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A SENSATIONAL VICTORY.

The Finish of the Princeton Game Will Make it Famous.

When the Yale alumni of 1917 are gathered in the spacious Alumni Hall of that period for Commencement Dinner, (all under cover, and each supplied with a small portion of ozone) some prosperous member of the Class of Ninety seven, returned for his twentieth reunion, or some remnant of an earlier age, who was so favored of the gods as to have been at the Yale Field on the afternoon of June 5, 1897, will very likely be called upon for his views of men and things and memories of the great hours in the history of Yale. And, if by that time statutory regulation does not prevent it, and he be in any way of a sport-loving nature, it is all of Yale University to a Franklin primer that he will tell those incredulous children of the Twentieth Century how the Blue "won it out," ten to nine, in the great battle with old Nassau in 1897.

He can draw on his imagination, if he wishes; but he will not, if his memory is good. Imagination even at that distance will hardly equal history, and any element of uncertainty or excitement which he may evolve, will be overshadowed by the most prosaic recital of the order of events in the last half of the ninth, and the story of the score-card in Yale's tenth.

It has been the writer's good fortune to see most of the great athletic battles of the last ten years. There is one which will live as long in his memory as that of last Saturday afternoon. It is the last twenty minutes of the struggle on Hampden Park in the Fall of 1890, where Yale's amazing recovery and all but successful fight against an extraordinary eleven, flushed with the first victory of fourteen years, gave her a clearer title to the virtues of collegiate athletics than any other incident in her not uneventful history.

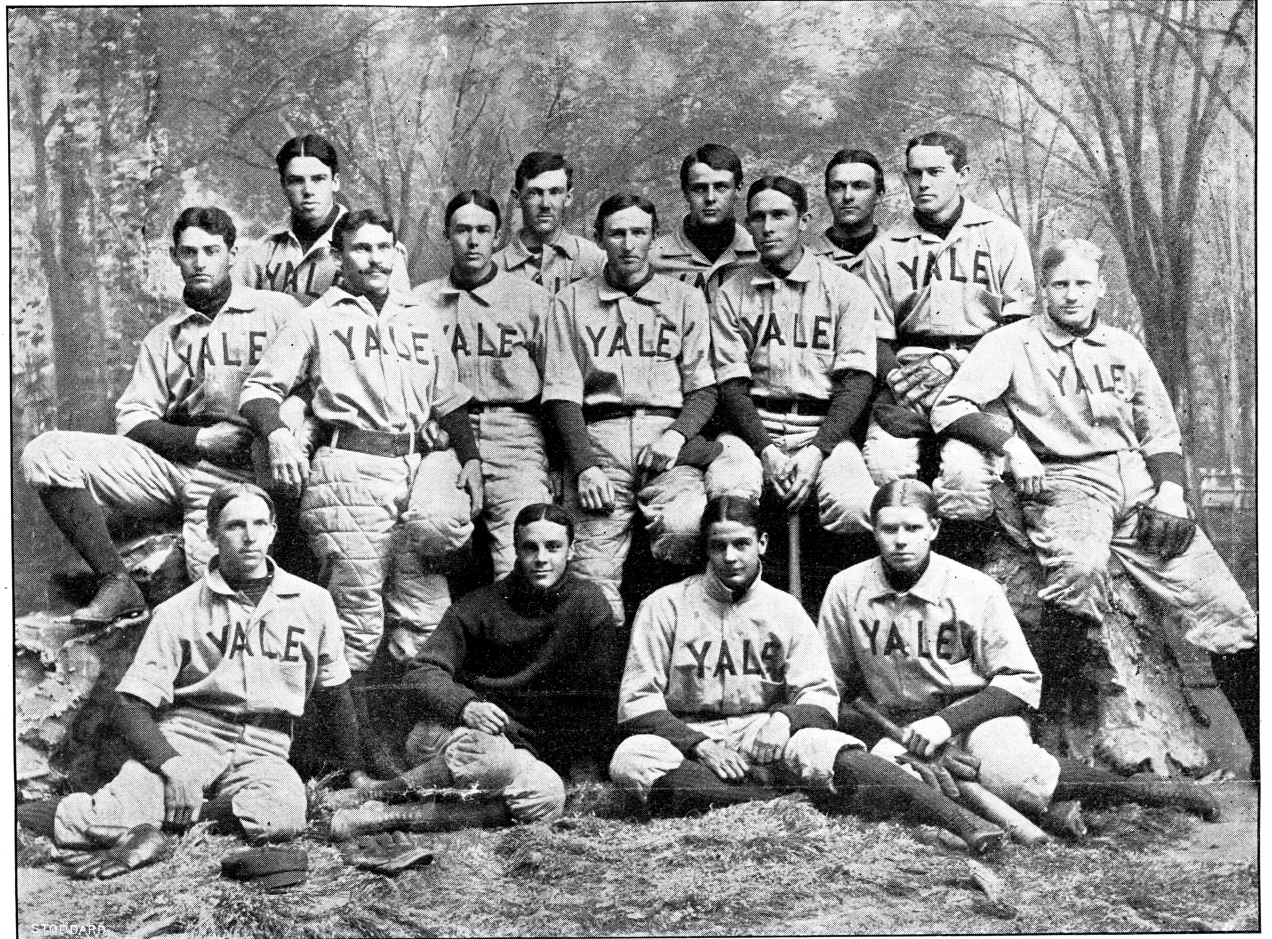
Saturday afternoon's contest was like it in that there was present the same spirit of fight clean out to the end and dying in the last ditch. In the former it all but prevailed. In the latter it quite prevailed, and therein is the greater joy of it, although not any greater credit.

