

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN. ALEXANDER

## Slipping On The Soap

Nazis are still finding it difficult to persuade their victims that the German heel is soft and comfortable to live under. The Norwegians are as Norwegian as ever and in Holland Hitler is "in Dutch " with the burghers. In both countries he has slipped on the soft soap which won't wash out the stains of Gnashnal Socialism.

THE news discloses that the lings are not home to callers any more. Too many visitors carried lumpy objects under their coats. Whenever Quisling reached for his hat, his countrymen reached for something heavier to put on his head. Rumour says that last time Hitler wired "How is Norway?" Quisling replied, "Don't know - haven't seen it for months!"

> It is said that when the Gestapo boys come creeping through the pantry window o' nights to quiz Quisling, they have to strew bits of cheese round the house

to bring him out of his hole. The chief! Gestapotentate says, "The Fuhrer! thinks you're not so hot as an administrator of injustice, Mr. Quisling."

"Sorry," says Quizzy, "but the trouble is to get out. Well, perhaps not so much to get out. Getting back is the trouble. And after all, it's difficult to rule a country from under the bed." "Oh, I don't know," says the chief rat. "We've been doing it like that for years."

"All I can say," mumbles Quisling, "is that these Norwegian cradle songs are misleading. They'd rather bump me off than rock me off. And they're so rude. Nearly every mongrel in the city is called Quisling. It's a dog's life."

"Every dog has his day," comforts the Gestapo Chief. You won't be worried much longer. If you succeed here the Norwegians will bump you off; if you don't, we'll bump you off. So long! See you at the funeral!"

## OUT COMES HE CORN



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The Norwegians refuse to give the Quisling salute, which is a hand grasping a throat, and the Dutch shout "Heel Hitler!" in Flemish. A Datch bookseller, when ordered to remove a portrait of Queen Wilhelmina from his window, substituted a large one of Hitler and placed next to it a book entitled "Can You Swim?" The Nazis have begun an inquiry to ascertain what it is the Dutch can possibly find to laugh about, with the object of taking it away from them. But they never could see a joke that didn't hit someone else in the eve.

To make the citizens of Amsterdam love him more, Adolf has fined them £2.000,000. Other cities are fined lesser sums. Now the German song of occupation is, "There's something about a Nazi that is fine, fine, fine."

The world wonders why Hitler doesn't practise his famous rule of thumbscrew. Wickham Steed explained in a broadcast that this oversight is due to Adolf having weightier things on his mind than his tin hat. A flare-up in the north might mean a fizz-out in the south, which would cause him to go west.

Meanwhile, the gentle Nazi is brokenhearted because the Norwegians and Dutch detect the mote in his motives. Dear old Quisling also has his doublecross to bear. It is said that the Quis-



