The New Enterprise 23rd Psalm

[1] Mrs Thatcher is my Shepherd: therefore I can aspire to everything.

[2] She shall lead me into Green Belt pastures where I can erect my split-level neo-Georgian Barratt home with jacuzzi, German kitchen and double garage.

[3] She leadeth me beside the still waters, where I can develop a combined marina/shopping mall complex with in-house leisure facilities.

[4] She converteth my soul by advertising and marketing activities: and brings me forth in the paths of high consumerism for Her Name's sake.

[5] Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of the Loony Left councils I shall fear no homosexuality or mugging. For thou art with me; thy Rate Capping, Poll Tax and Clause 28 do comfort me. Thy Riot Squads do protect me.

[6] Thou shalt prepare a designer table before me against those who have no idea of lifestyle and buy MFI breakfast bars with matching foldaway high stools.

[7] Thou hath anointed my head with Brylcreem, as thou hast with Kenneth Baker and Cecil Parkinson.

[8] My BMW runneth over anything that gets in the way.

[9] Surely thy privatisation opportunities and rising house prices shall follow me all the days of my life: and I shall dwell in the Land of the Smug forever.

Admen

—from The Gospel according to the blessed St Margaret.

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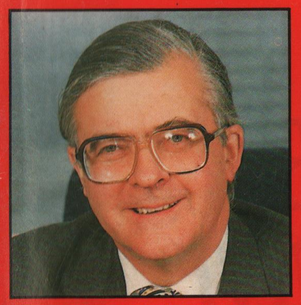
The World According To . . .

£1.95

THATCHA!



EDUCATION: Stick it up your RRR's!



ECONOMICS: Credit screws you up!



HEALTH: Pay now, die later!



10 YEARS AT NUMBER TEN

Soaraway Souvenir Special

A NIGHTMARE ON DOWNING STREET PART III

NEW STATESMAN SOCIETY



"WE ARE NOT AMUSED"

But *you* will be, when you read the 28 April issue of *New Statesman & Society*

We celebrate 10 vainglorious years with "THATCHERLAND"—an illustrated 10 page supplement in which satirists Chris Horrie and Peter Chippindale take a light-hearted look at Thatcherism.

Also included—a double page colour spread by our brilliant political cartoonist Steve Bell.

FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT — £1.20

10 DOWNING STREET



My Ref: TINA / 10 / MORONS

Dear Punter,

As you know, I intend to rule this country forever.

This pamphlet chronicles the main Achievements of my first ten years.

I've written it in very simple language so your lips won't get too tired as you read it. But if they do, don't blame me — blame State education.

I also want to remind you of my Vision, which a lot of you are still too thick to see.

Well, it's not my fault if you're too poor to afford the new eye test fees.

Let me remind you of our position: My Dynasty is your destiny.

There have been other dynasties in the past — the Ming Dynasty in China, the Rockefellers in America, the Carringtons on TV.

But they're all different: Mine is the World's First One-Person Dynasty.

There's no danger on my side. Denis is past it, Carol's no use, I have to keep Mark going as it is, and Michael's still in nappies.

And none of your so-called parliamentary representatives are up to the job either.

In case you hadn't noticed, I've made sure there's nobody in the Cabinet who can step into my shoes.

However they are allowed to lick my boots.

As for my backbenchers — what a load of bankers!

The reason you elected me was that you wanted someone with balls to run the place.

You called for the smack of firm government.

That's turned out to be a never-ending task. So for me there is no alternative.

You gave me the tools — now I must stay and finish the job.

Yours eternally,

Margaret T.

PS. In case you haven't got it yet, I shall go on . . . and on . . . and on . . .

THATCHA!

Socialist Tyranny

IT was after the Second World War that our Great Island Race began the grim descent into the Slough of Socialist Tyranny.

Our single-handed victor over the Hun, Sir Winston Churchill, was thrust aside by an ungrateful people, lured from their rightful destiny by the wheedling of paid socialist agitators.

The plan was to erect a Welfare State and produce a nation of softies, spoonfed with propaganda in the State schools, mollycoddled by the National Health Service, ground down by a teeming bureaucracy.

Nationalisation stifled our great industries, which had previously derived their strength and vigour from open competition in the marketplace.

The grey age of austerity had begun.

Curtain Call

Fashion and architecture were taken over by classless hooligans. The hideous wail of skiffle groups filled the land, Expresso bars and shops full of ghastly plastic furniture ruined our High Streets. Foreign cars invaded our roads. At home the "goggle-box" destroyed the art of conversation.

Britain disappeared behind the Rayon Curtain.

That horrible little man, Harold Wilson, with his smelly pipe and shady East European advisers, brought our nation even further to its knees.

During his reversible Gannex culture our moral values degenerated into the permissive society of the '60s.

Mindless Militants

Bearded, pot-smoking polytechnic lecturers led the charge against the values we held most dear — pride in one's country; an honest day's pay for an honest day's work; do as you would be done by.

All our catechisms were openly mocked by idle students who openly deserted their classrooms to demonstrate unhindered on the street.

The devious circle of Socialist Tyranny was almost complete.

It only remained for power to be passed into the hands of the trade union barons for the final stage of bankrupting our economy to begin.

Moderate trade union leaders demanded ever-larger wage increases. Militants and Reds led a wave of strikes.

Our streets were choked with rubbish. We couldn't even bury our dead. It was the Winter of Our Discontent.

But it was soon to be made glorious summer — by this humble Daughter of Grantham.



. . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and o



★ 'ORRIBLE Harold Wilson, 73, is a Red who stayed under the bed. Well let's face it, folks — you wouldn't want him in it!

★ These days it's a case of "No G'nex Please We're Past it" for the saucy PM from the swinging 60s.

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

We're all at sea!

IN politics the cancer of the Socialist Tyranny was not just confined to our opponents.

It spread deep into the heart of the Tory Party itself, and eventually penetrated as far as the Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan.

Macmillan might have seemed a likeable product of the old Establishment, wandering round in his tweed flat cap like a genial country squire.

But he was like a lot of those people — when it came down to it he had no guts.

We've Been Had

So he tried to find the easy way out by pandering to the Great Unwashed. And of course this played straight into the hands of the Labour Party.

Imagine going round telling everybody: "You've never had it so good", then building horrible council houses all over our lovely countryside!

And encouraging all those insolent young pop stars and dirty hippies!

Later, when Macmillan had become Lord Stockton — not a part of the world we bother with much these days — he had the cheek to liken my privatisations to "selling off the family silver".

My family never had any silver to sell off in the first place.

And we weren't ashamed that we had to work for a living. We can't all be born with silver spoons in our mouths!

Scandal

Then there was the dreadful Profumo scandal. Didn't that show how standards had slipped and how far the country had gone downhill?

All they have to do is make a film about it and they're all at it again.

Do you recall those terrible scenes when John Hurt attacked the press at the BAFTA awards? And that call-girl Pamella Bordes, in and out of the Commons, sporting with a minister, and then trying to sell her story for £1 million?

It is a disgraceful episode. Any government deserves what it gets after that sort of hanky-panky.

Mind you, we didn't have those sort of problems with Edward Heath. He used to spend his time sailing Morning Cloud or at home playing on his organ.

He was such a windbag, our country ended up being blown about just as if we were on that blasted boat of his.

He whined about the "unacceptable face of capitalism", when all that was happening was a perfectly normal asset stripping operation. He bailed out lame ducks like Rolls-Royce.

3-Day Week

And then he started grovelling. He grovelled to the foreigners to get us into the EEC, smarming up to them with that silly grin and that terrible Linguaphone French.

He grovelled to the Arabs.

But, worst of all, he grovelled to the vanguard of Socialist Tyranny — the trade unions.

The three day week was our country's darkest hour. The lights went out all over Britain as we gave in to the blackmail of the bully boy miners and power workers.

When they came back on, we could all see what course the country was sailing under Morning Cloud.

So we decided to sink it with all hands on deck.



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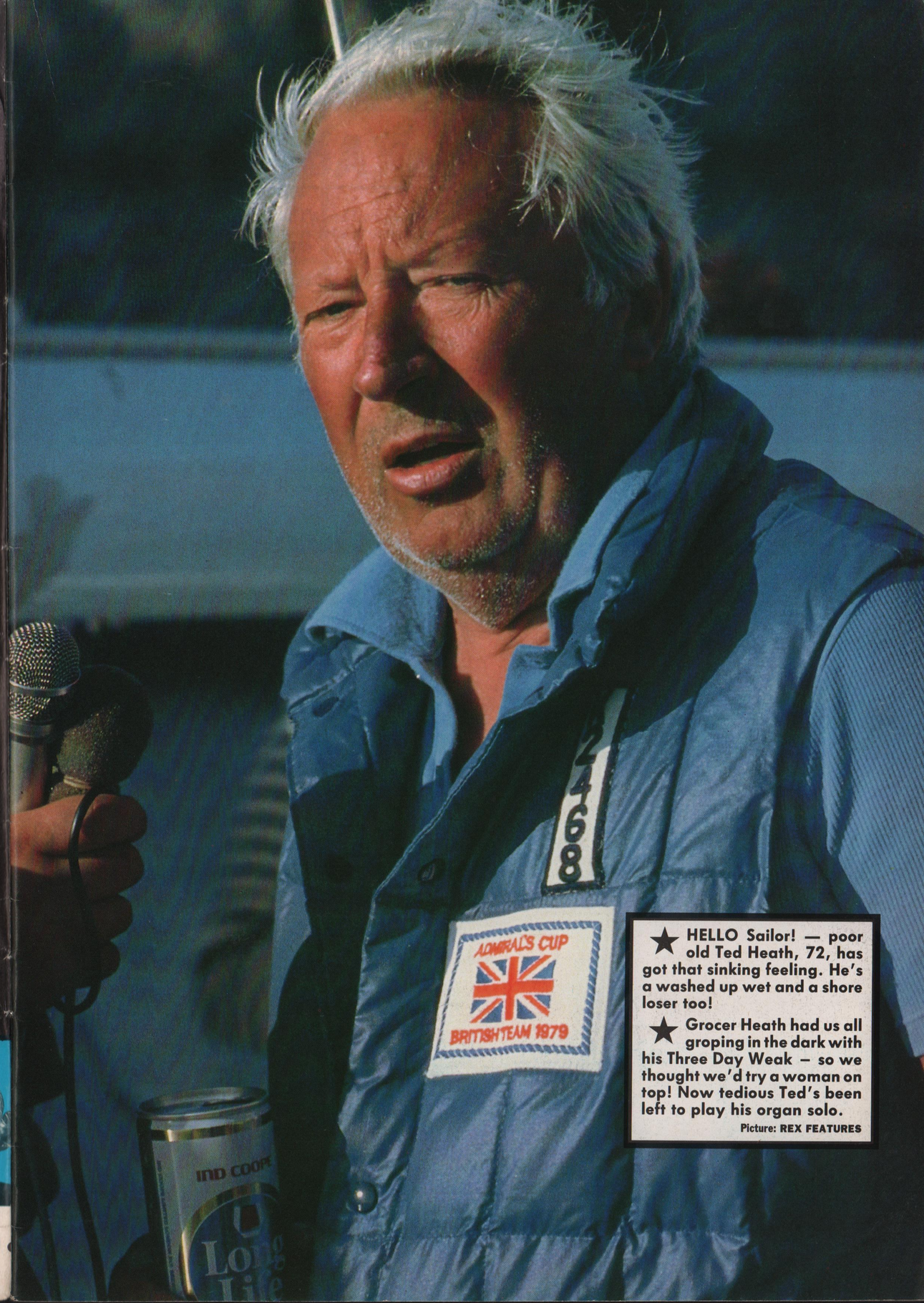

★ HELLO Sailor! — poor old Ted Heath, 72, has got that sinking feeling. He's a washed up wet and a shore loser too!

