

NOVEMBER 1942

PACIFIC ELECTRIC

Magazine

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PACIFIC ELECTRIC Magazine

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Published monthly by the Pacific Electric Railway, in the interest of, and distributed free to active and retired employes 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

THE BLOOD BANK

W. E. Scholl, Chairman
Blood Bank Committee

An appeal has been made to each of us by the American Red Cross requesting that we donate a pint of blood in order that the life of one of our soldiers at the front may be saved by the timely administration of blood plasma.

The results of this appeal have been far less than the amount originally requested. With the ever broadening of the theatre of combat it is reasonable to assume that the need for the vital plasma will be even greater.

In order that the employees of the Pacific Electric Ry. Co. and affiliates may have the opportunity to do their part, the Company has agreed to furnish transportation from the Sixth and Main St. Station to the Red Cross Blood Bank and return at such times as The Committee in charge of this feature shall arrange. For the employees who cannot conveniently make arrangements to avail themselves of this offer, a mobile unit of the Red Cross will visit your community in the near future and you will have the opportunity to make your donation at that time.

Representatives of the Management-Labor War Production Committee will contact you shortly with all the particulars.

Sign up and help save a life.

IT'S A BOY!

The young ladies of the Passenger Traffic Department indulged in candy on the morning of October 27th, while the men of the Department who had acquired the habit, smoked cigars—these gifts being the donation of Charles Minick, who proudly announced the arrival of a young boy at his home the previous day.

Mother and son are doing nicely, and Charles will recover.

A MESSAGE TO ALL PACIFIC ELECTRIC WORKERS WAR BONDS . . . AND . . . HORSE SENSE

By W. P. NUTTER,

General Chairman Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen

We're rationed on sugar—on rubber—on typewriters—and on automobiles. We can't have red meat on Tuesdays—and we'll soon have to show mighty good reason if we get more gasoline than an "A" card allows. The merchants have less on their shelves—and we can't "coffee-up" so frequently now.

Rationing will not stop with these few commodities—it must be extended so that all, rich and poor, will have their share. Regulation of our domestic economy is just as necessary as military strategy—it takes both to win.

A part of our war-time economy is the rationing of money—regardless of what terms may be used to express it. We, as a nation of free people, will be able to buy in 1943 just about 60 per cent of what we are buying in 1942. That means there will be about 40 per cent more money available—money that can't be spent for the things we ordinarily buy. That money must be used for war materials—must be put at the disposal of government. That money must not be used by us to bid against one another in the purchase of rationed goods—or luxuries that are still available. Such competition will mean the sky-rocketing of prices—will mean inflation—will mean that your dollars won't do you or anyone else any good.

The government has two ways to siphon off the surplus money. The most direct and sure way is by taxation—and the Victory Tax of next year is only a vest-pocket edition of what the real article will be if the other method don't work.

The other method is War Bonds—the government borrows from you and the money goes directly into war materials. The reason we hear so many reports about higher taxes and "compulsory savings" is because the War Bond method is not working fast enough. Some of us are laying down on the job—we're not voluntarily rationing our money.

We might as well face the cold, hard facts—if we don't voluntarily ration our money it will be done for us by our legislators. We will have higher taxes and "compulsory savings". This rationing of money should be the first *must* on every household list.

Your government—your employer—and your labor union—all want to help you on this job of money rationing. The pay-roll plan is the best—and by constant check of both employers and unions the Treasury Department knows when a group is cooperating in the plan. And when over 90 per cent of the employees of any concern are purchasing more than 10 per cent in War Bonds the coveted Minute Man Flag is awarded.

To buy War Bonds—to save and have a cushion to land on when the War is over—to ration your money—you must, of necessity, budget all your expenses and then do a lot of trimming. Ten per cent is far more than many can afford—but we can't afford not to buy Bonds either.

Our War Bond drive is under way—we will get the Minute Man Flag. We will respond to the call of our government. If our fellow workers can be drafted—if our brothers and our sons must give their lives to this cause we can, at least, draft 10 per cent of our checks.

MRS. PAUL SHOUP PASSES

To those of us who have been with the Company for a good many years, information of the death of Mrs. Paul Shoup at her home in Los Altos, California, on October 20th, came as a very great shock and was received with much regret.

During the time Mr. Shoup was President of Pacific Electric Railway, she was a frequent visitor to the big building at 6th & Main Streets—a most gracious visitor, indeed—who knew most of us engaged in the work here and to whom she was always very affable, considerate and kindly.

Her life was devoted to good deeds and there are many in Southern California who have been recipients of her generosity, her sympathy and her helpfulness. Particularly was she interested in charitable organizations and welfare work. Through her wide acquaintance she found places in the business world for a great many people where they could be self-sustaining or where a position was best suited to their talents. The memory of Mrs. Shoup will linger long with us.

In attendance at her funeral in the garden of her home at Los Altos came friends who had known and loved her from all sections of the country, their presence testifying to their deep regard for this woman who had done so much for so many.

To Mr. Shoup and the two sons and daughter who survive her, on behalf of those of our Company who have known them over the years, we extend the most sincere sympathy.

LOSES MOTHER

Friends of Dorothy Worden, more recently with the Passenger Traffic Department, but prior to that time the Company, will regret to learn of the death of her mother which occurred at McAllister, Oklahoma, October 29th.

Dorothy and her husband left immediately for her old home there to attend services.

Sincere condolences are extended to Dorothy.

GOES INTO RADIO SCHOOL

W. "Bill" Todd, long-time employee of the Passenger Traffic Department, more recently connected with the Real Estate and Tax Department, is on his way in the Government service by way of Radio School.

Bill left last week to take his examination and be assigned to Radio Technical School, from which he will graduate into the Signal Corps of the United States Army as a Radio Technician.

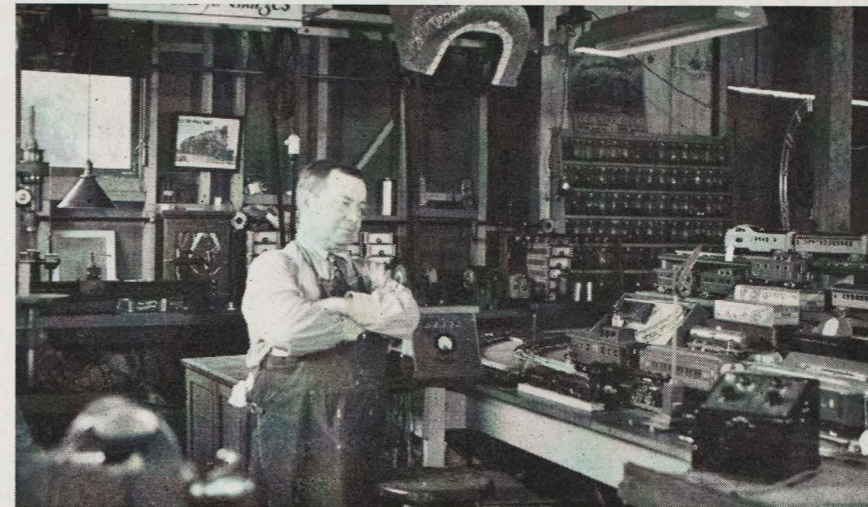
Congratulations and best wishes are extended to Bill.



THE RETIREMENT LIST

The following is list of employees retired during period July 1-October 29, 1942. To all of these fellow employes of ours, best wishes are extended. May they all find ways of pleasantness and many days in which to enjoy the best things of life.

Name	Department	Occupation	Service
William B. Annen,	Engineering,	Towerman	35
Spurgeon G. Allen,	Mechanical,	Car Cleaner	16
Harry C. Bashor,	Engineering,	Sub Station Operator	35
Howard T. Bennett,	Transportation	Conductor—So.	32
John H. Douglas,	Transportation,	Motorman—No.	22
David E. Downs,	Transportation,	Conductor—No.	35
Paul V. Fancler,	Accounting,	Clerk	19
Herman J. Greenfield,	Transportation,	Motorman—West	18
Rufus Hornbuckle,	Transportation,	Motorman—West	19
Emma Horton,	Mechanical,	Machine Operator	20
James N. Johnson,	Transportation,	Agent	35
Jacob M. Landis,	Transportation,	Motorman—No.	23
Joseph H. LeClaire,	Transportation,	Conductor—No.	22
Charles F. Smith,	Transportation,	Motorman—West	22
Charles B. Hodson,	Armature Winder,	Mechanical Department. Retired	June, 1942—Deceased, September 13, 1942, 21 years service.



MINIATURE TRAINS HIS HOBBY

Thirty-eight years ago J. R. Metz began work with the Pacific Electric in the old shops at Central Avenue and 7th Street as an apprentice, which paid the magnificent sum of 10c per hour while he was learning a trade—and about the same time he developed a yearning to build miniature railroads, at which hobby he has been laboring ever since with the result that today he is considered by toy equipment manufacturers of the United States as one of the best experts in miniature construction in the country.

His shop at his residence, 1753 West 21st Street, is a lure for all mechanically minded of his neighborhood, particularly small boys, and is a Mecca sought by jobbers and dealers in miniature trains when any equipment in their stock goes wrong and fails to perform in the accepted manner.

Several years ago, while wandering through the toy department in the old Hamburger Store which at that time was at First & Main, now the May Company, 8th & Broadway, the manager of the store notice his curiosity and inspection of miniature trains and asked him if he thought it would be possible to make repairs on anything like that. Metz' reply that they certainly could be repaired brought out a defective train to take home with him, which he put in first-class condition, returned, and ever since that time, years ago, he has been taking care of all the defective mechanical toys, particularly trains, for that big store.

