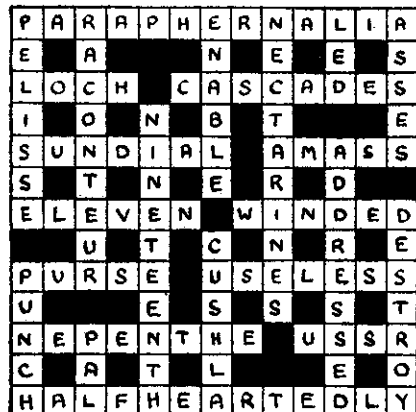


Clues Across

1. Truncheon.
4. Flowering shrub.
8. This is a simple word.
9. Removed the skin from a padre.
10. A familiar sight in the sky now.
11. I spliced (anag.).
13. More point in a presentiment.
17. Ran miles (anag.).
19. When cars are overturned, this might well be the result.
21. Heavy curved knife used as a gorkha weapon.
22. Took food after an examination, having made a will.
23. Rest, Don't! (anag.).
24. Fops.

Clues Down

1. Building material.
2. Purveyor of sporting information.
3. Invalid.
4. As often as Phil makes dress designs.
5. Confer a degree on a Cathedral town, and the result is content.
6. Make us pry into refined molasses.
7. Wander confusedly.
12. One miser (anag.).
14. This part of the garden is made with an arch and a rod.
15. Special sort of carriage.
16. These baskets naturally contain fish.
18. Unclad.
20. Employed.

THE LISTENER CROSSWORD
(Answer to No. 68)

DIABETES

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LITTLE CHUNG WU

To Young Listeners,

ONCE upon a time there was a little Chinese boy called Chung Wu who didn't like school very much, so he stayed away for a week. The police searched and searched for him and at last they found him sitting quietly on a seat in the park looking out to sea.

"Chung Wu," they said sternly, "you are a bad boy, why did you run away from school like that?" And Chung Wu looked up at them with his clear brown eyes and said softly and sadly, "Teacher say we all naughty boys in the class. Teacher say 'you cause me great pain—you very bad boys.' So not to make her sad and suffer I not go to school any more."

Two Roosters

THERE was once a Maori man called Hori. Hori had a whare and some pigs and a few sheep. When he shored his sheep he hadn't enough wool to make big tight bales like the pakeha. So he just stuffed it into an old wool bale anyhow, and borrowed his brother's dray and took it into a wool store. He went to the manager and said: "Good day Charlie, how about you sell my wool? He very good wool." And Charlie said, "Hori old chap it's too late, the season's over, you'll lose money on your wool by the time you've paid storage and so on."

"No matter, you sell him," and off trundled Hori in the dray. A year later he came back hoping for some money but the manager said, "But, Hori, I told you there'd be nothing over. Actually you owe us one and sixpence—your wool was full of biddy-biddy, Hori."

"How about I bring you a rooster?" said Hori.

In a few days he came back with two roosters for the manager.

"But you only owe me one rooster, Hori."

"No, I pay you two roosters, Charlie—another bale he outside, how about you sell him too."

Bad Manners

*THE buffalo, the buffalo,
He had a horrid snuffle-oh!
And not a single Indian chief
Would lend the beast a handkerchief,
Which shows how very far
From courtesy those people are.*

The Brown Bear's Fishing

IMMERSED in the stream up to well above her knees, Ploush seems to be watching something in the water. And suddenly flip—with one movement of her agile paw she jerks out on to the bank into the middle of a tuft of grass, a live trout, gleaming like a flash of lightning.

Polka who has had as much as she wants only eats a tiny fish now and then,

the rest she piles up in heaps, while Pestoun gives her an old recipe from the bear's cookery book. "Take some very fresh trout. Kill them. Dig a hole. Place them in it, cover with grass, earth



LITTLE JOHNNY WALKED A MILE
HUNTING AFTER CROCODILE
NOT A "CROCA" TO BE SEEN
JOHN WENT SADLY HOME AGAIN

WHEN THE CROCAS SAW HIM GO
UP THEY CAME ALL IN A ROW
GNASHED THEIR TEETH & GRINNED WITH GLEE
"JOHNNY WON'T HAVE US FOR TEA"



and stones. Let them pickle until sufficiently high, then serve. This will be found delicious."

—From "Bourru the Brown Bear."

I Spy

Small Boy: "I spy with my little eye
Something beginning with F."

Father: "Foal?"

Boy: "Wrong."

Father: "Fire? Finch? Frog? Fish-pond? Fantail? Fence?"

Boy: "Wrong, wrong, wrong! It's pheasant, stupid!"

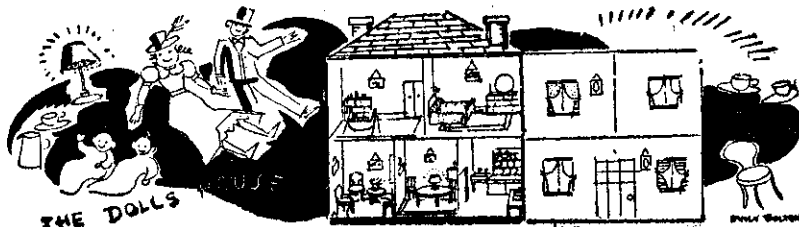
Old Noah

OLD Noah had an ostrich farm
And fowls on the largest scale.
He ate his egg with a ladle
In an egg-cup as big as a pail
And the soup he took was Elephant Soup
And the fish he took was Whale.

G. K. Chesterton.

What Do You Think?

A LADY has been advertising for two canaries and a cat. They disappeared while she was having her house spring cleaned. We think it is quite likely that they all left at the same time!



THE DOLL'S HOUSE

Karori, Wellington.

WHEN dear old Mrs. Hay went back to town after staying with the Burnells she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that Pat and the carter carried it into the courtyard and propped it up on two boxes beside the stable door.

There it stood, a dark oily spinach green picked out with yellow. Its two solid little chimneys glued to the roof were painted red and white, and the door gleaming with yellow varnish was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow. What a perfect, perfect little house. "Open it quickly, someone."

Pat pryed it open with his penknife and the whole house front swung back, and there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing room and dining room, the kitchen and two bedrooms. Why don't all houses open like that? How much more exciting than peering into a mean little hall with a hat-stand and two umbrellas! Perhaps it is the way God opens houses at the dead of night when he is taking a quiet turn with an angel. . . .

The Burnell children had never seen anything like it in their lives. There were pictures painted on the walls with gold frames complete. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen; red plush chairs in the drawing room, green in the dining room; tables, beds with real bed clothes, a cradle, a stove, a dresser with tiny plates and one big jug. But what Keryia Burnell liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully, was the lamp with a white globe. It was even filled all ready for lighting, though of course you couldn't light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil, and moved when you shook it.

The father and mother dolls who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing room, and their two children upstairs, were really two big for the drawing room. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Keryia to say, "I live here." The lamp was real.

(Adapted from "The Doll's House," by Katherine Mansfield.)