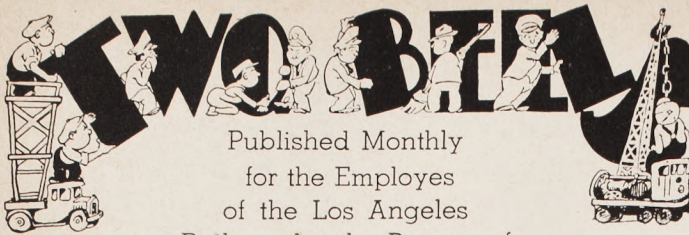


TWO BELLS



**Vegetables
For
VICTORY**
Vol. 24
AUGUST, 1943
No. 7





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for the Employees
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Public Service

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- F. Sommers Sour Grapes from Vineyard
- M. Williams Sparks from the Trolley

PHOTOGRAPHY

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- Howard Jones Arthur Pedersen

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**OUR
CURRENT
COVER**

P. B. Harris, President, presents Bonds to Grand Prize winners Otho Short and F. Chavez for their efforts in the Victory Garden Contest.

**GETTING
IT
OFF OUR
CHEST**



By JIM BODLEY



TWO BELLS is conducting a "Get It Off Your Chest" Column. The first in the series is by Superintendent Bodley of Division 3. Next month Art Warren, Chief Supervisor, will Get It Off His Chest.

EVERY ONE OF US is aware of what a whale of a fighting Army, Navy and Marine Corps America has. Its ability is being demonstrated in the four corners of the earth. We, who call ourselves Americans, are mighty proud of that bunch. We feel that the least we can do is to show our pride by supporting them in every way we can. The support which these boys must have is not asking much of us. We work hard of course, but we leave our jobs in the evening and go home to a clean bed, clean food and a peaceful atmosphere. We can still partake of certain amusements without the fear that we will be shot, blown up or stabbed while we are relaxing.

Our job is tough. The pound, pound, pound and the rush, rush, rush of the street car business in war-time is not a Sunday school picnic. It's an aggravating grind. But we don't have to look forward to a slit trench or a hiding place behind a bush, or food which is cold or canned or dehydrated. Nor do we have to listen to the zing of a bullet, the swish of a knife, the whiz of a bomb, or the tapping of a machine gun. Also, when vermin and filth accumulate, we can wash them off with clean water.

In making these comparisons I feel we on the home front are very unreasonable when we complain of the few sacrifices we make, because, after all, our sacrifices are small. So the next time things go wrong and we find ourselves grumbling about this or that, this person and that person, or that we're working too hard, or that our beefsteak is too tough, our gas ration too short, let's think of the guy on the other side and of the job he's doing for us. Let's remember that there are 479 fellows who just a little over a year ago were working side by side with us. Let's remember that some of these 479 will never have the opportunity to return to this job.

BACK TO THE FARM PAYS DIVIDENDS



The "Back to the Farm" movement for Los Angeles Railway employees, which began back in April with donations of seed packets, proved a financial gain to twenty-two winners in the "Vegetables For Victory" Contest. On Tuesday, August 3, these winners, and a happy group they were, received their awards in the office of the president, Mr. P. B. Harris.

The Victory Gardens on company property enhanced the beauty of our substations, divisions and yards. The Home Gardens enriched the tables of the employes. When the seeds were first donated and the ground was plowed and piped by the company, Mr. Harris made a statement that he hoped every seed might bring forth a bountiful crop. We feel this expressed wish was definitely fulfilled. For after spending two weeks looking at various company gardens throughout the system and home gardens throughout the county, the judges admit that the men really produced.

The two Grand Prize winners were Florentine Chavez and Otho Short. Chavez, who won the company garden award, is a welder in the Way and Structures Department. He has two gardens at Vernon Yards, "a leetle wan and a beeg wan." It was the "beeg wan" which won the company garden prize. This beautiful

garden is planted in the center of the old ball diamond at Vernon Yards. The landscaping for the garden is near perfect. The corn stalks are all of even height; the lettuce heads are the same size, row by row; and the rest of the vegetables parade in neat lines like stiff-back American soldiers. The highlight of his garden is the scarecrow which is made from a pair of workmen's overalls and a large straw hat. The straw hat sits jauntily at an angle and the overalls hang neatly from the crow's arms.

For the home garden Grand Prize, Otho Short, of Division 1, really took the spotlight. His achievement is a large garden at 200 West Klingerman Street, El Monte. He produced practically every vegetable needed for the table; the neatness of the plot acclaims much effort and toil. It is practically bordered with a huge, well kept even lawn.

White fences line the garden walks. The tall stalks of Kentucky Wonder beans serve as a background for the well cultivated property. When asked by the judges as to when he found time to take care of his garden, Mr. Short replied, "You'd be surprised what a good farmer can do in two hours a day if he knows what he is doing and isn't afraid of a little sweat." Mr. Short keeps his garden rotating. After each crop has been



Above: Mr. P. B. Harris, President, gets some pointers from H. O. Nelson, Division 5, on squashes. Samuel B. Sowell, 16th Street Coach, looks on.

Left: Mr. Harris passes out Bonds to the eager and happy winners.

harvested, he fertilizes the soil with rabbit and chicken fertilizers and replants the ground so that not an inch of his property is ever vacant for long. Mr. Short also took the prize for Division 1—the prize for the largest turnip and cabbage—making a total of \$200 in War Bonds for his efforts. Chavez ended with a total of \$150.

Winners in the Unique Gardens were A. F. Kilgore for his potato box (picture on page 4) and George Ramsey for his irrigation method. Kilgore's potato box was planted with thirty pounds of seed six inches apart up and down, having six layers of seed potatoes, six inches of soil between each layer. George Ramsey's unique irrigation car was in "Matt Weinstock's" column of the Daily News on July 12, reprinted herewith: *The hard way . . .*

To some persons a Victory garden is a v.g. They dig the ground. They plant the seeds. They water the ground. Radishes!

To George Ramsey, mechanic at the Vernon Yard of the LARY, a v.g. is a project. George's acreage is nearly a mile from the center of the yard. His problem was water, or rather, no water.

(Continued on page 14)

TALL TALE

FIRST PRIZE

PATAGONIA GOPHERS

Arthur R. Belyea of Division 4 Spins This Tall Tale of His Personal Trip into the Labyrinths of the Patagonia Gopher Cities.

ARTHUR BELYEA has been an operator at Division 4 since May, 1942, and is well known because of the fact that he was off for two weeks recently due to a terrific shock. One of his passengers tendered him with a \$50.00 bill and remarked, "I have the pennies."

So you want to talk about gophers. How would you like to hear of an interesting experience that I personally had in the deep, dark interior of Patagonia? Everyone knows where Patagonia is. For those who don't, I will be perfectly willing to point it out on the map if you can get the proper kind of a map, one which shows Patagonia.

It was on an expedition up the river "Slyrrff" when I was accompanying the noted Chinese explorer, "Long Flung Bull", who was searching for that mysterious animal, the "Swivel-nosed Wafflepuss". We had reached the headwaters of the "Slyrrff" and were very discouraged because of the absence of any wafflepuss whatsoever and the whole group were in the mood for returning home when we made an accidental discovery which has electrified the biological world and stupified scientists in every country.

We discovered a colony of near-human gophers.

It seems that the native tribes who dwelled along the river "Slyrrff" were warring with each other. Food supplies were at a premium, so while the men were out fighting the women de-

(Continued on page 14)



Short's Winning Garden.

WINNERS IN VICTORY GARDEN CONTEST

GRAND PRIZES

Company Garden	\$100.00
Florentine Chavez.	
Home Garden	\$100.00
Otho Short, Div. 1.	
* * *	

DEPARTMENTAL PRIZES

\$50.00 each.

Otho Short	Div. 1
Edward C. Helbling	Div. 3
Archie L. Auslender	Div. 4
R. A. Lovelace	Div. 5
Dolor J. Bowcut	Office Bldg.
Florentine Chavez	Vernon Yard
John Pontrelli	South Park
Emogene Rippert	16th Street Garage
Samuel B. Sowell	16th Street Coach
George Battelle	L.A.M.C. Lines
* * *	

UNIQUE GARDENS

\$25.00 each.

A. F. Kilgore—(for his unique potato patch)	Dept. 12
George H. Ramsey—(for his novel arrangement of irrigating his garden at Vernon Yard)	Dept. 2
* * *	

PRODUCE PRIZES

\$25.00 each.

Squash—	
H. O. Nelson	Div. 5
Walter W. Erickson	Motor Coach
Onions—	
Edward C. Helbling	Div. 3
Elmer D. Mitchell	Vernon Yard
Beets—	
X. Bryan	Div. 5
O. H. Smith	Div. 5
Turnips—	
Hans P. Larsen	Vernon Yard
Otho Short	Div. 1
Radish—	
J. Aguirre	Way & Structures
Carrots—	
Edward C. Helbling	Div. 3
X. Bryan	Div. 5
Tomato—	
George H. Ramsey	Vernon Yard
String Beans—	
Hans P. Larsen	Vernon Yard
O. H. Smith	Div. 5
Cabbage—	
George H. Ramsey	Vernon Yard
Otho Short	Div. 1
* * *	

CANNED GOODS

\$25.00 each.

C. R. Fulton	Div. 5
R. Wardlow	16th Street Coach
* * *	

TALL GOPHER TALES

Arthur R. Belyea	Div. 4
D. K. Billings	South Park Shops

TALL TALE

SECOND CHOICE

THE PATRIOTIC GOPHER

By D. K. BILLINGS

Carpenter, Department 12,
South Park Shops

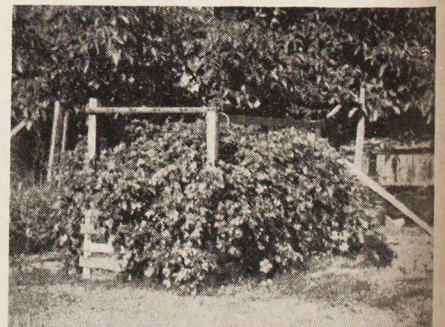
Most gopher stories that are told are about the size of the gopher or the amount of damage which he does, but this incident, and I swear it's true, is about an average size gopher who was very, very patriotic. For the doubting Thomases I can show them four evenly spaced rows of corn and a gopher hole to prove my statements.

