

LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN. ALEXANDER

"Mein Blue Heaven"

IT is reported that, while on the Russian front with his troops, Hitler's mental condition deteriorated so rapidly that he was returned to Berchtesgaden where his medical advisers ordered that he is not to hear any bad news. They are a bit late. They should have issued the order about 1939.



But the dope-dokter Goebbels should be able to protect the sensitive Hitler from the kind of bad news that tens of thousands of German mothers and fathers and wives are receiving daily on printed cards. Hitler considered in "Mein Kampf" that skilful propaganda can make the veriest hell look like Heaven. Well, here's a chance for little Garbles to try it on the dog himself. Follow the technique! Goebbels speaking!

"Oh, no, mein dear Fuhrer! No bad news whatever. Everything is going lovely. Remember how you said that you were prepared to lose three million men on the Russian front? Well, you've only lost two million—so far. A saving of thirty-three-and-a-third. Isn't it just dandy? And you'll recall how you estimated that the Russian bear would be skinned in six weeks. Well, we're entering the third month and the game's not nearly a skinner yet. So now you won't have to attempt an invasion of Britain, which you so dreaded. Isn't that splendid?"

"What did you say? How's Berlin? Oh, fine, fine! They're only getting bombed twice a day now. The Government has had to move out to escape the British and the Russians, but think how much more quickly they might have had to move to escape the Germans!"

"What's that? You feel 'em coming on again? Now Fuhrer, you musn't allow all this good news to excite you. Take a dose of your anti-jitterblitz mixture and I'll tell you some more."

"The Battle of the Atlantic is going beautifully; in fact, it is almost gone. Our U-boats are adopting a stick-in-the-mud policy. They don't come up to expectations, or anything else. Such a sav-

ing in wages! And torpedoes are so expensive! I thought you would be pleased.

Of course, Britain is getting twice as much food now. Naturally they'll stuff themselves to death in half the time

and so won't be able to use all those American munitions against us. Isn't it just too stunning?

"I am glad to say that our own food supplies are dwindling rapidly. It won't be long now before the people are too weak to revolt; so you won't have to worry about your end. Everyone thinks it is approaching fast. Nice to know, don't you think? Kind of relieves the suspense which is so bad for your nerves!"

"Of course you have heard the rumour that Britain may invade us. We can't possibly succeed on two fronts. So that clears up the problem of who

will get us out of the mess we have got into. I know how you were dreading it. Now, all you will have to do is to go for a fly over London or somewhere and—well that will let you out. Personally I've always been nuts on Brazil.

"So you see, everything in the Berchtesgaden's lovely.

"Tut, tut! You're not going to have one of your turns? Remember what the doctors said! Remember what you said in 'Mein Kampf' about Heaven. Perhaps a little soothing gramophone music! How about this one, 'Mein Blue Heaven'?"

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