







Guys got up grinning, shaking themselves, and looking around. Stan Hines, the Hollywood Adonis, lay in the dead center of the Silver Slipper

**W**E'VE been called a lot of things, here in Bad Bend. Old Wax Magoon, the famous movie producer, who got his in the last economy wave, used to call Bad Bend the Hollywood of the Desert. Bad Bend is such a typical Western-movie town, it might well have served as location for a hundred different horse operas. Might well, nothing—it did!

They made North of the Pecos here, and East of the Pecos and South of the Pecos, and Sunlight on the Trail and Sunset on the Trail and Moonlight on the Trail and Sunrise on the Trail, and Desert Sands, Western Sands, and Sands on the Trail. All this ten, twelve, fifteen years ago, before the movies began looking for realism.

Collier's for January 10, 1953

No two ways about it, realism ruined Bad Bend. It was ironic, in some respects, because if there ever was a realistic town for Western movies, Bad Bend is it. The population of Bad Bend lived from movie to movie in those days. A director never needed expensive Hollywood actors when he filmed in Bad Bend. If he wanted a meek-looking guy behind the bar—you know, the guy who always stashes away the expensive bottles and takes the mirror off the wall before the fight begins—then we had Hector Klimhoff, who tended bar at the Silver Slipper.

Wonderful name for a bar, Silver Slipper, or so we thought. Sometimes the movie people even called it the Silver Slipper in the movies they made,

even though they were always changing the name of the town.

We were never Bad Bend. We were Deadwood, Drywood, Dry Gulch, Gulch Canyon, Canyon Creek, Dead Creek, Lead Creek and Red Creek. That's great. You talk about realism: we didn't even get our real name back till the movies went away and left us.

Anyway, there was Hector Klimhoff, the bartender. And there was old Doc Mason, a doctor who also played the part of the judge, the girl's father, and once—in Silver Spurs West—the part of a mortician. We had a big guy named Morgan who played the heavy, with his beard half-shaved. Sometimes he was known as Morgan, but usually,



in the movies, he was named Slade or Larsen.

Then there was a bunch of guys known simply as "the boys." They would all line up at the bar, and Morgan-Slade-Larsen would come in through the swinging double half-doors and say, "The Kid's in town." What happened then depended on who was making the picture. If it was Wax Magoon, the boys would make a mad dash for the door, jump on their horses, and thunder up past the bank and around the corner out of sight. If it was Greenberg, the boys would just stay where they were, and the camera would catch ten hands as they reached deftly for holsters. If it was Neuhooff, a producer who prided himself on the unexpected, the boys would all scurry out the windows and the back door. No matter whose picture it was, though, Hector Klimhoff, the bartender, always took the mirror down. When the Kid got to town there was always a fight.

**W**E NEVER furnished the Kid for the pictures. He was always a Hollywood product—we had John Wayne once. Usually, too, Hollywood sent the Kid's side-kick along—a guy with whiskers and a heart of gold. Once in a while Morgan-Slade-Larsen would capture the guy with whiskers and hold him for ransom so the Kid could ride into a trap, but usually the guy with whiskers didn't do any more than kill a couple of the boys during the fight, usually in a comical way, such as shooting one of the boys in the back by mistake, and wind up wounded himself but breathing undying loyalty up at the Kid. Just in case, though, we had Harry Tennerman—you can bet his name never got in a picture—who had whiskers and could play the part of the Kid's crony right up to the hilt.

There were two other guys: old Carl Grogan, the grocer, who could play the part of the jailer, the banker or the sheriff with equal aplomb; and Sid Howe, who dealt the cards in the back of the Silver Slipper. You see, when Morgan-Slade-Larsen came in and said, "The Kid's in town," the boys were always lined up at the bar, but by the time the Kid actually showed up at the Silver Slipper, the boys had always come back and were playing cards, so you had to have somebody to deal.

