



Bob Feller is in his first full season since '41. The Indians' most famous Navy man is generally rated the ace of all pitchers — and will undoubtedly add to his list of honors.

FELLER JOINS TWO OTHERS WITH 300 WHIFFS IN YEAR

When Bob Feller struck out his 301st batter of the season in the second game with the Browns, September 8, the Cleveland hurler became the third modern hurler to register more than 300 whiffs in one year. The others were Rube Waddell and Walter Johnson, both of whom accomplished the feat twice.

Following is a list of the only seasons in modern times in which more than 300 strikeouts have been registered, along with the won and lost record of the pitchers:

| Year | Name | In'ngs | SO. | W. | L. |
|-------|---------|--------|-----|----|----|
| 1903 | Waddell | 338 | 301 | 21 | 16 |
| 1904 | Waddell | 377 | 343 | 25 | 19 |
| 1910 | Johnson | 374 | 313 | 25 | 17 |
| 1912 | Johnson | 368 | 303 | 32 | 12 |
| 1946* | Feller | 322 | 308 | 24 | 12 |

*Total through September 12.

42-YEAR RECORD TUMBLES AS FELLER WHIFFS FIVE TIGERS

In winning against the Detroit Tigers September 29, Bob Feller of the Cleveland Indians eclipsed the all-time Major league record for strikeouts in a single season. Whiffing five of the Tiger batmen, Feller boosted his total to 348 strikeouts. In 1904 Rube Waddell fanned 343 batters for a record that stood for 42 years.



DID YOU KNOW . . .

. . . that the longest game ever played among major league baseball teams occurred on May 1, 1920, between the Boston Braves and the Brooklyn Dodgers, when they went to 26 innings? The game was called off, with the score a tie at 1-1.

. . . that Bob Feller has sent fast ones up to the plate at an estimated speed of 120 miles per hour?

THAT BASEBALL FELLER, BOB FELLER

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of the greatest. But Bob's father, Bill, had faith in him from the start. While Bob was still in swaddling clothes, his dad would roll a soft ball across the floor to him and get a great kick out of it when the little lad returned it with the right arm that was some day to make him famous.

About the same time his parents enrolled him in Public School, his dad decided it was also time for him to get a good foundation in baseball. He realized it had done him a lot of good as a young lad in building a firm body and mind, and knew that this good old American sport could not help but accomplish the same thing for his son. He bought Bob a ball and glove and took him back of the woodshed to teach him the art of pitching. This training, and his consequent interest in baseball, Bob realized in later years, kept him out of plenty of mischief, and probably spared him many a session inside the woodshed with his dad and the hairbrush. Day after day, week after week, year after year, you could find Bob learning how to wind up, throw, return, and everything his dad could teach him about baseball.

Sometimes it would be in between the time crops needed harvesting, and sometimes it would be while the crops were waiting to be harvested. Dad caught every ball that Bob pitched and could tell just how well Bob was progressing. Bob's dad always emphasized the necessity for a pitcher to have "control" but Bob, like all youngsters, liked to send over a "hot one" even if it was a little wild. Bob got his lesson, however, one day. A wild pitch bounced off the side of the woodshed and broke the window in the room where Bob slept. It was two days before the glazier could get around to fixing the window. Each night Bob could see and feel that control was very important.

Bob's dad had always wanted to be a baseball player but never made the grade. Bill Feller (Bob's dad) was lucky as Bob liked to pitch and furthermore he was learning control, had a fast ball and was getting the height and weight that all good pitchers need. When Bob was nine years old he could throw a ball almost 300 feet. Like all kids, what he liked best was to get up there and smack the ball. So in high school he played about every position there was to play. Because of his early training, Bob was way ahead of his schoolmates when it came to baseball. In fact he was playing on the town team when he was 15.

It was in Bob Feller's fifteenth year that Bill

Feller saw that all the years of his teaching was finally bringing results. An old time major league ball player was at one of the home town games that Bob Feller pitched and he sent a wire to Cleveland telling them what a great baseball find was in Van Meter for the grabbing. Cleveland sent a scout to look over the situation and when the scout sent in his report, Cleveland signed Bob Feller. Cleveland sent Bob Feller to Fargo in the Northern League and then to New Orleans in the Southern League, both Cleveland farm teams. New Orleans put Feller on the retired list so that he could keep on with his schooling until brought to play for Cleveland.

The other big league teams started to hear about Bob Feller and when they found out that he was signed out to a New Orleans contract, took up the matter with the baseball commission. Feller was ruled a free agent and could sign with any team he picked out. He could have received a big bonus from any team he signed with, but decided to stick with Cleveland, the team that had given him his first chance. Soon the baseball world started hearing about a new recruit with the Cleveland Indians — Seventeen-year-old Bob Feller came out of the Iowa corn country and started rocketing to fame as the greatest taker of scalps the Indians had ever had.

Bill Feller was in his glory. What is greater than to see your dreams and ambitions come to life in your son? By the time Bob was 18, Bill Feller had seen Bob strike out 76 batters in 62 innings and fan 18 Detroit batters in a single game to create a new league record. In '40 he saw Bob pitch an opening day game against the Chicago White Sox. A no hitter. The game every pitcher dreams about but very few ever get. Bob's father died in Jan. '43, but not before he knew that all the hours, days and years he had spent teaching Bob had resulted in him giving to the baseball world one of the greatest pitchers of all time—if not the greatest.

By the end of the 1941 season Bob was firmly established. He had won 107 games. He had struck out 1,233 would-be batters, had a no-hitter to his credit. Then came the war; Pearl Harbor. Bob Feller, along with millions of young Americans, enlisted. They made him a chief specialist and an athletic instructor. Bob, not satisfied, put in for gunnery school and after finishing his course, went aboard the U.S.S. Ala-

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