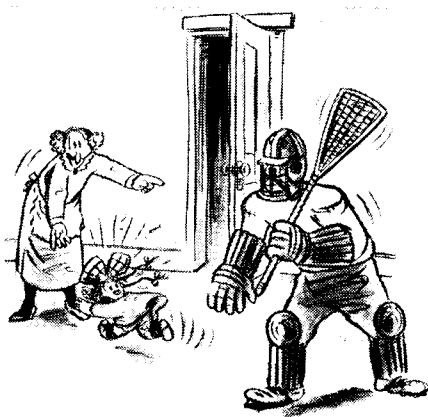


Murder on the Lawn

Combine the more violent elements of football, hockey, second-degree murder and legerdemain and you'll get a rough idea of the pastime called lacrosse. And that's the sort of idea that fits the game nicely—rough

By Kyle Crichton

DRAWINGS BY FRANK OWEN



The goal tender wears a breast protector, shin guards and a prayer

MY OWN experience with lacrosse was limited. I can remember taking the ball and starting down the field, but directly afterward I lost two hours out of my life at a time when it is most costly to a growing young man. When I awoke in the field house, I saw various interested parties hovering over me as if wondering whether their old pal was ever coming back to them. It was only later that I learned my career as a lacrosse star had been halted by three gentlemen—one who had poked me in the tummy with his stick, another who had clipped me neatly behind the ear, and a third who had dumped me on the turf with as perfect a take-out as was ever achieved by a football end on a defensive halfback.

I've been strong to have other people play lacrosse ever since, and can't to this day understand why it isn't the most popular American sport. It has everything an American crowd is supposed to like, being a combination of football, basketball, cross-country, hockey, second-degree murder and sleight of hand. The game is fast, rough and clever. It was invented by the Indians and has been officially designated as the national sport of Canada. Its hotbed in this country is Baltimore, with Johns Hopkins University being the center of activity.

Down around Baltimore, it is a religion, a mark of social standing and a form of dementia. They have an excellent reason why this has come about.

"It came in right," say the Baltimoreans.

This refers to the fact that it was brought to town from Newport, R. I., in 1878 by some of the young bluebloods who wandered that far north with a track team and it is now as firmly a part of the social structure of the city as soft-shell crabs and terrapin. Grandpa played it and Papa played it and now the third generation is playing it. Teams from Johns Hopkins defeated the Canadians and English at the Olympic games in Amsterdam in 1928, and licked the Canadians at Los Angeles in 1932. Since the World War, the Americans have so consistently knocked off the Canadians

that something is being done about it north of the lakes. They haven't reached the point of hiring American coaches but they are putting their heads to it, and it is hardly likely that the next visit of McGill or Toronto universities will be the massacres of their last appearances.

A Game with One Rule

For years there were practically no rules in lacrosse and almost no restrictions of space or deadliness. The Indians used to have their goal posts half a mile apart, with all male members of one tribe against the same of another. They carried the ball between two sticks and there were two objectives—the offense wanted to jam its way through to the goal and the defense wanted to knock the block off anybody who thought he could get through.

"Heap big fun," the Indians are reported never to have said about the pastime.

Up until a few years ago there were no eligibility rules. A student who had graduated at Yale and desired to take post-graduate work at Hopkins or Lehigh could be found on the lacrosse team slashing gayly about. The only rule ever heard of, according to the old-timers, was the "family" rule.

"You can only clip a man in the face," said the old-timers, "if he has previ-

ously murdered somebody in your family."

The modern game formerly used twelve men on a side, with the field 120 yards long. Recent rules changes have reduced the teams to ten men and the field to 90 yards. Lacrosse is as near perpetual motion as any sport ever invented. The players run for miles in the course of an afternoon, dodging, twisting, passing and dumping. The ball is faced off at center much like the beginning of a hockey game and from then on it is fast and rowdy. The sticks—officially called the crosse—are between four and five feet long and a foot wide at the farthest tip. They are strung loosely with rawhide, and to catch the ball it is necessary to keep twisting the stick, otherwise the ball would pop out of the net as fast as it came in. The player always uses two hands with the stick, catches the ball with a twist of the stick and keeps twisting it as he runs and then throws it so it flies off along the wooden groove at the side.

