

# JOE IRONSTONE

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*March 3, 1928*



A DRAMA FOR RADIO

*by*

PAUL DAVIES

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## PREFACE

This play is an historical fiction about Joe Ironstone, born 1897, the first-generation Canadian son of Romanian parents, Hyman and Rose Hart Ironstone. Hyman established a men's wear store in Sudbury about 1889, and the couple had six children. Hyman passed away suddenly while his children were still young. His eldest son Moe was left responsible, not only for the business, but also for the family — including caring for his mother (who passed away in 1942), and successfully seeing two of his younger brothers, Paul and Harry, through medical school at McGill University in Montreal.

Joe Ironstone, the second eldest son, felt himself somewhat in Moe's shadow as he grew up, and resisted his authority. A tough and sometimes abrasive person, Joe was naturally drawn to competitive sport. He excelled at hockey, and readily found work in the professional leagues in the late 1920s, training with the Ottawa Senators, playing briefly for the New York Americans in the NHL, then to the London Panthers and Brantford Falcons in the Can Pro League, and, lastly, one game for the Toronto Maple Leafs.

The circumstance and outcome of Joe's last NHL game are the subject of this drama. The style and presentation of the play desire to recapture some of the charm of the golden age of radio drama.

The details of the conversation between Joe Ironstone and Conn Smythe revealed in the play are Ironstone family folklore, and are not otherwise documented. The names of the hockey players and the details of the game are authentic. As is the privilege of historical fiction, however, the dialogue, characterizations, and motivations have been improvised, and are not intended to be faithful portrayals of the historical figures; nor has any person or situation been deliberately misrepresented in any way or to any end. The names and personalities of the newspaper reporters are fictional.

This play would not have been possible except for the patient and generous assistance of Mrs. Vivian Field, Joe Ironstone's niece.

A large debt is also due to Andrew Podnieks, who provided counsel and a wealth of statistical information. Thanks also to Dr. Norman Ironstone, Jefferson Davis at the Hockey Hall of Fame, Jean Davies, and Jack David, each of whom provided invaluable assistance.

## The 1927-28 Toronto Maple Leafs

*Indicating number of games played for the season*

John Ross Roach, *Goalie* (43)  
Joe Ironstone, *Goalie* (1)  
Hap Day, *Defence* [Captain] (22)  
Art Duncan, *Defence* (43)  
Ed Gorman, *Defence* (19)  
Beattie Ramsay, *Defence* (43)  
Dr. Bill Carson, *Centre* (32)  
Joe Primeau, *Centre* (2)  
Jimmy Herberts, *Forward* (43)  
Bert McCaffrey, *Forward* (8)  
Eddie Rodden, *Forward* (25)  
Art Smith, *Forward* (15)  
George 'Paddy' Patterson, *Right Wing* (12)  
Ace Bailey, *Right Wing* (43)  
Danny Cox, *Left Wing* (41)  
Butch Keeling, *Left Wing* (43)  
Gerry Lowrey, *Left Wing* (25)

SEASON RECORD: 44 games - 18 wins, 18 losses, 8 ties

## The Game March 3, 1928

### TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS

#### *First String*

Joe Ironstone, #1, *Goalie*  
Jimmy Herberts, #7, *Centre*  
Ace Bailey, #6, *Right Wing*  
Butch Keeling, #10, *Left Wing*  
Art Duncan, #4, *Defence*  
Beattie Ramsay, #2, *Defence*

#### *Substitutes*

Eddie Rodden, #12, *Forward*  
Art Smith, #3, *Forward*  
Gerry Lowrey, #9, *Left Wing*  
Danny Cox, #8, *Left Wing*

### BOSTON BRUINS

Winkler (*Goal*), Frederickson (*Centre*), Oliver,  
Galbraith (*Wings*), Shore, Hitchman (*Defence*);  
Clapper, Gainor, Connors, and Gordon (*Substitutes*).

### OFFICIALS

Bill Bell and George Mallison of Montreal

*Length of game: 70 MINUTES*

### FOURTEEN MINOR PENALTIES

*First: Ramsay*  
*Second: Smith (two), Bailey, Cox, Galbraith,  
Frederickson, and Hitchman*  
*Third: Bailey, Herberts, Shore, Clapper, and Frederickson*  
*Overtime: Duncan*

## The Cast

Joe Ironstone

Moe Ironstone, *Joe's older brother*

Paul Ironstone, *Joe's younger brother*

Harry Ironstone, *Joe's youngest brother*

Benny Bergman, *Toronto Evening Telegram reporter*

Conn Smythe, *Maple Leafs owner, GM and coach*

Tim Daly, *Maple Leafs trainer*

Eddie Rodden, *Maple Leafs forward*

Jimmy Herberts, *Maple Leafs forward*

Danny Cox, *Maple Leafs forward*

Art Duncan, *Maple Leafs defenceman*

Beattie Ramsay, *Maple Leafs defenceman*

Howard Fergus, *Toronto Star reporter*



ACT I

Rinkside  
Mutual Street Arena

Team practice  
Morning of March 3, 1928

¶ *MUSIC: Theme cue, up and background.*

*Narrator.* [WITH DELIBERATION.] The legends of professional hockey. [BRIEF PAUSE.] Frank Mahovlich. Gordie Howe. Maurice Richard. Bobby Hull. And so many others. And the coaches, the trainers, the managers. The famous games. The records. The trophies. The historic arenas. A wealth of great names, places, events, and achievements, from almost eighty years of NHL play — which evoke strong feelings in those devoted to the game, who also know and love the history of the game. [PAUSE.]

[NATURALLY.] There was a time, of course, when the legends were not yet made — when the NHL had hardly passed its first decade, the Toronto St. Pats had a new owner, and a new name, and the great Ace Bailey was in only his second season with the team. The new owner was Conn Smythe, and his new name for the club was the Toronto Maple Leafs. After finishing the 1925–26 season as general manager for the New York Rangers, Smythe had returned to Toronto with a vision for a great re-formed hockey club at a great new arena. In its first game on February 17, 1927, with his new Gardens only in planning, Smythe's Toronto team beat the New York Americans 4–1 at the old Mutual Street Arena.

¶ *MUSIC: Up and to background.*

*Narrator.* Toward the end of that first season, a goalie was called up from Brantford, of the Canadian League. That goalie played only one game for the Maple Leafs. March 3, 1928.

¶ *MUSIC: Up and out.*

¶ SCENE: *Rinkside. Sounds of players skating, sticks hitting the ice, pucks bouncing off the boards, occasional background shouts or cheers.*

*Bergman.* [CALLS] Hey Tim! [LOUDER] Tim!

