

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Lane,

You will undoubtedly think it very strange, but I will say to you that it is only lately that I have been reading your "Letter Box" department. Formerly, I thought that it was largely put in as sort of an advertisement, but one day I started to glance through that department, and soon found myself lost in the views of fans from all over the country.

Since then I have determined to write a letter to your magazine myself and state several personal opinions, some of which are the foregoing statements.

Perhaps the best feature of your magazine is the publicity it gives to men who, while they have always been stars in their field, have never received the recognition due them. Such men as these are Reulbach, Crawford, Carey, Maisel, Hinchman, and scores of others.

While I am "going good" I wish to state emphatically that it is beyond my power of comprehension to see how anyone, whether prejudiced or otherwise, can fail to see that in Tyrus Cobb baseball has produced its greatest player of all time. In my neighborhood are several fans who argue for such players as Speaker, Collins, Jackson, Lange, and Wagner as the greatest men who ever wore the diamond spikes. Far be it from me to discredit these super players, but, great as they are, who can point to a record like Cobb's. Cobb thrives on competition. About three years ago Jackson seemed to be walking away with the batting leadership of the league, but when Jackson finished the season with the wonderful average of .408 Cobb was ahead of him with .420. And the next year Cobb batted .410.

About the only place where a player may have anything on the "Georgia Peach" is in fielding. Speaker is everywhere acknowledged to be the peer of outfielders, but Cobb more than makes up for this in his base-running and uncanny ability to put an opposing team up in the air. An ardent fan living next to me saw Cobb pull the following stunt.

In a game against the Athletics Cobb was on first, and Shawkey was in the box for Philadelphia. Suddenly Cobb started walking down to second, pointing at Shawkey and shouting "Balk, balk!" Shawkey stood looking stupidly at Cobb, and then at the umpire, until the foxy Tyrus was safe at second. Cobb and the umpire then gave Shawkey the merry "ha, ha."

Cobb subsequently scored, and the run was due directly to his unusually clever ruse. Doubtless there are thousands of other fans who remember the game in mention.

Of course I realize that the majority of players, scribes and fans pick Cobb as the greatest of all time, but it seems to irritate me whenever I hear anybody claiming the record for another player. This question is not a matter of opinion either, for the facts and figures bear out every statement offered in Cobb's behalf.

With best regards to you, your co-workers and wishing success to your magazine, I beg to remain

Respectfully yours,

C. LEWIS.