Shortly after that incident, Mr. Metz met a Mr. Coleman of the Great American Flyer Mfg. Co. of Chicago, whose specialty was the manufacture of trains and this meeting resulted in his being appointed Service Representative for the whole Pacific Coast area.

During the last two years, he has

had charge of similar work in this area for the Lionel Corp. of Irvington, New York, latest and probably best-known producers of miniature trains for the market.

Along with all of the repair work and replacement of parts that Mr. Metz has been doing over the past 20 years, he has likewise constructed completely a great many trains, both freight and passenger, as are evidenced by the photograph herewith, which shows a corner of his shop together with an exhibit of some of his trains.

Here is a hobby that has not only been a pleasure, but a profitable one to the man engaged to it.

A HOSPITAL VACATION

Sibyl I. Mather, Chief of the Information Bureau, made an unusual decision when her vacation time arrived recently and in place of trying out the steam lines on a vacation east or north or going to the sea-side to indulge in water sports, she chose 10 days' vacation out at the hospital and treated herself to a minor operation consisting of parting with one of her toes which has, since time immemorial, been bothering her.

None the worse for her session with Dr. Weber who, she claims, did a wonderful job of hemstitching, she is again on duty at the Information Bureau.

HE'S IN THE ARMY NOW!

Ed Hofer, for some time secretary to H. O. Marler, Passenger Traffic Manager, has been inducted into the Army since the last issue of the Magazine and his whereabouts since leaving the office have been unknown. Doubtless he has followed the pathway made by others of his fellow employees—first to Fort MacArthur and thence to some point which comes under the category of "Military Secret".

Ed has been missed around the

office by the many who knew him and all of his many friends wish him the best of luck while serving Uncle Samuel.

ARTHUR C. McELHINNEY

Death came unexpectedly to Arthur C. McElhinney, who for many years has been connected with the Treasury Department, following a very brief illness—his demise occurring at St. Vincent's Hospital on Saturday, October 10th, as the result of a heart attack.

Mr. McElhinney was a native of Iowa, born March 21, 1883. His parents later moved to Olathe, Kansas. He entered the service of the Pacific Electric in April 1911 and of the Treasury Department in March 1916. "Mack" as he was familiarly known to his fellow employees, inherited the ready wit of his Irish ancestors and the profusion of flowers at his funeral attested his many friends in all Departments of the Company.

In his death, he leaves his wife and a sister, Mrs. Margaret Ewing of Quinter, Kansas.

Services were conducted in Glendale on October 14th, followed by interment at Forest Lawn.

Condolences are extended on behalf of his many friends to his wife and sister.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

From a contributor, unknown except by his signature of "Dolbee", comes a play upon the names of individuals in our Company and we quote his screed as follows:

"Over on the Glendora-Monrovia (Gem of the Foothills) Line, I know a conductor by the name of **YELL**. Down at the Macy St. Car Barns in Los Angeles, Oscar Swansen has a helper who's known as **HOLLAR**. There is a goofy guy here in Riverside Substation who signs his time card **HOWELL**. And now, on page 6 of the September issue of the P. E. Magazine, up pops a guy by the name of **SCREECH!** This sure as hell is getting to be a noisy outfit. ¿No es verdad?"

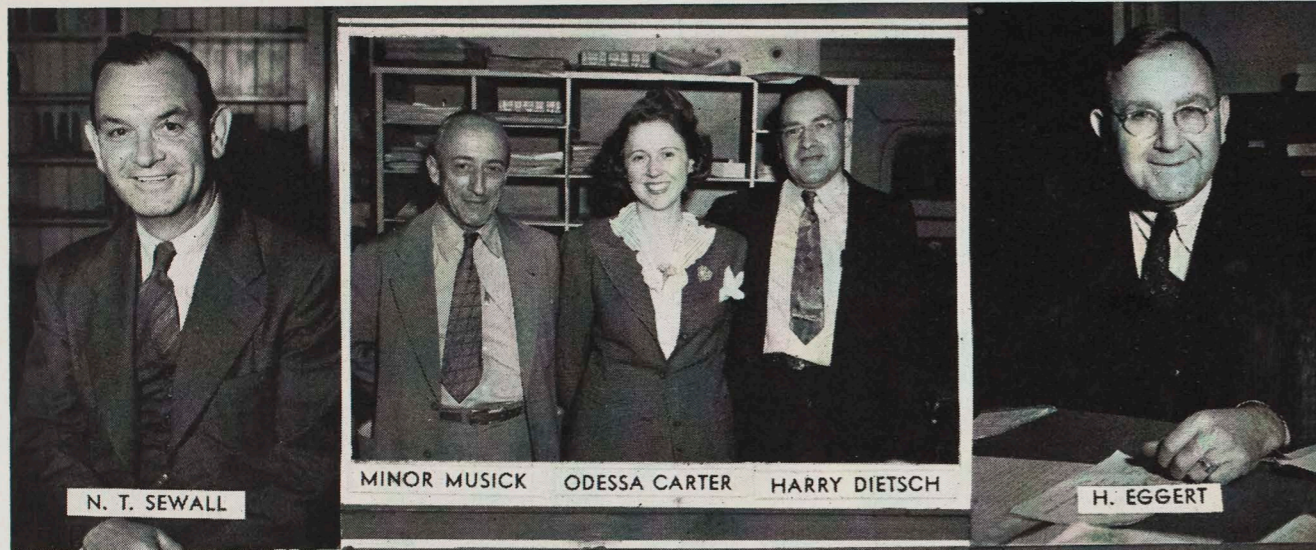
HERE'S A HATE WITH A WEIGHT

From the Southurst C. of C. Bulletin comes this trite piece of philosophy:

**I Hate the Guys
Who Criticize
And Minimize
The Other Guys
Whose Enterprise
Has Made Them Rise
Above the Guys
Who Criticize
And Minimize
The Other Guys**

AIN'T IT SO? The best place to find a helping hand is on the end of your arm.

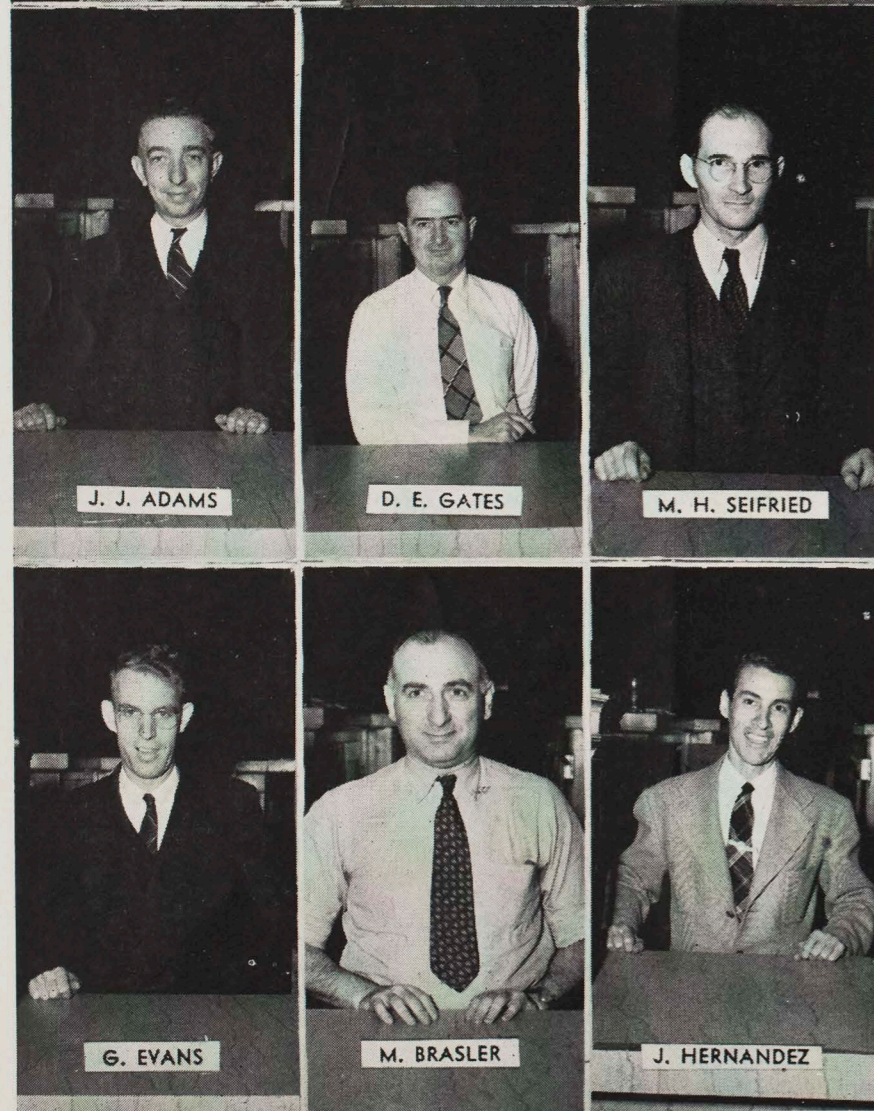
"SALESMEN" OF RIDES ARE A VERY BUSY BUNCH



N. T. SEWALL

MINOR MUSICK ODESSA CARTER HARRY DIETSCH

H. EGGERT



J. J. ADAMS

D. E. GATES

M. H. SEIFRIED

G. EVANS

M. BRASLER

J. HERNANDEZ

The salesmen of tickets of the Pacific Electric Railway have been slighted for a long time in the matter of publicity regarding their activities; for, during the last two years that we have been very busy in the rehabilitation of Pacific Electric, the Magazine has dealt largely with the various improvements, receipt of new equipment, and reconstruction of our old equipment, and has not devoted as much space to the personal equation of the Company as was desired.