Well, everybody in town had some sort of a job; we did a little pecan farming around there some ten-twenty years ago. But there was no two ways about it, the money was in movies. We had the perfect climate—hot ten months of the year and very hot the other two—and every six weeks, right on the dot, up rolled Magoon or Greenberg or Neuhooff, ready to shoot another Western. The pay was good, the girls were pretty, and after each picture we got to go to Pike City, thirty miles upland, to see ourselves at the Cinema Theater there.

It was fun going to the movies, not only to see ourselves but to see the extra stuff, like Indians, that they dubbed in at the lot back in Hollywood. I'll say this, nobody in Bad Bend ever got a swelled head from going to Pike City to see himself in the movies, unless it was Hector Klimhoff, the bartender, and with Hector, it wasn't his acting that prided him so much as his timing. I've never seen him miss ducking under a shot glass. . . .

Things got dull when the realists took over Hollywood. Hollywood can sue me for saying that, but as far as Bad Bend was concerned, life got duller



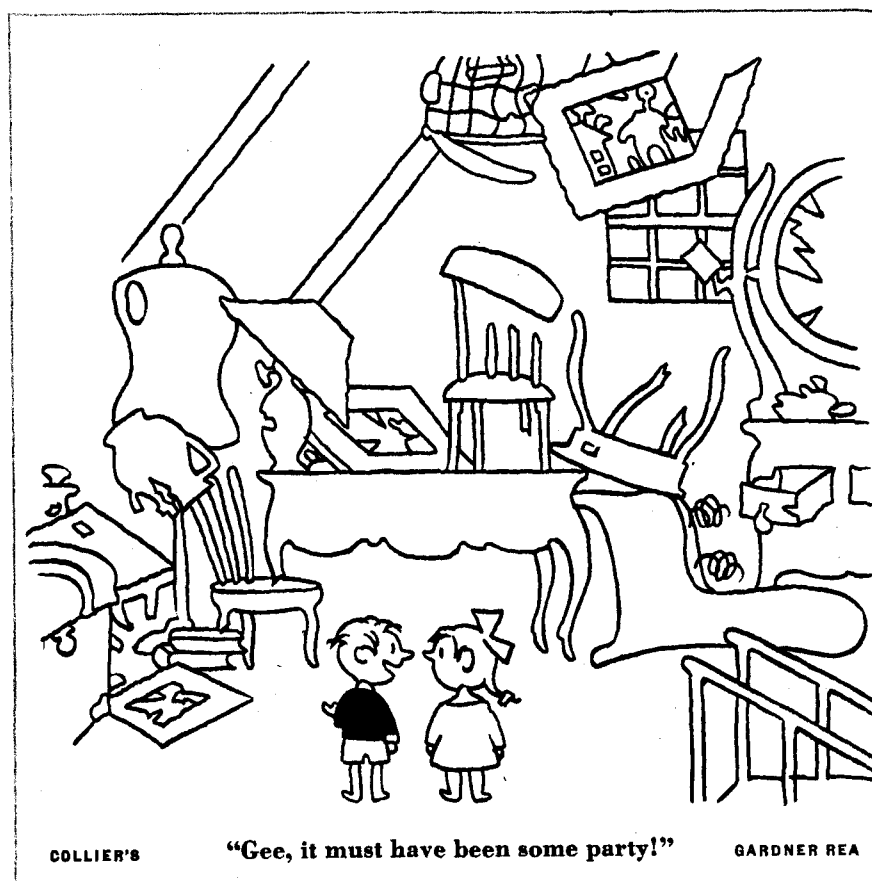
when that happened. It happened at a bad time, too. There was some talk about putting up a small war plant in Bad Bend, but it was just talk. What's more, old Doc Mason's son Lorry was just going on eighteen then—a real handsome cuss who made us think that pretty soon Hollywood wouldn't even have to supply a male lead. Here was Lorry Mason's movie career finished even before it started. He went away to the war, and when he came back he was more handsome than ever, and all the movie people were gone, so Lorry settled down to cattle raising.

