


(Solution to No. 448)

P	A	N	A	C	E	A		P	R	I	D	E
E		A		O		S		O	N		L	
A	C	T	O	R		S	Y	R	I	N	G	A
R		U		P		U		T			P	
L	A	R	B	O	A	R	D		N	E	S	S
		A		R		E		T		G		E
P	I	L	L	A	R		B	O	I	L	E	D
E		L		L		M		R		A		
B	O	Y	S		D	I	S	T	A	N	C	E
B				S		R		U		T		A
L	O	B	S	T	E	R		R	A	I	N	S
E		A		A		O		E		N		E
S	A	T	Y	R		R	E	D	R	E	S	S

1. Is this member of the Cathedral Chapter a son-of-a-gun?
4. Result of multiplication apparently in favour of the conduit.
8. "'What is the night?'"
'Almost at odds with —, which is which.'"
(Macbeth, Act 3, Sc. 4)
9. Those become the characteristic spirit.
10. Keats wrote one to melancholy.
11. Happy Coral! (anag.)
13. Canter in a state of suspended consciousness.
15. "Life's but a walking shadow
A poor —," ("Macbeth," Act 5, Sc. 5)
18. Ten trains passing quickly?
19. The stupid middle classes?
20. Dean's mountains.
22. What the singer should be? It precedes the statement.
23. These shears give point to cutting out.
24. He wrote "The Battle of the Books."

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this is great! See what's happening now! Oh, look out!" quite forgetting that the listener has to rely on the ear and not the eye for a comprehensible account of what is going on. My own favourite is Dunedin's "Whang," who may not be



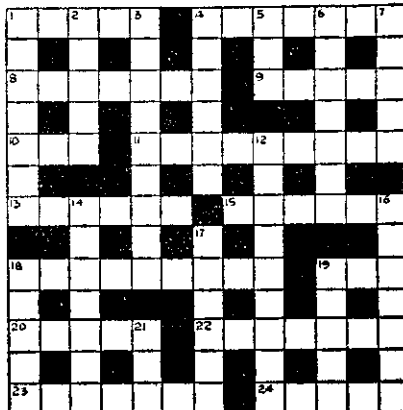
so explicit in naming the holds as the first announcer mentioned, or so excitably vociferous as the second, but whose blasé descriptions of everything from a brilliant octopus clamp to an illicit rabbit punch are enlivened with a most infectious laugh, and who, more than any other announcer, gives listeners a comfortable feeling of occupying a ringside seat without actually paying for it.

DR. B. H. HOWARD, in a series of talks from 4YA, has been reminding listeners that New Zealand is not composed of one island (as Northerners seem to think), nor of two (as is the opinion of many Southerners), but that there lies to the south of us, separated only by a trough of usually tempestuous water, the lovely third member of our group. In *New Zealand's Other Island*, Dr. Howard has given a great deal of information about Stewart Island, its history, its people past and present, its cultivation, buildings, flora and fauna, its hopes for the future. Although I listened with great interest to Dr. Howard's account of attempts to capitalise on one or other of the island's commercial possibilities, I was in full agreement with him when he concluded by stating his relief that the main commercial aspect now exploited (the

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1. Mops are out of order in a cot, but it's good for the garden.
2. Her charges are often little ones.
3. Nice Susan! (anag.)
4. One pig may be a bird.
5. Found in the middle of bones.
6. Wretched.
7. Coats for the opera?
12. Evil tears (anag.)
14. He had a lamp? So did Alan!
16. Deferential esteem.
17. Gwen is plying needles and thread.
18. Vagrant.
19. A useful thing to have if you're accused of a crime.
21. Basking without any loud noise.

No. 449 (Constructed by R.W.C.)



tourist trade) is one which means that the natural beauty of the island will be enhanced rather than spoiled.

A RECENT recital by Albert Bryant on the organ of the Wellington Town Hall, with two soprano arias sung by Joan Bryant, posed some very interesting problems in acoustics. Broadcasts of organ music, it seems, quite often fail to capture the quality of the instrument. I think this is due to the fact that the organist may not realise that he has an ever-present foe in the resonance of the building in which his organ is situated, a building almost invariably large, and usually at the time of the broadcast empty. It thus behoves him to see to the clarity and simplicity of his registration. Mr. Bryant's handling of this side of the broadcast was good and the result successful. The resonance of the Town Hall was most noticeable also in the broadcast of Joan Bryant's voice. Her singing is always clear and pure; in this instance her voice sounded rounder and fuller than it did in a broadcast she had made earlier in the week, with Alex Lindsay's delightful violin obbligatos. I doubt, however, if the added resonance was quite true, for it seemed to make the sound rather too booming. The two arias Mrs. Bryant sang were the familiar "With verdure clad," and one from Costa's *Eli*, quite worthy to stand alongside the Haydn. Many oratorios now unsung as a whole contain such gems as this, and singers would give more pleasure than they frequently do if they were to become more enterprising in their choice of songs.



"Wendy" by Strand

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