

# **ROMP Baseball Art/Poetry Card Contest**

## **Winners:**

**Best Combination of Art & Poetry**  
**Ages 3-10 Category**

**Gordon Bryan: "Pepper Martin"**  
**Glenpool OK**

**Most Poetic**  
**Adult Category**

**Alea Gonzalez: "Frank N. Stein"**  
**Cameron OK**

**Most Artistic**  
**Adult Category**

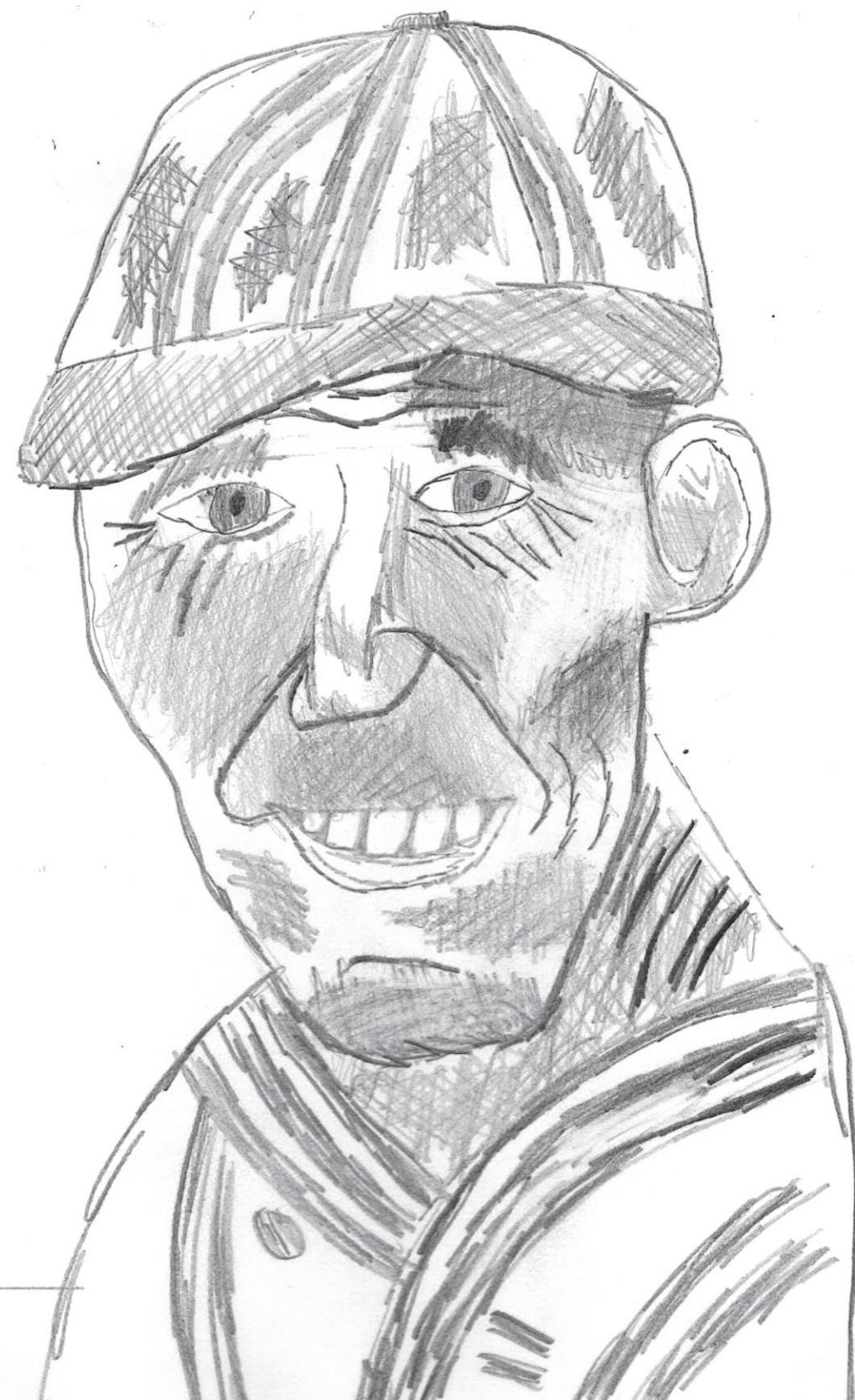
**Tina Baker: "A Poet's Dream"**  
**Ninnekah OK**

