

Struwwelhitler

1'6



A Nazi Story Book
by Doktor Schrecklichkeit.

David Smith,
"Bones" Willingham, Bantr.

1942

Sketch

A parody on the original *Struwwelpeter*
by Robert and Philip Spence

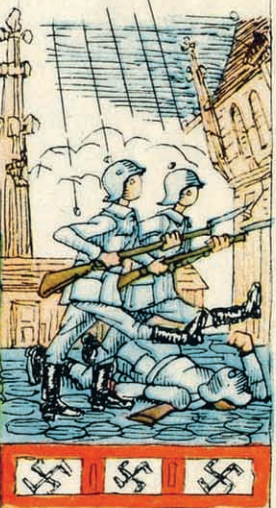
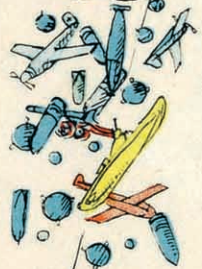
Presented by them to the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund, which supplies wireless sets, games and woollen comforts to our Fighting Services, and clothing, bedding, boots and food to air raid victims.



STRUWWELHITLER

A NAZI STORY BOOK

When the children have been good,
 That is, be it understood,
 Good at killing, good at lying,
 Good at on each other spying.
 When their fourteen Pas, and Mas,
 Grandmamas, and Grandpapas,
 Great Grandparents too, are sure
 That their Aryan stock is pure.
 They shall have the pretty things
 Krupp Von Bohlen kindly brings,
 And the blessings, only listen!
 Brought by Stinnes, Frick, and
 Thyssen,
 Who will welcome all your savings
 While you feed on grass and
 shavings.
 Only such as these shall look
 At this pretty picture book.



1. STRUWWELHITLER



Just look at him! there he stands
With his nasty hair and hands.
See! the horrid blood drops drip
From each dirty finger tip;
And the sloven, I declare,
Never once has combed his hair;
Piecrust never could be brittle
Than the word of Adolf Hitler.

2. THE STORY OF CRUEL ADOLF





When patient Fritz in abject mood
Complained that he was short of
food
"Be off!" cried Adolf, "Greedy
scamp!
To Dachau Concentration Camp."
He whipped poor Fritz till he was
dumb,
And bade the dread Gestapo come:
At this good Fritz grew very red,
And growled and bit him till he
bled;
Then you should only have been by
To see dear Adolf scream and cry!



So Adolf had to go to bed ;
The doctor came and shook his head,
Remarked that he would soon be dead,
And gave him nasty physic too
Precisely with that end in view.

But good dog Fritz is happy now ;
He has no time to say "Bow ! Wow !"
He seats himself in Adolf's chair,
And laughs to see the nice things there :
On Ribby's fizz his thirst he slakes,
And eats all Adolf's creamy cakes.



3. THE DREADFUL STORY OF GRETCHEN AND THE GUN

It almost makes me cry to tell
What Gretchen (foolish girl) befell.
Her two boy friends had been to call
And lasting friendship vowed by all.
Now on the table close at hand
A little cannon chanced to stand,
And she had promised both the boys
She was contented with her toys,
And would not touch it. "Now" she cries,
"I'll give them both a great surprise
And shoot at someone: waste of labour!
To keep a gun and love your neighbour!"

The Pussy-cats heard this,
And said "Oh, naughty, naughty Miss,
We beg you not
To fire a shot;
It's very, very wrong you know,
Me-ow! Meo! Meow! Meo!
You will be burnt if you do so."

But Gretchen would not take advice
She fired the gun, it was so nice!
She banged it round and round about,
And frightened everybody out:
She said her Dolly liked it so
And she *would* do it; yes! or no!

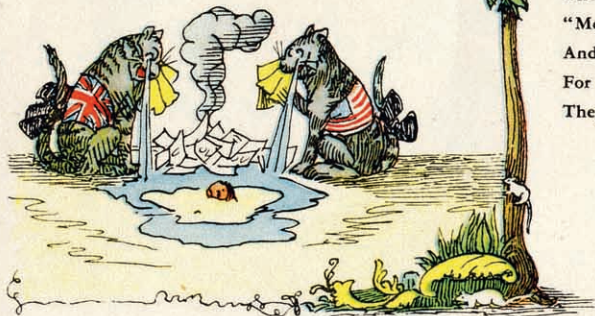
The Pussy-cats saw this
And they began to hiss:—
"We fear the worst
That gun will burst."
"Meow!" they said, "Meow! Meo!
You'll burn to death if you do so."





