

Boy, Do I Remember Baseball!

By John Krom

In 1952 when I was a Junior at LaCrosse High School, baseball was my favorite sport, and Bob (Mac) McFarland was one great coach. We were playing the team from St. John one fine spring day. It was my turn to bat and I managed to get a good hit . . . a triple! As I rounded third base the throw coming from the outfield went past the catcher so I ran as fast as I possibly could, heading for home plate and a score. As I crossed the bag I heard someone holler, "Watch the ball!" The catcher picked up the ball and threw it in my direction to ward off the home run. It struck me smack-dab in the middle of my face, completely smashing my nose. I don't know how long I was unconscious. The first thing I saw when I finally opened my swollen eyes was Mac, cradling me in his arms with tears streaming down his face. He was afraid the hard blow to my head might be fatal. The part that is the most painful to me was they failed to county my run!

The guys later awarded me with the game ball that my team mates had all signed. I still have that ball.

~ From *Writ in Remembrance: 100 Years of LaCrosse Area History* by Don Dorman, Ruth Dorman, and Dorothy Smith ~