

CANADIAN PENNSYLVANIA ROCK GRAND
NATIONAL RAILROAD Island TRUNK
RAILWAY

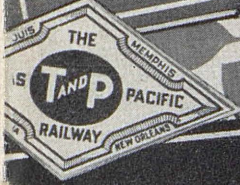
JANUARY 1943
PACIFIC ELECTRIC
Magazine

CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
ST. PAUL
AND PACIFIC

FRISCO
LINES



L & N
K.C.



Burlington
Route

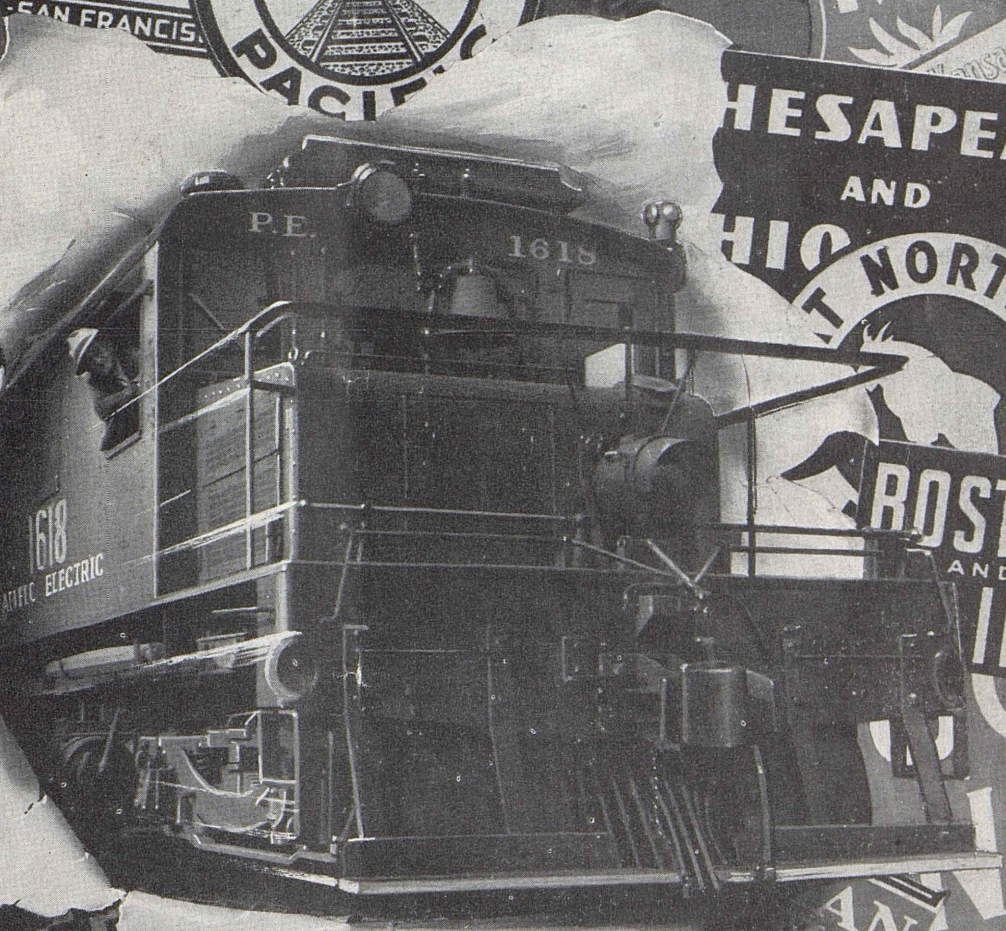
MISSOURI
PACIFIC
LINES

C & E

Chicago & Eastern Illinois R.

PERE
MARQU

NORTH WESTERN

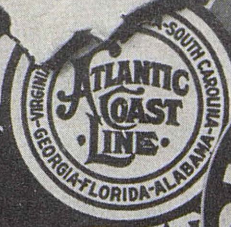


HESAPEAK
AND

CHICAGO
NORTHERN

BOSTON
AND
LINE

LINE



WESTERN
PACIFIC

PACIFIC ELECTRIC SERVES THE
RAILROADS OF THE NATION

TRAL
OF

GEORGIA



YOUR COUNTRY EXPECTS YOU TO:

- 1 Take care of equipment—prolong its life, maintain its efficiency.**
- 2 Use salvaged materials for maintenance and repairs where possible.**
- 3 Suggest to your foreman substitutions—for scarce metals.**
- 4 Make all scrap metal available for collection.**

War Production Board

**YOUR CARE MAY SAVE THE
LIFE OF A COUNTRYMAN**

... HONOR ROLL ...

PACIFIC ELECTRIC EMPLOYEES ENTERING ARMED SERVICE OF NATION IN DECEMBER

(So large has the Honor Roll become that limitations of space make it impossible longer to print the entire list of names in the magazine. Hence, the names which appear below are only those added since publication of the last *P. E. Magazine*. The list is corrected to January 2.)

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Salvador Arellano
Pete H. Avila
Arthur J. Bailey
John L. Clamson

William C. Fischer
Jesus Garcia
Ventura Garcia
William Gonzales

Louis R. Juare
Antonio Liceaga
Aurelio Medina
Jose Nunez

Frank Pacheco
Phillip Garcia Perez
Ned Erskine Rich
Adalberto Rodriguez

LAND AND TAX DEPARTMENT

Wilvert Todd

LAW DEPARTMENT

John R. Allport

MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

Richard J. Henry

Frank M. Saiza

Everett W. Morley

TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT

Joe V. Antista
James G. Blake
Wiley M. Carpenter
Jack W. Clabaugh
Joseph T. Cooper

Homer A. Darling
Arnold G. Evans
Edward E. Gilliland
Robert Lee Goforth
Joseph T. Gore

Harold C. Hall
Charles L. Harris
George L. Hoffman
Morgan W. Johnson
Douglas MacArthur

Herbert B. McCollum
George R. Pitchie
Joseph V. Roberts
Harold Walker

PACIFIC ELECTRIC NOW HAS 453 EMPLOYEES IN THE ARMED FORCES OF THE NATION

... OUR RESPONSIBILITY ...

Every employee of the Pacific Electric Railway Co. is now a member of Uncle Sam's fighting forces. Since the advent of gasoline rationing and the subsequent increase in passenger volume on our lines, the fact has been forcefully brought to our attention that much of the success of our war effort hinges upon our ability to "deliver the goods". Let public transportation cease operation for just one day in Southern California and its effects would be felt on the battlefields of North Africa, the fox-holes on Guadalcanal and the icy wastes of Alaska and Iceland.

Unless we do our part in delivering the war workers to their respective jobs, they cannot make and assemble the materials of war needed to blast "Schilkelgruber and Company" off of the map.

This is the responsibility which we have assumed. *This is our job.* Moments of carelessness or negligence which may bring about accidents

and the resulting tie-up of equipment are moments which directly contribute to Axis plans. We can picture those unholy partners chuckling with satisfaction over the train or bus load of war workers being late for work because of some carelessness or negligence on our part.

Replacement of worn out or damaged equipment is out of the question due to priorities. Spare parts are as scarce as the proverbial "hen's teeth." We *must* make our equipment last us for the duration. The cars and coaches in the service of the P.E. are truly more important to Uncle Sam than a like number of flying fortresses or 16 inch rifles. He would rather that we have this equipment to transport to work the men and women who make the planes and guns.

Yes—ours is a great responsibility—but we are all proud to assume it—and to do our fair share in backing up the men behind the guns.

ED THOMAS' LIFE STORY

Rises from Printer's Devil to General Agent of
P. E. Railway; Organizes Emergency Relief
Fund, Mortuary Fund, P. E. Club,
Mountain Camp, etc.

Edward Carlos Thomas, just retired from the Pacific Electric Railway Company as General Agent in charge of publicity and advertising, and Editor of the Pacific Electric Magazine, was born in Iron Mountain, Missouri, February 2, 1873, the son of Dr. W. G. and Mary Catherine Thomas. His father was district surgeon of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railway (now part of the Missouri-Pacific System) for the district between De Soto and Poplar Bluff. During Edward's boyhood, his father died.

His Education

When he had reached the age of ten, Edward and his mother moved to West Plains, Missouri, and at the age of eleven he began an apprenticeship in the printing trade, serving four years at the rate of one dollar a week. He was fortunate, however, to be apprenticed to a man who had a great understanding of boys. This employer, says Mr. Thomas, "took quite an interest in me, made his very comprehensive library available for my use, and saw that I had part-time in school." With the aid of his mother, who assigned and heard his lessons, Edward received the rudiments of an education. He managed also to take part of a term in West Plains Academy, and in this way equipped himself with "what would be comparable today with a high school education."

Becomes Printer

He then worked in the printing trades and in newspaper work on various publications in Missouri, including the West Plains Journal; West Plains Gazette; Howard County Advertiser, at Fayette, Missouri; St. Louis Post-Dispatch; St. Louis Republic; and the Kansas City Star. During his last seven years in the East Mr. Thomas was superintendent of a large printing establishment in Kansas City.

Coming to California in the winter of 1904 he worked for a time on the Redondo Beach Reflex and the Redondo Beach Breeze, and established the Hermosa Beach Review.

Begins Railroad Career

In 1905 Mr. Thomas began his career in transportation. At this time the Los Angeles-Redondo Railway employed him to do various odd jobs

in connection with that railway in Redondo Beach; notably, to operate the old pavilion and the bath house. Shortly after entering upon his new position, he suggested to the railway management the construction of a new pavilion and an amusement center, and submitted rough plans for the proposed buildings. These plans were completed in detail and the structure was finished by the then manager of the railway, C. H. Burnett.

The old bath house, however, still remained. The next year he was made assistant to W. T. Maddox, then superintendent of the railway, now deceased. With Mr. Maddox he planned a new and more modern bath house to replace the old, the new structure being completed in 1908.

Becomes Traffic Solicitor

After the construction of the new buildings, it was found necessary to help the new enterprises by promoting traffic over the railway lines from Los Angeles. Consequently, in addition to operating the waterfront, Mr. Thomas began to devote a great deal of his time as traveling passenger agent to the solicitation of special passenger business, such as picnic parties and conventions, for the rail lines. About 1909 he succeeded in producing the largest special party ever handled out of Los Angeles up to that time, transporting some 11,500 passengers over the narrow-gauge Los Angeles-Redondo line from Second and Spring Streets, Los Angeles, to Redondo and return, by means of the use of the entire 35 cars then owned by the railway, plus all the additional cars that could possibly be borrowed from the Los Angeles Railway.

At the time of the consolidation of the electric railways in the Pacific Electric system in 1910 and 1911, Mr. Thomas came to the Passenger Traffic Department, under D. W. Pontius, Traffic Manager; and because of his newspaper experience was given the position of advertising agent. Upon the retirement of D. A. Munger, general agent, Mr. Thomas took over Mr. Munger's title and the accompanying duties of soliciting and handling special passenger traffic, in

addition to carrying on the duties of advertising agent.

Starts P. E. Magazine

In 1916 Mr. Thomas conceived the idea of producing the Pacific Electric Magazine, and in conjunction with Mr. F. L. Annable, then general superintendent of Pacific Electric, this publication was brought into being.

Shortly thereafter, Mr. Thomas evolved the idea of the Pacific Electric Club, which came into being through the good offices of Paul Shoup, then president of the company, and Mr. Annable, with Mr. Thomas as manager. The club opened in January, 1917.

A month or two later Mr. Thomas succeeded in persuading President Shoup to appropriate \$4,000 for the construction of a Pacific Electric employees' camp in the San Bernardino Mountains. The camp opened for its employee visitors in July, 1917. With the small amount of money available for the establishment of the camp, great work was accomplished by volunteer workers, all employees of the company, who spent their weekends in the camp, clearing the ground, helping erect the buildings, installing the water system and plumbing, building a swimming pool, and otherwise aiding in the construction so materially that with an appropriation of \$4,000 a camp was produced that would have cost not less than \$8,000 to \$10,000 if the project had been contracted for and all labor paid.

Organizes Relief Funds

Shortly after the organization of the Pacific Electric Club, Mr. Thomas perceived the value and convenience of an emergency relief fund for unexpected occurrences such as illness or injury in the families of employees. Through the sale of old newspapers, the staging of entertainments, and other means, a fund was created from which loans without interest were made to tide employees over difficulties. Later on, this fund was subsidized by the company, though it still continues to be operated through the club.

About the same time as the relief fund was organized, Mr. Thomas felt that some provision should be made for assistance to employees when

death invaded their homes. As a result, the Mortuary Fund was established. It derives its capital, as is well known, through voluntary payroll deduction of 25c upon the death of any member of the fund. This policy has resulted in the establishment of a large reserve available to families bereaved of the father.

