



THE PAPERS OF PRIVATE PURKEY

Dear Ma—
Well, I guess maybe I will be tossed into the guard house again or shot or put peeling more potatoes (and I don't know which is worse). I got one of them post cards from the Sen. Wheeler First Committee and what I read in the newspapers about all the fuss being made about it makes me awful nervous. Only some good luck will save me. I wrote a note to the President like the Senator asked me to saying I was against getting into the European war. (I did not say positively though.) And I explained while I was against it I would go peacefully if ordered.

But even this was wrong and only a letter I just got from Nellie Petersen keeps me from a nervous breakdown. It seems I wrote a letter to Nellie the same time I wrote to Washington, and by mistake I put the letter about not getting into the war in Nellie's envelope and sent to Mr. Roosevelt the letter I meant for Nellie.

This would seem a good break I guess but I am not too sure because how will the President know? The letter he got just began "My Darling Nellie" and what will he think of a private calling his superior a name like that? In the very first sentence of the letter which he has it says "Remember all your promises to me my dear," and what is to keep him from thinking I am talking about the promises Nellie Petersen made to me about not dancing with Sergeant Mooney no more and about marrying me if I ever get through kitchen police duties.

I think that the letter which I sent to President Roosevelt by mistake also says I am holding him to every promise he made last year which means Nellie's promises about always being true to me and not the President's campaign promises but he will not know this I am afraid. I think I closed this letter with a line like "I am very serious about this, honey bunch, and if you go back on your word and try to two-time me in any way I will take no nonsense." You can see what a fix I am in, ma. Every time I see an officer coming my way I think General Marshall has sent for me.

I am in bad with Nellie two on account of she does not know what to make of the letter which she got from me and which was meant for the President. She says that I am a louse for ever writing it in the first place. Every time I have seen Nellie I have told her I was every inch a fighting man and that war held no terrors for me, no matter whether it was on home grounds or where, so I look pretty foolish to her writing a letter to the President that I am against any war that takes me far away from home.

Come what may, ma, I am in a tough spot and I feel two worried to write more now except to close saying I love you like always.
Your loving son,
Oscar.

Ima Dodo wants to do her part in the "V" campaign, so she is wearing a V-neck sweater.

TWEET! TWEET!
The St. George hotel at Bermuda is now occupied by the U. S. engineers corps, the picturesque Inverurie is occupied by the British contraband control, the Bermudian and Princess have been taken over by the censorship bureau and the Elbow Beach hotel will soon be occupied by U. S. navy officials. A good regulation honeymoon in that country seems pretty difficult just now.

