

Sad day in Tiger Town

I just read that [Ernie Harwell](#) passed away. This was expected, since he had an inoperable form of cancer.

I grew up listening to Mr. Harwell on the radio. As a Tiger fan, he was the voice of the Tigers. I would have the game on TV, but the sound would be off and I would listen to the guy on the radio. His strong voice would carry Tiger games over the airwaves of WJR from Detroit.

Of course things change with the Tigers as I grew older, but for the most part the voice was constant. Until one year he was no longer there. He had been let go!! Outrage by Tiger fans eventually brought him back to the booth until he retired. Oh the many good memories he provides me. That old transistor radio hidden under my pillow, just what was needed for those West Coast Series. That same radio hidden at School to listen to day games in the fall or spring. Driving in the evening tormenting my wife and oldest daughter because I had to listen to the game. I grew out of that (mostly) when Ernie left. He was the voice for me.

[He retired many years ago, but would visit the booth from time to time. Often in spring training to recite the following:](#)

*For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.*

I never knew what that had to do with baseball, but it was a springtime tradition for Tiger fans.

Sad day in Tiger Town, and in the world of Baseball.