

LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN ALEXANDER

RACE CONSCIOUS!

THE BBC reports that the largest bombs yet employed on a raid have been dropped on military objectives in Berlin. So, added to those baffling problems "Where do flies go in the



winter and chilblains go in the summer?" is the mystery "Where does Hitler go in the air raid?"

Here, for the first time, we release a running commentary by a neutral sporting broadcaster on the classic Reichstag Race run to the tune of "Bombs A'daisy" played by the Royal

Air Force Band: "Hullo, everybody! Here we are in the Chancellery. The atmosphere here is tense. The air raid siren has just sounded and the first bomb has signalled the start of the Grand National-Socialist Safety-first Stakes. Yes—they're off! Here they come down the Chancellery corridor to a quick getaway. Hitler—yes, it's the Fuhrer himself—has jumped off to a splendid lead. A wonderful performance! He is doing thirty jumps to the second and it seems a certainty that he will make the head of the stairs well in the lead. No, b'gad! Goebbels has pulled out from the ruck and has flashed between his legs on roller skates. Goebbels now lies first—as usual. Goering, who carries top weight, is labouring badly. He is using up his breath, shouting: "They can't reach Berlin. I told the people it was impossible. It must be the gas meter!" But—oh! A close shave, Hermann! He's hit! No, it's only his trousers. A burst has shaved off the back buttons. Yes, he's holding up. No, they're down. B'jove he has recovered—they're up. He is gaining on the Fuhrer. Oh, a foul! He has bumped Hitler through the door of the Gestapo. Hitler has tipped over Himmler who is lying in a poor position under the carpet. Another bomb gives them a lift and they're making a strong bid for the door. They've jammed. They're fighting for place. Himmler will break through first!

He has got a Gestapo screw on Hitler's moustache. Can he do it? Yes! No—Hitler has got an Axis twist round his windpipe with a rubber truncheon. Oh, a neat bit of strangling, sir! Hitler



is away and gaining on Goering who is taking an unfair advantage by rolling down the stairs.

Goebbels is hanging on to the Air Marshal's medals. Goebbels is on top—he's underneath—he's up—he's down—

he's all out—he's flat out—he's all in. Another bomb is coming through the roof. Hitler is taking the bannister with a flying tackle. Will he overshoot? No, he is hugging the rail and coming down in a steep dive—that is to say—no, he has shaken himself off the nail—all except the back half of his pants. Now he is making a perfect pancake landing on Goering and Goebbels. They are all rising—except Goebbels. Hitler is shouting: "Is Goebbels alive?" Goering is answering. "He says so, but you know what a liar he is."

Hitler and Goering are off again. It's neck and neck now for the cellar door. Goering is drawing away. But—oh, a pretty bit of choking, sir! Hitler has grabbed the cord of Goering's iron cross. Goering is going blue in the face. He is losing his breath, he is losing his pace—he has lost his trousers. Hitler is leaping over him but—no, he has caught his foot in Goering's Order of the Two-faced Eagle. Will he get the bird? Oh! A beautiful three and a-half point header, sir, right through the cellar door; This, listeners, is definitely the end of the race and, if you'll pardon me, I'll pop off to find out if it is the end of the winner, too."

"FOR ME, THERE IS NO WAR"

(Continued from previous page)

it is not music at all. It is political music. The orchestra is like the army, it is part of the state, and must do as it is obliged to do. Before war came to Poland last year (his native country), he had been playing through all the countries in which Hitler is now. He toured Holland, Scandinavia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, France, Spain, and Portugal. He did not stay in Germany or Austria, but when he travelled through the other countries he could see that music was no more as he had known it. In Vienna, the capital of music, the orchestras had become like provincial orchestras. "Many years it has taken to build up these things. Very quickly they have been broken down. It is like too-old Gorgonzola cheese. It goes like that—" he spread his arms to indicate disintegration. "It is gone."

Pessimistic as he obviously was about the future of Europe, Friedmann just as obviously was hopeful for the artistic future of the free countries. "Where is freedom now?" he asked. "Only in the

American republics, in Australia, and New Zealand." We were beginning, he concluded, and we must strengthen our beginnings by accepting as much as we could of the talent which the old world was discarding.

FRIEDMANN'S ITINERARY

LAST WEEK: Friedmann played from 2YA on October 15 and 18.

THIS WEEK: He will give a public performance on Thursday, October 24 (this will be relayed by 2YA) and a studio performance on Sunday, October 27.

NEXT WEEK: He will give a public performance in Christchurch on October 30 (this will be relayed by 3YA), and he will play in 3YA Studio on November 1.

IN DUNEDIN: He will play in public on November 7 and in 4YA Studio on November 10.

On November 17, he will be back at 2YA for a studio recital and will give a public performance in Wellington on November 19.

IN AUCKLAND: He will give studio recitals from 1YA on November 20 and 22 and a public performance on December 3.



That's not fair, Mr. Hicks, keep your temper! Wives are just as worried as husbands to-day. Of course you've got problems just now, but don't let them get you into a nervy state. Thousands of men and women are now taking Clements Tonic to keep them steady. The Phosphates, Iron, Calcium and Quinine in Clements Tonic give them new physical and mental strength. A short course of Clements Tonic will give you, too, a fresh zest for work, a calm, confident outlook and "nerves of steel".

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