

## THE OBSERVER

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"...I LIKED IT BETTER WHEN THEY JUST SHOT LIVE AMMO OVER OUR HEADS!"

### ■ AND IN THIS CORNER...

## Pigskin vs. plastic skin: Classic confrontation?

I'd like to thank Buffalo Bills backup quarterback Todd Collins for giving the Colts the chance to stay in the wildcard hunt.

Dope.

So, another Turkey Day has come and gone — another holiday of giving thanks to legendary ancestors of proportionally no one in the United States, celebrating an event which most likely did not

who already watch it.

And then there comes the Thanksgiving Classic of Classics — the Skins game?

It's bad enough during regularly scheduled Sundays to have the wasting of time interrupted by the Senior Tour, but to have Vin Scully — a Dodger broadcaster who, despite the complete

pumps his fist in the air. Hey, hey, calm down there, Arsenio. Don't you know that golf crowds are supposed to be silent on punishment of death?

One question I'd like answered is why there are so many golf tournaments on TV this year as a whole. Golf strikes me as a primarily non-spectator, rich white man's game; politicians and wealthy business men play a few rounds when avoiding any real work (or real workout).

The game itself requires vast tracts of land that could certainly be put to much better use, such as, say, becoming a small municipal airport.

And nothing happens in golf. Nothing. I find it hard to believe that the Scottish supposedly invented golf. I just can't picture a Scottish clansman in the Highlands putting about his tiny, rocky, barely arable plot of land, unless he happened to be using a decapitated enemy's head or the like.

Tennis appears very much a rich man's game as well, but at least you sweat in tennis.

All golf-ranting aside, at least there really were some special television moments to give thanks for this past week.

Extreme close-ups of Florida State's defensive coordinator, whose tongue-



chewing antics made him resemble a rather large ugly frog; marching band versions of Alanis Morissette songs at the ND/USC game (obviously, the real reason for the disaster); and CBS sports commentators' uncanny insight that if the Miami Hurricanes didn't give the ball to only one running back, they would give the ball to many different running backs — just add a few beer and truck commercials, and you've got the perfect American holiday!

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## Matthew Apple

occur, on a date deliberately chosen to create a Christmas shopping season — complete with all the Turkey Day traditions, such as: turkey (of course); potatoes, potatoes, and more potatoes; cranberry sauce (which, like fruit cake, is a tradition despite the fact that nobody can stand the stuff); pumpkin pie (actually made from squash); eggnog (the store-brand, which has more sugar than homemade) to which you can always add liberal amounts of various kinds of cerebral activity enhancers; snow (hey, it's traditional where I come from); lame television coverage of even more lame Turkey Day parades; and, to save the best for last, watching two NFL games in a row in a small room with a semi-clean shag carpet smelling of cigars and wet dog hair bracketed by armchairs-ful of older male relatives you rarely see during the year who occasionally belch and grunt as the shifting in the chairs of their combined massive body weight causes minor earthquakes in nearby counties while "Feel the Power" NFL ads come on to advertise football to those

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lack of both brains and personality, managed to get himself elected into the Baseball Hall of Fame — tout a lengthy, televised golf tournament as an "exciting match-up" is simply silly.

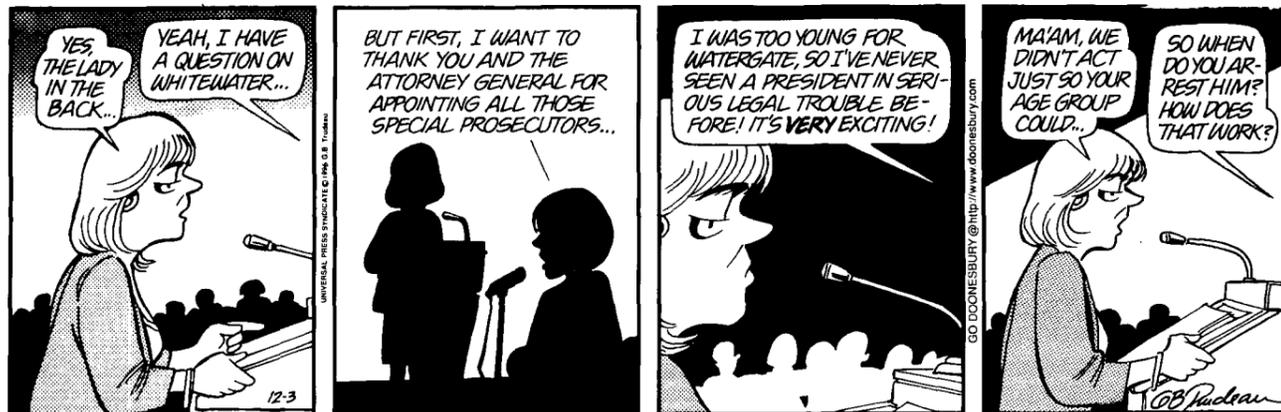
This comes complete with questions of "golf strategy," as if there's some sort of actually physical competition going on here. "Uhhh... I'm going to hit the ball into the hole, Vin."

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I just love it when the dorky-looking guy with the polo shirt and designer sunglasses turns to the crowd and

### ■ DOONESBURY

GARRY TRUDEAU



### ■ QUOTE OF THE DAY

"The strongest and sweetest songs yet remain to be sung."

—Walt Whitman