LUCIE ATTWELL'S ANNUAL

Hullo!
Here we
are again!

DEAN

This book belongs to . . . . . .

LUCIE ATTWELL'S
ANNUAL

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THE RIVER RACE

JILL went into the garden, taking her teddy bear under one arm, and her two dolls tucked under the other.

"Let's go and look at the stream," she told them.

The stream was sometimes almost dry, but now, because the snow had melted, there was a lot of water in it.

Jill dumped Teddy on the

grass. To her surprise, he stood up and brushed his clothes down.

"Do you mind!" he said crossly. "I like being put down carefully, not just dumped!" Jill was even more surprised that he spoke to her.

"I'm sorry," she answered. "I didn't realise."

"Put us down too. We're most uncomfortable stuck

under your arm," said the two dolls she was still carrying.

Jill put them down gently. The first one, Belinda, was in her party dress. The second one was dressed like a circus clown.

Jill was still looking very surprised when suddenly the teddy bear pointed at the water.

"Look at the stream," he yelled excitedly, dashing along the bank. "The race must be to-day."

"What race?" asked Jill.

"The water race," replied Teddy. "Didn't you know? Anybody can take part, but they must go by water."

"Well, let's make the stream more difficult," suggested Jill. "We'll have shallow parts and deep parts, and waterfalls."

"We can dam it up," said the clown doll.

"I'll get the toy wheelbarrow," said Belinda.

She was back very quickly. They filled the wheelbarrow with stones and earth.

"Drop them in the stream here," said the clown doll.

So they did, and the water one side got deeper and deeper, and wider and wider.

"It must be over the top of my boots now," laughed Jill. The water poured over the dam like a real waterfall.

Soon the stream was ready. How good it looked. They built a bridge as a winning post, and beside it Jill laid her dolls' tea-set.

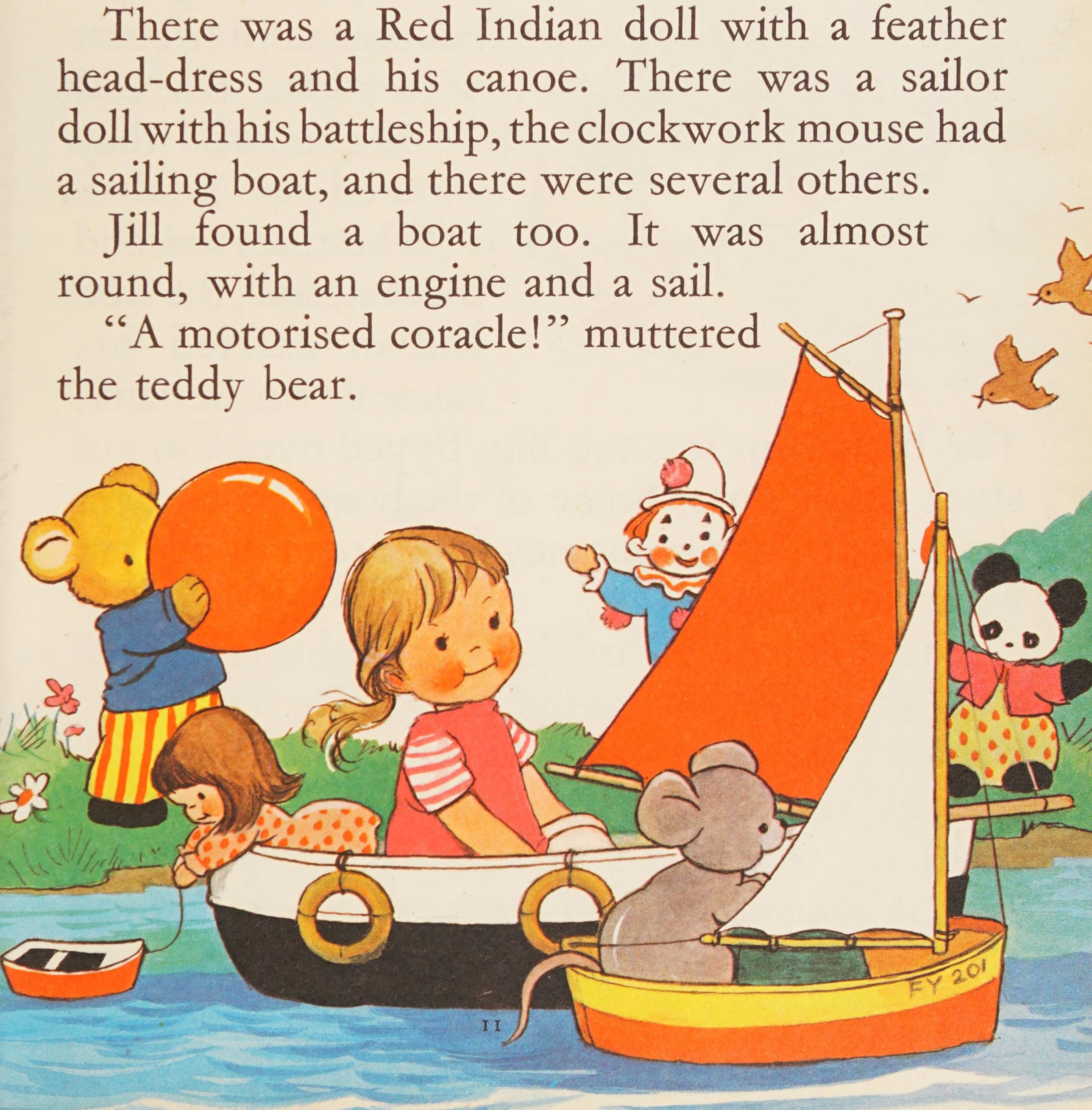
"We'll make some lovely sandwiches and cakes," she said. Belinda helped her, and what a spread there was. Everybody would be very hungry after the race.

Half-past two! The toys were beginning to arrive.

There was a Red Indian doll with a feather head-dress and his canoe. There was a sailor doll with his battleship, the clockwork mouse had a sailing boat, and there were several others.

Jill found a boat too. It was almost round, with an engine and a sail.

"A motorised coracle!" muttered the teddy bear.



Teddy started the race by blowing up a balloon until it burst with a loud BANG!

"We're off," they shouted.

When they reached the waterfall, the Red Indian carried his canoe down the bank. The battleship was too big, tipped over and got stuck on its nose! Some of the boats sailed over quite easily, and some never got over at all, but what fun it was.

The other toys crowded on the bridge to see who would win. It was the Red Indian. His canoe was very fast, and Jill came second. "Hooray!" they all shouted. What a race it had been.

All the toys had a delicious tea. There were salmon sandwiches and mustard and cress ones, and fruit cake, cherry cake, chocolate biscuits,

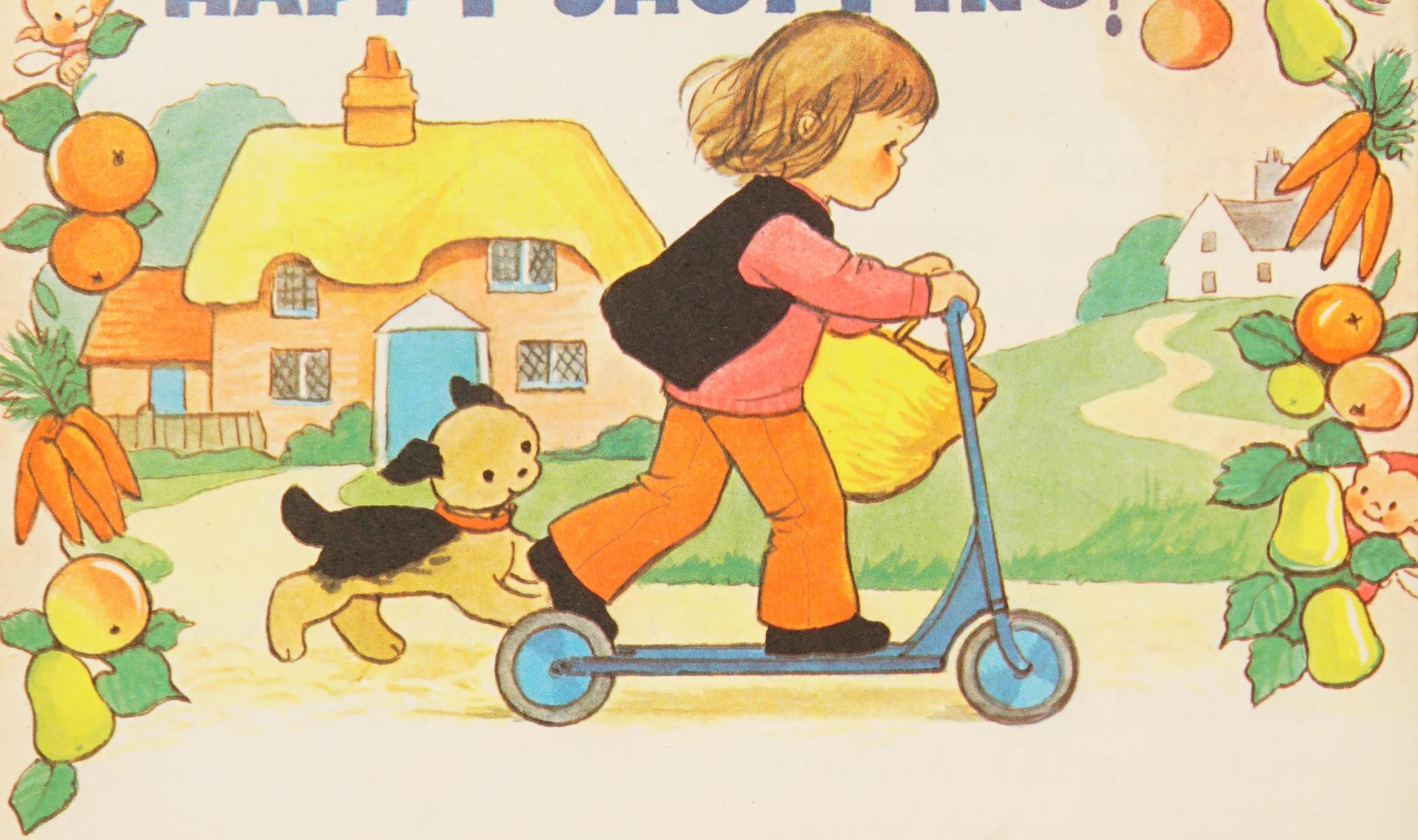
and some lovely meringues that were huge and filled with fresh cream.

While they were eating, the clown doll turned cartwheels and walked on his hands. He was very funny, especially when he did a cartwheel too near the river! He fell in! SPLASH! How everybody laughed. The clown doll thought it was very amusing too, and he laughed as well, as he climbed out of the water and up the bank, soaking wet!

What a time they'd all had, and how exciting the race had been.

PENELOPE DOUGLAS

HAPPY SHOPPING!



ONE day, Joan's Mummy wanted her to do some shopping. "I want you to get me some apples, pears and potatoes," she said.

"I hope they won't be too heavy," said Joan. Then she had an idea. "I will carry it all on my scooter!" she said.

Then off she went to the shop—racing along the pavement on her scooter. And at the shop she bought some apples, pears, and potatoes, then she put them in the basket on the front of the scooter and raced back towards her home.

But oh dear! Going back was *such* hard work!

The apples, pears and potatoes seemed to get heavier and heavier. And her arms and legs ached and ached! "I don't think it was such a good idea to carry the shopping on my scooter, after all," she said.

Then she heard somebody call out: "Hello, Joan! Would you like me to carry the shopping home for you?"

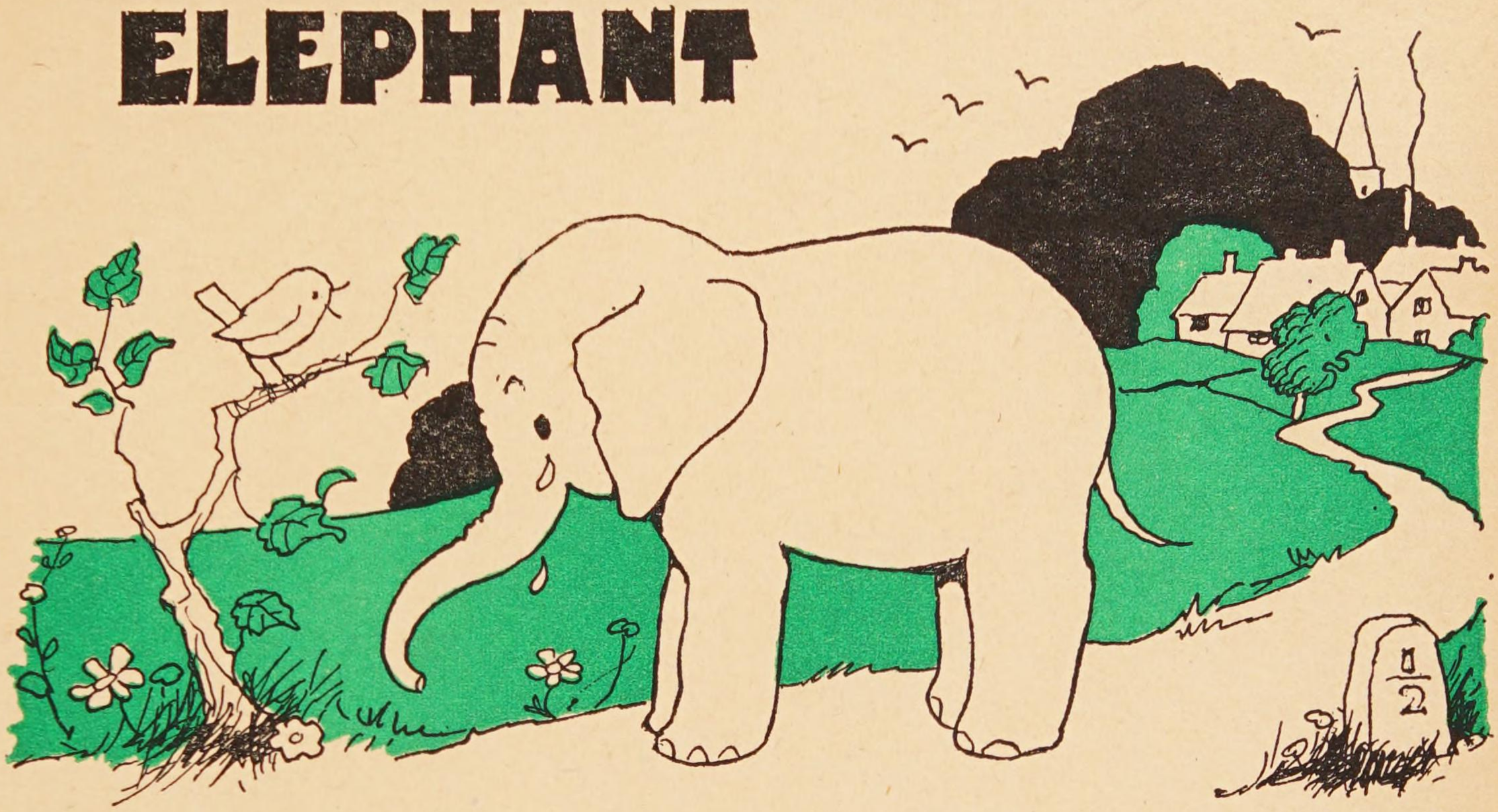
It was her friend, Timmy—in his new motor car. She was so glad to see him! And with the shopping in the back of his car, she arrived home again as quick as could be!

"Next time I will use something with four wheels instead of two!" she said. And after thinking for a while, added: "I could use my dolls' pram!"

"Now that *is* a good idea!" said Timmy. "It will be like a shopping basket on wheels!"

SYLVIA ALLEN

The LITTLE WHITE ELEPHANT



"OH dear," sobbed Willy, the little white elephant. "I do wish I could find a home and someone nice to look after me."

"You won't find either if you cry!" said a wise little bird.

So, mopping up his tears, Willy thanked the little bird and set off on his search. Soon he came to a garden where two old ladies were having tea and talking together.

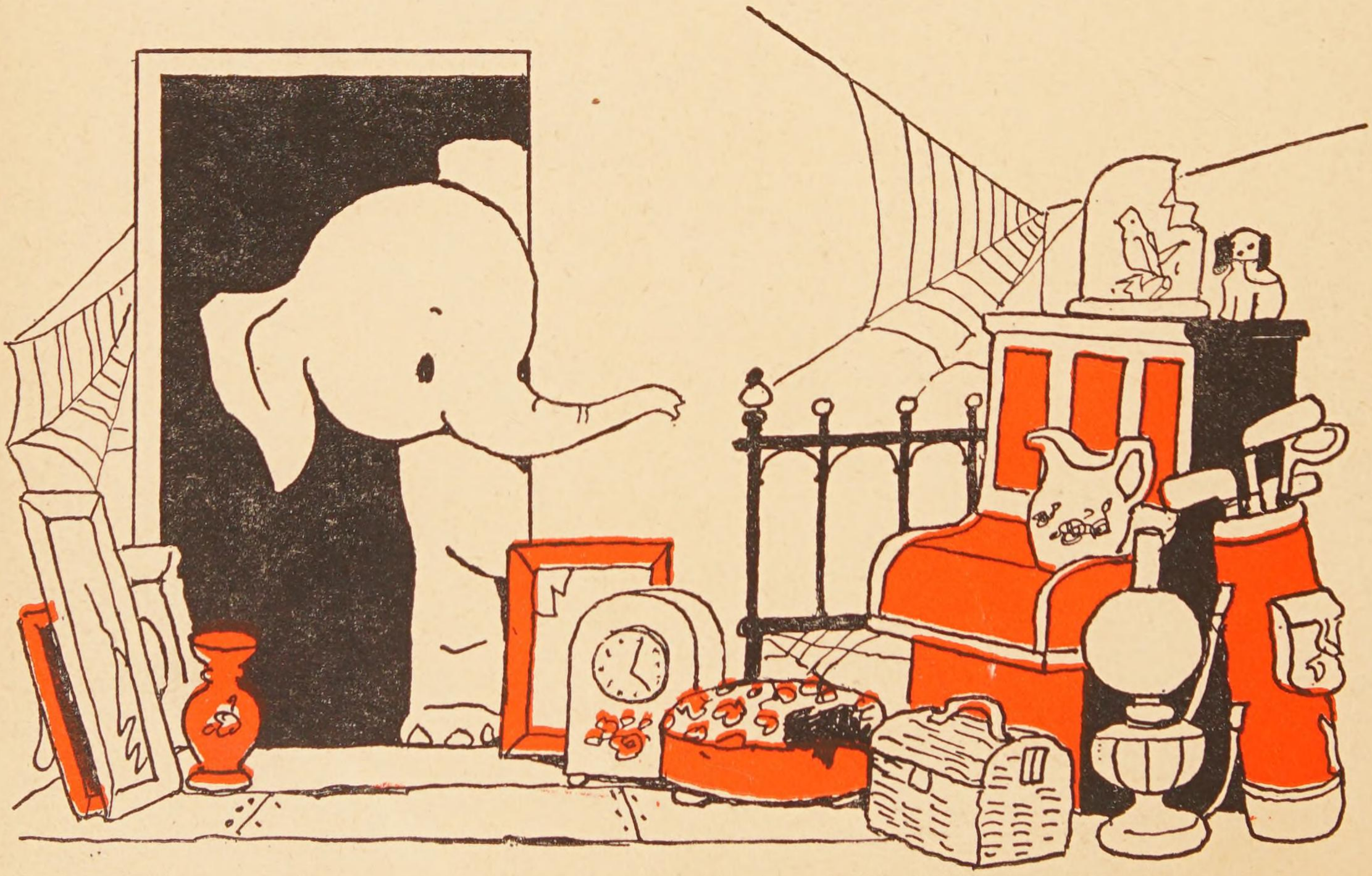
"No, I don't want a bed with brass knobs on it," the nearest lady was saying. "My attic has enough white elephants as it is."

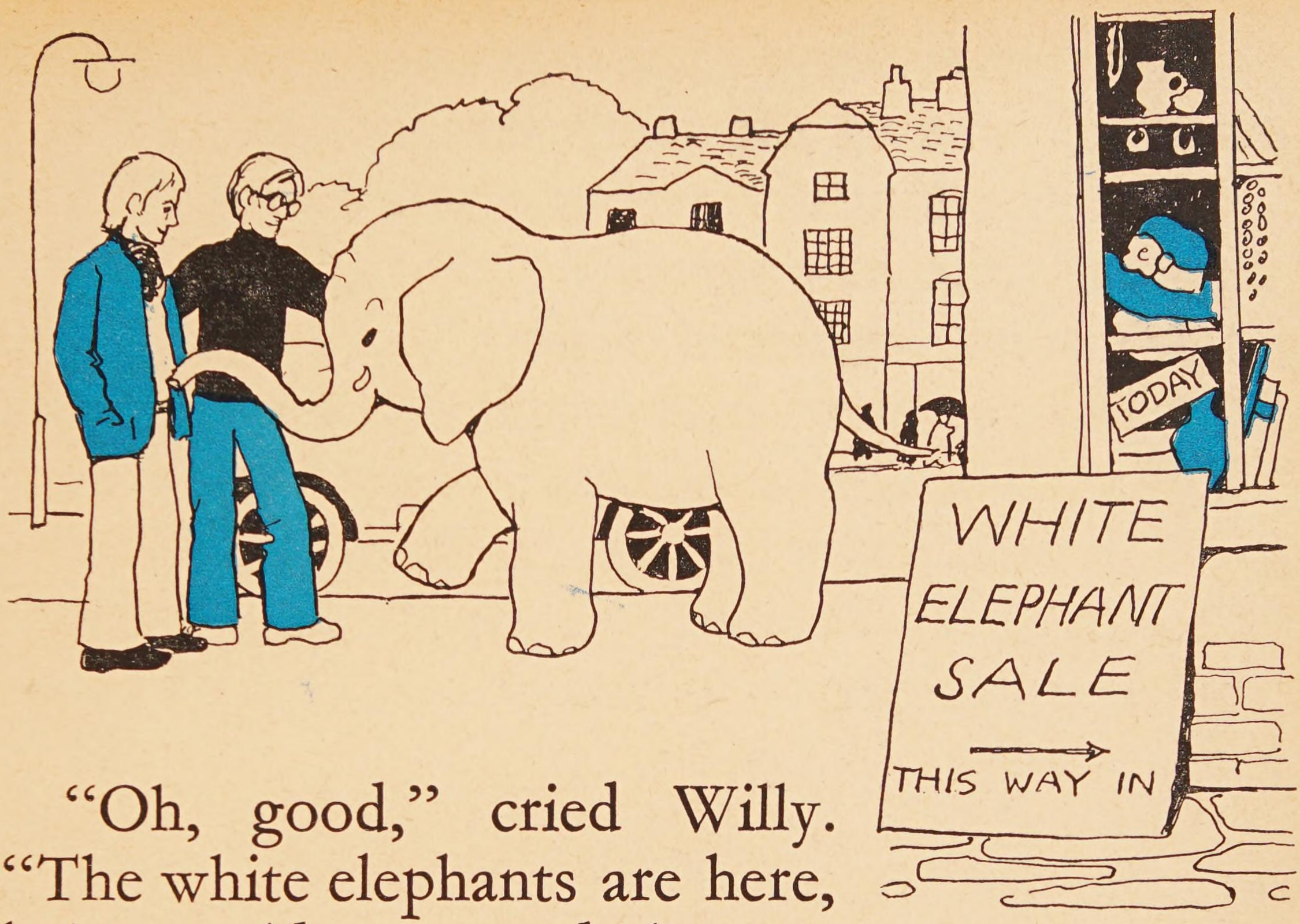
"But surely there is room for just one more,"

thought Willy. And he went inside to have a look. But there were no white elephants like Willy there, only a clock that would not work, a battered old piano and an old-fashioned oil-lamp with the wick missing.

