

A TRIBUTE TO FOOTBALL

King Football graciously bows his head today amid pageantry and color. Into Furlong Field he leads a galaxy of All-America stars, now members of our Armed Forces in the greatest competition in world's history.

Even while war rages, that same old Football fellow looms up as big as ever. He has proven definitely that he is just about as popular a person as the Americans have ever known. The leaders of our fighting forces also realize this fact because they have cooperated to their utmost in seeing that all the color and splendor of a bowl gridiron contest are made available to the service men today.

It is consoling to myriads of football fans in the Mainland and to the loved ones of the servicemen that the great football spirit has not been lost in this war business. American youth is built upon the spirit of competition—but it is competition on the athletic field and not the battle field. Yet, these young Americans know that without defeating the enemy on the battlefield they cannot return to their clean, spirited ways on the athletic field. . . . Nor can their children.

That spirit which has shown itself so conclusively in the past on the American football fields will prevail over the enemy.

There is nothing so picturesque and peaceful than to see the setting sun disappearing behind a crowded stadium on a Saturday Afternoon in October. Let us hope by the time that King Football makes his next gracious appearance, we shall be seated in the security of our home stadium, watching American youths, invigorated by the accomplishments of our present armed forces, keeping up our lovable gridiron tradition—But let us make certain that our next generation will be cavorting in the colorful uniforms of the cheerleaders and musicians and the shoulder pads of the football players—not in war togs stained by the blood and grime of the battle field.

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