Retires as General Agent

About 1920 Mr. Thomas was asked to return to a more direct connection with the company as general agent in the executive department, in which capacity he took over public relations work besides continuing the magazine. When the depression forced the economy of closing out this office, he was again assigned to the passenger traffic department as general agent in charge of public relations, which position he maintained until his retirement from the company.

Mr. Thomas is an associate member of the California Newspaper Publishers' Association; a member of the California Association of Chamber of Commerce Managers; chairman of the publicity committee of the California State Chamber of Commerce for a term of five years, and in charge of publicity for the southern district, including the ten southern counties of the state. As a representative of the Pacific Electric Railway Company, he held membership in 65 chambers of commerce in Southern California.

His official retirement date was December 31, 1942.

Adios!

For almost a quarter of a century it has been the pleasure of the undersigned to serve as Editor of the Pacific Electric Magazine, and during this time strong friendships have been formed with hundreds of the employees of the Pacific Electric Railway Company that have lasted down through the years and have grown stronger as the years went by.

With this issue, the Magazine passes into new hands, but the surrender of the editorial tripod will not, in any way, abridge the friendships that have been built up over the long period of time, for they will continue while life lasts.

It has been interesting work all through the past years, chronicling the events in our industrial life, announcing the coming of new employees and the leaving or retirement of old ones; printing the many little items of news relating to our fellows, many of these items meaning much to those mentioned therein; conveying to all of our readers the desires of our employer, and giving them any



ED. C. THOMAS
Retires after 37 Years of Service

information that we thought would be of interest or of help to them.

I am grateful, indeed, to know that this Magazine of ours is going into such capable hands, and there is every promise that succeeding issues will far surpass any of those in the past in employee interest, company interest and public interest; and I bespeak for the new editor, the same high degree of support you have always given me.

In conclusion, I desire to express to all those who have in any manner contributed to the welfare of the Magazine, my most sincere appreciation for all of their helpfulness; and, to all the readers of the Magazine, my gratitude for their forbearance.

May health and happiness always attend you.

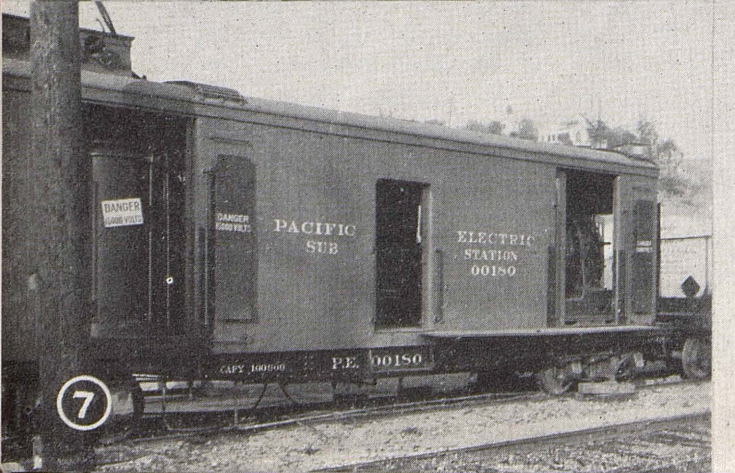
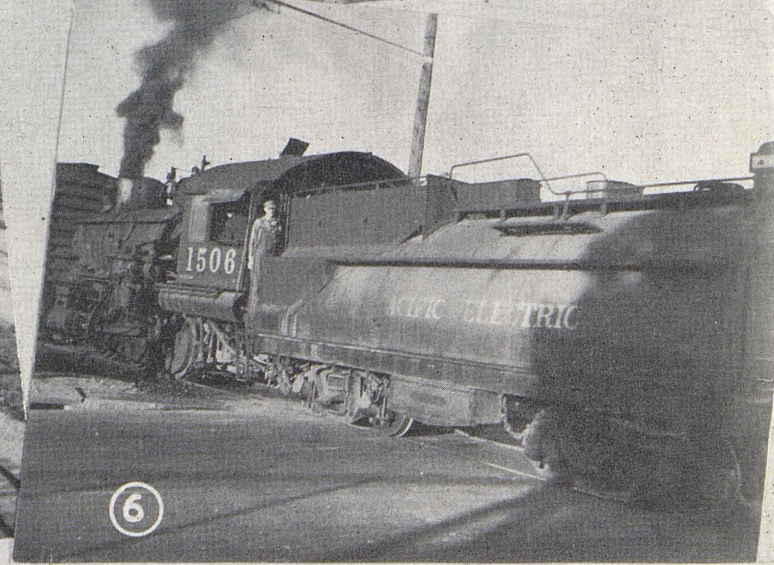
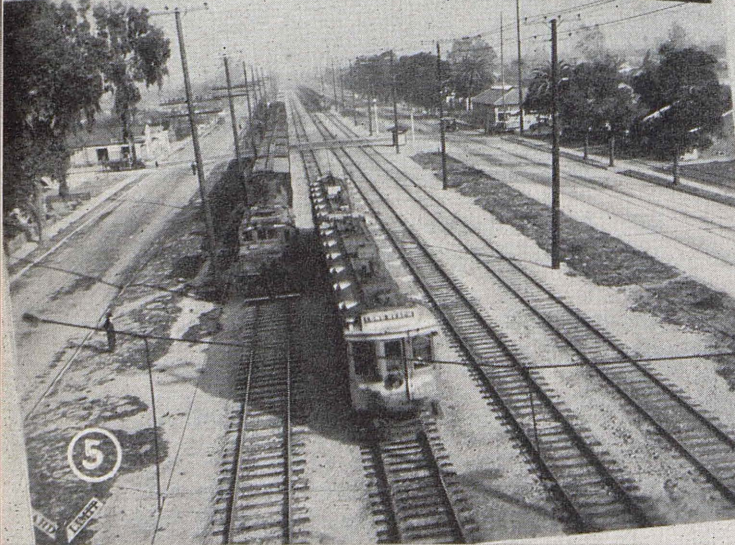
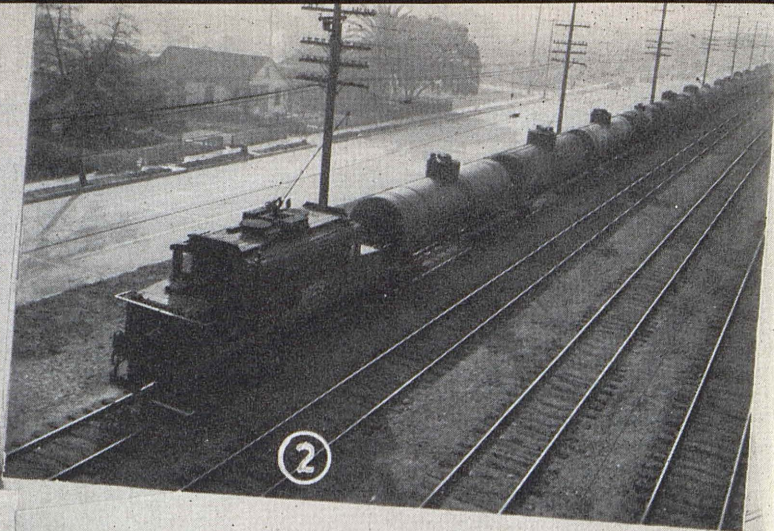
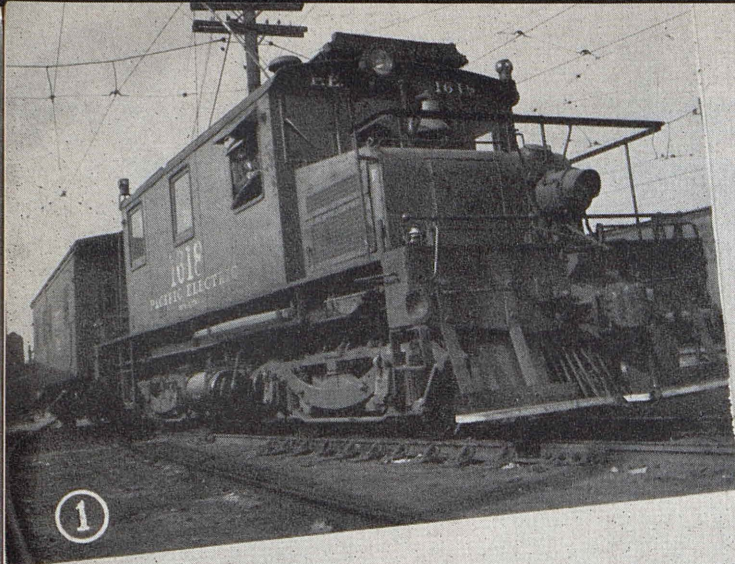
Sincerely yours,
ED. C. THOMAS

Former U. S. Attorney Joins P. E. Law Staff

Mr. Russel K. Lambeau, after recently resigning his position as prosecutor in the local office of the United States Attorney, has assumed his new duties in the legal department of the Pacific Electric Railway Company.

Mr. Lambeau was a veteran of the local Federal office, serving for years in charge of the complaint and grand jury division as Assistant U. S. Attorney.

We welcome Mr. Lambeau into our Pacific Electric "fraternity" and are sure that he will find his work here most pleasant.



PACIFIC ELECTRIC MOVES FREIGHT

War Effort Materially Aided by Freight Division

There is a long, mournful wail of a whistle in the night — and the seemingly endless clickety-clack of wheels on rails. All over the nation great steel monsters hurtle through the darkness, drawing behind them countless carloads of precious cargo. Not just materials and products are in those cars. They contain the strained efforts of brawny arms in the steel mills, the tired, bowed backs of Negro cotton pickers, the endless hours of labor of the farmer and the rancher and the untiring efforts of the railroads of America which made their transportation possible. The moving of freight is not simply the moving of THINGS, it is the making available to a people of one region the cumulative results of the labors of those who live far distant.

chusetts; clothing from New York and Chicago; furniture from Michigan; wheat from Minnesota and corn from Iowa—all of these and literally thousands more are numbered among the daily freight deliveries of the Pacific Electric Railway. The railroads of America and the shippers who use them depend upon Pacific Electric to effect final delivery of this merchandise and the efforts which have gone into them.

And, like ships that pass in the night, these westbound trains meet eastbound trains which invariably carry numberless carloads of fruit and produce and the many manufactured products of Southern California. Many cars are carefully loaded with mysterious cargoes from far distant places which, but a few hours before, had been deep in the hold of a ship from across the seas. Or, perhaps a boatload of luscious tropical fruit is being hastened to eastern markets in "reefers" first handled by Pacific Electric. Be it costly linens, oriental treasures or vital war supplies, these trainloads of commodities are moving eastward largely because Pacific Electric Railway Co. employees were on the job—DOING THEIR JOB.

The immensity of this job of theirs is best illustrated by the fact that during the month of December there were nearly 125,000 freight car movements on the Pacific Electric Lines. This means that the equivalent of a freight train more than 100 miles in length was handled in this one month alone—or a three-mile

train of cars each day of the month. Equipment belonging to more than 100 of the country's railroads is represented in this vast freight movement. In looking over the list of them one finds many railroads well known to everyone, such as the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, Louisville and Nashville, and the Burlington. There are others, however, of which we seldom hear and the average person in the west does not know of the existence of such roads as the Bangor and Aroostook; Green Bay and Western; Detroit, Toledo and Ironton; and the Newberry-South Shore.

Since September 1, more than 3,200 carloads of bananas alone have been loaded at the harbor and, by Pacific Electric, have been distributed throughout Southern California and



G. F. SQUIRES
General Superintendent

Every minute of the day and night over the railroads of the nation carloads of freight are being transported to the Pacific Electric Railway Co. for distribution. Vast stores of war materials destined to reach our armed forces in the far reaches of the Pacific; great quantities of necessities for those of us who serve at home; shoes and leather goods from Massa-

1. A 1000 H.P. Pacific Electric Locomotive.
2. The morning oil train from El Segundo.
3. Eighth Street yards are busy.
4. One of the few four-track lines in America is operated by P.E.
5. Long Beach Express passes southbound freight train. Northbound oil train in distance.
6. P.E. also operates steam locomotives.
7. Major freight yards of P.E. crowded with vital materials.



T. L. WAGENBACH
Asst. Gen. Supt.



W. G. KNOCHE
Freight Traffic Manager

to the transcontinental railroads serving this area. Soon, additional thousands of cars of citrus fruits will be ready for shipment to eastern trade marts.

Vital war supplies, which prudence and safety prohibits describing, are daily handled by Pacific Electric trainmen. Upon their labors and upon their prompt execution of orders depends the delivery of badly needed equipment to our armed forces in the Pacific area.

Sixteen train dispatchers work in round-the-clock shifts in order that there will be no delay in the movement of this material. Executives,



D. W. YEAGER
Trainmaster

trainmasters, dispatchers, yardmasters, trainmen, linemen and maintenance men are all cogs in a well-oiled machine which must function without fail if Pacific Electric is to do its full share in this all-out effort to win the war. And, the machine IS functioning.

