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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR



Christmas

Nearly two thousand years ago, on the first Christmas Eve., the holy Star of Bethlehem gleamed as the symbol of the most sublime event in history. Watching and waiting that night those Three Wise Men of the East had Faith in their hearts—Faith serene and invincible.

Every worthwhile human achievement since has been in some measure based upon Faith. The professional man, the captain of finance and industry, the artist, the craftsman of his task—all need Faith to carry on successfully.

Thus the true spirit of the Christmas Season is evidenced best by the expression of Faith in our fellow-men, and in the worthwhile things which have helped in our development.

MRS. C. A. LANHAM WON LADIES' NATIONAL TOURNAMENT AT DULUTH WITH OHIO Horse Shoe Co.'s Make of Shoes



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World's Champion Lady Pitcher

Mrs. C. A. Lanham of Bloomington, Ill., won the Ladies' National tournament for the fifth time with our straight calk model pitching shoes.

She made 2 World's records for ladies by pitching 6 consecutive double ringers and pitching 83 2-3 per cent ringers in one game.

Frank E. Jackson, former World's Champion, finished second with our Curved Calk Model Shoes.



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Ohio Horse Shoe Co.

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Everybody Set For 1928 Tourney

By JOHN LODWICK

NOW that D. D. Cottrell, National statistician, and secretary of the National Horseshoe Pitchers association, is in St. Petersburg, the famous "Sunshine City" of Florida, where the 1928 winter championships will be held in February, the big "bally-hoo" on the annual tournament is expected to get under way with a whirring hum.

Cottrell is one of those high-powered enthusiasts who when once interested in anything, has a knack of boring in and getting results, phenomenal results. With Cottrell teamed up with President H. L. Ermatinger, the St. Petersburg title race is expected to draw the biggest gate in the history of the game—and also the biggest entry list of shoe tossing experts in the nation.

"Old Warhorse" Frank Jackson, the Iowa farmer, is also in the Sunshine City with his two boys, getting steamed up for the February contests. Frank has fallen deeply in love with that title and how he does want it back again. Besides, this is Iowa's year.

It will be Iowa's year unless Jimmy Risk, the Montpelier, Ind., phenom decides that it is time to bust up the Hawkeye-Buckeye combination and shifts the title over into the Hoosier state for a change.

Frenchman To Compete

Then one will have to worry a bit about the foreign invasion in the person of one France Olin the Frenchman who was taught the finer points of hurling the Spark Plug heels while in behind the lines of the big fuss some ten years ago. France picked up the tricky American game from dough-boys and he became a master just like Gene Tunney did in flinging the padded mitt.

Secretary Cottrell brings to St. Petersburg with him the information that other new stars of the horseshoe lanes will be in the tournament next February. He also maintains that the girl shoe tossers will show a marked improvement in their ability and that the winner will have to give of her very best to come through on top of the heap when the final reckoning is being made.

St. Petersburg underwriters of the 1928 meeting do not intend to go into the hole in financing the tournament. Both Sunshine City newspapers are solidly behind the slipper slammers and considerable space will be given to covering the event. Tickets will be placed on sale early so that choice locations can be obtained by fans who delight in seeing the experts do their stuff.

J. Todd Flower, one time president of the National association and who is first vice president of the National Tile and Mantel Manufacturers association, arranged it so that his organization would hold their twenty-fifth an-

nual convention in St. Petersburg at the time the tournament is on so that every one of the 2,000 members of the national body could see his stars in action. Todd looks upon every tournament pitcher as "his boy" and he has done considerable in popularizing the sport from one end of America to the other.

Ben Hayes, from way up somewhere in New York state, was the first of the "regulars" to return to the Sunshine City this season. Years back when national tournaments were quite a novelty, Ben was among the contestants. He hurled a mean shoe, one of those sky-rocketing things that had a one and three-quarter twist, plunking against the iron upright. Ben soon learned, however, that there were other boys much too good for him, so he is contented with being one of the gallery gods when the annual classic is on.

Parker Moore soon followed, hailing from Thompsonville, formerly known as Chicago. Parker is in hopes of seducing the mayor of Chicago here this winter as one of the prominent galleryites. Of course Mr. Moore, more familiarly known to intimate friends as "Dinty" will be in the running again this year.

The daily sessions are now on at Waterfront park. The merits and demerits of respective pitchers are discussed pro and con. This year it seems that most of the experts favor C. C. Davis, present champion, to repeat. They argue that Davis has survived the acid test of tournament competition and has plugged his ears to the plaudits of the mob for the underdog. There was a time when Davis would crack under the strain, but today it makes no difference. He will be the favorite with the betting fraternity when he steps into the arena to show his stuff.

It is generally conceded that Jimmy Risk would be a powerful contender, providing that he could retain his nerve to the finish. The Montpelier high school kid won a host of friends

in St. Petersburg last winter who stuck with him to the finish. Jimmy mowed them all down in the preliminaries and they all looked alike to him, but when the final test came, requiring all his skill and knowledge, and above all, nerve, the boy cracked wide open with the result his shoes flipped all over the lanes except where they should be.

Newspapers Interested

Every wire news service will have special correspondents on the job at the St. Petersburg meet. Demand for results of the daily contests has necessitated this move to cover a branch of sport that a decade or more ago rarely received mention in the public press of the land. Today, however, it is "spot" news.

That the tournament will have more tourists to draw from this year over any preceding Florida tournament, is a foregone conclusion. St. Petersburg is rapidly filling up with tourists from every state in the Union and many Canadian provinces. Competition in past tourneys has been keen and news of encounters of years gone by has traveled fast. There are tourists who have never seen the experts in action who have the tourney date down in the engagement books. The Waterfront Park arena at old St. Pete is going to be packed and that is no idle prediction.

Tickets for the tournament will go on sale at least 30 days in advance of the meet and it is expected that all the choice seats will be gone long before President Ermatinger introduces the boys to the gallery. Statistician Cottrell is already getting his books in shape and is preparing score sheets to be used by the official scorers under his jurisdiction during the contests.

Jack Francisco, a familiar figure at all previous meets is in St. Petersburg with Mrs. Francisco, former woman's national champion.

Others are due in the Sunshine City shortly after the first of the year to go into training.

NEWS, OFFICIAL
REPORTS, ETC.

From The SECRETARY'S DESK

D. D. COTTRELL, Sec'y
726 5th Ave., N.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Monday, Nov. 28, President Erma-tinger, Treasurer Seas and the secretary of the National Horseshoe Pitchers association met with Mr. J. H. Kerrick, executive vice president and John Lodwick, publicity manager of the Chamber of Commerce, St. Petersburg, Fla., to plan for the winter National Horseshoe Pitching tournament. It was decided to hold the tournament on the courts of the Sunshine Pleasure club in the city beginning February 20 and ending March 1, 1928, the same place the winter tournament in the years 1924, 1926 and 1927 were held.

At this writing the exact schedule of prizes has not been decided upon, but the prizes undoubtedly will be as many and as large as they were last year, and maybe increased both in number and amount, and in addition there will be the customary medals and trophies. Further particulars will be published in the January issue.

