



## WORK TO WIN

To Young Listeners,

Do you get very tired of hearing everywhere you go that New Zealanders don't know there is a war on? They say it in the street, in the country, in trams, in buses—everywhere. Each one blaming the other. Of course you all know there is a war on. Some of you may like the excitement of it—but most of you are working at knitting or silver-ball making, or something to end it. A few of you are thinking that when you are older you will work till you find out some way of settling quarrels without fighting.

### Weep to Win

The older Listeners are doing their best too. There is a group of 35 women who go twice a week and sit together crying for three hours on end. Whatever good will that do? Well you see, a factory at Petone can't get their usual helpers to peel onions for the Navy—so these women offered to do it instead, and you know how onions make you cry.

## THE BOOK OF WIRIMU

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### Chapter VII.

#### WIRI AND ANTHONY

IT was a big blue day, sparkling and clean after the Sunday's rain and Mary Waterford was early in her garden.

"Anthony," she called through the window. "Come outside, it's lovely."

"No," said Anthony, "it's cold." She went inside. "Anthony, come along."

"I want to go home," he said. "This place is silly, there's nothing to do. I wish I could've brought my train—why wouldn't they let me." But he followed her out.

"Hello, here's Wiri, Anthony. He's Hori's little boy—Hori's going to dig the garden for me so they'll be living in our Shearers' Whare for a week."

"Hello Wiri, I've got a train at home and a Meccano, and I go to the pictures on Saturdays and I'm going to have a bike next year."

"Show him the Whare, Wiri."

They went over the paddock. "Is this the Whare, what a dirty place, you couldn't live here. We've got a refrigerator at home and we have ice-cream. My Daddy's got a . . . what's in that box?" And he pointed to a square box which Hori had used to bring his treasures from his own Whare.

Wiri opened the lid and Tony saw some tobacco tins and knives and magazines and in the middle was a big glittering lump of yellow gum. "Oh, boy! What's that? Gold? Why it's bigger than the lump Black Pete found in my comic. Where did your father find it? Is it really pure gold?"

"Kauri gum," said Wiri.

"Gum? Well I believe it's real gold. Do you think I could come and stay here with you—it's not much good over at the house. I'll get my mother to send up my train and we could run it round this floor. Where are you going?"

"To the river."

"Oh! Couldn't we stay here? I'll show you where the lines could go—it's all muddy down at the river isn't it?" But Wiri was already on the track leading to his river, and Anthony followed, slowly picking his way through the puddles.

"Take off the shoe." Wiri looked at Tony's feet.



"Ooo, but it's muddy . . . All right, I'll take them off; you don't wear shoes do you, Wiri? . . . Ooo, it's squelchy, isn't it? What's that sort of bell noise?"

"Bell-bird, he sing," said Wiri.

"Bell-bird. Oh! I've seen a picture of one. I didn't know they were here. What's that?" A supplejack vine had climbed up a tree looking for a light, and still growing had reached to a tree across the track, and its strong old vine dropped in a loop between the two.

Wiri sat on the swing it made and swung himself high into the air.

"We've got a good swing at school—it's got real rope and . . . Wiri can I come on too?" So Wiri let Anthony sit on the swing and he stood up behind him and worked his legs and arms till they flew through the air.

"Higher, Wiri, higher, we'll soon swing across the river. This is a good swing isn't it, Wiri?"

They left the swing and went down the track to the river to where Hori's canoe was tied to the roots of a totara tree.

"Whose boat is that?"

"Hori's canoe."

"Can we go in it?"

"To-morrow. I take you hunting."

"I won't be allowed—oh, yes, Mary'll let me. We'll hunt pigs to-morrow, won't we, Wiri? What are you doing?"

"Making boat," and Tony watched him make his fleet of flax stick canoes.

"Yes, let's play wharves. If I had my blue train we could run it along the wharves. What are you doing with those stones?"

"Making the waterfall."

So they played for hours, sailing the small canoes over the Kata Kehua falls, and as usual the brave

warrior Toa had to be helped over with a straw of grass. Then they washed and scrubbed a boulder for the Wedding Feast. But a bell clanged in the distance and Anthony said: "That's not a bell-bird is it Wiri?"

"No, dinner."

So they ran up the track and across the paddock to the garden and Tony said: "Mary, can I have lunch in the kitchen with Wiri, I can't wait for you and Uncle Miles?"

"Yes, of course you can."

So off they went to eat their lunch. Kapai. Kapai—oh boy, oh boy, what a lunch. And one of the shepherds who was called Pat said: "It's good for the kid, he's a decent little chap, but he's been brought up like a blinking girl. We'll have to put you on a bucking horse, Tony."

"All right," said Tony. "When?"

"Wiri," laughed Pat, "you can come mustering after lunch if you like. You ride the roan pony and I'll carry the kid."

So they saddled the horses and rode off over the hills, Wiri on the pony and Anthony clinging tightly to the front of Pat's saddle. Behind them the pack of dogs trotted hanging their tongues.

At the top of the hill they stopped and Pat sent off two of the dogs to look for sheep on the far off ridges. He whistled them to sit down and whistled them to climb higher on the hill for more sheep and to look in the scrub for the missing ones. Soon the ridges were white with the moving mobs of sheep and lambs being driven to the docking yards below. Anthony gripped the saddle silent with excitement and forgot all about the blue train in his nursery at home.

When the sheep were yarded, the cowboy came up and another shepherd with more sheep from a different paddock. Then Wiri was told to take Tony up the creek till it was time to turn them out again.

So they played in the water—lifting up the stones to see the small crayfish shoot backwards from their homes. They poked about under the banks to make the long thin greeny-black eels slide from their hiding places and Anthony shrieked with laughter till the banks echoed with the sound.

When the sun left the creek, they went back to the yards. The sheep had been turned out and Henry, the cowboy, was saddling his horse to go home. He lifted Tony on in front. Wiri got on the pony and they rode down towards the cow paddock. The cows were at the gate so they drove them through and into the cow-yard. Henry got the buckets and began to milk tin-tin-tin-tin. Wiri ran over to the whare for two pannikins and Henry filled them with foamy milk.

"Henry," said Anthony, "why do cows have horns?"

"To blow when they're far away in the bush," said Henry.

"Why do they want to blow them?"

"To call themselves home to dinner—and there's Mrs. Waterford calling you to dinner, so hop it, my lad, or I won't take you sledging firewood tomorrow."

He ran over to the house and as he had his tea, he told Mary all about his wonderful day. When he was bathed and ready for bed he said:

"Couldn't I just run over and see Hori's gold before I go to bed?" But Mary said: "No, not till to-morrow." So he climbed into bed—in two minutes he was fast asleep.

(Next week you will hear about an exciting adventure)