

## The Daily Doings of a Nazi As a Hitlerite Pepys Might Write It

By

Frank Sullivan

(By Courtesy of the New York American)

*Tuesday.*—Up early. Did my exercises. Touched my knees twenty times without bending the floor. Hated Professor Albert Einstein sixty-two consecutive times. Find latter exercises very beneficial. The hissing increases the lung capacity and the brow beetling develops the muscles of the forehead.

*Wednesday.*—Paraded with the boys most of the day. Kathy did the ploughing. She is a good wife.

*Thursday.*—Papers full of the decree of our beloved Hitler abolishing the Jewish. All the Fatherland applauds Herr Hitler for his courageous step toward the purification of our race. Paraded in celebration of the decree.

*Friday.*—Little Otto is getting on splendidly with his hating. Shows real promise; scowls beautifully for a child of ten, and is already the best boy hisser in the choir.

*Saturday.*—Hated Heine ninety-seven times to-day, beating my best previous record by ten. Had brisk rubdown later.

*Sunday.*—Dull day. Kathy cleaned the barn. I spent the afternoon playing music by the Jewish Mendelssohn, off key.

*Monday.*—Good news. Little Otto got first prize in junior book burning.

*Tuesday.*—Heard to-day that Captain Goering, our beloved Hitler's friend and lieutenant, is coming to town Saturday to give us an illustrated talk on Twenty-seven Ways of Heiling Hitler for Beginners.

*Wednesday.*—Quite an amusing day. After our usual parade, a bunch of us Nazi fellows were hanging around the railroad station watching the girls unload freight when the afternoon train came in, and guess what—there was an American aboard! We grabbed him and took turns slapping him. Magnificent sport.

*Thursday.*—Great news over the radio. Herr Hitler has issued his long awaited decree abolishing the month of July on account of the sinister implication of the first syllable. Rejoicing everywhere at this important step toward the purification of our race. All feel June will be the next to go.

*Friday.*—The papers say there is an epidemic of sneezing throughout the Reich, obviously inspired by the secret syndicate of international Jewish bankers that seek to rule the world.

*Saturday.*—Captain Goering gave his

talk at the clubhouse. All went smoothly until Hans von Breitenvogelgekampft, chief book burner of our lodge, sneezed. Unfortunately, when he said "A-choo!" everybody misunderstood him and in a jiffy every man was on his feet, hating with all his might and main and demanding "Where? Where?" It was a magnificent demonstration of teamwork, and showed how effectively a group of well-trained Nazis can respond to an emergency.

*Monday.*—Our chancellor has met the challenge of the secret syndicate of international Jewish bankers that seeks to rule the world, with his customary vigour. He has issued a decree forbidding sneezing throughout the Reich.

*Tuesday.*—Tried hating Emil Ludwig and Bruno Walter to-day, but sprained my tongue attempting to hiss their names. Otto got ninety-eight in goosestepping on his report card this month.

*Wednesday.*—They say the book burning situation is serious, there being a grave danger of a shortage of burnable books. Even a charred copy of "All Quiet on the Western Front" brings a pretty penny to-day. Our Chancellor has met the emergency with his usual brilliance, by ordering rush printing of new editions of Zweig, Feuchtwanger, Remarque, Ludwig, Thomas Mann, Einstein and Freud, so that the people may have something to burn during the Winter. Heil Hitler.

(This interesting diary unfortunately concludes with the above entry, owing to the fact that on Thursday the diarist was detected sneezing in open violation of the Chancellor's decree. He was thrown into prison for treason, accompanied by little Otto, who had been caught playing a jews-harp.)

### "TO-NIGHT IS OURS" AT THE PLAZA

Noel Coward's romantic play is brought to the screen in "To-night is Ours," which is showing at the Plaza Theatre this week. Heading the cast of this film are Claudette Colbert and Fredric March—two superb artists—while supporting members include Alison Skipworth and Arthur Byron. The rest of the programme at the Plaza this week is of a high quality.

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### Rand 'Cellist to the Fore

Mr. Joseph Sack, the young Rand 'cellist who won the overseas scholarship in 1931, has just scored a notable success in London by winning the Sir Edward Cooper Prize with the string quartette, of which he is a member. Mr. Sack is at present studying at the Royal Academy of Music.

The Sir Edward Cooper prize is the chief chamber music award at the Academy each year. Only the best quartettes are permitted to compete, and this year the competition was unusually keen. The competitors for the prize had to play the first movement of the Brahms A Minor Quartette and the slow movement of the Elgar Quartette—a very difficult task indeed.

Mr. Sack seems to be acquitting himself well as a soloist, too. One of England's staunchest patrons of music, Baron D'Erlanger, has selected him to perform for the first time in England the 'cello ballade which he (the Baron) has just composed. This is a signal honour for the Johannesburg boy, and the performance, which is to take place shortly, should reveal him as one of the leading student 'cellists in England.

Mr. Sack was formerly a pupil of Mr. S. A. Rosenberg of Johannesburg.

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