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# FOOTBALL '68

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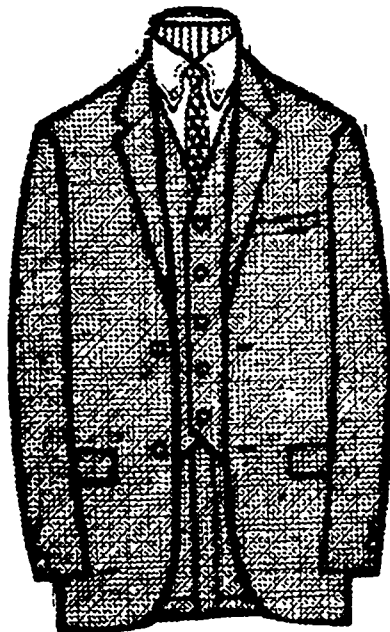
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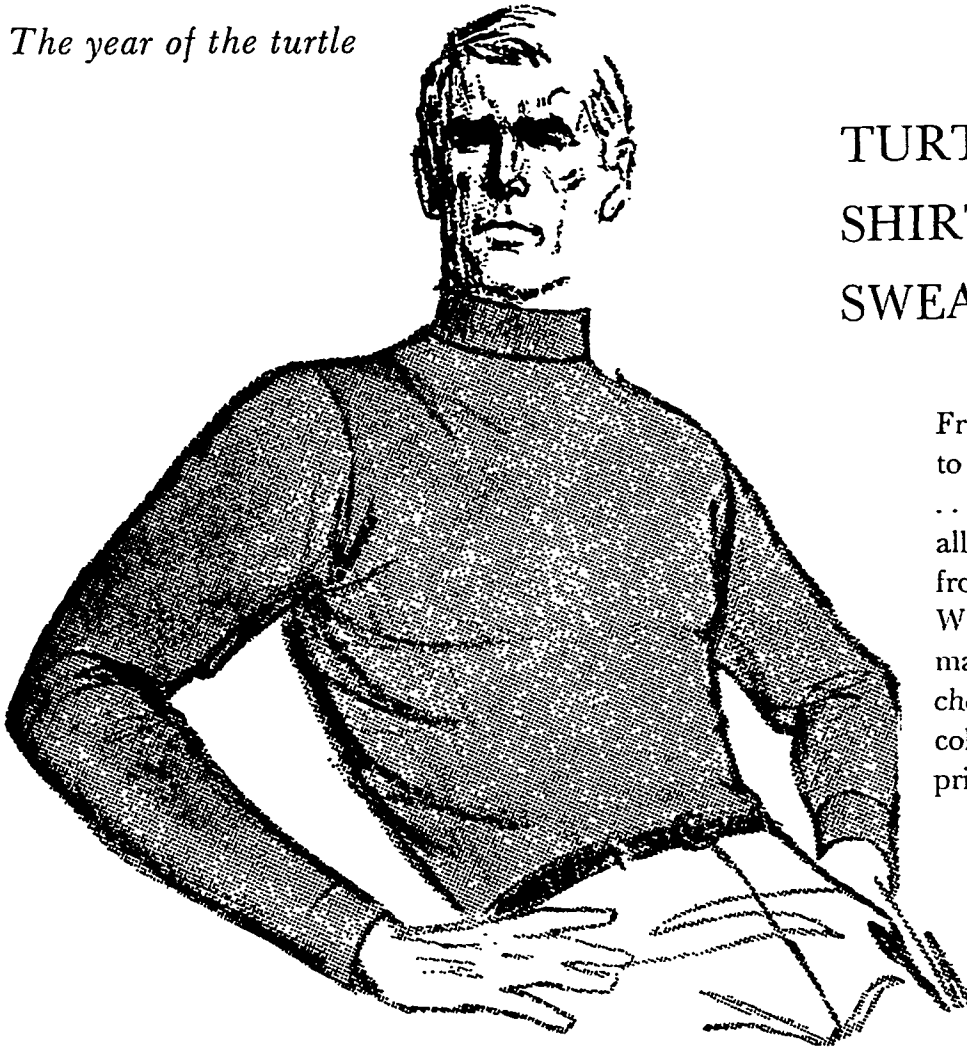
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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME



**Mrs. Gordon  
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the beauty shop.**



**What's your excuse?**

# A Season That Held Out a Little Fun For Everyone

**F**OOTBALL is a game that you play to win. Sometimes you lose and losing isn't much fun. You are hurting for a while, emotionally and physically. But something about the way the game is played at Notre Dame and the people who play it let you know that some quality has been gained for having played the game. From the perspective of the season it becomes apparent that football, like all human experience, has had its effect on many people. Only a relatively small group has actually participated in the drama of those ten afternoons. For these athletes four years of their life have been dedicated to the pursuit of glory on the gridiron. Their story begins at spring practice, resumes in late August, and reaches the public on ten successive fall Saturdays. Then the drama is most intense because of the nature of the public spectacle. But the real learning, the real growing, is done on Cartier Field six days a week. There the lessons of experience become vital and young athletes grow in skill



and maturity. This is the seldom seen theatre of the football team. For the many others on the fringe, they participate in a million different ways, from the arm-chair quarterback watching his TV in Brooklyn to the homecoming date who thought Father Hesburgh was the football coach. To them football can be a harsh reality or an imaginary fancy. They all have experienced football at Notre Dame, whatever their particular interest may be. It is the fun they have all had that makes the playing of the game worthwhile. The fun too is different for different people. For the coaches, it comes in knowing the people under them and in having taught them something beyond the mechanics of the game. For the alumnus, fun is the nostalgia of a pep rally and a flask of whiskey under his coat on a cold day. All these things make Notre Dame football what it is. This is the aspect of the game we will take a look at—the human drama that makes football part of the larger game of life.

## A Large Nurdle Of Oklahoma Defeat

*The season began with an opener at home against highly rated Oklahoma. This game exposed both the strengths and weaknesses that the Irish would have to contend with all season. In this article Rich Moran takes a comic look at the seemingly epic proportions of the football spectacle.*

IT HAD BEEN the summer of Alice Long, of Lady Willpower, of Mayor Richard Daley, and of Denny McClain. It had seen four presidential candidates nominated whose first or second names included Milhaus, Spiro (*et cum Spiro tu tuo; Agnew Dei*), Horatio (What ho, Horatio?), and Sixtus (Linus, Cletus, Clement, *Sixtus . . . etc.*). As if all this was insufficient to turn a pancreas red, an upstart Oklahoma was flaunting their prowess about the A.P. and U.P.I. polls. With the Sooners' Worm Warmack promising to be one of the nation's top quarterbacks and with an Oklahoma offensive line quicker than Brother Gorch's "spotters" in the Student Center, it looked as though Notre Dame might have to resort to a large nurdle of Vote toothpaste to destroy Saul Sooner. Perhaps, the Irish might even have to invoke grey-eyed Athena to envelop Oklahoma in a mist if they wished to retain their recently re-established supremacy over Oklahoma.

At Notre Dame, lights blinked on and off — on for the offense, off for the defense. With Hanratty and Seymour the leaders of the pack ("harumm, harumm — the leader of the pack"), the Notre Dame offense promised to be a leviathan that would not subdue easily. And the potent offense loomed even larger when viewed over the heads of an excellent offensive line which included Captain George Kunz, more mountain than man. Two consistent performers, Bob Gladioux and Jeff Zimmerman, solidified a backfield whose only question mark was at the tight halfback spot.

But the defense had suffered from the bubonic plague — graduation. No returning starters would play against Oklahoma, and the secondary was as green as a can of string beans. The defensive line was big but not so fast and, although Oklahoma would not be running through the Irish, they might be running around them.

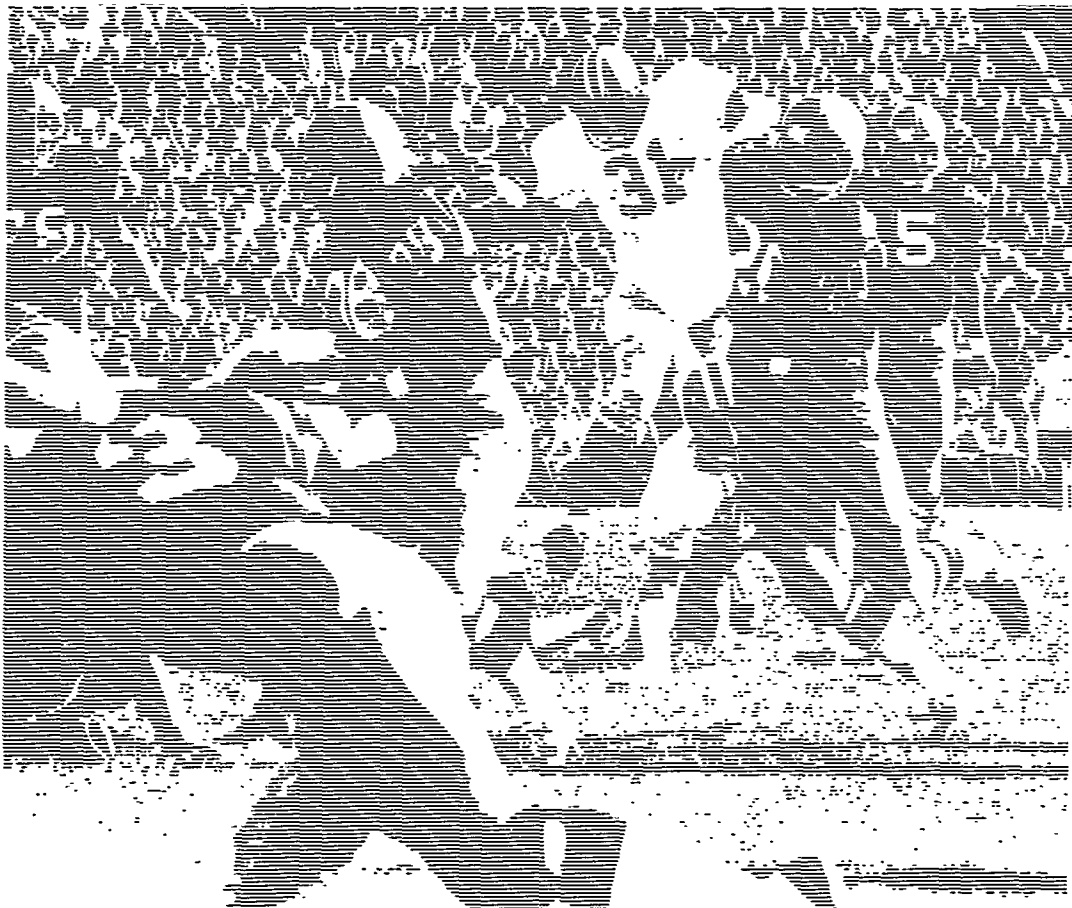
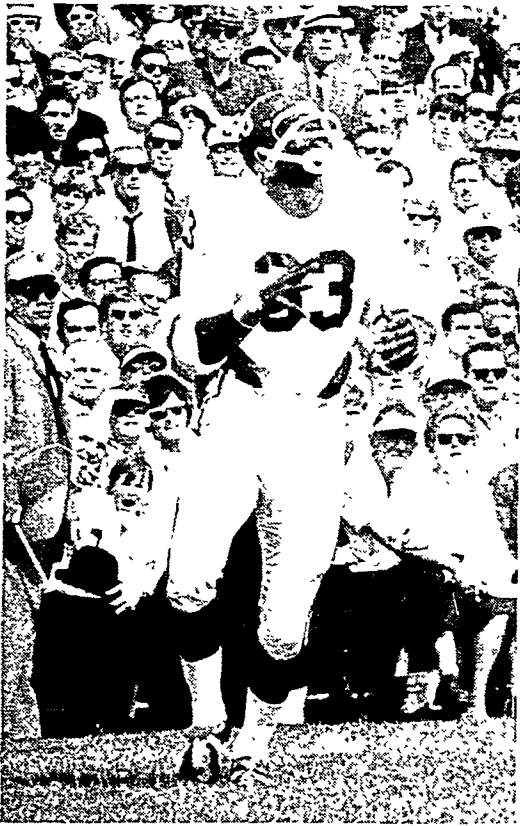
SLOWLY, ever so slowly, Oklahoma coach Chuck Fairbanks approached South Bend. He had stolen the Promethean fire; he brandished it high in the air; he waved it in the face of Zeus. And for this, he suffered. For on that third Saturday in September, he led his team into the Pandora's box. His Sooners, chained to a one-hundred-and-twenty-yard field, slowly had its liver pecked and devoured by a ferocious beast — whether it was Zeus's eagle or Notre Dame's leprechaun makes no difference.

Since Christmas of last year, hungry Sooners had laid covetous eyes on the Notre Dame carrion. Two years before, Oklahoma had suffered a 38-0 setback to the Irish; and they pledged themselves to revenge. They came to South Bend as Orange Bowl victors, ranked third in the last 1967 regular season polls, and seen as favorites in the crystal balls of many people



*Right, Hanratty passing; opposite right, the subway Alumni; middle, Eddie Hinton taking a kickoff; below, Gladioux running around end; far right, Kuechenberg and Lauck block a punt; below, an interested cleric.*





inside and outside of South Bend. They left torn and mutilated, defeated and humiliated. For Oklahoma, it was sort of like meeting Charles Atlas "before" in an alley, calling him a fascist pig and a militaristic dog — only to see him undergo the metamorphosis into Charles Atlas "after."

Where did Oklahoma go wrong? Perhaps, when they first set foot on a plane for the heaths of northern Indiana. More particularly, quarterback Bob Warrmack proved less accurate with his passes than was publicized; and receiver Eddie Hinton proved less sure-handed than was hoped. Beyond those liabilities, there was the tremendous size differential: Oklahoma was just never able to compensate with its speed. David met Goliath; but, this time, David forgot his slingshot. The first half was exciting enough; the score was 21-14 when the teams left for the lockers. But the Irish were only tantalizing the Sooners. Bob Gladieux, popping in from one yard out, had scored first for the Irish. But within 18 seconds of playing time, the Sooners had tied it up with a 72-yard look-in pass play which saw the ball travel one aerial yard and receiver Hinton, running like an antelope on Ex-Lax, lope the last 71. On the last play of the first quarter, Steve Zabel (as in zebra, zounds, and Zloch) grabbed a "Worm" pass for a sixteen-yard tally. Uh, oh — Sooners 14, Irish 7.

**B**UT THEN the second quarter came along (it usually does come right after the first). Suddenly it looked like the "dynamic duo," the "double dealers," or the "phantom four divided by two" would reign in '68 as they had in '66. Twice, Hanratty to Seymour and the half-time score read 21-14.

In the second half Gladieux, the guy who looks like an ex-con, put two more notches in his football spikes. Then, Landolfi, which must be Italian for bear, finished the Irish scoring with a six-yard bullmoose maneuver.

It had been an auspicious opener even though Lady

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*Below, Leroy Keyes eludes Bob Olson; near right, the staple diet for a football afternoon; far right, Schumacher brings down an aerial.*

Bird had not been there to cut the tape. The Irish displayed an offense mightier than Paul Bunyan and more versatile than Ben Franklin. But evil omens portended trouble for the defense as Oklahoma receivers constantly found themselves grazing in the grass without a Notre Dame shepherd in sight. And even while Notre Dame, the contented sheep, feasted on Oklahoma fodder, the Purdue wolf plotted the seizure of the Irish lamb.

*Richard Moran* □

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## An Offensive Encounter With Leroy Keyes

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*Purdue and Notre Dame met with two of the most potent offenses in the country. Purdue was ranked number one by the Associated Press and Notre Dame was ranked number one by United Press International. The game turned out to be every bit the offensive battle that everyone expected, but Keyes and some Irish mistakes gave the game to Purdue.*

**L**EROY KEYES, Mike Phipps, and Bob Dillingham. That's the story of how Purdue vindicated the number one ranking given them the week before by the Associated Press.

Seven times within the Purdue 30-yard line without scoring. That's how Notre Dame failed to live up to the number one ranking bestowed upon them by United Press International.

Nineteen sixty-eight's first Poll Bowl went according to the pregame analysis: plenty of offense, with whoever could best take advantage of their breaks coming out on top. In exactly this manner Purdue emerged a 37-22 winner after the two powerful offensive machines rolled up 55 first downs and 933 yards



in total offense. You might not see those kinds of totals produced if Alabama scrimmaged Ole Miss for a whole week.

On a day given over to offensive heroes, versatile Leroy Keyes, as expected, grabbed the spotlight. In front of regional television cameras and the nation's elite football scribes, Keyes certainly enhanced at that time his already excellent chance for the Heisman Trophy by running for two touchdowns and throwing for another. Actually, Notre Dame's defense did a creditable job of bottling Keyes up at the line of scrimmage — as long as the line of scrimmage was outside the Irish 20-yard line. But if Keyes was sudden death inside that chalk line, the passing combination of Mike Phipps to Bob Dillingham was, if not as dramatic, at least as devastating. Phipps limped off the field on Purdue's first play when he was jolted by Irish defensive tackle Bob Jockisch. After the junior quarterback returned in the second quarter, he guided Purdue to all five of their touchdowns, completing 16 of 24 passes along the way — including five of five on crucial third down plays. And Dillingham, who wasn't even a starter, maneuvered through the green secondary of the Irish for two touchdowns and altogether 11 receptions — which is more than any one man had previously caught against any Notre Dame team.