As this is being written, in early December, St. Petersburg is having ideal weather, with the sun shining every day—practically all the time. This morning's paper says the highest temperature yesterday was 80 degrees, and the lowest 66. This is a sample of the kind of weather St. Petersburg has been enjoying for weeks, and which will continue practically all winter. Recently arrived tourists and others who like to work in the garden are planting all kinds of vegetables and setting out their tomato and cabbage plants. Roses, oleanders, hibiscus and other flowering shrubs are beginning to blossom. The Turks Cap hedges are gorgeous with their profusion of red cap blossoms, resembling the caps worn by the Turks, and which gives the shrub its name. The poinsetta is in blossom in all its glory.

Fresh ripe tomatoes, green peas, string beans, green corn and all kinds of home-grown garden vegetables are in the market at very reasonable prices. Within two or three weeks, ripe strawberries will begin to come in and be plentiful and usually very reasonable in price until next April or May. Strawberry shortcake is in season all winter in St. Petersburg.

Living in St. Petersburg, which enjoys both railroad and water transportation, is as cheap or cheaper in a great many things, than in the North. The writer finds he can buy meats, butter and canned goods at prices less

than he pays in his home town in New York state. Beautiful tree-ripened grapefruit, good size, can be bought six or eight for 25 cents, and the finest, sweetest, juiciest oranges you ever tasted for 10 to 30 cents per dozen.

Milk and a very few other articles are higher than in the North, but you have no coal to buy, and can stay out of doors day after day in the glorious health-giving sunshine. According to the U. S. Government statistics, the southern point of Pinellas peninsular on which St. Petersburg is located, is the healthiest spot under the stars and stripes.

Why am I telling you all this? For only one reason and that is to try to convince you and every horseshoe pitching fan and all his friends that the place for him to be is in St. Petersburg, Florida in February, 1928, to attend the greatest horseshoe pitching tournament ever held. Come early and enjoy your preliminary practice with the scores of good pitchers on the beautiful clay courts of the Sunshine Pleasure club. Stay through the tournament and as long afterwards as you can. Drive down and bring your family and camp if you so desire in one of the numerous sanitary tourists camps here in St. Petersburg. The roads are good and practically all paved from all points in the North and Middle West. No other trip can give you and your family so much health and pleasure.

Carroll and Hansford Jackson are in Florida, pitching exhibition games and making their headquarters in St. Petersburg. The old warhorse Frank Jackson, father of the boys, and the rest of his family from Lamoni, Iowa, are expected in St. Petersburg soon. In an exhibition game on the courts of the Sunshine Pleasure club in a series of five games recently Carroll averaged 66.5 per cent ringers, and Hansford 62.8 per cent. This is the first time the boys have been in Florida, although Frank, the father, has won many a hard-fought battle in the Sunshine City as St. Petersburg is called.

Charlie Davis, present world's champion, and Putt Mossman, former world's champion, are expected to arrive in St. Petersburg before long, and begin training for the February tournament.

There seems to be somewhat of an

epidemic of newly designed horseshoes for pitching purposes. The writer has received a number of letters recently from different parties, asking what would be the attitude of the National association on making the various new designs official. All that he can say is that each convention of the National Horseshoe Pitchers association is supreme in itself and what one convention accepts another convention might reject. No one can forecast what any convention will do in accepting or rejecting any specific design. Each manufacturer should be on the ground at the convention of the association to be held in St. Petersburg in February, 1928, during the time of the National tournament, to present his reasons to the convention why his shoe should be made official.

In August I received a letter from A. S. Webb, superintendent of city schools, Concord, N. C., asking for the rules for horseshoe pitching. His friend and neighbor, with whom he pitches, got my name out of a small newspaper report of the Duluth National tournament. In my reply sending him the rules it was casually mentioned that I had driven through Concord a number of times on my automobile trips back and forth to Florida. Mr. Webb suggested that if I could possibly arrange my driving schedule so as to be in Concord on a Wednesday he wanted me to be his guest at the Rotary club luncheon and speak to the club on the horseshoe game. As a result of this correspondence I was the guest of the superintendent and spoke to about 40 members of the club and their guests on Nov. 16. The Concord paper the next day gave a very fine write-up of the occasion and said probably as a result the horseshoe game would become one of the popular sports in Concord.

Supt. Webb who is a regular horseshoe fan, and his neighbor were the only ones as far as I could learn, who had been previously interested in the game.

D. D. COTTRELL, Natl. Secy.
726C Fifth Ave., N. St. Petersburg,
Florida.

HARDLY ENCOURAGING

Patient—Doctor, what are my chances?

Doctor—Oh, pretty good but don't start reading any continued stories.

Washington Park Club Is Largest In the Northwest

Sometime before July 1926, Washington Park, one of Milwaukee's largest public parks, had set aside a small place and put in a few stakes for the purpose of pitching horseshoes. The ground was not level and the stakes were not anchored, which caused them to move back everytime a game was played. The space between the stakes was covered with grass and after a heavy dew or small shower, one would soon get wet feet. There was no clay around the stakes and no pitching boxes. Big holes in front of the stakes and high mounds behind them. On the most favorable days about a dozen players used these courts, only three or four of them were throwing a fair percentage of ringers; doubles were unusual. There were no spectators and there was no place for them. The foregoing was described just to show how the interest increased with the improvement of the courts.

Shortly after July, 1926, Mr. Christ Ennis, at present our president, who had played on the courts in Florida and other states, took it upon himself to interest the Milwaukee Park Board to such an extent as to level off the ground and dump a few loads of cinders between the stakes. This looked good for a while in comparison with the old place and more men became interested in the game. At this time good fellowship and harmony seemed to be more of a factor than how many ringers one could pitch. As the courts were improved, better pitchers were developed. Interest was increasing and a club was started. Eight clay courts were built and electric lights put up for night pitching. Our stakes were not anchored and gave us a great deal of trouble. The club membership increased until we had 68 at the end of the season which was about October 1st, 1926.

During the winter of 1926 and 1927 a meeting was held and a permanent club organized. Lunch, smokes and other refreshments were served and a good old time enjoyed by all. Mr. Christ Ennis was elected president; Mr. James Daley, vice president, and Mr. A. C. Pleyte, secretary and treasurer. The situation for the 1927 season was discussed and plans made to build better courts and increase the interest in the game.

A committee was appointed to meet with the park board to try and get

them to install better courts and more of them. They agreed to build additional courts with lights and appoint a custodian to keep the courts in good condition. The question came up about anchoring the stakes and a great problem it was. Finally we decided to thread the stakes we were using, run them through an 8-inch oak railroad tie, put a large nut and washer at the top and bottom where the stake came through and anchor the tie, which was buried under about seven inches of clay, leaving 10 inches of stake above the clay. After a few games these stakes bent backward and were useless. We then tried several different kinds of stakes without success, until somebody suggested trying a Ford axle. There was a great deal of objection to these on account of the hard steel they are made out of, but it was decided to try a few anyway, as they cost nothing and almost every garage is glad to get rid of them. We put the axles through the 8-inch oak ties, where the other stakes had been and we have had no more trouble with the stakes.

Interest was now increasing with leaps and bounds, a great many players were beginning to throw ringers, new members were joining the club almost every day. Industrial plants were sending men to our courts for information on the lighting and construction. Many of them built courts around their establishments, using our plans; also a great many individuals have installed courts in their own back yards. The harmony and goodfellowship, which always prevailed, was made the motto of the club.

Bystanders were invited to play and becoming interested, bought shoes and took up the game. (The writer was one of those bystanders). Our city health commissioner, Dr. Koehler, is a horseshoe fan of long standing and can make the best of them hustle.