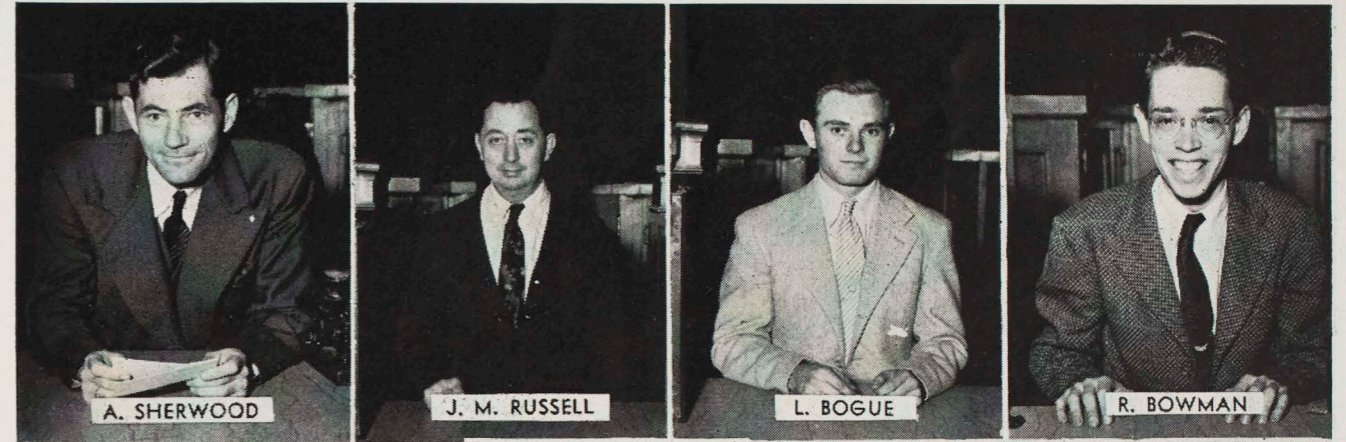
This month the Magazine devotes two full pages of pictures showing our ticket selling forces at Main Street Station and Subway Terminal in appreciation of the fine work that is being accomplished by the "Ticket Choppers."

Ticket Clerks are, in some respects, kindred to the postman, of whom it has been said that on his day off he usually takes a walk in the park for a change. With the Ticket Clerks, it is almost likewise proverbial that on their days off they stand around the lobby watching the other boys sell tickets.

To many people, the work of these agents of the Company and direct contactors of the traveling public, have a soft job—apparently all they have to do is reach for a ticket, stamp it with the dater and take in the money—although their duties range much wider than this. Not only must they keep account of their stock in trade, which is tickets of various destinations and classes, but they must know the railway system in its entirety with regard to stops, fare limits, classes of tickets sold, fares applying thereto, making their sales, supplementing the Information Bureau with additional information

Personality is a great asset when it comes to selling anything. There is much of it in this department.

"SIXTH AND MAIN" AND "THE SUBWAY" SERVE THOUSANDS



A. SHERWOOD

J. M. RUSSELL

L. BOGUE

R. BOWMAN

to travelers, accounting for all funds and tickets and, in general, they are the direct intermediary between the Company and its patrons and should be and in most cases are, ambassadors of good will.

Present forces at Main Street and Subway Terminal number seventeen Ticket Clerks on active duty in addition to the office force of Agent Henry Eggert; Assistant Agent N. T. Sewall; Minor Musick, Cashier; Harry Dietsch, Ass't Cashier; and Odessa Carter, Comptometer Operator.

It is interesting to know the large volume of sales handled by the seventeen ticket salesmen. During the month of September; and, it is safe to say that the figures have increased since that time, the number of tickets sold at Main Street Station was 352,741 while the turnstiles at Subway Terminal registered 400,000 with additional tickets sold from the windows at that station of 30,000, making a total of 782,741 fares accounted for, or an average of in excess of 46,000 tickets to each man during that one-month period.

In this connection, it should be remembered that this, of course, represents the transactions within these two stations only and does not include any of the fares or tickets handled by conductors, operators, or outside agencies.

With the coming gasoline rationing, it is almost certain that the labors of these men will be increased but that they will meet the emergency of the future as they have met the emergency of the present is assured.

Quite naturally, all of us believe that we have the most efficient and effective ticket selling force to be found in any city of the country or in any agency and their work in general could not easily be excelled.



W. ROSENTHAL

F. KAPITAN

R. BURNS

A. BROWNELL

M. KAPITAN

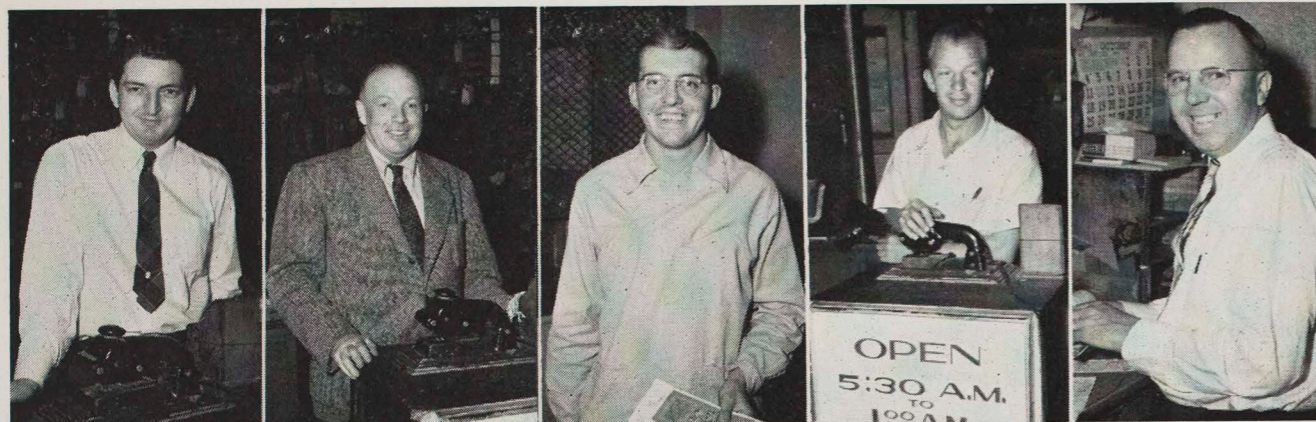
R. EASTHAM

L. MURRAY

D. MARTIN

R. MCGAW

Sincere smiles please the customers, and, it requires only about half the facial muscle energy to smile as it does to frown.



GORDON CHASTAIN
Cashier

EARL STANLEY
Messenger-Clerk

STANLEY GRAY
Cashier

T. MEINERT
Cashier

E. H. MATTSON
Cashier

MORALE OF THE NEW EMPLOYEE

By T. L. Wagenbach

In this period of stress and strain, brought about by the state of war, thru our labor-management committees much is being done with reference to morale.

We older employes, thoroughly experienced as a result of years of service in our particular line of endeavor, can, of course, more easily maintain our own morale because of the faculty with which we are able to more or less subconsciously meet a lot of situations of a routine nature by virtue of the fact we have repeatedly done those things.

As to the morale of the employe who has recently entered our service, most of whom have not had experience in any similar line of endeavor prior to this time, all of us who have had the advantage of long experience in this business can, if we will, be very helpful to these new fellow employes in the development of the morale which is essential to their satisfactory life and also to our service.

I took occasion to see what Webster had to say about morale and the brief definition reads "STATE OF MIND WITH REFERENCE TO CONFIDENCE, COURAGE, ETC". That definition is to the point and, boiled down, it means that our recently acquired fellow employes can and must develop a higher state of morale or, as it is defined, of confidence and courage.

The question is, how can we, the experienced employes in this endeavor, help with new employe morale? We can be helpful by extending to these men the advantage of our knowledge gained by experience, making them feel that they can master the duties of their positions and, in every other way possible, instill confidence and courage in them.

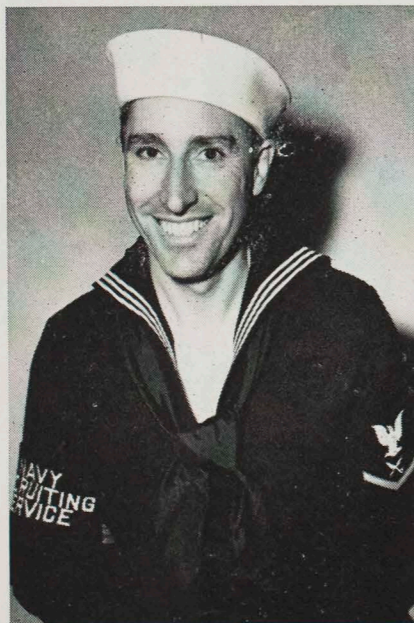
After all, it is not going too far to say that it is patriotic to go out of our way to help these students and continue to help them after they

get thru their student period, volunteering suggestions and information and inquiring whether we can in any way be helpful to them.

When you add this all up there is a dividend and, that is, that none of us who are conscientiously helpful in building the morale of our new fellow employes can escape collecting something which will go far toward the upbuilding of our own morale.

NAVY WINS SHAFER

"Jimmy" Shafer, for quite some time past Ticket Stock Clerk in the Passenger Traffic Department, has



been promoted to the Navy by Uncle Sam. Not that Jimmy sought the promotion but it came about in the operations of the regular draft rules and Jimmy beat his Uncle Sam to it and chose the Navy. He is now in full uniform and for the present sta-

tioned at Culver City in Recruiting Service.

Jimmy has been very popular with a great many people in the P. E. Building and particularly so in his own Department, to which we hope he will soon return after the war is over.

