

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Is the New Zealand boy and girl too well cared for? I don't know. What do you think about it? It's true, isn't it, that the odd extra threepences are easy to come by. And it used not to be. I knew a small boy of ten who made money in all sorts of ways—from selling balloons in Showgrounds to marking sacks of potatoes for a Chinese fruitman.

He didn't want money—he needed it. And for a hundred and one things—but mostly a bicycle. When he got the bicycle he got a job. So far as I know his parents never gave him so much as a silver sixpence. But he had lots of things worth having—and great fun into the bargain.

The other day I met a pretty girl—with brains. She was moaning and writhing with wretchedness because her parents said she had to go through college. Yet I know a girl in New York who is one of about one hundred others who are minding people's babies to get to college.

* * *

I live in the country—sometimes. Not often enough, though, to find time to go after the blackberries that are weighing down the bushes. Yet not once has a little boy knocked at my door and suggested I should buy any. I wish he would.

There'll be mushrooms soon, too. But I know he won't come. He never does.

This sounds very nearly a grumble. Sorry.

Jimmy Frost

ICE-CREAM MAN

Old Italian Emilio Scala sells ice-cream cones in London. He stands by his barrow in the hot summer traffic and beams on the children that flock to be his customers. He claims that he is perfectly happy.

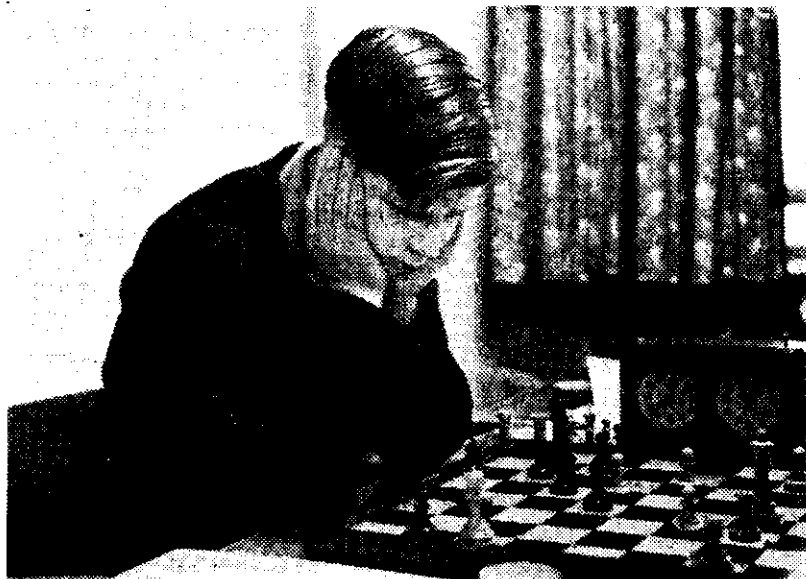
But he has some sort of argument to support his claim—for seven years ago, when he was still only forty-three years old, Emilio Scala won the Irish Sweepstakes. He suddenly found himself with £354,744!

At once he retired and lived in luxury in a splendid London suburban mansion. For seven years he was rich—and was utterly miserable.

So now, with his sleeves rolled up and his broad black hat tipped over his eyes, he's happy again—he's selling ice-cream cones to children!

BOYS AND GIRLS

The grown-ups have pages about their own programmes in other parts of "The Listener," so here is a corner specially for boys and girls. If you want to see what features are being broadcast for you each week, watch this page. Here, too, we give you items of news about the programmes.



★ *CONCENTRATION* might be the title of this picture; it is of one of the competitors in the London Boys' Chess Championship Competition, recently held in London. ★

For Your Entertainment:

SUNDAY

- 1YA: 5.30 p.m. *Children's Song Service*
- 2YA: 5.30 p.m. *Children's Song Service, conducted by Uncle William, assisted by children from St. James' Presbyterian Sunday School*
- 3YA: 5.30 p.m. *Children's Song Service*
- 4YA: 5.30 p.m. *Big Brother Bill's Song Service*

MONDAY

- 2YA: 5 p.m. *Ebor talks on Authors at work in Prisons*
- 4YA: 5 p.m. *Nature night*
- 3ZR: 5 p.m. *Story of Black Beauty*

TUESDAY

- 1YA: 5 p.m. *"A Model Runabout Launch" — talk by "Model-maker"*
- 2YA: 5 p.m. *"More Bush Friends" — talk by Uncle Harry. Talk by Swimming Man*
- 4YA: 5 p.m. *Mr. Swim Man*
- 2YH: 5.45 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 from Exhibition Studio*
- 4YA: 5 p.m. *Travel Man*
- 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. *Coral Cave*

THURSDAY

- 2YA: 5 p.m. *Games Night with Uncle Peter*
- 4YA: 5 p.m. *Mouth Organ Band and Mr. Stampman*
- 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. *Sea Talks by Andyman*

From the ZB Stations

Children's session at 5 p.m. from Monday to Friday inclusive
 Uncle Tom and his Children's Choir: Sunday. 12B 9 a.m., 22B 11 a.m., 32B and 42B at 8.45 a.m. *The Lone Ranger*: Wed., Thurs., Sat., 7 p.m. *The Air Adventures of Jimmy Allen*: Mon., Wed., Thurs., 6.15 p.m.

- 4YA: 5 p.m. *Botany Club*
- 3ZR: 5 p.m. *Richard the Lionheart*
- 4YZ: 5.30 p.m. *Mystery Island*

SATURDAY

- 2YA: 5 p.m. *Programme from Exhibition Studio*
- 2YH: 5.45 p.m. *Westward Ho!*

MYSTERIES STILL

Although men who study the sciences can explain how a great many strange things happen, we are still surrounded by mysteries. Have you noticed the strength of frail growing things? The tiny green shoots from the seed you planted last week will, next week, be pushing aside the stone or clump of earth that covers it. Have you seen grass pushing great cracks in asphalt paths? We know it does. But we cannot say how.

How does a plant or tall tree draw up moisture from the ground? Have you ever wondered at the unknown strength that must be necessary? Try carrying even a large jug full of water upstairs. Yet, even a single sunflower can soon draw up a whole pail full. "How?" is the question none of us has managed to answer.

Some trees, like Australian gums, store the water in their leaves so that when a drought comes they need not die. But there are others, like the willow, that draw up gallons and gallons of water in a very short time. By what mysterious force can they lift it? This is just one of a million puzzles that men have not yet solved.

HE JUST KNOWS

There's no "try—try—try—again" about it when the small bird comes to build his first nest. You may think he gets more clever and quick and perfect as the seasons go on, but it's not like that a bit. He just knows all there is to know about it from the word "Go!" He has been carefully watched by scientists over and over, and they all agree that the first nest he builds is more than likely to be his best.

* * *

Another curious thing about him is that, even if he has always been quite separated from his kind, he will build that first nest of his exactly as his ancestors did hundreds of years ago. The colour and shape and pattern of the egg laid in the nest, too, will never vary.

"Did you say your dog's bark was worse than his bite?"

"Yes."

"Then for goodness sake don't let him bark. He's just bitten me!"

Silkworm Song

First I was an egg, and then
 A silkworm I became.
 Now I'm half a yard of silk.
 Life's a funny game!