Join The Fun!

By ANN BARTLETT

It’s THAT time again. The time of the year when Saturday is synonymous with Let's-dress-up-and-hike-three-miles-to-the-stadium-and-jump-up-and-down-and-scream-our-lungs-out-for-the-team. This school spirit (rah) is great, but the foregoing sentence does not quite cover the subject.

There is another facet which is very important to some of us idiots on this campus and which some of you know nothing about and which some of you have not appeared to care too much about in the past. Sniff. (A tear just fell. Sniff, sniff.)

We are talking about the Card Section, our pet project. Seriously, this halftime display (in cinemascope and technicolor, of course) leaves a lasting impression on the fans on the other side of the stadium. Of course, we didn’t know what sort of an impression it is, but we can only hope that it is good. We have been told that it is. Whether it is or not depends quite a bit, however, on You. We need Your Help.

The section will be located this year, as it has in the past, directly in front of the cheerleaders and to the left of the band as you face the field. It will begin about eight rows up and will stretch on up for about twenty rows. It will be twenty-six cards wide because the alphabet isn’t any longer. (Let's see you figure that one out.)

We would like to request that, during the half, those of you seated in this section remain in your seats for the good of your dear old alma mater and for our peace of mind. Cards and instructions, which any five-year-old can follow, will be passed out at the time, and we will again have Jack Worthheimer, boy politician, on hand with his smiles and witticisms to direct you. Bob Seiler will again be Dummy (This is what is known as an unsung hero.)

On our knees we beg, implore, pray, supplicate, and beseech you to Help us in our hour of need. Thanks. One, two, three — up. One, two, three — down.

This is What Seiler Was Told to Do in the Section.