



Because of pressure on space it has been necessary to leave out the "Listener" Crossword Puzzle this week.

THE HAPPY ENDING

To Young Listeners,

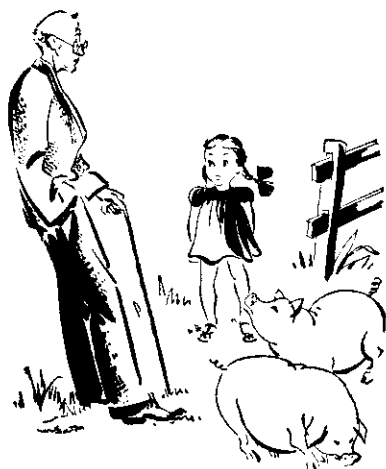
NEARLY every week, Henry says "Do write some more nonsense about the animals at the top of the page. You never tell us anything about them now." And we have to say "But Henry, there's no room on the page. Can't you see it is getting smaller and smaller—but we promise to someday, Henry." So this week we must keep our promise to Henry, and talk some nonsense about the animals — because after this week, there won't be a children's page at all. It is the end—but a happy end, because of the INVITATION.

More Nonsense For Henry

DO you remember the opening day of the Young Listener, Henry, with the excited procession of animals at the top, blowing in the children's page? How happy they all were—Edwin the Elephant, and Horace the Hippo, and Zeb, and George the Giraffe, and all of them, All happy except Myrtle the Turtle. Poor Myrtle, she meant to have a wonderful time because she was to have Horace's head for the opening day, but that wretched Pips the Parrot came along and pushed her off and spoilt everything.

Useful For Advertisements

AFTER a while, the animals decided they were a bit out of place roaming round *The Listener* offices, so they had themselves stuffed and put round the walls, all except Myrtle. She didn't want to get stuffed yet. So there they are, Henry, standing round the walls; but don't be disappointed because they really are much more useful stuffed, because they cost nothing to keep, and *The Listener* people can use them for their advertisements. If they want to advertise something for curing sore throats they will just take a photograph of George and say it'll even cure throats as long as his! They will use Zeb for Zebra polish, and sometimes even they'll advertise the Zoo and use them all. But they can't use that nasty Pips any more, because he got moth-eaten and was thrown away—and they can't use Myrtle.



SUSAN: "Grandfather . . . are pigs really made of bacon?"

THE INVITATION

AND now for the invitation. Henry and Tim and Betty and Alan and Leslie and Judy and all Young Listeners are invited to come to *The Listener* office any time they like, to see the animals. We hope you will all come, so here are some directions for the ones who don't live in Wellington.

Directions

FIND the War Memorial. Look at it, but don't say you wish the copper hadn't run down greenly on to the marble part, because it's meant to. Walk down Lambton Quay till you come opposite *The Listener* office, and on the way don't forget to say "Good morning" to the paper man and to the dog waiting outside the butcher's. And talk to the horses being put into the meat carts and the silly little kitten and its mother outside the grocer's. Cross the road, being careful you don't step on a pigeon. Walk up a passage, get in the lift. Press the button for the second floor, get out and there you are. If for some reason you can't see the animals that day, you will each be given one of Johnny's chocolate frogs, because even he is having a happy ending after all his disappointing adventures—and so

you see, children, all's well that ends well. And now, you'd better all go off and have rides on the moving staircase at the D.I.C. and perhaps some cakes and an ice cream or two as well!

Tim Knows

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

Tim: The outside, Uncle.

A SILLY STORY

HERBERT and his wife had a nice little house in a nice little street and everything their hearts could desire. The back garden was full of neat rows of vegetables which Herbert grew at week-ends, and the front garden was gay with flowers, and a tree fern grew just as it should by the front window. There were frilly curtains looped back neatly on all the windows and the lace blind edges showed evenly half way up every window, and pink and blue china rabbits looked out of the windows. Anyone looking at the house with one eye could see that they had their heart's desire. But nearly always when people have their heart's desire, they want something else as well. Mrs. Herbert was like that, and she said one day, "You may think me foolish, Herbert, but I want a dog." Herbert looked quite vexed, and Mrs. H. knew what he was thinking about, and said, "All dogs don't pull up vegetables, you know." So as Herbert was very fond of her, he didn't argue, and they went to the dog place and chose a neat looking dog, which the man assured them was a good house-dog and full of pretty little tricks and ways. So they took him home and put him in the broom cupboard for the night, but by midnight, Herbert was sick of the howling he kept up, and let him out. Then he jumped up on the eiderdown and went to sleep, which horrified Mrs. Herbert, but she was thankful for some peace, so left him. In the morning, while Herbert was shaving, she let

him out for a run, and when she went out to get him, she found that even if all dogs didn't pull out vegetables, this one did. Well, she thought she'd give Herbert a good, hot breakfast, then tell him, and she shut the dog in the front room and went to fry the bacon. Anyone passing the house now could see with half an eye that something had upset the Herberts. The curtains had been dragged from their loops and the blind lace was torn, and there wasn't a single rabbit looking out of a single window. In spite of the hot breakfast, Herbert said "Either that dog leaves my residence, or I do." Mrs. Herbert was aghast, and when Herbert was at the office, she hurried down to the dog man, and tried to give him back the dog. But the man was firm, and he said "You musn't worry about small things like that—those are just little playful tricks." So Mrs. Herbert had to take him home. Then she thought of a bright idea. She got a pot of paint, and painted the dog with black stripes. Then she tied a feather duster to his tail, and she took the pair of horns hanging in the hall and fixed them on his head and took him to the Zoo. The keeper was delighted, because he was always keen to get rare animals. So the Herberts were happy once more, and so was the dog, as it was much more fun playing with lions and elephants and tigers instead of cabbages and china rabbits.



LITTLE JOHNNY STAYED AT HOME EATING PILES OF HONEYCOMB CHOCOLATE FROGS & CHOCOLATE FISH EVERYTHING THAT HE COULD WISH TWENTY GALLONS OF ICE CREAM DID NOT EVEN MAKE HIM DREAM JOHNNY WASN'T SICK AT ALL JUST ENJOYED HIMSELF, THAT'S ALL

THE END

