



The Inside Game

"Let's get this lumpy, licorice-stained ball rolling!"

Vol. 2, No. 1

The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

May '01

From the Chairman

Let's Boil Out

by Tom Simon

Ahhh, spring training in the Deadball Era. Images of traipsing around the foothills of the Ozarks wearing a cap like Jimmy Durante and a pair of knickers like Payne Stewart; playing a round of golf, again in my cap and knickers; "boiling out" in the "radioactive waters"; posing for corny photos on a donkey -- or alligator; trading yarns while sitting in a rocking chair on the porch of the Majestic Hotel. You can keep your Grapefruit and Cactus circuits. For me, it's Hot Springs, Arkansas, circa late-March 1910.

Hot Springs hosted its first training camp in 1901 for the Pittsburg Pirates, and B. Dreyfuss' boys kept coming back -- for sixteen years! In 1910-11 no fewer than five major league clubs trained in this Ozark Mountain resort. And the teams that did experienced success. By my count ten pennant winners trained in Hot Springs during the Deadball Era: the 1901-03 and 1909 Pirates; the 1908 Tigers; the 1910 Cubs; and the 1912, 1915-16, and 1918 Red Sox. No wonder so many players went there on their own dime before reporting to their respective training camps in other parts of the South.

Oh, what I wouldn't give to experience spring training Dode Paskert-style -- especially this year, when the snow in Vermont is piled high as Eppa Rixey.

Recently an idea struck me. It was inspired by an e-mail I received about the fourth annual SABR Negro League Committee Research Conference, to be held in Kansas City in June. According to the e-mail, the conference brings together many of the leading researchers/historians in the field of Negro League baseball.

Why couldn't the Deadball Era Committee do something similar, and hold it in the historic Majestic Hotel in Hot Springs sometime next March? That's an idea I could probably even sell to my wife. Let's discuss it further during the SABR Convention in Milwaukee -- maybe even set up a subcommittee to start looking into the details.

Hope to see you at the Majestic! (I'll be the guy in the cap and knickers.)

Negro League Baseball, 1900-19

In the Deadball's Shadow

by Ray Anselmo

While increased attention recently has been focused on major league baseball in the years before 1920, another equally fascinating sphere of the national pastime during that era is often overlooked. At the same time that white players were establishing many of the traditions and legends of baseball that we know today, African-American players of equal quality and enthusiasm were playing the game at a high level, though with less public and media attention.

In the late 19th century, at least 60 "colored" players participated in otherwise white professional baseball leagues in the United States. But "Jim Crow" laws enforcing separation of races (and the racial opinions that supported such laws) were spreading through America in those years, and they did not leave America's game untouched. After 1884, no blacks were to be found in the major leagues; by 1890, they had been driven out of the top minor leagues. By 1899, not a single known black player remained in any pro league, and the general opinion of the baseball establishment was exemplified in an 1899 comment by *The Sporting News'* Richmond, Virginia correspondent: "Of course, the negroes do a good share towards supporting the game. But that is no reason why they should be

allowed to take part in the game against white men."

But "the negroes" were determined to take part in the game nonetheless. At least three attempts had been made in the 19th century to form all-black professional leagues, though all had failed due to lack of funds. By 1900, in addition to numerous semipro nines, there were five all-black professional teams: the Genuine Cuban Giants in New York, the Cuban X Giants (whose home site varied from year to year), the Norfolk (VA) Red Stockings, the Chicago Unions, and the Chicago-based Columbia Giants.

The Columbia Giants figured into a 1901 incident that came close to breaking the major league "color barrier" -- albeit secretly. John McGraw, during spring training with his brand-new Baltimore Orioles in Hot Springs, Arkansas, made the acquaintance of Charlie Grant, second baseman for the Columbia Giants, who was working over the winter as a bellhop at the Orioles' hotel and playing for the hotel employees' team. (Many resorts of the day formed staff teams to entertain guests.) McGraw, seeing Grant's talent and wanting to find a place for him on his roster, renamed the light-skinned, high-cheekboned infielder Tokahama and tried to pass him off as a Cherokee. Unfortunately, White Sox owner Charlie Comiskey knew Grant from his play in Chicago, knew that he was no Cherokee, recognized him and went public. Grant

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Rube Foster

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The Great Chalmers Chase of 1910, when skullduggery played a role in the legendary battle between Lajoie and Cobb, **Page 6**

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The Inside Game

The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

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Deadball Committee Dope

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COMMITTEE MEETING

The second annual meeting of SABR's Deadball Era Committee will take place at this year's SABR Convention in Mil-

waukee. The meeting will be held at 10 am on Thursday, July 12. Word is that representatives of the Milwaukee Fire Department, Pyromaniacs for Dick Egan, and the Evil Clown Historical Preservation Society will all be on hand, but that has not been confirmed.

