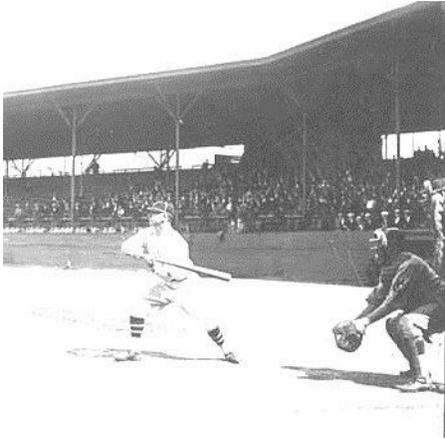


Chapter 5 The Big Game



During those last few weeks in May, it seemed like the fighting in Europe—we called it the Great War—was affecting everyone, even those of us at the Brick House. We knew we were supposed to do whatever we could to support our American soldiers. They would soon be going “over there” to France to fight the Huns—that was our name for the Germans.

One day during assembly, Miss Lings announced that Sheltering Arms would be putting in larger vegetable gardens this year so we could grow more of our own food. “We need to conserve the food we buy. That is our way of supporting the war effort,” she

told us. I knew that would mean more chores for me, since my main job was to work out in the fields. There would be less time for stickball until all the gardens were planted.

That same day, I had seen a photo in the *Minneapolis Tribune* of Mrs. Maitland from the Sheltering Arms Board of Directors and her husband, Herbert. The *Tribune* reported that Mr. and Mrs. Maitland were heading up a committee to raise funds for Belgian relief. The Germans had overrun the small country of Belgium during the early days of the war. The relief funds raised by the Minneapolis committee would be used to provide food for Belgian people who were starving.

The paper also reported on a giant parade through downtown Minneapolis where 8,000 people marched down Nicollet Avenue in support of the war. During the parade, an 80-year-old woman named Maria Sanford, a University professor, jumped out of the car in which she had been riding and on to the back of an army truck. “Those like myself, who can’t do the fighting must give the last ounce of our strength and our last dollar to uphold the arms of our fighting men,” Miss Sanford told the cheering crowd.

The *Minneapolis Tribune* was filled with news about registration day that was coming in early June. On that day all men between the ages of 21 and 30 had to register for the military draft. Once they were registered, some of them would be called up to serve in the military whether they wanted to serve or not. The newspaper told us to watch out for “slackers,” men who were trying to avoid their responsibility to serve their country.

“I think the slackers should be rounded up and shot,” Tuggs said one morning at breakfast. “They are all traitors.” But I disagreed. “What if they think war is a bad thing. Remember the bible says ‘Thou shall not kill,’” I told Tuggs. “Well, I still think the slackers should be shot.” I didn’t see any point in arguing with him, but I wondered why the war made so many people angry—even young boys like Tuggs.

But now, I had better things to think about. I was finally going to see the Minneapolis Millers play ball at Nicollet Park, something I had had wanted to do ever since I had come to the Brick House. The Saturday

after Memorial Day Lionel and I would be in the stands when the Millers battled the St. Paul Saints, in the first of what was billed as a streetcar double header.

The first game, at 1 o'clock, was on the Millers' home field. Later that day, the action moved over to St. Paul, with a rematch at Lexington Park. We were going only to the first game. That was more than enough baseball for me.

I knew that Jimmy and Tuggs wanted to go with us, but they couldn't afford the cost. The tickets for the seats in the right-field bleachers were 35 cents. The streetcar fare each way was five cents, and then there was an extra nickel for a Coca Cola and a candy bar. But all of that was more than they had. They didn't have any money at all for extras. Father sent me an allowance of \$3 a month. I'd saved up my money for the big game. Lionel never seemed to have any concerns about money. He was always able to buy whatever he wanted.

Saturday at 12:30, Lionel and I were already in line at the ballpark's main gate on 31st and Nicollet, ready to buy our tickets. Hordes of fans were pouring out of the streetcars and swarming around the gate. Most of the men were wearing suits and ties and straw hats with flat tops called boaters. There were a few women in the crowd. They all wore long dresses that reached down to their ankles. Some of the women also wore boaters, but their hats were decorated with colorful ribbons. I wondered why the older people wore so many clothes to go to a baseball game. I was glad I wasn't old enough to wear a suit with one of those high collars that pinched your neck.

