

## KMOX – 1120 on your AM Dial

7 P.M. July 1950

Jeral Williams

*In 1950 the only major league baseball teams west of the Mississippi River were in St. Louis.*

I rode the Doodle Bug alone.  
That night, my skinny legs  
dangled over a weary Army surplus cot.  
Grandad flipped open a Prince Albert tin,  
deftly tapped tobacco into delicate white paper  
curved between the thumb and forefinger  
of his bronzed, thin, calloused left hand  
He gave a lick, a press, and two twists,  
struck a wooden match across his boot,  
sat back in his rocker and blew perfect rings  
He opened his newspaper  
as the vintage Magnavox crackled to life.  
The Cardinals verses the Cubs.

In the 3rd inning, Enos “Country” Slaughter tripled two runs home,  
the Cardinals took the lead.  
In the 6th inning he got out his worn pipe  
tapped tobacco into the stained bowl  
struck a wooden match across his boot,  
sat back, closed his eyes and mused.

I closed my eyes,  
hit a home run,  
pitched a no-hitter  
and Susie Hanlon gave me a Valentine.

I woke to the aroma of homemade biscuits,  
the sizzle of crisp, thick bacon  
and a hug, in grandma’s ample bosom.

He poured hot black coffee in his saucer to cool,  
then sipped from the saucer.  
Silent until I asked “Who won?”  
“Cardinals 4 to 3, Stan “the Man” Musial” homered in the bottom of the 7th  
Harry “the Cat” Brecheen pitched a complete game.”  
He finished his coffee, put on his hat and went to “The Wildcat” to play dominoes.

West of Old Man River that day  
more smiles were seen,  
more hope was felt,  
the Cardinals beat the Cubs.

---

**Jeral Williams** is a retired sports psychologist and late-in-life poet. In addition to individual poems, his first poetry collection, *Sunset Without Dawn*, was published by Negative Capability Press in 2022.