

## On Broadway

By Walter Winchell

### Berle Hadn't Done It!

Berle hadn't done it, it would have been grand, he knew for a fact it was my part of my act, it goes me a helluva hand!

I went to town with it, brought the house down with it, that piece of business was swell, the bookers would yell!

Berle hadn't done it, well, those are the breaks! He took what was mine, every word, every line should see some of my bows that he takes!

Berle hadn't done it! Hugh, where would he be? Both Cantor and Pearl when they took it from Berle

It's know that he took it from me! I've wiped the slate clean, gotta brand new routine

(No Berle can leave me on the shelf!) He wants to extract the best part of my act let him clip the dumb thing outta "Whiz Bang" himself!

—Phil Baker.

Al Kavelin would have you believe that he got in on a busy line and actually overheard the following chatter between the phone girl of an attorney's office and a caller, to wit:

Operator: "This is the law office of Mr. McCarthy, Dooley, Donovan and Doyle."  
Voice: "Okay—I want to speak mit Mr. Goldfarb, the owner!"

The Newark, Ohio, newspapers last week reported among other things: "Walter Winchell of East Street reported to police that someone stole his trousers last night."

Anything for a laugh, huh?

Abe Lyman's favorite story is of the Indian who was just about to be married. The preacher asked his sweetie if she had any property: "No," she no'd.

"And you," addressing the Chief, "Are you better off?"

"No," grunted the Indian.  
"Then why do you want to get married?" queried the Reverend.  
"She got blanket. Me got blanket. Too damn cold sleep one blanket."

And one of the better clowns is Gene Markey, who says of Menjou: "What a game of golf Adolphe dresses!"

Izzy Elinsonisms: We may soon have a Russian Embassy over here. Well it will be nice to have one red flag in the country that doesn't belong to an auctioneer. I suppose you've heard about the nudist farmer who wouldn't even put clothes on his scarecrow. Roosevelt is the only man who ever handed out a new deal with everybody hoping he has something up his sleeve. So Lily Pons wants to be a farmer. Apparently she's tired of singing for her money—and would rather whistle for it!

Armistice Day  
"Dear Winchell," bitterly writes C. W. Mackay of Scranton, Pa., "Nov. 11 is due soon, sir. Armistice Day! You know—business as usual, a parade, a speech. War veterans, fast approaching middle-age no longer heroic or as popular as they were. Some of us privately think they're something of a nuisance—not you, Winchell, you've been on their side right along, but you know the group I mean—those who forget so easily. They won't even be bothered with the poppy peddlers on that day."

"What of the veteran of the line? Time has not dimmed but only embittered his memory of the old, bloody but self-sacrificing days. The camaraderie of field and trench has gone, buried with the pals whose passing scarred his soul. Part of he who lived to return is also interred beneath the countless crosses of Flanders Fields. Is war more harrowing than peace?"

"Nov. 11! A two-minute pause; then business as usual—a parade, a banquet, a speech! Perhaps you can help in your way to make it more than that. I was merely a private, and at this time of the year, I get sentimental and meditative."

Gene Chrisman argues that the honeymoon is positively over when what he thought was the cream in his coffee turns out to be the hair in his butter.

The best of the recent stillers we think is the Montreal Star's report of a newly-wedded couple, who were entertaining. Among the guests was one whose conduct was flippant. At supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served him, and in a vein of intended humor remarked: "Is this pig?"

"To which end of the fork," was the crusher, "do you refer?"

Harold Weissman, the sports oracle, relays this grand comeback in a play place. The master of ceremonies was being bothered by one of those ringside bores, who wouldn't stop.

The annoyed entertainer finally stopped him with this: "Well as I live and breathe—which I hope you don't!"

Cannon's Parting Shot  
James Cannon, the radio critic, who prepared his last pillar to resume his grade A reportorial style, reminisced a little. Among other cynical observations was this delightful lampoon: "Cold chop suey and second-hand celebrities thinking the applause on the level at night club openings."

The trouble with a lot of pictures made in Hollywood is that the only thing that clicks is the camera.

### Silence

I think there is more pain  
From words left unsaid  
Than the harshest maledictions  
Or anger that we dread.  
I think there is more sadness  
In love muted and afraid  
Than the most flamboyant passion  
Or a trust betrayed.

Alice Timoney.

### Riches

No one can wind the sun's gold thread  
Or trade moon-silver for a bed.  
But these are riches that endure  
To feed the souls of rich and poor.

Dorothy Quick.

## All in a Day

By Mark Hellinger

### Things I'd Like to Do Again.

Write advertising copy for the firm of Lane Bryant, Inc. (The late Mr. Malsin fired me one morning, stating that I was a dreamer and would never amount to anything. His prophecy has since been borne out.)

Make my first flight in an old seaplane that took me from Rome to Naples. (That was just a year ago today, and I've never been the same since.)

Meet the most unusual panhandler I have encountered. His line was so excellent that I gave him a dollar. (I saw him 20 minutes later in my barber shop, and he was getting a manicure!)