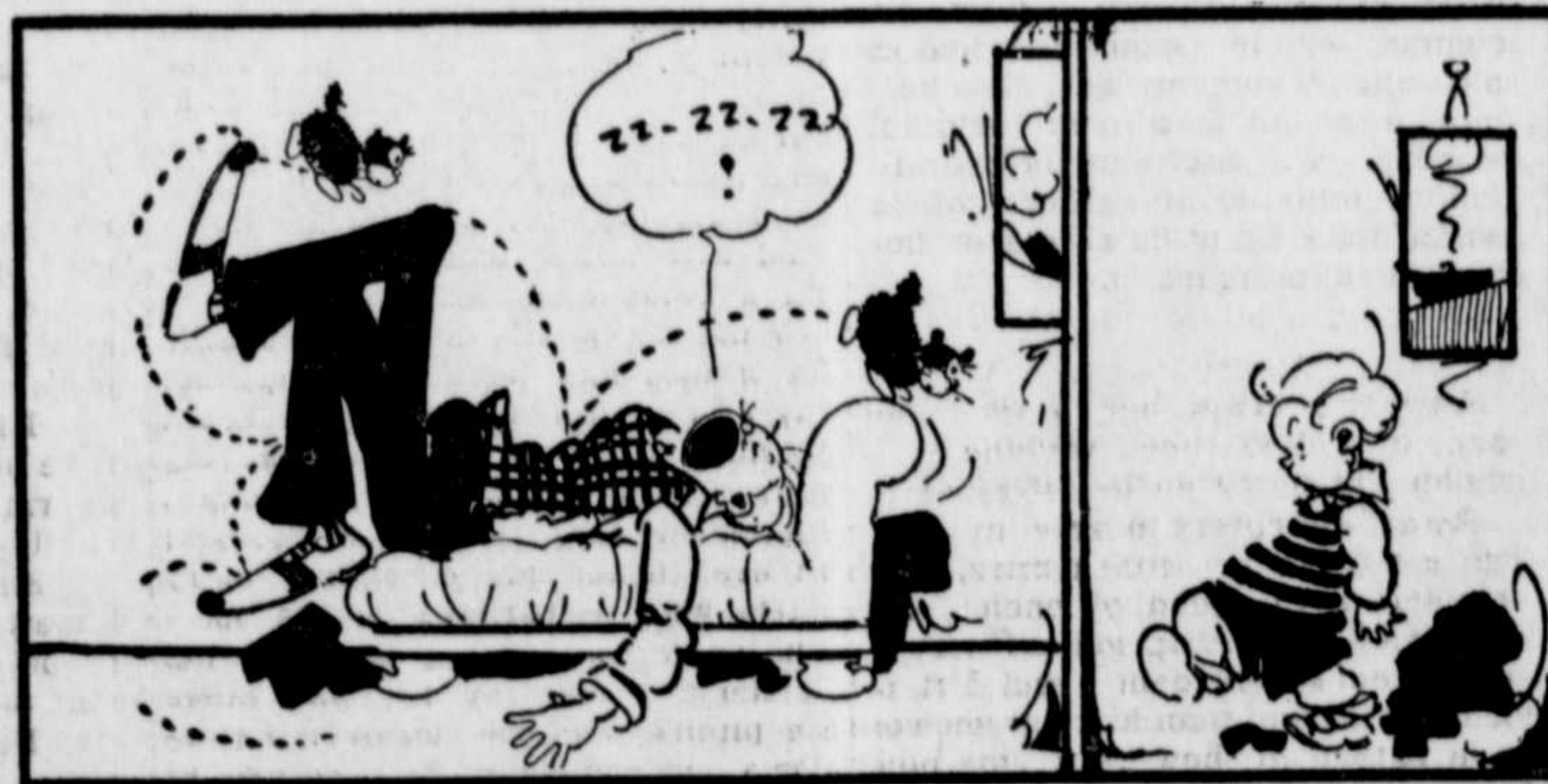
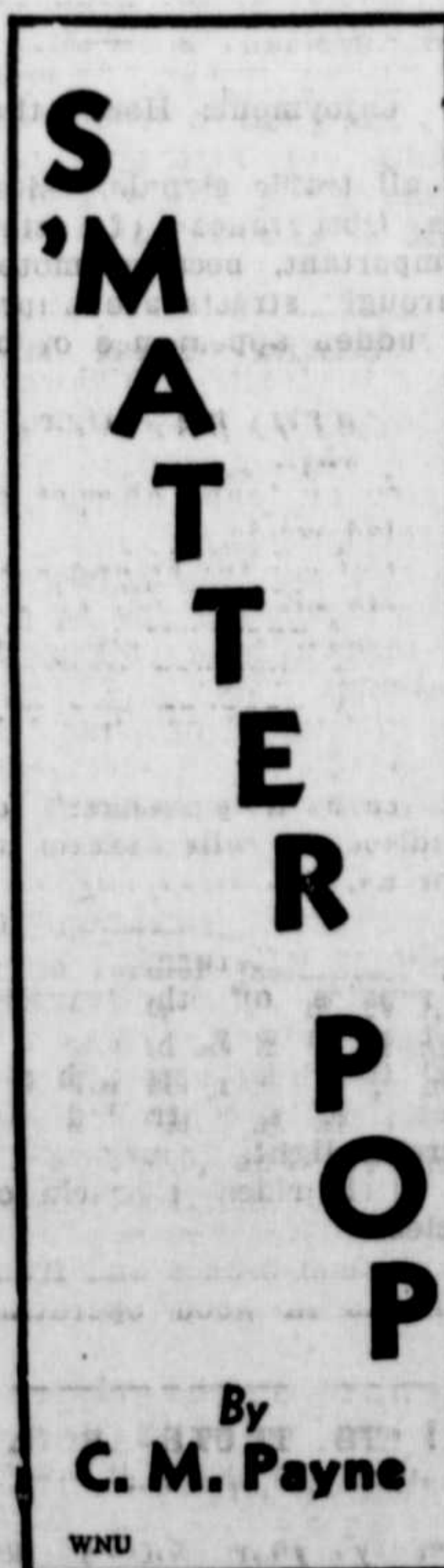
THE HONEYMOON IS OVER
The two lovebirds
Are having words;
No more you see 'em kissing;
She tried to cook
Meals from a book . . .
And Page 14 was missing!
—Merrill Chilcote.

