







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























By Bud Fisher













SILENT SAM































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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 Treasure Island, is the Avenue FOR the Americas. In 1918, during the first World War, it was for a time called the Avenue of the Allies, which fooled nobody. With a past as glamorous as Camille's, a pres-ent as active as the dollar's, its future is as bright as radar's!

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! . . . tories, two art museums (the Metro-politan and the Frick), famous cathedrals, churches and syna-gogues, the Empire State (the world's highest, widest and hand-somest), architects and stock brokers, haberdashers, interior decorators, women's apparel spe-cialists, Radio City (which gives natives their largest Christmas tree and an outdoor ice skating rink), a party favor house, swank restaurants, banks, and mansions filled with ghosts.

The first Fifth Avenue Hotel six stories high (or can you stand it?)—was opened in 1859. It fea-It featured a novelty, New York's first vertical railway. What's that? Why, a passenger elevator—you dope. . . . Elevators along Fifth these days are such elegant affairs that operators are likely to look down their shafts at ordinary pilots of the Air Forces.

John Barrymere 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, the abuses of labor union leaders in I lost-by not giving it."

Some of us wondered why Jed Unions Are Necessary Harris, who once made a million dollars as a Broadway showman, didn't connect in Hollywood. . . : Indidn't connect in Hollywood. . : Insiders insist this is why. . . Friends brought him to Louis B. Mayer, the movie magnate, who had been informed of Jed's genius on B'way. "How much money do you want week?" asked Mayer.

"How much do YOU get?" de-manded Harris. That did it!

When Heywood Broun 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. . After the second interval the beaming producer said. "I feel the second in the second

ing producer said: "I feel better e I noticed you put away your pad.'

"Yes," grumbled Broun. "I broke my pencil."

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." . . . At Ciro's: "When he dies the only

the China Doll: "Her love is so fickle it oughta be listed on the Stock Exchange." . . At the Bronx Zoo: "But son, I've told you a hundred times, Senator Bilbo is in Washington!"

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 is before he consents to let his min-

Charlie Chaplin.

Harry Wagstaff Gribble, the proinaccurate "Colored" and equally untrue "Negro." . . The casts of both "Anna Lucasta" troupes are thrilled about it.

It's a pip, to wit: Negramerican.

er. 'Woollcott's using the ocean!"



WNU Washington Bureau, 1616 Eye St., N. W.

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 weekkneed, supine congress, the law will mark the turning point in government relations with labor abuses.

This so-called Petrillo bill is a strollers can't have free rein! . . . slap on the wrist for Mr. James
The Avenue is an international hodgepodge of everything: Toy factories two art museums (the Metre in only one industry, "featherbed-ding" in the radio industry. It ding" in the radio industry. It permits the same abuses to be practiced by Mr. Petrillo in other industriced by Mr. Petrillo in other industriced by Mr. Petrillo in other industrices. tries . . . notably motion pictures and theaters, and it leaves other unions free to perform the same practices that Mr. Petrillo is punished for in the radio industry.

For instance, the law says that Mr. Petrillo cannot levy a royalty or a tax on phonograph records used for broadcasting, but the union can still levy this royalty on every record you play in your home. Mr. John L. Lewis is at this very moment seeking to levy a tonnage tax on every ton of coal, 10 cents a ton, to provide a huge fund for his miners' union. But Mr. Lewis is free to do that since the "anti-Petrillo" law doesn't apply to the miners' union.

But a congress which gave in to political expediency in its worst sense, and played checkers with the security of the nation in the emasculated draft bill, and which indicated such utter stupidity and dis-regard for the welfare and opinions of the rank and file of the American

As one veteran expressed it—"I'll one fell swoop

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. Were it not for labor unions, a man's toil would still be a commodity to be bought and sold, to be used or disregarded at the whim of any capitalist. But the abuse of these benefits which have been granted to labor by certain labor bosses and in which these bosses even defy the government of the United States, should most def-initely be curbed. Public opinion initely be curbed. Public opinion polls indicate that the rank and file of the American people hold to this opinion and the folks who live in the small towns and the rural areas are particularly incensed at practices and unlicensed affrontery of some of these leaders.

