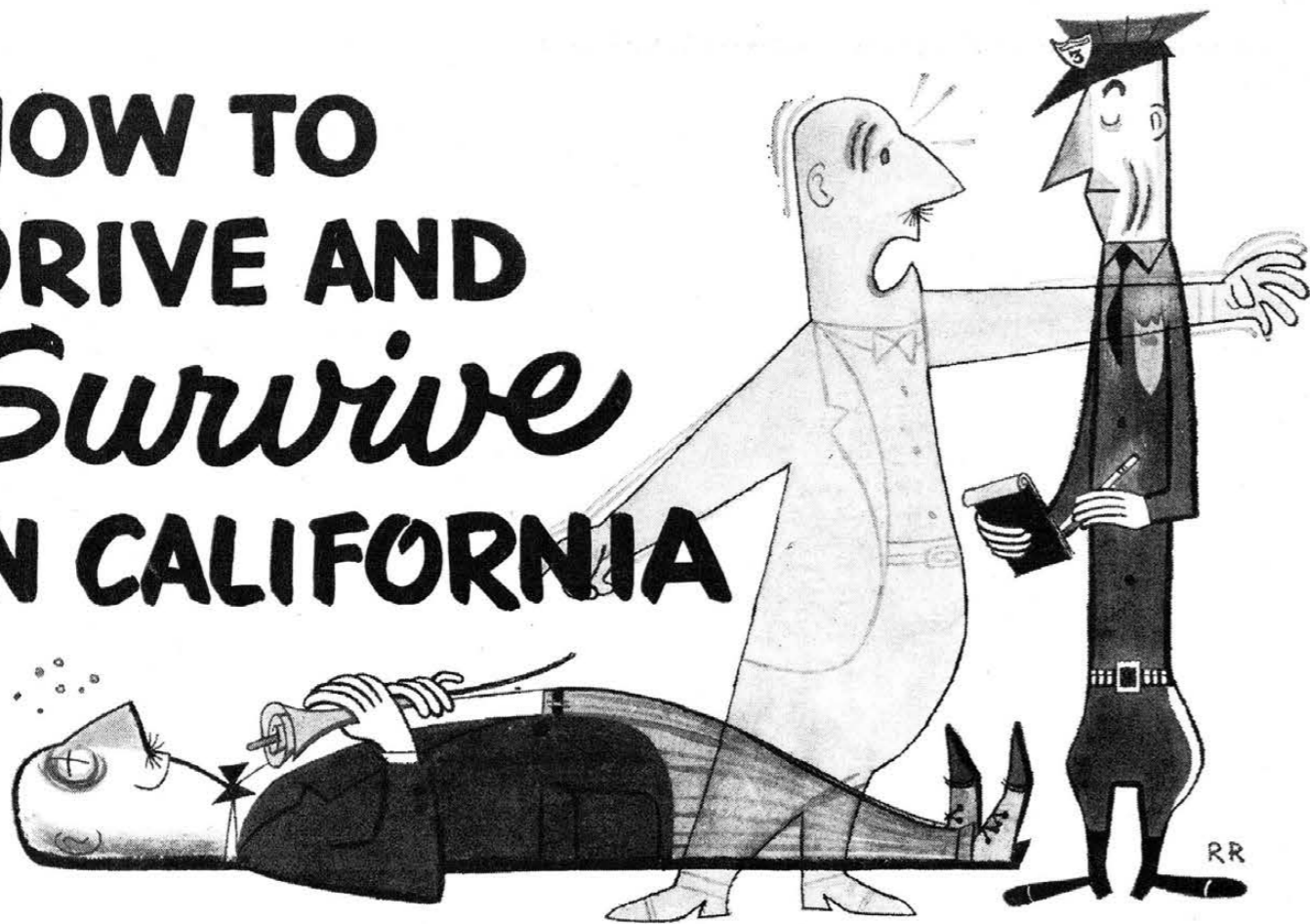


# HOW TO DRIVE AND Survive IN CALIFORNIA



By Richard Day  
Illustrated by Ray Rich

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The daily mail includes all kinds of letters from all types of personalities. Occasionally one of the letters directed toward the Correspondence Column produces an idea or human interest story worthy of a page or more in the body of the magazine. The experiences of Richard Day on his recent trip

to California should prove interesting to the average reader. While we can not condone all his ideas, by adapting them to our present way of driving, we felt that cutting or re-writing his story might cause loss of the feeling Mr. Day took home with him to Monee, Illinois. Mr. Day's letter reads as follows:

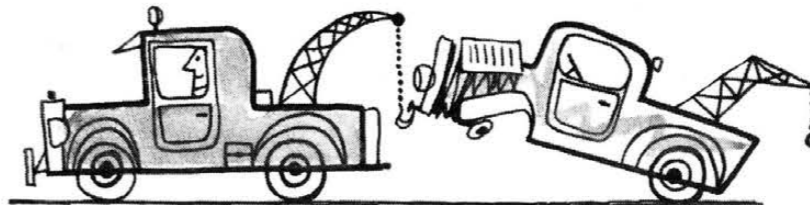
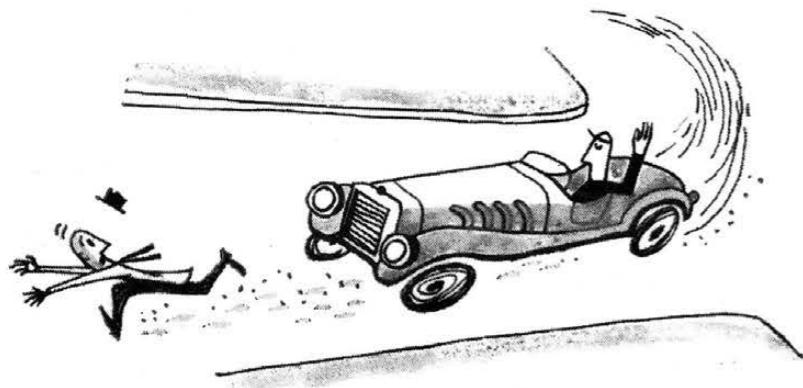
**IT IS SAID** that a pedestrian in Los Angeles hasn't much chance. That isn't

true. California pedestrians have all the breaks. Any California driver will stop for a pedestrian the minute he steps off the curb at a marked intersection. They'll do it every time, but the story goes that a policeman will pin a ticket to the corpse of a jay-walker. The first rule, then, for driving in Los Angeles is to stop for pedestrians at intersections.