★ Grocer Heath had us all groping in the dark with his Three Day Weak – so we thought we'd try a woman on top! Now tedious Ted's been left to play his organ solo.

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

Ever been 'Ad?

"LABOUR isn't working." How true that was in the dark days of 1978.

And how clever it was of Charles and Maurice (Saatchi) to have pointed it out in a way you could all understand with the marvellous advertisement.

They say a picture is worth a thousand words. Speaking for myself, I'm sure that memorable picture of a long snaking dole queue was worth considerably more than a thousand votes.

What I couldn't understand were complaints that the people shown in the advertisement weren't really on the dole, but just acting members of the Young Conservatives.

What difference did it make? You see, its not the way you get your message across that's important — it's the message itself.

Take Away

In my own case it had taken me years to live down that dreadful label of "Milk Snatcher", when all I'd done was put a stop to State nannying.

As if I'd try to take anything away from little children!

But then it's often so difficult getting the press to print what they should. So many of the papers are so biased. And that's why people in public life need professionals to help us get the correct message across.

When I was elected as Leader of the Party you all knew I had been chosen for my strength and resolve. You wanted leadership and a return to traditional values.

And I was ready to give it — backed by the convictions of a lifetime. I was the Iron Maiden and proud of it.

But we didn't want to alarm the voters by revealing how strong the medicine was going to be.

That's why I allowed myself to be represented to you. I was given a new image.

Fix

A softer hairstyle was chosen for me, I practised lowering my voice so it didn't sound so shrill, I used softer lipstick.

And when the election came in 1979, I deliberately ran a low-key campaign.

So as to appear warm and friendly, I made sure I avoided confrontations on TV. I refused to get into arguments with that dreadful man Callaghan. Instead I turned on Jimmy Young to help me fix it, or whatever the silly man did on his Prog.

And of course it all worked.

These imaging and advertising people are so terribly clever. I can't tell you how much I admire them, and how they've helped me over the years.

As for you punters — it just proved what they'd all told me. You'll buy anything as long as it's packaged right.



. . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and

★ COR Slimey! — what a lovely pair of greasy whoppers!

★ Yes, its Mo Saatchi, 42, and brother Chas, 45, — the fellas with the cunning stunts. People say they're just re-marketable. Well, we think they're admazing!

Picture: CAMERA PRESS

THATCHA!

Stark Raving Bonkers!

SIR KEITH JOSEPH always called to mind that sign: "You don't have to be mad to work here – but it helps."

He did have an unfortunate manner. But I liked him enormously, especially when he pulled out of the Leadership election and ordered his supporters to transfer to me.

Sir Keith and I had many things in common. We both believed in good old-fashioned family values and together we worked to restore the faith.

But we had different ways of getting things done.

Barmy

Sir Keith thought the answers to our problems were to be found in things called "Think Tanks." He and his boffin friends used to spend hours in them.

I never found out exactly what they were doing. But I always knew when they were about to come up with something big – as Sir Keith would hang a notice on the door saying "Do Not Disturb, Genius At Work!"

Eventually, after much straining, he would emerge with a wild glint in his eye, brandishing the latest brainwave.

These Think Tank people were very clever. But many of them should have stayed in their ivory towers. When I released them into the real world I'm afraid their ideas went right off the rails.

For example, Sir Keith was frightfully keen on a theory called monetarism, invented by Milton Friedman, an American professor. It was a very exciting plan to cure the dreadful curse of inflation by cutting back the money supply.

M-Way Madness

There were huge academic arguments which were far too complicated for you to understand. So different definitions were named after motorways to keep things simple.

I found it very convincing on paper and I'm sure it made sense in the Think Tank.

But when I tried it out, inflation went up instead of down.

After we'd been along the M1, the M2 and the M3 I realised we were going nowhere, so I ditched the whole thing before we broke down on the M4.

Instead I gave Sir Keith the job of running British industry, I thought he was just the right man to finish it off. He did splendidly, especially with the steel industry.

Thanks to him unemployment got off to a flying start.

Cracked

When the strain of this success began to show I shunted him off to be Education Secretary. But then he upset my backbench MPs by proposing parents should pay their children's university tuition fees. Not very wise!

In the end I had to send him upstairs to the Lords.

That's the trouble with eggheads. Sometimes I think they've all got salmonella of the brain.



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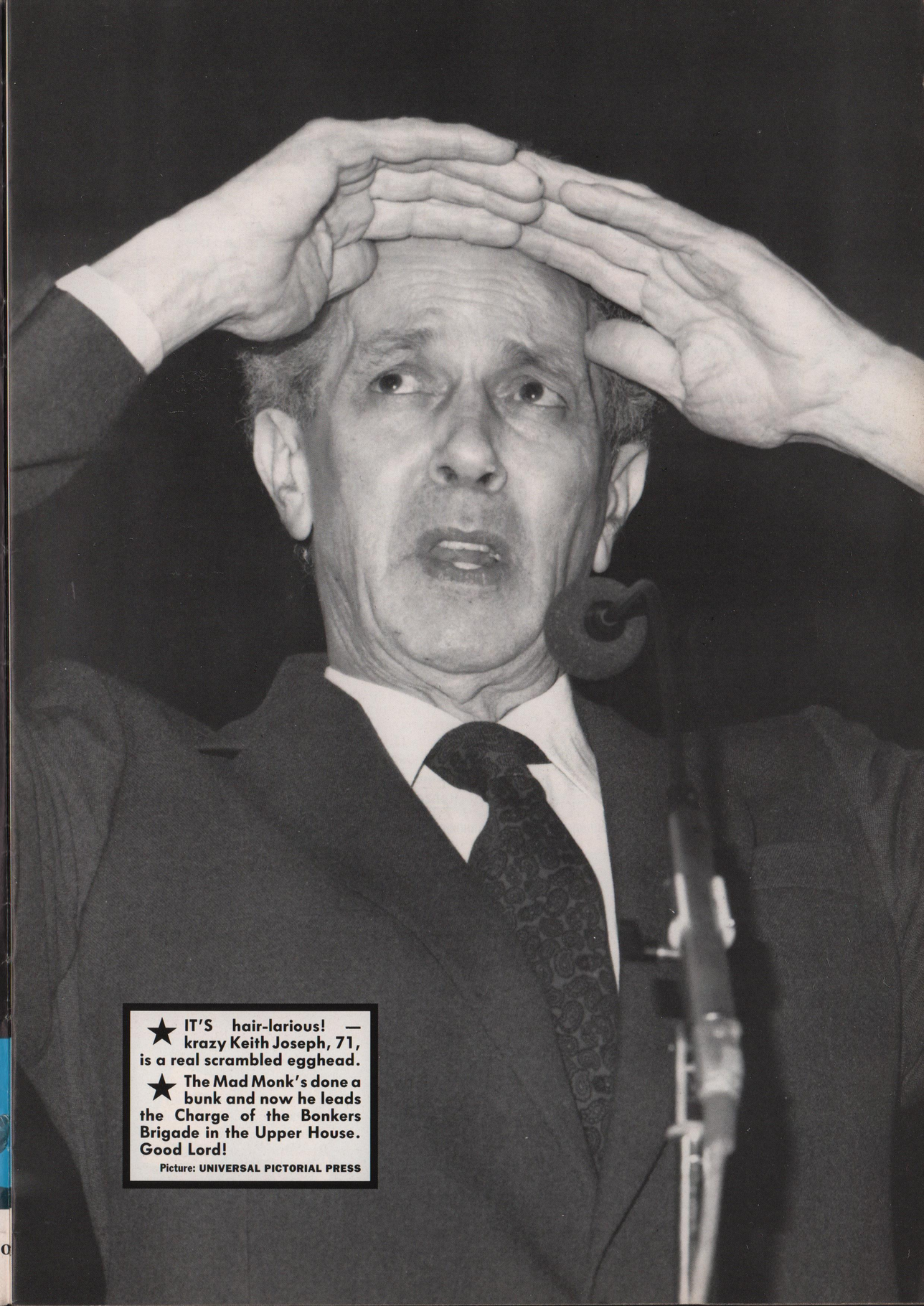

★ IT'S hair-larious! — krazy Keith Joseph, 71, is a real scrambled egghead.

★ The Mad Monk's done a bunk and now he leads the Charge of the Bonkers Brigade in the Upper House. Good Lord!

Picture: UNIVERSAL PICTORIAL PRESS

THATCHA!

I do, Ron, Ron

I'LL never forget Ronnie. He was such a nice guy, as they say over there. We instantly became big buddies.

When we met in the early days it was almost like a romance.

I remember him explaining how he governed. "I don't know what's going on Your Highness", he'd say. "But what the hell, I've just told everybody to have a big party and charge it all to credit."

It didn't make much sense at the time. But it was an idea I found very useful later on.

I've always admired America — it's such an enterprising country. The people have such wonderful enthusiasm for everything — not like some of you miserable shower.

Americans just need to be left alone. Then they get on with it. Ronnie had the right idea — set the people free.

Horrorscope

We were the perfect team to lead the free world. I was the Iron Lady. He was the Teflon President — because nothing stuck to him.

Together we knew we could pan the Russians and fry them if we felt like it.

I thought Ronnie's grasp of world affairs was instinctively Right, just like mine.

In 1986, for example, he informed me it was time to bomb Libya. He said Neptune and Mars were in the ascendant, and I assumed these were his missile systems.

I found out later he had been referring to his horoscope which Nancy had been using to tell him what to do.

Imagine Denis trying that on with me!

One-Shot

But even with help from the Heavens Ronnie still managed to make bloopers, like when he joked on a broadcast to Russia: "We begin bombing in five minutes".

A good job they didn't take him too seriously!

But my favourite remark was in hospital, after one of those dreadful assassination attempts which we World Leaders have to put up with.

"Who's minding the store?" he asked.

It took me straight back to my childhood in Grantham where I was always asking the same question.

Snooze Missiles

Ronnie had always been such a bad actor that people loved his hammy TV performances. He always read his prepared script from the Presidential autocue, so it was good to know Britain's special relationship was safe in the hands of the scriptwriters.

I was sad when he finally left the White House.

Although he'd been asleep many times before, this time it really was "Bedtime for Bonzo".