MASONIC CLUB NOTES

By Ed Hassenyager

Message from the President.

Due to present restrictions and curtailment on travel; the fact that many of us are engaged in war and defense work which confine us in or near our homes, or elsewhere in the performance of those duties; and also due to a lack of suitable and satisfactory facilities and catering service we will forego our annual banquet this year.

We very much regret to do this because we all eagerly look forward to those "Get together" meetings with a great deal of anticipation and pleasure. This is not the result of snap judgment, but was decided upon after extensive investigation and consideration. We hope that the conditions will change before another year rolls around so that the custom may be resumed.

For essentially the same reasons no more REGULAR meetings will be held until WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1943, at which time the Club must elect and install its new officers for 1943; until then, BEST WISHES TO YOU ALL.

Hospital News

Bro. Newton High is still confined to St. Vincent's Hospital as well as Brother Schenk and Bro. Wakefield.

The Secretary is making up the new membership cards for 1943 so if you have not already signed up your dues deduction card ask for one or please send in that \$ so you will get your card on time and mark your calendar for that all important date **January 20, 1943.**

Radio Drama

Ever listen to "Grand Central Station" on the radio? Some observant radio dramatist could get plenty of material for comedy, tragedy, or perhaps mystery, by watching the people and noting the incidents that happen in our P. E. waiting room. Instead of a steam locomotive with full-throated whistle, clanging bell, and churning pistons for a signature, the program might use the sound of a P. E. interurban tearing down the rails between Dominguez and Long Beach with whistle moaning and shrieking like a wounded giant scurrying for home and yelling for mother.

Applause for P. E. Conductors

Speaking of P. E., we'd like to seize the occasion to compliment the conductors on the interurban rail lines for their courtesy and good fellowship toward their passengers. (Haven't ridden much on the local rail lines or the motor coaches). A sleepy fellow headed for a long day's work feels definitely more cheerful when, as he boards the car, the conductor greets him with a smile and a hearty "Good morning!" Conductors, like other humans, no doubt have their ups and downs, at home as well as on the job; but so far in our journeyings we haven't seen a single instance of discourtesy or bad temper—such as we recently heard about on good authority concerning bus drivers in a large northern city. No, nothing but smiles and good fellowship. It's the best salesmanship P. E. has, too. . . . Calling the streets might be improved a bit; people in the far end of the car sometimes can't hear, and if they are strangers they may be entirely dependent on the conductor for knowing when to get off.

New P. E. Management-Labor War Production Committee

By the time you read this, you will doubtless have received the pamphlet explaining the purposes of the P. E. Management-Labor War Production committee. Don't throw it away, and don't merely keep it for future reference. **Read it now.** It's worth while, and it makes you, personally, important in the scheme of things. Equal representation of both management and labor is the basis of the committee, and the plan had to have the approval of both workers and administration before it was finally adopted. Similar plans have been in use for years with considerable success by a number of railroads in the U. S.

The longer it takes us to win this war, the larger will be the numbers of lives lost, the greater will be our loss in materials, the heavier will be



Ensign John R. Gough (right) stationed at Destroyer Base, San Diego and Lieutenant Edwin H. Gough (left) flying instructor at Minter Field, Bakersfield, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar J. Gough of Alhambra. Their father is a Disabled War Veteran of World War I and employed as Conductor, system line car.

WANDERING HERE AND THERE

With Warren Silliman

The P. E. Waiting Room

Have you ever stood in the P. E. Station and watched the crowds? With eyes constantly turned toward the direction in which they must hurry to the car, they stand patiently—or impatiently—before the gates for minutes and minutes before the gatekeeper slides them on. When he finally does—whoosh!—everybody dashes through them at breakneck speed to beat his neighbor to a seat. Maybe people are afraid they'll have to stand. Or maybe it's just an outcropping of the innate urge to get ahead of somebody else. In any case, the sprinters can feel pretty confident nowadays that they won't get a seat to themselves, no matter how fast they run.

Business is really brisk here at the station, especially since the busses began operating out of the Main Street entrance.

"Busses" or "Buses"?

Considerable agitation has been felt of late in certain departments over the proper spelling of the plural of "bus." Webster's New International Dictionary, 1934 edition (had to make a special trip to the library to look it up) gives "busses" as the preferred spelling, with "buses" as second choice. With this world-shaking discovery disposed of, we can now breathe a sigh of relief and turn to less weighty matters.



Robert E. Baldwin, son of Motorman W. G. Baldwin, Western District.

our taxes, and the longer will be our period of sacrifice and self-denial. The sooner the war is over, the better off we'll be. The P. E. committee hopes to help shorten the conflict by improving the efficiency of our transportation system, which is our part in war production.

So read your pamphlet—and put on your thinking cap.

SOME FIGURES THAT STARTLE

The NAM News quotes Rep. A. S. Monroney of Oklahoma as follows:

"To a large extent, the government is creating its own manpower problem."

The NAM News then shows some figures compiled by Rep. Monroney:

The federal government now has 2,571,500 employees—280 per cent more than in the first world war.

Total federal, state and local government employees now number 5,589,132, or 500,000 more than all the men serving in all the armed forces.



AMERICAN LEGION POST

By James E. Davis

An American Legion citation, consisting of a certificate of merit, was presented to Thomas Lewis Wagenbach, Assistant to the General Superintendent of the P. E. Ry., at a joint meeting of the P. E. Ry Post and Auxiliary and the S. P. Daylight Post, at the P. E. Club, Oct. 13. Commander Kenneth M. Brown made the presentation speech. Adjutant Clarence A. Newman, and First Vice-Commander Frederick W. Nichols, extolled Mr. Wagenbach for his kind cooperation with us in our various programs.

Speeches were also made by First Vice-Commander S. P. Daylight Post J. V. O'Connell, who knew Mr. Wagenbach when he was working for the S. P. and by Second Vice-Commander E. C. Bradley of S. P. Post and others, including the President of our Auxiliary, Mrs. Donald Smith.

A similar presentation was made to P. E. Ry President O. A. Smith, who also has helped us very much.

Preparations are under way for more joint meetings, with the Southern Pacific Daylight Post.

We are very sorry that Miss Melia Houge, very efficient chief nurse for the company, and good friend of its many employees has passed away.

Although First Vice-Commander Frederick W. Nichols is no longer Chaplain of this post, he is serving on the 23rd District Hospital Committee and still visits the hospital at Sawtelle about twice a month. Comrade Alfred W. Bone has secured another supply of leather scraps, a frame for making rugs, some buttons and other knick knacks, for the Hobby Shop at Sawtelle. Comrade Nichols has promised to take them there the next time he goes.



Judge Advocate Burgess N. Broberg, who has just returned from Kansas City, where he served as Department Delegate to the American Legion Convention, read an interesting report of the convention.

A suggestion by Comrade Alfred W. Bone, that we get a service flag with a star for each child of a post member, that is serving in the armed forces of the United States, was adopted. Also another flag is to be secured with stars for each member of this post in similar service. Both flags to be hung in our meeting room.

We have reported the names of some sons of members of this post that are serving in the armed forces of the United States. Addition to this list. Chaplain Walter L. Hume has a son in the navy. Comrade

Bone told us, his son Alfred W. Bone, Jr., who is a charter member of our Sons of the Legion Squadron, is at Fort Lewis, Washington, in the Infantry. Judge Advocate Broberg has two sons in the navy and one in the army.

Oct. 27, we had 68 members of our post who have paid their 1943 dues, including one that joined Oct. 13. Comrade Holland P. Carter, served in the 110th Engineer Train. He is a patrolman for the P. E. Ry. We wish to make as good a showing in membership as possible by Nov. 11th, therefore we hope that many more have paid up by this time.

Remember, all veterans of World War one, now employed by the Pacific Electric or its affiliates are eligible to join this post, if they can show honorable discharge papers.

MR. & MRS. BADGE OF HONOR



By Arthur Folwell and Ellison Hoover

PACIFIC ELECTRIC CLUB MONTHLY BULLETIN

- Tuesday, November 10:**
American Legion Auxiliary Afternoon Card Party—Playing fee 25c—Prizes to winners 1:00 p.m.
American Legion Post Semi-monthly Meeting—8:00 p.m.
American Legion Auxiliary Semi-monthly Meeting—8:00 p.m.
- Wednesday, November 11:**
P. E. Rod & Gun Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.
- Thursday, November 12:**
Red Cross Sewing Unit of P. E. Women's Club 10:00 a.m.
P. E. Women's Club Business Meeting & Program 1:00 p.m.
- Saturday, November 14:**
P. E. Agents' Association Meeting—7:30 p.m.
- Thursday, November 19:**
Red Cross Sewing Unit of P. E. Women's Club—10:00 a.m.
P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party. Playing fee 25c—Prizes to winners—1:00 p.m.
- Tuesday, November 24:**
American Legion Post Semi-monthly Meeting—8:00 p.m.
American Legion Auxiliary Semi-monthly Meeting—8:00 p.m.
- Thursday, November 26:**
Thanksgiving Day—Club rooms closed.
- Thursday, December 3:**
Red Cross Sewing Unit of P. E. Women's Club—10:00 a.m.
P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party. Playing fee 25c—Prizes to winners—1:00 p.m.
- Tuesday, December 8:**
American Legion Auxiliary Afternoon Card Party. Playing fee 25c—Prizes to winners—1:00 p.m.
American Legion Post Semi-monthly Meeting—8:00 p.m.
American Legion Auxiliary Semi-monthly Meeting—8:00 p.m.
- Wednesday, December 9:**
P. E. Rod & Gun Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.
- Thursday, December 10:**
P. E. Women's Club Annual Bazaar—Doors open all day—Proceeds to help the unfortunate members of the P. E. Family.
P. E. Women's Club Business Meeting & Program—1:00 p.m.
- Friday, December 11:**
P. E. Women's Club Annual Bazaar—Doors open all day.
- Educational Classes:**
Transportation Operation and Maintenance Problems Class held each Tuesday evening from 5 to 7:00 p.m.
- P. E. Club Bowling League Matches:**
League Matches held each Friday evening 8:15 p.m. at Arcade Recreation Center. 542 South Broadway—Spectators invited.

