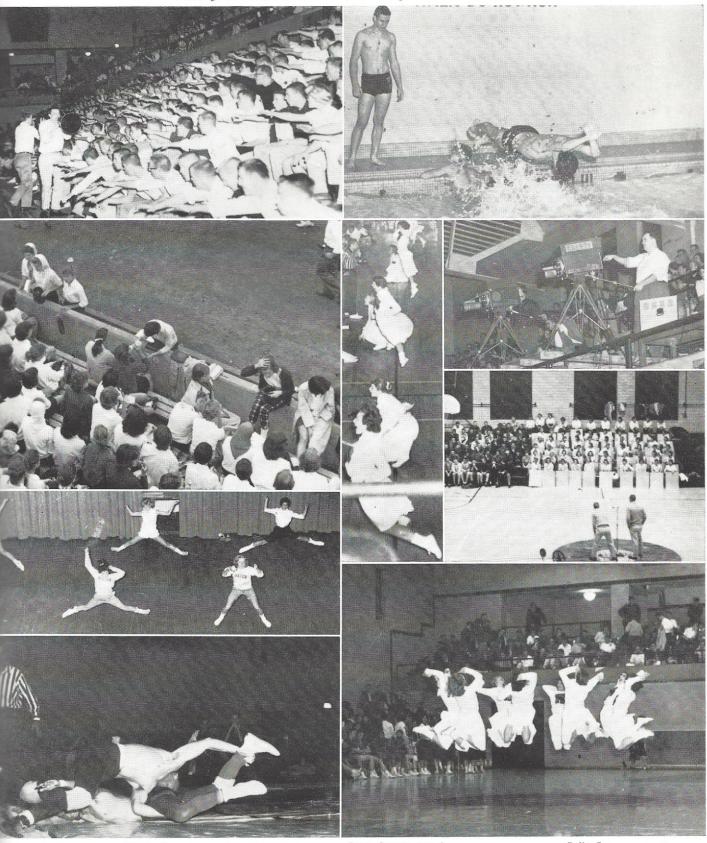
Those who fight over the position of left bench-warmer and get letters for it . . . they are athletes!



Smooooth — Mob scene Rip! How're you fixed for blades?

Jump, Laurie, jump!

Belly flop We're famous! what's more, we won! We're waitin' . . . Perfection One Hundred Thirty-seven