



PENNYFARE

LONDON TRANSPORT STAFF NEWS

PENNYFARE (War Series) is published on the 15th of each month. It is distributed free of charge to every member of London Transport's Staff, including those serving with H.M. Forces.

If you know of anyone who failed to receive his or her copy of this issue, please ask them to make application to the head of their department.

Contributions and all communications should be addressed to the Editor at Shepherds Bush Station (Central Line), W. 12.

No. 2 (WAR SERIES) NOVEMBER 1939

War as an Educator

BY THE VICE-CHAIRMAN

I AM asked to write a message about this war. I am not any good at writing messages, but I can set down one or two thoughts that I have about the war as it affects us.

There have been people who have earned for themselves a great reputation for getting things done by waste. If you dare waste lives and supplies you can win a battle, but you cannot win a war. A nation can be persuaded to support such people with all its resources and the day of reckoning comes only later.

With the Transport Board our resources are always limited. We cannot spend more than we earn. We cannot have what we cannot afford. Our reputation must be built up with carefulness and thriftiness. This is especially so in war because it straitens our resources and diminishes our earnings.

Yet to maintain the reputation of the Transport Board for service and efficiency in despite of, even because of, the stringency of our means and the difficulties of the times is a great work which is put before us. To keep London fit and convenient to live in at all times and in all circumstances, which means keeping London free to move, is a considerable contribution towards the conduct of the war. To be prepared under adverse conditions to secure results of which we could be proud in peace is the achievement at which we must aim,



Frank Pick

and I am sure that we shall all strive after its accomplishment to the utmost of our strength and the best of our ability.

And we can offer still more. We have resources of men, material and equipment which are not now fully employed. We can see that these, too, are applied to the greatest effect towards the purposes of war. We have already our own

anti-aircraft regiment in the field. We have an ambulance service for our London. We are undertaking training schools for army lorry drivers. We have seven thousand men already away on warlike duties. This is not the end. Everyone can look round and watch what there is to spare and make suggestions for its use. We shall hope to take up war tasks until we cannot fairly do anything more. We shall hope in good spirit, in generous temper, with diligent zeal, to carry out these tasks.

War can be a keen educator. We can learn from its disturbed experiences and extemporised provisions much that will assist us to turn our Transport Board to better account when peace returns.

All this is a hard saying. None the less, behind it goes all the encouragement which the Transport Board can give you, whether you are away at the war or at home but still at the war. I sincerely hope that we may come safely and successfully through our trial and that we may soon find ourselves diverted to the labour of reconstructing a better Transport Board as our contribution to a better world. If all do well the work that comes to their hand, the accumulative result will be astonishing.

War Comforts Scheme

The Council of the London Transport Benevolent Fund are considering a scheme on behalf of the staff, their wives and other dependants. Full details shortly.

Meanwhile, will any women readers knit socks, scarves, gloves, etc.? If so, please communicate with Miss N. O. Forty, London Transport, 55, Broadway, S.W. 1, who has consented to direct the supply of these things and to issue free wool to her helpers.

Trolleybuses (Routes 661 & 663) displaced 74 trams (Routes 61 & 63) between Aldgate, Leyton and Ilford on November 5: passengers affected in normal times are 100,000 a day. The Trolleybus service will be more frequent.

London Spends Daily £85,000

Last year* London spent £85,000 a day for 10 million journeys on London Transport. Passengers on the Board's system during the year totalled 3,872 millions.

Receipts for the year 32½ million pounds, working expenses 25 millions. Renewals, interest and miscellaneous accounted for the balance. War protection cost £422,000.

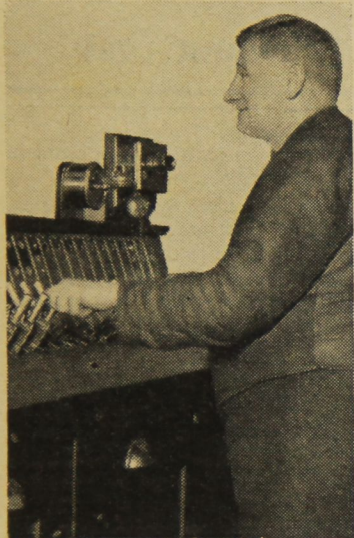
Staff numbered 86,456. Wages cost £46,000 a day, 16½ millions a year: average weekly wage £4 2s. 10d. Mileage of vehicles for the year 573 millions, an addition of 6 million miles, thanks largely to trolleybuses.

* The Annual Report to June 30, 1939, can be bought by the staff through officers, for 6d.: it can be seen at garages, canteens, and principal stations and depots.

The All-Clear Signal After 51 Years

IN 1888, the same week as the ex-Kaiser William succeeded his father (but what's this to do with a peaceful avocation?—*Editor*), a new signal-box boy stepped into the Moorgate cabin of the "Met" Railway. Now, after 51 years' service, a veteran of the line, he has retired.

Mr. E. Ford, Station Inspector, Ladbroke Grove, owns this great record, a record of service credited to few: for 43 years he had a railway job with little or no company but his trains.



Mr. E. Ford as Signalman

His early prentice days meant hard work, but he got his reward in 1893, when he was made a signalman. For the next 15 years he worked in the cabins at Neasden, Wembley Park and Neasden Yard. Next he went to Baker Street, where he stayed for as long as 23 years, in which time he saw the signalling system converted from mechanical to power-frame operation. He recalls the strain of maintaining a continuous service of trains for six hours at Baker Street, often at minute intervals,

on the day of the first F.A. Cup Final at Wembley, but regrets that he had no opportunity of seeing the other end of the job—a crowd being marshalled by a policeman on a white horse. His promotion to Station Inspector, Ladbroke Grove, came in 1931.

A keen gardener, Mr. Ford won a second prize for three years running, 1935, 1936 and 1937, in the Stations Gardens competitions. He is fond of angling, too, and from his new Bedfordshire home he looks forward to many tight lines. We all hope he'll get them.

Smokes For The Forces

Much hot air and smoke usually emanate from committee deliberations, but from what Mr. A. C. Louis, the Tottenham garage sports secretary, tells *Pennyfare*, it would seem that the smoke from his committee is to be distributed in practical form. Read what he says:

Tottenham was always one of the most active clubs in the Central Buses Sports Association. Now it is active in serving the country. Of its 800 members 95 are with H.M. Forces: many are overseas already. The club is going to send cigarettes to its serving members from time to time: it is hoped the club will be in a financial position to continue the scheme for duration. For this reason, will such members send their service addresses to Driver A. C. Louis, Tottenham garage, or at 10, Greyhound Road, N.17.

