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of the bridge. Uncle Ted unharnesses Brown Sugar and tethers him with a long rope on a grassy patch under a weeping willow tree.

Then they undress. Jake doesn't bother with a bathing-suit, but Uncle Ted puts his lanky white legs through two holes cut in a flour bag and ties the bag around his waist. It still has the miller's trade-marks on it in pink and blue, washed rather faint.

It's lovely and cold at first in the water, and then it's not quite so cold, only nice and cool. Though if you stay in too long you feel the cold again in a different, shivery way. So they come out of the water and lie on the grass in the sun. The sun warms them right through to the middles of their bones, and then they find how hungry the cold water has made them. In the shade of the willow tree they unpack their bread and cheese and meat, and they eat enough and empty a mug of hop beer each.

"Think of it, Jake," says Uncle Ted, tipping the last of the beer into his mug, "think of old Sims at the meeting-house still pouring hell-fire down the poor blighters' throats. All rot. Ain't nothing on earth for a man to be afraid of."

He stretches himself full length and begins to snore.

When they wake up they splash into the creek again.

UNCLE TED is cutting capers, showing off. He goes up on to the bridge and jumps into the deep pool. Down he goes, holding his nose, and Jake begins to wonder when he'll come up again. He surely can't stay down that long—not unless he's caught in the waterweeds and drowned. Just as the boy's ready to cry with despair, up pops Uncle Ted's head with his thin hair plastered to his skull in wet rat-tails. He looks something like a pleased pale-coloured walrus.

While Uncle Ted is fooling about in the water like this, something heavy and lumbering rustles through the man-high blades of flax on the far side of the creek.

"What's that?" says Uncle Ted, turning in the water to look.

Before they have time to be surprised the flax bushes are parted and out pokes a large bulgy red-flannel shirt topped by the head of a squat fat man with black hair that curls very stiff like little horns, and little twinkling piggy eyes, and a grin all over his brown fatty face.

"Oho!" he chuckles, bending and making a puddling noise with his hands dabbling in the water.

Uncle Ted and Jake just gape while he pulls in a green flax line that they hadn't noticed before. Soon up comes a dripping branch of tea-tree scrub, right from the spot where Uncle Ted had dived. It's alive with twining, waving legs and claws.

"Oho!" the fat man chuckles again, and holding a big flax-kit, and nimbly avoiding the fierce nippers, he plucks crawling bodies from the scrub and pops them into the kit. He hauls in other lines. The writhing creepy things are everywhere. All about Uncle Ted their bodies plop back into the water and disappear.

The fat brown man leers broadly over the water and makes a rude gesture with one hand at Uncle Ted.

"How you like, eh?" asks Fatty-face, swinging the full kit forward for Uncle Ted to see.

Uncle Ted backs slowly toward the near-by bank. He almost trips in the waterweeds trying to get there without hurrying. "Never did care much for the taste of them beasts," he says.

"Here, one for luck," says Fatty-face, flipping a beauty to Uncle Ted. It lands with a splash near his toes, or rather where his toes were. Uncle Ted's out on the bank. Fatty-face gurgles merrily and plunges off with his haul through the flax.

"If we got a net," says Jake, "we might scoop up a lot more funny things. Might be even water snakes."

Uncle Ted is shivering in his flour bag. "They was only crawlers, mighty small fry," he says firmly.

His teeth chatter. Suddenly he says they'd better go home. He says he wouldn't wonder if the cold is going to give him the belly-ache.

THEY tug their clothes on over their only half-dry bodies and hurry to hitch the pony to the gig. Old Brown Sugar is staring at the place in the flax where Fatty-face vanished. He's trembling a bit and he jumps at nothing at all.

"Now see what the ugly devil's done," says Uncle Ted. "Comes upsetting poor old Sugar and spoiling everything." He grips the reins. "Better hop in quick, Jake, he won't wait twice to-day."

Jakes manages to get in all right, but Uncle Ted has only one leg in when Brown Sugar lashes out and splinters the front-board. Then Uncle Ted gets the other leg in, and the pony kicks more. Each time he lashes out something seems to break. Jake wishes he hadn't hopped in so quickly. But Uncle Ted takes the slack of the reins and leans right over the broken front-board and whacks Brown Sugar as hard as he can, and keeps on whacking him.

The pony makes a bolt for it, and they're hurtling over the rough track at a terrific bat. The splintered parts seem about to let the gig fall to bits, and the broken harness looks as though it's dropping off. The wheels bounce off rocks and go whizzing round terrifyingly. They surely can't stick on the axles much longer. And Uncle Ted, all the while, roars lustily at the pony.

Jake tries to promise God that if He saves him he'll go to church another Sunday instead of swimming in the creek. But words won't come.

After a bit Uncle Ted quiets down. Jakes takes a quick glance at him. Uncle Ted's jaw is set and his face is redder. He has a grip of the reins and he's sitting firm as a rock. He looks as though he doesn't mean to get killed. So the boy feels a lot better.

And soon Brown Sugar slows up and stops dead. Uncle Ted gets out and fixes some bits of harness, and off they go again as nice as can be.

"Where'll we go next Sunday?" Jake asks as soon as he gets a chance.

"By criekey, can't you let a few days go by in peace?" says Uncle Ted. "You wait till next Sunday comes."

"Are we going to church next Sunday?" says Jake.

But Uncle Ted doesn't seem to hear. And anyway the boy doesn't care. The clip-clop of the pony's hoofs make him drowsy, and the evening breeze is nice and cool.

ISSUED BY THE



DEPT. OF HEALTH



carry the germs of TYPHOID FEVER, DYSENTERY, SUMMER SICKNESS and WORMS.

Flies breed in foul places and scatter their foulness wherever they go. When a fly alights on a sugar bowl, on a piece of cheese, or any other food, it first spits out a drop of moisture to make the food soft. Then while it feeds it usually excretes. All this moisture contains germs, many of them highly dangerous. Also, the sticky pads of the fly's feet carry germs from the filth they last touched.

Imagine the amount of infection ONE FLY can spread in a few minutes. And how they breed! It is estimated that the offspring of one female housefly will in a few weeks number nearly half a million.

Kill flies everywhere. Half-hearted measures are useless. Don't give them a chance to breed.

Keep refuse in containers with properly fitting lids. Don't have rubbish lying around.

Use household spray liberally.

KEEP ALL FOODSTUFFS COMPLETELY PROTECTED

A word to home gardeners: Compost heaps can be prolific fly-breeding grounds — unless properly controlled.

Here is a recipe for a fly-paper mixture. Mix five parts of castor oil with eight parts of resin. Warm until melted and smear it on glazed paper, which can be burnt after use, and wires, which can be burnt clear and used again.

KILL THOSE FLIES!

9A

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