ATTENTION: WHITE SOX FANS

Tom Simon is selling a 1917 World's Series program reproduction. It is framed in cherry and matted in navy blue along with an autograph of Red Faber, who won three games in the Series. It's a gorgeous piece that Tom will part with for \$200. If you're interested, contact Tom at TPSimon@aol.com.

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Ballpark Palaver

Detroit's Bennett Park

by Ron Selter

Bennett Park was named after Charlie Bennett, a popular catcher with Detroit for eight seasons in the NL until he lost both legs in a railway accident in 1894. Opened in 1896 for the Detroit Tigers of the Western League, it was located at the northwest corner of Michigan and Trumbull in the city of Detroit.

The site of Bennett Park was not large, consisting of a land plat of 3.3 acres. Other Deadball Era ballparks occupied larger sites ranging from 5.7 acres (Ebbets Field) to 9.6 acres (Hilltop Park). Bennett Park was built of wood and originally had a seating capacity of 5,000. It was expanded for the 1901 season to 8,500 seats. The park was modified and seating expanded a number of times before it was demolished to make way for Navin Field after the 1911 season.

Unlike many of the other contemporary wooden ballparks, this one never burned. The original structure consisted of a covered grandstand, which extended past third base and about as far as first base. In addition, uncovered stands extended down the LF and RF lines in foul territory. Home plate was in the southeast corner of the site and the LF line ran west to east -- thus LH batters got the afternoon sun looking at them down the LF line. In later years the grandstand was extended to about the foul poles and additional seats were added in foul territory in 1901 and 1908.

Because the shape of the land plat was a trapezoid and not a rectangle, the field was oriented at more than 90 degrees in LF and less than 90 degrees in RF. In the original configuration, in the corner where the LF and RF fences met (to the left of dead CF), stood a clubhouse and a groundskeeper's shed, both in play. The only outfield bleachers in the park were in RF, and they were not built until the 1907 or 1908 season. These shallow RF bleachers extended from about RC to within about 60 ft of the RF foul line.

Other bleachers existed from which to view games, but they were outside the park. These "wildcat bleachers" were built on the roofs of homes or barns on National Ave. and behind the not very tall LF fence. Not until the 1911 season

were LF bleachers added in front of, and thus blocking the view from, the wildcat bleachers. These official bleachers were shallow in depth and extended from the LF line most of the way to LC.

With this and the prior seating additions, capacity increased from 8,500 in 1901 to 14,000 by 1911. Those capacity figures did not include as many standees as could be squeezed into the OF for big games. Also in 1911 the clubhouse and groundskeeper's shed were removed from CF and a short diagonal CF fence was placed adjacent to the LC scoreboard. The popularity of the park as an advertising venue may be judged from the double-billboards making up the fence in LC in the last years of the park's existence.

The first major league use of Bennett Park was the Tigers' 1901 Opening Day. The Tigers sent the overflow crowd home happy that day with a memorable 10-run rally in the bottom of the 9th inning to defeat Milwaukee, 14-13. Three World Series were played here -- 1907, 1908 and 1909.

In its early years of use as a major league ballpark, Bennett Park was roughly typical in size, capacity, and configuration, of the pre-Classic wooden ballparks found in America during the first decade of the 20th century. After all the bleachers were installed in the outfield, Bennett Park possessed a smaller-than-average playing field and became a hitters park with HR park factors for 1910 and 1911 of better than 150. Only Boston's Huntington Ave. Grounds was a better AL park for home runs during these years.

Dimensions-All Data estimated from photos and the known dimensions of the land plat.

Time Period	LF	CF	RF	Fence Height			
				LF	CF	RF	
1901-07	308	390*	324	1901-07	8 ft.	8	8
1908-10	308	390*	324**	1908-10	8	8	5
1911	285	390*	324**	1911	5-8	16	5

*-LC was 420
 **-Straightaway RF 315, RC 326

Ed Walsh's 1908 Stretch Drive

by David Jones

When most of us think of Ed Walsh's 1908 season, we focus on two things: he won 40 games and he ran into an Addie Joss perfect game in one of the greatest pitching duels ever. Maybe we'll recall that Walsh pitched a ridiculous number of innings (464) and had an even gaudier ERA than usual (1.42). What I'd like to do here is take a close look at the last three weeks of Walsh's 1908 in the context of the great pennant race that allowed him to cap off an already incredible season.

After a slow start, Walsh picked up steam in July and won his 30th game on August 28. After losing to Cleveland on September 15 he was 34-13. From that point on he was a one-man pennant drive on essentially a three-man staff -- only Doc White and Frank Smith won more than six games, while the other contenders each had five double-figure winners. Walsh won 45% of his team's games (the same percentage as Steve Carlton in 1972) and pitched 32.8% of the innings, so he was carrying the staff even before turning his endurance up a few more notches in the final 19 days as the White Sox battled Detroit and Cleveland for the pennant. Here's what he did, game by game.