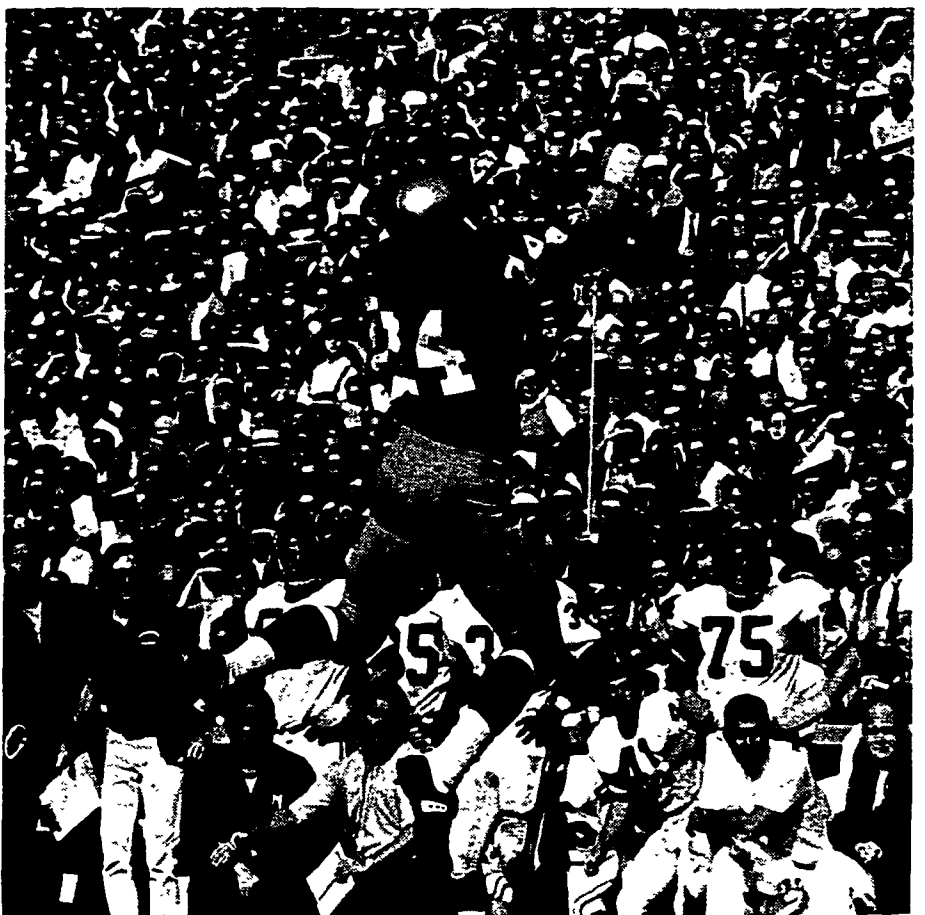
Irish quarterback Terry Hanratty threw 43 passes against Purdue, which is 20 less than he threw in the 1967 Purdue contest but about 20 more than Coach Ara Parseghian's 1968 game plan envisioned. Notre Dame began the game bent on establishing a consistent ground game to keep the ball away from Purdue and loosen up their pass coverage. For 20 minutes the plan worked well enough. The Irish ran off 35 scrimmage plays to only 18 for Purdue and finally took a 7-3 lead when sophomore halfback Denny Allan skirted right end for the final five yards. But even then the thought occurred that Notre Dame might have been too charitable in allowing their downstate neighbors to breathe so long. Twice already the Irish had penetrated deep into Purdue territory only to come away empty handed when field goal attempts went awry.

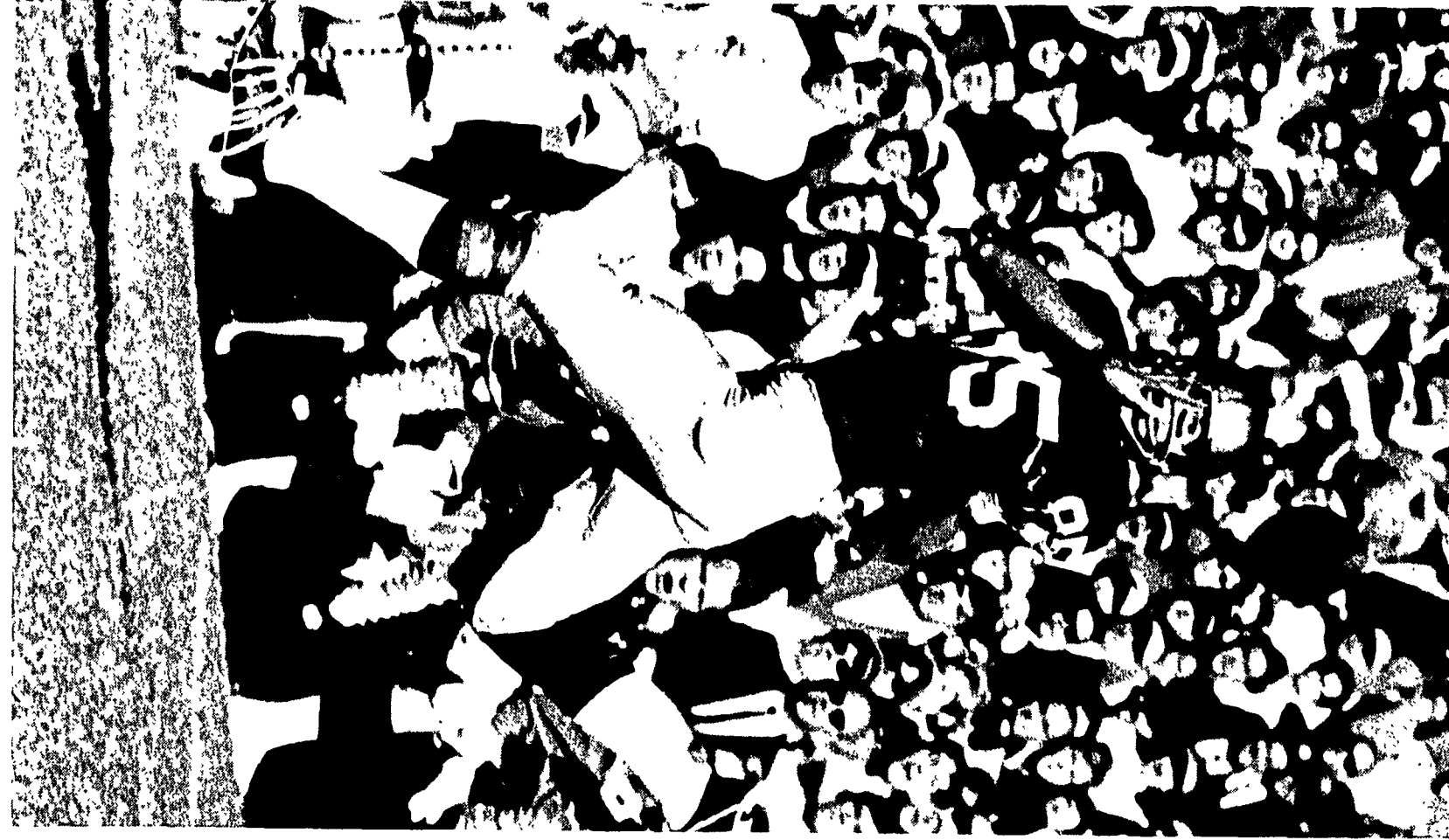
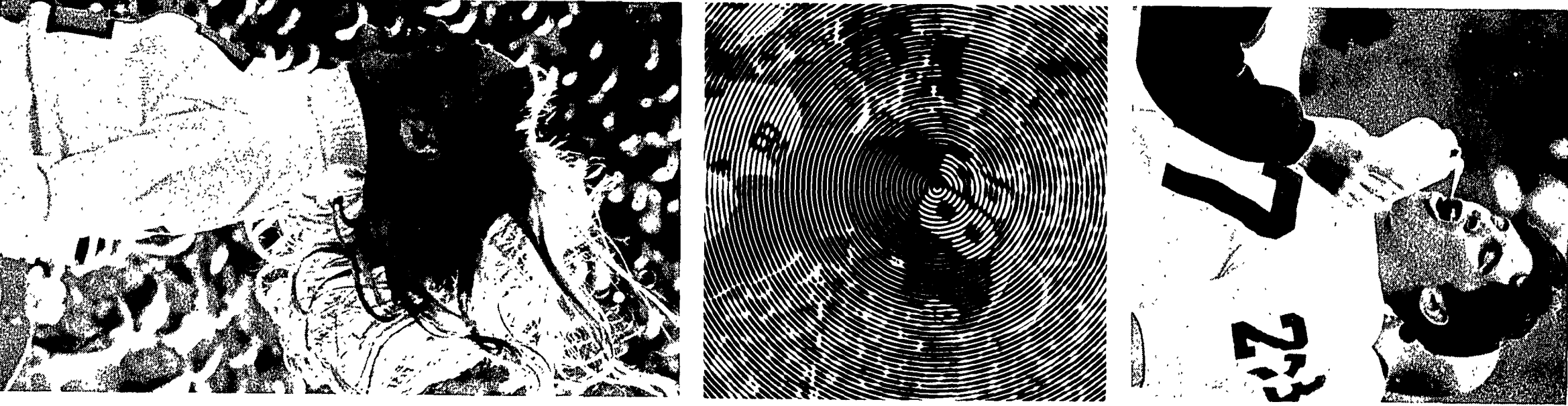
PURDUE quickly confirmed the suspicion, and in the process made a shambles of the Notre Dame game plan. In the longest sustained drive of the afternoon, the poised Phipps took his team 74 yards in 10 plays. Three times he connected with Dillingham for first downs, and on third and nine he hit the double-teamed Keyes for 11 yards to the Irish 25. Three plays later Keyes swept left end from the 16, put one brilliant move on the jittery secondary, and then easily outraced everyone to the end zone.

Keyes' romp put Purdue on top and opened up the floodgates. Capitalizing on a brief loss of composure by the home team, the Boilermakers added two more scores within three and a half minutes. Linebacker Bob Yunaska intercepted a deflected pass of Terry Hanratty and Bill Yanchar recovered a Bob Gladioux fumble to set up the tallies. Both of the scores came on passes to the sure-handed Dillingham, one coming from Keyes and the other from Phipps. Keyes, on his throw of 17 yards, started to his left just as he had done on his previous run. He didn't exactly rifle the ball to Dillingham. What Keyes launched more closely resembled a Boeing 707 — a nice high flight which descended slowly for a soft landing in Dillingham's eager arms. Meanwhile the Notre Dame secondary somehow managed to be a half-second late again.

Trailing 23-7 by this point, Terry Hanratty took to the air to rally the Irish before the half ended. Passes to Seymour, Gladioux, and Eaton moved the ball to the Purdue 30. On 4th and 10, with Keyes now covering Seymour, Hanratty was forced to run, which he did successfully for 17 yards. On the next play he had to scramble again and finally drilled a pass in the end zone to Eaton with only 3 seconds left. At this time the play had all the makings of a possible turning point. Notre Dame's offensive line had clearly outplayed the visitors' defensive line and so, down now only 23-14, things did not look too discouraging if the defense could throttle Keyes and Co. for a little while.

The Irish defense did hold Purdue off the board for one quarter, but meanwhile the offense continued the futile pattern of not quite coming up with the big play.





Gladieux almost made a diving catch in the end zone and Scott Hempel missed another field goal. Another drive, from the Notre Dame 8 to the Purdue 22, stalled when the pass protection broke down twice in a row. At the end of three quarters Notre Dame had posted only 14 points despite not having to punt since the opening series of plays in the first quarter.

ON THE very first play of the final period the inimitable Mr. Keyes went 18 yards over the left side to just about clinch the game. A few minutes later, there was Perry Williams going in untouched 18 yards over the other side. It appeared that Purdue would make it an absolute rout. Amazingly, with the help of a recovered fumble, Coley O'Brien's successful on-side kickoff, and Bob Gladieux's 50-yard punt return, Notre Dame still penetrated the Purdue 30 four more times. But except for Hanratty's eight-yard scoring toss to Allan the pattern of frustration continued, partly due to an interception and a fumble. During the game Notre Dame lost the ball six times on an interception or fumble—three times in Notre Dame territory leading to Purdue TD's, and three times inside the Purdue 30.

For Purdue coach Jack Mollenkopf it was a precedent-setting day. He became the first man to engineer three victories over the Fighting Irish in the Era of Ara, and he's also the first to win two years in a row. In addition his team's 37 points were the most scored against any Notre Dame team since 1961.

Every year the pollsters want to make Notre Dame number one as soon as possible. Then for the big football game everyone wants to bet on the Fighting Irish, so the bookies make them favorites. And Ara Parseghian tries to point out some of his team's rather obvious deficiencies, like a green secondary and lack of a breakaway runner. But no one will believe it until they hear it from Dan Jenkins. *Raymond Serafin* □

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## A Trip Through the Big Ten and a New Record for the Gobbler

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*After a disappointing loss to Purdue, Notre Dame took on three Big Ten opponents. Iowa, Northwestern, and Illinois all had great offensive potential. Notre Dame came back with three wins and enough yardage for Terry Hanratty to outdistance George Gipp in total offense.*

FOOTBALL is a many-splendored thing. It's been that way ever since Princeton and Rutgers squared off on a crisp November morning 99 years ago. And as Dan Jenkins, Mr. Warmth himself, so aptly put it, "even then, as people watched from their frost-coated buckboards in New Brunswick, N.J., the colle-

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*Far left, Seymour catching pass to set new offense record for Hanratty; below, Parseghian and Hanratty after game; near left, Zloch getting some gator juice; middle, Eaton catching touchdown pass; bottom, Illinois cheerleader.*

giate sport had something extra that no other athletic endeavor would ever have—something that reaches mysteriously beyond exercise for its own sake or honorable shin splints."

That something begins Friday night with the raucous phenomenon they call a pep rally, continues with the expectations of Saturday morning, and culminates that afternoon on the field and in the stands. For college campuses across the nation, a football weekend means people, emotion, noise, and just plain fun.

At Notre Dame the story is no different. If anything, the drama of the game is actually heightened. The ivy-covered walls, the buildings, the dome, the grass itself reeks with tradition and the immense crowds that weekly converge on the Midwestern school never fail to respond to it.

Garbed in Notre Dame jackets and festive, green-trimmed straw hats, the old-timers, the raconteurs of a past generation, gather around corner lampposts to weave their tales of yesteryear. They speak of the Rock and the Gipp, of good times and bad times, of old friends and of things to come.

"Remember Martin Crayton, the lad who lived down the hall from us?"

"Certainly—I remember him. How could I forget. Fine boy. Fine, fine. Great hands too. I'll never forget the catch he made on me down by the lake that day. Understand the poor boy passed away recently."

"Yes. Terrible, terrible. Bad liver did him in. Tipped the cup a bit too much, you know. . . ."

Confusion reigns supreme. Parents search frantically for their children; visitors run in and out of the bookstore, proudly displaying newly purchased ND monogrammed merchandise; hawkers sell sandwiches and soft drinks; and countless bands fill the air with blaring sound.

In the halls the scene outside is duplicated. The hallways overflow with alumni, parents, friends and students. Beer mugs in hand, they saunter from room to room, exchanging greetings and hardy handshakes with all. Then, at a seemingly predetermined signal, the crowds hastily pick themselves up and move *en masse* to the stadium. Two and a half hours later, the game is over, the crowds have left, and Notre Dame once again joins the civilized world.

THIS semireligious ritual goes on throughout the season, irregardless of weather conditions or the importance of the game. Obviously, campus activity is toned down during away games; especially when you've lost a big one the week before. Hope for a national championship fades away and both players and fans are down in the dumps.

Saturday, October 5, found Notre Dame in such a situation. Having suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of Leroy Keyes and Purdue the preceding week, the Irish traveled to Iowa City for their annual duel with Ray Nagel's Hawkeyes. Notre Dame's "if only we . . ." thoughts about Purdue were quickly forgotten, though, when Iowa scored the first time they had the ball, on a 38-yard peg from Larry Lawrence to Tom Green. The stunned Irish retaliated quickly. Mixing accurate passing with strong running from fullback Ron Dushney, Terry Hanratty capped a 73-yard Irish drive with a three-yard dash around the right end for the score.

Forcing Iowa to punt, Notre Dame took over on its own 37-yard line. Seven plays later Bob Gladieux



snagged a Hanratty aerial for a touchdown. The Irish looked like they were finally in control, but the explosive Iowa offense (second in the Big Ten last year) bounced back with another score. With 30 seconds left in the first quarter, the Irish went to the air. A 69-yard Hanratty completion to Gladieux put the ball on the Iowa two, where Denny Allan slashed over right tackle to put Notre Dame in the lead for good.

Iowa managed to put 14 more points on the boards in the second half, but the balanced Irish attack proved too much for them as they fell 51-28.

The following weekend, the Notre Dame carnival was once again in full swing.

Northwestern took a bus ride to South Bend for Notre Dame's annual seminar on football know-how and came out on the short end of the stick. Chico Kurzawski, a specialist in the quick kick, passed, caught, and ran his way for 122 yards and one touchdown; all for naught, though, as the Wildcats went down in defeat, 27-7.

**T**HE IRISH got on the board first with a seven-yard run by Hanratty and it looked like another rout. But Northwestern's defense stiffened and the remainder of the half went scoreless.

Notre Dame's overall balance was too much for the courageous Wildcats in the second half, though. Bob Gladieux got things rolling with a seven-yard touchdown scamper and added another in the late stages of the game. Northwestern struck back with a scoring thrust engineered by Kurzawski. That made the score 20-7. Agase's eleven got no closer. Coley O'Brien hauled in a scoring strike from Hanratty to end the day. Final score: 27-7.

