

Hitler Hall paced his lair
Waving his arms and pulling his hair.
"Palmer Hall," he snapped at his goon,
"Bring in my cigar and my big spittoon."

He clinched his fist and grabbed up the phone
To put in a call for Wild Willie Malone.
"Willie," he roared, "you win at any cost,
For Hotfoot Howell is already lost."

"You hit the road and hold a parley
With Wee Wiley Jones and Goose-Steppin' Charley.
I'll get John Allen and his razor blade;
If we don't hook some ballots, they'll lay us in the shade."

"Remember this, Willie, and keep your memory keen,
We cannot beat this little Jimmie Green.
So we must work and fight clean around the clock
And try to put the rollers under disobedient Doc."

"If you win, Willin, won't it be so nice,
To wield the cleaver on little Lawrence Price.
The Wayland people like him, that we know,
But he will not kneel, so he must go."

"And V. O. Turner, the long-legged hellion,
Boone has a haymaker to end his rebellion.
Once back in, we'll deal and we'll dicker,
Till we send him down the river like Munroe Wicker."

"And put some barbwire in Jones Fork Gap,
For little Claude Frady might come over and yap.
As a man and coach, he was best of the bounty,
But he's no politician, so I chased him out of the county."

"Now, Willie, I've been up where you must win,
And I puffed up my chest and forced out my grin.
I kept my hand out just ready for a shake,
But the voters shunned it like I would a snake."

"So, Willie, my boy, you've a hard row to weed,
And you better leave the hardware and work up some speed.
If for one split second we dare to take it easy,
My lot at Allen will grow up in lespedeza."