

'ehum', lad," he said, breaking into broad Pongo dialect, "but not mate. Do you know"

He wasn't given time to explain the difference for a girl was asking what he wanted.

"A cuppa chai, lass, and a coupla Naafi buns," he continued. The girl looked at him strangely. And a nice *bint*, too, thought Simkins. A pretty face, nice eyes and mouth, attractive neck, and beautifully-shaped uniform, to say nothing of the lovely silk stockings. She pushed a handleless, brown cup of tea towards him and two sausage rolls. He took them mechanically, not even resenting the high price charged, and thought to himself, unfortunately aloud, "I couldn't 'alf take 'er to the Ensa."

The cup reminded him of the NAAFI at its worst and it was so hot it burned his fingers. Once again his comments were received coldly, and the woman with the fox furs (not Italian issue) looked a little annoyed at getting some of the tea as he pushed his way out.

No one seemed to understand him in this country, Simkins thought gloomily. But it might be different in the South Island. He had heard they were different from Taranakians. He remembered seeing a drawing in the "NZEF Times" once entitled "What has Taranaki got that Southland hasn't?" If it meant what he thought it meant, Southland must certainly be an interesting place, with interesting animals, too. No good for men like him, though. He would have to be rehabilitated in Taranaki. He had thought of just the job for him, unless, of course, he could be rehabilitated in the way ERS had never mentioned in "Serviceman to Civilian." Pity he hadn't joined that unit, Herbert thought to himself. He might have been put in charge of a section looking after the disciples of his scheme. He had got the idea from the Italians in the first place. They made the women do all the work and they lived on them

in many instances. Now his plan for ex-servicemen was to find beautiful bints with at least an income of L400 or L500 a year. He was going to try it out for himself on his furlough, and if that didn't work, well there was always that job in the stables.

Dreams of a worry-free future carried Herbert happily along until the train steamed into the Wellington Station. He had no trouble in getting a taxi but he didn't like the driver. Snooty sort of chap who didn't like loading on a soldier's gear. Simkins snorted. Worse than a Wog or an Ite, the lazy—well, fellow. But out of sheer goodness of heart he tossed him a cigarette. He didn't like Woodbines anyhow. The bloke was even more snooty when it came to paying the fare. He didn't seem at all satisfied with two bob, even after Simkins pointed out with commendable restraint that he had driven the whole way without switching on his engine and hadn't even used his brakes to pull up but had merely swung round into the wind.



The little man looked quite peevish