



NEW YORK RANGERS 1938-39

Top Row (left to right)—Lynn Patrick, Larry Molyneaux, Art Coulter, Lester Patrick, Ott Heller, Murray Patrick, Babe Pratt, Alex Shibicky, Harry Westterby (trainer). Bottom Row—Phil Watson, Bryan Hextall, Neil Colville, Davey Kerr, Clint Smith, Cecil Dillion, Dutch Hiller, Mac Colville.

THE TURNING WORM

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"O. K., Chief. That'll be all—" the barber took off the big white apron and Marion Michael slid to the floor. "Fifty cents, young man, if you please."

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MARION MICHAEL'S heart thumped against his chest. His voice sounded far away and strange as he said, "I haven't any money."

"What?" the friendly barber looked down at the small face, strained and tense.

"My father gave me fifty cents—" the boy started and choked.

"Did you know you hadn't any money when you came in, Son?" Small boys at home had given Tony understanding.

Marion Michael nodded.

"You shouldn't do that, young man."

"But I had to have it done before my father came home—" something in the child's face made Tony sense the crisis in the situation—"I couldn't wait."

"Have your father come in tonight and pay me, will you?"

The child nodded. "Oh, yes, sure. And thank you for the hair cut," he called back from the doorway.

Marion Michael slipped in the service entrance, climbed the back stairs and reached the kitchen. Spread on silver plates were the silly little sandwiches. He lifted the top of one exploringly, and touched its filling.

Lucy pushed open the swinging door from the breakfast room. "Yo' motheh lookin' all oveh fo' yo'," she began. "Heaven's sake, what you bin doin'?" as she caught sight of his bare bleached head.

"Nothin'."

"Land ob Liberty! If yo' was mine I'd whale de daylight out ob yo'. It's time to pass 'roun' dese here sandwiches. Better go on in." Lucy placed a silver plate in Marion Michael's hand and half pushed him through the door.

Now for it!

The room was filled with the heavy scent of flowers and thick

with clouds of cigarette smoke. At the piano a young man was playing idly, and knots of people were chatting and laughing over the teacups when the small grotesque figure entered, the silver plate in both hands held straight before him.

Mother sat behind the silver tea tray. She gasped as she saw the clipped head and strained face of the little boy who came toward her, passing sandwiches. "Marion Michael Ross!" Mother almost dropped the teapot.

Gravely as an image the small boy passed the silver plate. A few smiles that flashed across the faces of the guests were frozen at the start when they looked from the small boy to the startled mother.

Mother looked as if she were about to have a good cry, and Marion Michael, heavy with the feeling of impending punishment, knew that his own tears were not very far away. But no matter what lay ahead, his job right now was passing sandwiches. And pass sandwiches he would and did.

THAT WAS the strained moment of Dad's entrance. He threw open the door, and Marion Michael looked up, rejoicing. Now Dad would see it. No more a sissy. Taking care of Mother just as he had been told, doing as she told him, but no more a sissy. A man among men!

Dad took one look at Mother's flushed embarrassed face, around the room where some twenty guests were struggling to restrain smiles, glanced at the bare head of the small boy and grasped the situation. In four quick strides Dad crossed the room, leaned down and kissed Mother. The fifth step took him to the side of Michael Marion, standing very small and still, an empty silver plate in his hands.

Dad didn't kiss Marion Michael. Instead he extended his hand, took the small boy's in his own, and shook it heartily. "Congratulations, Mike," he said. "I'm glad you got the kind of hair cut I asked for. I like it. It's great." Then he took a cup of tea and ordered

a lot of sandwiches and talked with everybody and the party was gay again.

Marion Michael ran about, passing sandwiches with a light heart and an overflowing joy. Dad had called him "Mike!" In front of all that crowd. And praised his hair cut.

It seemed an age until the party broke up, and as the last guests drifted away, Marion Michael—Mike preferred—heard Dad talking at the telephone. He hung up the receiver with a bang, strode through the room and threw open the windows.

"It's decided, Adele," he said. Mother looked up from the cups and plates. "What, dear?"

"I've just sent a telegram to the manager. We'll start for the country on Monday."