¶ SOUND: *Skates up and stops.*

*Daly.* What you doin' here so early in the day? Looking for somebody to buy you breakfast?

*Bergman.* Well, if you're offering, order mine sunny side up! [LAUGHTER] But no, you know me, always sniffin' out a story. Glad to see you're still laughing, though. I heard Mr. Smythe was on the warpath yesterday.

*Daly.* Yeah. Gettin' showed up by the Pirates the day before made him pretty sore. That's three lost and two tied in two weeks. No wins since the Americans game the 16th of last month.

*Bergman.* He gave me a big speech about that win a few days back. About how it was near exactly a year, he said, since he re-named the Pats in honour of the Maple Leaf Regiment, and what a solid first season they'd had. All that kind of crap. [PAUSE] He's well determined he's gonna *have* his revenge on the Rangers, and bring that Cup to Toronto, you know! But it doesn't look like that'll happen this season. Had to be expected, that the Leafs would need a few years to work up some steam — Not that they're doing too very badly! No sir — but still only making about break-even in the final outcome. You don't need too many ducks in a row to know there'll be a whole lot of hollerin' heard on Mutual Street 'tween now and bringing that Cup home!

*Daly.* Yeah, he's like that sometimes. But, can't fault a man for loyalty.

*Bergman.* What d'ya mean? I wasn't finding fault anyway, but how's that *loyalty*?

*Daly.* To this team. There's nothing Conny Smythe does that isn't for this team. Being the trainer, I see it every day. There's nothing *but* the team. Every one of these players knows that, and every one of 'em respects him for it.

*Bergman.* Even if he blows his top!

*Daly.* Why sure. You don't *win* without somebody like that managing the team — You've gotta *push* these boys. But you know, Bergman, these boys don't *want* just any jackass flapdoodle in charge. They *wanna* be pushed, 'cause *they* want to win too. That's what it's about.

*Bergman.* 'Course it is!

*Daly.* So what's this story you're "sniffin'" out, anyway?

*Bergman.* Some more details about John Ross Roach. The newsdesk had word yesterday that he came down sick in Pittsburgh.

*Daly.* Yeah, that's right. Got kidney stones, right there in the clubhouse. Just bent over and started up bellowing.

¶ SOUND: *Skates up and stops.*

*Cox.* Did I hear you fellas talkin' about Roach?

*Bergman.* Hi, Danny. Yeah, Daly here was giving me the lowdown.

*Cox.* Scared the pants off me, seein' him double over like that.

*Bergman.* Yeah, sure — but hold on a minute. The news we had was gall stones, not kidney stones. That's what went in the paper today.

*Cox.* Well, was some kinda stones, anyway!

*Daly.* I knew what the matter was soon as I saw him. I've seen two guys before hit with colic — knew it wasn't gall bladder. Was kidney stones. You hate like hell to see somebody hurt like that. The pain is like hell.

*Cox.* So, as soon as the train got in, a couple of guys, Duncan and Ramsay, put him in the back of Dunc's car, right there at Union Station, and drove him to the General.

*Bergman.* You don't say! Wasn't so many weeks ago that it was *Duncan* they were rushing over there, with that chest injury! Anyhow, I'll set Roach's particulars straight in Monday's paper.

*Daly.* With any luck he'll be out warming up for the Tuesday game in Detroit by then! He'll be straight back in the net, soon as he passes them, you can put money on that.

¶ SOUND: *Shoes down concrete stairs.*

*Smythe.* You boys starting up a country club here, or what? [THEY ALL LAUGH]

*Bergman.* Just listening up to some first-hand news for the *Telly*, Mr. Smythe.

*Smythe.* Sure thing, Mr. Bergman. How you skating, Danny?

*Cox.* Just swell, Coach, thanks. I'll be getting back to practice.

*Smythe.* [CALLING AFTER HIM] Work that stop-and-start, Danny. Hard forward, stop, and hard back. [AFTER A PAUSE] Good man, that Cox. Hardly missed a game this year, and near about the same points as Butch and Jimmy.

*Bergman.* Yeah, I know that, sure.

*Smythe.* You been asking about our goaltending, Mr. Bergman?

*Bergman.* Why, yes, Mr. Smythe! That is exactly what I've been asking about. Cox was just telling me about getting Roach over to hospital yesterday. Who you got coming up to play tonight?

*Smythe.* A fella from Brantford — been with the Falcons. Name's Joe Ironstone.

*Daly.* What's the matter with the local boys, Mr. Smythe?

*Smythe.* I can't take any chances, Pops, especially this late in the season. I need a proven sturdy player in there tonight. Ironstone's last four games for the Falcons have all been shutouts.

*Bergman.* That's right. He's one tough guy, and a good goaltender! Not too much for style, but he can really get the job done. As it happens, I'm well acquainted with the Ironstones. I've known his brother up in Sudbury for some years.

*Daly.* He's been around a few clubs, hasn't he? I know he trained with the Senators in '24, and was out for the Americans once or twice last season — then to the Can Pro, being bought by the London Panthers, then on to the Falcons. I think he's had a few games with the Ravinas, too.

*Bergman.* Yep. Joe doesn't make friends easy, neither. He's kinda sour to talk to sometimes.

*Smythe.* No kidding! That's good to know. I thought he might have just had some grudge against the Maple Leafs.

*Daly.* What d'you mean?

*Smythe.* I managed to get him on the telephone last night at the Brantford clubhouse, and I asked him if he would come down. He wanted to play well enough — but, what I couldn't figure out was why anybody I was offering work would seem so *irritated* about it. Suspicious, like. Asking me first if I was really Conny Smythe, or just some lamebrain pulling a fast one on him. Then if he was coming all that way to play the game, or if he was gonna be sat watching Boston from the bench. Then he wanted to know how much I was going to pay him. Said he wanted cash, right when the game was done.

*Bergman.* Huh! You don't say!

*Smythe.* And then, if *that* weren't enough! [LONG PAUSE]

*Bergman.* What's that, Mr. Smythe?

*Smythe.* Ah . . . It was nothin'. Something he said got me irked, that's all — but that is between Mr. Ironstone and myself, I think. Forget I mentioned it. And not *one* word of *any* of that is for that rag of yours, Bergman, you understand me? I mean it.

*Bergman.* Yes, Mr. Smythe. Never you worry.

*Smythe.* He came in on the first train this morning. Should be back there putting on his skates right this minute.

