

WE WERE three days out of Lisbon bound west for New York. The storm on Saturday had been bad, but on Sunday the sea had subsided. A little before eleven o'clock that night our ship, the small Spanish liner Marques de Comillas, got orders to stop. British control officers aboard a trawler wanted to examine the passengers. Everyone was told to line up in the main lounge.

Four British officers, wearing life jackets, entered. Without comment they worked their way down the line, scrutinizing passports. There was a feeling of tenseness. Many of those aboard the ship were fleeing; they thought they had made good their escape from Europe once anchor was hoisted in Lisbon. Now? No one knew. Perhaps some of us would be taken off the ship.

Finally it was my turn. The officer in charge took my passport, glanced at it and looked up, smiling. "You were Hitler's physician, weren't you?" he asked. This was correct. It would also have been correct for him to add that I am a Jew.

I knew Adolf Hitler as a boy and as a young man. I treated him many times and was intimately familiar with the modest surroundings in which he grew to manhood. I attended, in her final illness, the person nearer and dearer to him than all others—his mother.

Most biographers—both sympathetic and unsympathetic—have avoided the youth of Adolf Hitler. The unsympathetic ones have done this of necessity. They could lay their hands on only the most meager facts. The official party biographies have skipped over this period because of the dictator's wishes. Why this abnormal sensitivity about his youth? I do not know. There are no scandalous chapters which Hitler might wish to hide, unless one goes back over a hundred years to the birth of his father. Some biographers say that Alois Hitler was an illegitimate child. I cannot speak for the accuracy of this statement.

What of those early years in Linz, Austria, where Hitler spent his formative years? What kind of a boy was he? What kind of a life did he lead? It is of these things that we shall speak here.

When Adolf Hitler Was Thirteen

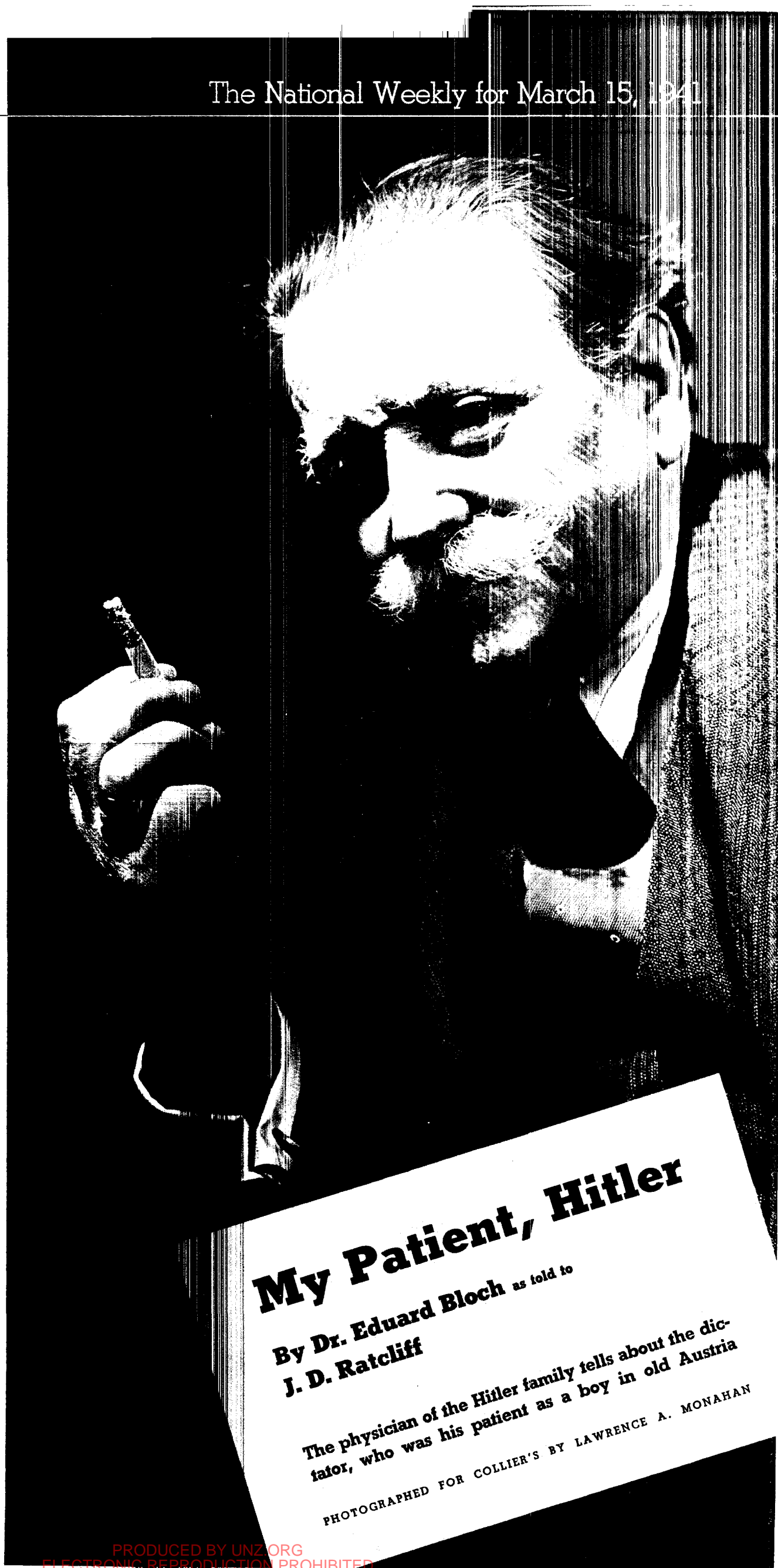
First, I might introduce myself. I was born in Frauenburg, a tiny village in southern Bohemia which, in the course of my lifetime, has been under three flags: Austrian, Czechoslovakian and German. I am sixty-nine years old. I studied medicine in Prague, then joined the Austrian army as a military doctor. In 1899 I was ordered to Linz, capital of Upper Austria, and the third largest city in the country. When I completed my army service in 1901 I decided to remain in Linz and practice medicine.

