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It could never be restored. Never again would experts gaze upon him with eyes of desire

# The Magic Spade

By Frank Condon

*The rise and fall of Papa Hawley, divot-digger extraordinary, whose golfing was something dreadful, but whose courage was sublime*

FOR thirty years, Mr. Hawley had been taking orders from his wife. For the twenty years before marriage, he had taken them from aunts and other female relations; and he was, therefore, the kind of man that will result when women have had their way for fifty years. Mr. Hawley was in dental supplies and had, at fifty, both money and leisure. On a calm morning, his wife stared at him while he shaved.

"Papa," she said, and she called him papa with a shading of faint criticism, for there was no one else in the house to call him papa. "I believe it would do you good to take some exercise."

"Exercise," cried Mr. Hawley, halting his razor and holding to one ear. "My dear, what for?"

"You are getting quite stout," said the wife, whose own proportions were generous.

Mr. Hawley put down his shaving machinery and assumed an air of bewilderment.

"What sort of exercise?"

"For a man of your age, there is only one possible game to play. It is a rather silly game, but better than none. I refer to golf."

"Golf," murmured the victim. "I don't believe I should care to play golf."

"Nevertheless," replied his wife, whose name was Bessie and who had been successfully nevertheless Mr. Hawley since the momentous day when he placed a visible ring upon her finger and an invisible rope about his neck.

Presently there was a fresh spectacle in the world, the spectacle of Papa Hawley standing with his feet apart and his mouth ajar, and in his clenched

hands the various tools and implements with which persons clout at golf balls. At first he suffered frightfully and persons watching him start from the first tee could hear him moan, but as time went on, he began to enjoy his exercises, and after many, many moons, he graduated from the populous municipal public links, where any ball you find is your ball and a man must wear a helmet or die in action.

With his consort's approval he joined the Oak Tree Country Club in Tisdale where the gentlemen swear quietly and the ladies wear baby blue socks over their elegant hosiery.

He was, as might be expected, the sort of golfer whose wife calls for him in the family automobile promptly at five o'clock, regardless of his personal wishes or the perturbation of the moment. These golfers are known as the five-o'clock husbands and are recognized as matrimonial slaves. There are thousands of them in America today, men whose wives summon them from athletics at five o'clock, or leave cold, definite instructions with caddy masters or club managers.

Mr. Hawley was a ruddy, rotund man with a cheerful manner, and the athletes of Oak Tree liked him, but declined to play golf with him. His game was so atrocious that it caused strong players to falter, and he was thus forced to combat with the gray-beards of the organization, tottering old buzzards twenty years his senior, who because of their senility and nearness to death, played almost as poorly as Papa Hawley.

His health improved visibly, and in the end he was a lean, sunburned duf-



fer, treading the pleasant slopes of Oak Tree, a happy, amiable gentleman in dental supplies, with never a care in the world and a wife who ruled him absolutely. For his companions, he had Joe and David and Johnny, all very old codgers, who cackled when they missed a shot and exulted in the badness of their golfing.

It is more than likely that Mr. Hawley would have gone on to the end of his days a happy duffer, a cheery, friendly member of Oak Tree Country Club, but something happened one day. The golf pro at Oak Tree looked into Papa Hawley's bag and that accidental investigation changed the course of human lives and almost caused a divorce.

Like that of many another grievous duffer, the Hawley bag was filled with clubs, dozens and shoals of them, for it is the firm belief of the wobbly golfer that clubs make the man, and that if he continues to buy new ones, he will some day strike upon a miracle combination and go forth to shoot nothing but birdies and pars. This, of course, is nonsense, for clubs have no more to do with good golf than a soup-ladle has to do with good soup. Papa Hawley was a natural collector of clubs. Every time he passed a sporting-goods shop, he dashed in—and invariably, the sticks he bought were without virtue and would have defied Bobby Jones to break one hundred and ten.

Finally his bag was choked with a messy assortment of irons and spoons and freak putters, for he loved freak putters; mashies and niblicks with too much loft or not enough loft; steel shafts and bamboo shafts, rubber grips and cork grips, drivers with patent faces and this, that and the other, all being golf weapons that a discerning player would scorn. His bag became a club-house curiosity and visitors were invited to look into it and smile.

