

A Conductor's Chronicle

Part 3 of 4

THEN THERE WERE THOSE MOMENTS.....

By Mike Harper
Conductor
Eastern National Omnibus Company
Southend, Essex Depot
1974-1976

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PART 3: THEN THERE WERE THOSE MOMENTS.....

As easy as it was to get used to the work at hand, which I covered in the first two parts of this series, I was lucky that most of the journeys passed without any real incident. But, I was dealing with the public, and we were traversing public roads, so there were the inevitable incidents and accidents to deal with. Many were oddities and/or comical. Others were more serious. A lot didn't involve paperwork, but some did!

Incidents and Accidents and Paperwork

One of the first was to discover that the tops of the newly installed traffic island bollards at the junction of Webster's Way and Eastwood Road in Rayleigh, would "pop-off" when clipped by the offside front mudguard of an FLF: we had taken the corner a little too wide!

The most serious incident I had to deal with occurred towards the end of a couple of rounds of 6's one rainy morning. The roads were wet and the pole and platform of our open back LD were pretty slippery by then. I was inside as we left the last stop at the bottom of Hamlet Court Rd, to start crossing over the railway line at Westcliff Station, when there was a huge commotion on the platform. I turned to see a hand sliding down the pole and a jaw hitting the platform with what I thought was a quite a thud, before disappearing from view. By the time I had given four bells (emergency stop) and we had come to a stop, the man in question was nowhere to be seen! Fortunately there were two women seated on the bench seats beside the platform and also a pedestrian came forward, who were prepared to provide details as witnesses.

Apparently the man had made a running leap to board the moving bus, and misjudged the distance. Although he managed to grab the pole, his foot slipped off the platform and we must have dragged him a short way before he finally let go. Why he disappeared before we could stop and make sure he was alright is still beyond me. I can only assume he was fearful of getting into some kind of trouble. The pedestrian said he had rolled onto his feet, got up and started running away, in the opposite direction from which we were traveling: back up Hamlet Court Rd, before turning into a side street! He was nowhere to be seen by the time I was able to get off and look. Needless to say that lunch time was spent filling in a report just to make sure we were covered.

Winter

The weather played a role in another accident too. This time Johnny was skillfully, cautiously and uneventfully negotiating an overnight snowfall on our way to Lower Hockley one February morning. That is until we got to Rawreth Lane, when I happened to notice a Ford Anglia gracefully gliding along the road, with all four wheels locked. It caught us square, amidships, between the platform doors and rear wheels. Names and numbers, and some good-natured laughs were exchanged before we went on our way without further incident, except for the paperwork when we got back to the depot. Needless to say, Coventry Hill (Hullbridge), Crown Hill (Rayleigh), Eastwood Rise and the hill up to Prittlewell Church were all pretty sporty that morning!

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Later that winter we had to contend with a flood at the end of the Hullbridge Road and the then, aptly named, Watery Lane. The water managed to reach up to the platform doors, but did not flow through the downstairs as it had done on some previous occasions. There were several stories of FLF's going through with the platform doors open at the front, the emergency door open at the back, and a river running through between the two!

The Nasty Old Man from Leigh

It was a hot and humid summer's lunchtime during my second summer and I was running a circuit of short 25's. An old fellow boarded at Leigh Church and went upstairs and sat on the nearside. "Just going round the corner mate" he said, and paid the minimum fare with his OAP pass. He was still on after we had got to Leigh Hotel.

"How far you going?"

"Next stop mate!"

I rang the bell. A few people boarded but still he didn't get off. Soon we had reached Chalkwell Park Schools. Enough was enough!

"I'm not going to take you all the way to Southend! Either pay up or get off now!"

"What you gonna do, pick me up and throw me off. I can still take you anytime, Sonny."

