

CHET. (*Putting out cigarette:*) So, you like comic books, huh Eddie? Funny stories? Here's one for your comic books. Guy comes in today. Buys a shot 'n a beer. He starts asking me about my baseball pictures

behind the bar. So I started telling him how I pitched ball in the 30s, started telling him the stories, y'know. Then he says, "How come you never went with the majors?" So, okay, I tell him how I broke my hand when I was little, playing around the railroad tracks. And he says, "Ah well, what the hell, I'll give you ten bucks for the bunch, anyway." I say, "Bunch of what?" He says, "The pictures." Then Pop tells me who the guy is. He's the guy who just bought Hank Nowak's place on Fillmore and Clinton. He wanted to give color to *his* gin mill with *my* pictures. I told him my memories weren't for sale, and I threw him out. Pop held me back, I wanted to flatten him. I had to take a walk around the block I was so upset. Pop tended bar 'til I cooled off. Thank God for Pop, that's all I can say. I'd have been up on murder charges. (*Sits.*) Yep, thank God for Pop. Every night I say a prayer. Thank God for Pop. (*Looks at the kids:*) What's the matter with this group? Y'at a funeral or what? A man comes home from work, he likes to see some happy faces.
