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# TARGETS

*By the same author*

SAGITTARIUS RHYMING  
LONDON WATCHES

# TARGETS

*by*

SAGETTARIUS



JONATHAN CAFE  
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## A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

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The author's thanks are due to the Editors for permission to reprint.



## RECTIATVE

When in this time of indubitable National emergency  
The Government is faced with problems of equal magnitude and  
urgency,  
When the *soi-disaut* Ministry of Home Security, (of which it can give  
not the slightest assurance),  
Exhorts the bombarded populate to further miracles of incalculable and  
endurance  
Because the War Office, despite the allocation of incalculable millions.  
Fails to prevent the brunt of enemy action falling exclusively upon  
civilians.  
When the numerous Departments of circumtion with incom-  
parable agility  
Evade the assumption of joint, mutual of individual responsibility.  
While doing more to retard the contry"s War effort in export trade  
production  
Than a month of intensive air raids despite then widely advertised mass destruction  
And when we see how officialdom in the name of national safety can  
  
with complete impunity.  
Harass, badger, hamstring and paralyze the productive half of the  
community.  
We realize that not only the countries roughly classified and thoioughly  
detested as autarchical,  
But also our own, immemorially extolled as a Constitutionally  
monarchical,  
Universally enfranchised and politically educated parliamentary  
Democracy,  
May be likewise the helpless victim of a flatulent, piddling, arbitrary,  
obstructionist and imbecile Bureaucracy.

*October 1940*

## THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

Four Saadist members of the Egyptian Cabinet... withdrew ... on the ground that Sabry Pasha's Government had failed... to declare war on Italy when Italian troops advanced on Sidi Barrani. — *Times*, September 24th, 1940.

If ever invasion were mooted  
In Egypt's historical land,  
Her sons would forthwith be recruited  
And stand firm to the last inch of sand;  
For each rape she would wrest satisfaction  
And, though late information is scant,  
No Power is more eager for action  
Throughout the Levant.

The forces of Count Graziani  
May be said to invade in a sense.  
But the landmark of Sidi Barrani  
Is no outpost of Egypt's defence.  
We cannot escape the suggestion  
That the desert to westward is wide,  
And on this geographical question  
The Pashas divide.

Though Egypt from time immemorial  
No foot of her soil has resigned,  
The scope of her bounds territorial  
Has not been exactly defined;  
Though not for one instant retarded  
By the strength and the speed of the foe  
She asks of each region bombarded —  
Is it Egypt or no?

The battleground chosen by Wavell  
May miss the frontier by a mile,  
And an action protective, though naval,  
May be reckoned too far from the Nile;

So we wait the official description  
And peer across deserts immense.  
To glimpse in the darkness Egyptian  
The Sphinx on the fence.

W A R - F A R E :

They cook the news  
At G.H.Q.s,  
They flavour at B.U.P..  
They hang till high  
At the M.O.I  
And they serve through the B.B C

B R I T A I N C A N T A K E I T

Night-raiding bombers rain  
Death and destruction,  
Britain builds up again.  
Speeds war production;  
White-hot her purpose glows,  
Nothing can shake it,  
Hardened by hammer blows  
Britain can take it.

Hark to the Treasury  
Calling up War Loans,  
War Bonds for victory,  
More loans and more loans,  
Every pound they will spend  
Fast as we make it,  
No matter *what* we lend  
Britain can take it.

Railways are all employed -  
Serving the nation,  
Doubling fares to avoid  
Vicious inflation;  
Transport's full steam ahead,  
Nothing can brake it,  
Well have the Railways said,  
'Railways can take it.'

Will there be price control?  
At the first rumour,  
Corner the market whole,  
Skin the consumer;  
Britons on Britons prey,  
Never mistake it,  
Britain must pay and pay,  
Britons will take it.

Britain can only win  
Through sacrifices,  
Vast the war effort in  
Piling up prices;  
Once they have heard the call  
None will forsake it,  
There is no doubt at all  
Britons can take it.

*December 1940*

## A P O L O G I A

We know of course that beggars can't be choosers,  
We know when drowning one must clutch at straws,  
Allies we need if we would not be losers,  
And dare not probe too deep for moral flaws;  
But large crusading hosts of thugs and bruisers  
Must always faintly prejudice the cause,  
Our history having recently recorded  
Some aid may be too dear to be afforded.

• While lacking an authoritative voice  
To state our aims for general restitution,  
(We pay our money and we take our choice  
Clear from the *status quo* to revolution)  
Still we can unaffectedly rejoice  
That certain States have made no contribution,  
So we in triumph need not be appeasers  
Of modern Attilas and pseudo Caesars.

To virtue we may have but small pretension,  
But somewhere everyone must draw the line  
And with wholehearted thankfulness we mention,  
No, more, with rapture words cannot define,  
Our offer of untimely intervention  
Rumania thought proper to decline,  
Or we might have been called upon to rescue  
The Iron Guard and Mr. Antonescu!

It's also not a little gratifying,  
Though more by luck than management perhaps,  
We have not been obliged to swear undying  
Devotion to the 'gallant little Japs'.  
Since propagandists must have found it trying  
To bridge some manifestly awkward gaps  
In making us appear the willing votary  
Of Prince Konoye and his revolting coterie!

True, we were long compelled, postponing war,  
To treat with the offscourings of humanity,  
But none the less continued to deplore  
Each blow at justice, truth and Christianity,  
The worst that can be laid at Britain's door  
Is trustfulness just verging on insanity —  
We may have had a touch of Halifaxis,  
We are at least a cut above the Axis!

*January 1941*

## CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

(After Austin Dobson)

The tradition of highly-placed mistresses and their participation in politics is an ancient one in France. Both M. Reynaud and M. Daladier figure in relationships with calculating women ... the Countess *Helene de Portes* and the Marquise de Crussol. — *Report on France*.  
*Thomas Kerman.*

When the fall of France was brewing,  
*Belle comtesse,*  
Did you work for her undoing  
With success?  
Were her strong men all too human,  
Premier R and Monsieur D?  
They who choose to 'find *the woman*'  
Find yourself, Comtesse de P  
(So disguised for *politesse*).  
Did you mix, with skill supreme,  
Statecraft with *la vie intime*  
As in *L'ancien regime*.  
*Belle comtesse?*

Had the Cabinet *une crise*  
Every time you staged a breeze  
With your rival, *la marquise*:  
Eh, *comtesse?*  
Were you to *la France* a pain?  
Were you Monsieur R's *migraine?*  
Did he rule and did you reign.  
*Belle comtesse?*  
Were you merely in due season  
Used by master-minds of treason  
France fell, but were you the reason,  
*Belle comtesse?*

In her tale of woe and grief,  
*Belle comtesse,*  
You appear as light relief,  
More or less;

Were the ills of France, past cure,  
Insufficient, to be sure?  
Must we add to these *L'amour*,  
*Belle comtesse*?

February 1941

O T H E R   T I M E S ,   O T H E R   M A N N E R S

A phenomenal haul of Fascist generals have been taken in Greece, Albania, Libya and the Western Desert. — *News Item*, January 1941.

When fortune on the battlefield  
Deserts the generalissimo  
Obliging him perforce to yield  
His State and country to the foe,  
His people (if upon the Continent)  
Immediately elect him President.

But when Great Britain's generals meet  
Reverses they do not expect  
The consequences of defeat  
Inexorably take effect.  
(In circumstances of extreme disgrace  
A Peerage usually meets the case.)

While by the ancient Roman code,  
When fickle fortune waved farewell,  
According to the Stoic mode  
Commanders in the battle fell,  
Or with the utmost promptness afterwards,  
Discreetly threw themselves upon their swords.

But Roman generals of our time  
Although they have adopted much ,  
Heroic, ancient, and sublime,  
Relinquishing the crowning touch,  
No longer with this venerable rite  
Mop themselves up when capture is in sight.

So whereas in the wars antique  
The conquering chiefs and general staffs  
Had only to select and speak  
A few well-chosen epitaphs,  
They now have army corps and High Commands,  
With marmalades of generals on their hands.

High fascists have not given out  
Why they should let this custom drop,  
But there is not the slightest doubt  
They wait example from the top,  
And when the fascist dog has had his day  
Much may be said for the old Roman way.

#### B A L K A N   H O L I D A Y

Tourists... have been pouring into Bulgaria in civilian dress in such numbers that German business houses have been ordered to evacuate their premises and accommodate them as the hotels are full.—*Daily Telegraph*, February 1941.

Now playgrounds in Europe are just running short,  
Bulgaria wins fame as a pleasure resort  
Which Germans prefer for diversion and rest  
To Greece to the south or Belgrade to the west.  
No hints of invasion her valleys disturb,  
The fishing is free and the shooting superb,  
A corner untouched by Neuropa's war gloom,  
Bulgaria's having a tourist boom.

The trip through Rumania is *sehr interessant*,  
The mountains the visiting tourists enchant,  
*Ersatz* is their suiting, their pockets are full,  
They'll be soon passing onwards to 'do' Istanbul,  
The terms are inclusive of fresh caviare,  
And *Hier spricht man deutsch* says Bulgaria's Tsar,  
Sofia can hardly supply living room,  
Bulgaria's having a tourist boom.

These tourists, when Norway was out of the news,  
Went climbing all over her *wunderschon* views;  
In Holland they made an artistic sojourn,  
Though never (as tourists) again to return,  
For wherever they go at the end of their stay  
These visitors take the whole country away,  
Yet the neutrals invite them, regardless of doom,  
Bulgaria's having a tourist boom.

### OUT OF THE WOOD

No one wants to boast that we are out of the wood, but my own impression is that efforts which have been made and are being made are far from fruitless. — Lord Simon, on the financial situation, House of Lords, February 11th, 1941.

Not without fruit is the National lending,  
Not without limit the Treasury's 'gap',  
Not without curb is the spiral ascending,  
Not without feathers Lord Kindersley's cap.

Not within sight is the 'gap's' computation,  
Not within range of the national thrift,  
Not within compass of loans or taxation,  
Not within sight is the end of the drift.

Not with the Banks' patriotic advances,  
Not with war savings as now understood,  
Not with old means shall we square our finances,  
Not with Sir Kingsley be out of the Wood.

## HOUSEHOLD WORDS

Ministry experts consider that a week's supply of iron rations is essential... Rations should include tea ... sugar ... tinned meat... condensed milk, chocolate ... and cheese. — *Daily Telegraph*.

We can say what we like of Lord Woolton,  
Or at least we can say what we dare,  
But England must sit up and listen  
When Woolton is heard on the air.  
Our portions may be microscopic,  
But they grow every moment more dear,  
And Woolton dictates on a topic  
That touches us near.

Some Ministers, willing and blameless,  
And busy as beavers no doubt,  
Yet strike us as perfectly aimless  
When they tell what the war is about,  
But Woolton looms ever beside us  
Controlling each bite and each sup,  
And we count on his broadcasts to guide us  
That something is up.

Some Lords in the throes of digestion  
Enlarge at regrettable length  
On the rather incongruous question  
Of winning, through misery, strength;  
But from Woolton's more fruitful endeavour  
Some practical guidance we gain  
On the value of foods which, however,  
We cannot obtain.

His Orders are full and explicit,  
His rules for iron rations are sound  
(Though half of them, being illicit,  
We'd have to be fined were they found).  
But, say what we will of Lord Woolton,  
If we cannot quite say what we like,  
We tighten our belts when Lord Woolton  
Gets hold of the mike.

P O O R   M A D A M   B U T T E R F L Y

Japan has the heart of a dove; she is anxious to lay the egg of peace, but Britain and America have placed the snake's eggs of Singapore and Guam in the nest.—Japanese Army spokesman, Shanghai, February 21st, 1941.

Aggrieved by vile suspicion,  
Japan, a harmless dove,  
Fulfils her heaven-sent mission  
And marks out zones of love.  
That wide Pacific spaces  
Be saved from war's caprice  
She yearns in steel-ringed bases  
To lay her eggs of peace.

Her innocence deluded  
By Talks in Tokyo,  
Too long she cooed and brooded  
Within the *status quo*;  
Though on the Road to Burma  
She laid in Craigie's hand,  
Her need for *terra firma*  
White Powers misunderstand.

Within her crowded island  
She finds no room to lay,  
A peace egg laid in Thailand  
Is almost laid away;  
While snakes' eggs hatched in Britain  
Her nesting hopes destroy,  
She is by China bitten,  
Encircled by Hanoi.

Whites should be wiped like vermin  
From Oceania's map,  
Except, of course, the German  
(An honorary Jap),

The swastika above Tangier  
Just hoisted with a Spanish cheer  
Does not officially appear  
An anti-British plan,  
Though when we ask what it may mean  
(Arriving later on the scene)  
The answer is a tangerine  
From the Spanish gentleman.

We do not care to make a fuss  
With someone who is 'one of us'  
So fresh assistance we discuss  
And joint proposals scan ...  
But while some circles still acclaim  
That hoary diplomatic game,  
Most Britons have another name  
For the Spanish gentleman.

## H U S T L E

The visiting American technical man finds difficulty in establishing quick and effective contact with the operative section of the appropriate department in Whitehall for obtaining action in a given sphere of the war effort. —*Daily Telegraph*, March 18th, 1941.

Mr. X, I'm delighted to meet you,  
You bring timely assistance indeed,  
But Lord Y could not stay in to greet you  
And I can't tell you how to proceed.  
For material leased, loaned and rented  
We have no authority here;  
Your inquiries should not be presented  
Till you find the appropriate sphere.

We will work for full co-ordination,  
But your Bill was so suddenly signed  
That for maximum implementation  
Our machinery is somewhat behind.  
Great Britain's own wartime production  
We've had too little time to prepare,  
So we're switched to post-war reconstruction  
And to-day my Chiefs taking the Chair.

I've heard that a branch was deputed  
To deal with American aid,  
But the office has been devoluted  
And liaison has still to be made.  
Your contact will soon be effected  
With an operative section no doubt,  
And I'm trying to get you connected  
But everyone seems to be out.

In regard to the present position  
I'm afraid that I can't help you much;  
If you cable our Purchasing Mission  
I am sure they will put you in touch.  
Lord Y will regret that he missed you  
When he hears in due course of your call.  
And I'm sorry I cannot assist you  
But we're busy to-day in Whitehall.

## NEW WORLD

We bring fresh hope to souls that grope,  
We are shaping an Order new,  
Not a set blue print, but a gleam, a hint,  
A bright though distant view.  
Our shining vision will gain precision,  
Our Order will not seem strange  
For we lead the movement for mass improvement  
With the minimum social change.  
No vested claims confine our aims,  
Our flights will not be retarded,  
Yet all secured and all assured  
Their interests will be safeguarded.

Our fruitful use of the Party truce  
Will fashion a national unity  
Which will clearly show that the *status quo*  
Means the good of the whole community.  
All wealth will pass through every class,  
Each class will aid its neighbour  
And all be planned by the Tory hand  
With the joyful assent of Labour.  
Our task is wrought with toil and thought,  
The planning of State and City  
Is not the scoop of a rebel group  
Or a crank post-war committee.

And more and more on wrecks of war  
The Order we bequeath  
Is a realm of light in Europe's night —  
A City not built by Reith.  
Though still locked fast in the arms of the past  
The future we behold,  
And when men see, once more set free,  
The brave new world we mould,  
None after all will then recall  
The mess that we made of the old.

## S A V E D

The Order in Council permitting the Sunday opening of theatres  
rejected by the House of Commons, April 1st, 1941.

Farewell to Sunday mumming!  
Good Christians now may say  
No pastimes unbecoming  
Profane the Sabbath Day.  
This godless innovation  
Exposed in Parliament  
The watchdogs of the nation  
Most righteously prevent.