LUCK
Luck and pluck go hand in hand,
Pluck is Luck's big brother;
Luck will never come along
Unless you bring the other.
—Gordon R. Higham.

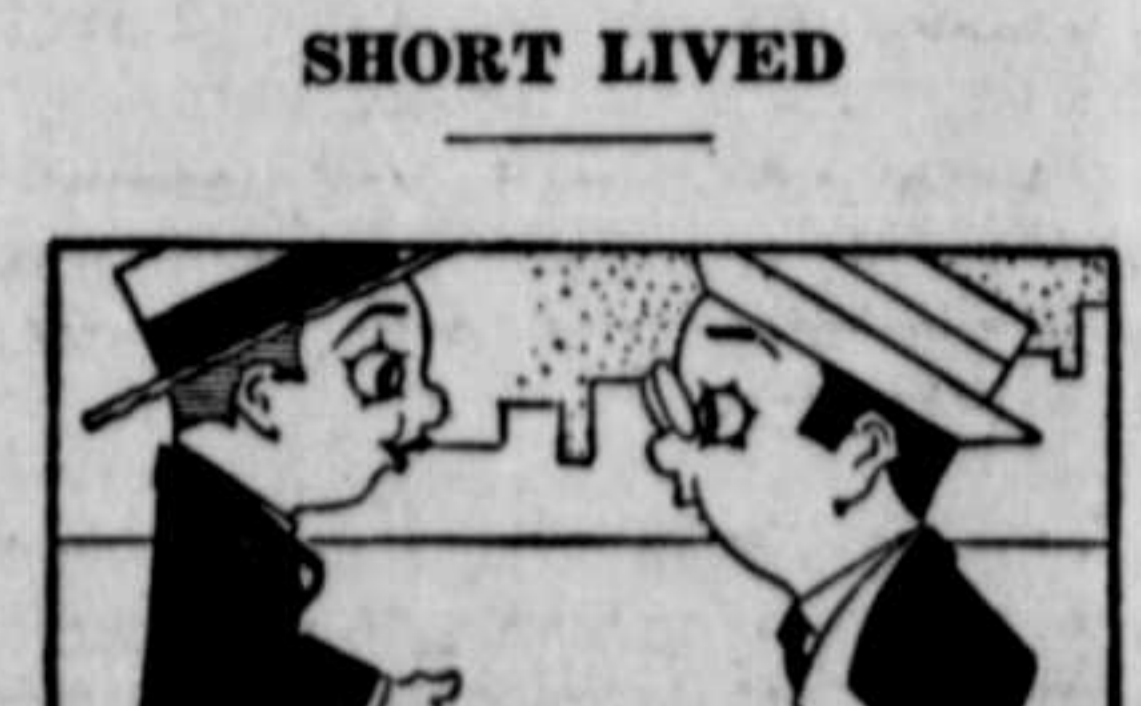
Smile by R. Roelofs Jr.—As patient as a chairman of a chess tournament.

