

ALL CARD REGULARS
IN ONLY 23 CONTESTS

MARION LONE MEMBER OF SQUAD
TO AVOID INJURY JINX

But All Expect to Be Hote and Strong
to Grab Swag Next Year; Browns
Top 1940 Mark in Victories

Trigger Gordon of Bombers, Going Back to Second, Put Pennant Click in Infield That Floundered at First

Joe's Play and Pointers Helped to Steady Sturm and Rizzuto as Rookies

Yank Machine Began to Move When Flash Was Returned to Keystone, After His Brief Experiment at Initial Bag

By DANIEL M. DANIEL
Of the New York World-Telegram

THE YANKEES had clinched their pennant on September 4, the earliest date on record in the American League for a 154-game schedule, the experts began to deluge the Bombers with praise.

But the reasons for this rather amazing development. That the Bombers were going to win became apparent early in July. That they might achieve the mathematical certainty earlier than any previous pennant winner in their circuit also was recognized as a probability. But when the figures stood before the dopesters and they were confronted with the accomplished fact, they were astonished, nevertheless.

"The Yankees did this thing, of course, with the help of the collapsing Indians, because of the power of Joe DiMaggio, and the impetus they gained from his record batting streak of 56 games," was the first explanation of the New York feat.

"The Bombers were helped by Joe DiMaggio, but where would they have been without Phil Rizzuto, the Rookie of the Year, and the best all-round shortstop in the league?" was a sane-enough query.

"You can't overlook the great comebacks of Lefty Gomez, Bill Dickey and Red Rolfe and the good work of Red Ruffing," suggested another member of the literary set.

And so it went. Evidence piled on evidence, and when all the dope had been assembled, it was discovered that Joe McCarthy had won his fifth pennant in six years because he had put together the best club in the league, and one of the really great teams among the greats of New York history.

The writer does not want to take away from Joe DiMaggio one iota of credit for his achievements, one iota of the esteem for his significant role in the seizing of this 1941 championship.

But behind the champions stands a tremendous reason for the New York triumph—Joseph Lowell Gordon, the greatest second baseman in the major leagues, the pivot of the Bombers.

Gordon Went to First Base After Sale of Dahlgren

LATER we retrace things a bit. When the Yankees assembled for training at St. Petersburg, Fla., last February and March, Johnny Sturm, who had hit a fair .312 for Kansas City in the American Association, reported for a more or less tentative try at the first-base job.

The first baseman of record on the Bombers was Babe Dahlgren. But he was a holdout. It so turned out that Dahlgren never played for the Yankees. A signed contract was received by Ed Barrow, Dahlgren was sold to the Boston Braves, who ultimately got their \$12,000 back by letting him go to the Cubs. And a grand bargain he was for the Braves, as he had done well enough for them to prompt Jimmie Wilson to ignore the report that Cardinal Johnny Mize will be thrown on the market this winter.

When the Yankees sold Dahlgren, Joe McCarthy announced Sturm was the new first baseman. But the writers snickered. They couldn't see it. Your correspondent guessed that Joe was to be turned into a first baseman. But Joe had not yet signed his contract and McCarthy had had kept Gordon into the fold.

Then the scheme was sprung on the writers. Gerald Priddy was the new second baseman of the Yankees and Gordon would play first, "the Yankee in the Gordon tradition had had Dahlgren."

Gordon did not resist the change. But the club said, "Play first," so Joe went out and got a drugstore mitt and pre-empted the terrain on which had trod the great Iron Horse.

Priddy, who had come up from Kansas City with Rizzuto, took over at second. There it was. The new infield of the 1941 Bombers, with two rookies from Kansas City. John Sturm, first baseman by trade, moved back into the shadows. His change, however, again.

Gordon took his new duties with avidity. Nothing startling in his form. Often he forgot he was at first base and the mitt also gave him some trouble. But he went at it with grim determination. When he came to the Yankees he was a shortstop, and Joe McCarthy soon converted him into a second baseman, shipping him to Newark to master the intricacies of that job, so he could succeed the great Tony Lazzeri.