"Where are the white elephants?" wondered Willy as he plodded downstairs into the street again. Then he saw something that he thought explained it all. Pinned to a door was a notice in large red letters which said:

WHITE ELEPHANT SALE
This Way In





"Oh, good," cried Willy. "The white elephants are here, being sold to good homes. They will sell me to a good home as well, and then I shall dance with delight."

He peeped inside. But they were only selling vases, pictures and ugly old hats.

"I can't understand it," choked Willy. "At this rate I shall never find a home."

And he wept, and a tear fell PLOP! from the end of his trunk. He wandered sadly outside and nearly bumped into two men who were standing on the pavement. They were discussing a little yellow car.

"You can have the car for twenty-five pounds," one of the men was saying.

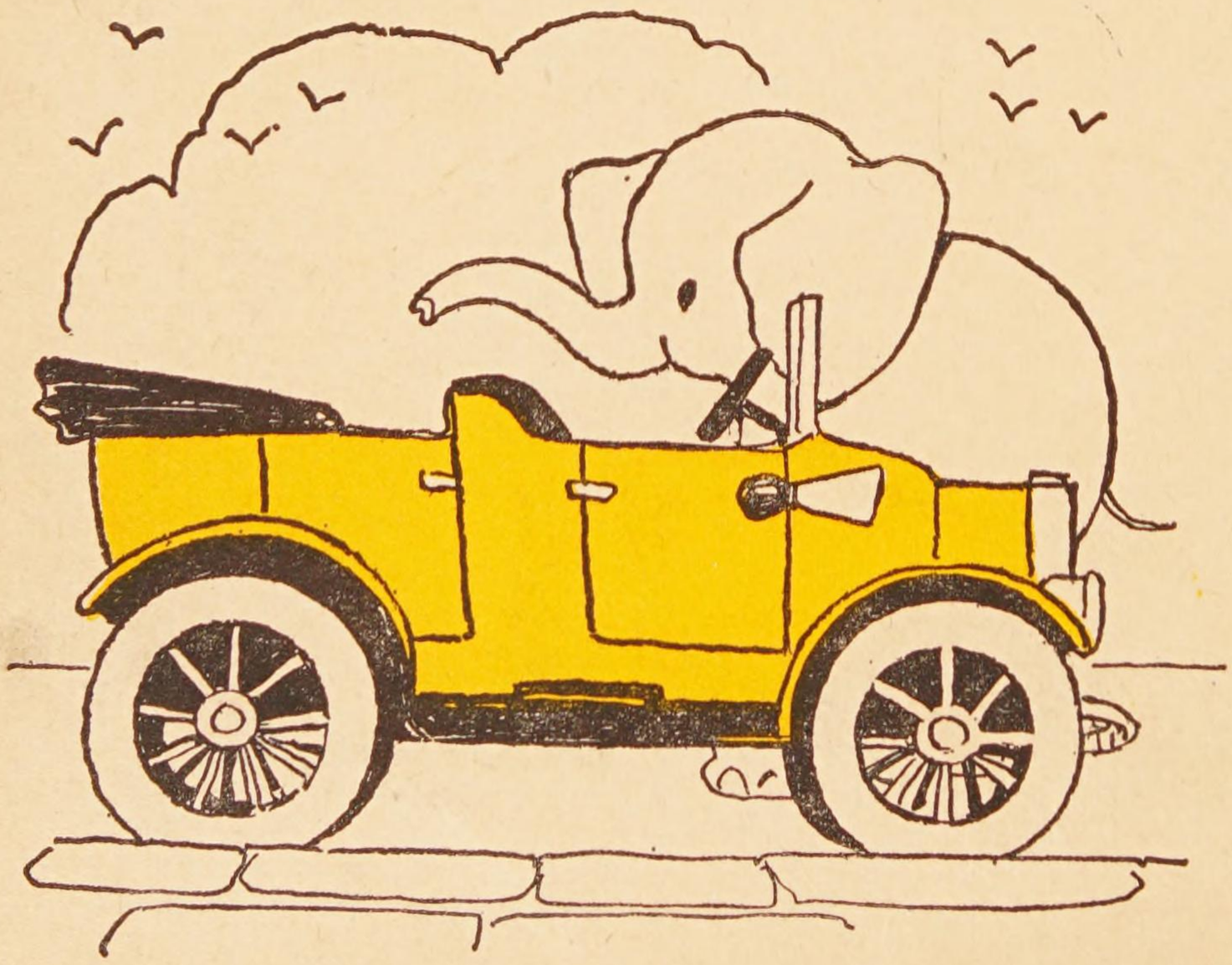
"No, thank you!" said the other man. "That car is a white elephant!"

"It's not!" declared Willy. "And there were no white elephants in the attic, nor at the White Elephant sale. I'm a white elephant!"

"Yes, we know," agreed the men, "but a white elephant is what we call another thing as well. It means something that you buy that isn't useful or that nobody wants."

"But no one wants me," wailed Willy, his tears flowing faster than ever.

"Yes they do," soothed the men. "Jump into the car and we'll show you."

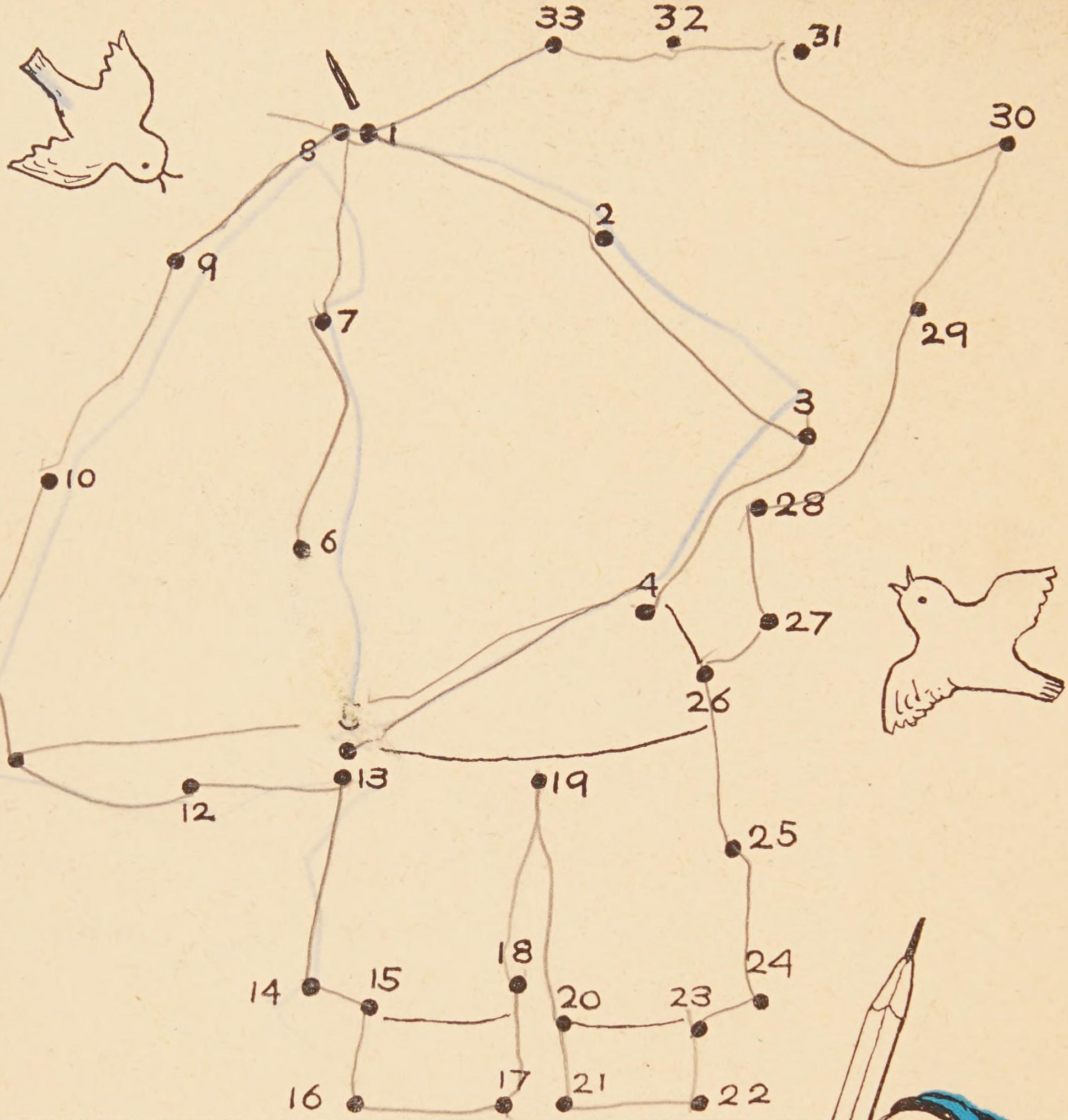


They drove quickly to a big circus, where the ringmaster, a nice kindly man, was looking for a little white elephant to train.

"Welcome to the circus, Willy," he said. "You'll be happy here among the animals, and you'll love doing tricks."

So waving goodbye to the two men, and jumping with joy, Willy, the white elephant that *was* wanted, followed the smiling ringmaster to his nice new home.

VALERIE JONES



Make a line from dot to dot
To see what picture we have got.
Start at 1 near the top of the page and make a pencil line to 2, 3, 4, then to 5, then to 6 and so on.

Look for the next number carefully before you draw. When you get to 33 join it to 1 to finish the picture.

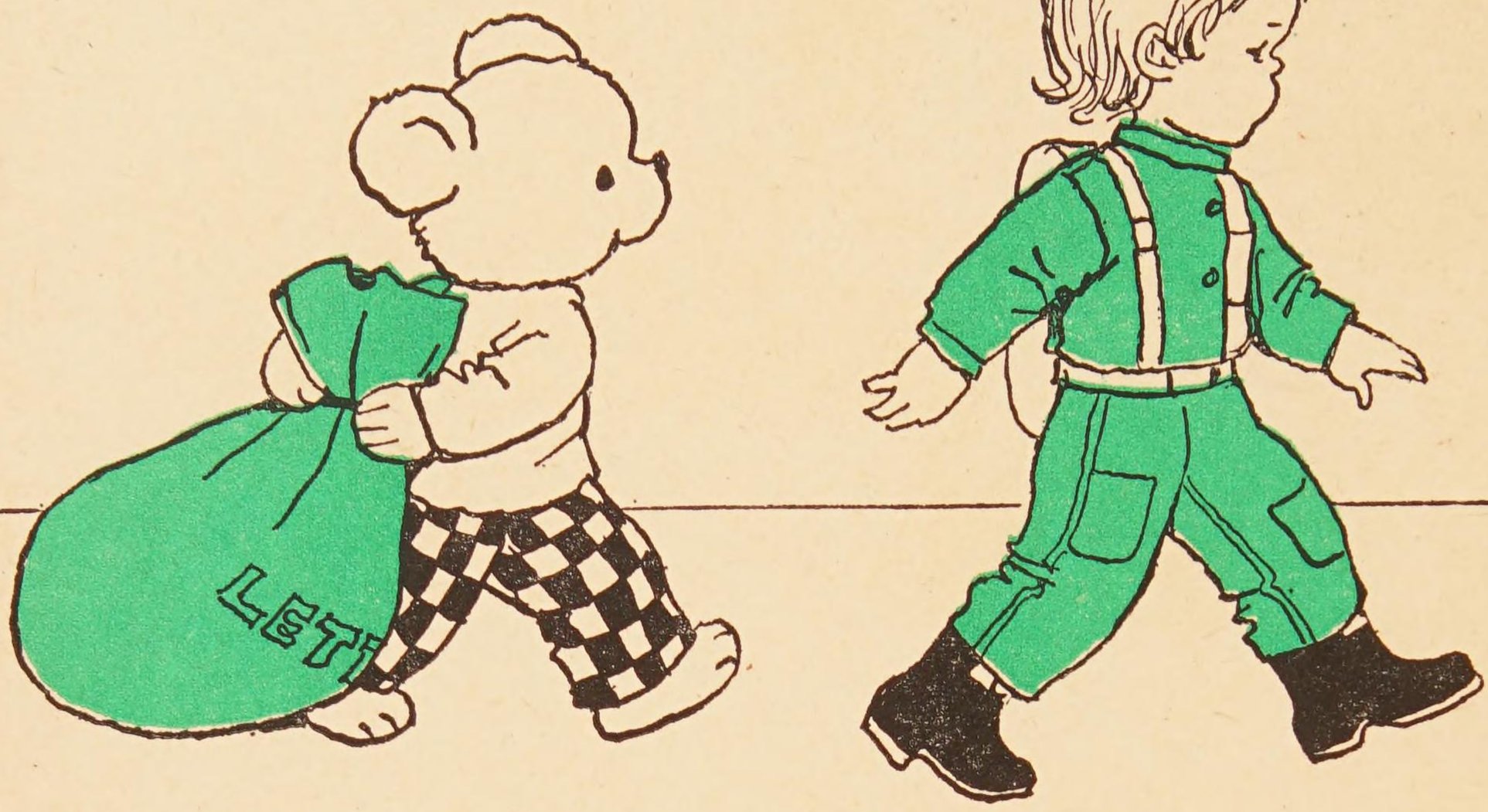
TONY'S MAGIC NIGHT

TONY didn't feel at all sleepy. He wriggled his toes in his bed. There was something in the way. He sat up to see what it was, and saw an elf.

"To-night is a magic night," said the elf. "You may have a magic wish." Tony was very surprised. How exciting! He looked at his new toy helicopter.

"All right," he said. "I wish I could fly my toy helicopter."

"Lie very still then," said the elf. "Shut your eyes and wriggle your toes." Tony did so. "Now open your eyes."

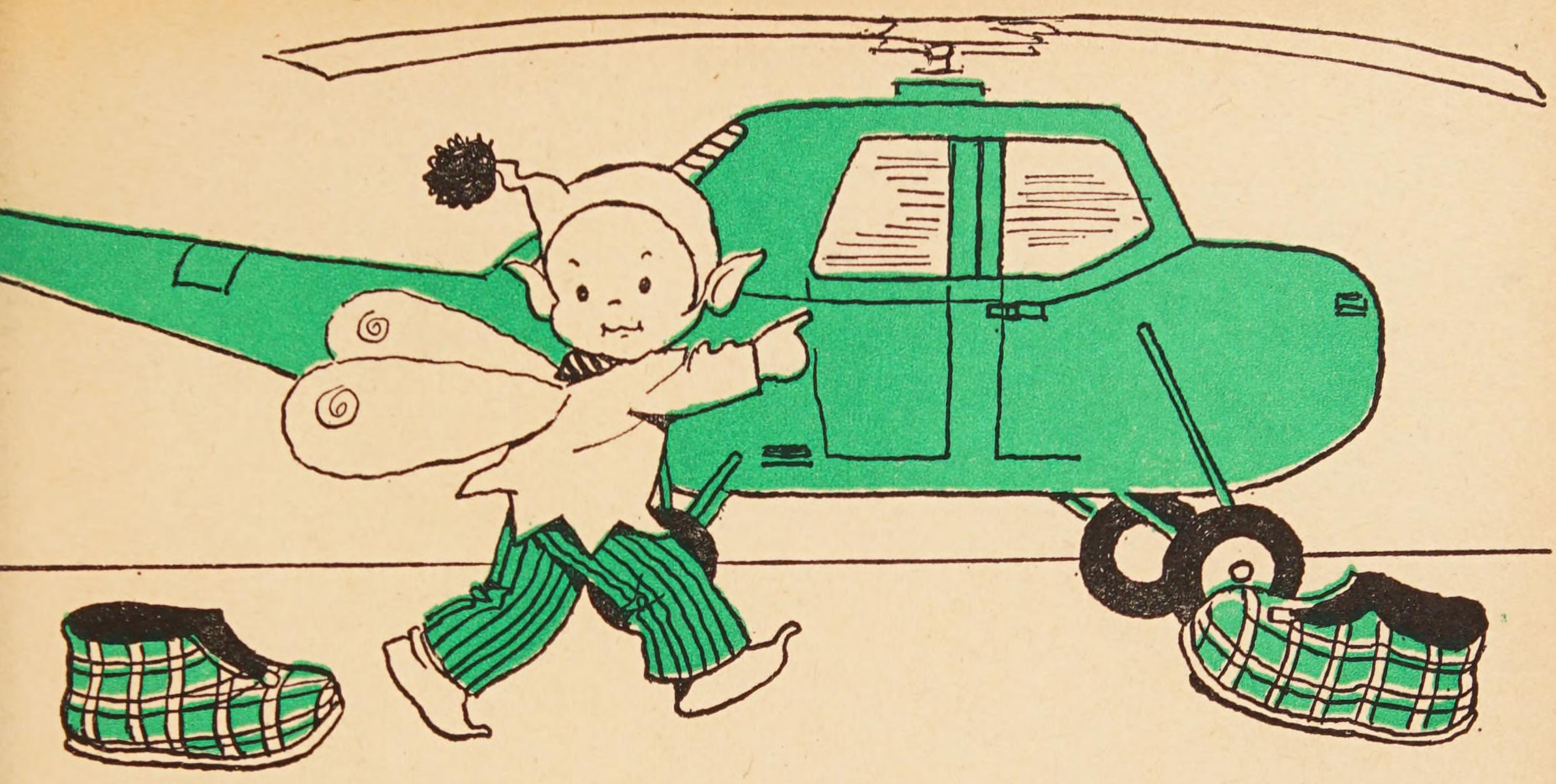


There was Tony, standing on the floor, and he had shrunk! He was wearing special overalls.

"That's your flying suit," said the elf.

Tony was just starting to climb up into the helicopter when Teddy yelled "I'm coming too," and being a magic night, Teddy could become smaller too. He went down below in the passenger department, and Tony and the elf climbed up into the cockpit. Tony started the engine, the blades whirred round faster and faster, and up they went out of the window.

Because it was a magic night, it was beautifully sunny.



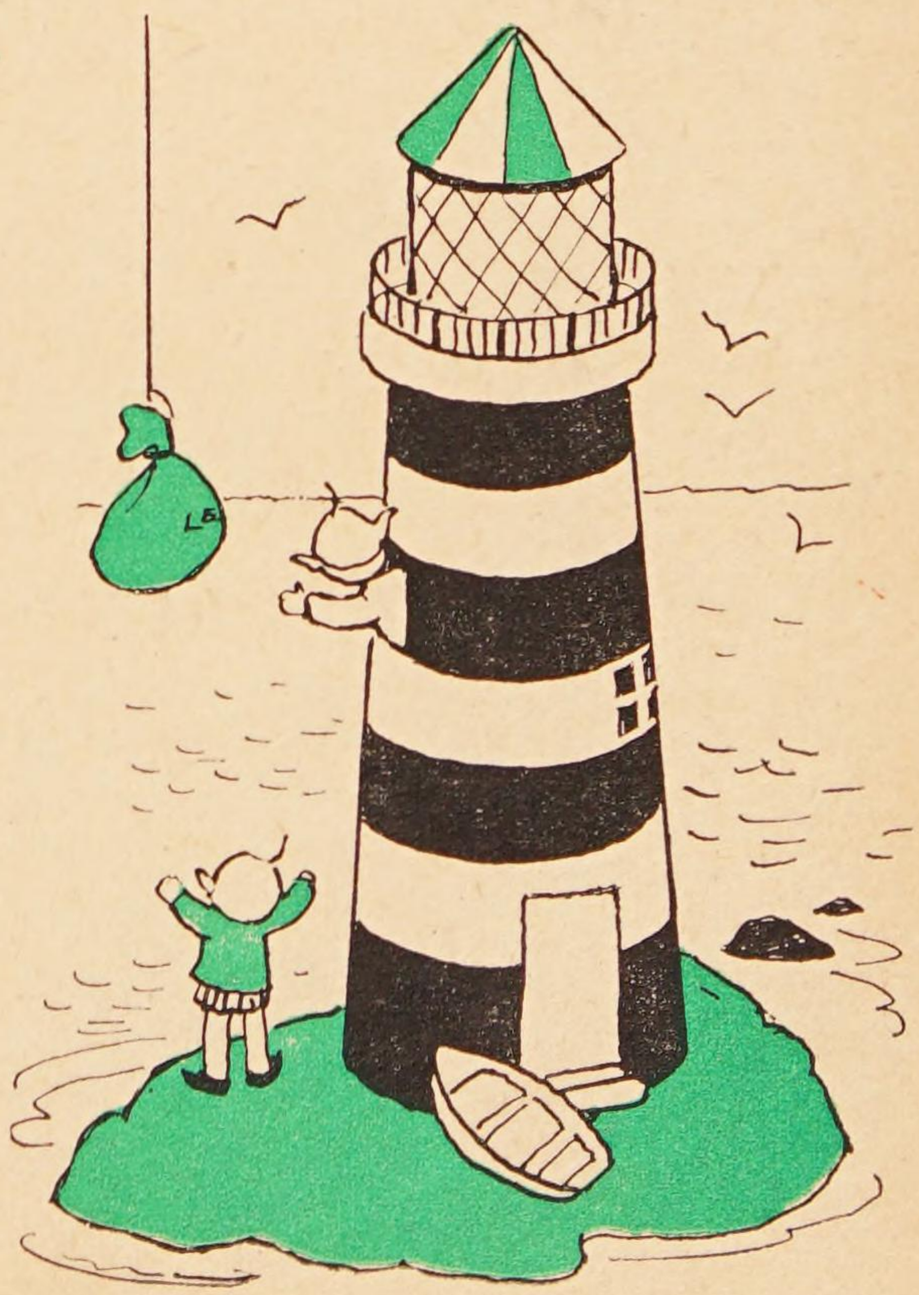
"We'll deliver the post to the gnomes in the lighthouse," said the elf.

