

On Our Job

By Wellington Trammies, for Wellington Trammies

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Wellington, N.Z.

HULLO FELLOWS! Well, here we are again, and if our notes are not so hot this time, you must excuse us as they are being written just prior to Christmas week when our heads are filled with such things as special rosters, Christmas presents and that all-important question on our job, "Do we get Christmas Day off?" Mention of Christmas reminds us to thank all you chaps overseas who have so kindly forwarded Greeting Cards to us. These are being displayed in a showcase in the Lambton Messroom, each bearing a small tag showing who sent it, and we can assure you that they are being viewed with great interest by the chaps on the job.

Mention was made in our last issue of an attempt to obtain tins and pack parcels which would gladden your hearts. Unfortunately, well, that word is enough to tell you what happened about them. We were able, however, to obtain three dozen tins and we got four pound cakes baked in them and forwarded one to each man serving in the Pacific. To every other man overseas we forwarded cigarettes or tobacco. A recent statement in the "Evening Post" was to the effect that the National Patriotic Board would shortly be packing chocolate under the same scheme as their present tobacco scheme, and we can assure you that we will be right on the job to get these parcels to you as soon as the scheme starts.

We have an apology to make re a misprint in our last issue when we included the name of W. Thorburn in the list of men who had received their second star for 25 years' service. This should have read W. Thornton, who received his star on the date put down to Wally Thorburn, namely, 17/7/43. Our apologies to you, Bill, and may you have many more years in front of you yet.

Now if you chaps overseas, for whom this little paper is really printed, put up with us for a moment, we wish to make a few remarks especially for the lads in camp here at home. Frank Quirk has taken charge of the boys in camp; he has become Home Secretary, in a manner of speaking, and will be forwarding you your copy of this paper and the Union Journal when it comes out. He is going to check on all ad-

dresses and will be sending you a circular which will require filling in with your correct addresses, both home and Service, and we want you to assist him by returning it as soon as possible. It will not take you a moment to fill in, but remember, it will ensure your getting further copies of news of the job.

Now we will see what our correspondents have had to say.

Golf Club Notes

IN our last notes we gave the scores for the first two rounds of the Sawyer Cup (72-hole stroke). The field was being led by Alf Smith, closely followed by Jock Baillie, Terry O'Sullivan, Sam Lawler and Allen King. The third round saw the leader lose his place, having a really bad day, and Jock Baillie and Sam Lawler came up into first and second places. The fourth round (final) was a great go between Jock and Sam and it was neck and neck until the 18th hole. Sam Lawler then came out the winner by one stroke better than Jock Baillie. These two players have had some great tussles this year and it is going to be very interesting to see what happens next time they meet.

The next event was the Cook Trophy, played for this year as a 36-hole Stableford. Partners were drawn for and our readers can just imagine the excitement when Terry O'Sullivan and Harry Sawyer came in easy winners. It is safe to say that this was one of the most popular wins since the club has been in force. Both Terry and Harry turn out every club day and neither of them have previously won anything. We are of the opinion that both players have only been pulling the wool over our eyes, but nobody was more pleased to see them win than the players who were beaten for the trophy. Good luck, Terry and Harry, but watch out, closing day.

The next event saw another dark horse, Ted Cook, come to light in an 18-hole Bogey. Ted told us that he was going to start in winning things and that he would make a name for himself before the season was over. We are wondering now if Ted really knew something that we didn't know, for the next time he turned out he won the

McLean Cup, 36-hole Stableford. Ted was like a great racehorse that day, just trailed the field for a start, and when they reached the turn he put on a spurt and won by a short head from Jock Baillie, Stan Vine, Sam Lawler and Allen King. Once again there were some very close scores and things were doubtful until Ted applied the pressure and the others had to watch him pass the post first.

The McLean Cup was the last cup to be played for before closing day, and great credit must be given to the players for the way they have kept the club going this past season. Closing day was held at Paremata, but we will give you more details of that later.