"But, Michael—"

Mother got no further, for Dad went on: "This young Mike of ours showed me the way to handle the thing. I've known for a long time that the country job was the one I should take. And I've been afraid because it was a change, because living in the country might not be quite so easy and pretty as living here with all this—" he waved toward the flowers and the cake plates—"I've been letting you and Marion—I mean Mike, grow to be strangers to me just because I was a coward. But when I came in this afternoon and saw that small head I knew he wasn't afraid, and I'm not."

"We're going to the new job next week, we three. You're going to be well and strong in that fresh, fine climate. And Mike is going to learn to ride and hunt. And I'm going to have a home that I can come back to at night."

Mother looked up into his face. "I didn't know you felt it so deeply, Michael, being away—"

"We didn't know Michael felt it so deeply, either, wearing that picturesque crop of curls. It took a lot of courage for him to have it cut."

Like a whirlwind a small boy came running into the room. "Dad! Mother! What do you think? I was eating a sandwich and look—it came out. My front tooth! See—"

Under the close-clipped scalp the child's face grinned widely. He showed a yawning space. "Don't I look funny?"

"You look fine!" said Mother and Dad in unison.

PRO HOCKEY EMPLOYS 'FARM' SYSTEM

THE LATEST and most important development in present day hockey is the appearance of the "farm" system for developing new talent. Responsible for the innovation is Les Patrick, veteran manager of the New York Rangers.

The days of the individual star in hockey is past, Patrick told us. Today, the average big time hockey team is composed of a group of men of equal ability and drilled in the importance of teamwork. The star system was the result of the short squads of other days, when with only 10 or 11 players at his command, the manager had to keep them in the game longer. Today, with even amateur teams averaging 15 men to the squad, and the play speeded up as it is, it is no longer necessary to keep the men on the ice as long.

The current Rangers team is unique in more than one respect. In the first place, all but two of the men on the squad were developed by the team in one of its farms. These two men, Art Coulter, who was acquired in a swap from the Black Hawks, and Davey Kerr, who was purchased from the Montreal Maroons, pre-date the establishment of the farm system.

In brief, the way the farm system works: The Edmington, Alberta "Roamers," while not owned outright by the "Rangers" are the first link in the farm system. Here it is that young Canadians (the backbone of the sport, incidentally) are given their first crack at competition. The "Roamers" is strictly an amateur aggregation (junior) and the boys average from 17 to 19 years of age.

When one of the junior group shows sufficient promise, he is moved along into the senior amateur unit, the New York "Rovers" and is given an opportunity to display his wares at the Madison Square Garden.

When the player has shown sufficient progress and ability to warrant promotion into the professional ranks, he is sent

to the Philadelphia "Rangers," which is rated as one of the best teams in the Minor Professional ranks. It is from here that he is promoted into big time on the "Rangers."

Strangely enough, the number of hockey players gotten from colleges is negligible. Most of the present day big leaguers are natural born skaters and hail from Canada. The importance of the farm system is again demonstrated through this fact. The manager of the amateur "Roamers," always anxious that his team contain the best material available, is always on the lookout for up and coming stars. These men are on call to the manager of the "Rangers" at any time.

The development of the 4 R's idea came about quite by accident. Les Patrick, pilot of the "Rangers," was interested in amateur hockey only as a hobby. He rented the Garden for Sunday night games for the pros, and the use of the rink in the afternoon went with it. Consequently, he threw it open to the amateurs to encourage interest in the sport.

At that time, the amateurs were banded together in what was known as the Tri-State League, consisting of Atlantic City, Hershey, Pa., and Baltimore. With the availability of the Garden, three New York teams were added and it became the Eastern League. The New York aggregations were the New York Athletic Club, St. Nick's and the Crescent A. C. They were painfully bad.

A group of sportsmen approached Patrick for his opinion on what was needed to perk up the New York teams. "Canadians," he answered.

The interested parties asked Patrick's co-operation in building a better set of outfits to represent Gotham, and he accepted. His first step was to establish a school in Winnipeg and to invite the most promising youngsters in the vicinity to complete. That was in 1934.

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WORLD'S FAIR BUREAU

ARRANGEMENTS now have been completed by the New York World's Fair committee for an ever-changing program of international music festivals all through the Fair season.

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