

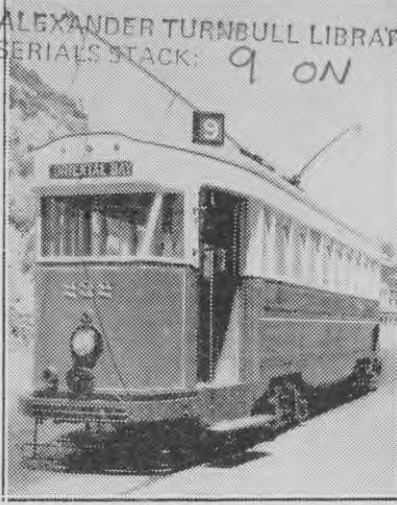
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On ~~OUR TRAMMIES~~ OUR JOB

Published by ~~WELLINGTON TRAMMIES~~

Wellington Trammies for Wellington Trammies Serving in the Armed Forces

No. 7. MARCH, 1944. Wellington, N.Z.



HULLO, FELLOWS! Well, here we are again. We have had quite a fair response in the way of correspondence from you, but still have not heard from quite a number; so what about dropping us a line as soon as you have read this, telling us something about yourselves.

Well, what do you think of our new heading which came out in the last issue? We thought it would remind you of us all as soon as you saw Fiducia on the front page. No doubt you will all be showing other trammies from other centres the type of modern tram we trammies in Wellington have, and in our opinion ahead of any in New Zealand.

The Comforts Committee are up to their eyes in work. We have our annual general meeting in a week or so, and our next issue will tell you all about it, how it is run, who finds the finance, who does the work, and various other things you will no doubt be surprised to find out about us. Well, look out for your next issue of "On Our Job." In our last editorial we omitted to mention that all-important question of parcels. In January the committee created a new record for parcels sent away, 105 being sent to you boys that month. These consisted of a parcel of chocolate to every man away and a cake parcel to the boys in the Islands. February saw another 71 parcels dispatched, tobacco to the boys in the East and again cake parcels to the Islands. Each time we arrange a batch of cake parcels there are usually a few more sewn up than the number required for the boys in the Pacific, and during the last two months each boy in the Middle East has also had, at some time, a cake parcel sent to him as well. As we said earlier, in our next issue we will be giving you some figures and details of all that has been sent away

Sick Workmates

WE have quite a big list of our workmates who are off work at present. Some have been off now for some time and we are taking this opportunity of letting you know who they are as far as we know.

Motorman Fred Penman is seriously ill in the Public Hospital and has been so for some time. We hope, Fred, that by now you will have shown a turn for the better and be back with us all again soon.

Miss Tibbett, one of our lady conductors, has been off work for some months. She has had to have an operation for a heart goitre, but we are pleased to say that she is getting about now and hopes to be back to duty soon.

Motorman Harry Tankard is another who has been off for some months. We have not seen Harry nor heard how he is lately, but we hope that he is on his way back to health again as we are all looking forward to seeing him.

Motorman Ralph Hampshire has also been off for some months but hopes to be back within the next few weeks. Welcome back, Ralph. We hope you will be fit and well again soon.

Motorman Sam Tanner is another whom we saw last week. Sam has been off for some five months and looks a lot better, but is getting around slowly. He says he would like to be back with us all again and has hopes of being able to do something in the near future. You have surely been missed by those Brooklyn "hillbillies," Sam.

Motorman Ben Fox, who has only been out of hospital for a short time, has had to go back in again. We hope

in the last twelve months so that then you will be able to check on parcels you have received.

that it will not be very long before he leaves there for the last time, as surely he must be getting tired of hospital by now. Say, Ben, is there a pretty nurse in the ward that you have your eye on?

Motorman Tom Bradley is also an inmate of the Public Hospital, having had a rough time of late. Here again we are pleased to be able to say that Tom is now on the road to recovery, so hurry back, Tom, they miss you at the union meetings.

Motorman Bill Graham has been granted a month's sick leave and we trust that this period will be more than sufficient to restore him to good health.

Motorman Bert Morton has also been granted a month's sick leave, and here again we hope that at the end of the month he will be fighting fit and looking forward to getting back on the handles.

Conductor Bert Cooze has been off work for over a week now. Bert gave an emergency bell as an elderly woman passenger endeavoured to get off the tram as it was moving. Two passengers falling against him knocked him over and as he fell he hurt his ribs on a seat. We trust we will have you back again in a week or so, Bert.

Golf

THE tramway team which took part in the Metro Golf Association "teams of four" tournament consisted of Messrs Cook, Sawyer, King and Baillie. The team played very well to finish seventh, Paekakariki winning, with Shannon second. This was exceptionally good when one considers the lack of opportunity to practice these days due to pressure of work. Played this year on the Shannon course, the games were thoroughly enjoyed by all. Harry Sawyer played to his handicap, and King, although he started shakily, came to light at the finish. Both Cook and Baillie played their usual games and we offer to them all our congratulations on a splendid performance.

Wedding Bells

ANOTHER of our young lady conductors who is sporting a platinum solitaire is June Aldridge, of Thorndon sheds. June's "beau" is home on furlough from the Middle East, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to both of them.

