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POLO PONIES ARE NEEDED

Radical Innovations Proposed for Twenty-fifth Century Baseball.

Annual Burlesque Between Oysters and Clams Sets Forth Modern Possibilities of Game.

POLO ponies are needed for the annual baseball farce between the Clams and Oysters—no doubt about that—as was forcibly demonstrated by this year's contest. In no other way would it be possible for the players to keep up with the ball at the rate it was pounded about the landscape, and the fact must also be borne in mind that there is a limit to human endurance.

Other radical innovations are also necessary to perfect this twenty-fifth century game; notably refreshments and rest

correct, judging mainly by the condition of the players at the close of the game.

As to "features" there were many. Ward pitched for the Oysters and every curve was tagged \$2.99—a bargain—something everybody wanted for right, left or centre field; Lyman his catcher, merely a decorative feature. Batchelder who occupied the box for the Clams, was in the highball class—everything he offered of the "more" character—while his anxious assistant, Burnell, gathered in only what too thirsty batsmen overlooked.

And then there were Murphy and Robinson dancing the Highland fling at short, to the tune of "The Wearing o' the Green" with Gorman and Christiman at first, trying to get out of the way of the sprinters who dashed past them, while Meyers, Fitzgerald, Haley and Cantwell sat on second and third bases and announced the time made.

Then away off near Aberdeen, Carthage and Southern Pines were "Doc" Quimby, Brown, Nelson, Carlisle, Frank and Lycett, waiting for balls labelled home run to light; the whole a stirring



"STEADY!"

The secret of the fascination of quail shooting in a single word and picture.

periods between innings, electrical automatic scorers and a flying machine for the umpire. It is also suggested that balls equipped with music boxes be pitched to the "home run squad" so that they may be located, and that wings be attached to the spheres offered to a few of the weaker ones, for the game played is not a question of stopping the ball but pursuing it!

Thus is given a vague idea of possibilities of the game as indicated in this year's burlesque which now annually starts the baseball season here; an afternoon of genuine enjoyment for the entire Village.

As to the score there is some doubt. An effort was made to keep it accurately by an elaborate system of relays, but it failed utterly and the decision was finally left to the crowd which voted that the Oysters (or was it the Clams) had won, 180 to 60. It is possible that a few runs may have been overlooked, but approximately, it is believed that the figures are

picture full of life and vigor, glorified by the sunshine of a perfect November afternoon!

"Brownie" was by far the star hitter of the occasion, but he wasn't much on the sprint, so he played Davy Crockett and the coon—it was a case of "you needn't run" after he killed the ball—but with Gorman, Robinson and Wilson it was different for they frequently made the round so quickly as to bat three and even four times, before the scorer noted the error, and nobody blamed overworked G. C. Gill.

Taken all and all it was a remarkable contest and two hundred people laughed till their sides ached, then wandered away still laughing, for there wasn't a dull moment from the time Umpires E. L. Mellow and T. P. Cheever called "play ball" until the last man plunked the last available ball into the dewberry patch, just as the Power House whistle sounded the Angelus!