

Tossing Death to Huns Is Some Pastime, Says Former Diamond Player

Every man to his trade and base ball players who go into the army naturally find or seek their level in the bomb-throwing practice. When the base ball men visited Camp Taylor at Louisville they were interested enough in seeing imaginary Germans made of twigs and straw bayoneted by enthusiastic rookies, but their general chorus was: "Where do they throw the bombs? We want to see Uncle Sam's 'pitchers' at work." There did not happen to be any bomb throwing practice on that day, but a letter from a former ball player now with the army in France concerning this angle of the war game may help fill the gap:

"We used dummy bombs and grenades, but the conditions otherwise were of the same character that we shall confront later on. We were distributed about our first line trench. Over the top, over a stretch of about 60 feet of ground, was 'No Man's Land.'"

"Certain spots were marked out in the 'German' front line trench as targets, and it was at these we aimed. From a sporting angle this business of grenade throwing is quite a study. I enjoyed it tremendously, and it has been absorbingly interesting and fascinating to the other fellows."

"There are different kinds of grenades. The shapes, however, vary slightly, and they are carried in tin cans and weigh about one pound and a half."

"The follow-through principle which prevails in golf, base ball, tennis, foot ball, squash, billiards and racquets also obtains in bombing."

"I take a bomb, place it in my right hand and extend both my right and left hands. Both feet are together

when I start the movement and my left hand is used as an index. I point it at the spot I hope to hit, practicing using it to aim with. As I bring my right arm—stiff and extended—upward and backward I also move my right foot back a few inches—making a sort of movable base. From this position I start the second half of the throw."

"I bring my right arm upward, and the left naturally goes downward. When the right arm, still extended and stiff, is upright in line with my body I release my grip on the bomb. I have, of course, considered distance and accuracy, and to provide for explosion at contact—timing—I throw the bomb so that it will describe an arc in its flight to consume time."

"The bomb is never thrown in a straight line like a base ball. It is not released straight from the shoulder, but the back and body are behind the throw, also the shoulder. The elbow is never bent, as in base ball, and the reason for this is that a fellow's arm would go dead on him if he did bend it."

"Another reason for throwing with the arm stiff and always extended is that you naturally describe an arc as the result of the overhead motion. The importance of this lies in the fact that you are throwing from one trench, below the ground's surface, to another trench. The bomb must go up into the air to come down in the enemy's trench."

"We are put through position exercise which is calculated to develop form—the same as in sport. At one stage of the exercise our right arms are held directly overhead in a 'V' with the body. It is from this position that the bomb is ordinarily released."

"As I say, the whole thing is fascinating. It is hard to give up the idea of throwing a bomb as though it were a base ball, but we soon get that into our heads. Besides, a 'charley horse' in the arm is an awful thing. The old thrill of hitting the mark, however, is there and the base ball instinct is shown in the remarks that follow a good toss—base ball slang that is heard everywhere in the trenches."

Hurler Compares Boss With Hippo, Sad Mistake, Lads

On one occasion last season when the Birmingham Southern league team was in Memphis to play a series of games with what was then Mike Donlin's team, the visiting ball players arranged a trip through Overton park, one of the Memphis show places.

They carried a kodak along in order to photograph the scenes which appealed to them most, and had already photographed a number of things when they arrived at the hippopotamus house.

Carleton Molesworth, the heavy-weight manager of the Barons, was along and was having the time of his young life, taking everything in and forgetting his years completely.

Lying outstretched upon the concrete was a giant hippo, presenting a picture of solid comfort. Karl Black, alias Laudenschlager, a left-hander, chimed in with:

"Let's take a picture of Moley and that other hippo. The backs of their necks are exactly alike."

Molesworth was mad clear through, for if there's anything that cops his goat, it is for some one to infer that he is fat, despite the fact that he has a bay window which rivals W. H. T.

"You'll work every day this week," snapped Moley at Black, as the pitcher beat it for the last car in the procession, in order to be as far away from his manager as possible.

Collins Holds Record For World Series Games

Eddie Collins, White Sox second baseman, has played in 26 world's series games, a mark which no other player has reached in the history of the base ball classic. Collins has also scored the most runs and stolen the most bases.