Along in April after I had spaded my plot, raked it and marked four long rows with a string, making a mark where each kernel of corn was to go, I felt tired and weary. I gave up, not being used to that type of drudgery. Sitting down with my sack of corn seed in front of me, I relaxed and finally dropped off to sleep. I awakened at a strange noise and, glancing down at the sack placed between my feet, I saw this gopher tear a small hole out of the corner of the burlap. I jumped up, but he was quicker than I. Before my very eyes he grabbed that sack of corn seed and started off.

Four times I chased him across my garden, barely a foot behind the rascal. I didn't realize till afterwards that he was following the marks I had made for my rows and that the corn was spilling from the hole in the sack. That gopher was planting my garden as he ran. I was unable to catch him. He spilled quite a bit of corn as he ducked into his hole with only a few grains left in the sack.

Naturally I gave up in disgust, but a week or so later when I passed the corn plot I saw little green sprouts had

(Continued on page 19)



Kilgore's Potato Box.

HONOR
SCROLL

JULY STARS IN OUR SERVICE FLAG

Sparks, LeRoy Mot., Div. 1
 Campbell, Bennett H. Mot., Div. 5
 Smith, Harold R. Mot., Div. 5
 Holladay, Collis H. Treasurer
 Brugmann, Lloyd H. Opr., Motor Coach Div.
 Vannoy, Bill V. Opr., Motor Coach Div.
 Shipley, Felix F. Auto Wash Rack Foreman, Garage
 Bridges, Flora M. Chief Clerk, Research

L. A. M. C. LINES

Minto, Lowell D. Opr.

RETURNED FROM MILITARY SERVICE

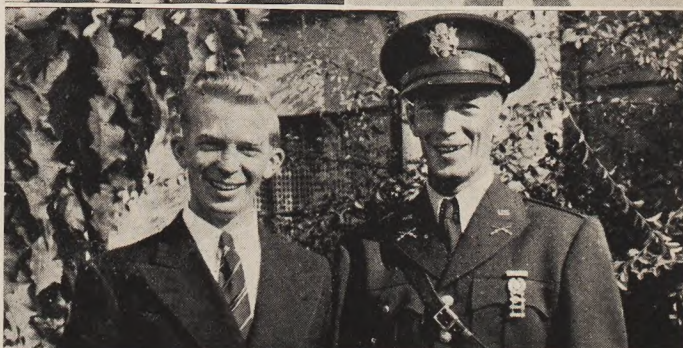
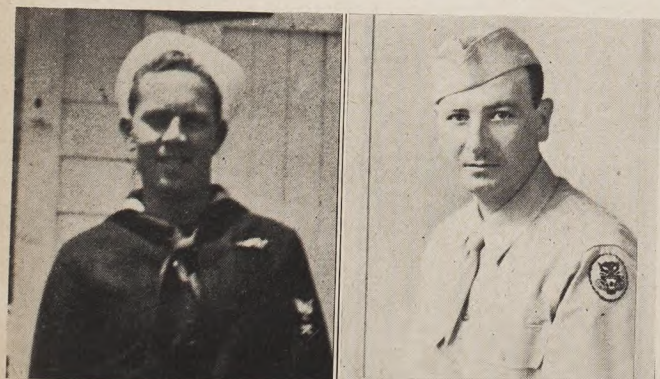
Thompson, James C. Mot., Div. 1
 Hawkins, Herbert L. Mot., Div. 4
 Cadd, William J. Opr., Motor Coach Div.
 Edwards, Charles H. Con., Div. 4
 Albert, Cecil C. Con., Div. 5
 Martin, William D. Mot., Div. 3
 Schuster, Paul Opr., L. A. M. C. Lines

Total LARY stars after deducting reinstatements 479
Total L.A.M.C. stars after deducting reinstatements 111

THEY'LL MAKE IT TOUGH ON TOJO

Photos of our boys pour in from every battle-front in the world. Here are a few—

Top Row: B. R. Hobbis and G. E. Graham, 16th Coach.
 2nd Row: Johnny Boyce (left). Johnny was a popular personality at Div. 1, being the guiding genius of their Credit Union. He spends his time now in fox holes of the South Pacific. Former 16th Coach operator L. M. Graves has become a fireman, 1st class. 3rd Row: G. P. Bennett, formerly of Div. 1, and L. W. Ferguson who worked as a mechanic out of Div. 3. 4th Row: M. B. McNally, 16th St., now stationed at an airfield just outside London, and Fred T. McClendon—the boys at Div. 1 will remember his smiling face. Bottom Row: (Extreme left): Harold Steenrod, formerly of the South Park Stores, and son of Joe Steenrod. Mario, son of G. Alimonti, South Park. And last, but not least, the Oglesby's, Clifford W. and Wilfred E., who at one time worked at South Park.





SAY IT WITH

Photographs by A. Auslander

The trolley pilots and Diesel drivers have a signal system by which they can convey to each other, or to their supervisors, or traffic loaders, various things which have taken place or things which should be done pertaining to their work. Like any sign language this "finger talk" is very expressive as is shown by the pictures on these pages. Every trainman knows what each signal

means, for they are universal. We have counted some twenty-one separate signs. Do you know any more?



Above:

"SIGN OF THE CUT THROAT"

Operator is telling his leader that he, the leader, is leaving sharp and has overloaded the follower's car.

"STRETCHING A TRAIN"

Operator is telling a supervisor that he was held up by a train. This particular train wasn't so long; about a four-minute delay. Trains can be stretched like fish, the longer the train, the farther the reach.



"O.K. SIGN"

O.K. sign is used universally from band leaders to truck drivers. It was originated on the street car and means, "Left the end of the line right on time."



"SLEEP SIGN"

Operator is informing his leader that he had a very short trip, probably due to the fact that his leader was running late.



Signs

"TAKE IT EASY, PAL,
TAKE IT EASY."



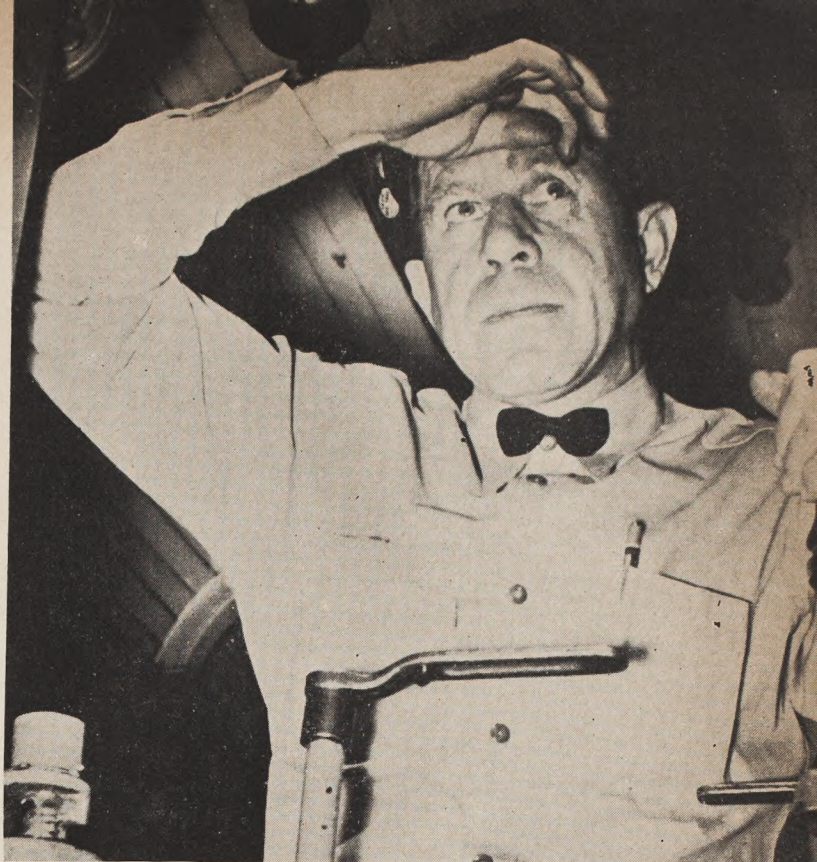
The young lady above is telling her leader to take it easy and not to leave so many passengers.

"SPOTTER'S SIGNAL"

Operator is advising another Operator to look out for a time checker a few blocks back along the line.

"SMASH SIGNAL"

Operator advises the supervisor that he was delayed because of a vehicle accident.



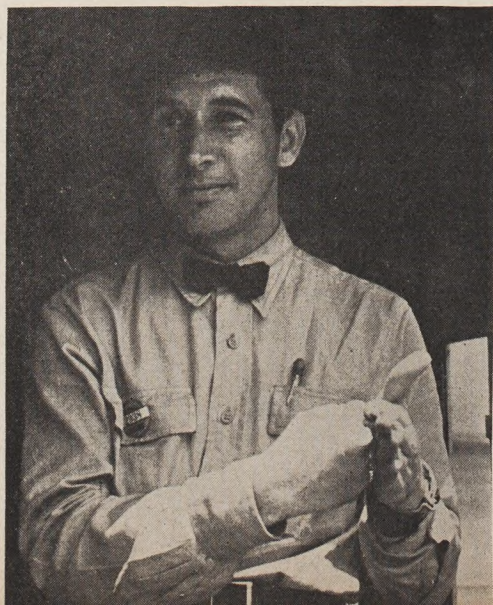
"SWEAT SIGNAL"

Operator draws his finger across his forehead advising his leader or the supervisor that he has just finished a "hot" trip.

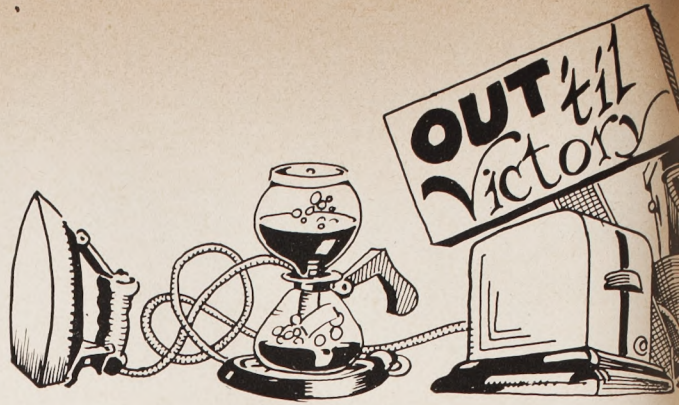


"LAY OFF, WILL YA!"

Operator is giving his leader a piece of his mind for passing up passengers or running sharp. This is the most expressive of all street car signals.



