

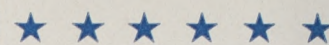


TWO BELLS



CHRISTMAS

1944



LOANED TO UNCLE SAM

Alfonso M. Rivas.....Laborer, Way & Structures
 Atley L. Copus.....Opr., 16th Street
 James R. Bruce.....Mech., L.A.M.C. Lines

BACK FROM MILITARY SERVICE

Travis E. Stuckey.....Opr., 16th Street
 John A. Wallers.....Opr., 16th Street
 Byron R. Hobbis.....Opr., 16th Street
 Robert F. Webber.....Con., Div. 5
 Stars in L. A. Railway Service Flag.....528
 Stars in L. A. M. C. Lines Service Flag.....124

MISSING IN ACTION

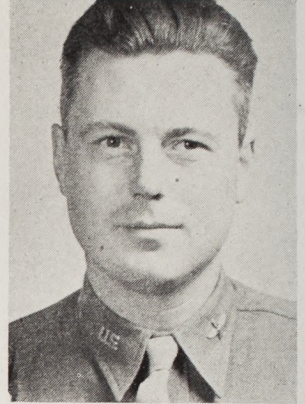
Marcus J. Lemley T. E. Nolan

PRISONERS-OF-WAR

Paul Lewis Jack M. Dark

CITED

LT.
 WILLIAM T.
 SMITH



An Eighth Air Force Bomber Station, England:— For "Meritorious achievement while participating in sustained bomber operations over Germany and German occupied countries," Second Lieutenant William T. Smith, son of Mrs. Frances M. Smiley, 9538 Elizabeth, South Gate, California, has been awarded a Cluster to the Air Medal, it was announced by the Commanding General, First Bombardment Division.

Lt. Smith, a member of a pioneer heavy bombardment group in the European theater of operations, is co-pilot of a B-17 Flying Fortress. His group, which led the Eighth Air Force on Jan. 11th when aircraft factories at Oschersleson, Germany were attacked, is included in the first bombardment division which was recently awarded a presidential citation for "extraordinary heroism" on that date.

Lt. Smith graduated from Bell Evening High in 1936. Before joining the Air Force he was employed as a streetcar operator by the Los Angeles Railway. His wife, Mrs. Josephine A. Smith, lives at 9538 Elizabeth, South Gate, Calif.



In Memoriam

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. H. F. Osborne | 6. W. P. Cody | 11. R. F. Chesnut |
| 2. J. H. Baldridge | 7. Antonio Hernandez | 12. George L. Barron |
| 3. L. M. Kelsey | 8. W. C. Thorman | 13. Charles L. Brogan |
| 4. L. G. Hume | 9. L. D. Canatsey | |
| 5. Z. A. Barrows | 10. L. M. Lininger | |

TWO NEW GOLD STARS

**CHARLES
L.
BROGAN**

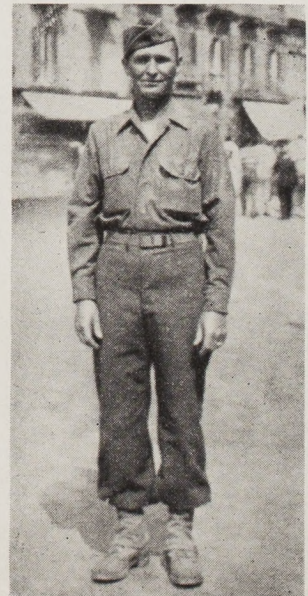
**GUY
BARNETT**

The God of War has claimed two more former employes, Charles L. Brogan, formerly a car repairer out of Department Two, and Guy Barnett, coach operator from Los Angeles Motor Coach Lines.

We received information that Charles Brogan died at San Clemente, California, July 17, 1944.

Guy Barnett generally worked the night run on Olympic before going into the Army. He was a very quiet chap and very popular with the boys. He didn't have much to say but perhaps he did a lot of thinking. Guy was killed in action in Italy on October 19, 1944.

Our sincere condolences are extended to the families of these two men who gave their lives in the service of their country.



14. Guy Barnett

HOW strongly this Christmas we feel the need to draw closer to reality's abiding truth of Christmas, to dwell once again on its message of hope and promise, to keep faith in ourselves and the fuller life ahead --- faith in a lasting peace and the return of our loved ones.

Again this Christmas I wish each one of you a truly peaceful and happy New Year.

C. H. Harris



LET'S BE

November 8, 1944

Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce
Los Angeles, California

Gentlemen:

I have just returned from a visit of several days to your city. And while I appreciate that the criticism I am about to make may or may not be under your cognizance, I simply cannot refrain from saying that the street car and bus drivers in your city are the most impudent, disrespectful, rude, coarse and uncooperative group that it has been my misfortune to encounter in some time. Not once during my stay and during which time I rode a considerable number of both cars and buses, did I find one operator who even made an attempt at being civil, much less courteous. I am not a person to ask foolish questions - I only ask such questions as are absolutely essential to enable me to get to my destination, and in not one instance did I come in contact with one operator who even gave you a half-way civil answer, and in most cases when they did condescend to answer you to all, it was in such an evasive way that you did not know any more than you did before, and their attitude was so rude and uncivil that one would rather go on and take a chance of asking some person on the street than to approach the operator of the car or bus, as the case may be.

I thought we had some pretty hard-boiled operators here in Washington but after my experience in Los Angeles, these men here are Beau Brummels compared to the rif-raff which seem to have taken over your transportation system.

Needless to say, my impression of Los Angeles was not a very good one, and my visit there was not such that I should ever want to return. I have heard any number of others say the same things about the operators, and I would thank your association would have enough pride to see that something is done about it. It is a shame to let a bunch of rif-raff, such as apparently in the minority, give a lovely city like Los Angeles such a BLACK EYE.

Respectfully,

LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



November 14, 1944

Mrs. E. L. Groover
Code 907, Radio Division
Navy Department
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mrs. Groover:

We are indeed sorry to learn that you had such exasperating experiences with the streetcar and bus drivers during your visit of several days in Los Angeles.

The terrific turnover of labor on street railway and bus lines, particularly within the larger metropolitan cities, has caused the travelling public many irritations and downright hardships.

The condition is general, as illustrated in the SATURDAY EVENING POST'S story enclosed with your letter, which states that: "In one Eastern city the rude conduct of the streetcar motor-men and conductors has become a public scandal but with a powerful union calling the tune and new employees almost impossible to find, the company management insists there is little it can do to correct the situation."

The inefficiency and independent attitude of many of these employees towards the travelling public are beyond the control of the management and apparently must be endured in larger war industry centers, such as Los Angeles, until the civilian manpower shortage eases.

While you do not give instances by which blame can be located and discipline applied, we are nevertheless sending your letter and the enclosed clipping to the Los Angeles Railway Company for their information.

Yours very truly,

H. D. Sangster, Secretary
Rail & Highway Traffic Section
TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT

43/122

Impudence is Never Good Business

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There is a day coming when those businessmen and their employees who are using the war as an excuse to be rude to their customers will regret their actions. Courtesy has always been one of the touchstones of American business, and it has usually been true that those firms which treated their patrons with civility and friendliness have succeeded most.

Nowadays most of us who spend our money for goods and services are pre-

pared to accept with more or less equanimity the annoyances of rationing, shortages, delays and often inept service. Such things are inevitable in wartime, and it is a tribute to the resources of America that after nearly three years of war our civilian economy has not been more seriously upset. There has been little real suffering in this country.

But we are not prepared to accept indifference, arrogance and sometimes

PROUD OF OUR CITY

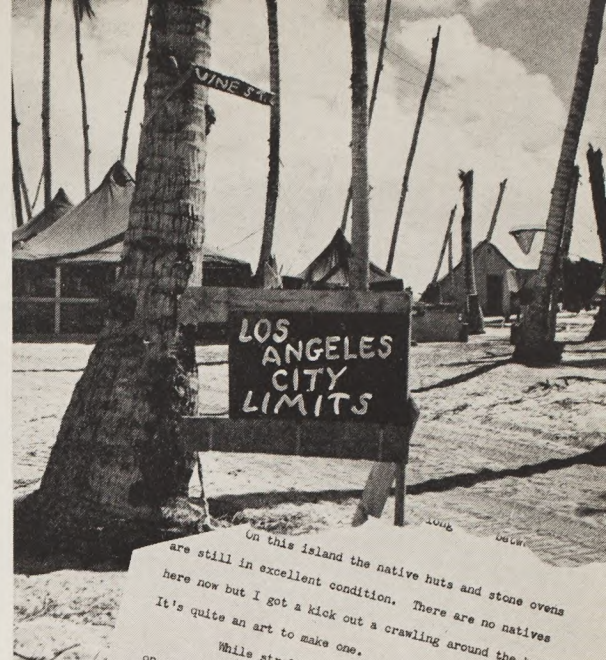
Our Boys On The Fighting Fronts Are Proud of Los Angeles. Wherever They Go They Acclaim and Publicize Our City. We On The Home Front Should Be More Than Proud. We Are A Part Of The City.

THREE very potent letters are published on these pages. They tell a story—a story of comparisons. One is from a lady resident of Washington, D. C., whose visit to our pueblo became a nightmarish memory because of her experiences upon our cars and coaches. "Not once," she states, "during my stay and during which time I rode a considerable number of both cars and buses, did I find one operator who even made any attempt at being civil, much less courteous."

Her critical letter was hard to answer, though R. D. Sangster, representing the Transportation Department of the Chamber of Commerce, did the best that he could by blaming the exasperating experiences upon the war and the labor turnover. "The terrific turnover," he replied, "of labor on

on street railway and bus lines, particularly within the larger metropolitan cities, has caused the traveling public many irritations and downright hardships. . . . The inefficiency and independent attitude of many of these employees towards the traveling public are beyond the control of the management and apparently must be endured in larger war industry centers, such as Los Angeles, until the civilian manpower shortage eases."

The third letter was written by E. D. Moriarty to Mr. Ben Schupp. Moriarty remarks, "On this island . . . I noticed two street signs on a road. One read Hollywood Boulevard and the other Vine Street. It is quite a busy spot, too. A little way down Vine there is a yellow bus sign. This says Bus Stop—L. A. Ry. . . . So that's how



On this island the native huts and stone ovens are still in excellent condition. There are no natives here now but I got a kick out a crawling around the huts. It's quite an art to make one.

While strolling around, I noticed two street signs on a road. One read "Hollywood Boulevard" and the other "Vine Street." It's quite a busy spot, too! A little way down "Vine" there is a yellow bus sign. This says "Bus Stop - L. A. Ry." As there are no buses, perhaps you intend to install a "feed line"? Well, you never know where you'll find the Los Angeles City Limits next!

So - that's how I found the island. Coral beaches, palm trees, breadfruit trees, a baseball diamond, and a band playing popular tunes. Oh yes - and the Los Angeles City Limits!

That's about all for now. I've got a job to do today and must get at it.

Regards,
E.D. Moriarty, M. 3/c

I found the island. Coral beaches, palm trees, breadfruit trees, a baseball diamond, and a band playing popular tunes. Oh, yes—
(Continued on Page 18)

actual insults from those who in peacetime have eagerly sought our patronage. A good many businessmen have been wise enough to keep their establishments operating on a basis of courtesy during these difficult years. All honor to them. With help hard to get and often incompetent, many kinds of goods nonexistent, deliveries restricted and a mountain of bookkeeping to do every day for the Government bureaucrats, it hasn't been easy to conduct business with a smile. On the other hand, there are too many businessmen who, with trade plentiful and dollars growing on every bush, have reverted to the public-be-damned attitude which nearly wrecked the railroads a generation or so ago.

Perhaps we should make it clear that we are not talking about the butcher

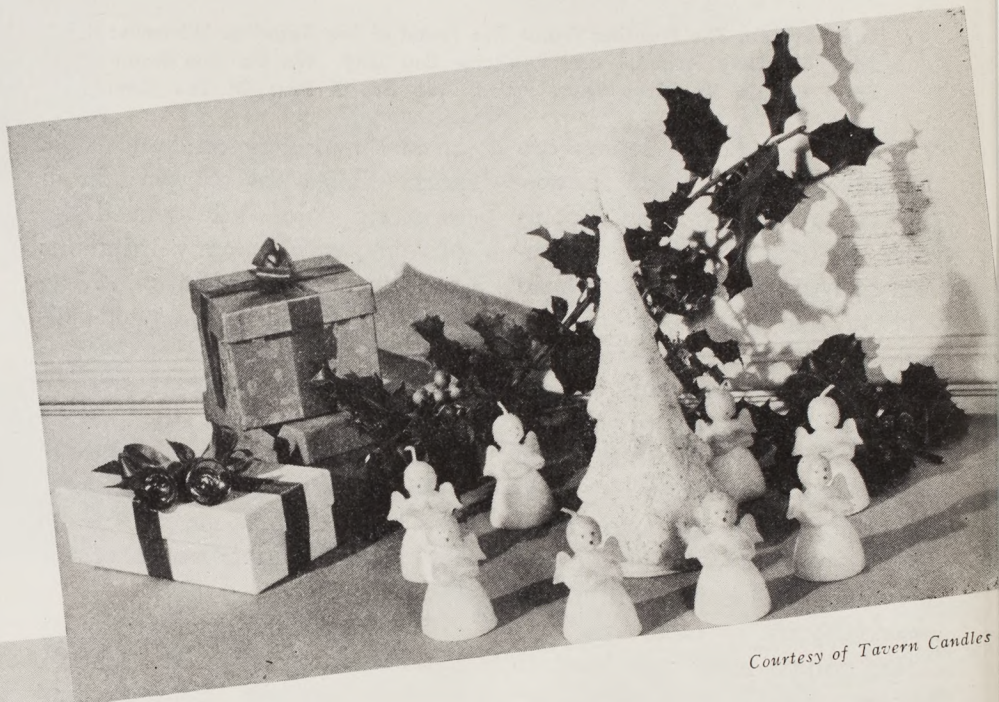
who finally reaches the end of his patience and snaps back at the acid-tongued housewife who insists she must have a sirloin steak when there is none in the shop. Nor do we mean the store manager who is forced to be pretty firm with the matron who demands that a handkerchief be delivered to her home ten miles away in the suburbs. There ARE unreasonable customers, and there comes a time in the life of every free-born American—including the businessman and his clerk—when it is his God-given right to stand up on his hind legs and pin somebody's ears back. Most of us don't want the people who wait on us in the stores and service shops to be supine.