Mr. Frank Schumacher, secretary of the Milwaukee Park Board, although not a player, took a great deal of interest in making a beauty spot out of the place set aside for horseshoe pitching. He ordered permanent benches put up for spectators. Ladies courts installed, with lights for night pitching; an ornamental fence built around the courts (the crowds now have to be kept under control) and best of all he ordered the spaces between the foul lines and around the outside of the pitching boxes oiled. This lays the dust and prevents the ground from working up into mud when it rains. We had laid creosote blocks on both sides of the clay boxes to stand on

when pitching. Tin covers were made, to lay over the courts to protect the clay from the weather. On top of the clay a piece of moist burlap is kept to keep in the moisture. The courts are now in such shape that we can play right after any rain storm, the water immediately runs off on account of the oiled surface.

Our lights are arranged to cover two courts, or four pitching boxes, with three lights. A 250-watt light is placed between the stakes on each end. (the stakes are 10 feet apart) 12 feet above the foul line, and a 250-watt light, 18 feet above the ground, half way between the foul lines, and in line above the other two lights. All lights have large green shades and tilted to keep the glare out of the pitchers' eyes.

We now have 14 courts and an average of 800 players per week used them this summer, each player averaged at least five games, a total of 4000 games per week. About 60 shoes are pitched in each game, and with the shoes thrown for practice, at least 300,000 shoes are pitched per week. As each shoe weighs 2½ pounds, something like 750,000 pounds or 375 tons of iron is pitched each week. Now, as each shoe has a landing force of about 40 pounds, 12,000,000 pounds or 6000 tons of iron is aimed at the stakes each week. On clear evenings the shoes can be heard ringing against the stakes two city blocks away from the courts.

During the summer an Inter-City league with four teams was organized, with West Allis, Waukesha, Milwaukee Harvesters and Washington Park. The league created an additional interest among the players and the competition drew great crowds of spectators. We intend to continue and enlarge the league next year. All league games are played at night.

A Fourth-of-July program of contest was run off with wonderful success. Besides being a great attraction for the public, it was a big boost for the game. The program was arranged so that everybody had a chance to win a prize, regardless of his or her pitching ability. We gave away \$50.00 in merchandise as prizes. Everybody was invited to join in these contests whether they were club members or not.

We now have 168 members. Is there any horseshoe club in the United States with a greater membership, made up of local men?

Several of our members attended the summer tournament at Duluth. Two

(Continued on Page Six)

Letters to Editor

The Horseshoe World,
London, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

WHAT IS IT? Or when is a game of horseshoes a game of horseshoes? Few years ago our forefathers pitched horseshoes, but that game has all but vanished since the automobile has come into universal use, and put old Dobbin in the background.

The game that we call horseshoes today is no more like the old game of horseshoes than day is like night. It is true we pitch at stakes and the tools we use are similar in shape of the old horseshoes but they are not horseshoes, and furthermore they were never intended to be used as such; they were not made to be nailed to a horse's foot.

Who would call the tennis racket a ball bat? or a golf club a tennis racket? Quoits are pitched, and at stakes, but is it a game of horseshoes? In the old game of horseshoes when some one was lucky enough to make a ringer it was only luck, but today in this game of What-is-it making ringers is a science—about the only luck that you can have in this new game is, as some of our men who know something about the science that is involved, call it "hard luck," which is just the reverse of the old game of horseshoes.

This new game has regulation rules, score sheets, stakes, distance for pitching, pitchers' box, height and incline of stakes, foul territory, and the tools of a certain weight and shape, etc., which is all the reverse of the old game of horseshoes. How about the homely expression of barnyard golf? Did you ever hear a tennis player refer to his game as a game of barnyard baseball? Indeed you have not, nor have you ever heard the golf player refer the game of golf to any other game which is, or would be to its discredit?

Don't misunderstand me; I do not mean that baseball is discredit to tennis, but when the word "barnyard" is used, then it would be of course; certainly we know the barnyard is all right and honorable for what it was intended and used for, but when referring it to a scientific game the expression is very much out of place.

The golf player on the green does not, nor ever will refer to his game as a pasture lot ball game, although they use a ball when playing the game, the same in playing tennis and billiards, but a billiard cue is not a hoe handle. But it is just as ridiculous for us today to call the tools that we use in this new game, "Horseshoes." I know

of course, that tools are not what they should be called, but it will do until someone does give them a name worthy of their users who have worked so hard to make it a real game, and trying so hard to have it recognized as such. There is only one way as time and experience has taught us to have anything recognized as to its worth by the general public, and that is through publicity. But the first and most essential thing of all before we can hope to get that proper publicity is an appropriate name that will command attention.

Publicity is what put baseball, billiards, tennis, golf, football and all other leading games where they are. But as long as we insist on calling our new game "Horseshoes," I fear we will fail ever being recognized as we should be in the public eye as players of a scientific game.

You talk with anyone that is not a pitcher, or has never been attracted to the game in any way, and they call it a game of luck. Why? You know the reason. How well I remember the last time Davis was here at our city to give us an exhibition. The courts were full of players and the crowd was assembling to see his stunts. As I was on my way to the courts I heard someone say: "Let's go over there and see what is going on." And another exclaimed: "Oh, that's just some fellows over there playing horseshoes." And they went on by, and I am wondering now if this has not been the verdict of countless times before and since over the nation.

Now I suppose that some of our good pitchers and friends will take the opposite view with me, in regards to our publicity, but before you do just take a glimpse at the sporting page of the leading newspapers of the country and make a note of every time you see all the games mentioned on their pages and compare them with the number of times that you see the horseshoe game mentioned, and I am sure you will be convinced that I am right. Why even the game of marbles that the little boys play, receives far more publicity than does our game. A Mib champ gets a large write-up and has his photo in all the leading papers, but a horseshoe champ who wins a national championship is only mentioned in a few of the larger papers which applies mostly in the state where the contest was held, but it is not broadcast generally, and why? There is a reason, of course. I know that the reason is not in its entirety the name that we have given our game, but it is obvious that we have not received the

attention that we justly deserve through the press.

Now, as to a name suitable for our game, that would be a task for many minds to consider and dwell upon. The National association might offer a prize worthy of note to its members for the one submitting the best name which would be determined by a staff of judges. That would be the best plan to my way of thinking, and I believe the most satisfactory to all.

Now I expect some favorable and also unfavorable replies but I hope the association in general will consider views and that we may be able to do something to promote our game and put it on a standing with other games in the world of sports in the eyes of the general public, as it is most certainly not today.

There is, as I know, an army of men engaged in this game of sport that will agree with me that there is as much science involved in it as there is in any other game that is played today, and considerable more than in some; and it is the least recognized, generally.

I have tried as best I can to give our association some food for thought, and if I have said something that will help to better our conditions generally I shall be glad for my efforts.

Yours for more consideration,
N. L. Fitzgerald.

STUMPING THE BOSS

An Irishman applied for a job at a power plant.

"What can you do?" asked the chief. "Almost anything, sor," said the Irishman.

"Well," said the chief, a bit of a joker, "you seem to be all right, could you wheel out a barrow of smoke?"

"Shure, fill it up for me."—Exchange.

WASHINGTON PARK CLUB

(Continued from Page Five)
of them, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Licht were entered and played. Three of our members have planned to attend the winter contests in Florida Mr. Gibson, Mr. Ennis and Mr. Ruger. Mr. Ruger is a former Chicago White Sox baseball pitcher.