September 18 vs. WASHINGTON — Working on his usual two days' rest, Walsh beat Walter Johnson 1-0 with an eight-hitter. Johnson allowed only three hits, but Freddy Parent's run-scoring fly ball in the 7th inning gave Walsh his 35th win. This left the White Sox 2.5 games behind the Tigers and only one-half game behind the Naps.

September 21 vs. PHILADELPHIA — Walsh shut out the Athletics on three hits, winning 2-0. This was the day after Frank Smith no-hit them, the fifth no-hitter in the majors in 1908. John Anderson singled in a run in the 1st inning, and Walsh nursed the 1-0 lead until getting an insurance run in the 8th. The Sox won their fifth game in a row and got within one-half game of the Tigers, staying one game behind the Naps, who also won.

September 24 vs. NEW YORK — Suffered a tough 1-0 loss as the White Sox were one-hit by Joe Lake (9-22 in 1908). Walsh had a two-hit shutout through seven innings, while Lake took a no-hitter to the 7th when Patsy Dougherty's single broke it up. The last-place Highlanders won the game in the 8th on an error by George Davis, a stolen base, and a two-out single by Neal Ball. How big an upset was this? Walsh was 9-0 against New York before this game, which kept the 2nd-place Sox 1.5

games behind Cleveland.

September 27 vs. BOSTON — Walsh rebounded with his tenth shutout of the season, a 3-0 win over rookie Eddie Cicotte. An overflow crowd watched a messy game played in steady rain, as Walsh used his spitter to strike out eight and hold the Red Sox to six hits. This win left the White Sox only one-half game behind both the Tigers and Naps. It also left Walsh 7-0 against the Red Sox with only five runs allowed in 61 innings -- thus the decision of centerfielder-manager Fielder Jones to take advantage of Boston's helplessness against his ace.

September 29 vs. BOSTON — After a rainout, Walsh continued his mastery with a 10-strikeout 3-hitter, winning 5-1. Then he outdid himself by starting the second game of the doubleheader and breezing through a four-hit shutout, winning 2-0. That's right — two complete games on one day's rest. He allowed only seven hits, walked one, and fanned fifteen in a little over three hours of work, raising his record to 39-14 and keeping the Sox one game behind Detroit and one-half game behind Cleveland, who also swept doubleheaders in this tightest of three-team races. Only a disputed RBI single in the 3rd inning of the opener kept Walsh from logging six games in twelve days without an earned run.

October 2 at CLEVELAND — After three wins in three days, Walsh got all of two days off before his next assignment, and with this relatively fresh arm he was able to strike out 15 Naps. However, this was the fateful meeting against Addie Joss, who had already won two of three 1908 matchups with Walsh, including a September 7th two-hitter. This time Joss was perfect, meaning that the Sox got only one hit in Walsh's last two losses (they were shut out in his last five losses as a starter). This one also came on an unearned run, a truly ugly one. In the 3rd inning, Joe "Dode" Birmingham singled but got caught in a rundown, then got lucky when a bad throw sent him to third base with nobody out. Walsh got the next two hitters, but a passed ball by Ossee Schreckengost allowed Birmingham to score. That's what it took to beat Walsh, who was 3-5 against the Naps in 1908. This brutal loss left the Sox 2.5 games behind the Tigers, who also won.

October 3 at CLEVELAND — Yes, Walsh came back to pitch the next day, making his 16th relief appearance of the season. He entered in the bottom of the 7th inning, with Chicago ahead 3-1 and the bases loaded. He got Bill Hinchman on a force at home, then fanned Nap

Lajoie to end the threat. After allowing an unearned run in the 8th, Walsh held on to the 3-2 win by getting Lajoie again for the final out. The White Sox were within a game of the Naps but still trailed the Tigers by 2.5 games, so they had to



sweep their final three-game series from Detroit to win the pennant (unless the Naps swept St. Louis).

October 5 vs. DETROIT — Walsh rested as the White Sox won the series opener but was back the next day, tossing an easy 4-hitter for his 40th victory, winning 6-1 despite allowing his second earned run in his last 70 innings. That came on 6th-inning singles by Red Downs and Matty McIntyre and a fielder's choice by Donie Bush. Chicago stayed alive, while the Naps were eliminated by losing to the Browns.

October 6 vs. DETROIT — Maybe the surprising thing is that Fielder Jones didn't bring Walsh back to start again in the final game, as hot as Walsh was. Considering that Jones brought him in after Doc White pitched to only four batters, he might as well have started him. Four batters was too late, however, as Ty Cobb tripled in two runs to knock out White. Cobb scored on an error, another error by Walsh helped that runner score, and a 3rd-inning run (also unearned) left the White Sox trailing 5-0 early. Walsh came out after the 4th inning, while Bill Donovan polished off a neat two-hitter, winning 7-0 to give the pennant to the Tigers. Cleveland also won, dropping the White Sox into third place.

