

Fans We Know

A Few Varieties of the Bleacher Bugs

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

WITH a chuckle of glee that is splendid to see
When the boys pitch a game of good ball,
This gentleman snorts: "They are jolly good sports,"
And he livens the play with his call.
But, let his side lose; he will start to abuse,
And the flow of his chatter is great;
He simply can't stand for the luck of his band
When a player gets "Home" just too late.

("Shoot the duffer. Look at that, will you? Could have made it walking, with a glass of lemonade in one hand and a palm-leaf fan tied to his arm. Why didn't you slide, you pie-faced son of a turtle? Do you think we come out here to see you walk in your sleep?")

And then there's the chap, most unwilling to "rap,"
Who is jolly and every one's friend.
The play may be wrong, but he takes it with song,
And he sticks out the game to the end.
No matter the trick, he is shy on the kick,
And he smiles when the batter is "out?"
He is born with a cheer in his hide and you hear
Not a growl, nor a grunt nor a pout.

("That's all right there, Bennie, you can't expect to hit 'em all the time. The pitcher had you worried with a few ones he didn't know he could throw himself! Get wise to that curve on the next through ticket and bat him clean over the state line.")

The fan who is wise to each little surprise
And is sure that his judgment is best,
You know passing well—without fail he can tell
What the umpire has never confessed.
No decision is right; he is willing to fight
For the justice of each little play,
The diamond is blocked with the errors he's clocked
While his tongue beats a bat any day.

("Ah, cheese it! Get onto that decision! I could umpire a game better than that myself. Kill him! Kill him! He couldn't umpire a game of draw poker between a monk and a mud-puppy. Look at that! Wow! Out? Why the man was there in time to eat a planked shad and tip the waiter.")