Dear Ladies



WOMEN have taken men's jobs in factories and on street cars, etc., and now the woman must repair household equipment because licensed electricians and handy men are scarce because of the manpower shortage. Also, we must conserve our household appliances because manufacturers have discontinued their production and replacements are mighty hard to get, so it is up to the housekeepers to become handy men.

Watch the Wiring, Ladies!

Most troubles begin with the electrical wiring in the household appliances. Live wires are dangerous; therefore, do not touch electric cords, switches, etc., with wet hands, or never handle electrical appliances when you are in the bath tub.

It is a good idea to check with your local building code, as tampering with installed wiring may violate an ordinance, so make sure any repairs or alterations you make conform with their ruling.

Most circuits in homes carry no more than 1700 watts. All appliances and bulbs are marked with their wattage.



When a fuse has blown out, look through the transparent windows of the fuses. If you see a gap in one of the fuse links or a smudge on one of the mica windows, you will know that is the fuse to replace. Disconnect lamp or appliance which is responsible for this. Unscrew fuse by rim, put in new fuse and close the switch. And never use pliers.

If you want to be particularly cautious, pull the main switch which is usually located near the fuse box. This will cut all electricity from the fuse box and put out all lights and electrical equipment, however, turn off as much equipment as possible before turning the switch back on to reduce load all at one time.

If you live in an apartment and have no access to service switch, call manager to replace fuses.

Most homes are wired with No. 14 wire which should have 15 ampere fuses. If a special circuit has been installed to supply outlets in the kitchen, dining room and pantry, this circuit may be wired with No. 12 wire and requires a 20-ampere fuse. If you have both 14 and 12 wires, paste a diagram of fuse box of which fuse is rated 15 amperes and which is rated 20 amperes. To discover rooms each fuse controls, turn off all the lights, unscrew each branch circuit fuse, replace fuses one by one and turn on lamps to see which respond.

Keep an extra supply of fuses on hand at all times for replacements and never allow anyone to tamper with them.

Take Care of Those Cords

Types: Use lamp cords for small appliances and lamps, asbestos-insulated cords for heating appliances, heavy duty cords for tools, moisture-resistant cords for equipment used in damp or wet places like laundries.

Here are a few "dos" and "don'ts" in order to insure longer life:

Do not put chair or table legs on lamp cords and don't let cords lay around where they can be stepped upon or tripped over. You can make cords last longer by forming cord into a ring and laying the set flat in a drawer rather than hanging it on a hook which creates a sharp bend in cord.

Grasp plug when removing the cord, never pull as they may loosen the connections and break the strands. Mend or prevent abrasions of outer covering by wrapping with friction or surgical tape.

Preserve rubber-sheathed cords by keeping them out of sun, away from heat and free from grease. If cord gets into grease, wipe it off with a soapy cloth and then rinse. Disconnect before cleaning and dry thoroughly.





Baby Electrical Appliances

Ranges: If pots boil over on the open surface element, turn off current at once and wipe off as much as possible. Turn current on again and when remaining material is thoroughly charred, blow it off or remove it with a brush. If charred matter accumulates on or under coils, it may cause hot spots or burn-outs very easily, or cause more serious damage later. If an open wire element bumps out of its place, have a qualified repairman adjust it because it is likely to burn out immediately if it touches a pan. Use low heat as much as possible and use all elements equally.

Flatirons: Irons connected for too long a time may cause a fire. To disconnect an iron, detach cord at iron or at receptacle. Don't depend on wall switches to disconnect iron because you may be turning it on when you think you are turning it off. Do not wrap a cord around a hot iron. Don't connect iron to sockets intended for lamps. Pulling of cord may dislocate fixture.

Toasters: Never drop or handle it carelessly and don't use a fork to remove toast as it may cause a short or touch the element and cause a burn-out. Do not let crumbs pile up around element and cause a burn-out and never immerse in water. If element comes in contact with frame, the frame may come alive, and possibly create a fire or shock hazard.

Percolators: Do not allow heating element to get wet. Some have a fusible link near the heating element which protects appliances if it boils dry by melting and opening the circuit. If link has melted because percolator has boiled dry, replace it with a new link. If it is loose only, tighten by twisting to the right.

Refrigerator: Give mechanical refrigerator lots of air. It should stand 2 or 3 inches from walls and have at least 6 inches of clearance at top. Defrost regularly or when frost becomes a quarter of an inch thick; before week-end marketing, is advisable. Don't overcrowd or pile things around freezing unit as room is needed for air to circulate. Wash interior, shelves, trays, freezing unit and walls with soda (2 teaspoons to 1 quart) and warm water once a week. Dry thoroughly. Use only a mild soap on outside and never use abrasives or gritty cleansers for polishing outside or metal rims. Use cleaners especially prepared for this purpose. Keep temperature control at normal except when freezing or when refrigerator contains ice cream or frozen foods. Let dishes cool before storing in refrigerator and try to get everything in, or out, with one door opening. Don't yank trays as metal such as aluminum is not replaceable, and do not use a sharp instrument to pry out trays. If motor runs more than one-third of the time, check gasket and hinges for heat seepage, and if it cannot be checked, call a serviceman. If motor stops suddenly, see if it might be a blown fuse.

Mixer: Try not to let beater get bent and don't bang it. Wipe off motor and air vents so that they won't be clogged. Scrape off beater with spoon or spatula. Keep mixing spoons away from beater in motion and use a rubber scraper if you have one. Keep beater covered.



Washing Machine: Do not overload and keep drains clear of lint. Dry washer tub after each using and leave open to air. Release tension and rinse rollers as soap tends to soften rubber. Drain all water out of hose and pump and keep moving parts oiled.

It pays these days to take "ounces of prevention" since "pounds of cure" are not available.

Helen

Editor, "Dear Ladies."

PREVENT FOOD POISONING

Always use a pressure cooker for non-acid vegetables and meats. Oven heat doesn't kill bacteria germs.

Don't can in oven. The heated jars may explode when oven door is open. Boil jars of acid fruits and tomatoes in open cooker on stove tops.

Loosen jar lids a bit in cooking. New glass lids are less expandable.

The Agricultural Department of the government is offering a free booklet, "Wartime Canning of Fruits, Vegetables". If you wish a copy, write to the TWO BELLS Office, 1060 So. Broadway, Los Angeles 15, and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. To obtain your copy quickly, please mail your request by August 20.



TONICS

FROM DOCTOR "PUBLIC" . . .

A PAT ON THE BACK FOR THESE:

Division One

- G. B. Capps—helpful, courteous.
 V. E. Delmar—waited for passengers.
 J. J. Egbert—treats public in interest of company.
 W. E. Maupin—explains transfers.
 P. McGrory—pleasant disposition.

Division Three

- A. T. Holland—action taken in case of misused pass.
 R. G. Monatan—thoughtful of everyone.
 M. M. Wallace—very patient to elderly lady.
 O. W. Willits—kind to elderly lady.

Division Four

- E. L. Altenburger—paid passenger's fare.
 H. C. Baker—he smiles, passengers smile.
 R. A. Baudisch—has quick foresight.
 T. O. Bellamy—averted an accident.
 C. C. Dalzell—patient and alert.
 C. R. Hilton—helped man with cane.
 C. H. Hobaugh—helped find purse.
 A. C. Zakor—a pleasure to ride with.

Division Five

- Bonnie E. Auwinger—deserves credit for consideration.
 L. T. Campbell—very congenial.
 R. R. Holt—treats public in interest of company.
 N. L. Johnson—for being so honest.
 D. L. Laird—helped blind passenger.
 E. R. Matthews—nice to passengers.
 H. E. Shultz—very pleasant.
 C. K. Stahl—courteous, polite and efficient.
 Trexler, R. K.—paid balance of fare.
 J. A. Wear—4 commendations—has public's interest at heart.

Diesel Pilots

- T. H. Allison—splendid operator.
 E. W. Cotterly—polite, considerate and courteous.
 R. D. Crandall—greets people with smile.
 M. Hamilton—answers questions cordially.
 E. J. Sayre—called passenger about lost purse.
 G. R. Van Auken—handles coach carefully.
 M. E. Winter—splendid coachette, very dignified.

TO THE LADIES

"As a bus rider, I sure want to commend the lady No. 778. She sure handles the big bus just as nice and nicer than some of the men. She greets you with a 'Good morning' and smiles, and everyone was all smiles, and then as they got down town it was a 'Good-bye' from her, so I just could not help writing and letting you people know. I live at 925 S. Citrus and ride on the Olympic bus, so pass it on to her."
 A. R. PEARSON

Bessie Hart, Div. 5, Knows How To Handle Wolves

"It often makes my blood boil when riding the "U" car to see the insults your Conductorettes receive by drunks and smart guys, though I must say that the girls handle every situation splendidly.

"As I was coming home tonight I was pleased to note that Conductorette No. 650 had the ability to turn off these "wolves." She did it in a nice, pleasant manner.

"She also calls streets plainly and added special announcements at transfer points. I was very much impressed by the excellent service she gave. I think, in general, the women are doing a splendid job taking the men's places on the car lines."

W. B. CRANE,
 1026 W. 24th St.
 Los Angeles.

Like Riding on Glass With Irene Stevens . . .

"I wish to compliment motormanette No. 526 for the very efficient handling of the car she was driving or operating downtown yesterday afternoon. No jerks, etc.—it was as though we were riding on glass. She was my first motormanette.

"I mentioned same to the conductor in charge and he said she was very efficient."
 Mrs. E. Trinkle,
 1743 W. 50th Street.

I. Kudler, Div. 1 Stops a Runaway . . .

"The world is so ready to complain I should like to send a few words of praise in behalf of Motorman 1763.

"Wednesday afternoon, when on Vermont near Wilshire, a driverless car ran in front of an "R" car city bound. At first our motorman sounded his gong, but seeing there was no one at the wheel, he quickly jumped from our car—tried the right door of the runaway auto, which was locked—rushed to the left, which had its window open. He steered the car to a vacant place on left hand curb, thus saving many other cars from being hit. I feel he should have some recognition as his very quick thinking saved your streetcar from being in an accident—saved many other autos."

Alice B. Stanton,
 433 So. McCadden Pl.

J. O. Koontz, Div. 5 Gives Them a Break . . .

"Although the signal had changed, and the motorman, No. 813, had the bell to go ahead, he held the car the few seconds necessary to enable a fat, puffing, old colored woman running to board the car.

