

# Oxford Comments

by Oxford Balderson

Ta-da! And now its time to give away the flying fickle finger of fate award for soccer. And who will the award go to this time?

One contestant is Tusculum. They came into town with 30,000 players for a single soccer match with UNC-A, (who incidentally only had thirteen). Wave upon wave of orange shirts blinded the foe and Tusculum sneaked by UNC-A 5-1. The Bulldogs played brilliantly but the sun was too fright and a gnat got in Rodrigo's eye and John tripped over a tree and Oxford, who played a fantastic game, slipped into a cow pile. Mike Lemieux played goalie for the first time and played well, aving the team from utter embarrassment, holding up his extra large pants. John March and Lars (kick anything that moves) Petersen did a great duet at fullback disabling nearly four enemy forwards. Bill Coonan played a heroic game despite a bad foot (no pun intended). And big Wayne Shelton was. Centre forward was held down by Andy, call him El Greco for short.

Throughout the first half, UNC-A played heroically and had them 0-3. But in the second half, Oxford got a stroke of genius and banked a beautiful shot off a Chicken Delight delivery boy for a and that's how it ended, 1-5.

Another contestant is Wingate. The Wingate field was beautiful, from about 25,000 feet. The game progressed well until Lawrence of Arabia emerged from the dust storm in the middle of the field. Again, UNC-A was out manned by the foes. No substitutes were present for the visitors, while the Piedmont boys dressed out the entire town of Monroe. Ken O'Connor scored the

game-saving goal as UNC-A who, by the way, played a lousy game, lost 1-7. No offense, sunken defense, no passing, no teamwork, you know, the usual.

But Erskine, ah! they deserve it. Charlie, Mario, Kiki, Tommy, Davis and the rest showed no mercy, demolishing the Bulldogs (Bull-what?) 20-0. Player, coach, captain John Marcy did his best to rally together a team out of nothing. Only Mike Lemieux played a good mage. There was no offense at all, so the defense was forced to play at least 60 seconds out of every minute. There was no coach aside from John to shout and scream and generally be ignored by the team. If anyone deserves the Flying Fickle Finger of Fate Ward, the Flying Fleet would be the ones. Yep, Let's give them the finger!



THERE'S  
A PEP CLUB  
ON CAMPUS !!

FIRST MEETING WAS  
OCT. 8.

TEMPORARY  
CHAIRMAN IS  
VICKI PATTERSON

THEIR PURPOSE:

TO PROMOTE  
SCHOOL SPIRIT  
WITHIN THE  
STUDENT BODY  
OF UNC-A

NEXT MEETING  
IS TO BE  
OCTOBER 17  
at 6:30  
in the gym.

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WITH VICKI  
PATTERSON  
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