

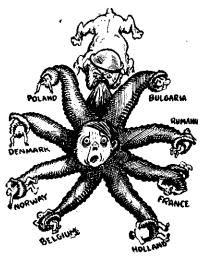
Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN. ALEXANDER

Peace with Dishonour

opinion that Hitler will shortly he realises the truth that he is pounding the path of defeat in the Balkans. Not that Hitler and Truth have anything in common, except that they have never met. But it would not be the first time Fear and Truth have become temporary patter-partners.

Dr. Hermann Rauschning, a former intimate, has written that, although Hitler is as free of humanity and morality as a wart-hog is of beauty spots, he is as fearful of his skin.

The Doctor also reports that, at intervals, All-in Adolf appears possessed of demoniac influences. He sees things o'nights. Big Boss Mephistoph and his side-kicks Ananias, Machiavelli, Judas, Baron Munchausen, and Cain — the real powers behind the throw-in—put Adolf on the mat every now and then to see that he is not saving his skin at the expense of the Old Firm.



PEACE FEELERS?

Says Ananias, "Is this the truth about peace feelers? No, don't tell me! I prefer to believe that even you would shrink from committing a deliberate truth."

"I didn't mean any harm," whimpers Hitler, "A mistake at this stage would be the end of me.'

"Well, what's the odds?" growls Cain. "A spot of killing never did no one no harm, nohow. You've had your share, you lucky dog! Although I taught you all you know, mine was a mere dotand-carry-one. Why worry about a little thing like being bumped off?; your future is assured, anyhow-unless you think you are too big a guy for us, now. You wouldn't be thinking that, would you, brother?" says Cain, edging up close.

"No, no," cries Adolf. "You are the real leaders of the party." "Now, now," wheezes Baron Munchausen, "that is getting dangerously near the truth. The trouble with you is that you never

R. BENES has broadcast his played golf. But we are all liable to slice a shot and muss up our lie. Not put out peace feelers, because that I ever did. These peace feelers f'rinstance! Sort of almost implying the truth, what?"

Hitler, "I swear I haven't."

"No," sneers Ananias, "but I believe you'd descend to it to save your pelt. Lie to the last, says I. And when you join us, they'll put on your tombstone 'Here lies Hitler.' What better compliment could one wish for?"

"Life is a sell, anyway," whispers Judas. "And you've sure had a good trade-in, big boy. You've sold eighty million Germans, and the devil knows how many others. As a salesman, you make me look like a peanut vendor. But keep off the peace feelers. Truth is stranger than fiction, but all the big money goes to fiction."

"Only poor liars tell the truth," sniggers Machiavelli. "It's a sign of failure. Cheat your way to peace by all means. But to make an honest bid for it-well, I mean, it's so blamed inartis-

"Cut the cackle!" booms Mephistoph, "But I've never told it," shrieks "Adolf's my mutton. I'll do all the roasting. See here, little one, you'll not disgrace me by going for any pansy peace. You'll either go under playing the devil to the last, or you'll win with a real honest-to-goodness dishonourable peace. Now go to it, and play hell till the brimstone is burnt out!"

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