I still had a good number of other perfectly reasonable fare-paying passengers on board, expecting to continue their journeys onto Westcliff or Southend. It was then that fate presented me with the first of two strokes of good luck. An SD-crewed Canvey pulled up behind. I hastily arranged a transfer of my other passengers, hurriedly completing the necessary paperwork to do so. So now it was just me, my driver Tom and the nasty, belligerent old man from Leigh upstairs.

"We're not going to move until you either pay up or get off!"

"I'm not in a hurry. Besides you'll still have to throw me off". And so it went on, until that second stroke of good luck. Being upstairs on the near side, my nasty recalcitrant old passenger did not have a good view of everything around him. So he was oblivious to my driver Tom flagging down a passing Panda Car, until he was trapped upstairs by one of Southend's finest on the platform:

"'Allo 'Allo 'Allo what's going on 'ere then?" Well, actually he didn't say that, but when he got upstairs, he did recognize the old man in question – "Oh! It's you," and he duly escorted the now succumbed and very obedient passenger off the bus. I thought little more of it, apart from the paperwork that still needed to be completed, and the whole thing gradually receded into the evening, as surely did the day. Until I got home that is: "So what was all the fuss with the

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Police?" enquired my brother who had apparently driven past at the precisely the moment Tom and I were explaining to the Constable what was going on!

Miscellaneous Memories

However, it wasn't just the problem journeys that stick in mind. There were always other memorable events...

First Hullbridge and the Police Chase.

That was not my only incident with the Police! On another occasion we were running the first Hullbridge. This duty began at 4.41 AM and involved taking out the FLF that was parked up in the bus wash overnight. For me, it meant either my Dad would get up and drive me in, or I'd ride my bike the 10 or so miles into Southend, via Ashingdon and Rochford, to take the bus back to where I'd just come from! Surprisingly, there were a couple of regulars who relied on that outbound. On the return there was little more to do after the first few commuters had got to Rayleigh Station, except a few early birds starting making their way to Progress Road, or into Southend from Kent Elms onwards. We had just descended down Eastwood Rise and were approaching Progress Road, when I became very aware that a police car was, basically, "chasing" us. This was not difficult to do as we were progressing only at a stately 20-25 mph! We stopped at Progress Road to wait up a bit, and sure enough so does the Police car and out gets the Bobby, definitely not in Sweeney-style, and approaches the doors: Johnny opens them.

"Have you just come from Hullbridge?"

"Er ...yes?" I replied, hesitantly. He continued, and this is the God's-honest truth – "Well I was wondering if you saw an advert for an aquarium that's for sale in the newsagent's window while you were down there?"

"No?"

"Oh OK then." He got back into his car and off he went!

Johnny meanwhile is looking at me very perplexed through the bulkhead window, so I get out and lean across the bonnet to tell him.

"What the @\$% ?!" he says, slides his window shut and off we go too!

Nasty Fumes and the VR.

One complaint that would often require a change of vehicle was the smell of diesel coming into the passenger compartment. Whilst it didn't happen that often, when it did happen, it was, well, pretty obnoxious; the only recourse was to call in and request for a replacement vehicle to be waiting for you at SCB, or similar.

So one evening early in my second summer (1975), as Johnny and I were about to make our way down to pick up a 22 to Hullbridge, we were called downstairs and told that the crew

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bringing the bus into Southend, from Shoebury, had complained of diesel fumes, and we needed to take a new bus along with us.

"Which one should we take?" asked Johnny, knowing that by this time of the evening pretty much any bus that was in the garage would be OK to take, including possibly a Semi (-automatic FLF), normally reserved for Wood Green or Grays'.

"Any one you want".

"OK, that one!" said Johnny

"Yeah, that one!!" I added.

We were both pointing to a VR (e.g. <http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall6/en3028a>) that was parked up against the wall.

"Sure" said Derek, who was in charge of vehicle allocations at the time.

"Really?"

"Yeah, go on!"