Convalesce in Atlantic City from a stomach illness at the age of 5. The doctor had ordered my parents to feed me only milk and eggs. (My dad caught me eating salt water taffy on the boardwalk, and that certain spot still hurts.)

Equip my bicycle with a siren and ride wildly up and down in front of Beatrice's house to attract her attention. (The siren was stolen one early morning and I have suspected her father ever since.)

Make my first investment in Wall Street at the age of 14. I bought 500 shares of a certain copper stock from a very fine gentleman for the sum of \$20. (I can't find the stock any more. But it doesn't make any difference because the company never found any copper.)

Lead a strike in my high school, Townsend Harris Hall, because other high schools were getting a holiday and we weren't. (The first day I had 500 boys with me. The second day I had 30. The third day I was alone. So I never went back.)

Listen to Richard Bennett, the eccentric star, as he stood on the floor of the Texas Guinan Club and read a lengthy passage from the Bible. (It was a remarkable scene in a night club, and most of the customers applauded. When he was through, one drunk asked for "Gunga Dhin!")

Draw my first pay envelope from the Wolf Advertising Company, a concern on W. Thirty-eighth st. (The envelope contained \$16—and I had spent \$23 the same week to take the factory girls home in taxicabs.)

Remain awake all night in order to catch the mailman. I had to do that because I knew he was carrying a truancy report about my continued absence from Public School Number 6. (I fell asleep 20 minutes before his arrival—and the rest of the tale is too sad for me to repeat here.)

Meet the lady who is now Mrs. Hellinger. I was running a beauty contest for a morning sheet, and she was the first contestant to appear. I was greatly impressed by the fact that she was on time, and we were later married. (That was more than seven years ago, and she has never been on time since.)

Take Ruth, the gal who lived over Nimhauser's grocery store, to my first Coney Island Madri Grass. I hated scenic railways, and she insisted on spending the best part of the night on the biggest one. (I learned later that her ex-boy friend was an attendant in the joint, and that she just wanted to prove she wasn't heartbroken.)

Do my first football broadcast over the Columbia network between the halves of the Army-Navy game several years ago. I spoke between Jimmy Walker and the late Knute Rockne. (To this day, Ted Husing thinks I was shivering because of the cold. He doesn't know I was on the verge of being paralyzed by fear.)

Sell Winchell a bill of goods, and get him on a horse in Central Park at 5 o'clock in the morning. He had never been on a horse before, and I had ridden but once. (Both our horses ate their fill of grass and then trotted back to the stable.)

Have a barber hold a mirror to my neck after a haircut and tell him the job was no good. (After wanting to do that all my life, I finally did it. The barber thought I was nuts, which proved we were both right.)

Get my first assignment out-of-town for a newspaper. I placed \$4 extra on my expense account for a hotel room, and 30 cents extra for a taxi. (The boss raised hell about the taxi.)

Sleep and live among a thousand Chinamen on a slow freighter that took seven days to go from Makassar, in the Celebes Islands, to Manila. (When I finally stepped from the boat I felt that I had been through a terrific experience. Now I'd like to do it again. Strange how memories can turn from bitter to sweet as time rolls on.)

Enter my first pawnshop at the age of 13 with a watch I had received for my birthday. I felt like a criminal, and I cast furtive glances about to make certain no one would recognize me. (Everything is different today, of course. I no longer have to walk into pawnshops. No, sir. Now I run into them.)

### Intaglio

See this intaglio of you and me!  
Cut out of time by children with a tool  
Worn blunt with too much use it seems, you say,  
Only a bit of cheap antiquity  
That has no hold on beauty, being made  
Of hollow fragment for the sake of play...  
Well, have it as you will, but I shall keep  
My picture of the upward sweep of wings,  
Shadowing two people linked by quiet light—  
Creatures of earth who rose and went away  
A while, beyond the desperate edge of night.

—Scudder Middleton.

### Crisis

He proposed to her in his roadster,  
Going forty, more or less.  
He proposed to her in his roadster—  
In the hospital she said "Yes."

—Frances Rodman.

### Kindred

Trees write their lyrics on the sky.  
Careless of who may read,  
Yet well aware should one go by,  
Driven by certain need.

—E. C.

## MATTY'S MEMOIRS

As Told to James Gordon Fraser

By Frank Matty

### CHAPTER III.

Almost every time the newspapers have ever written about my political career, they have assumed that I was in the Common Council continuously from 1883 to 1908. They were wrong.

I served only two one-year terms, the first time in 1883 and 1884.

To tell the truth, I got disgusted with the way things were going in the Ryan administration. I was never a spend-thrift, but I was never a penny-pincher, either. And it seemed to me that we ought to follow the same middle-of-the-road policy in the city's affairs that a sensible man would do in his own. I thought we ought to put in public improvements that would pay for themselves by increasing property values, and the slowness with which those things moved drove me to desperation.

Every time an alderman ordered a pavement or a street light, he had to fight everybody in the city hall for it. And I had enough.

