

"""""""" H---E---L---L---'S

B---E---L---L---s """"""""

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A MORALOGUE

IN

ONE

TALK

by

C R I M E S H E E T .

Mr. Cuthbert Pr )

" Cuthbert )

" Cuthbert )

" Cuthbert )

" Cuthbert )

" Cuthbert )

Just Cuthbert )

Clerks in Office of Ministry of  
Extermination Affairs

Flo )

Blö )

Slö ) Tea-ypistes in same office

No )

Glo )

Dough )

Bunko Mustalinitlerassinini, Dictator of the Nozi State of  
Umbugonia.

Doolittell, Minister of Extermination Affairs.

Stonio, a Member of the Nozi Council

Donnerundblitz )

Ogpushki )

Clamorceau )

Sapristi )

Carramba )

Members of the Nozi Council.

SCENE: Office of Ministry of Extermination Affairs,  
Umbugonia.

TIME: Every Now and Then.

Note:- The characters in this play are entirely menagerie  
and no live person is intended to be portrayed.

"H E L L ' S      B E L L S"

SCENE: Office of the Minister of Extermination Affairs in the Nozi Dictatorate of Ubugonia. Table upstage, with two chairs behind it. Six easy chairs - three on either side of stage. On wall behind table, within easy reach of hand, is huge clockface with hands pointing to ten o'clock. On table is bell, with striker alongside.

Curtain reveals six clerks about table - natty fellows wearing thick horn-rim spectacles.

CHORUS I.

As clerks finish chorus, ENTER Cuthbert Junior, the smallest and youngest of them. He is inquisitively examining a telegram in his hand. One of the clerks espies him.

Clerk 6 (sharply): ~~Cuthbert~~!

He moves towards Cuthbert Junior to receive telegram. Other clerks move so as to form a line with him. So arranged their heights descend until Junior is reached. Their voices are in inverse proportion to their sizes, that of the youngest being the manliest.

Junior (handing telegram to Clerk 6): Telegram, Mr. Cuthbert.  
Clerk 6 (passing it on): Telegram Mr. Cuthbert.  
Clerk 5 (ditto): Telegram Mr. Cuthbert.  
Clerk 4 (ditto): Telegram Mr. Cuthbert.  
Clerk 3 (ditto): Telegram Mr. Cuthbert.  
Clerk 2 (ditto): Telegram Mr. Cuthbert.  
Clerk 1: Thank you, Mr. Cuthbert.

While Clerk 1 inspects telegram (without opening it) "Thank you, Mr. Cuthbert" is passed down the line until it reaches Clerk 6, who merely says "Thank you, Cuthbert".

ENTER six Teapypistes, goosestepping. (N.B. All characters goose-step throughout the piece). They each carry a cup of tea. The clerks space themselves out, bowing profoundly. The Teapypistes pass through their ranks and place cups on table. Then they turn and curtsy to clerks. Clerk 1 stuffs telegram into trouser pocket.

MINUET: Cuthberts and Teapypistes. Junior does his best without a partner.

Cuthberts take cups from table.

Clerk 1 (raising cup): Gentlemen, the Ladies.

Teapypistes curtsy again, while Cuthberts drink - except Junior, who has no cup but goes through the motions.

Cuthberts ceremonially return cups to Teapypistes who thereupon goose-step off. Cuthberts goose-step off after them.

Junior plucks at sleeve of Clerk 6, who turns just as others disappear.

Clerk 6 (irritably): Well... what is it now?

Junior: I say...what was in that telegram?  
 Clerk 6 (suspiciously): What do you want to know fer?  
 Junior: I'm only taking an interest in my work.  
 Clerk 6: Well...don't. Remember our motto. See nothing...  
 hear nothing...say nothing.  
 Junior: And...do nothing.  
 Clerk 6: No...you must not even do that.  
 Junior: Lumme...this is no place for modern youth. I'm going  
 off to the War.  
 Clerk 6 (sharply): What's that, what's that? What war?  
 Junior: You know as well as I do what war. The war that tele-  
 gram's about.  
 Clerk 6: Cuthbert, my boy...I know nothing about anything.  
 Neither do you. See? That's the rules.  
 Junior: But...I say, Cuddie...If there's a war, are you going  
 to go?  
 Clerk 6 (lofitly): We Cuthberts do not go to wars. We are in-  
 dispensable...by virtue of our offices. So are you...  
 by virtue of your office. See? And please...do...  
 not...address me as Cuddie. Cuddie means a donkey. I  
 am a Civil Servant.