A return visit was paid by the club to the Paremata Club recently, but the weather clerk was not on our side as he turned on plenty of rain and wind. Our lads are really tough though, as fifteen of them went out and showed the Paremata lads that they could take it. Eric Foothead and Norm Thompson were our champs on the day and as with the previous visit the result was a draw. We finished up the day with a sing song and we were surprised at the great talent we found among our boys. Items were given by Joe King, M. Williamson, Sam Lawler, Bob Ogden, Terry O'Sullivan, Stan Vine and Eric Foothead.

One member of our team had some notes in his pocket and on arriving back at the clubhouse found he had lost them. A search party set out to find them for him, but in the meantime the loser found that they had been keeping his varicose veins warm. Anyway, the owner of the notes undoubtedly made a name for himself.

We noticed one member of the team in the corner with a spray of spring crions and a glass of lemonade. He really was enjoying himself.

We had a great leader in Sam Lawler and he saw the boys were all in time for the train for the home run. Merv. Williamson, who has a really fine voice, sang several songs and the boys were sorry he got tired. Bob Ogden was M.C. for the sing-song and also gave a fine rendering of "Boots and Saddle."

One of our members found the following pinned to his pillow when he arrived home:—

"THE GOLF WIDOW'S LULLABY"

Hush a bye baby, hush you to sleep,
Daddy's gone golfing to win the club
sweep;

If he plays nicely, I hope that he will,
Mother will show him her dressmaker's
bill.

Hush a bye baby, safe in your pram,
Daddy's come back, did you hear the
door slam?

Snuggle down closer, baby of mine,
Daddy went round in a hundred and
nine.

If anyone wants to know more about the above, see Mac, he knows all about it. Incidentally, we believe the tram-mies have a new club song, but we have not heard it yet.

We are pleased to be able to say that several of our players who have been out of the game through sickness are back again and enjoying themselves. We also heard that one member has had to put his clubs away for at least twelve months and he is doing it hard. Jack Pennal tells us he is going on a farm over Nelson way to try and get his health back. Best wishes from all the boys, Jack, for a speedy recovery.

Recreation Club Notes

OPENING the annual meeting of the Recreation Club recently, the president, Mr. A. A. Burns, stated that in view of the fact that the war had had a very detrimental effect on the activities of the club as regards sporting events, he was pleased to be able to say that the club had nevertheless just finished one of its most successful years as regards finance. This was largely due to the organising ability of the secretary, Mr. J. L. Monro, backed by the capable assistance of the other officers of the club. Their most ambitious undertaking was the Sunday night concert in the Opera House, a venture admittedly viewed somewhat askance by some members of the club, but the success was literally overwhelming, the Opera House being booked out at 6 p.m. on the night of the concert. The work entailed can be better gauged when it is stated that the door takings were around the £126 mark, as a result of which the club made a profit of over £70. The sincere thanks of the club, continued Mr. Burns, is extended to those members who worked so hard to make this concert, and indeed the whole year, so successful.

The election of officers for the forthcoming year resulted in the following being elected: Patron, Mr. L. W. Dickie; president, Mr. A. A. Burns; vice-presidents, Messrs. H. E. Hewitt, P. Rollins, H. Leah, J. W. Welch and C. H. Peterson; secretary-treasurer, Mr. J. L. Monro; assistant secretary, Miss L. Reeve; club captain, Mr. S. Wilson; club vice-captain, Mr. L. Bull; trustees, Messrs. A. S. Burns and F. Twort; control committee, Mr. H. E. Hewitt, Miss L. Reeve and Mr. S. Wilton.

Largely due to the funds raised from the Opera House concert, we now have a good substantial fence around the tennis courts. This fence has been badly needed, both to prevent strangers, especially children, wandering over the courts at all hours, and also to avoid having to chase tennis balls into neighbouring fields when playing. Unfortunately we see no signs of a clubhouse

yet, another long-felt want, but we are living in hopes of having that too in the near future. Membership has increased this past year, being larger now than for some years, but the lack of a clubhouse is preventing many more from joining up. The ball question is also vexing, but we would remind you that it is only possible to obtain them at all by joining the club.

