

Puffin Post

FOUNDER
MEMBERS
GRAND
COMPETITION

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The Official Voice of the Puffin Club ★ Founded 1967 ★

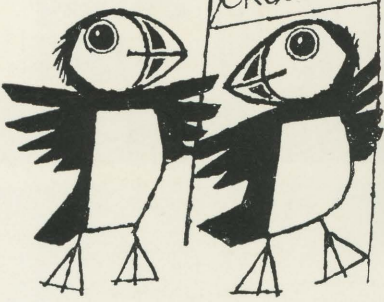
*I say old boy
shall we join this
new club?*

*Good idea, I hear they
have some p'super prizes*

*Haha. They don't know I'm
already a Founder Member*



BIEN VENU SVEICINATI
 WITAC χαίρε
 BROHORITJE त्वगत
 CROUSAWU HUANYING
 TAU FIEFRA CROUSAWA

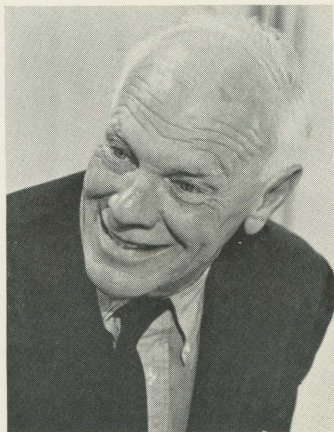


Kaye Webb and friends at the Children's Book Centre in Church Street, Kensington.

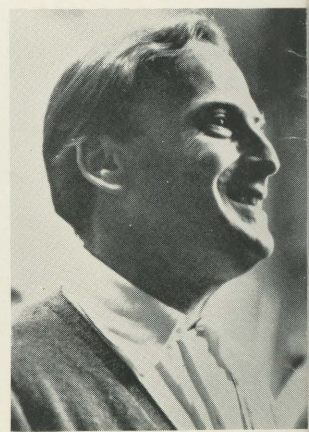


JOYCE GRENFELL writes the songs and sketches for her stage appearances.

WRITING
 IN THIS
 ISSUE



MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, former Editor of Punch, famous author and TV personality

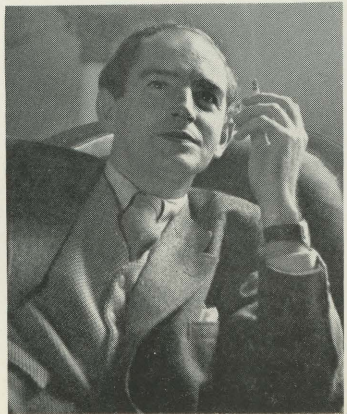


YEHUDI MENUHIN has been a great violinist since he was 10. He likes to practise yoga.

WOLCUMMA
 HAERE MAI
 VERWELKOM
 РАДУШНО



CHRISTOPHER FRY, famous playwright who has also been actor, director and composer



C. WALTER HODGES, author and artist, lectures in art and lives in Sussex.



HARRY SECOMBE, famous comedian and singer, likes golf, cricket and photography





s this is such an important occasion, our first letter in our first issue, we wanted to say something special. But the trouble with words is that they get used too much. Take 'Welcome' for instance. It's a good word, isn't it? Perhaps it was first coined when a jolly old innkeeper said to some weary travellers, 'You are well-come to my house, my lords,' and lots of pretty little serving wenches, bobbing up and down, echoed him, 'Well-come,' 'well-come,' and perhaps a tired little boot-boy put the two words together and muttered 'Welcome' as he plunged up a dark staircase with a load of heavy baggage.

Anyway *this* jolly Clubkeeper bids all you travellers welcome to this Club and hopes you will find pleasure here.

And you are travellers, you know. 'Journeying boys'-and girls, discovering new things to think about as well as to see and do as you travel through life, acquiring skill as well as knowledge and experience and the skill which will lead you to the greatest rewards is that of reading. If you choose wisely you can share adventures which leave you gasping, conversations which keep you fascinated, you can discover how people think, why they behave as they do. You can carry the world in your pocket.

The Puffin Club is mainly for Readers, so as well as amusing you, we want this magazine to help you find and choose the sort of books you really like, and as you will see in the pages that follow, we want you to write for it as well.

It's odd to have a Club like this where we share so many experiences and yet some of us may never get a chance to meet. We shall do our best though. For instance, we hope to meet some of you on Lundy Island this summer (see the Founder Members' Competition on page 13.)

We'll be writing to you again in June, in the meantime best wishes and good luck with the competitions.

Kaye Webb.

P.S We still need a Club Motto, (see page 20.)

P.P.S. Don't forget to look for the LUCKY PUFFINS.



WHAT'S IN THIS ISSUE

★ **PUFFINS**, *Fratercula Arctica* or Little Brother of the Arctic ... 'Stands to reason' as Worzel Gummidge would say (there's a letter from him on page 8), members of a Puffin Club ought to know all there is to know about Puffins. So we've collected information from lots of experts, and you'll find the results on page 12.

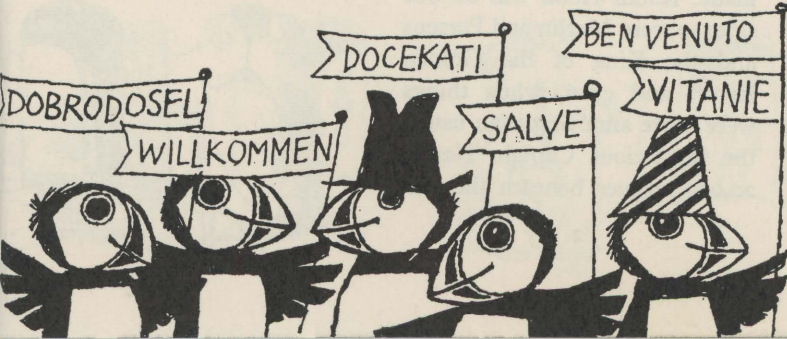
★ **AUTHORS**. *Your* authors; we want you to know what they are like. And who better to start with than P.L.Travers, creator of 'Mary Poppins'. Janet Graham, who wrote the article, is one of the few people to have had the chance of really talking to her (See page 3.)

★ **BOOKS** We can't think of a better way of persuading you that what you read is important than asking a lot of interesting, nice and talented people to tell you what *they* read when *they* were young (page 14).

★ **STORIES**. There are two complete ones on pages 9 and 17.

★ **COMPETITIONS**. Seven to suit all types of members artists, historians, poets, puzzle solvers, faithful readers and philosophers.

★ **PICTURES, POEMS and ARTICLES**. There's a bit of everything, but if you want something else *just write and tell us*. Remember, we want you to contribute at least a quarter of the next issue yourselves.





In Praise of Reading

NAOMI LEWIS

Some time ago, a lady was looking after a family of children for a few days while their mother was away. 'What do you think!' she reported later. 'They asked to go on a picnic – and set off with huge piles of books under their arms. Even the baby!'

I remember that day for I was one of those children, but I am certain that the lady exaggerated slightly. I don't think we took more than two books each. Apart from anything else, they were heavy – in those days there were very few children's paperbacks. Oddly enough, I am not sure what exactly we took. One might have been *THE RED FAIRY BOOK* (indeed, the worn-out copy I now have still has grains of sand inside) and perhaps, for my sister or for me, *LITTLE WOMEN* or *ANNE OF GREEN GABLES* or *THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN*. My older brother may have carried a stirring tale called *THE ROVER OF THE ANDES* or that splendid school story *THE FIFTH AT ST DOMINIC'S* (He rather liked encyclopedias too.) And for the baby, whose pushchair was so convenient, we very likely packed in a volume of nursery rhymes or a handed-down favourite called *WEE TONY*, or another called *THE WEATHERCOCK*.



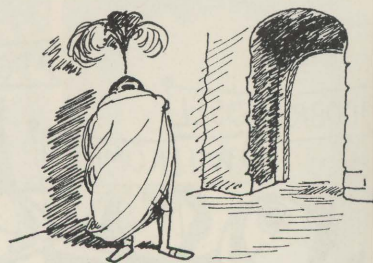
But what we couldn't really understand was the lady's surprise – what would a picnic be without books? And with books how could we ever be bored or dull? They held the answers to everything. Their plots could give us endless notions for games or for acting out plays on tedious walks. If we felt hungry (and who does not between supper and breakfast?) the descriptions of meals in dormitories or on desert islands were peculiarly satisfying. We learnt ideas for codes and secret languages used by knocking on bedroom walls or by passing on notes under the dinner table. When we were misunderstood, by parents or teachers, we felt that we were the ones for whom magical carpets, golden keys and seven-league boots were made. Robin Hood was on our side, so were Merlin and Perseus and the King of the Golden River – and even, when things were more annoying than usual, the mysterious Captain Nemo, 20,000 leagues beneath the sea.

The day was never long enough for all the thrilling quests they set before us, or for finding the answers to their mysteries – for instance, who really stole the silver sports cup at St Bride's? Where did the giant keep his heart? How *was* Curdie going to save the princess Irene?

I have read many books since that day, of many kinds, but I have never stopped marvelling at the magical power they can hold.

Each one is a private friend, speaking to us alone, always waiting, never out of temper, telling us, whenever we want it, all that we long to know. Every book holds an invitation, making its reader a welcomed and honoured guest, free from all harm in the wildest and strangest places in the world in bygone or future time. It can dissolve the walls of the dullest room in the dullest town, and no one seeing you sitting there can have any idea how far you have escaped. Without even moving a step you can enter the dark enchanted forest with the rustling silver leaves, there *is* a path that leads to the castle, and the child with a book is the one who knows how to find the way.