Cigarette forget . . .

My staff have approached me, for the purpose of forming a penny per week fund, to supply cigarettes to members who are O.H.M.S. I have started this amongst my own staff and would suggest that if all depots and stations started a similar fund the whole scheme could then be worked through a central fund, and the whole of the Board's employees on active service would be able to derive some comfort from a smoke and know we are still thinking of them.

D. Rosenberg, S.M.

You Helped 380,000 To Leave London

THE numbers of schoolchildren, "under-fives" and grown-ups who were evacuated from the London Area on the four days 1st to 4th September have now been totted up.

London Transport carried, either the whole way or part of it, 379,780, yet not one mishap of any kind is reported.

The lion's share was borne by the Underground: in four days it took 198,680 evacuees (or shall we say vannies now?), all between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. They needed 605 special trains: 452 ran on the first two days and carried 155,000.

The busiest station was Ealing Broadway: no fewer than 101,000 rode there from Underground stations and changed into G.W.R. trains.

Buses moved many thousands of evacuees, taking some to the railway stations, collecting others after a railway journey or taking passengers all the way to their new homes. The figures are 4,170 buses, 130,550 passengers.

At two Underground stations, Edgware and Enfield West, buses picked up 39,000 evacuees and took them on to main line stations, either Mill Hill (L.M.S.) or New Barnet. For this job we ran 68 buses each day.

Trams and trolleybuses to the tune of 900 did their bit, too: 154 trams took 12,700 evacuees to Waterloo, 111 trams and trolleybuses took 9,100 to Clapham Junction.

At six change-over stations London Transport introduced a refreshment service. It was well used. Those few passengers with no money received food and drink free.

And what of the staff, the men who helped to conduct this great exodus? Some duties had to be changed at a moment's notice.

A bus driver found himself bound for Eastbourne instead of for a journey near his depot. Some of his mates who had a country outing could not get back to their depots before the next morning, the black-out was so complete. But it was all in the day's work, and cheerful co-operation between all ranks on top of months of detailed planning produced an achievement which the Minister of Transport, the Leader of the L.C.C., and the Chairman of London Transport were quick to praise and which few of us will forget.

A Volunteer's Tribute

Having finished a first spell of duty on the road we volunteered for this work, and had a job of removing "M.D." cases from Holloway schools.

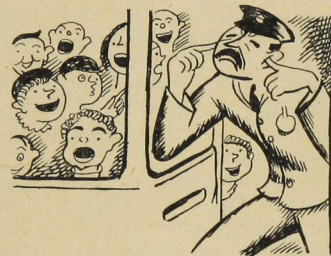
We have heard of praise for the many branches of transport in the great effort, but I would like to place on record my sincere and deepest appreciation to our load of little patients.

Let me mention just one little girl with a deformed back, in particular, her little arms no thicker than a broom handle. Truly heartbreaking to see them, yet, during a seven-and-a-half hour journey not a murmur, not a tear, but bravely taking the discomfort. Her thoughts were chiefly occupied in thanking those to whom she had been entrusted.

The only spot of bother we had was from one small lad, who was M.D. in the true sense of the word.

We had no mischievous children, but that journey and those children will forever live in my memory, for I saw and experienced another side of a child's life, if life it can be called, and was glad it was my duty to assist. I was well repaid by their behaviour.

Conductor 68039, A.D. Garage.



Blinking it over—

To those who think, as they travel life's road,
This beautiful secret is known,
That whenever we lift another man's load,
In some way we lighten our own.



Where does this Bus go to, Conductor?

NOW we think we can tell you. Cross that out. We did think we could tell you. Let the solutionists, of whom there are hundreds, fight it out.

Pennyfare's appeal to readers to come forward and complete the dialogue under the accompanying picture was promptly answered. From here, there and everywhere readers sent their versions of what the conductor said to the passenger. Here are some of them:—

There and back, if we're lucky, miss.
'Ssh! Mustn't say, madam. Hitler might hear.
Shad(e)well, madam.
Sh! Somewhere in England.
I'm sorry, mum. We're camouflaged.
Nowhere, mum. It just w-ants to be a-lone!
Must ask my skipper, lady. It's one of those ships that pass in the night.
Haven't you heard, mum? It's a mystery trip.
May be West End, may be World's End, mum.
No, madam, Little Wymondley. [That is more polite than "The higher the fewer"—*Editor*.]
Conductor (ex-R.E. Signaller): S.E. 5, lady; then S.W. 1, W.C. 2, and E.C. 1; then back to H.Q. at NX. O.K.?
We're lost, madam. Enquire at 200, Baker Street.
Ware, madam.
No, mum.
I'm waiting for my driver. He's gone to L.C.C. classes.
What bus?
It don't, madam. We're in the depot.

The Editor has decided to award the prize of 2s. 6d. to H. H. IBBOTT, Clerk in the Resident Engineer's Office, London Transport, Bow, E.3, for

It don't, madam. We're in the depot.

Editor's Note.—The artist, now devoted to higher things, being a soldier in the Balloon Barrage, is—well, still hung-up for his own wording.

Where's pArk Royal?

It is where it always was—between North Ealing and Alperton.

Reichsender calling all German shoppers. Don't wrap your meat in your bus ticket, it might slip through the punch hole.

If you are up to your neck in hot water, think of the kettle and sing like mad.

An antidote is a funny story you have heard before.

Letters in sloping type are said to be in hysterics.

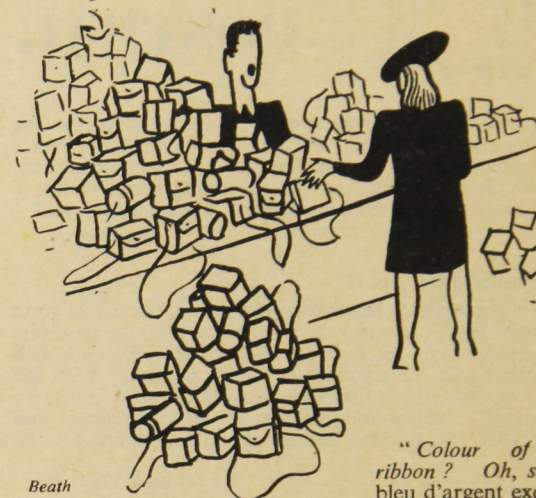
Tarzan is a short name for the American flag. Its full name is tarzan stripes.