**Best Combination of Art & Poetry**  
**Adult Category**

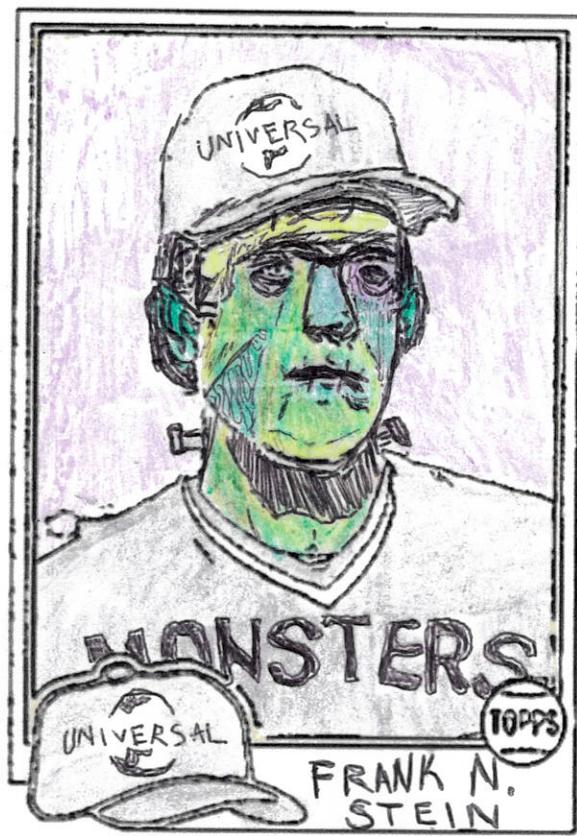
**Kathryn Sadakierski: "Batter Up"**  
**Westfield MA**

# PEPPER

Martin



You can't run for home like Pepper Martin,  
He's the fastest Card around,  
Diving for home - face first,  
like no other player around.  
Wild Horse of The Osage,  
always fighting to win,  
He can run for home like none other.  
That is Johnny Leonard Roosevelt Martin!



Frank N. Stein

He clammers to the plate, his gait rather jagged,  
The players exchange glances, but the pitcher starts laughing,  
"You're kidding," he scoffs, "This 8-foot dud?  
"Easy out, boys, let's have some fun!"

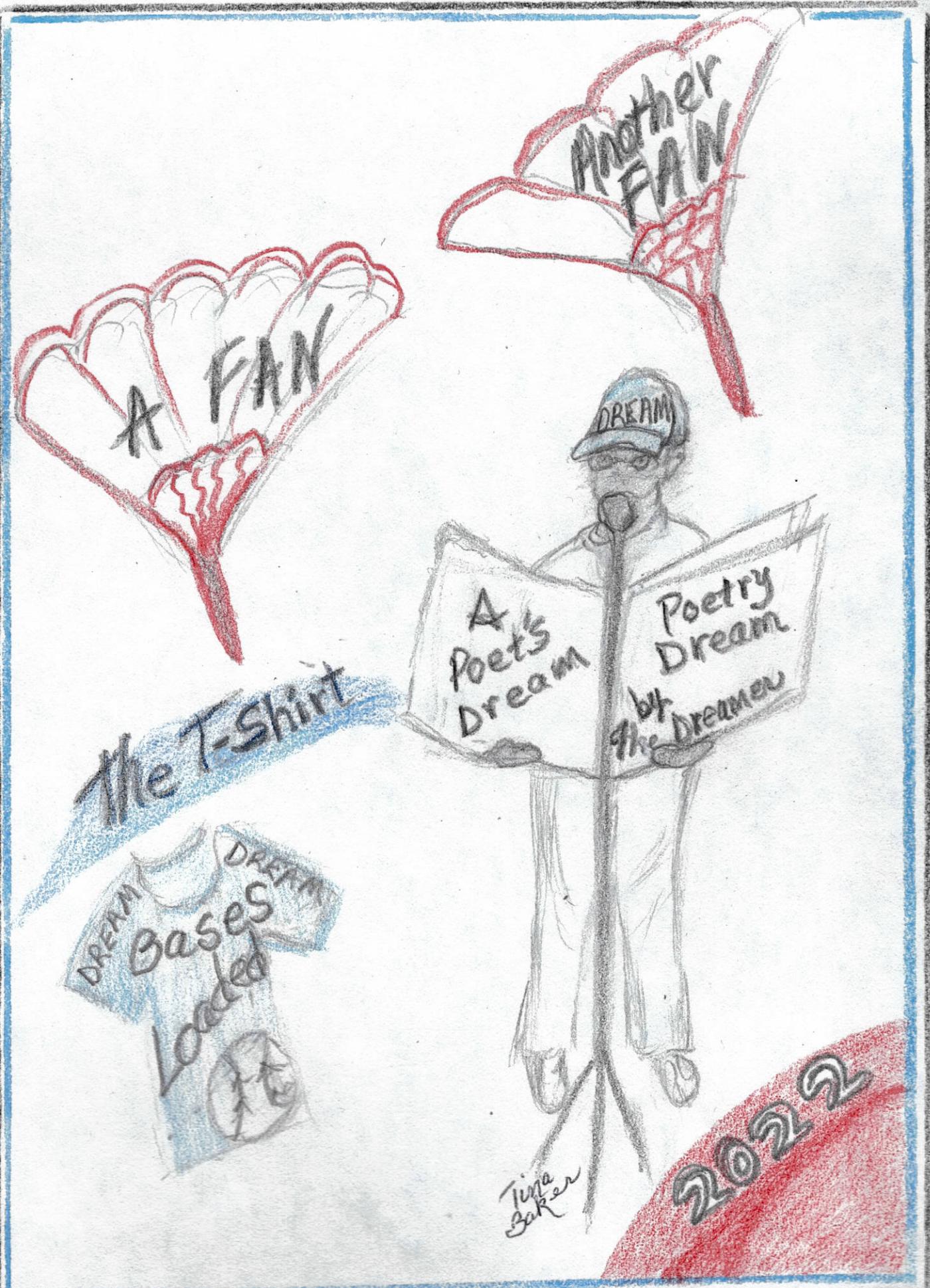
He can't bend his knees, so he stands stick-straight,  
He pulls back his bat and he shifts all his weight,  
The pitcher winds up, he sends the ball flying,  
The crowd holds its breath, praying he's trying.

