



TOP ROW: Bill True, Glenn Pottorf, Norm Kusel, Hayes Cone, Doug Hunter, Jim Martin, Coach Moore . . . MIDDLE ROW: Doug Kleine, Tom McCormack, Kenny Pfeiffer, Robert Payne, Nick

Ingram. Charles Weed . . . FRONT ROW: Alan Carroll, Jim Spurling, Gordy Corken, Neil Brosee, Jack Hofmann, Rusty Hay.

Cowhide on the Hardwood

TEAM PARODY

We got Dick Crone on our side,
We got Don Hughes on our floor
We got Huheey and Jack Winkler
You can count as three and four,
We got Moeller-Dave and Haycock
And a lot of other sons,
What ain't we got? It's Anderson!

We get Sasser from the bench,
We get Blakeney, we get Witt,
We get Hensel for some shooting
And Den Casper gives his bit,
We get Maerki running boldly,
We get Marsh to pass that ball,
What do we want? Madeir(a) to fall!

There is nothing like our team,
Nothing in this world,
There is nothing "on the beam,"
That is anything like our team.

They get practice and they listen
To every word of Doc's.
He says when they should go to bed
And what to wear for socks,
They get hungry as a wolf
When all they eat is ice cream.
How do they feel?
Like one great team.

There are no teams like our team—
And nothing looks like our team
There are no "shots" like our team—
And no one jumps like our team
And no one acts like our team—
Or dribbles like our team
There ain't a thing that's wrong
With any man there,
That can't be cured by letting him know
We are rootin' for a might(y) fine,
Mariemont Team!

Words by Mrs. Meints