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# PERSPECTIVES

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## The importance of football fans



Giovanni Salmena/Emerald

College football Saturdays shouldn't cause frustration among non-fans

Opinion



Amy Goldhammer

For any of you who have ever been involved in any way with a sports fan, the frustration of not being more important than the game on television has probably come up.

Countless times, curled up next to boy, I was really trying to be into the football game on the tube, but I quickly lost interest. Don't get me wrong, I respect the Monday Night Football, Saturday college game day and Sunday NFL games, but I never did perceive why these games held so much control over him.

However, recently I have come to truly understand the importance of the football fan.

Two weekends ago, the UCLA game, my well-maintained they-cut-the-grass-daily apartment complex was a good ole' party of college football fans hooting, hollering and screaming outside as the game progressed and a field-goal try was missed.

My neighbors, regular fixtures on my couch, were even up and bouncing in the male-bonding football manner.

As we stood on the porch, I realized, watching the enthusiastic masses re-enacting plays, that without all this ruckus the football game would just be a bunch of grown men in tight, shiny pants running around after a weird shaped ball.

The football fan makes the game.

At these games, all people come together. The just-back-from-tour dread-head and the well-tucked-in fraternity member yell, scream and dance together. And this is what adds to the spirit of game day.

Maybe it is just an excuse to start partying before noon and a reason to fire up the barbecue. But, whatever it is, it holds a grasp on the fan. If you're rooting for the same team, you're instant buddies.

Putting off the three-page paper, staring in awe at the screen, the football fan becomes one with the

team. At one point someone commented he could feel a player's pain. I smiled and someone handed him a drink.

I admit, I get butterflies in my stomach when it's not in our favor and we are very close to another victory.

The football fan grins and bears it through everything with the team, including the duck-connotated slogans.

We've been through "Gang Green" to "U-O It To Yourself," which needed help from the beginning. Thank heavens "The Peaking Ducks" hasn't been pegged on us yet.

But, maybe it is a matter of belief. And almost every Saturday there will be a football game where hollering and yammering can be done at all times.

Even if it's a public access program of someone's home video recording of 5-year olds playing their first football game, the foot-

ball fan will cheer and do the touchdown jig in spirit.

It has taken a bit of time to comprehend the importance of the football fan and why they sit mesmerized by a large field with poles sticking out the end of it. But, if it wasn't for people like boy and my neighbors, if nobody ever cheered or nobody ever cared, college football games would be as exciting as watching fish breathe.

Parents wouldn't come visit and be nostalgic of college days and homecoming parades. And we would all get weird looks for wearing bright green and yellow together on a regular basis.

Luckily, this is not the case. The fan is the one who makes the noise.

The football fan stands proud, perhaps a little stumbly, and screams for our incredi-team.

Hey, We Believe.

Amy Goldhammer is a columnist for the Emerald. Her views do not neces-

