

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN ALEXANDER

ROOMS FOR BROOMS

ANXIOUS Adolf has his eye on Germany's future—if any. He told German workers that, after the war, Germany will be a far, far better place. To prove it, Dr. Ley told German hausfraus of Adolf's enxiety to provide them with better kitchens and rooms for brooms.

No doubt rooms for brooms has some subtle symbolic significance for German housewives. Tell the Hunfrau that she is masticating dog steaks for the Rights of Man and she is as unmoved as Musso's fleet. But tell her that victory spells rooms for brooms and she will hitch up her gingham and starve like anything. Of course, Adolf may just be getting into the songwriting business in opposition to Noel Coward's "Room with a View."

But imagine Adolf and his Leypreacher at dinner discussing the influence of rooms for brooms on the Axis sweepstake. "It's one of those things that no one but you would think of," says Ley. "Lesser minds might have thought of bins for pins, cases for laces, bags for fags, recesses for dresses, or even boxes for frockses, but—rooms for brooms! All the fraus are saying that as a dictator you are a wonderful architect and vice versa. Just think of the implications of the broom! Sweep on to victory, a new broom sweeps—but, no! That one isn't so good. Now, if you had promised cupboards for jam or safes for ham—"



"I did think of that," says Hitler. "But brooms were safer; you can't eat them. Well, you can, of course, but I believe they are not very nourishing. It wouldn't have been fair to fill our noble people with false hopes when they are so empty of everything else. How splendidly they starve to victory!

Try another slice of duck, Ley? I can't offer you any cranberry sauce; we have to set the people an example in sacrifice."

"Quite, quite! It's wonderful how little the blockade is affecting us—off the breast, please."

"It was one of those flashes I get in the pan. I toyed with all kinds of ideas even holes for coals. But holes for coals are not much use without coals for holes. And Goebbels had just pointed out to the people how noble it is to shiver to victory. By the way, Ley, if you find the room too warm open the window. As I was saying, we have to treat the people right—or was I? I made horse meat their stable diet until even the cavalry were sounding boots-and-saddle as their dinner call. I have appointed cooking instructors from the Kennel Clubs; but even dachshunds are getting short now. It's very distressing. A cut off the joint, Ley? It's prime ox. I can't offer you horse-radish; stern days, you know, stern days!"



"All the same," says Ley. "You shouldn't spoil them. Give them brooms to-day and they are kicking up a dust to-morrow."

"Give them brooms? What are you talking about? I didn't say I'd give them brooms, or rooms for brooms. I only made them a promise. It keeps their minds off pantries and subversive things like food. Here! Try some of this fifth-column lobster that Quisling sent!"

Royalty Shows the Way

The Queen keeps up the morale of the people by constantly appearing in her pretty pastel ensembles and beflowered hats, a flower spray pinned to her coat. She is a familiar figure these days in the East End, where the residents are later able to describe the colour and design of her frocks and hats—and to say with pride—"She looked that pretty in her blue frock and there were lovely flowers in her 'at."