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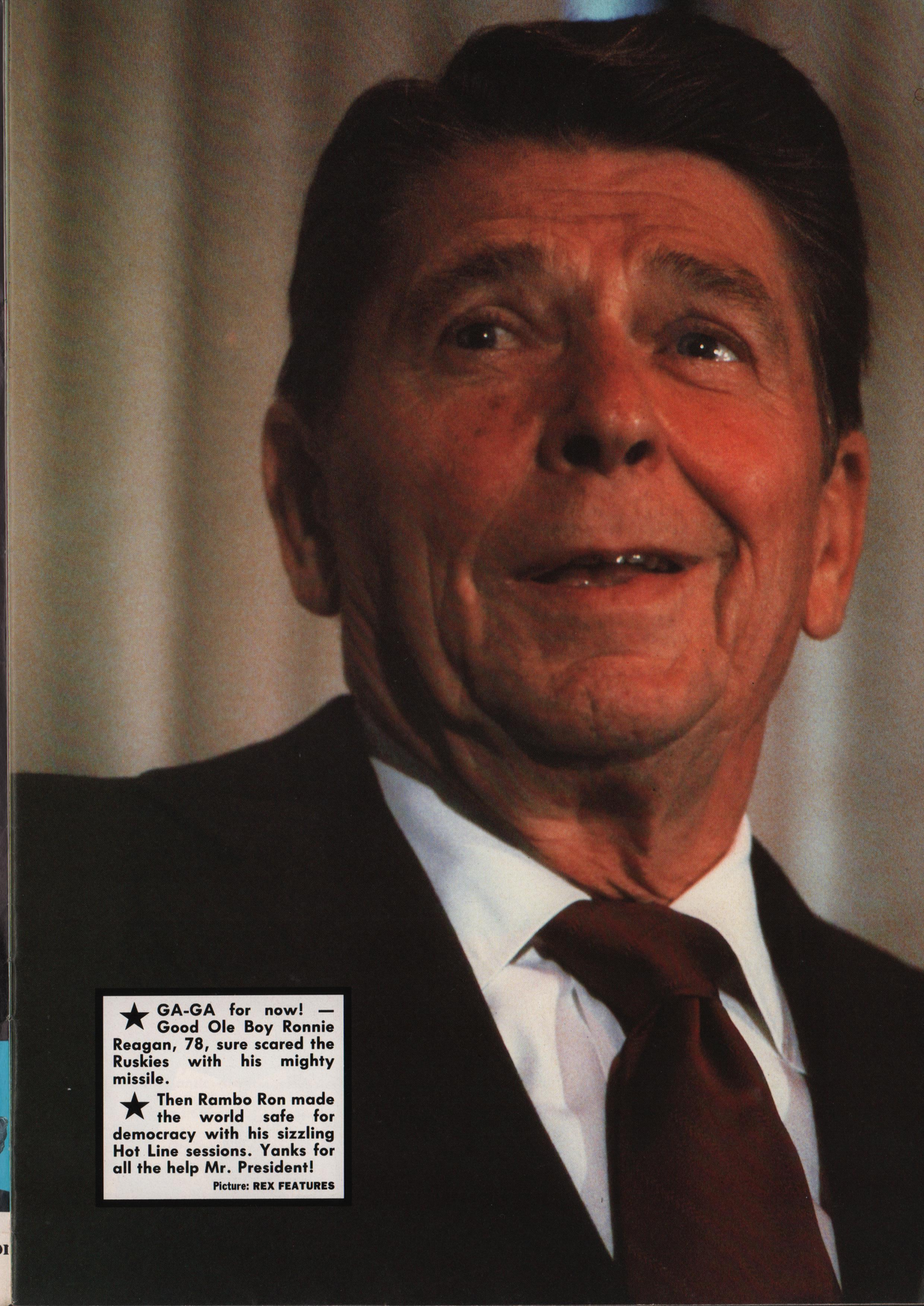

★ GA-GA for now! — Good Ole Boy Ronnie Reagan, 78, sure scared the Ruskies with his mighty missile.

★ Then Rambo Ron made the world safe for democracy with his sizzling Hot Line sessions. Yanks for all the help Mr. President!

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

Phew what a scorcher!

THE FALKLANDS was my finest hour. After that I never really looked back.

It was that in-bred congenital idiot General Galtieri I really had to thank for committing suicide by attacking my Empire.

His troops were a ramshackle collection of untrained teenagers floating about in worn-out ships left over from the Second World War. Most of their gear had come from us, so we already knew it was useless.

Of course the thing that threw a spanner in the works was that the Frogs had been flogging Exocet missiles to the Argies on the quiet.

When it happened I was the only one who knew what to do as usual. Carrington just flapped around, so I had to get rid of him before sending in Our Boys.

Gotcha!

I knew the press would be on my side. And because truth is always the first casualty in war, it was The Sun which turned out to be completely bullet-proof.

The Sun and I realised this was our chance to go much further than just winning by really smashing the Argies to show the world that the Brits hadn't lost their bottle.

After we'd finished doing that the '83 election was plain sailing.

Looking back, I've always seen the Falklands as illuminated by the dawn of a newer and brighter Sun.

Because it wasn't just my opinion poll ratings that shot up. It was also the start of the soaraway success story.

The Sun and I moved on to greater triumphs – smashing up the miners and the Loony Left Labour councils and today it's still out there fighting the latest war.

Filth

This time Our Boys are up against the Germans in the race for Sun-loungers on the tourist beaches. And thanks to The Sun we're heading for another victory as the Krauts throw in their towels.

I don't read the rag myself. Mind you, nobody takes it seriously anyhow. The readers call it "The Comic." And of course they've got their Page Three girl for Comic Relief.

All that rubbish about the Royal Family makes me sick. I can't stand those stupid quizzes and all that drivel about showbiz stars and Loadsamoney people.

As for the "Telly" crap – it drives me up the wall.

But the thing I do find most amusing is that when I was a backbench MP The Sun was a dull old Labour broadsheet. Now it's the biggest selling daily paper in the world.

Really, Rupert has a lot to thank me for.



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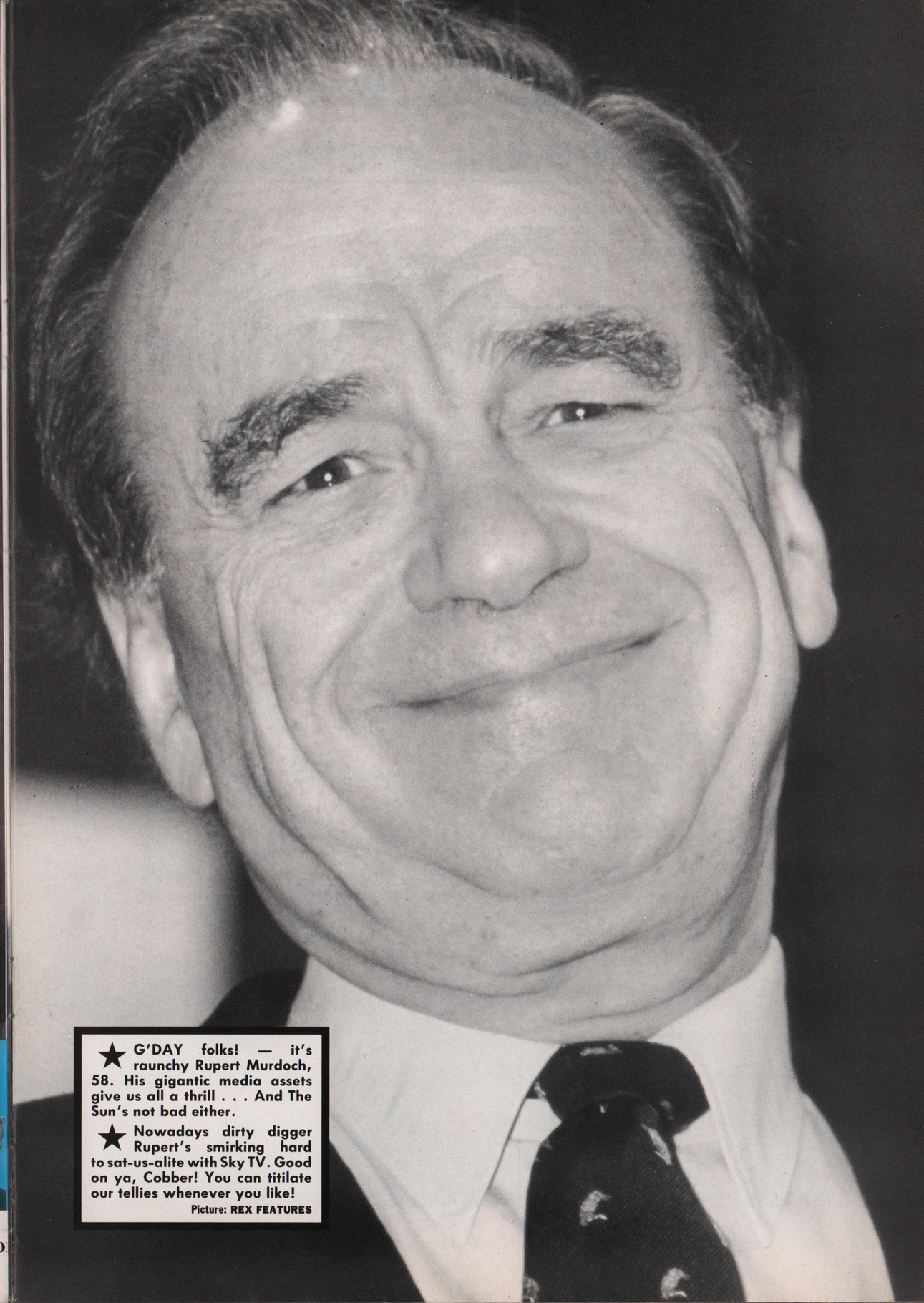

★ G'DAY folks! — it's raunchy Rupert Murdoch, 58. His gigantic media assets give us all a thrill . . . And The Sun's not bad either.

★ Nowadays dirty digger Rupert's smirking hard to sat-us-alite with Sky TV. Good on ya, Cobber! You can titilate our tellies whenever you like!

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

Peace off, loonies!

DO you remember those people wanting to "Ban the Bomb" — whatever that meant. You don't hear much about them these days, do you?

But prior to my Dynasty our nation was under dire threat from these weedy pacifists.

Bombs Away

Naturally, these subversives wanted to hang out the white flag and let the Reds walk straight in.

I kept telling them there's only one way to deal with a bully and that's by standing up for yourself.

People who've met me know that only too well.

You elected me as a leader who was prepared to push the button. But that's no good if it's not connected to anything. We all know we must have a strong deterrent.

The showdown came over the NATO decision — not mine as I kept telling people — to put Cruise missiles on our English soil.

Instead of being proud to help our American Allies, people heeded the rantings of paid agitators and started worrying that the world was going to end.

Even decent people got confused. I heard of one organisation called "Accountants Against the Bomb". How were these deluded people going to fight, I wondered.

With their calculators?

First Strike

The Loony councils became even more loony than usual. Some opted out of their defence responsibilities by putting "nuclear free zone" signs on lamp-posts.

As if bombs could read!

And what precisely were people supposed to do afterwards when the signs hadn't worked? Apply for a rate rebate?

All this rot spread right to the top.

Pym, my Defence Minister, started talking about "peace". We don't have a Ministry of Peace in this country. Then the Home Office published that "Protect and Survive" drivel about whitewashing the windows and hiding behind the sofa when the bomb dropped.

That showed me which way the wind was blowing. I realised we were in danger of losing the debate.

So I made a pre-emptive strike by launching my ultimate media deterrent — Michael Heseltine.

I'd already deployed the Heseltine after the inner city riots. He was just the man to deal with the Greenham Wimmin and the rest of that rabble of raving loonies, militant vegetarians and misguided men of the cloth.

I knew he wouldn't just stand there with his finger in the dyke.

And, as I had calculated, he cut such a dashing figure in his flak jacket that — with full press office and photo-opportunity back-up — he soon scored a string of direct hits on TV and in the papers.

The war was easily won.

French Fried

Since then there has been Glasnost, which I have welcomed. But the Russian Bear has hibernated before. We must be ever vigilant and we still need our own Trident missiles.