Sir Puff



MEET YOUR AUTHOR



P. L. TRAVERS

by Janet Graham

'A Writer is like a Fox dancing alone..'



'I live by the King's Road, not very far from a place called the World's End' said a mysterious voice on the telephone. *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, I thought – what a suitable address for the author of *Mary Poppins*!

Half an hour later, I was climbing three flights of stairs to the sunny studio of P.L.Travers' Chelsea house. I couldn't resist looking behind me to watch her – would she slide up the banister rail like *Mary Poppins*? But she walked up in the usual way.

'Oh no, I'm *not* *Mary Poppins*,' she assured me, laughing. 'I'm quite ordinary' And she doesn't look a bit like her she is warm and lively and curly-haired with wise, alert blue eyes. Her head is a little like Mrs Hickory's in *MARY POPPINS IN THE PARK*, and you can find her and her illustrator Mary Shepard hanging from balloons together in the full page drawing of *Balloons and Balloons* in *MARY POPPINS*

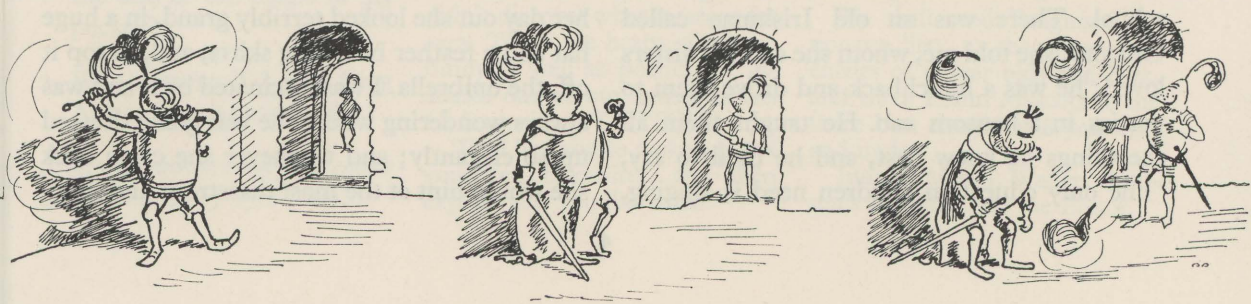
COMES BACK (see next page).

She told me that she had spent her childhood in the sub-tropical sunshine of Australia. 'Like William Blake's *Little Black Boy* – you know the poem? – *My Mother bore me in the southern wild*'

Was *Mary Poppins* based on her mother, I wanted to know But she shook her head at that and told me they had nothing in common. 'My mother was like a deer in the forest, delicate, gentle and pretty. But when she was displeased she had a particular kind of quick, angry, racy walk – and perhaps I borrowed *that* for *Mary Poppins*. If you were being naughty, my mother's doe-like eye darkened and sharpened until it was like the eye of a snake – and that was enough. You stopped.'

'And were you a very naughty child?'

P.L.Travers pondered the question; she always thinks a long time before giving an



answer. 'Well - I wasn't a horse-rustler or a shop-breaker or anything like that. But I think I must have been tremendously inventive and that got me into great trouble. When I was about seven, I decided that what I wanted to be when I grew up was a dentist; simply because tipping back my younger sister in a chair and poking her teeth with a piece of stick seemed to me a terribly satisfying occupation, but less so I fancy to my sister!'

I wondered whether she had wanted to be a writer, as well as a dentist. She told me that she did write as a child, all the time, but nobody thought it especially important, just another activity like taking a bath or running races or playing hide-and-seek. 'My sisters tell me that when we were small I used to tell them stories about Mary Poppins. I can't remember that at all. But I will tell you something very odd '

When P.L.Travers starts to tell a story she drops her voice, and you almost hold your breath to listen.

'When I was about three years old, one of my favourite books was *THE THREE LITTLE FOXES*. They were called Ringo, Bingo and Little Lubilee - don't you love those names?' Years went by, so the story went, P.L.Travers grew up and came to England, was an actress, a writer and a traveller, and wrote the Mary Poppins books, and many others including *I GO BY SEA I GO BY LAND* and *THE FOX AT THE MANGER*. 'And then, not so long ago, I took that little book from the shelf. And there on the title page in clear round childish writing was the name - *Mary Poppins*. Isn't that strange?'

I asked P.L.Travers about her schooldays, and I got the impression that to her mind most of the important things are learned outside school. There was an old Irishman called Gregory, she told me, whom she and her sisters loved; he was a hunchback and drove them to parties in a hansom cab. He taught them all the things he knew best, and he used to say, 'The only education children need is singing,



dancing, and a *thorough* knowledge of the stars and constellations.'

'It was Gregory who taught us the noble art of spitting. He taught us the long spit, the drop spit, and last of all when we were very advanced, the over-the-shoulder spit.' She turned her head, 'I think I could still, if I tried, do it for you now!'

Keeping my distance, I wanted to hear about more of her childhood friends. 'Well, I always loved servants. We had various people from time to time helping in the house. One of them I think was called Bertha and she had a parrot-headed umbrella. Every time she went off on her day out she looked terribly grand, in a huge hat and a feather boa, long skirts, and, to top it off, the umbrella. I was fascinated by it and was always wondering where she was going dressed up so elegantly; and whenever she came back she would hint at the most disastrous and mag-

nificent goings-on in her private world of which I knew so little, and where all that happened seemed to me fabulous.'

When P. L. Travers saw me scribbling all this in my notebook she said anxiously, 'Oh, you mustn't say that Bertha was Mary Poppins. She wasn't – not at all! You see, authors don't just remember, or even invent, the characters in their books. A writer is someone who sits and listens inside himself. A character comes along unexpectedly and taps him on the shoulder and says, "Well here I am, what are you going to do with me?"'

'When Mary Poppins came to me like that, it was as though a bird had suddenly hopped upon my finger. If that happened to you, you wouldn't ask any unnecessary questions – "Where did this bird come from? Where will it go?" You would just be grateful that it had chosen to visit you for a moment.'

And now it was time for me to go – Spit, Spot, into a cab. But before I left I asked, 'Were the

Mary Poppins books written for any particular children?'

'Oh no! I don't write *for* children! It is difficult to explain. Perhaps I write because a book wants to write itself in me. Beatrix Potter wrote to please herself. Perhaps I do too. Then afterwards, if there are children and grown-ups who like it, I feel I am very lucky

'To explain about writing, let me tell you what I saw, one day, in the country'

Her story-telling voice once more sent shivers down my spine.

'I was out very early on a summer morning and there suddenly at the edge of a clearing was a fox dancing, all by himself, up and down on his hind legs, bending like a rainbow, swinging his brush in the sun. There was no vixen near, the birds were not interested, nobody in the world cared. He was doing it for his own pleasure. Perhaps writers such as I am are really foxes, dancing their own particular dance without any thought of a watching eye.'

Alan Garner has set a Puffin Riddle

We'll send a free Puffin of your choice for the first 20 correct replies that we open.

If I put six great Englishmen and twelve dancers together and remove thirteen clocks, the result is fair to middling.

Therefore

1. What do I get when I add a parcel of trees (less the log of the ark) to the magic in my pocket?
2. Who remains if I take King Arthur from Auntie Robbo?

Send your answers and your choice of Puffin to us by 15th May.

The Editor's Competition . . . Wonderful Words

Even if they don't always realise it, everyone has favourite words. Words they like to say, or read or write, because of the pictures and feelings they conjure up, or even the sort of sound they make.

One of ours is FORLORN, your Club Secretary says she has always liked TWILIGHT, and Christopher Fry says he remembers the happiness he felt when he first encountered the word FRUGAL, though he didn't discover what it meant for ages. There are heaps of others, funny as well as poetic, for instance one of our artists insists *his* favourite is TWITCH

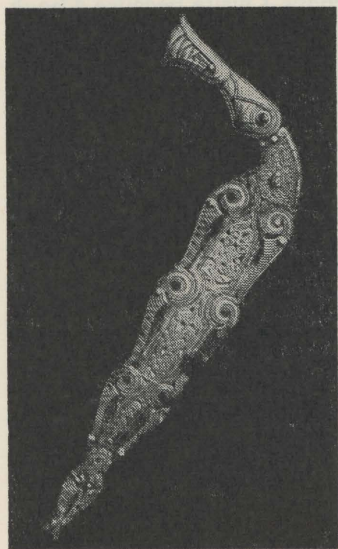
We'd like you to make a list of your ten favourites, and then explain why you like them.

shining moth
HAZE mutter
frankincense
pink CRUMPLE
TERRIBLE MIST DOBBED
POP FURRY
SHIMMER taffeta
salamander comfrey

We shall send Penguin Dictionary Sets to the three best entries of 9 year olds and over, and three Puffin Mascots to the three best entries of 8 year olds and under

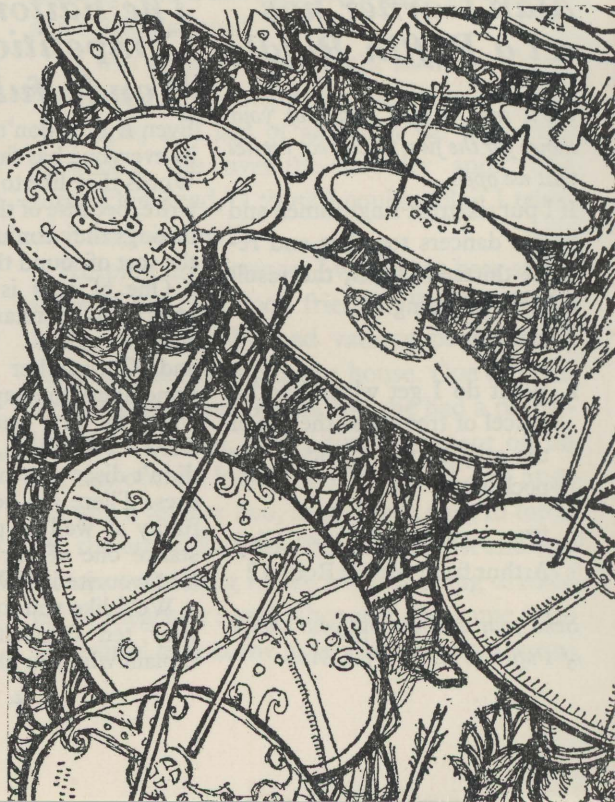
Judges Miss J Waller, children's librarian and the Editor.

