



Start of a box lacrosse game between the Montreal Maroons and the Toronto Maple Leafs in the Montreal forum. The teams play eight men a side and the playing surface is enclosed by a wire netting that protects the spectators and keeps the ball in bounds.

## BOX LACROSSE

By TED REEVE

Here's something new under the sun—the old, old game of lacrosse taken indoors and speeded up to hockey pace

THE summer whirling off the sport spindle has been notable for introducing the new and novel into America's oldest game. Lacrosse has been brought indoors, a roof put over the home as it were; the teams have been shaved down to seven men a side, and the going speeded up into a mixture of hockey, jai-aili and catch-as-catch-can wrestling that has proved to be rough enough and thrilling enough to satisfy large numbers of the paying public. Starting as an unsteady experiment during the last week in June, two months of brilliant play by battered gladiators has brought "court lacrosse" into the ranks of major athletics.

It was from Australia that the boxed-in idea filtered. Down under they have played our national game for a number of years, and, finding that about the only thing the matter with some of their lacrosse contests was a certain lagging of mid-field play, they showed practical colonial common sense by doing away with the mid-field. Making the field shorter brought the nets closer together, as may be seen without blue-prints, and thus made attacks swish with much greater speed from end to end.

A certain congestion of flying bodies and sticks, however, forced them also to cut out some of the contestants before the latter eliminated each other, and it was found that seven or eight men a side was about the ideal traffic arrangement. In America the promoters have gone one better by making the new lacrosse gridiron a wired-in space from which the ball can seldom sail, until now about the only stoppages in a match come with those movements of modified mayhem that must be dealt with by the referee, or breathing spells necessitated as the goalie fishes the ball out of his little cord fortress after some successful sniper has whistled it past him.

Immortals of the past such as Ross MacKenzie and Mike Cregan, when sideburns and short-sleeved jerseys were part of the uniform, and the stalwart teams of almost every town in Ontario and Quebec did their stuff with long

flat sticks that must have been something like an ironing-board to handle, would be amazed at the present squash-court contests that are served up in this aerial hockey game. Fans of the days when the sticks were made shorter and deeper in the bag, and the Shamrocks, Capitals, Tecumsehs, Salmon Bellies and such teams had Hinny Hoobin, Johnny Powers, Billy Fitzgerald, Kavanaugh, Finlayson, Querrie, Grumpy Spring, the Rennies and Feeney, and the game, according to the late and beloved Jimmy Murphy, enjoyed its greatest decade, would likewise be startled at the sight of these indoor doings. But at the same time they would still recognize the flashing pass, the alert intercept, the whistling shot, the thudding body check and the swinging blow as part of the thrilling, red-blooded and picturesque pastime invented by an inspired Indian.

### Hockey Players Turn to the New Game

AMONG those with the second sight and the first judgment on the success of this new form of muscular frolic were men whose vision had helped build up professional hockey into big league status. These shrewd sportsmen tapped three sources for their playing talent. A scattered few of the old-timers who had played in the pro lacrosse of pre-war days and had been the youngsters of that circuit, still retained enough bounce in their insteps and spring in their ankles to play a hard game at something like their former speed.

Secondly, many of the professional hockey players had been adept at lacrosse before losing their amateur standing by heeding the call to chase a puck at so much per season, and these rough and ready young business men welcomed the chance for some extra money and another go at a game they enjoyed.

Thirdly, a large number of the best amateurs were ready and willing to gamble their amateur cards and their time on

making the new spectacle a success, and thus four teams were assembled; two to play at the Montreal Forum, one at the Toronto Arena, and the fourth in the old lacrosse town of Cornwall. The last mentioned club kept to the outdoors, but in Montreal and Toronto composition floors were laid down at some expense and painted green or black, and these artificial fields, on which the grass never has to be cut, afford good footing, fair falling and generally a perfect service for the pastime.

The Maple Leafs of Toronto, situated fortunately in a hotbed that had supplied most of the champions for the past ten years, depended on stars from the amateur teams of Brampton, Toronto and Oshawa; and players such as Pim, Burry, Zimmer, White, Davis, Large and the like, were soon whipped into a whirlwind outfit.

Canadiens did likewise, drawing from their French-Canadian clubs of Montreal and vicinity, Dussault, Bouline, Langevich, Lafrance and other Flying Frenchmen quickly displayed the speed and dash of their hockey namesakes and the same penchant for headlong scoring rallies that put their wildly rooting supporters in a frenzy.

The Colts of Cornwall started with the sturdy Fonal Contant and his brothers, minor league hockeyists but big time lacrossers, aided by a number of Reserve Indians including that amazing old maestro, John White. In spite of sixty years of age, with over forty served in the roughest of all games, this long-limbed Redskin could still dodder around under his own steam and win the applause of spectators and opponents by the uncanny stick-handling ability that must have been taught to him by the late Mr. Hiawatha, if all the stories of Long John's history can be accepted.

The Maroons of Montreal banked almost entirely on the hockey playing element, and at the go-in it was perhaps these names so famous in every steam-heated homestead of the Dominion that attracted the fans for their first expectant peer at the Australian importation. And the Mauling Maroons did not disappoint them. Lionel Coscher, the best all-round Canadian athlete ever to straight-arm an opponent unconscious, immediately became the most sensational of rushers. Neils Stewart, the meandering Maroon and goal-getting hockey centre, went about his summer activity in the same nonchalantly effective fashion. Hooky

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moved to throw herself between her child and the death that was almost caressing his cheek. Roger caught her arm in an iron grip.

