

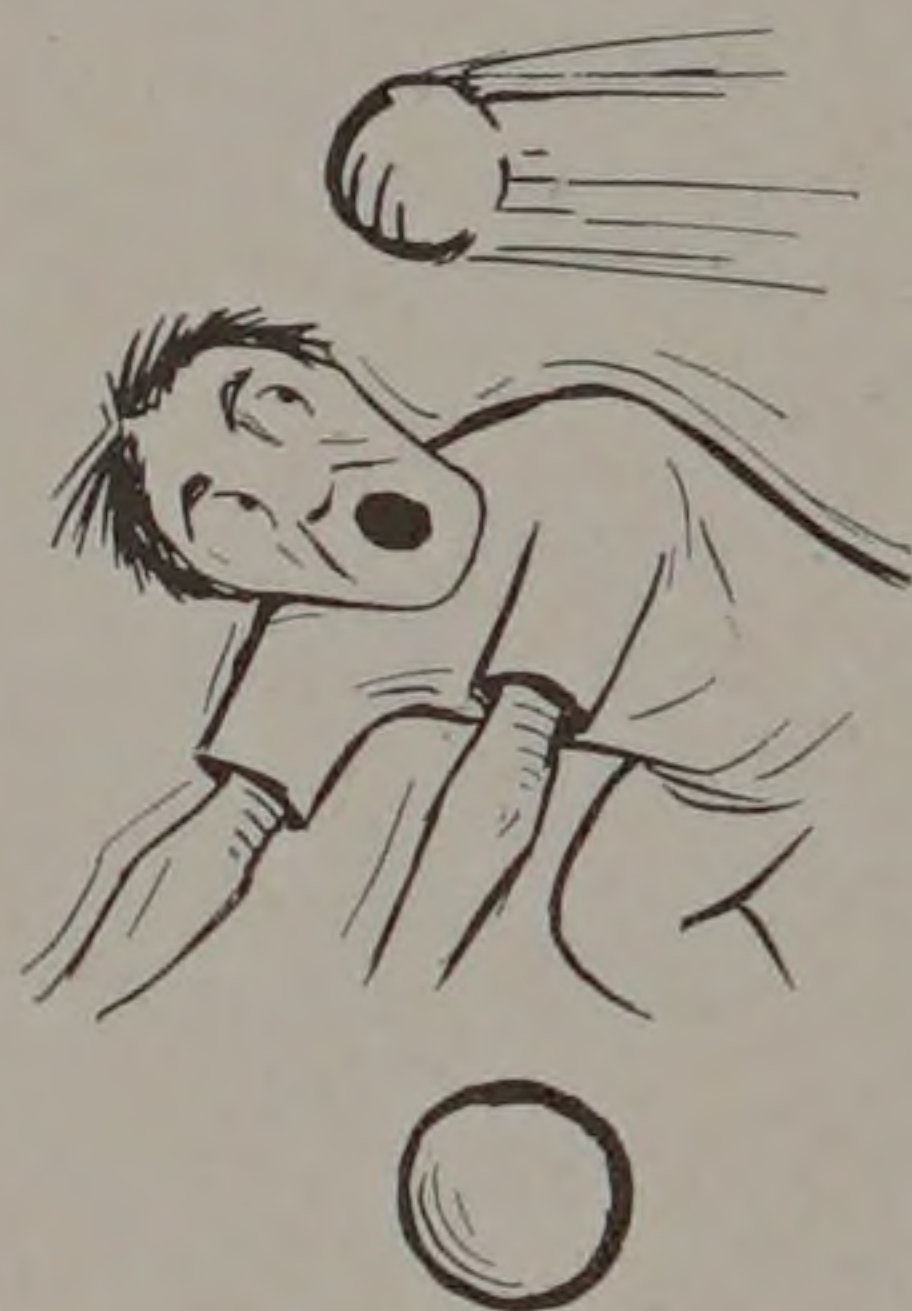


## Charley and the Basket Ball

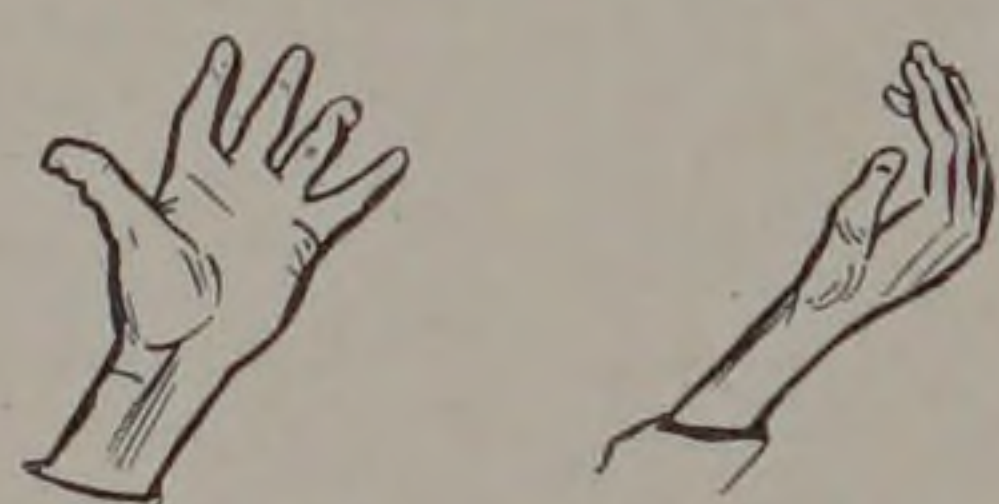
At Armour, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And cold as Iceland was the blow  
Of that dark December evening.