He goose-steps off very haughtily.

Junior (scornfully): Ass...ivil Servant. Hell of a lot of  
 difference ain't there?

While Junior is gazing after Clerk 6, ENTER from other  
 side the Dictator? Mustalinitlerassinini, and the  
 Minister of Extermination Affairs, Doolittell.

If possible, the Dictator has a little moustache like  
 Hitler, a goatee like a Frenchman, a red tie and a  
 cap like Mussolini. He is supposed to be a compound  
 of several types and is super-charged with vitality.

Doolittell, on the other hand, is the Metternich-Richelieu  
 Machiavelli-type (if there is such). He has whiskers  
 and horn-rims and, while on a familiar standing with  
 the Dictator, obviously plays up to him.

Must. (to Junior): Boy!

Junior (coming to life with a jerk of consternation): Lumme...  
 His Insane Magnificence! Messir.

He gives the Nozi salute, seizing nose with hand, then  
 flinging hand outwards and upwards sharply in the  
 Fascist salute.

Must. and D. Solemnly respond by thumbing their noses  
 at him. This salute is used throughout the peice.

Must. Now...get out!

Junior: Yessir...er...your Insane Magnificence.

Must.: Come back!

Junior: Yessir...er...your Insane...

Must.: Tell Mr. Cuthbert I wish to speak to him.

Junior: Yessir...er...your...

Must.: And...get out!

Junior: Er...yessir...your...er...same to you, Sir.

EXIT Junior precipitately.

D.(who has been quietly enjoying scene): Your Highness has  
 little reverence for modern youth.

Must.; I love them.

D: Quite. I rather fancy the young of today will make very  
 good cannon fodder.

Must.: I have a millions dollars' worth of armament shares that say they will.

D.: So have I. Glorious youth, ha, ha. Soon...

Must.(breaking in upon D.'s visions): The ultimatum was despatched all right?

D.: Master, everything was done according to your esteemed orders.

Must.: And a reply has not come?

D.: Magnificence, I am not interested in a reply.

Must.: Ha, ha, no, of course not. But here is your beast of burden.

ENTER Clerk 1. Nozi Salutes.

Clerk 1. At your mercy, Most Insane Magnificence.

Must.: Any reply to the ultimatum, Mr. Cuthbert?

Clerk 1: None, your Frightfulness.

Must.: Good. And, Mr. Cuthbert...

Clerk 1: Yessir?

Must.: Get.....out!

Clerk1: Er...yessir...your...er...yessir.

EXIT Clerk 1 rapidly.

Must. (going over to clock): Time's getting on.

He shifts hands forward.

Bell all right?

He takes up striker and handles it.

D. (alarmed): Do not touch it, Sire. The whole of your Dictatorate is tuned in to the sound of that bell. One slightest tinkle...and a thousand thousand loud speakers relay the glorious tocsin throughout the length and breadth of the land. And then...

Must.(proudly): The Nozi legions march. Their glorious shirt-tails cross the enemy's frontiers.

D.(shocked): Not enemy, Sire. Enemy presumptive.

Must.: True. Doolittell...I feel that I should touch the bell now.

D.:(gasping): Master...Insane Magnificence...the Council...do not forget the Council.

Must.(still toying with the striker): The Council...bah!

D.: Yes, yes, of course, your Mightiness...but...but... the ultimatum does not expire until twelve.

Must.: True...I had forgotten.

Lays down stricker and moves hands of clock on a bit.

Thank you Monsieur le Ministre, for reminding me. Never shall the world have cause to say that Bunko Mustalinitlerassinini, Dictator of Umbogonia, failed in the slightest to observe the niceties of diplomatic procedure when about to plunge the world into war.

D.(nervously): World? War? Magnificence...I sometimes wonder...do you ever...think of war...in terms of... blood?

Must.: Blood...bah! When I think of war, I think of sawdust.. not of blood! Blood is not blood...a thousand miles away. Here's the Council.

ENTER. the six members of the Council, goose-stepping They are attired in frock coats and all wear face-fungus of varying foreign types. They look like anarchists.

