

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, he said, "Vell, chief, it bothered me too. I went in dat peasant home and dere were twenty people sitting around a circular table, whispering and earnestly conversing. I gave dem de Nazi salute and said Heil, Hitler! The dog is dead! And look vat day gave me!"

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For a moment let us contrast the German General blood purge situation to our home front. John R. Brieker had ambitions to run for President. But when his colleagues 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 strengthen their ticket he agreed.

How different our American way of life is! It is the team work that the boys learn that transfers into the political, industrial and business life of America. Burton Braley once wrote 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 forgotten with choir flags and all,  
And the joy of battle pulses through my frame,  
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 earthward with a tackle clean,  
Or to gather in a punt in proper style?  
It's the game of Anglo-Saxons, it's the hard old stuff,  
It's the horror of the timid and the tame,  
And it calls for men of daring and of fiber tough  
Who are worthy of a chance to play the game.

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!"

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.