

1934

FOOTBALL AT SCHUTZ

There's a kicking and a scrambling,  
And a falling down of boys,  
With lots of running and of yelling.  
Rip! There go Grant's corduroys!

There's a fighting and a clawing  
After an ever elusive ball,  
With the clouds of dust arising,  
Forming a dense and brownish pall.

There's a scuffling and a shuffling  
Of many pounding shoes,  
And--"Ouch! you kicked my ankle!"  
With, "What did you say? Kicked whose?"

In the midst of all the turmoil  
The singing school bell's heard,  
The battle quickly ceases,  
All race like a stamping herd.

Into the building running,  
The boys came covered with grime;  
Though pants are spotted and faces are black,  
They've all had a marvelous time.

Wallace Jamison.