The Bishops and the brewers  
Are fervently agreed  
That only evildoers  
Would prompt this impious deed;  
While Sunday entertainers note  
With spiritual pain,  
That snowmen would a vice promote  
From sordid greed of gain.

Though Sunday stage-plays needs must be  
A soul-destroying snare,  
The same heard on the B.B.C.  
Provoke to heartfelt prayer,  
While Sabbath dramas on the screen  
Exude no moral blight  
In pious meditation seen  
By dim religious light.

Before the Puritans, alas,  
Their love of Sunday plays  
Brought Britons to a dreadful pass  
In good Queen Bess's days,  
Till saved by Barebones and his set,  
They prayed all Sunday through —  
And Barebones is not buried yet,  
So Sunday plays, adieu!

## EAST IS EAST

Stalin made a surprise appearance at the station when Matsuoka was preparing to leave ... The two statesmen were overcome by emotion and embraced each other. Most significant was the remark made by Stalin in parting: 'You are Asiatic, so am I — *Asahi Shimbun*, April 27th, 1941.

When Stalin popped down to the station to kiss Matsuoka good-bye  
With a warmth that is seldom engendered by a common Neutrality  
Pact,  
The entourage, schooled to surprises, all caught themselves wondering  
why,  
And the highest Intelligence Circles could not state how the world  
would react.

When Stalin embraced Matsuoka with hardly controllable tears,  
The world, which awaits new alignments with settled and justified  
gloom,  
Remarked, if these boy-friends united to banish their mutual fears,  
It must be against someone for something, and if so, for what, against  
whom?

By one smack on the station at Moscow all Far-Eastern issues were  
raised,  
The kiss in relation to China the experts set out to define,  
And Communists all the world over, already perceptibly dazed,  
Awaited in mute acquiescence their cue for a sound Party line.

But the Soviet's subsequent action set wild speculation at rest.  
This sign of impulsive affection was merely a matter of race,  
Untouched by the fathomless cunning of the weird and inscrutable  
West,  
It was Asia bestowing on Asia a non-ideologic embrace.

For even the Sphinx of the Kremlin is frequently lonesome and glum,  
By comrades too long disappointed, by foreigners sadly perplexed,  
Herr Ribbentrop, sometimes a caller, has never seemed, somehow, a  
chum,  
And the closest of Soviet advisers may need purging by Saturday next.

And though Britain with buoyant endeavour seeks to rival the charm  
of japan,  
Cripps is never asked round to the Kremlin to sit down and have a  
good cry,  
Since he's neidier Siberian nor Mongol in the ethnic division of Man  
Stalin will not pop down to the station to kiss Britain's envoy good-  
bye.

#### F O R C E D   L A N D I N G

O Hess has come down like a bolt from the blue,  
And nobody sent him and nobody knew,  
By no one commissioned, by no one enticed,  
(It takes one for a landing but two for a tryst)  
He had only a map and a name and address,  
There was never a fluke like the coming of Hess.

So timely he crashed near to Dungavel Hall,  
Where no one expected his coming at all,  
His letters unanswered, unguessed his design,  
All the Scots that he knew were the words auld lang syne,  
But his landing occasioned old friends no distress —  
None were ever acquainted with vice-fuehrer Hess.

So costly his clothing, his manners so nice,  
He had plainly no truck with a regime of vice,  
News Bulletins blushed to allude to his crimes,  
He was washed white as snow in the ink of the *Times*,  
His horror of bloodshed words could not express —  
No ace was the equal of gentleman Hess.

We are armed against Nazi assaults from the air,  
For peace-flights of Nazis we now must prepare,  
We know what we hear but none say what they know,  
And luckier envoys may still come and go,  
But even appeasers are bound to confess  
There was never a flop like the peace-flight of Hess.

May 1941

## RUBAIYAT

Now the new season brings the tourist trade,  
From Cairo to Tehran behold displayed  
The arts and crafts of all the Middle East  
Both old and new and partially decayed.

Inonue in the Istanbul bazaar  
Vends unrepeatable *objets d'art*,  
And Rashid Ali cries his Bagdad wares,  
Echoed by Abdul Illah from afar.

In Egypt's booths no price is held too high  
For genuine Faroukian papyri,  
And lo! beside the oil-jars of Iran  
Hear Reza Shall Pahlevi call 'Come buy!'

And those who come with sacks of minted gold  
To bargain in the market-place, behold,  
That which they purchased was already bought,  
And nothing, but the buyer, has been sold.

The more the merchants are sold out, the more  
They sell without diminishing their store,  
The selfsame articles will be on view  
To-morrow as they were the day before.

Red Turkey carpet, stale Rahat Lakoum,  
The flowers of friendship, slightly past their bloom,  
Seals, talismans and old Arabian tales  
**Sold** and re-sold — the question is, to whom?

May 1941

## LITTLE ENEMY ACTIVITY

The Mother of Parliaments has once more rejected the plea for family allowances.—*News Item.*

When the Nazi might is shattered  
By our armament titanic,  
And the world, though slightly battered,  
Rescued from the hordes Germanic,  
All our hopes may be defeated  
By a more deep-rooted danger,  
And our progeny unseated  
By the little Nazi stranger,  
Though we know the whole creation  
Insufficiently commodious  
For a rising generation  
So exceptionally odious.  
While the foe we may outdistance  
In the engines of destruction  
They imperil our existence  
By their baby mass-production,  
And if Britons still diminish  
While the Nazis still re-double,  
We may question at the finish  
If the war was worth the trouble.  
For while Britain's lawful-wedded  
State in converse confidential  
That no prospect is more dreaded  
Than their parenthood potential,  
Nazi Hausfraus ever busy  
Charge again the bulging cradle,  
Rivalling the record dizzy  
Of expectant Hitler Madel,  
While the German State and Party  
Trends to race-decline have mastered,  
And extend a welcome hearty  
To the little Nazi bastard,

**And conceive a mass-offensive  
For our ultimate submersion  
By the fostering intensive  
Of progenitive exertion.  
Can we face so grave a peril  
Or a future more horrific  
If the civilized arc sterile  
While the savage is prolific?  
With our numbers still declining  
What avails our moral merit,  
If the world of our designing  
Little Nazis shall inherit?**

*June 1941*

### **G O O D    H U N T I N G**

**No, do not shoot the Ministers,  
There is not one but does his best,  
And in the fullness of the years  
Their work will stand the sternest test.  
Let none their headlong drive impede  
To put the war machine in gear,  
But end the grip of licensed greed,  
And let us hound the profiteer.**

**The law, according to report,  
Metes punishment to fit the crime,  
But profiteers if haled to court  
Incur no risk of doing time.  
For inconsiderable loot  
The sentence may be quite severe —  
Then magistrates may freely shoot.  
They may not shoot the profiteer.**

Purveyors to the Government  
May take their rake-off on supplies  
(With all our savings to be spent,  
'Twere folly to economize),  
But he who swipes the people's pence  
May cost the country far too dear;  
It saves both trouble and expense  
To liquidate the profiteer.

Then give blown Ministers a rest  
As common objects of the chase,  
And wipe out as a social pest  
This blot upon the human race.  
With his ill-gotten goods and gains  
The law is loth to interfere,  
But public duty still remains,  
So why not shoot the profiteer?

## STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

When Russia by the Reich attacked  
Concludes the Anglo-Soviet pact,  
This suddenly accomplished fact  
Disposes of the 'isms';  
The slogan and the shibboleth,  
So powerfully talked to death,  
Becoming just a waste of breath  
And mere anachronisms.

Aggression by a single stroke  
Collective action can provoke  
(The snag on which Geneva broke,  
For diplomats too tricky),  
So capitalist circles here,  
Forgetting their habitual fear,  
Encourage with a Tory cheer  
The battling Bolsheviki.

And as the *Internationale*  
Keeps up the Carlton Club's morale,  
While Soviets keeps up *Kapital*  
Regardless of the label,  
Both parties under arms dismiss  
That ideologic prejudice  
Which ought to be (but never is)  
Discarded round a table.

This strange but logical event  
Proves dead Geneva's argument  
And makes its truth self-evident  
To minds the most defective —  
Faced with the common enemy  
Extremes must as allies agree,  
For there is no security  
Unless it is collective.

*June 1941*

#### MASS MIND

The objective of our propaganda should be the leadership of the mass mind. — Lord Astor, June 25th, 1941.

Our leaden we must recognize  
As objects of devotion,  
And yet with caution analyse  
Official so6thing potion,  
And not be carried by surprise  
On waves of mass emotion.

The masses must be realist  
Despite misinformation,  
The mass must passively resist  
Insidious penetration,  
And view the mass psychologist  
With mental reservation.

We must rely on our defence,  
Though tests may knock it flat,  
We must have sober confidence,  
And not too much of that,  
Nor hope immediate consequence  
From every fireside chat.

We must not take the jaundiced view  
Nor wear rose-tinted lenses,  
Nor yet make each reverse a cue  
For dire defeatist frenzies,  
Nor blithely soar into the blue  
With Fraser, Smuts or Menzies.

Our hopes to facts we must adjust,  
Our fears we must embalm,  
The mass mind must maintain a crust  
Immune to joy or qualm  
*Unless instructed that we must  
Keep absolutely calm.*

## EXTENUATIONS

The Commons debate shows war news in a state  
That gives none but the foe satisfaction,  
    But it's proper to add, though the service is bad,  
It's not due to official inaction;  
The Ministry's stupor is blamed on Duff Cooper,  
Who is muzzled by higher advice,  
And ascribes inanition to the Service tradition  
    Of keeping hot news on the ice.

The Debate about food shows supplies are so good,  
Despite every enemy rumour,  
That nothing remains for Food Office campaigns  
Except to confuse the consumer;

To find a good reason why all things in season  
Must be sparsely doled out to the queue,  
And avoid revolution over maldistribution  
Is as much as Lord Woolton can do.

Though strategic retreat may appear like defeat  
From forces less game and less gallant,  
It must not be supposed our reverses disclosed  
An absence of tactical talent.  
The House is agreed for the new war of speed  
We have generals well-fitted to climb,  
And there's not the least doubt that just keeping them out  
Takes the War Office all of its time.

Our mentors, though noble, are strictly immobile,  
And we'll never drive full steam ahead  
Till the Service departments are ordered to tell,  
And the Food Chief sees foodshops have foodstuffs to sell,  
And the War Office gives up its dead.

July 1941

## HEARD MELODIES ARE SWEET

The decision was taken in high quarters not to broadcast the *Internationale* because in this country, at any rate it has an international and subversive significance. — Ministry of Information, July 13 th, 1941.

Because the British Tories fear the Red, ,  
Because we doubt Conservative *morale*,  
Because the Isolationists we dread,  
We do not play the *Internationale*.

Because we dare not sound a call to war  
Among the anthems of downtrodden lands,  
To silence with its loud tempestuous roar  
Their orchestras and organs and brass bands,

Because its modern harmonies confuse  
The motley sovereignties that Britain leads,  
And disarrange the patriotic blues  
Of broken blossoms and of broken reeds,

Because, though stranded in our darkest hour,  
The treachery of Allies we outlive,  
But preservation by an outcast Power  
We never could forget, far less forgive,

Because its sentiments are not our own,  
And yet, to earth's remotest confines borne,  
Its universal but subversive tone  
Brings hope not quite sufficiently forlorn,

Because we plan a British peace for all,  
Because we lead the *Soiree musicale*,  
Because we are not international,  
We do not play the *Internationale*.

## E N F A N T    T E R R I B L E

The Russian system is hated all over Britain. — Sir Ronald Cross.

Although right-minded Britons hate  
The system of the Soviet State,  
A scene they cannot contemplate  
Without an inward groan,  
The proletarian Russian folk  
Who grunt and sweat beneath the yoke  
Can yet a striking power invoke  
Almost to match our own.

The Soviet worker toils and fights  
According to his godless lights,  
And for his economic rights  
Does not appear to care,

And though his life we cannot praise,  
Despite his atheistic ways,  
That scorn of worldly goods displays  
Which makes our lives a prayer.

For all his impious ideal,  
Such is his communistic zeal  
His Government need not appeal  
For willing hearts and hands;  
He never seems to weigh the price  
When asked for total sacrifice,  
A course against all sound advice  
In less fanatic lands.

His savings he does not invest  
In bonds and loans at interest,  
His war-drive he does not arrest  
To further private greed,  
He takes the unenlightened view  
The Soviet State will see him through,  
And everyone receive his due  
According to his need.

He is so certain of their aims,  
He gives his homestead to the flames  
Without first putting in his claims,  
His reason is so dull,  
His slogan as he carries on  
Is One for All and All for One,  
In his outlandish lexicon  
Is no such word as lull.

And, single-minded to a fault,  
He hurls his body down to halt  
A hitherto unchecked assault,  
While all his actions tell  
He knows what he is fighting for;  
So, though the thought may be a bore,  
If he should chance to win the war  
He wins the peace as well.

*July 1941*

IT ALL DEPENDS ON ME

When Cato strode the streets ajive  
And gave the Romans his opinion,  
He organized a one-man drive  
Against the peril Cartheginian;  
Preventive action he desired,  
A cultural and trade embargo,  
Till everyone was sick and tired  
He cried: 'Delenda est Carthago!'

He feared for Roman life and laws  
Beneath a Punic occupation  
(And so expressed himself because  
Rome had a classic education),  
But all that Cato really meant  
Was, peace can never be enjoyed  
If Powers arc on world-conquest bent,  
So Nazidom must be destroyed.

When Cato was the soul of Rome,  
Both in the Senate and the Forum,  
When dining out or when at home,  
He harped upon Pax Romanorum;  
If with patricians he conversed,  
Or with the plebs in Latin *argot*,  
He always got in last or first,  
'I say, Delenda est Carthago!'

And now wherever you may be.  
Who face a far more active danger,  
Lift up your voice in company,  
Or buttonhole; the perfect stranger.  
For pleasure or for business met,  
Though people may become annoyed,  
Do not let anyone forget  
That Nazidom must be destroyed.

Old Cato was a ruthless bore,  
Though his approach was of the blandest,  
But still, he got his Punic War,  
That ancient high-powered propagandist;  
A case at law he would cut short,  
Or philosophical farrago,  
And to all argument retort,  
'So what? Delenda est Carthago!'

And now though conversation stray  
To different topics altogether,  
Just add to anything you say  
On bridge, or film stars or the weather,  
Or modern girls or Handel's Largo,  
Or swing bands or the unemployed,  
'Likewise; Delenda est Carthago!  
The Nazi State must be destroyed!'

ONWARD, COMPARATIVELY CHRISTIAN  
SOLDIERS !

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Armed for total war,  
Crescent moon and sickle  
Going on before.  
Strengthening defences,  
Girding for the fight,  
Westward, help comes slowly,  
Eastward, it is bright!

Onward, Marxist armies,  
Mainly infidel,  
Smite the hordes of Wotan,  
Ram the gates of Hell!  
Onward, hosts of Allah  
Over desert sand,  
Paladins of Siva  
From India's coral strand!

Onward, Afric's warriors,  
Marching in the van,  
Polytheists fighting  
As polytheists can!  
Moslem, Sikh and Hindu,  
Bringing victory near,  
Onward, Christian soldiers  
Bringing up the rear!

Gather, piebald legions  
Of every faith or none,  
For the powers of darkness  
Conquer one by one.  
Satan's ranks will scatter,  
Wotan's swarm depart,  
Chased by Christian soldiers,  
Once they make a start.

*September 1941*

## GIVE US THE TOOLS

If the United States are to fulfil the task they have set themselves. .  
there will have to be a further curtailment of civilian consumption  
— Prime Minister, September 9th, 1941.

The Battle Fleet of the United States  
Ensures that none shall Britain's lifeline sunder.  
How deadly the reception that awaits  
The raider on the seas, the U-boat under!  
How loud the fanfare, and how small the freights!  
How safely brought to harbour!. And no wonder!  
Since he may not sink convoys with impunity,  
How loath the foe to seize the opportunity!