Les Mann May Get Furlough To Play With Chicago Cubs

Leslie Mann, the speedy outfielder with the Chicago Nationals, who is athletic director at Camp Logan, Houston, Tex., may be with the team again next season. Reports have reached Charles Weeghman, president of the club, that Mann probably will be given a furlough as a reward for his services. Mann quit the club before the end of the season, having volunteered his services as an instructor. He met with success in introducing base ball, foot ball and other athletics in the camp.

Here's Yarn They Tell on Cooney, Second Sacker for the Rourklets

Here's a story they tell on Phil Cooney, second baseman on the Omaha club. Tealey Raymond, manager of the Seattle club, is responsible for its publication.

According to Raymond, Cooney and Walter Cartwright are the actors. They were playing in the Coast league. Let Raymond tell the yarn:

"Oscar Theander Harstad, who afterward had engagements with Cleveland, Portland and Spokane, was pitching for Victoria in one of the twilight games tried by Wattalet in his effort to make base ball pay in the Canadian city. Hartly was just breaking in then and he had speed enough for two pitchers."

"The Spokane players were protesting against playing the game further. It was getting dark fast and they couldn't see that fast one. The umpire was adamant and the game went on."

"Along about the sixth inning Phil Cooney got a handful of matches. Before each pitch of Harstad's he would light one of these matches and gaze searchingly in the direction of the pitcher's box. He struck out."

"When the Spokane team went out into the field Cooney was joined by Cartwright. They built a bonfire of paper back of each of their positions."

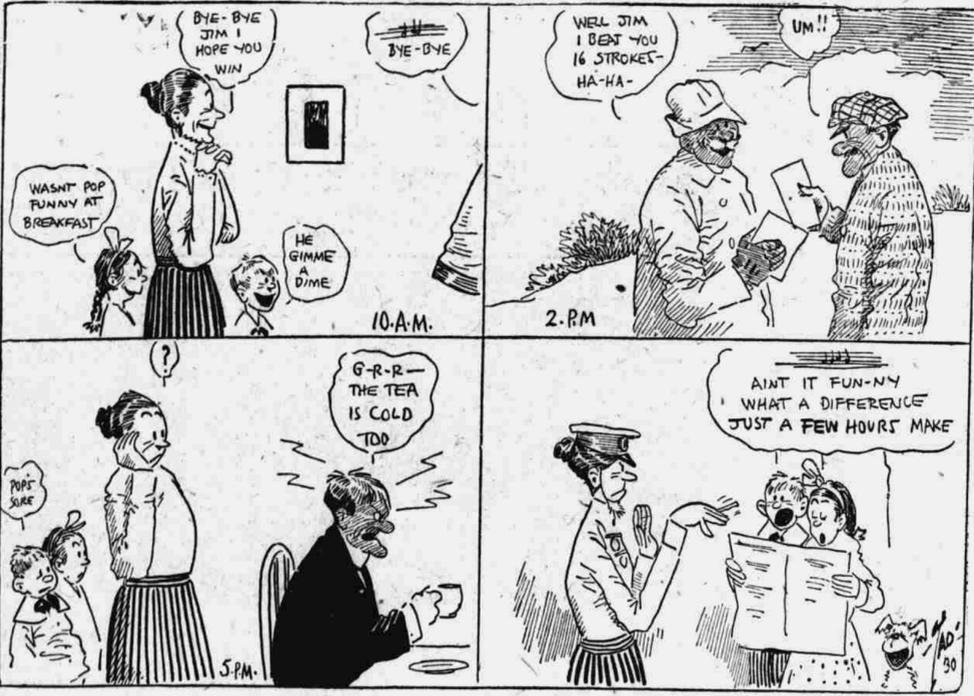
"Now his honor, the umps, had stood patiently for the match-lighting episode, but the bonfires were too much. He whirled on Cartwright."

"Five!" he shouted. Then he turned on Cooney.

"Cooney, you know, didn't love his dollars any less than his life. He didn't want to tramp out that fire. He made one big dive as though he was sliding, and lit all over that fire."