P. E. ROD AND GUN CLUB NEWS

By Arlie Skelton

Attendance at our Oct. 14 meeting was somewhat better than the previous month. Several new faces were present and we hope they were well enough impressed to return again and again and use their influences to encourage others to come to the meetings.

Conspicuous by their absence were the entire Executive Committee. H. P. Bancroft, W. G. Knoche, E. L. H. Bissenger, B. F. Manley and Dave Porter, all among the missing. No doubt the opening of duck season the following day, Oct. 15, had much to do with it. In fact yours truly had to leave the meeting early in order to meet a party of trainmen from the Western Division including Roy Butterworth, John Leslie, Mrs. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Hooper and Mr. Crunk who motored to Big Bear Lake for the opening day of duck shooting. While none of this group got their limits, we did get plenty of ducks for that duck dinner and we brought home the ducks. Being a law abiding citizen and trying to be a good sportsman along with it and with migratory game laws being more or less complicated, seemingly to me, it was my first experience at duck shooting on the opening day. The reason for some of these laws seems quite apparent now. For instance, take the law which prohibits shooting from a power boat or motor boat. I had been led to believe that law was made to give the duck a chance to "take wing" before hunters could rush up and start "pot shooting" into a flock of ducks busily feeding on the lake. Guess I was wrong—after observing the rush for wounded and falling birds, one can just imagine the awful crashes and crack-ups and the drownings if all those wolves were equipped with speed boats. Of the five ducks we were sure we killed we were only able to retrieve three

of them. When you are new at a game you naturally expect a lot of bad breaks so I thought nothing of it until we decided to call it a day and started comparing notes with other members of the party and found they also had contributed liberally to other hunters bags. Then it was decided it did not matter so much as to who killed the bird, as it did who got there "firstest" with the "mostest". Anyway we all had a good time, it was a beautiful day and everybody seemed to get plenty of shooting. And the birds were fat and tender. Understand the Manleys went north for their shooting and took their limits in short order.

A summary of the Sports Calendar for the year 1942 shows good trout catches made at Lake Arrowhead on the opening of the season, May 1st. Limit of deer taken on opening day, Sept. 16th and plenty of duck shooting on the opening of the season, Oct. 15 and the quail season yet to come on Nov. 15. And still we hear men say they used to hunt and fish in the east where there was game to go after but didn't believe it worth while out here. My contentions are, if you know where to go for your sports afield, California is "dog-gone" hard to beat.

If you are a member of the P. E. Rod and Gun Club and attend the meetings with open ears you will soon know where to go, for our members are sending in the registration cards from all the best places. Due to war conditions many of us have not had the time to devote to hunting and fishing that we would like to have, yet we know the game will be there waiting for us when the war is won and we are again able to settle down to our normal mode of living.

Just a reminder to you deer hunters, have your deer horns in not later than the December meeting for the Prize Committee to check and enter for competitive prizes.

Tentative date for the President's Annual Show and the awarding of prizes for the 1942 Tournament Season is set for Jan. 9, 1943. Judging from past experiences this show will be well worth seeing, even though you have to use some of that precious rationed gasoline. By all means keep that date open.

Among the suggestions for stimulating interest and increasing attendance to the meetings are: Serving a "dutch lunch". Planning a rabbit drive and putting on a rabbit feed. Lack of kitchen facilities at our present location somewhat dampen those prospects now. However, if enough members were interested outside quarters for such events could probably be arranged for. It is your Club. Anything you like can be had providing you can sell the idea to enough members. There is an election of officers coming up soon. Maybe some new blood is needed to make things click a little better.

No doubt back slapping and cigar passing will be in order for the balance of the year. Noticed everyone seemed in a jovial mood last meeting. Of course that might have been on account of the absence of the "five grand old men." The Dads. Next regular meeting will be Wednesday, November 11, 1942. See you then.

HERE AND THERE WITH THE WOMEN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Lon Bishop

We just want to flash an alert to all you back sliders, that you are missing some very interesting programs at the Women's Club.

On October 8 it was just another splendid afternoon with Deputy E. L. Green of the Sheriff's office as guest speaker.

He gave a very detailed description of the program of Civilian Defense, what they are doing and described with a chart the Civilian Control Centers and how the Army Air Raid Service works—something everyone should know about.

We all realize we are in a very vulnerable spot for an air raid, but it does make one feel a bit easier and safer when you hear this wonderful working program of defense.

He particularly stressed one warning, look out for "messenger boys of rumor" or "sidewalk termites".

The musical part of the program was furnished by Miss Elinor Kent and Mrs. Clarice Officer. Miss Kent is blind and walks with crutches, a very frail looking young woman, yet there is a brave courageous spirit in that little body that recognizes no handicap—a very beautiful example for all of us. She sang three of Tchaikowsky's lovely gems with one of the sweetest voices we've heard. Her accompanist Mrs. Officer later



REPORT OF VITAL STATISTICS—OCTOBER 1942

DEATH CLAIMS

Name	Occupation	Died	Group Ins.	Mortuary
Morgan, Thomas J.,	Retired Conductor	10-6-42	Yes	Yes
McElhinney, Arthur C.,	Bookkeeper	10-10-42	Yes	Yes
O'Connor, James,	Leader	10-14-42	Yes	No
Pittenger, Fred C.,	Assistant Agent	10-19-42	Yes	Yes
Heard, Percy,	Retired Conductor	10-24-42	Yes	Yes
Weeks, Dallas,	Car Repairer	10-28-42	No	No
Nelson, James T.,	Pavg-Fmn.	10-30-42	No	Yes
Smith, Alonzo L.,	Motorman	10-22-42	No	No
Woodbury, George W.,	Motorman	10-29-42	No	Yes

played a medley of patriotic airs, finishing with the group singing God Bless America. A very worthwhile afternoon and once again, a bow to our Program Chairman, Mrs. Landon.

A twenty-five cent luncheon is being served every Thursday at 11:45 in the Club rooms on the eighth floor

for the Red Cross workers, card players and members.

Mrs. Crunk, Ways and Means Chairman wants us to again remind you of the annual bazaar held on the 10th and 11th of December. Also that tickets for another twenty-five dollar merchandise order, which will be raffled at the bazaar are ready for

you—10c, 3 for 25c. The bazaar will be held in the Red Cross room No. 812 and you'll remember, won't you, all of you, grand folks who have backed us so faithfully in other years?

On one of the bazaar days a very interesting religious set of slide pictures will be shown.

Mrs. June Rambeau, hostess of the card parties is waiting to greet you on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Why not come early, have a 25c lunch and be on hand for the 200 points she allows "on timers".

Mrs. Columbus, Red Cross Chairman, is asking for machine operators. She needs help badly. Won't you help in this wonderful work her unit is doing? They are installed in their new room No. 812, larger and much nicer and the group headed by Mrs. Columbus, Chairman, and Mrs. Crunk, under whose leadership the Unit was organized are very grateful to Mr. Vickrey and Mr. McDonald for their cooperation in securing the new quarters.

A big "hello" and "hope you're feeling better" to Mrs. H. C. Smith, one of the Past Presidents.

"We miss you very much and all hope for a speedy recovery from the illness that is keeping you at home".

The meeting on October 22nd started out in the usual manner, but oh what a finish.

It didn't take long to get through the business of the day, and then the gals let down their hair and the Hallowe'en party was on. They went "all out" for the fun fest and incidentally were "all in" about the third quarter. We distinctly remember two down at one time with four more to go down.

The hostess, Mrs. Landon, a sassy little sister in a form fitting skirt that allowed standing room only (with matching accessories) certainly put the gals through the loops. We haven't heard so many good hearty laughs in a long time. Mr. Vickrey came down but was told no one would be admitted unless in costume or at least wearing a funny face. . . Well?? Are you ready for the sixty-four dollar question? (Wonder if there is a rear entrance to the Club).

Only one meeting in November due to Thanksgiving—Nov. 12th is the date and it will be an Armistice Day program with Judge LeRoy Dawson our guest.

Remember Deputy Sheriff Green's warning about those "messengers of rumor"—wouldn't you hate to be called a "sidewalk termite".

Ever hear this little verse?
 "A wise old owl lived in an oak
 The more he heard the less he spoke.
 In times like these, why can't we be
 Like that old owl up in the tree".

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

WINCHIE AT THE KEYHOLE
 By Marion Snowden

Remember this: "The best substitute for being smart these days is keeping your mouth shut."—THESE days?

First crack out of the box is to welcome the recent arrivals: Helen Greene, Elaine Cayer, Eleanora Ott, Fern Fairman, Lois Strand, and Eileen Schubert—to all of whom, howdy.

Vacations—Isa Henderson, Lompoc. Violet Phillips, San Francisco. Esther Quast, her special Dude Ranch in Arizona where she just missed having to wash dishes for her board. Edna Abell, San Luis Obispo. Agnes Heckman (we forgot to ask her, and do you think she volunteered the info?). Margaret Hines, Chicago and Michigan where it snowed! Margaret must have brought some of it back with her, for she's had chilblains on her epigazinkus ever since.

Florence "Peanuts" Davis is now Mrs. "Sarge", her soldier husband having been recently promoted. Atta boy, Sergeant Bill, we're counting on you to take a few cracks at the boys we can't reach.

