

LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN. ALEXANDER

The Vichy-ous Circle

ISN'T it time something was done about Old Father Petain? Here he is giving Germany concessions which are of direct and valuable help to Hitler in his fight against our army in North Africa. And he represents true France no more than a daschund could. Yet it is reported that, in exchange for the release of French prisoners of war, and a substantial reduction in the cost of being occupied, he will allow Hitler to requisition all French ships in the Mediterranean; and he will permit the use of Marseilles and other North Mediterranean ports as supply bases for Rommel's Libyan army. Also he has agreed to give Hitler all the naval and air bases he needs in French North Africa, but not the French fleet. Really, now, Monsieur Petain, one would almost imagine that you don't like us.

Of course, when Hitler has got the goods he will refuse to pay the price. To keep a promise now would simply



be telling the world that the skids are under him. But Old Father Petain has fallen for the greased palm, forgetting that there is nothing more slippery than a greasy Nazi. All that remains now is for Petain to hoist the swastika over Vichy and do the Dance of Death properly.

Old Father Petain is getting on, now—round about 80—but there's a limit to this respect-for-age business. They say he is remarkably preserved for his age. So is a mummy.

Let's ring the changes on "Alice in Plunderland."

"You are old, Father Petain,"
The Free Frenchman said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father Petain replied to his son,
"I feared I might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the Frenchman,
"And yet, as I say, you tumble for cheap
Nazi tricks,



You turn double somersaults over yourself,

Pray, why all this dropping of bricks?"

"Of late," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,

"I've kept my limbs very supple,
By the use of this ointment—the swastika brand—

Do let me sell you a couple."

But 95 per cent. of Frenchmen tell him to rub it in his hair. Meanwhile Hitler is bribing the old gentleman to support the Fuhrer's sagging prestige. It's had such a biff in the Moscow belt

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that something has to be done to keep it on its feet. If it loses its feet Hitler loses its reputation—and his head. Hence, also, the outburst of suicide in Nippon. The Japanese have gone in off the deep end.

Eventually, only the bubblest will say where they went. But, while we're on the job, can't we give Old Father Petain something stronger than Vichy water to go on with?

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