

LET'S GO METS
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The highlight of our trip up east last month was watching the New York Mets in action. The wife of one of the Met players told us. "The team is terrible, but you must come out and see the fans!" We saw two games and the Mets outdid themselves by winning one of them. At both games the aging Polo Grounds vibrated with the continuous cheers of the loyal fans who have more sustained enthusiasm than the partisan followers of a championship high school basketball team. When the Mets are at bat there is hardly a time when the steady chant, "Lets go Mets! Let's go Mets!" cannot be heard. In the interval between innings, placards appear and cloth banners are unfurled by the dozens, each with some message of encouragement, like "We Love Casey", "We Want Duke," "Bring Back Marv" and "Last But Not Least." The general hubbub is punctuated at intervals by bugle calls to the attack, bleats of a wandering French horn, firecrackers exploding on the infield and stadium-shaking blasts of cherry bombs dropped from openings of the second tier ramps. Like the lady said, the team was nothing to brag about, but the fans were worth the price of admission.