

## Pinwheel Favorite With the Crocheter



532  
THE Pinwheel, all-time favorite makes this large lovely square a must for every crocheter. Used singly or joined they're exquisite.

This crochet glorifies all rooms. No. 30 cotton makes 12 inch square, use heavier for 16 inch. Pattern 532 has directions; stitches.

Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.  
82 Eighth Ave. New York  
Enclose 20 cents for Pattern.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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## KID O'Sullivan Says

"Get O'Sullivan SOLES" as well as  
Heels next time you have your  
shoes repaired.



THEY PUT SPRING  
INTO YOUR  
STEP!  
AMERICA'S  
No. 1 HEEL  
...and sole

## BUILD UP RED BLOOD TO GET MORE STRENGTH

If your blood LACKS IRON!  
You girls and women who suffer so from  
simple anemia that you're pale, weak,  
"dragged out"—this may be due to lack  
of blood-iron. So try Lydia E. Pinkham's  
TABLETS—one of the best home ways  
to build up red blood—in such cases.  
Pinkham's Tablets are one of the great-  
est blood-iron tonics you can buy! At  
all drugstores. Worth trying!

## You Go to Bed TO SLEEP —NOT TO FRET

Ever notice how small  
troubles look big to you  
and greater troubles  
seem crushing when  
nervous tension keeps  
you awake at night?  
You can't be at your  
best mentally or physi-  
cally unless you get  
sufficient sleep.

Miles Nervine has  
helped thousands to  
more restful nights and  
more peaceful days.  
Ask your druggist for  
Miles Nervine. CAU-  
TION—use only as di-  
rected. Effervescent  
tablets, 35c and 75c  
—Liquid, 25c and \$1.00.  
Miles Laboratories,  
Inc., Elkhart,  
Indiana.

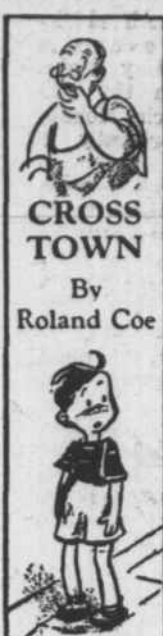


## BOBBY SOX

By  
Marty Links



"Dad, can I establish a drawing account on my weekly allowance?"



## CROSS TOWN

By  
Roland Coe



"Until you learn the difference between a zinnia and a weed you can keep that hoe out of my flower bed."

## NANCY

GOODNESS,  
THIS HEAT  
IS AWFUL

WOW!... WHAT A NICE  
COOL BREEZE COMING  
UP HERE

I MUST  
GET  
SLUGGO



By Ernie Bushmiller

## MUTT AND JEFF

JEFF WHO ARE  
YOU WAVING  
TO?

I'M WAVING TO  
MY GIRL, ENCEE,  
WHO IS WAVING  
TO ME FROM  
HER WINDOW!

YOU'VE BEEN  
WAVING HERE  
OVER AN  
HOUR!

YEH, SINCE  
ENCEE'S PAPA  
HAS FORBIDDEN  
ME TO SEE HER  
WE ARRANGED A  
CODE OF SIGNALS!

SEE, NOW SHE'S  
WAVING TO ME,  
"JEFF, DO YOU  
LOVE ME?"

WHAT ARE  
YOU WAVING  
BACK?

NOW, I'M  
WAVING  
BACK.

WHAT OTHER  
QUESTIONS  
DO YOU  
WANT ASK?



By Bud Fisher

## LITTLE REGGIE

DRAT IT! WHERE  
DID MY BALL  
GO?

BAH!

AH! THERE  
IT IS!



By Margarita

## JITTER



By Arthur Pointer

## REG'AR FELLERS

I PROMISED  
T' TAKE MISSUS  
VAN LIPP'S PEKE  
OUT FOR A WALK WHILE  
SHE'S AWAY—I'M  
GETTIN' A BUCK!

OH YAWSS!  
YOU'LL FIND THE  
H'ANIMAL ALREADY—  
IN THE FOURTH  
DRAWING ROOM  
TO THE LEFT!

GOSH  
WHAT A JOINT!  
AN' THERE'S LITTLE  
SOUPMEAT—OR  
WHATEVER THEY  
CALL HIM!