The fellow we're talking about is the manager of a laundry who, when told by one of his long-time patrons that

four of her husband's shirts had been ripped to shreds within a month, asked her nastily, "Why don't you try another laundry?" We're talking about the store salespeople who stand around and gossip among themselves, making no move to wait on the customer until he begs their assistance. We're thinking of a friend of ours who went all over town, from store to store, hunting an electric heating pad for his sick wife and was asked superciliously by two different smarty-pants clerks if he didn't know there was a war on. We're talking also about the store managers who permit this sort of thing. We're talking about the filling-station man who, in the days when you could say "Fill 'er up," always cleaned your windshield and asked you courteously

(Continued on Page 30)

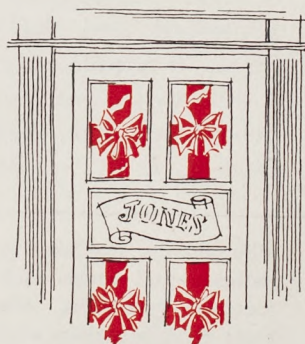
Dear Ladies suggests



Courtesy of Tavern Candles



Courtesy of Barnware



FRONT DOOR CHRISTMAS PARCELS—If your door has panels, wrap them up in red ribbon. Paste strips of red paper to the door and attach big red bows. Have the family artist paint on the family name.

CANDY CANE STAIRCASE—Make them out of cardboard, paint on red stripes and tie with big red bows.

(Drawings by Barker Bros.)

A CANDLE CANTATA FOR YOUR END TABLE—Little candle angels surround the candle Christmas tree singing their hymns of praise. A bough or two of holly effect the background.

Upper Left: PEANUT SANTA CLAUS FOR THE TREE—Select a single peanut in the shell for the head, a double or triple peanut for the body and shorter ones for arms and legs. Attach arms and legs to body with buttonhole thread using a darning needle. Paste on a cotton batting head and a crepe cornucopia with a dot of cotton for his hat. A gold or green crepe paper makes his bag which may be stuffed with peanuts or candies.

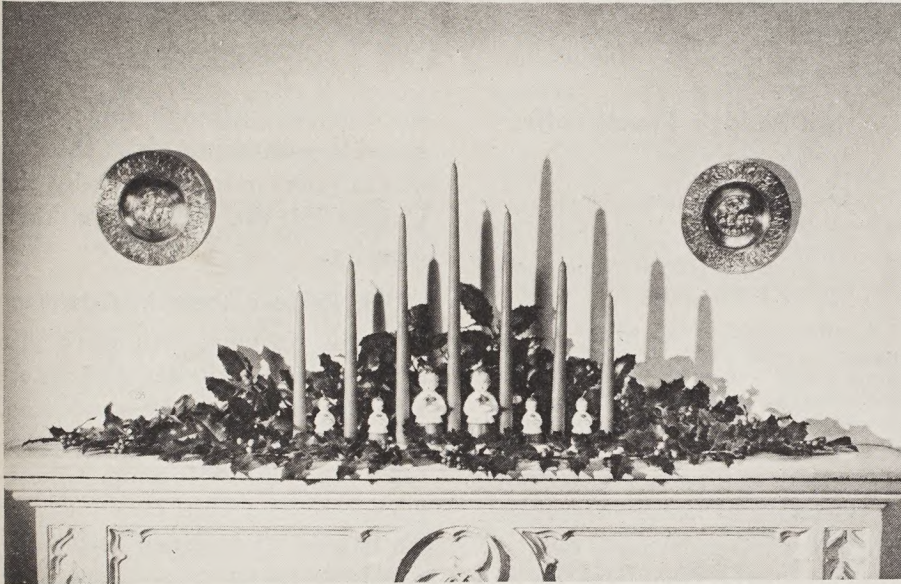
Extreme Center Left: A WINTER SCENE IN MINIATURE—In the quiet of the woods, these peasant figurines come to worship. The two little lambs watch Tinka, as Trudi reads her bible and Tonya offers a prayer. This scene can be set anywhere around your rooms, and is quite colorful as the figurines are predominately red with blue and green trim.



Christmas Quickies



FLORAL SLEIGH RIDE CENTER-PIECE—Santa's eight tiny reindeers draw a sleighful of pink and white gladioli, white chrysanthemums, pink roses and lavender heather beside the four lighted candle trees.



Courtesy of Tavern Candles



MANTEL TREE—The better half sits on your mantel. If your abiding place does not permit room enough for a larger tree, cut a small tree in two with the flat side against the wall. A dozen ornaments will add enough glitter and glamour.

HOME is never warmer and cosier than at Christmas time when families and friends gather together—a season when love and friendship have no barriers and the spirit of giving is freely expressed. Your home can reflect the yuletide spirit inside as well as out, so fix it up fancy and let the whole family join in the fun. Make your Christmas truly American, truly in keeping with the season.

A MANTEL IN CANDLES—Little and big choir boys sing Christmas carols beside seven red candles graduated in size. Holly, proportionately arranged, sets off the background.

Right: PEANUT SKIERS TO HANG ON THE TREE—The Tyrolean skier and his mate can be made the same as the Santa Claus at the top of the opposite page. Then tie a crisscross of red and green crepe paper about 6 x 8 inches around the body just below the arms with pieces of red and green yarn. Split the center and tie the ends. The skirt is a 6 x 3 inch piece of gathered paper tied around the body.





Sunkist Kitchen Photo

-- and NEW YEAR'S NOTES



TO complete a festive holiday season, why not have a New Year's Eve reunion and call it a "Jingle Bells Party." Invite your family and friends to herald in the new year.

Make Your Own Invitations

Your invitations can be simple, as well as unique and economical. Make your own in the shape of bells cut out of doubled cardboard or heavy paper. Write your invitation inside starting off with "Come To A Jingle Bells Party." The bells can be tied together at the top with a piece of red ribbon.

Leave Up Christmas Decorations

You can use the decorations that you have for Christmas if you wish. Perhaps your Christmas tree will be a little droopy by New Year's Eve, so take off all the fancy decorations and re-trim with party favors and noisemakers. Put a baby doll on top.

Hot Punch for Arriving Guests

When the guests arrive welcome them with a cup of hot paddy punch—an attention that will surely be appreciated, especially if coming in from some unusual California weather.

New Year's Resolutions

If you plan to have games, you might try the one on New Year's Resolutions. Distribute paper cut

Hot Paddy's Punch (left)

- 1 cup cold water
- 15 whole cloves
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 1 cup honey
- 6 cups boiling water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon peel
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup lemon juice

Combine cold water, cloves and cinnamon. Cover; boil 10 minutes. Add honey; boil 5 minutes. Remove spices. Add boiling water, lemon peel and juice. Serve hot immediately. Serves 8.

in the shape of leaves (to suggest the new leaves turned over on January 1st). Give one with a pencil to each player, requesting him or her to write out a New Year's resolution in rhyme. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes the resolutions are read aloud. For the funniest, award a diary for the coming year.

Another game offering fun is to transform the guests into features of the calendar. To each person's back a slip of paper is pinned, having on it the name of some season, month or day. Twelve guests are months, four are seasons and the others are holidays or days that hold prominent dates on the calendar. No player is given any clue of other players who, on approaching him, must treat him in character. For example, in accosting the player who wears the slip "December," one imitates Santa coming down the chimney with a pack on his

back or goes through some other suitable pantomime. It is the aim of each player to discover by the actions of the others his own identity.

Plan Refreshments in Advance

If you do your own work you can't be in the kitchen and entertain your guests at the same time, so serve food which does not require last minute fussing. Christmas cookies, fruit cake or any Christmas cakes, fancy breads together with fruits and nuts are easy to prepare in advance.

Just Before Twelve

Just before midnight untrim the tree by giving your guests the noisemakers to welcome in the New Year. If you haven't already taken off the favors, the guests may take them home to the kiddies who couldn't stay up for the party.

Hope these suggestions will help make your holidays merry and gay.

May all the enjoyment of the Christmas season surround you and your family, and may the New Year offer peace and happiness.

Sincerely,

Helen

Editor "Dear Ladies"

BUYING BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Last minute Christmas purchases and emergency gifts for some friend who has been forgotten is quite a problem, and the simplest way to solve it is to buy them new books. Janet Preston, Assistant Librarian, has compiled a list of the most popular last minute gift books.

Not long ago I visited a book store to buy some books for Christmas presents. The store looked so inviting that I thought I would take advantage of the invitation printed on a sign, "Come in and browse around."

Fiction—For Most Anyone . . .

Just inside the door was a table of the newest fiction books. The first one that caught my eye was A. J. Cronin's new novel, *THE GREEN YEARS*. Remembering the excellence of some of his previous works among which perhaps the best known were *THE CITADEL* and *KEYS OF THE KINGDOM*, I was glad to see another book by this British author. *THE GREEN YEARS* seems to be more sentimental than his previous books, but it is supposed to be partly autobiographical. The story is about a young orphan, born in Ireland, who was taken in by a Scottish village family, and who found a champion in an eccentric old great-grandfather.

Right next to *THE GREEN YEARS* was *HOW DEAR TO MY HEART*, childhood reminiscences in a small Italian town, by Emily Kimbrough of the Emily Kimbrough-Cornelia Otis Skinner team, who wrote *OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY*. Underneath this book was a new novel by Elizabeth Goudge—*GREEN DOLPHIN STREET*. Some people think that this is her best novel, dealing with a Victorian romance, which goes in the setting from England to the far and new New Zealand.

The *BOLINVARS*, an exciting historical romance, containing mystery, adventure, hounds and horses in the early days of America, was on the end of this table of fiction books. Written by Marguerite Bayliss, 7 years ago in a limited edition, it has just been reprinted.

The Best From The Fronts . . .

The next table was the war book section. Right in the middle of it was a new book by that favorite correspondent, Ernie Pyle. *BRAVE MEN* covers the landing on Sicily, preparation in England, and the invasion of France, to the break-through for the liberation of Paris. An attractive, and thoughtful addition to this book is an index listing all of the men mentioned by name.

If Dad is a Pyle follower, put this one in his stocking.

Robert St. John, who gave us the fictionized war story, *LAND OF THE SILENT PEOPLE*, has written another book, *IT'S ALWAYS TOMORROW*, a story of a war correspondent who, through the women he meets, finds an understanding of the problems about which he is writing in Poland, Paris and London.

For the other theatre of war I found *DEATH WAS OUR ESCORT*, a vivid tale of PT boat operations in New Guinea, by Lt. Commander E. G. Vetter. It seems more interesting and better written than most of these accounts.

For The Children . . .

Over at the side of the store were the children's books, and truly something to give the kiddies. Outstanding among these, because of its attractive cover was *PANDORA*, the story of a Persian pussycat, by the well known illustrator of children's books, Clare Newberry. Her specialty is drawing cats, and this book lives up to all expectations with 12 lovely pastels. Next to it was a new book by the ever popular Rachel Field, *PRAYER FOR A CHILD*—of interest to a child from 3 up. Each sentence is framed in lovely pictures by Elizabeth Jones, that explain the meaning.

For Those Who Like Biographies . . .

The last table at the back of the book shop contained biographies. On top was Alden Hatch's *GENERAL IKE*, covering the boyhood and career, up to the invasion of France, of this popular hero. It also devotes much space to the planning of the North Africa attack, and his experiences in England. Another interesting new biography that I found on this table was Joseph Wood Krutch's biography of Samuel Johnson, the literary giant of the 18th century.

Religious Books Are Always Christmas Books . . .

Right next to this was the division of religious books. Perhaps the most outstanding new one displayed was Mary Ellen Chase's *THE BIBLE AND THE COMMON READER*. This well known English teacher shows us the beauties,



Janet E. Preston

the plan and the history of the Book. On the end of this table was a gay, rollicking biography *PAPA WAS A PREACHER* by Alyene Porter. The story of an American parsonage with the eight Porter children. A good book to read for a release from the war.

