

THE HORSESHOE WORLD



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Monticello (Ind.) Herald

MARCH, 1930

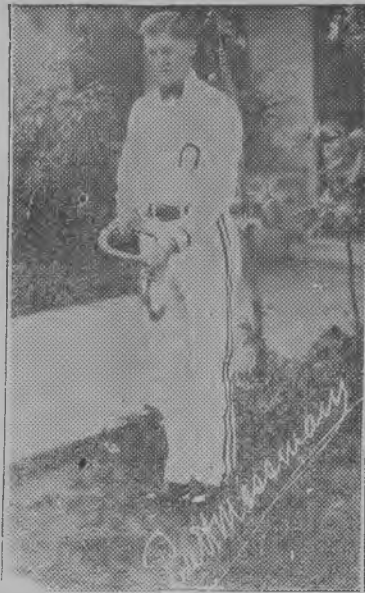
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THE HORSESHOE WORLD



Vol. IX.

LONDON, OHIO

No. 2

MARCH, 1930



SPRING is just around the corner . . . and it's horseshoe pitching time in the northern states . . . those who were disappointed in not having the opportunity to read about the great and near-great in the mid-winter tournament at St. Petersburg will now have the opportunity of going out and hanging up some new records for themselves . . . It isn't a bit too early to interest the secretary of the fair in your county in a horseshoe tournament . . . It's the best way of spreading the gospel of the old game and we know you are interested in it or you would not be reading this column. Make yourself a committee of one to call on your fair secretary or fair board . . . do it now!

Why Not California?

THERE is some talk of holding a national tournament in California, and we are mighty glad to add our commendation of such a plan.

We believe that a tournament in the West would increase interest there and would be of great advantage to the game in general.

Any good location meets our favor, so why not California?

OUR READERS COME FIRST

In publishing THE HORSESHOE WORLD, our readers come first. The magazine is printed monthly for them and every article is run with the idea of interesting them. Suggestions to the editor for the betterment of the magazine are always welcomed.

The time that your magazine expires is printed on the address slip, directly after your name, showing the month and the year.

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R. B. HOWARD,
Publisher and Editor

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Official Organ of the National Horseshoe
Pitchers Association

Many New Records Made In Oil City Last Year

Several new all-time horseshoe records for Oil City, Pa., were set last year by local ringer artists, though some older records were not outdone. The ringers for one game mark was set by DeWoody and Gerrish at 89 in May, when the former tossed 46 ringers while the latter got 43. There were 25 ringers for each at the 24th inning when the score stood 21 to 21 in this game, setting another mark. In June, Brakeman and Gerrish set a four ringers on altitude, five times in one game. DeWoody participated with Maxwell, at the Grove Cityite's court, in demolishing this mark—doing the difficult four ply "Kodak view" seven times, four of which were in succession.

All the finalists in both the annual county meets at Franklin have been Oil City tossers of the broncho's bouncing brogans.

Twenty-one double ringers by two Oil City players in a single game were made by Gerrish and Parham, 12 and 8, respectively, in the 1929 city tournament.

Twenty-two double ringers were achieved in a game between DeWoody and Irwin of Chicago, 14 and 8, respectively.

DeWoody and Frank Buchna share in a 62 per cent and 54 per cent game, at the 1929 county meet.

Seventy-seven ringers for one game in a city tourney, 1929, by Gerrish and Parham, each getting 41 and 36, respectively. These two set the highest city tournament per cent mark in this game, both above 50 per cent, the winner 59 per cent ringers and Parham 51 per cent. Seventy-seven ringers also were done in a 1929 county game by DeWoody and F. Buchna, each getting 41 and 36 respectively.

Fifty per cent ringers or more, performances have been turned in by the following: E. P. Brakeman, F. Buchna, O. Buchna, Wm. Buckley, Harold Crawford, Homer Dahle, M. DeWoody, C. Gerrish, E. S. Miles, J. Parham, S. Ross, L. Rugh, G. Stoltenberg, "Toots" Strain, according to the secretary's records.

For the first time this year the mayor, Thomas L. Blair, formally threw out the first shoes to start the city tournament, and a photograph was taken of entries and officials.

Oil City won all inter-city matches against Franklin, Titusville, Clinton-

ville, but one, Emlenton, but lost both the matches against Grove City.

Former National Champion Putt Mossman was here for visits and exhibitions, and Oil City helped him secure contracts with all the towns named just above.

Gerrish's Marks

Charles Gerrish, the present city champion, has set these marks:

"Perfect game" of 21 points to defeat Samuel Ross at Reid's shop, 21 to 0, with 12 straight ringers. Ross had one ringer on five of the six innings in the game.

Eight consecutive double ringers (16 successive ringers) in a row this same noon, June 13, at Reid's.