By Gene Byrnes

## VIRGIL

YES—I'LL GO TO THE  
MOVIE WITH YOU—  
IF YOU TAKE ME TO  
THE PALACE—NOT  
THE BIJOU

PSSST!

YOU LOOK LIKE AN  
INTELLIGENT YOUNG  
BUSINESS MAN—  
WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO DOUBLE  
YOUR MONEY?



By Len Kleis

## SILENT SAM



By Jeff Hayes



## THE PSYCHIATRIST AND THE WORLD

("Psychiatry may play an important part  
in world peace, United Nations World  
Health Organization is told.")—News Item)

Doctor (looking at the battered  
world) — Now just relax and be  
perfectly candid with me. I want  
to find out what's the matter with  
you.

World — Can you find anything  
that ain't?

Doctor — It's all a matter of psy-  
chiatry, I think; just a matter of  
reviewing your past life.

World — Reviewing my past will  
be no help, doc. It only makes me  
feel worse.

Doctor — Just leave that to me.  
Now we've got to find out what has  
made you act the way you do. Did  
anything ever happen to you as a  
child? Did you ever fall out of your  
high chair?

World — I couldn't say for cer-  
tain. But I've been falling out of it  
ever since!

Doctor — I ask that because I ob-  
serve many bruises on your head.

World — You should see the ones  
in some other places!

Doctor — Was your home life  
marked by violence at any period?

World — Sometimes I don't feel  
that I had any home life; it seems  
that I was always on horseback or  
on an army truck.

Doctor — Did you as a child feel  
frustrated, unable to express your-  
self, balked in attaining your de-  
sires?

World — One time when I  
showed up with gun powder, which  
was really a lovely plaything, they  
bawled me out sumpin' awful. I got  
licked for that, too.

Doctor — Clear as a bell! They  
filled your young mind with the  
feeling of frustrations. Your  
natural development was thwarted.  
I'll bet they even objected when  
you played with poison gas.

World — Yep. What a row they  
made. I remember they said I  
would come to no good end and  
might even wind up as the kind of  
boy who would throw atom bombs.

Doctor — Just as I thought! You  
were never allowed to express your-  
self fully! You became an intro-  
vert, a duplexvert and possibly a  
nincomvert.

World — Yeah! Ain't parents  
awful?

(This settles everything. The psychia-  
trist promises to fix him up in no time.  
All he has to do is to let himself go, shake  
off all inhibitions, regard himself as mas-  
ter of his fate, take some new vitamins,  
and come in every Tuesday between wars).

## Four Years Later

("Guadalcanal invaded four years ago  
this month.")—News item.)

From the dead of Tanembogo,  
From Tulagi's sandy graves  
And through Lunga's battered palm  
trees

And from shallow, fetid caves  
Come the voices of our heroes  
Like a challenge tensely hurled,  
"What about them lofty speeches?  
"How's about that better world?"

Gaunt, gray ghosts of valiant young-  
sters—

Kids who made the sacrifice—  
Stir beneath the palm fronds ask-  
ing

"Caneha make it worth the price?  
What of goods for which we battled?  
What of dreams that made us glad?  
And the world can merely whisper,  
"Would we had the answer, lad!"

## QUITE A GIRL!

"SITUATION WANTED — Young  
woman, eager to be world citizen,  
seeks work abroad, preferably on  
continent. Secretary, script writer,  
radio actress, charm lecturer, fash-  
ion model. Attractive, educated,  
alert to unusual. Box 425 Q."—Sat-  
urday Review.

If she could only do the laundry  
and give bird calls!

A West Haven, Conn., man, John Spah-  
enberg, has developed the winner of a  
chicken-of-tomorrow nation-wide elimina-  
tion contest. It weighs almost four pounds  
at the age of 14 weeks. Now if something  
will be done toward smaller potatoes we  
may get a good chicken pie.

## Voice of Old Time Ball Fans

This makes us feel old, wizened  
wrecks:  
Those views of Ty Cobb in specs.

"OPA Raises Price of Bread"—  
headline.

What goes? We thought OPA was  
for keeping down the costs of liv-  
ing. First it authorizes the smaller  
loaf; now it ups the charge. We  
have an idea for a profitable busi-  
ness: A detective agency protect-  
ing bread boxes in any home.

John B. Steelman has refused to  
approve another wage raise for  
lumber workers. His reply in effect  
is "Kneels to you!"



