

You may sing your song of the good old days till the phantom  
cows come home;  
You may dig up glorious deeds of yore from many a dusty tome;  
You may rise to tell of Rube Waddell and the way he bussed  
them through,  
And top it all with the great fast ball that Rusie's rooters knew.  
You may rant of Brouthers, Keefe, and Ward and half a dozen  
more;  
You may quote by rote from the record book in a way that I  
deplore;  
You may rave, I say, till the break of day, but the truth remains  
the truth:  
From "One Ole Cat" to the last "At Bat," was there ever a guy  
like Ruth?

He can start and go, he can catch and throw, he can field with  
the very best.  
He's the Prince of Ash and the King of Crash, and that's not an  
idle jest.  
He can hit that ball o'er the garden wall, high up and far away,  
Beyond the uttermost picket lines where the fleet-foot fielders  
stray.  
He's the Bogey Man of the pitching clan and he clubs 'em soon  
and late;  
He has manned his guns and hit home runs from here to the  
Golden Gate;  
With vim and verve he has walloped the curve from Texas to  
Duluth,  
Which is no small task, and I beg to ask: Was there ever a guy  
like Ruth?

You may rise and sing till the rafters ring that sad and sorrowful  
strain:  
"They strive and fail—it's the old, old tale; they never come back  
again."  
Yes, it's in the dope, when they hit the slope they're off for the  
shadowed vale,  
But the great, big Bam with the circuit slam came back on the  
uphill trail;  
Came back with cheers from the drifted years where the best of  
them go down;

Came back once more with a record score to wear a brighter  
crown.  
My voice may be loud above the crowd and my words just a bit  
uncouth,  
But I'll stand and shout till the last man's out: There was never a  
guy like Ruth!

Supposedly "over the hill," slipping down the steps of Time  
stumbling toward the discard, six years past his peak, Babe Ruth  
stepped out and hung up a new record at which all the sports  
world may stand and wonder. What Big Bill Tilden couldn't do  
on the tennis court, Babe Ruth has done on the diamond. What  
Dempsey couldn't do with his fists, Ruth has done with his bat.  
He came back.

Put it in the book in letters of gold. It will be a long time  
before any one betters that home-run mark, and a still longer  
time before any aging athlete makes such a gallant and glorious  
charge over the comeback trail.

John Kieran, *The New York Times*