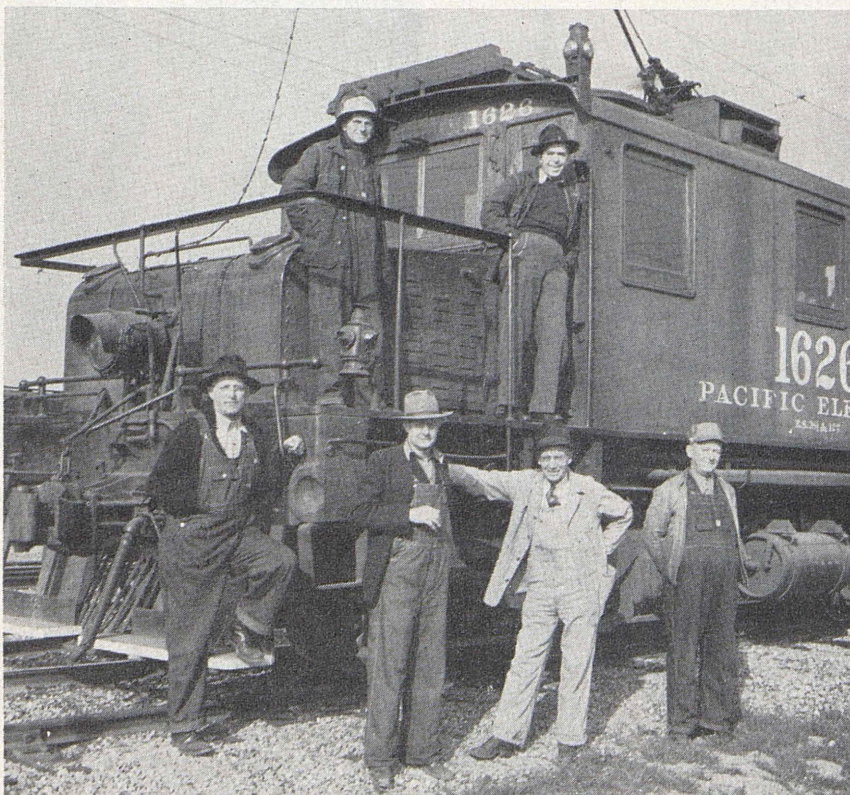
General Superintendent G. F. Squires, Freight Traffic Manager W. G. Knoche, and Assistant General Superintendent T. L. Wagenbach, with the loyalty and cooperation of the 600 men in the freight division, are upholding Pacific Electric Railway Co.'s bargain with America. They are putting forth every effort to hasten the delivery of the planes and tanks and guns which are pouring from the defense plants of the nation.

Yes, there is romance as well as profit in the moving of freight. These cars carry the sweat from the brow of a miner whose work is far below the earth's surface, they carry the thundering clamor of giant factories—they carry the grim vengeance of the widows and mothers of our heroes at Pearl Harbor.

The hurrying throngs of passengers we see every day on our trains and coaches—the war workers with their lunch pails and tin hats—the endless stream of uniformed men who ride our lines, tell only part of the story of Pacific Electric's war effort. The rest of the story is best told by the wail of whistles in the night and the endless clickety-clack of wheels on the railroads of America, rushing vital war supplies to our freight division for final delivery to their destinations.



C. W. COUTS
Terminal Trainmaster
Southern Division



Some "20 Year Men" with Pacific Electric. Front row, left to right, P. J. Butterbaugh, C. A. Ward, L. A. ("Dutch") Kirchefer, and J. W. Daffern. Ray Moran, (alias "The Cardinal"), and J. E. ("Dinty") Moore are standing on the motor.

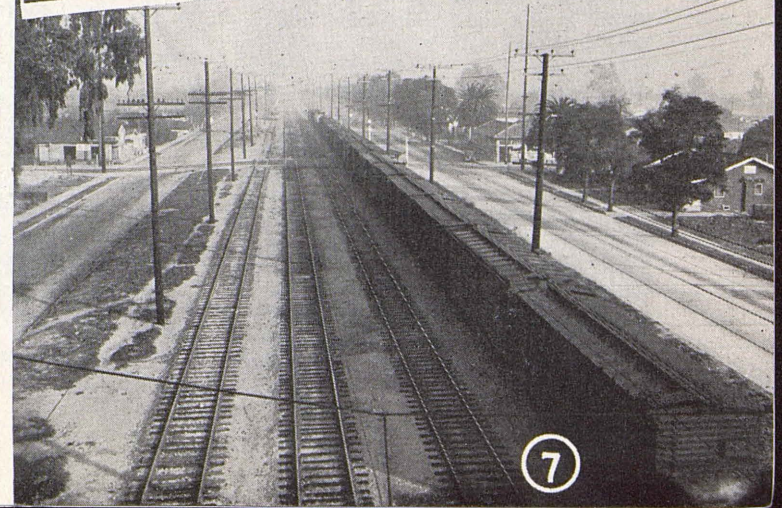
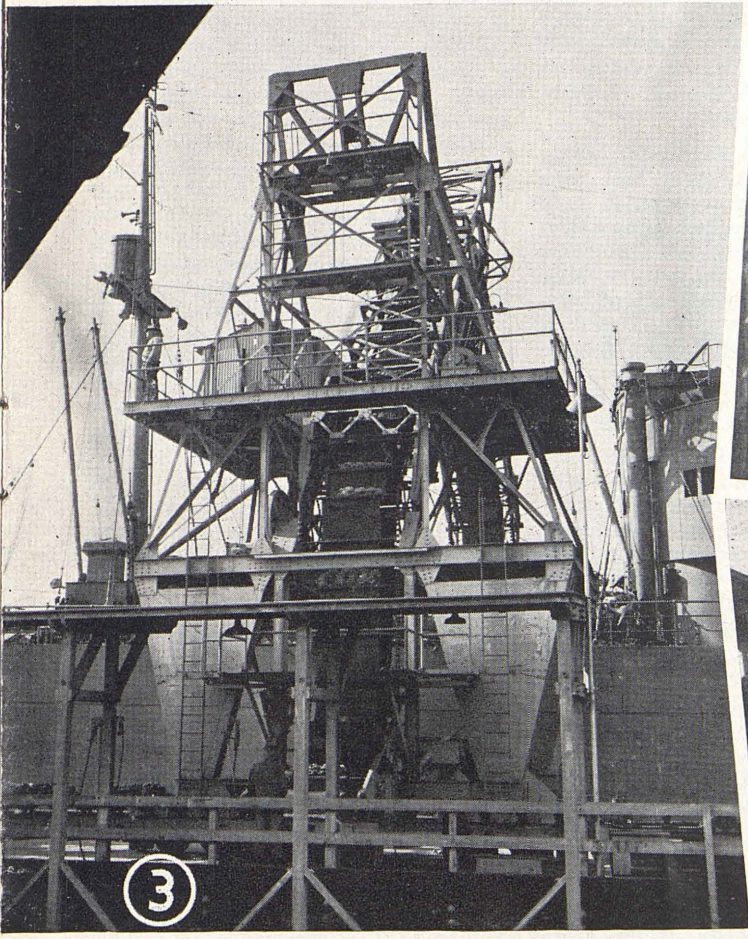
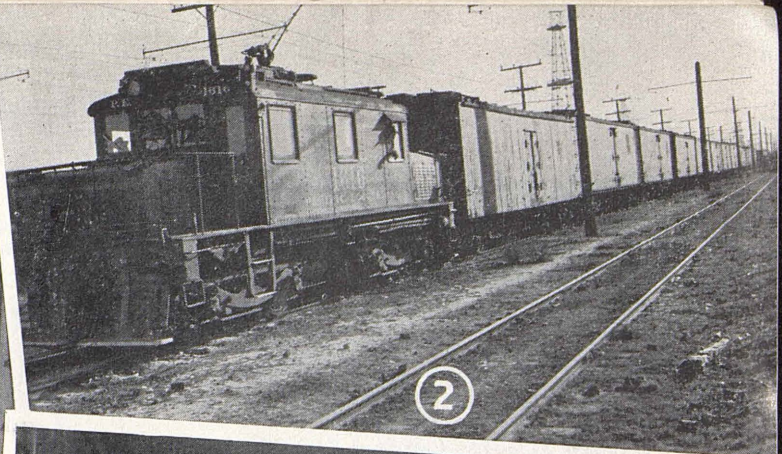
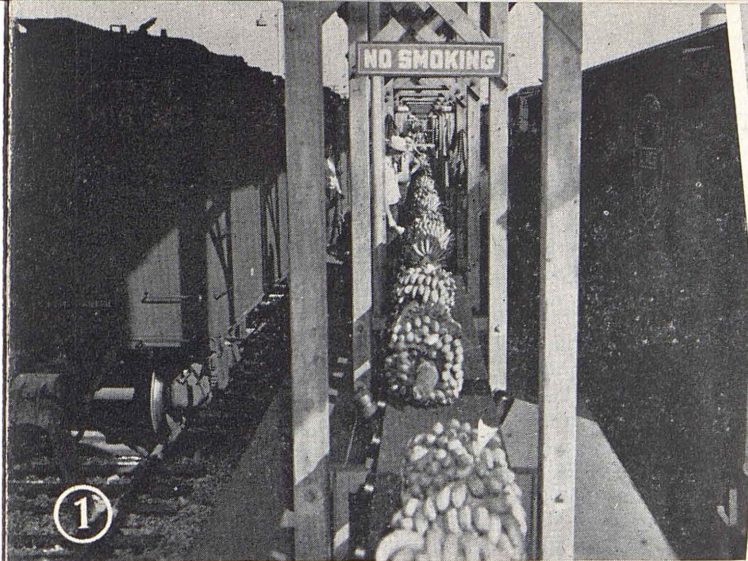
YES—

Pacific Electric Has Bananas!

On the next page are shown just a few of the thousands of carloads of this tropical fruit which our freight division handles every year.

The following captions identify these pictures for you.

1. From ship's hold to "Reefers" by endless belt conveyor.
2. A trainload of bananas for the dinner tables of the nation.
3. Massive unloading equipment hastens delivery to "Reefers."
4. Workers load refrigerator car for Eastern markets.
5. Banana dock with string of refrigerator cars which will be handled by P.E. Freight Division.
6. Workers take time out for photograph but bananas keep moving.
7. Trainload of fruit moving to markets of the country via P.E.



WHY

Information Clerks Have Gray Hair

By Deane H. Aspelmeier

There have been all sorts of theories advanced as to the causes for hair to turn gray, most common among them, old age or worry. Information clerks have their own reasons—the solving of other people's worries and problems not only causes hair to turn gray, but is directly or indirectly the cause of baldness and falling arches as well. Yet, notwithstanding, we must smile and take whatever comes our way and be pleasant with it all.

Speaking of smiles, there are times when we not only smile but almost laugh out loud, And again—well, these feelings cannot herein be expressed.

Recently our friend Edna Tilley very patiently explained a service from the Hill Street Station to an apparently bewildered person. After being told several times that the service started from the Subway Station, she asked, "Do I have to go 'way down there to get the train?" Hoping to be of more service, Edna asked from where she would start. Imagine the surprise when the answer came, "From Fifth and Hill."

Cynthia Hornek tells of a lady who called asking "Where do the red cars that have 'Hollywood' on one end and 'Venice' on the other go?"

Before the illness of Catherine Rebold, she was asked, "Do the Edendale cars still run on Sixth Street east of Figueroa?" When she gave a negative answer, that there are no cars traveling on Sixth Street, the reply came, "Are you sure? The tracks are still there."

Our co-worker, Evelyn Cook, reports that the public realize there are transportation problems these days. She recently received a request for times on busses going to Colton. After giving the information and replying there could be no reservations made, she was asked, "If I come down there, can I be crammed into one of your busses?"

One nice thing about telephone requests, blushes caused by embarrassing moments are invisible to the public. There is a very difficult situation at the Main Floor Counter. Some time ago, on a very busy day, when the girl on duty was intent on working out a peculiar route in order that a patron might reach his correct destination, a second man intruded. In a very broken tongue he repeated

something over and over several times. Finally, the girl, resenting the rude intrusion, glanced up and said, "Right over there! Can't you read signs?" at the same time pointing to a sign that read, "Men"! The man looked puzzled for an instant and then produced a ticket which upon examination, was found to be a paid fare to "Amestoy," a stop down San Pedro way.

Miss Mather, chief information clerk, has her pet story that tops the list. Early one morning a lady with six children in tow approached the counter and asked for a nursery. After looking over the scenery, Miss Mather asked her what sort of nursery she wished; a day nursery, a private nursery or one for a permanent adoption for her children. Just a little heatedly the lady replied, "Lady, I want to buy some trees."

These are only a few of the many daily scenes from the humorous side of Life's Drama as played from the stage of the Pacific Electric Information Bureau, the only General Information Bureau on the Pacific Coast. Realizing the tragedy prevailing in a war-torn world today, we will leave the pathetic story for another time.