Below, gilt-bronze winged dragon from a 7th century shield, in the Sutton Hoo Collection.



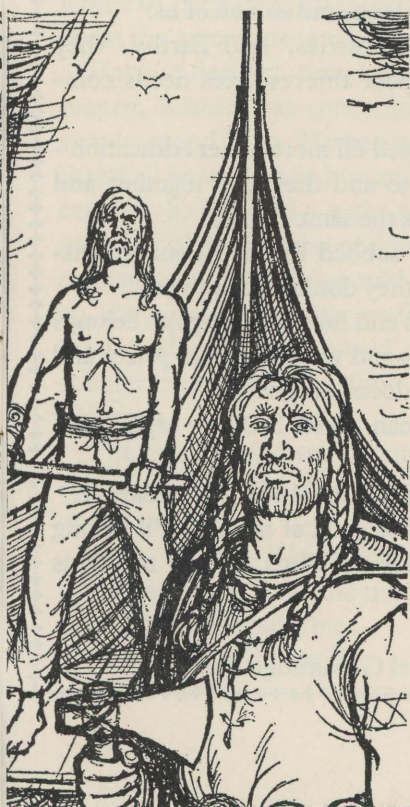
Above right, a 7th century helmet, found at Sutton Hoo. A jewel, inscribed *Alfred Mec Heht Gewyrca* (Alfred caused me to be made). To be seen at the British Museum, photographs by courtesy of the Trustees.

Below, three of C. Walter Hodges' illustrations for *THE NAMESAKE*. The carved prow of a longship with drowning men clinging to the post. A battle scene, Saxons were famous for fine metalwork on their shields.



HOW AN ARTIST DRAWS HISTORY

by
C. Walter Hodges
author of
THE NAMESAKE



Your Editor has asked me to write about my approach to illustrating historical subjects. How, for instance, do I reconstruct, or recreate the appearance of Anglo-Saxon England in **THE NAMESAKE**, the England of over one thousand years ago?

I suppose the first thing to say is that in a strict historical sense, the illustrator's version of history is more likely to be a fiction based on relics such as flint stones, cooking pots, spears. These will then be boiled up in the juice of his own style of drawing and the dish that is served up will be say, Anglo-Saxon à la Hodges.

Take helmets, for example. What sort of helmets did Alfred's soldiers wear? Searching through all the available references, I found in the British Museum a curious type of Anglo-Saxon helmet which was discovered in the Sutton Hoo burial ship. This is dated 200 years before Alfred, but it *is* Anglo-Saxon and similar to material described in our greatest Anglo-Saxon epic, **BEOWULF**. Most of the other references for Anglo-Saxon helmets are from a date about 200 years later than Alfred, like the Bayeux Tapestry – which incidentally makes no distinction between Anglo-Saxon and Norman equipment. Thus the illustrator – at any rate *this* illustrator – is likely *a.* to decide on a purely conical helmet which could belong to either period and is ancient, simple and unexceptionable; and *b.* to mingle in with helmets of this kind, bits from Sutton Hoo, bits from Carolingian France (actually of Alfred's period) and bits that he simply makes up, based upon all these references.

However, when all that is done and decided, and the pictures have been accepted as pleasing to one and all, the fact remains that *most* Anglo-Saxon soldiers didn't wear any helmets at all because they couldn't afford them! But for me that would be rather dull and I *like* drawing helmets.

So one's Anglo-Saxon England in this instance – perhaps in all instances of 'historical' reconstruction – is really an artistic creation, for better or for worse. But still one tries to be honest. One wishes to give some insight which will lead towards a recognition of the truth, even if it is not quite true in itself. Besides it is all part of the interest of the job to find out about the 'right' sorts of axes, brooches, cloaks, houses, even if in the end they come out à la Hodges. No artist can help that, and nobody at all can tell him what was the absolute truth. But, cross my heart, I *think* it all looked very like what I have shown – or, rather, it would have looked like that to me, if I'd been there!

And now's *your* chance to go on a voyage of discovery and win:

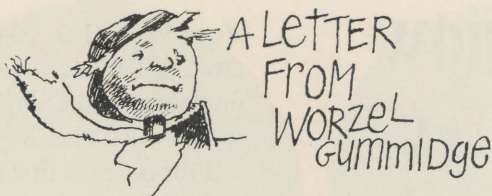
A DAY ON THE TOWN (. . . and see the next Puffin Post being printed)

Just as C. Walter Hodges discovered the remains of a Saxon shield and sword hilt, which helped him in his reconstruction of the life of Alfred in *THE NAMESAKE*, so we'd like you to find some special historic 'relic' which pleases you and sets your imagination working, and then write a story round it.

The action of the story *must take place in your own country* and the relic or relics which start you thinking about it *must be things you've actually seen*.

Probably the best place to visit first is a museum, but if you haven't one near where you live you've certainly got historic houses or churches and graveyards which you can explore.

Once you've found *one thing you like, look for others to go with it*. Then do all the reading and research you can about the period in history you have chosen and, when you think you've got enough facts or clues, start writing. Because some of you may be better at detecting, some at illustrating and some at writing, this competition is best done in a *Group*. We don't insist on this, of course, but we think it may be the best way. For details of Prizes and Rules, see page 24.



Ten Acre Field
Scatterbrook

Dear Human Childers,

It's enough to make anyone sulk. Upsidaisy, the scarecrow that works the school allotments, came trundling up to Ten Acre and said there was gossip goin' on about me, and the school childers were shoutin' that I was the very first Puffin.

'What's a Puffin?' asked Earthy Mangold who happens to be my wife.

'It's a book,' said Upsidaisy, 'you'd know that if you was eddicate.'

A seagull that had been pullin' up a worm near my straw boots, screeched - 'Puffins is birds and they've horny hookey beaks that they moults every year. They waddles when they walk.'

'Poor Puffin-loves!' sobbed Earthy, and she started cryin' green tears, 'they must need a deal o' comfortin'!'

'There's to be a Puffin Club,' said Upsidaisy, 'all the childers as reads Puffin Books is goin' to belong, and so's all of us.'

'I thought clubs is what perlice carries,' said Earthy, 'they chases thieves with 'em till the poor thieves-loves needs comfortin'.'

Upsidaisy interrupted and showed off more of her eddication - 'Clubs is things peoples belong to and they gets together and thinks the same thoughts and likes the same things.'

'Worms casn't like ducklings!' sobbed Earthy, 'Poor worms-loves and poor ducklings-loves if they don't catch worms!'

Upsidaisy went on about Clubs and how the things as belongs to 'em gets on together and thinks and writes and has prizes and parties and does cross-words and doesn't arguefy.

'Stands to reason I'll not demean mesel NOT to arguefy!' I shouted.

'You'd be good at CROSS words, Worzel-love,' said Earthy.

OaH Aye, stands to reason I'll be good at *them*, so I'll belong to that Club and arguefy and scare the birds off - all the birds except PUFFINS.

Your lovin'

Worzel Gummidge

BIG BUSINESS

by Ruskin Bond



It all began in the bazaar Kishan had an eight-anna piece. He had had it since morning and now it was afternoon, and that was far too long a time to keep an eight-anna bit. It was time he spent the money, or some of it.

Having decided that he could spend the money, Kishan was concerned about what he should spend it on. He had prepared a mental list of all he wanted to buy and all he wanted to eat, but he knew the eight-anna piece would only buy him a fraction of what he wanted. His stomach, he decided, should have the option on the coin; and so he made his way to the Sindhi Sweet Shop, tossed the coin on the counter and asked for four annas' worth of jallaybies.

The man behind the counter picked up the coin, tossed it in the air, bit it, and threw it back on the counter

'Bad,' he said. Kishan looked from the coin to the man, and from the man to the chains of spangled golden jallaybies.

'Are you sure?' he said.

'Bad,' repeated the unsympathetic man.

Kishan took the coin back and turned into the road. His mother should have known better than to accept a bad coin and then pass it on to him, now he had to get rid of it somehow.

He wandered through the bazaar, a tousled healthy boy of ten, confident and wide awake. He gazed after the passing balloon man, whose long pole was festooned with balloons of many colours, shapes and sizes, and into the kite-shop and into the sports' shop.

'Where are you off?' said a voice. It was Mohinder Singh, Kishan's Sikh friend, his turban was much too big for him and was almost falling over his eyes. In one hand he held a fishing rod, complete with hook and line.

'I'm not going, bhai, I've been. But I'm getting bored with fishing, the days are too hot.'

Kishan looked covetously at the rod. 'Lend it to me,' he said.

'I'll sell it to you,' said the astute Mohinder. 'One rupee.'

'I've only got eight annas.'

'All right, give me eight annas now and the rest later'

'No, I'll only give you eight annas for it. It's secondhand.'

'Twelve annas.'

'Eight annas.'

'Ten annas.'

'Eight annas.'

