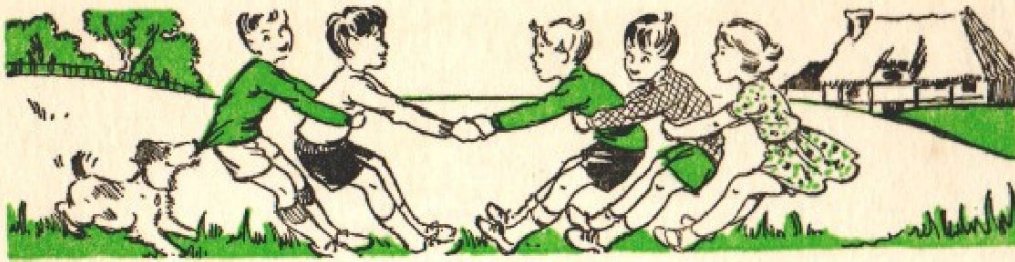


# Enid Blyton's MAGAZINE ANNUAL







## CONTENTS

MY LETTER	<i>page</i> 8
FIVE—AND A HALF-TERM ADVENTURE!—A Tale of the Famous Five	10
DO BE CAREFUL, NODDY!—1	26
HUNT THE FLOWER!	28
A PICTURE CROSSWORD	33
AMELIA JANE AND THE KEYS	34
A PICTURE TO PAINT	45
PINK-WHISTLE GIVES A HELPING HAND	46
PUZZLE RHYMES	57
DO BE CAREFUL, NODDY!—2	58
BRER FOX IS NOT THE CLEVER ONE!	60
SAFETY FIRST!	67
MAKE A “DRY” GARDEN	68
OUR OWN THEATRE	70







DO BE CAREFUL, NODDY!—3	74
THINGS ALWAYS HAPPEN TO YOU TWO	76
ABOUT OUR CLUBS	85
DO BE CAREFUL, NODDY!—4	86
A TORTOISE FOR A PET	88
MR. TWIDDLE'S BURGLAR	91
IF YOU HAVE A PET DOG	102
DONALD IS VERY BUSY	104
MAKE SOME PAPER DOLLS!	116
DO BE CAREFUL, NODDY!—5	118
AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SECRET SEVEN	120
RUNNING A CLUB	134
DO BE CAREFUL, NODDY!—6	138
THE AMAZING MAZE OF MR. MOLE	140
ANSWERS PAGE	141





# ABOUT OUR CLUBS



*Enid Blyton's Magazine Club* is my Magazine readers' very own Club! It started first of all because I wanted to find some way of thanking all the thousands of boys and girls who had helped my other Clubs, but now this Club of nearly 100,000 members helps to make the lives of many little Spastic children happier. Full particulars for joining are to be found in every issue of my Magazine.

*The Busy Bees* is a Club for all boys and girls who love animals. It is really the youth section of the P.D.S.A. (People's Dispensary for Sick Animals) and I am the Queen Bee.

If you want to become a Busy Bee and help in our work, you should send a 6d. Postal Order to Hive Headquarters, 44, Palace Road, Bromley Kent. If you send an additional 3s. 6d. you will receive a copy of BUSY BEE NEWS every month for one year. We also print Busy Bee news in my Magazine every time.



*The Famous Five Club* is made up of all those children who love my "Famous Five" books, and the profits go to the small Children's Home I help to run in Beaconsfield. The Headquarters of the Club are in my Magazine and there are prize puzzles and news in every issue. To join the Club, send a 1s. Postal Order and a stamped addressed envelope to The Famous Five Club, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

*The Sunbeam Society* helps to raise funds for little Blind Children and my Magazine is the Headquarters of this Club, too, and we have prize puzzles and news about members and their activities in every issue. If you would like to join the Society, send a 1s. Postal Order and a 2½d. stamp to The Sunbeams Society, 204 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.







THE Secret Seven were having a Meeting. The shed door was fast shut. A curtain was drawn across the little window in case Susie, Jack's sister, should make herself a nuisance and come peeping in, as she sometimes did.

