Football magazines, programs & Banquets '69-'71
4 Clippings - Wilkes vs. IUP Bowl Games

Weekend Report

By LOU RAUSCHER

Are We Taking Wilkes Gridders for Granted?

The Wilkes College football team, enjoying another banner year, heads into the final week of its season. The Colonels play Indiana State on Saturday and it'll be one of the few times in the last four years that they will be the underdogs.



It wasn't always that way with the city school. There was a time when victories were few and far between and those of us who remember the lean years feel Coach ROLLIE SCHMIDT'S accomplishments with the modern breed of Colonel—especially the team's 32-game winning streak which was recently broken—has to rank as one of the truly great achievements in the annals of local sportsdom.

Not too long ago we chronicled something about those earlier Wilkes teams which existed almost soley on MARV ANTINNES and a cloud of dust.

A former Wilkes College student, who remembers those days quite well read the article and responded as follows:

Capt. Clifford Kobland
272 Parliament Circle
Topsham AFS, Maine 04086

Dear Mr. Rauscher,

I read with great interest your recent article about the Wilkes football team and my old friend, Dick Myers. I, too, was one of the few "nuts" who followed the team tnrougn the middle and late fifties, partly because it was my job and partly because I love football.

Your article brought to mind some very poignant memories from those lean years and if you have a few minutes I would like to share them with you.

I worked on the school newspaper but later took over what was then the Sports Publicity Dept. for the college and so from '55 to '58 I attended just about every football game.

Needless to say, it was quite difficult to come up with original copy during this time and I recall having to convince Bob Patton, over at the Record, why he should insert a couple of inches about a team doomed to defeat.

But it wasn't all gloom. . . . I don't believe I ever met a more enthusastic bunch of football players. They had to love football, why else would they subject themselves to that kind of frustration every single week.

And yet there were some bright moments, the highlight of which was the stunning 12-6 victory over Susquehanna after they had reeled off around 15 victories in a row and we were winless.

★ ★ ★

Colonels Lacked Manpower

You mention the athletes today possibly being more talented. I believe we had our share of them too although in much smaller quantities. Possibly our biggest deficit was lack of manpower.

I can vividly recall when we couldn't dress two full teams and when at practice they had to use the coach, the manager and myself to make 22 men so that they could hold a scrimmage.

And there were many ballgames that were close until the lack of manpower wore us down.

There was the Juniata game in '56 or '57 when the Indians had one of their real powerful teams and we were behind by only 6-0 at the half but lost 36-0.

Or playing powerful Hofstra in a hurricane at Hempstead, New York, and losing on two last period scores 13-0.

I just wonder what a back like Ronnie Rescigno would do if he had the support the Colonel teams of today have with a fine forward wall and tough defense.

★ ★ ★

Band of Followers

We had our band of faithful followers then, too, although not nearly as large as they are today. This small band would follow the team as they could, like Bob Moran, the old band director, or Freddie, the cafeteria cook. They'd always have a smile and find something to cheer about.

I guess there was no point doing otherwise. And when we'd get our yearly quota of one victory, the celebration would go on endlessly and the game would be discussed until the following season.

And we did get our victory, we never went through a season without a win.

Usually Ursinus would play the welcome victim but at other times it would be Haverford or Dickinson, or that victory over Susquehanna.

None too challenging opposition on the whole.

★ ★ ★

Colonels Have Scheduling Problems

I like the remark in your column from some "fans" saying that the schedule is too easy and we are getting lucky breaks.

For the former charge, refer the critic to John Reese, the A.D. at Wilkes, and he can tell them of the problems he has trying to get a more formidable schedule.

Most of the better known teams don't want to play Wilkes for the very reason you outlined in your article . . . the response the U. of Vermont had last year when they said, "Who the Hell is Wilkes?"

If a school of some renown defeats the Colonels the football public says, "So what, who are they anyway?"

If they should lose to Wilkes it goes down as a black mark on their record.

But I feel with wider publicity and the recent winning streak, many more football fans are hearing about Wilkes.

As for the latter charge of getting the breaks, what winning team, no matter what sport, doesn't get breaks to win some games?

And when things go wrong, the breaks fall the other way.

For many years, the breaks went the other way.

The one that sticks out in my mind was Homecoming of 1956. We were playing Lycoming at Kingston Stadium. In the third period we were trailing 13-7. One of our defensive backs intercepted a pass and as he crossed midfield heading towards the Lycoming goal, there was not a man within 20 yards of him.

At the Lycoming 30 he tripped over his own legs and fell down. Needless to say, we didn't score and lost the game, 13-7. Talk about lucky breaks!

★ ★ ★

Doesn't Want 'Good Old Days'

Now that the winning streak has ended, what lies ahead? Will we revert back to the old days? I sure hope not.

It is not and was not fair to the school, the students, and most important, the ball players.

It is not fair to 23 men to travel to Bridgeport, Conn., to play Bridgeport U., with one coach, no trainer, no manager and little preparation.

How lonely it was for Coach Russ Picton that night. First, the players had to tape each other up and then when Bridgeport came out on the field with over 40 men, five coaches, trainers, equipment men, etc., how frustrating it was.

The score of 40-0 I believe was quite close considering the advantages they had.

It wasn't a matter of talent, it was a simple case of economics. How could one man coach, scout, act as traveling secretary, be trainer and chaplain to the team? Besides being Alumni Secretary at the College, which incidentally he was.

Why anyone would want to play under those conditions is almost beyond comprehension. And of course the lack of any large scale fan acceptance was easily understandable.

★ ★ ★

Colonels Are Gentlemen

No one expects Wilkes to win 32 straight again, but I, as a fanatic fan, would be satisfied to see a well trained, well equipped representative team which reflects favorably on a fine small college.

You said in your article that Wilkes always did have fine gentlemen playing football for them whether they won or lost.

This is true.

The individuals always reflected favorably on the school; however, the team as a whole did not. It gave gross discredit to the college, not because it lost but because the college let them play football under those deprived conditions.

Let this not happen again.

★ ★ ★

Press Getting Blase

In closing I would like to say that I hope the press in W-B is not getting too blase' over the Colonels' success.

I notice in my clippings of years past how much space was devoted to the final game of an undefeated season or winning the conference title.

Articles about the game, interviews with the coaches and the players but not lately.

No big splash about another great season and no comment from Coach Schmidt, and no real attempt at an insight into how that it is to win 32 straight games no matter who the opponent.

Anyway, thanks for your article and for your interest in the team. And thanks for listening to me.

I try to keep up with the team as much as I can up here and for this reason I receive the Independent during the football season. However with the season almost over I find I'm loaded down with Sunday papers, what with the local one, the N. Y. Times, and Boston Globe.

I'd appreciate it if there is a real big article (like a Bowl Game or winning the Lambert Bowl) in your paper if you would send me a copy and I'd be more than willing to pay for the paper and postage by return mail. Thanks.

Sincerely,
CLIFFORD KOBLAND

P. S. You know things weren't all on the negative side of the ledger those years. We had our undefeated wrestling teams, a conference championship in basketball and some fine baseball clubs. It made my job pretty easy, and enjoyable in the Winter and Spring but oh those long Autumns.

PATTON'S PATTER

By BOB PATTON

Two months ago more than a few Indiana University football fans began pointing toward the football game with Wilkes College, November 15, as the likely big game of the year. the climax to the 1969 season, the chance for an undefeated IUP team to knock off the squad with the longest winning streak in the nation.

Two months ago rooters of the Wilkes Colonels began pointing toward the football game with Indiana, as the likely big game of the year, the climax to the 1969 season, the chance for an undefeated Wilkes team to knock off the squad that had gained prominence in the East following its close 31-24 Boardwalk Bowl loss to Delaware last December.

But alas, Ithaca handed Wilkes — after 32 consecutive wins—its first loss since 1965, 13-7, and a week later Slippery Rock caught the Indians at a weak moment and squeezed through with a 23-21 triumph.

So at 1:30 p. m. Saturday, in Indiana's Miller Stadium, the Colonels and the Indians will not be playing in what would probably have been billed as the "mythical small-college championship game" for 1969 Pennsylvania football, but these two cross-state rivals will meet on the gridiron for the first time in what should be the toughest game of the season for both teams.

College football Centennial Day will be celebrated at Saturday's battle of the once-beatens: Indiana, 7-1, and Wilkes, 6-1.

Chuck Klausing's IUP "Mudders," fresh from their 35-8 downing of C. W. Post in the rain last Saturday, are coming off their best defense performance of the campaign. The Indiana defense limited Post to just 50 yards rushing in 41 attempts and a measly 85 yards through the air while picking off three passes and recovering four enemy fumbles.

Offensively, the IUP backs clogged and slid to 236 yards on the ground led by the blocking of fullback Tom McCracken and tailback, Larry Monsilovich's 76 yards. And through the air quarterbacks Wally Blucas and Carmine Cortazzo hit on 9 of 13 passes for 147 yards, despite the rain.

Similarly, the Wilkes Colonels will invade Indiana on the heels of a 34-0 clobbering of Pennsylvania Military College, the Colonels' third shutout of the year. In seven games only 43 points have been scored against Wilkes.

Wilkes After National Rating In Play Against Indiana Saturday

The Wilkes College Colonels face one of their most crucial showdowns in grid history tomorrow afternoon when they travel to Indiana, Pa., to take on the Indians of Indiana State College. The contest will mark the season finale for both squads.

The Indians of Chuck Klausing are riding on a 7-1 campaign, with the only loss coming at the hands of Slippery Rock, 23-21.

In comparison, the Blue and Gold, 6-1 on the year, had their 32-game winning streak snapped by Ithaca, 13-7, a month ago. Since losing to the Ithacans the Colonels have won their last three. The Wilkesmen are 37-2 over the last four years while Indiana State has posted a 38-8 slate during the same period.

Last Saturday the Colonels clinched their fifth straight Northern Division MAC title, and a win over the highly touted Indians would virtually assure them of their third Lambert Bowl plus possible national ranking. Indiana State, with a student enrollment of 8,500, will be the largest institution the Blue and Gold ever encountered.

Indiana feature a pro-set offense with quarterback Wally Blucas using both his rushing and passing game. In eight games Indiana has shown a total offensive gain of 3031 yards or an average of 379 yards per contest. Blucas, 6-1, 205-pound senior, is the field general and has hit on 66 of 142 passes for 951 yards while only being intercepted once all year.

The top ball carriers are tailbacks Larry Monsilovich and Dan Cox. The duo have net yardage gains of 520 and 359 yards, respectively. Pass catching responsibility will probably fall on tightend George Stark or flankerback Dave Smith. Smith, 6-2, 205-pound flankerback has 31 receptions to his credit.

Joe Zakowski forms the focal point of the Colonels offensive threat. The 6-2, 205-pound field general has performed notably in recent weeks. Zakowski has hit on 53 of 114 attempts for 681 yards. Rushing chores are entrusted to mini-mite Ted Yeager and fullback Bob Gennaro. The Catawissa tailback is enjoying a great season, with 699 yards gained. He will shoot for his fourth straight 100 plus yardage game. Gennaro has 379 yards and a team leading seven touchdowns.

Bill Lazor, split end, leads the Colonels pass receivers with 23 catches for 366 yards. Jim Marascio, flankerback, injured throughout most of the season, is second with 10 receptions. The Wilkes defense has also solidified in recent weeks and has not allowed opponents a touchdown in the last 11 quarters. The Wilkes pass defenders will also be out to end their interception run.

Reserves have played an intricate part in this season's success. Offensive center Alton Kenney and fullback Ed Langdon have seen considerable action this fall. Kenney, 5-11, 200-pound Junior, has started the last two games at center, replacing the injured Bill Hanbury. Langdon, a junior transfer from Sequoia Junior College and former Coughlin All-Scholastic, has gained 84 yards on 24 carrier. Against Dickinson he scored his first collegiate touchdown.



ALTON KENNEY



ED LANGDON

On The Sports Front

DON KEATLEY, Sports Editor

Wilkes Faces Biggest Test In Saturday's Indiana Game

Winning championships, gaining post season laurels and possibly receiving a bowl bid are dreams and goals all collegiate football teams strive for during the long, demanding season. Whether some people admit it or not, that's what the game is all about.

But somehow Saturday's Wilkes-Indiana University contest takes on added incentive. What happens Sunday morning or next week suddenly doesn't seem important because "Indiana" has become a magic word to the Colonels. Indiana is the whole season wrapped up into one big package. Win the package and you hold the world in your hands.

The Indiana Indians are big, tough, have savvy and, of all things, respect Wilkes. According to Indiana coaches, Wilkes is a "true test."



DON KEATLEY

When the Colonels went up against Vermont last year, it was evident the New Englanders underestimated Wilkes. They joshed, made jokes and in general made themselves look a bit ridiculous. Because of this Vermont suffered . . . twice.

Indiana does not field this type of team. If anything, the Colonels rank as one of their toughest foes. This attitude must be respected.

Here is what the school (Indiana) has to say about Wilkes:

"Although they no longer carry a 32-game winning streak, the Wilkes College Colonels, challengers to Indiana University Saturday at Miller Stadium, have come back stronger than ever since the upset loss to Ithaca, 13-7, October 18.

"Since that defeat, coach Roland Schmidt's club has knocked off Vermont, 17-7, Dickinson, 49-0, and Pennsylvania Military College, 34-0. The Wilkes defense has blanked the opposition in the last 11 quarters.

"The defense, said Indiana coach Chuck Klausing, is definitely the key to their strength as a team.

"Defensive halfback Garf Jones, with six interceptions, leads a secondary that has stolen 23 enemy aerials, a school record, in seven games. Right behind Jones is the other halfback, Jerry Moser, with four interceptions.

"Up front on the defensive 4-4 lineup, tackles Charles Fick and John Mazur each weigh in near the 245-pound mark.

"Offensively, according to Klausing, Wilkes likes to control the ball with a steady ground attack. IUP's defense will have to contain a 5-8, [illegible] pound running back na[illegible] Ted Yeager if Wilkes is to [illegible] stopped.

"Yeager, a sophomore, already has broken [illegible] school's career rushing re[illegible]. In less than two seasons, he has amassed 1,276 yards on the ground, 699 this year for a 4.9 average. Against IUP he will be going for his fourth 100-yard plus game in a row.

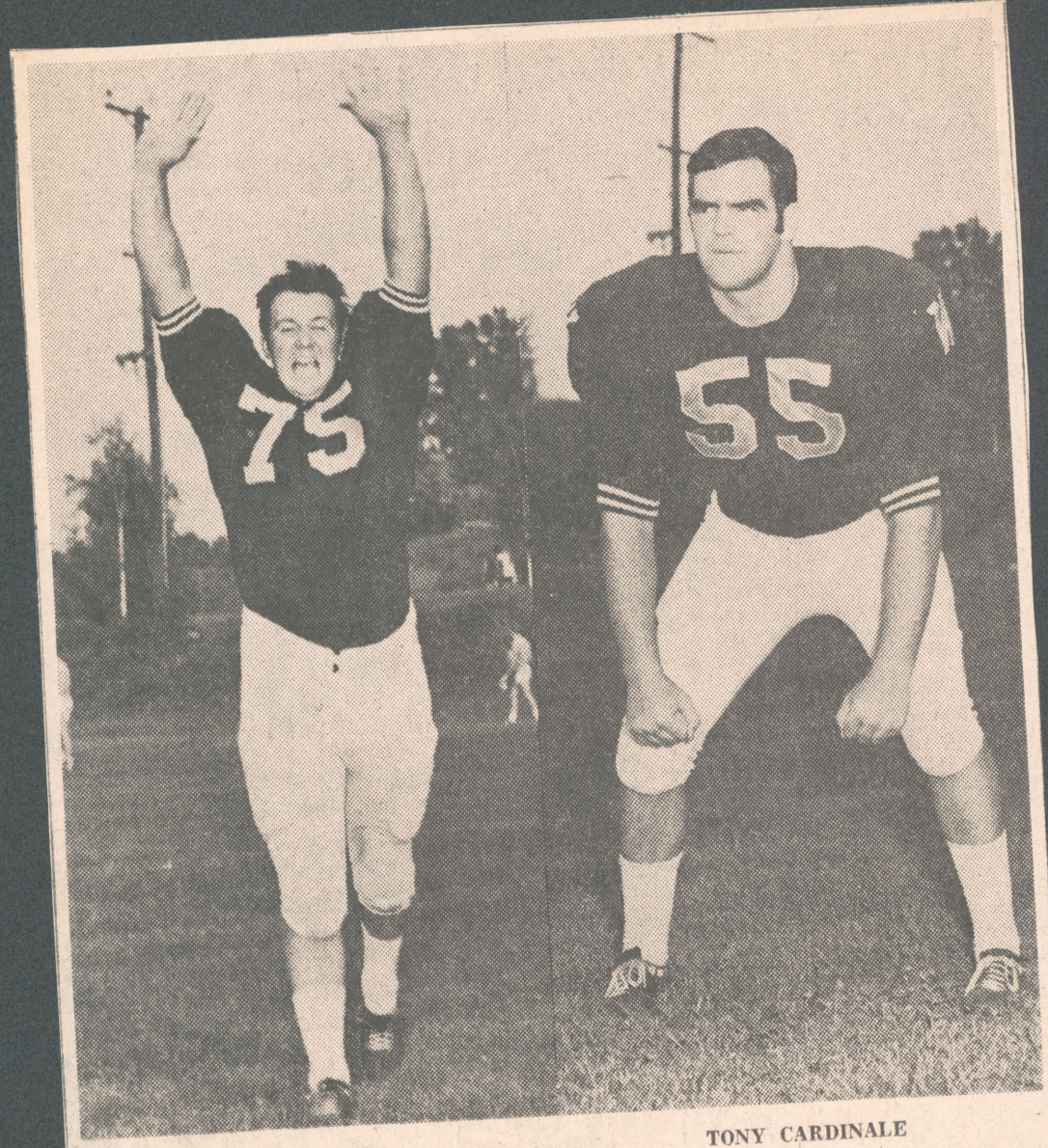
"Wilkes' leading scorer, fullback Bob Gennaro, has added 379 yards to Yeager's rushing figures, while quarterback Joe Zakowski has complimented the ground game with 53 completions in 114 tries for 681 yards and four touchdowns. His favorite target is split end Bill Lazor with 23 catches for 366 yards."

There is no doubt, the Colonels have found themselves. They work as a team and, according to visitors from other areas, rank second to no one in college ranks.

Attitude is the key to victory and the team possessing the proper outlook and can put everything together will emerge victorious. At this stage of the game, it appears the rest is up to those eleven Wilkes players on the field.

THIS WEEK'S FORECAST:

Wilkes-Indiana, Pa.: It appears the Colonels have been drilling all season for this one big encounter. Everything . . . but everything is riding on the outcome of this crucial battle and Wilkes looks ready to meet the challenge head-on. The Colonels are hungry. Wilkes by 7.



JOHN MAZUR

TONY CARDINALE

Colonels Set For Power Match Against Indiana On Saturday

A third Lambert Bowl and a possible national ranking will be at stake this Saturday when the Wilkes College Colonels journey to Indiana, Pa. to take on the Indians of Indiana State College.

The contest will be a matchup between the college division power of Eastern Pennsylvania versus that of the west. Wilkes, currently sporting a 6-1 record, have posted a 37-2 log over the past years, while the Indians, 7-1, are 38-8 over the same five year time span.

The only loss for the charges of Coach Roland Schmidt has been a 13-7 defeat to Ithaca College, which put the skids to the Colonels' 32 game winning streak. The only blot on Indiana's ledger was a 23-21 squeaker to Slippery Rock. The game will be the season finale and first meeting of the two schools.

The Colonels invade Indiana's Miller stadium on the crest of a 34-0 victory over PMC College. The Wilkes defense has not allowed opponents a score in the last 11 quarters. The Wilkes pass defense, thought to be one of the Colonels vulnerable spots this fall, has jelled to perfection.

Last Saturday the Blue and Gold defenders withstood a 51 pass attack, recording four interceptions without allowing any touchdowns via the air. The four pilfers established a new team interception record of 23. The old mark was 22 set by last year's team.

Garf Jones needs only one more steal to tie the season high of seven set last year by Jay Holliday. The converted offensive end has six on the season while Jerry Moser has four.

For Indiana State to be successful on the ground they will have to deal with the likes of erds Bob Aston, John Williamson, and Harry Hoover. The trio has combined for over 70 first hits thus far.

In recent games the tackle team of John Mazur and Charlie Fick have devastated opponents, plugging up the middle on rushing attempts while getting to the passer on numerous occasions. Fick leads the Blue and Gold at defense with 57 tackles. Jim Loveland, Pat Malloy, Charles Graziano, and Tony Cardinale are set at linebacker while Dave Kaschak joins Jones and Moser in the backfield.

Heading the Colonels offensively are tailback Ted Yeager, 699 yards on 142 carries, and fullback Bob Gennaro, 114 rushes for 379 yards and seven touchdowns. Yeager, the greatest rusher in Wilkes history will be shooting for his fourth straight hundred plus yardage game. Signal-caller Joe Zakowski, 114-53, 681 yards will fire to either Bill Lazor, 23 catches—366 yards, or flankerback Jim Marascio, 10 receptions—153 yards, if the running game should become bottled up.

The probable starting offensive line will include Jack Clarke TE, Ed Burke T, Les Loveland G. George Conway C, John Baranowski G, and Nate Eustis, T.

The Indians similarily have a tailback sensation in the person of 5-9, 175 pound sophomore Larry Monsilovich who has gained 520 yards plus five touchdowns on the season. The bread and butter man is 5-10, 185 pound senior Dan Cox, who has 359 yards and nine scores to his credit.

Senior signal caller Wally Blucas is ever dangerous with 142-66, 951 yards in the air, with 328 yards gained added on the ground. Pass catching threat is 6-2, 210 pound flanker Dave Smith who has picked up 31 receptions for 442 yards.

Comparing team statistics, both team performances are very closely related. Both teams have rushed two out of every three plays. The passing percentage of completions for Wilkes is 43% while Indiana has 47%. A Wilkes win is a must for the Colonels to retain the Lambert Bowl.

Colonels Finish At 6-2

(Special to Independent)

INDIANA, Pa.—Indiana State gridders scored all their points in the second period here yesterday and then let their stout defense take over the rest of the way in posting a 14-0 victory over a game but hard luck Wilkes College eleven.

Both squads completed their seasons with the contest, Indiana State finishing at 8-1 and Wilkes at 6-2.

The contest was played in a virtual mud bowl following a seven-inch snowfall the night before.

Despite the horrendous playing conditions, both teams fumbled only once. However, five Wilkes passes were intercepted by the hosts and a Colonel punt was blocked.

The latter event, with punter Bill Staake the victim, set up the first score for the victors.

Cox Scores Twice

It was culminated with a three-yard run by Dan Cox who also tallied Indiana's second touchdown of the period later on a one-yard buck.

Wally Blucas passed to Dave Smith for a two-point conversion and that was the game's total scoring, although Wilkes reached the Indiana two, with a first down, before a Colonel back fumbled.

Indiana recovered and the only real threat of the contest for the Wilkes-Barre team went by the boards.

Wilkes actually won the battle of statistics, showing an overall offense that garnered 273 yards to the winner's 224.

Individually for the Colonels Bill Lazor turned in a fine game from his end position with six receptions for 68 yards.

Diminutive Ted Yeager picked up another 55 yards overland to raise his school career rushing record total to 754 yards.

STATISTICS

	Wilkes	Indiana St.
First downs	15	11
Rushing yardage	137	130
Passing yardage	136	94
Passes attempted	27	10
Passes completed	10	4
Intercepted by	0	5
Fumbles	1	0
Fumbles lost	1	0
Punts	5	8
Yards penalized	15	10

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But alas, Ithaca handed Wilkes — after 32 consecutive wins—its first loss since 1965, 13-7, and a week later Slippery Rock caught the Indians at a weak moment and squeezed through with a 23-21 triumph.

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ALTON KENNEY



ED LANGDON

Wilkes Ends On 6-2 Mark

The Wilkes College Colonels closed out their 1969 football campaign on Saturday afternoon, bowing to Indiana State University (Pa.) 14-0. Approximately 1,000 Colonel faithful made the 270 mile trip to Indiana and braved freezing weather to watch the Blue and Gold shutout for thir first time in 42 straight games. The contest was played in a virtual mud and snow bowl as a seven inch accumulation of snow fell on the Western Pennsylvania community the night before.

Indiana scored all its points in the second period as Dan Cox countered twice after Colonel miscues. Both squads completed their season as the Big Indiana closed with a 8-1 log while Wilkes finished 6-2.

Both teams were unable to advance early in the contest as the sea of mud destroyed the running game and limited any passing attack. Indiana received the first break early in the second quarter as Bill Staake, kicking from his 22-yard line had his boot blocked. The ball bounded back to the 17 with the Indians recovering. Four plays later Cox carried home for the four-yard score. Larry Monsilovich, 5-9 170 pound tailback, had key runs during the drive. The two point conversion was unsuccessful.

Following the kickoff the Colonels were unable to move and had to surrender the football. Starting at his own 30, Indiana signalcaller Wally Bluvas handed off three times to Monsilovich and the scatback advanced to the 42. On a second and nine play Blucas found his flanker Dave Smith open on the sideline and hit him for a 46 yard pass. Cox capped the 70 yard drive four plays later cracking in from the one. The Blucas to Smith combination clicked for the two-point conversion and the Indians took a 14-0 lead.

The Wilkesmen had several scoring opportunities in the second half but were unable to capitalize as the weather played havoc with each attempt. The Wilkesmen had a first and goal at the two-yard line but a fumble ended the drive. Joe Zakowski was intercepted five times.

The Wilkesmen won every statistical battle except for the important one on the scoreboard. Zakowski defied all odds and went to his passing attack in the second half and had remarkable success, hitting his receivers 10 times. Bill Lazor caught six passes bringing his season total to 29 for 434 yards. Ted Yeager carried 20 times for 67 yards. He ended the season with 754 yards, just 56 short of the season record of 810 set in 1957 by Ron Rescigno.



—Ace Hoffman Photo

LEAVE FOR WILKES GAME — Under rainy skies, about 50 parents of Wilkes College students left by charter bus this morning to cheer the Colonels football team as they meet for the final game of the season against the rugged Indian State team in the final game of the season Saturday afternoon at 1:30. The bus leaving today for the Western Pennsylvania town of Indiana—near Johnstown will be followed early tomorrow morning by another busload of students, hopefully to watch their team win another Lambert Bowl. Above, the boosters board the bus at Parrish Hall.

Wilkes Ends Season With Loss To IUP

Wilkes College saw its chance for a third Lambert Bowl award just about dashed on Saturday as the Colonels fell to a strong Indiana University of Pennsylvania team, 14-0, closing their season with a 6-2 record.

It marked the first time a team shut out Wilkes in 42 straight games. The contest was played at Indiana, Pa., which had been hit the previous day by seven inches of snow.

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Following the kickoff the Colonels were unable to move and had to surrender the football. Starting at his own 30, Indiana signalcaller Wally Blucas handed off three times to Monsilovich and the scatback advanced to the 42. On a second and nine play Blucas found his flanker Dave Smith open on the sideline and hit him for a 46 yard pass. Cox capped the 70 yard drive four plays later cracking in from the one. The Blucas to Smith combination clicked for the two-point conversion and the Indians took a 14-0 lead.

The Wilkesmen had several scoring opportunities in the second half but were unable to capitalize as the weather played havoc with each attempt. The Wilkesmen had a first and goal at the two-yard line but a fumble ended the drive. Joe Zakowski was intercepted five times.

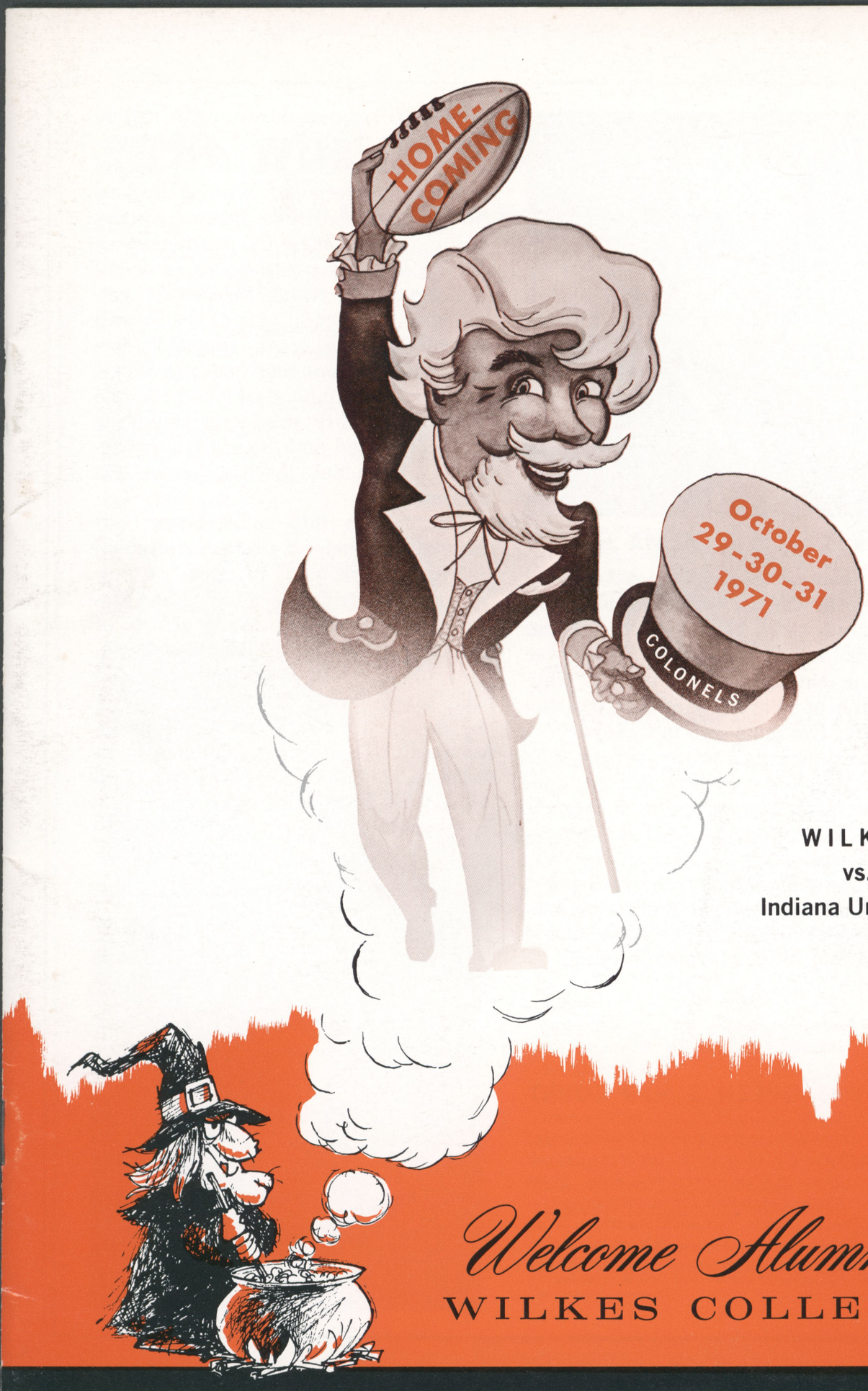
The Wilkesmen won every statistical battle except for the important one on the scoreboard. Zakowski defied all odds and went to his passing attack in the second half and had remarkable success, hitting his receivers 10 times. Bill Lazor caught six passes bringing his season total to 29 for 434 yards. Ted Yeager carried 20 times for 67 yards. He ended the season with 754 yards, just 56 short of the season record of 810 set in 1957 by Ron Rescigno.

The Wilkes College Colonels completed another fine grid season Saturday at Indiana State University in Western Pennsylvania. Coach Rollie Schmidt's team played an outstanding game against the strong ISU eleven, which was ranked in the top 20 small colleges in the nation.

Playing under the most adverse conditions and a temperature around the 15 degree mark, the Wilkesmen penetrated five times inside the ISU 20-yard line, only to be stopped by a fumble or pass interception. Colonel fans attending the game stated the field was covered with a sea of snow, mud and water.

To combat the coldness, the Wilkes linemen were equipped with gloves and used them in the pre-game warm-up. However, State College game officials wouldn't allow them to use the gloves. Most of the players had frost-bitten hands following the game.

The Colonels have proved that they can handle themselves against some of the bigger small college teams. A few breaks here and there and the Colonels would have finished another unbeaten season. Hats off to Coach Schmidt and his footballers for being fine representatives of Wyoming Valley, both in playing ability and sportsmanship.



WILKES

vs.

Indiana University

50¢

Welcome Alumni

WILKES COLLEGE



WILKES — OUR ALMA MATER

A warm welcome is extended to all friends of Wilkes College who are in the stands today helping to cheer a fine Wilkes football team on to victory over Indiana University of Pa. — a team which beat us in the snow and freezing weather two years ago in Indiana.

An especially warm greeting is meant for all of my fellow Wilkes alumni who have returned to the campus for our Twenty-fourth Annual Alumni Homecoming.

As we witness today's football game, and I assure you that the young men who make up this 1971 Colonels grid squad are an outstanding group of young Wilkesmen, our thoughts can be directed to the success of Wilkes intercollegiate athletic teams — success measured in terms of winning seasons and a winning attitude. There are many factors which may be considered as significant. Among them are a sound athletic policy which focuses on athletics as an integral part of the overall instructional program, sound leadership and excellent coaching, and adherence to the student-athlete principle whereby quality academic standards are maintained and the athletic participant is a student "first" and an athlete "second."

Relative to this latter factor, our alumni have helped, and hopefully will continue their help, to make an outstanding contribution to our **Alma Mater.** Through the recruiting efforts of alumni, outstanding students and student-athletes are encouraged to attend Wilkes. This type of cooperation from fellow alumni has given all of us increased pride in our mutual endeavors to keep Wilkes College a winner in all areas of higher education.

Again — my thanks and best wishes.

Art Hoover, '55
Director of Alumni Relations

THE QUEEN & HER COURT

Highlighting this weekend's homecoming activities will be the crowning of the campus queen and her court of princesses. To be honored at halftime today, left to right — Princess, Lynn Tomaselli, Audobon, N. J.; Queen, Jeanne Abbate, Oyster Bay, N.Y.; Princess, Marilyn Torrenti, Kenilworth, N. J.



The Wilkes Football Colonels

. . . in their 26th Season of Varsity Football

MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE
Northern Division Champions
1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969

LAMBERT BOWL
E.C.A.C. Division III Supremacy
1966, 1968

1971 SCHEDULE

Sept. 25	Lycoming	Away	1:30 p.m.
Oct. 2	Moravian	Home	1:30 p.m.
Oct. 9	Delaware Valley	Home	1:30 p.m.
Oct. 16	Ithaca	Away	2:00 p.m.
Oct. 23	Juniata	Away	1:30 p.m.
Oct. 30	Indiana (Pa.) (Homecoming)	Home	1:30 p.m.
Nov. 6	East Stroudsburg	Home	1:30 p.m.
Nov. 13	Muskingum	Away	2:00 p.m.



Head Coach Roland C. Schmidt
with 1971 Co-Captains
Ted Yeager (21) and Tony Cardinale (55)

1970 RESULTS

Wilkes	19	Lycoming	21
Wilkes	14	Moravian	14
Wilkes	10	Delaware Valley	16
Wilkes	21	Ithaca	25
Wilkes	16	Alfred	14
Wilkes	0	East Stroudsburg	30
Wilkes	20	Southern Connecticut	17
Wilkes	14	Muskingum	12

Season's Record — 3-4-1

ALMA MATER

Words and Music by Eleanor C. Farley

WILKES, OUR ALMA MATER
WE PLEDGE OUR HEARTS TO THEE,
HONOR, FAITH, AND COURAGE,
TRUTH AND LOYALTY.
IN OUR WORK AS IN OUR PLEASURE
GUIDE US AS A FRIEND;
WE SHALL ALWAYS LOVE THEE,
LOYAL TO THE END.
THOU SHALT LEAD US ONWARD
IN SEARCH OF FINER THINGS.
MAY WE FIND THE WISDOM
THAT THY SPIRIT BRINGS.
MAY OUR DEEDS OF LOVE AND SERVICE
EVER SWELL THY FAME —
WILKES, WE STAND TO GREET THEE!
GLORY TO THY NAME!

FUTURE FOOTBALL SCHEDULES

1972

September 23	Susquehanna	(Away)
September 30	Lycoming	(Home)
October 7	Moravian	(Away)
October 14	Upsala	(Away)
October 21	Ithaca	(Home)
October 28	Indiana St. (Pa.)	(Away)
November 4	Lebanon Valley	(Home)
November 11	Delaware Valley	(Away)
November 18	Kings Point	(Home)

1973

September 22	Susquehanna	(Home)
September 29	Lycoming	(Away)
October 6	Moravian	(Home)
October 13	Upsala	(Home)
October 20	Ithaca	(Away)
October 27	Juniata	(Away)
November 3	(Open Date)	
November 10	Delaware Valley	(Home)
November 17	Kings Point	(Away)

The Wilkes College Football Booklet is published by the Football Parents Club for all home games. George G. Pawlush, Sports Information Director, is in charge of all editorial content.

Wilkes College At A Glance

HISTORY — Founded in 1933 as Bucknell University Junior College. Chartered in 1947 as an Independent, Liberal Arts College for both men and women.

ENROLLMENT — As of September, 1971: Undergraduates, 2,556; Part-time, 620; Graduate, 401; Non-credit, 479; Summer, 1,777. Grand Total, 5,883.

FACULTY — Full-time, 167; Ph.D.'s, 70.

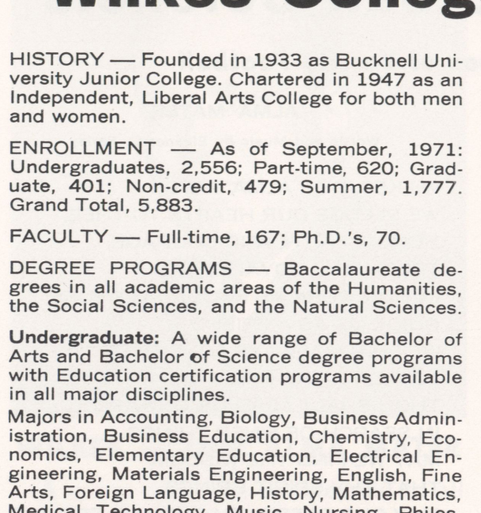
DEGREE PROGRAMS — Baccalaureate degrees in all academic areas of the Humanities, the Social Sciences, and the Natural Sciences.

Undergraduate: A wide range of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science degree programs with Education certification programs available in all major disciplines.

Majors in Accounting, Biology, Business Administration, Business Education, Chemistry, Economics, Elementary Education, Electrical Engineering, Materials Engineering, English, Fine Arts, Foreign Language, History, Mathematics, Medical Technology, Music, Nursing, Philosophy-Religion, Physics, Political Science, Psychology, Sociology and Social Science-Urban Affairs.

In addition, strong minor programs are available in Environmental Science and Theater Arts.

Graduate: Master of Science degrees in Biology, Business Administration, Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics and in a number of areas in Education such as English Education, History Education, Mathematics, Science, etc. (Write Director of Graduate Program for detailed information).



DR. FRANCIS J. MICHELINI, President



CHASE HALL

HOUSING — 840 students are in residence on campus; 412 women are accommodated in 20 dormitories; 428 men in 9 dormitories.

OPERATING BUDGET — $6,150,000.

CAPITAL IMPROVEMENT — $13,685,000.

TANGIBLE ASSETS — $22,000,000 plus.

ENDOWMENT FUND — $3,353,638.

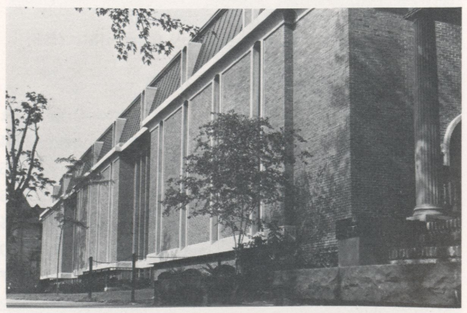
PLANNED DEVELOPMENT — A new classroom, laboratory and team-teaching complex at an estimated cost of $5,000,000. Also, in the planning stage — an addition to the gymnasium and additional dormitories.

CAMPUS SIZE — 23 acres scattered in an urban setting.

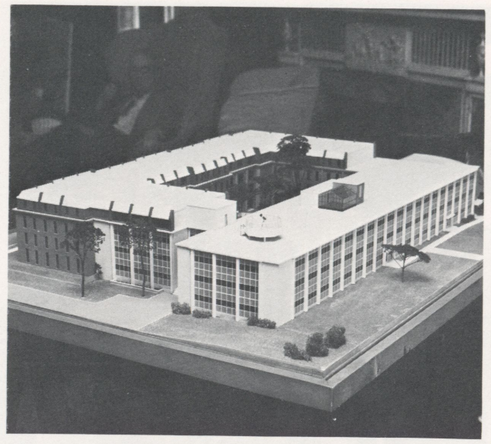
ALUMNI — 7,800.

ATHLETIC FACILITIES — Gymnasium, basketball arena, athletic field for football, baseball, soccer, lacrosse and hockey with new all-weather tennis courts; Inter-collegiate sports in 11 areas for men, two for women, and an active intra-mural sports program.

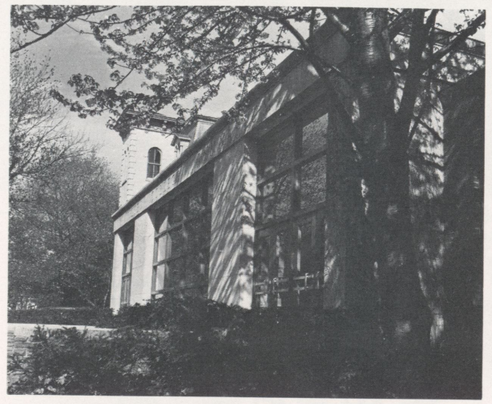
ADMINISTRATION — Dr. Francis J. Michelini, President; Dr. Eugene S. Farley, Chancellor; twenty-eight member Board of Trustees, Attorney Louis Shaffer, Chairman.



EUGENE S. FARLEY LIBRARY



MODEL OF PRESENT STARK HALL WITH LEARNING CENTER ADDITION.



GYMNASIUM



JOHN G. REESE, Director of Athletics

Public Relations Department

Director, Public Relations
Thomas J. Moran

Director, Sports Information
George G. Pawlush

Office Phone:
(717) 822-8413 or 824-4651, Ext. 336, 338
Home Phone: (717) 824-6637

Athletic Department

Director of Athletics
John G. Reese ..... Penn State '51

Head Football Coach
Roland C. Schmidt ..... Bloomsburg '56

Assistants
Jonah Goobic ..... Bloomsburg '58
Eugene Domzalski ..... Wyoming '64
Robert Corba ..... Upper Iowa '66
Richard Orlowski ..... Bucknell '63
Joseph Skvarla ..... Wilkes '69

Head Soccer Coach
Thomas Rokita ..... Wilkes '68

Head Cross Country Coach
George G. Pawlush ..... Wilkes '69

Head Basketball Coach
Rodger Bearde ..... West Chester '61

Head Swimming Coach
Robert Corba ..... Upper Iowa '66

Head Wrestling Coach
John G. Reese ..... Penn State '51

Head Baseball Coach
Gene Domzalski ..... Wyoming '64

Head Lacrosse Coach
Charles Mattei ..... Notre Dame '68
Joe Skvarla ..... Wilkes '69
Rob Harwood .....

Head Golf Coach
Roland Schmidt ..... Bloomsburg '56

Head Tennis Coach
To be announced

Team Physician
Anthony Turchetti, M.D.

Faculty Athletic Committee

Cromwell E. Thomas ..... Chairman

Joel Berlatsky
Barbara Buckman
Welton G. Farrar
Klaus Holm
Arthur J. Hoover
John G. Reese
Charles Sweeney
Stanko Vujica
Robert West
John P. Whitby

COLONEL BRAINTHRUST



1971 COACHING STAFF — Head Coach Roland G. Schmidt, kneeling. Standing, left to right — Assistants Gene Domzalski, Dick Orlowski, Joe Skvarla, Bob Corba, Jonah Goobic.

ROLAND C. SCHMIDT

This fall Roland Schmidt will begin his tenth season at the helm of the Wilkes football Colonels. During the nine year span between 1962-1970, his teams compiled a 47-22-1 record which ranks him near the top among the nations college division coaches.

From 1965 to 1969 his squads terrorized the Middle Atlantic Conference and other eastern independents, winning 37 of 40 contests. Included in this impressive total are five straight Northern Division MAC titles (1965-69); two Lambert Bowls, symbolic of ECAC Division III supremacy (1966, 1968); three straight undefeated seasons (1966, 1967, 1968); and a 32-game winning streak, the third longest in the history of NCAA College Division.

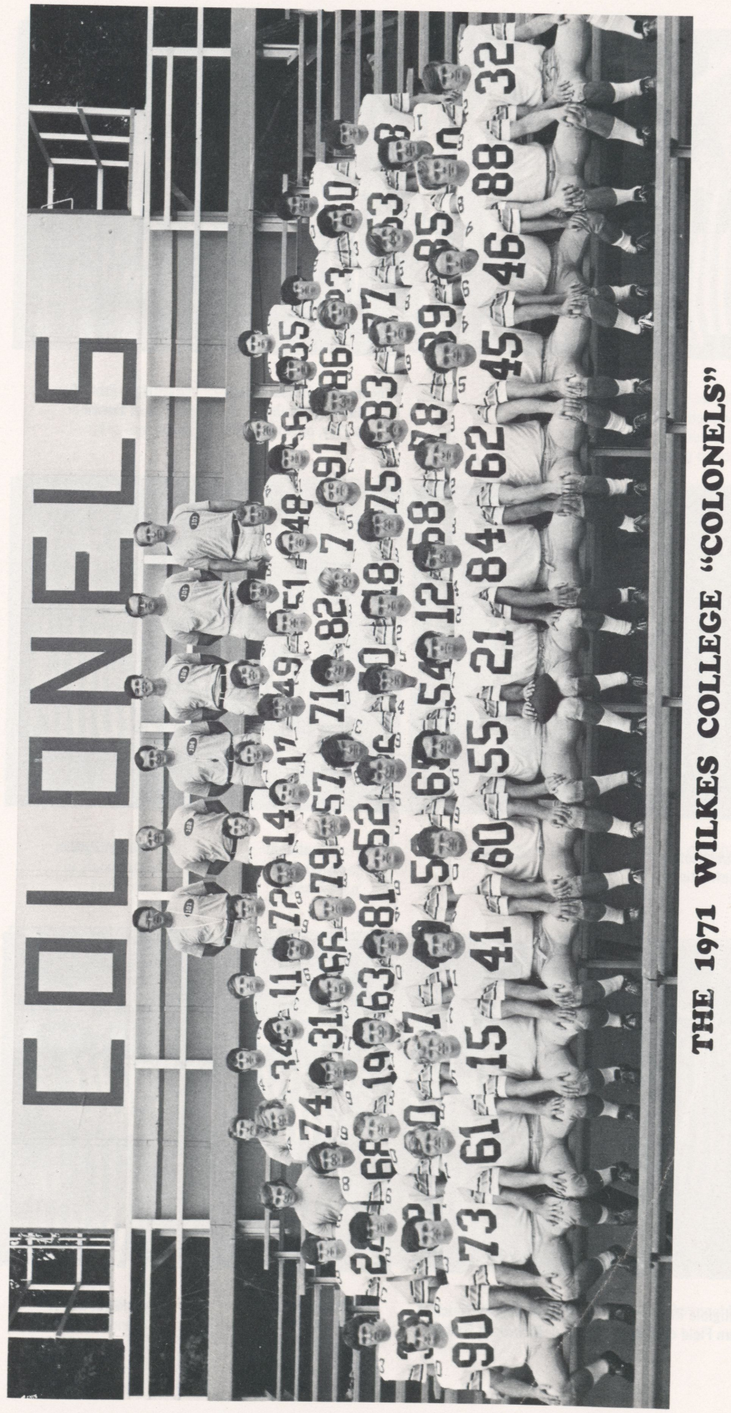
Not to be outdone on other fields of sport, Schmidt coached the Wilkes baseball team from 1962-69, and in 1970 assumed the duties as the golf mentor. His 1968 and 1969 baseball teams combined for a 22-5 record, which included an MAC championship in 1968. Although loaded with underclassmen the past two years, Coach Schmidt guided the Colonel golfers to an 8-3 record in 1970 and went a step higher in 1971 by copping MAC Golf laurels.

A 1950 graduate of Wilkes-Barre Coughlin High School, "Rollie" took part in football, wrestling, and track. He attended Bloomsburg State College for two years before serving a two-year stint in the Army. Returning to Bloomsburg upon the completion of his military obligation, the Colonel head participated in football and track for the Huskies.

His coaching career began at Clarks Summit High School where he served as assistant football, track, and head wrestling coach for three years. Schmidt put in another three-year tour with Kingston High School as an assistant before moving on to Wilkes in 1962.

"Rollie" is married to the former Margaret Dombrowski.





THE 1971 WILKES COLLEGE "COLONELS"

FIRST ROW, left to right — Bob Ashton, Steve Balla, Mike Hughes, Kent Jones, Ron Hillard, Charles Graziano, Tony Cardinale, Ted Yeager, Dan Walters, Bill Hanbury, Garf Jones, John Kerr, Ron Fritts, Neil Langdon.

SECOND ROW — Bob West, Pat Ratchford, George Sillup, Joe Bartell, Rick Masi, Al Regner, Larry Lally, Rich Lack, Jeff Giberson, Frank Galicki, John Holland, Joe Pavill, Bill Woronko, Mike Barski.

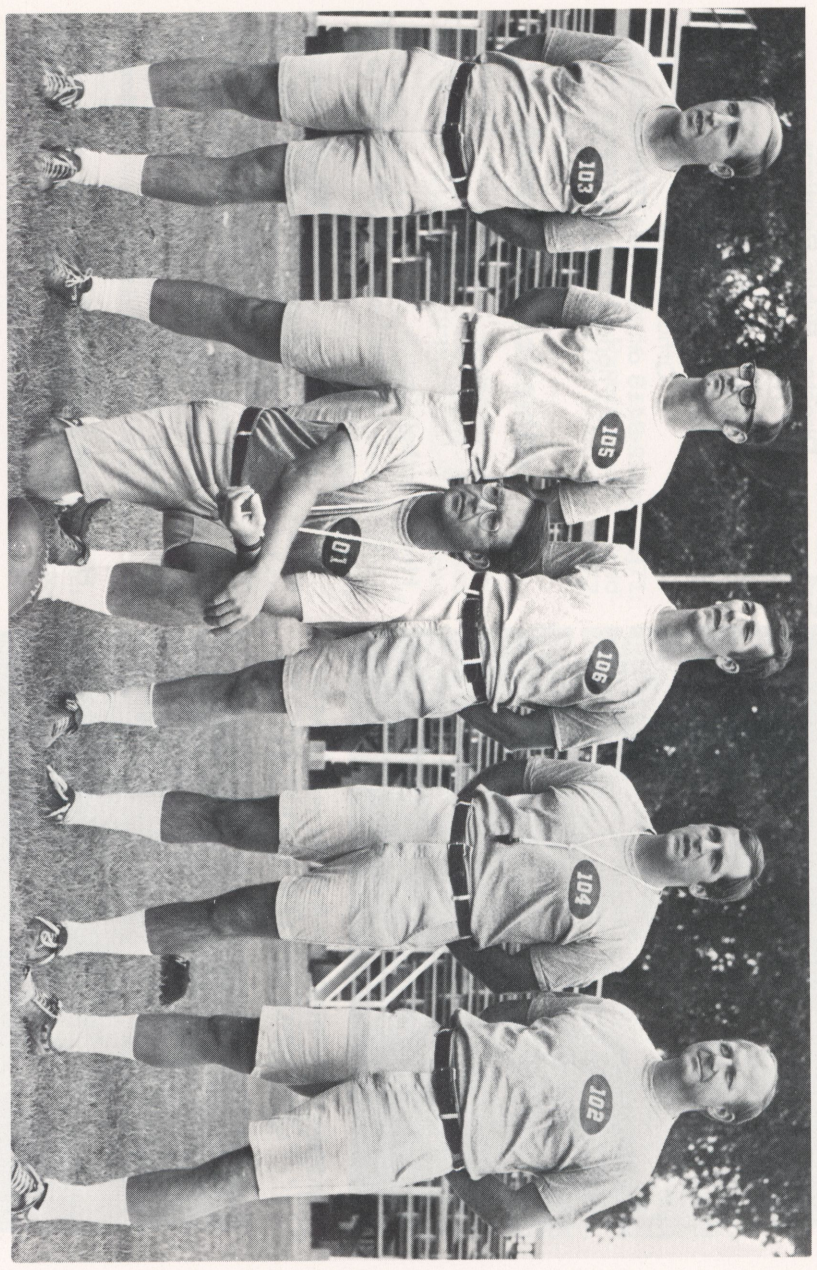
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SIXTH ROW — Head Coach Roland Schmidt; Assistant Coaches: Jonah Goobic, Bob Corba, Joe Skvarla, Dick Orlowski, Gene Domzalski.

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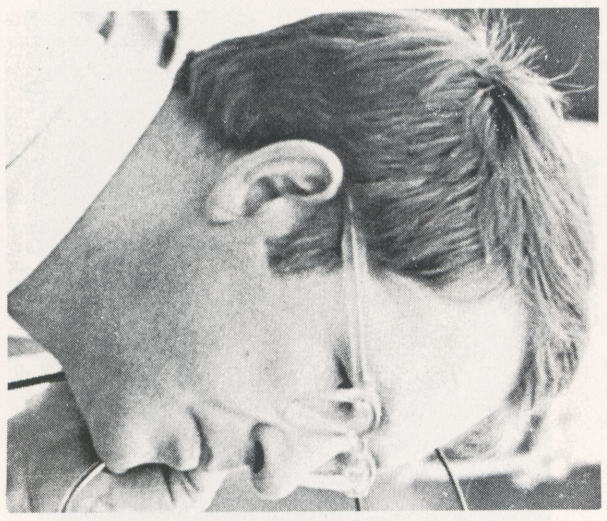
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CODE OF OFFICIALS SIGNALS

with thanks to the Women's Activities Association . . .



Incomplete Forward Pass, Penalty Declined, No Play, or No Score



Illegal Procedure or Position



Loss of Down



Substitution Infractions



Clipping



Intentional Grounding



Illegal Motion



Illegal Shift



Ineligible Receiver Down Field on Pass



Ball Illegally Touched, Kicked, or Batted



Offside (Infraction of scrimmage or free kick formation)



Illegal use of Hands and Arms



Ball Dead; If Hand is Moved from Side to Side: Touchback



Touchdown or Field Goal



Safety



Time out; Referee's Discretionary or Excess Time Out followed with tapping hands on chest.



Helping the Runner, or Interlocked Interference



Illegally Passing or Handling Ball Forward



Forward Pass or Kick Catching Interference



Start the Clock



First Down



Player Disqualified



Non-contact Fouls



Delay of Game



Ball Ready for Play



Personal Foul



Roughing the Kicker

1971 Cross Country Colonels Schedule

. . . in their First Varsity Campaign

1971 SCHEDULE

Tuesday, Sept. 21 ..... Baptist Bible		(Away)
Thursday, Oct. 7 ..... Bloomsburg Cheyney (tri)		(Away)
Wed., Oct. 13 ..... Delaware Valley Lebanon Valley (tri.)		(Away)
Monday, Oct. 18 ..... Scranton		(Home)
Thursday, Oct. 21 ..... Baptist Bible		(Home)
Monday, Oct. 25 ..... Scranton		(Away)
Wed., Oct. 27 ..... Binghamton St.		(Away)
Wed., Nov. 3 ..... Susquehanna Gettysburg (tri.)		(Away)

All Home Meets are conducted at Kirby Park.



MEMBERS OF THE CROSS COUNTRY TEAM, pictured left to right — Duane Sadvary, Bruce Davis, Joe Miraglia, Don Nash, Jim Godlewski, Gary Horning, Head Coach George Pawlush. ABSENT FROM PHOTO — Jere Woods.



1971 WOMEN'S HOCKEY TEAM, kneeling, l. to r. — Angela Centrella, Debbie Bantle, Stephanie Pufko, Jean Adams, Kathy Koterba, Loraine Mancuso, Donna Doncses, Kathy Davies, Kathy Haughey, Gayle Kinback, Janice Reindel. — Standing: Gay Foster, coach; Jeanette Click, mgr.; Debbie Backensto, Debbey Wysocki, Val Aiello, Jane Matalavage, Denise Chapura, Joanne Mazzanti, Debbie Flitcraft, Mellie Eagler, Carolyn Gregory, Lindsay Farley, Sue Young, Karen Toslosky, mgr.; Sandra Bloomberg, coach.

A Tale of Two Halfbacks

"If there was a marked man, the one player any team could least afford to lose, it is Larry Monsilovich." That is how Randy Jesick, Indiana Sports Publicist, describes one of the truly prima runners in America. Monsilovich, a 5-10, 185 pound senior from Butler, is the top rusher in Indian history with 2103 career yards. Last season he carried the ball 203 times for a net gain of 937 yards, both IUP records.

A quick look at the Wilkes side of the ledger will also find another runner of All-American caliber in the person of Ted Yeager. Yeager, a diminutive 5-6, 160 pound senior from Catawissa has also been indispensable, raking the gridiron for 2525 yards in three and a half seasons. Today's confrontation of the two little giants should indeed be a memorable occasion.



LARRY MONSILOVICH



TED YEAGER

LARRY MONSILOVICH — Indiana (22)

	rushes	yardage	average	scoring
1969	100	597	5.9	30
1970	203	937	4.6	90
1971 (six games)	127	569	4.5	60
	430	2103	4.9	180 pts

TED YEAGER — Wilkes (21)

	rushes	yardage	average	scoring
1968	131	577	4.4	18
1969	158	754	4.8	36
1970	117	586	5.0	24
1971 (five games)	133	608	4.5	42
	539	2525	4.7	120 pts

How Our 1971 Foes Are Doing

Lycoming — (1-5)

Albright	3-20
Wilkes	0-29
Westminster	0-18
Western Maryland	7-18
Juniata	0-17
Susquehanna	25-10
Today — Upsala	Away

Moravian — (2-3)

Delaware Valley	13-7
Wilkes	2-20
Wagner	14-20
PMC	24-14
Lebanon Valley	7-20
Today — Albright	Home

Delaware Valley — (3-3)

Juniata	21-13
Moravian	7-13
Albright	19-15
Wilkes	30-35
Grove City	28-12
Upsala	13-22
Today — Susquehanna	Home

Ithaca — (4-2)

West Chester	20-34
Denison	8-7
Cortland	21-13
Fordham	39-6
Wilkes	41-28
Bridgeport	20-35
Today — Grove City	Home

Juniata — (2-2-2)

Delaware Valley	13-21
Albright	6-6
Susquehanna	10-10
Georgetown	24-6
Lycoming	17-0
Wilkes	0-3
Today — Washington & Jefferson	Away

Indiana (Pa.) — (5-1)

St. Norbert	26-7
California (Pa.)	34-0
Cortland	35-11
Edinboro	23-29
Northwood Institute	21-14
Clarion	28-9
Today — Wilkes	Away

East Stroudsburg — (4-2)

Trenton	36-0
Montclair	14-7
West Chester	7-9
Kutztown	13-20
Cheyney	26-0
Mansfield	48-13
Today — Millersville	Home

Muskingum — (1-5)

West Liberty	7-20
Marietta	7-20
Baldwin-Wallace	7-20
Ashland	6-34
Ohio Wesleyan	0-27
Capital	7-0
Today — Denison	Home

INDIANA STATS (six games)

	Indiana	Opp.
first downs	109	88
passes attempted	126	144
passes completed	66	64
yards passing	818	681
had intercepted	10	7
rushes	317	279
yards rushing	1222	914
plays	446	423
total offense	2040	1595

INDIAN INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Scoring:	td	fg	pat	2	tot
Larry Monsilovich	10	0	0	0	60
Chuck Pinchotti	7	0	0	2	46

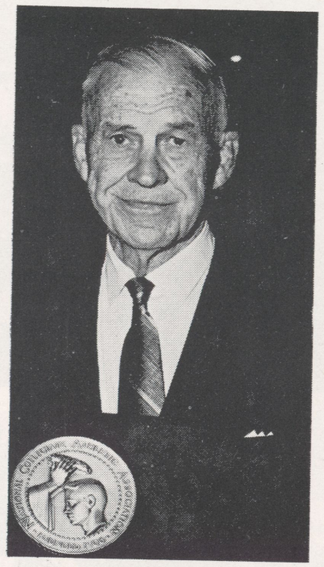
Passing:	pa	pc	ydg	td	int
Chuck Pinchotti	113	62	744	3	8

Receiving:	no	ydg	td
Jim Thomas	16	173	2
Mark Jevicky	16	214	1
Rich Krinks	16	145	0

Rushing:	no	ydg	avg
Larry Monsilovich	127	569	4.5
Ralph Iacoboni	46	203	4.4
Chuck Pinchotti	78	169	2.2

A MAN NAMED SHAUGHNESSY

by RUBE SAMUELSEN



Clark Shaughnessy

Call the roll of coaches whose names are etched in bold type on the pages of college football history . . . Knute Rockne, Pop Warner, Walter Camp, A. A. Stagg, Bill Roper, "Hurry-Up" Yost, Percy Haughton, John Heisman, Bob Zuppke, Andy Smith, Gil Dobie, Tad and Howard Jones, Wallace Wade and so many more.

Add the names, and quickly, of Dana X. Bible, Fritz Crisler, Frank Leahy, Bud Wilkinson, Bill Alexander, Bob Neyland, Don Faurot, Andy Kerr, Pappy Waldorf, Frank Cavanaugh, Jess Neely, Ossie Solem, Slip Madigan, Red Sanders, Bernie Bierman, Lou Little and Buck Shaw.

The list goes on. Nor are the giants of today, their careers now in full flower, to be overlooked. On them the record book is not closed but their deeds are certain to live in golden memory.

Most of the pace-setters gained added lustre because they were identified with one university. One man, however, was not so catalogued. His name is Clark Shaughnessy.

Shaughnessy coached at Loyola (New Orleans), Tulane, Chicago, Stanford, West Virginia and Pittsburgh, not to mention with three more teams in pro ball. Indicative of his restless, challenging spirit, he moved around just like the teams he coached. Perhaps that dimmed the overall recognition he was accorded. Nonetheless and conceivably, Shaughnessy contributed more to football strategy, offense and defense alike, than any man who ever lived. Off the field as well, he was indeed quite a man.

Changed Football's Face

Shaughnessy, who died last year, changed the tempo and face of football so that it is almost unrecognizable from that of 50, even 25 years ago. He didn't invent the T-Formation, but he took it out of its swaddling clothes, constantly streamlined it and wrote the doctoral thesis. Literally, and figuratively as well, he put wings on the football.

This dedicated man, who weight hardly varied an ounce from the 198 pounds of his Minnesota playing days some 60 years ago, took virtually the same Stanford team, which had won but one game in 1939, and coached it to an unbeaten 1940 season. As the "T", with its ball-handling wizardry, deception, brush blocking and so much more, provided the key, a 21-13 win over Nebraska in the Rose Bowl followed. That turned on, electrically, the entire college football world — turned it on receptively, so that the T-Formation almost became standard procedure.

Before he died, Gus Welch, who starred at Carlisle with Jim Thorpe, and whose life spanned Shaughnessy's, turned to George Reiffenach at a football gathering, pointed toward the noted innovator, and said:

"There's the man who has filled every stadium in the country."

Tom Fears, who played under Shaughnessy, pin-points it well with:

"Shaughnessy's dedication and his tremendous new concepts changed football immeasurably. Never has he received his just due, while others used his ideas and theories to their profit, and often took the bows. But more than anyone else, Clark Shaughnessy remains in the hearts of those who played for him."

Impressive Integrity

His influence and character also were acknowledged outside of the football sphere. To illustrate, back in the 30's, he was summoned to New York by George Whitney, head of the J. P. Morgan Company, in the hope of securing Shaughnessy's assent to coach Harvard, his alma mater. Clark declined, but the impression of his integrity upon Whitney was deep. A few weeks later the financier called the coach who was then at the University of Chicago.

"Can you recommend some young man in the midwest who would fit well into the J. P. Morgan Company program?" he asked.

Clark recommended Elmore Patterson, who played with Jay Berwanger, at the Maroon school. Patterson rose to the company's presidency.

The trail-blazing mentor was also the man most sought, largely by Jake Gaither, Florida A&M's coach, to help in opening pro football's gates wider for Negro players.

In the 30's as well, Shaughnessy was approached by representatives of the Temple Shalom, in Chicago. They asked his advice concerning Rabbi Louis Binstock of New Orleans, who Clark knew well. Later Rabbi Binstock became head of the Temple Shalom.

That was Clark Shaughnessy, who was 99 per cent Irish. To repeat, he was quite a man . . . and on all counts. Perhaps it figures. Daniel was his middle name.

1971 COLONELS IN ACTION



Senior team members, who will be playing in their final homecoming classic, left to right, first row are: Tony Cardinale, Steve Balla, Ron Fritts, Mike Hughes, Ted Yeager. Second row: Ron Hillard, Kent Jones, Neil Langdon, Dan Walters, Bob Ashton. Third row: Charles Graziano, Garf Jones, John Kerr, Bill Hanbury. Missing: Nate Eustis.



Elusive Ted Yeager (21) closing in on many records in the twilight of a great collegiate career.



Junior signalcaller Jeff Giberson (12) was outstanding against Ithaca, completing 14 of 23 passes for 170 yards plus scoring on touchdown runs of 12 and one yds. Center Tom Panetta (53) is shown doing his part.

Giving the Colonels Exedrin headaches two weeks ago was Ithaca's Bill Kleinfelder (44). Wilkesmen providing a proper reception include (41) Ron Hillard, (40) Rick Masi, (55) Tony Cardinale, and (58) Frank Galicki. Cardinale's 17 first hit tackles and 11 assists were overlooked in the gloom of defeat.

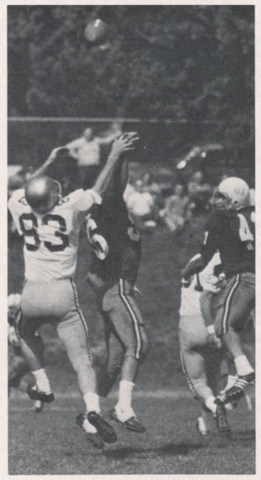




Senior Neil Langdon (32) has been the Colonels best receiver this fall.



Displaying a potent scoring offense, the 1971 soccer team has already surpassed all previous shooting highs. Members of the forward wall, Mike Shoemaker, Rich Combellack, George Bene Hoane, Stellius Patsiokas, and Ed Garabedian.



Sophomore John Marion (83) giving good indication of things yet to come from the "youth corp", trio of freshman Bill Horan, sophomore John Collins, and Marion.



The violence of offensive blocking as illustrated by Tom Panetta (53), George Sillup (80), Mike Hughes (61), and Nate Eustis (76).

Wilkes College "Colonels" — 1971

No.	Name and Year	Position	Height	Weight	Hometown
3	Blaum, Terry, freshman	LB-K	6-0	180	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
7	Maze, Dan, freshman	OQB	5-9	170	Broomall, Pa.
10	Barski, Michael, junior	OQB	6-1	190	Mocanaqua, Pa.
11	Wojtowicz, Dave, sophomore	OE	5-10	155	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
12	*Giberson, Jeff, junior	OQB	5-11	170	Mt. Holly, N. J.
14	Nieman, Dave, freshman	DB	6-2	170	North Wales, Pa.
15	*Jones, Kent, senior	DLB	5-10	180	Harveys Lake, Pa.
17	Barrett, Alan, freshman	DB	5-7	150	Budd Lake, N. J.
18	Deacon, Craig, sophomore	DLB	5-9	175	Lakewood, N. J.
19	Driscole, Gary, sophomore	OE	5-11	160	Dover, N. J.
21	*Yeager, Ted, senior	HB	5-6	155	Catawissa, Pa.
23	Houghton, Doug, freshman	HB	5-7	165	Somerville, N. J.
24	Bombe, Charles, freshman	DB	6-1	175	Nanticoke, Pa.
27	Bartell, Joe, junior	DLB	5-7	170	Wyoming, Pa.
28	McBride, Bob, sophomore	DB	6-0	180	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
31	Butler, Tom, sophomore	DLB	5-10	170	Binghamton, N.Y.
32	*Langdon, Neil, senior	HB	6-0	195	Pittston, Pa.
33	West, Bob, junior	DB	6-2	180	Monmouth Beach, N. J.
34	*Yanora, Jim, junior	FB	5-8	190	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
35	Kuderka, Ray, freshman	FB	5-9	185	Dallas, Pa.
36	*Ozgar, Bob, sophomore	FB	6-0	195	Piscataway, N. J.
40	*Masi, Rick, junior	DB	5-9	165	Cinnaminson, N. J.
41	*Hillard, Ron, senior	DLB	6-0	190	Plymouth, Pa.
45	*Jones, Garf, senior	DB	6-1	180	Scranton, Pa.
46	*Kerr, John, senior	DB	5-9	150	W. Orange, N. J.
48	Horan, Bill, freshman	OE	5-11	185	Plains, Pa.
49	Altmire, Bill, freshman	DLB	5-8	190	Mt. Carmel, Pa.
50	Mazzitelli, Bob, freshman	OC	6-0	190	Wyoming, Pa.
51	Newman, Mike, freshman	OC	5-10	175	New Milford, N. J.
52	*Boshinski, Tom, sophomore	OC	5-11	185	Newton, Pa.
53	*Panetta, Tom, sophomore	OC	6-2	200	Dover, N. J.
54	*Lack, Rich, sophomore	DLB	6-0	196	Saugerties, N.Y.
55	*Cardinale, Tony, senior	DLB	6-0	205	Totowa, N. J.
56	Metzger, Don, freshman	OC	5-7	185	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
57	Gatrone, Ralph, freshman	OC	5-11	185	Wyoming, Pa.
58	*Galicki, Frank, junior	DLB	5-10	200	Mocanaqua, Pa.
59	Regner, Al, junior	OG	5-8	190	Dover, N. J.
60	*Graziano, Charles, senior	DLB	6-0	195	Pittston Twp., Pa.
61	*Hughes, Mike, senior	OG	5-10	190	Atlantic City, N. J.
62	*Hanbury, Bill, senior	OG	6-2	215	Syracuse, N.Y.
63	Lorenzen, Rich, sophomore	OG	5-9	185	New Milford, N. J.
65	Lally, Larry, junior	OG	5-11	200	Willingboro, N. J.
66	Wasmanski, Len, freshman	OG	5-10	190	Plymouth Meeting, Pa.
67	Skawski, Walter, freshman	OT	6-0	190	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
68	Rodda, Jim, sophomore	OT	6-1	200	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
70	Grandinetti, Jeff, sophomore	DT	6-2	215	Lakewood, N. J.
71	Hughes, Paul, freshman	OT	6-2	235	Nanticoke, Pa.
72	Metzger, Bill, freshman	OT	5-11	190	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
73	*Balla, Steve, senior	OT	6-0	210	Nanticoke, Pa.
74	Bolesta, Reinhardt, junior	DT	6-2	240	Plymouth, Pa.
75	Adamchak, Steve, sophomore	DT	6-2	240	Swoyersville, Pa.
76	*Eustis, Nate, senior	OT	6-3	215	Binghamton, N.Y.
77	McGann, Tom, sophomore	DT	6-3	210	Pennington, N. J.
78	*Holland, John, junior	OT	6-1	205	Bennington, Vt.
79	Bachak, Steve, freshman	OT	6-2	200	Carbondale, Pa.
80	Sillup, George, junior	OE	6-3	210	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
81	Collins, John, sophomore	OE	5-11	185	Fair Lawn, N. J.
82	Ford, Bernard, freshman	DLB	5-10	185	Nanticoke, Pa.
83	Marion, John, sophomore	OE	6-0	185	Yardville, N. J.
84	*Walters, Dan, senior	OE	6-4	210	Plymouth, Pa.
85	Woronko, Bill, junior	DE	6-1	205	Edwardsville, Pa.
86	Ametrano, Nick, freshman	OE	5-11	175	Plains, Pa.
88	Fritts, Ron, senior	DE	6-2	200	Erie, Pa.
89	Pavill, Joe, junior	DT	6-0	215	Hanover Twp., Pa.
90	*Ashton, Bob, senior	DE	5-11	205	Hanover Twp., Pa.
91	Van Gorder, John, freshman	DE	6-1	190	Newark Valley, N.Y.
92	*Ratchford, Pat, junior	DE	6-1	195	Duryea, Pa.

*Lettermen (24)

Co-Captains: Ted Yeager, Tony Cardinale

A TIP OF THE HAT TO . . .

Raymond Nutaitus and the Wilkes College Band; Richard Myers, game announcer; Jim Godlewski, statistician; Gordon Dussinger, game film photographer.

Indiana St. (Pa.) University "Indians"

No.	Name and Year	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Hometown
10	*Pinchotti, Chuck, senior	OQB	5-10	175	Rochester, Pa.
11	Glick, Len, sophomore	WB	5-11	180	Belle Vernon, Pa.
12	Nesmith, Jim, freshman	OQB-PK	6-0	180	Russell, Pa.
14	Collier, Jay, freshman	OQB	6-0	175	Parker, Pa.
15	*Thomas, Jim, junior	WB-OQB	5-10	175	Malvern, Pa.
17	Jones, Jim, freshman	SE-P	6-1	180	Kane, Pa.
19	Orenak, Ron, freshman	K	5-9	150	Elizabeth, Pa.
20	McDonnell, Dan, sophomore	OHB	5-11	170	Blakely, Pa.
21	Halt, Earl, senior	DLB	5-10	170	W. Newton, Pa.
22	*Monsilovich, Larry, senior	OHB	5-10	185	Butler, Pa.
24	*Krinks, Rich, junior	SE	5-11	170	Port Vue, Pa.
25	Feraco, Ron, junior	DB	5-6	150	Irwin, Pa.
26	MacGregor, Rob Roy, senior	P	5-11	165	Ligonier, Pa.
28	Saffa, Tom, sophomore	DB	5-11	170	Glassport, Pa.
29	*McDonough, Ed, senior	WB	5-9	165	Lancaster, Pa.
30	*Hall, Bill, senior	DLB	5-7	170	Beaver, Pa.
31	Colagrande, Art, sophomore	DB	6-0	180	Latrobe, Pa.
32	Neely, Jim, sophomore	OFB	5-11	185	Glen Campbell, Pa.
33	*Wenger, Glenn, junior	DS	5-10	170	Denver, Pa.
35	McGorry, Kevin, junior	DB	5-9	175	Etna, Pa.
37	Parise, Carl, junior	OHB	5-8	170	Pittsburgh, Pa.
40	Wilson, Len, sophomore	WB	5-10	170	Levittown, Pa.
41	Bailey, Doane, senior	DB	5-8	165	Sharon, Pa.
42	Warren, Barry, sophomore	DB	5-10	165	Indiana, Pa.
43	Goodge, Jim, sophomore	DB	6-0	175	New Wilmington, Pa.
44	Iacoboni, Ralph, junior	OFB	5-10	185	Belle Vernon, Pa.
45	Anderson, Jim, senior	SE	6-0	175	St. Mary's, Pa.
46	Fisher, Ron, sophomore	DLB	5-11	175	Ancient Oak, Pa.
47	*Balmert, Dave, junior	DS	5-11	170	Forest Hills, Pa.
48	Cavanaugh, Tom, junior	WB	5-10	180	Butler, Pa.
49	*Anderson, Tom, junior	DLB	6-0	185	Homer City, Pa.
50	Timo, John, junior	OC	5-10	200	Rankin, Pa.
51	*Macioce, Ernie, senior	OC	5-11	200	Clairton, Pa.
52	Vella, Gary, junior	OC-K	5-10	215	Latrobe, Pa.
53	Filiaggi, Allen, sophomore	OC	6-0	210	Uniontown, Pa.
55	*Palchak, Greg, junior	DMG	6-0	195	Trafford, Pa.
58	Holzhauser, Jerry, freshman	DT	6-4	230	New Castle, Pa.
60	Grim, John, junior	OG	5-11	200	New Castle, Pa.
61	Colosimo, Don, junior	OG	5-11	210	Bradford, Pa.
62	*Imbrogno, Phil, junior	DLB	5-10	190	Kane, Pa.
63	Kozel, John, junior	OG	6-0	195	Aliquippa, Pa.
65	Billman, John, junior	DMB	5-11	190	McSherrystown, Pa.
66	*Rogish, Tom, senior	DLB	5-10	200	Bedford, Pa.
67	Hall, Bruce, sophomore	OG	5-11	215	Waynesburg, Pa.
68	Adamcyzk, Mike, sophomore	OG	5-11	190	Kane, Pa.
69	Wonsettler, Chuck, freshman	DLB	6-0	200	Scenery Hill, Pa.
70	Clingan, Tom, junior	OT	5-11	190	York, Pa.
71	*Connolly, Dave, senior	OT	5-11	215	Greentree, Pa.
72	Brink, Steve, junior	OT	6-1	205	Glen Campbell, Pa.
73	DiLorenzo, Dennis, sophomore	OT	5-11	210	Braddock Hills, Pa.
74	Barree, Mike, junior	OT	5-11	210	Altoona, Pa.
75	*Bullington, John, senior	DT	6-3	220	Manns Choice, Pa.
76	*Maurer, Charlie, junior	DT	6-3	225	South Park, Pa.
77	Wargo, Bob, sophomore	DE	6-0	205	West Bristol, Pa.
78	*Raymond, Gene, junior	DT	6-0	225	Homer City, Pa.
79	Tourdot, Dave, freshman	OT	6-3	220	Fredericktown, Pa.
80	Sullivan, Tim, sophomore	SE	5-10	170	Pittsburgh, Pa.
81	Wain, John, junior	DE	5-10	195	Kittanning, Pa.
82	Swink, Larry, sophomore	SE	6-1	180	Connellsville, Pa.
83	Leskovic, Jimmy Jo, freshman	TE	6-1	210	Springdale, Pa.
86	Hmel, Doug, freshman	TE	6-0	190	Gallitzin, Pa.
87	Jevicky, Mark, sophomore	TE	6-2	205	Indiana, Pa.
88	*Farrelly, Dave, senior	DE	6-1	210	Beaver Falls, Pa.
89	*Roth, Doug, junior	DE	6-2	205	Maple Glenn, Pa.
90	Hills, Dave, freshman	DB	6-1	185	Levittown, Pa.
97	Evans, Bill, sophomore	K	5-10	175	Butler, Pa.
99	Kissinger, Ardie, freshman	DLB	6-0	195	Middleburg, Pa.

* Denotes Lettermen

—: GAME OFFICIALS :—

Referee — KENNETH M. ROZELSKY — East Stroudsburg
Umpire — KEITH W. BENNYHOFF —
Linesman — JOSEPH T. COLA — University of Nevada
Field Judge — THOMAS C. McCLAIN — St. Joseph's

Meet Indiana St. Pa. University

Location: Indiana, Pa.
Head Coach and Record: Bill Neal, George Washington '54 (1 year, 5-4)
Conference: Pennsylvania State
Home Field & Capacity: Miller Stadium, 7,000
Team Captains: Larry Monsilovich, Tom Rogish, Dave Connolly, Bill Hall
Colors: Maroon and Slate
Nickname: Indians
Athletic Director: Herm Sledzik
Sports Information Director: Randy L. Jesick
Office: (412) 357-2233
Home: (412) 465-5970
Type Offense: Pro Set
Type Defense: 5-2
Lettermen Lost: 14 (6 starters)
Lettermen Returning: 19 (16 starters)



Indiana University of Pennsylvania head football coach Bill Neal, kneeling left, with 1971 assistants: Mo Smith, kneeling right, and left to right standing, Ed Receski, Rich Hornfeck, Jim Mill, and Bob Letso.

1970 RESULTS (5-4)

22	Northwood	7
26	Shippensburg	22
28	Cortland	14
14	Edinboro	31
10	Clarion	7
41	Slippery Rock	6
6	California	14
17	Hillsdale	35
7	Akron	49



Indiana University of Pennsylvania's All-Star halfback, Larry Monsilovich, All-Pennsylvania in 1970, is surrounded by three of the most attractive "tacklers" he'll face all season. They are IUP coeds, left to right: Karen Messina, Sharon; Mimi Tobias, Greensburg; and Pam Skillings, Bovard.

1971 SCHEDULE

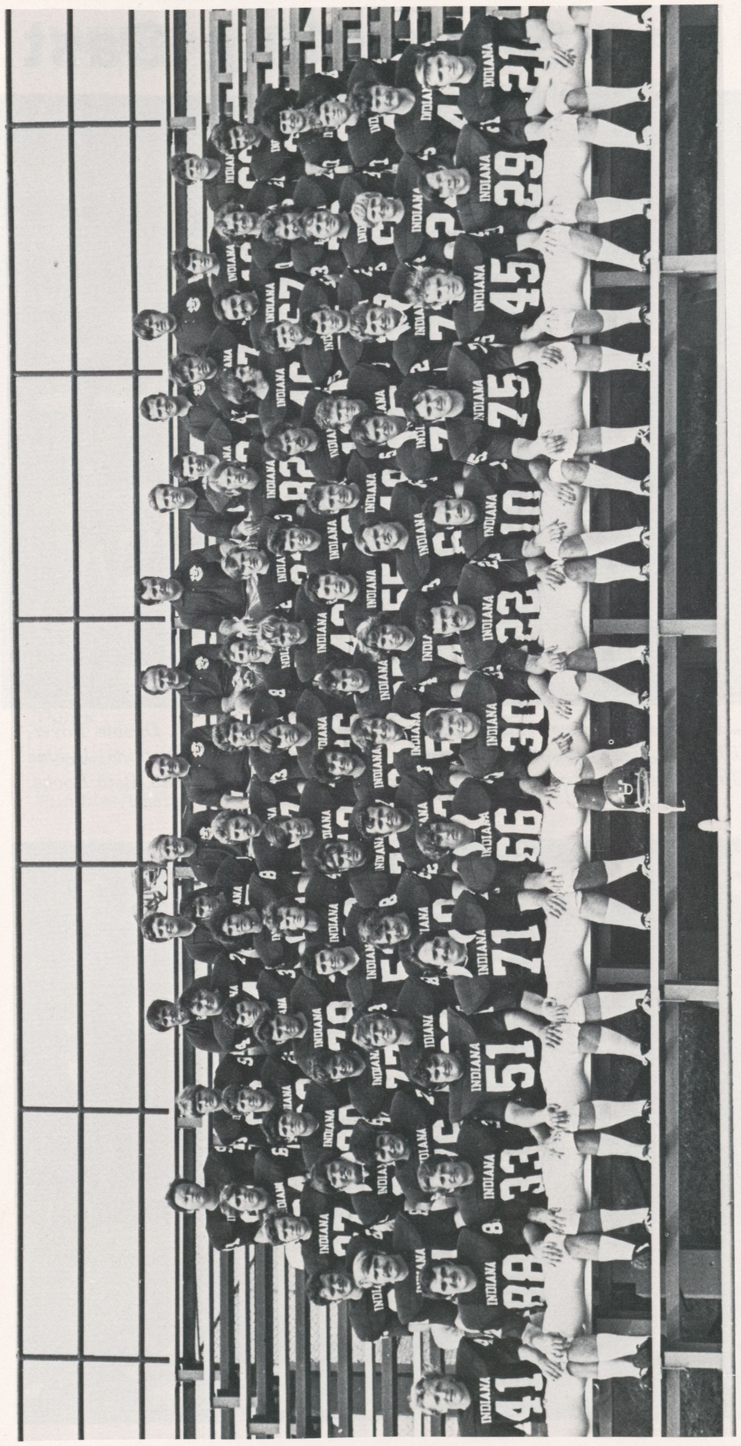
September 11	St. Norbert
September 18	at California
September 25	at Cortland
October 2	Open Date
October 9	Edinboro
October 16	at Northwood
October 23	Clarion
October 30	at Wilkes
November 6	Hillsdale
November 13	at Akron

SERIES SCORES

1969 ..... I-13 W-O
Series Record: 1 year, 0-1



Indiana University of Pennsylvania head football coach Bill Neal with 1971 co-captains, left to right, Larry Monsilovich, Tom Rogish, Dave Connolly and Bill Hall.



THE 1971 INDIANA UNIVERSITY "INDIANS"

First row, left to right — Doane Bailey, Dave Farrelly, Glenn Wenger, Ernie Macioce, Dave Connolly, Tom Rogish, Bill Hall, Larry Monsilovich, Chuck Pinchotti, John Bullington, Jim Anderson, Ed McDonough, Skip Halt. **Second row** — John Wain, Charlie Maurer, Doug Roth, John Grim, Gary Vella, Ron Blumer, Bill Evans, John Kozel, Tom Clingan, Steve Brink, Rich Krinks, Tom Anderson. **Third row** — Phil Imbrogno, Don Colosimo, Bob Wargo, Al Filiaggi, Gene Raymond, Carl Parise, Ron Feraco, Greg Palchak, Tom Cavanaugh, Jim Thomas, Ed Anderson, John Billman, Dave Balmert. **Fourth row** — Ken Deitman, Dave Hills, Dave Tourdot, Len Wilson, Ron Orenak, Doug Hmel, Jim Goodge, Barry Warren, Len Glick, Bruce Hall, Dennis DiLorenzo, Tim Sullivan. **Fifth row** — Don McClintock, Tom Saffa, Kevin McGorry, Gib Wardrop, Mark Jevicky, John Bukovac, Jay Collier, Jim Neeley, Larry Swink, Ron Fisher, Bill Sekusky, Danny McDonnell, Art Colagrande. **Sixth row** — Jerry Holzhauser, Ardie Kissinger, Jim Reynolds, Jim Jones, Mike Adancyzk, Mike Hudak, Jim Nesmith, Chuck Wonsettler. **Seventh row** — Dan Cox, graduate assistant; Neil Gordon, graduate assistant; Paul Noonon, graduate assistant; Bob Letso, assistant coach; Bill Neal, head coach; Jim Mill, assistant coach; Mo Smith, assistant coach; Rich Hornfeck, assistant coach; Ed Receski, assistant coach.

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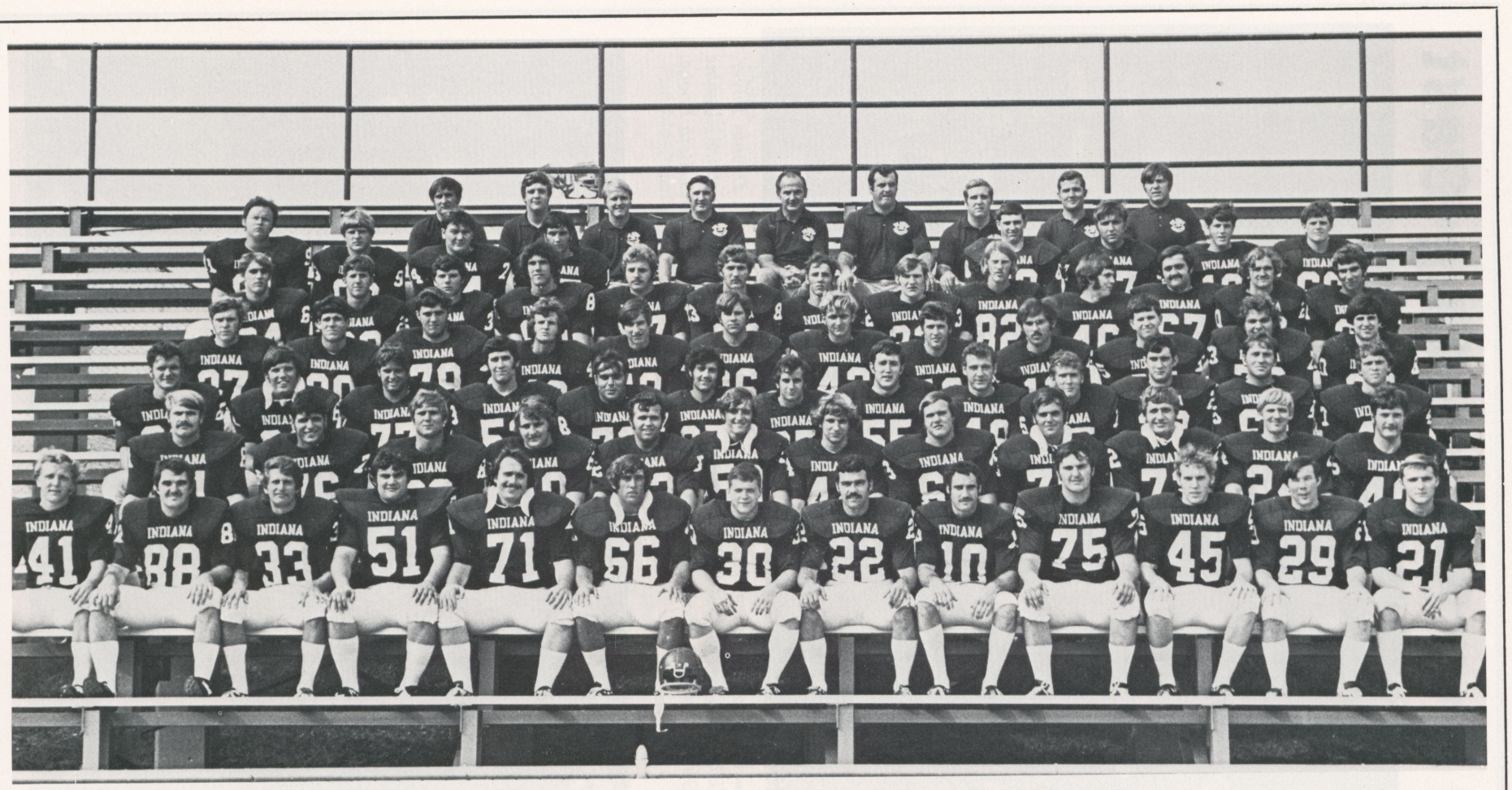
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Part of The Supporting Cast



COLONELETTES — *l. to r.: Rosemarie Kazda, Barbara Smith, Loretta Moses, Debbie Boyer, Nadzia Litiaho, Darlene Kishbaugh, Karen Fried, Terry Brown (captain), Liz Ricci (captain), Debbie McConnell, Arla Tomko, Ginny Macarty, Marcine Morris, Norma Roper, Barbara Aulisio, Beth Roche, and Felicia Zawatski.*

CHEER-LEADERS

Left to right, kneeling: Michelle Noll, Randy Wells (capt.), Mary Pat Melvin. Standing: Kathy Fetch, Sheryl Smith, Barbara Yanchuck.



