

base, ready to grab a sizzling drive should it come their way. The first baseman held Wade close to the initial sack.

An expectant hush fell on the 47,053 spectators as D'Alesandro looked in for the sign. He shook off one sign, then another and a third. Then Weaver, the catcher, strode out to meet his exasperated hurler.

"Listen," he said, "You shook off the sign for a fast ball, a curve, and a change-up. What would you like to try now how about rolling it in perhaps?" he added tauntingly. They were both under a severe strain.

"Nothin', I don't want to throw nothin'," The swarthy Italian murmured. "Let's call it a day and go home." After a brief huddle, Weaver returned to his position and D'Alesandro prepared to face Savage again.

Savage made sure the runners were on their toes, ready to put his surprise move into execution. With the next pitch, Wade took off towards second base and Coleman charged for the plate. The pitch was a bit high, but Savage spun around to face the mound and dropped a perfect bunt down the third base line. Bunting with two strikes on him! Savage scampered to first as fast as his aching legs would take him, as the third baseman and the pitcher were caught napping. Coleman scored and there was no play on either Wade or Savage. The next batter was retired easily on a slow roller back to the mound, but the damage was already done.

In the ninth inning, the cunning reliever, Chico Pieretti, retired the Chicago side in order and the Blue-Jays were champions of the National League. Pandemonium broke loose as the final put-out was made, and the fans swarmed onto the field to mob Savage, the old warrior, as he trudged off the field for the last time.

— "SIX" '57

GUESS WHO ? ?

I come from the wide open spaces;
I come with a sleeve full of aces;
When playing at hearts
Against you upstarts,
That's when I use my social graces.

—*—

On the field, well, pretty nimble;
Off the field, twixt tube and symbol;
Comments on philosophy
'Specially theses he can't see;

Comment further, less discrete:
 "Nothin' here is fit to eat."
 From the first rhyme take your clue,
 Once you've hit it, boy we're through.

—*—

Look under your pillow at bed-time,
 Behind the dresser at dawn.
 If he isn't in sight then by that time,
 Come cry on my shoulder, what's wrong?

—*—

In math. he was never too wary,
 In logic he's better, by Harry.
 Now this is his sum:
 "If you add one and one,
 You will get one and one more to carry."

—*—

Just give him some time
 And despite muddy clime
 He'll fan an old flame till it burns.
 With intense heat and light
 Add a kiss and "Goodnight"
 Then it's back to the Island he turns.

—*—

I don't polish brass
 I carry no cash
 I do not a thing for Her Nibs,
 I just stand in line
 To get what is mine
 For learning the rot about jibs.
 I sure get a boot
 Out of watching them shoot
 Their faces off out my way;
 Now wouldn't it be
 A surprise, yessiree
 If they asked me what I had to say.
 In short I'm fed up
 With the grog and the sup
 When I sleep there's two feet in my face;
 I used to just pine
 For the fresh air and brine
 But now I'm just sick of the place.
 So one of these days
 When Her Nibs up and pays
 I'll drag my old bones off this scow;
 If it weren't for the fun

Of the work in the sun
By gingo I'd do it right now.

—*—

It just gets my goat
I get dry in the throat
When I take my wit down from the shelf,
And pen you a line
Which you say looks just fine
Just to have you add, "Do that yourself?"

—*—

"Well shiver my timbers"
Then he did;
The voice hardly stirs
When heeded.

WHERE'S SPRING?

If the roses on this Isle
Were suddenly to bloom;
If the sunshine of your smile
Were here to fill my room;
If the cold winds would stop blowing
And the rain would cease to fall;
Then the gloom around me growing
Wouldn't bother me at all.

CHOYA

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Perhaps you have, on occasion, been addressed in somewhat the following fashion: "Isn't that a beautiful piece of music?" An estatic force, indicative of a mind shrouded in the vapours of C sharps and B flats, clouded quickly like a freak summer storm, if you expressed a contrary opinion. My sympathies are with you, friend, because such an approach may succeed in shutting the door forever to the mysteries of music.

"Slow and sure wins the race," is a sound maxim in music circles.

To the music neophyte, a light, but satisfying menu, perhaps a composition such as the "Warsaw Concerto" as the main course, and a little Strauss as an entree would make a good start.

Undoubtedly there are semi-clasiscal selections which you know and enjoy already; these provide us with a common ground on