

## A Fan's Diary

by Grantland Rice

*(March Fifteenth.)*

We have the greatest team this year beneath the shining sun.  
I've studied up the dope on them, yes, every blooming one.  
Our fielders are spectacular; and you will throw a fit  
When you discover how this bunch can play the game and hit.

Our manager, Mike Johnson, is the only one best bet;  
He knows exactly what to do, and what new men to get.  
They say he is a wonder at developing a team;  
And on the side he always has some pennant-winning scheme.

Jack Smith's a star at second base, while Jones is great at third;  
Young Riley is a Matthewson, and Jackson is a bird;  
You'll never find a better pair upon the firing line—  
The very ones to give this town a pennant-winning nine.

There's no more use in talking, we have got the old flag cinched;  
I can see that banner waving, with the pennant good as pinched.  
Right from the start it looks to me a runaway this year;  
I hope we don't break up the race (this is my only fear).

*(April Fifteenth.)*

Hurrah! The season's started—the opening game's to-day!  
The fans are swarming to the park to see our heroes play;  
The whole darn town is turning out, to get in on the fun  
And cheer the team that has the flag already good as won.

They have a silver loving cup for Johnson, and a cane  
For every other player—O, they're raving, wild, insane!  
They're cheering like Comanches, all impatient for the fray,  
To see our team jump in and take the lead on opening day.

*(May Fifteenth.)*

Cheer up, the race ain't over yet, although our prospect's frayed.  
What matter if the team has dropped the first twelve games they've played?  
It makes no difference, rooters, that we're on the bottom rung;  
Remember, fans, before you knock, the season's very young.

*(June Fifteenth.)*

Say, Johnson, fire that Riley; he's a lemon through and through.  
Who told you Smith could play the game? And Jones is rotten too.  
Can that big dub Jackson NOW, and throw him off the nine;  
The infield you have signed for us is something of a shine.

*(July First.)*

I've seen some awful yellow teams in my day, I'll admit;  
But say, this bunch can't catch a cold; they neither field nor hit.  
Say, this is on the level: I could not believe my eyes  
The day I saw that outfield squad drop fourteen easy flies.

When a shortstop makes twelve errors in one game, he's getting stale;  
The time has come to ride him out of town upon a rail;  
And when a pitcher passes up a dozen men per game,  
I wouldn't like to say it, but I KNOW his proper name.

*(July Fifteenth.)*

Say, fire that Johnson right away, you guys that own the club;  
He's nothing but a wooden-headed, drunken, brainless dub.  
He's a holy show as manager, as I said from the first;  
You've got to hand it to him as the one and only worst.

*(October First.)*

Hurrah! the season's over, and I'm glad the race is past.  
I know we finished in the rut this year, a hopeless last.  
We didn't do a blooming thing but hit the chutes and slump;  
But NEXT year keep your eye on us—we'll be there from the jump.

Source:

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124 – 127. Electronic.