Anyhow, anybody who thinks I'm going to give up our bomb whilst that Frog Mitterand keeps his, has got another *pense* coming.



. . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and o



★ IT'S just bunkers! — gorgeous, pouting, golden-haired Michael Heseltine, was our man with the megatons.

★ Action Man Mike, 56, put CND on the spike with his madcap missile capers. Then the blond bombshell 'copter load of flak over Westland and jacketed it in!

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

You're shafted, Mine Fuhrer!

THAT arrogant upstart Scargill had been boasting about how he could bring me down ever since I arrived at No. 10.

But he waited until 1984 before throwing down the gauntlet. You could see his reasons. The socialist scribbler George Orwell had already wound everybody up with that silly book he wrote in 1948.

But Scargill didn't get Big Brother – he got Big Sister.

It was a typical blunder by the bald-headed pipsqueak. He took me on at the peak of my power.

Knackers Yard

I'd smashed up the Argies for practice, so I was ready for what the unions regarded as their crack stormtroopers.

But I wasn't going to run this show myself. I had other things to do.

So I handed the task to Ian MacGregor, the new Coal Board manager, who'd just finished cutting up British Steel for me.

And of course Big Sister was able to give him the help of the Ministry of Truth, the Thought Police, and as many Woodentops as he wanted.

I wanted no re-run of that wimp Heath buckling under with his three day week.

But I was fortunate that Scargill was such a terrible lout. All he seemed able to do was shout into that dreadful megaphone – as if he needed one.

The way he spouted all that rubbish about the '30s and the Depression, you'd have thought miners hadn't heard of the enterprise culture and still lived in back-to-back hovels with tin baths.

Even if they did, at least they were being given the opportunity to buy them.

Firestorm

What I couldn't reveal at the time, of course, was that closing the pits was part of my masterplan to save the environment.

I'd already realised the Ozone layer was getting as thin on top as Scargill.

So burning off fossilized industries was the obvious way to prevent more damage.

After all, I'd already got rid of the real old fossils – the ones in my Cabinet.



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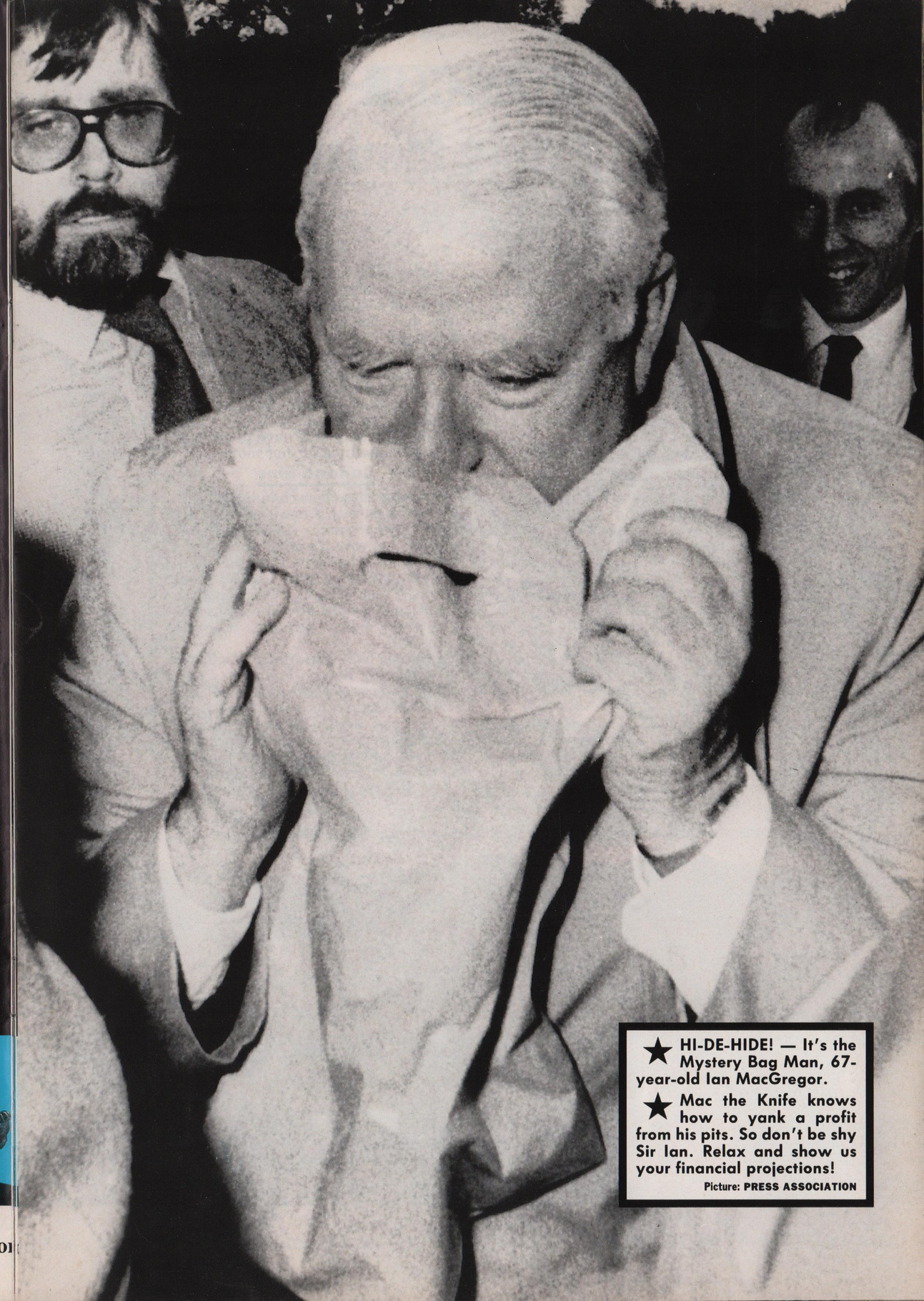

★ HI-DE-HIDE! — It's the Mystery Bag Man, 67-year-old Ian MacGregor.

★ Mac the Knife knows how to yank a profit from his pits. So don't be shy Sir Ian. Relax and show us your financial projections!

Picture: PRESS ASSOCIATION

THATCHA!

Yes, Prime Minister!

I'VE always thought of Mrs. Mary Whitehouse as a very special person. Like me, she's never been afraid to take on the fifth column in the BBC.

"Who Does She Think She Is?" was a question often asked about her. She used it as the title of her own book.

Of course people don't ask the same question about me. Everybody in the whole world knows who I am.

Mrs. Whitehouse is past it now. But in the early days she did help me roll back the tide of pornography darkening our airwaves.

Porn Again

Like me she represented millions of people who understood how the torrent of filth, smut, and violence was polluting the minds of our young people.

Of course we were both criticised for preaching.

But is it preaching to remind people of traditional moral standards? Is it preaching to restore some decency to family entertainment?

I think not.

And is it preaching to rid the airwaves of the corrupting influence of socialist propaganda?

When Ronnie and I bombed Libya, for example, the BBC showed negative pictures of rubble and dead children.

What about the positive points – instant slum clearance and the way the rebuilding programme would create jobs in the local construction industry?

They weren't even mentioned.

Frozen

Worse still, this propaganda is paid for by the licence fee. Isn't that just typical of socialists? They spit in your face and then make you pay for the privilege!

The best way to deal with these subversives and fellow travellers is to hit them in the pocket. I've done that by freezing the licence fee and de-regulating television.

Now old Aunty will have to compete with the satellites for her money.

Banana Sins

Of course these new channels will fill the airwaves with American junk. But if that's what people choose to watch, who am I to stop them?

At least it'll be better than those dull "investigations". Who cares about Zircon, Peter Wright, Westland, the Belgrano, the Gibraltar shootings and all those other tedious left-wing grumbles?

Whatever will they think of next – MI5 Stole My Bicycle Pump?

But just in case there is anybody left who still wants to try it on – I've got my new Official Secrets Act waiting.

You see, what people really want is more wholesome programmes like my favourite – 'Yes, Prime Minister'.

That's what you should all be saying!



. . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on



★ **MARY, Mary quite contrary! — Mary Whitehouse, 78, is used to pouring cold water on the bonking beeb.**

★ **Magnifiscent Mary drives us clean out of our minds with her busy body. Now everything in her garden is rosy!**

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

Halo, Halo, Halo!

I'M proud my government has created a climate where keen chaps like James Anderton can rise to the top.

Whether they're facing problems like AIDS, unemployment, poor health, or just simple poverty, the inner cities need policemen who are sympathetic and understanding to help them.

The correct police attitude can be so helpful.

So I ask you, is AIDS a "Holy judgement"? Is it promiscuous people's fault for "swirling around in a human cesspit of their own making"?

Mr Anderton tells us it is.

And we should listen, for he gets his warm-hearted message direct from God, who communicates with him on the car radio. (I of course do not need to tune in as I can just pick up the 'phone.)

Mental

Mr. Anderton is also Chief Constable of Greater Manchester, and as such has had to bear the cross of dealing with a typical Loony Left council, run by the last dregs of the permissive society.

Councils like these used to squander ratepayer's money on every lunatic obsession imaginable.

But I had decided it was one thing to let mental patients back into the communities. Putting them in charge was a different matter. So I capped them.

Since then there have been signs of progress. Every former council house with a new oak-style door and bottle-glass windows, its letter box crammed with mortgage demands, is another small step on the road to victory.

Coloureds

And our Asian citizens have been making their mark by proving to be better shopkeepers than us. You don't have to drive for miles and spend all your time queueing, and they're open all hours. What a splendid example to us all!

But I still find the inner cities appalling. Every time I drive through them – which isn't very often – they look so scruffy and depressing and not at all like Dulwich.

The least I can do is to make them more pleasant for the rest of us to look at.

So I've officially declared war on litter. My weapon is a typically bright slogan thought up by my clever PR boys: "Bag it and bin it and that way we'll win it."

What that means is: "Pick the bloody stuff up yourselves".

I've already done my bit by sprucing up whole areas with my tree-planting initiatives and garden festivals.

They've given the inner cities what I always thought they most needed – riots of colour.