It is through the kind consideration and patience of our fellow-workers, most especially that of Bess Bundy during the evening hours, that some of us newcomers are able to be of some service to a public which is lost since gas rationing.

Due respect should be paid to our chief, Sibyl Mather, who not only organized this service, but also originated the idea. After solving the trials and problems of Mr. John Q. Public and his large and growing family for more than thirty-five years, she can still smile and keep sweet. Thus under her able leadership we are given confidence to do our best to assist in transportation problems in this chaotic period.

COOKERY

"Isn't the steak about ready now, dear?"

"I'm sorry I'm so long, George, but it looked hopeless grilled, and it doesn't look much better fried, but if you and your friends will be patient just a little longer, I'll see what boiling does to it."—The Prism.

Victory Tax Hits Pay Checks Jan 15

The Federal Revenue Act of 1942 requires all employers to withhold a five per cent Victory Tax from all employees wages, effective January 1. Deductions will apply to each payment of wages over and above a withholding deduction in the sum of \$26.00 per semi-monthly period, amounting to \$624 per year.

In community property states, of which California is one, one-half of the husband's earnings is considered earnings of the wife, even though a joint income tax return may be filed. Therefore, whether joint or separate returns are filed, it appears that married employees of the Pacific Electric Railway Co. should be allowed credit totaling \$1,248 for purpose of the Victory Tax.

The tax will be withheld by all employers without regard to the individual employee's marital status, however, and in most cases the tax withheld will exceed the actual Victory tax due. This is to be adjusted by each employee when making out income tax returns in March.

There are certain credits against this Victory tax which will be rebated after the war. Every employee should become thoroughly acquainted with the 1942 Revenue act before attempting to make out his income tax return.

I.C.C. OPENS NEW OFFICE IN P. E. BUILDING

The Bureau of Service of the Interstate Commerce Commission moved into their new offices in the Pacific Electric Building on December 1, it was announced by Mr. H. G. McDonald, manager of the building.

The Bureau of Service, under the able direction of Messrs. John K. Crump and Clyde Hogsett, Service Agents, and Mrs. Sarah M. Starr, Clerk, is concerned chiefly with that portion of the Interstate Commerce Commission Act which pertains to railroad car supply and service. Its representatives assist, wherever possible, in the informal adjustment of complaints that may arise concerning car service or rail transportation matters. They also cooperate in bringing about more efficient use and handling of railway equipment both by the shippers and carriers.

During the present emergency the commission is exercising broad powers and the work of its Bureau of Service is closely associated with the war effort as affected by railroad transportation.

Roy Rogers Stars in Victory Jamboree

By Virginia L. Bowles

The Pacific Electric Victory Jamboree, a variety show featuring Republic Pictures Star Roy Rogers in an "all-star" cast of approximately 40 P. E. employees, played to a full and enthusiastic house in the P. E. theatre last December 5, under the direction of E. R. Knowlden and D. H. Campbell. R. D. Snow and Knowlden collaborated on the script. **Proceeds to Needy**

Purpose of the show, according to Director Knowlden, was to raise funds for the needy families of P. E. employees who have been called to the colors. More than \$300 was raised through the production and will be distributed by a permanent committee headed by N. B. Vickrey, manager of the P. E. Club, and R. D. Snow and G. L. Sullivan.

Roy Rogers Pleases

Singing several songs to his own guitar accompaniments, Roy Rogers finally brought down the house by asking them to sing Will Rogers' favorite song, "Home on the Range." When the first response didn't satisfy him, he had the lights turned off so that people would sing without being embarrassed. He also made a little speech praising the spirit of the employees for getting together and cooperating to put on such a show. During the intermission, he showed his democratic spirit by mingling with the crowd and signing autographs.

Show Organization

The committee in charge of the production included D. H. Campbell, R. E. Cooke, E. R. Knowlden, R. D. Snow, G. L. Sullivan, and A. H. Westerfeldt.

Members of the cast, in addition to those already named, were H. E. Arsohn, R. W. Berry, Miss Virginia L. Bowles, J. M. Craft, W. E. Curtis, Harold Fortner, John M. Fortner, Leorie Fortner, Louis Gorlin, Charlie Gulk, H. C. Hunten, Miss S. M. Jacquemin, J. T. Kelly, R. J. Leanos, Miss M. E. Lifur, B. M. Lundin, Maj. C. J. Flynn, Frank Martine, Miss Alice McBess, E. F. Mickie, Ralph Millikan, F. L. Nuzum, Miss Patsy Reyngoudt, Jack Rowe, J. Z. Scott, R. D. Snow (master of ceremonies), F. J. Tannehill, R. S. Van Hoak, Col. Kathy Wood, H. H. Yeager.

In charge of lights was J. T. Kelly, whose assistant was E. A. Thoman. The projection booth was handled by E. T. Holmes. A. H. Westerfeldt handled the sale of tickets. Usherettes were Misses Delores Cernin and Patricia Powers.

Acknowledgments Many

The committee expressed a desire to thank through these pages all who

took part, directly or indirectly, in the production. Especial thanks, according to Director Knowlden, are due to the following men for their cooperation in releasing employees for rehearsals: Assistant General Superintendent T. L. Wagenbach, Assistant Superintendent J. L. Worthington, and Terminal Foremen H. W. Bradbury, Jesse Hanselman, F. L. McCulley, and D. B. Van Fleet.

Thanks are also extended by the committee to the Downtown Business Men's Association for their donation of \$75 worth of stage properties; and to R. E. Cooke's son, now in the army, for obtaining 18 soldiers from Camp Haan to do a military stunt in the finale. Transportation was furnished these soldiers to and from camp by the company.

The financial aid to needy families of service men continues until the arrival of the first allotment of government funds. Those who are in need should communicate with N. B. Vickrey, manager of the P. E. Club.

Thomas Given Luncheon by P. E. Officials

Mr. Edward C. Thomas, General Agent, was honored by his fellow officers of the Pacific Electric Railway on occasion of his retirement from active railroad service on December 31, 1942, with a testimonial luncheon at the California Club on Monday December 28.

Presided over by President O. A. Smith, this special program was attended by some 35 of his associates of the Pacific Electric official family, together with a few of his co-workers in Chamber of Commerce and newspaper work, to which Mr. Thomas has devoted much time.

Mr. Thomas was eulogized for his inspirational character, devotion to his work and accomplishments during his 37 years of railroad activities by O. A. Smith, President; Frank Karr, Vice President and Chief Counsel; H. O. Marler, Passenger Traffic Manager; D. W. Pontius, retired President, Pacific Electric Railway; N. B. Vickrey, Manager, Pacific Electric Club; S. A. Bishop, General Claim Agent; Charles P. Bayer, Field Secretary, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; Leonard E. Read, General Manager, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; and John B. Long, General Manager, California Newspaper Publishers Association, Inc.

Presented with a handsome gold wrist watch by the officials of the company as a token of their high esteem and enduring friendship upon his retirement, Mr. Thomas responded with words of appreciation and thanks for the consideration shown him during his long tenure with the Pacific Electric.



CAPT. U. G. BLAKE
Former Terminal Trainmaster

Trainmaster Blake Leaves for Army

J. G. Blake, Terminal Trainmaster, left the service of the company for a still more important service to his country on December 10. According to Art Nasher, who works in his office, Trainmaster Blake is slated for a major's commission as soon as his instruction period is completed.

Mr. Blake has been with the Pacific Electric since 1909, and worked up through the ranks as motorman, conductor, brakeman, freight conductor, and supervisor before entering upon his trainmaster's job.

During the war period he has handled an unprecedented amount of freight.


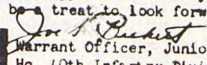
C. W. Couts, whose picture appears elsewhere in this issue, succeeds him as Terminal Trainmaster.

NEW RAMP

The new ramp leading from the Los Angeles Street sidewalk to the main ramp into the P. E. Station waiting room has been built in order to afford better facilities for passengers going into and out of the station.

As soon as the ramp is opened, the taxi stand will be moved from its present position to Los Angeles Street just south of Sixth, thus helping to relieve the traffic congestion near the corner of Sixth and Main Streets. A taxi buzzer will also be installed on Los Angeles Street.

Design Engineer F. N. Compton was in charge of the construction of the ramp.

No. 832  (CENSOR'S STAMP)	Mr. E. C. Thomas, Editor, Pacific Electric Magazine, Room 623, Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, California.	WJG Joe S. Beckett W2114403 <small>(Sender's name)</small> Hq. 40th Infantry Division, APO #44, c/o Postmaster, <small>(Sender's address)</small> San Francisco, California. December 3, 1942. <small>(Date)</small>
<p>Dear Mr. Thomas:</p> <p>I am writing this little line or two for a dual purpose. First I wish to confess a sin, in a minor way, but one that led up to the other purpose, my thanks to the company. It all begins something like this:</p> <p>A few days ago I received a package from home. Naturally, at a time like the present, when one receives a package out here, the others who share our quarters with us crowd around singing Christmas carols at the top of their lungs, trying to induce us to open it. And ordinarily we do open at least the outer wrapping, for if by chance it should contain something in the edible line we want to know, for if we don't enjoy it right away the ants will beat us to it, and we figure they have enough to eat without sharing ours with them.</p> <p>So - open the outer package I did, and on the inside was a number of small packages, all nicely done up in Christmas wrappers - which I know when Christmas does come will contain some swell little items from my wife, mother, nieces, etc. but among them was one package that caught my eye, a round roll that was unmistakable, even through the Christmas wrapper. Averting my eyes from the "Don't open until Christmas" seals, I jumped a month ahead on Santa Claus and opened it. Sure enough it was what I hoped it would be, complete back issues of the PACIFIC ELECTRIC MAGAZINE from DECEMBER 1941 through OCTOBER 1942, sent to me by my father, Doc L. Beckett, from out Macey Street way! And how enjoyable they are proving to be!</p> <p>That is where my thanks comes in, my thanks to the company for keeping up there splendid little magazine. It was really great to start way back before Pearl Harbor and follow the course of the company and all its members right down almost to the present. Needless to say, I have devoured every word, even down to reading the ads, and the joy of seeing the names of old friends and acquaintances in print, what they are doing, where they have been, what they intend to do, etc., was really a joy. I'm on my third reading of them already, and I'm still finding little things I missed on my first trip and second trip through them. My best to the company for keeping up the good work, and you have to be way out here before you can really appreciate what just a few pages like the magazine can mean, just like an individual letter from all the folks at home.</p> <p>The morale and confidence of the men is something to see, not a smug overconfidence, but just a calm and sure determination that some day we will come out on top in all this, and return to our homes to live in peace together. Then I shall hope to return to my place at the 8th Street Yard Office and do my bit for the company.</p> <p>In the future, if you can, I would surely appreciate it if you would drop a copy of the mag to the address above. It will be a treat to look forward to. Thanks again. Yours,</p> <p style="text-align: right;">  Joe S. Beckett Warrant Officer, Junior Grade, Hq. 40th Infantry Division. </p>		



JOE S. BECKETT
 Chief Warrant Officer
 U. S. Army

wrote the letter at the left, reproduced from microfilm. Joe's dad, Doc L. Beckett, automotive mechanic in the new Mack Street Garage, is authority for the information that Joe is now Chief Warrant Officer, Senior Grade, having received a promotion since he wrote this letter. The reproduction of the letter is a trifle larger than the original.

Ed Thomas Gets Fan Letter

Microfilm from Army Man
 Praises P. E. Magazine

Chief Warrant Officer Joe S. Beckett, U. S. Army, thinks a lot of the Pacific Electric Magazine and of its retired Editor, Ed. C. Thomas—as the microfilm letter reproduced above plainly shows.

When his country called him on February 17, 1941, Joe was clerk for (then) Freight Trainmaster E. B. Whiteside, who is now Assistant Superintendent. Joe had three years of service with Pacific Electric.

We wondered, as we read the letter the first time—and we're still wondering—just what Joe means by "way out here." Was he reading the back issues of the "Mag" in some foxhole on the Solomons or Guadalcanal?

Our editorial hats are off to Joe, as they are to all the men who are in the armed forces; and we hope that, wherever he may be, he will be as interested in this and succeeding issues of the magazine as he was in the previous issues.

P. E. Club Brings Christmas Cheer To Sick and Retired

As has been its usual custom, the Pacific Electric Club again remembered retired employees as well as those who were off duty over the Christmas holiday because of sickness or injury.

Greetings were mailed to those residing at too great a distance to insure safe delivery of the small token of Christmas Cheer which was sent to those who live close by. Fruit, nuts, candy and cigarettes were packaged and made a part of the Christmas enjoyment of many of our P. E. family. Due to the increasing number of retired employees, this year's list numbered 537 remembrances.

Many letters of appreciation have been received expressing thanks for the Christmas token and for the knowledge that they had been remembered by those with whom they had worked for so many years.