"I was sitting on a front seat, and I leaned over and said, 'That was nice of you, mister' He grinned and said, 'I always give them a break when I have time.'

Barbara A. Fritchie,
 3926½ So. Vermont Ave.

MR. FIX IT—T. C. Grace, Div. 4

"His car stalled at Sixth Street during the rush hour. Instead of becoming rattled, he arose from his seat and remarked to the passengers, 'Just hold your chairs, folks, I think I can fix it.' He did it. He had the car running in about four minutes, joking and kidding as he went about, looking under the car and climbing on top. Then, even though he was late, he picked up everybody he could at each stop without missing a signal. He was also able to guess what two ladies in a large automobile were going to do."

A PLEASED PASSENGER.

POISON.....

OUR OWN CONCOCTIONS

SHOULD BE RETURNED TO THE JUNGLE

"One of your conductors rudely insulted my wife last Tuesday while she was en route to Queen of Angels Hospital where I had undergone a serious operation the day before.

"She first boarded a 'W' car on York Boulevard at Avenue 52 near our home and was given the enclosed transfer. She left the 'W' car at Seventh and Broadway and walked over to Seventh and Hill at 10 a.m., not transferring at Temple and Hill because recently a fire truck barely missed her on the small safety zone there.

"Conductor on 'A' car refused to accept transfer, **spoke very loudly and rudely**—kept repeating 'You can't go back to the same place you came from on this transfer.' My wife explained that she was on her way from Highland Park to the Queen of Angels Hospital and that they were in opposite directions, and asked him what she should do. To this he replied in an insulting manner, '**Pay another fare.**' She did so, remarking, 'It's strange, I made the same trip yesterday and used a transfer.' Then he said, sneeringly, '**Then drop in another fare.**'

"Unfortunately, my wife was so distraught she did not get the fellow's number. He is large, gruff, loud mouthed, middle aged. The hospital stop is on Rosemont. On reaching Belmont, my wife was confused due to the insulting treatment, and got off there. Conductor let her off without any effort to assist, although he well knew her destination. She then had to take the following 'A' car to Rosemont, **paying a third fare.** This conductor was No., so this should help to identify the man on preceding car.

"My wife arrived late at hospital in tears. **Fine treatment for a sensitive woman visiting her husband the day after his operation!** We realize that you have to accept just about anybody who is willing to work, under present conditions, but this particular conductor obviously does not qualify for any kind of work which involves public relations, and should be returned to his jungle habitat."

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE—THERE'S FIRE!

"Will you please give some consideration to the smoking in your trolley cars where it is not supposed to be done? Because of a growth in my throat, I am allergic to smoke. You would think that your conductors would try to enforce the ruling, but they do not. The other day there were four men smoking in the section reserved for non-smokers. As I was waiting to leave the car I asked the conductor if they were permitted to smoke in that section. He snorted, 'Sure, they can smoke out there if they want to.' I told him that a sign stated smoking was to be done on the front open section only. and he replied that there was no such sign there. I said that there was, and he **fairly shouted at me** that there was not and that the men could smoke wherever they wanted to.

"I wish you would ask your conductors to **urge the riders** to comply with the smoking ordinance. There are still a few who are allergic who would be very thankful if the rules made for our benefit were enforced.

"Here's hoping."

PUT HER IN THE ARMY . . .

"I think that before the war has reached its climax, everyone in the country will eventually fit into the niche where he belongs. If a man can do more as a conductor, he will become a conductor, not a coal miner. And if he or she can do better in the Air Corps, they will automatically become pilots. You have such a person on one of your busses. **She belongs on a jeep.** She should definitely be drafted into the WAC's. She had a whole load of passengers hanging on to their seats for dear life on one of her trips the other day. She is a speed demon and wants to race. Whenever a truck would pull up along side the bus she would holler to the truck driver, 'Want to race?' The truck driver would holler back, and away we would go.

"Most of your coachettes are marvelous drivers. I have ridden with quite a number and had just about acquired a feeling of safety when I took this momentous trip with coachette No. who really took a big load of passengers for a ride.

"Put her in the army quick."

WHY CAR MEN TURN GRAY "THAT QUICK CUP OF COFFEE"

"I THINK THIS COFFEE IS STILL FRESH! CAN'T BE OVER ONE HOUR OLD! HOW DOES IT TASTE. JOE?"



Kiddie Korner



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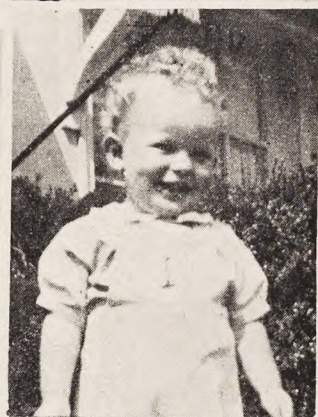
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Sid DuPree, Interviewer, Personnel, presents: (1) Beverly; (2) "Butch"; (3) Jo Ann; (4) Janice Marie, daughter of Y. W. Beal, Div. 4; (5) Nancy Jane by A. Gillespie, Sub Station; (6) Vineyard's Battelle presents Georgia Yvonne; (7) 16th Street's M. E. Walter trio, Dale, Donald and Deanna; (8) Div. 4 presents "Jonnie" by M. J. Frankson; (9) Also from Four is serious Thomas Willard Crandall, son of "F.D."; (10) Harry L. Rustah, 16th St., presents Louise. (11) E. L. Thomas of Div. 4 presents his smiling joy, Carolyn Lee; (12) E. B. Sweet Junior of 16th St. (13) Talented Barbara Jane McAlpin from Vineyard; (14) Alfred Jerry Williams, grandson of A. Young, 16th St.; (15) Glamour from South Park by Doris Ann Sundeen; (16) David and Barbara belongs to D. N. Smith, Div. 4; (17) Patricia Ann Wibe, Div. 4.

Carbarn Blues

SOUR GRAPES FROM VINEYARD

By F. W. SOMMER

Most of the sour grapes around the division this month have been the arguments and stories regarding the War Labor Board. Quite a number of the men can't understand how and why the Labor Board functions, while others quit worrying about the whole matter. We wonder what the functions of the Board are? We thought it was established to arbitrate in case of a disagreement between employer and employe, but it seems that instead they disagree with both. Most of the boys are sorry they had to take steps to get action and are trying to make up by working extra, and working runs on their regular day off.

Our transfer wizard, Chief Instructor from Virgil, Noah Miller, spent part of his vacation on a barge down Santa Monica way on the lookout for stray Japs. He used a nice fishing tackle just in case he might hook on to a submarine, and in the process of casting for said submarine, he hooked a 22-pound halibut. Miller was so proud of his catch that he packed the fish home on his back.

The boys and girls in the Motor Reserve Transport Convoy elected Harold Feller to be their captain. Harold is quite a feller and has just finished his officers training course in the army transportation.

We don't know whether the mechanical department is short of coach operators or whether the city is running short of water, but some of the coaches have been so dirty that an operator dare not lean against them. Too bad we didn't think of it in time so that some of the boys could have spent that famous "day off" cleaning up their equipment.



Coach operators are funny people. When they get a vacation they do the dardnest things to enjoy the same. Take C. P. Hunt, wild ink splasher from Vineyard; though Virgil probably never missed him, C. P. Hunt spent his vacation during the hottest weather in the "cool" valley of San Fernando, while Frenchie Martell spent a week on his farm taking care of the crops. Operator Burril stayed at Balboa lying around going through terrific torture from a very hot sun getting a tan in places where it won't show for the rest of the year unless he decides to dress in shorts while running a coach.

The coachettes have certainly changed things in this business. One of the coachettes on the Olympic line was reported to have started a new idea in issuing transfers. She picked up two men passengers and each paid a dime for his fare. When the coachette asked if they wanted a transfer they said they would rather have a kiss from her. Evidently she complied, which is nice in establishing public relations, but is going to be darn tough on some of us homely old coach drivers who might have to follow that precedent. We hope it doesn't become a custom.

Speaking of the girls, they are having quite a time with the trousers of their new uniform. It seems that the government doesn't want their trousers to stay up as an order has been issued that no tailor will be allowed to put belt loops on women's slacks. An appeal has been made by manufacturers all over the country to have belt loops added. So far, nothing has happened. Desmond's are awaiting that decision before finishing most of the girls' uniforms. All of this squabble over belt loops doesn't help to keep up the morale of the coachettes. For the information of the coachettes, if you'll have your trousers made as is, I am sure there are a number at the division who are handy enough with a needle and thread to sew on the belt loops for you.

"V" NOTES

By FRED MASON

We were glad to get a card from Motorman (extra clerk) Don Munro, who is stationed at Fort Snell, Oklahoma, serving in the Clerical Division, Field Artillery. He says he likes the wide open spaces all right, but he would give a lot to be sitting in the cool at Wrigley Field watching a good ball game.

Seaman W. A. Clapp, United States Navy, paid us a visit recently. He



Lloyd L. Morgan, Jr., (left), keeps Daddy in the garden. His father is Lloyd L. Morgan of the Coach Division. Carol Ann Nowak, granddaughter of Leo Nowak, supervisor at Coach Division. Jo Ann, daughter of Pvt. and Mrs. John Canino, 16th Street Garage.

looks wonderfully well and is enjoying the Navy routine. He is stationed at Farragut, Idaho, and has been appointed rifle instructor.

We also had occasion to greet Clerk "Jimmie" Schultz, now with the U. S. Navy. "Jimmie" is doing O.K. and wishes to be remembered to all the boys.

Yeoman, First Class, M. J. Foley, dropped in on us to bid us "good-bye" just before leaving for the East Coast, having been transferred to another station.

Our best wishes are extended to Conductorette Doris L. Carrothers, who resigned on July 27th, to get married.

We are glad to welcome back Conductorettes Minnie Bliss and Susie M. McNally, who left us for a short time, but just could not stay away from wheeling 'em over the road.

Our best wishes are extended to Conductorettes Grace W. Stansbury and Ida M. Morgan, who transferred to Division Three.

BACK TO THE FARM

(Continued from page 3)

But what is a Victory gardener without inspiration? In the yard George found an old, crused work car with a tank at one end. Thirty years ago it was used to oil streets.

He cleaned the tank, filled it with water and set out on a complicated trip—now a regular occurrence.

He trolleys to his plot of vegetables, backing up here and there, throwing four or five switches—finally irrigating his thirsty tomatoes and beans.

