

Fun for the Whole Family



THOUGHTS ON HORSE RACING

Horse racing is a form of competition between horses to determine what shape the customers are in.

It is a demonstration in durability for all participants except the horses.

It is a type of sport that combines all the features of a subway jam, a food riot, a Christmas shopping rush and a panic in the madhouse.

A man can get the same sensations in any subway station during the rush hour for a nickel. And in addition he won't have to listen to any tips that the local can beat the express if the smart money is up.

Racing is proof of the claim that, for a chance to lose \$2 swiftly, a man will undergo all known forms of inconvenience and torture, provided they are endured in an aroma of steamed frankfurters, beer, B.O. and fresh roasted peanuts.

Once horse racing may have been the Sport of Kings. But the proletariat has taken over. If a king gets to his seat today with no ribs broken you know he had the king's horses running interference for him.

Where once a few thousand persons spent leisurely afternoons, tens of thousands today blitz the tracks, panting, popeyed and perspiring as they reproduce Custer's Last Fight with the tomahawking done in technicolor.

When pari mutuels stepped into American racing brotherly love, order, dignity, common sense and laws regarding mayhem flew out the window. Window is right!

We used to go to the track now and then for recreation. Now we go a couple of times a season to take off weight, test our stamina, and get a fair idea of what Indian warfare was like.

We used to see a horse occasionally. Now we do well if we see a horse's ears.

Once we watched 'em come down the stretch, neck and neck. Now the best we can do is to get it by loud-speaker while hanging onto our watch, pleading for the women and children first and wondering where our hat went.

Once inside it is every man for himself and no accident or health insurance sold on the grounds.

THE JAP LEADERS TO THEIR EMPEROR
We offer our apologies,
As planes above you swarm,
For putting you upon a spot
And making it so warm;
We're sorry bombers do
Your royal dwelling skirt;
Excuse it, please, if it appears
That we have done you dirt!

We are so very sorry that
You even smell the smoke
And that our busy firemen
The royal grounds must soak;
We abjectly apologize
And shed a bitter tear
That war we planned so far away
Should ever come so near.

It is distressing just to know
That "smoke gets in your eyes"
And for each whiff of it we are
Glad to apologize;
We're sorry that you had to know
The brutal facts of life;
We hoped to run this conflict as
Our little private strife.

Again we do express our grief;
We're broken hearted, too,
When we see war so near at hand
It's right next door to YOU
We didn't plan our war that way
It fills us with remorse,
So, once more, deep apologies
To you and TO YOUR HORSE!

President Truman's old home at Independence is being painted. All we hope is that, as President, he will get a better paint job than most folks are getting these days. Ye ed had the barn painted twice in the last three years and the first heavy rain washed it off. What are the painters using for paint today? And if so why perpetuate the custom of thinning it out? Good luck, Harry; you'll need it!

"Hotels will not be permitted to collect service charges on long distance phone calls, the U. S. Supreme court announced."—News item.

Wanna bet?

Can You Remember—
Away back when a butcher's wife thought nothing of asking him to bring home a steak?

And when the navy was thought to be the less dangerous branch of the service in wartime?

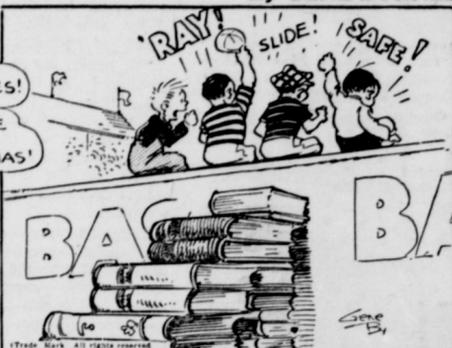
The Federal Reserve board is against lifting restrictions against time payments in buying new automobiles. It realizes that never in history have Americans been so little apprehensive about going into permanent hock.

SPARKY WATTS



By BOODY ROGERS

REG'LAR FELLERS—Elevating Literature



By GENE BYRNES

VIRGIL



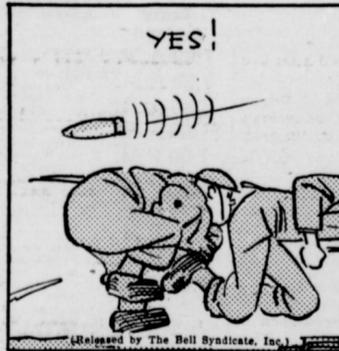
By LEN KLEIS

The MIDDLES



By BOB KARP

POP—Prepared for Postwar Activities



By J. MILLAR WATT

CROSS TOWN



PRIVATE BUCK



By Clyde Lewis

"I think that's definitely an old-fashioned idea, Aunt Lucy! I've been eatin' stuff like this for years and I never put on weight!"

"Buck's having a bad time of it again . . . that pilot eats a whole box of peanut brittle every time he goes up!"