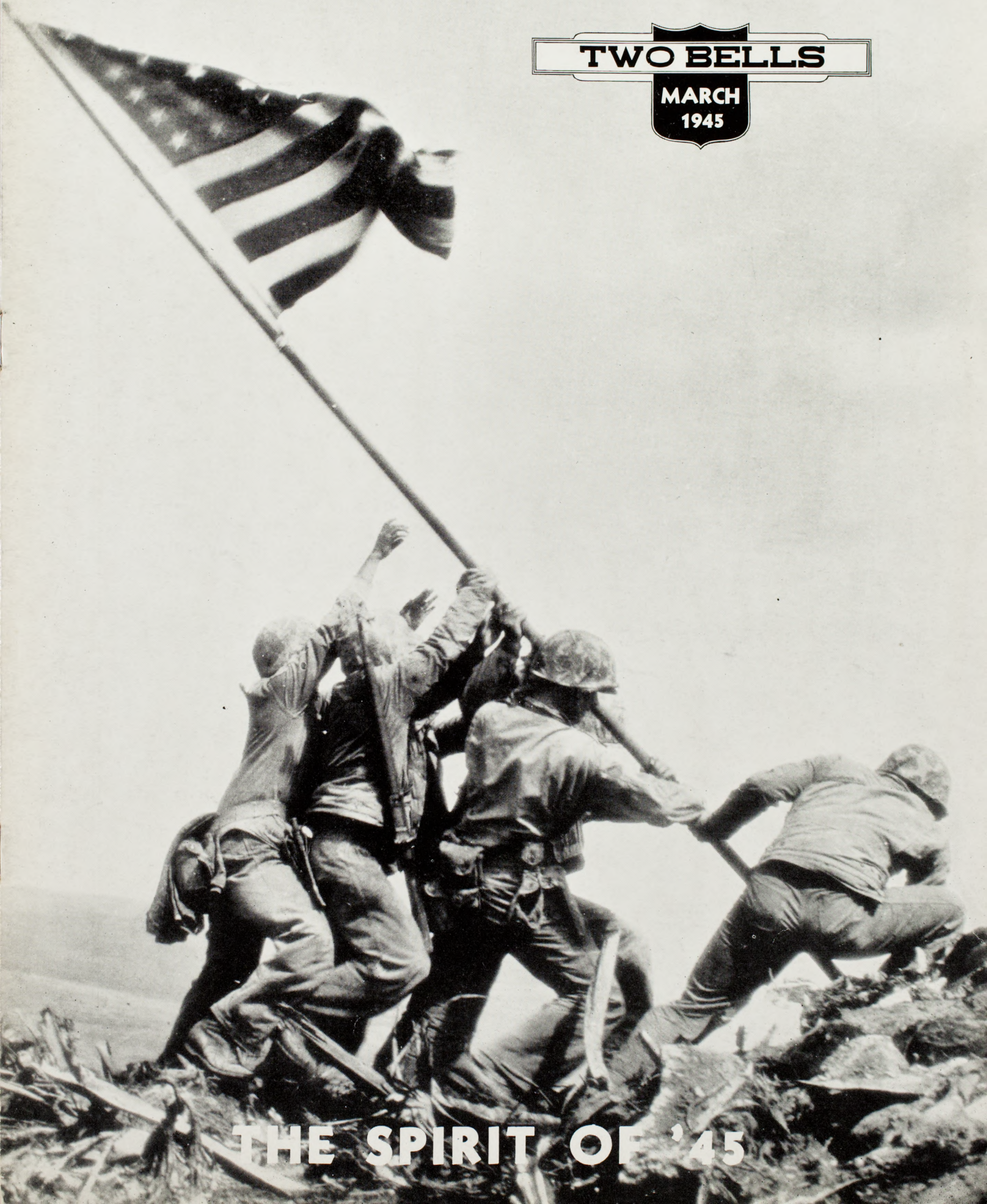


71-31

TWO BELLS

MARCH
1945



THE SPIRIT OF '45

YOUR FUTURE ?

Last month a forthright statement by E. Roy Fitzgerald, Chairman, Board of Directors of the Los Angeles Transit Lines, was published in TWO BELLS. You will remember that Mr. Fitzgerald commented on the fact that he had found a group of workers doing an unusually good job under most adverse and trying conditions. He remarked that he appreciated this attitude on your part and he gave assurance that wherever and whenever it became possible to better working conditions, it would be done.

"The Company expects to improve labor relations with the employes," he said. "It intends to improve transportation for its patrons. These conditions can only be brought about when there is harmony and close cooperation between the employes and the management."