The Victory Gardens have been judged, and most of the vegetables have been canned and consumed, but the memory lingers on. The street-car men have realized that they can produce their table needs and will continue to do so for the duration.

Then there is the ancient Greek temple story. A woman autoist posed for a snapshot in front of the fallen pillars of an ancient Grecian temple. "Don't get the car into the picture," she warned, "or my husband will think I ran into the place."

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Daughters of J. Korin, Division 1. Muriel, right, 18, is fond of music and of plays. Diana, 16, enjoys painting.
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PATAGONIA GOPHERS

(Continued from page 4)

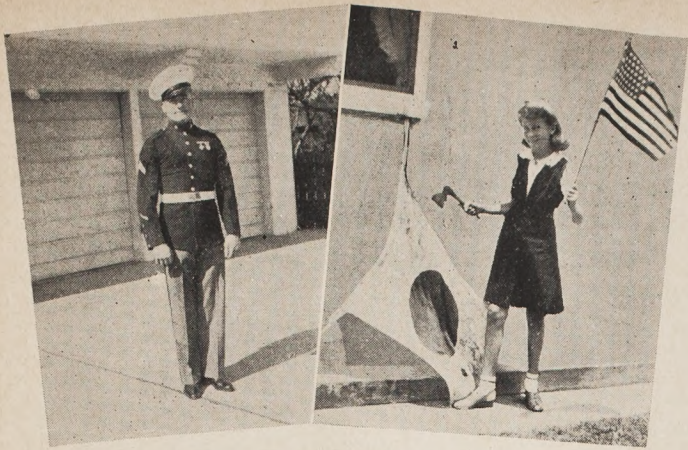
decided to plant Victory Gardens. It was a new experience for Patagonia, and no sooner had the new plants poked their little green shoots from the fertile soil than these near-human gophers ran little tunnels along the routes of the crops. The gophers feasted well. Such an era of prosperity in the Patagonia gopher nation was never known before.

Professor "Long Flung Bull" could not rest until we had explored the underground gopher nation, so taking advantage of his highly secretive "Electro-Phonetic Rings" we transformed ourselves into a couple of visiting Los Angeles gophers. We entered a burrow beside a cornstalk and after acquainting ourselves with a gopher who claimed to represent their Chamber of Commerce, we were taken into the underground and shown all the sights of this tremendous gopher city. Imagine our amazement when we discovered that they had a perfect underground trolley system. They used the very latest streamlined cars. We boarded one marked "Boysenberry Gardens via Turnip Lane." We were interested in the operation of these cars. We noticed that the operator wore blackout glasses, so we asked our guide the reason. He replied that for some unknown reason the gophers insisted upon all moving to the rear of the car, and because the operator was a newcomer from Los Angeles he was so blinded from the light streaming in from the unobstructed windows that he could hardly see. When the operator had gone to the gopher doctor about the predicament, the doctor evolved the blackout glasses. These glasses made everything

total black and our guide explained that this operator is now one of their fastest—as he was able to operate by the grope and feel system similar to the method applied in the city of the Angels.

Our guide escorted us to the power house which consisted of a captive wildcat who was attended day and night by trained termites. These termites worked four shifts rubbing the wildcat's fur the wrong way, thereby generating enough electricity to run the cars. Termites were also used as guards at each entrance to the tunnels, ever on the alert for their hereditary enemy, the "Gazookus Bird". The gazookus bird is, as you know, an interesting fowl; for due to living on the side of a hill one leg is shorter than the other. Sometimes it is the left leg and sometimes it is the right, depending entirely upon which direction the gazookus bird was going when he first started around the hill early in life. Another peculiarity of this bird is that he has his tail in front of his face to keep the dust out of his eyes in windy weather.

Some day I hope to return with Professor "Long Flung Bull" to take another trip to these gopher chasms and to secure a supply of their special bell cord which is unbreakable, which would be a boon, no doubt, to several operators on our system. I can't, of course, return until I have finished my book, which deals with a sidelight of our gopher trip regarding a situation which happened on the river "Slyrrff". The book is entitled "The Love Life of the Plymph". My publishers have informed me that the book will be released on the same day that I am.



★
 Marine Paul Dimitri, son of Motorman Dimitri, Division 5, took a battle-riddled Japanese flag during the Guadalcanal battle, and sent it home to his sister Milicent Ann, who demonstrates her dislike of the enemy.
 ★

ONCE-OVERS FROM ONE

By D. B. KOHL

Most of the boys will remember George King. George is now an ensign in the Navy and very pleased with himself. George got his sea legs on the "S" line, so he should do all right. He called up the other day to advise his friends that he is leaving for parts unknown in the South Pacific. He promises to bring back some good souvenirs—Jap flags, and buck teeth to be worn on watch chains instead of the provincial Elk's tooth, which we think is a rather smart idea.

The personnel department should be informed of a new operator for the Los Angeles Railway who will be ready to go to work in about twenty-five years—Richard Allen Andrews, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Andrews.

We also had a wedding of W. D. Mineard who was married to Miss Rozela Carlton on July 17. The couple are putting off their honeymoon for the duration.

With heavy heart we regret to announce that Z. A. Barrows, known as "Zeke" to the boys at One, has been reported as missing on a list published by the war department. Zeke was a gunner on a Flying Fortress which was making a trip over Germany when he disappeared. We can't help but feel that Zeke will come back when the war is over and work a run and a tripper. Anyway, we are going to buy an extra War Bond just for Zeke Barrows.

The California fishing, deep sea, lake and brook trout had better duck to the deep holes for the next few weeks, for this list of fishermen are out to do them no good: G. M. Katzenberger, George Elder (George can talk a fish into biting), R. R. Cole, E. L. Tree, and J. W. McCurry.

Also, Charlie Farrah of the office force is leaving for two weeks at Big Pines where he can relax "Arkansas" style beneath the shade of a pine tree and forget about the rush of the city.

SIXTEENTH STREET EXHAUST

By EMOGENE RIPPERT

Paul P. Marshall, Motor Machinist, first-class, spent his five day furlough working at the garage. Navy life certainly appeals to Paul. He is looking forward to it for the next twenty years.

Richard H. Mobley, who recently was inducted, belongs to the Division of Military Police. He returned with his prisoner, but twice doubted his own ability. Upon second thought, he thought of what if he didn't—he did.

Merlin V. Lehman is a second lieutenant, Ordnance Department, proving grounds at Aberdeen, Maryland. He recently completed seventeen weeks of a mighty hard grind, marveling at the knowledge he was forced to consume from 5:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Lieutenant McNally is Engineering and Transportation Officer, stationed in England. He also serves on the Court Martial Board, but not from choice. Mac lost four inches around the waist—what no ale!

Mary Shklaruk, telephone operator and stenographer, will have jumped the hurdles in Mississippi, to an Army man, when this goes to press. Congratulations and good wishes, Mary.

McCollock, second shift dispatcher, spent a week of his vacation—where we don't know—but Mac enjoyed himself.

One day last week at the garage several people overheard us say, "It was quiet as a morgue." One person

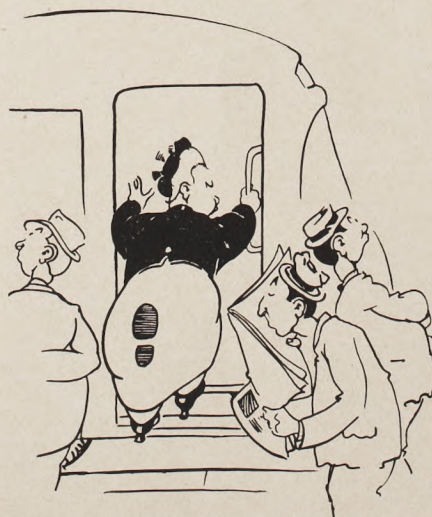
at the other end of the telephone communication offered, "Well, I suppose in that case you are equipped with a skeleton crew."

Babe Ellis says it is so hard to go home on time anymore, that it is necessary for him to bring a note from his wife to go home early on his wedding anniversary. P.S.—The note threatens mayhem to the foreman.

Tex Lawson won't accept first aid. Laura Tullar is our First Aider, very apt and willing—why Tex?

Buck Private O. L. Knox is at Camp Croft, South Carolina, and marching five or six miles every day. He says it is hot and a long eight hours, but the officers are keen.

Bob Jeffrey is still ground instructor, flying between England and New York. Vernon McDonald is also ground instructor, out in the desert.



H. H. Wobbrock is now first class gunner's mate on one of Uncle Sam's ships. Wobbrock dropped in for a chat and says he got around quite a little having covered 31,000 miles on his last trip. He says it is just like running a car on the "R" line, same scenery day after day.

Virginia, our ex-cash receiver, writes from Springfield, Massachusetts, that she has toured New York City has seen all the shows and had a wonderful time. She sends her regards to all the boys.

Johnny Boyce, now stationed somewhere in the South Pacific, has seen plenty of action. The other day Mrs. Boyce received a twenty-eight page letter from Johnnie that is a "lulu." It takes one right out on the battlefield and down into the fox hole. TWO BELLS would like to publish the letter but because of the lack of space, it is impossible, so Mrs. Boyce invites all of Johnny's friends who might have the opportunity to call at their home to scan the letter which is extremely interesting. Her address is 5187 Wood Avenue, South Gate.

SHORT CIRCUITS

By WALTER WHITESIDE

Well, as all the fellows keep saying, "Nothing ever happens in this department," and we are willing to agree, judging from the lack of news being submitted.

Vacations are still the Number One events, and this month, the same as last, those working and those taking time off run about the same.

Paul Tupper fished the streams dry at Rock Creek, and we hear he got results.

Adam Knaus worked around his home and visited with friends and neighbors.

We understand Elmer Ness traveled as far as San Fernando Valley, then turned around and headed for home when the temperature started to rise.

Billy Yandell spent his usual vacation at his cabin in Tujunga making the usual repairs.

Miss Lander reports she stayed in bed every day of her vacation sleeping from twelve to fourteen hours.

As far as we could learn, F. U. Allie, W. Hodgson, G. McBride, S. Ingraham and E. A. Burgess spent their vacations in and around Los Angeles.

Morris Lander spent a week of his vacation in San Antonio Canyon near Mt. Baldy.

The boys of the line department enjoyed a visit from Fred Domke, who related some of his interesting experiences since reporting to the Navy Sea Bees.

THE FOX HOLE LAMENT

(Tune of "Dearly Beloved")

Dearly beloved, my fox hole is wet,
Tojo, the rascal, thinks he'll plaster
me yet.

