

OPENING DAY AT PETE'S PARK

By Jim Robson

'Twas a glorious day, how the band did play,
And the sun shone down so bright.
Though the paint was wet, everything was set,
A really wonderful sight.
A few fans roared, when Hammond had scored
In inning number one.
This was only a few, as most of them knew,
The fun had just begun.
That Cliffy was fast, how I hoped it would last,
And Merv wasn't doin' so bad.
Our Pete was all smiles, the fans stood in aisles,
As each team gave all they had.
One man was on base, in this tight scoring race
When a youngster stepped up to the plate.
It made your spine tingle to see that boy single,
There's a kid that surely does rate.
A towering fly ball went back to the wall
And then some, as over she sailed.
Oh, My! What a roar, as he came in to score,
The fans just hollered and wailed.
That gave Chuck a lead as in came Reid,
Though Minty was doing so well.
Things went just fine, till round number nine,
And then the roof she fell;
A hit plus a walk, then the crowd did talk,
As up came a rookie named Clent.
The bases were full, o'er the park was a lull,
Then into right field it went.
The score was even, as fans stopped leavin'
Oh, who would win the game?
The innings went by. Would it end in a tie?
As Cliffy kept peggin' the same.
Yes, it came to a stop, with Hammond on top,
In Haney they almost cried.
Our Cliffy had won, his best he had done,
He was "Mill-town's" glory and pride.
But the tops of them all, is a guy with a drawl,
He's Pete! That guy with a grin.
HANEY, listen to me, I've just got one plea:
Be champions just for him.

May 14, 1950. This poem was written by a young Jim Robson who would grow into one of Canada's top sports reporters and commentators. He has captured with amazing skill the atmosphere and spirit of the first league baseball game held a week prior in Pete Telosky's new Haney Baseball Stadium.