Back to Keystone for Joe —And Yanks Begin to Move

JOE went along in great shape in Dahlgren's shoes. But there was trouble. Priddy could not get started. Rizzuto seemed to suffer from his pals troubles. And your correspondent saw certain The Flea did not have enough arm to last in the American League.

McCarthy had been watching this with anxious eye. This infield would not do. In the first weeks of the race, Priddy was sent to the bench, Gordon returned to second, Frankie Crosetti replaced Rizzuto, and Johnny Sturm left the shadows behind again, to play first base.

That Gordon was the pivot of this Yankee machine quickly was demonstrated. With Joe back at second base, the Yankees began to move. He made Sturm, he made Rizzuto. Phil thought he had played short for Kansas City. He confessed that in a month he had learned more from Gordon and Rolfe than he had been able to master in the minors.

HIS FLASHY WORK : TOUCHED OFF FLAG SPARK



Lifetime Record of Yank Keystoner

Following is his lifetime record, up to the start of the 1941 season, as carried in the 1941 edition of the Baseball Register, published by THE SPORTING NEWS.

JOSEPH LOWELL GORDON
(Flash)
(Association to character Flash Gordon, popular in comic section.)

Born, February 18, 1915, at Los Angeles, Cal.
Height, 5.10. Weight, 175. Hazel eyes and dark hair. Throws and bats right-handed.
Married Dorothy Crum, June 4, 1938.
Hobbies—Hunting, fishing and dogs.
Graduate, University of Oregon (bachelor of science, June, 1939). Attended University of Southern California.

Outstanding performances—Hit for cycle, September 8, 1940. Named by Baseball Writers' Association of America for The Sporting News as second baseman on All-Star major league teams, 1939 and 1940. Tied record for most errors by second baseman (2) in 4-game World's Series, 1938.

Year	Club	League	Pos.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	RBI	B.A.	P.O.	A.	E.	F.A.
1936—Oakland	P. C.	SS	143	533	73	160	6	56	300	217	6	916
1937—Newark	Int.	2B	131	466	109	116	28	89	383	443	47	948
1938—New York	Amer.	2B	127	458	83	117	25	97	255	290	450	31,960
1939—New York	Amer.	2B	151	567	92	161	28	111	324	370	461	28,957
1940—New York	Amer.	2B	155	616	112	173	30	103	381	374	505	23,975
Major League Totals.....													433 1641 287 451 83 311 275 1034 1416 82 958

WORLD'S SERIES RECORD													
Year	Club	League	Pos.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	RBI	B.A.	P.O.	A.	E.	F.A.
1938—New York	Amer.	2B	4	15	6	1	6	40	12	12	2	923
1939—New York	Amer.	2B	4	14	1	2	0	1	143	7	12	0,000
World's Series Totals.....													8 29 4 8 1 7 27 19 24 2 956

ALL-STAR GAME RECORD													
Year	League	Pos.	A.B.	R.	H.	RBI	B.A.	P.O.	A.	E.	F.A.		
1939—American	2B	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
1940—American	2B	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.000	
All-Star Game Totals.....												6 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0.000	

Dodgers Tip Lid and Flatbush Tosses Hats in Flag Celebration

Period of Rejoicing Climaxed by Half-Holiday and Parade; Players Stage Shirt-Tearing Party on Train Returning Home From Clincher at Boston, Sept. 25

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It might have happened somewhere before, but never in this manner. Brooklyn, supposedly the staid old borough of churches, turned itself inside out and still is celebrating the first

Dodger pennant victory in a cool 21 years. September 23 was a half-holiday called "Dodger Day," and parades and parties were staged all over the premises.