We swiftly took that VR out of the garage before anyone had chance to change their mind! I'm pretty certain that it was the first time a crewed VR had operated a 22, and it could be that it was also the last! I even suggested to Johnny that he take my ticket machine and give me the rest of the night off! However, our jaunt was relatively short lived. As we turned into SCB on the return to Shoebury, there was Derek on the 22 stand with another FLF.

"Hope you boys had a nice trip!" he smiled.

FLF's and the Boiling Radiator.

The other common mechanical problem, especially on the FLF's with the Cave-Brown-Cave "cooling" system, was boiling over. Although these were generally not dealt with by replacing the vehicle, but by adding water! There were always places to get this from, including the ubiquitous end-of-route cafes. Other places were a little less convenient though. Gants Hill and Newbury Park seemed to be favorite spots for a boil over, which meant just waiting up for a bit. Most of the time these were temporary conditions because of heavy traffic, but if they were persistent, it would result in a call to Brentwood garage, hopefully for some watery relief at the High Street (e.g. <http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall5/en2887a>). My first mate, Bill, would ascribe this equipment failure to a " *@!\$%^&* useless idea," much to the (no doubt unfelt) chagrin of Messrs. Cave, Brown and Cave!

Steve and the Long 3.

Now it wasn't often that you don't even manage to complete a trip! But I managed it with Steve. He was a conductor buddy of mine, who finally took the plunge and completed his driver

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training. It was a Saturday afternoon underneath an overcast grey sky that was threatening rain. But we were in good spirits: it was Steve's first 3 as a driver, and it was at the end of a good day's overtime for me. We picked up a pretty well loaded 3, and the London Road was pretty heavy going. Steve was a little tentative and I could see we were starting to fall behind schedule by Leigh Elms. Of course the later we got, the more passengers we picked up and so we got even slower. By the time we got to Benfleet we were well behind. And we finally arrived at Leigh Beck a good 20 minutes or more behind schedule.

There was not time for a break, we turned around immediately and headed back. By the time we got back to the London Rd, we were behind other buses we should have been in front of, which actually cut us a bit of a break, until we got the SD. The trip out of Vic Circus was very heavy going, and Steve was feeling the pressure of being so far behind schedule. In fact, by the time we had reached Thorpe Bay Station, the 3 behind had caught up with us. A hastily thought up excuse of a "slow bus" convinced our remaining passengers that they would be better off completing their journeys on the bus behind, which was no doubt true. So we quickly transferred passengers and went down to Maplin Way to turn around, no doubt to the surprise of the locals in the neighbourhood. We simply resumed our return at Thorpe Bay Station and managed to only be a few minutes late getting back to SD! We handed over to the next crew with a "busy coming out of Shoebury" comment, and nobody was any the wiser (I think)? I took Steve upstairs for much-needed, therapeutic 'weak and sweet,' although I think he needed something much, much stronger!

Pea-Souper and the Late 3.

On another occasion the fog had become very thick as we left Leigh Beck for the last 3 back from Canvey: a veritable 'pea-souper!' Visibility was very restricted which made it slow going across the Island and through Benfleet. I figured it would be a lot clearer once we'd topped Bread & Cheese Hill in Thundersley. I was wrong. In fact it seemed like it was getting worse as we got closer to Southend. Passenger and road traffic was, needless to say, pretty light: mostly the last few stragglers after closing time. What few cars there were, however, seemed to be reluctant to pass us on the few occasions we did stop. By the time we had dropped our last passenger at the Cricketers in Westcliff, we had quite the procession behind us. I signaled to Johnny that we were empty. So when we got to the roundabout before Vic Circus, by the SCT depot, instead of continuing on down, Johnny swung round and took the short cut back to the Depot, down the Old London Rd, past the bus wash. And, lo and behold, so did half the cars that were following us, I guess thinking that we were still going into the centre of town! I can just imagine their surprise as we swung into the depot, and they found out they'd gone down a dead-end!

Sea Fronts and the Pier.