Jumpy Julia, the most nervous guest at Ye Seaside Inn, hopes the gasoline economy drive begins with the outboard motor fanatics.

OUR COMIC SECTION



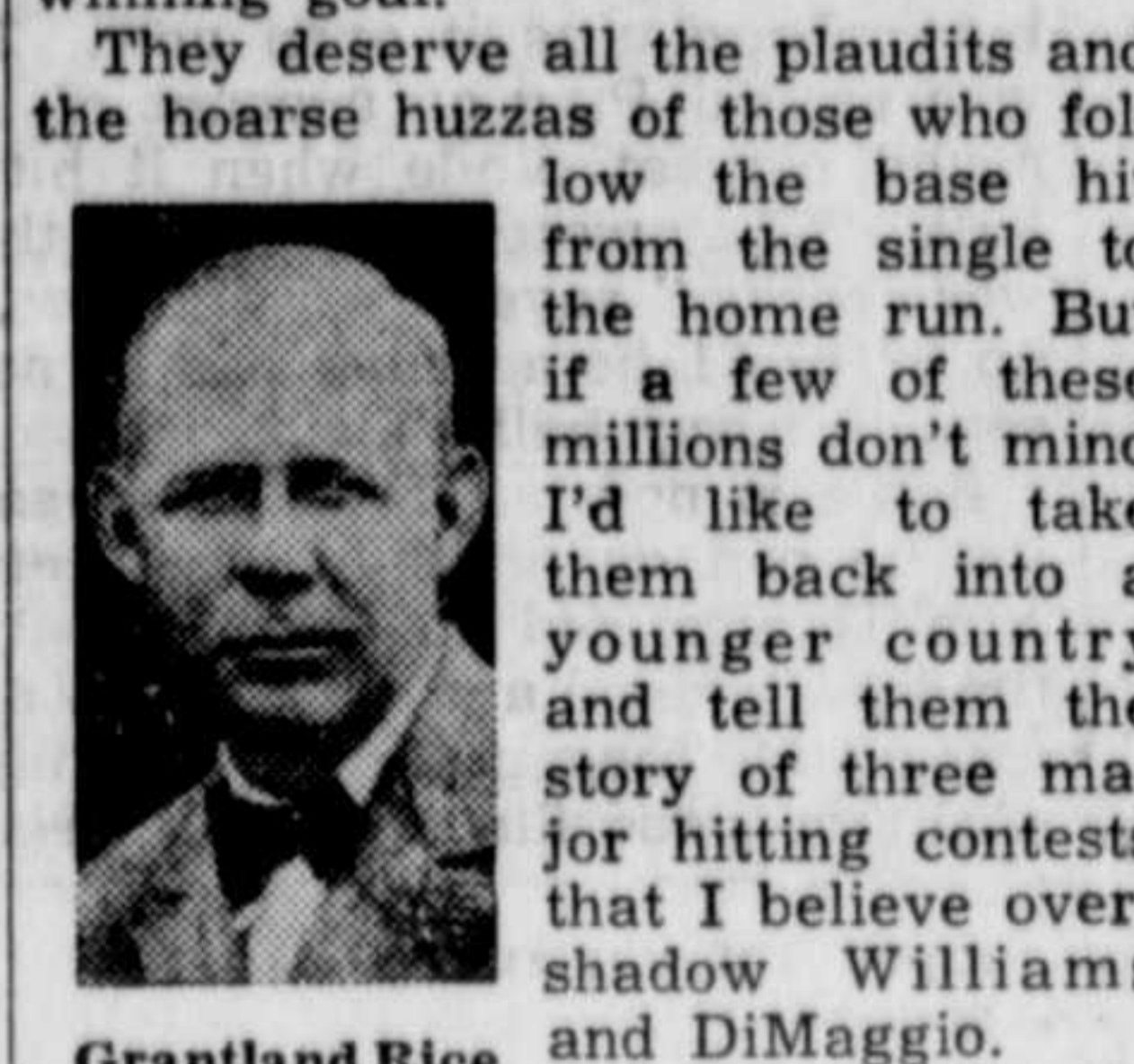
Imitate Kangaroo
A weak but ambitious young man once ventured to approach a great merchant and inquired, "May I ask you the secret of success?"
"There is no easy secret," replied the merchant. "You just jump at your opportunity."
"But how can I tell when my opportunity comes?"
"You can't," snapped the merchant. "You have to keep jumping until you stick."



