
 * "THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE SPRING TIME WHEN
 * THE BASEBALL SKIES ARE BLUE

By Larry Ho.

O the early spring is lovely with the music of the bird,
 And the frost-bound heart by balmy breezes soothingly is stirred—
 The flowers begin to blossom and the bees begin to hum,
 And the gold hills in the distance cry to weary mortals "come."
 O spring is very lovely, for the beauty that we see,
 But there's another reason why it thrills with joy and glee:—
 You see it is the season when the pennant race is won
 By every blooming baseball team beneath the laughing sun.



Just before the season opens,
 That's the lovely time of year;
 All the future wears a halo,
 Every heart is filled with cheer;
 All the sluggers hit three hundred
 Pitchers never give a base—
 Every team can cop the bunting
 In the good old pennant race!

O the early spring is lovely—as around the baseball camp
 The players gather nightly—not a man has a "bum lamp."
 All the bushers look like bruisers—and they say they're "in the pink"
 And every manager is sure he's found the missing link.
 He imagines that in August they'll be stealing second base
 At the same time-breaking frenzy that they run to feed their face
 He wires back to the mayor, "O, at last I sight the goal—
 Have all the boys turn out and build a bran new pennant-pole."

Just before the season opens
 That's the time the dream is
 bright,
 That's the time the siren cons us,
 Dancing in a hazy light.
 Every catcher pegs to second
 With an aim that sure and true,
 O, there's no time like the spring-
 time,
 When the baseball skies are
 blue.



We well know that summer languors soon will pall the stalwart hope