The long, hard duel with the Cardinals ended shortly after 5 p.m., September 23. Cookie Lavagetto fielded Max West's sharp grounder at Braves Field, Boston, juggled the ball for an instant and then fired it over to Dolph Camilli for the twenty-seventh outpour that sealed a five-hit, 6 to 0 triumph for Whitlow Wyatt.

The score above the Boston "jury box" already showed that the Cardinals had lost in Pittsburgh, so the boys knew they were in. They dashed for the pitchers' box, almost tore Wyatt apart, then carried their war whoops of triumph into the dressing room underneath the stands.

Who Said Bullshit?
The party really started on the special train headed back for New York. Secord tary John McDonald announced he would see to it that there were sandwiches and butter milk aboard. If there were, no one discovered such commodities. But they did discover champagne, anything else they might want to drink and an order that the lid was off.

Probably not since the days of Babe Ruth and the early Yankees has there been anything like it. The boys turned everything upside down, specialized in cutting neckties and tearing each other's shirts. It was the rule of the evening that every one entering the diner, where the main celebration took place, be stripped to the waist and not even the presence of several of the Dodger wives checked that.

There were some strange reactions among the boys after such a long period of terrific pressure. For instance, Durocher, who, for three weeks, had come close to being a new record for lack of sustenance and lack of rest. Said the skipper: "I knew

we'd make it. These boys couldn't miss with their spirit."

And then there was Wyatt. "I can't believe it," he said over and over again. "I bounced all over the major and minor league map for years and suddenly find myself pitching the game that clinches a pennant. I still think I'm dreaming."

Hugh Casey dropped over to see your correspondent and said: "There's one thing wrong. I wish old Robbie were here with us tonight. God, how he'd have loved it!" Casey worked for Wilbert Robinson, the lovable old Oriole who managed the Dodgers for so many years, at that Dover Hall hunting camp even before he pitched in Organized Ball.

Fred Fitzsimmons, oldest of the Dodgers and one of the toughest, had tears in his eyes. "Damn it," he said, "I'd live all right without another World Series check we're going to get. But that thrills me is that we did come through for Brooklyn and Brooklyn fans. If ever a town deserved a pennant and if ever fans deserved a celebration, it's right there."

And quiet Curt Davis said: "This is my first pennant winner in the majors, but I've been so keyed up for a month that I can't get excited now. This seems like an anti-climax."

Meanwhile, Larry MacPhail, the brain that built the pennant-winning Dodgers, had slipped up to 125th Street Station, Manhattan, to board the train before it reached Grand Central Station. But nobody knew that and when the Dodger Special roared right past the infuriated boss man, he was fit to be tied. Larry never did catch up with the party that night.

And then Grand Central, with perhaps 25,000 fans waiting to greet their beloved bums and hundreds of cops on duty to make sure that the Dodgers weren't torn limb from limb. It all was breath-taking and terrific.

TRADE TALK TRAILS HOME-BOUND TIGERS

SECOND BASEMAN AND SHORTSTOP AMONG DETROIT'S CHIEF NEEDS

McCosky Only Flyhawk Sure of His Job
Most of Pitchers Uncertain; One of Catchers May Go on Block

DETROIT, Mich.—As they scattered to their homes after a troubled season, the Tigers, with few exceptions, were beset by doubts as to where they will be at the start of the 1942 pennant race. Changes sensed by Walter O. Briggs' outspoken manager, Detroit's chief need was to strengthen the team. Already rumors of trades are in the air and the fact that the Detroit owner has given no public intimation of the players he is disposed to place on the market merely adds to the suspense.

Briggs, unquestionably, will concentrate upon obtaining a second baseman to replace Charley Gehringer. After 16 seasons the veteran is committed to retirement.

WEEK SEPT. 22 TO CLOSE OF SEASON
Tigers Won 3-Lost 3

Dutch Meyer, judged by his work in sharing duty with Gehringer in the last two months, does not appear an adequate successor. Eric McNair is on the reserve list, but he is hardly the man for the job in view of his long years of service.