Incidentally, Peanuts asked us to thank the Mystery Trio, who found out she had a birthday in October and serenaded her handsomely.

Through this column may we thank Malarkey for drawing our wandering attention to a clipping anent the futility of saving cellophane strips from cigarette packages for the purpose of luring a "seeing-eye" dog into some blind person's dog-house. Thanks, Malarkey—it seems that some people had heard that it was no soap, but had neglected to pass along the information. Here's hoping we won't be sued for any broken backs acquired in the gutter-sniping process. (And counting out those strips WOULD have been a long-drawn-out affair.)

Speaking of soap, we hope the Rationing Board won't ever catch up with soap, on account of we can think of lots of things they should catch up with first.

Well, shades of Cl'a Maud!!! Don't tell us that Charles K. Bowen who wrote "Mea Culpa" (knows his pig-Latin, too) is the same one who used to tear off column after column way back there in the good old days of the early 1920s. For lo these many years we've wondered what had become of him, and now someone with his name breaks out in a soliloquy that sounds like C. K., interspersed with cuss words that sound like Uncle

Tommus. He must be an inmate of the Claim Department—in which case he's our neighbor across the way. Welcome back, C. K. And whose Culpa is it, that you've been away for so long?

Hm—it seems that the old Motor Transit Depot has really degenreated. Now it's a sort of penny arcade or dime museum. Goodness knows the sights were funny enough in the old days. In the interesting of reporting, we had hoped to have the time to pry ourself loose from a dime and investigate, but that will have to wait for another time.

Well, well—we wonder. "An absent-minded boss is the one who makes the mistake of going to the office instead of the golf links???"

It has gotten around that Violet Haddock went to dinner the other night with a pair of paper towel "cuffs" adorning her manual mid-extremities. Well, there's nothing like being original.

Congratulations to—as far as we know—the newest daddies in the Company—Joe Lortie and "Chass" Minick. Now they'll get that exercise they've been hollering for. Here's where Walter Watchall's "We Name It Inc." could come in handy.

With so many out on the sick list, we hope the bosses appreciate all of us tough huskies who plug at the old desk every day. Lately, it's been a beaten path up to the Doctor's office. Hope they're all immune now.

"Them as has, gits." Remember? This time it's the reverse. In our office, those who benefitted by the "back vacation" pay—thanks a lot, BRC—treated those who didn't get any to an elegant 5 pound box of candy which apparently made a hit.

We enjoyed Jimmie Adams' tour of the ticket booths, even if it did start at 4:30 a.m. Jimmie told us that one morning he accidentally got up—"arose"—at 3:30, and just nacherally gravitated down to his ticket wicket from force of habit. The boys certainly do deserve a BIG hand, and here's one now. Jimmie forgot to mention that George Jehl has moved bag and baggage over to the Freight Station where he juggles the personnel. And it's SOME juggling in these days of shifting population. You other fellows may miss George, but we get to see him every morning on the bus. So hello to you—all from him, and vice versa.

Here's a suggestion for whoever bosses the placing of signs on the busses before they load. How about putting signs on the side of the bus

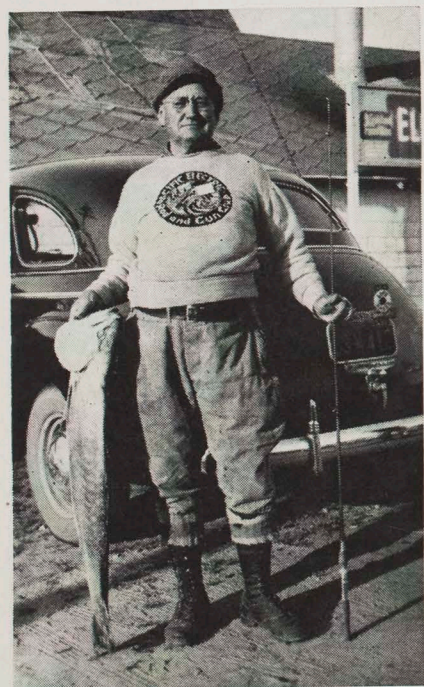
where people board, so they can see which bus is the right one to pile onto without pestering the driver after they get on—and have to get off and try another. Several pay passengers have aired their views on the subject. This might save a lot of wild scrambling after the gate-man has given the rush signal.

So long, folks. Happy Armistice Day and Thanksgiving Day, which isn't marked on our calendar.

WEST HOLLYWOOD

By G. R. Stevens

This column is proud to report that young Robert E. Baldwin, youthful son of Motorman W. G. Baldwin of West Hollywood, recently enlisted in the United States Army, and was selected to go east to Fort Benning, Ga. to Officer's training school. His parents are justly proud of young Bob, who is eighteen, and previously was a ranking cadet at Brown Military Academy. Good luck to you, Bob. Former Conductor R. Fohn recently joined the U. S. Navy, and left for San Diego for training, as has Motorman H. L. Raney, and many other men in our train service. These boys are among our finest, and our best wishes go with them.



Motorman J. W. Clay, of Hill Street and a large sea bass he caught.

ON THE HOME FRONT in West Hollywood the same determined drive for victory has been taken up by many local citizens. Mrs. Healington made a house to house drive to collect old keys, which she personally conducted. This industrious little grey

haired lady is 75 years old and feels proud to be able to do her bit to help win the war. Old keys make shells



Cynthia Ann Scott

with which to blast the enemy. . . . And at the same time Mrs. Healington mailed her collection of 775 keys in to Washington. . . . SHE BOUGHT A WAR BOND.

J. M. VanMeter passed the radio technician third class U. S. Navy.

Miss Stock is our new typist in the West Hollywood terminal foreman's office.

Mary Franklin celebrated her 95th birthday on November first. She is Los Angeles' oldest pioneer, coming here in 1852. A native of Tennessee she came west with her family in a covered wagon. Her mother died enroute. Two years was spent in Salt Lake City before continuing on to California. While in Salt Lake her father remarried. When they arrived in Los Angeles, the village boasted of three hundred white people. Mary Franklin attended the first school to open. Later she married Clinton Franklin, a doctor. He was the first practicing physician in Los Angeles, having his office at 11 Spring Street. Lived in her home 57 years, which is located in Lincoln Heights. Last March she went to live with her daughter. Recently Mrs. Franklin underwent an operation at the Parkview Hospital but is now back at the home of her daughter. She has many callers, one of whom was Mr. Mesmer, the second oldest pioneer coming to the city in 1859. He is still active in business. These two have many memories and enjoy visiting to reminiscence in the past for they saw Los Angeles grow from an adobe village of three hundred to almost two million.

Motorman W. F. Ledbetter has transferred to 6th and Main and is

now working on the Southern Division.

We are glad to report that Motorman McAllister, off four weeks sick is back on the job. Conductor A. Mauk has been off eighteen months on the sick list.

C. F. Smith, motorman, West Hollywood, has retired from active train service after a long and active life of service on the railroad during which time he maintained a splendid record. Old timers here will miss him, as will this writer.

S. M. Smart made a trip to the Owens River Valley country, north of Bishop, and caught 17 big trout, running eighteen inches, weight 2½ to three pounds.

Cynthia Ann Scott is the little 8½ months old baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Scott. Paul Scott is well known to us all for his paintings in poetry hour in a friendly sort of way radio program over KGFJ every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11:15 p.m.

Frank Cummings is reported enlisted in the Navy as Baker third class.

Bob Colton is reported in hospital at Solomon Islands with a back injury.

We are sorry to report the passing of Motorman A. L. Smith of West Hollywood. Funeral services were held at 2 p.m., October 27 at Reynolds Funeral Parlors, 8540 Melrose Avenue. Burial was at Inglewood Cemetery.

NOTES FROM PASADENA

By M. J. Freeman

Pasadena has not been heard from for a long time; Sooooo, here is a bit of news from this part of the country. We have a swell bunch of fellows out here on this division. Let's introduce a few of them. There is Charlie Newman, the miracle man of the half dollars. Where he gets 'em all is a mystery to Pasadena; and there is Andy Anderson, who rolls up all his loose change. W. H. "Bill" Cannon the pride and joy of the Oak Knoll line. Romance rides his car. W. H. Hunt, the skipper of the S. P. bus, joy riding back and forth from Pasadena to the S. P. station. Badge 558, who collects all the pennies in South Pasadena and dumps 'em all in the Pasadena office. I. M. Durkee, on the Short Line, who makes 'em sit up when he calls tickets please. C. J. Gandy, who always has a bag full of money to turn in. R. J. Nyneing, who does his share of turning in plenty of dollar bills. Charlie Knight, who knows his tariffs from cover to cover, and is always digging out the little marks to find out what the ymean. Johnnie Borger,

the Short Line WHIZ on the early morning run, carries all the boys to get their coffee at Sierra Vista. G. W. Stewart, skipper of the Alhambra bus, the boy with all the nickles. Joe Streff, who has never been known to frown. Wonder where he gets that perpetual smile and good nature. Then the boy who likes his cigars, he is wanted by the Government from Coast to Coast, OH yes his name is "PENNEY."

That is just a few of the boys, and will try and introduce 'em all to you as we go along.

Remark heard on one of our cars recently "Mother, look at the little boy running that big red street car" . . . P. S. Battah was at the controls.

Our pal "DEL," captain of the Sierra Vista Station. Believe me she knows her coffee, as the boys around there can tell you. She is up at the break of dawn making coffee for all her boys and girls. You should see the commuters grabbing coffee and doughnuts on the run in the early morning hours.

Bro. Hunt and wife just returned from a flying trip to Seattle to see their son in the Navy, and a grand trip was reported.