Starry skies, moonlight,
Teeth chattering with fright;
Hurry, they're coming; no, they're
turning back.

Just then a bomb drops with a
horrible smash;
Never such torment—
This is my fox hole lament.

Johnny Boyce sends the above song of the Solomons which gives a picture of life in the South Pacific.

Let's buy a War Bond for Johnny Boyce.



SPARKS FROM THE TROLLEY

By MARY WILLIAMS

"TWO BELLS" introduces Mrs. Mary Williams as new scribe. Mary is the receptionist on the tenth floor and will receive all items of interest about those in the building, so what Mary doesn't hear, lets tell Mary.—Ed.

We shall endeavor to make this column factual and interesting for all those good people who comprise the army of conscientious workers identified as LARY employes. Make your "sparks" by contributing something of interest to all of us.

Lt. (j.g.) Edward D. Schwartz formerly Assistant Engineer in the Valuation Department of the Railway, after three months training at Harvard and another three months at M. I. T. in radar is now on a carrier. From recent letters, we presume that he is in the Pacific. His many friends in the railway will be glad to have the following news; excerpts from a letter indicating the strict discipline on ship board:

"Yesterday morning we had 'Quarters for Muster' on the Hangar Deck. The Division Officer stepped up to me and said 'tell those two men of yours to get a haircut', so I put on my sternest expression and told them when *secure* from quarters to lay down to the barber shop on the *double*. I didn't feel quite right about it because I halfway needed a haircut myself.

Do you remember the old song—the vintage of the last war—"How are you going to keep 'em down on the farm, etc." Someone should write a ditty entitled "How are you going to keep 'em at the office when their husbands are in the Army?"

F'rinstance, Minnie Kellogg has taken a leave of absence in order to join her husband who is stationed at McLean, Texas.

P.F.C. Walter O. Weiser, formerly of Division 4, sends us a fashion picture from Alaska showing what the well dressed man must wear.

And—Mrs. Robert Taylor (nee Betty Gvosdiff) from Auditing has left the company in order to spend as much time as possible with her husband who is stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia.

Also—A tracer should be sent to try and locate Mary Woods Henry (Auditing) who was married last May while on vacation. She returned from her vacation and worked a couple of weeks—then received word that her husband had been transferred to the Coast. That called for another vacation and up to this writing, she has not been heard from.

Next, Claudia Crumpacker, stenographer in the Claim Department, has joined her husband at Fort Benning, Georgia. He is an instructor and will be stationed there for a year.

Last—Gertude Munk Clark, Assistant Librarian, has resigned and is following her husband to Palo Alto where he is taking the Army's Specialist Training Courses at Stanford University. Gosh! When are these soldiers gonna release their women for active duty?

They say that it is a woman's prerogative to change her mind. That's what a certain elevator operator has done in the romance department.

BLOWN FROM TWO SHIPS

Joseph San Marco, son of John San Marco, Division 3, deserves a salute for his part in the war. Joe was on the S. S. Utah in Pearl Harbor on December 7. When the Utah was sunk from under him he dove and swam to another ship. That ship was also bombed, so he made another dive and paddled to a cruiser. The cruiser escaped damage, and since then Joe has spent a year and a half in the South Pacific on that same ship. He has been in five separate battles against the Japs including Coral Sea and Midway. He has five battle stars and eight campaign bars. Joe was transferred to submarine service just recently.

Let's all buy a Bond for Joe San Marco.

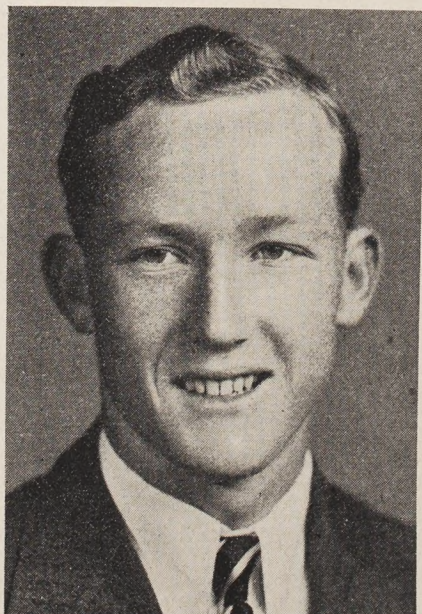
"STREAMLINERS"

By B. LATHAM

A general shake-up is now in progress at this Division and the rookies are having their first experience choosing a regular run. It is nothing new now to see a man get his numbers one day and choose a regular run at the same time.

Our transfer clerk, "Goldilocks" Emerson, the man with the beautiful head of skin, can recall not so far in the past what an "extra" man really was. We just don't have them any more. Emy celebrated his 30th year of faithful service to the Company July 29th. Division Four just couldn't get along without him. In case some of you haven't met him, just stand around the window and when you hear someone answer the Switchman's phone with "Pico Fish Market", well, that's Emy.

He hasn't any vices, at least none that he has let us in on; however, he does like to play a hand of Rummy with the boys once in a while and to work in his rose garden after a day at the office. He does not contemplate retiring for some time to come, but doesn't think he will be here another 30 years. The only comment Emy made when asked about the years he had been with the Company, was, "Well, I'd sure



like to have a penny for every thousand transfers I have put up."

This Division extends its sincerest sympathy to H. J. Moede, who received word Friday, July 30th, that his four younger brothers were killed in action.

These four youths, ranging in ages from 18 to 21, were serving their country in three different branches of the service, the Army, Navy and the Marines. The two younger brothers, who had enlisted shortly after Pearl Harbor, were killed in the battle of the Solomons and Ted, age 20, and Waldine, 21, were fighting at New Georgia.

Two days later, Mr. Moede heard that the shock was too great for his mother, who passed away at her home in Minnesota.

Prior to coming to work for the company, Mr. Moede had spent eighteen years in the U. S. Army and had received a Certified Disability Discharge.

Let's all buy another Bond for the Moede boys.

FLUID DRIVE

By R. O. BENNETT

Through our many Victory Gardens we have discovered another Luther Burbank in one Mr. Benny Garner. Benny grows corn-cobs without corn. His "single kernel" corn for people with two teeth was exhibited in the windows of the main building.

I recently received a letter from "Curly" Austin, U. S. Naval Training Station, U. S. Navy, San Diego. "Curly" sounds lonesome and asked me if everyone in the division has writer's cramp. Let's get started and write "Curly" and the other boys. We know how much letters mean to them, according to the other letters we have received.

Operator F. L. Merino informed me that he heard from O. H. Boyer now stationed in the South Pacific.

Pvt. Robert E. Fulton was formerly employed at the Substations and is now in the Army Air Forces Signal Corp.

SHAVINGS FROM THE SHOPS

By R. S. WALLACE

Merle Stoner may be good at pitching horseshoes and playing ping-pong but it took "Nip" Whitman to trick him. "Nip" made change for a dollar with "Bud's" changer, unknown to "Bud," and then challenged him to a game of ping-pong with the \$1.00 as stake. "Nip" lost the game and paid "Bud" off with his own dollar.

F. J. McKeen upon inquiring of the whereabouts of his hair tonic, found that his children had groomed their horse with it. What kind of a horse have you Mac, a "Sea-Biscuit"?

I thought I had been asked everything until a few days ago. On West Adams two young ladies wanted to know if I could cash their paychecks so they could pay their fares downtown. I was informed there was nothing to worry about as they were perfectly good checks on the Western Stove Works.

Boys, you should have heard R. E. Schramm. Thinking he had missed out, he called the division and explained he had overslept and would be right down. Ray Corbett, our division foreman, who never passes up a good thing, had a tripper all ready for him. Schramm, after working said tripper, was thanked very much and politely told that it was his day off. Look out Ray, Schramm has blood in his eye.

Our good friend and former Supervisor, Wm. P. Eunson, has really shipped out this time. "Swabbie" Griffith told me he was there when Bill left.

I received the news that our former Operator R. H. Smith now with the U. S. Air Force has been wounded. "Smitty" was sent to Mare Island Hospital and from there to the General Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. If some of you fellows find time to write you may reach him there.

Jack Dittman is home recovering from an operation at the California Hospital. Although some of us were unable to visit you Jack, we were all pulling for your rapid recovery.

Stories continue to trickle in about the boys who came back a day earlier than required after their vacation period. In Department 10, for instance, John Devlin got half way to the Shops when he met some of the boys still pleasure bent who informed him that he was a day early, so he went back home. And Billy Maitland was under foot so much around the house, and his wife thought he was kidding when he said he had one more day off, so she made him start a day early. Then there was Arleigh Frazier, who said yes, he had read the bulletin on the vacation period, but it and everyone else was wrong, so he had to take his lunch back home, sneak out and eat in it the garage.

One evening, a few weeks ago, when the boys in Coach Unit Dept. were doing almost everything but work, their siesta was broken by the dreadful cry of "FIRE". Ever on the alert for any chance to get away from the scene of their drudgery, they rushed to the scene of conflagration. There they discovered the sawdust car in flames. Quick action on the part of "Chief" J. J. Chambers resulted in saving most of the sawdust and part of the car. It is reported that he was the first to the fire. He

grabbed a water hose and rushed into the flames, put the water where it should go and never singed an eyebrow. It is also reported that the Chief of the City Fire Truck had a complimentary word or two about how he did the job.

The Shop's regular entertainment last month was one of the nicest we have had the pleasure of attending. It was augmented by the addition of a new employe, Mr. Eddy LaRue (ERD) with his steel guitar and ukulele, which he handled in the manner of an artist. The duet which he and Billy Pinder played on their steel guitars was a delightful novelty. Another feature was the rendition of "The Brigand's Love Song" by William Slade.

One of our co-workers who received his education before they quit teaching the alphabet in our schools, boarded an "R" instead of an "S" car to get to the Shops a few mornings back. Perhaps it would be a good idea to establish Traveler's Aid agents at car stops to see that the Railway boys don't get lost while passing through the Down Town district.

Understand that George (Heavey) Smith, Coach Unit, is about ready to challenge any or all comers in Department 12 to a game of quoits, for money, marbles, or a piece of blue chalk.



"Junior! JUN-IOR! Bite somebody's leg, darling, so mama can tell where you are!"

YARDBIRDS

By L. F. SPARKS

This is vacation season and we scribes have a great deal of trouble in finding out who goes where and when. Come on, boys, don't be so tight with information. Any number of fellows come with a complaint that they do not receive write-ups, but do not bring in the information.