¶ SOUND: *Walking, skates on board.*

*Smythe.* Here comes Mr. Ironstone now.



*Daly.* [CALLING] You must be Joe Ironstone.

*Joe Ironstone.* [BRUSQUELY] Yeah, that's me. So who wants to know?

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

*Daly.* I'll be getting back to the dressing room, now you're back, Mr. Smythe.

*Smythe.* Okay, Pops. Thanks for keeping these boys honest.

*Daly.* Nobody lookin' lazy today, Mr. Smythe! The team wants to bring in a few wins pretty bad, before the season wraps up. Just seven games to go, including tonight's.

*Smythe.* Well, we're one-and-one against Boston — but our last game with them, the end of December, we nearly didn't pull out, even with our best men on the ice for it. Those Bruins have been pushing a lot of weight around their past number of games, too. Hard to say what might happen today, especially with Roach off.

*Bergman.* Ironstone is a good strong customer, Mr. Smythe. He'll do well for the Maple Leafs. You might find you'll be thinking about signing him up! Especially if you might be trading Roach away.

*Smythe.* What! Who *said* I was talking about a deal for Roach?

*Bergman.* Nobody, Mr. Smythe. But, after seven seasons here in Toronto, and having done well, anybody'd figure Roach would be a good player to deal. Sell him for top dollar while he's at the best of his career, and then hire some new prospects with the proceeds. Ironstone is no spring chicken, mind — I think he's got a few years on Roach, in fact! — but he could fill the gap, while you were bringing some younger fellas along.

*Smythe.* Well, that might make some sense, Benny, but it's still just newspaper talk. I got no plans for Roach right now, and Ironstone sure as blazes . . . [PAUSE] ah — he sure enough better play hard tonight.

*Bergman.* You mind if I have a few words with Ironstone, Coach?

*Smythe.* Go right ahead — but you know, it's pretty damn hard to keep these boys working steady with you reporters in the building. [LAUGHS]

*Bergman.* A small price to pay for all the fans the papers bring into the arena, isn't that right, Mr. Smythe? That's how all those paycheques are made good!

*Smythe.* That *is* the truth, Mr. Bergman.

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

*Daly.* Did I hear you say you'd be thinking of shipping Roach, Mr. Smythe?

*Smythe.* No, dang it! But I sure as hell can see how a lot of dang fool rumours get started up!

*Daly.* Didn't mean anything, Mr. Smythe. Just bringing some sticks up.

*Smythe.* Okay, Pops, and I know you didn't mean anything.

*Daly.* Truth is, there's a rumour the Rangers have been showing some interest.

*Smythe.* The *Rangers*? Where'd you hear that?

*Daly.* Seems one of their scouts has been around, sizing up a few of the boys. I guess I hear all the talk, Mr. Smythe!

*Smythe.* Yeah, sure you do.

*Daly.* They were saying this fella had an eye on Keeling, too.

*Smythe.* Well, that'd serve those bastards right! Ha! Pass 'em along some green wood, together with some old lumber! Keeling's a good kid, and strong enough, but hasn't been much of a scorer.

*Daly.* Well, he sure ain't getting any by Ironstone! Look there.

*Smythe.* Yeah, I see.

*Daly.* That's boy's got all the grace of an ox, but he sure don't let 'em by, does he Mr. Smythe?

*Smythe.* No, I reckon he doesn't.

*Daly.* Fella that strong is bound to have another five or six good years in him. Bound to land another National League spot, now he's showing some steady play. You were saying he's had four shutouts in a row now in the Can Pro.

*Smythe.* That's right.

*Daly.* A hard apple, though, you were saying, Mr. Smythe.

*Smythe.* Yeah, I said that.

*Daly.* Well, I guess a lot of these fellas are hot heads, or just plain bone tops! Might not have the grit for it, without being a bit of a hot head, I figure.

*Smythe.* That may be, Pops.

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

*Bergman.* [CALLS] Hey, it must be the Sudbury slugger! — Joe! — It's Benny Bergman! Long time no see! Come on over here!

*Joe Ironstone.* [CALLS BACK] Not now, Berg! I gotta earn my way, you know. [VOICE CLOSER AS HE SKATES UP] You tryin' to get me ditched before I've gotten paid?

*Bergman.* Mr. Smythe said it's okay. Said I wanted to get a few words for the paper. Have a seat. [SOUND OF SKATES ON BOARD, BOX DOOR CLOSING]

*Joe Ironstone.* So you want to tell the fans how happy all the boys are that Ironstone's wearing number one? Well, I'll set you

straight, Benny. Nobody's gonna be happy. Nobody thinks they can win today without Roach. I just had to get what I could, and then beat it after the game.

*Bergman.* You're playing every bit as well as Roach these days — I think you are, anyway.

*Joe Ironstone.* Sure I am. I could crumple up that little squirt like a bag of burnt toast.

*Bergman.* Yeah, well, you could probably crumple half the boys in the National League, but that's not the point, is it? Nobody cares if you got a harder nose than Roach, or anything like that. They just wanna see that you can play a good game.

*Joe Ironstone.* It's hard to play a good game when you're out with a club for the first time, especially when you're standing in. Nobody really wants you there in the first place, and sure as hell nobody'll make you feel like you're a regular.

*Bergman.* Well, what the hell d'ya expect! You're *not* a regular! Besides, Roach has played more than 200 games with these boys, and this is near about the first game he's missed in two years. You just aren't giving them a chance, Joe. What I mean is, they'll all be pretty darn pleased if you just show 'em you can do the job.

*Joe Ironstone.* Well, I do know I *can* do the job, but that's about *all* I can say. [PAUSE] So, what you gonna write in the paper, Benny? Hope you're not goin' to call me "The Jewish Star," like that fella in New York always did.

*Bergman.* You mean Goldman? He called you that because he's proud for you. Not too many Jews in pro hockey, you know.

*Joe Ironstone.* That sure as blazes wasn't how the other fellas always took him to mean. Was like a sneer to them, 'cause everybody knows I've never been a "star."

*Bergman.* This is a tough game to hang a hat on, Joe, and you've played the pro leagues steady for some years now — and played damn well too. Goldman thinks you're a star, and so do I.

*Joe Ironstone.* 'Course you'd see it that way, cause you're a Jew too, Benny — But what you buttering me up for, anyway, talking about the pro clubs like that? You know damn well I haven't done a full season with anybody in the pros these past few years. After a few months, seems Ironstone's always back on the train!