Wilkes College Football Colonels

(five game statistics)

Record: 4 - 1

Wilkes	29	Lycoming	0
Wilkes	20	Moravian	2
Wilkes	35	Delaware Valley	30
Wilkes	28	Ithaca	41
Wilkes	3	Juniata	0

Team Totals	Wilkes	Opponents
(Juniata game in parenthesis)		
First Downs	71 (15)	68 (17)
Passes Attempted	101 (16)	120 (15)
Passes Completed	46 (7)	45 (6)
Passing Yardage	733 (130)	660 (126)
Had Intercepted	8 (1)	12 (1)
Rushes	264 (46)	228 (54)
Rushing Yardage	874 (138)	608 (189)
Plays	355 (62)	348 (69)
Total Offense	1607 (268)	1268 (315)
Punts	36/35.2 (7/40.9)	34/36.9 (5/31.6)
Return Yardage	586 (26)	522 (39)
Fumbles/Lost	11/8 (1/1)	14/10 (4/2)
Penalties	28/320 (1/5)	21/181 (4/67)

Juniata Game Summary:

Wilkes	0	0	0	3	— 3
Juniata	0	0	0	0	— 0

Scoring:

W — Blaum (24 yard field goal)

Five Game Composite Scoring:

Wilkes	17	17	32	49	— 115
Opponents	7	24	7	35	— 73

INDIVIDUAL STATISTICS

Scoring:	td	fg	pat	2	totl
Ted Yeager	7	0	0	1	44
Terry Blaum	0	3	6	0	15
Bill Horan	2	0	0	0	12
Jeff Giberson	2	0	0	0	12
Bob Ozgar	2	0	0	0	12
Garf Jones	1	0	0	0	6
Frank Galicki	1	0	0	0	6
John Marion	1	0	0	0	6
	16	3	6	1	115

Passing:	pa	pc	td	ydg
Jeff Giberson	98	47	3	724
Dan Maze	3	1	0	9

Receptions:	no	ydg	td
Neil Langdon	12	125	0
Bill Horan	11	255	2
George Sillup	8	82	0
John Marion	7	122	1
Dan Walters	4	73	0
Ted Yeager	3	44	0
John Collins	3	19	0

Rushing:	no	ydg	td	avg
Ted Yeager	133	608	7	4.5
Bob Ozgar	40	148	2	3.7
Jim Yanora	40	110	0	2.7
Jeff Giberson	20	12	2	0.6
Neil Langdon	2	8	0	4.0
Bill Horan	3	—5	0	—
Dan Maze	13	—7	0	—
Mike Barski	1	—7	0	—

Punting:	no	ydg	avg
Terry Blaum	36	1270	35.2

Punt Returns:	no	ydg	avg	td
Garf Jones	23	341	14.8	1
Alan Barrett	1	5	5.0	0

Kickoffs:	no	ydg	avg
Terry Blaum	25	1148	45.9

Kickoff Returns:	no	ydg	avg
Ted Yeager	6	106	17.3
Alan Barrett	5	108	21.6
Dan Maze	1	21	21.0
Dan Walters	1	5	5.0

Interceptions:	no	ydg	td
Ron Hillard	3	39	0
John Kerr	3	31	0
Garf Jones	3	26	0
Tony Cardinale	1	33	0
Frank Galicki	1	27	0
Rick Masi	1	0	0

Defensive Fumbles Recovered	rec	td
Garf Jones, s	2	0
Charles Graziano, lb	2	0
Tom Panetta, oc	1	0
Bob McBride, hb	1	0
Pat Ratchford, de	1	0
Bob Ashton, de	1	0
Jeff Grandinetti, dt	1	0

Blocked Punt:	no
Tony Cardinale, lb	1
Bob Ashton, e	1

Defensive Tackles:	tac	asst	totl
Frank Galicki, lb	45	23	113
Tony Cardinale, lb	39	34	112
Jeff Grandinetti, t	24	21	69
Bob Ashton, e	22	21	65
Pat Ratchford, e	19	14	52
Rick Masi, b	22	7	51
Joe Pavill, t	18	14	50
Ron Hillard, lb	16	14	46
Charles Graziano, lb	15	12	42
John Kerr, b	10	5	25
Garf Jones, s	6	4	16
Rich Lack, lb	5	4	14

(2 points - tackle — 1 point - assist)

FANS RALLY TO BLIND CAGER'S AID

by GUS SCHRADER, Sports Editor, Cedar Rapids Gazette

Anyone who mistakenly thinks a college athlete is quickly forgotten and neglected when his usefulness is exhausted should hear about James Speed.

Jim came to the University of Iowa in September, 1970, as a highly-publicized junior college basketball star. He had been named to the all-California JC team the two previous seasons at Imperial Valley, averaging 23 points and 20 rebounds a game.

Iowa Coach Dick Schultz planned to have the 6-7, 210-pound native of Shreveport, La., take up some of the slack after losing five players from the top six who swept the Hawkeyes to a 14-0 Big Ten record the previous year.

Less than six weeks after basketball practice began in October, James Speed lay permanently blinded in a hospital room. He had been afflicted with a terribly damaging combination of meningitis and sinusitus.

It was, of course, far worse for Jim's personal life than it was for Iowa's basketball team. He seemed destined for two seasons of stardom at Iowa, then he was counting on a pro career to provide the financial means of pulling him and his family out of an impoverished situation back home in Shreveport.

Sight Gone

With his sight gone and his world tumbling about his head, Jim found Iowans quickly loosen their purse strings the minute their heart strings are touched.

Basketball fans who had never seen this young man play—had never seen him at all—began mailing in checks for the James Speed fund. It mushroomed as organizations all over the state staged benefits in his behalf.

By May 1, 1971, the fund had grown to $14,300. When the news spread, money also was received from people back home in Shreveport, and from those around El Centro, Calif., who had watched him play JC ball.

Although his illness had no connection with athletics, the University of Iowa picked up the tab for Jim's medical bills. The state of Iowa gave him a free training course at its school for the blind in Des Moines.

When he finished there, he planned to return to the University to finish his education. Iowa promised him his scholarship—room, board, books and tuition—would be continued whenever he chose to use it.

If a man had to have such terrible misfortune, at least he could be thankful he had a coach with as much feeling and thoughtfulness as Schultz. The Schultz family had Jim's mother stay at their home for two months during Jim's illness. They gave him gifts, went to see him, drove him everywhere, catered to his every need.

Round-the-Clock Shifts

Jim's teammates didn't neglect him either. His roommate was Ken Grabinski, junior forward from Clear Lake, Iowa. Ken and the other Hawkeye players arranged around-the-clock shifts to sit with Jim during his feverish illness so he couldn't accidentally harm himself in the hospital.

"It's still amazing how this could happen to Jim," said Schultz. "Iowa City is practically one big medical complex. Yet this illness struck him so swiftly that his sight was gone before doctors could battle it."

Speed complained of a heavy cold the week prior to Thanksgiving. He didn't think it was important to tell the team physician that he had a history of sinus problems, probably because he hadn't been bothered during the two school years he spent at Imperial Valley in the California desert.

An unfortunate coincidence occurred. Last November 27, Jim told his coach, "My teeth are killing me." So Schultz directed him to the university dental clinic, where he had two carious molars removed.

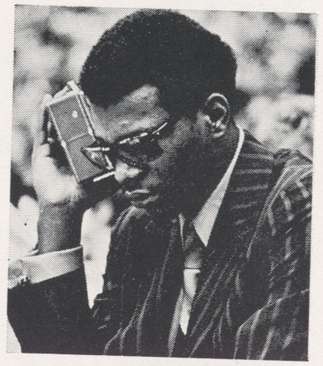
Jim was back watching his teammates practice later in the afternoon. But a few hours later he developed a headache. After a nearly sleepless night, he returned to the dental clinic and received a mild medication for pain. The teeth sockets were healing normally.

That was Saturday, November 28. Next day Schultz went to Chicago for a Big Ten basketball meeting and wasn't able to fly home until Monday. He called to Iowa City Sunday night, however, and learned Speed had phoned Mrs. Schultz to say he could not go to classes Monday because the headaches were worse.

When Schultz got back to Iowa City Monday, he decided to see if the headaches were caused by something more serious than tooth extraction. Dr. W. D. Paul, team physician, immediately sent Jim to the student infirmary.

"Unreal Timetable"

"The timetable of this thing is unreal," Schultz said. "Jim had only a half-degree of temperature when we checked him into the hospital that afternoon. Yet between midnight and 4:30 the next morning it had leaped to 104."



JAMES SPEED
Iowans came to help

Experts in ophthalmalogy and neurology were summoned. They discovered from a spinal tap he had meningitis. But the real culprit was a severe swelling of the ethnoid sinus cavities. His eyes were swelled shut, cutting off the blood supply to the optic nerve.

Not only did this quickly destroy his eyesight, but his very life was endangered because of pressure on the brain. An emergency operation probably saved him from suffering brain damage.

"Once this infection was solidly under way," said Dr. Maurice Van Allen, professor of neurology who headed the team of physicians, "I am of the opinion nothing could have been done to save his sight. The pulling of his teeth had nothing to do with it. This merely was a red herring that delayed finding out what the real problem was."

It must always be a world of darkness for James Speed. If the damage had been to the cornea at the front of the eyeball, there would be the possibility of transplant. But the retinas at the back of his eyeballs were so badly scarred he will never have any useful vision.

Jim isn't alone in his darkness. Bighearted Iowans and others—sight unseen—have forked over $14,300 to help this unfortunate young man find a pathway to guide him in the years to come.

The 1971 Soccer Colonels



1971 SOCCER TEAM, first row, left to right — Ed Garabedian, Al Favata, Ed Weber, Bob Linaberry, Chip Eaton, Rich Combellack, Rich Weinstein, Roger Danbury. — Second row: Bob Janosik, Gar Mocho, Bob Ryan, Rick Marchant, Gerry Blade, Tom Burns, Stellios Patokis. — Third row: Coach Tom Rokita, Martin Pobutkiewicz, Gary Scarfutive, Keith Shallcross, Mike Shoemaker, Simeon Ntafos, George Bene Hoane, Bill Killeen.

1971 SCHEDULE

Sat., Sept. 18	Alumni	(H)	
Tues., Sept. 21	Baptist Bible	(A)	3.30
Fri., Sept. 24	Upsala	(A)	3:00
Tues., Sept. 28	Moravian	(H)	3:00
Sat., Oct. 2	Phila. Textile	(H)	10:30
Wed., Oct. 6	Muhlenberg	(H)	3:00
Sat., Oct. 9	Lycoming	(A)	10:30
Wed., Oct. 13	Scranton	(H)	3:00
Sat., Oct. 16	Stevens	(H)	2:00
Wed., Oct. 20	Kutztown	(A)	3:00
Sat., Oct. 23	Wagner	(H)	2:00
Wed., Oct. 27	Binghamton St.	(A)	4:00
Sat., Oct. 30	Madison FDU	(H)	10:30
Sat., Nov. 6	Susquehanna	(A)	10:00
Sat., Nov. 13	Elizabethtown	(H)	2:00

1970 Record — 6-4-2



Soccer Team Co-Captains
Chip Eaton and Bob Linaberry are pictured with Coach Tom Rokita.

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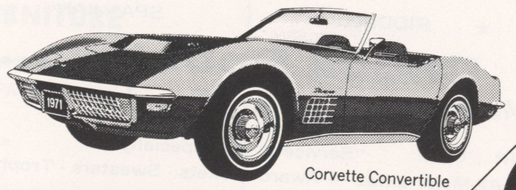
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FRANCIS P. CROSSIN

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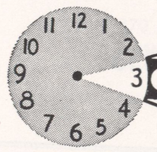
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HOMECOMING 1971

HALF-TIME PROGRAM

Michael Mariani '72 — Master of Ceremonies

1. Welcome to alumni, parents, faculty, students, and guests — M. Mariani
2. Alumni Welcome — Alumni Association President, Tom Moran
3. Introduction of princesses and queen — Michael Mariani
4. Crowning of Queen — Dr. Michelini
5. Presentation of flowers and gifts — Michael Mariani
   Flowers presented by cheerleaders in behalf of classes
   a. Queen — Senior Class President, Mark Paikin '72
   b. Princess — Junior Class President, Joel Fischman '73
   c. Princess — Sophomore Class President, Carol Lowande '74
   Student Government Gifts — President, Howard Tune '73
   Inter-Dormitory Council Gifts — President, George Pagliaro '72
   Alumni Association Gifts — President, Tom Moran
6. Introduction of Dr. Michelini — Michael Mariani
7. Comments — Dr. Michelini, President, Wilkes College
8. Introduction of Alumni Homecoming Chairman — Michael Mariani
9. Presentation of Trophies — Alumni Homecoming Chairman, Leonard Mulcahy' 58
   1. Women's Dorm
   2. Men's Dorm
   3. Club or Class
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   5. Best Over-All Display
10. Reminder to Alumni and Students of Homecoming Events — M. Mariani

4-6 P.M. "The Fifth Quarter" Alumni Cocktail Party — Hotel Sterling
6-8 P.M. Alumni Smorgasbord — Hotel Sterling
9:30 P.M. Alumni Homecoming Dance — Hotel Sterling

Sunday, October 31

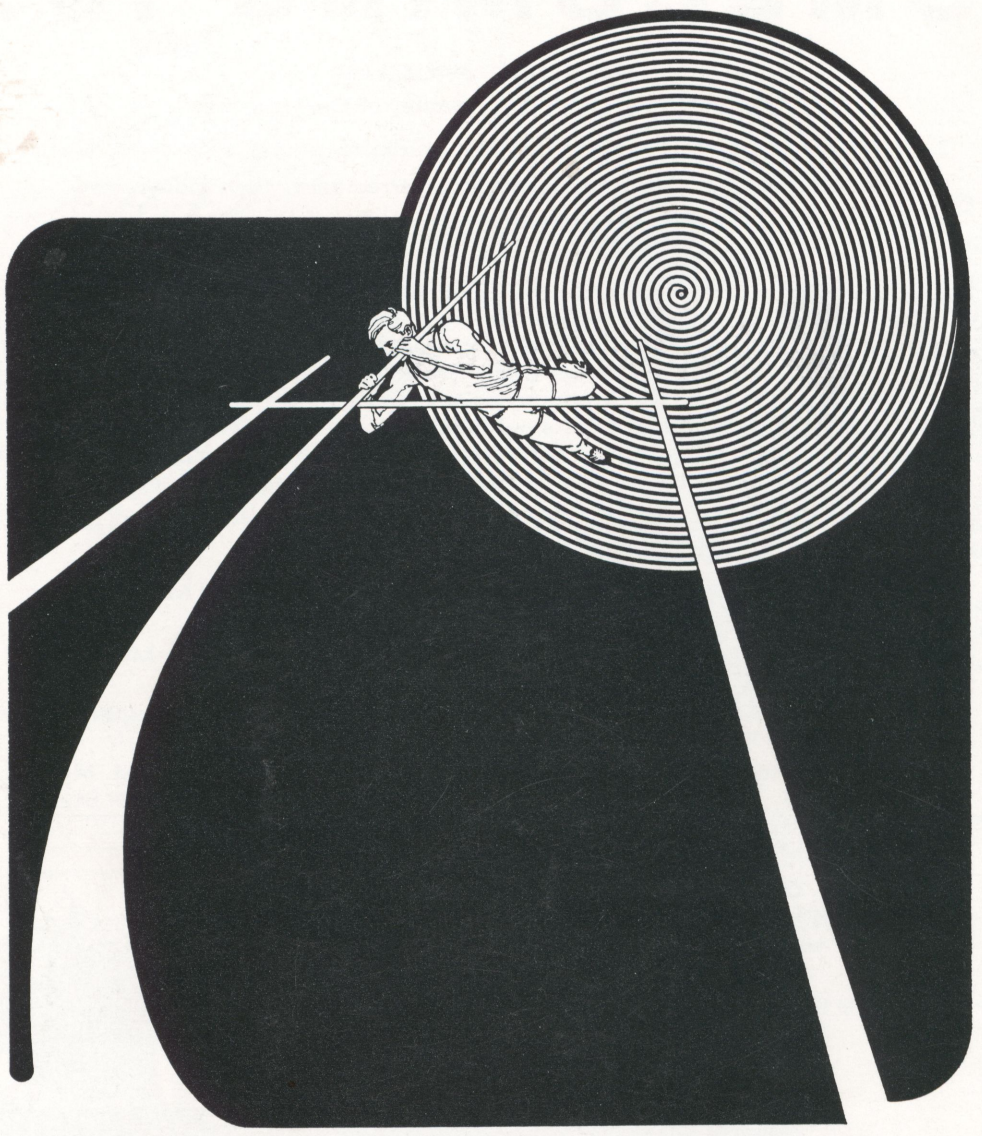
11 A.M. Ecumenical Church Service — Center for Performing Arts
Coffee Hour at the College Commons following the Service
Everyone Welcome.

8 P.M. Concert: THE BYRDS — College Gymnasium

THE "TWIRLERS"

Kneeling: Debbie Koch, (co-captain); Kathy Katarynick, (captain). Standing: Meg Rees, Maureen Britt, Anne McEvoy, Janice Koval. Absent: Donna Ostrofski, Rose Ditchkus.

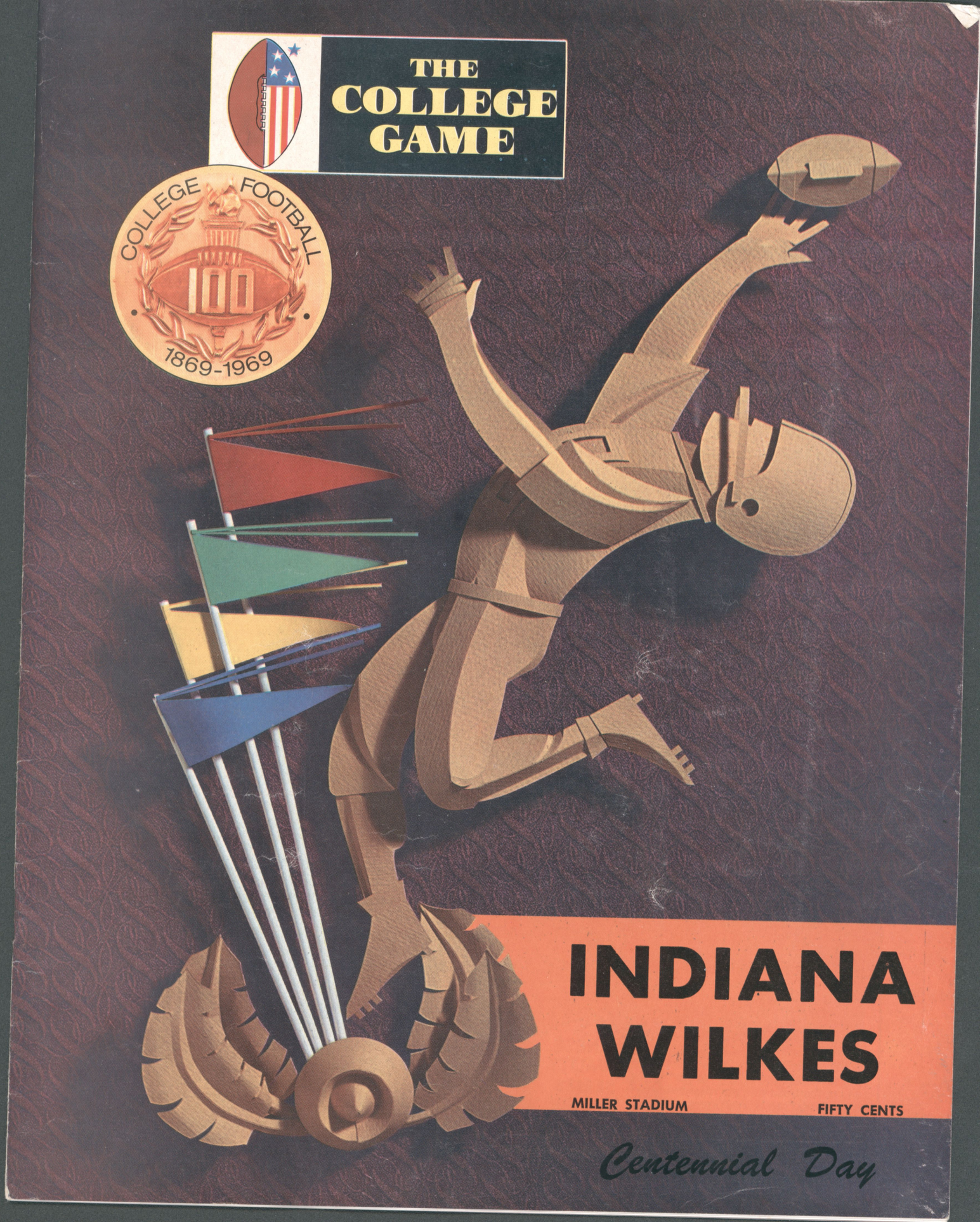




GET HIGH ON SPORTS NOT DRUGS

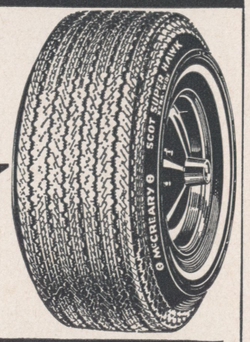
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Indiana University of Pennsylvania

1969 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Date	Opponent	Time	1968 Score
September			
20	at Northwood	2:00	75-13
27	— Shippensburg	1:30	24-0
October			
4	— Edinboro	1:30	58-0
11	at Brockport	2:00	48-28
18	— Clarion (Homecoming)	2:45	18-13
25	— Slippery Rock	1:30	44-15
November			
1	at California	1:30	41-0
8	— C. W. Post	1:30	35-13
15	— Wilkes	1:30	DNP

1969 - 70 INDIANA FALL AND WINTER SPORTS SCHEDULES

BASKETBALL

December
3 at Juniata
6 Cleveland
10 at California
13 Alliance
16 at Point Park
18 Geneva
20 Clarion
29-30 Christmas Tree Tournament
Cheyney
Hiram Scott
Quinnipiac
IUP

January
8 Steubenville
10 at Westminster
22 Shippensburg
24 Slippery Rock
26 Bloomsburg
31 at Clarion

February
3 California
7 Edinboro
10 at Slippery Rock
12 at St. Vincent
14 at Alliance
17 at Grove City
21 at Cleveland
24 at Edinboro
27 Point Park

SOCCER

October
1 Point Park
4 Edinboro
7 Alliance
11 Carnegie-Mellon
22 at Point Park
25 at Johnstown-Pitt
29 at St. Vincent
November
1 Gannon

WRESTLING

December
4 at California
6 at Frostburg
9 West Virginia
13 at Slippery Rock Quadrangular
January
31 Clarion
February
3 Fairmont
7 at St. Vincent
10 at Slippery Rock
14 Grove City
17 St. Francis
21 at Shippensburg
24 Duquesne
28 at Juniata

FALL BASEBALL

September
13 Steubenville
14 at Point Park
20 at Pitt
21 at St. Francis
27 St. Francis
28 Point Park
October
4 Pitt
11 Steubenville
12 Point Park

SWIMMING

December
6 at Grove City
13 Slippery Rock
17 at West Liberty
January
10 at Clarion
21 Akron
26 Bloomsburg
31 Westminster
February
4 at Carnegie-Mellon
7 at Gannon
18 at California
21 Penn State
25 at Allegheny
28 Youngstown

CROSS-COUNRY

September
20 St. Francis
Waynesburg
27 at Allegheny CC
October
4 at Point Park
St. Vincent
8 Juniata
Johnstown-Pitt
11 Point Park
18 NAIA
(at Gannon)
22 at Carnegie-Mellon
St. Vincent
25 California
Clarion
Slippery Rock
29 at Grove City
St. Francis
November
1 Penn-Ohio Relays
(at Cleveland)

INDIANA FOOTBALL NEWS

1969 - College Football's Centennial Year

COLLEGE FOOTBALL 100 1869-1969 ®



Charles Gold, 1919 Captain

INDIANA FOOTBALL NEWS
Randy L. Jesick, Editor

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All-Star Indiana Football Team 1927-1960

(Reprinted with permission. From Pittsburgh Press, February 12, 1961)

The Press today presents the 19th and last of a series picking the all-time football teams at the leading universities and colleges in the district. In each instance, a panel recruited from among coaches, players and athletic officials representing all areas of the game assisted in naming the team. In order to adapt the team to the evolution of the game down through the years, two players are named at each position.

By DON GIFFIN

Indiana State College offers a unique study in athletic harmony in a field where short terms and pink slips are all too common.

Since 1927, when the Indiana Normal School became a state teachers college, the institution has had only three football coaches — and all three still work together under the same campus roof in Waller Gym.

George Miller, a Midwesterner who had just earned his master's degree at Columbia, arrived at Indiana the year before the change was made.

Indiana had had many fine football teams as a normal school, once (in 1917) being considered the best in the nation, and Miller continued that fine gridiron tradition.

The grand old man of sports coached the football team for 17 seasons through 1946, having only two losing years and producing the college's two undefeated teams that won State conference championships in 1934 (6-0-0) and 1940 (7-0-1).

He turned the football reins over to Peck McKnight in 1947 and two seasons later, after McKnight had taken over the basketball job when Bob Timmons went to Pitt, Sam Smith moved in from Dormont High to relieve McKnight of the head gridiron duties.

Jobs Retained

Both are still in those jobs, McKnight assisting Smith with the football team, and Miller heads the college's physical education department.

Although Smith hasn't landed any titles yet, practically all of his teams have held their own against the toughest small-college opposition in Western Pennsylvania, his 1960 Indiana record slipping one game below .500 for the first time in his 12 seasons at the helm.

McKnight and another halfback, Norman King, were two of Miller's first great Indiana players and are the senior members of the 22-man all-time football team that spans the modern era since 1927. In fact, King, who now heads the business education department at Shippensburg, finished up that year.

Won 14 Letters

McKnight was the school's first four-sport athlete. He earned 14 letters in football, basketball, baseball and track between 1926 and 1930.

Ten other all-timers wore the Indiana spangles in the Miller era before World War II, among them Fullback Mike Gendich, now a Detroit industrialist who received an alumni award several years ago for the recognition he has brought the school through his business achievements.

Gendich was one of the stars of the 1934 championship team when he was a senior, a year ahead of Marshall Woodring, the second highest scorer (120 points) in Indiana history.

Halfback Russ Carlson was No. 1 in that respect, sandwiching his playing career around the war. He scored 135 points in the 1942, 1946 and 1947 seasons.

The other all-time backs — Quarterback Norman Lewandowski, Halfback Jack Conley and Fullback Dick Grabiak — finished their careers under Smith.

Lewandowski resembled more the old-time, triple-threat quarterback and also was a defensive stalwart.

The pride of the Indians in the last decade has been the ability of their ends. Three of them performed so brilliantly that they were named to Little All-American teams — John Marefka in 1954, Bob McFarland in 1956 and Frank Cignetti in 1959. The latter two are now on grid coaching staffs in the WPIAL.

Fred Stokes, the fourth end star, who, ironically, was in Indiana's home economics department, wound up his playing days in 1941.

'52 Tackle Named

Percy Kneebone and Harold Fulton earned their grid spurs in the early 1930s as outstanding tackles. Lee Brant starred at that position just before the war and Ron Huber gained all-State recognition there after the 1952 season.

Guard Joe Kliskey was a classmate of Kneebone in 1932. George Hay followed in his footsteps and the third all-timer at that position, Albert Hovanec, came along in the late '30s. Gene Aplanalp, now head coach at Ridgway High, was singled out as the best guard in the post-war era under Smith.

The final two members of the all-time squad — the centers — are Sam Commello, whose final season was 1941, and Art Connor, the head coach at Thomas Jefferson High in Pleasant Hills, who closed his fine career at Indiana in 1950.

IUP All-Timers

Ends — Fred Stokes (1941); John Marefka (1954); Bob McFarland (1956); Frank Cignetti (1959).

Tackles — Harold Fulton (1935); Lee Brant (1942); Ron Huber (1952); Percy Kneebone (1932).

Guards — George Hay (1935); Albert Hovanec (1940); Gene Aplanalp (1955); Joe Kliskey (1932).

Centers — Sam Commello (1941); Art Connor (1950).

Quarterbacks — Marshall Woodring (1935); Norman Lewandowski (1956).

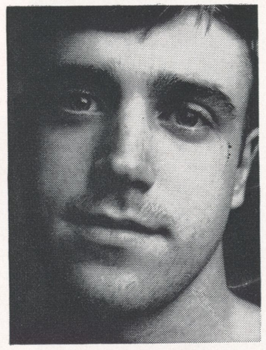
Halfbacks — Regis McKnight (1929); Jack Conley (1952); Norman King (1927); Russ Carlson (1947).

Fullbacks — Mike Gendich (1934); Dick Grabiak (1949).

[Figures in parentheses indicate final season as players.]

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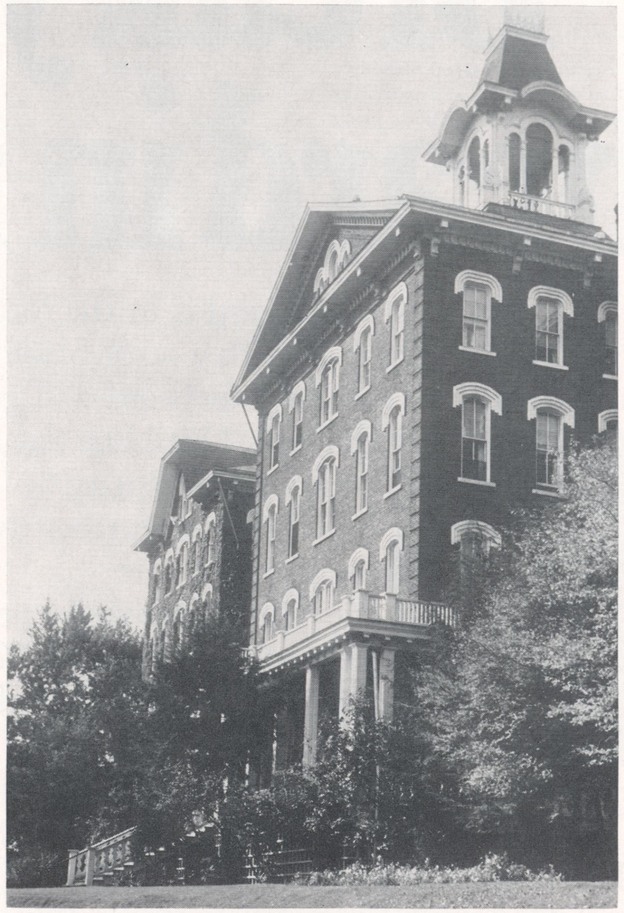
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From a humble beginning Indiana University of Pennsylvania has become an important institution of higher learning which serves the needs of a large number of Pennsylvania citizens. From a student body of only 225 its first year, Indiana this year has an undergraduate enrollment of close to 8,500.

IUP grew out of a need for a teacher-training institution in Pennsylvania in 1871 when the Pennsylvania General Assembly passed an act granting aid for the establishment of a normal school in the ninth Pennsylvania district.

Since the first building was opened for students in 1875, the University has graduated more than 24,000 students; and since becoming a degree conferring institution in 1927, it has granted more than 14,000 degrees.

Ownership and control of the school passed to the Commonwealth in 1920. In 1927, the General Assembly approved a change in the name and function of the school. As the State Teachers College at Indiana, it became a four-year college with the right to grant the bachelor of science degree in education.

Thirty years later, the college was authorized to offer, for the first time, work leading to the master of education degree in elementary education. The program was later expanded to include 15 secondary areas as well. This program, with a beginning enrollment of 74 in 1957, has graduated more than 1,000 students through January, 1969, and currently enrolls approximately 4,000 students.

In 1959, the name of the college was changed to Indiana State College. This set the stage for a liberal arts program which graduated its first students, January 12, 1964. More than 1,200 students are now enrolled in the School of Arts and Sciences.

In 1962 and 1963, Indiana established off-campus centers in Punxsutawney and Kittanning, respectively. Combined enrollment of the centers presently numbers approximately 800 students.

Indiana State College was redesignated Indiana University of Pennsylvania in December, 1965, with the right to expand its curricular offerings and to grant degrees at the doctoral level as well as in several additional areas at the master's level.

Through the years, the physical plant of the University has increased from an original single building to a campus of about 185 acres (including approximately 100 acres encompassing the University Lodge) in the center of the community of Indiana with more than 30 major buildings, 20 other buildings, and a major athletic field development and field house.

Recently completed were a large men's dormitory complex, learning-research center, student health center, ROTC building, and maintenance building.

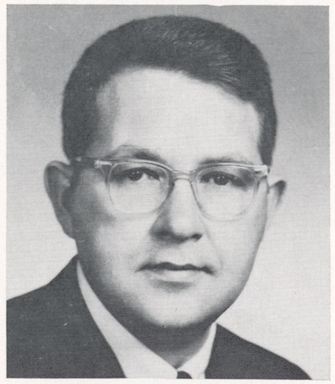
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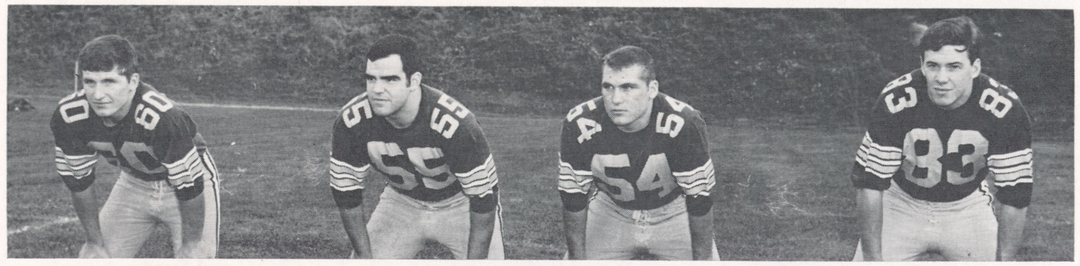
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ROLAND SCHMIDT
Head Coach



Wilkes Linebackers

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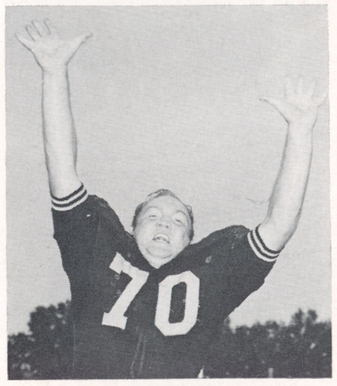
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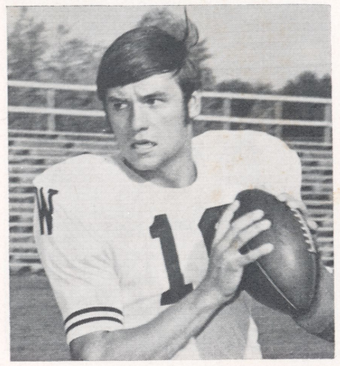
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The Dope Sheet on Wilkes



DT CHARLES FICK



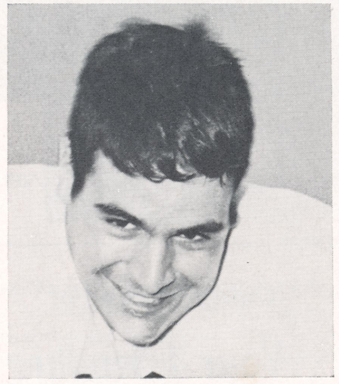
QB JOE ZAKOWSKI

1968 Record: 8-0
Letterman Lost: 18
Letterman Returning: 28
Starters Returning: 8
Basic Offense: I-Formation
Basic Defense: 6-2
Team Strength: Experienced Offense
Team Weakness: Green Defense
Captain: George Conway

Athletic Director: John G. Reese
Location: Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Enrollment: 2,300
Colors: Navy Blue and Gold
Nickname: Colonels
Stadium: Ralston Field
Stadium Capacity: 4,000
Conference: Middle Atlantic
Record Against IUP: First Meeting



OC GEORGE CONWAY



FB BOB GENNARO

1969 Schedule

Sept. 27	at Lycoming
Oct. 4	Moravian
Oct. 11	Delaware Valley
Oct. 18	at Ithaca
Oct. 25	Vermont
Nov. 1	Dickinson
Nov. 8	at Penn Military
Nov. 15	at INDIANA

1968 Results (8-0)

31	Vermont	9
40	Moravian	0
31	Delaware Valley	3
28	Ithaca	19
9	Upsala	7
28	Dickinson	0
34	Penn Military	0
23	Lebanon Valley	16
224		54

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Pretty as a Picture!

That describes the Indiana cheerleaders for 1969: front, left to right, Bev Lupnacca, Pam Casale, and Candy Acker, captain; back, left to right, Peggy Rotta, Linda Linn, and Barb Kirchner. Also on the cheering squad but missing from the photo are Kathy Morse and Sherry Sproule.

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SPORTS INFORMATION
GEORGE G. PAWLUSH, DIRECTOR

NOVEMBER 17, 1969
RELEASE #20

COLONELS LOSE FINALE

The Wilkes College Colonels closed out their 1969 football campaign on Saturday afternoon bowing to Indiana State University (PA.) 14-0. The contest was played in a virtual mud bowl as a seven inch accumulation of snow fell on the Western Pennsylvania community the night before. The Wilkesmen, battling the 14th ranked College Division team in the nation, waged a brilliant battle coming out ahead in every statistic except the final score.

Indiana scored all of its points in the second period as fullback Dan Cox countered twice for the hosts after cost Wilkes miscues. The game was the season finale for both squads as the Big Indians closed with an 8-1 log while Wilkes finished 6-2.

Leading members of the 1969 Wilkes "MAC" Northern Division" Championship squad were:

Ted Yeager — Sophomore — Off Tailback
5-6, 150

	tc	yds.	avg.	td
1968	131	577	4.4	3
1969	158	754	4.8	6
	289	1331	4.6	9

.....set new Wilkes career rushing record with two seasons of eligibility left
.....sophomore of the week ECAC (against Vermont 1969)

Joe Zakowski — Senior — Quarterback
6-2, 205

	pa	pc	ydg.	td	tc	ydg.	td	to
1966	18	5	186	3	25	199	3	385
1967	49	25	331	5	49	355	2	686
1968	34	15	198	4	24	177	1	375
1969	141*	63*	817	4	74	183	4	1000
	242*	108*	1532*	16*	172	914	10	2446*

...denotes Wilkes College record*
....injured most of 1967, 1968 season

Ed Burke — Senior — Off Tackle
6-3, 240

.....three year starter
.....one of the top off. linemen in Wilkes History

Charles Fick — Senior — Def Tackle
6-2, 240

.....All East Weekly team-twice (Moravian, Vermont 1969)
.....65 tackles, 40 assists - 8 games. Both Records for Def. linemen

Statisticians:
Mike Konnick
Ed Burke

SID
George G. Pawlush

WILKES COLLEGE COLONELS
(final football statistics - 8 games)

Record: 6-2

Wilkes	34	Lycoming	13
Wilkes	6	Moravian	0
Wilkes	27	Del. Valley	10
Wilkes	7	Ithaca	13
Wilkes	17	Vermont	7
Wilkes	49	Dickinson	0
Wilkes	34	PMC	0
Wilkes	0	Indiana (Pa.)	0

Team Totals:

	Wilkes	Opp.(Indiana)
first downs	135 (15)	114 (11)
passing a/c	153/65 (27/10)	185/75 (10/4)
passing ydg.	857 (136)	943 (94)
rushing ydg.	1611 (137)	1210 (130)
return ydg.	599 (46)	611 (9)
fumbles lost	8 (1)	14 (0)
punting	52/36.1 (5/26.0)	56/33.2 (8/22.1)
penalties	34/354 (1/15)	43/391 (
total offense	2468 (273)	2153 (224)
total plays	593 (72)	554 (58)

Indiana statistics in parenthesis:

INDIANA GAME SUMMARY:

Wilkes	0	0	0	0	-	0
Indiana	0	14	0	0	-	14

Scoring:
Ind.- Cox (3 yard run), conversion failed
Ind.- Cox (1 yard run), Blucas pass to Smith 2pt.

Eight Game Cumulative Scoring:

Wilkes	48	51	40	35	-	174
Opponents	22	28	0	7	-	57

Scoring:

	td	fg	pat	total
Bob Gennaro	7	0	0	42
Ted Yeager	6	0	0	36
Dave Kaschak	1	1	21	30
Joe Zakowski #	4	0	0	24
Jim Marascio	2	0	0	12
Garf Jones	1	0	0	6
Jack Clarke	1	0	0	6
Jerry Moser #	1	0	0	6
Neil Langdon	1	0	0	6
Ed Langdon	1	0	0	6
Total	25	1	21	174

Denotes Senior #

INDIVIDUAL:

passing:	pa/pc	yds.	td
Joe Zakowski #	141/63	817	4
Dennis Brew	12/2	40	0

receptions:	no.	yds.	td
Bill Lazor	29	434	0
Jim Marascio	12	172	2
Ted Yeager	7	28	0
N. Langdon	6	77	0
Bill Staake #	4	45	0
Jack Clarke	3	87	1
Bob Gennaro	2	9	0
Dave Krajewski	1	13	0
Aldo Farneti	1	-8	0

rushing:	tc	yds.	avg.
Ted Yeager	158	754	4.8
Bob Gennaro	134	446	3.3
Joe Zakowski #	74	183	2.5
Ed Langdon	24	84	3.5
Dennis Brew	20	61	3.0
Aldo Farneti	18	53	2.9
N. Langdon	12	30	2.5

interceptions:	no.	yds.	td
Garf Jones	6	55	1
Jerry Moser #	4	97	1
Pat Malloy #	3	64	0
Chas. Graziano	2	58	0
Bob Ashton	2	39	0
Dave Kaschak	2	17	0
Ron Hillard	1	39	0
Len Maree	1	7	0
John Kerr	1	0	0
Jim Loveland	1	0	0

punting:	no.	yds.	avg.
Bill Staake #	50	1875	37.5

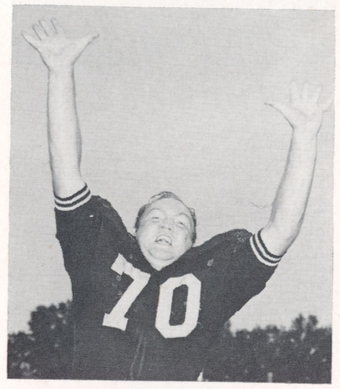
punt returns:	no.	yds.	avg.
Ted Yeager	1	13	13.0
Dave Kaschak	30	256	8.5

Kickoffs:	no.	yds.	avg.
Dave Kaschak	32	1534	47.9

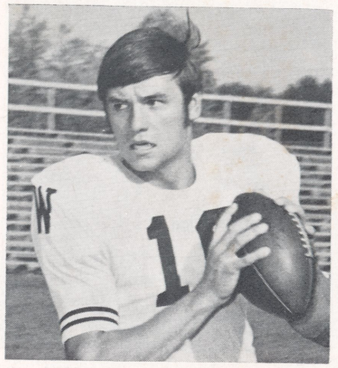
Kickoff returns:	no.	yds.	avg.
Ted Yeager	5	108	21.6
Dave Kaschak	13	222	17.1
Dan Walters	1	0	0

Note: Defensive Stats To follow.....

The Dope Sheet on Wilkes



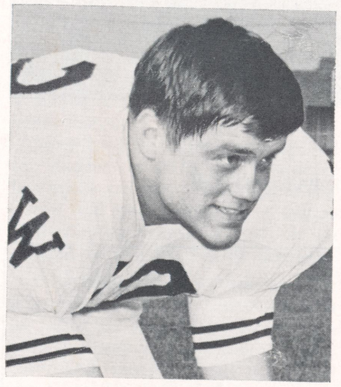
DT CHARLES FICK



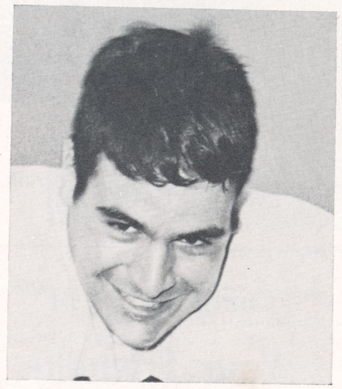
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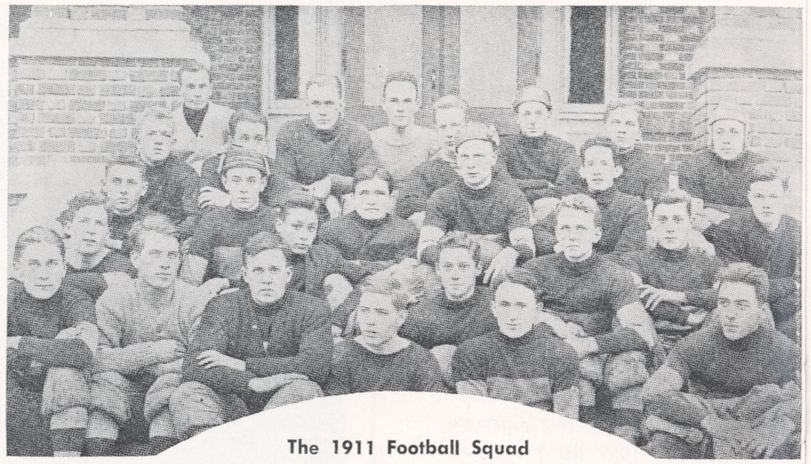
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Bonfire Ends Football Season

Indiana's first bon-fire to celebrate her football victories was a decided success. Many wondered why Mr. Whitmyre stopped all the Freshies on that memorable day of November 22. Wasn't just the size of the bon-fire suggestion enough? The boys worked hard that afternoon on trucks and wagons so that many were tired and sore from the duties of freshman, but when the fire was lighted and the zip! bang! began, this was all forgotten. Dr. Keith performed the ceremony of lighting the fire and then the fun started.

Snake dances, kid fun, and cheers made all thoughts of everything else fade from our minds. Such pep and enthusiasm Indiana had not seen in many a day. Now the MORAL! Remember basketball season is coming along and it is your duty to show that same enthusiasm by attending the games and leading the boys on to more victories. That is something to think over.

(From the Indiana-Penn, Indiana State Normal School, December 10, 1926.)



The 1911 Football Squad

Those Were The Days, My Friend . . .



A Game from the Past Played where Stabley Library now Stands



Coach Sam Smith talks with Don Parsha in 1959

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FOOTBALL

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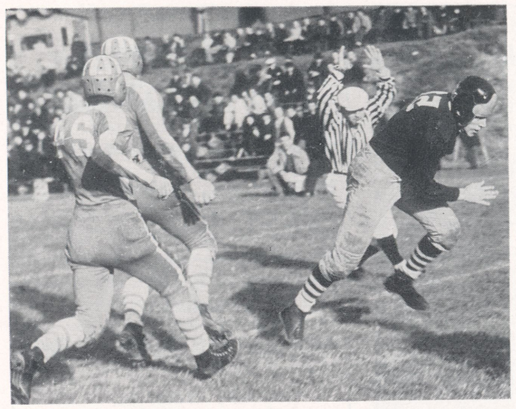
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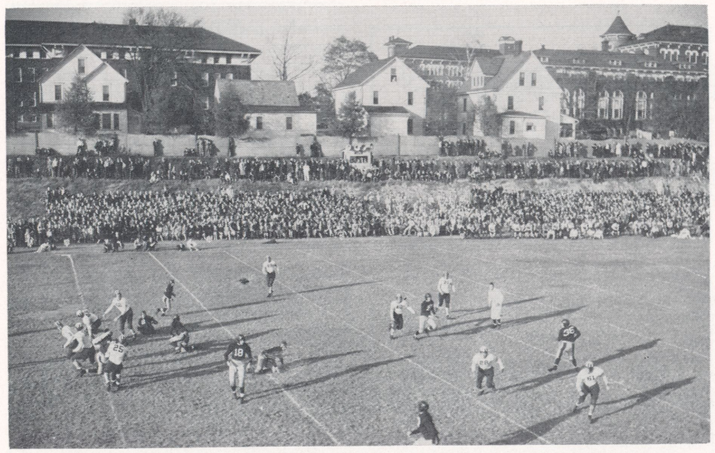
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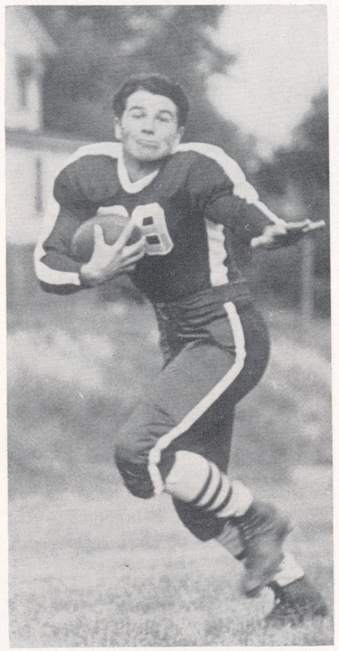
We Thought



A West Chester Back Scores
Against the Indians in 1941



A Fall Afternoon in 1939 When Football was Played Where
Turnbull, Mack and Stewart Halls are Today



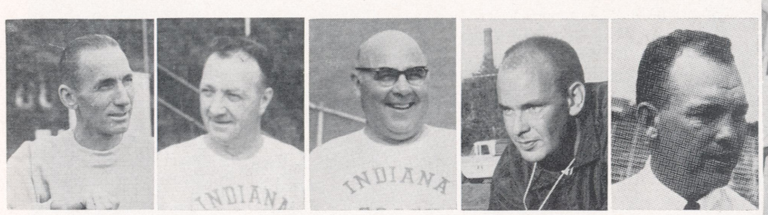
Nick Kish
Halfback, c 1940

COMPLIMENTS

OF

PENN FURNITURE

They'd Never End

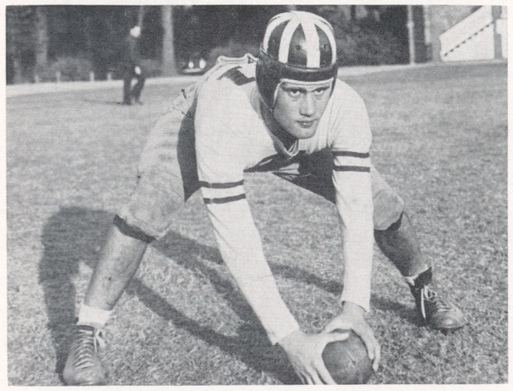


INDIANA HEAD FOOTBALL COACHES 1927 - 1968

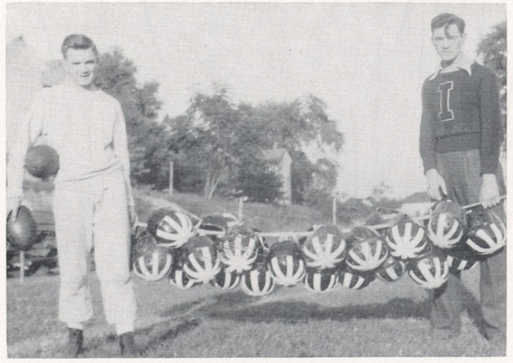
George P. Miller	Peck McKnight	Sam Smith	Chuck Mills	Chuck Klausing
1927 - 1946	1947 - 1948	1949 - 1961	1962 - 1963	1964 - 1968
77-40-8	4-10-2	49-55-6	12-3-2	39-9
.658	.286	.471	.800	.813



Coach George Miller, Center,
with Assistants Earl Prugh, left,
and Bob Timmons in 1940



Frank Miller Centered
The Ball For 1940's Undefeated Team



Managers Worked Hard in the Past, Too

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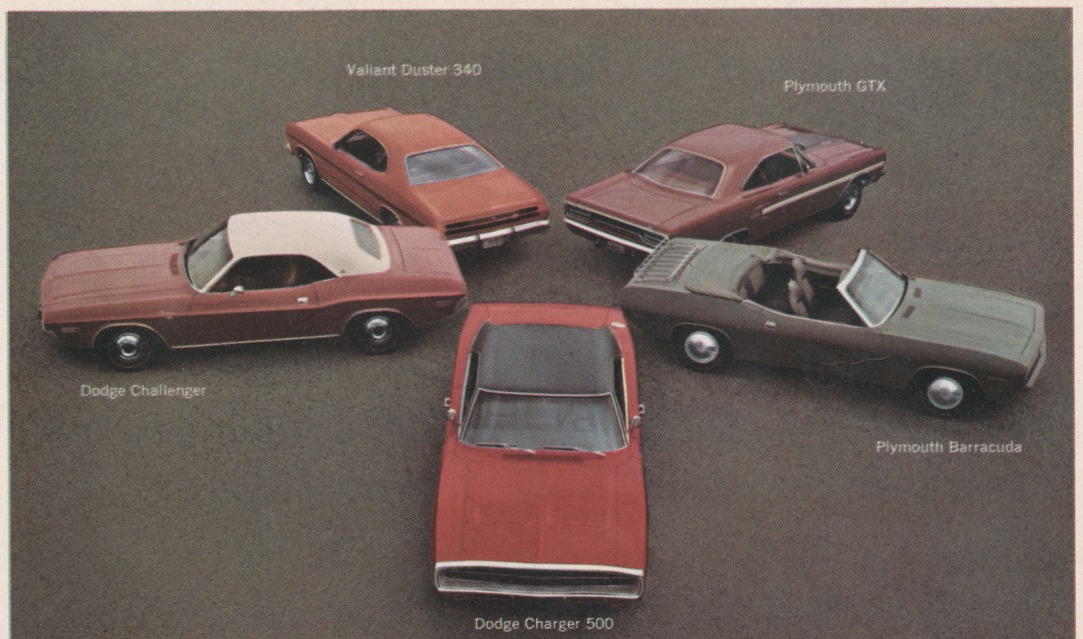


INDIANA Squad Roster

No.	Name	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Class	Age	Hometown	High School
45	Anderson, Jim	FL	6-1	175	Soph.	19	St. Mary's	St. Mary's
41	Bailey, Doane	DS	5-9	170	Soph.	19	Sharon	Hickory
70	Barree, Mike	OT	6-0	190	Soph.	19	Altoona	Altoona
27	Barry, Michael	SE	6-0	170	Jr.	20	Freeport	Freeport
19	Barto, Robert	K	5-7	150	Jr.	20	Clymer	Penns Manor
20	*Basehore, Robert	DB	6-0	190	Jr.	20	Butler	Butler
79	Berdell, Stan	MG	6-0	190	Soph.	19	Elderton	Elderton
24	***Blucas, Walter	QB	6-1	205	Sr.	21	Boswell	Jenners-Boswell
64	Blumer, Ronald	LB	5-11	175	Soph.	19	Allison Park	Hampton
85	Brady, Neil	TE	6-0	190	Soph.	19	Vandergrift	Kiski
76	Brink, Steve	OT	6-0	190	Soph.	19	Glen Campbell	Punxsutawney
40	Brochetti, John	SE	5-9	170	Jr.	20	Yatesboro	Shannock Valley
75	Bullington, John	DT	6-1	210	Soph.	19	Manns Choice	Bedford
32	*Butera, John	FB	5-10	185	Jr.	20	Johnsonburg	Elk County
44	Butler, Bob	HB	5-11	170	Soph.	19	Rimersburg	Rimersburg
49	Clinton, Mike	SE	5-9	165	Soph.	19	Pittsburgh	Langley
71	Connolly, David	OT	6-0	225	Soph.	19	Dormont	Keystone Oaks
12	Cortazzo, Carmine	QB	5-8	165	Sr.	21	Darragh	Hempfield
61	Cosgrove, Robert	G	5-7	185	Jr.	20	Yatesboro	Shannock Valley
25	Cowan, John	DB	5-11	180	Soph.	19	Coatesville	Coatesville
23	***Cox, Daniel	HB	5-10	186	Sr.	21	Latrobe	Latrobe
50	Dobies, John	C	6-2	215	Jr.	20	McKeesport	South Allegheny
26	Farrelly, David	DE	5-11	180	Soph.	19	Beaver Falls	Northwestern
67	***Ferrari, Tony	DT	5-11	220	Sr.	22	Youngwood	Hempfield
73	Gordon, Neil	OT	6-0	220	Sr.	21	Pittsburgh	Central Catholic
34	Hall, Bill	DB	5-8	175	Soph.	19	Beaver	Beaver
21	Halt, Earl	SE	5-11	170	Soph.	19	West Newton	South Huntington
43	*Hasse, Charles	CB	5-8	168	Jr.	20	Johnstown	Bishop McCort
35	Kaufman, Harry	S	5-11	180	Jr.	20	West Mifflin	South
78	**Kovalchick, Joe	OT	6-0	220	Sr.	20	Sagamore	Shannock Valley
72	Lasser, Bob	OG	5-10	190	Jr.	20	East Pittsburgh	Churchill
31	*McCracken, Tom	FE	5-10	190	Sr.	21	Pittsburgh	Central Catholic
29	McDonough, Ed	OE	5-10	165	Soph.	19	Lancaster	Lancaster Catholic
51	Macioce, Ernest	C	5-11	190	Soph.	19	Clairton	Serra Catholic
28	Matarazzo, Jim	OB	5-10	180	Soph.	19	Trafford	Trafford
22	Monsilovich, Larry	HB	5-9	175	Soph.	19	Butler	Butler
86	**Neptune, Jack	DE	5-10	195	Sr.	21	Johnstown	Bishop McCort
68	*Pastine, Bob	DT	6-0	220	Sr.	23	Aliquippa	Aliquippa
52	**Patti, Sam	LB	5-10	190	Sr.	21	Indiana	Indiana
48	Pearson, Bill	DB	5-10	170	Soph.	19	Tower City	Williams Valley
14	Pipkins, Tom	QB	5-7	170	Jr.	19	Clairton	Clairton
33	*Priest, Michael	CB	6-1	190	Sr.	22	Swissvale	Churchill
77	***Prokay, Bob	OG	6-1	220	Sr.	21	West Mifflin	North
66	Rogish, Tom	MG	5-11	190	Soph.	19	Bedford	Bedford
88	Rosso, Skip	OG	6-1	205	Sr.	22	Pittsburgh	Langley
42	**Ruffner, Barry	DB	6-1	195	Sr.	21	Latrobe	Latrobe
36	Slater, Charles	OT	6-0	190	Soph.	19	West Mifflin	North
87	*Smith, Dave	FL	6-2	205	Sr.	21	Brooklyn, New York	Boys'
37	Smith, David	OB	5-10	170	Soph.	19	Pittsburgh	Peabody
81	†Smith, Monroe	CB	5-9	185	Sr.	22	Latrobe	Latrobe
82	*Stark, George	TE	6-0	210	Sr.	22	East McKeesport	Westinghouse Memorial
80	Steppling, Jim	DE	6-1	195	Jr.	20	Beaver	Beaver
38	Thompkins, Will	OB	5-10	180	Soph.	19	Pittsburgh	Oliver
54	Vogt, James	C	6-4	190	Jr.	19	Waterford	Ft. LeBoeuf
60	Weber, David	LB	5-10	185	Jr.	19	Brentwood	Brentwood
84	Webster, Doug	DE	6-5	190	Soph.	19	Rankin	Rankin
39	Wenger, Glenn	DB	5-8	165	Soph.	19	Stevens	Cocalico
53	Wilcox, John	OG	5-10	205	Jr.	20	Wellsboro	Wellsboro
74	‡Yanni, Jack	DT	5-11	215	Sr.	21	Springdale	Springdale
83	Ziegler, John	SE	6-0	180	Jr.	20	Mifflintown	Juniata

* Letters Earned † Lettered 1966 ‡Lettered 1967

"OFFICIAL WATCH FOR THIS GAME – LONGINES – THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH"



Chrysler weather has arrived. Falling leaves take off on the wind—and our 1970 Chrysler Corporation lineup takes the field.

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OFFENSE

40	JOHN BROCHETTI	SE
73	NEIL GORDON	LT
53	JOHN WILCOX	LG
50	JOHN DOBIES	C
77	BOB PROKAY	RG
78	JOE KOVALCHICK	RT
82	GEORGE STARK	TE
24	WALLY BLUCAS	QB
87	DAVE SMITH	FL
22	LARRY MONSILOVICH	TB
31	TOM McCRACKEN	FB

Indiana

DEFENSE

86	JACK NEPTUNE	LE
68	BOB PASTINE	LT
66	TOM ROGISH	MG
67	TONY FERRARI	RT
87	DAVE SMITH	RE
52	SAM PATTI	LB
60	DAVE WEBER	LB
81	MONROE SMITH	CB
23	DAN COX	CB
42	BARRY RUFFNER	S
43	CHUCK HASSE	S

OFFENSE

82	BILL LAZOR	SE
71	ED BURKE	LT
65	LES LOVELAND	LG
52	GEORGE CONWAY	C
66	JOHN BARANOWSKI	RG
76	NATE EUSTIS	RT
86	JOHN CLARKE	TE
10	JOE ZAKOWSKI	QB
19	JIM MARASCIO	FL
21	TED YEAGER	TB
30	BOB GENNARO	FB

Wilkes

DEFENSE

81	JOHN WILLIAMSON	LE
70	CHARLES FICK	LT
75	JOHN MAZUR	RT
74	HARRY HOOVER	RE
83	PAT MALLOY	LB
54	JIM LOVELAND	LB
55	TONY CARDINALE	LB
60	CHARLES GRAZIANO	LB
28	JERRY MOSER	HB
45	GARF JONES	HB
48	DAVE KASCHAK	S

INDIANA

12	Cortazzo, QB	50	Dobies, C
14	Pipkins, QB	51	Macioce, C
19	Barto, K	52	Patti, LB
20	Basehore, DB	53	Wilcox, MG
21	Halt, SE	54	Vogt, C
22	Monsilovich, HB	60	Weber, LB
23	Cox, HB	61	Cosgrove, G
24	Blucas, QB	63	Lentz, LB
25	Cowan, DB	64	Blumer, LB
26	Farrelly, DE	65	Kantner, OT
27	Barry, SE	66	Rogish, MG
28	Matarazzo, OB	67	Ferrari, DT
29	McDonough, OE	68	Pastine, DT
31	McCracken, FB	70	Barree, OT
32	Butera, FB	71	Connolly, OT
33	Priest, CB	72	Lasser, OG
34	Hall, DB	73	Gordon, OT
35	Kaufman, S	74	Yanni, DT
36	Slater, OT	75	Bullington, DT
37	Smith, OB	76	Brink, OT
38	Thompkins, OB	77	Prokay, OG
39	Wenger, DB	78	Kovalchick, OT
40	Brochetti, SE	79	Berdell, MG
41	Bailey, DB	80	Steppling, DE
42	Ruffner, DB	81	Smith, CB
43	Hasse, CB	82	Stark, TE
44	Butler, HB	83	Ziegler, SE
45	Anderson, FL	84	Webster, DE
46	Brink, TE	85	Brady, TE
47	Lasser, OG	86	Neptune, DE
48	Pearson, DB	87	Smith, Dave, FL
49	Clinton, SE	88	Rosso, OG

WILKES

10	Zakowski, OQB	57	Roman, OC
11	Brew, OQB	60	Graziano, DLB
14	Sowa, DE	61	Hughes, OG
15	Jones, DLB	62	Hanbury, OG
18	Staake, OHB-K	63	Connors, OG
19	Marascio, OHB	65	Loveland, OG
20	Kology, DLB	66	Baranowski, OG
21	Yeager, OHB	67	Tabor, DE
22	Farnetti, OHB	70	Fick, DT
24	Fairley, OE	71	Burke, OT
27	Ditullio, DLB	72	Kolm, DE
28	Moser, DHB	73	Balla, OT
30	Gennaro, OFB	74	Hoover, DE
31	McDonald, DLB	75	Mazur, DT
33	Maree, DHB	76	Eustis, OT
36	Langdon, OFB	77	Mitchell, OT
40	Wormuth, DHB	78	Bolesta, DT
41	Hillard, DLB	79	Zinicola, DT
45	Jones, DHB	80	Moore, DE
46	Kerr, DHB	81	Williamson, DE
47	Harkins, DHB	82	Lazor, OE
48	Kaschak, DHB	83	Malloy, DLB
50	Kenney, OC	84	Walters, OE
51	Ashton, DLB	85	Reiff, OE
52	Conway, OC	86	Clarke, OE
54	Loveland, DLB	88	Krajewski, OE
55	Cardinale, DLB	89	Langdon, OE
56	Babish, DLB		

Referee	Ray Bergman	Field Judge	Jim Flaherty
Umpire	John Joyce	Back Judge	Don Kovach
Head Linesman	Dale Hamer	Clock Operator	Ron Watton

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Torino Brougham. Here's the one that has it all. Distinctive new grille with Hideaway Headlamps. New interiors to surround you with luxury. More luxurious than any other car in its class. Top performance from a choice of five new V-8's, including the super efficient 351-cu. in. 4V. Top it all off with a glamorous vinyl-covered roof. Torino Brougham—sweeping its class.

TORINO Ford

WILKES Squad Roster

No.	Name	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Class	Hometown
10	*Zakowski, Joe	OQB	6-2	198	Sr.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
11	Brew, Dennis	OQB	5-10	170	Jr.	Binghamton, N. Y.
14	Sowa, Martin	DE	6-0	180	Jr.	Pittston, Pa.
15	Jones, Kent	DLB	5-10	180	So.	Harveys Lake, Pa.
18	*Staake, Bill	OHB-K	5-8	170	Sr.	Silver Springs, Md.
19	Marascio, James	OHB	5-10	179	Jr.	Allentown, Pa.
20	Kology, Tom	DLB	5-9	180	Jr.	King of Prussia, Pa.
21	*Yeager, Ted	OHB	5-7	150	So.	Catawissa, Pa.
22	*Farnetti, Aldo	OHB	5-11	180	Jr.	Binghamton, N. Y.
24	Fairley, John	OE	6-1	190	So.	Bennington, Vt.
27	Ditullio, Emil	DLB	6-0	205	Sr.	Flourtown, Pa.
28	*Moser, Jerry	DHB	5-10	175	Sr.	Long Branch, N. J.
30	*Gennaro, Bob	OFB	5-10	200	Jr.	Hallandale, Fla.
31	McDonald, James	DLB	6-2	197	So.	Benton, Pa.
33	Maree, Len	DHB	6-2	182	Jr.	Newark, N. J.
36	Langdon, Ed	OFB	6-0	210	Jr.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
40	Wormuth, Michael	DHB	6-0	180	So.	Binghamton, N. Y.
41	*Hillard, Ron	DLB	6-0	195	So.	Plymouth, Pa.
45	Jones, Garf	DHB	6-2	185	Jr.	Scranton, Pa.
46	Kerr, John	DHB	5-9	150	So.	West Orange, N. J.
47	*Harkins, Fred	DHB	5-9	160	Sr.	Burlington, N. J.
48	*Kaschak, Dave	DHB	5-9	178	Jr.	Kingston, Pa.
50	*Kenney, Alton	OC	5-11	205	Jr.	Old Bridge, N. J.
51	Ashton, Bob	DLB	5-11	190	Jr.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
52	*Conway, George	OC	6-1	225	Sr.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
54	*Loveland, Jim	DLB	5-10	205	Jr.	Woodstown, N. J.
55	*Cardinale, Tony	DLB	6-1	210	So.	Totowa, N. J.
56	Babish, Nicholas	DLB	5-9	180	So.	Pittston, Pa.
57	*Roman, Edward	OC	5-11	185	Sr.	Schwenksville, Pa.
60	*Graziano, Charles	DLB	6-0	190	So.	Pittston Twp., Pa.
61	Hughes, Michael	OG	5-11	190	So.	Atlantic City, N. J.
62	Hanbury, Bill	OG	6-2	205	Jr.	Syracuse, N. Y.
63	Connors, Ed	OG	5-11	200	Jr.	West Pittston, Pa.
65	*Loveland, Les	OG	5-11	210	Sr.	Woodstown, N. J.
66	*Baranowski, John	OG	6-0	200	Jr.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
67	Tabor, Dale	DE	6-0	205	So.	Kingston, Pa.
70	*Fick, Charles	DT	6-2	240	Sr.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
71	*Burke, Edward	OT	6-3	238	Sr.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
72	*Kolm, Joseph	DE	6-0	205	Sr.	Rockville Centre, N. Y.
73	Balla, Stephen	OT	6-0	198	So.	Nanticoke, Pa.
74	*Hoover, Harry	DE	6-0	210	Jr.	Binghamton, N. Y.
75	*Mazur, John	DT	6-2	245	Jr.	Avoca, Pa.
76	*Eustis, Nate	OT	6-2	210	Jr.	Binghamton, N. Y.
77	*Mitchell, Dave	OT	6-3	220	Jr.	Syracuse, N. Y.
78	Bolesta, Reinhard	DT	6-2	270	So.	Plymouth, Pa.
79	Zinicola, Mario	DT	6-4	235	Jr.	Nutley, N. J.
80	Moore, Gary	DE	5-11	200	Jr.	Watchung, N. J.
81	*Williamson, John	DE	6-1	210	Sr.	West Pittston, Pa.
82	*Lazor, Bill	OE	6-3	190	Jr.	Scranton, Pa.
83	*Malloy, Pat	DLB	6-0	200	Sr.	Kingston, Pa.
84	Walters, Dan	OE	6-3	190	So.	Plymouth, Pa.
85	Reiff, Elliot	OE	6-0	190	So.	Kingston, Pa.
86	Clarke, John	OE	6-3	215	Jr.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
88	Krajewski, David	OE	5-11	185	Jr.	Watchung, N. J.
89	Langdon, Neil	OE	6-0	195	So.	Pittston, Pa.

* Letterman

"OFFICIAL WATCH FOR THIS GAME – **LONGINES** – THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH"

Indiana Football Coaches, 1927-1961

On this College Football Centennial Day at Indiana University of Pennsylvania, November 15, 1969, the three men who served as head football coaches at IUP from the institution's days as a normal school through the years and into this fast departing decade, will be honored as today the 1969 football campaign — the Centennial season of collegiate football — comes to a close.



GEORGE P. MILLER

In 1926 George P. Miller came to Indiana, and from that time until his retirement, 35 years later, his accomplishments and versatility have inscribed his name into immortality in the coaching ranks at the Indiana University of Pennsylvania.

He came to Indiana as a head coach and teacher of health and physical education. During his long tenure at Indiana he served as head coach of many sports including football, basketball, baseball, track, golf and swimming.

A native of Wisconsin, he came here after graduating from LaCrosse College. He also did graduate work at Columbia, Illinois, Northwestern, New York University and the University of Pennsylvania.

During his coaching reign, which lasted until 1946, he coached every sport at Indiana and was also the athletic director. He retired from teaching in 1961.

For a total of 17 seasons, from 1927-47 (no football during war years), George P. Miller was the head grid coach and is still credited with the only two undefeated campaigns in IUP history. His 1934 team won six without a loss or tie, giving up only 17 points, while the 1940 squad won seven (five by shutouts) and tied one.

Through his 17 grid campaigns George Miller showed a career mark of 79-42-9 for a .653 win percentage.

His 1935 and 1937 squads ranked as Pennsylvania State College Conference Western Division champions, the 1934 and 1940 teams as statewide conference champions.

In 1964 George Miller was honored by being inducted into the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics (NAIA) Hall of Fame as a coach.

In honor of his dedication to IUP, the football field was officially named George P. Miller Stadium when it was dedicated in 1962.



REGIS "PECK" McKNIGHT

Not only a great coach, Regis "Peck" McKnight is the only four sport letter winner in the history of the Indiana University of Pennsylvania.

Known more recently for the outstanding basketball squads he produced, "Peck" earned a total of 14 letters in basketball, football, track and baseball between 1926 and 1930 while at IUP.

A native of Indiana County, he coached high school teams at Curwensville, Greensburg and Hershey, following graduation.

During his high school coaching career he was requested to speak at many clinics and was the first speaker at the nationally famous Atlantic City Coaches Clinic.

In 1947, he returned to his alma mater as both head football and head basketball coach, the sport in which he was to leave his mark at IUP.

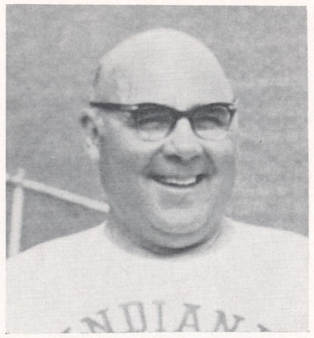
"Peck" was head grid tutor for two years, 1947 and 1948, and in those two seasons his teams won four, lost 10 and tied two for a .286 percentage. They tallied 187 points while the opposition registered 289.

For 17 seasons McKnight guided the fortunes of the IUP cagers and during his tenure recorded 214 victories as against 126 losses.

One of the greatest IUP basketball teams of all time was a McKnight-tutored quintet that played during the 1957-58 season racking up 25 wins and only three defeats. That year they won the Pennsylvania State College Conference and the NAIA District 30 crown.

The Braves advanced to Kansas City where they participated in the NAIA Tourney, an event which brings together the best cage teams in the nation.

McKnight-coached basketball teams also copped the PSCAC title in 1960 and were champions of the western division of the PSCAC in 1960-61, 1953-54 and, of course, 1957-58.



SAM SMITH

One of the most colorful coaches in the long history of athletics at the Indiana University of Pennsylvania is Sam Smith.

In the fall of 1949 Sam Smith joined the physical education department at Indiana and immediately was named head football coach.

He also served as head baseball coach and athletic director. In 1962 he resigned as head grid coach and athletic director and the following year he relinquished his coaching duties on the diamond.

A successful high school mentor, Sam Smith guided the football fortunes at Dormont High School in Pittsburgh for 19 consecutive seasons. During that period Dormont was the Class A Western Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic League (WPIAL) champion in 1939 and shared the crown with Mt. Pleasant in 1942.

A graduate of South Hills High School in Pittsburgh, he starred in both football and basketball as a scholastic athlete.

In 1930 he graduated from Waynesburg College and that fall began his 19-year reign at Dormont.

While head football coach at IUP, he had only five losing seasons in the 13 campaigns he was at the helm.

Smith-coached teams compiled a record of 49 wins, 55 losses and six ties for a percentage of .471. His teams scored 1,368 points while the opposition tallied 1,482.

One of the finest defensive units fielded by Smith was the 1954 squad which posted a 5-3 record. They scored 153 points while limiting the opposition to only 68.

He was also the director of intra-mural sports for many years.

Currently, Sam Smith is a member of the Health and Physical Education staff at IUP.

———

(by Carl Kologie)



IUP Coach Chuck Klausing With 1969 Captains

BARRY RUFFNER, JACK NEPTUNE, BOB PROKAY, WALLY BLUCAS

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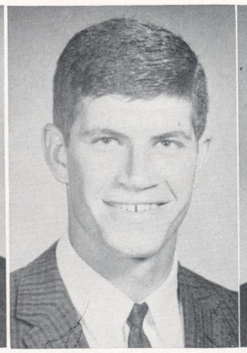
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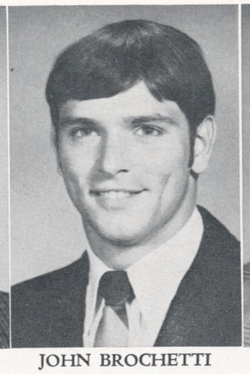
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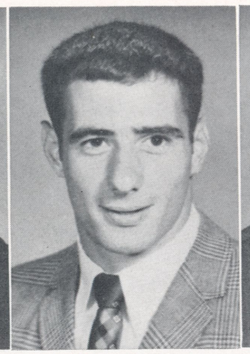
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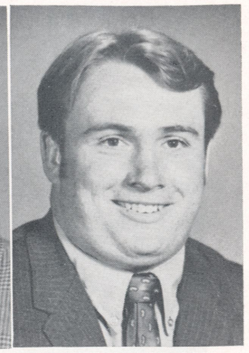
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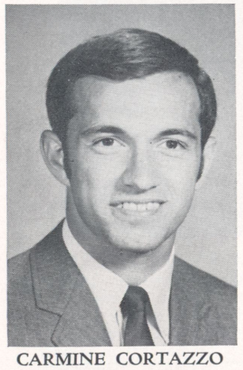

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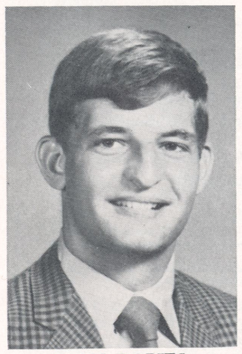

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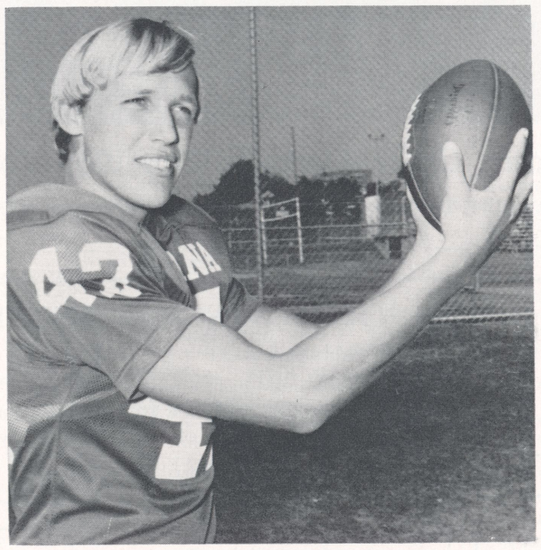

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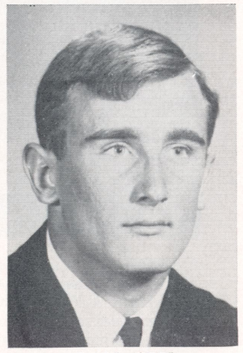

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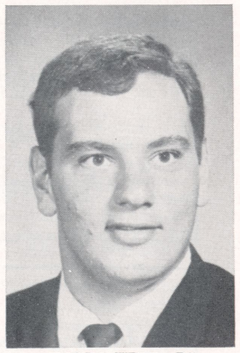

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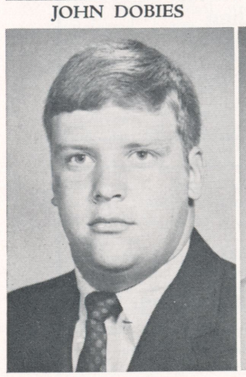

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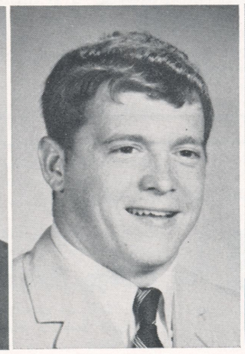
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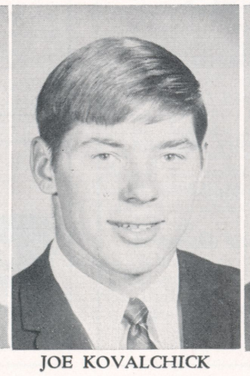

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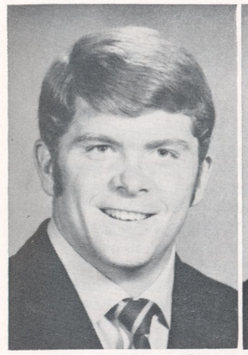

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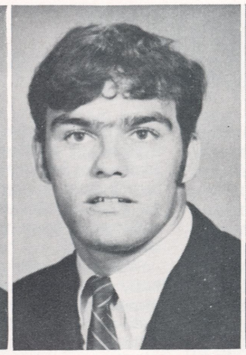

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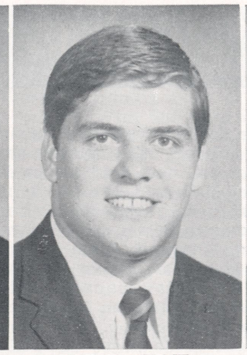

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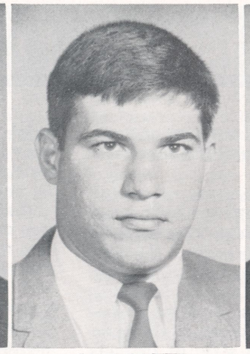

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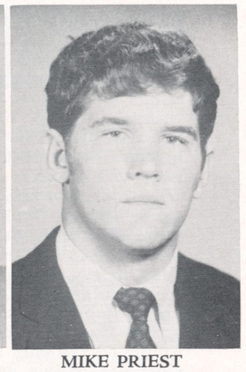

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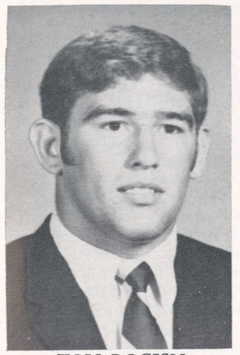

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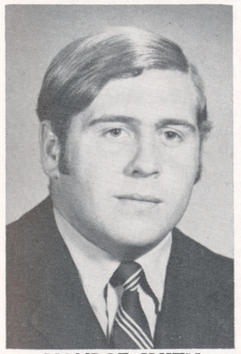

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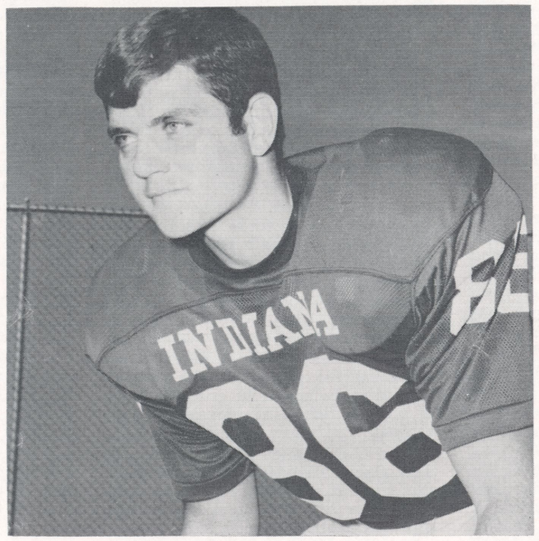

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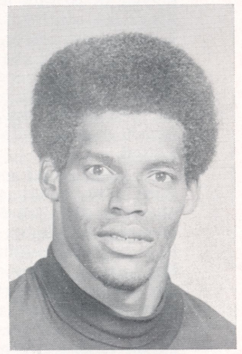

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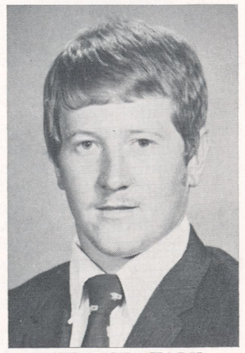

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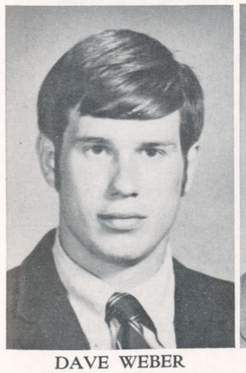

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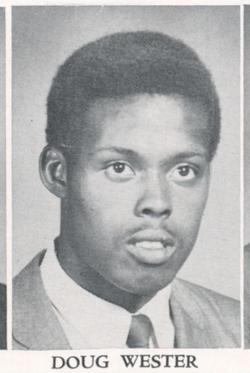
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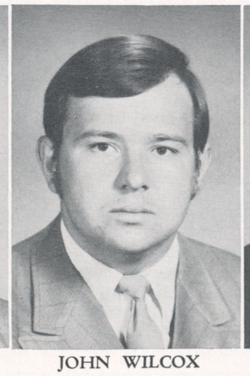

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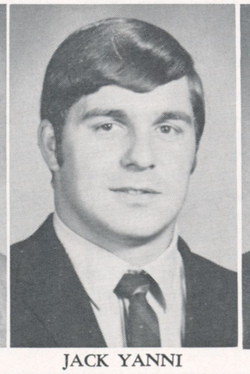

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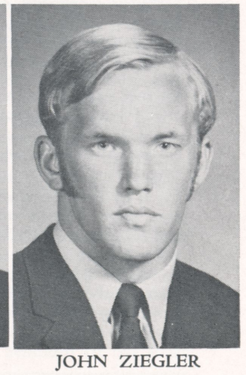

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The History of College Football

by ALLISON DANZIG

ON THE PLAYING FIELDS of Rugby came the genesis of the American game of football.

Had not, in 1823, a schoolboy at the famed English Public School by the name of William Webb Ellis taken it into his head on the spur of the moment to run with a ball kicked by the opposing side, thereby outraging propriety with this shocking violation of the rules, soccer might have continued the only style of football played in Britain and on the North American continent. Then and there (or some days later, when the indignant outcry had changed to a feeling that maybe the revolutionary blackguard had something) was born the game of Rugby football, or rugger, in which running with the ball is permitted.

Had not, a half century later, Harvard University, also by chance, played a style of football that had elements of Rugby, soccer (Association football) might have remained the pastime on our college campuses, and our own style of game might not have evolved as a predominantly running and, later, forward passing game. It was a form of soccer, with twenty-five on a side, that Princeton and Rutgers played in the first game of intercollegiate football in this country November 6, 1869, at New Brunswick, N. J. It was soccer that Yale and Columbia also played a century ago.

Because its football differed from the game of the others, Harvard declined to join in the first intercollegiate rules convention at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York October 19, 1873, at which rules modeled after those of the London Football Association (soccer) were adopted. It turned for competition to McGill University of Montreal, which played the football of the English Rugby Union. Two games in the spring of 1874 with McGill at Cambridge, and a third in the fall at Montreal, sold Harvard completely on Rugby and led, at long last, to the most famous of all college football rivalries in the country—the Harvard-Yale game, or THE GAME.

The Crimson and the Blue met for the first time November 13, 1875, at Hamilton Field in New Haven, Conn., under "Concessionary Rules," playing a hybrid game of Rugby and soccer, with fifteen on a side and a round soccer ball. Harvard was the winner over a Yale team that scarcely knew what it was all about. A year later, they met in Rugby, with Yale converted to Harvard's style of football and Harvard giving in to Yale's demand for eleven on a side. They played with an egg-shaped leather ball on a field 140 yards by 70, and Yale won, one goal to none.

That same year, 1876, Princeton, won over to Rugby, called a convention at Massasoit House in Springfield, Mass. Yale, Harvard, Columbia and Princeton representatives formed the American Intercollegiate Football Association. They adopted the code of the Rugby Football Union except for a scoring change, the game being decided by a majority of touchdowns and a goal being equal to four touchdowns.

The die was now cast: Football was to become a running as well as kicking game, and the way was cleared for the evolution of football into a game indigenous to the United States.

The man who led in that evolution, whose creative, inventive mind came up with the fundamental changes and whose leadership in getting them adopted brought about the development of a game of imagination, strategy, skill, speed and daring far surpassing the rather elemental structure and concepts of Rugby, was Walter Camp of Yale. He was the first giant of American football, the father of the game, and he helped to set the highest standard of sportsmanship by precept and personal example.

Camp was a contemporary of Amos Alonzo Stagg (the most inventive of all coaches, the Grand Old Man whose coaching career spanned three score and ten years until he retired in 1960 at the age of 98, and who died at 102 in 1965). A man of rugged honesty and stern simplicity, Camp was of the Spartan mold. From the time Camp attended a rules convention in 1878 as a Yale player, he was a member of every rules committee until his death in March, 1925.

The first of his most far-reaching changes came in 1880. This was the substitution of scrimmage for the Rugby scrum. Two years later came the adoption of his system of downs and yards to gain—at first 5 yards in three downs, then 10 in 3 (1906) and finally 10 in 4 downs (1912). These two revolutionary innovations changed the basic structure of football and brought about a new concept and format of the game. The principle of possession of the ball was established and that was the most fundamental departure from Rugby, in which the ball changes hands endlessly, often in a matter of seconds. Also in 1880, Camp won his long fight to reduce the number of players from 15 to 11.

With the introduction of scrimmage, the quarterback made his appearance and also there came a new method of putting the ball in play. Instead of being heeled out in a melee of rival Rugby packs, it was given to the offensive center and he snapped it back with his foot to his quarterback.

With possession and control of the ball, planning and strategy became important. Also in 1882, the field was reduced from 140 by 70 yards to 110 by 53 1/3 and took on the gridiron appearance with the horizontal lines every five yards for the measurement of first downs.

Simultaneously, Camp devised the system of signals and worked out the accepted arrangement of the eleven players—7 forwards, a quarter, two halfbacks and a fullback. A year later he introduced the numerical scoring system, assigning point values for the methods of scoring—5 for a field goal, 4 for a goal after touchdown (try), 2 for a touchdown and 1 for a safety (made by opponent).

In 1884, another of the fundamental features of American football became established without actually being sanctioned by legislation. This was interference or blocking. Princeton had been using convoys at the sides of the carrier since 1879 and now sent them ahead, a clear violation of Rugby's "offside," but passively accepted and then, in 1888, legalized by implication.

In 1888 came the last of Camp's fundamental changes that created the structure of the American game prior to the legalization of the forward pass in 1906. This was permitting tackling below the waist.

When the line constricted, the backs —formerly spread across the field— had to close in also, for protection against the deadly low tackle. Thus resulted the close formation that became standard — the original T, from which a quarter century later Notre Dame was to shift into the box and which, approximately another quarter century after, was to have its revival in the modern version as employed with sensational success by Stanford University.

No one foresaw it at the time, but this particular change in 1888 was to bring about a game so brutal and hazardous as to lead to outcries for the abolition of football. As a consequence, the far-reaching rules changes of 1906 legalized the forward pass and resulted in an open game so imaginative and thrilling with its speed, deception and skilled maneuvers as to win millions of new followers.

PART TWO

THE OPEN GAME of running, lateral passing and kicking that constituted American football in the 1880s, after the introduction of the fundamental departures from Rugby of the scrimmage, the system of downs, and blocking, came to an end with the legalizing in 1888 of the low tackle and the constricting of linemen and backs from a spread to a close formation (the T). The game was now to become a dull, unimaginative test of brute strength, a game of increasing roughness as dangerous mass momentum plays were devised.

Designed to bring linemen into the backfield and thrust a ponderous mass of flesh at the enemy, such plays jammed, tugged and catapulted the ballcarrier through the opposing massed barrier. Casualties mounted alarmingly and fatalities resulted.

Alonzo Stagg, the most prolific of football's inventors, conceived the first of these mass momentum plays while coaching at Springfield (Mass.) College in 1890-1891. This was the ends-back formation assault. In 1884 Princeton had used a wedge play on the kick-off, dropped it, and revived it in 1888. Lehigh had the "V trick," but Stagg's was the first, fast-moving mass assault from scrimmage, and it was the momentum that made the mass plays so dangerous.