We were in our seats in the upper deck as the game was ready to start. The players ran on to the field from their dugout, one at a time. A huge cheer rose up from the crowd when Henderson ran out. He was the rookie who had scored the winning runs for the Millers during their last two games on the road. There were rumors that Henderson was going to be called up to the Giants at the end of the season.

We all stood up when a woman with a quavery voice led us in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner," backed up by a wheezy organ. The umpire cried, "Play ball!" and the game was on.

During the early innings, there wasn't much action. The Saints new pitcher, Steamboat Williams, threw a mean fastball, and struck out three of the Millers best hitters. By the fifth inning, Steamboat's arm began to fade. He walked Holland and Liddle.

The Millers had a man on first and one on second, when the Saints coach, Cy Morgan, sent in Joe Martina to replace Steamboat on the mound. But that inning ended badly when Martina retired the next three batters, stranding Holland and Liddle on base.

By the bottom of the ninth, the crowd was getting restless. The Millers were up at bat but were down one run to the Saints when Cranky Schultz's line drive to left field earned him a single. Henderson was up next. A hush fell over the crowd. The count was two to one as Martina paced the mound, eyeing Henderson nervously. Then the pitch and the booming crack of the bat. The ball sailed up over the right field fence. Henderson had hit a home run! The crowd went wild. Lionel and I jumped up and down, hugging each other. The Millers had come from behind to edge the Saints three runs to two.

Going home, Lionel and I were packed into a streetcar filled with morose Saints fans, who kept muttering that they would get even that afternoon when their team was back on its home turf. Lionel and I were glad to be rid of the Saints fans when we transferred to the 42nd Street line at Lake and Minnehaha. All in all, that Saturday was my best day during the months I had been at the Brick House.

The next week, on Tuesday afternoon, Madeline, Lionel and I started off, walking home from school together. As we turned the corner from 42nd Street on to the River Road, Madeline walked on ahead, so no one would see the three of us coming into the Brick House together.

Lionel and I meandered along together, chatting happily about the game. All of the sudden, I heard Lionel gasp as his face went white. There, near the front gate, was the silver-gray Buick roadster. "He has come to get me, but I won't go!" Lionel cried out, defiantly.

Mrs. Lembke was waiting for us at the front door when we got to the Brick House. "Lionel, Miss Lings would like to see you in her office." I heard her say. "Please go there directly."

"Ned, come with me," Lionel said quietly, hoping that Mrs. Lembke wouldn't hear him. I didn't think I should, but Lionel was my friend. I didn't want to desert him.

Lionel walked in ahead of me, as I stood back, just outside the door to Miss Lingus's office. I looked in and saw the man with the bowler hat sitting there, calmly drinking a cup of tea. Only now, the bowler hat was sitting on the table next to him.

"Lionel, your uncle is here," Miss Lings started to say. Just then, the man saw me standing in the doorway. "What is he doing here? He shouldn't be here," the man said irately, pointing in my direction. "That is right," Miss Ling said. "Ned, this does not concern you. You should leave."

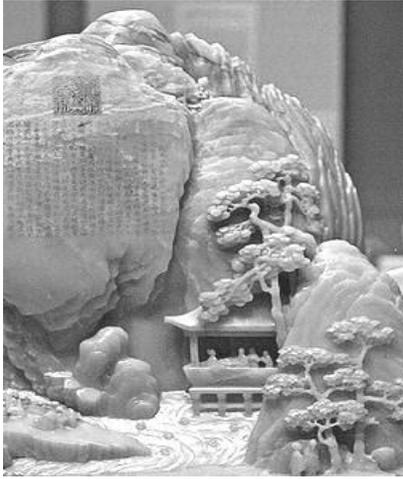
Then I heard Lionel shout. "I am not going with him. He can't make me go!" Lionel turned to run as the man grabbed him by the arm, but Lionel broke loose. "He is not my uncle," Lionel whispered to me as he ran out the door.