*Bergman.* On the train for cash payment, more like! But, listen, I don't wanna get you worked up, Joe. I'm just after something for the paper.

*Joe Ironstone.* Well, you just tell 'em how hard it is to be a goaler, and how hard it is to earn a buck on skates — and, hey! Maybe

tell 'em how hard it is being a Jew in this game, too! — though I guess Jews have been in some kinda hot water ever since God first shook up Moses on the mountain. [LIGHTER] Gettin' those tablets, I wonder if Moses turned round and hollered back, "Sure thing, coach!" [THEY BOTH LAUGH]

*Bergman.* Okay, Joe, I'll tell 'em that — the first part anyway! And I'll tell them Mr. Conn Smythe could do pretty good getting a man like you for the team, too.

*Joe Ironstone.* Yeah, and the talk 'round the Toronto hog yards will be that Bergman's a blind fool liar. [BERGMAN LAUGHS]

*Bergman.* If you say so, Joe — Oh, you know I had a wire from Sudbury earlier, from your brother Moe. Said he might be coming down for the game.

*Joe Ironstone.* Moe? Coming here? Now, why would he want to come all the way down here for one fixture? He never once came to a game at home, when it was just a ten-minute walk to the rink! Wonder what he was really meaning.

*Bergman.* I dunno Joe. Just said he might come down. Said he'd had a telegram from you.

*Joe Ironstone.* Sure, I most always send a nighter, just figuring he should know my whereabouts. But he doesn't usually make any reply. After all, what would he want to say? [WITH SARCASM] "Good work, Joe!" or "We're all proud of you up here in Sudbury!" Ha! [PAUSES] No — Moe, God bless him, *is* my brother, but he only usually has an interest when *he's* telling me what to do. He must be coming down to buy some cloth or something for the store.

*Bergman.* This here is an Ironstone suitjacket I have on right now. I buy all my duds in Sudbury, when I'm up covering the Wolves. Anyhow, listen Joe, I'll be wearing out my welcome any second now, so I'll beat it. See ya later!

*Joe Ironstone.* See ya later, Berg.

¶ MUSIC: *Fade to theme, up and out.*



ACT 2

The dressing room  
Mutual Street Arena

Before the game  
Evening of March 3, 1928

¶ *MUSIC: Up and out.*

¶ *SCENE: The dressing room. Sounds of players talking, locker doors opening and closing, equipment and bags banging on benches.*

*Rodden.* So what do you think, fellas? We gonna send those Bruins back to the barn?

*Duncan.* Sure thing, Eddie.

*Cox.* Here, listen to the headline in this morning's *Globe*: "Hard, Rough Boston Plays Maple Leafs. Ross's Collection of Heavy-Checking and Fast Travelling Hockeyists at Arena." The papers must figure we got our work cut out for us with these Boston Beaneaters!

*Duncan.* The Leafs will show Mr. Sprague Cleghorn and his "fast-travelling" Boston hockeyists a thing or two, never you mind.

*Herberts.* So how about that goaltender, Ironstone? Pretty good, I'd say.

*Rodden.* I gave him about fifty of the best, and he was begging for more.

*Ramsay.* 'Cept when I beaned him! I felt bad about that. I was pretty glad he didn't get sore.

*Herberts.* Forget it, Ramsay. Only a little wind in his ear, and 'sides, he hardly even noticed, I'd say. You can see he's had a few in the face for a lot more trouble than that!

*Duncan.* He didn't seem . . . well, didn't seem as cordial as some of the boys we've had in.

*Ramsay.* Just some nerves, I think. First game with the club and all. No harm in that.

*Rodden.* That may be, but you know he was saying some things to Lowrey when he first came out, about how none of us would rather he was there. 'Till Ace shut him up, that is!

*Herberts.* Hey Eddie! What *was* that, anyway? I couldn't hear what he said.

*Rodden.* You saw Ace came out late, after Ironstone. I guess Pops filled him in, when he was gettin' dressed, that Roach was sick, and Ironstone had been hired up for the day from Brantford. Well, Ace came out on the ice, and first thing skated right down to the net . . .

*Duncan.* He pulled off a glove, stuck out his hand, and said, "Welcome to the Maple Leafs, Ironstone." What a gent!

*Rodden.* Sure thing, he is — and then Ironstone got a big grin pasted on his face, and shook Bailey's hand.

*Duncan.* Here's Ironstone now — Hey there, Joe.

*Rodden.* Hi, Joe.

*Herberts.* How ya doin' Joe?

*Joe Ironstone.* Just fine, I guess — why d'ya ask? You fellas sweating about the goaltending tonight?

*Herberts.* Never you mind, Joe. The boys here figure you can do the job well enough.

*Joe Ironstone.* Sure thing, I'll do the job.

*Rodden.* You need anything, Joe?

*Joe Ironstone.* No, nothing at all. Got everything I need.

*Rodden.* Just lemme know if anything comes up, Joe.

*Duncan.* Listen up, boys, the coach has something to say.

*Smythe.* [WHISTLES] Listen here! Everybody's back from warm-up. In exactly ten minutes I want all you boys sat on the bench here for some things I'm gonna fill you in on. Got it?

*Players.* Sure thing, Coach! Okay! [etc.]

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

*Cox.* Hey, Ironstone! There's a couple fellas outside wanna see you.

*Joe Ironstone.* What d'ya mean, wanna see me? I can't see nobody now!

*Cox.* Says they're family, Joe. Just want to see you for a minute.

*Joe Ironstone.* Okay, Cox. But I don't really know that I got a minute.

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

¶ *SCENE: Narrow corridor outside the dressing room. Slight echo apparent. Occasional background footsteps, noise, and passing background conversations.*

*Joe Ironstone.* God damn, what are you boys doing here! I thought it was Moe asking for me.

*Harry Ironstone.* Moe's in town, Joe, but he didn't come down with us. We got him a ticket for the game, though, and told him he had *better* come!

*Paul Ironstone.* You know Moe! When we saw him earlier he was going on about how you'd signed up with the Toronto team without asking his advice — Not only that, but how we'd come down for the game without telling him ahead of time! So, we figured it might be just as well if we came round on our own!

*Joe Ironstone.* That's the truth, I s'pose. But how'd you boys know? How'd you get down here so quickly?

*Harry Ironstone.* Had a telegram from Ma yesterday. We both had a few days break from classes, so we decided to get the morning train. We're going to stay over with Paul's friend Sammy, and get back to Montreal tomorrow.

*Joe Ironstone.* That's swell. You know, I'm really glad to see you two lunkheads. Did Ma say everything's okay with her?

