

the clucks were in the air.
nobody seemed to care.
the cry from rooters' row,
and let that big mug go."

the smile had left his face.
longer held its place.
grinding mile on mile,
fortune shifts her smile.

that never turns again.
another chance to men.
his forehead lost its frown--
no pinches came to town.

in thousand fans had come
their king into a bum.
no raving mob went wild.
but Casey only smiled.

out--and then the game began,
not a single fan
ice--and with the setting sun
was loading, four to one.

and--with no change in the score.
the crowd began to roar.
thousand throats was heard
aths from first around to third.

Christopher
Christopher

✓
Earl Gafford

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Christopher

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