



Diamond Dust

by W. R. Hoefler

THE GIANTS.

LET other jingling rhymsters rise and sing of Greece, and jaw about the ancient Roman guys. I sing of Jawn McGraw and how his battling Giant mob rose up and kicked the shins of other ball clubs, on the job for twenty-six straight wins. With pennant hopes all gone to pot, the fighting clan of Mac rose up in wrath, with mighty swat and started their attack. They tore right into all their foes and mangled up their frames and soaked opponents on the nose and kept on copping games. And then the record hunting sharks, when scrappy Mac was through, discovered former winning marks were busted right in two. Ah! no, the Giants didn't cop the flag when they set sail. They didn't finish first and flop into the Series Kale. But, tho they didn't finish as the champs, they showed their worth and proved that old Manhattan has the greatest club on earth. Those Giants pack the festive punch; the kind that cashes runs. They tote a flashy fielding bunch and brilliant pitching guns. They pull off all that "inside" stuff and eke the "outside" hit. Are wise to cushion stealing guff, but don't know how to quit. So let the other rhyming chaps sing lays of ancient things and spiel of Greek and Dago scraps and Titled Janes and Kings. But as for me I warble loud and wiggle pen and jaw to sing about the Giant crowd and scrappy Jawn McGraw.

THE YANKS.

You didn't get the frenzied cheers
As chesty champs in Balldom's fray,
Your pennant rush in other years
Was stronger thru the season's play.
No Series' glory touched your ranks
Nor Series' kale repaid your crew;
But, oh, you courage toting Yanks,
With scrap and pepper, here's to you.

With Old Kid Jinx athwart your frames
And Hard Luck near at every start,
You clawed and fought for all your games
And showed what men call guts and heart.

With half your ball club off the job
You didn't squeal or madly rant;
But tore right in and showed the mob
The gamest baseball club extant.

When Fate dispelled your pennant dream
And tried your courage to the core,
With just a banged-up, crippled team
You Yankees came right back for more.
You didn't quit; you didn't wilt,
But battled on, with all your scars.
And, oh, you Yankees, here's to you!
The gamest club this side of Mars.