

# Foster's Crew Are Trounced

Leaguers Pull Up from Behind and Put the Local Champs to Rout

By Dave Wyatt

These local champs of ours ran into a mighty tough snag Sunday, when they essayed to bump-off the Rogers of the Chicago League. Long accustomed to winning conquests in inaugural events, the dark crew threatened to live up to past prestige, and jumped right out in the first frame and shoved two markers across the counter; they signified an intense liking for the pitch offering of the pudgy pale-faced heaver of the other side, and incidentally threw a whole bunch of cheer into the large audience by touching up the old apple to the tune of three bingos right off the real.

With two runs across the pan, and Tom Williams going big guns, the huge throng of fans settled back into their

chilly surroundings bent on witnessing a baseball killing, with the locals as the chief offenders. Williams' pitch wing was functioning in grand style, and continued to do so for three innings. However, somewhere in that particular frame the old souper developed engine trouble and our Tom stood voucher for two free passages to the first station. Tom should have been yanked right there, not so much over his charity, but these chilly days will not safely permit of more than a three inning go for any hurler, unless he has had a chance for a fair amount of workouts, and our dark hopes have not had that opportunity for work that would assure them going the full, or even half the nine inning distance. The leaguers relayed three pitchers through the nine innings, starting with the most unlikely, who, after the first spell, held our gang hitless for two rounds; then Black, a classy southpaw, pushed the other three, and our hopes could only see him for one hit, no runs. Mack, one of the niftiest twirlers around these parts, stepped the last three for the whites, and our boys failed to put the willow to his stuff:



Reese stepped into one for a bingo, and that was all. After having the doing, apparently, all stacked away, one or two of the southsiders got mixed up with the wind, upset the pedestal of hope and spilled the goodies. It was this way: Williams was still shooting as late as the fifth, when Winkler stepped up and pushed a high one into the shortstop territory, which Bobby Williams misjudged and muffed; the next man singled sharply to center field, while the batter following him pushed a little roller past pitcher Tom and acquired first base. With the hassocks crowded, the dark heaver lost the way to the plate, thereby forcing in a run. With the bases still ganged, Madigan slammed out a fierce-looking drive in the direction of left field. Reese tore in, misjudged the flight of

the sphere, and it fell safe, while a couple of runners took advantage of the mishap and crossed the pan. A moment later the outfielder bobbled on another and the leaguers annexed the fourth run. Jack Marshall, the cyclonic heaver of K. C., mounted the

hill in the sixth and at once put the league crowd into a flurry. They just couldn't solve his delivery. Marshall's long suit is speed, a sharp breaking drop and a side-arm crossfire that makes the flesh of the batter crawl, that is coming as it does right behind one of those lightning-like darts, close in.

All the regulars displayed the class of former seasons, and while Rube worked a patched up outfield Sunday, that is only a temporary circumstance, as Torrentti will get in soon and another outfielder from the Texas sod is also on the way. A boy, touted as a world beater, is also due to arrive soon. This lad is a Zanesville product, and can go the hundred yards in ten seconds flat; so if the new men live up to the expectations of the big boss, then we expect to see the local gang show their heels to a lot of ball clubs ere the season progresses.

Wiggins, the recruit infielder, was given an opportunity to display his goods, and the fans voiced their approval of his form and ability. Young Ewing, the kid catcher, will have his chance soon; right now he must watch the old heads and get wise to the bas-



ters, then we think that he is in for a lot of work, as he looks and appeals to us like one who will make good. The Magnates of the Chicago league will tackle the Giants Sunday, the 18th, and if they gather the best players from the other clubs in the league, as the Rogers Parks did, then the fans are undoubtedly in for a real ball game.

### Score of Sunday's contest:

A. GIANTS						ROGERS PARKS					
	R	H	P	O	A		R	H	P	O	A
Malarcher, 3b	0	0	0	1		Flynn, 3b	0	0	0	0	
DeMoss, 2b	1	1	2	3		Madigan, lf	0	1	0	0	
Brown, rf	1	0	0	0		Bernie, cf	0	0	0	0	
Dixon, c	0	1	9	0		Swanson, rf	0	0	0	0	
Gans, cf	0	2	5	0		Engle'd, 1b	0	0	14	0	
Reese, lf	0	1	2	0		Winkler, ss	1	0	0	0	
Grant, 1b	0	0	8	0		Marmitt, 2b	1	1	1	0	
B. Will's, ss	0	0	1	0		Wallace, c	1	1	0	0	
Wriggins, ss	0	0	0	0		Erickson, c	0	0	0	0	
T. Will's, p	0	0	0	1		Ettman, p	0	0	1	0	
Marshall, p	0	0	0	0		Black, p	1	0	0	0	
						Mack, p	0	0	0	0	
Totals	2	5	27	9		Totals	4	3	27	0	

Giants	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Rogers Parks	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0

Errors—Giants, 2; Rogers Parks, 1. Hits—T. Williams, 3 in 5 innings; off Ettman, 3 in 3 innings; off Marshall, 0 in 4 innings; off Black, 1 in 3 innings; off Mack, 1 in 2

innings. Two-base hits—Madigan. Double play  
—Marmitt-Winkler-Knglehard. Bases on balls  
—Off T. Williams, 3; off Marshall, 1; off Egan  
man, 1; off Mack, 1. Struck out—By T. Wil-  
liams, 4; by Marshall, 4. Hit by pitched balls  
Mack. Umpires—Goeckel and O'Brien.  
attendance, 4,000.

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