MR. JOSEPH CHISHOLM, the professional at Oak Tree, chuckled when he first beheld the galaxy of war-clubs, but did not suggest to Papa Hawley that he throw them all away, for Joe Chisholm is a man who knows the heart of the dub golfer and sympathizes. Joe merely pawed over the strange assortment, hefted them one by one and picked out an odd niblick for especial scrutiny.

It was a yellow niblick, with an ordinary shaft, but a most astounding head. Joe Chisholm knows niblicks, but he will swear to this day that he never saw another one like it. It was a head that bent this way and that way before it finally decided to be a niblick, and it was attached to the shaft with originality and defiance of precedent. It was made of shining yellow brass, and gleamed brightly when swung in the sunshine, and Joe looked at it and turned it over in his hands. In the locker room, it was said coarsely that Papa Hawley must have bought the thing in a tea store.

"This is a very funny niblick," said Joe to Papa Hawley.

"What's funny about it?"

"Well," said Joe, "just look at it. I been in this business for years, and I'll swear it's a funny looking niblick."

"The man said it was a spade," corrected Mr. Hawley.

"Spade or niblick," said Joe, "it beats the Dutch."

In a spirit of mild curiosity and to determine whether a man could hit a ball with the deformed niblick, Joe stepped over to the eighteenth fairway, dropped a ball and lifted it over a yawning bunker to the green. It dropped near the cup and rolled six inches, which is ideal behavior. Surprise upon his brow, Joe dropped another ball, repeated the experiment and the second ball dropped dead, a foot from the pin. He turned the amazing weapon upside

down, waggled it in the sunshine, shook his head gravely and said:

"That ain't such a bad club, Mr. Hawley."

"I know it ain't," responded Mr. Hawley, who knew nothing of the sort.

MR. JOE CHISHOLM is a stern, serious young man who does not fall in love easily with either people or things, but he instantly fell in love with Papa Hawley's spade, niblick, or whatever the atrocity was. On succeeding days, he smacked many a ball over many a bunker, while owner Hawley looked on with the pride of a gratified possessor. For the first time in his golfing career, he had something which a regular, bona fide golfer could honestly admire. It gave him the feeling of being, for the first time, one of the boys, a true golfer himself.

With renewed interest, he examined the monstrosity, fondling it gravely; and in secret, he tried pitching them over a bunker, imitating Joe Chisholm's deft swing. They refused to go over the bunker. They refused to go up in the air. They refused to go anywhere, and Mr. Hawley dug large cavities in the inoffending earth. He sighed.

"Anyhow," he murmured, "Joe likes it. Certainly is a nice club."

Joe continued to like it and to play with it at times, hoisting them sweetly, stopping them dead, and speaking of the spade with the voice of authority. The club solved a problem for Joe, who was thinking of a certain state championship. Joseph had his weak spot, like many another pro, and it gave him moments of unhappiness. It was his pitch over a yawning bunker, and years of practice had not smoothed it out. With Papa Hawley's freak club in his hands, Joseph was conscious that he no longer had a weak spot and he knew it from the moment he hoisted his first shot. It was the club he had been waiting for.

"I suppose, Mr. Hawley," he said with some hesitation, "I suppose you wouldn't care to—er—to let go of this club?"

"Let go of it?" queried the surprised duffer.

"I mean, would you care to sell it?"

"To who?"

"To me."

Papa Hawley surveyed his professional friend in honest amazement.

"You don't mean you actually want that club for yourself?"

"Yes, but I'm not asking you to give it to me. I would be very glad to buy it from you."

"Yeah, but why do you want it?"

"It suits me," Joe responded. "Fits my hands perfectly. I can lay 'em up with that club."

MR. HAWLEY stared long and thoughtfully at a distant lady who was digging divots.

"Joe," he said, "I'm sorry. I'd give you most anything, but when you ask for that club, I have to draw the line."

Joe looked disappointed.

"All right," he said. "I'll find another one."

"Sure you will," Papa Hawley said cheerfully, and that was the end of Joe's effort to secure a coveted weapon.

Later on, Oak Tree heard of the situation and commented caustically in and out of the Hawley hearing.

