

# LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN ALEXANDER

## There'll Always Be An England — And How!

LONDON radio announces that the English Home Guard is to go to school to study homeopathic methods of bumping Jerry off, should he ever get a toe-hold on Old England. Already, a British veteran of the Spanish War—who is said to know his onions—is engaged in demonstrating to a large number of pupils a large number of way of putting invading Huns on the spot marked X-it. The methods of this maestro include such homely devices as "stink" bombs created from cow-yard debris and gun powder, the flight of the humble brick as perfected down Pimlico way, culinary concoctions in bottles which become lethal in the housewife's hand (married men, please note), and oil pools on the roads, guaranteed to make Jerry's collapsible bike live up to its specifications. It is not difficult, from the daily experiences of hearth and home, to think up a number of supplementary homeopathic hazards for the unsuspecting Jerry. It is easy to

imagine a broadcast after a defeated attempt at invasion—such highspots of homely heroism as this:



"... Mr. Sam Stagger of Wobble-under-the-influence rendered noble service in stemming the tide of invasion

with his well-known hit-and-run homebrew. Mr. Stagger held up a detachment of Nazis with no other weapons than bottles. He says that in his experience the mere sight of bottles invariably holds up anyone—T.T.'s to remonstrate and others to participate. A few sips sufficed to put the enemy out of action. Many were choked by their chin straps when their tin hats shot off their heads. The carnage was fearful. Ever Mr. Stagger was staggered. Those able to crawl away were traced by the din of hiccoughs and the thrashing of the undergrowth. Mr. Stagger will receive the D.T. with all bars. The Typiste's Home Guard Cooking Class (known as The Doughgirls) also left their mark on the invaders. Their cheese-scones and rockbuns proved a knock-out at both long and short range. But the honours must go to Miss Lucrezia Borgia-Jones of Convulsions-in-the-fields who maintained the best traditions of the old family with her two-way rainbow cake—deadly both ways. Unfortunately for her victims, they had never heard the saying, "Rainbow in the morning—shepherd's warning," and scores who bit the rainbow bit the dust in fearful agony. Miss Borgia-Jones, when interviewed,

said modestly, "I don't really know how I do it. My rainbows just seem to get like that." She will receive the Order Of The Bread Poulitice, first class. She also takes the bun.



MISS LUCREZIA BORGIA-JONES

Instances of individual heroism are legion. Mr. Sandy McBlast of Loch Up-thewhusky held a battalion of Huns at bay with a withering bagpipe barrage. Although shot through the bags and fast losing altitude he riddled the enemy with pibrochs until relieved by lassies who finished off the invaders with a volley of oat cakes. Mr. McBlast has been granted the freedom of the air. We are happy to mention little Harold Hampstead (familiarily known as The Horror of Houndsditch) for his brick-throwing in the face of the enemy. When presented with a miniature gold-brick to wear on his chest the little fellow said "Blime, Guvner, this ain't 'arf funny, this ain't! I've often been decorated for throwin' bricks, but never on the chest."

The English are masters of improvisation. So long as there remains a jellied eel to fling beneath the heel of the invader there will always be an England.

## New Governor-General Interviewed For BBC By Wanganui Journalist

FOR Wanganui people one BBC broadcast this week was more than usually interesting in that the broadcaster was Alan Mitchell, once on the staff of the Wanganui "Chronicle." He broadcast in the Overseas Service on October 13, just in time to be topical with an account of an interview with Sir Cyril and Lady Newall. He said that they were so interested in the country they were going to that before he knew it the tables were turned and he was being interviewed instead.

In 1929 Alan Mitchell started as a proof reader for the "Chronicle." By 1935 he was a general reporter. When he went to England (where he was born) he became London correspondent for some New Zealand newspapers and joined the staff of the "Daily Express."

## CLOSING NEXT WEEK



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