In all, Walsh pitched in ten of his team's last fifteen games over those final nineteen days. He threw 77.1 innings, allowing only two earned runs (seven overall) on 43 hits, walking just seven and striking out 67. Has any pitcher ever done more with the pennant on the line? Only Gene Mauch in 1964 would've worked him harder than Fielder Jones, and Walsh responded every time. It took no-hitters and unearned runs to beat him — and precisely enough of those occurred to cost the White Sox a reprise of their 1906 pennant.

The Never-Before Collected Works of Frank Chance

by C. Brooke Rockwell I

1905 -- It was a great honor to take the helm of the Chicago Cubs! Frank Selee had put together a truly wonderful physical and mental quilt work -- a psychological masterpiece stitched over the years. Steinfeldt was the final patch. This band of fierce warriors I was proud to lead! I remember putting on the uniform and thinking of the knights and their armor projecting a fierce protective shield like the Cubs logo and our colors of battle and our spikes of steel. Our caps fit like skin on a skull and the 'C' emblazoned upon the crown reminded me of the lamp on the courageous coal miner's cap as they illuminated the caverns of the unknown... as we would explore the mysteries of hand/eye coordination and master the art of hitting .500 and playing pennant-winning ball on the emerald diamond above ground!

1906 -- All I remember about the first games was the sweet smell of our new gloves which we all pounded with our bats until nice and soft. The aroma of the shaved grass and fresh milled pine for the new bleachers and box seats and the saps who were sure to sit on the sap. Clouds of cigar smoke billowed from the grandstands as the band played marches and me and Reulbach would search the stands for ladies in those damn Merry Widow hats and case the crowd for loudmouth drunks who might be trouble later on. All I remember was the umpire going from left to right announcing the lineups. The blood began to cartwheel in my ears. Then it was over and the war began.

1903 -- I saw her in profile. She was so beautiful it was like internal bleeding. Then she turned my way, full faced and then the hemorrhaging really began. I've been hit in the head many times but nothing hurt like this. I longed for unconsciousness. How could I wish I hadn't seen what I always wanted to see? They say the name of God is unpronounceable and that those who attempt 'successfully' are instantly struck dumb. I said nothing. I couldn't. She smiled. Girl's teeth. Said she was a dentist. I asked her if she would work on my teeth for the rest of her life... the cavities are filled in my book **The Bride and the Pennant**. She had to put the ring in my hand because there wasn't a finger



among the ten that was straight enough for the slip-on.

1908 -- Spring training was always a feast after starving. The baseball ribs of my boys were showing through their undershirts by the time we got to Florida. The weather, like the flora and fauna, was fantastic when around dusk the silhouette of clouds in the distance were illuminated by heat lightning that exploded like cannons of antiquity in a classic battle for the mind of man which had nothing on the matchups between me and McGraw. I always assumed no one wanted to win like me until I met McGraw. It was as if this person was created out of my imagination to appear before me as a competitive challenger of epic proportions hitherto unseen outside the ancient colosseum. West Side Park and The Polo Grounds were true Civil War battlegrounds.

1911 -- It was never about money. I had money. In baseball money means respect. I had to fight for recognition of my ability and talent and I should not have had to. There are people you can talk to and others one must use his fists upon. With me you got respect if you gave it. If you were unreasonable you found out immediately where you stood with me. I didn't care if you were the owner, opposing players, the fans or my own men. Justice from my fists was the last card I'd play in a rough game. The golden rule isn't golden for no good reason. It applies whether one applies it or not!

1915 -- 1908 was the season everyone wanted our hide. We proved that the '06 Series loss to the Sox was a damn shame. Personally, I took '07 on the head for a third of the season but the boys didn't miss me and we won by 17 games. The Series was ours and boy did we woop it up in grand style at the Astoria with a victory celebration. But '08 was earned like proof in the pudding. On THAT day, oh that day, McGraw should have known better than to let ANY detail come between him and the pennant; Evers checkmated the Pirates with the same kind of play on Gill a few weeks before. That splash got papers wet in every city. And who was umpire that day? The same Hank O'Day! Isn't the first thing you learn to run out every play? I mean every play! Hell, I've had to slug my way back to the bench lots of times with pocketknives flashing and broken bottles at my back. You run out everything just in case. Besides, Tin-Man McGinnity tried throwing the ball away which is interference. McGraw knew I knew he knew better. He looked like he swallowed a clock! That season

was the top of the mountain of my life and those of my men. The World Series was serious fun. We took out our pliers and de-clawed those bengals! Beating Cobb was like beating the Tigers twice, which by the way is what nobody else had done before -- two series in a row that is. I'll never forget Cobb screaming from the dugout steps after the last out of game five "*You can all grow cunts in your thighs and fuck yourselves!*" Son of a senator, he acted like he had unlimited access to the speedballs in Papa's cabinet...little did I realize it would be the last World's Championship for the ball club since I've been alive...

