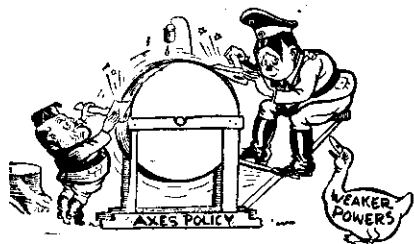


LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN ALEXANDER

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE EXCESS

EVERYTHING in Germany is new—new politics called the Axes policy, new religion (so new that Cain knocked Abel out with it), new economics which



are quite good if you don't want to eat, new news known as Goebbels's garbles, new Truth utterly unrelated to the old firm and, above all, new logic which functions upside down because it hasn't a leg to stand on.

This is how it works out.

Hitler, in his twelve-months-of-war broadcast from Berlin, vowed that he had refrained from bombing London for three months in the hope that the R.A.F. would give up the naughty custom of bombing Berlin.

Here is an imaginary broadcast interview with a neutral journalist.

Neutral Journalist: "But, tut tut, Herr Hitler! You know that you bombed the London suburbs and tried to reach London Central long before the R.A.F. blew up military objectives in Berlin."

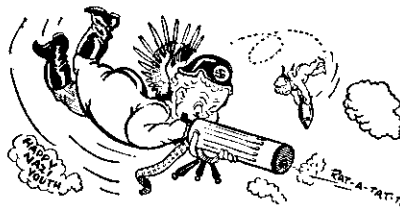
Hitler: "Ach! A mere technical bombing! A justifiable retaliation for what I suspected Britain of thinking about doing to Berlin. In fact I had one of my premonitions—of course you know about my famous premonitions. Sometimes I get a very nasty one. I had a premonition that Britain might bomb Berlin one day so I bombed London first in retaliation. And, what do you think? Sure enough Britain *did* bomb Berlin shortly after my retaliation. That shows

you what they are! Utterly unscrupulous! Gah! Gotte straffe Ghurghill—!!!!"

The Fuhrer throws one of his famous fits; Goebbels brings him round with a whiff of nitro-glycerine while Goering dries his tears with a synthetic gun-cotton handkerchief and explains that the Fuhrer is always so upset by violence.

In fact, rather than have any trouble with his neighbours he kills them. His simple logic is that if you kill folk you can't be unfriendly with them any more.

This is the guiding Nazi principle in the rearing of its youth. The chief Nazi Youth Leader advised little boys to play football on Sundays in preference to going to Sunday school. "And if," he added, "any of your little companions refuse to play football beat them all until they are dead." It is obvious beating little boys to death must save a lot of unpleasantness and friction which would otherwise mar the spirit of



friendly rivalry so prevalent in Nazi sport. What are the lives of a few little boys so long as Nazi harmony and joy are preserved? And, later on, the splendid little fellows who survive will grow up to spread love and harmony throughout the world with a machine gun.

This same simple logic explains why Hitler bombed hospital ships. We knew that when their occupants reached England they would spread stories about Nazi frightfulness which would make a lot of people unhappy. Hitler couldn't bear the thought of people being unhappy so he tried to sink the hospital ships in the name of harmony and brotherly love. His Nazi pals call him Big-hearted Adolf. The rest of the world has some good names for him, too.



Chew Wrigley's regularly after every meal—that's when this healthful chewing gum is most valuable as an aid to digestion. Besides helping you to digest your food, chewing Wrigley's delicious gum is good for the teeth, it helps to keep them strong and healthy—and, remember sparkling teeth add to the charm of your smile. Three delicious Flavours—P.K. (real peppermint), Spearmint (garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different). Buy some today and always keep a supply handy in your pocket, purse or home. NZU27

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N.Z. Parliament Radio Item For Australians

Half of New Zealand listens to Australia's Fred and Maggie. This note in the "ABC Weekly" indicates that we have fair exchange to offer in entertainment currency:

BY accident I turned the dial the other night to a station broadcasting a sitting of the New Zealand Parliament, says the writer in the "ABC Weekly." I had no intention of being there or of staying there. My broadcasting programme for the night was planned on very different lines, but that chance connection crashed the schedule, and I listened for three hours and a-half

The experience convinced me—contrary to any speculation I would have made on the subject beforehand—that a Parliamentary sitting makes first-class broadcasting. It was the more surprising because I have taken no interest in New Zealand politics, picked up the debate after it had started, and knew none of the speakers. Neither was the subject itself—New Zealand broadcasting—of any particular interest to me.

"Warts and All"

Actually, too, the standard of the debate was poor. Had any of the speakers been giving a "talk" over the air they would have been intolerable. Almost every other sentence began with "in regard to" or "in connection with" and they rambled and stumbled and stammered through tortuous sentences in which the meaning was implied but rarely expressed. But the pleasure of the broadcast arose from the fact that it was natural, spontaneous and convincing. You saw Parliament just as it was—warts and all. Speakers made delightful errors. One began a devastating attack on a balance-sheet only to find

that he had confused a debit and a credit, and that, in consequence, all his arguments had supported the side he had intended to confound. The laughter and chaffing of members, and the desire of all of them to pick on this unhappy member who had been confounded by his own confusion, was so natural that I found myself laughing with them. It was an excellent "actuality" broadcast, miles better than those stilted exchanges called radio debates.

Natural and Unrehearsed

The interjections and the come-backs were most entertaining—not because they were witty or quotable, which they were not—but just because they were natural and unrehearsed, and had a spontaneity which has gradually disappeared from broadcasting since it ceased to be an adventure and became institutional and organised. The quality of the discussion was about the same as that at a club or a pub or in a railway carriage. It needed gesture to be completely comprehensible, but the broadcast gave an honest picture of members as they really were, the party publicity man having no chance to sew a silk purse on the sow's ear. Excellent for democracy, I should think. New Zealand voters can depend upon their own ears as to what goes on in Parliament and have only themselves to blame if they let things slide.

I have had one night's good entertainment from the New Zealand Parliament and, pending similar broadcasts from Canberra, am going back for more. The station is 2YA.

The Children's Health Camp at Otaki Needs Funds.

HELP BY SUBSCRIBING ONE SHILLING AND WIN THIS £10 CRIBBAGE COMPETITION NO. 4

This Competition is based on the ever popular game of Cribbage. It is 100% skill and entirely devoid of luck, chance, catches or alternatives. Each row of five cards makes a crib hand. There are five horizontal hands, five vertical hands, and two corner-to-corner hands—12 hands in all.

K ^H	8 ^S	Q ^C	8 ^D	9 ^D	2
Q ^S	A ^C	7 ^S	J ^C	2 ^D	0
6 ^S	9 ^C	Q ^H	10 ^C	4 ^D	2
5 ^D	6 ^D	K ^S	J ^D	4 ^C	9
2 ^C	4 ^H	10 ^H	J ^S	A ^D	4
4	4	2	6	6	5
TOTAL POINTS = 46					

"Cribbage Competition" No. 4, Dept. L., P.O. Box 25, Te Ara, Wellington, so as to reach the addressee before 12 noon on 25th September, 1940.

Result and winning re-arrangement will be published in this paper on 11th October, 1940. Every precaution has been taken to protect the interests of competitors. The set of cards for the next competition will be picked at random by the Judges of the previous contest. Competitions will be held at frequent intervals.

The net proceeds derived from the Competition will be used entirely for the maintenance of delicate and ill-conditioned children at the Otaki Health Camp.

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