Detroit needs a shortstop, too. Frank Croucher faded after a few brilliant weeks in which he seemed, at last, to have qualified for the position. Candidates on hand are Murray Franklin, still untried, and Boyd Perry, who is a competent fielder, but a weak hitter.

Pinky Higgins has just finished a fairly good season at third base and he may be called upon to start another. The general impression, however, is that Rudy York is the only infielder sure of beginning in 1942 where he left off in the concluding series with the White Sox. The Indian first baseman had a disappointing year, but it could be traced partly to a broken wrist. For the second straight campaign, he was the only Tiger who did not miss a game. He showed flashes of his old extra-base punch in the late weeks.

Of the outfielders, Barney McCosky alone faces the winter free of doubt as to his future. The former Detroit school-boy was the most valuable player on the team, the leading hitter, alert on the bases and deft on defense. If any change involves McCosky, it will be only from one position to another.

Three Vet Gardeners on Doubtful List
Rip Redfield, Bruce Campbell and George Tucker Stumber come under the head of trading material. Two recruits, Bob Patrick and Dick Wakefield, are sure to remain with the Detroit organization, though not necessarily with the parent club. Less secure are Hoot Evers and Ned Harris, who finished the season at Briggs Stadium.

The composition of the Detroit outfield next season will depend a great deal upon questions affecting Hank Greenberg and Pat Mullin. Greenberg is eligible for release from the Army and may be back in a Tiger uniform in the spring. Mullin's shoulder, broken in Chicago, July 2, at a time when he was hitting .345, will remain a source of concern to Del Baker until proof of full recovery is submitted.

Detroit's pitching staff is cluttered with names of doubtful status. Exceptions probably should be made of Alton Benton, because of his success this year, and of Harold Newhouser and Johnny Gorsch, because of their youth and promise of development. The rest have no assurance that they will be with the Tigers next April.

Tommy Bridges, dean of the curving corps, failed to win half his games for the first time since he was a rookie. School-boy Rowe fell below ten victories. Buck Newsum suffered a total of 20 defeats. All three veterans are likely to figure in trade negotiations. So are Dizzy Trout and Luther Tucker.

Freddie Hutchinson is best of the recruit pitchers, but a low draft number threatens to spoil his chance of winning service with Detroit.

In the catching department, likewise, is a state of uncertainty. It is readily conceivable that either Birdie Tebbets or Billy Sullivan will be traded, with the choice depending upon the demands of bidding owners. Dixie Parsons is still a dubious quantity on major league scales. One change in the Tigers already definitely indicated is the release of Bing Miller. He will not be replaced. Detroit has decided to carry only two coaches in 1942 and they will be Steve O'Neill and Mervyn Shea.

SAM GREENE.

Larry Outroars Train

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Perhaps the funniest incident of the riotous Dodgers' home-coming from Boston, after clinching the pennant, was Prexy Larry MacPhail's \$5 taxicab dash from Borough Hall, Brooklyn, to 125th Street Station, where he planned to board the Dodger Special as it came through en route to Grand Central.

However, as the train slowed down, MacPhail, who was not known to his boss as waiting on the platform and fearful that some of the Dodgers, delirious with joy, would hop off and get lost in uptown New York, ordered the engineer to cram on speed.

MacPhail got the brush-off, and a face full of dust, as he stood on the platform, watching roars from the train.

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TOMMY HOLMES.

MONDAY, OCT. 6TH
Mutual Broadcasting System
10 p.m. E.S.T. 8 p.m. M.S.T.
9 p.m. C.S.T. 7 p.m. P.S.T.

LOOPING THE LOOPS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By J. G. T. SPINK

What Do Ball Players Eat?

IF YOU listen to baseball broad-casts—and who doesn't?—it's a cinch you know what ball players eat for breakfast. It's Bealities, two to one. Wherever the finest wheats or corns are sold, there you will find Bealities outbidding the field. Sold to General. But what about the ball players' diet for the rest of the day?