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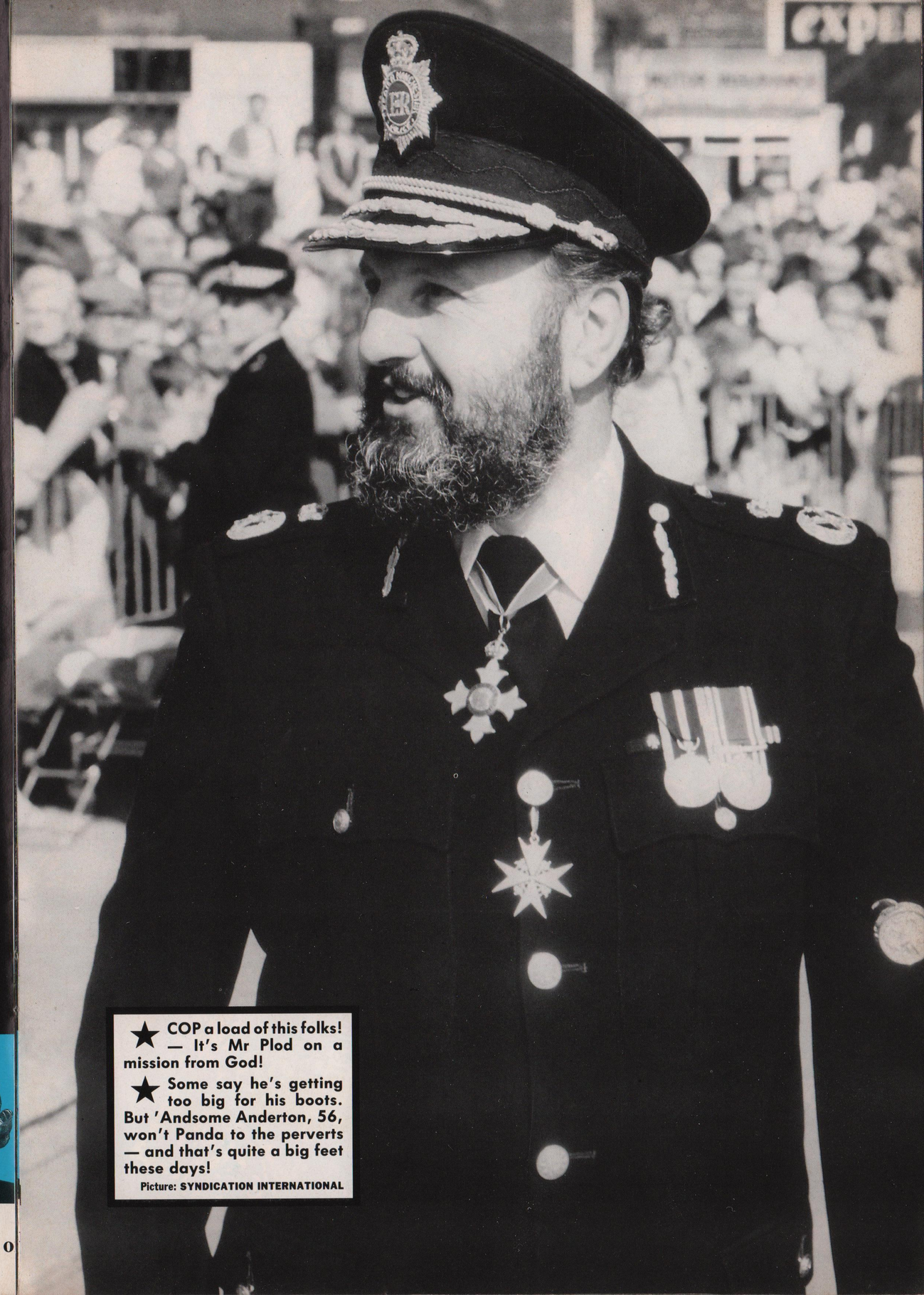

★ COP a load of this folks! — It's Mr Plod on a mission from God!

★ Some say he's getting too big for his boots. But 'Andsome Anderton, 56, won't Panda to the perverts — and that's quite a big feet these days!

Picture: SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL


SCARGILL
BBC
UNEMPLOYED
BULL SHIT
MONDAY CLUB
ESTATE AGENT
SAS
MI6
GREEN
YOU IN THE CORNER...YOU WITH THE PENCIL.... YOU'RE NICKED IN THE NAME OF THE LORD!
MARSHALL
RADIO ACTIVE RUBBISH
NIREX
HUNT EMERSON=

THATCHA!

Chingford Man Rules, OK?

I WOULD never say so in public, but the Conservative Party is often a great disappointment to me.

Men like Nigel Lawson have got the stomach for firm government. And Harvey Proctor knows the meaning of a good spanking.

But upper class twerps like that crashing bore Channon, have presided over a continuous series of disasters. Most of them are complete Burkes.

My real problem, though, has been with the bucketful of Wets inherited from Heath.

The first to go was Norman St John Stevas when he made a big mistake by wittering about "the Blessed Margaret, that immaculate misconception".

Dried Out

It took a while to put the other Wets through the mangle.

Pym drowned himself by suggesting I wouldn't be able to handle a landslide victory in the '83 election. Prior moaned about the outdated notion of "unemployment", so I dumped him in Northern Ireland where it's worst.

The only Wet with any wit was Peter Walker, so I sent him to Wales on the grounds that the climate would probably suit him.

Willie Whitelaw fussed a bit, but he's harmless enough so I let him stay.

As for Leon Brittan and Carrington and Heseltine, they had only themselves to blame.

What annoys me about the Wets is their humbug. They lecture us about "One Nation" but, at the same time, they're all Euro-fanatics who want to leave us with No Nation at all!

Pole-axed

The Wet Enemy Within attempted a counter-attack shortly after my victory over the Enemy Without – Arthur Scargill.

So I brought in Norman Tebbit, the Hard Man of Chingford, to quash the revolt.

Before going into politics Norman had been an airline pilot. He was just the sort of upwardly mobile high-flier I needed.

I'm sure you remember his famous advice to the unemployed to "get on their bikes". And when I put him in charge of stoving in the heads of the trade unions he said: "I wouldn't want to be accused of shooting a dead horse".

Quite right! Far better to shoot a live one!

That bruiser Denis Healey called Norman "a semi-trained polecat", and though I don't know much about animals, you only had to look at him to know he wouldn't pussyfoot around.

He soon put a damp-proof course in the party structure and got rid of the Wet rot.

He's bowed out now, and what I most admire is that he's announced he has no intention of becoming Prime Minister.

That's the great thing about polecats – even if they are only semi-trained – they know their place.



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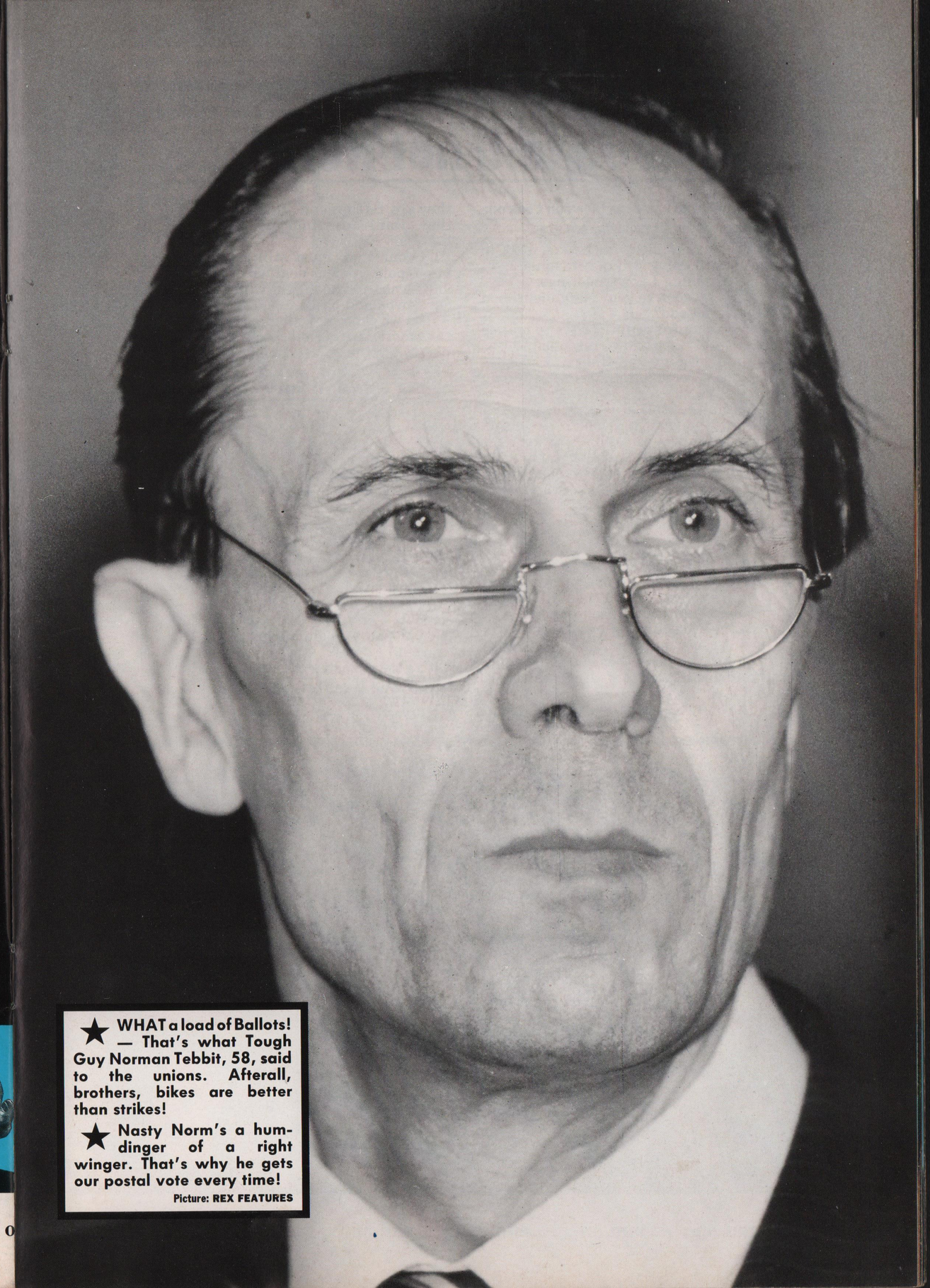

★ WHAT a load of Ballots! — That's what Tough Guy Norman Tebbit, 58, said to the unions. Afterall, brothers, bikes are better than strikes!

★ Nasty Norm's a humdinger of a right winger. That's why he gets our postal vote every time!

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

Seen and not Hurd!

IF you want to know the time don't ask one of our wonderful policeman.

They've got more important work to do like zooming around in squad cars and attending Lodge meetings.

Why not look to your Neighbourhood Watch instead?

People in this country have to realise that they are now responsible for running their own affairs. And that includes safeguarding their own property.

Crime prevention is a DIY activity. It's up to you to install your own car and house alarms – and mind you don't get a short, sharp shock whilst you're at it.

Active citizens no longer expect to pay the Bill if they're burgled or their car's stolen. They just send it on to their insurance company.

Banged Up

I've done my bit by setting a benchmark in the courts with my "get tough" policy, which has filled the previously under-utilised prisons.

In the true spirit of enterprise, I am now about to offer many of these criminals a deal – they can come out if they are prepared to wear an electronic tag.

That way the police will know where they are. So they can lift them any time they want to bump up the arrest figures.

Of course we must still rely on our brave policemen to deal with the lager louts, yobs and hooligans who besmirch our towns and cities.

And we can trust our Boys in Blue to take more care of rioters and strikers – not that there are many of those nowadays.

Uncivil Service

Yet some people in this country are still whining about so-called "civil rights". Look at all this fuss about my sensible plan to introduce identity cards for football supporters.

Can't you see that it's better that a policeman addresses a member of the public by name when he's beating his head in?

It's all part of the more personalized service we're so proud of these days.

Honest citizens have nothing to fear. They'll be spending their time on sensible activities like visiting their local friendly shopping malls or DIY centres.

It's a simple matter these days – as long as you're off the streets you'll be home and dry.



. . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and o

★ **WATCH out if you're a lager lout! — Our well hung Home Specretary Douglas Hurd, 59, is gunning for you.**

★ **Everyone's gone criminal crackers over Dishy Doug's Neighbourhood Watch Scheme. But we reckon Hunky Hurd's the fella to keep your eyes Peelered for!**

Picture: SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL

THATCHA!

What a plonker!

I'M glad to have Cecil back on board – he's such a live wire.

That's why I've given him the keys to the privatisation of the electricity industry.

There are a few problems with the nuclear power stations. But Cecil's a fast breeder himself, so I know I can rely on him to get a result.