For Heavy Thinkers . . .

As I started back to the other side of the store, I came across the history and travel table, with a local interest book prominently displayed. *CONTINENT'S END*, edited by Joseph Henry Jackson, is an anthology of the works of California writers. Here also I found Emily Hahn's *CHINA TO ME*, an account of the years that she spent in China from 1935-1943, and what happened to the people that she knew, as well as herself, as war came.

A lovely book for a gift was on a stand near-by, William Beebe's *THE BOOK OF NATURALISTS*, containing pieces from the works of great naturalists.

Walking towards the front of the shop, I saw copies of David Cohn's *COMBUSTION ON WHEELS*, the story of the rise of the automobile. An amusing and nostalgia producing book.

For Those Who Like To Laugh . . .

By the door was a small table of humorous books, including a copy of Bennett Cerf's *TRY AND STOP ME*. A collection of funny stories about funny people. Among the cartoon books were a few copies of Sgt. George Baker's *SAD SACK*, taken from his series, which is published in the overseas servicemen's paper, *THE YANK*.

As I left the book store, I decided that I would let you decide what I should buy for my Christmas gift books.

SHOP

ONCE every month the employes of the South Parks Shops bring their lunches to the auditorium which has been set up in the paint shop, and enjoy a real treat in the form of a show. The men munch on a sandwich or an apple and listen to the latest in swing given out by the South Park orchestra. Usually, talent from within and without the Company comes to the Shops gratis to help with the entertainment. Sometimes it's a dancer, perhaps a bagpipe singer, magicians,



Upper Left: Corn from the cob. Dave Lockerly with the fiddle and Roy Blaize with the guitar give out with some hillbilly corn which keeps the audience in stitches. Dave is the Shops' No. 1 fiddler and is really hot stuff for hillbilly dancers. Roy is an oldtimer in show business having had many years in vaudeville.



Extreme Left: May MacLeod, a true Scotchman from the auditing department of the main office. Miss MacLeod has appeared in pictures for Paramount Studio. One to be released in the near future is "Bonnie Lassie". The other two Scots are S. C. MacKenzie, Master of Ceremonies for the Shops' Show and Mr. Stewart Ferrier of the Highland Society of Southern California.

Insert: Bill Atkinson, janitor in the paint shop, puts on his Scotch togs and does a Highland fling with a Harlem accent.

Below: They like it! And how!



OPRY

etc. The orchestra, which is the backbone of the entertainment, has been active for six years. They play for outside programs, dances and U.S.O. shows. Their big feature is the four Hawaiian Rancheroes who do specialty numbers with steel and electric guitars.

On these pages are some candid camera shots of the orchestra in action and the crowds enjoying their antics.



Upper Right: The Hawaiian Rancheroes do their stuff. Charles Matthews, Billy Pinder and Tommy Rocha. Matthews is from the electrical department, Billy is the hard worker of the orchestra and Tommy Rocha has been with the Railway since high school days.

Right: A candid shot of some intent listeners. Note Messrs. H. E. Jordan, J. T. Watts and H. K. Conacher.

Lower Right: Songbird Wally Weberg from Sixteenth Street gives out with a high note. Roy Blaize, who has charge of the microphone protects it.

Below: These four furnish the melody together with the corn. Frank Drodney (left), Jerry Cameron, George Smith with saxophone, and Ralph Ackley at the piano, all with the Unit Overhaul at South Park.





ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL CHRISTMAS WELFARE PARTY

The group who enjoyed the Annual Christmas Party on November 18th—big event of the year for the Los Angeles Railway Women's Club. Dinner, musical entertainment, handicraft and floral arrangement exhibits, booths of the U.S.O., Red Cross Auxiliary and Hospital, and the Men's Hobby Display of Antiques were part of the evening's pleasures. In 1937 the Welfare Party originated when the newly formed Railway Women's Club desired to help bring Christmas to families of the Company employes, who through illness or some misfortune were unable to provide a nice Christmas for themselves. They planned and gave a Carnival which was a big success. The proceeds became the first Welfare Fund. Twenty-four baskets of food, toys and clothing were purchased, wrapped and delivered to grateful families. Since this Carnival, each year the Club has given a Welfare Party which has sometimes been called a Carnival, and sometimes a Bazaar. In 1941 the Handicraft Exhibit and dinner were combined with the Welfare Party. Last year, owing to the rationing problem, the giving of baskets was discontinued and checks were sent to a number of needy Company families. The same procedure will be followed this year.

EMPLOYEES EMERITUS

By P. C. McNaughton, Secretary

At our last meeting, we were entertained by Mrs. Madeleine Heil, a contralto, who has sung before many organizations and social gatherings and possesses a voice of wonderful range and charm. Miss Betty Higgins, a young girl showing promise of future attainment in vocal music, sang several songs, in her first appearance before any audience. Mrs. Luther Anderson, another sweet singer, gave a number of selections. All of the entertainers sang together, giving patriotic songs and songs that we loved in the long ago.

Mr. Jacob Zuber told of his glorious hunting trip that he recently enjoyed in Wyoming when he bagged an elk, and his full quota of deer. He said he did not like hunting, he just loved it, and invited us all to see his trophies, which he claims to be the finest in the country, of his own kill. The program was followed by community singing, led by the singers who entertained us, and our beloved pianist, Mrs. Lillian Macgowan.

These entertainments, bring back

the old days, and make us forget wars, and all the other chaotic things that are afflicting this old world just now that is good to forget once in awhile.

Ralph Brigham, formerly of Division 1, was taken ill while on his vacation. He is home recuperating now, and would like to see some old-timers.

A Merry Christmas to All.

WEDDING BELLS

When cupid was out shooting arrows into the hearts of romantic souls he made three bullseyes at the Railway. He had to go to Seattle, Washington, for one of his victims who was formerly Mae Stevenson of the Auditing Department. Mae became Mrs. Vernon J. King on October 30th. Her husband is with the U. S. Navy. (See picture for proof and "Building Blues" for particulars).

Trolley Pilot E. J. Linder, stationed at Division 4, was cupid's second victim. Lola Christeen Penn became Mrs. Linder on November 21st, and Trolley Pilot O. A. Gilmore from Division 5 took the marital vows with Mary Josephine Command on November 28th.

SOCIAL LIGHTS

WOMEN'S CLUB

By Mrs. C. F. Thun, Press Chairman

The Annual Welfare Party, November 18th, was a gratifying success. Mrs. A. H. Setterberg, President, wishes to thank all employes for their loyal support.

Mrs. O. G. McDermith, Membership Chairman, presented seven new members to the Club. They are Mesdames J. H. Allday, G. L. Musselwhite, M. J. Kraker, C. O. Ferguson, N. S. Murray, E. D. Mitchell and K. F. Fuller.

Mrs. H. C. Thorn was hostess at the famous Dime Luncheon November 16th.

We were happy to have Mrs. O. C. Schomokel back with us at a card party recently. Mrs. Schomokel has been away for some time on account of illness.

Mrs. E. V. Athenous was hostess at the December 7th meeting, and also had charge of the program on Red Cross work, as she is the unit chairman. There was an exhibit of work by our own chapter.

On December 14th the Board enjoyed a Pot Luck Luncheon and Christmas Party in the Club Rooms.

The last meeting of the year will be held on December 21st with Mrs. L. B. Meek as hostess at the Luncheon. The program will feature Lela Osborn, concert singer, who will offer Christmas carols. A Christmas Pageant will be presented by the Drama Group, followed by a party. The guests of the day will be the children of the members. A small gift exchange among members will offer lots of fun and merriment.

Best wishes to everybody for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

L. A. RY. POST 541 AMERICAN LEGION

By R. H. Manning, Adjutant

Did you know that there are 118 members of our post, the largest membership we have ever had? And did you know that it should be 500 by January 1st, 1945? It should, as there are more than 500 comrades who are eligible to membership who are working for the Railway and the L. A. Motor Coach.

There are comrades of World War 2 who are just waiting for members of the Post to ask them to join, so let's not keep them waiting. Let's all get busy and see that they are given a personal invitation. If you are not able to sign them up, send some other comrade after them. You can tell them the Post's advantages and why they should be members.

At the last meeting four vacant offices were filled by electing the following comrades—2nd Vice Commander, **John Dulco** of the South Park Shops; Historian, **W. A. Clapp**, Division 5; Sgt-at-Arms, **F. F. Favour** of Division 4, and Asst. Sgt-at-Arms, **Max Rosen**, **James Hearne**, South Park Shops. Two \$25 War Bonds were given away at this meeting and were won by **Harry Walter**, No. 2385 and **Leo Leasman**, No. 2484.

Anyone knowing the correct mailing address of **George Henry Stone, Jr.**, please call RO-0687 as the Post has a package to mail him. He is the son of the late **George H. Stone** of Division 5.

As this is written **Comrade Leasman** is in the hospital at Sawtelle, and we hope for a speedy recovery.

Next regular meeting will be Tuesday, January 2nd. Get more veterans to become streetcar pilots and you



MR. & MRS.

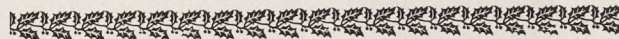
Wedding bells rang out for **Mae Stevenson** of the Auditing Department. Here she is with her handsome husband, **Vernon J. King**.



ABOVE: Pvt. **Euell Gordon** being given the obligation into the American Legion by **Commander E. J. Roche**. **Euell** is the son of **Comrade Coy Gordon** of Division 4, and is the first member of the **Los Angeles Railway Squadron No. 541 Sons of the American Legion** to be honorably discharged from the service in World War II. The boy in the background wearing the Army uniform is **Jack Smith**, son of **Comrade R. J. Smith** of Division 5. **Jack** is another member of the **L. A. Railway Squadron**.



LEFT: Every year the President of the Unit presents the Commander with a birthday cake. Here we have **Betty Roche** giving the cake to **E. J. Roche** for the Post's eighth birthday.



can work shorter hours.

The Los Angeles Railway is co-operating with the War Relief Salvage Drive, and boxes have been placed at each division to deposit clothing or rags. I am almost afraid to go to work for fear some of the boys might mistake me for a bundle of rags and throw me in the rag box.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY

By Marie Manning

With the Holiday Season in full swing, the Unit and its members have been making the disabled veterans in the hospitals as cheerful as possible. Hospital Chairman **Bettie Leasman**, with several members, visited at Sawtelle Hospital and decorated Xmas trees and presented gifts to our adopted veterans.

Child Welfare Chairman, **Esther Wickham**, presented Daddy gifts to the children of members of the Post who have passed on.

Membership Chairman, **Ann Charlesworth**, reports that the membership is coming along very nicely, but could be speeded up lots with all the new ladies who are becoming eligible to join. As Cooperative Sales Chairman, **Mrs. Charlesworth** has really been selling the things made by the boys at the Sawtelle Hospital.

Our meeting of December 5th was a joint meeting with the Post. President **Betty Roche** presented **Commander Roche** with a birthday cake from the Unit to the Post with eight candles on it for the Post's eighth birthday.

Next meeting will be Tuesday, January 2nd, and let's have a big turnout. As January is Education Month, the 17th District Education Chairman, **Mrs. Martha Othmer**, will be the principal speaker.

All Unit and District presidents will be hostesses to the Department President, **Mrs. Larry Snell**, at the 17th District Auxiliary meeting January 29th in Patriotic Hall.

Your reporter wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

RECEIVES HIGH HONOR

By D. D. Canning

Mr. F. C. Patton, Manager of the Los Angeles Motor Coach Lines, was recently nominated to the membership of the National Council of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

Evidence of the importance of such appointment is apparent when the list of those who are members of the Council are considered. They include, among others, W. S. James, Chief Engineer of the Studebaker Corporation; R. D. Kelly, Superintendent of Development, United Air Lines; A. T. Gregory, Chief Engineer of Ranger Aircraft; A. J. Blackwood, Standard Oil, Diesel Engineering Development; E. C. DeSmett, Chief Engineer, Aircraft Division, Willys Overland; J. E. Hacker, Production Manager, Cleveland Diesel Engine Division, General Motors Corporation; O. R. Schoenrock, Chief Engineer, G. I. Case Company; E. W. Templim, Automotive Engineer, Los Angeles Bureau Power and Light.

As a member of the Council, Mr. Patton will serve as a counselor in the disbursement of funds for



F. C. PATTON

fundamental research, education, development and procedures in the entire automotive field.

Mr. Patton is a long-time member of the S.A.E. At the present time, he is serving on the National Transportation and Maintenance Committee, as a sponsor of a transmission and clutch project to determine the advantages and disadvantages and procedures for maintenance. He served as Chairman of the local section of the Society for the 1930-1931 term and acted as Treasurer for several years for the same group, and has been active on the various committees. He is nationally known as a good story-teller and a promulgator of technical information.

SOCIOLOGIST

Meet Arcola Philpott, junior social scientist. Arcola is now working the night run on the "F" line and has been with our Company a little over four months. Prior to her present position she did welfare work for seven years in Chicago. She worked as a research worker in the History Department of the University of Chicago and attended Loyola University, studying social sciences, in Los Angeles. Since coming here she has also attended City College and intends to continue with her training.

