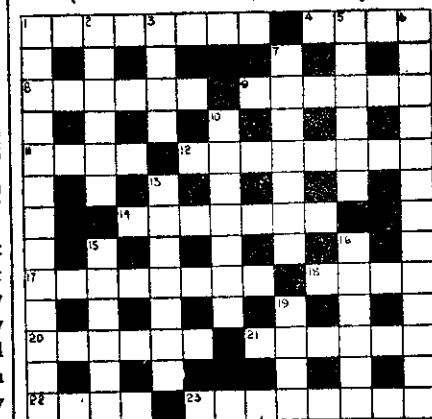




THE LISTENER CROSSWORD (No. 75) (Constructed by R.W.C.)



A LETTER FROM BOZENA

To Young Listeners.

I AM quite sure you receive for the first time a letter from a Czechoslovakian girl. The reason I write to you is because we Czechoslovakians think very much of our country this week. The reason we think very much about our country is because this week it has what you call a birthday. Twenty-three years ago Czechoslovakia was born from the heart of Europe, and at the head of this happy beautiful country stood a dear little old man with a white beard and very young eyes. He was the 'little father' of our country. Czechoslovakia was happy and healthy and beautiful till the war and trouble came on us three years ago. It seems as though the fist of some ugly and brutal animal smashed and broke us to pieces. And now our children are not happy and healthy like you, they live in darkness and hunger and misery. No more do they sing the songs of their country. I would like to end my letter with a Czechoslovakian nursery song for you New Zealand children who have shown us a great kindness.

*On the bridge of Prague
Rosemaries grow,
Nobody stops to give them a drink
But they grow still—beautifully, I think.*

I will finish my letter by saying cheerio to you in the Czechoslovakian way, "Nasdar," from BOZENA.



little legs. Oh no, she couldn't stand up on them, they were too weak and limp, and as for walking, my dear, that was still more difficult.

Right from birth she knew how to sleep and eat. Nobody had to teach her that, and so she did it with her heart and soul the whole day long, and it seems to me at night when nobody was looking she slept just as conscientiously as she did in the day-time, for she was a very industrious puppy. Besides that she knew how to whine, but I can't draw you a picture of a puppy whining, and I can't show you because my voice isn't thin enough.

On the morning when Dashenka celebrated the tenth day of her life she met her first event; when she woke she was astonished to find that she could see—for the moment only with one eye, but even one eye is in a way of speaking a big step forward in the world. She was so surprised that she squeaked, and that memorable squeak was her first beginning of the dog language which is called barking. In these days Dashenka knows not only how to talk, but how to curse and terrify as well; but at that time she just made a squeak, like a knife running down a plate.

You would never believe how much a puppy has to do! if it's not learning to walk, it's sleeping; if it's not sleeping it's learning to sit up. "Sit up straight Dashenka with your head up and don't bend your back so much; look out, you're sitting on your back and now you're sitting on your legs, and where have you left your tail? You mustn't sit on your tail you know, because you'll never be able to wag it."

And even when a puppy is sleeping or feeding, it has the job of growing at the same time, every day its legs have to be a bit stronger, and its neck a bit more stretched out, and its little

muzzle a bit more inquisitive. And it mustn't forget its tail to see that it grows and strengthens and doesn't stay like that of a mouse. And it must know how to prick its ears, wag its tail, and all this and that. Dashenka had to learn it all. Already she can walk on her tiny legs; it's true that sometimes one of her paws gets lost, she doesn't know where it is, and she has to sit down and find it again, and count all the four.

