



To Young Listeners—

*When the South wind doth blow
Then we shall have snow.*

AND we have it all over the hills behind the harbour. And as we struggle along to the tram Tony's face looks like a rosy apple in the biting wind. Like a rosy apple with a bundle of coats for a body and a pair of legs stuck on badly. In the gardens the trees wave backwards and forwards like giant fans and Tony shouts through the storm "I think we'd better cut all those trees down so as they can't make all this awful wind." Because being small he thinks it is the trees which fan the wind instead of the other way round.

The Wind in a Frolic

(By Ian who is 10)

Whoooo! The wind whistled dismally round the mansion. The rank grass in the paddock over the brick wall swayed this way and that. In the village people chased their hats angrily whilst the wind was chuckling to himself, and the clouds in the sky bowled merrily before him.

The Lucky Kitten

(Sent by John)

Not long ago, some airmen passing a bomb-shattered house in Crete, heard the mewing of a cat in the ruins. Villagers said it had been buried for three days, and it took the R.A.F. men three hours' hard digging before they were able to rescue a wounded and exhausted kitten. They fed it and dressed its wounds and now it is the merriest member of the squadron.

(By Jill who is 6)

*I'm in love with a sodger boy
His crystyn name is John
He's one of those fellows wich gese about
Without any trousis on.*

(Jill's explanation: "You know, they wear kilts.")

Changing Spots

Can a leopard change his spots?
Yes, when he gets tired of one spot he can go to another.

Riddle

Why is a haystack like a mouse?
Because the cattle eat it.

Tim Knows

Uncle: And what part of school do you like best, Tim?

Tim: The outside, Uncle.

Poor Uncle George

*Uncle George has lost an eye
Gazing up into the sky.
Mail plane on its daily trip
Dropped a little orange pip.
Down it came from out the sky
Right in Uncle's George's eye!*

—By Tommy.

THE RUSTLE IN THE CORNER

(By Jane when she was 10)

A BANG from the front door told Mrs. Brown that the children had arrived home from school.

"Oh, what do you think?" said ten year old Peter bursting into the room, "there's been a burglary at Willie's place and all his mother's jewellery has been stolen."

"Really, Peter, you musn't burst into the room like this," said Mrs. Brown, secretly alarmed. "Sit down and tell me all about it."

"Well, you see it was this way," began Peter. "All the Morgans were out and when they came back the house had been robbed. The neighbours had seen a man walk up the path with a bunch of keys in his hand."

Chapter II.

Mrs. Brown Fails

After this startling information Mrs. Brown hurried round to the Morgans who were Willie's parents. She was met at the door by Mrs. Morgan who looked pale and worried. "Come in and make yourself at home," said Mrs. Morgan from the front door.

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, sitting down, "I'm very sorry that this has occurred, can I help you in any way?"

"It's very kind of you to come round but there's nothing you can do beyond sympathising with me," replied the former with a bitter laugh. Mrs. Brown went home with a heavy heart. She had tried to be a comfort to her friend but had failed.

Chapter III.

The Dreded Rustle

The children were going to a party so Mrs. Brown had no time to think about her worries. Peter and Beth went off in fine style. They were to come home in

the buggy so everything would be alright. They had such a lovely time at the party that they quite forgot to watch the time, so when they arrived at the place where the buggy should be it had gone. Now there had lately been very queer goings on in the marsh just where Beth and her brother were standing. Just about 10 or 11 o'clock there came rustelings from the corner of the marsh. This was something the children dreded for it was getting on to ten now.

Chapter IV.

The Masked Figure

The moon suddenly came out and at the same moment the Rusteling began and when it ceased, out of the marsh sidled a dark figure. It lurked round for a few moments and then disappeared into the darkness. Beth gave a muffled cry for she heard the howel of the mountain woloves. They turned and fled for refuge. Where did they run? Why, to the last place you would have imagined. Why, to the corner of the marsh. They ran for dear life. There they found a cave into which they crept. A gruff voice suddenly said, "Stick 'em up." The children started up in terror. There before them was a tall masked figure.

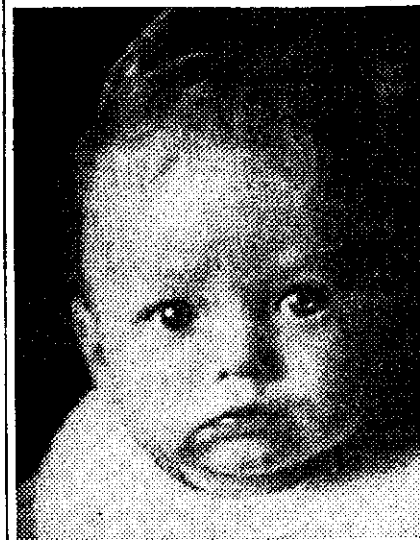
"Trying to spy on me, eh," he growled.

"Oh, no—ooo" gasped Peter, "we were only trying to get away from the woloves."

"Well, I'm going to get you out of the way till I've finished my little bit of business," he said, bringing out a coil of rope. This he unwound and proceeded to tie and gag the children. He then went away muttering to himself. They lay there for many hours till something stirred outside and in marched their father.

He immediately untied their bounds and took them out to the buggy. When relating the story Mr. Brown said that he and the local P.C. had caught a man lurking on the garden with some jewels hoping to escape, and he confessed where the children were. It was found when the cave was serched that all Mrs. Morgan's jewellery was there. The children were then rewarded well.

"Three cheers," cried Peter and they were hearty.



Did you MACLEAN
your teeth to-day?



That's what I'm
growing them for

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PER TUBE



BRITISH
TO
THE TEETH

