

## GREAT ARMY BALL GAME.

SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, H. T., September 23.—One of the most exciting games of baseball in the annals of army life was played at the Athletic baseball park of this far away Hawaiian post yesterday afternoon. The game was between the First U. S. Infantry (white) and the Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry (colored).

The game was the last of the series in the post league, so far as the Twenty-fifth Infantry was concerned, and in any event it meant that the victors would be the champions of the post and the department for the next twelve months although the First Regiment has two more games to play. (That is, did have, but will not play them now—useless.) Considering the fact that the members of our regimental teams are soldiers and have to perform all the duties incidental to soldier life, their record as amateur ball players is a remarkable one. During the past three years since the regiment has been in these islands the team has played 51 games for the post championship series. In 1913 played 21 games, lost one, won 20; in 1914 played 21 games, won 20, lost one; in 1915 played 12 games, won 11, lost one. It will be readily seen by this that the regiment has won the banner for the three years since its arrival in the islands, and out

of 51 games played in the regular series it has lost only three. Can this record be beaten by any amateur team anywhere in the country, or in the world

The personnel of the team has changed almost completely since 1913, but still we have gone right on producing new pitchers and star batters, until today there is little doubt but that we lead the army in first-class baseball material, this in spite of the strenuous duties of these islands.

But I started out to tell your readers about the game of September 22. There was a crowd aggregating about 7,000 in attendance at the game, and of all the rooting, yelling, blowing of trumpets and making of noises on all sorts of instruments, backed up by the regimental trumpet and drum corps, and the 7,000 throats of the spectators, this was perhaps the limit. The game was called at 2 p. m. It was a fast game from the start. In the first inning the First Infantry scored one run and the Twenty-fifth two. In the second inning the First Infantry got home again for the last time, until the ninth. The Twenty-fifth did not score in the next two innings, but began to pile up scores from the fourth inning on, until at the end of the game the board showed 7 to 3 in favor of the colored boys. All of the scores made by the First Infantry were won on errors of the Twenty-fifth. It should have been a shutout game. But the men played remarkably well, and with Sergeant Jasper of Company A in the pitcher's box and the great Rogan of Company B behind the home plate, Old

Swinton on first base; Woods, center; Willis, third base; Crafton, left field; Q. Johnson, right field; Fagan, second base, and the fast and wonderful Smith as shortstop, we were bound to win. But there were about as many good players left back on the bench as were on the diamond—men who were just aching to get a swat at the First Infantry's goat.

The star plays were made by Johnson when he knocked a home run so far to center that he hurtled around the diamond, sat down, fanned himself and had drunk a bottle of soda water before the ball had been found and thrown to the home plate. The other

play was when Woods of Company F made almost a back hand spring catch of Buckland's fly to center and thus ended the most sensational game ever played in these islands. But the play that made ye scribe sob for joy was when dear old Daddy Swinton laid down the prettiest bunt that ever rolled off a bat—laid it down right at his feet and then beat it like hell for first, got there and scored his man to boot. It would have made an angel weep for meré ecstasy.

The Twenty-fifth are still the champions. For three years they have been in the lead, and it looks as if they have a monopoly on the cups and ban-

ners in this part of the world. The colonel's office at headquarters is one riot of banners and great silver and gold loving cups. We shall have to get a special train to take away our trophies if this thing keeps up.

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