

the Rice and before the California struggle? It is still a truism in sport that we only accept scores as the games have been played and not as they might have been played.

These lines run through my brain, and I dedicate Grantland Rice's stanza to an indomitable Kansas team that would not get licked:

"It isn't the flame and the rush and the dash,  
It isn't the charge and sweep and the crash,  
It isn't the sudden emotional thrill of the heart  
That's ablaze with victorious will,  
But it's just coming on--coming on--coming on,  
In the face of all hell when the last hope is gone;  
Regardless of score and the break of the game,  
The raw lash of fate, the echo of fame;  
Still plugging and plodding--whatever the load,  
Coming on--coming on--to the end of the road."

Sincerely yours,