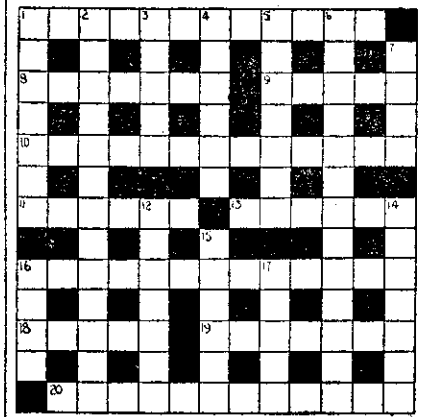




## THE LISTENER CROSSWORD (No. 71.) (Constructed by R.W.C.)



### EAT BROWN BREAD

To Young Listeners,  
PEOPLE say

In an aggravating way  
All little boys and girls  
Should EAT BROWN BREAD.  
This puts us in a rage  
Whatever is our age  
And we say we won't eat any brown  
We'll just eat white instead.

But a little boy of seven,  
Who'll surely go to heaven  
Seems to know the way of telling  
Us to EAT BROWN BREAD.  
He doesn't rub it in  
That eating white's a sin  
It's the funny way he says it,  
Makes us EAT BROWN BREAD.

"Bangity bang, bang  
EAT BROWN BREAD.  
Ever seen a sausage fall down dead  
Out came a saveloy  
And hit him on the head  
Bangity bang bang,  
EAT BROWN BREAD."

(By a Boy of Seven.)

### Misfitting Names

JOE MISFIT, the tailor, B.A.D. Lamb the butcher, E. Waters, the milkman, C. Shortweight, the Grocer, and V. R. Crusty, the baker, all had stalls at the Town Hall lately. But don't judge them by their names. They are all good people who were working at the City Mission fair, trying to make enough money to pay for the Fielden Taylor Boys' Memorial Hostel. The Fair was a success, but they still want more money and they are always very grateful for MORE JAM, MORE VEGE-TABLES AND MORE CLOTHES.

Bryan O'Brien and his T.O.T. artists were helping too, so now having seen them, we know that the artists really are children and not clever people pretending they are.

### "BLUEY"

#### New Radio Serial

WHENEVER a circus comes to town most boys and girls want to go and see it. That was what "Bluey" wanted to do, so he made himself useful about the house, cleaning his father's shoes, chopping up the wood, and being so good that his parents began to wonder why he was doing it.

When he told them, they said that "Bluey" could not go this time but perhaps they would take him to see the next circus that came along. But "Bluey" went to the circus manager



and by a little trick he got a ticket for himself and another one for his friend. Then these were taken from him by the schoolteacher—and that is how "Bluey," a little boy you will all want to know, makes his first appearance to New Zealand children. You will hear the first of "Bluey's" adventures if you listen to Station 1YA Auckland, on Monday, October 6 at 5 o'clock, and he will be coming to Wellington a little later in the year.

### MOURZOUK

VASSILICH was a gamekeeper—he was old and solitary. His household consisted of a cow, a horse, a dozen hens, and a half decrepit old dog. One day when Vassilich was hunting he killed a mother lynx. He didn't know that somewhere there was a lynx baby waiting for its mother and two little brothers to come home.

THE little brown lynx baby lay alone in the lair under the roots of a fallen tree. Its mother had long ago taken away its two russet-coloured brothers. Where to and what for the baby lynx did not know. The night before a tree near by had been violently shaken by the wind during a storm. The huge stem threatened every minute to come down and bury the lynxes. And the old

lynx decided to take her babies to a safe place.

The baby lynx waited a long time for its mother, but she never came back. In an hour or two it became ravenously hungry and started mewling. Its mewling got louder and louder every minute. But still its mother did not come.

At last its hunger became intolerable, and the baby lynx set off to look for its mother. It crawled out of the hollow and, bumping its half-blind head painfully against the roots and the ground, crept slowly forward.

Vassilich, the hunter, was standing in the glade looking over the skins of the dead animals. The lynx was already buried.

"I ought to get twenty roubles for this," said the old man stroking the thick fur of the lynx skin. "If it weren't for the knife slits, I'd have got thirty. A rare pelt." The skin was unusually large and fine. The dark grey fur, scarcely tinged with brown, was thickly marked with tawny spots. Vassilich rolled it up carefully, fur side in and threw it over his shoulder.

"I must be home before dark," he thought and was just setting off when a faint mewling sound came from somewhere. He stopped to listen. The mewling came again.

The tawny lynx cub was quite hoarse with crying, and could only crawl blindly forward. Then a vague fear made the cub crouch against the earth. But the next minute overcome with hunger, it crept right up to Vassilich who had his back to it.

"Where do you come from?" he exclaimed.

The cub slumped down on its hind legs and mewed faintly, displaying the rosy inside of its mouth.

"Just like a kitten!" thought Vassilich.

The cub crawled on, pushing clumsily among the roots, and went suddenly head over heels into a hole.

"Going into the grave without invitation! Little Booby," said Vassilich, laughing, and he picked the cub out of the hole.

"Just look at its whiskers and what dainty little eyes! A regular little Tartar. Mourzouk Batyovich—that's who you are!" The famished cub licked the finger extended to it, with a rough tongue.

### Clues Across

1. Ay, Dad! War came to a ZB feature.
2. Ties up with the rest.
3. This is rot!
4. A good hobby for a miser.
5. Dickens used this word incorrectly in the title of one of his books.
6. Followers of the sport in which the term "Telemark" is used.
7. Nothing to do with sales or rivers.
8. Distribute to all?
9. A donkey in the wine?
10. Send his crony at the same time.

### Clues Down

1. Not many (anag.).
2. All may act this if they have difficulty in breathing.
3. Little pitchers.
4. He can't say no.
5. A modern composer is a sorcerer.
6. Shrubs just beginning to flower.
7. Catch sight of.
8. Native of a certain continent.
9. Confuse keen and sad; the American equivalent is "snuck."
10. No char would weigh this.
11. When is a door not a door? When it's—
12. Adhesive substance found in reins.

## THE LISTENER CROSSWORD (Answer to No. 70.)



"Hungry?" said Vassilich kindly. "What am I to do with you? The best thing would be to dash you against a tree and bury you . . . but I won't kill you little orphan! Live, if you want to. You can grow up in my huts to frighten the mice away! In with you!" And he thrust the little beast into the front of his blouse and strode quickly home.

(This story is taken from a book called "Mourzouk, the Story of a Lynx," by Vitaly Bianchi. It is translated from the Russian and will delight animal-lovers of all ages. Mourzouk does more than frighten mice away—his life is full of adventures.)

