

me the longest time to make me
believe my playing days were done.
This thought of ever having to
quit athletics "forged me out"
even though at the time I was
learning a trade. Your poem
which seems to be your favorite
"The Way of the Game" I disliked
only as it kept bringing before
me those days when you have to
quit. As far as I can see, the
only thing I did was to "blank
astray" from making a tourna-
ment and a miss from going
to England which would have
given to me a sweater bearing
the words "All American", amateur
baseball player. If I can not be
the part at least a good fol-
lowers.

My father feeling better at
Christmas made it happy for
us all. Everyone "was at home",
which made a "bang up good time".
Best regards to all.
Ed. White.

Fit's the Times.
A man's job faces every man in
the country, those who feel them-
selves indifferent, and safe are not
safe to-morrow.
P.S. Would like kindly to save the clipping
of in your next letter.