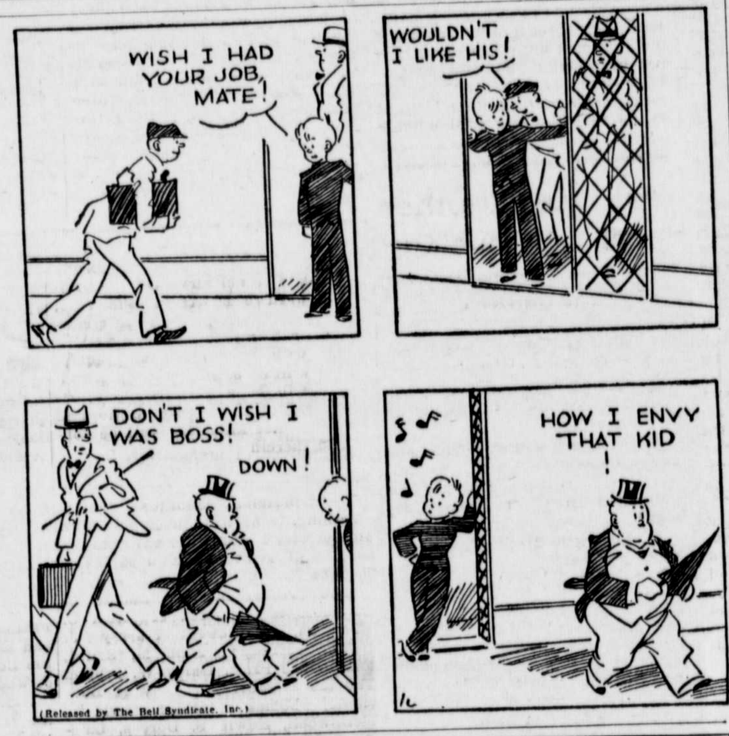
• OUR COMIC SECTION •

Events in the Lives of Little Men

POP

By J. Millar Watt



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WNU

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service

WNU

NOT BORN YET

"The fools are not all dead."

"That isn't the worst of it; they aren't all born yet."

Handy Past

"Would you marry a man with a past?"

"I might—if he'd tell me all about it, so I could throw it up to him sometimes."

Tough Luck

Waiter—There hasn't been much stirring around the cafe.

Diner—Why not?

Waiter—Somebody stole all the spoons.

ADVICE ON CARDS

"Why do you always wear gloves when you are playing cards?"

"Because Frank told me I must never show my hand."

THE PAPERS OF PRIVATE PURKEY

Dear Ma:

Well, ma, I now feel so tired and sore all over that I gess I am in the pink of condishun. All feeling is gone from my feet and my legs are numb from the knees down so the drilling and marching don't hurt me no more witch shows how well trained I am. But the officers keep drilling me just the same and pay no attention to me when I tell 'em I have had enuff.

We are sleeping five to a tent, but I am not getting any two much rest on account of the old saying that two is company and three more is overcrowding. There is always at least two buddies who want to tell stories or argue about ways and means to get promoted to be a kernel or sumthing. And we have a radio fanatick in our tent who thinks the best programs come after everybody else is asleep. This guy is such a nut that if he was out in No Man's land he would carry a portable so he could hear a broadcast of what he was doing.

• • •

Another fellow in my tent don't sleep at all. He just sits on the edge of the bed moaning. It seams he was on a trip to see his best girl who lives 50 miles from his home

town when he got a call to report for draft induckshun at once and he is still squawking. I also got a tentmate who was a union man in Pittsburgh before he was drafted and he keeps making speeches trying to convinse us that we shud picket the general's tent and demand more money and less drilling.

• • •

We have movies every night in a big tent, but I do not like them mutch as it makes me soar to see all those fellers in citizen close lolling around on couches and sitting in the moonlight with beautiful girls when they should be in some camp lerning how to take a gun apart and guard a latrine. But they do not make me as soar as news pitchers of congressmen when they was still chewing the fat over that lease-lend bill. I don't even know yet weather I am going to be lent to Europe or just leased or what?

• • •

It sure has been a cold winter to be in a army, but the old sarge who was in the last war says we shud of been around then and we wud not be kicking now. We have wood-burning stoves in tents here and he says in the last war he never saw a stove from the time he got his draft summons until he got home three years later. They also have boilers so we can have hot water in this camp witch he says nobody had accept Pershing and Alexander Woollkott in the last one. When we got here we wuz given a saferty razzer five blades a cake of shaving sope and a a toothbrush and he laffed like everything and sed we must be going to the opera or sum place like that as in the last war soldiers shaved with there bayernets and only cleaned their teeth when they had a friend who was a Y. M. C. A. secretary and carried a spare.

• • •

He says we are all getting better considerashun in draft camps today than he got in the best hotels on furlow in 1917 and he showed me a pitcher of an outfit in the last war witch backs him up when he says we are dressed like dudes in comparison. He says that in those days they just chucked a bundle at you when you reported at camp and that whatever you found inside you had to put on as a uniform, even if it was just a slip cover off a piano. And he says he spent 18 months in France with a burlap bag over his head because the sergeant told him it was the regulashun army hat.

So when I feel like kicking I just listen to him talk. Well there is not much more to say now. One of those new Ford pigmee trucks arrived here yesterday. It is all made of armor steel and all I want when I get back home again is one of these to use in Main Street traffic and pay no attenshun to those taxicabs what try to shove me around.

Your loving son,
Oscar.

P. S. I need more bunion plasters.

• • •

WAITRESSES

I never leave the slightest tip
For girls who let the gravy drip.
Merrill Chilcote.