Nozi salutes.

CHORUS II: Umbugonian National Anthem.

Umbugonian National Anthem.  
(Air: Funiculi Funicula)

1. The dearest spot on earth (so far invented)  
Is Umbug-oh! Bugoniah!  
Where every breeze that blows is nicely scented,  
~~Is~~ Umbug-oh! Bugoniah!  
That and that makes your bosom sort of tender  
Is Umbug-oh! Bugoniah!  
Because it's just a mass of scenic splendour,  
Is Umbug-oh! Bugoniah!

Chorus:

Umbug! Umbug! Umbugoniah!  
Umbug! Umbug! Umbugoniah!  
We don't know who, we don't know why,  
We don't know where or what you are!  
The only show we care to know  
Is Umbugoniah!  
(Bugoniah! Bugoniah!)

2. The land that's featured first in song and story  
Is Umbug-oh! Bugoniah!  
Where any fool at all can climb to glory,  
~~Is~~ Umbug-oh! Bugoniah!  
The place we're quite prepared to steal or lie for  
Is Umbug-oh! Bugoniah!  
But which of course we don't intend to die for,  
Is Umbug-oh! Bugoniah!

Chorus:

Umbug! Umbug! etc.

Nozi salutes.

Must.: Gentlemen, be seated.  
D. sits behind table. The Councillors dispose of themselves in easy chairs. Must. stands besides D. behind table.

Gentlemen of the Profoundly High Council of the Nozi Dictatorate of Umbugonia. As you well know, the affairs of our country are in a state of crisis. We are on the eve of tremendous happenings...the outcome of which will decide the future happiness of our citizens...perhaps the very existence of our country. We must lose no time in getting down to business. I hope you all enjoyed your visit to the pictures this evening.

Stonio (the radical): Not I. Don't you ever feed the fleas in that place? They've bitten me red.

~~Donnerunblitz: Ha, ha. It would take more than that to explain your colour, Stonio, you damn communist.~~

Ogpushki: ~~You call him Communist because he does not like war. Yet you would paint everything red with blood.~~

Stonio. Not I. Don't they ever feed the fleas in that place?  
They've bitten me red.

Donner. Ha, ha. It would take more than that to explain your  
colour, Stonio, you damned radical.

Ogpu. Stonio a radical! Don't make me laugh. He's a radish...  
red on the outside...white within.

Blotto. Especially in the region of the liver. Lilee!

Carramba. Tiger lily!

Stonio. It's a lie! I've a liver like a horse...strong and  
stable. I am ready to shed my blood for the people's...

All. Beer!

~~Sapristi. In the People's Palace.~~

~~Donner. That wasn't where he was bitten.~~

Blotto. Blood is cheap...bloody cheap. The next time you pass  
the Gear Company...

Stonio. Yes, I know...always somebody else's blood...never your  
own!

Sapristi. Leave him alone, Stonio. You know very well that he  
would willingly shed his blood for his country...if  
only...he were...twenty years younger.

All. Ah...if only...I...were...twenty...years...

Stonio. And if you had a thousand sons, you would sacrifice them  
all to the Nozi cause.

Carramba. We would, we would, we would! For Umbugonia, Home, and  
Beauty!

~~Donner.~~ ~~And the Beer War.~~

Stonio. But none of you have any, you...bally...old...seedless...  
raisins!

During the foregoing, Must has been whispering  
to Doolittell. He now turns his attention  
impatiently to Councillors.

Must. Peace, gentlemen, peace. (Then as in script.)

Clamorceau: Blood is cheap...~~very~~ cheap, The next time you pass a butcher's shop...

Stenio: Yes I know...always somebody else's blood...never your own,

Sapristi: Leave him alone Stonio. You know very well that he would willingly shed his blood for ~~his~~ country...if he were only twenty years younger.

All(~~except~~ Stonio): Ha...if only...I were twenty...years...

Stenio (~~interrupting them~~): And if you had a thousand sones, you would ~~sacrifice them~~ all to the Nozi cause.

Carramba. We would, we would! Ten thousand sons... for Ubugonia, Home and Beauty!

Stenio (sardonically): But none of you have any, you bally old... seedless...raisins.

Must. (who has been listening with a bland smile): Peace, gentlemen, peace. The time you see, is ~~getting on~~.

