

We start off with a write up on the Philly Lab "World Series" base-ball game as reported by our Eastern Sports Editor, Charlie Hodell. This account can be better appreciated by those that are not familiar with the spacious athletic stadium in which these exciting games are played, if a brief description is here included. The playing field is directly in back of the building housing the lab and is actually a narrow alley across which is a church. Only wide enough for one car to pass through at a time. This alley has a narrow side walk on either side and one curb line is plainly marked by a series of 4 X 4 posts put there to keep cars from parking on the walk. These posts make the fielders' life more exciting while hunting a high fly. Home plate is in the center of this alley and must be vacated at the approach of any vehicles. First base is one block on one side walk, second is three steps across the alley to the rain spout on the church, and there is no room for third. The fielders are in a straight line in back of the pitcher. Any fly ball hit on any roof that fails to return to the alley is an automatic out. With the above as a background for the yearly A. S. event we give you the account of the 1938 Back Alley "World Series".

"This year's series has just been won by the stalwart sluggers behind Captain "Fats" Westman, the final score being 5 games to three. Captain Plum speaking in behalf of the losers had only this to say: "We was robbed". Arguments were minor and of much shorter duration this year than in proceeding ones, when such capable arguers as Dave Keegan, Clarence Slack, Gordon Roser, and Johnny Korman were in action.

"The real inside story of the Plummers defeat is this. After losing the first tense and exciting game 12 to 11, the Plummers settled down and jumped to 2 to 1 lead. Then, through the influence of Henry (who plays for the other team) Herb Lee, Bob Brown, Eli Gillen, and Tom O'Malley were all transferred to the Brock Building doing radial control work with a stereoscope. This affected their eyes so badly that one time Lee stood up at the plate for five minutes waiting for the pitcher to throw the ball, when as a matter of fact the pitcher had been doing so all the time.

"It is mighty hard to pick the outstanding men of the series but Jack Walter, who gave up ping-pong to take part in the series, made himself the excellent batting average of .408. Pop Rieber likewise gave up the lunch hour pool and checkers to bat a few as a pinch hitter. George Stuebing, who is now dividing his time between the Brock Building and Patco field, contributed a number of fielding sensations. Charlie Hodell lead the sluggers with a batting average of .625 followed closely by Dave Gillen, Herb Lee, Eric Storms, and Jack Water. Captain Westman distinguished himself with 6 hits in 50 times at bat (we hesitate to mention his average).

"Mr. Kauffman, between trips to Washington, put a lot of zest into the play of the Plummers by hitting a home run ball on which he barely steamed safely into first. First baseman Henry of the Westman's, distinguished himself by his ability to dodge line drives.

"Ed Schuch umpired all the games and lost most of the arguments.

"With baseball definitely history for this year the lads have now turned to back alley football, preparing for the return of the Omaha Lab gang."

Charlie Hodell.

The Omaha Sports Editor reports that due to the lack of adequate playing fields for various seasonal sports, organized competition is definitely lacking. We have, for instance, had but one baseball game, and East-West affair which this paper reported some time ago. To organize such a game it is almost necessary to order bad flying weather about three weeks prior, thus making it possible for two full teams to report at the umpires whistle.

During the summer months the afternoon heat would kill any idea of sports after working hours, an air conditioned movie house offering the only possible chance for comfort until late at night. However, since September 1st, bowling has occupied the spare time of many. Ed Broadwell and Dave Keegan bowl in a league every Wednesday and their skill at this art has kept their team at or near the top so far. Thursday nights the A. S. bowling team reports to 16th & Douglas Streets for a session. Headed by Broadwell the team consists of Slack, Meehan, Roser, and Keegan as anchor men and Quinn as alternate, this team presents an impressive picture dressed in their A. S. C. bowling shirts. So far the team has been fighting for last place, but are hopeful of a better spot before long.

"Football is really in full-swing here at the Omaha lab. For the past three weeks, after-work scrimmages have been numerous. So far, the east-west game has not been played, but several luminaries have already presented themselves. To date, there has been only one casualty- that, a fractured rib on our 'Mail-Carrying' 'Fossun' Quinn.

"Up to this date the chief scoring threat of the western lads has been big Cliff Steimle, a 205 half back. On several occasions he has ripped the opposing line for 50 yards. He is also death on snaring the sailing oval on the dead run.

"The East's main threat is 'Eiggie' Roser, the triple threat. He punts, passes, and blocks for the east. 'Muscles' Korman is one of the best pass receivers of both teams.

"The procedure during these scrimmages has been to choose teams from both sides. Several good games have been played and the fellows are now ready for the east-west tilt, which will be played this Saturday.

<u>West</u>	<u>East</u>
Ferryman	Biggie Roser
Meehan	Slack
Steimle	Korman
J. McManaman	Keegan
B. McManaman	Hassett
Jewel	Masino

"The pre-game odds are 3-1 that the east will win. However, the local lads are predicting an upset.

"We kin if the pigskin."

Clarence Slack.

Thanks for the enlightening write up Clarence, and watch that right arm of yours so you can report as well after the game.

The sporting activities of the field crews are evidently at a very low ebb, judging from the letters we received, this past week. Field crews, twelve. Letters received 0. Their biggest sport is, of course, hunting clouds. They spend endless hours in search of these fleecy bits of atmosphere which bring them so much rest and relaxation. For upon finding clouds the photographic crew can merrily wend their way toward their own particular form of entertainment.

The field crews have become a bit restless this past week and we find some new addresses on our lists. Bill Bohan has once more taken to the wide open spaces for a much needed rest, this time flying with Bill Burgess, out of Grand Island. Otto Ilhardt, whom Bohan replaced is now finding out the true definition of the word work here in the Omaha lab. For a time this week we had a bunch of big boys bravely bearing brownies to bring back bromide bits of barren bluffs, bogs and buttes to be bound and boxed by browned brawn belonging to Bullock, Burgess or Bohan, but Bert Bullock and Byron Baird being bored by battling beautifully breasted birds with bullets and brandishing beers at bars bid Bill Burgess and Bill Bohan bye-bye and are now back again in North Platte.

Clarke Smith and Dean Turner, having had a taste of Kansas cold weather, have moved south into Chattanooga, Tenn. Clarke stopping enroute at Memphis where he spent the night with an Old A. S. pilot, Bob Wemple. Bob is now mapping for Park Aerial Surveys and was much interested to hear everything about the old gang.

Crew # 11, Reiss and Crause, hearing of the wild night life in Pierre, S. D., moved in there from Moberge while crew # 9, McCoy and Swan moved back to Spearfish from Garden City, Kan., where they have been mapping up a few thousand square miles at 200 per.

Excerpts from daily report cards.

"1450 square miles in two days. BRING ON YOUR BEECHCRAFT"-Kuser, Price, Utah.

"On line or I will eat the maps". Kitch, Miles City Montana.

"Arrived here from Memphis. Found no instructions at P.O. or by wire. Have no camera, no film, and don't know where job is." Smith, Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Will move to North Platte 10/28/38. The pheasants will have a rest" Bullock, Grand Island, Nebraska

Kitch writes from Miles City, Montana. "You might be interested in the fact that I flew Col. Roosevelt (no relation to the Hyde Park tribe) from Miles City down to Spearfish Friday and spent the night with Foster. This Roosevelt is a swell gent and I certainly hope the Republicans get back in some day. To get back to Foster and family, I was greatly surprised to find that the baby had chewed a half inch off one of Foster's cigars with no apparent ill effects, so it just goes to show this western influence will do for you." Kitch.

Come, come, Kitch. Remember you are working for the New Deal A.A.A.

Tom Maddock.