

THE RUMBLE BANQUET

I love the *Rumble* banquets,
The people and the food,
To see dressed up the folks I met,
The ladies and the dudes.

Intriguing is how fast folks change --
From whiskers to some less,
From ponytails to curls exchanged,
From sport shorts to a dress.

To see the linen tablecloths,
The silverware and glass,
All contrasted with mice and moths,
The meals ate on the grass.

While holding thoughts of work and play,
A goal that's set and met,
And feelings which will ne'er go 'way
from persevere and sweat.

One-hundred-thirty miles and more,
The most that some have done,
For most on solely arm and oar;
They played the game and won.

But the after dinner speeches,
To hear so many talk,
Does far outweigh the beaches
And the journey recent walked.

To honor those for honor due --
Those paddling first time,
Those swamped their boats not 1 but 2,
Those *Rumblers* over 9.

The leaders and the landing chairs,
Those people who got sick;
I love to clap till skin is bare --
This year was 66.

G. Kittell
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