Twenty-eight ringers out of 40 shoes pitched for 70 per cent ringers in a 50 point game against F. Buchna, 1929. This per cent record was afterwards vanquished by DeWoody's 73 per cent game.

Attained third place in a Pennsylvania state tourney, 1929.

Fifty-nine per cent for a top ringer percentage in an Oil City tournament for one game.

Fifty-one per cent ringer average for eight successive games, 1928.

Twelve double ringers in one game of a city tournament.

Forty-one ringers set as mark for one game in a city tourney.

One hundred and twenty-five ringers out of 254 shoes pitched in city finals, four games, for 49 per cent ringers, 1929.

Two hundred and thirty-seven ringers out of 508 shoes pitched for whole eight city tourney games for 47 per cent ringers, 1929.

Ninety-nine ringers in three running games.

One hundred and twenty-five ringers out of four running games.

One hundred and forty-five ringers in five running games.

One hundred and seventy-nine ringers in six running games.

Two hundred and eight ringers in seven running games.

Two hundred and thirty-seven ringers in eight running games, 1929.

Two hundred and forty-five ringers in nine running games, 1928.

Forty-two double ringers in seven running games, 1929 city meet.

50 double ringers in eight running games, 1929 city tournament.

DeWoody Records

One ringer or more in every frame

of 50-point game of 19 innings or 38 shoes pitched.

Highest ringer percentage in a full 50-point game in September when this former city champion rang up 73 per cent ringers, 19 ringers out of 26 shoes pitched.

Shortest game was the above also, as the game went only 13 innings in defeating the opponent. Mr. Motter, who registered only 1 point and one ringer.

Forty-six ringers for the most ringers in one game when winning a tough tussle against Gerrish in May.

Seventy-three ringers in two running games.

Forty-one ringers, highest for one game in a county tournament.

Fourteen double ringers for one game, against Irwin.

Twelve double ringers in each of two county tourney games.

Sixty-two per cent ringers for one county game.

Forty-eight and seven-tenths per cent ringers for total northwestern Pennsylvania tournament of 10 games. This is also best mark for any total tourney by any local player.

One hundred and seven ringers of 200 shoes pitched for city tourney preliminary trials.

Thirty-nine ringers, including 15 double ringers out of 50 shoes pitched, which is 78 per cent pitching alone.

Sixty-one ringers out of 100 shoes pitched, pitching alone.

Five hundred and seventy ringers out of 1,000 shoes pitched, pitching alone.

Twenty-one double ringers for two running games, at Grove City.

Twenty-nine double ringers for three running games at Grove City.

Thirty-five double ringers for four running games at Grove City.

Sixty-one double ringers for 10 running games at Oil City.

The peak of DeWoody's impressive season was the winning of all his games in the inter-city match at Grove City, including the game against the present state champion, Mervin George.

Frank Buchna

Buchna made a remarkable record for gameness in throwing 36 ringers to get but 30 points in a game against DeWoody, 1929 county tourney.

(Continued on Page 5)

Experiences Of A Horseshoe Pitcher

SOME years ago there appeared regularly, each winter, in the press, a series of articles by a well-known baseball umpire, giving his experiences and observations on the playing field, which covered every phase of the game from the bone-headed play of the piker, to the marvelous exhibition of the star performer.

These stories were interesting indeed, and tended to keep alive in the hearts of the fans the spirit of the game in the off-season months.

This appeared to be just the proper stunt to boost the game, play it in season, and talk it in the off season; and it occurred to me the same could be done with our grand old game of horseshoe.

How interesting and helpful would be the stories of such players as the Jacksons, Davis, Nunamaker, Mossman, Hough, all the big boys as well as the lesser lights recounting their experiences in the game.

At the risk of displaying a literary bent (par excellent or otherwise) I am going to relate a few incidents that occurred in my quarter century experience as a horseshoe tosser.

In common with all old style pitchers, I kept a good supply of genuine dobbins' slippers in the barn ready for action and they were constantly in use and being able to cope with the best of them in this neck of the woods, I began to look around for other worlds to conquer.

About this time my cousin came out from Illinois and I soon discovered he had general inclinations along the same line as myself. We tangled and while he didn't put anything over on me, I didn't put anything over on him either; it was just about a 50-50 proposition with us.

We were pitching on pegs that were about three inches high, dropping our shoes over the top for ringers, and at one stage of the game had all four shoes on the peg. We both swelled up over the performance as it was a rare occurrence, indeed, at that day and age of the world.

Well, we went to Illinois to repay my cousin's visit, and we had it all over again, and when we both got

to going good we hooked up as a team and went down to the county-seat to tackle a team that had been throwing out a challenge to meet any team, any place, any time, and we must have been inspired, or something, as we beat them three straight games. After that my chest expansion was several inches above normal and I began to think I was something real in the horseshoe game, and when on my next trip to Maine deer hunting, I met and defeated the chief state game warden who was some pumpkins himself. I just knew that I was drum major in the horseshoe pitching procession.

