

Like Father, Like Son

My father bought me my first Strat-O-Matic game set in 1966 for Christmas. It was the 1965 player set. We sat down for our first game as father son and worked our way through the cards, setting lineups and beginning the game. It was the longest I remember sitting down with my dad in one sitting, as he worked on the railroad and was barely ever home.

The game was between the Giants and Tigers, with my hometown Tigers being managed by me, a mere 10-year-old. My dad and I were talking baseball and playing the game, learning the fielding chart and strategizing. Greatest day ever. Bottom of the ninth and the Giants were winning 2-1. A base hit by Al Kaline was immediately followed by a two run home run by Willie Horton. I celebrated like a typical 10-year-old and my dad just stood, smiled and walked away.

23 years later, I introduced my 10-year-old son to Strat-O-Matic. Red Sox against the Tigers using the 1987 cards. Same scenario as my game with my dad, except after tens of thousands of games, I was able to show how to use the charts and strategies the game provided. Bottom of the 9th and I had a 5-2 lead. Next thing I knew, the bases were loaded and Kirk Gibson stepped to the plate. My son shook the dice, looked at the dice, looked at Gibson's card, looked at the dice again, the card again and then jumped up and screamed home run, home run, I win. It was a great moment and one we still talk about. His son just turned 6 and we're already plotting the third generation's entrance in this father son tradition.

John McLeod
Marysville, MI