In 1891 Stagg also devised the "turtleback" (which some credit to Harvard in 1893) and then in 1892 at Harvard, Lorin Deland, a chess player and follower of Harvard football, came up with his sensational "flying wedge". By 1893 virtually everyone was using this dreaded kick-off maneuver, which added momentum to the Princeton wedge and Lehigh V. Also in 1892, Dr. Harry Williams, a Yale graduate coaching Penn Charter school, who was later to invent the Minnesota shift, introduced his "revolving wedge". Then in 1894, George Woodruff, a Yale teammate of Stagg, devised as coach at Pennsylvania the remarkably effective "guards back" formation. With it, Penn challenged the supremacy of Yale, Princeton and Harvard and from 1894 to 1898, won 65 of 66 games, scoring 1,957 points to its opponents' 120. The year before, 1893, Woodruff had introduced flying interference by pulling linemen into the backfield and starting them ahead of the ball carrier before the ball was snapped.

Phil King's "ends back" in 1893 and "revolving tandem" in 1896 at Princeton, Stagg's "tackles back" at Chicago in 1894, Williams' "tackle back" in 1899 and Camp's "tackle back" at Yale in 1900 were other examples of the mass momentum plays. The Deland flying wedge had become the standard opening play of the game by 1893. With the other mass momentum procedures gaining followers, football so increased in roughness, and injuries mounted so alarmingly, that the season ended in an uproar of protests. The Army and Navy departments abolished the service academies' game. Yale and Harvard were nearing a split, and so were Princeton and Penn.

At a meeting of Yale, Harvard Princeton and Penn representatives in New York Feb. 23, 1894, drastic changes were made. The flying wedge, Princeton wedge and Lehigh V were banned. It was prohibited for more than three men to start before the snap of the ball and for members of the offensive team to group more than five yards behind the line. The kick-off had to travel at least 10 yards to be in play. Nevertheless, the game continued to be so rough that Yale and Harvard broke relations after their 1894 game and Cornell's team was restricted to its campus.

In 1895, Camp of Yale and Alex Moffat of Princeton invited Harvard and Penn to a meeting. Yale and Princeton were for doing away entirely with mass play while Harvard and Penn were all for retaining it. They were divided too on playing graduates, Yale and Princeton being against it. They split, and so in 1895 there were two set of rules, Cornell joining Harvard and Penn, Navy siding with Princeton and Yale.

There was a growing dissatisfaction in the newly football-conscious Middle West with the East's control of the game. In 1896, the colleges which organized into the Western Conference projected a program of their own in which they were to adopt the freshman rule, limiting varsity eligibility to three years; require a year's residence for transfers; abolish training tables; and set up faculty control of athletics.

To meet the challenge of the West, the rival groups in the East agreed in the summer of 1896 that (1) no member of the offensive side shall take more than one step toward the opponents' goal without coming to a full stop, and (2) at least five players shall be on the scrimmage line when the ball is snapped. Momentum was thus reduced, but football continued to be a rough and uninteresting game of close-order mayhem in which brute force, rather than speed and deception, was the prime factor.

Additional changes were made to reduce injuries. In 1903, seven men were required on the offensive line of scrimmage between the 25-yard lines. In 1904, six were required in all situations. Still the injuries continued and in 1905 the casualties were such that football came under its heaviest attack for its brutality and foul play. The *Chicago Tribune* reported 18 fatalities and 159 other injuries for the season. Columbia University abolished football for 10 years. Northwestern suspended play for a year. California and Stanford dropped football for Rugby.

President Theodore Roosevelt summoned representatives of Yale, Harvard and Princeton to the White House and requested steps be taken to clean up the game and save it. Late in 1905, at the invitation of Chancellor Henry M. McCracken of New York University, representatives of 28 colleges met in New York and, led by Captain Palmer E. Pierce of the United States Military Academy, formed an association which was the forerunner of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. It named a rules committee which met with the older group headed by Camp. The two merged into the American Inter-Collegiate Football Rules Committee and on January 12, 1906, this 14-member joint committee adopted the far-reaching changes that were to radically alter the pattern of play, reduce the hazards and ultimately bring about the modern open game.

The most revolutionary and exciting change, of course, was the legalizing of the forward pass, which was to make the game far more spectacular and attractive. In 1903, and again in 1904, John Heisman had written to Camp, urging the pass be put in the game. In 1904, Dr. Harry Williams, a member of the Rules Committee, argued for legalizing it. At the fateful 1906 meeting he, Lieut. Paul J. Dashiell of the United States Naval Academy and Lehigh, and John C. Bell of Pennsylvania were leaders in the winning fight. Eddie Cochems, coach of St. Louis University, was another early advocate.

In addition to legalizing the pass, the 1906 meeting (1) established a neutral zone (the length of the ball in width) separating the opposing lines, which had stood toe-to-toe, cheek-by-jowl in combat, (2) prohibited hurdling, (3) increased the distance to be made in three downs from five to ten yards, (4) prohibited guards, tackles and the center from playing in the backfield unless at least five yards back, (5) reduced the playing time from 70 to 60 minutes, divided into halves.

Severe restrictions were put on the forward pass. It had to be thrown from at least five yards behind the line and cross the line at least five yards to the right or left of where the ball was put in play. Failure to complete a pass resulted in the loss

of 15 yards and the down. Partly because of this, the pass was used sparingly, if at all for some years. In time, restrictions were removed.

In 1907, the 15-yard penalty for an incompletion was eliminated. By 1910 the pass no longer had to cross the line five yards out, and the defense was forbidden to interfere with the receiver. That year the pass could not be thrown more than 20 yards beyond the line, but this limitation was removed in 1912, when, in addition, a fourth down was added in which to make ten yards, encouraging the use of the pass. Also in 1912, the length of the field was reduced from 110 to 100 yards, and end zones ten yards in depth beyond the goal lines were created in which passes could be completed, and the kick-off was made from the kicking team's 40.

Incidentally, these changes in addition to the touchdown being raised in value from 5 to 6 points (it was raised from 2 to 4 in 1884 and to 5 in 1897, on a parity with the field goal) marked the last fundamental changes in the game's structure, which had included the lowering of the value of the field goal from 4 (to which it dropped in 1904) to 3 in 1909, and, in 1910, the requirement of seven men of the offense on the line of scrimmage, the abolition of interlocking interference, pushing, pulling and crawling, the division of the game into four 15-minute quarters, and permission for the quarterback to run anywhere into the line.

The nearest thing to basic changes in the game since 1912 have been permitting the conversion after touchdown to be made by a run or pass or drop kick, as well as by placement kick, in 1922; the removal of the goal posts from the goal line to the rear line of the end zone, in 1927; and, in 1958, the change in value of the conversion by a run or pass from one to two points, with the ball being put in play on the 3-yard line instead of the 2 for all conversions.

The game took on a new look with the 1941 change in the substitution rule that permitted wholesale replacements, Michigan starting the use of offensive and defensive line platoons in 1945 and entire team platoons in 1947. This practice stopped with the 1953 change in the substitution rule, but was renewed when virtually free substitution was brought back by the 1964 and 1965 provisions. A final injunction against momentum plays came in the imposition of a full stop on shifts by stages in 1922, 1924, 1927 and 1930, putting the brakes on the Notre Dame shift.

PART THREE

FROM THE TIME Princeton and Rutgers met in the first intercollegiate game in 1869 until late in the 1870s, organized football in the United States was confined to the Atlantic seaboard. Yale and Princeton were the dominant teams in the 1880s, and from 1883, when point-scoring started, Yale was virtually invincible except for its loss to Princeton in 1885, 6 to 5. The best of the early teams was undoubtedly the Yale eleven of 1888, which scored 694 points and shut out all 13 opponents. Alonzo Stagg, Pudge Heffelfinger and George Woodruff were members, and Camp was Yale's first coach that year.

Princeton had one of its best teams of all time in 1889. Harvard had a superior eleven in 1890 led by Ma Newell, "the perfect player," four times on the all-America teams. Yale was supreme in 1891-92 with Frank Hinkey, "the disembodied spirit," four times All-American; Heffelfinger, three times; Bum McClung; and Foster Sanford. In 1892, Cornell also commanded attention with Glenn Warner and Joe Beacham. Princeton, with Phil King's "end back," was on top in 1893. In 1894, Pennsylvania, with George Woodruff's "guards back," went to the front and for five years lost only one of 66 games — that to Lafayette and its great Babe Rinehart in 1896.

Other outstanding early teams in the East were Captain Hinkey's 1894 Yale eleven; Captain Pop Warner's Cornellians of the same year; Gary Cochran's Princeton Steamroller of 1896; Coach Pop Warner's 1898 Big Red team, the Harvard eleven of the same year with Charley Daly and Percy Haughton; the Princeton Tiger of 1898, whose Arthur Poe stole the ball and ran 100 yards to beat Yale, and beat the Elis again in 1899 with a last-minute drop-kick, the first he ever booted. Doc Hillebrand and Big Bill Edwards of those teams are Tiger immortals.

In the South and Middle West football got started about the same time. Michigan organized in 1873, but could not find an opponent until it played Racine College in 1879. Two years later the Wolverines pioneered intersectional competition, journeying East to play Yale, Princeton and Harvard in five days. Notre Dame was not to come into the picture until 1887, against Michigan.

The first game in the South was between Virginia Military Institute and Washington & Lee in 1877. In 1880, Centre College played Kentucky University (later Transylvania). In 1889, Sewanee, coached by Herman Suter, a Princetonian, was the South's first great team. It shut out eleven of twelve opponents. Auburn, coached by John Heisman, who was to win national renown at Georgia Tech after coaching Clemson to a perfect season in 1900, lost to Sewanee, 10-11, its only defeat. Also in the South, Glenn Warner, who stands with Stagg, Rockne, Bob Zuppke and Hurry-Up Yost among the giants of the coaching ranks, went to Georgia in 1895 at $35 a week; Auburn was to know glory days with the perfect start of the regime of Mike Donahue, Yale quarterback, in 1904, and that year Dan McGugin, Vanderbilt's beloved coach from Michigan, began his illustrious 30-year career with an invincible team.

In the 1890s, football was being played by most of the colleges of the East, big and small, and was spreading to the Missouri Valley, Rocky Mountains, Pacific Coast and Southwest, as well as flourishing in the Southeast and Middle West.

The Army-Navy game was inaugurated in 1890. Stagg started his unparalleled career at Springfield College in 1890 and in 1892 began his 41-year tenure at Chicago. The classic of the West Coast, the California-Stanford game, started in 1893. In 1895, the Western Intercollegiate League was organized, and Purdue in 1892, Minnesota in 1893 and Wisconsin and Michigan in 1894 had strong teams. Significant of the West's progress, in 1898 Clarence Herschberger, fullback on the Chicago team Stagg brought East, was named on Camp's All-American team—the first player beyond the Atlantic seaboard to be honored.

That same year, 1898, another Middle West player gained national attention. Pat O'Dea, Wisconsin's Australian captain known as the "Kangaroo Kicker," amazed with his prodigious feats, kicking a 62-yard field goal in a blizzard. Against Yale he was to punt 100 yards. In 1898, too, Michigan won its first Conference crown with a perfect record and that year also Warner took the Carlisle Indians to the West Coast to play an exceptional California team and start East-West rivalry.

In 1901, Fielding H. (Hurry Up) Yost was installed at Michigan and his "Point-a-Minute" team became legendary. That year the Wolverines scored 550 points and shut out their eleven opponents. They went to the West Coast and in the first Rose Bowl game at Pasadena crushed Stanford, 49-0. From 1901 through 1905, Michigan won 55 games, lost one, by 2-0, and tied one. Willie Heston, the terror of that team, scored over 600 points in four years.

The team that defeated Michigan, ending a 56-game unbeaten streak, was Chicago. It won 2-0 on a safety in the final 1905 game at Marshall Field before 25,791, a record crowd for the West. Stagg's team was one of his finest, scoring 245 points to 5 for the opponents. Walter Eckersall, ranked among the greatest players and finest field generals of all time and three times an All-American; Hugo Bezdek and Jesse Harper, famed coaches later; and Captain Mark Catlin were on the team.

The team that tied the Wolverines was Minnesota, in 1903, the year of the genesis of the Little Brown Jug. The Gophers, who won their 14 other games and scored 618 points to 12, were in their fourth season under Dr. Harry Williams, inventor of the Minnesota shift. Another new coach in the conference was Phil King, who piloted Wisconsin to a perfect season in 1901, and another Princetonian, Walter Booth, brought Nebraska into national prominence as the Cornhuskers shut out all 10 opponents in 1902 and beat every opponent again in 1903.

PART FOUR

THE MODERN ERA of intercollegiate football began with the forward pass in 1906. But it was not until after the last basic structural changes in 1912, including the addition of the fourth down, reduction of the field length from 110 yards to 100, with end zones; raising the value of the touchdown from 5 to 6 points, moving the kick-off from midfield to the kicking side's 40, and lifting of the limitation on the length of the pass, that the game began settling into the pattern of today.

The inaugural Army-Notre Dame game in 1913 accentuated the turning point. Notre Dame's sensational passing display, to the surprise and 35-13 discomfiture of the Cadets, as Gus Dorais fired again and again to Captain Knute Rockne, end, and Joe Pliska, right half, awakened the East to the great potentialities of the new weapon. Except for St. Louis University, Chicago and Glenn Warner's Carlisle Indians, few teams made extensive use of the pass, though Oklahoma and Texas were about ready for aerial fireworks.

The most successful teams between 1906 and the first World War were winning, with few exceptions, on their running, kicking and defense. Warner's Carlisle Indians of 1911 and 1912, with possibly the greatest of all backs, Jim Thorpe, won far more on his fast, powerful running and great kicking than on passing.

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ance of Notre Dame in the East, against Army at the Polo Grounds in New York in 1924, that college football became a hysteria.

Grantland Rice, most famous, noble and beloved of sports writers, wrote of the game: "Outlined against the gray-blue October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as famine, pestilence, destruction and death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden."

Then and there was created the most glamorous and publicized team of all time—the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. The press across the nation sang praises of the horsemen and the "seven mules," led by Captain Adam Walsh at center.

Riding into legendary fame with them was their coach, Knute Rockne, the flat-nosed, bald-headed immigrant from Norway whose dynamic personality, brains, wit, caustic sarcasm, mastery of psychology and command of men, as well as knowledge of football, contributed to making him the most celebrated of all coaches. When he fell to his death in the crash of a plane over Kansas March 31, 1931, a whole nation was stunned and grief-stricken.

There never was a decade to equal the 1920s for the host of great coaches, players and teams.

It was the decade of the Four Horsemen, of Red Grange of Illinois who was to rank on all-time teams, of George Gipp of Notre Dame, of Ernie Nevers of Stanford, Ken Strong of New York University, Bronko Nagurski of Minnesota, and scores of other legendary heroes.

The Notre Dame shifting attack was riding high in the 1920's, with Rockne so successful and so many of his disciples teaching it. Then came successive rules changes imposing a full stop, and the offense began to lose favor. The Warner style of football, single and double wingback, became more and more the vogue.

Warner, perhaps the most prolific of coaches next to Stagg in his originations, invented the single wingback while he was at Carlisle and the double wing came a few years later. It was not until 1938 that the double wing caused a great stir. That year his Stanford Indians put on a tremendous show in crushing Army, 26-0 at the Yankee Stadium in New York, and coaches rushed to get on the Warner bandwagon.

The Colgate team of 1932, coached by Andy Kerr, used the double wing. This was the "unbeaten, untied, unscored-on and uninvited" team, which was passed by as a bowl attraction. Lou Little's 1933 Columbia team, which perpetrated the Rose Bowl upset of all time in defeating

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Stanford, used the single wing, with variations.

Bob Neyland's Tennessee teams of 1938, 1939 and 1940, which each won all ten games, used the single wing, as did, of course, the Stanford "Vow Boys" of 1934, and Carl Snavely's 1939 Cornell team, which had a perfect record and continued unbeaten in 1940 until the next to last game.

Late in the 1930s, George Halas of the Chicago Bears worked out with Clark Shaughnessy, University of Chicago coach, the modern version of the T, with a flanker in motion and quick-opening plays. They had such sensational success with it that football offense took on a new look in a few years. The Warner wingback and Notre Dame box with a shift were supplanted as coaches made the switch after Frank Leahy at Notre Dame and Earl Blaik at Army were converted.

Until Bud Wilkinson went to Oklahoma in 1948 and started one of the most successful regimes in history, Army and Notre Dame dominated the 1940's, challenged by Michigan in 1947 and 1948. Notre Dame from 1946 to 1949 won 36 games, lost none and tied two. Army from 1944 did not know defeat until its stunning loss to Columbia, 21-20, in 1947.

Wilkinson exploited the Split-T formation, invented by Don Faurot, with wider line spacing and using the quarterback as a ball carrier on the option play. His Sooners won 47 games in a row from 1953 to 1957.

In the late 1950's, the Split-T formation lost in favor and the Slot-T was widely adopted in college ranks. The Wing-T vogue increased and Blaik's Lonely End formation at Army led to the use of a widely split end and a flanker back deployed to the opposite side. In the past several years, the I formation has been popular since John McKay used it extremely successfully with Mike Garrett and O. J. Simpson at USC.

Two games in the 1960's belong among the legendary contests in football: In 1966, Notre Dame and Michigan State, with perfect records, met before the largest television audience on record for a regularly scheduled college game, 33,000,000 viewers, and played to a 10-10 tie. In 1968, Harvard and Yale met, both unbeaten and untied for this game for the first time since 1909. Harvard, trailing 22-0 in the second quarter, pulled out a 29-29 tie with two touchdowns in the last minute, the second on the last play of the game—one of the most incredibly exciting on record.

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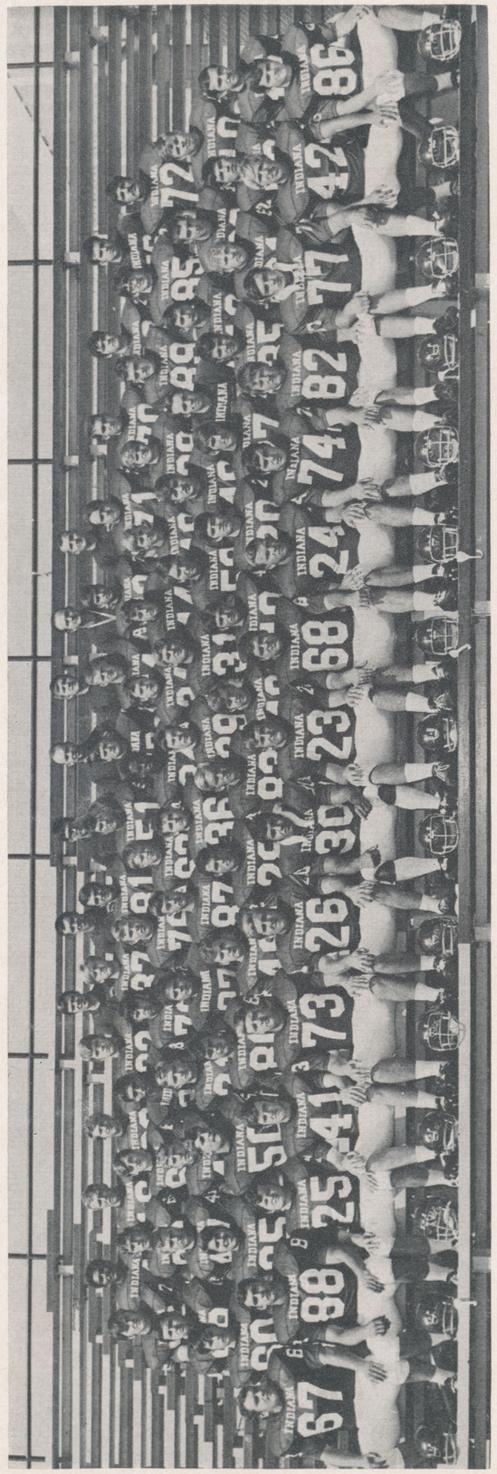
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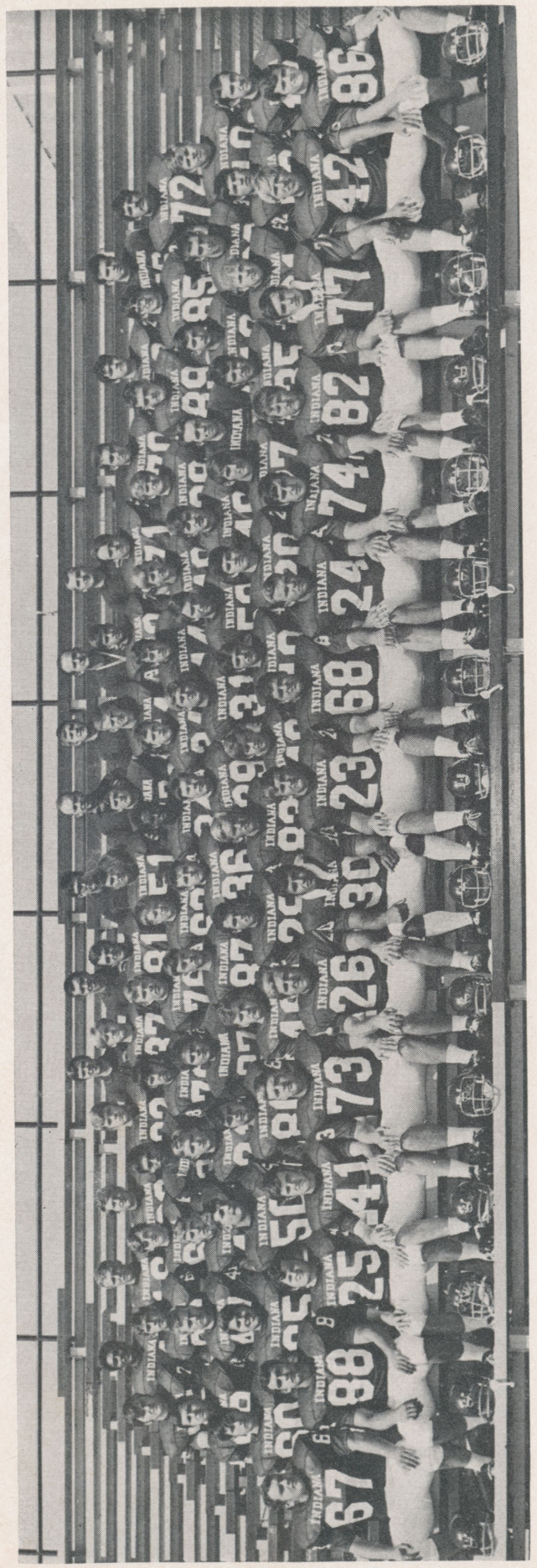
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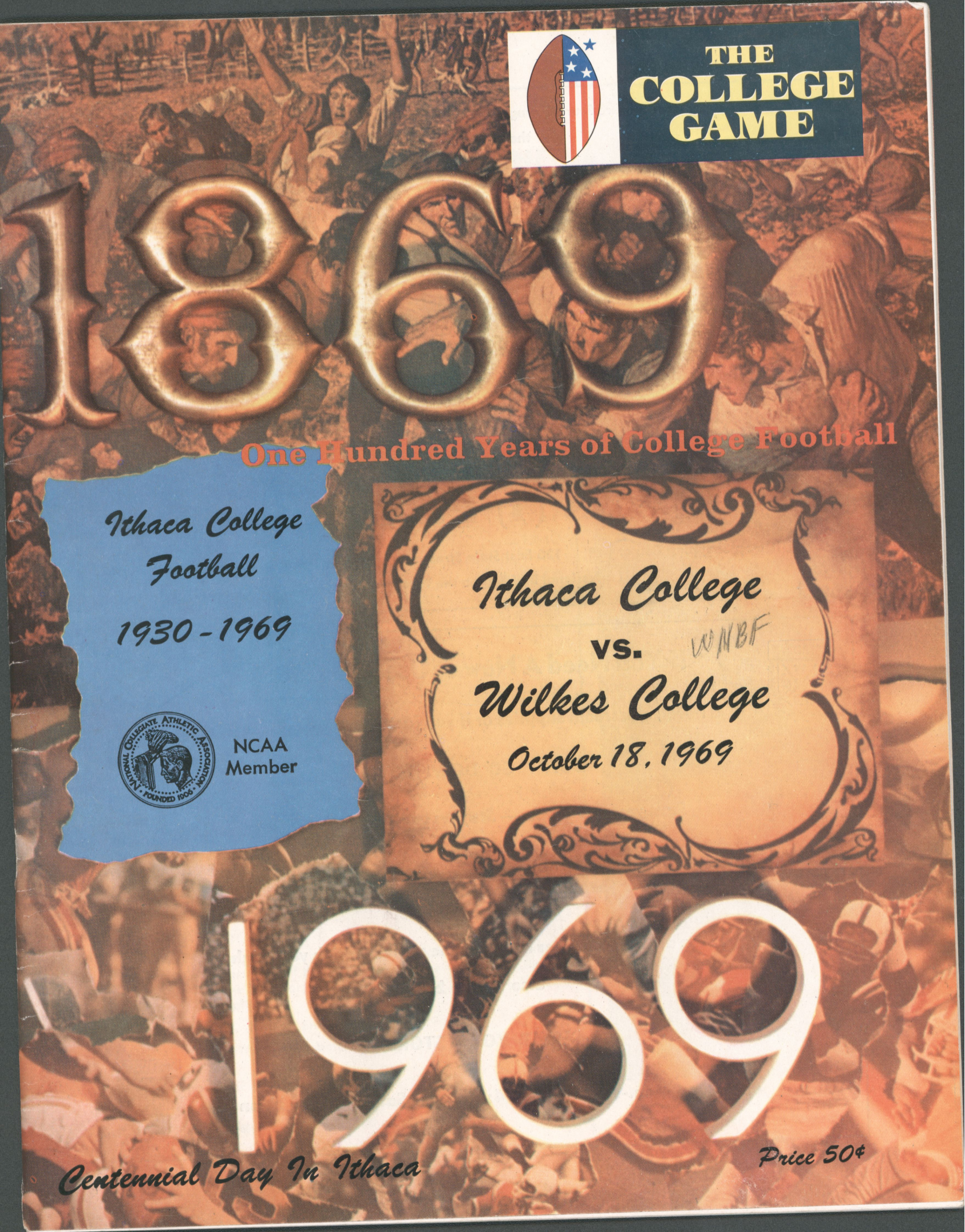


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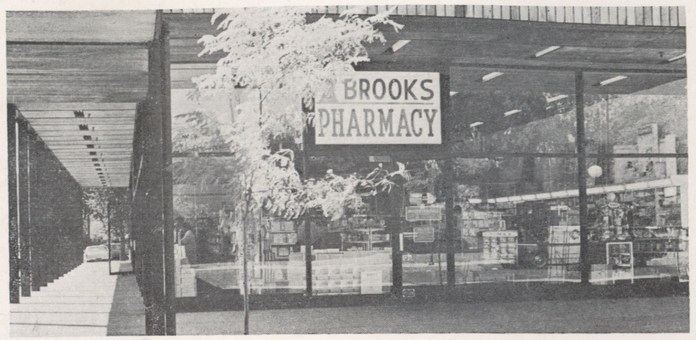
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THE ITHACA COLLEGE FOOTBALL PROGRAM MAGAZINE

October 18, 1969 Vol. 2 — No. 2

TODAY'S COVER: There have been many changes in the 100 years since Princeton and Rutgers traded blows in the first collegiate football game back in 1869. Some things, though, such as the courage, discipline and desire it takes to play the game, will always remain the same. Today, Ithaca College salutes the Centennial Year of College Football and all the men who have made it an important part of our nation's heritage.

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The Ithaca College football program - magazine is published by the College's Department of Public Affairs: Editor—Philip K. Langan, Sports Information Director; Associate Editor — Margaret Gibson, Director of Publications.

Photography by C. Hadley Smith.

National Advertising Representative: Spencer Advertising, New York City.

Printer: Arnold's of Ithaca.

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WHEREAS, 1969 is the 100th Anniversary of the first intercollegiate football game, between Rutgers and Princeton; and

WHEREAS, college football always has been an integral part of campus life and is a unique facet of the personality of the institutions where it is played; and

WHEREAS, it is a strong, unifying factor on the campus, and

WHEREAS, college football has been praised by educators, soldiers, and statesmen as fine training for meeting life's challenges; and

WHEREAS, college football has made a unique contribution to the strong fibre of America and her people through its teaching of determination, self-sacrifice, dedication and sportsmanship; and

WHEREAS, the game has a rich history and significant traditions -- both tributes to the men who have played and coached intercollegiate football;

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DOCTORS: Doctors on call should leave their names at the Safety Division Office on the first floor of the Administration Building before the game. The number to call in an emergency is 274-3211.

STRETCHERS: In the case of many minor injuries, especially in connection with injuries to the lower extremities, precaution is always exerted and a stretcher is used to prevent further injury. Thus, for family and friends of the players, there should be no major alarm if a stretcher has to be used.

AMBULANCE SERVICE: The Safety Division vehicle on the sidelines is a fully equipped ambulance.

REST ROOMS: They are located on the bottom floor of the Physical Education Building.

PARKING: There is a large parking lot adjacent to the field opposite the School of Health and Physical Education. Safety Division personnel are always around to direct you to other parking areas.

LOST AND FOUND ARTICLES: If you lose any personal belonging, please tell a patrolman from the Safety Division, on duty at all home games, or contact the press box on the Ithaca side of the field. All items lost, which are not claimed on the day of the game, will be held in the office of the Safety Division located in the Administration Building.

TICKETS: If you want tickets to be reserved for home games, please call Phil Langan at 274-3233.

CONCESSIONS: The concessions booth is located in front of the stands on the Ithaca College side of the field.

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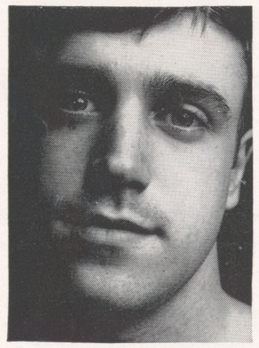
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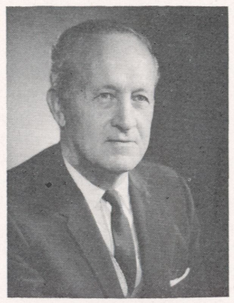
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GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT



DR. HOWARD DILLINGHAM
President, Ithaca College

Today Ithaca College honors the centennial year of college football, which is truly America's game. Not only has it provided sports enthusiasts with vigorous excitement, but it has also helped to mold great men, and teach the valuable lessons of teamwork, sacrifice and leadership. Thousands of men have played this game in the past 100 years and there are few indeed who have not benefited from the experience. It is our pleasure to welcome the players and coaches of Wilkes College who provide the opposition for our team today. We're sure both squads will put on another outstanding performance in this 100-year-old production they call college football.

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The ITHACA COLLEGE Coaches

PHILIP JAMES "JIM" BUTTERFIELD

Head Football Coach



On paper Jim Butterfield had a losing record in 1968, but to anyone who was close to the team, Jim was a winner in every sense of the word . . . I.C. was outweighed and outpersonnelled in every game it played. Yet in only one contest were they out of contention before the final period . . . This will be Jim's third year at I.C. . . . His 1967 team was 4-4 . . . Born in Tampa, Florida, Butterfield moved to Westboro, Mass. and graduated from Westboro High School in 1945 after three years of varsity football experience. From there, he entered the Navy . . . In 1949, he entered the University of Maine and was one of the Black Bears' top performers for the next four years at guard. He captained the 1952 team and the same year was selected for the "All Maine" and "All Yankee Conference" teams . . . His first coaching job was at Arms Academy in Shelburne Falls, Mass. where he posted a two year record of 11-4 . . . Butterfield returned to Maine in 1956 as line coach . . . From 1960 until he began his Ithaca career in 1967, Butterfield served as line coach at Colgate under Alva Kelley and Hal Lahar.

Ithaca College Coaching Staff: Front Row, L-R; Asst. Coach Tim Faulkner, Head Coach Jim Butterfield, Asst. Coach Frank Kennedy and Asst. Coach Gary Fallon. Back Row, L-R; Grad. Asst. Floyd Emery, Freshman Coach Howard Hartman, Grad. Asst. Bill Horne and Grad. Asst. Frank Slattery.

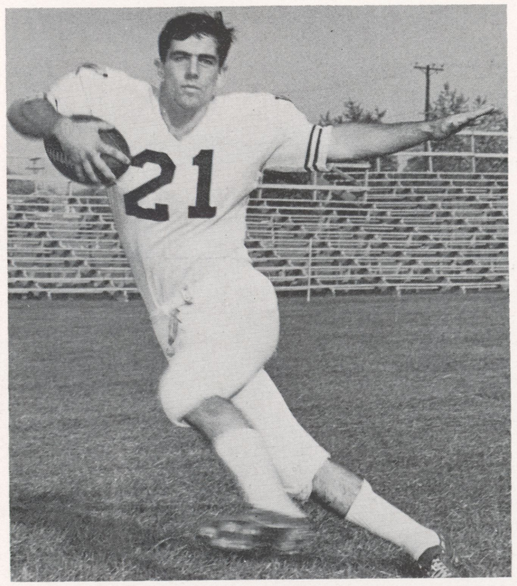


TODAY'S GAME

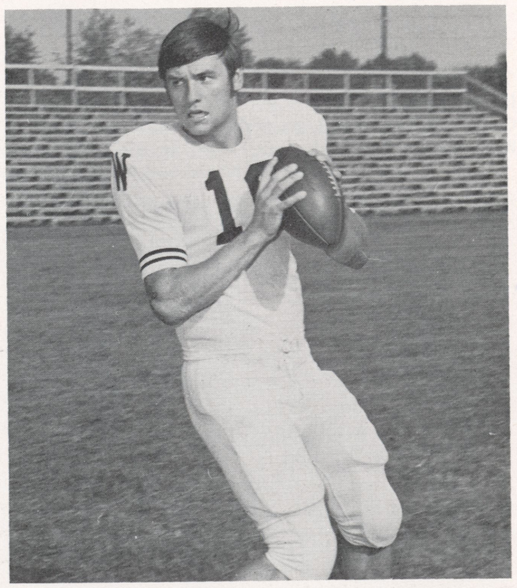
One of the great success stories in college football is visiting South Hill Field this afternoon. The Wilkes College Colonels have now rustled up 32 straight wins over the past five seasons and are favored to make it number 33 today.

Coach Roland Schmidt, though, is a realist, and he knows that no team has a better chance to snap his team's streak than Ithaca.

Last year on a rainy, windy day in Wilkes-Barre, the Blue walked in a 20-point underdog. It gave the Colonels a great game before bowing, 28-19. It was Ithaca's finest game of the year. They hope to repeat the effort this afternoon, and add a new ending.



Ted Yeager



Joe Zakowski

Wilkes has run through three straight opponents this fall, having defeated Lycoming, 34-13, Moravian, 6-0 and Delaware Valley, 27-10.

One of the two sparkplugs has been quarterback Joe Zakowski, a lefthanded flame thrower, who has made a fine comeback after missing most of last year with injuries. Zakowski has completed 31 of 64 passes for 417 yards and one touchdown.

The second man to watch is halfback Ted Yeager who has run for 242 yards in 55 carries. Yeager played a fine game against I.C. last season.

The top receiver for the Colonels is split end Bill Lazor who has nabbed 19 passes for 320 yards.

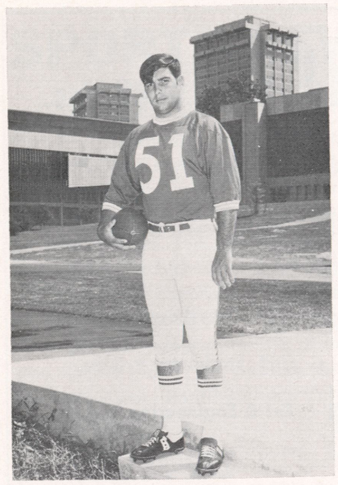
The offensive line has always been a plus for Wilkes. This year is no different. The big three to watch are center and Captain George Conway, tackle Ed Burke and guard Les Loveland.

On defense, Wilkes has been stingy as usual. One of the real bright spots has been the work of defensive tackle Charles Fink, a converted fullback. Along with him, the key men are the other defensive tackle John Mazur, defensive back John Moser and a quartet of solid linebackers in Jim Loveland, Tony Cardinale, Pat Malloy and Chuck Graziano.

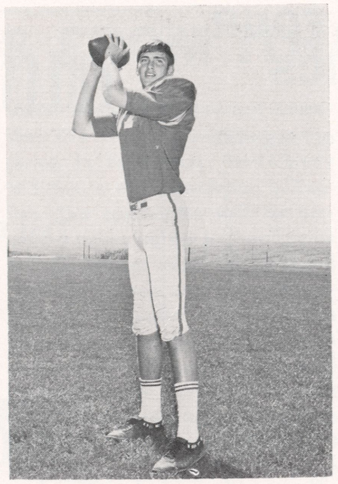
Ithaca has surprised Cortland and Susquehanna in its last two outings. The 36-28 win over Cortland was the greatest win Head Coach Jim Butterfield has ever enjoyed since he came to South Hill. Last week, the Blue fought back from a 14-0 deficit to beat Susquehanna, 27-14.

There have been a lot of reasons for the I.C. surge. One of the biggest is the outstanding work of quarterback Doug Campbell. Doug has been exceptional all season long and is now averaging 107 yards per game rushing. Although he hasn't thrown too much, he's still been able to complete the big pass when it counted. Last week, he completed five of 11 for 87 yards, and he has yet to be intercepted this year.

In back of Campbell has been the power running combo of halfback Rod Howell and fullback Tom Polimeni. Howell is second on the team in rushing with 318 yards. He picked up 165 of those yards against Susquehanna in the finest performance of his starry varsity career.



Gary Worden



Doug Campbell



Fred Recchio

Polimeni's blocking, running and pass receiving make him a three way threat in the Ithaca attack.

The major reason why the backs are getting some running room this year has been the work of the I.C. offensive line. Paced by Captain Gary Worden, they have completely outplayed their opponents in the last two games. Along with Worden have been tackles Steve Abbott and Brent Thorndike, guards Tom Schoen and Bob Krenzer and tight end Gary Meierdiercks.

Defensively, Ithaca played its best all around game against Susquehanna. After a slow start, the defensive line held S.U. to only 50 yards rushing in the final three periods. The defensive backs were impressive and gave away most of the yardage on one long bomb in the first quarter and a late surge by Susquehanna against a "prevent" defense in the final two minutes of the game.

The Blue has now intercepted eight enemy passes this season, which is only two less than last year's entire total of 10.

Two other bright spots this season have been the linebacker posts which are manned by Al Cihocki and Fred Recchio. They are 1-2 in tackles made.

This is one of the most important games ever for Ithaca. Beating Wilkes would be the biggest win in the history of the school. But then every team has been feeling that way for the past season and a half about Roland Schmidt's club. No matter when they lose, the Colonels have written one of the major success stories in the history of collegiate football and deserve the plaudits of every football fan.

This will be the 12th meeting between the two schools in football. Wilkes leads in the series, 7-4. The two teams played for ten straight years (1949-1958). Last year was the first renewal of the series since 1958.

THE SERIES

1949	I.C. 6	Wilkes 28
1950	I.C. 7	Wilkes 14
1951	I.C. 6	Wilkes 0
1952	I.C. 0	Wilkes 26
1953	I.C. 7	Wilkes 28
1954	I.C. 8	Wilkes 28
1955	I.C. 12	Wilkes 7
1956	I.C. 0	Wilkes 12
1957	I.C. 19	Wilkes 0
1958	I.C. 27	Wilkes 0
1968	I.C. 19	Wilkes 28

WILKES COLLEGE STATS

SCORING

	TD	PAT	TOT.
Gennaro	5	0	30
Yeager	3	0	18
Kaschak	0	7	7
Zakowski	1	0	6
Clarke	1	0	6

PASSING

	PA/PC	YDG.	TD
Zakowski	64-31	417	1
Brew	1-0	0	0

RUSHING

	ATT.	YDS.	TD.
Yeager	55	242	3
Gennaro	55	178	5
Langdon	5	22	0
Farneti	6	10	0
Zakowski	31	7	1
Langdon	2	3	0
Brew	1	0	0

RECEPTIONS

	REC.	YDS.	TD.
Lazor	19	320	0
Yeager	5	14	0
Staake	4	45	0
Clarke	1	38	1
Langdon	1	8	0
Farneti	1	-8	0

ITHACA COLLEGE FOUR GAME STATISTICS

RUSHING

Name	Att.	Net Yds.	Avg.	T.D.
Doug Campbell (Rochester)	78	429	5.5	5
Rod Howell (Ludlowville)	78	318	4.1	2
Tom Polimeni (Syosset)	46	128	2.8	2
Mike DiTroia (Rochester)	26	93	3.6	0
Bill Kleinfelder (Phila., Pa.)	16	31	1.9	0
John Westbrook (Newark)	6	21	3.5	0
Mike Podlucky (Grand Island)	10	—2	—0.1	0
Totals	269	1018	3.8	9

PASSING

Name	Att.	Comp.	Yds.	Int.	T.D.
Doug Campbell	42	12	182	0	1
Mike Podlucky	41	15	171	5	0
Totals	83	27	353	5	1

PASS RECEIVING

Name	Caught	Yds.	T.D.
John Westbrook	7	128	0
Rod Howell	4	68	0
Barry Smith (Kenmore)	4	42	0
Tom Jones (Hamilton)	3	32	0
Tom Polimeni	3	26	1
Mike DiTroia	2	25	0
Ed Syron (Oneonta)	2	18	0
Gary Meierdiercks (Elmont)	2	14	0
Totals	27	353	1

SCORING

Name	T.D.	Ex. Pt. Kick	Ex. Pt. Pass	Total
Doug Campbell	5	0	0	30
Rod Howell	2	0	0	12
Tom Polimeni	2	0	0	12
Al Cihocki (Nanticoke, Pa.)	1	1	0	7
Art Brooks (Geneseo)	0	5	0	5
Mike DiTroia	0	0	1	2
Gary Meierdiercks	0	0	1	2
Totals	10	6	2	70

PUNTING

Name	Att.	Yds.	Avg.
Jim Bell	29	957	33.0

INTERCEPTIONS

Names	No.	Yds. Ret.	T.D.
Al Cihocki	2	37	1
Tom Jones	1	4	0
Jim Branski (Webster)	1	9	0
Gary Mix	1	25	0
Dan Parsons	1	2	0
Dave Reed	1	26	0
Totals	8	103	1

TEAM TOTALS	I.C.	Opp.
First Downs	83	78
Rushing Yardage	1018	710
Passing Yardage	353	909
Total Yardage	1370	1619
Passes Attempted-Comp.	83-27	118-56
Passes Had Intercepted	5	8
Fumbles - Fumbles Lost	9-4	4-4
Penalties - Pen. Ydg.	21-196	15-158
Punting	29-33.0	14-36.2
Total Plays	353	281
Total Pts.	70	138

1969 RESULTS (W2-L2)

I.C.	0	West Chester	41	L
	7	Lehigh	55	L
	36	Cortland	28	W
	27	Susquehanna	14	W
Oct.	18	Wilkes		
	25	C. W. Post		
Nov.	1	at Bridgeport		
	8	at Cent. Conn.		

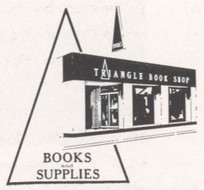
FUMBLES

Name	No.
Bauer, Pete	1
Kissel, Wes	1
Mix, Gary	1
Reed, Dave	1
Westbrook, J.	1
Whitney, G.	1
Totals	6

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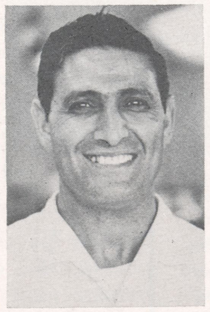
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SPORTS NEWS FROM ITHACA COLLEGE

As part of our celebration of College Football's Centennial Year, we are happy to announce the "Top 11" players from each of the four decades that Ithaca College has participated in this great sport. The voting was conducted among alumni, former coaches and friends of the College. To the following men go our congratulations and also sincere thanks for creating the wonderful story entitled Ithaca College Football.

1930 - 39

Charles Baker
Frank Clark
Joe D'Orazio
Pete Hatch
Ed "Hop" Hickey
Dorrie Jackson
Mike McKillop
John Muscalino
Gordon O'Reilly
Ken Patrick
Ed Sawyer

1940 - 49

Joe Corcoran
Nick DerCola
Sam Grillo
John Herloski
Mike Nicholas
John F. O'Neil
Ross Passineau
Tom Sarchioto
Fred Seither
John Spencer
Ed Weed

1950 - 59

Mike Angelo
Charles Boots
Jim Bradshaw
Al Cain
Dick Carmean
John Fasolino
Guido Maiolo
Perry Noun
Mike Ornato
Jim Rafferty
Bob Ryan

1960 - 69

Sam Curko
Frank Fazio
Nick Gordon
Jim Harris
Gene Monje
Len Muhlich
Bill Odell
Chuck Schirmer
Larry Turel
Len Tyler
Jim Wilson

* * *

Another part of our celebration, today, is the crowning of our Centennial Football Queen. The candidates are Pam Weaver, a senior majoring in Physical Education; Judy Allen, a junior majoring in Physical Education; Patty Mullen, a senior majoring in Physical Education; Kim Adams, a sophomore majoring in Psychology; and Sandy Hilficker, a senior majoring in English. The candidates will be presented following the halftime show by the Ithaca High School Band and the Queen will then be announced. A special tiara has been provided by the Chevrolet Division of General Motors. Chevy has also contributed the Centennial Medallions, which will be presented to both team captains, the Most Valuable Player Awards for the game and the Trophy which will be presented to the winning team.

* * *

Again we would like to thank Mr. Steve Brown and his excellent Jazz Lab Band for the great music provided during the game. And, of course, a special tribute to the Little Red Marching Band from Ithaca High School; the finest high school band in the nation today.

* * *

In case you haven't seen them yet, it might be worth your while to come out to Allen Field this coming Wednesday to watch the fine Ithaca College varsity soccer team in action, and especially All-American fullback candidate Jerry Gardner. Jerry made the unselfish switch from forward to fullback this year to bolster the Ithaca defense and he has been most successful.

* * *

The final Ithaca College "100" Booster Club Football Luncheon will take place on Monday, October 27, in the DeMotte Room of the Union Building, starting at 12:10 p.m. Anyone interested in joining the club, or attending the luncheon, should contact Phil Langan at 274-3233.

The Ithaca College golf team ended another successful fall season, under coach Herb Broadwell, this past week by finishing fifth in the 23 team E.C.A.C. Tournament at Colgate. In addition to that fine showing, the Blue also won the 16 team Brook Lea Tourney the week before, and posted a perfect 5-0 record in dual match competition. Dick Baker and Bob Jones had perfect 5-0 records for the Ithacans.

* * *

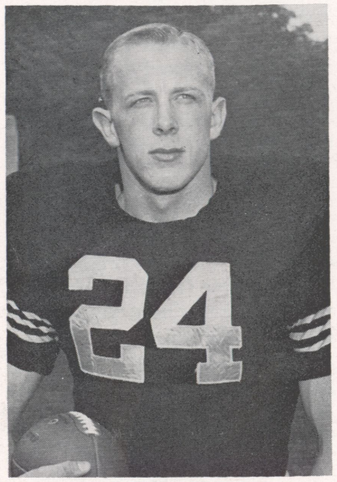
Thus far this year, Ithaca College has placed two men on the weekly ECAC All Star football teams. Two weeks ago, captain and center Gary Worden was named as one of the "Linemen of The Week" for his play against Cortland. This past week, quarterback Doug Campbell was named "Sophomore Of The Week" for his efforts against Susquehanna. The E.C.A.C. nomination procedure allows each member school to nominate a defensive back, an offensive back and a lineman of the week. The two opponents then choose only one Sophomore of the game, with the winning team usually getting the selection. The E.C.A.C. considers the reasoning behind the nominations and then names the team on the Monday following the games. It is very rare that a school will get two men on the same weekly team.

* * *

Remember the freshman football game with Manlius is next Friday, at South Hill Field, starting at 3 p.m. This should be a fine contest. The Manlius squad features former Ithaca High School star Tom Parr who has led the Red Knights to three straight wins. Ithaca has never beaten Manlius in seven previous encounters.

"RED" BLAIK OF ARMY

By Frank Walter
Sports Information Director
West Point Military Academy



Pete Dawkins



Bob Mischak

As college football observes its 100th anniversary this year the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, is playing the game for the 80th year.

Numbered among the 26 men who have coached the Army team are such greats as Charles Daly, Lawrence (Biff) Jones, and John McEwan — all members of the Football Hall of Fame. But when one talks of modern college football, another Hall of Famer, Earl (Red) Blaik has to be the Army coach most mentioned.

Blaik, a product of that cradle of American coaching greats, Miami of Ohio, guided the Army gridiron fortunes for 18 years; almost two decades which saw the Cadets climb to national glory, tumble to the depths and then recover to greatness again.

His story is legendary and the results phenomenal. A three-sport athlete — football, basketball and baseball — in his undergraduate days, he later resigned his Army commission, had a try at construction work and then went into coaching, first as an Army assistant, then as head coach at Dartmouth. Finally in 1941 he returned to the Military Academy (where he had graduated in 1920) to write his name in the history of the college game.

National championships came to West Point in 1944, 1945 and 1946. There may be some discussion on the 1946 claim; but, a Sports Illustrated report in 1968 gave the Army a share of the crown with Notre Dame. The two had battled to an 0-0 deadlock that fall.

The Lambert Trophy, symbolic of Eastern college football supremacy, has come to Army seven times, all during the tenure of Coach Blaik. Thirty-five of the Army players named to the all-America teams since they were first selected in 1889 played for the Colonel. He had at least one All-America in 12 of his 18 years and in both 1944 and 1945 he had six men named to the team.

There were undefeated seasons in 1944, 1945 and 1949. The teams of 1946, 1948 and 1958 were unbeaten but each had one tie. Only once in his 18 years at the Army helm did he experience a losing season, that in 1951 when the Military Academy had been rocked by the cribbing scandal.

Against Army's traditional foe, Navy, Coach Blaik came out on top with eight wins, seven losses and two ties. Against Notre Dame, which dominates the series started back in 1913, Blaik ended with a 3-4-1 record.

Blaik's boys have become American greats, going on after graduation to write their names in the history books of this nation. To list all of them would take pages but to mention a few: '42 Brigadier General Raymond Murphy, Army athletic director and artillery commander in Viet Nam; '43 Robin Olds, air commander in Thailand and Commandant of Cadets at the Air Force Academy; '44 Casimir Mysklinski, athletic director at Pittsburgh; '47 Doc Blanchard, air force colonel, and Glenn Davis, sports promotion director for the Los Angeles Times; '50 Gus Dielens, present athletic director for Army, and John Trent, medal of honor winner in Korea; '54 Bob Mischak,



Red Blaik is shown with two of the greatest running backs in the history of College football. On the left is "Mr. Inside," Doc Blanchard. On the right is "Mr. Outside," Glenn Davis. They led Army to National Championships in 1944-45-46.

pro footballer and member of the present Army coaching staff; '59 Pete Dawkins, Rhodes Scholar; '60 Bill Carpenter, distinguished in battle in Viet Nam.

And one which must be added although he served in that seldom publicized role as a football manager was Frank Borman '50, one of the top astronauts in the Apollo program.

General Douglas MacArthur, who was Superintendent of the Military Academy during Blaik's days as a cadet and long a close friend of the Army football coach, said the following about him:

"He never failed to produce the maximum from the material which successive squads had to offer.

"Just as football will remain a leading competitive sport in college athletics, so will Earl Blaik be remembered as an outstanding architect of victory on the gridiron. For, apart from his innate grasp of successful strategic and tactical concepts, he possesses those essential attributes of leadership which mold men into a cohesive fighting team and inspire in them an invisible will to victory."

At noted in his autobiography, written in 1960 in collaboration with Tim Cohane, Colonel Blaik's own philosophy is based on the premise that nothing of value comes free. On the gridiron, as in all areas of endeavor, true success takes more than luck and natural gifts — You have to pay the price.

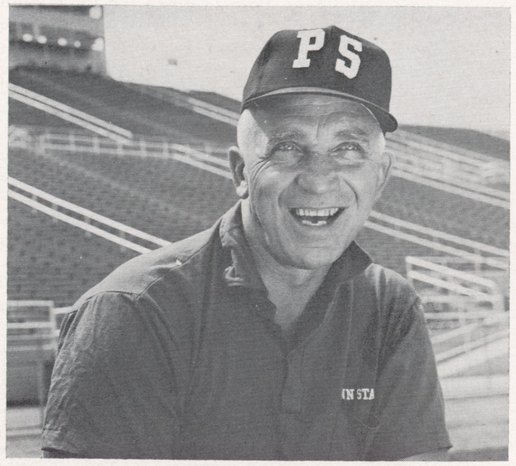
BLAIK'S COACHING RECORD AT ARMY

	W	L	T		W	L	T
1941	5	3	1	1950	8	0	1
1942	6	3	0	1951	2	7	0
1943	7	2	1	1952	4	4	1
1944	9	0	0	1953	7	1	1
1945	9	0	0	1954	7	2	0
1946	9	0	1	1955	6	3	0
1947	5	2	2	1956	5	3	1
1948	8	0	1	1957	7	2	0
1949	9	0	0	1958	8	0	1

TOTAL RECORD: W — 113 L — 32 T — 11

THE SEARCH FOR A WINNER

By Rip Engle



Rip Engle

Rip Engle is currently chairman of the Selection Committee for the East-West Shrine Game. Previous to that, he was Head Coach at Penn State University and at Brown. His overall record was 130-68-3. In 16 years at State his teams made four Bowl appearances and won three of them. We are honored to have him as a contributor.

During the past few years, I've often been asked to name the top players I've coached. And, along with this, to pinpoint the qualities that made those players outstanding and to reflect on whether or not the qualities had an effect on these men after they left college.

That's a tall order, but one that I enjoy tackling.

Each year after spring practice was over, and again just before the first game in the fall, our Penn State staff would spend countless hours discussing and trying to determine who on our squad we could count on as "Winners." This list varied from 10 to 20 each season over the years.

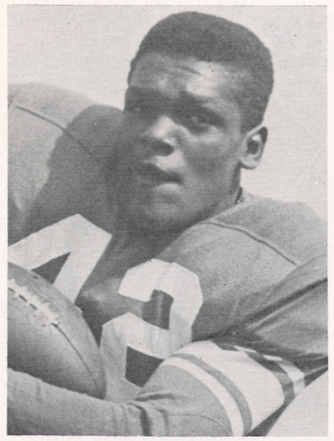
The physical qualities we looked for were 1) quickness, 2) strength, 3) size, 4) coordination and 5) timing. Many boys have possessed these qualities, some in large doses, yet never attained great success. On the other hand, we have had young men with very few of these qualities who were "winners." This points up the fact that the mental make up of an athlete is often much more important than the physical aspect. When a player becomes a winner these mental qualities have been fully developed and have carry over value for the rest of his life.

The mental qualities I believe young men need both on and off the field are 1) native intelligence (sometimes called common sense); 2) mental toughness (being willing to continue at 100% effort regardless of the odds); 3) concentration (eliminating all factors from your mind that are not relevant for the time necessary to get the job done); 4) dedication (a willingness to pay the price for success over a long period of time); 5) courage (a prerequisite to being a great athlete.)

We didn't expect our football players to win every contest, but we did expect them to have courage and be better athletes for having played that day. Confuscious said it well when he wrote: "Man's greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time he falls." 6) giving (this quality also is important in a good athlete). Not only giving of his time and effort but above all, giving of himself. When this happens, on the field or off, the athlete attains a satisfaction and a reward he can receive in no other way. 7) respect (some people call it love for humanity. I think of it as respect for oneself, respect for authority, and respect for one's fellow man. It does not come from attracting attention.) The athlete learns that he must EARN respect. He is #1 because he has proven to his coaches and teammates that he is #1. He knows that he can't buy it and that it can't be legislated from him.

The following young men possessed more than their share of the qualities mentioned. They appear in no particular order but as they come to my mind.

Joe Paterno had a greater measure of the mental qualities than anyone I have known. Physically, he was not well qualified to be a quarterback yet he was a winner and during his last year at Brown in 1949, we lost only one game. A good example of his qualities as a winner was brought out in his last collegiate game. With three minutes left in the 3rd quarter of our annual game with Colgate, we were trailing 26-7 although we were favored to win the game. Everything had gone wrong that could go wrong. We had fumbles, interceptions, punts returned against us and almost every mistake one team could make. I had taken Joe out of the game late in the quarter and we had a discussion as to what was wrong, what we should do to settle the team down, and how we could appeal to the men on the field to forget the past three quarters and look ahead. I remember Joe going back into the game with the feeling we could still win and he did a great



Lennie Moore

job of convincing 10 other players that it could be done. It was a memorable fourth quarter and we won going away 41-26.

When I moved to Penn State the following spring I convinced Joe, who wanted to be a lawyer, to go with me as my offensive backfield coach. I know of no other young man in the profession who stepped from a senior in college to become a full fledged assistant coach at a major institution. Because of the qualities we mentioned, Joe became a great assistant coach and after 16 years became the Penn State Head Coach. He is now establishing himself as one of the great ones in collegiate football.

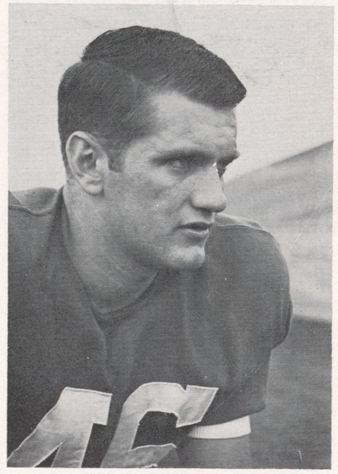
Don Colo had never played high school football, and when I first saw him he was the pivot man on the basketball team. He had the physical qualities all coaches look for at 6-4, 253 lbs. In addition to this he had an ambition to be a football player more than anything else which meant he would be dedicated and willing to pay the price of success. Then too, he was mentally tough and knew the meaning of discipline and respect. Don developed into a fine tackle at Brown and later became captain of the defense for the Cleveland Browns when they were winning championships for Paul Brown. In the first game he ever played for us, he blocked a punt, picked the ball up and went 65 yards for a T.D. The fact that he carried the ball in one hand and used it to stiff arm a would be tackler made a memorable sight I will never forget. He is now a top executive for a trucking company in the Ohio area and has continued his winning tradition.

If I ever had a favorite on any of the 36 football teams I coached it would have been Rosy Grier. He was recruited by our track coach at Penn State. Rosy was an average football player in high school because his coordination had not caught up with his size. (6-4, 260 lbs.) He told me he would come to Penn State if he could play football and that he had a great desire to play professional football. His sincerity convinced me that he would be dedicated and willing to pay the price of success. In addition to this he had a sense of humor and timing that made everyone who knew him love and admire him. He always knew when to insert a little humor into a dull practice session or give someone a lift when it was needed most. Early this year I underwent some extensive surgery. I had always insisted to the squad that you can never make the team sitting in the training room or in the whirlpool bath. Fifteen years later I got his version of my statement of facts on a telegram after the surgery. It read: "Dear Rip, you can't make the club in the tub. Get well." signed Rosy Grier. It was great for my morale, just as many of his remarks lifted the team in the early 50's.

Rosy played four years for Penn State, and made a great contribution. His many great seasons in Pro Football are a legend and now I believe that his post athletic career is assured in the entertainment field.

Lenny Moore was the finest back I've ever known. His ability to be moving at full speed after two steps helped him to make football look easy. He seemed to be able to change directions in mid air and this assured him of a long career in pro football for no one ever got a clear shot at him. He had great mental toughness and the coordination necessary to be the best. You would get an idea of his ability if you could have seen him walk over to the broad jump pit one evening, after a hard practice, and with his uniform on, broad jump 22 feet. Lenny was just as good on defense as offense.

Roger Kochman was a big, strong, fast and quick football player. When he reported to Penn State he was only 16 years old and played as a 17 year old sophomore. He possessed all of the physical qualities necessary and was truly an All American his senior year. He also possessed the mental qualities and it was well that he did for when he went into pro football he needed everyone of them, especially courage. Roger was well on his way to possibly being chosen rookie of the year as a halfback on the Buffalo team when a serious injury in Houston ended his football career abruptly. He received a severe knee dislocation. There was a long recovery period and he suffered many setbacks. It was evident that his football career was ended and there was a possibility that he would be permanently crippled. His courage



Roger Kochman

and attitude were very commendable and he eventually gained full use of his knee. Roger never brooded over what might have been but returned to college and became a full time post graduate student. He received his Masters Degree and set out to be an All American in Industry. At present he has a fine position with one of the great companies in our nation and is well on his way. He is a living example of courage and the many other qualities so necesary to be a winner.

It is my sincere hope that the many other fine athletes who qualify, but who did not appear here except for time and space, will forgive me. I assure you that none of them are missing in my personal "Hall of Memories."



FOOTBALL . . . . . .

by Ken Van Sickle

Sports Editor - Ithaca Journal

Take it from those who have observed for a couple of generations, Ithaca College football continues to reach higher levels. And we don't mean the physical aspect — that the Ithacans are operating high up on South Hill as compared with their early operations in the Goose Pastures north of Fall Creek.

Ithaca College football has gained great stature in recent years and from all appearances is still very much in its ascendancy.

The records show that things began to happen in a football way at the school in 1930, although if there were more probings we are sure that you would find where a fore-runner of Ithaca College, the Ithaca School of Physical Education or "Ispe," had some action. Like in 1925 when it had a game with Ithaca High, and lost 2-0.

So I.C. has most assuredly risen from that B.C. (Before College) status, through the scheduling of freshman elevens in that first regular 1930 season, until now when Athletic Director Carp Wood has to scratch to find opponents. Ithaca College football has come that far in a very short time.

Recordwise the zenith was in 1965 when the mark was 8-0, stretching a winning streak to 11 games over two campaigns.

Before that there were five one-defeat seasons, four when they were playing in the North End, in 1934, 1935, 1938 and 1940, and one on South Hill in 1958.

Only one time before World War II did I.C. have more than a 6-game schedule. This is only the eighth year of the 8-game program. More than likely it will continue this way unless the school bows to commercialism and goes to nine or 10.

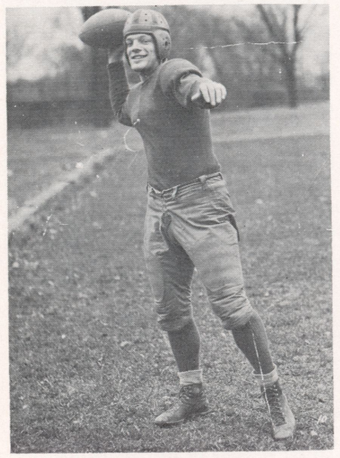
That would be a departure, I.C. athletics bowing to commercialism. The administration has never seen fit to duck area competition for the sake of a gate. Even when they played night ball on old Percy Field and Friday afternoon ball on old High School Field it wasn't so much that they tried to reach more people. They functioned when it was best for the students. The College has always indicated that its first interest was in appealing to its own. On the South Hill locale these days, you might say, it has a captive audience.

Although this year's schedule finds five games away as compared with three at home it is a departure from the way things

Les Barton kicks first period extra point in I.C.'s memorable 20-20 tie with Alfred back in 1939. The tie broke the Saxon's long undefeated and untied string which had extended over two years. "Ducky" Pond holds the ball for Barton.



. . . . . ITHACA STYLE



Claude Grace

have been lately. For the most part there has been an equal balance.

In 1931, the first year of Bucky Freeman's long coaching tenure, there was but one home game. That was a big one, with Cortland, and the Bombers won, 12-6, to square the series at a game apiece. The week before the Ithacans had opened by bombing Oswego, 19-0, at Oswego. Eddie Sawyer began the rout with a punt return for a touchdown in the first three minutes.

Sawyer, later to become famous for leading the Philadelphia Phillies to a National League baseball championship (1950), got hurt in that opener. Capt. Lou Leavitt also was out with an injury against Cortland so the I.C. chances didn't appear too good. But Ithaca pulled through on a pair of touchdowns by the stellar Hop Hickey.

The Cortland rivalry is easily Ithaca's most-cherished and it also has been long-lasting. One with East Stroudsburg flourished for a time. In the mid-30's Ithaca had the upperhand. There were 33-0 and 32-0 victories in 1935 and 1936. And an Ithacan in the College backfield Joe Navarro, was one of the scoring stars in both. In the '36 contest he was joined in the Blue Heroics by Claude Grace and Frank Clark.

An Ithaca-Alfred rivalry also went well for a time. One of the highlight games was at old High School Field when Ithaca, after an opening loss to Moravian, held the Saxons to a 20-20 tie, which was the first Alfred football blemish in two campaigns. It may have embarrassed Alfred but it was delightful to underdog Ithaca.

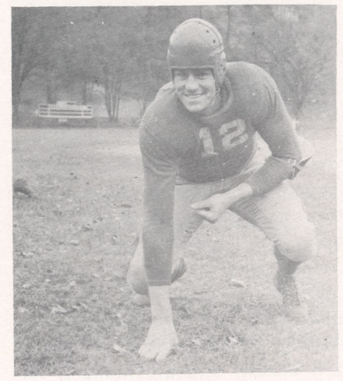
A couple of local games with Brooklyn College also were exciting. Ithaca won both of them, in 1938 by 20-0 and in 1939 by 13-6.

Brooklyn coach Lou Oshins, in '38, ran his team from the sidelines while lying on a cot. He was convalescing from a spinal injury. But on the field his ball club got little sympathy from the likes of John J. O'Neill, Dutch Proechel, Joe Nocco, Les Barton, Ducky Pond and others.

Brooklyn had won from cross-town rival, CCNY, in 1939 and came here full of fire. Ithaca took some of it from the visitors as such standouts as Mike McKillop, Jack Kroh, Charley Baker, Ray LeGere and Bruce Lamb will well recall.

Lamb quarterbacked the Ithacans. Quarterback of the Brooklyns was a lefthander, Allie Sherman, former New York Giants coach.

Late in the struggle, as Lamb and Sherman probably remember, there was a miscount of downs and Brooklyn turned the ball over in a most precarious spot. Referee Charley O'Brien took the brunt of the criticism. But he didn't get much publicity, not nearly as much as did John (Wrong Down) Getchell in a previous Carnegie Tech-Notre Dame game that '39 year or William (Fifth Down) Friesell after the 1940 Cornell-Dartmouth game.



Mike McKillop

Perhaps some of today's events will make good reading in another generation.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ken Van Sickle is one of the east's most respected sports editors. He has gained that reputation because of his willingness to help all sports, his objective reporting and his feeling that every athlete is an important one. Ken has been covering Cornell, Ithaca College and Ithaca High School athletics since the 30's. In this, the Centennial Year of College Football, it is fitting to salute the men who have written about the sport through the years, as well as the people who have played and coached it. The salute should be especially aimed at men like Ken Van Sickle, who have helped to make those 100 candles a lot brighter.

THE CRADLE OF COACHES

by Dave Young

Sports Information Director
Miami of Ohio University

The second oldest state institution of higher learning west of the Allegheny Mountains, Miami University has come to be known throughout the sports world as the "Cradle of Coaches."

In this the 100th anniversary year of collegiate football, Miami is proud of its reputation of producing more head football coaches than any other school in the country.

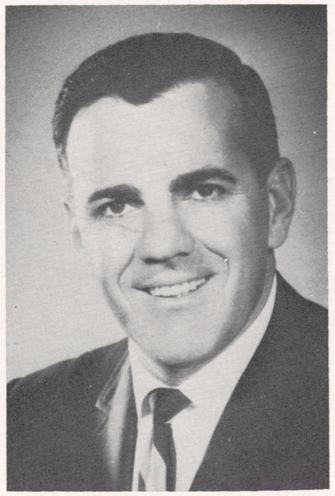
Nine Miami of Ohio graduates are currently head football coaches at major universities. They include Ara Parseghian of Notre Dame; John Pont, Indiana; Paul Dietzel, South Carolina; Carmen Cozza, Yale; Bo Schembechler, Michigan; Jim Root, New Hampshire; John McVay, Dayton; Doc Urich, Northern Illinois, and Bill Mallory, Miami.

The list doesn't stop at the collegiate level. Turning to the roster of head football coaches in the American Football League one finds three Miami graduates in Weeb Ewbank of the World Champion New York Jets; Paul Brown, Cincinnati Bengals, and Clive Rush, Boston Patriots.

Another head football coach, who is no longer among the active coaches but who made himself famous at Dartmouth and Army, is Earl H. (Red) Blaik. He was one of the first Miami graduates to "make it big."

Earlier this fall, the Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS) sent a team of sports reporters to the small town of Oxford, Ohio, to ask the question — "Why is Miami the 'Cradle of Coaches'?"

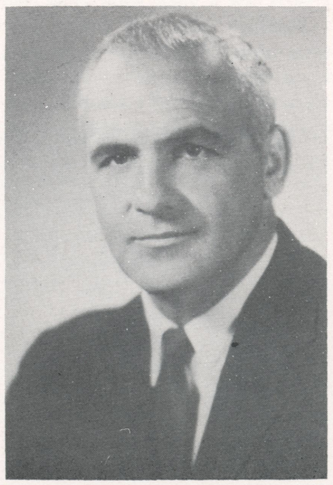
The answers CBS found varied. Jay Colville, Miami's veteran trainer of 45 years, stated: "It has been Miami's great success. A school doesn't put together 26 consecutive



Parseghian

winning seasons unless it has great coaches." Bob Howard, Miami's Information Director, feels that: "It has been a case of good men coming to Miami University for an education and taking their knowledge with them."

Miami Athletic Director Richard



Pont

Shrider has often remarked: "The reason Miami has gained the national reputation as the 'Cradle of Coaches' is because the men make a successful beginning and carry it with them when they move up the coaching ladder. We want our football coaches to establish their reputations at Miami, but we want them to move up when they are ready."

Many of Miami's graduates started their coaching careers as head football coaches at their alma mater. Mallory took over the head job this year from Schembechler, who replaced Pont, who stepped into the shoes left by Parseghian.

Some of the best answers as to why Miami is known as the "Cradle of Coaches," comes from the coaches themselves:

Parseghian: "As I look back now after 20 years I can see the foundation that was built during my undergraduate days. A well rounded education involves academic, spiritual, social and physical advancement. Miami exposed and improved me in all of these areas. It prepared me for the life problems ahead. I have been very fortunate in my chosen profession and I'm acutely aware that the opportunity that Miami provided me has been a significant factor in what success I have enjoyed."

Pont: "Miami, its traditions, its successes and its stature as a university has opened a great many doors to me. I doubt that I could have gotten to where I am now without the name of this most illustrious university. No matter where I go it seems as if those who have graduated from the University tend to gravitate toward each other. Miami has helped to develop the individual personality of each and every one of its graduates, and



Blaik



Ewbank



Brown

especially those of us in the coaching profession."

Blaik: "Miami taught me my philosophy of life in that whether it is business, sports, politics, or the professons, there is small satisfaction and less self respect if one has not paid the price to achieve the potential of which one is capable. Indeed the experience of my Miami days laid the foundation for any achievement which has come my way and I shall remain forever indebted."

Ewbank: "Miami University offered me the opportunity to obtain a good education. The coaches at Miami gave me the inspiration to pursue my chosen field of coaching and they taught me the good basic fundamentals for my career in athletics."

Brown: "I am extremely proud to call Miami my alma mater. Miami represented a very happy period of my life. As a school it has the size and general atmosphere that I would seek today if I were about to go to college. It represents what college life should be. Being a Miami graduate has been a definite asset to me in coaching."

Many people are amazed at Miami's reputation. They ask how a state-supported school with an enrollment of 11,500 students can turn out so many famous coaches. But all one has to do is stop by the Football Office and it will soon become obvious why Miami is the "Cradle of Coaches."

COLLEGE FOOTBALL CENTENNIAL NOTES

Historical Highlights

1869: Intercollegiate football begins, as does tradition of home-field advantage. Host Rutgers beats Princeton in first game, 6 goals to 4. Host Princeton beats Rutgers week later, 8 goals to 0. Both games are soccer-style, with 25 players on each team.

1870: Though beaten again by Princeton, Rutgers consoles itself with win over third team to take up game: Columbia.

1871: No intercollegiate games, but first set of codified rules appears. Size of field fixed at 500 feet by 300 feet.

1872: Yale and Stevens Tech join ranks and play one game each. Harvard plays no games but draws up rules combining Association game and Rugby.

1873: Game shrinks (20 players to side) in North, stretches to South as Washington and Lee tops Virginia Military in mob scene with 50 players to side.

1874: First intercollegiate Rugby football game in U.S. settles nothing: Harvard 0, McGill of Montreal 0.

1875: In the first of The Games, Harvard shuts out Yale, 4-0.

1876: Yale wins revenge over Harvard, 1-0, aided by 17-year-old halfback Walter Camp, who will later be known as "Father of American Football." Another devotee who will become famous is secretary of Princeton Football Association, Woodrow Wilson.

1877: Princeton player L. P. Smock devises first full uniform: tightly laced canvas jacket (making tackling difficult), black knee pants, stockings and jerseys with orange trim and orange P.

1878: Young game goes West. Michigan tops Racine, 1-0.

1880: Yale graduate Camp revolutionizes rules: 11 players to side and scrimmage system for putting ball in play by center snapping it back by kick or foot to new position called quarterback. But scrimmage system allows undisturbed retention of ball unless kicked or lost by fumble.

ITHACA COLLEGE ALPHABETICAL ROSTER

No.	Name	Pos.	Class	Age	Ht.	Wt.	High School	Home Town
54	*ABBOTT, Steve	OT	Jr.	20	6-1	215	Wayland	Wayland, Mass.
89	ALBANESE, Rick	OE	So.	22	5-10	175	Ithaca	Ithaca, N.Y.
70	*BAUER, Pete	DT	Jr.	20	5-9	195	Concordia Prep	Eastchester, N.Y.
24	*BELL, Jim	DHB	Jr.	20	6-3	170	Ithaca	Ithaca, N.Y.
45	BOCCHICCHIO, Vince	DHB	Jr.		5-10	200	St. Peter's	Staten Island, N.Y.
85	*BRANSKI, Jim	DE	Sr.	21	5-10½	175	R. L. Thomas	Webster, N.Y.
12	BROOKS, Art	DE	Jr.	20	5-11	170	Geneseo	Geneseo, N.Y.
14	CAMPBELL, Doug	QB	So.	19	6-2	180	Rush-Henrietta	Rochester, N.Y.
63	CIHOCKI, Al	LB	Jr.	20	6-0	205	Nanticoke	Nanticoke, Pa.
31	COLLINS, Dick	DHB	So.	19	5-11	170	New Milford	New Milford, N.J.
41	CORRAN, Bob	DHB	Jr.	20	6-0	185	Delta School	Hamilton, Ontario
40	DiTROIA, Mike	OHB	So.	19	5-11	180	Aquinas Institute	Rochester, N.Y.
78	DOWELL, Bob	DG	Sr.	22	6-4	245	Bishop McGuiness	Oklahoma City, Okl.
66	ENNIS, Ned	OG	Jr.	21	5-10	190	Summit	Summit, N.J.
33	FIORE, Doug	FB	So.	19	5-10	185	St. Mary's Acad.	Glens Falls, N.Y.
21	*HILL, Charles	DHB	Jr.	20	6-0	170	James Monroe	New York, N.Y.
32	*HOWELL, Rod	FB	Sr.	21	5-11	185	Lansing	Ludlowville, N.Y.
53	HUGGINS, Larry	DT	Jr.		6-0	190	Harpursville	Winever, N.Y.
60	HUNTLEY, Jim	DG	Jr.	20	6-2	205	Hamburg	Hamburg, N.Y.
84	JONES, Tom	OE	So.	19	6-4	185	Hamilton	Hamilton, N.Y.
25	KATZ, Bob	DE	So.	19	5-9	160	Francis Lewis	Fresh Meadows, N.Y.
50	KELLEY, Mike	C	So.	19	5-9	180	New Milford	New Milford, N.J.
72	*KISSEL, Wes	OT	Sr.	21	5-10	190	Onteora	Olive Bridge, N.Y.
44	KLEINFELDER, Bill	OHB	So.	19	6-0	190	Chestnut Hill Acad.	Philadelphia, Pa.
61	*KRENZER, Bob	OG	Sr.	21	5-10	180	Caledonia-Mumford	LeRoy, N.Y.
76	KYLE, Bob	DG	So.	19	6-3	240	Bishop Kearney	Rochester, N.Y.
75	LAMBIE, Andy	DG	So.	19	6-3	225	Weston	Weston, Mass.
65	LEITZKE, Stan	OG	So.	19	5-9	180	Liverpool	Liverpool, N.Y.
83	LEONARDI, Frank	DE	So.	19	6-0	190	Christian Brothers Ac.	Syracuse, N.Y.
71	*LUDEMANN, Eric	OT	Sr.	21	6-3	210	Manlius	Canandaigua, N.Y.
80	MEIERDIERCKS, Gary	OE	Sr.	21	6-0	190	Memorial	Elmont, L.I., N.Y.
81	*MIX, Gary	DE	Jr.	20	6-0	190	Geneseo	Geneseo, N.Y.
62	*MOOT, Charles	DT	Sr.	25	5-10	190	Central	Wilson, N.Y.
82	*NEVIL, Larry	DE	Sr.	22	6-0	180	Lawrence Acad.	Cooperstown, N.Y.
52	PANNENBACKER, Bob	OG	So.	19	6-1	170	West Islip	West Islip, N.Y.
22	*PARSONS, Dan	OHB	Sr.	22	5-8	170	Glens Falls	Glens Falls, N.Y.
15	*PODLUCKY, Mike	QB	Jr.	20	6-0	175	Grand Island	Grand Island, N.Y.
43	*POLIMENI, Tom	FB	Jr.	20	6-0	185	Syosset	Syosset, L.I., N.Y.
36	*RECCHIO, Fred	LB	Jr.	20	5-11	185	Aquinas Inst.	Rochester, N.Y.
23	REED, Dave	DHB	Jr.	20	6-0	185	South Lewis	Glenfield, N.Y.
87	SCHEPPS, Larry	DE	Jr.	20	5-11	195	Lawrence	Lawrence, N.Y.
35	SCHNEIDER, Doug	LB	Jr.	20	5-11	185	Interlaken	Interlaken, N.Y.
68	SCHOEN, Tom	OG	Jr.	20	5-9½	183	Whitesboro	Whitesboro, N.Y.
42	SMITH, Barry	OHB	So.	19	5-9	168	Kenmore West	Kenmore, N.Y.
88	*SYRON, Ed	OE	Jr.	20	6-3	220	Oneonta	Oneonta, N.Y.
86	THOMAS, Steve	OE	So.	19	6-1	205	Free Academy	Elmira, N.Y.
77	THORNDIKE, Brent	OT	Jr.	20	6-1	225	Chenango Forks	Chenango Forks, N.Y.
20	TILLOTSON, Bill	DHB	So.	19	5-11	165	Vestal	Vestal, N.Y.
64	*TRIOLO, Joe	LB	Sr.	21	5-8	180	Summit	Summit, N.J.
34	*WESTBROOK, John	OHB	Sr.	21	5-9	175	Newark	Newark, N.Y.
74	WHITNEY, Greg	DG	So.	19	6-3	205	Aquinas Inst.	Rochester, N.Y.
67	WILLIAMS, John	OT	Jr.	20	6-0	205	Bishop Ludden	Syracuse, N.Y.
69	WILLIAMS, Mike	DT	So.		6-4	205	Harlem Prep.	New York, N.Y.
79	WOJNAR, Bob	OT	So.	19	6-2	220	Auburn East	Auburn, N.Y.
51	*WORDEN, Gary	C	Sr.	21	5-10	190	Chenango Valley	Binghamton, N.Y.

* Lettermen (20)

Manager — John Jangl ('70)

Captain — Gary Worden ('70)

"OFFICIAL WATCH FOR THIS GAME — **LONGINES** — THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH"

CHANGE IS IN THE WIND

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Refined by the wind
at Daytona, Riverside, and Darlington.
Wind-shaped. Aerodynamic. Made to move.



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More luxurious than any other car in its class. One of the 13 new 1970 Torino models—the most completely changed new cars of the year.

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TORINO Ford



OFFENSE

42	BARRY SMITH	SE
54	STEVE ABBOTT	LT
61	BOB KRENZER	LG
51	GARY WORDEN	C
68	TOM SCHOEN	RG
77	BRENT THORNDIKE	RT
80	GARY MEIERDIERCKS	RE
14	DOUG CAMPBELL	QB
32	ROD HOWELL	LHB
43	TOM POLIMENI	FB
40	MIKE DI TROIA	RHB

Ithaca College

DEFENSE

82	LARRY NEVIL	LE
62	CHUCK MOOT	LT
74	GREG WHITNEY	LG
75	ANDY LAMBIE	RG
72	WES KISSEL	RT
81	GARY MIX	RE
36	FRED RECCHIO	LLB
63	AL CIHOCKI	RLB
22	DAN PARSONS	LHB
84	TOM JONES	SAF.
23	DAVE REED	RHB

ITHACA NUMERICAL ROSTER

12	Brooks, DE	62	Moot, DT
14	Campbell, QB	63	Cihocki, LB
15	Podlucky, QB	64	Triolo, LB
20	Tillotson, DHB	65	Leitzke, OG
21	Hill, DHB	66	Ennis, OG
22	Parsons, OHB	67	Williams, OT
23	Reed, DHB	68	Schoen, OG
24	Bell, Saf.	70	Bauer, OT
25	Katz, DE	71	Ludemann, OT
31	Collins, DHB	72	Kissel, DT
32	Howell, FB	74	Whitney, DG
33	Fiore, FG	75	Lambie, DG
34	Westbrook, OB	76	Kyle, DG
35	Schneider, LB	77	Thorndike, OT
36	Recchio, LB	78	Dowell, DG
40	Ditroia, OHB	79	Wojnar, OT
41	Corran, DHB	80	Meierdiercks, E
42	Smith, OHB	81	Mix, DE
43	Polimeni, FB	82	Nevil, DE
44	Kleinfelder, OB	83	Leonardi, DE
50	Kelley, C	84	Jones, OE
51	Worden, C	85	Branski, DE
52	P'backer, OG	86	Thomas, OE
54	Abbott, OT	87	Schepps, DE
60	Huntley, DG	88	Syron, OE
61	Krenzer, OG	89	Albanese, OE

OFFENSE

86	JOHN CLARKE	LE
76	NATE EUSTIS	LT
62	BILL HANBURY	LG
52	GEORGE CONWAY	C
65	LES LOVELAND	RG
71	ED BURKE	RT
82	BILL LAZOR	RE
10	JOE ZAKOWSKI	QB
21	TED YEAGER	LHB
19	JIM MARASCIO	RHB
30	BOB GENNARO	FB

Wilkes

DEFENSE

51	BOB ASHTON	LE
70	CHARLES FICK	LT
75	JOHN MAZUR	RT
74	HARRY HOOVER	RE
55	TONY CARDINALE	LB
54	JIM LOVELAND	LB
83	PAT MALLOY	LB
60	CHARLES GRAZIANO	LB
15	KENT JONES	LHB
28	JERRY MOSER	RHB
48	DAVE KASCHAK	SAF.

WILKES NUMERICAL ROSTER

10	Zakowski, QB	56	Babish, LB
11	Brew, QB	57	Roman, C
14	Sowa, DE	60	Graziano, LB
15	Jones, LB	61	Hughes, OG
18	Staake, OHB-K	62	Hanbury, OG
19	Marascio, OHB	63	Connor, OG
20	Kology, LB	65	Loveland, OG
21	Yeager, OHB	66	Baranowski, OG
22	Farnetti, OHB	67	Tabor, DE
24	Fairley, OE	70	Fick, DT
27	Ditullio, LB	71	Burke, OT
28	Moser, DHB	72	Kohm, DE
30	Gennaro, OFB	73	Balla, OT
31	McDonald, LB	74	Hoover, DE
32	Langdon, OE	75	Mazur, DT
33	Maree, DHB	76	Eustis, OT
36	Langdon, FB	77	Mitchell, OT
40	Wormuth, DHB	78	Bolesta, DT
41	Hillard, LB	79	Zinicola, DT
45	Jones, DHB	80	Moore, DE
46	Kerr, DHB	81	Williamson, DE
48	Kaschak, DHB	82	Lazor, OE
50	Kenney, C	83	Malloy, LB
51	Ashton, LB	84	Walters, OE
52	Conway, C	85	Reiff, OE
54	Loveland, LB	86	Clarke, OE
55	Cardinale, LB	88	Krajewski, OE

OFFICIALS FOR TODAY'S GAME: Referee—James H. Alexander (Northwestern); Umpire—Mitchell J. Olenski (Alabama); Linesman—Philip A. Natoli (Cortland State); Field Judge—Thomas W. Gibbons (LeMoyne).

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And while you're thinking about it—relax, sit back and enjoy the game.

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WILKES COLLEGE ALPHABETICAL ROSTER

No.	Name	Pos.	Class	Age	Ht.	Wt.	Hometown
51	Ashton, Bob	LB	Jr.	20	5-11	190	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
56	Babish, Nicholas	LB	So.	19	5-9	180	Pittston, Pa.
73	Balla, Stephen	OT	So.	19	6-0	198	Nanticoke, Pa.
66	*Baranowski, John	OG	Jr.	20	6-0	200	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
78	Bolesta, Reinhard	DT	So.	19	6-2	270	Plymouth, Pa.
11	Bres, Dennis	QB	Jr.	20	5-10	170	Binghamton, N.Y.
71	*Burke, Edward	OT	Sr.	22	6-3	238	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
55	*Cardinale, Tony	LB	So.	19	6-1	210	Totowa, N.J.
86	Clarke, John	OE	Jr.	20	6-3	215	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
52	*Conway, George**	C	Sr.	21	6-1	225	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
63	Connor, Ed	OG	So.	19	5-11	210	West Pittston, Pa.
27	Ditullio, Emil	LB	Sr.	21	6-0	205	Flourtown, Pa.
76	*Eustis, Nate	OT	Jr.	21	6-2	210	Binghamton, N.Y.
24	Fairley, John	OE	So.	19	6-1	190	Bennington, Vt.
70	*Fick, Charles	DT	Sr.	23	6-2	240	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
22	*Farnetti, Aldo	OHB	Jr.	20	5-11	180	Binghamton, N.Y.
30	*Gennaro, Bob	OFB	Jr.	20	5-10	200	Hallandale, Fla.
60	*Graziano, Charles	LB	So.	19	6-0	190	Pittston Twp., Pa.
62	Hanbury, Bill	OG	Jr.	20	6-2	205	Syracuse. N.Y.
41	*Hillard, Ron	LB	So.	19	6-0	195	Plymouth, Pa.
74	*Hoover, Harry	DE	Jr.	20	6-0	210	Binghamton, N.Y.
61	Hughes, Michael	OG	So.	19	5-11	190	Atlantic City, N.J.
45	Jones, Garf	DHB	Jr.	20	6-2	185	Scranton, Pa.
15	Jones, Kent	LB	So.	19	5-10	180	Harveys Lake, Pa.
48	*Kaschak, Dave	DHB	Jr.	20	5-9	178	Kingston, Pa.
50	*Kenney, Alton	C	Jr.	20	5-11	205	Old Bridge, N.J.
46	Kerr, John	DHB	So.	19	5-9	150	West Orange, N.J.
72	*Kolm, Joseph	DE	Sr.	21	6-0	205	Rockville Centre, N.Y.
20	Kology, Tom	LB	Jr.	21	5-9	180	King of Prussia, Pa.
88	Krajewski, David	OE	Jr.	21	5-11	185	Watchung, N.J.
36	Langdon, Ed	FB	Jr.	20	6-0	210	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
32	Langdon, Neil	OE	So.	21	6-0	195	Pittston, Pa.
82	*Lazor, Bill	OE	Jr.	20	6-3	190	Scranton, Pa.
54	*Loveland, Jim	LB	Jr.	20	5-10	205	Woodstown, N.J.
65	*Loveland, Les	OG	Sr.	21	5-11	210	Woodstown, N.J.
83	*Malloy, Pat	LB	Sr.	21	6-0	200	Kingston, Pa.
19	Marascio, James	OHB	Jr.	20	5-10	179	Allentown, Pa.
33	Maree, Len	DHB	Jr.	21	6-2	182	Newark, N.J.
75	*Mazur, John	DT	Jr.	25	6-2	245	Avoca, Pa.
31	McDonald, James	LB	So.	19	6-2	197	Benton, Pa.
77	*Mitchell, Dave	OT	Jr.	20	6-3	220	Syracuse, N.Y.
80	Moore, Gary	DE	Jr.	20	5-11	200	Watchung, N.J.
28	*Moser, Jerry	DHB	Sr.	21	5-10	175	Long Branch, N.J.
85	Reiff, Elliot	OE	So.	19	6-0	190	Kingston, Pa.
57	*Roman, Edward	C	Sr.	21	5-11	185	Schwenksville, Pa.
14	Sowa, Martin	DE	Jr.	20	6-0	180	Pittston, Pa.
18	*Staake, Bill	OHB-K	Sr.	21	5-8	170	Kingston, Pa.
67	Tabor, Dale	DE	So.	19	6-0	205	Kingston, Pa.
84	Walters, Dan	OE	So.	19	6-3	190	Plymouth, Pa.
81	*Williamson, John	DE	Sr.	21	6-1	210	West Pittston, Pa.
40	Wormuth, Michael	DHB	So.	19	6-0	180	Binghamton, N.Y.
21	*Yeager, Ted	OHB	So.	19	5-7	150	Catawissa, Pa.
10	*Zakowski, Joe	QB	Sr.	21	6-2	198	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
79	Zinicola, Mario	DT	Jr.	20	6-4	235	Nutley, N.J.

**Captain — George Conway

*Lettermen (26)

"OFFICIAL WATCH FOR THIS GAME — **LONGINES** — THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH"

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I. C. Alumni Association

Welcomes all Alumni and Friends to a Social Hour in the Tower Club immediately following today's game.

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WASHING AND GREASING

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Corner Buffalo and Aurora

A BIT OF HISTORY

By Phil Langan

Although Ithaca College has been playing football for just 37 of the 100 years the game has been played in this country, it is still rich in memories and tradition.

