and took a train on down to San Francisco.

The Navy aviation selection board was in the Ferry Building. When they started to give me a physical a corpsman said, "You're five-foot-nine, and you weigh 121 pounds. You have to weigh 122. Look: a streetcar stops out front. It'll take you to Ninth Street where there's a grocery store. Get two quarts of milk and six bananas. At fifteen minutes to one, get on the first streetcar back to the Ferry Building, eat those bananas and drink that milk. When you get off, come straight

upstairs and I'll weigh you." I did what he told me, and when I got on the scales he said, "You weigh a hundred and twenty-two and a half. You're in!" Not quite. The physical revealed that I needed surgery to correct a problem with breathing through my nose. The Navy gave me a deferment and I got my nose taken care of in Reno. Back in San Francisco three months later, I enlisted.

Going into the war, the Navy expected to lose 25,000 pilots. When they realized they would lose about 2,500 they lengthened training and made it more difficult. I was at it for 26 months! They kept saying we were going to be better-trained than the guys who were already out there, but in the end they never needed most of us.

My training began in the spring of 1943 with Flight Preparatory School at Cal Poly in San Luis Obispo. Cadets before had gone straight to Pre-flight, and then into flying. Preparatory added six months to the training and enabled the Navy to stockpile its aviation cadets.

After Cal Poly I went to Ely, Nevada. We got off the SP at Cobre and waited hours on the station platform before the Nevada Northern showed up. At Ely we lived in a beat-up CCC barracks. Physical training was led by an old Ely High School coach. The Navy contracted with a guy who owned Piper Cubs to hire instructors and teach us to fly. My instructor was Marty Kromberg. After the war he started an agricultural flight-training school at Stead, then one at Minden. Ely's elevation is so high that in the heat of the day the air wasn't thick enough to get much lift off the wings. We'd get up at 4:00 AM, fly until ten, then goof around and have lunch before classes. We learned aircraft recognition, "Essentials of Naval Service", navigation, math, and physics.



Cobre, Nevada, July 1941. After the springtime arrival of GS-4s, SP had assigned GS-3s (right: No. 4429, on train No. 88, the San Francisco Challenger) to the Salt Lake Division. The Nevada Northern Railway (at left, locomotive No. 40) discontinued scheduled passenger trains July 31.

Weekends, we went into town. A couple of our instructors were from Reno, and sometimes they'd fly home. Two of my friends went with them once—at Eureka they landed on the highway, taxied to a gas station, filled up, and flew on to Reno. My Aunt Vega lived in Ely, and she'd have a bunch of us in for meals. We'd do our drinking in a bar across the street from the Nevada Hotel. Ely was a miner's town, as wide open as you can get. A big open-pit copper mine was west of town, at Ruth. Up the road at McGill was a huge copper smelter. Both were on the Nevada Northern Railway.

After three months at Ely, we went to St. Mary's College in Moraga, California, for Pre-flight. When our bus drove in, cadets leaned out windows yelling, "Jump off and run for your lives. They can't catch all of you!" We were about to experience our first, honest-to-God, true regimentation. I mean, now they were going to teach us what it means to be in the military. The discipline was tough. Besides classes and drill, there was physical training to prepare us for the rigors of flight.

Next came twelve weeks of primary flying school at Olathe, Kansas. Classes there were things you'd really use: navigation, weather, and code. And we flew, and flew, and flew: in Stearman biplanes.

After advanced training, at Corpus Christi, Texas, I got orders to torpedo-bomber training at Fort Lauderdale, Florida. After practicing with a deck outline painted on the field in Florida, we went to Glenview Naval Air Station in November 1944 for our first carrier landings,

on two old paddle-wheel passenger ships with flight decks grafted onto them, out in Lake Michigan.

After that I went to North Island at San Diego for a couple of weeks, then to an assignment pool at Alameda, California. One afternoon early in 1945 my roommate said, "We got assigned to Air Group 13 at someplace called Fallon, Nevada. Ever heard of it?" I said, "That's sixty miles from home."

We knew we were going overseas from Fallon and really got with it, practicing torpedo runs at Pyramid Lake. These runs had another purpose. Early in the war the Navy had had trouble with torpedoes that either sank to the bottom, or ran erratically when they surfaced. One submarine even sank itself. The Navy began dropping each torpedo nine times, with factory overhauls every third time, before it went to the fleet. After thirteen weeks at Fallon, we transferred to Hawaii, where we did everything but get into combat. One day about noon, the war's over. A guy said, "I hear we went to Japan and dropped some kind of a bomb."

"Well, what'd we do, sink Japan?"

"No, but it was big."

Three months later, I got back to San Francisco. I reported to the separation center at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel and checked out of the Navy. It was November 15, 1945.