This department recently conducted a survey in the major leagues. It was felt that the fans would be interested in discovering what the home-run slugger usually had for dinner; what the great pitcher inhaled after a victory; what the adroit



No Beefing When It's All Beef.

fielder injected into his system to sustain his speed and aerobatic agility. In fact, we wanted to know.

So we went to Dr. Erle V. Painter, trainer of the Yankees, who are the champions of the world.

"Doc, what do the Yankees eat that they have grown so great?" we asked.

"Upon what meat have these, our baseball Caesars, fed, that they have waxed so fat and prosperous, and keep winning titles with a monotony which is tiresome to the rest of the league—yes, verily, unto the second and third generation? Come clean, Doc."

The good trainer of the Bombers replied: "I, too, have developed a keen curiosity as to what our players eat. This was heightened by the troubles of Red Rolfe, who got ulcerative colitis. One doctor told him it was caused by cumulative strains. The doctor now treating him, and is making some headway, insists that Rolfe was suffering from a deficiency in diet—from malnutrition. Imagine a player becoming an All-American a star of stars over a long term of years—doing it all on a hay-wire diet?"

Painter did not go into another interesting case—that of Joe DiMaggio, who this season has been battling with his first case of stomach trouble.

It turned out that Rolfe had not eaten enough greens, and that he had eaten whatever greens he had taken, in the wrong combinations. DiMaggio, too, it turned out, was eating too much red meat without enough green stuff.

They'll All Take Steak

SOME years ago, Japanese doctors found that they could dissolve some kidney stones with a diet of spinach and kelp. It seems the Nips have a racial and national tendency, with their high rice diet, to get stones in their kidneys. But for fear this piece is getting too medical and too clinical, let Dr. Painter continue, which he did, to wit, as follows:

"The favorite food of the major league player, as a sect, as a class, as a division of laboring men—is steak. The boys like steak. Then they get a little steak. And then they decide to go in for STEAK."

"It seems to me that if we were left without steaks, the American ball player would have to retire. I found that in his esteem, steak did not have a close second."

"The tremendous meat eaters in the game are numerous. Now and then you run into a man with a really ration diet. Joe Gordon, for instance. He gobbles greens like a rabbit. Some few will give variety to their diet with chops. But when it comes to chicken, to edibles out of the red meat class—well, they run far back in the rack."

"Could I evolve a rational diet for a ball player? Sure. It's easy. But who would pay any attention to it? You can tell a player when to go to bed, when to get up, what berth to sleep in, how to hit and how to put on his uniform. But you CAN'T tell him what to eat. That is the one thing about which he insists on his own initiative, his prerogative, his inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of STEAK."

The results of the Painter Poll were borne out on other clubs.

Let us wander around the clock with our player. His schedule at home would be like this:

6 o'clock—Up. Has good breakfast consisting of orange juice, large glass; cereal; ham and eggs, sausage and eggs. Maybe bacon. Cup of coffee. Many players drink milk instead of coffee; many drink both. Hardly any drink tea.

12:30 o'clock—For the minority, a light sandwich and a glass of milk. For the majority, nothing for luncheon.

1 o'clock—Reports in the clubhouse. Gets into uniform.

6 o'clock—Back at home. Relaxes. Many players have a lot of beer. Very few older men—have a highball.

7 o'clock—Dinner. Fruit, maybe shrimps in season, steak, potatoes, some few take greens. Players seldom bother with salads. They go for desserts. The richest desserts, as they burn up energy and need sugar. Ice cream, very few take pies.

10 o'clock—A light snack. Maybe a bottle of beer.

12 o'clock—Asleep.

Save on Lunch, Plunge on Dinner

OUR SURVEY showed that the vast majority of players did not have any luncheon whatsoever.