NEW LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT OPENED

The carelessness of the traveling public in the handling of their own property has necessitated the opening of a new Lost and Found Department in the Pacific Electric Building at 6th and Main Streets.

Formerly connected with the parcel check room in the main lobby of the station at 6th and Main, the new office has been moved and is now located in Room 736, Pacific Electric Building, with Mr. Otto E. Segner, Lost and Found Clerk, in charge.

The handling of lost and found articles is under direction of the Passenger Traffic Department and is in charge of the City Ticket Agent.

All inquiries regarding lost or found articles should now be directed to the new location which may be reached by telephoning TUCKER 7272—Station 2979. Office hours are from 9:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. and 2:00 p.m. to 5:30 p.m.

CHRISTIANSSEN MADE GENERAL AGENT, FORCIER PASSENGER TRAFFIC ENGINEER

Retirement of E. C. Thomas Brings About Promotions

Mr. H. O. Marler, Passenger Traffic Manager, has announced the appointment of Mr. R. O. Christiansen, former Passenger Traffic Engineer, to the position of General Agent to replace Mr. E. C. Thomas who retired from service on December 31. Mr. Robert W. Forcier, former Assistant Research Engineer has taken over the duties of Traffic Engineer in the Passenger Traffic Department.

Mr. Christiansen has been in the employ of the Pacific Electric Railway Co. for the past seventeen years and during this time has made many friends who will be most happy to learn of this recognition of his years of conscientious service.

The new Passenger Traffic Engineer, Mr. Forcier, has proven his capability and will doubtless be as great an asset to his new department as he was to the Bureau of Research. The best wishes of Mr. Forcier's many friends go with him to his new position of greater responsibility.

A. Z. CLARK DEATH

The sympathy of the Pacific Electric Magazine staff is extended to the family of Amos Z. Clark, 77, veteran Station Agent, who died at his home, 1281 Dominion Avenue, Altadena, Sunday, December 13.

Mr. Clark was for 38 years before his retirement in 1935 agent in charge of the P. E. station in Rubio Canyon, at the foot of the Mount Lowe Incline, now discontinued. Born in Ohio, he came to California in 1897, and had lived in Altadena ever since.

He leaves his widow, Mrs. Emma E. Clark; two sons, John H. and Corp. Amos Z. Clark, Jr., of the Marine Corps; and three daughters, Mrs. Constance Hornaday, Mrs. Ardys C. Jefferson, and Mrs. Eunice C. Humphrey.

"IF"

If you can start on an auto tour with the certainty of knowing where you're going—

If you don't have to stop every five minutes to look at your gas and oil—

If you make every turn and detour correctly, according to your maps—

If you are driving along at just the right speed for comfort and safety—

If you're certain that there isn't a squeak or a rattle in the old bus—
Look around, old top; she's either asleep or she's fallen out somewhere.

MANY EYES OVERFLOW AT "MAG" BREAKFAST

Mr. Edward Carlos Thomas ("Ed" to his friends), General Agent in charge of Public Relations, Advertising, and Publicity for the Pacific Electric Railway, and Editor of the Pacific Electric Magazine, announced his retirement from the company at a breakfast meeting of the Magazine staff, Thursday morning, December 10, 1942. He had been in the service of the company for 37 years.

Twenty-one pairs of eyes were wet as Mr. Thomas made his announcement, recounted the story of his years as a railroad man, and shook in farewell the hands of his associates on the magazine.

Mr. Thomas at this time turned over the editorship of the magazine to Mr. Glenn E. Collins, assistant to the president. Mr. Collins made a short speech of acceptance, and then called on various members of the group for a few remarks.

All without exception spoke of Mr. Thomas' friendly spirit, and his helpfulness to all. Staff members present included James Adams, L. H. Appel, Mrs. Lon Bishop, William Clark, Ray Cragen, M. J. Freeman, Mrs. J. B. Greene, E. J. A. Hasenyager, Miss Marilyn Hawkins, Don Houston, Vic P. Labbe, Miss Sybil Mather, W. F. Servranckx, Arlie Skelton, Miss Marion Snowden, G. R. Stevens, Mr. Thomas, and N. B. Vickrey. New staff members included Mr. Collins, and two new associate editors, Howard M. Horrworth and W. Warren Silliman, Jr., both of the Bureau of Research.

Any girl can be gay,
In a classy coupe;
In a taxi they all can be jolly;
But the girl worth while
Is the girl who can smile
When you're bringing her home on
the trolley.

Bobby (time: 9 a. m., Sunday):
"Dad, did you go to Sunday school when you were a little boy?"

Dad: "I sure did—never missed a Sunday!"

Bobby: "There, Mom? See? It won't do me any good, either."

Marler Announces Changes in Service

A major change in the route and schedule of the North Hollywood Motor Coach Line, together with a re-routing of the Van Nuys—San Fernando Motor Coach Line service, will be effective Monday, Jan. 11. All North Hollywood Motor Coach Line service will be terminated at North Hollywood Station, with the exception of one round trip daily except Sunday, to be continued from Universal City. In order to serve the Bendix Aviation Plant employees, and concurrently with the above change, the route of the North Hollywood Motor Coach Line will be extended northerly by the operation of two schedules, one morning and one afternoon, along Lankershim Boulevard from Vanowen Street to Sherman Way and around a modified loop via Laurel Canyon Boulevard.

Motor coach service will replace present local rail passenger service on the Riverside-Arlington line effective Sunday, Jan. 10.

War time spacing of motor coach passenger stops on the Long Beach-Huntington Park Motor Coach Line was instituted on New Year's Day.

All of the above changes were made in the interests of conserving equipment and speeding up service, according to Mr. H. O. Marler, Passenger Traffic Manager.

BUS DRIVER KEEPS SMILING

"The man worth while is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

A ball of yarn put Bus Operator William B. Christian to the acid test Monday, December 14, on his 6:00 p.m. run out of Hill Street Station to Redondo—and he came through with colors flying.

Mrs. Gladys Sunday, of the accounting department, tells the following story:

Operator Christian had a full load and was running at a peak hour. Just as he was starting up after a stop near Exposition Park, he put on his brakes, opened his door, and got out, grinning.

A lady sitting near the back of the bus had dropped her ball of yarn, which had rolled all the way down the aisle and out the front door, unwinding as it went, and leaving its owner with but one end of the yarn in her hand.

The passengers went into hysterics as Driver Christian, still smiling, picked up the ball and started winding it up as he came down the aisle. Unruffled despite the delay, he courteously handed the mischievous yarn to the lady.

Houge Memorial Attracts Interest

Widespread interest in a memorial to the late Melia H. Houge, R.N., for 18 years an angel of mercy to the sick and afflicted of the Pacific Electric Railway Company, is being shown by her many friends.

The memorial, a bed to be endowed at the California Babies' and Children's Hospital, was suggested by Mrs. Arnold M. Scholz, M.D., wife of the Assistant Chief Surgeon of the company.

"Needless to say, this worthy endeavor has our unqualified and earnest support," says Dr. W. L. Weber, Chief Surgeon at the P. E. Hospital.

The following letter, dated December 26, was received by Mrs. Scholz from the Women's Auxiliary of the California Babies' and Children's Hospital, 1401 S. Grand Avenue, Los Angeles:

Dear Mrs. Scholz,

The Board of Directors of the Women's Auxiliary were very much pleased with the establishment, thru you, of the "Melia Houge, Nurse" Fund, and they asked me to write and tell you so. We feel that it is a beautiful thought which both honors Miss Houge and others of her profession, and helps to carry on her good work. We will try to use it for just the explicit purpose which the donors desire, if you will make their wishes known to us. Also, if you would like letters written to the various donors, we will be very glad to do so on receipt of their names and addresses.

Thank you again for giving us the honor of being the recipients of this Fund.

Very sincerely,

MARGARET C. ROWNTREE
Financial Secretary

Further contributions should be sent to Miss Elizabeth Brahn, 924 P. E. Building.

RETIRED RAILROAD EMPLOYEES MEET

The next regular meeting of the Los Angeles Chapter of the Association of Retired Railroad Employees of America will be held on January 28, 1943 at 2:00 P.M. in the Pacific Electric Auditorium.

As officers for the ensuing year will be elected at this meeting, all members are requested to attend. All active and retired railroad employees are invited.

C. H. KNIGHT,
Acting Secretary

VICTORY AT INDIAN VILLAGE



Former Conductor A. S. Cooper and worthwhile "Victory" project which he created to beautify right-of-way.



P. E. EMPLOYEE MAKES V DESIGN

Out Alhambra way, on the north side of the tracks at Indian Village, A. S. Cooper, former conductor, in his spare time made this attractive design out of whitewashed stones. All the ground nearby is kept neatly swept, and the several trees growing there are surrounded with circular borders of the white rocks. The eagle in the lower left-hand corner represents the insignia of the air corps, in which son-in-law Earl W. West is a flight instructor. The anchor in the opposite corner attests to the fact that Mr. Cooper's own son, Douglas, formerly of the S. P. stores department, is now in the navy as storekeeper, second class. Mr. Cooper, who has been with P. E. since 1919, ran the shuttle from Echandia Junction to the county hospital from February, 1938, until February, 1942, when he was "bumped" because of a nervous collapse, and was forced to take the less strenuous job of switch tender. He says he intends to add an Indian tepee and a fake fire with an artificial blaze made of tin.

First Moron (rising sleepily, answers phone at midnight): "Hello."

Second Moron: "I'm awfully sorry to get you out of bed this late, but. . . ."

First Moron: "Oh, that's all right; I had to get up to answer the telephone anyway."

PATRON PRAISES P. E. SERVICE

One day last December Mr. H. O. Marler, passenger traffic manager, received the following letter from an old-time commuter. Omitting the headings, the letter reads:

"I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate you and your organization on the splendid job you are doing in handling traffic since gasoline rationing.

"I have been a commuter on your lines since May, 1912, and during all these years have had an opportunity to know your service and personnel. Your boys are doing a nice job and giving the new passengers, as well as the old, a good feeling toward the P. E. The spirit of the men seems to have changed, and there is a feeling that they have a big job to do, and are going to do it. . . .

" . . . this being my first letter would like to say a word for one of your old veterans, John Daly, who may by this time have passed on as I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for several years.

"Yours truly,
JAMES WOOD."

(Ed. note: According to Mr. Marler, Conductor Daly was retired from service in 1940.)

WACCS Reopen Office in P. E. Building

Most recent addition to the list of occupants in the P. E. Building is the Recruiting Office of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps formerly in the Federal Building. The WAAC offices occupy the space formerly used by the Aviation Cadet Examining Board. The move was effective December 24.

Porter Hendricks, 1st Lieut., C. E., has been assigned in charge of WAAC recruiting. Also stationed here are three WAAC officers. Lt. Henriette Horak, Lt. Mary G. Miller, and Lt. Harriette B. White.

The WAAC officers are enthusiastic in their praise of "the Army life" and are exerting every effort to stimulate the recruiting of enlistees.

"Enlistment in the WAAC is open to all women citizens of the United States, between their 21st and 44th birthdays, inclusive," advised Lt. Horak. "All officer candidates are selected from the ranks and every enrolled member of the WAAC has an equal opportunity to compete for appointment and attendance at Officer Candidate School. The term of service in the WAAC is for the duration of the war and six months—the pay scale is comparable to the grades in the Army—and WAAC units are being assigned to duty wherever the Army is serving, at home or abroad," she concluded.

A woman complained to a psychoanalyst:

"My family thinks there's something wrong with me, and it's all because I like buckwheat cakes."

"But there is nothing wrong about liking buckwheat cakes," the puzzled doctor replied. "I like them myself."

"Oh, do you?" The woman was delighted. "You must come up some day. I have seven trunks full."

A minister was invited to dinner. During the meal he was astonished to hear the little daughter of the house state that a person must be brave these days to go to church.

Minister: "Why do you say that?"

Little Girl: "Oh, I heard daddy telling mother that last Sunday there was a big gun in the pulpit, the choir murdered the anthem, and the organist drowned the choir."

"Mother, John and I parked in the cemetery last night. Did we do anything wrong?"

"My God, daughter, don't you remember?"

If you can still laugh at yourself, there's hope.

Lt. Henriette Horak of San Francisco (left), and Lt. Mary G. Miller, Harrisburg, Penn., welcome enlistee Mary Roberts of Glendale.

Mrs. Roberts enlisted in the WAAC just two months after her husband's induction into the paratroops.