Privatisation is what Britain's about. But I always knew there was only one way to make people see that. And that was by making them share offers they couldn't refuse.

So when I started the sell-offs I made sure everything would be flogged at bargain rates. (Here's a tip for the future. The forthcoming prison cell-off will finally give us the opportunity to capitalize on punishment.)

Leaky

Up to now anybody with any sense, including my own MPs, has put their Best foot forward and gone for it in a multiple way.

But I've detected a change in the climate lately with all this grumbling about privatising water. I suppose it's a natural issue for the Wets. When will they learn that money doesn't just fall out of the sky!

What these people have forgotten is the way privatisation has transformed our old industries.

The telephone service now answers to you, British Airways shares take more care of you, and since they told Sid he's been laughing all the way to the bank.

Junk

It's all part of the new move towards wider share ownership I've been encouraging since my "Big Bang" created a new financial universe.

Before that the City was a hopeless place.

You were lucky if your broker was at his desk by 11.30. By 12.30 he'd have gone to lunch. And the only way you'd get him in the afternoon was if you bumped into him on the golf course.

Naturally Denis remembers it fondly. But I could never stand it. All those stuffy men with their bowler hats and their "my word is my bond."

Well it's junk bonds that are all the rage now. Much better!

Crash

Back in 1986 I needed some new warriors – Yuppies ready to sacrifice themselves to make London the hub of the world's global trading network.

Some of them have lost out in the deal since then. And I'm afraid a few have even been caught with their screens down. Apparently Guinness isn't always good for you.

But these people are only crying as far as their Porsches.

Serve them right if they find they've been clamped.



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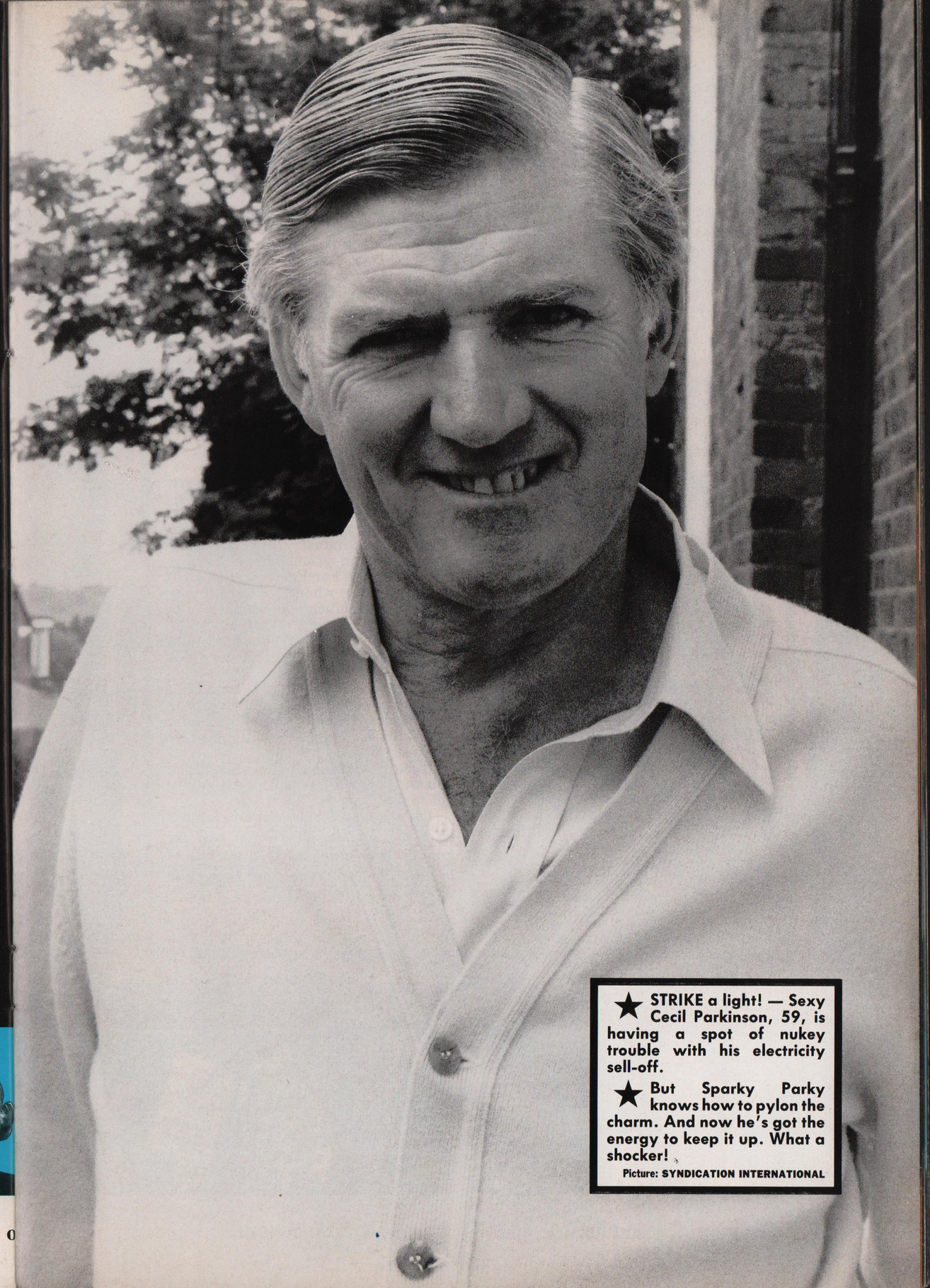

★ STRIKE a light! — Sexy Cecil Parkinson, 59, is having a spot of nukey trouble with his electricity sell-off.

★ But Sparky Parky knows how to pylon the charm. And now he's got the energy to keep it up. What a shocker!

Picture: SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL

THATCHA!

Credit screws you up

TODAY we live in a different world to my father's shop in Grantham. In those days people expected to save up before they bought anything.

Only the feckless and workshy had to resort to the never-never. Now everybody's at it.

When I imposed my Dynasty I promised to lift the crushing burden of taxation which was robbing hard-working people of their just rewards.

I've done that.

Rich people now feel free to live openly in this country. No longer are they driven into humiliating tax exile abroad.

They can live in huge houses with security fences round them, park their expensive cars wherever they please, and bask in the envy of all you morons.

Like everybody who understands my language, they have done well.

Suckers

And so have those who've taken my advice – pay your tax on time, pay your bills on time, live within your income and, above all, have some savings.

But what about the rest of you? As soon as someone's offered you a flexible friend you've run round like kids in a sweetshop splashing out on foreign holidays, those dream kitchens and all the other consumer junk.

You've been going on about "Loadsamoney" as if it grew on trees.

Honestly, you've all been acting as though you expect to get something for nothing. Well, let me tell you, nothing's changed.

What you dumbos didn't realise was that you weren't getting Loadsamoney. You were being offered access to money you'd never earned. And what happened?

You blew it and ended up with Loadsadebts instead.

And now you're going to have to pay them all back – if you can.

Its no good looking to Nigel and I to solve your problems. And don't just hold out your hands for more. It's all got to stop, which is why we've put interest rates through the roof.

Things have been further complicated by one of those inflationary blips you get when you're part of a world economy. Like the monetarism we started off with, a blip is something you would not understand.

Nipped

But why, oh why, do you all spend your money on foreign goods? Surely that's not necessary?

What's wrong with the products of our great motor industry? Do all those wirelesses and gramophones have to come from the Far East? And why eat French cheese, when Lymeswold is so delicious and much less toxic?

You must realise that we are on an economic battlefield. We must all fight for our country just as hard as we did in the war.

But the only winners in this game – in case you haven't noticed – have been the banks. They're making record profits by lending to you at massive interest rates.

Of course you can carry on like this if you want. It's a free world. All you've got to do is pay for it.

I think if dear old Winston was here today he would see the joke. I can hear his gravelly voice now: "Never in the field of financial conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few".



. . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and o



★ SWELL I never! — Medallion man Nigel Lawson, 57, is feeling a little inflated these days.

★ No wonder! Loanly Lawson's financial over 'eating has given him a booming great blip. Now he's busting a gut — but he just can't budge it!

Picture: SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL

THATCHA!

Herald of Free Enterprise

IN the past whole areas of Britain used to be covered with filthy old industries, pouring pollution into the air.

They despoiled our nation's green and pleasant land.

You see, the Victorians didn't sit around writing Satanic Verses. They built Satanic Mills.

Then they used the lower orders to crawl round the bowels of the earth, bash metal, or as fodder for the grimy factories.

Unfortunately wages had to be paid to these people, thus causing inflation.

Happily, this useless industrial activity has now been relocated in our fascinating Industrial Heritage "living museums."

Hype

Nowadays there's a fresher, brighter feel to Britain's industry. It's softer and kinder to coloureds and whites alike.

And it's a cleaner industry, now that we are world leaders in the new crafts of advertising, marketing, and image creation.

Our American friends know these activities as "the bullshit industry."

We British have always regarded the bulldog as the symbol of our strength and dogged determination. And let's not forget our old friend – John Bull.

Put it all together and what do you get? John Bulldogshit!

The old Department of Trade and Industry is an example of how it works.

These fuddy-duddy, old concepts needed to be brought up to date with what I believe is known as a "buzzword".

The Department needed to show it was "with it."

And what better than the one word which sums up Britain's new spirit – Enterprise.

All that was needed was a trendy logo and the Department was in business.

Lord Young, who is in charge, has set a personal example we should all follow.

Personally, he is as dull as the Men in Suits he mingles with. But Enterprise concepts like "power breakfasting" and "doing lunch" have repackaged him as dynamic and bursting with charisma.

So, like him, we must all seize the opportunities at the leading edge as integral to our constant striving for quality and excellence.

Whitewhoosh

Now the Department of Enterprise is on hand to help you with your business.

You'll have seen its television advertisements which offer experts who will give your company more "Whoosh".

New "Whoosh" is guaranteed to lift the most stubborn stains on your corporate profile. It gets clean round the bend and kills 99% of known factual germs. And it goes on giving a sparkling image long after our experts have left.

And I particularly want you to send for "The Enterprise Initiative" – the bullshit pack for 1992.

It'll show you that, though the British bulldog may have lost his teeth, there's one thing he's still full of . . .