Away they flew and then, there below them was the lighthouse. Tony saw the gnomes waving.

Teddy got the sack of letters and lowered it on a line. He couldn't fall out because he was harnessed to the helicopter.

The gnomes reached up and caught the sack.

"Thank you," they called, as they crowded round to collect the letters.



"I did enjoy that," said Tony. It was great fun being a pilot.

Soon they flew over Rabbit Beach with all the rabbits enjoying the sunshine.

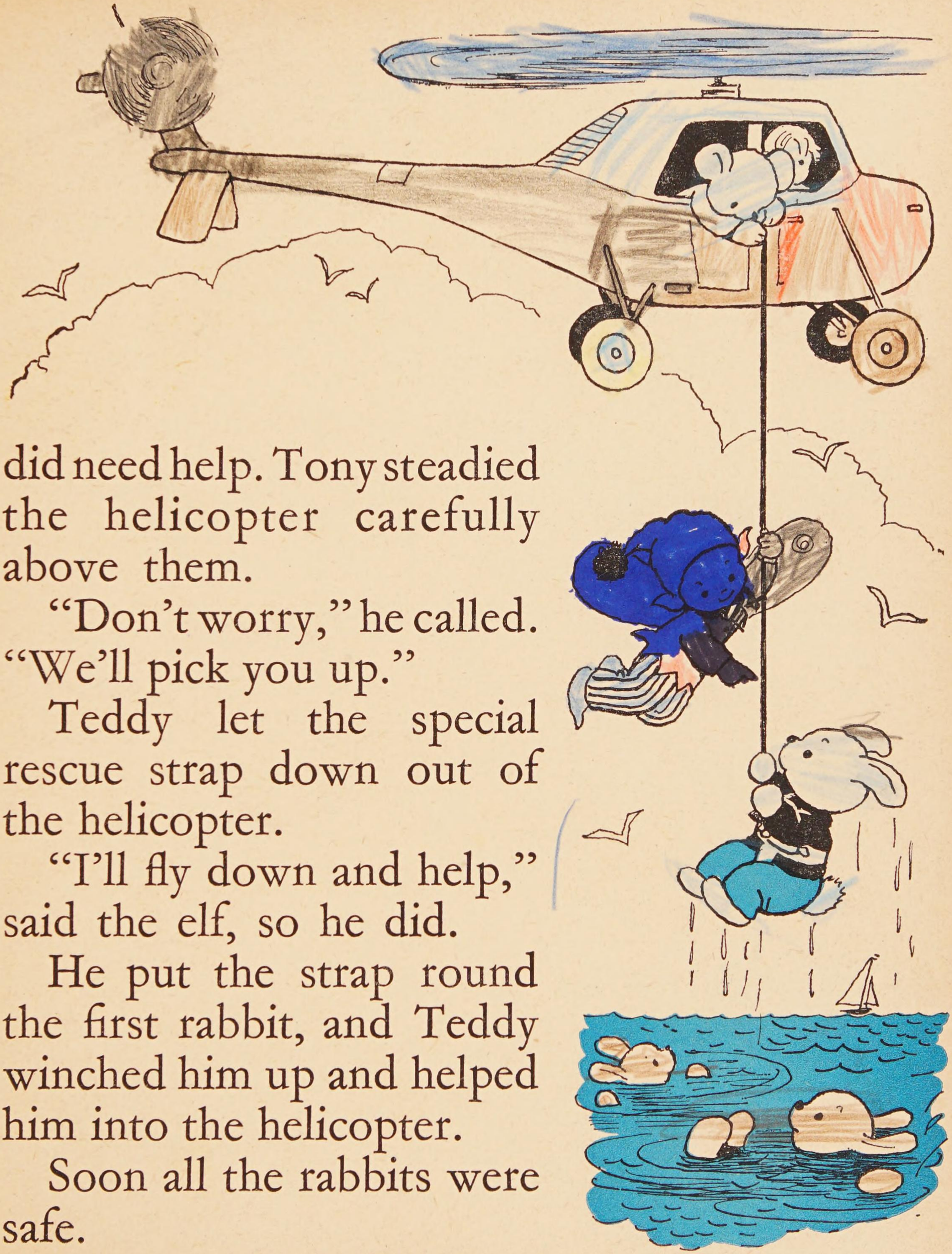
"I can see a family of baby rabbits being taught to swim," said Tony.

"And yachts," said the elf. How pretty the little boats looked with their coloured sails.

Just then, Tony noticed one yacht rather a long way out. Suddenly a gust of wind caught the sail, overturning the boat, and spilling the rabbits into the water.

"We must rescue them," decided Tony, altering course.

The rabbits waved. Yes, they



did need help. Tony steadied the helicopter carefully above them.

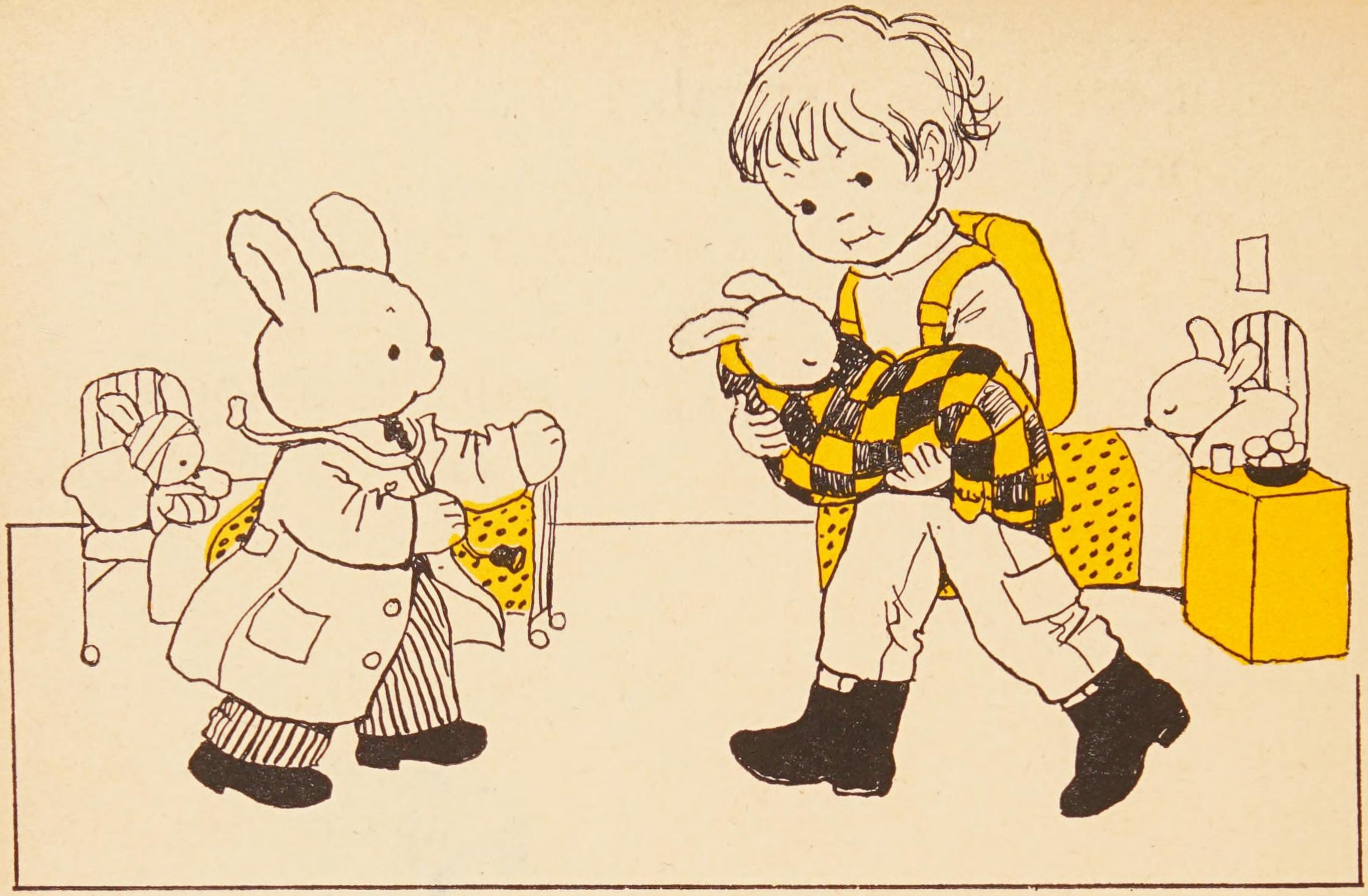
"Don't worry," he called. "We'll pick you up."

Teddy let the special rescue strap down out of the helicopter.

"I'll fly down and help," said the elf, so he did.

He put the strap round the first rabbit, and Teddy winched him up and helped him into the helicopter.

Soon all the rabbits were safe.



The smallest rabbit had swallowed rather a lot of sea water, and wasn't feeling very well, so they wrapped him in a blanket.

"We'll take him to rabbit hospital," said the elf, "just to make sure he's all right."

Tony spoke on his helicopter radio.

"Hallo . . . hallo, hospital?" he asked.

"Hallo, hospital here," came the answer.

"We're bringing a little rabbit in," explained Tony.

"We'll be ready," was the reply.

They were soon at the hospital. Tony landed

the helicopter gently, and carried the little rabbit into the hospital.

The doctor was waiting.

"He'll be fine after a nice hot drink and a rest," he said.

The helicopter took off again, and soon they reached home, through the window and onto the floor.

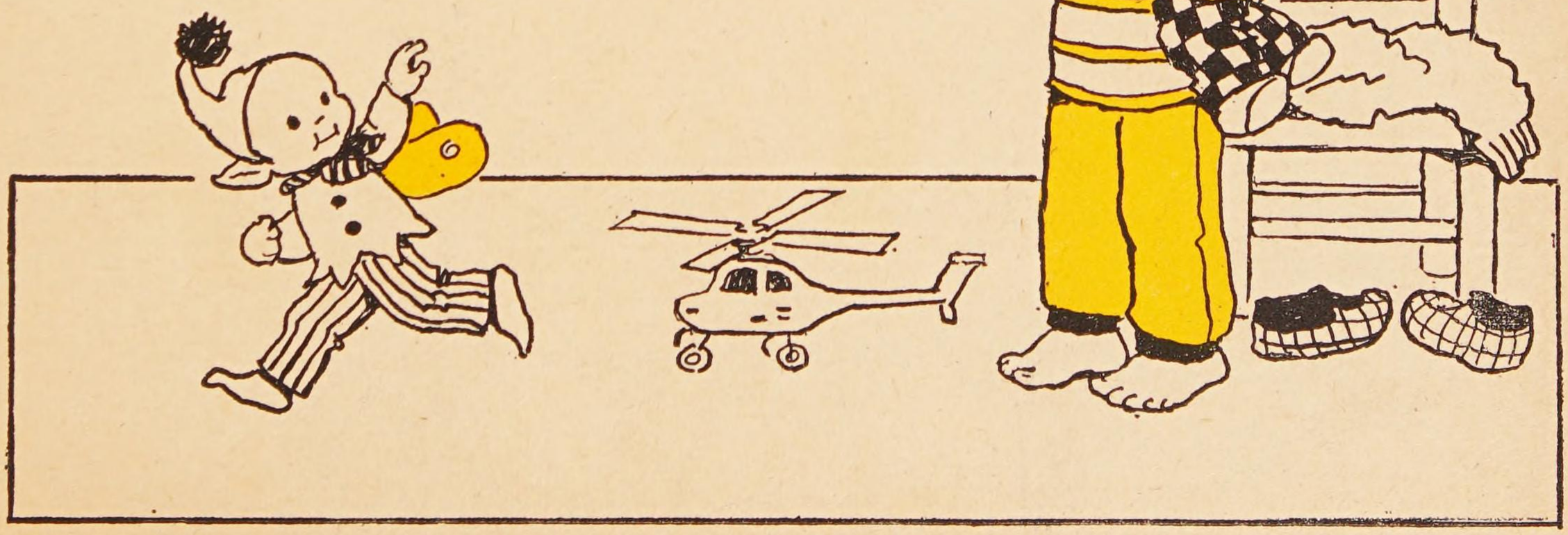
Out they climbed.

Tony noticed Teddy was getting bigger again, and then he realised he was doing so too.

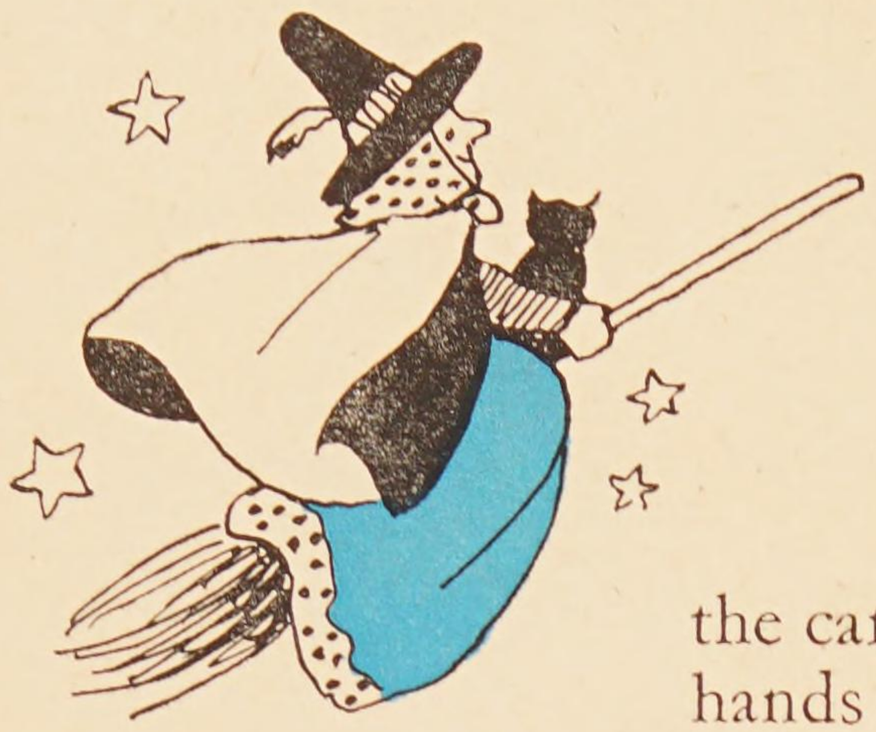
"Now you're the right size again," said the elf. "Back to bed with you. See you again next Magic Night," and away he flew.

I wonder what Tony will wish next time?

ELIZA STOPFORD



HOW to MAKE the OLD WITCH



Use an empty carton for her body and make her head with plasticine. Her nose could be plasticine or a piece of matchstick and her eyes could be currants stuck in with pins.

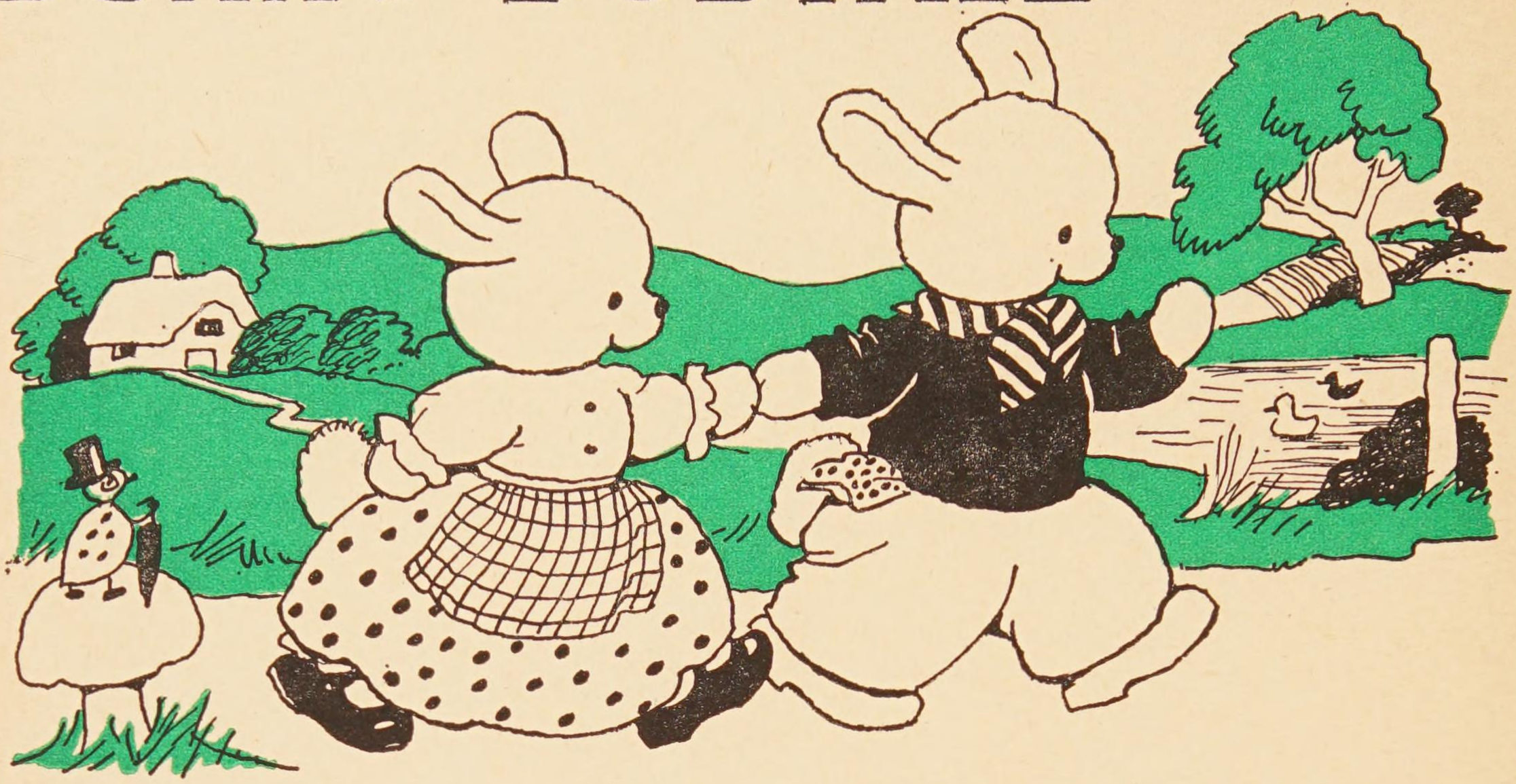
Push a knitting needle through the carton for her arms and make plasticine hands for her.

Next make her cloak by cutting a long strip of pretty wrapping paper or material or silver foil about ½ inch longer than her body. Thread wool through the top of it and gather it in to her neck, making slits for her arms. Press some pieces of grey or black wool into the front of her head for hair and tie a piece of rag for her headscarf.

Cut a round hat brim from paper or card big enough to fit on to her head and when it is in position make a pointed crown for the hat with some more plasticine.

You could make a broomstick for her with twigs and lend her a toy black cat if you have one (or draw and paint one on a postcard. Cut out to lean against her).

BUNNY BOBTAIL



BUNNY BOBTAIL hopped over to Milly and said, "Hullo, Milly, you are looking lonely today. Would you like to come for a walk with me?"

"Yes please, I would love to come. Where shall we go?"

"I would like to see my friends on the pond," said Bunny.

"Oh, so would I," cried Milly. "I haven't seen them for a long time."

So Bunny and Milly walked hand in hand to the pond, and they heard such a lot of quacking and splashing.

Billy Duck called to them, "Come on in, the water is fine!"

"We can't swim," said Milly, "and we don't like getting our fur wet. Why don't you come for a walk with us?"

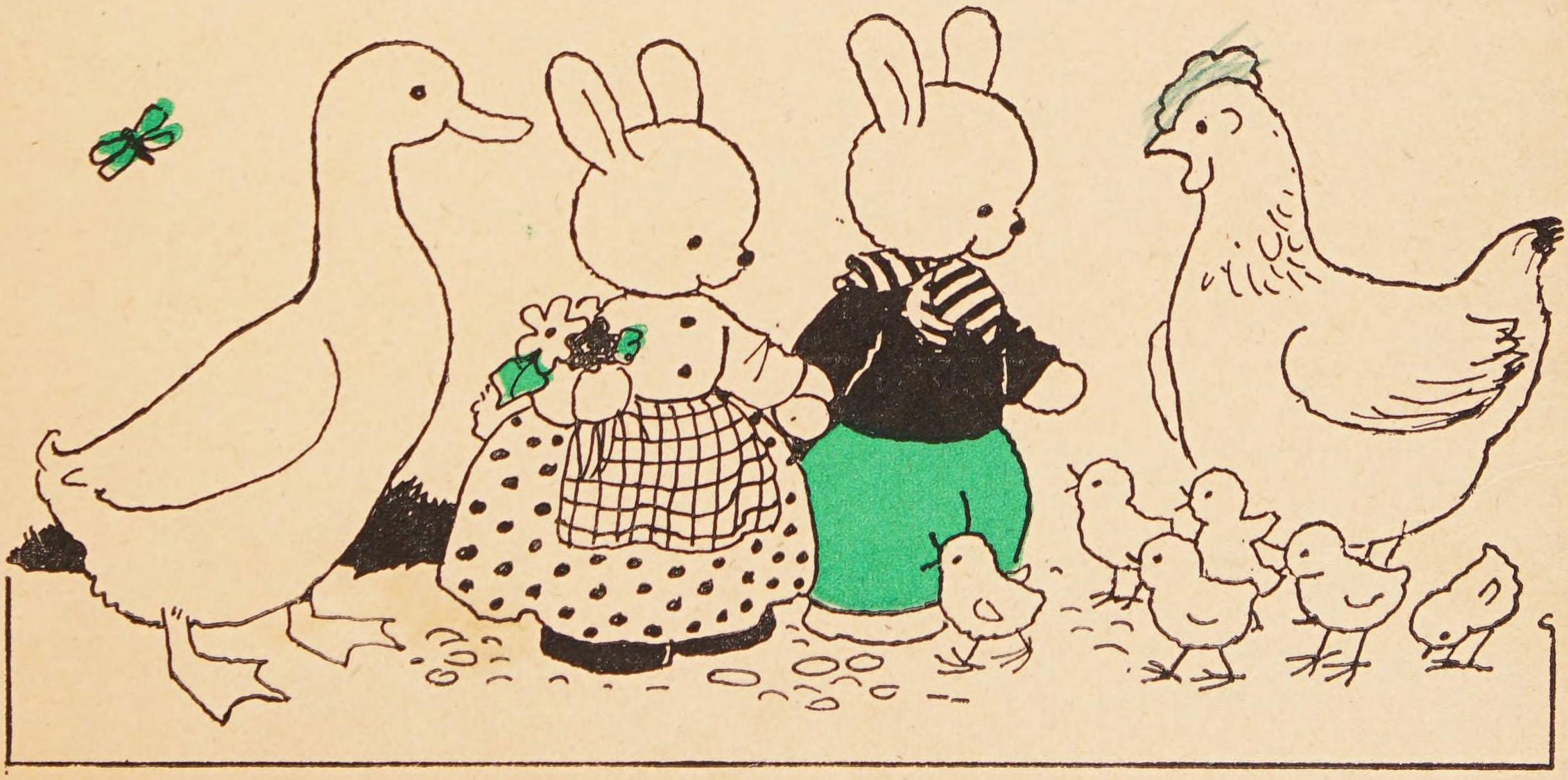
"Yes, I think I will," replied the duck.

