

# NEWSLETTER

## THIS MONTH'S PIECE | February

### Bus 837

Bus 837 was put in service in 1968.

It integrated what was the first set of Daimler Fleetline buses built with the steering wheel on the left, according to the needs and requirements of Lisbon traffic.

It was with its twin brother, bus 807, that CARRIS reached in 1967 a total number of a thousand vehicles of public transport.

To emphasize that, Bus 837 circulated for some time displaying the following message "I am the 1000th vehicle in the service of Lisbon".



The Daimler and AEC buses were originally green. With the rejuvenation of the fleet that began in 1975, with the arrival of Volvo and, later, MAN and IVECO buses, the orange color was adopted for the new vehicles. So, to achieve visual coherence, CARRIS also adopted this new color for its old single - and double-decker buses. In the 1990s, CARRIS would choose to paint its entire public service fleet with the classic CARRIS "yellow", which was already the traditional color of trams.



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### Are you familiar with our new products?

CARRIS has launched new items that you can find at the shop of Museu da Carris or order online.

We highlight the glass bottles with the illustrations of Tram 904 (700ml) and Bus 486 (1000ml).



## DID YOU KNOW THAT...

There are several literary texts that describe or pay homage to the CARRIS' trams?

This month we propose an excerpt from the novel *Maria Benigna*, by Aquilino Ribeiro, that takes us on a brief trip through Lisbon.

“We got off the tram ahead of Calvário and went up, side by side like a marriage that searches for a house, Rua Luís de Camões, a very provincial city street that leads to the station, with its solemn spaciousness, its tranquility, two or three jewelers, small and bright, and butchers and bakeries, vast and empty. More than halfway through, we cut to the square that there, with its freshly painted benches, acacias, mastic trees and two Persian plum trees, defies the grocery trainees to lay down the shopping basket and play the button or rest. There are buildings to the side, but they cannot be seen or see us.

It smells of paints and, through the sliver of the cross street, raising your head, the glaciers of stone are unveiled in Prazeres Cemetery and, above the cypress trees, in pandemonium, the pink roofs of Campo de Ourique. To the north, the skeletal windmills of Monsanto recreate the yellow bare ground of the hill. ”



Image 1 – Photograph of Martim Moniz with trams circulating and the São Jorge Castle at the top of the hill, 1940s.