All this, though, was B.K.—Before Katz. You've heard of Jeremy Katz. One of those geniuses. Producer-writer-director. He did that documentary on the Chicago River that won the

Academy Award, and that color film that was done all in green, and Heaven only knows what else. They called him the greatest thing to hit Hollywood since De Mille, and they were probably right. He's only been there three years, and the story about him is that he never saw a movie before he got there.

Anyway, we got interested in him, real interested, when Film Daily came to town on the through bus one Tuesday morning. Ever since Hollywood went away and left us, we've been subscribing to Film Daily. "They'll be back," Harry Tennerman, our guy with the whiskers, always used to say, "and we want to be ready when they come."

This issue of Film Daily gave us the hope. *KATZ TO SADDLE*, the headline said, and while we pondered over



that, a couple of us looked down into the story and there, big as life, it said that Jeremy Katz was going to do a Western. Never done one before, never seen one before, but here he was, headed out into the desert to find the most typical Western town within traveling range of the studio.

It was, the story went on, to be a budget picture. Katz would bring with him a leading man—Stan Hines, no less; a leading lady—Jill David. And his production assistant, Morris Lefevre. Nobody else. If they approved the town they'd sign up the local citizenry for the other parts, bring in the crew, and start shooting.

Too good to be true, that was the consensus in Bad Bend.

"He's bound to come here," said Hunt Morgan, our heavy. He was heavier after ten years, but he could still play the heavy. "He can't miss us."

"Why can't he?" Sid Howe, the dealer, put in. "You think trains come here? We got one bus a day in each direction. You think Stan Hines or Jill David would ride on it, even if Katz would? Them stars ain't rugged like they used to be. The only plane ever landed here was the one that crashed when they were trying out the mail route in nineteen twenty-seven."

"It was nineteen twenty-eight," old Doc Mason said. "I treated the pilot."

"You see?" Howe said hopelessly. "How they going to get here? Portage?"

"Never mind," said Carl Grogan, the grocer. "The important thing is we have to be ready just in case. What happened to my string tie? Sid, you got a deck of cards?"

"Only new ones," Sid Howe said. Then he cocked his head in sudden cheer. "But we got plenty blank ammunition down in the basement."

"Get the boys," old Doc Mason said.

**W**ELL, you never saw anything like it, such an oiling of pistols, guys scrambling into old cowboy outfits left and right, and Hunt Morgan, the heavy, cursing himself because he'd gotten into the habit of shaving close. It was like a safari into the past, and not even the insistent ringing of the telephone behind the bar could break the spell.

"That reminds me," Hector Klimhoff said as he reached to pick up the telephone. "I got to hide this phone."

"You better take down the neon sign, too," Harry Tennerman advised, "and the—" Then he stopped, and we all watched Hector as he jabbered excitedly into the telephone. He took the receiver away from his ear and put his hand over the mouthpiece. "It's Wally!" he said in a hoarse whisper. Wally was the projectionist at the Cinema Theater in Pike City, an old friend of ours who used to let us in to the movies for nothing. "Katz passed through Pike City twenty minutes ago! He's headed this way!"

Then the scramble was really on. Hector reached down under the bar and came up with a box of toothpicks and handed one to old Verne Hopkins, and Verne stuck the toothpick into his mouth, opened his vest, and sat down at the piano in the back and started playing the old Dawson City music for all he was worth. The boys began to show up, like possessions coming out of storage. Somebody got five horses hitched up outside the Silver Slipper, and I personally threw a shot glass at Hector, so he could practice ducking. He took it on the shoulder. "I'll do it next time," he promised, and set a couple of extra bottles up on the bar. He grinned. "Little out of practice."

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"Listen," Carl Grogan said, "just so I don't feel like too much of a damn' fool, you *sure* this guy never heard of Bad Bend?"

"Don't say in the paper that he ever did," Hunt Morgan said.

"He don't know about—about what we used to do?"

"He never saw a Western."

"Hell," old Doc Mason said, "I saw someplace where it said he never even read one."

"He must have some idea," Carl Grogan said.

"Maybe when he was a kid," Sid Howe said.

"Well, don't start worrying now," Harry Tennerman said. "You want a new car, act right. Just like it was in the old days. We're back in business!"

