

**THE NAZI REICH MARSHAL**

P.S.

57/41

Yes indeed, good stout Hermann is Reich Marshal. Who would have thought it. His comrades from the world war, to whom he still owes a debt today. Or did he ever think of it himself? Oh yes, he has plenty, that little tease with his saucer eyes. A fabulous career, a nice actress, and he earns a bomb, nothing to be sneezed at; just no sense. — No, none at all, no matter how big his head is. And still he keeps opening his mouth without the slightest inhibition, making even Adolf uncomfortable about it all.

If the R.A.F. ever gets around to bombing Berlin, then my name's Meier, he said at the beginning of the war. Today the streets of Berlin show clear traces of the British aerial offensive, but Göring is still Göring—and he's pleased to be. And then the all too popular slogan: 1,000 for one! Another fabulous turkey; for nowadays the German Luftwaffe is satisfied if it can even fly once over the island without suffering severe losses and bloody heads from the defense. The Nazis' air marshal may well still be drawing a horrendous dividend from his ammunition factories—he is a wily war profiteer and businessman—but the dream of unlimited, ever-increasing aerial superiority for his flying armada is coming closer and closer to its end. There will be a rude awakening.

For Winston S. Churchill said: If it has to be done, our brave bomber pilots will bring death and destruction over Nazi Germany!! We do not wish for it, never wanted it, but the death of many thousands of murdered people in Rotterdam, Belgrade, and not least in France, Norway, and Poland, the blood of many freedom-loving brothers in Europe suppressed by Gestapo terror, may not go unpunished.

= Vengeance will come—one way or another, Mr. Göring =