The next fall I went to the state fair at Columbus and, of course, hunted up the horseshoe courts as they were putting on a state tournament, and I soon discovered that if their game was horseshoe, mine must be tiddly winks, ping pong, or something. I surely got my eyes opened, but I did not get my eye teeth cut until about a year later.

I watched a little fellow come up through that pitch and I said to myself after seeing the wonderful skill he displayed in mowing down all his opponents, that there was not a single man upon this little old vale of tears that could cope with him, but when he hooked up with Frank Eachus, and Eachus beat him and won the state title, I just knew the world never before had seen a player equal to Eachus, and never would again.

I was so greatly impressed by the marvelous skill of the pitchers in that tournament that I wrote a detailed account of the pitch to my brother in Illinois. I explained they were using a shoe about twice the size of a common shoe, but did not mention the open shoe. I had never heard of it at that time, and if they were using it at Columbus, I was too dumb to notice it.

My brother who was a front-rank pitcher himself, decided if other fellows could pitch that way he could do likewise, and the same, and went out to his blacksmith shop and hammered out a pair of shoes to suit his own specifications and requirements.

Let me say here my brother was an expert along that line, doing a land-office business supplying the pitchers of that section with shoes before the advent of the regulation shoe.

He took his specially designed shoes out and practiced with them all summer; this he kept a profound secret from me as he wanted to show me something which he did, and plenty.

He came out to Ohio to visit us, and after a handshake all around, he asked if I had any horseshoe stakes and I told him sure, and got him a couple of harrow teeth and he said no, he wanted stakes that would stick above the ground a foot or two. I told him there was not a thing on the ranch that would do, but he found the corn planter stakes, measured off his distance, set the stakes and saying he would show me something, went to his machine and got those shoes. And, say, they looked to me just like barrel hoops, only bigger. They were ten or twelve inches in diameter, with a seven inch opening, and after he had thrown about 99 ringers out of the first one hundred shoes, I butted in to ask him where he got on and how.

Open shoe, he said. You are right there, I told him, if the opening was just a little larger I could use one of those hoops on the left hind wheel of a wagon, in place of the weak tire.

Oh, no, he said; this is what I mean by open shoe; regulate the turn so the opening between the heel calks will be at the stake and you will get ringers every time.

Then he told me he had been pitching all summer, and that just before he started for Ohio he wanted to warm up good and pitched one thousand shoes, two hundred a day, for five consecutive days, and threw 870 ringers.

Now just what would the average mortal think of that kind of performance at that early period of the game? It knocked the props out from under me, and plucked my tail feathers clean.

I asked him what really was the big idea, and he said, first he wanted to show the Ohio fellows some real, not imitation pitching, and second, he was tuning up for an elevator man in Illinois, who said he had five thousand dollars he would put up as a side bet that no man

(Continued on Page 5)

THE LETTER BOX

Where Ideas are Exchanged and Gossip of the
Shoe Lanes are Written

(EDITOR'S NOTE—We print all letters sent to us for publication. We do not always agree with the writers, but believe our readers have a right to their opinions. Unsigned letters are ignored.)

WANTS MEET IN MID-WEST

Spokane, Wash., 12-30-'29

To The Horseshoe World:

Quite a number of horseshoe players in Spokane look forward to each issue of The Horseshoe World with pleasure. It gives a thrill and creates enthusiasm when you read about the games and players in other parts of the country. In Spokane the game is becoming more popular each year.

In Spokane we hold a tournament each year for the championship of the Inland Empire. By Inland Empire is meant the eastern part of Washington, northern Idaho and Northeastern Oregon.

It may interest your readers to learn how we prepare for this tournament. Spokane is the city, but there are many good towns in the farming, mining and lumbering districts in the Inland Empire. In those towns there are some pretty good horseshoe players. First it was decided how many players would be allowed in the finals, say 24; then a number of players were allotted to each place, according to size and interest in the game.

Towns outside of Spokane could select their representatives in any way they chose. Spokane was entitled to nine representatives. They were chosen in the following way: Courts were established on the various playgrounds in the city; the playground official acted as scoresman for those who wished to try out. Entrants were required to pitch 50 shoes for points. The score was certified by the playground officer and sent to the tournament officials. For Spokane the nine highest were selected. There were 493 entries in the preliminaries.

Ray Ashcraft, of the Spokane club was high man in the preliminaries. In the tournament which followed, Mr. Ashcraft won the Inland Empire championship. A little later he attended the state meet at Elma, Wash. and won the state title.

Our plan of selection worked so

well that without doubt it will be used this coming year.

