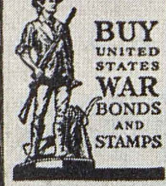


FOR VICTORY



BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



October 1942 PACIFIC ELECTRIC Magazine



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Victor Heppner

BOOK OF



H O N O R R O L L

PACIFIC ELECTRIC EMPLOYEES IN NATION'S ARMED SERVICE

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Martin E. Alarid
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Gabriel Barrios
Mike Manriquez Becerra
Juan Bernal
Walter Buchanan
Thomas Bush
Julian Cantu
Francisco Carrasco
William A. Chase

Thomas Jay Clark
Henry Davis
Herculano Almanzar Dearo
Bob S. DeLuca
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Jasper Felix
Jack Cooper Gillette
Ramono M. Gonzales
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Ralph Pratt

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Peter Angel Romero
Manual Santora
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Walter Edward Wyatt

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Kenneth Williams
Frank Carr

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Clair Strope
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C. H. Belt
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J. W. Boswell
Jas. S. Bower
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H. A. Dullnig
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Justin F. Edmondson
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J. F. Hall
L. R. Hall
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H. D. Haverick
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C. A. Heath
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M. H. Hess
Carl D. Hileman
R. S. Hileman
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J. D. Howell
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C. B. Huscroft
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A. F. Kauffman
Daniel Keeley
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Denson H. Knobloch
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M. M. Liptz

A. R. Logan
L. Lutz
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Guy Rhinard
L. K. Roberts
R. B. Ruggeri
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M. Seif
M. L. Shadrick
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U. L. Smith
A. M. Spillsbury
W. A. Stevens
Glenn E. Tennant
F. E. Tredgett
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J. C. Upton
H. A. Wahl
W. A. Watkins
F. A. Widman
J. H. Wild
E. L. Wilson
R. R. Wilson
R. A. Yost
A. F. Zmoos



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

E. C. THOMAS.....EDITOR

DeLONG GOES TO SERVICE

Richard C. DeLong, Assistant Research Engineer, left on Sept. 21st to enter the Civilian Pilot Training Corps. DeLong has been in the service of this company for some time and during that period has made many friends who extend best wishes.

THE STEP WASN'T THERE

F. E. Billhardt, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager, is nursing a broken wrist and will continue that duty for some time to come, all because he took a step in the dark—and—the step wasn't there. The fall that ensued resulted in the broken wrist, and being the right wrist, the handicap is something to write about; and, cuss about.

BURBANK STATION BURNED

Fire of unknown origin totally destroyed our railway station at Burbank about 4:45 a.m. on September 6th, together with all its contents.

The station had not been occupied by the Pacific Electric for some time past, but was under lease to the Railway Express Agency.

Five cars stored on tracks adjoining the station were only slightly damaged by the heat of the fire.

"DAVIE" DOWNS DESERTS

After operating cars since the horse car days in Riverside when Edward Hofer, of the Traffic Department, and other urchins of that Mission City jiggled them up and down until they got off of the rails, David E. Downs, motorman and general all-round railroad man, retired on October 1st.

Downs dates his service from Jan. 11, 1907, about which time M. P. (Pete) Groftholdt was prime mover of transportation in Riverside. "Davie" was a popular man with all the people of his city, especially the kids, with whom he had infinite patience.

Happy days, "Davie", and many of them.

MISS MELIA HOUGE

An "Angel of Mercy" Ceases Her Earthly Labors

Not in many a day has the passing of one of our fellow employes cast such a gloom over the entire organization, as the demise of Miss Melia Houge, which occurred at St. Vincent's Hospital on Tuesday, September 22nd, following a brief illness.

In her case it has been truly said that "death loves a shining mark". There has been no one in this company better known to its hundreds of employes; none more highly respected; yes, none so much beloved because of her devotion to duty; her kindness; sympathy with the distressed; her helpfulness and her broad charity. Over the many years that she was connected with our Medical Department as its chief nurse, she has ministered to thousands of our ill and injured, with never-lagging patience and with sympathetic understanding, and has been a tower of strength to those who have needed



her services. Her devotion to duty was in reality the cause behind her departure from our midst. She sacrificed self until resistance was annulled to such an extent that when attacked by pneumonia, death triumphed despite all the efforts of our learned, skilled physicians.

Indeed, an "Angel of Mercy" has gone from her long, loving labors here to a great reward in that realm where suffering, sorrow and death are unknown. Continuing with her to the realm beyond are the thoughts of gratitude and sincere affection which hundreds of her fellows, remaining here for a time, bear for her. To Him who doeth all things well, we beseech, on her behalf, a quiet, sweet repose and an awakening to all that

is beautiful and joyous.

Services in respect for Miss Houge were held at the mortuary of Graham & Isbell on Friday, Sept. 25th, followed by interment at Valhalla.

To the surviving members of her family, Mrs. George W. Wright, of Akron, Ohio; Mrs. J. B. Toller, of Blythe, Cal.; Mrs. Emma Houston, of Thousand Oaks, Calif.; Mrs. L. W. Fields, of Tarzana, Calif.; sisters of Miss Houge, and to her brothers, Mr. Richard Houge, of Edgerton, Mis.; and Mr. J. B. Houge, of Indian River Park at Hampton, Va. is extended most sincere sympathy on behalf of all officers and employes of the Pacific Electric.

BERT ANNEN RETIRES

After over 30 years of service in the Engineering (Signal) Department where he was "always on the job", W. B. (Bert) Annen suddenly decided that it was time for him to retire from active service. We say "suddenly", for it was rather that way to his many friends who knew nothing of his intention until it had happened. Probably Bert had considered the matter for some time, but as usual had said nothing of it. But—on September 26th at 3 p.m. (on time as usual) he retired and will henceforth devote his spare time to looking after the condition and occupancy of a flock of apartment houses he has accumulated during the past years.

Congratulations and best wishes are extended him. His headquarters in future will be at his home, 3033 Sherwood Ave., Alhambra.

FIRST LOAD HONORS

A. H. (Archie) Fidel is authority for the statement that first honors in bringing passengers into the new station facilities of our Main Street Station go to Operator T. G. Chapman, who with Coach 2116 entered the station over the Maple Ave. ramp on Saturday, Sept. 26th as the leader of a fleet of 34 coach loads of Air Cadets from the Santa Ana Army Air Base. Hats off to Archie and Chapman as to holding the honors for initiating the new service.

JONES BOYS DOING IT

Towerman John S. Jones at Santa Fe Springs, and his wife are justly proud of the fact that they now have two sons in the fighting forces of Uncle Sam, the elder of the two, Ralph, is an Electrician's Mate 1st Class, who when last heard from was in the vicinity of New Caledonia. The younger boy, Charles, has just enlisted in the Coast Guard and expects to leave immediately for the Coast Guard Training School.



FOLLOWS "DAD'S" FOOTSTEPS

Coyle K. Logue, 21-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Logue, 116 North Orange Street, Rialto, has received his "wings" and been commissioned as a 2d Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Force at Luke Field.

Coyle is a graduate of San Bernardino Junior College, where he passed with honors, and soon thereafter went into training. His father, who is a member of our Sub-Station Maintenance Forces is proud of the distinction of having served for 18 months in the Air Forces in World War I.

MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

"How Clean Is Your Alley" is the slogan at all shops and garages. Of course, we won't admit that we have not been good housekeepers, but we are making every effort now to keep the critical scrap moving back to the scrap pile. All equipment parts are carefully examined for possible repair or reclamation before being scrapped. Anything that can be reclaimed not only relieves the demand on the manufacturers of new parts, but makes a repair part available with little delay.

The scrap drive is not just the collection of current scrap or worn out parts but the main effort is to get back into general use the critical material now idle in obsolete parts, tools, and equipment. As an example, by sorting over the dies, forms, and metal patterns in the blacksmith shop we were able to discard fourteen tons of iron and steel for the scrap drive.

The demand is getting heavier on equipment, both motor coaches and cars. A night repair force has been established at Macy Street Garage,

A MEMORIAL to MELIA HOUGE, R. N.

To establish a memorial to Melia Houge, R.N., who died at St. Vincent's Hospital on Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1942, many of her friends are contributing to a fund with which to endow a bed at the California Babies' and Childrens' Hospital, 1401 South Grand Avenue.

The free cases who occupy the bed thus established, will be cared for from this fund.

Not only will this be a fitting tribute to Miss Houge, because of her great interest in the welfare of Children, but because the unflinching, unselfish interest and sacrifice of herself that she has made over the past twenty years on behalf of thousands of employes of the Pacific Electric Railway.

Every gift, regardless of how small, will help some child to a return to health.

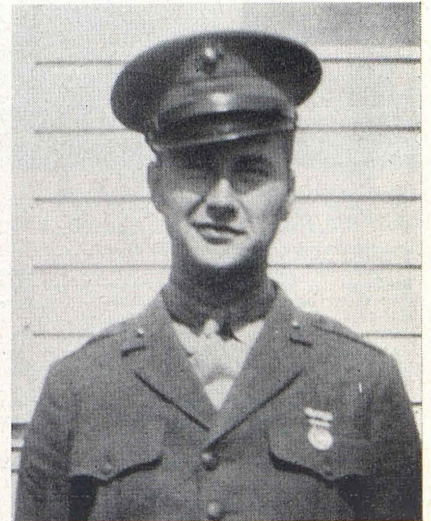
All gifts will be acknowledged by the Womans' Auxiliary of the Hospital, and reports of progress in the establishment of the Fund made by the Pacific Electric Magazine.

Employees or others desiring to contribute will please send their gifts, in any amount they may desire to

MISS BESSIE CHOBOTSKY,
924 Pacific Electric Building
or
R. M. COBB,
Signals Department,
695 Pacific Electric Building

and a night force is being established at the Macy Street Car Repair Shop. This has been made necessary to meet the morning peak demand. As to freight, the cars in and out of the Butte Street Yard are nearing the 70,000 mark for the month. We aim to "keep 'em rolling".

With our men leaving for the service and other work, the car cleaning force is being filled with women. Facilities are available for women employes at West Hollywood, Hill Street, 6th and Los Angeles, Pasadena, Watts, Long Beach, and San Pedro. We endeavor to fill these vacancies locally to avoid the travel on the cars. Possibility of women on some of the repair jobs is now under consideration.



