

The ugly face of violence in sports

by Allen Johnson

The Graphics question

In its six years of existence, Student Graphics has served a wide spectrum of student interests. Since 1971, *Black Ink*, *SHE*, the *Carolina Quarterly*, the *Alchemist*, the *AFROTC Ramjet*, the *Upward Bound Summer Review*, *Representative Research and Social Psychology* and the *Daily Tar Heel* (until last year) have had their publications composed and, in many cases, printed by Student Graphics personnel.

Moreover, many other individuals and organizations have used Graphics' quick-copy and poster-printing services and have expressed deep satisfaction with the quality of these services.

Currently, however, the Summer Media Board is exploring the feasibility of selling the Graphics operation to University Printing and Duplicating.

While such an arrangement could be beneficial to both students and present Graphics employees, it could also have negative effects, particularly when one considers the heretofore "behind closed doors" manner with which the Media Board has treated the matter.

Thus, we strongly make two recommendations concerning the future of Student Graphics:

First, before any type of change is made the Media Board should definitely consult with the persons who will be most directly affected: the students presently served by Student Graphics. At this point, none of these organizations or individuals have been contacted and the Media Board seems to be deciding what's best for these parties without even consulting them (a philosophy suspiciously reminiscent of our own student government Watergate two years ago).

Second, the Media Board should also insure that whatever modifications occur in the operation of Student Graphics, its focus should remain student-oriented and the personalized, quality service that now exists must be preserved.

These considerations should be of paramount importance to the Media Board...lest we become mired again in a sea of Mike O'Nealism.

The Tar Heel

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The year was 1972.

The setting was the University of Minnesota's Williams arena.

The event was supposed to be a basketball game—that is, until the contest's final 36 seconds, when surging emotions, frustrations and even raw hate became unbridled in one of sport's ugliest and most forgettable half-minutes of terror.

With the game safely tucked away for the visiting Ohio State Buckeyes, the fans and players of Minnesota's upstart Gophers simply erupted.

As Buckeye center Luke Witte drove toward the basket one Minnesota player hammered him to the floor while another delivered a vicious right hook to Witte's ear.

The spectators cheered enthusiastically.

When the Minnesota player who had fouled Witte approached his sprawling opponent with an extended hand—in an apparent gesture of sportsmanship—he suddenly thrust his knee into Witte's groin, beginning a violent chain reaction.

A small-scale riot ensued, with fans and players joining the fans. During the scramble, yet another Minnesota player jumped from the bench and began to mercilessly stomp Witte as he lay helpless on the floor.

When order was finally restored and Witte was helped from the arena to a hospital emergency room, he was booed by Minnesota fans.

The incident is not isolated. Two years ago, after a National Football League playoff game between the Minnesota Vikings and Dallas Cowboys, an official was struck in the head with a liquor bottle. Also, two years ago, after an overtime victory over the Maryland Terrapins in Carmichael Auditorium, a Tarheel fan rushed among the exiting Maryland coaches, taunting them with words and a pointed finger. This silly lack of sportsmanship bred another as a Terp assistant coach attacked the fan and had to be restrained by security personnel.

Before leaving, Maryland's Lefty Driesell hefted a clenched fist at the Carmichael crowd and vowed that things would be different in College Park.

And just recently, in the National Basketball Association championship finals in Philadelphia, the Sixers' Darryl Dawkins exchanged words with

Portland's Bob Gross following a hotly contested rebound, then swung at Gross, accidentally missing his target and hitting teammate Doug Collins in the eye. Then Dawkins squared off with Portland's Maurice Lucas (a la Ali and Foreman) and spurred another mini-riot.

The question arises: has winning been so deeply ingrained in Americans that we'd kill to obtain a victory or kill to vent our wrath at defeat? In an era in which hockey

complaining from "Woollen regulars" who wanted so dearly to say that they beat Bill Chamberlain's team.

Is the participation in sports for pure enjoyment an anachronism?

The less than encouraging answer lies perhaps in the ambivalent attitude with which we greet sports-related brawls and skirmishes.

Sports Illustrated roundly criticized the Ohio State-Minnesota incident as "a cold,



Photo reprinted from *Sports Illustrated*

"When Witte was helped from the arena to a hospital emergency room, he was booed by Minnesota fans."

players regularly appear in court on charges of assault and battery and drunken baseball fans shower visiting teams' dug-outs with debris, we seem to be saying, "The hell with that stupid 'it's how you play the game' adage."

From little league to the pros, we can't stand to lose.

And the problem is not relegated to the professional and college ranks.

Often, in Woollen Gym pick-up games, out-of-shape, less-than-superstar status athletes beat each other to death in the quest for mythical glory. Once, when former Tarheel Bill Chamberlain participated in one of these games, he was not only physically harassed, but had to endure constant bickering and

brutal attack," yet had earlier playfully lauded a John Roche-led South Carolina basketball team for its "street-brawler" reputation.

We ourselves intelligently lug our books around campus and decry the violence which plagues the world of sports quickly forgetting how we sat glued to our television sets the night before, urging Darryl Dawkins to knock Maurice Lucas' block off.

One beer-guzzling hockey fan summed it up best when he said, "Nice guys finish last—and even if they don't they're still borin' as hell."

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Merchants of near-disaster

This past weekend, for some unfathomable reason, someone trespassed onto the grounds of a Kernersville chemical plant and proceeded to empty the contents of six chemical tanks containing industrial waste, oil and ether.

The plugs and safety caps were pulled by the vandals to allow 19,000 gallons of water used by industries, 4900 gallons of oil and 6,000 gallons of ether to be released.

The mixture trickled into a nearby stream which in turn trickled into the lake which supplies Kernersville with water.

It created a stench so repulsive that approximately one thousand persons were forced to temporarily vacate their homes.

And it forced authorities to tap back-up water supplies while workers cleaned up the oil slick and researchers in Raleigh tested the drinkability of the primary source's water. The rapid and effective response to the situation by federal state and local authorities is highly commendable.

The fact that someone had nothing better to do with their spare time than to pollute a town's water supply is appalling.



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