The Seven were inside the shed, drinking lemonade given by Peter's mother and eating peppermints brought by Colin.

"This is rather a *dull* meeting," said Barbara, bored. "I thought we were going to plan something to do when you called the Meeting, Peter—but we haven't planned *any*thing."

"Well, nobody has any good ideas," said Peter. "It's not *my* fault if you're all brainless today."

"Well, you're as brainless as the rest of us!" said George. "I suppose it's because it's such a hot summer day—honestly, I'm melting in this shed."

"Wuff," said Scamper, the golden spaniel, as if he quite agreed. He lay on the floor, panting.

"He says he's worse off than we are because he has to wear a fur coat, and we're all in short-sleeved shirts or dresses," said Jack with a grin.

"Listen—someone's coming!" said Janet suddenly. They listened and heard the tip-tap of footsteps coming down the path to the shed.





Then there came a knock at the door.

“Password!” yelled Peter at once.

“Sorry. I don’t know it,” said a voice.

“Oh, Mother—I didn’t know it was *you*,” said Peter.

“Have you come to bring us some more lemonade as you said you would?”

He opened the door, and there stood his mother with a big jug in her hand. She smiled at them all. “Yes—here’s the lemonade—with ice in it this time. My word, you do look hot! Haven’t you finished your Meeting yet?”

“Well, yes—I suppose we have,” said Peter. “But we haven’t settled much, I must say. We wanted to plan something exciting to do—but we can’t think of *anything*, Mother!”

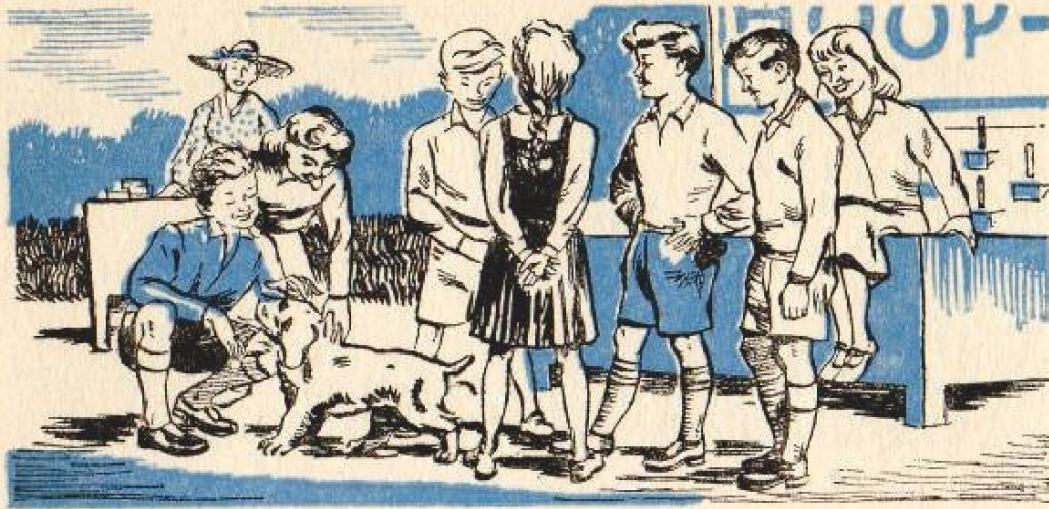
“Well, how would you like to help me at the Garden Party in the vicarage garden this afternoon?” asked his mother. “I could do with some sensible helpers like you.”

“Oh—I’d *like* to help,” said Barbara at once, and Pam nodded too. “Garden parties are fun.”

“Will there be anything to eat?” asked George.

“I will buy you a nice tea there, and an ice each if you’d like to help,” said Peter’s mother. “The five Harris children





*At half-past two the members were waiting by the hoopla-stall.*

were coming to help, but one of them has measles, so none of them can come. You'd do very well instead!"