"Cigars, everybody!" Hector Klimhoff yelled. "Only the piano player smokes cigarettes."

"No, he don't," Grogan said. "He just lets one burn on the side of the piano."

**WE WERE** a little rusty, you can see, but we remembered fast. We heard a car pull up in front, and the boys reached for their glasses of rotgut, and old Verne Hopkins went to work on the piano so hard he looked like he was inventing it. Hector Klimhoff started polishing a glass furiously.

Now, I don't know whether you realize this or not, but in most every Western movie you ever saw, whenever anybody walked into a saloon the bar was always to his left. You would think that we Bad Bend folks, having played in all those Westerns, would know the reason for that, but we don't. It's just part of the rigid art form. I have always suspected it's so that a man standing at the bar can reach for his gun on his right hip without the entering party's being able to see what he's doing, but that is merely a personal notion.

I bring this up because Jeremy Katz

entered the Silver Slipper and looked to his right. Now, there is nothing to see on the right. Seventeen pairs of eyes had snapped toward the door as he came in. And Jeremy Katz looked the wrong way. He stood there in the doorway, just looking, for what seemed an eternity. He was a short man who wore a multicolored shirt, bright tan trousers, brown-and-white shoes and dark glasses. He looked, in short, like every producer you ever saw. Everybody noticed it.

"I thought he was different," Carl Grogan whispered.

"He is," old Doc Mason whispered back. "I read someplace he decided the height of being different was to look like everybody else." He tapped his temple significantly. "Academy Award winner." Grogan nodded thoughtfully.

Finally, Jeremy Katz swung his eyes toward the bar and looked us over. The only movement in the place was Hector polishing the same glass and Verne Hopkins beating the piano. Then Jeremy Katz hunched his shoulders just a bit, put his hand in a beckoning gesture outside the door, and walked over to the bar. Behind him came the original Tall, Dark and Handsome—Stan Hines. Clutching Hines's arm, almost as if they were the Romantically Entwined Couple that the columnists proclaimed them to be, came Jill David. She wore a summer dress, off the shoulders, and her hair was the yellow of ripe corn, and she was more beautiful in person than on the screen, if that were possible. Two of the boys had to set down their rotgut as she approached.

Behind her, dressed in clothes identical, to the last stitch, to those of Jeremy Katz, came a man we identified as Morris Lefevre, Katz's production assistant. The only difference between the two was that Lefevre was shorter and his dark glasses were bigger.

The four of them walked over to the bar. Then Katz turned abruptly and led the way to one of the center tables.

They all sat down. Verne Hopkins took a good look at them and went on playing the piano. Hector Klimhoff came around from behind the bar and went over to the table.

"Afternoon, folks," he said. "Little something? The lady want to clean up a bit, maybe have a bath? We got rooms upstairs and a nice long-handled brush so she can wash her back."

"Jeremy," the short man named Morris Lefevre said, "let's get out of here. This guy gives me the meemies."

"No need for that," Hector said cheerfully. "You folks must have had a long trip, and the boys might be starting up a game of cards right soon, never can tell." He was still polishing that damn' glass. "Had a little excitement today. Fellow broke out of jail. Cattle rustler." Hector made a clucking noise with his tongue.

"You heard me, Jeremy, I said let's get out of here." Morris Lefevre mopped his brow with a bright blue handkerchief. "There's another town twenty miles down. It's got real people in it. It says so on the road map."

Jeremy Katz put up his hand. "Wait a minute. Bartender, we'll have some drinks. Whisky, and you can mix the lady's. For everybody in the house." He waved his arm expansively. "Drinks on me."

Stan Hines, the handsome one, spoke up. "Drinks for all these slobs?" We took an instant dislike to Stan Hines. "You crazy or something, Jeremy?" He made a face. "These guys are right out of William S. Hart."

"Be quiet, Stan." It was the girl, Jill David. "Jeremy never heard of William S. Hart."

"Whisky for everybody," Hector Klimhoff said happily and rustled back behind the bar.

