



# " sure, guy, that's the 'chateau' over there.....i guess she's open for business. your boys call it the 'pink house', huh ! " i was under the seat of the lorry and heard uncle sam's soldier telling the crowd where to go, so i managed to get out without being seen....the rush saved me. \* \* \* i tagged on behind the party. it wasn't far to walk to the line of chaps waiting....just like a chow line. i got a bit scared, 'cos i thought the boys would poke mud at me, being small. say i'd have to get my toes in the garter, or get a cushion under me. anyway i wasn't feelin' too game. guess i was like one young fella in front of me. it was his first visit too and he kept looking round to see who was watching. kiddin' he wasn't scared by talking loud. but he didn't scare me. 'cos i felt just the same. \* \* \* when time came for him to go inside he hesitated, but a guy behind gave him a push. i slipped in between his legs. we went into a room. there was a doctor there. i thought he'd look kind a strange at us, and ask what the hell we wanted there. but he just mumbled something. guess he'd said it so often that it had become a habit. the boy blushed and was kind a awkward. guess he felt same as me. \* \* \* after that we went into a room with a lot of other guys who were waiting. then an old dame came in and looked at us as she was goin' through the room. guess she had a hungry look, hard enough to turn the blade of a bulldozer. i was close to the door and when she went past i gave her leg a good hard pinch. she stopped, but her tongue let go something she didn't learn in a convent. then girls started coming through. first there was a javanese girl, slim and good lookin', then came a white girl; she didn't have any life in her face, just flat with no meaning. then came a native woman, dont know what she was. she just looked and didn't seem to mean anything

then came two other white women. they didn't look gay, or fascinating, or wicked; they just looked they had no life, or were fedup with what they had. the boys got up and followed them into rooms. there was only the two of us left. i felt sayin' "a c'mon lets skip," but he didnt see me. he just sat, kinda scared to go and scared to do anything. \* \* \* then the door opened and the woman looked at us, said something hard in french and turned her back. we went into the closest room, it was only small, the girl, a white one was lying on a sorta bed. she was peelin' an orange. just looked at him, went on peelin' the orange and thrown' the skin on the floor. she motioned with her hand for him to come over.....just after the was lettin' go the peeling.....that was too much for him. he balked, and damn'd near left me behind. i had to move fast..... and thats the " pink house " ..... \* \* 'spose you sawi run into a bit of trouble last issue. i got a bit muddled in the number of agts at bourail. yas there were four of them. they went for dinner at the hotele. they were to have had it with bob lowry, of KIWI but he had a date at the play, so our agts. just went along in the company of several bottles of plonk. they emptied one while waiting for dinner, and by the time soup came they were thumping the table, shouting and looking in the direction of the woman at another table. the two javanese waiters were called into consultation. " she no like soldiers ".....but she likes new zealanders ?.....no, no she no like any soldiers.....oh she dont, dont she.....the b..... by that time two more bottles of plonk had been consumed and the private affairs of the javanese ferreted out.....you only get five dollar a month. shameful.....you come new zealand we pay you more...yes, plenty much. .. by that time the plonk was all gone. the javanese again called in. no, no help soldiers. too bad. well, there was only one thing to do...find bob lowry, he knew his way round. the party rolled from the hotel up to the Y.M. where the play was in progress. bob was on the stage. what the hell did he want there when plonk was needed, hell, what a crush, native women, french dames, americans, nazlers and a rabble of nonde-scripts made a sweet crowd at the door. " hey there, i can get some...you follow up behind and watch the n.p.'s dent crash in. more plonk, a group of americans arrive and are invited to join. eddie heald, cyril walker, charlie goffin and morrie woods joinup. uncle sam produces a bottle of brandy. it mixes well with the plonk. \* \* \* soon there is much back slapping and exchange of confidential opinions on the war. \* \* \* say, some very nice w.a.s.a.c.s. came over from n.z. the other day what about lettin' me go down to see how many you know. but keep my visit to " pink house " quiet, see.