"We'll come and help for *nothing*," said Jack. "My mother's going too—*she*'ll buy me my tea."

"What do you want us to do?" asked Pam.

"All kinds of things," said Peter's mother. "But I'd particularly like you to help with the hoopla-stall and the coconut-shy next to it. The Harris children were going to run those themselves."

"Oooh—it sounds fun," said Colin. "What time shall we be there, please?"

"At half-past two sharp," said Peter's mother. "Washed, brushed and tidy, please. I'll expect you all punctually!" And away she went back to the house.

"Well—we've got something exciting to do, after all!" said Peter, pleased. "Pour out the lemonade, Janet—I just seem *never* to stop feeling thirsty this weather—and let's get out of this hot shed now our Meeting is ended."

At half-past two all the members of the Secret Seven were waiting in the vicarage garden, just by the hoopla-



AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SECRET SEVEN

stall, Scamper as well. A tall lady came bustling up, smiling.

"Ah—you're the Secret Seven, aren't you?" she said. "Peter's mother said you would be here. She's busy with the cutting of sandwiches for tea, and asked me to tell you what to do. Four of you are to manage the hoopla-stall—and three the coconut-shy. Now—do you know how to run them?"

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. James," said Janet. "Peter and I have had a hoopla-stall before, and a coconut-shy is easy."

"There's just one thing," said Mrs. James. "You must be very careful with the money. You see, sometimes not very honest people come to garden sales, and if you should happen to leave your money-bag unattended for a few minutes, it might be stolen—and we do need every penny we can get this afternoon."

"We'll be very careful, Mrs. James," said Peter. He turned to the others. "Get busy now. Janet, Pam, George and I will manage the hoopla-stall—and you, Colin, can manage the coconut-shy with Barbara and Jack. One to take the money—one to set up the coconuts when they are knocked down—and one to give out the balls to throw at the coconuts."

"Right," said Colin, feeling important, and he and Jack began to set up the coconuts in their places.

Peter and Janet set out the things meant for the hoopla-



*Colin and Jack set up the coconuts.*



stall. George tried the rings over each one to make sure that none was too big to be covered. Pam began to shout.

"Hoopla! Try your luck! Three rings for sixpence! Win a packet of cigarettes, or a toy, or a bar of chocolate! Win a butter-dish or a little vase—or this pack of cards!"

People soon came up to the hoopla-stall and the coconut-shy. The Secret Seven worked very hard indeed, and even Scamper joined in, picking up any hoopla-rings that slithered off the stall after being thrown.

It was fun. Great fun! Pam shouted each time people came near, and Janet gave out the wooden rings and took the money. George and Peter watched the rings being thrown, gathered them up and gave them to Janet. When anyone threw a ring that fell completely round one of the things on the stall, Peter gave the article to the customer with a polite little bow.

"Congratulations!" he said. "You have won this beautiful prize!"

