

## 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."*

### SHEILA — PEACE-TIME HEROINE

I want to tell you about Sheila because she was a peace-time heroine, and what she did was to save life and not to destroy it. And she was only a little shaggy dog.

There was a settlement of Swedes in the wilds of Labrador. One day a passing trapper left a message that a woman and her child were lying dangerously ill at a camp about fifty miles away. Then he went on his journey. In the camp was a man who knew a good deal about medicine, but nothing at all about the country. Nevertheless, he said that somehow he must get to that distant camp.

"But how is that possible?" asked the men. "No one here knows the way. The cold is terrible. No man could make the trip at this season and get through unless he had a guide. You will certainly die."

"But I must go," said the doctor. "A woman and her child are dying. I must try to save them."

The men looked on helplessly while he packed his medicines and his instruments and his simple supply of food and put his dogs

into his sledge. Just as he was about to start a native came forward.

"I have remembered that my dog, Sheila, made that trip once — but it was three years ago. Perhaps she could lead your team. If you trust to her — and she lives — I believe she may get you there."

So the little shaggy Sheila was brought and hitched at the front and, with the other stout snow dogs behind her, led out on to the trail. For mile after mile she kept on her way, unswervingly. On and on, even when she staggered from utter weariness and her feet were so cut with the ice that her steps left tracks of blood on the whiteness of the snow. Many hours, until at last, worn out and almost frozen, they sighted the far trading station. That night the lives of both mother and child were safe.

The great Swede who had sat beside his wife so long without hope, tried to speak his gratitude, but the doctor pointed to a small, exhausted dog.

"She did the work," he said. "I only followed."

### VANITY!

It's not what we're asked to do, but how we are asked, that matters often, isn't it? It makes all the difference between a willing and a resentful attitude, a good job and a bad one — and sometimes between a job and no job at all. Many men have found that a wise choice of words will succeed where only guns would, otherwise.

There is a story of the early days of the French Revolution when people were rioting in the streets of Paris. General Lafayette ordered a young officer to open fire upon them with two cannon. The officer begged that he might be allowed first to try to persuade the rioters to withdraw.

"It is useless to appeal to their reason," said Lafayette.

"Quite so," replied the younger man, "therefore I shall appeal, not to their reason, but to their vanity."

The officer then rode up to the mob, doffed his cocked hat, and pointed to the guns.

"Gentlemen," he said, quietly and courteously, "will you be good enough to retire, for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble?"

Rabble? The citizens looked from one to another, and at once the street was cleared.

### Here's a Problem:

It is a matter of birthdays — and you can be pretty sure of bewildering your friends with it.

Get one of them to put down the number of the month in which he was born. Get him to multiply it by 2, add 5, multiply by 50, now add his age, subtract 365, add 115.

Now take the amount that is left from the sum. The two figures to the right will tell you his age. The remainder will tell you the month of his birth. Here is an example: The amount if, say, 614. Well, then, he is 14 years old and he was born in June — the 6th month.

### FIFTEEN MINUTES

When Lord Nelson was about to leave London on his last expedition, he ordered some cabin furniture to be sent on board his ship.

While he was giving a farewell dinner-party at his house, the upholsterer called. Nelson spoke with him in a corner of the dining-room. Everything, the man said, was finished and packed, and would start in a waggon from a

certain inn at six o'clock the next day.

"And will you be there yourself to see the things off?" inquired the Admiral.

"Yes, my Lord. I shall be there punctually at six."

"A quarter to six," said Nelson. "Be there at a quarter to six. I have always made it a practice to be that much beforehand, and to that quarter of an hour I owe more in life than I can say."



Few men have done more for children all over the world than Dr. Barnardo. Some of you may remember seeing the film, "The Boy from Barnardo's," which gave an idea of how his work is carried out. Here is one of the youngest Barnardo children—three-year-old June Bongers—off to start life in Canada.

### For Your Entertainment:

#### SUNDAY

1YA: 5.30 p.m. Children's Song Service

2YA: 5.30 p.m. Children's Song Service. Uncle Brian and 2YA Song Service Choir

3YA: 5.30 p.m. Children's Song Service, conducted by Mr. W. Herbert Gregory, assisted by Linwood Congregational Sunday School Choir

4YA: 5.30 p.m. Children's Song Service, conducted by Big Brother Bill

#### MONDAY

1YA: 5 p.m. Mystery Island

2YA: 5 p.m. Ebor talks in "Childhood of the Musicians" series

3ZR: 5 p.m. Story of "Black Beauty"

4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Legends of Umbopo

#### TUESDAY

2YA: 5 p.m. Sunrays' programme

2YH: 5.30 p.m. David and Dawn and the Sea-Fairies

4YZ: 5.30 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland

#### WEDNESDAY

2YA: 5 p.m. Programme by North Auckland visitors at Exhibition

4YA: 5 p.m. Big Brother Bill and Travel Man

4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Coral Cave

#### THURSDAY

2YA: 5 p.m. Miss Falkner and visiting children

2YH: 5.45 p.m. Coral Cave

3ZR: 5 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland

4YZ: 5.30 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland

#### FRIDAY

1YA: 5 p.m. David and Dawn in Fairyland

2YA: 5 p.m. Talk by Andyman

4YA: 5 p.m. Botany Club

3ZR: 5 p.m. Richard the Lion-Heart

4YZ: 5.30 p.m. Legends of Umbopo

#### SATURDAY

2YA: 5 p.m. Programme by Margaret Watt Home, Wanganui

2YH: 5.45 p.m. Westward Ho!

### Nonsense!

The horse is not supposed to know

How to reap or how to sow . . .  
How to build a rabbit hutch . . .

But it doesn't matter much,  
For he understands, of course,  
Exactly how to be a horse.