"If he wants the club, why don't you give it to him?" inquired John Driscoll, whose locker adjoined that of Mr. Hawley. The accused merely grunted and continued struggling with a sock one size too small.

"Certainly," put in George Mellon of the Mellon Iron Works. "Seeing you have two hundred golf sticks in your bag and seeing you can't use any of them, what difference does one niblick make?"

"It isn't a niblick," snorted its owner in-

dignantly. "It's a spade."

"Spade, shovel or rake," said Mellon. "It's no good to you. Go ahead and give it to Joe."

"How would you like to go to thunder?" Papa Hawley inquired, and the gentlemen stated they would not like to go there, for they would probably, as they said, find the region full of selfish persons like Papa Hawley, who wouldn't give a deserving pro a golf stick.

From the instant Papa Hawley learned that a genuine professional coveted his spade, he became a changed man and began to take golf seriously, which is always a mistake for a man of fifty.

"Why should I go on playing with those dodos?" he asked himself, as he stood shaving in his own bathroom, which was where he generally asked himself questions. The dodos were Joe and David and Johnny.

"I will learn to play," murmured Papa Hawley, thinking of his spade and the responsibilities it involved. A few moments later, he leaped into his roadster and started for Oak Tree, where he found Joe Chisholm deep in the mysteries of winding a brassie.

"Joe," said Mr. Hawley, "I want to take a lesson."

Joe laid aside his brassie, seized a bag of elderly balls and donned his cap. A moment later, teacher and pupil were striding down the fairway of Hole Number Eighteen on their way to the practice ground, and that afternoon the club rooms hummed with the news that Papa Hawley had taken a lesson in golf.

"If they can make a golfer out of Old Man Hawley," commented our Mr. Jacobs, who was the club cynic, "then I will believe in fairies."

There followed one of those strange miracles seen every now and then in golfing circles. Papa Hawley continued to take lessons, sweating in the sunshine, striving in desperation to do as Joe told him to do and failing completely, for the muscles of Papa Hawley are no longer limber; and the aged bones of Hawley are creaky and stiff—that is, when compared with the rubber bones of bounding youth. To cap the climax, Mr. Hawley commenced to swear, and when a ministerial little man, who has never cursed at all, when he be-

"If you haven't any match with your friends, would you mind if I played around with you?" Mollie glanced at him earnestly

Illustrated by  
James  
Montgomery  
Flagg







JAMES WIDETCOWERY FLAGG

gins to curse freely, there is something sad about it.

Oak Tree Country Club was interested to discover that Papa Hawley was no longer a quiet mouse in a corner, but had turned into a red and roaring lion, and news of this spiritual transformation came one evening at dusk, as the bridge players sat at their afternoon devotions.

Golf at Oak Tree concludes at four o'clock or thereabouts, and even the slowest players have fozzled their last shot and straggled in before five. There then ensues the solemn hour of matinee bridge, which period reveals the gentlemen who have command in their households, and those who are mere playthings of strong-minded women. These latter cease playing bridge at six o'clock and quietly leave the room. They slip outside, where wives are waiting sometimes, and go morosely home to dinner, the faintly wagging tails upon the dog of matrimony.

The hairy he-men of the club, on the other hand, continue to play bridge. They telephone home at seven, stating that they will remain at Oak Tree for dinner and they continue playing bridge until the milk wagons stand tiptoe upon another dawn.

Papa Hawley customarily played auction from five until six and was not known to overstay his allotted time. He liked bridge and was the sort of player who bids one no trump to see what will happen. It was Bessie's custom to call for her husband in the family sedan and Mr. Hawley's bridge game invariably wound up with the honking of a horn. Sadly, it was his manner to rise, reach for his hat and request an onlooker to take his chair.

On Thursday, the eleventh of September, at fifteen minutes of six, the usual horn tooted outside the windows of Oak Tree Country Club and Papa Hawley looked up from three small clubs, three diamonds, three hearts and four elegant spades. A slight scowl adorned his countenance, for some opposing lunatic had just bid spades.

"Louis," said Papa Hawley, speaking across the room, and Louis responded.