These were always my favorite diversion. Apart from a few folks going from the White Horse to Temple Sutton, or from Leigh back to Kent Elms, most of the people who were on a Seafront, actually wanted to be on the bus! There was something very relaxing about proceeding in a

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deliberate, stately and unhurried fashion along the Prom – after all, 20-something year old KSW (e.g. <http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall2a/en2383>) was not likely to do much else! – in the open air with the unmistakable taste of the salt in the breeze. As I said before, it took me along some unfamiliar territory given the O.M.O workings of the time, but the highlight was always going under the Pier.

Given the limited clearance everybody had to be sitting down upstairs before the bus could proceed under it. This involved stopping the bus, standing on the stairs, warning all passengers to remain seated, and then ringing the bell so the bus could proceed slowly under. Inevitably someone would reach up and try to touch the underneath, and those that succeeded received a nasty sting for their troubles. But I never had an incident of some fool trying to see how close he or she could get their head to it without actually being hit – although once or twice some did look like they were going to try! A gruffly barked "Sit down" usually did the trick, but my hand was always poised, ready to hit four bells if needed.

Strikers and the Poker Game.

Being unionized (part of the TGWU), there was always the possibility of some industrial action, which would not have helped me much, since my goal was to work lots and save money! So I was quite fortunate to only have one to deal with. Jack McArdle, a conductor, was our union rep in Southend, and it was one afternoon when everybody was called out. I can't even remember what the reason was. Alan, one of the drivers, lived nearby, so a group of us went there and played poker all afternoon. I actually earned more there than I would have working half my regular shift! The whole thing was over by the evening, and I went back to finish whatever was left of my shift.

We were also indirectly affected by other strikes too. There were a couple of occasions when there were London Transport strikes, which meant we couldn't operate in the LT area and complete a full Wood Green. When this happened we ran through to Brentwood and turned around there, after obligatory cup of tea at BD. I'm not sure what happened with the 2's to Grays at those times, but I'm pretty certain we couldn't run all the way through as Grays was definitely LT territory. I can only assume they turned at Stanford-le-Hope, or Orsett. But they made for an interesting diversion, and a chance to do something a little different from normal.

Squaddies and the Skinheads.

For two or three days there had been some sort of running skirmish between some of the Squaddies and a bunch of skinheads around the Shoebury barracks and beach areas. So we were warned to watch for any potential trouble particularly on the 3's and 5's. Although we didn't experience any trouble, we did see a couple of lads disappear through a door in a wall as we were on our way on a 5 from Blackgate Road. In close pursuit was a huge (and I mean huge!) Regimental Sergeant Major. He appeared to just lean back and kick the door down, and as he followed them through. I hope for their sakes he never actually managed to catch up to them!!

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Christmas Eve and the Decorated Bus.

Working around the holidays was a bind, but getting the last Wood Green on Christmas Eve – well I guess as the new kid, I drew the short straw! I was scheduled to go with Tim, one of the other younger crew drivers, although I can't remember why he wasn't doing this with his regular mate, Steve. Anyway in a flash of inspiration we decided it would be fun to decorate the bus for Christmas. So Steve and I quickly ran down Southend High St to get whatever balloons, streamers, tinsel and other decorations we could find, and met Tim at SCB. It was there that Steve decided he would come with us! The journey up was pretty sedate, mostly with folks on their way out for the evening. Steve and I were planning where we were going to put all the decorations we had bought. As soon as we got to WG, the three of us set about decorating the bus, having blown up the balloons on the way in, from around Walthamstow onwards.

Coming back was a blast. Everybody thought the idea was just the ticket (pun intended!) Everyone got on and off with "Merry Christmas" or similar, although there were no kisses under the mistletoe! Most of the balloons had burst, or been popped by the time we reached Rayleigh, but the all the other decorations held fast pretty much. So when my Dad picked me up and drove me home and I was ready to enjoy Christmas.

Gants Hill and the Slash.

