

Editorial

Color fever

It is interesting that the most visible and recognizable symbol of a sports team seems to garner the least discussion. I'm talking of course, about team logos and jerseys.

An affinity for the regalia of these turf and tundra warriors has been a weakness of mine since childhood (I own three different Pittsburgh Penguin jerseys). It didn't matter to me that when the Los Angeles Kings came to the Montreal Forum on a wintry Saturday night they were embarrassed in front of a national audience -- just so long as the color reception on the TV was alright.

As childhood grew into studenthood which grew into editorhood, the game itself became more important than the colors worn by its participants, but still it is invariably the first thing I notice at any sporting event; and to that end I would like to present some random thoughts on the current state of team logos, jerseys and nicknames in professional sports.

Cheap Owner Award, Part 1 — This goes to Ralph Wilson, owner of the NFL's Buffalo Bills. He recently changed the color of his team's helmet from white to red with the purpose of playing better versus other teams in his division in the NFL teams in each division have to play one another twice per season and since four of the five teams in this division (including Buffalo) had white helmets, the quarterbacks were having trouble spotting receivers in a sea of white helmets every Sunday. So Wilson painted the helmets red. Due to his egregious financial frugality, the helmets now look like some sort of abstract blue and red fingerpainting. On the white helmet you had a blue buffalo with a red stripe, but when Wilson painted the helmet red he didn't make the stripe white. Now the blue bison is washed out by the red and there's no white to set anything apart. And I think this is because he's too cheap to make new logos for the helmets.

Cheap Owner Award, Part 2 — This goes to Robert Irsay, infamous owner of the Indianapolis Colts. First of all I don't agree with the wanton shifting of sports teams (damn you, Al Davis), but if you're going to do it, do it up all the way and that includes jerseys and logos.

There's a lot of history tied up with the old blue horseshoe (see Johnny Unitas and Tom Matte) but now, alas, the team belongs to no one. They don't look like they belong there. It's hard for the team to establish its identity in Indiana when it's so strongly tied in a visual sense to one of the most glorious teams in NFL history.

And I think it's because Irsay is too miserly to hire a design team to remake his crest.

The Flagrant Copy-Cat Award — To the Saskatchewan Roughriders, or should I say Regina Jets? These guys so resemble their football counterparts in New York that it's silly. A little silver and a block stylish "S" fleetly flitting across the helmet has not helped their on the field fortunes one bit. But I must admit, while they're still getting the crap kicked out of them every week, they sure look bitching while doing it. Oh, by the way, doesn't Rider Pride seem like a paradoxical statement?

Stupid Transplanted Team Nicknames — I don't recall General Sherman ever burning Calgary to the ground so why did the NHL's Atlanta franchise keep it when they went north? For that matter its easy to understand how the New Orleans NBA team could be called the Jazz, but what about when it moved to Salt Lake City? The Utah Jazz? C'mon!

Busy Helmet Boo-boos — A pox on the New England Patriots, and the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. What makes a logo work is a simple, meaningful, readily identifiable design that can be spotted easily from a distance (like, say, row 70).

The Patriots have a minuteman snapping a football and from a long way away it looks like the letter "A". The Bucs logo is a detailed drawing of a pirate's face. He even has a dagger between his teeth. Too detailed, too busy.

Why a Woman's Place is in the Home — The travesty of the St. Louis Blues sweater. Once upon a time this jersey was blue, gold and white, dominated by a classy blue musical note. But when Harry Ornest bought the team, his wife came along and put huge block letters spelling "BLUES" on the front with the little note now underneath. The result is that it looks like the designer couldn't decide whether the note or the wording should be the central image and so she chose both. Add to this a waist stripe that is far too wide and you have a sweater that is in disharmony with itself.

Best Logo and Jersey — The undisputed champ is the New Orleans Saints of the NFL. The team colors are a striking black, old gold and white. The helmet is gold in color with a black fleur de lis. The home jersey is black with white letters and gold piping. As an added note, football players do find the black jerseys a little intimidating, but as far as the hapless Saints go, one unidentified player (actually I can't remember his name) says that the feeling doesn't last too long.