"This is intolerable," I heard the man mutter. "The boy must come with me. Go and fetch him," he said, turning to Miss Lings.

"I am afraid I can't do that, Mr. Martin," she replied quietly but firmly. "Lionel is obviously upset. We can't discharge him until we investigate this entire matter." With that, the man stormed out of the room.

After I saw the silver-gray roadster drive off, I went to find Lionel. I found him up in the boys' room, on his bed sobbing. "Lionel, what is this all about? Tell me. I am your friend," I said, trying to comfort him. "I can't tell you, Ned, not now," he said in between sobs. "Maybe later, but not now."

Chapter 6 Jade Mountain



As the school year was drawing to a close, Miss Lings asked five of us who were in the sixth grade to meet her in her office. The other four, besides me, included Madeline, her friend Dorothy, a scrawny girl named Agnes who wore thick glasses, and another boy, Dick. Miss Lings said we were to be congratulated because we had all gotten perfect marks on our report cards.

As a reward, she said that Mrs. Maitland from the Sheltering Arms Board had arranged a special outing for us to the Art Institute, followed by a tea party at her home. It didn't sound like a reward to me. I knew the boys would give me a bad time when they heard that I was going to a tea party with a bunch of girls.

As we were leaving Miss Lings's office, Dick whispered to me that he didn't want to go on the outing. I whispered back that I didn't want to go either, but I didn't think we could say no to Miss Lings. That next day, as we were walking home from school, Madeline told me that she and the other two girls thought the reward was just wonderful. "Now we will be able to wear those new dresses that we have been making in sewing class," she told me excitedly.

All week long, Dick and I kept talking about ways that we could get out of going on the outing with Mrs. Maitland. We decided that we would get into a big fight, so Miss Lings would punish us by keeping us home, but when it came time for the fight, neither of us was willing to go through with it.

The day finally came for the outing. Miss Lings marched all five of us into her office for an inspection before we were ready to set off for the Art Institute. I knew that she wanted to make sure that Dick and I had put on clean shirts, our faces were well scrubbed and our hair was combed.

Then we were off. I could see Jimmy and the boys snickering at the five of us as we walked down the path to the gate, where Jencks was waiting for us in the Sheltering Arms van. A half-hour later, the van pulled up in front of a large white building that stretched along a full block. In the middle of the block, five huge round posts held up a covering in the form of a triangle that jutted out from the front of the building. I had learned in Miss Lipton's class that the posts were known as columns and the triangle was called a pediment. The columns and pediments looked like the pictures I had seen of ancient Greek temples.

We got out of the van and started climbing the broad steps that led up to the temple. "What is this place?" Dick asked as we got to the top step. "Is it some kind of church?" "Not exactly," I said. "It is a museum, a place where you go to see pictures that are hanging on the wall." "Why do they need such a big building for the pictures?" Dick responded with another question. "Couldn't they just put the pictures all in one room?"

Mrs. Maitland was waiting for us at the front entrance. "How nice to see you all," she said with a friendly smile. "And welcome to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. We are all very proud of this new building. It is only two years old and it has already become one of the country's leading art museums."

We followed Mrs. Maitland into a broad hall with very high ceiling. At the end of the hall, leafy plants were gathered around a fountain with water flowing into a round pool. It was an indoor garden, something we had never seen before. We looked up at the ceiling and saw that it was curved and decorated with what looked like stone flowers. At the very top, a window let in sunlight that shone down on the fountain.

Mrs. Maitland led us into a long corridor lined with pictures on the walls. There, in front, was a large shiny rock that had been carved to look like a small mountain. Crevices had been carved into the rock to form steep valleys. In some places small stone trees sprouted out from the crevices with tiny stone men standing next to them. This was the Jade Mountain. Mrs. Maitland said the mountain was carved in China in the middle ages. "Back then, Chinese monks would look intently at the rock for many minutes," she explained "Then they would write poems about what they thought they saw." I would have liked to have stayed and examined the mountain more closely, like the Chinese monks used to do, but Mrs. Maitland said we had to move on because there was a lot more to see.