MEET THE

NIZE GUYS AND GALS

Division One

J. W. Waroff—Courteous and helpful.

Division Three

J. W. Dickson—Wise and patient.

W. L. Finley—Considerate.

Maida C. Van Gelder—Smooth operation.

O. A. Westphal (2)—Very kind.

Division Four

C. E. Benton—Efficient.

R. Chase—Tactful.

H. Goldberg—Courteous.

R. A. Johnson—Gracious.

R. T. Melton—Thoughtful.

W. Y. Guntharp—Helpful.

Division Five

G. A. Seale—Smooth operation.

G. W. Caughran—Handled intoxicated man in a commendable manner.

Emily C. Nastase—Can't be beat.

Althea Towns—Alert.

J. A. Wear (2)—Kind word for everyone.

Diesel Pilots

D. B. White—Gentleman.

B. C. Hayes—Efficient and courteous.

B. J. Fish—Poise and courteous.

A. C. Glenn—Pleasant.

Betty L. Shaver—Efficient.

Margie L. Slater—Courteous.

A. Williams—Good service.

ALWAYS COURTEOUS COURTNEY OF L.A.M.C.

"It is so very unusual now to find a driver of one of your buses extremely courteous, I feel I must commend driver of bus 4274, his number being 690 (C. W. Courtney).

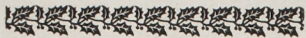
"He did at least six courtesies I observed. He waited at Alvarádo for a woman whose arm was in a sling (evidently had just been to a doctor's office) to cross the road and make the bus. Helped a cripple, and when anyone asked a direction or if the bus went to a certain locality, he responded in a gentlemanly manner and didn't shout at them. There are many strangers in our midst and some people become confused in crowds.

"I am a woman of 72, steeped in the old traditions and value fair treatment."

Mrs. Herman Baum
715 So. Normandie Ave.



PEOPLE



BOMBARDIER

Bombardier Babtkis of the 16th Street Coach wears a Purple Heart and an Oak Leaf Cluster, plus a chest full of ribbons for action both in the South Pacific and in the European theatres. He was a bombardier navigator on the B-26's. Babtkis received the Purple Heart because of some flak wounds, and received the Oak Leaf Cluster after a crashed landing. He tells us that his experience over enemy territory taught him to appreciate the more easy life as a coach driver. However, he remarks that he'd rather be on a bombing trip than working Soto.

"Having occasion to ride frequently on the various city buses, the conduct of the different drivers is noticeable, especially if they impress the riding public very favorably."

"On several occasions I have ridden in a bus driven by operator No. 146, and have observed his very pleasant manner as a gentleman, as well as the definite information which he gives out in a clear and understandable way. Since the change in rates was inaugurated on October first, he has made it a point to ask one's destination in order to remind him to ask for a check if going beyond the first zone. Besides, he announces the various bus stops along the route, and the transfer points to other lines."

"Getting off the bus with me a few days ago, a lady remarked to me, 'Isn't it a pleasure to ride with a driver like that one, he is so agreeable and knows his job.'"

Mrs. A. G. Sprenkle
350 No. Harper Ave.

HERE HE IS!

"My husband, John "Scotty" Haddow, started on the "A" line in August of 1943, and to date he hasn't taken a single day off. Will you please print his picture in "Two Bells"? I would like to see what he looks like."

Here's the picture, Mrs. Haddow, and we, too, are proud of your husband's record.



SUPER SALESMAN R. G. MONAHAN OF DIVISION 3

"Just want to say a good word for conductor 2852 on the "A" line."

"I was on his car recently when a woman, apparently intoxicated, boarded the car. As she was unable to navigate properly under her own power, this conductor assisted her to a nearby seat and when she alighted downtown, he assisted her across the street and put her safely on the sidewalk."

"When I went to leave I said to this conductor, 'That was mighty nice of you to help that woman.' His reply was, 'Oh, I enjoy my work and like to do those things.' And he passed out a mighty good smile with it, too."

"When a man does as this conductor did and talks like he did, I'm sure that he does many good things in the course of a day's work, and he surely deserves a word of commendation."

C. M. MacKenzie
1356 So. Orange Drive

EFFICIENCY PLUS EXEMPLIFIED BY C. A. MILLER

"In these hectic days when transportation facilities are almost to the breaking point and people are irritable and oftentimes unreasonable, I wish to write a line of commendation in behalf of one of your operators."

"A few days ago I boarded a very crowded "R" car, and managed to squeeze into a corner to the left of the operator where I had opportunity to observe how efficiently he handled passengers—quickly making change, passing out transfers, and most important, the courteous manner in which he answered an inquiry of a young lad with regard to his destination, going into complete detail."

"Having been associated with a firm of efficiency experts for a number of years, this was all intensely interesting to me, and it was indeed with a feeling of gratitude to know there is, at least, one pleasant, courteous, efficient operator still in existence."

Mrs. Angela R. King



C. W. COURTNEY



R. H. BABTKIS



R. G. MONAHAN



C. A. MILLER

NEW BALLAST BINS

ONE million eighty thousand pounds is the amount of gravel in all shapes, sizes and forms which the new gravel bunker at Vernon Yard can hold without overflowing. This tremendous project, which was started and completed under war-time conditions, is a big aid in the track work.

The brain child of B. H. Eaton, Engineer of Way and Structures, this gravel bunker is 18 feet wide, 26 feet high and 80 feet long. It has 8 separate sectionalized bins and can handle 8 different grades of material if necessary. Everything moves on a gravity principle. A flat car is pushed up on the track, and the gravel is dumped from the flat car. If ballast rock is needed for track work, our own flat cars are pushed beneath the shutes and loaded. The gravel bunker is completely earthquake resistant and offered a problem which has no precedent, according to E. H.



Rust, designer, who drew the plans and worked out all calculations. For instance, the stress on the size of the structure by the weight of the gravel on a slanted



Above: Charlie Shelton in the cab of the work motor, pushes a load of rock to the top of the bunker. Jose Garcia and Jose "Shorty" Reyes work the trigger that dumps the ballast into the bin.

Left: Mr. B. H. Eaton watches the shute operation as Walter Lopez turns the handle. The gentleman relaxing on the truck is Donald "Jack" Baldwin.

floor had been taken into consideration, and steel rods applied in their proper places to keep it from spreading. The bunker contains 81 cubic yards of concrete in the footings, 100,000 board feet of lumber, 8 tons of hardware; bolts, tie rods, etc., and it was necessary to excavate 3500 yards from a hole 10 feet deep. The tracks leading to the top, on which incoming gravel cars travel, are laid upon a dirt fill 275 feet long and on a slanted wood trestle 112 feet long.

LET'S BE PROUD OF OUR CITY

(Continued from Page 5)

and the Los Angeles City Limits!"

Perhaps the lady from Washington was expecting too much but we don't think so. Perhaps she expected angels on streetcars because of the heavenly publicity which has been given our city. We don't claim to be angels. But we should be gentlemen. Even though we may be new to the city, and especially if we have lived here most of our lives, we should be proud of Los Angeles. Space does not permit itemizing

the reasons — the climate, the places to go, the small town friendliness which most people offer, the parks, the playgrounds. Those are a few of the things which gave most of us the incentive to come to the city in the first place.

You and I as businessmen, selling a service to strangers and residents alike, are also a part of this city, just as much as the climate and the golf courses. We are the people the visitors remember and we must sell ourselves to sell Los

Angeles. It is simply a matter of good business and common sense. As streetcar operators, we have a little store of our own. It is not common sense to drive away our customers. It is good business to be courteous, even during these most trying times.

It is just as easy to smile as it is to growl. It takes less effort to be pleasant than it does to be rude or impudent. Let's make it a point to practice courtesy. Let's sell Los Angeles. Let's be as proud of our city as the fellows in the faraway places.

DIVISION DOINGS

YARD BIRDS

By L. F. Sparks

Charlie Shelton's lonesome cow went dry so Charlie put her in a trailer and carted her off to winter pasture where she will have lots of company. When she comes home fresh, in the Spring, this is our bid for a cube of butter.

Paving Inspector Carl Hefington was caught late in the day with an unfinished job and a short handed gang, so he had to give the Griffith Co. a hand on a hand roller. It's a swell way to work up a sweat, pushing a hand roller on hot pavement.

Derrick man B. L. Rodefer had the job of dunking a shipment of ties in the creosote vat. It's a gooey job at the best and explains some of the turned-up noses around the Yards.

Speaking of turned-up noses and smells, reminds us of the time Foreman Sam Bevilacqua's gang was working on San Pedro

by the Public Market. One of the onion brokers was stuck with 75 sacks of onions that had sprouted and he was not allowed to sell them, so he gave them away. Onion soup was on many a menu for several days.

Watch out for colds and the flu. This is the season for days lost on account of sickness. Truck Driver Bill Rankin, Switch Repairer Joe McClusky and Trainman Elwin Auffart were each out of action for a few days.

Chas. Shelton and Foreman Al Weberg had a bad spell with their eyes. Shelton is still being treated.

Foreman A. Medina was in for a short visit. He is still on the sick list but can get around.

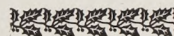
Simon Chavez passed away after a short illness. He had been in the Department for thirty years, the last few being in the Yards attending the big incinerator.

Add embarrassing moments: We took our son and daughter-



THEY SQUATTED SO PAPA WOULD SHOW

Papa Walter Lopez and his two sailor sons, Walter, Jr., on the left, and John, right. Walter, Jr., has been overseas for two years and just left for the South Pacific after a thirty-day leave, while John has just finished boot camp.



in-law out to Hollywood for dinner and a show as a going away party before he entered military service. After dinner we discovered the old wallet was at home

The Last Terminal

Nine of our members were called to a far greater and peaceful world during November.

The Company offers its deepest sympathy to those whose hearts are saddened.

John Lourance Goulet, flagman, passed away November 22, having been with the Company since 1911. Mr. Goulet was born in Canada in 1867. He was first employed at Division 3 as a motorman, and in 1932 was made a flagman in the Transportation Department.

Another flagman who reached his final resting place was **Harry Penberthy** who died November 29th. Mr. Penberthy was born in Wisconsin in 1877 and joined the Company in 1919 as a motorman out of Division 4, and in 1923 was transferred to a motorman at Division 3. Last April he was transferred to a flagman in the Trans-

portation Department.

The Special Roll lost one of its members, **John C. Lewis**, who passed away November 5th at the age of seventy-seven. Mr. Lewis was born in South Wales. He had been a machinist in the Mechanical Department since 1909 to 1930, when he became a member of the Special Roll.

Benjamin F. Burgess, car repairer at Division 5, was claimed by death on November 13th. Mr. Burgess was born in Colorado in 1881. He came to the Company in 1918 as a car repairer and in 1924 was transferred to groupman. He was transferred back to a car repairer in 1932.

From the Way and Structures Department, we lost **Simon Chavez** who passed away on November 15th. Mr. Chavez came from Mexico, being born in Agua Caliente in 1869. He had been

with us over twenty-four years as a laborer in the Way and Structures Department.

Bernard Frank Yore, car repairer from Division 1, died November 29th. Mr. Yore was born in Ireland in 1889. His first job was that of an apprentice mechanic at Division 1 in January of 1943. Two weeks later he was promoted to a car repairer at the same division.

Three wives of employes recently passed on. They are **Mrs. Harmon Gibbs Wilcox** who reached her final resting place on November 8th. Mr. Gibbs is a member of the Special Roll.

Mrs. Charles H. Deane passed away on November 26th. Mr. Deane is a conductor out of Division 3.

Mrs. Ralph E. Parsons, whose husband is a conductor from Division 5, passed away on November 29th.



"Grandpa is hoping that it will discourage the stork."

SOUR GRAPES FROM VINEYARD

By "C. P." Hunt

Charlie Wise, Olympic operator, saw a marvelous record of more than twelve years come to an end last month when he missed out November 8th, the first time since he entered LAMC, June 19, 1932. Charlie, who is used to having his electric alarm set for 4 o'clock, got up November 7th and changed the alarm to 6 o'clock for Mrs. Wise, who had to get up early that morning to serve on the election board of their precinct. That night Charlie went to bed, forgetting the alarm was set for 6, and the unfortunate missout resulted. On top of his perfect missout record for twelve and a half years, Charlie has taken only one sick leave in all that time—a seven-day stretch in 1938 — a record which appears outstanding in comparison with the average.

LAMC's recreation program was picking up speed this month as activities swung along on three fronts — bowling, baseball and basketball. Under the direction of the Employees' Recreation Committee, LAMC's baseball team won seven straight ball games before finally dropping a municipal league affair to Good-

on the dresser and if Stan hadn't had some money with him, we would still be washing dishes. Anyway he was outfumbled for the dinner check and tip and the show we were going to see was dark that night, so we window shopped on Hollywood Boulevard. Some fun.

The 6th War Loan went over with a bang and the Way & Structures Department is proud of their record. We have held top place for a long time in Bonds and indications are that we will still hold it. Many of the employees in the Department are putting their overtime pay and bonus money in Bonds. It's a good way to cushion the setbacks due after V-E and V days. The boys out there can't sit back and let George do it—neither should we.

