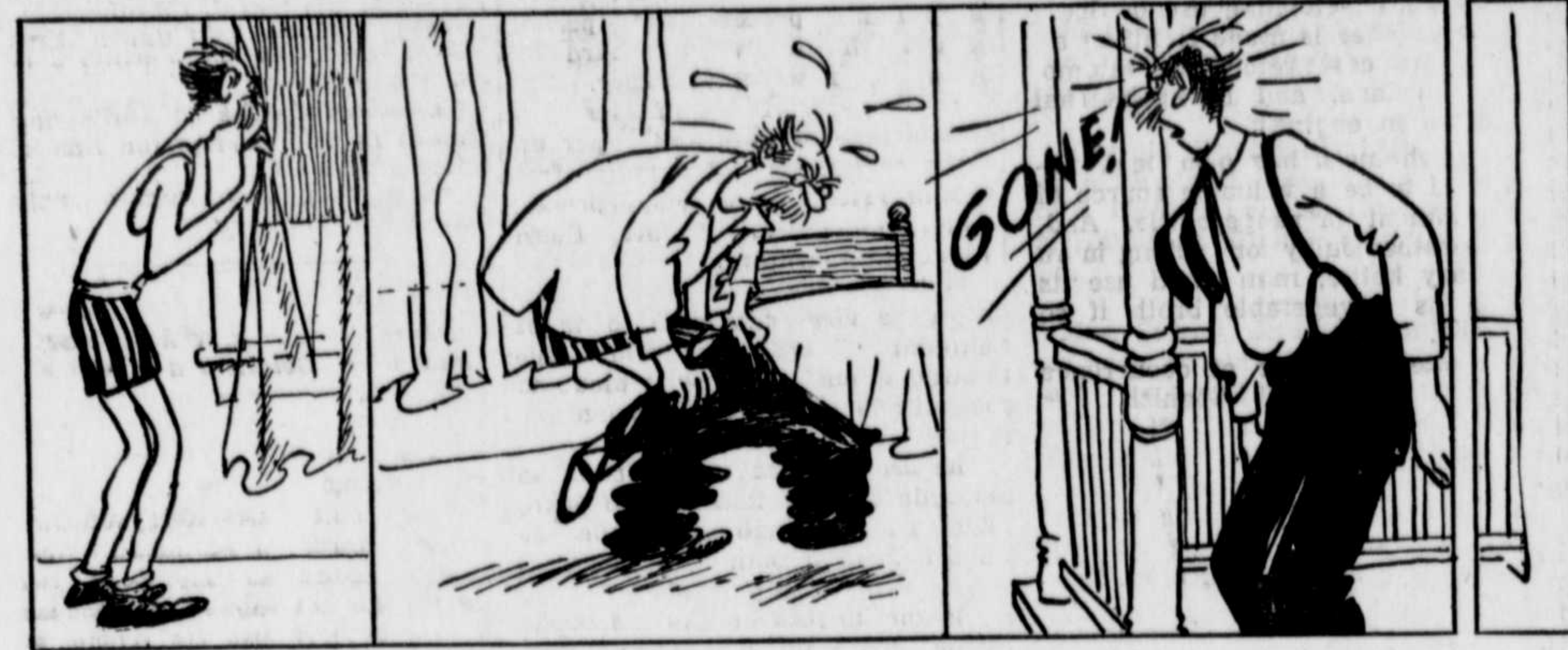
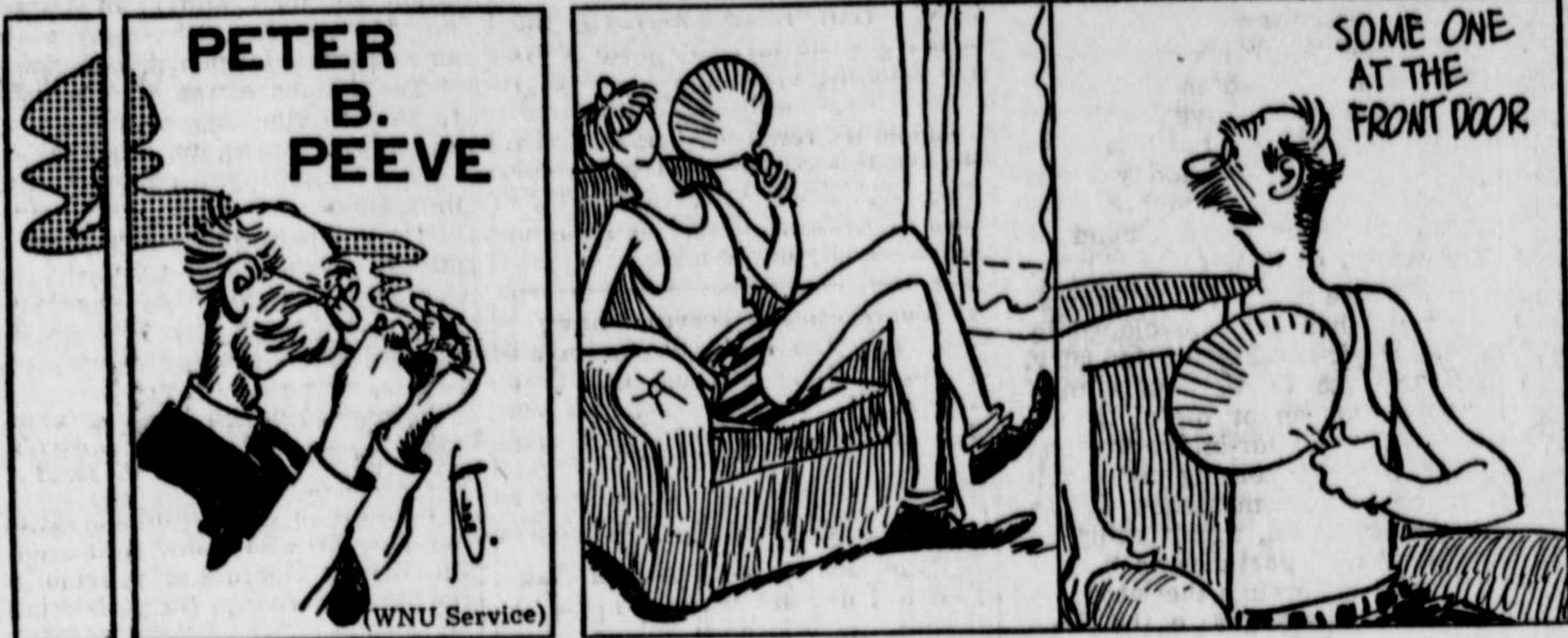


