

give the old gal a visual going-over from stem to stern and when satisfied, he stepped back with a determined gleam in his eye and remarked to everyone at large, "Next time I run me off a batcha' corn likker, I'm agonna' buy me one of them thar things."

IN MY OPINION, IT WILL BE a long, long time before the people in this little village will ever forget the staccato exhaust, the big whistle on the little train - the Lawndale Railway and Industrial company.

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### LAST WILL OF ADOLPH HITLER

I, Adolph Hitler, being of unsound mind and misery, and considering the possibility of a fatal accident known as assassination, declare this to be my last (you hope, you hope) will and testament.

To RUSSIA, I leave the Russian Winter where my brave Aryan sailors froze their knots off. Just when we expected to land Deep In The Heart of Moscow.

To FRANCE, I leave all the beautiful Mademoiselles in occupied Paris. I was NEVER the one for girls. WHOOPS!!

To ENGLAND, I leave the original manuscript of MEIN KAMPF, which their R.A.F. spoiled. I had written a different finish, but their fliers got me in the end.

To NORWAY, I leave my advice for any potential Quislings. To wit, "There's no social security for the wages of sin."

To POLAND, I leave a 16x10 gold-framed photograph of myself to hang in their public schools to scare the hell out of any kid who might THINK along Natzi lines.

To AMERICA, I leave Walter Winchell who always said, "To HEIL with Hitler." I know he'll be very busy on my funeral day so he'd better not come—Business before pleasur

To GOEBELS and GOERING, I leave 30 million marks (Two Dollars) to buy a gift for my Mother and Father who are getting married the day I die.

To FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, I leave my apology for interrupting his fishing, but he got even.

To COUNT CLANO, son-in-law of Mussolini, I leave the Victoria Cross for bringing down in ONE day, 41 bombers and 72 fighters—all ITALIAN.

To WINSTON CHURCHILL, I leave a box of matches. I never yet saw his cigars lit. Besides, who'll need matches where I'm going in Hades?

To MUSSOLINI, I leave my Chaplin mustache, which he is to make into a toupe for his ivory done.

To GENERAL MacARTHUR, I leave money for my tombstone with this epitaph:

BENEY MEEHEE MINY MO  
HERE LIES HITLER BY THE TOE  
UNDERNEATH HE SEEMS TO SAY!  
"MY MASTER WAS THE U.S.A.!"

AND TO THE ENTIRE WORLD, I JUST LEAVE, AND WILL THEY THANK GOD!!

Adolph