"And then he started begging for that \$10. He had as much chance as I have of going to the big leagues. The \$10 went into the league treasury."

Ain't That Just Like Jamesie? By Tad



Meyers Takes Count, But Rube Marquard Hangs On

The recent release by the Boston Braves of Chief Meyers means the end of the career of the noted Mission Indian as a backstop. Not a club in either of the big leagues thought enough of him to refuse to waive claim. All down the line it is known that Meyers has slowed up to a walk both as a backstop and hitter, and if he sees any more service on the diamond it will be as a minor leaguer. Here and there a big league club might be found that has use for him, but they are not taking on extra help in these uncertain base ball times. It would be different with him were Meyers capable as a coach of young pitchers, but that is talent he does not possess. Rube Marquard, his old battery mate, promises to be in the big show long after Meyers is forgotten. The record of Rube with the trailing Dodgers this year was so good that many a manager would like to tie up to him. Even John J. McGraw would welcome him back, though John and Rube did not get along at all during the latter part of Marquard's career with the Giants, according to gossip at the time.

Dodgers Win From Funston Eleven in Army Game, 3 to 0

(Continued from Page One.)

The Funstonites held like a stone wall and Moss fell back to kick. He tried a drop kick, but it fell 25 yards short. Funston returned the punt and Dodge took up the offensive again.

One Forward Pass.

The only successful forward pass of the game was executed at this point. Robertson hurled the oval 30 yards into the waiting arms of Allison. The gain, however, ended abruptly and Robertson was forced to punt.

Prince went through the line for two yards and then five. Lewis possessed. Robertson made four yards around end, Derr made three and then four, and McCormick five and three. The Iowans advanced the ball to the 10-yard line on these attacks, but lost it on downs when Funston held.

Lewis punted out of danger. A Dodge man touched the ball and a Funston athlete fell on it. Funston, however, could not take advantage of the opportunity and Lewis had to kick.

Thrown for Loss.

Robertson returned the punt immediately and Lewis came right back at him. For a change Robertson attempted to carry the ball, but had bad luck. He was thrown for a 15-yard loss on his first attempt. So he and Lewis exchanged punts again. Again Robertson sought to add a

Beck Recovers Fumble.

Funston tried to scrimmage when the ball was brought out to the 20-yard line and on the second play fumbled. Malone of Dodge recovered it. Just as Dodge threatened again, the first penalty of the game was inflicted upon Dodge. It was for 15 yards. Jones earned five yards of it back and McCormick four, but when Robertson and Allison attempted a long forward pass the throw fell to the ground incomplete, so Robertson again tried a goal kick and the boot went wide.

As the fourth period opened Robertson punted. Kistler, former Yale star, was sent into the game for Funston and in two plays made first downs, but the Kansas lads could go no further and lost the ball on

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downs. Robertson punted and Beck was downed on the 10-yard line. Beck punted to the 35-yard mark. When his mates failed to gain, Robertson stepped back for a drop kick and this time his attempt was successful and the Dodgers earned the 3 points by which they won the game.

Game Ends.

After the kickoff following the score, Beck immediately punted. Dodge made several short gains with Jones and Mowald, who had succeeded Moss at quarter, carrying the ball, and a moment later the game ended with the ball in possession of Griffith's crew.

More than 9,000 persons saw the game. The stands were not completely filled, but hundreds occupied standing room because of the low price of admission and more than made up for the few vacant seats. How much the game netted for the gymnasium funds of the two camps could not be estimated last night as no check of the figures will be made until Monday.

No Complaints.

While the game, perhaps, did not have the finesse which marks college clashes, no complaint was heard and everybody agreed they got their money's worth.

It is only natural that a team composed of 11 men who have been taught 11 different systems of foot ball, to say nothing of years of absence from the game, could not play the same finished game a well drilled university or college team would.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon, the game dragged and slowed up considerably.

But the fight was there all of the time and that made it a foot ball game. No university teams ever battled with more grim determination than did those army teams yesterday afternoon. It was fought all the time and not until the final whistle blew did one of the competing athletes relax.

Omaha was completely satisfied with the event.

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