

# LIFE STORY OF A BORER

"My ancestors came from the decayed wood of the forests burnt out by the early settlers. Then our family moved into the built up areas. They found plenty of comfortable, damp wood in the houses themselves. My own clan has grown into millions by feeding on houses built from timber and constructed low to the ground without proper ventilation or drainage. We hatch out in the wood-

crevices, bore our way deeply into the timber and then emerge to lay more eggs. Every wooden house offers us food and lodging, and our future seemed assured until these wicked Boracure people came along with their Pentachlorophenol. They inject this poison into the timber itself, and in every house where they are admitted we shall be wiped out!"

## Boracure Service preserves old timber protects the new . . .

In addition to the Boracure Service for already infected property we now offer a House Maintenance Service. Experts will examine your house yearly, remove or treat infected timber and report on faulty drainage, ventilation, etc., so that conditions leading to decay are not allowed to develop. The pre-

building treatment of new timber is another Boracure development. Get full particulars. Attack by fungus or insects can cost you hundreds of pounds. Save your property by acting now.

Write for details of the Boracure Service, stating whether you are interested in property already infected with Borer or Termite, House Maintenance Service, or pre-building treatment of timber.

BORACURE (N.Z.) LTD., P.O. BOX 632, WELLINGTON.

B13.4

## With ONE All-Steel Concrete Block Mould

ONE MAN in ONE DAY can make 150 Blocks 18" x 8" x 6" at a material cost of 6d each.

And can build his own cottage, sheds, farm buildings, garage, ornamental walls, tanks, etc., at half the usual cost.

Enquire from your Hardware Merchant, or direct to

**H. E. NAPIER Ltd.,** Box 1555, WELLINGTON.



## SHORT STORY

# UNCLE TED COOLS OFF

Written for "The Listener"  
by  
RODERICK FINLAYSON

AFTER breakfast Uncle Ted, fumbling for his tobacco, says, "Well, here's Sunday again. What about church, Jake? Better wash yourself and get ready. Does a chap good to go to church—specially you young tykes."

"Aw, couldn't we go fishing instead?" says Jake. "Tide's just right. We can go to church any other Sunday."

"And we can fish any other day. Git ready," says Uncle Ted.

The boy makes a show of getting ready. Uncle Ted potters about with the calves. Hours later neither of them's any readier.

About mid-morning, when it's getting very hot, Uncle Ted says well, perhaps they mightn't go to church to-day after all because he's just remembered it's the "conversion" preacher's turn at the Tidal Creek Church Hall.

"You know," he says, "all about hell-fire for sinners, and for everyone else, until people crowds up on to the platform in a fine fright and shouts that they're saved."

"Oh, let's go, Uncle Ted," says Jake. "I want to see that kind of church. Do they look very scared?"

"Mustn't make fun of such doings," says Uncle Ted, very solemn. "All the same," he adds, "I don't hold with it. In fact, I can't stand it. Not that it ever worries me, but ain't fair to weak-minded folk."

A little later Uncle Ted scratches his chin and looks shut-eyed at the sun. "No," he says, "we'll take a bite of lunch and go to the old creek instead. Old Brown Sugar don't get near enough exercise. Anyway, reckon God likes us outdoors best."

"Well," says Jake, "a swim *might* be better."

SO Uncle Ted tells Jake to cut some bread and cheese and cold meat, and to put it into a kit with a big bottle of hop beer, while he gets into clean pants and shirt, takes his hat and a rope and goes off to catch the little brown pony in the corner of the back paddock.

He leads the pony into the yard and spends a lot of time brushing him with a brush like a big stiff clothes-brush. The shinier and sleeker Sugar's coat becomes, the dustier and grimmer become Uncle Ted's best clothes.

"Bring him a bucket of water, Jake," says Uncle Ted.

When the boy has fetched the water he holds the bucket as high as he can for the pony. Brown Sugar dips his nose into the cool water and seems to be thinking. Then he blows gently at the surface of the water, and ends up by drinking nearly all. The boy pats the pony's nose where the white hair ends in pink skin. He likes the feel of it, soft and warm and velvety.

Uncle Ted dresses the pony in his harness and holds up the shafts of the gig while he pushes Sugar back between them. Then he buckles him up properly and all the time little Brown Sugar is standing very quietly and looking very sleepy.

"Don't try to get in yet," says Uncle Ted, and he leads old Sugar out to the road.

"Now," says Uncle Ted, holding Brown Sugar by the head.

As soon as the boy has scrambled up, Uncle Ted hops nimbly aside, holding the reins tight and keeping an eye on Sugar's head. With one stride of his long legs Uncle Ted is into the gig, but, before he can properly take his seat, Brown Sugar has shot forward with such a bound that the boy almost topples over the back of the seat.

IT'S lucky that the road leads uphill and gets steeper and steeper. But even the steepest part doesn't seem to tire the little wiry brown pony. The boy feels the floorboards jump under his feet as Sugar takes the hill. The wind tears at his hair and sings in his ears. The pony's hoofs thud hard and hollow on the sun-baked clay of the road.

The boy can't remember feeling such speed before. It's not possible for there to be greater speed than this, he thinks. He hangs on tight, and laughs, and looks at Uncle Ted. Uncle Ted's eyes shine, and his face is nice and red, and the perky way his red moustache sits over his mouth shows Jake that Uncle Ted feels just as happy as he does.

When they come to the top of the hill where the track is level and heavy with sand, Sugar slows down to a trot, and after a while he becomes lazy and he even needs a touch of the whip now and then. There are dark streaks of sweat down the pony's sleek sides, and as they dawdle through cuttings where the air simmers above the sandy floor they feel their skins creeping and smarting as if they're being cooked. Always just a little ahead of them shining pools seem to float above the dry hot sand. This makes Jake long for the cool water.

The creek they're going to isn't Tidal Creek, where they would sink to the neck in mud trying to reach the channel, and where, anyway, the water would be salt and muddy-yellow and lukewarm. They are going to a little freshwater creek that comes down cold from the hills and winds through a flax swamp.

At the place where they come to the creek there's a bridge over it, with pebbly shallows at one side that used to be the crossing before the bridge was built, and a deep pool on the other side

(continued on next page)