But Armour saw another sight,  
When lights were lit that winter night;  
Two rival teams about to fight  
Stood waiting for the whistle.



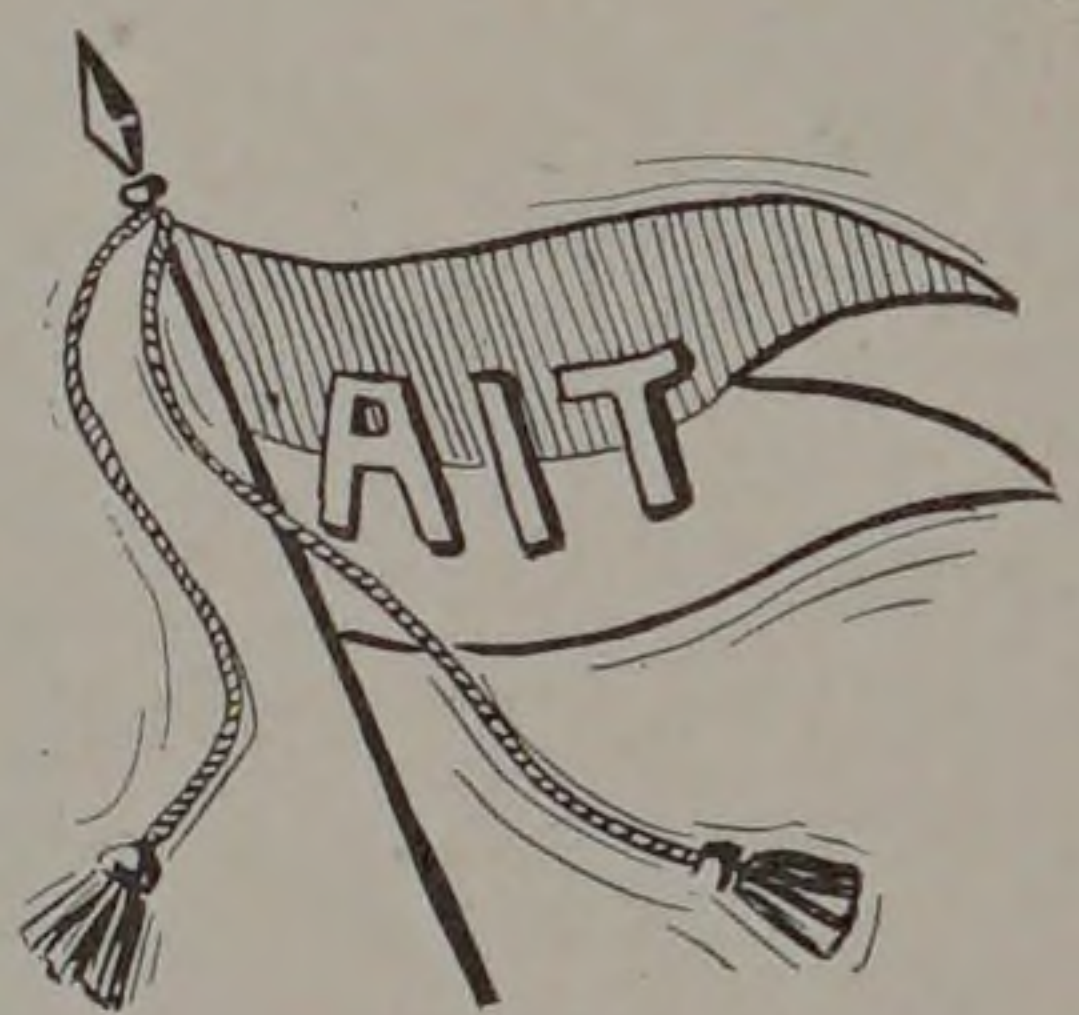
With fast repeated shout and call  
Each player tried the basket ball  
On either end of the large hall  
To test the height of baskets.



Then rent the air with whistles shrill,  
The players rushed in with a will,  
The other team received a chill,  
As Charley threw a basket.



But fiercer yet the game did grow  
And faster yet did Hermann throw,  
The enemy to fill with woe,  
Until the first half ended.



The combat deepens—On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave,  
Wave, Armour; all thy banners wave  
And play with all thy chivalry.



Few, few shall win from Armour's fame,  
Her glory we will never stain  
And thus our victory and our name  
Will live unto eternity.