Horseshoe tourists are always welcome at Washington Park Milwaukee. If the Horseshoe World or any of its readers, can give us plans and costs for a building for indoor pitching, or names of cities where indoor pitching is a success in the winter time, we will greatly appreciate the favor.

A. C. Pleyte.

ADVOCATES DIFFERENT RULES FOR AMATEURS

Editor Horseshoe World,
London, Ohio.

In the last number you invited suggestions tending to keep up the interest in horseshoe pitching. In many places out here in Western Ohio the sport is on the decline. It occurs to me that possibly this is due to the fact that all the rules for pitching we have are those for professionals. No doubt there are a hundred amateur pitchers for each professional, and although the rules for professionals can be applied to amateur pitching, the 50-point game may not always be practical and especially where there are many players and a limited number of courts. That way of playing may seem selfish. Now to give the game more zest to that large class of amateurs, would it not be well to formulate some definite rules to govern them?

There is lots of fun and just as much recreation in pitching partnership games and they are not quite so strenuous. In our little town we use the same plan that is much used in Southern California.

We pitch five 21-point games for a full game, but we call them innings. We have each player scored, on tickets for that purpose, as to total points and ringers—the high man getting the ticket.

I am enclosing one of our tickets to illustrate.

In this game there were 103 ringers pitched. By this plan a player has something definite to talk about after the game is over. If he has pitched a 25 or 30-ringer game the other fellow understands his language.

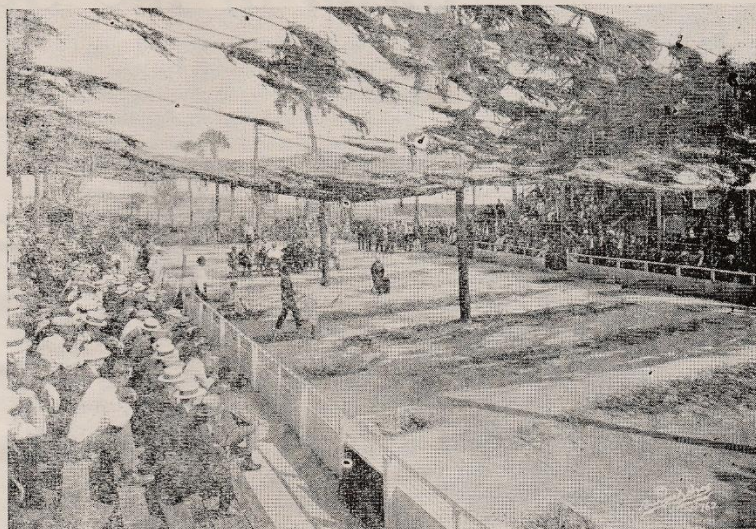
Very sincerely yours,
M. M. Corwin,
Ansonia, O.

Scoresheets, \$3.25 per
1000, F. O. B. London.

National Tourney Dates are Fixed

TURN to the National Secretary's page in this issue and learn the facts regarding the winter tournament to be held in St. Petersburg in February.

The dates have been set and plans are being perfected. Plan to attend.



VIEW OF A PORTION OF ST. PETERSBURG'S HORSESHOE LANES DURING A NATIONAL WINTER TOURNAMENT

Come to This Winter Paradise for Horseshoe Pitchers

EVERY winter St. Petersburg, "The Sunshine City," attracts hundreds of horseshoe pitchers from all parts of America; for this city offers greater attractions and facilities in this sport than any other city of the South.

There have been provided 48 horseshoe pitching lanes, many of them covered with a palm-thatched pergola thru which the warm sun filters. There are seats for spectators, and various club facilities. The horseshoe pitchers have organized themselves into what is known as the Sunshine Pleasure Club which is open to all who care to play.

The lanes are located conveniently, only a few blocks from the heart of the business and hotel section, and a stone's-throw from the beautiful waterfront along Tampa Bay. These grounds, in fact, are a part of the wonderful Waterfront Park, just a short distance from the new million-dollar Recreation Pier which is free to all visitors.

St. Petersburg has made every

preparation for your enjoyment while you spend the winter here. It has provided facilities for all kinds of sport and recreation. There's something to please everyone—fishing, boating and swimming in Gulf or Bay; roque, shuffleboard, lawn bowling, tennis, golf, and the like.

And there is a wide variety of entertainment, too. Free band concerts twice daily in Williams Park, theaters, concerts, lectures, Festival of the States, regattas, Big League baseball and much more.

Accommodations to suit all tastes and pocketbooks. Moderate living costs. Plan to come this winter. Write today for our illustrated booklet. Mail the coupon below.

M. M. CONANT,
Chamber of Commerce,
St. Petersburg, Florida.
Please send me a copy of your
illustrated booklet.

Name ...
Address ...

St. Petersburg
Florida
The Sunshine City

Ahead of the Game

By R. GILBERT GARDNER

BACK of a medium sized, plain white house in a New England township, strikingly like scores of houses in similar townships, two men absorbedly played horseshoes.

The slanting sunshine of late afternoon struck fair on one end of the course, while cool shadows cast by the house, darkened the other extremity. From sun to shade and shade to sun the players shuttled to the accompaniment of the ringing clink of iron and words of jocose comment and jest.

"Ruddy, you heave a wicked shoe to-day," said the player on the left—a dark-haired young man whose shoulders were slightly rounded and whose waist-line was pronouncedly ambitious—as he watched the iron of his opponent sail levelly through the air and drop around the stake, a ringer.

Tanned, rugged and with remnants of soldierly training clinging to him, the other man smiled in smug satisfaction. "I've sure got my peepers right on it. Score's in my favor too. Watch out."

The warning was barely uttered when the back door of the white house opened. A prepossessing young woman of the brunette persuasion, in neatly fitting blue gingham, appeared, and stood viewing the players quizzically. When her gaze encountered the yawning excavations, steadily growing deeper and larger under the stiff drubbing of the weighty horseshoes, she stamped her foot in a petulance partly natural and partly faked.

"Oh! Oh!" wailed she, "those horrid, dirty holes! They just spoil the looks of the house and yard. The other day after the rain Harry got filthy playing in them. You know what I'm going to do, Gil Preston?" she addressed him of the dark hair and stooped shoulders. "I'm going to fill them with stones and throw your plagued old horseshoes away. You might be better employed it seems to me."

The contestants looked at each other and grin met grin. Repeatedly Constance Preston had threatened to do this very thing, but so far had not backed her word with the deed. Truth to tell the horseshoe players were uncertain whether she would or would not. In strict honesty they felt that they could scarcely blame her if she did. The holes were sorry ornaments to an otherwise unmarred backyard, that was certain; and it did beat all belief how from mere lacerations in

the sod they had grown until large enough in which to bury a mastiff, or maybe a calf.

"That's right. Stand there grinning at each other," pursued Mrs. Preston, trying futilely to be severe. "This time I mean it. You wait and see." This she flung back over her shoulder defiantly as she turned to enter the house.

In the city Preston had held a position which had yielded a good monthly stipend, making possible the ordinary comforts of life. At no time, however, had his health been good and immediately prior to the move countrywards it had broken down entirely. "Pure country air and a two years' rest from the responsibilities of business," was the decree of the attending physician. Nor would any excuse or alibi induce that austere dispenser of pills and powders to alter or mitigate the sentence. That he did not impose the sentence to justify his fee was sure, for when objections were raised he started to get disagreeably prophetic.