It would be well to say here that Yale won the game. To all appearances, by the rule of ninety-nine precedents out of a hundred, she lost it before she won. The roar and rumble which veracious residents of West Haven affirm that they heard, and were even startled by, a few minutes before 6 o'clock, was the explosion of the spirit of 5,000 lively mortals. For nine innings their nerves had made their existence miserable. In that short moment in the ninth, all that repressed feeling worked up into extraordinarily high explosive, was ignited by a single spark. It was the sharp ring of the bat which caught a swift ball at just the right angle and on just the right grain. Then there was a vision of a piece of leather cutting the air over the shortstop's head, rising still higher as it passed the line between the left and center, beginning its downward curve far beyond any sprinting point. The man who swung the bat was a Freshman named Camp.

WHEN CAMP CAME TO THE BAT.

Two veterans before him had been executed with woeful promptness through the offices of Hillebrand, one whom Yale has met before, and Kelly, another whom Yale has met before (and in both cases remembers.) A third Fincke had succeeded in reaching first only by skillful waiting for the fourth ball, or by the "good eye" of which the man who talks from the sidelines says much.

C. G. Bartlett, c. H. L. DeForest, c. M. L. Fearey, p. S. B. Camp, s. s. C. M. Reed, 2 b.
C. M. Fincke, 3 b. E. F. Hamlin, p., 2 b. G. C. Greenway, p. H. M. Keator, c. (Capt.) H. W. Letton, 1 b. J. J. Hazen, 2 b.



H. B. Wallace, r. f. A. S. Goodwin, c. J. W. Wear, r. f. G. E. Hecker, p.

YALE UNIVERSITY NINE, 1897.

NOTE.—Farnham and Murphy not present in group.
(Photograph by Pach.)