Then hark! with what a dreadful crash
The gun blew up and burnt her sash;
Her arms, her hair, her clothing burns
While Dolly squeaks and roars by turns.

So she was burnt with all her clothes
And arms and hands and eyes and
nose;
Till she had nothing more to lose
Except a heap of I.O.U.'s
And Dolly's head. Nought else was
found
Among her ashes on the ground.



And when the good cats sat beside
The smoking ashes, still they cried
"Meow! Meow! Meow! Meow!"
And serve her right, we told her so."
For Gretchen ran their tears so fast
They made a little pond at last.

4. THE STORY OF THE NAZI BOYS



All dressed in winter coat so thick,
The furry-hatted Bolshevik,
With hammer and with sickle fitted,
About the Nevsky Prospekt flitted.
Then Adolf, little noisy wag,
Ran out and bawled and waved his flag;
And Ribby, see, for pacts in trim,
Had brought his fountain pen with him;
And Goebbels too, with whoops of laughter
Picked up the 'Völkisch' Beobachter';

So one and all set up a roar
And scoffed and hooted more and more,
And kept on singing, slinging mud—
"Oh Bolshy, you're as red as blood!"



Now Comrade Joseph lived close by
So tall, he almost touched the sky;
He had a mighty inkstand too,
In which a great goose feather grew;
He called out in an angry tone
"Boys, leave the Bolshevik alone!
Promise me no more to tease him,
But do everything to please him;
And I'll grant you on that score
Leave to plague the boy next door."

"Aha!" said Ribby, "Mark you then
I'm very glad I brought my pen;
I'm just as good at signing pacts
As Goebbels at distorting facts."
So Comrade Joseph took his pen
All wrote their names down too, and then
He seizes Adolf, seizes Gob
Grasps Ribby by his pallid nob
And they may scream and kick, and call,
Into the ink he dips them all;
Into the inkstand, one, two, three,
Till they are red, as red can be;
Turn over now and you shall see.





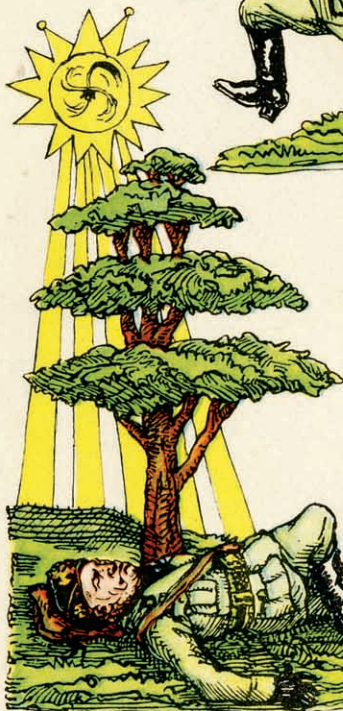
See there they are and there they run!
The Bolshevick enjoys the fun.
They have been made as red as rubies
Since Comrade Joseph dipped the boobies.
Now, branded like the Bolshevick,
They wonder if they've dropped a brick.

5. THE STORY OF THE MAN THAT WENT SHOOTING

This is the man that hunts the goat,
This is his hat and shirt and coat;
With swag bag, plane and tank and gun,
He's going out to have some fun.

"He burns before the Führer's eye
To do some deed of chivalry."

The goat sits snug 'mid mountain crags
And laughs the while the great man
brags—



"Greek Goat! Come out
or you'll be shot,
For I a heavy gun have
got,
Hand over everything
to me:
Meanwhile I'll rest
'neath yonder tree."
And while he slept like
any top,
The little goat came hop,
hop, hop—
Took guns and tanks and
things and then
On his hind legs went
off again.



The great man wakes and sees no trace
Of fear upon his victim's face.
The goat's now trying all he can
To butt the sleeping black shirt man:
He cries and screams and runs away,
The goat runs after him all day
And hears him call with frenzied shrieks:—
"Help! Führer! Help! The Greeks! The Greeks!"



