

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN ALEXANDER

CAUGHT IN THE SLIPS

RAGMENTS of fact received over the ether hint that the armies of occupation in Horway and Holland are not too strong on their pins. The commentator says that many soldiers are falling into the sea, the rivers and the canals "perhaps assisted by a gentle push." Naturally, Hitler resents the implication that the fruits of conquest are water-melons and he wants to know: "Did they fall or were they pushed?"

But the Norwegians and Dutch only shrug their shoulders and put up another chalk mark behind the clock.

We can imagine the plaintive tone of the letters sent home by Hans:

"Dear Herr Father,

"From somewhere in Norway I write. Ach! The Norwegians, I like them not. They push and shove so on bridges and quays. Yesterday Fritz fell into the North Sea. He has not come up yet. Luckily, his lunch I was holding. Many Norwegians watched but all said they could swim not.



. Two days ago Hans fell off cliff into a fiord"

BOOK REVIEW

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critical judgment, Mr. McCormick is sound, and especially so on what are probably the two most important painters who have remained to work in this country-and with a gap of the whole century between them. If New Zealand artists were all of the calibre of Heaphy a hundred years ago, and T. A. McCormack at the present day, the hundred years would have been a century of real culture, and not the somewhat painful breaking through to maturity that Mr. McCormick so carefully portrays. The volume is one of the best of the series, combining scholarship, sound judgment and writing, commendably straightforward. This is a pioneer job that has fallen into the right hands.

"Two days ago Hans fell off a cliff into a fiord. He is still there. Fortunately, his ration I was minding. Many Norwegians were there. None could swim. For seafaring people the Norwegians are poor swimmers.

"Joachim went fishing on the quay ten days ago. He has not come back yet. When I ask the Norwegians where he has gone they say, 'The Germans, they are not lucky on the sea.' I have Joachim's ration card to remember him by.

"Ernst went to draw water at the well a fortnight ago. Both he and the bucket have disappeared. The Norwegians say they hope the bucket comes back. When I inquire they only shrug and murmur: 'Where there's a well there's a way.'

"Last week Weinzl slipped and disappeared down a culvert. He has not yet come out at the other end. The Norwegians say they can do nothing unless he blocks the culvert. I think of him every time I drink his beer allowance.

"Three weeks ago Heinrich went to wash his shirt at the river. When we found the shirt Heinrich was not in it. Norwegians say he slipped on the soap. But it is a good shirt. The sergeantmajor does not say 'look slippy!' any more. Heil Hitler!"

Or a similar note from Holland. "Mein Gretchen Dear,

"Holland is not nice. When we say to the Dutch, 'Goot day, meinheer! You like the kind German soldier who so bolite to you iss, hein?' they say, 'Go, jump in the canal square-pate!' And every morning German soldiers in the canal are found; which shows how bolite the German soldier iss.



"I like not the Dutch. They are too pushing. Even the windmills have arms. When we produced a comrade out of the canal the Dutch say, 'Why drag that up?'

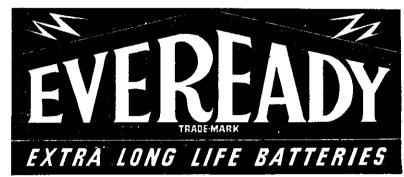
"We came to occupy Holland but the Dutch want us to occupy the canals. Their motto is 'shove thy neighbour.' I like them not. Heil Hitler!"

SOUND AS A BELL



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