"Go out and tell my wife that I am busy playing bridge. Tell her I cannot be disturbed. Tell her to go on home and have her dinner."

"Yes, sir," said the astonished Louis, and the Oak Tree members there present stared hard and

looked at each other with broad grins.

Ladies cannot, of course, walk into grill rooms and cow their husbands into submission and that is why grill rooms are popular with the waning male sex.

"That's telling your wife," whispered Sam Hoffman, the lawyer, but Papa Hawley returned to his mutton, scowled again at his battery of spades and doubled the gentleman on his left.

Mrs. Bessie Hawley sat in her sedan outside the club windows and honked continuously, irritably, refusing to believe the evidence of her senses. She asked Louis if he was certain Mr. Hawley had said the harsh words. Subsequently, she drove out of the club grounds with the puzzled air of a wife who still doesn't believe it, for nothing like this had happened in the thirty years of her command. Papa Hawley played on and on, into the chill hours of the night, and when he arrived at home, he slammed doors and threw his shoes upon the floor defiantly.

IN THE ensuing weeks, he commenced to take an active hand in club affairs. He began to growl about club conditions, which is a sign that a man regards himself as a golfer, and not a duffer. A duffer never complains, for nothing makes any difference to the true duffer, including acts of God, fire, pestilence and casual water. If the greens committee decided to build a children's playground in the center of the fairway, it would mean nothing to the real duffer. He would merely play around the orphans and go on his fozzling way.

But when a gentleman begins, mistakenly or otherwise, to class himself with the golfers, he oftentimes turns finicky and finds fault. The mild-eyed Hawley went the way of all flesh. There was no change in his game. The change was all in his mind and the cause of it was his deformed niblick or spade, which was a miracle weapon, desired by experts.

"Mr. Hawley," remarked John Kellogg, president of the club, "gives me a severe pain."

"What's the matter with him lately?" asked Mr. Sam Dalzell. "He has made six written suggestions within a week. He wants a new bridge built across the ravine on Number Nine. He testifies that the old bridge sways when he walks over it and upsets his morale."

"He doesn't like our fairways," added a committee member.

"That's odd," said the president. "He's never been on a fairway yet."

IT WAS not that Papa Hawley became a good and solid player, worthy to consort with the par shooters about him. Not at all. He remained the world's most atrocious, irrefragable dub, as helpless with the midiron as a cat with an accordion. But he apparently held illusions of grandeur, connected with his strange niblick and, though he required one hundred and forty full strokes to make the round, he continued to wax increasingly fussy and to project himself unasked into club affairs. He said there were too many bunkers on the course, making it impossible for an honest man to shoot a good game.

"One bunker would be too many for you," returned Mr. Kellogg. "In fact, an extra large footprint would probably stop you cold."

The committee tried to ignore him, but without any great success.

