

MONARCHS SWAMP THE MIGHTY RUBE.

Teams Play to Record-Breaking
Crowds.

Tight Playing and Close Results,
Every Game a Bitter Struggle for
Supremacy.

By Chas. A. Starks.

Negro baseball is traveling like a star base runner, hitting all the bases, but making the greatest speed. Local fans were worked up highly over the very prospect of the outcome of the tournament of contests between the two wonderful machines. Speculation and enthusiasm have indeed, bordered on the fanatic. The wise birds saw in the Foster Giants a superior aggregation of players over their local scions, and it is said that this wisdom has

proven quite costly, since the wise ones are known to have strongly backed up their "knowledge" with their kale.

Foster, himself, probably reasoned upon the very logical basis of the sterling record he has made in the first season of the league. The talented players, whom he controls with a never-fagging genius, naturally would lead him to think optimistically of the outcome.

But there is something grander and bigger in the game itself than the mere results of the series. It is the psychological effect the organization of the league is having upon our people. Think what it means to have the bulk of the people's minds cen-

tered on one institution (Negro baseball means more than athletics to him) which employs so extensively

and lucratively the brain and brawn of our people. It is a great thing to have Negroes to become daily enthusiastic about something their fellows are doing. It means more race pride, more solidarity. The same is working in old K. C. We must not tell everything we hope or expect Negro baseball to do for the race, but we know that it is doing a wonderful lot of good.

A Review of Gomes.

Saturday found the Monarchs and Giants waiting for the gong to sound and they were off, the locals in the lead. But the Giants came from behind and won after trailing the Monarchs at the discouraging clip of 2 to 7 up to the first half of the 8th inning. Yes, our boys were going fine, but a comedy of costly errors turned the tide, and the old master put over the first win for the Chicagoans. Local fans were disgusted with this, and it was the town talk. Currie pitched

for the Monarchs, Johnson for the Giants. Score, 9 to 7 in favor of the Giants.

Sunday—Great Game, Great Crowd.

Before the largest crowd that ever viewed a game in the history of Association Park, Rogan, the wonderful speed demon, worked his mighty arm with rigid effect. For twelve long, fought innings, he battled with the star twirler of the Foster crowd, and finally won out by knocking a tripple himself in the 12th period—winning

the game to the delight of the vast number of local fans. Carr, the brilliant Monarch, who covers first base, kept the Giants from scoring in the 11th. There was a runner on third and the batter hit a hot one to first base, Carr fielded it, but had to make a spectacular slide to beat the runner to first. He did, and the Giants lost

the much coveted score. Torrientia featured a sensational catch in the sixth session. It was a long drive, but he got it. Donaldson scored the winning run from second off of Rogan's tripple. The crowd who viewed the game was as interesting as the game itself. The multitudes found their way through the enclosures on to the grounds, making special rules necessary to govern the game. There were fully 20,000 people, if one. Of course, we don't have to make the dailies' studie destimate of the number present, we know that their conservativeness is not calculated to be so accurate as it is something else.

While the estimates of the crowd may vary, but there is no question of the high quality of baseball the fans got for their money. As said, Rogan pitched a great game against an equally great pitcher, Tom Williams, and won out. Foster, as a piece of ma-

neuvering, pulled the great Ace and put in Marshall in the ninth, after they had tied the score.

Innings.

		R.	H.	E.
Giants	0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0	—4	8	0
Monarchs	0 1 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 0 0 1	—5	12	4

Batteries—Chicago: Williams, Marshall-Dixon. Monarchs: Rogan-Ray, Rodriguez.

Monday—Monarchs Repeat Victory.

Again the Monarchs marched home with the proverbial long end of the beacon. Crawford, a seasoned Ace, performed the manly functions on the mound today for his fellow Monarchs, letting them down only with six disintegrated hits, while his own mates appropriated ten bingles for their own use. Rogan again figured in the line light with another triple in the sixth. Ray was on second—he ran in and

tied the score, the Monarchs having
 been trailing the Giants. In the
 seventh Mendez shot a steaming
 grounder down the foul line for a
 single—scoring Ray and practically
 winning the game. Donaldson made a
 speedy catch of Torrientia's line drive
 in the eighth, preventing a probable
 score. Yes, it was a case of the
 Giants starting grandly and finishing
 poorly, and the Monarchs, this time,
 coming from the rear and winning.
 The Giants made two runs in the 1st
 inning and two in the second—after
 then the Monarchs closed the ledger,
 there were no more entrants. The
 score by innings—

		R. H. E.		
Giants2 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	4	6	1
Monarchs0 1 0 0 2 1 1 0 *	5	10	4
Batteries—Marshall, Dixon; Crawford, Rodriguez-Ray.				

Tuesday—Bing! Again!

It looks like the Monarchs in the series between them and the fighting Giants. Today's win made three straight for the locals. The home boys knocked the "stuffers" out of the wares that Mr. Thomas Williams offered on behalf of his Chicago associates. But the Monarchs have proven to be a wild west bunch, and consequently, they treated Mr. Williams to some rough and ready stuff. They batted him clean out of existence in the third inning. The Giants didn't score until the fifth, when they registered 3. They then succeeded in getting 2 more in the seventh, tying the score. The Monarchs fastened on to one in their turn and it was all for the day. McNair made a wonderful shoestring catch in the seventh off of Dixon's Texas leaguer—saving the game. Crawford, who relieved Currie in the seventh, struck out the "Black Babe Ruth" (Torrientia) with three on

bases. More used more "Vim and Vigor" (apologies to Theodore Smith) in the same inning and got a home run. McNair made his second feature catch in the tighth period and again saved the game unto the Monarchs.

The score by innings:										
									R.	H. E.
Giants	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	5 7 2
Monarchs	0	0	5	0	0	0	1	0	*—6 11 3
Batteries—Chicago: Williams, Wick-ware-Dixon; K. C.: Currie, Crawford and Ray.										
FIRST DEFEAT FOR ROGAN.										
Wednesday we lost, Rogan suffering his first defeat but at that it was a fight all the way through. Brown pitched for the Giants and was given splendid support. The score was:										
Giants.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	0 4
Monarchs.	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2

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