

44-7017

FLUFFIES

Last train out....usually a crowded one carrying passengers who fraternise freely in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and hops. But where that picture ends another begins. The working day of a corps of women employed by the London Passenger Transport Board, has started. They're the Mrs. Mops of the Underground; the women who dry-clean the miles of tunnel in our vast subterranean railway system. In other words, Pathe Cameraman Frank Bassill is introducing you, in this exclusive story, to a section of women war workers known among themselves as "Fluffies." They go down on all fours to sweep and scrape-up tons of fluff and dust that we have left behind in our travels. It coats the insulators of the conductor rails, becomes impregnated with metal filings from brake blocks, and packs up in every corner and crevice. Charlie walking along there is the foreman. A sweet job for a feller who likes a little bit of fluff.

There's no time for reading between the lines, but a fag helps to take the taste of dust out of his mouth. It's a dirty job all right.

The walls of the tunnel are coated thick. Perhaps you hadn't realised it but that is an accumulation of dust and fluff from passengers' clothing; a potential danger because its inflammable.

All contributions are gratefully received by the "Fluffie" in charge of the dust bins.

Early morning scene as the gang knocks off. It won't be long now before the current is switched on again for the first train of another day. Look out Mum you'll have to the wall down.

The only luxury in as tough a job as any, is a "cupper char." Way underground they moisten their dusty throats as dawn begins to think about breaking. You've got to get up early to catch the "Fluffies."