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Woo-Woo at HoHoKam

Written By: Harry Gribnitz

Just a few days ago, I was sitting in the stands watching the "Cubbies" take the field for a spring training game in beautiful HoHoKam Park in Mesa, Arizona. The stands were filled with the forever-faithful Cub fans. Even though this marked the 93rd year of our re-building program, we new this would be "the" year. Spring training is the perfect medicine to take your mind off the office or whatever else is adding stress to your life. For the next few hours, the biggest decision I had to make was "I am ready for another cold one?"

I have heard Cub fans described as being part of a fanatical cult. I think it is more like being part of a loyal family. It is not so much a mater of brainwashing as it is being born into the family. The group sitting in front of me consisted of four generations of Cub fans. Grandma retired to Mesa, her daughter traveled in from Chicago, the grandson with his wife (you can marry into the family) and their one-year old daughter drove from Nebraska. We shared stories of our favorite Cub players and games. Instantly, we had a common bond to share. Woo-Woo was exciting the crowd with his famous chant. (For those of you that are not yet a part of the "family", Woo-Woo was named after his cheer. He wonders the park greeting fans in his Cubbies uniform and leading the Woo Woo cheer. I don't know how to describe the sound, but if you attend a game, you'll know it instantly).

Being born and raised in Chicago, I am considered a natural part of the Cubs family. But we are not snobs, we welcome new members into the family all the time!!!! In Chicago, "real" fans take the "L" or the bus to the games at the "friendly confines". Another tradition is throwing back homeruns hit by the other team. The scramble in the bleachers or on the street out side the park is just as fierce for an enemy homerun ball as for one from the Cubbies. The honor of throwing the ball back on the field is enough to make you an instant member of the family, even if this was your very first Cub game.

I was so happy that the ball I got that day came of the bat of Fred McGriff, the Cubs first baseman and cleanup hitter. I was able to bring it back home as a reminder of experience. If it had come from the "enemy", it would have gone back on the field.

Thanks,

Harry Gribnitz

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PS: Thank you for continuing to support my business by referring friends, relatives or co-workers that might need my help to purchase or refinance their house.