## Portlight by GRANTLAND RICE

THERE seems to be a wide diver-  
gence of opinion as to whether  
the rabid fanatic is entitled to boo  
a good ball player on an off day  
and feed him the Old Bronx Cheer  
in his time of trouble. As you may  
know, there are two sides to every  
argument, the same as a plank.  
Usually both are just as wooden,  
leading nowhere, but in this case  
the argument at hand is a big part  
of baseball.

Booing a visiting or hostile play-  
er is another matter. This is often  
a tribute to the  
damage said play-  
er has slipped to  
the home club.

The argument we  
are taking up here  
concerns the ethi-  
cal side in riding  
the home athlete  
when he is in the  
process of cavort-  
ing on the soapy  
chute, otherwise  
known as a slump.

The fan's argument is that as  
long as he pays his entrance fee  
and the game is offering him no  
particular thrill for the money in-  
vested, he has a perfect right to  
pick up his enjoyment and enter-  
tainment over another route, which  
is letting the erring or futile ball  
player know just what the fan thinks  
about him.

The fan has a good case here as  
long as he doesn't move into per-  
sonal invective, involving the play-  
er's ancestry and his present  
family, which often happens. The  
only half-way shock I ever picked  
up over a booing incident occurred  
many years ago when Pittsburgh  
fans started riding Bonus Wagner.

Wagner was then in his 41st year.  
He had been an outstanding star  
for over 20 seasons. He had given  
millions as many thrills as any  
ball player had ever displayed up  
to the reign of Babe Ruth, the all-  
time thrill king. His brilliant work  
at short with his bushel-basket  
hands, his great base running, his  
tremendous hitting through two de-  
cades seemed to be quite enough  
to allow for a few lapses in his fad-  
ing days.

## Home and Visiting Boos

But the theme song of the base-  
ball crowd is: "It isn't what you  
used to be — it's what you are  
today." Just what the Flying Dutch-  
man thought of the vocal raspber-  
ries thrown his way no one ever  
will know. But I've figured ever  
since that if a home crowd could  
boo Wagner, no one else should be  
immune.

Ball players tell me they have  
no feeling about being booed in hos-  
tile hamlets. I know John McGraw  
relished the dislike he deliberately  
built up in Chicago, St. Louis and  
other cities away from New York.  
I've heard Matty booed in New  
York — but not McGraw, although  
he may have been.

The swiftest and most effective  
reaction to booing from a rival  
crowd came from Cobb years ago.  
Ray Chapman, Cleveland short-  
stop, had just been killed by Carl  
Mays in a Yankee game. Cobb had  
been quoted in an interview de-  
nouncing Mays. Cobb denied the  
interview with considerable fervor.

The next day, appearing with the  
Tigers against the Yankees, Ty  
took a terrific vocal lathering from  
some 35,000 Yankee fans. "It's  
no fun," Cobb told me that night,  
"to be booed, hissed and cursed by  
35,000 American citizens."

But in place of curling up or  
growing sour, Cobb stepped out that  
day and got four hits, stole two or  
three bases, scored several runs  
and broke up the ball game. The  
answer is that the big crowd was  
cheering him in his last time up.

## Showing Up the Mob

This seems to be the best answer.  
The best reply to a boo or a vocal  
cataclysm of hate and derision is  
to show up the maudlin mob of  
goat-getters. You rarely hear them  
booing a fellow who is making  
good. No ball player ever took the  
terrific vocal riding Babe Ruth ab-  
sorbed in the Yankee-Cub world  
series years ago when he came to  
bat against Jack Root in Chicago.  
Packed stands howled and yelled  
and called Babe names they  
wouldn't print in the press of pur-  
gatory. Ty's Babe applied even viler  
epithets, one against 45,000, as he  
pointed to the center field flag pole.  
That was the most famous home  
run Babe ever hit in his collec-  
tion of more than 700.

"All I know about it," the Babe  
told me later, "is that ball was  
kinder egg-shaped or flattened out  
after they found it."

## Problem of 1947

We have been talking recently  
with a number of managers  
not club owners or ball players,  
about the 1947 baseball season. One  
of the smartest told me this—with  
the amazing increase in attend-  
ance, with the aftermath of the  
Mexican league and the union ar-  
rival, ball players for 1947 are go-  
ing to demand big pay increases.  
"A good many of these deserve  
such increases," the manager said.