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Sandy would not believe the fare was threepence, so at last the annoyed conductor took up Sandy's suitcase and tossed it off the tram as they were crossing a bridge. "You ruffian!" roared Sandy. "Isn't it enough to try and over charge me without trying to drown my little boy?"

Playboys?

THE following letter, which we think will be of interest to all our readers was received from one of our cobbers serving in the Islands.

"I suppose you read in the papers where we have been in action, but things have quietened down now and we are back to normal. I didn't enjoy the first week here very much, and I am sure I didn't have that on my own. We were on the move all day combing the island for Japs, and during the night slept in foxholes. Not that there was much sleeping, except on the second night out and then I wished I had been wide away. I was sharing a foxhole with one of the boys, each of us taking turns in keeping awake. I had just finished my picket and dosed off when I heard a yell and woke up to see my mate hanging on to someone by the legs. Before I knew what was happening he broke away and then got tangled up with the next hole, then on to the next one where one of the boys threw him with a flying mare, as he wasn't sure if it was one of our men or not, but the chaps in the next hole were not taking any chances so opened up with a burst of Tommy-gun fire. Things quietened down for a while, but not quite enough for me to go to sleep again as something inside me seemed to be thumping like hell and keeping me awake. We were not allowed to move until a certain time, but I think we were all up a little earlier that morning to see the results, but we were disappointed, as when the last fellow fired there was a drop of about 50 feet into the sea and we couldn't see a sign of anything. However, a patrol came across the dead Jap next day and that cheered up the boys a lot for they had made their first kill. My mate was lucky though, as he got a smack in the back, and as our pick was missing, that must have been what the Jap was using, so it was just as well perhaps that he grabbed him by the legs or he may have got one on the head. I hate to think what would have happened had he dozed off for a while, a thing I will never do after that experience. By the time we had finished clearing this area we had got 11 Japs with no losses to our side, which wasn't bad going for one company. One of our other companies bottled up 60 Japs, and you never saw a mess like it when our chaps had finished with them. I am sure that I will never forget it."

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Inquired the old lady in the tram: "I know who Mr Churchill means when he says 'bloodthirsty guttersnipe,' but who is this 'offensive sweep' I hear about in the news?"

Request Stops

TWO trammies who are back on the job again after months in the Air Force and the Army are Alf Hawkins, of Kilbirnie, and Jack Winters, of Thorndon. We are pleased to have them both back with us.

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Saw one of the recent returned trammies from the East doing a spot of conducting on Seatoun. He was looking at the State houses with envious eyes, so we said to him, "Well, Jack, we guess you will be going off the deep end soon." "Too right," he said. "When?" we asked. "Most likely on June 21," he replied. So that is all we know about it in the meantime, but he picked a good day, for we understand that June 21 is the shortest day, and of course the longest night.

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The two custodians at Lambton mess-room are ex-Motorman Percy (Stiffy) Wilcox and "Nugget" Winter. These two hard doers are well known in their new job and we find it hard to put anything over them.

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Malcolm Beaton is back at work again, although we are not certain for how long. Mal. says he is on extended leave without pay, so we hope it will be for some time.

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Another of our young conductors has left the service and that is Allen King, son of Motorman Joe King, of Newtown. Allen is now in the Navy and we wish him all the best in his new job. Allen was a good athlete and figured prominently in many branches of sporting activities. He played a good game of golf, cricket and Rugby, and as vice-captain of the Recreation Club, played a big part in the table tennis team which did so well in the recent provincial championships. He also took an active part in our relay teams, his speed being a big asset on several occasions. Good luck, Allen. We hope to have you back with us soon. You had better help to get this war over quickly, as we are not the only ones who want to see you back, especially one of our young lady conductors who is pining her heart out.

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Another of our conductors who was called up at the start of the war for garrison duty was Roy Schon. He is still attached to this duty and is looking real well. We had a letter from him recently and he sends his regards to all.

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Mrs Jepson, mother of Conductor Edgar Jepson, of Newtown Sheds, who is now serving in the Middle East, called around to see our secretary the other day. Alf took the opportunity of showing her some of the work that the Com-

forts Committee has been doing for the lads away, and a little later Mrs Jepson forwarded a beautiful supper cloth to be raffled to assist the committee's funds. Those who have seen the cloth, to be raffled in the near future, are all keen to win it. This is a wonderful gesture and certainly one appreciated by everyone. To Mrs Jepson we all extend our sincere thanks for her great kindness.

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We were talking to Conductor Harry Ingram last week. He is starting back on April 20. Harry was a staff sergeant in the artillery on Norfolk Island, and he says he is pleased to be able to get back. Called up in the very early days when war was declared for garrison duty, Harry has been away from us for a long time now, and we welcome him home again.

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In our last issue we told you we were expecting Andy McLean home. We have much pleasure in saying that Andy is now home and we all look forward to renewing his acquaintance.

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You boys who write home and tell us how you would like to be back here with all these lady conductors, will be interested to know that there are now more than 200 young ladies punching tickets. There are also a large number of ladies engaged in car cleaning in all the sheds. These girls are doing a great job of work and we're mighty proud of them.