It is Christmas time again after another strenuous year. We are still at war and there is hard work ahead, but the news of our success in the war is most heartening. We here in the company know the difficulties of trying to provide adequate service to the people of our city, but let us keep up the good work to the best of our ability. And may you all enjoy a good old Merry Christmas.

B. H. EATON

man Sporting, 9 to 2, on December 3rd.

Basketball sessions are scheduled at Fairfax High School gym each Wednesday night from 7:30 to 9:30 under direction of Bill Ulrich. Ulrich hopes to be able to form a squad which can represent LAMC successfully in outside competition, since several players with plenty of previous experience and a number of enthusiastic average players are turning out regularly.

LAMC's bowling league entered its second round of play with Dale Schultz's Virgil team setting a torrid pace to lead.

If Vineyard mechanical department's interest in hockey takes a sudden upsurge, blame it on the fact that six Canadian boys who are playing in the Southern California hockey circuit are in the Company's part time employ. They include Wilfred Vaillancourt, Victor Auger, Gordon Mirtle, Paul Gardner, Johnny O'Bri-

MARILEE HAD TO STOOP TO GET IN

The Clark kidlets pose a moment while papa, H. L. Clark of Division One, takes their snapshot. Marilee, age 6, and Dennis, age 2, are used to having papa take their picture. They know all his angles.



en and John McClelland. The boys will be here until about April, when the current hockey season will end.

Herb Hargrave, in charge of LAMC employment, has been leading a determined drive to obtain more recruits for the Red Cross blood donor campaign in answer to an urgent appeal for more blood.

As to the query as to what the men did with their bonus money, believe it or not but most of them painted their houses.

Mr. Patton is now spending his working time at Vineyard, and the instruction department has moved into Mr. Patton's office. "Gas Fumes" is being compiled in the old instruction room.

Messrs. F. C. Patton, Dave Canning, George Troutwine and Bill Baker wish each and every one of you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Greetings from me, too.

FIRST LONG PANTS WITH POCKETS
Bobby Sanford is all boy and this picture proves it. He is the son of S. J. Sanford of Division One. The long pants mark his fifth birthday.

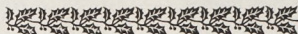


STREAMLINERS

By A. C. Zakor

In behalf of Mr. Ellis and the office force, I wish to thank you men of Division Four for your splendid cooperation during these very trying times. You may be sure that the effort put forth by you to "keep 'em rolling" has been greatly appreciated, and we take this opportunity to wish you and the members of your families a very Merry Christmas and a Victorious New Year.

J. A. MADIGAN,
Acting Superintendent,
Division Four.



What a homely looking bunch of scribes we turned out to be! However, we shouldn't be discouraged, for that is a prerequisite of fame! Can you name a top-flight writer who is good looking?

C. C. Dotts, now of the U. S. Navy, has been stationed in San Pedro for the past three months and during that time he has worked trippers every day he gets leave.

Everything happens to Herman Goldberg. One day he nearly missed out and wasn't ready to go to work, so Inspector Haskell went out and got his car ready. Herman finally collected himself just as it was time to pull out and went running to his car. He almost made it to the car but not quite. When ten feet away his conductor's box came open and scattered the contents, including all his money, over the bottom of the pit.

Supervisor Busse had thirteen teeth pulled over two months ago, but he is still indisposed over having another session with the dentist in order to finish the job.

There are two new girls assisting in the office. The day girl is Miss Betty Lou Arneson and the early night girl is Mrs. Dorothy Boudreaux. The other day Miss Arneson's boy friend, a captain in the Army, brought her two dozen beautiful red roses.

Capt. "Willie" Cooper mailed Christmas greetings on Armistice

Day from somewhere in France.

We read a V-Mail letter from Cpl. Clarence Knittle who is in France with the 378th Fighter Group, and from what he said in the letter he certainly enjoys himself on his time off.

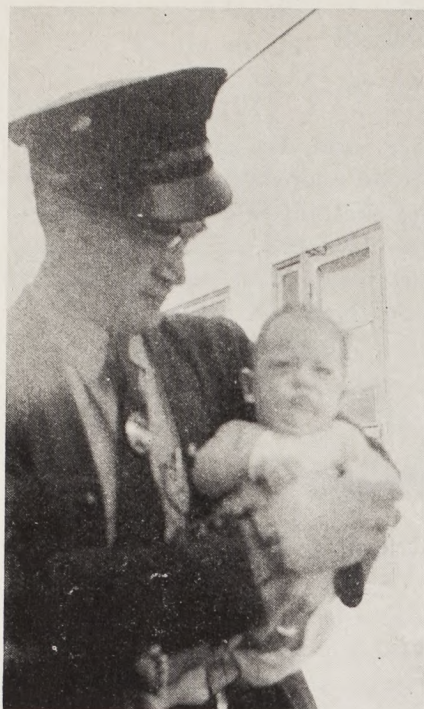
Did you hear about the old gentleman who announced at the party celebrating his 100th birthday, that he was going to live to be 150 years old? His friends asked, "How do you figure that?" He replied: "Look how much stronger I am now than I was 100 years ago."

After 17 years of service, A. S. McFarland resigned on October 31st and went back to Honey Grove, Texas, to resume farming. We just received a letter from him saying that although he is happy to be back on the farm, he catches himself looking at his watch and remembering where he would be if he was working his run.

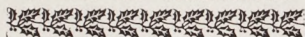
While working his run on the "N" line, C. D. Frey had the misfortune to be bitten on the hand by a seeing-eye dog, while cranking the fare box, even though the dog was muzzled.

Glad to welcome back H. Jenick after an illness of over two months.

H. L. Hawkins became sick on September 30th and sometime later had a major operation but is doing nicely and expects to be back soon.

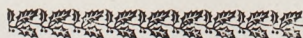


"I WANT MY MAMA!"
Papa E. F. C. Kenzie of Division One practices a new hold on Sharon Leigh. From the expression on the young lady's face, we don't think his grip is too, too comfortable.



Pvt. Charlie E. Beal wrote from Camp Wheeler, Georgia, asking about all the fellows. He said he just finished his basic training, which was plenty tough, and now is getting his technical training, which is duck soup. He says the LARY is a fine Company to work for and he is looking forward to working for them again. "They have sent me several gifts and no other soldier here has received a thing from their former employers, as far as I know."

Your former scribe, Mrs. B. Latham, recently, over the week end, went tripping lightly o'er hill and dale (yes, Ted was along) in Ojai Valley, until she crossed a certain babbling brook and then she tripped, not so lightly, from one stone to another, but one she missed. Result, one nicely barked shin.



"Hereditry," the little boy wrote, "means if your father didn't have children, and your grandfather didn't have children, you won't have any children."

GREETINGS FROM DIVISION ONE

Once more we are entering the season of good cheer and good will to all men, and I wish to take this opportunity to express my thanks and appreciation to all of you for the good work, and the fine cooperation you have given me.

I fully realize the extra hardships and strain you are working under at the present time and appreciate all the more your dependability and effort to maintain service.

It is my sincere wish that you and your families have a Merry Christmas and a very happy New Year.

F. L. ERVIN,
Division Superintendent.

By D. B. Kohl

George Hargrove wrote us an interesting letter from Wyoming, where he is stationed at the present time. He says his Thanksgiving dinner this year, which consisted of turkey and all the trimmings, was a contrast to the one he had last year in North Africa, which consisted of K-rations and water.

We were unable to have any movie stars here to help us sell War Bonds for the 6th Bond Drive, but we really didn't need any celebrities, for we just turned it over to our girls in the office, Miss Lane and Mrs. Benzink, and they proved to be very good at selling bonds. The honor of buying the first \$100 Bond (in fact, he bought two \$100 bonds for cash) goes to G. J. Stoddard.

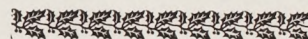
Fishermen Becker & Eulberg, Inc., took a little trip up to Silver Lake and brought back a number of trout. They left several dozen fish for the office force, which were highly enjoyed by everyone in the office.

Now that we've had our turkey, we turn our thoughts to Christmas. Speaking of turkeys, the fellows owe a lot of thanks to Operator Bill Elliott for supplying the Division with turkeys. They were fine birds, as Elliott will agree, but it looks like he ate too much turkey himself, for he was off for several days after Thanksgiving.

Quite a few of the boys in the Service who worked out of this

Division are coming in for a visit. Several are home on furloughs for the holidays, including J. Viellnave, E. R. George, and C. W. Woods.

I wish to thank all the boys who have contributed items and pictures to this column during the past year, and wish you all a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.



KILLED IN ACTION

It is with sadness that we announce the passing of P.F.C. Robert Fletcher, son of D. E. Fletcher, Division 1. Robert was with the motorized cavalry and drove a tank. He was killed at Aachen September 30. His father has been in our service for twenty-seven years.



TO ALL EMPLOYEES OF THE ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT SEASON'S GREETINGS.

To the new members of this year, I extend a most cordial greeting and welcome you into the ranks of our older trusted, cooperative and loyal workers of Line—Substation—Electrical Construction. Under this war's atmosphere of sorrow, destruction and distortion, we all must be more determined than ever to carry on our assigned tasks for mutual benefit—just as "Our Boys" are doing every day until their job spells Victory.

L. J. Turley

SHORT CIRCUITS

By Walter Whiteside

We wish to start off by wishing each and every one of you a very Merry Christmas and a healthful and prosperous New Year. . . . Here is the classic horse race story of the year, in our opinion, so we'll pass it along. Charlie Hunter, former employe of the Line Department and father of Louie Hunter, went out to the race track and after paying his admission, he had only enough money left to bet on one horse but not enough to buy a

GET A LOAD OF THIS

Here's a busy little boy, looking for something to haul in his new wheelbarrow. He is Ken Maynard, three year old son of Don Maynard of Sixteenth Street Coach, and Ruth Maynard, conductorette out of Division Three.



program. It wasn't until the third race that he met up with a party who let him look at the program, whereupon Charlie planked his two on Cutter, the longest shot of the day. He collected over \$125.00. . . . We mentioned in last issue that Dick McDevitt bought candy with the five dollars he received for introducing Alva Forcade. Since then we have learned that it was Adam Knaus who was responsible for Forcade's employment. Adam has assured me, through his attorneys Joe Marshall and Carl Woelker, that he will accept a \$5.00 cash settlement out of court but if they are forced to sue, they will have to ask for \$6.00. . . . That fellow in disguise is none other than W. T. Smith. Have you noticed the similarity between him and Richard Griffin? . . . R. F. Walton, after being married for years and years, finally had to ask his wife how she spelled her name. She answered, "Just plain Hazel." . . . The Operating Department almost had a couple of part time workers in the persons of Ed Stirtz and Dan Hensley but after one round trip on the B line—no! . . . Substation operators H. Lawrence and F. Flynn are operating o.k. at Hollywood Park. . . . The sympathy of the Department is extended to Salvador Munoz who has received official notice of the death of his son who was killed in action. . . . James Thagard fell and broke a bone in his ankle on November 13. At the time of



WINGED WAC

Mrs. Helen J. Dwelley, daughter of Fred Jacobson, Virgil operator. Helen has been a member of the Air Transport Command, WAC Unit, for the past two years. Mrs. Dwelley was recently presented with the Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster awards for her husband, Staff Sergeant William J. Dwelley, now missing in action over Europe.

this writing, he was getting along o.k., and will probably be back before this issue comes off the press. . . . Ira Booth just moved into his new home and is he proud! We heard he struck some buried treasure in the basement of Plaza Sub. . . . Can you imagine anyone having a birthday on Christmas? Anyway, many happy returns to Heinie Messner and Dick McDevitt.

"One day," relates a professor, "I gave a pupil a problem in algebra, and although it was comparatively easy, he couldn't do it. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' I remarked, 'At your age George Washington was a surveyor!'"

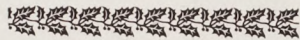
"The boy looked me straight in the eyes. 'Yes, sir, and at your age he was President of the United States!' was the rejoinder."



MEMOS FROM MEMORY LANE

The old-time picture on the left is a scene at Temple and Hoover about 1916. The ambitious trolley pilots are the Travis boys, Harry and C. H., C. H. with the fancy bends in his underpinnings and Harry leaning against the car. Incidentally, C. H. is still a motorman out of Division 3.

Right: L. E. Adkins of Division 1, standing beside a Birney. He is afraid to lean against it because when this picture was taken those little cars were new. There are only one or two Birney cars now rolling the rails.



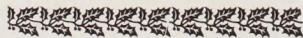
The approaching season may be trite, yet it is never old. It had its inception so many years ago that we are sometimes forgetful of the actual events that produced it. We are prone to call it the Holiday Season, and rightly so, because "Holiday" may more explicitly be called "Holy Day". It is a time of good cheer and good will. We should look at it not only as the closing of the harvest season of a year that has passed, but also as the beginning of another great preparation for next year's harvest in

the fields, and more important, the privilege of starting another year of our lives. Whether we make it a more productive year than last depends on ourselves and our willingness to carry through the year the good fellowship and love that always accompanies Christmas.

May we then all say sincerely to you, a joyous Christmas and a happy and most prosperous New Year.

A. L. Davis.

F. H. Markley.



LOOSE SCREWS

By A. L. Davis

Ed Muse spent his vacation visiting his daughter at Vallejo, California.