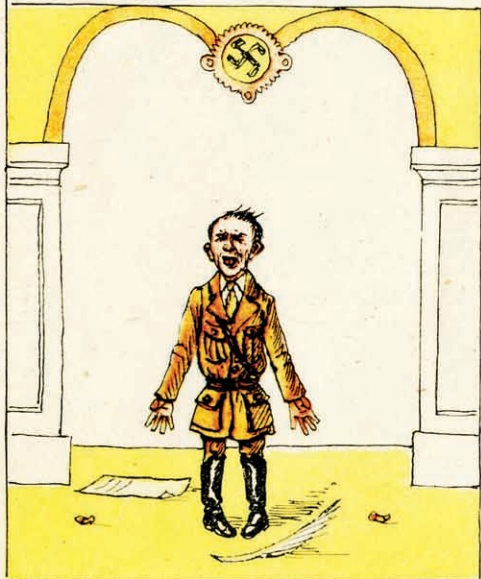
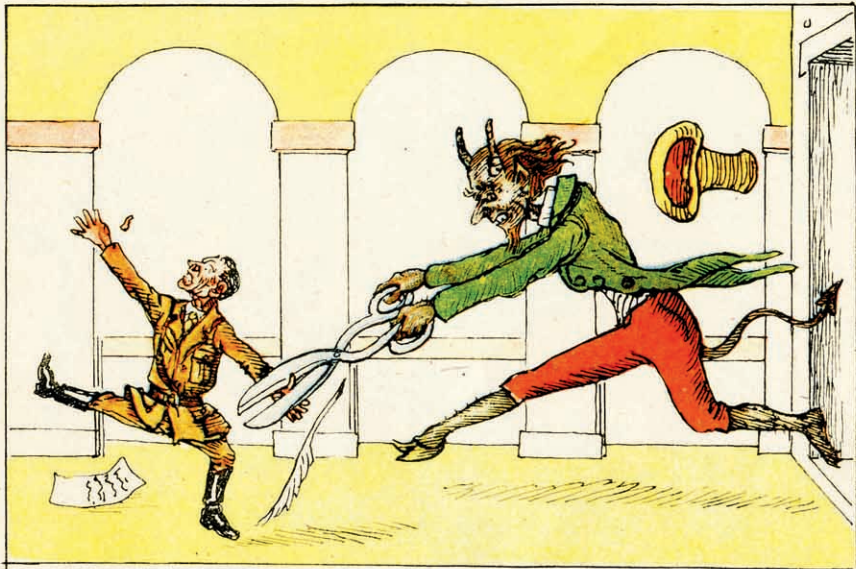
6. THE STORY OF LITTLE GOBBY POISON PEN



One day, Mamma said : "Gobby dear,
I must go out and leave you here.
But mind now Gobby, what I say,
And don't tell fibs while I'm away.
The black man comes, in short, His Nibs
To little boys that utter fibs.
And write that Johnny's keeping dark
He's lost his brand new Noah's ark
Or Winston's sunk his pretty boat
To get his uncle Franklin's goat.
He cuts their thumbs clean off—and then,
They never more can hold a pen."



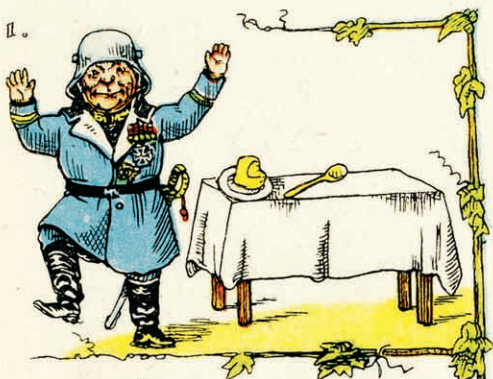
Mamma had scarcely turned her back
When Gob returned to the attack
And scribbled—"Winston's taking pains
To batter out the Führer's brains."



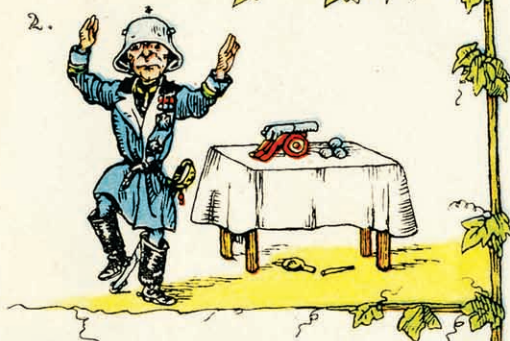
The door bursts open ; in he flies
 The long black Father of all lies.
 Oh ! Children, see ! He comes again
 To catch out little Poison Pen.
 Snip ! Snap ! Snip ! The Scissors go ;
 And Gobby cries out—"Oh ! Oh ! Oh !"
 Snip ! Snap ! Snip ! They go so fast
 That Gobby's thumbs are off at last.