America can look for no Dunkirk  
To underline the warnings Presidential,  
She can expect no salutary jerk,  
Compelling shortage in the non-essential.

Weil-chosen words may often wonders work,  
**But** arms in warfare are more influential,  
**And** there's no argument like mass-production  
Commensurate with the rate of mass-destruction.

What favourable hour, once lost, returns?  
What conqueror blanches at a Declaration?  
If London falls at last, if Moscow burns,  
Of what avail the U.S. demonstration?  
How readily the enemy discerns  
There is no fire-power in a fine quotation!  
Without equipment, what crusade continues?  
The port of Mars depends upon his sinews.

The preservation of the proposition  
That freedom's not to yield, or sell or barter,  
Demands tanks, bombers, guns and ammunition,  
Or freedom's citizen must fall a martyr,  
Wiped out to show its total abolition,  
Shrouded in sheets of the Atlantic Charter,  
While the White House, and towers of Manhattan  
Are neatly fitted in the Nazi pattern.

Give us the tools! The enemy makes way,  
Smashing through Europe, Africa and Asia!  
Not Frigidaires or Fords keep doom at bay,  
Aerial bombardment is not euthanasia.  
The trickle flows, the flood has gone astray.  
The time is come for action, and aphasia!  
Give us the tools to end the job ahead of us,  
Or else the foe will finish it instead of us!

L ' A P R E S - M I D I    D ' U N    F O R E I G N    O F F I C E  
F A U N E

(After Swinburne)

When the foreign envoy his steps retraces,  
Who spoke with Fascists in sweet accord,  
One sees how well, on a friendly basis,  
The pre-war footing may be restored;  
Where gentle pressure has been exerted,  
The breach is healed and the slip averted,  
And the cliché sounds in the windy places,  
While shady avenues are explored.

One feels firm rulers should be befriended,  
And subjects guided by powers above,  
So olive branches should be extended,  
One flies the kite and sets free the dove.  
Some hasty matches are ill-assorted,  
The new love's wed, but the old love's courted,  
Till the new world's made and the old world mended  
By the flabby hand in the velvet glove.

How can we sing to them, what can we play to them,  
The Moslem belt and the Latin Block?  
How can we bolster them, what can we pay to them,  
How can we soften the Bolshevik shock?  
How Axis lovers to tame and tether,  
Keep the Left apart and the Right together,  
How much can we keep and how much give away to them,  
Nor risk a split on the Soviet rock?

One builds afresh on the old foundations,  
One dallies hidden from prying eyes,  
One seeks improvements of strained relations  
With old attachments, the foe's allies;  
With the lords of Spain, and the royal Bulgar,  
With the kings of Islam (but not the vulgar)  
While treating with well-rewarded patience  
The prince that follows, the Shah that flies.

*September 1941*

T H R E E   W O M E N  
(After Charles Kingsley)

Three women went working at Bevin's request,  
To keep production from going down;  
Their husbands stood watching, extremely depressed,  
And their children ran wild all over the town.  
But women must work if men must go,  
Though the hours be long and the wages be low  
And the T.U.C. be moaning.

Three women from workshops went home for a rest,  
While the House debated on woman-power,  
Three countries kept looking for help from the West,  
And the sands were falling hour by hour.  
For we must go fast while others go slow,  
Though the hours be long and the wages be low  
And the T.U.C. be moaning.

The Cabinet's weeping and wringing its hands,  
While the foes advance and the Commons frown,  
Though women have pep-talks and dinner-time bands,  
The wind is up and the output down.  
But women must work lest Ministers go,  
Though the hours be long and the wages be low  
And the T.U.C. be foaming.

*October 1941*

F O R L I   S P E E C H

Mussolini, during a trip through Italy to arouse the fallen spirits of the Italian people, was greeted at Forli with anti-Fascist shouts. — *Daily Telegraphy* October 13th, 1941.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, give me your cheers;  
Since I can't bury Hitler, I must praise him.  
Here, under leave of Hitler and the rest,  
For Hitler is an honourable man,

Once more I hail victorious Fascismo.  
You all do know how on the Brenner Pass  
He thrice demanded ten Imperial Legions,  
To wipe up eastern hordes of Bolshevismo,  
Which I did thrice refuse. We are ambitious;  
The Roman State and people are ambitious;  
We rise as one man to defend our Empire,  
Our far-flung, Fascist Empire of Croatia,  
Joint venture of Il Duce and il popolo.  
I have annihilated Bolshevismo  
In Libya, in Spain and Abyssinia,  
The Lion of Judah I pronounced finito  
By destined and irrevocable decision!  
Our legions, therefore, need not conquer Moscow.  
But I am here to speak what I do know;  
In Rome must Romans welcome the Gestapo  
(For they are all, all honourable men)  
Who walk abroad and recreate themselves  
On both sides Tiber; such is my decision,  
Lest we inflame them, lest we make them mad.  
Such is the dynamism of Axismo,  
For destiny has put us on a spotto.  
We are invincible in Mare Nostrum,  
Abroad we rule, at home by my decree  
Not even the stones may rise and mutiny.  
(Exit, pursued by cries of 'Boloney!' etc.)

## L U L L A B Y

Now a lull broods in the west,  
It is not the time to act;  
Mention of widespread unrest  
Shows a want of public tact.  
Where our island ramparts rise  
Long-term Blitzkriegs we prepare;  
We are safe against surprise,  
Good-night children, everywhere.

Bottle-necks will now be cased,  
There is danger in delay,  
Every ounce of effort squeezed,  
Only Whitehall in the way.  
Ministers have tilings in hand,  
There's not one whom we can spare;  
Everything is being planned.  
Good-night children, everywhere.

Though our labour must restore  
All at Dunkirk left behind,  
All our arms for total war,  
Let this fact be borne in mind;  
We left nothing that could be,  
Thanks to foresight all too rare,  
Helpful to the enemy.  
Good-night children, everywhere.

With invasion looming near  
Confidence must be renewed;  
There is cause for reasoned fear,  
None for deep disquietude.  
Risks in war should not be run.  
Heed no unofficial scare.  
Everything is being done.  
Good-night children, everywhere.

*November 1941*

## H A P P Y   B I R T H D A Y   T O   Y O U

The B.B.C. broadcast good wishes to the King of Italy on his birthday.—November 11th, 1941.

The Government told England we were in a state of war,  
They told why we were fighting and what we were fighting for,  
They notified the neutrals and they told the enemy,  
But they never told the B.B.C.

They told the non-belligerents, though the statement was deferred,  
They told the Foreign Office, though we don't know if they heard,  
They told the British Commonwealth who hastened to agree,  
But they never told the B.B.C.

They told the British Army and they told the T.U.C.,  
They wired the Royal Navy wherever it might be,  
But they failed to give the matter nation-wide publicity,  
For they never told the B.B.C.

They told the Nazi-leaders they must answer for their crimes,  
They told the penny papers and they even told *The Times*,  
They pumped out propaganda through a special Ministry,  
But they never told the B.B.C.

In consequence, while waiting the official news release,  
The B.B.C. concluded we were in a state of peace,  
So they broadcast birthday greetings to the King of Italy;  
For they never told the B.B.C.

So the Government decided, though the process has been slow,  
It was in the public interest that the B.B.C. should know,  
And somebody has taken full responsibility  
And they're going to tell the B.B.C.

## THE BALLAD OF YEA AND NAY

We have informed U. Saw that it is our desire to assist Burma to achieve Dominion status at the earliest possible date. U. Saw asked us to tie ourselves down to the declaration that after the termination of the war, Burma would be automatically accorded Dominion Status. —Mr. Amery, November, 1941.

U. Saw is come from the Burmese land the British Crown to greet,  
And laid the case of the Burman race at the Empire's judgment seat;  
They held debate on her post-war state between the day and the day,  
Then the Lords of Law answered Hon. U. Saw and their answer was  
yea and nay.

U. Saw has left the judgment hall and called the Press to his side.  
He said: 'I came in my people's name, but I go dissatisfied.  
Ye all have heard Great Britain's word in the Charter signed at sea.  
The world must wait for Article Eight, but what about Article Three?  
I ha' urged the case of the Burman race, but the Crown does not  
respond.'

'Pipe down, pipe down,' cries Amery Sahib; 'Our word is good as  
our bond.

Let be, let be with Article Three; in other words, ha' done!  
Would ye have us change to an order strange or ever the war be won?  
Can your arms hold back the jackal pack or keep your land secure  
From Bengal Bay to Mandalay and the borders of Manipur?  
As breeds show fit for the sovereign writ, we set our subjects free;  
Who holds the pledge of the British Raj, he needs no Article Three!'

That all may earn Home Rule in turn is near to Britain's heart,  
But whose the hand to take command when the State keeps falling  
apart?

Can U. Saw claim in his people's name or with the Raj dispute,  
When up to date the Burmese State still lies in the realm of moot?  
There arc Mons to the left and Shans to the right throughout the  
Burman scene;

There are Karens here and Kachins there and Burmans wedged  
between.

We may not cease to keep the peace from Kiang-Tung to Arakan,  
But if Hon. U. Saw wield the White King's law, then what shall we  
say to the Shan?

Till Kachins, Shans and Arakans with Burmans and Mons agree,  
Till the breeds unite in Britain's sight they must wait for Article  
Three.

Ye may find *the* track of the morning mist, ye may run the fawn off  
its feet,

Or ever ye gain a promise plain from the Empire's Judgment seat.  
They ha' held debate on the Burman State between the day and the  
day;

The Lords of Law sat on Hon. U. Saw and the answer was yea and  
nay.

## JITTERJAPS

Tokyo A.R.P. exercises have now ended; casualties, some fatal, included a Rear-Admiral, who died of heart failure while handling a stirrup-pump against an imaginary bomb; the Imperial Total War Research Institute Handbook advises citizens to carry cushions round the head for protection. — *News Item*, November T941

In Tokyo's A.R.P. drill  
Confusion was notably rife,  
When wardens turned out for the kill  
There was risk to civilian life,  
Much danger to Japanese life.

It cannot be certainly known  
If the A.F.S. all ran amok,  
But many civilians lay prone  
And several succumbed to the shock,  
To A.R.P. exercise shock.

When faced with a make-believe bomb,  
To the Japanese Navy's surprise,  
An Admiral failed in aplomb  
And suffered immediate demise —  
A stirrup-pump caused his demise.

Despite this regretted decease,  
Which the Civil Defence must deplore,  
Japan's preparations for peace  
Are still overshadowed by war,  
A.R.P. must proceed as before.

The plan to pour oil on the seas  
(The Pacific is just on the boil)  
By a highly unjustified 'freeze',  
Is deprived of the requisite oil,  
An invidious shortage of oil.

So Tokyo cannot but fear  
Her choice at the cross-roads draws nigh,  
For the whole co-prosperity sphere  
Is threatened by murderous Thai —  
Japan is encircled by Thai.

The state of alarm was widespread,  
Till they learn from a War Ministry  
That cushions, if worn round the head,  
Were effective in no small degree  
In air raids and home A.R.P.

### COME INTO THE ARMY, MAUD

A.T.S. Adventure Through Service. — Daily advertisement.

Come into the Army, Maud,  
Your hours of ease are flown,  
Get into the Army, Maud,  
They are waiting for you alone,  
And the word of command has been wafted abroad  
And the fall-in finally blown.

You were blind to the ads. in the daily Press,  
So they got you, sweet, on the run;  
You would not pop into your battle-dress,  
Though the War Office said it was fun;  
You would not become an adventuress  
In the ranks of adventurous A.T.S.,  
Where brave girls cook for the Sergeants' Mess  
And the batwoman busily bats.

You have failed to volunteer  
So at last you have net your fate;  
There has risen a splendid cheer  
From the Commons holding debate.

The Air Force cried, 'She is near, she is near!'  
But the War Office muttered, '\*We wait!'  
The Navy trolled, 'She is here, she is here!'  
But the Army barked, 'She is late!'

Queen weed in the garden of Service girls,  
You may sigh the whole war through  
For gloss of ermine and glamour of pearls,  
Or even a uniform blue.  
De-rouge the nails, bind up the curls.  
And into the A.T.S. with von!

*December 1941*

#### T R A D I T I O N A L

There must be far-flung outposts seized by treacherous attack,  
Though every preparation has been made,  
There must be overwhelming odds, with few to hold them back,  
While strong relieving forces are delayed.  
There must be tiny garrisons defying every threat,  
Cut off from reinforcements and supplies —  
Defenders of the Empire where the sun can never set  
From the empire where the sun's about to rise.

Our spearheads must be cornered and the corners must be tight,  
Encircled enemies must spring the trap;  
The hope must always be forlorn for which our pickets fight  
In rearguard actions right around the map.  
Behaviour in the field must 'be traditionally rash,  
The High Command traditionally slow;  
And generals must be models of insouciance and dash,  
Against the coldly calculating foe.

There must be decorations heaped on heroes of all ranks  
For exploits of imperishable fame,  
And full inferiority of guns, or planes, or tanks,  
For which nobody at home must take the blame

There must be gallant Governors of marked *sangfroid* and poise  
Who, when they bid their Colony good-bye,  
Escape through tropic jungles, led by faithful native boys,  
And end in armchairs at the M.O.I.

We must adhere precisely to the proper rules of war,  
Though our enemies are *capable de tout*,  
And, knowing they will do again what they have done before,  
We must be quite astounded when they do.  
We must make sure assistance is too little and too late  
So the enemy at first, may win the race,  
But our subterranean strategy can well afford to wait  
Till in 1943 we set the pace.

We must marvel at the enemy's fanatic will to win  
As successfully we disengage our force,  
And grit our teeth in readiness to take it on the chin  
Until the war assumes a normal course.  
And if we sometimes register an unforeseen reverse  
Because the foe a reckless sally dared,  
We have the consolation that things might have been much worse  
If the Axis had surprised us unprepared.

*December 1941*

IF IT HAPPENED HERE  
(After Walter de la Mare)

'Scotched earth!' says Whitehall,  
'Lay waste the land,  
From Weep to Wassop  
Let nothing stand.  
Burn the hamlets  
And fire the crops,  
Grimes' Long Barn  
And Turvey's hops.'  
Weep and Wassop  
Put down their foot:  
'Foes be landed,  
But we stay put.

Weep folk reckon  
Scorched earth may be  
Right for Russians;  
But not for we.  
Tupman's meadow  
Just under the plough,  
'Twere plain foolish  
To burn it now.  
Wassop Manor  
Be bolted and barred,  
Squire baint trusting  
They young Home Guard.  
Parson says, if  
His back was turned  
Wouldn't wonder  
If old church burned.  
Weep's wormy timbers  
Be quick to catch;  
And who'd pay Snug  
For his brand-new thatch?  
In Tudor tea-nook  
Half-way to Weep,  
Wassops' witches  
Through curtains peep;  
And Goody sits  
In her locked-up shop  
Bare of bull's-eye  
And lollipop.  
The guns are loud  
And the church bells sound,  
But Weep and Wassop  
Will hold their ground.  
The tanks are near  
But in churchyard hole,  
'Pish' says blindworm,  
And 'Tush,' says mole.

STALIN MOY GOLUBCHIK  
(Overheard at the Carlton Club)

Oh! Stalin is my darling, my darling, my darling,  
Stalin is my darling, the old *mohdyetz*.<sup>1</sup>

I much rejoice to have a choice of Russian epithets,  
And spread the fame of Stalin's name as a true *molodyetz*.

A real good sport, he holds the fort and laughs at Hitler's threats,  
He pulls his weight for Church and State, the old *mohdyetz*.

Though they are Red, much may be said for Fighting Soviets —  
One Communist I can't resist, the old *molodyetz*.

