

same contortions as the Pitcher of the opposing side, so I presumed the method of delivery I have attempted to describe was regarded as a standard one.

And now it was my turn to bat. The first ball I missed. It was « Strike one ». It looked easy, I don't know how I missed it. I was told it was a « fade away ». Well it did seem to fade away, perhaps I made a blind « swipe ». The next ball came with all the force of the Pitcher's arm into my solar plexus. I was doubled up.

« Walk » ! everyone was yelling at me.

Walk ! I couldn't even crawl. When I had sufficiently recovered from the shock, I turned to the crowd of friends and foes, and told them they might give a fellow a chance to get his wind back.

« Aw, where'd yer learn Baseball, « they yelled back at me. Did Mother pitch yer lobs in the garden, poor darling. »

I crawled to first Base, slightly flushed with anger at these remarks, and cursing my friend for introducing such a game to me.

I understood I was to make my way around the Bases. Fortunately I reached third Base without any mishap.

Two of our side were already out, and the man at the bat sent an easy « fly » to right field, thus I did not have the glory of sliding into the « Home Plate » in approved style.

The game continued on, and I was a non-entity until the ninth innings. It was an even score ; there were two men on Bases ; and it was my turn to bat. A clean hit would win the game. My friend came up to me.

« Keep cool », he said. « Don't let the Bunch get your goat ».

I tried to be deaf to the various remarks I overheard. It was a pretty hard job, though.

« Aw, look at that Boob ! Fifty to one he doesn't connect », someone said.

I felt like trying to find that fellow. My gambling instincts hated to let a bet like that go begging.

And then a young street Arab of not more than twelve years of age pouted at me.

« Garn, yer great big stiff. Yer wanter take lessons in Baseball.

I'll teach yer. Slip a crawler over the Plate, Bill, he'll never see it. He's one of those Cricket guys. I guess he misses his tea. »

I tried to forget all this. The Fans of the opposing side were yelling