

CROSS TOWN

By Roland Coe



"I'm afraid I'll have to apologize for the mulligan. Today's a MEATLESS day y' know!"



BOBBY SOX

By Marty Links



"For the last time, Alvin—where were you when I was ready to go?"



Manhattan Heartbeat

Fifth Avenue, the teeming boulevard which runs the gauntlet from 1 south to 2340 north in the heart of the world's most important...

Come Sunday, the city fathers of the good old days shut the Avenue off so that Sabbath worshippers could have absolute quiet. Now it's almost necessary to rope off the glittering store windows so that the strollers can't have free rein!

The first Fifth Avenue Hotel—six stories high (or can you stand it?)—was opened in 1889. It featured a novelty, New York's first vertical railway. What's that? Why, a passenger elevator—you dope...

John Barrymore earned and lost several fortunes during his turbulent career. When a colleague chided him for his financial irresponsibility, Barrymore recited an epitaph he had seen in Westminster Abbey: "What I gave, I have. What I spent, I had. What I left, I lost—by not giving it."

Some of us wondered why Jed Harris, who once made a million dollars as a Broadway showman, didn't connect in Hollywood. Friends brought him to Louis B. Mayer, the movie magnate, who had been informed of Jed's genius on B'way.

When Heywood Brown first started reviewing Broadway shows he had the habit of making notes during dull shows to appear that he wasn't bored. The worse the show the more he scribbled. One night he stopped making memos during a second act.

Sounds in the Dark: At the Singapore: "He reaches for the check like it was an atomic bomb!" At the Stuyvesant Casino: "They say he's an awful bore—but I think he's rather expert at it."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once related a bantering conversation he had with a \$10-a-week actor who was cast in one of his plays. The young chap had laughingly suggested that the two agree to divide their incomes with each other for the rest of their lives.

Harry Wagstaff Gribble, the producer, director, author and all-around play expert, has coined a swellegant new word to replace the inaccurate "Colored" and equally untrue "Negro."

This one has been pinned on various hefty humans. But Alec Woolcott enjoyed pinning it on himself. When Alec was tipping the scales (in the 300s) two actors noticed him wading in the Atlantic City surf. Said one: "Let's go swimming."

E'way (T. Weatherly) Confucius: There's No New Thing Under the Sun. But Some Of The Old Ones Are Plenty of Fun!



By Walter Shead WNU Correspondent

Stiffer Attitude Toward High-Handed Unions Seen

The "anti-Petrillo" is now the law of the land, signed by the President. And that signature marks a milestone of some kind, for this reporter believes that despite the fact that we have a week-kneed, supine congress, the law will mark the turning point in government relations with labor abuses.

This so-called Petrillo bill is a slap on the wrist for Mr. James Caesar Petrillo, head of the musicians' union, but it eliminates abuses in only one industry, "featherbedding" in the radio industry.

For instance, the law says that Mr. Petrillo cannot levy a royalty or a tax on photograph records used for broadcasting, but the union can still levy this royalty on every record you play in your home.

Unions Are Necessary Your Home Town Reporter believes in labor unions. They are necessary in our American way of life, since without them the American workers would be at the mercy of greedy employers.

This has happened in Pennsylvania, in New York, and in other sections wherein farmers' trucks have been overturned, or the farmer has been forced to pay tribute to unions to drive his truck of produce into the market place.

A Tribute on Every Ton Now the entire country is just about to pay tribute to John L. Lewis before he consents to let his miners mine coal for industry and to heat your houses.

Wages for his miners is a secondary issue. What he wants most is that royalty of 10 cents a ton which would mean some 50 to 60 million dollars a year in Mr. Lewis' coffers for welfare or whatever he determines to use it for.

No Room for Alibis The box score is a national institution that has been attracting more and more popular interest in the United States for 70 years. It carries compact news to countless millions from the smaller hamlets on to the greater cities and the smaller hamlets furnish most of the stars who gather their fame in big league centers.



THE argument broke into a rash concerning the easiest position to play on a baseball team. We put the debate up to Joe McCarthy, who knows what it is all about, no matter what the position might happen to be.

"Why don't you ask a lot of ball players," Joe said, "and get their slant? After Stirnweiss had played third three or four days, I asked him how he liked the job. 'Great,' he said, 'but do I still get paid on the first and fifteenth for playing third?'"