The *status quo* of long ago I drop without regrets,  
Allied we fight for Red and Right with the old *molodyetz*.

We will supply this great Ally forgetting loans or debts,  
Give lend and lease (until the peace) to the old *molodyetz*.

*Stalin moy golubchik, golubchik, golubchik,*  
*Stalin, moy golubchik, the old molodyetz.*

January 1942

<sup>1</sup> Molodyetz — good fellow.

N O C O M P L A C E N C Y

Though, after moments of suspense,  
Responsive to the master touch,  
The Commons vote that confidence  
Of which they cannot show too much.  
Though Ministers grow mightier yet,  
Safeguarded for all time to be,  
Though Britain save her Cabinet,  
There must be no complacency. -

And though in Libya's desert waste  
Our armoured thrust in circles wheels,  
Our vanguard pressing on in haste,  
The foe retreating on our heels.  
Though neither sandstorms, dust nor rain  
Obscure our twice-won victory,  
On Cyrenaica's campaign  
There must be no complacency.

Though Britain's property out East,  
Where so much capital was spent,  
Is rescued from scorched earth at least,  
And safe for post-war settlement.  
Though with the Japanese defeat,  
Instead of valueless *debris*  
Our goods will be restored complete,  
There must be no complacency.

Though in the arms production race,  
With battle raging at its height,  
We fashion at majestic pace  
A full two-thirds of what we might,  
Though trials must therefore be severe,  
Until in 1943  
We may have grounds for sober cheer,  
There must be no complacency.

*January 1942*

## THE FACTS

Facts are what no one can be in possession of  
Outside the Government's innermost fold,  
Something that all must concur in suppression of,  
Facts in their fullness must never be told.

Only the facts give a hold on reality,  
Though stranger than fiction the facts could be shown,  
Interested persons must learn with finality  
It's not in their interest for facts to be known.

Slips diplomatic, strategic and tactical,  
Unforeseen setbacks which tend to recur,  
All must appear as the only course practical,  
Having regard to the facts as they were.

What are the facts? Are they incomprehensible?  
Are they the cause, or the cure of our qualms?  
Do they, when whispered, make people insensible?  
Do they strike dumb, like the Monster of Glamis?

What are the facts? Are they sunny or sinister?  
Ignorant queries are here out of place;  
All we can read is the face of a Minister  
Pallid from looking-the facts in the face.

All we can know is, that facts inaccessible  
Govern the actions the crisis exacts;  
All the decisions, however unguessable,  
Will be in accordance with all of the facts.

## THE HOME GUARD HALBERDIER

Lord Croft, Under-Secretary, War Office, favours the pike, after using bombs, to repel invaders.

When it was suggested that supplies of pikes were not available, he replied: 'I did not know that.' — *News Chronicle*.

Some talk of Spain's guerrillas, or the Soviet partisans,  
And uses of new-fangled arms in high defensive plans,  
But they cannot match the bill-hook or the pole-axe or the spear,  
With a bow wow wow and a bow wow wow of the Home Guard  
halberdier.

Then down with the bayonet and up with the pike,  
When the foe is at spear-length you know where to strike,  
For mechanized shock-troops, our spokesmen reveal,  
Can never stand up to the touch of cold steel.

The harquebus and blunderbuss if once invaders land,  
Will fail to prove decisive when the fight is hand-to-hand,  
Not culverins nor falconets will sweep our island clear,  
With a bow wow wow and a bow wow wow, but the Home Guard  
halberdier.

Then down with the halberd and out with the knife  
And cut the foe down as he runs for his life,  
For what bomb-throwing squads most avoid and dislike  
Is the Home Guard on guard at the end of a pike.

In overseas defensive stands, in spite of some success,  
The lack of pikes and hatpins has occasioned us distress,  
For when the front was broken there was no one in the rear,  
With a bow wow wow and a bow wow wow, like the Home Guard  
halberdier.

So down with the cleaver and up with the pin,  
When the foe's at arm's length you can stick it right in,  
Then down from the cliff-top and over the dyke,  
And each Home Guard goes home with a head on a pike.

*February 1942*

## L ' I N T E R N A T I O N A L E    B R I T A N N I Q U E

Sir Granville Bantock has written a new arrangement of the music and his wife a new version of the words of the *Internationale* ...

The official version begins: 'Arise ye starvelings from your slumbers. Arise ye criminals of want.' Lady Bantock's translation opens: 'Awake, O sleepers, from your dreaming, uplift, uplift, your longing eyes/

It isn't meant to be a new Russian national anthem, said Sir Granville. Just another version English people could sing without compunction. — Report in *Daily Herald*, February 1942.

Arise! Arise! all ye united nations!  
Arise! in Britain's battle, fight!  
Now high and low arc at their stations,  
And upward look! the sky is bright!  
A common cause is your possession,  
You share a common enterprise.  
Arise! ye victims of oppression!  
As soon as possible, arise!

Freedom's birthright none should barter!  
Lift up your hearts at Britain's lead!  
We give in the Atlantic Charter  
To each according to his need,  
To persons of all ranks and classes,  
To employer and to employee,  
Then rise, ye proletarian masses,  
And mass behind the sign of V!

Chinese, Americans, and others,  
In Britain's fight their part may bear,  
Aliens henceforth may be our brothers,  
As we a nobler age prepare.  
So rise for British institutions  
And strike the iron while it's warm!  
There is no call for revolutions  
While Britain stands for world reform!

**Then nations, come rally!  
The last fight you may face,  
And internationally  
Preserve the British race?**

**N O C O N F I R M A T I O N**

**Dense mist on the Channel is lying,  
The jungle is murkier still,  
In the desert, where dust-storms arc flying,  
Visibility's said to be nil.  
Fog over Whitehall is terrific,  
We cannot quite see where we are,  
The Japanese claim the Pacific.  
There is no confirmation so far.**

**We have moved to a stronger position,  
We have shortened our line for a stand,  
We are ready to force a decision  
With the whole situation in hand.  
Strategic retreat is completed,  
Fierce counter-attacks will begin;  
The enemy's claims are repeated.  
Confirmation has not yet come in.**

**We are mounting a counter-offensive,  
We are holding the enemy back,  
He finds it extremely expensive  
When he ventures a full-scale attack.  
His lines of supply have been pounded,  
His time-table clearly upset,  
He states that our force is surrounded.  
There is no confirmation as yet.**

**The enemy claims infiltration,  
The action as yet is obscure,  
Until we receive confirmation**

Announcements would be premature.  
Discount every Axis assertion,  
For ignorance always is bliss;  
The Home Front relies on our version.

*There is no confirmation of this!*

D I V E R G E N T    C O N C O M I T A N T    S Q U I N T

U.S. recognizes de Gaulle in Pacific. — News Item, March 1942.

America's favours  
To both France's saviours  
May seem to denote indecision,  
But her coy hesitation  
At clarification  
Is purely a matter of vision.

She shows herself partial  
To the sight of the Marshal  
From France to the African bases,  
But in islands and seas  
Of the Antipodes  
The General his picture effaces.

Pacific control  
She assigns to de Gaulle,  
Atlantic to enemy henchmen,  
So nations ask, is she  
Attracted to Vichy  
Or pledged to the cause of free Frenchmen?

Both suitors she sees  
With the greatest of ease  
If the view is sufficiently distant,  
But when face to face  
Only one she can place,  
While the other becomes non-existent.

In the baffling affair  
Of L'Ile Saint Pierre  
On America's eastern approaches,  
Her eyesight is tried  
And she cannot decide  
Which one on the other encroaches.

Both images merge  
When their courses converge,  
And her blindness creates apprehension,  
For her heart, all can see,  
Is as sound as can be,  
But her eyesight requires attention.

*March 1942*

### THE THREE HITCHES

The War is conducted from day to day and in its future outlook by the Chiefs of the Staffs. — Prime Minister, February 25th, 1942.

SCENE. — A secluded place. Enter First Sea Lord, Chief of Imperial General Staff, Chief of Air Staff.

*First Sea Lord:*

When shall we three meet again?

*Chief of Air Staff:*

When my master-plan is plain.

*Chief of Imperial General Staff:*

When the hurlyburly's on,

When the battle's lost and won.

*All:*

Foul is fait and fair is foul,  
Commons rage and critics howl.

*First Sea Lord:*

Chiefs of Staff, each plays his hand.

*Chief of Air Staff:*

I for air.

*Chief of Imperial General Staff:*

And I for land.

*All:*

Each by both the others crossed,  
Though our bark cannot be lost  
Yet it may be tempest-tossed.  
Hurry, hurry, toil and flurry,  
Muddle, bother, fuss and worry!

*First Sea Lord:*

Ships arc mine!

*Chief of Air Staff:*

And planes arc mine!

*Chief of Imperial General Staff:*

Army movements I design.

*First Sea Lord:*

Two to me and none to you.

*Chief of Air Staff:*

I'll do, I'll do and I'll do.

*All:*

Aplan! Aplan! All hail! All hail!  
It has no head, it has no tail,  
Hurry, hurry, toil and flurry,  
Fuss and bother. We should worry!

## FREEDOM IS IN PERIL

(After Rudyard Kipling)

We are fighting the battle of freedom in the world against great odds. Do not add to these odds by deeds which cast a doubt on the sincerity of our aims. — Lloyd George, March 24th, 1942

When the last newspaper is printed and the ink is faded and dried,  
And the oldest critic is muzzled and the youngest croaker has died,  
We shall pass to a tranquil era of government by decree,  
When every voice shall be silenced but the voice of the B.B.C.

**We shall hearken to Government spokesmen, we shall listen to Govern-  
ment news;**

**And no one will doubt or question, and none shall express their views.  
And only the good shall be favoured, and only the killjoy shall fall,  
And the murmur of opposition will never be heard at all.**

**And only the Leader shall praise us and only the Leader shall blame,  
And Parliament will be sitting, but Parliament will be tame,  
And the star of freedom will vanish; we shall steer by the Fascist star,  
And no one will then remember the sort of people we are.**

## **T H E   N E W   S P I R I T**

**Recent casualties have been Prome and Grantham, lost; two  
Regional Commissioners, resigned; one B.B.C. Musical Director,  
reshuffled. — Press Report, March 1942.**

**There's a spirit sweeping Britain that is sweeping all before it,  
It is flaming in the leaders, it is seething in the crowd.  
It is here and there and everywhere, and no one dare ignore it,  
And critics' heads are bloody, but not utterly unbowed.**

**There's a spirit sweeping Britain, it's the spirit of aggression,  
It may carry us to Germany, or anyhow to Rome.  
There's a bugle-call to action that's a tonic for depression —  
We may fall back in Burma, but we're mopping up at home.**

**Pugnacity is rising in the leaders of the nation,  
They will not faint nor falter, they will not tire nor fail.  
There is vigilance unceasing from morale to orchestration,  
And Commissioners are winnowed like the grain beneath the flail.**

**With an elemental fury, with an energy unbounded,  
They are charging at the double from the fortress of Whitehall.  
There's a pincer movement pending and the pockets are surrounded,  
Fleet Street patrols are active and the standard-bearers fall.**

The iron grip is closing and controls are comprehensive,  
A firmer touch is evident from strategy to swing,  
And though we may not calculate upon a spring offensive  
There is every sign and portent of a most offensive spring.

J A P A N E S E   S C R E E N  
(After W. S. Gilbert)

The Lounge of the Grand Babylon. Japanese Nobles discovered  
standing and sitting in Free Japanese attitudes. — April 15th, 1942.

If you want to know who we are,  
We're free gentlemen of Japan.  
We've no wish to be singular,  
We, too, have a post-war plan.  
We're not like the Japs you know,  
We abominate Tokio  
In the Free Japanese Bureau.

We have taken a furnished suite,  
We've moved in on a long-term lease,  
When the British have sunk our Fleet  
We'll assist with the terms of peace.  
All tyranny we detest,  
We are minus self-interest,  
We're God's gift from the East to the West.

We can tell you of Tojo's tricks,  
Free Nippon will shortly rise;  
We can tell you the sex of chicks  
As aid to our free Allies.  
The elite of all Refugees,  
We've a pact with Free Siamese,  
And all that we ask is squeeze.

## THE WINTER'S TALE

*The Winter's Tale* is being performed at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23rd, 1942.

Come by the highroads and the footpaths green,  
Leave the known world for this imagined scene  
Ever in being, never having been;  
Here stands the signpost to Arcadia.

From trodden ways cross over this frontier  
Where time and war and winter come not near,  
Meet rogue Autolycus once more, and hear  
The moody torments of Sicilia.

Is daylight earth more real, or this charmed ground  
Where death's a fable, where the lost are found,  
These amaranthine meadows without bound  
Along the sea-coast of Bohemia.

Here runs the news for many a country mile,  
The pedlar spreads his pack beside the stile.  
To the sheep-shearing come, and hold awhile  
The never-fading flowers of Perdita.

## AFTER VICTORY

A spacious, active, enterprising, gay country after war. — Mr. Lyttelton, April 26th, 1942.

It was a peacetime evening,  
Old William's watch was done,  
And he before his sandbagged cave  
Was polishing his gun;  
While by him scavenged on the green  
The little war-child, Wavelline.

She rummaged in a refuse pile  
And found a rusty tin,  
Exclaiming with a thrifty smile,  
'That's for the salvage bin.'  
But he replied, 'No, little maid,  
I'll use it for a hand-grenade.'

'But say, Old William, why you fight  
Now we have won the war,  
And what,' asked the redundant mite,  
'Are people fighting for,  
And say why must guerrillas be  
After our famous victory?'

Old William answered 'Long we fought  
The tyrant to resist,  
It was some years before we caught  
The bus that Hitler missed,  
But still our long-term policy  
Led us at last to victory.

'It was not till the war was won  
That fighting here began,  
And practically everyone  
Became a partisan;  
For better worlds you cannot build  
Without some people getting killed.

'The coming of the peace implied  
The ending of the truce.'  
'Well, then,' the captious infant cried,  
'Whatever was the use?'  
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,  
'It was that kind of victory.'

## BURMA STORY

General Alexander's army was not beaten; the withdrawal is not the result of defeat.—General Wavell, May 28th, 1942.

Burma was taken by only 50,000 Japs; we got a hell of a beating.—General Stilwell, May 26th, 1942.

Through the hell of Burma's jungle allied forces hacked their way, Stilwell's troops and Alexander's on the road from Mandalay; Stilwell's beaten force retreating, mile by mile compelled to give, Alexander's inarching northward on their own initiative.

Columns outfought and outnumbered, falling back and fighting blind, Columns all intact proceeding, scorching all they leave behind. Burma's story is the story of an army in retreat. Burma's story is the story of a military feat.

Rearguards on the Irawaddy; R.A.F. provides a screen; Rearguards on the Sittang River; air support is never seen. Allied forces near the frontier; Japanese are giving chase. Japs have turned aside to China; Alexander wins the race.

Lost positions on the rivers; scorched objectives on the plains; Skillful tactical withdrawals; Alexander beats the rains. Eyes of all the world upon them, peering through the jungle wall; Allied forces leaving Burma; Burmah shares begin to fall.

Moving to prepared positions, troops in good heart, mountains crossed. 'India saved!' reports New Delhi; Stilwell answers 'Burma lost'. Japanese are in possession; our defences are secure. Burma's story is a beacon; Burma's story is obscure.

## ACCORDING TO PLAN

Stouthearted citizens must do nothing which would be of the slightest help to the enemy, but must hinder and frustrate him . . . independent action by civilians will be forbidden. — Invasion Instructions, January 1942.

In case of a Nazi invasion  
None must be unprepared or surprised;  
Civilian and army liaison  
Has now been revised.

For all men the stout-hearted course is  
(When the fact of invasion is known)  
To hinder the enemy forces  
While helping our own.