Especially was this true on the road, where they were held to \$4 a day for meals in high-grade hotels. As they had to pay any overcharge, they saw to it that they did not exceed the limit and, with a \$2.50 or \$3 dinner, that could be done only by eliminating the mid-day meal. But, in the major leagues, most players have got into the habit of playing before the game. It's not good to play soon after a meal.

Associated with the question of diet is the matter of liquor. The vast majority of major league players do not touch hard liquor. Nor do they abuse the beer privilege. The player of today does not go out of the majors with beer legs, once a peculiar disease of the heroes of the diamond.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14, COLUMN 5.)

Calling 'Em With Big Bill Guthrie--Latest Major Averages

The Sporting News

THE BASE BALL PAPER OF THE WORLD

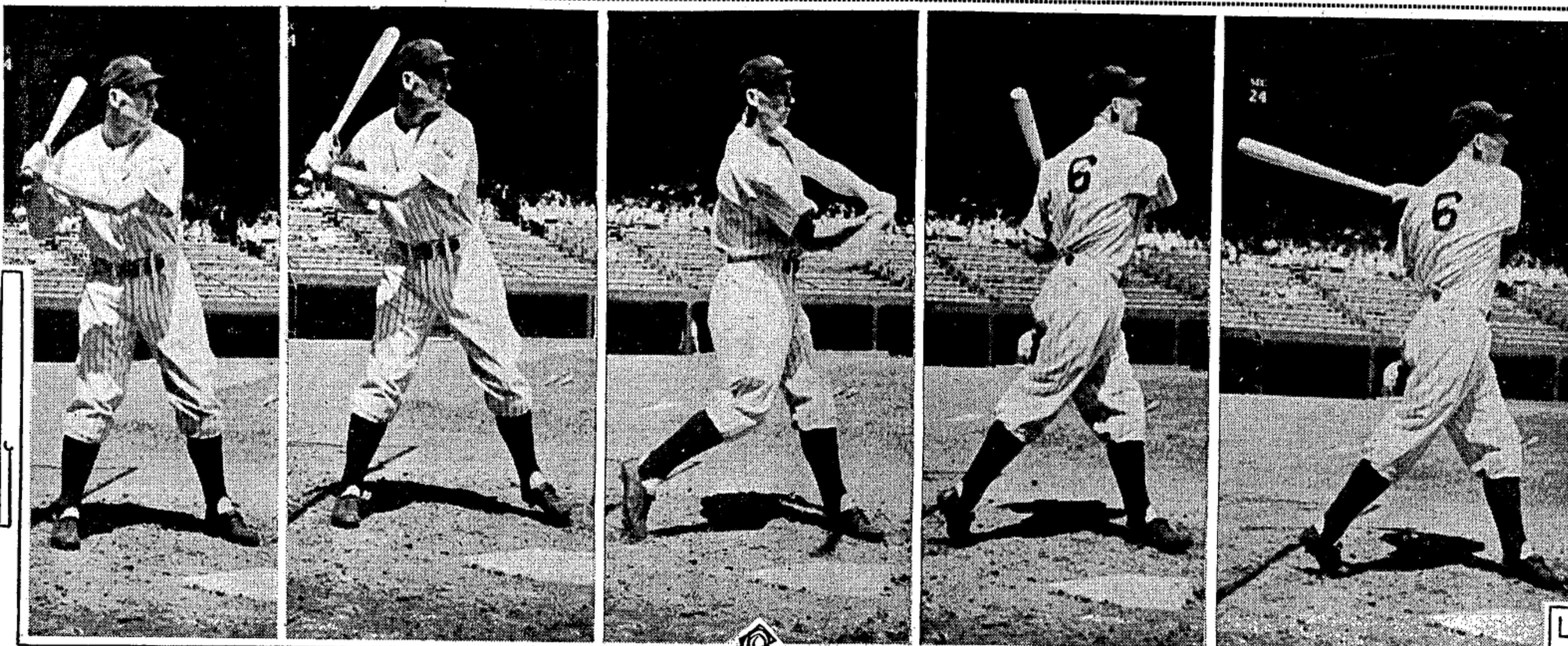
FROM ALL POINTS OF COMPASS
BASEBALL
NEWS • GOSSIP • COMMENT

