

JACKSON'S JARGON

Sundays are usually Twilight Zone days for me. The rest of the week there is school and work to face, but Sunday the only thing facing me is Monday and all the homework I neglected Friday and Saturday. Being the great procrastinator that I am, I usually end up spending Sunday afternoon sprawled out on the floor watching the gladiators tear each other up on the gridiron (Translation: pro football games on TV).

From the rather coarse beginning of professional football, the National Football League has progressed to the ultra-sophisticated level, keeping instep with the world of today. From the antediluvian days of cardboard shoulder pads and fly-by-night owners, it has become a multimillion dollar enterprise composed of college graduates who use pro football as a stepping stone to careers in big business and industry. These guys are almost superhuman in their size, but the most awesome aspect of these creatures is their speed and agility: David (Deacon) Jones of the Los Angeles Rams is 6'5" and weighs 265, yet he ran the 100 yard dash in college in 9.8 seconds.

But the very nature of the game is controlled mayhem. Each team is like a well-oiled machine, with their monsters trained to attack at a given signal. The key here is execution: the linemen moving the defense in the direction they want, quarterbacks like Bart Starr and Johnny Unitas hitting their receivers with passes thrown so that the receiver can catch the ball without breaking stride and running backs like Gale Sayers and Leroy Kelly scoring dramatic touchdowns from almost anywhere on the field by breaking tackles and then outrunning people to the goal line.

Although any football coach will tell you that the name of the game is still basic blocking and tackling, watching a team like the Green Bay Packers (or for that matter any team when it is having a good day) perform is the same as watching any kind of artist: whether it be a Fernstein or a Streisand or a Harold Betters, or even the Rolling Stones if you prefer that type of artistry, it is the thrill of watching a member or members of the human race as they fight their drawbacks and strive for perfection.

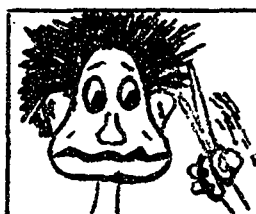
THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

I'm not saying that you're ugly, but I've seen better heads on a glass of beer!

Around here we never push the panic button... we sit on it!

Out of the mouths of babes...comes oatmeal!

I like you--you're stronger than dirt!



TRAZAN'S BARBER SHOP
BUFFALO ROAD in WESLEYVILLE
3 BARBERS NO WAITING

DEAR ANNIE:

Dear Annie,

The machines in Erie Hall are like gambling machines. Everytime I put money in them, I loose it and never get it back. Isn't gambling illegal in Pa.?

Penny Less

Dear Pen,

Shut-up or I'll hit you with my bag of quarters!

Dear Annie,

I've asked every girl on campus for a date and they've all turned me down. Could it be that I have bad breath? Or do I have a personality defect???

David D. Jected

Dear Dave,

Stop! You're both right!

Dear Annie,

The first week of school, I had a date every night, but since that week the boys don't even look at me anymore. Could it be that I'm not all that they expected?

Fanny Fake

Dear Fanny,

Did you ever look at the small print on the bottom of your name sign during Customs Week?

Dear Annie,

I have to learn to maintain my cool. I don't know how to drink. I get smashed on 3 beers, and besides that my kidneys are weak, and I'm running to the john all night.

Pam Pitiful

Dear P.P.,

Just don't blow your cookies honey!

Dear Annie,

I feel like I'm being followed everywhere I go. I get so scared that I can't sleep at night. What should I do?

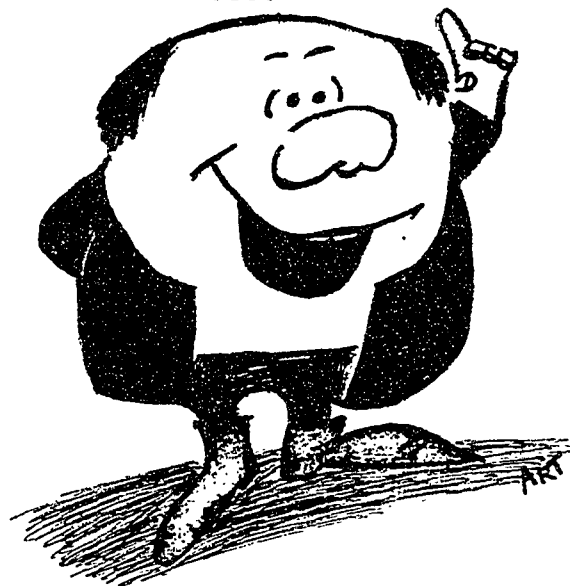
Frieda Freakout

Dear Frieda,

Sorry sister, the paranoids are after you.

Last week's Prof was Mr. Peightal.

GUESS WHO....PROF???



AND THEN THERE WAS THE INCIDENT AT MAIN CAMPUS WHEN MY COCKER SPANIEL....