

# LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN ALEXANDER

## Truth Is Stranger Than Goebbels

**H**OW the brain of the simple Hun can be confounded by the peculiarities of the English language has been demonstrated by a broadcast from Goebbels's propaganda foundry.

Apropos of the random bombing of London the announcer gleefully said that bombs had been dropped in the suburb of Random. Unless the Doctor's geography takes a turn for the better we may hear this kind of thing:

"The British radio admits that our noble air squadrons bombed Wantonly in London. It also admits that, once again, our machines got Plastered and Mauled in Dogfights. Dogfights probably adjoins Barking. We are now certain that London will soon surrender because the BBC frequently announces that our machines left Hurriedly in a bad way. We are not certain where Hurriedly is but are glad that our machines left it in a bad way. Heil Hitler!"

### An Axis Courtship

Another significant radio morsel is a report that Mussolini's move towards Egypt has no German military backing. Does this omission indicate a rift in the loot?



DRAMA IN THE CHANCELLERY

Let's follow the unauthentic correspondence leading up to the Axis union:

*Mein Elusive Musso,*

Never did I think anyone mein heart could steal as you have done. Mein policy is to do all the stealing meinself. But since we met, my thoughts on only one axis have revolved. Meet me at the Brenner Pass, mein fickle Musso.

Yours impatiently,  
*Adolf.*

*Dear Adolfini,*

I wonder if it is love or loot that stirs you. I have acted the balcony scene so often that I am superstitious about matrimony. You know what happened to Romeo and Juliet. I will meet you at Brenner but my heart is still my own even if my mind isn't.

Yours uncertainly,  
*Benito.*

*Mein Dear Muzzy-wuzzy,*

You were a little frigid at Brenner; but that pass always did give you cold feet. But even if you love me not now, love will come. Anyway, it doesn't matter if it doesn't. When we are one I will be the one.

Your true  
*Adolf.*

*Adolfo Mio,*

I am yours. It is better to be in your arms than under your Reich. I know you would not deceive me—or would you?

Yours falteringly,  
*Muzzy.*

*Mein Muzz,*

No, you can't share France with me. A woman's place is in the home. All you have to do is to sweep the Mediterranean, give Gibraltar a dusting and clean up Egypt. Besides, I'm having trouble with by Blitzkreig. The stupid British don't seem to know a Blitzkreig when they see one. I rely on you to take Egypt—or do I?

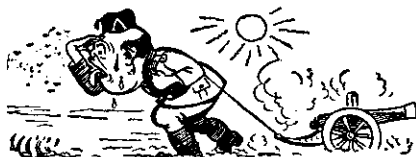
Yours in haste,  
*Adolf.*

P.S. Do you know the words of "There'll Always be an England"?

*Dear Adolf,*

I'm so lonely. Can it be that you tire of me? I can't even go boating any more. When I explain to the rough British sailors that the Mediterranean is an Italian lake they say, "Sez you!" and when they see me having a sail for my nerves they shout, "'Op it, Macaroni!" and fire things at me. Sometimes I wonder if I should have jilted John Bull. At least he would have taken me for a sail instead of for a ride. My word, isn't Egypt a long way? And what a dreadful lot of sand.

Yours thirstily,  
*Benito.*



ISN'T EGYPT A LONG WAY?

Several telegrams follow:

*Mussolini,*

*Somewhere in North Africa.*

Don't go any further until I am ready to invade England.

*Adolf.*

*Hitler,*

*Somewhere in France.*

Don't worry. Couldn't go any further even if you were ready to invade the moon. Send reinforcements of Munich Brewers' Brigade.

*Muzzy.*

*Mussolini,*

*Somewhere in the Sahara.*

Brewers' Brigade nothing! Dig in for the winter. Did Churchill compose that verdam song, "There'll Always be an England"?

*Hitler.*

Which suggests that a partnership doesn't always move on its own axis.

My Mother Knew . .

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