

LISTEN - IT'S AN Ultimate

When you hear better reception, better tone, you can say with certainty — "It's an Ultimate". Choose your new radio from Ultimate's range of 28 superb models.

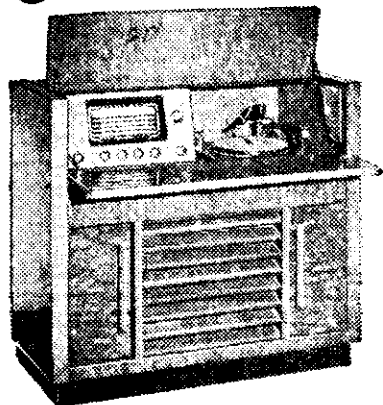
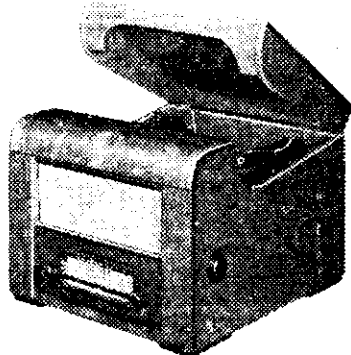


TABLE RADIOGRAM

6 valve Dualwave Table Radiogram with 3 speed Automatic record changer. Outstanding performance on records or radio. £63/17/6

CONCERT GRAND

10 valve Bandspeed Low-boy Radiogram with 3 speed Automatic record changer. Magnificent performer. £195/0/0



ULTIMATE

THE LAST WORD IN RADIO



THERE'S AN ULTIMATE DEALER IN YOUR TOWN

Manufactured by RADIO (1936) LTD., Auckland.

NU8

"THE LISTENER" CROSSWORD

(Solution to No. 698)

R	E	M	O	R	S	E		I	N	D	I	A
O		A	A		N		M		I		C	
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R	I	D	E	R		T	R	E	A	S	O	N

Clues Across

- The Irishman deserts the patriot looking back at a bat in the slaughter house.
- "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, ——" ("Hamlet," Act 5, Scene 1).
- Bone buried in a heap of earth, on the point of death.
- Is this a command to a small serpent to stop on the pavement?
- Is one able to laugh up it because it conceals one's funny bone?
- Keep under, or iron again.
- Cupid.
- This town was recaptured by Richard Coeur-de-Lion during the Third Crusade.
- Suitable remark from a dutiful wife? (two words).
- Concealed talent?
- Mail, sir? (anag.).
- Led a riot (anag.).

- Recounted.
- Ted's idea made firm.

Clues Down

- No terms for a brute.
- The rags are apparently in folds.
- Purposeless advice to a marksman.
- Luggage compartment.
- Take the top off the sweet and discover a weapon.
- Wealth.
- "I know that my — liveth" (Job, chapter 19).
- Wins from error by means of miracles.
- Put off.
- Sir, indeed!
- If red, its element is the air, not the sea.
- Plundered.
- "They flash upon that — eye which is the bliss of solitude" (Wordsworth).
- Withered.

No. 699 (Constructed by R.W.H.)

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THE GHOST'S SONG

"OH, have no fear of man or ghost,"
My great-grandfather sang
From a moss-riddled orchard bough
Where brown pears used to hang,
"But fear the thief who'd steal your heart
More than the serpent's fang."

"A honeycomb was all my gold,"
The old man said to me,
"And in this garden I would watch
The homing of the bee:
Now hive and house alike are bare
And so my ghost goes free."

"Here once in fruitful labour
I tended barn and byre,
But now beneath another Tree
Attend the flame-voiced choir,
Whose ancient leaves have never known
The gale of man's desire."

"And if I haunt a moment
The place of my sojourn,
It is to praise the bramble
And thicklier-matted thorn.
The blessed ghosts go free on earth
Because they cannot mourn."

—James K. Baxter