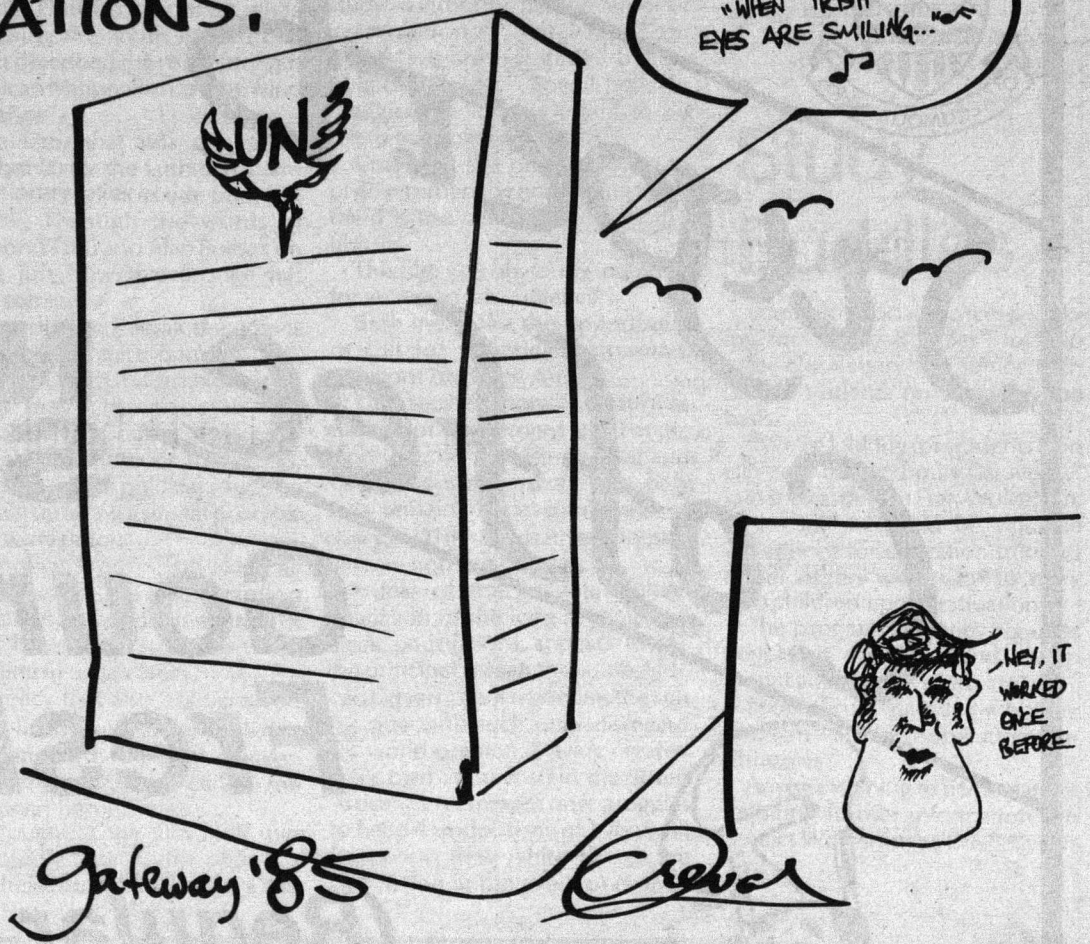
The Most Nauseating Jersey — The most nauseating jersey belongs to the New Jersey Devils. Their road sweaters are a harsh clash of red and green with little white to break them up and they literally make you queasy after sixty minutes of hockey action. I can't imagine what it looks like when these guys play in Los Angeles. They must pass sunglasses out at the door.

The Classiest Jersey of This or Any Time — The Detroit Red Wings in white. The closest thing to formal evening wear in pro sports. The logo, a red wing attached to a wheel is simple, recognizable, and effective. It has meaning (it represents the auto industry), and it has history. They don't have garish, oversized shoulder stripes that detract from the crest (like the Flyers and the Kings do). I like the red and white color scheme.

Jersey I Would Most Like to See — I'd like to see an expansion NHL team (maybe West Edmonton Mall will get one) wear gold and white as its colors. That way, when they play in Vancouver or Pittsburgh, the confusion would be marvelous.

Dean Bennett

MULRONEY ADDRESSES ISSUE OF APARTHEID AT UNITED NATIONS.



Letters to the Editor

Admin betrayal

Dear Sir:

The Algonquin Apartment, the three-storey brick apartment house which was located across from the law school, recently was razed by the university. Built in the 1920s as one of Edmonton's luxury apartment buildings, the Algonquin had large apartments with hardwood floors, built-in china cabinets in formal dining rooms, gas fireplaces with six-foot mantles and speaking tubes which ran from each apartment to the front door. Although the university was determined to turn the building into a slum apartment building by not spending any money on it for maintenance, the Algonquin remained a stately building which provided unique and interesting accommodation for students at low cost.

In 1974 the university made a commitment to the Algonquin's residents that the university would never destroy the building. Then the university continued its policy of benign neglect and continued to spend nothing on the building's maintenance. When the university wanted the building for offices for the World Student Games the university fire marshall just then happened to decide that it had defective wiring and the residents had to be moved out. After the university used the building during the games it was purposefully left empty, more than likely so that any former residents who had an emotional attachment would have left the university. In addition, it could not have escaped the administration's attention that the Algonquin's low-cost apartments would exacerbate the vacancy rate of its much higher priced student accommodations. In 1985 the university embarked on the same policy for the Algonquin that it had for other low-cost rental accommodations in the area. It waited until after the end of the summer session when no students were on campus and then

razed the building in one day. This was done in order to prevent any student or faculty protest over the building's destruction.

We are saddened by the Algonquin's loss. But we are angered by a university administration that has broken faith with the university community and has acted throughout in an underhanded fashion, pushing through the decisions behind closed doors. Walk by that blank spot where the Algonquin once stood and wonder what the university might have in store for us during next summer's destructive season.

Sincerely,
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Department of Political Science
J.K. Masson
Department of Political Science

Rocky lives

Dear Editor:

Referring to Mr. Ostapovich's article mentioning "forgettable" Toronto Maple Leafs (Oct. 10); he must be terribly uninformed in making comments on lack of talent. I can see his point when he mentions Brian Glennie, Walt Podubny, Doug Favell, and numerous others, but not Rocky Saganiuk. In '79-'80, Rocky was a member of the "Kid Line", consisting of Saganiuk, Laurie Boschman, and John Anderson, which was the highest scoring line in the NHL for part of the season, until Harold Ballard wanted the line split up. Rocky was the most valuable player of the AHL in '78-'79, and was the top scorer in the AJHL when he played for the Taber Golden Suns.

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Gary Dhillon, Roberta Franchuk and John Charles were so hungry they rolled Graeme Whamond in flour and tried to baste him. With the help of Don Teplyske, Hans Beckers and Gord Stech, they maneuvered him to the oven. Surprisingly, when they opened the oven, Rosa Jackson and Mark Wolfe peered out and said "shut the door you perverts." On further inspection, they discovered Elaine Ostry and Ashram Mustapha living in the dishwasher, Greg McHarg, Tim Hellum and Alex Miller in the dryer, Leif Stout in a bottle of cough syrup in the medicine cabinet and Brougham Deegan in the garbarator. "It beats res," Gilbert Bouchard noted wisely.