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Walter Watchall

After many days' research by our undercover department, in charge of Mr. Blanket, with the assistance of Superman and Dick Tracy and at great expense to a certain man's reputation, we present "NOW IT CAN BE TOLD." Regardless of what you might read elsewhere in this publication, following is the true life story of our former editor, Mr. Ed. Thomas:

Our hero first saw the light of day at Iron Mountain, Missouri, on February 2, 1873. This accounts for all that pep he has. His system is full of iron. He began an apprenticeship in the printing trade at the age of ten and it was then that the term "Printer's Devil" was originated. As Ripley says, that item is self-explanatory. From here he went to work for the St. Louis Dispatch. News was scarce, so he proceeded to make some, as he was often seen shooting (pool) with Jesse James. It was while riding the plains of Missouri that he won the respect of all the horse thieves. He tired of this life and next we find him the head of a large printing establishment in Kansas City. The Treasury Department found flaws in his work and he left for California in 1904. He settled at Redondo Beach for reasons of his own (he preferred to be near a seaport). One morning he walked into the office of the Los Angeles-Redondo Railway to buy a ticket. The Agent could not get the safe open. It was here he showed his skill and was immediately employed by this company.

The first day at work he had a dirty look in his eye; so his boss

gave him a bar of soap and put him in charge of the Redondo Beach bath house; in other words, he was made the big splash. He began giving swimming lessons and the weaker sex became weaker. In 1906 the management had to build a larger bath house, which was completed in 1908. In 1909 he began traffic promotion. One of the high lights of his career was when he put on a one-man bathing beauty parade and 11,500 blondes traveled to Redondo; all thirty-five cars of the company being required to move them. In 1910 he was transferred to the Passenger Traffic Dept. One day while making a speech, the management got the idea of the balloon trip. He often blew up the balloon.

In 1916 his career began to decline. It was here he made his first mistake. He began publishing the Pacific Electric Magazine. It was quite successful until in the 1930's when he was so hard pressed for copy, he began publishing the Walter Watchall column. This was a new low in journalism.

In 1917 he was involved in starting the Pacific Electric Club and was made manager. His old desire to play pool returned, only this time he had Neal Vickrey for a partner in place of Jesse James.

Owing to the large amount of fan mail from the various women's clubs in Southern California in 1920, the management put him back in charge of public relations, where he remained until the present time. He performed such a good job that all equipment the company has is loaded to capacity. He decided this was a good time to retire. HAPPY NEW YEAR, ED!

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

WINCHIE AT THE KEYHOLE

By Marion Snowden

Remember this:

"I pray the New Year spare
these things to me:
The olden faiths; the shining
loyalty
Of friends the long and search-
ing years have proved—
The glowing hearthfires; and the
books I loved;
All wonted kindnesses and wel-
coming—
All sure, hard-trodden paths to
which I cling . . .
Oh, young New Year—glad with
the thrill of Spring—
Leave me the ways that were my
comforting!"

—Laura Simmons.

The sound of Christmas bells is fading slowly away into the past, but before it blends completely with the music of the spheres, let's go back down the year and catch a few of the highlights that made last year, 1942, one never to be forgotten.

JANUARY—The grim realization that we are at war! December 7 was a stunning blow, but what with the bustle of Christmas shopping and Christmas swapping, we hadn't time to think much about anything so far removed from us as WAR. January excitement had died down a little, baby New Year had been ushered in with somewhat less fanfare and horn-blowing, and we were able to grasp the full significance of what had happened to us. The sudden appearance of blackouts brought on Civil Defense activities; people began to practice for air raids; "mum's the word" and "zip your lip" became popular passwords. People who had been putting a few dimes into Defense Stamps now stampeded into War Bonds; some of our own peaceful fellow-workers overnight became a part of our armed forces; Superintendent of Motor Coach Operations R. R. Wilson went into service as lieutenant-colonel in the Transport Division, and Col. C. H. Belt, who had been a part-time army man, now made the service his occupation.

And so, January faded silently into **FEBRUARY**—Honor rolls of the boys in service appeared on the inside pages of the magazine—familiar names blossomed there—just plain old everyday boys we'd worked with for years, feeling safely comfortable that they'd always be there to work with—now somehow glorified by Uncle Sam's uniform, taking their hours of training on the chin, and

having a good time, too. We've yet to see one of them back on a visit but what looked fat and sleek! and lots more rested (?) than when he went away. February found the new Cal-ship working overtime to take care of the crowds of shipyard workers. Red Cross centers sent out their helpers to teach boys and girls and men and women first aid; women and girls learned to knit and roll bandages and establish canteens and man them; and we learned to muddle through our mistakes without benefit of erasers.

MARCH saw the start of operations on Main Street Terminal to accommodate the increased traffic of Motor Transit coaches. March also saw the launching of Walter Watch-all's pension plan. Having heard nothing further of the plan, we may surmise that it was swamped in the quagmire of bigger and better and more weathered pension plans.

And so, March merged into **APRIL**, when Grace Ansted, after 29 years of superhumanly patient and self-restraining contact with an incurably inquisitive public, folded her tent like an Arab, and decided to talk to herself for the rest of her life. Those were the happy days when folks were joshing each other about two horses in every garage, while the family car leaned against the back fence, jacked high in the air to save what Leon was sure were our last tires. People were really getting a kick out of the old bag of oats. Hm . . . that was before oats were rationed. Tires took on a new and precious value. Blue-starred service flags made their appearance in many home windows, and businessmen proudly announced on their flags the number who were serving their country. April saw the beginning of the most back-firing warnings the traveling public has ever witnessed. Strange as it sounds, they were told: "Next time DON'T try the train!" Worms DO turn!!! April also saw the first bath our building ever had in its life. Now it had become a shining target for come what may.

MAY—and we were all trying to get into the SCRAP with our scrap. Every little piece of metal was carefully salvaged. Sugar books were the latest thing that every well-dressed handbag should wear. Then there was the wild scramble to grab off the little half-pound quota, or gobble down the surplus of sugar that some of us were hoarding.

JUNE—the start of the big War Bond drive, when a lot of us responded and too many of us didn't;

June, when we all regretted like sixty the passing of the P. E. Camp, paradise of many an employee after a year of work (hard or otherwise); and Dr. Castanares off to war—my goodness! it was only yesterday we were calling him a blushing bride!

Well, time marched on, and came **JULY**—when Marilyn Hawkins made her debut as scribe of the Accounting Department, which means that Noble Cates was in the army now. By this time, tires were rationed, and rumor had it we "ain't seen nuthin' yet." And the ever-increasing Honor Roll found the back page of the magazine, where there was room for expansion.

AUGUST found us filling in with jokes the vacancy left when Marty Creamer went into the service—Grins and Chuckles appearing twice, to fill up space, we s'pose, or else to take our minds off the boys in camp. For the first time in years of faithful effort, Marty's column just wasn't there.

Running into **SEPTEMBER**, we found that the P. E. Club had run out and up on us, up to the 9th floor into cosier quarters—a little too cosy if they get a crowd in there. Reason: The army took over. And the way they're STILL taking over, we're going to have to stick our elbows out to keep a hold on space. Motor Transit and Pacific Electric finally got together, and starting with September, crowding really began; folks started to wonder about coffee, and butter and eggs and cat food that comes in cans. And came the passing of a grand soul—Melia Houge, and the establishment of a memorial in her name. Came the new Management-Labor War Production Committee to coordinate the efforts of all the folk who go to make up the Company.

And so came **OCTOBER**, with the "new depot" set-up working in such full swing, we were busily engaged in pushing each other away from the favored spot nearest the gate, just as we used to do back at the old 5th and L. A. stand. And the Honor Roll type grew smaller and smaller to make room for the new inductees and enlistees. And people were finding out that one cuppa coffee a day wasn't such a bad price to pay for keeping our freedom. And Charles K. Bowen came out of hiding; and things kept moving faster. And the railroad business grew heavier and heavier; and our big roads all over the country BEGGED folks to quit riding—can you imagine THAT! And old Hitler got a few kicks in the pants as he high-tailed it away from the Russians and the British and our good old American Yanks. And our girls and boys responded to the call of the blood banks.

NOVEMBER brought our own grins and chuckles as Henry Eggert's boys at Main Street and Subway went into fixed positions to have their beauty struck—three pages of 'em; and Jimmy Shafer joined the ever-growing list of "deserters" for service with Uncle Sam; and war production went ahead by leaps and bounds. Warren Silliman meandered through the P. E. waiting room getting his hand in for the job that lay ahead.

Now we've come to DECEMBER—the crowning month of the year. Innocent-looking December, with its bustling Christmas crowds, its staggered hours, its ever-increasing commodity shortages—not to mention the candy shortage—dealt us the "most unkindest cut of all"—the retirement of our beloved Editor, Ed C. Thomas—our own personal "Uncle Tommus." He called some of us together one morning, to breakfast, for one last gab-fest over the coffee cups. It was just a homey little gathering to tell his magazine family that he was stepping out, and to help us to know each other a little better. Oh, there were Glenn Collins and Howard Horworth and Warren Silliman, the three new editors; and Ruth (Mrs. J. B.) Green, and Grace (Mrs. Lon) Bishop, Women's Club promoters, scribes, and loyal supporters; Les Appel to give the gathering dignity; Neal Vickrey, the tried and true friend; Svbil Mather, chief informationist; Jimmie Adams of "Station Static"; Bill Clark of Land and Tax; Ed Hasenyager of Masonic Club; Don Houston, amanuensis for Bowlers' League; Arlie Skelton, the Isaac Walton of you Rod and Gun Club fans; G. R. Stevens of West Hollywood Trainmen; W. F. Servranckx of Subway Terminal; M. J. Freeman of Pasadena Terminal—used to see him over at 5th and L. A.; Vic Labbe of Engineering, who, true to his tradition, corralled blonde Marilyn Hawkins at an exclusive part of the table; Rav Cragin, better known as Walter Watchall, and your little frenzie Winchie of the keyhole.

Speeches were made, and Uncle Tommus presented all of us members of his magazine family to the new staff, and turned us over to their gentle or possibly restraining (?) ministrations. It was a darned nice party—much as we hated to think that the cause of it was Uncle Tommus' retirement.

Yep, all these things happened through the months of 1942—little and big events strung on the chain of the year like beads on a string, with the magazine tying them all together. We'll do our best to keep the columns filled, but it will never be the same, Unc, writing for someone else. Whenever we're in a huddle,

pecking away at our notes, we'll be thinking of you and missing you like sixty. So long, Unc. We'll be seein' you.

HERE AND THERE WITH THE WOMEN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Lon Bishop

First of all we want to express to our Mr. Thomas (and he will never be anything else) the grateful appreciation of all the members of the Women's Club for his untiring interest all through our fourteen years of organization.

What a wonderfully helpful big brother you've been! And you're going to be missed very much.

We got up bright and early on December 10 to have breakfast with you and your Magazine family—but we think that word "bright" had better be rubbed out, for we forgot to tell you so many things, even to thank you for a swell breakfast.

At any other time, what a jolly group that would have been—wise cracks, stories, laughs from you, Mr. Thomas, and from Mr. Vickrey, "Winchie," "Walter Watchall," and all the others.

Some way or other, no one felt funny that morning, and all the things this poor scribe meant to say just wouldn't come out.

We're going to see you again in the club, I know, Mr. Thomas, and we just wondered—before the gals get hep to it, may I date you for our next birthday party, the second Thursday in March?

Thanks again for the little visit at the Christmas party. President Mrs. Hasty remarked as you went out: "There goes one of the best friends our organization ever had."

Annual Bazaar a Success

Now another big thank you to all you folks who helped so substantially to make the club's annual bazaar a success. Mrs. Crunk, a hard-working chairman if there ever was one, is very grateful and very well pleased.

On the first day of the bazaar, after business had slowed down a bit, the women enjoyed an hour of quiet relaxation in one of the adjoining rooms.

Miss Pearl Mason of the Palestine Exhibit on Lake View Avenue, Los Angeles, gave a history of the Bible from the beginning, including, of course, the lovely Christmas story, with screen illustrations of beautifully colored pictures. This was really a token of love for her club and paid for by Mrs. Columbus, the busy Red Cross chairman. Everyone is invited to visit the exhibit, where a wonderful collection of objects from Palestine are displayed, where certain types of costumes may be rented and

even luncheons served provided that reservations have been made.

Christmas Party

Just one meeting in December, combined with the Christmas party on December 17. The gals trimmed a beautiful tree and Mrs. Ethel Miller Claus was on hand to give presents to everyone. Poor old Santa! The women have even taken his job—but our boys needed him this year. Mrs. Fuller added her beautiful voice to the party, giving two selections. Then refreshments were served and another Christmas party became just a happy memory.

Everyone is sorry to hear of Mrs. Smart's accident, but glad to hear she is coming along nicely, considering the seriousness of the accident. We hope both feet will be on the ground before very long.

Remember the meetings in January: January 14, defense speaker and musical program; January 28, a visitor from the Midnight Mission, with interesting side lights on his work there.

Girdle Preservation

And now, girls, just a helpful little hint for the New Year (along preservation lines): One branch of the Federal government has recently issued instructions on how a woman should take off her girdle to insure its lasting longer. Listen carefully:

"A girdle can best be removed by a good strong Yank."