In his statement Mr. Fitzgerald assured you that your future is secure as long as you continue to perform your duties with consideration for the Company AND ITS PATRONS. He wants teamwork—harmony between management and employe. He also wants harmony between the team and the people it serves—harmony which can only be established through safety, courtesy and service.

That Fitzgerald motto, "Safety, Courtesy, Service," has brought success not only to them but to every one of their employes as well. It is now our motto. Let's abide by it.

Violating safety rules simply because some other operators do the same, or because under the present manpower situation disciplinary measures do not worry you, is not good business. Claim adjustment payments come out of your pocket. And, besides, that isn't safety!

Arguing, casting unnecessary remarks, or insulting your patrons in any way is also poor business, for those patrons are your future as well as ours. Giving wrong directions, wrong transfers, etc., shows you don't know your job. And that certainly isn't courtesy!

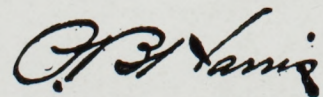
The passing up of passengers when there is room on the car or coach is very unpatriotic under present conditions. This, too, is poor business for you are now in business for yourself. Every seven cents left in the safety zone is seven cents from your monthly bonus. Besides, passing up passengers certainly isn't service!

Mr. E. Roy Fitzgerald has assured you a future and has extended the loyalty of the Company to you. Is it too much to ask the same from you?

Remember, the added traffic thrown upon our shoulders since Pearl Harbor is due mainly to restriction of passenger automobiles and rationing of gasoline. After the war the present prosperity which we now enjoy will vanish unless we plan to keep it.

Your Company intends to provide Los Angeles with better, speedier, smoother equipment in order to hold this additional business. But it's up to you to provide the safe, courteous service which will make customers like us well enough to keep riding with us.

Let's stay in business after the war.



President and General Manager.

Hell Was Iwo Jima!



IWO JIMA, "Hell's Half Acre"—a tiny fleck of black volcanic ash in the great spaces of the South Pacific—was the bloodiest, grimmest chapter in the history of American warfare.

This battle of Iwo Jima, which began on February 19, after 74 days of intensive bombardment was the toughest in the 168 years of Marine history; worse than Tarawa, Saipan, or Kwajalein. It was tougher than bloody Chateau Thierry.

Not since old Mount Suribachi belched forth sulphuric lava and black ashes to form the island has tiny Iwo Jima seen such havoc, such turmoil. Nearly seventy thousand Americans stormed ashore, wave after wave, to annihilate an estimated forty-five thousand Jap defenders. One hundred and fifteen thousand men fought the most savage battle of history over a terrain less than eight miles square—nearly thirty thousand to the mile.

The tragedies—the grimness of Iwo—have been recounted many times over these past few weeks.

The bravery of our heroic Marines has thrilled every American—those Marines who inched forward under the fire of hidden Japanese guns; who climbed Mount Suribachi past pillboxes, which spat deadly mortars, rockets and machine gun bullets; who victoriously lifted the flag atop Suribachi as hand grenades exploded at their feet. The casualty lists of four thousand dead and wounded—the price paid for this treeless, black dismal island—have chilled all.

Our flag now flies over Suribachi. From Iwo's three airfields American war birds, with a sting in



their tails and death in their bellies, will soon wing their way to every part of the Japanese Empire. The importance of Iwo is attested to in the fanatical defense offered by the enemy garrisons. The fall of Iwo marks the sure beginning of the defeat of Japan.

The struggle was a test of American mettle.

It was proof of American might. It was proof "through the night that our flag was still there."

The Hell of Iwo Jima is a sample of struggles to come as our armed forces strike nearer to the heart of Japan—a bitter taste of battles ahead when our forces meet Tojo's first line troops—nearly five million strong. Five million fanatical, tricky fighters who prefer death to surrender.

So while the memory of Iwo Jima is fresh, let's gird ourselves to the grim job ahead—to the job which begins on the homefront where American might is born.

Let us buy more bonds—and keep them.

Let us make absenteeism an extinct word.

Let's **stay** on the job and **finish** the job.

¡Clang! ¡Clang! ¡Clang!

By A. C. ZAKOR



Mexico, the land of enchantment! Mexico, the land of enterprise! Where the old blends with the new to lend itself to such intriguing contrast that it holds a certain fascination for all who visit her. This stimulating "differentness," this commingling of the old with the new, can be seen at every turn by the newcomer to Mexico.

While traveling down the modern, well-paved highways, there can be seen remnants of ancient Aztec culture, stately medieval palaces and magnificent cathedrals flanked by modernistic edifices.

Sharp and dramatic contrast is evident even in transportation. Side by side the airplane, the ox cart, side by side the automobile, the pack-burros. Transportation in Mexico is progressing into a most compact and up-to-date system. T.W.A. and American Airlines furnish Mexico with swift daily flights. Interurban bus lines, using modern up-to-date buses, equal to our transcontinental buses, crisscross the country.

But this is a story of Mexico's urban transportation.

Squeaking tranvias (streetcars) and rough shod camiones (buses) wander every which way in the cities of Mexico. The tranvias rattle along on broad gauge rails which, in most cases, run close to the curb. Some of the streets are so narrow that when the tranvia takes a corner to the right, the body of the vehicle is liable to be over the sidewalk. And down Mexico way, Senor pedestrian must be continually on guard. However, frequent service is provided and the passenger never has to wait long for a car at any point for there is no manpower shortage here. This service, though, may depend upon a lot of things. For instance, early morning trips might be held up by a fruit or vegetable car which is running along, peddling its produce to the itinerant shop keepers along the way. These cars roll along, wedged in between the regular passenger cars. At times the clang, clang is terrific, especially if a fruit vendor pauses to pass the time of day with some dark-eyed senorita.

The trainmen, and this seems to be universal throughout Mexico, wear no set uniforms. They are given an identification badge to wear on whatever clothes they choose. For instance, a motorman on a car may like the importance of a tall sombrero while his conductor wears the conventional straw hat in summer and felt in the winter. Or the motorman may carry a multi-colored serape over his shoulder or wear a blanket



Above: An overloaded burro plods his weary way.



Left: Buses and cars at the Plaza de la Constitution in Mexico City.

i Sono El Tranvia!

with his head sticking through a hole in the middle. He may even have spangles on his trousers.

Fare Treatment Lacks Effort

Until recently the siesta was a very integral part of Mexican life. Every afternoon from two until five those who wished to would find a cool spot and relax. So it is no wonder that when there is a lull of business on the cars, the conductor takes a nap during a long trip, for he usually doesn't worry too much about fares. The fare is generally collected as you leave, so you may leave in a hurry before the car comes to a stop and forget to pay. Usually the conductor will whistle at you but that is about as much effort as he will make. On the camiones, though, the driver will more than likely collect before he allows you to exit, for ten to one the bus driver is the owner of his camione.

The fare in Mexico City is ten centavos, or two cents. Paper tickets are sold four for twenty-five centavos, which make a good reduction. You can ride for thirty-six miles in one direction on one paper ticket and if you should be taking a siesta when you get to the end of the line, you can ride back to your starting point without paying another fare. However, the fares on the interurban trains are proportionate to the distance which you ride. The bus fare of two cents may seem very low but isn't really when you take into consideration the fact that the average laborer in Mexico makes about fifty cents a day.

Tokens Are Used Sparsely

Some cities use tokens. Mazatlan, a seaport in the state of Sinaloa at the entrance of the Gulf of California, and famous for its mother-of-pearl, was the first Mexican city to use fare tokens. They,

Busy car stop
before the
Shrine of the
Virgin of Guadalupe,
Mexico
City.



like other cities, used horse cars before the invention of the electric streetcar, and like other cities in the United States, found small change scarce in 1892. As a result, they issued tokens in two colors, brown and black, made of hard vulcanized rubber.

Ciudad Juarez, in the state of Chihuahua, located across the Rio Grande from El Paso, also has fare tokens but of the more modern type. However, they reverse the usual procedure so common in the United States in which our small tokens are good for one full fare and the large tokens being used for half fare or school fare. In Juarez they use a brass token, larger than a five cent piece, for adult fare, and a small white metal token, similar to ours, for one-half fare.

Colorful Camiones

In Mexico City most of the tranvias are British owned. The camiones, however, are generally owned and operated by separate individuals. There are approximately five thousands of these buses operating in Mexico City, and each street is covered by a separate franchise. The owner of the franchise may put as many buses on the line as he wishes and he may either build a schedule or run his buses whenever the mood strikes him. On some of the lines a dozen camiones of the

same route will come into a terminal at one time and all leave in a group, convoy style.

Although there are hundreds of different types of camiones, there are only six different types of tranvias, the best cars being similar to the Pacific Electric 600's (those on the Echo Park run) with bars on the windows and wicker seats. All cars are two-man operated, except for a few Birney type vehicles (like our shuttle cars). The maintenance of the equipment is fair. Some cars carry the manufacturer's name of Brill of Philadelphia or the St. Louis Car Company stencilled on the inside. Most of the tranvias in the city are painted a dark yellow but in striking contrast the camiones are painted all colors of the spectrum. Each of the hundred or more different lines must have its individual colors in addition to the destination sign for the benefit of the many Indians and peons who can only distinguish the line by its color.

"Completo"

Although many of the camiones are in a poor state of repair (it depends entirely upon the initiative of the owner), there are a number of buses which are rather luxurious. These are used on the heavier lines along with an equal number of the cheaper buses. The

(Continued on Page 16)

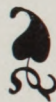


Heads up for

*Spring springs to
Milady's head---if
it blooms, wear it.*



"Cake frosting" flowers set off this white straw, a Leslie James version, so popular for early spring and summer. Betty Warren, secretary in the Bureau of Public Service, smiles approvingly.



"Springtime setting" for Madame Reine's delicate white straw sailor covered with white blossoms. Angelee La Fay, feminine mechanic and clerk at Sixteenth Street, is set for spring.



"Flowery headliner" in fushia and purple with two satin bows. Betty Stuart, coachette for the Los Angeles Motor Coach Lines, poses in Madame Reine's favorite flower hat.

Leap Year? . . . Extra! Wuxtra! J. T. Schmedeman wanted to get away from it all; get away from that "clang, clang, clang" of the trolley! He not only achieved the impossible in finding a new place in which to live, but he "got away from it all" by moving down to Venice where he purchased what he calls a "hotel." We have often wondered what we would do if we got stuck at the beach some night . . . The other day we found, on the car, the remains of an ice cream bar—the wooden handle or stick—and printed on the stick were these words, "When the preacher says 'Do you —, it's too late; just say 'I do'."

MEET YOUR CUSTOMER

A Virginia Bank keeps a thoughtful message posted for its staff members as a reminder to remain courteous, cordial and helpful with the people who enter the bank. The message is entitled "The Customer . . . The Most Important Person Ever in This Bank."

This message not only applies to banks, but also to streetcars, and it offers important checking points which are worth repeating and remembering.

1. "The customer is not dependent upon you—you are dependent upon him."

2. "The customer is not an interruption of your work—he is the purpose of it. You are not doing him a favor by serving him—he is doing you a favor by giving you the opportunity to do so."

3. "The customer is not a rank outsider to your business—he is a part of it."

4. "The customer is not a cold statistic—he is a flesh-and-blood human being with feelings and emotions like your own, with biases and prejudices—even though he may have a deficiency of certain 'vitamins' which you think important."

5. "The customer is not someone to argue with or match wits against—nobody ever won an argument with a customer even though he may have thought he did."

6. "The customer is a person who brings us his wants. If we have sufficient imagination we will endeavor to handle him in a way which will be profitable both to him and to ourselves."

7. "The customer is always right."

THE TROLLEY PILOT'S PRAYER



Grant me an alert mind and watchful eye,
That no man may be hurt as I pass by.
Thou grantest life, and pray no act of mine
May take away nor mar that gift of Thine.
Shelter those, Dear Lord, who bear me company,
From the evils of ire and from all discourtesy.
Teach me to drive my car for others' needs,
Nor miss, through love of speed,
The beauty of Thy world,
Thus may I give service, with joy untold.

HILLBILLY BOYS

By L. B. Meek

Well, here we go again. Everyone around Division Three has a little bit of spring fever. . . . David Reeves is one of the first to venture out. On his spot of land near Arcadia he has strawberries on their way already, and by the time he gets the rest of that acre planted, he will have acquired a very nice sunburn, a coat of tan, and plenty of backaches. . . . E. B. Adams has been doing a little of that transplanting, too. . . . C. M. Delahunty grows his vegetables on the side of the hill so that when weeds grow up through them, you can

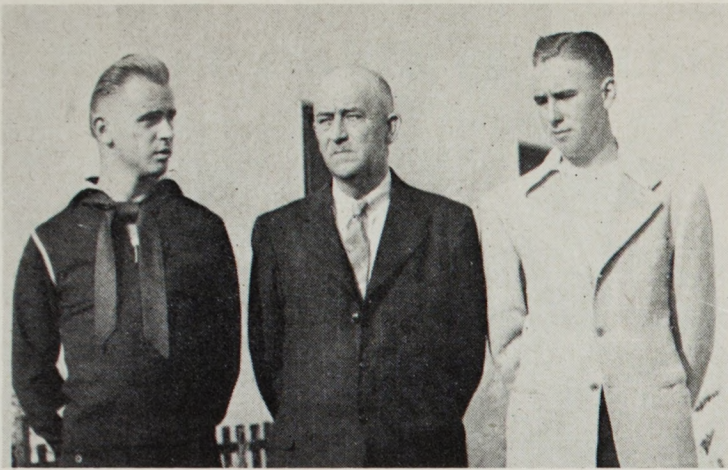
just reach up from the lower side, slip out whatever you want, and never disturb a weed. . . . Horticultural honors probably go to our Foreman Mr. Reid. He can find more unusual stuff to play with than anyone I know. Cucumbers two feet long were the result last year. What next? . . . This article is beginning to sound a lot like spring but that is what I have on my mind, on my shoes, on my hands, and all around the place.

We have had a number of employes return recently and amongst those we find A. J. Natterman, R. D. Martin, A. L. Mor-

HI HO SILVER!

Off on an adventure go these three Ronel children aboard their three-seater steed. They are Victor, who is four; Jerome Junior, three years old, and Betty Marie, working the head end, who is two. This unique three-seater horse was built by Papa Rondel of the Virgil Division. It even has a tail and a foot rest.





KILLER DILLER MILLERS

Left to right: John Miller, Junior, who is somewhere in the South Pacific; Papa John Miller, Division Three, and Arthur Miller, who hails from Division One.

ton, Georgia Ray, Elva Grooms, W. P. Stuart and part-timers Frank Whitehead and Harry Sydesnstricker. Welcome back, gang, and we hope you have as much fun as ever. . . . A nice letter was received from H. E. Flanagan, MOMM, 1/C, U. S. Navy. We are always glad to get a word from these boys. . . . Mrs. Sue Breckbill was a mighty happy woman when she recently received the Purple Heart sent to her by her husband, Lloyd, who was convalescing in an Army Hospital somewhere in England. From all indications Lloyd is getting along fine, and when the medics get through with him he will be as good as new. We are just as proud as Mrs. Breckhill is, because, after all, Lloyd is one of our gang. . . . We have had our annual visit from Mr. Groundhog, have honored Lincoln's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day, and Washington's birthday and now we come to the Irish and St. Patrick's Day. This brings up a personality at Division Three known as Steve Gannon, who is as typically Irish as the green in Ireland's Flag, and when I speak of him as "typically Irish", I mean that he typifies everything fine that is contained within the Irish race. You never hear Steve speak ill of anyone—you never hear him complain. He has always a good word and a smile, and irrespective of his lot he accepts it as the fates

decree. Steve is finishing up twenty-five years of service, with a record that any man can be proud of. He has raised a fine family, who are doing their bit for Uncle Sam. Of course, Steve is one of many such men, Irish or otherwise, of whom this division has reason to be proud. . . .

A teacher called for sentences using the word "beans."

"My father grows beans," said the bright boy of the class.

"My mother cooks beans," came from another pupil.

Then a third piped up:

"We are all human beans."

FOGGY WEATHER

This snapshot was made at Hollister, California, where Ensign Paul Henderson, twenty-year-old son of Operator H. Henderson of Division One, is in training. Paul has promised us a better photo when he gets into actual duty.



SENTIMENTS OF A SEABEE

So you're tired of working, Mister, and you think you'll rest a bit. You've been working pretty steady, and you're getting sick of it. You think the war is ending, so you're slowing down the pace? That's what you may be thinking, Sir, but it just is not the case! Would you like it if because we're tired, we up and quit it, too? Well, we're flesh and blood and human, and we're just as tired as you!

Did you ever dig a foxhole and climb down deep inside, and wish it went to China, so you'd have some place to hide while motored buzzards packed with guns were circling overhead, spraying every crack of ground with hot exploding lead? (You feel yourself all over as you burrow in the dirt to find out how and where and when your carcass has been hurt; and find, although you scarce can move, you are not hurt at all, but so twisted, shocked and shaky that you almost want to bawl.)

Were you ever hungry, Mister, not the kind that food soon gluts, but a grinding, biting hunger that tears and twists your guts? It's a homesick hunger, Mister, that attacks you deep inside, and there ain't no way of dodging it—there ain't no place to hide!

Were you ever dirty, Mister, not the wilty collar kind, but an oozy, slimy, messy dirt, and the gritty kind that grinds? Did you ever mind the wind, Sir, not the usual homely blows, but those searing, maddening, crippling glares in the lands of ice and snow?

Were you ever weary, Mister, just down-right wholly numb, when your feet ain't got no feelin' and your legs are weak as gum.

Well, we've been tired and hungry, seared with frost and broiled in sun; mired in mud and stench and oozy slime, peppered by Jap and Hun. And we've often felt like quitting, throwing down the tools of war, for we don't see sense in **fighting** for the things you won't **work** for! Of course, that's just plain grouching, for **we** won't quit, you know, until we have Berlin in our hand and march in Tokyo.

And so we keep agoin', Sir, you can bet your life we do, and let me tell you, Mister, we expect the same of you.

PRODIGAL SONS



August Morton



Virgil McKnight



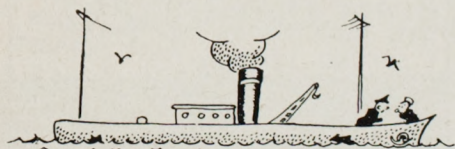
Edward Keitzman



Charles Jameson

Since our last issue, six more prodigal sons have returned to their old jobs from the armed services. Four of them dropped by to detail their experiences for TWO BELLS.

August Morton, who hails from Division Three, left our service September 28, 1942, and returned January 2, 1945. He received both of the Christmas presents from the company; one while he was stationed on Guadalcanal, and the other while he was recuperating in a hospital. Morton was a chief machinist's mate and saw his last action at Bougainville, going through considerable bombing when his merchant ship, which was loaded with bombs, high octane gas, provisions and cigarettes was attacked. "The near misses", says Morton, "were as bad as a direct hit. They ripped open the seams of our ship and it was necessary to fill the bottom with cement and bring it home for repairs."



"Must you sing, 'Comin' In On A Curb And A Sidewalk'?"

Virgil McKnight, formerly with Division One, tells us that he didn't see much action in the South Pacific nor did he see a can of beer in seven months. Virgil finally became a corporal and was in Milne Bay, New Guinea and Cape Gloucester, New Britain. He was with the Medical Corps which was attached to the Fifth Air Force. He says they saw few battle casualties and most of their work was handling the patients who had dengue fever, jungle rot, malaria, etc.

Edward Keitzman returns to Sixteenth Street after twenty-eight

months in the Navy. Edward was at Bougainville on D-Day and stayed there for seven months, working with the Sea Bees who were attached to the Third Marines Amphibious Corps. He suffered seven attacks of malaria and was finally discharged. He tells us that working as a bus driver is play compared to working and fighting as a Sea Bee. The Sea Bee's motto is "Can Do" and he works seven days a week if necessary. On Bougainville they built two fighter air strips while under continuous shelling by the Japs. In fact, they were under steady bombardment for six weeks. Naturally, it was hard to sleep at night because of the noise, and no one could sleep in the daytime because of the heat. He tells us that there are still about twenty-five thousand Japs on the island. The Marines have pushed them out of range and the Japs have taken to gardening. Our soldiers wait until their gardens are ready to harvest, and then they load some crank case or Diesel oil onto a plane and spray it over the rice fields. The oil makes the harvest disgustingly distasteful.



"Cursed American aviator evidently not heard of great American oil shortage."

Charles Jameson of the Way and Structures Department really has a lot to tell. He was a motor machinist mate, first class, with the Fifty-third Battalion of Sea Bees. He went in with the Second and Third Raiders on D-Day at Bougainville. With the Marines he jumped off the landing boats, a gun in one hand and a "Mexican drag line" (long handled shovel)

in the other. He helped to clear the beach so that the L.S.T. boats could float in. Jameson stayed on that beach fifteen days after D-Day and during that time he got his quota of Japs—a quota being anywhere from one to one hundred.

When attacking, the Japs would strip off all their clothing (their naked, brown bodies are hard to see after dark) and then in groups of four or five they would sneak into our lines. Besides hand grenades, each Jap carried a hollow bamboo stick, made like the clackers kids use on Hallowe'en. The Japs flipped these with their fingers to signal each other as they sneaked beneath the barbed wire entrenchments. The Marines soon learned to duck low in their foxholes when they heard the clacking of the bamboo signals. They could tell how far away the Jap (Gypsy Rose) patrol was, and when it came within range the Americans would toss hand grenades in the general direction.

The natives of Bougainville, Jameson relates, have learned to use hand grenades to perfection. They prefer the American brand because they claim that only one out of five of the Japanese variety go off. The natives fish for barracuda with these handy weapons. They stand on a coral reef, and when a school of the silver flashing fish come in, they toss their grenades. The explosion stuns the fish which rise to the top of the water. The natives then dash in and toss out as many as they can. Before the barracuda come to life, the natives clamber out because these fish are dangerous things to have swimming about your ankles. One man who jumped in a pool was cut in two hundred fourteen places by the fighting barracuda before he could be pulled out.