In the spring of 1885, a young fellow named Jim Downey, who was nominally a Democrat, but really a "Greenbacker," came to me and said he would like to run for alderman. He said:

"Frank, I understand there's lots of money in it."

I told him:

"Any money there is in it will be what you put in. But you're welcome, if you want to try it. I've had enough, anyway."

Downey was a molder by trade and a good, hard-working man, but he was one of those fellows who are always on the outs with people. I didn't know that, at the time, and I helped him get across.

He was elected, all right, in 1885, and I went back to the livery business, but, of course, I kept my hand in pretty well and when the people in the ward wanted anything, they came to me. Downey wasn't bad, the first term, and we ran him again the next year. But that was enough.

He got the bug that has bitten so many people in politics—always with fatal effect. He thought he had to lean over backwards to keep from being accused of taking care of his friends. And, as a pair of blackface comedians used to say "you can't do that," I never saw anybody get far in that fashion in politics.

When the spring of 1887 came around I had made up my mind to go back into the council, so I announced myself against Downey and went into the caucus. I beat him, fair and square, as I knew I would, but it didn't do me much good. For he ran independently, and the result was that a Republican—Pat Quinlan—got elected.

Willis B. Burns, who ran the St. Cloud for a long time, was nominated by the Republicans that year, and he carried the ticket along with him. He was the first Republican elected since 1880, when Francis Hendricks had been in office. Burns wasn't a bad fellow, either. He was the first mayor we ever elected for a two-year term, the law having been changed. He promised a progressive administration and did pretty well at it.

It was Burns who took in Geddes and Danforth and began the real expansion of the city. Geddes was up above the railroad bridge in W. Genesee st., you know, and Danforth was out around the Kirk tract. Today we think they are downtown, but they were regarded as separate communities in those days. The new territory made a rearrangement of wards necessary, and three new ones were added—the Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh.

Well, the Burns landslide of nearly 5,000 plurality—big for those times—kept me out another two years, but in 1888 I tried it again and won out easily. That was the year William B. Kirk, one of the party leaders of the period, was elected. He was a good Democrat, but you had to be a "Kirk Democrat" to get along with him. Not so different, at that, from the way things are these days.

Politics were boiling then on all sides of the fence. Hendricks was in the State Senate and Jim Belden was in Congress. Frank Hiscok, who was elected United States senator in the famous "Dump Morton" deal engineered by Hendricks and Tom Platt, was running one wing of the Republicans with Hendricks, and Belden was running another bunch about as strong. As a matter of fact, I always thought Belden was the smartest of them all. Hendricks had a lot of luck.

Kirk was a high-class citizen, who made a good campaign. He was called "The Father of the Water System," because he appointed the commission that eventually recommended bringing Skaneateles water into the city. As a matter of fact, Kirk merely went along with popular sentiment. Every one of us in the Common Council had as much to do with it as anybody else.

Personally, I always thought the



FRANK MATTY.

biggest thing Kirk did, politically, was to create a department of public works in the municipal administration. That is the place where the politicians get their pickings. A good department is a bigger help to the mayor than anything else. There are always lots of jobs around election time, and a smart man can make as many as are needed.

I recall the Kirk administration mainly because it was then I got the first two electric trolley lines in Syracuse—both in my ward, or part of it. The first was the old Third Ward Railway, which had been a horsecar line, about four miles long. It ran out W. Genesee st. from the R. W. & O. tracks in Franklin st., over West st. to Park av. and up Park av. to the New York Central. Later it was extended to Willis av. for the Solway workers.

Electric trolleys were something entirely new around here, and a lot of people were actually afraid to get on them. I rode on the first car that made the trip late in the fall of 1888, and some of the folks over in the ward thought I was pretty brave to do it. I helped the thing along all I could, because I recognized it meant progress. After the line had been running a little while, I got things fixed to run a spur out Lakeview av. to the Geddes pier on the lake, and it used to be a favorite trip for people in the evenings.

By being in touch with this trolley line, I got to know a good deal about electric railway matters, and the people interested in them. And how they were interested! Most of the so-called "best people" smelled money in the trolleys and scurried to get in on the ground floor.

In later years, I handled most of the franchises that were awarded to these trolley systems, and the papers called me the "franchise grabber." But, as a matter of fact, I was never the actual grabber. I was always getting something for somebody else, who didn't get out in the open and be counted.

All my life I have held two things sacred—my word and my obligation to a friend. It has got me into lots of trouble, but I always got out, and I never had a conscience that kept me awake nights on that account, either. Most of the franchises I put through the Common Council were pushed because people to whom I was under obligations wanted them. I had the power and I had the votes, and when it was necessary to deliver, I delivered.

I want to say right here, though, that I was the first and only man in all Syracuse who actually made one of these public utility corporations pay good, hard cash for any franchise. It is true they didn't pay enough, and that rights that ought to have brought the city millions were almost given away. But they wouldn't have brought anything if I hadn't made them write payment clauses into the franchises.

I'll have more to say about this franchise business later.

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