NOW AT MARINE BASE

Corp. Roger B. Thompson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. V. Thompson, of 3556 West 132d Place, is reported as having been assigned to instruction work at the San Diego Marine Base. Young Roger served 4 years in the reserve corps and then enlisted just following the incident at Pearl Harbor. His father is a Motorman on the Western District, and both his parents and friends are quite proud of the record the young man has made since going into active service.

WILLIAM A. McCAMMOND

The many friends of William A. McCammond, retired, for many years a member of the Land & Tax Department and for a number of years also engaged in the Passenger Traffic Department, will regret to learn of his death, which occurred at his home in Santa Monica on Sunday, Sept. 27.

Private funeral services for Mr. McCammond, who was 71 years of age, were conducted Sept. 29th at 2 p.m. at the Todd & Leslie Mortuary, followed by retirement at Woodlawn Cemetery.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Janette McCammond, and a sister, Mrs. John Todd of Belfast, Ireland.

McCammond was the son of the late Sir William McCammond, Lord Mayor of Belfast about 1900. Born in Belfast, McCammond came to the United States 45 years ago.

Sincere condolence is extended Mrs. McCammond and to surviving relatives.

"Now children," said the Sunday school teacher, "I've told you the story of Jonah and the whale. Willie, can you tell me what the story teaches?"

"Yes'm," said Willie. "It teaches that you can't keep a good man down."

MANAGEMENT-LABOR WAR PRODUCTION COMMITTEE FORMED



THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Left to Right: L. E. Brown, System Federation No. 159; G. F. Squires, General Superintendent; G. E. Collins, Assistant to the President, Chairman; R. V. Rachford, Brotherhood of Railway Clerks; W. P. Nutter, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. (A. C. Bradley, Assistant General Manager, absent.)

The organization of a Management-Labor War Production Committee has been practically completed for Pacific Electric Railway and Motor Coach Lines, was announcement that came from the Executive Committee of the organization, on September 23rd, at the meeting held in the office of G. E. Collins, Assistant to the President, who is the Chairman of the Central and Executive Committees.

This organization had its inception on August 25, 1942, at a joint meeting of the Standard Railroad Labor Representatives of Pacific Electric Lines at which time the representatives were in agreement that joint action of their organizations in collaboration with the management of Pacific Electric Railway was needed to bring about peak production and the proper economy of hours of labor and material, in order that this industry might put forth its best endeavors in the interest of Allied victory over the Axis Powers.

At this meeting of the Standard Railroad representatives, a letter setting forth the purposes of the organization, was sent to President O. A. Smith soliciting the management's cooperation to the end outlined; and, in response to this, a meeting was called by President Smith and the organization now in existence set up, since which time many meetings of both the Central Committee and the Executive Committee as well as Sub-Committees, have been held, in order to put basic plans into effect.

A bulletin is now in the course

of preparation which will be printed and distributed to all employees of Pacific Electric, showing in detail the organization, its Officers, Central Committees, Sub-Committees and Special Committees. This folder will probably reach all employees within the next few days, and for that reason the Magazine does not include a name list of the various Committees actually engaged in the work.

The Central Committee of the new organization which, by the way, is one of the first, if not the first, organized in any railroad industry of the West will be composed of ten representatives of Management and ten of Labor. This Central Committee is represented by an Executive Committee, such Executive Committee setting up Sub-Committees, eight in number, each having its chairman and reporting direct to the Executive Committee, which in turn reports to the Central Committee. Briefly the purpose and function of the War Production Committee is as follows:

1. To increase the efficiency and activity of the Pacific Electric Railway transportation system.
2. To conserve materials and to salvage materials that are no longer usable directly in the transportation system.
3. To conserve man power and to take such steps as are necessary to properly man all departments.
4. To stimulate the sale of War Bonds and to support the various recognized charitable agencies.
5. To stimulate employee morale.
6. To do such other things as may

be necessary on the part of Management and Labor to assist in the war effort.

In the furtherance of the work, four special committees have been created as follows:

- a. Special Committee on material conservation and salvage.
- b. Special Committee on man power.
- c. Special Committee on War Bonds and charities.
- d. Special Committee on employee morale and publicity.

As before stated, these Special Committees have been set up, Chairmen thereof designated, and practically all of them have submitted for approval their plans of operation. In this connection, matters are now being discussed by "Special Committee on man power" as it relates to transfer of employees as between departments and the seniority situation; the allocation of men and women to work in which they may be best fitted in order to increase production, and numerous suggestions are being received relating to such changes. Definite policy will be decided by the Central Committee within a few days.

The Special Committee on War Bonds and Charities have been quite active and at this time, card file of every employee of the Pacific Electric has been prepared and the Committee is practically ready to begin its campaign with all employees with the view to bringing contributions as near the ten percent of earnings as is possible; and, with relation to

charities the Committee has now under discussion, ways and means and methods of combining all our employee contributions and charities under one budget, requiring only one solicitation per year, the distribution of funds so acquired, to be allocated to the various charities as may be decided by the Committee.

Sub-Committees have been established among the various crafts engaged in labor on the Pacific Electric and to these Committees will be assigned various matters within the scope of each having collective bargaining agreements with Pacific Electric. These Sub-Committees will consist of equal representation on the part of Labor and Management and will be headed by the Head of the Department in which the craft is engaged, together with the Head of the Union having jurisdiction of that particular class of employees.

In its prospectus to be issued to all Pacific Electric employees is contained these explanatory statements:

"In hundreds of factories, mines and plants throughout the entire Nation, Management and Labor have met together and formed War Production Committees. Such Committees have the approval of Management through War Production Chief, Donald Nelson; and, the Production Committees are proving their worth. Efficiency and production have increased appreciably where the Committees exist and a Management-Labor War Production Committee has been formed on Pacific Electric Railway—one of the first of such Committees in the Transportation Industry."

What is a War Production Committee?

A War Production Committee to state simply, is an organization to assist in defeating Hitler, Hirohito, Mussolini and the rest of our Axis enemies. A War Production Committee is for the purpose of turning out, with greater speed, with greater efficiency, tools of war. War Production Committee is for the purpose of saving more hours—promoting safety—and improving the morale of workers. A War Production Committee is for the purpose of attaining the **maximum** degree of cooperation between Management and Labor to win the war."

Where do we Fit In?

"Some may say that the Nelson Plan was designed for factories, mines and plants producing the visible tools of war. They now wonder where railroad and bus lines fit into the picture of War Production Committees."

"Our product is transportation, a product without which industry could not survive."

"A transportation bottleneck is a most serious one because it stifles the **lifeline** of all products."

"We have an obligation just as serious and important as the managers and workers in the munitions plant—perhaps more so. It's up to each of us from the President of the Railway, all the way down through the entire organization fabric, to do his utmost in the war struggle by maintaining a transportation system capable of handling the demands of government.

"How Can We Help?"

We can help to build a better transportation system—we can help to beat our enemies:

1. By improving supervision.
2. By making every worker an expert at his job.
3. By increasing the availability of labor.
4. By bringing about safety.
5. By safe-guarding the health of workers.
6. By using available machinery and equipment to its maximum.
7. By saving materials.
8. By salvaging materials no longer useful to the transportation system.
9. By cooperating with Government Agencies assisting in winning the war.
10. By improving morale.
11. By doing everything we can—all the time—to win the war.

As evidenced by past efforts of employees of the Pacific Electric Railway during many years, we believe that it goes without saying that to the organization now set up, will go the allegiance and best efforts of every person engaged in the operation of the Pacific Electric Railway and at the close of the present war effort, it will be possible to say of employees of this Company, that they

did their duty fully, and would have given their **all** in order that our Nation might be victorious over all obstacles.

FOUND AT LAST

The man had been watching the demolition squad for days without speaking. He was now the only spectator still interested. The squad foreman's curiosity was aroused. "Say, 'aven't you got anythin' better to do than watch us work?"

"Well, chum," said the man, removing his pipe from his mouth, "this is me old home. I'm kind of interested like."

"Lumme!" exclaimed the foreman. "Pack up, you blokes! This 'eres the blighter we bin diggin' for."

Customer: "My goodness, eggs are high.!!

Grocer: "Sure, part of the war program."

Customer: "How?"

Grocer: "All the hens are making shells."

Officer, I'm looking for a parkin' plashe."

"But you've got no car," replied the officer.

"Oh, yesh I have; it's in the parkin' plashe I'm lookin' for."

A colored preacher was trying to explain the fury of Hades to his congregation.

"You all has seen molten iron runnin' out from a furnace, ain't you?" he asked.

The congregation said it had.

"Well," the preacher continued, "dey uses dat stuff fo' ice cream in de place I'm talking 'bout."

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E. S. Delaplane

C. H. Kissick

P. A. Du Bose at P. E. Club

OR PHONE TRinity 3526

MEA CULPA

By Charles K. Bowen

A Vice President of these United States once bobbed up out of the murk which rightfully attaches to that obscure office long enough to observe that what the country most needed as a good five-cent cigar. The sage remark brought to that particular V.P. a fame far surpassing that of any other holder of this office, before or since, and so it is with a sense of shame that I confess I cannot, now, recall his name, and if you think you're a Quiz Kid, then tell me who he was? You don't know? All right, then tell me who is the current V.P.? You don't know that either? Neither do I. Neither does any one else!

You need not feel any particular chagrin because of your dumbness. No one is supposed to know who any Vice President of the U.S.A. is, and so may be. He is just another sheep, following in the wake of the bellwether up ahead, and for the most part, content to be lost in the latter's dust.

However, other sheep, not equally contented, and resentful of being submerged in the dust of those about them, have from time to time lifted up their voices and baa-ed, "What the country needs is.....", and I'll leave it to the educated sheep who reads this to fill in the blank with his own pet need.

And now comes yet another voice bleating in the wilderness, and this one, in the light of his experience, might well be the shorn lamb to whom the wind was not tempered, and timidly offers as his contribution to the nation's insistent needs, this:

What we, as a nation, most need is a guy whose name is legion, ready and willing to stand erect upon his own hind legs and say, "**Mine** the blame!" Or is that asking much too much, much too late?