*Paul Ironstone.* Sure Joe, everything's just fine. She said that Sophie and Hattie had wanted to come too, especially hearing we'd be along. But Moe said this was no reason to miss any days from school, and that girls didn't *go* to hockey games anyway, whether it was their brother playing or not.

*Joe Ironstone.* Well, I don't think that's the truth, exactly, but Moe means well. I haven't been back up to see them for a good number of weeks. It's hard during the season, you know. Anyhow, you two boys keeping your noses in those books?

*Paul Ironstone.* Sure thing Joe. Just another year and I'll be finished — a full-fledged doctor! Sometimes I find that hard to believe myself. Harry here has a little longer to go than that, before he'll be drilling all those teeth on his own.

*Joe Ironstone.* I'm proud of you fellas, you know that?

*Paul Ironstone.* We're proud of you too, Joe. Professional sports player in the family and all. At McGill, we're known as the Med students with "the brother in pro hockey"!

*Harry Ironstone.* Sure thing. Look at this, Joe! You made the paper tonight, here in the *Telegram*.

*Joe Ironstone.* But that's a picture of John Ross Roach.

*Harry Ironstone.* But look what it says — "It is not likely Roach will play for the Leafs this evening when the locals line up against Boston at the Arena. Joe Ironstone, the Falcon ace, will fill the breach."

*Paul Ironstone.* You're an "Ace," Joe. The Falcon "Ace"!

*Joe Ironstone.* Well, I may be an "Ace," but, you know boys, I may not go on too much longer at this. I'm not gettin' any younger, and there's so many kids scratching to get in. Just gonna push an old guy like me out.

*Harry Ironstone.* [LAUGHS] I think that's rubbish talk, Joe, but never mind. We'd better let you get back and get dressed up. Good game, Joe.

*Joe Ironstone.* Okay, Harry.

*Paul Ironstone.* We'll be pulling for you, Joe!

*Joe Ironstone.* You bet, Paul. See ya later.

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

¶ *SCENE: The dressing room, entering conversation in progress.*

*Herberts.* What d'ya mean? I wouldn't play goal for nothin'!

*Cox.* Yeah, it's tough all right. Just 'cause all the fans stick it to the goalie so bad.

*Duncan.* It's usually guys that wanna play, but can't skate too good, that end up in goal!

*Rodden.* Suppose that's true for kids playing the rinks after school and the like, but you know that doesn't last long. Takes a certain kind of person to make it past that — takes guts, good eyes and hands, and a thick skin!

*Cox.* Yeah, that's what I was saying. I think sometimes all the fans remember is the final score! And all *that* action comes down to the crease.

*Rodden.* You know that's not exactly true, Danny. The fans are looking pretty hard at the goaltender to do his job, sure — and you bet they want wins! But they can see well enough if the other boys aren't keeping the puck forward and making the shots like they should — and if the netminder's letting easy ones by, or if he's making them sweat. They know.

¶ *SOUND: Joe Ironstone coming back into the dressing room.*

*Joe Ironstone.* You boys still barking about the goaltending, I see.

*Cox.* Not for a minute, Joe. Just talking about what it takes, more general like.

*Joe Ironstone.* Yeah, well you bet it's tough getting fired at all night.

*Herberts.* Sure it is, Joe. 'Course, it's tough gettin' that puck in there at the *other* end, too!

*Joe Ironstone.* Everybody's got their job to do.

*Rodden.* Yeah, and everybody gets their job *done*, and takes their knocks, too.

*Joe Ironstone.* Truth is, boys, I think I'd rather take all those bullets every which way all night, than always getting plastered by some of those big apes!

*Herberts.* Any of those apes flatten one of *my* buddies for no good reason, I give 'em a hickory massage — or bring 'em into my office against the boards for a little *chit-chat* about it!

*Cox.* Well, I still say goal is about the toughest job. And seems a coach will send a goaltender out in just about *any* kind of condition, just 'cause they don't have to skate so hard! I've seen 'em stitched and bandaged and dazed and whatever you like.

*Herberts.* And, like Vezina, coming out sick to death and all, like he did.

*Rodden.* The Vezina, God bless his soul, just never told anybody he was sick like that. S'pose too, he'd just rather've played to the end. Never be another like him.

*Cox.* No, not like him. 'Course, now the League has got a trophy named after him, he won't be forgotten too quick.

*Duncan.* Now don't you boys go getting all choked up or nothing. That's just why this is a great sport and all, having men like that in the game.

*Joe Ironstone.* And getting a few bucks for it, too.

*Rodden.* That matters, Joe. Playing a good hard game brings the fans to the Arena — and there's a lot that has to be covered, to put on the show.

*Cox.* Why sure, the fans know what they're dishing out for. They wouldn't want to come 'round, and see you with a couple mattress ends tied to your shins, or a pair of old Eaton's catalogues. They wanna see pros playing good hockey, and that means the right kind of gear, sewn sweaters, and programs and all. Can run up a few bucks!

*Herberts.* Not to mention the good bag of nickels thrown our way. We'd better not bitch about a few bumps, with our gettin' the pay we are. I'm gettin' more in five or six games here than my brother gets out there on the farm in a year.

*Duncan.* And then a wad of dough out for rail fares, food, and the like, to bring a worthy opponent to town.

*Rodden.* A "worthy opponent" Ha! You been reading poetry or something, Dunc!

*Duncan.* Think that was something I heard in church.

*Herberts.* Well, we need some good Bible readers here, Art, you can bet on it. Sometimes I think the only thing we got working for us out there is the mercy of the Lord.

Cox. That's the truth, Sailor! That's surely the truth. [LAUGHS]

¶ MUSIC: *Bridge.*

Daly. Hey, Ironstone!

Joe Ironstone. Yeah, what d'ya want?

Daly. Coach said I ought to fill you in on some of what you'll be up against here with the boys from Boston. Truth is, I suggested he might give you a quick rundown, but he just looked at me hard-eyed — a steamed kinda look — and sent me over. You get him chewed about something?

Joe Ironstone. What would he have to get chewed about? I showed up to play, didn't I?

Daly. Yeah, sure. Anyway, listen up. There's one or two boys from Boston you oughta know something about. They got one fella that switches right and left. Comes at you and shoots right — so, you flip it back to his off side, and then, the son-of-a-gun, he's changed stick hands right in your face! And hammers it straight back, *left* handed! Good hard wrist shots, too, right and left.

Joe Ironstone. Yeah? Instead of talking to me, maybe you better be after those defencemen, about getting those rebounds *out* of there.

