By Diane Stamm

The Wauneta Breeze

My daughter and I get to T-ball early each week. As we were waiting for the other kids to show up we sat and visited with a grandma who'd come to watch her granddaughter.

She asked my daughter what she thought of T-ball.

Too hot. Too boring.

The grandma told my daughter to stick with it, it would get much more fun. When she was a girl it was the only sport she could play and they played in jeans and wore metal cleats.

She graduated from high school the same year as my mom, six years before Title IX. My mom went from Stratton to Kearney State College where she was lucky enough to play softball for the college. Mom talks fondly about her teammates and playing in the College World Series.

By the time I graduated in 1993 it was easier to believe there was a time when basketball didn't have a three-point line than to believe there was a time when girls couldn't play basketball.

As the 40th anniversary of Title IX was celebrated by women around the United States this weekend one commentator remarked that so many girls today don't even know what Title IX is. The commentator said she had talked to a girl who thought it was a brand of golf clubs.

I hope this weekend's publicity of the legislation will encourage girls to sit down with their grandmas and talk about what it was like 50 or 60 years ago when the opportunities of today weren't available.

I know I'd like to say thanks to the women before me who crusaded so that I could have the chances I did. I'd also to say thanks to the men whose sports programs were sacrificed to give those women a chance. Next time when you sit down to enjoy a softball game or head to the high school to watch the girls play volleyball and basketball or run track, I hope you'll say thanks, too.