

On sale the 1st and 15th of each month

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# TOP-NOTCH

TWICE-A-MONTH

MAGAZINE

Volume LXXIX

Number 1

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Twice-a-month publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, January 8, 1915, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian Subscription, \$3.70. Foreign, \$4.40. This issue dated September 1, 1929.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

All manuscripts must be addressed to the Editors.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$3.00

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## Good Form in Wolf Center

By BERTON BRALEY

YOU wouldn't know the camp no more, it's altered quite a lot  
Since "Red Eye" Ike began to read a certain book he got.

He won it from the agent on a final poker bet  
And since that time we're livin' by the "Book of Etiquette."

Now Red Eye Ike 'was, more or less, as you perhaps recall,  
A r'arin', roarin' mountain cat, the terror of us all,

But after he had read that book, one day he came along  
And said to one and all of us, "Boys, I been livin' wrong.

"I been just plum uncivilized, uncultured, raw, and crude,  
By all the rules of etiquette, my ways is awful rude.

"But, boys, I've changed, I've changed a heap. I do not want to boast,  
But soon my Chesterfieldian ways will tickle Mrs. Post.

"The 'Book of Etiquette's' my guide, and—darn your leathery pelts,  
It's also gonna be the guide of everybody else.

"I'm arbiter of elegance and sinecure of form,  
And them that doesn't mend their ways will find this camp too warm."

Well, there was some discussion and perhaps a trace of strife  
But after Red Eye shot a guy for eatin' with his knife,

And sort of winged a couple more for spearin' o' their bread,  
It rather seemed advisable to do what Red Eye said.

And now nobody in the camp would ever dare to stoop,  
To gargle with his coffee, or to tip his plate of soup;

And now it's, "Would you be so kind and toss me down the cheese?"  
Or, "I will boost the ante forty cases, if you please,"

Or, "If you will forgive me, your remarks is scarcely true,  
May I beg that you correct them, as I have the drop on you!"

Of course we have our arguments, but nothing coarse or rough,  
We follow what old Red Eye calls the code duello stuff,

Which is challenges and seconds and a lot of proper bows,  
Which is giving real distinction to what once was vulgar rows;

And the funerals that follows is in perfect taste and style,  
With the bearers dressed befittingly while marchin' down the aisle.

Old Red Eye found the duel rules in other books, I bet,  
For there ain't no dope on killings in the "Book of Etiquette."

So I'm sayin' things is altered. Not in Boston or New York,  
Will you find a better knowledge of the way to use a fork,

Or a bunch whose social conduct has more poise or savoir-faire.  
We know just the proper greeting, and the proper clothes to wear.

We don luncheon suits for luncheon, we has cutaways for tea,  
And, although we had to bury some objectors—two or three—

We now dine at seven thirty and of course, as you can guess,  
Both the diners and the waiters is in perfect evening dress.

Yes, the camp is etiquetted in a way to make us boast,  
And we're gonna give a dinner dance—invitin' Mrs. Post!