Daly. Sure, I know that, Joe. Just thought a little friendly talk beforehand might help you out.

Joe Ironstone. Save it. You know a goalminder just has to play his own game. You never know what anybody might be getting up to, no matter how often you've played 'em. Besides, you could tell me names and all 'till you're blue in the face, but it wouldn't do any good. Sure as green apples, none of those boys are gonna stop by the net to make a polite "how'd ja do"! Can't really know who's who 'till you played a steady string of games with a club.

Daly. Sure, Joe. Truth is, *you'll* have the edge tonight that way. None of them on the Bruins side will have any idea of how you play the end, or where the best bets are against you.

Joe Ironstone. I know that, Pops. But you go ahead and tell me what you want — and don't you worry. I'll be *getting* to know each and every one of those ugly mugs once we're on the ice, and I'll have 'em all down to a dime before you know it.

Daly. I know you will, Joe. First thing, though — keep off your knees. You showed 'em pretty darn good at practice, but I saw they were getting you on your knees. Can't piss on the puck on your knees. You're not a man that gets all in a hot knot when he let's one pass, now are you? . . .



¶ *MUSIC: Up to fade.*

*Smythe.* [WHISTLES, THEN IN A MILITARY TONE] Gentlemen! Your attention please. Listen here! I have some important information for you men, about the visiting Boston Bruins. Before I tell you those particulars, I am going to read you a statement I made to the press yesterday, which is in today's *Evening Telegram*, under the headline "Maple Leafs Meet Boston This Evening." It is as follows. "Conny Smythe arrived in town yesterday afternoon with the team," et cetera, and *said*, quote, "We lost a real tough argument in New York, when Roach was beaten with a soft shot. It was heartbreaking to see that one go in after Herberts, Bailey, and Cox were cheated out of at least two goals earlier in the game." End quote. Tonight, gentlemen, we will have nobody cheated of *any* shots on goal — *and* — with *your* skill and support, Mr. Ironstone, whom you know is filling in for Mr. Roach, will not be admitting any soft shots, nor, for that matter, any hard ones either. In fact, I want to see Mr. Ironstone finishing this game with squinty eyes, having had to watch one full hour of hockey played in the far-off distance, up the other end of the rink. Do I make myself clear? Tonight we will be giving the fans a game that is deserving of their patronage.

¶ *MUSIC: Fade to theme, up and out.*

ACT 3

Café  
Shuter Street, Toronto

After the game  
Evening of March 3, 1928

¶ *MUSIC: Up and out.*

¶ *SCENE: Inside the restaurant. Sounds of customers talking, dishes, and cash register.*

¶ *SOUND: Door opens and closes, footsteps.*

*Herberts.* Hey there, Cox! Where is everybody? What you doing?

*Cox.* They'll be along soon. Just looking through tonight's paper.

*Rodden.* Let's see what they've got in the sports pages.

*Cox.* Sure thing, but have a look at this headline on the front page!

"Raw Walrus Food Kept Lost Aviators Alive." I guess these army fliers went down on an ice floe, and made their way to Labrador, where the Eskimos fed them raw walrus meat to stay alive.

*Rodden.* I figure those Eskimos have been staying alive on raw walrus just about every day of their lives, when it hasn't been raw something else. Everybody does what's natural for them.

*Cox.* Hey, Rodden! Didn't see you come in.

*Rodden.* Wouldn't want to miss the celebration.

*Herberts.* Don't know if we should be celebrating! Another dead heat.

*Rodden.* But a *zero-zero* dead heat! Special flavour to that, I think.

Daly was saying this is only the fifth scoreless game for the Arenas, Pats and Leafs altogether in ten years odd, since the league started up.

*Cox.* Still, you know the fans aren't happy about all these deadlocks. You've been reading the talk in the papers. Look here, there's a column on the sports page today. Listen to this: "There are some who would make the pro hockey teams play to a finish and declare a winner in each and every game, regardless of

whether or not they played until the next day. Declaring a winner in every game, is, of course, much better than having so many draws" . . . um, ah . . . "but the fans do not want to all sit around a rink until after midnight for the boys to settle their dispute."

*Herberts.* Trouble is, some of the fans just don't think we're trying hard enough to win.

*Rodden.* Maybe not us. A lot more of that in the Canadian League than in the National.

*Cox.* Yeah, they say that — here, um, "Toronto fans may be pleased to know that the Canadiens and the Maple Leafs are ranked as two of the teams in the big show who give plenty of attention to the attack and who really go out after goals."

*Herberts.* That's more like it.

*Cox.* Hold on, there's more. "True, on occasions they do 'stall,' but usually only when they are short-handed."

*Herberts.* Now what are they expecting us to do when we're short-handed?! Sometimes I think before anybody should be allowed to write for a newspaper, they should have to be strapped to the back of a pro forward for ten games.

*Rodden.* So then nobody over five foot and ninety-five pounds could join the press corps! [LAUGHTER]

*Cox.* Here's Benny Bergman — he sure wouldn't qualify under those rules!

*Rodden.* No sir, he wouldn't!

*Herberts.* How'd you like the game, Mr. Bergman?

*Bergman.* A good effort, men! Even if it did come out another stalemate.

*Rodden.* Zero-zero, Mr. Bergman! Don't have near as many of them.

*Bergman.* Well, that may be sweeter to you, but not so much for me. Anyway, Ironstone will be the man of the hour in the sports pages here tomorrow. A great outing for him.

*Herberts.* It *was* that! A perfect record with the Maple Leafs! You almost hate to play another game after one perfect like that. Bound to be all downhill from there.

*Rodden.* That's very philosophical, coming from you Herberts.

*Herberts.* Ha! That's right, Eddie! — But, you know, I may not be philosophical, but I do know about those numbers. And, for a goaltender, I know that all zeros is all zeros, and anything other never comes back to that.

*Cox.* What's that again? [THEY ALL LAUGH]

*Herberts.* Forget it.

*Rodden.* He just meant to say that a goalie could never hang onto a perfect record for long. Somebody sometime is gonna get one by him.

*Cox.* Probably sometime pretty darn soon!

*Bergman.* Anybody seen the ace goaltender?

*Rodden.* Nope, not yet. I know a couple of the fellas told him we usually get together here after the game. Saw Bailey talking to him myself.

*Bergman.* Yeah, well I hope he'll be along. I'd really like to have a few words.

*Cox.* Here comes the coach, with Duncan. You can get a few words with the boss instead.

*Bergman.* Sure thing. I'll do just that.