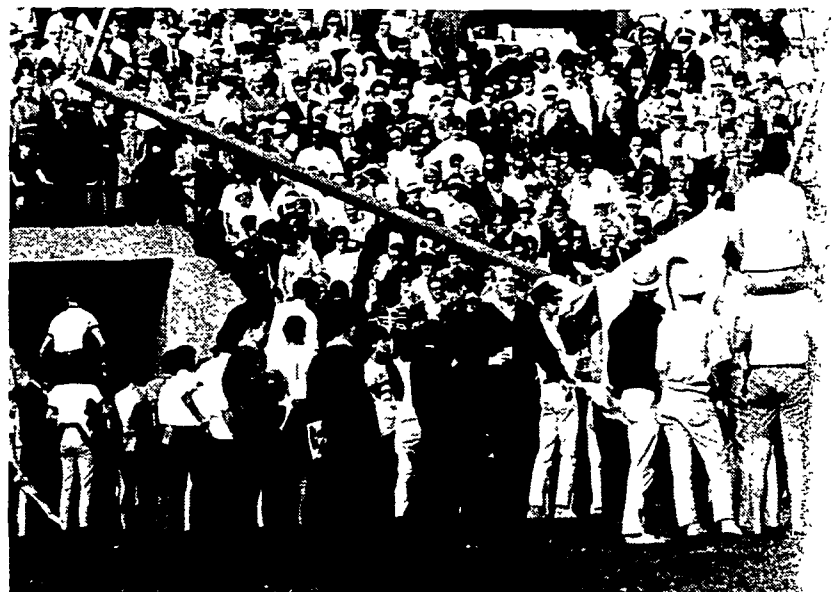
Even as Northwestern boarded their chartered bus for the trip back to Evanston, plans were being laid for Notre Dame's next opponent, Illinois. Needless to say, the Irish were well prepared.

Before a homecoming crowd of 59,075 in sun-splashed Notre Dame stadium, the record books were rewritten as Terry Hanratty scrambled and passed his way for 267 yards and a new total offense record. In doing so, Hanratty surpassed the figure set by the legendary George Gipp some fifty years ago and led his Irish teammates to a new all-offense record of 673 yards. The old mark of 664 yards was established in 1932 against the Haskell Institute Indians of Kansas.

The 58-8 defeat was the worst gridiron disaster for the Illini since 1906 when Amos Alonzo Stagg's University of Chicago demolished them 63-0.

"It's like breaking a piece of my mother's most expensive china," Hanratty commented on his accomplishment. "I have mixed emotions. I hope the old-time Notre Dame fans won't feel too badly about it. My teammates have helped, especially Jim Seymour." Fittingly, it was Seymour who hauled in the 18-yard scoring pass that erased the Gipper's four-year mark of 4,110 yards. Hanratty's record-breaking feat occurred in the 25th game of his three seasons.

Somehow it seemed doubtful that the old-timers will have anything derogatory to say about Terry's new record. It may take them a little time, but before long they'll be standing around those corner lampposts reminiscing about the day the Gobbler replaced the Gipper in the record books. Mark Seeberg □



*Above, a three point stance against M.S.U.; middle, touchdown—M.S.U.; bottom, a sagging goal post for Northwestern; far right, Fr. Riehle, Hempel, Hanratty and Seymour.*

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## Excedrin Headache No. 2 — M.S.U.

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*For Michigan State, Notre Dame is one of those traditional rivalries that sportscasters always say you can throw away the record books for. Whether the Spartans were reading books or not, they were fired up sky high for the annual encounter with the Fighting Irish. The game was a colorful one charged with the tension of a last minute goal line stand. The phenomena of being up for a game and the dismal atmosphere of a loser's locker room are our topics for October 26th.*

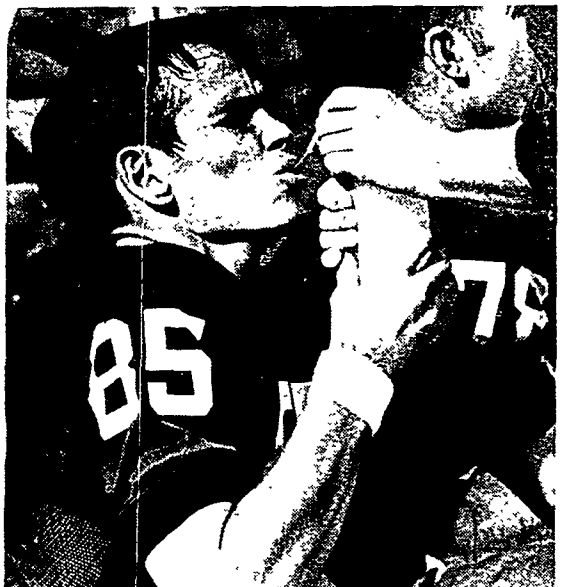
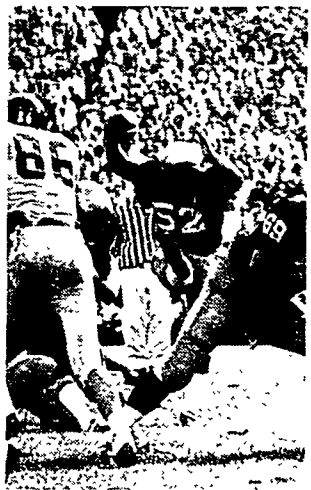
**S**OMETHING happens to the game of football on a cold October day. High school physics texts reveal that sound travels farther on a cold day. The cracking of shoulder pads in well executed block and the contacting muscles of the body's response to cold make the game a sensual experience for the spectator. The "blue-gray sky" of Grantland Rice somehow accentuates the serious nature of the impending game. That was the atmosphere at Michigan State on the 26th of October. It was the fourth Big Ten team in a row that Notre Dame had faced. The train trip to East Lansing was a testimonial to the liquor industry and the game was to be nationally televised. The cameras, the men walking around in light blue ABC jackets, and the boom mike on the sidelines made you realize that across the country there were a million invisible faces focused on that field.

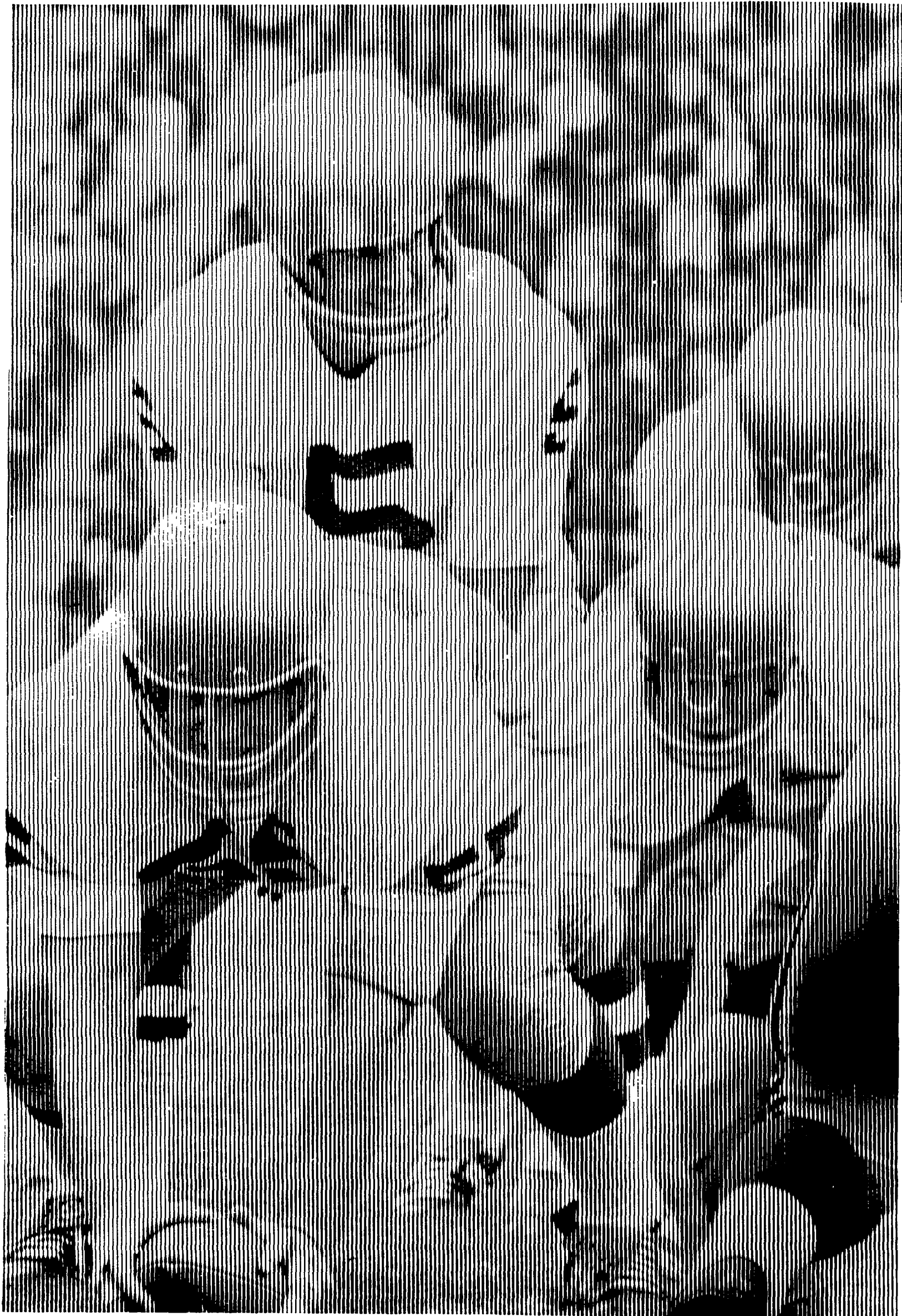
For some unknown reason Duffy Daugherty and Michigan State perennially get psyched up for Notre Dame. Perhaps the memory of 1966 lingers in the minds of upperclassmen. Even last year's injury ridden team managed a respectable game against the Irish in Notre Dame Stadium. Whatever the reason, the Spartans were up again this year and the trip to Spartan Stadium was like stepping into a bear trap. After a decade of coaching, Duffy is no amateur at psychology. He told the press on Friday afternoon that he was thinking of opening the game with an on-side kick. "Yeah sure, Duffy." was the reaction. But, the opening whistle, a psyched up crowd, and a chilly day—all the stage props were ready—and sure enough, an on-side kick succeeds. Spartan Stadium goes beserk and the smell of upset already fills the air.

From the moment of the opening play the M.S.U. game looked like a cliff hanger. The game was a see-saw battle, but a few lighter moments broke the tension. At half time a Michigan State trooper confiscated a pint of Cutty Sark from an inebriated M.S.U. student. Apparently having taken Duffy's course in Theatrics I, he walked down the aisle and poured the scotch out on the grass in full view of the drooling and jeering students. In contrast, four boy scouts huddled in the corner of the stadium clutching their M.S.U. pennant.

For Notre Dame's offensive team it was a frustrating day, penetrating the Spartan 20-yard line time after time, but failing to score. The statistics, as usual, showed Notre Dame ahead in every category, but the scoreboard favored Michigan State. For the first time, however, the defensive unit managed to play a good game, giving up only three touchdowns and scoring one on a recovered fumble in the end zone.

But, Duffy was not to have his drama end without a *deus ex machina* finale. Notre Dame drives 50 yards to the Spartan 2-yard line. First and goal. Four shots at the goal line seem like a sure bet. But, three running plays fail. Fourth down pass to Seymour. The backfield





judge slips and falls. Obvious pass interference, but no referee was there to make the call. Michigan State takes over on downs and it's back to Cartier for some running drills.

Locker rooms are funny places after a game. They are usually so nondescript that whatever character they take on is generated by the players and coaches within. You approach the two locker rooms through a long dark tunnel descending down from the field. On opposite sides of the tunnel the two locker rooms face each other. On this day Duffy meets with the press immediately. He is exuberant and as usual, witty. "Terry Hanratty is the best quarterback I've ever seen—he does everything well," states Duffy. The noise of jubilant players filters into the press room. The Michigan State locker room was the picture of victory, but the dull green door marked VISITORS was slower in opening. It took Ara 20 minutes to finish talking to his players. Then, finally, the door opened and the press was allowed to enter. At first you notice that the silence that had pervaded this same locker room just two years before, once again descended. Ara complained about the pass interference to the press. John Ray stood over the drooping hulk of Mike McCoy saying, "C'mon, get your chin up; there are teams that will do worse than 8 and 2." Tom Pagna stood near the locker room doorway looking emotionally struck by the loss. As the players leave the locker room the usual sea of eyes confronts them. But, this time they are wondering, not admiring. Wondering how mighty Notre Dame could lose. Wondering if Notre Dame would come back.

William Sweeney □

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## Chuck and the Reserves Get Their Chance Against Three Weak Sisters

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For the Navy game SCHOLASTIC contributor Kate Sheeran journeyed to the "City of Brotherly Love" to record a typically feminine impression of the pregame activities.

IT WAS the Irish Alumni's day to shine (and to wine) at the Navy-Notre Dame game in Philadelphia. Countless numbers of alumni and quasi-alumni found themselves in the parking lot of John F. Kennedy Stadium, ready and well prepared (in the traditional Notre Dame fashion) for the pregame festivities, far away from their 9-5 jobs.

No one could accuse a Notre Dame man of being a diehard. One star performer, evidently a buffoon imported from the wild west, did the Leprechaun thing before an already well-oiled crowd. Also in the cast of thousands were numerous dwarfs and beer-chuggers; it was just like the Royal American Freak Show. A 1940 graduate of Du Lac, a magician of sorts, pulled from his trunk:

1. a bugle
2. a cardboard Sunkist lemon
3. baseball and mitt
4. the always present football
5. a first aid kit.

The bugle was played with surprising gusto—the kind that's in *Schlitz*. In a return to the good old days



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Left, Monty centers as Hanratty, Zimmerman, and Allan set in the stacked "P"; right above, Boy Scouts at M.S.U.; middle, Chuckles on the run; bottom, the Navy cannon.



he blasted forth with a medley of "Reveille," "Charge," and a few other songs, including the, yes, the Notre Dame Fight Song. Inside the stadium itself, he assumed cheerleading duties during the game.

**A**FTER imbibing the usual beverages, we entered the stadium which made the Notre Dame arena look like an empty soap dish. Notre Dame's alumni were scattered around and scattered next to them were prospective Notre Dame moppets. And visions of diplomas danced in their heads.

And then the really big show began when the midshipmen marched in formation onto the field. The sea of blue and white midshipmen saluted the Notre Dame side, and sang the Annapolis Alma Mater. Once they jockeyed for seats, we settled down to watch the game that we suddenly remembered we had all come to see.

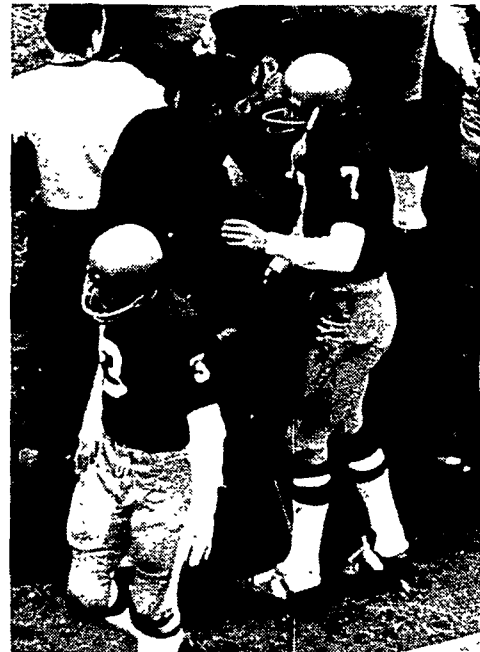
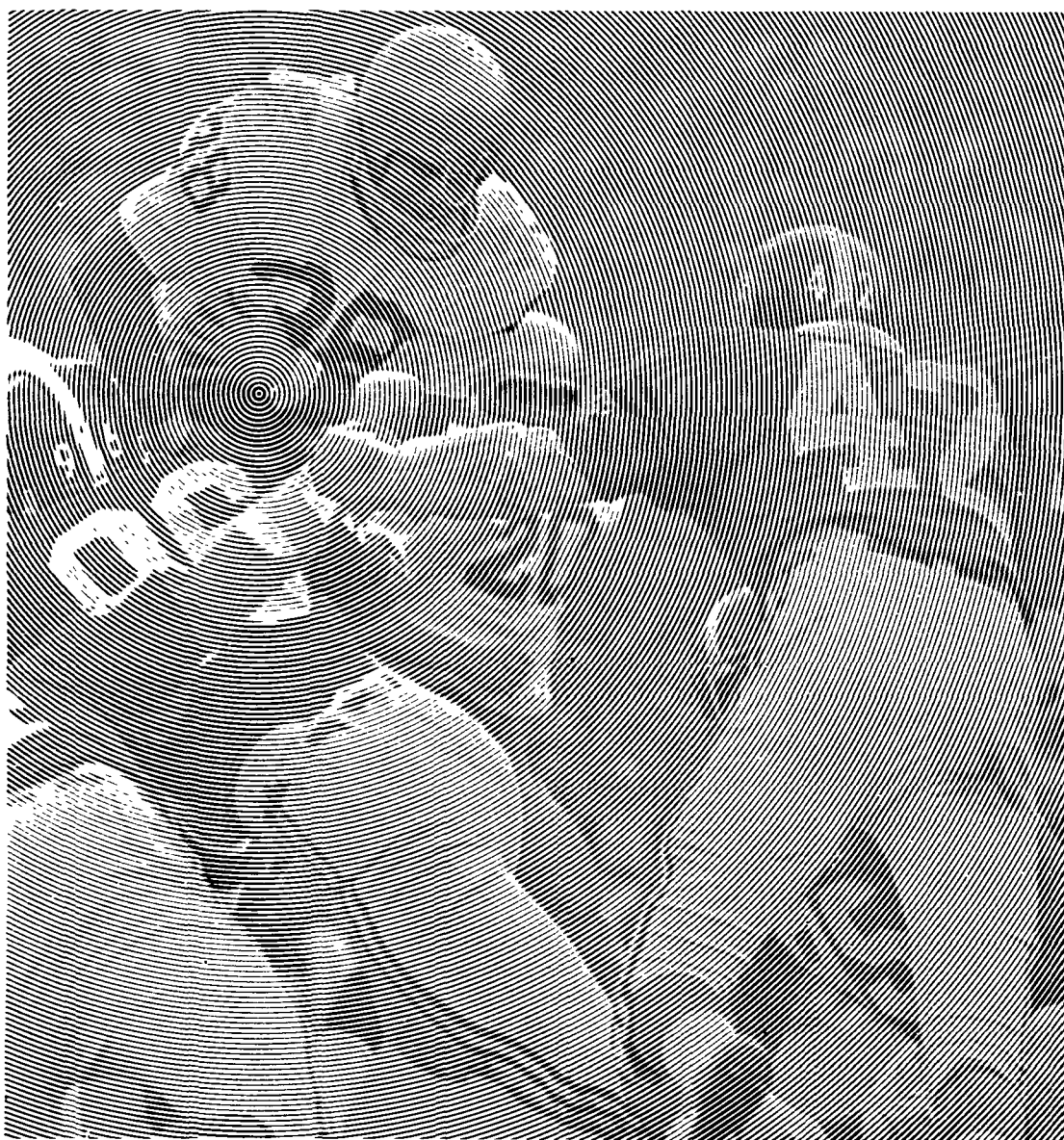
Kate Sheeran □

