



TRAP-SHOOTING POPULAR WITH SPORTSMEN

HOW THE SPORT HAS BEEN FOSTERED IN PORTLAND



anex of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club. It is now reorganized and known as the Multnomah Rod & Gun Club; the grounds are at the old City View race track, directly south of the Crematorium.

A trip to the shooting grounds of the club after a glance over the records of the club show how great the change is. About the only veteran present is the pioneer gunslinger, H. T. Hudson, and F. B. Thorn. These two men were among the first of Portland's trap shooters. They still shoot and shoot well, but their equipment is new and up to date. There is no longer the heavy, lumbering fowling piece that was loaded from the muzzle. There is no longer the ear-cracking report following the word "Pull." The first shooter that faces the score has a hammerless, double-barrel, ejector shotgun and is shooting smokeless powder. The next shooter stopping to the score has a repeating gun, and so on down the line. The days of the old hammer gun, as well as the muzzle gun, are past. Note with what eagerness some of the shooters face the trap, for instance the gentleman now shooting, who has that peculiar position is Mocha Abraham, present secretary of the Multnomah Rod & Gun Club, and the man beside him with the peculiar crouch in his back is Harry Ellis, shooting a pump gun. The next man, that has the beautiful shooting position, is Caldwell, although he is shooting from his left shoulder. The next man is Frank Howe. He is shooting with all the vigor and vim in him, as he is interested in making the top score. The other men shooting are Sheriff W. A. Storey, Mr. Kohn, A. K.

the tournaments, and have captured their share of the trophies and prizes hung up by the different clubs. Portland's Gun Club, ever progressive and up to date, has abandoned the live-bird shooting. In fact, the members would rather shoot the blue rocks than the live birds.

The traps are quite complicated pieces of mechanism, screwed down tightly to a wooden base and set 15 feet apart, five of them in a row. Electric wires connect them, and when the shooter yells "pull" the trap immediately releases and throws a yellow-back blue-rock target a distance of from 50 to 75 yards at an unknown angle from the shooter, who is very fortunate if he succeeds in hitting it. The blue-rock target is made of tar and clay, and is of such a consistency that when hit in the air with two or three No. 1, 7/8 or 8 shot, will break, and for each target broken in the air is scored a dead bird. The modern shooter is no longer shooting live birds; this shooting is a thing of the past, as the sentiment among up-to-date shooters is against it so strong that the probabilities are no more, live-bird shooting will be practiced in the United States. The sentiment against live-bird shooting is not only strong with shooters in Portland, but it is universal among all gentlemen sportsmen on the Coast.

As a pastime, trap-shooting is undoubtedly one of the most inspiring outdoor sports; it furnishes the shooter the necessary fresh air and outdoor exercise, giving him health, strength and vigor; it quickens his eye and steadies his nerve. In fact, a nervous, weak man is not to

called the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, and annually hold a three days' shooting tournament to test the shooter's ability. This year the tournament is to be held at Dayton, Wash., June 25, 26 and 27.

BLIND BASEBALL FAX.

His Eyes Tell Him How the Game is Going.

He never saw a game of baseball in his life. "But if there is any other fan that can yell louder than I can," says James Judge, aged 61 years, of 2314 Clinton avenue, Minneapolis; "if there's anybody can lose more bets on the home nine, just trot 'em out."

The circumstance that Mr. Judge has been totally blind for 40 years did not prevent him from being more eager than an office boy to enjoy the first game of the season at the Minneapolis grounds, says the Minneapolis Journal. It did not keep him away from the game on the following Saturday. "I'll see every game this year," he says. "I seldom allow my business to interfere when there's something 'goes' at Nicollet Park or Minnehaha."

Yet Mr. Judge has business enough—business both profitable and important. He is a master steamfitter, a successful contractor, a mechanical inventor of pronounced ability. The oldest master steamfitter in the state, if not in the country, he boasts that he has always been a master fitter, always a "boss," never a journeyman nor a helper.