On the way they met a hen with her six little chicks.

"Would you like to come for a walk with us?" Milly asked the hen.

Mummy Hen looked pleased.

"I have been trying to keep the chicks happy all day. I think it's a good idea, a walk with you will do them good," she said. So off they went together.



They had a wonderful time. They played hide-and-seek and leap-frog; they also had some lovely races, then the chicks wanted to go home, they were very tired.

Bunny Bobtail had an idea. "I know what we will do," he said. "We will carry the chicks home on our backs."

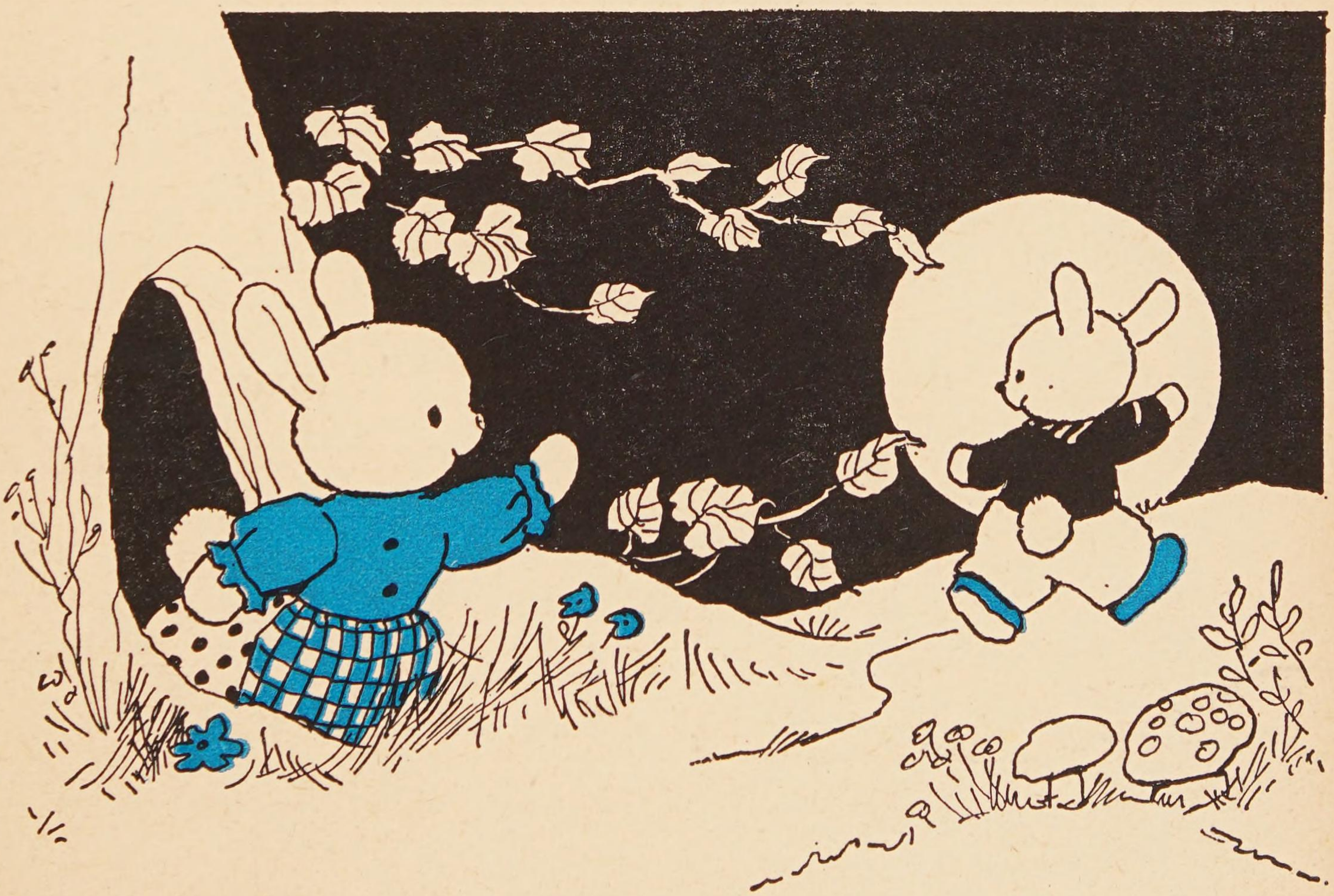
One little chick got on to Milly's back, another jumped on to Billy; two climbed on to Mummy's back and the other two jumped on to Bunny's soft back. What a lovely race they had!

Very soon Mummy had her little chicks tucked under her feathers all snug and warm for the night. Billy waddled to his home to sleep.

Milly said to Bunny, "I loved that nice walk, we must do it again sometime," then she kissed Bunny on the tip of his little nose and went into a hole in the ground.

Bunny Bobtail, who was tired, but happy, had his supper in the moonlight, and then went to bed.

ELIZABETH TAMBLYN

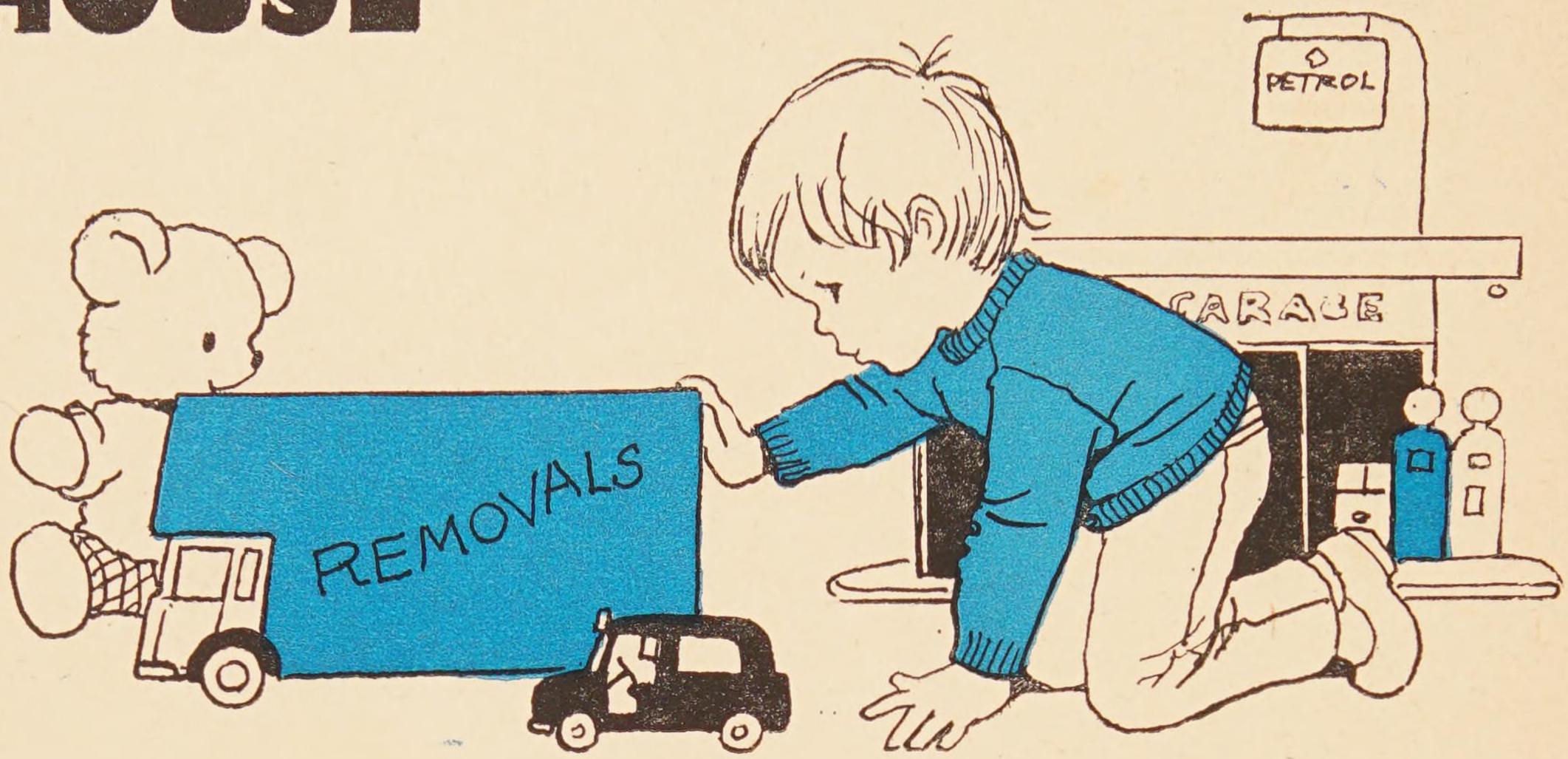


On this page are nursery rhymes jumbled every way.
How many of them can you find?
How many can you say?

(*Solution on page 70*)

A PAGE TO COLOUR

RICHARD HELPS MOVE HOUSE



RICHARD had a lovely toy garage. He had collected quite a lot of different cars and lorries for it, and even had a taxi and a furniture van.

Sometimes Richard played with his garage, sometimes he did other things, and sometimes he went to the end of the garden where a family of field mice lived.

"Hallo," said Mrs. Mouse, coming out of her door from under the tree root.

"Busy?" asked Richard.

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Mouse, wiping her paws on her apron. "We're moving house

to-day. We've got everything packed, and we have to be out by tea-time, as another family are moving in. Old hedgehog's moving us. He's got a lorry."

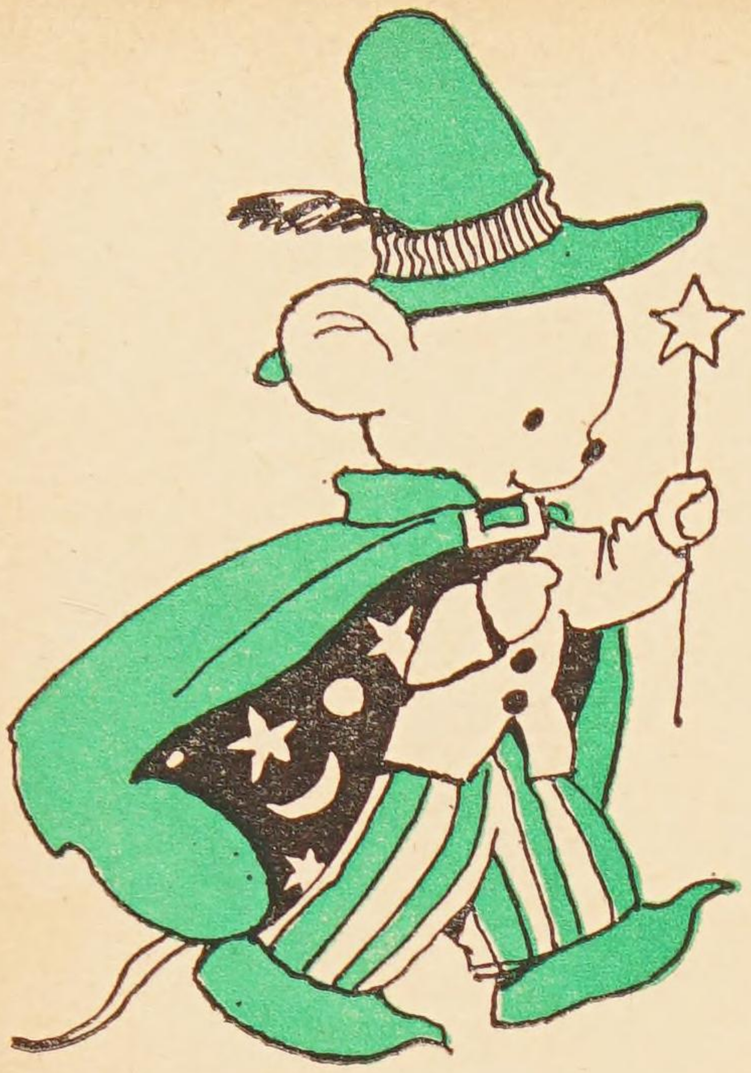
Richard was just about to ask what sort of lorry, when Mr. Mouse came rushing up, panting.

"Some . . . thing . . . something terrible's happened," he gasped. "Old hedgehog's got mumps and gone to bed, and there's nobody else to move us."

"Oh dear! Whatever shall we do?" said Mrs. Mouse looking very worried. "We have to be out by tea-time."

Richard thought of the furniture van in his toy garage. Perhaps he could help them. He told Mr. and Mrs. Mouse about it.

"But the trouble is, I'm much too



big to drive the van," he finished.

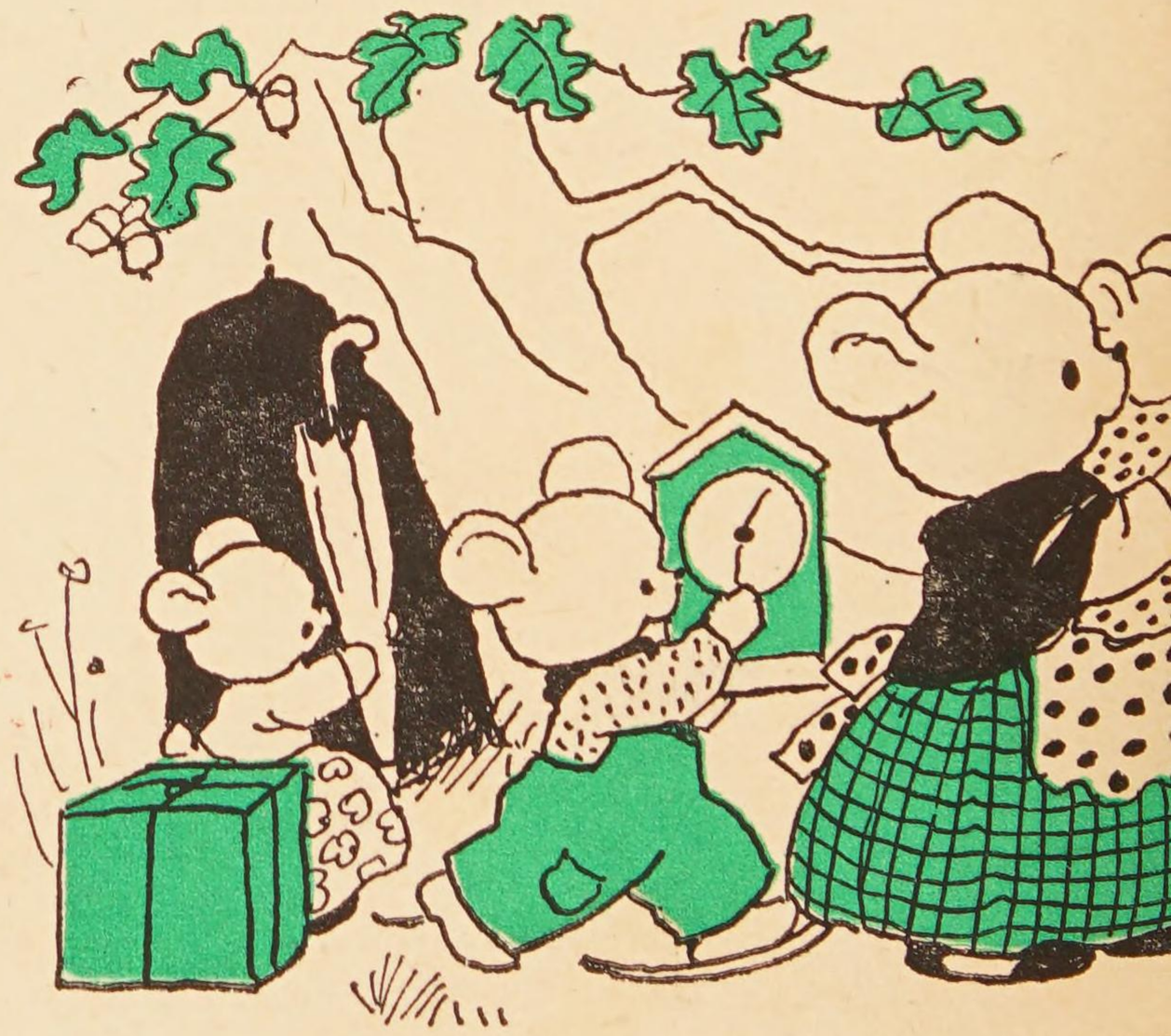
"Well, I think we can fix that," said Mr. Mouse. "We have a mouse who is a cousin of ours who can do magic and make things get big or small. Mrs. Mouse—give him a ring on the phone and ask if he'll come over for a few minutes."

Mrs. Mouse hurried indoors.

Soon the cousin arrived. He wore a pointed hat and a cloak with a beautiful lining. Richard thought he looked rather like a mousey sort of witch.

"Sit down Richard," ordered the cousin mouse, "and put this hat on."

The mouse handed Richard a tiny hat. How silly! It couldn't possibly fit on his head—far too small—but when he tried to



put it on, he found it was suddenly so large that it came right down over his face to his chin. Richard pulled the hat off.

"Well!" he exclaimed, for there he was, sitting in the driving seat of his furniture van!

He drove it carefully out of his garage, and down the garden to the mice.

"Wonderful!" they exclaimed.

Soon all the furniture was loaded into the van, but it was getting rather dark, and the other mice were arriving to take over the house.

"We'll never get into

the new house at this hour," worried Mr. Mouse. "It's too late."

"The family are getting very sleepy," agreed Mrs. Mouse, as two of her children clung to her skirt and rubbed their paws in their eyes, yawning, "but we've nowhere to go."

"You can stay at my garage for the night if you'd like to," suggested Richard.

What a good idea! Richard drove the van with two mouse children beside him, and Mr. and Mrs. Mouse followed in their car with the rest of the family.

The garage was great fun to stay in. A mattress and blankets were unrolled in the back of a lorry for the children, and they had

milk and biscuits before bedtime. Then Mr. and Mrs. Mouse and Richard sat down to a plateful of baked beans on toast, which Mrs. Mouse heated on the little garage stove.

Mr. and Mrs. Mouse slept in the furniture van, and Richard slept on the back seat of his taxi.

In the morning they drove to the new home and unloaded all the furniture.

"Thanks awfully for helping us," they all said to Richard. "You must come and have lunch with us one day."

"I'd love to," said Richard, and he climbed back into the van.

Wait! That was funny! He couldn't see. He'd got that strange hat on again. He took it off and looked at it, but it was quite tiny again, and there on the grass beside him was the furniture van, as small as ever.

PENELOPE DOUGLAS

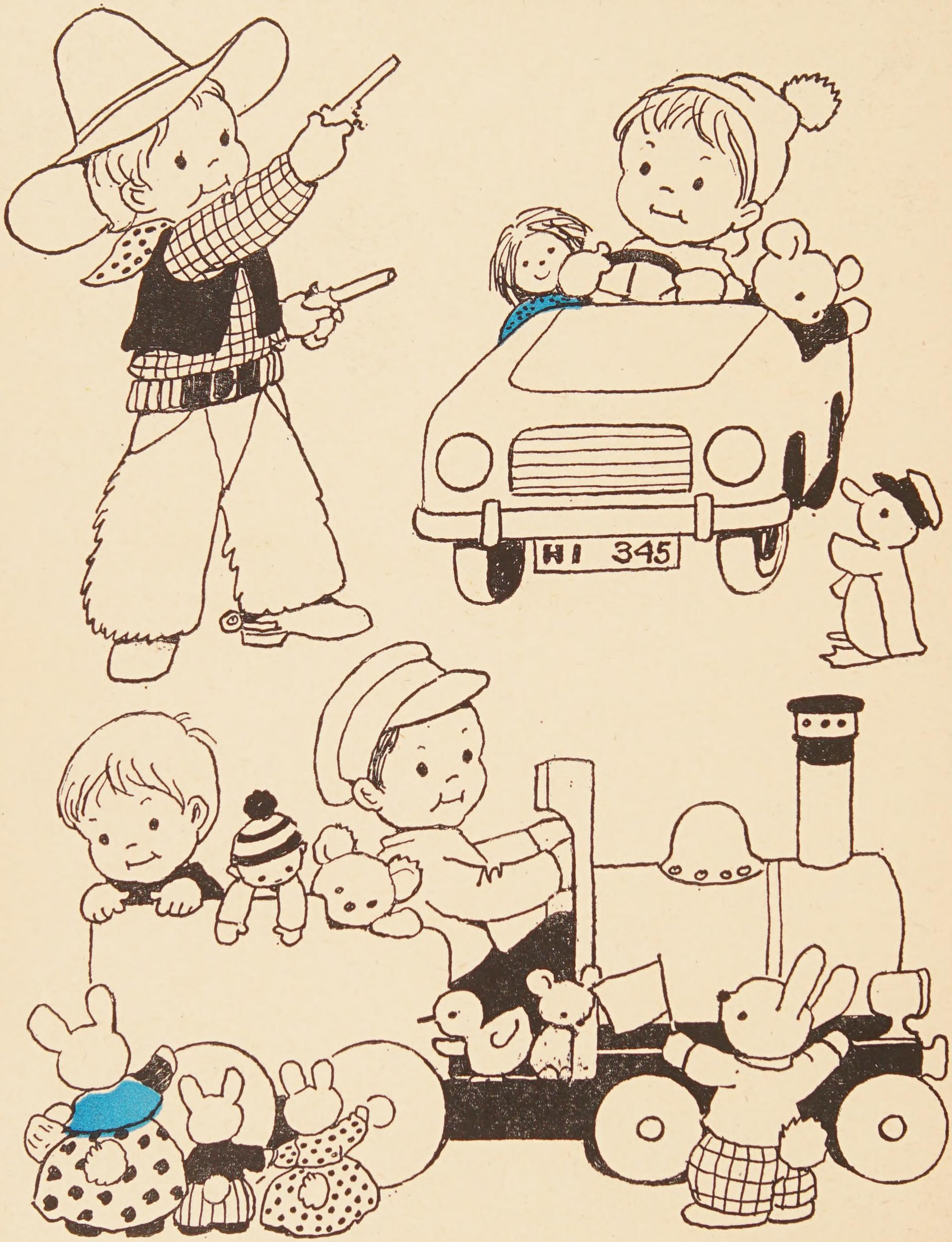
I *wish* I could have
something like a
lion-cub for
a pet—

Or perhaps a little crocodile,
for I've never seen
one yet!