It shouldn't be, when thought is had of the fact that it was this same character-trait; this independent sense of individual responsibility, which carved this nation that is from out the wilderness that **was**—and that but a few generations back.

The thought born of the need

The need, on the part of the individual, for re-assumption of the underlying thought of a personal responsibility has been sloshing about in my mind for so long that it has become aged in the wood, so to speak. It was beyond doubt, first born of my work in connection with the scanning of, and the passing upon, various and sundry claims for damages filed against us by those who alleged that they'd suffered such great mental, or physical, or property, injuries at our hands, or be-

cause of our criminal negligence, that nothing but the payment of a sum of money so vast that only a New Dealer could contemplate it without shuddering from stem to stern, could hope to effect a complete cure for their shattered nerves, and even more shattered pocket books.

God knows—and I say it in all reverence—I try to scan these claims in a spirit of open-minded fairness, and to hold such an attitude through to the bitter end, and mostly the end is bitter—for us.

For all too often the personal injury is either a figment of the imagination, born of a desire to get something for nothing, or else is so grossly exaggerated that a bump on the head becomes a compound dislocation of the fifth dorsal vertebra, while the property damage, in the case of a collision between train and auto, becomes such as to lead one to the inescapable conclusion that the age of miracles is still with us; for how else could a four hundred dollar auto sustain damage to the extent of nine hundred dollars, and still none of its occupants be killed?

However, it is not my purpose to single out the professional damage claimant, or his even more obnoxious blood-brother, the ambulance chaser, as especially deserving of blame for this "I didn't do it. He dunnit" attitude, for to do so would but, in turn, qualify me for membership in the clan whose repudiation of the obligations of personal responsibility I so deplore, and this I would avoid.

As old as Adam

Admittedly this desire to shift the blame attaching to our own acts from our own shoulders to those of brother George, is not a new characteristic of the human race. One sees in it a renaissance of the old cry of Noah's first-born: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

And countless other Cains, down through the ages, have repeated the querulous query, in all its cowardly variations, and all in an effort to shift the burden rightfully their own to the other fellow. Any other fellow.

It isn't the whining cowardice hidden in the "hedunnit" class alone that is so abhorrent to the honest soul, although, heaven knows, that is bad enough; its added concomitant which the present day responsibility-dodger saddles onto his wail, whereby the one blamed for the results of his own fool negligence or carelessness is asked not only to assume such blame, but in addition, to pay all costs in connection therewith—ten times over.

So almost universal is this impulse in its manifestations; so odious its reactions upon any fair-minded person

that when an exception is met; when after an unavoidable brush, we find the other chap saying, "Sorry, old man, my fault", why we feel like welcoming him not only as a kindred spirit, but as a long-lost brother as well, and were we a convivial soul, we'd urge him to join us in a snoot-full.

Harking backward no further than my own boyhood days, and—certain well-meaning friends to the contrary, I am not a contemporary of Noah's first-born—I can recall that the kid who went whining to his ma every time he'd drawn a well deserved sock in the eye was held up to scorn and rated a position in boy-land somewhat lower than the modern sufferer from halitosis.

Now his widely scattered breed, after its collective auto has played booms-a-daisy with one of our buses, and its collective wife—Eh? My error!—after the occupants of said auto have visited a sympathetic physician, and an even more sympathetically inclined lawyer, — where was I? Oh, yes, well I mean to say is, this spawn of Cain slaps a suit on us for ten thousand dollars actual and fifteen thousand dollars punitive damages, and if you're in doubt as to what sort of damages is covered by class two, look it up. I did, and your contempt for the "youdunnit" species will increase, as did mine.

And why have we, from a nation of self reliant, sturdy individuals, degenerated into a herd of bleating sheep, alibi-ing our every act, and blaming the results of our own incompetence, of our own misdeeds, upon the first guy who is handy, providing he has a bit laid by for a rainy day—for he is fair game, and the open season for such lasts three hundred and sixty-five days each year?

There Is No Answer

The answer—if answer there be—to that one would likely be even more complicated than the question as worded. And anyway, would any useful purpose be served in floundering about for an answer, and then letting it go at that? The facts are so obvious that even he who runs may read. (And sometime I am going to trace that saying to its lair). This is simply a plea for more Abels and fewer Cains. Or, dropping the biblical for the classical, that of the Culpa twins, Mea and Tea, we string along with the former and ignore the latter. More of **mine**, and less of **thine**, the blame! For, don't you see that, since the fault is with the individual, so, too, must the hope or reform lie with that same individual, and with none other?

Perhaps it will help us along the pathway to reform in this matter of throwing the blame away from ourselves in the general direction of

whoever is near-by, if we think of such an act as a form of alibi, and I am going to let you learn what one honest soul has to say about an alibi. Says he:

"Two things in this world give me a pain—onions and alibis. But of the two, give me onions. I can eat onions on the 4th of July and practically cease to taste them by Christmas. But the after effects of an alibi stay with me for a full year.

"I hold this truth to be self-evident, that the better the alibi the flatter the failure. An alibi is a piece of dough which started out to be a biscuit and ended as a pancake.

"The alibi is intended by its fond parent to be an explanation, but it is really nothing but an admission.

"An alibi is a worthless substitute for an achievement. The world is roughly divided into two classes: those who use alibis and those who get the thing done."

Do not misunderstand me. It is not intended that simply to maintain peaceful relations with one of these bellicose "I'm gonna sue you" birds, you should cave-in and say. "S'all right, brother, you are right, and I am wrong, as you always are". Not only might he think that you're a poor lot; he might even see through your double-talk, and where would that leave you? No, when you know you're right, stand your ground through hell and high water. He'll respect you, and, what's a dam site more important, you'll respect yourself.

And anyway, if you are a railroad man most generally you are right, particularly as concerns your work. Your training, your experience, and your inherent wish to be right, all operate to prevent your being wrong. A railroad man cannot afford to be wrong. Life rides with him, and he cannot afford to take the chances that being wrong would entail.

And, as hinted previously, why single out any particular class as particularly deserving of the stigma which attaches to the "you dunnit" brand, when this class is as high as from Canada to the Gulf, as wide as from Catalina to Coney, and as handsome as Jimmie Durante. As a class he may lack class, but he is still one of a larger group, playing a game wherein the rules are founded upon good sportsmanship. So, for gosh-sakes, let's play the game accordingly, and not make up our own rules as we go along, the whole purpose of which is not so much to win, ourselves, as to make the other fellow lose.

It takes a big man to say "mea culpa"! May his tribe increase!



Alhambra, Calif.,
October 1st, 1942.

Mrs. Willie Watchall,
Corn Crib, Iowa.
Dear Maw:

I heard you fell into the well so I thought I would drop you a line. My friends are always saying I am all wet so I guess I get it honest.

Paw wrote that you were getting a big price for hogs this fall and I was wondering if you wanted me to come home. Speaking of hogs I hope you are saving grease for the Government. The Boss suggested I turn in my vest. He said they use grease for making ammunition. Just think Maw I have been walking around with an arsenal in front of me and did not know it.

Things are sure humming here. Our railroad is building into a big ship yard at the Harbor. Every one is doing his best to help. The Auditor went so far as to put his best man on the job. It is a big engineering job. I asked the boss who was the most important an Engineer or an Auditor. He said "Keep this on the Q. T. but the most important man on a Railroad is the Auditors, and the only reason they run a Railroad is just to prove the Auditors figures are correct.

The other day I was up on the Sixth floor and I ran in to the Purchasing Agent. I asked him if it was true that the Auditors were the most important men on a Railroad. The P.A. said, "My boy when you came to work here where did they send you?" I said to the employment office. He said "What did they have you do?" I said take an I Q test. Then the P.A. said there is your answer. I said what do you mean. He said "Where do you work?" and I said in the Auditors office, then he said "There is your answer, the Auditors office is just a place to put people who fail in the I.Q. test." Maw I can hardly believe it.

I guess you saw in the paper where they are going to freeze wages. Well Maw do not worry about any ice shortage this winter, just a couple of ice cubes is all they need to freeze mine. It isn't the freezing that worries me Maw, it is the gas rationing. I heard a couple of the fellows in the office the other day say, When they ration gas Watchall is going to have to wear a muzzle. The Country is going to the dogs.

The recruiting offices of the Government are in our building. I went

in to enlist the other day. They send me into the Doc for an examination. He shook his head and then he shook my head and Maw he said it was the first time he ever heard a vacuum rattle. I'd rather Railroad anyway.

They are putting Women in the place of men on all the jobs they can and the men have to go to work. The boss said not to worry he was not going to put any woman on my job, because I had been here for years and it was to late to start work now. You know Maw some times I dont like the things he says.

Don't tell any one Maw but I am running a business on the side. I call it "We Name it Inc". Did you ever notice that when people buy a little ranch, or get a cat or dog or have a Blessed Event they have a lot of trouble getting a name. That is where I come in. Why just the other day A couple on my street had a new baby boy. They could not find a name for him so the father came up to see about a name. The Dad was a big husky guy so I said name him Harry after your chest. Maw I am out of business,

Your loving son,
Walter.

Officer: "What's the big idea? What are you men doing climbing trees and crawling through the bushes?"

Private: "Well, Sir, we camouflaged the gun before lunch and now we can't find it."

There was an earthquake in a South American city which badly scared the inhabitants.

An English family who lived there sent their little son to stay with an uncle in another district, for safe-keeping.

Two days later, the parents received the following telegram:

"Am returning your boy. Send the earthquake."

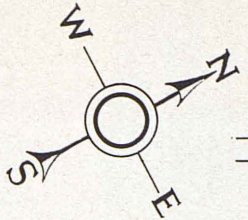
A man went to a fancy dress party. Another said to him, "Pardon me, but you're 'Titus Andronicus,' are you not?"

"What, me?" said the man in the toga angrily. "I haven't even found out where the bar is yet."

Mussolini and Hitler were in close conference. Weighty problems were under discussion. "Herr Hitler," says Musso, "when this war is over you and I will be the greatest dictators the world has ever seen. We'll have everything we want; of course we won't want everything there is!"

