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diameter. Adolf jumped up from his protected location and exposed his chest to the German public, shouting, "Vat do you mean by going into dat poor peasant home and taking der food? I told you to pay, not take:"

With a worried look on Hermann's face, le said, "Vell, chief, it bothered mo too. I went in dat peasant home and dere were twenty prople sitting around a circular table, whispering and earnestly conversing. I gave dem de Nazi salute and said Heil, Hitler! The dog is deal! And look vat day gave me!"

For a moment let us contrast the German General blood purge situation to our home front, John R. Bricker had ambitions to run for President. But when his colloagues thought Thomas E. Dewey was a stronger man, he submitted to their will and agreed to run for vice president, much against his wishes.

On the Democratic ticket, Harry Truman repeatedly said that he did not want to be a vice presidential candidate. But when his party felt that he would perhaps strongthen their ticker he agreed.

How different our American way of life is! It is the team work that the boys learn that transfors into the political, industrial and business life of America. Borton Braley once wrate a poem that I very much like. I will quote the first stanza and the last. Of course he is talking about the halfback, when he said -

> "When the stands are black with people, and they yell, yell, yell! When the whistle shrills the signal for the start, Then the spirit sort of grips me in a potent spell And the blood goes dancing swiftly through my heart! and the rooters are forgetton with choir flags and all, and the joy of battle pulies through my from, and there's nothing worth the having but that pigskin ball And there isn't any glory but the game.

Is there anything that fills you with a zest more keen Than to spill the interference in a pile, Or to slam the runner carthward with a tackle clean, Or to gather in a punt in proper strie? It's the game of Anglo-Baxons, it's the hard old stuff, It's the horror of the timed and the tame, And it calls for mon of daring and of fiber tough Who are worthy of a chance to play the game.

velgae vilulatas eligio escessos introtan beasesson vedt fudt ana erefamaa la Razzle 'em, dazzle 'em, fool 'em with a trick! Rumple 'em, crumple 'em, yet never twice the same. Keep your eyes upon the ball, - and PLAY THE GAME!"

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Goebby remained in that I bullist-proff armored out. Hermony was gone quite

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an roller obl do producted richt at allros to powiald onal-rutt edt awob ani You Yanks are on the ball and you are crumpling those Nazis and Japs in a most emphatic way, You all have got your eyes upon the ball and you are certainly playing the game up to the hilt. for the loss of their prize dog." Hermann did as he was told, while Adelf and

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