OUR COMIC SECTION



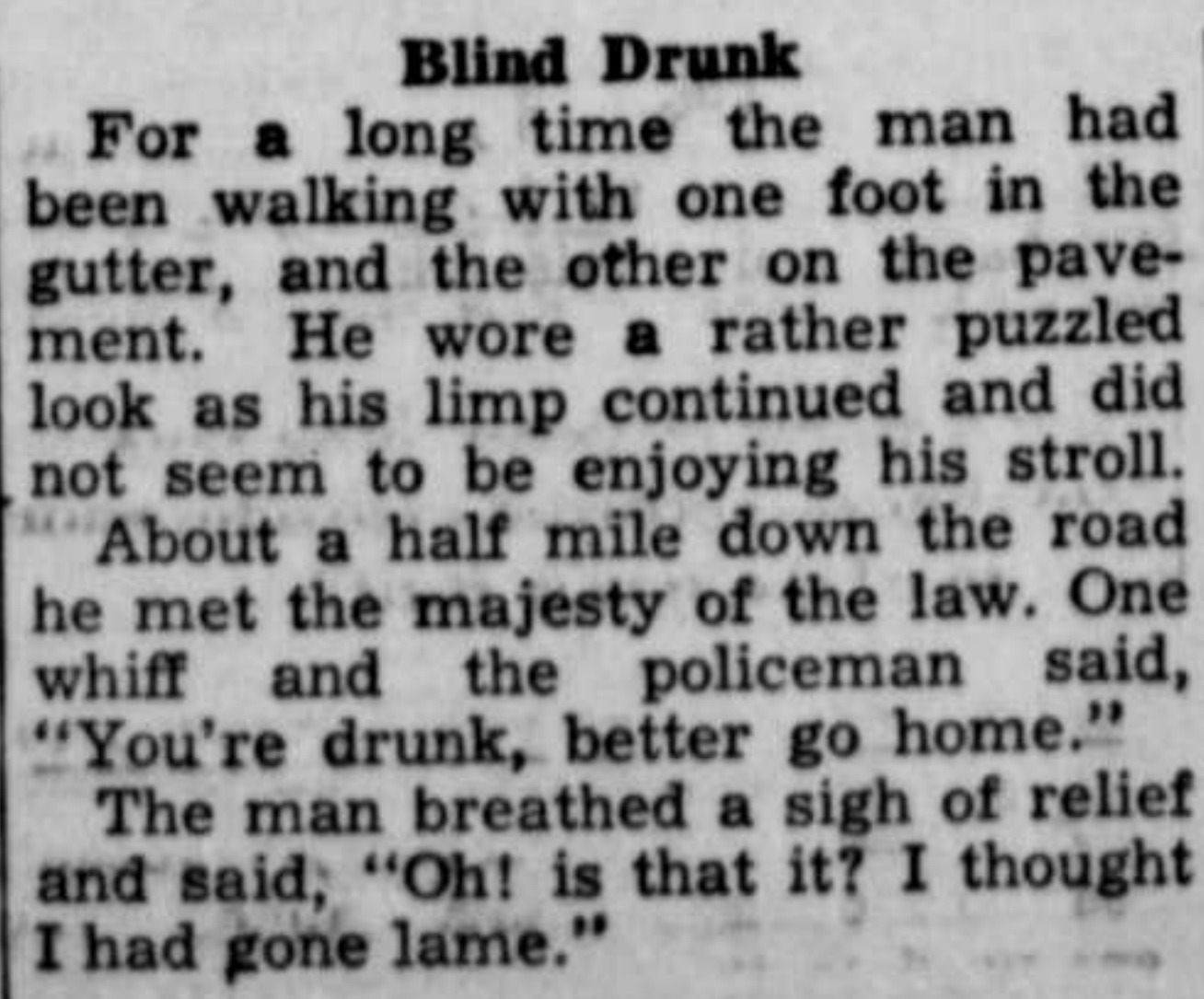