We's challenge and soon lined up the viewpoints of all the earnest athletes we could corral. In the consensus that followed, the catching assignment was rated the toughest by an extensive margin. What about the pitcher? The pitcher only works every fourth or fifth day, and too often only toils four or five innings.

But the catcher, the better catchers, get few vacations. You might talk to Bill Dickey some time about this and discover the beatings they take around the plate. Catching a hundred ball games a year is harder work than playing any other position for three hundred games. All of which leads up to the easiest or softest job on the team. This is where the argument started.

'Hot Corner' Easiest We talked with the Cardinals, Yankees, Red Sox, Tigers, Indians, and several others about the easiest position to play. From the start the players began voting for third and first base. The consensus finally settled on third base.

The next soft job consensus went to first base. But a first baseman is supposed to be one of the best hitters on the club. Charley Comiskey was the first of all the first basemen who left the safety of the bag to cut down a few drives slashed towards right field. That, 50 years ago, was a daring innovation. It remained for Hal Chase to prove how an artist could handle first. But Hal was too great an artist for his own good along certain devious lines we won't discuss here.

Now here is a peculiar angle. Baseball has known more great first basemen and more great second basemen than it has ever known shortstops and third basemen. Just how can you explain this? At first base we have had stars from the days of Fred Tenney on, through Frank Chance, Stuffy McInnis, Hal Chase, George Sisler, Lou Gehrig, and Bill Terry.

Many Stars at Second Second has the longest parade of stars—Lajoie, Collins, Evers, Frisch, Hornsby, Gordon, Doerr. But outside of the enduring Honus Wagner, shortstop has given the game few outstanding names. There have been such good ones as Bancroft, Jackson, Jennings, Tinker, Long, Wallace—but only a limited list ranged below Wagner's fame.

Third base, voted as the easiest job on the club to hold, should be arrayed and bedecked with great names. The list of good ones is fairly long. The list of great ones very scant. Jimmy Collins, Pie Traynor, Art Devlin, Heinie Groh, Red Rolfe, Bill Bradley, these were among the best. In order to ward off indignant and protesting letters we'll admit in advance that many good names have been left off the list, due mainly to a zigzag memory.

The tough spot and the most important spot on the infield is the combination of short and second. Two fast men here can take pretty good care of the infield, especially those of the Rizzuto-Gordon and the Pesky-Doerr type, not to overlook Marion and his mate on the Cardinals. Third base may be the "hot corner" but it also requires less terrain to patrol.

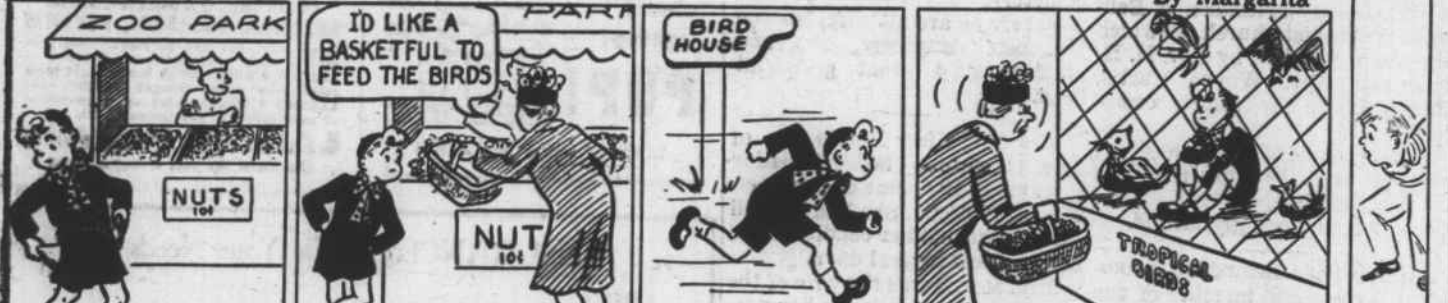
NANCY By Ernie Bushmiller



MUTT AND JEFF By Bud Fisher



LITTLE REGGIE By Margarita



JITTER By Arthur Pointer



REG'LAR FELLERS By Gene Byrnes



VIRGIL By Len Kleis



SILENT SAM By Jeff Hayes

