

Trace Out The Fly's Route

.... And Win

No. 7 Competition

THE prize for this Competition goes to A.Z. (Wanganui), whose solution was chosen as the best from a large number of entries of surprisingly high standard. (The winner's effort appears in column 2.)

No. 8 Competition

THE winner of this Competition will be announced next week.

No. 9 Competition

A FURTHER Guinea Prize is offered for the most correct solution of the accompanying problem. There are several alternative paths, but the prize will go to the entrant whose solution contains the fewest number of straight lines. Furthermore, to avoid the possibility of a tie, the first correct solution opened after the closing date will be awarded the prize.

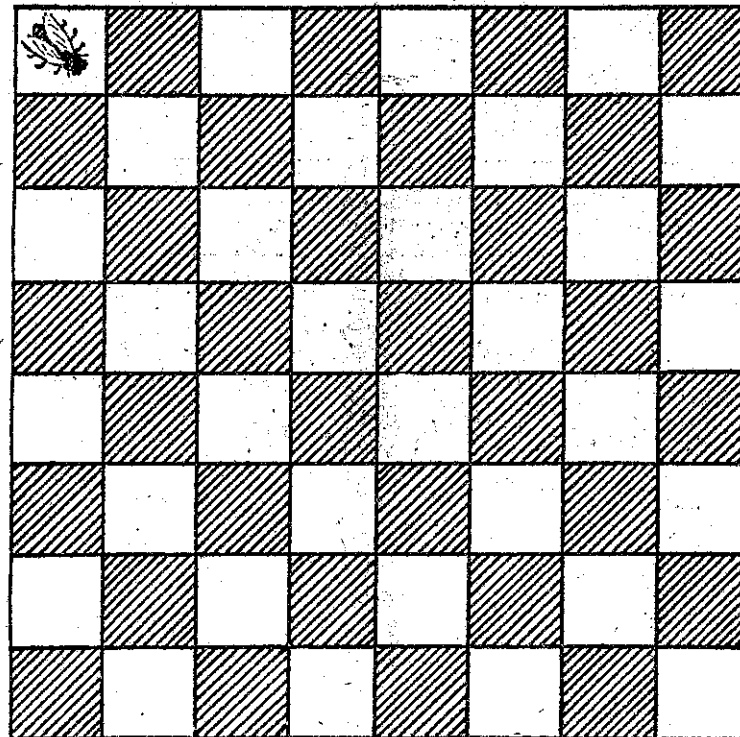
Entries close at 11 a.m., Wednesday, February 1. Address envelopes, "Competition No. 9," "N.Z. Radio Record," P.O. Box 1032, Wellington. Entries must be in ink, written on one side of the paper only, and bear the competitor's name and address (with nom de plume if desired) at the head of the entry. The free-entry coupon on this page must be attached.

Things One Ought to Know

(Answers on p. 24.)

1. If you invert an empty jar and plunge it downward into a bath full of water, why does not the jar fill with water?
2. Why does wood crackle when it burns?
3. Why are white mice carried on submarines?
4. Why do clergymen wear black clothes?
5. Of what was Cinderella's slipper made?
6. What good do trees do?

ONE GUINEA PRIZE



THE FLY'S TOUR

A FLY alighted on the square in the top left-hand corner of this chessboard, and then proceeded to visit every white square. He did this without ever entering a black square or ever passing through the same corner more than once. Can you show his route?

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

1. What is an oast house?
2. Who owns the Berengaria?
3. What is a love apple?
4. What are osiers?
5. What is a hetacomb?
6. What is a chanty?

Competition No. 7 The Winning Solution

THE correct order of the pictures is: BDGHCAFE.
"Daddy," cried little five-year-old Pet, running into the dining-room, where her father was reading his paper and enjoying a smoke. "Daddy, there's a man at the back door who wants to speak to you." Her father hastily

left the room not noticing that he had left his match-box on the table, between the ash-tray and cigarette-box.

His back was hardly turned, however, before the child noticed them and, seizing the match-box in her right hand, managed to strike a light with her left. Delighted at her cleverness, and having the room now to herself, she excitedly waved the lighted match round her head, inadvertently setting fire to the window-curtains as she did so. In less time than it takes to tell, clouds of smoke were pouring into the street outside, showing up weird reflections, and casting a glow on the church steeple along the road.

In the meantime, having finished his business with the man downstairs, Pet's father had taken a stroll round the block, returning to find firemen busy in front of the house and a stream of water directed at the blazing room. In a frenzy of fear he implored them to save his child, and soon after the water was turned off to enable the firemen to rush their ladder to the window, while crowds of spectators stood staring below.

One gallant fireman managed to fight his way into the burning room, and a moment later appeared at the window carrying the child. He had wrapped a blanket around her, and she lay still and limp in his arms.

"Dead?" was the question on everyone's lips; but fears were soon allayed. She was alive, but suffering from the effects of the smoke and severe burns on the head, so was rushed off to the hospital. Here, after somewhat alarming fluctuations of temperature, she made good progress in the hands of a kindly and capable nurse, and was soon able to enjoy the scent of flowers at her bedside and letters from her friends.—A.Z.

FREE ENTRY COUPON. Competition No. 9.

Name
Address

**Another Novel
Competition
Next Week**