It was a bright sunny summer Sunday and Johnny and I were scheduled to work a spare – just turn up and wait and see who doesn't! The day was promising to be a real scorcher! It seemed to us that pretty much everyone had turned up for work, despite the promise of the glorious day that was unfolding, when we were called down from the canteen: "Driver Corder, Conductor Harper we have a job for you." Apparently, it had been reported that there were some pretty significant crowds waiting to get down to Southend for the day. "We want you to run up to Gants Hill (Ilford), and come back a few minutes ahead of schedule in front of the regular 251." Our very own Slash! They found us a spare semi(-automatic Lodekka) and off we went. We confused the crew working the 151 to Canvey somewhat, when they rounded Gants Hill to find us waiting there, still marked Private. But as soon as they left, I changed the blinds to Southend/251 and we waited. By the time we left, about five minutes ahead of normal, we had quite a few passengers - and a good two-thirds load by the time we reach Romford (still keeping just a couple of minutes ahead of normal schedule). I had to show my waybill to a Lurker we picked up in Harold Hill, to prove we weren't the normal service running early. He got out at Brentwood (time for a cuppa I suppose!), and then we picked up the pace a little figuring that we had got the "London crowd" we were meant to! It was a much better way to spend the day than just sitting in the depot. By the time we got back, we were well into the shift and were told we could go home: A fine day's work: a Slash and a short shift!

The Old Man and the Old RT.

It was at Mawney's roundabout in Romford that he boarded. I'd say he was in his seventies, and he was on his way to Turnpike Lane. During the quieter moments, especially in the London half of a Wood Green, I'd often take off my trusty Setright and lodge it in the handrail

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underneath the bulkhead window downstairs, and stand (or sit) there looking forward. He sat in the very first seat on the left, right by the doors.

"It's not like the old RT"

I turned round. "beg pardon?"

"It's not like the old RT. This - it's not like the old RT"

"I'm sorry, what old RT?"

"I used to like the old RT. They don't run 'em anymore you know. They used to. Used to get 'em all the time. It's not like the old RT, this!"

And so it continued, any time I was within earshot: Newbury Park, Redbridge, Walthamstow, Tottenham Hale..... At last Turnpike Lane, he got up to get off:

"Thanks. Lovely journey mate. But, it's not like the old RT!"

Ironically, for him to travel to Turnpike Lane from Romford on a 251, it could never have been "like the old RT:" EN, like Westcliff or City before hand, wouldn't have operated RT's! At least, not the kind LT operated. So I can only suspect he may be equating the "old RT" with some of 'deckers that City Coach/Westcliff might have run in days gone by.

Kent Elms Corner and the Guide Dog.

Well the stop before actually. Since, we did work a variety of routes at a variety of times no two days were alike. And, although you might recognize the same faces on occasions, I found that there were few "regulars" that stood out from the crowd, apart from the few that would be on a first Hullbridge or Canvey and the like. However, there was one particular gentleman who was blind. I actually can't remember now quite where he would get on, but he always got off at the stop before Kent Elms Corner, coming out of Southend. Funnily enough, I don't really remember him ever getting on at the stop after Kent Elms on the way in! But I do remember that his dog would always start moving him towards the door, before we had reached the stop. It has always fascinated me how the dog knew when to get up. After all, he was always under the seat and not looking out of the window at any visual clues. Furthermore, every trip would be different vis-à-vis the time, number of stops and so on. If I was upstairs I would always come down in time, to make sure that he would get off at his stop. But inevitably, the dog had beaten me to it. I'm convinced the dog must have got up and rung the bell on some occasions!

Overtime and lots of it.

