

Weekly Topics



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THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

"All the world is but a stage," wrote the Bard of Avon. No truer words were ever penned, but we're inclined to believe that if the immortal poet, Shakespeare, were alive today he would have slyly added:

"And every streetcar is a show boat."

To some people a streetcar or coach is only an accepted mode of transportation. To some it's but a song. "Clang, clang, clang goes the trolley." To others—those gifted with the ability to observe and to see the play of life about them—the streetcar offers entertainment.

Yes, the passengers of this show boat are people and people are funny. People are human. People, when they board the streetcar cast aside their masks. The stories of their lives are written in the lines of their faces—and each passenger has a story. A story which may be

paced with comedy, shaded with pathos, lined from tragedies or lightened by romance.

We're not suggesting that you embarrass your fellow riders by staring at them nor by prying into their private lives. Their lives are their own business, but there are many other things worth seeing as you ride the cars and coaches. Things to see and remember which will help us both to speed up traffic. The right destination signs. The empty seat at the rear of the car. The easiest—and most proper way to exit.

For example, we know a lady who certainly has her eyes open. She boards a "P" car at Seventh and Broadway daily, promptly at 5:52 p.m. First thing she does after paying her fare, *incidentally she always seems to have the proper fare*, is to walk toward the rear scanning the faces of the people who are sitting. You'd swear she was looking for

someone. She is. But no one she has ever met socially. She is looking for a certain party who sits to the rear. Our lady friend stands directly behind the seat in which this party sits. She gets set to slip into it the minute the seat becomes vacant. Why should she get ready? *She knows that the party sitting there leaves that car at Fifth Street each day.*

Her observations have paid her dividends.

Did you ever wonder just how observant you really are? Do you see little things? You do? Then tell us this. How many wheels on this car? What did the destination sign say? Is the fare box electric or hand controlled? With which hand does the operator ring the gong—or is it his foot? How many streetcar cards in a car? Are they all the same size? (No, they are figured in multiples of seven inches—7-14-21-42). What's the number of

the car? How many headlights? Which handle does the operator twist to open the door?

Did you ever count the seats in a car? (We know your answer to that one—"Why count 'em, I never get one.") They vary—44 on one type, 48, 52, 55, 56 on others, and on the streamliners, 61, not counting the seat occupied by the operator. Any time you wish to sit in that one, just bring your availability certificate down to 1056 South Broadway.

So watch the world go by as you ride. It's entertaining and it's educational.

It's the greatest show on earth.

A New Simile: As sensitive to sound as the people downstairs.

—Shamus O'Slattery.

UNFAIR

I climbed aboard the streetcar for my early morning ride; I paid my fare and made a rush to get a seat inside. But luck was straight against me, though we hadn't traveled far, Before a lady half arose, as though to leave the car.

I moved in close beside her as we neared the crossing street . . . I was so certain she'd get up and I would get her seat. She fooled me! She just settled back from Broadway until Main Where she grabbed up her packages . . . then settled back again.

And every block throughout that ride I waited all in vain While she made signs of getting up, then sitting down again. Please, ladies, when you're seated nice and comfy in a car Don't act like you are getting up unless you really are. Peggie May Mosier (P.M.)

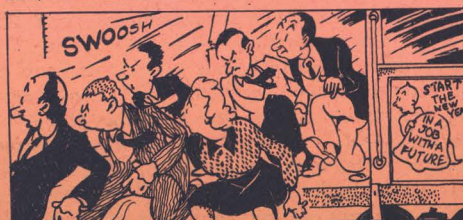
TWO BELLS THEATRE
Presents Monett
Murder Mysteries
Each Wednesday & Friday
9:45 P.M.
KECA

Hear
The Talk of Our Town
SOUTHLAND NEWS CAST
Monday through Saturday
KFAC
11:30 A.M.

TSKI TSKI!
This week Joe Woe chilled us with this bit of corn: "A doctor sold a man a wooden leg on credit. The leg walked so well that the man skipped town, leaving the doctor out on a limb."

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