*Following Navy, fate struck and eliminated Terry Hanratty from the Irish lineup for the final three games of the season. But, Pitt and Georgia Tech went down to defeat at the hands of a scrappy sophomore quarterback and some tough reserves who filled in the gaps left by injuries.*

**F**OR THE PAST several years, the Notre Dame-Pittsburgh and Notre Dame-Georgia Tech gridiron confrontations have been characterized less by the spectacles of toe to toe slugging matches than by the embarrassingly high scores afflicted on both teams by the Irish. Since 1964 Notre Dame has averaged more than 40 points per game against their steel city rivals. Knowledgeable football philosophers said that this year would be no different. Pitt had served as little more

than whipping boys for six of their first seven opponents, managing only to conquer limp William and Mary. Meanwhile, Georgia Tech came to Notre Dame stadium with a 4-4 record and the memory of a 36-3 defeat by the Irish a year before. And while the Irish were not without defeat (five wins and two losses) they possessed the second-ranked offense in the nation and could rightly expect to pad their statistics at the expense of the unacclaimed Pitt and Georgia Tech defenders. Everyone looked forward to a healthy, if unexciting, victory. But long before game time on Saturday, the confidence and expectations of many ND fans had begun to waver. The awful had happened: star quarterback Terry Hanratty had been injured in practice during the week and was out of the game.

Hanratty had suffered a knee injury in a morning workout during the week. Although no one was sure of the extent of the injury at first, it soon became apparent that Hanratty's career at Notre Dame was over. With Hanratty out, the quarterbacking responsibilities fell to sophomore Joe Theismann, a fourth-quarter substitute for Hanratty in previous games. In his few appearances, Theismann had looked good, showing fine running ability and sharp execution of the plays. Still, many wondered if he could completely fill the breach left by Hanratty. While Hanratty weighs well over 200 lbs. and owns most of the ND passing records, Theismann is a light 160 lbs. and had only attempted 11 passes all season. If ND was to remain in contention for a high national ranking, Theismann would have to keep from being injured by giant linemen and also supplement the powerful Irish running attack with accurate passing. Theismann himself was most concerned about lack of experience at passing. "The Pitt





game, I felt, would be a really big test of my passing. Besides that I wasn't too worried." But, of course, the contest with Pitt would be a severe test not only of Theismann's capabilities of directing the Irish offense, but also of the entire team's ability to play under new leadership.

**S**OUTH BEND greeted its visitors with two of the worst successive football Saturdays of the season: soaking wet fields and cold, cold days. In the cold, 60,000 fans waited to see what the sophomore could do. Their wait was short.

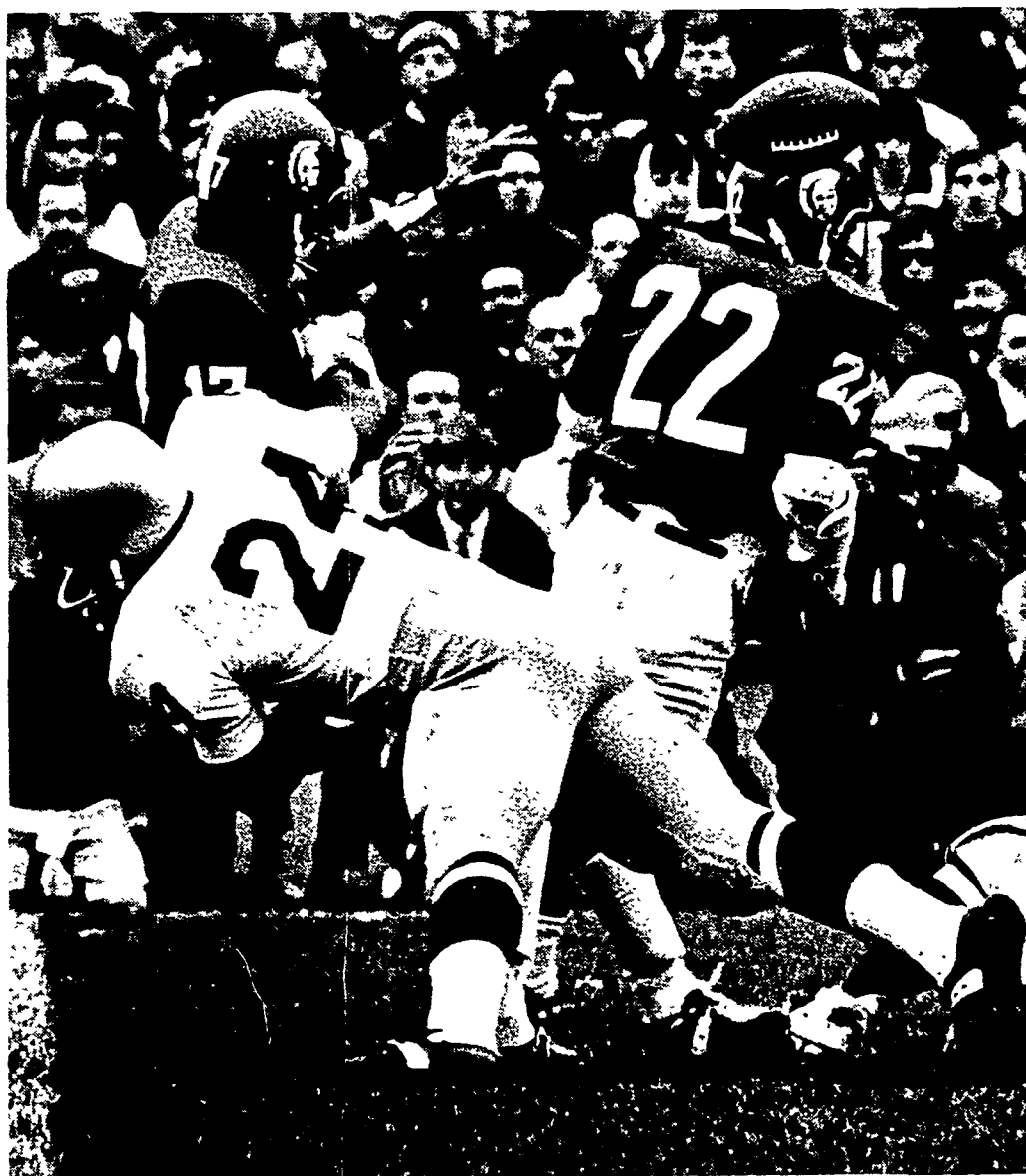
Against Pitt, the Panthers received the kickoff but gave up the ball after one set of downs. Notre Dame took the ball at the Pitt 45-yard line. Four plays later, halfback Bob Gladieux swiveled into the end zone, tallying six Irish points. After a brief intermission, during which the Pitt offense made a quick appearance, Theismann called the Irish offensive attack into session at the ND 33. In an 11-play touchdown drive, he soothed almost every doubt about his passing abilities. Twice he pinpointed end Jim Seymour for gains of 20 and 29 yards. As far as his passing was concerned, that drive broke the ice for Theismann. "I gained a lot of confidence on that drive, especially when it came to throwing longer passes. Seymour had a lot to do with it. He can make any pass, regardless of accuracy, look well thrown." The capping touchdown on this offensive series was made by the sophomore QB on a 10-yard keeper play. And so it went for the rest of the first half: a stingy ND defense smothering the Pitt offense and a potent ND offense scoring on every drive. The Irish picked up another score on a long series of plays toward the end of the first quarter, again with Seymour

gaining on long passes and Theismann running a bootleg into the end zone. Kicker Scott Hempel added one-point conversions after every Irish score. The defensive high point of the first quarter came when man-mountain Eric Norri recovered a fumble by a hard hit Pitt halfback for a safety, the first of the year for the Irish defense.

**T**HE CHANGE of field direction at the start of the second quarter did not slip ND out of the touchdown groove. The second period saw home crowd favorite, Coley O'Brien, rack up a big share of the day's profits. Three times the wispy senior crossed the goal line for six-pointers, twice on passes from Theismann and once on a two-yard run. When the score reached the embarrassing proportions of 43 to 0, Coach Parseghian withdrew the first string offense, but that did little to slow the Irish machine. Reserve quarterback Bob Belden led ND for one more touchdown before the end of the half. It was Chuck Landolfi, the senior fullback, who capped the drive with a one-yard plunge into the end zone.

Compared to the first, the second half of the game was played at a much slower pace, although both Notre Dame and Pitt scored once. The final score was 56 to 7 Notre Dame, a sound victory for the Irish. The real importance of the game, however, did not lie in the overwhelming drubbing ND gave Pitt, but in the initiation of a new quarterback into the responsibility of running one of the most powerful offenses in college ball. Sophomore Joe Theismann, supported by superior performances by his older and more experienced teammates, passed this first test magnificently.

The story of Georgia Tech was much the same as



it was for Pitt. However, this Saturday it rained instead of snowed. And when it rains in South Bend, it really pours. By the end of the first quarter the full house in Notre Dame Stadium and the two teams down on the field were completely drenched and caked in mud. Even Terry Hanratty retired to the press box to nurse his cast and watch the game.

The first half was again a test of Joe Theismann's ability to continue his role as starting quarterback. Despite the field conditions, he passed for 56 yards and ran for 29 more. For Joe Theismann these two games were a proving ground. With or without Joe Theismann, Pitt and Georgia Tech hardly stood much of a chance. But Southern Cal would be a new challenge and they had O. J. Simpson, Mike Battle, and Steve Sogge to replace the unknowns from Georgia Tech. It was to be two weeks before the Irish were to meet Southern Cal in a game that would make or break the season. But, for these two Saturdays Joe Theismann and the reserves had filled the gaps and made the outlook for the Southern Cal game appear sunny. *Thomas Booker* □

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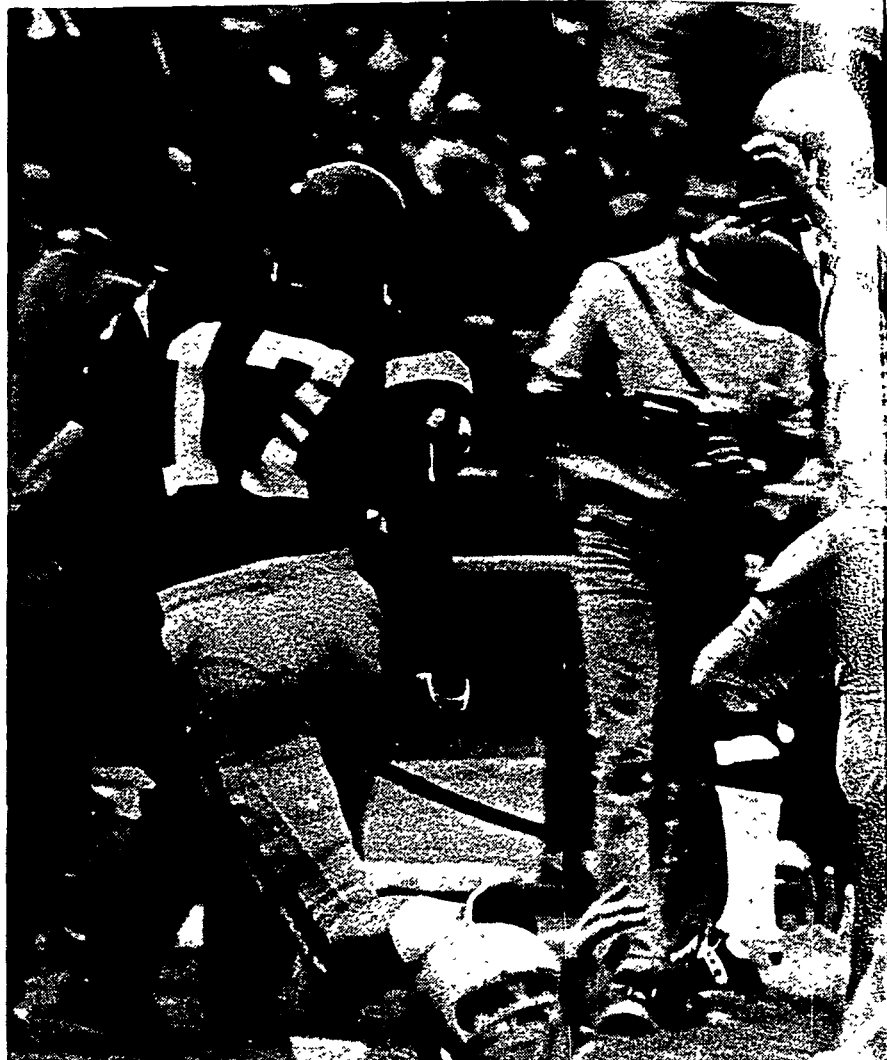
## Settling the Score For '64

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*California is a different kind of place. You get off your plane and suddenly you are standing next to Henry Fonda at the luggage claim counter. People out there do all the weird things you expect Californians to do. There are the surfers, the hippies, and everybody runs around in a sports car with their suntan. You can see Disneyland or Tijuana. The atmosphere was different and it promised to be a very different football game. It was that way in 1964 and it promised to be the same way on November 30, 1968.*

**F**OR the 1968 football team the season began last spring on Cartier field. It picked up again in August and ended two weeks ago in Southern California. In many ways the time spent between April and November was rewarding and in other ways it was frustrating. At the end of the season Ara Parseghian said that "this team deserves a better fate than 7-2-1." But, in large measure the disappointments of the first half of the season were equalized by their final game. It was the antithesis of '64. This time Southern Cal was number one and O. J. Simpson was the Heisman Trophy winner. Notre Dame, underdog for the first time in fifty games, was the challenger. Stricken early in the season by injuries and inexperience they had been defeated twice. Two weeks earlier Terry Hanratty finished his career with an injury incurred in practice.

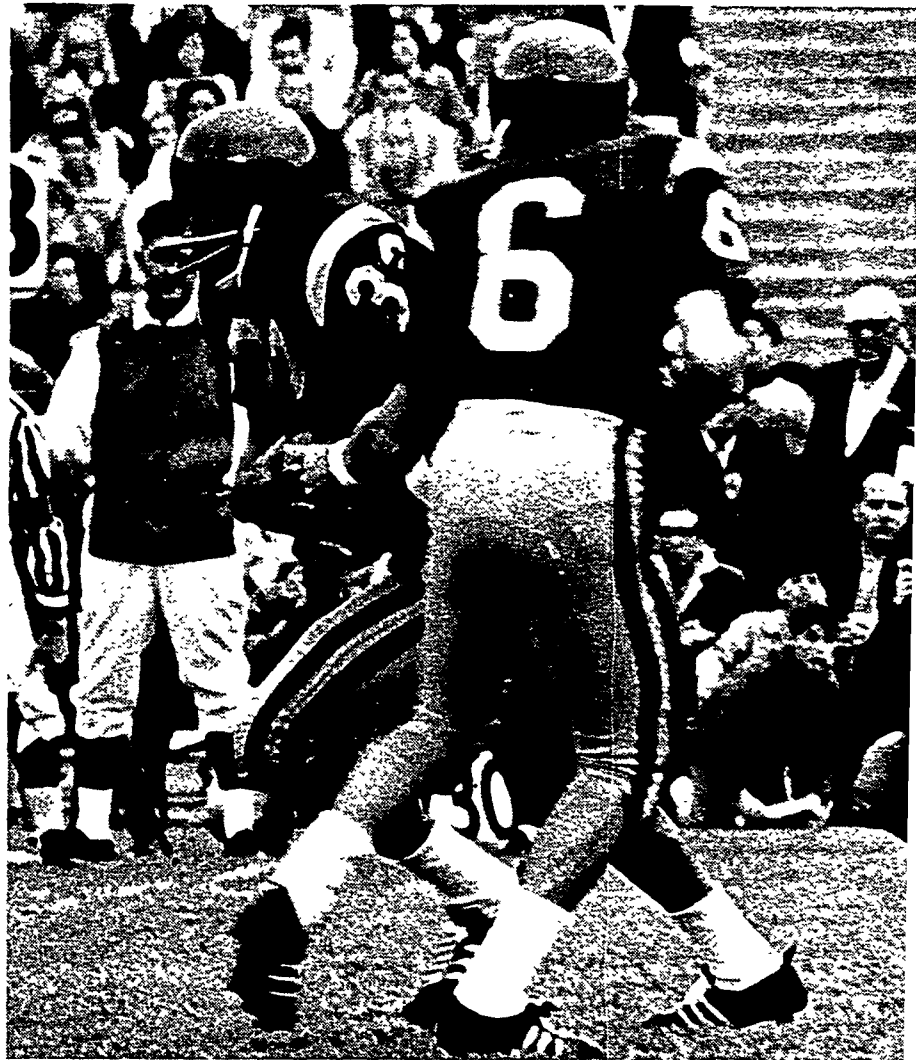
That was how Notre Dame went into their last game against Southern California. Joe Theismann had gotten some practice time against Pitt and Georgia Tech. But, he was still an inexperienced sophomore and USC would be his first big game. "Narrow escapes have become routine for USC," forecasted *Sports Illustrated*, "but the tightest squeeze of all may come when O. J. Simpson and the undefeated national champions encounter Notre Dame."



