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# LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN. ALEXANDER

## Boloney Barrage

IT was Hitler's hope to stand on Lenin's tomb in Moscow on the anniversary of the Russian Revolution and crow his head off. But the Russians foiled his foul design, and Hitler has had to think up another roost for the roosteration of his prestige.

It would have been the height of Nazi joy to desecrate the Soviet symbol. But Anxious Adolf has no time to waste on vain regret. He has to think fast and often to dodge the body-blows of Nemesis. Still, if there is one thing he is good at, besides murder, it is making the best of the second-best.

First he says, "We must take Moscow. Moscow is of the most vital importance to the Axis aims. It is absurd to suppose that we can take Russia without taking Moscow."

"Hear, hear!" cries echo Goebbels. "Moscow must go!"



But when Adolf discovers that Napoleon knew best and that Frosty Jack

has taken over the defence of the Russian capital, he calls himself up for a quick conference. The situation gives him shooting pains in the Casus Belli and the Status Quo. He knows that his loyal people will stay loyal just so long as he can bluff them into staying loyal. So he gives the put-and-take another spin, turns a back-hand double-twist somersault and broadcasts. "It is madness to think that we need Moscow. Moscow has never been of any importance to Axis aims. It is ridiculous to suppose that we can't take Russia without taking Moscow."

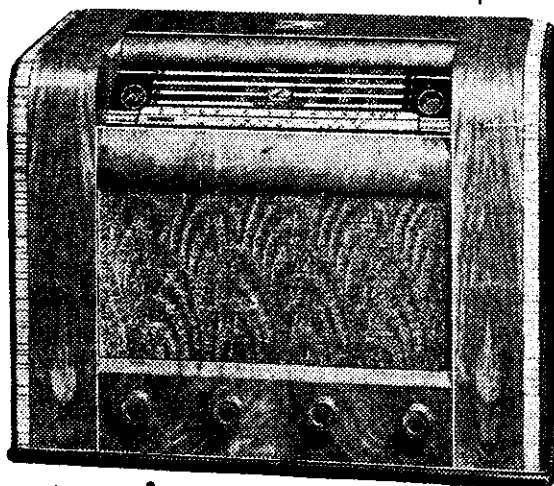
"Hear, hear!" cries Goebbels, the human corkscrew. "Moscow's mush!" And then, sotto voce, to Hitler, "There is no doubt, Adolf, you are a wizard at knitting bull's wool jumpers to your own design. I never saw anyone who could knit backwards with such celerity. And bull's wool is not the best material for holding together. It unravels so easily. You can sure juggle a mean needle."

"Practice, my dear doctor! I have never used anything but the wool of the bull. It can be knotted into so many ulterior designs and it never shows where I've missed a stitch. But I think the time is due for another peace offer, don't you? I *did* hope to hold it in Moscow, but the weather's so bad there at this time of the year. Vienna, I think, is far more jolly."



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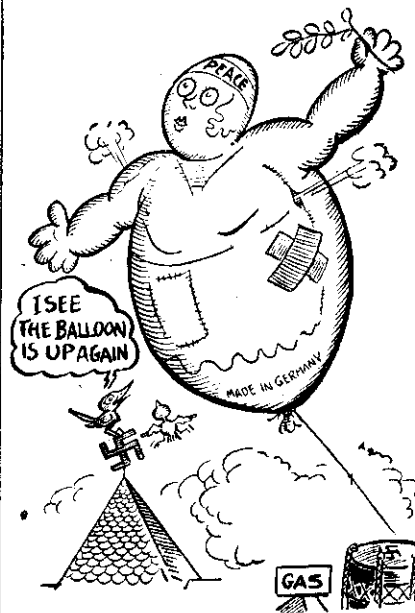
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So the balloon goes up again, and Hitler announces a great "peace" conference at Vienna at which all the birds of a feather will forgather—except the dove of peace.

The meeting will be mainly "the flight of the Quislings," who will wing from far and near to hear the boss vulture tell how peaceful it is down among the bones of nations. Hitler hopes to tempt a few "neutrals" to his feast of treason. But the few neutrals left know that their only chance of staying neutral is not to slip the clutch into Axis reverse. Hitler would talk to them about the sweetness of the pickings, and they would come away with a strange feeling in their bones.

Hitler knows that the world knows that his "peace" meetings are just so much barrage boloney hoisted in the hope that the anxious Germans will say, "Good old Adolf! How he loves peace! It's just too killing the way he strives for it."