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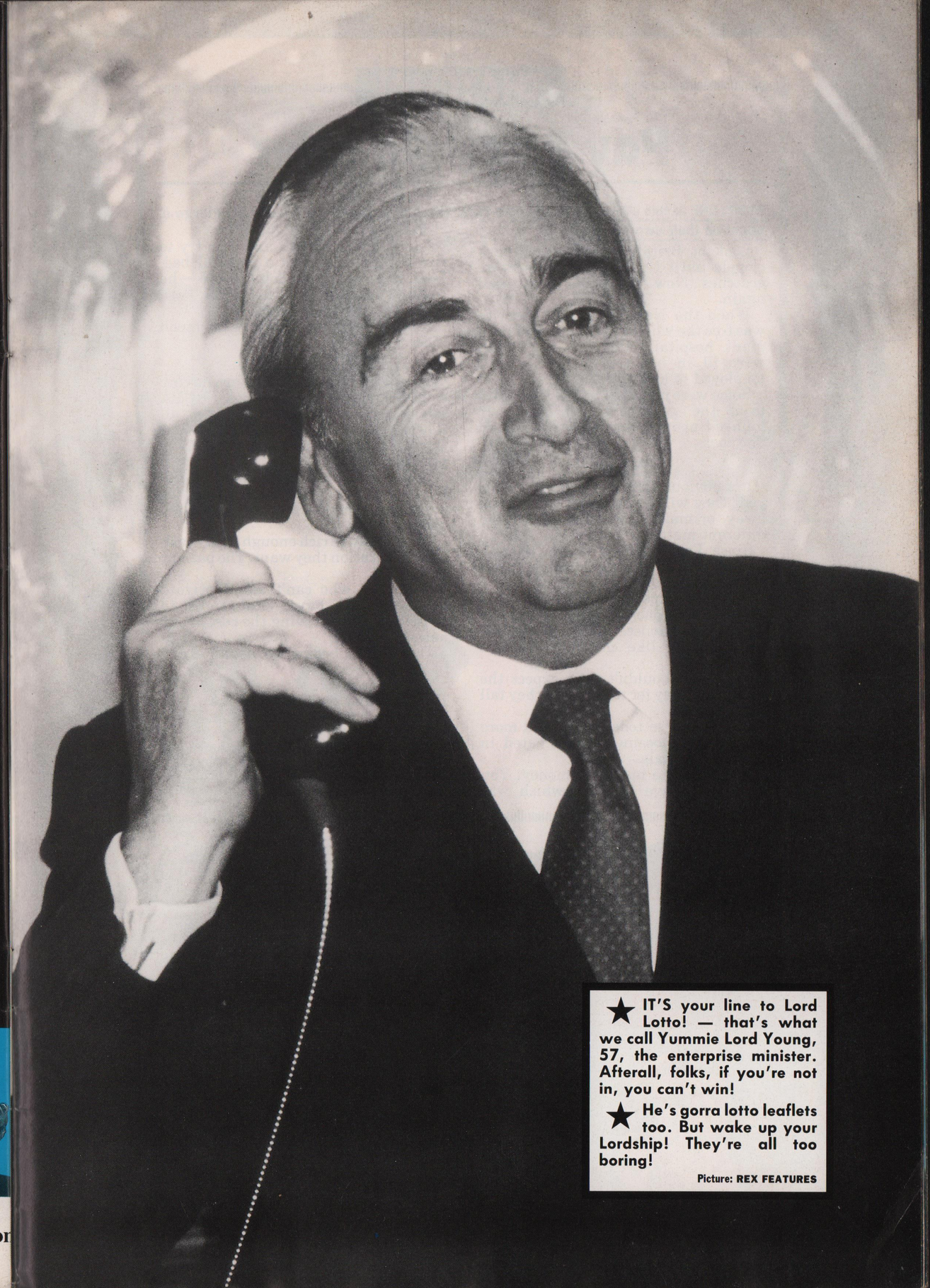

★ **IT'S your line to Lord Lotto! — that's what we call Yummie Lord Young, 57, the enterprise minister. Afterall, folks, if you're not in, you can't win!**

★ **He's gorra lotto leaflets too. But wake up your Lordship! They're all too boring!**

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

Pay now, die later

EVERYONE in this country must be able to stand on their own two feet.

Look at Britain – it used to be a cripple until I kicked away its State crutches. Now it's healthy and well again.

When the National Health Service was free the whole country resembled a giant hospital. Half the population were ill in bed and the other half employed to look after them.

Some were just shirking off work. But even the genuinely sick endlessly lounged about being waited on hand and foot.

Cough Up

It's obvious that if you give people beds they will lie in them. Take them away, or make people pay, and it's a different matter.

Since I've cut back on the Health Service there are less sick people in our NHS hospitals.

These days people have freedom of choice. If they decide to be poor and live in leaky cold houses eating greasy food and smoking like chimneys, that is their right.

But they shouldn't then expect the rest of us to pay for them when they fall ill.

And of course today more and more people are choosing to be treated in private hospitals.

It's not just a matter of money. You also don't have to wait, which was crucial to me when I had to undergo a vital operation on my little finger.

I can't afford to wait and then try to run the country from a hospital bed. Look what happed to John Moore – he couldn't run the Health Service even when he was in its hands.

And private hospitals are really much nicer.

Hell's Angels

You never see people who are having a really bad time in those BUPA television advertisements. It's all flowers, colour TV, and that marvellous British hi-tech equipment we're all so proud of.

These are pleasant places to be. People who've paid their insurance premiums can have any operation they need.

Or – if they're rich enough to pay cash – any operation they want. The patient is king.

But those who can't afford private hospitals still have vital parts to contribute to improving the rest of our nation's health.

They're the bodies we need for our teaching hospitals.

So take no notice of the alarmist talk. The NHS and its hospitals – just like the trains, ferries and aeroplanes – are safe in our hands.

But, as you all must know by now, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs.



. . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and o



★ CHOCS Away, folks! — It's Eggscruciating Edwina Currie, 42, the mouthy eggsminister

★ Raven-haired Currie caused a hen-sation with her salmonella fowl-up. Now she's knitting pretty on the back benches. What a Currie On!

Picture: MONITOR SYNDICATION

THATCHA!

Stick it up your RRR's!

IF teachers had followed my example there would have been far fewer problems with our young people.

Yet even today they're still being mollycoddled.

How different it was in my day. At Grantham Grammar School we had simple standards drummed into us – hard work, honesty and patriotism.

It didn't do me any harm.

Then, suddenly, teachers and education authorities seemed to lose their senses.

Number Ones

Instead of inculcating God-fearing values and the difference between right and wrong, they started asking children to "think for themselves".

What rot. Children have to be told.

Then the same people attempted to take the competition out of life by introducing comprehensive schools.

More baloney.

Children need to understand that life is a series of examinations.

At least when I was Education Minister I managed to put a stop to free school milk and subsidised meals, which were simply teaching them to expect something for nothing.

Now our children must re-learn morality. They must be trained to look after number one.

They need to learn the values of modern Britain – short-term thinking, political opportunism, making a quick buck.

Break Up

Our children will grow up aspiring to be insider dealers, estate agents, financial advisers.

How on earth will they manage if they haven't the right attitude?

As Conservatives we have already done our duty with our assisted place scheme for private schools, where at least some values have been kept alive.

But we must rescue those unfortunate children who's fate it has been to remain behind in the state sector.

I have put Baker K., in charge of introducing this new spirit of enterprise to the classroom. His job is to ensure that our children are ready to play their part in the formation of a new and dynamic Britain.

If you have seen him you have seen the future.

As you may have noticed – it smirks.



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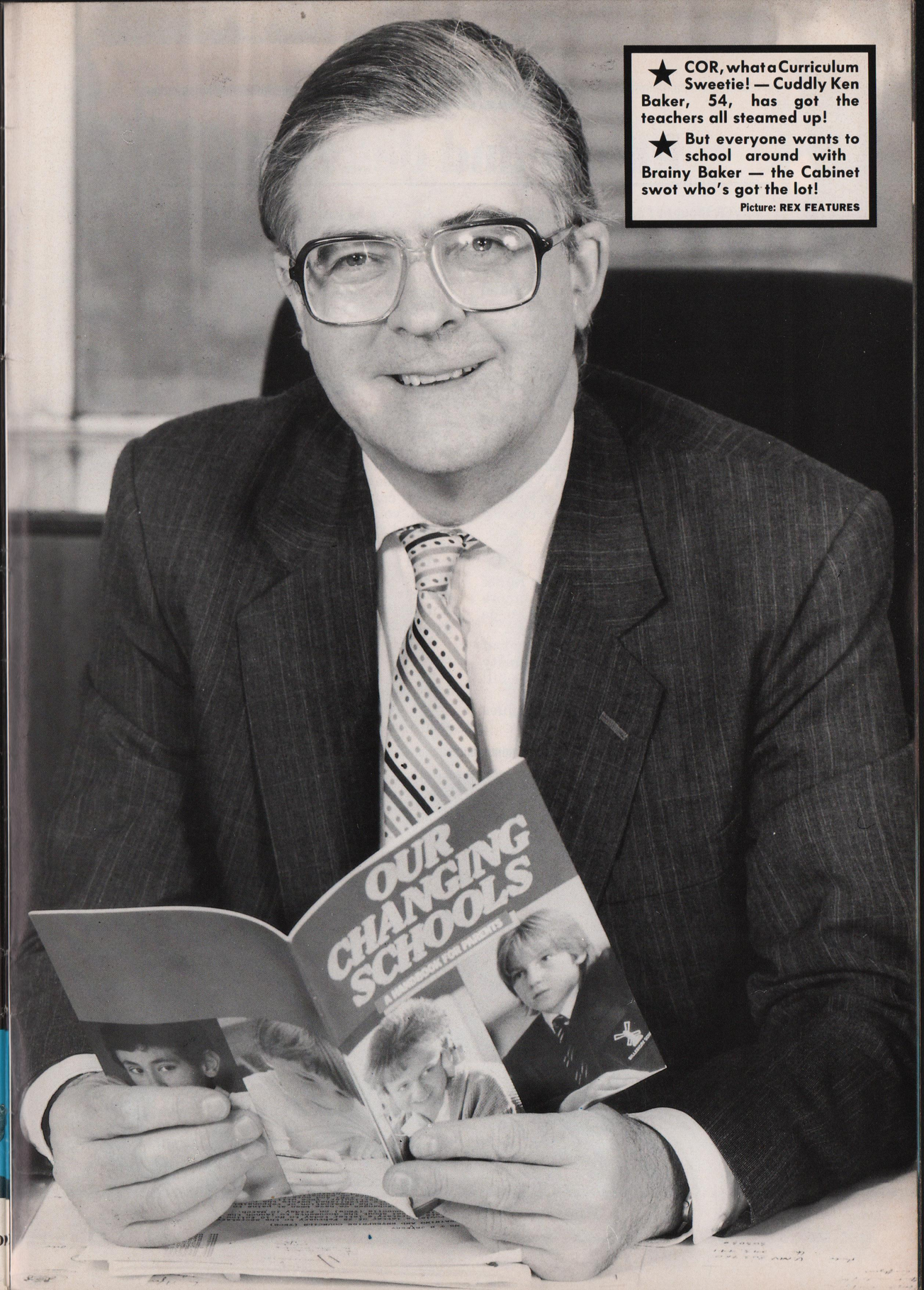

★ COR, what a Curriculum Sweetie! — Cuddly Ken Baker, 54, has got the teachers all steamed up!

★ But everyone wants to school around with Brainy Baker — the Cabinet swot who's got the lot!

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

Phone and deliver!

I NEVER thought I'd learn anything from an Irish ruffian who doesn't shave and looks as though he's never seen a tie in his life.

But I must admit Bob Geldof set me thinking when I first heard that Band Aid record on the JY Prog.

It wasn't my cup of tea. Most of the artists sounded plastered, and they didn't seem to have sobered up much by the time of the Live Aid concert.

Then I came across some sort of run-in called Sport Aid. Of course I couldn't join in myself. I was too busy running the country.

But I did notice that these events were raising huge sums of money for deprived people in the Third World.

Then I thought – it's all very well helping Africans, but surely charity begins at home?

Cash In

The telethons and that Comic Relief which followed were even more interesting. They even seemed to be getting higher ratings than mine.

And I've been pleased to see that at last more and more of this charity money is being diverted to pay the bill for the hopeless people of Britain.

It's a return to those Victorian values I hold so dear.

And I'm fortunate the British have always been such a soft touch. The money has been an enormous help to my government. Every £ raised has meant one less for Nigel to bother about when he's reducing taxes.