"Listen," Morris Lefevre called from the table, "ask that piano player does he know Clair de Lune. After he finishes six more choruses of Buffalo Gal, that is. Don't interrupt him."

"Shut up, Morris," Jeremy Katz said. Hector poured the drinks. He had just started back around the bar with the tray when the doors swung open.

**THERE** stood Hunt Morgan-Slade-Larsen, six-guns jutting from low-slung holsters, cigar clenched between teeth, hat brim pulled down low, blue shirt open at the throat.

He looked slowly around, spat out a chunk of cigar.

"The Kid's in town." He said it slowly, deliberately. It was funny, in a way, because the Kid not only was in town but—if you assumed, as you had every right to, that the Kid would be played by Stan Hines—he was sitting right there in the saloon.

But that minor consideration didn't stop the boys. You should have seen them go. Two of them hurtled out the front door and went pounding away on horseback, just like they used to do when Wax Magoon was in town making a picture. Five others lit out the back and up the stairs, knocking down Hector Klimhoff as they went. The rest, who remembered the Greenberg technique and not Magoon's and Neuhoff's, just stood there, hands at gun belts. It all happened like a flash.

"Listen to me, Jeremy," Morris Lefevre said plaintively, "we got to get out of here. I keep telling you, this is Madman's Gulch; somebody's going to get killed."

Jeremy Katz put up his hand. "Wait a minute. I think I like this. This"—he waved his hand to indicate the entire saloon—"is authentic. This is native



"Say, Pop, I've started noticing girls. At least I think they're girls"

BARNEY TOBEY

Collier's for January 10, 1953

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American. This is genuine. You understand what I'm saying, Morris, this is rough, undisciplined. It's wild and poetic!"

"This is ridiculous," Lefevre said. "I got to come with you and two actors ninety miles out into the desert, a guy comes over and says there was a jail break, the piano player is held over from Stagecoach, you order drinks, a guy comes in the door and says somebody's in town, and the place goes crazy. You sit there and tell me it's poetry. You got the almighty nerve to tell me it's poetry!"

"You know a better place?" Katz asked.

"Well, all I can say is, another hour in this place, and we'll all be crazy. If I wasn't already crazy I'd say there was a guy sitting in the back room dirtying up a new deck of cards." He laughed, a trifle hysterically. "Silly me. You think I can get a drink without ten more guys knocking the bartender down when he turns the corner?"

**I**N THE back, Sid Howe, our dealer, was in fact scuffing up a new deck. Old Doc Mason meandered over to Katz's table. "Couple of the boys getting up a little card game," Old Doc said, squirting a copious supply of tobacco juice onto Jeremy Katz's shoes. "Care to sit in, stranger?"

"Certainly," Katz said, and got up. "How about you, Stan? Morris?"

"Sure," Morris Lefevre said. He spat out of the side of his mouth. "Nothing like a little red dog to get an hombre in shape. Would you mind telling me why the bartender is taking the mirror off the wall?"

"He was supposed to do that earlier," Doc Mason said. "He's just getting around to it."

"Oh," Lefevre said, and slapped the palm of his hand against the side of his head. "Jeremy, for the last time, the car's outside."

"Never mind," Jeremy Katz said. "Jill, you stay here. We're going to play a little cards with the people."

Morris Lefevre sat down next to Harry Tennerman, our guy with the whiskers. "Hey, there, Gabby," he said to Harry, who hadn't said a word. "How's your canasta?"