The foe may, at times, be molested,  
If our troops are pro tern, out of touch,  
But citizens may be arrested  
For doing too much.

The taking of prisoners and booty  
The army alone must conduct,  
Which, in the discharge of its duty,  
No man may obstruct.

Scorched earth, once invasion has started,  
May be on a scale immense,  
But scorching done by the stouthearted  
Becomes an offence.

With the Home Guard invaders impeding  
It behoves every stouthearted man  
To keep the invasion proceeding  
According to plan.

## THE ENGLISHMAN ON HIS DRINK

By increasing by 4s. 8d. the tax on a bottle of whisky I expect to get £15,000,000. — Sir Kingsley Wood, Budget Speech, April 14th, 1942,

When I considered how the whisky went,  
A mighty torrent, to the other side,  
(While here our immemorial fountains dried)  
To irrigate a thirsty continent,  
And though my soul on victory more bent,  
Must I wage war on bitter, Scotch denied?  
I murmured; but the Chancellor replied,  
Far be this from the Government's intent.

Supplies will gush with all convenient speed;  
The appetite of inland revenue  
Is boundless; that exported o'er the foam  
Contributes somewhat to the nation's need;  
But since yet further millions must accrue  
They also serve who only drink at home.

## POSTSCRIPT; FAR EAST

We sent too little and too late  
To save ourselves, to save the Dutch,  
Because, unconscious of our fate,  
We'd sold the enemy too much.

## THE NEW BOY

Labour members... preserved an eloquent silence when Mr. Brown was introduced ... After he had taken the oath he pushed out his hand in a Dr.-Livingstonc-I-prcsume manner to Sir Stafford Cripps. Sir Stafford shook hands with the new Member. — *Evening Standard*, May 5th, T942.

When Brown came to St. Stephen's the big boys did not cheer.  
The prefects were exceptionally cool.

*Floreat Westminster!*

And housemasters in attendance made it absolutely clear  
He was not the type they wanted at the school.

*Floreat Westminster!*

The new boy seemed undaunted by the silent reprimand,  
Though it was plain his classmates wouldn't speak,  
But on entering the School Hall shook the head boy by the hand,  
Which was definitely most colossal check.

In the studies and the common-room the comment was widespread  
That Brown appeared too confident by half,  
And while it was admitted he was sound about the Head,  
He had made some rotten cracks about the staff.

St. Stephen's Board of Governors deplore all kinds of noise,  
The upper forms are getting old for rags,  
And they fear that independent and disruptive sorts of boys  
Might easily demoralize the fags.

Team-spirit is the spirit that pervades St. Stephen's School,  
Outsiders, getting in, must be kept down".

*Floreat Westminster!*

And though united cheering for some terms had been the,rule,  
St. Stephen's would not raise a cheer for Brown.

*Floreat Westminster!*

## THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE

The Government has accepted the criterion that vested interests cannot be allowed to stand in the way of the war effort. — Mr. Attlee, May 25th, 1942.

Comforts for coalowners,  
Help, however small!  
Alms for shipping magnates  
Who have given all!  
Pre-war profits dwindle,  
Markets still decrease,  
Safeguard vested interests  
Against the risks of peace!

Economic justice is the first of post-war aims;  
Can we be indifferent to industrialists' claims?  
Jobs for British workers returning from the front,  
What of capital that bore the economic brunt?

Caterers are ruined by pegging prices down,  
Sixteen-shilling dinners are sold for but a crown;  
Nest-eggs from the nation in all the soldiers' nests,  
Take up a collection for our vested interests!

Rescue our shipowners from singing in the street,  
Stripped of everything except the British Merchant Fleet.  
Help our kings of industry, who never asked the price!  
Bonuses for victims of unequal sacrifice!

Aid for war-contractors  
Crippled by control!  
Pennies for our bankers  
Threatened with the dole!  
Bundles for Big Business  
Doomed to bankruptcy!  
Won't you spare a copper  
For the E.P.T.?

## DEAD AND ALIVE

All will recognize the impossibility of allowing a so-called independent party to arise without any opposition, while established political parties, in prosecuting the war to a successful conclusion, have found it necessary to enter into an electoral truce. — Labour Party National Executive, May, 13th, 1942.

While Parliament, immune from party strife,  
Extends its statutory lease of life  
And flourishes long past its legal term,  
M.P.s from day to day grow more infirm  
And in due course are summoned from on high,  
Passing through lobbies to eternity.  
But at the loss of each familiar face  
(To heaven transferred or to another place,  
Twin bournes from which no member may return)  
The House expresses serious concern;  
Fresh by-elections helpless to avoid,  
Whereby its harmony must be destroyed,  
It fears the heat and passion of debate  
Forced by a turbulent electorate,  
Chaos without, confusion, rife within,  
The nemesis of party discipline.  
Itself indissoluble, but not secure  
From piecemeal dissolution premature;  
It seeks some means (the way comes with the will)  
By which late members may be seated still.  
If such (embalmed) on the back benches sit,  
Who were the wiser, or the worse for it?  
(In this emergency, the House of Lords  
A wealth of fruitful precedent affords)  
Both parties must preserve their personnel,  
And whether dead or living who can tell?  
And why themselves of seasoned props deprive  
Because they are not formally alive?  
Both sides can thus agree to close the ranks  
With their full complement of party blanks

And so perpetually arrest decay,  
All members there, though some have passed away.  
The pact that stifled opposition's breath  
May yet extend to make a truce with death,  
And when the truce to victory has led  
The House of Commons will give up its dead.

T A N K S  
(After Kipling)

The bulk of our tank force was made up of tanks with two-pounder guns, which have again and again proved almost completely useless against the German tanks. — *Times*, June 23 rd, 1942.

We're run — run — run — running out of Africa,  
Boot — boot — boot — boot — booted out of Africa,  
Tanks — tanks — tanks — tanks, charging there and back again,  
And we can't get on with the war.

We — can — stick — the sandstorms, drought and weariness,  
We — 'can — stick — the rest, but not the weight of them,  
Tanks — tanks — tanks — tanks, smashing front and rear again,  
And we can't get on with the war.

Norway — Greece — Crete — Singapore and Libya,  
Bir Hakeim — Tobruk and Alexandria,  
Tanks — tanks — tanks — tanks, driven back and back again,  
And we can't get on with the war.

Rom — Rom — Rom — Rom — Rommel's chasing after us,  
North — south — east — west, with a hundred million  
Tanks — tanks — tanks — tanks whizzing round and round again,  
And we can't get on with the war.

Don't — don't — don't — don't ask for bloody miracles,  
Send — send — send — send something we can lick him with,  
Tanks — tanks — tanks — tanks, to push him out of Africa,  
Or we can't get on with the war.

## THE CORAL SEA

This story of the first sailors ashore after the action in the Coral Sea is reported from an Australian port.—May 15th, 1942.

Three sailors came to The Seaman's Rest,  
A roaring dockside dive,  
For those who go down to the sea in ships  
And come back from the sea alive.

Men came and went from the humming quays  
Where tramps and troopships lay;  
Three sailors lifted their glasses up  
And their eyes were far away.

They talked of the war in The Seaman's Rest,  
Of news that was guessed or heard;  
Three sailors stared at the bar-room wall  
And none of them spoke a word.

They talked of the threat from the Coral Sea,  
And of raiders over the town;  
Three sailors lifted their glasses up  
And drank, and crashed them down.

'We have come to port from the Coral Sea,  
We have met with their ships of war,  
And we reckoned to drink at The Seaman's Rest  
If ever we got to shore.

'We have sunk their ships in the Coral Sea,  
On fire from stem to stern,  
And we've drunk a toast to our lost shipmates.  
To those who did not return.'

## BRITANSKY TANKOGRAD

British-built tanks have been successfully used by the Russians on the Smolensk front. This statement was made to Press representatives in "Britansky Tankograd" (British Tank Town) to-day. — *Sunday Times*, May 31st, 1942.

Somewhere in the Russian forests,  
Somewhere in the zone of battle  
Stands an Anglo-Soviet stronghold,  
Bristling bastions of metal.  
Lanes of giant Panzer-breakers,  
Massed divisions, armour-clad,  
Forged and built by British makers,  
That's Britansky Tankograd.

Whippets, Valentines, Matildas, through the eastern pine-  
woods roll,  
Tanks from Cardiffstrovsk, Leedsk, Glascow, Manchestrovno,  
Bristdpol.

Forward to the Central Sector  
Pours the mighty flood from Tanko-  
Grad to rumble into action  
With the tanks of Timoshenko.  
Over versts of plain and ocean  
Moving up without a hitch,  
Thanks to Commissar Churchillov,  
Thanks to Beaverbrookovitch.

Tanks from Rotherhamsk and Jarrov, England's pride and  
Soviet's joy,  
Tanks from Liverpolsk and Derbyev, Brumgorod and  
Coventroi.

## EDITORIAL

For two or three days ... criticism of the battle was held up. You cannot have a free press and at the same time instructions to prevent optimistic statements being made. — Deputy Prime Minister, June 23 rd, 1942.

Battle rages to and fro,  
    Baffling prediction;  
Man for man we match the foe,  
    Such is our conviction.  
Grave news from the Middle East  
    Is in our possession  
Which must be, until released,  
    Handled with discretion.

Though our state might well be worse,  
    Outposts have retreated,  
There may be a new reverse  
    (Reverse must be deleted).  
Under desert storms and suns  
    Fighting grows intenser.  
We have not their weight of guns  
    (Guns cut by the censor).

New offensives we await,  
    And it should be hinted  
Egypt may share Libya's fate.  
    (Hint must not be printed.)  
Our Imperial General Staff,  
    Now long past maturity,  
May write the Empire's epitaph  
    (Staff censored for security).

(Reader,- we may say our say  
    Under general warning.  
We may well be here to-day,  
    And gone to-morrow morning.

Reader, England's Press is free,  
But the Editorial  
Must be thus, lest it should be  
The Editor's memorial.)

THE PASSIONATE PROFITEER TO HIS  
LOVE

(After Christopher Marlowe)

Come feed with me and be my love,  
And pleasures of the table prove,  
Where *Prunier* and *The Ivy* yield  
Choice dainties of the stream and field.

At *Claridge* thou shalt duckling eat,  
Sip vintages both dry and sweet,  
And thou shalt squeeze between thy lips  
Asparagus with buttered tips.

On caviare my love shall graze,  
And plump on salmon mayonnaise,  
And browse at *Scott's* beside thy swain  
On lobster Newburg with champagne.

Between hors d'oeuvres and canapes  
I'll feast thee on *poularde soufflé*  
And every day within thy reach  
Pile melon, nectarine and peach.

Come share at the *Savoy* with me  
The menu of austerity;  
If in these pastures, thou wouldst rove  
Then feed with me and be my love.

## S A L M A G A N D H I

India faces annihilation,  
Gandhi speaks of the common cause,  
Gandhi vetoes co-operation,  
Worse will come if the Raj withdraws.  
India seethes in the painful pause,  
Delhi stiffens and Congress leans,  
Gandhi offers an explanation —  
Nobody knows what Gandhi means.

Who is losing the war, who winning,  
British India knows not, nor heeds,  
The bonds are snapped and the end beginning,  
India follows where Gandhi leads.  
Azad argues and Nehru pleads,  
The Axis dangles a glittering bait —  
Waiting for light sits Gandhi spinning,  
Spinning the thread of India's fate.

Gulfs are yawning and parties splitting,  
Councillors reason and Liberals plan;  
Wherever the Moslem League is sitting  
Clear is the word of the Mussulman.  
Peace at the price of Pakistan,  
Or the final blow at the Raj is dealt,  
All compromise with the Hindu hitting —  
Hitting below the Moslem belt.

Plain is the Government condition,  
Plain is the meaning of Ambedkar,  
Plain is the interim proposition  
Of Rajagopalachariar;  
Clear speak the Princes in Durbar,  
Clear is the standpoint of Subhas Bhose,  
Clear are the terms of the British Mission —  
Gandhi's meaning nobody knows.

India must suffer armed protection,  
Britain must go by polite request,  
Troops must be shunned like the plague infection,  
By the highest caste and the most depressed;  
Hamstrung Britain must do her best  
With the wheels slowed down and the land unploughed —  
Mahatma Gandhi gives direction,  
Spinning the thread for India's shroud.

*July 1942*

### V O X P O P U L I ?

Our many contacts with the public, the Services and the factories, show that there is a desire for robuster and more virile music in our programmes.—B.B.C. statement, July 22nd, 1942.

Frick .. . National-Socialist official... published edicts against jazz music and modern dancing. — Germany Puts the Clock Back.

Songs slushy and effeminate, which jazz dance bands disseminate  
Are not allowed to emanate from Britain's studios;  
Tones lacking in virility and husky with debility  
Are banned by cultural decree from wartime broadcast shows.

Now stirring patriotic tunes will supersede exotic croons  
By seemingly neurotic loons at mewling microphones,  
With marches at a warlike pace, more fitted to a warlike race,  
And manly declarations by broad-bosomed baritones.

Instead of red-hot frantic swing, seductive sweet romantic swing,  
Pulsating transatlantic swing by Tin Pan Alley bards,  
Dance bands henceforth will muster airs, more virile and robuster airs,  
Like 'Thora' and 'The Trumpeter' as rendered by the Guards.

Though Forces bands may try to jazz, and though war workers fly to  
jazz,  
They have to bid good-bye to jazz, inexorably banned;  
There may be an artistic plea, but it's a euphemistic plea  
To instance the authority of popular demand.

For by some law mysterious (though not till now held serious)  
However deleterious, the public liked its bosh;  
From old-time maudlin boosey slush to modern boogie-woogie slush,  
It's always had an appetite for sentimental tosh.

It loves those neurasthenic blues, defeatist and anaemic blues,  
Emasculating scenic blues, now summarily halted.  
And while on much they disagree, all listeners on this agree,  
Dance music from the B.B.C. is being *gleichgeschaket*.

L A Y  
(After Lord Macaulay)

On June 1st the present [coal] control runs out, and this scheme must  
be applied by that date. — Sir Stafford Cripps, May 7th.

Rationing has been dropped for the present because the public is not  
yet satisfied that it is necessary. — Sir John Anderson, June 10th, 1942.

Clem Attlee's brow was sad,  
Clem Attlee's pulse was low,  
And glumly looked he at the plebs,  
And darkly at the foe!  
'The winter will be on us  
And fuel will be short,  
And how work rationing without  
The Beveridge report?'

Then out spake valiant Dalton,  
Lord of the Board of Trade,  
'By every British industry  
Our word must be obeyed,  
And what can clamour louder  
For Government control  
Than the rationing of fuel  
And the management of coal?'

**'What fear we the Committee  
Of Nineteen-twenty-two?  
I with two more to help me  
Will see this business through.  
Hang out the plan of Beveridge  
Since rationing must be,  
And who will stand at my right hand  
And push the plan with me?'**

**Then up spake Arthur Greenwood,  
Late of a Ministry,  
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand  
And push the plan with thee.'  
And out spake stout Sir Stafford Cripps,  
Home from his embassy,  
'I will abide at they left side  
And push the plan with thee.'**

**'Let none be for the Party,  
Let all be for the State,  
Let the rich man help the poor  
That the poor may love the great,  
Let coal be fairly portioned,  
And equitably sold,  
That there be no hangover  
From the bad days of old.'**

**'Ho, Dalton'. quoth Clem Attlee,  
'As thou sayest, let it be.'  
And straight before the Commons  
Forth went the dauntless three.  
Just then a scout came flying  
All pale with haste and fear,  
'Roll up the plan of Beveridge,  
For Erskine Hill is here!'**

The three stood calm and silent  
And looked upon their foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From the Committee rose;  
From thirty throats resounded  
A peal of warlike glee,  
As the Chairman whirled his broadsword  
Against the dauntless three.

