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ANOTHER OPEN LETTER TO MR. SCHICKELGRUBER

MIX TO

FROM QUENTIN REYNOLDS.

s.C/U Walker
saying.....

B.D.W. As the regular Pathe Gazette commentator it is my privilege to present to you that distinguished journalist and broadcaster.... Mr. Quentin Reynolds.

As camera swings
to R.

I am happy to be associated with Pathe Gazette in the capacity of Special Correspondent, and I hope you will find my reports, at least, interesting... I feel it would not be out of place if I opened my series of Newsreel reports with another letter to Mr. Schickelgruber.

Camera shooting
over shoulder
as Q.R. Types
Dear Mr.Schickel-
gruber.

Dear Mr. Schickelgruber, It is true you are now known as Hitler, but I prefer Schickelgruber for it sounds unlike a grub that has crawled out of a wet log.

Russian pwasants
listening to letter

Now, Mr. S, I would like you to hear a letter typical of many which are appearing in Russian newspapers and read by families of the men-at-the-front as they go about their work on the home front.

Scouts

The letter goes like this. "The Fascists, (that's what the Russians call your murderous crew, Mr.Schickelgruber,) the Fascists are not having it all their own way. Only yesterday I was one of a scouting party which spotted a lorry-load of the enemy making for behind our lines....

We Soviet Soldiers do not allow such things to occur, so, in a very short time the lorry was shot-up and its passengers taken prisoner. A sorry-looking lot they were".

Planes in Sky.

The letter continues, Mr. S.... "Nor, are the Fascists Kings of the Air, Our anti-aircraft guns are knocking German planes out of the sky as often as they dare approach, almost as often as the British Air Force is sending them to where they belong. "Russia is a mighty big country, Mr. S, and its vast lands will accomodate the remains of a whole lot of Slap-Happy Hermann's futile fusiliers.

Lorry arriving

The letter from our Soviet Stalwart proceeds, Mr. S, "It does us good to see the boys of our Red Air Force arriving at a nearby aerodrome with tons upon tons of big, big, bombs". (You'll remember the British call them big beautiful bombs, Mr. Schickelgruber) "They load these mighty missiles, together with thousands of the smaller leaden pills, into the planes, and we hope that every single one will find its target. As the planes set off to bomb and shoot up the Fascists we, on the ground, are more determined than ever that the enemy shall be beaten back, and then beaten - - on his own soil.

Uncovering guns

And so, Mr. S, the letter concludes "We are holding the enemy with all we have, and, you may tell the people at home that WE shall win!"..... That, Mr. Schickelgruber is the spirit you have to beat..... Really Mr. S, it can't be done.