This was one reason why the Prestons had taken up residence where the crows cawed and the cows mooed, and another reason was in connection with little Harry. Now the boy could inhale air that was air and have a place to play other than over the heads of complaining neighbors, who seemed to think that nowhere in the scheme of existence was there a place for a small boy and the noise that inevitably accompanies the true-blue species.

Here in the wholesome, open-spaced country, with health regained and hopes renewed, Preston had followed his bent and taken up writing. Already he had made appreciable progress in wringing a measure of recognition from publishers and editors. Still a longish vista stretched ahead to the fulfillment of his desires, and the wolf had not yet erased the name of the little family from its loose-leaf record. But if heroic cheerfulness and self-denial, practiced by three hopeful Prestons, meant anything to the wolf's loose-leaf system, some day it was due for a bad set-back.

There was the garden. That helped wonderfully. There, too, was the lower rent, and the chance to wear clothes which, good for an extended lease of life here next to Nature, in the city would have been badly out of luck. Unquestionably all these things could be chalked up on the positive side of the ledger, as could many others no less convenient and beneficial.

"Course the house ain't no city apartment," said Chapman, the vacating tenant, the day the Prestons had looked it over. "It's seen a hundred summers or more, and there ain't no bathroom—nothing but outside plumbing. If you've got good stoves an' the coal man don't go back on you, most prob'ly you can keep warm in cold weather, an' in summer there ain't no doubt of it. House is cluttered with all the 'modern inconveniences' as you might say, but we've lived here eight years an' growed fat on it. You will too."

Preston had smiled and told Chapman that he coveted his recipe. After three years, nevertheless, the increasing fleshiness in the family, chiefly in connection with Gilman himself, had amply borne out the prophecy.

"An' there's something else," added Chapman at the time, stepping closer and waxing mysteriously confidential. "Before we took it this house had been lived in for forty years by an old moss-back of a miser. He gathered gaiena as a parrot does cuss-words, an' he was never known to separate hisself from a penny. The old codger died without relations, an' had to be buried by the town. The authorities they ransacked the house, but never dug up a red cent. Now, where's that money I ask you—where's that money?"

Not waiting for an answer which apparently he decided was impossible for a city man anyway, Chapman had assumed a look of owl-like wisdom and re-applied himself to packing up his household effects. Afterward the tale had been confirmed by other residents of the neighborhood. The Prestons, however, had wasted neither sleep nor speculation on it, nor had they tapped any walls or floors for a possible hollow sound. Even the ouija board with strange perversity, had remained unintelligible on the subject.

Most unaccountably something of all this screened through the mind of Preston, as with his good friend, Larter, he threw "leaners" and "ringers" this balmy afternoon at the fag end of summer.

Now turning traitor to Larter the game was headed in Preston's direction, when from the rear of the next house south hurried two men. One of the pair the horseshoe players recognized quickly as Mr. Perry, a neighbor; the other, tall, slim smartly dressed, bore an unmistakable city air, and was assuredly a stranger. As the

two struck toward the horseshoe course, a fragment of their conversation was borne to Preston's hearing on the still air.

"There they are," exclaimed Mr. Terry.

"We are in luck," returned the stranger. "I shall take pleasure in defeating them."

Had this remark not been overheard by Preston, probably his sporting blood would not have streaked upward like the mercury of a thermometer suddenly plunged into hot water. Forthwith one of those quick-fire dislikes was born within him for the stranger, partly for what he had said and partly because of his grating cock-sureness.

The handshaking over it developed that the stranger was a cousin of Mr. Terry, a Mr. Lemuel Ward, of Boston, high both in the real estate business and in the estimation of Mr. Terry.

"He has the name of being the best horseshoe player in New England, he has," enlightened Mr. Terry proudly, "and he's here to beat you boys at the game, either one of you. Like to play him, would you?"

The speech gained no popularity worth mentioning, but the man from Boston admirably acted the part for which he was cast, as smilingly he awaited a reply.

"That's interesting, I'm sure," admitted Preston, giving a tilt to his old straw hat, "but Mr. Ward must be aware that fortune-telling is prohibited in this state. Isn't he a bit too sure about winning?"

"Not at all," took up Ward himself with oily urbanity. "It's perfectly right for you to believe so, but I do what I set out to do—usually. So much so that I'm willing to—ah—make it strictly a business proposition. When there is something at stake contests are the keener. A moment, please."

Speedily he produced a wallet that showed good feeding, and with agile fingers sorted out a number of crisp, new bills. "Here are fifty dollars," pursued he, in the most matter-of-fact way. "Should either of you gentlemen desire to—ah—advance a like amount, I shall be happy to wager this little memento."

Larter's eyes narrowed to straight-edged slits. His right hand strayed to his hip pocket, but returned empty either of a gun or the evidence of wherewithal to meet the challenge. Helplessly he looked at Preston. It had been a long drag from pay day.

After a brief pause Preston spoke with an airy lightness every bit as false as it sounded. "As you wish.

Doubtless I have that trifling amount knocking about loose somewhere. Wait."

At first he had been at a loss. Then he happened to think of that fifty tucked away in a corner of his desk. Jove! Exactly the right sum, and by one of the weird contradictions of the greatest of all practical jokers, Fate, apparently there for this very emergency. He would use it. Maybe it would reduce the bulge in Lemuel Ward's ego and purse. If so, blessings upon it, and God-speed.

Still one misgiving smote him as he stood before his desk with hand outstretched for the money. It seemed an infernal shame to take it—under the circumstances. Chloroforming the thought, he snatched up the little roll, so slowly and painfully accumulated, and painstakingly avoiding the living room where he suspected Constance was sitting, bore his wealth to the backyard. Here Mr. Terry counted the money, was appointed stake holder and the game commenced. Preston defending his ante.

The challenger was given his choice of horseshoes and the privilege of first to play. Sauntering to the stake with easy self-assurance he poised his shoe, apparently in an indifferent manner. He seemed as careless as they are created, perhaps more so, but the departing shoe started clean and steady, and landed point foremost within an inch of the target; shoe number two even closer.

Not stirring from his tracks, the Bostonian stood for a moment and musingly regarded the result.

"I see," diagnosed he, evidently to himself, "a trifle more of impetus in the teeth of the breeze from this stake—not so much from the other. Weight of first iron not evenly distributed, producing moderate swerve to the right. Ground dry and uneven—resulting in considerable bounce and skid. Very difficult conditions, but—ah—undoubtedly can be counteracted by accurate judgment. Assuredly."

Catching the sharply inquiring glance which Preston directed at him upon the termination of this session of self-sociability, Ward spread on his bland smile.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Preston," said he, daintily flicking a speck of dust from his carefully creased trousers. "From boyhood I have had a somewhat peculiar habit of analyzing situations aloud, I fear many times to the bewilderment of others. Pay no attention to the trait. It is but one of the means of achieving my objects, which I do—usually."

The more Mr. Ward talked the more

inviting appeared the prospect of trimming him, and how Preston ached to do it! It was neck and neck between them now, while the score zig-zaged smartly upward. Verily, the Bostonian could play!

A fine perspiration broke out on Preston's brow, and his face grew tense. Soon the game was on the last lap, with Ward leading. Came Preston's turn to play—his last throw. To win he must make three points. A forlorn hope, perhaps, but still worth trying.

