



OUR NATIONAL GAME

YOU may talk about the story
 Of your old Olympic glory,
 Of the Stadiums and fad-i-ums that other countries claim;—
 But we have got 'em beaten,—
 We have got 'em skinned and eaten,—
 With our unctuous, rambunctuous American Baseball Game!

It is what the Czar and Douma
 Sadly need to change their humor,—
 For a baseball bat would chase all that derangement from their nerves.
 But I'd have to change my metre
 To explain the thing completer
 And to paraphrase the rarer praise our national game deserves.

But—Gee Whiz!
 The truth is,
 Other games are not in it
 A minute
 With the baseball you play
 On a hot summer's day,
 When the mercury's way
 Out o' sight
 On the white
 Diamond!
 I am fond
 Of the whole bloomin' bunch
 That munch
 Upon peanuts—and root:—
 Of the fan
 Whose man
 Can cleverly boot,
 Or, ere you have missed him,
 Can uncork a single from out of his system;
 Of all of the stunts
 Of the bunts
 Of the guy
 Who can sky
 Or toss up a fly:—
 And no human hero
 That started from zero,
 Such glory has won,
 Such glamor and clamor of glory has won,
 As the freckled-faced fellow
 Who makes the crowd mellow
 By shinning and grinning along a home-run!
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 But we'll let who will go enter
 All your foreign games in center
 Of the Stadiums and fad-i-ums that other lands install:—
 For our Uncle Sam's so foxy
 He can beat 'em all by proxy,—
 And he's got the nerve (you spot the curve?) to keep on playing ball!

—Lucile Rutland.