Lee Sherrill spent over Thanksgiving Day quail hunting, but we didn't see any quail.

Grant Braaten is home again after being in the hospital with a fractured skull, but has to stay in bed for a few weeks yet.

E. L. Swartz had the misfortune to fall and hurt his hip while running to catch a streetcar.

CAR HOUSE 3

Mrs. T. T. Clarke, wife of T. T. Clarke, Foreman, who has been sick for several weeks, is very much improved.

Walter Wideman, repairer, resigned to return to his home state of Missouri. He is going back on the farm to raise hogs for you folks in the city and feel independent of having to ask the butcher, "Please, have you a little bacon or ham for us today?" Walter, this writer knows of what you speak, having just received a nice homecured, smoked

ham from Colorado. Nothing like the good old-style smoked ham and bacon, boys.

H. Sparks, repairer, spent his Saturday, the first one off for a long time, seeing a little excitement and recreation. Harry took a trip to Hollywood Park to see the ponies run. Well, we all know we don't go just to see the ponies run one after the other to see who gets to the post first. You must have a little interest in one or two of the ponies. Harry picked three of the ponies all the same color, paid his good money for the three chances to win, and in the excitement of such a race with a long shot winner, Harry did not know or understand what the numbers were until he got home that night and read the latest news of that exciting race. After a little study between reading the paper and his two dollar mutuels, he discovered he had won \$184. The next Tuesday afternoon sure was slow coming around it seemed to Harry, for that was the time he had to wait to collect. It pays to study your game before you play, Harry. Once again it pays to read a newspaper to get the news and a little education.

CAR HOUSE 4

W. O. Weiser, who is in the army, paid us a visit recently. He has passed his third year in the armed services.

Norman White has donated his eighth pint of blood to the Red Cross and is now the proud owner of the Gallon Medal.

John Thewlis and E. D. Gaston have been on the sick list with the flu.

Paul Ruffina is in New Orleans visiting his parents.

N. L. White is looking for a good belt to hold his pants up. While at a wreck recently, he was very embarrassed when his belt broke.

Johnny Johnson has redecorated his home. Sure looks swell.

THE HILBILLY BOYS

By L. B. Meek

Your Superintendent wishes to extend the season's greetings. It is his sincere hope that next year at this time we all can extend personal greetings to those who will not be with us during these holidays. This greeting is extended to you who are overseas and will receive this paper. We all hope for your speedy return and that God will bless you and keep you until that time. My sincere appreciation for the efforts put forth by you people during the past year. It has been trying and the great majority of you have come through with colors flying.

J. A. Bodley

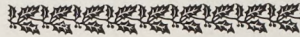
Bonds, Bonds, Bonds—Yes, sir, the Bonds are going at Division Three like cigarettes from a cigarette machine. Although the boys do a lot of fussing about the Sixth War Loan coming at the wrong time, they always manage to get enough together to buy a few Bonds. . . . The back pay certainly came in handy for the various Christmas items which are needed at this time. A large portion of it goes for taxes and War Bonds, but it was certainly a welcome present. . . .

. . . Well, we had another shake-up on the "W" line. The runs that went the fastest this time were the ones that pull in at the same time the cigarette machines are being filled. . . . The new crop of girls starting in as conductorettes is brightening up the whole Division. We have decided to call it the pinup division. It seems that half the cars which pull out in the morning have new attractive students breaking in. Could it be that one of these days in the near future we might be able to get out all the runs? . . . Not only are we getting looks with our new members (and I do mean looks) but we are also picking up some talent. Irene Hanson has been writing poetry and songs



TWO GOBS AND A GAL

The Costley trio, David, Dorothy and Robert, is the pride and joy of D. L. Costley, Virgil Operator.



for some time. She brought in a book of published songs and we hummed the tune of one of hers which was in the magazine. It was quite catchy. She promises to write poetry for TWO BELLS. . . . Most of the girls around the Division are writing letters to Santa and they have one thing in general which they desire. The wish for their boy friends to return home safe, sound—and single. . . . A. R. Peterson is bothered again with hay fever. He came in and asked for a Saturday afternoon off to treat his malady. He says he would like to attend the Santa Anita pony program where he can buy a little hay for the horses. Claims this is the only cure he knows for his trouble. . . . R. W. Roerman says they sure named his run correctly when they called it a relief run, for after a few days you sure need relief. . . . W. B. Harrell is back on the job after having one leg down through the planks in the car barns. He was doing a little rehearsing on pounding the gong and those boards sure took the skin off his shins. . . . Bill Deskin says the cigarette shortage may bother some but he thinks the women have gone to cigars. It surely is hard to get Phillis. . . . W. H. Meloy, switchman and extra clerk, got quite a thrill the other night when he answered

the the phone and heard his son Clayton's voice. Clayton has been with the Marines in the Pacific for twenty-eight months. . . . Katherine Brawner, one of our attractive operators, has returned to duty after being laid up with injuries sustained in an auto accident. It seems another auto attempted to push her off the road and did a very good job of demolishing her car. . . . Our lady assistant clerks are a big help these days. While Ethel Grush takes care of things in the morning, it gives Gilmore more time to take care of his regular duties. Miss Hamill carries on in the afternoon and also assists our stenographer Rhoda Walden

BUILDING BLUES

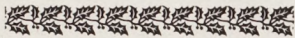
Have you noticed the disappearance of all the blackout accoutrements? Yes, gone forever from the building are the dismal harbingers of the air raid, and, most befittingly, they made their exit at the Christmas season.

Did you know that May McLeod of the Auditing Department is a very accomplished dancer? Recently she was a featured entertainer at the Christmas Party given by the Los Angeles Railway Women's Club.

On October 30, 1944, at 10:30 P.M. Mae Stevenson of the Auditing Department was married to



HIGH, WHITE AND HANDSOME
 "Tex" Morris, Extra Inspector, sends us this picture of his son Richard G. Stewart, somewhere in the South Pacific. Richard is the one in the center.



Vernon J. King of the U. S. Navy. The ceremony took place in Seattle, Washington, and a reception in honor of the newly-weds was given at the home of mutual friends. For an idea of what a happy couple they are, cast a glance at the photograph in this magazine.

The first of December marked the completion of twenty-three years with the Company for Emma Quigley. Congratulations, Miss Quigley, and best wishes for many more.

Minnie Kellogg of President Harris' office took off on her vacation when soldier husband Bud arrived in town.

Sincere condolences are offered to Fern Preston on the death of her father.

We miss Horace Davis who passed away November 11th in the General Hospital after an operation. Horace ran the shoe shining stand in the barber shop and had been in the building twenty-three years.

Violet Leach's birthday was celebrated on November 11th along with Armistice Day. A bunch of the gals got together on the evening of the tenth and gave Violet a surprise party.

FLUID DRIVE

By R. O. Bennett

Mrs. R. L. Griffith had a letter from her sailor husband the other day. The censor had cut almost every word out with the exception, "Love, Grif." Perhaps Grif tries to tell her too much.

T. E. Stuckey has returned to our fold. He has an honorable discharge from the Navy. Fellows, you'll have a hard time keeping your girl friends now that Stuckey is back.

Thanks for your donations for the cigarette drive we had for the boys here in the hospital, back from overseas. At the time of this writing they are being delivered to the veterans at the Birmingham Hospital. We know they will be appreciated.

Had word concerning Bernard C. Lang, SF 3/c N.C.T.C. Dispensary Ward, Camp Endicott, Davisville, Rhode Island. Lang would like to hear from any of us who care to write. Let's all do it!

Jack Wallers is back with us after spending several months in the Army. Jack received a bad injury while in the service and was discharged. Welcome back, Jack!

Mr. Dake took a nice picture of our hard working starter, J. E. Barnett, at Olympic and Hill, but spoiled it in the developing. He'll try to get another shot later.

Beverly Driver's Attention!

Watch the big bad motorcycle officer who hangs around LaBrea and Olympic. Your scribe has had some very unpleasant moments with him. He seems to have a mania for following buses.

"Feb", that run-hot operator of Beverly Boulevard, purchased a \$1,000.00 War Bond from Grant to help the 6th War Loan Drive. He may not help some of us drivers on Beverly, but he still has a heart when it comes to helping the boys over there.

Supervisor "Bob" Smith, after working the west side, tells me that I should wind my watch, and that Hickey and Gribbling should set theirs once in a while. I am always late and they seem to be a little warm quite often.

It's been told that L. B. Sheehan, now working Washington, always gets a special coach for his run. That "German Goiter" he has been cultivating for the past few years won't fit under the steering wheel of a "300".

This being the last issue of TWO BELLS for the year 1944, I'd like to take this opportunity to wish one and all a very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Mr. Ballenger and Mr. Dittman also wish you and your families a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and express their thanks for the splendid cooperation shown by all of you during the past year.

OPERATING RESULTS

OCTOBER, 1944 vs. OCTOBER, 1943

	1944	1943	1944 Increase + Decrease— Over 1943
TOTAL RECEIPTS: (Amount received on cars and coaches for Fares, Car Card Advertising, Etc.).....	1,864,765	1,748,215	+ 116,550
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)	1,375,050	1,094,941	+ 280,109
TAXES (Amount necessary to pay Federal, State and City governments including Company's share for employes' Old Age Pensions and Unemployment Insurance)	264,066	460,981	— 196,915
INTEREST CHARGES (Amount necessary to pay for the use of borrowed money as represented by mortgage bonds and equipment trust certificates).....	36,271	47,386	— 11,115
Total Expenses	1,675,387	1,603,308	+ 72,079
Leaves Net Profit or Loss	+ 189,378	+ 144,907	+ 44,471

SHAVINGS FROM THE SHOPS



(By Billy Pinder, pinch-hitting for Geo. Dickens)

George Dickens, our congenial scribe, is at present laid up with sickness. We are all pulling for a quick recovery.

Tommy Rocha, our crooner, had the misfortune to have his best and newest guitar stolen from his car, while playing out at one of the hot spots. Tom is offering a reward and no questions asked.

Virginia Blue wishes to thank the boys of the Stores Department for the nice birthday present. Many happy returns, Virginia.

Shelby Brown, former Progress Clerk, now of the U. S. Navy, was a visitor at the Shops.

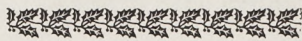
H. E. Steenrod CSK, USNTC, Sampson, New York, formerly of Stores and Mechanical Departments, spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Steenrod.

Jean Wooley, our beautiful young clerk of the Superintendent of Equipment's office, has just returned from a week's vacation, spent in the High Sierras. It was rumored that Jeannie was married

Let us fortify our courage so that we may, even in these troubled times, be able to express the true yuletide spirit, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Towards All Men". With our eyes on tomorrow's brighter dawns, may we not let the shrine of "Good Cheer" perish today, even though strife and turmoil rack the world.

Season's greetings and good wishes to each one of you.

H. E. Jordan.



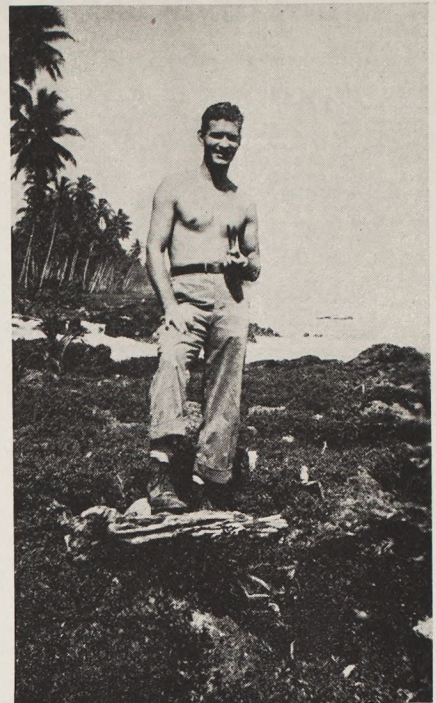
during her vacation, but to the great relief of her many admirers, she is not sporting a little band on her left hand.

Welcome to two new faces of the Stores Department — C. E. Pool and K. F. Fuller.

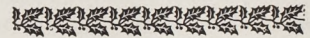
Some of the boys spent most of their bonus at Hollywood Park, following the bangtails, and were lucky to get home with their shirts, in spite of all the "hot tips".

Gail Verlato of Mr. Jordan's office, now serving with the WAVES, was in town recently after completing her schooling at an Oklahoma college. She certainly looks trim in her uniform. Gail hopes to be stationed on the West Coast.

It took five big strong men in the Machine Shop lately to kill a mouse. O. Rivers reported he saw a big rat two feet long under his bench, and with the help of D. Jackson and H. Frazer & Co. they finally subdued the mouse. (Bravo)

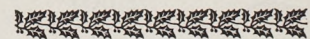


BUILDING THE ROAD TO TOKYO
Seabee L. W. Lusk pauses on a South Pacific island to look over the territory which is soon to become a road or a landing field. Seabee Lusk was formerly with the Coach Division and he claims that his outfit builds the roads on which the Japs retreat.



The big general staff of the coach department, in the Carpenter Shop, has been making plans for a big winter drive into Germany. Any morning you will find them with maps, and what not, in one of the coaches, telling what should be done and how. Generals A. Kilgore and A. Gerrard are in full charge, along with Maj. Generals Art (Doc) Robey, Sam (Swoon) Myers and John (Nurse) Walker.

Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.



APPRECIATION

For the expressions of kindness and sympathy extended to the bereaved in their recent sorrows the Company received acknowledgements of appreciation from Mrs. H. E. Crooks; Mrs. Ruth Baker and family; Mrs. B. F. Burgess; Mrs. John L. Goulet together with Mesdames Allan H. Hand, Eugene Constantineau, W. D. Godbey; and Charles H. Deane and family.

BONUS COMPUTATION

Month of October, 1944

$$\left(\begin{array}{l} \text{Wages per Vehicle} \\ \text{Mile for Jan. 1941} \end{array} \times \frac{\begin{array}{l} \text{Current Revenue} \\ \text{per Vehicle Mile} \end{array}}{\begin{array}{l} \text{Revenue per Vehicle} \\ \text{Mile for Jan. 1941} \end{array}} \right) - \left(\begin{array}{l} \text{Current Wages} \\ \text{per Vehicle} \\ \text{Mile} \end{array} - \begin{array}{l} 15\% \text{ of Jan.} \\ 1941 \text{ Wages per} \\ \text{Vehicle Mile} \end{array} \right) = \text{Bonus per Hour}$$

$$\left(\begin{array}{l} 9.89 \\ \times \\ 56.57 \\ \hline 30.26 \end{array} \right) - \left(\begin{array}{l} 13.66 \\ - \\ 1.48 \end{array} \right) = \text{Bonus}$$

$$18.49 \quad - \quad 12.18 \quad = \quad 6.31 \text{ or } 7 \text{ cts.}$$

ROCHE REPORTS FROM DIVISION FIVE

Conductorette Barbara Tolman had the pleasure of having her mother, from Burley, Idaho, visit her for ten days.

Conductorette "Billie" McGuire is having a protracted struggle with the flu.

Following a second operation, J. M. Bunch is up and about and hopes to be back on the job soon.

R. C. Gridley, U. S. Navy, had some thrilling experiences overseas. He is now home on a thirty day leave and is giving us a helping hand.

F. E. Adolph, U. S. Army Air Corps, is home on a thirty day furlough also, and he, too, is helping LARy on the home front.

F. J. Sterton, staff sergeant, 12th U. S. Army Air Force, called on us recently, and has now returned to army duty. He took part in fifty combat and bombing missions over Africa, Italy and France, and was severely wounded by flak while on a mission over France. He was awarded the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, the Military Order of the Purple Heart, the European ribbon with three campaign stars and the American ribbon.

D. W. Daniels, S.B.M., U. S. Navy, and Glenn Tolle, Y 2/c, U. S. Navy, are very "busily engaged" somewhere in the Pacific.

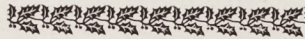
Popular Susie McNally has resigned and returned to her home in Missouri.

We are glad to report that the following have returned to our

With the closing of the year 1944 I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to all you men and women at Division Five for your loyal cooperation during the very trying times throughout the past year. I feel sure that you will put forth every effort to give the best possible service throughout the coming year.

Wishing you and yours a Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year,

I am,
Yours truly,
Wm. C. Snyder
Supt., Division Five



service who say that the LARy is 100% O.K.: Operator M. P. Case, who left us in 1939; Conductorettes Orva G. Skitt, Doris H. Monk and Betty L. Dunham. Betty says she has looked over several other cities and likes L. A. and the LARy best.

Operator Earl Sullivan enjoyed his vacation helping the war effort by pulling a run for us.

Mrs. Ben Fulton, Matron at this division, showed us the ladies lounge. It is excellent—comfortable chairs, large tables, fine lockers, a section with comfortable couches, a fine washroom, nice airy lockers, and the entire lounge is kept immaculately clean by maid Jennie Jones, who has been with the L. A. Railway for twenty-two years.

SIXTEENTH STREET EXHAUST

By Emogene Rippert

Seasons Greetings to you all, from Mr. C. B. Lindsey.

The boys welcomed their retro-active pay from May 1st and a few old timers received an additional week's vacation pay.

Mr. Lindsey took his vacation this month, a fall vacation instead of one during the summer, when he could enjoy his beach home.

We extend our sympathy to L. R. Lingford who lost his mother, and D. H. Veil and E. H. Veil, whose father died.

Fred Yenour was involved in a slight accident with a "dolly" and suffered a bruised face and broken glasses.

Eileen Keppler, Margarete Demogenes, and Wally Weberg, with their musical talents, favored South Park Shops on their monthly entertainment program.

Harold Underwood welcomed a baby girl at his home on November 18th. Martin Taylor passed out the cigars, announcing the arrival of his fourth son. Martin also has a little girl, and what a beating she will take with four brothers.

The boys are all enjoying the Hollywood Park races—they start ailing about Thursday, and by Saturday they are just too ill to work. There are no races on their regular days off—Sunday.

Two newcomers to the office are Mrs. Dorothy Nelson and Juanita Mangrum. Mr. C. J. Lynn recently resigned.

Latest news about selling War Bonds comes from the Store Room. We have heard through the grapevine that little 4' 11", Doris Sievert is giving a squeeze with the purchase of each \$100 Bond, and a kiss for each \$1000 Bond. Some of the women are wondering if Jerry Smith is taking care of the sales for the feminine roll.



OVER THE SYSTEM

With Ed Bliss

We have three silver foxes on the day shift—Thomas Juris, George Borngrebe, and Cesar Canales—you should hear them howl. Recently they requested to be transferred to the second shift. We found the attractive attraction, Betty Lou Mock, and don't blame them. They weren't transferred, but they all work overtime—on the second shift.

One of the nicest events to happen in Mr. G. A. Holmes' household, for the Christmas holidays, is the return of his son Kenneth, Lt. (j. g.). He is the pilot of a dive bomber and has been stationed aboard an aircraft carrier in the South Pacific for the past eleven months.

The last to take his vacation, and making a nice time of it is lucky Paul Wood. He accompanied his brother, Lt. Howard Wood of the Air Corp, to visit their brother in Stockton.

Maynard Livingston, former Div. 4 clerk, has now joined the "Main Office Gang" using the auditing department as his hang-out. Good Luck, Livy!

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE SMITHS

M. J. Smith, Jr., of Division One and the three little Smiths. They are Faye Louise, age 4; Gilbert Eugene, age 5, and Claudette Marie, age 6. They look like their dad, don't they?



Joyeux Noel Bonne et Heureuse Annee! In other words, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. This year, more than any one previous, we have the right to look forward to that kind of a future, to the day when our boys will come home and His 'Peace on earth, Goodwill to man' will once again be the byword of all mankind.

With the Christmas season so close at hand, I feel it proper to offer a bit of first hand advice on the preparation of that kingly bird, the turkey — advice gained by that toughest of teachers, Madam Experience, during the recent Thanksgiving festival. Taking the best 27 pound Tom you would ever hope to slice and contrary to all warnings, I decided to prepare the bird myself. He was strung up by his legs and just as I administered the coup de grace, the rope broke. You've seen pictures of the cat on the dog's back. I was the cat. I rode that turkey around my garage like Tom Mix at a rodeo. Feathers, newspapers and blood flew in all directions. After fifteen minutes I was too weak to hang on and too scared to let go. The garage door was open but it was too far to make a run for it. Lucky for me that last gasp came when it did. Killing a turkey is no child's play so whatever you do, be sure you have a heavy rope and three helpers or be prepared to suffer the same fate as above.

Sixteenth Street's A-No. 1 flunkey, Bobbie Palmer, is anxiously awaiting the day we put women on the front end of our coaches. She is determined to show that a woman can drive a coach as well as any man if given half a chance. Claims she might even be able to teach the boys on Soto a thing or two about staying on time.

Violet Leach, elevator starter

in the building, was stymied for a minute the other day by a young man requesting to go to the fourth deck. Seems he had just been discharged from the navy.

Emile J. Gagnon, (Div. 4 and Relief Special Agent when inducted) writes from New Guinea. Says he didn't realize the equator was so hot. Even at 6:00 A.M. the heat is unbearable. From the other extreme, word comes from Carl Weiss in Greenland. He describes it as 93% ice cap, 2½% water, (lakes and fiords) 3½% mountains, (barren and desolate) and 1% livable earth, (soldiers and eskimos only).

Walter Whiteside, my fellow scribe, pulls a race-track extra. He says it's beyond him how these people lose \$50.00 in an afternoon on a pony and then don't save the extra nickel to ride from Hardy to Arbor Vitae. One of the passengers dropped a dime on the floor the other day. Due to the crowd he couldn't bend down to pick it up. As the crowd left the car at 54th Street Walt reached for the dime. Either it had drawn interest or had been stepped on so much it was spread thin, for lo and behold the dime was now a quarter.

Coach Supervisor Bob Triplett either has a sixth sense or is just plain fast. No matter how fast we travel to an emergency coach call, even with a siren on, sure enough, upon our arrival, there is Bob efficiently going about his business of filling the headway and restoring service to normal.

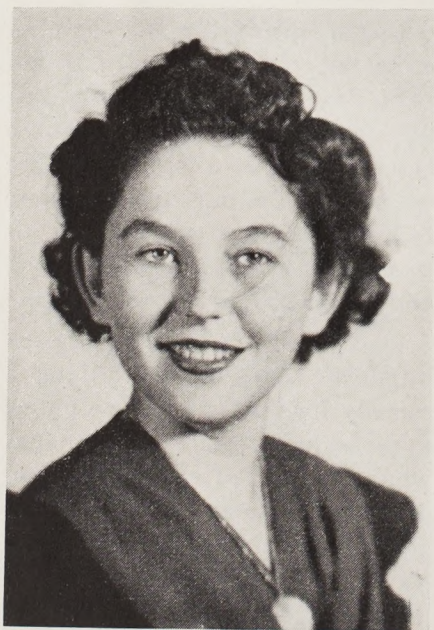
Overheard Mr. Snyder, (Superintendent Div. 5) prescribing a remedy for a cold over the phone to a conductorette. Told her that what she needed was some powder on her nose and some fresh air. It's surprising to what extremes a superintendent will go these days just to fill a run.

VIRGIL VENOM

The nonsense (right) was inserted to give this column a little yuletide atmosphere. Now we'll get along with the recent happenings. . . . Bill Midkiff threw the Sunset line into a near catastrophe the other P.M. He relieves coach run 1 on Vermont Avenue. So, as the story unfolds he's seated on the bench punching his transfers, waiting for his coach. A bus pulls up to the relief point and he looks at the coach run number and it was 1. He boards said coach much to the amazement of the other driver, who hadn't signed off. Well, by the time Bill herded the coach up to Fountain Avenue, he discovered the other driver was using Sunset transfers. It didn't take him long to put the other driver back in the seat and take a powder. (Say, everyone's taking those things. What are they?) The story has a happy ending. He caught his own coach on the fly and everyone was contended—except the Sunset boy who had to sign on again. That's life for you. . . . This month B. Savitsky gets the left handed buggy whip

ATTENTION, TALENT SCOUTS

This beautiful young lady is Evelyn Schwartz, the 14½ year old daughter of A. J. Schwartz, Sixteenth Street Garage. What a nice smile she has!



'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By BILL ULRICH

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the garage
Not a mechanic was stirring, not even the boss.
The coaches were lined up with very great care,
In hopes that the drivers soon would be there.
The dispatcher was nestled all snug in his chair,
While visions of miss-outs danced through the air.
Mr. Patton in nightshirt, and Dave in his cap,
Had just settled down for a nice, peaceful nap,
When out in the trainroom there arose such a clatter,
They sprang from their desks to see what was the matter.
Out of their rooms they both flew like a flash,
But all they could see was Jim emptying the trash.
The noise became louder, it grew to a roar—
Then suddenly St. Nicholas burst through the door!
"Cherio! Merry Christmas!" he cried with delight.
"I've brought you a present I know is just right."
He threw down his bag, jumped into a bus—
And pulled out a tripper! What a Christmas for us!

award for missing the turn at Eighth and Rampart. What these fellows won't do for a little publicity! . . . Even "Brownie" was observed picking up hat checks. . . . Bob Crandall's song "Lucky Stars Have Silver Wings", dedicated to Lt. Tom Hallman, one of the lucky stars in the United States Army Air Force, and to the U. S. A. A. F. was published in November, 1944. Tom is a fighter pilot. . . . Did you know that a lot of the bonus money kept a certain place of business from falling apart? Well it did. There is a certain place called Hollywood Park and some of the boys donated their "dinero" to keeping this place running a while longer. Jacobson dropped into the trainroom to say hello. I asked him what was the matter and he said he spoke out of turn. Jake has been off work for a few weeks with some dislocated joints. Hope you're back on the line again really soon, Jake. . . . Vince Calli pops back into the headlines by going out on a school tripper the Friday after Thanksgiving. Of course, he didn't do any business because the schools were closed.

