

Baseball found in The Newtown Bee

1894

Baseball Gossip

The baseball team known as the Sandy Hook Colts went over to Woodbury, last Saturday afternoon, and defeated the Woodbury team by the handsome score 13 to 4.

The N.Y. B & P. Co., baseball team added another game to the string of victories, last Saturday afternoon when they defeated the visiting Ansonia baseball team by the score of 17 to 8. On next Saturday they expect to play Woodbury at Woodbury.

The much looked for game of baseball between the Hoboes and the Sandy Hook Jr's., occurred last Saturday afternoon, and they say if you ask any of the Sandy Hook merchants about belonging to the Hoboe team they are extremely sensitive about it, for the Juniors defeated them by a score of 8 to 4. Troy and Wain officiated as umpires and managed to keep the peace. The principal reason the Hoboes give for being defeated is that they had to allow the Juniors to have some professionals to assist them, The features of the game were said to be the home run made by George Taylor and the absence or Druggist S. C. Bull in the field.

7/6/1894

Was A Rattling Game

The Danbury YMCA ball team was beaten Saturday afternoon, by Sandy Hook for the second time this season. Like the colored brother who could have consoled himself for his broken hand were it not for the fact that a mule had kicked him, the Danbury's could have laughed at defeat were it not for the fact that they had been beaten by a lot of potato shellers from somewhere over in the woods. Sandy Hooks 11, Danbury 8. (Danbury News)

8/31/1894

The Sandy Hook baseball team played a nine from Danbury, last Saturday, and won by the one sided score of score of 22 to 2 in their favor. The new uniforms have arrived were worn for the first time at last Saturday's game, which perhaps may account for the large scores in their favor. The suits are wine color with black stockings and caps, while the name, "Sandy Hook" is lettered in white. The players look very natty in their new uniforms.

8/10/1894

Affairs About Town

A UNIQUE GAME OF BASEBALL.

It was a unique game of baseball, that between two local nines, the "Hops" and the "Sodas", back of Cady Mountain, one day this week. There were only two innings, but the winning score was high and the time, including intermissions, was long. It began shortly after 11 a. m., and ended with the dusty shadows that came slanting down at evening. But in that time was crowded a high old time and no mistake. The sides were apparently matched, both teams having a 'professional' ball player in its ranks, and umpired by three at different stages of the game. This triangular board served as a sort of arbitration committee to settle the disputes, which arose unavoidably in this unique game. Even then the decisions were not entirely satisfactory to all contestants. Are the ever? 'Fanny' and your scribe acted as keepers of the score, while 'Cap' and 'Mullins' coached. The 'Sodas' went to bat and occupied all the time to the first intermission, retiring with a comfortable score of 13, nine of which were home runs and the balance were stolen bases, while the ball was caveering over the fields with wild throws of the 'Hops', who were rattled early in

the game. Finally 'Lakejorg' the pitcher, seized the ball, and rushed for second base, arriving there just as the batter had left it; but in the ardor of the game, or fearful that the third baseman would not stop his hot liners, he did not throw to third but chased the would-be score, but missed him by an inch. The former did not stop long at third, but as soon as the pitcher had turned towards his box, started for home base. The cry of the colleagues of the pitcher aroused him, and seeing the evident intention of his victor in his recent race to make one more tally, he instantly in the pursuit. The excitement was intense, and for a moment it looked as though the pursued 'Soda' would score, but the superior sprinting powers of the 'Hops' pitcher showed itself, as the distance grew less between them. The home plate, or rather the place where it should be, was almost reached by the heavy and short limbed 'Soda' when he was seized around the waist by his pursuer and turned completely around in his tracks. This sudden checking or the momentum of both caused them to fall in a confused heap. They rolled over two or three times but the pitcher was the first to loose him from the tangle. He looked all around him for the ball, which somehow or another was lost, and looked dazed. But, seeing his antagonist again wriggling toward home plate he jumped on him and by main force held him till someone on his side found the ball and brought it to him. Seizing it in his left hand he arose, put one foot on his foe, and extending his hand with the ball, asked for a judgment from the umpires. The latter without a dissenting voice said, out, amid the plaudits of the 'Hops' and the jeers of the 'Sodas'. This was the first out, but in the excitement of the occasion, the man on first base at the beginning of this episode had stolen around to third, and seeing his opportunity, while all were returning to their places, made for home. Too late the pitcher saw what was going on. Pursuit would be hopeless in this case, so he threw the ball towards home with hot haste. It struck the double-decked straw hat of the new tally maker, jammed it over his eyes and compelled to slacken his speed. The sight of his new \$1 Chicago Mackinaw's condition also made him mad, and he turned to wreak vengeance on the wretch who had done it. In the mean time the catcher caught up the wisp of hay that had done it. In the meantime the catcher caught up in the wisp of hay that had done duty as base and rushed in hot pursuit after the ball. Arriving at the spot where it lodged, he seized it, and dropping the base at his feet, jumped upon it with a screech of joy. He held out the ball towards the umpire for judgment. Their decision was prompt, out. Two out, scorer called out. In the meantime the engaged Sodaite, who had forgotten his rage at the mishap to his head gear, or was prevailed upon to forego his belligerent intentions, had arrived at his goal, or rather where the goal should be. He did not hear the umpire's decision, but heard the statement from the scorer. This he took exception to and for a moment all the suavity of Fanny was called into play. He succeeded in placating all hands by allowing the latter run to score, but did not change his figures as to the number of outs.

