Spring Has Sprung

By PAUL BURKA

Most people seem to have an affinity for spring. Not us. Spring means only one thing: the New York Yankees are about to begin their annual massacre of the American League.

As a Cleveland Indian fan (Rice, the Indians, the Colt .45's—it's a futile life), we learn to accept the anguish that comes along about June, when the Tribe starts its usual nosedive into the lower stations of the American League. Then there's Mathematical-Elimination-Day sometime in early August or thereabouts.

On second thought, we take it all back: spring does have other meanings. For one thing, the girls' P.E. classes finally vacate the gym, which they've hogged all winter, in favor of the tennis courts, which they control for the entire spring.

TAKE HEART, Rice males. If you want to play tennis, you can always try out for the tennis varsity, which has a few courts reserved. Or you can volley under the bleachers.

Incidentally, not all of the girls intend to vacate the gym just yet, just in case a few of you boys got your hopes up too high. Two Sweet Young Things informed us the other day that the Freshmen Girls' All-Star team will challenge any all-star team that has the courage to participate in a basketball game.

We would have suggested a random selection like, oh, Rhine... Steinkamp... Phillips... Spradling... Rodrigue, but then we forget the rules about boys using the basketball courts only in mid-summer.