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The Morning After.

The other night, Smith, Brown and Jones lost their homes.

Early in the morning the Smiths came out of their shelter to look at what had once been "Ivydene". (Their home these days is next door to the chickens). Well, Dad has to go to work as usual, so out comes the rent book and other treasures, while the old man spends a few minutes seeing if the gramophone he got last Christmas still works. Mother is in the remains of the Kitchen. Ah! yes, of course, the Milkman.

At least they can make a cup of tea on the oil-stove, if the oil hasn't all gone. So dad goes to fix up that chin of his. This'll be something to tell the chap about in the office.