'All right, eight annas'

Kishan took the rod and carried on down the bazaar road, more purposeful now, until he reached the crossroads near the clock tower. He waited until a truck came along, a truck that went to the river-bed to be loaded with limestone. He waved and shouted to the driver of the first truck that came along, ran behind the vehicle and climbed on to the carrier at the back. He enjoyed riding at the back of the truck. He could watch the road sliding away from him, and make faces at people on bicycles and in tongas, and laugh as the dust from the fast

driven truck swirled up in the path of oncoming cars and 'buses.

The truck was soon out of the town, trundling along the dry river-bed.

Kishan got down from the truck and commenced walking up the river-bed. There were rocks all over the place, but he searched for fifteen minutes without finding water deep enough for the smallest of fish.

'No wonder Mohinder let me have it for eight annas,' he said to himself. There was nothing to do but return to the bazaar.

He walked down the dusty road, swiping at the branches of trees with the end of the rod. He had reached a few scattered houses when he observed another boy approaching him. The boy was playing a flute and, in the heat-laden silence of the afternoon, the music of the cheap flute sounded quaint and attractive.

The approaching boy caught Kishan's eye and stared back at him. They stood in the road, the stranger with one eye on Kishan's fishing rod, Kishan with one eye on the stranger's flute.

'Been fishing?' asked the boy quite casually.

'Yes,' said Kishan.

'Did you catch any?'

'I caught one,' said Kishan, 'but I was feeling hungry, so I cooked it there and ate it.'

'Are there many fish?'

'Oh yes,' lied Kishan again. 'Lots of them. Big ones too.'

There was another silence. The stranger looked appraisingly at the rod and Kishan's gaze wandered over the flute.

'It's a good flute,' said the boy

Kishan took the flute and examined it; he put it to his mouth and produced a rather wheezy note.

'Not bad,' he said.

The stranger had taken the rod from Kishan and was giving it a look-over. 'Not bad,' he said.

Kishan hesitated no longer. 'Let's exchange,' he said; and the other boy agreed and threw the

fishing rod over his shoulder and went his way; It was the first time they had met, and it would probably be the last, and they promptly forgot each other.

It had all begun in the bazaar, and it ended in the bazaar too.

Kishan began playing the flute, running up and down the notes. To him, they sounded particularly sweet. But by the time he reached the bazaar he was feeling thirsty, and the sight of the lemonade stand didn't do anything to quench his thirst. Besides, people looked at him curiously when he blew on the flute, as though they didn't know what it was or what he was doing, and one or two of his acquaintances even passed sarcastic remarks about his musical abilities.

So when he met Koki, whose father kept a cloth shop, he showed her the flute and asked her if she'd like it.

'Oh, thank you,' she said.

'Eight annas,' said Kishan.

'Oh,' said Koki.

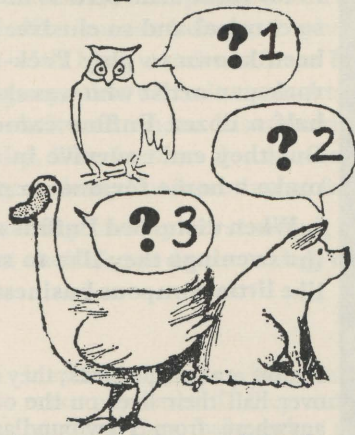
There was one of those eloquent silences that usually cropped up in a conversation with Kishan. In the pause Koki remembered she had to buy a birthday present for a friend; the present was to have cost a rupee, but now she saw her way to making a profit. She opened the little wallet she always carried with her, and placed an eight-anna bit in the palm of Kishan's outstretched hand.

Kishan handed over the flute, and with mounting spirits, made his way to the Sindhi Sweet Shop. It had taken him nearly all day to recover his losses, but at last those jallaybies were attainable. He gave the man behind the counter a withering look, and tossed him the coin. Then he stood back and waited for the jallaybies.

The man behind the counter picked up the coin, tossed it in the air, bit it - and threw it down on the counter.

'Bad,' he said.

Dr Dolittle Competition



As everyone knows, the truly remarkable thing about Dr John Dolittle, MD, was that he could talk to animals. He wrote history books in monkey-talk and poetry in canary language.

The Doctor's special animal friends were—Jip the Dog, Gub-Gub the Pig, Polynesia the Parrot, and Dab-Dab the Duck, Too-Too the Owl, and Chee-Chee the Monkey.

They all loved the Doctor very much but of course, as you'll find out when you read the books, they had very different characters. Dab-Dab for instance was motherly, Polynesia liked giving advice, and Chee-Chee sometimes couldn't help boasting.

The Competition is that we want you to imagine the first thing each of the three in the drawing would say if the Doctor suddenly told them that he had no more money and had to go on another voyage. Put the number in the balloon against the remarks.

Prizes for the ten best remarks — Ten long playing records.

Doublets

This is a kind of puzzle, invented by Lewis Carroll, in which you change one word into another by steps. Starting with one word, you change a single letter in it, making it into a different word; then you change another letter, making another word — and so on, until you have got to the second word you were aiming at.

Here is a doublet worked out. change STEM into LEAF. It can be done like this. STEM SEEM SEAM SEAL DEAL DEAF LEAF. This took 6 changes (6 steps). Or can you see a shorter way?

Now try changing

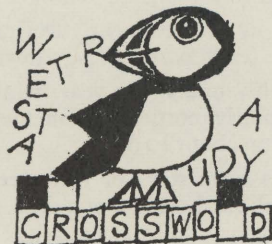
WIRE into FUSE

FISH into BIRD

RAIN into MIST

changing one letter at a time, making a dictionary word at each step.

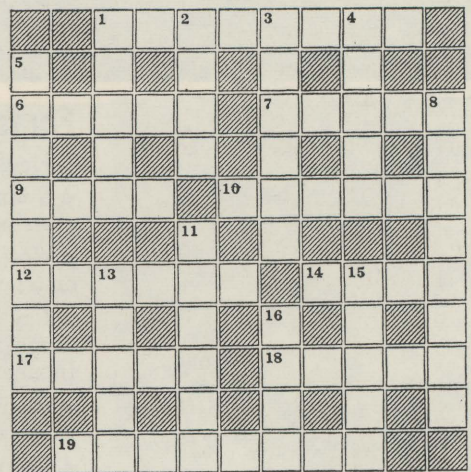
Answers on page 24.



Fill the gap

There is something missing in the middle of each of these sets. How quickly can you fill the gaps?

1. hand,, arm
2. head,, body
3. snow,, steam
4. skin,, bones
5. frog-spawn,, frogs



ACROSS

- 1 You'll come across several members of this family in *David Copperfield* (8)
- 6 Jim Hawkins once hid in this barrel on board the *Hispaniola* (5)
- 7 The country Mary came from in *The Secret Garden* (5)
- 9 The Three — Men followed a 14 across in the East (4)
- 10 Was afraid (6)
- 12 Emperor of Rome at its greatest extent (6)
- 14 Famous actor (4)
- 17 Swiss children's classic you can get in the Puffin series (5)
- 18 — he's in his hammock till the great armadas come' (Sir Henry Newbolt) (5)
- 19 He wrote *The Lady of Shalott* (8)

DOWN

- 1 Famous diarist who wrote eyewitness descriptions of the Great Plague and Fire of London (5)
- 2 Lady Jane — was queen for only nine days (4)
- 3 — Goldsmith was a great friend of Dr Johnson (6)
- 4 This house was ruling in the days of 2 down (5)
- 4 The convict who reformed in *Great Expectations* (8)
- 8 *The Ugly Duckling* is a well-known story by Hans — (8)
- 11 The maid Robin Hood loved (6)
- 13 'I will — and go now, and go to Innisfree' (W. B. Yeats) (5)
- 15 Samuel L. Clemens was the real name of the American humorist Mark — (5)
- 16 Poems (4)



There's nuffin

for there is no bird so merry, so comical and so elusive. Puffins have been known to play Peek-a-Boo on rocks; an artist who was sketching a half a dozen Puffins came along. But they can't survive in captivity. They make a home for one on many.

When disturbed Puffins make noise in the evenings they like to startle like little pompous businessmen.

Puffins are pelagic birds, they spend over half their lives on the ocean anywhere from Newfoundland to the Mediterranean. When they arrive off our coasts in the early Spring they first spend several days on the water choosing their mates. Then they come ashore and reinforce their last year's nesting sites, they evict unhappy rabbits from the



Facts about Puffins

- ★ Height about twelve inches.
- ★ Summer beaks bigger and brighter striped vermilion and yellow
- ★ Nest in burrows or crevices, on a few feathers, pebbles, straw
- ★ Lay only one egg a year, white, round, faintly mottled with mauve. Incubation about 40 days.
- ★ Puffins have rows of little teeth which will hold six fish at a time.
- ★ Recognizable in flight because of large feet, which jut out sideways just before landing.
- ★ Puffins arrive in this country at end of March, leave in August.
- ★ Popular nesting colonies include Hebrides, Shetland Isles, Cornwall, Wales, Farne Islands, Skomer and Skokholm off Pembroke, Flamborough Head, Yorkshire, Puffin Island and Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel.
- ★ You can hear what a Puffin sounds like on Lawrence Shove's record of sea bird calls.
- ★ If you would like to see a Puffin, enter our special Founder Members' Competition.



like a puffin . . .

y and so lazy, so inquisitive and so shy, Puffins like human beings, they've even been known to hide from bird watchers from behind their backs. One puffin says that when it started to rain, it hid and sheltered under his mackintosh. Puffins are very active. The London Zoo has tried on many occasions, but has always failed.

ke a low growling 'arr' sound, and in the morning they stand at their front doors taking the air.