We are pleased that the national secretary invites Washington to send a representative to the National tournament. A comparison of percentages indicates that we might give the eastern boys a good game any way. But, and here I draw a long breath, we are a long way from St. Petersburg, Fla. It takes so much time and costs so much to go so far that I am afraid we cannot consider it. Why not hold a tournament out in the Mid-West once in a while, say, Iowa or Nebraska?

I read Mr. D. J. Cowden's article in the December World. I am not sure that I clearly understand his system of scoring, but it gives me a new idea, and is worth trying out. Little changes now and then in the rules may improve the game. I like the present method of cancelling ringers, counting points, etc. The only feature of the game that seems unjust, as I see it, is in pitching.

"A" leads, and continues to lead so long as he wins the points. It is generally conceded that the lead is an advantage, always an open stake to throw at. "B" who follows, has no open stake; he must fight "A's" shoes to reach it. "B" is at a disadvantage. I think this is unjust because "B" has not quite an equal chance.

Why not lead alternately, "A" in one inning, "B" in the next inning, never mind who wins the points. It may be objected that each man will always lead to his particular stake. But in each subsequent game the order of leading can be reversed.

When a player has the lead it is possible for him to "bunch hits" as they say in baseball, but if the lead is alternate it tends to equalize the scoring and makes for a closer, fairer game.

Yours truly,

JOHN A. BARRY,

Sec'y Spokane Horseshoe Pitchers Association.

RISK DEFEATS NUNAMAKER

IN A CLOSE SERIES

Friday afternoon, at the courts of the Sunshine Pleasure club, probably the greatest series of best three out of five games of horseshoe pitching ever seen in this city was played between Blair Nunamaker, the world's champion, who won his honors at the national tournament here last winter, and Jimmy Risk, the champion of Indiana, who competed in a number of national meets in this city and has shown himself to be one of championship quality.

Risk won the first three games with the following record in order played:

	P	R	DR	SP	Pct
Nunamaker	33	38	11	60	.633
Risk	50	43	17	60	.717
Nunamaker	19	58	30	80	.725
Risk	50	63	24	80	.788
Nunamaker	18	29	10	48	.404
Risk	50	40	17	48	.833

The total of the three games were, Risk, 150 points, 146 ringers, 58 double ringers, with a total percentage of .777, and Nunamaker, 90 points, 125 ringers, 42 double ringers, with a total percentage of .665. Each player pitched a total of 148 shoes. This match was made possible by two gentlemen who came to St. Petersburg to see a good exhibition of horseshoe pitching and made it possible to stage such a match by contributing liberally to a small purse that was made up by a few horseshoe fans. One of these gentlemen has spent a number of winters in St. Augustine, and has just come to this city for the first time because he wanted to see some skillful pitching. A crowd of about 1500 witnessed the match.

In the second game the men had four ringers on the peg 10 times.—St. Petersburg Times.

PITCH BENEFIT GAME

The Schultz Sisters, Harvey, Ill., pitched a benefit match, February 7, proceeds going to the Bryant School, Harvey, Ill.

These young ladies are wonderful pitchers and have as fine courts as any to be found in the United States.

The Playground Athletic League, Baltimore, Md., Dr. William Burdick, director, has just renewed their subscription to The World. Thanks.

SAYS HORSESHOES MADE GREATEST STRIDE

Of all the sports in Kentucky and Louisville, horseshoe pitching took perhaps the greatest stride in 1929, says the sport editor of the Louisville Times. The year saw the organization of several indoor as well as outdoor leagues, and all public parks now boast of tossing lanes and floodlights for night play.

In the state tournament, conducted at the Kentucky State Fair in September, L. B. Akers of Nolin, Ky., a member of the state championship team, was the winner, scoring fourteen victories in fifteen starts. For

his achievement he was presented with the Kentucky Horseshoe Pitchers Association's cup. Second to him was K. K. Moore of Louisville. In Class B, F. E. Kappesser was victorious and received The Courier-Journal trophy. Elizabeth Petrey of Waynesboro won the women's state title with Elizabeth Dye of King's Mountain second. Mrs. Margaret Watkins of St. Matthews was third.

In the City League, Standard Sanitary won the Class A title with a season's average of .667.

WE CONSIDER OURSELVES BAWLED OUT!

The following from the St. Petersburg Times hands THE HORSESHOE WORLD a beautiful jolt, but we still insist St. Pete needs the horseshoe tournament:

"The national horseshoe tournament question, or rather argument, comes up again. The editor of the Horseshoe World states that he hopes friends of the horseshoe game in St. Petersburg will tell the Chamber of Commerce here how much they miss the annual event. Evidently the editor does not know that the Sunshine Pleasure club voted the proposed tournament down unanimously.

