

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY!

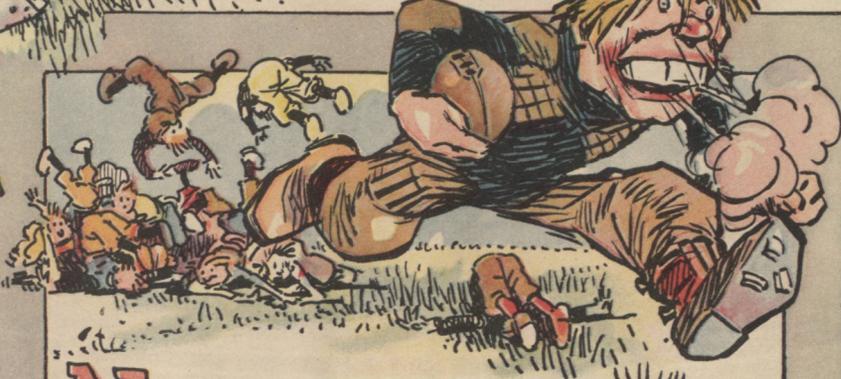
BY
GRANTLAND
RICE
&
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"Fourteen-seventeen-forty eight,"
And the ball's on the one-yard line
The forward crouch for the grip with fate,
And the ball's on the one-yard line
The great crowd waits for the test of class,
And the full-back leaps at the writhing mass,
And the thrill of a thousand years will pass
When the ball's on the one-yard line

There's a boding hush on the silent field
When the ball's on the one-yard line;
Will the smash break through?
Will the forwards yield?
When the ball's on the one-yard line?
The raw pulse leaps and the eye grows dim
As the two lines sway on the dizzy rim
And the wild crowd leaps to its battle hymn
The ball's on the one-yard line.



If a man can jazz and shimmy and shout
Can turn his raw lungs inside out-
Or do a flop from the tallest stand
And make more noise than an Army band,
If he can prance with a Dervish dance
And a Highland Fling or a golfers stance,
If he can wiggle and duck and clinch,
He'll lead the cheers-it's a pop-eyed cinch!



Now the full-back rushes gaily
Through the dazed opposing team;
And he gains his distance daily.
As he dashes under stream;
But he shudders at the future
With his system all a-wreck,
Where the festive elder Pliny
Does a war dance on his neck.



Up in the stand the Old Grad pines
While memories return once more
Of days when he bucked rival lines,
The star full-back of Umpty-Four.
He sees his college fail to gain
And yearns once more to lead the team,
Until a dull, rheumatic pain
Returns to smash his happy dreams



The Quarter-back waits down the beat,
He sees the spiral whirling high;
He hears the big ends' rushing feet
To nail him roughly on the fly.
He knows the girl is somewhere near,
He knows the verdict of the mob
If he should muff the whirling smear
He never envied him his job

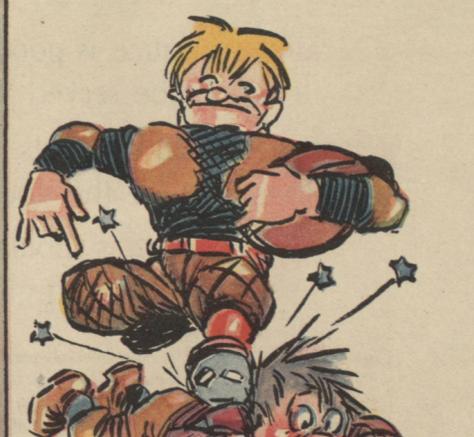


The Substitute waits on the line,
Unmindful of the rolling cheer
Until some tackle warps a spine,
Or some star end shall lose an ear.
The chances are that he will fare-
Well, none too stoutly in the whirl,
Except in fiction stories where
He'll save the game and cop the girl.

Soon there comes a deadly quiet
To the campus, sad and drear,
No more rings the raucous riot
Of the dizzy college cheer;
But a brooding pall will hover
And the laurel turn to moss
Where the half-back tackles Virgil
And is thrown back for a loss.



Tell me not in mournful measures
Football is a gentle smear;
Where the tackle often treasures
Massive knots above his ear.



Lives of full backs oft remind 'em
How to leave each guard a wreck;
And departing, leave behind 'em
Footprints on each jaw or neck