

class Engineer's Certificate. The scope of the examination is given below.

A candidate for the Second-class Coastal Motor Engineer's Certificate who has passed the New Zealand Education Department's Technological Examination is exempted from sitting the certificate examinations in practical mathematics and drawing. Further, study for this examination is good training for the Third-class Engineer's Certificate, and in

both cases the apprentice can obtain his theoretical knowledge at the night classes of a suitable technical school while he is serving his time in the workshop.

As a wartime concession, men who had started their apprenticeship and then been employed in the Services as mechanics may apply for their trade experience in the Armed Forces to be considered towards the five years' apprenticeship.

WIPING OUT THE HAPPY HOME

By JIM HENDERSON

I WAS lying stripped off beside the manuka bushes bordering the little country creek when I heard two furlough men crossing the plank bridge above me. I heard them hesitate, then stop.

"A grand little stream, Sandy," said one, "a beauty little stream. Look how she ripples over that sandbank. And the trees and bushes reflected in this pool. Just what I used to dream about over in that dusty damned desert."

"A creek to remember always, Jim," said Sandy's deep voice.

There was the sound of a low-pitched, affectionate laugh.

I kept quite still. I wanted to listen.

For some moments they spoke fondly, kindly to the little stream.

"You know, Sandy"—it was Jim's voice speaking—"I once prayed that I might see this particular stream again. And here I am right now. I guess it was answered, all right."

(I was glad I had kept still.)

Then, maybe thinking the conversation was becoming sloppy, he added quickly:

"She'd be worth a few million quid if we could pick her up and plonk her down on the Siwa Track, Libya-way."

"Sure. Sure." Silence. Then:

"Gosh," said Sandy, "I didn't know your place was so close to ours before, Jim. Why, look up the valley. See that limestone cutting. Your home is just behind that. Couldn't be more than six miles."

"Aiwa," said Jim in dreamy assent. "Six miles . . . easy in reach of a

twenty-five-pounder. H.E. charge three. Ten five sixty set."

"That's right," agreed Sandy. "And good cover round here, too. Good road to bring up the guns. Switch 'em off up that dip below Auntie Ruth's house. Just room for a couple of troops."

"A couple of anti-tank guns to cover this bridge against surprise attack—oh, she'd be as sweet as a nut."

"Now we want a good O-Pip," said Sandy. "Let's see. What about Sheep's Face Hill up to the left? You'd see everything from there. It's a piece of cake, George!"

"Aiwa," cut in Jim. "Just the job. Up with the guns! Action Front! Two rounds gunfire! Sixteen shells! You'd wipe out the house—and the flamin' woolshed as well."

"Task completed. Strongpoint completely obliterated—wiped out—utter destruction," summarized Sandy, happily.

Suddenly the sound of a hand thumping the flat of a back. Then Jim's voice protesting:

"Hey, you cow, what are you doing? You've talked me into wiping out my happy home—the home I've fought for these four blasted long years."

"Strewh. We've gone and done it properly. Sorry, Jim."

"So you should be. Come on, Sandy. Forget the war for a bit. Old Jock should be setting 'em up now down at the 'Traveller's Rest.' Let's go."

"Lead on, Kiwi."

And their footsteps died away in the distance.