"And you should see the gas-mask cases some of my passengers bring."



Auxiliary fireman instructor: "If you do as I tell you, when there is an air raid you will be as safe as houses!"

LOST PPL



Beath

"Colour of the ribbon? Oh, sort of bleu d'argent exquis."

Is this too Dark?

The Home Office has approved a slight relaxation in the lighting restrictions in London Transport's buses and trams.

A light slight at night.

A cut in the cowls of the lamp fittings throws a beam of light on the ceiling, which reflects more light into the vehicle.

Cuts out the conductor's duds.

Route numbers on buses are now stencilled on the near side.

We see through it.

Drivers and conductors now wear white coats in the black-out.

An Umpire brand?

Low-wattage lamps, the lower half painted dark blue, were put in each Tube car.

Cambridge will be writing.



BOARD MEETING

The artist has got the title right—we gave him that anyway. But everything else is wrong: we had told him to depict a Board meeting.

Pennyfare is recruiting. It wants contributors—readers who will write, photograph and sketch. *Pennyfare* is all written and (in part) illustrated by the staff alone, but at present by a handful of its readership of 90,000.

Pennyfare is the only war-time publication designed to keep you all in touch, whether you are at home or abroad.

Pennyfare's address is Shepherds Bush Station (Central Line), W. 12. Let's hear from you, then.



The Pick of the POSTBAG

WE can now turn out a main guard as smart as the Brigade of Guards. We'll be at Buckingham Palace yet. Army terms in our own Battery have been transported. "At the double" has become "Running early," while a fatigue party at work is described as "having a road on."

Two Gunners.

He Wants Jam on it

Life in the Army is better than I expected, but not so good as it might be, for (contrary to what I was told) the sergeants don't give us early tea in bed! But, Army life agrees with most of us and the standard of fitness is high. With the help of officers and N.C.O.s we provide our own concerts: for football matches and athletics we wear dungarees and gum boots. So no one has set up a new record for the mile, yet!

Gunner C. F. W.

Fretwork

Last month a *Pennyfare* correspondent said that the Army of to-day's all right. I'm not so sure about this. The other day my friend, the sergeant, I leave out the suitable adjective, wanted men with a knowledge of wood. Wood? Having been in the mill at Charlton for many years I naturally spoke up. What a sap I was—what a greenhorn. I know now more than I shall ever forget about wood, after unloading two barges of the rotten stuff on the Grand Junction Canal. If that sergeant's grinning face looks into our hut again—well, what wood you do, chums?

A Charlton Chum.

Kiss Me, Sergeant

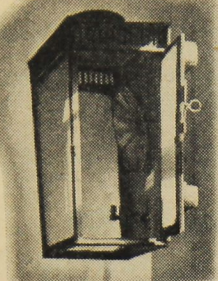
I rise at 5.45 a.m., see the lads are up by 6 o'clock, and then carry out various duties until Lights Out, at 10.15 p.m. No eight-hour day here. The food is good and, benefiting by regular hours, we all look and feel very fit. The officers, from the C.O. down, are grand chaps and very helpful. Busmen's language has crept into the Army. Men detailed for fatigue duty exclaim, "What! Another spreadover." Those warned for night guard say they are "on the all-nighter." Everybody has a nickname, from Sergeant Calamity, whose sudden appearance means more work, to the Singing Sergeant, who yells "Jump to it."

A Sergeant, A.A. Battery (R.A.).

Plum and Apple meets Ole Bill

I wear a Service uniform again, and comradeship and enthusiasm are as evident to-day as in 1914. Discipline came a little difficult to some of us at first, but the kid-glove methods of the present Army soon became recognised as an advance on the disciplinary methods known to the old soldiers. Off duty our officers join us men in whatever fun happens to be going. Plum and Apple, the youngest soldier, promises to be as good as any of us when the time comes. Seeing my ribbons, he made a facetious remark about Bairnsfather's Bill and Alf, and suggested that, having won the last war, we could do so again without him, especially as he had no wish to spoil a winning team. Later, he learned that punctures in a barrage balloon were *not* located by a man who climbed up the cable with a bucket of water.

Sergeant R.B.



This lamp has been at South Kensington Station since the last century

Blacked Out

TO make the naughty nineties gay
You shed your unobtrusive ray.

Or were you a Victorian glare

For sweeping perils from the stair

Often the smoke from a cigar

Would dim your astigmatic star

Often, too, a gallant waits

For what are grandparental dates.

Hissing a quick arpeggio

Beneath his twirled moustachio.

And bravely still your lantern burned

When the new century was turned.

Alas! the day in nineteen-four,

When father missed the step and swore:

And those embittered words he sent

Complaining that your light was spent

Ere half his days. Was that the shout

That blew your fishtail burner out?

And left an old, unhappy lamp

Abandoned to the wind and damp?

Old friend, for such you seem to be,

Have you a glimmer left for me,

When quickly from the darkened train

I stumble on my knees again?

A.B.B.

25 Years Ago

A second dip into the pages of T.O.T. *Fortnightly News*, those of October and November, 1914, produced these items.

Lord George Hamilton, ex-Cabinet Minister, addressed T.O.T. men in Wood Lane Depot on the origin of the war: Lord Knollys and Sir Herbert Jekyll supported him.

"Have not had a shave for three weeks," wrote J. Hows, M.E.T., in the 9th Lancers. "We have been fighting every day for a month."

London "General" bus drivers, driving A.S.C. motor-lorries in France, refused to surrender to superior German forces. Their valour was the subject of a fine story in the newspapers. "A new type in the London streets, a new type of hero in war."

Conductor W. C. H. Bagley, Edmonton Depot, M.E.T., and Conductor W. Ferguson, Forest Gate Garage, wrote stirring accounts of the sinking of their ship, the Hogue, by torpedo. They tried to swim to other warships, the Aboukir and the Cressy, but these, too, were sunk before our friends could reach either.

