

Louis Zamperini. There was a boy for you. He once did what every American boy would give anything in this world to do some day: He climbed a flag pole on the Chancellery in the Frederichstrasse in Berlin and ripped a Swastika flag from its halyards. Ever hear that story?

WELL, it happened in 1936 when Lou, then a schoolboy star from California—he later competed for Southern Cal—was in Berlin as a distance runner in the Olympics. Germany was well armed then, well armed and waiting to spring on her somnolent neighbors. Columns of brown clad Storm Troopers marched through the streets of Berlin, army trucks rumbled, bugles blared and there was a martial stir in the very air of the German capital as athletes from all over the world gathered. Lou had vowed he would bring back a souvenir apart from the medals he expected to win and the Swastika banner over the headquarters of Adolf Hitler was a challenge to him.

And so, when the backs of the Storm Troopers guarding the building were turned, he got in, made his way to the roof, shinnied up the flag staff, tore the flag loose and was about to slide down when the Troopers saw him. Some of them fired at him. Others rushed to capture him as he reached the roof. They dragged him before Gen. *(To page 18)*

Werner von Fritsch, Commander of the Wehrmacht.

"Young man, you are a fool!" the General roared. "What you have done is punishable by death here!"

Poor Louis was limp in the grasp of the Troopers, visions of a firing squad dancing in his head. Then the General's tone softened.

"But," he said, "I realize it was only a schoolboy prank. Go back to your quarters and don't be such a fool again."

When Lou left Southern California, he went to work in an aircraft factory. In September of 1941, he entered the Army as an aviation cadet and was trained at Midland Field in Texas, where he was graduated as a lieutenant.

"I'll go back to Berlin some day," he said. "I'll go back and bomb it."

He went, instead, to the South Pacific. He was decorated for his skill and valor as a bombardier in the raid on Wake Island. He was in the raid over Nauru Island, where his plane was hit and one of its crew members was killed and he saved the life of another, who would have bled to death but for him. And on May 5 of this year he was reported missing and no word has been heard of him since.

warfare to sports events but the same fighting spirit shown on the football field is one of the reasons why America wins wars."

And Slade Cutter:

"Sports make you offensive minded. That's the big thing. After all, this war is much like a game. It's you against the other fellow. It's the intelligent application of your offensive power. Take a submarine crew. It's nothing but a big team, each doing his job, all working together.

These and so many others that it is impossible to keep accurate track of them or even to count them, boys from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Columbia, from Annapolis and West Point and Southern California, from Stanford and Michigan and Texas A. and M. (whose graduates outnumber even those of West Point among the Army's officers!), from Georgia and Vanderbilt and Notre Dame, and Slippery Rock and Spearfish Normal and all the schools, big and little, up and down and across the country, have put the trappings of sport behind them to slash and hammer and batter away at the enemy, wherever he may be.

Sports have helped to teach them how to live and, perhaps, for such as Paddock, Meehan, Kinnick, McCoy, Gallagher and Zamperini—how to die.