"Fame is easier to gain than it used to be."
"Yes, but it isn't so lasting."



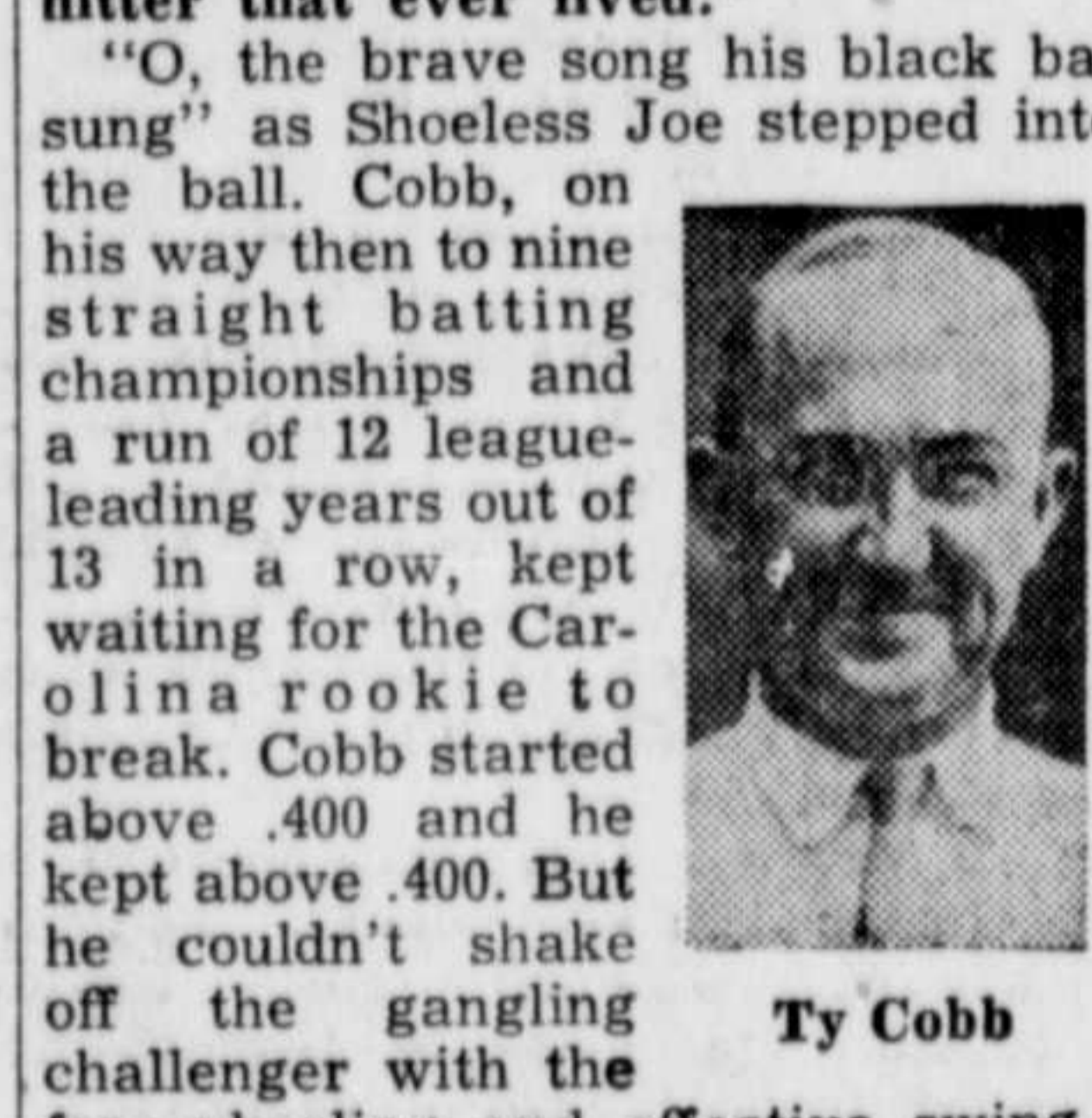
MILLIONS of those who follow baseball on the field or through the sporting pages of the country have become steamed up over the stretch batting battle between Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox and Joe DiMaggio of the New York Yankees. Here are the two great modern hitters, the ranking class of 1941 with 400 or thereabouts set as the winning goal.