Luminous ink has been used for the printing of certain direction posters at Underground station entrances. The posters are exhibited during the black-out only, and at other times the phosphor content of the ink is maintained by keeping the posters in natural or artificial light (it does not matter which).



A Regiment Heard but not Seen

Hyde-and-Seek Villa,
Camouflage Terrace,
SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.

WHEN I became a self-appointed Military Correspondent of *Pennyfare*, the Editor asked me to look up our own unit. "We must keep in touch with London Transport's own anti-aircraft regiment," he said. (Here he paused for breath.) "Our readers expect it."

So here to-day I contacted one of our Batteries as a start. H.Q. told me I'd find 'em somewhere down the road. I went—and came back.

"They're not there," I reported to the Adjutant.

"Well, they were last night," he retorted. "Come along, I'll take you."

He took me to an empty house. Boards announced "To Let." "Battery H.Q.," he smirked. I was lost. Through a gap in the garden hedge he led me into a big field. Nothing there, I was about to chide him. "Here are the guns," he rapped out, "and here are the gun crews." I couldn't see anything—but—he was right. I would never have found them in a month of Sundays, so cunningly was it camouflaged—guns, predictor, range-finder, and all.

The men that I found were already seasoned soldiers: they've learned a lot. Three months ago they were driving buses, trains, painting buses, stoking or were bowler-hatted, black-coated clerks going to Broadway. To-day, they are, well—the will to win and sergeants have done conjuring tricks.

These colleagues of ours can put up with anything, now. They have lived in a dank, lonely field in the countryside, the pleasures of yesterday are blacked-out. But they are resourceful in war as at work. The billets are two private houses. In one room were two armchairs, gifts from a woman resident. Ginger, said to be the Pride of the Regiment, was trying them out when I looked in.

Each room is named. There was The Roost. You've got it: the occupants are two N.C.O.s named Cox. On another door was chalked: "Bed. sit. to let. Ev. con. mod." Here and there, too, I met little groups squatting on the floor, heads down. They were not trying to make fortunes—they were undergoing Lewis gun instruction. One tutor I recognised as the hall porter at "55."

To-day half the Battery was finishing three days' duty in the gun park, to-morrow it will begin three days of rifle drill, route marching and fatigues. That's how it goes.

The WATS-their-names (they wait at table and then wash up) have introduced homely touches, as only women's hands can, while the busmen cooks are satisfying enormous appetites three times a day. A radio set and darts board—things like these have killed boredom and revived the care-free atmosphere of pub and club, canteen and back parlours.

This evening, work done, the Battery, with Sergeant Paxton, chorus master, roars the Battery chorus, but I have more than a suspicion that it was not the authentic version. The whole regiment greatly appreciates the Board's financial gesture—the making up of service pay and allowances to the level of normal wages. As the men say, now they can get on with winning the war with less anxiety about the home folk.

The busmen have not lost their ready tongue. "As a driver I tried hard never to hit anything, but now, as a gunner—Oh, boy!" The leavening of old sweats, too, has caused humour in unexpected places. Once, when the Battery was relieving a unit, a youngster commented: "Look, here come the Chelsea Pensioners to take over!"

As I took leave of our cheerful Battery I remembered I was a Second Loot once. "Any suggestions?" I cautiously enquired (complaints would be out of date). "Well, we'd welcome scarves and gloves now that winter's here. It gets a bit nippy on the guns these nights," said one N.C.O., popping up his head from nowhere.

Maybe some of our womenfolk will keep this in mind.

[Next month our Correspondent visits another Battery.]

Warden, What of the Night?

IT'S pleasant enough, a warden's job, when the moon is high and the night is clear. But with the Autumn rains the job gets a bit sticky. In the darkness your ears and eyes play queer tricks.

The mocking wail of a passing lorry, gear-changing along Western Avenue at 2 a.m., has given us wardens a mild attack of that zero-hour feeling, and we have made an instinctive grab for our equipment. In full war-paint we are a one-man band. Here's the whole issue, as we used to say in 1914:—

Steel helmet, neck curtain, eye-shade, protective coat, trousers, rubber-boots, gloves, respirator, bag with anti-dim soap, first-aid outfit, torch, whistle, handbell, rattle.

On patrol these dark November nights is no picnic. One of my pals wandering about a new housing estate pitched over a pile of rubble into a pudding of plaster. His protest was answered by a letter headed: "Without Prejudice."



Without Prejudice

A new winter game is light-spotting. It can be great fun—but not for us. The rules are simple. We spot a light from a back bedroom window—usually in the middle of a long row of terrace houses as like as peas. We count the chimney stacks and our steps back to the main road and think we've located the culprit. But we have to think again when we get no answer to our ringing or the occupier shouts he's had no light on all evening!

One night we had a mock raid in our sector. In half-an-hour we turned out fire-fighting, first-aid and demolition squads. Our personal congratulations were rudely interrupted when Control reported our own post unmanned. We couldn't understand. Later we learnt that one squad had mistaken an empty hut nearby for the post.

A woman dashed into our post gasping there was a bomb in her house. "Yes, heard it ticking," she cried.

Two wardens were despatched to the house and clambered into a loft over a garage and found—an old rusty alarm-clock ticking away. For years it had lain under a heap of old Christmas cards and linoleum trimmings until jogged in a search for black-out material.

House-to-house calls have their amusing moments, too. A warden I know was asked to adjust a mask on an old lady with a fine head of hair, of which she was immensely proud. When satisfied he removed mask and—all the hair!

"I've called to inspect the gas m—," began a warden. "Oh! you've come at last, have you," cried a worried-looking housewife. "I've been unable to cook all day!"

But our warden is a practical man; he made the stove work.

G.F.

Our Busmen in France Again

Later I was taken to a wood where a group of former London bus drivers are leading a muddy, but not too unpleasant existence in a species of gipsy encampment. These are the drivers of the squadron's heavier transport—solid citizens, most of them men of early middle age who served in the last war. One of them told me that he had retreated in good order something over twenty years ago from this same wood when it was nothing but an eviscerated mass of mud, and with not a tree left standing. Now here he is again, older and doubtless wiser, but still capable, like his fellows, of taking a pride and pleasure in his skill at living by his wits and his hands. For most men here, one fancies, it is still rather fun to camp out, however sick of it they may become later on.

From a dispatch by a "Manchester Guardian" special correspondent with British forces in France.