The next at bat was the well known heavy batter and safe hitter of the New York club, but his eye and arm were too slow for the gyrations, of the ball from the hands of the Soda's pitcher. With a Tommy-trot twist the latter almost made a spiral of his body in his efforts, while his conferrers almost burst their vocal cords in applauding each new contortion of their favorite. He did not strike the batter out, for the latter was allowed to take his base on balls, all of them having passed back of the striker; but it gave him courage apparently for the next. 'Jessy, 2d, to the bat' called out the scorer. A drop curve ball flew out from the pitcher's box with a graceful sweep. The youthful wielder of the ash struck squarely on the underside, and an equally graceful fly went out towards third base. There was an instantaneous rush from the outer and inner field from it, but all gave way when the say 'Mullins' standing looking skyward, one hand shading his eyes like a fan, and the other twitching in eager expectancy. Its upward journey done, down came the ball, like a hawk on a defenseless brood of chicks. Together came the hands of the third baseman like the inverted claws of a steam dredger. Into it went the ball hot and hissing; out it came with a rebound and over his head it flew. 'Mullins' eyes and head following its backward flight. He lost his balance and toppled backward, falling full length, but just in time to catch the errant

messenger from the sky. Instantly he arose and from between his vest and shirt bottom, where it lodged, drew forth the ball triumphantly. There was doubt expressed at first by the other side as to the matter, but one look at the surprised face of the third baseman settled it. His looks of astonishment were too great to be anything but genuine emotion. He looks as though he had found a V in his disused inside vest pocket. You cannot simulate that feeling. 'Three out!' called out 'Fanny' before either umpires had time to formulate an opinion or consult the frayed and tattered book, which was the recognized authority for this and all league games. The umpires seemed at the point of resenting this unwarranted assumption of power by the scorer, but one look at the returning field nine toward the batting stand and incidentally the refreshment place, and the large assemblage about the place of the foaming beverage prevented an outbreak. They hurriedly joined the procession. The scorer called 'time!' and he also fell in to line. And thus ended the first half of the first inning.

'Play ball' cried the scorer, a half an hour afterwards, when thoroughly refreshed, the Hops came to bat. This inning lasted just three minutes; one out on three strikes, one fly, and foul caught did the business. It was then suggested by master of ceremonies that they have dinner as everything else could wait but clams were only good when hot. Then following a long intermission, some hot talk, good natured raillery and feasting.