"Don't," he muttered hoarsely. "You'd only make it strike."

The glass in the window behind them burst suddenly inward and tinkled to the carpet. Through the opening a man dived headlong; a great golden man whose face was like a mask of death. A cry burst from Helen Arden's white lips:

"Paul!" was all she said, but there was that in her voice which a man would give many years of his life to hear.

Lloyd Adams looked once at the white-faced woman. For the first time, his blue-gate eyes had lost their cold gleam. They were filled to overflowing with a thousand things his tongue could never had said; things that no one perhaps save Helen Arden might understand. That second lasted an eternity. Then he turned toward the table where, amid the gleaming silver and white linen, an evil black rope was swaying, swaying; its fangs only a few inches distant from the colorless face of the golden-haired boy.

Straight to the table he walked and stretched out a massive arm. His fingers closed about the snake's thick body. In one vivid flash, Roger had leaped to the boy's side and snatched him away from the table. The gasping sound of released breath ran over the room. Helen swooped down and gathered the boy out of Roger's arms. But her eyes were intent on the figure of the great golden man.

The black snake was in a fury of struggle. Its long body whipped to and fro, coiling about Adams' arm, uncoiling, doubling, knotting itself in a frenzy of rage. Its head lashed in impossible contortions; the piercing sound of its hissing filled the room. Once Roger saw its long fangs shear into the flesh of the golden man's wrist.

Somehow Adams drew his revolver. Three shots crashed out; the reports thundering in the constricted space of the room. Its head blown to bits, the snake hung from his hand like a limp whiplash. Walking steadily, Adams crossed the room and threw open the door. With never a backward glance, he walked into the roaring darkness of the night.

"It bit him," Helen whispered, her lips bloodless and trembling.

"What?" The grey-mustached man was at her side in an instant. "Bit him! Quick, Kirk, we can save him yet. I have a snake-bite kit."

Roger Kirk made a dash for the door. Outside, three more shots sounded. Then a single scream, wailing, terrible, broken off short by death.

A few yards from the door he found Adams. The golden man was lying on the ground, his eyes staring upward at the sky. "I got him, Roger," he said. "The witch

doctor. And his snake got me. Better so, perhaps."

THEN the others were all around him. Roger caught a quick glimpse of Helen dropping to her knees and gathering the heavy golden head into her lap. Cullen held a lantern in his hand. The light gathered in a yellow pool on Adams' arm. The grey-mustached man was working at the wrist with swift dexterity. Steel glittered in the light.

Suddenly silence fell over the world. The wind ceased to blow, trees and shrubs no longer rattled. Glancing upward, Roger saw that a great mat of low-hanging clouds had covered the sky. In the silence he heard Helen's voice:

"Paul," she was crying, a fierce intensity in her tone. "Paul! You've got to live, do you hear? You must. Your son needs you. I need you, Paul. Oh, so much, so much. I never believed you were dead. I've never loved anyone else. I know you-thought I loved David Marsh. But I didn't. Paul, he is my uncle. You never gave me the opportunity of explaining that to you. He came to England to help me in my trouble. When you disappeared he began to search the world over for you. And, as soon as he had traced you here, he brought us to you. Until then I just waited. All these years I've been waiting for you to find yourself. Like Solveig, Paul. You always said I was like Solveig. You'll live, won't you? You must, you must!"

The heavy, golden head turned wearily; the blue eyes, that were no longer like hard, shining agates, stared up at the woman's face.

"Yes," he said slowly, his voice laden with effort. "If you need me, Helen—I'll live. I—need you, too."

The eyes closed again. Abruptly the grey-mustached man stood up. His deft hands clapped sharply together.

"Yes," he said. "He'll live. Death is beaten this time."

All about them the silence deepened through unutterable intensifications. The world shuddered in the pain of birth. Lightning stabbed poignantly through the air, and thunder ripped the shattered gloom. The first raindrops fell, round and silver and cool. And then, in a blinding silver curtain, the rain swept down. It came in tossing, swaying sheets that unwound endlessly from some invisible spool. It came with a roar like fire, cascading in white plumes from the house, hammering upon the parched trees and earth that drank greedily of its sweetness and expanded and relaxed. It was ecstasy itself.

Lloyd Adams opened his eyes.

"Dear God, it's raining," he said, and his eyes went to his wife's face, all glistening with tears and rain. His arms reached, hungrily toward her.

The long drought had broken.

## Box Lacrosse

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Smith and Jess Spring showed the sturdy checking that is theirs in hockey, and all down the line these year-round athletes made their presence felt at the new game that combined so many of the best features of both their professions.

### An International League Next Year

THUS, coached by men such as Neway Lalonde, Paddy Brennan and Ed. Longfellow, who number with the all-time greats, the four teams have reached the home stretch of their first season and all hands report themselves as satisfied.

Perhaps the game will be brought outside, with specially constructed fields and stands,

next year. There is some talk of it being tried in a spring and autumn schedule to dodge the heat waves of July and August. But whatever changes they make, the possibilities have already been shown; and next year, Baltimore, the greatest lacrosse centre in the world, Boston and New York, will be in the league with playing strength drawn from the Collegiate Sams of the powerful United States university teams.

"Bagatway" was the Indian name for lacrosse, and the Indians played with 500 men a side. The old, old game has changed since then, but it still has the goods despite the fact that it has been simplified greatly for the spectators and the programme makers.



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