THE EDITORS OBSERVE



Spirit of '45

WE believe that the dramatic photograph gracing our front cover is the greatest picture of this war. It looks more like a piece of delicate sculpture than a photo. It shows United States Marines, one of whom is a Los Angeles boy, Private-first-class Raymond E. Jacobs, hoisting the American flag atop battle scarred Mount Suribachi. For this moment the Marines paid dearly in dead and wounded as they battled firmly entrenched Japs from the beach of Iwo Jima to the rim of the crater. They hoisted the flag as death hovered overhead. "Long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"Faith," the essay on the back cover, was submitted by L. R. Onken. It is apropos of the moment.

FAITH....

From the first turning of the furrow until the final harvest, no man lives more by faith than he who tills the soil. His faith is in the good earth and in the law of nature, in the fruits of soil and in the promise of reward according to achievement.

As we face the peace with its obligations to the many who have sacrificed so much, we must turn to these unflinching guides on which Americans have so long depended.

Faith in America and faith in America's future: a future of expansion, useful productivity and higher standards of living.

Faith in the American's way of doing things by which each person, each organization, each industry, each business must take its place according to ability and capacity, in one great, coordinated, inter-related system of living, working and contributing to the national welfare.

Faith in the righteousness and benefits of individual freedom and individual enterprise.

Faith in the principle that there can be no rights without responsibilities; no privileges to enjoy without duties to perform.

Faith in work as the forerunner of reward - in incentive as the kindling sparks of ambition.

Faith in America's progressive instinct and in the things which serve it: science, research, engineering, transportation, technical knowledge and skill.

Faith in the rights of great and small things alike and in the importance to all of a free, peaceful and productive America.

We who are engaged in transportation must also live by faith - by faith in the convictions upon which our policies are based.

We believe that with stout hearts and willing hands and with a belief by all of us in these principles, America's future will inevitably bring better things for more people and keep this a pleasant world in which to live.

Faith

Jameson has much praise for the Australian soldiers with whom he fought. "Those Aussies are really tough, and terrifically cool," he remarked. "They never get excited. Why, I saw a whole regiment stop right in the middle of an invasion to make a pot of tea!"



"Blimey, that blinking sniper nearly got our pot o' teal!"

Because of an heroic act on the part of his commander, Jameson was wounded. While a detachment of Sea Bees, of whom Jameson was one, was unloading a ship with a "tank liner" (a boat similar to the Higgins boat used to carry the tanks ashore), an aerial torpedo dropped from a Japanese plane and headed for a transport loaded with American soldiers. The commander of the "tank liner" saw the torpedo coming and steered his heavily armored small craft directly in line with the projectile. The crew on the tank liner got off as quickly as they could, and Jameson was the last to jump, leaving the ship just as the torpedo connected. The explosion kept him going for one hundred fifty yards, and he landed in the water on his neck and one shoulder.

It is nice to welcome back these prodigal sons—these who have given so much in order that the world might be free. We were proud to talk to them—and are anxiously awaiting the return of all our prodigal sons.

SAFETY, COURTESY, SERVICE TALKS

As TWO BELLS goes to press, meetings are being held at each Division in the interests of safety, courtesy, and service. Short talks are being given by Mr. P. B. Harris, Mr. C. E. Morgan, and Mr. L. L. Wimberly regarding these three factors under present war time conditions.

"The best safety device which can be put on a car is located about an inch and one-half above the operator's eyebrows," says Mr. Harris. "It is this safety device which is liable to become damaged by war nerves during these strenuous times. Our object in holding these talks is to appeal to the men for their cooperation in combatting any battle fatigue on the home front, to point out to them simple improvements in their operation which will make their job easier and safer even under the present crowded conditions."

THE POST WAR PICTURE

"WHAT A HECK OF A RUT HE GOT INTO!"





Stars in L. A. Transit Lines Service Flag 514
 Stars in L.A.M.C. Lines Service Flag 122

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY G.I.'s

Dorothy M. Adams Con., Div. 5
 Glen B. Fish Mot., Div. 1
 Greene Kerr Mot., Div. 5
 Vincent Calli Opr., L.A.M.C. Lines
 Warren G. Droker Mech. Help., L.A.M.C. Lines

BACK FROM MILITARY SERVICE

Virgil McKnight Mot., Div. 1
 Edward S. Keitzman Opr., 16th Street
 Arthur L. Leisure Mech., 16th Street
 Charles E. Jameson ... Road Jan., Way & Structures
 Felix F. Shipley .. Auto Wash Rack Foreman, 16th St.
 C. A. Davenport Con., Div. 1

PRISONERS-OF-WAR

Paul Lewis Jack M. Dark

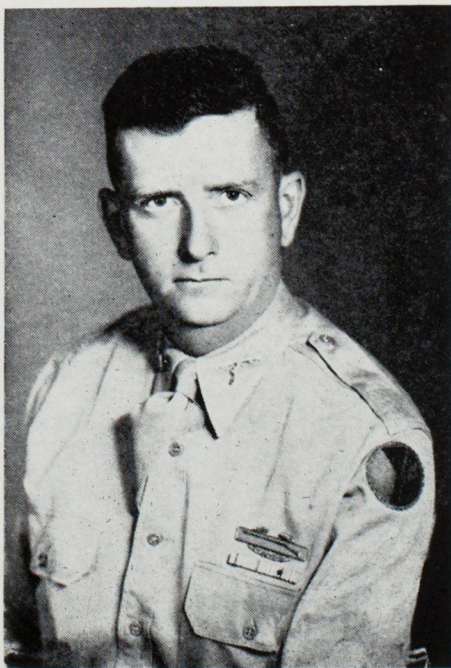
MISSING IN ACTION

Marcus J. Lemley T. E. Nolan

IN MEMORIAM

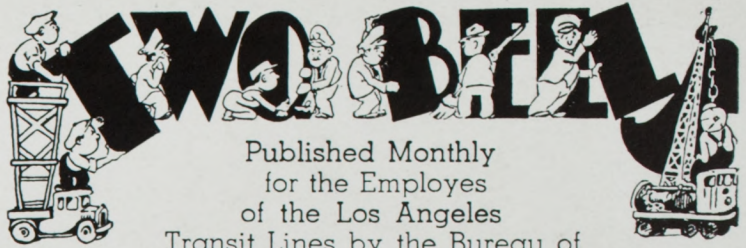
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| ★ H. F. Osborne | ★ L. D. Canatsey |
| ★ J. H. Baldrige | ★ L. M. Lininger |
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| ★ W. P. Cody | ★ Guy Barnett |
| ★ Antonio Hernandez | ★ George Ernest Keith |
| ★ W. C. Thorman | ★ Thomas F. Hoyne |

GOLD STAR SIXTEEN



**Thomas
F.
Hoyne**

Gold star No. 16 on our service flag honors the memory of Thomas F. Hoyne who made the supreme sacrifice in this great struggle. Thomas was formerly an operator at the Virgil Coach Division of the Los Angeles Motor Coach Lines. His host of friends remark that he was a quiet guy who minded his own business, did his work and got along with his fellowmen. He left our service February 7, 1941, to return to the National Guard of which he was a member. He was sent overseas August 23, 1942, never to return



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SPECIAL FEATURE

Clang, Clang, Clang, Sono El Tranvia
By A. C. Zakor

PHOTOGRAPHY AND ART EFFECTS

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| Associated Press | Guy Gifford |
| International News Photos | Roy Finley |
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LOS ANGELES



TRANSIT LINES



home, for he was killed in action on Leyte, December 24, the day before Christmas, 1944. Thomas was a captain in the infantry. The insignia he is wearing in the photo is the Infantryman's Combat Badge, and the ribbons on his chest bespeak campaigns in the South Pacific.

We take this opportunity to extend our condolences to the bereaved widow, Mrs. Jean Hoyne, and to young Michael, age six, Steven, age three, and Patrick, the new boy whom Thomas had never seen.

FAITH

From the first turning of the furrow until the final harvest, no man lives more by faith than he who tills the soil. His faith is in the good earth and in the laws of nature, in the fruits of toil and in the promise of reward according to achievement.

As we face the peace with its obligations to the many who have sacrificed so much, we must turn to these unfailing guides on which Americans have so long depended.

Faith in America and faith in America's future - a future of expansion, useful productivity and higher standards of living.

Faith in the American's way of doing things by which each person, each organization, each industry, each business must take its place according to ability and capacity, in one great, coordinated, inter-gearred system of living, working and contributing to the national welfare.

Faith in the rightness and benefits of individual freedom and individual enterprise.

Faith in the principle that there can be no rights without responsibilities - no privileges to enjoy without duties to perform.

Faith in work as the forerunner of reward - in incentive as the kindling sparks of ambition.

Faith in America's progressive instinct and in the things which serve it - science, research, engineering, transportation, technical knowledge and skill.

Faith in the rights of great and small things alike and in the importance to all of a free, peaceful and productive America.

We who are engaged in transportation must also live by faith - by faith in the convictions upon which our policies are based.

We believe that with stout hearts and willing hands and with a belief by all of us in these principles, America's future will inevitably bring better things for more people and keep this a pleasant world in which to live.