The Coliseum is a huge place compared to Notre Dame Stadium. It became an intimidating place on the day of the game as eighty-five thousand people filled the stands. It's surprising how seriously the Trojans take the entire Roman act. Their band dresses in a gladiator's costume, they play Roman battle marches, and at the end of their show a big white horse (ostensibly the son of Silver of Lone Ranger fame) with a Roman soldier on top races around the running track. You keep hoping for him to get thrown off his horse, but the show comes off flawlessly. Then the clincher — the band blares their trumpets and everybody (that's right, all eighty-five thousand) screams CHARGE! It sounds like they are all ready to come charging down on the field to make sure you don't win.

The game is about to start. In the pre-game warm-up, the coaches seem more nervous than the players. Johnny Ray is the only one to keep a comic attitude. He has to keep his sophomores from feeling the pressure of the game. The kickoff, and Notre Dame got the ball first. But, on the second play from scrimmage, Joe Theismann threw an interception to give USC an early lead. As the offensive team jogged off the field you could read a look of shock on their faces. A lot of people thought the game might turn into a rout right there. "I wasn't worried myself," commented coach Pagna later, "but I was worried about Joe." Everybody wondered for a while — until Notre Dame got the ball again and evened the score.

The first half made the Irish look like the National Champions. In those two quarters, they could have



beaten anybody. Dushney got crucial first downs. Gladieux scored the only breakaway touchdown of the year. Theismann was hitting his passes. But, the biggest surprise was the defense. The had finally become a unit. "The defense really got together against Southern Cal," said Tom Pagna after the game.

The second half saw USC score twice, one score of which came with the help of a crucial pass interference call. Sogge brought the Trojans back for the tie. The pass defense again proved vulnerable, but the defensive unit had done what no other team had done all year — they stopped O. J. Simpson. Despite two missed field goals, Notre Dame gained what even Dan Jenkins condescended to call "a winning tie against USC." It was the best game of the season for Notre Dame. But, the victory was more than holding the number one team to a tie. It was an individual victory for every member of the team. For they had grown since the Purdue defeat. Many mistakes had been eliminated. This is why the 1968 football season had been a success. The victory was over inexperience and injuries, as well as over USC. The learning of ten week's experience had paid off in success. In this way a hard fought tie had *made* the season and resigned the mistakes of earlier days to memory.

*William Sweeney*



*Above, on the run, Joe Theismann scampers out of bounds against USC; above right, Sogge handing off to Simpson who was stopped cold all day; middle right, three differing viewpoints during a football game; right, Theismann on the loose again against USC.*



# The Parseghian Era at Five Years

by Thomas Pagna,  
Assistant Football Coach

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## The Coming of Pride

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**A**LMOST EVERY TEAM that ever existed knew what pride meant, and most teams still utilize the word as an igniting force. Pride, however, is not something you suddenly inject or suddenly lose. It begins to grow with each practice as players begin to sense that they are edging toward being capable. Of all the qualities a player can have, this one word contains all the others. It is the finished product that emerges when you have sweated hard to become something. It is the million binding threads of activity that knit players together. It is the "flushing out" of pettiness and allowing the main commonality of "team" to emerge.

Ara planted the seed for pride to grow. He cultivated it and harnessed it, building it to a crescendo for maximum use. Though team pride is actually different from individual pride, it was nonetheless formed from the latter. In all of the practice sessions there was a premeditated attempt to boost each player's pride. Ara insisted on it, knowing that it would evolve into group pride.

Every team forms a certain personality. Group personality grows in direct proportion to the element of pride that emerges. An ironic and immeasurable fact about our players was that they reflected the same actions and enthusiasm, almost the same attitude, as Ara. Winning attitudes, work attitudes, enthusiasm, perfectionism and all that coaches desire in players were generated by Ara's attitude. Each boy and each member of a team is different. His environmental background, his hereditary factors, his learned and experienced responses, his emotional makeup, his ability to withstand physical pain or emotional duress, are all very different. The key was to find a common way to reach all. With so complex a maze of personalities, more than one approach was necessary.

Their pain levels and thresholds varied greatly and were earmarks to their stamina and tenacity.

It was really enough to be aware that these differences, whatever their cause, always existed. With this awareness, we began to know that all of the boys would not respond to the same coaching technique.

Some we prodded. Others we would harass and cajole. There were those that you "patted on the back"



or "whispered in their ears."

When you work at football with great enthusiasm and have deep warmth and compassion for your players, it is not a contradiction to still be their taskmaster. Parents have known this for years. Somehow, there was a place and time for STERNNESS, a moment for HUMOR, long periods for THEORY and PRACTICE, great moments for ENTHUSIASM. And all of this evolved into TEAM PRIDE.

Beyond the team we had individual pride. I suppose it verged on vanity and too much of it would have been bad. Still, something showed on the outside to indicate what existed within. Players took pride in everything that was actually done for them or to them, because PRIDE followed achievement. They wanted to be good at something. They longed to make their lives meaningful, purposeful, to create some good. The reasons were many and varied. They desired things for self, for family, for school, for country, for God, for all the reasons they felt but couldn't explain. Notre Dame athletes were no different from any others. They merely had waited a long time for victory. They found meaning





in tuning themselves to a pitch and then competing against others.

When the pride of achievement begins to emerge, it is usually manifested first by a team unity. This began in the unwritten and written, unspoken and spoken rules that each member held dear.

It legislated that they hold to certain policies regarding their dress in public places, their behavior, even

their walk. There ensued a certain quiet humility that was the product of latent power. They had great regard for other players, smaller children who idolized them and all who surrounded them.

They began to experience a great truth in the lives of athletes. They became aware of otherness. This was simply that rare and beautiful joy one receives from witnessing the success of one of his counterparts. It was one halfback sprinting 60 yards to throw a key block for the other, and both of them grabbing and clutching all their teammates in the end zone with wild exhilaration. All received vicarious thrills on the bench. There was a oneness springing from otherness.

This great pride fostered camaraderie, fraternity, depth, and indelible experiences of success. Ara cautioned them to remember that big successes are learned and achieved by internalizing smaller ones. We repeated to them, "We will become what we do." □

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## The Challenge of Fall Practice

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"YOU DON'T BEGIN to begin," Ara had said in his welcome, "you begin here, now, with every move, every practice. The season is here, and our goal is to win the National Championship."

There is nothing that I know of, and no possible parallel, to the physical taxation that a young athlete must endure during early fall football season.

The morning awakenings get harder to cope with. Early meals, sore muscles, grinding procedures, and the inevitable push and harassment of one's coach, all combine to make the pull an uphill one.

Every day is a carbon copy, running always, to the field, to a drill, to a corner of the field, to a position, to a coach. One's equipment gets sweat-laden, and the overbearing weight and heat of an already tortured body begin to harness all desire. A shriek wakes you out of the doldrums. It is Ara—yelling now—"Nothing will sap your desire so quickly as poor conditioning."

As a player you begin to question your desire, you begin to wonder whether the other squad members feel this same distaste. The distaste is normal, entirely natural and expected.

This is the grind, the seemingly unrelenting period of conditioning that is the pain paying in advance for precious success. No military basic training could be more demanding. Two-a-day practice sessions find the body so utterly taxed that the loggy sleep of total fatigue must be overcome and disrupted each morning only to press on toward the afternoon practice. Men of

lesser fortitude, to whom football and university life have little meaning, soon succumb to the path of least resistance. This is the early autumn in which thousands of hopefuls across the country slowly take stock of their desires. Some will give in to the great temptation and call it quits.

At the high school level during the same portion of work time, many decide they'd rather work at a job, possess a car, lie on the beach, pursue their favorite girlfriend, or in general loaf for the luxurious summer.

Many college athletes are dependent on their grant-in-aid to attend school. This is one of the reasons that allow them the tenacity to hang on. In spite of the hardships and the long march into oblivion, regardless of the physical strain and mental depression, very few Notre Dame men ever call it quits. They persevere, their hope does spring eternal, they recognize the laboratory of life to which they are being exposed. Somehow they fight the good fight, sustaining all the muscular aches and bodily upheaval. They press on through grinding heat, sweat, mud and rain. They have met the peak of the challenge by the fifth day of practice and somewhere from the depths of their intellect have answered to themselves, "Yea, it really is worth it."

These are not merely gladiators, they are young men who think and feel and hold great expectations for themselves and their world. At one time or another they have practiced some "ceiling philosophy." They experience that sleepless rest of lying on a bunk and staring at the ceiling trying to know who they are and where they are going.

From the fifth day on, there is little that the players have not faced. They have already known physical exertion, great weight loss, body cramps, and sleepless nights. Usually their appetites have outdone their judgment and stomach upset ensues. But they dare not beg off.

That is the easy way. That is an admission of their lack of preparation prior to reporting to camp. Their Spartan tenacity somehow rises to the occasion and they arrive at the end of two-a-day practices. The air gets cleaner and cooler. The scorching sun now is a balm in which they delight. Their slouchy walks become catlike nimbleness accentuating power and alertness. They are arriving at that nebulous category of "being in shape." Pride exudes from their carriage, their slackened motors rev up to near full throttle. They are slowly realizing that they have paid and will continue to pay the price of excellence. The practices become more routine, more functional. They lose self along the way and begin to edge toward being a team. □

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M.S.U. '66:

## Ara's Locker Room Speech

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IN OUR LOCKER ROOM there was a quiet, indefinable air of emptiness. Each had played his best. They were spent, they were hurt, they were proud, troubled, tearful, and angered.

No one was undressing; each slumped in his own place waiting, not really sure for what.

Ara himself needed a few moments to gather himself and then he spoke:

"Men, I'm proud of you. God knows I've never been

more proud of any group of young men in my life. Get one thing straight though. We did not lose." His voice rose here. "We were number one when we came, we fell behind, had some tough things happen, but you overcame it. No one could have wanted to win this one more than I. We didn't win, but by golly we did not lose. They're crying about a tie, trying to detract from your efforts, they're trying to make it come out a win. Well, don't you believe it. Their season is over; they can't go anywhere. It is all over and we are still number one. Time will prove everything that has happened here today, and you'll see that after the rabble-rousers have their say, cooler minds who understand the true odds will know that Notre Dame is a team of champions."

His words were heard and heard well. The response was quiet, both from physical exertion and lack of any remaining emotion. We said our team prayer led by Ara, and the doors were opened for the "well-wishers" and those who didn't wish so well.

The game had claimed many victims. Eddy, of course, did not play at all, Hanratty and Goeddeke were out for the season, Bleier had traces of blood in his urine from a hard kidney blow, and Gladieux was definitely through for the year. All of this we knew while still in the locker room. Monday could possibly show more serious injuries to other players. Each was bruised; Lynch made himself play with a tremendous charley horse, Conjar's forearms were a mass of black and blue spots from fending off pass rushers, and Gmitter was going on guts with really only one good knee.

Reporters, some more understanding than others, tried to say things that they felt, and have coaches affirm or negate their words. Those that knew us merely mentioned that it had been a great game and that we had proven the fiber that we were made of by coming back from such a deficit and with so many injuries. No matter what we knew or felt, no one would make any remark that reflected poorly on our opponent. Our training prevented it. We had agreed at the team's first meeting that men who stuck knives in others were not really very big men, least of all Notre Dame's dream men. Ara had told the players his feelings about these moments. "There will be moments when you'll want to blast out at something, at someone, but remember that whatever you say, whatever you do, reflects on us, on your parents, on the team, and on Notre Dame." □

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## Portrait of the Coaches

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**C**OACHING has opened numerous insights into the many-faceted ability of a young man to accept praise and criticism.

John Ray's tactics were the loud bellowing roar of his voice with piercing appeals to his players' emotions. "Damn it, where's your pride?" he would ask frequently.

But to have approached all players this way would have been to violate that which is natural. No two boys were the same. Moreover, no two coaches were the same.

Joe Yonto kidded and used his charming and sarcastic wit to prod his charges. This was in contrast to the businesslike Shoults and his desire for perfection. Paul spoke infrequently, usually quietly, but when he erupted, it was with a tide of wrath.

I was usually harnessed with the offense. Since Ara spent a great deal of practice time with us, the offense





responded eagerly. They couldn't afford the luxury of wreckless abandon, for offensive football is action based on knowledge of what to do and where to go. Defense is reaction to action, based on reflex.

More and more people began to attend our practices. Priests, nuns, students, faculty, and friends were an endless perimeter to our practice area. The presence of

ladies and priests probably helped our vocabularies as coaches more than any other factor.

Ara, being concerned with our defense and their ability to cover the passing game, spent less and less time with the offense. But he did not ignore our problems on offense and had a truck with a platform tower brought onto the field. The truck was a relic from the maintenance department, but it was in good enough condition to be parked in the middle of our practice area, acting as a divider between the defensive and offensive fields. From high atop this vantage point, Ara's voice sang points of praise or correction.

Many times his silhouette showed dark and blurry against the autumn sky, but his eager eyes seemed to roam everywhere as he would shout to both phases of practice. Having always been a very active coach, walking from phase to phase, coaching on the move, going from one point to a dozen others, Ara made a great personal sacrifice. This was the part of coaching that had been fun, the part that allowed you to feel the rhythm and pulse of people. He made this sacrifice, however, because he had become concerned for both phases and because his faith in his assistants had obviously grown larger. Never before had he been so really divorced from the actual practice field.

People who watched us gave too much credit to the assistants. I rather imagine that they thought of Ara's tower as a strange move of power and that he only supervised what we got done. The truth of the matter was far different.

Every phase of practice from the beginning drills to the ending, every blocking assignment, defensive adjustment and technique had been discussed in a staff meet-

ing beforehand. We, as a staff, merely implemented. Ara's complete comprehension of all that went on still amazes me. He probably knows more about all the phases of football than anyone I'll ever know. Yet, he is always gracious. When we won in 1964 he extolled the genius of Ray, Shoults, Yonto, Urich, Hurd, Pagna, Murphy and Sefcik. When we lost or looked poorly he accepted the burden of blame.

The staff grew with responsibility and we began to sharpen the thin cutting edge of competence. When we entered the dressing room after a particularly poor day's work, Ara would jest at our serious nature. "It's only a game, fellas," he'd say. "Just go out there and have fun," he would add. "Now isn't that the important thing?" □

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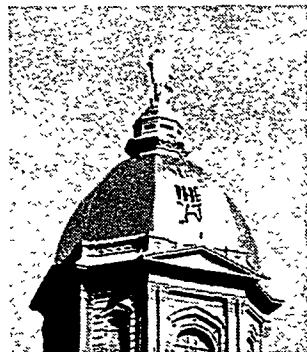
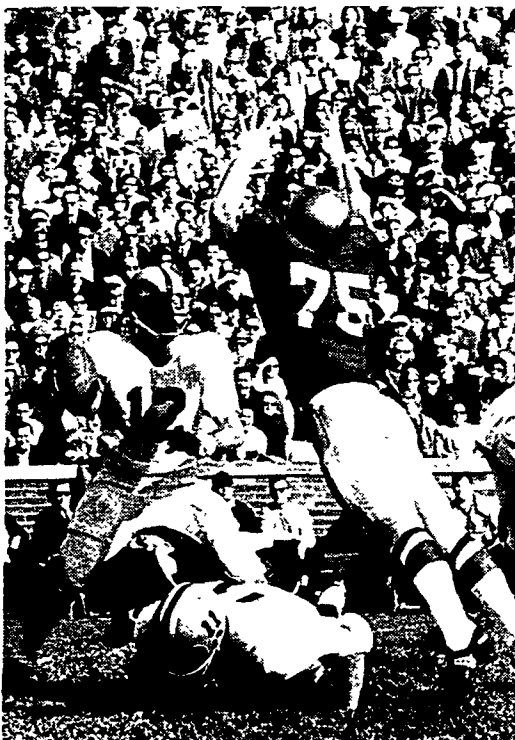
## The Recruiting Rat Race and the Future of College Football

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**N**OW THAT THE SEASON has ended and the chips have fallen into their respective heaps, retrospect becomes mingled with a nostalgic view of the future. Ara has often said that no team can dominate the top rung of the collegiate football ladder when all the variables are equal. There are many good students, many good athletes, and a flood of young enthusiastic coaches. Recruiting looms as the big factor, but therein lies a great area for debate. Enthusiastic recruiters, coaches and alumni alike, are ever more diligent in swaying to the pampered whims of parents and players.

