

Football and Baseball

Anecdotes of Diamond and Gridiron

A GOOD story is told of Harry Tuthill the very able trainer of the football squad at West Point. Tuthill, who is an expert in his profession and who is deservedly one of the most popular trainers who ever trod a gridiron, was not particularly well versed in the traditions of army lore when he first took up his duties at the Military Academy. Within the walls of this classic institution all the strict decorum of army etiquette is in evidence. For instance, when the coach is lecturing the men, no matter how direct and forcible he wishes to make his statements he never thinks of addressing a player by name other than Mr. So-and-So. This system of doing things was, needless to say, entirely new to Harry Tuthill.

In a game last season, when West Point was playing one of the minor college teams and was by no means living up to its possibilities, the coaches were greatly disturbed at the end of the first quarter to find the score on the wrong side of the account to the extent of 3-0. They remonstrated with the men at the end of the quarter as much as the strict etiquette of the occasion would allow, much to the disgust of Tuthill.

"Why don't you talk to them right," he asked the coach. "If you can't do it because you are an officer, let me talk to 'em. I'm no officer and I can do it right."

"Very well, Mr. Tuthill," said the coach, "go ahead."

Whereupon the veteran trainer with all his powers of invective fully aroused began much as follows:

"Boys, what in — — — is the matter with you? Why, — you play like a lot of — — — old women!!! — — — go in there

and knock— — — out of those dubs. Eat 'em up! Kill 'em!"

This stirring oratory proved to be just what the doctor ordered. With the luminous periods of Doc Tuthill ringing in their ears the boys responded most nobly. Big Devore tore the sweater completely off the shoulders of the man who opposed him, so savagely did he tackle. The West Pointers made that opposing line look like a sieve, and before the last gun was fired they had held their opponents to the original three points already won and had rolled up a grand total of eighteen points themselves.

"Yes," said Tuthill, viewing the returns with evident satisfaction. "Etiquette is all right, but sometimes you have to talk to the men and do it right."

The Cubs played an exhibition game at Troy, N. Y., the home of John Evers, last Fall, and Schulte, who is of German descent and has a characteristic fondness for foaming beverages, had had a few tall glasses the night before. In the game he did not show up very well, and Manager Chance blamed his lack of form to his previous night's indiscretion and attached a fine to his bank roll.

Schulte, with his usual philosophic humor, summed the situation up thus: "We-played-a-little-game-down-at-Troy, where Johnny Evers lives. I had a few under my belt, and I-don't-know-whether that was the reason or not, but I had a poor day. Yes, it was quite poor, and Chance tacked a fine to me. But that's all in the day's fun. My mother used to say to me: 'Frank, my boy, any time you want a little drink, you go out and take it.' And you know I could never have the heart to disobey my mother."