

LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN ALEXANDER

Time's Showdown

MR. and Mrs. John E. Listener are beginning to wonder if these Dictator thugs are as cute as the Nazi billboard advertises. Hitler, for instance, with all his gear for the Greatest Channel Swim In History parked on the coast of France for the R.A.F. to K.O.!



Some say it is only a dodge; but he will have to dodge smarter when the R.A.F. drops in o' nights, if he hopes to take the water. And, in Germany's bacon belt, the R.A.F. have dropped eggs on Ham so often that the place is an omelette.

Recently, the Berlin Barnum invited neutral journalists to visit the French coast and view THE GREATEST SPECTACLE EVER STAGED IN HISTORY. But the genuine Barnum would never have palmed off a Show-down for a Show, an Evasion for an Invasion or a Blow-up for a Blow-out.

And Ribbentrop! Speeding off to Rome in an armoured train with pom-poms on the roof and non-coms under it! One can understand the pom-poms on the roof (the R.A.F. does get around so); but the ground troops inside suggest that there may be friendly Fascists who wouldn't mind taking a pot at Potsdam through the Ribbentrop ribs.

And Goebbels! Even the London babies said "Nerts!" when he out-Goebbelled himself by declaring that it was Winston Churchill who dropped the bombs on Buckingham Palace.

Then there is Musso-the-Mutt who sold his birthright for a mess of Potsdam and fuddles while Rome burns.

Somehow they don't seem so clever. Historians of 2100 A.D. no doubt will assess the real worth (if any) of Europe's present homicidal squad. Something like this:

Hitler, Adolf. Born in Austria—which never had much luck, anyway. Rose from nothing; finished the same way. Schooldays completely unmarked; not even a scratch. Later took to paper-hanging; paperhanging crooked; subsequent career the same. Rose to corporal in Great War. (All dictators have risen from corporals; probably due to the extra rum rations they snavvled.) Took

to National Socialism, public shrieking, Jews, and dictating. Wrote Mein Kampf. Was writing its sequel Mein Decampf when he did it. Called Fuhrer (pronounced Furere). At regular intervals shot all his friends so that he wouldn't grow too fond of them. Later extended the practice to nations. Waged war against Britain and declared that he began where Napoleon left off; forgot that endings cut more ice than beginnings. Believed that every man has his price; found Britain priceless. Poisoned himself by eating his own words. Character summed up in epitaph—"Here LIES Hitler." Not very important historically except as example of how not to live.

Göring, Herman Wilhelm. Born—most regrettably. Rose to power by saying "guns before butter." The people swallowed the guns and he swallowed the butter. Chiefly noted for medals outside and meals inside. Said to be the only Nazi who could see a joke; but there was one joke he never saw. Known as Bluff Uncle Hermann—or just Bluff. Bulks little in History except as bulk.

Goebbels, Paul Joseph. Born with a silver horn in his mouth. Blowhard all his life and died playing the buffoon. Leg and brain both twisted. Trained for literature; but his stories were unbelievable. Was convinced that you can fool all the people all the time; but the time came when even the German people tumbled to the truth. A mere smudge on the pages of History.



Ribbentrop. (Sometimes known as Ribben-detrop.) Also born. Appointed Foreign Minister because truth was so foreign to him that he said Britain wouldn't fight. Was a wine traveller whose motto was "any PORT in a storm." Known as Hitler's "yes" man but eventually said "yes" in the wrong place. Historically unimportant except as composer of song, "Pact up your troubles."

Mussolini, Benito. Began as Italy's big fish; ended as Germany's prawn. Projected his jaw once too often and someone took a poke at it. Only important as a warning that you can't play the Duce too long.

Why, there is many a mere murderer who has had a better write-up.

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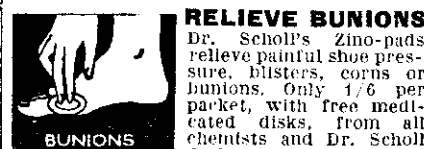
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