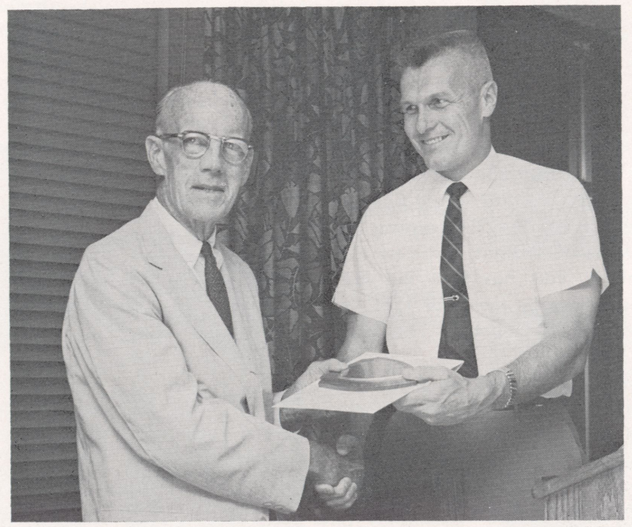
Three of the gentlemen who have created the memories, and established the tradition, are current Head Coach Jim Butterfield (will we ever forget that Cortland victory?) and former head mentors Bucky Freeman and Dick Lyon.

Freeman had a 36-30 record here from 1931-56. It was his ingenuity and leadership that kept football alive at Ithaca. On top of that, he also became one of the nation's greatest baseball coaches.

Lyon posted a 49-20 record from 1958-1966, including an undefeated season in 1965.

Today, Butterfield's team has a chance to establish the greatest memory in Ithaca College football, the ending of the fabled Wilkes College winning streak.

This is something we can all share. However, since Coaches Freeman and Lyon can't be with us today, we thought you might like to share some of their memories which were related to us earlier this week.



Two of Ithaca College's most successful coaches got together last June when Dick Lyon presented Bucky Freeman with a plaque and scroll honoring his selection as one of the 15 charter members of the college's Hall of Fame.

"Bucky" Freeman

"We were so poor, we used old high school jersies with black and white stripes, and the most we ever paid for a hotel room when we were on the road, was $1.00.

"Those were hard days back in the early Thirties. Most of our students were poor and many of them lived in cellars. They paid their board by taking care of the furnaces, and many of them were lucky if they got one good meal a day. It was the heart of the Depression then.

"If we were going on a road trip, and had any empty seats on the bus, I'd take the hungriest kids along to fill up the seats. In this way they were assured of getting fed regularly. And when we came back from a trip, I made sure that every kid who was on that bus, and who wasn't assured of getting three squares a day, went to the infirmary and claimed he was injured. They had to take the kids in and feed them for at least 48 hours. Our kids became great actors after a while.

"For three years, we had a Greek manager, and when we were on the road, I always stopped at a Greek restaurant to let the boy deal with the manager. He spoke Greek and had a flair for the dramatic, so that we always wound up with a good meal. The kid would tell them all kinds of stories about the fact that we came from a Greek area and that most of the kids on the team were Greek.

"As far as football was concerned we had some great teams and great players. People like Ed Sawyer, Ken Patrick, Joe Dorazio, and John Muscalino.

"And we won some great games, too. In 1932, Alleghany came in here undefeated and was a big favorite. We whipped them, 12-0, and got a lot of attention from the press after that. The same situation occurred in 1934 and we did it again, this time by 14-7.

"In 1935, we went up to New Hampshire to play a St. Anselm's team that had tied nationally-ranked Holy Cross the week before. We lost, 14-0, but only after giving them a great battle.

"Our 20-20 tie with Alfred in 1938 was a beaut. We were so much of an underdog in that one that they didn't even bother to quote the odds. They were shocked when the game was over.

"Probably the most memorable game, though, was the 7-7 tie with West Chester in 1940. I still feel we won that game but the officials called back a touchdown by Charlie Baker late in the game. Baker was great that night and was given tremendous accolades in the Philadelphia press the next day. He scored four touchdowns, punted for about a 50 yard average, ran for over 100 yards and made about 25 tackles. I also remember the game well since Bill Horn, the old Pitt and Iowa coach, came down to stand on the sidelines and watch the second half because of the fierce lineplay. He termed it the best line action he'd ever seen.

"The greatest memories I have of those early days, though, are of

Continued on Page 35

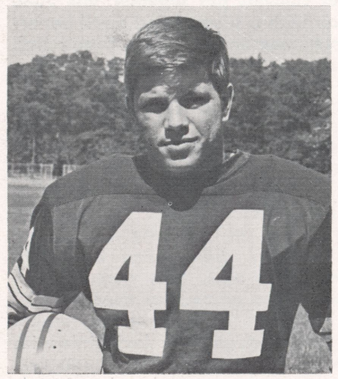
NEXT HOME OPPONENT

October 25 - 2 p.m.

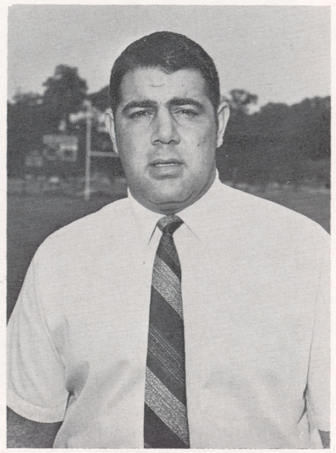
C. W. POST COLLEGE

The exciting C. W. Post Pioneers will be the next and last home opponent for the 1969 Ithaca College football team. They'll be aiming for their fourth straight win over the Bombers. Post has won the last three games by scores of 12-6, in 1966, and 27-14 both in 1967 and '68.

The Pioneers will not have the services this year of one of their all time greats, quarterback Tim Carr, who is now with the Los Angeles Rams. Carr passed Ithaca silly the past three years.



Rob Perpall



Dom Anile

However, Coach Dom Anile still has a potent offense and a fine new quarterback in sophomore Gary Wichard. He has already thrown for over 700 yards and five touchdowns, as Post has defeated Wagner (14-7) and Alfred (29-10) and lost to Northeastern (38-8) and Cortland (27-10).

Wichard's main target has been senior flanker John Francis, who has pulled in 25 passes for 450 yards and three touchdowns. Split end Rob Perpall is another favorite target. He has 10 receptions this season, and has always done well against Ithaca.

Anile's offense is usually dominated by the passing game, but he has two runners, in Bob Hamernick and Rick Barile, who were poison for I.C. last year. Barile picked up 110 yards and scored two touchdowns while Hamernick ran for 70 yards in the same game.

Anile has done a masterful job at Post. He took over during the first week of practice in 1968 and directed the Pioneers to a 7-3 record. He feels this years' team is even better.

Defensively, Anile has a veteran unit since he lost only two starters from the 1968 team. The defensive backfield is especially deep and has been tough on the opponent's passing game this season.

The Ithaca-Post series shows I.C. leading, 6-5, but Post is coming fast and wants a win Saturday to even matters. The series has always been filled with good ball games and this year promises to be no different.

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LOOK FOR THE GOLDEN ARCHES

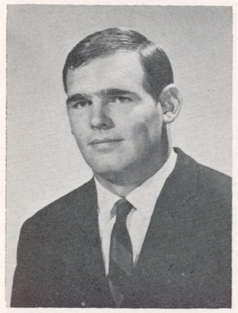
364 ELMIRA ROAD

PLAYER PROFILES



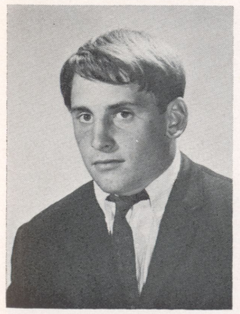
Captain
GARY WORDEN
No. 51 Center Senior
(Binghamton, N.Y.)

"As good a leader as you'll find," says Head Coach Jim Butterfield and a player who should have a top year. Gary is a two-year letterman. Very dependable on hand-up and long snap and has quickness to block well. He is a two letter winner in football and baseball. Gary is a Physical Education major.



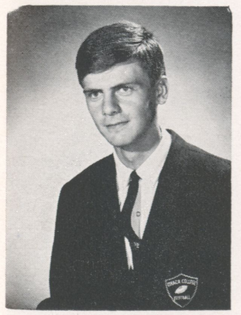
STEPHEN "Steve" ABBOTT
No. 54 Off. Tackle Junior
(Weston, Mass.)

Steve saw action at guard, tackle and center last year while earning a letter. He'll be just as busy this season. A good worker, who hits hard and has exceptional desire to do well. He will see most of his action this year at tackle where he did a fine job in pre-season drills. Steve was a member of the varsity lacrosse team this past spring. He is a Physical Education major.



PETER "Pete" BAUER
No. 70 Def. Tackle Junior
(Eastchester, N.Y.)

"Pete has a great football attitude," Butterfield points out. "He is always working, is hard nosed and never gives an inch to bigger line opponents." Bauer saw action at fullback, linebacker and defensive guard last season while lettering. This fall he is slated primarily for defensive tackle work. He is a Physical Education major.

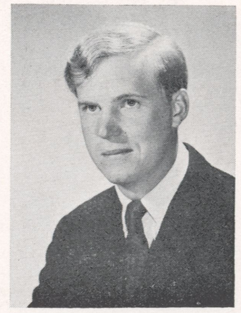


JAMES "Jim" BELL
No. 24 Safety Junior
(Ithaca, N.Y.)

Jim set a new Ithaca season record for interceptions last season with six. The big one was a 99 yard return against Central Connecticut. He did not play freshman ball and played only one year of high school football as an offensive end. Jim started every game in '68 and got better as the year wore on in the areas of hitting and defense against the long pass. He is a Physical Education major.

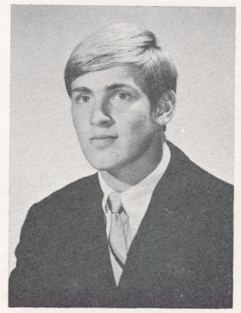
JAMES "Jim" BRANSKI
No. 85 Def. End Senior
(Webster, N.Y.)

Jim was a starter last year in four games and saw extensive action in the other four. He received ECAC honors for his work against Central Connecticut. He offsets his small size with excellent speed, pursuit and competitive spirit. Jim was a member of the varsity baseball team as a sophomore. He is a Physical Education major.



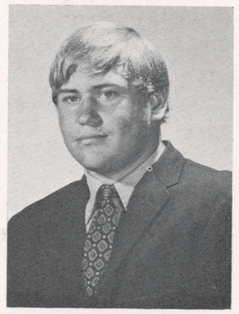
DOUGLAS "Doug" CAMPBELL
No. 14 Q-back Sophomore
(Rochester, N.Y.)

The most impressive performer in last spring's Inter-squad scrimmage game. Doug has the necessary running speed, passing potential and size to be a top college quarterback. He is particularly impressive on the option. Doug, who completed 50 percent of his passes as a freshman last year, is also a good defensive back. He is a Physical Education major.



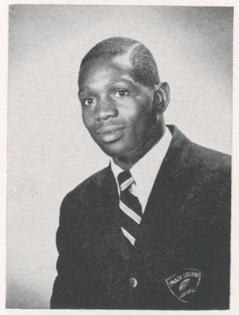
ALBERT "Al" CIHOCKI
No. 63 Linebacker Junior
(Nanticoke, Pa.)

Al was hurt most of last year with a bad ankle but has fully recovered as was evidenced by his strong showing in spring drills. He is a fast, good sized backer who has fine hitting shock and awareness. If he can stay away from the injury jinx, Al should be a big help to I.C. this year. He is a Physical Education major.

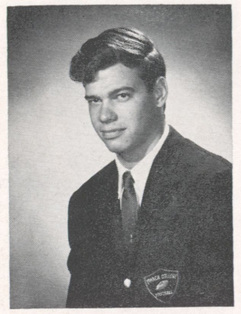


CHARLES "Charlie" HILL
No. 21 Def. Halfback Junior
(New York, N.Y.)

Charlie has the potential to be one of the best defensive halfbacks in the east. On top of this, he is an excellent punt and kickoff return man. He possesses good speed and hitting ability and excellent reactions to passing situations. He played both ways last year and led team in punt and kickoff returns and yardage, setting several school records in the process. Charlie is a Physical Education major.

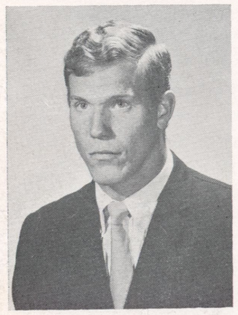


PLAYER PROFILES



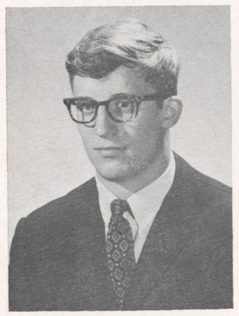
RODNEY "Rod" HOWELL
No. 32 Off. Fullback Senior
(Ludlowville, N.Y.)

Rod holds the school's career rushing mark of 1037 yards and has scored 66 career points. An extremely strong runner who can go over or around the opposition. He also rates as a fine blocker and pass catcher. The coaching staff expects him to have his best varsity season. Rod is also a member of the I.C. Crew.



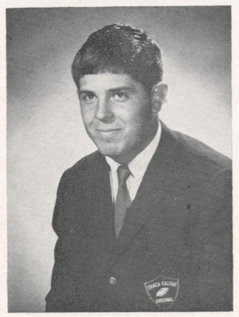
JAMES "Jim" HUNTLEY
No. 60 Def. Guard Junior
(Hamburg, N.Y.)

Jim transferred to Ithaca from Lehigh last year where he was a Dean's List student as a freshman. He had to sit out 1968 because of the NCAA transfer rule. Jim is a dedicated athlete who can be used either as a defensive tackle or guard. He has good reactions to running plays and is strong enough to put on an effective pass rush.



THOMAS "Tom" JONES
No. 84 Off. End. Sophomore
(Hamilton, N.Y.)

Tom was a defensive halfback and a part-time quarterback with the freshmen last year. This past spring he was switched to the split end post and responded with some fine play. Butterfield rates him as the fastest man on the team and one of the best pass receivers, with good moves and sure hands. Tom was a numeral winner with the freshman track team last spring.

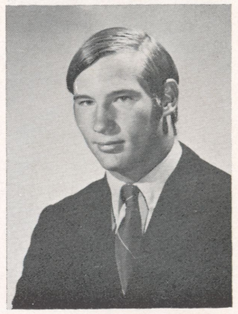


WESLEY "Wes" KISSEL
No. 72 Def. Tackle Senior
(Olive Bridge, N.Y.)

Wes lettered as an offensive guard in his sophomore year and as a defensive tackle last season. He was scheduled to be used as an offensive end this fall but lack of manpower has necessitated a return to his spot of last season. A good blocker with balance and quickness, he is also a hard hitter.

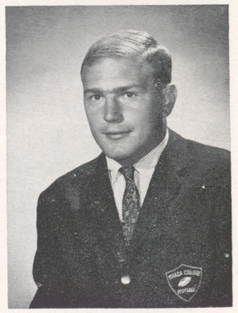
WILLIAM "Bill" KLEINFELDER
No. 44 Off. Halfback Soph.
(Philadelphia, Pa.)

Bill was the top freshman running back last season. He gained 275 yards in 60 carries for a 4.6 average and led the team in scoring with 20 points. He has exceptional ability to cut with the ball without losing his good speed. Bill is also a good pass receiver. He had a 13-3 record on the freshman wrestling team last winter and was a numeral winner with the freshman lacrosse team.



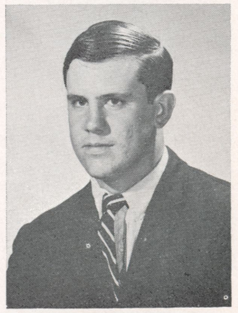
ROBERT "Bob" KRENZER
No. 61 Off. Guard Senior
(LeRoy, N.Y.)

Bob missed his sophomore year because of a leg injury. Last season, he started every game and despite small size did a top notch job. He relies on quickness to get his job done. Bob is an outstanding competitor who rates as a solid pass blocker. He has been a star defenseman on the varsity lacrosse team for the past two years.



ANDREW "Andy" LAMBIE
No. 75 Def. Guard Soph.
(Weston, Mass.)

A welcome addition to the defensive line, Andy brings good size, talent, speed and love for the game. He led freshmen in tackles made. Butterfield rates him, potentially, one of the best he's had at I.C. Versatile performer who can be used anywhere on the defensive line and as a backer. He was the second leading scorer for the freshman track team last year.

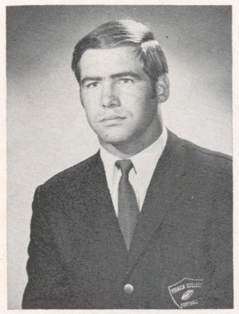


ERIC LUDEMANN
No. 71 Off. Tackle Senior
(Canandaigua, N.Y.)

Eric has been starter for the past two years. This should be his best season judging from his work in spring and fall practice sessions. He has the perfect speed and size to play tackle and is always trying to learn. His father was a four year starter at end for the University of Iowa.

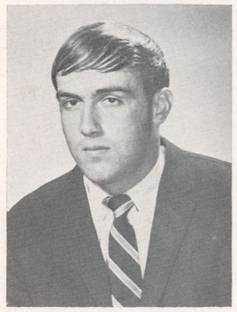


PLAYER PROFILES



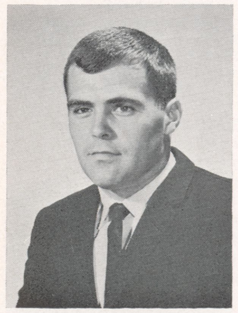
GARY MEIERDIERCKS
No. 80 Off. End Senior
(Elmont, N.Y.)

Gary starred as an offensive tackle in his sophomore year. Last season he was switched to tight end, looked excellent in pre-season workouts before suffering a broken leg in the first minute of the first game of the season. Gary is a sure fisted receiver and his blocking helps the wide running game function. He has top quickness and desire. Gary is a Physical Education major.



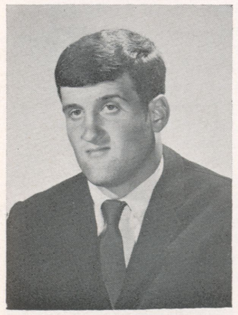
GARY MIX
No. 81 Def. End Junior
(Geneseo, N.Y.)

Butterfield rated Gary as his top defensive end last year. He started every game and by the end of the season was spearheading the defense. He has top desire and willingness to learn, which helped net him M.V.P. honors as a freshman and three ECAC nominations last year. A hard hitter with good reaction to wide running game. Gary is a Physical Education major.



CHARLES "Chuck" MOOT
No. 62 Def. Tackle Senior
(Wilson, N.Y.)

Chuck originally enrolled at I.C. in 1962. He entered the Marines after his sophomore year and served three years including a long hitch in Vietnam. He returned last year to letter as a linebacker. A leader, who is well educated in football fundamentals, Chuck also performed with the varsity wrestling team last winter. He is a Physical Education major.

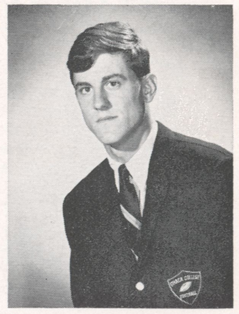


LAURENCE "Larry" NEVIL
No. 82 Def. End Senior
(Cooperstown, N.Y.)

Larry came on strong last year after seeing very limited action as a sophomore. He started the last two games. Butterfield feels Larry has yet to realize his full potential and that 1969 should be his best season. He has good speed and diagnosis plays very well. Larry was a letterman with the varsity lacrosse team the past two years. He is a Physical Education major.

MICHAEL "Mike" PODLUCKY
No. 15 Quarterback Junior
(Grand Island, N.Y.)

Mike set the record for pass completions in a game (16) on two occasions last year, and started all eight contests. Towards the end of the season, he was doing everything the staff expected of him and has picked up right where he left off, in pre-season workouts this year. Mike is two way threat who has good command, intelligence and who can call the right play. He is a Physical Education major.



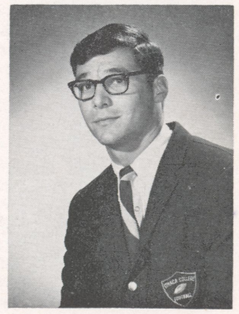
THOMAS "Tom" POLIMENI
No. 43 Fullback Junior
(Syosset, L.I., N.Y.)

The unsung hero of last year's team. Tom did not run very much but did a great job of blocking at fullback. He still managed 155 yards in 40 carries. Butterfield intends to use him a lot more this year as a runner, especially after his fine exhibition in practice sessions last May where he showed power and finesse in his rushing. Tom is a member of the varsity wrestling team and is a Physical Education major.



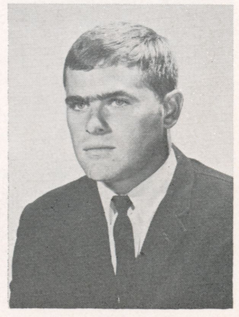
FREDERICK "Fred" RECCHIO
No. 36 Linebacker Junior
(Rochester, N.Y.)

One of the most versatile members of the 1969 team, Fred was a fullback as a freshman, a defensive guard and letterman last year and this season will be a linebacker for I.C. He has the intelligence, judgment and speed to do the job, according to Butterfield, who also rates him as a top leader. Fred was a letterman with the varsity lacrosse team last year. He is a Physical Education major.

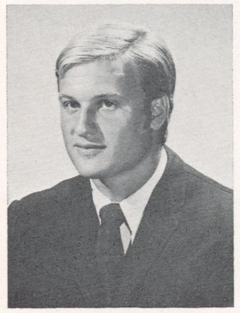


DAVID "Dave" REED
No. 23 Def. Halfback Junior
(Glenfield, N.Y.)

Dave is a transfer student from Jefferson Community College who came to I.C. last year, but was ineligible to play under the NCAA transfer rule. He looks like a great addition to the defensive backfield because of his quickness and hitting power. Dave can also be utilized as an offensive back. He is a Physical Education major.

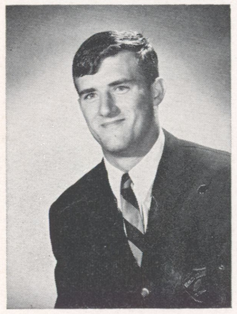


PLAYER PROFILES



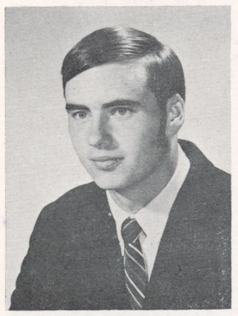
LAWRENCE "Larry" SCHEPPS
No. 87 Def. End Junior
(Lawrence, L.I., N.Y.)

A transfer student from Southern Connecticut, Larry is a newcomer who figures decisively in the defensive plans. A strong, starting candidate at defensive end, he can also be used as a linebacker. Butterfield rates him as a hard hitter with good speed and agility on the corner. He impressed greatly in pre-season practice. Larry is a Biology major.



L. DOUGLAS "Doug" SCHNEIDER
No. 35 Linebacker Junior
(Interlaken, N.Y.)

Doug saw limited action last year at quarterback and defensive halfback. This season he will be used in a linebacker post. Rated a good all around athlete, Butterfield thinks Doug will see a lot of action as a backer, because of his speed, ability to analyze plays, reactions and love of the game. He is a Business Administration major.



EDWARD "Ed" SYRON
No. 88 Off. End Junior
(Oneonta, N.Y.)

Ed was second on the team in pass receptions last season. Big, fast and dependable performer with good hands. Butterfield is hoping that Ed can improve on his hitting ability this fall which is all he needs to be a complete collegiate player. He may also be used in a tackle position this season. Ed is a Health Administration major.



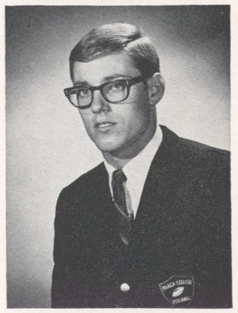
STEVEN "Steve" THOMAS
No. 86 Off. End Sophomore
(Elmira, N.Y.)

Steve is a top tight end prospect, whom Butterfield thinks can be a starter following his showing as a freshman and in spring practice. Possessing the necessary size, speed and blocking ability for the tight end spot, Steve led the freshmen in pass receiving last year with 12 receptions for 164 yards in five games. He is a Physical Education major.



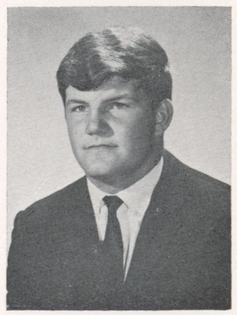
JOSEPH "Joe" TRIOLO
No. 64 Linebacker Senior
(Summit, N.Y.)

Joe started last four games as a sophomore and all eight games last season. Coaching staff rates him as the strongest man on the team pound for pound. Joe offsets small size for a backer with that strength and quickness. Showed improved hitting ability this year in pre-season workouts. Joe is a Business Administration major.



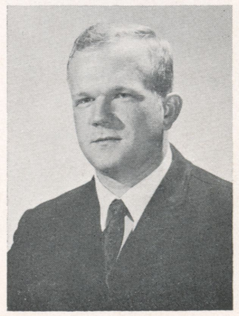
JOHN WESTBROOK
No. 34 Flanker Back Senior
(Newark, N.Y.)

John was a defensive halfback for a season and a half. Last year, though, he was switched to the flanker spot for the last three games and did a fine job. This year, he will remain at Flanker and will also be used as the number three quarterback. John is a top competitor with good speed, agility and pass catching talents. He is a Physical Education major.



GREGORY "Greg" WHITNEY
No. 74 Def. Guard Soph.
(Rochester, N.Y.)

One of the two top linemen to come from the freshman team where he was ranked second in tackles made, while playing defensive tackle. Greg has quickness, speed, good pursuit angles and is especially effective on the pass rush, according to Butterfield. On top of this, he has good size and this makes him a solid choice to start. Greg is a Physical Education major.



JOHN JANGL
Manager
(Bronx, N.Y.)

John is a senior. He managed the varsity baseball team last spring and is a Physical Education major.

A ROSE BOWL DEFEAT... AND THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENCY

by RUBE SAMUELSEN



President Nixon is one of the nation's most avid college football fans. Here he helped kick off the Centennial Year by attending the 1969 Rose Bowl Game. He and Mrs. Nixon were greeted in Pasadena by Tournament of Roses President G. L. Payne, left, and Queen Pamela Anicich. Hall of Fame Coach Bud Wilkinson, formerly of Oklahoma and now on the President's staff, is in the background between the Nixons.

THAT PRESIDENT RICHARD M. NIXON is a sports fan isn't news—but he doesn't just attend sports events, talk sports, or read the sports pages. His association with sports is much more personal and has had a profound influence upon his life.

"In life, you must fight back," President Nixon emphasizes. "That's why I love sports. I love the competition, I like to see the battle."

He especially likes college football. No sooner had the votes electing him President been counted than he attended the November 16 Alabama-Miami game. Last January, he flew cross country, from Florida to Pasadena, just to see the USC-Ohio State Rose Bowl Game. On their first date, he took his wife, Pat, to see the 1939 USC-Duke holiday classic.

President Nixon's fondness for sports is lifelong. Although at Whittier (Calif.) College he spent virtually the entire time during three seasons of football on the bench as a substitute tackle, his football coach lauded him as a determined participant:

"Never-Give-Up Guy"

"Dick Nixon rarely got into our important games, but was a gutty, never-give-up guy," Coach Chief Newman recalled. "He took his bumps while scrimmaging against the varsity without a word of complaint."

Except for the influence of sports upon President Nixon and the undying spirit a friend voiced recalling a defeat in a Rose Bowl Game, Nixon possibly would not be the Nation's Chief Executive today.

In 1960, Nixon lost his Presidential bid to John F. Kennedy. It was a narrow and staggering defeat. Nixon's shock deepened when Pat Brown bested him for the governorship of California in 1962.

Bearing in mind that Nixon was then written off politically, what he penned in my 1961 newspaper sports column, substituting for me while I was ill, is revealingly significant. The President, who as a youth dreamed of being a sports writer, wrote:

"The world of sports and the world of politics are strikingly similar. Both put the individual under tremendous pressure. Both also put a premium on high-level performance. Preparation, practice and good intentions will get you just so far. It is how you deliver that goes into the record book.

"The target in both cases is winning. While, over the long run, there is no substitute for victory, there are ground rules in politics as well as in sports. There are ways and ways of winning.

"May I relate an experience of my own? On a Wednesday morning last year, Nov. 9, it became clear that I had played out the toughest and closest fight of my political life — and lost. Making it more difficult, I had lost by the political equivalent of a nose.

A Real Tonic

"On that rather gloomy morning, I received a wire from a leading sportsman. It was a real tonic. My friend recalled the post-game advice given one of Stanford's players after their stunning defeat by Alabama in the 1935 Rose Bowl game. After Alabama's Dixie Howell and Don Hutson had routed the Indians, a Stanford prof emphasized:

" 'Defeats are poison to some men. Great men have become mediocre because of the inability to accept and abide by a defeat. Many men have become great because they have been able to face, learn from, and rise above a defeat. If you achieve any success and develop superior qualities as a man, chances are it will be because of the manner in which you meet the defeats that will come to you just as they come to all of us.'

"What great truth there is in those few words. They made me reflect on their meaning as applied to my own life as well as some dramatic parallels in the sports world—cases in which a man rose to his true greatness only after overcoming some setback or some challenge that would have meant defeat and despair to the run of us.

"My Whittier football coach, Chief Newman, also talked of defeat in a way I have never forgotten. 'I don't want any part of this good loser business,' he reiterated. 'If you hate to lose, you will correct your mistakes and improve yourself.' "

Richard Milhous Nixon hated to lose. He improved himself. He overcame seemingly insurmountable odds to become the 37th President of the United States.

ALUMNI NEWS

ALUMNI SHARE FUTURE OF ITHACA

by Jack Hewett,
Director Alumni Affairs



Ithaca College has moved toward the establishment of a comprehensive master plan with the formation of a long-range planning committee which initiated a self-study of the College.

Dr. Howard Dillingham called the opening meeting in early June "the most important one ever held at Ithaca College," with "implications of a far-reaching nature." Several alumni were present at the opening meeting.

Later in June, addresssing the alumni council during alumni weekend, Dr. Dillingham asked the cooperation of all alumni in this effort.

College Provost Robert Davies, who chaired the committee, said the self-study plans have two practical purposes: to define the mission of the institution, and then to use the definition in all aspects of planning, curricula revision, and fund raising.

Dr. Davies added, "It is also hoped that the self-study will enable Ithaca College to anticipate the future of American education and plan to build for it, rather than reacting to the present or maintaining the status quo."

A steering subcommittee worked hard this summer to draft a proposed mission statement and committee study organization to submit to the campus community. The initial presentation was at a faculty meeting on September 9. The statement suggested by the commitee for campus consideration reads: "Our mission is to provide extraordinary opportunities for individual growth and performance by all members of the College community; to motivate members of the faculty, administration and student body to identify and develop their full-range of talents through study and professional participation."

The committee study structure outlined by the steering committee involved ten committees as follows:

1. Committee of Admissions
2. Committee on Curriculum
3. Committee on Instruction
4. Committee on Student Life
5. Committee on Faculty Well Being
6. Committee on Alumni and Continuing Education
7. Committee on Administrative Organization and Campus Governance
8. Committee on Physical Facilities
9. Committee on Financial Resources
10. Executive Committee (comprised of the chairmen of other Committees)

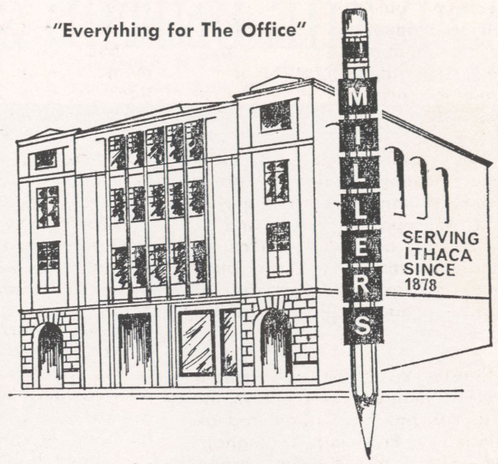
All alumni are invited to make any suggestions they might have either as individuals or as a group. Also, any alumnus interested in working on a committee is asked to submit his name and area of interest. All correspondence should be directed to: Alumni Director, Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York 14850.

The names and addresses of alumni who are participating on committees will be published in a future

Continued on Page 35

NEW LOCATION

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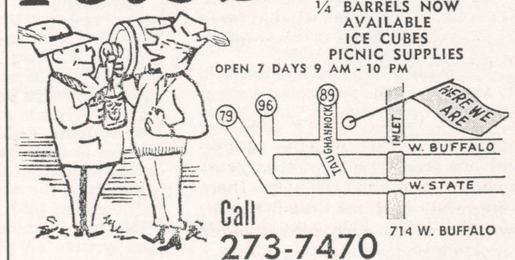


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issue of **Yesterday and Today** and alumni will be encouraged to write to these representatives and express their opinions.

It is planned to have alumni serving on these committees publish brief concise reports of the committee activities in **Yesterday and Today.**

* * * *

Two steering committees have begun meeting to guide the formation of Alumni Clubs in the New York Metropolitan area and in Tomkpins County. As soon as the steering committees have plans ready for general meetings, all alumni in each area will be notified.

* * * *

Charles W. Brodhead, formerly vice president of Park Displays, Inc. in Ithaca, has been appointed assistant to President Dillingham. Some of you may have correspondence with him as the president's representative.

A BIT OF HISTORY

Continued from Page 27

the kids who played football under the most trying of circumstances. I remember one Saturday night, about 2:00 in the morning, when we arrived back in Ithaca after a road game. The bus was cold, and the kids were all banged up after playing a rough team from Pennsylvania. Ken Patrick came over to me and said, 'Bucky take a look at those kids! Did you ever realize what love they must have for this game to go through all the pain they've suffered today?' Believe me, from that day on I did, and my hat is off to every one of those men. They are the breed who have helped to give College Football its Centennial Year."

Dick Lyon

"It is difficult to single out the great moments, greatest games and greatest players in nine years of coaching at Ithaca College. There were many and each team had its own character; each player made important contributions in his own way.

"The opener in 1958 against Wilkes was a big one. We scored on the first play from scrimmage with a Bob Ryan-Dick Carmean pass, and got the season started with a win. The next game against Stroudsburg was critical as we were underdogs. We won, though, and gained confidence to go on to a good season, finishing first in the nation in two defensive categories. That team set the pace for those that followed.

"Each Cortland game was a memorable one, as so much emotion was always involved. The underdog frequently came out on top.

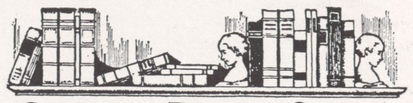
"The C. W. Post series was always exciting with a score on the opening play more the rule than the exception.

"The West Chester Series was frustrating but always saw our biggest effort as each team wanted to be the first to chalk up a win over them.

"There were many exciting games, moments and performances in the undefeated '65 season. We were behind in six of our eight games but won them all. That team, led by Larry Turel, had great character. We had teams deeper in talent, but none with greater winning attitude. Probably the biggest moment of that year was when Jim Harris returned to the Bridgeport game after an injury, in the final one and a half minutes and drove us 50 yards to score the winning touchdown with seconds left and preserve the undefeated season. That team refused to lose.

"There were humorous moments — Mike Angelo coming to a squad meeting in a night shirt and night cap; Tony Meliti shooting snooker pool in Middletown while his teammates were eating; bus breakdowns on trips to Bridgeport and Post; Ron Serapilio playing clarinet in the back of the bus and in the motel band on the Southern Connecticut trip; the Sheriff coming after Ed Pesaresi during a ball game when he was using their wave length to communicate with the bench; skit night during pre-season camp; The Elks Club Dinners and support and Al Estey's 'Flounders.'

"These memories will always be with me."



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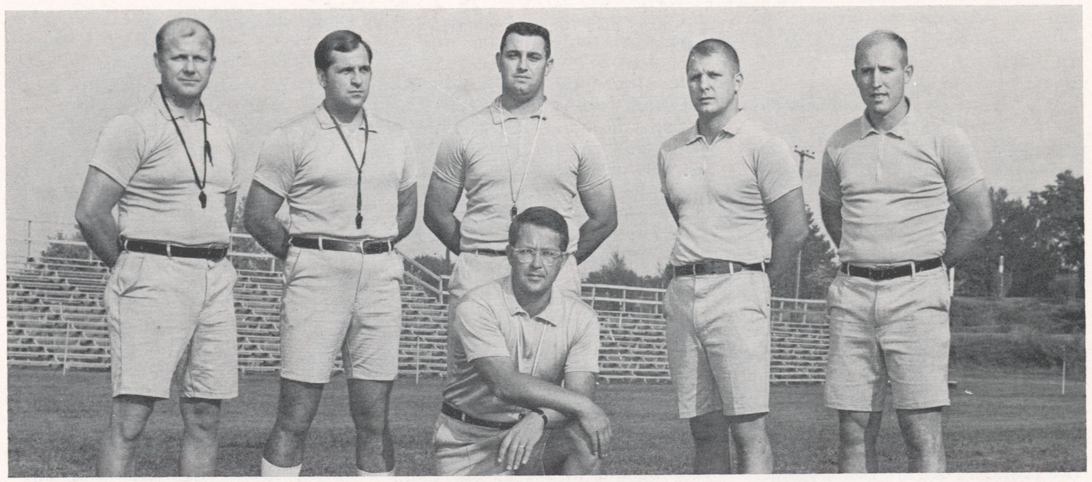
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Front Row, Head Coach Roland Schmidt. Back Row, L-R, Assistant Coaches, Jonah Goobic, Ron Corba, Charles Adonizio, Bob Herman, Gene Domzalski.



ABOUT WILKES COLLEGE

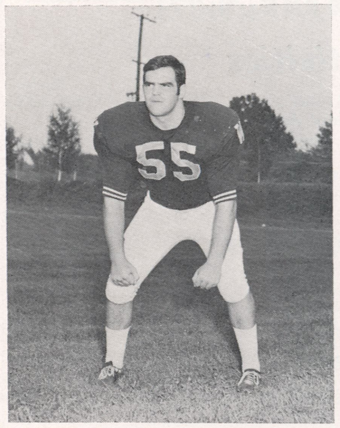
Wilkes College received its charter from the state of Pennsylvania on June 26, 1947. From 1933 until that day, the school had been known as Bucknell Junior College.

Wilkes has grown rapidly in just 22 years. It started with two buildings and has now grown to 52. Currently, there is a full time faculty of 145, 52 of whom hold Ph.D. degrees. The undergraduate enrollment has risen to 2400 and, including the graduate and part-time students, the school's total enrollment is now slightly more than 4,000.

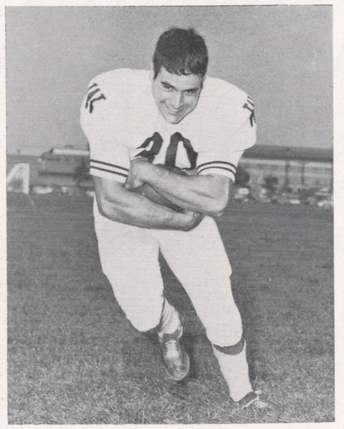
The progressive Liberal Arts School offers a wide variety of fields of concentration. It also features one of the finest small college Schools of Engineering in the country.

Under the vigorous leadership of Dr. Eugene S. Farley, the college has many plans of expansion for the future.

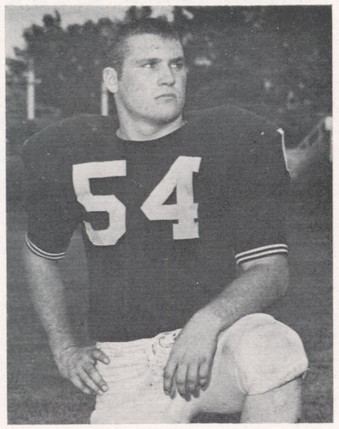
WILKES PLAYERS



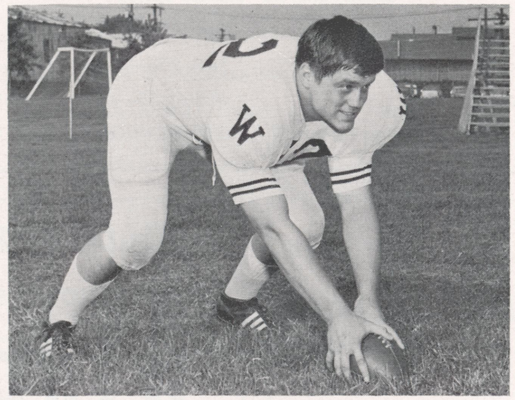
Tony Cardinale



Bob Gennaro



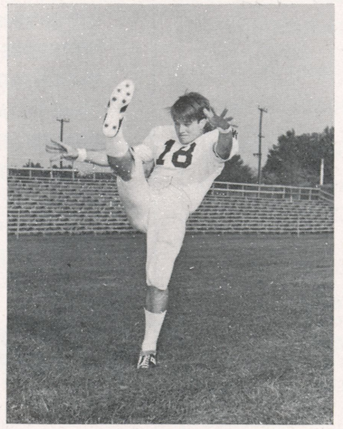
Jim Loveland



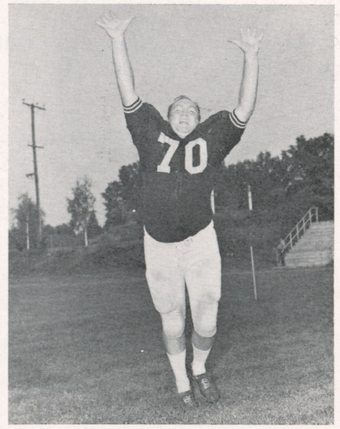
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Oct. 15—Chuck Moore—Politics
Nov. 5—Dr. Harold Taylor
Dec. 10—Julian Bond
Feb. 25—Herman Ferguson—Education
March 25—Ewart Greinier—Sociology

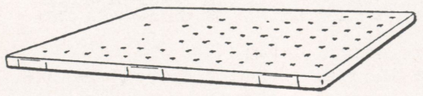
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I. C. FOOTBALL RECORDS - INDIVIDUAL (Through 1968)

INDIVIDUAL OFFENSE—**Records unavailable until 1946*

	GAME	SEASON
RUSHING		
Most rushes	31, Rod Howell vs. Tufts, 1967	159, Rod Howell, 1967
Most net yards*	209, Jim Bradshaw vs. Kings, 1959	679, Paul Giroux, 1967
Most touchdowns	3, Bill Odell vs. Alfred & Cortland, 1962	10, Gene Monje, 1963
PASSING		
Most attempts*	29, Mike Podlucky vs. West Chester & Cortland, 1968	169, Mike Podlucky, 1968
Most completions*	16, Mike Podlucky vs. C. W. Post, 1968	89, Jim Harris, 1965
Most yards gained*	266, Larry Karas vs. Alfred, 1962	1269, Jim Harris, 1965
Most TD passes*	4, Larry Karas vs. Alfred, 1962	9, Jim Harris, 1965
TOTAL OFFENSE		
Most plays*	49, Mike Podlucky vs. Cortland, 1968	200, Jim Harris, 1965
Most total yards*	275, Larry Karas vs. Alfred, 1962	1403, Jim Harris, 1965
PASS RECEIVING		
Most receptions*	7, Bill Odell vs. Southern Connecticut, 1963 7, Frank Fazio vs. American Inter. College, 1965	35, Len Muhlich, 1964
Most yards gained*	141, Bill Odell vs. Alfred, 1962	474, Bill Odell, 1962
Most TD receptions*	2, Bill Odell vs. Alfred, 1962 2, Gerald Neufang vs. Brandeis, 1959	5, Bill Odell, 1962
PUNTING		
Most punts*	11, Chuck Schirmer vs. West Chester, 1967	39, Peter Davidson, 1964
Best average*	42.6, Dick Backer vs. Cortland (4 punts), 1968	41.6, Jack Yengo, 1962
PUNT RETURNS		
Most returned*	7, Art Marangi vs. Lehigh, 1967	27, Art Marangi, 1967
Most yards returned*	96, Art Marangi vs. Tufts, 1967	279, Art Marangi, 1967
KICKOFF RETURNS		
Most returned*	5, Paul Giroux vs. West Chester, 1967	19, Charlie Hill, 1968
Most yards returned*	123, Frank Fazio vs. Cortland, 1966 (4 ret.)	436, Charlie Hill, 1968
FIELD GOAL KICKING		
Most field goals*	4, Sandor Szabo vs. American Inter. College	9, Sandor Szabo, 1966
SCORING		
Most touchdowns*	3, Bill Odell vs. Alfred, Cortland, S. Conn., 1962 3, Gene Monje vs. Brockport, 1963 3, Len Muhlich vs. Geneva, 1964	13, Bill Odell, 1962
Most PAT placements*	6, Dave Bonney vs. American Inter. College, 1967	19, Frank Fazio, 1965
Most placements made*	6, Dave Bonney vs. American Inter. College, 1967	16, Frank Fazio, 1965
Most points scored*	24, Frank Fazio vs. American Inter. College, 1965	82, Bill Odell, 1962

INDIVIDUAL DEFENSE

PASS INTERCEPTIONS		
Most passes intercepted*	2, Dick Carmean vs. Kings, 1958 2, Rene Van Cauwenberg vs. American Inter. College, 1965 2, Dave Barton vs. Tufts, 1966	6, Jim Bell, 1968
Most yards returned	99, Jim Bell vs. Central Connecticut, 1968	105, Jim Bell, 1968
TACKLES		
Tackles Made (Initial tackles)	22, Jim Ryan vs. West Chester, 1968	106, Jim Ryan, 1968

INDIVIDUAL CAREER RECORDS

RUSHING	
Most rushes	285, Rod Howell, 1967-68
Most net yards	1039, Rod Howell, 1967-68
Most touchdowns	14, Gene Monje, 1961-63
PASSING	
Most attempts	169, Mike Podlucky, 1968
Most completions	90, Jim Harris, 1964-65
Most yards gained	1695, Larry Karas, 1960-62
Most touchdown passes	13, Larry Karas, 1960-62
Best percent completed	.577, Jim Harris, 1964-65 (156-90)
TOTAL OFFENSE	
Most plays	190, Larry Karas, 1960-62
Most total yards	1686, Larry Karas, 1960-62
PASS RECEIVING	
Most receptions	70, Alan Guenther, 1965-67
Most yards gained	933, Bill Odell, 1960-62
Most TD receptions	8, Bill Odell, 1960-62
PUNTING	
Most punts	48, Robert Ryan, 1957-59
Best average	41.1, Jack Yengo, 1961-62
PUNT RETURNS	
Most returns	31, Art Marangi, 1965-67
Most yds. returned	385, Rene Van Cauwenberg, 1964-66
KICKOFF RETURNS	
Most returns	19, Charlie Hill, 1968
Most yds. returned	436, Charlie Hill, 1968
FIELD GOAL KICKING	
Most field goals	9, Sandor Szabo, 1966
SCORING	
Most touchdowns	24, Bill Odell, 1960-62
Most PAT placements	30, Frank Fazio, 1964-65
Most placements made	24, Frank Fazio, 1964-65
Most points scored	148, Bill Odell, 1960-62
PASS INTERCEPTIONS	
Most passes intercepted	9, Dick Carmean, 1957-59
TACKLES	
Tackles (Initial)	197, Chuck Schirmer, 1965-67

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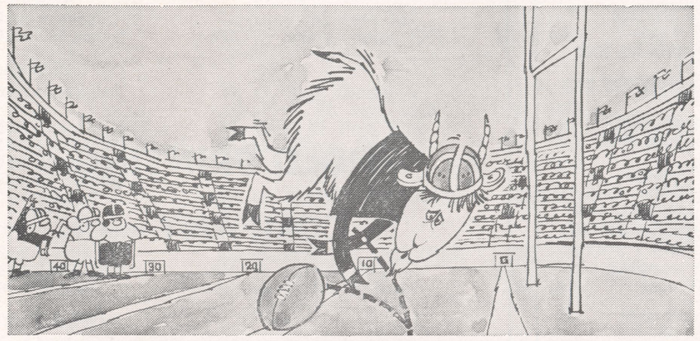
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FAMOUS FOOTBALL BLOOPERS

. . . *be a goat to be remembered*

by LEE MUELLER, Newspaper Enterprises Association



APART from the Knute Rocknes, Red Granges, Centre 6 Harvard 0's, Tom Harmons and O.J.Simpsons, college football's most remembered moments generally coincide with visions of cloven hoofs and varlets in striped shirts.

All hail, gentlemen, the goat. Poor old goat, fumbled on the goal line in the Wisconsin game, remember? His kid's all right . . . he can't help it if his old man pulled a boner.

Enter now the referee. College football teams are named after Wolverines, Wildcats, Longhorns and even Tigers. But a referee wears a garment bearing the insignia of a skunk. (Chorus of boos from crowd.)

We are told that human nature kindly endows us with the tendency to suppress unpleasant memories and recall more vividly the happier experiences. Unfortunately for the individuals involved, this particular information does not apply to intercollegiate football.

Time and wry grins have proven that blunders sometimes outlive heroics. Men, being men, can forgive a mistake but they rarely forget it.

Who can (or will) forget California's Wrong-Way Roy Riegels, running 69½ yards to his own six-inch line in the 1929 Rose Bowl to set up a Georgia Tech victory?

Five Downs Decisive

And who doesn't remember Referee William H. (Red) Friesell, Jr., who gave Cornell five downs to score the winning touchdown over Dartmouth in 1940?

Or Alabama fullback Tommy Lewis, yielding to frustration and leaping from his seat on the sidelines to tackle Rice's Dick Moegle as he raced toward the Tide's end zone in the 1954 Cotton Bowl?

And, more recently, Kansas' repeated 12-man defensive formations in last New Year's night's Orange Bowl, which, when finally detected, gave Penn State a second, successful opportunity to score a two-point conversion that meant victory?

The Jayhawks remember. While Penn State was gearing up its last offensive thrust in the final quarter, Kansas was sending in its defensive goal line team. And, through a misunderstanding among Jayhawks on the field—two came in, one went out—college football collected one of its better boo-boos.

Game films show that during the last 80 seconds, Kansas, ahead 14-7, conducted a brilliant goal-line stand by using 12 men against Penn State's 11. Twice the 12-man defense threw back Penn State runners. Then the Lions' quarterback managed to score on a broken play. It was not until the two-point conversion try (which Kansas also squashed) that an official, Foster Grose, noticed there were several white-shirted Kansas players on the field—like a dozen or so. After deflating the joyful Jayhawks with news of the penalty, Grose stepped off 1½ yards to Kansas' 1½. This time Penn State, no longer outnumbered, scored on a sweep and won, 15-14.

The overpopulation of Jayhawks probably ranks as the most prominent bowl boner since Riegels' wrong-way run. (Alabama was already out of the game when Lewis made his impromptu tackle.)

"Stop, Stop"

Riegels' flight to perverse fame began when he picked up a Tech fumble on the first bounce and started to run with it (which today's rules would not allow), turning toward the enemy's goal line. He took a few steps, spun to avoid being tackled and, eureka, an open field lay before him.

A center on the verge of scoring a touchdown in the Rose Bowl, Riegels streaked downfield toward his own end zone, grinning. Behind him came teammate Benny Lom, shouting.

"Stop, stop!" screamed Lom. "You're running the wrong way!"

At the 10-yard line, Lom caught him, but Riegels shook him off. At the three, Lom grabbed him again and this time held on. Riegels finally realized something was wrong and turned around. A wave of gleeful Georgia Tech players knocked him down.

There was no score at the time and a good punt might have saved Riegels some shame. The ensuing punt, however, was blocked, producing a safety that gave Tech its eventful 8-7 victory margin.

Outcome Reversed

Referee Friesell's faux pas did not create such lasting damage. Although Walter Scholl's touchdown pass to Bill Murphy on the fifth down was the last play of the game and gave Cornell a momentary 7-3 win over Dartmouth, it didn't stick.

The Eastern Intercollegiate Football Association observed that since Cornell should have lost possession of the ball on Dartmouth's five-yard line a few seconds before the game ended, Dartmouth should be declared the winner.

Cornell readily agreed in a wire from President Edmund E. Day. The decision marked one of the few times in intercollegiate football's history that a game's outcome was reversed after its completion.

Tommy Lewis' tackle also was of an innocuous nature. Moegle was awarded a 95-yard touchdown run as Rice won easily. The incident only served to focus unwanted attention on Lewis, wherever he went.

It was not the first time a runner had been tackled from the bench, nor the last, but the memory of Tommy Lewis lives on. "I got more than 500 letters from people," he said, "some good, lots bad."

There have been less-publicized boners in college football, many of more importance. There was, for example, that day in 1960 when Louisiana State University quarterback Jimmy Field got up off the ground and discovered that his wrist band was gone.

All it contained was a complete outline of the LSU plays. Field told his coach, Paul Dietzel, and Dietzel reported the loss to the referee. At the end of the half-time intermission, the official brought the missing wrist band to the LSU dressing room.

"Where did you find it?" asked Dietzel, obviously relieved. "In the Florida dressing room," replied the referee.

Florida shut out LSU in the second half and won, 13-10.

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FOOTBALL RECORD — TEAM (Through 1968)

Plus Miscellaneous Records and Individual Awards

TEAM RECORDS — OFFENSE

	GAME	SEASON
RUSHING		
Most rushes*	71, vs. C. W. Post, 1967	455, 1967
Most net yards*	381, vs. Susquehanna, 1967	2080, 1967
PASSING		
Most attempts*	29, vs. West Chester & C. W. Post, 1968	166, 1965
Most completions*	16, vs. C. W. Post, 1968	95, 1965
Most yards gained*	296, vs. Alfred, 1962	1354, 1965
Most TD passes*	4, vs. Alfred, 1962	9, 1965
Highest percent completed*	.820, vs. Alfred, 1962 (9x11)	.572, 1965
TOTAL OFFENSE		
Most points	58, vs. Brandeis, 1959 (58-8)	229, 1962
Most total yards*	561, vs. Alfred, 1962	2754, 1965
Most plays*	91, vs. Brandeis, 1959	549, 1965
FIRST DOWNS		
Most first downs*	24, vs. Bridgeport, 1968	135, 1967
PUNTING		
Most punts*	11, vs. West Chester, 1968	46, 1964
Best average*	48.7, vs. Bridgeport, 1963 for 3 punts	38.9, 1962 (29-1129)
Most punts had blocked	2, vs. Upsala, 1954	3, 1954
PUNT RETURNS		
Most returned*	7, vs. Susquehanna, 1965 7, vs. Tufts and A.I.C., 1967	28, 1967
Most yards returned*	99, vs. Tufts, 1967	288, 1967
KICKOFF RETURNS		
Most returned*	8, vs. West Chester, 1967	29, 1967
Most yards returned*	156, vs. Cortland, 1966	585, 1967

TEAM RECORDS — DEFENSE

	GAME	SEASON
RUSHING		
Fewest opponent attempts*	18, Brandeis, 1959	236, 1959
Least opponent yards*	10, by Montclair, 1963	48.4 per game,
PASSING		
Fewest opponent attempts*	5, by S. Connecticut, 1961	142, 1964
Fewest opponent comps.*	1, by Alfred, 1959	48 , 1964
Fewest yards gained*	6, by Alfred, 1959	357, 1959 524, 1964
Fewest TD passes*		1, 1958
Poorest percent completed*	.118, by S. Conn., 1964 (2-17)	.338, 1964 (40-142)
TOTAL OFFENSE		
Fewest plays allowed	35, Brandeis, 1959	316 plays, 1957
Fewest yards allowed*	31, by Alfred, 1959	700, 1958
FIRST DOWNS		
Fewest first downs*	1, by Alfred, 1959	85, 1964
PUNTING		
Most punts forced*	11, by Geneva, 1964	55, 1964
Poorest punting average*	18.0, by Kings, 1962 (8 punts)	25.8, 1962
Most blocked by I.C.	2, vs. Brandeis, 1959	4, 1959
PASS INTERCEPTIONS		
Most intercepted by I.C.*	5, vs. S. Connecticut, 1960	20, 1961
FUMBLES		
Most opponent fumbles recovered*	6, vs. Alfred, 1959	18, 1963
Most opponent fumbles forced*	8, vs. Alfred, 1959	29, 1963

MISCELLANEOUS I.C. RECORDS

Longest K.O. Return, 90 yards.,
Charlie Hill vs. Wilkes, 1968

Longest Pass, 83 yds.,
Larry Karas to Bill O'Dell vs. Alfred, 1962

Longest Punt Return, 64 yds.,
Bill O'Dell vs. Cortland, 1962

Longest Field Goal, 43 yds.,
Sandor Szabo vs. West Chester, 1966

Longest T.D. Run, 96 yds.,
Jim Bradshaw vs. Kings, 1959

Longest Interception Run for T.D., 99 yds.,
Jim Bell vs. Central Connecticut, 1968

Longest Punt, 65 yds.,
Jack Yengo vs. Alfred, 1961

Most Points in one game by I.C. and Opponent: 77
I.C. 49, So. Conn. 28 in 1962

Least Points in one game by I.C. and Opponent: 0
vs. Cortland, 1932; vs. Brockport, 1952 and 1954

Least Points allowed by I.C. in one season: 20,
6 games, 1934

Least Points scored by I.C. in one season: 14,
4 games, 1942

Most Points allowed by I.C. in one season: 182,
8 games, 1968

Most Points scored by I.C. in one season: 229,
8 games, 1962

Most Wins in Season: 8 in 1965

Most Losses in Season: 6 in 1952

Most Games Won in Row: 11, 1964-1965

Most Games Lost in Row: 8, 1941-1949 and 1955-1956

Best Winning Pct. in Season: 1.000, (8-0) 1965

Most Games Won by Coach: 49,
Dick Lyon, 1958-1966

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference:

1961, Ron Segal, 1st Team
1965, Len Tyler, 1st Team North Squad
1966, Chuck Schirmer, 1st Team Division II

Little All Americans:

1962, Bill Odell, Williamson, 1st Team
1963, Sam Curko, Williamson 1st Team
1964, Len Tyler, A.P. 2nd Team
1965, Len Tyler, A.P. 2nd Team
1968, Jim Ryan, A.P. 3rd Team

NCAA Statistic Leaders: Small College

1961, Jack Yengo, 1st in East, Punting, 40.7
1962, Jack Yengo, 1st in East, Punting, 41.6
1962, Jack Yengo, 12th in Nation, Punting, 41.6
1962, Bill Odell, 3rd in Nation, Scoring, 82 pts.
1966, Sandor Szabo, 4th in Nation, Field Goals, 9

NCAA Team Leaders: Small College

1958, I.C. 1st in Nation in Rushing Defense, 48.4 yards per game
1958, I.C. 1st in Nation in Total Defense, 100.0 yards per game
1967, I.C. 4th in Nation in Rushing Offense, 260.0 yards per game

SCHEDULES

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

	10	Brockport at Ithaca	W—(20- 0)
Oct.	3	at Cortland	W—(60-14)
	17	St. Lawrence	
	24	Manlius at Ithaca	
Nov.	7	Alfred at Ithaca	

VARSITY SOCCER

Sept.	24	Rochester at Ithaca	W—(3-1)
	27	at Clarkson	W—(5-3)
Oct.	1	at Oswego	W—(5-1)
	4	at Brockport	L—(0-1)
	7	Niagara at Ithaca	W—(4-2)
	13	St. John Fisher at Ithaca	W—(4-2)
	15	St. Bonaventure at Ithaca	
	18	at Cortland	
	22	Scranton at Ithaca	
	27	at Alfred	
	29	at Hartwick	
Nov.	1	R.I.T. at Ithaca	

FRESHMAN SOCCER

Sept.	26	at Cornell	L—(0-1)
Oct.	2	Cortland at Ithaca	T—(2-2)
	4	at Rochester	W—(9-0)
	7	at Monroe C.C.	L—(2-5)
	11	Brockport at Ithaca	W—(2-1)
	15	St. Bonaventure at Ithaca	
	18	Oswego at Ithaca	
	21	Corning C.C. at Ithaca	
	27	at Alfred	
	29	Auburn C.C. at Ithaca	
Nov.	5	Cornell at Ithaca	

VARSITY GOLF

Sept.	19	at Mansfield	W—(12½-6½)
	24	LeMoyne at Ithaca	W—(20-7)
	25	Utica at Ithaca	W—(5-2)
	29	at St. John Fisher	W—(5-1)
	29	at R.I.T.	W—(5-1)
Oct.	4	—Brook Lea Tourney	1st Place
	11	ECAC at Colgate	5th Place

VARSITY TENNIS

Sept.	24	LeMoyne at Ithaca	W—(5-4)
	27	at Harpur	L—(1-7)

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1. Ithaca, thou lovely city;
   Hill and lake and dell,
   Home of our loved Alma Mater,
   Loud thy praise we'll tell.

Refrain

Ithaca, dear Alma Mater,
Hail to thee, all hail!
May the brightness of thy glory
never, never fail.

2. World wide go thy sons and daughters
   On their mission bent
   Cheering, blessing, and uplifting
   As from Heaven sent.

3. As the waters of Cayuga
   Smile beneath the sun,
   May God's blessing smile upon thee
   While the years roll on.

ITHACA COLLEGE ANTHEM

1957

Marion Miller and Warren Benson

When young in heart we sing thy praise
O College of our golden days,
And celebrate thy lasting fame.
Ithaca, we hail thy name
In the stirring rains of autumn,
In the greening sun of spring,
Thru golden elms that tower o'er gleaming lake
That breasts the shore, o'er valley, town and
wooded hill,
Loud thy praises echo still

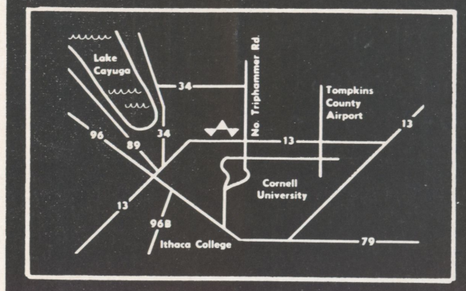
FIGHT SONG

1962

Evelyn Speakman Brayshaw

We're here to cheer,
cheer, cheer for Ithaca
College that we love
For the blue and gold
at every game
We'll cheer and cheer again
So fight team fight for Ithaca
'Till victory is won
Then the hills that rim Cayuga's shores
Will echo back our cheers
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Rah! rah! rah!

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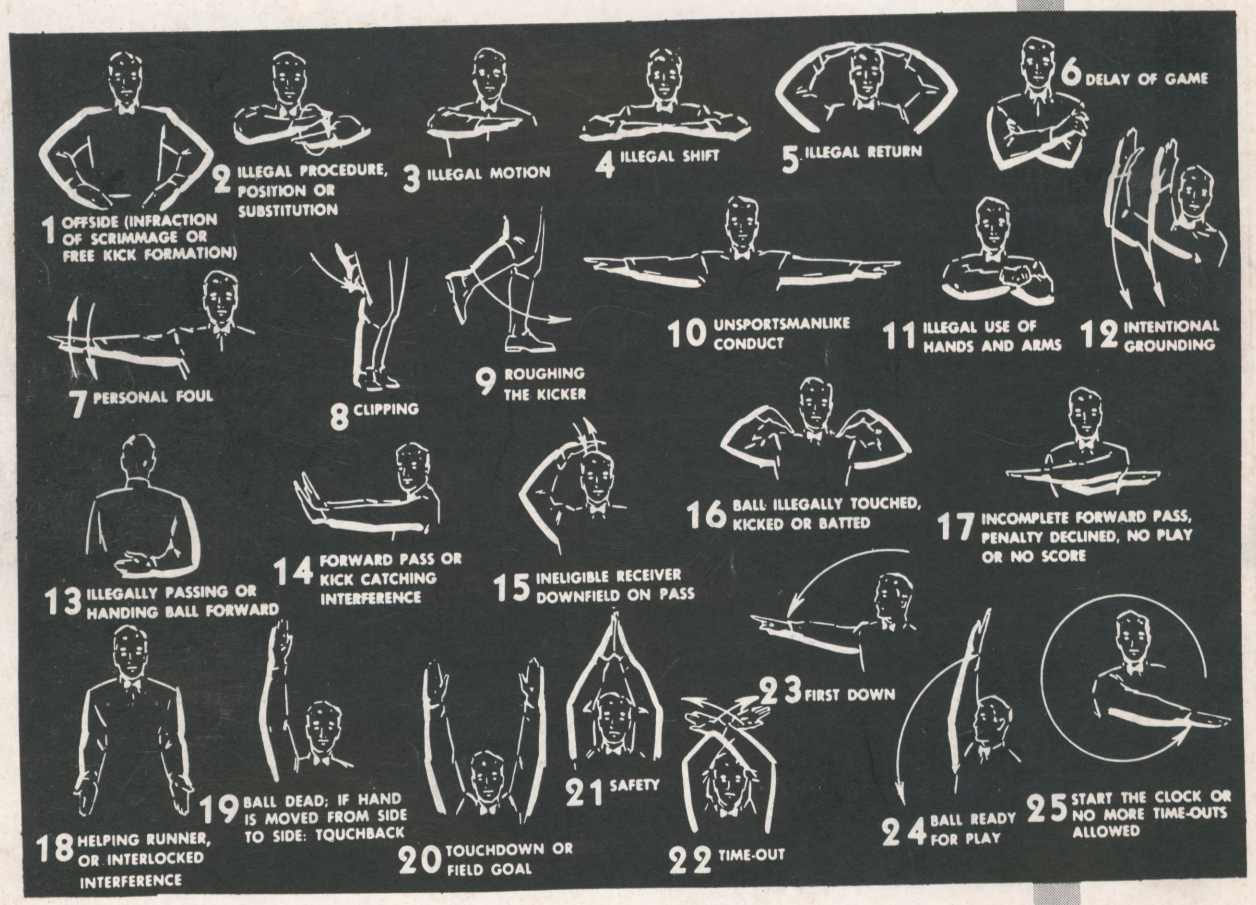
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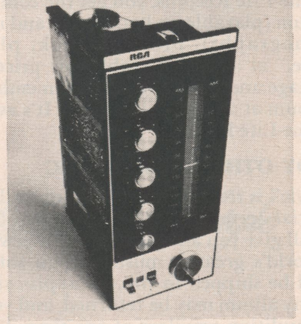
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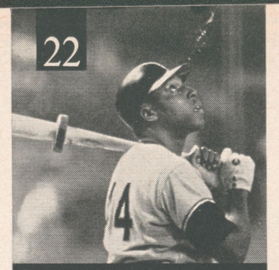
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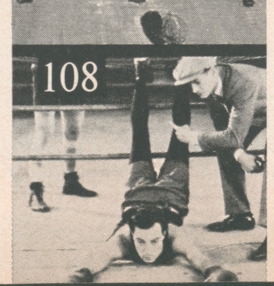












SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $10.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $7.00 a year; all others $14.00 a year.

Credits on page 121

Next week

PRO FOOTBALL kicks off its final season divided, and the halves—NFL and AFL—have never been as equal. In our annual special issue Tex Maule makes his dauntless picks, Artist Arnold Roth harpoons football clichés with his mighty pen and Alex Kroll, a member of the '62 Titans, describes the most unsung, unloved and unpaid team in the history of the game—plus full scouting reports, color photographs of the kicking boom and a close look at amazin' Jim Turner of the Jets and his holder Goldfinger.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Senior Editor Walter Bingham was at home on Long Island enjoying his weekend, satisfied that our annual college football preview package (starting on page 46) was as up-to-date as he and a small army of correspondents, reporters, writers, photographers and editors could make it. But in the unlikely event that Stanford Quarterback Jim Plunkett sprained his throwing wrist the first day of practice or Notre Dame suddenly found another year of eligibility for Terry Hanratty we could make some late changes. Our own early-warning radar system was in operation, just in case.

Bingham was about to walk out his door to go to the tennis matches at Forest Hills when the telephone rang. One of our Midwest correspondents had called in to report that Purdue Linebacker Dick Marvel—who, by the way, is *not* the captain—had quit the team. Marvel was not a major part of the Purdue scouting report, but he was mentioned once and Walt decided to come into Manhattan and delete the name. Two days later, when it would have been nearly impossible to change anything even if Ohio State itself suddenly dropped football, the correspondent phoned in again. Mr. Marvel had rejoined the Boilermakers.

If linebackers are sometimes hard to figure, they are no different from the teams they play for, and that makes our annual task of picking the Top 20 teams—in order—about as simple as tackling Red Grange or O. J. Simpson in the open field.

Staff members went out in the spring to see the teams we thought would be among the elite, and we sent out hundreds of queries to colleges and correspondents. As usual, some ultracautious coaches couldn't understand why we would even bother to take a look at their poor cripples. "Most of them are so darn pessimistic," said Reporter Sandy Treadwell. "Listen to Notre Dame people and you're sure they're not going to win a game!"

After blowing away the smoke screens, hearing all the intrastaff debate and getting the counsel of Senior Editor Dan Jenkins (an old hand at giving opinions on college football), Bingham sat down and made the selections.

"Some people have told us that picking Ohio State No. 1 shows very little imagination," says Bingham, "but there is an element of daring in it. How many teams are No. 1 two years in a row? Someone warned me that successful sophomore teams like the Buckeyes rarely do well as juniors, but I flew out to Columbus last May to check that point with Woody Hayes, and he assured me his team would not get cocky. In matters of that sort I always believe Woody.

"Inevitably, though, there are some teams we pass over that do well and some teams we favor that flop. There were some late changes: I got talked into adding Kansas and Stanford and removing LSU and UCLA. Somebody—maybe one of the latter two—probably will go undefeated."

The scouting reports were written by Pat Putnam (who will be on the college-football beat with Jenkins this fall), Joe Jares, Libby Krautter, Skip Myslenski, Harold Peterson, William Reed, Gary Ronberg, Sandy Treadwell and Herman Weiskopf.

While they were all looking forward, Jenkins was busy digging around in the past, researching his splendidly opinionated piece on the 11 greatest players of all time. At least Bingham didn't have to worry about last-minute injuries to them.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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Which should add up to your entire car functioning better, shouldn't it?

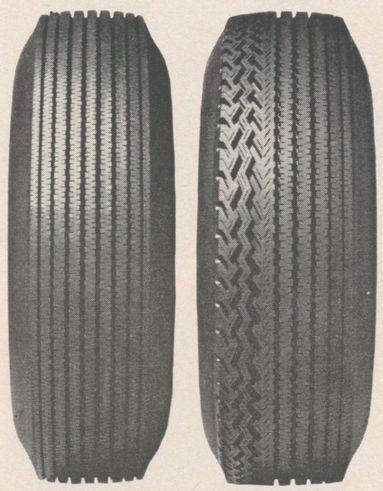
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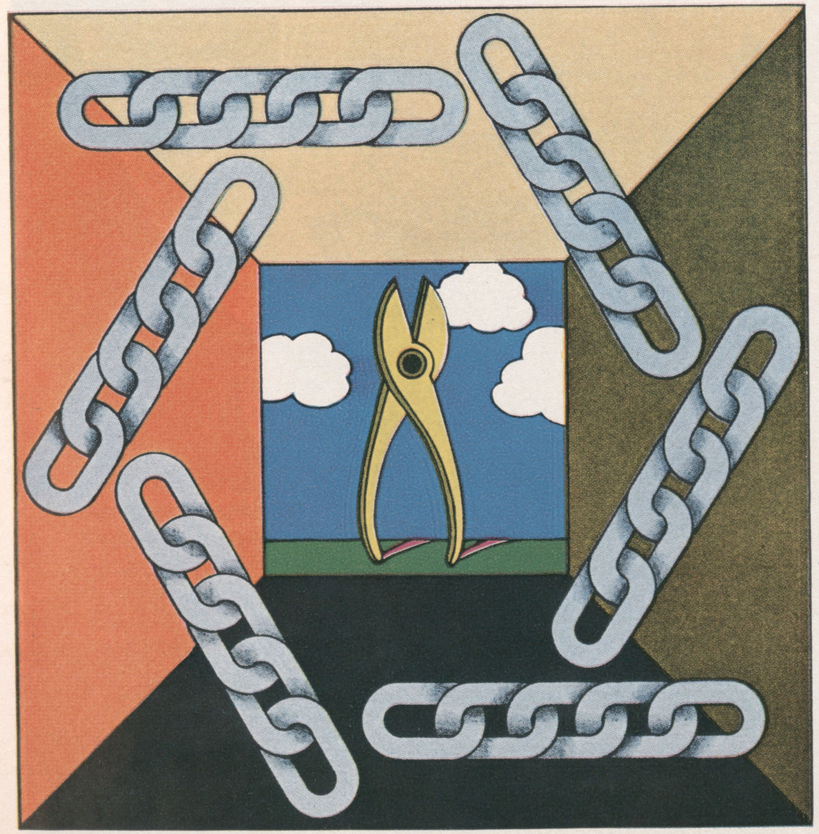
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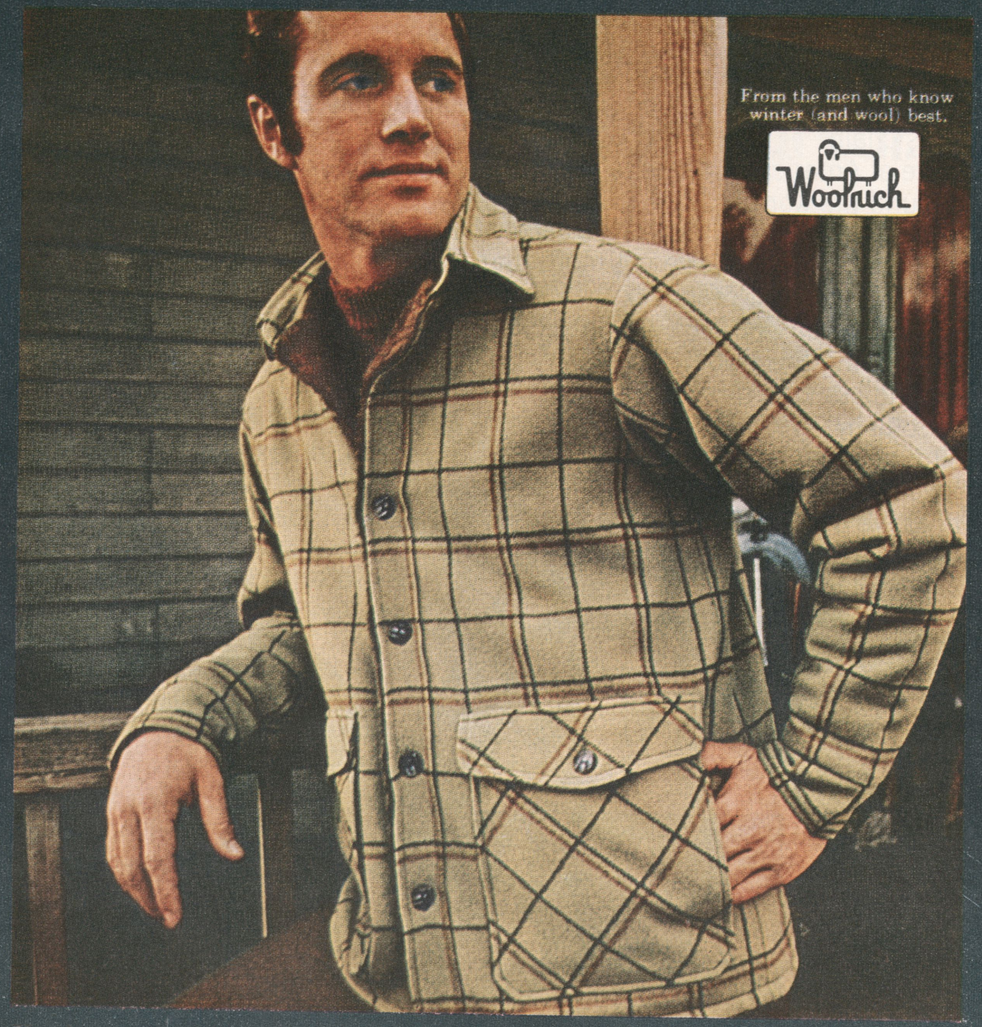
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BOOKTALK

A new edition of an old favorite takes a critical glance at myths about dogs

New books about dogs appear every year, explaining in theory and detail, both sense-making and crackpot, how to care for, groom and train these irresistible companions in all kinds of circumstances. So what possible reason could there be for revising and reissuing an old book about dogs, one first published in 1938? The best reason of all: it is still tops in its vast field. The spirit behind *How To Raise a Dog in the City* (Simon and Schuster, New York, $5.95) was James R. Kinney, who was for 25 years chief veterinarian of Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital and for the Westminster Kennel Club Show, both of which are headquartered in New York City. Dr. Kinney entrusted what he had learned about city (and suburban) dogs to Writer Ann Honeycutt, who passes the knowledge along to the reader, with the help of illustrations by the late James Thurber, in a style so authoritative and lively that one guesses even a dog would appreciate the book, if he could only read. Well, he can look at the pictures.

The Kinney-Honeycutt-Thurber team debunks a few myths, including the one that a city dog is an abused creature that would be happier in the country. Ridiculous, say the authors. "From cave dwelling, the dog moved . . . with man into the first pile dwellings, into the first villages, into the first cities, where he has been ever since. And with centuries of community living behind him, he misses—and needs—the so-called natural life about as much as his master misses the bow and arrow or the fur G-string." Furthermore, scientific observation over a period of years shows the city dog to be even healthier than his country cousin. Living in close quarters with his master, he is generally kept cleaner and gets better care. City dogs, states Dr. Kinney unequivocally, often live two or three years longer than country dogs. Like blondes, they are also reputed to have more fun because they share more activities with the boss: shopping, taking walks, attending cocktail parties.

The dog doctor moves along into a wealth of facts covering everything from how to housebreak, feed and bathe a city dog to the proper way of reprimanding him. Kinney even tells the apartment dweller what to expect from a bachelor dog or a bitch lacking sex appeal. Is the German shepherd or Doberman pinscher a better watchdog than a toy terrier? Not always, says this urbane urban vet, whose fund of dog information frequently is enlivened by anecdote. Did you, for example, hear about the country coon dog brought to the city for the first time? Says the author: "He felt called upon to 'tree' all the ladies he met on Fifth Avenue who were wearing fur neckpieces."

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

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FOOTLOOSE

If you are a touring softball enthusiast, then Clearwater, Fla. is the place to go

Clearwater, Fla. is a nice place to visit. Moreover, a lot of people want to live there. In the past 20 years the population has jumped from 15,000 to more than three times that number without, so far, spoiling the essential character of the town. Clearwater's streets are scrupulously clean, neon signs are at a minimum and the general tone of the town is set by the classical fare that emanates from the local radio station, WQXM—a welcome relief from the washboard strummers and corncob soloists who usurp most of the South's airwaves.

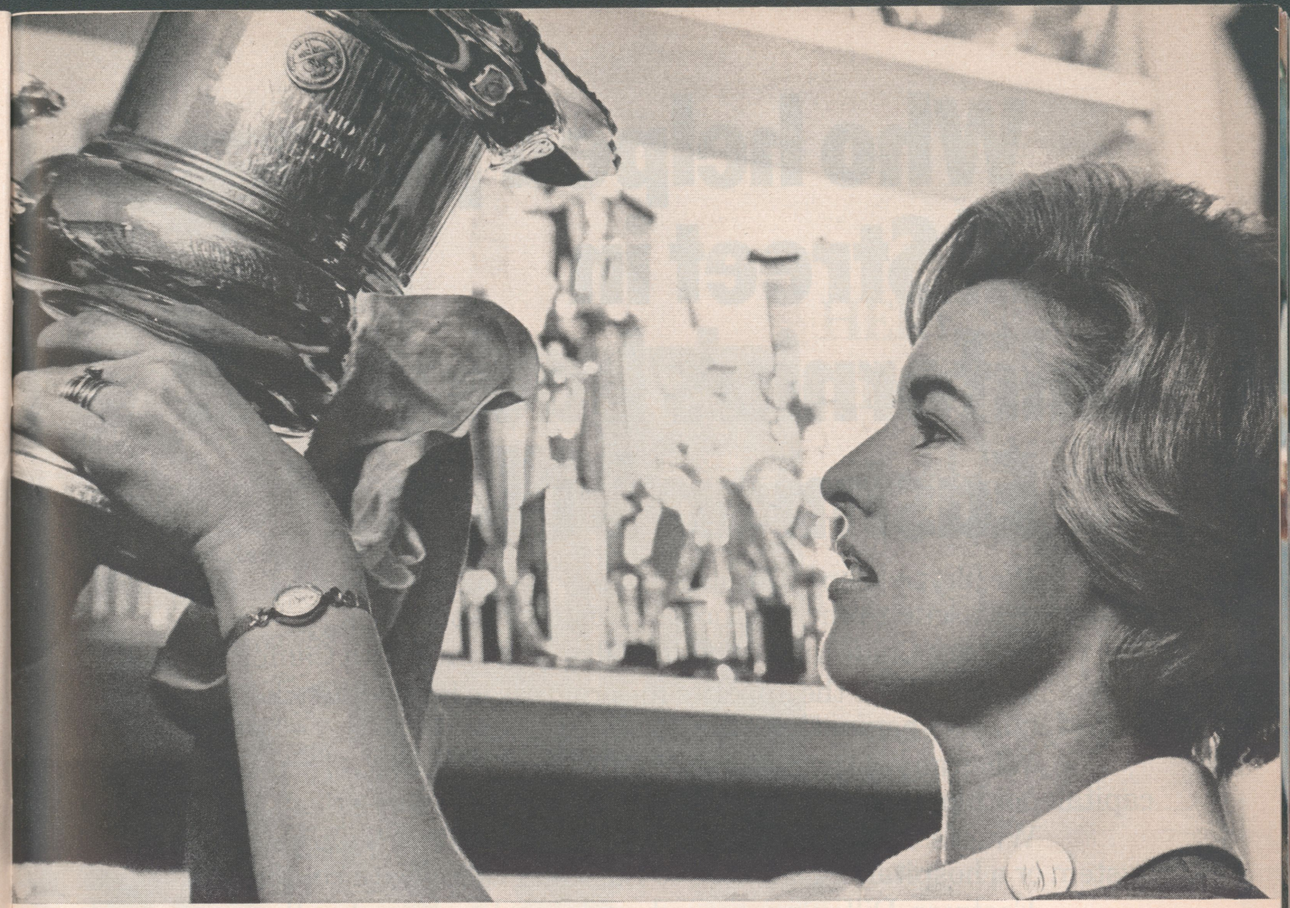
Northern sports fans may be aware of Clearwater only because that is where the Phillies go for spring training. But Clearwater's own fans can't wait for the Phillies to move out of Jack Russell Stadium so that the real champs, the Clearwater Bombers, can move in. The Bombers are the pride of the area. The best softball team in the world, they have won the national championship nine times. They started out in the 1940s as the Blackburn Bombers, sponsored by a lumber company. Then local merchants took over, and all the team's expenses are now underwritten by the city and the Bomber Boosters, who pay $25 for a season ticket. Regular admission to Bomber games is only $1 on weekends and 50¢ for adults, 25¢ for children on week nights, and the Bombers play mostly night doubleheaders from late April through August. They also play about 15 games on the road, traveling as far as Washington D.C.

The Bomber players, known to every kid in town, are strictly amateurs. "They're good boys," says Joe Lewis, a hospital comptroller who is the manager, "and they play very well as a team." Some of the stars are Ron Weathersby, the slugging outfielder who is purchasing agent for a lumber company; Bill Parker, .300-hitting second baseman and assembly line foreman; and Weldon Haney, a carpetlayer who both pitches and plays center field.

Fishermen find no shortage of charter or party boats. The footloose angler may also cast from shore or pay an admission fee to fish from Big Pier 60, which juts into the Gulf. The usual bait is live shrimp, and the fish range from small, plump butterfish to large tarpon.

Sixteen miles from Clearwater is a pleasant little Thoroughbred racetrack, Florida Downs, formerly Sunshine Park, which was the favorite racing site of the late Grantland Rice. The horses are cheaper than at the larger Florida tracks, and the patrons are gentler and look local. Clearwater residents and visitors come over for the chance to win the Daily Double or the Perfecta. Payoffs are sometimes large and sunshine is usually prevalent.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE



She's Ruth Squires of Port Chester, N.Y. She reads The Digest. She doesn't read McCall's, Ladies' Home Journal, or Good Housekeeping.

And there are over 10 million more at home like Ruth.

So you see you're missing a lot, when your ad's not in The Digest. Over 62% of The Digest's adult women readers aren't to be found reading *any* of those women's magazines. And it's the same story when it comes to the general magazines—12,039,000 Digest women *don't* read Life or Look. Women like Ruth Squires, for instance. In fact, more young, active, upper-income, college-educated women read The Digest every month than any other magazine. Invariably, they find it entertaining, informative and challenging. And so do 19,125,000 men.

P.S. *When she isn't buffing husband Dick's tennis, squash and platform-tennis trophies, Ruth Squires collects antiques, knits, sews, mothers three children, two cats, one poodle, a tankful of tropical fish—and plays a mean game of doubles, herself. Says Ruth, "I take time out only for The Digest."*

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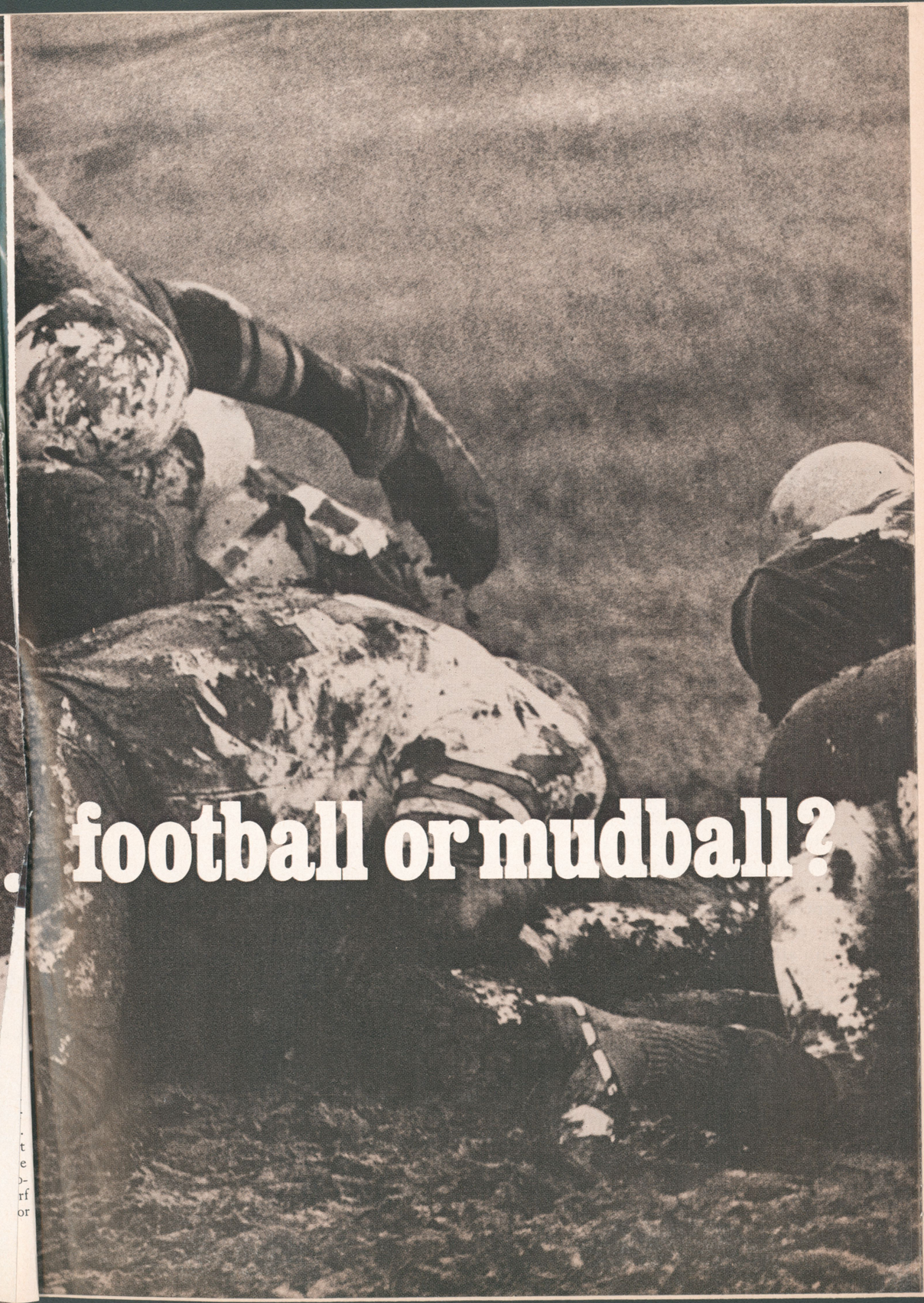
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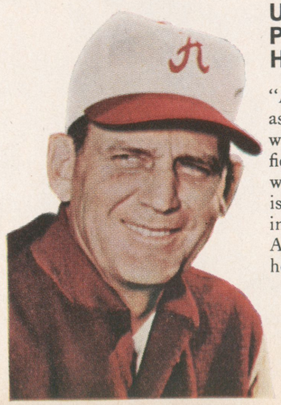
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U. of Alabama
Paul "Bear" Bryant,
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"AstroTurf has given me as many as two days of extra practice in a week. We used to practice in the field house to protect the turf on wet days. The big thing with us is the reduction of knee and ankle injuries. I'm highly pleased with AstroTurf. In fact, I don't see how others can avoid going to it."



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Jim Owens,
Head Coach:

"AstroTurf adds speed and improves timing—in practice and in games. Spectators like it. They can read the numerals on the players' clean jerseys. The marching band no longer has to forego their half-time show when the field is torn up. And now we can offer preliminary freshman football and soccer games before varsity football. We would not want to return to natural turf."



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New York Jets
Weeb Ewbank,
Head Coach:

"We have had our pre-season practice and scrimmages on the AstroTurf field at Hofstra University in Hempstead, Long Island, for two summers now and find it to be a superb surface in every respect. There is less football lost to bad weather, the players have excellent traction and they just don't have nearly as many serious knee injuries on AstroTurf as on other turf."



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Director of Athletics:

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First of all, there isn't any dirt. The entire field is covered with AstroTurf's grasslike blades of nylon. Water doesn't stay around, either. An AstroTurf field drains and dries much faster than a conventional one.

Result? Your team has fast, sure footing every minute of every game—even in subzero temperatures. And with no mud or dirt, uniforms stay bright and clean. You can tell who's who all game long.

