

# On OUR JOB

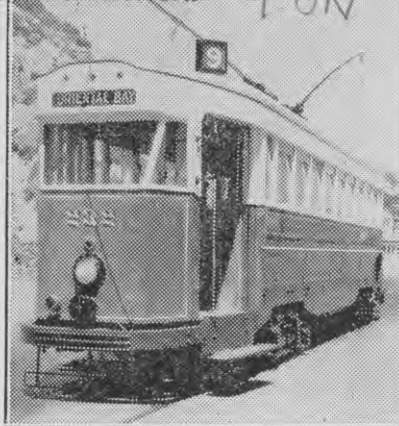
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**HULLO FELLOWS!** Once again we are on the job of letting you know what goes on while you are away. We will also try and let you know, where possible, of other incidents that go on about us. Life here in the Capital City is much the same as usual; you go out shopping armed with a ration book and usually get home dead broke with about a quarter of what you wanted to get. You go into your local grocer, who occasionally whispers in your ear, across the bacon cutter, "Would you like a tin of fruit?" or "Here's your ration of eggs," and hands you a couple of pigeon-like variety. No, we are not grouching or grumbling. Oh, no—we are living in a land of luxury, if we but realise it. One of the latest economies is sausages without overcoats. A pound certainly looks a sodden mess; but still we mustn't worry, as the Food Controller is putting our meat on a ration basis within the next week or so. Speaking of sausages, we lost our "dawg" last week, and it also seems that quite a few of our neighbours have lost their canine friends, too; so I guess I will miss sausages off my ration cards for the next few weeks and hope the position improves somewhat. The only bright spot left here now is the Land and Income Tax Department Building in Courtenay Place, which has been painted a bright red, so I hope you boys arriving home will not confuse it with red lamps districts, etc., for you no doubt will see red, as we did when we got our final assessment notices last week, with 21 days to pay it in. But, why worry, we will be a long time dead. I do hope we have cheered you up with our views of home. Incidentally your letters and various forms of correspondence are reaching us regularly, so don't forget to keep dropping a line; we will welcome it. Before I close I nearly forgot to tell you that we have had a big three-day display in the Town Hall of "Dig for Victory" vegetables. Over thirty-three

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## Bus Drivers' Picnic

**O**N Sunday, February 20, the day we have all looked forward to, duly arrived. It was the bus drivers' annual picnic. The weather was dull early, later turning out beautiful, with a warm sunny breeze. The picnic was held this year at Karori Park, these grounds being an ideal spot for a sports picnic. As is usual with the bus drivers' picnics, it was an excellent success, being run splendidly by the committee, who were a hard-working lot. The programme was run to a time-table without any delays, and reflects the great organising ability of their secretary, George Langley, who carried out his duties so efficiently. Among the spectators were Mr. H. Dunn, Traffic Manager, Mr. Welch, Assistant General Manager, Mr. Liar-det and Mr. Leah.

The attendance was approximately 350 during the morning, but was greatly increased as the day went on, many arriving in the afternoon by cars and trams. Special trams left Seatoun, Island Bay and Miramar at 9 a.m., and

thousand people visited it in that period, no doubt like ourselves, to see why some people have all the luck. Our effort was firstly all washed out with the heavy rain and secondly all died with the drought which followed, for the hosing of gardens was prohibited. Next year, if and when I dig for victory, I am going to cross watercress and waterlilies with carrots and onions. Still, we can't complain; some of us who possess motor cars received a full petrol ration for the Christmas holidays, and we are still getting, weekly, our half pound of butter, so hurry up boys and give Tojo and Adolf the works and come home and get the moth balls out of your trammies' tunics. Be sure to write and tell us what you think of us and our paper.