He moves on hands of clock a bit.

We have important issues to decide before the stroke of twelve.

Stenio: And what is going to happen on the stroke of twelve?

D.: We go home, of course.

~~Must.~~: All in good time, my Stonio. Now, gentlemen deputies, ~~You know why Deoliftell has summoned this meeting at my orders.~~

Stenio: Yes...so that government of the people...for the people...and by the people...sh ll not perish from the face of the earth.

Must.: That is a subversive statement, Stonio, and extremely distasteful to me.

Stenio: I represent the people.

Must.: You represent nothing. I am the people.

Stenio (indicating Councillors): You are these people, perhaps...

Councillors (together): Shut...up.

Must.: Thank you, messieurs. These interruptions ~~consume~~ valuable time.

Moves clock on.

I was about to inform you of the purpose of our meeting. Well, then, let it be known to you that I, Bunko Mustalin-  
itlerassinini, Dictator of Ubugonia, have caused to be served upon the Government of Aspirinnia...to be answered not later than twelve tonight...an ultimatum.

Stonio (jumping up): Here, I say...

Others (together): Don't interrupt.

Stonio subsides, muttering.

Must.: Thank you, most reverend, grave, and potent signiors. Our friend Stonio is undoubtedly conversing with one of the comrades that bit him in the picture palace this evening. My deepest sympathies, dear Stonio; there is unemployment among fleas as well as among Umbugonians at the present time. Time?...ha, that reminds me.

Moves clock on.

Clamorceau: Most Noble Frightfulness, shall we be permitted to learn before midnight what is to happen at midnight.

Donnerundblitz: Honoured we would be, Superlative Importance, did you but inform us what the approach of time is to bring down upon us.

Must.: My dear deputies, only the ill-conditioned interpolations of our radical friend here prevents me. Time doth fly indeed.

Moves clock on.

I must hurry. Comrades, you have long been aware of the terrible disability under which the women of our beautiful Umbugonia labour. Not only is this land...but in every land upon the globe...or rather, I should say, in every civilized land...I mean, of course, reasonably civilized...women no longer present a brave front to the world...for their chief means of frontage has gone.

Stonio: Time is going too.

Must.: So I observe, dear Stonio.

Moves clock on.

To be brief, gentlemen, there is a world shortage of lipstick.

All: What!!

Must.: It is a fact, gentlemen. Our ladies languish for love, but what is love without lipstick? I ask you, how can kisses count without colour? Can you be ravishing without ruddiness in the region of the rat-trap?

Moves lips up and down and pulls mouth open at sides so as to look gargoylish.

Voices (after watching him fascinatedly): No!

Must.(warming up): There is a famine in fascination. No longer are the lips of Russia rosy red. No longer are the rose-buds of Britain beefy. The lips of far-away Invercargill are dry. Lips have lost their face-value. And why?

Stonio: Go on...I'll be the tulip.

Must. (becoming excited): Why? Because a barbarous, uncivilized uncultured people who own the sources of supply of this invaluable commodity refuse under any circumstances to make these sources available to mankind...

Voices: Shame!

Must.: ...unless a royalty is paid to them on every ton taken from the lipstick mines. Shame...of course it is a shame. Are we accustomed to pay for things? Does anyone pay for anything if he can help? Did you pay to go to the pictures tonight?

Voices: No...never!

Must.: We ask this people for lipstick. They do not even give us lip service. They merely give us lip. Can a proud people such as ours submit to such tyranny?

Voices: No.

Must.: The eyes of the world are upon us...as they have ever been upon us since the day when our beauty first burst upon an astonished universe. That beauty is now at stake. Shall we suffer these ignorant Aspirhinelanders to deny that beauty to the world?

Voices: Not me. Not I. Not me. Nor I.

Stonio (grumbling): I wish you wouldn't ask so many questions. Time is getting on.

Must.: So it is.

Moves clock on.

As I was saying, gentlemen, the fundamental principle of our Nozi State is beauty first, last, and all the time. Beauty right or wrong. Beauty for ever and for ever.

Gestures so as to move clock on.

Fully conscious, therefore, of the gravity of the situation ...involving as it does the sacred honour of our womenkind ...and supremely conscious of our responsibilities towards mankind...I have called upon these infamous Aspirinnians to cede to Umbugonia in full and absolute possession, with exclusive rights of exploitation, unencumbered and free from debts and charges of any kind, the lipstick mines situated in the Aspirhineland, such cession to take effect from midnight tonight.