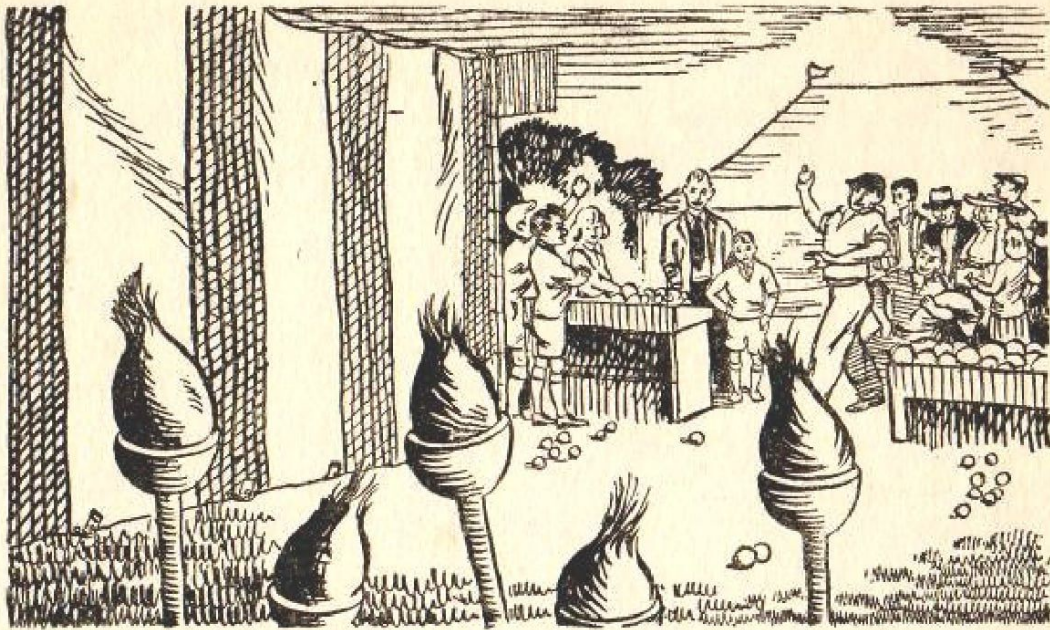
The money was put into Peter's cap. He had forgotten to bring a bag of some kind, but his cap did just as well, Janet threw all the money she took into the cap, and carefully counted out any change necessary.



*"Congratulations! You have won this beautiful prize!"*



## AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SECRET SEVEN



*The three at the coconut-shy were doing well.*

The three at the coconut-shy were doing well. Jack took the money and gave out the balls. He had no cap to put the money into, so he simply slid it into his shorts pocket each time—and that pocket soon began to feel very heavy!

“Only four people have won a coconut,” he told Peter, when he had a minute to spare. “That’s all! We still have plenty of coconuts left. I say—shall I put my money into your cap? I’m sure it will make a hole in my pocket soon, I’ve taken so much.”

“Yes, put it there,” said Peter. “Look, you’ve got another customer. Buck up.”

Presently, about four o’clock, Peter’s mother came up, smiling all over her face. “I hear you Seven are doing very well,” she said. “You do look hot, standing out here in the sun. What about some tea? And there are lovely ice-creams. Leave one of the Seven in charge of the stalls just for now, to see that no one comes along and makes off with a coconut





*"Come and have a ride...!"*

or a hoopla prize. He can have his tea afterwards."

"I'll stay," said Peter. "I'm head of the Seven. Go on, you others—I'll be in charge here. Scamper, you go, too."

But Scamper wouldn't leave Peter. He stayed behind waiting for more hoopla-rings to pick up, but as most of the visitors were now having tea and ices, there were no customers at all.

Peter felt bored. He began to rearrange some of the hoopla things when someone called him. "Hey, Peter! Come and have a ride on my pony! I've no customers just now, nor have you."

It was Fred Hilton, who had brought his pony to the Garden Party and was taking quite a lot of money giving six-penny rides to children.

"Well—I'm really in charge of these two stalls," said Peter, longing to ride the frisky little pony.

"Leave Scamper on guard," said Fred. "He'd never allow anyone to meddle with the stalls. Anyway, there's nobody about at all. Come on!"

"Right," said Peter. "Scamper—you're on guard, see? Look, I'll put my cap of money under the hoopla-stall—nobody must touch it, Scamper—or anything else either. Now, lie down—you're on guard."

Scamper lay down, looking very important. He kept his eye on the cap of money. Peter went off happily with Fred.



AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SECRET SEVEN

"I'll give you a longer ride than anyone," said Fred. "All round this big garden three times!"