1909 -- Ed Reulbach had a unique method of distracting himself into a winning frame of mind before pitching a game. He would search the box seats for a beautiful female -- he claimed you could always find one beautiful gal either on the visitors or home side of the plate, said this was true in the park, the library, a restaurant or anywhere there was a gathering of the feminine persuasion to be found, there was always one you could fall in love with -- and he would concentrate his fantasy upon winning the game for that particular vision of his fancy. Since most every Tuesday was Ladies Day at the West Side, I tried to get his rotational twirl aligned with the most potential suitors. In 1908 Ed got hitched 24 times. "Funny thing was," he confided to me after our World Series, "I think I fell harder for the ones when I lost... my imagination was always throwing me curves that was getting away."

1910 -- For me it came down to defense. Pitching was of course our front line but it really came down to catching the ball. Stay in front of it no matter what and squeeze it. At the slightest provocation take the extra base because even if the throw is true the chance of it being caught is not sure. Force their hand and make them play perfect ball. When they know you play this way, no quarters barred, they know they're up against it. They will fold. Maybe not today but later when it counts. I've seen the shutters snap shut in the eyes of guys who knew we weren't going to beat ourselves. Lights out, gentlemen! Game called on account of darkness of the soul.

1922 -- My father was a banker who had no use for baseball. Some people thought ballplayers were circus vagrants, playing in town after town with no REAL job that served society. He would use the horror of Chinese opium eaters as a comparison to being a ball

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player. "The Orientals used opium to escape the realities of life. They would lie in their dens and dream smoke their lives away in a world of make believe, fantasy, like your baseball -- a game for children who refuse to grow up and make something of themselves! This baseball gets its hooks into you young men and you're stuck in the quicksand of an idleness with no purpose or future! It's a sickness that's infecting this whole generation, this opium-ball, this hypnotic hellishness of uselessness! Etc." Many men who played ball had fathers that felt just the same way. Many men.

1923 -- Thinking back on Cobb, some say it was the death of his father that brought him to such a boil. I had often wondered if it weren't the rejection by my father of my chosen 'vocation' that caused me to become so physical with people who upset me. I swear there were times that I stopped myself from killing certain people with my fists. I always figured I had reason enough to

do it but real deep down it may have been my Pap that I really wanted to smack.

1924 -- I knew I could not continue because of the head swellings. It wasn't just the game anymore. I couldn't waltz with my wife like we loved to do. My balance was off. The headaches were murder and sleep was a thing of the past. I would *remember* sleeping. That's how I would sleep. I crowded the plate because I wanted the advantage. Or maybe I didn't want to give it up. Every slug in the lug was that flash of awful **dead smell**. I can hardly hear anymore. And it's getting harder and harder to breathe. What I sit around and think about now is why I allowed it to happen. Why did the game mean so much? Why it was EVERYTHING!?! Now as I write this, the '08 season and the others don't even exist for people now. It's a memory like the Revolutionary War. So what was I doing? What were we all *really doing*? Here's what I think. Let me try to get this down... When the sun's in the oven,

the grass is smoking and your glove smells like a roast...when your bat seems three miles wide, when a baseball game enters your bloodstream, the deepest philosophies of the most abstract thinkers become the baby's rattle of the riddle solved. But it's ALL symbolic, a metaphor of some greater, all encompassing play that we partake of when this glimmer of ecstasy reflects like a sun beam upon the oceans' bauble of our attention... this gift of sparkle from a sun born of the invisible light of joy that illuminates all human activity - all pain and sickness a blindness to this source of true light; the way white contains the memory of all color, this unimaginably ultimate source of ALL that we ARE ... we nibble at the edge of this star of our deepest desires, ultimately consuming ourselves in homage to the home plate of forever ...

Chicanery Marks Race for Chalmers

The 1910 AL Batting Race

by Dan Ginsburg

One of the more controversial events to occur during the Deadball Era was the race for the 1910 American League batting title. In addition to being a great story, I believe that the study of this event 90 years after the fact provides an interesting forum on how to evaluate historical events.

The basic facts are well-known to most of us on the DEC. In March 1910 the Chalmers Motor Company announced that they would award a new automobile to the winner of the batting title in each league. This created a great deal of publicity, and the possibility of winning this highly coveted prize added drama to the batting races.

In the National League, Sherry Magee was the winner by a comfortable margin. The American League race, however, was much more closely contested as Ty Cobb looked to fend off an unexpected challenge from Napoleon Lajoie of Cleveland and capture his fourth straight batting title.