Moves clock on.

Failing a satisfactory reply by the time stated...

He draws his hand expressively across his throat.

Stonio (jumping up): Mr. Dictator.

Must.: Silence! Do you realize that, this ultimatum having been delivered, the national honour is now at stake? Do you realize that, from the hour of midnight tonight, our national existence is at stake?...the existence of our fatherland, our motherland, our brotherland, our sisterland, our wholedam-familyland, with its offspring and progeny down to countless

generations yet unborn, all looking to us with their little baby arms and their trusting little infant eyes, crying to us in the beautiful innocence of childhood to preserve their inheritance for them, the land of our fathers, the land we love...

Stonio(again): But, Highness...

Must.: I beg of you, Stonio, not to disturb the solemnity of these sacred proceedings with your baby-killing tactics. Silence! I will allow no one to stand between me and the safety of my beloved babes. Gentlemen, a little thought will enable you to realize the depths to which the malignant enmity of these vicious barbarians of Aspirhineland may yet descend. When we send our legions of shirttails against them...as it seems we shall be compelled to do...our beautiful young men...the flower of our Nozi manhood...they will mercilessly kill them. Shall a lesser breed without the law do that and remain unpunished?

Voices: No, No.

Must.: We must punish them...punish them rigorously for the shocking mutilation they will inflict upon the brave troops we send out to kill them. Gentlemen, I see in a vision thousands of young Umbugonians mangled and dying...gasping out their promising young lives upon the cruel desert sands...ignominiously and murderously slain by Aaffian savages who, if they had offended in no other way, have sinned against High Heaven and Me by being born in the wrong place.

Voices: Yow!

Must.: With their last breaths our young men who are to go out and die call upon us...upon you...upon me...to execute a just vengeance upon those who are to bring about their untimely doom. Shall their appeal fall upon deaf ears?

Voices: No, no, never.

Must.: Their sacrifice shall not be in vain. We will smite the enemy root and branch, hip and thigh, fore and aft, from top to toe, from Newtown Park to Thorndon Quay...we will never sheathe the sword until we have restored justice and security to the nations...until we have brought into being a brave and new world in which peace, perpetual peace, shall reign and the cruel scourge of war for ever be banished from the politics of men.

Voices: Hooray, hooray, hooray.

Stonio is trying to get a word in but cannot.

Must.: Gentlemen you have heard me. Is it war or peace?

Voices: War!

Stonio (more loudly): Peace!

Must.: I beg your pardon.

Stonio: Insane Magnificence, you cannot decide like this. It is not yet midnight.

Must.: Midnight or not, it is war.

Turns towards clock to move it on.

Must. Gentlemen, you have heard me. Is it war or peace? Any-  
one that wants peace shall get it.

All (except Stonio). War!

Stonio (more loudly). Peace.'

Must. I beg your pardon.

Stonio. Insane Magnificence, you cannot decide like this. The  
people do not want lipstick. ~~That~~ shaving cream.

All (except Stonio). Never!

Each grabs own whiskers, glowers, then sits.

Must. Too late, Stonio, too late.

Stonio. It is not yet twelve.

Must. If it were not yet thirteen, it is war.

Turns to clock.

All (except Stonio). War!

Stonio. Highness, I insist. There is yet the reply.

Must. Reply? What reply?

Stonio. I have good grounds for the belief that the Asperhine-  
landers have replied offering us their B. O. deposits.

Must. What? What do you mean? ~~I have~~. I have  
received no reply.

Doolittell. I instructed the Postmaster-General to jam the radio.

Must. If a reply had come, I should have received it by now.

Doolittell. No reply has come.

Turns towards clock to move it on.

Stonio: I insist. There is yet the reply.

Must.: Reply? What reply?

Stonio: I have good grounds for the belief that the Aspirhine-landers have replied conceding our demands.

Must.: What? What do you mean? I have received no reply.

D.: No reply has come.

Must.: If a reply had come, I would have received it by now.

Moves clock on a bit.

Stonio.: Call your secretary.

Must.: Call him Doolittell.

D.: Cuthbert!

Cuthbert appears.