"And in another article he says—we know of many pitchers who went south expecting to see the national tournament at St. Petersburg and they will not be very much interested in shuffleboard and the other tournaments held in the Sunshine City. Probably the editor is right and it is a good thing that the pitchers are not interested in shuffleboard, because the shuffleboard clubs are already crowded without any converts from the horseshoe game.

"The editor further states that St. Petersburg and Florida is losing much publicity by not having the national tournament. We take issue with him on that point for the entire February issue of the Horseshoe World is apparently devoted to publicity of St. Petersburg. We believe the Sunshine City is deriving more publicity through not holding the tournament and having the Horseshoe World editor bewail the fact than to have staged a national tournament this winter."

MANY NEW RECORDS IN OIL CITY IN 1929

(Continued from Page 2)

Lester Rugh

Rugh made one or more ringers in each inning for 31 consecutive frames 1929 county.

Nine ringers for only 1 point, against Gerrish, county, 1929.

Twenty-two ringers for 16 points, in same game.

Boys' Records, 30 feet

Boy Champ William Buckley, 13 years old, in first annual boys' city tourney, made 20 ringers, including 6 double ringers in one 25-point game.

W. Buckley, 34 ringers in one 50-point game.

W. Buckley, 58 per cent for one 25-point contest in boys' city tournament.

Harold Crawford set 11 double ringers in one 50-point game. This was equalled same evening by W. Buckley.

H. Crawford, 55 per cent in one 50-point contest.

H. Crawford, 50 per cent or better in three out of five consecutive 50-point games.

Sixty-seven ringer total by these two boys in one 50-point game.

Eighteen double ringer total by these two boys in one 50-point game.

W. Buckley and "Toots" Strain share in highest per cent contest, 56 and 50 per cent respectively in same 25-point game.

W. E. Briggs, of Bronxville, N. Y., is spending the winter at Daytona Beach, Fla.

* * *

Sidney Plott is a Shreveport, La., horseshoe fan.

EXPERIENCES OF A PITCHER

(Continued from Page 3)

could come down to his courts and take him over, and in order to make the wager interesting, he would put up his elevator to boot.

When my brother returned to Illinois he went down and took the elevator man on and cleaned him, root, stump and branch, but I never did notice him toting that elevator around.

Well, I told my oldest boy, Russell, seventeen years old, that since we had been shown the way, the thing to do was to get busy, so we ordered a pair of regulation shoes each, and started, and commenced, and began, all at the same time to learn the game. Our sole object was to get good enough to be able to cope with that brother of mine. We got all county, state and world's records as marks to shoot at.

We put up a good regulation court and after considerable pitching, mastered the open shoe. Russell pitching the one and one-quarter and myself the one and three-quarters turn. After a while we were able to beat all county records, and knew we were getting somewhere. Then we tackled state records and by continued practice and painstaking efforts were eventually surpassing those. Then we went after Charley Bobbit's world record of forty-eight ringers in a fifty-point game, and by the middle of the summer we were beating that record quite frequently, Russell getting as high as fifty-seven ringers and myself fifty-five in a fifty-point game.

At this stage of affairs we began to feel we were good enough to make my brother realize he had been in a horseshoe game at least. In the meantime my second son, Myron, who finished second in the state pitch at Lakeside, was coming along fine and could give a mighty good account of himself for a thirteen-year-old boy.

We just drifted along holding on to our game until late summer when we loaded horseshoes and everything into the baby grand, piled in and started for Illinois to visit my brother, and we finally got there, but only after about a dozen blowouts and fifteen punctures. Those were the days of cheap but high priced tires. And the only way you could get anywhere without tire trouble was to run on the rim.

The next morning the first thing on

(Continued on Page 7)

NEWS, OFFICIAL
REPORTS, ETC.

From the
Secretary's Desk

D. D. Cottrell, Sec'y
746-C FIFTH AVENUE
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Your secretary recently received a telegram from Mr. E. S. Connor, of Long Beach, California, Convention Bureau reading, "Advise return mail requirements National Horseshoe Pitchers Association and what would be required to secure this event for Long Beach."

A reply was promptly sent stating that there were no specific requirements except that there should be some responsible guarantee that the prizes offered would be paid and that a sum equalling 12½ per cent of the prize money and trophies must be paid to the National Association at least 60 days before time for the tournament to begin. Other advantages that will be considered in awarding the tournament to any place are number and quality of the courts which must be clay; time that the tournament is to be held and anything else that would be for the best interest of the players.

Of course as the winner of the tournament would be declared world's champion, it must be managed by some one acceptable to the officials of the Association. Enough score keepers and ground keepers must be provided by the parties holding the tournament to keep all the records.

It was explained that the National officers were not as much interested in the amount of prizes as the place holding the tournament should be, for the prizes should be large enough to attract the best players and if they were not large enough to do that the place holding the meet would not be satisfied in holding it. The National officers, however, do insist that enough prize money shall be offered so that it would attract players nationally and not be confined to a few players from a few surrounding counties or states, because the title of World's Champion should not be awarded unless it was competed for by a representative body of players in the sport.