Mamma comes home, there Goebbeis stands
 And looks quite sad, and shows his hands—
 "Ah !" said Mamma, "So, Gobby then
 No more can hold his poison pen.
 No more will echo roof and rafter
 To 'Angriff' nor to 'Beobachter'."

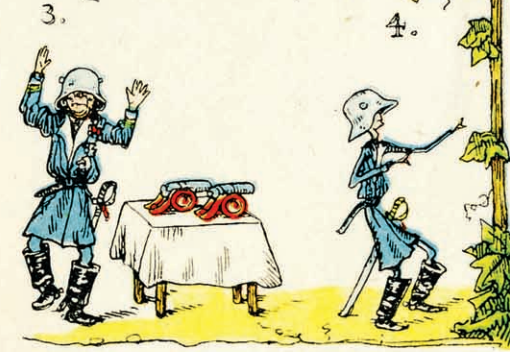
7. THE STORY OF HERMANN WHO WOULDN'T HAVE BUTTER



Our Hermann was a chubby lad;
Now, lots of medals Hermann had;
And all cried "Heil!" when fully dressed,
He spread them on his ample chest.
He ate and drank up all he could
And always found the butter good.
But one day, one September day,
He screamed out "Take that grease away!
And give me glorious guns instead!
I won't have butter on my bread!"



Next day, now look, the picture shows
How lank and lean our Hermann grows!
Yet though he feels so weak and thin
And has his waistcoats taken in,
He cries out still—"No grease," I said,
'But gorgeous glorious guns instead!
I won't have butter on my bread!"



The third day comes; This puny form
In baggy sagging uniform!
Can this be he, that jolly German,
That iron man, our portly Hermann?
He faintly calls—"I think I said,
'I won't have butter on my bread,'
But find that guns are hard to spread."

The fourth day comes; his lot is hard,
He's thinner than a ration card;
Look for him now; Some hungry German
Has surely gobbled up our Hermann!

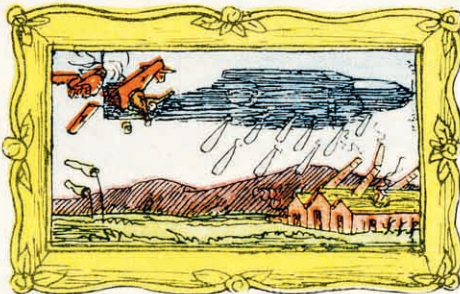
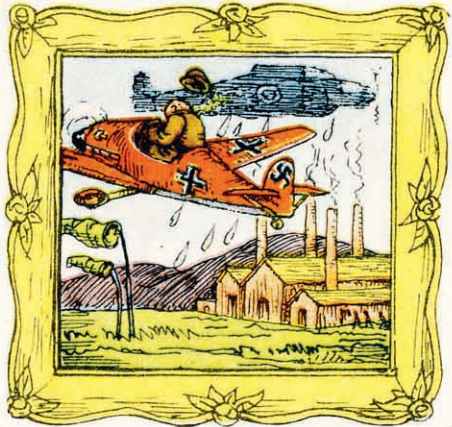


8. THE STORY OF FLYING HERMANN



When his bombs came tumbling down
In the country and the town
And the children helter-skelter
Ran into the nearest Shelter
Hermann boasted "Never fear!
None will ever bomb us here."
But they did
And in a minute
He was in it.
Here you see the silly boy
With the Luftwaffe, his toy.

What a blow ! He hears those boys
Making such a nasty noise
Dropping bombs and things about
Till he hardly dare go out.
When he flies
To the skies
And to drive them off he tries,
Through the clouds the rude boys
shoved him
And he wept that no one loved him.