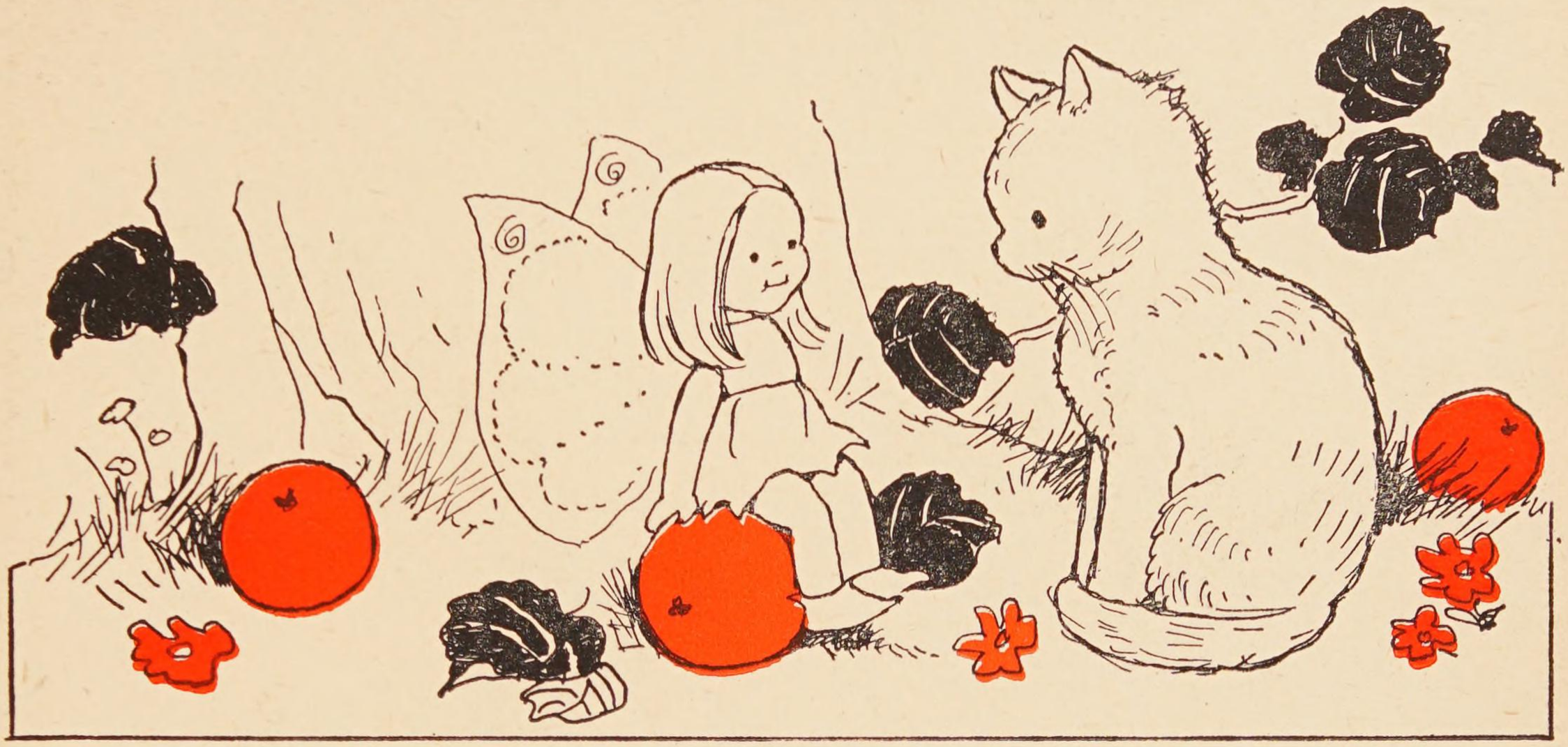
I'd *like* to have a kangaroo
To jump about the house;

Or a monkey or a penguin—
But I *have* the
nicest mouse.

A PAGE TO PAINT



The FAIRY DRESSMAKER



YOU wouldn't expect a cat and a fairy to be friends, but Rocket, a big, ginger cat, had made friends with the Apple Tree Fairy.

"Good-morning," said Rocket to the fairy, while he made sure no mice would get to the fairy house.

"Hallo," said the fairy. "Have you heard the news? There's a fancy dress party at owl's house. I'm allowed two guests. Would you like to come?"

Rocket thanked her very much.

"I shall go as 'Puss in Boots'," he said. "What are you going as?"

"I am going as a dancer," said the Apple Tree

Fairy. "My costume's being made specially."

But next time Rocket was prowling round the orchard, he found the little fairy sobbing her heart out.

"They can't make my costume after all," she said miserably. "Now I won't be able to go."

"Oh cheer up," said Rocket kindly. "Let's see if we can find anybody else who can make it. Climb on my back."

The fairy often rode on Rocket's back. She was so light that he hardly noticed her.

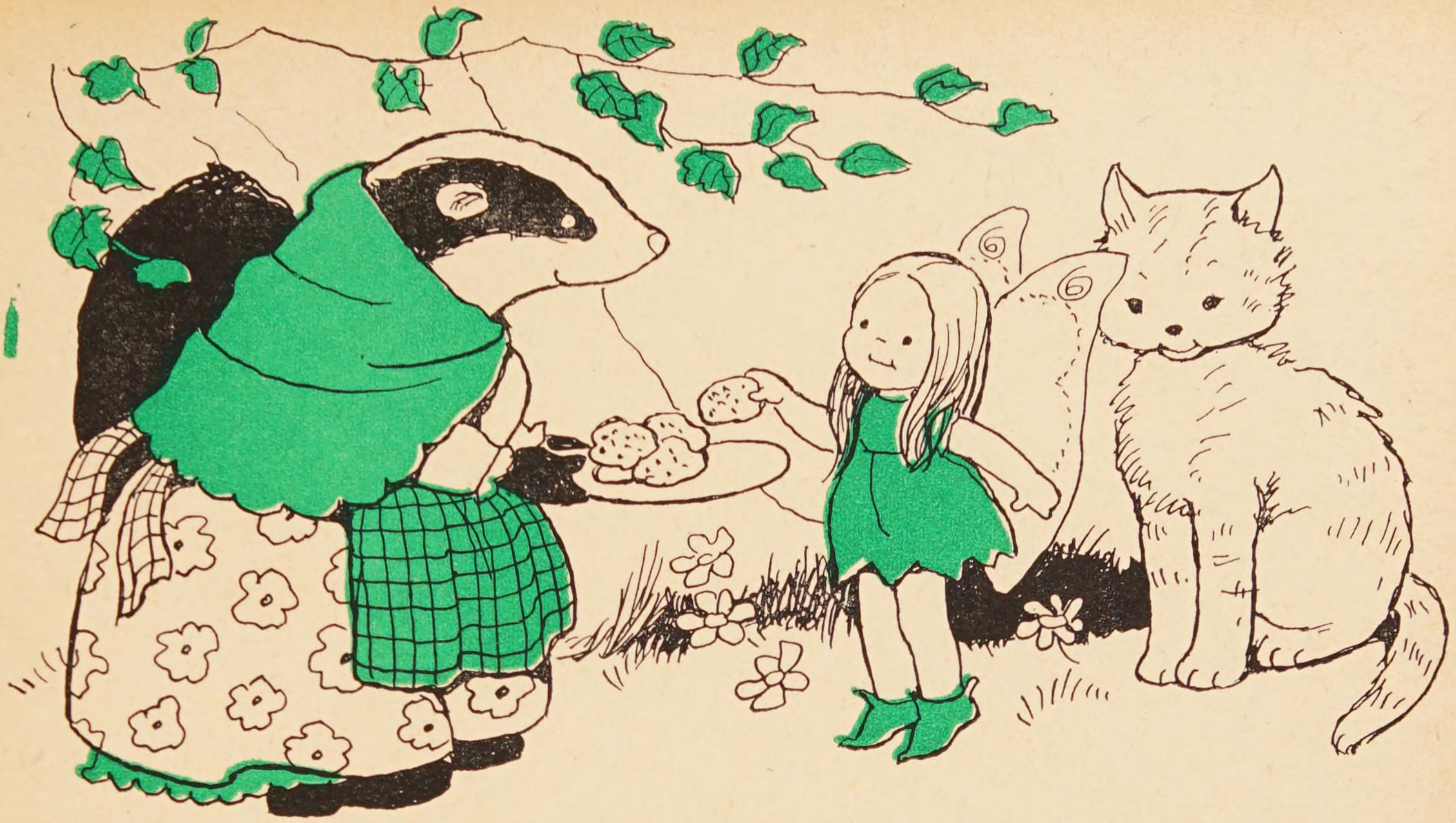
First they called on Mrs. Fox.

"I'm terribly sorry, but I've all the children in bed with 'flu," she said, clutching a large bottle of medicine.

So Rocket and the fairy went on their way again. Mrs. Hare couldn't help. She was just going out. Mrs. Hare was hardly ever at home.

"We'll try Mrs. Badger," said Rocket.

Mrs. Badger was



rather deaf, and Rocket and the fairy had to shout.

"Can you do some dressmaking?" they shouted.

"Eh? What's that about fresh baking?" asked Mrs. Badger. "Yes, I've just cooked some buns. Have one." But it was no use. Mrs. Badger simply didn't hear them.

Rocket and the fairy munched hot buns as they set off again.

What next? Rabbit, Weasel, and Squirrel couldn't sew.

"I know," said Rocket. "We could ask at Gnome Garage. Lady Gnome sews very well."

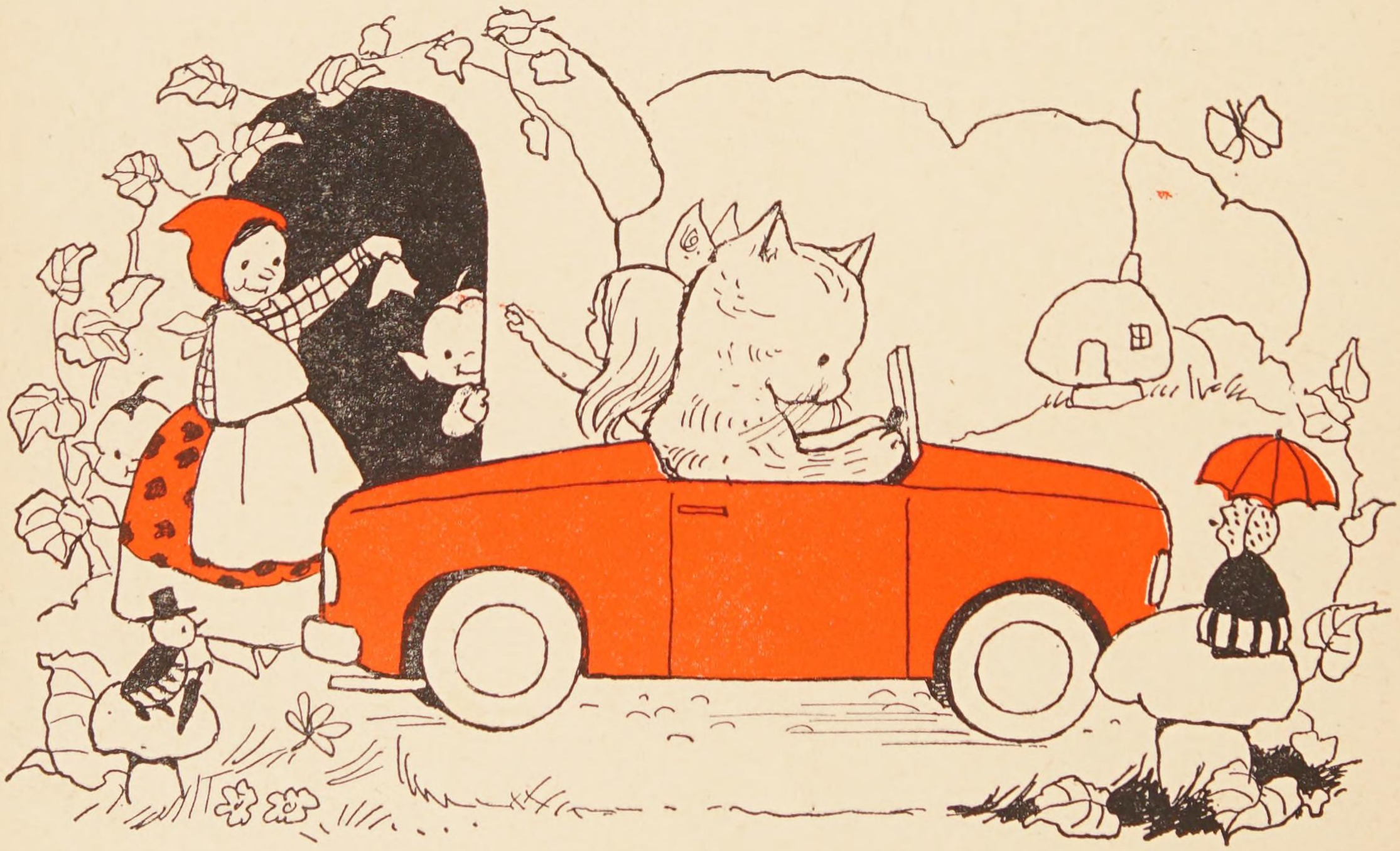
But Lady Gnome opened the door with her arm in a sling.

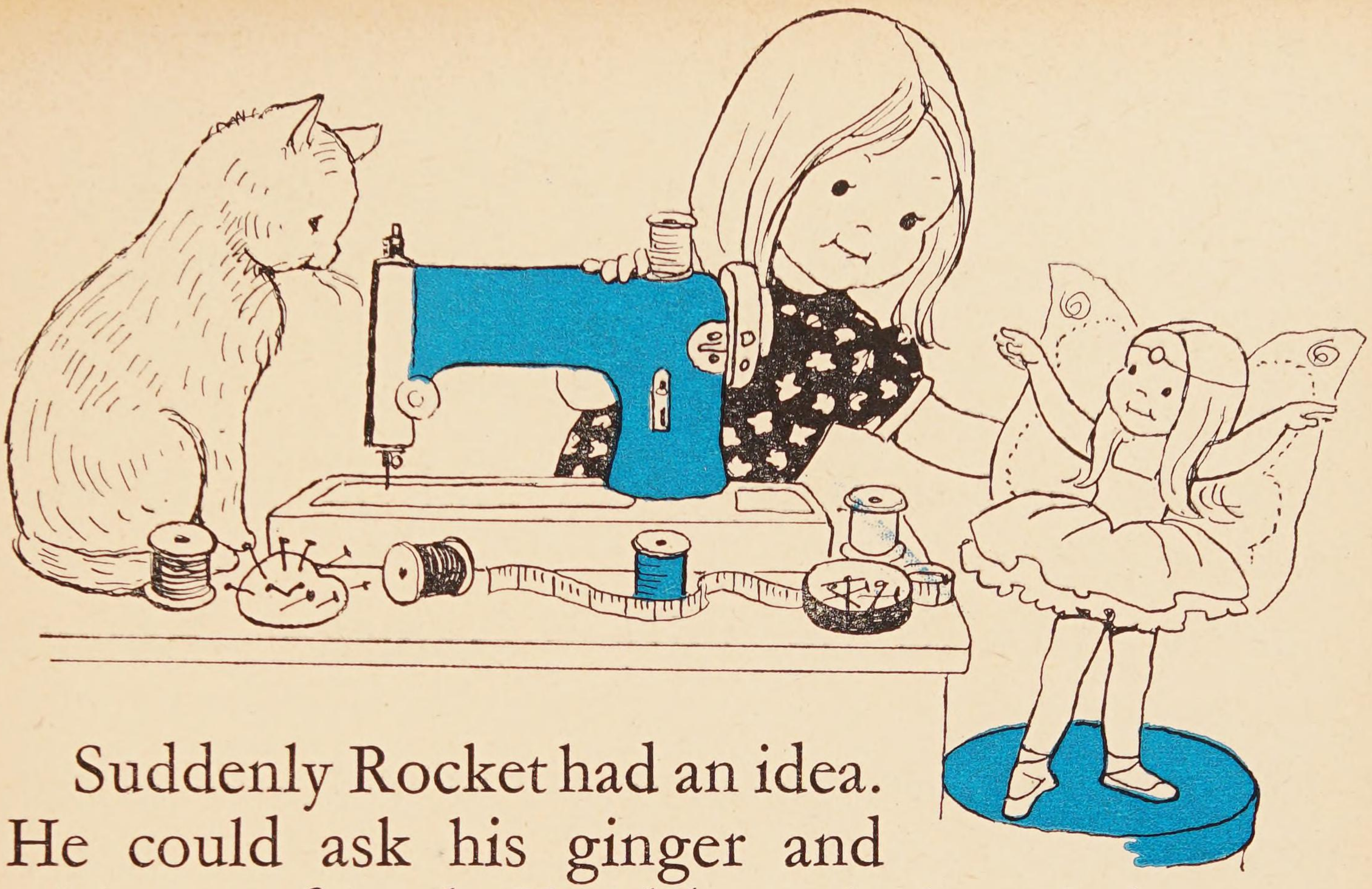
"I'm afraid I can't sew with only one good arm," she explained. "I can do it next month." But that was no use. The party would be over by then.

Rocket and the fairy looked sad. They were both rather tired.

"Borrow one of our cars," suggested Lord Gnome.

So Rocket drove the fairy home. It was a shame, but they just couldn't think of anybody else to help them.





Suddenly Rocket had an idea. He could ask his ginger and white cat friend. She'd been in hospital.

"No, I'm sorry. I'm too busy convalescing," she explained. Rocket wasn't sure what that meant, but it was obvious that Tigger couldn't do any sewing.

But wait!

"Of course!" said Rocket. "Isobel!" She was the girl Rocket lived with. "Why didn't I think of her before! She's a very good dressmaker."

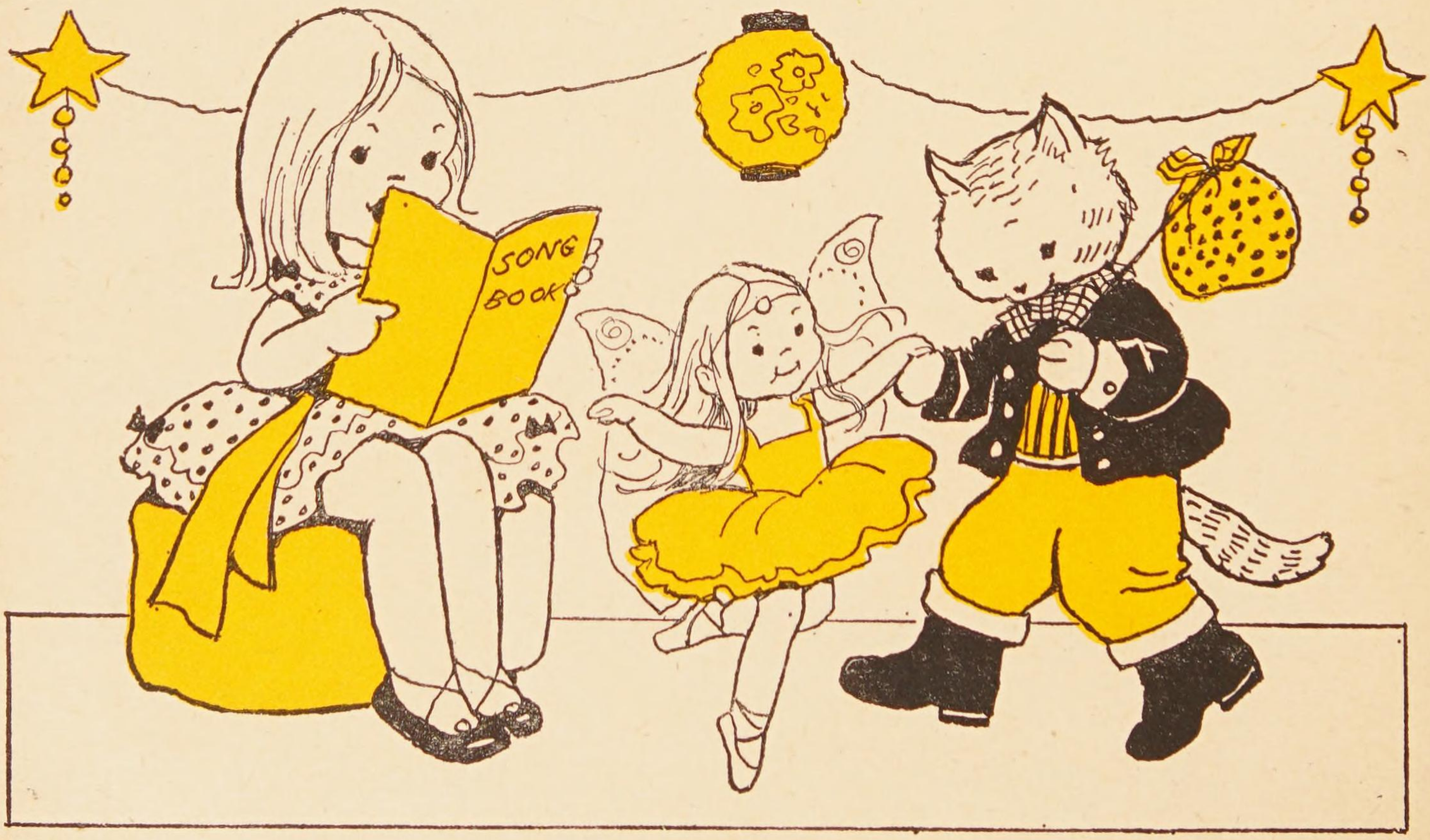
"Yes, of course I'll make you a costume," smiled Isobel. She got the sewing machine out, and Rocket and the fairy watched her sew.

