

The Ekalaka Eagle

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THEIR HOPES WERE BADLY SHATTERED

Camp Crook Ball Team Defeated Here Saturday and Sunday. The Rain Prevents The Advertised Horse Sales.

The first sale of the Ekalaka Horse Sale Company which was due to occur at their yards here last Thursday and Friday was somewhat of a disappointment to the managers on account of the bad weather which had been in evident for several days past. Old "Jupiter Pluribus" pulled his cork in the evening of the first day and within a few minutes the streets were all running with water. Previous to the arrival of the rain, several broncho busting "stunts" were pulled off by riders who happened to be here and from the audience that gathered on the street to witness them one would have thought that a circus had hit town. Several horse races, foot races, jumping contests, a wrestling match and many other small events kept the town "alive" during the three days and everyone seemed well satisfied that old "Puptown" was a "up and doing".

Four dances were given during the week, the first being a "free" affair that was given by June G. Olsen, the second, the the grand ball by Canton Custer No. 6, the third by town folks and the last on Saturday evening by the orchestra. Good crowds were in attendance a all of the "hops" and everyone seemed well pleased with the treatment accorded them. The grand ball by Canton Custer No. 6, was the largest attended and the lodge boys were well paid for their work. Ice cream, cake and coffee was served in the rear of the hall during this occasion by J. E. Wilson which added materially to the evenings enjoyment.

The Camp Crook ball team arrived on Friday evening, to do battle with the Ekalaka White Socks with confidence written on their countenance and smiles covering their manly faces, as they thought what they would do to those poor ball tossers of old "pup-town". Headed by that old "Vet" captaining the team known as "Friday," supported by those tried and true warriors of the field, McGuffin Marty, the two Browns, their Ex-Western League pitcher Cheatwood, also (as the ladies of Ekalaka called that fast left fielder) (the nice little boy,) and Chaney Pryor. They did not think it necessary to bring their strongest team, but they have another think a coming, for what those White Socks did not do to that old indian pitcher is hard to tell. The first game was called at 2:30 Saturday with Crook at

bat and Mr. Logan acting as umpire. They got busy on Conger's curves and with a couple of misjudged grounders tallied one run, Ekalaka only succeeding in getting to 2nd base. The 2nd inning for Crook netted them 2 more runs, the Sox scoring one, the third netted Crook 2 more and we scored two, then the Ekalaka team switched their pitcher Conger to left field and brought in their high school boy to do the slab work, and for five innings those Crook boys were at his mercy. His support for those five innings were perfect, there being a putout and assist by right fielder and manager Metheny in the first of the game. The real "fire work" for the White Sox came in the last half of the fifth with Metheny getting a walk. They found the old south paw for five safe bingles scoring 4 runs, in the seventh the boy that wields the brush and sharpened knife, our catcher, gets to first on an error of Marty's and then the Crook bunch proceeded to throw the ball away and when they did settle down the "little barber" had just crossed the rubber at home. In the first of the ninth after two were out, a bad error by a fielder and a misjudged through by another the Crook boys scored two more runs, ending the game by a score of 8-7 in "puptowns" favor. The following is the score by innings.

Crook	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	2	7
Ekalaka	0	2	1	0	3	2	0	0	8

Battery—Crook, Cheatwood and Brown, Ekalaka, Conger, Moore, Mhyre.

Sunday's game was worse than ever. The order to "play ball" was given about 9:45 and from the start to the finish it was a walkaway. During the first six innings the "Little Missouri" bunch didn't even see the ball, let alone to hit it. Take the game as a whole, and there was nothing to it as the score will show, which stood 20-8 in the home team's favor. The score by innings was as follows:

Ekalaka	4	3	0	0	11	2	0	—20
Crook	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	—8

A. W. Lucas umpire
It is not putting it any to light when we say that team of White Sox's played "gilt edge" Ball. The plays were all made in masterly and quick snappy style, that old "Vet" in right field making those youngsters in center and left take of their caps to him. Our infield is composed of as heady a bunch of youngsters

HORSE THIEVES ARE CAPTURED

Deputy Sheriff Geo. Boggs returned Monday from his trip on Box Elder and brought back with him Bryon Ball and Wm. Bradshaw, the two fellows who a week ago Tuesday night broke into Wm. Freeze's hardware store and stole 5 six shooters, a bridle, some bits and other small articles, and also a mare belonging to Wm. Owens, the livery man.

After leaving here the fellows started across country, presumably trying to reach the Wyoming line. Saturday evening they turned the mare loose that they stole from Wm. Owens and proceeded to catch another at William's place about 15 miles above the Haskknife horse camp. From here they also succeeded in getting away with a bed and some other articles such as saddle blankets, eatables and etc.

Mr. Williams discovered his loss soon after it was taken and set on the trail of the thieves. In the morning he found them sleeping down in a draw some distance from his place and on arriving he proceeded to display a little artillery action and let them know that their work had gone far enough. Bradshaw did not like the "fire works" and endeavored to reach for his automatic, but after a little warning he cooled down and they both surrendered. Mr. Boggs was only about 7 miles behind on their trail when they were captured and would have succeeded in getting them himself the next day had not Mr. Williams showed up. All the stolen articles have been returned and the prisoners were taken to Miles Tuesday morning where they will be given a chance to explain themselves to the court.

as one would find in a town ten times the size of our little burg and with the kind of support the boys will get, these towns of the eastern part of Montana had better look out or Ekalaka will show some of them how to play ball and let them know that we are on the B. B. map.

NOTES OF THE GAMES

McGuffin saw a few of those liners but "very few".

Pryor was reported to have been playing in the right field.

The visitors lacked a regular player and had to rope in a "maverick"

Mell played fine ball but it was real mean of him to miss the first one,

"Wiggles" made a "hit" with the girls, but it didn't count on the score card.

"Marty" played ball all the time, that is, whenever he could "see" the ball.

The Ekalaka Kid battery" sure made the visitors "sit up and take notice." Moore at the

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Dishes Dishes Dishes Of All Kinds.

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