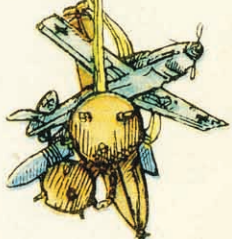
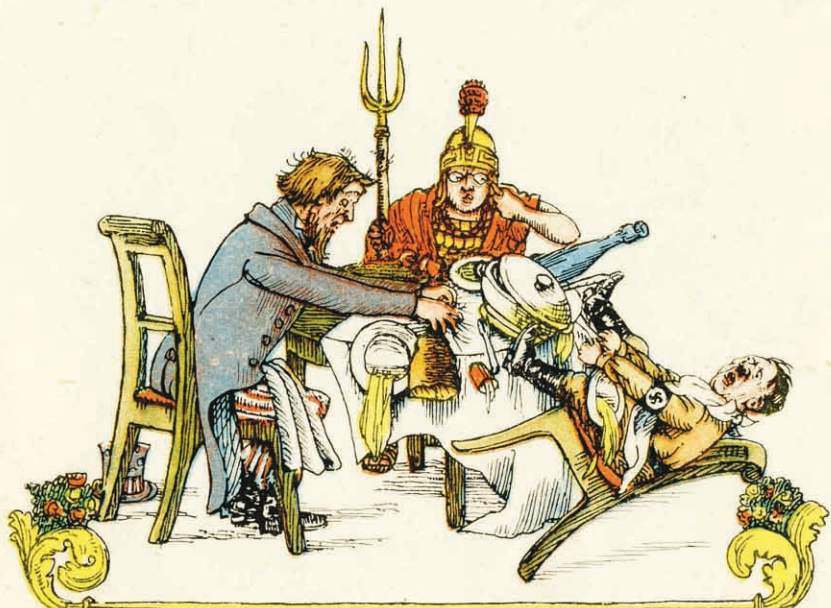


Soon they drove him such a height
He was nearly out of sight
And he didn't care a bit
(When he dropped things) what they hit.
Then they pushed him up so high
That they drove him from the sky
And the Luftwaffe, it's plain,
Never more was seen again.

9. THE STORY OF FIDGETY ADOLF



Let me see if Adolf can
Be a little gentleman ;
Let me see if he is able
To sit still for once at table :
Uncle Sam said "Boy! Behave!"
Aunt Britannia looked grave.
It's really too bad,
The fidgety lad ;
He wriggles
And jiggles,
And then I declare,
Swings backwards and forwards
And tilts up his chair
Just like any rocking horse ;
"Adolf! We are getting cross!"



See the naughty restless child
Growing still more rude and wild,
Till his chair falls over quite.
Adolf screams with all his might
Catches at the cloth, but then
That makes matters worse again.
Down upon the ground they fall
Glasses, plates, knives, forks and all.
Auntie B. did fret and frown
When she saw them tumbling down!
Uncle Sam made such a face!
Adolf is in sad disgrace.



Where is Adolf, where is he ?
Fairly covered up you see !
Cloth and all are lying on him ;
He has pulled all down upon him.
All the onions, cheese and fruits
Muddled up with Adolf's boots !
Table all so bare, and see !
Uncle Sam and Auntie B.
Look quite cross, and wonder how
Auntie'll make her dinner now.
As for Adolf, there's no doubt
He must go to bed without.

10. THE STORY OF LITTLE MUSSO HEAD IN AIR



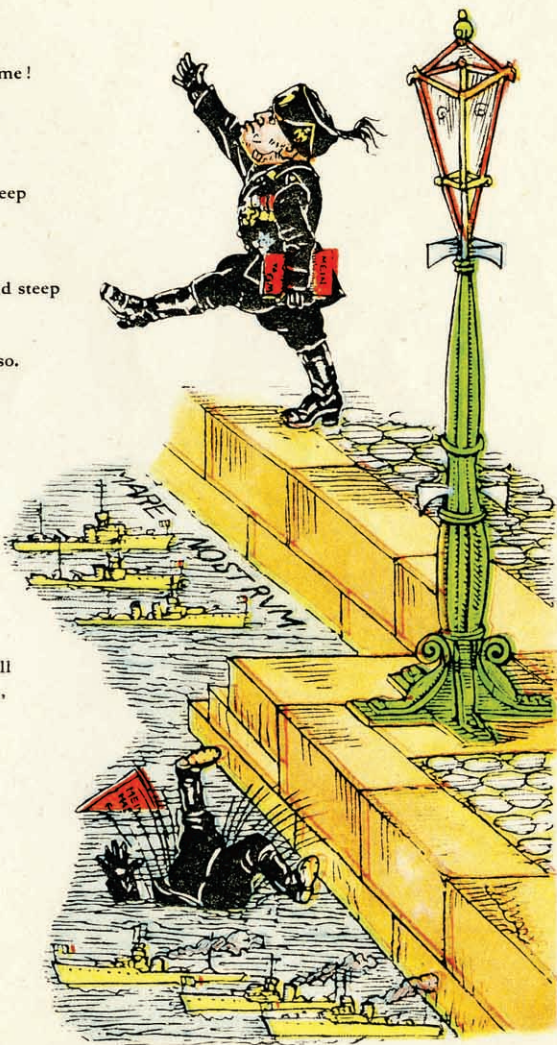
As he strode along from school
Under Master Hitler's rule
Musso trod with pride and pleasure
A "Passo (Goose) Romano" measure,
But what just before him lay
In his way
Musso never cared a copper,
He would never come a cropper.
So they cried out loud and hearty
"Mussolini, Bonaparty."