This telegram did not state when Long Beach would like to hold such a meet so the time is to be decided later if they think favorably of the matter. It probably would be for the good of the game to hold a tournament in California as they now

have a live and skillful bunch of pitchers out there and undoubtedly a large number of players and fans from the central and eastern states would be glad to make the trip out there for the tournament. Mossman has a great many friends out there that would like to see him in such a meet. Mrs. Brouillette, former champion lady pitcher has been in that state and played numerous exhibition games. What do you horseshoe pitchers think of holding a meet out there? Write a letter to me about the matter.

* * *
In a recent letter from Glen B. Porter, 344 Salem St., Glendale, Calif., who is secretary and treasurer of the California State Horseshoe Pitchers' association, he says he and the President, W. H. Smith, 838 10th St., Santa Monica, have been re-elected officers of the association. The newly elected vice president is Wm. Crick, 237 E. 52nd St., Los Angeles. Mr. Crick is a member of the South Park club of that city. Their annual state business meeting was held January 4.

They are greatly disappointed that there is to be no winter tournament this year. Mr. Porter has been in Florida and competed in the National tournament. He says that Charlie Davis, former world's champion, is in California, and that Putt Mossman is expected to be there soon.

Another thing he says is that a chance visitor to their club recently from Nebraska told him that Mr. Eulig, a one-armed farmer of that state who is state champion played a challenge match with Bert Duryee, best four games out of seven and won four straight from him. Anyone that can win four straight games from Bert Duryee is of world's champion timber. The state of Nebraska ought to have its state association affiliate with the National Association, let the world know what talent they have and send their best to compete in the next National tournament.

Mr. Porter calls my attention to an error I recently made in saying that no one from the State of Washington had ever played in a National Tournament. Mr. Porter

is right for a gentleman by the "significant" name of H. E. Ringer from Spokane, Wash., did play in the tournament held in Lake Worth, Fla., in February, 1924. I am always glad to be corrected if I make any misstatements and thank Mr. Porter for calling my attention to this.

* * *
Mr. J. Christ Hahn, 532 W. Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind., who is manager of the Broadway horseshoe courts, wants to get in touch with managers of courts or clubs in Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland or any others in this territory so as to make arrangements about holding some games with his players. He says that they had some games with the players of Findlay, Ohio, and his men won. It is certainly not to the credit of the sport that there is not more information in the files of the National Association so that such inquiries as this cannot be more satisfactorily answered. If there are any pitchers in the territory mentioned that would like to arrange some games, they should write to Mr. Hahn at once. If all these players and these clubs were members of the National Association, then there would be the necessary information on file as there should be.

The March number of The Country Gentleman has a fine article on horseshoe pitching under the heading "Everybody's Tossing Pony Slippers," written by Mr. Ben Hibbs, associate editor of the publication. It is illustrated with pictures of Putt Mossman, Frank Jackson and also of "Two thousand fans watching an important match in the Iowa State Horseshoe Tourney at Des Moines."

In letters to your secretary last July, Mr. Hibbs said, "As a kid I lived in small towns of the Middle-West, and I can never forget the inevitable horseshoe game on the shady side of the blacksmith shop, and the sage, joshing philosophy of the horseshoe court. I want to get a lot of those memories into my article, something of the history of the game, and a good deal about its growing popularity among the well-to-do classes. I am going to be at Des Moines at the time of the state fair

next month and will "take in" the Iowa state tournament. I understand there is usually some very good horseshoe pitching there."

In reference to the book, "Horseshoe Pitching—How To Play the Game," which your secretary sent him, he wrote, "I was delighted to get your letter and the little book on horseshoe pitching. I have been stumbling around in the dark for several weeks, trying to get some authentic material, and at last you have given me some to work with."

Mr. Hibbs has added materially and interestingly to the altogether too small amount of literature the "good old sport" and is entitled to the gratitude of every lover of the game for publishing this splendid article for the enjoyment of the nearly two million subscribers of The Country Gentleman. We hope that this will be only the beginning of a series of articles on the sport that has so much of human interest in it and which Mr. Hibbs knows so well how to portray with his fertile brain and ready pen. Be sure to read this story.

A WORLD RECORD



EXPERIENCES OF A PITCHER

(Continued from Page 5)

the program was a horseshoe game. And since my brother had been kind enough to keep his preparedness policy a deep secret when he came to Ohio, we decided to return the compliment and do likewise and the same, and when we went to our car and pulled out our shoes and a pair of stakes that had been battered by those shoes five million times it was all new news to him.