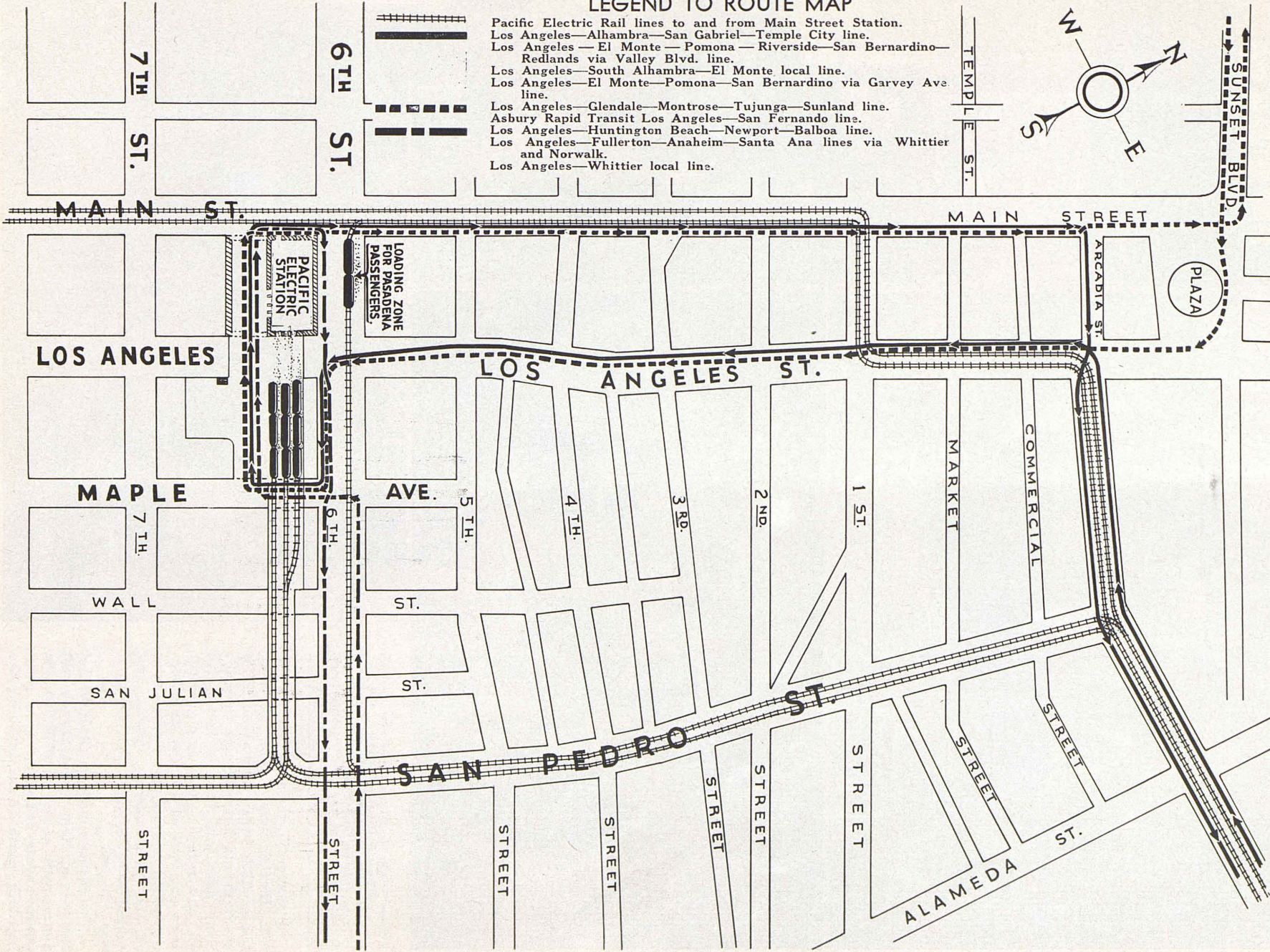
"Righto," said Hitler, as he patted Musso on the head. "Now go ahead and shine the other shoe."

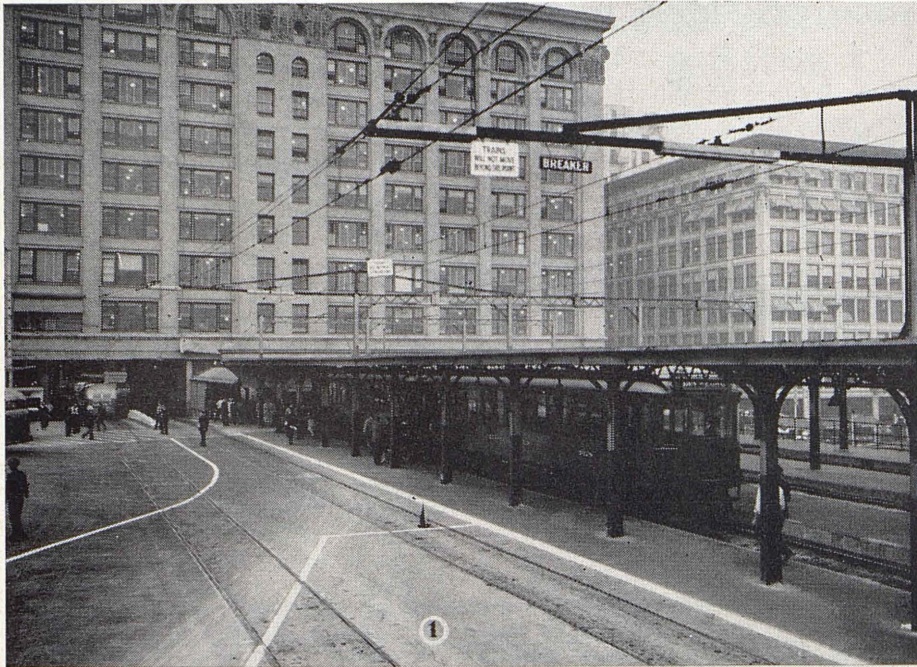
NEW TERMINAL AND NEW ROUTING IN OPERATION (See Next Page)



LEGEND TO ROUTE MAP

- Pacific Electric Rail lines to and from Main Street Station.
- Los Angeles—Alhambra—San Gabriel—Temple City line.
- Los Angeles—El Monte—Pomona—Riverside—San Bernardino—Redlands via Valley Blvd. line.
- Los Angeles—South Alhambra—El Monte local line.
- Los Angeles—El Monte—Pomona—San Bernardino via Garvey Ave. line.
- Los Angeles—Glendale—Montrose—Tujunga—Sunland line.
- Asbury Rapid Transit Los Angeles—San Fernando line.
- Los Angeles—Huntington Beach—Newport—Balboa line.
- Los Angeles—Fullerton—Anaheim—Santa Ana lines via Whittier and Norwalk.
- Los Angeles—Whittier local line.



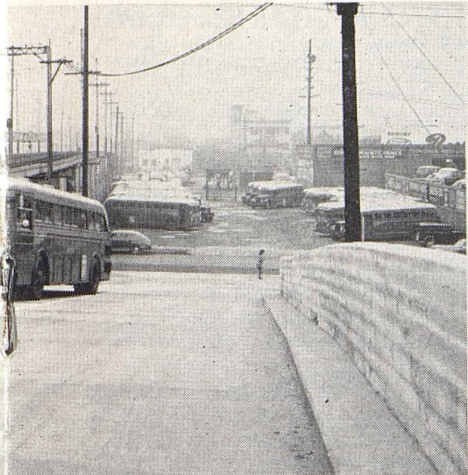


1. Stub Tracks for Trains and exit through Main Street Station for Coaches.
 2. Coach entering terminal over Ramp and Train entering over Viaduct.
 3. Just a corner of the great Parking Deck.
 4. Loading at one of the south gates.

A new era in the annals of the Pacific Electric was entered on September 27th (when terminal facilities at Sixth and Main Streets that for some time have been in the course of enlargement and improvement were put into service and consolidation of all rail and motor coach lines of the northeastern, eastern and southeastern areas in that terminal was effected.

The changes made in the terminal facilities at Main Street Station will approximate a cost of \$175,000, the improvements consisting of a parking deck, south of and adjoining the





5. Inside Main Waiting Room waiting for Coaches to be called.
 6. Coach in Station ready for loading.
 7. Getting "the low-down" on things at Information Bureau.
 8. Section of rear waiting room from which point passengers board trains.

elevated structure and on the same deck level as the rear of the Station, reached by a ramp from Maple Avenue, just south of Sixth Street; construction of a new elevator for the handling of mail and express from the Los Angeles Street level, connected by platforms with the Mail, Baggage and Express departments; construction of a ramp leading from the main waiting room of the Station to Los Angeles Street for the convenience of patrons desiring to enter the building from that street, and for the purpose of providing greater convenience to persons ar-

riving or departing from the station by Taxicabs, which will be stationed on Los Angeles Street in the future, instead of on Sixth Street.

All of the track surfaces on the south side of the viaduct have been paved; the interior of the loading area within the building repainted; dispatcher's office and baggage handling booth installed; and other improvements made for the comfort and convenience of passengers enroute to or from the vehicles. Much additional seating has been provided in the waiting rooms; additional ticket office facilities have been provided for use of the Ticket Agents coming into the terminal from former Motor Transit District office at Fifth and Los Angeles Street.

In addition to lines of the Pacific Electric, the Asbury Transit Line between Los Angeles and San Fernando will use the new terminal facilities.

For the complete information of our employes with reference to the new routing adopted by the company, a map appears in this issue of the Magazine, as well as pictures showing some of the features of the terminal arrangements; and complete description of the new operation follows:

"Joint rail and motor coach passenger terminal facilities will be established at the Sixth & Main Streets Station, Los Angeles, effective Sunday, September 27, 1942, and all motor coach service formerly operated to and from Union Bus Depot, Fifth & Los Angeles Streets, Los Angeles, will be slightly rerouted in downtown Los Angeles and operated to and from Sixth & Main Streets Station. Concurrently with this change, use of Union Bus Depot will be discontinued. The plan of motor coach operation provides that all lines formerly terminating at the Union Bus Depot, also the Los Angeles-Alhambra-Temple City Lines, which has been operated from temporary terminal on Los Angeles Street just south of Sixth Street, will be routed through the new joint terminal facility at Sixth & Main Streets.