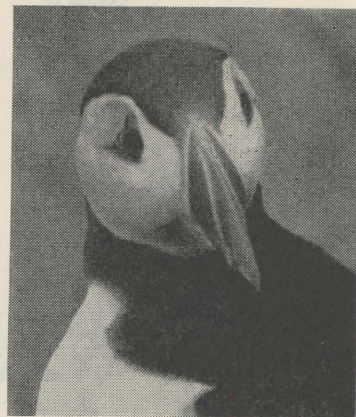
and burrows, or, when they have to, they make new ones. If they can't find burrows, they make rather skimpy nests on crevices in the rocks.

They lay only one egg, and one of the pair sits on it for the 40 days it takes to hatch. After that both parents feed their child, first with predigested fish, and then with live ones. Towards the end of July they

suddenly go away, and after a few days, when the nestling gets hungry, it staggers up to the mouth of the burrow in search of food. It is a perilous business because the black gulls will snatch them up to feed their babies. But if they are lucky, they will reach the cliff tops and then they launch themselves into space, some plane down easily, some go tumbling head over heels. Their parents are waiting off shore and the lucky ones join up with their mothers for the rest of the autumn, and sometimes the winter as well.

A mother and son, or daughter, can often be seen on the steamer trip between Lundy and the mainland. Lots of the Puffins can be seen on Lundy between April and August if you are lucky enough to go there. AND YOU MIGHT BE!

WIN A HOLIDAY ON LUNDY



this puffin needs
YOUR ADVICE

Founder Members' Competition

You are walking along the beach at sunrise one morning. You see some unusual webbed footprints in the sand. You follow them to

a Puffin sitting gazing at the waves. 'Ah good morning,' he says, 'I am very glad that you happened along. I need some help! I am the oldest and wisest Puffin on an island where all the Puffins have suddenly, for some utterly unknown reason, become as clever as people. Now we don't want to make all the unhappy and stupid and cruel mistakes that people make but we want to be free to do all the wise and good and clever and wonderful things that people do. I have been sent to find seven rules by which we can govern our island. Now I like the look of your face and I am certain you have a head full of absolutely brilliant ideas so what do you suggest?'

And you say,

'Well, first and most important I think that
and secondly
and thirdly '

Send us the 7 rules you think the Puffins should adopt. The 7 members sending the 7 best suggestions will be our guests on Lundy Island this summer.

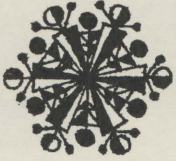
See page 24 for competition rules.





Fairy tales were not for me. I liked books about real

famous people recall



**JOYCE
GRENFELL**

'Fairy tales were not for me. I liked books about real people doing real things and my favourite book, first read when I was about eleven and often re-read since, is *THE SECRET GARDEN*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. I liked it because it is a good story and because it shows the possibility of change (and improvement!) in the character of Mary who began as an unlikeable spoilt brat and turned into an attractive and endearing human being.

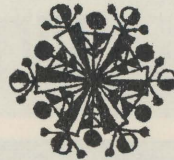
'I consumed the girls' school stories of my day by Angela Brazil, E. Oxenham and B. Marchant and read them uncritically and with joy, but I never wanted to re-read them and I think that is the real test of a book. I've re-read often, *LITTLE WOMEN*, *WHAT KATY DID NEXT*, *ANNE OF GREEN GABLES*, *HEIDI*, *EIGHT COUSINS*. My first favourite is still *THE SECRET GARDEN*.'



**MALCOLM
MUGGERIDGE**

'*HUCKLEBERRY FINN* was the first book I consciously loved reading of my own free choice. This, I suppose, must have been when I was about ten. The only possible rival claimant was *THE THREE MUSKETEERS*, which I also dearly loved, and went over and over in my mind, always, of course, in the role of d'Artagnan.

'My preference for Huck was more personal and less romantic, everything about him appealed to me – his refusal to give up his vagabond ways, his scorning of education to which his friend Tom Sawyer tamely succumbed, his marvellous adventures sailing down the Mississippi on a raft with the escaped Nigger Jim. When some thirty years later I first set eyes on the Mississippi, it was still Huck and Jim I saw, and the Duke and the King, and the Royal Nonesuch.'



**YEHUDI
MENUHIN**

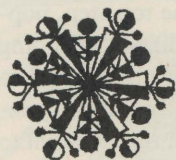
'Of my own childhood reading there is little to relate, for my early years were absorbed in the learning of music and languages and, although that did include such classics as *DON QUIXOTE*, *ROBINSON CRUSOE* and a little Hans Andersen, the nearest I got to the fantasy world of imagination was in the poetry of Goethe, Shakespeare, Dante, Victor Hugo and Pushkin.

'Since then, however, I have been able to cheat, to enjoy a second childhood kindly shared out to me by my two younger boys, who in the space of twelve years guided me systematically through *ALICE IN WONDERLAND*, *PETER RABBIT*, *SAMBO* and *PINOCCHIO*, and the *CAUTIONARY TALES*, and all the works of Edward Lear, through R.L. Stevenson, C.S. Lewis, Arthur Ransome, thus attending seriously to my lack of education, and finally on to Tove Jansson's wonderfully evocative Moomintroll family and Rosemary Sutcliff's enchanting Ethelbert, and Tolkien's *THE HOBBIT*

people doing real things My first favourite is still . . .

their favourite books

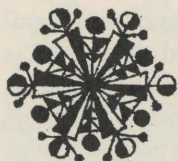
'What is more, ours will not part with a single book, and their rooms are bulging with Babars, and Tin-Tins, Puffins of all sorts, cheek by bulging jowl with maths, astronomy, dictionaries, films and theatre. If ever we mention, be it every so gently, that one might clear out the earliest Potters, an Ethelbert or Paddington or two, there is such a howl that we retire defeated.'



HARRY SECOMBE

'TREASURE ISLAND has always held happy memories for me as a child. I remember reading it in bed whilst recovering from the effects of scarlet fever, when I was about eight years old. I followed the adventures of young Jim Hawkins so ardently that I had no time to spare to eat – surely an unusual state of affairs for me.

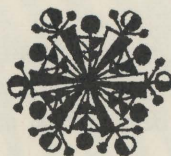
'It was early summer and the sun shining through the trees opposite my bedroom window made wonderful jungle foliage on the wall opposite my bed. I only have to turn the pages of TREASURE ISLAND for a whole lot of childhood memories to come flooding back.'



CHRISTOPHER FRY

'I wish there had been a Puffin Book Club when I was little. It took me a long time to find the books I really wanted to read, until I was twelve at least. Up to then I had read books which had belonged to my parents when they were small,

such as JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER (which I didn't enjoy very much) and a few others which had found their way into the house, like US AND OUR DONKEY by Mrs Molesworth. But there were two books by Beatrix Potter which were favourites, THE PIE AND THE PATTY PAN and THE TAILOR OF GLOUCESTER; I still remember the pleasure of the phrase "All for a piece of cherry coloured twist". By the time I was about ten I had discovered PUCK OF POK'S HILL and THE JUNGLE STORIES and found an old copy of CORAL ISLAND; that seemed to me almost as exciting as being on a desert island myself, and in the next few years I began to find all the books I should have liked to have known about before. Among them I remember KIDNAPPED and TOM SAWYER '



JAMES MASON

'I have always wanted to be able to say that I was a great Billy Bunter fan when I was young. It seems very much the thing for my contemporaries to have done. But maybe this hero was more of a Londoners' delight. At any rate to this day I never read his exploits. Indeed I was spared reading till a fairly advanced age by the good offices of a terrific governess, name of Ada Frances Daft, who was able to knit at an unbelievable speed while reading aloud to us from CHATTERBOX and THE BOYS' OWN PAPER. Left to my own devices I plunged into R. L. Stevenson. I still think that TREASURE ISLAND and KIDNAPPED are unbeatable when it comes to a boy's identification of the heroes of literature.'

ADVICE TO THE EDITOR FROM J.C.T. Jennings

Linbury Court School.

Dear Editor,

I expect you are thinking it will be easy to edit a magazine like, say, for instance, PUFFIN POST because you will only have to sit there telling people what to do.

But you are wrong! There are snags about running a magazine, as I discovered when I was editor of THE FORM THREE TIMES.

First of all, are you going to print the magazine yourself? We had a printing set with little rubber letters and tweezers and an ink-pad; only Darbishire dropped it behind the bootlockers by mistake, and when we swept up the bits that were left there wasn't a letter *e* left in the box, so we had to start off by calling it THX FORM THRXX TIMXS until we got some more.

Next you will want a lot of contributors, *i.e.*, *viz.*, *e.g.*, Book Reviewers, Sports Reporters, Our Special Correspondent and Yours truly, Disgusted. Darbishire wrote all these, plus special features like How To Improve Your Football, Karate, Chess, etc. and I did some articles about Lives of Famous Men, like, say, for instance W.Shakespeare, J Caesar, O Cromwell and L.P Wilkins, Esq., M.A.

If you stick to my advice I expect PUFFIN POST will be nearly as good as THE FORM THREE TIMES was. In any case, Darbishire and I send you our best wishes, and hope you are quite well and having weather

Must stop now as have no blotch, so can't turn over

Yours sincerely,
(signed) J C.T.Jennings.



EDITOR'S NOTE We've tried to take the advice offered by Our Friend Jennings, do you think we've succeeded.