The "C" table tennis team which were undefeated until their last match in the inter-club championships, decided to have a go at the provincial championships. This was really an ambitious effort on their part, this being their first year in table tennis matches, yet their continued practice and enthusiasm brought their reward as they finished up as runners-up to the champions, Empire, who have held the Hutt Valley championship for a number of years. A really stout effort, this, and we heartily congratulate the members of the team, Messrs. A. King (captain), L. Bull, A. Bull and Miss T. Bull.

Request Stops

WE trust that no one will accuse us of giving away secrets of the Comforts Committee, but we do think it is time you chaps overseas were warned of something that goes on in case you return before the war is finished and get roped in. Occasionally a member of the committee finds it necessary to resign, thus leaving a vacancy and it is then that the events of which we wish to warn you take place. Members of the committee go into a huddle and such words as "He's a good worker," or more likely, "He's a sucker for work," and such like can be heard issuing from them. A meeting is then called, two small cakes are purchased after a brief but hard struggle with the treasurer, and all is ready for the victim. The secretary now goes into action and in a wheedling manner gets the victim to consent to come to the meeting "just to see what goes on." On arrival, he is seated in the best chair, the aforementioned cakes are placed close at hand, accompanied by tea, and in such instances, even sugar, and he is told what a good fellow he is and all that. Watched hungrily by the members, who only get cake on their first visit, he nibbles daintily at the cakes, usually taking two bites for the one he would take if he was at home, and sits back thinking what a great little committee this is which provides cake. When a little later he is nominated as a member, he gladly accepts, probably under the mistaken impression that more cake will be forthcoming at the next meeting, and so another member is added to the committee. Such then is the underhand method of the Comforts Committee to obtain members, and our

sympathies go out to their latest victim, Tom Russell. Of course, it would hardly be the thing for us to add now that we do think that Tom will be a good man on the committee; he may view that with suspicion, having heard it already, but we do expect that he will do his share to rope in someone else in the same way when there is another vacancy. Tom has ably assisted us on many occasions in the past, and we are pleased indeed to have him with us to help look after you chaps overseas.

We were pleased to see Ben Clothier about again recently. He looks well and has put on a couple of stone. He expects to be back at work again after Christmas.

On the eve of his retirement, Depot Officer Sydney (Jackie) Potter was tendered an informal but impressive send-off in the messroom at Lambton by the Officers and men of the traffic department.

Mr. Welch, assistant general manager, in opening the proceedings, gave a brief outline of Jackie's service. Born in London on March 18, 1876, Jack joined the tramway service on October 8, 1907. He was promoted to motorman on January 10, 1912, and after serving overseas with the N.Z.E.F. from 1915 to 1917, became pointsman at Cuba Street for many years before his appointment to depot officer at Thorndon.

In presenting Jackie with a cheque, subscribed by the officers and men, Mr. Dunn, traffic manager, stated that this was the first time that such a presentation had been made to a retiring officer by both officers and men and was a tribute to the high esteem in which Jackie was held by everyone with whom he had come in contact. Jackie, added Mr. Dunn, has certainly looked after Thorndon like a father, a statement which brought forth loud applause, especially from the Thorndon men present.

Jackie Potter, in his reply, told us some humorous incidents of his early years in the service, one remark which caused much merriment being to the effect that the men in the service were "Good fellows in them days."

The proceedings finished with the wholehearted singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and cheers for Jackie and Mrs. Potter. We feel sure that Mr. Potter has left us with the knowledge that everyone wishes him and Mrs. Potter all the best of luck and a long and happy retirement.