"One of our Milwaukee steamfitters," explains Mr. Judge, "introduced me to the ball-players. Then they got to visiting my shop. We all made a living with hot air, I s'pose. Anyhow, I got acquainted there with Bennett, the great Detroit catcher, and with Ward, that used to do some magic pitching for the old Janesville Mutuals. This was about 1878 and 1879. No, I hadn't ever seen a game of ball before I lost my eyesight. The game was played a little by boys when I was a young fellow, but I never paid any attention to it."

"But, beginning about 23 years ago, I caught on to all the fine points. Soon I was buying season tickets and betting money on my friends. I had great luck, too. Once I pulled off seven combinations in pool bets for seven consecutive days."

"I usually try to get a seat in the grandstand, just about opposite first base, and three or four rows back. I don't really care whether the woman before me has a big hat, though I sometimes catch myself looking 'down in front.' Whoever is with me reads over once the batting list on each side. After that I can tell whose turn at the bat it is without looking at the programme. And I can generally make out a foul from a fair ball by the way the ball sounds against the bat. If I can hear the umpire call the balls and strikes, I can follow the game easy enough, only I have to have somebody tell me the result of the runs. But I know pretty near what to expect. When Wilnot hits the leather, for instance, I know he's going to drive it. I also know that he won't hit it once in ten times."

REASON FOR INVASION.

An Eastern Critic Tells Why Turfmen Are Traveling.

Every year it becomes more noticeable that Western owners of prominence prefer to race their horses under the jurisdiction of the Eastern Jockey Club. Often this is the case in spite of serious personal disadvantages, such as the necessity of neglecting business if the running of the horse is to be watched. This is the more Western owners than ever are racing in the vicinity of New York, and there will be notable vacancies when the more important meetings of the Chicago circuit begin.

It need scarcely be said that there is good and sufficient reason for this state of affairs, and the reason is more complimentary to the East than derogatory to the West.

It has been realized that our Jockey club has obtained a thorough grasp of the situation and, having its affairs completely in hand, is prepared to administer justice with strict impartiality. There is nothing hysterical or spasmodic about the turf government of the East. The man who is running his horses honestly has nothing to fear, though the evidence is apt to get a short shrift.

As much cannot be said of the Western Jockey Club. Of course that body is much younger, but a far more serious defect than its youth is found in the absence from the list of stewards of men practically fitted to administer racing. The weakness of the supreme body leaves the individual racing man, whether owner, trainer or jockey, virtually the mercy of the stewards of any individual meeting, and in the strenuously professional atmosphere of the racetracks of the Middle West stewards or judges, as they are called there, are apt to yield to hysteria and issue edicts from which there is practically no appeal. In such environments the innocent may suffer without a chance of rehabilitation. Hence the pilgrimage Eastward.

IS SMITH A "PIKER?"

"Pittsburg Phil" Has Given Up Race-track "Plunging."

George E. Smith, "Pittsburg Phil," not so many years ago a corkcutter in a Pittsburg factory, and now known throughout the sporting world as the most successful plunger on the American turf, declares he is no longer a plunger. He has made so much money in his vast betting transactions that he now is satisfied to step aside and let others do the heavy betting.

"I am no longer a plunger," he said. "In fact, I am what you call a 'piker' and a 'piker' I will remain. I have been in the business a long time, and I have made enough money to satisfy me. Now I am willing to let others take the plunging for themselves."

"I am not as strong, physically, as I used to be, and I don't need to worry about the future. I am going to take care of myself and give up the labor attending the big betting operations. I have been at it for 12 years or more, and I guess I have made enough."

"I have not made any big bets this year and I don't intend to do so again. Why, there are any number of men who bet much more than I do, and a score of them who bet ten times as much. It is not because I have not made money or that I am in any way dissatisfied, but I feel that I have made enough money and do not care for the worry of making more."