The day of a completely free college education that encompasses medical treatment, books, laundry, fees and tuition is being crowded out. It was only yesterday that this was the great gift in exchange for physical talent. Sometimes the grant-in-aid extended to a full \$10,000 or \$12,000 margin.

But following the way of all things, overzealous recruiters turn the selection into a rat race where a boy's logic, reason, and desire crumble under the weight of tacked-on extras. The sophistication of the attempts to impress and adorn players with extra incentives is not repressed because of illegality. The moral code



moves from "Don't" to "Don't get caught."

But all are not guilty. Some fight the good fight. Some believe that a school's tradition and spirit, its academic curriculum and faculty, its attempt to face new obstacles with old morals are still worthwhile. Despite any belief to the contrary, Notre Dame's recruiting has become very difficult. The admission requirements are still as high or growing, the screening process and alumni interest are still present, but in general the young athletes are backing off. Not even the boy who has attended parochial schools all of his life has the natural inclination to attend Notre Dame. He wants to hear all the sales pitches from other schools, he wants to hear all the extras that can be given his unknown talent. Furthermore he'll tell us that he didn't think we wanted him. Other coaches spent time in his living room and "sweet talked" his parents. We did not beat a path to his door.

Thank goodness not all schools stoop to this, not all parents are fooled by illusion, and not all athletes are so easily driven from their goal. These we will have to find. It is this group of men which Notre Dame must depend on for its future moments of glory. Every boy who attends must be one who had a desire to attend that started to form at an early age.

Each state school has this wonderful loyalty naturally, and theirs are those conscientious coaches who visit parents in their homes, who are wonderful and well-meaning people. This too is fine and as it should be. The rat in the rat race is the man who supersedes all of the naturalness with his array of gifts. "All is not gold that glitters," is a truth that should be emblazoned on the minds of America's youth.

Notre Dame too has a natural draw. It might be to the Catholic boys, it could be to non-Catholics, but it most certainly is to any boy whose love of challenge transcends all other interests. These will be the great of heart. These will be the well-conditioned in mind and body. Somewhere in the nation there will be enough young men that have values beyond the dollar sign. There are many fine universities and many fine boys. Our hope is to continue in the pursuit of the fine boy for the great University.

Notre Dame is great in many, many ways. It has a peculiar mystique about it much akin to one's family ties. Within the great campus atmosphere of honest pursuit toward manhood lives and breathes a tremen-

dous emotion. For lack of a better description people refer to it as the "Notre Dame spirit."

Within that phrase there is room for all the nostalgic memories of Knute Rockne, George Gipp, The Four Horsemen, and countless others who passed this way. Also included is the clean fresh scent of untarnished endeavor to excel. It is not constricted by race, it has no resistance to non-Catholics, it is not hobbled by factions, clubs, or fraternities. It is simply for poor or rich, for genius or mediocre, for great and near great, a home outside of home, a place to internalize both the spiritual and academic life and share vicariously the thrills of the physical world. Football is a large part of it, but far from being all of it. The family of Notre Dame holds without ever clutching. It grows without calculated nutrition and it loves beyond paternal love. Notre Dame defies math in that her love though divided often, multiplies in number, still giving a full proportion to each. All of this spirit is obvious to anyone who has shared in her glory.

The late and great President John F. Kennedy perceived the rare gift that Notre Dame has. He paraphrased an old plea in an urgent call to the nation's pride: "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country."

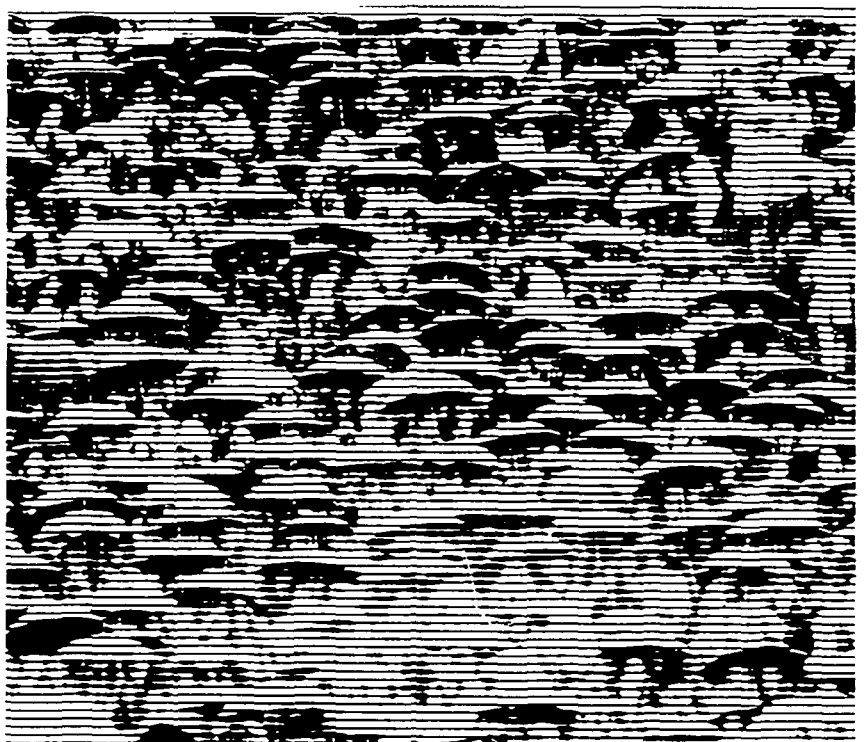
Obviously he knew the power that exists within family ties and hoped to instill that very unique and unselfish attitude in America. Such a pride, such an *esprit de corps*, such a remarkable selfless attitude adopted by a nation would represent a truly great country. Perhaps therein lies the secret to Notre Dame and her unique spirit.

The men that come to her are no different in coming, but somewhere before they graduate they are transposed into a part of her greatness and truly they ask, "What can I do for Notre Dame?"

Whatever the turn in the road to glory, however long football's fleeting return to fame, may Notre Dame's greatness continue to open men's minds and flood their hearts with the great spirit that feels and loves deeply. □

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*Far left, Kuechenberg on defense; middle, a decorated Dome and some impromptu cheerleading; near left, the team enters the stadium; below, umbrellas on a rainy day.*



# George Kunz: on the

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*. After the season had come to an end, Football '68 invited Co-captain George Kunz to look back over his four years at Notre Dame and his experiences as a football player under Ara Parseghian.*

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I remember being injured two years ago—at first they told me I had only strained my knee. A few days later the doctor checked it again. That was at about 4:30 in the afternoon, and at 5:30 I was in the hospital. It's quite a shock to wake up in the middle of the night and find your knee in a cast. With all the free time I had, I ended up with the lowest grades I ever had. During the season you partition your time to force yourself to do your work, but with my leg hurt I found myself coasting. Being away from the team was a big letdown, but I never thought about not being able to play again.

When you first start playing football here, you're a little afraid to go and talk to Coach Parseghian—you know he's famous and you figure he doesn't have time to talk to you. You think he might say something like, "Well, what's your problem, little man?" But he's not like that at all—he'll always find time to fit you into his schedule if he possibly can. When you have a prof you like, you rarely see him outside of the classroom. But we practically live with our coach for 14 weeks, so we get insights into how he acts and he gets to know us the same way. Once you get over that fear of going up to him to talk, you find out he's a great guy who's always concerned about his players.

As captain, you try to keep up the team's spirit when it lags. With the group of seniors we had this year, I can't remember one time when I had to say something out on the field—always someone would be there to pick the team up. My hardest job all year was to go out on the field for the flip of the coin.

When you lose, there's always a lag in spirit right after the game. But we try to pick ourselves up on Monday—if you start lagging then, it's likely to carry on for the rest of the week. The coaches don't work you over for losing. Their attitude is "It's over—now let's pick up the pieces and go on from here."



Some people regard the offensive and defensive units as two completely separate entities who join together only at game time, and in a way that's true because the offense does go through its drills while the defense has its own. But during the spring and before the season begins you're always scrimmaging each other, and you're all playing for the same purpose. In addition, you always have friends on the other part of the ball club. So there's no alienation of one group from the other. Both units have tremendous pride in themselves, and I never knew of any dissension arising between the groups.

PURDUE was probably the most physically tough team we played. I remember waking up that Sunday and not being able to move as well as usual, but I suppose that some of that was because we lost. That was probably the mentally toughest game, too, because



# Looking Back Season

As told to Raymond Serafin



we had so many chances to win it but we didn't.

After the Southern Cal game, the team just felt letdown. At halftime we were elated; we felt we had the game in the palm of our hands. But then when we went back out, our offense didn't do as well as we would have liked to have done. Our defense did a great job that day, especially for the way Bob Olson and all the rest stopped O. J. Simpson. We would have loved to have beaten them, but I guess it's just as important to us that they were the number one team and we didn't lose to them. We had all the confidence in the world in Joe Theismann, who had been doing a good job all year long. We hated to see Terry Hanratty hurt, of course,—not only because he was a great quarterback, but also because his injury came when he was within reach of several records. All of us are proud of the records he did set, and certainly the feeling is there that we all had a part in it.

WHEN you're rated high, you've got so much to lose that it's practically impossible to go into a game without pressure. When we lost to Purdue, and then Michigan State, we'd get cards and letters from people who'd say that we weren't a real Notre Dame team, that we were gutless, that we couldn't get psyched for a game. The thing that really impressed me most is that these people never signed their letters, except as "Ex-Fan," or, in the case of one beautiful letter, "An Old Alum Whose Values Mean Nothing to the Present Generation at Notre Dame." This is what hurts a team—knowing that people like this are on *your* side. Of course, there are people who'll stick with you no matter what happens. But someone who would write criticisms without even signing his name is, to my mind, a small individual. After all, a player has pride in his team—and when you're a senior you take a special pride in molding the team into what it is. □

# Where Have All the Gippers Gone?

by William Sweeney

*"wake up the echoes cheering her name"*  
—Notre Dame Fight Song

A STRANGE thing has happened in the past five years —Notre Dame has developed football teams worthy of a legend. Great football teams have been part of the landscape here for roughly half a century. It happened under Rockne, Leahy, and now under Parseghian. As greatness comes and goes in the course of human experience, those worthy of a culture's secret emulation usually become the focal point of a personal myth. MacArthur as military strategist, "Babe" Ruth as a baseball player, the Kennedys as political leaders and Red Grange as a football player have been singled out for that rare breed of hero worship accorded only a few figures in every generation.

Sports figures have never failed to be among those idolized by millions of Americans. Rockne, Gipp and the Four Horsemen were all accorded this acclaim in their own lifetime. The myth was most pronounced during the Rockne era, probably as a result of several concurrent phenomena. People at large during the 20's and 30's were more apt to find their cultural heroes in the realm of sports. It was the golden era of baseball and in college football people sought out figures like Rockne who, having fulfilled the prerequisite of success, added a distinctiveness of style. The people of the times were characterized by an overwhelming emotional attachment to the hero-athlete. Their shadow-

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*"Sometime, Rock, when the breaks are getting the boys down and the going gets tough, tell them to go in there and win just one for the Gipper. I don't know where I'll be then, Rock, but I'll know and I'll be happy."*

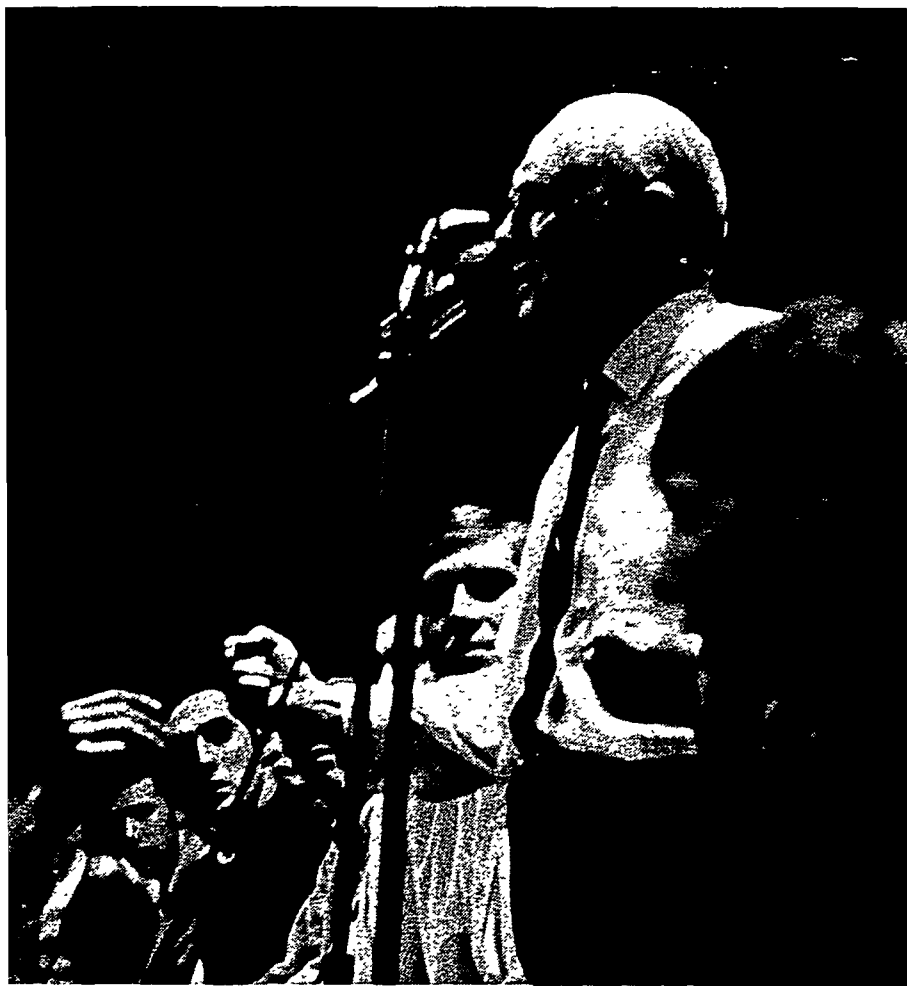
—Pat O'Brien as Knute Rockne  
Purdue Rally, Sept. 27

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ing of his every performance was an experience far removed from the Monday morning quarterbacking of today.

Frank Leahy was the architect of the next rise to fame, but though the current of myth persisted, something was missing. Everybody knew who Leon Hart, Johnny Lujack, and Johnny Lattner were, but they never achieved the same measure of immortality as Grantland Rice managed to bestow upon the 1924 Irish backfield. Leahy was famous for having his ends limp off towards the sidelines only to become healthy again upon the snap of the ball. But Tricky Frank never quite became a legend in the sense that Rockne did. But many of the trappings of the Leahy era still found their way into the public lore, such as the 0-0 tie with Army in 1941. The 40's, however, signaled a new attitude towards sports that perhaps foreshadowed the professionalism that began to inundate sports in the 50's.

A decade of mediocre teams—and then, the new messiah, Ara Parseghian. In five years he has built a dynasty unparalleled in its success. But, the success has not given rise to a new vocabulary, new slogans, or a new mythology. Perhaps, the death of the legend





and the wellspring of success have the same roots. While Rockne relied on spirit, style, and innovation, the watchwords of the Parseghian era have been executive-style organization, psychology, and the ethic of the job well done. All these pragmatic reasons have somehow been elevated by the charismatic heading of pride.

**B**UT EVEN the word "pride" is a reversion to a by-gone era. It was originally Rockne's watchword in the 20's. Today, though it evokes somewhat the same spirit, it is nevertheless an ancient call to arms. The past five years have failed to produce a rallying cry uniquely their own. Nobody is more aware of this than Roger Valdiserri, Sports Information Director, whose job it is to help create the legend. For three years he has tried phrase after phrase in hope of find-

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*"the duet of Mr. Fling and Mr. Cling will find a bit of nostalgia in this Saturday's Notre Dame-Purdue skirmish here."*

—*The Observer*, Sept. 27

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ing a catchy description of the Hanratty-Seymour combination. None have caught on. Neither did the "S.O.S." phrase for Smithberger, Schoen, and O'Leary. Paul Hornung had his "Golden Boy" appellation, but the new stars have not found a comparable claim to the public memory.

In a sense the Notre Dame football mythology is

a lingering anachronism. It persists in its emotional identification with the athlete on the field. Symbolic of our umbilical cord to the past was the appearance of Pat O'Brien at the Purdue rally in September. Never in my four years has a speaker so moved an audience to the edge of frenzy. And he indeed, both literally and figuratively, was a voice from the past. "Win one for the Gipper" hardly seemed relevant to the 1968 Purdue game, but it seems to be the only language within which our football establishment can function. In 1964, when it first became apparent that Notre Dame had returned to power, *Sports Illustrated* ran an article entitled, "Wake Up the Echoes." In 1966 they ran an-

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*"the S.O.S. crew of Tom Schoen, Tom O'Leary, and Jim Smithberger, who in two years established a plethora of defensive records, has departed."*

—1968 *N.D. Football Guide*

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other article called, "That Old Legend Is Alive Again." For five years the old mythology has functioned, somewhat effectively. But the new mythology has not appeared. It may be that the growing pressure of modern football has eliminated the grass-roots "spirit" of the Rock. Maybe creativity is dead in sports. And maybe this reversion to old myth is the last foothold for football the way it used to be. Maybe the Notre Dame football mystique has become an anachronism amidst the new professionalism of the sporting world. □

# Football From the Thirteenth Floor

## or

# How I Learned to Ignore Shakespeare and Love the Game

by Richard Moran

**F**OOTBALL weekends are great — for one or two guys. But most of the campus never escapes from the Notre Dame tradition, boredom. As a tribute to the great mass that wallows weekly, the *Football Review* salutes neurosis.