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The Comforts Committee has learned that many of you chaps serving overseas have wives who have jobs that want doing around their homes. Now, the committee cannot commit themselves to undertake to do any major job, as its hands are more than full already endeavouring to do all it can in its limited time for you, but Motorman Dick Gadd is endeavouring to raise a scheme whereby he and any other willing workers will be able to help your wives. If therefore you know that your wife could do with some assistance and you think that Dick and his gang could do the job for you, will you please advise Alf. Burns when next you write and he will pass the information on to Dick. This is indeed a worthy effort on Dick's part and we hope that he will have no trouble in getting a good gang of mates to help him do something for our cobbles away. Certainly we know it will not be for the want of trying by Dick Gadd. Now then, chaps, don't be backward in asking.

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Back on the job again is Conductor Jimmy Bloomfield, who has been in the Merchant Navy for some time. Ashore

Job Confessions

once more, his old love called, so he applied for a job on the trams again and was accepted. Jim has often been called Nelson Eddy, and we have often heard comments on the likeness, especially when Jim has his hat off, showing his blonde locks. We can't say he has a voice like Nelson Eddy, but Jim has a good voice and was in one of our local radio trials a few years ago.

The Secretary of the Bus Drivers' Social Club, George Langley, has asked us to convey his club's thanks to all who volunteered and assisted to make their picnic the undoubted success it was. We can only say in return that we feel sure that everyone was only too pleased to take part in an activity such as this that gives enjoyment to so many.

Two of our lady conductors recently completed a bicycle tour of the South Island. It shows how venturesome our girls are that when the rail restrictions were imposed it did not stop them from having a holiday. These two girls, Avis Lees and Kay Lutherus, took the boat to Nelson and biked to the Glaciers, back to Hokitika, took the train to Christchurch owing to terrible weather, then pedalled from Christchurch to Dunedin. The girls thoroughly enjoyed their experiences and said that it was a wonderful trip. The Dunedin trams put them on a great fuss and gave them a good time. Kay said that the news of their bicycling through the South Island seemed to proceed well ahead of them and when they arrived in various townships quite a few of the locals turned out to see them. Avis came a spill in the Buller Gorge, but it was nothing serious. She was the Jonah of the trip as far as punctures, for she collected four. Kay caught sunstroke and had to have medical treatment, but she said that what embarrassed her most was when bicycling through Christchurch, she came a spill, and of all things, it was on a tram line. They arrived home three days late owing to the shipping restrictions, fit and well, plus a few souvenirs in the way of scars picked up through their spills.

A STORY

SCENE: Tram pulled up at Patrick's corner. A sweet young thing had just got off, after saying a few words to the motorman about how hot the weather was, etc. With that, the door flies open and a wise-cracking conductor bawls out through a seated load, "What have you got that I haven't got?" And like lightning came the quick retort, "Soap." Bang went the door, amidst numerous chuckles from the passengers.

OUR lady conductors have asked us, on numerous occasions, if they might be mentioned in our publication, so we have started a special column and have hired, at great expense, a lady known in journalistic circles as "Aunt Tilly." We know you girls have many problems, and if you write to "A.T.," c/o of us, she will help you solve your difficulties. We answer the first letters received.

"Dear Aunt Tilly.—I have been conducting on my shift for the past two years and have fallen in love with my motorman. I am only 17½ years of age and he is 53 and has a wife and five children. Should I, after walking home with him these past years on my p.m. shift, let him kiss me?—Conductor —."

"Dear Connie.—We realise what a great love you have for him, but suggest you ask his wife first.—Aunt Tilly."

"Dear Aunt Tilly.—I am a jolly little tram conductress aged 39 and have fallen deeply in love with the back of my driver, who is a fine figure of a man, as tram drivers go nowadays. Sometimes, when I have no tickets to clip, I tap out a message on the buzzer to him as much as to say, "Hullo, you gorgeous tram driver, I'm still here if you want me"; but unfortunately every time I do that he stops the tram, but nobody gets off and this seems to annoy him. Is there any way in which I can make him understand my true feelings towards him without cheapening myself?—Conductress —."

"Dear Miss 39.—How about opening the compartment door suddenly and jumping into his arms?—Aunt Tilly."

"Dear Aunt Tilly.—My motorman is most considerate; he gets out and lifts prams on and off for me, opens points, stops tram in traffic and moves passengers off the back platform and sees that I get a nice ride. How can I show my appreciation?—Anxious Annie."

"Dear Anxious Annie.—By finding out how he treats his wife at home, and if not in the courteous manner that he shows you, ask him what the catch is, as either you are the apple of his eye or else plain dumb.—Aunt Tilly."

BLISTERS

"**Trolley Pole.**"—The juice stick that leaves the overhead wire on wet and dark nights.

"**Trolley Rope.**"—A length of hemp and cord attached to a loop under the trolley head, but usually used to convey trolley juice down the conductor's sleeve in wet weather.

"**Union.**"—A body of employees likened to a chain of strong and weak links. "Which are you?"