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SELECTIONS FROM OUR MUSEUM STORE *The store specializes in railroad books for adults and children, Nevada history books, train videos, audio recordings, toys, train models, hats and apparel, railroad pins and jewelry, train novelties and souvenirs, note cards, artwork and calendars. We encourage you to visit the store in person. For those of you who won't have an opportunity to visit soon, the new merchandise selections below, along with many others, are available by mail-order. Proceeds from sales are used by the Nevada State Railroad Museum to fund a variety of museum projects and public interpretive programs.*

Sacramento Northern (DeMorro) Item #103456. \$70.00.

The Sacramento Northern had everything. Interurban operation, streetcars, ferryboats, and parlor and dining cars. More than 470 rare photographs illustrate the story of this 185-mile California system.

The museum store is preparing for summer. Fire-sprinkler installation and the upgrade to a new Point-of-Sale (POS) computer system are done and soon we'll paint part of the store and make a few other changes. With the help of many volunteers and staff, the museum store will have a fresh, bright look. We thank everyone for cooperating and assisting in this process. Because of construction and the POS conversion, new-item orders have been few. I'm taking this opportunity to list books that are on consignment in the store. They're single copies and most are out-of-print. They are not subject to discount. --John Walker

Title	Author	Price
<i>El Dorado Narrow Gauge--The Diamond & Caldor</i>	Ferrell	\$200
<i>West Side Pictorial</i>	Ferrell	65
<i>Sugar Pine Railway Memories</i>	Marshall	75
<i>Argent</i>	Ferrell	125
<i>Swayne Lumber Company</i>	Beckstrom & Braun	225
<i>Railroads in Mexico: Volume One</i>	Franco	120
<i>Railroads of Arizona: Volume Two</i>	Myrick	200
<i>Dressell Railway Lamp & Signal Company (1926 Reprint)</i>	Dreimiller	25
<i>Grimshaw's Boiler Catechism (1888 Reprint)</i>		40
<i>Thunder of Their Passing (Denver & Rio Grande narrow gauge)</i>	Turner	60
<i>Colorado & Southern Narrow Gauge</i>	Ferrell	75
<i>Milwaukee Road Narrow Gauge</i>	Tigges & Jacobson	125
<i>Pere Marquette Passenger Car Pictorial</i>	Million	250
<i>Diesels Over Donner</i>	Steinheimer & Dorn	175
<i>Northwestern Pacific Railroad: Volume Two</i>	Stindt	175
<i>Carson Valley Historical Photo Album</i>	Record Courier	60
<i>Portrait of a Silver Lady (California Zephyr)</i>	MacGregor & Benson	175
<i>A Quarter-Century of Santa Fe Consists</i>	Frailey	145
<i>The Union Pacific Diesel</i>	Priest	200
<i>Big Boy</i>	Kratville	50
<i>Crookedest Railroad in the World</i>	Wurm & Graves	50
<i>Black & Gold Diamonds (PRR Dieselization)</i>	Hirsimaki	45
<i>Pacific Electric All-Time Roster</i>	Interurbans	45
<i>Southern Pacific of Mexico</i>	Signor & Kirchner	125
<i>Car Builders Dictionary (1888 Reprint)</i>		80
<i>Cab Forward</i>	Church	250
<i>Cotton Belt Color Pictorial</i>	Goen	200
<i>Northern California Railroads: the Silver Age</i>	Matthews	60
<i>Western Pacific Steam Locomotives & Passenger Cars</i>	Dunscomb & Stindt	300
<i>A Century of Deluxe Passenger Cars in Canada</i>		75
<i>New Mexico Railroads</i>	Myrick	40

TO ORDER BY TELEPHONE OR MAIL

Call (775) 687-6953 (9 am - 4 pm). Write to: Nevada State Railroad Museum, 2180 S. Carson Street, Carson City, NV 89701. Please include your name, street address, city/state/zip code, and your daytime telephone number. Members of the Friends of NSRM are entitled to a 15 percent discount off all merchandise. Please add \$5.00 for shipping charges. If paying by either Visa or MasterCard, include your credit card number and expiration date. Orders are shipped via FedEx.

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Sixth Annual "Become a Motorman" Class: April 17 - 19, 2009

Monthly Wednesday Evening Programs

- April 8 *Abraham Lincoln: A Great Friend and Supporter of American Railroads*
Presented by Bob Nylén
- May 13 *The White Pass & Yukon Route -- Summer 2007*
Presented by David Massatti
- June 10 *The Southern Pacific Sparks Shops and Their 1943-1944 Expansion*
Presented by Wendell Huffman

Evening programs are held at the museum's Jacobsen Interpretive Center on the second Wednesday of each month except as noted. Programs begin promptly at 7:00 PM. Museum admission charges apply.

Save the Dates October 16-18, 2009! Plan now to attend
the 38th Annual Nevada Railroad History Symposium
Notable Nevada Passenger Trains. Details in the next issue!