We went on to another hall where there was a painting of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The girls giggled and looked embarrassed when we got to that painting, because Adam and Eve were naked. That didn't bother me. I realized that the painter wanted to show the two people as they would have been in the garden.

Farther down that hallway we stopped at a picture of a woman holding a small child. Mrs. Maitland said Mary Cassatt, the only woman artist whose paintings were exhibited in the museum, painted it.

We trailed behind Mrs. Maitland as she took us through all the Art Institute's halls and gallery. We saw sculptures, drawings and paintings by many famous artists, people we had never heard of before. My favorite was Winslow Homer. His paintings of the ocean were so realistic that you could almost hear the waves crashing against the rocks.

Even though I hadn't wanted to go on this outing, I was glad I had come along. I got to see many beautiful things that I never would have known about if I had stayed back at the Brick House.

After about an hour, Mrs. Maitland said we had seen enough for one day. She led us out of the Art Institute, and across the street through a broad open field with trees on either side. This was Washburn Fair Oaks Park. The parkland had been donated to the Minneapolis Park Board by William Washburn whose home, Fair Oaks, was once located there. I knew that Mr. Washburn had owned the flourmill where Cousin Arvid worked.

Mrs. Maitland's home was across from the north end of the park. It was built of reddish brown stone and looked like a small castle. One corner of the house was in the shape of a tower topped by a tall pointed roof that resembled a witch's hat. Once inside, we found ourselves in a large room filled with

paintings, some of which looked like the ones we had seen in the Art Institute. One painting over the fireplace caught my eye. It had dabs of paint in soft colors that looked somewhat smudged if you looked at the painting closely. Mrs. Maitland said it was by a famous French artist named Monet.

After we were all settled, a woman wearing a long white apron and a white cap brought around a tray of small sandwiches shaped like triangles with the crusts cut off. Mrs. Maitland sat at the dining room table pouring tea into cups with saucers that we were supposed to balance on our laps. I told Mrs. Maitland that I would just as soon not have any tea, because I was afraid that I might spill it on the rug. Mrs. Maitland laughed and said that I could have a glass of fruit punch instead.

The five of us sat in Mrs. Maitland's living room looking uncomfortable. Dick and I had the fruit punch, but the girls tried holding the tea cups between their thumb and their middle finger, with their pinkies pointed in the air, the way proper ladies in the magazine were supposed to do. Agnes did spill some of the tea on her dress and looked very embarrassed.

After a while, Mrs. Maitland came up to me and said she would like to show me some of the prize roses in her garden because she knew that I liked flowers. When we were out in the garden, she spoke softly and told me she had brought me here because she wanted to discuss a sensitive matter, away from the other children.

"Ned, I know you are a serious young man. I think I can trust you," Then she told me she had heard about the incident in Miss Lings's office involving Lionel and the man who claimed to be Lionel's uncle. "Something about that whole situation doesn't sound right. I don't want to upset Miss Lings, so that is why I am taking you into my confidence," Mrs. Maitland said.

She went on to explain that she had recently received a letter from her friend Amanda Dalrymple, who was travelling in Europe on an inspection tour with the Red Cross. Mrs. Dalrymple wrote that her late cousin's son, Lionel Martin, was coming to live with her in the fall when she got back from her European trip. "Amanda knows I am a member of the Sheltering Arms board," Mrs. Maitland said. "I am sure she would have told me Lionel would be staying at Sheltering Arms if she had known about that. And, in any case, Amanda would have believed, as I do, that Sheltering Arms was not the proper place for her cousin's son."

"Ned, here is the card for my husband's man, Carson, who works for Herbert on the Public Safety Commission. Please call Carson if you see anything out of the ordinary involving the Martin boy. I am sure Miss Lings will let you use the phone if you say that you need to make an important call."

I was getting more entangled in Lionel's mystery than I wanted to be, but I didn't see how I could disentangle myself. I took the card from Mrs. Maitland and said I would do as she asked.

