



# The Palmetto '23



## Carlisle's Miracle Man

*Oh, classmates dear, you'll be surprised  
A good bit I suppose,  
To find that I have said my bit  
In rhyme instead of prose.*

*I want to give some words of praise  
To Carlisle's Miracle Man,  
Who makes the best of what he's got  
And shows he's plenty of sand.*

*To look at him one would not think  
That he'd been greatly praised,  
A quiet, unassuming man  
Whom no hard task can daze.*

*In football he's a star  
Of thirty-third degree,  
As those acquainted with this man  
Will heartily agree.*

*So join with us in many a cheer,  
Give all the praise you can  
To Major Gault, our beloved coach,  
Our Carlisle's Miracle Man.*

—W. E. EASTERLING, "'23."

## Ode to the Football Team

*The backfield for C. S. was fine,  
But not any better than the line;  
They hit like rams; that's a fact—  
For they are the "OLD GOLD AND BLACK."*

*Carmichael and Strange are on the ends,  
And that goal they well defend;  
Moorer and Brabham are tackles that fight  
In all the game they both shine bright.*

*Easterling and Davis are on the guard;  
To go over them is very hard;  
"Doc" Fairey, strong and steady, is the center,  
At this position, he is an accurate sender.*

*The halves are Hugh and Sarge;  
They hit the line with a powerful charge;  
Otto and Johnnie are quarter and full,  
And with the team they strongly pull.*

*And all around we had a good team  
That stands very high in our esteem;  
They made a team that will always fight,  
And cheering for them was our delight.*

—H. F. F., "'23."