(continued from previous page)

lucky ones, they are generous in giving half-a-dozen others a lift) or cycle till close on two o'clock. And for the 5.30 a.m. run many of them have to have their feet on the floor by four o'clock.

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At first glance you'd say the bus driver has the cream of it-shifts varying from seven hours to nine, always with a meal break and generally with a cup of tea provided for a morning or afternoon-tea break by the company, a first run half an hour later than the trams and a last run perhaps a quarter of an hour earlier than both trams and ferries . . . and how many other men are there who have all in one their dual five-year-old ambition of driving a bus and punching tickets?

"But when I came back from overseas and they asked me to take it on I said, 'Not on your life. I'm not dealing with the public.' But they persuaded me for a week and I'm still at it-it's a very interesting job, you see all sorts of interesting things. Of course driving a bus is a very different thing from driving a tram, where you're in the thick of the traffic all the time, a terrific nerve strain. I couldn't have that on." Many of the bus drivers, like this one, are returned men.

"The latest we get to bed would be half-past one and the earliest we'd get out would be four o'clock," he said. "But that's only for the ones living a long distance from the depot. It's a good job in the middle of the daybut there's no time to dream at the peak hours! Its a real scramble then."

"Some nights it's quiet and then other nights it's not quiet. Take last night, now. Nothing, not even a dog the whole

night long. And yet the night before we had a fight and I had to get the police. That's instructions: 'Don't interfere in trouble; call the police.' I don't police. stick my nose in it and I don't get



beaten up. But I call the police, quick, as look at you."

The nightwatchman's first job is to keep the fires up in the ferry-boats; he moves from one boat to another, doing a bit of cleaning, a bit of stoking, and keeping an eye on the entrances and the wharves. He comes on duty at 11 p.m. and stays till the engineers and the firemen take over at 6 a.m.

Five Keep Him Busy

"Yes, it's cold enough sometimes; but I can always go down to the fires for a bit. But I can't stay in the one place. I've got to keep moving from boat to boat—and when I've got five to look after it keeps me busy. To-night I'll just have the three." Does he cook on the fires?

"No. I bring down a bit of a sand-wich and that does me."

"And what about a hot drink?"
"No. No hot drink for me. I drink cold water. Better for the kidneys. I like a good cup of tea, but you can overdo it. Lonely? No. Always people coming and going. Parties going home late in a night launch. And the launch men. And as I say a fight or two to keep things lively. As jobs go it's not such a bad job."

"Do you ever feel like writing a book?"

for one thing. Do you know what that is?"

"No," I said. "What?"

"Vocabulary," he said. "I haven't got a vocabulary."

I hadn't time to argue with him. I had to catch my last bus.

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