Nice to know, don't you think—or don't you?

We'll sign off for 1942 with a wish that next year will be a happier and kinder one to all.

WEST HOLLYWOOD NOTES

By G. R. Stevens

1943 . . . is just beginning and the West Hollywood trainmen made the usual vows again and most of them have already forgotten a lot of their New Year's resolutions. One pléde we all have made and will keep. On the dawn of 1943 we have pledged again our faith in America's greater future and our effort to produce AN ALLIED VICTORY IN 1943 . . .

Our second Christmas at war has passed with the burden of conflict felt in every home. Christmas was celebrated with a mixture of war fears and joy. The main thought of the day was the wish that the loved ones away from home were having a good Christmas. Los Angeles experienced its biggest holiday buying season in years. With the stores closing for three days, it was a real holiday. The traditional turkey and butter may have been missing from the table but there were substitutes that were more plentiful. Fruit took

the place of candy in some homes. A large number of trainmen's families stayed at home to enjoy Christmas. Rations, dim-outs, shortages . . . folks still exchanged glad tidings and faith in the future . . .

Ed Thomas Retires

Mr. Ed. Thomas, founder and editor of Pacific Electric Magazine, is retiring from service after a long and memorable career. Ed Thomas is highly esteemed and loved by his co-workers on the magazine and those who know him. He leaves with the good wishes of all for his future happiness. Mr. Glenn E. Collins has been chosen as the new editor to carry on with the magazine. Good Luck to Mr. Collins and his associates.

Grandfather Gibbons

Cashier W. A. Gibbons proudly announces he is a grandfather again as his daughter is the mother of twins. J. McGilvary and wife are the happy parents of a new baby girl. Mr. and Mrs. McGilvary of West Hollywood now have seven fine children, three boys and four girls. Congratulations to the happy families.

Stork Expected

Conductor C. L. "Curly" Ashley and wife are expecting the stork.

Paul Parker Missing

Word has been received that Paul Parker is missing in action. He was on the "Wasp" when it was torpedoed.

Mother Lost

Motorman Gordon Jackson of West Hollywood received a telegram that his mother, Mrs. Florence Jackson, passed away in Buffalo, N. Y., Monday, December 21. She was born in Philadelphia and raised a family of eight children. Motorman Jackson's father is chief supervisor of the International Railway Co. of Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

Happy New Year to everybody in 1943 is the wish of this column.

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

By Ray Cragin

Maybe we should call this issue the "Ed Thomas Au Revoir Edition." I say this as most scribes of the MAGAZINE were at the breakfast on December 10 to bid him farewell. If they all speak their piece, the pages of the magazine will be full of his many good deeds. The Editor gave a very interesting talk on the history of the magazine and the many good things it has accomplished since its birth in 1916. Ed spoke highly of the Associate Editors, as he preferred to call us, and he proved he meant what he said by serving, among other things, ham and eggs, coffee with sugar and

cream, and butter. It was a pleasure to meet our fellow scribes whose columns we read monthly but whom we had never met.

To our good friend Mr. Thomas go our best wishes, and if he is as old as he feels, he is just starting on a wonderful career.

It was a voice from heaven when Uncle Sam notified B. Dormandy her hubby was a prisoner of war in the Philippines. For several weeks before the fall of the island she had not heard from him. Let's all hope he may return soon and the days to come will be as bright as these past months have been dark.

Charles Wakefield was scheduled to return to work on January 2. Charles served his time in St. Vincent's and had his bad days while there. He has been home recuperating for several weeks and we will be very glad to have him back.

Ruth Bushard, who, a couple of years ago left this department to take up the duties of motherhood, is pinch-hitting for Charles. Ruth says the reason a stenographer makes a good mother is that she is used to pushing a carriage.

Diana Graff had a birthday on December 12. The Mystery Trio called to wish her well. Her dad says now that she has left her teens he hopes she puts away her paper dolls and stops cutting up.

Bill Nicolay had a birthday on December 19. The Mystery Trio also called to wish him well. I am going to ask Walter Watchall to find out who these mystery trio guys are.

Jimmy Wageley was a caller during the month. He is now wearing an army uniform and is stationed at Van Nuys helping Uncle Sam keep his trucks running.

George Quesenbery has been at Torrance several days lately working with John VanDerZee installing the new setup on priorities. George's partner in this department, Bill Nicolay, keeps running to the Priority Board several times a day to get the latest dope.

News From Torrance

A Christmas party was held in the Stores office Thursday noon before Christmas. Hot tamales, cup cakes, and coffee were served. Fred Hopkins entertained with his clever readings, and they all had fun.

Burt Ordway received a new wrist watch for Christmas. He now has a new helper of the feminine sex and likes to be at work on time.

We learn Mr. Clifford Ruppel is now at Camp Beal. Cliff was made a member of Uncle Sam's army in November. If any one cares to write, his address is Headquarters Co. 1st Battalion 45 A R A P.O. 263 Camp Beal, California.

Cliff Curle of West Hollywood Store was a visitor at St. Vincent's

recently to have his tonsils removed. Cliff says he is not going to let Charlie Wakefield get ahead of him, even if Charlie was in for heavy repairs.

NOTES FROM PASADENA

By M. J. Freeman

What's in a missout???? . . . This is also known as an Expensive Miss-out. Oh, no, the government didn't tax him for missing out . . . The unfortunate incident happened this way:

The alarm clock rang at 4:45 a.m., November 12, 1942. The clock being conveniently near the bed, the sleepy-head turned it off. Approximately one hour later he woke up all confused, with but one thought in his head: "Missout!" He rushed in to his automobile, but he rushed right back into the house again—he had forgotten to take off his pajamas and put on his uniform.

Speeding through San Marino at 65 per is exceedingly fast these days. A moment later a member of the San Marino Law Enforcement Agency came alongside the victim. While gasping for breath, the police officer said, "Where's the fire?" The victim said he had to catch a street car out of Monrovia. The inevitable result was a citation to appear in San Marino court on November 28. Well, that meant 16 days of unrelenting torture. The victim didn't know whether the judge was going to take away his tires, his ration book, give him a \$100 fine, 30 days in jail, or ALL of them.

In the meantime, he was nicknamed "The Speed King."—Climax, \$10 fine. So now he is called "Ten Buck Oscheosky."

The above incident can be verified at Macy Clubhouse.

* * *

Guess who we see breaking in on Macy Switch—will wonders never cease?

* * *

Who the heck said there is a shortage of pennies and nickels? There's more of the durn things in Pasadena than there are in the U. S. mint.

* * *

What is Pat Patterson's and Watson Turner's loss is Pasadena's gain.

* * *

Welcome to Mrs. Beatrice Jenison as our temporary telephone and information girl.

* * *

The writer was proud and happy to be one of the privileged few to attend the farewell breakfast for Ed Thomas, our Editor. It was an occasion that will be remembered by me for the rest of my life. Adios, Ed!

STATION STATIC

By James J. Adams

Well, folks, we missed out last month; so we'll give you a double dose this time—and I believe we have more news than time to write it, at that.

Of course, the most important thing is the wonderful breakfast served by our esteemed retiring Editor. Sure was glad we ate before the good-byes were said, because there was not a dry eye there when it came to the end of the speech-making. Best of luck, Mr. Thomas, and a sincere welcome to Mr. Collins, our new Editor.

We also bid farewell to Mike Kapitan, who joined the army last month. Go ahead, Mike! You can fix 'em—or if you can't it will be the only thing you've failed to fix yet. Remember our washing machines, vacuum cleaners, clocks, automobiles, etc., etc., etc.?

On the sick list is Minor Musick, who is confined to St. Vincent's Hospital with what the doctors say is an enlarged heart. We could have told them that before, 'cause the only thing that's bigger than his heart is his laugh. So hurry back, Minor; the joint's gone sour!

Harry Dietsch has been filling the cashier's job during Musick's absence. As usual, Harry's trousers get baggy at the knees around this time of the year from kneeling on the floor playing with his electric train.

Peter Roller has been assigned the Day Supervising Ticket Clerk job, and the night end of it went to yours truly. Our hours are from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. The better half remarks: "You can pick some of the damdest hours!"

Home on leave was Bob Goodell, who stopped in to say hello. This army life seems to agree with him. Also saw Lawrence Antista, Jr., who is stationed nearby and comes in to say hello to the boys.

Dave Martin is working the collection job for outside agencies. Says he likes it fine. Better have J. Maloney show you all those eating spots, Dave. Food will be scarce soon.

What the well-dressed man will wear can be seen at most hours of the day at Main Street ticket office as Don ("Casanova") Gates and James ("Maloney") Russell, both, sport new suits just alike. Must have been a fire sale.

After 20 years on the Information Desk, Catherine Rohwer bid on a cash receiver job. Says she likes it much better—no public to handle.

Deane Aspelmeyer hands us her brain child, "Why Information Clerks Have Gray Hair," which appears elsewhere in this issue.



ENSIGN JOHN R. ALLPORT

Attorney Allport To Naval School

Ensign John R. Allport, young P. E. Attorney in the U. S. Naval Reserve, left the company on December 12 to enter the Naval Training School at the University of Arizona, Tucson, where he is now classed as Aviation Volunteer Probationist. At the end of his training period, which will be a matter of two or three months, he will receive the classification of Aviation Volunteer Specialist.

Allport has been with the Pacific Electric six years, entering as Law Clerk September 1, 1936, and becoming attorney shortly after his admission to the bar on May 2, 1939.

Awaiting his return from the service of his country are his wife, Esther Monten, and their 1½-year-old daughter, Susan.

SICK LIST

As of December 28, the following employees were confined because of illness in St. Vincent's Hospital, 2131 West Third Street, Los Angeles: Lee A. Cole, freight motorman, Southern District; Chester Conrad, motorman, Southern District; Earl Frazier, operator, L. A. Motor Coach Lines; Arthur Henson, operator, Motor Transit District; Minor Musick, ticket clerk, city ticket office; John A. Karlson, carpenter, mechanical department; Paul Perry, conductor, Western District; Marian Tomasoff, car cleaner, mechanical department; Paul Wagner, conductor, Southern District; Charles White, conductor, Southern District.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

By Vic Labbe

Jessie Eaton says she KNOWS there is truly a Santa Claus, and that she is sure that a lot of her Towermen and Signalmen made her believe in him! For which she says, "Thanx, fellas!" And she wishes each of you a Happy New Year.

Gus Guercio is on vacation—nobody knows where. But anyhow he will find enjoyment somewhere and come back refreshed (I hope).

Sure lots of swanky gals in our office. We have the cream of the crop: Mabel Harvey, a glamorous gal; then Marty Henry, the soldier's delight. And, oh, boy! none other than Helen Kusak, full of life and pep; Frances Spicer, no salt or pepper needed; Evelyn Bolz—those eyes and lips to sway the boys in blue or grey. Then Nancy Kelly, the Irish girl from Newcastle—of course, she's had lots of love affairs, but she's always ready for a new one.

New work for Jean Fogarty—not much to do—just learn the roadmaster's language and yell like Flathers. No telling when she will run a section gang.

How about buying bonds? Some of you with whom I left pink cards failed to return them with a good reason for not subscribing. No excuse for that.

Thanks to Bill Baxter for the candy and cigars. Certainly takes Bill to show what a real Christmas means.

Turmoil Island—Searing—Moyer—Bates—Helen Kusak—flowers from Watts—nuts from Banning—well, a real Island Job and a New Year.

Paul DuPar is w. ordering.

Bob Dorner—valuationing.

Clearance Boyle—roadmastering.

Jean Fogarty—timesleeping.

Glen Stancer and F. Middleton are braking now. Hope they enjoy the cool evenings.

Odessa Carter, our only redhead, paid us a short visit. Why hide the good-looking girls on the first floor?

We can't overlook the gals in the Purchasing Department: Diana, Clara, Ruth, and a few others. I almost forgot Nicolay, George and Ewing.

Christmas things we didn't get: R. E. Labbe, two gallons of gasoline; L. Biehler, two boxes of cigars; Russell Schaffe, a kiss from Jean; John Buchanan, no cottage cheese; Clara Patton, not even a present; Engineering Department, not even a sucker; Emma Smith, no male; Nancy Kelly, no colonel.

Well, folks, this year we will have to really work and do our part towards getting this war job done. So—to all of you—I hope that this little effort on the funny side of life will help to ease the hard part of life.

FREIGHT STATIONS AND YARDS

By Arden Nasher

It's really too bad there isn't a more dependable reporter for this great and important section of the Transportation Department, because this writer is anything else but. Let's see—it must be about five or six months since our last effort and lots of water has gone over the dam since then. So much, in fact, that making the rounds, one could almost believe he was in another company—there are so many new faces.