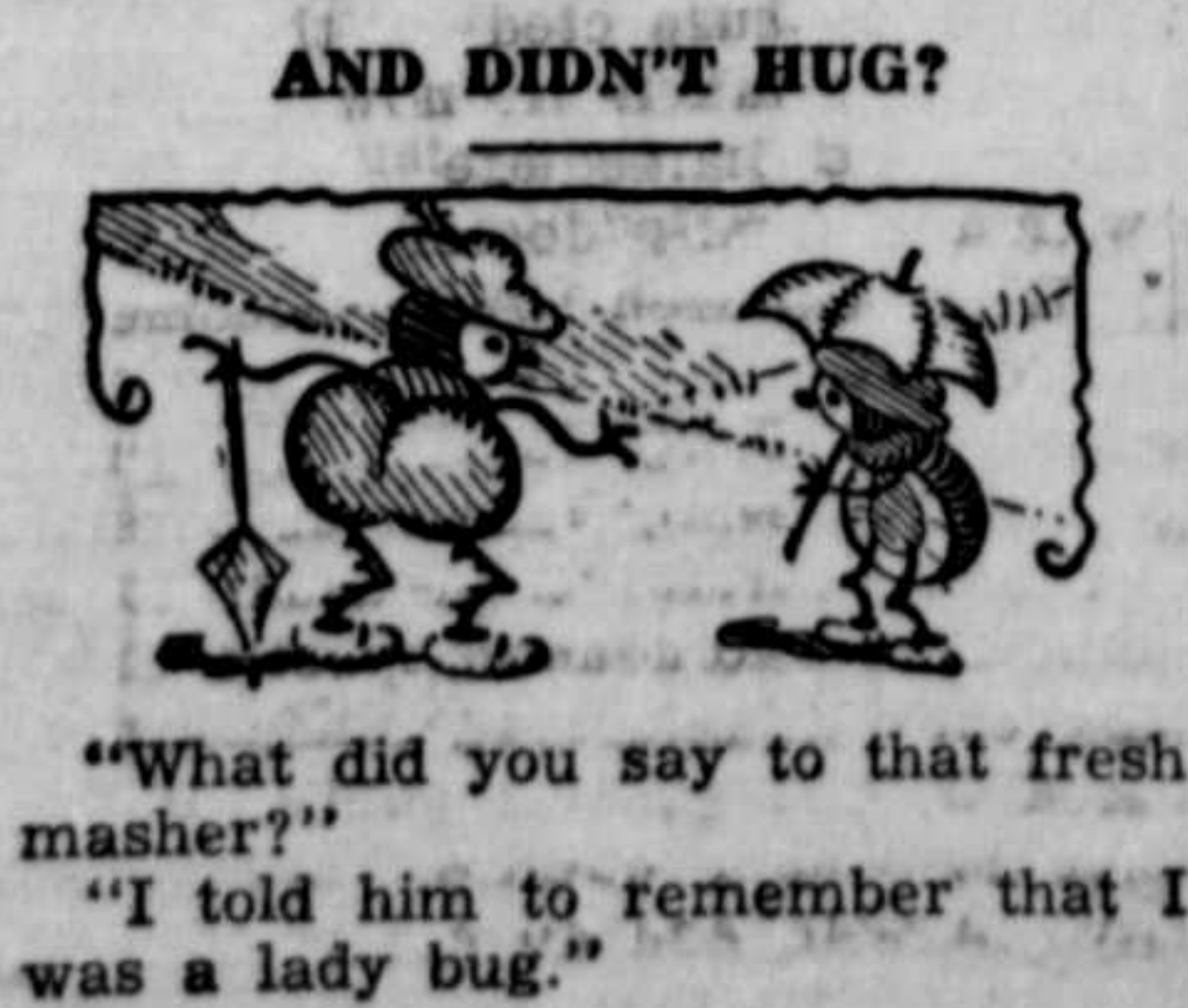
S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne



POP

By J. Miller Watt



PRIVATE PURKEY WRITES HIS GIRL-FRIEND

Dear Nellie—
This is just to explain again that I am awfully sorry about getting mixed up and sending to President Roosevelt the love letter I meant for you, and sending you the protest which I wrote for the President on account of a appeal from Senator Wheeler and which I wish I had ignored in the first place. Everybody has apologized in this matter now, including the Secretary of War and me.

Do not worry about what Mr. Roosevelt will think about getting a letter from me addressed to "Darling Nellie" and signed with two rows of kisses as he will know it was a error, and even if he did not know this he would be glad to get a letter from anybody these days that just expressed affection and not a lot of complaining. You say I never should of wrote no letter in response to the Wheeler postcard and I admit it, but I was just in a writing mood that day.

Well I wish I could see you often-er Nellie dear and if I ever get out of here I will marry you like I said but you can forget all that stuff about a little house in the country becuz after all the walking I have done all I want after this is a flat right near a subway or a block from the office so I will never have to do much on foot again for the rest of my life. You here a lot of talk about this being a mechanical war but you can't tell this to me with my feet in the shape they are in. It is no more a mechanical war so far as I can see than the Revolutionary War and my part in it is done just the same as at Valley Forge, except at Valley Forge the grounds was harder and there was not so many potatoes to peel.

What I would give to be back in civilyun life where people still get a vacation in August! If you had of told me last summer I would spend this summer without no vacation I would of said you was crazy. In a army you get twice as much work in the vacation season as any other time and if you ain't come to a boil by noon you ain't rated as in perfect shape. If a jeep looks cool and dry all the officers get together and discuss whether to give him some new injections, change his diet, put him in the guardhouse or work him harder, and the last always wins.

There has been a lot of rain lately and I do not know witch is the worse, summer mud or spring and autumn mud, but I gess summer mud is more exciting as there are more turtles and snakes in it. Whoever said there was few snakes in America was nuts. I even found one in my bunk. In some of the mud I have been doing manovers in lately I wood not be surprised to come up with a wild duck in my shoes. I got everything else in 'em, but my dogs is so numb they don't feel nothing no more.

Well, this is not much of a letter to you Nellie so I will close now just to say you are in my mind always even in the heat of mimic battle and that even at night when I am nursing my feet witch are so sore I ache all over I think of you dear.

With oceans of love,
Oscar.
P. S.—XXXXXXXXXX

ASSISTS

Some people think necessity is the mother of invention.

Hitler says he has the Russians running around in circles. In other words he thinks "The Mujik Goes 'Round and 'Round."

The Vichy regime has also come out against hunting in its accepted forms. From now on all hunters must belong to one club controlled by the government. Maybe this is a natural outcome of the widely circulated report that a member of the Vichy government went hunting recently and encountered a rabbit. Instead of putting up a fight against the bunny, he entered into a collaborative agreement, the tale runs.

Ima Dodo thinks the franking privilege has something to do with hot dogs.

EVER NOTICE IT?

If at cafes your meals you take, This trouble you must bear: No matter how you order steak, You get it BURNT or RARE!

Vichy has decided to prevent pharmacists from selling anything except medical supplies. Can this mean that Petain is about to blame the fall of France on drugstore sandwiches and apothecary shop coffee?

What America needs most is a committee to suppress committees.

Kathleen Norris Says: Silence Is More Than Ever Golden Now

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)



We are all talking, arguing, quarrelling too much just now, listening too much to reports and opinions which pour from our radios. Yet we all want two things—peace and security for all peoples.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

BATTLE OF WORDS

WHY not be one of the few, few women who are not talking too much these days, and see how refreshing it is to your soul just to be SILENT?