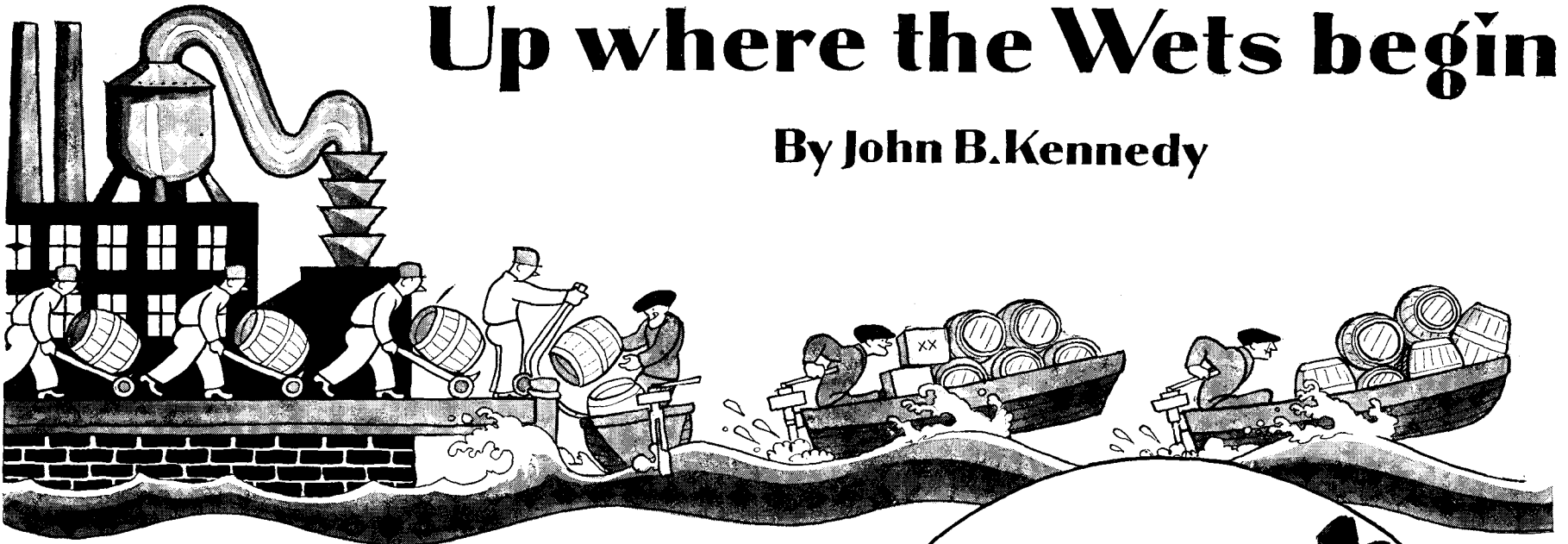
"Look at our greens," he said in a loud voice, breaking in upon an important discussion. "Who could putt on such greens? Why don't we have smooth, velvety greens, like the North Lake Country Club? I was over there yesterday and they certainly know about greens."

"And you can go back there today," they told him (Continued on page 55)



# Up where the Wets begin

By John B. Kennedy



**B**UFFALO, the Lady of the Lakes, was in righteous uproar some dozen years ago, at the last civic election before prohibition. There were some 1,300 saloons in the city. From waterfront dives to the ornate bars of the first-rate hotels, they formed richly varied strata of oases. All orders of society, from bums to brahmans, patronized them.

But the cry of reform arose. Buffalo was over-salooned. Toronto, a larger city across Lake Ontario, had only seventy-two bars, and all those made more or less respectable by being wedded to hotels. The Buffalo reformers made vast noise and found support from merchants and manufacturers and the proprietors of eating places who were pained to see long lines of burghers file into saloons hungry and thirsty, to emerge glowing with beer and heavy laden with free lunch.

Reform lost. The saloons remained. Then a glad cry smote the welkin, for prohibition came and the 1,300 saloons were doomed. Reformers sat back in sanctity and waited for the halo-stations to open up for popular distribution.

They are still waiting.

No longer can it be said, in accuracy, that Buffalo has 1,300 saloons. Two thousand would be nearer the mark. They flourish in residential districts and up side streets from main thoroughfares—even, if you are in a hurry and must stow away a fast one, on the main thoroughfares.

The sort of thing that might be expected of a metropolis neighboring that greatest of all prohibition nuisances—the Canadian border. You can drive from Bridgeburg, and other Ontario towns across the Peace Bridge, to the heart of Buffalo much quicker than from Buffalo's suburbs. Naturally, supply of illegal beverages should be copious and constant.

It is. But imports across the Canadian border are only half the story. Indeed, not quite half.

As elsewhere and everywhere in prohibition field operations—maneuvers is a fitter word—the mark of the ostrich is over the land. Andrew MacCampbell, the sturdy Scot agent for the forty-six counties of northern New York, will tell you something of his troubles in trying to keep track of breweries, wineries, speakeasies, with seventy-two men in the vast empire of thirst in the Empire State.

But he will not tell you what can be discovered in thirty minutes with a dollar and a romping cab—that Buffalo is the beer garden of America. And real, genu-ine beer, gentlemen; not the hybrid, pseudo-alcoholized bilge we have heard about in Kansas.

With a group of equally earnest

students of sociology I was asked—in a well-equipped, club-like place that differed from the old days only in the absence of lascivious pictures from the walls—there I was asked the hypothetical question of what, if things were as they used to be, I would care to drink. Replying, quite honestly, "Canadian ale," laughter shook the place.

