



THE CHANGING WIND

To Young Listeners:

PEOPLE say that if the wind changes when you are making ugly faces, you stay like that for the rest of your life. If the Young Listener says "I don't believe you," the person either says "Don't contradict" very sternly, or laughs and says "Don't you?" Then you laugh because you know that some day you will be grown-up too and can say quite safely to your children, "If you eat up your crusts your hair will curl. *Don't* make faces—if the wind changes you'll grow like that."

If the people in Hollywood, where most of the talking films are made, believe the old story, they must live in terror of a changing wind! Specially when they make the sort of faces they have to make so that they can look like the Scarecrow or the Cowardly Lion in the *Wizard of Oz*. And if Charlie Chaplin believes it he would certainly have a special man out to watch the wind when he made *The Great Dictator*, because life wouldn't be worth living for him if his face had stuck for life!

Making Faces

Jack Dawn, who is an artist and a sculptor, went to California and said to a chemist, "Give me something as soft as wax and elastic as rubber and sensitive as jelly." He wanted it for making actor's faces like the faces of the characters they were meant to represent. The chemist said he hadn't any such thing, good-by-ye. So Jack had to invent something himself, and he called the result "Number 6."

If an actress has to take the part of say, Queen Victoria, Jack makes a plaster shape of the actress's head. Then he looks at the picture of the queen, and begins to make the plaster face like the queen's face by adding either plaster pouches of flesh, and perhaps a rounder forehead and a curved nose, and another chin or so.

Then he lifts the added pieces from the cast and numbers them. Then moulds are made of each piece. These moulds are filled with fluid "Number 6." When it has hardened and the moulds are removed, there are the parts, light and pliable, ready to be pasted on to the actress's face. Once they are on, the last coat of make-up is used.

One of Jack Dawn's greatest triumphs was Louise Rainer's face in *The Good Earth*. No wonder he gets 250 dollars an hour! Gee!

Try a Tongue-Twister

A proper crop of poppies is a proper poppy crop,
A copper cup of coffee is a copper coffee cup.

Invitation

Do come and spend an air-raid in our shelter.
Any time the warning sounds, you are sure to find us in.

Joke?

Traveller: When I was in England I saw a bed twenty feet long.

Friend: That sounds like a lot of bunk to me.

Box of Tricks

Henry wants a trick out of the box for his party. Get some safety matches, Henry, and when no one is looking rub the sole of your shoe with the striking part of the box. Then say to the party, "Now, everyone, watch me," and you will take out a match and strike it on your shoe. Then the party will all try unsuccessfully to strike safety matches on their shoes. Now someone will say—"I know—he used a specially prepared match." So then you will take one of their matches and strike it on your shoe, and the party will think you are quite magic because they haven't guessed that it's a specially prepared shoe instead of a specially prepared match!

Second-Hand Clothes

"I've sold everything in that room," said the helper at the rummage sale, proudly.

"Dear, dear," said the Vicar's wife, "That was the cloakroom."

And Now, Book News

If you want to keep the "Owl and the Pussy-Cat," you will find it in "A Book of Lear," from the Penguin series. A whole book of Edward Lear's nonsense with a pretty yellow cover for a shilling and tuppence!

But Billy doesn't like that sort of book — he wants cowboys and Indians. Something tough, Billy wants — well, he will find Indians and lots of excitement in "Hidden Valley" by Benet (Harrap).

THE BOOK OF WIRIMU

Story by STELLA MORICE

Chapter V.

TINOPAI

THE cool spring air whispered softly among the pale plumes of the toi-toi and played gently with Hini's dark mane as she stood carved like rock against the first pale-clear light of morning.

Hori climbed the hill and put on her bridle, and led her to the whare. He pulled out the saddle and put it on her back and did up the girth.

He took a sack with both ends sewn up and a split in the middle of one side, and he tied it on to his saddle. This was his pikau for carrying home the flour and sugar he was going to town to buy. For the flour and sugar he meant to buy to fill his empty flour box and his empty sugar tin.

He called to Wiri and lifted him behind the saddle. He called to Tiger and tied him under the Whare. He led Hini to the step and climbed on between Wiri and the pikau, and they rode off down the track and across the river.

As they went up the long hill above the Waterfords, they looked back at the beauty of the morning. The rising sun had drawn the mist from the river bed and left it floating like fleeces above the sleeping pa.

Hini neighed loudly to a piebald mare who was feeding with her foal on the hill, and a family of

hares caught at their play crouched with silly flattened ears as they passed. But, by corry, what was that! a sparrow hawk swooped, picked at Hori's hat and flew screeching to his nest in a tall dead tree.

They rode slowly down into the sun-flecked green of the bush. A fantail fluttered ahead, chattering as she led them away through the shadow and the sunlight and the tumult of bird-songs, to the lake, lying like a slab of greenstone in its setting of Raupo. Like greenstone fringed with the pink lake weed. With wild duck floating still and flat as though carved on its smooth green surface. With pukekos on its swampy edge, stalking blue and white on their scarlet legs, always searching in the pinkness.

Then Wiri sang, by corry he sang, to frighten away the big Taniwha, his grandmother had told him about. The big dragon she said was hiding beneath the still lake water.

When they left the lake the road ran out of the bush into the open country, and Wiri grew very tired as they rode up the long hill.

As they neared the top the bushes beside them had a grey, dry look and the banks of the road were very white. The warm air was heavy with sulphur and a big yellow board on the roadside said:

3 Miles to the Famous TE PUNA HOT SPRINGS

New Zealand's
Wonder Spot

Superior Accommodation
at Reasonable Prices

GET WELL AT TE PUNA

A.A.

just past the notice, they turned off and went along a track through the manuka bushes, because Wiri was to be left with his grandmother Tinopai, and in a moment they would see her whare.

In a moment they did see her whare, and there was Tinopai, wise, kind, comfortable Tinopai, standing in her doorway watching them. Her face was shining like polished copper. Her eyes were still and deep as the river, and her thoughts shone in her eyes like patches of light in a river pool. Her hair hung in greying plaits over the shoulders of her loose red blouse, and her feet were bare beneath the full blue skirt.

She walked slowly to meet them and shook Hori's hand and pressed her nose to his. She stooped and murmured to Wiri as she took him by the hand and led him into the whare. She made them some tea and fed them on raisin bread and all the time she and Hori talked to each other in Maori.

When he had finished Hori got on his horse and rode off towards the town. Then Tinopai lifted Wiri to her knee and stroked his hair and rocked him as she sang her strange old Maori songs, till Wiri thought in all the world there was no one as comfortable as Tinopai.

(Next week we shall finish this chapter about Tinopai.)