Is there a telegram?

Cuthbert (producing telegram, but not from trousers pocket)  
Here, sir.

Must.: (snatching telegram): Give it me. (reads) "Quintuplets born. Everything o.k. Do I get anything?" What...what... what...?

D.: I think it's a matter for the Police...riotous assemblies...

Must.: This is going to upset the Government Statistician.

Cuthbert: What reply shall I send, Magnificence?

Doolittell: The fellow wants to know what he gets out of it.

Must.(viciously): Tell him he gets nothing out of it but trouble.. butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, teacher, vaudeville, New Zealand Truth, all the pests of society and later on, the marriage market. Oh, tell him I neither praise nor blame. And you...get out!

Cuthbert: Yessir.

Must.: Damn these interruptions! You see...time's up.

About to move clock.

Stonio (jumping up): There's a trick somewhere. You are betraying the people!

Must.: What!

Voices: He has insulted the Dictator! Seize him.

They goose-step towards Stonio, who dodges (on the goose-step) and produces a revolver.

Stonio: Come closer and I shoot. If you want war, you shall have it...right here. You shall have it nowhere else. Get back if you don't want lead poisoning. I'm going.

Must.: Where are you going?

Stonio: I'm going to arouse the people!

EXIT Stonio. Others look at Must. Must. Slowly turns thumb down.

D.: Cuthbert!

Cuthbert: Yessir.

D.: War regulation number ninety-nine. Elimination of political malcontents. Quickly before he leaves the building.

EXIT Cuthbert on run.

Must.: An unfortunate incident, gentlemen, but perhaps not unexpected. In the terrible crisis we are passing through I can brook no disloyalty. The people...bah! No one shall corrupt them and live. My noble...loving...subjects. Shall I let them think differently from me? Shall I let any of you think differently from me?

Voices: Never.

Must.: Thank you, my dear, dear friends.

ENTER Cuthbert droopily.

Well?

Cuthbert: Liquidated.

Must.: Gentlemen, you will stand in honour of our poor friend and comrade. May he rest in pieces.

While assemblage stands, with bowed heads, Must. moves hands of clock to twelve.

Ha! The fateful hour.

Seizes striker. Cuthbert, who has been pawing about his pockets for a hankie or something, suddenly pulls out the telegram given to him at commencement of scene.

Cuthbert (in alarm): Magnificence!

Must.: Silence!

Cuthbert: Insane Magnificence!

Cuthbert tries to reach Must. Others restrain him. Must. Who has been sorting out a place on bell and guaging the distance, gives the bell a wallop. Faint cheers are heard outside.

Voices: Hooray, hooray, hooray.

They dance about, slapping one another's backs  
etc., etc.

Must. (to Cuthbert): What did you interrupt for?

Cuthbert (handing him telegram): The reply. It came hours ago.

Must.: Then it came too late. The signal has been taken up.  
Gentlemen, we are at war with the Aspirhinelanders. Our  
shirttails are by now across the enemy frontier.

Voices: Hail! All hail!

Nozi salutes.

Must.: This war is a crusade which we must wage...first in the  
interests of national security...second to preserve the  
national honour...third to make the world safe for democ-  
racy...fourth as a war to end war...fifth whatever the  
newspapers like to pretend.

Voices: Hooray, hooray, hooray.

CHORUS III. ~~Unbugenian National Anthem.~~

Must.: A bitter and protracted struggle lies before us, in which  
the dastardly enemy will commit every form of barbarity the  
newspaper mind can conceive. You have the atrocity stories  
all prepared, Doolittell? Good. Notwithstanding the  
worst our foes can do, our invincible shirttails will march  
forward with grim determination, knowing they carry the torch  
of civilization to the hovels and hayricks of the backward  
peoples of the earth. We have taken up the White Man's  
Burden. Victory shall be ours.

Voices: Hail, Victory!

Must.: Aye, glorious victory. Onward, my brave soldiers. I  
am prepared to lose a million of you. ^ What our country  
needs is men, more men, and still more men.

ENTER Cuthberts, dragging in Junior.

Cuthberts: Magnificence! Disloyalty, treachery, mutiny...

Must.: What is the meaning of this?

Clerk 2.: Magnificence! He has deserted.

Must.: What...deserted already?

Clerk 3: Yes he was caught in the act of enlisting as a soldier.