This can be very disconcerting to an out-of-state driver used to letting pedestrians fend for themselves at cross streets unless there is a stop sign or a traffic light. He is roaring along one of the smooth wide thoroughfares like Wilshire Boulevard. A pedestrian steps off the curb, but our tourist thinks nothing of it until—screech—the cars ahead of him come to a standstill. He almost climbs over the convertible ahead of him trying to halt. The pedestrian nonchalantly saunters across Wilshire in front of the waiting cars.

Give a signal before pulling off that brilliant maneuver of yours is the second rule. California drivers are the most skilled in the world; they have to be in order to stay alive. They will make allowances for you if you will be kind enough to signal before you make your right turn, left turn, U-turn or your stop in the middle

**SIGNAL** in the correct manner and then turn. It's always open season on Jaywalkers



**PROCRASTINATION** on the part of the out of town driver will get him nowhere

of the boulevard to check the radiator. Signal first and then anything goes.

Los Angeles drivers go like mad. Distances out there are great and roads are wide, so why not motate. For the newcomer it is sometimes frightening to be driving along at a blistering pace and have cars whiz past you. The first few days you are there you will see the backs of a good many California cars, but watch out. The speed bug will get you too. When it does and you begin passing up Californians, remember that you must get rid of the habit before you leave California. You'll never get away with it anywhere else.

Another good rule to follow: if the traffic is heavy and a truck or sight-seeing bus happens to be ahead of you, get in behind it. How those fellows can worry about their gear-shifting or their, "On the right we have this, and on the left we have that," and still get through traffic the way they do is beyond the author's ken but they always manage to do it.

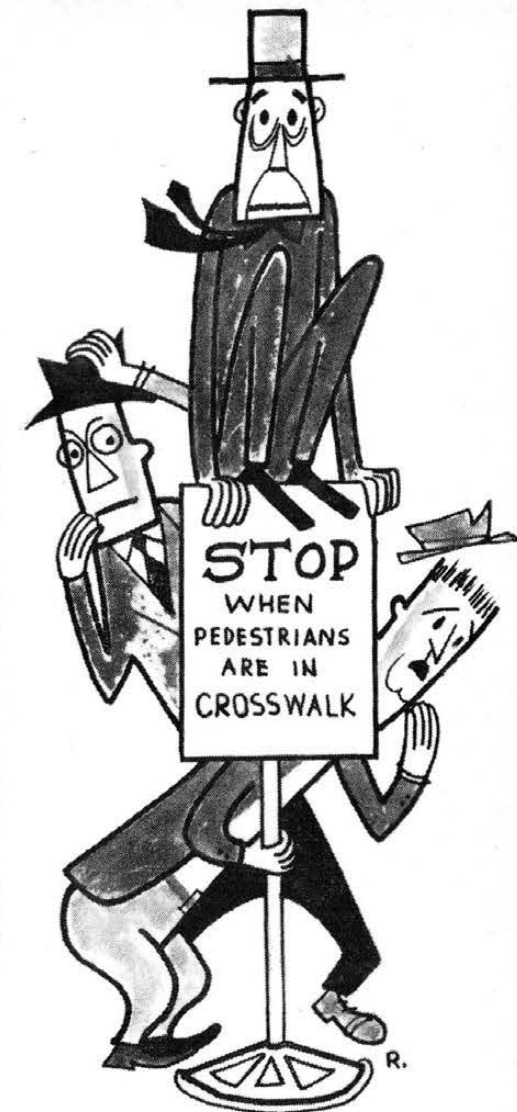
Suppose you are driving down Hollywood Boulevard and you want to turn left on Vine. You are in the left lane and all the cars are stopped waiting for the "go" signal. Your hand is out indicating a left turn. The signal quickly changes from stop to go. They're off! Where are you? Have you made your turn or are you still at the light waiting for the oncoming cars to clear? A full-fledged California driver never waits. He detests it.

So, when in Rome, do as the Romans do. Step on the gas. You gave the turn signal, so go through. Why be a sucker? Let them wait for you, and if you don't succeed, there are many fine body and fender shops in California. They thrive there.

Don't get the idea that California drivers are maniacs. On the contrary, they are orderly, skillful and smooth automobile operators who pay attention to their driving instead of star-gazing. A driver may pull off some stupid stunt and yet there is none of the horn-honking or name-calling that would be standard procedure in other states but, as with everything else out there, the pressure is great. They don't loiter, they move. This is why you get that warm, happy feeling inside—a tough job well done when you have spent a two-week vacation keeping up with California drivers without smashing your car. If you follow the rules, you can do it. And you will joke about it afterward.



As Bob Hope said during the last war when tires were scarce, "Mine are so bad that, when I run over a pedestrian, before I can stop I give him fifty lashes."



**PEDESTRIANS** are never wrong if they cross the streets in the crosswalks. Forget this when you return home or you may cause the scene above to become a reality in your home town's main street

**CALIFORNIA** drivers will stop for the pedestrian making a legal crossing. When you see a driver ignore a pedestrian in a crossing check his license plate. He is certain to be a tourist!