That next week, I saw a black Chevrolet coupe parked at the front gate. The card in the front window said "Commission of Public Safety." A man with slick backed hair and a thin pencil moustache was walking back to the car with Jencks. As the man prepared to drive away, I heard Jencks say to him. "Mr. Carson, I'll be sure to get in touch with you if anything suspicious happens here."

Now the whole mystery with Lionel was getting even stranger. Why was Carson already at Sheltering Arms? I hadn't called him. And what did Jencks have to do with Lionel and the man in the bowler hat? It would be awhile before I found the answers to those questions.

Chapter 7 Trouble Downtown



On the Saturday after school let out for the year, I decided to pass up our regular stickball game and take the streetcar down to the library on Hennepin Avenue. I had my own library card, and I was hoping to check out the newest Tom Swift book, *The Underground Search for the Idol of Gold*.

When Jimmy heard that I was going downtown to the library, he asked if he could come along. I was surprised by Jimmy's request because he had never paid much attention to reading or libraries. I knew Miss Lings would be happy to know that Jimmy had more serious interests so I told him he could come along. But first I had to lend him the 10 cents for the streetcar fare.

I was looking forward to my library visit. On an excursion there with Miss Lipton's class, I remembered how fascinated I had been by the Egyptian mummy on display in the main hall. The mummy frightened some of the girls but I thought it made ancient history seem more real.

The streetcar was just pulling up to the stop in front of the library at 10th and Hennepin when Jimmy told me he wanted to ride on for a few more blocks. "There is something I want to show you. We will come back to the library so you can get your book,"

We got off at Third Street. I followed Jimmy one block over to 1st Avenue. Now we were in front of the Gayety Theater. The sign in front said "Now Appearing—Minsky's Vaudeville Review."

"That vaudeville. It's a real hoot, it's the cat's pajamas," Jimmy said, using a term about cats that I had never heard before. "They have dogs that do tricks, men who tell funny stories and hit each other over the head with sticks, and women who dance in a line and kick up their heels so you can see their petticoats. When I used to live down here on 7th Avenue, we used to sneak in the back door and see the show. Let's go around the back and see if we can get in."

Now I knew the real reason why Jimmy had wanted to come downtown with me. He had tricked me into taking him along so he could go the Gayety Theater. But there was nothing I could do about it. We were

already there so I followed Jimmy around to the back door. It was locked. Jimmy said we would have to come back another time if we wanted to see the vaudeville show.

I followed him back around the front corner to the Nathanson Brothers Cigar Store next to the Gayety. "Just a minute. I have to go in here to see Mr. Ben. Wait for me outside," Jimmy told me with a shifty look. I heard the man inside say with a heavy accent. "Jimmy. I tell you no. I cannot sell you cigarettes. You know that. Now leave, but here are two gum balls for you and your friend so you don't go away with an empty hand."

Jimmy came out of the cigar store with the gumballs and went over to talk to a woman who was leaning against a lamppost in front of the theater. She was wearing a long red dress that did not cover her shoulders and she was smoking a cigarette. I had never seen a woman smoking before. I didn't think they were allowed to do that in public. Jimmy and the woman in the red dress laughed and talked for a minute or two. Then I heard her say, "Jimmy come back and see me when you get a little older. Then, we'll have some real fun."

By now I was really angry. I shouted at Jimmy: "You tricked me! You really didn't want to go to library. You wanted to come here!" "All right," he replied casually, as if the trick was not all that important. "We can still get to the library so you can get your old book. Let's go."

We walked back one block and caught the next streetcar going up Hennepin. When we got to 10th Street, though, we saw a huge mob of men rushing towards us, shouting and shaking their fists. They blocked the road and started rocking the streetcar. Our conductor ran out the door, looking like a scared jackrabbit. The rest of us followed him. Soon two of the rioters jumped on the conductor and started beating him. He screamed and begged them to stop but they just kept beating him until he lay in the street unconscious. Another man in the mob leaped on top of the trolley car and pulled down the power pole that connected the car to the overhead electric lines. Then someone threw a lighted torch into the streetcar and it burst into flame. We had escaped just in time.