4:55 P.M. Friday  
104 O'Shaughnessy Hall

"Socrates' laughter was a condemnation of imaginary wealth." Followed by a menagerie of noises and "the greatest fight song of them all." (Actually, it may be second to the *Star-Spangled Banner*.) Professor O'Malley smiled at the alarm to battle: "That band is always practicing; you would think that they'd know the fight song by now." We should take to the defense; maybe we can get the drama department to ally with the English department and drown out the noise with readings from *The Wasteland*; that seems more fitting at Notre Dame. Otherwise, perhaps we can send the rugby club over to St. Mary's to sing *Lady Wilpower*, or the Brand X (the brother band to "Oedipus and the Mothers") over to midnight Mass at Holy Cross to do a rendition of *Do You Believe in Magic?* It would still be nothing compared to the dialogue between Father Hoffman and some drunk last year at Holy Cross: "Taught by our savior's commands and formed by the word of God, we dare to say —"

"Whoopee."

"In Socrates, there is embodied a spiritual prophecy and spiritual thirst." How about that, Jeane Dixon (who from the crossrow plucks the letters N.D.) and Dean Martin (what a thirst for spirits) all rolled into one? The Notre Dame freshman, of course, has a lot of the old Notre Dame spirit; but by sophomore year, there's just about as much Seagram's spirits as there is Notre Dame spirit. And by senior year, spirits have been cooled (and distilled) sufficiently.

Ringggg — and there's the bell.

Oh, boy, the homecoming weekend! Boffo, eh? And a Shakespeare test Monday: "Fair is foul and foul is fair." What's on the agenda for this weekend? Let's see. Friday night is the evening of the Homecoming Dance. Great! It'll be good to see the fops and coquettes parade by: Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments. And then the library and Louie's. Saturday afternoon, the Fighting Irish and the

Fighting Illini. They're not gonna' play football; they're gonna' fight. In that case, my money's on Landolfi. After that, the usual postgame celebration at the South Dining Hall: "raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens."

5:30 P.M. Friday  
The South Dining Hall

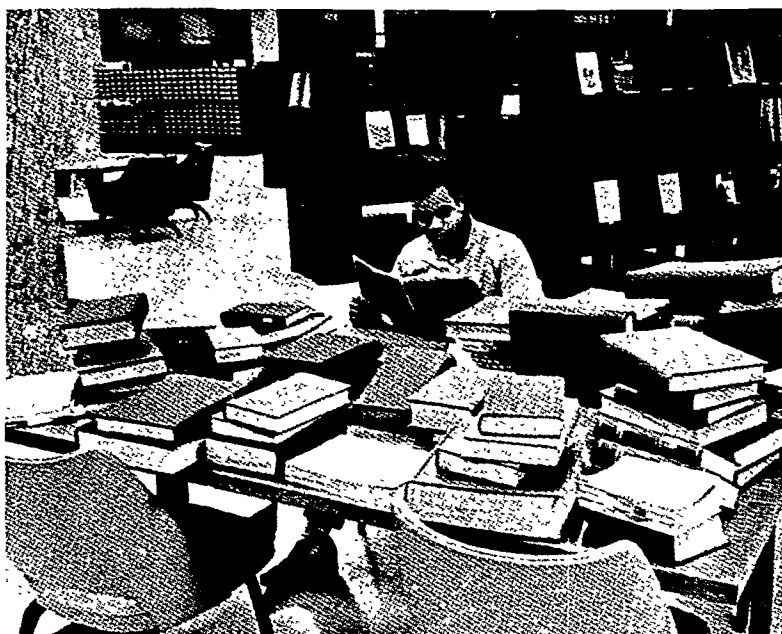
It came upon a midnight dreary. Actually, it's only 5:30 and it's already dreary. Live and direct from the South Dining Hall where men are men and rats are rats. Let's see. What's for supper?

"Eye of newt  
And toe of frog;  
Wool of bat;  
And tongue of dog."

"Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour."

"As flies to wanton boys are we to Mr. Mehall  
He kills us for his sport."

"I am dying, Egypt."



7:00 P.M. Friday

*En Route to the Library*

In the words of St. Augustine, "Oh, to be a eunuch in the Kingdom of God." What's that other quote from St. Augustine? Oh, yeah, it's about the death of some guy: "Now he lives in Abraham's bosom and whatever may be the meaning of that bosom, there Nebridius lives. There he lives. For what other place is there for a soul such as his?" But it won't be bad studying tonight. Someone told me that God is alive and studying in the library. How inscrutable the ways of God! I can see it now: the beatific vision in the L section of the English Literary section, right between Keats and Milton.

7:30 P.M. Friday

*Within the Library*

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle  
This other Eden, demi-paradise

We have basketball too.

11:30 P.M. Friday

*Louie's*

"Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance." Well, I guess I'll have tea and strumpets, then. "Oh, hello, Louie. I'll take a small sausage pizza, Mrs. Louie." I guess I'll play spin the pizza; the winner gets to kiss Mrs. Louie and gets out of the bill. ("Let me unkiss the oath twixt thee and me.")

"Well, Louie, what's up? Have you had any Cutty Shark lately, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you huge hill of flesh?"

"Oh, my wife's been giving me a lotta' trouble lately."

"That's okay, Louie, be not pale and sick with grief that thou, her handmaiden, is far more fair than she."



This happier breed of men, this little world  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this  
library!"

It's remarkable how many people are here tonight; and both of us look disgusted. If I had not left my coloring book at home, all would have been alright. This is George Wallace; color him lily white and bloody red. This is Spiro Agnew; color him retracting. This is Richard Nixon; color him a chameleon. This is J. Edgar Hoover; color him red, white, and blue — better just make it white and blue.

I wonder what's comin' up after they're finished with *SUMMA* and *Performance Maximus*. We're running out of Latin superlatives. I know; we'll call it: *Social Life Minimus*. I can't wait to do the publicity. How about something like this:

If you think that football is the only thing at  
Notre Dame, you are wrong.

1:30 P.M. Saturday

*Football Game*

"A drum, a drum, the band doth come."

"Sir, the players have arrived."

"What is Gladioux to me or me to Gladioux that I should watch him through long hours of the day. Oh, there's the Illinois team: hunch-backed toads, scurrilous dogs, sheep-biters, bulls' pizzles. . . . And Notre Dame would not be vanquished unless Great Birnam Wood or Leroy Keyes came to high Dunsinane Hill or flat St. Joe County."

3:00 P.M. Saturday

*Football Game*

What a ridiculous game! I think I'll cop out in favor of z's. It's a good thing that "z" is the last letter of the alphabet. Otherwise, I never would have learned the others.

"Good night, sweet Ara, and flights of leprechauns  
carry thee to thy rest." □



# SCOREBOARD '68

## SEASON INDIVIDUAL RECORDS

Passes Completed:  
 116, Terry Hanratty  
 \*114, John Huarte, 1964

Completion Percentage:  
 58.8, Terry Hanratty  
 \*56.5, Bob Williams, 1949

Kicking PAT's:  
 45, Scott Hempel  
 \*40, Buck Shaw, 1921

## CAREER RECORDS

Pass Attempts:  
 550, Terry Hanratty  
 \*436, Ralph Guglielmi,  
 1951-54

Completions:  
 304, Terry Hanratty  
 \*209, Ralph Guglielmi,  
 1951-54

Interceptions Thrown:  
 34, Terry Hanratty  
 \*30, Angelo Bertelli,  
 1941-43

Yards Passing:  
 4152, Terry Hanratty  
 \*3117, Ralph Guglielmi,  
 1951-54

Total Offense Plays:  
 731, Terry Hanratty  
 \*644, Ralph Guglielmi  
 1951-54

Total Offense Yards :  
 4738, Terry Hanratty  
 \*4110, George Gipp,  
 1917-20

TD's Responsible For:  
 41, Terry Hanratty  
 \*36, Red Salmon,  
 1900-03

Passes Caught:  
 138, Jim Seymour  
 \*71, Joe Heap, 1951-54

Yards on Reception:  
 2113, Jim Seymour  
 \*1242, Jack Snow, 1962-64

TD Catches:  
 16, Jim Seymour  
 \*13, Leon Hart, 1947-49

## TEAM RECORDS

### SINGLE GAME

Total Plays:  
 104, Iowa  
 \*101, Carnegie Tech, 1924

Yards Gained  
 673, Illinois  
 \*664, Haskell Indians, 1932

First Downs:  
 35, Oklahoma & Iowa  
 \*32, North Carolina, 1953

### SEASON RECORDS

Most Rushes:  
 657  
 \*625, 1943

Most Completions:  
 147  
 \*131, 1967

Highest Completion Percentage:  
 .583 (147 of 252)  
 \*.565, 1948 (61 of 108)

Total Offense Plays:  
 909  
 \*788, 1967

Total Offense Yards:  
 5044  
 \*4512, 1921

Highest Per Game Average:  
 504.4  
 \*441.3, 1946 — 3972 in 9 games

Fewest Punts:  
 23  
 \*30, 1964

First Downs:  
 296  
 \*223, 1967

First Downs Rushing:  
 171  
 \*156, 1943

First Downs Passing:  
 106  
 \*91, 1967

First Downs Penalty:  
 15  
 \*14, 1964

Fewest Punt Returns Allowed:  
 5  
 \*8, 1954

GAME RECORD TIED:  
 18, Purdue & Michigan State  
 \*18, Purdue (1967)

## 1968 RESULTS

N.D.		Opp.
45	Oklahoma	21
22	Purdue	37
51	Iowa	28
27	Northwestern	7
58	Illinois	8
17	Michigan State	21
45	Navy	14
56	Pittsburgh	7
34	Georgia Tech	6
21	Southern Cal	21



## PASSING

Player	No	Comp	Int	Yds	TD	PCT	LONG
Hanratty	197	116	9	1466	10	.588	69
Theismann	49	27	5	451	2	.551	31
Belden	3	3	0	55	0	1.000	25
O'Brien	3	1	1	13	1	.333	13

RUSHING					
Player	TC	YDS	AVG.	TD	LONG
Gladieux	152	713	4.7	12	57
Dushney	108	540	5.0	4	32
O'Brien	64	314	4.9	3	27
Hanratty	56	279	5.0	4	43
Zimmerman	63	267	4.2	0	33
Theismann	59	259	4.4	4	36
Landolfi	38	203	5.3	2	20
Ziegler	30	163	5.4	2	40
Criniti	33	151	4.6	3	20
Allan	33	105	3.2	3	14
Belden	18	83	4.6	0	13
Barz	1	3	3.0	0	3
Hempel	1	-12			
deArrieta	1	-13			
Seymour				1	
<b>TOTALS</b>	<b>657</b>	<b>3059</b>	<b>4.6</b>	<b>38</b>	<b>57</b>

<i>Team Statistics</i>	<i>N.D.</i>	<i>Opp.</i>
<b>TOTAL OFFENSE</b>	<b>5044</b>	<b>2490</b>
Total Plays	909	629
Yards Per Play	5.5	3.9
Yards Per Game	504.4	249.0
<b>NET YARDS RUSHING</b>	<b>3059</b>	<b>793</b>
Rushing Plays	657	358
Yards Per Rush	4.6	2.2
Yards Per Game	305.9	79.3
<b>NET YARDS PASSING</b>	<b>1985</b>	<b>1697</b>
Attempts	252	286
Completions	147	137
Completion Percentage	.583	.479
Had Intercepted	15	11
Touchdown Passes	13	12
Yards Per Attempt	7.9	5.9
Yards Per Completion	13.8	12.4
Yards Per Game	198.5	169.7
<b>INTERCEPTIONS MADE</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>15</b>
Yards Returned	33	160
<b>PUNT RETURN YARDS</b>	<b>272</b>	<b>52</b>
Number of Returns	27	5
Avg. Return	10.1	10.4
<b>TOTAL RETURN YARDS</b>	<b>305</b>	<b>212</b>
<b>YARDS PUNTING</b>	<b>820</b>	<b>2901</b>
Number of Punts	23	73
Avg. Punt	35.7	39.8
<b>KICKOFF RETURN YARDS</b>	<b>687</b>	<b>1047</b>
Number of Returns	28	60
Avg. Return	24.5	17.5
<b>PENALTIES AGAINST</b>	<b>42</b>	<b>45</b>
Yards Penalized	411	422
<b>FUMBLES — LOST</b>	<b>25-16</b>	<b>25-12</b>

DEFENSIVE STATISTICS		
Player	TM	TL-YDS
Olson	129	8-33
Kelly	80	3-29
McCoy	72	8-34
Schumacher	51	2-12
Freebery	53	4-49
Kuechenberg	44	8-59
Lauck	45	7-59
Reid	43	1-1
Jockisch	38	3-15
Gasser	31	1-3
Zloch	27	
Lavin	17	1-1
Lambert	15	3-24
Wright	14	
Norri	18	6-42
Neidert	13	
Standring	13	
Kondria	12	
Quinn	11	
Mudron	13	1-6



RECEIVING					
Player	No	Yds	Avg.	TD	Long
Seymour	53	736	13.9	4	31
Gladieux	37	442	11.9	2	69
O'Brien	16	272	17.0	4	50
Winegardner	14	179	12.8	0	22
Dushney	8	117	14.6	0	31
Allan	7	93	13.3	1	26
Eaton	5	73	14.6	0	31
Zimmerman	4	24	6.0	0	16
Landolfi	1	25	25.0	0	25
Snow	1	11	11.0	0	11
Theismann	1	13	13.0	1	13
<b>TOTALS</b>	<b>147</b>	<b>1985</b>	<b>13.8</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>69</b>

INDIVIDUAL SCORING			
Player	TD	Player	TD
Gladieux	14	O'Brien	7
Seymour	5	Theismann	5
Allan	4	Dushney	4
Hanratty	4		
Criniti	3		
Ziegler	2	Hempel	PAT 45-50
Landolfi	2	Allan	(2 pt.) 1-1
Eaton	1		FG
Kuechenberg	1	Hempel	5-9

# Stepping Out of the Shadows

by Richard Moran



IT IS USUALLY difficult to write an article, a true article, about a hero. Many a journalist in France has learned this difficult lesson. Heroes are always big and mean. You would swear that they eat raw lion meat—after killing the lion. Local heroes add a new dimension to the problem. Because they are local to you, you are local to them; and you could easily replace the lion for tomorrow night's supper. At Notre Dame, the plot (and sometimes the stew, i.e., the stew in which you are the meat) thickens. Not only must you flee from *one* big football hero—about whom you just wrote no-no's. You must also flee from one big student body: the modern-day equivalent to the Vigilantes or the Reign of Terror.

But the whole problem, the conflict between truth and existence, disappears in writing about Coley O'Brien. First of all, at 5-11 and 185 pounds, he is hardly a Rodan. Beyond this, O'Brien is simply too heroic and too friendly to demand defiance. Even the purple prose of a high school newspaper would be appropriate here.

All the clichés fit, he's the little guy who's scratched and scraped and fought and bled his way to the top. He's the heroic stand-in who stood out when the chips were down. He's "Mr. Versatility," who switched positions when the team needed him. It really gets sickening; but for once, it is all true.

To look at Coley O'Brien, you would think that he was cover-boy for *Boy's Life* or sold cosmetics for Avon. But O'Brien's football career has been quite a bit more exciting than the daily Avon route in Beverly Hills. O'Brien had captained high school football and basketball teams in Washington, D.C., where he was an obvious all-metro selection in his senior year of high school. But as many all-staters and even high school All-Americans have found out, football at Notre Dame is not the trip to the candy shop that it was in high school. O'Brien found himself battling for the starting position against another sophomore, a kid named Hanratty. And the dilemma of Coach Parseghian was pleasant but still difficult. On opening day against Purdue, Parseghian sent Hanratty onto the field. Parseghian advertised that his decision was based on the belief that Hanratty was a better runner. But the first game never became a test of Hanratty's running ability; the aerial show was too glorious to worry about the quarterback rush. And after this first game, it was evident that Hanratty's arm was too valuable to pick up splinters on the bench.



SO EVERYBODY wondered what would become of O'Brien. Parseghian had claimed that he was a less imposing runner than Hanratty; how could he play halfback? O'Brien faded into semioblivion; no one forgot about him, but it was difficult to foresee a bright future for him. Doubts deepened when O'Brien was left in St. Joe Hospital during the Navy trip. A diabetic, O'Brien had nearly fallen into a coma when his sugar count soared beyond the safe level. But even this near-tragedy did not mean despair for O'Brien. By the next week, he was back on the field and he ran a few plays against Pittsburgh. Nevertheless, with athletic and medical setbacks behind him, O'Brien's future grew cloudier.

But when the clouds had reached just about total coverage, a thunderbolt broke loose: Hanratty was hurt early in the "poll bowl" versus Michigan State. O'Brien was quickly shuttled onto the field. The tension on one man could hardly have been greater. The two best col-

lege teams in the country had prepared for this clash for weeks; Hanratty was half the Boy Wonder duo that had gained more national publicity than Pearl Harbor. Suddenly, O'Brien saw himself playing with an injury-riddled first team; he took the field while millions of people watched, people to whom the name O'Brien only meant a portly old actor who had portrayed Knute Rockne in an old movie.

But crises were nothing new for Coley O'Brien. There had been the first varsity practices in which the battle with Hanratty produced constant tension. And there had been the bout with diabetes which produced no small amount of anxiety. O'Brien took up the burden against Michigan State, a burden which had seen Hanratty throw four passes, all dismally incomplete, before his injury. O'Brien moved the team well and pulled out a vital 10-10 tie with M.S.U.

