

Sports . . .

Once I knew a real smart fellow who said: "The pigskin spirals into the air and the strains of an alma mater fade into the swish of basket cords and the resounding of hardwood. The echoes of thundering backboards and screaming cheers become the smell of anelgesic bomb and the crunch of spike-tossed cinders. The crack of the bat, the twang of the racket, the long sailing drive to the green, mark an end to this yearly quest for victory. Hopes are high for the future. We must go higher, faster—we must have more strength, more stamina and never give up. We must reach for a better world." That's typical of the youth of our town. They're always trying to make things just a little better for the next guy who comes along.