Carpenter Sam Arballo was real patriotic last year and spent his vacation farming, milking and making hay and all the other so-called rustic pleasures. So guess where he went this year. Right. He skipped the farm life and took a tour of California by train as he had no gas coupons.

Carpenter Al Gettinger went down Lake Elsinore way and from there took a few side trips to near-by canyons for a little fishing and a little rabbit hunting. He got a little game and had a lot of sport.

Track Supervisor Ed Fleming took his usual month of July to rest and fish at his beach house at Anaheim Landing. While the fishing season is at its height, we have received no tall tales of long fish as yet.

Foreman Ed Cavanaugh neglected to say where he was going.

Trainman B. L. Rodefer also went to Lake Elsinore, and the swimming threw his back out of joint, so he had to come home for treatments.

Speaking of fish, a fellow can usually get a strike from the piers or on the beaches and don't have to burn up a lot of gas and rubber getting to the back country.

Our Victory Gardens have produced a lot of fine vegetables and Florentine Chavez is a gardener from Gardenerville. He not only knows what to plant but when and how to plant it. On top of that he puts in several hours a day either before or after work on cultivation and irrigation. With successive plantings of corn and beans, radishes, beds of squash and melons, his garden should be a success. A complete list of all he planted reads like a seed catalog.

PATRIOTIC GOPHERS

(Continued from page 4)

taken root evenly in three of the rows. In the first row the corn was spaced too far apart because I had been chasing that gopher too fast. I didn't feel so bad and decided to let the matter drop and the corn grow. The next day I noticed some fresh dirt in the first row and the empty sack lying there. I wondered why the gopher had returned the empty sack and if he had eaten the grains of corns which were left. A week later I found out the truth.

Believe it or not, that gopher was so patriotic he returned and replanted that first row.

It's gophers like him who spell victory for America.

HILLBILLY BOYS

By LOUIS B. MEEK,
Acting Scribe

We regret to announce that the regular scribe, Mr. L. Volner, is still confined to his home by illness. We sincerely hope that he will soon be able to be around the Division again. Although his position as scribe is hard to fill, Mr. L. B. Meek will substitute and try and put forth the same interesting news that Mr. Volner dispenses.

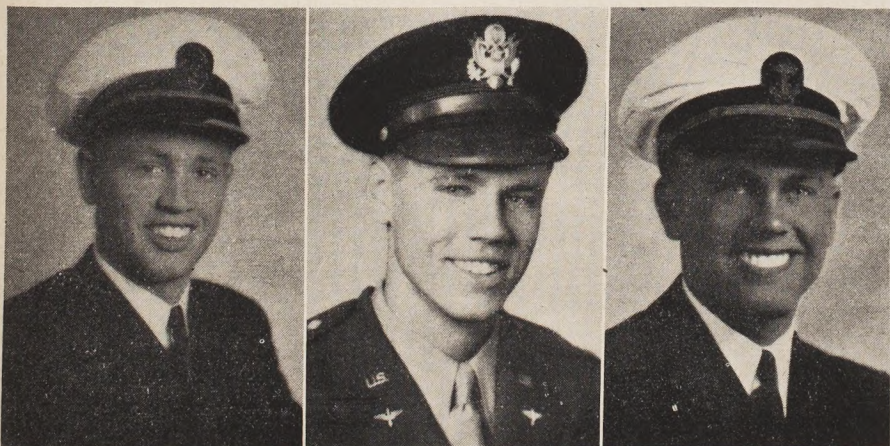
Division Three has fallen in line, and this week welcomes to our midst four ladies who will crank the fare-boxes on the rear end of the cars and pull the signal cords. Because of the man shortage we naturally welcome their addition.

We received a very interesting letter from Wayne Gardner, formerly of this division, who is one of the crew of an Anti-aircraft outfit somewhere in Africa; at least, he was in Africa when the letter was written, but that was before Sicily. Wayne's letter was very interesting, and he asks to be remembered to all of the boys at Division Three and is looking forward to the time when Uncle Sam can dispense with his services, because, as he writes, he would much rather pull the controller than sight an A. A. gun. I agree with him.

Also received a letter from Roscoe Z. Matthews, whose rating has jumped from third to second class cook. In his letter he states that he has seen several of the boys from this Division who are now in service and he, together with them, all send their greetings.

We have round-about information—although we are not able to verify it as yet—that O. M. Anderson, former trainman at Division Three, has been wounded in action and is now in one of the military hospitals on the East Coast.

Imagine the surprise of B. W. Bentley, Conductor of this Division, when he picked up a Saturday Evening Post of recent issue to see displayed on one of its pages, in life form, a picture of one of his sons on one of our new submarines. As a matter of fact Bentley had no idea



TEETH—Good enough for a Pepsodent ad. The three Holmes brothers have something to smile about—officers all, Aviation Cadet John G. (left) is a pilot in the Navy. Lt. Ray C. pilots two-motor bombers, and Ensign Kenneth A. pilots a dive bomber. This fine looking trio belong to George Holmes at Sixteenth Street Garage.

that this particular boy was in the submarine service, although he knew that he, with another son, was in the Navy. (Incidentally, the boy whose name is Robert is a writer and undoubtedly will have some wonderful material when the war is over.) Bentley is justly proud, and he has a right to be.

It is rather unfortunate that W. G. Lynn and S. S. Wollam were both stricken suddenly, recently, and after they were removed to the hospital they were operated on and for a while their conditions were quite serious. Latest reports, however, indicate that the operations will prove successful, and we hope in the near future to see them around the Division.

Every once in a while we find some old familiar faces—men who were in the service years ago and left for other lines of endeavor and finally decide that, after all, the cars are a pretty good place. Just recently C. H. Travis, who was with the company back in 1916, returned, and he is taking on where he left off seventeen years ago and doing a very good job.

VIRGIL VENOM

By C. P. HUNT

Most of the vacationists this year are spending their time at home just puttering around fixing this, painting that. Yours truly, for instance, spent the whole of his vacation building a fishpond. Next year I can go fishing on an A ticket without taking the car out of the garage.

A lot of the fellows on the office force, however, really got away to do some bait-casting, with N. K. Miller, as usual, catching the big ones. This time we hear they were so large a crane was needed to get them aboard. D. D. Canning had better luck this year with the willful walleyes at Big Bear, and if you ask Bill Baker about his fishing, he just licks his chops and pats his enlarged waistline. We hope he stored up considerable nourishment so that he won't have to worry about being caught without



Haw, Haw, Haw. Aviation Cadet Tommy Haw, formerly of 16th Street Garage, came home to see Mrs. Haw and Tommy Junior.

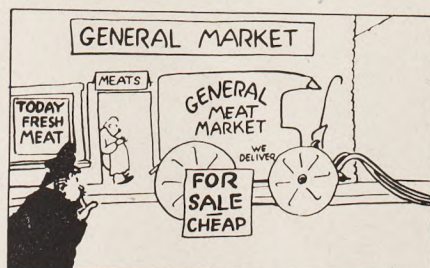
sufficient funds after ordering and consuming a lunch.

The Victory Gardens seem to still be coming up by leaps and bounds. However, if any of you gardeners are having trouble with bees, T. H. Allison has perfected a way to get them out of trees, that is, if your bees are in the trees. If you would like to see Al Tieman's eyes sparkle, just mention Dossey's corn-on-the-cob. Pop Sommer, of Vineyard, spent a most original vacation attempting to get beans down from the tops of twelve-foot poles. It seems that's the way he trained them to grow, and they surprised him by obliging. And we might add—look out—for he bid a run on Western.

Gertrude, our ace telephone girl, has gone to San Francisco to spend her vacation, and needless to say, we all miss her very much.

Bill Kaufman, now working Vine-La Brea, is really strutting, and rightly so, over the excellent progress of his son with Uncle Sam's Radar.

We are certainly overjoyed at the quick recovery of Bull from ptomaine



poisoning. Sometimes it can be extremely serious, and we're glad he had a lucky break.

The other day Mable Paulson sold the last JWP on a pad—tore it free—handed the back of the pad to the customer—and threw the pass out the window.

Kenney Funk is back after spending some time trying out the railroad game. Welcome home, Kenney.

If you are a collector of epitaphs visit the bus stop at Selma and Ivar. Or better still, call on Bill Kaufman or Jake Jacobson and have them tailor one to your special taste.

Lately we have noticed that Charlie Keneley is disinclined to do much talking. Inquiring as to the reason for this unparalleled behavior we discovered that Charlie is awaiting the completion of a new set of molars. Good luck, Charlie.

The many friends of Warrant Officer Phil Henley enjoyed visiting with him while he was here on leave. Phil is one of nine master drivers in the Navy. While here he was guest speaker at a Wilshire Chamber of Commerce luncheon as well as figuring in many news columns and pictures. His exciting and hazardous experiences while stationed at Dutch Harbor certainly make interesting reading.

It is only fitting to wind up this month's column with the following story about Supervisor Musselwhite. Remember how much time he spent reminding us to watch out for the new pennies? Well, not long ago he made a purchase at a store and received in change two dimes, he *thought*. Later he attempted to buy a newspaper with one of these "dimes". The newsboy handed it right back, severely admonishing him for trying to palm off a new penny as a dime. People who live in glass houses, etc.

"I think that new recruit used to be a bookkeeper."

"Why?"

"Well, every time he stands at ease he tries to put his rifle behind his ear."

LOOSE SCREWS



By A. L. DAVIS

Car House No. 1

Ed Muse has just returned from his vacation and reports having a good rest. He spent part of his time at his cabin in Tujunga and a few days fishing, but we didn't see any fish.

Alex Reid's wife is in the hospital recovering from a major operation.

Floyd Bond is back on the job again after being away sick for several weeks.

Ray Hayes reports having a swell trip to Seattle during his vacation, going by auto and coming back by bus. Wonder what happened to his auto?

Car House No. 3

F. B. Marshall, car repairer, died at 6th and Broadway on his way to work on the morning of July 9th. Frank was a loyal employe, having served LARY for 18 years.

The wife of Harry Sparks is in a hospital with a head injury which she received at her place of employment. Harry reports she will be home soon.