"I have a few horses and expect to win some races with them. I still continue to race horses, for nobody loves a good horse better than I, but I will not bet as extensively as I have in the past. It is not because I have always made it a point to bet on my horses openly. Anyone who cares to can stand in the ring and know what I bet, for I make no attempt to keep it secret."

- OTHIBAU.
- CULLISTON.
- MCDANIELS.
- STOREY.
- LONGEE.



MULTNOMAH ROD AND GUN CLUB

WINNER OF THE INMAN MEDAL.



ABRAHAM ELLIS' CULLISTON

SHOWING HIS SHOOTING POSITION.

ELLIS.

WERSCHMU



NUMBERING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

- 1. EUBANKS
- 2. CALDWELL
- 3. HOWE
- 4. WINTERS
- 5. REMINGTON

A LITTLE over a quarter of a century ago, just about the time that Dr. Carver was electrifying the world with his brilliant work with the gun and trap, a few of the lovers of the gun and rod in Portland got together and organized what was then known as the Multnomah Gun Club. The club since its organization has not always had smooth sailing. As the city grew the gun club also grew, but the club was hounded from first one shooting grounds to another, until today they have a shooting place where they will not be molested.

Twenty-five years ago the shooting grounds of the club were on the flats just south of the old water works. On this spot Dr. Carver broke glass balls much to the delight of the first members of the Portland Gun Club. He used an old-fashioned single-barreled shotgun and black powder. Edward Ladd was the first of the early citizens of Portland to get interested in trap-shooting. When Carver came to Portland he secured a glass ball trap, and the first members of the gun club would stand around and watch Dr. Carver's wonderful feats of marksmanship. In the mind's eye one can see the veterans: Bob Hughes, Judge Dave Monahan, Johnnie Hughes, Judge Whalley, Cap Ankeny, Sam Stevens, Woodson Scoggins, H. T. Hudson, Boss

Schenck, Frank Thorn, Homer Davenport, W. L. Curry, Eli Merrill and others. Some of these men have passed to the great beyond, while others still live in Portland, and others are standing before the traps in other cities—Homer Davenport, for example. This great cartoonist, in spite of the bustle and hurry of New York newspaper life, still enjoys a day with the traps and the blue rocks.

A year or so afterward some of the same shooters, with their traps placed where the O. R. & N. roundhouse now stands, used to gather and shoot dough-balls, with the following new shooters added: W. A. Storey, E. W. Moore, Henry Prettyman and others. A little later the Multnomah Club made its headquarters at the White House, where they shot Lagowsky clay pigeons, among the sportsmen being Will Chapman, Theodore Davis, Bob Bybee, Judge Whalley, Frank A. D. K. Howe and others. A few years later the following became interested in the sport at the traps: Henry Corbett, William M. Ladd, W. F. Burrell, H. J. Burrell, the Honeyman brothers, C. C. Clark, C. E. Hughes, C. Hoxia, Cap Gilliam and others.

Trap shooting continued in various locations in the suburbs of Portland until 1885, when a new class of shooters faced the traps at Montavilla. Among them

were Lee Hoffman, Dr. P. S. Langworthy, W. A. Storey, E. J. Hall, J. Roberts Meade and many others. About this time trap shooters had settled on Blue Rock targets at Irvington grounds east of the Irvington race track. The club for the past few years was known as the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Rod and Gun Club, being an

point to another on account of the growth of the city, and for the past few years had been shooting Blue Rock targets at Irvington grounds east of the Irvington race track. The club for the past few years was known as the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Rod and Gun Club, being an

Bentley, John Eubanks, Dr. Langworthy, Watt Monieth, F. B. Thorn, A. J. Winters and others.

Not only does the club claim men who have become famous, but in its rolls are some of the best shooters in the Pacific Northwest. They have shot at most of

be found among its followers; they are all robust and healthy. As evidence of the popularity of the sport, it is but necessary to state that in every town and village in the United States there is a gun club. In the Northwest the various clubs have formed into an association,