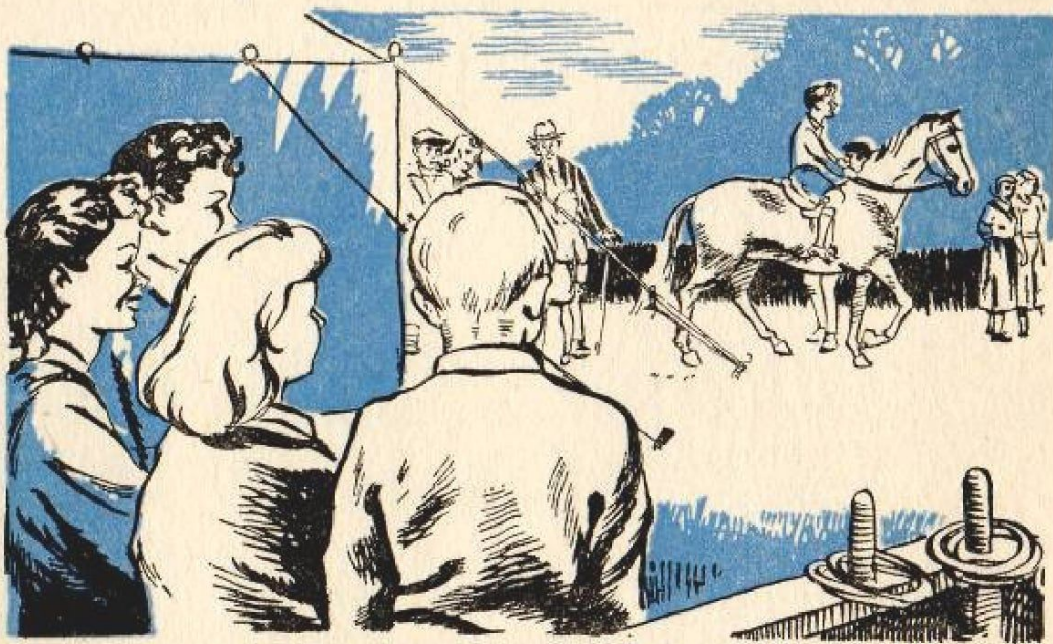
By the time Peter had gone round three times, the other members of the Secret Seven had finished their tea and had come back to the stall.

"Where's Peter?" said Barbara. "Oh, there he is, look—just jumping off Fred's pony. Peter, Peter—you're to go and have your tea now—and there are *two* ice-creams waiting for you!"

Peter waved his hand and ran off to the tea-tent, calling his thanks to Fred. My—what a tea! All kinds of sandwiches, piles of little cakes, slices of creamy chocolate cake—and what ENORMOUS ice-creams!

Peter spent at least twenty minutes over his tea, and then went back to the hoopla-stall, feeling much better. Janet called to him as soon as he came.

"What did you do with the money, Peter? I wanted some



*By the time Peter had gone round three times the others had come back.*



change and I simply *couldn't* find your cap with the money in it."

"It's under the hoop-la stall—you must be blind!" said Peter. "I hid it there, and left Scamper on guard."

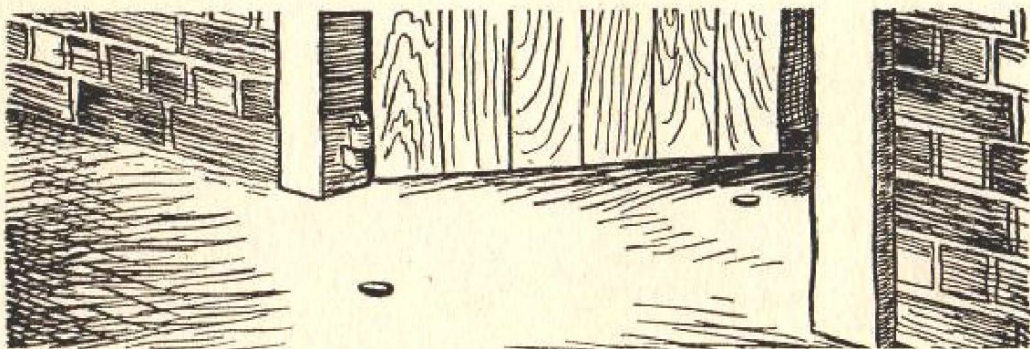
"Well, it isn't there now," said Janet, looking suddenly worried. "I looked everywhere for it. Oh, Peter—and there was such a *lot* of money, too!"