Under the new arrangements, motor coach service in the downtown section of Los Angeles on the various lines involved will be routed as follows:

Los Angeles - Alhambra - Temple City Line

Los Angeles - Pomona - Riverside - San Bernardino via Valley Blvd. Line
Los Angeles - South Alhambra - El Monte Local Line

Los Angeles - Pomona - San Bernardino via Garvey Avenue Line

West on Aliso Street, south on Los Angeles, east on Sixth Street, south on Maple Avenue, thence west-

erly over the newly constructed vehicular ramp to viaduct and through the Main Street Station. From the station, coaches will be routed westerly to Main Street, north on Main Street, east on Arcadia Street and Aliso Street, thence present route.

Los Angeles-Sunland Motor Coach Line

East on Sunset Boulevard, south on Los Angeles Street, east on Sixth Street, south on Maple Avenue, thence westerly over ramp and viaduct to station. Leaving Los Angeles, coaches will be operated west to Main Street, north on Main Street, west on Sunset Boulevard, thence present route.

Los Angeles-Newport-Balboa Line

Los Angeles-Santa Ana Line

Los Angeles-Whittier Line

West on Sixth Street, south on Maple Avenue, thence westerly over ramp and viaduct to station. Leaving Los Angeles, coaches will be routed west to Main Street, north on Main Street, east on Sixth Street, thence present route.

In order to facilitate the movement of motor coach traffic in vicinity of station, inbound coaches to Los Angeles routed via Los Angeles Street will make last street stop for unloading passengers at **Fifth Street**; inbound coaches routed via Sixth Street will make their last stop to discharge passengers at **Wall Street**. Outbound coaches will make their first stop to load passengers after leaving station at **Fifth & Main Street** or **Sixth & Wall Streets**, according to route traveled.

Effective with the change in motor coach operations described above, the Pasadena Short Line and the Pasadena Oak Knoll Line rail passenger service will be operated in Los Angeles south on San Pedro Street, west on Sixth Street and north on Main Street. Passengers will board trains on Sixth Street, just east of Main Street, and at regular stops enroute.

At the same time all Los Angeles-Sierra Madre rail passenger service will be operated to and from Main Street Station, Los Angeles via the elevated tracks and San Pedro Street."

Servant (who responds to a ring): "Excuse me, please, but we are in great trouble here today. The gentleman of the house has been blown up in an explosion."

Peddler: "Ha! Hurt much?"

Servant: "Blown to atoms. Only a grease spot left of him."

Peddler: "Ah! Only a grease spot, you say? Well, here's a bottle of my champion eradicator, which will remove that grease spot in two minutes.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC CLUB

Saturday, October 10:
P. E. Agents' Association Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, October 13:
American Legion Auxiliary Afternoon Card Party. Prizes to winners—Playing fee 25c—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, October 14:
P. E. Rod & Gun Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.

Thursday, October 15:
Red Cross Sewing Unit of P. E. Women's Club—10:00 a.m.
P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party. Prizes to winners—Admission 25c—1:00 p.m.

Wednesday, October 21:
P. E. Masonic Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.

Thursday, October 22:
Red Cross Sewing Unit of P. E. Women's Club—10:00 a.m.
P. E. Women's Club Business Meeting, Program & Entertainment—1:00 p.m.

Friday, October 23:
American Legion Auxiliary Night Card Party. Playing fee 25c—Prizes to winners—8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, October 27:
American Legion Post Semi-monthly Meeting—8:00 p.m.
American Legion Auxiliary Semi-monthly Meeting—8:00 p.m.

Thursday, October 29:
Red Cross Sewing Unit of P. E. Women's Club—10:00 a.m.

Thursday, November 5:
Red Cross Sewing Unit of P. E. Women's Club—10:00 a.m.
P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party—Prizes to winners—Admission 25c—1:00 p.m.

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.

Educational Classes:
Transportation Operation and Maintenance Problems Classes held each Monday and Tuesday evening from 7 to 9 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

The regular monthly meeting held Sept. 9th indicated quite definitely your Club is headed for the same fate as was suffered by your Arrowhead Camp and several other resorts created by the Company for our benefit. Lack of interest is gradually closing them up. Out of six hundred seventy members there was barely a quorum turned out for the meeting. President J. B. Rogers frankly admits the situation is becoming desperate. Of course we appreciate the fact we are at war and war restrictions are keeping a lot of members away from the meetings, but it is not keeping over six hundred members away. Fishing has been excellent throughout the year and game in the field has been plentiful for those who could find time to go after it. Yet registrations received to date have been far below those of other years. Deer were so thick in the High Sierras this year our old friend B. F. (Antelope) Manley only had to fire one shot to bag his two legal bucks. Then there was (Nineteen Shot) Hal

Smith who bagged his limit of bucks with three shots this year. Formerly that first box of shells only went to warm up the gun barrel. There was F. M. (Dad) Manley fired two shots and bagged two nice prime bucks.

Yes, I was along too but being a conservative soul, I try to avoid wasting any meat. So I always shoot my bucks in the neck. Therefore it cost me five shots to bag my limit of bucks. It was all over with early on the opening morning. Four hunters with four limits of bucks and back in camp by noon time. Tired but all very happy. Word soon spread over the mountains of our good fortune and many compliments on our ability and good sportsmanship were received from fellow huntsmen. The term "our" is used because I happened to be along. While I do my best, I do not flatter myself by claiming to be in the same "hunter class" as the Manleys and Smiths. They are truly the "bulls of the woods". It's a pleasure to take your training and serve your apprenticeship under such capable instructors. For these kind words, I'll expect more jam on my bread and less razzing in the future than I got this year. (At home my wife only offers me a sauce dish for my jam when I hit it a little too hard.)

Chairman of International Committee A. M. Cross says he has a surprise in store for us at next meeting. You probably know he has access to more good shows than a booking agent.

Fishing Captain R. M. Lawrence has recently returned from a deer hunting trip near Bass Lake. One member of the party bagged his limit of bucks but Mr. Lawrence didn't have any luck himself. Was new country to him and he didn't happen to know where the big bucks were ranging.

The big question with all the hunters now is, where can we secure ammunition for our guns. Looks like the hoarders have just about cleaned up on the supply.

Understand our old friend Scott Braley really went out for big game this year. Toured to the northeastern part of the state for the big mule tail deer but got the 'flu' instead and was confined to his bunk for the duration of his vacation. Too bad Scott. We hope you had a comfortable bed. I'd sure hate to spend a week in a sleeping bag.

Haven't heard how Dan Torri came out on his hunting trip near Westwood. A couple of years back Dan bagged a big mule tail buck near Alturas. Had a beautiful spread of horns and Dan was contemplating first prize in our Club. Told his young son to saw the horns off for him while he made preparations to return

to Los Angeles. He did. Each one individually. Thus spoiling a beautiful trophy. The head was never registered. We hope nothing like that happened this year.

Well, here's hoping a lot of new faces will be present at our next regular meeting, Wednesday, Oct. 14.

AMERICAN LEGION POST

By James E. Davis

At a joint meeting of the Pacific Electric Railway Post, and The Southern Pacific Daylight Post, to be held at our post, October thirteenth, our post will present a citation to Assistant to The General Superintendent, T. L. Wagenbach, for his assistance in carrying out our American Legion program. President O. A. Smith received a similar citation, some time ago. Both of these officials have helped us in many ways.

Superintendent Wagenbach used to work for the Southern Pacific Railroad, therefore it is fitting that our comrades from the Southern Pacific should join with us in this ceremony.

New members:— Alfred R. Ramirez, Special Agent for the P. E. Ry. formerly attached to Transportation Headquarters, M. P. Tyler O. Trowbridge, Conductor, formerly of Co. B, 58th Infantry, 4th Division and Eldon Charles Anderson, Guard formerly of the 4th Co. C. M. G. O. T. S.

Among the committee appointments made by our new District Commander D. L. A. Hammer, are: 23rd District Disaster and Relief Committee, Our Judge Advocate, Burgess N. Broberg, who has just attended the National Convention of the American Legion, at Kansas City, as a Department Delegate, and 23rd District Hospital Committee, our First Vice Commander Frederick W. Nichols, who has long been noted for his Hospital Visitation work at the Veteran's Hospital at Sawtelle.

Our Post has renewed its subscription to the National Geographic Magazine, which we are sending to Ward 3, Sawtelle Veteran's Hospital.

Sept. 22nd, Commander Gale Taylor, First Vice Commander J. V. O'Connell, Second Vice Commander E. C. Bradley and Finance Officer R. J. Young, all of Southern Pacific Daylight Post visited us to officially accept our invitation for a joint meeting October 13th.

Some time ago this post adopted a resolution, calling upon the American Legion to admit Veterans of World War 2, to the Legion. We believe similar resolutions were passed by many posts. At the National Convention this resolution was put into effect, so now all that remains to be done to make these veterans eligible for membership is for the United States to pass an

amendment to the national charter of the American Legion.

We already have 56 members who have paid their dues for 1943.

We wish again to invite all veterans of World War 1, now working for the Pacific Electric Railway to join our post. All that is necessary to make them eligible to join is the possession of an honorable Discharge from the Armed Forces of the United States. They do not need to belong to any other organization. We hope soon to be in a position to issue the same invitation to vets. of World War 2.

AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY Martha Harper, Publicity Chairman

Mrs. K. M. Brown, Jr., Past President of the Unit was presented a Citation for Meritorious Service in the American Legion Auxiliary in 1942, by the Department of California, American Legion Auxiliary. The Unit also received a Citation.

The public is invited to attend the "500" card parties, on the 2nd Tuesday of the month at 1:30 p.m. A bonus of 200 points will be given those who are on time. The regular night card parties are still being held on the 4th Friday in the Club. Mrs. O. Jacot is the Chairman in charge.

The Unit members are actively engaged in many phases of defense work. Anyone having salvage to turn in may call the Salvage Chairman Mrs. H. Brinker, FI 7019.

There are several Silver Pin Red Cross Blood Donors in our group.

Mrs. C. Newhouse, Membership Chairman reminds us that the drive for new members is now in progress. If you are eligible, contact any member of the Unit for information regarding same.

