



Weekly Topics

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INVASION--TWICE A DAY

When you read the detailed accounts of a million troops moving into a battle area of Europe or invading an island in the Philippines, you marvel at the intricate pattern of scheduling, timing and preparation which goes into that mass movement. You can picture the thousands of jeeps, trucks, half tracks, railway cars, boats, barges, war ships, planes and submarines needed for those troop transportation jobs.

You can't help but admit that getting each one of the millions of soldiers to his appointed place, at the exact time, is a stupendous achievement in transportation.

The transportation divisions of the armed forces deserve the highest awards. We cannot praise their work too highly.

But did you ever pause and notice that twice each day a similar achievement takes place in this very city? It does! There

isn't the drumming of guns and the scream of strafing planes to accompany the movement, nor is it on quite so gigantic a scale, of course, because supplies for the troops on the home front do not necessarily follow them to their appointed places. But twice each day the Los Angeles Transit Lines transport nearly a million passengers who are going to thousands of different places in hundreds of different directions in a very short space of time.

This gigantic movement of people within the city has been going on for a number of years. It has been dubbed "mass transportation" because it is the movement of the masses. Ask a man on the street what mass transportation means and he'll probably reply, "It means everyone in town getting on one car". The complexity of the pattern necessary to move a million troops, whether it be the battle of Broadway or Belgium, does not enter

his mind. And just in case you've given little thought to mass transportation, of which you are an integral part, we'll brief it for you.

Picture yourself looking down upon the city, a la Superman, just as the shops, the factories, and the office buildings disgorge their millions of customers and workers into the stream of homeward bound humanity. Well, you can't follow all of them, so let's pick one. How about that fellow just stepping into the safety island at Seventh and Broadway? The one who was squeezed back into the street by that large shopper.

You know where the fellow is going? No, of course you don't—but we do. We know he'll take a "5" car to Manchester, then a bus to his home. It's our business to know because we have to furnish him transportation, and how can we have a car at his stop at the correct time twice each day without knowing!

And there's nearly a million other passengers who fit into this intricate "thing" called *mass transportation*. By knowing where they are going and at what time they board and leave our vehicles, our schedule experts have pieced together this jig-saw puzzle into a workable plan. A plan comprising over one hundred and fifty "master schedules". These schedules regulate the flow of the vehicles to their proper places at the proper time. Within this huge intricate pattern we have established time points on every line or route. You have probably noticed a streetcar coming up to a time point, and being a little ahead of time, it will slow down and creep along. *It has to be there at the exact second.*

The schedule experts inform us that to handle this "invasion twice a day"—the mass transportation of this huge city—it is necessary to establish over three million separate time points during a twenty-four hour period. Space does not permit the detailed explanation of running time, separate classifications, etc., but we hope in succeeding stories to detail for you the complexities of this tremendous jig-saw puzzle — "MASS TRANSPORTATION".

Hear
The Talk of Our Town
SOUTHLAND NEWS CAST
Monday through Saturday
KFAC
11:30 A.M.

TWO BELLS
THEATRE
Presents Monett
Murder Mysteries
Each Wednesday & Friday
9:45 P.M.
KECA

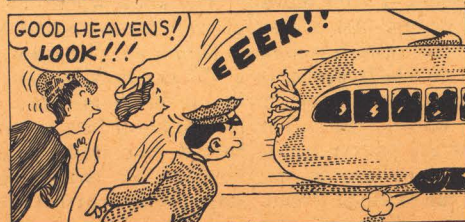
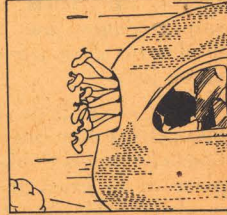
SONG OF THE MOTORMAN
The trolley pilot up in front
Began to hum a song,
And kept on singing louder as
The streetcar rolled along.

And high above the clanging noise . . .
The chattering and din,
He fought the crowd for elbow space
And sang, "Don't fence me in!"
—Peggie May Mosier (P.M.)

We still need help.
Apply 1056 So. Broadway.

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