

ISCHUA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

O.K. BASEBALL NINE by Ed Tippin

On Saturday, the 10th of June, with weather bright and fine,
The O.K. bunch lined up against St. Bonaventure's nine.
A scrappy bunch of players from the learn-plant down the line,
But they all look good when far away to the O.K. Baseball nine

There is one player on their team should be put on the shelf.
For dirty tricks at base ball he's in a class by himself,
For twice he blocked McPherson while Don threw from the plate.
The fans here all love base ball, but his crooked playing hate.

T'was whispered they rung in players in base ball who have won fame,
And score cards in the different leagues have already graced their name,
If that's the case we'll all admit that O. K.s are going some,
Remove your hat for Snyder. Did you notice his home run?

The O.K. bunch are going good, they'll sure win local fame
For the goods they are delivering to the patrons of the game.
Of course we'll meet with fumbles as we journey down life's line,
And that includes the players on the O.K. base ball nine

The ladies, heaven bless them, they're Johnny on the spot,
They seem to understand the game that's regular, sure, why not?
There's one thing I will mention and I'm sure you'll all agree,
We're glad they leave their hats at home so the diamond all can see.

And watch Riggs bend them o'er the plate in to McPherson's mitt,
And watch Don slam them to second when that base they try to nip.
Then watch the Cutlers' line them out and nail them while they fall,
And put on a smile that won't come off when the umpire yells, "Play Ball."☒

The O. K.s work day in, day out, and practice only when
Their daily toil is over, and the day is at its end.
Though players not all natives' sons, in fast company some could shine,
You'll see a lot worse playing by the Eastern League ball nines.

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There's Polly on the red light bag, Crate Cooley guards the first,
There's Currie, our punch (sic) hitter, for Don's line throws he lurks,
Spud Kelly plays at short stop, I've done it in my time,
He's always got a bet upon the O.K. base ball nine.

In deep center you'll find Snyder, in right garden, Ed McGill,
In left the fiedler's (sic) anchored, they're managed by velvet Bill.
He's surely got a winning bunch, he drills them his spare time,
It's hard to find a weak spot on the O.K. baseball nine.

Ye loyal fans and ladies, get out and root each time
You hear there's some bunch here to play the O.K. base ball nine.
Let's root for them and please don't knock although some felt quite sore
When the O.K.s piled up five nice runs to St. Bonaventure's four.

Now I'll chop out this lingo and Spike and I will go
Down to the Gem or Greenland and there a nickle blow.
When you hear our bunch is going to play, quit labor, get in line,
Go down and root like blazes for the O.K. baseball nine.

It is believed the poem was written and published in the newspaper sometime in the late 1920s or early 1930s when baseball was truly the All-American sport. The team was known as the Ontario Knife Baseball Team. It has been suggested that the term "fiedler" was meant to be "fielder" and the term "punch" is really "pinch" as in pinch hitter.

The "Gem" was a theater and movie house on Elm Street. "Dreamland" was another name for a tavern, pool room or cinema.