

Shades Of 1934— Bring On Cards!

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So it's going to be the Tigers and the St. Louis Cardinals in the World Series. Shades of 1934. Back then the same two teams met for the first time as Detroit was coming out of a depression and staged one of the wildest World Series of all time. Now it appears history is about to repeat itself. After another long wait of 23 years and at a time when Detroit is recovering from the civil disorders and other economical trouble, fans are rallying for another battle between the Tigers and Cards.

BUT HERE the similarity ends — it is doubtful that two teams could wage so bitter and colorful a struggle as in the first time they met with the world series at stake. There never has been anything before — or since — to match the battles that produced —

- 1 — The Baseball Commissioner (Judge Landis) being forced to take a player from the game for his own safety.
- 2 — Ducky Medwick, a Cardinal outfielder, angrily leaving the game at the Judge's request after being made the victim of a fruit barrage in left field.
- 3 — A battle of flashing spikes between Medwick and Marv Owen, Tiger third baseman, that didn't stop until both were on the ground — wounded.
- 4 — The antics of the colorful Jerome Hanna (Dizzy) Dean, who vowed that "me and Paul" (his brother) would win the series and shouted it from the street corners.
- 5 — The dramatic moment of seeing Dizzy being hit on the head by a throw from Billy Rogell, now a Detroit Councilman, on an attempted double play, and being rushed by ambulance from the field to Ford Hospital.
- 6 — Dizzy's rapid recovery to pitch for the Cardinals to a 13 to 0 victory the next day to clinch the series.

Detroit was little short of being a baseball madhouse at World Series time—the first pennant for the Tigers in 25 years when the immortal Ty Cobb was in action.

OF COURSE, there was no sprawling suburbia in those days and the majority of fans were crowded into the area encompassed by Six Mile Road.

As the memories come tumbling through the years it is easy to live again the dramatic moment when the Cardinals arrived at the ball park on the day before the series opened — and actually won the title before play started.

It was mid-afternoon. The Tigers were engaging in their final practice and n d Manager Mickey Cochrane was driving them hard for the meeting with a ball club that was affectionately called, "The Gas House Gang."

Under the managership of Frankie Frisch, a disciple of the late Muggsy McGraw, of the New York Giants, and n d such fighters as Leo (Lippy) Durocher, Joe Medwick and the two Deans, Dizzy and Daffy, the St. Louis club had built a great reputation for playing a fighting game of ball. They asked for and gave no favors.

Well, this afternoon, as the Tigers neared the end of the drill a shout went up —

"THE CARDINALS are here!"

In a moment or two a wild cheer went up and a tall angular lad, wearing a white five-gallon hat, leaped the barrier and ran over to the home plate. He picked up a bat, stood at the plate, and n d hollered, "Throw me one."

With one good swing he drove the ball right out of the park—while the Tigers stood silent with mouths agape.

"See that?" the newcomer laughed as the members of the press gathered round him, "and don't forget I'm just Dizzy Dean the pitcher. You guys are going to be easy."

The Tigers never recovered from that opening shock.

But the biggest laughs concerned "Old Diz," himself, and, as he recalls them now, after all these years, he claims he had two of the worst insults of his life in the series with the Tigers.

The first came on the day he was hit on the head with Rogell's pitch and rushed to the hospital. It was late afternoon and Dean's condition was the talk of the town.

The late afternoon papers told of his injury in large bold, front page type. The morning paper, eager to have the very latest news, in the first evening edition, kept a wire to Ford Hospital. Finally, it came, just a few moments before edition time. The word that Dean had suffered no serious injury and that there was no skull fracture or concussion.

HOWEVER, THE CHAP who wrote the headlines for the paper, was not a sports follower, and when the paper hit the streets the black line across the front page read —