ROLL OF HONOUR

September 11

R. A. Thomas, R.N.

A temporary circuit installer, Class 2, Signal Engineer's department. Died on war service. He was a leading telegraphist, Royal Fleet Reserve, aged 30, and joined London Transport in December, 1938.

September 27

T. J. Page, R.A.F.

A bus driver at Barking garage. Killed accidentally while motor-cycling in France. He was 39, and had been 15 years with London Transport.

Saw the District Line United with the Tube

THE Underground loses a valuable servant and *Pennyfare* one of its keenest agents by the death, on September 20, of Mr. W. A. Conisbee, Chief Clerk to the Permanent Way Engineer (Railways), after a short illness. He was 61.

Mr. Conisbee began his railway career in July, 1895, as a junior clerk, in the Engineer's office of the District Railway.



Mr. W. A. Conisbee

Of his 44 years' service, 34 years were spent in the Permanent Way Section of the department; he was in charge of the office for more than 30 years. He saw the electrification of the District Line and its amalgamation with the Tube systems. Each change added to his duties, which were discharged with conscientiousness as well as ability.

He was a humanitarian, a wise counsellor and a true friend, and would spend hours in helping a man with a personal problem. He took a keen interest in staff welfare and rendered outstanding service as the Board's nominee on Staff Sectional Council No. 8, of which he became a member in 1926.

Mr. Conisbee was a devoted worker on behalf of the Bell Road Wesleyan Chapel, Hounslow, and the funeral service there was attended by many old colleagues and friends, including departmental officers and retired employees.

IN MEMORIAM

We regret to record the passing of the following employees during the past month. The years of service are shown in parentheses.

(40) years Bkg. Clerk W. Maloney, Liverpool Street (Met.).

(39) Div. Insp. S. F. Brown, Baker St.; (35) Mtrm. G. Weedon, Parsons Green; (34) Strkpr. F. W. Johnson, Acton Wks.; (32) Elctn. G. E. Mitchell, Charlton Wks.; Yd. Mtr. A. Hewitt, Elephant and Castle; (31) Dvr. J. W. Stantrill, Leyton; Wshr. T. G. Barrett, Stamford Hill; (30) Gd. T. G. Tomlinson, Wood Lane.

(29) Insp. S. G. Smith, Thornton Heath; Dep. Insp. J. J. Leonard, New Cross; (27) Cond. W. H. Plumb, Camberwell; (26) Dvr. A. H. Harding, Catford; Insp. D. Benjamin, Central Buses; Wshr. C. J. Wright, Poplar; (25) Dvr. F. H. Appelmann, Camberwell; (23) Dvr. E. Crawford, Charlton Wks.; (20) Cond. F. A. Robinson, Hendon; Un. Ad. E. Fowles, Merton; Dvr. H. W. T. McRae, Chalk Farm; Cond. J. C. Lloyd, Bexley; Dvr. R. R. Blewer, Kingston.

(18) Dvr. C. W. Burree, Old Kent Road; (16) Cond. J. A. Tyler, Hanwell garage; Cond. L. H. Wren, Bromley; (15) Gd. C. J. Wilkins, Lambeth North; Dvr. E. J. Wilson, Catford; (13) Cftm. G. Dawes, Chiswick; Cond. W. H. Ward, Catford; (10) Dvr. A. Corram, Barking.

Minstrel and Bandmaster

THE dwindling band of "North Met." clerks still in the service of London Transport is smaller by the retirement, this month, of Mr. C. T. Loveday. He joined the North Metropolitan Tramways Company in 1889, and after transfer of the L.C.C. Tramways to London Transport was senior clerk in the Traffic Operation (Trams and Trolleybuses) department.

In 50 years Mr. Loveday has seen many changes, and as a hobby has collected many records, which led him to divide tram history into cycles of 30 years, namely, 1870 to 1900, horse trams under Company enterprise; 1901 to 1930, electric trams of municipal ownership; since 1931, trolleybuses—under single control from 1933.

In his leisure Mr. Loveday is devoted to music. He composed and arranged most of the music for the L.C.C. Tramway Minstrels (who took their last call long ago), and in time became their conductor. In the war of 1914-18, while engaged on the R.A.F. flying-boat patrol service between the Orkney and Shetland Isles, he was recalled to the Air Ministry, appointed a bandmaster, and sent to France by Sir Walford Davies to help provide concerts for the troops.

For a long time during the early days of the L.C.C. Staff Association, Mr. Loveday was secretary of the Tramways department staff. He leaves behind a memento, the Loveday Cup, for indoor games, for which the tram and trolleybus staff compete every year.

The heroism of Driver A. S. Brooker, Northfleet garage, who saved two boys from drowning in a lake at Dartford, in July (as reported in our September issue), was recalled at a meeting in October of the Dartford Town Council, when the Mayor presented him with the Royal Humane Society's testimonial on parchment.

Driver J. E. Hillman, Abbey Wood tram depot, went to the assistance of a police constable in difficulties with a drunken and violent man at Nightingale Place, Woolwich, on September 3. The Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis has now written Hillman, thanking him for his public-spirited action.



Mr. C. T. Loveday

RETIRED



Collector S. J. Beck

(49)* Tkt. Collector S. J. Beck, Waltham Green; (48) Dvr. F. Potter, Clapham; Insp. J. Taylor, Stamford Hill; (47) Dvr. H. Hayes, New Cross; (46) Lab. J. Dampster, Poplar; (45) Insp. Ldg. Rep. J. Mersh, Head Office; Insp. H. Harris, Holloway; (44) Cond. J. Schofield, Holloway; Cond. J. Henty, Norwood; (43) Dvr. C. H. Buck, New Cross; Insp. E. D. Hayes, Wandsworth; Cond. A. J. Adams, New Cross; (42) Dvr. F. Jenner, New Cross; Bxmn. F. E. W. Hurst, Leyton; Asst. Fmn. W. Cull, Middle Row; (41) Cond. E. A. Beckworth, Athol Street; Cond. H. Jacob, Stamford Hill; (40) Dep. Insp. J. Rofo, Hendon; Stwd. W. Perkins, Wandsworth.

* Ticket Collector Beck was responsible for the station garden at Waltham Green. The plot, cultivated from rough ground 16 years ago, won him many prizes.

