

The following is a poem written by John Campbell for Naseby's honor night. This poem was on the program that was handed out that Saturday night June 26, 1982. Incidentally that day was proclaimed "Naseby Rhinehart Day" in the state of Montana by Governor Ted Schwinden.

### *Tribute to a Trainer*

Two score and eleven year ago-  
It was Autumn of Thirty One,  
There came this young man who yearned to show  
That he could jump and throw and run.

Within a year Grizzly fans knew  
That Montana had found a friend,  
And for each game in three great years-  
The scorecard read: "Rhinehart, Left End."

For Coach Bunny Oakes he did prove  
That he was agile, smart and fast,  
On defense he stayed in the groove  
When not clutching a touchdown pass.

Coach A.J. Lewandowski said,  
"That Milwaukee kid sure can soar,"  
And pointed out those rebound leaps  
Foiled many an enemy score.

Action continued in the Spring  
Pitching that platter was his song,  
He held the discus mark until-  
Clawson and Doyle came along.

A grateful school did proclaim  
When his college career was up,  
Nase was accorded all-time fame  
As he won Scheiber's Grizzly Cup.

In '35 and without a job  
He just took the bull by the horns,  
He rented space in the old gym  
And a mighty legend was born.

Supple hands and a smoothing voice  
They were vital tools of his trade,  
The 'U' at last had a trainer-  
A gentleman, skilled and self-made.

It would take a book to relate  
How hundreds have entered his door,  
To tell how coaches sought advice  
How he healed the bruised and sore.

And what a tale of league travels  
To the Pacific coast by train,  
Those dreary Skuline bus rides  
And flights over Big Sky terrain.

He owns a trunk of memories  
Of battles and thrills of the past,  
In review, this prince among men  
Gets to know a Time Out at last.

And now, as we toast this great friend  
Our hearts and voices are proudly raise,  
Our admiration knows no end-  
There'll never be another Nase.

- by John T. Campbell -1982