AstroTurf makes football safer, too. Cleats can't lock in AstroTurf, so players' feet are free to move with a blow, eliminating twists and wrenches responsible for up to 80% of knee and ankle injuries.

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You'll see better football on AstroTurf—and you'll see more of it. Two and three games a day on the same field. AstroTurf stays in perfect playing condition, no matter how hard or how often it's used.

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Nationally televised games

Texas vs. Arkansas at Fayetteville ABC TV network.....Dec. 6—12:00 CST
N.Y. Jets vs. Houston Oilers at Houston NBC TV network..Dec. 6— 1:00 CST

Regionally televised games

Miami vs. Houston at Houston ABC TV.....Nov. 1—12:00 CST
Texas A&M vs. Arkansas at Fayetteville ABC TV.....Nov. 1— 1:00 CST
Stanford vs. Washington at Seattle ABC TV.....Nov. 8— 1:00 PST

Pro games televised to visiting team's home town network

Philadelphia Eagles CBS TV
Franklin Field, Philadelphia
vs.

Washington	Sept. 14	1:00 EST
Cleveland	Sept. 21	1:00 EST
Pittsburgh	Sept. 28	1:00 EST
Dallas	Oct. 5	1:00 CST
New Orleans	Oct. 26	1:00 CST
Los Angeles	Nov. 16	1:00 PST
Washington	Dec. 7	1:00 EST
Atlanta	Dec. 14	1:00 EST

Houston Oilers NBC TV
The Astrodome, Houston
vs.

Miami	Sept. 28	3:00 EST
Buffalo	Oct. 5	3:00 EST
Denver	Oct. 26	3:00 EST
Cincinnati	Nov. 9	3:00 EST
San Diego	Nov. 27	3:00 PST
New York	Dec. 6	1:00 EST
Boston	Dec. 14	3:00 EST

Complete schedule of college games on AstroTurf

University of Alabama
Denny Stadium, Tuscaloosa

Southern Mississippi	Sept. 27
Miami (Fla.)	Nov. 15

University of Arkansas
Razorback Stadium, Fayetteville

Tulsa	Sept. 27
Texas A&M	Nov. 1
Texas	Dec. 6

Boston University
Nickerson Field, Boston

Vermont	Sept. 27
Massachusetts	Oct. 11
Maine	Oct. 25
Connecticut	Nov. 1
Rhode Island	Nov. 8
Delaware	Nov. 15

Hofstra University
Hofstra Stadium, Hempstead, N.Y.

Bucknell		Sept. 20
Gettysburg	(Night)	Sept. 27
Lafayette		Oct. 4
Delaware		Oct. 11
Bridgeport	(Night)	Oct. 25
C. W. Post	(11 a.m.)	Nov. 27

University of Houston
The Astrodome, Houston

Mississippi State	(Night)	Oct. 4
Mississippi	(Night)	Oct. 25
Miami (Fla.)		Nov. 1
Wyoming	(Night)	Nov. 22
Florida State	(Night)	Nov. 29

Illinois State University
Hancock Stadium, Normal

Wis.—Milw. Campus	(Night)	Sept. 13
Illinois Wesleyan	(Night)	Sept. 20
Ferris State		Sept. 27
Central Michigan		Oct. 4
Eastern Illinois		Oct. 18
Bradley		Nov. 15

Indiana State University
Memorial Stadium, Terre Haute

Eastern Illinois	Sept. 13
Eastern Michigan	Oct. 4
Illinois State	Nov. 1
Central Michigan	Nov. 8

Northern Illinois University
West Stadium, DeKalb

Idaho	(Night)	Sept. 20
Western Kentucky	(Night)	Oct. 11
Ball State		Oct. 25
Toledo		Nov. 8
Western Michigan		Nov. 15

Oregon State University
Parker Stadium, Corvallis

Southern California	Oct. 4
Stanford	Nov. 1
Washington State	Nov. 15

University of Oregon
Autzen Stadium, Eugene

San Jose State	Oct. 11
Washington	Oct. 25
Idaho	Nov. 1
Army	Nov. 8
U.C.L.A.	Nov. 15
Oregon State	Nov. 22

University of Pennsylvania
Franklin Field, Philadelphia

Bucknell	Sept. 27
Brown	Oct. 4
Lehigh	Oct. 18
Harvard	Nov. 1
Cornell	Nov. 22

University of Texas
Memorial Stadium, Austin

Texas Tech	(Night)	Sept. 27
Navy	(Night)	Oct. 4
Rice		Oct. 25
Baylor		Nov. 8
T.C.U.		Nov. 15

University of Washington
Husky Stadium, Seattle

Ohio State	Oct. 4
Oregon State	Oct. 18
Stanford	Nov. 8
Southern California	Nov. 15
Washington State	Nov. 22

West Virginia University
Mountaineer Field, Morgantown

Cincinnati	Sept. 13
Maryland	Sept. 20
V.M.I.	Oct. 4
Pittsburgh	Oct. 25
Richmond	Nov. 15

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SCORECARD

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT

The NCAA keeps stumbling over its own rules. In 1962, partly to protect college basketball players from gamblers, the NCAA declared that a collegian faced suspension if he took part in a basketball game that had not been officially approved. But two current instances of NCAA enforcement of that basically sound rule seem to go far beyond its meaning and purpose.

First, the NCAA this year refused to sanction the basketball competition at the Maccabiah Games in Israel, although in the past the Maccabiah Games, like the Olympics and the Pan-American Games, had been sanctioned. When players from various parts of the country were being considered for the U.S. team the NCAA—apparently because an AAU-approved group was the selecting agency—blew the whistle at the collegians on the team and said no-no.

Most colleges reluctantly told their players to stay home, but Yale, which like all the Ivy League is having its differences with the NCAA, told its Jack Langer, a 6′ 8″ junior, to go ahead. "He wanted to go and I encouraged him," says DeLaney Kiphuth, Yale's athletic director. "It was a great opportunity for him because he is a Jew and he wanted a chance to represent this country in Israel." As of last weekend Langer had not been declared ineligible but, Kiphuth says, "We made a stand, and I don't see how the NCAA can fail to bring us up before the infractions committee."

The second case seems even more extreme. Now a senior, 6′ 9″ Gary Freeman of Oregon State went home to Boise, Idaho last March and played in a seniors vs. alumni game at his old school, Borah High. Because Oregon State players had been cautioned about playing in "outside" games, Freeman checked first with the high school coach, who in turn asked city and state interscholastic officials if it would be O.K. Everybody said fine, and Freeman played. Late in August, five months later, it was announced that Freeman had been suspended for violating the NCAA rule and that he could not play basketball for Oregon State this winter. Oregon State quickly asked the 18-man NCAA council, which has jurisdiction in the matter, to reinstate Freeman, but the request was denied.

People in Boise and at Oregon State were stunned and angry. It was generally accepted that someone at the University of Oregon had reported Freeman. The only Pacific Coast representative on the NCAA council is the University of Oregon's Dr. Raymond T. Ellickson. According to people in Boise, the NCAA talked to none of the Idaho officials involved with the game. Said Ron Runyon, superintendent of athletics and physical education for the Boise public schools, "We were not aware of the NCAA rule, but as I understand it now the purpose of the rule is to stop college players from competing in organized games in summer leagues or in AAU tournaments. It's pretty farfetched to call this piddly little seniors-alumni thing an organized game. Gary didn't even play with the alumni—he played with the seniors to balance the teams. No official score was kept, there were no paid officials and there was only a small crowd. Admission was something like 25¢, and the little money we took in went to lettermen's club projects.

"The NCAA council's only justification for calling Gary ineligible was that they have done the same thing before. They may have been wrong before, too."

SEMANTICS

American League officials and club owners, unhappy about the widespread use of the term "playoff"—which has such strong overtones of football—to describe what they would prefer to call the championship series between the winners of the Eastern and Western Divisions, have decided that correction begins at home. Anyone of their group who uses the word "playoff," orally or in writing, is subject to a $1 fine, and Ewing Kauffman of the Kansas City Royals has been authorized to collect the money. League President Joe Cronin and executives Gabe Paul of the Cleveland Indians and Jerry Hoffberger of the Baltimore Orioles have already paid up. Cronin, in forwarding his dollar, cautiously avoided compounding his original felony. "Jerry Hoffberger has informed me," he wrote to Kauffman, "that I owe you a dollar for mentioning the word that formerly described our American League championship series."

DREAMS OF GLORY

They say that a vicarious sense of accomplishment is one of the things that contributes most to making a man a pro football fan. "I can do anything," he thinks subconsciously as he watches Gale Sayers or Joe Namath or John Mackey.

Sometimes his subconscious takes over completely, and for a moment or two he *can* do anything. For instance, 38 fans from Mountain View, Calif. got



aboard a chartered bus a Sunday or two ago and settled down for the 40-mile drive to San Francisco, where they planned to watch the 49ers in an exhibition game. But the bus would not start. Its battery was dead. Some of those aboard suggested pouring bourbon, of which there was a plentiful supply, into the battery, but their self-appreciative laughter died down when the bus driver came back from a phone booth to report unhappily that it would take near-

continued

ly an hour to get a replacement battery.

Stunned at this untoward delay, the 38 fans stared at him. But then the old subconscious got going. Almost before you could say, "Are we going to miss the kickoff?" three dozen Deacon Joneses poured out of the bus, put their suddenly brawny shoulders to the wheel and pushed until the motor turned over.

They made the kickoff—easy.

BUT NO PEBBLES

Portland, Ore. introduced the 100% artificial turf baseball diamond, including base paths (SCORECARD, July 14), and now Cincinnati's new River Front Stadium, scheduled to open next summer, brings the no-dirt infield to the majors. AstroTurf will cover every part of the field in River Front except the pitcher's mound and the batter's box. There will be one concession to tradition. The "skin" of the infield will be tinted brown.

THE UNDEFEATED

On the morning of the day he was to fight Ernie Terrell in the Astrodome, in February of 1967, Muhammad Ali sat in his hotel room in Houston and watched the film of the Rocky Marciano-Joe Walcott fight, the one in which Marciano came back from almost certain defeat to knock out Walcott in the 13th round and win the heavyweight championship. When it was over Ali turned to his manager, Angelo Dundee, and said, with uncharacteristic respect in his voice, "Angelo, the man's tough. I'd wear him on the end of my glove for 10 rounds, but he'd still be coming. He'd be hell to fight. It wouldn't be no fight—it would be a war."

Marciano was a graceless fighter who appeared clumsy in the ring, but he was extraordinarily effective. He sparred with Ali once, to make films to illustrate one of those ridiculous computerized fights. He had worked hard getting ready for the filming, and he was in shape. "We wouldn't cut loose to the head," Ali said, "but we did rip punches to the body. I caught most of his shots on my arms, and for a week afterward it hurt me to lift them."

After he retired from the ring Marciano lost money in a couple of ill-advised investments, and thereafter he seemed almost obsessed with the need to earn money. He would go almost anywhere if there was a dollar to be made (he was nearing the end of a business trip when he had his fatal crash). Yet the fact that he had been a great heavyweight champion and had retired undefeated meant so much to him that he would not come back to the ring to fight again despite fabulous offers—including a reported $5 million to meet Clay.

When Sonny Liston lost his championship to Clay in Miami by not coming out for the seventh round, Marciano was genuinely upset. "How could that big stiff sit there on the stool and let them take his title away?" he kept asking. "How could he care so little about it? The man was heavyweight champion of the world!"

RETREAT FROM BOSTON

Late in August the Massachusetts House of Representatives killed a bill that would have authorized construction of a $42 million, 50,000-seat stadium in Boston. The political and economic complexities besetting the proposed stadium had become "a hopeless muddle," according to Speaker David M. Bartley.

The hopeless muddle means that Boston is going to lose its pro football team. The Patriots, who are playing this year's schedule in Boston College's 25,000-seat, plain-pipe-rack stadium, cannot survive in Boston without a modern stadium. Soon, maybe next year, they will depart for Seattle, Birmingham or—according to the latest rumor—Memphis.

AN ELEMENT OF SPEED

It was a rough week for the "fastest humans" who have tried to follow Bob Hayes' footsteps into the football arena. Jimmy Hines, Olympic 100-meter champion and world record holder, was cut by the Miami Dolphins, despite the $70,000 he was reportedly paid last winter for signing. Hines' trouble was simply an inability to catch passes (his teammates nicknamed him Oops). Tommie Smith, 200-meter champion in Mexico City and world record holder in that event, who before signing a pro contract had not played since high school, was put on waivers by the Cincinnati Bengals. However, Smith had shown potential, and the Bengals quickly recalled him to their taxi squad. Finally Lee Evans, 400-meter champion in Mexico and, yes, the world record holder, had gone out for football at San Jose State in an effort to show the pros what he could do as a runner in the open field. He hoped to become a wide receiver or a specialist on the punt and kickoff return teams. But Head Coach Joe McMullen had made it clear earlier that he was going to use his players where they would be of most help to the team. In Evans' case, he had indicated, that would be as a defensive back, and Evans decided to hang up his cleats.

CREDIT ECONOMY

Ford introduced its new Maverick on April 17 and sold 105,000 of the cars in four months. At the same time Ford, in its advertising, offered "an authentic 1/25 scale model" of the Maverick for $1. It sold 84,000 of the $1 toys, or 21,000 fewer than it did of the $1,995 version. The only reason advanced to explain this startling sales advantage for the model that cost almost 2,000 times as much is that buyers could not use trade-ins to help finance the $1 Maverick.

CANOE CLEANUP

A reverse trend in conservation is running strong in Missouri. About 150 admirable canoeists from half a dozen states took to the Current River for the 10th annual cleanup sponsored by the Ozark Wilderness Waterways Club. They took three days to cover a 26-mile stretch of the river, and when they were finished they had filled 283 burlap bags with trash and junk. Most of what they found was paper, cans and bottles, but there were tires, too, and bed springs and a lawn mower, a washing machine, a wheelbarrow and a sewing machine.

It's a nice, positive idea. Not only "Don't Litter." Get out there and De-Litter.

THEY SAID IT

- Earl Weaver, Baltimore Orioles manager, after Kansas City successfully executed a ninth-inning suicide squeeze bunt: "I yelled from the dugout, 'Watch the squeeze,' and then I watched it."
- John Edwards, Houston Astros catcher, asked where he was hurt in a home plate collision with the Pittsburgh Pirates' 210-pound Carl Taylor: "Everywhere but the roof of my mouth."
- Doug Atkins, New Orleans Saints defensive end, on hearing that reformed teammate Joe Don Looney's dog had made a devastating raid on a hen house near Looney's farm: "I might have known. The minute the kid straightens out the dog goes bad."

END



Will your son be a slugger like Ernie Banks?

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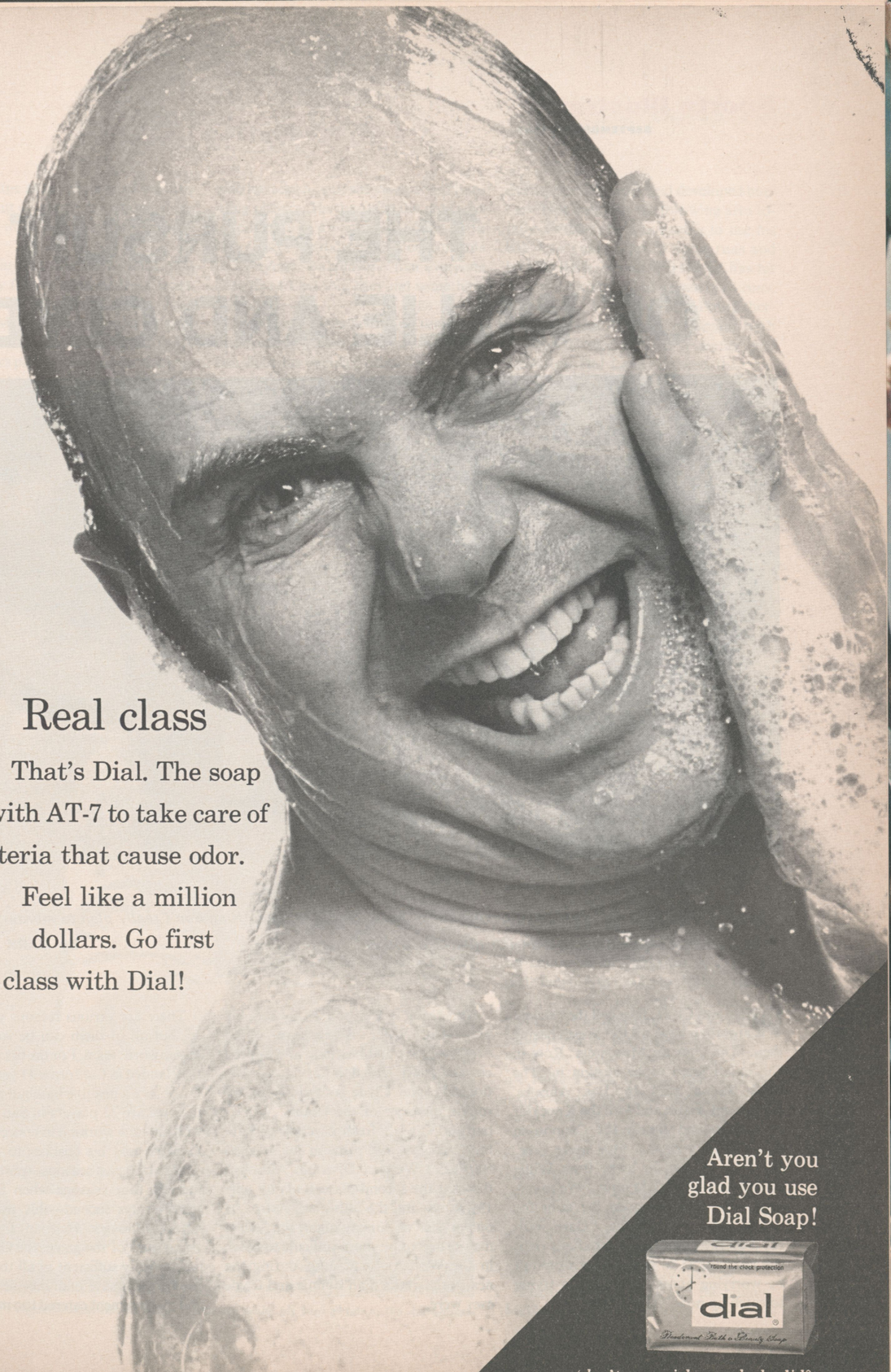


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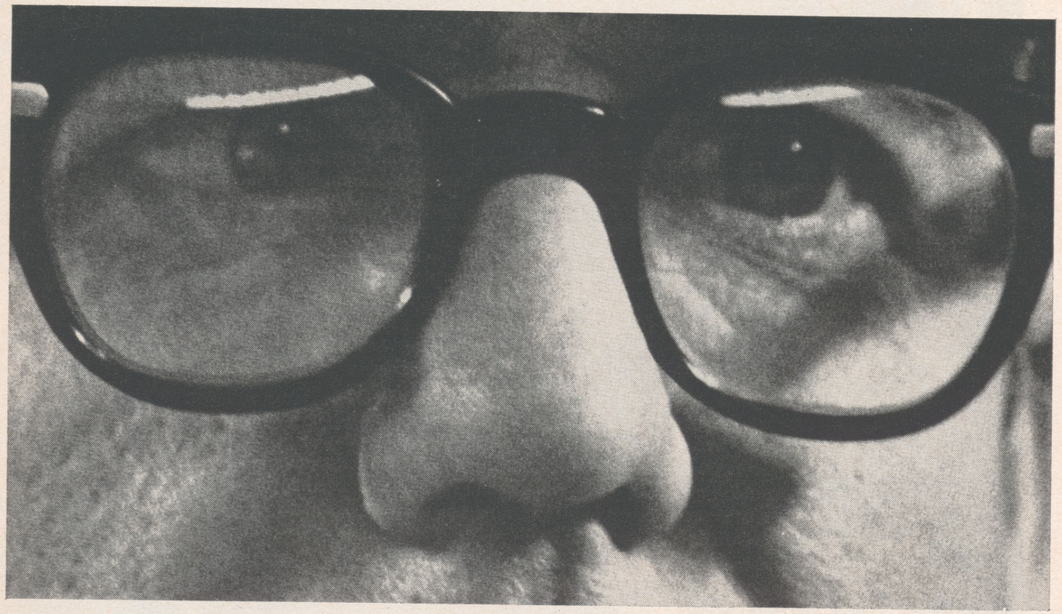
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Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 15, 1969

THE PURSUIT OF WILLIE AND CLYDE



Slugger Willie McCovey (right) and bespectacled Giant Manager Clyde King don't really plan to murder anybody. They just want to steal away with the title in baseball's hottest race

by MARK MULVOY

Willie and Clyde, they call themselves, and they have all the West chasing them. The guys on Murderers' Row in Cincinnati seem to be closing in. The Mod Squad kids in Los Angeles, Hammerin' Hank and Phil the Knuckler in Atlanta and Jimmy the Cannon in Houston may need a little more time, but they are not far away from Willie and Clyde's place right now. "We're certainly not going to open the door for any of them," says Willie. "Darn, Willie, if all my plans had worked out right the last couple of months we wouldn't be worrying about these people trying to catch up now," says Clyde.

The team is the San Francisco Giants, and Willie is—surprise—Willie McCovey, the first baseman and at present the most feared hitter in the National League. Clyde is Clyde King, the rookie manager of the Giants. Willie's bat and Clyde's fresh psychology have the Giants in first place in the league's fratricidal Western Division. Although they led the second-place Reds by only 1½ games and the fifth-place Astros by only 4½ as of Sunday night, the Giants may prove to be more difficult to catch in the Western hinterlands during the next three weeks than Bonnie and Clyde ever were.

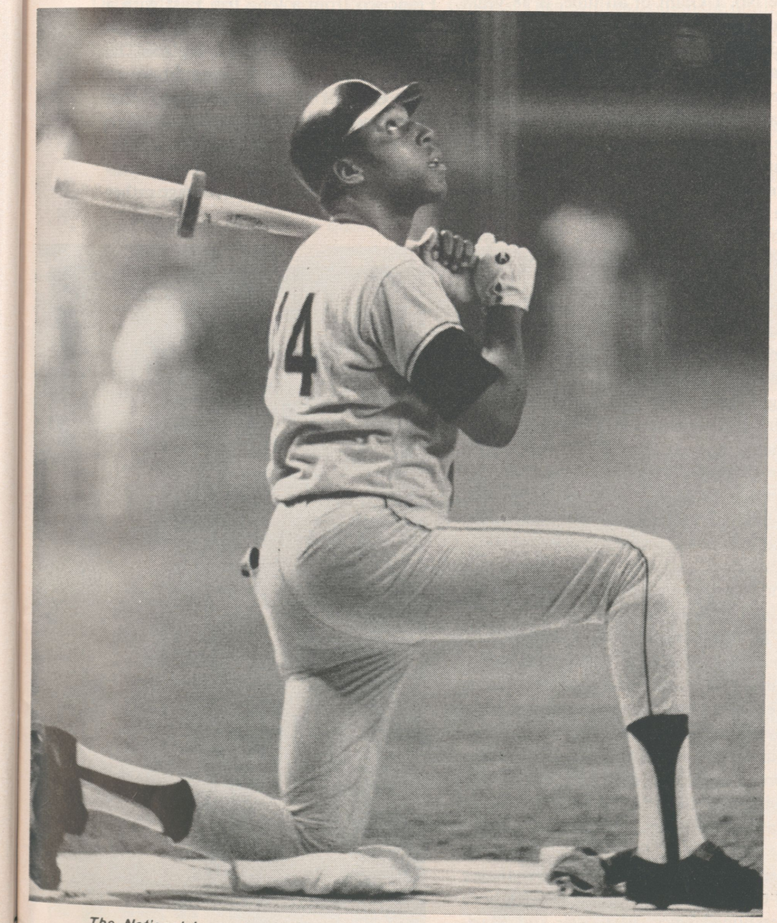
There are various reasons why this is so, but all of them can be summarized in one word: team. For the first time since they landed in California 11 years ago the Giants are a genuine baseball team. That is, there are 32 players in San Francisco who are now working in concert with the manager and his coaches to produce a pennant. In past seasons—particularly in the last four seasons when the Giants were always second—this was not so. Under Manager Herman Franks, the grand guru of the game, the Giants were marvelously sufficient in all the baseball departments save one: morale. Manager and management catered too much to the star syndrome at the expense of the little man, without whose contributions, it became clear, their team would never make first place.

Franks, in fact, seemed to think that he had only four players on the Giants. They were, in order, Willie Mays, Juan Marichal, McCovey and Gaylord Perry. There was an occasional experiment when Franks played around with the possibility of adding to the select four, but his heart was never in it. The other Giants, he seemed to feel, were merely dwarfs. Their function was to appear three hours before the game and disappear half an hour after it was over.

"I don't think," says Willie McCovey, "that I've ever met two men anywhere who have such opposite views about handling players. Herman was the type who hated to build a player up. Clyde, well, he's always around with the compliments to everyone. Ballplayers, like everyone else, like to get told they did something right."

Also now, for really the first time since the opening games of the season, King can field his regular team—or at least seven of the eight players he thinks of as daily performers.

The Giants have until now been baseball's Medicaid Nine. Their health insurance had its first workout when Catcher Dick Dietz' tonsils became infected. Then Jim Ray Hart, the No. 5 hitter, slammed his shoulder into a fence during opening week and developed bursitis. Not only was his throwing arm totally disabled, he was unable to use his bat. Last year he hit 23 home runs and had 78 RBIs. So far in 1969 he has hit only three homers and driven in 24 runs. Jack Hiatt, a catcher, and Bob Etheridge, the regular third baseman, both developed ulcers. Tito Fuentes and Shortstop Hal Lanier injured their ankles. Ken Henderson pulled a hamstring, and Jim Davenport displayed the usual ailments that come with old age.



The National League's most feared hitter, McCovey waits his turn at bat in the Astrodome.

Juan Marichal developed a unique injury in the Astrodome when he sneezed and simultaneously pulled a muscle in his rib cage. During the next five weeks he was able to win only one game. Second Baseman Ron Hunt, baseball's true grit, has been in and out, in and out of the lineup and the hospital, the recipient this year of 21 pitched balls on his head, his shoulders and any other place he was not too sure he should remove from the line of fire. Bobby Bonds, the brilliant young power-hitting outfielder, surveyed Hunt's black-and-blue body one day and said, "Ron, believe me, there's no advantage in turning my color." Two weeks ago Hunt was hospitalized overnight for observation after Tom Seaver skulled him with a fastball. Hunt then tried to play the next day.

But this is the story of the San Francisco Giants, and all previous stories about the San Francisco Giants have always begun and ended with Willie Mays. Not this year. Mays has not started 58 games this season because of injuries and advancing age. Last month he damaged his left knee in a home-plate crash with the Cubs' Randy Hundley, and it was not until last Saturday night in Houston that Mays was physically ready to play again. He went to the Dome in the morning for a 20-minute batting drill, then, in the game, hit a two-run triple to help the Giants beat the Astros 7–6.

"We've used eight different third basemen out of physical necessity," King says. "We've had countless outfield combinations. We've never had a regular catcher. Considering everything, our being in first place is incredible. If all those things hadn't happened, there'd be no race—we'd be up there someplace."

Fortunately for King and the Giants, McCovey and Bonds both have been

continued

able to play almost every day, and right now they form the most lethal one-two batting attack in the league. Not that McCovey has been enjoying crazy, all-out health. On the contrary, he has been hurt all year with an arthritic knee and calcium deposits and bone chips in his hip. Nevertheless, he has missed only 13 games, and he leads the National League with 41 home runs and is tied with Ron Santo with 112 RBIs, statistics that are even more impressive when his 104 bases on balls (including 41 intentional walks) are added to them. The opposition now often plays a four-man outfield against McCovey and in close situations prefers to walk him even when there is a runner on first.

Bonds, at 23, has suddenly blossomed, as many had predicted he would. He has marvelous speed and has stolen 39 bases in 42 attempts. He also has tremendous power when he meets the ball, something he does not always do. So far this year he has hit 29 home runs and driven in 75 runs, but he also has struck out 159 times. "If I were batting, say, .210 instead of .270," he said, "then I'd be worrying about my strikeouts. But I don't like to worry up there."

Called the next Mays when the Giants signed him in 1965, Bonds shrugs and says, "There will be no new Mays. How can there be? I just want to play the way I can. I can run and steal bases. I don't steal like Brock. He goes anytime. I only go in strategic circumstances. I've always had good power when I've hit the ball. Hitting the ball has been the problem. I've got time, and I've got a lot of players here helping me out."

McCovey and Bonds have carried the Giants during the long injury siege. "The writers always said we wouldn't win without Mays," McCovey said last week in Houston. "We have proved the last few weeks that we can win without him. We have gotten rid of that tag. Guys read things like that and they think to themselves, 'I'll show them,' and they go out and play great ball. That's what has happened to us. The guys who have come off the bench this year have done great jobs for us. And that never used to happen before. Look at Jim Davenport. Ten game-winning hits, and he's really a reserve."

The dependable, efficient bench is only part of the new look that Clyde King has injected into the Giants. From the start of the spring he has preached teamwork to his players. In the old days a Giant home-run hitter was welcomed back to the dugout like a worst enemy; King wanted a reception committee at the dugout steps. If a Giant happened to have a bad day even though the club won, that player usually sat around the clubhouse and sulked. King surveyed the locker room and detected the sulkers. He then prodded them into joining the party. Also, he discontinued the parties after defeats.

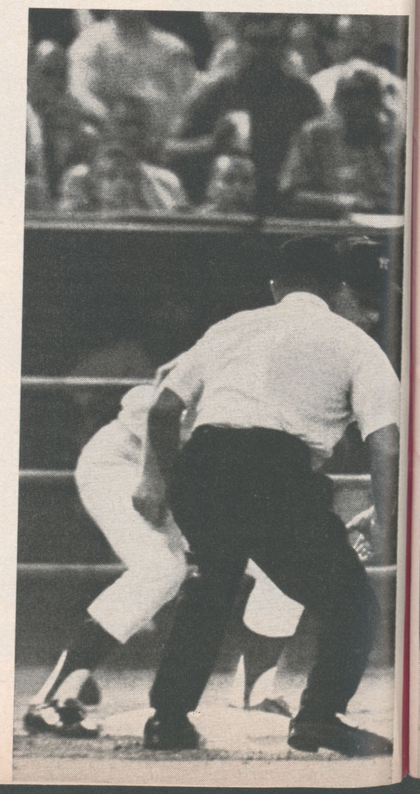
Most of the Giants accepted the manager's fresh approach. However, they all waited for the first real confrontation between manager and superstar. Mays, the No. 1 Giant of all time, is 38 years old now, and at times he performs like a 38-year-old rather than the marvelous player of only a few years back. He was virtually his own manager under Franks, playing when he wanted to, resting when he wanted to. Although the other Giants agreed that Mays deserved some preferential treatment, they did feel that he often took advantage of his position. Franks, unfortunately, never played a dominant role in these matters.

King and Mays clashed in the Astrodome near the end of June. The two men had devised a plan whereby Mays would get extra rest after particularly strenuous games or series of games. This night there was a mixup. When King, who had written Mays' name into the lineup, noticed that Willie was not on the bench to bring the lineup card out to the umpires at home plate, he grabbed the card, scratched Mays' name from it and went to the umpires' conference himself. Mays arrived in the dugout seconds later, and when he discovered what King had done he was furious.

There are various and conflicting accounts of what happened on the bench. King says that everything he read in the papers was accurate, although he says he did not read every report. Two Giants did prevent Mays from doing something he would have regretted. King censured his star in front of the other players. In effect, he said that he was the manager of the Giants. When he said that, Clyde King *was* the manager of the Giants, and the fact has not been questioned since. McCovey and Marichal assured him it was so.

Last weekend the Giants flew into Houston again, this time to open an eight-game road trip—their most important of the year—with three games against the Astros. The Giants had not won in six games in the Dome this year, and both McCovey and Bonds were hitless on the AstroTurf. At the same time the Astros were talking pennant. The dozens of motels surrounding the Astrodome complex had "All The Way Astros" messages on their marquees. The Houston papers bannered the series on page 1.

The enthusiasm might well have depressed the Giants, who had become just about inured to inattention at home. Recently, for instance, they returned to San Francisco from a long trip East with a five-game winning streak and, for the moment at least, a lock on first place. The headlines on the sports pages, however, were CLIFTON MCNEIL MAY SIGN WITH 49ERS and RICK BARRY MAY SIGN WITH WARRIORS. One paper, dead set against the expansion of Candlestick Park, seemingly would give up its sports page rather than mention the Giants favorably.



The Astros were only 5½ games behind the Giants, and a successful weekend would shoot them into the race. No longer the team that always battled the Mets for 10th place, they are a young group of developers, with the three hardest throwers in the league, Larry Dierker, Don Wilson and Tom Griffin. They will be contenders for years to come. More important, the Astros have developed a pride in themselves. Dierker has appointed himself team lyricist, and after every game he sings verses of his song, *It Makes a Fellow Proud to Be an Astro*, dutifully accompanied by the other players.

Last Friday night Dierker shut out the Giants 2–0, winning the game when Denis Menke hit a two-run homer off Perry in the bottom of the ninth. He held McCovey and Bonds hitless and permitted only one Giant runner to reach second base. After the game Dierker and the Astros sang one of the few printable verses of their song:

Now Harry Walker is the one that
manages this crew
He doesn't like it when we miss
curfew,
But when we win our game each
day
What the hell can Harry say?
It makes a fellow proud to be an
Astro.

It was not a damaging loss for the Giants because their closest pursuers, Cincinnati and Los Angeles, also lost. "Every time we win a game," said King, "we're going to gain a game on two clubs. And every time we lose, two clubs will gain on us. That's how it's going to be all the way down to the wire."

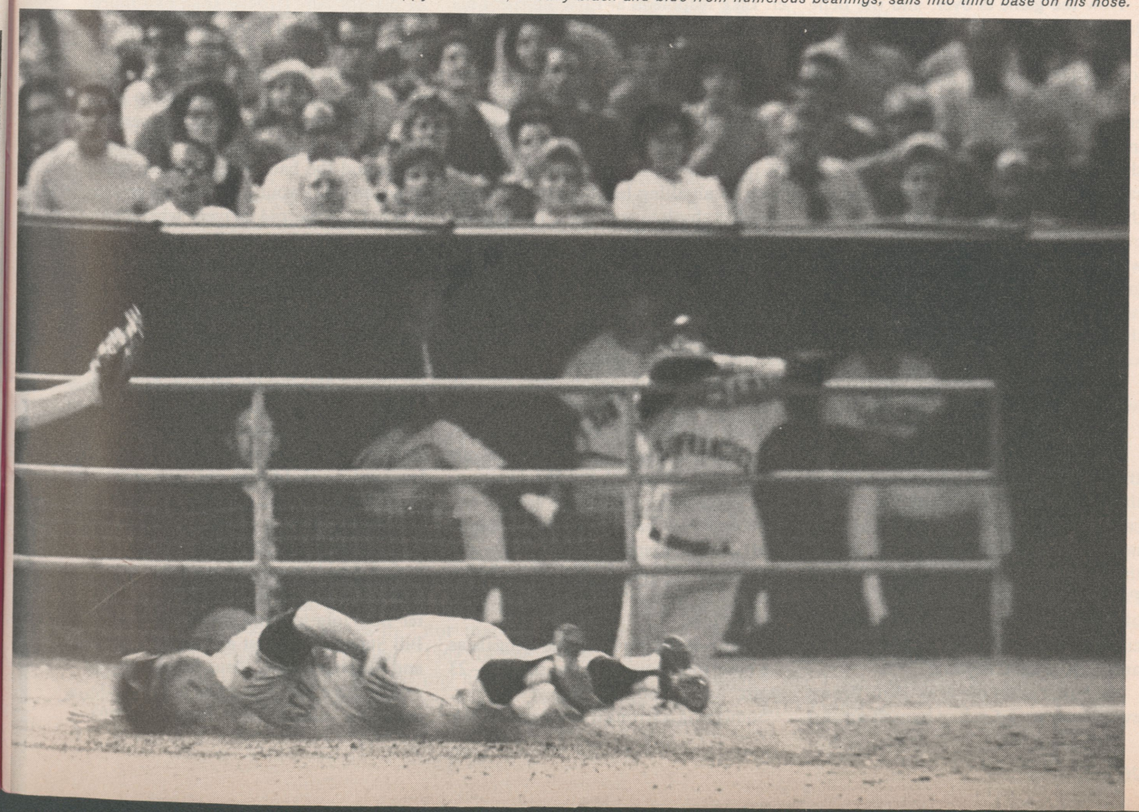
On Saturday night, with Mays back in the lineup, the Giants roared to a 7–1 lead. Bonds got a double, McCovey had two hits. Then, with two out in the ninth, the Astros had four runs across, trailed by only one run and had runners at first and second and Menke at the plate. The hero of Friday night, however, looked at a called third strike Saturday night, and the Giants survived a scare. Sunday, though, they did not, losing 7–6 after leading 6–0 in the fourth.

"Our club is funny," McCovey said. "I don't think we're as good as some of our clubs that finished second the last four years, but we have something they didn't have. Winning is a serious matter."

The Giants have been near first in September before, but, says McCovey, "The last four years we had to fight for second. We're less apt to panic than, say, Houston or the Cubs. If we get beat, we'll get beat—not because we've tightened up or panicked. We've always won the crucial series for second place. This year the crucial series will be for first. Remember in '66 when we forced the Dodgers to use Koufax in the second game on the final day to beat us for the pennant? We didn't panic then."

With Cincinnati's Murderers' Row, L.A.'s Mod Squad, Atlanta's Hammerin' Hank Aaron and the Astros' Jimmy Wynn chasing them, the Giants cannot panic now. *Willie and Clyde* is too fine a title for a World Series movie—or even a playoff movie—to throw away. **END**

Giving his all for the team, the Giants' scrappy Ron Hunt, already black and blue from numerous beanings, sails into third base on his nose.



NO CLINK AND NO CLANK IN CINCY

Now in his second year as head coach, general manager and part owner of the Bengals, Paul Brown is still sending in plays, but his players often tell him which ones they prefer to run

by PATRICK F. PUTNAM

There he is, Paul Brown, stalking the sideline, getting ready to send in another play, to push the button to put his Cincinnati Bengal robots into motion. Clink, clank, whistle. Another button. Clink, clank, whistle. In Cleveland they may still believe that's the way cold, aloof, mechanical, stereotyped Paul Brown operates. They're wrong.

"Coach," says Bob Trumpy, the tight end, "that Denver strong safety is taking me all the way and he isn't too fast."

"Bob," says Brown, "do you want to give it a whirl?"

"Yeah, let's go."

Then Brown sends in the play. Greg Cook, the rookie quarterback, drops back seven yards to his own 14, puts the ball in the air. The strong safety *isn't* that fast. Trumpy catches the ball on the Denver 44 and goes in to score.

Now the game is over, and the Bengals have won 13–11, to close their exhibition season with three straight victories after two losses. In the field house Brown stands among his laughing players, shaking his head. It had rained early in the game and his suit is a mess, his shoes are muddy. "Look at me," he says with mock despair. "Now you see the real, cold, brutal Paul Brown." And even he has to laugh. "Now you see why coaching is a way of life to me. It's great to coach a team that's fighting for its life, kids that are exuberant and have this real joy of playing. Look at these kids. It's great."

Bill Bergey, the rookie linebacker, waves as he heads toward the door. "Real nice game, coach."

"Hey, you played the game, not me," Brown yells. Then he adds softly, "Isn't that refreshing? What a kid! Sure, I still call the plays, but it isn't such a cold business as people think. The Paul Brown that everybody talks about isn't the real Paul Brown. That one is just a figment of the New York writers' imagination, created when the Browns and the Giants were in their heyday."

And that is as close as Paul Brown ever comes to defending himself against the critics who forced him into exile almost seven years ago. If he was bitter at being fired by Cleveland, where he won four All-America Conference and three NFL championships, he hid it. "Bitter people bore me," he says. "They say football passed me by, and I say that time has the answer for everything. And I'll also say that going into our second year at Cincinnati our schedule is running right on time."

And what is the schedule?

"Well, right now I don't want to say," he says, "but I'll tell you this: last year I was talking to Tex Schramm of the Dallas Cowboys. I told him, 'You've been in it nine years and you haven't won it yet.' I intend to win the turkey a whole lot sooner than that." Brown has been turkey hunting since 1962, when the Browns told him to clean out his locker. Like Napoleon at Elba, he spent his years in exile mapping the campaign for his return. "I wasn't even sure if I'd come back," he says. "But if I did come back, I knew exactly what I wanted."

First, he wanted to come back as an owner. "I left as an owner [he had 7% of the Browns] and I refused to come back as anything less." Second, he demanded absolute control. "There is no other way for a team to operate and be a winner."

Four pro teams offered Brown the job as head coach, and four times he said no. He must have had faith in his convictions because outside of football life for Paul Brown is meaningless. He was living in luxury and he was suffocating.

With the Bengals, Brown is in complete control. He's a part owner (about 10%) and, as one club official puts it, "In this organization there is only one vote and Paul has it." He is the coach and general manager and he has the last word in everything from ordering pencils to appointments on the board of directors.

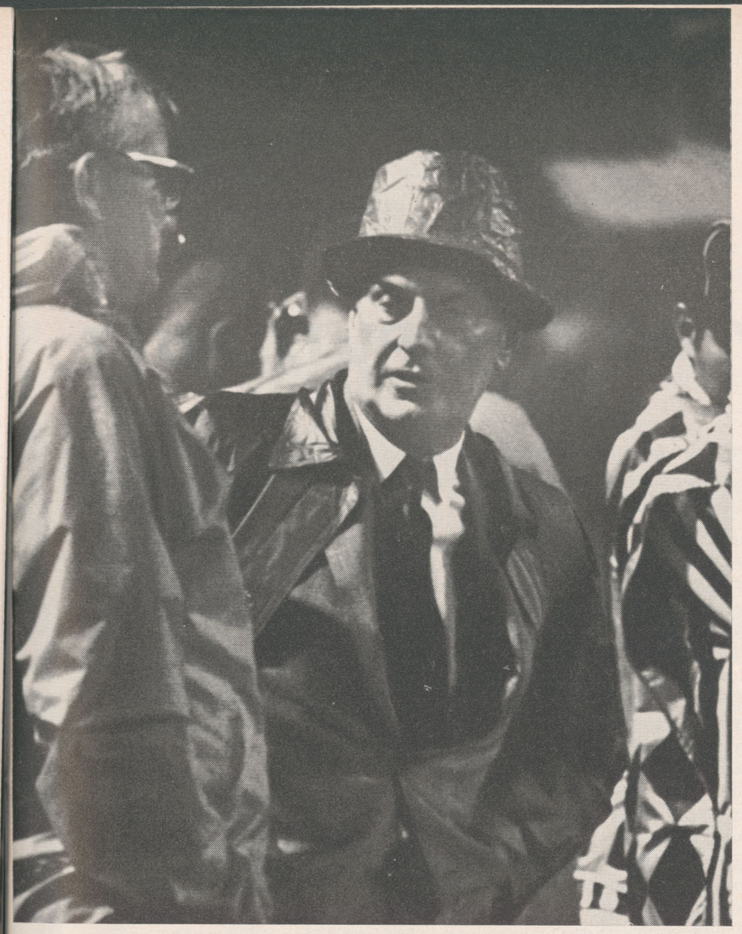
Brown began building the Bengals as he built the Browns—from scratch—23 years ago. Also, he believes, better. "Something is wrong if you don't do better the second time around," he says. He even dug out the two-hour speech he used to read to the Browns the first day in camp. Only for the Bengals, after the part that goes, "It isn't going to take me long to recognize the tramp, the boozer, the barroom bum, the chaser . . . ," he added, "We may be an expansion team but we aren't going to be the Foreign Legion. A selfish player is like cancer and we'll soon cut him out."

Brown had decided he wouldn't follow other expansion teams into the quicksand by trying to build with veterans. "Historically," he says, "every expansion team has had to junk what it started with and rebuild the second year and then, sometimes, rebuild again."

When the Bengals were founded, Brown got to select one player from each club, except Miami, *after* the first 29 players were frozen. Then two more were frozen. Then Brown got two more. Another frozen. Another for Brown. Then, if you can believe this, each club was allowed to pick one player to give to the Bengals. "We knew we weren't going to get much," he says. "The bad knees and the bad heads. But we tried to get as many young ones as we could. We got all the old players when they gave us that fifth player."

The bad knees, bad heads and old players were quickly gone. Of the 40 original selections only seven are still with the club. For the most part Brown used his rookies, starting as many as eight on offense and five on defense, and still the Bengals won three games last year.

Against Denver last Saturday, Brown started 20 players with three years or less experience, 14 with one year or less. Only Ernie Wright, an offensive tackle, and Bobby Hunt, a safety, qualify as elders and they are 29. Brown always has been a fine judge of young talent. Last year in the college draft he selected Center Bob Johnson and Defensive Tackle Bill Staley as his first and second picks and Running Back Paul Robinson as one of three No. 3 choices. All had exceptional seasons, and Robinson was



A rain-soaked Brown talks with Offensive Line Coach Bill Johnson during win over Denver.

Rookie of the Year. This year Brown's first two choices were Cook and Bergey, and both are outstanding.

"We're not there yet," says Brown. "We still need some blue-chippers from the draft next year. But those boys are the pillars with which you build championship teams. I have a pretty good idea what it takes to be a winner, not just once but often. You build on the pillars. You start with Johnson. He's the leadership type, the kind you need. Did you see us *asking* him what kind of play he thought would go? Cook is a bright kid and a good boy. Although he may not know it, he's still three years away from being a real fine quarterback, but he will be."

Paul Brown is 61, and there has been no banking of the fires that have burned within him since his first coaching job at Severn (Md.) Prep in 1930 and that have produced 299 wins and 15 ties in 400 high-school, college and pro games.

"I ask nothing of my players that I wouldn't ask of my three sons," he says. He demands that they don't drink and then he gives up his dry martinis (and his golf and gin rummy) from the beginning of each season to the end. "Paul Brown," says Bob Johnson, "is a man of the true American spirit. He believes that if you do your job you'll be paid accordingly. There is no touch of communism in his outlook. He looks you in the eye, tells you what to do and that's it. Handle your responsibilities like a man and he's easy to get along with. If you are straightforward and hard-working you'll be happy here. He is without prejudice. You also know you can't lose because of his incompetence. He is thorough and scientific. We know we lost 11 games last year because it was our fault, not his."

In Brown's office in the Carew Tower in downtown Cincinnati there is no hint of past glories, nothing to tell a visitor that the man ever existed before 1967. In one corner is a four-foot trophy awarded to the Bengals for being the best expansion team in 1968. "But," protests Mike Brown, the second oldest son and the assistant general manager, "we were the *only* expansion club last year." A citation naming Paul Brown as Cincinnati's Citizen for the Day—Aug. 3, 1968—hangs on the wall. "It's there," says Mike, "because somebody sneaked into the office and tacked it up when no one was around."

"I have a lot of stuff tucked away in boxes," says Paul Brown, "and I guess I could have a great big trophy room somewhere. But football is more than the accomplishments of one man, of one player. It's a team game. What an individual does as an individual is not important. It's what he does for the team. The only thing that counts in football is what's on the scoreboard. And everyone has to feel that way—the coaches, the players. It's the only way you can win the big brass ring."

And Brown has made believers of his kids. "If I have poise on the field, it's because I know Brown is on the bench," says Cook. "He's my security. If something goes wrong, he grabs you as soon as you come off the field. It's not because he's angry with you but because he wants to know what happened, an analysis of the breakdown. He's a football scientist."

A year ago, Brown stunned everyone by drafting Safety Jess Phillips out of a Michigan prison where he was serving time for passing bad checks. "He made a mistake," says Brown, closing the book on that part of Phillips' life. "I, perhaps better than anyone, should know that a man isn't always what his reputation proclaims him to be," Phillips says. "I played for a few coaches, excellent ones like Duffy Daugherty, but there is a difference between Paul Brown and anyone else. He wants perfection but he has great patience. He has begun to rally this team. Now we are looking to the stars."

Paul Brown isn't quite ready to look that far. "There are some things you can't hurry in life," he says. "Building a football team is one of them. I have mentally prepared myself for whatever anguish I have to go through. I won't like losing but I'll be ready for it. But always, deep inside of me, I feel we'll do better than I care to admit. I have my own little world again. I came back into football because I enjoy the life. I don't want anything or anybody to louse it up." **END**

EVERYBODY DO THE PUTT-PUTT

They may never get a chance to show their stuff at the Masters, but last week at a miniature course in Fayetteville, N.C., 128 of "the best putters in the world" competed for $110,000

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

In Fayetteville, N.C., Raymond Floyd, who is a home-town boy and also the PGA champion, has become a big, blond afterthought. He's never home much anymore, for one thing, and he doesn't play the right game, either. 'Ole Raymond, big and blond and ha-el raiser that he is, does not play Putt-Putt.

But some 12 million other people do every year, in 300 towns in 42 states and 13 foreign countries. And the thing is—let's be quite frank about this to all those who have never known the thrill of winning a free pass at Putt-Putt by scoring a hole in one with the yellow ball when the yellow light goes, or with the blue ball when the blue light goes or with the red ball or the green—Fayetteville is where the game of Putt-Putt is really at.

Putt-Putt, the only sophisticated form of miniature golf yet invented, is a $15 million business, and last week the results of all of this expansion and all of this money were on display just off a parking lot near downtown Fayetteville where 128 men—promoted as "The World's Greatest Putters"—gathered to compete for $110,000 in the first annual world putting championship.

George Archer didn't make it, and neither did Billy Casper or the rest of those guys. Your country club champion didn't make it, either. But Ron Dubinsky was there, and Webb DiGenova was and Howell Sherrod and Woodie Pritchett and Kamal Harchaoui. And so was Ricky Smith, a pudgy-cheeked 20-year-old Purdue University sophomore. Smith made 13 consecutive holes in one to set a record in his first-round match and then, three days later, scored 12 aces in 16 holes as he defeated mustachioed Gary Love 4 and 2 to capture the $15,000 first prize. Smith, who is referred to as The Ace Machine by his compatriots and Rocket ("I'm never short") by himself, caught the mumps last month but, after laying off the Putt-Putt course for two weeks, practiced eight hours a day every day until he "got the stroke back" and, last Saturday, won his prize.

It wasn't a prior commitment that kept the Archers and Caspers away from challenging Smith in a pastime in which one might consider them to be expert. It was just that they aren't qualified. The field in Fayetteville was made up of members of the Professional Putters Association, a subsidiary of an organization that has franchised its Putt-Putt game into an exploding financial bonanza throughout the world.

They are men who don't putt on grass but on carpets. They don't read the carpets but memorize them. They don't stroke the ball so much as they bang, angle and ricochet it off boards and through pipes to get it into the cup. They are men—in the storied tradition of pathfinders, deerslayers and boccie aficionados—who dwell on the outskirts of sport, breathe the musty air of anonymity and search for recognition in the darkest of corners. PPA members are identified only by the names and cities on their shirts, and they are forced always to answer such questions as, "Putt-Putt? What are you, motorboat guys?"

Miniature golf came to this country from Scotland in the 1920s and was an immediate national craze. The courses were sometimes called "Tom Thumbs" then, and they were very In places with the flapper crowd, including that old putting fool Rudolph Valentino. When the great crash came, the popularity of miniature golf dwindled, and it wasn't until a generation later that Don Clayton, an insurance salesman from Fayetteville, was able to revive it.

In 1954 Clayton remembers building his first course over a period of 21 days, getting back his full investment of $5,500 in 29 days and, on that last evening, watching in awe as a prominent Fayetteville attorney stood in line for 45 minutes to play his new and wonderful game of Putt-Putt.

After expanding his franchises several years later, Clayton supervised a program of amateur tournaments around the country. When the popularity of these events increased and awards began taking the form of expensive automobiles, he decided to make his men professionals. In 1959 the PPA was formed "to recognize, develop and reward the skills and abilities of America's putters." There have been small tours in each of the PPA's four regions every year since, culminating this summer in more than sixty $1,000 tournaments across the land (including three major events, the National Championship, the Northern Open and the Southern Open) which served as qualifying tests for the world tournament.

Clayton's philosophy of miniature golf is revealed in the design of his courses, which are contemptuous of those everyday dinosaur-mouth, elephant-foot gag holes. "I did not want to simply amuse people with giraffes and windmills," he says. "I wanted something that pitted man against man, to challenge the athletic ability of the competitor. On a regular miniature golf course a child could beat Jack Nicklaus if the ball goes in the right leg of the kangaroo. Not so in Putt-Putt. Our putters are great athletes and great men. We

continued



Coaxing the ball, winner Ricky Smith gives a putt the full body English, while runner-up Gary Love (inset) merely flexes his knees.







have made competition out of a thing that was recreational. I believe this is the type of drive and commerce that made this country so great. The capitalistic system is a fantastic, wonderful invention, the genius of this nation that made us what we are today. I can't say enough for America and for Putt-Putt. To know that millions of people go out and play my game of Putt-Putt every day is an American dream come true."

Hard by his course in Fayetteville, Clayton has started a chain of restaurants and of 45-foot-high slides. The restaurants are called "Wow-Wow." The slides are called "Slide-Slide." Clayton also owns a travel agency. It is not called "Travel-Travel" or "Go-Go." Clayton drives a root beer-colored Cadillac convertible which has "I play Putt-Putt" stickers front and back and a license plate that reads "Wow-Wow." His Putt-Putt organization has its own chaplain, Baxter Walker, formerly of Grace Baptist Church in Fayetteville, who writes a column called "The Game of Life" in the monthly house organ.

The game of Putt-Putt is indeed one of skill and finesse acquired over a long period of time and practice. PPA members—who play their tour only in the summer and are otherwise bankers, clerks, teachers, students, butchers, bakers and candlestick makers—use the same clubs and balls, and most of the same stances and strokes, as regular touring golf pros. Holes are standardized on every Putt-Putt course around the country and are given names like "Water Hole," "Sidehill" and "Drop-Off." Most of the holes require the putter to angle his shots off wooden, orange-painted bumpboards to avoid obstacles such as pipes, bricks, water and wrought-iron letters that spell "Putt-Putt" and "PPA." Because of this aspect of the game, Putt-Putt resembles billiards or pool as much as it does golf.

Putt-Putt is not without relations to the PGA. Freddie Haas of New Orleans, who was once a leading money-winner on the PGA tour, played in a couple of Putt-Putt tournaments a few years ago. Bobby Mitchell, a PGA tour regular, is a former city champion of Putt-Putt in Danville, Va. Moreover, last December in Pompano Beach, Fla. five members of the PGA—Dave Hill, Randy Glover, Lou Graham, Don Massengale and Rex Baxter—faced five PPA members in a putting match, half on Putt-Putt and half on a regular green. The Putt-Putt people claim they lost on grass but won on the carpets. The PGA claims victory on both.

"We made a mistake. We showed them how to putt the carpets and where to angle the spots," says Vance (The Lance) Randall, the only man to win the PPA National Championship in two different seasons. "And on the real green we were out there hitting 90-foot putts. That's not puttin', that's huntin'. We want the PGA again."

Randall, a girls' basketball coach in Rossville, Ga., says there is a big difference between PPA and PGA play. "The pressure in Putt-Putt is unbelievable on every shot," he says. "If I could swing away once in a while, or go out on a fairway and mix up the routine, it wouldn't be so bad. But I can't. It's all puttin'. At least the PGA boys get to walk."

In its pursuit of recognition, the PPA has abandoned itself, by financial necessity, to the whim of the television camera. Each year for the past eight, Clayton has staged a *Parade of Champions* TV series of seven pretaped matches that are shown on more than 70 stations around the country. This year he elected to make the last rounds of the World Championship serve as his TV show.

In a trailer on the eve of the final matches, Clayton explained the procedure to the eight remaining contestants:

"Now you men know the system," he began. "If the TV technicians do not catch the action or if a match goes over our allotted 21 minutes, we have to play the match over. You understand that if you're nine up after nine holes and the TV men say the tape hasn't gone right, we have to rub it out and start again. You are only paid for what the tape catches. You will sign a statement to that effect, that you agree to this. And please, men, if you do win a match tomorrow and we have to run it over and then you lose, please, men, don't say anything about it or complain about it. That's just the rub of the green."

Clayton went on: "Now on TV, I'm going to do commentary to sway the public to one man's side. This does not mean I am for anyone or against anyone. Please remember this. Last year I had people all over America pulling for a man because he wanted to build an extra room onto his house for a new baby. We're doing sports reporting here, but we're also doing a selling job, and this is the best way I know how. God bless you all, men, and remember one more thing.

"Remember the image of this great organization is at stake. Try to smile at all times, even when you lose. Champions always smile."

On two previous occasions television mistakes had changed the outcome of a Putt-Putt match. In one, the legendary Prince of Putt, Neil Connor, a piano tuner from Greenville, S.C., aced the 18th hole to defeat another former champion, Bob Williamson. At the time the TV cameras had not been turned on, and when they played the hole over, Williamson aced and Connor missed.

However, "There is never malice," says Williamson, "because we don't have anything to say about it. We know the risks. It's hard to believe, but the money isn't that important to us. We care more about how Putt-Putt looks."

Fortunately—although a couple of holes did have to be replayed for the camera—nothing serious happened in Fayetteville last week. The whole affair did take on the look of a green-and-orange fantasy with Clayton as director and Ricky Smith, Vance The Lance and all spectators as so many untutored actors. The galleries were earnestly solicited with offers of free soft drinks and gently plied with Clayton's tributes of "Folks, you're just a beautiful gallery, but would you please get your shadows off our carpets?"

Smith, The Ace Machine, said he would use his winning purse of $15,000 "to pay for a few semesters" and to start his own Putt-Putt at home in Indianapolis. Undoubtedly he will take the words of Don Clayton with him. As written to all prospective owners of miniature-golf courses, they are:

"... If you would like to be a part of the most wonderful industry that God has ever allowed to prosper in this land, we invite you to contact Putt-Putt Golf Courses. . . . $100,000 a year? If God gave you the mind and the health and the strength and the years in which to accomplish it, it can be accomplished for you and for your loved ones through Putt-Putt." **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE ROBERTS

Czar of Putt-Putt is Don Clayton (upper left). Tiny galleries, watching one player struggle with tiered "green" and another sink an ace, are no problem—the money is in TV.

MARJE'S LATE, LATE SHOW

By staging the sport's richest race at night, Marje Everett starts a civil war **by WHITNEY TOWER**

After nearly two days of steady rain, the temperature on a clear night in Chicago last Saturday was a comfortable 73°. Throughout most of the city the serious bowling was just ending and the movie houses were emptying when, at 11:27 Central Daylight Time, a dozen 2-year-old colts set off after America's richest Thoroughbred racing purse, the $366,075 offered in the seven-furlong Arlington-Washington Futurity.

At the start a chestnut named Insubordination swept to an easy two-length lead under the steady guidance of Bill Shoemaker. But midway around the far turn John Rotz slipped Sonny Werblin's chestnut Silent Screen through on the inside of Insubordination, and that was the race. Silent Screen steadily improved his position and won the Futurity by eight lengths in the very fine time of 1:22 3/5. Favored Irish Castle was sixth, beaten nearly 12 lengths. In addition to the winner's purse of $206,075, Silent Screen earned the right to be called the best 2-year-old now racing and, therefore, a likely Kentucky Derby horse. But the real racing news from Chicago last week concerned the hour at which Silent Screen ran, not what he had won.

Although Thoroughbred meetings have succeeded under the lights at such minor league outposts as Scarborough Downs, Latonia and Fairmount Park, as well as the West Virginia-Ohio junior circuit, the eight nights of racing just concluded at Arlington Park constitute the first such display at a major mile-and-an-eighth track in the United States. And, since it occurred in Chicago, it was, naturally, sponsored by 48-year-old Marje Lindheimer Everett, who, like her father before her (the late Ben Lindheimer), runs racing at Arlington with an iron hand and a big stick (SI, Aug. 20, 1962).

In the third race of his career, Silent Screen runs away from the best of the 2-year-olds to win the first Futurity under lights and $200,000.



Technically, Marje no longer owns Arlington or its sister track, Washington Park, now devoted entirely to harness racing. The Lindheimer-Everett holdings, known as Chicago Thoroughbred Enterprises, Inc., were bought for upward of $32 million earlier this year by the Gulf + Western conglomerate. One of the first things Gulf + Western did, however, was to ask Marje Everett to stick around and run Arlington. Not in the business of losing money (last year Gulf + Western, whose major interests include real estate, sugar, Paramount Pictures and a cigar company, did $1.31 billion worth of business), the conglomerate shared Marje's view that to make money you have to spend it. It promptly helped her spend about $12 million to build a 13-floor hotel on Arlington property, another $2 million on grandstand construction and an additional $1.8 million to install lights.

For several years Marje has been telling everyone that she wanted night racing, in order to bolster Arlington's sagging daytime attendance, but it wasn't until the tail end of Arlington's 103-day run that she got final approval from the Illinois Racing Board to throw the switch. The immediate result was an increase in attendance of some 10% and an avalanche of argument from horsemen. Not unexpectedly, Marje had the first word, and no one doubts for a moment that she will have the last. "I can be pretty bullish at times," she said matter-of-factly last Friday evening as she sat in her private dining room awaiting the night's attendance figures. (When they arrived they showed a crowd of 15,427, as opposed to 11,133 on the same Friday afternoon a year ago.)

"Lots of people attack your motives," Marje went on. "I've been sincere in my motives about racing and have stayed in racing only because I felt something could be done to improve it. Racing's complacency has made it a sick industry, and I want to give it a transfusion before the patient dies. Racing attendance is off practically everywhere. Hollywood Park averaged 5,000 more people in 1965 than it did this year. Santa Anita averaged 10,000 more people in 1947 than it did this year, in a community that must have tripled or quadrupled in population in that span. Tracks boast of their healthy financial status because the mutuel handle is holding up. Well, why wouldn't the handle increase when you keep on adding races and installing different betting gimmicks? I insist that the mutuels are of secondary importance to the attendance. Build your attendance and everything else, including the mutuel handle, will fall into place."

The way to increase attendance the Marje Everett way is to follow the lead of the harness-racing people and turn to major night racing. She points out with obvious pride that she put $5.5 million into Washington Park and business went up 145% in five years. "I remember the voices of doom about night baseball," she says. "When you look back on it, night baseball saved baseball. The way racing is going now, Thoroughbred racing is catering to the unemployed while harness racing is catering to the employed. What the devil is so wrong with night racing? Would these big shopping centers stay open at night if they didn't think it would improve their business? Would movie houses increase their ticket prices after 6 p.m. if they weren't aware that they could do more business at night? The trotting people looked at this thing realistically some time ago, and now we've got to do the same thing."

Owner Ogden Phipps, who had made plans to ship Wheatley Stable's Irish Castle to Arlington for the Futurity before the night-racing experiment began, doesn't like the idea of running under lights but apparently does like the idea of shooting for a big purse. Many of his Jockey Club contemporaries felt that their chairman could have made his protest more effective by flying Irish Castle back to New York before the Futurity, but Phipps' answer to this was, "We'll run, but only because we're out there. I'd never *go* out there under these circumstances and probably won't enter anything out there next year. Marje's argument, as I understand it, is that she's doing the public a favor by racing at night, because in the afternoon only the rich, the presidents of companies or the unemployed can go racing. Whether or not this is true—and it wouldn't appear to be—what justification is that for not racing on Saturday afternoons when presumably anyone who wants to can attend?"

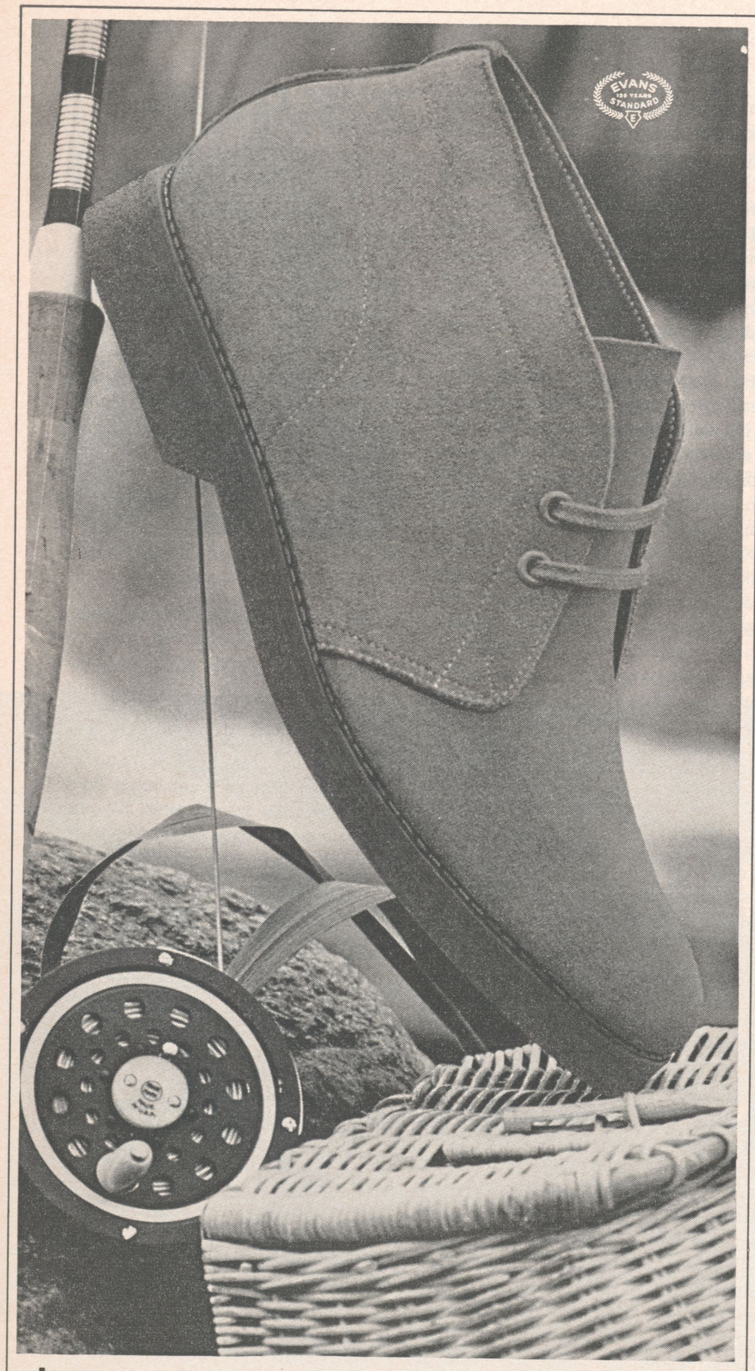


"I can be pretty bullish," is Marje's guess.

Jockey Club member Alfred Vanderbilt, who did not have a Futurity starter but who always has some pretty firm convictions about the state of racing and those who run it, says, "I have nothing against running at night. In fact, if we had done it in New York years ago we would have been in a lot better financial shape than we are now. For one thing, we would have seriously hurt the night trotting game, and might even have put them out of business. If you want to look at it realistically, the only thing against night racing is a personal matter. A community might be somewhat irritated by the inconvenience of night racing, but otherwise it's personal—meaning that a lot of people in racing itself, like owners, trainers and members of the so-called Establishment, simply don't want to spend their evenings at the racetrack. The regular fan couldn't care less. He probably likes it just as much at night as in the daytime, and I agree with him. I happen to believe that the real reason a lot of people like Saratoga so much is that the track is just five minutes from where we all live."

Arlington Park horsemen, being a hardy lot, took the night programs in stride, mostly because they knew they would only have to endure them for a little over a week. "If she had sprung this on us a few weeks earlier," said one tired trainer, "most of us would have bailed out as fast as we could have gotten stalls anywhere else." Backstretch help, long abused on racetracks everywhere in this country, have been par-

continued



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tially compensated for their long hours by a present of $10,000 from Marje Everett's personal account. Each starting horse in every race is awarded $15, and trainers have their choice of pooling that among all the stable help or giving $10 to the horse's groom and the remaining $5 to the hot-walker.

"With increased attendance," says Marje, "we'll eventually have more income and will be able to offer larger purses, which in turn will obviously benefit the horsemen and their help. I think it's unnatural to ask a man to get up at 4 in the morning and go to work at 5. If the harness people can train during the daytime, why can't the Thoroughbred people? As it is now, we keep our track open until noon, as opposed to our old closing time of 10 a.m., and we could keep it open all afternoon if the trainers wanted it that way. If stable help didn't have to be at work so early in the morning, more of them could live away from the barns and lead a more normal family life. Everyone knows it's at night that stable help are more apt to get into trouble—drinking and women at the barns. Horsemen now get Sundays off when all the shops are closed. Big deal."

The new routine is easier on jockeys than on trainers, says Shoemaker, "because most jocks don't have to get up early in the morning. I'm playing more golf than ever before, and I'm all for night racing if it helps the sport and provides more income for the people in it. People resent anything new. Over the long run, if this thing catches on, trainers will just change their training schedules, and I don't think they'd find it that difficult to adjust." As for the actual riding at night, it is Shoe's contention that "horses don't run any different." He agrees with other riders who have raced under both conditions that lights provide more reliable illumination than is available on many an afternoon when the sun can play tricks on horse and rider with unpredictable shadows.

Arlington Park's experiment brought to the track hundreds of first-time racegoers, many of them young married couples in their 20s and 30s. The per capita betting slipped only slightly, from Arlington's usual $98 to $94, despite the newcomers' unfamiliarity with the sport. Concession business went up 25%, for while many an afternoon fan found it

continued

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easy to get through the program with a few beers and a hot dog, the evening fan made it a point to arrive in time for the first race at 8 o'clock and got comfortable at a trackside dining-room table where he not only ordered a full-course meal but also belted down some hard booze along the way.

Business at the trots at Washington Park, some 50 miles away, wasn't noticeably affected by Arlington's night racing, and it has always been Marje's contention that the Thoroughbred and harness fans don't overlap anyway.

Successful Trainer Arnold Winick, an Arlington regular, says scornfully, "The quicker they forget about night racing the better it will be. It will take all the class out of the game." Marje's husband, Webb Everett, who was originally against night racing, says, "The class has been going out of racing for 15 years. Fifteen years ago the wealthy all went racing, and as they die off there are no replacements. The only way to get class back is to educate the young."

"I must disagree," says Allie Reuben, owner of Hasty House Farm's stable. "How is this generation of kids going to instill class in racing? They know nothing about either bloodlines or the traditions of racing, and they'd be just as happy to watch a bunch of mules run around the track."

Be that as it may, and whether the horsemen or the sport's old guard like it or not, Marje Everett intends to apply for at least 73 night-racing dates in 1970. "You can't stand still in this business," she says, "and you can't win a popularity contest by running a track, either. But I *want* to be popular, and I want an opportunity to do something that in the long run will be a contribution to racing. Just because we don't race in New York or just because we may not have the social background of some of those people doesn't mean we should be denied the chance to contribute to the progress of a sport. Don't laugh, but I think our business will be up 50% in three years."

As the Futurity crowd scrambled off into the cool Chicago darkness, Marje straightened up her desk and rose to leave. She was tossing a winner's party in the Horseshoe Club atop the new Arlington Park Towers. "Speaking of night racing," she added with some finality, "how many of us get to bed before midnight anyway?"

END



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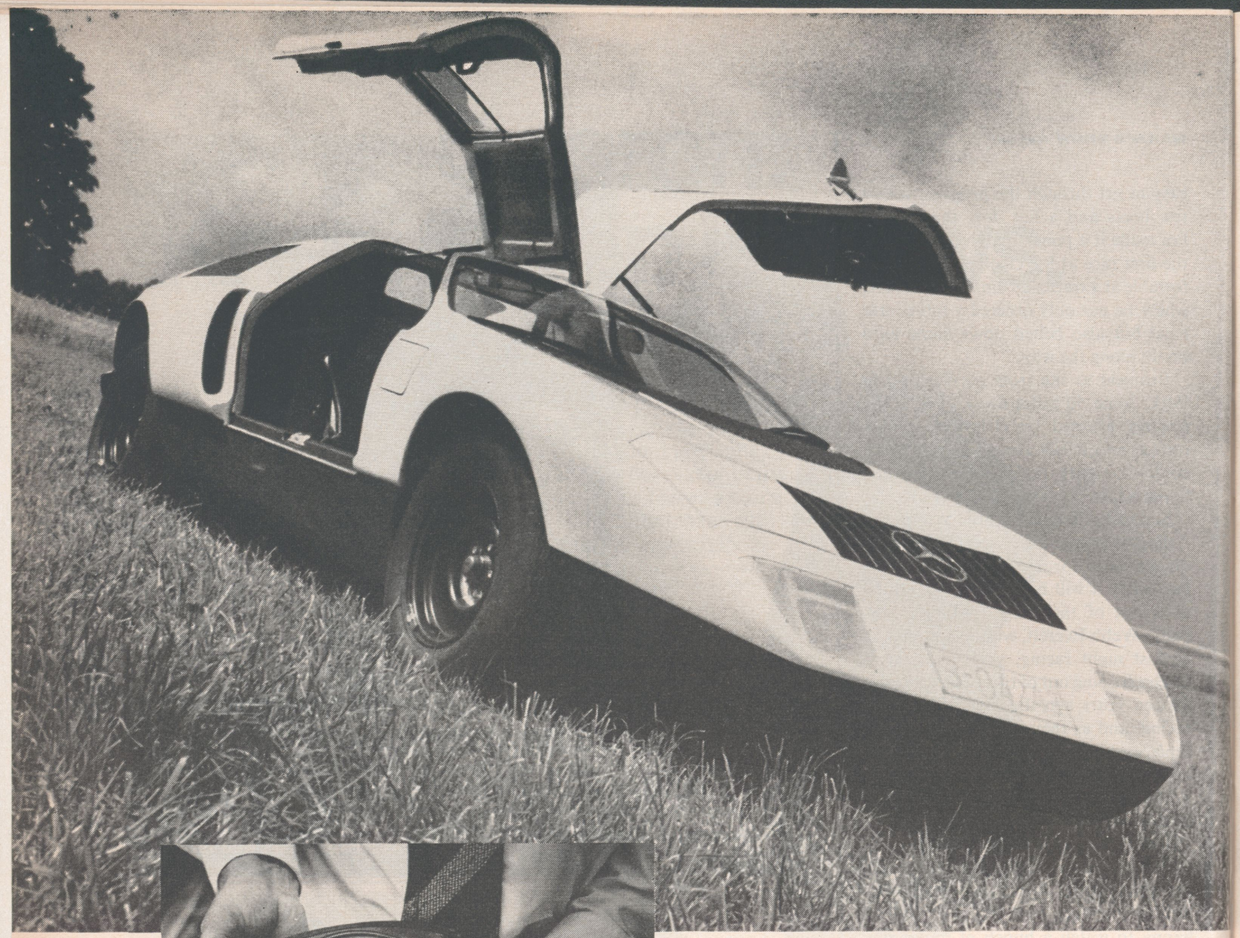
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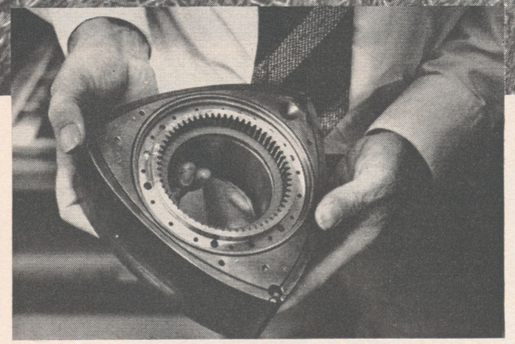


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MERCEDES SPINS OUT AN ENGINE FOR THE FUTURE

A British authority drives a fascinating dream car and predicts that its system of rotors (inset) will supplant the time-honored reciprocating piston engine at Mercedes-Benz ***by DENIS JENKINSON***

All big automotive firms have research and development departments, though with some the end product hardly seems to justify the outlay. At the Daimler-Benz factory in Stuttgart, Germany, research and development has always been very strong, and during the period 1952-55, when Mercedes-Benz cars were sweeping all before them on the motor-racing circuits of the world, it could justifiably have been renamed the racing department. All the brains and technology available at Daimler-Benz were put into the project "motor racing" under Director Rudolf Uhlenhaut, with results that still may be seen in the engineering of the passenger cars.

When the racing department reverted to normal research and development work for passenger cars, there was no lessening of activity or experimentation, but, naturally, the outside world and the customers saw only the end products. Such advances as fuel injection, greater braking efficiency, safer chassis structures, improved handling, better suspension systems were the result of work done by Uhlenhaut's experts. Uhlenhaut had no objection to people studying his racing cars, as they would be obsolete before they could be copied. What he did not permit was any breach of security in the experimental department.

This week Daimler-Benz is displaying a new experimental car to the world at the Frankfurt Auto Show. Its engine is not the traditional reciprocating piston engine to be found in nearly all the cars on the road today. It is instead a rotary piston engine, and to me the fact that Daimler-Benz has put it on public view is one of the most significant events in motoring history. I have driven the car, I have discussed the engine at length with the engineers, I have considered the company's legendary reputation for engineering integrity—after all, its roots go right back to the beginning of the automobile and of the reciprocating engine, to the pioneers Gottlieb Daimler and Karl Benz—and at the same time its great caution about new concepts, and the sum of my impressions is that this car contains the engine of the future for Daimler-Benz.

The automotive world has felt the need for a new prime mover for some time now. Gas turbines, steam power and electrical sources of energy are occupying many engineering minds, while rotating pistons have been with us experimentally for a long time. The engine of the German designer Felix Wankel—in which a triangular rotor revolves in a specially shaped chamber, uncovering inlet and exhaust ports as in a two-stroke engine but operating on the four-stroke Otto cycle—had been in the embryo stage for many years. Eventually it was taken up by the German NSU company, which transformed it into practical fact and then sold the patent rights to other firms. Toyo-Kogyo of Japan produced it in two-rotor form in the Mazda car, while NSU went ahead with its two-rotor Ro80.

Daimler-Benz bought an option on the patent. At that time I said to Uhlenhaut, "You've not done that to bury the idea." His reply was, "Of course not. It is an interesting engine." It is this concept, in three-rotor form, that Daimler-Benz has introduced at Frankfurt in a mid-engined, two-seater sports car called the Mercedes C-111. It is designed along the classic lines of the Le Mans-winning Ford GT40 and obviously could go into limited production. At the moment, however, it is being shown as a research and development vehicle, or public test bed, for the rotary engine.

Coming from a small and adventurous manufacturer, the C-111 would have drawn admiration. That an apparently staid and conservative company like Daimler-Benz should produce it has laid the automotive world by the ears. It would have been a pity if the NSU Wankel had proved to be a failure; if the Mazda had failed we could describe it as an Oriental adventure. But by tradition Daimler-Benz must not fail, and so this engine from Stuttgart is a serious portent of what must come. The car is here for all to see, for some to drive and maybe even for some to own. This can mean but one thing: in Stuttgart the reciprocating piston engine is as dead as the dodo. The funeral will not be today, indeed it may not be tomorrow, but the only question is just when it will finally lie down.

What is this rotary Wankel engine and why? To the development engineer, the rotating piston engine is just beginning its useful life, whereas the orthodox reciprocating engine has long been past its prime. For equal capacity the Wankel engine can be produced at about two-thirds of the weight of a conventional engine and in about half the space; it poses far fewer problems of balance and smooth running, has unlimited development possibilities in the rpm sphere and already in its infancy at Daimler-Benz is producing 330 hp (SAE) from 220 cu. in. of displacement in production form. The piston and running chamber can be produced as a single unit or in any multiples thereof. NSU started with one chamber, Mazda went to two, Daimler-Benz to three. The next steps undoubtedly will be four, five or six, depending on how much power is wanted—and each addition takes up very little extra space.

As for the rotary engine's bad reputation in regard to air pollution, this may be said: normally if only 500 cars are produced you do not have to comply with antipollution rules. If 5,000 are produced then you do. Mercedes is aware of all the rules, and however many cars are produced the company will adjust to them.

[In Detroit a senior automotive engineer who has studied and tested the Wankel concept said Mercedes would have to be making giant strides indeed if it were close to solving emission and other problems of volume production—problems which, in his view, are formidable.]

To anyone involved in the motor-racing world there is today only one place for the engine. That is the mid-engine position, just ahead of the rear axle and just behind the driving compartment, and that is where Uhlenhaut has put it in the C-111. Even USAC and Indianapolis have come round to this way of thinking; Ford and Chevrolet have shown that in sports cars they also agree. "For the ultimate in road holding and handling there is no argument against the mid-engined sports car," said Uhlenhaut, "and our compact Wankel fitted neatly into the whole concept." It would also fit neatly into the concept of a traditional front-engine sedan, but that is neither here nor there at the moment. Having driven Porsche, Ford, Lotus, Rover, Lamborghini, Ferrari and de Tomaso cars of the mid-engined coupe layout, I am convinced of the validity of that concept for sports car motoring, and from the time I saw the first single-rotor NSU Wankel experimental engine many years ago I was sold on it, too. To get the two concepts in one vehicle, as with the C-111, was more than I had expected.

Uhlenhaut said, "We are just going for a test drive in the C-111 to try out some small things. Why don't you come along?" I was in the passenger seat almost before he had buckled his seat harness. Uhlenhaut, at 63, still drives harder and faster than I have ever been able to do, and as we left the factory gates he floored the accelerator. The smooth hum from the Wankel engine became hard and purposeful as the speed went up to 7,000 rpm. "We are just on the threshold of this power unit," he said,

continued



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as he released the 330 hp and reached peak rpm in the intermediate gears. "It has unlimited possibilities." The manual, five-speed gearbox he explained as a purely temporary expedient. A fully automatic transmission is obviously in the future for this engine and, ultimately, an infinitely variable transmission so that the engine can run at almost constant speed. After a few miles and a demonstration of the car's good manners over a poor-surfaced, undulating road, Uhlenhaut gave me the car and said, "Off you go, it is not difficult to drive. This is aimed at being a sports car that any enthusiastic driver can manage, not a racing car that needs a specialist driver."

With no camshafts, poppet valves or valve gear, there is virtually no mechanical noise from the Wankel engine, but the very quick uncovering of the exhaust ports and the free gas flow give rise to a lot of exhaust noise—as with orthodox two-stroke engines—that has to be subdued by large mufflers. Intake gas roar is also loud, for the same reasons, though once again good mufflers reduce this. The feeling of the engine on the accelerator pedal is very much like a two-stroke engine, and the exhaust note adds to this feeling. With relatively low rotating masses the inertia is low and torque is poor at very low rpm so that 2,500 rpm are needed when taking off from a standstill in low gear. Once over that figure the engine really surges upward, and the car accelerates with that constant pressure on the seat that is typical of all high-performance sports cars. Apart from a very slight delay on the throttle response, it would be difficult to know that you had a Wankel engine in the car. It runs like a dynamo, and there is no feeling of stress from the engine at peak rpm, unlike some reciprocating engines that let you know orally and physically when they are flat-out. From 5,000 rpm the engine really surges on up to 7,000 rpm, and you need to keep a wary eye on the tachometer. On the C-111 the driving position is orthodox, with an adjustable seatback so that it can be fairly upright for those who prefer it that way. In all our discussions Uhlenhaut emphasized that this was nothing way out or freaky, but an advanced and practical vehicle. When I suggested that a sports Mercedes-Benz was long overdue to carry on the traditions of the SSK and 300SL models, he agreed.

Although Daimler-Benz has not been racing mid-engined cars, as have Ford, Ferrari, Lotus and Porsche, the company does not seem to have missed a thing, and the C-111's balance and handling more than matched up to my personal, rather stringent, standards. For me the satisfaction of the balance of a mid-engined sports coupe is its directional stability and the way you can make such a machine change direction very suddenly, without any subsequent drama—as when making high-speed traffic maneuvers on

continued



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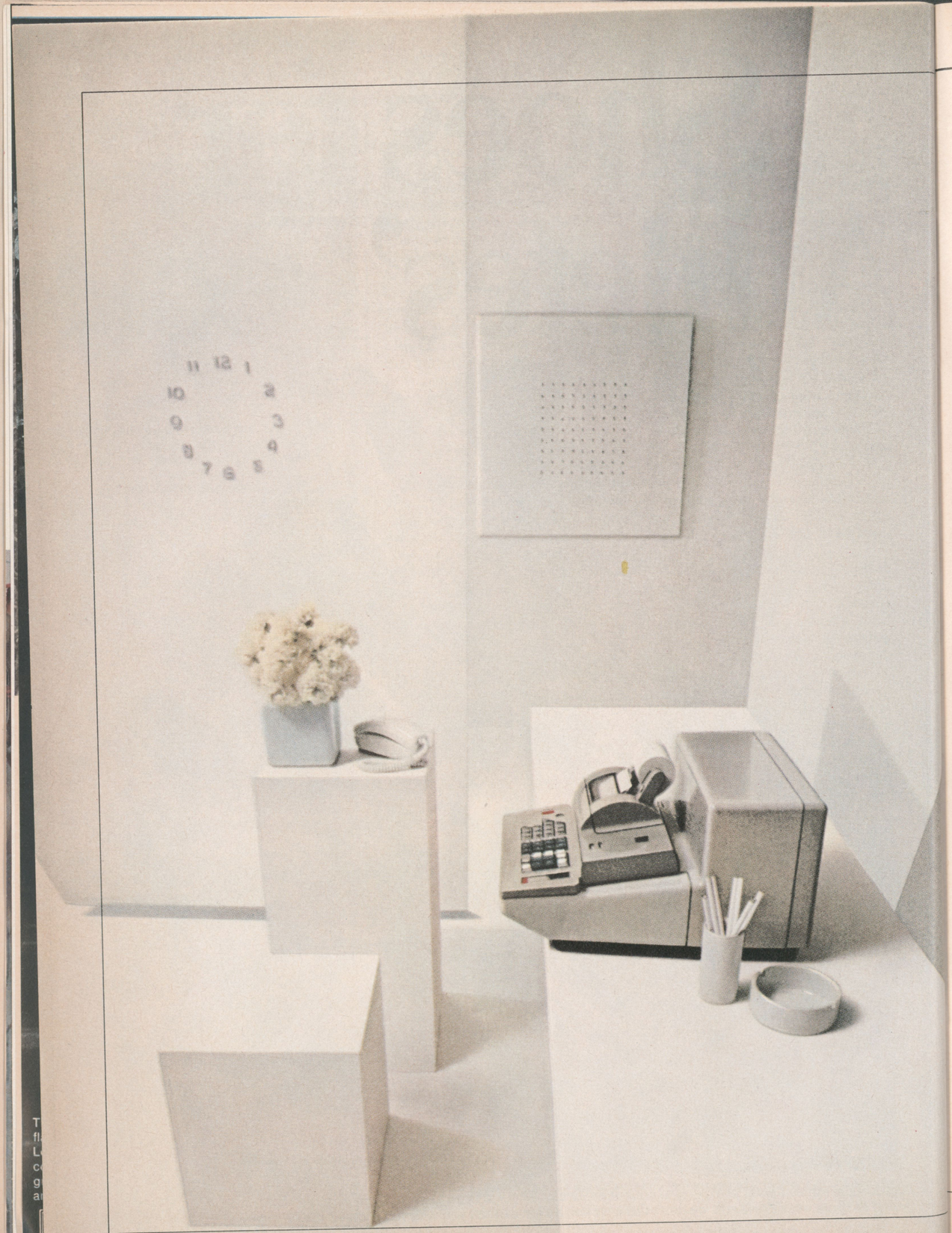
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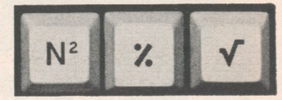
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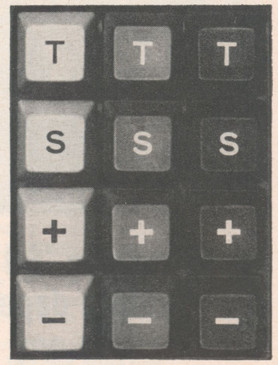
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open highways or in mountain country where corners appear frequently and in different directions with very little warning. The C-111 came out well on handling, except when I experimented near the limit of tire adhesion and I found the front wheels wanted to "plow" straight on in an understeer attitude. Commenting on this, Uhlenhaut said, "Try the car again after lunch; at the moment we are experimenting, and we have no antiroll torsion bar on the rear suspension." Of course, he was right, for with modern suspension systems you can make adjustments to suit any taste, and the afternoon tests removed my only criticism of the car's handling.

Afterward, in the sunny countryside of southern Germany, I chatted with Uhlenhaut about sports cars, high-speed driving, automotive engineering, racing and manufacturing problems. This man, whom I first got to know well in 1955 when I joined the Mercedes-Benz racing team to passenger Stirling Moss in his classic Mille Miglia victory, does not change. It did not seem possible that it was 14 years ago that we sat together on the side sill of a gull-wing 300SL Mercedes-Benz coupe in Italy and talked high-speed driving. Here we were in 1969 doing the same thing, only this time on the side sill of a gull-wing Wankel-engined C-111. "Times don't change very much," I remarked. "Then you produced your desmodromic valve, fuel-injected SLR engine; today you have produced this three-rotor Wankel engine. It is the engineering confidence which is significant to me."

"The only thing that changes," said Uhlenhaut, "is that we are getting older. But we must not let it show."

As he drove me back to the factory, traffic conditions limited our speed to 135 mph, though the car is geared for a maximum of 160. Dr. Liebold, the engineer in charge of the development of the C-111, was following us in a 300SEL 6.3-liter V8 sedan, keeping pace with his chief, and I recalled a test day in 1955 when Moss and I were in our racing 300SLR, cruising the German *Autobahnen* at 135 mph, and Engineer Kosteletsky, who was shepherding us, kept pace in a gull-wing 300SL sports car. Now the 1970 gull-wing sports car was leading, and a production sedan was keeping right up. I would call that progress. **END**

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THE FIRST 100 YEARS

It is recorded that the first intercollegiate football game was held at New Brunswick on Nov. 6, 1869 between Rutgers and Princeton and that Rutgers won 6–4, the scoring and playing rules being considerably different than they are today. What is not known are the names of the heroes of that game, for, surely, in a sense, they were the first All-Americas. It was not until 20 years later that such a list was officially compiled, and since then hundreds of players have been so honored, by newspapers, magazines and, more recently, television. Now, on the 100th anniversary of that first game, the writer boils down the list of All-Americas to 11, the first All-Century team

BY DAN JENKINS

To those of us who study and follow college football as closely as we do our plunging stocks and who devote a great many hours to genuflecting before its shrines—Bear Bryant's drawl, for instance, or John McKay's wit—the first 100 years seemed to speed by as quickly as Orenthal James Simpson on hut, hut, hut, 23 blast, or whatever that thing was he did off tackle so often. One day some young men from Princeton and Rutgers played Jab the Belly, Knee the Groin, and then the whole mosaic of the game unfolded wondrously like a card section spelling out Granny Rice: here came Pudge Heffelgrange, Amos Alonzo Baugh, Pestilence, Famine, Death and Rockne, Slingin' Sammy Nevers, the Seven Blocks of Seats, Fireball Frankie Harmon, Mr. Sideways and Mr. Backwards, Win One for the Gifford, Indian Doak Thorpe, all of those marvelous coaching names: Pop, Jock, Dutch, Red, Tiny, Moose, Biff and Biggie, all inventing Old 83, the Flea Flopper, and finally like a breath of fire and a streak of flame outlined against a dull-gray October schedule, General George (Blood and Guts) MacHayes and his Buckeyes win again.