They deserve all the plaudits and the hoarse huzzas of those who follow the base hit from the single to the home run. But if a few of these millions don't mind I'd like to take them back into a younger country and tell them the story of three major hitting contests that I believe overshadow Williams and DiMaggio.

Cobb-Jackson—1911

When the American league season of 1911 opened Ty Cobb, the Georgia Peach, had led his league four successive seasons. At the age of 25 he was just coming to his peak. The same year a tall, lanky entry from Brandon Mills, S. C., had reported to Cleveland from New Orleans. His name was Shoeless Joe Jackson. "The Carolina Crash-smith," picked by Cobb, Ruth and Speaker as "the greatest natural hitter that ever lived."



"O, the brave song his black bat sang" as Shoeless Joe stepped into the ball. Cobb, on his way then to nine straight batting championships and a run of 12 league-leading years out of 13 in a row, kept waiting for the Carolina rookie to break. Cobb started above 400 and he kept above 400. But he couldn't shake off the gangling challenger with the free-wheeling and effective swing.

And those were the days when Ed Walsh was spinning his famous "spitter" through—when they were using emery balls, and every type of fuzz to make the ball dip and skid and duck and slide.

About Jackson
Who was this rookie who could neither read nor write, who had gone shoeless in most of his earlier games, to challenge the great Cobb? Connie Mack had turned him back in 1908 and 1909. Cleveland had turned him back to New Orleans in 1910. Why, we'll never know. For his lowest average in those years had been .354.

Even a blind man could sense the lyrical smoothness of his swing. That year Shoeless Joe carried Ty Cobb to the wire. Ty finished at .420. Jackson, the rookie, at .408. Ty needed his greatest year to beat Jackson out.

Was Shoeless Joe merely a one-year fluke?
A year later Cobb found himself down the stretch, again batting above .400, with Jackson now in the lead. Jackson was .420. It was here that Ty, applying winning psychology, refused to speak to Jackson in a Detroit-Cleveland series and Shoeless Joe, wondering what he had done to offend a friend, fell into a brief slump.

At least this is the story of those days. In any event, Ty went on to win with an average of .410 against Jackson's .395.

In those two seasons the Shoeless Swinger had averaged .402 for his first two years in the majors, yet he couldn't lead the league.

Cobb and Speaker
Cobb had run into a close call years before against Larry Lajoie, the most graceful ball player of all time and one of the game's great hitters. But he came to the campaign of 1916 for his tenth consecutive shot at the batting championship. Today they rave about one year at the top.

Here was his chance to lead his league 10 straight years. Cobb went into a tailspin. He batted only .371 as Speaker finished at .386. He had been facing such pitching stars as Cy Young, Walter Johnson, Ed Walsh, Addie Joss, Rube Waddell, Eddie Plank, Chief Bender, Jack Coombs, Smoky Joe Wood—an amazing galaxy.

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In Memory's Caverns
Friends depart, and memory takes them to her caverns, pure and deep.—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

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Fear not the anger of the wise to raise; Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.—Pope.

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