## Disterings?

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN ALEXANDER

## **MUSSO MEDITATES**

THE best news the BBC has unleached for some time is the sinking of Benito's best battleships. Unofficial sources report that when Musso heard of it he flew into a fit of the Tarantorums. "Why pick on me?" he demanded. "Has my navy ever done the British any harm? Why, my ships are either permanently in port or making for port in top gear.

Many a time I could have sunk British ships—only they were looking—but did I? Nobody can say I did. And how do the cowardly bulljackets repay my generosity? They fly over my impassable coast, dodge my impregnable balloon barrage, defy my inescapable anti-aircraft batteries and sink my unsinkable ships while they lie in my invulnerable harbours. I tell you, it's almost enough to make one fight.



"I suppose Adolf thinks he's funny when he asks how my bottled navy is getting along and how many bottleships I have in port. But when he rings up and suggests that I put wheels on them and use them as field kitchens in Albania I almost feel that he is trying to be seroastic.

## THE BUSINESS OF BROADCASTING

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more dramatic portions of those duties try reading an unseen batch of typescript for yourself in the privacy of your home. Then imagine yourself doing it at a microphone, with millions of critics waiting to pounce on every mis-pronunciation, every failure in pace, point and emphasis.

Yes, and then, still in the privacy of your home, thank your lucky stars that whatever else destiny may or may not have done to you, it hasn't made you a radio announcer. Because a voice of gold is not enough—to it you must add, not only a tremendous background of knowledge, but a brain as cool as ice and nerves of steel into the bargain.

"Is it my imagination or is he getting a little dissatisfied lately? That remark of his about my soldiers upholding the best traditions of the ancient Marathon runners seemed a bit thick. And after all I've done for him! Drawing the Greeks into Albania with my famous back - pedalling rearguard advances! Sometimes I think he's jealous of the cut of my trousers. I, at least, can still



dictate to my tailor. And he always grabs the best salutes when we're on tour

"And his sneers about my air attack on London and his talk of Italian stoolpigeons! I've told the British about my overwhelming preponderance in the air but their motto seems to be 'Say it with Spitfires.'

"If Adolf thinks I'm the sort of dictator who can be dictated to he wants to think about our history. Why, we Italians have more ruins to our credit than any other nation in the world and — by jingo! — we'll have a lot more before we have finished; hm——y-e-e-s-s.

"I sent my submarines into the Atlantic because Adolf kind of hinted that I must be using them as butter coolers. And he knows how home-loving we Italians are. Besides, the Atlantic is so beastly deep.

"It's all very well to say we'll come out on top. On top of what?

"And when I said—apropos of Egypt—that Rome wasn't built in a day, he said if I didn't hitch up my socks a bit I'd find a far hotter site for Rome than the Libyan desert. I wonder what he meant. If he's worried about how things are going I am worried about how things have gone. They keep on going all the time. For two pins I'd withdraw my support. I'll tick him off proper. I'll —."

"Herr Hitler on the phone, Il Duce!"
"Coming, coming! Yes, it's Benito.
Certainly, mein Fuhrer. At once, Excellency. Take Greece in a week, get a move on in Egypt. t-t-take Gibraltar, s-s-s-weep the Atlantic, b-b-b-bomb L-London? Y-y-y-e-e-s s-sir — that is

"He's hung up. And it looked such a nice war—at first."





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