Peter went to look under the stall at the back, where he had put his cap full of money. Certainly it was not there now. His heart sank. Why, oh why had he gone off to have a ride on Fred's pony! And where was Scamper? He had left him on guard.

"I expect Scamper went off somewhere, too," said Colin. "He saw you going off with a friend—and I bet he went off with someone, too—that little Scottie, I expect—he always loves to frisk about with him."

"But—but there was *nobody* about, nobody near the stall at all!" said poor Peter, bewildered. "I looked each time I rode past. I couldn't see Scamper, but I felt sure he was still lying beside my cap, where I had left him. Gosh—this is simply awful. Whatever are we to do?"

"You'd better tell your mother," said Pam, looking rather white. "Someone's robbed us—and it was such a lot of



*By the gate were a shilling and a sixpence. . . .*



AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SECRET SEVEN

money. We were in charge, too—oh, *why* did you go off with Fred?”

Peter went to find his mother, feeling scared and upset. He thought crossly about Scamper. What did he *mean* by going off when he was on guard? He knew perfectly well what “on guard” meant—and usually he never, never left the thing he was told to guard. But he must have left the cap of money or it would not have been stolen!

“Your mother’s gone home for half an hour,” said Mrs. James. “Just to feed the hens, I think she said. She’ll be back soon.”

Peter wondered what to do. Then he decided to go home and tell his mother before she came back. He would have a chance then to open his money-box and take out all the money there, to help to pay back what had been stolen.

He called to Janet as he passed the hoopla-stall. “I’m going to slip home for a minute—and get my money-box—and tell Mother what’s happened. She’s gone back to feed the hens. Look after the stalls, all of you—and mind you scold Scamper well when he comes back, Janet.”

He ran all the way home, panting. Just outside the front gate he saw something shining on the path. It was a shilling!

“Well, *that’s* a bit of luck!” said Peter, and picked it up. He opened the gate—and there, on the other side, was a six-



... *On the mat were two pennies.*





*"All the money we took is gone!"*

pence! He picked that up, too, and went on to the door.

On the mat were two pennies! "Most mysterious," thought Peter. "Perhaps Mother has a hole in her pocket and these dropped out!"

"Mother!" he called, opening the door. "Mother! Are you here? I want to tell you something."

Just as his mother called back to him, Peter heard a noise. "Wuff, WUFF, WUFF!" It was Scamper's bark. Had Scamper run off home then, bored at being alone?

"Is Scamper home, Mother?" he said, running to find her.

"Yes—he's in his basket—and I don't think he can be very well!" said his mother. "He growls every time I go near him! But why have you come back—you ought to be in charge of the hoopla-stall!"

"Mother—all the money we took is gone," said Peter. "I left Scamper guarding it under the hoopla-stall, while I went for a ride on Fred's pony—and when I got back the cap of money was gone!"



AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SECRET SEVEN

"Oh, *Peter!*" said his mother, shocked. "How *could* you let such a thing happen!"

"Well, I left Scamper on guard," said Peter. "Scamper—where are you? My word, I do feel angry with you—letting me down like that!"

Scamper sat up in his basket. "Come here," said Peter sternly. Scamper put his head down and rummaged about in his rug. Then he leapt out of the basket and ran to Peter—and dropped something at his feet.

It was the capful of money! Scamper looked up at Peter and wagged his tail as if to say, "Well, I guarded it, you see! I didn't know where you'd gone, so I took it home for you. It's quite safe!"

"Scamper! So *you've* got my cap of money!" said Peter, his heart suddenly much lighter. "I suppose the money I found by the gate and by the door must have dropped out when you pushed them open! Oh, Scamper—did you get lonely without me? Didn't you *know* I'd gone for a ride on



"*Scamper!* So you've got my cap of money!"





*"Good old Scamper," said Janet.*

Fred's pony? Silly dog—you only had to wait a little while!"