The chestnuts on Cady Mountain had sent their shadows well across the river were the game was resumed. The feast proved too much for the Hops and two dropped out of the ranks. It was impossible to fill their places, but in view of the scorer standing to their credit, the Sodas decided to go on without their full compliment and lend two men to the Hops. The proposal was rejected with scorn. The pitcher Lakegorg volunteered to do double duty and sent his short stop to second base. The third baseman offered to look after fielders' work in addition to his own. So they took their places and the battle was renewed. Three men in succession sent the ball away between the outposts occupied by the Hopsites and each took bases in orderly succession. The next striker, though a renowned batter and safe hitter, sent the ball to grass midway between pitchers box and first base and scooted to first. The pitcher bounded for the bound for the ball, the men on the bases moved forward, the coaches yelled, the catcher shouted 'home' and the excitement was intense. The pitcher grabbed in the grass for the ball, missed it, stumbled and fell. He arose, hesitated a moment, threw the ball home and tried to head off the man running for first. This hesitation gave the latter an instant of time, which he improved, and got to first safe. Seeing the pitcher running wild as though he put for second base closely pursued by the pitcher, whose hand was extended as if clutching the ball. His predecessors on bases, believing the ball was with the pitcher, forgot their missions and the man on third base was only half-way home when he was overtaken by his immediate followers, while he was lost in watching events in the lower end of the diamond, and all three came together only to be tagged out by the ball by the Hops catcher, who met them a foot or two to the front of the home plate. 'Three out, side out' yelled Fanny, the scorer, whose sympathies but this time had been transferred to the Hops, and the excitement grew intenser. Unmindful of what was going on at the strikers circle the two contestants at second base seemed interested only in their own affairs. Then some one shouted 'Foul' and the runner heard it, or thought he heard it, turned suddenly in his tracks and received the full force of a bald head below the belt that sent him to earth breathless and speechless, while the pursuer, slightly dazed by the blow, turned in his tracks and started on a gain, but to first base. The man, or rather youth, on the base, seeing the staring bulging white face approaching, got frightened and ran away, closely pursued by the Hops pitcher who thought it was another contestant trying to score; and thinking it was a good double play, in his excitement he grabbed up a round cobble and sent it direct for the group around the bat as though it were the ball and he wanted the catcher to prevent another scoring.

Fortunately, or unfortunately as you like it, the ball passed over all the heads in the group, which dodged involuntarily as it passed, and struck the log upon which sat the scorer, and on the rebound struck the ankle joint of the latter with perceptible force. There was a roar of pain from the injured man, which quickly brought the players on the field, all but one that had gone down at second base.

While the foregoing events had been transpiring, the latter had arisen, and still thinking the ball was lost, resumed his onward run for the tally. Past third flew and down the home stretcher he came like a courser, only to be met with a tag from the ball in the pitcher's hand at the same spot where the three before him had met their Waterloo in this short but eventful inning. The pitcher had arrived at home plate in the nick of time as it appeared to him, seized the ball lying by the plate and effectually performed what he verily believes was a very remarkably clever exhibition of double, nay triple play. And you can't convince him to the contrary. He looked hurt when the coacher told him afterward that he made three inexcusable errors in the short play. But according to the umpire's decision, he terminated their opponents' score as he certainly did the game, for after this there was a hopeless tangle, which the scribe was called upon to untie. The frayed and tattered Peck & Snyder baseball rules was put in his hands to help out, but its withered cabbage-leaf appearance made him suspicious of its age if not authenticity. A hasty inspection of the almost obliterated fly leaf, showed an edition of the early '80's and the initials of Cap who owned it in the days when he earned his soubriquet as the leader of the O'Connell Street Colts.

It is needless to add that the tangle never was straightened out, nor the score either, but soon the cheerful sound of the bung-starter made everyone forget his disappointment and his pains. But it was a most unique game of ball.

7/1/1898

A Great Game of Ball

Fine playing and intense enthusiasm

The baseball season in Newtown was opened on Saturday last on the elegant new grounds of the Newtown Athletic club on Church Street by a game between the Athletic club team and the Sandy Hook baseball club nine. It was one of those games where one's hair stands on the perpendicular throughout and where the heart stops beating for minutes at a time. The teams were appropriately costumed for a nice cool afternoon like last Saturday. Of course it is impossible to go into details and describe all the brilliant plays, for space will not permit, but will sum up by saying the whole game was a rare treat. The umpire, Edward Lewis of Yale, class of 0000, played excellently at times for the Hooks and then for the Athletics. He was particularly accurate on balls and strikes. The work of Warner and Wright, the battery for the Athletics, was all right, but some of the boys said the Sandy Hook battery was out of kilter. But now coming to the star players: Flansburg covered second base with two feet of leather and had leather to spare. He used bicycle cement to hold himself at that place. Driggs at center covered a great deal of territory and made a great deal of noise, with the megaphone and sweater he wore. Will Minor proved a heavy batter, but put them up in the air and got out most every time. Lloyd at first reminded one of Roger O'Connor in his palmiest days. The Athletic's third baseman could give Hermann points on jugglery. In fact, both nines proved great players and Newtown can feel proud in having a nine like the Athletics, a nine second to none in the country save for the one that represents Brother Bross' town, Ridgefield.