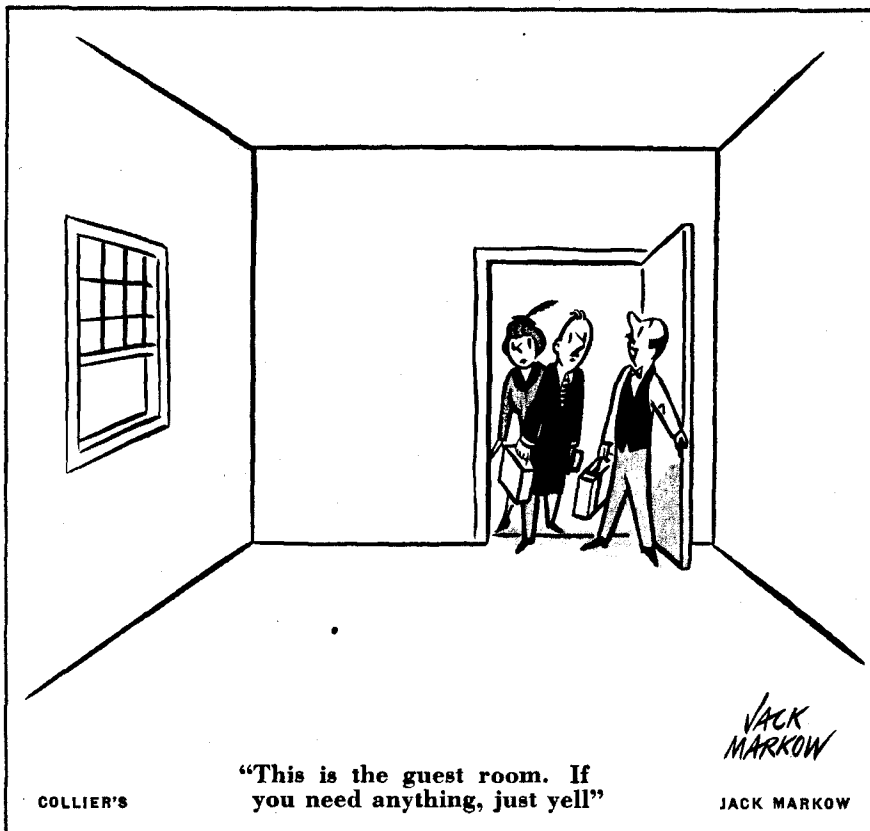
"He, he," Harry giggled. Stan Hines sat on the other side of him, then Jeremy Katz, Carl Grogan, old Doc Mason and Sid Howe, the dealer.

"Five-card stud," Howe said, sitting there erect and alert, the very essence of the river-boat gambler. "Twenty-five and fifty."

"Twenty-five and fifty what?" Morris Lefevre asked. Sid Howe gave him a piercing look and carefully placed on the table in front of him one of the biggest horse pistols you ever saw. "Listen," Lefevre said, "just for the record the only weapon I got on me is a lighter. Let's get out of here, Jeremy."

"Shut up, Morris," Jeremy Katz said. Sid Howe began to deal the cards; he included himself in.

In the intensity of the game, no one seemed to notice that Hunt Morgan and the boys who had fled by various routes a little while before had slipped back into the room. They stood in various poses of pronounced unconcern at the bar, all except Morgan, who sat down at the table with Jill David, ordered her drink refilled, and drained his shot glass at one boisterous gulp. The tableau of the two of them, the movie queen and the renovated villain, was nothing compared to the seven figures grouped around the rear table, playing cards: a flashy gambler, three old men,



an impeccable leading man and two short guys with dark glasses.

Sid Howe gave them the old St. Joe deal—a full house to each of the six men grouped around him, a straight flush for himself. Ten years had not dulled his touch. It was enough, indeed, to bring Hollywood's Stan Hines roaring to his feet, his face red with anger. "You phony!" he yelled at Sid. "You liar! You cheat!"

"Easy, stranger," Sid said coolly. "These are only chips you're playing with. I wouldn't get upset if I were you."

"Chips or no chips!" Hines's voice was breaking. "I pay an analyst two hundred dollars a week to keep me from getting excited, and no phony carban cowboy's going to cheat me. You understand?"

"Sit down, Stan," Jeremy Katz said. "Yeah, Stan, he's got a gun," Morris Lefevre said.

Hines glared across the table at Sid Howe. "I will not sit down. I will not take this from anyone. I'm going to teach this phony a lesson he'll never forget. It's an act, don't you see? An act, this whole thing, this bar, these people. They're phonies, every one of them, trying to make an impression. Well, I'll show them—" "Sit down, mister!"