(39) Ptsmn. T. S. Brown, New Cross; Cond. A. Hall, Camberwell; Sig. W. L. W. Watts, Wood Lane; Tr. Tkt. Insp. J. Carter, Charing Cross; Dvr. A. Kerry, Camberwell; Cond. A. A. Townshend, New Cross; Ptsmn. C. Self,

Holloway; Ptsmn. H. Jeffrey, Holloway; Cond. P. A. A. Prosser, Catford; (38) Dvr. L. Wareham, Chelverton Road; (37) Insp. S. Berenstein, Central Buses; Dvr. H. J. Barker, Cricklewood; Dvr. J. C. Smith, Fulwell; Sub-Gngr. A. Patch, P.W. Dept. (Met.); Lnmn. G. Potter, Hammersmith; (33) Insp. E. H. Underdown, Central Buses; Insp. H. P. McLoughlin, Central Buses; Cond. G. F. Day, Leyton; Sub-Gngr. F. Moon, P.W. Dept. (N.L.); (31) Dep. Insp. H. D. Barker, Streatham; Gen. Hd. A. J. Cooke, Muswell Hill; (30) Dvr. G. Hawes, Dalston; Cond. W. F. White, Cricklewood; Dvr. G. E. Holloway, New Cross.

(29) Dvr. J. Brady, Holloway; Dvr. G. Oldfield, Leyton; (28) Dvr. W. F. Brown, Seven Kings; Dvr. H. Bennett, Chelverton Road; Ptsmn. W. J. Bullock, Central Buses; (27) Cond. T. W. G. Honeybone, Sutton; Cond. J. C. Chalkley, Muswell Hill; Dvr. M. Foster, Battersea; (26) Dvr. J. P. Hiom, Old Kent Road; Gen. Hd. J. Rowe, Leyton; (25) Gen. Hd. A. H. Bown, Upton Park; Dvr. S. Perry, Ilford; (24) Dvr. W. E. Phillips, Holloway; Dvr. H. W. Perry, Dalston; Dvr. W. D. Nelson, Elmers End; Ptsmn. M. Barnes, Wandsworth; Dvr. H. Holden, New Cross; Wshr. G. B. E. Davy, Walthamstow; Cond. J. Bowerman, Clapham; Ptsmn. J. A. Lises, Stamford Hill; Dvr. J. Hunter, Leyton; Dep. Insp. G. Taylor, Sutton; (23) Dvr. T. Lane, Clapham; Mrs. M. Fleming, Manor House; (20) Dvr. G. Mills, Old Kent Road; Dvr. G. Warren, Hornchurch.



RECREATION NEWS FROM THE HOME FRONT

Tram and Trolleybus Central S.A.

ASSOCIATION NEWS. Sergeant C. E. Dale, of the Central Committee, somewhere in France, wishes to be remembered to his colleagues. Corporal H. Gray, also of the Central Committee, is another cheery correspondent. Then there is Tommy Dunn, Hon. Secretary of Walthamstow Branch, who is with the Board's own regiment. Mentioning this reminds me that the Chairman and I have had appreciative letters from Col. A. C. Richardson for the sports equipment that this Association supplied for their use.

CHRISTMAS CLUB. The Committee has decided to make it a Savings Club until December 1, with a bonus to fully subscribed members as submitted by the collectors. We may even yet be of service to those members who desire to purchase poultry.

ANGLING. Secretary Mills reports a record season, the total weight of fish brought to the scales being 306 lbs. The "Dunn Gardner" cup and Section Shield were won by Camberwell depot; the "Holloway" cup by Clapham depot.

BAND. All bandmen appear to be on active service. We wish all a safe return. The instruments and music are stored at Headquarters.

BOWLS. Despite bad weather there was a large muster in the pavilion for the presentation of trophies and prizes. Afterwards the company sat down to a high tea. The winners were:—Singles Champion—W. J. Denmark (New Cross); "Munro" Cup Pairs Championship—A. Braisher and F. C. Denmark (Wandsworth); "Tilston" Cup Pairs Handicap—H. Godwin and H. Cotley (Clapham); "May" Shield Treble Championship—W. J. Denmark (Skip), C. Maxfield, W. Till (New Cross); "Vorley" Cup Rink Championship—W. J. Denmark (Skip), H. Grigg, C. Maxfield, A. Musgrove (New Cross); League Championship—Greenwich.

KEEP-FIT SECTION. Poplar have recommenced their classes; 40 turned up on the first Sunday of the season.

GENERAL. The Central Committee have decided to carry on the work of the Association as far as circumstances will permit. An emergency committee will meet monthly, the main committee will meet quarterly.

F. Clifton, Gen. Secretary.

Central Buses

All sub-section and garage sports club secretaries are reminded that restricted competitive sport should now be inaugurated. Those concerned should therefore try to arrange competitions in which travelling is restricted to a minimum. The committee have sanctioned war-time programmes submitted by some sections, but other programmes have been held up for further information. Any reasonable suggestions for promoting sport are assured of sympathetic consideration.

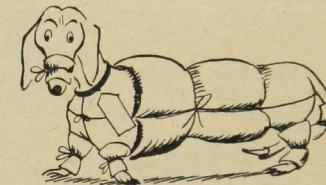
The Association, which has several members serving in the 84th (L.T.) A.A. Regiment, has presented each Battery with two footballs and a set of knickers and jerseys.

The general office of the Association has been transferred to 97, Ealing Road, Wembley (Wembley 2763), to which all communications

should be addressed. Stationery requisitions will be dealt with at 48, Rochester Row, Westminster, every Monday, from 3 to 5 p.m. Three days' notice should be given.

BOWLS. Semi-finals and finals of the five championships were decided at The Beehive Hotel, Lower Richmond Road. Results:—Singles.—Semi-finals—A. Bicheno (Hanwell) 21, A. Allard (Camberwell) 14; L. Smith (Plumstead) 22, J. Hall (Leyton) 9. Final—L. Smith 22, A. Bicheno 9. Pairs.—Semi-finals—Allen and Woods (Wilkesden) 21, Gillham and Hall (Chelverton Road) 13; Smith and Jarman (Plumstead) 22, Mallyon and Gray (Enfield) 6. Final—Smith and Jarman 17, Allen and Woods 15. Triples.—Semi-finals—Smith, Jarman and Stephens (Plumstead) 22, Baker, Smith and Hadlow (Battersea) 19; Hook, Verrinder and Bicheno (Hanwell) 21, Gutteridge, Luff and Noy (Enfield) 20. Final—Hook, Verrinder and Bicheno 26, Smith, Jarman and Stephens 23. Single Rink League.—Semi-finals—Leyton 21, Elmers End 9; Camberwell 16, Muswell Hill 15. Final—Camberwell 22, Leyton 14. Double Rink Knock-out.—Semi-finals—West Green 43, Mortlake 38; Leyton w.o. from Chalk Farm. Final—Leyton 43, West Green 33. The annual general meeting was held at the Feathers Hotel, Westminster, on November 13, at 7 p.m.