W. H. Hughes has been home in bed but is up and around again; hope he is back on the job soon as we all miss him.

Our Agent Geo. Smitt has been a busy little man lately in the morning. With draftees and patrons. Handled some 980 draftees the first 12 days of the month. He is wondering where they all come from.

The Northern district extends a hearty welcome to all the new men who have come to us in the past 30 days. I do not have all their names, but hope to introduce them to you as time goes on.

ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT

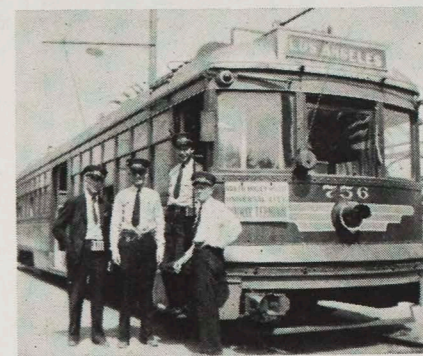
By Marilyn J. Hawkins

At this writing your correspondent is ill in bed with a cold; but withal, we know that the Magazine must carry on. News must be gathered at any cost. So by means of telephone, carrier pigeon, messengers and what not, the following has arrived at my bedside:

Disbursements Accounts Bureau has been augmented by these charming young ladies: Golda O. Burnham, Gretta M. Patterson, May L. Boughton, Adeline M. Smith, Margie L. Johnson.

Ethel Garrett is also a newcomer. She graces the Comptometer Bureau.

It must be fine to go through life with a smile, making many good friends along the way. Take, for instance, Mrs. Stewart, nee Helen Bettis. Now there's a person who



Some of the gang who keep "the Valley" cars rolling: H. G. Porter, J. A. Presley (now in Navy), W. C. "Monte" Montgomery and J. A. Batterton.

has hosts of friends. A recent gesture was a dinner and shower given to her at the Rosslyn Hotel by twenty-nine girls of the Accounting Department. The "shower" of presents was literal. Helen had to hire a taxicab to transport them to her Westwood home. As the reports reach me, everyone had an enjoyable evening and the food was excellent.

We've been thinking about handsome John Thatcher—wondering all about his draft status. My Agent #13 reports that John's status has not yet been determined; but as soon as definite news arrives details will be given. John's a swell fellow, and no matter which way Fate points, he'll take it with his chin up.

Speaking about military things, rumor has it that "Colonel" Charles Escovar and "Major-General" Don Watson will soon be saying "I do" to Uncle Sam. Both of those boys will make fine soldiers and we're all proud of them.

Just one more military secret—Private Frank Carr is helping out the Army at Camp Wolters, Texas. He writes that Army life is fine and amusements are plentiful—except—oh boy!!—except no gals.

Jack Beggerly, one of Pacific Electric's finest representatives in the Navy, dropped in the office a few days ago. There's a sailor if there ever was one! Jack even looked like a sailor before he put on the uniform; but now that he is replete in his G. I., he is downright gorgeous. Jack is stationed in San Diego and is studying a course in electricity, we are told.

Ed Gelderloos visited "Si" Saunders the other day. Ed says that Si is doing fine. Let's all drop a post card or letter more often to Si.

On October 23, 1942, in Glendale, a little girl was born. She weighed slightly over seven pounds and she was named Joanna Carol Lortie. This important event brought much happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lortie, her Dad and Mother.

Did you know that within a week enough money was raised to buy a box of candy by the simple expedient of assessing one cent to each person who absentmindedly called Mrs. Stewart by her former name, "Miss Bettis"? Do you also know that Mr. Stewart, the bridegroom, forgot too, and asked for "Miss Bettis" over the telephone?

Miss Jessie Kramer is now on a vacation trip to Kansas City, Missouri.

Mrs. Belva Dale returned recently from a two day trip to Twenty-nine Palms. Somewhere along the way (location censored) Mrs. Dale had the opportunity of seeing our eaglets get training at the Glider School.

Sam Taylor packed in with ten others so that they would arrive at Convict Lake in the High Sierra on the morning of September 15th—opening day of the deer season. Just as the sun rose Sam spotted a two point buck and bagged him with only two shots—better look out Sam the Army's lookin' for men who shoot like that.

Frankly, the story about how Dale Hyde hurt his leg sounds impossible as it was reported by my Agent #3. I have too much faith in Dale to have such things happen to him. I would prefer to believe Agent # 6's report to the effect that Dale was splitting wood with a steel wedge and a steel sledge. Part of the sledge wedged (or vic versa) into Mr. Hyde's left leg, just above the knee. What gets me is, what in the world was Dale doing chopping wood with the temperature around 100??? Oh, well, things will happen.

Well folks, my last sulfa pill has exhausted itself and my temperature has risen to 109 again, so I'll sign off with birth dates occurring during November, kindly compiled by your friend and mine, Floyd E. Gill:

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

Olive Moore	2
Bessie Jackson	5
R. L. Jones	6
H. G. McDonald	6
Ruth Patton	7
Henry Knoff	7
Alex Hartman	10
Mike Levin	12
Charles Ramirez	13
Fred Geibel	15
Charles Minick	15
Kenneth Williams	16
Thomas Hinkle	16
Ed Uecker	18
Charles Sein	18
Thomas Dickey	20
B. Slater	22
Joe Smale	23
Bill Clarke	23
Jean Fogarty	28
Ethel Carruthers	30

PURCHASING DEPT. NOTES

By Ray Cragin

That fellow Charlie Wakefield slipped out on us and the first thing we knew he was in St. Vincents for a little repair work. Charlie was not so good for a while but under the skillful doctors of our Company he is coming along fine. You can't beat that Dr. Weber to Dr. Scholz, Etc.

Meta Hoogendyk took the second week of her vacation last month. Stockton and San Francisco being the points of interest.

Floyd Gill also had a few days vacation coming and said he sat home on the front porch and drank ice tea to keep cool.

Lois Brown & her pal Esther Quast vacationed at Y Lightning Ranch in Southern Arizona. Every year they go to this ranch for the round-up. Some say they round-up the herd while others say they fall for good looking cowboys who sing.

Roy Johnston says Uncle Sam is looking his way and he in turn is looking over what Uncle Sam has to offer. Right now the Navy looks good to Bob.

I see by the papers that Gardena again trounced Torrance 700 to 0 or was it 7 to 0. Well anyway Gardena won much to the sorrow of two Livermore girls.

A certain man in our office who's initials are CCF says that meatless days won't bother him. He not only shoots mountain goats sitting on his back porch but now reports that with the ducks going south for the winter he often gets the limit just throwing rocks out of the garden.

The following from Torrance

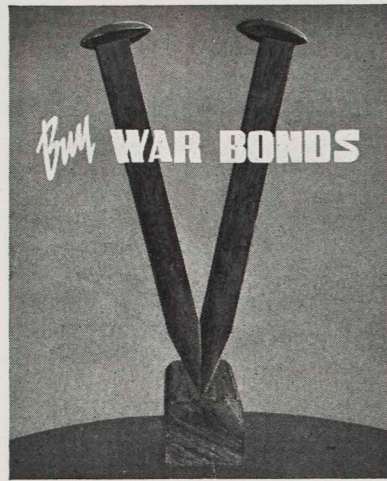
If you receive a shipment of bolts and find a powder puff in the package do not become excited. The weaker sex have taken over the Torrance Store almost. Jenevia Faltner, Thresa Baaquez, Evelyn Ruppel, Gladys (Blondie) Harrel, Betty Hayn, Agnes Figlet, and Mrs. Royce Robertson are all new employees.

Burt (Deacon) Ordway was seen around San Bernardino shooting rabbits. The war has driven the Lone Ranger of the Torrance Mountains to new fields.

Two Gun Cain went to Henshaw to fish. They were biting so good he had to hide behind the trees to bait his hooks.

William Kitto says the war will be over next summer. He says he is going to Siberia the first of the year and it will take him about six months to run the Nazis back to the Rhine. Bill was with the U. S. Army in the last war in this country.

William S. Jolley, the son of Bill of the Torrance Store was married on October 26th to Miss Georgia Holden at Bell, Calif.



ENGINEERING DEPT. NOTES

By V. P. Labbe

It's a lovely baby girl for Mr. and Mrs. Smith—Christine Smith, born Oct. 15th at Saint Vincent's Hospital. Congratulations Mike and lots of luck. Mike is in the Claim Dept.

Betty Demerle likes her new position in the Claim Dept. and understand she is popular with the whole force.

Rudy Widman and John Swanson must of had a hard time explaining to their wives why they were very late on the evening of the 22. Their story was—held up at Newport Beach by the Army. Understand there was a U.S.O. dance on the beach.

Fred Middleton and Glenn Stancer are leaving for the Transportation Dept. to enter the freight service. Hope Glenn won't catch cold. You know Glenn.

Martha Henry and Evelyn Bolz enticed Nancy Kelly to go to a U.S.O. dance. Well of all things, Nancy cops a Colonel and understand he proposed after the first dance. Not so bad, Kelly—keep up the good work and you may make the Army yet.

Here's hoping Charlie Wakefield has a speedy recovery and returns to the Purchasing Dept.—real soon.

Bob Hamilton of the Electrical Dept. is in the army training now and will leave shortly for a course in Pre-Radio Engineering at San Mateo Junior College.

Pat Patterson is off for a few days vacation.

Marie Shaw, a new one in the Transportation Dept. and a real cutie. Pays us a visit now and then.

Helen Rusak treated us all to a box of home made fudge. It was delicious and thanks a lot.

Jack Begerly who is in the Navy studying at San Diego, was in to see us. He looks swell in his uniform and likes his new place a great deal.

