

Break Up the Yankees!

By
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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

The Green Angel

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

PREPARING to purchase a ticket in a New York City railroad station, William Boone notes that the girl just ahead of him in the ticket line is unusually attractive. He observes that her toilet case (resting beside her, on the floor) is marked "S. R. A."

A man picks up the toilet case, runs away with it. Boone runs after him. The man drops the case. Boone—who has reasons for wishing to avoid the police—lets the thief escape. He retrieves the case, takes it to the girl.

The girl is pale. Thinking that she may faint, Boone invites her to have a drink with him. Then, together, they enter a restaurant, order two "stingers." Realizing that he will never see the girl again, Boone tells her that he is on the way to a mysterious adventure. "I am," he says, "about to try to outfox the smartest fox I've ever known."

The girl does not reveal her identity. She is Suzette Aberdeen; and she is on her way to the elaborate country estate of Rodney Barnett. She does not love Barnett, but, urged by her mother (who sees in the rich Rodney Barnett a chance to solve the financial problems of the Aberdeens), she has promised to marry him.

Not trusting Boone, Suzette manages to slip away from him. Whereupon, he boards a train and goes to the country home of—Rodney Barnett! He and his host, it appears, have not seen each other for eighteen years; and it is obvious that they dislike each other. . . . Shortly after Boone arrives, Barnett telephones the police, has a talk with some official. The official promises to send an inspector over at once. . . .

Boone has a valet: one Harmon. Having preceded his master to the country house and made use of his ears and eyes, Harmon is worried. He does not know why Boone has decided to visit Rodney Barnett but he is aware that Boone is in peril. When he tries to warn Boone, Boone only laughs at him.

A beautiful swimming pool is one of the features of the establishment. Boone puts on his bathing suit, goes to the pool. At the far end someone—a girl—dives in. Boone enters the water, swims toward the girl. He meets her. She starts to smile. Then: "You!" she gasps. "Why! What are you doing here?"

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WILLIAM BOONE was startled and amazed, but the swift expressions of amazement and alarm and fear in the girl's face betrayed that she was more deeply shaken than he was, and that she was not at all delighted to find him again. He realized instantly that their meeting again was nothing but an amazing coincidence, and the next thing he realized was that this meeting frightened her much more than it pleased her, and that she did not believe it was a coincidence. Before he answered her, he wondered just what he had told her over their cocktails.

"I'm a house guest," he said.

"I don't believe it!" she cried.

"You think I followed you," he said. "Don't you? But I didn't."

She didn't believe him. She was treading water and looking at his eyes with eyes darkened with suspicion and distrust.

"Who invited you here?"

"Miss Barnett."

"Do you know Nancy Barnett?"

"Very well, indeed."

With decision, she swam away from him to the edge of the pool. He swam after her and pulled himself out and stood up just as she did. She looked up at him. Even with the unkind influences of suspicion and distrust at work in her face, she was fascinating.

"I'm going to find out," she told him. "By all means. Ask Nancy. Ask Rodney."

She started to turn away. "Wait a minute," Boone said. He reached down and broke off a zinnia. He inserted the stem under her bathing cap so that the flame-colored blossom was perched just above her left ear. He looked at her critically. "Perfect," he said.

She started to smile, then said with severity, "Who are you?"

"Just a man who fills an otherwise empty space at week-end parties."

"You didn't say that at the station."

"I know," he said, "but you're a lady, and a lady is one who does not take advantage when a gentleman leads with his chin."

She deliberated it, and said, "Perhaps you're a burglar."

"I will explain everything later. Is it a promise?"

"I'll have to think it over. Now please let me go."

"Not yet."

She tried to twist her elbows out of his hands. A man appeared through a hedge, a bulky man as tall as William Boone. He wore a blue serge suit and the heads of bullets were visible in the belt he wore. He said, "Is anything the matter, Miss Aberdeen?"

"No," she said.

"We were just trying a new dance step," William Boone explained. "It's called the Big Orange."