We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Contreras and family, on the loss of her son in the service of our country. Mrs. Contreras is a Past Historian and Chairman of the 23rd District, and has many friends in this Unit.

NOTICE

Retired and Active Pacific Electric Railway employees and their wives are cordially invited to the regular monthly meeting of the Los Angeles Chapter of the Retired Railroad Employees of America at the Pacific Electric Auditorium, 627 S. Los Angeles Street, Thursday, October 22 at 2 p.m.

An interesting program has been arranged including musical acts by children.

W. A. K. Clarke,
President

Boy: "What do you call a man who drives a car?"

Pedestrian: "It all depends on how close he comes to me, son."

PACIFIC ELECTRIC MASONIC CLUB

Ed. Hasenyager

Brethren! Our Vacation is finished for 1942 and from reports coming in we may expect a busy time for the balance of the year.

Our next meeting will be held on Wednesday, October 21 at 7:30 P.M. in the new Pacific Electric Club Quarters on the ninth floor of the Pacific Electric Bldg. There are several committees to report that will be of interest to all of our members. With all this long rest we have had the attendance should be excellent at this meeting.

Attention! Membership Committee! With the great number of new employees there should be many who are members of the Craft who no doubt would be glad to become members of our Club. Ask them to attend our next meeting as your guest.

Lexington Lodge #104

El Monte, California

Invites our Club to visit them on October 12 to confer the Master's Degree on a fellow employee from the Transportation Dept. We have made a number of visits to El Monte Lodge and received Royal Treatment Let us turn out in force to show our appreciation for again being invited to confer a degree. They will be expecting us.

It will be greatly appreciated by the director of the Degree Corps and your Secretary if any member of our Club who is proficient in the work of any station for Third Degree work will make this fact known to the Secretary by calling Station 2142 on the Pacific Electric Exchange.

Don't forget to visit that sick brother when you know he is ill. Brother Newton D. High (retired) is quite ill at this writing and is now living at 1720 East 68th St., Los Angeles.

Brother William A. McCammond (retired) of 917 - 2nd St., Santa Monica, on September 27. We extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family and friends.

Brother McCammond was Treasurer of our club for a number of years. "We have kindly thoughts for the stranger

And smiles for the oft-time guest,
But for our own, the bitter tone
Tho' we love our own the best;
For them our lips show curves impatient

And our brows the look of scorn.
'Twere a bitter fate, were the nite
too late

To undo the work of the morn.
For many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh
words spoken

That sorrow can never make
right."

P. E. CLUB BARBER SHOP RE-OPENED

Mr. Vickrey is pleased to announce that the Barber Shop in the Trainmen's Room located in the P. E. Club Building is again open for business.

Mr. Stephen McKnight is the gentleman in charge and is a first class barber of many years experience in some of the better barber shops, hotels and clubs in the city.

Mr. McKnight is in a position to give you first class service and a trial will convince you.

HERE AND THERE WITH THE WOMEN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Lon Bishop

The new Club rooms were filled to capacity on the opening day, Sept. 10 and everybody happy over the new home.

Doesn't it sorta give you a thrill to think that for years we've been privileged to use the rooms that our own Uncle Sam liked well enough to move into? (Gosh, hope the gals cleaned out the kitchen cupboard).

And you know what! . . . Well, when we move back, we're going to be prouder than ever of those rooms.

We will almost see the hundreds of fine, straight young lads who answered the call from Uncle Sam and went out from our old Club rooms to fight for all of us. The rooms will be filled with memories we won't soon forget.

Patriotic decorations, patriotic songs, flags and more flags was the order of the day at the first meeting.

Program Chairman Mrs. Landon, presented our gracious new President Mrs. Hasty to the assembled group and while Mrs. J. B. Green was pinning a lovely corsage of war stamps, roses & ferns on her shoulder, Mrs. Fuller sang "Always"—it was downright pretty, honest it was—and the new First Lady very charmingly acknowledged it. Mr. Collins, Mr. Thorburn and Mr. Vickrey were present, each saying the nice things about us they always do, and of which women never tire. Mr. Thorburn did take time out just to mention grand children, but he realizes that Ruth Green is right on the job and has covered that subject very nicely.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Geibel and Mr. Thomas could not be present, but we hope there will be another time soon, when they can.

Mr. Collins seems like an old friend, having been with us on our last birthday party.

Mr. Vickrey, always the same, year in and out—well he knows what the gals think of him—just couldn't get along without him—(another chance, Mr. Editor).

How we missed the repartee that usually takes place when those two meet at our parties.

Mrs. Cotton, a guest of Mrs. Landon's delighted the group with two numbers. She has a splendid voice and sang "This Is Worth Fighting For" in a manner that almost brought a cheer.

Little Miss Haag, just a tiny tot, sang one song accompanied by her grandmother and then in a short reading, told us what she would do if she was married. She has been before radio KFSG at Los Angeles Temple for some time and carried on like a real trouper. Our own Mrs. Fuller's glorious voice was heard in two numbers, "Johnny Doughboy" and "I Am An American" and when she struck high C, B or was it G, I was so thrilled, I most forgot to play. Mrs. Fuller has four boys in the service and when she sang those words "I Am An American, I Am Every Part of Me", there was pride in that voice and a thrill that words can't describe—wish you all had been there.

Mrs. Landon is to be congratulated on her first program—said her tongue got twisted once or twice, but we think she was the only one who noticed it—any way who doesn't at one time or another.

Makes us think about the young Dr. just starting out and making his first talk to a group of very pretty young mothers. In his effort to make good, he just tied himself in knots trying to emphasize to them, "the angelic, thrilling, inspiring beauty on the face of an upturned child." Then there was the prominent radio announcer who was so thrilled at the prospect of introducing a President. He said "Ladies and Gentlemen, President Hoobert Heever".

We forgot to tell you, we had strawberry sundaes, cookies and punch served later in the afternoon, with the Past Presidents doing the honors.

If every meeting will be as cheerful and cosy as the first one, then happiness for the year is assured.

The second meeting of the month was held Sept. 24th—just another happy afternoon for our memory book. A regular business session, delightful program, raffling of the beautiful bed set. Meeting your "Secret Pal" of the last year and the daintiest of refreshments, fruit salad, wafers, and tea served later in the afternoon. Can you suggest anything nicer, then why don't you come up and join us some afternoon.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

The Club's guest speaker of the day was the Rev. Elsie R. Peter, who teaches the sign language to a large group of deaf mutes at Angelus Temple. A very charming woman, who is doing a wonderful work. Her interpretation of God Bless America and Onward Christian Soldiers in the sign language was very interesting and most unusual and the talk she gave was an inspiration to all.

The next regular meeting will be held October 8th before this Magazine is out, but at the second meeting, Oct. 22nd, Mrs. Landon is inviting you to a Hallowe'en party and she wants you, and you and especially you to come up, get away from work for just a little while, relax and have a jolly time.

Mrs. Crunk is heart and soul in her bazaar work and has asked all those who will help, to meet with her on Fridays in the Red Cross room at ten o'clock.

A number of the members were unaware of the passing of Mrs. W. E. Booth during the summer. Mrs. Booth was a charter member of the Club and during the early years of organization served as Welfare Chairman—a work she loved and in which she made many friends—we're sorry not to have printed this sooner.

We can't help but speak of dear little Miss Houge—not a member of our Club, but loved by all who knew her. We are going to miss that cheery smile and that pat on the shoulder that said and meant so much to us. Our loss, but God's gain.

Lady: "A big man like you might be better occupied than in cruelly catching little fish."

Fisherman: "That may be, lady, but if this fish had kept his mouth shut he wouldn't be here."

It's easy to pick out the hostess. She's the one trying to move glasses and cigarette butts in time to save the furniture.

Missionary: "Poor man! So you know nothing of religion."

Cannibal: "Oh, yes. We got a taste of it when the last missionary was here."

A couple of aviators were discussing a mutual acquaintance.

First: "What do you think of Smith?"

Second: "He is a good fellow to bomb around with."

"Did you ever taste moonshine whisky?"

"Certainly not," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "Anyone who can't swallow fast enough to keep from tastin' it has no business tryin' to drink it."

WINCHIE AT THE KEYHOLE

By Marion Snowden

Remember this: "It's OK to try anything once, if you don't try it once too often."

We'll now pump up the old organ and emit a few wheezy notes.

Recently we read that "molar motion is the attraction of gravitation." Huh, we've always thought it was the motion of champ-champing,—that most necessary adjunct to the universally popular science of gastronomy. (That's wheezy, all right.)

Now for last month's magazine. Where, oh where on the Honor Roll of those in Service, have they hidden Noble Cates?

We think that whoever wrote the article about the PE Club last month deserves a lot of credit. The article describes every activity that affects the interests of our big family. Now we hope that membership will increase tremendously, especially in the Mortuary Fund, as Winchie is one of the drummers-up of trade. Dues are not one cent unless a member drops out of existence. So get ready for the dotted line.

We note with much interest and breathless anticipation the ad inside the back cover of last month's mag.—"Ride between the hours of 10 and 4." OK, OAS, HOM, GES, LAL, JJS, & FH, all or several.—just let us know when, and you'll find us 100 per cent co-operative.

We pause to wonder where was Walter Watchall last month. We have had lootsa calls to that effect, as if we should know Walt's comings and goings on. Anyway, Walt, your avid readers miss you, and hope you will be back this month.

Wedding bells may soon be ringing for a certain lovely brunette" in the Typing Bureau, but who would have supposed that they would already have rung over the lovely head of the Comptometer Bureau!!! Congratulations to the lucky groom and all happiness to the popular bride, Helen Bettis Stewart.

Adelene Livermore has been presented with a Pullman pass by her solicitous friends who commute with her mornings and evenings. She's the present official "runner" for our office, and after all, she has to snore SOMEwhere.

Grace Vail has dropped out of circulation, having resigned to move to Chicago where her B19 Inspector husband, Nile, has been transferred. So long, Grace, we'll be missing you. Grace's going leaves a place at the foot of the ladder for Louise Davis,

to whom welcome. Hang on Louise, and watch your step.