DOGS. The Association's autumn show, arranged for October 19, will be held instead on November 23, at the Kew Pavilion, Kew Bridge.



Will HE be there?

from 2 p.m. Mrs. Cecil Barber will judge the 20 classes. Entries close on November 17, to S. L. Franks, 68, Greenfield Avenue, Surbiton.

FLYING CLUB. Members worried about the future of the Club are assured that it will carry on as an organisation, although nothing definite can be planned until official instructions are given. Meantime, maintenance expenses are a heavy item, and it is hoped that members will continue to support the Club.—Keff.

INDOOR GAMES. The committee have decided to arrange an indoor games competition on a neighbourly basis, restricting travelling to a minimum. So that clubs without a billiards table may have a chance to compete, the tournament will be confined to shove-ha'penny, darts, dominoes, cribbage, whist and draughts. It will be noted that shove-ha'penny is an additional item in the programme, and clubs without equipment will receive it in due course. Members who can arrange local friendly matches are asked to advise their garage secretary. Any information about the section will gladly be given by Section Secretary C. Macdonald (Camberwell), 23, Saltoun Road, S.W. 2.

G. E. Law, Hon. Gen. Secretary.

C. & S.L. Club & Institute

Many members are in one of the three services, some already overseas, and we wish them all a safe return.

Management Committee meetings will take place at Morden Institute on Mondays, November 20 and December 11, at 7 p.m.—H. T. Miller, Asst. Gen. Secretary.

L.T. Rifle Club

Until further notice the Baker Street range will be open Mondays to Fridays from 10.0 a.m. to 7.0 p.m.; all staff, members or not, may shoot. Ham and Petersham range will be open on Fridays from 2.0 p.m. to dusk, on Saturdays and Sundays from 10.0 a.m. to dusk.

Competitions will be on the Baker Street range, excepting for tyros and newcomers. Entries to Secretary, Baker Street: targets may be fired on available Club ranges to November 30. The Burroughs and Watts and the City of London League Competition will be fired at Baker Street. Entries are wanted for the inter-departmental cup competition, teams of 4, from one department: fire at Baker Street. Entries are invited for Henwood shield competition, teams of 4, from any garage or depot. Members should enter for the Marksmen's Shield Competition: targets at Baker Street.

The final placings in the Engineers League, the leading club scores in the respective divisions, and the leading results in the second tyros and newcomers competition (1939) are too numerous to mention. They can be obtained from Mr. W. Drew, the secretary.

L.T.A.S.S.A.

RUGBY FOOTBALL. Members wishing to play should write Mr. A. W. Meachem, Signal Engineer's department, Earls Court.

Ealing Common Depot

BOWLS. Ealing bowlers had a successful season. We won the Cooper Cup by defeating Acton Works H.O. rink, the winners for three successive years, Acton Works No. 2, and Acton Works Armature Shop. Our team was Messrs. Riches, Scrivener, French and Kirton. The same team reached the final of the London Transport Rink, their opponents being Bellingham Tramway Rink. W. Scrivener reached the final of an individual competition.

TABLE TENNIS. Fixtures in the Acton League have been cancelled but efforts are being made to arrange a series of friendly games.

SOCIAL. The Albert Stanley Institute is available for games during day-time and evening. You can join the social club for 1s. per year.—C. Pope.

District Line A.A.

QUOITS. Heats in individual competitions remain unfinished. We do not know when they will be played off, and sympathise with the members concerned, at the same time congratulating them on their good efforts. T. B. Oliver was in the Davis cup final and Isleworth cup semi-final, and G. Davenport was in the Davis cup semi-final and Isleworth cup final.

SWIMMING. Normal activities have had to be suspended owing to the closure of our headquarters, Victoria Baths, and the inability to obtain other suitable accommodation. Meantime, a number of members intend using Acton Baths on Friday mornings at 10.30 during the winter whilst the suspension operates.—G. E. Mills.

H. W. Holloway, Hon. Gen. Secretary.

Albert Stanley Institute

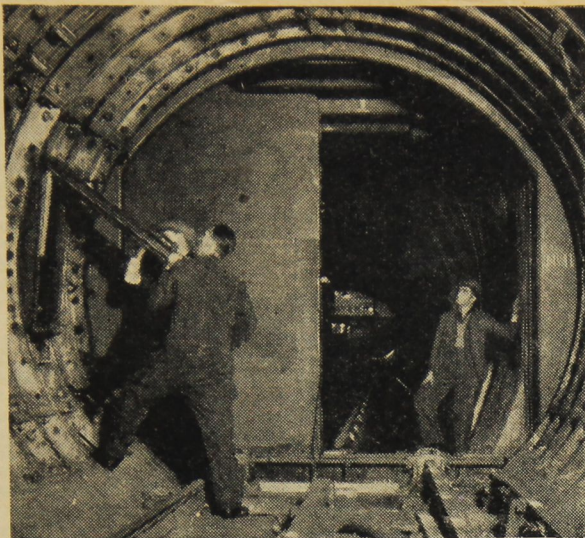
The staff are advised that the Institute is still open for the use of members and their friends every weekday from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Games available are billiards, darts, snooker, and indoor games, while whist drives are held every Saturday commencing at 7 p.m. The social room is open also. The annual subscription of 1s. covers everything.

