

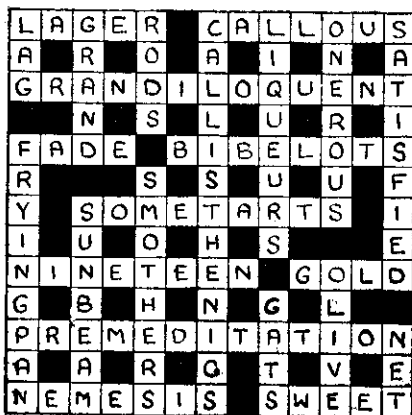
Clues Across

1. Belonging to the poppy family.
7. This river could prove rather a bore.
8. Novices with clay toes?
10. A quality you'd hardly expect to find in a priest.
11. There is madness in this country.
12. Material form of a colic.
13. Carried off from the Solent.
16. Gratify.
18. Cause to display weakness.
20. I combine with postmen in conferring positions on relations.
21. Burden in 19 down.
22. No, I can't learn it (anag.).

Clues Down

1. Spire found at the seaside.
2. Incomplete.
3. Made to be broken?
4. Disastrous.
5. Frequently, about half a score.
6. Support us upside down about a certain spot.
9. The cooler part of coffee-making.
12. Ian requires a chit for an Italian wine.
14. A man upset in a pool is a fit subject for satire.
15. Aspire to Iran.
17. Storehouse.
19. An old way to spell knotty.

THE LISTENER CROSSWORD
(Answer to No. 66)



**FOR SORE THROAT,
HUSKINESS ETC.,**



I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

To Young Listeners,

THE sailing ship now in Wellington is the Finnish barque Pamir, and because there's a war on we have seized her as a prize. So there amongst the usual collection of harbour craft "one of the dwindling number of proud square-riggers left, slim and tall the wonder of her spars above them all." She is a four-masted barque—square rigged on her first three masts, and she carries three suits of sails each suit costing over £3,000. Expensive luggage! The Wellington people were full of excitement when they saw the ship, her stately canvas mounting tier upon tier sailing into their harbour—an unusual sight in these days of steamships.

"For the steam came up and the sail went down

And them tall ships of high renown
Was scrapped or wrecked or sold away."

So there she waits—disconsolate—like some lovely captive bird, the poor Pamir.

All coiled down an' not allowed to go,
Every sail furtled in a neat harbour stow.
A long rest for her—and what for her crew—

Poor old sailormen . . . Good luck to you!

THE OWNER OF PAMIR
From Sea-Cook to Captain

Captain Gustav Erikson is the owner of the Pamir. When he was nine he was a cabin boy who could make excellent pea-soup. When he was 59 he owned twenty deep-sea sailing ships and could still make good pea-soup! If he leaves his island home near Finland to visit London he groans at the pea-soup he gets from the hotel chef. "I wish I could get down there for a few minutes," he mutters, "I would soon show him."

He Never Has a Holiday

On pea-soup and on ships he was reared. He says, "I love those ships. I have spent my life in them, and for them. When I go they go but when I stay, they stay. I will never be a steamship owner. I will keep on all the ships I can while I live. I never have a holiday because I look after them all personally. I don't let others do anything

I can do myself. I have been a mate and a master as well as a cabin boy and cook. I have my ships brought home to me whenever they have to lay up in Europe and I climb the rigging and go out on the yards myself. I see that they are free from rust, that the gear is good and the rigging sound."

Good Luck, Sailorman

And so let us hope that the Pamir will soon be able to join what the war has left of the white winged ships, so that the little old man on the island who likes pea-soup and never takes a holiday may still dream of his great white ships and smile.

TALE OF A SAILOR

(By R. B. G.)

We're a barque-rigged ship
And we've come from afar,
From the lands of spice
Where the natives are
So terribly, very
Pe — cu — li — ar!

We're loaded deep
To the Plimsoll mark
With guano phosphate
Which it weren't no lark
To shovel aboard
This blinkin' barque.

So it's heigh and away
And we've hoisted the sails
And traversed the seas
Where spout the whales
Which flourish such queer
Extravagant tails!

After every commotion
In each sort of ocean
We all had a notion
To enter this harbour
To augment our larder
And sell you guano!

Alas to our sorrow
And also our horror
You seized on the morrow
Our gallant Pamir.
After war peace will follow
Then in joy we will wallow
And spread our white wings
To the winds once again.

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE
GOLDEN HAIR

This story was written by a Wellington man who spent most of his life at sea as ship's cook.

IN New Zealand there are a lot of little girls, some have ginger hair, some dark, and others light golden hair. The little golden-haired girl I want to tell you about was a passenger for London in the steamer I was cook on. Everyone fell in love with her, and she was known as "The Little Girl with the Golden Hair." Though everyone else admired her hair, the little girl found it a nuisance in many ways. She was fond of skipping, but when she asked any of the men to turn her rope, they would say, "I will if you give me a bit of your golden hair." Even the Arabs at Port Said wanted it as payment for their cheap trinkets. The little girl wanted to buy a pretty brooch and she only had sixpence, and the Arab said, "Give me a piece of your golden hair and you shall have the brooch for sixpence."

Of course she couldn't give her hair to everyone who wanted it, so she had to go without many things. She would often come to my galley wanting to make the toast. Of course I let her and often gave her little dainties. "Cook," she would say, "Whatever you do for me you never ask for some of my golden hair like the other men."

When our ship reached England there were the usual good-byes to be said, and the little girl did not forget her friend the cook. "Good-bye cook," she said, "and cook, I am going to give you a keepsake if my mother will let me." She ran off and soon came back with a little lock of her golden hair tied up with blue ribbon.

My word, I did prize this and on other voyages I would gather the children round me and tell them the story of the little girl with the golden hair. This happened over 40 years ago so perhaps the little girl has golden-haired girls of her own and no doubt she tells them the story of the little girl with the golden hair and her friend the cook.

—By C. H. HAMBLEY