Just then, another group of men came running toward us, down 10th Street. Their leader was a young man with sandy hair who was wearing a yellow bandana. I heard him shout, "Lads, stay away! This is not our fight. It's the Bolshies. They are doing this to make our union look bad."

By now, a whole fleet of police cars had roared up to the corner of Hennepin and 10th with their sirens screaming. I saw the man with the yellow bandana slip away into the crowd. The police started arresting the men who were still in frenzy, attacking the next street car coming up Hennepin.

One of the police officers spotted Jimmy and me. He came over and told us to leave. "This is a dangerous place. You shouldn't be here. Go up to Franklin. The streetcars there are still running. You should find one that can take you home."

"What's happening?" I asked him. "Why are these men rioting?" "It's those men from the trolley car union," he told us. "They had a big rally in Loring Park to kick off their strike. One of the speakers—he

must have been one of those Communists—he got the men all stirred up. Told them they had to strike a blow for the people by crushing the company that owned the streetcars.”

I never did get the new Tom Swift book that day, but at least Jimmy and I got back to the Brick House before supper. If we had gotten back much later, we would have been in big trouble.

That night when I was up in the boys’ room, I looked out the window and saw a man in the shadows creeping towards the back of our building. He knocked softly at the back door. I saw Mrs. Lembke come out and quickly hand him a package. Then he crept back into the shadows. I could see that he was the young man with the yellow bandana who had been at the riot in front of the library that afternoon.

The next morning when I went down for breakfast there were two police cars at the front gate. The police were dragging the young man with the sandy hair away in handcuffs. Apparently, he had spent the night in our garden shed. Jencks was there with Mr. Carson from the Public Safety Commission. Jencks must have found the young man in the shed and called the police.

Mrs. Lembke was out in the front yard while all of this was happening. I could see that she was upset. I went over to talk to her. She asked me to come into the kitchen so she could tell me about the young man and why he had been hiding out in the garden shed.

Once we were inside she told me that man being dragged away by the police was her nephew Bertram Lipscomb. Bert was an organizer for the Amalgamated Street Railway Employees. His union was striking Twin City Rapid Transit, the company that ran the local streetcar system. The Amalgamated had been on strike to get a wage increase of three cents an hour for its members. “Bert’s union did not cause the riot at the library.” Mrs. Lembke told me. “He said it was the Bolsheviks--they were followers of the Communists who had just taken over the government in Russia. The Bolsheviks were the ones who caused all the trouble. They wanted to discredit the union.”

Mrs. Lembke went on to explain that the Commission of Public Safety also wanted to break the union. “The Commission and its leader, Mr. McGee, said the strike was interfering with war effort,” Mrs. Lembke told me. “But Bert says that is really not the case. The war provides a convenient excuse to get rid of the union. That is why the police came to arrest Bert. If he was convicted of causing the riot, that could destroy the Amalgamated.”

“Mrs. Lembke, I know Bert didn’t cause the riot,” I told her excitedly. “I heard him telling his men to stay away from the corner where the rioters were burning the streetcar.” “Ned, that is wonderful news,” Mrs. Lembke said. “I need to call Bert’s lawyer, Floyd Olson, right away and tell him what you heard.”

Mrs. Lembke said Floyd Olson was a long-time family friend. He and her late husband, Norris, had worked together as young men in the Montana copper mines. “Floyd came back to Minnesota, became a lawyer and started defending labor unions and their members,” she told me. “Norris came back, too. That’s when we got married. He was killed when the mill where he worked caught fire. I miss him terribly.”

That next week, Mrs. Lembke took me downtown to meet Floyd Olson at his office in the Lumber Exchange Building. When we were settled in, I told Mr. Olson that I had seen Bert in front of the library, and heard him tell his men to stay away from the riot. "Young man, I am going to have my secretary write down everything you have told me, and then I am going to ask you to sign a statement called a deposition. Normally, depositions from young boys like you are not allowed in court. But I am going to ask the judge to make an exception in your case. I think there is a very good chance we can get the charges against Bert dismissed. All the evidence against him is only hearsay."