Running just in Musso's way
Came a little dog one day;
Musso marches, short and stout,
Chin stuck out
And lips a-pout
And he never hears them cry
"Musso! Mind, the dog is nigh!"
Bump!
Dump!
Down he fell with such a thump!
Doggie bit him on the rump.





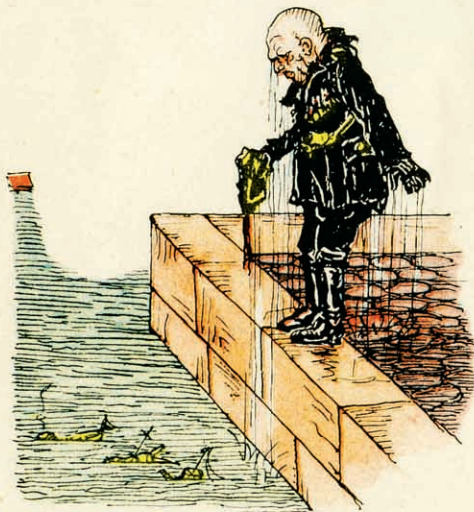
“Victory!” he cries, “I’ll home!
Ride in triumph into Rome
Over Mare Nostrum plying!
Still I’m cleverest at flying,
From the deep
Still my fleet all else will sweep
If it safe in port but keep.”
See him treading as before
Mare Nostrum’s very shore
Where the bank was high and steep
And the water very deep
And his Navy in a row
Cheered to see him coming so.



One more step, and sad to tell
Headlong in poor Musso fell,
And his Navy in dismay
Got up steam and ran away.



There lay Musso nearly drowned,
With "Mein Kampf" so nicely bound;
But as they were passing by,
Two strong men had heard him cry;
And with sticks these two strong men
Hooked poor Musso out again.



He was in a sorry plight,
And had got a thorough fright.
All his goods were lost and gone
Like the clothes of good King John,
And the cold wind from the East,
Blowing through him, never ceased.

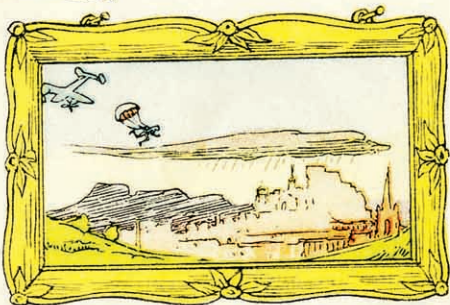
"Ain't it my Italian Lake?"
Spluttered Musso, "My mistake!"
As his Navy, one, two, three,
Lay a-sinking in the sea:
Down they went the moment after
And the people cried, with laughter:—
"Hi! You've lost your book, Top Woppy!
It's your presentation copy."



11. THE STORY OF FLYING RUDOLF

When the heads came tumbling down
At the Führer's angry frown
All good little Nazi boys
Stayed at home to mind their toys.
Rudolf thought "No place is surer
Than to strut beside the Führer."
So he did, and for a bit
He was IT,
All the Führer's joy and pride.
Here you see them side by side.

But there eyed him still askance
Himmler's cold and fishy glance
And the Führer screamed, "Don't dare
Take a plane into the air!"
Rudolf thought:—"To leave by stealth
Will be better for my health."
So he flies
To the skies,
Never heeding Adolf's cries,
Till appears a tiny dot
O'er the land of Burns and Scott.



It is Rudolf's parachute!!
Can a rift be in the lute?
Has he come to seek for solace
On the soil of Bruce and Wallace?
Down he bumps on Scottish ground
And they've put him in the pound.
Now, it isn't very clear
What he's wanting over here,
Only, this one thing is plain,
Rudolf won't go back again.

EPILOGUE

to the Story of the Nazi Boys.

Now twenty months had passed away,
And still contentedly they play
With little Bolshies dressed in red,
But when the twenty-first has sped
Poor Adolf's conscience pricks: he rants
And kicks his playmates in the pants,
And weeps:—" You made me love you, beast!
I didn't want to in the least,
But Europe thus I had to save
To do its duty as my slave,
And tremble at my august nod
For I'm the good old German God."