"Easy now, Gil," admonished Larter, hovering near, "keep your eye on it."

The stillness that always precedes a critically impending action was broken only by the agitated squalling of cat birds in the old cherry tree, as Preston, mustering all his powers of concentration, made his play. The shoe turned once in the air—settled precisely in the right spot. As it grounded, however, a sort of tinny, muffled "clink" it gave forth somehow did not savor of success.

Rushing forward, contestants and spectators breathlessly peered into the dusty depression. Preston's shoe pointed true, but had stopped just a short of encircling the stake and of topping Ward's. Fortune was with the Bostonian—seemed, in fact, to be chartered for his special benefit.

Examining further the position of the shoe that failed to do his bidding, Preston discovered that unluckily its forward movement had been checked by a slight obstruction, probably a fragment of stone or brick freshly uncovered. He felt better as he noted and pointed out the fact to the winner. The bland smile, which upon the finish of the game had bloomed profusely, now widened.

"It was there when I pitched, Mr. Preston, that—protuberance—but before making my delivery I made due allowance for it. I'm afraid that you neglected to do so. Still I ~~was~~ found you a worthy opponent. Though I have succeeded—as usual—but a small margin of credit accrues to me for the performance—Ah, thank you, Mr. Terry. One hundred dollars. Correct. Shall we go?"

Dusk was beginning to settle on the course as the winning faction disappeared behind the neighboring house, and dusk had completely settled on Preston—heavy, soul-enshrining dusk—as also to a lesser extent on Larter. Tacitly the friends seated themselves on the back steps and assiduously busied themselves in saying nothing. After a space Preston inclined his head mournfully in the direction taken by their late visitors,

and in a small way broke the silence.

"There goes our summer outing."

"What? Summer outing?"

"Exactly. The fifty simoleans now in the pocket of that fellow from Boston were to have been used to get Constance, Harry and myself down to mother's place at the shore and back, next month," explained Preston, his voice somewhat unsteady. "Now that plan has gone gumming. What Con will do when she hears the money is gone, I can't imagine."

"One thing is sure—she'll be death on horseshoes forevermore," chuckled Larter grimly. "Guess it's us for the barnyard hereafter."

Two hours later in the damp and dark, Preston still sat slumped like a sack of meal on the back steps. Larter had long since departed. The night was still, save when by spells a flock of guinea hens at a farmstead hard by broke forth with their raucous din, or when a decrepit flivver rattled and slammed down the stony road fronting the house.

The house, too was quiet; for Constance was making an evening call on neighbors not far distant, and little Harry was sleeping upstairs. Of what Preston was thinking it would not be difficult to surmise, and he had been thinking of it good and plenty, putting real gray matter into the effort. Likewise he continued to think of it—until presently he straightened up with something of decision in the movement. Groping his way to the shed at the rear of the house, he lighted an antique lantern, obtained a hoe from a corner, and with the two bore thru the night until one of the dark holes of the horseshoe course revealed itself in the feeble illumination. Was he about to save Mrs. Preston the duty of making good her threat? It looked that way.

Returning home later, Constance Preston found her husband energetically pacing the floor of the living room. Straightway the act itself, and something concerning his manner struck her as unusual. His face, she observed, was unwontedly flushed, his eyes wide and bright.

"Con," he exclaimed, the instant she crossed the threshold, "I've been waiting for you for hours—ages. Something's happened."

"Why—what's the matter?" she queried wonderingly.

"I'm about to tell you. Sit down; sit down."

She was partly pushed into a chair by her inferior half, which inferior half then jerked up a chair for himself and faced her earnestly, though now and then an unconquerable grin pulled

at the corners of his mouth.

Rapidly he recounted the particulars of the horseshoe game—the fifty dollars lost to Ward; Constance following him anxiously. Soon the look of disappointment which swept her face was followed by one of indignation. This grew more pronounced during the recital, because her husband appeared to be actuated by a desire to laugh—in the face of his wrongdoing and of her disappointment.

"You great big idiot," she denounced icily when the confession was finished. "You—you—"

"Wait, Con. What I've told you is but the overture to—the big act," he declared, his eyes again gleaming. "Shut your eyes and hold out your hands."

Slowly the wrath of Constance gave way to an air of perplexity, as earnestly she scanned Preston's face.

"Do as I tell you. Quick."

This strange new assumption of authority on his part was not to be disobeyed. So obligingly she held forth her hands and closed her eyes. Quickly Preston stepped to an adjoining room and returned bearing a dark, mysterious object. Almost reverently he placed it in the hands of Constance.

"Mercy! What is it?" cried she, her eyes flying open and questioningly examining the object—plainly a rust-covered tin box, perhaps 15 inches long by 10 wide and 8 deep. Heavy it was, and cold. Particles of damp loam adhered to it and a section of the upper rim had been considerably battered and scratched.

"Open it," urged Preston.

She obeyed. First to meet her gaze was a number of packets of bank notes of mixed green and golden backed members, laid widthways of the box at the top. Each packet had been clumsily tied with soiled twine, and between the packets the gleam of many silver coins, large and small, gave cheerful backing to what altogether was a most thrilling—not to say heart-warming—aggregation of real treasure.

"It's the money—the old miser's money—or was. Now it's ours—every penny of it!" gloated Preston in answer to the look of overwhelming inquiry and amazement on his wife's face.

"But how—where—" she gasped.

"My last throw tonight, when I lost to Ward, hit on something in the south hole—something solid. I supposed it to be a piece of stone or brick the shoes had uncovered. I didn't think of it again till about an hour ago. Then I decided to dig up the obstruction and get it out of the way. This," he

stressed, significantly placing his hand on their newly acquired wealth—"was it."

Then noticeably struck by an afterthought, he smiled teasingly, "Now aren't you glad that you didn't fill the horseshoe holes with stones?"

For answer Constance sprang to her feet, and if never before Guman Preston had been hugged thoroughly by his wife—which by no means is to be impudently sure he was then.

"Oh Gil," she cried rapturously, "we'll pave the horseshoe course with gold—and I want you to play horseshoes the rest of your life!"

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Lady in Butcher Shop—"Is that the headcheese over there?"

Attendant—"No, ma'am; the boss ain't in."

THE OILY BIRDS

Lynn—Has anyone seen Pete?

Dollie—Pete who?

Lynn—Petroleum.

Dollie—Kerosene him yesterday and he ain't benzine since.—Factory Facts.

ENJOY SHOE SPORT

The Mackinac Island, Mich., Horseshoe Pitchers club consisting of hay fever sufferers from many states, who have met there for over 20 years during August and September, hay fever season, to participate in horseshoe pitching, report that they enjoyed this pleasing and interesting pastime during their last session and anticipate greeting one another there in 1928.

The officers and members consist of the following: Mr. D. D. Dumas, president, Paris, Tenn.; Leon Schiff, vice president, Cincinnati, O.; A. K. Kinley secretary-treasurer, Cleveland, O.