For meantime propaganda  
Had been applied with care  
And now the plan of Beveridge  
Was hanging by a hair.  
'Come hack, come back, stout Dalton',  
Now cried the Fathers all,  
'Leave this to the Lord President  
Lest all of us should fall.'

Back darted the Lord Privy Seal,  
Brave Greenwood darted back,  
And right across the party line  
They saw an ugly crack.  
Alone stood valiant Dalton  
But with a troubled mind,  
The vanguard of his foes before,  
His flapping friends behind.  
He straightway thought of compromise  
To reach the self-same goal,  
And the whole plan of Beveridge  
Dropped like a burning coal.

'O Commons, House of Commons,  
I for indulgence pray  
To hark to our Lord President  
Upon a future day.'  
And now he touches bottom,  
Now on safe ground he stands,  
And round him throng the Fathers  
To press his nerveless hands.

And in the nights of winter  
When cold north winds shall blow,  
When the pipes are cased in ice,  
And the sill is heaped with snow,  
When the pot cannot be heated  
And the lamp cannot be lit,  
When the oldest beldam curses  
And the youngest children spit,  
With rude plebeian laughter  
The story will be told  
How dauntless Dalton fled the fight  
In the bad days of old.

MATTHEW ARNOLD WRITES TO  
*THE LISTENER*

On the night of May 31st the broadcast of the nightingale accompanied by the sound of the thousand bombers setting out Cologne.

Hark! ah, the nightingale,  
Somewhere in Surrey!  
Listen, Eugenia, to the radio!  
What melody! — what else?

O wanderer from classic times,  
Still dost thou harp on that antique event,  
Thy mythological metamorphosis  
In lonely Daulis and the Thracian wild —  
Ignoring time and change,  
This English garden-copse,  
The leaf-hung microphone,  
Thetrellised cellist nigh,  
Thine audience unseen?

Dost thou not hear to-night  
Metallic Furies in mechanic flight,  
The brazen-bowelled harpies overhead,  
Stretched wings, unfeathered breasts,  
With open throats roaring out above  
Thy relatively sequestered solitude?  
Can'st thou mourn on,  
Embroidering thine old-world threnody,  
Oblivious of their note, as they of thine,  
While my racked nerves and brain,  
Disturbed in cultivated meditation  
By this cacophonous phenomenon,  
Apotheosis of our modern life,  
Can find no balm?  
Thou canst! again — Eugenia!  
What bursts! what drones! what incongruity!  
Eternal fixity!  
Eternal flux!

A N C I E N   R E G I M E  
(After Thomas Hardy)

... Nothing less than the subordination of private and national interests to the public and international good. — Sir Stafford Cripps, July 25th, 1942.

We who have steered the ship of state,  
Gentlemen,  
Now hear the call to abdicate.  
We listen for our exit cue,  
You bid us leave the stage, but then,  
We read the signs as well as you,  
Gentlemen.

We have conducted for the best,  
Gentlemen,  
Our own (and Britain's) interest.

Her plans and policies were ours,  
We spoke for every citizen,  
We wrestled with aggressor Powers,  
Gentlemen.

Through thick and thin we always were  
Gentlemen.

We have borne burdens many a year,  
By Baldwin led, and Chamberlain  
Who braved the gangsters in their den  
For Abyssinia, Munich, Spain,  
Gentlemen.

We leave our mark upon the war  
Gentlemen,  
In Burma, India, Singapore.  
Through peace and strife we carry on,  
What we have done we'd do again;  
We need not fear oblivion,  
Gentlemen.

Youth will be served; our days decline,  
Gentlemen.  
The Left invites us to resign.  
No day dawns twice; the tide is flowing.  
The future lies beyond our ken.  
But all the same, we arc not going,  
Gentlemen.

## C A M E   T H E   D A W N ?

There will be no room for selfish policies, or unneighbourly policies . . . there will be one village street from Edinburgh to Chungking. — May 10th, 1942.

We shall take our part in working for a great, world-wide civilization. — Eden, July 22nd, 1942.

The pledge of the Atlantic Charter will give every nation, large or small, greater opportunities for the realization of aspiration for freedom . . . and facilities for material advancement. — Mr. Hull, July 22nd, 1942.

Wherefore despair? the night seems deep,  
Our wartime planning looks ineffective,  
But view the whole in a world-wide sweep,  
And the foreground falls in the right perspective.  
The high adventure is worth the cost,  
In golden distance the clouds are thinning —  
Civilization is far from lost,  
Civilization is just beginning.

The lights of Europe have all gone out,  
Her graves are filling till slaughter sickens.  
The final issue may hang in doubt,  
We shape our course and we count our chickens.  
A new life dawns for both great and small;  
See the world-to-be as we plan to build it,  
With freedom, plenty and peace for all!  
(We shall skin the bear when the Reds have killed it.)

Full rights restored to each mangled State,  
They will yield, to merge in the wider unity;  
Victors with vanquished will federate  
For the selfless good of the world community.  
The earth's abundance to all we'll bring,  
Through the ceaseless sessions of joint committees —  
From Edinburgh to far Chungking  
We plan a ribbon of Garden Cities!

Away with the cycle of slump and boom!  
Away with the cancer of unemployment!  
For cut-throat commerce and social gloom  
See joyous labour and planned enjoyment!  
Industrial chaos will then give place  
To universal co-operation,  
And all our youth will at once embrace  
The blessings of classless education.

Though man is bound to the fiery wheel  
Of the stricken earth to destruction spinning,  
In the bright to-morrow our plans reveal  
Civilization is just beginning.

#### A M A N ' S A M A N

The difference in pay between British and American troops is well known, and the personal problems caused by the discrepancy are no doubt being anxiously considered. — *Daily Telegraph*, August 1st, 1942

What though the doughboy has mair dough  
To fling about an' a' that?  
We canna go by outward show  
A man's a man for a' that.  
For a' that an' a' that  
His braw turn-out an' a' that,  
What though our lassies love him wcel?  
We'll ne'er fall out for a' that.

What though on hamelicr fare we dine,  
On blankets lie, an' a' that?  
We'll no begrudge his linen fine,  
His sarks an' sheets an' a' that.

Lives there in honest affluence  
That lifts his head an' a' that  
Ane whit the less of worth, an' sense?  
The man's nae gowk for a' that.

We mauna hate our enemy,  
As gospel learns an' a' that,  
There's reason mair we should agree  
To love our friens' than a' that.

We twa anenst the bar will meet,  
Tak' glass for glass an' a' that;  
Though ye down stoups o' whisky neat  
While I drink beer an' a' that.

Then here's a toast, my trusty frien'  
An' gie's a hand for a' that,  
Ye hac five times as much to spend,  
You're nane the waur for a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,  
Our lousy pay an' a' that,  
Each willie-waught inspires the thought  
We'll, buddies be for a' that.

## ORNITHOLOGICAL

The flight of the Bullfinch is quick and undulated, and capable of being protracted on occasion. — Morris, *British Birds*.

From Shetland to Land's End  
The bird-watchers talk  
Of the African meeting  
Of Bullfinch and Auk.

Bird news from the desert  
Sent word far and wide  
That the Auk was a species  
To the Phoenix allied.

**Bird-watchers were baffled**  
By a bird-bulletin  
That the Bullfinch in Egypt  
Had lately been seen.

Now to studies of bird-lore  
New facts must be linked •  
Bullfinch is a migrant,  
The Auk is extinct.

*August 1942*

## L A T I N    B L O C K H E A D S

Anglo-Spanish relations are, in fact, about as good as they could be under existing circumstances ... Sir Samuel Hoare ... has certainly performed a difficult mission surprisingly well. — *Observer*, August 30th, 1942.

There are no neutrals in a people's war  
As in old wars of thrones and dynasties,  
And diplomatic feints avail no more  
When multitudes against their tyrants rise.  
We fight a people's victory to gain,  
Then what have we to do with Fascist Spain?

'Neutrality' has varying degrees;  
Some states are so by enemy direction,  
(Whom we so unaccountably appease,  
While cool to those of unimpugned perfection  
Who merely profit from the law by which  
Belligerents grow poor and neutrals rich.)

Why with base Petain are we moderate,  
Steeped in the vileness of collaboration?  
Why do we favour Franco's bloody state  
Who first invited Nazi occupation?  
It is not for the safety of the Rock,  
**But** to cement a **post-war Latin Bloc.**

For in high places still vain hopes are nourished  
A Franco-Spanish combine to contrive,  
And with Rome too, where liberty once flourished,  
But not the lees of freedom now survive,  
Since her decline and fall without a stoppage  
To the degraded level of the wop age.

At what expense of honour, gold and trouble  
These hidden hands are working to restore  
A quaking bastion of authentic rubble!  
Their Latin Bloc is rotten to the core.  
The world bears witness as the war proceeds,  
Latins that fester smell far worse than Swedes.

## THE UNITED HEAD HUNTERS

Naga tribesmen, head-hunters of Assam, at war with Japan, have toasted the Allies as 'Ishu' (friends). The King of Namdang and Bong of Wong declared for the United Nations early this year. — *News Items*.

Nagas are henceforth our Allies  
In the cause of all peace-loving nations.  
They do not need lend-lease supplies  
To prevent Japanese infiltrations  
In the Burma-Assam operations.

Brass hats of the head-hunting tribe  
Give tactics their closest attention,  
And, if they refuse to subscribe  
To the terms of the Fourth Hague Convention,  
It's a purely religious abstention.

The headmen collect heads of Japs,  
Hoards of which are their national treasure;  
Home production of spare parts for traps  
Employs all non-combatants' leisure,  
Total war to these tribes is a pleasure.

The nations who earn their goodwill  
They hail as blood-brothers or 'Ishu';  
Race hatred is part of their drill,  
All are clear on the ethical issue —  
That the Japs are decidedly 'nishu'.

The home-guards of Namdang and Wong  
Protect our abandoned position,  
And Wavell's invited chief Bong  
To train troops in the tribal tradition.  
He is sending New Delhi a Mission.

## SERVANT OF THE HOUSE

Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

-W.S.Gilbert

Surveying Britain's battled coast  
As far as sight may scan,  
On every hand the scene is planned  
By an elderly youthful man.

His voice is ringing, his will is strong,  
And hearty and strong is he;  
Each day we hear his words of cheer  
As he makes the sign of V.

Oh, I am'the captain of Britain's bark,  
Home chief and war chief too,  
And Ambassador to the zones of war  
And the head of the Tory crew.'

And the Commons sit and tear their hair,  
For they simply cannot see,  
While the weight he bears of home affairs,  
How any man can be

At once the captain of Britain's bark,  
Home *chief and* war chief too,  
*And* Ambassador to the zones of war,  
*And* head of the Tory crew.

The ship of State, *one* should navigate,  
*Another* should run the war,  
And they'll take their oath he can't do both  
As well as a good deal more.

They wish he were Prime Minister  
*Or* Minister of Defence —  
But in either name he can always claim  
Their vote of confidence.

So in Britain's realm he takes the helm,  
However rough the sea,  
And he'll eat his hat if he can't do that,  
While making the sign of V.

Oh, he is the captain of Britain's bark,  
Home chief and war chief too,  
And Ambassador to the zones of war  
And the head of the Tory crew.

*September 1942*

## STERLING VALUES

It is important to base our actions on the prospea of a long war. The decisive factor will be the maintenance of the spirit of the people which depends on keeping a sound financial front. — Lord Kindersley, September 18th, 1942.

If Britain hold fast  
Till the war cloud has passed,  
Or adventure on desperate chances,  
Our will to resist  
Will only persist  
Through the soundness of British finances.

Essential supplies  
Are obtained from Allies  
By means of beneficent barter,  
So a huge foreign debt  
Will not have to be met,  
As implied in the relevant Charter.

It is clear as the day  
We are keeping at bay  
The spectre of money inflation,  
Though notes may be printed  
In billions unstinted  
Designed for home front circulation.

Our credit will stand  
Every wartime demand  
If we husband our mighty resources,  
But it could not sustain  
A superfluous strain  
Like extravagant pay for the forces.

By management sound  
Enough will be found  
For maximum all-out production,  
But we cannot consent  
Funds be borrowed or lent  
For reckless post-war reconstruction.

With savings secure,  
We are steeled to endure,  
    No matter how high we are tested,  
And our fight for the free  
Has the State guarantee  
    That our earnings arc safely invested.

Our standing financial  
Is firm and substantial  
    And our pace is unflagging, though leisurely,  
While our pounds and our pence  
Go in bonds for defence  
    And our soul is laid up in the Treasury.

**STATE YOUTH**  
(After Lord Tennyson)

The primary duty of national education is . . . to encourage in the individual an ardent understanding of the State's needs. The ideal of the nation as a leader among the nations... is the necessary first task of national education in the United Kingdom. — Interim Report of the Conservative Sub-Committee on Education, September 5th, 1942.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother, please,  
If you do not rouse me promptly I shall never sleep at ease,  
For to-morrow is the march-past of the Public School Brigade,  
And I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State  
    Youth parade.

There'll be many a black, black eye, mother, if State Youth rises late,  
For certain elements, they say, would trifle with the State,  
And in this glad new year, mother, none may the call evade,  
And I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State  
    Youth parade.

You know that Britain's youth, mother, by blood and birth and breed  
Is called among the nations to guide and teach and lead;  
In parts of all the earth, they say, our rule will be obeyed,  
And I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State  
Youth parade.

You never can have known, mother, the elemental thrill  
Of spontaneous submission to the State's collective will;  
But it is felt to-day, they say, in every social grade,  
And I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State  
Youth parade.

I cannot help but feel, mother, your youth was wild and weak  
For you had no education in the national *mystique*,  
In swamps of party politics your footsteps slipped and strayed,  
But I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State  
Youth parade.

I'll sleep so sound all night, mother, and dream that, inarching by,  
As I pass the flag-draped bandstand I shall catch our Leader's eye.  
And you'll come with little Effic, who'll soon be a State Youth Maid,  
For I'm leading the Youth Day parade, mother, I'm leading the State  
Youth parade.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

The left-wing men in the factories said it was an Imperialist war  
and undermined our effort. I shall never forgive them for that,  
whatever they have done since or whatever they will do. — Ernest  
Bevin, October 17th, 1942.

The Communists may by repentance  
Past trespasses try to outlive,  
But Bevin has judged and passed sentence,  
And Bevin will never forgive.  
The wrongs of the Right may be pardoned,  
Dead Munichs may bury their dead,  
But the heart of the Left has been hardened  
When it comes to the wrongs of the Red.