As a city, Linz has always been as quiet and reserved as Vienna was gay and noisy. In the period of which we are about to speak—when Adolf Hitler was a boy of 13—Linz was a city of 80,000 people. My consultation rooms and home were in the same house, an ancient baroque structure on Landstrasse, the main thoroughfare of the city.

The Hitler family moved to Linz in 1903, because, I believe, of the good schools there. The family background is well known. Alois Schicklgruber Hitler was the son of a poor peasant girl. When he was old enough to work he got a job as a cobbler's apprentice, worked his way into the government service and became a customs inspector at Braunau, a tiny frontier town between Bavaria and Austria. Braunau is fifty miles from Linz. At fifty-six Alois Hitler became eligible for a pension and retired. Proud of his own success, he was anxious for his son to enter government service. Young Adolf violently opposed the idea. He would be an artist. Father and son fought over this while the mother, Klara Hitler, tried to maintain peace.

As long as he lived Alois Hitler persevered in trying to shape his son's destiny to his own desires. His son would have the education which had been denied him; an education which would secure him a good government job. So Father Alois prepared to leave the hamlet of Braunau for the city of Linz. Because of his government service, he would not be required to pay the full tuition for his (Continued on page 35)

Dr. Eduard Bloch, because of his former connection with the Hitler family, was granted special privileges by the Nazis. When he left Austria for New York a few months ago he was permitted to bring with him sixteen marks instead of the usual ten



My Patient, Hitler

By Dr. Eduard Bloch as told to
J. D. Ratcliff

The physician of the Hitler family tells about the dictator, who was his patient as a boy in old Austria

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

OUR NEW ARMY



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH



Incidents, Anecdotes and News from Draftee Training Centers

ARMY DOUGH: They'll never get rich but Uncle Sam's trainees are the best-paid men under arms. Privates draw \$21 every payday for the first three months; \$30 after that. Their foreign contemporaries don't do so well. Turkish privates drag down the equivalent of a nickel a month, Greek fighters get the price of five packs of chewing gum, Mussolini's warriors receive a buck and a half and Hitler's combat troops try to get along on six dollars a month. Aside from the U. S. the best basic rate is Britain's—\$15.17 per.