I was glad I had met Mr. Olson. Many years later, he became one of the best-known men in our state. He helped form a new political party for farmers and workers. In 1930, he was elected governor of Minnesota.

Chapter 8 The Battle of Pilot Knob



One morning in June, Mrs. Lembke came into breakfast all smiles. Bert had been released from jail, and she had news about his younger brother, Milo. Everyone called him Sonny. We all knew that Sonny Lipscomb was a big man on the University campus. He was the president of the All Student Congress and the co-captain of the Minnesota Gophers football team.

Mrs. Lembke had brought in a copy of the campus newspaper, the *Minnesota Daily*. There was a picture of Sonny on the front page, under the caption, "Voted Handsomest Man on Campus by Sorority Council." The article said the sorority women had chosen Sonny because of his tall athletic build, "his piercing blue eyes" and "his smile that lit up every room he entered."

Sonny was now at Fort Snelling training to be an army officer. Mrs. Lembke told us that that he would be stopping by Sheltering Arms on Saturday afternoon to show us his new uniform. We boys couldn't wait to see him. We talked about nothing else for the next two days.

Saturday came. Sonny appeared at the front gate just after lunch. All of us rushed over to him. He was wearing a broad-brimmed army hat and he was dressed in a brown jacket that buttoned up the front all the way to his neck. Two straps, called epaulettes, on the top of his jacket made his shoulders stand out and gave him a manly look. Leggings were wrapped around the bottom of his trousers. The leggings were known as puttees. Sonny told us the soldiers had to wrap the puttees around their trousers to keep the mud out of their boots when they were in the trenches. We all thought Sonny looked terrific in his uniform. We hoped we would be able to wear one like his someday.

Sonny told us that all the men in his fraternity had rushed over to the University armory when the U.S. Army opened an officers' recruitment center there in April. "The Army needs a lot more second lieutenants and captains now that a war is under way," he said. "We all wanted to sign up. I was one of the lucky ones who got chosen."

He went on to tell us about the training at Fort Snelling that started with reveille at 5:15 in the morning and lasted until lights out at 11 at night. The first few weeks were spent doing classroom work where the cadets learned about military science. Now, they were spending their days doing combat training out in the field.

Sonny wasn't able to bring his rifle with him to Sheltering Arms, but he did bring his gas mask. He told us that when the whistle blew all the men had to put on their masks and do it in just a few seconds to protect themselves from the poison gas that exploded when the Huns lobbed the gas canisters over into the American trenches. "You have to be sure to wait for the all clear sign before you take off the mask," Sonny told us. "Sometimes it may look like all the gas has blown away, but it could still be lurking at the bottom of the trenches waiting to kill the men who were still down there." Sonny asked for a volunteer to try on the mask. Jimmy was the first to raise his hand. When he pulled the mask over his head, we all laughed because we thought it made Jimmy look like a small scary monster.

Sonny told us he was about to go on maneuvers with his company known as the Blues. "We Blues will attempt to take the hill across from Fort Snelling from the Reds, who are dug in there. We're calling it the Battle of Pilot Knob."

Just as Sonny was leaving, I heard him whisper to Jimmy, "If you climb up to the top of Round Tower at the fort at about six next Tuesday morning, you will be able to watch the battle."

"Let's do it. Let's go to the fort to see the battle," Jimmy said to me later in the afternoon when we were playing stickball. "We can't just sneak away from the Brick House before breakfast," I told him. "If we get caught, we will be in big trouble." "No we won't," Jimmy shot back. "Mr. Maitland says we are supposed to support the troops. If anyone asks why we were gone, we can just say that we have gone to support the troops."

I will have to admit that I wanted to see the battle, just like everyone else, so I let Jimmy persuade me to go with him. On Tuesday morning, Jimmy and I crept out of the Brick House just as it was getting light and ran down the path leading to the fort. Making sure that no one had seen us, we snuck into the Round House and climbed up to the lookouts on the roof.