Given that I was saving money for college, I sought overtime as often as I could, especially on those days where it paid well: namely scheduled weekend days off. So I was delighted when the opportunity to work some early overtime on a Saturday (good pay) came up and I took the second Wood Green out in the morning. I'd be back in time for lunch, and even maybe squeeze

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in a couple 25's or 29's or maybe a round of 6's before going home. The trip up to the smoke was uneventful and when I got back, sure enough there was more overtime available for me to do. "It's a little long," the Inspector said, but I didn't mind: I had nothing planned for the day anyway, and Sunday off too! So off I went – to Grays! But I was still in good spirits when I got back, there was still some daylight left: "Conductor Harper, can you come to the office?" They asked me if I'd like to *just* a little more: "Just one run." I should have known better, but the greed gland was throbbing and, of course, I said yes, without enquiring after the details – maybe a quick trip to Sutton Cemetery, or Newington Ave. "Sure" I heard myself say without really thinking, and accepting the duty card. I unrolled it: "Grays – again?!" "Think of the overtime," said the Inspector working the office that day, smiling wryly. He was right: it would be nearly half a-weeks wages for one, albeit long day's work. By the end of it I was ready for my bed, and grateful for the Sunday off too. But, it was one of those "red letter" days: not the ultimate, fabled two Wood Greens and a Grays but a real close second – a Wood Green and two Grays!

Wimbledon and the 251.

OK the 251's went to Wood Green, not Wimbledon: but it was the Men's final, and Connor's was favoured to win. I liked watching Jimmy Connors play so it was a little disappointing to have to leave Southend to go to Wood Green, just as he was getting going with all his grunts and strains. Try as I may, asking anyone who looked like they might know how he was doing as they got on, I had no luck. As we turned into the depot, I literally flew off the bus and up to the canteen to hopefully see the final moments as Connors triumphed with Championship point to secure the Wimbledon Men's title and lift that glorious cup. But it was over. "Who won?" I asked the other crew there. Arthur Ashe had just won his historic victory!

Fortunately, not every day had such stories to tell, but those that did are still vividly seared into my memory like they were yesterday! Most, however, were just ordinary. But, looking back, as I do in the last part, I have come to realize what how profound this brief experience was for me. One that I am extremely lucky to have had, and wouldn't have traded for anything else.

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Appendix – Summary of Routes