There! It was lovely, and fitted the fairy perfectly.

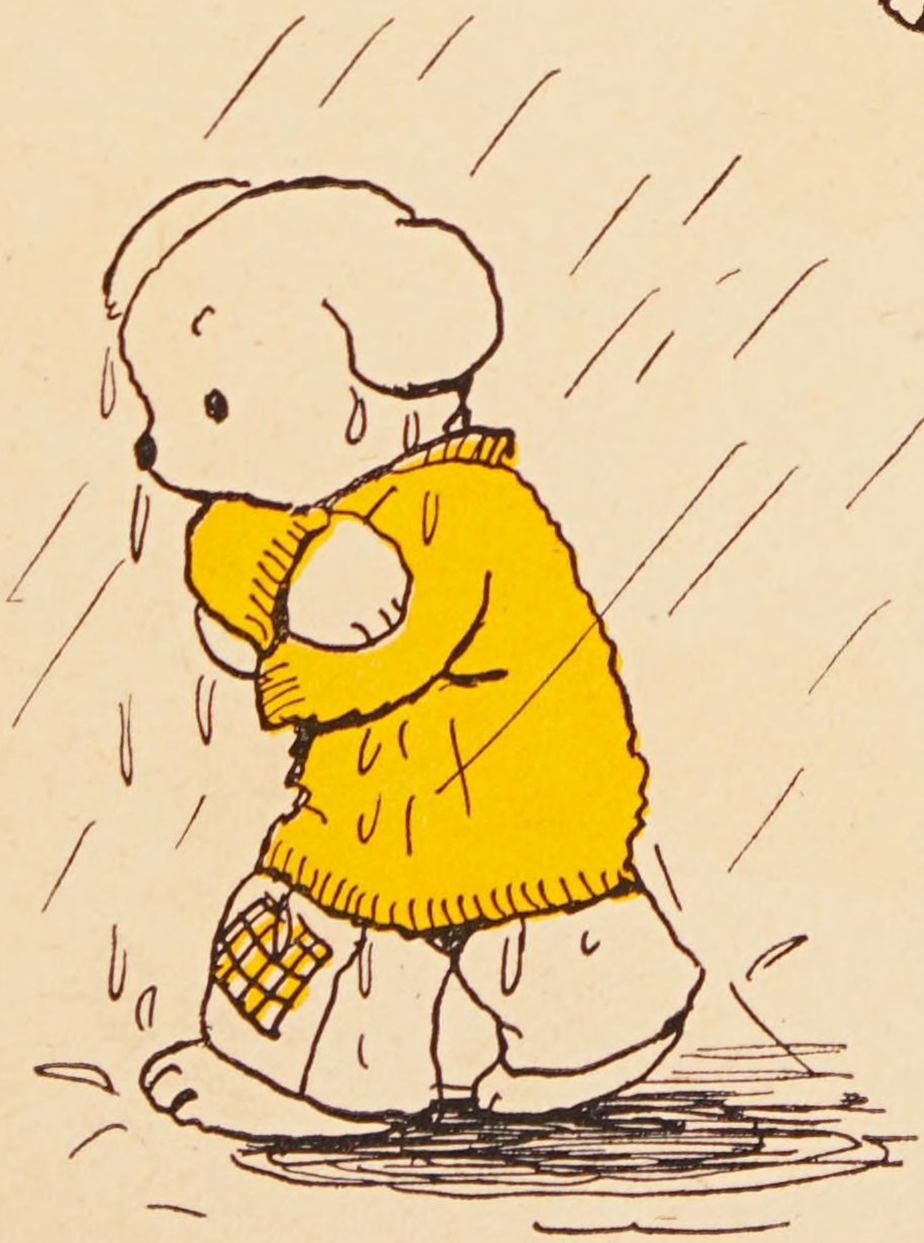
The party was wonderful and, of course, Rocket invited Isobel to go as well. The fairy did a dance for everybody and Isobel, who had a very pretty voice, sang a song. Rocket won the prize for the best fancy dress, and the party was a great success.

Isobel is now the fairy dressmaker. Rocket and the Apple Tree Fairy saw to that, though you are one of the few people who know about it.

ELIZA STOPFORD



His mother said, "Now *don't* go out!
It's raining hard today!"
But Teddy wouldn't listen,
And ran gaily out to play.
He quite forgot his wellingtons
And didn't wear his mac:
But oh how wet and cold he got!
He soon came shivering back!



EDWARD LEARNS A NEW GAME

IT was a lovely sunny day, and Edward, who was usually called Teddy, was on his way to the wood pile at the end of the garden.

"Roderick! Ruth!" he called.

Two rabbits appeared.

"Did you call?" they asked.

"Yes," said Teddy. "We'll play 'Follow My Leader' to find some more animals. Everything I do, you must do."

Teddy led, doing great froggy leaps while the others copied him, then running with his arms out like an aeroplane.

"Samuel Squirrel?" they called, stopping

beside a huge beech tree. "Come and join us."

So Samuel Squirrel joined in, and so did Hubert Hare, Rupert Rat and Amanda Mouse.

"Now! What next?" asked Roderick Rabbit.

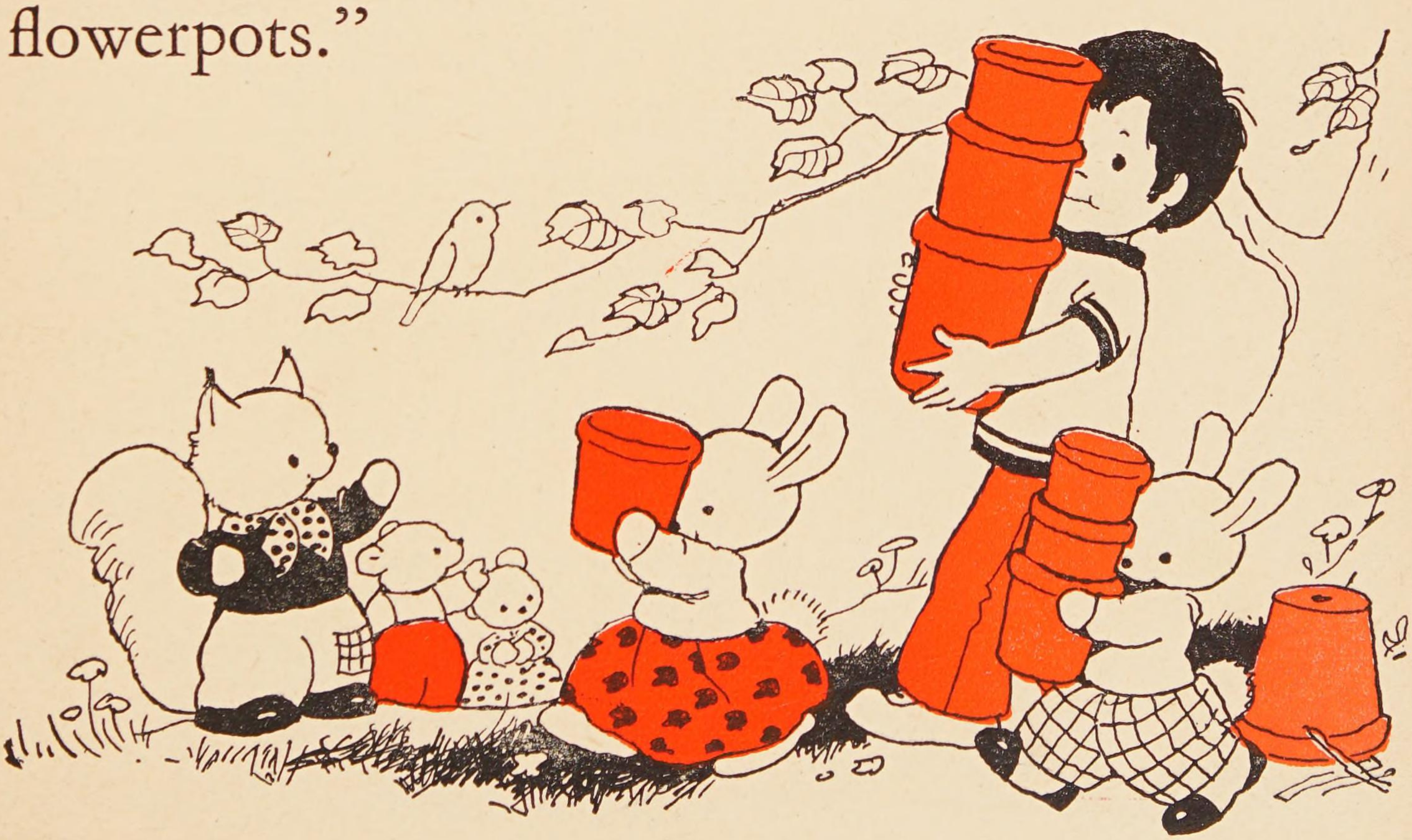
"A race," suggested Teddy.

"A flowerpot race!" announced Samuel Squirrel.

"A flowerpot race!" they all exclaimed. "What's that?"

"I can run very fast carrying flowerpots," said Hubert Hare. "I shall win."

"You won't be carrying flowerpots," said Samuel Squirrel. "You'll be walking on them. First we need some flowerpots."



Teddy found his mother and asked her.

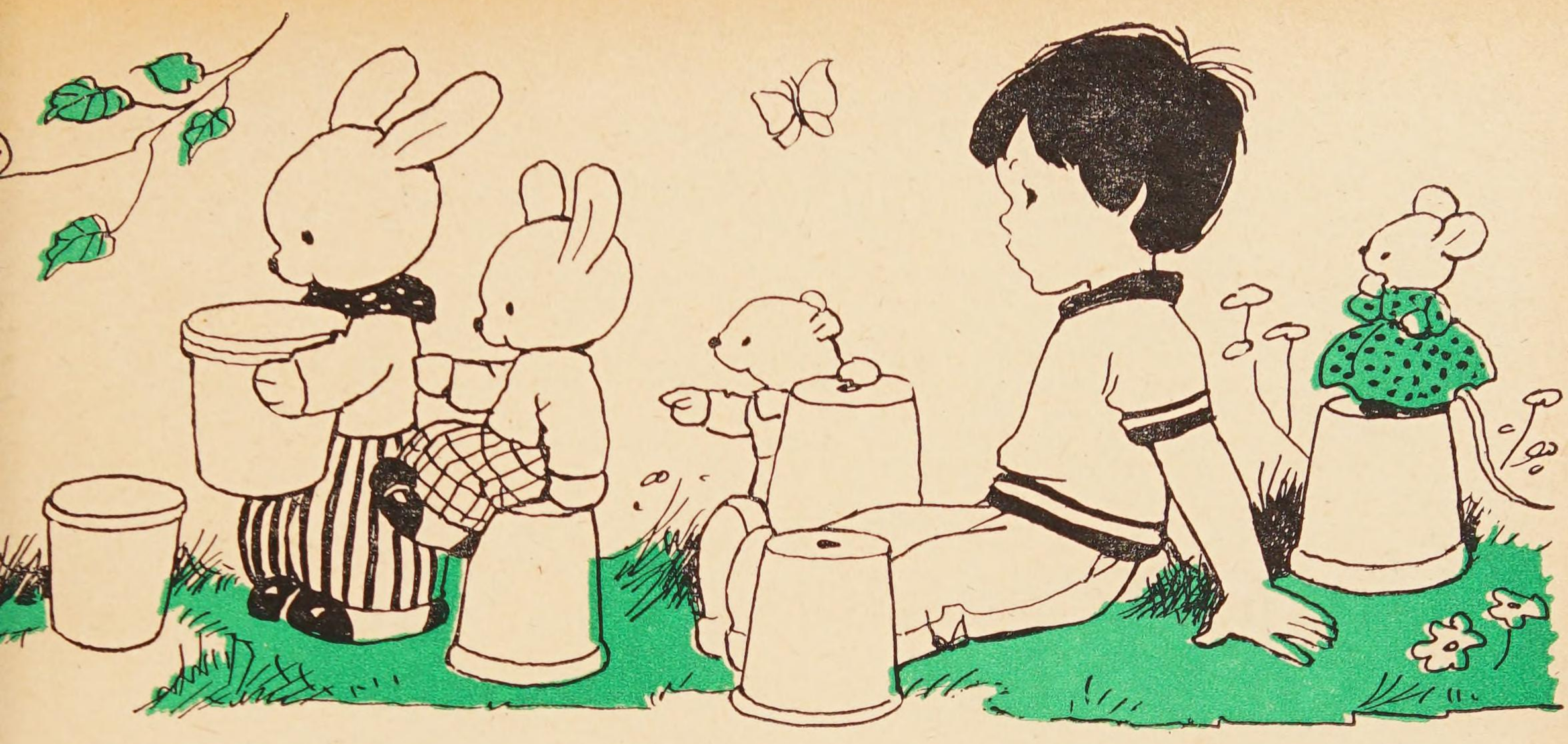
"Yes," said his mother. "You'll find lots of empty ones in the greenhouse, but make sure you don't break them."

Soon they had a collection of flowerpots lying on the lawn.

"Now we need some short, thick sticks that will lie inside the flowerpot," said Samuel Squirrel, "and some string."

Teddy collected the string box from indoors, and the animals rushed round the garden and found some sticks.

"Now!" said Samuel Squirrel. "Get a bit of string about as long as your waist to the ground, thread it through the hole in the flowerpot, and tie it to the little



flat stick. Stand the flowerpot upside down. Now you can lift the flowerpot up by the string."

Samuel Squirrel did the same with a second flowerpot, and then he had one hanging from both paws.

"Look," said Samuel Squirrel. "You stand on one flowerpot, balance carefully, and move the other forward with the string. Then step onto it and lift the other one forward."

All the animals were amazed as they watched Samuel Squirrel lifting each flowerpot forward for the next step.

"We don't walk on the grass at all," laughed Hubert Hare. "I must have a try."

They were all starting to get their two flowerpots ready, when they heard a little sobbing noise. Rupert Rat and Amanda Mouse were both in tears!

"What's the matter?" asked Teddy, as they all gathered round.

"I c-c-c-can't even move my flowerpot," sniffed Amanda Mouse, "it's much too big for me."

"So is mine," said Rupert Rat, tears running down his cheeks.

"Never mind," said Teddy. "Wait here and I'll see what else I can find."

He ran indoors and came out a moment later with two cotton reels for Rupert Rat, and two old

thimbles for Amanda Mouse. Teddy's mother had made a hole in the thimbles and threaded cotton through the hole.

"Just right for both of you," smiled Teddy.

Rupert Rat and Amanda Mouse dried their tears and blew their noses. There! They'd all got kinds of flowerpots.

"Ready . . . GO!" shouted Samuel Squirrel.

Nobody knew who won the race, for nobody

reached the finishing line. They were all too busy enjoying themselves!

Hubert Hare took huge steps, and kept collapsing in a heap between his flowerpots, and that made everybody laugh. Roderick and Ruth Rabbit laughed so much that they couldn't even start! Teddy got along very well until he tried to go too fast and lost his balance, and down he tumbled.

How they all laughed, and what a game they had. I think they'll probably play again tomorrow. Who do you think would win the race?

PENELOPE DOUGLAS

On this page are lots of things
Which all begin with L.
Turn the book to find their names.
How many can you tell?

(*Solution on page 70*)

Richard *is* a naughty boy!
He throws his things about
And then pretends he is not there,
Although you shout and shout!

But all the same when meal time comes
And Richard wants his tea,
I'm sure we'll find him sitting there
As virtuous as can be!

GOLLIWOG'S GREEN HAIR

GOLLIWOG had been feeling adventurous. He had stayed out in the garden all night just to see what it was like, but when the rest of the toys opened the window to let him climb back in, they gasped with horror.

"Oh, Golliwog! You're covered with mud and dead leaves. We'll have to clean you up before Janet finds out," Dilly, the big walking doll, said.

So Dilly and Teddy, being the two oldest toys, took Golliwog into the bathroom and set to with nailbrush, sponge and soap to get all the mud off the miserable Golliwog.

When he looked more like his old self, they rubbed him down with a warm, fluffy towel and, taking him back into the nursery, sat him in front of the fire to dry properly.

But what a shock everyone got when he was dry! His mop-like head of black fuzzy hair had turned bright green! All the other toys were most sympathetic, but whoever heard of a Golliwog with green hair? Something obviously had to be done about it.

The toys put their heads together and thought.

"Couldn't we just paint

it?" asked Lulu, the squeaky doll.

"Of course not, silly," replied Tim, the sailor doll. "The first time Golliwog goes out in the rain, all the paint will run."

"What about black ink, then," suggested Charlie the clown. "I once splashed some on my trousers and it didn't wash out for weeks."

"No," put in Dilly, "I have a much better idea. In Janet's bits bag there is a large ball of black wool. We'll cut off all Golliwog's green hair and make him some more with the wool. There's a bottle of glue in the toy cupboard, we'll stick it on with that."

Everyone agreed that this was the best idea, so with a pair of scissors Teddy began to cut off the green hair.

"I hope you know what you're doing," wailed Golliwog. "I think I'd rather have green hair than none at all."

"Be quiet and keep still!" ordered Teddy. "Or I'll be cutting off your nose instead!"

At last Golliwog was shorn of his green locks. His head felt light and rather cold, so Dilly wrapped a scarf round his head while she and Teddy cut the black wool into short lengths.

When there were enough, they spread glue all over Golliwog's head, then stuck on the bits of wool.

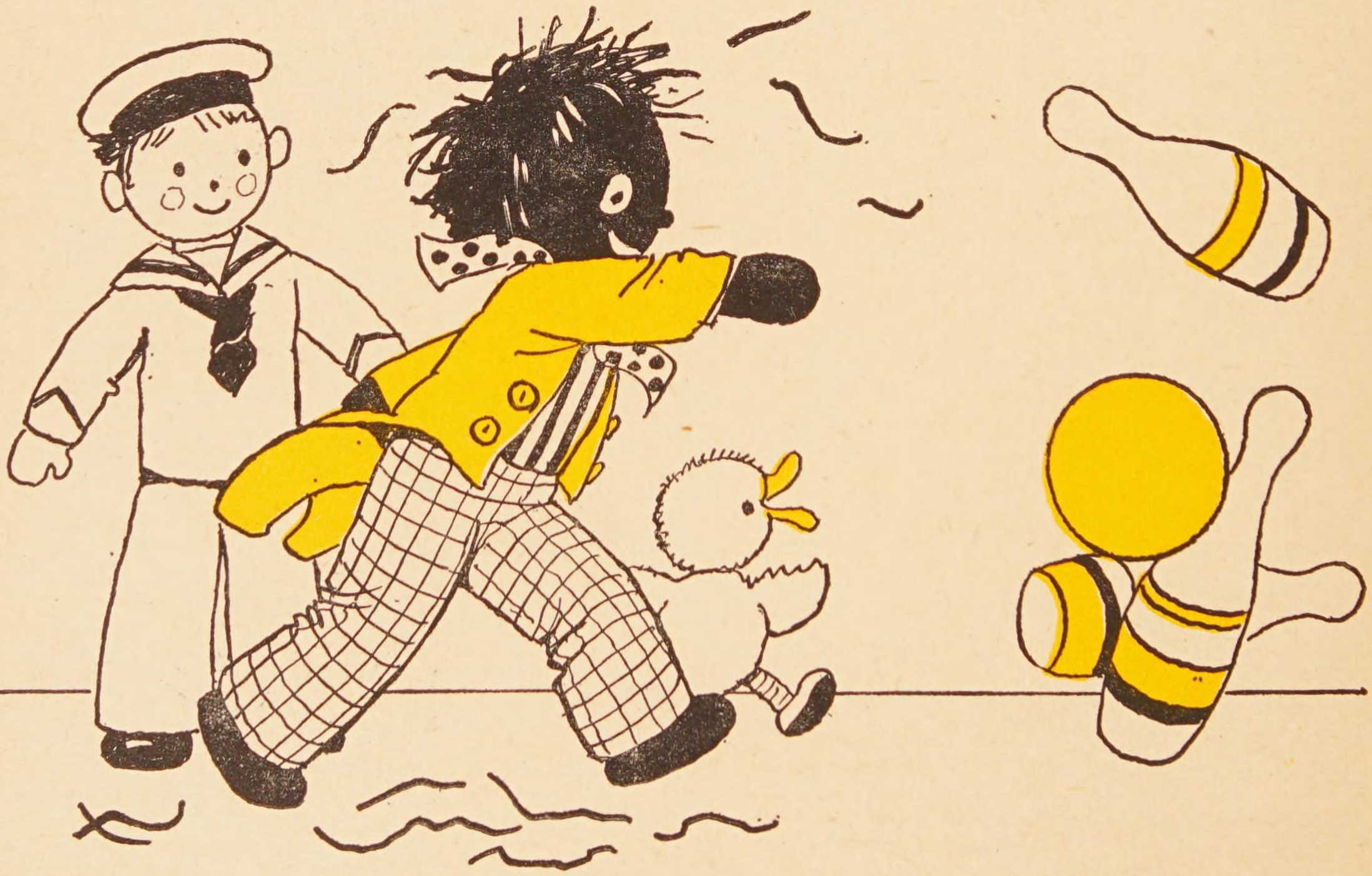
"There you are!" said Teddy, proudly. "You look as good as new."

Golliwog didn't agree, but he did think it was better

than the green hair. It stuck out in all directions, and no matter how much he brushed it, it wouldn't lie straight. Still, he politely thanked the toys for helping him and then went to play skittles with Tim the sailor.

The next morning he had another shock. All his new black hair had fallen off during the night and was lying on the pillow like a lot of little black worms.

"Oh dear," said Dilly sadly, "it didn't work after all. Perhaps it was the wrong kind of glue. I wonder what we can do now?"



This time it was Tim's turn to make a suggestion.

"Why don't we sew the wool on to Golliwog's head? I'm sure it wouldn't come off then."

The toys thought this a very sensible idea, but which of them could sew? Dilly confessed that she couldn't, nor could Teddy.

"But I can," said Tim, and all the toys stared in surprise. "Lots of sailors sew," explained Tim. "It gives them something to do on a long voyage."

So, finding a large darning needle and threading it with some of the black wool, Tim began to stitch the lengths of wool hair back on

to Golliwog's head. The other toys watched with great interest. Tim really could sew, and very neatly too.