We'd like to hear from 'Yours truly - Delighted or Disgusted'

* Barbara Sleigh
* tells how
* Carbonel
* came to be written

* I remember very well the Sunday morning when I first thought of Carbonel. We lived then in a pretty, rather tumbled down house in St John's Wood. It had a little iron staircase leading down to the tiny garden which was surrounded by a high wall. I was sitting on the top step, popping peas for dinner. Nothing was further from my mind than writing stories. In fact, I was working out what time I ought to put the meat in the oven. (I was not a very good cook in those days.) Suddenly, I noticed that from my seat on the top step, I could look down onto the top of the garden walls of all the houses in the road. The side walls joined the main wall, which ran along the bottom of all the gardens, like the tributaries of a river

* Then I spotted the first cat. He belonged to the people next door, and I knew him as a sleepy, black, sit-by-the-fire animal, but the minute he jumped to the top of the wall he became a different creature, alert, proud and dignified. He trotted along it as though it was a familiar highway, looking very purposeful, head up, tail erect as a flag pole, as though on some business of the greatest importance. Then I saw a second cat, a tabby this time, running along, equally absorbed in his affairs, in the other direction.

* continued on page 24

the Bird Girl

by Margaret Mahy



A certain small girl once lived in a big city which had a forest on its northern edge and an orphanage on its southern edge. The little girl was an orphan herself. She had no father or mother only an aunt. But this aunt was of the forgetful kind. One particular day when they were having a picnic in the forest the aunt forgot she had a little girl to look after. She wandered off home, packed her suitcase and went to South America. She was never heard of again. The little girl waited and waited for her to come back. Fortunately the aunt had left her under a wild apple tree. She lay on her back watching the pattern of blue sky, green leaves and red apples. When the apples fell down she ate them. On the third day of waiting, two pigeons flew down and looked at the little girl very hard. 'Are you going to live here forever?' they asked her, but the little girl was too small to explain that she had been left there by her aunt. 'My dear,' said the father pigeon, 'I think

she has been left behind by some picnickers. They are always leaving eggshells and banana peel around. Now they have left a child.'

'It is very untidy of them,' said the mother pigeon. 'Poor little girl! Shall we adopt her?'

Now in this forest lived all the different kinds of birds in the world, and the pigeons called them all together. They began to make a special nest for the little girl. First of all they wove tree twigs together to make a floor and walls. Then the thrushes and blackbirds lined it with straw and mud to keep out the wind and rain. Then the sparrows, finches and warblers lined it with moss and feathers for softness.

Working together, some of the strongest birds lifted the little girl into the nest. They brought her blackberries and soury grass to eat and even a few worms. She just opened her mouth, and they poked food in for her.

It was much easier than living with the aunt who used to say, 'Sit up straight and don't make a lot of crumbs when you eat.' As the weeks went by the birds grew very fond of the little girl, and were always trying to think of ways to amuse her. Because she hated to see them fly away and leave her, they made her a pair of wings out of twigs and gum and feathers. The little girl soon learned to use them cleverly. She soared and twisted in and out of the forest trees, chasing the birds and gathering her own blackberries and worms. Living like this she grew strong and brown and wild. Her hair was tangly, all full of leaves and flowers. Her clothes got torn to pieces and fell off, but this made it much easier when she wanted to go swimming. She flew with the birds in the sunshine.

Each year the birds made her a new pair of wings, brighter and stronger than those of the year before.

One day a hunter, hunting around, saw a flash of blue in the green trees. Flying on wings made by peacocks and kingfishers, the little girl spun into sight for a moment and then was lost

again. The huntsman did not know that the birds had made her wings for her. He thought she had grown them all on her own. He went away and got another hunter and a circus man. They set up a table in the middle of the forest with a birthday cake on it, a birthday cake and balloons and crackers. Before long the Bird Girl came down to look at it, and then the hunters threw nets over her. Her great wings broke and crumpled.

The hunters and the circus man were very angry when they found her wings were just tied on with ribbons woven of grass but there was nothing they could do about it. So the hunters took the little girl out of the forest, right across the city to the orphanage. It was a square brown building in a square brown yard. The woman in charge was Mrs Parsley. She did not enjoy her job very much. She wanted to grow tomatoes and strawberries. Instead she had to look after thirty orphans. When the hunters gave her the Bird Girl she was not pleased.

'Tsk! Tsk!' she went with her tongue and took the Bird Girl inside. She scrubbed her and rubbed her but she could not make her white like the other orphans. She could not brush her tangly hair either, so she snipped it off. The Bird Girl was dressed in a brown dress. Shoes were put on her feet so that she could not run. The walls around the orphanage were as tall as trees and there was a lock on the gate.

The little Bird Girl grew thinner and quieter. She became paler than any of the other orphans. Mrs Parsley gave her cod-liver oil, but it did not work. Mrs Parsley should have given her a beakful of honey or a few worms. But Mrs Parsley did not think of that.

Once a week the Mayor of the city used to come and count the orphans. He was very proud of his neat well-run orphanage.

'Where did the new orphan come from?' asked the Mayor. 'She isn't a very good one.'

'Some hunters found her in the forest,' said Mrs Parsley. 'Honestly you just don't know where orphans are going to turn up these days.'

The Mayor and Mrs Parsley looked up at the forest, climbing the dark hills on the other side of the city. As they stared they saw a cloud rise from the secret heart of the forest. It swirled and eddied like smoke, but it was not smoke. It shimmered and shivered like silk, but it was not silk. Mrs Parsley and the Mayor stared uneasily. The cloud came closer.

'It is birds,' said Mrs Parsley amazed.

'Birds!' cried the Mayor like an echo.

Sparrows, thrushes, blackbirds – peacocks, pigeons, parrots and pelicans – firebirds, pheasants and flamingos – swans and seagulls – egrets and eagles – herons, hummingbirds, and various finches all flying straight towards the orphanage, making the air whisper and the leaves stir and rustle with the wind of their wings.

'Well, I've never seen so many birds,' said Mrs Parsley suspiciously. 'It's not natural. They'll drop feathers all over the orphanage ground. It's just been rolled and swept.'

Down in the orphanage yard, one orphan looked up at the birds and cried out to them in a voice so curious and lonely that it made the Mayor blink. She held up her arms as if she might fly up and join them. The cloud of birds wheeled and swept down making a great storm around them. Off went the Mayor's official gold hat. Out like a white flag went Mrs Parsley's stiff starched apron. For a moment the Mayor and Mrs Parsley could see nothing but feathers. Then the birds rose again and flew off towards the forest. They took all the orphans with them.

Mrs Parsley and the Mayor stared after them.

'Those birds have taken the Civic Orphans,' cried the Mayor. 'They haven't filled in any adoption forms.'

'We don't want that lot of orphans back anyhow,' said Mrs Parsley happily. 'I shall dig up the Orphanage lawn and plant tomatoes.'

The birds flew back to the forest. They had come to the orphanage looking for their Bird Girl, but because they could not tell one orphan from another they had taken the lot. They carried all the orphans into the green shade of the forest, and then they had to begin looking after them. First they built them nests and then they fed them with honey. The orphans sat in a row and the birds dropped honey into their open mouths. Then the birds made the orphans wings of all colours. All the orphans became Bird Children.

Mrs Parsley spent all that spring with a spade digging up the orphanage lawn. She grew the most remarkable tomatoes. On summer evenings she would look up from her garden to see the forest climbing up and over the hills and she would see the orphans – the Bird Children – tossing like bright clowns over the green roof of the forest. Their wings wide and shining carried them up towards the stars.

'Birds or orphans –' said Mrs Parsley, 'there isn't much difference these days. But tomatoes are always tomatoes –' and she went on with her garden.

COMPETITION WRITE A NEW ENDING

We want you to imagine that the birds didn't rescue the Bird Girl from the orphanage, and think of a new ending for this story. Perhaps she escaped a different way, or her parents found her? Write between 200 and 300 words beginning, 'Where did the new orphan come from?' asked the Mayor. PRIZES will be five new Puffins for each of the five best entries. Be sure to list five titles you'd like us to send you on the back of your competition entry.

Fruit Vendor

The stall stood oozing fruit and veg,
Flowered ripeness in the hedge.
She stood beside it, orange-fair,
With lemon cheeks and raspberry hair,
Potato breasts and melon thighs
And, Glory-be! blackberry eyes.

HELEN PULLEN (I6)

Collecting Precious Junk

You might be ambling along on a hazy summer day and in a stream you see a blue stone. You pick it up and look at it and feel it with your hands and it's not just a hunk of rock, it's something special, so you keep it.

You keep it because whenever you look at it again you remember the day and the place you found it and how the hot sun felt on your bare arms, the drowsy sweet smell of the grass and the din the grasshoppers were making, and that's how you started your Precious Junk collection.

A Precious Junk collection can have anything at all in it as long as it's super and reminds you of something, a place or even a person. A stone or a bone or a leaf or a shell, or the innards of an old clock or a piece of Japanese writing, or a special word, or a newspaper photograph or an Easter egg wrapper, or a bottle top, or a ticket or a marble or an old door knob. On a day when you've got nothing much to do you can take all these treasured things out one by one and enjoy them and try to remember everything about the day you found them.

If you haven't got a Precious Junk collection – why not start one now?



Choose a Motto

Every good club ought to have a motto, so we thought it would be nice if our members helped us find one for The Puffin Club. We'd like your suggestions, please.

Remember it ought to be something to do with books or reading, or the ideas that come from them. It can be a quotation from a wise writer, or poet, or a proverb, or something special you have thought up yourself.

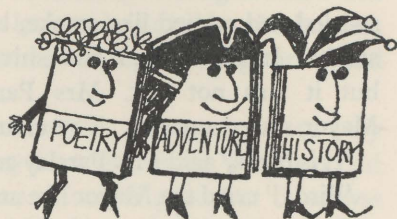
We shall publish the ten best suggestions in our Summer Number and ask all members to *Vote* on the best one.