Furthermore the young shortstop had one strike, and there are many credible witnesses who take oath that his strikes were two. Indeed, a canvass of authority by Mr. Carter, not unknown in Yale athletic annals, has resulted in a startling array of authority for the two-strike theory. Camp, himself, who was quite the most watchful person of the 6,000 at the time, and who surely has a "good eye," admits that he doesn't know. Really no one knows. There was too overwhelming a rush of sensations to the extended sensoria of those present, immediately following that incident, to leave room for any lasting impression as to the detail. The umpire might know, but no one knows where he is. He may be still arguing with dissatisfied people as to the proper place from which to view curves and call the balls and strikes, or still be throwing back clean, white balls to recalcitrant pitchers, in some distant diamond "just to be contrary," as the Princeton men say.

The Faculty in a meeting from eight to twelve at the Graduates' Club that evening, which was given up to an examination of the bolder features of the match, handed down a clear decision in favor of this view of the case. Mr. Fox supports this view elsewhere in this paper.

So two strikes we will call it.

Here is another thing to remember. The fate-daring young player had already sent a twisting foul fly to Hillebrand which the latter had dropped—hard ball. This statement is on the authority of a man named Keator, Yale '97, who, as to the proceedings of the afternoon, saw all and was a large part. The Weekly reporters present, including the writer, don't remember anything about those details—at least with any accuracy.

Then—oh! then—came that sound, spoken of above, and then went that ball, safe beyond all peradventure, even from Bradley and from Easton. It

is very trying to tell more details just now. Of course, Fincke flew around the three bases between him and a run like a greyhound, and Camp's motion was as though someone swung him on the end of a rope from the center of the diamond.

IT WAS A HOME RUN.

You knew it was the greatest thing you ever saw in baseball as soon as the ball began to sail; but you didn't dare to believe that it was quite as good as it was. It was a three-bagger, but could it be a home run with that swift Bradley after it? Yes. As the fleet shortstop bounds down from second, the coach at third waves toward home, and home he goes, fairly flying, and the score is tied, 9 to 9.

It is just impossible to describe the situation after that. The whole 6,000 (Princeton's few hundred excepted) were on their feet and such a shout went up as shook the towers of Rome on the occasion of another famous home-coming after two men had been retired. Reputable citizens of the suburbs who say how many miles they heard that shout are called liars.

The sudden delirious joy of half ten thousand people has never been equalled, in college battles, according to the writer's best knowledge and belief. There was no sanity anywhere on the field. Pop Smith may or may not have had a fit, just then. About fifty hundred other people had fits.

The men of the time will continue to recall Brigham's feat at Hampden Park, where he leaned backwards over the ropes around the course as far as Mr. Cooke teaches the men to swing on the finish, then, with an arm over a horse's back, gathered in, with one hand, the terrific hit which had apparently saved the game for the Crimson and won the championship.

There will be still in very lively memory a similar performance by Mr. Clark several years before. It is not in detraction from these achievements to say, in comparing them with Freshman Camp's hit and the subsequent proceedings, that these other phenomenal feats preserved the victory already won while last Saturday's game, by all rules already lost, was first saved and then won.

THE LAST OF THE TENTH.

The other half of the story is simply this. The tenth inning opened with Princeton still confident. The shock of Camp's home run had been withstood and when Kelly, who was first at the bat lined out a single, it seemed as if the lead would now go back and that magnificent recovery all count for nothing. But the next play was a hot ball to Fincke, passed quickly to Hazen and so cutting off Kelly, and then like lightning sent on to Letton, making a double. Fincke's capture of the foul fly from Altman closed that chapter of the game.

Hazen was the first at the bat for Yale and he completed his magnificent record of the afternoon by a clean base hit. Murphy went out on strikes and Keator reached first, after his usual custom, this time by a grounder too hot for Kelly to handle.

It was very comfortable to see Letton come to the bat. Letton is the surest hitter of the nine. There was the preliminary of a strike and a ball or two, but then he caught it. There was considerable hope that he would make a safe single and allow a score—much more hope than there was in the inning before that Camp would save the game. But there was no expectation of the treat again in store for the Yale thousands. Letton caught the ball just where he wanted it. Where it went, it is impossible to say. The Weekly has it on the au-