Junior: I only wanted to fight for my country.

Must.: Your country! Your country. Who told you it was your  
country?

Junior: If it ain't, then whose country is it?

Must.: The boy's mad. Sack him.

# Hymn to Kane

——— (Land of Hope & Glory)

Great god of Dope, thy wars will crown  
With one that's mightier yet!

On brow all ripe for mowing down  
Once more thy seal is set

Thy jungle laws, by effort gained  
Have helped us well and long

By effort gained by cash maintained  
Our armaments are strong

## Chorus

Land of Dope & Strong Smotherers of the free  
How shall we extol thee, who have shares in thee?  
Higher still & higher, may our profits rise  
Thou hast made them ~~higher~~ mightier, make  
Them mightier yet

Cuthberts (passing Junior from one to another): You're sacked... sacked...sacked...sacked....sacked!

Junior is thrown out.

Must.: Now...you gentlemen...if clerks can be called gentlemen... prepare yourselves for active service.

Cuthberts (falling on their knees): No, no, Sire.

Must. (kindly): Have no fear, gentlemen. You will all be appointed to the General Staff.

Clerk 4: But, Sire...we know nothing about warfare.

Must.: Did you ever hear of a staff officer who did? I do not expect efficiency or intelligence from superior officers. But remember this...if a common soldier fails to exhibit these qualities...shoot him without mercy.

Cuthberts (saluting cheerily): Aye, aye, sir.

Must. (to clerk 1, who has not been included in the foregoing): As for you, you miserable...muddling...messing...humbugging...crawling...kickspittling...craven...incompetent...halfwitted nincompoop...What for nothing but an ornamental tailor's dummy...unable to deal with such a simple thing as the delivery of a telegram without making an ungodly mess of it...you have shown such an aptitude for imbecility that I can only regard you as an administrative genius. You shall be my Chief of General Staff...the Supreme Commander of my Armies in the Field.

Clerk 1 (overcome): Sire...

Must.: Do not protest, I pray you. The more fantastic the muddling, the more glorious the war. Hullo, what is this now.

ENTER Teaypists, each bearing a white feather.

Hum, there are shirkers in this establishment, it seems.

For whom are these white feathers, young ladies?

Teaypistes (in unison, surtseying): For Cuthbert, Magnificence.

Must.: Ha,ha. Carrying coals to Newcastle. There is no need, ladies. Your roosters will shortly be the heroes of the War.

Teaypistes (in unison): What, soldiers?

Must.: Soldiers! No...Staff Officers...brass hats.

Teaypistes: Oh.

They fall into arms of Cuthberts.

Must.: That's the stuff. You shall marry these brave fellows before they join the army. Then you shall take their places in this office. I am tired of having effiminates about me. There's a war on, everybody! No time is to be lost! To work! To work!

All dance.

Must. (after the dance): And now for some patriotic noises.

CHORUS IV Air: "Land of Hope and Glory".

Then all give Nazi salute to audience, finishing up with thumbs to noses.

C-----U-----R-----T-----A-----I-----N

<u>Tues</u>	8pm
<u>Wea</u>	9pm
<u>Thur</u>	8pm
<u>Fri.</u>	8pm

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See Hays

### III. HYMN TO MARS.

Air: "Landn of Dope and Glory".

Great god of dope, th / wars we'll crown  
with one that's mightier yet!  
On brows all ripe for mowing down,  
Once more thy seal is set.  
Thy jungle laws, by effort gained,  
Have helped us well and long.  
By effort gained, by cash maintained  
Our armaments are strong.

Lord of dope and story, Smotherer of the free,  
How shall we extol thee, who have shares in thee?  
Higher still and higher, may our profits get!  
Thou hast made them mighty, make them mightier **yet!**

#### Chorus.

Lord of guns and glory, bomb-bastowing Mars,  
Rain them on our foemen, blow them to the stars!  
To thy grand destruction may no bounds be set!  
Thou who ~~slaughterest~~ millions, slaughter millions yet!

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~~Dub~~  
O'Connor  
Ruth

Table ✓  
Chest ✓  
bench ✓  
chair ✓  
fire Roy  
~~spots~~  
pipe  
egg-cup.

Greens.  
Sawdust

Roy ✓  
Lara ✓  
Beryl ✓