

Cutting the Corners — By W. R. Hoefler

*OH, some will pick the Red Sox
And some will back the Cubs
To cop the Series tussle
Of the pennant winning clubs.
But as for my opinion,
The winners that I choose
Are the ticket speculators
Those babies never lose.*

A LOTTA guys are betting on the Boston Red Sox to trim the Cubs because Boston has never lost a world series. Dangerous dope. Goliath never lost a scrap.....until little David slipped the K. O. over; Sullivan never dropped a purse.....until Corbett beat him; and many a chap never lost a decision.....until he got married.

HOWJA like to be the Cub pitcher in the world series and have the sacks crowded, Boston a coupla tallies in the rear, the bleachers howling like mad.... and Bad 'Babe' Ruth ambling toward the platter, huh? Oh, lady.

THE Series, the Series!
Oh gosh, it's here again.
And every expert baseball guy
Has trundled out his pen
To tell us all the wherefores,
The whiches and the whys
About the famous Series
And who will cop the prize.
And when of experts' doping
I've had my baseball fill
I learn, one club will surely win;
If not, the other will.



WHEN Johnson's fast one has no smoke; and Tyrus Cobb is thru,
When 'Babe' Ruth's bat is just a joke
and Nick Altrock feels blue;
When baseball magnates cease their scraps
and actors can burn jokes;
And when we see some cheerful maps upon
the umpire blakes.

* * * *

*Perhaps when these things all take place
The Yanks will cop a pennant race.*

Diamond Dust — Clarence Walker

HIS front name is Clarence, but, if it were Ike, or Paddy or Terrance or Oscar or Mike it wouldn't affect Walker's fielding a bit or alter his batting, for Clarence can hit. Tris Speaker is faster in filling the bill and how he can plaster that little round pill; but, Clarence himself is a bird with a punch and is up in the front with the outfielding punch. A right handed batter, he slings the same way and up at the platter is apt to get gay and clout for the circuit with men on the sacks for Clarence is fond of his long distance cracks. He pulls fancy catches on long outfield blows and frequently snatches the pill from his toes; he chases and scampers around on his beat and wearies and hampers the base runners, fleet. 'Tis true, gentle reader, that Clarence can't kiss the onion as often as Tyrus or Tris, but Tilly is spry and can trek o'er the ground and is quite a live guy to have hanging around. Oh his front name is Clarence, but don't start a fuss with his well meaning parents for naming him this. If his handle was Peter or Otto or Jack, 'twould make him no fleeter when stealing a sack. If his folks named him Eddie or Russel or Sam, he'd be no more ready to make a long slam. As Rudolph or Austen he'd play just the same in Philly or Boston. For, what's in a name?



SHERMAN SAID SOMETHING*

WHEN you gotta send the editor some stuff—and your tent is right near the drill grounds—and you're trying to think of a word to rhyme with Wambsgans—and all you can hear is the leather lunged drill sergeant yelling "Column left, March"—"one, two, hip, hip, hip, hip," "to the rear, march, hip, hip," "squads right about, march," "hey youget in step,"—and when, just as you find your word, the street sergeant digs you outa your tent to shoot you on a detail pulling stumps during your rest period, with the thermometer at 105 degrees and you hafta cut out writing and start sweating—well, when that kinda stuff happens, don't it make you think that Sherman was a wise guy? You said it.

KINDA looks like the fourth inning, with the Crown Prince being batted outa the lot, the Huns ten runs behind, and Manager Kaiser Bill praying for rain.

NO wonder the Clown Prince still likes warfare. He gets about as close to the trenches as the St. Louis clubs get to a World Series.

*W. R. Hoefler has enlisted as a private in the U. S. Army.

'CAUSE I'M IN THE ARMY NOW
OH, I'm longing to be at the old ball yard;

But I gotta go out and drill.
I wanna be out there, rootin' hard,
But I gotta get out and drill.

I'd like to be jammed with the bleacher mob
Lampin' 'Babe' Ruth and Cravath and
™ Cobb

But the doggone seargent is on the job
And I gotta get out and drill.

Gee, I wanna see Coombs and Gregg and Schupp

But they've slipped me the old K. P.*
I'm itching to lamp 'em warning up;
But they're warming me up on K. P.

I'm longing to see any baseball stunts,
A screaming two-bagger, strike-outs or bunts

But I'm far away from the pennant hunts.

A striking out on K. P.

(*Note—K. P. —Kitchen Police.)

Gosh, I crave for a Big League steak right now

But we're gonna have beans again.

I'd hock my soul for a Big Time chow

But we're gonna have beans again.

Gee, I'd swop a leg and an eye, I swear

To sit at my eats in a blooming chair

But I gotta squat in the sand out there

Where I get them beans again.