VOLUME 113, NUMBER 18

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 11, 1942

FIFTEEN CENTS THE COPY
18c in Canada

FLASH FROM NEW YORK! 'It's Gordon Over Doerr' By Furlong or More



SMOOTH, STRAIGHT AND AUTHORITATIVE IS GORDON'S SWING—AND JOE REALLY JOLTS THE PITCHERS

RUB-A-DUB KEEPS UP IN HUB OVER SALE OF DOUBLE-X BY BOSOX

SWITCH THROWN BY JACK MALANEY ON 'RAILROADING' REPORT

Writer Says Jim Was Sent to Cubs Only Because He Couldn't Help Red Hose; Stengelites Stumble in West

BOSTON, Mass.—If one was silly enough to pay any attention to some of the stuff printed during the past week by columnists in Boston papers, appearances would indicate there was some dark, deep inner reason why

Jim Fox was sold by the Red Sox, out of the American League to the Chicago Cubs. The one and only reason the well-liked Double X went away from these shores is the same reason that Tom Yawkey gave to Jimmie last fall, when he told Jim without beating about the bush that Fox no longer fitted into the Red Sox picture, only because of his inability to hit as he formerly did and, in the rack.

"Could I evolve a rational diet for a ball player? Sure. It's easy. But who would pay any attention to it? You can tell a player when to go to bed, when to get up, what berth to sleep in, how to hit and how to put on his uniform. But you CAN'T tell him what to eat. That is the one thing about which he insists on his own initiative, his prerogative, his inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of STEAK."

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2, COLUMN 5.)



SECOND BASEMAN JOE (FLASH) GORDON

Jerseys Win Seven Out of Eight For Best Week in City's History

ERSEY, CITY, N. J.—Despite sickness and injuries to key players, the Jersey City Giants have made the most of their stay at Roosevelt Stadium, now nearing an end, and not only tightened their grip on third place, but materially reduced the difference between themselves and the league-leading Newark Bears. The week ending June 6 was one of the best in local history. During the period the Jerseys won seven out of eight against Buffalo and Rochester.

Roosevelt Stadium has been a happy hunting ground for the Jerseys. In their first 31 games at home they played at a .645 pace. Only Newark, which won all three of the games it has played here, has an edge on the Jerseys at home.

However, several things happened to spoil the week. The most disastrous was an arm injury Johnny Wittig suffered in the twilight game with the Red Wings. Johnny had the wings shut out on one hit going into the last out of the game when a nerve or ligament in his elbow jumped out of place and he had to withdraw. It was an injury similar to one he suffered at Baltimore two years ago.

In the one game the Jerseys dropped during the week, Hugh Poland, the club's No. 1 catcher, was forced to the sidelines with a split finger. Floyd Beal, who had previously seen little service, has been doing all the work behind the bat ever since.

Another blow was the loss of Norman Jaeger, regular first baseman. Jaeger, who had been hitting hard, was kept inactive by a severe cold. Fortunately, Napoleon Reyes, the Cuban who never played professional ball prior to this year, stepped into Jaeger's spot and played acceptably. The acquisition of Connie Ryan, sent

U. S. Treat for London

A full nine-inning baseball game between U. S. Army and U. S. Marine teams was played in historic Hyde Park, London, Eng., Sunday, June 7. This American listeners learned in the weekly "Stars and Stripes in Britain" broadcast that day. The broadcaster declared "Never before was a baseball game played here on a Sunday, but we're all for it and the stands are packed."