Vacations (yep, we're still having 'em, even though we KNOW the office can't get along without us) are as follows, with possible unintentional omissions: Mr. Suman, golfing—how do WE know where?; Hazel Allen, Amelia Grenke, Esther Ross, Ann Shofer, all at home (than which there is no nicer place); Fannie Jones, Portland (out west there is only ONE Portland); Marie Shaw, Texas, where Don Watson was deep in the heart of last month, as Marilyn Hawkins told us; Violet Haddock in San Francisco and at home—looking at her, one realizes the meaning of "brown as a berry"—but why? We thought berries were black, red, blue or green—; Maybelle Wirz who was in last month with a ?, now comes out with San Francisco and San Diego; and Brownie Brown, the Lone Ranger, putting on a wedding.

We hear with much interest that Conductor James H. Doherty, Badge number 2502 reads the magazine. Let's see if he reads all of it.

Here's one that makes us wonder why it couldn't have happened sooner.

We've heard from a reliable (?) source that President Roosevelt is putting all the Republicans in the front line trenches so they can't vote. HAW! HAW! (And Uncle Tommus, if you leave out even one haw, we won't play in your back yard any more, because this reliable news item originated with a Republican.) P.S.—This was a dyed-in-the-wool one.)

Remember that popular up-to-the-second little song "Any bonds today"? Now it's "Any bands today", what with Florence Haldeman doing the Grecian bend over every little red or green cigarette stripe that lies in her way. She's making a collection of them for a fund that provides a "seeing-eye" dog for a certain number that runs into the X quantity. Please, all you fellas who are trying to reduce that unpatriotic bulge out in front, do your stuff and institute a pick-up campaign in the streets and gutters. Contributions of cellophane strips from the products of The American Tobacco Co. will be gratefully appreciated by FH and Winchie who will do the counting.

Now it seems that Florence Cox is rushing forward with a good excuse for riding around in a Plymouth. Her sister unexpectedly presented the family with a husband — named Ralph, incidentally. So Coxie takes advantage of the opportunity of com-

ing out of the family driveway in a Plymouth. OK, Coxie.

Did anyone notice that Florence Moss was awarded the job of "Time-peeker" in the Central Timekeeping Bureau? Oo goody! Now she can dish out the dirt up there—or what else would they need a peeker for.

We report with a shock of deep regret the passing last month of Melia Houge, one of the most popular and efficient nurses the Medical Department has ever had. Busy as that department has always been, she was never too busy for a smile and a cheery word. She will be missed more than words can say by her fellow workers and all the ailing folks who have trailed up there through the years. Our sincere sympathy is extended to her family.

Anyone who happened to listen in on the radio Saturday night—station time?—could have heard young Earle Barlow — soldier nephew of Earle Moyer — talking to his Mom from London. Young Earle's Mom is May Moyer Barlow, sister of OUR Earle, and one time worker in this office in the ancient days. We can just imagine how thrilled Mom was!

We've recently had a nice letter from Marty Creamer out Arkansas way, where he's doing plenty of drilling and maneuvering. One of his highlights—taking long hikes with "everything on his back but the bed-springs and foot locker." He's heard from some of his old gang—what did you say, George Jehl?—and would he love to see SUNNY California again!! (What sun?) He's a great boy, and we all hope he'll be back before long hitting the keys for his column again, crowding us off the maggy.

Arvilla Curran was initiated into the gustatorial delights of a chop suey joint one Saturday — at the Golden Pagoda (if we're allowed to advertise a concern that doesn't advertise in our magazine.) Anyway, now Acie can find her way around in those huge mounds of what-is-it that intrigue the American taste.

Here's one for Jimmy Adams' boy friend Matt Weinstock: On a sign-board for an insurance agent—"Drive carefully. You might hit one of my customers."

By the way—Jimmie, where art thou? Seems to us that the way has opened up for you to again display your talents in ink-slinging, what with the Motor Transit boys running around loose now, like a ship without a rudder. All they need is for someone with the gift of gab to corral 'em and listen to 'em for a while.

We've moved at last over to 6th and Main Station, and the first day was more fun than a barrel of monkeys. We can see, however, that

there's going to be a grand bottleneck going down the ramp to make the early morning getaway through the station and out the front door. Wish the powers that be could see their way clear to letting us cut along the runway that leads to the back elevator. That might leave the path open for the stampede down the ramp. The evening crush at the gates made it look as if we had jumped from one madhouse into another. But it looks nice and clean around there. Incidentally, the grand entrance to Mr. Gills dungeon is all whitewashed and shiny bright just like a first aid station.

Before we close, we want to thank the Mystery Trio for the Happy Birthday songs they so lavishly handed out to the Septemberites. They missed Hazel Allen this year, on the 17th, but we bet they didn't mean to.

Anyway, folks, happy Columbus Day.

ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT

By Marilyn J. Hawkins

Monday, September 21st, 8:15 am, while sitting calmly at my desk awaiting the bell, a sudden clamor sounded thruout the office, then everybody started rushing to the back of the room. Thinking there was either a fire or a Jap back there, I followed the crowd and found everyone gathered around Helen Bettis. She had just announced her marriage to William Stewart. The ceremony took place in Williams, Arizona on Saturday, September 19th. The arrangements for the ceremony were made by Mrs. Stewart's cousin. The newlyweds traveled on the Santa Fe "California Limited".

The wedding gift from the office to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart was \$50.00, which they have wisely invested in U. S. Defense Savings Bonds.

Speaking of weddings there is another one rumored. Tighe won't you please confirm or deny?? Everyone is saying you were married on that vacation trip to Chicago!

Well one by one they leave us! Frank Carr has enlisted in the Army and will leave us soon. We're all proud of you Frank. You'll make a fine soldier.

Camp Adair, Oregon—Several of us have received welcome letters from Private Nobel Cates. He said he will try to write to everyone as soon as possible. Nobel said when he went into the Army, that he would be glad to lead a **rugged outdoor life** after so many years spent in the office as Voucher Examiner. We now find Nobel at Camp Adair . . . examining vouchers. Oh me! ironic fate.

L. B. McNelly would like to see our National Flag displayed prominently in the Main Accounting Office. A very large one in the Waiting Room of the 6th and Main Street Terminal would certainly be appropriate these days, also.

Have you noticed the new faces in our office? They are, Alice Cooper, typist and Rose Kendrick, record room clerk. Welcome to our domain.

(Say Archie wasn't that a nice box of candy Mrs. Stewart passed around? HINT, HINT.)

Mrs. Carl F. Drake is now away on a vacation trip to Chicago. I'll bet L.A. will seem pretty nice after "The Windy City".

Bonnie King recently visited the office. She is now living in San Francisco, working for S.P.

On his vacation Kenny Pomeroy stayed at Blue Jay near Lake Arrowhead. Mrs. Pomeroy and son Rex remained there after Kenny returned to work. Kenneth found a sure cure for loneliness, he went to see the show at the Burbank. Tell us about it Ken.

W. H. Alexander went deep sea fishing on his vacation. Reports fishing good off Balboa coast. Weeks and his son went to Sequoia National Park to see the big trees.

Ask Ed Gelderloos about the Hart-Trouble he suffers from at the end of the month when those figures just won't balance.

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

Greetings To—	Day
Rose Kendrick	3
W. C. Scholl	3
Andrea Reshaw	5
W. H. Alexander	7
J. J. Stadon	8
K. L. Salmon	8
Edward Murphy	9
Robert Houseman	11
J. G. Brown	14
Jessie Kremer	15
O. A. Smith	16
Florence Davis	16
Alice Cooper	18
H. C. Kuck	21
C. H. English	22
Frank Hardesty	22
A. E. Hanna	23
Tom Gentry	26
Mildred Bates	28
H. E. Heustis	29
Helen Sawyer	29
Katheryn Hooker	29
Fred H. McFarland	30
J. K. Hubbard	31
J. C. Saunders	31
Glen Stancer	31
Nina Robertson	31

Father (to young son sucking his thumb): "Hey, don't bite that thumb off. You may need it when you get old enough to travel."

PURCHASING DEPT. NOTES

By Ray Cragin

The stork is a busy man these days. Olive Moore reports the arrival of a bundle from heaven on September 17th. Weight 9 lbs. 11½ oz. Might be a stenographer twenty years from now. Our congratulations to Ralph and Olive. . . . Ruth Bushard also reports the arrival of a second son on September 8th. The young man was named Kenneth Michael. . . . and will probably be a buyer for the Standard Oil Company along about 1965. Our girls seem to prefer the Maytag to the Underwood.

Bernadette Dormedy has her niece Patricia MacDonald from Ashland, Wisconsin visiting her. Plans to stay awhile, but misses her horse. George Quesenbery is rooting for the Trojans this year, at least he was when heading for the Tulane-USC game. Do not know if he changed his mind after the game.

C. C. Fenimore and Norm Gilbert fished up in the Bishop Country over Labor Day, caught five fish between them. CCF says he will stay home next time and sit on the back porch and shoot mountain goat. . . . Diana Graf has been sending packages to her boy friend in Honolulu. . . . Met him at Woodbury Business College, he was quarterback on the football team. "DOT" Beranek Shafer says they are moving. Seems Ned wants to return to the neighborhood of his childhood. . . . Robert Morris who left us for the Army over a year ago, paid us a visit a while back. . . . he is now a Second Lieutenant, just returned from the Officers Training School in the south.

Forrest Campbell, who roamed the plains of our Store Department in the days of remember when? paid us a visit recently. Is with the Signal Oil Company. Forrest says you go further with Signal.

Floyd Gill had a birthday on September 23rd. Two mystery trios sang to him. Must be nice to be popular. Had a cake and everything. Has more friends than Hitler has enemies, and that's a lot. . . . Marvin Bowers left to work for his dad in Las Vegas. The town has done right well since I left it. . . . George Seitz who replaced Elmo McBride took Marvin's place. . . . and charming Mozelle Maxwell took up George's duties. . . . Elmo McBride called on Mr. Gill recently. . . . is stationed at Pittsburgh, California. . . . and is doing fine.

Young Miss Livermore of the Conductor's Acct. Bureau has a pullman pass on the red cars, that is, so I hear. . . . see her for details. . . .