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

¶ *SCENE: In front of the restaurant. Street noises, automobile horns.*

*Harry Ironstone.* We're glad you could spend a little time with us, Joe. This here the place where the players meet after the games?

*Joe Ironstone.* This is it, I think. Never been here before myself. Oh yeah, there, I can see a couple of the boys inside.

*Paul Ironstone.* Sorry that Moe didn't make it to the game, Joe.

*Joe Ironstone.* That's no big deal, Paul. He's never been much interested in hockey play.

*Harry Ironstone.* No, but it would have been good if he could come anyway. Said he had to meet one of the drygoods fellas tonight, but that he'd be along here later.

*Joe Ironstone.* Here? You mean, right *here*?

*Harry Ironstone.* When I got him on the phone at the hotel after the game, I told him the name of this café, anyway. Said he knew where Shuter Street was.

*Joe Ironstone.* I don't want to hang around here dog's years waiting for Moe!

*Paul Ironstone.* Never mind, Joe. If Moe's not here by eleven-thirty, you'll know he's hit the sack already.

*Joe Ironstone.* Sure, that's right Paul. You sure you boys don't want to come in and meet some of the players?

*Harry Ironstone.* Thanks, Joe, but no. We don't want to be too late getting to Sammy's. We feel bad enough showing up even this late, just to sleep over, and then out early for the first train. We don't want to be getting them out of bed on top of that!

*Joe Ironstone.* That's right, Harry. You're a *mensch*, and a scholar too. Just keep up that hard study you're doing!

*Harry Ironstone.* Okay, Joe, you can depend on it. And don't *you* go talking any more about quitting.

*Joe Ironstone.* Don't say "quitting," Harry. I'm no quitter. But my mind's pretty much made up about getting out of the pros. But it's not quitting. "Retire" is how they say it. Comes a time when a player figures it's time to retire.

*Paul Ironstone.* Well, you know what you need to do, Joe.

*Harry Ironstone.* That's right, Joe. And whatever you do, I'll always remember this one great game tonight above all.

*Joe Ironstone.* Okay, boys, now beat it. I'll see ya soon.

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

¶ *SCENE: Inside the restaurant, entering conversation in progress.*

*Rodden.* Well I guess we're all that's gonna show up.

*Herberts.* Yeah, Smith and Keeling said they had to get going, but I expected to see Bailey.

*Cox.* And Lowrey, too.

*Duncan.* Must have been shy of all the handshakes.

*Rodden.* I think it's Ironstone who deserves that round of hearty handclaps. They won't be looking to sign him up for the ballet or anything like that, but he plays a hell of a good game. A fella like that deserves a shot in the National League.

*Cox.* Sure thing, Eddie.

*Rodden.* That was a *heartbreaker* in the second, when Keeling got by Shore and Hitchman, and Sailor's pick off the rebound snipped the post. God damn!

*Duncan.* Not to mention you and Sailor putting up that give-and-go. How could Winkler have managed to get in front of that?!

*Herberts.* Just luck, I figure.

*Cox.* Now, was that the Bruin's *good* luck, or the Maple Leaf's *bad* luck? [THEY ALL LAUGH]

*Rodden.* Sure as blazes it was their good luck when Winkler stopped Dunc's rush. He ripped Shore and Hitchman right apart, and just blasted square in there.

*Duncan.* Sorry to say, boys, but Winkler stopped me fair. We've got to hand it to the man — he played a sensational game.

*Herberts.* I guess we have to hand him that, but never you mind. Ironstone made a *good* number of friends tonight — and that boy owes a lot to you and Ramsay, too. You boys gave him *perfect* protection the whole night. And, hey! Eddie! Where you comin' up with those brainy plays?! You're makin' me look damn good, without me lifting a finger!

*Rodden.* Thanks a lot, Sailor, but you don't need any help from anybody to be lookin' good.

*Cox.* Lookie there, isn't that Fergus from the *Star*?

*Herberts.* Sometimes I wonder if we're in the hockey playing business, or the newspaper interviewing business.

*Fergus.* Hi fellas. Great game, even if the lot of you were all fast asleep in the first.

*Cox.* Yeah, but it picked up after that. And plenty of pepper and mustard, too!

*Fergus.* Sure, but penalties don't make it good-watching hockey. Anyhow, the rub was still some genuine hard luck for the Leafs — especially Herberts — beat on a couple of sure shots. But, hey! Kelly Ironstone was brilliant.

*Rodden.* Why you callin' him "Kelly"? Didn't hear him called "Kelly" here.

*Fergus.* No — that's the handle the boys in Brantford pinned on him. Think he might prefer they forgot about it! What matters is that he's *showed* now he's as good or better than any other netminder in the big circuit, and I'll be saying so in the column tomorrow.

*Duncan.* Bergman's next door, if you boys might want to compare notes!

*Fergus.* Never you mind, I got nothing against Bergman. We're both just pounding the ol' keys at different stores, that's all. Besides, the big boys at the *Star* aren't so keen on sports reporting these days, not like the *Telly*. So I figure Benny's just having to work harder than me for the same shekels! Anyway, I got the info I need, so I'll be getting on my way.

*Players.* Okay, see ya later! So long!

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

¶ *SOUND: Person entering the café.*

*Herberts.* Here's the ace now! That was Fergus you passed there, from the *Star*. Says the headline tomorrow'll be "Joe Ironstone Looks Good in Goal."

*Cox.* Great game, Joe!

*Rodden.* You *did* show those boys something about looking good in the net!

*Joe Ironstone.* Yeah, forget it, boys. The Maple Leaf defence made the game at my end — I hardly had any work to do at all. And how about when Galbraith near about dribbled that one by? Had me flayed, flat on my back, and scrambling away!

*Cox.* Well, Joe, you caught that one wobbler after all. That's what matters.

*Duncan.* Benny Bergman said he wanted to see you. He's next door, talking to Mr. Smythe.

*Joe Ironstone.* Oh, yeah? Think I'll just hang on here for him.

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

*Rodden.* Hey, Ironstone! Fella here asking for you!

*Joe Ironstone.* Moe! So you got down here after all. C'mon over. Let's sit down over here, where we can talk.

*Moe Ironstone.* I didn't see your hockey game, Joe.

*Joe Ironstone.* Yeah, I know you were busy with the business.

*Moe Ironstone.* Father established the business for us, Joe, to look after the family. And I don't get much help with it, what with you travelling around playing your game. I hope you don't forget that we have mother, two brothers, and two sisters to look after, Joe.

