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Friday, July 11, 1941

NOT a Jew or Business Man!

Cassandra writes in the "Daily Mirror": Hitler, in a recent speech:—"In fact, I made 724 mistakes." But the enemy made 3,000,480 mistakes. We will go on making mistakes."

As the man said when he stepped into the empty manhole . . .

But apart from that—it was very fine indeed to hear the Fuehrer bawling—"The Duce and I are not Jews or business men. The clasp of our hands is that of men of honour."

That these gunmen should try to impress upon the outside world that their handshake was anything other than a criminal bond between as disgusting a pair of cut-throats as ever disgraced this globe, is laughable in the extreme.

Hitler, the ex-coppers' nark and toadying little perisher who got so much satisfaction out of crawling to his superiors in the last war, dislikes to be called a business man. He is right inasmuch as big-time financial swindlers are rouges rather than business men. And perhaps he prefers to forget the early days of his precious Party, when, busted and bankrupt, with his strong-arm bullies yapping for their wages, he went toadying to von Schroeder, the Cologne Money Bag, who first put him on his feet.

Perhaps he forgets the little black-mailing trips round the Ruhr to soak the armament manufacturers to support his blood-soaked schemes for involving the world in yet another and greater German war.

Perhaps he forgets stealing Czech and French gold, and looting half the treasures of Europe for the palaces that he and his grisly crew infest. No, not a business man—just a plain practitioner in larceny.

And as for not being a Jew—he's right again. He isn't.

But compared alongside him, the Jew Judas Iscariot could give him points in honesty, dignity and general high-mindedness. After all, Judas Iscariot did hang himself, whereas this pudgy monstrosity has been threatening suicide for years when things go wrong—but so far has not had the guts to do the one thing that would win the approval of all sane and reasonable men.

Front Line Stuff

Hitler's Roman jackall was reported recently to be "at the front."

This statement was beautifully vague.

It did not reveal whether the triumphant busted Caesar was reviewing his great charges in reverse in Albania, Libya, Abyssinia, or in Eritea. It was also delightfully non-committal as to whether the Big Tramp was ten, fifteen, twenty, or a hundred miles away from the enemy.

From sitting at his desk and stabbing people in the back, it would be a brave and reckless gesture to get near (but not too near) the slaughtering of his own wretched people that he has worked so hard to achieve.

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