Better luck next time, Vince. . . . C. P. Hunt is always doing some unethical stunt. This month he's going around incognito. He shaved off the shoe brush under his nose and now nobody can recognize him. I still can't figure out why he did it with winter coming on. . . . I want to get serious just for a second and give a young man a slap on the back and a few words of appreciation. Ray Cormier, I think I speak for the majority of the boys when I say you've done a "Swelligant" job of getting the Los Angeles Motor Coach Employees' Recreation Program started with much more success than was ever dreamed possible. You're a good sport and we are all behind you. . . . While we're on the subject, we might let you in on a few of the activities now going on. Our baseball team, under Carl Smith's leadership, is unbeaten at present. Our Virgil team, at this writing, leads the bowling league. Dale Schulz is captain of the team. From all indications we should have a crackerjack baseball team. It will, of course, be led by Bob Lynch, who really can

sink 'em from all over the floor. Old reliable Smitty and Bernie Helbling are expected to form the nucleus of the team. No spot is a cinch, so all you basketeers are invited to come out for the team. . . . We open our arms to embrace these new men: L. Jordan, H. Barton, B. Savitzsky, L. Hammons, V. Prior, L. Stephens, W. Lowros, N. Moeller, J. Shirn, D. Cristman, J. Moody, J. Ford, D. Bennett, Champ, R. Pitt, W. O'Grady, and A. Potter. . . . That coy man you see wearing the beret is none other than jovial Otto Draffke. . . . The boys are wondering how Grover gets that grease on his hands. It isn't from work, they say. . . . Otto Draviner, due to the petrol shortage, has asked Dick Bright not to drink any more gas in the garage. . . . Ralph Holmes is recuperating from a bad cold. . . . Pappy Cull and Jimmy Jones are observed whispering in the corners. What's the secret, boys? . . . Last report has it that if the new parts don't arrive soon, the Mechanical Department is planning to install rockets on all coaches. Well, it would speed up service, wouldn't it? . . . Before signing off, I'd like to pass a word of thanks and praise to all the mothers and also the wives of our operators for their untiring efforts to make life a little bit easier for us. Everyone else is getting credit for doing something and I thought it about time to give our own a little bit of encouragement. Just think how tiresome things would get without them. . . . The management wishes each and every one of its employes the merriest of Christmas' and the Happiest New Year you have ever experienced. My wife Shirley, our two youngsters, Sharon and Billy, and yours truly hope Santa doesn't forget a one of you 'cause you are all mighty fine people. Adios, for now.

DORNHEGGEN - DEMIGOD

Soldiers without shooting irons are making history in this great struggle. These men of the medical corps go forth into no man's land to bring back wounded soldiers. All firing ceases as a general rule. There are, of course, exceptions which make them heroes if they live. Our unofficial correspondent, now chasing the Germans home to Berlin for Christmas, sends us this tale of a medical officer—his boss.



By Cpl. C. J. Knittle

Winning the war without weapons is the task of the medics. . . . When the Yanks smashed through Hitler's "impregnable" West Wall, ground troops everywhere discovered for the first time that their medical officer is more than a pill-roller. . . . They discovered that medics are soldiers of a unique caliber, fighting in every conflict without a weapon of combat. A soldier—not on a mission of death—but of mercy, of life.

Fourteen months before the invasion, at a peaceful New England airfield, Captain John Dornheggen of Cincinnati, Ohio, became our squadron's medical officer. It was evident on his arrival that he felt his responsibility seriously. From the beginning he sold himself to his men. He secured baseballs, bats, gloves, footballs, punching bags, boxing gloves, and set up gym equipment on the field. He organized games and played well in them.

His daily inspections of the barracks, kitchen, and mess hall became legion. Nothing escaped the scrutinous eyes of Captain Dornheggen. Yet, it is doubtful that anyone, other than his aides, ever heard him give a direct order.

On one of his inspections in England, the Captain found the mess sergeant greatly upset. Only two kp's had been assigned instead of the usual six. Captain Dornheggen removed his blouse, slipped on an apron, and in three hours peeled enough potatoes to fill a thirty-two gallon can. At another English field, he dug ditches in deep mud for six days to release stagnant water and eliminate unnecessary dampness.

Typical of his unfailing comradie, one recent morning Captain Dornheggen asked the mess sergeant why the men had not been getting hot cakes occasionally. The sergeant replied that it is impossible to make batter with powdered eggs. Late that afternoon the Captain returned and presented the sergeant with eight dozen eggs he

had by some miracle procured from nearby farms.

"Now," he chuckled, "Let's have those hot cakes in the morning."

This is the story of one who went into action at the right time—fourteen months before D-Day, in a peaceful New England field. One who is still fighting—without weapons—in the not so peaceful German fields.

"LADIES ONLY"

We see it every morning, it happens every day,

A double file of lovely girls meander on their way.

They march straight down the aisles and mount a flight of stairs,

Where the powder room awaits them, and they always go in pairs,

Perhaps the trip is long and rough, or the stairs are dark and lonely,

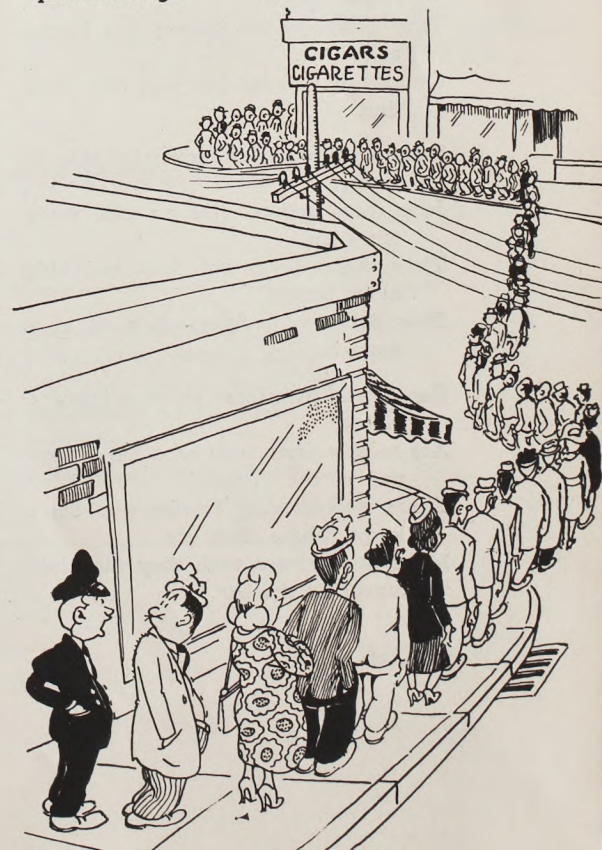
But two by two they always go to the room marked, "LADIES ONLY."

The only solution that I can find that is fair to every man,

Is to move the whole damn office into the "Ladies . . . (Little Girl's Room)."

(contributed)

"It would take darn little to make me quit smoking!"



THE BUS DRIVER'S LAMENT

By Gertrude Hamilton



Did you ever wonder as you rode on a bus
How the poor, weary driver can stand
all the fuss?
Ten hours a day he hears them complain,
"I just missed the last bus and you're
to blame!"

There's a lot more to driving than just
meets the eye.
It's not, as they say, "Just as simple
as pie!"
There's traffic and schedules, stop and
go,
Hat checks and fare zones—folks
moving slow.

Thousands of ladies with bundles galore,
Who hurry until they're half in the
door,
They set down their bundles and drag
out their purse.
Can you blame the driver for wanting
to curse?



They stand round the fare box as
though glued to the floor.
Then when they exit, they use the
front door.
They hang on the buzzer two blocks
at a time,
Or else don't ring 'till past the white
line.
Some with small children just able to
walk
Jerk them around like an old, worn
out sock.
They shove them out first, and kids
never hurry.
Poor driver's confused—he's all in a
furry!
Out-dated transfers at non-transfer
points,
Are mostly from men who have stop-
ped at the "joints."
These slow-moving drunks who don't
know where they are,
Make bus drivers wish they they had
stayed in the bar.

They stagger on, then they slip and
they stumble.
They're trying to talk but it's just a
mumble.
They pass out in the seat, then they
fall on the floor.
When they stagger out, they get
caught in the door!



And talk about questions! The silliest
ever!
But most of these dumbbells think
that they're clever.
"Do you go to Brooklyn?" "What is
the fare?"
"I'm just a stranger; let me know
when we're there."

Then they hurry back to the very last
seat,
First they nod, then they drowse.
They're finally asleep!
When the driver calls "Brooklyn,"
they're loudly snoring.
It's people like this that make life
simply boring.

But, how would it be if the folks on
the bus
Did everything right without any
fuss—
They had their fares ready and moved
right along,
Left by the exit and did nothing
wrong?

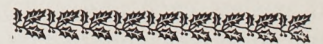
Would the drivers be happy if the
people would try it?
Would they all be contented without
such a riot?
Here's our odds: Ten to one in two
days they'd get hazy,
Why, the peace and the quiet would
drive them all crazy.



if he could check your tires, but who
now, when you have only two coupons
to spend, doesn't even thank you when
he hands you your change. We're talk-
ing about the streetcar conductor
whom we heard lash out at an elderly
woman with an uncivil, "Get a move
on, grandma," when she fumbled a lit-
tle in finding her fare.

Among the worst offenders are the
employees of the public transportation
systems in some of our large cities.
In one Eastern city the rude conduct
of the streetcar motormen and conduc-
tors has become a public scandal, but
with a powerful union calling the tune
and new employees almost impossible
to find, the company management in-
sists there is little it can do to correct
the situation. Clearly this is a case
where the union officials should step
in and deal firmly with the culprits
in their own membership. If the un-
ions are ever to win their case with
the rank-and-file public, they must
demonstrate that they are willing to
accept and carry out the responsibili-
ties which have come to them with
their new powers.

The day is coming when the war—
both of our wars—will be over, and
ten or twelve million servicemen will
be demobilized. There will again be
competition for jobs. Laundries and
filling stations will again be seeking
customers. There will also be new
laundries, new filling stations, new
stores, new automobile-repair shops,
new pants-pressing establishments —
for some of the enterprising young
men returning to civilian life will, of
course, be setting up in business on
their own. They will be smart enough
to know that courtesy is always a win-
ning technique for a new business.
They will find an eager clientele among
a lot of people who won't easily for-
get, when peace comes, the unneces-
sary arrogance, sometimes impudence
which is so often dished out to them
during these war years.



"How do you like your new
boss, Helen?"

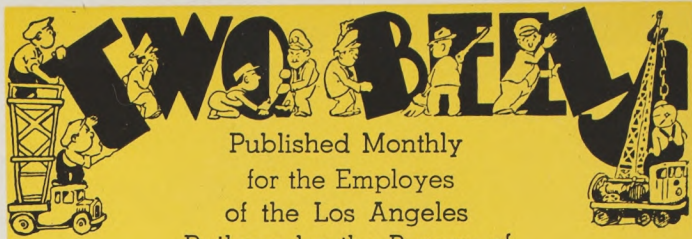
"Oh, he ain't so bad, Marge,
only he's kinda bigoted."

"Whadda ya' mean, bigoted?"

"Well, he thinks words can
only be spelled one way."

THE EDITORS OBSERVE

THE Christmas rush is about over—and what a jam session it has been! . . . At Seventh and Broadway the crowds surged halfway into the intersections . . . This is the first time in history that an operator has had to shout, "Please move back" to the crowds in his car and to the mob in front of it . . . There were so many people in the stores that folks who fainted had to wait till closing time to fall down . . . A. C. Zakor tells us that during the rush the supervisors, when asked how they were doing, answered with one word—the word coined on Guadalcanal, "Snafu". In case you dont remember, the word means, "Situation Normal; All Fouled Up." . . . We hear that an eastern city has built turnstiles into the front of their P.C.C. cars . . . Wonder if they work? . . . Then there's a yarn around that signs on New Orleans streets read, "No U-all Turn." . . . Our bundle of orchids this month go to Steve Cooper, Division 4, who broke all traditions and established something or other in the foreman profession. It seems there was a football game in the Coliseum, and Steve was trying to get men to pull football extras. He asked one motorman who seldom worked an extra. The motorman replied, "I'll work the front end if you'll work the back end." "It's a deal," said Steve, who borrowed a hat slightly smaller than he should have worn, a punch and a changer and helped haul some of the crowds from the football game . . . If you still want to do a little last minute Christmas shopping don't forget that War Bonds and War Stamps will last longer than most of the wood and paper mache toys . . . The cartoon at the bottom of the page was lent by Bob Rice, Editor of "Ohua Kaauila" (we can't pronounce it either), the house organ of the Honolulu Rapid Transit Company. Thanks, Bob. . . . At last we have come into the limelight and climbed to the top of the heap. Two weeks ago the "Trolley Song", "Clang, clang, clang went the trolley," was first on the Hit Parade.



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SPECIAL FEATURE

Janet Preston Buying Books for Christmas

PHOTOGRAPHY AND ART EFFECTS

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Bill Littlefield Bob Henry

Two Bells wishes to thank the United States Navy for the picture of Tarawa on page 5 and the All Year Club for the photograph of the City Hall on page 4.

We take this opportunity to thank all of our friends who have so kindly helped in making the magazine what it is today. We also wish to thank our many readers who have commented so favorably upon our efforts during the past year.

*A very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.
Two Bells Staff.*



Keeping Christmas

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think of what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and to try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

—Henry Van Dyke.