**T**HE voice came from just inside the doorway. There stood young Lorry Mason, old Doc Mason's son, dressed up from silver spurs to ten-gallon hat, a deadly six-shooter in each hand, handsome and bold—standing there, playing the part we all had dreamed for him.

The tinkling of the piano stopped. The place was in utter silence. Then, from the table where he sat with the beautiful Jill David, Hunt Morgan reacted. He whipped out a gun, fired at

the chandelier. Behind the bar, Hector Klimhoff flicked the timeworn switch, and the lights went out. The Silver Slipper was in near darkness. There was a stampede from the bar. A chair sailed through the air. Jill David screamed as if she'd been rehearsing it for weeks. Hoarse male cries and the staccato roar of gunfire filled the room.

We'd done it a hundred times before, but it had never gone off so well. Bodies bounced off the banister at just the right time. Hector ducked shot glasses with fantastic enthusiasm. Jill David went right on screaming in excellent terror. Tables were overturned, chairs sailed left and right, fists flew, even the horses outside whinnied in fright.

All the other times, there'd been Wax Magoon or Greenberg or Neuhoff to yell, "Cut!" and break it up, but this time there was nobody. We just kept going until the guns ran out of blanks. Then, finally, there was silence. Hector turned the lights back on.

**T**HE saloon was in an appropriate shambles. Guys got up grinning, shaking themselves and looking around. Jill David was frozen in terror in the middle of the room. Jeremy Katz crawled out from underneath the card table. There was only one casualty: Stan Hines, the Hollywood Adonis, lay in the dead center of the Silver Slipper, comatose.

Jeremy Katz looked around. "Somebody hit him?"

"I did." It was Lorry Mason.

"On purpose?"

"Yes."

"Hard?"

"Not very."

"Why not?"

"It didn't take very much."

"Did he call you a nasty name?"

"Yes."

"Him and his mouth," Jeremy Katz said. "His analyst warned him about it. Look at him—black eye, bloody nose. How we going to get him in shape?"

Old Doc Mason stepped forward. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but if you're looking for a leading man, why—"

Jeremy Katz looked back at Lorry Mason. He turned. "Jill, how about this one?"

There was something more than mere appraisal in the eyes of the golden-haired girl. "I think," she said softly, "that he'll be fine."

"Well," Jeremy Katz said, "just one more thing. You think you can stage another fight like this one? I mean, if we bring in cameras?"

"Possibly," old Doc Mason said cautiously.

"We'll need all you people as character parts," Jeremy Katz went on. "This picture is going to be something new, something different. You know? Something that's never been done before." He looked commandingly around. "What the hell happened to Morris?"

"Here," Morris Lefevre said. He crawled out from behind the piano.

"Make arrangements," Katz ordered. "We'll need the crew out here. We'll need measurements. They'll have to put in tracks for the dolly."

"Maybe they already got tracks," Lefevre said. "Maybe they got them hidden in the long grass out behind the building."

"Quit the smart talk," Jeremy Katz said to him.

After a while, they went away. They'll be back in five days, and we'll be ready for them. Tomorrow, we cut the grass out back.





# Who's for Euchre?

By SCOTT CORBETT

*Some of the old card games would baffle today's players, including canasta fanatics*

IT'S been years since I've played any card games except bridge, poker, samba (a form of canasta), canasta (a form of stupidity) and Zioncheck. In looking through a book of card games, I find that in my time I have played 14 different games, the others being gin rummy with my wife, cribbage with a roommate, seven-up with three grade-school playmates, Michigan with neighbors, Russian bank with my mother-in-law, montebank, blackjack and faro with two elderly maiden aunts and pinochle with beer and Limburger.

I could forget them all except bridge, poker and, of course, Zioncheck. Nobody I know plays much else, and yet scattered through the book are 25 other games for two or more players, most of them with half a dozen variations.

(My authority for this statement is an edition of Hoyle's Official Rules which I bought in the dime store for 10 cents 12 years ago and which you probably could not touch today for under 25 cents.)