**Great nations small nations may suffer,  
Opponents their quarrels compose,  
The buffer may pardon the buffer  
And the Allies may pardon their foes.  
The neutrals the neutrals may greet,  
World peace old resentments may smother,  
The Slav and the Teuton may meet  
And Frenchmen may pardon each other.**

**The Poles may forgive Lithuanians,  
The Czech may shake hands with the Pole,  
Hungarians may pardon Rumanians  
And the Balkans make peace as a whole.  
The Germans become friendly aliens,  
The Finns with the Russians may speak,  
The Greeks may forgive the Italians,  
The Bulgar make up to the Greek.**

**The people may spare politicians,  
The East with the West fraternise,  
And parties forgive coalitions  
And Allies may forgive their Allies.  
A sunburst of mutual concessions  
May make earth like the Kingdom of Heaven,  
But the Communist Party's transgressions  
Will get no forgiveness from Bevin.**

**CROAKED THE EAGLE: 'NEVERMORE'**  
(After Edgar Allan Poe).

**While the bombers, southward flocking, set Italian cities rocking,  
Suddenly there came a knocking at 11 Duce's office door.  
He with fiery decision opened to admit a vision,  
An expected apparition who had often called before —  
Destiny at hand once more.**

**Into that apartment regal slunk instead a Roman eagle,  
Moping, moulting and bedraggled and extremely sick and sore,  
With its plumage torn and tattered, beak and talons badly battered  
And morale completely shattered, flapped and flopped upon the floor —  
Only that and nothing more.**

**'Answer!' cried the Fascist showman, 'emblem of the conquering  
Roman,  
Fowl of Fate, and bird of omen, winging from the Libyan shore!  
When shall my Imperial legions drive the Allies from those regions,  
When shall I through Alexandria lead the Axis desert Korps?'  
Croaked the eagle 'Nevermore!'**

**'When will rebel Abyssinians yield up their usurped dominions?  
When will Suez and Tunisia fall as spoils of glorious war?  
When will Africa surrender to Islam's ordained defender?  
When shall I sweep Mare Nostrum, undisputed conqueror?'  
Croaked the eagle 'Nevermore!'**\*

**'When with Fascist ceremonial entering my realms colonial,  
Shall I reign from captive Hellas to die forfeited Cote d'Or?  
When shall my resolve tenacious lead to conquests still more spacious,  
When shall I Rome's world-wide empire of antiquity restore?'  
Croaked the eagle 'Definitely, positively, unequivocally,  
categorically, irretrievably, inexorably, irrevocably and  
finally — Nevermore!'**

*November 1942*

## THE LAST PROCESSION

In a dozen countries Hitler's firing parties are at work every morning, and a dark stream of cold execution blood flows between the Germans and almost all their fellow-men. — The Prime Minister, September 8th, 1942

The Germans love processions; there will be  
One more procession when the war is done,  
That they may know what triumphs they have won  
As the Third Reich advanced to victory.

The Germans love processions; they will stand  
The whole day long to see their heroes come  
With martial splendour and with beating drum,  
Bringing new laurels for the Fatherland.

The crowning spectacle they shall not miss,  
When subject peoples, vanquished in the war,  
Crowd to pay homage to the conqueror  
In sign of everlasting armistice.

Then from the north a coffined host will wind,  
Norwegian villagers and fisher-folk,  
At first ungrateful for the German yoke,  
But afterwards to servitude resigned.

And from the west approaches will advance  
A silent concourse bringing service due,  
A punctual and subservient retinue,  
The thousand butchered hostages of France.

And from the south, those who had made their peace  
With the unconquerable German State,  
The slaughtered youth of the Protectorate,  
And men interred alive in Crete and Greece.

And from the east, a countless multitude  
From mile-long barrows, for the buried rise,  
Though earth were heaped upon their living eyes,  
Slav bondsmen to their vassalage subdued.

And after them the children, laid on biers,  
Like effigies of childhood carved in stone,  
These infant foes on German mercy thrown,  
Their claw-hands crossed, their grey cheeks stained with tears.

And last, returning to their capital,  
Those Germans, suspect in the German cause,  
Who were enlightened in the Third Reich laws,  
And died unseen and had no burial.

The Germans love processions; they will see  
Along their streets, beneath their windows drawn,  
Through nights and days and many a steely dawn,  
That last procession pass the Chancellery.

So still, so silent will the conquered come,  
Where once *in* triumph German legions came,  
So death will cry aloud the German name,  
Bringing the harvest of the Third Reich home.

## F O R G O T T E N   M E N

'The authorities who shut up these men for their hostility to the Axis Powers are to determine whether and when they are released.... Mr. Eden... could give no answer about International Brigade prisoners.'  
—*Manchester Guardian*, November 27th, 1942.

There was an International Brigade  
Which fought for freedom with foolhardy passion,  
Before the International Crusade  
Became the fashion.

Their hopeless fight they fought out to the end,  
Their wounds and scars their only decorations;  
When they stood fast their statesmen did not send  
Congratulations.

They did not die to save their native state,  
Some, liberty's exiles, no State possessing,  
They bled for an ideal but did not wait  
The Church's blessing.

Their victories were not their nation's boast,  
No war memorials in scroll their glory,  
Spain's tragedy and theirs, is an almost  
Forgotten story.

Forgotten, like the men now left to rot,  
While freedom's champions treat with Spain's Dictator,  
And raise to power the Vichy patriot,  
A double traitor.

Because they fought too soon in freedom's war,  
Though grave their fault, their fate deserves compassion —  
Men should not fight for liberty before  
It is the fashion.

GENIUS FOR UNDERSTATEMENT  
(After Lord Macaulay)

Now glory to our great Ally in her triumphant hour!  
And glory to her C.-in-C, tall General Eisenhower!  
Indomitable is the force he landed from the sea,  
And south he strikes to Mogador and east to Tripoli!  
False Darlan has surrendered; Algiers is in his hands,  
The Bey of Tunis, trembling, submits to his commands.  
De Gaulle has called the Fighting French to swell the grand advance,  
And save from traitor hirelings the pleasant land of France!  
Hurrah for General Eisenhower and General Giraud!  
(And, by the way, die British Fleet is putting up a show.)

Hurrah for the Red Artny that stood at Moscow's gate,  
And drove die mighty Wehrmacht back with all its armoured weight!  
Twice have the Panzer spearheads thrust, and twice been held at bay,  
Oh, never in the tale of war was such a bloody fray!  
Now Stalingrad's defenders stand, now the invader falls,  
And cold and stiff and stark they lie beneath her blackened walls.  
The army that was hurled against the ramparts of the east  
Across the vast and icy steppes crawls like a wounded beast.  
Now General Winter takes the field, the Russian wolf-packs hunt.  
(And, by the way, the British have pulled off a second front.)

Now God be thanked for China and for gallant Chiang Kai-shek!  
Right well he led the five-year fight to keep the foe in check!  
A hundred times the Japanese seemed closing in a ring,  
A hundred times fell back before the onslaught from Chungking!  
Our Allies, Free Chinese stand firm against the ruthless foe  
And fling back their defiance to the war-lords of Tokyo!  
And now the Japs are driven from their bases in Chekiang  
Bursts from the line a deafening shout, 'Give praise for General Chiang!  
The enemy is in retreat! Pursue him as he flies!'  
(And, by the way, the R.A.F. *is* cleaning up the skies.)

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Berlin,  
Reich victory, so long proclaimed, is but a might-have-been.

Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who will return no more,  
For Russians and Americans have turned the tide of war!  
Ho! leaders of the Axis hordes, your forces are in flight!  
Ho! craven lord of Italy, keep watch and ward to-night!  
Trapped Rommel in the desert flees before his broken ranks,  
The sands are heaped with guns and gear, crashed planes and burnt-out tanks.

The captured forts of Libya haul down the German flag.  
(And, by the way, Montgomery has Rommel in the bag.)

*November 1942*

### WHO SHALL WASH THE RHINE?

'Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,  
The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne;  
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine  
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?'

— Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

### ST GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

St George has taken up the sword,  
And keeps unsleeping watch and ward,  
To liberate from vile duress  
The Dragon's victims in distress.  
Surrounded by his knights and squires  
He kindles Britain's martial fires,  
Whilo all the busy island stirs,  
Loud with the hum of armourers,  
Loud with the hammer on the forge  
Shaping the harness of St George,  
And even louder with the sound  
Of private axes being ground.  
Three years his brandished blade has waved,  
To lead a Continent enslaved  
(Though he has not essayed a sortie  
Since France sold out, in ninetecn-forty).

While royal heralds from Whitehall  
Blow an incessant bugle call,  
While old War Office chargers neigh,  
Snuffing afar the armoured fray,  
While artisans in workshops toil,  
And hinds plough up the scanty soil,  
Preserved in their beleaguered fort,  
As in the days of Agincourt,  
From rapine, slavery and slaughter,  
By several lucky leagues of water.  
But still the Dragon mauls his prize,  
And Britain's chivalry defies,  
Till certain Paladins confess  
Doubts of the champion's success  
Against a foe in nowise bound  
By customs of the Table Round,  
Who, being duly cleft in twain,  
Returns to baleful life again,  
With more efficient claws and scales  
And twice as many heads and tails;  
Who, after every *coup-de-grace*,  
Leads knighthood to a fresh *impasse*  
From which they may no exit seek  
By the Arthurian technique.  
The leader of the sceptic knights,  
Far-famed as the Vansittartites,  
Admonishes the Saint at war,  
He scotched the Dragon once before,  
But lacked the necessary will  
The monster once for all to kill.  
'This cockatrice that now we face,  
Is totem of a savage race,  
Known since the time of Tacitus  
As bloody, starved and ravenous,  
Who blasted with Teutonic rage  
The sunset of the Roman Age,  
Who with their sanguinary mark  
Made the so-called Dark Ages dark,

Who revelled in aggressive wars  
Of Holy Roman Emperors,  
Whose savagery was renewed  
Through centuries of tribal feud,  
Dynastic and domestic broil  
Congenial to their blood and soil,  
Until two thousand years of hate,  
Dammed up within the Prussian State,  
By ruthless war-lords trained and led,  
With greed inflamed, with envy fed,  
At last, like Wotan's bolt was hurled  
To burn and devastate the world.  
This human spawn of dragon seed  
Perpetuates the dragon breed.  
The Teuton monster now abroad  
Is famed no less for force than fraud,  
A very prodigy of guile,  
It weeps like any crocodile,  
And oft has tempted to its den  
Good, simple, Christian gentlemen,  
Who most unfortunately went  
And sealed their own predicament.  
St George this hydra cannot fight  
With weapons of a Red Cross knight,  
The Dragon with the Folk is one,  
No separate phenomenon,  
And knighthood on its sacred oath  
Must settle finally with both/  
So speaks Sir Robert, and his word  
Is far beyond the ramparts heard,  
Albeit St George makes no reply,  
His stainless broadsword whirling high,  
Being dedicated to his mission  
But tongue-tied by a Coalition.  
Eftsoon there charge into the lists  
Vansittart's pained antagonists,  
Who claim the Champion's other ear,  
And call on all good men to hear.

'Sir Robert's views' they cry 'in sooth,  
Are minus all objective truth,  
His history is crass distortion,  
His mind devoid of true proportion,  
His premisses mere fallacies,  
His helmet is a hive for bees,  
His mischievous hypothesis  
Leads to the ultimate abyss.  
The Teuton nation, like our own,  
Has long its backward past outgrown,  
And boasts an honourable part  
In realms of science and of art.  
The name, barbarian, must appal  
A folk so truly musical,  
Whose daily life is interwoven  
With Bach, with Mozart and Beethoven,  
And whose distinguished literature  
Their claim to culture must assure.  
We fight, but with a long-term aim,  
This seeming Dragon to reclaim,  
Remembering its origins  
In British, not in German, sins,  
For it was generated by  
The gross injustice of Versailles,  
Its dread appearance a reminder  
We should be, not more harsh, but kinder  
Its mangled prey we must release,  
But after, with itself make peace,  
Abandoning the use of force  
In floods of mutual remorse.  
If one hand wield the righteous blade,  
The other must apply first aid,  
And offer a deranged society  
The ministrations of psychiatry.  
This monster is, the truth to tell,  
A dachshund under wizard spell,  
Which will its proper shape resume  
When the magician meets his doom.

The Germans, a deluded nation,  
Knew nothing of the transformation,  
For when the Dragon started roaring  
They were all fast asleep and snoring.  
This hell-hound's crimes are none of theirs,  
It burst upon them unawares.  
Then do not chivalry disgrace  
By condemnation of a race,  
Nor in uncharitable mood  
With Germans bad damn Germans good,  
But let St George forthwith proclaim  
Monster and men are not the same,  
And make it known beyond the seas  
We recognize two Germanies!  
Thus while far off great battles rage,  
These knights in private tilts engage,  
Fling down the glove, and lances break  
In argument for its own sake,  
By their diversionary action  
Revealing Britain's soul of faction;  
For Britons in the jaws of death  
On controversy spend their breath,  
And even as they fight for life  
Can never cease from mental strife.  
Barred from political abuse  
By reason of a Party truce,  
The ruling passion finds its vent  
In dialectic argument,  
The champions giving blow for blow,  
For and against their mortal foe.  
'Avenge! avenge!' the realists cry,  
'Lest you should see your children die!'  
The idealists retort 'Forgive!  
If you would see your children live.  
One side declares that it rejoices  
To hear in the Third Reich two voices,  
The other hears in tones yet clearer,  
One voice: 'One Reich, one folk, one Fuhrer!'

Both factions summon their supporters  
From likely and unlikely quarters  
And call to this abstruse debate  
The mediocre and the great,  
The sage, the savant, the professor,  
Great intellectual lights and lesser,  
Loquacious ex-ambassadors,  
Discursive neutral travellers,  
Reich somebodies, Reich nobodies,  
Right emigres, Left refugees,  
Whose diatribes against delusion  
Complete the general confusion,  
As mutual errors they discuss  
With unrelenting animus.  
Both sides depict for Britons' study  
The German mild, the German bloody,  
The German past, the German present,  
The German pleasant and unpleasant,  
The boastful German, and the doleful,  
The soulless German, and the soulful,  
The German wolves, the German asses,  
The German chiefs, the German masses,  
The German baffling comprehension,  
Are forced on popular attention  
As if this everlasting topic  
All matters else made microscopic,  
As if the German soul to learn  
Were Britain's paramount concern,  
As if the course of future history  
Depended on some German mystery  
And hung on Englishmen agreeing  
About the Teuton's inmost being,  
From century to century  
A strictly unknown quantity,  
Which to the riddle holds the clue —  
Is there one Reich? or are there two?  
And yet, to those who care to look,  
The German is an open book,

For never did the Teuton tribes  
Have any lack of bards, or scribes,  
But ever have themselves depicted  
With copiousness unrestricted,  
Since no vicissitude can cure  
Their *penchant* for self-portraiture.  
No people so extremely voluble  
Presents a mystery insoluble,  
And Germans though they bore and weary us  
Are not, in fact, at all mysterious.  
The German's a recurrent danger,  
But he is in himself no stranger.  
Alone of European lands  
His country Britain understands,  
His blood has kinship with our own,  
His kings have sat upon our throne,  
His soldiers have our battles fought,  
His thought has influenced our thought,  
And certain Britons counted wise  
Have seen the world through German eyes.  
All types of Germans high and low,  
Of old the British people know;  
The high-born *noblesse* of the past,  
The high-born military caste,  
The high-born Junker autocrat,  
The lumpish proletariat,  
The still more lumpish bourgeoisie,  
The ultra-lumpish peasantry,  
The low-born and industrious swarm  
Who dearly love a uniform,  
All born and bred to proper awe  
Of rank and wealth and State and law.  
Nor is concealed from Britons' sight  
The Germans' intellectual light,  
Since Germany for many a year  
Has featured the philosopher,  
An object of respect colossal,  
A spectacled and bearded fossil,

Generically called Strabismus,  
High-Priest of *Kultur-Pessimismus*,  
Who spends his conscious life entirely  
In metaphysical enquiry  
And purely personal pursuit  
Of something called the Absolute.  
The genius of the race Teutonic  
Inclines, as well, to the daemonic,  
Producing almost to excess  
Poets distraught by storm and stress,  
Who, since the first Romantic era  
Have been betrothed to the Chimaera,  
Enacting their subjective drama  
In earth's dissolving panorama.  
Works of these intellects combined  
Illuminate the German mind,  
As their historic annals trace  
The evolution of the race,  
And with such clarity define  
How life is lived beyond the Rhine,  
Unbiased Britons must agree  
There is no German mystery,  
But from their present and their past,  
Their future course may be forecast.

### THE THIRD REICH

Does the Third Reich reincarnate  
The early Teuton tribal state?  
And are the Germans of our time  
Like Germans in their savage prime?  
The prehistoric Teuton folk,  
Would never bear the tyrant's yoke,  
But were of all the world's barbarians,  
The most fanatic libertarians.  
Administration was erratic,  
But civil law was democratic  
And all the bloodthirsty *élite*  
As equals would in council meet.