The race remained fairly tight for some time but Cobb pulled ahead in the final days of the season, and sat out the last two games with an eye ailment (some claimed he was really preserving his batting lead). Cleveland finished its season with a doubleheader in St. Louis against the Browns on October 9.

The easy-going Lajoie was very

popular with his peers. His career had been on the decline, but his performance in 1910 represented an important resurgence. Cobb, on the other hand, was perhaps the fiercest competitor in the game's history, and he was strongly disliked by the majority of his peers. Among the most hostile to Cobb was the hard-boiled St. Louis manager, "Peach Pie" Jack O'Connor.

Entering the doubleheader, unofficial figures showed that Lajoie would need eight hits to catch Cobb, an unlikely performance. In his first at-bat, Lajoie hit a triple (Detroit papers claimed that this ball was catchable). He went to the plate eight more times during the two games, with the following results:

-Six bunt singles down the third base line. St. Louis rookie third baseman John "Red" Corriden played on the line well behind third base, and had little or no chance to retire Lajoie on any of these occasions.

-A bunt down the third base line to advance a runner. This time he was credited with a sacrifice.

-A ground ball to shortstop Bobby Wallace, who fielded the ball but threw wildly. This was ruled a hit.

Lajoie was credited with one sacrifice, one triple, and seven singles which, according to the papers, meant that he had edged out Cobb for the title and the Chalmers automobile. It was clear to all

observers that at least seven of Lajoie's "hits" were pure gifts, and an outcry ensued for an investigation of this

blatant "hip-podrome." American League President Ban Johnson launched an investigation into the incident.

Johnson began by interviewing Red



Corriden. The third baseman explained to Johnson that "my orders were to play Lajoie back on the edge of the grass." In answer to Johnson's probing, Corriden told him that these orders came from Jack O'Connor. Johnson also learned that St. Louis pitcher/coach Harry Howell had authored an anonymous note to the St. Louis official scorer, promising him a suit of clothes if he gave Lajoie the benefit of the doubt on all close plays. Howell also visited the press box several times during the two games to see how Lajoie's bunts were being scored.

When Johnson questioned O'Connor and Howell, they denied any

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wrongdoing. O'Connor feigned amazement, claiming that "Lajoie outguessed us."

When the official figures were released, it was "discovered" that one of Cobb's games had not been previously counted, and Cobb was declared the winner of the batting title, with an average of .385 to Lajoie's .384. Chalmers presented both Cobb and Lajoie with new automobiles as a gesture of goodwill.

The results of Johnson's investigation were that Corriden, who was merely following orders, and Lajoie, who was taking advantage of an unexpected opportunity, were absolved of all blame. O'Connor and Howell were also officially "cleared," but both were immediately dropped by the Browns and the American League. It is not definitively known if Johnson actually banned O'Connor and Howell, or if St. Louis owner Robert Hedges acted on his own. However, Hedges' statement was remarkably similar to an earlier one issued by Johnson, and neither O'Connor nor Howell was ever again associated with major league baseball, although Howell later resurfaced as a minor league umpire.

In later years, Leonard Gettelson discovered that the second game of a September 24 doubleheader had been mistakenly double entered in official American League batting records. The error was corrected for all of the players — except Ty Cobb. Further research, reported in *The Sporting News* in 1981 by Paul Mac Farlane, revealed that other errors were made in the records of both Cobb and Lajoie, and that corrected records gave Lajoie a final average of .383 and Cobb an average of .382.

So, today, if we look in *Total Baseball*, Napoleon Lajoie was the 1910 batting champion. Strictly looking at the numbers, one would have to agree. But as historians, we must look beyond the raw numbers. Indeed, who was the 1910 A.L. batting champion?

While there is no proof, I believe, as others do, that the double-counting of the second game of the September 24 doubleheader for Ty Cobb was not an accident, but a decision by Ban Johnson to "make-up" for the injustice done to Cobb by the O'Connor/Howell conspiracy and, more important, to diffuse the controversy. Let's look at the situation that confronted Johnson.

First of all, there can be no doubt that Lajoie's 8-for-8 performance on October 9 was a gift. One motive was certainly the dislike of Cobb, but it is possible that O'Connor and Howell had bet on the outcome of the batting race (betting among players was not unheard of in those days, and O'Connor was less than a model citizen). Regardless, it is clear that an attempt was made to steal the title from Cobb.

In those days, the usual reaction of the baseball hierarchy to any kind of scandal was to ignore it and, if that became impossible, to cover it up. The main concern was to avoid any bad publicity that could damage the game's reputation (read: revenues for the owners). Because the October 9 farce was widely reported, Johnson could not simply ignore it. He therefore looked for a way to minimize the damage.

Johnson was faced with at least four choices:

1. To cover up the scandal, pronounce everyone innocent of any wrongdoing, and declare Lajoie the batting champion. This would have been the normal reaction at the time, but such a blatant coverup would have continued the controversy in the papers.

