

The Big Dipper Poem

From Watseka High School

By Keith Baldwin

It's that time of the year we look forward to
A time when we're happy and chipper
Our equipment is packed, our fans are in gear
As we head for the annual Big Dipper

We stay at the Inn across from the mall
An establishment with a lot of pizzazz
While the kids are at rest or at least so we think
We head for the Razz-Ma-Tazz
We're the only Class A in this very classy field
Our goal is to win two or three
We give it our best as we hustle the court
It's here we are happy to be

The 3-point play was introduced here
A shot clock was not far behind
The college recruiters flock to the games
A star they are hoping to find

But the real star that shines is not on the floor
He hustles all over the place
He's here or he's there; he's red or he's blue
There's always a smile on his face

Egofske's his name - born to win is his claim
The Dipper he's made quite a show
As long as he's here, I'm sure year by big year
This basketball tourney will grow

For a football coach he's come a long way
It's helped him to mix with our kind
If he'll watch and he'll learn it's never too late
A basketball job he might find

So here's to the dinner, the tourney, the cheer
The friendships we look forward to
In spite of the way that we feel about George
We're leaving him here with you.