



GREEN FINGERS

To Young Listeners,

SOME fine Saturday morning you're sure to have this idea — you want a garden. You *must* have a garden. So you'll say, "Father, I want a garden that's mine. Where can I put it?"

"Oh," the father will say, looking very interested, and thinking so hard that he looks just like a man in the pictures who is thinking very hard.

"Well, let me see. Now, what about this splendid place under the macracarpa tree." So then you must look under the tree and you will see that nothing ever has grown there and nothing ever will grow there. However, you don't really blame your father for suggesting such a place. He has his reasons. Then you say, "Look here, father, I'm ten now, I'm not the sort of kid I was three years ago—I don't pull up the seeds now to see if they're growing, if that's what you're thinking."

After that, you'll get your garden in a really good place, and even though it's winter, you can plant lots of seeds and seedlings. Carrots, parsnips, cabbages, cauliflowers, silver beet, broad-beans and a few flowers to brighten it up. Then you will have become one of the "producers" of the country which will be important and useful, and people will all admire your garden and say, "My word, you must have Green Fingers—my things won't grow like that." And you'll say, "Why on earth are my fingers green—they're not." Then they'll tell you that when some people plant things they grow, and when other people plant things they *don't* grow, and the people whose things do grow are said to have "Green Fingers."

There are some verses by Reginald Arkell which tell you about Martha's garden which didn't grow and Mary's garden which did grow:

*Martha had a garden,
And she tended it with care.
She took a pail and watered it,
Each slug or snail—she slaughtered it
There were no green fly there.
She scratched and scraped it with a hoe;
There were no seeds she didn't sow
And yet her garden wouldn't grow.*

*Mary had a garden
Which is full of happy flowers
She doesn't do a thing in it
But walk about and sing in it
For hours and hours and hours
She never weeds and never hoes
And yet her garden always grows
Because she loves it, I suppose.*

Mr. Arkell is all on Mary's side, which is unfair, don't you think; because surely a garden must need poor old Martha, too. But they're very nice verses.

It's a Question

They say that gardening is a very healthy occupation. We would have thought it would make people seedy.

A GARDEN PUZZLE

Buried Vegetables

IN each of the sentences below, the name of a well known vegetable is hidden. In this sentence "This weather will MAR ROW-ing," you will find "marrow." See if you can find the names of the hidden vegetables in these sentences.

- (1) Then in your opinion, I only am to blame?
- (2) That would, of course, be another matter.
- (3) Yes, dear, Conrad is here now!
- (4) Have you ever seen a wasp in a church?
- (5) Fancy, the wood in this car rotted right away!
- (6) When you return I promise to go.



20,000 Teeth in One Snail!

A SNAIL has four feelers which he uses for fingers, and they are very sensitive organs of touch. At the tip of each of the larger feelers is a minute but perfect eye. On its tongue are rows of microscopic teeth, 20,000 of them, so he uses his tongue as a rasp.

Book News

SAMUEL is a snail whose adventures were told from the BBC and then put into a book called *The Interminable Trudge of Samuel the Snail*. They say that Samuel actually was at the BBC when his adventures were being told, and that he crawled on to the switchboard, which made a slight hitch in the programme. The announcer had to explain it as a temporary mechanical breakdown. But read his adventures in the book—you'll like them. At the end Samuel says, "I've been on the BBC and the rolling sea. They're both frightfully exciting, but East, West, Home's Best." However, we hope Samuel will tire of his home and have more adventures so that Mr. Hugh E. Wright will do us another book with drawings by Hastain.

Johnny Crow had a garden party — Mr. Leslie Brooke wrote about it when even your fathers were small. Here it is for you to read:

JOHNNY CROW'S PARTY

Johnny Crow

*Plied rake and hoe
And improved his little garden
And the eagle
Looked quite regal
In Johnny Crow's garden
And the cockatoo
Said "Comment-vous portez vous?"
And the gander
Didn't understand her,
But the flamingo
Talked the same lingo
And the bear
Sang a sentimental air;
But the giraffe
Was inclined to laugh
Even the duckling
Couldn't help chuckling
Then the snake
Got entangled with the rake
In Johnny Crow's garden
And the cock
Had a very nasty knock
So the hen said
"We'll never come again
To Johnny Crow's garden!"
And the sheep
Went to sleep,
And the armadillo
Used him for a pillow;
And the porcupine
Said "Wake me up if for talk you pine!"
And the kangaroo
Tried to paint the roses blue
Till the camel
Swallowed the enamel,
And the reindeer
Said "I'm sorry for your pain, dear!"
In Johnny Crow's garden
So the chimpanzee
Put on the kettle for tea;
And the Seal
Made a very big meal;
While the sole
Shared a muffin with the mole
In Johnny Crow's garden.
Then they picked the flowers
And wandered in the maze
And before they went their several ways
They all joined together
In a hearty vote of praise
Of Johnny Crow and his garden.*