

For St. Mary's Team

I entered the gym with emotions most various
Hoping I'd leave feeling very hilarious.
The team in the green made me feel somewhat nervous.
Would their baskets and guarding be able to swerve us?
"No! No! Where's your faith?" Ah, my conscience did smite me.
"Your trust in the team." No opponents should fright me.

A jingle, a whistle, the ball was in motion.
When the green scored to five, 'twas before we'd a notion
The game had quite started. A-tisket, a-tasket,
O Gordon or somebody, please make a basket.
And suddenly out from the midst of the blue
Shot the ball. It was Michael's. The score went to two.
But the green aren't a team to give in too politely
And Bill did some fast work retrieving. And lightly
As zepthers in springtime were Jimmy and Tony
In passing. And truly Bob's guarding was "Stoney."
As for keeping his head when excitement breaks--Oh!
You certainly do have to hand it to Mo.
But the struggle was hard and for raising the score
It seems to me nobody did any more
Than Albert who seemed to dive in and come out
Before poor McKinley knew he was about.
Be the end of the half reading seven to ten
(Of course in our favor), we noticed our men
Were feeling the strain and we wondered if Ronnie
Who was coughing most dreadfully didn't miss Donnie.
But wehn they came back to continue the strife
It seemed St. Mary's boys had a new lease on life.
Why, Peter most nearly resembled an eel
As he slipped in and out for a nice little steal;
And then for those free-throws the silence was very
Intense: We were thinking a fervent Hail Mary.
And Michael and Ronnie and Peter were scoring
So fast Tom, the score-keeper, found it quite boring
As into our bucket again and again
Dropped the ball till the score rose to twenty, and then--
A whistle. Our vicotry: Twenty to nine.
But of course we expected it. Look at that line:
There are Albert and Gordon and Peter and Ronnie
And Bill, Bob, and Tony, Jim, Michael, and Donnie.

We attribute our victory to Mary, my yes!
But that blue and white teamwork insures our success.

If the reader misses such significant names as Frankie, Chuck, Bob,
Phil, Pat and so on, please remember the above were
the "big" boys in seventh and eighth grades. The
MVP's not mentioned would come along later.