We could see groups of soldiers jumping onto barges taking them across the Minnesota River. They were carrying rifles and wearing large packs on their backs. When they got to the east bank of the river they began climbing the steep bluffs leading to the top of Pilot Knob. We could hear cannons thundering and smoke rising from the hillside. At the top of the bluff, another group of soldiers—they must have been the Reds—were coming out of trenches and firing what looked like real guns at the men climbing up the hill. The men pushing up Pilot Knob were part of Sonny's company, the Blues. Quite a few of the Blues had slumped down on the hillside and were being carried off on stretchers by men wearing white

arms bands. The battle went for about an hour as the Blues struggled up the hill. Finally, they reached the top. We could hear them shouting and waving their rifles in the air.

As we were walking back to Sheltering Arms, Jimmy told me the Battle of Pilot Knob was the most wonderful thing he had ever seen. "I hope the Great War is still going when I ready to sign up," he said enthusiastically. I wasn't so sure I agreed with Jimmy. I didn't think the war should last that long.

By time we got back to Brick House, breakfast was finished. The boys were coming out in the fields ready to get to work. Jencks saw us and came running over. He grabbed us by our collars and started dragging us into the building. "You were gone without permission. Now you are in big trouble," he said almost gleefully. "You are going in to see Miss Lings."

Miss Lings was sitting at her desk, when Jencks pushed us into the room and then left us to face her on our own. She looked up sternly when she saw us. "Jencks told me you left before breakfast. That is against the rules, as you well know."

"But we were just supporting the troops," Jimmy stammered. "Mr. Maitland says we are supposed to support the troops."

Miss Lings looked angrier than I had ever seen her look before. "Young man. Mr. Maitland is not in charge of Sheltering Arms. I am in charge. My job is to see that the rules are obeyed. You have disobeyed the rules."

Then, looking directly at Jimmy she said. "James, this is the third time this month, I have had to reprimand you. If there is another incident like this one, there will be very severe consequences." Then looking at me she said. "Ned. I am surprised at you. You are a responsible young man. You should have known better than to get involved in this situation."

"There are consequences for this inappropriate behavior. After your chores are done, you both will be confined to the boys' room for the next week," she told Jimmy and me.

Miss Lings could not have imposed a worse punishment on me. I liked the Brick House well enough, particularly when I was outside. But I hated being in the boys' room where I had to sleep each night. The room was always hot and stuffy, even in the winter. On summer nights, it was awful, with all of us crowded together into a small space. When I was in the room, there was nothing for me to do but sleep or sit on my bed and read. There wasn't even a chair. Luckily, I had the new Tom Swift book that I had just started, but I knew the book wouldn't keep me occupied all those days that I had to spend in that awful second floor space. Finally, my weeklong punishment came to an end. I was able to get back to those afternoon stickball games in the backfield.

Then, one day I saw Jencks dragging Jimmy out from behind the shed and into the Brick House. Apparently, he had caught Jimmy smoking a cigarette. A few minutes later, I saw Jimmy come out of the building. He was sobbing as he ran over to me. "She says I have to leave," he wailed in between sobs. "This is the best place I have ever been. Now I have to leave." I wanted to tell Jimmy that his bad

behavior was the reason that Miss Lings had expelled him. But I knew that would only make him feel worse. Instead, I just put my arm around his shoulder.

I knew Jimmy had had a rough life before he came to Sheltering Arms. His father was in the Stillwater Prison for killing a man in a barroom brawl. For a while, he and his mother had lived in a one-room flat in a tenement over on 7th Avenue North. I remember Jimmy telling me she left the tenement one day, saying that she was going to work at a boarding house on First Street and that she would come back to get him. "But she never came back, and I knew she wasn't going to no boarding house," he told me angrily.

Jimmy had lived by himself for about a month, surviving on handouts from some friendly neighbors until the people at St. Marks Church found him and brought him to Sheltering Arms. Now, he would have to leave.

The next morning when I woke up, Jimmy's bed was empty. He must have left in the middle of the night. I wondered where he had gone. Maybe he had gone over to the riverfront to find his mother, I thought to myself. If he found her, at least they would be together again.

To be continued