The game is a tremendous affair when played between two evenly matched teams. The ball is about the size of a tennis ball but is of hard rubber and when propelled by a good player goes like something out of a howitzer. When the offense gets the ball and starts bringing it down the field, it is something to see. The attack men pass it



A wham, and time was called to drag another white or red warrior off

No Place for Softies

Good players catch and throw on the dead run and can shoot either from the right or left. This two-direction attack utterly confounded the Canadians when it was first developed by the Americans. The goal is almost exactly the size of the hockey net and the goal tender wears a breast protector, shin guards and a prayer. The other players wear thick leather gloves, which cover both the hands and the wrists and look like the paraphernalia of the armored warriors of King Arthur's day. Their jerseys are padded about the shoulders and down to the elbows and they wear fiber helmets to ward off murder from aloft. They have added a steel wire to the helmet, in late years, which comes over the nose and is fastened under the chin. This has eliminated most of the face cuts and most of the complaints about roughness.

"What do you mean—rough?" they demand in Baltimore. "There has never

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The game of lacrosse has everything an American sports crowd is supposed to like



In *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, the sound technique reached new heights of perfection

Stupendous, Colossal, Gorgeous

By W. B. Courtney

That's conservative. Tomorrow's movies will make our current pictures seem dim and lifeless. Here's a preview of coming attractions

THE poor fellow—you would have sworn he had not eaten in a fortnight, and his eyes were coals from a doused fire—skulked all the livelong day outside a major picture studio, and in him was the pensive anonymity, the combination of tail between the legs and lips above the clouds, the impersonal mixture of despair and optimism, that can be achieved only by a Hollywood bum. If he caught you looking at him he would begin, immediately and unconsciously, a campaign of subtle posturings designed to impress you that he was merely acting the part of a down-and-outer; that really he was a very consequential fellow. He watched the executive offices door from the shadows of the opposite sidewalk, as a scrap-worn cat guards a hole at a prudent distance so that he may have space in which to estimate the size and bite, and the resistance potentialities, of intended prey.

Presently a man with an oily moon face came out, gave the boy at the door a nickel for a paper and did not wait for the change, then minced across the street. The seedy one fell into step beside him. He said, "Hello, Mister Latch. Say, have you got a minute?" Mr. Latch glanced up only momentarily from his paper, and went right on reading the headlines as he walked. He was neither surprised nor displeased. "'Lo," he said affably, "how's tricks?" Mr. Latch was a true child of his \$1,500 weekly pay envelope; a cash fatalist, who looked upon touches as the routine and natural



The jazz singer was a forerunner of the present sound pictures

tribute always levied upon good fortune. "Lubitsch sent for me," the bum explained, hurriedly. "Someone must have told him about the great idea I've got. I was just on my way to see him, when I saw you coming out. Say, I'd like to tell you about it first, Mr. Latch." The studio man turned into a café, and a slight but tolerant nod gave the bum all the invitation he needed to follow.

In Hollywood, only genuinely democratic American town, the prosperous and immaculate lose no caste through breaking bread in public with the poor and shabby. There is commercial advantage, of course, in a reputation for charitableness; but even should exhibitionism—and I doubt it does—lurk behind such good-heartedness, the motive is academic to a hungry man.

"I was just going to get a cup of coffee," explained Mr. Latch, half shyly, as they sat down. "You need a cup of coffee, this time of the day." The bum agreed that you did. "But go ahead and have something else, too," urged Mr. Latch; "a steak, and some pie à la mode or something. I don't need to eat now. I'm going to have some folks in for dinner tonight. What's on your mind, Sam? Where are you working now?" Mr. Latch knew very well, of course, that Sam was not employed. This was all part of the routine. Latch had entirely forgotten—if, indeed, he had heard—Sam's reference to Lubitsch and the "great idea" just a few moments before. Latch was skilled in the self-absorption which is an earmark of Hollywood artistic success. His attention was caught definitely now, however, by a gadget that Sam loosed from a thready pocket and set upon the table. It had the appearance of a miniature telescope.

"That is it," the bum said; "this is what I was going to show Lubitsch. It's color and stereoscopy together, right in one. You just screw one on the camera, and one on the projector. You don't need special lens, or nothing. It will revolutionize pictures, more than sound did. Of course it's cost me \$20,000 so far, but that's the beauty of it because it won't cost the industry hardly anything once I get a contract and go into production. It won't mean new equipment in the studios or in the theaters either, and that's more than