

# In the Bullpen

## What the Pitchers Talk About in Warmingup Practice

(Scene, the little yard where the reserve pitchers warm up against the chance of an emergency call. Time, almost any summer afternoon.)

MANAGER BOBBINSON: All you fellows better get your wings working. Can't tell who might have to go in. The way these guys are going, they're likely to soak any pitcher, and I want plenty of men ready for a rush order. EXIT TOWARDS BATTLEFIELD.

CATCHER MASKWELL: All right, boys. Let's get working. I'll take turns backstopping Whails and Appleham. Duckworth, you and Blawley work with Jones.

PITCHER BLAWLEY: I'm getting to like this town. Wish we never went on the road. How's this one? Something I studied out today.

CATCHER JONES: Only one fault with it. If it ever came over the plate it would go back again so fast you might lose your life before you could get outa the way.

CATCHER MASKWELL: Ataboy! Put something on those inshoots. Put something on 'em! Lissen, don't you have any stuff you can use with that nice slow one?

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: Not at my age. What's the use? The slow ball works best when you're past thirty.

PITCHER WHAILS: Past thirty, didja say? I'd hate to be suspended without pay ever since you was thirty.

PITCHER APPLEHAM: Too hot for this stuff. What does the old man think we are? Horses? Why, I've pitched three games a day in morning practice, and then he says to go out here in the hot sun and throw my shoulder out—

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: Mask, did you ever study phrenology?

CATCHER MASKWELL: I'll bite. Who is the girl?

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: This isn't a girl. It's a science.

CATCHER JONES: Jess Willard hasn't any science. Only size.

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: This is the science of the Bumps.

PITCHER BLAWLEY: Cincinnati and the Athletics know more about that stuff than anybody else.

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: No kidding, now, it's a wonderful study. It's the knowledge of the head.

PITCHER WHAILS: Did Mathewson write it, or Three-fingered Brown?

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: You guys don't seem to get me. When I was down in St. Louis last trip, I met up with a professor of phrenology, and, on the level, he was some bird. I bought some of his booklets, and now I can tell, just by inspecting the bumps and ridges on your beans, all about your character, dispositions, and future chances.

PITCHER APPLEHAM: Quit your joshing.

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: I'm not joshing. Sit down over here in the shade, and I'll prove it to you. On the back of the head are the qualities of kindness, generosity and quick thinking—I'll show you, App. No I can't. Your head goes straight up from the neck without as much as a break in the scenery. There's nothing there at all—

PITCHER APPLEHAM: I can lick you, though. I can lick your brother,

and your father, and your whole family. I dare you to go over under the stand with me—

CATCHER JONES: Cut it out. Forget it, App. This interests me, Duck, seeing as you've made good on your first try—

PITCHER APPLEHAM: I can lick you too, Jonesey—

CATCHER JONES: You couldn't lick a postage stamp. Say, Duck, how about my head?

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: I find the quality of artistic perception wonderfully developed, as shown by this enormous bump—

CATCHER JONES: Oo-ouch! Lay off'n that! That's where Alexander beamed me last Thursday, and it's sore as blazes! Get another goat—I'm done!

PITCHER WHAILS: Try my onion, Duck. What doth it reveal to thou?

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: I'd rather not tell you.

PITCHER WHAILS: Aw, come on! Slip me the bad news. You can't hurt my feelings.

PITCHER BLAWLEY: Excepting with a bat—

PITCHER WHAILS: I'll kick you in the gizzard in one minute. Go ahead, Duck—tell me about it.

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: Well, here you are: According to the book, the faculties of judgment and the main centers of mentality should be here, right here. But where are they? Feel your own head. Do you find anything there but a smooth slope, same as a watermelon?

CATCHER MASKWELL: What did you expect to find on a lefthander's head, anyway—the wisdom of Solomon? Southpaws don't count. Your book is way behind the times, Duck. Anybody at all could have told you all that about lefthanders twenty years ago. There's two kinds of people—regular folks and southpaws.

PITCHER WHAILS:——!!——??——!!

PITCHER BLAWLEY: How 'bout my coco, Duck?

PITCHER DUCKWORTH: You have a fairly well shaped, properly constructed head, but I can't understand this little knob at the base of the brain.

CATCHER JONES: That's easy. That hard-boiled egg is too close with his dough to buy himself anything, so he's training a wart on his neck to become a collar-button.

PITCHER BLAWLEY: Who's a hard-boiled egg? Why, you tightwad son of a striped hyena, what didja do at the training camp? Told the coon waiters you'd give them something worth having at the end of our stay, instead of a thin dime three times a day, and then handed 'em your photograph—

CATCHER JONES: Here, here! Break away! Help me split 'em Duck!

MANAGER BOBBINSON, RE-APPEARING: Whatinell's the matter down here? I been signaling for a pitcher the last seven minutes! They've knocked Sparker off the slab, and when I sign for a new pitcher not one of you guys even answers! Here, lemme have a look at you birds, anyhow! Not one of you even got a sweat up. Not one of you have been working half a minute since the game began. ALL right. ALL right. I know some punks whose paychecks are going to be blame light in the waist next Tuesday. Whails, you go on that slab. Blawley, you trot right out after Whails and go in if they pole him any. The rest of you fish work your heads off. I'll watch you. I'll see you tend to business after this. Now then, show some speed, some speed.

CURTAIN.