Thomas Dillon, Chicago Ill.; Fred J. Martin, Wellsville, O.; Joseph James, Harvey, Ill.; John T. McLennan, Oregon, Ill.; A. C. Sudz and Harry Sudz, Detroit, Mich.; Edward Gusweiller, Cincinnati, O.; Israel Nathan, Detroit, Mich.; Loyd Hard, Chillicothe, O.; F. W. Skelton, Chicago, Ill.; W. E. Stimson, Cleveland, O.; H. F. Rieck, Fairfield, Iowa; G. W. Innskeep, Washington C. H., O.; Ben Ginsburg, Terre Haute, Ind.; Chas. Meyer, Cincinnati, O.; G. W. Benn, St. Petersburg, Fla.; R. L. Trimble, Covington, Ky., and John Pringle London, Ontario.

TO DEFEND TITLE

Mrs. C. A. Lanham, Bloomington, Ill., will defend her title as National lady champion in the 1928 St. Petersburg tourney, she states in a letter to the Horseshoe World.

Just Among Ourselves

This page is a new feature of the Horseshoe World with this issue, and will be continued as an open forum for the benefit of all who care to come in, rest awhile and refresh themselves.

In the last issue of The World, we asked for suggestions from the readers of the magazine regarding their ideas as to the ways in which the publication may enlarge its field of endeavor and usefulness.

Many letters have been received, most of which have been in favor of opening a page for the readers where ideas may be exchanged for mutual benefit and where new plans may be discussed and approved or discarded.

One letter is typical of many and is quoted herewith:

"Dear Editor: I feel that a question and answer page would be fine. Questions pertaining to the science of the game of horseshoes and the answers to them, to be made by anyone the best answers only to be printed.

"There would be a lot of undreamed-of things come up that would be for

the benefit of all concerned.

"I also believe that a few items in regard to other sports, such as golf, tennis, bowling, baseball, etc., would be fine, but I would limit them, since these games are all on their feet.

"What the horseshoe game needs is some boosting to bring it up with the other sports. It's a shame the small interest that is taken in this game. We need many things and all must come through the voice of The Horseshoe World as the mouthpiece.

"Send me a dozen extra copies of The World and I will place them in good fields and help with the rest of deserved subscriptions.

"Yours for all time, C. F."

So Far, So Good

That is fine, but it takes time and the Horseshoe World will need some help.

There are dozens, scores, hundreds, thousands and tens of thousands of horseshoe pitchers in the United States who get their horseshoe information

second or third hand.

The Horseshoe World is the official organ of the National Horseshoe Pitchers association and its subscription list is increasing in leaps and bounds—but to put on the national campaign for membership and for increased material for service, it must have the hearty co-operation of every horseshoe pitchers organization in the country.

An army, marching in step, can break down the greatest bridge in the world. An organization of horseshoe pitchers, working in unison, can put the horseshoe game where it rightly belongs—at the top of the ladder of sports with the other games.

Horseshoe pitchers' organization officers are being asked to send in lists of members that copies of the World may be sent to them.

The seventh anniversary of The Horseshoe World will be observed with the January issue.

This is the issue in which to place your advertising and to send for to be

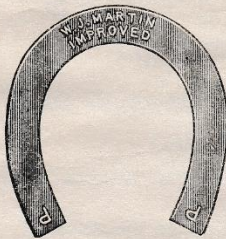
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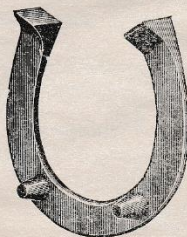
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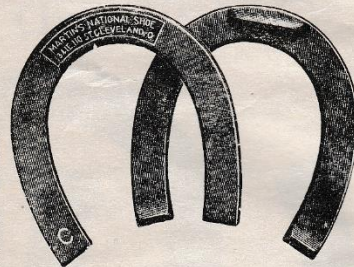


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No. 1—They contain all the National Requirements and many features that a Shoe can possess to be beneficial to the pitchers.

No. 2—The C. & D. shoes are not perfectly round and will not spin around the stake and come off like many shoes do thereby produces a ringer.

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Calk that is in the center of the Body of the Shoe, and the shoe striking the stake on the interior of the shoe or on the outer edge the calk will not strike the stake and will not bruise or cut the shoe, and cornish is beveled in the body.

No. 4—The rolling or beveled heel calks have many advantages over any shoe made, because it is rounded, when it strikes another shoe and the force of the shoe will wedge itself and take the point.

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No. 6—The heel calks on the outer end of shoe are on a bevel or slanting, so that when a calk strikes the stake the force of the shoe will produce a ringer. Therefore being straight with body of the shoe, the shoe would rebound backward as many shoes do.

No. 7—Many pitchers grip their shoes by the heel calk and they will find by pitching Martin's Shoes the rounded calk will be a great advantage in lining their shoes for the stake, as the grip can govern your shoe by your forefinger and is a very scientific grip to use.

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W. J. MARTIN

distributed to your association members, with requests for subscriptions.

With every thousand additional subscriber total, the power of the Horseshoe World to aid the membership of the association and others in placing the game "on its feet" as one pitcher puts it, is increased manifold.

The World will do its part, as always, and only asks for co-operation and assistance.

New Year's is almost here. Many resolutions are made—and many are broken.

Make a resolution this year and carry it out before the time comes when it might be broken—subscribe to The Horseshoe World, send it the name of another pitcher or a dozen pitchers, play the game and the New Year will witness a great harvest.

With the very best of yuletide wishes for all the world and all horseshoe pitchers in particular, the new associate editor and promotion manager of The Horseshoe World signs off until 1928.

A-KAY-CEE.

Scoresheets, \$3.25 per
1000, F. O. B. London.

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Dear Sirs:—

I certainly appreciate and enjoy pitching your shoe. They are so well balanced that there is no effort needed for control.

I had all the confidence in the world in the shoe and that is one reason for defending my title at Duluth, Minn. in August under trying conditions.

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Horseshoe World All-American Football Team

(By A. K. C., Associate Editor)

Picking an All-American football team is almost as much sport as pitching horseshoes, but it has one advantage—it can be done best on paper, without unnecessary effort, even though it may cause some to say mean things about Ye Editor.

This year's All-American is not easily determined. Many players of sterling worth must be considered and some who might be worthy of All-American honors must, of necessity, be overlooked.

There are many outstanding stars in all departments of the game, and because of this, two teams will be named with little or no choice between the players.

A football game between the first and second team would be sure something worth seeing, and it probably would take more than the great field at Chicago to hold the people.

Here are the teams:

First Team

L.E.—Bennie Oosterbaan, Mich.
L.T.—Leo Raskowski, Ohio State
L.G.—John P. Smith, Notre Dame
C.—Larry Bettencourt, St. Marys, Cal.
R.G.—William Webster, Yale
R.T.—John Smith, Pennsylvania.
R.E.—Tom Nash, Georgia
Q.B.—Morley Drury, South California
L.H.—Roepke, Penn State
R.H.—Gilbert Welsh, Pittsburgh
F.B.—Herb Joesting, Minnesota.

Second Team

L.E.—Shiver, Georgia
L.T.—Jesse Hibbs, Southern Calif.
L.G.—Hanson, Minnesota
C.—Reitsch, Illinois.
R.G.—Baer, Michigan.
R.T.—Lucas, Missouri.
R.E.—Moeser, Princeton
Q.B.—Spears, Vanderbilt.
L.H.—Marsters, Dartmouth
R.H.—Flanagan, Notre Dame
F.B.—Eby, Ohio State.

It would be easy to mention scores of other great grid players of the past season, but with the two teams listed here, little in the line of real football could be overlooked.