This isn't really a competition because too many of you may have the same idea, but when the final motto is chosen we shall give five prizes to the first five people whose suggestion we opened. (We shall open all of the entries on 15 May)

P.S. You can add your motto suggestion to the bottom of any other competition you enter

Caroline Hillier suggests

BOOKS FOR YOUR LIBRARY LIST



FOR UNDER 8s

Animal Stories

Emily's Voyage

by Emma Smith

Emily Guinea-pig makes a dangerous sea voyage with a haughty hare as ship's captain, while at home her brother Arthur eats the store cupboard bare.

The Adventures of the Wuffle

by Audrey Erskine Lindop

Wuffle's adventures with his friends and his troubles trying to prove he is a wuffle not a rabbit.

Paddington at Work

by Michael Bond

Paddington visits the Stock Exchange and buys a share.

FOR 8 TO 11s

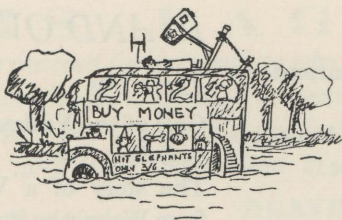
History and Legend

The Green Children

by Kevin Crossley-Holland and Margaret Gordon

Long ago in the reign of King Stephen, two green children appeared from a strange land. Their hair was green, their skin was green, their clothes were green, their tongues were green.

Continued on page 22



SILLY VERSE

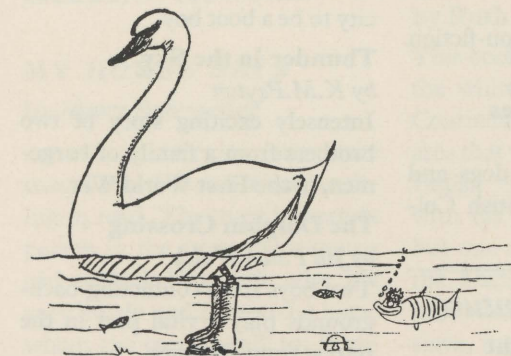
SPIKE MILLIGAN

Tell me little woodworm
Eating thru the wood.
Surely all that sawdust
Can't do you any good.

Heavens! Little Woodworm
You've eaten all the chairs
So that's why poor old Grandad's
Sitting outside on the stairs.

I'm not frightened of Pussy Cats,
They only eat up mice and rats,
But a Hippopotamus
Could eat the lotofus!

Said the General to the Army,
'I think the war is barmy'
So he threw away his gun:
Now he's having much more fun.



Down the stream the swans all glide;
It's quite the cheapest way to ride.
Their legs get wet,
Their tummies wetter;
I think after all
The bus is better.

from *Silly Verse for Kids* PUBLISHED BY D. DOBSON

SOMEONE I LIKE a competition for the under eights

Everyday you must see people who help you and your family. They come knocking at your door, like the Milkman and the Postman or the Window Cleaner or the Gasman. Or perhaps you go into their shops, like the Butcher and the Baker and the Greengrocer. Perhaps there is a special person who helps you cross the road.

Whoever they are they help you enjoy every day a little bit more.

We want you to make a coloured picture of the one you like the best, or else you can write a little poem about them. Or you can do both.

Do it as neatly as possible and try not to fold the paper across your picture.

RULES

Write your name and address and age under your picture or painting.

Write the full name of the person you have drawn (if you've done it very nicely perhaps they'll sign it for you). Send it to:

Competition for under eights.

*Puffin Post, Penguin Books,
Harmondsworth, Middlesex.*

before 15 May

PRIZES

We shall send ten special records to the ten best pictures or poems we receive.

REMEMBER You must **LIKE** the person you draw and you must know their name.

continued from page 20

Fantasy and Adventure

The Little Men

by Erich Kästner

The adventures of two-inch Maxie and his guardian Professor Hocus von Pocus.

Taliesin, by Robert Nye

An exciting and funny Welsh legend of a boy who drank from a magic cauldron and became a great poet and magician.

Gumphlumph

by Stratford Johns

Gumphlumph had two heads and ten 'fands' – on which he wore 'shoves' – and he came from outer space. His adventures with his adoptive family

Midway

by Anne Barrett

With two clever ones above him and two clever ones below, Mark – the middle son – always felt out of it, until Midway appeared, his own glorious, special friend, Midway the tiger. How did he come? And could Mark learn to be strong without him?

The Secret of the Missing Boat

by Paul Berna

Exciting sailing mystery set in Brittany

Edie on the Warpath

by E.C. Spykman

Edie was eleven in 1913 and in a continual state of rebellion. Another brilliantly funny story about the zany middle daughter of the Cares family, who quite failed to see why she was any problem at all to her father and Madam her stepmother

Animal Stories

The Wild Horse of Santander

by Helen Griffiths

A very exciting, very sad story of a blind boy and his horse.

Zoo Time

by Desmond Morris

Photographs and non-fiction stories.

Husky of the Mounties

by Francis Dickie

True stories of brave dogs and fierce wolf-dogs in British Columbia.

Historical Adventure

Marassa and Midnight

by Morna Stuart

Twin brothers, slaves in eighteenth century Haiti, are cruelly separated, but triumph in the end over their enemies.

Night Birds of Nantucket

by Joan Aiken

A rip-roaring fantasy of the reign of the imaginary King James III, with gruff-voiced Dido Twite as heroine.

The Story of Saul the King

abridged by Elaine Moss

The Bible story retold so that it is as exciting as a modern novel.

Legends

The High Deeds of Finn

Mac Cool by Rosemary Sutcliff

Stories of the great Irish hero Finn Mac Cool, and of the warriors of the Fianna, long ago when there was still magic.

Vinland the Good

by Henry Treece

Stories of Viking voyages to Greenland, and to the edge of their world, Vinland.

10 AND OVER

History

Call of the Valley

by Gillian Avery

The story of a Victorian boy from Wales who runs away to the city to be a boot boy

Thunder in the Sky

by K.M. Peyton

Intensely exciting story of two brothers from a family of barge-men, in the First World War

The Dolphin Crossing

by Jill Paton Walsh

Two boys from conflicting backgrounds play a vital part in the retreat from Dunkirk.

A Sound of Trumpets

by Alan Campbell McLean

An exciting story of crofters rising against unfair evictions in Skye in 1880. Fires, flooding, persuasion at pistol point, are the crofters' weapons.

The Witch's Daughter

by Nina Bawden

A strange, lonely girl makes friends with a blind girl and her brother, and together they battle against dangerous jewel thieves.

Earthfasts

by William Mayne

A soldier boy of 1742 appears suddenly from underground to confront two very bewildered boys of today

Stories and Articles

Miscellany Three

by Edward Blishen

Fiction stories, and articles on subjects such as trains, bird migration, brass rubbings, and Wimbledon.

THIS PAGE RESERVED

This corner is reserved for our members who enjoy writing. It has nothing to do with competitions, and there aren't any prizes. We simply invite you to send in a poem or reviews of books

and we shall print the ones we like best. Don't send very long poems as we want to publish as many as possible, and remember to keep a copy because we shan't be able to return them.

Readers' Reviews

MY HORSE SAYS

by Mary Schroeder

MY HORSE SAYS is an adventure story book. I found it very exciting to read. The most important person in the story was a young girl named Elizabeth who got very lonely and invented a horse whom she used to talk to. Elizabeth's mother was in great difficulty trying to find a house to live in. Elizabeth always followed her horse's advice and it led her to Anot Island where the four children found an old house called Monksilver.

Elizabeth Sparrow 12

BEAVERBIRD

by Ruth Underhill

This book tells of America before the white man set foot on this Continent. The story starts in an area that we now call Oregon. An Indian boy, Beaverbird, lives with his tribe who are hunters, but one night he is captured by the Shellnoses and taken many miles down river to be sold as a slave, to a tribe of water people who fish and eat lily roots. He adopts a wolf cub and learns to live with the water people. Although I don't usually go for this type of book I found it one of the best and most interesting books I've read.

Philip Brandreth 15

COMET IN

MOOMINLAND

by Tove Jansson

Moomintroll is a very funny creature and Sniff his friend is very timid. Sniff had found a cave and Moomintroll had put his pearls in the cave to be safe. Next day when they went back Sniff saw that someone had been in the cave; the pearls had been moved into the shape of a star with a tail.

Moomintroll and Sniff go on an adventure, to see what the secret signs mean. All sorts of funny and exciting things happen to them.

*Yvonne Pierpoint 10,
Kathleen Keating 11*

We'd all heard about Vikings, but last year we read in class THE HORNED HELMET by Henry Treece, and then we made a play about the raid.

It was very exciting. We felt just like the Vikings, and some of the boys seemed to go berserk. Later we wrote some poems, these were two of them.

*Griselda Greaves, Sandbach County Secondary
Modern School, Cheshire*

Poets' corner

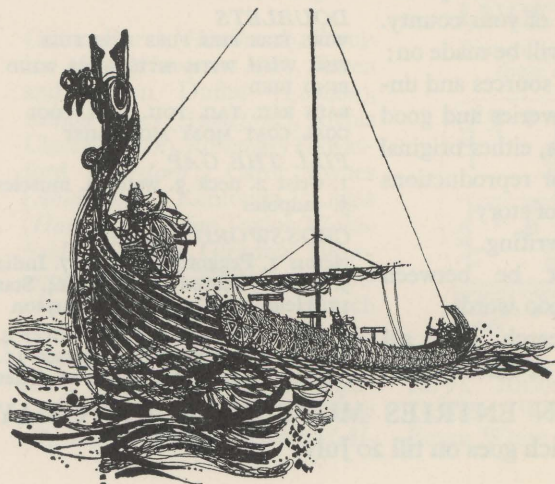
THE HORNED HELMET

The vikings did not care a hang.
They approached. Barbaric gang.
I stayed in my hut.
They broke in. They treasure took.
People killed, people taken.
I was saved, but my husband slaken.