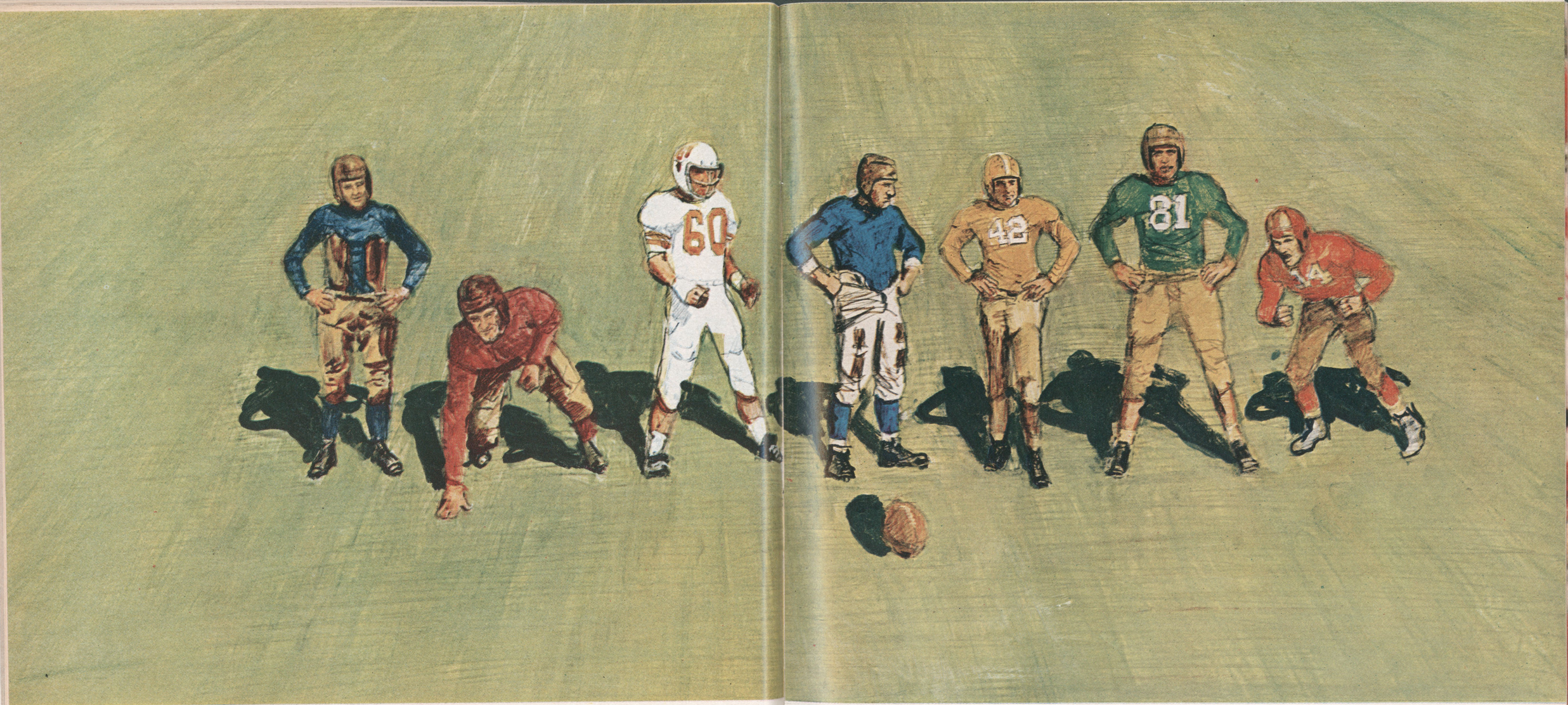
It seems impossible that we would have had none of this had it not been for those inventive men from Princeton and Rutgers, 25 on a side, who removed their waistcoats back on Nov. 6, 1869 and fell into a heap; that without their efforts Texas would be meeting Arkansas this Dec. 6 on the new AstroTurf of Fayetteville, Ark. in a televised debate to see who's No. 1 in English Lit 341; that Walter Camp might have been the Father of American Crew; that the annual Army-Navy spectacle might now alternate between lacrosse fields at West Point and Annapolis; and that the Crimson Tide would roll, tide, roll largely during Southeastern Conference triangular track meets.

continued



The All-Century backfield (from left): Doak Walker, SMU, 1945, 1947-49; O.J. Simpson, USC, 1967-68, perhaps the best runner of them all; and Red Grange, Illinois, 1923-25, the Galloping Ghost.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT WEAVER



The line (from left): Bennie Oosterbaan, Michigan, 1925–27; Bronko Nagurski, Minnesota, 1927–29; Tommy Nobis, Texas, 1963–65; Bob Peck, Pittsburgh, 1914–16; Bob Suffridge, Tennessee, 1938–40; George Connor, Notre Dame, 1946–47; Don Hutson, Alabama, 1932–34.

ALL-CENTURY *continued*

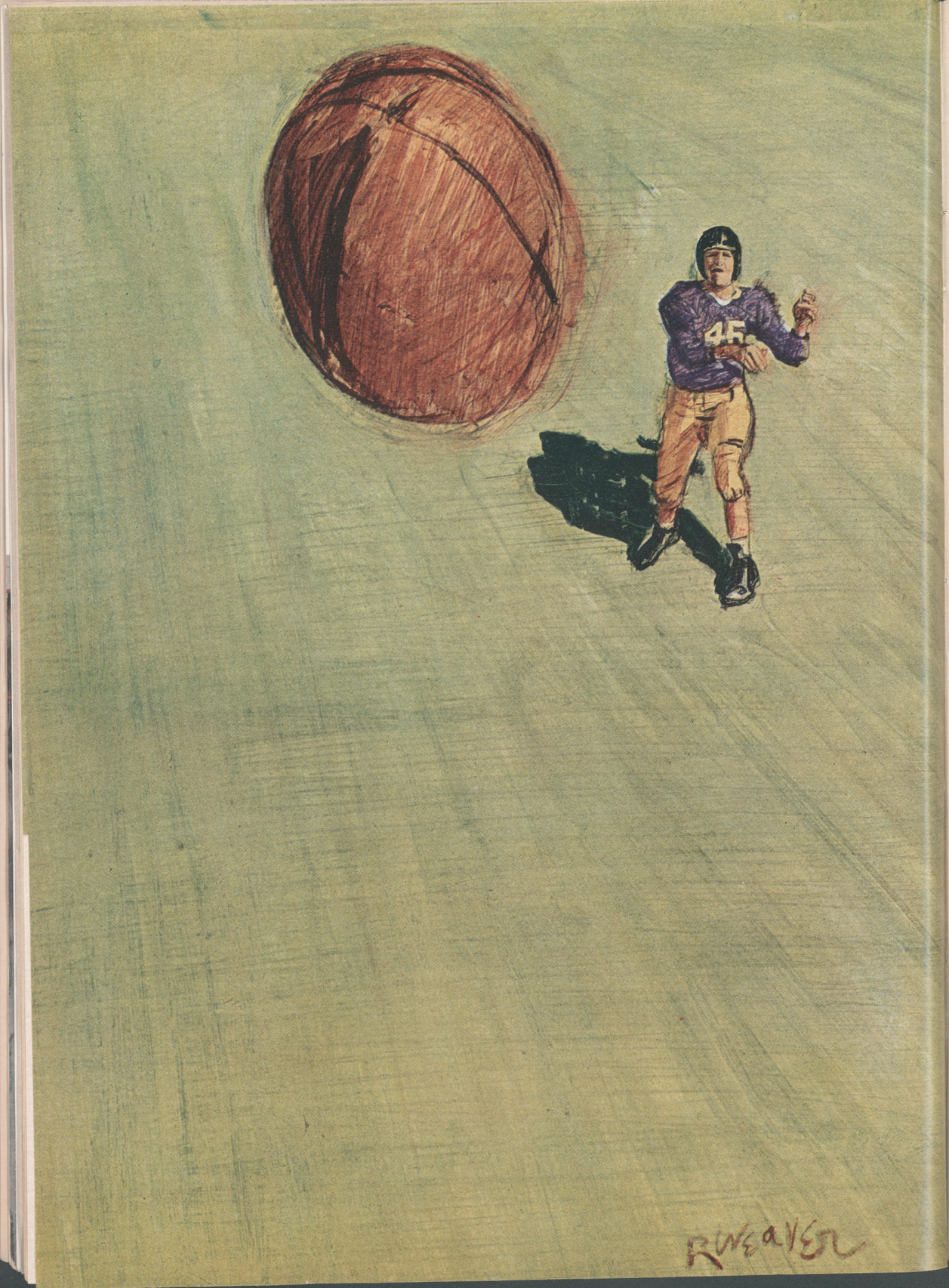
Unthinkable. If no one else had, Notre Dame would surely have invented football later on, and this would then be the 58th anniversary of Knute Rockne's first fingertip catch on a wobbler from Gus Dorais.

Of course, it took more minds than just those of Princeton and Rutgers to develop college football into the slightly paranoid religion it has become: a game watched by paying millions who worship a galloping goose one season and fire his jolly old coach the next. Harvard and Yale had much to do with its early sophistication. Without them we might never have had the scoring we know, the snapback, 11 men to a side or picnics by station wagon. Notre Dame gave us the true intersectional schedule and introduced the enormous dividends of winning. A group of Californians gave us the bowl game. A man from St. Louis devised the forward pass, and the Southwest made it a major weapon. The Deep South thought up frantic defense, and the Midwest originated the brute. It was also the Midwest that dragged the game out of the East, forcing Walter Camp to acknowledge All-Americas west of the Statue of Liberty. If Bear Bryant actually originated effort, Bud Wilkinson invented speed and magic. Recruiting is older than Frank Leahy; it is as old as Pudge Heffelfinger and Germany Schulz. And in 100 years nobody has figured out a way to beat the team that has the studs, if the studs feel like exerting themselves on Saturday afternoons.

There is a saying today that pro football has become the national game, one insinuation being that baseball no longer is and another being that college football is no more than a farm system. But, before this can be a fact, the pros must answer some questions. Such as: What pro player caused more excitement and received more publicity over the past two seasons than a collegian named O.J.? Before him, what pro player got more national attention than Roger Staubach at Navy? Ernie Davis at Syracuse? Billy Cannon at LSU? Howard Cassady at Ohio State? If there are so many coaching geniuses in the pros, why is Vince Lombardi the only one who ever wins? How many pro clubs would like to draw the repetitious crowds of Ohio State, Notre Dame, USC, Texas, LSU, Michigan State, Georgia Tech, Alabama, Arkansas and many others? As it happened in 1967 and 1968, how could USC outdraw the L.A. Rams, when both had winning teams? Pick a regular-season pro game that can out-Nielsen a poll bowl, even if it isn't Notre Dame vs. USC? Why does Ohio State get its 81,000 at home whether its quarterback can throw a pass in the air or in the dirt?

What may actually be true is that football, college and pro, has become the national game, each variety enhancing the other's prestige. But it is also true that the colleges could do without the pros, as they did for years. Pro football is beautiful, to be sure—the avid fan likes all phases of his game—but the pros only sell the bomb and the mystique of the double Z-out, while the college game, armed with its vast head start in tradition, has both of these plus more triple options and monster rovers than the fan (or the writer) will ever comprehend, not to forget so many other things: the raccoon coat, the pregame party, the postgame party, the halftime, girls, cheerleaders, fight songs, homecoming, All-Americas, the effigy, the bowls, who's No. 1, pursuit, the button-down shirt and all of those years of lore, all of those breaths of fire and streaks of flame galloping through the swollen heart of Clyde (Old)

continued



Grad, season ticket holder No. 46,567, his lovely wife Mavis, an ex-twirler, and his son, Bubba, who'll start at fullback this year for Super-Suburb High.

College football endures and prospers with legend. The stars never die, and hundreds of games live on. Classics, they are called. Those who saw them still hear the thunder of USC-UCLA in 1967, of Notre Dame-Michigan State in 1966, of Army-Notre Dame in 1946, of Minnesota-Michigan in 1940, of Pitt-Fordham in 1937, of TCU-SMU in 1935 and of as many Army-Navys, Texas-Arkansas and Alabama-Tennessees as you care to count. Old 77 is still delivering ice for the Illini. Old 98 is still cruising down the sidelines for the Wolverines. Billy Cannon is still returning that punt against Ole Miss on a Halloween Night in Baton Rouge. They're still totaling up the magazine covers that Doak Walker made at SMU. It took a lot of Morley Drurys to make O.J. the noblest Trojan. Harry Stuhldreher begat Frank Carideo who begat Angelo Bertelli who begat Johnny Lujack who begat Ralph Guglielmi who begat Paul Hornung who begat Terry Hanratty at Notre Dame. At Texas the Longhorns try to "dance every dance" like Tommy Nobis did. And Joe Namath was wearing white shoes and blowing it in for six at Alabama long before he ever found his way to Broadway.

We can estimate that more than 2½ million men have played college football in a century and that about 1,500 have been immortal, which is to say All-America. At least as many immortals were overlooked for All-America, no doubt because they didn't wear their socks high or have a colorful nickname or work for a publicity-minded coach or have a Granny Rice writing poems about them. How could a halfback be a breath of fire and a streak of flame playing for, say, Southwestern Louisiana, for example? And yet Chris Cagle became something akin to that when he went on to Army for four more years of college ball back in the 1920s when you could do that sort of thing.

With so many greats, near-greats, semi-greats and would-have-beens handed down to us through the years, it would not seem likely that any select group of them—11, say—could have been better than all the rest at their positions as collegians. And yet some were. Although coaches like to say you can't compare athletes of different eras because size, speed, technique and emphasis change, in a way you can. Desire and instinct do not change, nor does that strange, inspired ability an athlete can possess that will lift his team above itself.

Thus, there have been those players who combined these traits to win consistently against big-time competition, which is of no small importance in measuring greatness, who sparkled all the more when they were thrust into stardom, who literally seemed to relish the dramatic situation and most often conquered it. By all that we know of college football's history and what we believe to be true of legend, and from all that we have seen and heard, the men depicted on the foregoing pages were the truest immortals of the first 100 years. Call it an All-Century team if you like.

The quarterback: Sammy Baugh, TCU, 1934-36; he could throw a football with uncanny accuracy, long and short, soft and hard, in addition to being a marvelous punter and a vicious safety on defense.

Basically it is a modern team, and that does not seem improper. Mental strain became a great part of football after mid-century. The pressure to excel in packed stadiums and against the weight of headlines has become enormous. We shall never know what Willie Heston might have done, going for No. 1 before 90,000 in the Los Angeles Coliseum, for example, but we *do* know what O. J. Simpson did.

It is a team whose members share a number of distinctions. Eight players, for instance, have been chosen by various reputable selectors on Alltime teams. They would be Sam Baugh, Red Grange, Don Hutson, Bronko Nagurski, Bennie Oosterbaan, George Connor, Bob Suffridge and Bob Peck. Each of the 11 was an All-America, naturally, most of them twice and five of them—Doak Walker, Grange, Oosterbaan, Suffridge and Peck—three times. Walker is football's last three-year consensus All-America. Eight of the men led their teams to at least one undefeated season, and seven of them played on mythical national champions.

But let us look at them individually.

Sam Baugh of Texas Christian was everything a quarterback should be and something few of them are anymore. Joe Namath is the only passer who has come along that anyone would dare suggest could throw the ball as well as Sam. But Baugh was also perhaps the finest punter who ever arched his foot. For example, in the Sugar Bowl game of 1936 against LSU, on a rainy day, Baugh punted 14 times, frequently within LSU's five-yard line, for a 48-yard average.

Wiry and tobacco-chewing, Sam had the con artist in him, as a leader on the field who also played a vicious safety on defense. Once, when TCU was playing Tulsa, his fullback obviously scored, but an official disallowed it. "You're exactly right, Mr. Referee," said Sam quickly. "I saw it and he didn't get over." Whereupon, Sam called his own number on the next play, and this time the referee's hands went up for a touchdown almost before Baugh could take the snap.

Slingin' Sam threw long and short, soft and hard, dancing, running, being hit or with his feet planted. In an era when 10 passes in a game was considered extravagant, Baugh hurled 30 and 40, hit most of his receivers in the bridge of the nose and spiraled an unbelievable (then) 38 touchdowns in three seasons.

Grantland Rice was so taken with Sam and the dazzling style of football that TCU played that he went on picking Dutch Meyer's teams in his preseason Top 10 for years after Baugh left.

Another Baugh never turned up in the Southwest, but a Doak Walker did. Walker did more things well in football, including win—win with a mediocre team—than just about anyone who ever played. He ran, passed, punted, caught, placekicked, blocked and defended. And, in an era of free subs, he would play most of a tough game, both ways.

Handsome and shy off the field, graceful, calm and dramatic under pressure, he was everything the magazine covers yearned for, and the Cotton Bowl got double-decked because of his deeds for SMU. His most familiar play

continued

would be to get trapped trying to pass and then weave off a long run. Doak had that wonderful talent for making a five-yard run seem like 30, and his 60-yarders seemed to take an hour, for he faked, dodged and bewildered everyone in the stadium along the way.

In everything he tried, the form was always perfect. If you wanted a 70-yard quick kick, Doak kicked it. If you wanted a 30-yard field goal, he kicked that, too. He would raise up and complete a pass on one play, then leap up and catch one from somebody else. And best of all, he would find a way to win, frequently in the closing minutes. They called him "the miracle man," and he was precisely that in an age of perhaps the strongest football (the late 1940s) we have seen.

The miracle man of the 1920s was Red Grange. Primarily an open-field runner—and by all evidence the best ever—this led to a joke that has become part of football lore. Before Grange's famed Michigan game of 1924 when he scored five touchdowns and gained 402 yards (including returns), the Wolverines' daily newspaper had said, "All Grange can do is run." And the *Daily Illini* had rebutted, "All Galli-Curci can do is sing."

Grange's style was not to waste motion and he had a freedom of movement. He would start wide, cut back, then cut back again, carving a big S on the field. He once said his mind tried to envision where his teammates were and what they were doing as he ran and he would somehow use them. "I could see the run happening as I ran," he explained.

Grange had real speed for his day, a fast start, excellent balance and the uncanny ability—peripheral vision, they called it in Doak Walker's day—to see tacklers coming from the sides.

Knute Rockne complained that much of Grange's success was due to "skillful exploiting in the papers," but he *did* make all of those runs for three years, and he later turned them into big money. He endorsed everything he could find, including cigarettes he did not smoke, which could have invoked one of the marvelous ad slogans of all time: "If Red Grange smoked, he'd smoke Philip Morris!"

As much as Grange ran, he did not come near running as often as O.J. did at USC. Nor has anyone else in just two years. Or against such consistently rugged opposition, much of it stacked against him. As it has been said before, no runner in college ever combined speed, power, elusiveness and endurance like Simpson. All he did was gain about 3,500 yards in 22 games (counting Rose Bowls), scoring 36 touchdowns.

Over and over, O.J. made holes where there weren't any and created daylight out of tangled jerseys. Not only was he 6′ 2″ and more than 200 pounds, he had 9.4 speed and moves. And never had a fast man carried so often, up to 40 times a game. In the 100th season of college football he was, appropriately enough, all of the greatness that had come before him in one dynamic package.

It has never been easy for a lineman to achieve glory, as we are aware, for in football most of the romance thrives on dazzling runs and accurate passes. Baugh, Walker, Grange and Simpson prove it, as have so many others. But a few have risen from the gore of the scrimmage line and remained giants ever since. The player on the All-Century team who goes back the farthest is the center, Bob Peck of Pittsburgh, who was one of the best at focusing attention on himself.

One reason was that he taped his wrists, ankles and headgear so there would be no mistaking him in a heap. Small but outrageously aggressive, Peck's yelling could often be heard high up in the stands, and, when he made tackle after tackle and kept up the chatter and fierce mannerisms, a Pitt whoop got started: "When Peck fights, the team fights."

With Peck at center, Pitt lost only one game from 1914 through 1916; and the last team was not only the national champion, Pop Warner said it was the greatest he ever coached.

The guards who flank Bob Peck were the same type of fanatics. One needs to say little else of Tennessee's Bob Suffridge except that General Bob Neyland considered him the greatest lineman he ever had. Suffridge was a moody, antagonistic player who could hardly eat or speak on the day of a game. Best of the pulling single wing guards, he was a defensive terror as well. The Vols did not lose a regular-season game in the three years that Suffridge made All-America, 1938 through 1940. As for the other guard, it is doubtful if ever there breathed a more dedicated player than Texas' Tommy Nobis, who had size and ability to go with it. He had a fire that was usually found in players trying to compensate for lack of size—like Peck or Suffridge.

"He simply never made a bad play," says his coach, Darrell Royal. "I've never seen any player handle his position so well—or ever heard of one."

Nobis was primarily a linebacker of the type who averaged 20 or so tackles a game, who was everywhere, quick, strong, nimble and eager, but who also, in a platoon era, went over to offense when the goal line got into view. Much to his credit is the fact that Nobis was at his best against the big names he faced—Namath, Roger Staubach and Donny Anderson among others—and Nobis won.

Notre Dame for some time has been up to its Dome in immortals at all positions and, if you said, O.K., the Irish can have all 11 of the Alltime team, South Benders wouldn't be able to agree on most of the names. One guy would be a cinch, however. Notre Dame never had a better tackle than George Connor, and if big George is the best Notre Dame ever had, then he must be better than nearly all the others.

A blocker who opened gaps for the Johnny Lujacks and Terry Brennans, he was a crushing defender who moved from one side to the other to put the brakes on runners like Buddy Young. Big and mobile, he was a leader who had a sense of humor. Once, before a great big Army game, he told the team, "The sons of slum and gravy are coming to the campus of beans and sausage."

"He had the agility to sort out the ballcarrier and the toughness to break up the power play," said Frank Leahy. "He was indestructible."

So, apparently, was our other tackle, Bronko Nagurski, who was more than just a tackle. For Minnesota, Nagurski was also a fullback and he was even an end for a time. He would have beaten out any man at any position, old Gopher fans will argue, but the experts pretty much agree that Nagurski, powerful, numb to pain, durable and inspired, played his best football at tackle, almost singlehandedly raising so-so Minnesota teams into winners.

Nagurski was considered a physical brute at 6′ 2″ and 217, and his bravery was often displayed when he would hunker into the line to stop every play, then shift to fullback to lug the ball repeatedly. One way or another, he made the big play.

Bronko Nagurski benefitted from a catchy name, to be

continued

THE BEST ELEVENS

THE FIRST 50 YEARS

E	Frank Hinkey, Yale
E	Tack Hardwick, Harvard
T	Wilbur Henry, Washington & Jefferson
T	Belf West, Colgate
G	Pudge Heffelfinger, Yale
G	T. Truxton Hare, Pennsylvania
C	Bob Peck, Pittsburgh
B	Walter Eckersall, Chicago
B	Jim Thorpe, Carlisle
B	Willie Heston, Michigan
B	Ted Coy, Yale

THE TWENTIES

E	Bennie Oosterbaan, Michigan
E	Brick Muller, California
T	Bronko Nagurski, Minnesota
T	Ed Weir, Nebraska
G	Dutch Diehl, Dartmouth
G	Jack Cannon, Notre Dame
C	Peter Pund, Georgia Tech
B	George Gipp, Notre Dame
B	Red Grange, Illinois
B	Chris Cagle, Southwestern Louisiana, Army
B	Ernie Nevers, Stanford

THE THIRTIES

E	Don Hutson, Alabama
E	Gaynell Tinsley, LSU
T	Ed Widseth, Minnesota
T	Bruiser Kinard, Mississippi
G	Joe Routt, Texas A&M
G	Bob Suffridge, Tennessee
C	Ki Aldrich, TCU
B	Sam Baugh, TCU
B	Tom Harmon, Michigan
B	Clint Frank, Yale
B	Marshall Goldberg, Pittsburgh

THROUGH THE DECADES

THE FORTIES

E	Leon Hart, Notre Dame
E	Barney Poole, Mississippi, Army
T	George Connor, Holy Cross, Notre Dame
T	Dick Wildung, Minnesota
G	Alex Agase, Illinois, Purdue
G	Bill Fischer, Notre Dame
C	Chuck Bednarik, Pennsylvania
B	Johnny Lujack, Notre Dame
B	Doak Walker, SMU
B	Glenn Davis, Army
B	Doc Blanchard, Army

THE FIFTIES

E	Ron Beagle, Navy
E	Ron Kramer, Michigan
T	Alex Karras, Iowa
T	Lou Michaels, Kentucky
G	Les Richter, California
G	Jim Parker, Ohio State
C	Jerry Tubbs, Oklahoma
B	Dick Kazmaier, Princeton
B	Jim Swink, TCU
B	Howard Cassady, Ohio State
B	Billy Cannon, LSU

THE SIXTIES

E	George Webster, Michigan State
E	Jerry Levias, SMU
T	Ron Yary, USC
T	Bobby Bell, Minnesota
G	Tommy Nobis, Texas
G	Dick Butkus, Illinois
C	Lee Roy Jordan, Alabama
B	Gary Beban, UCLA
B	Gale Sayers, Kansas
B	Chris Gilbert, Texas
B	O. J. Simpson, USC

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sure, as did Grange, the Galloping Ghost. Between them in the Big Ten, there was a player who had a name to overcome—Bennie Oosterbaan. But while Oosterbaan might have been a headache for headline writers, he was the most splendid thing Michigan had ever seen.

Oosterbaan was the first of the brilliant pass catchers, an acrobatic player who dived and scooped up the ball or who one-handed it in midair. Wherever Benny Friedman threw it. It is said that he was the most complete end who ever played, that in three years of All-America performances no runner ever gained around his end. And this included Grange.

Oosterbaan was a natural type of player, fluid of motion, almost beautiful in his faking, the patterns he invented and the ease with which he gathered in the ball. Only Don Hutson, who came along in the next decade, has ever been compared with him as a receiver.

What Hutson could do better than Oosterbaan was run with the ball after he caught it. Tall and willowy with immense speed and at least four different gaits, Hutson at Alabama brought all of the dimensions of a pass receiver that we now know of to the game. "I just ran like the devil, and Dixie Howell got the ball there," Hutson says today, but he did more. The Alabama Antelope invented catching "in traffic," he made the end-around a devastating weapon and shifting gears a must. He made multiple faking vital.

While Hutson would catch only six or eight passes in a game, that was a bundle then, and they would be Alabama's key yardage, if not its touchdowns. When he grabbed six passes for 165 yards and two touchdowns in Alabama's victory over Stanford in the 1935 Rose Bowl, he was lavishly labeled "the world's greatest pass-catching, speed-merchant end," and no one has tried to put anyone ahead of him since.

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CONTINUED



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WAVE GOODBY TO DEFENSE

As college football begins a new century, it may well have said goodby forever to the fullback constantly running up the backs of his guards and tackles. It may have also bid farewell to the quick kick, field position, clawing defense—to every conservative element that once helped distinguish the game by regions and made it different from the pitch-and-catch style of the professionals. It started happening early in the 1960s, it happened in 1968 as never before and this year it should be even more so. For better or worse the collegiate game is now played the same way over the entire country. No more can one look at the Big Ten and say, there are the brutes who control the ball, or glance at the Deep South and say, there is what defense is all about, or probe the Southwest to see if the forward pass is alive and well at, for example, Baylor. Everybody throws the ball, everybody catches it and everybody runs with such alarming success that scoreboards have taken on the appearance of a light show for hippies.

This may not have been exactly what the rules makers intended when they gradually resurrected free substitution and then last season added more plays per game by stopping the clock after every first down, but this is what they got. Last season produced so much offense that even the pros looked stodgy. The average number of points scored in a game leaped to 42.4, the average total offense per game jumped to 657 yards, the average passing yardage climbed to 315.4 and the number of total-offense plays reached a peak of 150.1.

What the collegiate sport has come to can be highlighted by reviewing the scores of a few of last season's games: Indiana 40, Baylor 36; Air Force 58, Colorado 35; Virginia 63, Tulane 47; Ohio 60, Cincinnati 48; Rice 35, Washington 35; Wake Forest 48, North Carolina 31; Abilene Christian 50, Howard Payne 49; and Houston 100, Tulsa 6.

There were many, many more absurdities, of course, as just about every team had somebody trying to be a passer and as a record 16 ballcarriers, led by O. J. Simpson, gained more than 1,000 yards. The paranoia that beset coaches who thought they taught good defense was best exemplified by Arkansas' Frank Broyles. His team led Chuck Hixson and SMU into the fourth quarter by 35 points but barely held on to win 35–29. And Broyles explained, "We shouldn't have gone for a first down at mid-field instead of punting. A 35-point lead just isn't safe anymore."

Completing more passes for more yards than any nonsenior ever, Hixson—only a sophomore—provided some indication of the future. Fourteen of the top 25 passers from 1968 return this year, and 10 of those are juniors. At the same time, a lot of top runners may have departed, but many splendid ones are back. Foremost is Oklahoma's Steve Owens who needs only 1,045 yards—one can use "only" for such a figure now, it seems—to become the alltime major-college career rusher. Other excellent ones are Arizona State's Art Malone, Penn State's Charlie Pittman, Texas' Steve Worster and New Mexico State's Ron (Po) James, and there will naturally be a whole new cast of runners whose names will glitter by midseason.

With conservatism a thing of the past, defensive geniuses like Woody Hayes, Bear Bryant and Darrell Royal have learned to split at least one receiver out wide and hope a quarterback will drift the ball toward him. Even on a sluggish, muddy field (and there will be fewer of those with the rush to Tartan and AstroTurf) a team has become accustomed to calling a minimum of 20 passing plays per game. As Texas' Royal says, "We didn't use to mind giving up the football because we trusted our defense. Now we aren't so eager to give up the ball to anybody—anywhere."

In an effort to try to keep the ball with a strong ground game, Royal developed a formation last year—the Wishbone T—that will be the vogue in 1969. Basically, it is a straight T formation utilizing the triple-option play of the quarterback, but a receiver is split wide and the fullback is moved a step closer to the line of scrimmage.

Nearly everyone else this season will have a Wishbone T of some kind, just as everybody went to the I formation of USC's John McKay a few years back. Whether it works, however, will depend on the option finesse of the quarterback, the running and blocking prowess of the fullback and the team's ability to run and pass with equal talent.

The qualifications for a winner are becoming more complex. A good dropback passer who can do nothing else or a sprint-out quarterback who can't drop back or the player who has to make up his mind whether he is going to keep or pitch before a play unfolds—all of these types—are losers. The winning quarterbacks, those who can take their teams to championships and not just to statistics, are those who can do it all: a Rex Kern at Ohio State (*see cover*), a James Street at Texas or a Bill Montgomery at Arkansas, to cite three good examples from a year ago.

But more than just this, the team that finds itself in the Top 20 will have good runners and receivers—and kickers as well, especially placekickers, since five times as many field goals were scored a year ago (566) as were booted 10 seasons previous.

One of the intriguing things about the current style of play will be to see what coaches do about it defensively. So far, every trend of offense has been met and eventually stymied. But never has so much heat been concentrated against defense. Never has there been so much offense with so many rules on its side as well. The first thing coaches undoubtedly will do is shift some of their better athletes to the defensive team, as Woody Hayes did last year with his great sophomore, Jack Tatum. This will help some, but it will not be the total cure.

A retreat back to the days of one-platoon football might be the one way coaches could be rescued from what can be called the modern disease of scoring.

But, alas, it is only those suffering coaches who yearn for a retreat. Nearly 30 million fans will see the college game in 1969. Such a multitude, plus all of those touchdowns, does not seem like a bad way to begin a new century.

TURN PAGE FOR SCOUTING REPORTS BY THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL STAFF ON THE TOP 20 TEAMS, LEADING CONFERENCES, INDEPENDENTS AND SMALL COLLEGES



1 OHIO STATE

There is only one thing Mr. Wayne Woodrow Hayes of Ohio State has more of than All-America football players—and that is superstitions. Silly things. Like the hot chocolate, sugar cookie, apple snack each player gets Friday nights before games. And the orange juice and dry toast appetizer at the Saturday morning pregame meals. And the team movie on Friday nights—action, nothing else. Once a brave soul suggested *Belle de Jour;* they saw *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly*. Last year the team was also shown *Coogan's Bluff, The Dirty Dozen* and *Bullitt*, which ends with Steve McQueen blowing his adversary through pane glass doors in the San Francisco International Airport. Says one player with a smile: "Woody thinks movies like that get us psyched up."

Whether the diet or the movies or a combination of the two had anything to do with transforming last year's Bucks from a group of unknown sophomores into the best team in the country is debatable. There is no debate, however, on the contribution Hayes made. "He put it all together," says Fullback Jim Otis. "All we did was carry it out." And there is even less debate on who will keep this year's edition from becoming a No. 1 bunch of prima donnas. "Woody's the guy," says Split End Bruce Jankowski. "If he sees you getting a big head, he won't ask questions. He'll just kick you in the tail and sit you down."

Still, it would take an epidemic of swelled heads to keep Ohio State from repeating as the year's top team. The Buckeyes have 18 of 22 starters back from last year's undefeated national champions. Statistically they are just as frightening: returning are 273 of 323 points, 2,982 of 3,022 rushing yards, 1,359 of 1,384 passing yards and 100 of 104 pass completions. And behind it all is Hayes. "Football is like a battle," he explains. "And that's where General Patton was so great. He'd look at what he had and say, 'Here's what we can do and here's what we can't do. Let's not even try what we can't do. And let's not worry about what they can't do. Let's just concentrate on our strengths.' "

Woody can concentrate wherever he pleases—his Buckeyes are one conglomerate, incorporated strength. The chairman of the board is Quarterback Rex Kern (King Rex or King Kern—your choice), the baby-faced redhead who as a sophomore last year walked in and took over. Those close to Ohio State say Hayes' respect for Kern is so great he has already given Kern more freedom than any quarterback since Dave Leggett in 1954. And there is no doubt Kern is the first Buckeye quarterback since Tom Matte with the temerity to scramble on a busted play—risking, of course, even greater loss. Kern's only weakness is his health. Last year he was hurt in eight of 10 games, and this winter he had an operation on his left shoulder, after popping it out during an intramural basketball game. But even this causes Hayes less than normal worry, for backing up Kern are supersub Ron Maciejowski and sophomore Don Lamka, who guided the first team to a 68–0 win in the spring game.

It is, literally, behind Kern where the competition becomes a bit fierce. At fullback there is a battle between two-year veteran Jim Otis, who could make a first down against the Chicago Police Department, and John Brockington, who is a little faster and who, in spring practice, played a little ahead of Otis. Yet, when someone asked Otis about the prospect of not starting, he snapped back, "They'll have to kill me to keep me out of the starting lineup." At running back there is Leo Hayden, a speedster who is getting fierce competition from Dave Brungard, the No. 1 sub who wants to be just plain old No. 1. Wingback belongs to Larry Zelina, the most versatile performer on the team (he was No. 3 rusher, No. 2 pass receiver, he can punt and placekick and he returns kicks), as long as he is healthy. Always threatening him is Ray Gillian, who replaced the injured Zelina in the Rose Bowl and gained 83 yards total offense and caught four passes, one for a touchdown.

With both the split end, Bruce Jankowski, and the tight end, Jan White, returning, the prospects excite even the normally plaintive Hayes. "We scored 30 touchdowns last year with our power offense, the old buttonshoe offense," he says. "But we'll change. If you have the backs, you use them to put the pressure on." Then he becomes Hayes the general. "You know the most effective kind of warfare is siege. You have to attack on broad fronts. And that's all the option is—attacking on a broad front. You know General Sherman ran an option right through the South."

The only question is whether the line can provide the help Sherman had. Gone are two All-Americas, Dave Foley and Rufus Mayes, yet Tackle Coach Hugh Hindman blithely says he's "very pleased," thank you. Taking Foley's place will be Dave Cheney, the team's most improved player last spring. Mayes' spot will go to 245-pound Chuck Hutchison, the swingman for the past two years. Brian Donovan, who started at guard in the Rose Bowl, will move to center, while Alan Jack and Tom Backhus, both starters last year, return at guard.

Where Kern is the personality of the offense, Ohio State's defense is characterized by John Tatum, the quiet roverback and the man whom Hayes has called "the best athlete on my team." Tatum plays the wide side on the Buckeyes' mirror defense, where one set of four (safety, defensive half, linebacker and end) will always handle the open side and another set the closed side of the field. Myopic, his face an expressionless mask, Tatum often seems bored to the point of disinterest, yet he's the Bucks' top headhunter. After his handling of Purdue's Leroy Keyes last season, he received a rare double: Associated Press voted him Back of the Week, while United Press voted him Lineman of the Week. Said Assistant Coach Lou Holtz shortly before he took over the head job at William and Mary: "He's the greatest athlete I've ever coached. If he's not an All-America, there never was one."

Complementing Tatum on the wide side is Dave Whitfield, a superb end and the defensive captain; Doug Adams, the team's best linebacker; and Ted Provost, a tall, bird-legged halfback. "Our whole defense is time oriented," says Hayes. "If we ever run into a back that does the 100 in five seconds flat, we're in trouble."

More likely is the danger of complacency, though Hayes fairly bristles at the thought. "Well," someone will ask, "what's to keep them from getting lazy?"

"Me. I'm a mean coach," Hayes barks.

"Then I guess it's not true you're getting soft?"

"Soft?" Hayes raises his voice a boom or two. "I'll be damned if I'm getting soft. I'm not going to let them get slipshod. I don't know if they like me for it. And I don't care what they call me, so long as I can't hear it. And so long as it isn't that I'm a nice old man."

2 TEXAS

Waller Creek meanders across the Texas campus, gurgling quietly and trickling peacefully. It is a tranquil, lazy, picturesque scene until football practice begins. Then players come barreling out of Memorial Stadium, clatter over some improvised steps across the water and up the embankment to Freshman Field for a whoop-and-holler workout that pierces the silence along the creek and its pecan-and-cottonwood-lined banks.

Towering above the scene is Coach Darrell Royal, who after mounting the circular orange staircase of his portable viewing stand can inspect his troops. Royal is not one to

James Street of Texas shows the secret of broken field running: when he zigs, you zag.



rave about his prospects, but what he saw as he gazed down this fall made him smile frequently.

Oh, his defense will be minus All-America Tackle Loyd Wainscott, signal-caller Corby Robertson and Bill Bradley, the erstwhile quarterback who wound up a top punter and defensive back. Royal's offense will have to make do without Chris Gilbert, the only college back ever to gain 1,000 yards three years in a row.

But shed no Texas-size tears for Royal. He has enough talent to fill Waller Creek. In all, Royal will have back 35 of 48 lettermen. Among the best are two tackles, Leo Brooks on defense and Bob McKay on offense, Tom Campbell, a linebacker turned defensive halfback who was the star of the last Cotton Bowl game, Quarterback James Street, Fullback Steve Worster, Halfback Ted Koy, Flanker Cotton Speyrer and Tight End Deryl Comer. As for ground-gainers, there are plenty to man the triple-option Wishbone T, one of the latest and most potent offenses around. Scoreboard operators were kept busy toting up the 379 points it mass-produced last season.

"It's really little bits of many different offenses," Royal says as he talks about the Wishbone. "Coaches are the biggest copycats in the world, and the offense is spreading, and spreading fast. Maybe if we'd zip our lips . . . ," whereupon, in mid-thought, Royal zipped his lips.

The Wishbone offense works for Texas because of runners like Worster and Koy, a pair of 210-pounders. Worster, who gets those difficult up-the-middle yards, scored 13 times as a sophomore and gained 806 yards at five yards a try. Evidence of Worster's value to the team is best supplied by Royal himself. Last spring coaches all over the country were calling to ask Darrell about the Wishbone T, and one of the most constant was Duffy Daugherty at Michigan State. One day on long distance Royal told his friend Daugherty, "Duffy, you don't want my offense. You want my fullback, and he's got two more years with me."

Adds Royal on Worster: "He plays his position better than anybody we've ever had except Tommy Nobis. He's the kind of kid who just goes out and causes wrecks, straightens his headgear and walks back to the huddle quietly."

Koy is another integral part of an offense that amassed 447.6 yards a game, having averaged 5-plus yards per carry. Both Worster and Koy are also expert blockers and will help clear the path for whoever takes over for Gilbert. Top candidates for that spot are Billy Dale, a junior, and Jim Bertelsen, a sophomore. Bertelsen, who already has the gift of knowing how to use his blockers, gained 685 yards, the most yardage gained by a freshman in Royal's 12 years in Austin.

Big Ten coaches ogled Bertelsen, who comes from Hudson, Wis., but Royal got busy when he learned that Jim wanted to attend a "warm-weather school." Royal made a rare out-of-state recruiting trip and just happened to wind up in, well, Hudson, Wis. Despite his own persuasive powers, Royal feared he might not get Bertelsen, who visited Austin on what turned out to be the coldest day of winter and on the day when food poisoning hit the dining hall. Bertelsen, however, shook off the chilly reception and signed on.

Getting Worster, another high school whiz, was a project that came up a year earlier and proved far less frustrating. "Most people think we must have wined and dined him," recalls Assistant Coach Fred Akers. "All it took to get him was two hamburgers. That's the kind of kid he is."

Two other vital cogs in the offense are Speyrer and Street. Speyrer, who caught 26 passes for 449 yards, has speed, can fake left and go right and this year will further torment foes by running back punts and kickoffs.

After a loss and a tie at the start of last season Royal at last admitted he could not win with Bradley at quarterback, so he turned to Street. Zingo, the Longhorns won nine straight, including a stunning 36–13 rout of Tennessee in the Cotton Bowl. Street is also a first-rate pitcher on the Texas baseball team and over the past two years has had a 21–6 record.

"He is," Royal adds, "a pleasant extrovert. He's wound tight, though. Sometimes I'll come up behind him and touch him and he'll jump."

Street is unpredictable in other ways. Take last New Year's Eve when the Tennessee and Texas teams attended a pre-Cotton Bowl luncheon at which two footballs were to be given as door prizes. When Volunteer Quarterback Bubba Wyche drew the first winning ticket and saw that the recipient was only 10 feet away, he lobbed the ball to him. Then came Street's turn. He picked a ticket and, not to be outdone even though the second winner was halfway across the huge ballroom, he threw a pass that swept dishes and glasses off three tables and missed his target by two tables. On the field the next day, though, Street was considerably more accurate, hitting his receivers for 200 yards and two touchdowns.

Street gives the Wishbone and its triple option its Go Power, for he not only passes well (50%), but is one of the niftiest running quarterbacks anywhere and, if need be, can wait until the last instant to pitch back.

Although he can be confident that his Longhorns will disturb the tranquillity on many fronts this fall, Royal refuses to do any early shouting. "Last year we got better and better each week until at the end we were as good as we've ever been. We can't start out that good this time—not as good as we ended up. There is," he points out, "a Southwest saying that, 'There ain't a hoss that can't be rode and there ain't a man who can't be throwed.' " Nevertheless, throwing Texas this year is going to be difficult.

CONTINUED

3 PENN STATE

Joe Paterno, by his own admission, is a cornball. Last year he was voted coach of the year, an honor that did not impress him, and shortly after he was offered a job as head coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers at $50,000 a year, plus all sorts of little attachments assuring his future financial security. He turned down the offer, saying that he preferred life in the Nittany Valley, where he could pile his wife and kids into the family car on a Sunday afternoon, drive into the country and talk to the cows. Of course Paterno is a deceptively sharp man and he knows that talking to cows is better than watching the Pittsburgh Steelers and that by staying with Penn State he has a very good chance of repeating last year's 10-0 record, of this time finishing No. 1 in the polls and of winding up as coach of the year again. Some cornball.

"Someday when we're 3 and 7, I'll remind people how glad they said they were when I decided to stay," he says with a grin. Grinning is easy when you're 10-0. But, even if he were 3-7, Paterno would probably still grin and tell people: "I didn't play that boy because he's Italian. I played him because I'm Italian."

Paterno has the longest nonlosing streak in the country among major colleges, a 19-game string that includes two of the most improbable bowl game finishes. First there was the 17–0 lead he blew in the Gator Bowl two years ago when he came up with a 17–17 tie. Then there was last January's 15–14 last-second win in the Orange Bowl against Kansas and its 12-man team.

This year the string undoubtedly will be extended because State has the softest schedule of any top-ranked club, as well as most of last year's team back again. This includes Chuck Burkhart, the quarterback, who often appears to do nothing right except win.

"I wish somebody would give him credit," Paterno says of Burkhart, who has never lost in high school or college. "When he came off the field in the Orange Bowl after the first quarter—in which he had bounced one pass on the ground, had thrown two interceptions and had looked bad all-round—I asked him if he was all right. 'Sure,' he tells me. 'Why do you ask?' *That's* the kind of self-assurance he has."

Burkhart will try to improve on last year's 87 completions and 49% accuracy, but it won't be easy. Gone to the pros is Tight End Ted Kwalick, his leading receiver. Greg Edmonds, though, may turn out to be a strong split end and pass catcher.



Penn State's defense proves on this play that at times football is not even a game of inches.

Halfback Charlie Pittman is back and will try to break some more of Lenny Moore's school records. Last year he erased one by scoring 14 touchdowns. Pittman is a Baltimore boy who insists upon wearing the No. 24 that Moore wore while with the Colts. He is an elusive runner in the Moore tradition. Trying to replace Pittman's talented sidekick, Bob Campbell, will be hard-running Gary Deuel and Lydell Mitchell, a sophomore. At fullback will be Don Abbey or newcomer Franco Harris.

Warren Koegel and Charlie Zapiec are two rocks around which the offensive line is built. The others are generally small for linemen and, if Penn State can be said to have a weakness, the tackle and tight end positions are it.

Defensively, State gets rougher: nine starters return from a crew that limited opponents to 106 points and also helped get 145 of the Nittany Lions' 339 points by recovering 18 fumbles and intercepting 25 passes. Neal Smith, who picked off eight passes, is a hard-to-beat safety. For linebackers there are Jack Ham and Dennis Onkotz, an All-America last season. Onkotz has the ability to be where the action is, largely because he creates the action. There is no better set of tackles than Steve Smear and Mike Reid. Smear speaks of the defensive unit with a sort of primitive passion. "Three years we've played together and never a voice has been raised in anger. It's no fake. We work together. The Celtics, the Packers—it all boiled down to team pride, and this is what Coach Paterno has tried to instill in us. He says, 'Would you like to go to war with the guy next to you?' I know what he means."

Reid, a budding concert pianist, also speaks with emotion about football—and music. "When I'm disgusted or disappointed, I turn to the piano. Quite a few great composers expressed deep sadness in music. Beethoven suffered, and it comes out in his music. I don't mean to sound melodramatic, but when I got word that I had to undergo a second knee operation [in 1967], I turned to the piano. It gave me much comfort."

With talent that ranges from piano movers to piano players, Penn State will not be easy to beat. So what can keep Paterno from adding to his nonlosing streak? "Overconfidence," he answers. "My job is to motivate them. I have to remind them that if they won't work hard they'll look back in later years and regret it. And we have a chance to claim our third Lambert Trophy in a row, something no team has done, except for Army during the war years." Anybody care to contest the claim?

4 USC

The John McKay Decade Medallion, with a smiling image of the coach embossed on one side, has the comforting heft of a silver dollar, but what is really comforting to USC supporters is to flip the coin (causing McKay to fall, uncharacteristically, flat on his face) and look at his nine-year record spelled out in raised letters: coach of the year (1962), five Pacific Eight titles, two national championships, two Heisman Trophy winners, four Rose Bowl teams, eleven All-Americas. This medallion is part of a little merchandising scheme cooked up by the Trojan athletic department whereby a fan can be a Varsity Correspondent for $10, a Statistician for $7.50 or a Spotter for $5 (no box tops, please) and get all sorts of goodies, from color photos to a USC Sports Desk Calendar and Doodlepad.

Of course, selling tickets to football games is still the main business, and during McKay's reign the Trojans have been eminently marketable. This last year of his decade should be no different, despite the loss of O.J. and Quarterback Steve Sogge, who set school passing records on the few downs he did not hand off to Simpson. The 1969 USC drawing cards are Jimmy Jones, a black quarterback, and Bob Chandler, an outstanding flanker.

Jones is a sophomore from Harrisburg, Pa., who was ardently recruited. McKay, who rarely visits a prospect's home, even in California, showed up personally to sign him. Everyone agreed he was a fine runner, but some coaches thought his arm was good only for passing the salt. Jones demolished that notion in the USC spring game when he hardly ran at all and, in a little more than a half, completed 19 of 32 passes for 392 yards and five touchdowns.

"We're either going to be an excellent passing team," said McKay, "or we've got the worst defensive backs in history."

Chandler caught 15 passes in that spring game for 315 yards and five TDs. When he wasn't faking the defensive backs into the Pacific Ocean he was winning midair wrestling matches for the ball or making contortionist catches. He is only one of the best group of receivers USC has ever had (with Gary Orcutt, Sam Dickerson and Terry DeKraai, plus Tight End Gerry Mullins). "Bobby had an exceptional day even for an exceptional player," said McKay.

With a double-threat quarterback and lots of good targets, USC will go back to its 1962-style attack—roll-outs and run-pass-lateral option plays, which make the opposition's defensive coach feel like he's trying to hold off the Normandy Invasion. There will be more razzmatazz, perhaps more scoring and certainly more chance for foul-ups. However, Jones won't have to do all the ball-carrying. There will be a lively fight for O.J.'s vacated tailback spot among Bob Giorgetti, Mike Berry and Clarence Davis, who made the interesting transition from L.A. city shotput champion in high school to sprinter in junior college. All three might be on the bench if JC hotshot Lou Harris is as good as his reputation.

The blockers up front are good, too. The starting offensive guards, Steve Lehmer and Fred Khasigian, will be back, although both missed spring practice, and either of the tackles, senior Sid Smith or soph John Vella, could make All-America. Vella, who is 6′4″, is agile enough to play tight end or middle guard if needed. "He's what ya calls a hoss," says McKay. "He's tremendous."

The defensive line has some interesting additions, one of whom, 267-pound Tody Smith, is the younger brother of Michigan State behemoth Bubba Smith. The other important newcomer is Charlie Weaver, a defensive end who catches fleet halfbacks from behind. Weaver and all-conference Jimmy Gunn give the Trojans an exceptionally fast pair of defensive ends to protect the flanks of Interior Linemen Tony Terry, Bubba Scott, Gary McArthur and O.J.'s boyhood pal from San Francisco, Al Cowlings, all of whom weigh about 240 or so. If any linebackers are needed behind all that front-line beef, the Trojans have a number of them, including returning starter Bob Jensen.

All this talent confirms what frustrated recruiters up and down the Pacific Coast have been saying for a long time, that USC gets the cream in California, where the quality of high school football matches Texas, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Many of the best players at USC are black, but even though—or maybe because—the school is private, expensive and notably conservative, there has been no racial trouble. The only black member of the coaching staff, Willie Brown, recruits and works with whites as well as Negroes.

USC has a chance to be the first team in history to appear in the Rose Bowl four straight years, but despite the talent there are some problems to solve. The defensive backfield was leaky in the spring game, partly because McKay split up his first-string defense. Help should come from three sprinters who were busy with the track team at the time. There is also the possibility that sophomore Jones, with the additional pressures that face a black quarterback, is not yet ready to run the team. Jones was daz-

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zling on the frosh, and perhaps he fooled everyone, including the pro scouts, in the spring game. If he doesn't make it, which is doubtful, USC has JC transfer Jim Fassel, a good passer and ball handler, and dropback passer Mike Holmgren.

The schedule is tough, especially the biennial ordeal of playing Notre Dame at South Bend, where the Trojans have won only once since 1939. There are trips to Oregon State and Washington, and the one conference team USC does not play is probably the weakest, Oregon. The opener will be at Nebraska, and interest in the Trojans is so high in Los Angeles that there will be closed-circuit telecasts of the game in the Shrine Auditorium for students and in the Sports Arena for all those Varsity Correspondents.

Despite his success, McKay has not become bored with the job. His personal medallion is encased in plastic on his desk so he can't fondle it or shine it on his sleeve, but he does have a USC Doodlepad on which he can do all sorts of creative things with Xs and Os. Very few coaches have the Xs and Os to match his.



5 ARKANSAS

"First time I saw him," recalls Assistant Coach Don Breaux, "I thought: 'That can't be *him*.' He was so small and he had on those horn-rimmed glasses. I figured this must have been some history major, not the boy who was supposed to be the great new quarterback." But it was *him*.

"Him" is Bill Montgomery, a bookish-looking prelaw major with a B average, and it was Breaux's job last year to instruct him in the mechanics of Coach Frank Broyles' new souped-up offense. When the season was over Montgomery had set school records by completing 134 of 234 passes for 1,595 yards and 10 touchdowns. He led the Razorbacks to a 9-1 record and a tie for the Southwest Conference title with Texas, then on to a 16–2 upset over Georgia in the Sugar Bowl.

"He's a new breed, a polished drop-back passer who can also run the option," Broyles says. "Where else do you find that kind of quarterback? Not in the pros. Pros don't count on the quarterback as a runner, but we combine a pro passing attack with a running quarterback, and Montgomery is the boy who makes it go."

He makes it go because he not only passes with precision but because he is a deceptive runner. "He's going to get better and better until he drives people crazy," says Darrell Royal of Texas.

A few years ago Montgomery was so frail that the smallest hip pads were too big for him and his jersey flapped in the breeze. Now he has fleshed out to a man-size 183 pounds. Muscle is something new for Montgomery, but poise is something he has always had, even if he himself argues the point.

"I remember my first game for Arkansas," he says. "There were 53,000 people in the stands, and when I threw my first pass it almost went out of the stadium. Two plays later I fumbled. Great start, huh?"

Last year was a critical one in many respects for Arkansas, for Broyles installed a new defense as well as a new offense and had to pray that a horde of sophomores would somehow master both. "We could never have done it if we hadn't had two excellent assistant coaches," Broyles says. "We got Richard Williamson from Alabama to work with our split receivers. Williamson helped Dennis Homan and Ray Perkins to become All-Americas at Alabama. And we got Don Breaux from Florida State to design the offense and to work with the quarterbacks." Breaux, when not busy working with Montgomery, smoothed out the intricacies of an offense that floods the field with five receivers and somehow manages to leave enough players around to form a passing pocket.

One of Williamson's prize pupils was Chuck Dicus, a sophomore split end last year. Dicus, who caught 50 passes (plus 12 in the Sugar Bowl) for 778 yards and nine touchdowns, often seemed to have suction cups on his fingertips as he hauled in pass after pass. In high school he was a quarterback and he had the distinction of beating Montgomery's team several times.

"I used to worry so much before games I'd get sick," Dicus recalls. "I'm just happy that Bill is the quarterback here because I can let him do all the worrying for me."

The running attack will be provided by Tailback Bill Burnett, the third of the Burnett brothers to play for Arkansas, and by Fullbacks Bruce Maxwell and Russ Garber. Burnett, like brother Bobby, gains vital yardage by diving over stacked-up linemen when he is not doing some dazzling out-in-the-open running. Teammates speak of Maxwell, a former Marine, with awe. "One day in practice he had three teeth knocked out," Dicus says. "But he never came off the field. Just spit out the teeth and lined up for the next play."

Maxwell, a crunching blocker, averaged five yards a carry last season. Garber, a sophomore, is described by his coaches as "a light-footed 220-pounder."

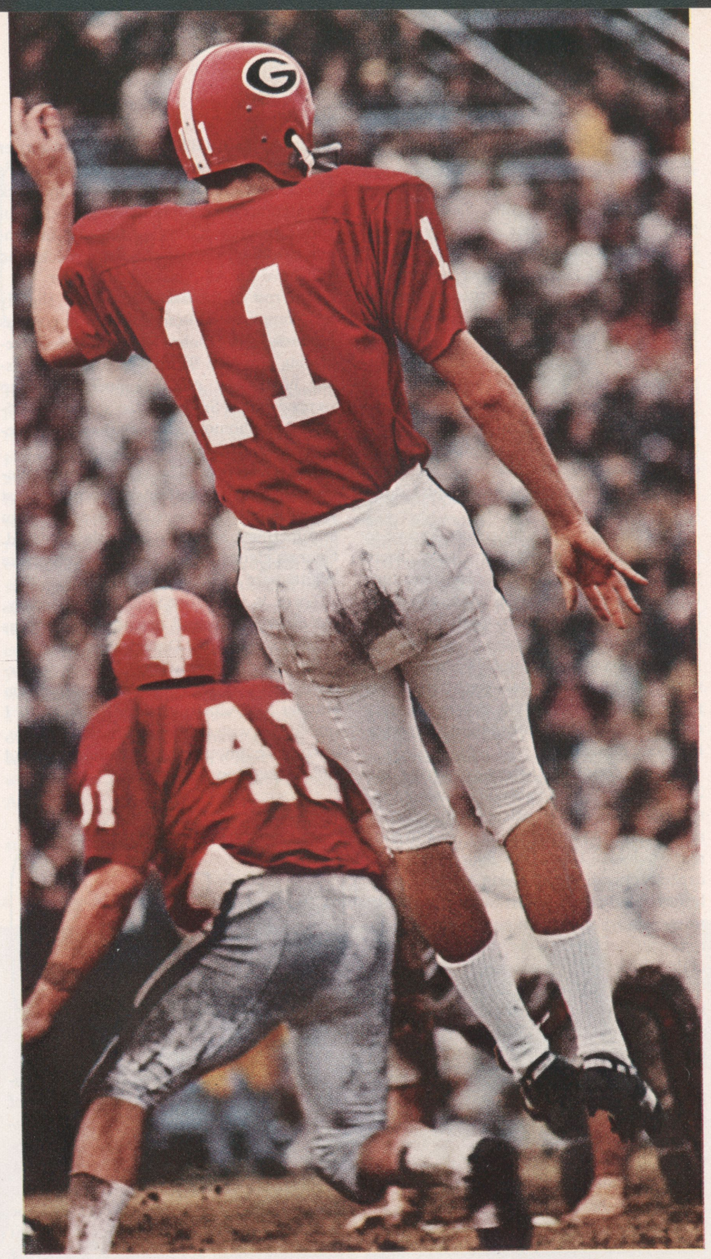
The offense will get support from sophomore Bill McClurd, a placekicker who booted a 53-yard field goal in high school, and from Cary Stockdell, a punter with a 39.9-yard average.

Broyles did away with his famed monster defense a year ago because too many foes were using increasingly versatile offenses. His new 4-3 was built by Assistant Coach Charlie Coffey, and the entire seven-man front returns intact. Among the best is Linebacker Lynn Garner, who has an unusual memento that bears tribute to his doggedness. It is a framed letter of apology from SMU Quarterback Chuck Hixson, who was clobbered so often last year by Garner that he finally decked him with a punch.

Before the start of last season Broyles had commented that his defense, filled as it was with sophomores, was "suspect." Now he laughs about it. "After the defense got 22 turnovers in our last three games," Broyles says, "one of the sophomores asked me, 'Are we still suspect?' "

The battle for the Southwest Conference title—and perhaps the national championship—will come when Arkansas tangles with Texas on Dec. 6. Broyles will rely heavily on Montgomery that day. Last June, however, he learned—painfully—that Bill is as poised as ever. Broyles and Montgomery were opponents in a golf tournament, and Bill sank a 20-foot putt on the 18th hole to beat his coach. That is real poise.

As the Razorbacks line up, they look ahead to a December showdown with Texas.



Enjoying a moment of weightlessness, Spike Jones of Georgia watches his punt in flight.

6 GEORGIA

In 1964, Vince Dooley's first year at Georgia, the experts grinned, asked, "Vince who?" and wrote off the Bulldogs as just another mediocre football team. When Alabama beat Georgia 31–3 in the opener, no one—except perhaps Dooley—was surprised. But from that point Georgia won seven (including one over Texas Tech in the Sun Bowl), tied one and lost only twice. Vince Who was voted SEC Coach of the Year and found five more years added to his contract. The 1964 season also earned Georgia a raise in the 1965 preseason polls, which the Bulldogs scuttled by losing four. That set the pattern.

"Ever since I've been here," said Dooley, with some grimness, "we've either been one year ahead or one year behind the polls." He is somewhat grim because this is an odd year, meaning the experts again will be predicting bright happenings for the kids from Athens. Now Dooley loves bright happenings for his kids; he just doesn't like people forecasting them.

In 1966, all but ignored, Georgia won nine, tied for the SEC championship, beat SMU in the Cotton Bowl and finished fourth in both wire-service polls.

"And then everybody picked us first or second the following year," said Dooley. "One magazine said if we lost a game it would be an upset. Well, there were *three* upsets."

Last year the Bulldogs were once more firmly entrenched among the predicted also-rans. So Georgia went unbeaten, with two ties, winning the SEC championship. "And now," says Dooley, sadly, "I guess people will be picking us high again. There's no

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way we can be as good as we were last year."

Dooley's gloomy observations are not, however, shared by rivals. Said one SEC team assistant: "There's nobody in our league who can stay with Georgia. I'll tell you why, but you had better not use my name. It's very simple: Georgia has the best players and the best coaching combination. How do you beat that?"

There is a third factor: the Bulldogs' humiliating Sugar Bowl loss to Arkansas just when the 1968 team was being touted as the school's best of all time. "We have to set some things straight," said All-America end candidate Dennis Hughes. "This team had no business getting beat, and I don't like to get beat."

Georgia's fans, too, have been known to get up tight when the team loses. There was a period just before Dooley when they turned out 1) to cheer the band, and 2) to boo the team. But that is past. Now they are piling in from Athens, of course, and the other big cities within a 100-mile radius of the campus—Atlanta, Macon and Augusta—and buying season tickets at a record rate in happy anticipation of seeing things set straight.

At last count the sale was nearing the 25,000 mark, which is about as many season tickets as can be offered for a 59,000-seat stadium. At least they think it's a 59,000-seat stadium. That's the figure set for a capacity crowd. But no one in Athens is really sure. There are no turnstiles, and to date no one has bothered to count ticket stubs after a game. Instead, they have Joel Eaves, athletic director and crowd guesser.

It is halftime, Georgia leading, of course, and a newspaperman wanders up, pencil and pad at the ready. "I wonder," he wonders, "how many we got today?"

Eaves glances around, studying the crowd, taking in the 200 or so (for free) lining the railroad trestle to the east, taking in the 1,000 or so (for $2) lining the bridge between the two campuses to the west. "I would say," he says, "there are 58,132." And that's the way it goes in the book.

But when it comes to counting quarterbacks, Dooley prefers a more exact tally. This year he counted and got four, not one of whom would embarrass any school. The best may be Mike Cavan, a starter as a sophomore last season and rated by many as the best quarterback in the conference. But he injured a knee in the Sugar Bowl and had a dismal spring, mostly because he had grown fat.

"Sure I was overweight in the spring," said Cavan, who does not suffer from modesty. "But spring practice doesn't really count. When it's time to play, I'll be down to weight and I'll be the quarterback."

Then there is Donnie Hampton, a senior who throws and runs well and makes few mistakes; Paul Gilbert, an excellent passer and runner who was scheduled as last year's No. 1 quarterback until injured; and Jack Montgomery, a sophomore sensation of spring practice. Georgia, it is said in Athens, can lose its first three quarterbacks and still have an All-America contender.

The rest of the backfield is only slightly less complicated. Brad Johnson is gone as fullback, but Dooley had planned on replacing him with Bruce Kemp, a big, bruising breakaway power runner. Then up stepped Julian Smiley in the spring. A 205-pound sophomore, Smiley has been described as a white Jimmy Brown.

The receivers are Flanker Charles Whittemore, who led the team in receptions last year; Dennis Hughes, the wide end known as Superman; and Billy Brice, the tight end. Georgia claims it hasn't had a receiver like Whittemore since Jimmy Orr.

There is inexperience in the secondary, but Georgia's overall defense should be as tough as ever. It's Dooley's trademark.

But, Dooley still argues, "We are overrated again. If we go undefeated and win another SEC championship, I'll retire. If I can do that with all the weaknesses we have, it won't be any use for me to hang around and try and top that feat."

7 MISSOURI

For a man who is the self-proclaimed superfan of the Missouri Tigers, the events of last year's Christmas holidays were unsettling. A business crisis in one of his two Kansas City steak houses, both called the Cock and Bull, forced Peter J. Carter to miss his team's 35–10 victory over Alabama in the Gator Bowl. "When it reaches the point where one of my restaurants is interfering with Missouri football," he said, "then that restaurant has to go." So Carter, true to his word, put the steak house up for sale.

Carter plans to let nothing prevent him from attending Missouri's games this fall. This is the year he has longed for since 1945, when the Tigers won their last unclouded conference championship. (They also won in 1960, when Kansas was declared ineligible.) "I have no doubts," Carter says. "In my estimation we will win the conference. Missouri has more material than ever. All Coach Devine has to do is fit the pieces together, and nobody can do that better than Dan."

Enthusiasm for the Tigers isn't restricted to the team's premier supporter. Because no other major university or college in Missouri plays football, the Tigers are the hometown boys of the entire state. Start at Columbia, the site of the university, and go to the cotton lands of southeast Missouri or northeast to Mark Twain country around Hannibal or to the Ozark Mountains and lakes in the southwest. The people there will tell you about the Alabama game and, largely because of it, they'll echo Carter's prediction.

Even Dan Devine, the intense, introverted coach who has given his state 11 consecutive winning seasons and four bowl game victories, bubbles with joy at the mention of the Gator Bowl. "If you had compared our football facilities with Alabama's," he says, "you wouldn't think we had a right to be on the same field. Their athletic dorm has everything. We don't even have an athletic dorm. Why, Bear Bryant's private bathroom is bigger than my whole office."

The star of the Gator Bowl victory, Quarterback Terry McMillan, is back. His three touchdown runs earned him the bowl's most valuable player award. To McMillan, who is at least as interested in representing the Campus Crusade for Christ as he is in scoring touchdowns, his performance was surprising. He had been a substitute at a Coral Gables high school and, when Florida recruiters came buzzing, Terry was ignored. McMillan is only an adequate passer, but he is superb at running option sweeps. And when he isn't keeping it himself, he will have a difficult time deciding which one of Missouri's herd of runners should get the football.

After Missouri beat Army last year, Coach Tom Cahill shook his head and said, "They have so much depth in the backfield that most teams would be happy to start their third-stringers." The most versatile of the lot is Arthur Ashe's first cousin, Jon Staggers. While Ashe practiced tennis on a court between their houses in Richmond, Staggers was playing football. As a junior he led the Tigers in receptions and kickoff returns and was second in rushing. This year, he will also run back punts. Fullback Ron McBride is a two-year letterman whose most important contribution is as a strong, reliable blocker.

Waiting on the sideline, and confirming Cahill's cause for envy, is James Harrison, who is huge and fast. He played four positions for his high school in San Antonio—fullback, both defensive tackles and defensive end. Of the 85 schools that recruited him, he chose Missouri because, "The cloud-of-dust running game here is my kind of football."

Should McMillan and his backs ever find the dust choking them, Split End Mel Gray is capable of providing six quick points and a breather. He is the Big Eight's 100- and 220-yard champion and also happens to be the fastest man in the history of Missouri football.

The key to Dan Devine's string of winning seasons over the years has been his defensive units, and last year's was one of his best. But the defense suffered from graduations, and it may give Devine and Peter J. Carter many an anxious moment.

Missouri coaches are quick to point out that the front line uses a read-and-react style of play that can only be learned under game conditions. Missouri's schedule provides them with time enough to learn—the first three games are against nonconference teams. In the meantime, veteran Tackles Rocky Wallace and Mark Kuhlman should keep the opposition in check.

The rest of the defense had better be experts at the system by November, when the Tigers face Oklahoma and Kansas for the Big Eight championship. There are some conference coaches, notably Kansas' Pepper Rodgers, who believe that Devine has a tendency to choke in the big games, and the absence of an undisputed Big Eight title during his years there would appear to give substance to that theory.

But Peter J. Carter will have none of it. If the Tigers make it to another bowl, he'll be there to watch it, even if he has to sell his other restaurant.

8 NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame has added something new to its attack this year—girls. "The concept of the all-male institution is outdated," explained Father Hesburgh a few years ago, and with that the girls of St. Mary's were bused across South Bend's Dixie Way North to share classrooms with the boys. It was perhaps inevitable that this change would eventually affect the football program and, sure enough, this spring an announcement was made calling for girl cheerleaders. More than 100 St. Mary's students answered the call. When Ara Parseghian was told that young ladies would be dancing along the sidelines offering encouragement to the Fighting Irish, he reacted with a frown. "I didn't realize we would have them," the coach said, "but we won't have time to watch them anyway." Speak for yourself, Ara.

Parseghian's sense of urgency is understandable. On Sept. 27, when most other coaches are still trying to find out whether their linemen can block and their quarterbacks can throw, Parseghian has to face Purdue. "The most difficult problem about coaching at Notre Dame is losing early," Parseghian says, remembering last fall's 37–22 loss to the Boilermakers. Purdue scored 20 points in one 3½-minute explosion during the second quarter and, with the season just underway, Notre Dame's chances for a national championship had already vanished. "If you're the coach of a conference team, you can lose early and still go to a bowl with a 7-3 record. But we're a major independent. We have no conference to win and no bowls to look forward to [because of school policy]. Our position in the polls and, ultimately, the national championship—these are our objectives."

At the conclusion of the final spring practice, girl friends and parents were politely ushered off the field. Parseghian gathered his team around and told them that if Notre Dame loses to Purdue again it won't be because the team is poorly conditioned. He listed five events, among them the mile run and the 100-yard dash, and then read off the times individuals would be expected to run them. "As soon as you get here for practice this fall you'd better be able to qualify. If you don't you'll be running them over and over again until you do."

Notre Dame football will be different this

continued

Ara Parseghian (center) takes the stance that finishing No. 1 in the polls should be Notre Dame's objective, even if others disagree.



year and not just because of the girls or the Marine-type conditioning program. John Ray, the assistant coach responsible for the Irish defense and, therefore, much of the team's success, has left to become head coach at Kentucky after five years of willingly residing in Ara's shadow. Gone, too, are many headline names. Goodby Terry Hanratty. Farewell Jim Seymour. So long George Kunz, Bob Gladieux, Coley O'Brien and Ron Dushney. Parseghian will have to replace his entire backfield, pray his quarterback won't be injured and then run most of his plays through the left side of the line.

Notre Dame's backs have never been known for their speed. ("There must be a skinny Italian kid somewhere who is a devout Catholic and also happens to run the hundred in 9.3," says Assistant Coach Tom Pagna.) Parseghian's ballcarriers have been large and powerful, and this year's replacements—Fullback Jeff Zimmerman and the halfbacks, Ed Ziegler and Andy Huff—are not exceptions. Huff is the team's most talented sophomore, and Zimmerman and Ziegler have had little game experience, but all three can run.

The man who will hand them the ball is Joe Theismann, who became the Irish quarterback last season when Hanratty suffered a knee injury with three games remaining. He performed well, leading the team to an unaccustomed role of spoiler as Notre Dame tied USC 21–21. Theismann is a good runner and he is also able to throw, but he may not do much of it this year. Notre Dame is so short of receivers that the starting split end is a converted bowlegged punter named Joe deArrieta. What about tight end? "I'm thinking of running an ad in the paper," answers End Coach Jerry Wampfler.

Signal-calling should be easy for Theismann—something along the line of take the ball and run quickly to the left. There the holes will be opened by Guard Larry DiNardo and Tackle Jim Reilly, the only remaining members of last year's excellent interior line.

Even without a strong passing attack, and with the talent and experience bunched along one side of the line, the Irish should do all right, for the schedule grants them laughers in seven of their 10 games. As for the others, against those three nemeses, Purdue, Michigan State and Southern Cal, the offense will need all the help it can get from the defense. Luckily for Parseghian, the help is considerable.

John Ray has left Assistant Coach George Kelly with a strong nucleus from the only defensive unit to successfully contain O. J. Simpson—55 yards in 21 carries. Kelly doesn't have Ray's booming voice—during one practice he asked his front four to get down on one knee so they could hear him—but he does have eight years of producing stingy defenses at Nebraska. He will be pleased with Mike McCoy, who is back at tackle, all 270 pounds of him, and with Bob Olson, Tim Kelly and Larry Schumaker. Two sophomores, Safety Clarence Ellis and Halfback Ed Gulyas, compensate for the lack of experience in the deep secondary with their speed. They will be seeing a lot of each other this fall because, as the fastest men on the team, they'll also be returning the punts.

Notre Dame without a passing attack may be tough for enthusiastic Irish alumni to swallow, and this year they may have to cheer the defense. And if the defense fails, they can always stand up and cheer for the cheerleaders.

9 OKLAHOMA

The practice of rustling is still very much alive in the great Southwest these days, as football recruiters from Oklahoma continue to run beefy linemen and pony backs across the Texas state line and into Norman. Texas Coach Darrell Royal will visit some homegrown phenom and think he has him all tied down when all of a sudden, before you can say Joe Don Looney, he's gone to Oklahoma.

This fall the Sooners welcome back 12 starters, five of them from south of the border. In addition, as many as a dozen of the 30 Texans that Coach Chuck Fairbanks and his staff have recently talked into going to Oklahoma could crack the starting lineup. Of these the best is sophomore Quarterback Jack Mildren.

Mildren, you may remember (SI Sept. 9, 1968), is the blue-chip boy from Abilene, who a year ago told reporters he thought he might have a chance to both start as a sophomore and win a national championship at OU before he was done. Last year, while amusing himself on a sparkling freshman team that took Tulsa 77–7 and outscored four opponents 194–66, Mildren looked like he was worth all the coaxing by making good on 49 of 79 passes for 876 yards. He also averaged 5.5 yards running the option and could scarcely have been better.

"As to whether I'll be an All-America," Mildren likes to say when he's asked, which is about every hour, "I haven't even won the starting job yet." That is technically true. Mickey Ripley, who as a junior tossed a pair of scoring passes in the Bluebonnet Bowl in relief of an injured Bobby Warmack, is back again and anxious to lay claim to the quarterback job.



The prospect of watching Tailback Steve Owens run has all Oklahoma smiling, too.

Regardless of who the Sooner quarterback is, he'll be giving the ball to a Heisman Trophy candidate much of the time. Tailback Steve Owens may well be the most effective rusher in the country now that O. J. Simpson and Leroy Keyes are gone. He didn't make any All-America teams and was somehow quiet about gaining 1,536 yards and scoring 21 touchdowns. But Owens is within reach of Eugene (Mercury) Morris' one-year-old NCAA career rushing mark and he could become the highest scorer in college history. Fullback Mike Harper, used chiefly as a blocker in the I formation, nevertheless averaged five yards a crack. Wingback Roy Bell, one of the many sophomores Fairbanks is counting on to help improve the Sooners' 7-3 finish of last year, is a dangerous deep receiver, but his lofty frosh rushing average suggests he'll share the split backfield alignment with Owens in Oklahoma's new pro set.

Center Ken Mendenhall, the team's most capable one-on-one blocker, and Owens have established a mutual admiration society. "Owens is so great at cutting back and sliding along the line to find openings," Mendenhall says. "He runs so low that most tacklers glance off him. I don't know how he keeps going like he does. You see how tired he is after every play, but he gets so excited after he's made a gain he comes back to the huddle and congratulates everybody." Owens returns the compliment to Mendenhall. "He's always got the way cleared for you. He's fantastic coming off the ball with a man in front of him. I'm not blessed with great open speed, but our linemen use sort of scramble-style blocking to drive their men off the line. Then it's my job to cut to wherever there's room." The remainder of the offensive line looks solid with sometime Defensive End Steve Zabel returning to his natural spot at tight end.

Zabel's absence isn't expected to cripple the defense, although he is given a large measure of credit for Oklahoma winning its last five games. The defensive line is a mixture of new and old, but it's all big. If two young Texans, Albert Qualls and John Gorman, have difficulty at the ends, Oklahoma's new containment 4-4-3 defense should lend a helping hand. Fairbanks has a covey of able linebackers to fill the four slots, and his secondary looks so good that Joe Pearce, who intercepted two passes and blocked a kick in the Bluebonnet Bowl, may not get his job back. Pearce and another defensive halfback, Bruce Stensrud, are being pressed hard by sophomore Glenn King, who as an offensive back scored 64 touchdowns in high school. At safety is Monte Johnson, a predecessor of Mildren who went to Texas for a year before transferring to Oklahoma.

As an indication of the relative strength of the Big Eight, Oklahoma ranks near the bottom of the conference in returning lettermen, with 27. The Sooners will have a chance to adjust themselves in their first two games against ailing Wisconsin and Pittsburgh, before meeting rugged Texas. The game is played annually in Dallas, and this year a national television audience will be treated to what promises to be a brutal battle.

Jack Mildren, who said he's had "quite a few word battles over the summer with high school teammates who attend Texas," returned to school in midsummer in order to take part in a football clinic for Oklahoma's Little League football players. The clinic is sponsored by former Sooner Ron Shotts and it drew more than 400 boys in its first year. "There are a lot of guys from the team now coaching the younger fellows," Mildren said, "and some of those who have graduated are working with the 12- to 15-year-olds. The boys are really fun to work with and they get a lot of enjoyment out of learning football and having us sign autographs after sessions. We all wear T shirts with our name and varsity number on them, but I don't think many of the boys even know who I am."

They shouldn't have too much longer to find out.

10 ALABAMA

On the second floor of the University of Alabama's new $4-million all-purpose arena are the offices of the athletic department. The publicity staff has little bitty offices, the basketball coaches have nice medium-sized offices and the football coaches—well, suffice it to say that those dudes have some elbow room. Right in the middle is the biggest office of them all, the Papa Bear's den, the place where Paul (Bear) Bryant sips Cokes from his private cooler, sometimes fools around with the putter leaning up against the paneled wall and, mainly, shapes the future of the Crimson Tide football team.

The office has all the comforts of home, including a TV set, thick carpeting and soft chairs, but what is really impressive is its state of readiness, like a general's war room or Mission Control. An intricate telephone apparatus rests within easy reach on the expansive desk. Green chalkboards are built into the paneling, all the better to make all those Xs and Os. Down the hall are two projection rooms, one for offense, one for defense. There Bryant's players, relaxing in theater seats and air conditioning, can watch movies and be told what they did right or wrong.

The Crimson Tide did enough things wrong last season to lose—gasp—*two* regular-season games (to Mississippi and Tennessee). That was calamity enough, but then came that stunning 35–10 loss to Missouri in the Gator Bowl, the worst bowl loss any Bryant team has ever suffered. Whatever the Bear felt about that disaster at the time, this fall he is inclined to regard it philosophically, making some Bear watchers wonder if, at 56, the old boy is going soft.

"A bowl game is not a real true test like a regular-season game," Bryant says, the words rolling out slowly and evenly in that marvelous deep Southern tone, a voice that moves more Alabamans than Billy Graham. "There's a lot of guesswork from a preparation standpoint. I said this, too, when we enjoyed a good holiday season. The psychological buildup has a lot to do with it—it's helped us sometimes, hurt us sometimes."

Psychology. Bear Bryant is nothing if he is not a psychologist, and already this season's team is being aroused with homilies like these:

"We're still small. If you're small and have average speed, too, you'd better be a little *hos*-tile, and we haven't been too *hos*-tile yet by any means.

"Unless we have mighty good mamas and papas, we're going to have a disastrous year. Our defense is real inexperienced and, frankly, real weak. If we're not stronger on the field than on the blackboard, we're in trouble, bad trouble."

Alabama could have a hard go of it, as Bryant sadly suggests, but then again the Crimson Tide could be very good indeed. The schedule does not appear much stronger, or weaker, than usual, with Louisiana State the only dangerous away game. Alabama's three toughest games—Mississippi, Tennessee and Auburn—will be played in Birmingham, the Crimson Tide's second home.

The team may not be big by anyone else's standards, but—with a couple of 220-pound tackles around—it is bigger than the usual Alabama team. As always, Alabama will be quick and mean, and perhaps the meanest player of all will be a sophomore back who may give the Tide the running game it lacked last season.

His name is Johnny Musso, and Bryant himself says flat out that, "Musso at this stage is the best sophomore back I ever had with the exception of John Crow." That is a mouthful all right because John David Crow of Texas A&M was some player, his feet pounding over all the football teams in Texas. In Alabama's spring game Musso was the leading ground-gainer with 131 yards in 33 carries, including two touchdown smashes from inside the 10. "I wish I had more like him at the other positions," says Bryant, almost wistfully. "He can do everything—block, run, receive—and he can play defense without any practice."

It would seem that Bryant would be almost as gleeful over his passing game, what with last year's record-setting combination, Quarterback Scott Hunter and Split End George Ranager, back in Tuscaloosa. Hunter broke or tied seven passing records last season and already stands behind only Steve Sloan and Harry Gilmer—and ahead of Joe Namath—in career total offense at Alabama. Yet Bryant, who has handled a few quarterbacks of note in his time, frowns a little when he talks about Hunter.

"He's a great passer, but that's just part of it," says Bryant. "He couldn't get it over the goal line consistently last year. We'll have to just wait and see. You just can't go out and throw and expect to win." Then, ominously, he adds: "We have some depth at quarterback this season."

Senior Guard Alvin Samples, who Bryant says "has been a solid citizen for two years," should become "a great lineman," the team's offensive anchor. But the defense, with 11 lettermen gone, is a little suspect, with the exception of senior Safety Tommy Wade. "He has what it takes," says Bryant. "He'll play anywhere and he'll really hitcha."

One afternoon before practice, The Bear

continued

was sitting in his office, dragging on a Coke, mourning the low, low state of Alabama football. "My recruiting hasn't been what it should be," he said. "We haven't got as many players as we should have. I hope we have more next year." He paused. "A year ago I thought we'd have a terrific football team, but some people I thought would be great aren't even here and some who are here aren't great. No, I don't think we belong in the Top 20, and you know what? If I were the president of this school and Alabama wasn't in the Top 20, I'd fire the coach."

11 INDIANA

The Katzenjammer Kids are back for their third and final show, a bit older, sure, perhaps even a bit wiser, but certainly no less rambunctious. You remember them! They were the Cardiac Kids in 1967, when they won about eight million games in the last two minutes, tied for the Big Ten title and went to the Rose Bowl—all in one fun-filled melodramatic episode. And then last season, starting the same way, winning their opener against Baylor when Quarterback Harry Gonso scored with 18 seconds remaining. It seemed just like old times, and after the game there was the wisecracking Gonso, listening as a reporter asked, "Who called that last play, Harry, you or Coach Pont?" then answering, just loudly enough for Pont to feel the needle, "Why Coach Pont, of course. Don't you know? He's coach of the year."

The rest of the season wasn't quite as funny, as Indiana's bag of miracles emptied fast. The team lost once by three points and once by five—story endings unheard of the year before. Yet Pont, forever an optimist, ended the season with a promise. "Save your money," he told everyone in Bloomington. "Indiana is going back to Pasadena next year."

Next year is here, and nothing has changed Pont's mind. "We have no basic problems that are going to give me restless nights," he says. "The only thing we worry about are injuries to key people." The most important key is Gonso, the brash and cocky quarterback who is the hub of the option-power-sweep series that is Indiana's offense. Local sportswriters have gotten to calling Gonso "The Franchise," and even Pont will admit that "we always tell our line to keep him clean. I'm afraid if we lost Harry. . . ." Pont's voice then trails off like a man having a bad dream.

Not that Gonso would ever think of causing his coach a sleepless night. Muses Halfback John Isenbarger: "Harry? Hell, he's cocky as they come. He'll just get out there and win by intimidating the other team." Gonso laughs. "I don't care how many times I'm hit. Or how hard I'm hit. I can't be scared." Such derring-do has netted Gonso a few minor concussions, which he has always managed to hide from the coaches, and enough floating bone chips and torn tendons in his right ankle to get him a deferment from the service. It also has made him, in only two seasons, Indiana's alltime total offense leader—which must impress Woody Hayes, who once rejected Gonso as too small for his Buckeyes. ("Aren't you happy you didn't go to Ohio State?" someone once asked Gonso. "You'd be playing behind Rex Kern." Gonso snapped back: "I think Kern would make a good halfback.")

Gonso, of course, wasn't alone in creating the miracles that transformed Indiana into something more than the Big Ten's ugly duckling. There was also Isenbarger, the team's leading rusher the past two seasons, and Jade Butcher, a superb flanker and Gonso's favorite target. "With those boys," Pont says, "even though time is short and we may be behind, I think we have an advantage."

While Gonso is the most cocky on the field, it is Butcher—Psychedelic Jade—who is the zaniest off. A good pro prospect, he wants, naturally, to play in New York and, even more naturally, with the Jets and Joe Namath. He is already modeled in their image. As a lifeguard in Bloomington last summer, he let his hair grow down his neck—and then, for want of better things to do, he bleached it blond. He is also big on striped bells, flowered shirts, imported shoes.

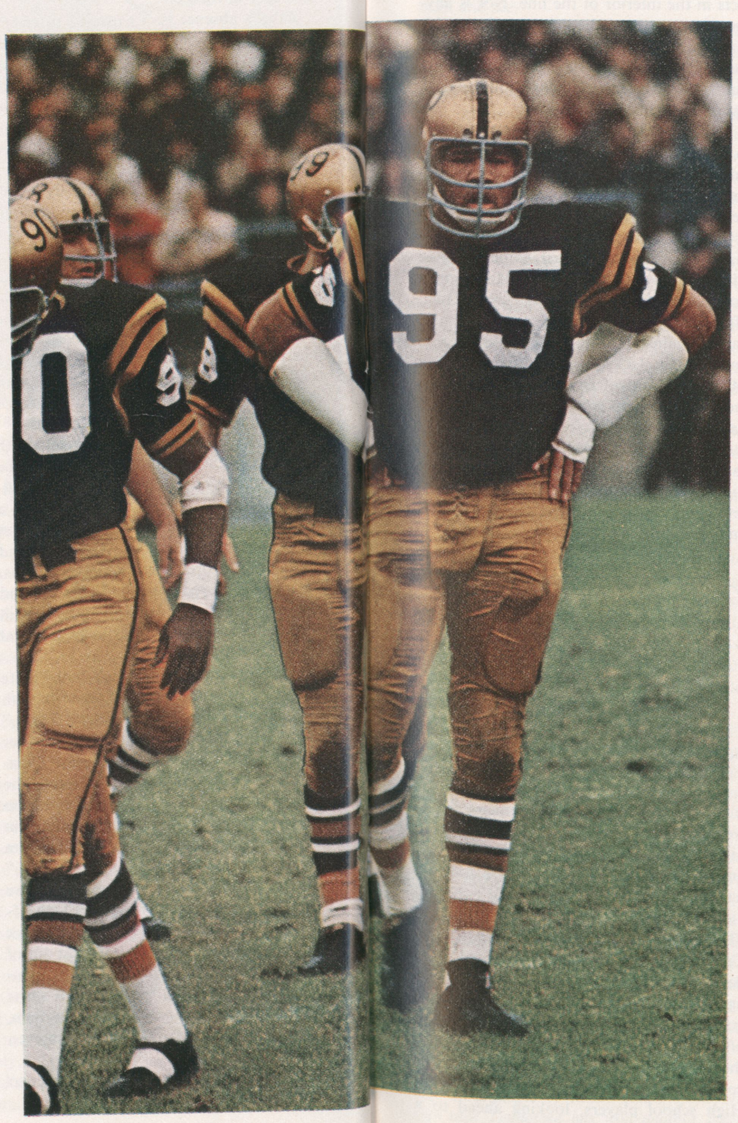
Isenbarger, who gained nearly 700 yards in 1968, though missing four games because of a tender knee, should be back as strong as ever. The trouble, as always, will be getting him interested when the game promises little challenge. "John needs to be inspired," says a teammate. "He tends to get lazy if he doesn't feel threatened."

The rest of the offense, if not as heart-stopping, is at least sound. Hank Pogue, the fullback, is in Pont's words "the most underrated player on the team." Split End Eric Stolberg, though not as flashy as Butcher, proved himself good enough last year to keep defenses from concentrating on one side. The interior of the line, strong last year, should be even better. Center Steve Applegate starts his third year; the guards, Don DeSalle and E. G. White, are both veterans, with DeSalle one of the best in the country. Chris Morris, a starter at guard last year, will move to tackle, replacing John Andrews, who has switched to tight end.

Offense, though, has never been a worry; it is defense where Indiana should—and must—show the biggest improvement. While running up a 6-4 record last year, it gave up 262 points, winning some 40–36 and 38–34 games, yet losing 38–35 and 38–20. Such generosity was too much even for Gonso & Co. to overcome. "When I first came to Indiana," Pont explains, "things were so low that I kept putting my best players on offense, figuring even if we lost, at least we'd score. Now that the offense is set, I can put some of the top boys on defense. I think we've finally evened up the two."

The defense, like the offense, will gamble. "If we say, 'Come at us,' " Pont says, "we'll be blown out. We'll gamble."

So even defense will be exciting at Indiana, where the Hoosiers, if nothing else, promise fun football. Certainly they are going to be the most individualistic—Pont, as the saying goes, gives everyone his own head. "I don't believe in the automation of man," he says. None of his players are robots, and the fun they have should only increase as they mow down opponents. And the people of Bloomington should get a chance to spend all that money they saved at John Pont's behest—on another trip to the Rose Bowl.



A look at Purdue's Alex Davis awaiting the next play could spoil one's sense of humor.

12 PURDUE

Gone are Leroy Keyes, Mr. Everything, and Perry Williams, the fullback, and Chuck Kyle, the All-America middle guard, and three other all-conference players, yet up pop all these optimists at Purdue saying how the 1969 team may end up being better than last year's. Oh, Jack Mollenkopf, the coach, will hem and haw and scrape his feet, kicking around some imaginary stones, but finally he'll admit, "We just might prove to be a little more explosive this year." And then he adds, "I'd like to go to California again before I quit coaching." Since he will be 64 in November, there will not be many more chances.