What I would like to know is, who plays those 25 other games?

Who plays euchre? Who plays whist or five hundred? Anybody going in for pitch, slough, or scat? How's your bezique? When was the last time you had a big evening of écarté, piquet, gaigel or hasenpfeffer?

Now that samba and canasta, not to mention Zioncheck, have gotten people used to playing with multiple decks of cards, I am surprised a game like *panguingui* has not had more of a vogue. *Panguingui* is played with "eight decks, with the eights, nines and tens of each suit omitted, as in conquin." You know.

Euchre, now—I can understand why I never hear of anybody playing euchre. In two-handed euchre, you use a 24-card pack, ace through nine. Ever try to shuffle 24 cards? Shufflers who have developed canasta hands crumple them right up trying it. So do Zioncheck players. Another bad thing about euchre: it is one of those games that feature a ploppy deal. You are supposed to deal three cards at a time all the way around, then two,

and cards dealt in batches of two or three fall with a plop. First you get poor shuffling because of too few cards, and then instead of a nice one-card-at-a-time deal as in bridge you get plop plop, plop plop. That's in two-handed euchre, of course. In three-handed euchre you get plop plop plop, plop plop plop.

The only hope I see for euchre is in auction euchre for eight people, which calls for a 60-card pack with 11 and 12 spots included. That might appeal to some canasta players I know. The strange thing about this game that nobody plays, though, is that the book devotes a lot of space to describing how to conduct a "large euchre." First you hire the hall, get your tickets on sale not less than three weeks in advance, and then arrange four rows of 16 tables each for 256 players. The layout of a "large," as euchre players affectionately call it, includes five tables to hold the prizes, wide aisles for inspection of prizes, and 14 ladies in attendance.

Personally, I'd hate to try to locate 256 euchre players in only three weeks. Zioncheck players, maybe, but not euchre.

It is also hard for me to believe that a museum piece straight out of the eighteenth century like whist is still lingering on in Hoyle, but I must admit I am entranced by Rule 2, "Forming the Table. Those first in the room have the preference. If, by reason of two or more arriving at the same time, more than four assemble, the preference among the last comers is determined by cutting." I can just see Lady Orkney arriving late in her sedan chair and cutting Lord Finch-Martin dead in her effort to beat him to the gaming room. My wife has just suggested that perhaps "by cutting" refers to cutting cards, in this case. That shows how little she knows about Lady Orkney. Well, anyway, pray do come over for an evening of whist tonight—we're having six people in, and the first four get to play.

Of course, I am well aware of the reaction that remarks such as I have been making always arouse, so I will save a lot of people a lot of letter writing by writing their letters *before* I receive them:

Pebbley, Wyo.

Sir:

Just because a smartalec like you does not know anybody who plays euchre does not mean that thousands of intelligent Americans are not playing it and enjoying it every day of their life. Only last week the Pebbley Auction Euchre Club of this city conducted a Large for which all tickets were sold out well in advance, prizes were donated by leading merchants, and \$123.85 was made for a worthy cause. If it was not for stupid people with closed minds like you, euchre would sweep bridge right off the map where it belongs!

Brewster, Mass.

Sir:

If you think whist is such a museum piece I suggest you come to one of the public whists put on with great success, over \$32 collected last time for the benefit of the Public Library, by our Ladies' Club, and try to beat some of our good players. Maybe you'd find you are not so smart after all!

Denver, Colo.

Sir:

The snide sort of way you brush aside the fine old game of solo, or slough, anybody would think nobody ever played it, but let me tell you it is played all over Denver and by some mighty fine people, too. If you would read your card-game book a little more carefully instead of thinking you're so smart, you might notice that progressive solo is a variation credited to the Denver Athletic Club, which I happen to be a member of. I'd like to see you bid a diamond or heart solo, or even a plain frog, and try to make it! I bet you would sweat!

Biggerstaff, Kans.

Sir:

I guess you think you're pretty smart, don't you? All I can say to you is, I don't believe there is any such game as Zioncheck.

Well, there is.

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE