

MAY - 1942

PACIFIC ELECTRIC

Magazine





HONOR ROLL

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Vol. 22, No. 11 May 10, 1942

Published monthly by the Pacific Electric Railway, in the interest of, and distributed free to active and retired employees of Pacific Electric Railway and Motor Coach Lines.

Contributions of news items regarding employees or activities of the railway are invited, and should reach the Editor before 28th of the month.

Address all communications to the Editor at 623 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles.

E. C. THOMAS.....EDITOR

ONE Dollar contributed by any of us will not break us, and to those of us who are already broke, another dollar will not make our case any worse. If each of us will give only one dollar to the USO campaign that is now being made, it will mean about \$4500 dollars. Let's do it.

THERE has been some thoughtless "grouching" among us about the USO and similar organizations, and it is because those with the grouch have not taken the trouble to investigate just what has been and is being done. If you were a soldier in uniform on the magnificent (?) salary of \$21 per month, temporarily in Los Angeles and lonesome as hell and not knowing where to go—then YOU would be thankful for USO. THINK IT OVER.

TOMORROW (May 11th) marks the beginning of the 1942 USO drive for funds to sustain that organization's most necessary program for the care and well-being of our soldiers and sailors on leave. This company, as it always does in such cases, will be "out in front" doing its part. There has been no failure on the part of our employees in the past, and there will not be this time.

PLEASANT BLACKOUT INCIDENT

During a recent "blackout" one of our Motor Coaches was held up by the occurrence at Carthay Circle. Shortly after being stopped at that point by the sirens, the Manager of Carthay Theater appeared on the scene and invited the coach load of passengers to be the guests of the Theater while waiting for the "all clear" signal.

They were taken to the theater, seated in a section to themselves, and enjoyed the show until all was clear.

The action of the Manager of Carthay Theater was an outstanding courtesy to our passengers.

Restrict Unnecessary Employee Travel

Railway Employees Requested to Restrict Pass Requests Solely to Business Use

Employees and their families are urged to use their passes only on most immediate business. This is because of the demands upon passenger transportation facilities due to the present situation. In a letter to J. J. Pelley, President of the Association of American Railroads, Director Joseph B. Eastman, of the Office of Defense Transportation, suggested that unnecessary travel be restricted by voluntary action on the part of the public, asking the railroads, also, "to cooperate in conserving passenger space by tightening up restrictions on the issuance of passes and to take steps to insure that existing passenger-carrying equipment is used at full capacity."

"Voluntary restrictions on travel may serve to postpone the need for more drastic measures which might be taken if facilities become over-taxed," said Mr. Eastman. He suggested that vacations be taken at places close to home; that vacations be staggered throughout the year. In regard to conventions, Mr. Eastman wrote: "It may be necessary in the future to restrict large-scale civilian passenger movements at certain periods or in certain areas. Accordingly, the dates and places of convention meetings already scheduled may have to be changed. Some of these gatherings may have to be postponed indefinitely."

Analyzing the situation, Mr. Eastman said, "A heavy increase in passenger traffic on railroads and motor bus lines is to be expected in future months. Military movements will account for a substantial share of this increased traffic. Passenger carriers will be called upon to provide greatly expanded service for the transportation of military personnel. Trains and buses will be needed to move troops to camps, military posts and embarkation points, and to carry men to and from home on leave. At the same time, civilian passenger traffic is certain to reach much higher levels than those of recent years. The fact that more people are employed, and at higher wages, will bring an increase in both business and pleasure travel. Another and probably more important cause of the upswing in traffic will be an unprecedented shift from private automobiles to common carriers. Leon Henderson's frank appraisal of the rubber situation makes it clear that such a shift is to be expected as tires wear out and cars are laid up. As a result, many new

rail and bus commutation services will be needed.

"In the face of mounting demands for service, the carriers will find it difficult to obtain new passenger-carrying equipment, in view of the demands of war production. What these factors add up to is that railroads and bus lines probably will be unable to meet all demands for civilian passenger service in coming months. This means that 'travel as usual' will no longer be possible."

For railway employees the lesson conveyed in this letter is clear—restrict the use of passes so that it will not be necessary for the railroad to issue a general rationing order.

HE IS NOW TRAFFIC ENGINEER

Effective May 1st a new position came into being in the Passenger Traffic Department, and to that position was appointed one of the best known and exceedingly well liked young men of the Company, R. O. Christiansen, for some time past assistant Research Engineer in the Bureau of Research, and for a number of years prior, a member of the Passenger Traffic Department.

The newly created position is that of Traffic Engineer, under the direction of Passenger Traffic Manager H. O. Marler, the duties assumed by Mr. Christiansen relating to the very difficult problems now confronting the company in the matter of service for the erratic flow of traffic because of war conditions. Constant analyses of the situation are necessary in order to regulate service to meet demands as completely as possible, to stabilize load factors and to be prepared to meet emergencies as they arise.

Mr. Christiansen's past experience in the Passenger Traffic Department and his more recent studies and experience in the Bureau of Research have eminently fitted him for his new position.

BIG BUILDING GETTING BATH

By the time you get this issue of the Magazine the big building that houses our general offices and takes care of many other industries at Sixth and Main Street will have completed the first bath it has taken in these many years; not that it has not needed one for a long while; but, there have been many reasons, and good ones, why the bath has not been administered long since.

Certainly does show great improvement since the ablutions. That last word is a one dollar one, but it's worth it.

New Air Depot At San Bernardino

Pacific Electric to Serve Great 1,500 Acre Government Plant

An emergency franchise to permit the immediate construction of rail lines into the army air corps supply depot being developed on East Third street was granted the Pacific Electric railway on April 21st by San Bernardino county's board of supervisors, according to The San Bernardino Sun.

The supervisors voted to award the franchise for the construction and maintenance of a line across Mill street, east of Tippecanoe avenue, and another line across Tippecanoe north of Mill street.

The lines into the depot site will serve a rail transportation system of five miles of tracks, which the army proposes to install within the tract, totaling more than 1,500 acres and on which scores of shop and other structures will be erected at a cost ranging above \$20,000,000.

The Pacific Electric will reach the depot site over its old line from San Bernardino to Redlands, once virtually abandoned save for occasional freight service.

The line extends east on Third street to a point east of Allen, then diagonally turns to the south to Mill street, thence east to a point near Sterling avenue—along the southern border of a portion of the depot site. In San Bernardino, freight trains are ordinarily routed onto the line from Rialto avenue, this line connecting with the Pacific Electric, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and Santa Fe lines for joint switching operations. The Rialto line reaches the Third street line at the junction of Third street and Mountain View avenue.

Work on the air depot site is progressing rapidly with contractors' crews grading the acreage on which the shop and other structures will be erected and the long runways on the airport section of the project. Bids for the construction of some 120 buildings to comprise the mobile unit were opened by the U. S. army engineers at Los Angeles a month ago, along with cost figures on the airplane engine repair structure, the first of a series of giant steel and concrete buildings to be erected. Bids on the airplane repair shop, to be 900 by 330 feet, also have been called by the engineers.

The air supply depot, at which army planes for bases in the south-west will be repaired and overhauled, will employ 4,000 civilian workers by Dec. 1, this force to be increased to 6,000 by April, 1943.

IT IS NOW "COLONEL" BELT
Telegraphic information reached this office on April 1st announcing the promotion of Lt.-Colonel Carle H. Belt to the rank of Colonel, and from further advices it is learned that the promotion is made and in effect as of Feb. 1st.

Colonel Belt is in command of Camp Cooke, one of the largest camps in California, located near Lompoc, San Luis Obispo County.

The news of Colonel Belt's new honors, coming as they did in a little less than two years after entering National service, is very gratifying to his many friends here.

Relative to the promotion of Colonel Belt. The Camp Cooke Clarion of April 25th says:



Special Eagles Given Col. Belt

"The highlight of Thursday night surprise party in honor of Colonel Carle H. Belt, Commanding Officer of Camp Cooke, at the Las Cruces Inn, was the presentation of a pair of solid silver Eagles, made by Lt. Col. William Hanky, D. C. Colonel Wilson von Kessler, and Major Roswald F. Smith, Corps of Military Police, pinned the new Eagles on Colonel Belt's shoulders.

When Col. Belt shed his silver leaves of a lieutenant colonel, they were handed down to Lieut. Col. N. W. Armstrong, whose promotion from major was announced during the ceremonies honoring Col. Belt.

Lieut. Col. Edwin J. McAllister, Q. M. C., and Capt. George A. Jackson, J.A.G.D., pinned the silver leaves on Lieut. Col. Armstrong, the oath of office being administered by Capt. Jackson, the camp judge advocate.



ANOTHER "INFORMATION" GONE

Last month the Magazine chronicled with regret the retirement of Miss Grace Anstead from "Information" service, and this month we are called upon to announce the retirement from the same service of Mrs. Rae Ellen Bates, until recently and more familiarly known as Mrs. Dyball, her leaving service not being because of either age or years of service, but because of friend husband having become permanently located in Yuma, Arizona, and the Editor has it figured out that Rae Ellen preferred the loss of a job rather than a husband. In any event, she joined him in Yuma shortly after the first of April.

Mrs. Bates was in service at "Information" for 24 years, and during that time won many friends among our patrons who will miss her from her usual place. Her friends in the company wish her a very pleasant and happy life in her new found home. She is warned, however, not to drink of the waters of the Hassayampa River of Arizona, for never again could she hope to be a good "Information" clerk.

On the eve of her departure Rae Ellen was given an informal party by her co-workers, to which a few of the "outsiders" were invited.

SOUNDS "PORKY" TO US

"Grape-vine" information from El Segundo advises that Dick Zochol, Clerk-warehouseman at that station, has just returned from a prolonged vacation spent near Alliance, Nebraska. The report continues that on his return he carried excess baggage—7 suitcases in all—each one of them containing one of those fine, home-cured Nebraska hams. Evidently Dick got out of Nebraska ahead of the pork priority.

SON WOUNDED IN ACTION

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Milburn were advised by the War department on March 30th of the wounding of their son, William, during a blitz by 54 Jap planes near Corregidor on March 25th.

Trainmen Compose Patriotic Song

"We're Americans" Making Big Hit Wherever Heard

Well, there is a possibility of two of our fellows breaking into fame through the medium of a popular patriotic song.

You never know just where or when "talent" will break out next but this time Dame Fame has apparently



landed on the Pacific Electric and chosen D. M. Lloy, Conductor, and A. M. Cleaver, Motorman, both of the Southern District to compose the music and lyrics for a song that is now going the rounds.

The new song is titled "We're Americans," and thus far only professional copies and orchestrations have been issued and put into use, but the boys have hopes that with the assistance of many of their fellow employes they may soon have the song published and put into popular use.

Frank Geiger, one of the well-known baritones of Los Angeles has presented "We're Americans" before a number of audiences in the city, and its reception has been most enthusiastic.

Thus far, presentation has been made at the L. A. Breakfast Club, Beverly Hotel, Uplands Civic Dinner, First Methodist Church in Los Angeles, Bankers' Convention at the Biltmore, USO Programs in the East and West, Victory House in Pershing Square, Womens' Federated Music Clubs, USO Dances, and several other local places.

Orchestrations have been presented to the Army Band at the U. S. War College in Washington, D. C., The Los Angeles Police Band, the 160th Army Band; and, professional copies have been sent Kate Smith, of Radio fame, the Schubert Music Club of U. S. C., and to other organizations of note. The Hollywood Community Chorus, under direction of Hugo Kirkhofer, are expected to present the composition soon.

Here's the way the chorus goes:

We're Americans, real Americans,
and we're proud as we are strong;
Tho the battle's hard, we hold the winning card

And we know it won't be long;
Johnnie, it's up to you of the Red, White and Blue.

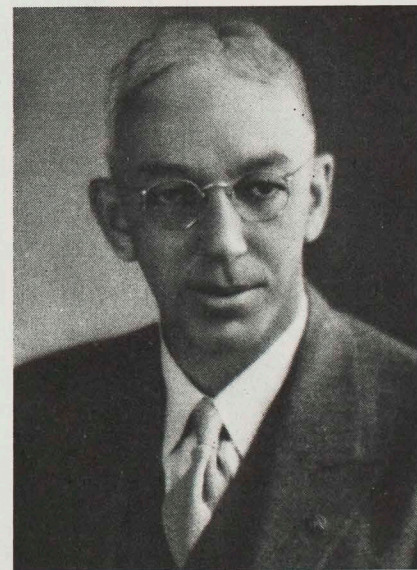
To keep this America free,
We're Americans, real Americans,
and we'll fight for our Liberty.
Sounds snappy, eh what?

Lloy and Cleaver, the joint producers of "We're Americans", have gone about as far as they financially can in the production of this patriotic song, and the expense so far has been something to talk about, for it takes real money to secure orchestrations and professional copies; and, here is the chance to assist in its further publication.

Any of our employes who are interested, are invited to call at Baehr-Bakula, Inc., Jewelers, in the front lobby of the Pacific Electric Building at Sixth and Main and place an advance order for a copy of the song. The price is 50c per copy.

PURCHASING AGENT HONORED

C. Thorburn, General Purchasing Agent, was highly honored by his associates of the Purchasing Agents' Association on April 16th, on which date a meeting of the Association was held at The Elks' Club, where he was presented with a very handsome wrist watch as the annual award of the membership to the one of their



number "most outstanding in work and accomplishment in the interest of the Association during the past year."

Col. Wayne R. Allen, County Purchasing Agent, and recently called into active service by the Government, presided at the meeting and made the presentation.



The time has come the Walrus said to write of many things, of shoes and ships and sealing wax and P.E. FISHERMEN. So this month this Walrus pays tribute to the men of the Rod and Reel.

Every year on the first of May these brave, unselfish, sacrificing casters of the Fly lay down their tools of labor, leave the fireside of their loved ones, kiss the wife and kiddies good bye, take the family car, (take a chance of blowing out a tire) and make their annual pilgrimage to Lake Arrowhead. Without investigating one does not realize the inconvenience, expense and hardship these heroes really go to. First they must convince the little lady that it is REALLY a stag affair, and she must stay home even if she does like to fish. Second, that it is necessary that they revamp the family budget to cover this expense, also that there might be an additional expense, that is if things do not pair up. Further it is the duty of all good R & G men to carry on the tradition of the Club. In order to give you a true picture we asked several of these unsung HEROES for a statement on "Why I Went Fishing".

B. Manley said, "It is my duty to go. I am a leader of men, what would my men say if I failed in this hour of need, besides they stocked the Lake this year.

Brother Bancroft, "There was no choice, so I went fishing".

Bob Dorner said, "I will state my case in brief: It was my duty to see that the arrangements I made were carried out. I had arranged to do a little fishing".

Scott Braley, "I am the sponsor of the Junior R & G members. I went along to see that too many fish were not taken from the lake. I wanted some left for the future. I am unselfish, I caught one fish".

Dave Porter, "I have the interest of the Club at heart. I am an expert fisherman and the inspiration for the other members. Besides I was needed to row the boat".

Bill Baxter, "I always take my biggest truck up to Arrowhead for opening day. Guess I am optimistic. Some day I hope that big one will not get away and then I can get the job of hauling it home".

E. H. Bissinger, "I am an attorney. I went along to show my fellow members the relationship of the Party of the first part to the Party of the second part. I, the party of the first part cast my line out into the lake, then

I began angling. Soon I had Mr. Trout, the party of the second part hooked. Fishing comes natural for an attorney."

Jack May, "I went along just to show them what is in a name. It was May 1st, May day. I showed them.

Bill Knoche, "I wanted to be the first member of the Official Family to register a limit catch. There are three members, an Auditor, a Purchasing Agent and a Chief Counsel who go fishing. They tell of one stream up in the Bishop country where the trout are so big they have to be "U" shaped to follow the curves in the river".

With all due respect to these modern Daniel Boones who go forward to wrestle from nature the food for the family table, I in my little narrow mind think the real unsung heroes are the wife and kiddies who stay at home, especially the wife who sits in the kitchen with a skillet in one hand and a can of salmon in the other and answers Junior's question by saying, "Yes Junior I am sure we are going to have fish for dinner".

Alhambra, Calif., May 1, 1942.

Mrs. Willie Watchall,
Corn Crib, Iowa.

Dear Maw:

Well I guess you have been wondering why I have not written more often, but you must bear in mind that I am practically running this railroad. At least that is one man's opinion, that man being me. With the railroads playing such a big part in the war Maw you can realize how busy I am.

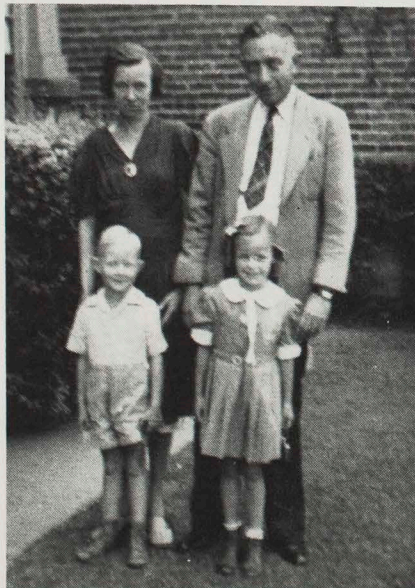
I am doing everything I can to help win the war. I am raising a Victory garden. The gardens are doing much better this year now that we have an additional hour of sunshine. I was telling the boss about my garden, he said he had a garden and flowers and trees. Said he does not have much luck with slips, said he did not know it at the time but the day I started working for him some one slipped him a lemon. I am doing lots of things to help with the war. Every night for dinner I have a tamale just to keep up the friendly neighbor policy. The ceiling the President put on income had me worried. I asked the boss about it and he explained it was 25,000 per year and not 25.00 per week so I am not worried any more.

You know Maw you have often asked me what I do for the P. E. Well Maw it is not what I do for the P.E. but what they would like to do with me. But I can't tell you what I do as the management might start an investigation. But there is one Department that I like very much and that is the Auditing De-

partment. The boss is a broadminded fellow, he likes every one and has no enemies, even his name is mostly love. Then there is one of his assistants, his name is Summa. It is really Summar but he don't like to eat rabbit during the summer so he leaves the "R" off. Another nice fellow is Harold Kuck, he is also a boss. All his assistants like him and when they want to know what to do next they just go up to him and say "What's Kucking?" That brings us to George Perry, another nice fellow. A lot of people think he owns the Company, but Maw he don't, he just has an interest in it. On the other side of the office there is George Chrystal who is always looking into the future. And Pop Knight whose big smile will daze you. George Watson who is always over in the Club looking for Holmes. Still who is always running around the office. Sharp who is anything but dull. Alexander and his band. Reed who is always right. Hyde who is always seeking an opportunity. Then the Season Department with Snowden and Summa, and then the girl who is so sweet you could eat her up, Peachy Sunday, and last but not least there is my old friend Moyer but Maw that is another Story.

Well Maw this is your Son Walter who says, if while telephoning you should dial Lana Turner by mistake you would still have the right number,

Your Loving Son,
Walter.



And now a big hand to a swell guy who had us all guessing who Annie K. Bitzer the poet was. Well it was just by chance that I found out, and here he is—JIMMY ADAMS. Harry VonZell started where you are Jimmy.

ON DUTY IN WASHINGTON

Shortly after he had passed his 21st birthday, Carl Don Gustafson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gustafson, of 1607 Menlo Avenue, Los Angeles, enlisted with "Uncle Sam" for a term of three years in the U. S. Army Air Corps. He got his preliminary training at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., then another 3 months at Lawry Field, Denver in the Air Service Photo-



graphic School where he was graduated on March 28th and sent with a group to Washington, D. C. (Bolling Field) for advanced training and active service. Very naturally "Don's" father, who for the past 16 years has been in the service of the Pacific Electric, is very proud of the young man's achievements, and also very naturally, mother is more proud than father.

WHIRLING JOE

Wife (at Pearly Gates): "I have come to join my husband.

St. Peter: "What was your husband's name?"

"Joseph Smith."

"I'm afraid that will not be sufficient for us to identify him by. We have a lot of Joseph Smiths here. Is there any other means by which I can identify him?"

"Well, before he died he told me that if I ever kissed another man he would turn over in his grave."

"Oh, I know the chap. Up here we call him Whirling Joe!"—The Illuminator.

We Are Now Prepared For This Year

A Slight Insight Into What Has Been Done by the Community Chest

Nearly every fellow worker at P.E. who gives a hang about how the other guy gets along knows the story of how people are helped over the rough spots by Community Chest agencies. This year the story is the same—only more so. Now that we've got a war on our hands, the dollars which generous P.E. employees gave to help "take care of our own" are performing a double purpose job which all who gave will be glad to know is being done.

It's this: defending the home front in wartime. Should bombing or other disaster strike the community, the 86 Chest agencies will immediately put emergency plans into operation by which thousands of additional people will be cared for. Blueprints of action are already drawn up, every

agency staff member knows his part by heart, and additional facilities stand ready to be put to instant use.

Chest hospitals and clinics are prepared to transform buildings into treatment centers for hundreds of air raid casualties. Extra operating tables have been secured. New stretchers which can be used as emergency beds are available. Vast stores of surgical dressings, prepared by volunteers, are held in readiness. Fire brigades are fully organized. Plans are complete for the evacuation of patients who can be moved to make way for new patients in need of immediate attention.

All Chest agency emergency plans are fully geared into the local civilian defense program.

Meanwhile, "taking care of our own" still goes on. Through constant attacks on disease, dependency and the many personal problems of people in distress, the agencies are working feverishly to defend the home

front from conditions which undermine civilian morale at a time when it is vitally important. Such is the patriotic work which the gifts of Pacific Electric employees are now making possible.

SCRAP WILL HELP WIN THE WAR

By L. H. Appel

The job of keeping war material, supplies, and fighting men moving to the proper scenes of activity is one which the railroads of the United States have assumed and are carrying out with commendable dispatch. The other job—that of moving the raw materials of industry, together with that of moving the necessary men and women to fabricate these materials into the actual implements of war—though less spectacular, is of equal importance. These two jobs are both being handled by the public carriers of the United States in such a manner as to cause the minimum possible delay in the prosecution of the war.

The part which Pacific Electric Railway plays in the picture is one of extreme importance. Los Angeles and its contiguous area represents a focal point in the war economy of the United States. For this area to continue to carry its present and steadily increasing load in the war effort it is absolutely essential that transportation facilities be maintained at the highest possible peak of efficiency.

The job of meeting this increased demand would be a difficult one under the most favorable conditions. As things stand now, however, the job must be done with the strictest economy in the use of materials and men. Not only must we use new material to its fullest possible utility, but we must reclaim and re-use many materials and parts which in normal times would be considered worn out. Other material which is no longer of any possible use to us must be returned to the smelters and manufacturers for re-fabrication into useful articles.

The staff of Pacific Electric Railway has not been blind to the necessity of doing this work. Already much work has been done salvaging discarded material, reclaiming worn parts, devising substitutes for critical metals, and in other ways meeting the exigencies arising in the present critical time, but there still remains much more to be done.

The ways and means by which this can be done and is being done are manifold. They can all be reduced, however, to one fundamental rule. We must get the greatest possible use out of all of our equipment and material and then repair it or rebuild it so that it can be used again.

A casual look at our scrap dock



There, there, little girl, don't cry! Some day you'll want to say "thank you" to all the generous P.E. folks who helped make it possible for you to escape diphtheria, through their Community Chest contributions. This picture was taken at the California Babies Hospital clinic, a Chest agency.

might give the impression that one of our greatest needs is for a good housekeeper. Closer observation, however, would disclose that we are salvaging everything that can be used again.

Old dry cells and wet cell batteries are being torn apart for salvage of lead and zinc therein. The hard rubber casings are being saved for possible rebuilding.

Old car and track tools are being saved in a bin to be rebuilt when the need arises for new tools.

Small pieces of copper sheeting are being saved for fabrication of small parts, thus saving large sheets of copper and bronze for more important purposes.

Bronze and brass filings are being swept up to be sent back to the smelters.

Solder from armatures being torn down is picked up carefully and saved to be re-used.

Broken hack-saw blades are being saved because they contain a high grade of tungsten steel.

Old air brake-hose and other short sections of hose are being saved to be used for incidental purposes.

All rubber that cannot be used in its present form is being saved to be sent to rubber companies for reclamation.

Steel rails in use as supports for piles of lumber, etc. are being removed to be smelted down for use elsewhere.

Old spikes, plates, bolts and other materials are sorted and classified.

Anything which is good enough to be re-used in its present form, or with a little straightening out goes back to the store stock for further use. The remainder is sent to the steel companies to be made into some useful articles to help win the war.

All rail brought in from abandoned trackage is sorted and classified for use under certain operating conditions or is scrapped to be remelted.

Old trolley wire is salvaged and sold as scrap copper to help meet the great demand for copper in war industries.

Switch-boards and other fittings from sub-stations, etc. are dismounted and all copper and brass fittings are saved.

In short, everything and anything containing re-usable substances are being saved to help alleviate present and future shortages of critical materials.

Remember, this is a war of materials and at the present our resources are being stretched to the limit.

YOU can look around these days at a pretty girl without some smarty yelling "rubber". He's saving that now.



Tearing out tracks in the Los Angeles Street Yards to make room for New Coach Garage that will extend over most of the area shown. Two tracks will remain between Sixth and Seventh Streets to serve U. S. Mail and Express interests. Entrance to the garage will be from Maple Avenue, past the present servicing and running repair shop.

When the young swain proposed to his sweetie, she answered: "The man I marry must be both brave and brainy."

A few nights later while they were canoeing on the river, the boat upset and like a true hero, he saved her life. After they were safe and dry once more, he again pressed his suit, saying, "I've lived up to your wishes. Now will you marry me?"

"I admit you were very brave when you saved my life, but there wasn't anything particularly brainy about it, was there?"

"Is that so?" he retorted. "I upset the boat on purpose."

E. V. Durling tells this one. An energetic old fellow had taken over a

vacant lot packed with weeds, tin cans, rubbish, etc., and after months of hard work, made a garden spot of it. The preacher, looking over the fence, was much impressed.

"Rufus," he said appreciatively, "de Lawd and you has done a wandaful job here."

"Yas sah," said Rufus meditatively, "Yah sah. But you should 'a seen dis heah place when de Lawd was takin' care of hit Hisse'f."

Timmy: "I met the best looking young officer at the dance and he told me I was the prettiest girl he had ever seen."

Mother: "Now, my dear, don't trust any man who starts to deceive you at the very first meeting."

DENTAL DEPARTMENT

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PACIFIC ELECTRIC CLUB MONTHLY BULLETIN

- Tuesday, May 12:**
American Legion Post Meeting—8:00 p.m.
American Legion Auxiliary Meeting—8:00 p.m.
- Wednesday, May 13:**
P. E. Rod & Gun Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.
- Thursday, May 14:**
P. E. Women's Club Meeting & Program—1:00 p.m.
- Friday, May 15:**
CLUB MONTHLY DANCES DISCONTINUED FOR THE SUMMER.
- Saturday, May 16:**
P. E. Masonic Club Annual Dinner Dance, 605 East Main Street, Alhambra, Calif.
- Thursday, May 21:**
P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party—1:00 p.m. Prizes to winners.
- Friday, May 22:**
American Legion Auxiliary Monthly Night Card Party. Prizes to winners & refreshments—8:00 p.m.
- Tuesday, May 26:**
American Legion Post Meeting—8:00 p.m.
American Legion Auxiliary Meeting—8:00 p.m.
- Thursday, May 28:**
P. E. Women's Club Meeting & Program—1:00 p.m.
- Saturday, May 30:**
Memorial Day, Club rooms closed all day.
- Thursday, June 4:**
P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party—1:00 p.m. Prizes to winners.
- Tuesday, June 9:**
American Legion Post Meeting—8:00 p.m.
American Legion Auxiliary Meeting—8:00 p.m.
- Wednesday, June 10:**
P. E. Rod & Gun Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.
- Educational Classes:**
Transportation Engineering Class each Monday evening at 7:30 p.m.
Transportation Engineering Class each Tuesday evening at 5:00 p.m.

HERE AND THERE WITH THE WOMEN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Lon Bishop

We were indebted to Mr. Goodsell of the So. Calif. Auto Club for a very worthwhile talk and a delightful picture on the 9th of April.

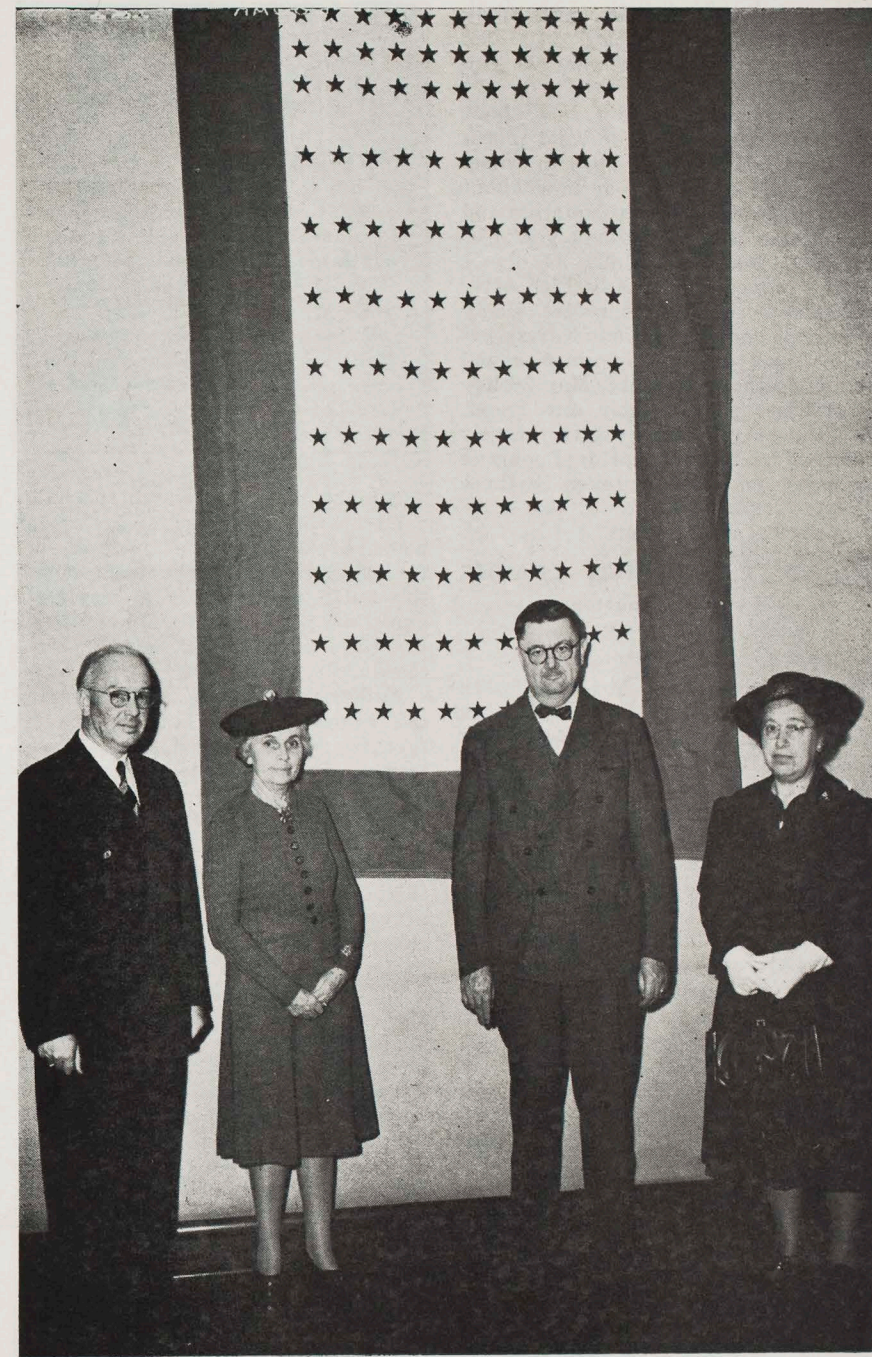
He made such an urgent plea for preservation of tires, slow, careful driving, curtailing as much of it as possible and then when he had finished, he turned on his motion picture machine and—you guessed it.

We saw the most beautiful vacation spots in all the world—Brice and Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, Yosemite and pictures of fishermen pulling out rainbow trout that were even larger than the one we lost a couple of years ago.

Well, after all, he probably was just being kind, knowing full well, that with a war on, our thoughts would be on other things besides vacation trips. But, thank goodness, we can still dream, can't we.

During the afternoon session, a very lovely and impressive picture was taken; standing in front of the Company's huge service flag with nearly two hundred stars were two proud mothers to whom stars in that flag meant everything in the world and just as proud to stand by those mothers were Mr. Smith, our President and Mr. Collins, the Club President. The picture is shown above.

The Club's annual trip to the Good



Will Industries on April 17th was as always a very pleasant one.

It is a wonderful privilege to see those badly handicapped, yet smiling workers carry on in their different lines of work. If you are among those who often feel sorry for yourself, make a visit down there real soon and we believe you'll be able to more clearly recognize your own blessings and thank God a little more often.

At the last meeting in April Mrs. Beeson from the Speakers' Bureau of Defense, talked to us about one of the units closest to her heart—the American Women's Volunteer Service. Just recently organized, yet

they have already established ten units in the city and each one going full tilt. It's an organization with no distinction in race, color or creed and there's a place in it somewhere for every woman from nine to ninety-nine. Their work is training women for the many branches of work so vital to safety, morale and—victory. They supplement the Red Cross and U. S. O., giving aid to either in any direction when called on.

It gave one a big heart warming thrill to hear her tell how the boys are being cared for and how much they appreciate every little thing.

Just remember every Service man you meet is fighting for you and for

me, so let's get in line and apply at the old Cabrillo Hotel, 1103 So. Broadway and find out what we can do to help.

And as a last reminder, how about that yarn, any length or wool pieces for coverlets that the boys in wheel chairs need so badly—or how about knitting some six-inch squares and Mrs. Columbus says "thank you" for the P. E. Red Cross Unit.

At the meeting on May 14th after annual reports are given, Mrs. Hasty is staging an old fashioned dress parade (some of the gay nineties will be among those present). May 28th—is the last meeting day until Sept. Try and be present and give the new officers installed on that day, courage to carry on—and it takes it these days).

We'll be seeing you.

THE P. E. BOWLING LEAGUE

By Don Houston

WESTSIDE

Team	W	L
Claim Department.....	66	42
Hemet Bus Line	59	49
Freight Traffic	58	49
Electrical Department	58	50
Wilshire Lines	56	52
Signal Department	56	52
Five Aces	55	53
Schedule Bureau	54	54
Passenger Traffic	51	57
Streamliners	49	59
Vineyard	48	60
Amazons	38	70

EASTSIDE

Team	W	L
P. E. Club	78	30
B. of R. C.	66	42
Freight Service	65	43
North	62	46
Motor Transit	60	48
B. & B. Department.....	54	54
Transportation	47	61
L. A. Freight	45	63
Out Laws	34	74
Washington Street	29	79

With the season of 1941-42 drawing to a close, we find the P. E. Club team of the Eastside and the Claim Department team of the Westside on top in their respective divisions of the league.

Cuccia's Clubbers cinched first place over at Whittier Atlantic some weeks ago, but Archie Brahm's wreckers had to struggle to the night of April 24th before clinching the gonfalon.

Cuccia's quintet is made up of the following bowlers: Ted Cuccia, Captain; M. Cuccia, F. Engle, J. D. Henry and P. A. DuBose. Brahm's bombardiers were: A. Brahm, Captain; Jay Gowanlock, C. G. Gonzalez, Ned Rich and D. Schuyler.

The up and coming B.R.C. five in the Eastside are ensconced in second place at this writing and with but

ATTENTION!

CLUB DANCES TO BE DISCONTINUED FOR THE SUMMER

The Management of the Club wishes to announce that due to present circumstances it has been deemed advisable to discontinue the Regular Monthly Club Dances for the Summer Season.

Please watch for announcement of the first dance of the new season in the September issue of the P. E. Magazine.

one night more to go, will probably wind up their first season in second place, a very creditable performance for the young 'uns. The other night this outfit put together a very nifty game of 1058, which is high game for the league during this current season.

Following the B.R.C. team we find the Freight Service and the North, then the Motor Transit, B&B, Transportation, Los Angeles Freight Outlaws and Washington Street.

This Washington Street are really out to enjoy their bowling and a finer sport could never be found on the lanes than Bill Baxter. Bill Sr. is never ruffled but young Bill is inclined to take his bowling seriously and a split to him is something of a calamity. The balance of Bill's team also enjoy their Thursday night workouts and are a fine bunch of competitors.

Over on the Westside the teams immediately following the Claim Department are closer together than sardines in a can. Up to this date the Hemet Bus Line and the Freight Traffic teams are tied for second and third, the Electrical team in fourth, tied for fifth and sixth we

find the Wilshire Lines and the Signal Department, then the Five Aces, Schedule Bureau, Streamliners, Passenger Traffic, Vineyard and the Amazons.

Current leaders for the season for high game and high series prizes are as follows: (Actual scores excluding handicap):

High Series: J. Shafer, 693 (a new P. E. League record); T. Cuccia, 661; R. Crownover, 636; J. D. Henry, 626; C. Gonzales, 625 and R. Crownover, 636.

High Game: R. Crownover, 278; J. Shafer, 259; T. Cuccia, 256; R. Milnes, 255 and E. Kantz, 253.

Over on the Westside, every Friday night the poor harassed Captains of some of the outfits may seem to be exercising for track work, but in reality they are merely trying to hunt up some of the lost sheep. The Captain of the Hemet Bus Line is thinking of securing a coach in order to run down some of the boys (and girls) on his outfit. It is either that or install a private-public announcing system to call in the sheep from the meadow.

The Captain of the Freight Traffic might have the trouble running down one of his performers were it not for the fact that said kegler can be heard all over the joint and thus is easily located. This outfit not only has five bowlers, they have their own press agent, barker and a first class worrier.

Wilshire, after getting into high gear near the finish of the season, had the misfortune to have to roll with missing members due to various reasons and this hurt their chances. Another outfit that went up to the top of the league like a hungry trout going after a fat butterfly, was the Electrical team but they blew a fuse under the pressure of maintaining the position and fell back a couple of notches.

Hemet Bus, out in front like a 100 yard sprinter, winded badly during the rush to the wire and are now tied with the Freight Traffic team, and the second place winner will not be decided until the final curtain on Friday, May 1. Another cause for worry on the part of those two clubs is the fact that the Electrical Team could move into second should either the Bus Line or the Traffic team drop a majority of their games on that night.

At Whittier-Atlantic, the final curtain was rung down on Monday evening, April 27, due to some of the bowlers desiring to usher in the fishing season on the 1st of the month. This will be the night the Eastside performers vie for the Defense Bond and Defense Stamps and a full attendance is anticipated.

Retired and active Pacific Electric Railway employees and their families are cordially invited to picnics under the auspices of the Retired Railroad Employees of America as follows:

May 14, Long Beach, Bixby Park.

May 28, Los Angeles, Sycamore Grove.

Prominent speakers and interesting entertainment on both occasions. Free coffee. Bring lunch and sugar. Come and meet old friends and make new ones.

C. N. Johnston, Secretary.

High average bowlers during the present season: Jay Gowanlock, 183; J. Shafer. (Eastside), 183; E. Kantz, 179; J. Shafer (Westside), 177; T. Cuccia, 181; R. M. Jones, 176; D. Schuyler, 176; Pop Henry, 175; C. Oliver, 174; H. Welch, 173; and C. Gonzalez, 172.

The P. E. Summer League is in the process of being formed and will kegger at Arcade Recreation, 8:00 P.M. on Friday nights. If interested in joining one of the teams in this league contact Pres. J. Cross or Secy. C. Gonzalez. There are openings for those wishing to bowl in this league, the only stipulation being that it will be necessary to make the team's average ae near 825 as possible. Teams whose average as of March 1 was over 825 will not be allowed to enter. It is planned to have an eight team league.

Clark, one of the lower average bowlers, copped the War Bond over at Whittier-Atlantic on the night of April 27, out-distancing some of the slickers such as Hootchie-Kootchie, Michael Coochie, Poppa Henry and the great contortionist, Charlie (side-winder) Coutts.

Joe Krug on the Freight Service started off with a bang when he turned in a swell 254 game but he faded in the stretch and wound up in the third hole. Bill Easterman, an up and coming bowler, finished second. Krug, however, garnered in the defense stamps for high game.

Cuccia had a sick man in his regular team and imported a slicker to help him out on the last night. The slicker had his finger caught in his ball most of the evening and wound up with a series of around 400. The last seen of him the Two Cuccias and an Insurance Man, carrying an axe, were chasing him down the hall.

The B.R.C. team finished the season in second place, and the Freight Service copped third honors on the Eastside.

Several of our bowlers have entered the service of the country, and we all miss Akers of the Schedule Team, Roy Wilson of the Motor Transit, Guy Dick who did some bowling last year, and Joe Beckett from the L. A. Freight team. We hope to have them back with us in the very near future.

Get Ted Wolfe to tell you about the prize he won over in Glendale on the shellaced lanes. Boy, there is a stinko when he has his mind set on it. The figures they gave me were 92. I don't know whether that was his series, a game score, or his score in the fifth frame. I understand the prize he won was an out of date—oh well let him tell you.

Some of the improved bowlers in our league this season are Ann Shafer, finishing her second year of



IN "UNCLE SAM'S" NAVY Since September 1940, Glenn I. Iverson, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Iverson, 3745 Ashwood Avenue, Venice, has been in the United States Navy with much of the time spent overseas. The above is a recent photo of the young man, sent us by his father who is a member of the Transportation Department (West Division). When last heard from Glenn was enroute to one of our many scenes of action.

competition with a nifty 156 average; her old man Joe, with a sparkling 176; C. Gonzalez, not improved but as good as ever, with a hefty 171; Jack Cross finishing with around 170; R. Crownover, really rolling for a spell, with a 168 for the season; his wife Gladys, holding a nice 144; Eaton's 160 good enough for any league; newcomer Blum with 174; Erhardt in the 150 bracket; the whole Streamliner team, Bau-

disch, 163; Smith, 166; Dietz, 162; Kantz, a hot shot, 178; and Thomas with 141; Jack Birmingham back in the 160 bracket; Ralph Perry, ditto; Blackburn with 162; N. Shafer, Mabel to most of us, with 172; and H. Welch, bowling the last few weeks, with a 170.

On the Eastside Charlie Oliver with 174; Krug with 168; Pop Henry, 174; Engle and M. Cuccia, around 170; and T. "B-B Eyes" Cuccia, with a 180. Jones and Hampton upheld the honors for the North after Art Pabst blew the place due to pressure of other business; Jones with 177 and Hamp with 162. Gardner and Randig on the Motor Transit five did all right with 170 and 167, respectively. Manley, Coffman and Shafer for the B&B did their part and finished up in the top flight, and Milnes and Robertson on the L. A. Freight were hot with 161 and 160. V. Adams was high man on the Transportation club and how he did it with those fugitives from the doghouse is one of the wonders of the league. Nice people, but unpredictable.

R. Smith was the head man on the BRC club and finished with a nifty 160 average. Easterman, coming home on the bit, blasted the maples for the season, but this included a very low average during the first part of the season. Bill did all right for himself during the last weeks of the season.

The winners of the bond and stamps, and the final standings in the Westside League are not available at time of going to press, however the Claim Department have the top spot cinched. The battle still rages, however, for the second and third rungs on the ladder in this division of the league.

Jones, of the Freight Traffic, claims it is in the bag, but then we

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have all heard bull frogs croak in the swamps before. For that matter, Hemet thought they had the flag all wrapped up along about January 15th but somebody pulled the string on that outfit and Ow-what a headache. Even the upward swing of Stad Loveys average did not keep the slipping coachmen from dropping off the pedestal.

It's been a great year and the league is looking forward to bigger and better doings next year.

See you at the Banquet.

AMERICAN LEGION POST

By James E. Davis

The Nomination and Election of officers of our Post for the Legion year 1942-1943, is near at hand. Nominations will open at our next meeting, May 12. They will be re-opened May 24 and will finally close and the Election will be held June 9.

The third joint meeting of the four Transportation Posts was held on April 29th at the Acme Sequoia Lodge Post, 2254 E. 49th Street. Host post was the S. P. Daylight.

The State Reserve, of which the 23rd District Service Battalion is a part has moved to a new drilling place. This organization would like to have a larger membership. Their new drill ground is located at 3700 E. Olympic Blvd.

Chaplain Nichols is still keeping up his good work at the Sawtelle Hospital. Adjutant C. A. Newman reported that Comrade Riddell is doing fine at the San Fernando Tuberculosis Hospital. His wife is expecting him home soon.

Assistant Superintendent, Motor Coach Operations Allen told us that a Motor Coach Reserve is being formed, to consist of two, or more companies. Members of this reserve will consist of motor coach operators and mechanics, to take care of the coaches. In case of invasion or other emergency the companies are to be immediately available to take units of our army wherever necessary.

Volunteers are wanted. Qualified Bus Drivers and mechanics and trainmen who are willing and able to qualify as bus drivers are wanted. Members of this motor coach reserve would be expected to drill, on their own time, about once a week, for about six weeks. If they are called into service, they will be paid for their time.

Details of this organization are now being worked out and Superintendent Allen is already receiving applications for membership. If applicant has had military experience, please include this information in your application.

Our Legion Post now has 87 paid up members.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

WEST HOLLYWOOD

By G. R. Stevens

What young America is doing in this war effort today is worthy of praise from future citizens of our country. "Buddy" Reiche is one boy of 13 years who is actively engaged in Boy Scout work besides selling War Saving Stamps to his customers on his paper route and has each week increased his sales. In his scout work he helps to win the war by gathering papers, tin, etc. Praise goes to all the "teen age" boys who are taking part in this splendid work. The honor rolls goes to the men in armed service, and teen age boys, too young to go, are doing their part here at home.



Part of "the gang" at West Hollywood, posed in front of Trainmen's Room: L. C. Bankston, "Jess" Harp, Mr. Cody, Motorman Colley, J. T. Johnson and Bill Wardy.

Motorman N. L. Schmidt has a real large Victory garden in his back yard, and 100 chickens.

Congratulations go to D. C. Noggle on his appointment as Train Service Instructor. Mr. Noggle worked hard for this promotion and earned it with an enviable accident prevention record.



Conductor and Mrs. J. F. Goodman, of West Hollywood, with a catch of Crappies at Lake Henshaw.

Reports are that fishing is better than ever. Cond. J. F. Goodman and wife of West Hollywood returned recently from a fine fishing trip to Lake Henshaw, as shown in their catch in crappies. Motorman Rohde, West Hollywood's deep sea fisherman of long standing, has turned to fresh water fishing of late, where bass and crappies have put his skill and rod to test. Motorman J. W. Clay is one of the many trainmen who will whip their favorite trout stream on the 1st of May.

Conductor J. H. Doherty is preaching at different churches and sometimes at Angelus Temple.

Wm. P. Nutter, B. R. T. general chairman, injured in an auto accident, has been confined to St. Vincent's Hospital, as has Robert Honich, Wm. E. Cooper, Harold A. Butcher, Lloyd V. Nelson. We wish a speedy recovery to all.

Mr. Ralls passed away after a long illness. He came here in 1923 and had many friends.

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Motorman W. A. Smith's mother passed away recently in Los Angeles.

Eugene Holmes Tracy's paintings are on display at Ens Gallery until May 16th.

Many of the trainmen are going on vacations this year. The desire to whip a fast mountain stream with a light fly rod was again in evidence on May first, the opening day of trout season.

Victory gardens of the trainmen are well under way with much that has been planted already up.

The Red Cross workers are going forward in great stride. Mrs. W. A. Smith, wife of motorman Smith, has a record in knitting. She just recently finished knitting her 100th sweater for the Red Cross.

L. W. Capps was relief trainmaster for a period of 14 weeks. Motorman T. H. Bruner has been working extra terminal foreman at West Hollywood, on days.

Motorman Pearce, has been off ill, with a nail in foot and narrowly escaped blood poisoning.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. C. S. Brooks' father passed away in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Our sympathy to the family.

Conductor Hawksworth served on the P. E. Safety committee for March and suggested some good ideas. Motorman Naggle's name was mentioned for his splendid safety record.

A great many of the trainmen are lining up for their 1942 vacations and they anticipate some good hunting and fishing. Among them are Motorman Crawford of Hill street who took time off to do some fixing up around his home.

Conductor G. R. Stevens and wife have just returned after spending ten wonderful days at their ranch at Ono, Shasta County, Calif.

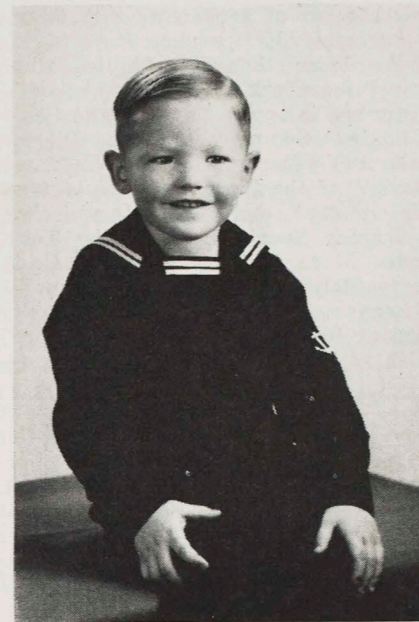
CONDUCTORS' ACCTS BUREAU
By Marion Snowden

Remember this: "The secret of being tiresome is to tell everything." —Voltaire

Winchie at the Keyhole:

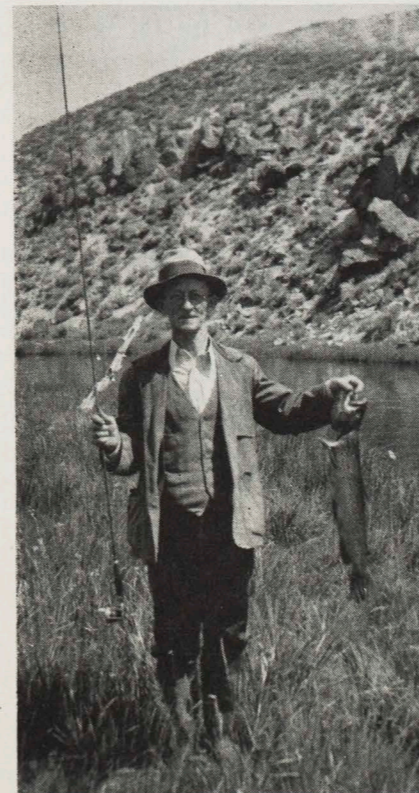
And so, having told nearly everything, we've about decided to let this be our last. We're staying through this issue to welcome the newcomers and start the old ones on their vacations.

First we welcome Noble Cates' ex-charming addition, Ruth Miller, and she certainly is an addition to anybody's office. She has taken over the stenographer duties. Then there are Dorothy Bailey, cousin of Esther Quast, and believe us, she's a chip off the old block, or we don't know our EQ. The other newcomers are Nell Metchikoff, Phyllis Bonner, Margaret Nicholas, and Virginia Bowles. Howdy to you all, and may you soon learn the "ropes". Incidentally, Phyllis suffers from cold feet. Well, we COULD lend her our brick.



Ronnie, grandson of "Pop" Everett, West Hollywood.

"Pop" Everett, freight, West Hollywood, is justly proud of his grandson, Ronnie.



Caught by S. M. Smart, Western Division, on Owens River, 5 miles from Bishop recently. Lochleven Trout, 27 inches long, 5 1/2 pounds.

Mary Louise English has packed up her knitting and moved over to Mrs. Dale's department, to become another charming addition to Noble's family. Our loss is their gain, to dig up an old saw.

Vacations started off with Esther Craig partly on the desert, the rest of the time taking a good rest at home. We saw in the paper that she will have to pack her boat in mothballs for the duration. But leave it to her, she'll soon be riding around on a "ship of the desert". Martha Smith went to Phoenix where friend husband is at the present. Well, that takes two vacations off the list.

Esther Quast and daughter Lois Brown drove down to Palm Springs where Lois just missed a tire swipe by not parking where she had originally planned to.

Just what does Accounting Department scribe Cates mean when he says that Earle Moyer will have left the Record Room in tip-top shape and "this department will have had a good rest"? If we were Earle, we'd demand an explanation, a retraction, and a dern good apology.

If anyone's interested, this office boasts 3 Florences, 3 Esthers, 2 Nells, 2 Dorothys, 2 Alices, 2 Margarets, and 2 Browns.

No wonder the weather has been so dark and gloomy. We've just heard that "Sunshine" is on his honeymoon. That means an almost total eclipse. Good luck and happiness go with you.

Well, we're staggering in on bankers' time now-a-days—8:30 to 5:00, and those of us who have heretofore lived a life of ease on the street cars and buses of mornings can now stand up and grow tall. Anyway, we're right in the thick of things now, and do we mean THICK—as applied to traffic. (Bet Uncle Tommus will cut all this out. We dare him to.)

Those of us who are taking First Aid have now reached the slack stage, and we suppose there will be a grand rush to join the class in Artificial Respiration. Those slacks remind us of a definition found in the Daily News: Quote "female trousers that look like a drooping bustle even on Marlene Dietrich and like a gunny sack load of watermelons on practically every other woman". Unquote.

Now we know where to go in an air raid. We who are slated for the front hall want to know if we can wheel our chairs out to sit on. Standing there for maybe several hours will be pretty tough on most of our dogs.

This leads us up to that sassy soliloquizer, Annie K. Bitzer, to whom we dedicate the following flossy and fantastic facer:

Cusses on thee, Annie dear,
Pin back thy big ears and hear
What is thought of such as thee;
Cusses thrice to thee from me.

With thy raw-boned criticisms,
And un-mirthful witticisms,
Thou dost shock the one who reads;
Cusses on thy low-down deeds.

With thy crazy figurations,
And thy nutty word gyrations,
Thou dost seek to pick a fight;
Cusses on thee, hapless wight.

When thou runnest out of saying
What to us doth sound like braying,
Thou canst say with satisfaction,
"I was ONCE a main attraction."

P.S. Anyone who would spend the evening under the poker table picking up butts, just ain't no lady

And now we bow gracefully out and let who will, take our place next month.

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

By Ray Cragin

The head man of our Department, Mr. C. Thorburn, was pleasantly surprised on April 16th at the 15th Annual Industrial Exposition and Dinner of the Southwestern Purchasing Agents Association held at the Elks Club. The Award of Merit to the outstanding member, who has contributed the greatest effort to the Association during the past year was received by Mr. Thorburn. The award was a beautiful gold wrist watch, and was presented by Mr. Keith, Purchasing Agent of W. P. Fuller Co. Mr. Thorburn's selection was unanimously received by all members as shown by their applause. We all extend our congratulations.

Many changes have taken place in this Department in the last month. George Quesenbery has been assigned to new duties, which in part call for dealing in priorities. Jim Wagely moved over to George's job but we understand Jimmy will be working for Uncle Sam by the time this reaches you. Bob Johnson moved in as Earl McCall's assistant and Edgar Glockzien took over the duties of file clerk. We now learn Edgar has Uncle Sam looking his way and has been summoned for a physical examination, and we will soon be singing "Good Bye Now" to Edgar.

Lois Brown and her pal Ester Quast attended the circus recently. It impressed the girls. Lois came to work a few Mondays ago and said she was still impressed and sore all over from horse back riding, even her eye lids hurt.

Bill Nicholay was recently a San Francisco visitor to attend a Priority

Meeting at the Southern Pacific Purchasing Department, to learn the new set up. Seems the priority situation changes every hour.

For sale, four pounds of cheese. Recently Mr. Fenimore sent to Wisconsin for a shipment of rare cheese. Several members of the Department ordered some. Roy Ewing said he liked cheese and put in his order. When it arrived he took his share home. When he broke open the package and cut off a slice the aroma in the family home was not to the liking of the members of his family. For sale, four pounds of cheese.

Several months ago Charlie Wakefield left Camp Curie at West Hollywood to join up at Fort Gill at the Stationery Store. Recently Charlie moved bag and baggage back to West Hollywood. I can't figure it out. Cliff is a Legion Man, Floyd a V.F.W. Charlie is both. Did Charlie go to W.H. to learn the secrets of Camp Curle, or was he at Fort Gill to learn the secrets there. I'll have to ask Walter Watchall or Walter Windshield as Mr. Clifford prefers to call him.

Elmo McBride has sold his cow and moved to town. Well, any way, he has left Torrance for a position in the Stationery Store. Russell Peterson is also a new member of the Stationery Store. We understand the young man is a very good ball player and was to play with the Angels but he could not come to terms with Mr. Wrigley.

The Following News Comes From Torrance:

Fred Dilthey is now at home after spending several days at St. Vincent's Hospital. We understand Fred is doing nicely and we hope he will soon be back on the job. They miss his umpiring the ball games at noon hour.

Fred Hopkins, the busiest man in Torrance is on the move. He now is assisting Charlie Stock at the Track Store. His spare time is devoted to being an Air Raid Warden and feuding with Tom Wilkes. Seems Tommy is an Auxiliary Policeman with considerable authority but not quite as much as Fred in his capacity as Air Warden. Fred had a birthday on April 30th and is known as the man who made E. V. Durling's column.

Franklyn Winterberg recently had the measles. This caused his father great pain as he did not like seeing his son ill, but every cloud has a silver lining. Frank got to use Junior's radio to hear Jack Armstrong and Captain Midnight and play with Junior's electric train.

After several years service at the Torrance Store, Orville Strosnider broke camp and is now working at the California Ship Yards. We were all sorry to see Orville go but he left

with the good wishes of all.

Frank DeBaum recently took his vacation and journeyed to Portland. He said he had two reasons for going. One was he needed a rest, and second to give his jaw a rest. Seems the boy has lots of arguments with other members of the Torrance Store.

We learn that Jim Phillips who was Price Clerk at Torrance several years ago is now a Buyer at the Consolidated Company in San Diego. Johnny VanDerZee, son of John VanDerZee of the Torrance store is now his assistant, and both doing nicely.

Eugene Sparks has left the Torrance Store for a position as Cost Accountant with the National Supply Company. Hugh Cain says he don't feel at home at Torrance any more with so many strangers around.

STATION STATIC

By James J. Adams

This month we say "Adios" to another veteran of the Information force. Rae Ellen Bates retires after 24 years service to take up house-keeping with friend hubby at Yuma, Ariz. To celebrate the event Grace Anstead baked another of her delicious cakes. By a super human effort we managed to snag ourselves a small piece. Many thanks for the sample, Grace, we're still looking forward to the cake you promised us. An to Rae Ellen go our best wishes for many happy years on her new "job".

Boy! Oh Boy! Does this office rate. We now have the honor of having our reports checked by an efficient comptometer operator, none other than Odessa Carter at that.

We hear via the "grapevine" that Mrs. Russell wants to know what information we have on Jimmie. Well, Reva, we have plenty. We'll put it out on the installment plan. His latest adventure as we understand it, was a trip to a local army camp to have dinner with a major. After he watched the army go through it's paces, he still thinks he likes to sell tickets.

Mandel Brasher at the Subway Information Desk is quite a master of languages. The only trouble is that the Mexicans, as Brasher puts it "Can't understand their own language."

Customer: "I want some con-solated rye."

Druggist: "You mean concentrated lye?"

Customer: "It doe nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?"

Druggist: "Fifteen cents. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

MOTOR TRANSIT NOTES

By M. J. Creamer

Here and There: Our 2 by 4 office was well stocked with personnel for a spell when the Auditors swooped in on us—a great time trying to find a nitch or a spot to sit in—or lean against and they marvelled at our lighting effects—or did they? Everyone was busy, "Mac" and his co-workers having themselves a time! Attractive Miss Sawyer did some comptometering work and can she jiggle the keys to a tune. . . . Will have to look in on Odessa Carter as understand she bid the comptometer job on Fifth Street clerks' daily sales etc. The excessive volume of business just put Geo. Jehl on a 12 hour basis. It was either hire additional help to handle or have the "big house" come to the rescue—and THAT they did! With our fleet being increased by some 25 buses including some of the new 45-psgr Whites, we'll be able to handle more passengers. Something we've needed for days!

Over There: Pete Petersen displaying a cable from his son, Lieut. Donald W. Petersen (age 22) who is ranked as one of our most colorful fighter pilots battling the Japanese in the Philippine Islands. It read "How about a chocolate fudge cake with nuts in it?" 'T'was the first word they had received from him since last December 29th, when he wired "Take good care of my car—want to use it soon". Both messages full of humor and good cheer! BUT—things change rapidly—as the cable was from the vicinity of Cebu and just FOUR days before our enemies took over. We hope he is SAFE and "FLYING HIGH" and that they'll all be happy landings! (Donald, better known as "Snooze" was a tackle on Pomona High School's football squad and in Pomona Jr. College began his flying career under Civil Aeronautics administration courses given at Pomona airport. Later he went to Randolph and Kelly fields for army flight training, graduating last April 1941, and received his commission. His first assignment was in the Philippine Islands where he has been for nearly a year.

We are happy to know that Roy Wilson made his crossing. It was a safe voyage! He's in the midst of things and our every wish is for a safe sojourn and return. Pop Reynolds filled with anxiety over his son in Manila who was unable to book passage before actual war. As last resort, his daughter cabled Mac-Arthur. A cablegram came from him to the effect that Pop's son IS alive but interned for the duration of war in Manila . . . the wife, luckily caught



In this corner we have Max Hess—Recognize that smiling mug of his? He's just another of our ticket mongrels who has switched to forces with Uncle Sam. He's up on Treasure Island. We're mighty proud of him and know he'll do his best

one of the last clippers leaving there for NYC.

Welcome News: Frank Kauffman who left us to join the U.S. Army not so many months ago has written that he is now a Sgt. and up Washington way . . . in the Transportation Dept. and nice set-up it is! Our cheerful greetings to him and congratulations on his ratings. Word too—but NOT only word—actual visits (two of 'em) from Max Hess who is stationed at Treasure Island (U.S. Navy) as storekeeper. Welcome on the mat! He is always surrounded by feminine charm—or COULD it be the uniform? Our pal, Guy Rhinard, Private in U.S. Air Corp, (Training school) Sheppard Field, Texas, is learning how to be A No. 1 mechanic . . . we've had letters from him and know that he will make the grade. Tune in to an ORDINARY day for him: "We are kept busy . . . get up at 6:30 A.M., roll call 6:45 A.M. and chow at 7:12 A.M., back to barracks at 7:45 A.M.—make up beds and sweep and mop and clean up barracks, 8:30 A.M.—9:00 A.M. exercise, 9:00 A.M. to 11:00 A.M. study period, 1:45 P.M. MAIL CALL (did you remember him with a letter?) 2:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M. school with 45 minutes break for chow at 5:40 P.M. Get back to barracks and to bed before lights are turned out at 10:30 P.M." It's not only schooling but practical experience. Guess on Sunday he has time to catch up on the washing and letter writing maybe?

Agent Cunningham, formerly Glendale and Claremont, back in U.S. Navy with 1st class rating—paid us a visit and showed us the different bulges in his uniform . . . says the NEW Navy is different from the old—"they really make you work, etc." but he's ALL SMILES as per usual—and passing along the word to say hello to everyone for him. He's waiting for a ship—was a bit afraid that the war would be over before he got in action (how good it would be if true). Anyway we know that he's not waiting for "ships that never come in"—he'll be in it Hook Edmondson expects the kahki suit soon!

Marion Snowden passing through depot with such cheerful greetings and such NICE compliments too. She's all for doing her bit to help WIN this war and know everyone feels the same. Time out—for a BLACK OUT—and t'was really just that! Comments from patrons were instant and demands "turn out that light" "don't smoke that cigarette" Yep, some of those who thought it great fun at first are now waking up to the fact of REALITY! Let's borrow the new motto "The guy who relaxes—helps the Axis."

Dashes: D. C. Roberts going in for horse meat in a big way—seems he hit a horse midship and results were curtains for the animal. Lawrence Allen and the Mrs. in town to see the big lites of the CITY and commenting that HE was glad his name hasn't been in print for some time. Was that a hint, Lawrence? Well—we think of you often. Joe Hernandez shopping for bicycle tires but finding them scarce as hen's teeth and as high in price as Pike's Peak. Could we call him absent minded? Recently he drove his car to work and then journeyed home via rail and asked his wife what she did with the car . . . and then was told that he drove it to work! Ah, me! The only solution Joe can offer is that he's just plain tired out . . . seems with his family of four (including the recent arrivals—twin boys) he has much home work to do—diapers and such if you know what I mean! Marvin Freeman getting his reclassification as 1-A and taking the Draft Board exam . . . maybe he'll be joining the forces soon too—who knows? Anyway, he grabbed his vacation while the getting was good but kept close to the Los Angeles area. Dog-gone we thought it was going to be a plane trip to Kansas City or thereabouts. Whassamatter Freeman, couldn't you get a reservation? Ernie Schultz saying hello—he's down at the ship yards or thereabouts! Bob Griffith in his Sunday best strutting down the avenue—I didn't say which avenue! Frank Pilkerton on the sick

list for few days—but glad to know he's on the mend! Bob Cruson—the Arrow collar ad — still around El Monte and beaming! R. T. Langston is leaving soon for Plainview, Texas. Ever notice the smile Jas. W. Peyton wears? It's contagious!

Happy to learn that Clarence J. Williams, timekeeper, is out of the hospital and back on the job—atta-boy! T'was a new grandchild for Pop Reynolds—a young daughter born to his youngest daughter, in Pasadena. This makes THREE grand children (girls) for Pop and now he says he HAS a girl for each of Joe Hernandez's THREE boys! E. W. Swanson back from brief vacation—up Oakland way via cho-cho—then time to do some redecorating in his home!

Chatter: Jim Tucker shopping for a new suit—thought would get one while could get trousers with cuffs but WHY did he come back empty handed or was his wardrobe sufficient? Memo to Mrs. Jehl to cut down on his allowance as while Miss Sawyer was ticking the comptometer keys in the office, he kept her and the staff in candy . . . please return? He's buying Defense Saving Bonds so maybe ten years hence he can retire to some hideaway, huh, what? Geo. Hoffman burning lights in his hen house and keeping 'em on real daylight saving time. Yep, he'll soon have a new flock of chicks too! Jasper Moreno bouncing around in the Express office. Jack Mickley (express) away on his vacation—will visit Carlsbad Caverns and way points going in his own private car (he has tires—lucky devil). The car incidentally is arranged to be made into a bed, so won't have to worry about motels with signs "NO VACANCY."

Watson A. Turner from Pomona in town recently—sez the Pomona Depot now a reality will be finished pronto. Has made plans for his vacation off in thin air and bidding out of Pomona for Pasadena just before authority was given to add another man at the Pomona Station. Then as the aftermath he takes his vacation. Well, Newt likes a change in scenery ever so often so she goes. Lee Roy Hall (the telephone mania) relieving there . . . and also at Whittier while Gary Evans took off on his vacation. As to where he spent his vacation, Gary had only to comment "oh—just fooling around." Carl Williams (San Bdo) thinking (?) of joining the Navy. Hurry my pal, while there's still time—it's a swell outfit! Carl McCollum with time off soon—wonder if he'll be down San Diego way to spend a few hours with his boy, Kenny who is in the U.S. Navy . . . and stationed



FLYING HIGH

That's Donald W. Petersen (son of Pete Peterson) who is now a Lieutenant in our mighty flying forces and making a name for himself. Snapped while he was in army flight training. The plane is a ABC-1. We'll hear MORE of him!

there? Tell him hello for us!

Guido (Carl) Roedder (Dispatchers' office) says he is really a good cartoonist, etc., and noted some of his sketches. Admits his best drawings are of buses without wheels—but methinks would be better to slap on the wheels and just draw 'em without tires. Afterall, what's in a picture? Howard Strong still clings to his sweater even in the summer weather and for reasons—such a nice place to store things he can't take him—but we won't tell on him. Slim Seifried however doesn't mind—he has NO secrets from his wife . . . or does he? Henry Stone on the silent drama role with narry a word! Benny Kimball breezing thru the depot with sheafs of papers. Jack Butler—well maybe he's JUST too busy and we know he is. "Shorty" Hall—the man who comes around—saying hello again! Walter Starks relieving in L.A. on Freeman's job during his vacation . . . and if "Sugar" only knew—he has ways with these lassies. Of course—NOBODY will ever take the place of Guy Rhinard who is "DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS" for he had full essence plus "glamour." Walter Rorick, our ol' pal, now in Glendale will soon be giving his daughter away—it's to be a marriage and we know it will be colorful. Details later.

Our Depot can boast of one of the nicest U.S.O. Clubs seen in these parts and it's just the spot! Comfortable lounge chairs, davenport,

cheerful drapes n'all—writing desks with stationery and postal cards for the "boys" and such amiable U.S.O. hostesses. The steps are well grooved by now—and it brings back memories of other days. T'was Roy Wilson's old offices. Brr - - in the winter time and torrid in the summer. That's when Roy had the front office and Ivan Erhardt and "yours truly" claimed the open air. Speaking of our good friend Ivan Erhardt—he is as busy as ever. He's just "plain lucky" if he manages to get out of the office for lunch without being stopped or delayed in transit—he lends a willing ear to anyone and how that is appreciated—just ask a few! If it's a bouquet—we're all for it!

Let's Dream This One Out: One of our hack hands had a dream so we'll let him tell you about it: (He's wheeled 'em around for years).

"I knew the gas fumes would get me some day, but little did I think that this fine new White equipment would turn it into laughing gas. But—how else can you account for the following dream wherein I got a worm's eye-view of a far different Motor Transit District. To be sure, it was all mixed up with war ideas but it seemed to make everyone happy—especially the customers.

In the aforesaid dream—some enterprising executive had changed the whole operating department along the lines of a NEW system of combatting war. He must have studied the new type of warfare and noticed that the "winners" were the countries which had abandoned the old ideas of armies, navies and air forces working separately, but which had adopted the task force technique, which means task with the MOST EFFICIENCY. This executive must have become "fed up" with incidents like coaches breaking down for lack of oil, new men running on the next schedule's time, missing connections, taking wrong routes etc. He had this new exhaust pipe-dream Motor Transit District operating under task force technique alright.

His ticket agents in the depot were moved over beside the loading gate; there, they sold tickets and gave information for one line only. They announced the coaches too when they were ready. With only one line to handle each had time for information. Customers found out plenty and more time could be given to the more difficult ones. Between schedules the agents had time to do their own bookkeeping as well as receive the operators' turn-ins for their own line.

The new service director was the ANSWER to a "hack hand's prayer". He didn't wear much of a uniform

because he didn't have to call the coaches and he had work to do. He too, had only one line to handle and was assigned operators and equipment to operate this line. Operating results on this line depended upon him and he had plenty of service to attend to. This "hotshot" service man had accurate knowledge of oil and water conditions of his coaches because he checked them himself. He checked waybills, time sheets and logs, and operators' errors were nipped in the bud; ie., while still remembered. He demanded a work sheet regularly and got something done about it promptly. In short, this man knew all about coaches, could make light repairs, and was attending to coaches all day long. He was SO good that I almost came out of the gas right there, but I lingered in dreamland a little longer, having caught a preview of the NEW supervisor.