E. C. Hunt, Hon. Gen. Secretary.



The Laddie of the Lamp

[Pennyfare exclusive]

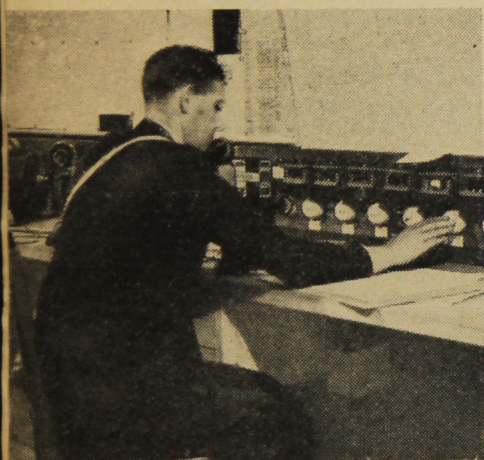
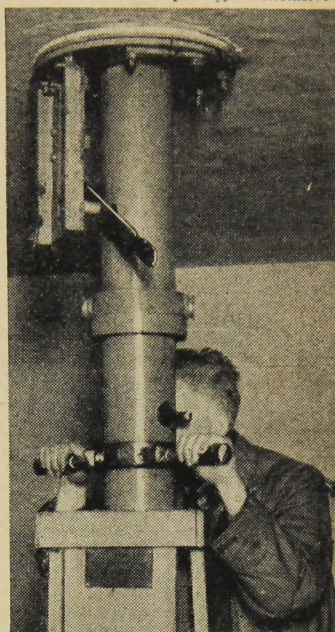


A floodgate in an under-Tames Tube showing (left) the escape hatch

[Fox Photo]

SURRENDERED IN THE LAST WAR at Scapa Flow, this U-boat periscope is used in Chiswick Works now. In a raid officers could see through (or rather over) brick walls

[Pennyfare exclusive]

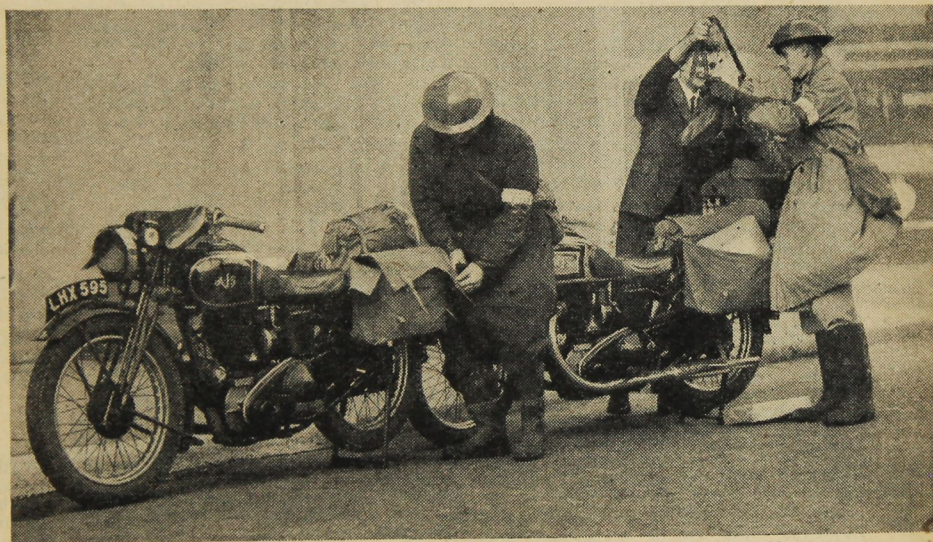


He has the ear of every trench in the works, an amplifier shouts his messages

[Pennyfare exclusive]

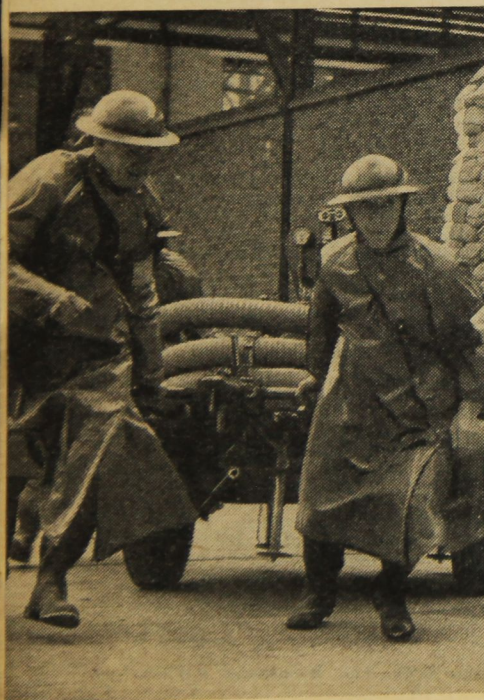
LONDON TRANSPORT PHOTOFARE

Sidelights on London Transport Staff on War-time Duties



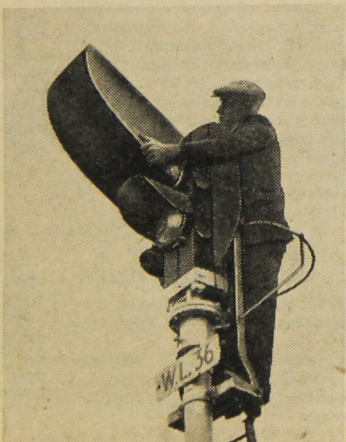
"My memo dated the 1st prox. Did you get it?" Then thank the despatch riders. Today they're the postmen of London Transport, a 24-hour service

[Pennyfare exclusive]



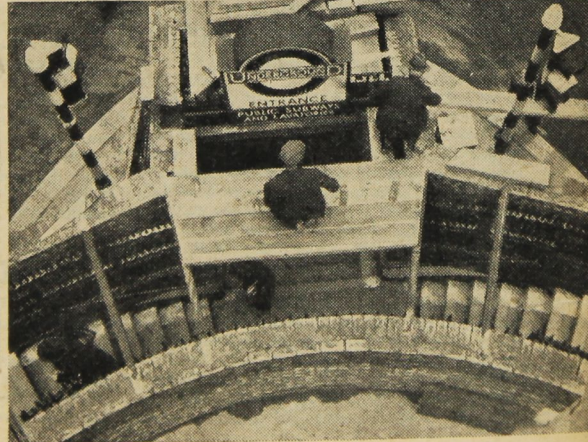
Jumping to it in "battle dress"

[Pennyfare exclusive]



Hitler hoodwinked! Our winking signals are now hooded

[Pennyfare exclusive]



Our roving photographer looks down on work

[Topical]