The boys of fall

Let’s all take a big sigh of relief. It’s here!

That’s right, we just completed the third weekend of college football and the second week of NFL games! Not to mention high schoolers across the country flip the lights on every Friday night for some good old fashioned gridiron play.

On that note, great job Friday night, Dragons! That was an impressive 40-0 whooping of Highland. You do know we are all expecting similar performances from here on out, right? Keep up the great work!

I was told by a certain someone who used to live in Holyoke that I should stop writing about sports in my columns. Well, she doesn’t live here anymore, but if she did, I would simply tell her to look at the paper three weeks ago!

The football seasons are young but as temperatures are finally giving us relief from the heat and the sights of fall are here, sports nuts are hovered around televisions, rooting for their favorite teams.

There is something special about football season. Teams begin practice when temperatures reach triple digits and their final games are played when the mercury can dip below freezing.

Friends and family come together and eat enormous amounts of food while cheering for their beloved teams.

Two weeks ago, I was with a group of friends in a garage watching my favorite team on a big screen television. Every time the Big Red (aka Nebraska Cornhuskers) scored we would hop on the two very loud motorcycles and rev them up. This was fun but I'm sure the neighbors thought otherwise. Unfortunately, my team lost, putting a damper on the fun.

Before this year's first game, I had a hunch the Big Red wouldn't quite be put together yet. I'm just glad they are looking better than that black and gold team in Boulder. Yikes! What is that all about?

How about that guy Denver picked up in the offseason? One word—wow!

"Pay-ton" Manning has Bronco fans across the state already dreaming of a Super Bowl win and they have only played two games. Well, actually, talk of winning the big one began months ago when he was picked up by John Elway and company.

The 15-year veteran looked like he has his entire career the first two games of the year. Well, except for the three interceptions he threw in the first quarter Monday night. Yes the Broncos lost, but in his old way, Manning almost led them back for the win.

Other than those three picks, dude can play ball. Let's just hope that neck holds up and those millions of dollars were worth it.

Last year's crowd pleaser packed his things and went to New York where he is fitting in well. There is no more Tebow-mania. No more Tebowing. And no more late game heroics. Just dominance by No. 18.

Who woulda thunk it? This guy is 36 years old and still making defenses look like they belong on the pee wee field. Let's all hope he holds up and in four and a half months we'll be talking about New Orleans and Super Bowl XLVII.

As the high school, college and pro seasons progress, grab some friends, some good food and a television, and enjoy the performances from the boys of fall of all ages.

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