2. To pronounce everyone innocent, but to argue that it really didn't matter because Cobb won the title anyway. I believe that this is what happened, and that the double-counting of the September 24 game was no accident.

3. To honestly expose the scandal. In this case, the logi-

cal next step would be to throw out the two Cleveland/St. Louis games, leaving Cobb as the batting champion. Facing up to a scandal was not an option given serious consideration during the Deadball Era, until the Black Sox Scandal forced baseball to come to terms with corruption.

4. To avoid exposure, but to review the scorer's decisions (for example, change Wallace's wild throw to an error). This would let Johnson pronounce that all was well in baseball, and still avoid stealing the batting title from Cobb.

We know that the scandal was covered up, and we suspect that Johnson "adjusted" the official figures to make Cobb the winner. He then declared the incident closed, little knowing that the "error" would one day be exposed, since baseball history and statistics were taken much less seriously in those days.

So who truly won the American League batting title in 1910? I believe that Cobb should be considered the winner. Johnson tried in his own way to restore the title to Cobb, and declared Cobb the winner. If

he had chosen solution #4 and changed Wallace's wild throw to an error, the corrected totals (including changes found by Gettelson and others) would be as follows:

Cobb — 194-for-508 (.38189)

Lajoie — 226-for-592 (.38176)

If Johnson had thrown out the records for the two October 9 games, Cobb would be the winner. If the two season-ending games had been played on their merits, the odds against Lajoie winning the title were astronomical.

The 1910 Cobb/Lajoie statistics were not a common statistical error of the period but the result of a deliberate decision to rectify the results of a scandal. I believe that the records should stand as they were when the investigation was closed in 1910. In this case, we should treat the errors in the records like we would a questionable scorer's decision — we may know it is flawed, but it stands regardless.

Box Scores from October 9, 1910:

First Game

St. Louis					Cleveland					
AB	R	H	PO	A	AB	R	H	PO	A	
Tru'd'e, 2b	5	0	0	1	3	Bronkie, 3b	3	1	1	1
Cor'den, 3b	5	2	3	1	1	Graney, lf	4	1	1	4
Stone, lf	5	0	2	1	0	Jackson, cf	4	1	2	1
Griggs, 1b	5	1	0	15	1	Lajoie, 2b	4	1	4	4
Wallace, ss	3	0	1	3	0	East'ly, rf	4	0	0	1
North'n, cf	4	0	0	2	0	Stovall, 1b	4	0	2	7
H'ts'll, rf	3	2	1	1	0	Smith, c	4	0	0	4
Stephans, c	3	0	2	4	4	P'k'p'h, ss	4	0	0	2
Nelson, p	3	0	1	1	6	Brand'g, p	4	0	0	1
	36	5	10	27	21		35	4	10	24

St. Louis	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	-- 5
Cleveland	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	-- 4

Second Game

Cleveland					St. Louis					
AB	R	H	PO	A	AB	R	H	PO	A	
Bir'h'm, 3b	4	1	2	1	5	Tr'dale, 2b	4	0	0	2
Graney, lf	5	2	0	1	0	Cor'den, 3b	4	0	2	3
Jackson, lf	4	0	2	1	0	Stone, lf	4	0	1	0
Lajoie, 2b	4	0	4	0	4	Griggs, 3b	4	0	0	10
East'ly	4	0	0	2	0	Wallace, ss	3	0	1	1
H'nh'st, 1b	3	0	1	18	0	North'n, cf	3	0	0	2
McGuire, c	3	0	0	2	1	H'rtzell, rf	3	0	1	2
P'k'p'h, ss	4	0	1	2	4	O'Con'er, c	0	0	0	1
Falk'b'g, p	3	0	0	0	5	Malloy, p	3	0	0	0
	34	2	10	27	19	Killifer, c	3	0	0	2

Cleveland	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	-- 3
St. Louis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	-- 0



Nap Lajoie

cont. from page 1... *Deadball's Shadow* ended up back with Columbia for the 1901 season. Comiskey, incidentally, had no public problem with blacks in baseball, having played against blacks in the American Association in the 1880s without objection.

The dominant black teams of the first decade of the century were the Cuban X Giants and the Philadelphia Giants, the latter organized by Sol White and two Philly baseball writers in 1902.

That year, Philadelphia went 81-43 and claimed the black championship of the eastern U.S., which the Cuban X Giants disputed. The following year, the two teams met for what they billed the "colored world championship," which the Cubans won, 5 games to 2. (In a similarly named 1904 rematch, Philadelphia won two out of three to claim the title.) Other teams emerging in those years included the Chicago Union Giants and the Leland



John Henry Lloyd, "The Black Wagner"

Giants, both founded by former Chicago Unions manager Frank Leland; the Brooklyn Royal Giants; the Hilldale club of Darby, Pennsylvania; and in the Midwest, the Topeka Giants and Algona (Iowa) Brownies.