Lynne Armstrong 13

Over the sea the Vikings come,
Murdering, burning, stealing, plundering,
Attack by night or by day,
The Vikings come.
They plunder in the west, north, south, east.
Their ships are made for iron.
With their swords they take the treasure
Of the begotten sun.

Alan Stubbs 12



Carbonel (continued)



I began to wonder Did my own ginger puss lead another,

different cat life up on this higher level? Could there be some kind of cat kingdom up there, with cat goings-on of which we humans, down below, had no idea?

The first cat had been a coal black fellow A witch's cat perhaps? Who knows? How did witches choose their cats? Did they swoop down and grab them, as sailors used to be 'pressed' for the Navy? And if you were made to be a witch's cat against your will, was there any escape?

When I had got as far as this I knew I *must* write a story about it. My hero cat, in thrall to a witch, must be noble, but quirky, because of his hardships. And the witch? They seemed to have

gone out of business lately, except in a hole and corner way. What happened to them when they went out of business?

The Sunday joint was a bit underdone, but I had started on a new story.

Some months after Carbonel was published, I came across a scientific article in a magazine, on the social behaviour of cats. I was delighted to find that the learned writer was convinced that cats really do have kingdoms of their own, that every kingdom has its leader, and that where there is over-crowding, they fight fiercely for their territory Carbonel would have agreed with every single word.

***** COMPETITION ROUND-UP

General Rules for all Competitions

You may enter for as many competitions as you like **but**

- ★ Each entry must be on one side of a separate sheet.
- ★ Each entry must have name, age, address and membership number clearly marked.
- ★ Each entry must be signed by parent or teacher as Your Own Unaided Work.
- ★ Put title of competition on the envelope and send to Puffin Post, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

There will be an overall prize for the very best entry in each category *A group, B individual*, and two other prizes of £3 for
a the best historical research
b most original story

The two first prizes for overall winners in individual and group categories will be a day's outing in London, including tea with an author, and a visit to the theatre. Or a cash prize of £15 for the group, or £5 for the individual.

RULES

1. Entrants must not be less than 10 and not more than 15 years

old, a Group must be between 3 and 7 readers. The dates of your story must be before 1900, and it must be connected with a definite episode in the history of your county

2. Judgements will be made on
 - a. interesting sources and unusual discoveries and good illustrations, either original drawings or reproductions
 - b. originality of story
 - c. quality of writing.
3. Stories must be between 1,250 and 2,000 words.
4. Proof of research. Give **all** your sources of information.

PUFFIN RIDDLE (page 5)

WONDERFUL WORDS (page 5)

DR DOLITTLE (page 11)

FOUNDER MEMBERS' COMPETITION (page 13)

WRITE A NEW ENDING (page 19)

SOMEONE I LIKE (page 21)

ANSWERS TO QUIZZES AND CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 11

DOUBLET'S

WIRE FIRE FIRS FURS FUSS FUSE
FISH WISH WITH WITS WINS WIND
BIND BIRD

RAIN RAIL TAIL TOIL TOOL COOL
COAL COAT MOAT MOST MIST

FILL THE GAP

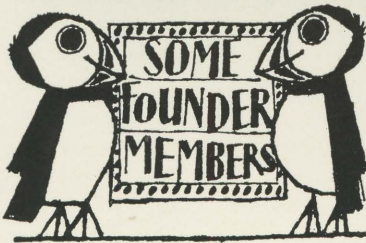
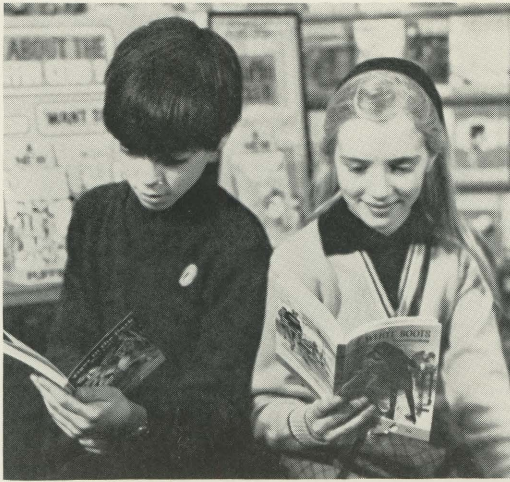
1. wrist 2. neck 3. water 4. muscles
5. tadpoles

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across 1. Peggotty 6. Apple 7. India
9. Wise 10. Feared 12. Trajan 14. Star
17. Heidi 18. Drake 19. Tennyson

Down 1. Pepys 2. Grey 3. Oliver 4. Tudor 5. Magwitch 8. Andersen 11. Marian 13. Arise 15. Twain 16. Odes

PLEASE REMEMBER ALL COMPETITION ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY 15 MAY
except for the VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY which goes on till 20 July.



Here are the names of some of our first members I'm sorry there isn't room to publish them all But I'm very pleased to say hallo to all of you and shall always be glad to have your letters

Rosemary Sandberg

(Club Secretary)

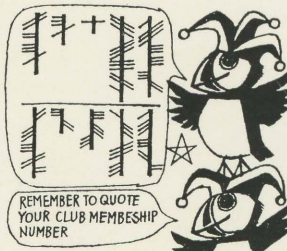
Gillian Burch (*Hindhead*), Caroline Muir (*Hampton Hill*), Karen and Simon Duffin (*London*), Simon Jones (*Appleford*), Nicola Clarke (*Horton*), Rosemary Hawksford (*Hertford*), Carol Joynes (*Abingdon*), Kentoulla Liggis (*Harringay*), Ellen Taylor (*Wakefield*), Edward Gleadow (*Warminster*), John Goodfellow (*Richmond, Yorks*), Pamela March (*Iver Heath*), Sally Morgan (*Oswestry*), Jane Comely (*Abingdon*), Stephen Lavender (*Bloxwich*), Laura and Avril Farley (*Swindon*), Pamela Heath (*Al-*



In the photographs from left to right. MARTIN ELLERT, VICKY LODGE, ELIZABETH VINEY, EMMA ELLERT, STEPHEN TAYLOR, RACHEL STAINSBY, ALAN PARKER

LOOK FOR A LUCKY PUFFIN

Remember there are 50 of these every month



bury), Alison Roden (*York*), Graham Wilkinson (*Sheffield*), Susan White (*London*).

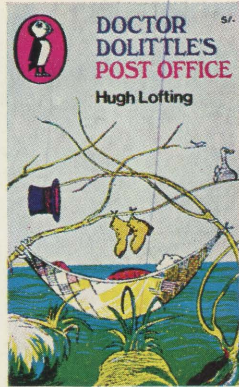
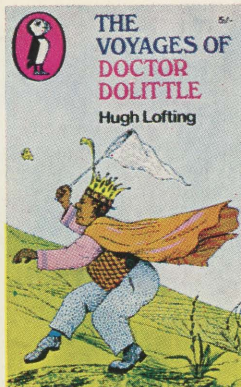
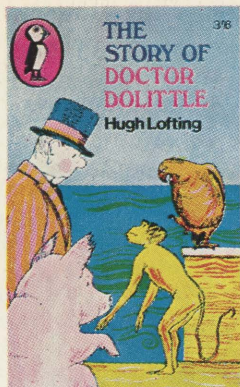
NEXT PUFFIN POST OUT JUNE 29th

Contributors include:

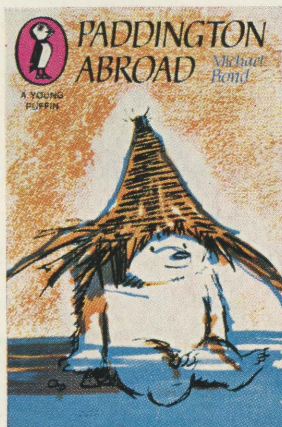
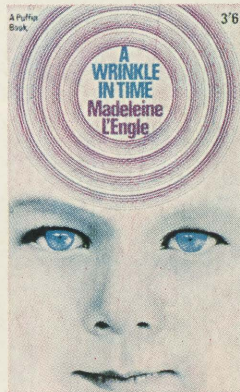
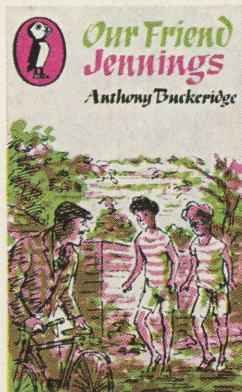
Margery Fisher, Mary Treadgold, Alan Garner, Michael Bentine, Roger Lancelyn Green, William Mayne, Bernard Miles, Norman Hunter and, of course, SIR PUFF

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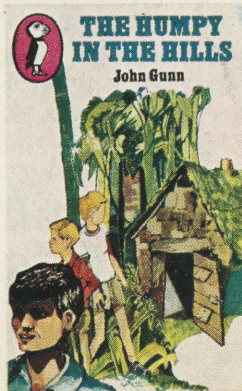
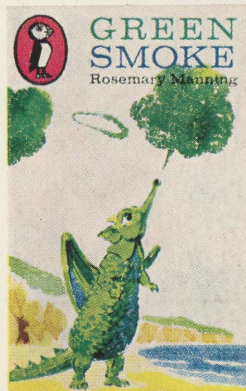
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OUT
IN APRIL



OUT
IN MAY



OUT
IN JUNE

