In the Coliseum...

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We now present a new hygiene course called, How To Avoid Traumatic Shocks, or A Traveler’s Guide Through Squallor. In order to keep basic, we will discuss, in a rather Freudian way, football. You know, I dreamed of a football in my Maidenform bra ... that sort of thing.

So its like the whole affair is centered around this thing the players call a football ... really nothing more than a phallic symbol ... for the more esoteric. Directly related is this rather aboriginal Mau Mau ritual called a huddle ... quaint ... we checked up on some around campus, but we hardly think that the players are doing the same thing in front of 70,000 people.

“We Can Win”

Now, at the edge of this quagmire there is this symbolic owl, surrounded by these people in habit type dress ... all jumping up and down and rolling on the ground ... kind of a religious fetish you know ... like Zen Buddhism, but we found that it was simply a bunch of people experimenting for a deodorant company. They have these indistinguishable Victor Mature-type faces warped into a crazy “we can win” grin ... compliments of the athletic department, but not to be confused with their own “we can’t win” frowns. Neither of which has much validity ... we would hate to say that this is all rather Mickey Mouse, so ...

Of further interest down on the field (the field is subterranean, but we won’t go into that) are several rather superior looking Eastern Tarzan types. All rather confused by those striped Ivy Leagueu shirts and black and yellow coats. This study in simian casualness will be discussed more fully in our forthcoming series, The Conforming Nonconformist, or Aren’t You Too Cool!

Nasty, Nasty Songs

To talk about the students in the stands is a rather dangerous thing, as we are bordering on the segregation issue. You know, they say that we’ve got separate but equal facilities and we say that we’ve got the zero to minus ten yard lines. Then they say, “Well, we don’t really mind sitting next to them, but how would you like for your daughter to go out with one?” But we have a kind of truce set up ... they don’t burn our benches in a cross at halftime and we don’t sing those nasty songs during the game.

So, there you are, and here is how the game is played. First the players line up in a sort of modified phalanx and one side kicks the pig skin ... (censored). Then utter havoc breaks loose, pushing, biting, scratching ... just like your date last Sunday morning. Then the other team tries the same thing in reverse ... which may sound silly, but ...

All in all then, it is a sort of intellectual game of capture the flag played by a bunch of average students on Spanish 100 scholarships sponsored by the pro football league ... or our own little version of the ancient Roman games, if you will!