Mildred Fowler is back from vacationing. . . . is the Greta Garbo of our Department. . . . don't say where she was. . . . just wants to be alone. Bob Johnston traveled to Missouri on his vacation. . . . reports a fine trip and played a few games of baseball. . . . Also reports the B of R C Club recently won a game.

Store Department Notes

Ward McCall vacationed in Mid-September. His wife had a new plan this year. . . . says a change is as good as a rest so she put him to work keeping house and she had a vacation for a change. . . . well, at least we heard he did the dishes. . . . Bill Jolley was in St. Vincents for a few days, but was ready to go home when this is written.

Cliff Curle and wife celebrated their wedding anniversary on August 27th. . . . to Cliff it is a day of atonement. . . . he squares himself with the little lady. . . . this year he brought her an Orchid and took her to the Florentine Gardens. . . . But that is only half of the story. . . . September 16th Charles Wakefield and wife celebrated theirs. . . . Charles is head of the Hospital Committee at Sawtelle for the V.F.W. . . . he spent all his money for cigarettes for his buddies. . . . He called Mrs. Curle to borrow the Orchid. . . . she had kept it in the ice box but Charles was too late. . . . it did not keep and I still wonder if Charlie gave his wife an anniversary present.

Lile Padilla reports his son Edward who is in the Navy, being home for a week's leave. Lile's second son, Alphonso, is now in the Navy and with two sons serving Uncle Sam has to have a larger vest.

All members of this Department extend their sympathy to the family of Miss Melia Hougie. Her passing was a shock to all, and we all feel that we have lost more than a friend. Her life was given to the care of the sick and that is the most worthy profession any woman can have.

STATION STATIC

By James J. Adams

On Sunday, September 27th the skeptics who said, "It can't happen here!" must have crawled in their holes and pulled the holes in after them! For that date will go down in history as the "BIG DAY" of the Sixth and Main and 5th and Los Angeles St. consolidation! Taking it all in all it worked out pretty smooth at that. For many weeks previous we were aware of the many improvements going on about us. The station was practically remodeled. The Southern Pacific Ticket Office was moved out to make room for more benches and the telephone booths were moved in the front lobby. The finishing touches were put on the great loading deck in the rear of the station and the main concourse was given a coat of paint. (That was some job!)

The consolidation also brought many changes to the personnel and so we'll take you on an imaginary tour of an average day at the "Los Angeles Terminal" (That's the official name for the old Sixth and Main St. Station.)

This tour will have to be imaginary because it starts at 4:30 A.M. and who in heck would get up at that hour to meet a bunch of ticket pushers, etc! Anyway, that's the time we show up (daily except Sundays).

Next on the job at Window No. 2 we meet M. K. (Slim) Seyfried, who knows more about the Motor Coach System than we'll ever learn. One of the real "old timers" from 5th and Los Angeles.

Then at 6:30 A.M. our old friend Don (Gravy) Gates opens in Window No. 1. Don has been practicing on bus tickets for quite a while and was able to handle it all alone on the first day.

At 9 A.M. in Window No. 3 we

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meet Garry Evans. While he has not been on the job as long as some of the others, he sure "knows his stuff" and has been very patient in answering our many questions about the system.

Next we meet Joe Hernandez who holds out in Window No. 7 at 9:30 A.M. Joe takes things right in stride and seems to get along fine.

At 2 P.M. the night crew starts out with W. B. "Rosy" Rosenthal who transferred from the P. E. Baggage room. While new on the job, he seems to catch on fast and we wish him the best of luck!

In Window No. 2 at 2:30 P.M. we meet Philip Malhoit who transferred from the Baggage Room and has been known to many of us for a long time as a relief Gateman.

Last but not least on the day's jobs comes Mandel Brasler, our cell mate in Window No. 4 from 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.

Then we have two day off relief clerks, Howard W. "Pappy" Strong who hails from 5th and Los Angeles St. Station and in our humble opinion is well qualified to hold down a really tough job.

The other day off relief job is held down by James (Maloney) Russell—(spell that middle name with an "M" not a "B".) OK, Russell, you're doing all right and if we ever get a bump, look out! We're after that job now that you have it all fixed up nice.

Well dear readers, there it is, and now that the tour is over let's give the boys a big hand. It has been a lot of hard work and required a lot of cooperation which was all we could ask for.

Next month we'll cover the Information and Receiving Cashier jobs, until then we say "This is one busy place!!"

"It was on the train to Bangor. The curiosity of a passenger, a typical chin-whiskered, down east Yankee, was excited by the fact that his seatmate had his right arm in a sling, and the following dialogue occurred:

"I say, stranger, ain't you broke your arm there?"

"Well, yes, I did."

"Had an accident, I reckon as how."

"Not exactly."

"Wal, then, how in tarnation did ye come to break it?"

"I did it trying to pat myself on the back."

"My land! On the back! Now, what in the name o' Goshen did ye want to pat yourself on the back fer?"

"Just for minding my own business."

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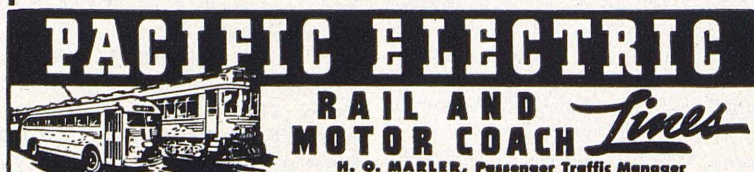


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SPARKS FROM THE TROLLEY

The Army was conducting a mock war, when an elderly lady started to cross a bridge which she had been crossing on her way to market for most of the years of her life. A soldier stationed at the bridge said, "I'm sorry, lady, but you can't cross this bridge. It has been blown up." The lady looked at the apparently sound bridge and retreated down the road. She came upon another soldier, this one lying at the roadside reading a book. "Pardon me," she said, "but is there anything wrong with that soldier down the road? He told me the bridge had been blown up." "I'm sorry, lady," replied the second soldier, "but I couldn't say. I've been dead for three days."

When a friend complained to a banker that he had lent \$10,000 to a person who had gone off without leaving any acknowledgment of the debt, the banker said: "Well, write to him and ask him to send you the \$50,000 he owes you."

"But he owes me only ten," said the friend.

"Precisely," rejoined the banker, "and he will write and tell you so, and thus you will get acknowledgment of it."

Frosh (bumping into gray-haired man on campus): "Say, where d'ya think you're going?"

Man: "Listen, I guess you don't know who I am. I'm the assistant football coach."

Frosh: "Pardon me, I thought you were the dean."

Friend: "What's your son's average income?"

Father: "From two to two-thirty a. m."

Mother (to prospective son-in-law): "Before you marry my daughter I must tell you, John, that she has acute angina."

John: "You're telling me?"

"Gasoline rationing is just made to order for the boys. Imagine the appeal to patriotism when he pulls up under a tree and tells her they ought to conserve gas."

A lady and her little daughter were walking through a fashionable street when they came to a portion of the street strewn with straw, put there to deaden the noise of vehicles passing a certain house.

"What's that straw for, Mother?" asked the child.

"The lady who lives in that house," replied the mother, "has had a little baby girl sent her."

The child thought a moment, looked at the large amount of straw and said: "Awfully well packed, wasn't she, Mother?"

After a searching cross-examination, the woman in the witness box remained quite calm. At last the lawyer exclaimed:

"You say you had no education, yet you answered all my questions smartly enough."

"Yes," replied the witness, meekly; "but you don't have to be a scholar to answer silly questions."

Naval Recruit: "What shall I do if I get seasick?"

Ensign: "Don't worry about that. You'll do it."

Teacher: "If you have \$10 in one pocket and \$15 in the other, what have you?"

Steve: "I have on somebody else's pants."

"Can you serve company?" asked the housewife when she was hiring the servant.

"Yes, mum; both ways."

"What do you mean?" asked the puzzled one.

"So's they'll come again, or stay away."

"Where d'ya get the black eye, corporal?"

"In the war!"

"What war?"

"The boudoir!"

"And what do you call it when one woman is talking?"

"A monologue."

"And when two women talk?"

"A cat-alogue."

The house agent has just informed the prospective tenant that the owner would allow no children, phonographs, radio sets, or dogs in his apartments. "Well," said the house hunter, "we haven't any of those things, but I want to play fair with the landlord. I guess you'd better tell him my fountain pen squeaks a bit."

A little boy was lost. An elderly lady said to him, "Tell me your name, little boy, and I'll tell you mother." The little boy cried, "My mother knows my name."

He determined to pass by his favorite tavern on his way home. As he approached it, he became somewhat shaky, but, after plucking up courage, he passed on. Then, after going about fifty yards, he turned and said to himself: "Well done, Pat, me boy. Come back and I'll treat ye."

To his Negro company of the 367th Infantry at Camp Claiborne, La., a black first sergeant spoke dire words:

"From now on when Ah blows dis yere whistle, Ah wants to see a huge impenetrable cloud of dust come boilin' outa them tents. An' when 'at dust clears away, Ah wants to find three rows of statues."

Dietician: "An exclusive vegetable diet would give you a trim figure."

Patient (skeptically): "Did you ever take a good look at a hippopotamus?"

The colonel, making a night tour of the camp, was challenged by a sentry who had been standing at his post for two hours in a driving rain.

"Who's there?" demanded the sentry.

"Friend," replied the colonel.

"Welcome to our mist!" said the sentry.

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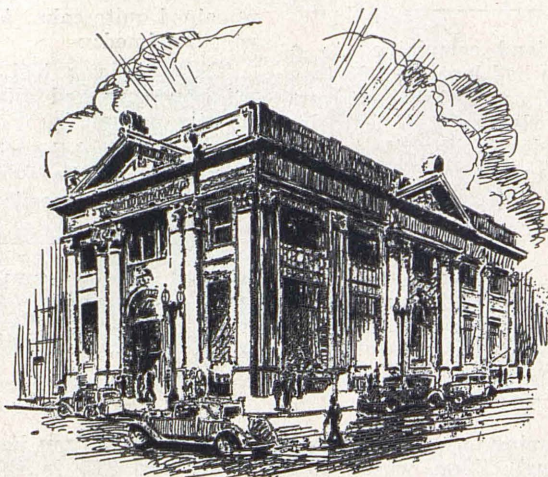


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