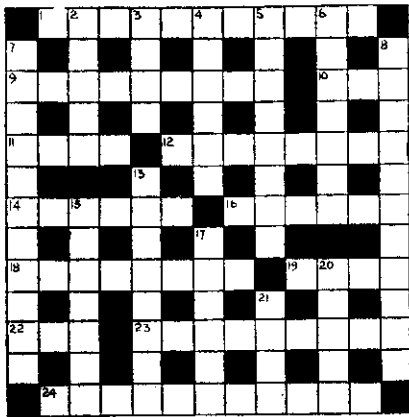


THE LISTENER CROSSWORD

(No. 176: Constructed by R.W.C.)



Clues Across

1. Here in spats for the interval.
9. See Stalin! This is absolutely necessary.
10. Lowest form of wit.
11. Rats (anag.).
12. He fields straight behind the wicket keeper.
14. It's simple, in a way.
16. "—unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's."
18. It's unusual to find Norma in the lab.
19. Sharpen.
22. Consume.
23. Confused heap.
24. Goats in port (anag.).

Clues Down

2. Seats (anag.).
3. She may be found in Aden.
4. That's torn it!
5. Pastoral dialogues.
6. Put in a dime.
7. Apes dictate (anag.).
8. Irons in a pit (anag.).
13. Islam art for a panic monger.
15. One given to 10 across in the plural.
17. Empty talker.
20. Shells.
21. Darby's wife.

(Answer to No. 175)



(Continued from previous page)

all there is some intensive propaganda for the compost heap. It follows therefore that this book (a fairly long one) will be appreciated mostly by older children, and by children who already possess a working knowledge of the different varieties of vegetables and how to grow them. Mr. Reed's sense of humor, indeed, is rather sharper than his sense of humour. The idea of writing a comic fantasy about the events in the gardener's calendar and peopling it with such characters as Bertha Broadbean, Poppa Potato, and Penelope Pea, was an ambitious one, and to be completely successful it demanded a rather more delicate touch than is employed here. Also, it was surely unnecessary in a book for

Listening While I Work (II)

By "Materfamilias"

WARMTH and sunshine are demoralising. Sitting under the shade of a cherry tree on a warm Sunday afternoon I began to deplore the sense of duty that lays its hands so remorselessly on programme organisers. For the radio was on—a pleasant orchestral programme sicklied over with the title "Garden of Melody"—gardens have vegetables and weeds as well as flowers—and this was followed by another pleasant musical half-hour of something equally non-committal. But I knew that sooner or later the peace would be broken and that I would be forced from my indolence either to listen to a talk which I had no wish to hear or to stir myself sufficiently to turn off the radio. Who wants to hear talks, I thought, and who to prepare them? No one; but because it is someone's business, it has to be done, even when no one has anything special to say or tell or teach.

DID I turn it off? Well, actually I didn't. I prepared to do so. The title "The Lord Chancellor of Dictionaries," or something of the sort, did not attract me. But it was about the Oxford Dictionary, and I have such a fondness for the Oxford that though I rose discourteously to switch off, I stayed to listen. By far the most interesting part of the talk to me were the words added year by year to the English language. Words I could have imagined in the mouth of my grandfather were heard first as late as 1910. Each list seemed in itself to hold crystallised the spirit of its year. Which was the year of "jazz," "vamp," "lipstick," which of "Nazi," "gestapo"; or of "encirclement" and "appeasement"? We might trace a graph of our amusements, social habits, dance fashions, economic and political changes from the year that brought "boloney" to the year that brought "blitz." There seemed an unexplored field of potential interest in this, and I grudged the time given to unimportant biographical details about Sir James Murray who, though the most important, was, after all, only one of the editors of the Dictionary.

AND why must a literary talk have illustrative music? In this case there was, I think, a Border Song because Murray came from the Border country. Was it to give the speaker a rest or to ease the listener? Neither should need it.

children to use so much cinema slang and sentences like this: "Okey, dokey, Bertha, I'll be getting down now. Sun's a bit fierce-like." However, Mr. Reed obviously knows his onions, and loves them too.

The book, which is attractively printed and well bound (it is becoming a pleasant rarity these days to handle a New Zealand publication with a good stiff board cover) owes at least as much of its appeal to the frequent illustrations of George Woods as to the text. Mr. Woods would probably not be surprised or affronted to know that his drawings—and especially his Cabbage Duchess—immediately put me in mind of Sir John Tenniel and *Alice in Wonderland*.

—M.G.

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