	2	Southend Central Bus Stn -Victoria Circus -Westcliff -Leigh -Hadleigh -Thundersley - Benfleet (Tarpots) -Pitsea -Basildon -Corringham -Stanford-le-Hope -Orsett -Grays
	3	Shoeburyness East Beach – Thorpe Bay – Bournes Green – Southchurch Road – Southend Victoria Circus – Westcliff – Leigh – Hadleigh – Thundersley – Benfleet(Tarpots) – South Benfleet Stn – Canvey Leigh Beck
(PM School Relief)	3	Southend Victoria Circus – Southchurch Rd - Bournes Green - Thorpe Bay - Shoeburyness East Beach
	5	Shoeburyness Blackgate Rd - Thorpe Bay – Bournes Green – Southchurch Road – Southend Victoria Circus – Westcliff – Leigh – Hadleigh – Thundersley - North Thundersley Benfleet(Tarpots) – South Benfleet Stn – Canvey Newlands - Leigh Beck
	6	Newington Ave - Hamstel Rd – Southchurch Rd – Southend Victoria Circus – Central Bus Station – Westcliff Station – Prittlewell Chase/General Hospital. – Bridgewater Drive - Kent Elms Corner
	6A	Newington Ave - Hamstel Rd – Southchurch Rd – Southend Victoria Circus – Central Bus Station – Westcliff Station – Carlton Ave – Arterial Road - Kent Elms Corner
	7	Southend Central Bus Station – Pier Hill – Kursaal – Eastern Esplanade – Maplin Way – Shoebury – Eagle Way/Constable Way
(PM School Relief)	11	<i>Southend – Prittlewell - Eastwood – Rayleigh – Battlesbridge – East Hanningfield – Great Baddow – Chelmsford</i>
	14	Southend Central Bus Station – Prittlewell – Kent Elms – Arterial Road – Rayleigh Weir – Basildon Industrial Estate
(Weekday AM)	19	<i>Southend – Eastwood – Rayleigh – Battlesbridge – Maldon – Colchester – Clacton</i>
	22	Shoebury Cambridge Hotel – Thorpe Bay – Woodgrange Drive – Southend Central Bus Station – Victoria Circus – Prittlewell – Eastwood – Rayleigh – Hullbridge Anchor
	22A	Southchurch Lifstan's Way – Woodgrange Drive – Southend Central Bus Station – Victoria Circus – Prittlewell – Arterial Road - Eastwood – Grove Road - Rayleigh – Hullbridge – Lower Hockley Church Road - Dome Caravan Site
	22B	Southchurch Lifstan's Way – Woodgrange Drive – Southend Central Bus Station – Victoria Circus – Prittlewell – Arterial Road - Eastwood – Grove Road - Rayleigh – Rawreth Lane
	22C	Southend Central Bus Station – Victoria Circus – Prittlewell – Arterial Road - Eastwood – Grove Road - Rayleigh – Rawreth Lane – Rettendon – Runwell Hospital
(Sunday Only)	23A	<i>Leigh Station – Leigh – Elmsleigh Drive – Kent Elms – Eastwood Rise</i>
	25	Leigh Church – Chalkwell Park – Westcliff – Southend Victoria Circus (Deeping)
(Short)	25A	Leigh Church – Chalkwell Park – Westcliff – Southend Victoria Circus – Central Bus Station
	27	Southend Central Bus Station - Victoria Circus – Westcliff – Leigh - Hadleigh – Thundersley – Benfleet (Kenneth Road) – South Benfleet Stn – Canvey Winter Gardens – Eastern Esplanade
	29	Southend Central Bus Station – Prittlewell – Fairfax Drive – Blenheim Chase/Mountdale Gdns -Woodcutters Arms – Eastwood Belgrave Rd
(Weekday Evng.)	29A	Southend Central Bus Station – Prittlewell – Fairfax Drive – Chalkwell Park Schools
	61	Southend Central Bus Station – Victoria Circus – Southchurch Rd – Bournemouth Park Rd – Sutton Cemetery
	61A	Southend Central Bus Station – Victoria Circus – Southchurch Rd – Bournemouth Park Rd – Prittlewell Ecco Works
(Weekday AM/PM)	67	Eastwood Kent Elms Corner – Elmsleigh Drive- Leigh – Chalkwell – Sea Front - Pier – Kursaal – Lifstan's Way – Southchurch White Horse – Temple Sutton Cluny Square
	151	<i>Canvey – Benfleet – Pitsea – Basildon – Billericay – Shenfield – Brentwood – Gidea Park – Romford – Ilford – Woodford – Walthamstow – Tottenham – Turnpike Lane – Wood Green</i>
(Shared CY, BN, BD, WG duty)	251	Southend – Eastwood – Rayleigh – Wickford – Billericay – Shenfield – Brentwood – Gidea Park – Romford – Ilford – Woodford – Walthamstow – Tottenham – Turnpike Lane – Wood Green
(Shared SD, BD, WG duty)	400 (OMO)	<i>Southend – Westcliff – Leigh – Hadleigh –Thundersley – Benfleet (Tarpots) – Pitsea – Basildon – Romford – Wanstead – Leyton – Dalston – Islington – London Kings Cross</i>
		<i>Limited Stop</i>

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KSW Open Top	http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall2a/en2383
Early LD with long grille	http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall3/en2453
Early LD with split rear "cathedral" windows	http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall3/en2467
Later LD with short grille	http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall3/en2491
Later LD with single split rear window	http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall3/en2522
FS	http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall3/en2539a
FLF with "old" short grille	http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall4/en2740a
FLF with "new look" grille	http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall4/en2820
FLF6LX Semi-Automatic	http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall5/en2919
VR	http://www.sct61.org.uk/gallery/engall6/en3028a