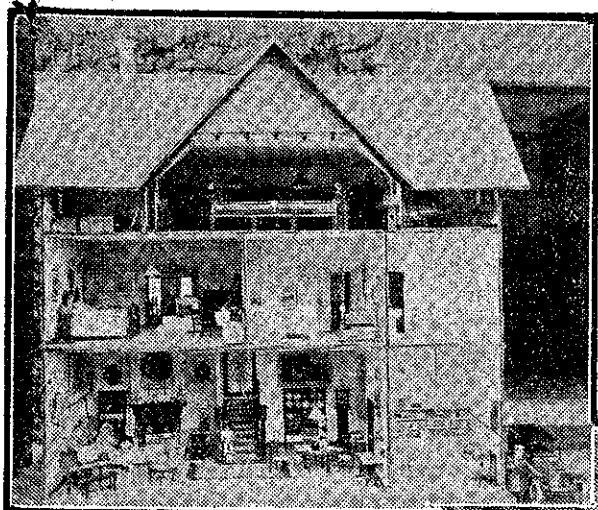


# Aunt Molly and 2 YA Cousins visit Doll-land



WERE you listening-in last Monday afternoon when the Guardian Fairy carried Cousin Ailsa and Cousin Heather to see the Nursery Dolls' House? If not, I must tell you about it.

They were standing in their garden, wondering what to do next, as children often do, when on hearing a tiny rustling noise they looked up and saw a pretty little Fairy. Said she: "I am the Guardian Fairy of the Nursery Dolls' House. How would you like to pay a visit to it?" Of course they accepted the invitation with delight, whereupon the Fairy told them to each take one of her hands, to close their eyes, and not open them until they were told to do so.

Doing as they were bid, they felt themselves gently flying—flying through the air, until with a tiny thud they alighted and the Guardian Fairy said, "Here we are; now you may open your eyes."

Before them they saw a most wonderful Dolls' House, in Georgian style, three storeyed, made of brick and rough cast, with two brick chimneys and a slate roof. Beautiful tulips grew in green window boxes, and the windows had green shutters to match.

On the top of the portico were flowers and fruit in a bowl, which looked very real. The Guardian Fairy said, "Now, shall we go inside, because the Dolls are expecting us to tea?" She rang the electric bell, and pointed out the sweetest little letter-box. Inside they were met by Dolly Dimples, who told them that unfortunately Mrs. Dollman was out, but that her sister, Miss Dolly Willoughby, was expecting them, and that Mr. Dollman was upstairs playing billiards with—who do you think?—Uncle Toby!

When they were announced they were greeted by Miss Dolly Willoughby, who showed them the grand piano, with her favourite piece of music upon it, and gave them tea from a lovely teaset, of the same pattern as that at Versailles. The busters, scones, and Christmas cake were delicious, and the teacloth itself was of Irish linen.

Noticing a telephone, Ailsa asked if she might ring up the studio and ask Aunt Molly to see the wonderful house. She felt that it was much too good to keep to themselves. Miss Dolly readily assented, and while Ailsa telephoned, the others wandered round the room, admiring the carved Grandfather clock, the old English dresser, and the

Ruskin pottery, partaking of some fruit from the Dolls' own orchard as they went. There, too, were all the current papers and magazines, a carved refectory table, and a beautiful oak chest. Miss Dolly pointed out that all the curtains and cushions were blue to match the dollies' eyes, which are nearly always blue. Old prints, settee, and easy chairs all came in for their share of

## FOR WHOM?

This Doll's House is to be raffled for the benefit of the Residential Nursery, Owen Street, Wellington. The House is 3 feet 9 inches high by 3 feet nine inches wide, and 2 feet deep. It is all lit by Electric Light, and there are two fireplaces, with live fires. It is an eight-roomed house, with garage, motor-car and chauffeur. All the furniture, tapestries, carpets, etc., are made by amateurs.

Tickets, 1/-, or Books of 20 Tickets, £1, can be obtained from Miss E. J. Crawford, Overton House, Miramar.

admiration, and then the party went upstairs.

The children were surprised to see that the doors really opened and shut, to see a lovely fine stair-carpet with a New Zealand-made rug at the bottom, and a quaint hall lantern for real electric light on the stairs.

ON their way they paid a visit to the blue and white kitchen, where they saw Cook making pastry, and received an invitation to stay to dinner. Dolly Duster was polishing the tumblers and getting out the dinner service as they heard the clock chime. The kettles and saucepans shone brightly, and Cook pointed out how easy it was to keep them bright as the stove was an electric one. After exclaiming at the dear little caddies for tea and groceries and the old-fashioned chair, and the oil and vinegar bottles, first one espying one thing, and then the other something else,

they went to take off their things and to see the baby.

Just then the hoot of a motor-horn and the ring of a bell was heard, and Aunt Molly and such a number of little Radioland children afried. It seemed that Miss Dolly had been kind enough to send the Dolls' chauffeur and the car to fetch them. The first thing Aunt Molly admired was the stained glass window on the staircase, and then they all trooped into the nursery. Such a darling baby in such a darling cot, with a carving of the Guardian Fairy at the top. Besides the Baby, there was a dear little girl of four, who recited to the party. Then, taking a hasty peep at the double wardrobes and sweet white furniture, they left the wee ones to go to sleep.

INTO a pretty bedroom they went to take off their things at last, twin Sheraton beds, old-fashioned Sheraton dressing-table and mirror, silver-backed brushes and hand mirrors; a writing table with Jacobean legs, the duckiest little paper stand, inkpot and pen complete. Would they never cease to marvel—crystal candle-sticks, wardrobe with two long mirrors and such a big comfy armchair, and photographs of all Miss Dolly's relatives and friends. A visit to the boxroom on the way up to the billiard room, discovered such neatly-stacked luggage, a carpet-sweeper, and step-ladder. Then into the green and white bathroom for a wash. There they saw the hand-painted panels on the walls, the green bath mat, the embroidered guest towels, and were delighted with the hot-water service.

Arriving at the billiard room, they found Mr. Dollman playing with Uncle Geoff. Some of them thought the billiard room the best of all with its long leather covered seat, the two chairs to match, the old-fashioned open fireplace, and the red carpet. While they admired the books in the built-in bookcases, Mr. Dollman dispensed refreshments from decanter and syphon.

There were quaint pottery, a Toby jug, pictures painted by Mrs. Dollman, a stag's head, a trophy of Mr. Dollman's, and a piano, on which Mr. Dollman asked Cousin Edna to play, bringing up a standard electric lamp for the purpose. Some of the cousins then played the ukuleles, while others had a glance at the paper.

BEFORE sitting down to dinner, Uncle Geoff asked permission to send off the Radio Fairies, when Mr. Dollman kindly offered to send them by car, which drove at the rate of 6000 miles per hour. It was a gay scene at the dinner table with all the electric lights on, plenty of room, spoons and forks, table-napkins in rings

and glasses for all, and a deal little doll to recite to them. What could Aunt Molly, Uncle Geoff and all the Radioland children do after dinner but express their thanks to the dolls and take their farewell, which they did in song. The Dolls' car drove them all home, too, by way of Dolls' Lane, and so ended a delightful visit.

Would you like to see this wonderful and beautiful dolls' house, too? Well, perhaps you will, for the Dolls are taking their house for a long travelling tour. They want to collect all the shillings they can to help all the dear little children in Residential Nursery Land, and then they may go, house and all, to live with some lucky cousin for ever. I think you had better write to Aunt Molly about it.

Have you secured your copy of  
"N.Z. Radio Listener's Guide"?

Dealers and Booksellers 2/6; Post  
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