But there is another art yet to learn Dashenka; the maternal food will soon come to an end, you must begin to learn to drink from a bowl. Come along little one, here you have a bowl of milk. What, you don't know what to do with it? Well, you put your little nose in it, stick your tongue out, dip it in the white stuff, and snatch it back so that a drop of the white stuff sticks to it, then you do it again and over again till the bowl is empty. Don't look so stupid Dashenka, there's nothing in it. Dashenka does nothing, she only sits there with big eyes, and waggles her tail. Oh, you silly, I shall have to push your dull-witted nose into the milk whether you like it or not; there! Dashenka is overwhelmed by the violence done to her; her muzzle and whiskers have been dipped in milk, now she has to lick herself clean and upon my word it is good! Of her own free will she crawls after the delicious white stuff, she scrambles with her head and paws into the bowl, spills the milk on the ground and dips all her four paws in it and even her ears and tail. Mamma has to come and lick her clean. In only a few days she will be lapping milk from a bowl as quick as lightning, and with that she will certainly grow as if she were in a hothouse, or I should say, as if in a dairy. Well then children, take her as your example and eat conscientiously so that you grow strong in mind and body like that famous puppy that was called Dashenka. —(From Karel Capek's "I Had a Dog and a Cat.")

NEW SERIAL FOR YOU

A SERIAL that will appeal to all young folk, and many older ones too, will be heard in its opening episode from 4YA on November 7. *The Sky Blue Falcon* has been written specially for the Children's Session by W. Graeme Holder and every episode is packed full of thrills. Two dare-devil pilots take off in an old 'plane and crash in an Arabian-night's desert. They discover an underground city and a comedy Chinaman, who has apparently lost his bearings; and since it's nice to be as young as you feel, *The Sky Blue Falcon* is something you must not miss.

Birthday Present

POOR Bozena sounds sad about her country, so we'll give her an old Maori proverb in return for her nursery song.

Turn your eyes to the sun and the shadows will fall behind.

Karel Capek who wrote *Dashenka* lived and died in her beautiful country, so Bozena will see that we have dedicated our page to Czechoslovakia in honour of her twenty-third birthday.

DASHENKA

WHEN it was first born it was just a white bit of nothing; you could easily hold it in your hand, but since it had a pair of tiny black ears and a wee little tail, we had to admit that it was a puppy, and because we wanted it to be a girl, we called it Dashenka.

While she was a little bit of nothing, she was quite blind, without any eyes at all; and as for her puny legs, well, she had two pairs of something which if you had good will you could call legs. And because we had good will, they were

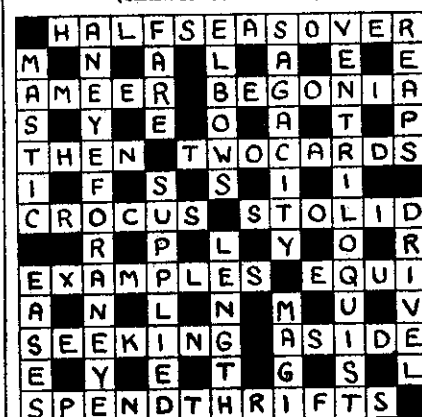
Clues Across

1. Recalls with dun robes.
4. Beheaded or curtailed, this portion still leaves a boy's name.
8. This mixture of gin and French water sounds quite expensive.
9. Anathema to Free-Traders.
11. The number of the Muses.
12. Each corn will intrude.
14. Ever dig? (anag.).
17. Mixed up in a funeral, I show you a German Miss.
18. The instrument played by Winifred Carter.
20. Exaggerate.
21. So can I! (anag.).
22. Childish farewell.
23. The art immortalised by Mrs. Beeton.

Clues Down

1. Lot of red grain for a modern organ-grinder.
2. Scots kiddies need brains.
3. Employed.
5. A thin plate upside down.
6. This work of Beethoven has come into even greater prominence since the "V for Victory" campaign.
7. A red rim (anag.).
10. Men mixed up with dice are to be found regularly among a people.
13. Perhaps Prue led this introduction.
15. Talent is hidden here.
16. Form of a paint developing on bronzes and other works of art owing to age.
19. I ask for a well-known nom de plume.

THE LISTENER CROSSWORD (Answer to No. 74)



LISTENER'S MESSAGE TO MEN OVERSEAS (See Page 7).

Attach this Coupon to your Entry and forward to the Editor, "N.Z. Listener," Box 1070, Wellington, C.I.

COUPON DATE, 31/10/41.

NAME OF ENTRANT

ADDRESS