If indeed the Boilermakers end up better than last year's team (8-2), it will most certainly have more to do with intangibles—more specifically, attitude—than unsuspected strength. Even Mollenkopf will concede that "there was something you could feel that wasn't right last year."

Tim Foley, the team's best defensive halfback, is more specific. "I think we may have depended on Leroy too much," he says. "I mean if we ever were in trouble we'd always figure he could get us out. Now we'll be more rounded, and the other teams won't know where we're going to hit them. And maybe everyone on the team will try a little harder because, well, they feel a little bit more important to the whole."

And Mike Phipps, the senior quarterback, says much the same. "It's hard to say whether we had a good team, as far as being a team goes. I hope we have more leadership this year. If a superstar is one who just comes up with a big play every so often, I'd rather not have him. I just want a guy who will do his job consistently, a guy the other players know is out there giving his best."

Such a player is Phipps himself. As a sophomore his total offense was more than 2,000 yards; last year, though he missed three games because of an ankle injury, he managed to throw for more than 1,000. Big and strong, he will not only have to stay healthy for Purdue to succeed, but also throw as he did last year, along with filling the void left by runners Keyes and Williams. "We'd be wasting Mike if we didn't use him," says Mollenkopf.

Without Keyes and Williams, there will be less consistency to the Boilermaker attack. It will be a peak-and-valley offense, gambling for the quick score rather than settling for a sustained drive. There will be little of the 22 Toss, which had become the Purdue trademark during the Reign of Keyes—instead, the attack will center on Phipps and the option. He will go after the corners, first with a pass, then the option itself, with running his primary choice. There will be more inside slants and certainly more drop-back passing. "We should really have more diversity this year," Phipps claims. "We had it last year, but it seemed whenever we got into a game we'd always go back to what we did best." He will be Purdue's best this year and he realizes the danger that may present. "Yes," he says, "I know the pressure's on me now. I just want the team to respect me. I'd like to be a Bart Starr-type leader."

Purdue would be better if there were a few Bart Starr-type helpers around as well. Backing up Phipps will be a pair of promising juniors, though both have little experience. The setback will be John Bullock, recruited from Newport News, Va., the home town of Keyes. He is regarded there as an even better prospect than Leroy was, but Bullock himself realizes the futility of trying to follow in Keyes' footsteps. "No one can fill his shoes," Bullock says. "I'll just do my job." The Z-back, or splitback, will be Stan Brown, a sprinter who, if he can stay in one piece (he's only 5′ 11″, 170 pounds) will be a consistent breakaway threat. Split End Ashley Bell is just a sophomore, and the tight end, junior Greg Fenner, played only briefly last year, so Phipps has not worked much with his receivers.

Experience is even thinner on the line, where tackle Paul DeNuccio will be the only returning regular. The other tackle will be a giant junior, 275-pound Donnie Green, switched over from defense. Tim Huxhold and Paul Baker will be the inexperienced guards, and Walter Whitehead, after earning letters for two years as a reserve, will start at center.

But, while the Boilermakers cross their fingers and hope they can find enough help for Phipps offensively, they absolutely gloat about their defense. And well they might, for returning are eight starters from a unit that gave up the fewest points in Big Ten competition. It had the unnerving habit, however, of letting opponents get close before shutting the door. This year, without a Keyes to bail out the offense, the defense will have to kick the habit.

The veteran line, in the tradition of all Purdue lines, is big, led by the monstrous Alex Davis at 280. But the heart of the team—and a strong one at that—is the linebackers and the halfbacks. Taking Kyle's place at middle guard will be Bob Brumby, who has played little, but Veno Paraskevas is an experienced outside backer.

continued

Paraskevas, who gives cheerleaders more problems than rain (try Par-ask′-e-vas), was the most pleasant surprise on the team last season.

The defensive backfield is exceptional. Randy Cooper, who can also swing to offense if needed, plays one corner, with Tim Foley at the other. Don Webster and Richard Mahurt are both experienced halfbacks.

Two tough nonconference games are early on Purdue's schedule—against Notre Dame and Stanford—and should give an indication of the chance Mollenkopf has for a surprise trip to the Rose Bowl. But even if the Boilermakers don't make it to California, they certainly will prove themselves to be more than the poor orphans of Leroy Keyes.

13 MISSISSIPPI

In Oxford, Miss., where the time is always 1860 and the Old South is alive but napping, there are only a few surefire, foolproof, guaranteed-or-your-money-back ways to be a celebrity. One is to have known William Faulkner. Another is to date one of the Miss Americas that traipse their little ol' way off the University of Mississippi campus at regular intervals. And, most preferred of all, is to play quarterback for the Ole Miss Rebels.

Behind every great Ole Miss football team there has been a great quarterback. Eagle Day. Glynn Griffing. Jake Gibbs. The names roll off the tongue like pure honey, all the fine quarterbacks who have worked their magic under Coach Johnny Vaught the last 22 years. But lately, alas, quarterbacks at Ole Miss have been worth about as much as Confederate money. Like the Old South itself, they have gone with the wind, or with Alabama or Notre Dame or somebody. Then, last year, along came Elisha Archie Manning III.

Archie Manning. The name does not have that marvelous Southern ring, like Joe Willie Smith or Billy Joe McAllister or even Eagle Day. But make no mistake. Archie Manning, keen of eye and strong of limb, is a "good ol' Southern boy," as they like to say in Oxford, coming from tiny Drew, Miss. (pop. 1,700), where he had one of those classic all-round sports careers that Clair Bee used to write fiction about. And now, in his junior season, all the Yankee pretenders to the national title, the Penn States and the Ohio States and all the rest, should consider themselves warned; Archie Manning is ready to put on his No. 18 jersey and, with a bow to the Misses America, pass and run and lead Ole Miss back to its rightful place of high standing in the weekly polls.

"Anyone on our schedule can beat us," says Vaught, who like most coaches begins to get nervous when the future is discussed, "but then we can beat anyone, too. Basically, what's at issue is the essential progress of a good many of our juniors, plus having adequate depth at every position." After a disappointing spring practice Vaught was more nervous than ever. "We should be better than last year," he mused, "but a championship contender . . . ?"

Well, to get on more solid footing, what did Vaught think about Archie Manning? "He was the best sophomore quarterback I ever coached," said Vaught, "and he had a real fine spring." (The baseball coach agreed after Archie, making like a 6′ 3″ Maury Wills, stole 16 bases.)

Indeed, none of Mississippi's great quarterbacks ever had a better sophomore season than Manning, whose all-round play was largely responsible for Mississippi's respectable 7-3-1 record, including a comeback victory over Virginia Tech in the Liberty Bowl. Although he ran for five touchdowns, and even caught a pass, what Archie did best was throw. His passing statistics (263 thrown, 127 caught, 1,510 yards, eight touchdowns) enabled him to place second behind Mississippi State's Tommy Pharr in Southeastern Conference total offense (1,718 yards). Even more impressive, Archie played most of the season with injuries ranging from a hurt groin (against Kentucky) to a sprained thumb (Georgia) to a cracked rib (Houston). After the latter injury, his most serious of the season, Archie came back with his most stirring performance, completing 24 of 40 passes for 345 yards to befuddle LSU. Somebody named him national back of the week for that one, and everybody knew for sure that this Manning kid was more than just another pretty face.

Of course, there are reasons other than Archie to like Ole Miss. One is Vaught, whose teams have won six SEC championships and have gone to 16 bowls. Another is depth. Ole Miss has 42 lettermen hanging around this fall, with at least one, and sometimes four, at every offensive and defensive position. The junior class accounts for 28 of these lettermen, including Manning, and nobody in the SEC, not even the reticent Vaught himself, is naive enough to believe that last year's sophomores will make as many mistakes, or be crippled with as many injuries, now that they are juniors. As early as last May, Ole Miss was named No. 1 in the SEC by *The Birmingham News*, an honor that Vaught would rather have not received. "It's something to work for," he said, "but it also puts us on the spot. Now a lot more people will be pointing for us."

Giving Manning a lot of support on offense will be Guard Skip Jernigan, who blocks, and Fullback Bo Bowen, who blocks and runs. A junior, Leon Felts, is a strong runner at tailback. And it should come as no surprise, considering that Ole Miss has enough depth to afford a placekick-*holding* specialist, that five players are all ranked more or less equal at the position of wide receiver.

There is no reason to doubt the defense, either. Safety Glenn Cannon is regarded as an All-America prospect, and Claude Herard and Buz Morrow, each 6′ 3″ and 230 pounds, provide a couple of immovable objects in the interior of the line. Nor is anyone going to turn the corners often, with Hap Farber and Dennis Coleman stationed there. And, as one Ole Miss fan proudly put it, "We ah well-endowed with linebackahs and middle gahds, too."

The schedule is rugged—four opponents in the Top 20. There are only two, maybe three, teams that can be figured as lightweights, and there are two humps that could be murder. On the first two weekends in October, Ole Miss plays Alabama and Georgia back to back, the first game being at Birmingham and the second at Mississippi's home away from home in Jackson. Then, after Southern Mississippi, come successive games against Houston in the Astrodome and LSU in Jackson. Even after this, Ole Miss is not out of trouble, still having to face Tennessee on Nov. 15 in Jackson. The danger is obvious, but folks in Oxford would rather look at the schedule another way: as the perfect showcase for Archie Manning to tell the world that the Ole Miss Rebels are back in business at the same old stand and meaner than ever.

14 TENNESSEE

It has been six years since Tennessee sent word to Doug Dickey in Arkansas, urging him to pack his whistle and his clipboard and journey to Knoxville, where football had fallen on hard times. In the two previous seasons the Vols had lost 11 of 16 SEC games, and thank God and Davy Crockett for the likes of Tulane and Vanderbilt. Dickey arrived, surveyed the wreckage and announced the junk would have to go—such as the Vols' traditional single wing offense. There wasn't anything wrong with the offense; it was just that Tennessee couldn't recruit any talent to make it go. High school players, looking ahead to a pro career, knew there wasn't much of a future for a player with nothing but single wing credentials. The ones that did come weren't going anyplace else anyway.

"At least," said the Tennessee traditionalists, watching bitterly as their beloved single wing hit the junk pile, "Dickey hasn't come out and condemned the Southern Baptist Church." That first season, 1964, the Vols won just four games. "Ha," said the diehards. "Ha," said Dickey right back, "now we are ready to win," once again breaking from tradition. "You have to rate the first five teams in the SEC ahead of us. But we are no worse than a solid dark horse. Wait and see."

The dark horse won eight (including a victory over Tulsa in the Bluebonnet Bowl), had two ties and lost only one, and happy times had come to Knoxville once more. This year should be no exception, although the schedule is a killer, the quarterback is inexperienced and it will take no small miracle for the Vols to go unbeaten. Georgia and Mississippi are rated one-two (or two-one, depending upon the poll) in the SEC's preseason selections, and the Vols must face them—as well as Alabama and improving Kentucky—away from the comforts of their own artificial turf. (Doug's Rug, the artificial turf, turned black during the summer and had to be repainted green. "No, no, not paint," exclaimed a representative of the manufacturer, who was embarrassed. "It's not paint, it's a, ah, green solution.") In any event, paint or solution, the whole thing will be replaced, free, next year. "As far as playing, it's just as good as ever," said a Tennessee assistant. "It's just that it's the ugliest football field I've ever seen."

There is pressure all around, but most of it is on the shoulders of Bobby Scott, a 6′ 1″ junior quarterback, long on potential but short on game experience. Last season he completed 26 of 55 passes for 322 yards and four touchdowns. These are impressive statistics but ones that must be discounted, for he seldom played until after a game had been decided.

Like most teams Tennessee is going to the triple option. "At first in the spring Scott didn't handle it too well," says Dickey. "But in the last five practices, we began to see signs that he was mastering it. We made a few adjustments in what we were asking him to do and we finally settled for the things that he does best. Then he began to look good."

He had better, because, as Dickey admits, there isn't much behind him. Dennis Chadwick, a sophomore, is the No. 2 quarterback and he is finding that he has much to learn.

"If we go against Alabama this year with our quarterback hurt," Dickey says, with

continued



Out of a jungle of fallen bodies comes the sign that Tennessee has won another battle.

the hope that he won't, "we won't have a Bubba Wyche to step in and do the job."

Scott will be working with three excellent and experienced receivers: Tight End Ken DeLong, Split End Gary Kreis and Wingback Lester McClain. With them the Vols can expect to be strong through the air. But behind them the talent is thin, and again Dickey is worried about injuries.

"It's the same in the defensive secondary and with the linebackers," he said. "The players we'll start are good ones. Our linebackers are excellent. But if we have to go to the bench we may find ourselves in serious trouble."

Defensively, the team is solid and experienced. Linebackers Steve Kiner and Jack Reynolds are as good as any in the country, and Manley Mixon is just a shade behind them.

For tackles, Dickey has Steve Carroll and Frank Yanossy, and they are better than most coaches can hope for. Bill Young was the second-best safety in the conference last season, and with the departure of Georgia's Jake Scott, who was No. 1, there is no reason to think that now he isn't the best. Last year he intercepted nine passes, and no one yet has been able to find a better way to stop an offense.

Scott's job at quarterback will be easier, not only because he has receivers like DeLong and Kreis and McClain, but because he can hand the ball off to people such as Don McLeary and Curt Watson, especially Watson.

McLeary, a junior, has the edge in experience at fullback, but Watson is a crunching sophomore who can move his 210 pounds across 40 yards in 4.7 seconds. Tackling him is like trying to tackle a fast elephant. In the spring game he gained 193 yards in 31 carries, leaving the Tennessee staff snickering at being picked to finish sixth in the SEC. Already fans are tabbing him the finest runner to wear Vol orange since World War II. "I don't know," says Dickey, with the usual coach's caution, "we had a running back in Richard Pickens, who averaged more than five yards per carry for three years and made all-conference. If Watson does better than that, he'll really be something."

After the spring game Dude Hennessey, an Alabama scout, offered Dickey a trade: "our coliseum for Watson." Carroll Huntress, who was looking at the Vols for Kentucky, jumped in with a bid of his own. "How about Watson for one of Majestic Prince's first offspring?" he said.

Dickey laughed. "No deals. I'm just glad the kid is going to be on our side for the next three years."

Up front offensively the Vols have a powerful crew headed by Chip Kell, a junior who is fast and strong. He was all-SEC as a center last year but has been moved to guard. Another good one is Don Denbo, an SEC all-sophomore guard.

With an inexperienced quarterback and that crushing schedule, Doug Dickey doesn't figure to make anyone forget the Tennessee teams of, say, the 1926-through-1932 era. But the Vols should win enough to quiet the last diehard who longs for the single wing. And in Tennessee that's still a tremendous accomplishment.

15 STANFORD

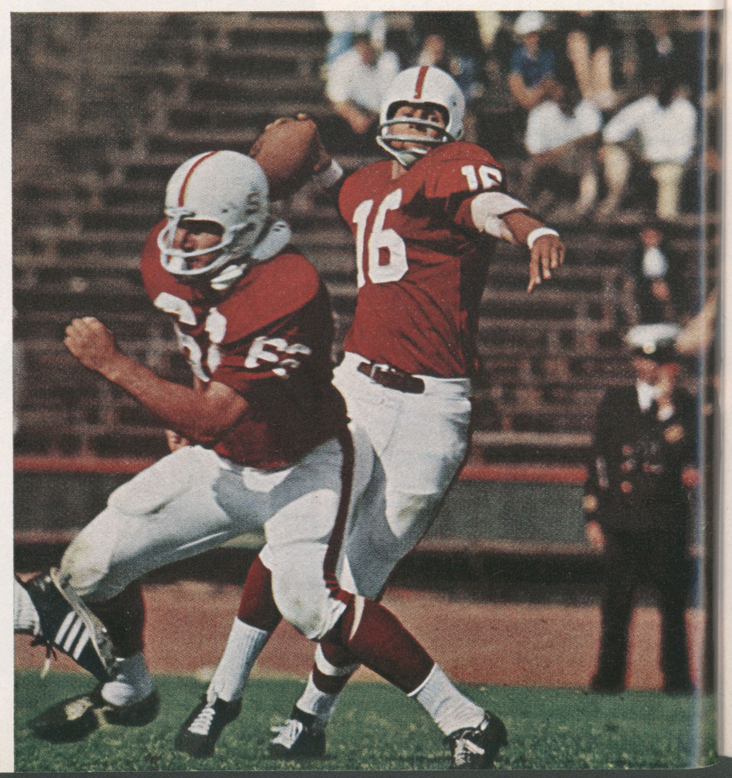
How ya gonna keep 'em down on The Farm? Apparently Stanford Coach John Ralston doesn't even try. One of his best selling points with high school football prospects is Stanford's overseas program—60% of the student body enjoys two quarters on one of the university's five foreign campuses. Perhaps it is not what old Leland Stanford had in mind when he founded The Farm, but there it is, a first-class travel agency with course credits. Except as a recruiting device, however, the program does not enchant the football staff. Last spring, when the Indians were supposed to be getting in serious preparatory work for a Rose Bowl run, Split End Jack Lasater was in England, Defensive Back Rich Keller was in France, backup Defensive Tackle Vern Gant was in Italy and seven other varsity candidates were studying somewhere in Europe.

"Our overseas curriculum is marvelous," says Ralston, without a gulp. "If I were a kid I'd try for it."

Maybe he can afford to be magnanimous because Quarterback Jim Plunkett stayed at home, and this imposing junior from San Jose, who can heave a football 80 yards and who led the Pacific Eight in total offense and passing as a soph, seems to be in the mold of such great Palo Alto passers as Frankie Albert, Bob Garrett and John Brodie. He is being pushed hard for All-America, which should add spice to his early-October duel with Purdue's Mike Phipps.

Plunkett has not had an easy road. He was a good high school quarterback but was relegated to defensive end in California's scholastic all-star game. Surgery to remove a fatty tumor made him miss his frosh season, and then he was redshirted a year. Surprisingly, he even has a pretty good signal-calling rival, his fraternity brother Don Bunce. Don, also a junior, was voted the outstanding offensive player in the final spring game, although Jim's team narrowly won. They worked together all summer as carpenter's helpers.

"Our basic offensive strength is the pass," says Ralston. "Plunkett is as quick to release the ball as any man in the country, and he throws a harder ball than Bunce.



He is now a seasoned veteran and we think his presence will create many defensive problems for our opponents."

The vital thing, of course, is for the Indians to bombard Cal in the Big Game, but USC rates second on the hate list. There are more than 100,000 Stanford alumni in Southern California, and they have fumed as the Trojans knocked off Stanford 11 years in a row. Last year the score was 27–24 (Kicker Steve Horowitz missed on three field-goal attempts), and before the Indians came out of their deep gloom they had lost two more games and had been tied by weak Washington State. If Plunkett can inspire a victory over USC, he'll get a niche next to Ernie Nevers in the Stanford Pantheon.

Plunkett has plenty of good receivers. Lasater, the tourist, averaged 24.8 yards a catch last year before he suffered a shoulder separation. Tight End Bob Moore, who turned down a big baseball bonus out of high school in Klamath Falls, Ore., is a fine blocker and was the second-leading receiver last year. Split End Jim Cross missed last season because of a near-fatal auto accident but was one of the league's best the year before. Rick Tipton, a cocky high hurdler from New Mexico, and stubby JC transfer Randy Vataha, deft and speedy, add depth.

Should Plunkett and Bunce choose to hand off the ball once in a while, just for variety, it will likely be to Isaiah (Bubba) Brown, a hefty breakaway threat who actually had a better yards-per-carry average last year than O. J. Simpson. Howie Williams, now at fullback, was the team's leading ground-gainer.

The offensive line is solid, too, anchored by Center John Sande, Tackle Pete Seymour and Guard Bob Reinhard, son of Cal's All-America lineman of the same name. Their work was so efficient last season that Stanford quarterbacks were caught behind the line of scrimmage only 13 times.

What worries Ralston and his staff is the defensive line, which they call the Down Four. Graduation wiped out last year's group, and there is some danger that Stanford will present a rushing defense made of wet tissue paper. Sophomore Pete Lazetich from Montana could fill one spot capably, but the rest seems to be patchwork. Linebacker Dennis Moore and second-team Fullback Jack Schultz have been switched to defensive end.

What might save the situation are the linebackers, principally senior Don Parish, who led the team in tackles last year and made first-team all-conference and honorable-mention All-America. Don was a fullback in high school and a defensive end as a freshman and sophomore on The Farm.

"He's one of the finest football athletes Stanford's ever had," said an assistant coach. "He made the transition last year to linebacker beautifully." (Ralston adds, "The strength of our defense is Parish. He has no equal at linebacker across the country.")

Pat Preston, the other linebacker, is very good, and behind them is an experienced defensive backfield led by Dick Oliver, a sure-tackling Texan who already had spent his two quarters in England and thus made it to spring practice.

Stanford has long been noted as a passing team, but the Indians should have even more of a pro look this year. Ex-49er Head Coack Jack Christiansen is on Ralston's staff, and during the spring five active players from the pro ranks, John Brodie among them, came back to tutor. "They gave the kind of tips that do not come in mass practice," said Ralston. "It is impossible to measure what this might mean in the stress of an important game, but we believe that if we are successful this season, those young pros deserve a lot of the credit."

Stanford, with an eye on the Rose Bowl, hopes Jim Plunkett is a passing fancy.

16 HOUSTON

In 1966 the NCAA sprung the trap on Houston, charging that the Cougars had a) excessively entertained prospective athletes, b) engaged in improper out-of-season practice and c) committed a whole bunch of other no-no's; and, suddenly, Coach Bill Yeoman and his Cougars found themselves in that murky never-never land called probation. Sure, Houston could still play football—but not on television and certainly not in a bowl game. Many a coach would have sat crimson-faced in his office, fearing for his job. Not Yeoman. He went out and produced a scoring machine that has been the national leader in total offense three years in a row, averaging 35 points a game.

The citizens of Houston and the students at its university, with nothing else to hang their Stetsons on, became statistics-minded. They began discussing the 361 yards per game produced by the Veer T offense last year and the 562-yard total offense average that broke the collegiate record by 90 yards. The electronic scoreboard in the Astrodome kept fans amused during the season by revising the total yardage on each play. Even the linemen, who usually reminisce about memorable blocks, considered every new number flashed on the board a personal triumph. Last year, after Houston scored 100 points against Tulsa, Center Pat Pryor said, "Let's see the basketball team match that."

The probation had a negative effect, also. Yeoman's teams were as startlingly inconsistent as they were explosive. In each of the three years, impressive scores were followed by late-season upsets. "Playing for national recognition can carry a team only so far," Yeoman explained. "It helps to have a postseason reward, something the boys can look forward to."

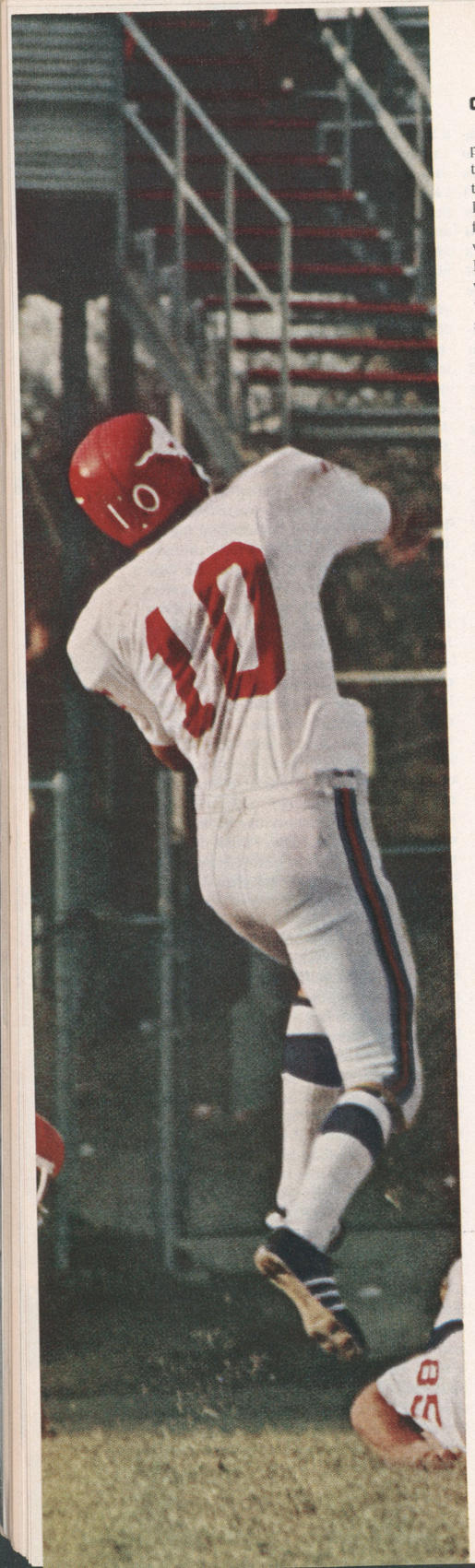
This fall, with the suspension lifted, the Cougars can look forward to earning a bowl bid, and Houston fans expect the Veer T to produce just that. The Veer T was discovered quite by accident during a practice five years ago. "We were working on our power sweep against an eight-man defensive line," Yeoman says. "We saw that if the defensive tackle and end were allowed to penetrate, a fake to the fullback created quite a pileup and a great deal of confusion." The play began as an alternative to the sweep, but it soon became the backbone of the offense. Because the Cougars have dramatically shown its scoring potential, the Veer T is now being adopted by rival coaches. "So many other teams will be using it," Yeoman continues, "that now I'll have to learn how to defend against it."

As in most complicated offenses, a good quarterback is essential, and Houston is lucky to have two: Ken Bailey, last year's starting quarterback, and Rusty Clark. Yeoman can't decide which one to start. Clark is so big that at Baylor, where he began his college career, he was placed at defensive end. His ability to throw a football has some pro scouts recommending he be drafted in the first round. "Don't think the possibility of starting Clark hasn't kept me awake nights," he says. "But then what do you do with a kid like Bailey who shatters NCAA records?"

A more difficult problem is the rest of the backfield. Yeoman was all set at halfback with Carlos Bell, who as a junior led all the backs in the Southwest with a 6.5 rushing average. But Bell lost academic eligibility after the spring semester. "When you lose a guy like that, well, put it this way, there's quite a hole to fill," said Yeoman. Houston will go with sophomores Willie Roberts or Tommy Mozisek. Roberts has speed and Mozisek was named the state's outstanding schoolboy back, but even together they hardly equal a Bell. The team also lacks an experienced fullback, the Veer T's decoy. Ted Heiskell scored five touchdowns last year, but he didn't have enough playing time to earn a letter.

Houston's opponents will have little consolation in a less frightening Veer T, for, if the Cougars need points quickly, Bailey or Clark will toss out the options and throw instead in the direction of Split End Elmo Wright. Students call him Little E, recognizing his athletic abilities as just short of those of Big E, Elvin Hayes. Little E played the saxophone in the Sweeny, Texas high school band. The band and the football team

continued



practiced on adjoining lots. "After rehearsal the football guys would be out there hitting," Elmo says. "When the band director left, some of us would go over and join the football guys. I found out right away that what I like to do best is catch the ball." But one day Elmo appeared at rehearsal with a swollen lip. "He [the director] had this thick board, and if you messed up a song, whap, he'd let you have it. When he found out how I hurt my lip, I couldn't sit down for a week."

Elmo found football less painful and considerably more rewarding. As a sophomore he charmed the crowds in the Astrodome with his speed, considerable showboat talents—and his smile. After prancing into the end zone and tossing the ball into the stands, the smile was as spectacular as his 11 touchdowns and 1,198 yards gained. That first football injury of his in high school had provided Little E with two gold front teeth.

With athletes like Elmo Wright performing on the offense, the defense was a less-watched commodity last season. While the offense provided the points, the defensive secondary set a Houston record with 31 interceptions. Safety Richard Harrington and Linebackers Charlie Hall, Glenn Graef and Mike Johnston are all back looking for more. So is End Jerry Drones, the only returning member of the front line. Drones weighed only 160 pounds as a senior in high school and he was written off by Southwest Conference recruiters. Since then he has added 60 pounds and has grown into an All-America candidate.

In Houston, where the clubs close shortly after midnight, the best show in town on Saturday nights is the Houston offense in the Astrodome. Though it will be less spectacular this year and the cast has changed, the crowds are standing room only—hoping for a run straight through New Year's.



And so, hopefully, there will never be another person who thinks a Southern Methodist Mustang is a new automotive model. Hasn't SMU twice changed dates of games from midseason to practically summer so it could appear—nationally!—on the *first* ABC college game of the week? And hired an advertising agency and spent more than $40,000 on something called "Excitement '68" to remind all those people down in Dallas that there *is* another football team in town besides the Cowboys? And gone and put together this 15-minute history of Southern Methodist football, beginning with banjo music back in 1915, running through Bill Stern's account of that famous near upset of Notre Dame in 1949, recalling the feats of Doak Walker, Kyle Rote, Raymond Berry and Dandy Don Meredith, finally ending with a jazz background for the 1968 Bluebonnet Bowl champions? Why, SMU even has a coach who doesn't talk about a football game as just so many oblique-sounding Slot Right Fake 44 Boots at Six. Hell, no! His football games live by the three Es—they have to be Exciting, Electrifying and Entertaining.

"Now, don't get me wrong," Hayden Fry says. "I am interested in making the game enjoyable for the fans. We promise them excitement. Heck, I didn't know anything about excitement, but after we spent $40,000 I had to come up with something. And all I knew was to put the football in the air. I figured we might not catch it, but at least we'd have it up there where the fans could see it."

The man Fry chose for the job, a lanky sophomore named Chuck Hixson, soon proved able to do much more than just toss the ball up for the fans to see. In his first varsity game he threw for three touchdowns in a win over Auburn. A week later he completed 37 of 69 for 417 yards and two touchdowns—all in a losing cause to national champion Ohio State. Against Arkansas, with SMU trailing 35–0 going into the final period, he completed 14 of 24 passes for 203 yards and four touchdowns—all in 14 minutes and four seconds. The Mustangs lost 35–29, only because two other drives were stopped inside the 20. And then again in the Bluebonnet Bowl against Oklahoma he threw two fourth-quarter touchdowns in a 28–27 victory.

All of which makes Hixson a pretty rare athlete—for his running ability is on a par with that of, say, a pregnant cow. "The only requirement is that he run fast enough to get to the sidelines when he can't pass," Fry says. "If he can get to the sidelines and stay sound, his running game is more than adequate." Muses Hixson: "When I run, the fans don't know whether it's part of the play or whether I'm just walking over to ask Coach Fry for instructions." The same confusion, it seems, besets opposing players. Once last fall, Hixson, unable to find a receiver, scrambled. One opponent closed in, looked right at Hixson and the ball and then, unable to believe what he saw, veered off and tackled Hixson's blocker.

Such limitations do not bother Fry. "He may not run well but he sure can pass. He has *all* the outstanding qualities—an extremely quick release, distance, accuracy and consistency. Further, he knows when to hum it and when to lay it over the defensive man to the receiver. And he has the height [6′ 2″] and weight [190 pounds] and stamina required to take the sort of sitting duck punishment a pocket quarterback knows he'll have to take.

Chuck Hixson can't do much except throw, but that keeps everyone on his toes.

"Best of all—the thing that really sets Hixson apart from other good passers—is his ability to see the whole field and to go to the second and third receivers when the first is covered. He also has tremendous poise—standing tall in the pocket we call it—letting the defense pour in and still getting the ball away."

Hixson completed 265 passes last season for 3,103 yards and 21 touchdowns. Those figures—as well as those for the Ohio State contest—set Southwest Conference records. With Hixson running Fry's anything-goes-and-usually-does Alphabet offense, the Mustangs became one of the most exciting teams of 1968. Time after time Chuck rallied SMU, outscoring opponents 171–96 in the second half. SMU's only losses in a 7-3 season were to teams that won major bowl games: Ohio State (Rose), Texas (Cotton) and Arkansas (Sugar). Not bad for a squad most people had felt would finish no better than 5-5.

"Just once I'd like to get in front early," Hixson says. "I'd like to see what it would be like if we could start with the ball on our 35 yard line instead of inside our 10 all the time. The first two times we had the ball against Texas A&M we took over on our own four and then on our one."

This season Hixson will be missing two of his biggest helpers—Split End Jerry Levias and Halfback Mike Richardson—so the offense may not be quite as explosive. Levias was second in the nation in pass receiving with 80 catches, and Richardson became the fourth SWC runner to gain 1,000 yards in a single season.

Back again will be End Ken Fleming, who gathered in 53 passes, and Flanker Sam Holden, who caught 30. Another pass-catching prospect is sophomore Gary Hammond, who came to SMU as a quarterback.

"He looked real good at quarterback this spring," Fry says of Hammond. "But who can compete against the No. 1 quarterback in the nation? He could be our new wide receiver and our No. 2 quarterback."

When it comes to running power, Fry will have problems unless Bickey Lesser, Walter Haynes or Gordon Gilder can maneuver well enough to take some of the pressure off Hixson. Another member of the backfield could well be Daryl Doggett, who will try to cash in on one of the most improbable of all parlays. He is converting from the defensive secondary to the offensive backfield and, at 5′ 6″ and 170 pounds, will try to serve as a fullback. Despite his size, Doggett is a tough-to-bring-down runner and a sturdy blocker.

Good blocking is a must if Hixson is to pass properly. He will be shielded well by a line that is light, quick and two deep in lettermen from tackle to tackle. Guard Rufus Cormier, who scores high in the classroom and hits hard on the field, is the standout on an all-letterman defensive line. Cormier is a 225-pound 6-footer with a 3.8 scholastic average and a double major in anthropology and psychology.

Experience and quality are lacking in both backfields, especially the defensive. Despite such shortcomings, Fry remains optimistic about the season ahead. This is because, as he says, "Each year some unknown surprises everybody. I think I'll have at least one or two of those this year."

Fry, though, will have far more than one or two offensive alignments. His Alphabet runs the gamut from A to Z, one of his underlying theories being that every defense has weaknesses. It may take extensive probing to find those soft spots, but then, as Fry likes to say, "We scratch where it itches." This fall, Chuck Hixson's right arm will be doing most of the scratching.



In the 11 years since Frank Kush started taking his Arizona State football teams high into the cool, pine-tree country north of Phoenix each September, the tales that have filtered back down have become almost as well-known as any written by Zane Grey. ASU players who have lived through Kush's Parris Island routine can talk for hours about "Dachau West" and "the days of football, sleep and pain," and their coach isn't about to restrain them. "We don't go up there for a picnic," he says. "We just want to find out who wants to play football and who doesn't."

Kush coaches tough because he comes from a tough background. The son of a Pennsylvania coal miner who died when Frank was 14, he had to work in a garage before and after school to help support the family of 15. Later, at Michigan State, he weighed only 170 pounds but still made All-America at middle guard. When Kush went to New York to be honored on national TV, an usher refused to let him through the door, on the assumption he was just another gate-crasher.

If Frank Kush were any less successful than he has been, he probably would have only a handful of players when he opens camp each fall. But, because there are only four active coaches—Nebraska's Devaney, Mississippi's Vaught, Alabama's Bryant and Missouri's Devine—who have better records than Kush's 81-28-1, the talent comes to ASU in waves. "You respect him because he's winning," says Ron Pritchard, last year's All-America linebacker, now with the Houston Oilers. "If he was losing, you probably wouldn't."

Kush punishes himself and his staff almost as fiercely as he does his players. He runs two miles a day, works hard on the paddle court—and he makes sure he's not alone. The assistant coaches run before practice, where the players can see them. (Kush also encourages a free exchange of ideas, and the meetings and film sessions are filled with angry ranting and eloquent cursing.)

"We've played a lot of teams that were just as good as we were," Kush says, "but we've beaten them because they weren't as tough as we were." The University of Texas at El Paso is one of those teams. UTEP has never beaten Kush, and twice in the past four years it has blown two-touchdown leads to the Sun Devils. Last year ASU scored 21 points in the first nine minutes against UTEP to win going away 31–19.

"We could have had them 35–0 in the first period if we'd wanted to," Kush says. The Sun Devils went on to win eight of 10, missing the Western Athletic Conference title only because they lost to Wyoming, a team that happens to be just as tough as ASU. A running team that still operates out of the old-fashioned Winged T, ASU simply buried some of its opponents, running up scores like 47–12, 59–21, 66–0 and 63–28. "We are," says Offensive Coach Chuck McBride, "the kind of team that will dink around, dink around—and then on one play we'll put it all together. *Pfffffft!* Sixty yards. Six points."

Kush, of course, has sent a few runners into the pros—Travis Williams, Charley Taylor, Tony Lorick and Max Anderson. But, because he has one this year who may be the finest he's ever had, nobody—even Wyoming—should beat the Sun Devils for the WAC title. Art Malone, ASU's sleek, 190-pound fullback, had the kind of season last year runners dream of. Malone was held only once to less than 96 yards in a game. Twice he made more than 200; six times he went more than 100. When the season was over, Malone had gained 1,431 yards and scored 16 TDs. His average for each of 235 carries: 6.2 yards. "We probably feared Art Malone as much as any back we faced all last season," said Oregon State Coach Dee Andros—and Oregon State faced O. J. Simpson.

Malone isn't alone, either. Quarterback Joe Spagnola, a 9.7 man, is back and he's being pushed by Grady Hurst, who's just as fast and who completed 15 of 27 for 259

continued

yards against the varsity in the spring game. With these two, ASU will be a roll-out threat all year long. There is still more speed at halfback, where 9.5 sprinter Dave Buchanan returns, and at wingback, where Mike Brunson (9.8) can fly with the ball after he has caught it.

Kush's problems lie in patching up the interior of his offensive line. Center George Hummer, twice All WAC, will be replaced by Tom Delnoce, a senior, and Ken Coyle, a junior from the defensive unit, will take over for Left Guard Jim Kane. Tackles Roger Davis and Rick Leek are big, but green. Pritchard, the principal loss on defense, will be replaced by junior letterman Mike Mess (who really can).

So, once again ASU will be a wide-open, high-scoring team—fun to watch, horrifying to play. This year more fans will see the Sun Devils play than ever before, for ASU's stadium has been enlarged to 51,000. The way ASU looks right now, all those new seats have come just in time.



19 FLORIDA STATE

On a Saturday afternoon a little short of a year ago Bill Cappleman, a tall gifted quarterback who had yet to throw his first pass in combat for FSU, took the field against Maryland. On the sidelines, Head Coach Bill Peterson kept remembering the four interceptions Cappleman had thrown in a scrimmage a few days earlier. He watched grimly as Cappleman brought the offense out of the huddle and up to the line. "Oh, oh," thought the quarterback, surveying Maryland's defense, "I've called the wrong play." He barked an audible, but the switch of plays was lost in the roar of the crowd. Half the team heard him call 60, a passing play. The other half thought he called 16, a running play. The snap of the ball brought chaos. Peterson stared in disbelief as his team ran in 10 different directions. "My God," he screamed, "they made up a play in the huddle." Undismayed, Cappleman passed—right into the hands of a Maryland linebacker who ran 40 yards for a touchdown.

Shaken, Coach Peterson called for Gary Pajcic, a sore-armed senior quarterback who as a sophomore had broken all of FSU's passing records. But in a few minutes Pajcic was back at the sidelines, shaking his head and holding his arm. "Cappleman," shouted Peterson, and Bill Cappleman responded. "Go in there and . . . never mind, just go in there." He did and he fumbled. FSU recovered, moved 73 yards and scored. Florida State eventually won, but Peterson was not convinced.

"I thought he just couldn't run the team," Peterson said recently. "No spark. He had a great arm but he never asked any questions. I figured he just didn't give a damn. What I didn't know was that he didn't have to ask questions. He knew our offense better than I did."

Peterson went with Pajcic the following week in a 9–3 loss to Florida—a defeat he felt just a little more than if he had been coaching Custer at the Little Big Horn. For better or worse Cappleman was returned as the No. 1 passer. It was for the better; seven victories in eight games for FSU; for Cappleman, 162 completions of 287 passes for 2,410 yards and 25 touchdowns. The people at Florida State have been waiting for the 1969 season ever since.

"We've had a few good quarterbacks at FSU," said Peterson. "Steve Tensi, Pajcic, Kim Hammond. But without a doubt Cappy has to be the finest. If there is a better quarterback in the country, he's got to be a combination of Sammy Baugh, Y. A. Tittle and God."

Which means FSU, as usual, has a pitcher, leaving it to Peterson to come up with an adequate crew of catchers. He has lost Ron Sellers, everybody's All-America and one of the outstanding flankers in collegiate history. Last year Sellers caught 86 passes for 1,496 yards and 12 touchdowns. Knowing no one would ever fill his jersey, Peterson retired it.

"But," he says, grinning, "some of our kids just might catch a pass or two this year." For starters, there's Jim Tyson, a junior and the best pass-catching tight end in Peterson's nine-year tenure at Florida State. "He catches balls," said the head coach, "that most tight ends can't get within five yards of. Hands, speed, timing. I guarantee you that he's going to hurt a lot of people." As the passing attack goes, so goes FSU, and another key will be the production of Don Pederson, a junior given the job of replacing Sellers. He has good speed and sure hands.

After a shaky start Bill Cappleman proved to Florida State that he can handle his job.

Should the passing game falter—and in Tallahassee they believe the church will falter first—Coach Peterson can fall back on a proved running attack. The biggest gun is Tom Bailey, large and fast, and with just enough meanness to enjoy running over other people. "The finest runner I've ever had," said Peterson. "He makes tacklers think before sticking their head in there. Nobody is going to gang up on our receivers with Bailey around."

And there are other goodies: a fairly big, fast offensive line, hopefully capable of overcoming a short measure of inexperience, and a defense that will be tough if Peterson doesn't have to go to his bench too often.

"This is a good squad, strong and fast," said Peterson. "I'm just afraid we might not have enough players. No competition. We're spending as much time firing them up as we are getting them in shape. Complacency will kill you."

To offset such a handicap, Peterson has scheduled what he calls "my fits." Every second or third day of practice, when things appear to be going too smoothly, he will charge out onto the practice field, order his players to run laps and then charge after them shouting what a bunch of misbegotten, lousy, unathletic, lazy, fat schoolgirls they are. Among other things.

"Except," he says, grinning, "I'm really not in good enough shape to throw a strong fit. I hurt my knee last year and it's slowed me down. I've got to get back in real good condition. Throwing fits is just like playing football—you've got to be able to go at top speed."

20 KANSAS

Like all avid chess players, Pepper Rodgers enjoys the element of surprise. He has been known to do a somersault on impulse anywhere at all, on football fields, at sorority houses—anywhere. Last year he concluded his final TV show with an enthusiastic rendition of *Jingle Bells*. "When I came home from the studio, all my wife could say was, 'How could you.' " The biggest surprise of all, and the most famous, was his unintentional 12-man defense against Penn State in the final seconds of the Orange Bowl.

Rodgers enjoyed telling the story of that misfortune at banquets last winter: "When I first came to Kansas in 1967, we lost our first two games. A few weeks later we lost to Ohio University. No matter what I did after that, people asked me how I managed to lose to Ohio University. Well, I got pretty sick of it. So there I was in the Orange Bowl last year with 15 seconds left and I ask myself what can I do to make people forget the Ohio University game? 'Abernathy,' I said, 'get in there.' "

Rodgers' surprise this year is likely to be his Kansas Jayhawks. No team in the Big Eight suffered more from graduation losses. He has had to replace 13 starters, seven of whom were drafted by the pros, but he does not seem concerned. When Rodgers is told that this season's Jayhawks will be unable to match Missouri and Oklahoma, he smiles and says, "I think we will be all right."

A major reason for Rodgers' optimism is his fullback. John Riggins, voted the Big Eight's Sophomore of the Year last season, runs with power and speed. "John can do everything," says Rodgers. "Block, return punts, even tackle if he has to. I've been playing and coaching since 1951, and he is the best I've ever seen." But, despite such praise, the excitement in Lawrence this fall revolves around the new tailback, a junior college transfer named Ron Jessie.

Already the stories describing Jessie's talent as a ballcarrier have spread to the enemy camps in Columbia and Norman. The first two times he was handed the football in spring practice, he ran through the starting defense for touchdowns. Jessie is one of several athletes borrowed by Rodgers from the Kansas track team. His events are the high hurdles and the long jump and he did 25′ 2½″ in the NCAA indoors last winter. Jessie's only drawback is his preference for relaxation. When it came time for him to run the hurdles in the Southern Illinois dual meet, he was nowhere in sight. A teammate eventually discovered him sleeping under the bleachers. "He is a great prospect," says Rodgers, a coach who has never had trouble motivating his charges, "and I am determined that he will be a great football player."

Rodgers is known as a quarterback specialist. His first season at Kansas—1967—he began to transform Bob Douglass, a huge, awkward runner, into a left-handed quarterback who executed the option better than anyone in college football. Rodgers' project now is Jimmy Ettinger, Douglass' substitute for two years. Like Douglass, Ettinger kicks a leg back upon receiving the snap from center, but that is where the comparison ends. "He isn't the runner Bobby was, but he's a better passer," says Tight End John Mosier. "Douglass was a thrower. Ettinger has a fine touch on the ball."

Ettinger has an experienced receiver for short passes in Mosier, a two year regular. But what Rodgers really enjoys is the long pass. "It's fun, and I like excitement." The excitement will be provided by Split End Xerk White, a transfer from New Mexico Military Academy and the junior college 220- and 440-yard dash champion. But much of Ettinger's confidence should come from the knowledge that every time he calls signals he is standing behind Dale Evans, an All-America candidate at center.

"Last year most of my lectures were on offense," Rodgers says. "This season I plan to talk mostly about the defense. I didn't want those offensive players to get bored, so I moved four of them over to the other side of the line." Three, including George McGowan, last year's starting split end, have been sent to the deep secondary. The fourth, Tackle Larry Brown, is Vernon Vanoy's replacement at left end.

Kansas' interior front line is the strongest part of the defense. Shotputter Karl Salb, the NCAA indoor and outdoor champion, enjoys playing right tackle. Al Jakobcic proved to be an excellent middle guard last season. But the best of the middle three is a newcomer. Rodgers waged a recruiting battle this year with dozens of other schools for a student at Kansas City Junior College. It wasn't until May that he finally signed him. His name is Bruce Mitchell, and he'll be easy for Jayhawk fans to locate. Mitchell is 6′ 7″ and weighs 298 pounds. "He moves like a cat," Rodgers says dreamily. "He's so quick he could play middle guard and left tackle at the same time." He also plays basketball. Opposing runners who survive Mitchell, Jakobcic and Salb will then have the unenviable task of facing Emery Hicks, an all-conference linebacker. His nickname, Mr. Bad, is an indication that the greeting will be less than cordial. Mr. Bad was the star of Nowata High in Nowata, Okla. During the team's big game against Dewey for the conference championship, he had his wind knocked out, and the crowd stood in shocked silence. Nowata's coach ran onto the field and stood anxiously over him. "Are you all right, Emery?" the coach asked. Mr. Bad grinned. "I'm O.K.," he answered, "but how are the fans taking it?"

The fans in Lawrence, who not long ago went to the games because there was nothing much else to do on Saturday afternoon, have good reason to take their football neat this season.

And for neatness, how's this for a Rodgers' scheme? "You know what I'd really like to do this year?" he says mischievously. "I'd like to persuade Jim Ryun to go out for football. I'd give him uniform No. 100, and in our first home game [Syracuse] he would go out long, and we'd throw him the bomb."

But he's only kidding. Isn't he?

CONTINUED

PACIFIC EIGHT

For a team banking everything on an unproved JC-transfer quarterback to lead it back from a disastrous 3-7 season, UCLA has been making surprisingly optimistic noises. Perhaps that old bridge master, Tommy Prothro, figures he's going to sneak up on some overconfident opponents. His key man is Dennis Dummit, who threw for 30 touchdowns in two JC seasons and will operate the Bruins' new triple-option offense. UCLA major assets are Linebacker Mike Ballou, a good group of runners headed by Tailback Greg Jones and a delightful first-half schedule: once by this week's opener against Oregon State the Bruins meet four teams that won a total of five games in '68.

Oregon State might do some sneaking up, too, because Dee Andros has a pumpkin patch full of redshirts, plus Defensive Tackle Jess Lewis, who skipped last season to wrestle in the Olympics. The only returning starter from the offensive backfield is Billy Main, a top-notch kickoff returner.

California had its first real winner in 10 years in '68 and will be tough again, especially with a strong defense led by End Irby Augustine, one of seven Texans on the squad, and Safety Ken Wiedemann. The question mark is at quarterback, where handsome Randy Humphries had a bad spring. Up in Seattle, Washington's Jim Owens has discarded his athletic director's hat and will concentrate on bringing the Huskies back, aided by a stout defense and Scatback Harvey Blanks. Oregon's Ducks have some nice schedule advantages—no USC, for one—but they need everything they can get. So does Washington State.

WESTERN

The interesting thing about the Western Athletic Conference is that its teams play football while much of the country is asleep. When Arizona takes on Arizona State on a Saturday night in Tempe, it isn't until Monday afternoon that the East finds out who won. Night games are popular in the conference—there are 25 of them—and so is offense. Hold an opponent to 30 points and you're a cinch to win.

Wyoming's Cowboys will be gunning for their fourth straight title, but they must play their main challenger, Arizona State, away. Many members of last year's 7-3 team are back. Utah just might have something to say about the conference race. The Redskins have the league's top quarterback in Ray Groth, who accumulated more than half the team's offensive yardage last year. Utah has good speed in both its offensive and defensive backfields.

Arizona has lost 12 starters from its Sun Bowl team, but Ron Gardin is back (having switched from flanker to halfback) and so is Tackle Rex Macklin. But, with a new coach, Bob Weber, and a dismal defense, Wildcat fans who want to see another bowl game will have to watch last year's films. Colorado State lost nine defensive starters, but the two who remain—Backs Earlie Thomas and Jerry Shearer—are good ones. A flood of junior college transfers will try to fill the gap. Brigham Young is groaning over the loss of its quarterback, split end and placekicker, all injured. UTEP is rebuilding, while New Mexico will try to recover from a season in which it gave up 40 points a game.

SOUTHWEST

After Texas, Arkansas and SMU, what's left in the Southwest Conference? Well, there's Texas A&M, but not much is left of the Aggie team that was picked to do so well last year and failed so miserably. Coach Gene Stallings has versatile Dave Elmendorf, who played five positions in 1968 and who is being tempted by offers to play pro baseball, and Larry Stegent, who has made some glittering runs during the last two years.

Texas Tech, which finished fourth in the conference, has two good quarterbacks, Tom Sawyer and his backup Joe Matulich. Tech's running game should shine, especially if sophomore Danny Hardaway does as expected. Count on Tech to pull at least one upset this year on the order of last season's 31-22 surprise of Texas.

Pity TCU. Try playing Purdue, Ohio State and Arkansas for openers. But the Horned Frogs have a swift backfield and a scrambling quarterback in Steve Judy, so they may score a lot of points on somebody.

The new head coach at Baylor, Bill Beall, hopes to bolster a defense that gave up point totals of—duck—48, 47, 47, 40 and 35, to name a few. Beall was a defensive coach for seven years at LSU, which rarely gave up 47 points in a season. He has 19 starters returning, but needs to find a fullback to replace Pinkie Palmer, the Bears' leading scorer.

Rice failed to win a game last year, finishing 0-9-1. Improvement, if there is hope for any, must come from the sophomores, led by two quarterbacks, Stahle Vincent and Phillip Wood, and Offensive Tackle Ron Waedemon.



THE CONFERENCES

MISSOURI VALLEY

Life is rough for coaches in the Missouri Valley. Rod Rust of North Texas State has two years on the job and that makes him the senior citizen. Four of the six teams in the conference—Wichita State, Cincinnati, Tulsa and Louisville—have new headmen. All of them will be out to match Billy Murphy of Memphis State, who last year coached his team to a 4–0 conference record and the title. If names carry any weight, the team should repeat. Quarterbacks Danny Pierce and Rick Thurow can keep the Tigers on target. All-MVC Fullback Ray Jamieson and Tailback Jay McCoy, the team's leading scorer in '68, are back.

North Texas State should be Memphis State's only rival for the title. The Eagles have good depth. All-MVC (for two years) Quarterback Steve Ramsey returns and he should be all the more effective now that his favorite receiver, Ronnie Shanklin, has regained his eligibility. Perhaps the Eagles' biggest need is a punter. Cincinnati, which lost the nation's top passer in Greg Cook and No. 2 receiver in Tom Rossley, held on to No. 2 Punter Benny Rhoads (42.5 average) and its national scoring leader, Jim O'Brien, a split end and placekicker. But even with all four they couldn't win the title.

Tulsa, with new Coach Vince Carillot, has two questionable lines but some good running in both backfields. Wichita State and Louisville have little to offer their new coaches. The Shockers have no blockers, but an improved defense. They also have seven sophomores in the starting lineup. The Cardinals have two quick backfields and front lines that call for them.

BIG EIGHT

In 1967, Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder was consoled by a Denver sportswriter: "Eddie, one of your toughest problems figures to be replacing Bernie McCall at quarterback. I know you never felt McCall measured up to what you expected but, after all, he did produce more than 3,000 yards career-total offense."

Crowder, who rarely loses his temper, snorted, "Nuts, if Bobby Anderson handles the ball as much as Bernie McCall, he'll gain *5,000* yards." That prophecy may well become fact this season. In two seasons the Buffs' quarterback has accumulated 3,643 yards, and he has an excellent chance of becoming the first man in Big Eight history to break the 5,000-yard barrier. Not that Anderson is the only gun in the Colorado armory. There is balance to the rest of the offense. Ward Walsh and Steve Engel proved to be strong runners last season. Crowder recruited with defense in mind to prevent the Buffs from being as generous to opponents (24 points a game) as they were last year.

Nebraska, with an experienced defensive unit, may be another spoiler. The offense isn't bad, either, what with Joe Orduna carrying the football. How good the Huskers become depends on sophomore Quarterback Jerry Tagge.

The feud between Kansas State's Vince Gibson and Kansas' Pepper Rodgers still rages. For the first time in three years Gibson has a chance to win a round when his Wildcats confront the Jayhawks in Lawrence. Oklahoma State and Iowa State will furnish lighthearted moments for the rest of the conference.

BIG TEN

It was 1966, and Ray Nagel had just taken over the head coaching job at Iowa, inheriting a helpless team that had won only one game the year before. He was meeting with his players for the first time, telling them where most football games are won or lost, like on the line, when he looked up and saw a tackle snoozing away. "Hey, Jones," Nagel shouted. The boy stirred. "Where are most football games lost?"

Jones didn't even have to think about that one. "Why, right here at Iowa, coach."

This year was to have changed all that, and Nagel, a normally ebullient man, was saying, yes, maybe we can go to the Rose Bowl. But, when 16 of the team's 20 blacks (including five defensive starters) boycotted spring practice and were ultimately suspended, Nagel was no longer talking roses.

Duffy Daugherty may be losing sleep over his Spartans, a team that should be better than last year's 5-5 club, but one which may have trouble improving that record. The reason: a masochist's schedule, which includes every Big Ten title contender plus Notre Dame and SMU.

Minnesota, normally big and bestial and defensive, will depend this year on offense. A full backfield returns, including Jim Carter and Barry Mayer. Michigan, which got its new coach, Bo Schembechler, from that cradle of coaches, Miami (Ohio), may have to wait a few years for results.

Illinois, Wisconsin and Northwestern should again fill in the bottom of the Big Ten, though Wisconsin may have a find in sophomore Halfback Greg (Grape Juice) Johnson.

CONTINUED





MID-AMERICAN

Ohio University has won the conference title for the past two years, and there are good reasons to believe that this year will make it three. Among the best are Quarterback Cleve Bryant (who holds all of the school's passing and total offense records after only two years) and Split End Todd Snyder, whose father coaches the basketball team. Folks around OU insist that if Bryant and Snyder had gone to that other Ohio school—the one in Columbus—they'd both be All-Americas by now. Last year OU was 10-0 but, with Penn State and Minnesota on the schedule this fall, it will have a hard time duplicating that. If the Bryant-to-Snyder combination is covered, OU can turn to the running of Fullback John Roush and Tailback Dave LeVeck. Ohio's weakness is its defense, which yielded an average of 18 points a game last year.

The main challenge will come from Miami (Ohio), 7-3 last year, which has a new coach, Bill Mallory, and a top pro prospect in Tight End Gary Arthur, a 6′ 5″, 230-pound senior. Miami's defense, which last year was one of the most effective anywhere, promises to be strong again.

Behind these two teams come Bowling Green, with a defense that may be as good as Miami's, and Toledo, which has the NCAA placekicking record holder in Ken Crots, a senior who has made 64 straight extra points during his career. Kent State is hanging its hopes on players who were injured last year and versatile Jim Corrigall's switch from tackle to linebacker. Western Michigan, the one out-of-state team, is out of luck as well.

SOUTHEASTERN

All winter Kentucky's new coach, John Ray, stumped the Bluegrass, spreading his message of confidence and faith. Not only will Kentucky win this season, promises Ray, the builder of Parseghian's defenses at Notre Dame, but the day is coming when the Wildcats will appear in the Top 10 and be invited to their first bowl since 1952. This may seem like so much rhetoric considering that Kentucky has won only eight games the last three seasons, but Ray has some of the league's best talent in Quarterback Stanley Forston, End Phil Thompson and defensive aces Dick Palmer and David Roller.

Another perennial doormat, Vanderbilt, also is on the way up, thanks to young Head Coach Bill Pace. Last year the Commodores were 5-4-1, their first winning season since 1960, and what's more, their frosh were perhaps best in the league.

Louisiana State, with one of the South's strongest defenses, will rest its hopes for another bowl bid on unpredictable Quarterback Mike Hillman, passing star of last season's Peach Bowl, and senior Fullback Eddie Ray. Auburn, likewise strong defensively, must play four monster games—Tennessee, LSU, Georgia and Alabama—on the road. Quarterback Pat Sullivan and End Terry Beasley, both sophs, could give the Tigers their classiest offense since the Orange Bowl days of Jimmy Sidle and Tucker Fredrickson.

Mississippi State still has the SEC's leader in passing and total offense, Tommy Pharr, but Tommy probably can't take the Bulldogs pharr enough. Florida, coming back from a disappointing year, will have to rely on sophomores.

SOUTHERN

While rich in tidewater-state lore, interesting alumni and other collegiate colorfulnesses (the second-oldest college, teams named the Spiders and the Paladins, and a team that still clings to the single wing), the Southern Conference does not really concentrate on football. "We have no solid, first-rate football teams," says one expert. A bit harsh, that judgment, since Richmond—which was the exception last year, beating Ohio U. in the Tangerine Bowl—returns 27 lettermen. The Spiders lack Quarterback Buster O'Brien, 10th alltime major-college passer, yet replacement Charlie Richards may surprise pessimists.

True to its name and history, The Citadel will depend on a small but high-spirited defense. Linebacker John Small, 255 pounds, is the cornerstone, but Middle Guard Roger Meyer and Halfback Billy Watson are sturdy, too. Quarterback Tony Passander throws well to disciplined receivers, but he is also counted on for too much of the running attack in the Veer (option) offense. Single wing East Carolina has a passing fullback. Butch Colson completed 66% last year, scored 48 points and totaled 1,135 yards in 1967. Tailback Billy Wightman, quick but fragile, accounted for 925 last fall, yet sophomores Bill Wallace and Jack Patterson can push both. William and Mary still has a case of the greens—even the coach is new—but people like Center Bob Herb add some seasoning. Indian fans can also savor Linebackers Wes Meeteer and Dave Holland, Quarterback Jimmye Laycock and Safety Tom Duffey. VMI, Davidson and Furman are still league members—very still.



ATLANTIC COAST

Sixteen years divorced from the old Southern Conference, the ACC—now to some extent a league of dogwoody schools slowly seceding from the South—is gradually abandoning the big-time football scene, too. Significantly, South Carolina, one of the schools most successfully resisting northernization, has this season's best outfit. Paul Dietzel gets Fullback Tommy Simmons, Tailback Billy Ray Rice and Wide Receiver Jimmy Mitchell from another undefeated freshman squad. The Gamecocks don't need that much help. Quarterback Tommy Suggs rewrote SC records as a sophomore, Fullback Warren Muir is a mean inside runner who gained 805 as a soph and End Fred Zeigler has caught 94 passes. Halfback Rudy Holloman rushed 530 yards last year.

North Carolina State redshirted its entire 1967 freshman team, so 60 sophomores are available if needed. Tackle Ron Carpenter (6′ 5″, 250 pounds) and Safeties Jack Whitley and Gary Yount type a strong defense. Erratic Duke set 34 school and conference records in 1968, yet finished 4-6. Quarterback Leo Hart (2,340 total yards) set 12 of those. Aside from Linebacker Dick Biddle, who seems to be in on all the tackles, and sophomore Rich Searl, who makes defensive half a glamour position, the defense is bad. Clemson should finish in the first division, helped by the defensive prowess of End Ivan Southerland. North Carolina's offense, its only chance, leans heavily on Halfback Don McCauley. Virginia has excellent architecture. Maryland and Wake Forest have no depth, no passer, no defense, no hope.

IVY LEAGUE

In the Christmas-card colonial village of Hancock, N.H. stands a splendid Revolutionary-era inn, authentic to the last candle sconce. But last fall one miniature TV in the peg-beamed barroom kept Yankees on their feet, cheering play, replay and rerun of The Last 42 Seconds, the berserk 42 seconds in which undefeated Harvard scored 16 points to tie undefeated Yale 29–29. Harvard could go seatless and defeatless again if Coach John Yovicsin can rebuild the defense and if Back Richie Szaro heals. End Pete Varney, Tackle Fritz Reed, Halfbacks Ray Hornblower and Steve Harrison (a sophomore), Quarterback Frank Champi and defensemen John Cramer and Rick Frisbie put brimstone in Puritan Power.

Yale, losing its entire backfield and all its stars, will surrender its 17-game unbeaten streak and fall into the second division. Princeton is playing it close to the vest, but the word is that the Tigers may be giving up the single wing so that Scott MacBean and Brian McCullough can be in the backfield at the same time. If Princeton does go to the T formation, sophomore Rod Plummer could become Princeton's first black quarterback. Penn is the other serious contender. Quarterback Bernie Zbrzeznj (say Ze-brez′-nee), Center George Joseph and Fullback Bill Sudhaus talon a hawkish offense. Dartmouth, with Quarterbacks Bill Koenig and Jim Chasey, cannot be discounted. Split End Rick Furbush and defensemen Keith Cummins and Theo Jacobs provide the Cornell guns, and Brown will be more respectable. Columbia, as customary, will be a riot to watch.

THE INDEPENDENTS

Independents, according to Webster, date back to Cromwellian England. They were a political grouping that led to Congregationalists, Baptists and Friends, organized to achieve congregational autonomy. But on the campuses of University Park, South Bend, Houston and Tallahassee the students have quite a different definition. Independent means freedom from conference play, sectional rivalries and, in August and September, at least, freedom to dream of becoming the national champion. There are several other schools with football teams capable of breaking into the Top 20 before the season ends. Although less talented than Penn State, Notre Dame, Houston and Florida State, they should also enjoy themselves this fall.

The best of the group is Miami. Charlie Tate has 15 starters returning from last year's team, which was breezing along until the Hurricanes died in their final three games. Now more experienced, Miami should escape late-season doldrums. "Our defense is rough as hogs," Tate says. The blue ribbon winners are Safety Tony Stawarz and End Tony Cline. Stawarz has accounted for 99 tackles in his two seasons working the secondary, and Tate considers Cline as talented as Ted Hendricks, consensus All-America last season. As usual, the Hurricanes will be able to run, as they return their two leading ground-gainers, Vince Opalsky and Bobby Best. Tate's two problems are his offensive line and his quarterback. The line was so small last year that the team did not have adequate pass protection. Tate now has established a stan-

continued

dard of 6′3″ in recruiting offensive linemen. Quarterback Lew Pytel had little game time as a sophomore and is being challenged for his job by Kurt Schottenheimer, a junior college transfer. Miami plays a difficult schedule, including Alabama, Houston, Florida State and LSU. Fortunately for the Hurricanes, the latter two will be played on Friday nights in the Orange Bowl. They have won 12 of 14 Friday night games at home over the past three years.

Friday night is less exciting in Blacksburg, Va. The choice of entertainment is limited to beer at the Golden Gobbler or a few racks of pool in the SportsCenter. The show picks up on Saturdays when Virginia Tech plays in Lane Stadium. President T. Marshall Hahn leads the cheers during the games and then offers locker room congratulations, a practice that has become ritual since the Gobblers very rarely lose at home. This fall's team is the best in Coach Jerry Claiborne's nine years. Although the Gobblers have lost seven starters, three from the two backfields, they should make it back to the Liberty Bowl on the strength of an excellent batch of sophomores.

"If a player feels like taking a girl to a movie, then I know he's in shape," Coach Jim Carlen of West Virginia says. Carlen's athletes spend most of their time in their dorm, which is as good a place as any, considering that Carlen is a tough disciplinarian and Morgantown, the site of the university, doesn't have a level street to walk on. There was a time when the city spent the fall waiting to watch Jerry West play basketball, but Carlen has recently been promoting football: AstroTurf in Mountaineer Field, an invitation to the public to attend all practices and the Mountaineers themselves—his best advertisement. All-America Carl Creenel anchors the defensive line at middle guard, and the secondary, which ranked seventh in pass defense last year, returns intact. The passing combination of Mike Sherwood to Oscar Patrick, which broke 14 school records last season, provides the offensive excitement; so does Halfback Eddie Silverio, who concluded his junior season rushing 195 yards against Syracuse.

Ben Schwartzwalder's Syracuse Orangemen were a disappointment in '68—their six victories were the fewest in as many years. "We worked so hard on our passing game that the bread and butter—the rushing—broke down," Schwartzwalder explained. But this year he'll unveil another sophomore running back in the tradition of Brown, Davis, Little and Csonka—Tailback Marty Januszkiewicz, who rushed for nearly 800 yards for the unbeaten freshmen. An easy schedule—Penn State and Kansas offer the main competition—guarantees Schwartzwalder his 20th straight winning season.

Although Mercury Morris is no longer at West Texas State, and neither are six other offensive starters, the Buffaloes could improve on last year's 8-2 record. Rocky Thompson, Mercury's replacement, is even faster and was a junior college All-America—and he's not even the star of the team. That honor belongs to Fullback Duane Thomas, who averaged 6.2 yards a carry as a junior. Coach Joe Kerbel prefers to run the ball—and with those backs who can blame him—but Quarterback Clarence Redic makes a more significant contribution than just handing it off and waving Thompson and Thomas goodby. Last year he kicked 11 field goals, including a 52-yarder.

Among the other top independents are two service academies, Air Force and Army. The Falcons are likely to have their best team to date. Last season was supposed to be a rebuilding year, but the young team compiled a 7-3 record. Virtually everyone returns to Colorado Springs this fall. Ben Martin has a combination coaches daydream about: speed in the backfield (provided by Curtis Martin and Ernie Jennings), an excellent receiver (Charlie Longnecker), a quarterback who can throw to him (Gary Baxter), an interior line that averages 219 and depth at every position. And there is more. Dennis Leuthauser is the reigning NCAA field-goal record holder with a 57-yard kick against Wyoming.

Army's Tom Cahill is less fortunate. Graduation cost him Steve Lindell, a gifted quarterback, and most of his defense, too. Luckily, he still has Fullback Lynn Moore and Halfback Hank Andrzejczak, but they won't be enough when the Cadets travel down the Hudson to play Notre Dame in New York's Yankee Stadium. However, Army should do well enough against teams like New Mexico, Texas A&M, Utah State and, yes, poor Navy, to provide another winning season for Cahill.

After winning two consecutive small college championships and narrowly missing a third, San Diego State was elevated to the status of a major college. The Aztecs are now trying to build up a big-time schedule, begging teams like Ohio State (without success) for a game. While waiting to be noticed, they are spending the fall in the brand-new Pacific Coast Athletic Association (PCAA) along with another former small college, University of the Pacific, previous independent San Jose State and four other schools. Only five starters return to the Aztecs, but the holes will be filled by some of the 17 junior college transfers Coach Don Coryell has recruited. Leading the newcomers through an easy schedule is Quarterback Dennis Shaw, who passed for 2,370 yards and 21 touchdowns last season and set school records for one game with 524 yards and seven touchdowns.

There were two Olsen brothers working toward degrees from Utah State last spring. Merlin, class of '62 and a member of the Rams' Fearsome Foursome, was preparing his master's thesis, while Phil completed his junior year. The younger Olsen is the best member of the Aggies' experienced defense, and he is a probable All-America selection at his brother's tackle spot.

Boston College is the best of the remaining independents in the East. Red Harris completed 37 passes against Army last season, tying the most single game completions by any quarterback in the nation. "Harris is super, just super," says Coach Joe Yukica. The Eagles have a strong running game again this season with Fred Willis and Ed Rideout, joined by big, fast sophomore Bill Thomas, whom Yukica considers to be one of the East's best backs. Although the Eagles ranked third nationally in total offense last year, the defense gave up 22 points per game. No improvement is foreseen.

Rutgers is looking forward to a big day in its tiny stadium when the Scarlet Knights celebrate the centennial anniversary of that first football game against Princeton. The game will be regionally televised by ABC, and President Nixon has tentatively accepted an invitation to join 30,000 in the stands. Nixon will no doubt be impressed by Rich Policastro, the quarterback who entered the lineup for the final six games of the season and threw 15 of his 68 completions over the goal. Bruce Van Ness will give Policastro's arm a rest with his running. He has been moved to tailback, and pro scouts are anxious to see what he can do there.

Villanova, minus an experienced quarterback for the third straight season, has slight prospects, while the presence of four new head coaches at other Eastern independents makes *their* prospects uncertain. Bob Deming brought a quartet of assistants to Buffalo while Bill Whitton will try to build a winner at Holy Cross. Carl DePasqua at Pitt has Middle Linebacker Ralph Cindrich and Tackle Howard Broadhead—if healthy—and End Paul Naponic—if he wants to play—for an excellent defensive line. The offensive power is restricted to the foot of Punter Joe Spicko, who kicked 63 times last year and will likely have as many opportunities this fall. At Navy, Rick Forzano is the Middies' 30th coach, and he is as optimistic as possible considering the scheduling: Penn State, Texas, Notre Dame, Miami, Syracuse and Army.

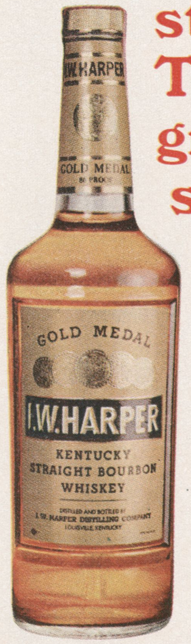
There is a new Bear down South, P. W. (Bear) Underwood at Southern Mississippi. Bear Bryant, not just out of kinship, has expressed concern about Alabama's meeting with the Southerners. His reasons are Tailback Larry Moulton and Guard Rex Barnes. Tulane will start 13 sophomores—the best is Defensive Tackle Bob Waldron. Georgia Tech's Bud Carson was given one more chance as head coach after only two seasons (8-12). Carson must win this season or lose his job. Bye, Bud.

CONTINUED

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THE SMALL COLLEGES



NORTH DAKOTA STATE

After chasing San Diego State (which last summer was ruled a major school) for two years, North Dakota State finally edged the Aztecs as the top small college team in the country in 1968. The margin, however, was about as thin as a chin strap, for while Dakota was going unbeaten in 10 games—including a 23–14 win over Arkansas State in the Pecan Bowl—the Aztecs were stumbling ever so slightly (in a 13–13 tie with Tennessee State) to finish 9-0-1.

This year, without San Diego to contend with, it is unlikely that Dakota will fail to repeat as small college champion. The Bison are minus 18 lettermen from that bowl team, but this can hardly be termed disastrous when 31 are returning. Coach Ron Erhardt's only problem will be shoring up a defense that has lost several players, for the Bison attack should look like a stampede. Little All-America Halfback Paul Hatchett leads the way. In 1968 he raced for 1,213 yards and 19 touchdowns (including five in one game). Bruce Grasamke, the spunky leader who piled up 1,080 yards in total offense, returns at quarterback, and Halfback Tim Mjos (say Mewss) should be in for a big year. Split End Chuck Wald is the best wide receiver the Bison have ever had (he caught 47 passes for 561 yards and five TDs), and Tight End Les Nicholas is a devastating blocker.

Erhardt, who is 27-3 in three years at Fargo, is the cautious type. "We aren't talking about just replacing seniors," he argues. "We're talking about replacing *outstanding* seniors, six of whom signed with the pros." Look for the Bison to replace those seniors, just as they have done for the past three years, and win their second straight small college title.

INDIANA OF PENNSYLVANIA

It's getting so that Indiana University of Pennsylvania will soon have only itself to blame for occasionally being confused with that "other" Indiana you know, the one from the Big whatever it is. Last year—just one season after Johnny Pont's Hoosiers lost a toughie to O.J. in the Rose Bowl—here was IU of Pa. dropping a 31–24 heartbreaker to favored Delaware in Atlantic City's Boardwalk Bowl. Before that, the Big Indians had swept through a nine-game schedule without a loss, stretching Coach Chuck Klausing's five-year record to 39-5.

This year should be more good times. "True, we lost 20 players," Klausing says, "but if I had to handpick the seven or eight I need most, they're among those coming back—players like Dave Smith [flanker], Walter Blucas [quarterback] and Tom McCracken [fullback]."

Indeed, as long as Smith is sound—and Blucas has time to get the ball to him—IUP is going to score. "Smith is our superstar," says Klausing. "He can do anything." Apparently he can, too, for no sooner had the whistle blown in the tough loss to Delaware than Smith was in a car headed for Beaver Falls, Pa., where at 8:30 that night he was in IUP's basketball lineup against Geneva College.

Speaking of Beaver Falls, don't look for Blucas to be a Namath or a Hanratty. Still, he has shown he is a winner—a quality that may have nearby Pitt, a perennial loser, wishing it had grabbed Blucas when it had the chance.

NEW MEXICO HIGHLANDS

Even back in the 1800s things were rarely placid in and around Las Vegas, N. Mex. It seemed there was always something—from a shoot-out to a fistfight—to liven up the town. Just like its fabled namesake today, Las Vegas then was big-time when it came to local entertainment—from Black Jack Ketchum and Rattlesnake Sam to Little Jack the Cutter and not only one, but *two* Billy the Kids. Las Vegas' reputation for virility even reached Teddy Roosevelt, who recruited a few of its hardy souls for his Rough Rider regiment.

Now Las Vegas people have become more enchanted with football than they ever were with gunplay, for last year New Mexico Highlands—that unimposing little liberal arts school out on University Avenue—didn't lose a game all year and wound up fourth in the nation. To make things even more exciting, the Cowboys ran up 533 points to the opposition's 53.

This year Highlands should be just as good, although the margin of victory may be somewhat less until sophomore Quarterback Steve Pruitt gains some experience. "The defense gave us great field position last year," says Coach John Levra. "I expect it to do it again. We don't expect to win by quick-kicking."

The only player the Cowboys will really miss is Halfback Carl Garrett, who was

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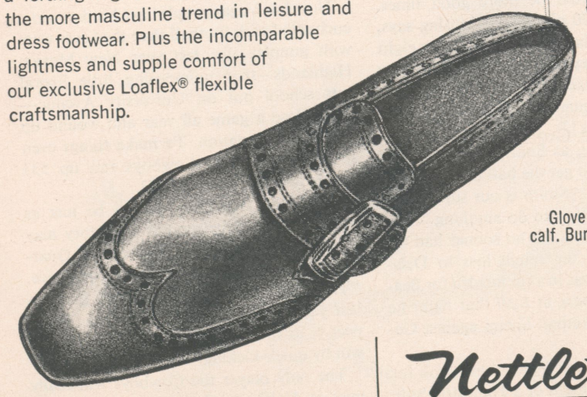
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drafted early by the Boston Patriots, but 23 lettermen—including six stars of that proud defense—are back. David Graham, a 260-pound tackle, is a definite pro prospect and he'll have a lot of help from Linebacker John (Pocahontas) Smith and Halfback McKinney Evans. All Pruitt has to do is throw the ball in the general direction of Larry Kelly, a speedy flanker who is as popular on campus as he is talented. "Yeah," says Levra, "Larry's a real Coke 'n' jokin' type."

WILKES COLLEGE

When the Wilkes College Colonels of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. trot onto the field against Lycoming on Sept. 27, they will be putting the nation's longest winning streak on the line. Since 1965 the Colonels have won 29 straight games. Last year they once again won the Lambert Bowl, which is given annually to the best small college team in the East.

Defense is the secret at Wilkes (the Colonels have posted 10 shutouts and given up seven points only 11 times during the streak), and this year, with eight back on the platoon, look for more of the same. The attack? Well, nobody can be sure about the attack.

Quarterback Joe Zakowski has become famous for his unpredictability. A left-handed passer, he is a gambler somewhat reminiscent of the old Johnny Unitas. "Joe's just not normal," says Ed (Bucko) Burke, a starting tackle. "He's the kind who on third down and 15 will run a quarterback sneak [even Unitas wouldn't do that] and make 16 yards. We're always confused by what Joe does—but he's a winner."

"When Joe was born, the doctor tried to make him a righthander," says Mrs. Zakowski, "but it didn't work and I'm glad it didn't. He's just fine as he is. You should see how neat he prints."

The Colonels, who will be defending their fourth straight Middle Atlantic Conference championship, are a proud group. "We have a good bunch of guys," says Center George (Deacon) Conway. "We've got a few guys with long hair, like Zakowski, but the guys seem to realize you can't keep long hair and still win. So most of us cut our hair short in the football season." Mrs. Zakowski agrees. "Just a few of them even wear sideburns," she says. "But even when they do, they aren't hunkie-looking."

"We should go 8-0 again," predicts Zakowski. "Coach Schmidt never yells at us and we never practice very hard. We just expect to win."

PUGET SOUND

Until four years ago the University of Puget Sound hadn't made much noise on the football field. But then Bob Ryan quit coaching at nearby Puyallup High to take over

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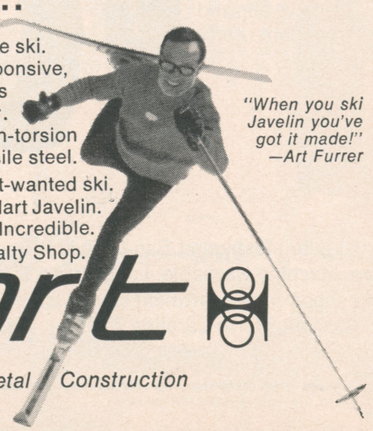


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at UPS, and the Northwest has been aware of the Loggers ever since.

Last year Puget Sound won eight of 10 games—both losses coming in the final minutes. Now, with 27 lettermen returning, season ticket sales have tripled, and the 3,300-seat Baker Stadium has been expanded to accommodate more than 6,000. "I can remember when you could rattle around in our stadium, take almost any seat in the house," says Ryan. "Now things get pretty crowded."

Ryan can hardly wait for the opening kickoff against Pomona. "If coaches were permitted to be optimistic, I'd be that way this year," he admits. Two reasons line up behind the center. "Instead of having just one good quarterback, I've got two," Ryan says, "and last year, when one seemed to be a bit off the other was always on." Bob Botley, however, is rarely "off." In three years he has thrown 21 touchdown passes, scored nine TDs himself and gained a total of 2,316 yards. Behind him is Bob Cason, a tall, skinny sophomore who throws as well as Botley runs. "Cason's one of those scramblers," winces Ryan. "I mean, he drives us nuts. But he's got *some* arm." The preferred target of both quarterbacks is Dan Thurston, who last season caught 11 touchdown passes.

"Thing is, we scored so much people forgot we really emphasize defense around here," says Ryan. The Puget Sound defense does indeed resemble a logjam now and then (UPS held the opposition to 141 points last year, while scoring 288).

And—just like some big-time schools—Puget Sound has a soccer-style kicker. Few, however, are quite as small or as gutty as Clint Scott, a 5′ 6″, 145-pound senior from South Africa. Scott, who holds 17 school records, booted a pair of 42-yard field goals last season and hit the upright from 52 yards. "He's so little, we try our best to keep him away from contact," sighs Ryan, "but it seems like he's always popping up in the game films making the tackle on the kickoff."

THE REST

South Dakota could put itself in the running for the national championship if it can upset North Dakota State on Oct. 4, for Quarterback Jim Foster is one of the best to be found anywhere. However, the Coyotes' problem is that the game will be played in Fargo, where NDSU has yet to lose since Erhardt became coach.

A few teams that are usually pushing for the top could be in for trouble this year. Among them are Grambling, which still can't get used to taking the field without Little All-America Quarterback James Harris, and Wittenberg, whose coach, Bill Edwards, moved up to athletic director after 14 straight winning seasons. **END**

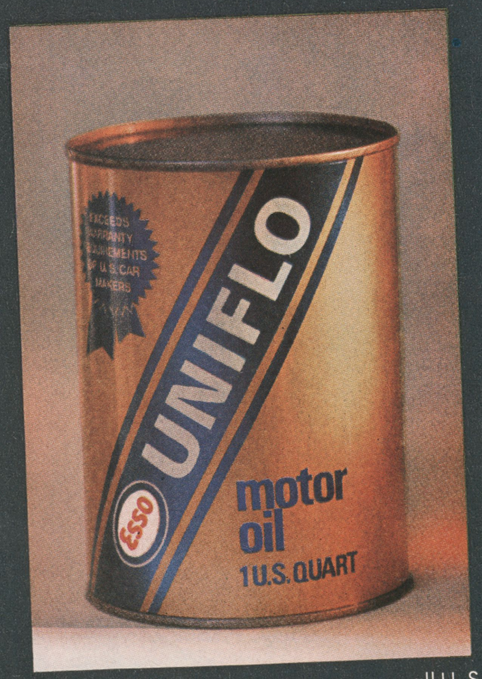
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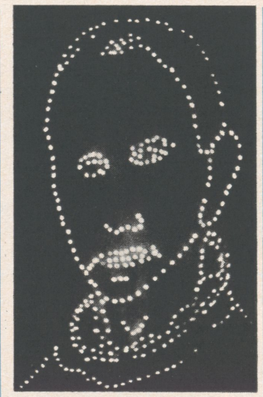
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✦ Astronaut **Mike Collins,** in New Orleans for Mike Collins Day, was the soul of diplomacy before the Oilers-Saints exhibition game, which the Oilers won 30–14 after a halftime fireworks show featuring the lift-off of Apollo 11, the moon landing and a giant portrait of Collins. Asked whom he would be rooting for, Collins replied, "Would a 'no comment' be all right?" New Orleans, you see, bills itself as Collins' "adopted home town," and his father, **Major General James Lawton Collins,** was born across the Mississippi in Algiers, La. But Houston, of course, is the home of NASA. Mike Collins gave himself away when he jumped up and almost cheered after Oiler Quarterback Pete Beathard completed a long pass. Referring to two bad breaks, Saints' Coach **Tom Fears** said "it was a black-cat night for us"—devilishly appropriate when you consider that Collins was born on Halloween.

A group of Texas athletes got jobs this summer as office workers in the state's General Land Office, which is salvaging several million dollars worth of treasure from Spanish galleons sunk off the Gulf Coast. One morning a truck arrived in Austin bearing some of the treasure and the boys learned why they were hired for office work. It took eight of them, including three from the University of Texas—football players **Paul Kristynik** and **Travis Roach** and basketball player **Wayne Doyal**—to hold each of six rare Lombard cannons, weighing 1,200 pounds apiece, upright in an undersized elevator as it rose to a third-floor vault. "They got all the strong backs and feeble minds for the job," said one athlete. "It was the slowest elevator I've ever ridden," said another.



✦

Vacationing in Hot Springs, Ark. recently, **Senator Fulbright** played a round of golf and, having shot about 90, reflected that golf is man's most frustrating game. Still, he allowed, it has its compensations. "I've played football and a lot of other sports," he said, "and what makes golf different is that a sorry player like myself can hit a shot just as good as a good player." Besides, he added, "it keeps your mind off other problems." Golf, concluded the Senator, might even be the antidote to ease the world's tensions. "I am sponsoring a movement," he said, "to build a golf course in the Soviet Union. We will give them the course and free membership. If they ever get to competing at golf they'll really be distracted."

Bob Lanier, St. Bonaventure's 6′ 11″ All-America center, was recently arraigned in City Court in Buffalo, N.Y. The charge: speeding. Acting as his own lawyer, Lanier pleaded innocent. Judge Ann T. Mikoll tried to arrange a trial date to suit Lanier. Lanier complained that it was a 60-mile drive from St. Bonaventure to Buffalo. Judge Mikoll said she thought he could make it and fixed a date. Said Lanier, "I won't be here, baby." Said the judge, "I am not your baby." Lanier was there and pleaded guilty. "Use your speed on the court," said the judge.

Dick Smothers, a motor sports buff who races whenever and wherever he can, popped up in St. Jovite, Quebec last weekend to drive a Formula B Chevron. Meanwhile, rumors have been popping up that CBS, which has virtually ignored motor sports, is looking for ways to increase its coverage. Aha! At least one Smothers brother could be back on CBS after all. And in the driver's seat at that.

The Mets are riding high, they may even *win* something, and whatever happened to **Marvelous Marv Throneberry,** whose claim to fame as the Amazins' first baseman in 1962 was an almost supernatural ability to misjudge pop flies, let throws carom off his glove and allow grounders to slip between his legs? Well, Throneberry does public relations work for a truck rental firm in Memphis, has become a Yankee fan and hasn't seen a major league game since he last played, after a fashion, in one. Actually, his reputation as a clown was less fact than fiction. Says Throneberry, a bit wistfully, "Baseball was always more of a job than a game or a pleasure."

◉ Besides playing first base, a Chicago institution known as **Ernie Banks** owns a Ford agency, writes a column, does a TV sportscast and has now been appointed to the seven-man Chicago Transit Authority by **Governor Richard Ogilvie.** Said the grateful Banks: "Since the governor has honored me with this position, I promise to get him some World Series tickets." However, the governor may have a little more in mind. As Chicago *Daily News* columnist Mike Royko has written, Ogilvie is "a man of vision. . . . He has visions of Cub fans shouting 'Hey-Hey Ogilvie!' as they file into the voting booth and visions of a beaming Banks at his side when he campaigns for re-election in black neighborhoods."

"In baseball a home run is a home run, a dropped ball is a dropped ball, a stolen base is a stolen base. . . ." The speaker was **Frank Reynolds,** the ABC-TV news commentator, and he was lamenting the lack of clarity in general news as compared to sports news, which he found "easy to comprehend." Said Reynolds: "It is possible that one reason for the tremendous interest in sports these days is that so much of the other current news seems to make no sense." How about the shenanigans of the NCAA, the AAU, the IOC and the ABA, Reynolds?

◉



Something to sing about: fish, bait and blondes

Experimenting with contemporary themes in opera, the University of Iowa staged an absorbing production involving a construction crew and a fishing camp. But would you fish with these characters?

American opera lovers, dismayed by the news that the Metropolitan in New York will not open this season on schedule, can take heart from recent developments in music and fishing in Iowa. The University of Iowa has produced an opera called *$4000*, which is unquestionably the only opera in existence in which the characters sing about fishing, bait and the horrors of life in a place where fishing supplies are sold. First shown last month to startled audiences, *$4000* so far has racked up four performances, accompanied by a 60-piece orchestra and enthusiastic notices.

Among its other distinctions, *$4000* is the first opera since Puccini's *The Girl of the Golden West*, back in 1910, to be set in the great outdoors. Comparisons stop there, however. *The Girl of the Golden West* comes to a climax with a poker game. This new venture into outdoor opera begins with a poker game. The game in Puccini's opera is crooked: the heroine plays cards with the sheriff, with the life of her boy friend as a stake, and wins by plucking three aces from her stocking, where she evidently carried them for just such emergencies. The poker game in *$4000* is on the level, but the money is no good. The scene is a construction camp in a Southern swamp, with the workmen using company scrip, not knowing the scrip is worthless.

Al, a surveyor, has been winning steadily, despite the fact that his mind is not on the game. Or on his work, for that matter. As he rakes in his winnings he sings about his girl, Sally Anne:

I only think about her all the time.
I see her in my transit when I'm sighting.

No wonder the construction company officials have decided to give up the project. To make matters worse, Pill Donovan, the villain, leading baritone and foreman, is equally absent-minded about the game and his work. He too sings about Sally Anne. He sees her with him at the races, drinking juleps.

At the first performance of *$4000* at the University of Iowa the orchestra played so loudly it drowned out the singers' lines. Whether this was an unmixed blessing is still in dispute. In any case, the other poker players become so incensed at Al's continued good luck that he takes the $4,000 in scrip that he has won and goes to his shack. It appears that employee relations in the construction company are in pretty bad shape. Pill persuades the losing workmen that Al has cheated, and they start after him with shotguns. The first scene ends when the paymaster arrives from the company headquarters and sings that it is all over: the company is busted.

But Al and Pill do not know that, and throughout Scene 2 they run through the swamp, to the accompaniment of music that one critic said "strongly suggests slithery, slimy, crawly swamp creatures." Al means to get away with his $4,000 and marry Sally Anne. At dawn he appears in a tiny hotel-and-bait-selling establishment. The wife of the owner befriends him, thinking he must be a fugitive from the law, which indicates the kind of fishermen who patronize the place. Al sings:

Can I buy clothes and shaving stuff in town? I mean, when things open?

She sings in reply:

What town? When things are open here the town's still closed.

Al sings that it is true; worms don't do much to liven up a place. This inspires Mrs. Applegore (that's her name) to an aria about the tedium of selling bait to fishermen:

Place? A penitentiary for bass.
A crazy house for addled bream.
A prison where they lock up gars.
Look at me. Have I started growing scales?

Mr. Applegore, overhearing, thinks Al and his wife are having a love affair. Mrs. Applegore lends Al money to telephone Sally Anne. But Pill, meanwhile, has emerged from the swamp and is snuggling with Sally Anne in her room and planning how the two of them can trap Al and the $4,000. In the final scene Al is momentarily overjoyed when Sally Anne runs into the bait shop and calls on him to leave at once. (Pill is waiting outside with a knife.) Mrs. Applegore

continued



CLIMAX OF OPERA FINDS THE CAST STRUGGLING—AND SINGING—IN BAIT SHOP

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sees him and warns Al and gives him her husband's gun. Disillusioned by Sally Anne's treachery, Al refuses it, singing that Pill can take the money and Sally Anne and go. As Pill enters, Mr. Applegore grabs Al, pushing him toward Pill, who stabs him, as Mrs. Applegore, shooting wildly with her husband's gun, kills Pill also. At this point the workmen with shotguns who have been looking for Al make their entrance. They find the bodies and the scrip on the floor and force Sally Anne to pick it up, singing:

It's two cents on the dollar that
they're paying, girl. Easiest
eighty bucks you'll ever make.