The rooting heard over the air seemed on a par with the Sunday best display at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. Each player on the two teams was introduced, the player himself giving his name, telling what town he was from and the position he was playing. The players were all semipro and amateurs.

here by the New York Giants, seems to have solved Manager Frank Snyder's second-base problem. Connie has been as smooth as silk since being inserted at second base.

Bill Terry, general manager of the Giant farms, has promised Snyder more pitching help. It can't come soon enough. Wittig, who is out for an indefinite period; Hugh East, Bobby Coombs and Sal Maglie have borne the brunt of the club's mound chores. Warren Pickell, Rube Fischer and Warren Sandel have been in-and-outers all season. Bill Harris, who has appeared in only two games, seems to have at last reached the end of a long and successful career.

This spring, Gordon studied things out and, with Joe McCarthy as consultant, decided on a new scheme at the plate. Joe

McCarthy saw his chance to bench Gordon without hurting the infielder's morale. The Flash watched things for a while, decided he could do as well as anybody else, went back into the lineup, got married early in June, and straightened away to one of the most brilliant careers in the history of the game.

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Yankee Star Called Composite of Frisch, Hornsby and Collins

Joe's Newly-Found Hitting Power Adds to Second Base Ace's Super Rating; Switching to Heavier Keller Type Bat Responsible for His 'Big Rise' in Average

By DAN DANIEL
Of the New York World-Telegram

THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING NEWS said to me over the telephone, "There is a serious controversy regarding superiority around second base. Boston gives it to Bobby Doerr, New York gives it to Joe Gordon. We are running the Doerr side first. Then you make out the case for Gordon." This was a very interesting invitation. But it is not necessary for me to make out any case for Joseph Lowell Gordon, whose achievements speak for themselves. He is the greatest second sacker in the game today, the absolute successor of Charley Gehringer. Doerr? Yes, a grand ball player, a fine hitter, a nimble guy. Gordon? Just the best in the business today.

I can hear the man from Los Gatos and the lady from Glendale say: "Oh, so sure of yourself, ain't you? You say so, and so it has to be that way, eh? Just like all you New Yorkers. Everything from New York is tops, just because it is New York."

Well, you don't have to take this stuff about Gordon from New York. I don't want to drag Joe Cronin into this, but I'll wager a saw-buck against Judge Landis' battered chapeau that, given his choice today, the manager of the Red Sox would take Gordon over Doerr.

Ask Connie Mack. He has seen them all. He'll tell you, "Gordon is a whole infield in himself. He is the greatest second baseman. Yes, the greatest of all the infielders today." Don't ask Joe McCarthy. He won't let you get away, while he tells you how he spotted Joe for what he was to be when Newark sent him to St. Petersburg, as a shortstop, in 1937, after Flash had had only one season of professional ball, with Oakland.

McCarthy quickly saw that in Gordon he had the successor of Tony Lazzeri, and he sent Trigger back to the Bears to learn the trade around second.

World's Series Last Fall Put the Seal on Flash

N 1938, Gordon returned to the Yankees, all set to take over. But McCarthy did not believe he was quite ready for the Bombers. Came a late April day in Washington and Gordon and Joe DiMaggio crashed, chasing a fly ball hit by Bobby Estelle, now back with the Senators.

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REDS TAKE ON SHINE, WINNING 7 OUT OF 9 AND BEGIN TO CLIMB

HILL WORK AND FIELDING IMPROVE, TIMELY HOME RUNS HELP

Cincy Grabs Fifth Sunday Double Bill in Sweeping Five Games From Braves; Riddle Gets Going on Hill

CINCINNATI, O.—Bill McKechnie's Redleg pitching staff finally is functioning the way it was expected to do and the Reds are rising in the National League pennant race. Whether they can climb enough to give Brooklyn a real fight and get into the running for the pennant is for the future to decide, but if the Reds' defense continues to perform as it did the past week it's pretty near a cinch that McKechnie's gang will give the Dodgers something to think about before the race is over.

Through nine straight games, ending with the double victory over Boston's

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