What has puzzled me though is that I've been told these events give the British a chance to demonstrate their quirky sense of humour. I'm not actually sure I know what that is.

Stick Up

And I must say some of this year's Comic Relief stunts left me cold.

One person raised money by sitting in a bath and inviting people to pour baked beans over him.

Why cause all that mess and waste when you could just give the beans straight to the needy and have done with it?

And I didn't agree with that business of sticking on Red Noses and putting them into other people's business. I told a nosey reporter I thought they were a gimmick.

Anyhow I'm tired of coloured noses. I see enough of them in the cabinet.

As far as I'm concerned, with those idiots every day is a coloured nose day.

But they're such a lot of arse-lickers, theirs have all turned brown.



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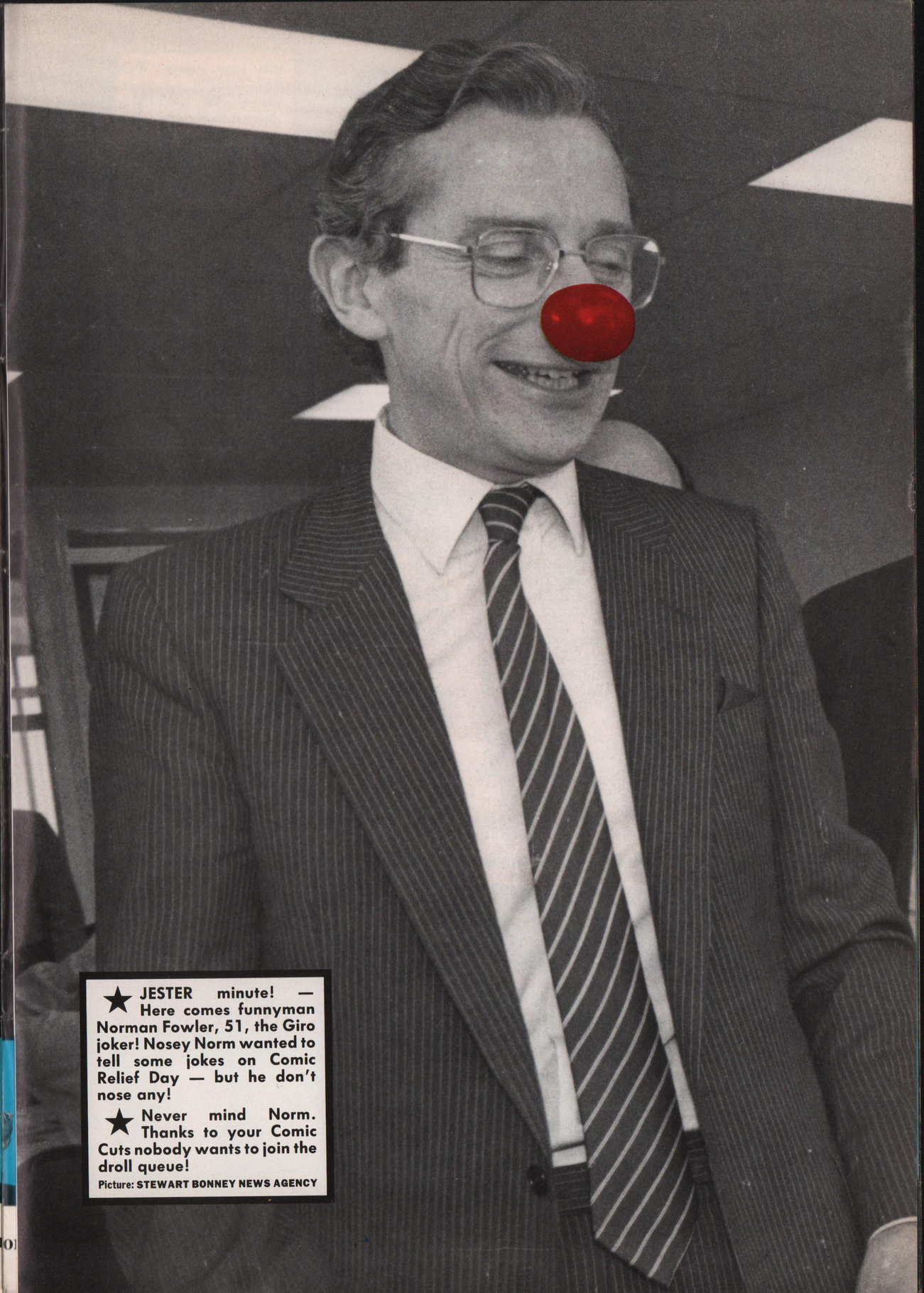

★ JESTER minute! — Here comes funnyman Norman Fowler, 51, the Giro joker! Nosey Norm wanted to tell some jokes on Comic Relief Day — but he don't nose any!

★ Never mind Norm. Thanks to your Comic Cuts nobody wants to join the droll queue!

Picture: STEWART BONNEY NEWS AGENCY

THATCHA!

Somebody ate my Green bits!

MY favourite colour is blue. I'm advised green is too warm a colour for my complexion and does not suit me. It makes me look washed out.

But I've decided to start wearing it all the same. That means you don't have to worry about Green Belts any more — I'll have them on.

I'm sage enough to realise it's time I showed you how I have always cared for the environment. Come up and see my lobelias sometime!

But, more seriously, I recognise that it is a vital matter for all of us — and particularly for me, with all those votes at stake.

But, as I informed you at last year's Party conference, we Conservatives aren't just friends of the earth — we own it.

And we've always been Green. We've proved it by wearing green wellies. We've proved it by living next to village greens. And we've proved it by eating up our green bits.

Whopper

But, as I informed you, ownership today does not mean that we retain a freehold on the earth. All we do own is a life tenancy with a full repairing lease.

Well, the Great Landlord in the Sky has sent us a bill for the damage we've caused. And it's a big one. So you're all going to have to help pay it.

Of course, I'm on your side.

Recently the railway company was planning to ruin Kent, that beautiful Garden of England, with its Channel Tunnel rail link.

What happened?

I immediately stepped in to safeguard the value of my voters' homes.

But you have to realise that these improvements cost money.

A single ticket to Folkestone will have to go up to £37.50 to cover the extra investment needed for these vital environmental improvements.

Surely you don't expect the government to pay for you having a smoother ride?

La-di-da

And I also want to remind you of something you're all now realising — nuclear power is better.

You can forget all that fuss about Chernobyl and those faint-hearts who whined that it could happen here.

Of course it couldn't.

Chernobyl was built by Russians. Think of their Lada cars. Then think of Britain's nuclear power stations as our fine British Leyland products.

I'm sure you'll appreciate the difference.

Chernobyl was a Lada with an optional sun roof. But it was nothing to do with the hole in the ozone layer. That's been caused by you all using cheap aerosol hairsprays and underarm deodorants, as well as eating that awful junk food.

So let's not forget that we still live in a green land. Whether it's pleasant or not is nothing to do with me.



. . and on . . . and on. . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on

★ HOW green was my valet? — Nimby nob Nicholas Ridley, 60, is our wonderfuel wizard of ozone.

★ Things are hotting up for the rural ravisher now he's in the global warming hot-seat. And he's got us turning green with envy at the site of his protected beauty spots.

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

It's a nachtmare, volks!

IT was Sir Winston Churchill who foiled the last attempt at European integration.

When Herr Hitler stood at the gates, the rest of Europe cowed before him, Britain stood alone.

But Sir Winston rallied our Dunkirk spirit. We dug for victory and kept the home fires burning. We had God on our side and then (eventually) the Americans.

Now, once again, our nation lies under the grim shadow of the Euro-menace.

The faceless bureaucrats of Brussels and the Euro-socialists of Monsieur Jacques Delores threaten to erode our great national institutions and way of life.

I will not let this happen.

Achtung!

Once-proud nations like the Germans and the Greeks may want to submerge their cultures in a bland Euro-identity.

They may be used to it. After all, they've been moving their borders about for the past 1,000 years. But we British are made of sterner stuff.

No surrender!

Our weapon is the Channel Tunnel, a device I am having built to trick the European enemy forces into mistakenly invading our island fortress.

Once they have set foot on our sacred astroturf we will close the net.

There will be no escape.

The victims will be enmeshed in our all-pervading tourist industry — the industry that reaches the parks other industries cannot reach.

You have watched my entrepreneurs spend the last ten years perfecting the art of the Great British Rip-Off. Now they're our crack troops — ready to make our fortune out of the National Heritage.

The enemy coaches, lured to our theme parks and historic attractions, won't stand a chance. And any occupants who get away will be picked off by the snipers in our hotels, restaurants, and gift shops.

Mrs. Whippy

But let's not forget that we are going into Europe as well.

When the crash barriers went down, our brave soccer hooligans had already established a boothold in the Common Market. Now they're being lifted Our Boys will be returning to fight them on the Euro-terraces.

And thanks to the Channel Tunnel they won't even have to bovver with the hover!

But, for those of you who are staying, an equally stern battle awaits as the Euro-hordes prepare their invasion strategy.

Citizens of Britain, stand by your ice cream vans, your Heritage attractions and your B & B establishments!

Let your watchwords be "Willkommen", "Bienvenu", and "That'll be fifty quid plus VAT, squire." Bon chance!



. . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and o



★ APPEASED to meet you! — Adolf Hitler, 100, was a Nazi piece of work.

★ And nothing's changed volks! Europe's still choc-a-Bloc with Jacques booted dictators . . . and that makes us Fuhrerious!

Picture: REX FEATURES

THATCHA!

We are not amused

NOW I'm a grandmother it's not just the Queen who is entitled to call herself "We".

And why shouldn't I? We may not be Queen, but at least we work for a living. We don't sponge off the state. We have to settle for £50k a year, a company Jag, and as many freebies as we like.

My privatisations have already transformed our other great industries into shining assets.

Yet we still have a lame duck Monarchy.

It survives on state hand-outs. It's hopelessly overmanned. It's riddled with archaic practices.

Ruling Clash

I've been slaving away putting pride and profitability back into Britain. All Her Majesty ever does is wave at a few people and moan about her precious Commonwealth.

What a way to run a Monarchy!

But making a profit is something which has never overly concerned the Windsors since they came here from Germany.

But let's be clear — in modern Britain there's no such thing as a free lunch, or State banquet come to that!

I get paid to do the ruling these days, Her Majesty and her children like that idle Andy and Fergie need to get down to some real work boosting our vital tourist industry.

They can no longer be allowed to get away with the odd Jubilee and the occasional Royal Wedding.

Modern subjects demand more — and rightly so.

We've all had to get off our backsides and do our bit. Nobody else can afford to just sit on the Throne waiting for it to happen.

Rhubarb

The Duke of Edinburgh is trying. He did sterling service for our business community by kow-towing to the new Japanese Emperor.

But he's too old to learn much.

What the Firm needs is a new Head who will put it on a more business-like footing, and fortunately — unlike me — the Queen can't go on forever.

Charles is getting better. He may be a typically muddled product of upper class inbreeding.

But now I've revealed my great love for the environment and become your Green Queen he and I have at last got something in common. We should be able to do business.

After all, if he can talk to plants, surely he can talk to me?



. . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on



★ GOODNESS Gracious Majesty! — HM the Queen, 63, looks a right royal Windsor windbag in her Hilda Ogden gear!

★ Your reign's become a pain Lizzie. So do us all a grace and favour — move over and let Charlie the chump give us a chuckle!

Picture: REX FEATURES