The chieftains of the tough Teutones  
Were but the first among their cronies,  
And Fuhrers in the tribal moot  
Would instantly have got the boot.  
Existing in a mental void,  
Tumultuous freedom they enjoyed,  
And their marauding lives were spent  
Sans culture and enlightenment.  
The savage grown sophisticated,  
His love of liberty abated,  
Or Germans would have been by this  
As democratic as the Swiss.  
Instead, the Teuton, step by step,  
Discarded his primordial pep,  
By lords and masters broken in  
To paragons of discipline,  
For despots found the German giant  
Quite unexceptionably pliant —  
Hence their descendants may be seen  
Minced in a modern State machine.  
Home life in the Hyrcynian wood  
Was normal, if extremely rude,  
Each Teuton in his native state,  
Took to himself a female mate  
(They were monogamous, though hairy,  
And Teutons had no word for *fairy*)  
And early tribal Teutoncsscs  
Were greatly prized as prophetesses.  
The matron sped her spouse to battle,  
The maid was not the warrior's chattel,  
The downfall of the German *Frau*  
Occurring between then and now,  
When she is only used to breed  
At almost inconvenient speed.  
The Teuton in his sacred groves  
His captives sacrificed to droves  
Of finicky divinities  
Of earth and storm and wind and trees;

His gory and umbrageous rites  
Attract few Third Reich proselytes,  
Their purely propagandist cult  
Achieving almost no result,  
For Wotan's seasonal arrival  
In the Wagnian revival  
Wins worship merely operatic.  
The modern Teuton's taste is Attic,  
And since both Goth and Greek embrace  
In the purged bloodstream of the race,  
Domesticated gods of Greece  
Have permits from the State police,  
While human beings are sacrificed  
To none except the Führer-Christ.  
The Teuton's plundering expedition  
Was not a civilizing mission,  
Nor did his shock-troops cross the border  
As harbingers of his Old Order.  
His butchery was reflex action  
And not a psychic satisfaction.  
No *mystique* was required to toughen  
The early Teuton, nature's ruffian,  
And unlike his effete descendant,  
He was both free and independent —  
The shaggy and the shaven brute  
Share nothing but their love of loot.

Have Germans souls? or must the nation  
Be classified as brute creation?

While borrowing from other races  
Civilization's arts and graces,  
In exploration of the mind  
The Germans leave the world behind;  
All things which to the soul pertain  
Are their peculiar domain.  
And, as the pumpkin grown for prize,  
Distends to quite unnatural size,

The dropsy of the German soul  
Exceeds his power to control  
And with its billowing contour smothers  
All glimpses of the souls of others.  
The German soul thus overblown,  
He has too much to call his own  
(In 'Faust' by Goethe, thus expressed,  
\*Two souls reside within my breast/)  
His reason neidier can supplant —  
He cannot clear his mind of Kant —  
But to the soul the soul must give  
The crucial imperative,  
Which sets it free, but in submission  
To categoric intuition.  
Long since have German life and letters  
Repudiated reason's fetters  
And with tumultuous heartbeats rent  
The shackles of enlightenment,  
And hailed the cult of the irrational  
As something genuinely national.  
The German's joy is unalloyed  
When drowning in the formless void,  
While nothing seems more troublesome  
Than psychic equilibrium.  
Him his untrammelled freedom tires  
Till law directs his vast desires  
As dictates of a higher will,  
More clearly categoric still.  
Thus the Third Reich's immense decisions  
And millenarian provisions,  
Its infinitely cosmic actions  
Commensurate with sublime abstractions,  
Seemed to conspire with destiny  
To give the German soul a spree.

Have German people been reborn  
Since they have Nazi livery worn?

The call to labour and to arm  
Worked with the Germans like a charm;  
The Leader caught the Germans' ear  
By shouting what they yearned to hear.  
His views (to few non-Germans laudable)  
Were at all times distinctly audible,  
Being hurled with such dynamic force  
That he was usually hoarse.  
The High Court and Legislature,  
The robber Barons of the Ruhr,  
The State officials and employers,  
The bankers, traders, farmers, lawyers,  
The workers and the unemployed,  
Were absolutely overjoyed,  
While souls of professorial girth  
Inflated at the Reich's rebirth.  
All Germans but the German Jews,  
At his apocalyptic news  
Were forthwith 'chahged', like Buchman's Groupers,  
Especially the young Storm Troopers.  
Wild bursts of native folk-song lyrical  
Proclaimed a pan-Germanic miracle,  
While bosses with the workers' union  
Merged in a mystical communion,  
And every German he and she,  
Now raised to the nobility,  
Drew strength from joy and joy from toil,  
Up to the eyes in blood and soil.  
All felt the summons of the blood,  
A mighty, though diluted, flood,  
And knew an elemental urge  
Towards a biologic purge,  
Till a remedial convulsion  
Achieved the alien strain's expulsion.  
Then in the sacred racial cause,  
Established by the Niirnburg Laws  
And by the Reich's most high authority,  
The German Jews, a small minority,

Were hounded down like rats by millions  
Of most respectable civilians,  
While masses, wont to spend their leisure  
In gluttonous and rustic pleasure,  
Found lynching, licensed by the courts,  
To be the very best of sports,  
And from contamination free  
Shed all inferiority.  
When once the Reichstag was a pyre  
The Reich went like a house on fire.  
The blood was purged, the books were burned,  
The Germans back to nature turned,  
The Leader ranted to his flock,  
The folk, reborn, put back the clock.

The First Reich was the ghost of Rome,  
Where Germans never were at home,  
And, though they wore Rome's diadem,  
She scorned to be a home for them,  
But from the time of Charlemagne,  
Crossed her unwelcome suzerain  
While every stabilizing plan  
Came up against the Vatican. •  
The First Reich from the Teuton nation  
Enjoyed but slight collaboration,  
The Holy Roman Emperor's fiat  
Invariably produced a riot,  
And Princes, Bishops and Electors  
Announced themselves the folk's protectors,  
While everybody lent a hand  
In breaking up the Fatherland.  
Life in this Reich of vast pretensions  
But indeterminate dimensions,  
A geographical expression,  
Occasioned national depression,  
Until the Second Reich had won  
The German's place in Europe's sun.

But when the Hohenzollern's hour  
Made Germany a first-class power,  
United Teutons put on weight  
As subjects of an Empire State,  
And every German in the street  
Was raised at least by several feet.  
When Bismarck's Reich was toppled down,  
Together with the Prussian crown,  
At this incredible reverse  
Morale declined from bad to worse,  
And back inside their frontiers cooped,  
The Germans' soaring spirits drooped,  
And all the folk began to wonder  
If destiny had made a blunder.  
So when the Leader's piercing scream  
Announced his Greater Reich *regime*,  
The moping Weimar citizen  
Soared up to dazzling heights again,  
And once for all, the whole community  
Proclaimed indissoluble unity.  
The First Reich aped a world antique,  
The Third is modern and unique,  
The Second was a statesman's *coup*,  
The Third's a destined rendezvous.  
(The Leader, at the hour of fate,  
Howled at the everlasting gate,  
Which with the most appalling din,  
Opened to let the Germans in.)  
The Third Reich is a folk concern,  
Which gives the little man his turn,  
The little man upon the throne,  
The people come into their own.  
This Reich is German handiwork  
Wherein no alien traces lurk,  
The monument of German taste,  
With flowers of German Bloodlore graced,  
Where German culture holds the field,  
Where German earth gives German yield,

Where livestock and the very vermin  
Are certified completely German.  
Where German fancy, wit and humour,  
Shine in the pages of '*Der Sturmer*',  
Where youth is trained by German cannibals  
To make all little Germans Hannibals  
And childish voices glorify  
The splendour of the German sty.  
The Leader's histrionic raving  
Reveals the nation's deepest craving.  
Their noble greed, their holy hate,  
He is themselves articulate.  
The herd that on its Leader dotes  
Can joyfully dispense with votes,  
The crowd, transported in a fit,  
Is in itself a plebiscite  
And rehabilitated souls  
Can spit on parliaments and polls.  
The folk sees in the Leader's face  
The highspot of their hero-race,  
For him they joy to cast behind  
The common virtues of mankind,  
To sign an era with his name  
That makes a glory of their shame,  
And kiss the earth he treads upon —  
A thing ill-favoured, but their own.  
And when this German Prospero  
Who made the world-wide tempest blow,  
Together with his book is drowned  
Deeper than e'er did plummet sound,  
Plus half-a-million Calibans,  
The Third Reich's picked Praetorians,  
Some seven-score millions will be left  
Once more of leadership bereft,  
In a discouraged frame of mind,  
Unable their own way to find  
Until another super-soul  
Points to another destined goal.

Where they may build on heights sublime,  
A foothold in the flux of time.  
Since Germans are and always were  
A race without a character,  
They must behind a Leader keep  
Exactly like fourfooted sheep,  
A docile and sheepsheaded nation,  
For ever the black sheep's temptation;  
And since in triumph or disaster  
A servile folk must serve a master,  
And nothing can till kingdom come  
Transform the soul of flunkeydom,  
In Germany, once more defeated  
Past history may be repeated,  
For which the world must stand prepared  
When the Fourth Reich shall be declared.

#### WHO SHALL WASH THE RHINE?

And can St George with one shrewd stroke,  
This Dragon slay, and quell this folk?  
And how will he, as Europe's saviour,  
Ensure the latter's good behaviour?  
While mortal combat he proclaims,  
He's silent on his post-war aims,  
Which waiting world and clamorous Press  
Can but approximately guess. ,  
St George preserves complete discretion  
Concerning future intercession,  
And at each query or suggestion  
Desires due notice of the question.  
For the duration of the war  
Democracy's executor,  
He neither takes nor gives direction  
Till after the post-war election.  
His past alone may give some clue  
To what the Champion may do.  
Be Dragons never so unsightly  
He never swerves from conduct knightly,

So, to the more detached spectator,  
Is not, *au fond* a Dragon hater.  
(A Dragon, thoroughly redeemed,  
May be an ally much esteemed,  
If circumstances past surmise  
Unfortunately should arise.)  
And though he, too, has in his time  
Counted rebellion no crime,  
And Right Divine a paltry thing  
When conscience stood against the King,  
Since Civil War and revolution  
Merely embalmed the Constitution,  
Lack of political restraint  
Finds little favour with the Saint.  
The revolution's still to be  
In European society,  
And if armed combats start between  
Small dragons, will he intervene,  
Or after this decisive bout  
Let Europe's dragons fight it out?  
While ever girded for The Right,  
The Champion is no simple knight,  
But immemorial trustee  
Of Britain's vested chivalry.  
Knight of the Bath and of the Garter,  
He's nothing like a Christian martyr,  
And, not alone the Faith's Protector,  
He is a Company Director,  
Linked up with Wall Street and the City,  
Which, some consider, is a pity,  
And fear he will his high professions  
Forswear, for he has great possessions.  
Moreover, in sworn Treaties trusting,  
The Saint had left his armour rusting,  
And pawned estates to buy his weapons,  
(As often to crusaders happens)  
So coming decades may be spent  
In temporary embarrassment.

Then, too, he is no longer able  
To take the head of the Round Table,  
Since other knights of like prestige  
Have also stood the Dragon's siege;  
And though prepared those knights to lead  
By virtue of his simple creed —  
To pay his way, live no man's debtor,  
And make all other people better —  
The knights, with their own codes provided  
Show no ambition to be guided.  
St George's world-wide realm embraces  
Only the more retarded races,  
Towards whom his amiable attention  
Smacks of unconscious condescension,  
While nations who have come of age  
Resist his well-meant patronage.  
St George, when he has sheathed the sword,  
May don his gown and mortar-board  
And British rules of conduct teach  
To Germans young enough to reach;  
But as he never learned to rule  
Through high proficiency at school,  
His eminence entirely owed  
To a so-far unwritten code,  
Before he can become the mental  
Preceptor of the Continental,  
He must reform for his own nation  
His hoary plan of education,  
Which, far from being learning's crown,  
Has definitely broken down.  
The Saint, who never looked before  
He leaped, alike in peace or war,  
And was habitually found  
With both feet firmly on the ground,  
Now anxious islanders behold  
Between the new world and the old,  
In doubt if he should stand aside,  
Or with the Champions allied,

On their uncharted course embark,  
Leaping completely in the dark.  
His course the nation must determine,  
And not the future of the German,  
Since to our fate we hold the key,  
But not to German destiny.  
Henceforth, alone, St George must plan,  
Not as he would, but as he can.  
Or some authority abate  
As one of a triumvirate.  
For as he could not, to be candid,  
Knock out the Dragon single-handed,  
Without assistance in his quest  
From Champions of the east and west,  
Once they have set its victims free  
They'll have as much at stake as he.  
Thus the subsidiary feud  
Which agitates his neighbourhood,  
The hot Vansittart controversy,  
Where knights no quarter give, nor mercy,  
Where pleaders for forgiveness pious  
Impugn their foes with vengeful bias,  
While backers of the armoured fist  
Flay the refined evangelist  
And rend the unresponsive skies  
With contradictory battle-cries,  
Though giving private satisfaction,  
Will not affect united action.  
Be Germans' record black or grey,  
It's not the question of the day,  
That issue is beside the point,  
For, though the time is out of joint  
The world at large will not invite  
St George or them to set it right.  
The British Champion's admonition  
Will not dictate the Reich's partition,  
Nor Britain's mobilized opinion  
Make Soviet peace less Carthaginian.

The nations on the Third Reich's border,  
When once released from the New Order  
Seek safety in a guarantee  
Not from one Champion, but three  
To guard them from recurrent doom  
As Germans' destined living-room.  
Whoever Germany 'forgive'  
They will not die that she may live;  
And when the Dragon bites the dust,  
Impaled with many a mortal thrust,  
They pray the victors will combine  
To clear Reich refuse from the Rhine,  
And will St George, when all is over,  
Retire behind the cliffs of Dover,  
Esteeming he has done his duty  
In saving Empire, home and beauty,  
And European tasks resign,  
Or will he help to wash the Rhine?

Here stalls St George. There rolls the Rhine,  
A scowling demarcation line  
That sunders Teuton regions from  
The world of western Christendom,  
Exuding vapours foul and rank  
From rotting slime and oozy bank,  
A stench so nasty, vile and strong  
That none can stand the fumes for long,  
But every neighbouring population  
Succumbs to gradual suffocation.  
This outrage on the human nose  
The Third Reich waters as it flows,  
Where Germans quaff its sacred wells  
And do not even think it smells,  
Although its odour is not known  
In European lands alone,  
But wafted over seven seas,  
Infects the far Antipodes,

Makes English-speaking peoples ill,  
And turns the stomach of Brazil.  
The exhalations of the Rhine  
Have almost reached the Argentine.  
Therefore the nations far and wide  
Denouncing the unsavoury tide  
As an intolerable offence  
And cause of creeping pestilence  
Vote by unanimous decision  
For sanitary supervision  
To plan perpetual ablution  
And seal the fountains of pollution;  
But have they made a joint design  
For cleaning out the river Rhine?  
Will Russia do the lion's share?  
Is it America's affair?  
Will seven-and-twenty States combine  
To disinfect the river Rhine?  
Will Dutch and Belgians living near,  
Choked by the lethal atmosphere  
Have leave to do as they incline  
To purge waters of the Rhine?  
Will Greece and Britain make a start?  
Will Poles and Czechs and Slavs take part?  
Will Norway from the poisoned stream  
Dredge garbage of the Reich *regime*?  
Will China show how to dispel  
The tide's abominable smell?  
Will every country have a plan  
Except the land where it began?  
Or will at last some power divine  
Make Germans wash their river Rhine?

*October 1942*