"You shouldn't really have gone off on the pony," said his mother. "Still—all's well that ends well. Now, hadn't you better go back to your job? See—here is an old bag of mine. Put the money into it—and *guard it yourself.*"

Peter raced back to the vicarage, feeling most relieved, Scamper at his heels. How glad the others were to see him and hear what had happened!

"Good old Scamper," said Janet, patting him. "You went to find Peter, didn't you? And you took the money with you because you were guarding it. You're a very, very good dog. Come and have an ice-cream!"

"Wuff!" said Scamper, pleased, and off he went with Janet, leaving the others to sell the wooden rings and balls to customers at the hoopla-stall and the coconut-shy.



## AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SECRET SEVEN

And, as you can guess, EVERY ONE of the Secret Seven kept their eyes on the money after that—and when all the stalls counted out their takings, the money brought in by the Secret Seven was more than that taken at any other stall. How very proud they felt!

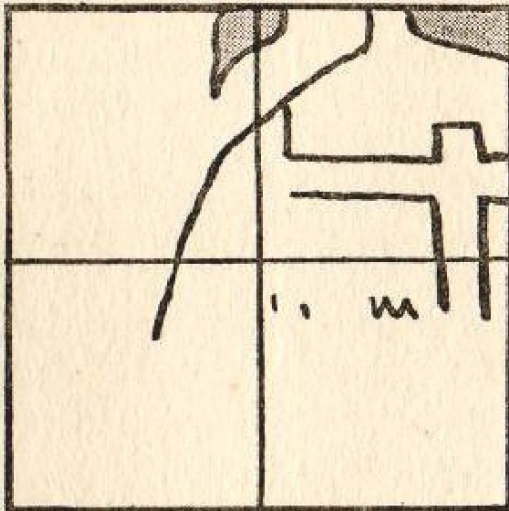
“Well done, you Seven,” said Mrs. James. “We really couldn’t have done without you!”

“WUFF!” said Scamper at once—and, as Janet said, that meant, “And you CERTAINLY couldn’t have done without ME!”

---

## OUR OWN THEATRE

I think this drawing below will show you exactly how to enlarge the scenes for Our Own Theatre. It is the four squares at the bottom left-hand corner of Scene B enlarged to the correct size.



Using your 1-in. pencil squares (which you rub out when you have completed your picture) as a guide, you copy the scenes on pages 72 and 73 square by square into your larger squares. So, for example, if a line comes half-way down a particular square in the scene, you must draw a line half-way down your larger square.

Your drawing will be much larger, of course, but if you work onesquare at a time, you will find it is quite easy to do!





## RUNNING A CLUB

I HAVE written a little book of hints which I send to all Group Leaders of our Magazine Club. Most of it is just for these special Club Groups, of course, but so many of you run your own little Clubs and write to me asking for help that I thought I would tell you a little about starting a Club and electing a Committee to run it.

Try not to let *too* many members join your Club. It is much easier to run and to keep together if there are not too many members. And, remember, it is much more fun to have some definite reason for having a Club. It gives you something to plan for, and makes it easy to think of ideas for things to do at your Meetings.

If you live in the country, you may all be interested in Nature and animals. You can go for nature rambles, collect and press flowers, go bird-watching, fishing, and perhaps keep a Club aquarium.

But wherever you live, you can do all *sorts* of things together as a Club—gardening, photography, drawing and painting (you can have lovely sketching picnics in the



## RUNNING A CLUB

summer!); you can organize your own sports, produce little plays—you can even try writing your own plays. This is great fun, particularly if you make your own costumes and then perform the play for your parents. If you are keen on handwork, you can make things together and then hold a little exhibition—or perhaps you all collect stamps. If so, you can have a special Stamp Meeting sometimes, and bring along your collections. Think what a lot of “swops” you would be able to make!

