

Among Our Workmates

MOTORMAN Hughie McDougall, while on holidays in Napier recently, heard that one of our old workmates, ex-Motorman Arthur Hyde, was an inmate of the Public Hospital, so Hughie went along and saw him. Arthur sends his regards to all the boys. We were pleased to hear from you, Arthur, but sorry to learn that you have been ill, but hope by now you have left hospital and are enjoying that long-earned rest you deserve.

We were pleased to see Motorman George Mitchell getting about Kilbirnie the other day, but George still has a bad limp. We hope it won't be long before George is behind the handles again.

Our Sick Visitor, Bob Hayes, has been the butt of quite a few jibes at Kilbirnie lately. Bob turned up for work on a recent Monday morning full of beans as usual, but his smile was soon dampened when the inspector in charge said, "What are you doing here? Don't you know this is your day off?" Poor Bob hurriedly scanned the roster, but alas, it was true. We don't know what caused Bob's smile to drop, getting the day off or not being able to enjoy a few good games of euchre.

Geo. Fowler is still convalescing at his home. George's progress is slow, but he knows all the boys wish for a speedy recovery.

Inspector Sid Leonard is back after being absent from duty for over 11 weeks. Sid met with an unfortunate accident on his way to work. Whilst passing a high bank a heavy case which was perched on the end was blown over by a heavy gust of wind, and Sid suffered a nasty gash and broke a bone in his foot. Well Sid, we are all pleased to see you back once again, and hope you are fit again.

Another one of our sick workmates is getting around again, but still unable to take up his work yet, and that is one of our Committeemen, Motorman Errol McCourtie, "Mac," as he is known to everyone, looks a lot better and we hope you will soon be back with us. The boys of the Golf Club, too, hope it won't be long before you are back knocking the pill around.

On May 5, 1945, one of our workmates, Motorman William Marshment, No. 89, said farewell to us all. Bill was a well-known identity of Kilbirnie and Newtown Sheds, and he joined the service on September 15, 1913. We hope that you will enjoy good health in your retirement, and all the wishes for the best are conveyed to you from the boys. Bill was an old tramway football player and represented them in many matches. If memory serves me right, I think he was a member of the old Melrose Club.

We are sorry to say that three days before Bill's retirement he received news that his son "Matt" had died of wounds. His son was a very promising Rugby player.

Another of our old-time motormen to retire on May 17, 1945, was Motorman Charles Gosse, No. 103. Charlie joined the service on July 20, 1917. We had word recently that Charlie was on the sick list. We sincerely hope that you are able to get about again, and to you, also, we wish good health in your retirement. His son Chris, one of our conductors, is on active service.

Motorman Jack Silcox is making slow progress and our latest report is that Jack is making headway and able to get about a bit. So Jack, let's hope it won't be long before you are back at "K" Sheds. Best regards from all the boys.

Popular Skyence

I WAS talking to Professor Morphine, of the Department of Sexonomics, the other day. He was telling me of the new law he has discovered. "The hetero-sexual adduction of muliebrity," he said, "has a high negative correlation with intellectual prowess." Translated into simple language, he meant that S.A. is inversely proportional to I.Q. "I have a very intelligent class this year," he added. "I should like to point out that I have found the exception that proves the rule. The members of the Department of Sexual Inhibition Removal have worked out a new fundamental unit. It is named the Maskem, after the Director of the Department. The constancy of Dr. Maskem's histrionic ability for exaggeration is so marked that it has been accepted as the standard by all bull artists throughout the country. It is agreed that the standard unit shall be the multi-maskem, being more nearly equivalent to the capacity of the normal person.

The rarest bird in the world is the Oompah bird, recently discovered by the famous Eskimo Egyptologist Bop, and his assistants Noh and Czah, whilst unearthing the remains of the Tutankhamen Arctic Expedition of 3684 B.C. in an iceberg. Of this extraordinary species only two members are in existence. One lives at the North Pole and the other at the South Pole. Once a year, about Christmas time, the one that lives at the South Pole journeys northward to visit the one that lives at the North Pole. On its return a few weeks later it may be heard to mutter musingly, "Oompah! Oompah! Oompah! which according to Bop means, "It was a long way but it was worth it."

Above you see a photo of the latest invention of Dr. V. Dave Thortit, builder of jeeps, peeps, sheeps, the creeps,