She walked rapidly away from him, up the path toward the terrace, pausing to pick up a bath cape. Reaching the gardens, she started to run. She ran up the path to the terrace and across the terrace to the side stairway.

In the upstairs hall she asked a chambermaid where Miss Barnett's room was, and a moment later she was knocking at Nancy Barnett's door.

A maid opened the door. Nancy Barnett was on a chaise longue with a magazine in her hand and a cocktail shaker at her side. She was a pretty blond girl of eighteen with cornflower blue eyes. When she saw Suzette she threw the magazine across the room, jumped up and cried: "Darling! You angel! At last!"

SHE ran across the room and threw her arms around Suzette. She cried breathlessly: "When did you come? What are you doing in that bathing suit? You're soaking wet! Marie, trot down and bring us a fresh cocktail shaker. I'm not plastered, darling. I'm not even tight. I'm not even high. I'm just worried stiff. I told them to send you up the instant you came. I simply had to disgorge the latest developments. How are you, darling? You look divine. Tell me everything."

Nancy Barnett had a large flexible mouth with thin lips which she handled attractively. She held Suzette's hands and grinned at her with the delight of an uninhibited child.

"First," Suzette said, panting a little,

"tell me who the madman is I just met in the pool."

"Madman? Have we a madman? How definitely divine!"

"He's a great hulking catlike thing with brown hair and blue eyes."

Nancy Barnett's eyes were very bright, very sensitive to changes in her mood.

"It sounds like Bill Boone. Is he like a lazy lion?"

"You mean William Boone? The muralist?"

"Yes. Did he do anything absolutely screwy?"

"Yes. He grabbed this zinnia and put it there."

NANCY began to laugh. "That's Bill Boone. He's going to do my portrait. Oh, he is completely nuts in a very charming way. You'll adore him. He's the most completely and demoralizingly attractive man there is."

Suzette said, "Are you in love with him?"

"Not exactly. A fringe of me is. You know, a tattered fringe. He didn't pay attention to another person on the ship. I never had such a whirl. Don't you think he's attractive?"

Suzette said, "Oh, very." She did not know why she was so shocked to learn that that incredible man was William Boone, the muralist.

Nancy said, "Well, he made some sketches of me and then one night he said he must do my portrait. And sometime I must tell you about the perfectly incredible incident of the captain's pajamas and the chief engineer's horned owl. Oh, Bill is swell. Have you seen any of his murals?"

Suzette shook her head.

"Well, he paints just the way you'd expect him to. On the ship he did one canvas of a deck hand who looked just like a koala. He was marvelous. I suppose his best work is that big mural he did in Parliament, and there's one in Rome that's supposed to be utterly heavenly. I think on the strength of it he's been commissioned to restore some of Michelangelo's murals in Rome—it's just about the highest honor a muralist could receive. Oh, Bill is really good." She paused. "But tell me, darling, tell me. Are you really going to marry Rodney tomorrow or is that just a brain wave he's having?"

Nancy's eyes were disconcerting, so blue, so bright. Suzette had the feeling that below them was always a little—at least a little—scorn, a tremendous sophistication for a girl of her years, and a certain hardness that was, unmistakably, the hardness of innocence. Yet when she smiled, when she talked as she had just been talking, all this went away. Her smile was quick and soft and when she smiled her eyes sparkled softly.

"Yes," Suzette said, "I'm marrying him."

"Well, I can't see why. You certainly aren't in love with him. He's nothing but a nasty old roué and there's just one

reason for your marrying him. And personally I don't believe you're the kind of person who'd marry for money. It must be something else."

Suzette said gravely, "Oh, I think he's awfully attractive."

"But this—oh, this is too, too degrading, Suzette. All his stenographers! Wait till you know him a little better."

Nancy's maid returned just then with a cocktail shaker on a tray with glasses. She placed the tray on a table and went out again. Nancy poured two cocktails and gave one to Suzette.

Nancy drank her cocktail at a gulp. "I've been drinking these things all afternoon and I'm not any tighter than