O. E. Lund, Assistant Foreman, is back on the job again after his two weeks vacation. He spent some time at Green Lake.

G. E. Treneer, son of G. F. Treneer, was promoted to a lieutenant on a new airplane carrier somewhere in the Pacific.

Car House No. 4

Assistant Foreman J. W. Knight moved out of the hills and back into town. He doesn't have so far to trot now if the Chevy goes on the blink. I. J. says he's having a hard time learning to walk on level ground.

C. W. Nokes is enjoying his vacation just resting up.



Archie "Filterout" Auslender is responsible for the pictures, "Say It With Signs" on pages 6 and 7. Mr. Auslender operates out of Division 4, and, for recreation, he packs Lynn Stanley around on his shoulders.

Car House 4 is sure ritzy, and proud of their new wash rack scaffold.

J. F. Emerson, an old-timer at Four, transferred to the Shops, Dept. 10. Good luck, Joe.

Mr. and Mrs. Gragg wish to thank their many friends for their loyal patronage throughout the years they had the cigar stand in the lobby of the Office Building at 1060 South Broadway, and they hope that Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who now have the business, will receive the same support.

Car House No. 5

The entire force extend to George Prakel their heartfelt sympathy upon learning of the death of his wife.

Jimmie James is recovering very nicely from his recent operation, and hopes to back on the job in the near future.

The "Walter Winchell" of Car House 5 was passing through Laguna Beach the other day and saw some "Iron Pill" getting a real workout.

Thinking it might be some movie star or famous celebrity, and desiring material for "TWO BELLS" publication, he stopped to investigate. Imagine his surprise when he found the "motor" propelling the "Pill" was none other than George P. Macqualter. Of course, you all know that it is a deep dark secret where George is spending his vacation. No siree, no one shall know. So please don't tell him you saw it in the paper.

We had just about become used to the rattle of the motor in Johnnie Graham's Ford when he switched it off for a "Chevy". Johnnie says that it was his wife's fault. We wonder.

So much comment has been made and so many questions asked about the good looking corn field in the center of Car House 5 Victory garden that we thought some first-hand information might be of interest. First of all, the owner is an old-timer at the business, having been born, raised and educated a farmer in Missouri. He tells us that deep, thorough cultivation, and a good soaking at the proper time are the important steps to remember. The plot, 20 x 40, was planted to "Alameda Sweet Corn" in 9 rows, 40 feet long, on April 9th. Corn was watered only twice from this date until the middle of June; once on April 24th and again on May 22nd. But it was plowed with a hand cultivator eight times during that period. It was then watered weekly until it was harvested during the week of July 12th. Over 600 ears (large ones, too) were harvested, of which 120 were given to friends, and 36 quarts were canned by the pressure cooker method.

CLUB CALENDAR

WOMEN'S CLUB:

Sept. 2—Regular Meeting—962 West 12th Place.

Sept. 9—"Health For Victory" Club—962 West 12th Place.

Sept. 16—Regular Meeting—962 West 12th Place.

AMERICAN LEGION:

Sept. 7—8:00 p.m.—Patriotic Hall.

AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY:

Sept. 7—8:00 p.m.—Patriotic Hall.

★ ★ FIRST GOLD STARS ★ ★



J. H. BALDRIDGE

THE LAST TERMINAL

FRANK B. MARSHALL, car repairer, passed away July 9. On August 29, 1871, Mr. Marshall was born in Rantoul, Illinois. His first position with the company was that of carpenter in the Maintenance of Ways on April 28, 1924. Since that time he worked at Division 5, Division 2 and Department 8, and in 1931 transferred to Division 3.

MARQUIS RICHARDSON CHAMBLIN, flagman, died July 23. Born in San Francisco, he came to Division 2 as a motorman in 1903, transferred to Division 5 in 1932 and became a flagman in 1936.

FRANK E. CAVENEE, motorman, passed away on Wednesday, July 28. He was born in 1869 at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and joined the Railway in 1920 as a motorman at Division 2. He later transferred to the Way and Structures Department as a motorman, returned to Division 2 and went back to the Way and Structures Department in 1926, and in 1932 transferred to Division 5.

SHELDON H. COLLINS, former operator at 16th Street Coach Division, died July 31. Born in 1905 at Seattle, Washington, he came to the Company in 1938 as a coach operator.

The wife of George J. Prakes, car repairer, Division 5, passed away July 17.

To the loved ones of our above members, we offer our sincere sympathy.

It is with extreme sorrow that we must announce these—the first two gold stars on our service flag—gold stars for J. H. Baldrige and Harry F. Osborne.

Smiling J. H. ("Baldy") Baldrige, thirty years of age, worked for the Los Angeles Railway as a car repairer at Division 4. He had served six years in the Navy, during peace-time, on the U.S.S. Saratoga, and joined our company July 21, 1936, leaving January 16, 1942, to re-enlist. "Baldy" was made a gunner's mate in the Mine Disposal Unit, and was also a Navy diver. He was killed in action on July 13 somewhere in the South Pacific.

Sergeant Harry F. Osborne was also thirty years of age. He came to California four years ago and entered the service of the railway May 18, 1939. He worked as a trainman out of Division 4 when he entered the Army in May of 1942. Harry was assigned to the ground force of the Army Air Corps and trained at Sheppard Field for some time. Later, he was assigned to the Harlinger Armory Gunnery School. He was stationed there at the time of his death.

★ ★ JACK ROWLEY

The whole organization was shocked at the tragic passing of Jack Rowley, popular motor coach operator, who was associated with the Amalgamated since its inception in Los Angeles. Jack was an executive board member from Motor Coach.

To his wife, Ruth, and his two children, Allen and Carol, we offer our condolences.



HARRY F. OSBORNE

We Have Medallions For These . . .

We don't put much stock in rabbit's feet, horseshoes, or walking under a ladder, but we can't help but feel that the good luck pieces which our men carry will bring them through safely until final victory. We know that the men prize them.

We want the boys to have their medallions, so if you know any addresses of the following, please notify the Bureau of Public Service:

DIVISION ONE: Donald F. Hammill, Wilfred I. Manley, Charles W. Perry, Ned S. Smith, James C. Thompson.

DIVISION THREE: Truman M. Baysinger.

DIVISION FOUR: Lawrence D. Canatsey, Raymond P. Cook, Jr., Victor P. Jensen, W. C. Thorman.

DIVISION FIVE: Cecil V. Garner, Alexander Lucas, George A. Merritt, Dan E. Thomas, Floyd Gilmore Wasser.

SOUTH PARK SHOPS: T. H. Kerr, Arthur B. Thompson.

L. A. RY. COACH DIVISION: Allen S. Miller, Jr., Homer Clayton Myers, George E. Potter, Thomas C. Smith, Bernard B. Temple, Marvin W. Wood.

BUILDING: Dennis A. Lyons, Jr.

LEGION INSTALLATION . . .



American Legion Post 541 and its Auxiliary held the annual joint installation of officers on August 3. Pictured above are the new officers: Back Row: Comrades Jackson, Davis, Jones, Logsdon, LaBarre, Manning, Leasman, Wickham and Gilland. Center Row: 17th District Ritual Team. Front Row: Mesdames Jackson, Davis, Charlesworth, Carson, Carson, Davis, Manning, Wickham, Leasman. Miss Davis in front; Betty Roche, new marshall, extreme right, center.

“ DAY OFF ”

Fotos on the back cover picture the company under the work stoppage condition Thursday, July 22, when not a streetcar or bus rolled as a Union protest to the War Labor Board. Top Left: Busses have a day off lined up like toy soldiers. Top Right: Division 4 is quite a crowded place when every streetcar is “at home”. Center Left: Broadway with not a streetcar in sight. Center Right: Supervisors take a bus man’s holiday and study pinochle. From left to right: (standing) R. A. Cone, J. Carlin, N. E. Cole, S. J. Whitelock, J. F. Zintell, L. W. Duncan and P. Stevers. (Seated) T. O. Bellamy, J. E. Goddard, C. Gutknecht, F. H. Busse, A. T. Harless, G. A. Jahn and N. L. Goddard. Lower Right: Skads of transfers which were never punched. Transfer clerks T. R. Latham and R. J. Bragdon brush up on their checkers.

CAR HOUSE CLASSIFIED COLUMN

Division One

FOR SALE

Full Uniform—new; size 40—long. \$25.
Payroll deductions. Div. 1 Supt.

21 Jewel Elgin Watch; adjusted—5 positions. \$35.00. Terms. Div. 1 Supt.

Money changers. Charlie Farrah, Div. 1 Office.

FOR RENT

Front room; private entrance. \$5.00 per week. 215 E. 53rd St.

WANTED

Alarm Clocks, GOOD, BAD or INDIFFERENT. F. Hawley, Div. 1.

38 Colt or 38 Smith & Western gun. C. F. Howery, 518½ N. Coronado.

Piano accompanist to rehearse with violinist. Ear player O.K. 1548 W. 12th Street.

Division Four

FOR SALE

Detroit Jewel Gas Range; A-1 condition. Green and cream. Tel. AX. 23896.

1931 Nash Sedan. M. J. Frankson, No. 2453.

19 Jewel Waltham Watch, \$50.00; also 21 Jewel Elgin Watch, \$40.00. Telephone RI. 9913.

21 Jewel Illinois Watch, \$55.00. L. P. Helms, No. 1773.

18 Jewel Waltham Watch, lever set, \$25.00. W. Savage, No. 2249.

WANTED

Five or six-tube table radio for W. Cadaret who is in the Olive View Sanatorium. Mr. Ellis, Div. 4.

LARY REVENUE FOR JUNE OPERATING RESULTS JUNE, 1943 vs. JUNE, 1942

	1943	1942	1943 Increase+ Decrease— Over 1942
TOTAL RECEIPTS: (Amount received on cars and coaches for Fares, Car Card Advertising, Etc.)	1,660,430	1,306,198	+354,232
Less:			
OPERATING EXPENSES (Amount spent for wages, maintenance, supplies, power, injuries and damages, employes' sickness, accident and life insurance payment and provision for renewal and replacement of property)	1,103,468	997,812	+105,656
TAXES (Amount necessary to pay Federal, State and City governments including Company's share for employes' Old Age Pensions and Unemployment Insurance)	321,389	161,559	+159,830
INTEREST CHARGES (Amount necessary to pay for the use of borrowed money as represented by mortgage bonds and equipment trust certificates)	49,845	68,556	— 18,711
Total Expenses	1,474,702	1,227,927	+246,775
Leaves Net Profit or Loss	185,728	78,271	+107,457

'DAY OFF'!

July 22nd 1943



SEE PAGE 23 FOR STC