But the fun was not over that year. Against South-

ern California, O'Brien completed 21 of 31 passes and annihilated the Trojans in a game that ultimately decided the National Championship for Notre Dame.

The excitement of those games proved a tough act to follow for O'Brien. As good as he was, good enough to start anywhere else in the country, he once again found himself on the bench in 1967. And now, one year later, after the pressures of the 1966 M.S.U. game, relegation to defensive halfback, punt return duty, and finally a shot at offensive halfback, O'Brien sees those stale moments of his junior year as the tensest period of his career. "With Terry, also a junior at quarterback, and no prospect of another position, I was really worried."

**I**N SPRING OF 1967, O'Brien was inserted in the defensive halfback position. He worked hard, but when the 1967 season started, it was clear that he was struggling on defense. O'Brien admits that defense was not his *entree*, "I had played quarterback all my life; I couldn't get accustomed to defense. When I got a chance to play offensive halfback, I was really happy. That was probably the biggest thrill of my life." But O'Brien still considers himself a quarterback, "I hope that I can play quarterback in the North-South game over Christmas vacation." The biggest challenge for O'Brien in learning to play halfback was learning how to block. "Coach Pagna and Frank [roommate and halfback competitor Frank Criniti] worked with me and once I got to the point where I could block decently well, it was great playing halfback." And it was great, not only for Coley O'Brien but also for Notre Dame: O'Brien averaged almost five yards a carry rushing and 17 yards a reception for 16 catches; he also threw a vital touchdown pass against U.S.C. in his last Notre Dame game.

O'Brien's career has been something of an Odyssey. Ever since freshman year, he has been overcoming obstacles. And with each obstacle he overcomes, he takes longer strides toward stardom. They say he is too small for the pros, that he won't be able to throw the ball over the head of onrushing lineman, and that professional football is no place for a diabetic. But then, a lot of suitors said Ithaca was no place for Odysseus. □

## *Coley O'Brien Through the Ages*

S.I., September 19, 1966

"Now comes a pair of talented sophomore quarterbacks, Terry Hanratty and Coley O'Brien, to turn the Irish around. They engaged in a spirited duel in the spring, along the way chasing holdover Tom Schoen to the defense, and Hanratty won out."

S.I., November 28, 1966

(After Hanratty was injured in M.S.U. "game of the decade") "That didn't help us any," Bubba (Bubba Smith, M.S.U. defense end) said later. "It just let them put in that O'Brien who's slippery and faster and gave us more trouble."

S.I., December 5, 1966

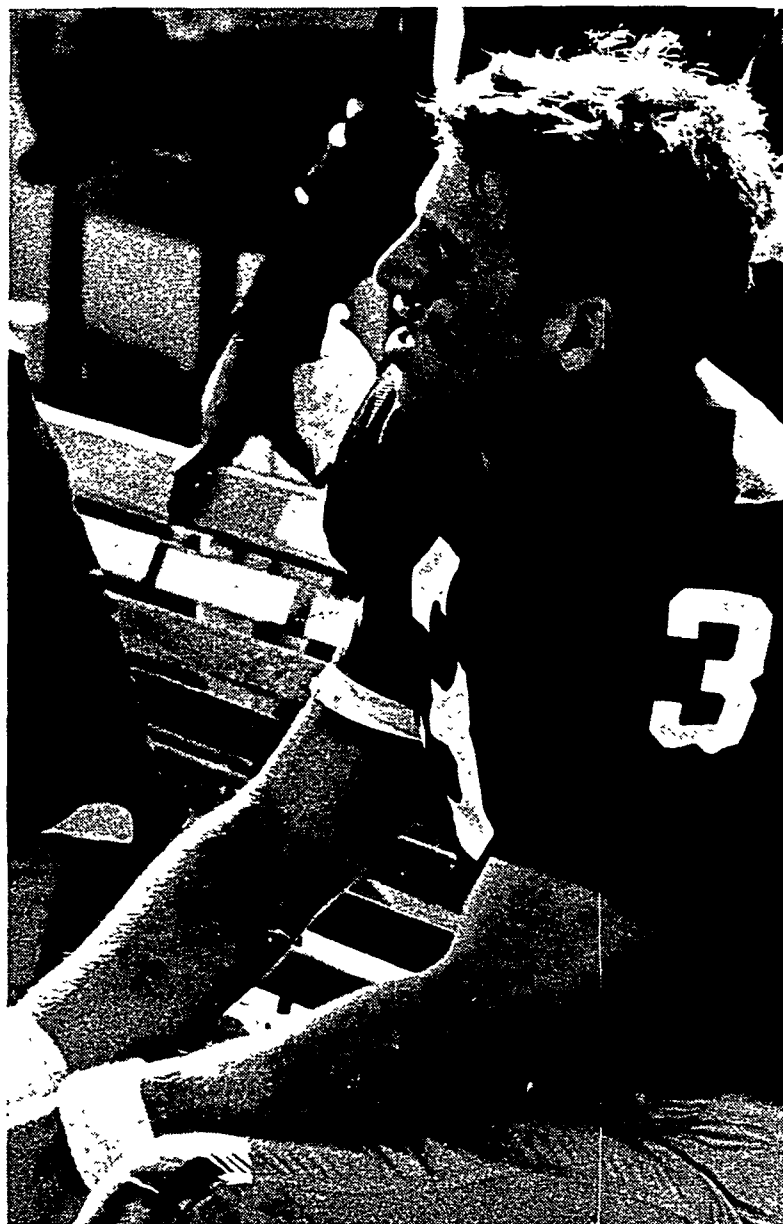
"Coley O'Brien, Hanratty's stand-in, threw passes, long and short, all over Memorial Coliseum.

S.I., September 11, 1967

"He (Hanratty) is backed up by the little diabetic with the midshipman's manners, Coley O'Brien, who was so able filling in against Michigan State when Hanratty was hurt and who was then responsible for the dismembering of U.S.C., 51-0."

S.I., September 5, 1968

"Parseghian is concerned enough about the safety spot to have Coley O'Brien, Hanratty's understudy star for two years, try his hand there. O'Brien may well start on defense."



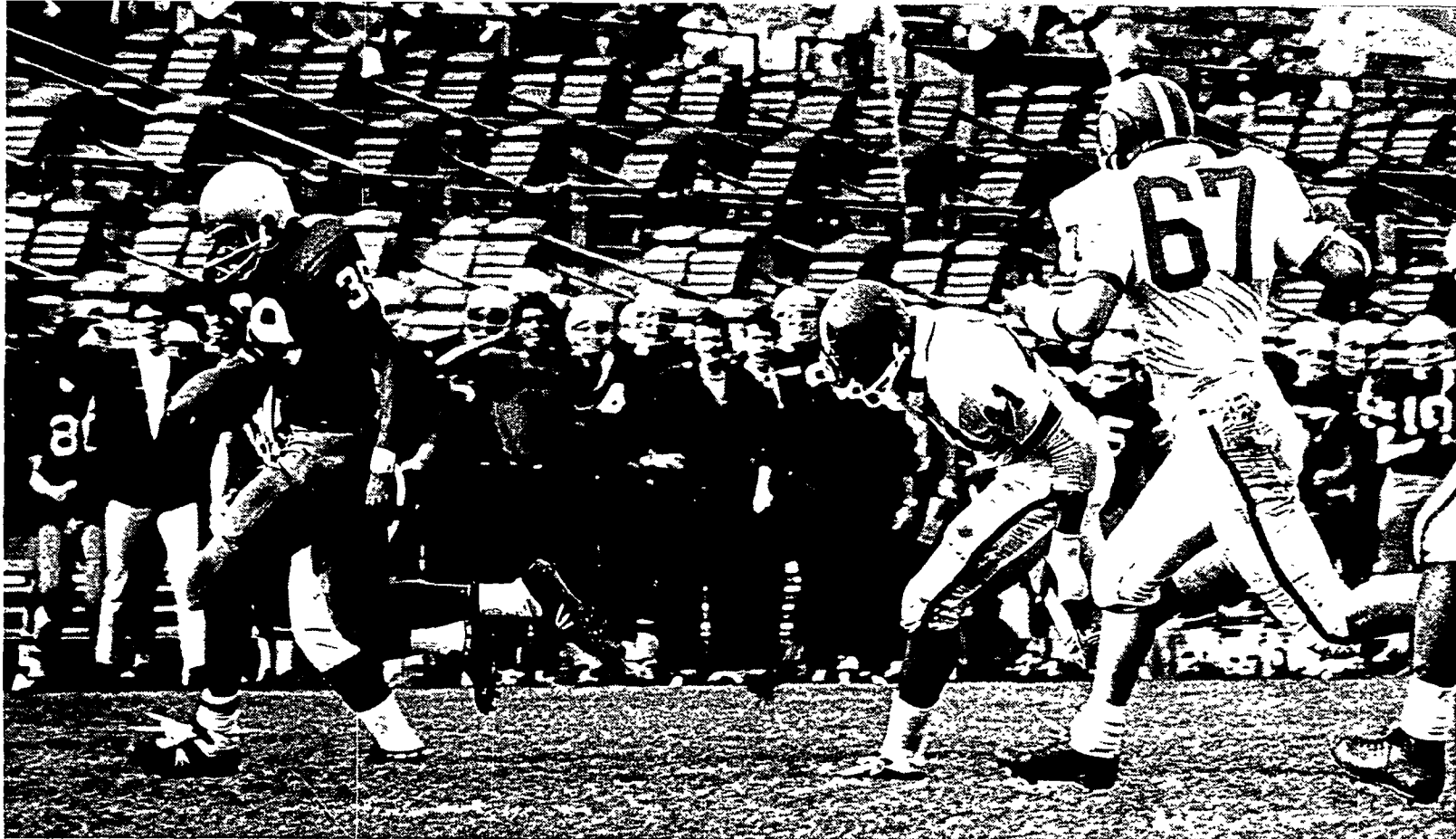
S.I., November 14, 1968

"With Notre Dame's Terry Hanratty out with a torn knee ligament that required surgery, his understudies went to work on Pittsburgh. Sophomore Quarterback Joe Theismann scored twice and erstwhile Quarterback Coley O'Brien, switched to halfback and went over three times."

S.I., December 9, 1968

"Theismann pitched the ball back to O'Brien, the ex-quarterback who has spent his career shadowing Hanratty and combatting diabetes, and O'Brien ran to the right. A sweep, folks. Nope. Suddenly O'Brien stopped and hurled a pass back across the field to—yep—Theismann, who had drifted out in the flat and was frighteningly alone."





# A Little Speed to Turn on the Varsity

by Thomas Booker

*Ever since Nick Eddy graduated, the Notre Dame backfield has lacked breakaway speed. But, the 1969 season promises some speed on the ground at long last. Led by some flashy freshman running backs, the ground game should be something to cheer about.*

ONE OF THE EARLIEST opinions of philosophy was that the human eye could only perceive illusions of reality, and that the true nature of all things lay beneath the visible surface. So it is with the big, precise football teams fielded by Notre Dame. The fall Saturday of the Big Game is not all there is to Notre Dame football. There is the underlying matter of the long, sweaty process in which former high school stars, tough coaches, and tradition are molded together to produce the Saturday afternoon product. Two of this year's more promising frosh prospects for future varsity are running backs John "Cisco" Cieszkowski and Bob Minnix.

"I originally wanted to go to Harvard; then I also considered Nebraska and Holy Cross," explains fullback Cieszkowski, "but I finally chose Notre Dame because I wanted to see what playing football here would be like." Cieszkowski came to South Bend with a set of Catholic High School All-American honors and a big six-foot-two-inch frame, but so did a lot of other frosh ball players. "The first day we started practice, I knew that as far as the coaches were concerned, I was just another running back. I knew the competition would be stiff before I came, but not as tough as it turned out to be." Faced with the near anonymity experienced by all college freshmen, Cieszkowski settled down to the task of adjusting his natural abilities to the standards of frosh coach, Wally Moore. He adjusted well. In three freshman games, Cisco Cieszkowski gobbled up 252 yards on the ground, at little over 4 yards a chew. At the end of the frosh season, he was the leading ground gainer. He now feels less anonymous.

"I've gained a lot of confidence this year. I did all right in the games, but I think the most valuable part of the season was prepping against the varsity squad. That's where you really find what it's like." Wally Moore also was able to find out what Cieszkowski is like. "He's a very strong runner, very strong. We were especially pleased with his blocking, though. He's going to be valuable for us."

BOB MINNIX probably started his Notre Dame career with the same kind of precarious emotions as did Cieszkowski. An honorable mention high school All-American from Spokane, Wash., he too was genuinely concerned about the freshman competition. At 185 lbs. he might have had good reason to compare himself to the likes of the 215 lb. Cieszkowski. Worrying, he knew, would get him nowhere, so like Cieszkowski he got straight to the serious business of playing for Wally Moore. At times it was difficult. "The first thing I found out was that you get rid of your mistakes fast. Coach isn't always very patient, so the pressure's always on. It doesn't pay to joke around." According to Minnix, his best asset is an open-field running style, plus a great deal of natural speed. He thinks that his blocking may not be as good as his running ability. Coach Moore wasn't very sure about Minnix's blocking either. "When Bob came we knew he was going to be a good runner. He has good moves and takes a tackle very well. We were doubtful about his blocking though. He had to work very hard at it. He's very much improved, and with his speed he should do very well in the next couple of years."

As freshmen, both Minnix and Cieszkowski have only experienced a little of the "molding" process that results, eventually, in the Irish varsity. But they've had their first taste of football at Notre Dame and both agree that they like it. In future years they'll be the type of players whom Irish fans will be cheering about.

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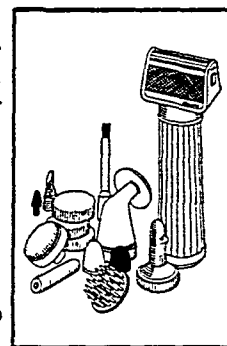
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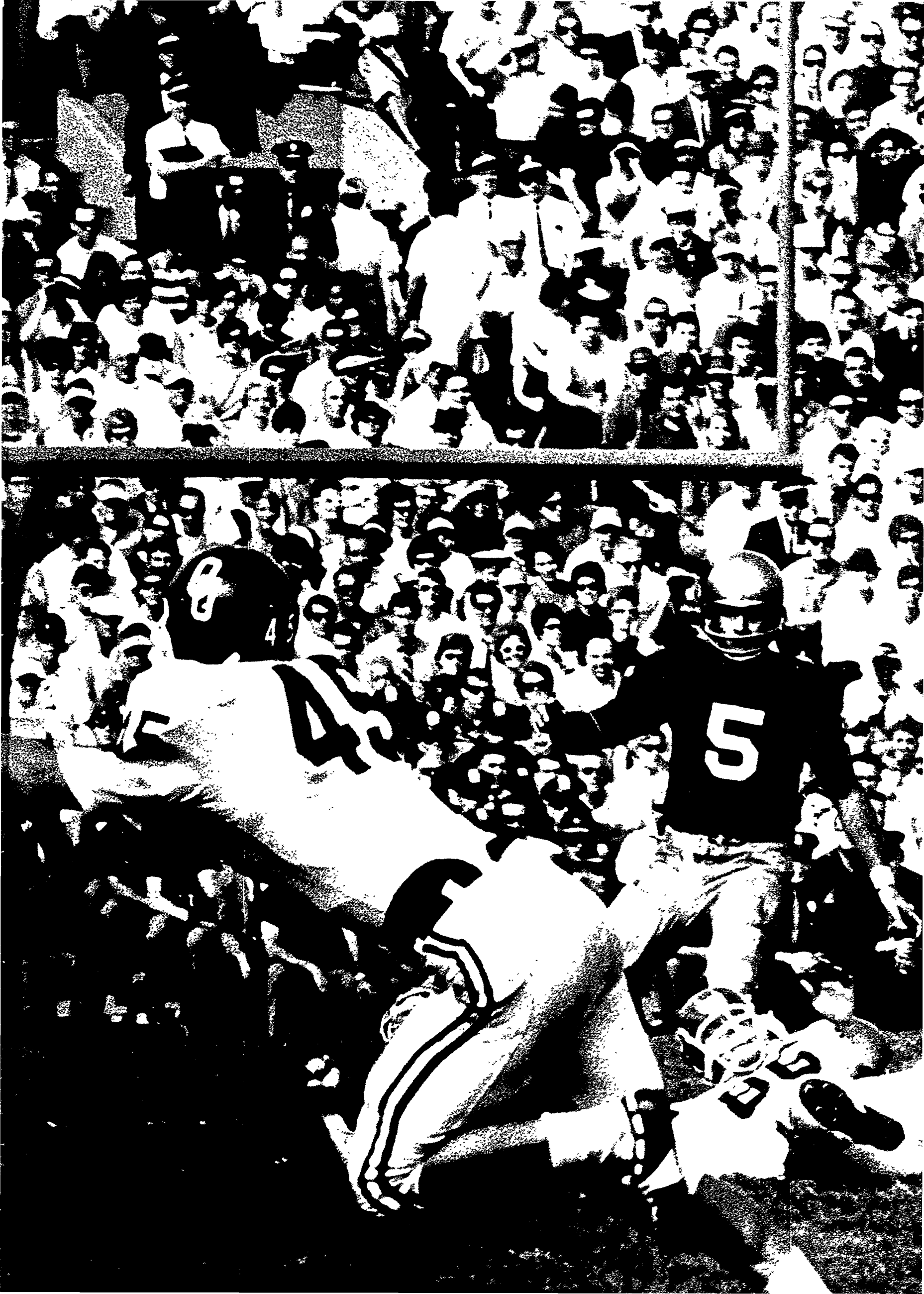


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