When he had finished, Golliwog looked at himself in the mirror.

"That looks much better," he said, smiling, "and it feels quite firm, too. Thank you very much Tim, and I promise not to stay out in the garden overnight ever again. I should hate to be a green haired golliwog again!"

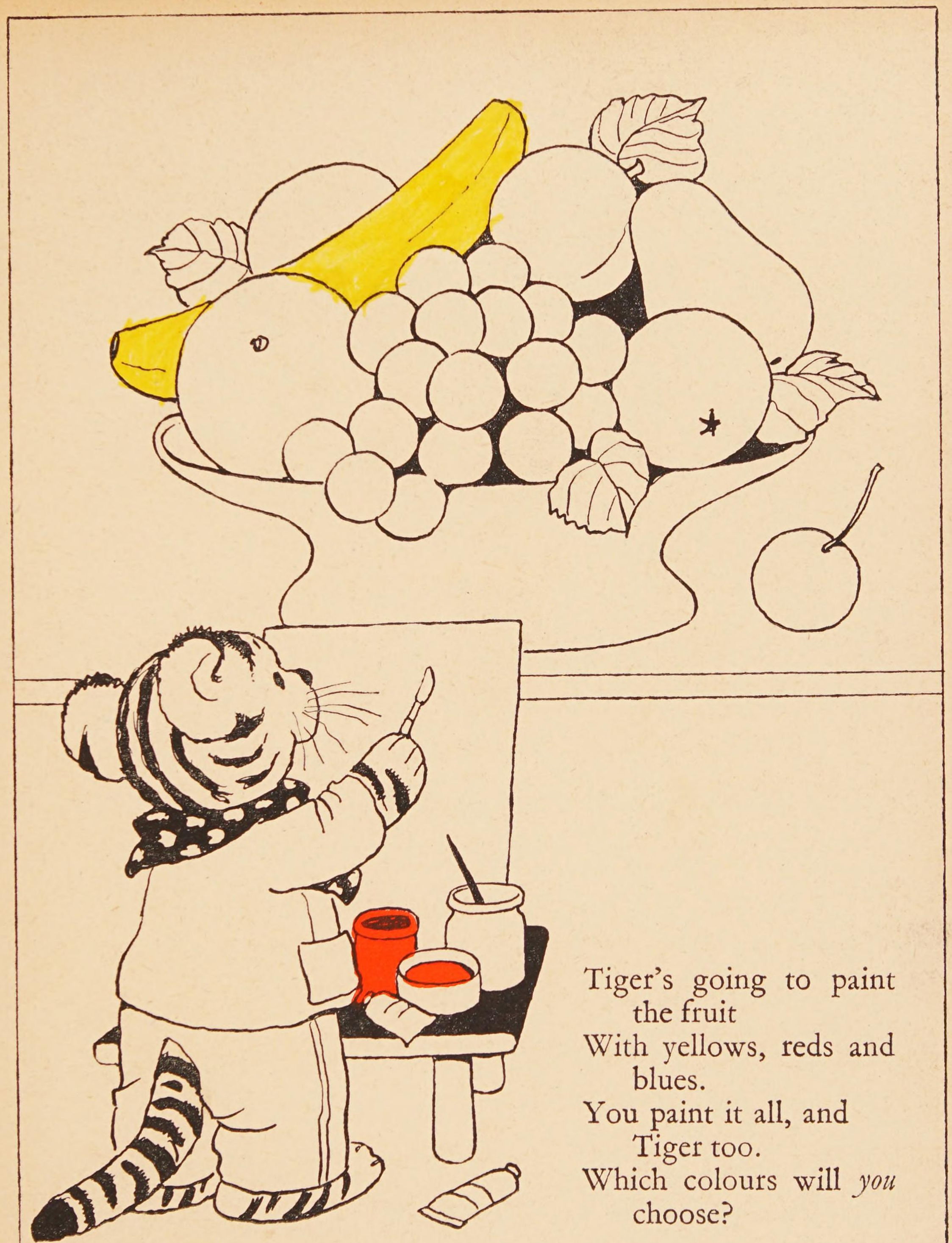
SHEILA M. WILSON

Solution to puzzle on page 36

Sing a Song of Sixpence; Dickery, Dickery, Dock; Three Blind Mice; The Queen of Hearts; Jack and Jill; Ding, Dong, Bell; Little Miss Muffet; Rock-a-bye Baby; Goosey, Goosey, Gander; Humpty Dumpty; Oranges and Lemons; The Man in the Moon; Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star; I had a Little Nut Tree.

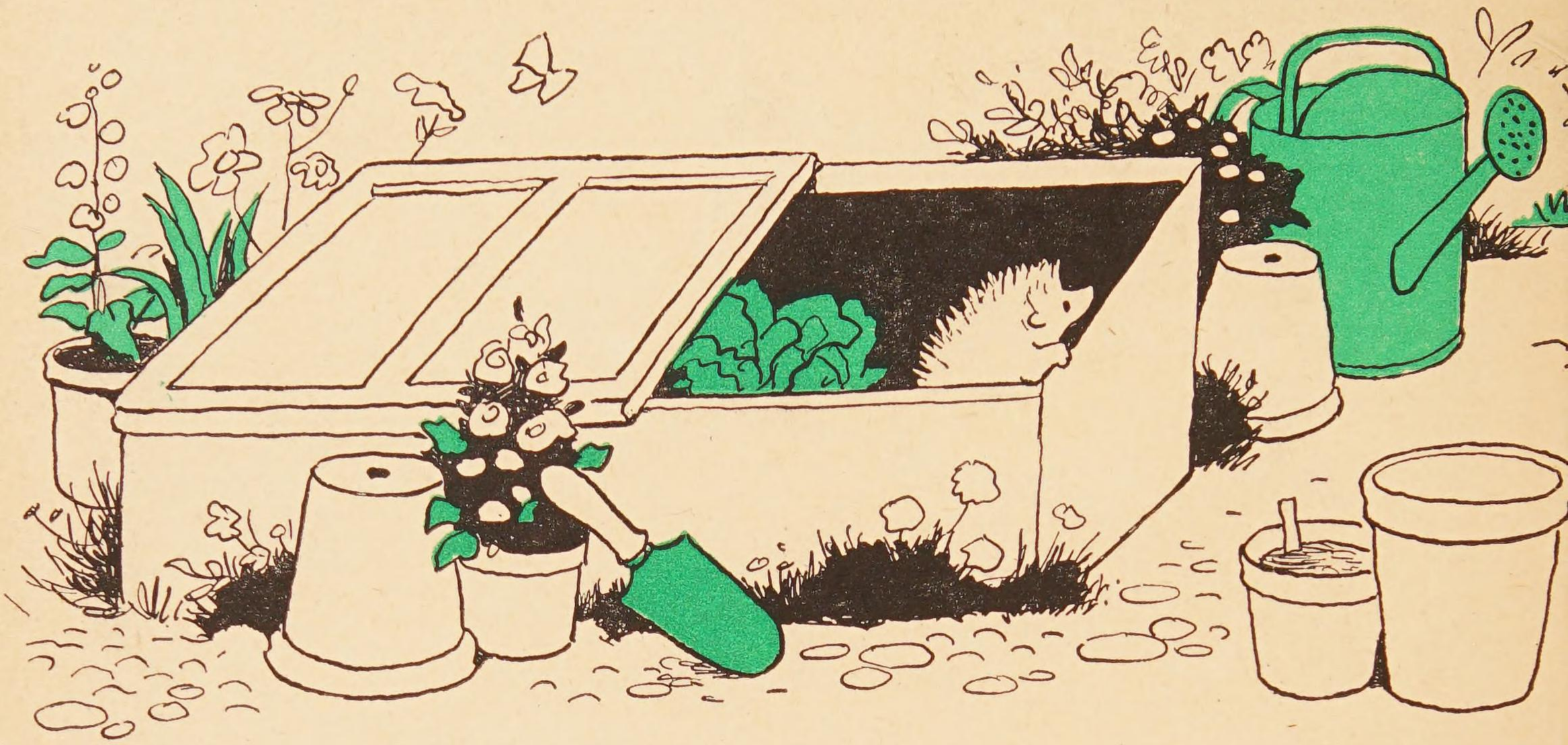
Solution to puzzle on page 61

Ladder; Lorry; Leopard; Lolly; Latchkey; Lettuce; LandRover; Lamp; Leaf; Letter Box; Lemon; Lizard; Lighthouse; Lamp-post; Litter Bin; Lemonade; Lantern; another Leaf; Letter; Leek; Ladybird.



Tiger's going to paint
the fruit
With yellows, reds and
blues.
You paint it all, and
Tiger too.
Which colours will *you*
choose?

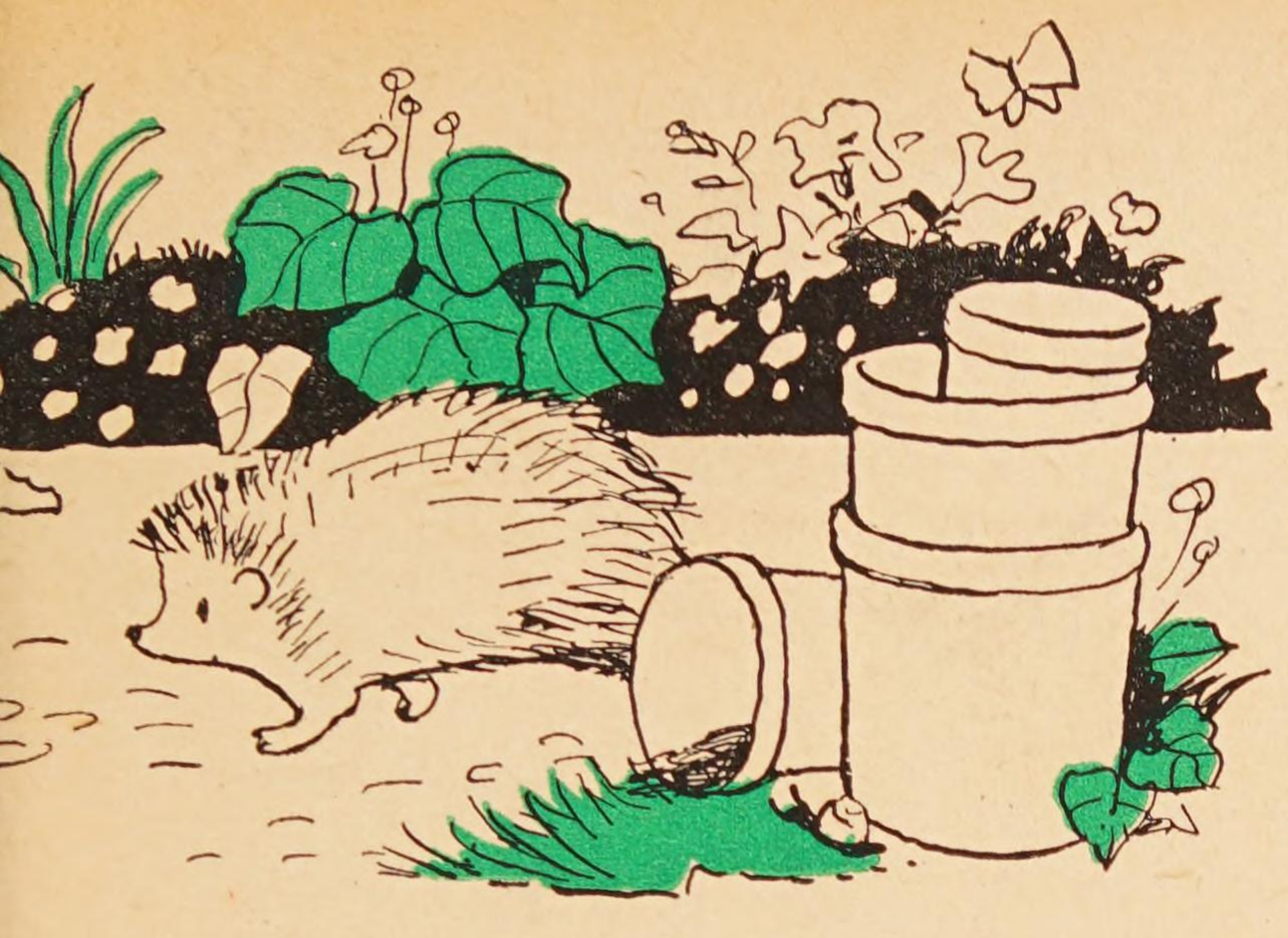
PRICKLY, the HEDGEHOG



THE baby hedgehog crept quietly over the grass. It was a lovely night with a full moon.

"You may walk round the garden all by yourself, Prickly," said Mummy hedgehog. "But keep to the paths, and don't touch anything."

Prickly trotted away on his short little legs, but he soon got tired of the dull paths and wandered across the grass. Presently he came to a tiny garden surrounded by a low wall. He walked all round it, but he couldn't find a door anywhere. He scrambled on top of the wall and fell with a plonk on to some lettuces. But, oh dear, he couldn't get out again. Part of the

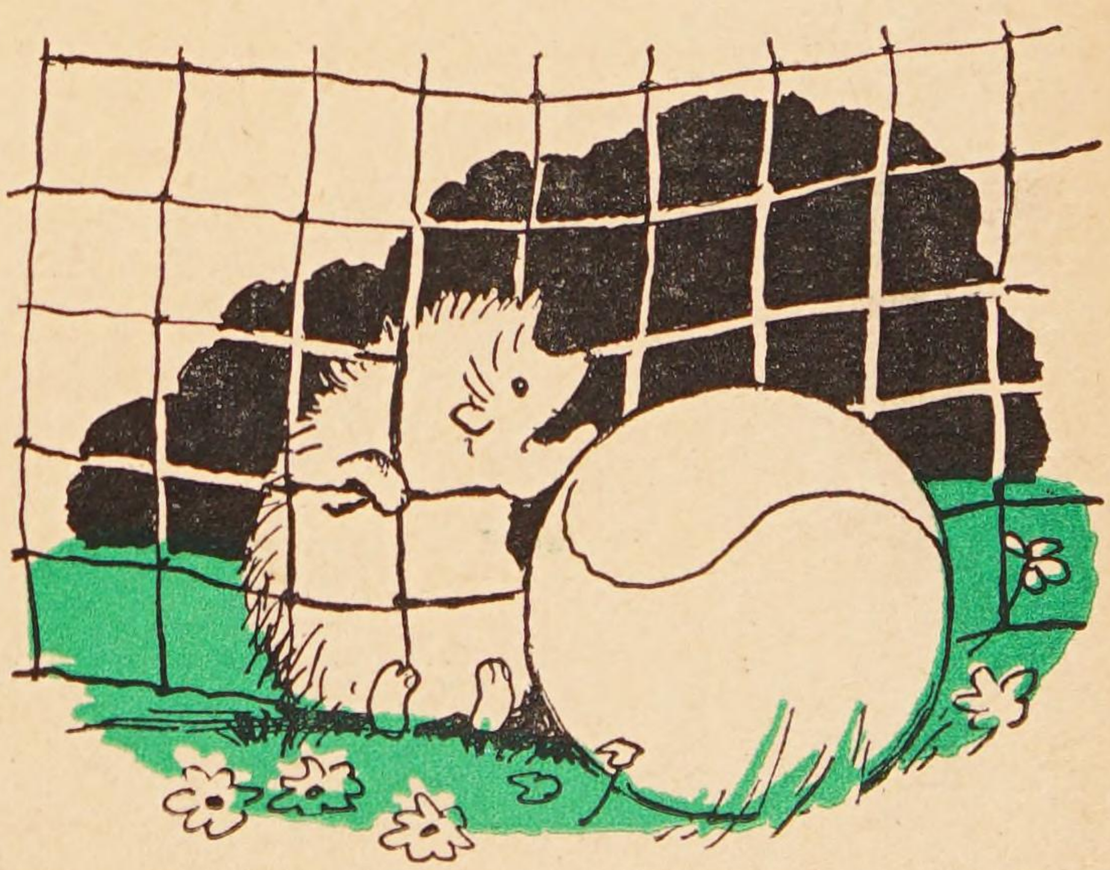


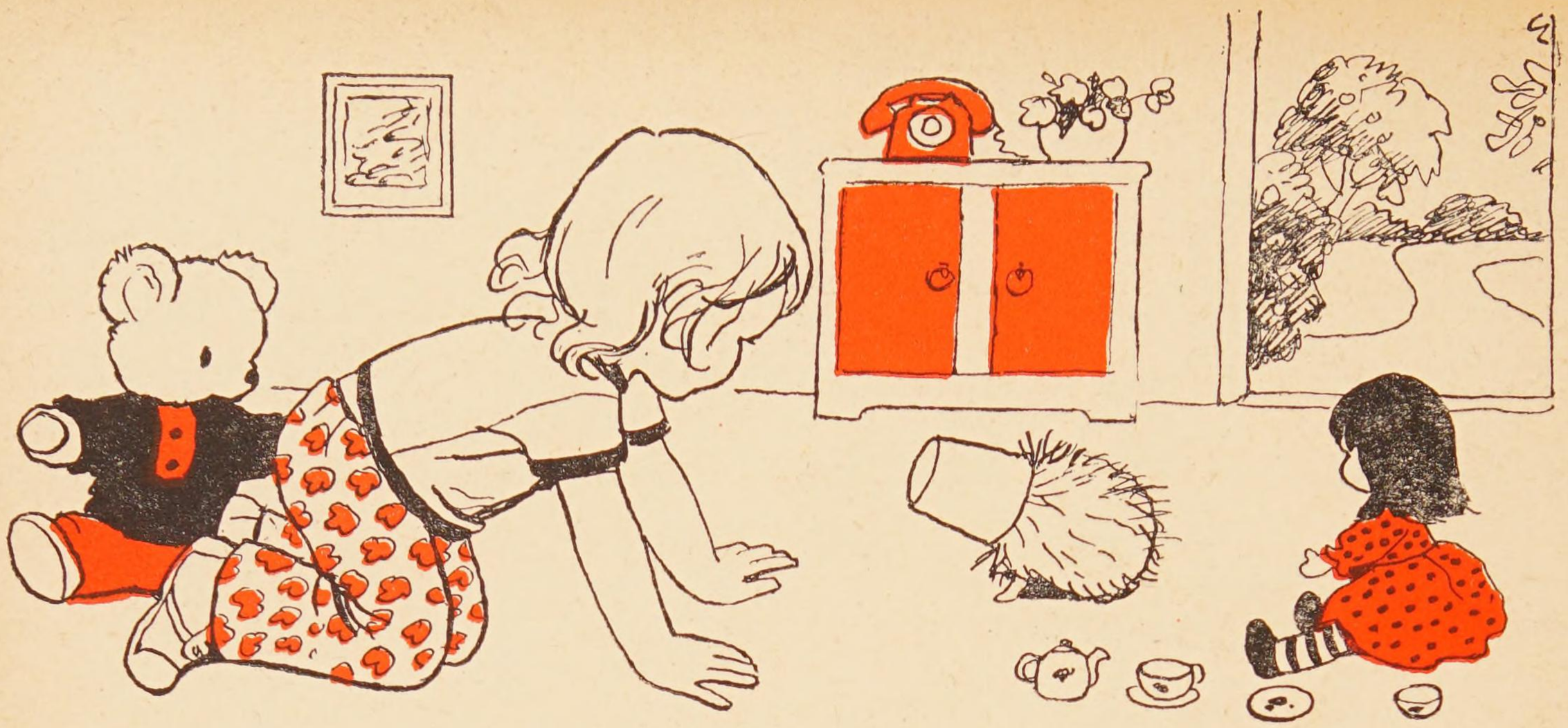
garden had a glass roof. He squeaked very loudly, and his Mummy came running along.

"Silly Prickly," she said. "How did you manage to fall into a garden frame? You must keep to the paths."

Prickly promised he would, but suddenly he saw something white and round on the lawn. He must find out what it was. He went quickly across the grass and ran straight into a great big net. Mummy soon heard his frightened squeaks.

"It was only a tennis ball," she said, as she and Daddy hedgehog untangled all Prickly's little spines from the tennis net. "Now I think you had better stay here while Daddy and I have our milk first, because last night you spilt it all over yourself," said Mummy hedgehog sternly. Prickly





looked at his mother with his little black beady eyes and sat down sadly on the lawn. Presently his little nose began to twitch. He could smell something good to eat. Off he trotted following the delicious smell. It was coming from a little white carton on the ground. He pushed his snout into it, and his little pink tongue went in and out, lick, lick, as his prickly head went further and further in, until all the lovely sour cream was gone.

Prickly gave a contented sigh and tried to pull his head out, but it wouldn't come. He tried and tried, but the little white carton was firmly fixed upon his head.

He squeaked and squeaked, but his Mummy couldn't hear him. The little white carton went

tap, tap, as he stumbled along, for he couldn't see where he was going. Suddenly he fell over a step and his feet sank into a carpet.