The Case bill, approved here by some of the farm organizations, will die aborning in the senate and in the senate labor committee. A majority of this committee has had the temerity to propose a measure which would punish unions seeking to extort money from farmers by coercion or force and to prevent farmers from transporting perish-able farm products to market.

guy who'll be sorry will be his insurance agent." . . . At the Park Central Lounge: "A layman is a pedestrian who jumped too late!" have been overturned, or the farmers have been forced to nay tribute ... At the Garden Restaurant: "He er has been forced to pay tribute was just promoted from Account to unions to drive his truck of prod-Executive to Office Boy." ... At uce into the market place. But what about the farmer who seeks to transport nonperishable products? Why not include that in the bill for it is most certainly as wrong for unions to prohibit the hauling of logs to market as it is to levy tribute for lettuce. And why not at the same time protect others besides

A Tribute on Every Ton

Now the entire country is just about to pay tribute to John L. Lewrest of their lives. . . Naturally, ers mine coal for industry and to heat your houses. Mr. Lewis struts from the headquarters of the Unit-The \$10-a-week youngster was ed Mine Workers of America, a stone-facaded building about a block from my office here, and which resembles nothing more than an exducer, director, author and all clusive Union League club or a Car-around play expert, has coined a negle library, and issues an edict ... swelegant new word to replace the an edict to the Mine Owners, to an edict to the Mine Owners, to Industry, to the American Public and to the Government of the Unit-

Wages for his miners is a secondary issue. What he wants most This one has been pinned on various hefty humans. But Alec Wooll-cott enjoyed pinning it on himself.

When Alec was tupping the coffers for welfare or 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 what the wants most income to the coffers for welfare or what the wants most income to the coffers for welfare or what the 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 what the 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 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 whatch would mean some 50 to 60 million dollars a year in Mr. Lewis' coffers for welfare or whatch would mean some 50 to 60 million dollars a year in Mr. Lewis' coffers for welfare or whatch would mean some 50 to 60 million dollars a year in Mr. Lewis' coffers for welfare or whatch would mean some 50 to 60 million dollars a year in Mr. Lewis' coffers for welfare or whatch would mean some 50 to 60 million dollars a year in Mr. Lewis' coffers for welfare or whatch would mean some 50 to 60 million dollars a year in Mr. Lewis' coffers for welfare or whatch would mean some 50 to 60 million dollars a year in Mr. Lewis' coffers for welfare or whatch we want means a year in Mr. Lewis' coffers for welfare or whatch we want means a year in Mr. Lewis' coffers for welfare or whatch we want we want we will be a welfare with the want want we want with the want we want we want we want we want we want with the want want we want with the want want we want with the want want we want we want we want with the want want we want we want we want we want with the want want we want with the want want we wan scales (in the 300s) two actors noticed him wading in the Atlantic City surf. Said one: "Let's go swimming."

conters for wellare or whatever he determines to use it for. So what difference 400,000 miners out of work for three, or five or six weeks, or why should Mr. Lewis care if "How can we?" quipped the oth- members of other unions in steel, autos and a dozen other industries are thrown out of work by his coal



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 Stirnhad played third three or four days, I asked him how he liked the Grantland Rice job. 'Great,' he said,



'but do I still get paid on the first and fifteenth for playing third?'" We accepted Manager McCar-thy's challenge and soon lined up the viewpoints of all the earnest athletes we could corral.

In the concensus that followed, the catching assignment was rated the toughest by an extensive mar-gin. 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 hun-dred 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

tell you about playing third base. On a general average when they slap one at you, it is either a hit or an out-but nearly always a hit if you don't handle it. Yes, there are bunts to cover, but as a percentage proposition, third basemen get few errors thrown into their rec ords. It always happens in a hurry at third base and it is all different at short and second. They have room enough and time enough to move around. The third baseman doesn't."

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 who left the safety of the oag to cut down a few drives slashed to-wards 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 sec-ond basemen than it has ever known shortstops and third base-

Just how can you explain this? At first base we have had stars from the days of Fred Tenney on, through Frank Chance, Stuffy Me-Innis, Hal Chase, George 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 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 ames. 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.

No Room for Alibis

The box score is a national institution that has been attracting more and more popular interest in United States for 70 years.

It carries compact news to count-less 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. Here it is again B'way (T. Weatherly) Confucius: strike . . . or that preduction is with a complete record of runs, hits, stopped and reconversion slowed? Sun, But Some Of The Old Ones Are Mr. Lewis wants to strut his power. offers no space for alibis or excuses.