Personal observation gives Bennie Oosterbaan the palm when it comes to being a truly great football star, while Leo Raskowski, of Ohio State, is rated with the best forwards in the country today.

College football, if present indications prove anything but a pipe dream, is coming into its own as a sport in this country. It is one of the finest things in the world to bring out the

true spirit of a youth—win or lose. A good sport takes his medicine like a man and football tends to make men.

The public is mistaken only on one point in football—a coach must have a winning team to be a coach. Public sentiment makes or breaks a coach, and little can be done when the public takes a notion to throw out a man simply because he has a year or two of bad luck with his teams.

There are some coaches in the country who have good teams every year, it seems. This proves the rule that others cannot always have winning teams. Many factors govern this condition, but the down-town coaches howl—and the coach gets the gate.

The day may come and the sooner, the better, when the fact that football builds men, not machines, will be more generally recognized and the coach or coaching staff that turns out a real man or a real band of men in place of always having a winning team, will become more important than merely having a good season at any cost.

It is for this purpose that the Horseshoe World has picked an All-American team—to get a chance to put into print a protest against the poor sportsmanship of the public in always razzing the coach of a losing team and doing the razzing in the middle of an important football season.

If you have ever played football or coached a team, you have a right to talk—with caution. If not, let the other fellow do the kicking and take on a job of coaching yourself.

MAINE STATE MEET HELD AT DRY MILLS

The third annual horseshoe pitching tournament of Maine took place at the cottage of L. L. Bean at Dry Mills. The tournament brought together some of the outstanding players of this section. The feature match of the day in the singles was that between Robinson and Harding. The pair tied on ringers, each making 26 with a percentage of 36, pitching 76 shoes. The double ringer end of the account in which Robinson totaled four to Harding's two determined the 52 to 45 win for the former.

The percentage of ringers by the contestants follows:

Ringers	Pct.
Robinson, South Paris.....	45
Decoster, Lewiston.....	44
Paine, Welchville.....	42
G. P. Sturtevant, South Paris.....	40
Harding, Auburn.....	33
Winslow, Raymond.....	23

Scribner, Welchville.....	30
L. Tripp, Webbs Mills.....	27
Edwards, Raymond.....	26
Rowe, Welchville.....	26
H. Tripp, Webbs Mills.....	25
O. R. Bean, Portland.....	23
Cummings, South Paris.....	20
Marsh, Auburn.....	19
Ward, Freeport.....	17
Howard Foss, Freeport...	12
L. L. Bean, Freeport.....	12
Johnson, Portland.....	11
Kenneth Stilky, Freeport.....	10

Singles results were as follows:

Scribner of Oxford won 6 and lost 2; Sturtevant of Norway won 7 and lost 1; Robinson of Norway won 3 and lost 2; Harding of Norway won 1 and lost 3; Decoster of Auburn won 5 and lost 2; L. L. Bean of Freeport, won 1 and lost 2; O. H. Bean of Freeport, won 1, and lost 2; L. Tripp of Raymond won 3 and lost 2; H. Tripp of Raymond won 1 and lost 2; Foss of Portland won 1 and lost 2; Sielkey of Portland won 1 and lost 2; Rowe of Oxford won 2 and lost 2; Cummings of South Paris won 1 and lost 2; Edwards of Raymond won 2 and lost 2; Winslow of Raymond won 1 and lost 2; Paine of Portland won 1 and lost 2; Johnson of Portland won 1 and lost 2; Marsh of Auburn won 1 and lost 2.

In the finals which Sturtevant, Scribner and Decoster entered, Sturtevant won.

In the doubles, H. Tripp and Winslow won 3 and lost 2; Edwards and L. Tripp won 1 and lost 2; O. H. Bean and L. L. Bean won 1 and lost 2; Robinson and Decoster won 4 and lost 2. Cummings and Harding won 1 and lost 2; Rowe and Scribner won 6 and lost 0; Marsh and Decoster won 2 and lost 2; Johnson and Paine won 0 and lost 2; Ward and Foss won 1 and lost 2.

The doubles went to Rowe and Scribner, and Winslow was declared state champion.

UNIQUE TOURNEYS

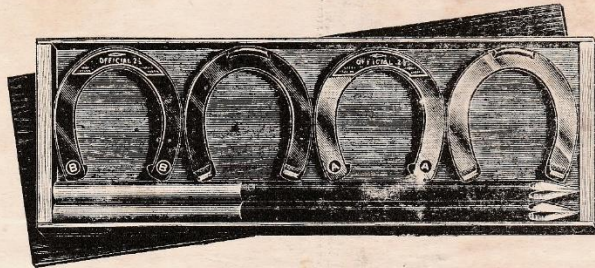
Four national tournaments, every one of them in an unusual division of sports, will be held in St. Petersburg, Fla., next February when the best performers in the art of horseshoe pitching, roque, lawn bowling and shuffleboard will gather in the Sunshine City to participate in the events for which valuable prizes, running into thousands of dollars will be awarded winners.

Officials of the American Roque association who met recently in Chicago awarded St. Petersburg the 1928 tournament which has been scheduled for February sixth to twelfth. The other tournaments will follow immediately after.

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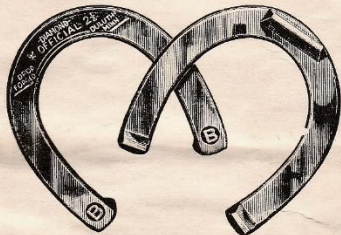
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Composed of two pairs of Shoes and Two Stakes. Shoes may be either Official or the Junior size, any type. One pair is painted white aluminum, and the other gold bronze. Shoes of a pair marked A and B respectively. Stakes either pointed or with cast iron stake holders



OFFICIAL SIZE WITH STRAIGHT TOE CALKS

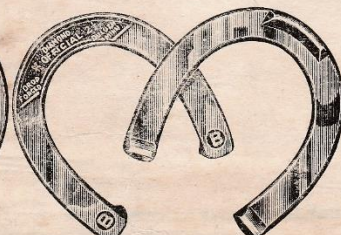
Conform exactly to regulations of National Association. Made in following weights: 2 lbs. and 4, 5, 6, 7, or 8 ozs. Drop forged from tough steel and heat treated so that they will not chip or break. Painted white aluminum or gold bronze, marked A and B respectively.



OFFICIAL SIZE SPECIAL DEAD FALLING TYPE

Made of a softer steel which lies absolutely flat and dead when it falls. A favorite with professional pitchers. Weight same as regular.

Made with either straight or curved toe calk.



OFFICIAL SIZE WITH CURVED TOE CALK

Made otherwise the same as regular official shoe with straight toe calk, shown to the left.



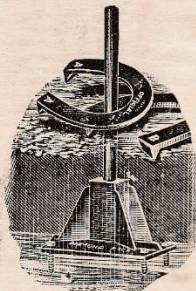
JUNIOR SIZE

Same shape and size as official shoe, but is lighter, weighing 1 lb., 8, 9, 10, 11 or 12 ozs. Drop forged from tough steel and heat-treated so that they will not chip or break; painted white aluminum or gold bronze, marked A and B respectively.



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For outdoor as well as indoor pitching. Holder drilled at an angle to hold stake at correct angle of slope toward pitcher. Best materials, painted with rust-proof paint underground, white aluminum paint for the ten inches above ground.



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Contain the Official rules of the game. Drop us a line telling how many members you have in your club. We'll send a copy for each one.



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