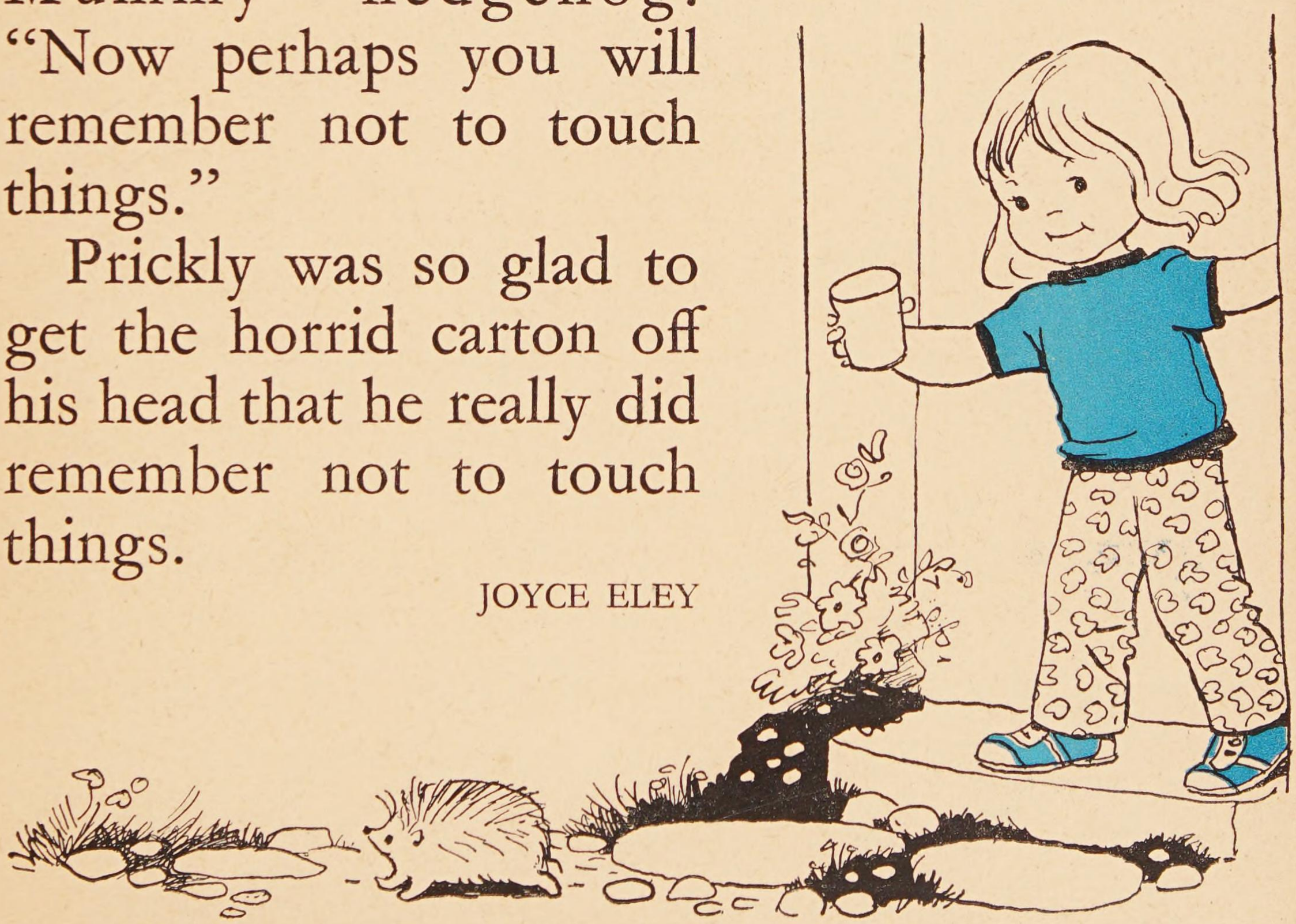
"What a funny looking hedgehog," said a little girl. Then she pulled the carton off Prickly's head. He stood blinking in the light too scared to move. Suddenly he heard a snuffling noise outside. He turned and ran across the grass to his Mummy and Daddy.

"Lucky for you that the kind little girl who gives us supper every night helped you," said Mummy hedgehog.

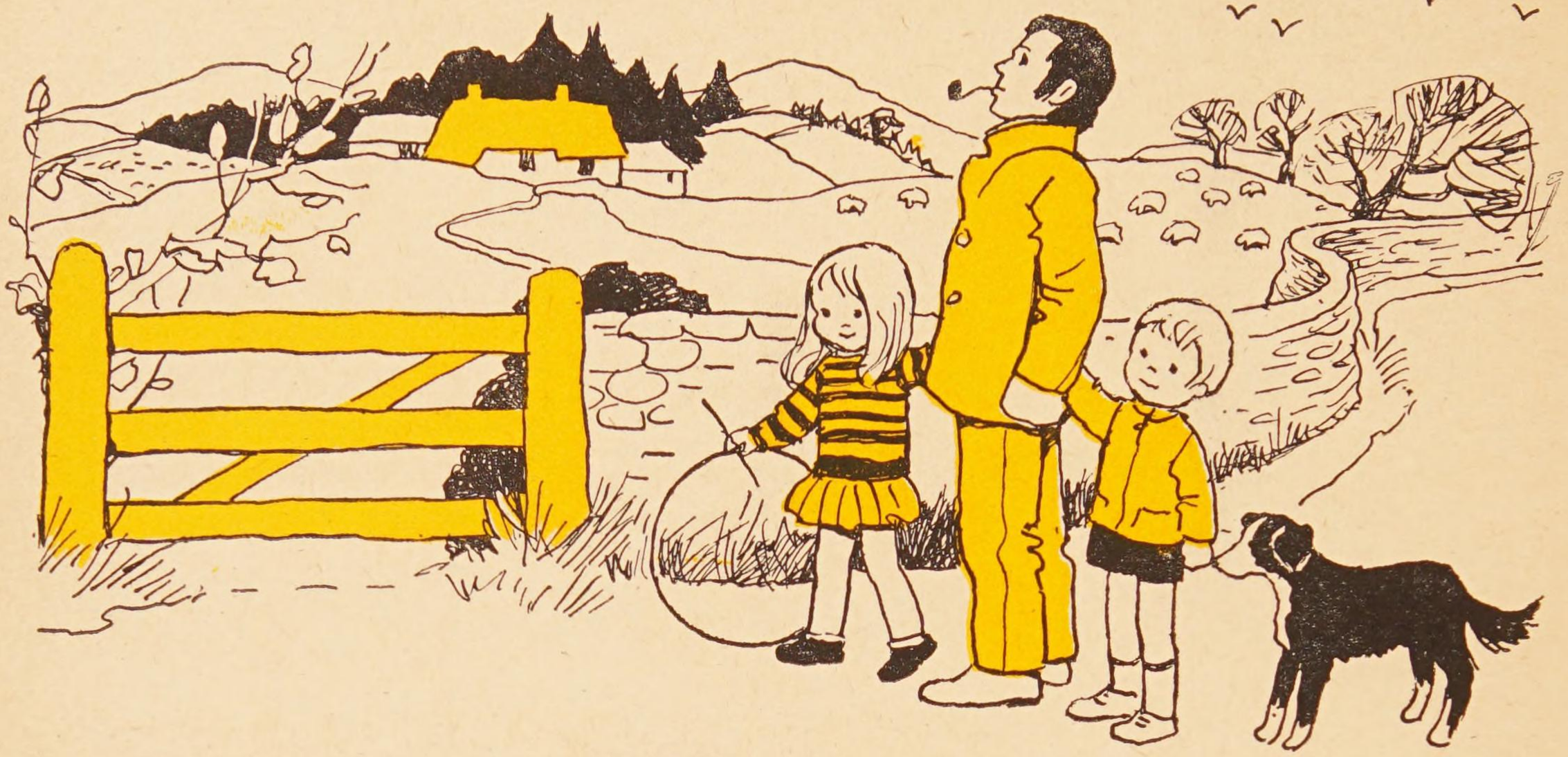
"Now perhaps you will remember not to touch things."

Prickly was so glad to get the horrid carton off his head that he really did remember not to touch things.

JOYCE ELEY



The WINTER CUCKOO



UNTIL a few weeks ago, Nell and Colin had lived in a far-away country where there was never any snow, but now, after a sail across the sea in a big steamship, they were staying on their Uncle Roy's farm while their Mother and Father were looking for a new house in the town where they were going to live.

It was winter time when Nell and Colin came to the farm, and one day, after they had been counting the sheep on the hillside with Tess, the sheepdog, Uncle Roy looked up at the grey clouds in the sky and said he was sure it was going to snow that very night, and the children

were very excited because they had never seen *real* snow, though they had, of course, seen pictures of it in their picture books.

Uncle Roy was quite right—it *did* snow that night—and when the children came downstairs next morning, it was still snowing. After breakfast, they went out into the garden, which looked like a white fairyland, and tried to catch the snowflakes as they drifted down.

"As this is the first snow you've ever seen, you must make a wish," said Uncle Roy.

"I wish we could hear the cuckoo," said Colin.

"So do I!" said Nell. "We've never heard a young cuckoo!"

"But the cuckoos always go away for the

winter, and they won't fly back again till the spring," said Uncle Roy.

"Well, I'm still going to wish to hear the cuckoo," said Colin.

"So am I!" said Nell.

While the children were wishing, Uncle Roy had a very bright idea indeed, but, saying nothing about it, he went back to the house. After he had gone, they built a big snowman, using small pieces of coal for his eyes and nose, and then they popped an old hat belonging to a scarecrow on his icy-cold head and wrapped a muffler round his neck.

"Hurrah, for our very first snowman!" cried Nell.

"Hurrah!" cried Colin.

Suddenly, they heard a cuckoo calling.

"Why, that's a cuckoo!" cried Colin.

"But it can't be," said Nell. "Uncle Roy said

that there aren't any cuckoos in England in winter."

They heard it again. "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

"It's coming from the oak tree," said Nell.

As they ran up to the tree they heard it again and again, only louder this time. "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

"Our wish *has* come true after all!" cried Colin.

"I *knew* it would!" cried Nell.

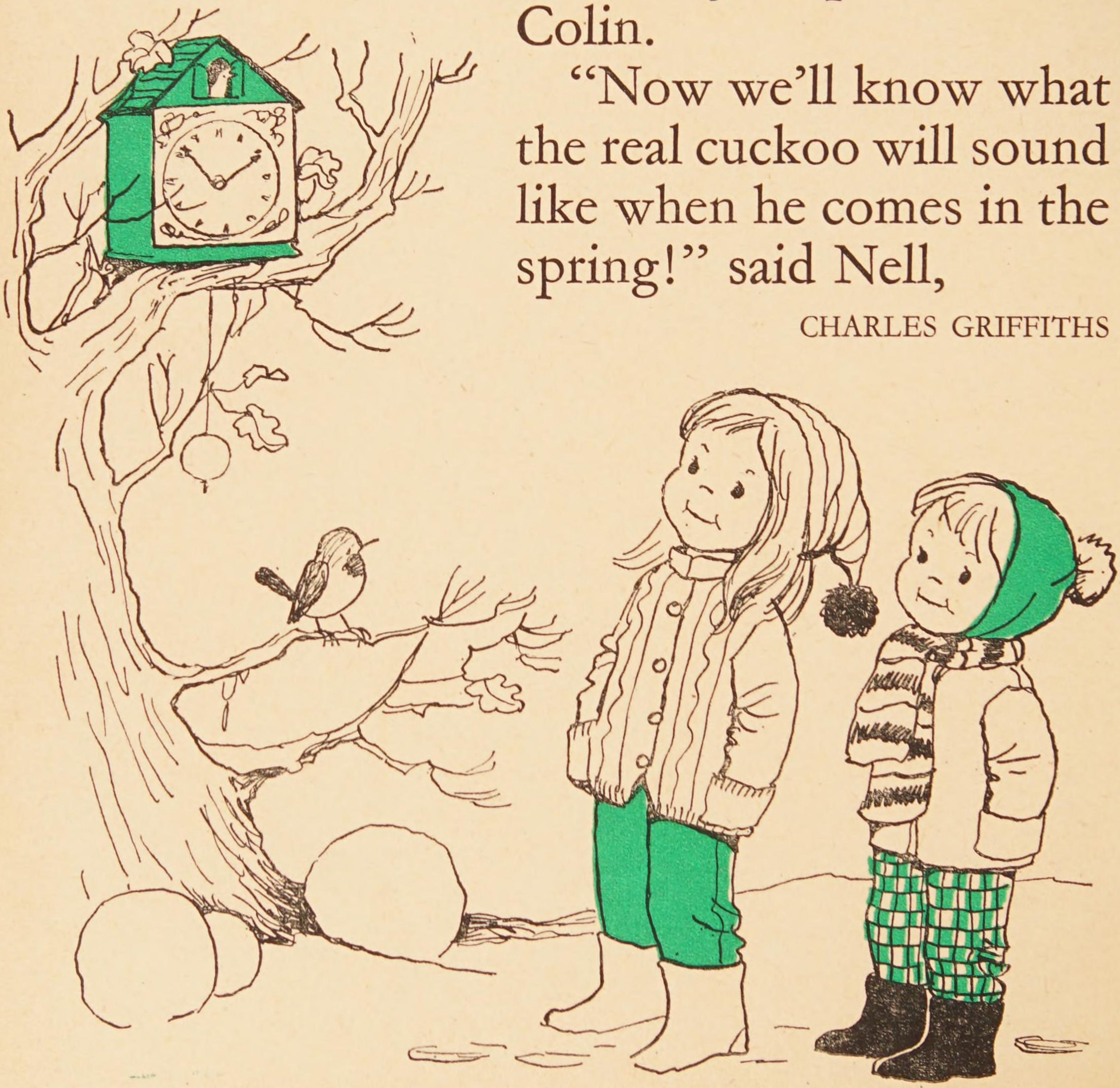
"It isn't a *real* cuckoo," said Uncle Roy, coming from the other side of the oak tree, "but as you wanted to hear a cuckoo, I thought I'd

surprise you by fixing my old cuckoo clock to the tree. The clock doesn't work properly, so, to make the cuckoo sing, I turned the big finger of the clock round and round."

Nell and Colin looked up at the tiny cuckoo peeping out of his tiny door under the roof of the clock. "I think it was a *lovely* surprise!" cried Colin.

"Now we'll know what the real cuckoo will sound like when he comes in the spring!" said Nell,

CHARLES GRIFFITHS



HOUSEKEEPER WANTED IN ELFLAND

TOMMY, Tickle and Tuppence were arguing.

"It's my turn to clean the windows," said Tommy.

"No, it's your turn to do the mending," replied Tickle.

"You're both wrong," said Tuppence. "It's my turn to clean the windows and Tickle's turn to mend the socks—and they certainly need mending," he said, looking at his big toe poking out of a large hole in his sock.

"What about me, then?" asked Tommy. "What do I do?"

"Er, let me think," answered Tuppence. "I know. It's your turn to fetch the vegetables from the market."

"Bother!" said Tommy. "I wanted to play hide and seek with Marty Mouse."

The three elves lived together in a cosy little house inside the trunk of a large oak tree, and although they tried hard to look after themselves, they could never decide whose turn it was to do the different jobs.

"It would be nice if we had a little garden," said Tommy, "then we could grow our own vegetables. They're so heavy to carry back from the market."

"I wish we could get socks that didn't wear out," said Tickle.

"What we really need," said Tuppence, the

oldest and most sensible, "is someone to look after us. Someone who can clean and mend and bake and do all the washing. Then we would have time to look after a little garden where we could grow fruit and vegetables."

"I know," exclaimed Tommy. "Let's put a notice on the poster tree asking if anyone would like the job."

So Tickle, who was the neatest at writing, made out a notice. It said:

WANTED
A housekeeper
to look after three elves.
Must be good at cleaning,
cooking, mending, washing.
Apply: Oak Tree Cottage.

The first to apply was Mrs. Rosie Rabbit.

Mr. Rabbit had run away so Mrs. Rabbit now had to look after herself and her six babies. But, although she was quite good at all the jobs, there simply was not enough room in Oak Tree Cottage for a large rabbit and six small ones.

Next came Mrs. Tilly Thrush. All her babies had grown up and flown away and she was bored sitting alone in her nest. But because she ate only worms and snails, her cooking was dreadful although she could clean and mend very well.

Tommy, Tickle and Tuppence were beginning to think they would never find

anybody to look after them, when along came Miss Sophie Spider.

She cleaned the windows and at the same time polished the furniture. Then she baked some delicious cakes whilst mending two pairs of socks.

"Wonderful!" echoed Tommy, Tickle and Tuppence. "Why, with all those legs and arms she'll get everything done in no time."

So Miss Sophie Spider was given the job as housekeeper and moved into Oak Tree Cottage. She kept the house as clean as a new pin and the three elves smart and tidy.

Tommy, Tickle and Tuppence were able to make their garden and eventually opened a little shop in which they sold all the vegetables they didn't need themselves.

SHEILA M. WILSON

THE CASTLE IN THE CLOUDS

"OH, dear," exclaimed Mary, "I am so hot. I think I will sit by the river and watch the swans."

The swans were just coming along, and behind them came little boats; sitting curled up in the boats were girls dressed as water lilies.

"Hallo?" called Mary. "Who are you? I do not remember seeing you before."

"We are the mermaids from the castle lake in the clouds," they replied.

"But the river looks different now," said Mary. "Those pretty flowers along the side are not usually there."

"We wave our wands as we go along," said one of the mermaids, "and the flowers come with us."

Mary noticed then that each mermaid had a small wand, like those the fairies use, and as she watched a lovely fairy appeared in the centre of the little boats.

"Shall we give one of our ballets for the little mortal girl?" she asked the mermaids.

"Oh, that would be lovely!" said Mary. "Please do."

The fairy waved her wand and the ballet started. The small water-lily mermaids stood up on their little boats and danced on their tails.

Then the flowers along the river bank came to life and danced in among the mermaids. It was pretty. Mary was sorry when it was finished.

"And now," said the fairy, "we must away to our castle in the clouds."

"I have never heard of a castle in the clouds," said Mary. "I wish I could see it."

"Would you like to come with us?" asked the fairy.

"Oh, thank you," replied Mary.

"Come along, then," said the fairy, and she helped Mary into one of the boats. Then she waved her wand, and all the boats and flowers began to sail upwards towards the clouds.

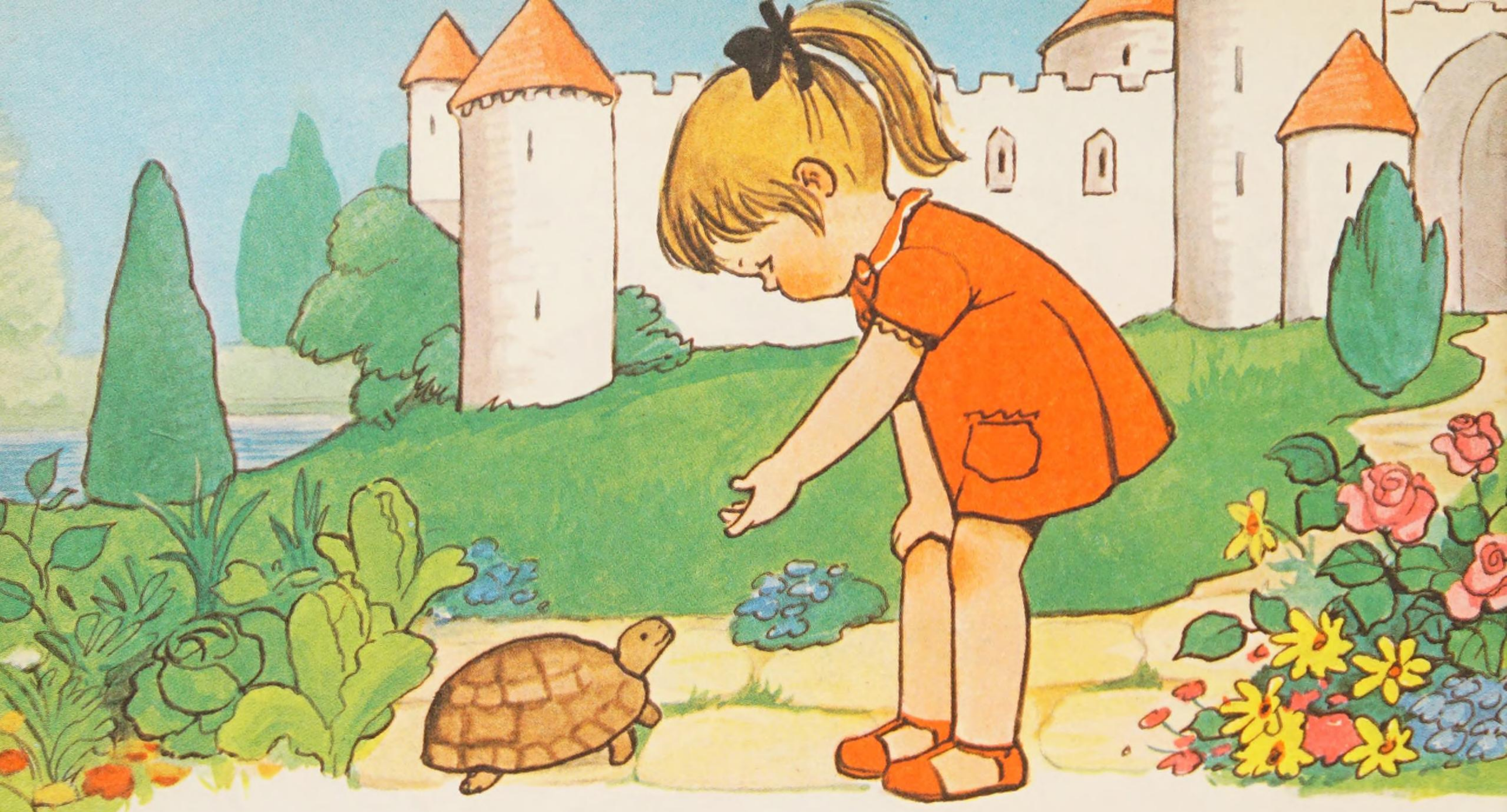
Up and up they went, and then Mary saw through the clouds a lovely castle. It looked just like the one in her fairy story book. Then the clouds disappeared, and the boats floated on to a large lake in front of the castle.

"This is our real home," explained the fairy, "but just now and again we go along the river to find a little mortal girl and bring her to see the castle."

"It is lovely!" replied Mary.

"We are going to float on the lake for a little while," said the fairy. "Perhaps you would like to have a little walk and look at the flowers."

Mary walked towards the flowers; they were pretty, such lovely bright colours. Just beyond the flowers



were rows of lettuce and carrots and many other vegetables. Mary thought she saw a movement by the lettuce and went along to have a look. It was a big tortoise.

"Do not be afraid," he said. "I will not hurt you."

"You look very sad," said Mary.

"I am not really a tortoise," he replied. "A wicked witch came into our gardens one night and she turned me into a tortoise. I am really Prince Rupert of the Castle in the Clouds. The good fairy has banished her now, but she cannot turn me back into a Prince, as the witch said only a little mortal girl could do that."

"I am a mortal girl," said Mary. "Please tell me what I have to do."

"I cannot tell you," replied Prince Rupert, "as the witch said a mortal girl must think of it herself."

Mary began thinking of the fairy stories in her book. There was one story where a Prince who had become a tortoise had been changed back to a Prince again. It was when a small girl kissed him because he had been kind to her.

"I have thought of the way it was done once in my story book," said Mary. "Shall I try?"

"Oh, please do," said the Prince.

Mary picked him up and kissed him, and as she did so he turned into the most handsome Prince.

"Thank you," he said. "It is wonderful to be a Prince again. Let us go back to the castle."

The fairy and mermaids were so glad to see their Prince again.

Then Prince Rupert took Mary over the castle, and when it was time for her to return home they went back to the lake, where the fairy helped her into one of the little boats and they floated back to the field by the river bank.

"Good-bye, fairy dear," said Mary. "It was lovely going to the Castle in the Clouds, and I am so glad I was able to help Prince Rupert."

MAY KENT