

for the big things that are going to happen in the near future.

As Grantland Rice portrayed the fighting spirit of the competitor in athletics, his splendid poem can be used synonymously in this the greatest of all fights. In that spirit may we re-dedicate this to every one of you boys.

"As to Gameness"

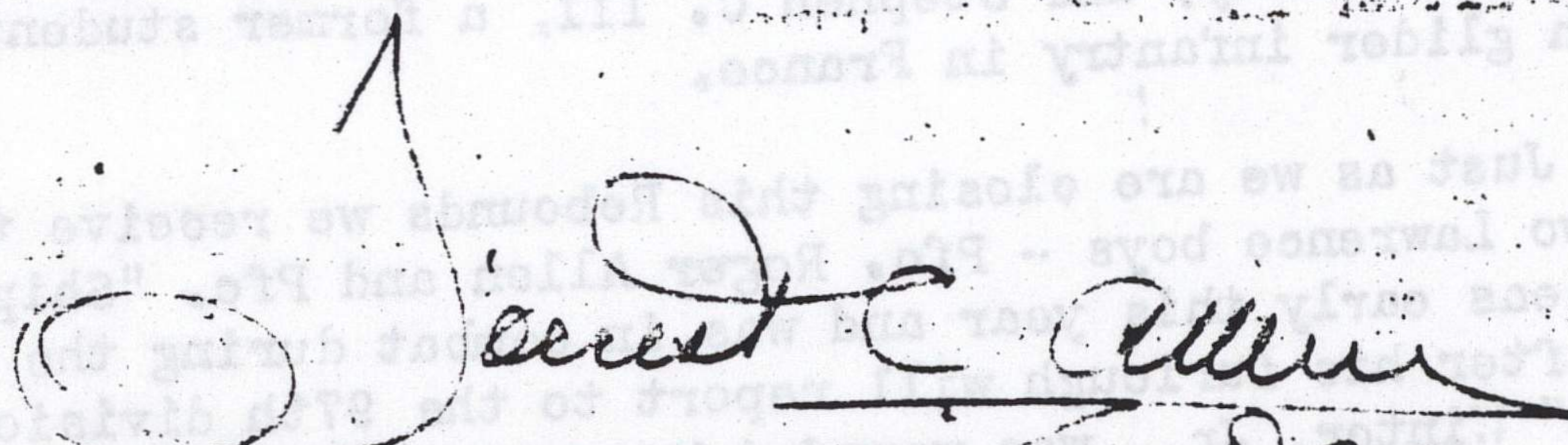
"It isn't the flame and the rush and the dash,  
It isn't the charge and sweep and the crash,  
It isn't the sudden emotional thrill of the heart  
That's ablaze with victorious will,  
But it's just coming on--coming on--coming on,  
In the face of all hell when the last hope is gone;  
Regardless of score and the break of the game,  
The raw lash of fate, the echo of fame;  
Still plugging and plodding--whatever the load,  
Coming on--coming on--to the end of the road.

There's only one reason for games strewn about,  
Not winning or losing but playing them out;  
Not merely to pick up the sheers that are due,  
Forgotten tomorrow when others break through;  
Still plugging and plodding and groping away,  
Through fogs and through shadows that hold one at bay,  
Well knowing how little it matters if one  
Keeps pounding along to the end of the run."

You may not realize it, but a day never passes but what there are thoughts of you and your incomparable service over there. We are trying to justify our existence by making your load a little lighter, if possible.

With all sincerity, I am

Cordially yours,



Director of Physical Education,  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

FCA:AH