

MORE BRAIN-TEASERS

People never seem to have so many problems of their own that they can't find time to puzzle over others — especially if the problems are as light and amusing as those printed here. We are still receiving them from readers, and still bearing up under the strain of trying to solve them.

What Did He Say?

TRY this conversation on your friends:

You: A man went into a shop and asked for three ribbons; one white, one red, one blue. He was given his order. He felt in his pocket and found he had no money. What did he say to the shop assistant?

You: No, you've got it wrong. I'll give it to you again—A man went into a shop and asked for three ribbons; one white, one red, one blue. He was given his order. He felt in his pocket, and found he had no money. What did he say to the shop assistant?

Your friend: I'm sick of this.

You: You'll get it in time. I'll give it to you again—A man went into a shop and asked for three ribbons; one white, one red, and one blue. He was . . .

But surely you see the point by now?

It's much more difficult if it's not written down.

Chocolate Bars

If you can't pick that one, try this:

A man went into a shop and bought two penny chocolate bars. He took his change. It was given in two coins. One was not a penny. So what?



THE LITTLE BLACK LAMB arrived in London recently as a present for Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, from an 80-year-old widow of Ontario. With it in the photo are some toy lambs, with ribbons round their necks. Now, if someone wanted to buy the live lamb a ribbon instead of its leather collar, and found when he'd bought the ribbon that he had no money in his pocket, what would he say to the shop assistant? If you look hard enough you'll find the answer on this page

Your friend: That's just silly.

You: Well, I'll give it to you again—A man went into a shop and asked for three ribbons; one white, one red, one blue. He was given his order. He felt in his pocket and found he had no money. What did he say to the shop assistant?

Your friend: But what's the point?

You: Surely you can see that. Oh, well, I'll give it to you again—A man went into a shop and asked for three ribbons; one white, one red, one blue. He was given his order. He felt in his pockets and found he had no money. What did he say to the shop assistant?

Your friend: I suppose he blushed, and stammered, and said he was awfully sorry, and walked out. What else could he say?

Weight of a Brick

This one is fairly easy when you see it written down; but try reading it out to someone else:

A brick weighs a pound, plus the weight of half a brick. What would be the weight of two bricks?

Starving Family

And here's a slight improvement on the one about the fox, the goose, and the bushel of wheat:

On an island father and mother are marooned with their two young sons. Father and mother each weigh one hundredweight. Each of the sons weighs half a hundredweight. (They had been starving for some time). But they have a boat. It carries one hundredweight, and no more. It took them so long to work it out that they were nearly dead (and

very thin) when they finally knew how to get to the mainland. What would you have done?

Mr. Morse Falls in Line

To The Editor,
"The Listener,"

Sir,—It is my humble opinion that you should be dubbed "Public Enemy No. 1." My reason being that during the last month you have robbed me of every bit of reason I ever possessed with your atrocious puzzles.

So much so, in fact, that your "Noughts and Crosses" produced another two "Noughts" during a recent Saturday afternoon's cricket.

However, the following week produced a solution which tallied with the one you printed afterward.

I am not to any great extent worried over the fact that you are sending me "nuts," as the rest of the world seems to have gone this way, and there is nothing like falling in line.

All this is leading up to the point that I do not see why you should have everything your own way. I am enclosing one for your puzzle pigeon-hole, and especially for your own destruction.

Yours fitfully,
N. Morse.

East Street,
Ashburton,
November 22.

Here is Mr. Morse's puzzle:

Just South of Ashburton there is a place on the main highway where the road and the railway intersect at right angles. The crossing is a level crossing without any over or under-bridge, or gates.

Last week a train was coming down the line towards the crossing and at a point 50 yards from the crossing was travelling at a speed of 50 m.p.h.

A motorist was also proceeding towards the crossing and at the same moment as the train, was travelling at 50 m.p.h. at a point 50 yards from the crossing.

Neither the train nor the motorist accelerated or decreased speed.

Yet the motorist got across.

How?

Mr. Morse promises the answer next week. We expect there may have been some co-operation between the motorist and the Minister of Railways, but will wait patiently for confirmation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Ruth Collins, Christchurch: *Touche*. It will take time.

W. R. Hamer, Foxton: Sorry, won't do. See later issue.

Llewellyn Etherinton: Thank you. Meanwhile, suspense.

P. B. Marids, Gisborne: Admirably accurate; but wait!

And others, when possible, by mail.
R.J.G., Waihi: Six of each. The others when inspiration comes. Thank you. Publication later.

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