

Fine Old English Gentlemen!--- Cont. from Page 1.

rudimentary rules for the Nazi scheme to-day.

The full story of Fascist propaganda has yet to be told in New Zealand. And in the centre of its far-flung web is club-footed, dwarf-like Reich Minister for Public Enlightenment and Propaganda, Paul Josef Goebbels, the greatest publicist of all time.

Through Paul Goebbels, Germany's current expenditure on propaganda is a sixth of her entire rearmament budget.

The radio voices of Germany are heard all over the world. This German shortwave service has a threefold aim.

To reach colonies and settlements of overseas Germans and make them conscious of Nazi greatness.

To create German markets in competition with other exporting countries.

To convince the rest of the world of German greatness and the justice of German aspirations.

Brotherly Love

ALL this is being done in six languages and more. It is done with German thoroughness and efficiency.

German Americans in U.S.A. are showered with brotherly love from home.

South Africans are educated

by name in the friendliest manner by announcers in Berlin.

FACTS have proved Germany's assistance in the Arab revolt in Palestine and her exploitation of Pan-Islamism and anti-Zionism.

Two years ago Jerusalem police intercepted documents proving that Arab leaders received £50,000 from Germany and £20,000 from Italy to strengthen resistance.

The swastika has now appeared in Arab leaflets; German rifles have been captured from Arab terrorists. The Arab Club in Damascus is known to

be maintained from German sources and there is an Arab Club, openly advertised, in the centre of Berlin.

It was the anti-British broadcasts in Arabic that caused the Foreign Office to arrange British broadcasts in native tongues some months ago.

All these and many more are strands in the web of Paul Josef Goebbels's weaving.

The cost—a sixth of Germany's current armament expenditure—has been more than justified.

Italy, pupil to German Fascism, is not far behind its big brother.

Rome shortwave transmissions send out a steady stream of Fascist propaganda, mostly in the guise of news, history lessons and reports of the march of Italian civilisation in South Africa.

Italy's Part

IMMENSITY of their plans is clear from the fact that in 1937 the Italian short-wave station was broadcasting regularly in Italian, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Arabic, Chinese and Japanese.

At the end of 1937 talks in Arabic had already become part of the daily programmes

of stations at Rome and Berlin.

To-day news is given from Italian stations in Serbian, Greek, Turkish, Romanian and Albanian as well.

BUT in the Empire's immense programme of rearmament and defence practically nothing is being done to counter the most potent weapon in the armoury of the totalitarian States.

Is it any wonder Britain feels itself politically menaced in the Mediterranean, in India, in the Near and Far East?

IT IS VERY NICE TO BE KNOWN AS FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMEN—AS LONG AS IT IS NOT THE INSCRIPTION ON YOUR TOMBSTONES.

This World of Ours

A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small package.

From "Galaxy": "Many people have a good aim in life, but they don't pull the trigger."

THEORY that elephants never forget is being disproved by Chicago Zoo experts. Zoo Director Dr. Robert Bean and his colleagues have been making long observations on the animals. They found that the elephant very soon forgets. Cited is the case of Honey, a baby elephant which was

one headmaster was facing up to the facts. Fair play, is it cricket, playing the game, and not kicking a chap when he is down may be all very well within the walls of Alma Mater, as most of us know, but they don't get you anything much on the Bourse except, maybe, a good deal of hoarse and derisive laughter.

On the other hand, a big business man we interviewed on the matter, told us he didn't agree with all this running down of the public schools. "Some of the smartest brains we've had on 'Change,'" says this chap, "had their early training in some of our better-known public schools." He pointed to one man who got five years for fraudulent company promoting, a credit to any school; to a second, who—with two years for forgery—was another bright light (alumnus, this chap said) that one could point to; a third, he added, would be out next year; he had done awfully well in oil.

"There's too much tendency to run down the younger generation," said this chap hotly. "You can take it from me the public schools are turning out boys just as good as ever they were."

fully, "we now find the notes are practically useless over here. Of course, we realise you have a right to your own financial policy," he added courteously, fingering his faded old school tie, "but this sort of thing is not going to do much to draw the bonds of Empire tighter, is it, I ask you?"

Fit For What?

LAST week we sent this urgent wire to Artist Cousin Hobnail: "Skeleton programme physical fitness week beginning February 19 says good deal about mass demonstrations, pageantry, and processions but neglects mention our All Blacks. Why?" He replied immediately by letter.

In common with other interested parties (wrote Hobnail),

you may be interested to learn that probably the piece de resistance of our main pageant will be an All Black, but this is a close secret at present, and to be kept so as a heavenly surprise for the public. It is enough to hint that the All Black will probably be on a float led by a bullock and a squad of Fitness Girls in attitudes of humble adoration. The squad will dance gracefully before him, strewing flowers and burning frankincense the while, and I understand the charming tableau will be drawn by a specially chosen physically fit bullock of prize dimensions. The bullock, I may add, will be the beefy one with four legs.

(Next week see special article from Hobnail on "Fitness, and the Auckland Domain Statue considered as the Picture of Rude Health.")

SHE LAUGHS

To Cheer 12B Listeners

SHE laughs only once a day over the air—when she brings Ron Oak, 12B's breakfast announcer, a cup of morning tea—yet fans' letters show she is becoming a personality.

Dozens write in and ask her to laugh some more because she cheers them up.

She is Mrs. Quedley, 12B's office cleaner. She's been around the station in that capacity for 6 years, and previously was caretaker of the Alredale Street Mission, working with Uncle Scrim. She has sung in the Friendly Road Choir and has given solos over the now extinct 12R.

She says she enjoys giving her laugh, always sings while she works.

12B wouldn't lose their Mrs. Quedley for pounds.

by JOHN GUTHRIE

rescued from starvation in Africa by Christopher Schulz. Schulz brought the animal to Chicago, and for months nursed it on a bottle. Absent for eight months, Schulz returned, to be snubbed by Honey, who obviously did not remember him at all.

No Falling Off

"It has been said that the secondary education is not the type of education the business man thinks should be given." New Zealand headmaster at prize-giving ceremony.

Having pointed out ourselves, from time to time, that the sheltered atmosphere of the public school is a pretty poor training place for young and sensitive chaps who are to be thrown into the market-place and told to make their living in competition with the best business brains in the country, we were pleased to see that at least

Bonds of Empire

It was all very well for unthinking New Zealanders to say there was nothing in Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's statement that the Empire was crashing because of the Dominions' policy of intense nationalism, said a gentle, white-haired elderly confidence man in London, in an exclusive interview for this page, but personally he felt there was something in it. "Your big, innocent, sun-burned New Zealanders come over here," he said, "with their pockets bulging, and we go to a good deal of trouble to relieve them of the dough. Then, at the end of it all," he said reproach-



Can you think of anyone else we ought to send an announcement to?

in Afrikaans to understand German colonial claims.

The South Americans are taught on shortwave in Spanish and Portuguese to appreciate German music, and incidentally German machines.

Nobody Forgotten

NOBODY is forgotten. Even out in the Antipodes we hear the voice of Germany, soft, mellifluous and fruity—especially fruity. There is the broadcast to Tasmania that begins "Hullo, Tasmania, beautiful Appie Isle."

We hear listeners in Australia and New Zealand greeted