

Little Adolf

BY WICKES WAMBOLDT

WHEN I was 10 years old I knew a little Hitler, and he was of the same nationality as Adolf. He was the bulldozing type of boy; and since he was bigger, heavier and supposedly stronger than I was, I felt myself outnumbered. Constantly I was exercising all my diplomatic faculties to keep from being beaten up and at the same time to save my self-respect. I "cooperated" with my Hitler just about as Chamberlain did with his Hitler.

Then one evening my little Hitler and his mother came to our house for dinner. About dusk little Hitler and I were in the yard playing. The air was nippingly frosty, and my fingers were cold.

Suddenly little Hitler picked up a switch and struck at me. He happened to hit the end of my little finger—a very cold little finger. Right then a blank occurred in my life—I have no recollection of what took place; but the next thing I knew, little Hitler's mother and my father were pulling me off little Hitler, who was on the ground screeching; and it took both of them to do it.

I recall standing back watching Hitler's mother and my father lead the still screaming Hitler into the house, while I mechanically brushed Hitler's hair off my face and spat it out of my mouth. I seemed covered with Hitler's hair! How it got on me, I don't know.

But I was not satisfied; my finger still hurt; so I set out to find little Hitler and polish him off.

I found him in the living room, seated between his mother and my father, in front of the fire. I walked over and stood in front of him and glared at him. He lifted a swollen, tearful countenance and gazed at me with scared, bewildered eyes.

"Oh, yes!" I said ominously. "So you would, would you?" I was ready to jump on him again.

Abstractedly I noticed that little Hitler's mother was regarding me with a friendly expression—almost a smile. She had always been fond of me and had sympathized with me in my troubles with "Herr" Hitler. My father, of whom I usually stood in great awe, was looking at me curiously. Knowing him as I now do, I realize he was enjoying the whole affair. But it wouldn't do to have his son beat up a guest's son in the living room; so he ordered me to let little Hitler alone.

But from that time on, I did not know anybody who treated me more courteously than did little Hitler.