We figured my brother would have a slight advantage being on his own home court, but we felt too that his having to change from the barrel hoops to the regulation shoe according to national rules would slow him down, so I told Russell who was the best pitcher of the Ohio bunch to take him on and do his best to uphold the laurels of the Buckeye state. They played twenty games that forenoon and Russell won nineteen of them.

My brother had built up quite a reputation as a horseshoe pitcher throughout the state as he and another man had teamed together for the past three years in the Farm Bureau pitch and had won the state-wide contest for all three years for that organization, and when my brother had such tough luck with Russell, he decided he was off his game or something and he would take us over to play his partner, who, he said, if we eased up the least bit would run eight or ten doubles and finish the game.

We went over and Russell took him for a fifty-point game and he got just eight points. This made him sore and he came over to me and said, "I will take you for a game." I said alright, and we started. I was cold and he was hot—both in temper and body, and what he did to me at the start of the game was enough. He had me twenty to one and I began to think what my brother had said was true. Then I got started and beat him out and he felt so bad over those defeats that he declined to team with my brother in the state pitch the following week. It was unfortunate that he took the matter so much to heart, but he got over it and is still pitching a good game. Evidently he did not think of a point that is well for all horseshoe pitchers to remember, that the pleasure and enjoyment of the game is the main thing and not merely that of winning. When one is in the game only for the honors and money

he may obtain, he is not a genuinely true sport.

That night, back at my brother's, he asked me practically the same questions I had asked of him when he had trained in secret and came out to Ohio and cleaned me up so thoroughly and completely.

He wanted to know how we had learned the game and I told him by a strong determination and continued practice.

He wanted to know what we had done in the game, and I told him we had broken every known record. Russell had thrown fifty-seven ringers and I had thrown fifty-five in a fifty-point game. "Impossible," he said. "It can't be done. "The world's record is only forty-eight ringers and you can't beat the world. You have to show me. I am from Missouri." I told him we were not claiming we could beat the record every day, but when conditions were right and we both were going good we could beat it and had done it on numerous occasions. Well, he said he would have to be shown. I had not played him yet and I made up my mind, when we did hook up to strut my stuff to such an extent that if he were able to keep up we would cross that mark or come mighty close to it. The next morning we tangled. My cousin was scorekeeper and we had quite a bunch of onlookers. We started out pretty fast, got to hitting in high, then my brother faded in the stretch and was able to get only twenty-two points, while I ran out to fifty. I threw thirty-seven ringers, and my brother was kind enough to tell the crowd he was convinced if he could have held up his end, the record would have been smashed right there.

We came home and were asked to represent West Mansfield in an inter-city pitch to be held in an east central Ohio town. It was to be a doubles affair with each city sending a team.

They were having a home-coming or something with the horseshoe pitch as the main attraction.

Russell and I promised to do our best to bring the honor to West Mansfield, and arriving at the scene of action dropped in a drug store to ask the way to the courts. The druggist said it was sure going to be a great affair, as teams from all the surrounding towns were entered, and one team from an adjoining county had a pitcher on it who had never been beaten.

(Continued on Page 8)

EXPERIENCES OF A PITCHER
(Continued from Page 7)

His ability with the shoes had brought frequent lengthy write-ups along with his picture in a certain state paper.

We did not tell the druggist we were entered and when we left the store I told Russell it looked like we had our work cut out.

We went out to the courts and there right on docket was the big pitcher the druggist told us about, with his teammate warming up. We watched them awhile and soon saw that the big boy did have class, but the other fellow was not quite so hot. I said I could handle the little birds, and told Russell he could take on the big bird.

We got our shoes, took a court next to theirs and started in. We were feeling rather foxy from our rest-up on our vacation to Illinois, and also somewhat cocky from having cleaned up everything in sight.

We felt that here is where we go up against high class pitchers and we will surely have to strut our stuff if we expect to have a look-in. So in warming up we put forth our best efforts and certainly did step on the gas. We noticed that the crowd was collected around our court, but thought little of it, until the man in charge of the pitch said to me that a good share of the teams had pulled off and when I asked him why, he said they had watched us pitch and were absolutely scared to death. I tried to make a speech telling them to get in the game and get all the fun out of it they could, that all of us could not be winners, but we wanted to be good sports and pitch win or lose. It was no use, they were not going to pitch and pulled off down to eight teams.

The drawing began for the first round and Russell and I started in with the team we drew under the rule of two best out of three 21-point games.

Our scorekeeper got rattled or excited or something and did not notice that the game was over until Russell and I had thirty-some points, then I said since those extra points were made legally and officially, let them go on the second game, but my opponent blew up, exploded, and had a fit and said not much, the second game would be started all over again. I said alright, the result would be the same.

We won the second game and that team was out of the pitch.