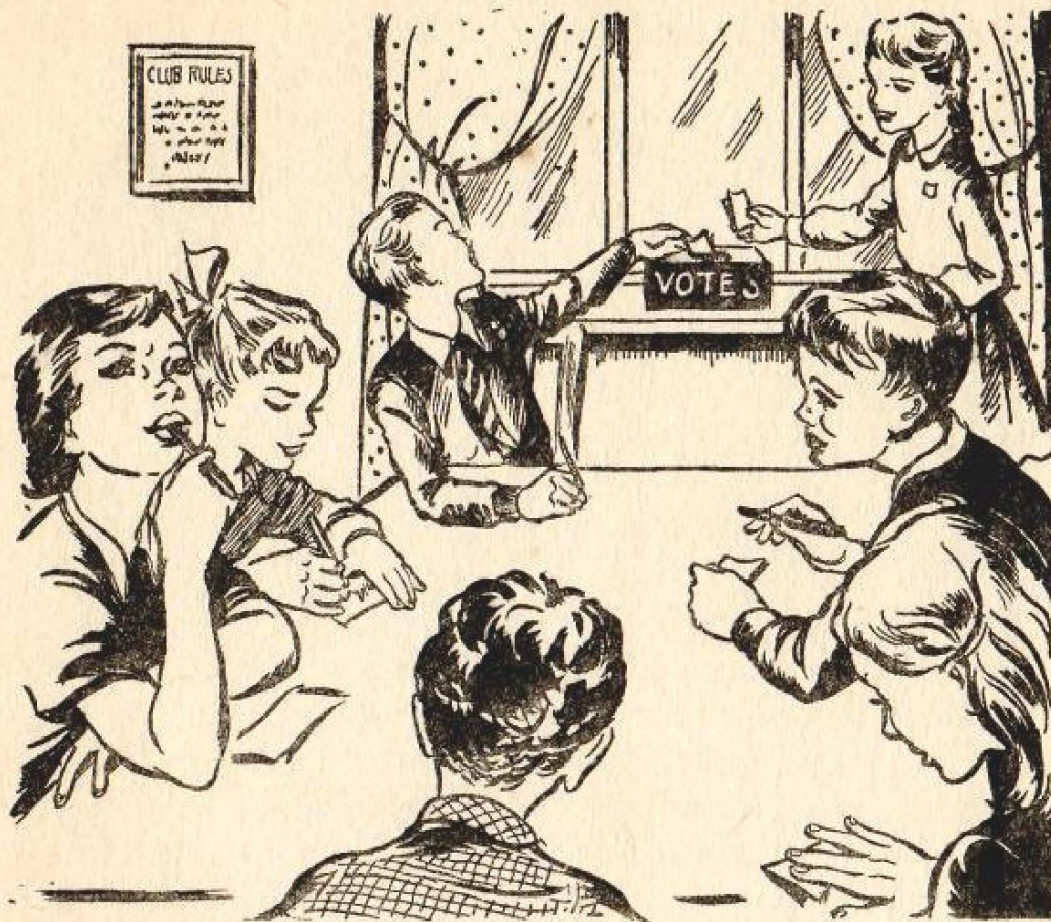
Well, there are a few suggestions, and I am sure that you can think of all the other things *your* Club might do!

A good Club always has a Committee which helps to run the activities and keep the other members together. I expect everyone will want to be on the Committee at some time, so a Committee member's term of “office” should only last a short while, say for a month.

A Club Committee usually consists of the President or Chairman, who is in charge of all proceedings and is the Leader of the Club, a Vice-President, a Secretary and a Treasurer.







The Vice-President helps the President, and will run the Club Meetings if the President cannot be there.

The Secretary tells members when Meetings are to be held, writes any letters and keeps an account of what happens at the Meetings in a special book.

The Treasurer takes charge of any money which your Club may earn for any charity, collects weekly subscriptions from members if you decide to have them, and keeps a little account book in which he notes down all the money that you receive and all the money that you spend.

The Club members should elect their Committee by voting. Choose a President first, so ask all the Club members to write the name of the person they think would make the





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