

—To Mrs. J.L.A.—

Rice 7--A & M 6, 1923.

Ye loyal sons and daughters fair,  
Come hearken to my tale,  
And sing again the praises loud  
Of William Lindsey Hale.  
Of't had his team been beaten,  
But by the Gods he swore  
The School of Mr. William Rice  
Should suffer wrong no more.

Then down from College Station  
Came a valliant Farmer team,  
And to smother Rice's hopes  
They did both plan and scheme.  
For they thought it would be easy  
For them to win the fray;  
"The sons of Rice are nought but kids,"  
I heard Coach Bible say.

Now there arose from all the stands  
A fearsome, mighty din,  
As the Referee blew his whistle  
To let the game begin.  
Up and down the field, the ball  
Ran like a thing alive,  
Until at last it came to rest  
On Rice's Forty-five.

The first of th'quarters had ended,  
And the setting of the sun  
Proved to the sons of A & M  
That their work had just begun.  
So they started out in earnest,  
And launched a fierce attack,  
Against the massive brunt of which  
The Owl line fell back

As yard line after yard line  
The Owls gave away,  
It seemed that all was lost again  
They could not win today.  
But gallantly they checked th'attack,  
As William Lindsey swore,  
By the nine Gods of Heaven  
That Rice should lose no more.



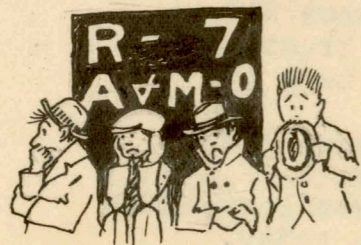


Then Captain Charley Swartz dropped back  
 To give the ball a kick;  
 "Oh God!" the cheering section moaned,  
 "Help him to do it quick."  
 High and true the pigskin sailed  
 To the Farmer quarterback,  
 And down rushed William Lindsey Hale  
 To nail him in his track.

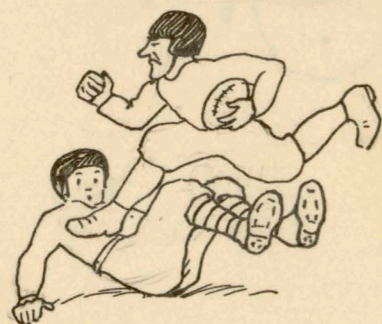
'Twas then that something happened  
 As the Farmer caught the ball,  
 His arms were opened much too wide,  
 He let the darn thing fall!  
 Upon the ground it fell, but Hale  
 With laughter in his soul,  
 Doth pluck it up in both his arms  
 And hasten toward the goal.



For like a deer he travelled,  
 Nor did he hesitate,  
 Until he stopped in safety  
 Behind the old home plate.  
 And when the half was ended  
 Doctor Kyle was wrought,  
 The score stood Rice with seven,  
 While A & M had naught.

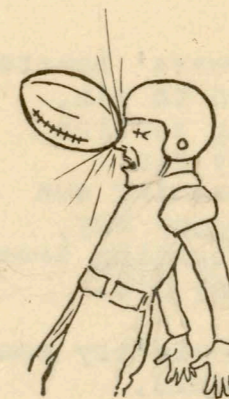


As the second half begins  
 The wan Rice students spy  
 The massive form of Wilson  
 Loom red against the sky.  
 He looms, and leaps, and takes the ball-  
 Oh bitter, bitter day!  
 For every plunge that Wilson made,  
 Brought tidings of dismay.



From just a scant three yards or so  
 He hath the goal line passed;  
 The score so soon was seven-six  
 And Rice had seemed outclassed.  
 But one was still undaunted  
 And by nine Gods he swore,  
 That when the game was finished  
 Unchanged would be the score.

They lined up from the goal line,  
 For the extra point to try,  
 -They must make that kick be good  
 Or kiss the game good-bye.  
 The ball was passed from center-  
 With it ran Chambers out  
 And leaping high into the air  
 He blocked it with his snout.



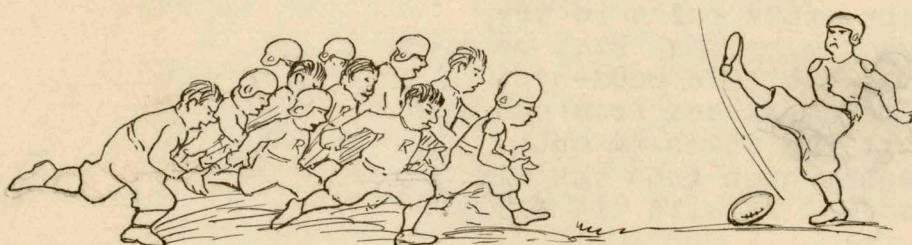
With scarce two minutes left to play  
 The tide doth ebb and flow,  
 Until once more 'tis the Farmer's ball  
 With a score of yards to go.  
 Now Wilson drops back for a goal-  
 And all the stands are still,  
 For to the Blue and Gray cohorts  
 This prophesies but ill.

Then up spoke William Lindsey,  
 As o'er the line he scans,  
 "Pray, who will stand at my right hand  
 To frustrate these vile plans?  
 For mark you, we are facing  
 The fearfulest of odds-  
 But we must win, for I have sworn  
 By eight or nine odd Gods,"

"Oh, block that kick, please block that kick,"  
 Was Rice's moarnful plea;  
 "Oh, block that kick is all we beg,  
 And end the agony."  
 This was the cheer that came to the ear  
 Of eleven men as they spat  
 Upon their hands and cried out loud,  
 "We never thought of that."



And now at center, A & M  
Doth pass the ball put ill  
And Wilson fumbling in his haste  
Doth seek to kick it still.  
Then like a Tiger there rushed forth  
Eleven men tried and true,  
The ball was blocked-it could not pass  
That mass of grey and blue.



Ah, heavy are the Farmers' hearts,  
For they had failed to win,  
But from the cheering section  
There rose a mighty din.  
The setting of the evening sun  
Wrote on the blue-grey Sky,  
The merits of this fighting team  
That never would say die.

And so the Owls this victory won  
Because a lad he swore,  
By all the Gods of Heaven  
That Rice should lose no more.  
Now all you sons and daughters  
That hearkened to my tale,  
Go forth and copy the spirit  
Of William Lindsey Hale.