*Joe Ironstone.* You *know* I don't forget that for a minute, Moe. I'm putting in just as much as you for Paul and Harry, and they are working hard and making us proud for it. Won't be long now they'll both be independent established professionals. Father couldn't have asked for much more than that.

*Moe Ironstone.* Well, he might have asked that one of his sons wasn't out playing like a tough guy, but rather was at home helping with the business. It's been up to me, but at least I've managed to keep it going steady, with a good clientele — gentlemen of taste and refinement.

*Joe Ironstone.* I'd have to be about the last man you'd want around gents with refinement, Moe — 'cause refinement is *not* a big speciality of mine. Still, whatever good I might be, I think I'll be coming back up to Sudbury soon.

*Moe Ironstone.* What do you mean, Joe? Shouldn't you have asked me about this first?

*Joe Ironstone.* Sure, Moe. I'm asking you about it *now*. I'm thinking of getting out of the pros, and coming back to the business.

*Moe Ironstone.* You can't give up this game just like that, now *can* you, Joe?! A few weeks back home, and you'll pack your bags and be off again. Besides, what would you do to earn extra money?

*Joe Ironstone.* It's part on account of raising extra money that I've *made* this decision. See, when you wrote the other day saying we needed some extra for Ma, well, I was going to raise it no matter what. So, I might have pushed another fella a little too hard, and got the feeling maybe I'd better just pack up. Ah . . . just getting too old, Moe. Can't ask for more money like that anymore.



*Moe Ironstone.* If you'd only told me about this before, I could have saved you this . . . this, problem.

*Joe Ironstone.* What are you saying, Moe? That's *meshugge*. I'll still have hockey to play. Back in Sudbury, I can sign up with the Wolves and play the minors in a minute, and will.

*Moe Ironstone.* But you'll be in all the Toronto newspapers tomorrow! You've finished this game tonight a famous hockeyist!

*Joe Ironstone.* That's exactly right, Moe. That's exactly the right time to get out, especially my being thirty-one years old.

*Moe Ironstone.* Now it is *you* talking crazy, Joe, and that's not *like* you. I think you'd better come clean with me, Joe. I don't think you're giving me the straight story.

*Joe Ironstone.* Okay, Moe. But, listen. *You* tell me what a fella's supposed to do! I've had five pro games in a row with nobody getting one by me, and that tonight, for the capper, was great hockey play — on the part of all the boys. You see, Moe, it's always ever so close to ruination. Tonight, for instance, I had a dribbler nearly go by! I was flat on my back, and that puck was bouncing and wobbling ever so slow, right near the line. Just *that* close to ruination! Truth is, I was panicked for a split second, but then grabbed it in the nick of time.

*Moe Ironstone.* Whatever you say, Joe, but I don't follow what your meaning is at all.

*Joe Ironstone.* How's a man supposed to *leave* all that, Moe? How's a man supposed to quit? You're playing *great* games, and you tell 'em you're *quitting*? They'd think I'm some kind of coward, or gone soft. Well, I'm *no* coward, and I *ain't* gone soft.

*Moe Ironstone.* So what is it, Joe?

*Joe Ironstone.* [AFTER A PAUSE] I don't know how many more years Ma might have, Moe, and it's not right I spend what time there might be out on the road like this. But you think any of these boys would understand that, Moe? *Not on your life*. They'd laugh in my face.

*Moe Ironstone.* So you demand more money than you should be getting — to push the man to throw you out — rather than quit on your own?! Oy oy! [STERNLY] Which way do you think you look like a bigger man, Joe? [PAUSE] I wish we could have spoken about this before.

*Joe Ironstone.* But it wasn't *like* that, Moe! I was after more money 'cause we needed it. You said we needed it just now, for looking after the family.

*Moe Ironstone.* What exactly did you do, Joe?

*Joe Ironstone.* It was no big deal. No point in making any story about it — and there's no more talking it over, either. [PAUSE] But you know, Moe, that still does *mean* something, about leaving at a moment of success. Most kids don't ever make it to the pros, much less have a great moment of success! This was a *perfect* game tonight, Moe. Do you understand?

¶ *MUSIC: Bridge.*

¶ *SCENE: Bergman and Smythe in conversation.*

*Bergman.* I'm sorry, Mr. Smythe. I'm trying to understand what you say, but I'm afraid I don't get it. Joe Ironstone will be the talk of the town tomorrow.

*Smythe.* So what?! Now, don't get me wrong, Bergman, you're a gent, and I don't get the feeling that you're trying to persuade me of any argument — apart from Ironstone having played a good game, which needs no persuasion.

*Bergman.* Thanks for saying so, Mr. Smythe, but it's not that. I just get the feeling there's some kinda sugar in the gasoline here. Call it reporter's instinct. But I know you won't want to tell me anything personal, or anything you ought not to.

*Smythe.* Well, Bergman, I think I will tell you *both* of those things — something personal, and something that I ought not to. Don't ask my *why* I'm gonna, 'cause there'd be no reason other than a few rocks in my head. And only if you think you can keep it under your hat. I know you will if you say you will.

*Bergman.* Sure thing, Mr. Smythe. Never once broken a confidence, like you say.

*Smythe.* Remember when I was telling you how I got a little cooked when I was first talking to Ironstone?

*Bergman.* I remember.

*Smythe.* Well, see, when it got to money, I told Ironstone that I'd pay him two hundred dollars for the game. That's the regular fees paid in the National League, and it's good money too! Better than most of the regular boys get for each individual game.

*Bergman.* Sure it is.

*Smythe.* Wasn't enough for Ironstone. He said he wanted three hundred.

*Bergman.* Three hundred?

*Smythe.* That's right. Well, I was *pretty* tee'd off. So I told him I'd pay him the money, but that I'd make sure that he never played another game. . .

*Bergman.* For the Maple Leafs?

*Smythe.* No, that I'd see to it he never played another game in the National League.

*Bergman.* Oh, I *see!* [PAUSE] So you gonna do that?

*Smythe.* [STERNLY] That's not really the point, is it?

*Bergman.* What *is* the point, Mr. Smythe?

*Smythe.* I needed him for the team tonight. He got heavy-handed on me. That's all there is to it.

*Bergman.* I don't know what you might have done, Mr. Smythe, to make better of the situation.

*Smythe.* What I *might* have done, Mr. Bergman, is told him NO. No, Mr. Ironstone, I'll pay you two hundred, and kindly get your ass on the train first thing in the morning.

¶ *MUSIC: Fade to theme, up and out.*