A very pleasant evening was given to Mr. F. W. Good, assistant electrical engineer, on the occasion of his retirement on October 15. The evening took

the form of a concert given by the Tramways and Electricity Social Club Orchestra, interspersed with a number of musical items. Following the concert, eulogistic speeches were given by the general manager, Mr. Hutton, the city electrical engineer, Mr. Maunder, and Messrs. McCune and O'Sullivan.

The presentation, which was made by Mr. Hutton, consisted of an easy chair and a standard lamp. Mr. Good, in his reply, told of the various stages in the life of the electricity department and also gave us some of the humorous incidents which he had in his memory.

The evening concluded with supper, followed by a very pleasant dance much appreciated by the younger members of the staff.

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It is with great pleasure that we announce the arrival of a bonny son to Mr. and Mrs. Joe King. Joe is very well known on the job, but even so much of his good work is not known to the extent that it should be, for as the treasurer of the comforts committee he is responsible for the raising of the necessary "hard stuff" which purchases the "comforts" we send to you chaps overseas. We leave it to you to judge just how good a job he is making of his position. To Joe and Mrs. King we extend the very sincere congratulations of all their friends.

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We have been hearing some comments concerning the officers of the comforts committee getting additions to their families, so we thought we would see what is doing. In our last issue, you will no doubt remember, we told you that Mr. and Mrs. Hansen had just had a son, and now we are informing you of a similar event in the home of Mr. and Mrs. King. Now, Percy is chairman of the committee and Joe is treasurer, so hearing a lot of rumours, we decided to make some inquiries of Alf Burns, who is the secretary. We received some very caustic remarks from him, due, so he informed us, to the fact that he is now scared to go home as Mrs. Burns has threatened that there will be trouble in the Burns home if he thinks he is going to maintain the standard set up by the other officers of the committee. "Anyway," added Alf, "I am too busy with OVERSEAS comforts to think of HOME comforts just at present."

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Len Bernecker, one of our cobblers somewhere in the Pacific War Zone, who is doing a job of work putting Tojo's little yellow blighters on the run, has blossomed forth as a boxing trainer. He has unearthed a champion, a lad named Philip Gon, who is taking all before him. Gon, who never boxed before leaving New Zealand, has won nine

out of his last ten fights. His opponents have been American servicemen who have good records back in the States and put up strong opposition. Len has done a grand job of handling this boy and he says his protege would beat any amateur in New Zealand at his weight, 10st. 10lb. Gon's last fight drew a large crowd and he quickly K.O.ed his opponent in the first round amidst tremendous excitement. This boy Gon is very popular with our Allies and his latest effort brought the house down, incidentally earning many dollars for our New Zealand boys who backed him to the limit. The betting on these fights is very heavy. Keep the good work up, Len, and we hope to see you both back here soon in action in our Town Hall. You certainly have done a grand job of making a champion who definitely looks the goods.

The following tribute to the "Kiwi Concert Party" was written by Conductor Betty Butler:—

It was the "Kiwis" who were playing,
I closed my eyes while listening,
Saw the palm trees gently swaying,
And desert starlight glistening.

To somewhere over yonder,
My thoughts were quickly fleeting,
Where lonely hearts grow fonder
At another "Kiwi" greeting.

They scramble from their dugout,
They leave their trucks to slumber,
While in the desert blackout,
Await the Opening Number.

Comfort was not found in sand,
Or warmth in a desert breeze,
But with a pal on either hand,
And a greatcoat round their knees.

These men from home who are our
pride,
Will gather now, and after,
To let the "Kiwis" turn the tide,
From thoughts of war, to laughter.

Be they French or Aussies,
South Africans or Yanks,
New Zealanders or Tommies,
To the "Kiwis" they give thanks.

So back to the stage once more
At the final chord of the band,
To find my feet on the floor,
And my eyes not full of sand.

Men of the "Kiwi Concert Party,"
Whom I applaud so loudly,
Please accept this greeting hearty,
From one beholding you proudly.