

CHILDREN'S HOURS for the WEEK

SUNDAY.

- 1YA: Children's song service.
2YA: Uncle Brian, assisted by choir from Taranaki Street Methodist Sunday school.
3YA: Mr. H. Hanser, and children from the Baptist Sunday school.
4YA: Big Brother Bill.

MONDAY.

- 1YA: Conducted by Uncle Rex.
2YA: Conducted by Andy Man.
3YA: Cousins Clay and Jack and Mr. A. J. Campbell will talk on "Current Affairs."
4YA: Conducted by Aunt Sheila.

TUESDAY.

- 1YA: Uncle Dave and a special feature, "Once Upon a Time."
2YA: Jumbo and Jumuna.
3YA: Aunt Pat and a talk on "Stamp Collecting."
4YA: Conducted by Aunt Leonore.

WEDNESDAY.

- 1YA: Conducted by Peter.
2YA: Conducted by Uncle Campbell.
3YA: Conducted by Uncle Allan.
4YA: Conducted by Mr. Travel Man.
4ZB: 6.30 p.m., Smile Family in music, verse and song.

THURSDAY.

- 1YA: Aunt Dorothea and a special item called "The People of Pudding Hill."
2YA: Conducted by Aunt Molly.
3YA: Aunt Pat and Mr. C. H. Chibborn will speak on "Ships and Shipping, Past and Present."
4YA: Big Brother Bill.

FRIDAY.

- 1YA: Nod and Aunt Jean.
2YA: Conducted by Aunt Molly.
3YA: Conducted by Jack.
4YA: Big Brother Bill, assisted by Mr. Aero Man.

SATURDAY.

- 1YA: Conducted by Cinderella.
2YA: Conducted by Uncle Jasper.
3YA: Conducted by Mr. Riddleman.
4YA: Aunt Anita and Cousin Molly.

ACTOR: "It took me almost twelve years to realise that I had not the slightest talent for acting."

His Friend: "And then you gave it up?"

Actor: "Not at all. By then I was too famous."

A PAGE FOR RADIOBEAMS

WINDY DAY

IT was a tremendously windy day. Everyone clutched their hats and twirled themselves about to keep their umbrellas from being blown inside out. Billy and Betty enjoyed all the fun and fuss.

They watched one old gentleman chase his hat until, just as he thought it was caught, it slipped under a bus. Billy grinned and Betty giggled, for when the hat appeared, it wasn't a hat any more.

Then a lady's hat blew off into the middle of the muddy road and bowled gaily along like a hoop. When it was tired of bowling along, it flew into the back wheel of a bicycle. The cyclist had been riding with his head down against the wind so

he had noticed nothing, and just pedalled on. Soon the cries of the lady pursuing her hat reached him and he stopped. Politely he returned the hat—somewhat battered, but still a hat. Suddenly as they turned a corner, a great gust of wind nearly knocked them over. Betty shrieked: "Oh! my hat!" and started to run. Billy's cap had been blown over his eyes, and, when he had restored it to its proper place, the first thing he saw was Betty's hat some way off rolling over and over along the road.

He ran after it, but the hat kept well in front of him. It led him a long chase, and when he caught it, he went back to the corner where he and Betty had parted.

Betty was at the corner with her back towards him gazing into a shop window. **AND SHE WAS WEARING HER HAT!** Billy looked and looked again, then he slipped up behind her and whispered in her ear: "WHOSE HAT ARE YOU WEARING?"

Betty jumped, and seeing the second hat, took off the one she wore, and stared at it in amazement. The two hats were exactly alike, even to the school hat-bands. Billy and Betty were so puzzled by the hats that they started violently when a voice said: "Please, is one of those hats mine?"

On turning, Betty saw a girl from her own school, a very shy little girl whom she knew by sight, but to whom she had never spoken. Betty turned the hat she had been wearing and looked inside.

"Of course it's yours; here's a label!" she exclaimed, "if you are Joan?" She was Joan, so there was no doubt about it. The hats were exchanged, and shy Joan and talkative Betty were soon very firm friends.

FIGURE TRICK

ASK someone to write down a number of three figures, then to reverse the number, subtract the smaller of the two from the greater, and write on a separate slip of paper the first figure of the remainder. This is handed to us, when we complete the number by writing down the other two figures.

This trick depends upon a curious arithmetical principle. The result of doing as above, except in one special case, which we shall see presently, is always to leave a remainder of three figures, of which the middle one is nine, and the first and last, added together, also make nine. For instance, suppose the number first written down to be 623. This reversed is 326, and if 326 be deducted from 623 the remainder will be 297. The figure written down and given to the performer is therefore a 2, and such being the case the last must be a 7. Knowing beforehand that the middle one is a 9, he has no difficulty in naming the number.

The only exception to the rule is where we are told that the first figure of the remainder is a nine. Then we may be certain that the number in question consists of two figures only—namely, 99.

GIP

GIP was a white terrier puppy, whose one bad fault was that he loved to bite the coalman's trousers. Peter's Daddy had said that very morning that if it happened again, Gip must be sent away.

Alas, it had happened again; and rather than be parted from his pet, Peter was running away. They ran and ran until they reached the park. As they went in, Peter took off his belt and put it through Gip's collar for a lead.

They saw two swans on the bank of a pond, and Gip went to tease them. His barking made them very angry; the big one was arching his neck angrily as Peter hastily pulled the naughty dog away. They wandered round and round, and Peter became very hungry, very tired and very hot, but he determined not to go home in case Daddy should keep his word and send Gip away.

At last he could walk no farther, so he lay down on the grass and shut his eyes, still holding Gip tightly. He was almost asleep when suddenly Gip jerked the belt out of his hand and darted across to the pond. Peter ran after him, but when he caught him up it was too late. The big swan had flown at Gip, and now Peter saw his dear little puppy lying quite still on the ground as if he were dead.

The park policeman came up, drove off the swan and picked Gip up. They went to the shelter at the park gates. After the policeman had spoken on the telephone, he turned to Gip. The puppy, who was lying on the floor, was just opening his eyes, and after drinking some water, began licking the policeman's hands. Peter told his story. Just as he had finished, there was the sound of a car stopping, and there was Peter's daddy. He picked up Peter, and above the barking, laughing and crying, the policeman said, "I took your name from the dog's collar, sir, and telephoned, as I thought you would be anxious."

"Indeed, yes," said Peter's daddy. "Gip will have to come home, too, if it would make Peter so very unhappy to send him away."

"Anyway," remarked the policeman, "he's learnt not to upset swans when they are nesting."

There was no doubt that Gip had learned something else, too, for he never tried to bite anyone again.

