



THE REAL WORLD'S CHAMPIONS

Now that Grover Cleveland Alexander has gone to join the colors, Red Faber expects the summons any day. And Billy Killefer is about to start for camp, there is small doubt that the real world's championship ball club could be picked from the men in uniform. Kauff and Robertson and Stengel, all mighty men at bat and field, are waiting for the call; Clarence Mitchell and Walter Reuther, the good left handers, have been summoned—when all these stars arrive in camp, the best ball club in the business will be in khaki or in navy blue, and ready to play its part, either in the taming of the enemy or in training the dashing Sammies and the gallant Jackies to matchless physical condition.

Several line-ups of martial teams Have been sketched during the last few months, but these clubs, while powerful in every way, lacked what might be called the finishing touches. Add Alexander, Killefer, and Faber to the list, and the real top-notch club of the whole world rises proud and defiant from the war-camps—a club that has everything and lacks nothing—a

(Continued on Page 319)



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(Continued from Page 315)

club which could step right into the game tomorrow, scalp the best that either of the Major Leagues could show, and, almost beyond question, whip the White Sox or the Giants over any length of schedule.

Look at 'em, gentlemen! Look at the men who have gone into the service of your Uncle Sam! Think over the records they have made, the deeds they have done in uniform, and then judge what ball club, in either Major League, could stand against their onset! Here is how they line up for the struggle:

Catchers—Killefer and Gowdy. That enough for you? Want any more? True, there are several other masking stars in uniform, Rico of the Braves, Haley of the Athletics, Jenkins and Von Kolnitz of the White Sox—but we'll take Killefer and Gowdy for a world's series battle. Can any big league team display a better pair?

Pitchers—Alexander, Rixey, Shore, Sherrod Smith, Faber, Pfeffer, Marquard—the Rube goes in the coming call. Those seven men should be sufficient, even without calling on Scott, Mitchell, Reuther, Seibold, Bader, Pennock, or Cadore. Every one of them—like the two catchers

—men tried and tested in world's series battles, every one of them a grim, sturdy top-notch star. Any big league club equal to that collection? Does any big league club want any of their game? If pitchers count for pennants, the flag of the world is won already!

First Base—Harris and Gainor are in uniform. Pipp and Burns await the call. Take either Gainor or Harris—could you find better hitters or better first base guardians?

Second Base—Jack Barry and Jack Miller, with little Peterkin Kilduff or Harold Janvrin in reserve. Want anything better than either of those Jacks to play the middle station?

Third Base—Take choice from Warner, Baird, Boeckel, Leonard, Evans, Bates, McNally! Perhaps, of this illustrious flock, young Baird might be most valuable in a special series—he can guard the sack effectively, and can probably out-hit the others.

Shortstop—We are fairly dazzled here by the claims of Rabbit Maranville, Chuck Ward, and Johnny Lavan. Give the place, on all-round style, to the agile Maranville.

Outfielders—Look at the line-up of star gardeners and husky hitters in the uniform! Or, we'll say, soon to be in uniform—that lets several champions in. How are you going to pick them among Kauff, Robertson, Stengel, Mann, Jack Smith, Duffy Lewis, Smyth, Rice, Menoskey, and at least half a dozen more? How, for all-round value, do you like Lewis, Kauff, Rice and Smith?

Sum them all up, and see what big league team could stand against them. Why, man alive—you can put into action a whole team of men who have battled for the championship of the world! Want to go against such a game as would be given you by Killefer and Gowdy, catchers, the seven pitchers already named, Gainor, Barry, McNally, on the bases, Maranville at short, Kauff, Robertson, and Lewis in the outfield? Every man in that list has fought for the championship of the world, and every man among them is in the best shape of his life today.

The team of Uncle Sam could not be whipped by any ball club now on either circuit—and why shouldn't such a club have the absolute, unquestioned right to play for the championship of the world? Let the winners of the National and American League settle their affairs a few days earlier than usual, and then let the winners meet the army-navy team. Can you imagine how such a set of games would draw? Or the fun and glory that would be harvested in such a string of battles? Or how the great American public would root and cheer for the boys that went to help the nation and the world in the dark hour of need?

Let's have a real World's Series!



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