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## BUGS

*(It Can't be Helped, Mr. Kipling)*

By Louis Schneider

WHAT makes the player's heart to penk, what makes him to perspire?  
 It isn't standin' up to bat, or pullin' down a flier;  
 But it's everlastin' hearin' of an everlastin' yell  
 That greets us when we fumbles like the screech o' imps o'—Well,  
 It's the bug, it's the bug, it's the howlin', yowlin' bug—  
 If the home team wins he yodles; if it loses how he raves!  
 You can go and sass the umpire—you can even punch his mug—  
 But pass the bug, no matter how ungodly he behaves.

The captain knows above a bit, he's not a total fool;  
 The umpire, he's a gentleman, though stubborn as a mule;  
 But the bug up in the bleachers, when all is said and done,  
 He's a circus and a side-show and a cyclone all in one.  
 O the bug, O the bug, O the hootin', rootin' bug!  
 Talk o' rules and regulations, and the way to make the plays!  
 He's got 'em all inside him, all he does is pull the plug,  
 And "Cy" and "Nap" and "Honus" look like bloomin' scrub-nine jays!

He'll ramp and stamp and whoop and yell; he'll tear his lungs plumb out;  
 He'll dislocate his voice to boot, but still the gink'll shout;  
 He's game to stay and cheer you on for fifteen innings through,  
 But if you go and lose the game he's got it in for you!  
 O the bug, O the bug, O the r'arin', tearin' bug!  
 But bless his heart, he's welcome, now you bet your neck he is!  
 For he fills us full of gingerine, and from his pocket's dug  
 The stuff that keeps us going, so let's let him boss the biz.