"Strike one!" the umpire calls from behind,  
The pitcher laughs, "Looks like the batter is blind!"  
Frank grunts and readjusts, he's determined to win,  
The pitcher doesn't falter, and he sends the ball again.

"Strike two!", this time Frank swings too slow,  
The crowd boos him on every row.  
"One more!" calls the pitcher, "Last chance, Monster!"  
Frank only smiles, "I will hit it, I conster."

He winds up the ball and sends a fast pitch,  
Ready to send Frank in the ditch,  
But the batter swings strong, he cracks it over the gate,  
He stumbles his way through the bases to the plate.

His team cheers, they applaud and they shout,  
because that is what baseball is all about.



## Baseball- A Poetic Dream

You're in the lineup because  
you just signed up at the front table.

Your poetic name is called. There is applause  
as stats are announced:

Chapbook titles, most current journals  
number of published works.

You get 3 poems or up to 5 minutes  
Behind the "Mic"      You Strike Out      —Next Poet

The crowd, stretched to 2,500, gives  
total attention; aside from popcorn, peanuts, and pickles.

Every fan has a fan, cap, and t-shirt  
for a favored poetic chapbook title.

Next poet gets to first base and runs to second  
when third poet bunts but gets to first.

Last, is the featured poet  
who is always expected  
to hit that home run---

Cheers! and cheers! and cheers!  
from this large crowd.

A fan for each fan and each poet,  
could make for a cool moment

because for poetry to be like Baseball  
is a Poet's Dream.

*Tina Baker*

# Batter ~ Up ! ~

## Materials

- oven mitt
- baseball mitt
- measuring cups
- measuring spoons
- rolling pin
- recipe for success

## Recipe card

- 1 cup chocolate chips
- 1/4+sp salt
- 1 +sp baking soda
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 +sp vanilla
- 1 cup butter
- 3 cups flour
- 2+sp water
- 1 home run

BETTY CRACKER

Kathryn Sadakierski

Batter Up!

Her name may be Betty Crocker,  
But you can bet on it:  
She's no crock  
Watch this baseball game:  
You're in for a treat.  
Never having to worry  
How she'll measure up,  
Betty's recipe for success  
Ensures she'll never strike out.  
When it comes to her culinary masterpieces,  
Betty knocks it out of the park every time,  
Always hitting her mark,  
She has the game pinned down to a tee  
(Though this may not be golf,  
Betty's the best all-around athlete, believe me).

Betty can whip any cookie mix into shape,  
She can serve up a fierce frosted cake,  
From vanilla, to chocolate, strawberry  
(Though not Darryl, you know what I mean),  
It's quite a range,  
Whether dinner or home plate,  
There's no confection too great,  
There's no baked good  
That Betty can't make.  
From stirring even the lumpiest batter,  
Betty's developed a strong batting arm,  
So that when he walks up to the mound,  
The pitcher knows he's defeated already,  
Because Betty's prepared for every curveball  
(You know how many kitchen mishaps she's fixed?  
Who else would've thought of how  
To repurpose charred brownies  
Into a new dish, and at that, make it delish?),  
And forget throwing a fastball;  
No matter what, she won't miss.

It's no shock that Betty would give  
Charlie Hustle a run for his money  
(Cooking 5-minute meals has given her speed),  
Leaving catchers scrambling after  
Moonshots that Ohtani would envy.  
Well, looks like yet another homerun,  
Timer dinging, a fresh victory served up  
For none other than Betty.