• • •

Walter Brennan recently got the award for the best piece of support acting in pictures last year. And well did he rate it. There's an actor so good he will probably never be starred by Hollywood.

• • •

Mario Naldi says a dictator is a fellow who is always putting his best feud forward.

Sportlight

by GRANTLAND RICE

NANA WNU SERVICE

SARASOTA, FLA.—There is a rumor abroad that when Manager Joe Cronin of the Boston Red Sox heard that Toto, the gorilla, was chucking things at Gargantua, her intended mate, Cronin immediately rushed to the Sarasota zoo and tried to sign Toto up as a Red Sox pitcher. For Joe Cronin, after last season, feels that he can use almost any form of animal life that can chuck things at the opposition.

Grantland Rice

Just a year ago on this fair western coast of Florida it was generally agreed that if anything happened to the Yankees, the Red Sox would move up to the vacated throne. Outside of the pitching, the Red Sox had the best team in baseball, at that time.

Outside of the pitching, the same thing is true today. But "outside of the pitching" is the same as being outside of the money. It is like being a well-dressed man, minus your pants.

A year ago Manager Cronin for veteran pitchers had Bob Grove, Jack Wilson, Denny Galehouse, Fritz Ostermueller, Joe Heving, and Jim Bagby. For rookies he had Bill Butland, Herb Hash and Mickey Harris, who had won 60 minor league games and had cost Tom Yawkey over $100,000.

Most of the veterans hit the soapy chute, and all three of the rookies took an even deeper dive. After leading the league 37 days, Cronin began to use up his pitching staff with much lavishness, and when the crash came you could hear it 50 miles at sea.

Joe Cronin

The Yankees blew the flag, but the Red Sox were too far back to know what happened—or to care enough to find out.

On to 1941

Measured by its infield and its outfield, by its power and its defensive play, the Red Sox still have the best club in baseball—up to the outer rim of the pitcher's box.

With Frank Pytlak catching and first-class reserves, the Red Sox look even better now than they did a year ago.

But what about their pitching? The only two veterans they have saved from the wreck of 1940 are Bob Grove and Jack Wilson. Grove will probably be good for only 20 games this season, working once a week. Wilson, loaded with potential powder, is still an enigma.

Cronin's three outside dependencies are 36-year-old Mike Ryba from Rochester, 29-year-old Oscar Judd from Sacramento, and Dick Newsome from San Diego—three men who won over 60 games last season. He should also get some help from his rookies of last year—Hash, Butland, Harris, Rich and Dickman, plus Hughson, Brown and Dobson.

This isn't, by any wild meanderings into the field of imagination, a strong pitching staff. But from the cluster of right and left arms Cronin should be able to improve on his pitching of 1940.

With enough luck he might even be able to have four or five good men ready, and if this happens the Red Sox will be dangerous people to have around—with Jimmy Foxx, Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr, Dom DiMaggio and others who can hammer over the needed runs when they count the most.

The possibilities are there, but his entire pitching string is stuffed with "ifs." It is a staff of question-mark veterans and rookies, sore arms and 1940 failures. Cronin must feel as if he were wandering into a heavy fog, minus a miner's lamp or a torch.

The Lone Exception

The lone exception is Robert Moses Grove, the Lonaconing Lancer from Maryland.

Grove reached the ripe age of 41 last week. This is his twenty-second season—his seventeenth in the major leagues. In his day and time, Grove has won 293 ball games—for the Athletics and Red Sox—and his left arm is still hanging on. His all-time major league average is .686, which is far up in the higher brackets. In this span of time Lefty has whiffed 2,217 opponents.

He is undoubtedly one of the greatest pitchers of all time.

Last season the former speed king won 7 games and lost 6. It was the leanest year of his long career. Tennyson's brook may go on forever, but not a pitching arm. Grove now can work only once a week, or once every 10 days.

Cronin hopes the tall and willowy southpaw can win 12 or 15 games. This would border on a miracle. Exactly 10 years ago Grove won 31 games and lost only 4 for one of the greatest seasons in all pitching history. But when you add 10 years to 31 years you begin bucking the impregnable fortress known as time.

NEW IDEAS for Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

DO YOU remember how old-fashioned comforters used to be tufted? They were made of two layers of fabric with cotton between and every four inches or so in rows the three layers of material were caught together with a stitch of wool yarn double which was then tied twice and clipped to make a fluffy tuft. Well, that is exactly the way many of today's smartest chair covers are made. A cover of this sort redeemed this old rocker and revealed its hidden charms.

The cover is plain, medium green glazed chintz tufted with dark green yarn and three inch dark green fringe is used around the bottom. A long zipper makes a center back closing. Each section of the cover was fitted on the chair in the muslin lining first and these pieces were used as patterns for cutting the chintz, also the cotton which was trimmed to be ¾-inch smaller all around. After the pieces were tufted, as shown at the upper right, the seams were stitched up. Long stitches were then made on the inside to catch the edges of the cotton in place.

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NOTE: Are you planning to make slip covers this Spring? Mrs. Spears' Books 1 and 3 tell you exactly how. Book 1 gives directions for fitting and finishing slip covers for chairs and davenports. Book 3 shows you how to make a pattern first; also how to arrange openings in covers for chairs of unusual types, and how to anchor slip covers so they will stay neatly in place. Books are 10 cents each. Send order to:

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Laziness Grows

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.—Judge Hale.

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Might of Moral Courage

Moral courage renders a man in the pursuit or defense of right superior to the fear of reproach, opposition, or contempt.—S. G. Goodrich.

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