We're all talking, arguing, quarrelling too much just now; reading too many newspaper and magazine articles, quoting too many things half-correctly, listening much too often and too long to the often valueless and incorrect reports and opinions which pour from our radios.

Some of us think that if Britain loses this war the world will be lost. Both sides have always thought that in every war.

Some of us think that our best way to help ourselves and eventually Britain is to maintain America's traditional independence of European politics.

Some of us believe that America is strong enough to say she WILL help the little starving democracies with food, rather than meekly asking if she may. Others feel that temporary wrong must be done to the innocent to hasten the day of victory and peace for all.

Even Families Are Divided.

Some of us believe that practically every person we know is a Communist, Bundist, Nazi-list, pacifist, isolationist, interventionist, spy, anti-Semite, appeaser, war-monger or plain idiot. Families which have been long united are divided now; voices which have always been gentle and good-natured are raised in angry dispute.

This is the first-fruit of war, that it shall penetrate even into the quietest homes and bring the misery of its great hates and fears with it. When a great war bursts it scatters its fragments everywhere, and there is no escaping them.

But if the members of your family and your close friends and the associates you see every day are honest; if each one of them truly believes what he says, then try your best to understand—or at least to forgive without understanding, the difference of opinion which seems to you so stupid and so perverse.

Workers Always Needed.

"Bill can do anything with his hands," a young wife said to me the other day, "and I'm an experienced cook. You don't know how safe it makes us feel! No matter what happens, or how far down America goes for awhile, they'll always need carpenters and plumbers and cooks. We lived once on \$15 a week, and we could do it again, and raise the babies, too. Oh, I don't mean that it would be all easy!" said this little philosopher courageously, "but there'd be lots of fun and excitement along the way, and in a country as big and as rich as ours we know eventually we're all going to emerge into a Golden Age."

"With courage and youth and capability like yours," I thought, "you haven't anything to fear!"

America has nothing to fear. She'll solve her own problems, and presently be called upon to help solve the problems of the world.

For we all want two things today: peace and security for all the peoples of the world. This is an axiomatic truth; there should be no need to state it. And yet we lose sight of it when we begin talking. The peoples of Russia, Italy, England, France, Germany, and our own peo-

BATTLE OF WORDS

War flames rage in many European countries and their heat cause emotional blood pressures of Americans and others, to rise when they try to discuss fault, effect and so on. Miss Norris cautions women in particular, to talk less and listen more. To remember that no amount of argument can change the other's view, no more than their own. She warns that divided opinions between families and friends, when expressed too often and with too much certainty causes trouble that could easily be avoided with a little restraint, to the great benefit of all. War touches all homes and all peoples, and she advises prayer and work as the antidote with a great measure of silence, when a discussion grows too warm. She unites all the peoples of the world under a common banner when she writes, "All want peace and security, security from hunger, enforced idleness, social injustices and security from war, that is peace."

ple, want only these two good things. Peace and security. Security from hunger, enforced idleness, social injustice, and the security from war that is peace.

Work Instead of Talk.

There is great hope, there is a glimpse of God's eventual triumph in the fact that we are all genuinely and fundamentally in harmony on these points. And since that is so, will you not join that small but increasing group of women who DON'T TALK?

They work. They help with food and clothes and knitting and money. And they pray, which is the real help of all. But they've stopped talking. They've lifted themselves into a zone of higher vision, trying to see the world of tomorrow, and finding it a better world. A world in which, whoever wins—and no nation ever really wins a war!—there will be a fairer life for everyone; unemployment done away with forever, slums cleaned and changed, and the earth and the air and the seas dedicated only to the services of peace.

We will live to see that world. Dictators dead; nations gradually regaining their old boundaries and their old entities; and victors and victims alike awakened to realize that no good ever came of wars, that there are fair and honest ways of settling international differences without war.

Wisdom in Being Silent.

We can actually hurry that day by withdrawing from violent and excited speech now. And as any talk of public affairs is apt to grow violent and excited, the real wisdom lies in retreating into a dignified, friendly silence. Listening, nodding perhaps, permitting oneself a somewhat dubious expression perhaps, but not entering into the word battles which are only an echo of the real battles overseas.

Try this plan anyway. Be the girl in the office, or the woman at the club meeting, who listens. Even if you know all the answers, refrain from giving them. While you are listening, lift your heart to God. If you can't think of any longer prayer, repeat in your soul the words of the one prayer given us by the Prince of Peace himself. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." For peacemakers are called the children of God.