

## **Colorado Territorial *All-Stars* 13, Cañon City *Inter-Oceans* 1**

This weekend past several members of the Colorado Territorial *All-Stars* and Denver & Rio Grande *Reds* (from Colorado Springs) made passage by various means (rail, carriage, and saddle) to the southern Colorado town of Cañon City. Being home to the Territorial Prison, this was a risky proposition for a few of the visitors -- having either been former residents of said lockup who escaped or perhaps deserving to be future residents. Either way, everyone seemed to avoid detection and ferreted away to continued freedom.

The host club was the Cañon City *Inter-Oceans*, who fielded a mostly rookie nine (actually 12), nearly all of whom were fine, strapping, talented lads recruited from area clubs to give the *All-Stars* what for. The contest was held on the ball-grounds of Holy Cross Abbey as part of the town's Western Heritage Days celebration. Actually, the field was adjacent to the Abbey's vineyard, which made many of the ballists very happy. The morning portended a scorching day, but soon after umpire *Fast Eddie* Phelan called out "Play Ball!" a consistent cloud cover moved in and the conditions were quite pleasant for the fast-paced game.

For three and a half innings tally-keeper *Deacon* Massengill had little to do except write out "1, 2, 3" and put up zeroes on the tally board. In fact, in one stretch the visitors had nine straight ballists (and 12 of 13) fail to reach the first bag. The *homies* were little better, getting but two base-runners in the same period, but finally pushing one across home plate in the fourth.

This seemed to awaken the *All-Stars*, who responded with three tallies of their own in the fifth and another six in the sixth. Fouls ticks to the behind continued to plague the *Inter-Oceans* (perhaps as many as 12-15 in the match) and they never did catch their stride. Another four insurance runs in the top of the ninth were unnecessary, but did finish out the 13 to 1 shellacking.

For the *Territorials*, both *Iceberg* Billings and *Hands* Phelan rang the bell three times, with one ace each contributed by *Digger*, *Old Hoss*, *Tiny*, *Slappy*, *Icecube*, *Hustler*, and *Baker*. *Crush*, *Icicle*, *Swede*, and *Rube* (who had an uncharacteristically poor day running the base-paths) each made their presence known better in the field. For the home boys, only *Lefty* Nothdorft rang the bell. It should also be noted that former member and still occasional crank *Doc* Hansen dropped by -- this day portraying "Rustler #2" in the gunfight demonstrations.

## **Cañon City *Inter-Oceans* 22, Denver & Rio Grande *Reds* 6**

During the post-match repast, the home boys seemed somewhat befuddled as to their poor performance. It was noted that after losses to the *All-Stars* the past two seasons, they had purposely gone out of their way to recruit better ballists -- but the result was even worse. Some of the visiting ballists attempted to console the losers by pointing out that their typical game called "softball" put them at both a striking and fielding disadvantage (thus, all the foul ticks and errors without rawhide mittens). We told them that with the day's experience they would do better on Sunday (while secretly hoping they wouldn't be TOO much better). They were.

For Sunday's encounter, the *All-Stars* morphed into the *Reds*, adding *Cannibal* Tinney to the lineup, replacing *Slappy*. Ten of the previous twelve *Inter-Oceans* returned. Umpire *Deacon* Massengill and tally-keeping Holly Billings (in her first and impressively done outing) rounded out the participants except for another former member who dropped by -- *Steamboat* John Steinle.

This was a very different day, indeed. First, the clouds did not oblige, so it was much warmer. Second, the *Red's* bats were not nearly as active. And third, the home club was rightly described as "who are you guys, and what did you do with the *Inter-Oceans*?"

Taking the previous evening's advice to heart, Captain *Joltin'* Jerry Meloni was constantly urging his charges to use a level swing (as opposed to their normal "softball" upswing). It paid dividends immediately. Thirteen

strikers tallied eight runs in the first inning, followed by fifteen strikers and another ten tallies in the second. Meanwhile, fielding adjustments held the *Reds* to but two tallies in the same innings. With the advantage at 18 to 2, the day was already decided. It was actually pretty boring after that with four consecutive *Chicago* innings (on both sides) and only four tallies each in the waning moments.

Highlights for the *Reds* were few. *Old Hoss* tallied twice, and during the second trip around the diamond he demonstrated a swiftness of foot that none of us have witnessed since he was, well, *New Hoss* (one of the young lads ran for him!). *Hustler*, *Iceberg*, *Crush*, and *Rube* (finally!) got the other aces. Highlights for the *Inter-Oceans* were many, as every ballist tallied at least once, led by Scott "the Ogre" Warzecha with four aces and *Lefty* Nothdorft and *Speedy* Atencio with three.

After chowing down on some discounted wieners, sausages, and beer, the *Reds/All-Stars* took again to the dusty trails home with an enjoyable split decision under their belts.