STATION STATIC

By James Adams

Last month we gave you a word introduction to our ticket force. To make it more complete, a photographer was sent to take all our pictures, which appear in this issue of the Magazine.

We promised to give you a glimpse of the Information force in this issue, but first we take time out to wish a speedy recovery to Sibyl Mather, who was in St. Vincent's Hospital following an operation, but is now on duty again. Sibyl, here's where the — — work is!

First on the job at the Information Bureau is Catherine Rohwer, whose seniority dates back to 1921, second only to Sibyl Mather who started dishing out the correct answers 'way back in 1906.

Next on the list is Evelyn Cook who begins the day's work at 6:30 a.m. The old question game is nothing new to her either as she has been on the job since 1926.

Edna Tilley is next with 15 years of experience and to our knowledge is the only one who can talk into two phones at the same time and use sign language to a customer at the counter, too!

Bessie Bundy starts the day at 2 p.m. and at 10 p.m. looks none the worse. They don't get Bessie's goat, as she can answer 'em as fast as they come.

Catherine Rebold has been on the job since 1937. She has one of those pleasant dispositions that encourages patrons to ask more questions. Maybe we're wrong but that looks like more work to us.

The Vacation Relief job is handled by Cynthia Hornek. She has been here since 1940. It's quite a task to keep up with all the changes when the hours are not regular, but she manages it, how, we don't know!

That completes the roster with the exception of the new employees, Thelma Bell, day off relief—Florence Chapman, night shift—Deane Aspelmier, night shift—Adeline McIntyre, extra and Helen Drew, extra. Our best wishes to these, and don't let them get in your hair, girls!

NOTICE

Pacific Electric Retired employees and their wives are cordially invited to the Monthly Meeting of the Los Angeles chapter of the Retired Railroad Employees of America at the P. E. Ry. Auditorium, 627 South Los Angeles Street, Thursday, November 26 at 2 p.m. An interesting program has been arranged.

W. A. K. CLARKE,
President

- - GRINS AND CHUCKELS - -

Two Negro soldiers were discussing the relative merits of their company buglers.

Said one, "Fellah, when dat boy of ouahs plays pay call, it sounds 'zactly like de Boston Symphony playin' de Rosary."

The second colored boy snorted.

"Brothah, you ain't got no bugler a-tall. When Snowball Jones wraps his lips aroun' dat bugle of his, an' plays mess call, I looks down at mah beans, an' I sez: 'Strawberries, behave! You is kickin' de whipped cream out of de plate.'"

"One wife too many!" exclaimed Mrs. Nagger as she glanced at the headlines. "I suppose that's about some bigamist."

"Not necessarily, my dear," her husband replied, not daring to look up.

The husband answering the phone said: "I don't know. Call the weather bureau," and hung up.

"Who was that?" asked the wife.

"Some sailor, I guess. He asked if the coast was clear."

It was nearly time for the soldier to leave the hospital, but he was too comfortable to want to go. So when the nurse wasn't looking he dipped the thermometer in a cup of hot tea. Then, later, when the nurse said that he must get ready to move out, he protested. "But I was worse this morning. My temperature was up." "Yes, I know," she replied gently, "to 130. You're dead. That's why we are moving you."

Overheard at a "Know Your Neighbor" gathering: "Now, mitten, lister, I only had tee martunis and I'm not as much under the affluence of incahol as somethinkle peep I am. It's just that the drunker I stand here, the longer I get."

"Pappy, ain't you gonna shoot that city slicker who didn't do right by me yistiddy?"

"Sure, datter—but don't be so tarnation hurrified—fust give me a chanet to shoot the one who didn't do right by you the day before yistiddy."

One night a lawyer caught a burglar in his house. "I advise you to get out of here, my man," he said.

Later, the burglar's pals were congratulating him on his good luck.

"Good luck nothing. He charged me \$25 for the advice."

A squad of recruits was being given bayonet exercise before a row of suspended dummies representing the enemy. "Now, men, all set!" commanded the drill sergeant. "Charge at will!"

All plunged toward the dummies with leveled bayonets except one youngster.

"Hey, sergeant," he called out, "which one is Will?"

Raymond seemed unusually quiet for his seven years. "Did you enjoy yourself at church?" asked his mother. "I guess so," he said indifferently. "What was the main hymn?" she asked. "It was one I didn't know," replied Raymond, "but I sang Pen-nies from Heaven' as loud as I could and it worked out all right."

"Why do you take that terrible old Indian squaw with you on your hunting trips?"

"Well, when she begins to look good to me, I know it's time to go home!"

"I left my husband when I caught him cheating at poker."

"He had an ace up his sleeve?"

"No, he had a queen on his lap."

Way down in Georgia a traveling man found himself stranded for the night and in his rambles around town noticed there were two Baptist churches. He asked a colored man why there should be two churches of the same denomination.

"Well, boss, Ah'll tell you," said the informant. "Dey jus' can't agree. One of de churches believes dat Pharaoh's daughter found Moses in de bullrushes. De odah church claims dat's what she sez!"

When little Benny, the youngest son, was just this side of second grade he was presented with a very nice, frisky fox terrier. In honor of himself, he modestly named the dog "Ben." However, a year later, Ben gave birth to a very lusty litter of puppies, which made it seem possible that the terrier had been misnamed. After a moment's thought, Benny renamed his dog "Ben Hur."

Floridian: "Now in my state we can grow a tree that size in about a year. How long did it take you to grow that one?"

Californian: "Can't say for sure, but it wasn't there yesterday."

Landlady: "I thought I saw you taking a gentleman up to your apartment last night."

Miss Smuthe: "Yeah, that's what I thought."

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An old waiter of a club said to a new waiter: "Do you see that old duffer who has just sat down? He's got a brother and they're as alike as two peas, dress alike and everything. Only this one is as deaf as a post. Watch for some fun."

The old waiter then approached the man and said in an ordinary voice, much to the amusement of the new waiter: "Well, pie-face, what do you want in your nosebag today?"

"I'll have a mutton chop," said the diner, "and, by the way, it is my brother who is very deaf."

Teacher: "How old are you, Bobbie?"

Bobbie: "I'm just at the awkward age."

Teacher: "And what do you call the awkward age?"

Bobbie: "I'm too old to cry and too young to swear."

A southern negro upon receiving his draft questionnaire struggled desperately with the long list of questions. He looked it over for a long time, scratched his head and sweating profusely. Finally he gave up in despair and returning the blank questionnaire to the draft board made this notation on the last page, "I see red when you is."

"Have you fixed the status of our neighbors, dear?"

"Well, John, I know they have no piano, no radio, no car and no servants. I can't imagine what they have?"

"Well, darling, probably they have a bank account."

The rescue squad was hard at work in London after a bombing raid when they came across an old lady. She was pretty badly knocked out and, thinking her husband might be under the debris, the gang went to work looking for him. Presently the old lady opened her eyes and showed signs of regaining consciousness.

"Where's your husband?" asked one of the relief workers.

"My husband?" she said dazedly. "Oh, my husband. Why, he's in the army, the coward!"

Captain: "The man who sneaked out of barracks last night and met a girl in the woods will step forward—COMPANY HALT!"

Mountain Guide: "Be careful not to fall here, it's dangerous. But if you do fall remember to look to the left, you get a wonderful view."

Kitty: "Whenever I'm down in the dumps, I get myself a new hat."

Cat: "Oh, so that's where you get them."

Johnny: "Say, Dad, remember the story you told me about the time you were expelled from school?"

Dad: "Yes."

Johnny: "Well, isn't it funny how history repeats itself?"

Young Actor (proudly to his father): "I've gotta part at last, dad. It's a new play, and I'm a man who has been married twenty years."

Dad: "Splendid! That's a start anyway. Maybe it won't be long before they'll give you a speaking part."

There was to be a christening party in the home of a farmer.

"Excuse me," said the minister, taking his host aside before the ceremony, "but are you prepared for the solemn event?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the farmer. "I've got two hams, pickles, cakes—"

"No, no! I mean spiritually prepared."

"Well, I think so; two gallons of whisky, a case of gin, and three casks of beer."

"I won't get married until I find a girl like Grandpa married."

"Huh! They don't make them like that these days."

"That's funny. He only married her yesterday."

"I hear a big blonde busted you in the eye at the masquerade party last night."

"Yes, I told her how well she looked in a bustle."

"What's wrong with that?"

"She wasn't wearing one."

Sweet Thing: "Oh, darling, I'm so discouraged. Everything I do seems to be wrong."

Boyfriend: "Mmm. Well, what are you doing tonight, angel?"

Emil: "That phrenologist is wonderful. As soon as he put his hands on my head he told me my business was very dull."

Bill: "He probably felt the depression."

Office Boy: "Mr. White, can I have tomorrow afternoon off?"

Mr. White: "Ah, yes. Your grandmother, I suppose?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir. She's making her first parachute jump, you know."

He: "Does your conscience bother you?"

She: "No."

He: "Well, it bothers me."

Mother was telling stories of the time she was a little girl. Little Harold listened thoughtfully as she told of riding a pony, sliding down the haystack, and wading in the brook on the farm.

Finally he said with a sigh: "I wish I had met you earlier, mother."

"So Sally Jones is married at last?"

"Yes. And who is the happy man?"

"Her dear old dad."

When the last group of aliens seeking citizenship were gathered in the court house, one of the officials went to some pains to give a talk on the American flag. Suddenly he asked one of the prospective citizens: "Tell me, what flies over the city hall?"

The alien thought a minute.

"Peejins," he cried triumphantly.

First Vet—I see lots of guys are getting married so they won't have to go to war.

Second Vet—Fools! War may be bad—but it ain't that bad!

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