For want of a strong camera lens and space The Bee is unable to print the pictures of both nines. The Athletics are said to have won, 11 to 9, and are now looking for new worlds to conquer in the

shape of a nine from Bridgeport to play on the local grounds, July 10. Everybody up to the ball field!

7/15/1899

Hot Baseball at Hawleyville

The second game of ball between the Highland railroad boys and the (Sandy Hook) Cowboys took place on the Hawleyville grounds, Saturday, July 15. The result as in the previous game, was in favor of the railroad boys, the score standing 28 to 6. Game was called at 1:30, and Charles Peck, captain of the Cowboys, lined his men up for action. Manager Don Brennan of the railroad boys got his men into position also. The cow-punchers were the first at bat and succeeded in making two runs, the railroad boys scoring five. The second inning, Cowboys got in three runs, railroad boys seven, five of them being home runs. In the fourth inning, the batting by railroad boys was terrific, the ball being put over the fence repeatedly; the men in the field were useless. The Cowboys were completely rattled in this inning. Pitcher John Brennen threw the ball three times into a crowd of spectators mistaking one of them for the catcher. At the end of the 6th inning, Captain Peck, realizing that it was a hopeless game, threw up the sponge and surrendered to the railroad boys, laying his defeat to the poor support in the field. However he says he will win the next three games, and will undoubtedly take some new men into his ranks. He will have to spruce up if he beats the railroad boys. C. J. Blackman and James Bakey umpired.

Play Ball at Hawleyville

A correspondent drops into rhyme.

There are some boys in Hawleyville
That think they can play ball.
They try to do the Highland boys,
But every time they fall.
The third game that was played
Was the Highlands, you can bet,
And the Cowboy's say they'd won the game,
If the grass was not so wet.

At the end of the ninth inning
The score stood six and eight,
The Cowboy's were two runs behind,
But claim it wasn't straight.
Up to the fifth inning
The Cowboy's had the game,
And Captain Peck, he wore a smile,
Pitcher T. Brennen did the same.

But, when the Highland's came to bat
The tide began to swerve.
Oh, how the ball went sailing
When they got on Brennen's 'curve'.
The Highland boys would score more runs
In the sixth and seventh innin',
Were it not for rank decisions,
Made by umpire, M H Brennan.

The battery for the Cowboy's
Coggswell, Peck and Hoe (Haugh),
Would make fierce raps at the ball
And send it on a roll.
Jack Brennan would pick it up
And toss it to first base,
The Cowboy's would then realize
It was a hopeless race.

When the Highland's heavy batters would shoulder their big stick,
Pitcher Brennan would conceive to play a clever trick.
He would throw the ball way over
To allow them first on balls,
Preferring that to seeing it
Sent over far stone walls.

The Cowboy's were the last to bat
In the ninth inning.
And Captain Peck was confident,
He had a chance of winning.
But Hourigan caught a fly
That chance to come his way,
And put the ball to third base,
To make a double play.

Now, if this band of cowboys
Want to learn to play base ball,
They had better hang their lasso up,
And practice one and all.
For when they meet the Highland lads
And to beat them undertake,
They will find-out to their sorrow
They have made a grand mistake.

8/25/1899

Sunday Ball Games

Many in Newtown who wish to find in their Sunday a day of rest and quiet have been disturbed by the playing of baseball. Whatever may be the individual ideas as to Sunday observances, there can be no question in the mind of any order loving citizen that the driving of a tally-ho through the streets with loud singing and shouts, is not conducive to meditation or order. The posting of notices, too, advertising the game in front of the post office and in other conspicuous places is not calculated to render this Christian day of rest and worship more sacred. This community belongs to all. It is not for some boldly to invade the rights of others. Many thoroughly object to this form of Sabbath desecration. The law is not in our hands but, in the name of decency and respect for the wishes of all, we call upon those who have made a practice of Sunday baseball playing to cease. [Otis W. Barker, Frederick H. Sawyer, Patrick Fox, George T. Linsley]