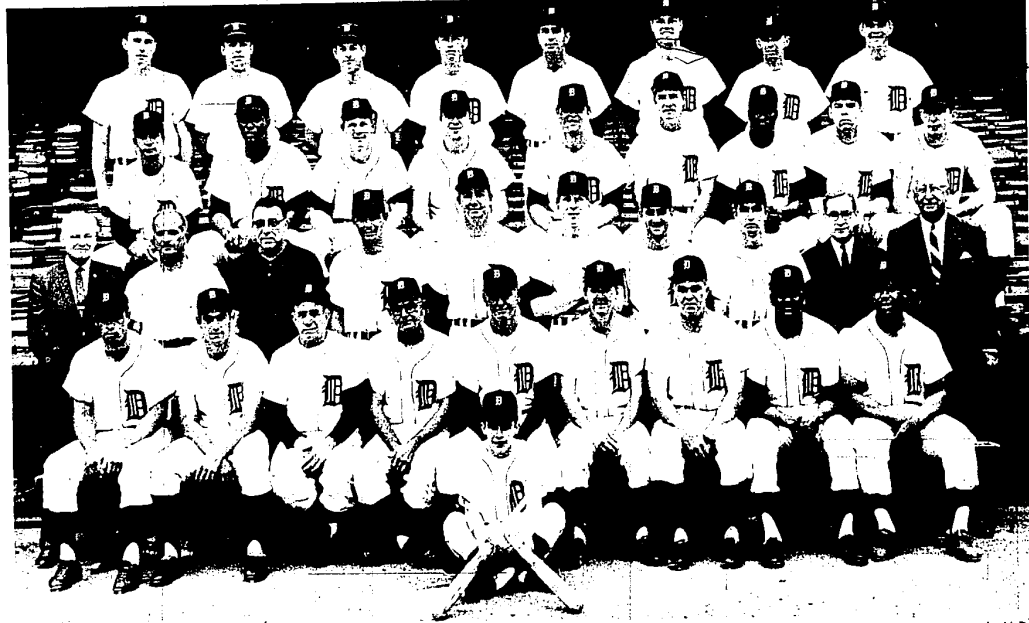
DEAN'S HEAD SHOWS NOTHING

"One of the worst insults I ever got in my life," Dizzy commented. But he was to get another before the series ended.

The next day Old Diz was named to pitch. It was the sixth game and the "Gas House Gang" was riding high.

From the first pitch they dominated the game and by the seventh inning they were leading, 13 to 0, with Dean in great form.

"IMAGINE HOW I FELT," Diz recalls, "when I went to the mound for the seventh inning. I looked around and Frankie (Frisch, the manager) has all our pitchers warning up. I imagine that Me with a 13 to 0 lead, and all the pitchers throwing in the bullpen and we ain't got a game until next April."



DETROIT'S CHAMPS — The pennant flag will fly above Tiger Stadium after an absence of 34 years as the Bengals clinched the championship with a suspenseful, come-from-behind, victory over the New York Yankees. All of a sudden, 25 ballplayers have become state heroes. Our new

heroes are: (from left) front row: Ed Mathews, Dick McAuliffe, Tony Cuccinello, Wally Moses, Mayo Smith, Hal Naragon, John Sain, Les Cain, Willie Horton. (foreground — bat boy Dennis Smith); second row: Dr. Russell M. Wright, Bill Behm, John Hand, Ray Oyley, Al Kaline, Tom Matchick, Don

Wert, Wayne Comer, Clarence Livingood, M.D., Charles C. Creedon; third row: Dennis Ribant, Earl Wilson, Jim Northrup, Jon Warden, Denny McLain, Norm Cash, Gates Brown, Pat Dobson, Daryl Patterson; back row: Fred Lasher, John Hiller, Mickey Lolich, Jim Price, Joe Sparna, Bill Freehan, Dick Tracewski, Mickey Stanley.

Al Kaline, The Old Pro, Got His Chance In The 9th

By W. W. EDGAR

Bubbles of champagne and beads of perspiration dripped from his chin as he stood off in a corner of the Tigers' dressing room during the victory celebration last Tuesday night. But Al Kaline didn't mind. He didn't care him a bit when his teammates doused his entire uniform with the sparkling stuff.

He was the happiest man in the room filled with almost delirious joy. He had just scored the winning run in the game with the New York Yankees and cemented the Tiger hopes for their first pennant in 23 years.

"I waited a long time for this," he said, "but it was worth it."

AL, WHO HAS never played with any other professional team (the Tigers signed him out of a Baltimore school) had won most of the honors available during his 15 years with the Bengals—but the thrill of playing in a world series eluded him.

The Tigers were close in 1941 and missed on the last day of the season just a year ago.

In the meantime Al became a victim of injuries and advancing years for an athlete and most of his time this season was spent in a utility role, alternating between right field, first base, and pinch hitting.

It is no secret that the Tigers had considered him good trading material in their quest for more pitching strength. But each time his name was mentioned, sentiment entered the picture, and the Tiger officials held off, feeling that Al was entitled to a shot at the world series—if they could possibly win.

"I waited a long time for this," he repeated in the din of the celebration, "and now I'm going to get my wish to play in the series."

HE DIDN'T start the game Tuesday night.

"I kept saying I could get in there I'd do something to win this game. I don't know what it would be—but it would be something."

"Finally I got the chance in that ninthinning. It wasn't much. I batted for Norm (Cash) and

drew a pass. But I scored the winning run."

"What a thrill!"

"It was the biggest thrill of my life."

Just then John Fetzer, millionaire owner of the Tigers walked in, wended his way over

to Al and grabbed him, soggy uniform and all.

"Al, you old pro," he said, "You did it. You started the rally and now, after all these years, we're pennant winners."

No wonder Al was the happiest man in the room.



WHAT NOW? That's the problem before outfielder-infielder Al Kaline, longtime star of the Tigers who sat out most of the season with injuries. Al appears to be pondering about his role in the World Series in this shot taken in the Tiger dugout by Observer Photographer Vince Witek.

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