Of course, for many of these newcomers, an old timer has departed for military duty, and we have managed to compile some information concerning a number of these which will be interesting. Here's what we have:

JAMES G. BLAKE: Terminal Trainmaster with office at 8th Street Yard, is now Captain Blake, located at Fort Mason in San Francisco. He volunteered several weeks ago when the Army opened an office at Sixth and Main for the purpose of interviewing specialists in railroading and after passing a stiff competitive examination at San Francisco he was told he would hear from Washington. As the weeks slipped by and there was no word it began to look as though he'd be home over the holidays. However, it didn't work out that way as he received orders to report on December 17. All good wishes to you, Captain Blake, and may you soon be sporting the insignia of a Major.

JIM BOWER: Those of Jimmie's friends in the Freight Claim Department and around the Freight House know what a tough job it was for him to get into the service. His eyes weren't very good and Uncle Sam rejected him once because of flat feet. But he was determined to do his bit and he kept at it, and at last reports he was at Salt Lake, a full-fledged member of Uncle Sam's Army.

JIMMIE BOSWELL: We don't hear much about Jimmie these days, but there was one little human interest story about his entry into the Army. A week or two before this Ray Hileman, who worked with Jim on the same jobs at the freight house, had gone to Fort MacArthur, where he landed in a clerical job in the induction office. I believe their meeting when Jim first arrived at Fort MacArthur was described in a previous issue, but Ray contrived to keep track of him a couple of weeks, and that's the last we've heard of him.

RAY HILEMAN: After the Boswell episode, he went to San Francisco, where he got married. Understand he is a Corporal now and at

last reports was being transferred back to Los Angeles.

WM. D. BREESE: This younger counterpart of Neil Breese, his dad, who is Chief Car Clerk at Butte Street, is doing all right by himself in the Navy and we are told that he is well on his way toward becoming a Chief Pharmacist's Mate. We had the pleasure of a visit from Bill the other day and he looks like the old Navy personified. Papa Neil has probably had to increase the size of his vest, to keep from popping off all the buttons.

E. A. HUME, JR. You all know Eddie Hume in 8th Street Yard Car Clerk's Office. Well, this is young Eddie, ball player of parts and now doing more serious work for Uncle Sam, in the Coast Guard. Eddie told us the only thing he didn't like about the morning after Christmas was that his youngster had to leave after spending the holiday at home.

We don't know much more at this "going to press" period, other than that the old P.E. has done a lot of brightening up at various places. New daylights at the freight house are now an old story, but you should see that swell Ford coupe that has been furnished for messenger service out of Butte St. Yard. Not to mention new furniture at 8th Street which brightens up the place no little. Hope all you folks had a Merry Christmas and will enjoy a Happy New Year. More news next time.

P. E. ROD & GUN CLUB

By Arlie Skelton

The December meeting was called to order by an officer that is seldom used in our club—Second Vice President J. Sam Harris. Mr. Harris was so efficient in conducting the meeting that he almost got himself elected President for the 1943 tournament season. President J. B. Rogers was absent. (Duck hunting was the excuse passed along to the boys.) First Vice President L. L. Lloyd came in late. Mr. Harris was doing so well that Mr. Lloyd declined the chair which was so courteously offered when he arrived.

President's Annual Show

Approximately 50 members were present for the meeting, which marks the closing of the 1942 tournament season and the beginning of the 1943 tournament season. A. W. Cross, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, announced that all arrangements were made for the President's Annual Show January 9. The show was to go on in two sections of 45 minutes each, with the awarding of prizes sandwiched between. (My apologies for erroneously announcing last month the show would start at 8 p.m.) Hope your coming early to

obtain good seats got you there in time to see all of the show.

Election of Officers

The election of officers for the 1943 tournament season did not change much. Our retiring president, J. B. Rogers, was elected to the executive committee. Retiring First Vice President L. L. Lloyd was elected President, and retiring Second Vice President J. Sam Harris was elected First Vice President. A. W. Cross was elected Second Vice President. Financial Secretary Robert Dorner, Treasurer C. G. Gonzalez, and yours truly, Arlie Skelton, Recording Secretary, retain their respective offices.

The Executive Committee (known as the five grand old men) are H. P. Bancroft, W. G. Knoche, B. F. Manlev, D. E. Porter, and J. B. Rogers. Fellow members, let me remind you it is men like these that insure the high reputation of your club. They can be depended upon to be there whenever the club is concerned, and they are doing a grand job. More power to them.

Camp Abandoned

The Los Patos Camp is a thing of the past so far as the club is concerned. Our lease has been canceled, the cottages have been moved to various other locations, and the club property is being disposed of as rapidly as possible. Now the question comes before the club as to what will be done about the assessments paid for 1942. They were paid for a full year, yet the camp was closed, because of war conditions, in midsummer. The matter came before the December meeting and was promptly put to a vote. The majority voted to refund the equivalent of one-half the assessment for the year. It was so ordered.

Movie Projector

The question was brought up at our November meeting regarding the purchase of a movie projector for the purpose of showing pictures at regular meetings, to stimulate interest and attendance. A. W. Cross, J. Sam Harris, and William Kitts were appointed to act as a committee to investigate possibilities and costs of purchasing a projector and obtaining films to be shown. The report was a bit vague and incomplete at the December meeting, so was carried over to the regular monthly business meeting in January. It's a certainty that if the majority want the projector, and it can be obtained, we shall have it.

Your club is also going over the top in the purchase of war bonds. At the December meeting, \$370 was appropriated to buy five more \$100 bonds, which will bring the total to ten such bonds purchased with club funds.

Thanks to the members present at the December meeting for voting in favor of the Secretary's buying a new brief case. It was badly needed, and much appreciated. Guess that will solve the lunch-carrying problem—eh, what?

Don't forget: our next regular business meeting will be Wednesday, January 13, at 7:30 p.m. See you then. Season's greetings!

PACIFIC ELECTRIC CLUB CALENDAR

- Tuesday, January 12:**
 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, January 13:**
 P. E. Rod & Gun Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.
- Thursday, January 14:**
 P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Meeting & Program—1:00 p.m.
- Friday, January 15:**
 Bowling League Matches—Arcade Recreation, 542 So. Broadway—8:15 p.m.
- Wednesday, January 20:**
 P. E. Masonic Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.
- Thursday, January 21:**
 P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party—1:00 p.m. Prizes to winners—Admission 25c.
- Friday, January 22:**
 Bowling League Matches—Arcade Recreation, 8:15 p.m. Spectators invited.
- Tuesday, January 26:**
 American Legion Post Semi-monthly Meeting—8:00 p.m.
 American Legion Auxiliary Semi-monthly Meeting—8:00 p.m.
- Thursday, January 28:**
 P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Meeting & Program—1:00 p.m.
- Friday, January 29:**
 Bowling League Matches—Arcade Recreation, 8:15 p.m. Spectators welcome.
- Thursday, February 4:**
 P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party—1:00 p.m. Admission 25c. Prizes to winners.
- Friday, February 5:**
 Bowling League Matches—Arcade Recreation, 8:15 p.m. Spectators invited.
- Tuesday, February 9:**
 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, February 10:**
 P. E. Rod & Gun Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.
- Thursday, February 11:**
 P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Program—1:00 p.m.

The old cowpoke looked at his very rare steak with disgust.

"Take it back," he ordered the waiter, "and tell him to cook it."

"But it is cooked," insisted the waiter.

"Hell," snorted the buckaroo. "I've seen cows hurt worse than this one an' they got well."

"What do you think of the museum of art?"

"Oh, the pictures are good enough, but there ain't no good jokes under them."

PACIFIC ELECTRIC MASONIC CLUB

By Ed Hasenyager

After quite a long "vacation," we are calling your attention to our next meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 p.m., January 20. The postponement of our December meeting makes this one of double importance—electing officers for the coming year, as well as installing them. There will be no other notice of the January meeting; so make a note of it now.

Perseverance in duty again brings its rewards. Brother T. H. Ewers, originally employed December 7, 1906, as a Substation Operator and for many years as Central Station operator, has been made Superintendent of Substation Operation, a promotion well deserved and one in which his many friends rejoice and wish him every success.

Gas and dimout regulations notwithstanding, there was an excellent turnout on December 10 at Glendale when our club was invited to assist in conferring the Master's Degree on Brother Taggart of the Transportation Department. However, there were many familiar faces missing. There were some new faces on our Degree Team, but all did their part well and were congratulated for their proficiency by the Master of the Lodge.

Elsewhere in the Magazine no doubt, a more elaborate mention will be made of the retirement of Brother Ed. Thomas. This column would not be complete, however, without its mention. Brother Ed was raised by the Club Team in 1927, was an active member for many years, and has always lived according to the teachings of the Order. We wish him many years of happiness in his activities away from the Pacific Electric family.

* * *

The Better Way

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;

I'd rather one should walk with me than merely shun the way.

The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear;

Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear.

And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds;

For to see the good in action is what everybody needs.

I can soon learn how to do it if you'll let me see it done.

I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run;

And the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,

But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do.

For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give,

But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.

AMERICAN LEGION NOTES

By James E. Davis

Comrade Iver Iverson, 43-year-old Western District conductor, dropped dead on the parade ground at Terminal Island, December 1. Comrade Iverson served in the navy during World War I. He returned to the naval service two weeks before his death.

His son, Glen Iver Iverson, is in the navy. He also left his widow, Mrs. Beatrice Iverson; a daughter, Alice; and his mother and one brother.

Our genial service officer, Roy Mead, was very active, helping Mrs. Iverson make necessary arrangements with the United States government.

Gifts for Veterans

December 8, our post voted \$30 for Christmas presents for veterans at Sawtelle Hospital. Hospital Chairman F. W. Nichols reported that some veterans were surprised when they received their presents, because they did not belong to the Legion and therefore they did not expect to get anything from the Legion.

Although we are able to help Legionnaires in many ways in which we cannot help non-members, it has been our policy from the beginning to serve veterans in the hospital regardless of their Legion status.

We have again contributed five dollars to Boy's Town, Nebraska.

New Members

Shortly after the outbreak of the present conflict, this post passed a resolution calling upon the Legion to admit to membership in the Legion all veterans of the present war, on the same terms and conditions under which veterans of World War I are admitted. This resolution was one of many similar resolutions passed by posts all over the United States. Now, National Headquarters has sent us a mandatory amendment to our by-laws, making it possible to receive honorably discharged veterans of this war into our post.

Meanwhile, while they are becoming veterans, all members of the fighting forces of the United States and her allies are welcome at our meetings.

December 22, our Auxiliary furnished refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, potato chips, cake, and coffee. You stay-at-homes surely missed something this time!

Visitors were Lt. Dolton of Redwood City Post 105, in active service again; and Private Hutchinson, prospective son-in-law of Comrade David Kennedy.

A new member is Harry Addison Cain, machinist, at Macy Street shops, formerly of Co. G 13 ammunition train.

- - GRINS AND CHUCKLES - -

AW, NUTS!

"Say 'ah.'"
 "Aw."
 "No, 'ah.'"
 "Noah."
 "No!"
 "No."
 "No! Just an 'ah.'"
 "Anna."

The assessor must have been very astonished when the report came from his newly-hired appraiser, who had been sent to a home to appraise the contents:

"One bottle of old Scotch whiskey partly full."

The next entry was:

"One revolving Turkish rug."

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ILL-MANNERED

In the dark of the night, a drunk finally finds the keyhole. He stomps into the house and fumbles around, feeling for the light. Wife pipes up: "That you, Harry?" (No answer. A big crash of glass.) "Harry, what in the world are you doing?"

"Teaching your goldfish not to bark at me."

Three small boys were talking about their fathers. The son of a writer said: "My father just writes a few words on a piece of paper and gets \$25 for it."

"Oh," said the lawyer's son, "my daddy just sits in a room and tells people what to do, and they give him \$50 for it."

"That's nothing," said the parson's son. "My dad gets up in the pulpit, preaches for a few minutes, and when he's finished it takes eight men to take up the money."

The wife came home breathlessly after a hard day of shopping.

"Look, darling," she told her husband, happily, "I got one of those new hats without a crown, and a dress without a back, and shoes without toes."

"You think that's something," grunted her husband. "Look at this suit of mine. It has pockets without money."

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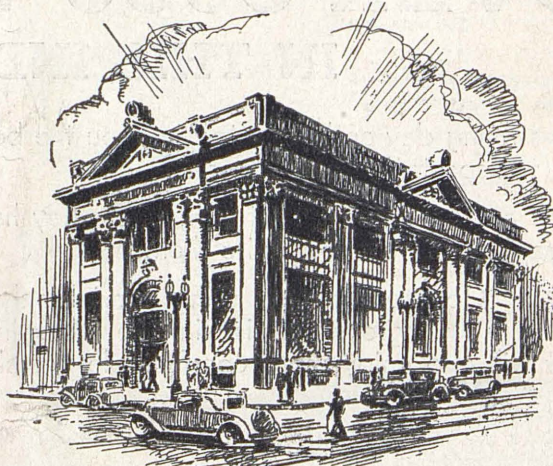


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