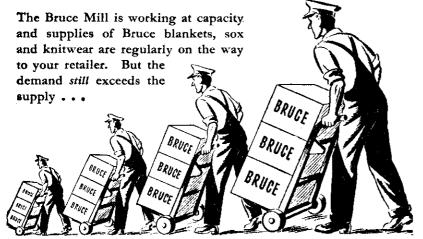
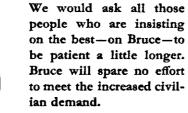
ON THE WAY



BRUCE King of Woollens!

Ask for the Bruce.



The Bruce Woollen Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Milton, Otago.

HIS MAJESTY'S COLONIAL SHORT STORY SERVICE

There are vacancies for Civil Engineers in the Public Works Department, Malaya,

- 2. Qualifications entitling applicants to consideration are Corporate Membership of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain or Degrees or Diplomas recognised by that body as granting exemption from Sections A and B of its examination. Applicants, preferably between 25 and 30 years of age, should have had experience of the construction and maintenance of roads, buildings and bridges, or of aerodromes or of urban water supply
- 3. Appointments, which will be subject to a medical certificate of fitness for tropical service, will be on probation for a period of three years with the prospect of emplacement on the pensionable establishment at the end of this period. Salary is at the rate of 400 dollars a month, rising by annual increments of 25 dollars a month to 800 dollars month. Starting salary will depend on age, civil experience, and length of approved war
- 4. Free quarters are not provided, but Government quarters partly furnished are usually available at low rates. Free passages for the officer, his wife, and children under the age of ten years, are granted on first ap-pointment and on leave. Home leave on full pay is normally granted after 3 to 4 years service at the rate of 4 days for each month of service.
- Allowances in respect of children are payable at the rate of 70 dollars a month for the first child and 50 dollars a month for the second child until completion of the 18th year of age, and outfit allowance equivalent to $\pounds 60$ sterling is payable on first appointment.
- 6. For the purpose of exchange with sterling one Malayan dollar equals 2/4.
- 7. Applicants would be required to serve anywhere within the Malayan Union, Singapore, or Brunei.
- 8. Those interested should write to the Colonial Office Representative, Office of the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom, P.O. Box 992, Wellington, stating age and professional qualifications and giving date when those qualifications were obtained.

HARRY'S WIFE

VERY time I see a State house, all neat square corners and neat paths and lawns, I think of Harry, who lives in one in Auckland. Not that Harry is neat, far from it; but it's because he said he couldn't understand his

One thing he told me was that once he was reading a passage out loud from a book by Virginia Woolf, and saying how like something of Thomas Hardy's it was; and his wife said, "I wish you wouldn't poke the fire about that way, Harry. Look at all the charcoal marks on the bricks." He said you'd wonder, wouldn't you?

That was like Harry, though. He was always reading something like that and puzzling his brains over it. He was always saying what was the use of your brains; and another thing was, "What was the use of your brains if you didn't use them?" And he talked a lot about the things he would do if only he had the time and the money.

They'd just got their State house

-been in it about a month---when I went to Auckland to see them. And

Written for "The Listener" by STEPHEN LOUGHAN

they couldn't stop talking about how nice it was inside and about the gardens they'd be able to have.

And they seemed happy, always skylarking. Two children they had at that time, a boy and a girl. The girl was only a few months old, born since Harry came back from Italy. It had been born in a basement.

WHEN I was there they had no fences round the houses. The paths had been laid and Harry and his neighbours had dug up their sections. It looked as if the places were all little churcheson-the-hill, all standing in one big ploughed paddock.

"It'll look nice when everything's done," Francis, his wife said. "We'll have hydrangeas here by the steps, and see, over there are the stocks and antirrhinums."

Harry was just as keen and he'd planted a lot of potatoes where the lawn would be next year. You can't beat spuds for cleaning up the ground, he said knowingly.

Because there were no fences all the neighbours' children came through the section. That wasn't really so bad, nobody minded a few kids coming through their section; but some of the little beggars didn't care whether they walked on the gardens or not.

And it was no good complaining to the neighbours, Francis told a Mrs. Caverley who called one day while I was there to see how they were getting on. They didn't seem to care very much.

Mrs. Caverley was very keen to know what Francis thought about being there, and she asked a lot of questions about the way they brought up their children too. (continued on next page)