For in Buffalo Canadian ale is more or less scorned. Just as it is more or less faked.

Up at Lewiston, around the Canadian shore of Grand Island in the Niagara River, and at a hundred inlets down the fresh-water straits made by the river that sports between Lakes Erie and Ontario, you can see on any fair winter, spring, summer or autumn day the fleets of the importers of Canadian ale, and whisky and gin. There you will find the most daring craft—twelve-foot open boats with outboard motors, that audaciously drew clearance papers for Havana, Panama or the far ports of the Caribbean. To get to salt water, of course, they'd have to hire wheels. But that was no deterrent until recently Canada stopped such flagrant nonsense.

In the years since Ontario went wet these patient fleets have plied their trade perseveringly. Sometimes the customs patrol knocks them off, sometimes it doesn't. More often, I should think, until within the past few months—when, to the surprise of the brave men and true who run the river in all sorts of weather, they saw the price of bottled ale drop suddenly. And when the united bootleggers sent over to Buffalo to find out why the American market for Canadian ale had fallen abruptly, they learned a simple and illuminating truth—that Buffalo's brewers had mastered the making of ale as palatable if not as pure as the stuff made in Canada. The bottle and labels were exact duplicates of the foreign product. And there were fewer risks in supplying demand.

## An Ingenious Fisherman

"See," said a customs man to me, pointing to an upturned Canadian boat that looked very much like a crocodile twisted upside down. "That's the first new trick I've seen in twelve months—and it didn't work."

The trick was passingly ingenious. A Canadian fisherman operated in the waters of Niagara River—catching, I suppose, circus trout. What but acrobatic fish could possibly conduct, day by day, the operations that usually enter into the life of a fish, in waters so turbulent? That was his trade and he stuck to it—ostensibly. Customs men of the water patrol frisked the boat zealously when it crossed from Canadian to American waters. The fisherman cheerfully



Illustrated by  
Herb Roth

Customs men, with genially patient disdain, monthly extract 100,000 bottles from travelers

submitted. No contraband was ever found.

Yet no fisherman, reasoned the customs men, not even had he the patience of Izaak Walton, would make a dangerous river crossing so often just to see the scenery. They watched him closely. One sad afternoon the fisherman tried to beach in a strange spot—and couldn't. His secret was known or very healthily suspected. Customs men towed him to dry dock, where, examining the bottom of his boat, they found it harnessed with ingeniously devised racks that contained six cases of His Majesty's best, government-stamped Scotch.

Captures of bootleggers who display a modicum of headwork in their racket are hailed with delight by the border customs patrol. They provide touches of spectacle in a dull game. There was one bright chap, for instance, who adapted the smoke-screen principle to river rum-running. His idea was to make a dash for it, and lay behind him defensive clouds of black smoke. The idea worked beautifully, but the wrong way. A stiff wind up-river swung the smoke screen fore instead of aft, and the brave fellow finished his game of blind man's bluff smack in the middle of a reception committee of four government boats.

Still, if there's one lesson the smugglers learned at school, it's that old, reliable reiteration, try, try, again. It's estimated that more than two hun-

dred craft comprise the rum-running armada, new recruits falling in line when the government knocks off a load. The smugglers don't wait for official welcomes. They skip the ship and charge their loss.

## The Price List Tells the Story

Customs men rightfully take pride in their statistics; but the surest index to the state of the Buffalo booze-front—the warehouse, so to speak, for western New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio—is the price of booze. In Buffalo you can obtain Ontario government-wrapped whisky, Scotch or rye, for five dollars a quart, brands that cost only a dollar and a quarter less at the official provincial vending stations. Gin is about the same, the wines and liqueurs are not sufficiently in demand to warrant risks of bulk importation.

The bridges spanning the Niagara River make more trouble for the customs inspectors than the sustained guerrilla rushes of the exporters. Frequent trains vie with endless motor traffic. Likewise the ports of Lewiston and of Charlotte outside Rochester are debarkation points for thousands of steamboat passengers every day from spring to fall. Each passenger by boat and train must submit to customs inspection. That, again, is not the worst part of the customs job. Never-ending motor traffic cramps the style of the