The gas must have been especially rich at this point. He was really a manager and had only one line to take care of. He knew all about coaches and operating and was as well acquainted with the line as any of the operators. He associated in many ways with the customers and in this way got a reliable slant on their needs and likewise ascertained just who his best men were. He saw a good deal of the operating and made few mistakes when fixing blame for anything. He made up the runs for his own line, instructed his new men himself and went with them on the road until satisfied that they were fully capable. Taking into consideration the lack of promotion or future for operators, he did his best to reward his good men with better chances to earn more, get better working conditions, vacations and so on.

This kind of gas couldn't last forever, but before I came out of this White motor ether, my subconscious mind registered a few items on retrospect. Although very closely supervised, the operators were glad to work where their good efforts were noticed and possibly appreciated. The service directors and supervisor-managers were in competition with each other for results and the NET ADVANTAGE was a very pleased and augmented number of customers, which made everyone happy—especially up where they get ONLY a bird's-eye view of the Motor Transit District."

First Shipwreck Victim—Oh, this is terrible. My wife and I are such inseparable companions.

Second Shipwreck Victim — My wife never lets me out of her sight, either.



A "WAR BABY"
One of the latest of the new Motor Coaches. The same identical coach as the 2050-Class, except that it weighs 1000 pounds more because body is corrugated iron, and instead of bright trim, lacquer is substituted.

THE P. E. MASONIC CLUB By Ed Hasenyager

There will be no regular business meeting in the month of May, there will be, however, two Special events that should demand all of our attention.

Saturday, May 9, our Degree Corps will visit Redondo Lodge No. 328, and assist in conferring the Master Degree on one of our very popular fellow employees.

Saturday, May 16, we all expect to greet old friends at Granada Temple, 605 East Main St., Alhambra, for our annual family reunion.

Get your tickets early and bring along a good appetite and a determination to enjoy yourself. The Entertainment Committee assures us of an excellent dinner and good music.

Due to Federal Regulations, the time of leaving for Redondo must be governed by the regular bus schedule. Buses leave Olive Street Terminal at 6:10 P.M. and 6:20 P.M. and since Redondo Lodge have notified us that we can take over promptly at 7:30 P.M. we will be able to return, leaving Redondo at 10:16 P.M.. Let's make it a date.

Hospital News

Brother Wm. Schenk of the Mechanical Department is at St. Vincents Hospital having undergone a serious operation.

On April 23, our good Brother Edgar L. Martin (retired) was admitted to St. Vincents, having suffered a severe heart attack.

Brothers Charles D. Carney, and Paul Loughran are also listed as confined to the hospital account illness.

Notice: To all retired brothers, in the future notices of meetings will

not be mailed to your home address. It will be necessary for you to get any information regarding the activities of the Club thru the columns in the Pacific Electric Magazine.

RIGHT ON THE NOSE

The Home-spun Philosopher's Musings

The street car came to a stop and after a couple of passengers had alighted from the front door the motorman drew a deep breath, cocked back his head and let go a big stream of "baccy juice" for the open door. What didn't hit the door and the steps fell on the waiting zone, barely missing a man. Lucky for the motorman that he slammed the door right away or he would have had an argument on his hands. You know it's against good sense to chew "baccy" on duty but if you can't help it, then when you get your mouth full of that black juicy stuff swallow it. It may make YOU sick but not half as sick as the rest of the passengers who have to watch you. Some day I wish that motorman would look in the mirror and see those two streaks of brown running down from each corner of his mouth with a blob on the tip of his chin. UGH! Oh, that someone would the power to give us to see ourselves as others see us.

But on the other hand,

The street car was running as usual down the street when suddenly the motorman applied the brakes and rapidly rang the gong. After a short interval the crash occurred. As he arose from his stool and opened the door he remarked loud enough for those in front to hear, "Too bad, too

bad, but I sure put on my brakes and gave him plenty of warning." After he alighted we could both see and hear what occurred. The motorman went about his business of getting information while the auto driver loudly berated the motorman. Yeah, you could hear him a half a block away. When the motorman came back the passengers fell all over themselves trying to give him their names. You know, they felt sorry for the underdog and they also blamed all the delay on the fellow that talked the loudest. Yeah, those forty witnesses won the lawsuit for us and exonerated the motorman of all blame. Just another example — **silence is golden.**

Maybe you're too old to serve in the Army. You might have flat feet, bad teeth, or perhaps too many children. But remember, when you keep the cars and busses runnin', **you are doing your bit of service.** Because, they are just as necessary as being in the **front line.** And remember, you may have to keep this same equipment runnin' for a long time. It's goin' to be hard to get new ones, especially what goes around the wheels of the busses.

I don't know how old you are, but take me; I'm at the age where I forget more than I want to admit. And there's a lot of people who ride our cars and busses, who are in the same fix. So when someone asks you for a bit of information that you think they should know or maybe it sounds foolish to you, still they wouldn't want to take either your time or theirs unless they were sincere in the asking. Just try to be a little more than polite and give some help. **You may be old some day yourself.**

If you are out driving on your day off and someone bumps into your auto, what would you do. Maybe it's your fault and maybe the other fellow's. But I don't care which, if the other guy starts bawlin' you out, it makes you sore. Huh? And that's just the way some of the people feel when you bump them with a street car. If you can't say something decent, better keep still. **Ever hear about puttin' salt on a wound?**

Too many of us are thinkin' about hurryin' to the end of the line for a smoke or a visit. When you do, you take chances and then what happens? You know, an accident. And then what happens? Maybe some demerits. And then what happens? Yes, you get sore about it. And then what happens? Yeah, you feel like kickin' somebody. **And—it's pretty hard to reach around and kick yourself.**

Yours for a better understanding,
Grandpop.

Experience: What you get while looking for something else.—Columns

SPARK PLUGS

"But won't I have a hard time explaining to the police after I shoot this radio crooner?"

"Yes, they won't be able to hear you above the cheering!"

Brunette—The diamond bracelet that old Gotrox is going to give you cost \$5000. I hope you realize that.

Blonde—Say, I'll be tickled to death if I realize only \$2500 on it.

Marriage after love at first sight usually results in divorce at first sight.

He had proposed and been accepted.

"Do you think you could live on my salary of \$25.00 a week?" he asked.

"Surely, Darling," she replied; "but what will you do?"

Wife—Will you love me when my hair is gray?

Hubby—Why not? Haven't I stuck with you through brown, black, red, and blonde?

"Say, I hear that Blinkus has been making a lot of money lately. Is that on the level?"

"No, but he's made a lot of money."

"When that lady handed me a big steak sandwich, I gave her an imitation of a famous movie star."

"Which one, chief?"
"Joe E. Brown!"

"So you got a break in Hollywood?"

"Yes, in every promise."

When a woman's hair begins to turn gray she does everything she can to keep it dark.

Little Boy—And will you make the man put a lot of chocolate on my sundae?

Grandpa—Sure; I'll have him go the limit for you.

First Nurse—There's a patient in my ward that hasn't made love to me.

Second Nurse—One of mine is in a state of coma, too.

Medico—You can get all sorts of things from kissing.

Blonde—Yes—fur coats, diamonds, roadsters and everything.

When a slapstick comedian buys a pie, he always takes it for its face value.

"I want my engagement ring back."

"Why, you idiot, I'm not engaged to you."

"I know you're not, lady, but you're engaged to one of my credit-jewelry store customers who can't meet his payments."

"Take me right to the hospital, I'm going to have an operation to remove some surplus fat."

"You don't mean to tell me you're going to be beheaded?"

Wife—We must hurry home, because we're going to have calf brains for dinner.

Husband—Your brother, or that bachelor next door?

Captain: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"

Private: "I didn't see you, sir."

Captain: "Good, I was afraid you were mad at me."

Pastor: "Good morning, Mary. I hear God has seen fit to send you two little twin brothers."

Little Mary: "Yes, sir, and He knows where the money's coming from, too. Daddy said so."

"I receive 100,000 letters a year."

"Huh, I get 500,000."

"Yes, but mine are fan letters, not bills!"

Teacher—When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?

Smart Boy—The greatest change is in the price.

A diner thundered: "Which of you is the waiter who brought me this soup?" And the reply was: "I guess we've all had a hand in it, sir."

Andy—Ye wouldna buy your sweetie a ring at the five-and-ten, would ye, Sandy?

Sandy—Na, mon, it's better to gang to the twenty-five cent store and get her a guid one.

Girl—If I were you I'd just tell your wife who's boss around your place.

Henpeck—Yes, I guess I may as well admit the truth.

"My mother-in-law always puts another leaf on the table when I stay for dinner."

"You must go away full."

"No empty. It's a lettuce leaf."

THE INSURANCE OF YOUR FUTURE FREEDOM IS WAR BONDS

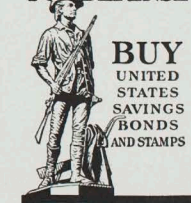
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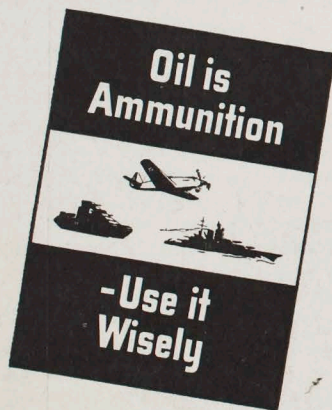
Invented by

W. F. MORRISON

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Broadway at 9th
LOS ANGELES

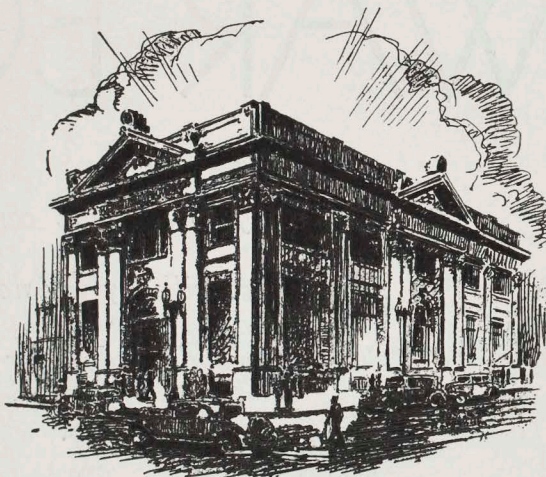


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