In 1911 two teams that became the dominant black squads of the 'teens were launched: the Chicago American Giants by pitcher/manager Rube Foster and bar owner John Schorling (Comiskey's son-in-law) and the Lincoln Giants in New York City by boxing promoters Jess and Rod McMahon. Both dominated the other "colored" teams in their sections of the country; the American Giants won every Negro championship of the Midwest but one from 1911 to 1922. Other teams formed after 1910 included the Indianapolis ABCs (the only team to beat the American Giants in a championship series in that era, in 1916); the Lincoln Stars in New York City (a spinoff of the Lincoln Giants); the Mohawk Giants of Schenectady, New York; the Bacharach Giants in Atlantic City (formerly the Duval Giants of Jacksonville); the Los Angeles White Sox, first all-black pro team on the West Coast; and J.L. Wilkinson's interracial All Nations touring squad, which would become the Kansas City Monarchs.

The biggest figures in Negro baseball of the era were John Henry Lloyd, Andrew "Rube" Foster and Sol White.

Lloyd, a left-handed hitting shortstop, was such a proficient hitter and fielder that he was known as "the Black Wagner." (Honus himself, when asked about Lloyd's nickname, said he felt honored, adding, "It is a privilege to have been compared with him"!) Foster, a right-handed pitcher from Texas, racked up season records of 54-1 and 51-4 in the early years of the century, then moved successfully into managing and club ownership. White was involved in the founding of both the Philadelphia Giants and Lincoln Giants, discovered many of the era's stars, and in 1906 published *A History of Colored Base Ball*, the first known book on black participation in the national pastime.

While blacks were not allowed into what Caucasians called "organized baseball," white professional teams often played against black teams, and the latter more than held their own. "Rube" Foster earned his nickname when he and the Cuban X Giants beat Rube Waddell and the AL champion Philadelphia A's 5-2 in 1902. In 1904, the Philadelphia Giants swept a 4-game series against the International League's Newark Bears, managed by Ed Barrow. The 1913 Lincoln Giants got 14 hits off "Pete" Alexander and beat the Phillies 9-2. In 1915, Negro teams on the East Coast split eight games against major league squads, highlighted by "Smokey" Joe Williams' five-hit shutout of NL champion Philadelphia. Major league teams touring Cuba in the winter lost so many games to local squads loaded with American negro players that Ban Johnson ordered that no more franchises "go to Cuba to be beaten by colored teams." Negro baseball also had its share of innovators. Cuban X Giants catcher Chappie Johnson, for instance, wore shin guards in 1902, years before Roger Bresnahan did so.

Throughout the era hopes for integration were raised by several events, only to be quickly dashed. A 1910 attempt to start a third major league, the United States League, included among its goals the breaking of the color barrier, but it never got off the drawing board. The 1911 signing of Cubans Armando Marsans and Rafael Almeida by the Cincinnati Reds sparked talk of

integration, but Reds management quashed any idea of racial mixing, saying that the two players were "as pure white as Castille soap." John McGraw wished openly for the opportunity to sign Negro pitchers Jose Mendez and John Donaldson, but nothing came of it. The only known black players in the white leagues between 1900 and 1920 were William Clarence Matthews, who left Harvard in 1906 to play in the "outlaw" Vermont League, and Jimmy Claxton, who pitched one game in 1916 for the Pacific Coast League's Oakland Oaks before his claim to be a Native American fell through. Many Latino players of the era may have been light-skinned blacks. Author Art Rust Jr. argues that Cuban native Mike Gonzalez, who reached the majors in 1912, was the same color as Rust's own father. But open integration was decades away.

Negro baseball in the early parts of the 20th century largely favored the players' rights over the owners', similar to the National Association of the 1870s. With limited funds available, players often jumped from one team to another when they could find a better offer, sometimes even in midseason. Foster, for example, pitched the Cuban X Giants to the 1903 black championship, then jumped to the rival Philadelphia Giants and helped them win the 1904 championship. Since most "contracts" were handshake agreements, the financial backers had little recourse (or resources) to chase down a departing player. This kind of "full free agency" made building a team and keeping it together an adventure for owners and managers. After World War I, player movement escalated, culminating in extensive player raids by the better-backed teams.

It was this situation that led Foster, now retired from playing and highly respected as a team owner, to write a series of columns in the *Chicago Defender* newspaper, under the heading "Pitfalls of Baseball." In them, he not only condemned raiding and contract jumping, but also proposed the establishment of a national association of Negro teams patterned after the white major leagues. Attempts had been made to create such an entity in 1906 and 1910, but neither of them had lasted for even a year. However, neither had a man with Foster's drive, contacts, financial backing or administrative skill. As the sun set on the Deadball Era in the white leagues, a new era was about to dawn in Negro baseball: the move from independent teams to the Negro Leagues.