

ADOLF HITLER, MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, HAS HAD RATHER EXTRAORDINARY CAREER

(New York Sun)

Should Germany follow the lead of other European countries in accepting a dictator—for that is what Adolph Hitler probably would amount to—Hindenburg of the grim jaw and the flowing whiskers, typifying the Germany of the Hohenzollerns and of Prussian militarism, will be ousted by a little Austrian with a comic mustache and the features of a poet, a man just half the President's age.

Early in the new year, European observers believe, Hitler and his National Socialists (Nazis) may take over the reins of government. While Hitler is known to regard the outcome of the Political struggle as a foregone conclusion, little has come to light of his personal ambition. He is quoted as remarking, enigmatically, that the question of the Presidency would solve itself.

The man who has built up a national party is considerably less than a decade by dint of convincing oratory and sheer personal magnetism, though born in Austria, actually is a man without a country, for he lost his Austrian citizenship during the world war and was refused naturalization in Germany.

Of medium height, Hitler is slim and wiry. His face is finely moulded and he has the complexion of a school-boy. Beneath his straight nose sprouts a toothbrush mustache that would be comical but for the intense earnestness of the man. But it is his eyes, bright and piercing, which give the cut to the tremendous driving power that is Hitler's strength, an energy which is enhanced by contrast with the icy reserve of his demeanor.

What He Stands For

His slogan is the "Third Empire." He stands for socialism, nationalism, militarism, anti-Semitism. He would repudiate the Treaty of Versailles professing a hatred for the "hereditary enemy across the Rhine," which has proved an important factor in his popularity.

In the vernacular, Hitler has the gift of gab. Given half a chance he would talk the leg off a chair. He has the priceless ability to enlist people's sympathy for a cause contradictory to

their own preconceived opinions. Women continue to flock to his standard, aware that he proposes to take the vote from them.

The rural rather than the urban districts are the chief strongholds of the khaki-clad Nazis. Hitler has given many a village its first experience of a political meeting. Not infrequently, the occasion was enlivened by rioting on a small scale. It got so that the chairs had to be lashed together to prevent their use as a practical argument and, for a similar reason, beer was consumed from paper cups. Tradition was violated, but there were fewer cracked skulls.

Although there are parts of Germany in which the people are said to have only three links with the outside world—the telephone, the state forest and the Nazi pamphlets—in all the mass of propaganda disseminated by the National Socialists there is no official biography of Adolf Hitler. His opponents assert that the omission is intentional and that Hitler discourages reference to his early life.

Inspired by Patriot's Status.

It is common knowledge, however, that he was born in the Austro-German border town of Braunau, the son of a customs official. He received the ordinary common school education and was put to work for a painter and decorator.

There is a monument in Braunau erected to commemorate the death of a German patriot named John Philip Palm, a man who had had the temerity to denounce Napoleon as a foreign invader. His pen fairly sizzled as he composed burning epistles imploring the German nation to cut the Napoleonic cancer out of its tissues. The outcome was inevitable. Palm was invited by the Little Corporal to face a firing party.

The story of the Palm affair seems to have struck a sympathetic chord in young Hitler. The sight of the statue kept the incident ever fresh in his memory. At heart he was already a German. An opportunity to put his sympathies to a practical test occurred with the world war. Hitler enlisted in the German army as a buck private.

After the armistice Hitler was unable to settle down into the old peace-

time routine of Braunau. For a while he continued to ply his trade in the Austrian province of Styria, but it seem inevitable that he should drift into Germany. He finally settled in Munich, where the headquarters of the Nazis is established today.

Sent to Prison for Treason

When Hitler arrived the Bolsheviks had been dislodged from Munich and southern Bavaria, but the memory of the Red terrorism was like an unhealed wound in the minds of the people. Particularly they recalled with horror the execution of eleven prominent and well-loved citizens whose "crime" had been to play the role of innocent hostages. The people, caught on the rebound, were being carried on the crest of a wave of nationalism. Soon it became recognized that the most radical patriot of all was a young man named Adolf Hitler—a newcomer—about whom nobody knew very much.

What people did not know about Hitler, however, was that he possessed a rare knack of putting his ideas into words and getting them across to the man in the street.

When the mark collapsed like a pricked bladder, Hitler saw the opportunity he was looking for. He urged an immediate revolution against the Socialist Government, which he held responsible for the financial debacle.

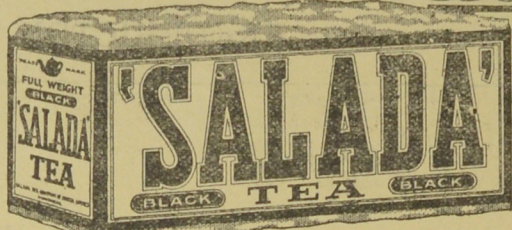
He allied himself with Ludendorff. They were to overthrow the Bavarian Federal Government and march on Berlin. In the winter of 1923 a meeting was held in a Munich beer cellar to inaugurate the "putsch." The revolutionaries got no further, than the public square of Munich, where they were ignominiously routed by the police after a few shots had been fired. Hitler ran to safety, but later surrendered himself and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for high treason.

He was released after serving only a year of the term. Undismayed by the set back, he began to build up a following, and such was the magnetism of his personality that the numbers increased with extraordinary swiftness. By September, 1930, Hitler's Fascists had gained 107 seats in the Reichstag. They were the second largest political party in Germany.

An ideal wife is one who pities all other women because there is only one man in the world like the one she got.

Hundreds of communities this year are going to have to live within the means they can borrow.

Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"



Jan. 1—12, 1932—The first Wolf Cub Basketball League game of the 1932 season was played at the Cathedral Gymnasium, on Monday, January 4th, between the 2nd. Fredericton and 7th F'ton packs, the former winning, 7-2. Teams were as follows:

2nd F'ton.: Cruikshank (D) Morrison, (D) Fenety, (C) Wm. Clark, (F) B. Sewell, (F).

7th F'ton.: C. Colter (D), Blank (D), T. Macfarlane (C), Lynch (F), Tozer (F), Ferry (Sp). B. Colter (Sp). Referees:—J. Wayne Bebbington (2nd. F'ton), L. Walker, (7th. F'ton). A visitor to this game was C. M. Glendon Arthurs, former Assistant Cubmaster of the 7th. Pack.

This year, the schedule has been prepared for eight teams, the newcomers being Nashwaaksis. The Brunswick Street Explorers will play, as last year.

Marysville Cub Pack have reorganized, and now meet on Friday evenings under Douglas Macpherson as Cubmaster, he having been previously Assistant Cubmaster. The change in leadership was recommended by the late Cubmaster, Mr. A. J. Macpherson, who finds that he cannot give the necessary time to the Pack. He will, however, continue to assist whenever he can. Mr. Macpherson started this Pack in the first place; and during his Cubmastership, built up a wonderful good turn spirit, while the organization flourished all the time. During his leadership, this Pack won the District Cup, in 1931; and the District Basketball medals, in the same year.

ROBT. PUGH.

Akela Leader, Dis't Cub Commissioner

UNCLE HAS THE LAST LAUGH

(New York Sun)

That Sunday the decision was to take dinner out. Warren was chiefly responsible. He said he knew the swellest place.

"There's a chef," said Warren, "who can cook chicken like nobody's business. He can cook chicken, what I mean."

Old Uncle Del, full of the pessimism that comes with many years, remarked solemnly that never in all his born days had he had a decent meal in a restaurant that came so highly recommended.

"It seems," said Uncle Del, stroking his gray whiskers, "as though you put a jinx on a place when you boost it so hard."

"There's no jinx on my restaurant, Nor flies either," said Warren.

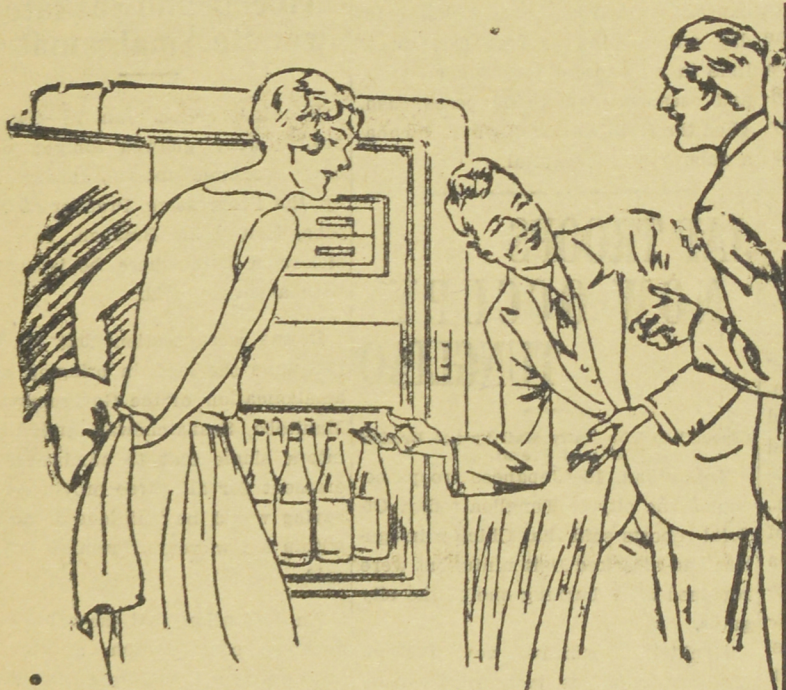
Old Uncle Del stroked his whiskers and said he'd have to be shown. So Warren hauled out the automobile and away they rolled.

"We'll have chicken," said Warren, to the waitress. "Chicken for four. Bring any sort of fixing you like. Any soup. And hore d'oeuvres. Any entree. Any vegetables. And desert. We don't care about the oddments. What we are here for is some of your famous fried chicken."

The waitress looked at him hard and then she gulped, and then she blushed.

"I'm sorry!" she said, while old Uncle Del stroked his beard and roared with ancient laughter. "But we're all out of chicken."

Most fomenters of trouble find a waiting for them.



A cool, refreshing treat for all!

OH what delightful, thirst-quenching pleasure is afforded by every brimming glass of SusseX Dry Ginger Ale!

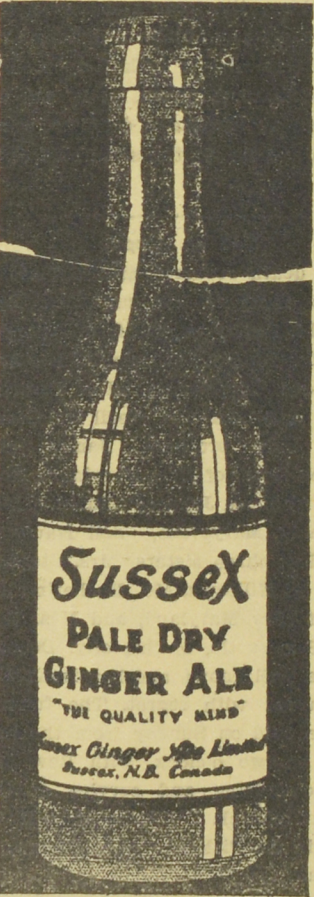
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SUSSEX GINGER ALE LIMITED, Sussex, New Brunswick



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As the boy hears, so the man A half truth is seldom the better talks.

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