The first round was over and the

drawing for the second round ready to take place, when the big pitcher let out a chirp, by saying cut out the drawing and let us have the team we want, give us West Mansfield, but the manager said "No, we will go ahead with the drawing." The big boy and his partner had cleaned up easily in the first round and evidently figured he could swallow this little old earth with one gulp. He got what he wanted as his was the team we drew.

Then the second round was on. Talk about excitement. The crowd closed in until we could hardly see from stake to stake. Russell against the big boy, who won the toss getting the lead and putting on a ringer and the other shoe against the peg for his first pitch, Russell coming along with a double on his first attempt taking the lead on points which we never lost. They got less than ten points in the first game and only six in the second and they were out of the pitch. We went on to win every game and the honors for West Mansfield.

I hope there will be no offense at this article, since I have tried earnestly to adhere strictly to facts.

These were incidents of the so-called early day when players were learning the open shoe, various holds, and the like, and I have since played many of the masters of the game and I have no business with them whatever.

I love the game, and am going to continue to pitch it, although I am unable to cope with the present day class.

My happiness is never complete until I am on the courts mingling with a bunch of jolly good fellows in the grand old game of horseshoes.

W. H. TORBERT

West Mansfield, Ohio.

HAVE THRIVING CLUB

The Golden Gate Pitching club is a thriving San Francisco club of about 50 members, with A. F. Heuer as president.

Much credit is given in the establishment of the club to Fred Parker, past president.

JOHNSON SETS NEW HORSESHOE RECORD

George Johnson Sr., set up a new ringer mark for three games in the City Horseshoe league last night. He averaged 23 ringers per game of 50 shoes but his team lost on points to team No. 3. The six teams of the

league engaged in regular weekly tournament matches at the ideal horseshoe courts. Summaries:

	Team No. 6					R
G. Johnson	63	30	38	131	69	
W. Burt	28	49	21	98	35	
L. Thelander ..	4	5	9	18	2	
Totals.....	95	84	68	247	106	

	Team No. 3					R
H. Klingelbiel	61	44	60	165	55	
C. Davis	31	52	29	112	48	
C. Grunan	10	7	41	58	22	
Totals.....	102	103	130	335	125	

	Team No. 1					R
B. McCarthy ..	20	33	13	66	31	
J. Lorang	28	21	23	72	29	
R. Mead	18	18	18	54	0	
Totals.....	66	72	54	192	60	

	Team No. 4					R
F. Burt	40	54	51	145	64	
D. Volberding	32	18	44	94	34	
E. Thelander ..	22	28	14	64	21	
Totals.....	94	100	109	303	119	

	Team No. 5					R
H. Santee	26	26	26	78	0	
F. Campbell ..	25	39	25	89	39	
G. Johnson, Jr	38	13	27	68	28	
Totals.....	79	78	78	235	67	

	Team No. 2					R
F. Hines	40	40	37	117	57	
L. Helm	26	47	43	116	47	
F. Badendick..	25	30	16	63	25	
Totals.....	91	109	96	296	129	

—Elgin (Ill.) Courier

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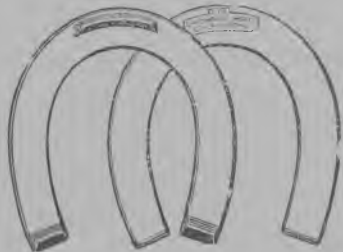
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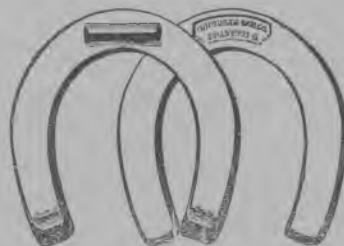
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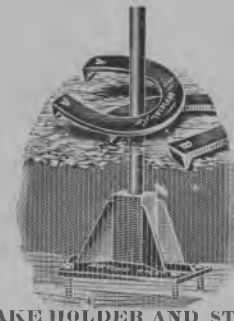
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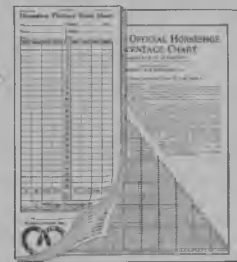
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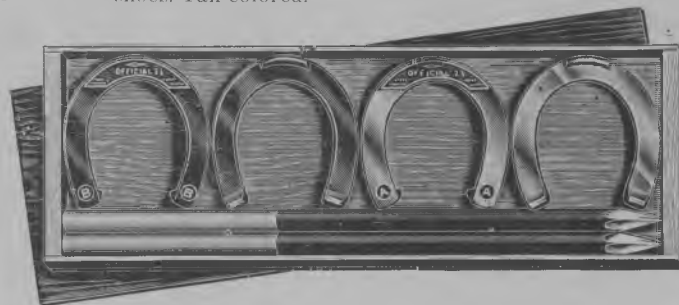


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