Some draftees detect a silver lining on the greenback headache, a customary subject for barrack-room beefing. At Fort Lewis, Washington, Pvt. Philip C. Goebel of Seattle thinks his \$21, clothes and grub are worth a \$100-a-month civilian job; Pvt. Otto Kniepp from Snohomish says he's saving more out of his Army pay than he did from his former \$38-a-week salary.

To make things easier for the draftee who isn't used to budgeting, the Army lets him buy on the cuff at the post canteen and deducts the amount from his pay check. When he's completely flat the new soldier can sometimes borrow a few bucks from richer pals, but usually at Shylock rates of interest. A few of the Army regulars at Fort Meade, Maryland, are doing all right for themselves with this kind of transaction. The bedlam around the pay window, where creditors snag debtors, is something.

Regular Army Pvt. Walter Hammond, of Headquarters Company medical detachment at Camp Upton, New York, wants no part—despite draftee cajoling—of these financial shenanigans. "I get my thirty-three rocks a month," he told a group of penniless privates, "and it's got to stretch because I got a very expensive hobby. Taking pitchers. So I do it simple. Eleven bucks for photography. Two for laundry. Eight for the canteen. And twelve ... just for spending."

The draftees are still working on him.

CAMP EDWARDS, MASSACHUSETTS: The Army trains men but a lot of the boys are already trained for the Army. For instance:

Draftee Eugene F. Petit of Chicopee Falls studied three years for the priesthood, then dropped out of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, because he decided it wasn't his vocation after all. He worked in a printing shop until the draft got going, volunteered for his year of

service and is now assisting Lieut. John L. Clancy, S. J., chaplain, on Sundays.

John Martinides, a Yonkers, New York, native, was a cook in a Westerly, Rhode Island, hotel. A little tired of cooking, he too volunteered—and the Army put him right back into a kitchen. "In some ways," says he, "it's better. None of this six-to-nine dinner-hour stuff. And I don't have to juggle veal cutlets, sea food en bordure and mushroom omelets all at the same time."

OFFICERS at the Boston induction station took a second look when Draftee Arthur E. Look walked in. The thirty-five-year-old from Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, explained: "I've jumped several times from planes and I'd like to be a parachute trooper, so I wanted to make sure you'd get the idea."

"We get it," the officers said.

Draftee Look was wearing two parachute packs. One fore, one aft.

MASSACHUSETTS Selective Service men were just as puzzled as the local draft board which passed the problem along to them. What do we do, the board wanted to know, when a woman claims draft exemption on dependency grounds not only for her two sons but for her husband to boot? State officials did some elementary arithmetic and asked how come the head of the house and the boys could be in the 21-35 draft brackets. Very simple, the local board replied; the gentleman is the woman's second husband. Which brought the state officials back to the original question: Was the lady dependent upon the earnings of all three men and, if not, which of them should be drafted? Final score: Army 2, Wife 1. The sons were placed in Class 1A and will be off to Camp Edwards this month, while Dad (Class 3A) continues to be a support.

FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA:

Camp officers will never know which one it is, because Selective Service officials won't reveal his name, but a certain Minnesota draftee may arrive at the fort any day now. The point is, he outlined himself a job he won't be able to finish. More specifically, he resigned from the draft. Wrote a letter to this effect: "The whole business is silly and I was scared into registering by the enormous fine and jail sentence prescribed by the Selective Service act, so just cancel my registration. I don't want to hear anything more about it."

He probably will.

IF OUR self-assured draftee does land in camp, he'll find an assignment procedure far different from the hit-or-miss plan used in World War I. In those days a sergeant generally stepped up to a company of new men and barked: "All of you that feel qualified to drive the general's car, step forward one pace. Right face. For'd march. ... Company halt! See those cars over there? Yeah, the one-wheelers. Yeah, I mean the wheelbarrows. Well, get busy and chauffeur 'em."

Today the Army uses a modern personnel system. The one at Fort Snelling is typical. Here's how it works:

After the draftee is thoroughly

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Beef stew and chile con carne make a mess of mess kits but thirty gallons of water in a GI can heated over a coal fire does the trick for the Fort Dix men shown at upper left. Obstinate mess-kit cases yield to mud treatment. Cooks and K. P.'s (left) roll out at 2 A. M. to have fried potatoes, eggs, coffee, cereal, ready for a six-fifteen breakfast for 250 men