



Carol took the play right out of my hands. She said, "Is George in yonder, Sheriff?"

Buck Warren's Son

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. GUSTAVSON

SOONER or later, if you were stopping over in Karnak, someone would point out young George and say, "Yonder goes Buck Warren's son. Can you imagine that?"

Well, if you were at all familiar with Karnak, you'd take a good long look and shake your head and say that you could not imagine that. And then you'd most likely say, "I reckon it's a good thing Buck Warren is dead. He'd sho' be unhappy thinkin' he begat something like that."

Folks talk thataway, 'specially in a sleepy little Southern town where there ain't a whole lot of things to talk about anyway. They say whatever pops into their heads, and they say it in the cruellest way, without ever stopping to think that they maybe ain't being fair.

The trouble is that when you hear the name Warren in Karnak you always think of Buck. Sort of like thunder and lightning. He was that kind of a man, Buck was: the most handsome feller that was ever born and raised in Karnak County—and the most powerful. Handsome, too, with clear gray eyes and hair that was gray at the sides. His family was pretty good—no aristocracy or any-

thing like that—but still something to be proud of. And he never had any enemies. It wasn't exactly healthy to be Buck Warren's enemy.

He owned Big Cypress plantation, made good money farming it, played around with politics, which he pretty well controlled, and had his finger in almost every pie in Karnak. Nobody knew for sure just how rich he was, and nobody cared a lot. But he had enough, with plenty left over. I reckon he had everything a man could ask of life, except the right son. Not that there was anything wrong with young George. It was just that you couldn't think of him as being of Buck Warren's stock.

They were his friends. He knew they'd never sign his death sentence. So he signed it himself

But then you'd think that way only if you were making snap judgment. Me, I claim a boy has got a perfect right to be like his mother, which is what George was. Of course, nobody ever figured out why Buck married Ellen Mabry in the first place: she was so tiny and pretty and gentle, but he did marry her, and they do say he was crazy about her, and the place where she is buried out Pineville way has got the biggest and most expensive stone on it of any grave in the county. And after that stone was put up, why, Buck never married again, though Lord knows there was plenty of handsome girls in the county that would have given their right eye to get him.

But, no, sir, Buck just went his way: controlling everything that was worth controlling, and watching his one child—this George—sprout up to be like his mother.

I reckon I know young George better than anybody else in Karnak. And I know this much about him: That if he had been the son of anybody except Buck Warren, folks would have liked him a lot, and never would have said anything about him that wasn't nice. But somehow you expect the child of a skyrocket to be a skyrocket, too . . . and there sure wasn't nothing like that about George. The best you could say about him was that he was pleasant and harmless and friendly.

AFTER Buck died, George went right on living at Big Cypress and doing a pretty good job running things, but by and large, nobody paid him a lot of mind. He wasn't the kind you'd notice: slim and younger looking than his twenty-two years, with soft brown hair and blue eyes as gentle as his mother used to have, and a real quiet way of speaking. He could ride all right, and

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Break Up the Yankees!

By
Gordon Cobbledick

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This world series monopoly is getting pretty monotonous to fans outside of New York. They'd like to see something done. Meanwhile, the Yankees propose to keep right on winning

THE New York Yankees won the American League championship last year by nine and a half games. The pennant was clinched officially in late September but for all practical purposes the pennant race ended when the Yanks defeated the Indians in a three-game series in Cleveland in August. The result of the pennant race, in short, was a foregone conclusion at least six weeks before the season ended.

In 1937 the Yankees won the championship by nineteen and a half games and officially clinched the pennant early in September. As a matter of fact, however, there was not the slightest doubt after the Fourth of July that the Yanks were going to win. They made a parade of the race after that date.

The Yankees have won three consecutive pennants in the American League and three consecutive world championships—something that no team in the history of baseball has done before. They have destroyed all semblance of balance in their own league and have turned the World Series into a one-team exhibition in which the only betting concerns the question of whether the National League entry may be able to salvage one victory from the disaster.

Not only have they overwhelmed the American League but the Yankees are now dominating the minor leagues. The Little World Series last year was fought out between Newark of the International League and Kansas City of the American Association—both owned by the Yankees. Binghamton, another Yankee farm team, won the pennant in the New York-Penn League.

Well, what does it all add up to? It adds up to this: Unless something is done to curb the mounting power of the New York Yankees, interest in baseball will be deadened and the sport will be threatened!

There is no doubt of this. The other managements know it and some have hinted it publicly. At least two American League managers have publicly conceded the 1939 pennant to New York. The manager of one club that is supposed to be a contender against the Yanks has said privately that if New York doesn't clinch the pennant this year by August 1st, there should be a grand jury investigation. This was said in jest but fundamentally it represented the settled conviction of baseball men about the domination of the pastime by the Yankee machine.

This situation came about because Colonel Ruppert of the New York club happened to be an immensely wealthy man who was at the same time a true baseball fan. He couldn't stand a loser and was not afraid to pay for a winner when he and Colonel Huston took over the Yankees originally. The old Highlanders in New York were a woeful organization and Colonel Ruppert turned the trend almost immediately (Continued on page 62)



In center, Joe McCarthy, Yankee manager, with Joe DiMaggio (left), on whom the Yanks gambled \$25,000 even though he had a bad knee, and Myril Hoag, who was traded for Oral Hildebrand to strengthen the pitching staff

Lou Gehrig (left) and Bill Dickey, the heart of Murderers' Row for the New York Yankees, perennial pennant winners and world champions

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Tommy Henrich was developed at Cleveland's expense, only to be ruled a free agent by Judge Landis and snapped up by the Yankees