

Puzzles For The Christmas Party

PERHAPS these "more and better" puzzles will come in for confounding your friends at the Christmas Party. We suggest, however, that the answers will come more easily with the entrée than after the dessert.

As it is Christmas time, we've decided to give something away. The answers to this collection will be found on Page 38. But play fair. Our Puzzle Prober had to work them out for himself, and thinks everyone else should do the same.

Shirts

Organisations wearing coloured shirts are all the rage in Polychromia. At the moment there are five would-be dictators named Black, Blue, Brown, Green, and Pink. Each has a coloured-shirt army which would more appropriately be commanded by one of the others; for instance, the commander of the Pinkshirts is not Pink, but Brown. To make things worse, each commander has as second-in-command the only son of one of the other commanders, and as with the commanders, no second-in-command is associated with the shirt that suggests his name. Now, the father of Black's second-in-command commands the Blackshirts; the father of Green's second-in-command commands the Pinkshirts; the father of Pink's second-in-command commands the Blueshirts; Pink's second-in-command is married to young Black's sister; while young Pink is engaged to the sister of Black's second-in-command.

Name the commander and second-in-command of each army!

(Ruth Collins culled that one from "Lilliput")

Queer

Two men and their two sons went out duck shooting. They returned home with a total of 6 ducks, each one of them carrying the same number of ducks. How could this be?

Riddle

What can a man shave with, sleep on, and clean his boots with?

Sailor Boy

A man entered a restaurant and ordered bacon and eggs. When asked whether he would have tea or coffee, he replied, "Tea please, but no milk." The waitress returned with his meal, coffee, and milk. When reminded of it, she apologised and took the milk away. When the man had finished, he slipped a shilling under his plate, paid his fare at the counter, and left. When the waitress was clearing away the dishes, she remarked to another, "I do love those sailor boys." How did she know he was a sailor?

(These three from R.J.G.)

The Dream

A man who went to church with his wife found the sermon dull and the seat comfortable. It was a warm day and he soon fell asleep. He dreamt he was back in the times of the French Revolution. He was a noble who was to be beheaded. He was strapped to the guillotine waiting for the blade to fall when his wife, perceiving he had dozed off,

tapped him on the back of the neck with her fan to awaken him. This sudden slight shock, coupled with the effect of his dream, killed the man, just as if he had been beheaded. Can this be true? If not, what flaw, if any, is there in the reasoning?

4+9=7

A mother sent her boy to the river and told him to bring back exactly seven pints of water. He was given a four pint vessel and a nine pint vessel. How could he measure out exactly seven pints of water, using nothing but these two vessels, and not guessing the amount?

(These two from R. T. Matthews, *Where Flat*).

Liars

An intrepid explorer was canoeing up a river at dead of night, when he reached territory where he knew two possibly hostile tribes lived. All he knew about the tribes was that one was composed of black men

FATHERS AND MOTHERS

To the Editor,
"The Listener,"

Sir,—As your readers appear to relish conundrums, I send you herewith my mite.

It appears to be as immutable as the laws of the Swedes and Nasturtiums — sorry, I mean Medes and Persians — that fatherhood and motherhood are restricted to the male and female sex, respectively.

But, strange though it seems, I have known men who were mothers, also women who were fathers. Moreover, these are not freaks, for many are to be found now in and around Wellington. So what?

The explanation is simple, and will follow in due course.

Yours faithfully,
L.D.A.

December 6, 1939.

who never told the truth, and the other of white men who never told anything but the truth. Upon seeing three dim shapes on one bank of the river, he called out, "Hi there! What colour are you?" The reply of the first man was inaudible; the second said, "He said he's white — he is white, and I'm white too." The third said, "They're both liars — they're black. I'm white."

Which of the three was (or were) white, and how did the explorer know?

(This can be logically explained in a very few words. There is no catch).

(Another Collins cracker)

ANSWERS

The puzzles which appeared on December 8 were fairly easy, so we're able to give the answers:

The Three Ribbons: "I'll give it to you again."

The Chocolate Bars: Both coins were ha'pence.

The Brick-and-a-half: Four pounds.

The Family on the Island: Easily worked out, using the boys to do most of the rowing.

Mr. Morse's Railway Crossing Problem: The motorist must have been riding in the train. (Not fair, Mr. Morse, and you did not keep your promise

LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

NEWS BULLETINS IN ENGLISH

To the Editor,
"The Listener"

Sir,—I am writing to point out what I think are mistakes in your "News Bulletins in English." At 9.0 a.m. you have listed: MPCY Manchuria (25.48m); this should be MTCY Manchuria (25.48m), (11.775 k.c.s). Also at 3.0 p.m. you have WTIC Pittsburg (25.27m). This I think should be WPIT Pittsburg (25.27m), (11.870 k.c.s). At 6.0 p.m. WTIC Pittsburg (48.86m) should be WPIT Pittsburg (48.86m) or (6.140 k.c.s). As I have verification cards from WPIT and MTCY I thought that you would like to know.

Congratulations on a very good publication, and I appreciate your generosity in allowing the DX Radio Association to have space in your book. I hope we can have more space one of these days.

"Merry Xmas" and "A Happy New Year" to you all.

Yours, etc.,

LES. W. SUTHERLAND,
R.A. 1592.

Hamilton,

December 10, 1939.

[We thank our correspondent for his information, and for his kind Christmas messages.—Ed.]

MORE FISH STORIES

To the Editor,
"The Listener"

Sir,—Munchausen's story, in reply to the fishy fish tale of a previous issue, reminds me, by its unique qualities, of an interesting and fruitful hunting-cum-fishing experience I once enjoyed.

In the Spring of '89, while out with a party in the Rotorua district, I happened to separate from the rest of the party, and was walking along a small river bank.

While I was in the very act of recharging my old muzzle-loader, a large swan went up directly ahead, and only a few feet away. So quickly did I aim and fire, I completely forgot to remove the ram-rod from the barrel. The resultant kick knocked me backwards, and I sat heavily onto a hare crouching under a tuft. Meanwhile, the ram-rod had hit the swan, bringing it down, and bounced back toward me. Out of the corner of my eye as I sat squashed on the hare, I saw a fat trout lying just under the surface of the river, and, grasping the flying ram-rod, I just managed to spear the trout.

Swan, hare and trout from one shot. Fair shooting?

Auckland,

December 16.

to send the answer. Hope we've guessed correctly. How's the cricket?)

Since this was written a letter has arrived from Ashburton. Mr. Morse, contrite, writes as follows about his version of the answer:

To the Editor,
"The Listener,"

Sir,—Many apologies for not putting you out of misery sooner than this, as I promised.

It is nice to know (and rather comforting, too), that there are still a few people who can take the bait and grin when the hook goes home. I have been reading *Irideus*.

Well, why and how did the motorist get across?

You will probably say he didn't and couldn't, I'll bet.

Sorry, but he did.

HIS WIDOW PUT IT ON HIS GRAVE. Catch on?

Many thanks, and keep up the good work, we like it.

Wishing you and your associates all the best for the coming Christmas and New Year.

Yours faithfully,

N. Morse.

Ashburton,

December 6, 1939.