

LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN ALEXANDER

THE DEVIL TO PAY

HITLER said lately that he was sure God Almighty would not desert a nation surrounded by enemies. This belief amounts to double-crossing his ally the devil.

But one day Nick will come up to lodge a protest in person. It would be interesting to listen-in to the rival fiends. Somewhat after this style. Hitler and Goering are discussing the military advantage of bombing hospitals and orphanages when—zouff!—there is a ball of sulphurous smoke and the "ould bhoy" himself stands where Goering was, but isn't. Hitler gasps, "Well, I'll be d—d!" "You are," says the devil. "And that's the first true truth you've spoken. Not that I hold it against you. We all slip at times."

"B-but where's Goering? He was here now he's gone," spluttered the Fuhrer.

"Not gone! Merely incorporated in the lower Reiches!" says the devil.

"But I need Goering," shrieks Hitler.



"I'm only playing hell-on-earth," whimpers Hitler. "And I always give you credit. Surely you've read 'Mein Kampf!'"

"Credit nothing!" sneers the devil. "Didn't I hear you trying to make a pact with Heaven? Fifth-column stuff! Heaven, indeed! You frightful little snob! You stay where you belong or—I'll be seein' yuh."

WOMEN, WASHING AND WAR

A SERIES of letters describing the daily life of a woman in England under blitzkreig conditions have been secured by the NBS and the first of them will be read from 2YA on Wednesday morning next, January 29, at 10.45 a.m. The writer calls herself just "Monica" and although she is known to be a radio writer whose work has been heard before, on this occasion she writes as an ordinary woman.

Much has been heard of the arduous work of the A.R.P. wardens, the Fire Brigades and other workers, but unfortunately little is told of the most heroic but least dramatic duties of all—the work of a mother. "Monica" tells how she and her friends managed to get the washing done on air raid days, discusses the price of vegetables, children's schooling, what happens when the gas mains are cut by bombs, and describes the "fire sales" at the big department stores, and all the other odds and ends of a woman's endless round under the stress of war. The letters have nothing more to them than homely details, but they will bring home strangely to New Zealand women some of the realities of England in war-time.

The NBS is fortunate in having a number of letters in hand, so the continuity of the series is assured.



"So do I," says Nick. "I just borrow bodies as I need them. I often hop into Goering's skin. Sometimes I get under Goebbels's hide, too, but I find it a bit windy. But, for serious hellishness I prefer you."

"This is an honour, excellency," simpers Hitler. "As you know, I bow to no man, but this is different."

"Bet your sweet after-life it's different!" hisses the devil, coming over distinctly incandescent. "And if you think you can make a hell of Europe in opposition to the real Mackay you're crazy. Our arrangement was co-operation, not competition—representation, not impersonation. I hear people saying 'That fiend Hitler.' Stealing my thunder, huh? They'll be calling me Pansy next. It fair burns me up. Why, you owe *everything* to me, you phony little fire-eater! Even though you have modernised your plant, mass destruction still can't compare with the old hand craft. Believe me, there'll be the devil to pay before you're through."

SOUR STOMACH

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