

Boys and Girls...

This corner, all you young folks, is for you and your interests. This is where we tell you, week by week, about what is being put over the air for you, just as the grown-ups have their own pages with their own programmes. So make sure that you, too, "Look Before You Listen"

Birdy, Birdy

Not many of us have managed to grow up without stealing from birds. "Nesting" is rare fun mostly because it's a treasure hunt, and it's the one with the quick eyes and the nimble legs for shinning up trees who wins. Most of us have collected eggs from the hedge sparrow and the thrush and the lark and the blackbird, as well as our little native fellows, but we have been careful to take only one or two of the little family we find, not to disturb the nest and not to frighten the mother away.

* * *

When I was tiny I lived next door to a magpie who chased after me and pecked my shins. I thought no eagle could be fiercer. And long after, I was afraid of geese because they stretched their necks in the same fierce hungry way as he. We never robbed that nest—it was a very tall gum tree, and well out of reach—but he was a born thief himself. All sorts of things kept disappearing — nuts and bolts that we would put down for a moment while we were mending our carts and engines and trolleys would simply vanish. The maid kept losing brooches and at last when our mother lost a ring we all sat down to think.

Then there was a raid. We nailed cross-pieces securely all the way up that tall gum trunk till we could reach the magpie's branch and peer into his nest. There was everything — everything we'd ever lost! He had a regular treasure chest of all the things that glitter, even to silver paper!

* * *

A summer or two ago a great pine was felled where I was holidaying in the country. We climbed all over the fallen branches looking for nests, though, of course, most of the eggs were broken. There was a huge nest—a magpie's—bound securely round with fencing wire! It was too tight to unthread from the twigs. In and out, in and out he'd threaded it

—and no doubt boasted disgustingly to his neighbours of his ultra-modern home! What puzzled us was how he'd lifted such an awkward and weighty burden to such a height. I expect it was one more instance of his liking for glitter.

I know a bird who flew off with the keys of a car and dropped them, when he was chased, into the crotch of a tree. If the owner hadn't been a goodish climber perhaps his car would be still sitting a very long way from home!

—JILL

Seeing the Sea-Floor

How many times, boating and rowing about our coasts, have you wished you could see down beyond the ripples to the clear still depths so full of colour and treasures and life? It is a simple matter to make a water glass. Get an old piece of tin piping (a funnel in shape, broad at the bottom

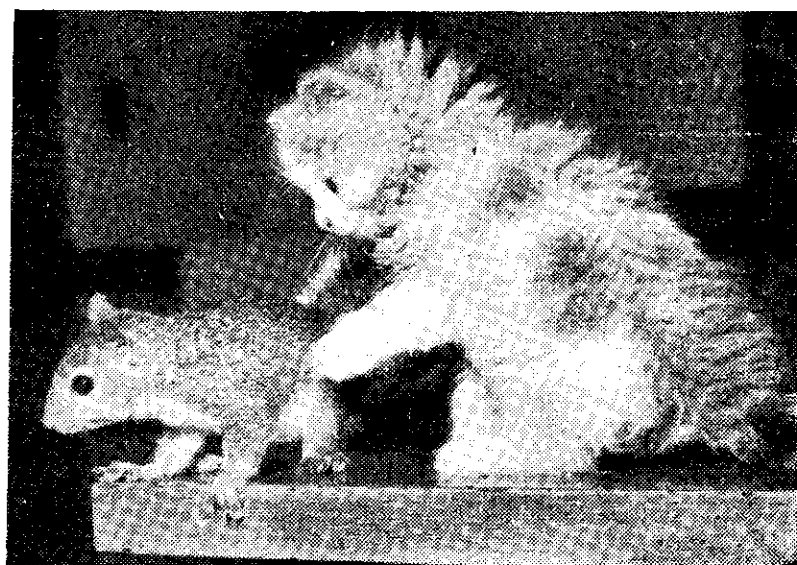
end, is even better, of course) bend the edges at the bottom end, fit in a piece of thick clear glass and weight it with a ring of lead, hammered roughly to the size required.

The fishermen of Norway use this simple method of examining the sea-floor continuously. If they did not many valuable shoals of fish would escape their nets altogether.



PETER PORKIN

*All the birds of the air went a-screechin' and a-squawkin'
When they heard of the crimes of Peterkin Porkin.
For he stole a nest and he stole an egg
So they tore off his coat and hung it on a peg.
They pecked at his toes,
They clawed at his ears,
They settled on his nose,
And laughed at his tears,
They pulled him out, and they pushed him in,
And they made Peter Porkin very sorry for his sin.*



KITTENS are adorable things, aren't they? — so soft and helpless and . . . well, kittenish! The little chap above seems to be asking the grey squirrel for a lift, which is rather surprising; pussies are usually rather stand-offish! These two little friends are at play at the Animal Rescue League in Portland, Maine, U.S.A.

For Your Entertainment:

MONDAY

- 1YA: 5 p.m. Coral Cave
- 2YA: 5 p.m. Talk by Ebor
- 3YA: 5 p.m. Stamp Club and "Mr. Nobbyhead"
- 3ZR: 5 p.m. Legends of Umbogo
- 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Toyshop Tales

TUESDAY

- 2YA: 5 p.m. Relay from Exhibition Studio
- 3YA: 5 p.m. "Tiny Tots' Corner" and Harmonica Band
- 2YH: and 4YZ: David and Dawn and the Sea-Fairies

WEDNESDAY

- 2YA: 5 p.m. David Copperfield (play)
- 3YA: 5 p.m. "Kay" and "Harmony Row"
- 4YA: 5 p.m. Big Brother Bill and Travel Man
- 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Coral Cave

THURSDAY

- 1YA: 5 p.m. Little Women
- 2YA: 5 p.m. Programme by Mrs. Isobel Halligan
- 3YA: 5 p.m. "Rainbow Man" and "Kiwi Club"
- 2YH: 5.45 p.m. Coral Cave
- 3ZR: 5 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland
- 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. David and Dawn and the Sea-Fairies

FRIDAY

- 1YA: 5 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland
- 2YA: 5 p.m. From the Exhibition Studio. Andyman and His Family
- 3YA: 5 p.m. "Niccolo and Puzzle Pie" Book Lady
- 4YA: 5 p.m. Botany Club
- 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Toyshop Tales

SATURDAY

- 2YA: 5 p.m. Uncle Jasper's Programme
- 3YA: 5 p.m. "Riddleman" and "Eyes of the World"
- 3ZR: 5.45 p.m. Westward Ho!