

"Request Stops"

WE have to report the retirement, on superannuation, of Messrs. Alf Bade and Tom Orchard. Alf started as a conductor in March, 1908, and Tom joined in June, 1905. All members of the service will join us in wishing our old friends many years of health and happiness in their retirement.

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Every Monday morning, at Newtown Depot, Motorman Syd Langford can be seen handing to Comforts Committee Treasurer, Joe King, the sum of one pound. Contrary to the popular belief that this is some form of blackmail, this pound is the result of a voluntary contribution from 20 members of the service, one shilling being collected from them each week by Syd Langford, who was the originator of this bright idea to help the lads overseas. The scheme has now been in operation for nine months, so that the Comforts Committee has benefited to the tune of £36. Nice work, Syd. Keep it up. Many thanks to those who assist in this worthy cause.

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The committee which runs the dance at St. Thomas's to help the funds for the lads overseas wishes to acknowledge with thanks the sum of £1 donated by Wally Loach. It's nicer having you this end than on the receiving end, Wally.

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One of Newtown Shed's most popular personalities, Nugget Winter, has given up ticket punching to take up the duties of assistant custodian at the mess room, Lambton. Traffic Manager Harry Dunn certainly showed great judgment in selecting Nugget, for next to ticket punching, Nugget is never happier than when wielding a broom or duster. Nugget's cheery patter and smile will be missed at Newtown, but all wish him well in his new sphere.

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We are pleased to be able to report that Inspector Syd Leonard is back in charge of the shift again after a long illness.

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There is to be no tramway cricket team in the Mercantile Competitions this year as at the annual general meeting it was found that sufficient players could not get off on a Saturday. A pity this, as the boys used to enjoy those games. But never mind, after the war we will all be as keen as ever.

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We had to laugh at a woman passenger's comments on loading on trams recently. Struggling in a packed load to reach the door, she remarked: "Once we used to ride on trams for a rest. Now we ride for a wrestle." She's telling us.

Several of our workmates have been off ill lately, some even requiring hospital treatment. Motorman Percy Wilcox ("Stiffy" to all his friends) is in hospital recovering from an operation and hopes to be out soon. Charlie Sutherland, who returned from the Middle East a short time ago, is also in hospital for an operation, and again reports are favourable. Another we have heard of as making eyes at the nurses is Conductor "Morrie" Ching. Motorman "Curly" Perkins has also been off with a broken bone in his hand. It appears he tripped over the tram lines in the dark, and we are wondering now if all those letters to the papers about the condition of the tracks was the result. In any case, we notice that there seems to be an improvement lately, so either "Curly's" hand or the letters did the trick. Motormen Les Hurren and Errol McCourtie have both been off work with the usual trammie complaint, "crook tummies."

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We often receive reports from Electricity House concerning the good work being done by the Tramways and Electricity House Social Club Orchestra. Under the conductorship of Mr. Bert Coleclough, this combination is rapidly improving, and our most recent report shows that they are putting their talent to very good purposes. Certainly the patients at the Ewart Hospital, where the orchestra recently paid a visit, will agree with us. In addition to the orchestra and other instrumental items, Mrs. McKechnie and Misses Gilmore and Nixen were much appreciated as supporting artists. It is good to see Tramway organisations like this one doing splendid work for others.

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Who is the motorman who holds up the trams at the Railway Station on a wet morning while he gives his driving gloves to his conductress so that she won't get her hands wet swinging the pole?

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"Why did you lose your job at the gown shop?"

"Well, near the end of a very hectic day a fussy, fat woman came in. After I tried about twenty dresses on her, she said she thought she would look better in something flowing, so I told her to go and jump in the river."

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Old Gent: What does your father do for a living sonny?

Tommy: He chops down trees.

Old Gent: And what does he do when he has chopped them down?

Tommy: He chops them up.