No opera in history has ever been so intimately connected with bass fishing, trout streams and duck blinds as *$4000*. Ten years ago Vance Bourjaily, then 36, was a visiting lecturer at the University of Iowa, where he met Tom Turner, 45, the son of an Iowa governor and head of the department of music theory in the university's school of music.

A novelist who also has been active as a television and outdoor writer, Bourjaily mentioned that he was going trout fishing, which aroused Turner's skepticism, as he did not believe there were any trout in Iowa. The result was that he and Bourjaily went to a stream about 60 miles north of Iowa City that actually contains trout, and a hunting and fishing collaboration began which eventually developed into their opera with a fishing and poker-playing background. "I get damned sick of operas that always seem to be about 15th century peasants," Bourjaily said.

In 1962 while he and Turner were hunting pheasants, they began to discuss an opera with a native setting and plot. "Even after we decided to do it," Turner said, "I just couldn't bring myself to make the commitment. You know, something like this ties up a lot of people and money over an extended period of time." Once the decision was made, Bourjaily turned out the libretto in three weeks.

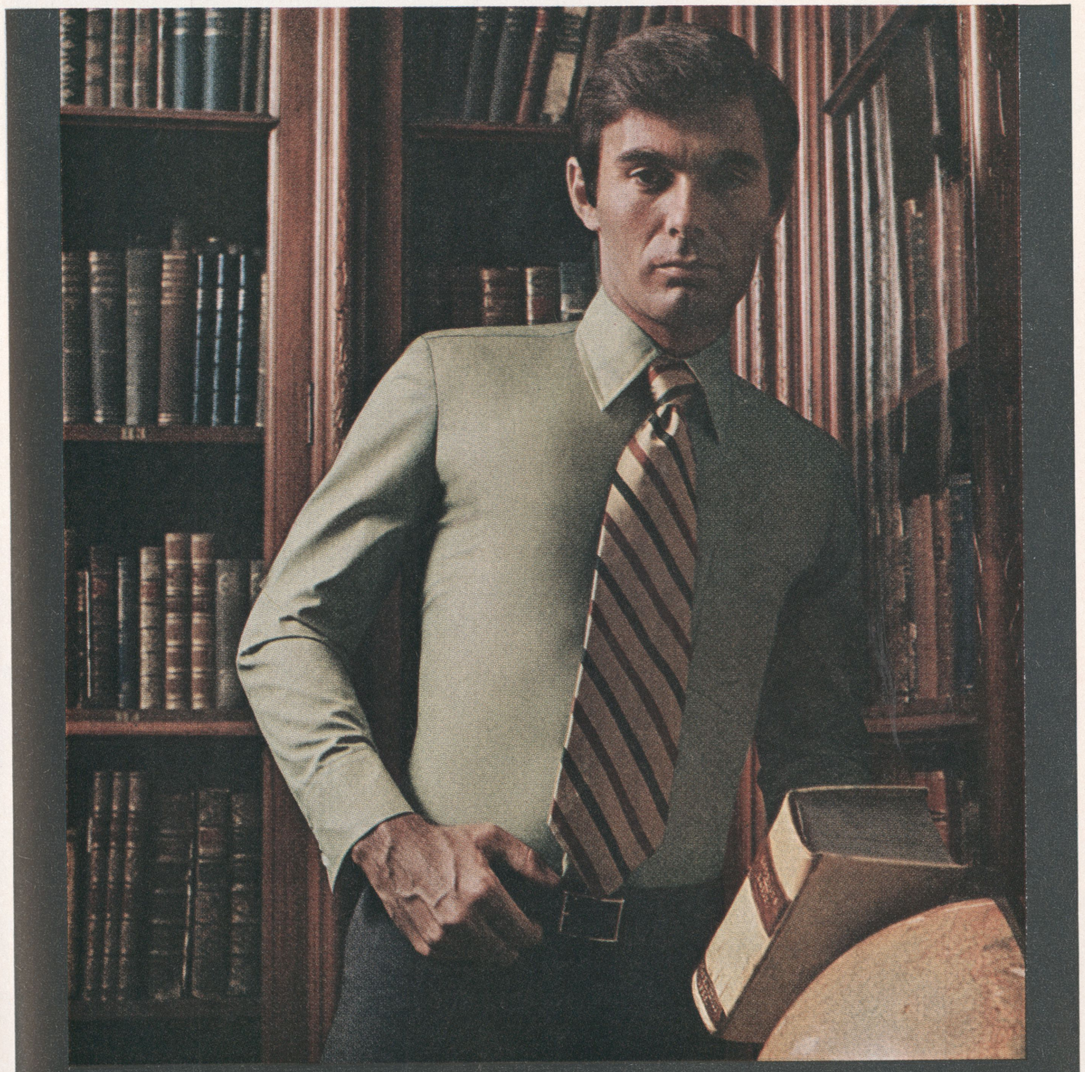
The Daily Iowan, the student newspaper, praised the chase through the swamp, its critic saying it reminded him of Eliza crossing the ice in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Other reviewers praised the orchestral brilliance of the score and the novelty and originality of the venture. With bold staging and lighting, the opera played to capacity audiences in its first four performances, and now Bourjaily and Turner are looking around for another production. "Maybe opera can be made to appeal to the contemporary man," Bourjaily said. "We're trying to take it out of the drawing rooms. I would much rather have seen the review on the sports pages, where it more properly belonged, than on the society page."

Be that as it may, a few more operas that present fishing in such a deplorable light as does *$4000* might galvanize the Izaak Walton League to underwrite the Metropolitan's productions of *Tosca* and *La Bohème*. Not to mention construction companies. **END**



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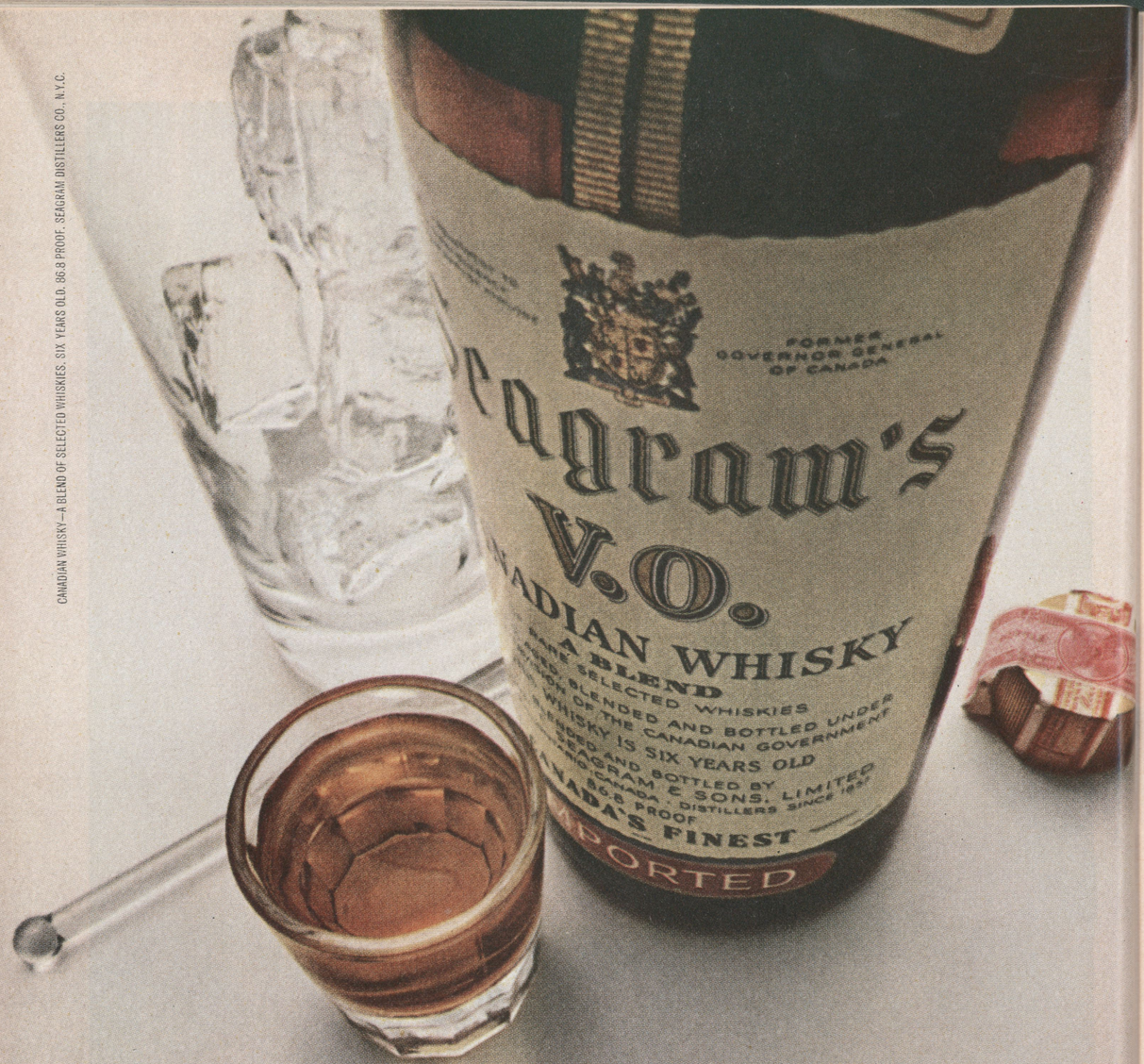
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You can play Laver but you can't beat him

Australia's Rod Laver proved again at Forest Hills last week that the best players in the world are no match for him as he waltzed away with the men's singles title to complete his second Grand Slam

One thing worked out neatly at the U.S. Open at Forest Hills last week: the best player in the world won. By beating a fellow Australian, Tony Roche, 7–9, 6–1, 6–2, 6–2, top-seeded Rod Laver added the U.S. Open title to the Australian, British and French ones and completed the Grandest Slam, or at least the first Grandest Slam, or at least the first Grand Open Slam, in tennis history. Laver has now won five of the seven big-four tournaments held since the creation of open tennis, and it looks as though the sport will have to be opened considerably wider, to include angels, highly trained kangaroos or something as yet unenvisaged, before anyone else will be in Laver's league.

As a factor at Forest Hills, though, the hardnosed Aussie lefthander would have to take second place to the weather, which let everyone down. "I live in a near-tropical country, where we have monsoon rains, and I have never seen 5½ inches of rain in 24 hours before," groused Owen Williams, the South African tournament director who was brought in to transform the U.S. Open but was hard pressed to do more for it than the rain did to it. The 13-day tournament grossed nearly twice as much—$500,000 would be a good guess—as last year, but Williams estimated that the rain—which canceled play on two days, interrupted it on three other days—cost the enterprise some $100,000. Williams' rain-checks-but-no-refunds policy also angered a number of fans. "The public in this country is certainly spoiled with regard to rain-outs," Williams exclaimed at one point. "In England there are no refunds, no rain tickets, no anything. But here if you don't give their money back they want to kill you."

But then nothing looks more deflated than a wet tennis crowd. On Saturday, when showers of considerable force first delayed play and then interrupted the taut semifinal match between Laver and Arthur Ashe, some 11,000 sodden fans huddled together under the stands comparing the day's outing with the festivities at Woodstock. There were no muddy sleeping bags or stoned young people kneaded into the surface of the grass courts in the Forest Hills stadium, but a tarpaulin cover and the use of hovering helicopters as improvised drying-off devices failed to keep them truly playable. They gave rise to bad bounces ("You get to know the patches after a while," noted semifinalist John Newcombe), they got so chewed up around the baselines that, when a player bounced a ball preparatory to service, it frequently got away from him and on Saturday, at least, they sounded downright squishy from the stands. Laver declared that grass courts in general were obsolete for championship play, and by Sunday, Williams was recommending a more sophisticated system for draining, drying and covering the courts; even more preferable would be an all-weather surface.

The grass wasn't the only thing that failed to hold up. The U.S. Davis Cup team was also washed away. Bob Lutz lost to Tony Roche in the first round—no disgrace—but on one horrible afternoon Clark Graebner, Stan Smith and Charlie Pasarell all disappeared. Graebner had to default with a twisted ankle, Pasarell lost to a lesser Australian, Terry Addison, and most stunningly, Smith got beaten by Ilie Nastase, one of two Rumanians who will challenge for the Davis Cup later this month. Most disappointing of all, the No. 1 U.S. doubles team of Smith and Lutz lost in the third round, in straight sets, to Earl Buchholz and Ray Moore, virtually a pickup team. Smith and Lutz were late for the match and nearly had to default because they journeyed to Connecticut to have lunch with officials of PepsiCo, Inc. The U.S. should still be comfortably favored over Rumania in the Davis Cup—Graebner's ankle is supposed to be healed by then and Ashe demonstrated that he was close to the top of his game—but the Open was still a blow to U.S. court prestige.

It was something of a leap forward for capitalism, however—to a good many fans' irritation. It may be inconsistent to applaud the elimination of hypocritical amateurism and then to complain about having COME TO MARLBORO COUNTRY emblazoned on the new $167,000 Forest Hills scoreboard, but then there was also "Spalding" on the front and back of the ballboys' shirts and "Pepsi" on the drink cooler behind the umpire's stand and the new IBM board proclaiming ponderous and not always comprehensible statistics, and there was Arthur Ashe wearing pastel shirts instead of the traditional white—not out of color consciousness or independence but because of what is known as a tie-in. That is, a certain pastel-shirt company has reached a certain special agree-

continued

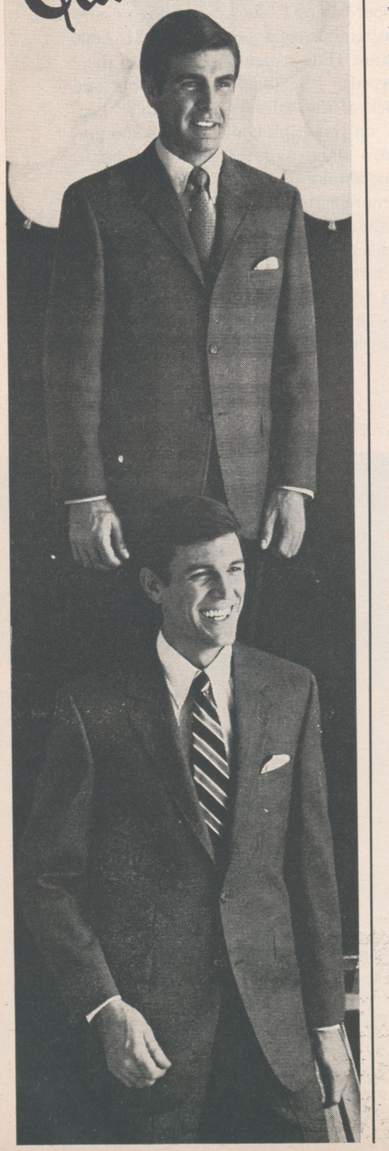
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ment with the USLTA and Ashe. There also was the Borden's yogurt booth, whose staff of girls kept giving people promotional buttons to wear (none of the players wore them, though) and the fact that a can of domestic beer set you back 75¢ and an everyday ice-cream sandwich 30¢.

There were other rough spots in the proceedings. Leaflets were handed out in protest of Williams' back-home implication in *apartheid*, and Ashe announced that he had had to talk an unnamed group of protesters out of an attempt to disrupt the tournament. The world's and history's only prominent black player said he told the dissidents to give him time to get himself admitted to the South African meet in March—a project to which Williams is lending his support. Finally, Vice-President Spiro Agnew, in presenting women's singles champion Margaret Smith Court her trophy and check, stimulated a good deal of heavy murmuring in the stands by announcing that runner-up Nancy Richey—a fully developed competitor who if anything probably played a bit over her head in reaching the finals against the masterful Mrs. Court—would surely "continue to improve."

And yet, despite the unfriendly elements and possible grounds for complaint, there were many times during the tournament when the tennis and a beer were worth all they cost and more. The still-arresting Pancho Gonzales, dabbing away each drop of sweat on his forehead aborning and occasionally shouting "EeeeeeARRGHhitthatballthatwayeeeeargh" at himself, won a picturesque five-set match from long-haired Dane Torben Ulrich before bowing out to Roche in the fourth round, and in a postmatch interview Ulrich strengthened his claim on the role of the Allen Ginsberg of tennis by declaring he saw no reason why "I can't keep on developing for two or three hundred years." Roche and Newcombe fought magnificently through five semifinal sets before Roche finally won 3–6, 6–4, 4–6, 6–3, 8–6. And Laver—hitting winners off Ashe's big serve, clipping the corners with looping top-spin ground shots and contriving by acrobatics or foresight to be in the right place again and again—earned every one of the $16,000 he won in the richest tennis tournament ever. The U.S. Open was on uncertain footing in more ways than one, but it imported a lot of class. **END**



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SAMSON: Let's get back to that temple thing. You must admit the odds are pretty heavy against my being conked by a temple.

MONY MAN: One never knows.

Ed. Note: One does know today. Knows that, several years later, after being clipped by Delilah, Samson was conked by a temple. And even though our MONY Man proved right, it pains us to relate that Samson left not one penny in insurance. Which brings us to the moral that follows directly.

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HORSE SHOW / *Alice Higgins*

An Emerald mare takes over My My's red roses

When Austin Knowlton looked at the sports page of Louisville's *The Courier-Journal & Times* on a recent Sunday morning, he had two reasons to be pleased. The Cincinnati Bengals had won and a five-gaited mare named Valerie Emerald had become the new world champion at the Kentucky State Fair Horse Show. Knowlton is a director and part-owner of the Bengals and owner of Valerie Emerald. He is also part-owner of the Cincinnati Reds, and they had lost. Oh, well—two out of three.

Valerie Emerald's victory had not come easily. The biggest class in recent years—18 horses—entered the ring for the stake. My My, who had won the event for the past six years, was dead, and every trainer with a stake horse was out to replace her. Knowlton himself had been waiting impatiently for some time. In the class, too, was Knowlton's 20-year-old daughter, Valerie, the only amateur, riding a horse called Purloined Emerald. You had to follow your program carefully to separate the Valeries and the Emeralds.

Valerie Emerald was one of the favorites as the class started, but there was strong opposition. Joanne Gauntt's Glory Kalarama had won the gelding stake two years in a row and was second to My My in 1968. Hayfield Farm's Hayfield's Bold Knight had won the stallion division, and Tom Moore on Knolland Farms' Hallelujah and Don Harris on the Grisbys' Giddy-Up-Go were also in contention. From the beginning it was obvious that this was going to be a very hard class to judge, and prolonging the suspense were interruptions while two shoes were replaced and a time-out was called for equipment repair. But the judges finally came up with six horses—the five favorites and Purloined Emerald. These were worked again and once more the choice was difficult. When the champion's red roses went to Valerie Emerald it set a record for rider Frank Bradshaw. He became the first to handle seven world's grand champions in a row. Reserve to Valerie Emerald was Hayfield's Bold Knight, and Glory Kalarama was third. Many spectators disagreed with the judges, and one remarked sarcastically, "I predict a long reign of one year."

That remains to be seen, but one other mare in the show is definitely enjoying an extended reign. Earlier in the evening Knolland Farms' Bellissima, with Tom Moore in the saddle, won the Grand Championship Three-Gaited Stake for the third year in a row. This, too, was a class full of quality and the judges sent three horses, Bellissima, the Dodge Stables' Lover's Sensation and the Twilight Stables' Snow Flurry out to work again. Snow Flurry, a mare from California, wears what must be the most unusual bridle in the show ring. Her owner, Helen Wallerstein, was visiting her furrier when she was struck by the new upholstery on his couch. It was a shiny bright blue, and Helen decided it would be fine material for a brow-and noseband. She tracked down the remnants and had her saddlery shop run up a browband and cavesson. Now when her mare passes in the ring she comments, "There goes Sam's sofa," a remark that is apt to mystify listeners. In Louisville Snow Flurry and Sam's sofa had to settle for third as Bellissima lived up to her name and left the ring wearing the winner's yellow roses.

Another repeat winner was a five-gaited pony named Right As Rain. He has lost only three classes in the last three years for his owner, 16-year-old Andrea Walton, and one of the defeats had occurred in this year's qualifying class at Louisville. "We were walking up to the ring through the barn area, and when we passed the chicken exhibit he opened his eyes and showed a lot of white," said Trainer Charles Crabtree. "I thought that son of a gun was going to doublecross me again!" It was all too true. In the ring Right As Rain was unmanageable. But it was a different story in the stake. The half-bred (by a Hackney stallion out of a Saddlebred mare) was very right that night and was champion gaited pony of the show. **END**

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Corn's Aces prove they're really pros

Bucking a trend, the first team of professionals played up to form

Before the Summer Nationals began in Los Angeles last month most students of form were agreed about the outcome of the various events. When it was over the past performance records had proved as unreliable as they often do at the racetrack.

In the team championship for the Spingold Cup—a good example—form dictated that the semifinals would come down to four favorites: a powerful Eastern squad led by Ira Rubin; a brash young sixsome that had become the first professional team in bridge and called itself the U.S. Aces, although everyone else called it the Dallas Aces; the four young Californians, led by Richard Walsh, who had won the Vanderbilt Open Team Championship in Cleveland this spring; and, of course, the defending champions. So the defenders were one of the 76 teams in the record field of 140 that didn't even make it to the first knockout round. George Rapée, Sidney Lazard, Edgar Kaplan, Norman Kay, Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela were ousted in the two-session qualifying stage, failing even to break average, though for Murray and Kehela there was consolation later in the week as they became the first Canadian pair ever to win the Life Masters Pair Championship. Then the Walsh team failed to survive the third knockout round.

Another early victim was the strong team led by Alvin Roth, who was reunited with his partner of many winning, bygone years, Tobias Stone. Roth was beaten by a team whose total master-point holding, 4,375, was little more than half of Roth's own personal hoard of 8,300. The Roth team total was over 19,500 master points.

Meanwhile Rubin's favored Easterners were playing very erratically. They

continued

Something to put in your wallet.


Air Force vs SMU
(Night Game)

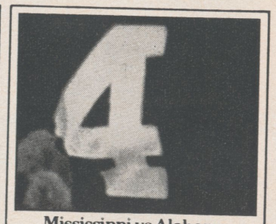
SEPTEMBER 13


Texas vs California
Indiana vs Kentucky
Kent State vs Ohio University
Arizona vs Wyoming

SEPTEMBER 20


Princeton vs Rutgers
Richmond vs V.M.I.
Washington vs Michigan
Auburn vs Tennessee
Texas A&M vs Nebraska

SEPTEMBER 27


Mississippi vs Alabama
(Night Game)

OCTOBER 4


Texas vs Oklahoma

OCTOBER 11


California vs UCLA

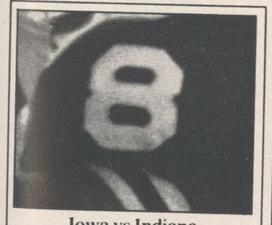
OCTOBER 18


Michigan State vs Iowa
Auburn vs LSU
Texas Tech vs SMU
New Mexico vs
West Texas State

OCTOBER 25


Air Force vs Army
Ohio State vs Northwestern
Miami vs Houston
Texas A&M vs Arkansas
LSU vs Mississippi

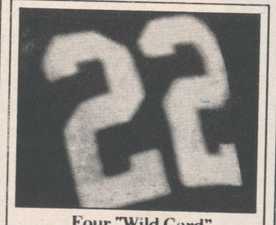
NOVEMBER 1


Iowa vs Indiana
Oklahoma vs Missouri
Florida vs Georgia
Stanford vs Washington

NOVEMBER 8


Notre Dame vs Georgia Tech
(Night Game)

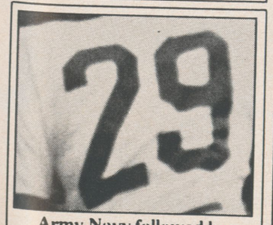
NOVEMBER 15


Four "Wild Card"
regional games to be selected
followed by
UCLA vs USC (Night Game)

NOVEMBER 22


Texas Tech vs Arkansas

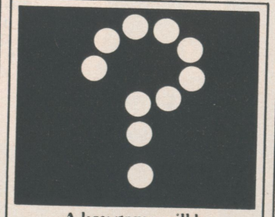
NOVEMBER 27


Army-Navy followed by
Penn State vs
North Carolina State

NOVEMBER 29


Texas vs Arkansas

DECEMBER 6


A key game will be
selected during the
season. Will it be a battle
of the undefeated for
the national championship?
WILD CARD GAME



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trailed in the early stages of several matches and had to rally to win. Indeed, in the quarter-finals, they had a four-IMP squeaker against an all-female team captained by Dorothy Hayden.

As the event wore on, however, it was the six young men from Dallas who became the center of attraction. Bobby Wolff, formerly of San Antonio, James Jacoby, the only original Dallasite, William Eisenberg, formerly of New York, Robert Goldman, formerly of Philadelphia, Robert Hamman, formerly of Los Angeles, and Michael Lawrence, formerly of Berkeley, Calif., are members of the first all-pro team, sponsored by Dallas financier Ira Corn. Three of them—Hamman, Eisenberg and Goldman—had been on the team that represented North America in the 1969 World Championship; Jacoby had represented North America in 1963, the year we came closest to beating the Blue Team. But Corn is not the kind of patron who is content with anything but a winner, and the rumor in L.A. was that the Aces would have to win, or else.

And they did. Corn's Aces breezed through to the finals, winning their knockouts by an average of more than 100 IMPs per match. At no time, however, had they been challenged by a top-class team. In the finals they faced the power and experience of the Rubin team, which included Jeff Westheimer, Sam Stayman, Vic Mitchell, Phil Feldesman and Bill Grieve. As early as the second board of the 72-deal match, the Aces showed they were as fresh as when the event had begun a week earlier.

When the Rubin team bought the contract the ace of diamonds won the first trick, and West shifted to the jack of spades, taken by dummy's king. Apparently mesmerized by the opening lead, declarer led a diamond to his queen. West took the king and played ace and another spade. Though this gave the declarer two spade tricks, his total came to only seven as West later got in with the ace of clubs to make, in all, three spades, two diamonds and a club.

When the Aces played the same contract, West led the jack of spades. Bob Hamman realized that he would need at least three fast tricks in the minor suits and that only the club suit offered him any chance for that number. West almost surely had the ace of clubs, for East would probably have made a response on the first round of bidding if he had held that card.

So at trick two, after winning the spade lead with dummy's king, Hamman crossed to the ace of hearts and led a low club to the queen. When this held, a finesse of the club 10 set up three tricks in the suit. West was in with the ace, but if he attacked spades or diamonds he would give declarer his fulfilling trick. If he simply exited with a heart, declarer could play diamonds himself to make the contract. The result was worth six IMPs to the Aces.

The Dallas team led by 29 IMPs at the quarter, by 39 at the half. The third quarter brought them another five IMPs and, as Rubin pressed to try to recover in the fourth quarter, the Aces picked up 49 more to win by 93 IMPs.

Now the Aces will await a playoff match later in the year against the winner of the Vanderbilt—the Walsh team—to decide who will represent North America in 1970 in Stockholm. With Italy's Blue Team retired, North America will have its best chance in more than a decade to win the World Championship.

Whether the Aces win or lose in the playoff, our nonplaying captain, Oswald Jacoby—James Jacoby's father—will have a family-style headache. If the Aces lose, Captain Jacoby will have to decide which pair from among the losers he will add to the four-man Walsh team to complete his squad for Stockholm. If the Aces win, the captain will have to decide whether to replace one pair of the winners with a pair from the losers, which he has a right to do. Finally, if the Aces win and he keeps the team intact, he must choose when and against whom his son will play. **END**

North-South vulnerable
West dealer

	NORTH	
	♠ K 4 ♥ K Q 10 ♦ J 9 6 2 ♣ Q 8 6 3	
WEST		EAST
♠ A J 10 9 6 ♥ 8 4 ♦ A K 8 7 ♣ A 9		♠ 7 5 3 ♥ J 7 5 3 2 ♦ 5 3 ♣ J 7 4
	SOUTH	
	♠ Q 8 2 ♥ A 9 6 ♦ Q 10 4 ♣ K 10 5 2	

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♠	PASS	PASS	1 N.T.
PASS	2 N.T.	(*All Pass*)	

Opening lead: ace of diamonds

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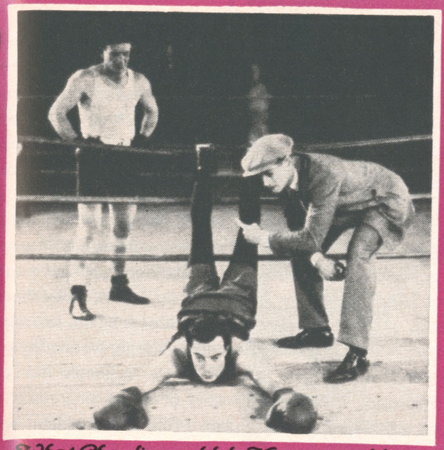
Sport was Box-Office Poison

The beginnings were hilarious—and profitable—but then hokum took over as Hollywood made hundreds of sport movies, most of them stinkeroos

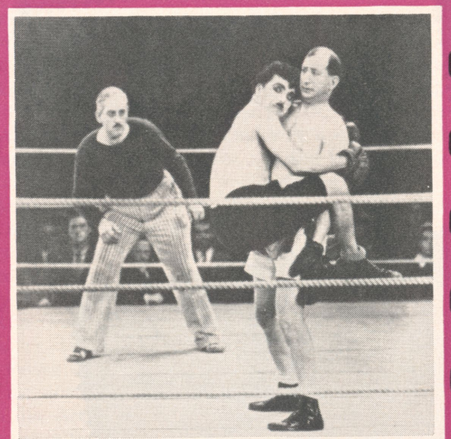
by Robert Cantwell



Bases nailed to his feet, a Keystone comic launched sport-movie humor.



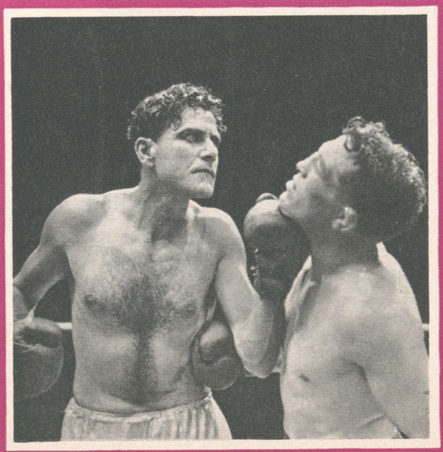
What Chaplin could do, Keaton could too, and down went boxing again.



Boxing saw a new defense when, in 1915, Chaplin made "The Champion."



In 1925 a tackling dummy was a leg up on shocked Harold Lloyd.



Bert Lytell acted and then some in the oh-so-serious "Sporting Life."



A master of the comic cue, Fields tried his sport in "Six of a Kind."

Midway through an early baseball movie Billy Bevan, playing an ace pitcher, is discovered by an irate husband hiding in his wife's bathtub. Bevan's presence there is innocent. To avoid any impression of wrongdoing, he submerges, breathing through a shower tube—the sort of thing that might happen to anyone. But the husband is the pitcher for the rival team, and mixed up with crooked gamblers, too. He holds Bevan's head under the water until Bevan gladly agrees not to pitch, which means throwing the game.

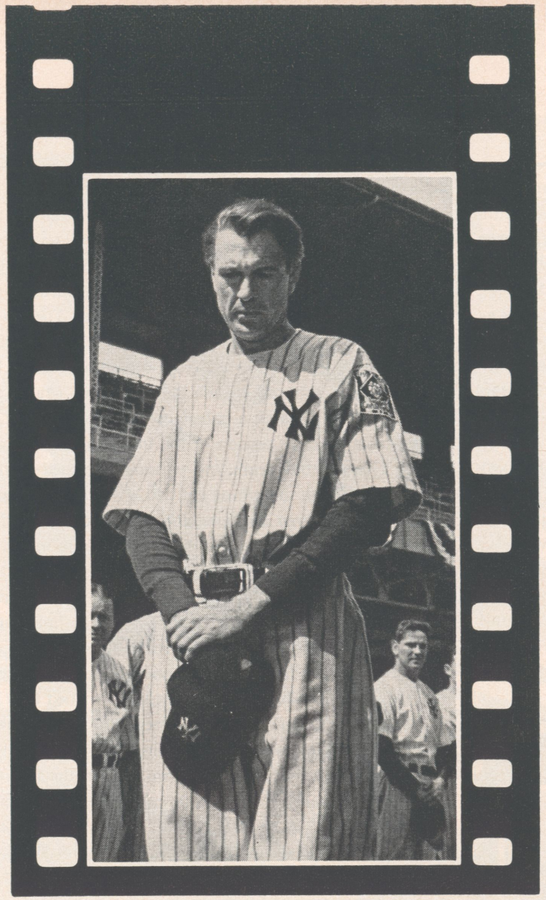
So we see Bevan disconsolately in the outfield, the wrong team winning. The husband hits a long fly in Bevan's direction. Bevan is so inept an outfielder that he cannot even find the ball, which bounces into a tar barrel. It looks like a clear case of injustice triumphant. But wait. All is not lost. The villain jumps exultantly on first base and the base sticks to the spikes in his shoes. He races for second like a man trying to run on one snowshoe. The third-base coach waves him on because Bevan cannot throw the ball. It sticks to his fingers. Finally Bevan gets off a throw to the plate just as the villain, great clouds of dust rising from bases affixed to both feet, slides for home. What happens next is obscure. We see the catcher and the umpire searching everywhere for the ball, which they finally locate stuck in the hair of the villain's head. It all ends happily: Bevan wins. And that's the way it used to be with sport and the movies. Then it got worse. But not for lack of trying. There have been 75 hilarious years of trying.

Bevan's out-of-the-bathtub-and-into-the-tar-barrel scene was a brief sequence in a forgotten two-reel Keystone comedy, but it was representative of a lighthearted view of sport that flourished in the early days of the movies. The Keystone company was the property of a pair of enterprising gentlemen from Brooklyn, Adam Kessel and Charley Bauman, who really did know something about sport. They were bookmakers. In fact, most of the early moviemakers were mixed up in sport in one way or another. Bronco Billy Anderson, the original Western hero, was a baseball enthusiast: he signed movie rights in 1908 with the Chicago Cubs and the Detroit Tigers for the first World Series ever filmed. In his early days in Hollywood Charlie Chaplin never missed a Tuesday night fight at the old Vernon Arena, and one of the first and funniest of his masterpieces was *The Champion*, made in 1915, with its classic portrayal of an alarmed fighter in the ring with a stony-faced giant who obviously possessed no sense of humor. Harold Lloyd's first comedy roles included *Lonesome Luke and the Bangtails*, filmed at the racetrack in Tijuana, with Lloyd playing a stableboy so astoundingly lazy he would not even lift a bale of hay that had fallen on a recumbent horse owner. He let the horse eat it. Buster Keaton worked a rundown between bases into a scene in *College* and climaxed the film with a pole vault into the window of a second-story room where the villain had imprisoned his girl. In *A Night at the Opera* the Marx brothers craftily inserted the music for *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* for the score of *Il Trovatore* and sold peanuts to the operagoers. They also won the big race in *A Day at the Races* by rerouting the track and scored a touchdown in *Horse Feathers* in an improvised chariot made from a garbage cart.

Plainly, it did not matter in the movies whether you won or lost and certainly did not matter how you played the game. In *The Freshman* Harold Lloyd became unforgettably entangled with a tackling dummy. W. C. Fields reached into his golf bag for a club and drew out a garden hoe, or played pool with a wavy cue. Consider *Giddap*, another Keystone comedy. Andy Clyde, Billy Bevan and other unlikely horsemen are playing polo. The ball is knocked over the fence and the horses follow. The game is suddenly a steeplechase, the horses leaping fences and galloping neck and neck down a road, pursuing a bewildered bicyclist. The ball had landed in a basket on his handlebars. Moments later the ball is lost among some cantaloupes in a fruit stand. The players recover it and pound on, and we catch a glimpse of a fruit-stand owner sitting amid appalling wreckage. Whacking the ball ahead of them, the players race into a quiet residential section, where a well-groomed family is sitting down to dinner. The ball rolls through the open door, and in an instant the house is filled with horses and flailing mallets. A lucky shot propels the ball outdoors again, leaving the dazed residents staring wonderingly about them. "The townspeople didn't think very highly of actors as a class," Hedda Hopper wrote in her nostalgic recollections of Hollywood's early days. "When a picture company secured the use of a private home as a location it was left in such a mess." That was something of an understatement.

Sports remained standard movie material for nearly 40 years. Thomas Edison put the first baseball game on film as early as 1898 and made the first comedy, *Casey at the Bat*, the following year. David Wark Griffith filmed *In Old Kentucky* in 1909, a melodrama in which the heroine replaces a crooked jockey at the last moment and wins the big race. Home Run Baker became the first famous athlete to turn movie actor when he starred in *The Short Stop's Double* in 1913. In *The Pinch Hitter* (1917) Charles Ray, who was a good baseball player in private life, is a country boy mercilessly hazed in college until remarkable coincidences leave him the only player available to bat with two out in the ninth inning.

As the years went on there were hundreds of others. But somewhere along the way sport movies became a special category of filmmaking, not quite as stylized as Westerns or serials, but nearly so. And they also began to form their own record in Hollywood annals—one of fiscal catastrophe. So many bad sport movies were made that they virtually died out as a popular art form. The culmination of it all was probably *The Babe Ruth Story*. It was so awful—and such a staggering box-office failure—that most of the big movie companies shuddered at the very sight of ball and bat. All told, there were only two baseball movies made in 14 years. When Ted Williams retired, Producer Spyros Skouras was approached with the idea of a film on Williams' career. "No, no," he said. "People wouldn't even go to see a baseball picture with Babe Ruth in it." In 1968 *Films in Review* analyzed almost a hundred old baseball pictures and commented editorially: "Baseball has been so indifferently dramatized it has practically been sabotaged." During the 1920s and 1930s there were, on the average, films about one sport or another released every other week, many of them with big-name stars and top directors. And almost always they were poison at the box office. Now sport films appear at the rate of one or two a year.



Sport and sentiment rarely mixed well, but Cooper as Gehrig was teary.

The familiar sport-movie product—the one about the star quarterback kidnapped on the eve of the big game, the boxer who is ordered to throw the championship fight by gangsters who have made off with his girl, the rookie pitcher who gets the big head—has disappeared. The bad repute of sports films is even seen in television reruns. In Los Angeles about 200 old movies are now projected each week on local TV stations. No more than a dozen are sports films. You can sometimes see them if you have insomnia—things like Clifford Odets' insufferably highbrow prizefighter in *Golden Boy* or Ronald Reagan making a comeback from drink as Grover Cleveland Alexander in *The Winning Team*, with Doris Day and the St. Louis Cardinals standing around looking embarrassed, or Pat O'Brien in *Knute Rockne—All-American*, with Reagan as the dying George Gipp.

If you prefer to sleep between 3 and 5 a.m. and are willing to pay $20 an hour for a projectionist, the film companies will sometimes dig into their archives and produce one of these turkeys for a private screening. If we had a decent economic system they would pay you $20 to watch them. In any case, after a few hours, no matter how camp your tastes, you are going to conclude that there is some better use for your money. All of which leaves unanswered the engaging, if somewhat esoteric, question: How did Hollywood and sport come to such an unpretty pass?

The first sports film ever made was shown in New York City in August 1894, four months after the first movie house opened. Michael Leonard and Jack Cushing, two lightweights, were filmed in a 10-round fight. It was a real fight—that is, there was no scenario—except that the ring was only 10 feet square so the camera could catch all the action. Leonard caught Cushing with a right to the jaw, Cushing dropped, and that was the end of the picture.

There happened to be an unusual theatrical interest in boxing that year. On the night of Sept. 3, 1894 three plays opened in New York starring fighters and ex-fighters. At Jacobs Theater, ex-champion John L. Sullivan opened in *A True American*. At the American Theater, James J. Corbett, then the champion, stepped forth in a revival of *Gentleman Jack*. Down on 14th Street, Steve Brodie, an ex-fighter not then famous for his real or imagined leap off Brooklyn Bridge, made his bow in *On the Bowery*. All on the same night. And all three were successful, at least at first. "Mr. Sullivan was manly," said a review, "and spoke his lines distinctly."

During those days boxing matches were stag affairs, so the simulated fights on the stage attracted audiences that had no opportunity to experience the real thing. But fight films ended the vogue for prizefights in the legitimate theater. Late in 1894 Corbett left the stage and traveled to Thomas Edison's new studio in New Jersey—built at a cost of $637—and made a fight film of his own, the second sports film ever made. Corbett, who was a good actor, took no chances. He picked an unknown Trenton heavyweight, Pete Courtney, for his opponent, and he prepared a script calling for him to knock out Courtney in the sixth round.

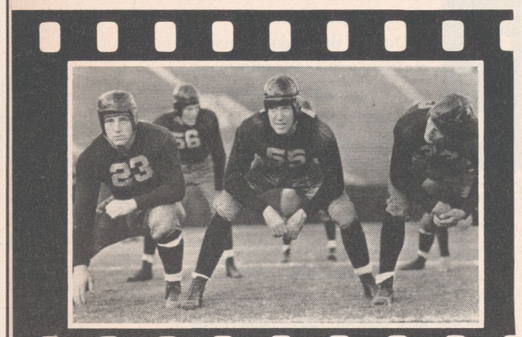
The shadowy background, the tense figures at ringside, the awkwardness of Courtney and the poise and stage presence of the champion made the occasion historic. And two influential developments in filmmaking were started by the picture: huge profits from a small investment and the practice of dubbing films after they were made.

The third fight film was shown six months after the Corbett-Courtney fight. It starred Young Griffo, an Australian featherweight, renowned as the fastest

continued

fighter of his time. "He was a marvel," said Corbett, who was very fast himself. Griffo was also an eccentric, even in that age of spectacularly individualistic fighters. He never trained, drank to excess and sometimes refused to sit in his corner between rounds, standing by the ropes and making speeches instead. His opponent was Charles Barnett, the setting was Madison Square Garden and Griffo quickly put Barnett away. The fight and the film lasted only four minutes.

There was another sports film made in 1895. It was essentially a newsreel—the 116th running of the Derby at Epsom Downs, a thriller won by Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto. This marked horse racing's debut on the screen. Twelve sports events were filmed in 1896. By 1898 Edison was able to persuade a Newark amateur baseball team to play before the camera in the backyard of his home.



"Navy Blue and Gold" could have sunk young Jimmy Stewart.

One of the many paradoxes in movie history is that these early films are better preserved than those made after the movies became big business. Film cost a lot, so the pioneer moviemakers deposited paper prints of their reels with The Library of Congress for copyright purposes, and these lasted long after the old nitrate films disintegrated. Now the paper prints have been remade into movies and The Library of Congress has a superb collection of films dating up to 1912. But after that there are almost none until 1939.

By 1904, or 10 years after the first was shown, there were about a hundred sports movies on view. They amounted to an early version of ABC television's *Wide World of Sport*. Moviegoers could see a cockfight, a hurdle race, a harness race, a game of jai alai, a caber toss, a crew race, a practice session of the unbeaten Yale football team and various oddities, including something entitled *A Unique Race Between Elephant, Bicycle, Camel, Horse and Automobile*. Most of these are of interest only as social history, like *Casey at the Bat*, the comedy that Edison made in 1899. Whatever Edison's genius, it did not include a sense of comedy, but his film of the old poem was inadvertently funny. The pitcher lofts the ball very slowly, so the camera can follow it. Casey swings at everything, missing so badly that his reputation as a great slugger can only be accounted a mass delusion. After he strikes out, Casey argues with the umpire, stealthily crooking his leg behind the umpire's knee. When the official trips backward players rush in swinging, two well-dressed men wearing derbies appear mysteriously and join the fight and the movie ends in a confused pileup of struggling figures. As a dramatic effort, it could hardly have brought joy to Mudville.

The big financial successes were fight pictures, and the moviemakers began backing these and other sports events—much as television does today. The first movie-financed fight of substance was Bob Fitzsimmons against Peter Maher in Mexico on Feb. 21, 1896. The producers put up $10,000, and movie history lists it as a fiasco because Fitzsimmons knocked out Maher with the first punch. There was no fight to film. Sports history records the event somewhat differently. Maher was a tough Irish heavyweight; Fitzsimmons was lucky to have won their first fight by a knockout in the 12th round. For various legal reasons the 1896 fight was held in Mexico, across the Rio Grande from the town of Langtry, Texas (pop. 75). A special train carried 182 fight fans on a 16-hour trip from El Paso. They stumbled across a stretch of desert, descended a steep trail to the riverbed, waded and splashed to a heaving pontoon bridge across the flooded river and paid $20 for their tickets. They saw Maher rush out and land a left on Fitzsimmons' mouth. Fitzsimmons came back with a left and a right, but Maher smashed a left to Fitzsimmons' head. Fitzsimmons clinched. His nose and mouth were bleeding and he seemed badly shaken. He backed away when they broke, Maher following. Maher led with a left that missed. Fitzsimmons sidestepped and swung a right that caught Maher on the chin. Maher hit the canvas, going over backward. The moviemakers had wanted a real fight—no Corbett-Courtney scenario—and they certainly got one. But they wished they had used a script after all.

In addition to the sudden ending the sky was so stormy that nothing showed on the film except gray spectral shapes. So for the first time the weather had become a major factor in heavyweight fights. When Corbett defended his championship against Fitzsimmons in Carson City, Nev. in 1897, the New York *Herald*'s account of the fight began: "The day was clear and beautiful and just right for the kinetoscope." Corbett was knocked out in the 14th round, and, the paper reported, "The films alone should net a hundred thousand dollars to each pugilist." But sentiment soon turned against the moviemakers as fight promoters. When Terry McGovern fought Pedlar Palmer for the world bantamweight title in Tuckahoe, Sept. 12, 1899, the headlines went like this: MCGOVERN KNOCKS OUT PALMER FOR THE BENEFIT OF PICTURE MEN.

The movies were now being patronized by sports fans who questioned official decisions. For example, the decision in the 25-round fight of Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey at Coney Island in 1899—awarded to Jeffries—was so bitterly resented that the opening of the film on Broadway, the first time a movie was presented as a complete theatrical performance, was packed with Sharkey partisans who threatened to riot over visual evidence that their man had won.

continued



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The great barroom argument of the time was whether Domino or Henry of Navarre won their match race. This was the race that immortalized George E. Smith, later known as Pittsburgh Phil. He stood impassively munching figs at the rail as the horses crossed the line in what the judges ruled was a dead heat. Smith had bet $100,000 on Domino and, by keeping his cool, became the prototype of innumerable steely-eyed movie gamblers who risked fortunes with less agitation than the average citizen feels when ordering a steak. A melodrama, *The Suburban* (written by the same Charles Dazey who wrote *In Old Kentucky*), was a hit. It was made into a movie with King Baggott, the first of the male movie stars, and retitled *The Kentucky Derby*. With this the gambler as a Pittsburgh Phil type became a movie fixture: he appeared in *The Thoroughbred*, in *Princess O'Hara*, in *Sporting Blood* (with Clark Gable) and right down to *Saratoga*, the classic of the type, the movie Jean Harlow was making when she died.

Addie Kessel and Charley Bauman were two gambling contemporaries of Pittsburgh Phil. A recent movie history disparages them as "a pair of credit bookies," but in fact they were well-known operators, though not plungers. Adam Kessel was born in 1866 and grew up in Brooklyn, where he and his brothers had a small printing business. As a sideline they turned out a sheet of baseball scores and race results called the *Sporting Gazette*, which they distributed in pool halls and barbershops throughout New York City. "This brought us into a sporting crowd," Kessel said, "and what with one thing and another we began making book."

Kessel was tall, slim, wiry and wore a small mustache, the classic gambler's get-up. Bauman was short, dark, and heavy-set, a Brooklyn boy who claimed to have gotten his start as a streetcar conductor pocketing coins handed him for fares. Among their customers at the track was Charlie Streimer, who, in 1907, operated a small film exchange and who owed them $2,500. Unable to pay, Streimer made them partners in his firm. Soon Kessel was head of the New York Motion Picture Corp., with an office on 14th Street near Tom Sharkey's saloon. Prospering, he opened another office near the theatrical district. Two of his brothers did the office work, and Kessel himself lived in considerable style at the Hotel Savoy.

By now the movies were becoming a sizable business. A survey of fire hazards in New York in 1908 revealed the astonishing fact that there were 180 movie houses in the city. But there were only half a dozen movie producers. One of them, a Chicago-based firm owned by Colonel William Selig, had profits of $5,000 a week. Yet the whole movie business was hampered by uncertainty over patents and copyrights. An exhibitor could rent or buy a film and then make as many copies of the film as he wanted.

By the time Kessel and Bauman became moviemakers it was impossible to film a subject of immediate interest, such as a fight picture, and not have it duplicated within 24 hours. Adding to the confusion was the practice of some pioneer movie men, notably Sigmund Lubin, a Philadelphia optician, of reenacting fights. He hired actors who went through the motions of the fighters as the round-by-round newspaper accounts described them. He reenacted the 42-round fight of Joe Gans and Battling Nelson in Goldfield, Nev. that was Tex Rickard's first promotion, the fight of Jimmy Britt and Nelson for the lightweight championship, the George Dixon-Terry McGovern fight that ended when Dixon's manager threw in the towel so Dixon could keep his record of never having been knocked down, the Corbett-Kid McCoy fight that was rumored to have been fixed until the punishment that McCoy took made it plain he was really trying. When Harry Thaw shot Stanford White in Madison Square Garden, Lubin even reenacted that, giving unsuspecting customers the impression he had a camera on hand as the murder took place.

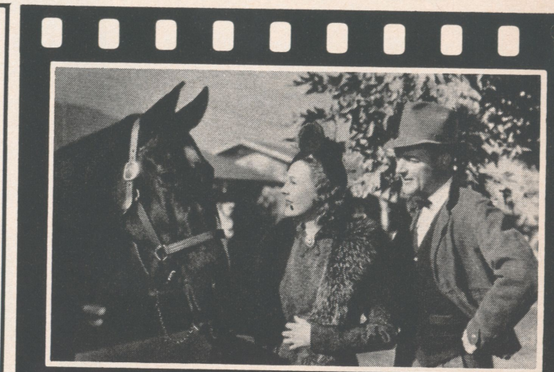
In December 1908 the major film companies organized a trust, the Motion Picture Patents Company. They agreed to pay Edison royalties and were in effect licensed by him. More than 10,000 exhibitors in the U.S. paid $2 a week for the right to use projectors and to rent films. To further control output, the trust bought up the entire film output of the Eastman Kodak Company, the only U.S. producer of motion picture film. Edison got a royalty of one-half cent per foot for all the film used, amounting to about $500,000 a year. In 1912 antitrust laws dissolved the organization, but in the intervening period all filmmakers outside the trust worked at a decided disadvantage.

Meanwhile, sports was, in a way, getting a New York vaudeville performer, Mack Sennett, into the movie business. Sennett owed Kessel and Bauman so much money from his racetrack bets that they could see no way to get the money except to put Sennett to work making movies out West. With Sennett when he reluctantly headed for California was Mabel Fortescue, known as Mabel Normand, a winning little 17-year-old girl who had been working as a model in New York. Also in the company was Fred Mace, later well-known as the villain who used to drop safes and other heavy objects on Charlie Chaplin. He was then famous as the leading man in *The Umpire*, a musical comedy that had a record-breaking run of 350 performances in Chicago.

A little later Kessel sent Charlie Chaplin himself to join Sennett. Chaplin's film career had an exceptional beginning. He did not owe Kessel any money. Kessel's brother Charles happened to catch Chaplin's vaudeville act and asked Kessel to hire him, which he did for $150 a week, or $85 more a week than Chaplin was getting. Soon Keystone included Charles Murray, Louise Fazenda, Fatty Arbuckle, Gloria Swanson, Chester Conklin, Ben Turpin, Mack Swain, Hank Mann, Marie Dressler, Ford Sterling and Henry Lehrman, an Austrian army officer known as Pathé Lehrman because he claimed to be able to operate a French-made (and hence patent-free) Pathé movie camera. (He couldn't.) So the Keystone comedies began, founded by a pair of New York bookies who were to make as important a contribution to popular art as anyone in their time. For this reason alone it is possible to argue that the movies took far more out of sport than they ever gave back.

I estimate that I went through about a hundred old sports movies in the course of this study, and I came away with one strong impression: the shows were by and large entertaining when they were comedies—or melodramas—and di asters when they were tragic or sentimental. The movie colony was simply too knowing about sports to shed an honest tear over a horse race or a football game. On the stage it was different. In the durable stage plays, such as Paul Armstrong's *Blue Grass*, or Cecil Raleigh's *Sporting Life* or Rida Johnson Young's *Brown of Harvard*, the sports events took place offstage, with only a portion of the crowd shown responding to victory or defeat. But in the movies the audience was right in the ring or the backfield, and the transition from violent action to profound emotion was never pulled off convincingly. The moviemakers, wrapped up in sports themselves, couldn't fake it.

This Los Angeles fascination with sport even predated the arrival of the movie men. In 1910 Los Angeles had a population of 319,000—there's a statistic that can stop a man. Los Angeles fight crowds soon became bigger than those in New York or Chicago. (By 1925 the two fight arenas in Los Angeles were drawing a total of 610,000, compared to 120,000 for Madison Square Garden and 104,000 for Chicago Stadium.) The movie people simply picked up the sport tempo. Jim Jeffries' saloon became the most popular bar in town. Jack Root, the former light heavyweight champion who ran the Olympic arena, had been filmed in one of the earliest of fight pictures. Tom McCarey—"the greatest fight promoter in the world," according to Bill Henry, the sports editor of the *Los Angeles Times*—was a distinguished, silver-haired diplomat whose two sons, Leo and Ray, went on in time to direct some of the few good sports films that were made. Fred Newmeyer, who became a director and scriptwriter for Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton, was a southpaw pitcher with Denver in the American Association who spent the winters as an extra on the Universal lot. Ted Wilde, another baseball enthusiast, became a gag writer for Lloyd. Wilde eventually became a director and made a pleasant comedy, *Babe Comes Home*, starring Babe Ruth. It was the slugger's only untroubled and profitable connection with the movies.



"Breezing Home" starred Wendy Barrie —and the odor blew in off the barn.

Some of the people who eventually made sport movies were already living in Los Angeles when the filmmakers arrived. Sam Wood, who became the best known of this group, was a high school dropout from Philadelphia who drifted to Los Angeles in 1901, became a real-estate dealer and got into movies in 1914 as an aide to Cecil B. DeMille. Wood had played football and baseball in Philadelphia and won a rowing championship. He also boxed at the Los Angeles Athletic Club and played baseball on the club team. As a moviemaker he directed Wallace Reid in his pioneer auto-racing picture, *Double Speed*. This established him as a specialist in sports films, a reputation that lasted throughout his long career. He even directed Ramon Novarro, a rival of Valentino, in a football picture, *For Glory and the Girl*, and helped Robert Montgomery, another actor unlikely to be cast as a football player, through *So This Is College*. It was Wood who directed the Marx brothers in *A Day at the Races*.

Actually, Wood had no fondness for sport films, but one just seemed to lead to another. When he wanted Gary Cooper to star in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Goldwyn told him he would not lend Cooper unless Wood agreed to first direct Cooper in *Pride of the Yankees* for Goldwyn. That film, based on the life and death of Lou Gehrig, did manage to blend baseball and sentiment with a certain degree of success.

Tom McCarey's son Leo first worked as a Los Angeles sportswriter. He started his directing career with a college football comedy, *The Sophomore*, became celebrated for *Ruggles of Red Gap* and went on to direct the Marx brothers and Laurel and Hardy. The latter, in one of their best comedies, *Should Married Men Go Home?*, had Laurel as an elegantly attired golfer with an uncanny resemblance to Fred Astaire get involved in an epic mud-throwing scene on a golf course. The brawl started when Laurel tried to replace a toupee that had fallen off Edgar Kennedy's head. He inadvertently picked up a toupee-like area of turf, a glorious sort of divot that had daisies growing from the closecropped grass, and placed it on Kennedy's head, causing Kennedy to go into his famous slow burn. Ray McCarey also mixed sport and comedy successfully, especially in a funny film about the Dodgers, *It Happened in Flatbush*, that stood out in the dismal record of movies about baseball.

Nor did the British actors in Los Angeles residence ignore the sporting scene. There was the Hollywood Cricket Club set, led by C. Aubrey Smith, who usually played the role of an English lord with a drooping mustache. Smith had once competed for England in inter-

continued

national matches. The spectators at the cricket club's games included the likes of P. G. Wodehouse, Basil Rathbone, David Niven, Errol Flynn and Victor McLaglen, who had been a boxer and once fought an exhibition match with Jack Johnson before Johnson became world champion.

The history of the movies might well have been different had it not been for handball. Harold Lloyd and Hal Roach were handball players, and the 1936 national handball championships were held on Lloyd's private court. The locker-room crowd at the Los Angeles Athletic Club included such diverse types as comedian Snub Pollard, director Charles Ruggles and David Butler, a one-time theater manager and local handball champion who became another prime director of sports films.

It was Butler who gave sports movies a sudden boost in 1936—after they were thought to be hopelessly outdated—when he put together *Pigskin Parade*, a musical about a small Texas college that received, by mistake, an invitation to play Yale and hastily assembled a football team built around a cantaloupe tosser from the farmlands. The movie was quickly and inexpensively made, with Stuart Erwin and Betty Grable starring, and was an enormous financial success, in part because of the singing of a 14-year-old girl, Judy Garland, and in part because it expertly ridiculed the innumerable tedious college football movies of the past.

To this rather closely knit fraternity of sports-minded movie talent there came from outside a continual infusion of sports celebrity nontalent, and part of Hollywood's problem was its tendency to have stars in its own eyes when it dealt with the athletically famous. Among the early athlete-actors were Jim Corbett, who starred in a serial, *The Midnight Man*, in 1919 and Jess Willard, who had a brief film career in *Heart Punch*. Jack Dempsey was once cast as a football player, surrounded by the University of Southern California team, but survived this dreadful artistic moment to make an adequate serial, *Daredevil Jack*. Johnny Mack Brown made such an impression on Hollywood with his last-minute touchdown passes when Alabama beat Washington 20–19 in the 1926 Rose Bowl that the movie colony never let him go; he jumped to stardom as Marion Davies' leading man in *The Fair Coed* and then faded into Westerns and serials. Babe Ruth struck out in a Hollywood venture that ended with him suing the movie company for $250,000 and the company suing him for $50,000. Lou Gehrig made one film, a weird mixture of tropical isles, cowboys and baseball, called *Hawaiian Buckaroo*.



Nelson Eddy was dreamy with Eleanor Powell.

But the high point came when Red Grange, riding a tidal wave of publicity, made *One Minute to Play*. The film was hastily shot at Pomona College and cost less than $100,000. It grossed $750,000, and Grange was immediately cast in a big auto-racing feature, with Jobyna Ralston as his leading lady. Famous race drivers were added to the cast. As one historian noted, "It looked like a perfect setup for success, but the fates decreed otherwise." One instrument of the fates was Joseph P. Kennedy. He was reorganizing Film Booking Offices, the company making the movie, and became involved in a quarrel with Grange's manager, who wanted a percentage of the take for Grange. Kennedy ordered that Grange be dropped to a minor role in the billing and, except for a slight return when Glenn Davis almost married Elizabeth Taylor, running backs were benched by Hollywood until Jim Brown kissed Raquel Welch.

Were the critics right in condemning the sports movies as bombs? Was the public correct in avoiding Hollywood's best sporting efforts as stinkers? Was *Variety* speaking for the entire sports movie genre when it dismissed *Saturday's Heroes* with "Pic is crammed with hoke"? Face up to it. The answer to all three questions is yes. Hoke is nothing new for Hollywood, but Hollywood was never able to fuse hoke and sports in the way it fused hoke and every other human endeavor. The proof? Close your eyes, pretend your TV is tuned in on the *Very, Very, Very Late Show*, and imagine the scene as:

Jimmy Stewart, beginning his otherwise distinguished career, is a football player in *Navy Blue and Gold*. And what is it that the old Captain (Lionel Barrymore) is saying to him? "As long as you wear the Navy uniform nobody cares whether you win or lose. But Navy cares greatly how you play the game!"

The trainer, leaning on the fence next to Wendy Barrie in *Breezing Home*, observes that the Thoroughbred is nature's noblest creation. And what's that Wendy is saying? "Don't ever change, Steve; don't ever stop thinking that."

Nelson Eddy, that toothy musical-comedy baritone, is cast as a West Point football hero in *Rosalie*. He hurries to Vassar after winning the big game, posts himself beneath Eleanor Powell's window and sings:

I'm your dream soldier
Reporting for duty. . . .

It is *The Babe Ruth Story*. William Bendix, playing Ruth, leans forward to speak to a boy who has been hopelessly crippled all his life. "Hiya, kid," says the Babe. The words so inspire the youngster that he rises from his wheelchair and walks.

Oh, yes, he does, sports-movie fans. Yes, he does.

End

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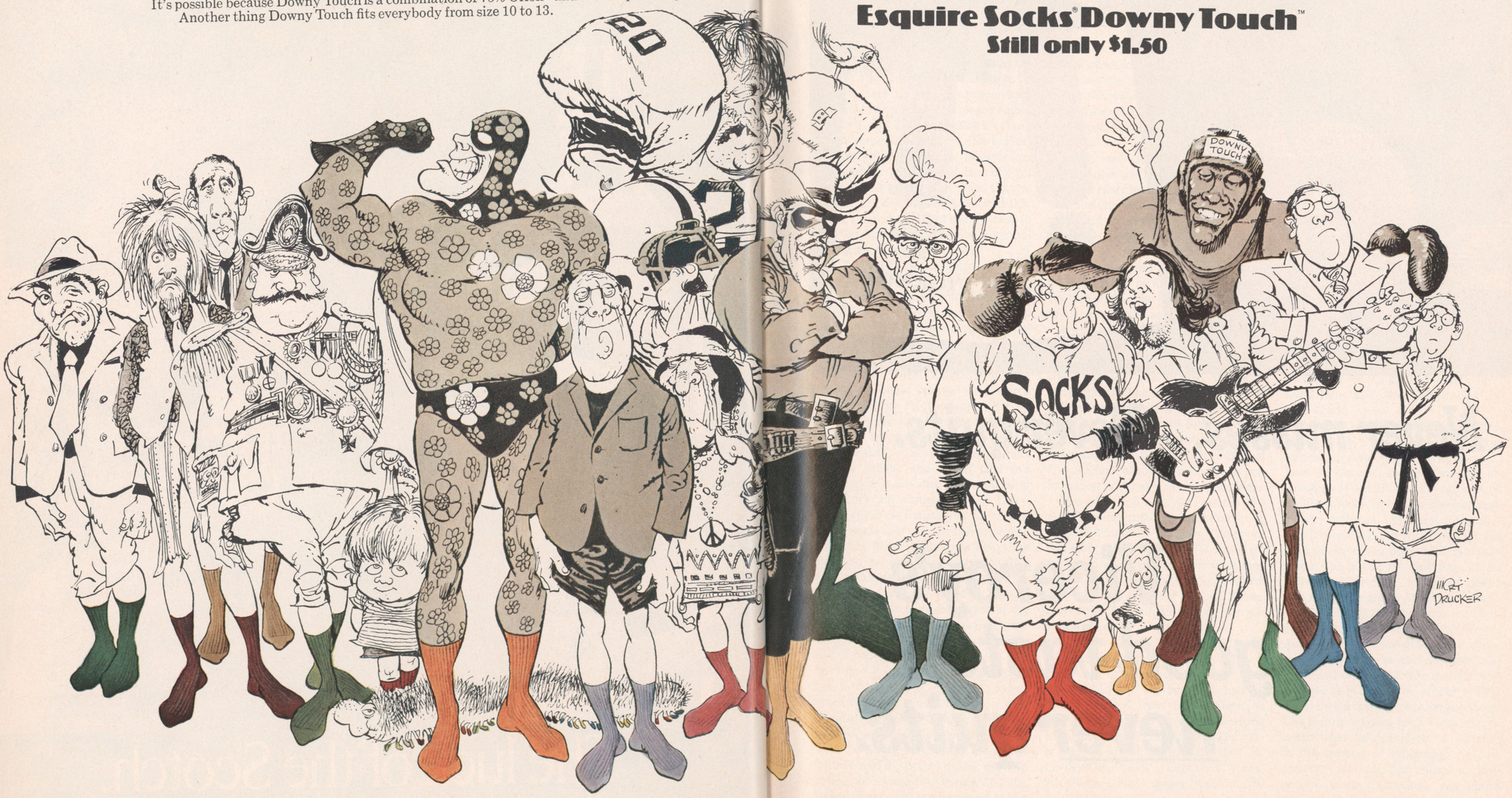
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A Posh Game in a Posh Town

It was precisely the proper setting for the first international polo match in the U.S.: exclusive Newport, R.I. in 1886

by JOHN HANLON

Fittingly for its reputation as an aristocratic game, the first international polo match in North America was played in 1886 at Newport, R.I., then in its heyday as the favorite resort of high society. The match was between the Hurlingham Club of England and New York's Westchester Polo Club.

The arrangements for the event were made by Griswold Lorillard of the tobacco family, who had homes both in New York City and Newport. He had been a dinner guest one evening that June at the Hurlingham clubhouse in Fulham, near London, and mentioned that polo was played, and played rather well, in the U.S. This caused a certain insular surprise among his hosts. Hurlingham was, so to speak, the supreme headquarters of polo and had not yet heard that its game had reached the emigrants. The club officers suggested that perhaps they could send over a team to play the Americans if suitable financial arrangements could be made.

In Lorillard's set financial arrangements could always be made. The minutes of the Westchester Polo Club's meeting of June 4, 1886, in the firm, round hand of F. Gray Griswold, the club secretary-treasurer, records:

"Letter received from T. Shaw Safe, Hurlingham Club, England, asking whether we could arrange for a match with team from England and what we could propose toward their expenses. The secretary was instructed to inform Mr. Safe that . . . we would gladly play them in August and would land five members, five servants, five grooms in New York and return them to Liverpool, paying all freight and passages."

The terms met with British approval. Subsequently the Westchester Polo Club elected to put up a cup, costing $1,000, to be emblematic of the championship of the two countries. The best two-of-three matches were to be played at the club's summer grounds in Newport starting the last week of August—at the very peak of Newport's season.

Newport's brilliant, pleasure-fraught days and evenings, as Henry James termed them, began usually at noon, with the gathering of the cottagers at Newport Casino. There, to the scrapings of Mullaly's String Orchestra, off somewhere behind the potted palms, the elite strolled the Horseshoe Piazza and the tennis grounds, exchanging gossip of last night's gala, planning lunch and afternoon diversions and, of course, the evening's schedule.

Dinner was at 8 if one was going elsewhere afterward, 9 if nothing additional was arranged. Galas began at midnight and ended at dawn, if then. And hostesses vied with one another to stage spectaculars, such as unloosing thousands of butterflies at the height of dinner or having a silver bucket and shovel at each place setting so that guests, on signal, could dig for jewels buried in a sand-pile that ran down the center of the table. One cottager, Mrs. Pembroke Jones, used to say that she always set aside $300,000 at the beginning of every Newport season just for entertaining. Some thought she was scrimping.

Sports were large among the daily diversions. In addition to the usual tennis week—involving the national championship—the golf, the fishing, the horse show and the like, the summer of 1886 offered another America's Cup race, preceded by trials in which four American contenders battled for the privilege of defending against the British challenger *Galatea*, and, of course, the new and perhaps most posh entry, international polo.

The American team was chosen in a weirdly complicated system of balloting by club members. Thomas Hitchcock was named captain. He was the most experienced of American poloists, having played the game while attending Oxford. The other players were Foxhall Keene, Raymond Belmont, Edwin K. Morgan and William K. Thorn Jr.

The British players, Hurlingham members all, were army officers, with the exception of the team captain, John Watson, a polo buff supreme who had recently returned from India, where he had gone simply to play polo, and the team substitute T. Shaw Safe. The other team members: Captain the Hon. R. Lawley, 7th Hussars, Captain T. Hone, 9th Hussars, and Captain Malcolm Little, 7th Hussars.

The British group sailed on the Cunard steamship *Servia* on Aug. 7 and had an extremely rough crossing. Their 15 ponies had been placed upon the National Line's *Erin*, sailing at an earlier date, and that vessel encountered relatively good weather. On their arrival at Newport, the players took lodging at the Ocean House Hotel, the town's best, of course, and "were at once the cynosure of neighboring eyes," in the view of *Field*, a London magazine.

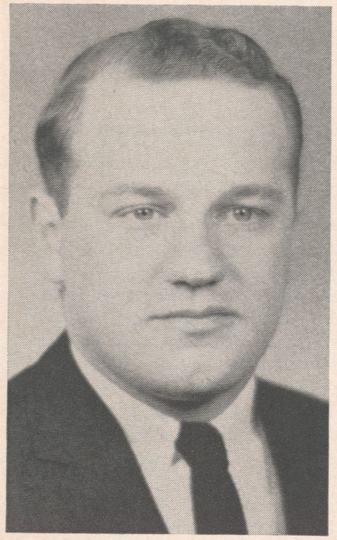
The first polo match was scheduled for Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 4 p.m. By 3 o'clock the three main roads to Izzard's Field were jammed with all manner of conveyance: at least a dozen four-in-hand coaches, many park phaetons, barouches, buggies, curricles, carryalls, jumpers of every style, men and women on horseback and even mobs on foot. Most of the last named were the townspeople, off for the appropriately named Dead Head Hill, which overlooked Izzard's Field.

Below them, a Providence *Journal* reporter wrote, "was a sight never before witnessed, even in gay Newport. . . . The attendance composed the entire assemblage of wealth, beauty, culture and fashion which Newport's summer population can boast, and that is not small." The Union Jack and the American flag were displayed on poles near the clubhouse, along with the club flags of the participants—yellow for Westchester, blue for Hurlingham. Mullaly's Orchestra was present and playing, the clubhouse porch was filled and the fleet of spectator vehicles was drawn up two and three rows deep at the east side and south end of the field. The moment was at hand in precisely the proper setting.

But then a small unpleasantness arose. The British captain, John Watson, protested what he considered a variance in the method of officiating. As customary, each side had named an umpire to work the match, and above them, functioning as sort of the court of last appeal, was the referee, in this case

continued

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an American, S. Howland Robbins Jr.

Watson's complaint was that Robbins should take his post in a stand at the field's edge and not, as he was for this day, on horseback. It seemed a thoroughly minor point to the Americans, hardly more than a technicality, but not to Watson. He notified the committee that his team "positively would refuse to play" if the change was not made. This put the committee in something of a bind, for here they were, with the clan gathered, their club and selves caught with transportation expenses of several thousand dollars, not to mention the cost of partying the visitors—and now a walkout threatened.

The only course was to rig a makeshift stand and place Robbins therein, which they did. The match began with a charge; that is, a race by one member of each team, starting from opposite ends of the field, to reach and gain control of the ball placed at the center of the field. Foxhall Keene was the choice to go it for the Americans, against Captain Little. Keene won the dash and, furthermore, with three beautifully deft strokes scored a goal in the stunning time of 24 seconds.

Applause, which costs nothing, arose from Dead Head Hill. An excited buzz came from the spectators around the field and, on the piazza, Mullaly's Orchestra struck up *Yankee Doodle*. The charge was omitted when play was resumed, and within 45 seconds Captain Little tied the score for the British. Again Dead Head Hill applauded in a nonpartisan spirit, and this time the band played *God Save the Queen*.

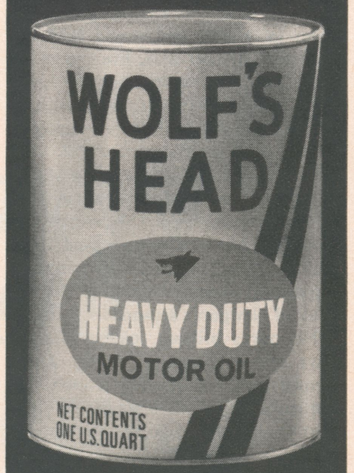
In the next period the British began to get organized as a team and Watson, as an individual, played superbly. In one skirmish he broke his mallet, but, as a reporter put it, "electrified the spectators by making a brilliant stroke with the broken stick." For all that, the next goal went to the Americans, made by Thomas Hitchcock. And one minute after that Keene scored and made it 3–1, Americans. The audience was thrilled at this completely unexpected development. It lasted only a moment, however.

Two goals down, the Englishmen simply got cracking. "They began to show some of their magnificent team play," one account noted. "In this they far surpassed the Americans, who played well individually but with little passing or teamwork." The same reporter men-

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tioned, almost parenthetically, that the British began to get in "some sly work in heading off and obstructing their opponents." By early in the second of the three periods of 20 minutes each, the British tied the score on a goal by John Watson, and then Watson made it 4–3. The final score was 10–4 in favor of the British.

Saturday's crowd at Izzard's Field far surpassed that of Wednesday's, with carriages four deep and twice as numerous this time. Dead Head Hill was more crowded and more responsive than previously. At game time a light fog hung on the field and, as play progressed, became more dense, until at the end it interfered with both view and comfort and caused many to leave before the finish.

There was really not much to stay around for, from the American standpoint. As in the first match, Foxhall Keene and Captain Little staged the opening charge and, as before, Keene was first to the ball and even propelled it downfield with two fine strokes. But there he encountered the ubiquitous John Watson, who took it from him and started proceedings that led to a goal for the British, scored by Captain Lawley. The same man scored the second, and the British ran off two more before Keene, whose play was adjudged the strongest and most effective throughout for the American side, managed to drive one home.

From that point, however, it was a rout, as the English ran the score to 10–1 and finally 14–2. Nonetheless, there were two satisfactions for the Americans, small but telling. For one, they managed to hold the British scoreless for the last 17 minutes and 17 seconds of the match. For the other, they as a team, and Keene as an individual assigned to guard him, were able to contain John Watson and, in the doing, stir him to a monumental pique.

The Westchesterites adopted what might be termed their "get-Watson" policy about the time the score had reached 10–1, and something different was demanded of the Americans, obviously. Mainly, they zeroed in on Watson, and Keene was assigned the task of staying with him and badgering his every move. This irritated and then infuriated Watson to the point that, as a reporter put it, "he lost his temper and lost friends, as well."

Watson had been building toward

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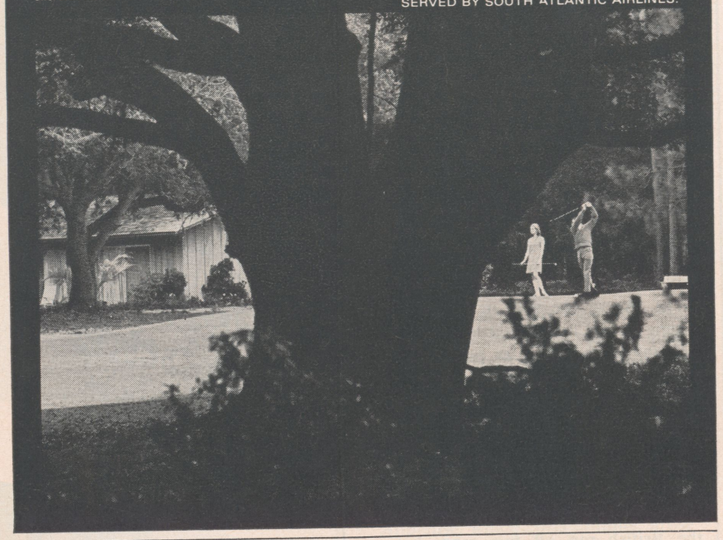
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both, it must be said, since the beginnings of the first match. His complaint about Referee Robbins' place on the field raised many an eyebrow and his method of directing his own team's operations caused much comment.

"Big John Watson, their captain, directed and encouraged his men, not always in Sunday school superintendent language," reported James Gordon Bennett's paper, the New York *Herald*. Another paper described Watson's harangues to his teammates as being delivered "in language more forcible than elegant when they fail to get advantage of their opponents, and they seemed afraid of him."

At any rate, during the latter stages of the Saturday match, with Keene guarding him unremittingly, Watson blew up, stopped the game and excitedly claimed a foul on Keene. This struck the audience as gauche, since the Hurlingham group was leading 11–2 at the time and the $1,000 Westchester Cup was virtually theirs for the packing. Watson's claim was taken to the referee for a ruling. The claim was disallowed.

The British players did not linger overly long at Newport, but they did take part in one final social and financial coup. They put up at auction their ponies, complete with saddles, bridles and, in a few cases, even blankets. The sale took place at a Newport stable and, as with everything else connected with the Hurlingham visit, it was a social triumph. Carriages lined the street in the vicinity of the auction site, and everyone who was anyone was in attendance, including all members of the English team except Captain Hone. John Watson was most prominently in evidence, sitting hard by the auctioneer during almost every minute of the doings. Eleven of the 15 ponies were purchased, with miscellaneous equipment, and the lot was knocked down for $5,476, not including one horse taken off the list and later sold at a private sale on private terms to August Belmont Jr.

A few days afterward the British started for home, with a sightseeing visit scheduled for Saratoga before sailing, and with much that must have pleased them. They had had themselves a time; their home-going expenses were previously covered. They had fresh money in pocket and the $1,000 cup in hand. In all ways they had carried the day.

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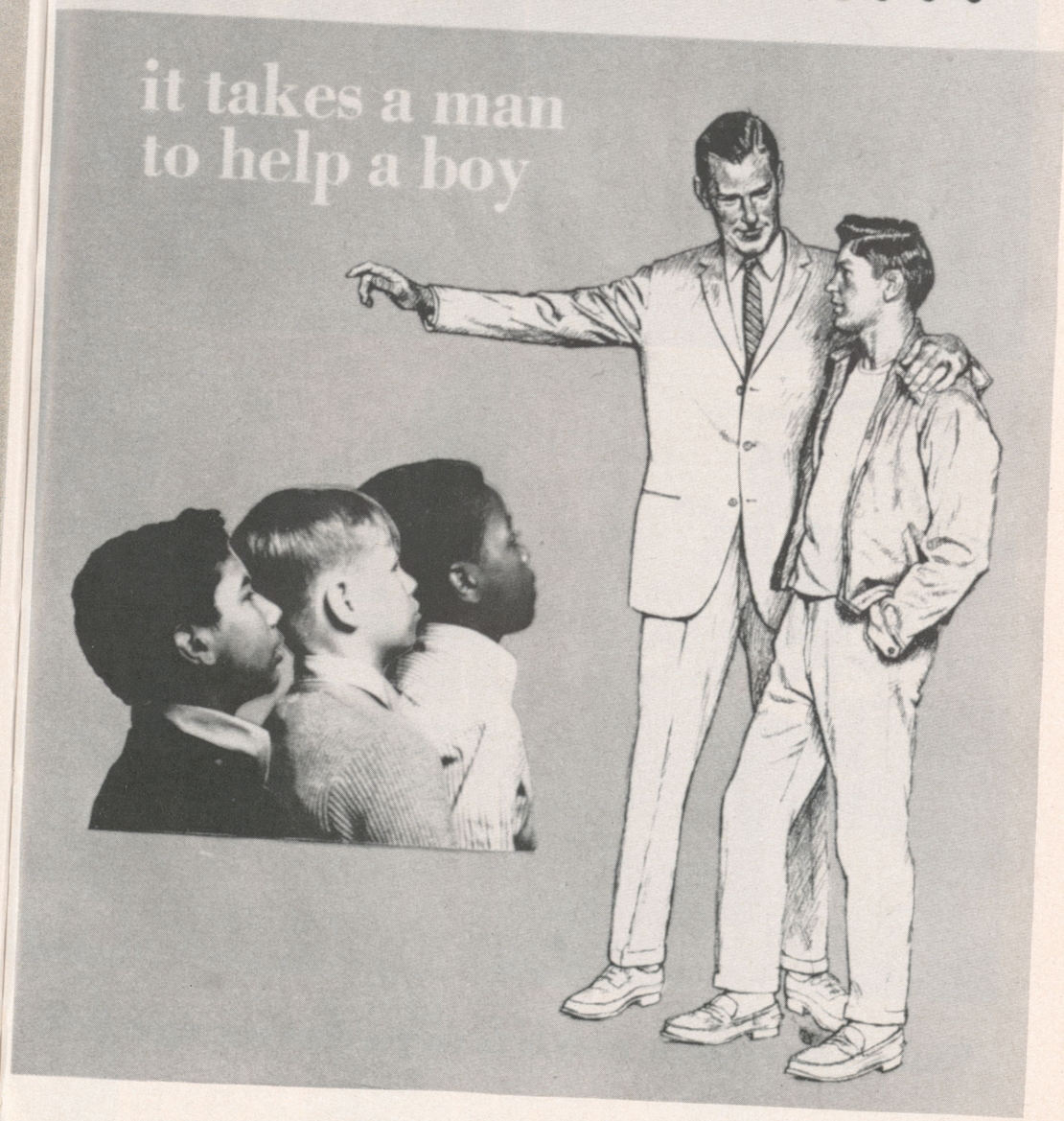
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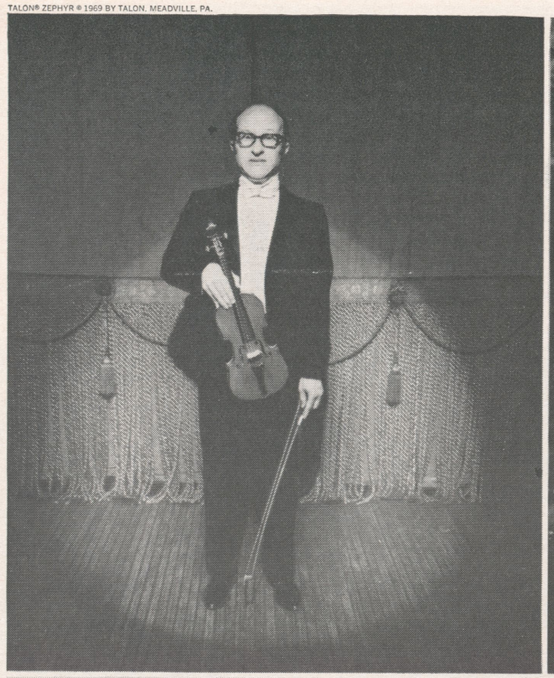
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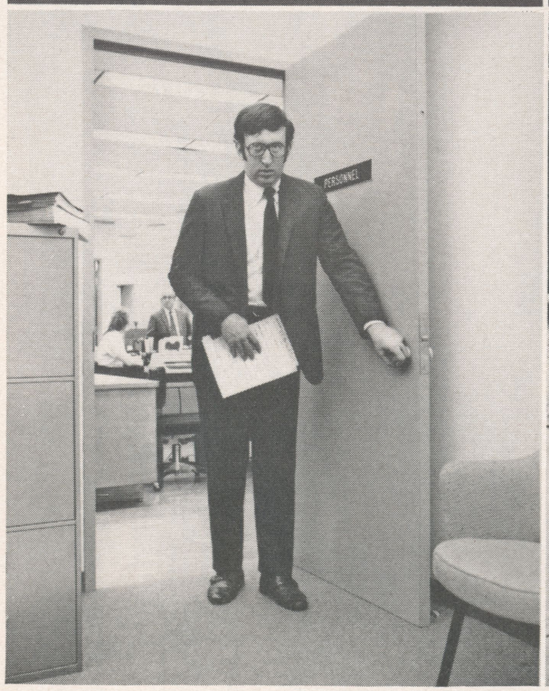
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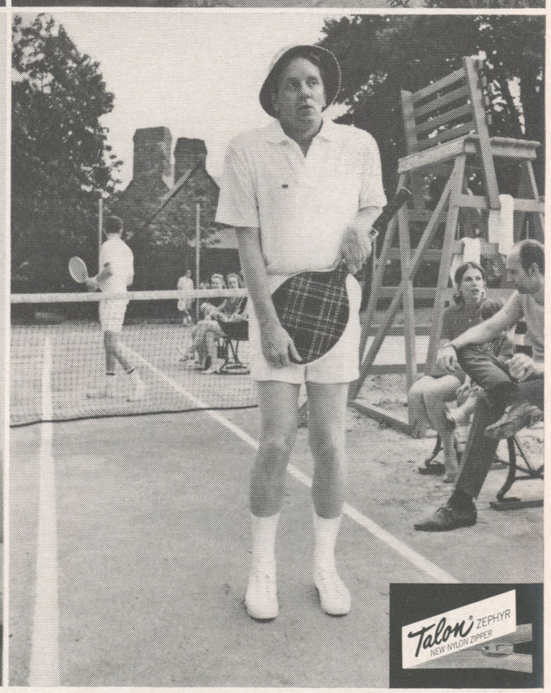


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOXING—JERRY QUARRY knocked out Brian London in the confused second round of a non-title bout in Oakland, then unconvincingly announced his retirement at age 24, claiming his hands hurt. The second-round bell sounded after London had been dropped for an eight count, but the timekeeper admitted he rang too soon and the round continued. Irish Jerry said he plans to study mechanical engineering and act. "If the acting part doesn't turn out," he said, "I've still got two years to reach my peak as a fighter."

SHOZO SAIJO, world featherweight champion from Japan, scored a second-round knockout over Jose Pimental of Mexico in a 15-round title bout at Sapporo, Japan.

FOOTBALL—DALLAS, led by 1963 Heisman Trophy winner Roger Staubach after regular Quarterback Craig Morton went out with a dislocated finger, overcame a three field goal lead by New York and beat the Jets 25–9. In addition to Morton, the Cowboys lost Bob Hayes with a shoulder separation, and the Jets had six men hurt (rookie Mike Battle's nose was broken for the eighth time). Joe Namath wisely stayed out of the mayhem to save his knees for the games that count. Alvin Haymond ran back a kickoff 84 yards to a touchdown sending LOS ANGELES on its way to a 50–20 rout of Buffalo. The Bills' O. J. Simpson, familiar with the Coliseum turf, went him one better with an 85-yard return, but it was called back part of the way because he stepped out of bounds en route. HOUSTON rolled over New Orleans 30–14, helped by a 76-yard punt return by rookie Jerry Levias from SMU. KANSAS CITY won its sixth straight exhibition game 14–10 over Atlanta. Defensive Tackle Curly Culp intercepted a pass and returned it six yards for the deciding touchdown. MIAMI finally found out what victory tasted like, shutting out Boston 13–0, and rookie Quarterback Greg Cook (from the University of Cincinnati) continued to look good in the CINCINNATI Bengals' 13–11 win over Denver (*page 26*). Cook threw a 79-yard TD pass to Bob Trumpy. GREEN BAY's Travis Williams kept on showing his old rookie form, dashing for 10- and 44-yard touchdowns in the third period as the Packers beat Pittsburgh 31–19. CLEVELAND defeated Washington 20–10. MINNESOTA had some second stringers in long enough for the New York Giants to close the gap, but the Vikings gave their former quarterback, Fran Tarkenton, a 28–27 disappointment in Minneapolis. There seems to be no stopping DETROIT Cornerback Lem Barney, who has gained 173 yards on defensive efforts in five games. This time he returned an interception 95 yards to supplement Errol Mann's three field goals as the Lions came from behind to edge Philadelphia 23–21. In San Francisco ST. LOUIS Quarterback Charley Johnson threw touchdown passes of eight and five yards and ran two yards for another score as the Cardinals won 21–10 and kept the 49ers winless in five games.

GOLF—ORVILLE MOODY, the U.S. Open champion whose name makes him sound like the master of ceremonies for *Grand Ole Opry*, outshot a small field of big winners in the $77,500 World Series of Golf in Akron, Ohio with a final-round 67. His 36-hole total of 141 placed him two strokes below Masters' champ George Archer (still suffering from stomach trouble) and four strokes below British Open and PGA champs Tony Jacklin and Ray Floyd.

At Walled Lake, Mich. LARRY ZIEGLER won the $100,000 Michigan Golf Classic, beating ex-University of Houston star Homero Blancas on the second hole of a sudden-death playoff. Missourian Ziegler was so worn out before the last round that he entertained thoughts of packing up his clubs and going home. Tournament Supervisor George Walsh shocked the players when he revealed that the sponsors of the new tournament said they didn't have enough money to pay all the prizes.

HARNESS RACING—NEVELE PRIDE set his second world record of the week, winning the non-betting one-mile $15,000 Speedy Rodney Trot in 1:56⅗ on Saratoga Raceway's half-mile track. Earlier the 4-year-old bay colt, driven by Stanley Dancer, set a time-trial mark of 1:54⅕ for the mile at the Indiana State Fair, breaking Greyhound's 31-year-old record by ⅖ second.

HORSE RACING—SILENT SCREEN ($10.40) won the $366,075 nighttime seven-furlong Arlington-Washington Futurity at Arlington Park by eight lengths (*page 32*).

In another rich race for 2-year-olds, the $109,860 daytime Matron Stakes at Belmont Park, Alfred Vanderbilt's COLD COMFORT ($10.40) won by four lengths.

MOTOR SPORTS—JACKIE STEWART of Scotland clinched the world championship for Formula I cars with a narrow victory over Jochen Rindt in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. There are three events left in 1969, but Stewart's six grand prix wins and one second placed him far ahead with 60 points.

TENNIS—Australia won't have anything to do with the Davis Cup finals coming up, but players from Down Under dominated the U.S. Open in Forest Hills (*page 99*). MRS. MARGARET COURT won the women's championship, beating Nancy Richey of San Angelo, Texas 6–2, 6–2. But the big news was ROD LAVER, who successfully completed his second grand slam with a 7–9, 6–1, 6–2, 6–2 victory over countryman Tony Roche in the rain-interrupted men's final.

TRACK AND FIELD—KARIN BALZER of East Germany broke her own 100-meter hurdles world record with a 12.9 clocking at a meet in East Berlin. The old mark set in July was 13 seconds flat.

MILEPOSTS—KILLED: When the light plane in which he was a passenger crashed on farmland near Newton, Iowa, ROCKY MARCIANO, former heavyweight boxing champion of the world. The Rock, who was one day short of 46 when he died, won the title Sept. 23, 1952 with a 13th-round KO over Jersey Joe Walcott. He defended the title six times and retired undefeated on April 27, 1956 with a record of 49 wins in 49 bouts, 43 by knockouts. His victims besides Walcott included Joe Louis (making a comeback attempt) and Ezzard Charles (twice). He started boxing in the Army after playing high school football in Brockton, Mass. and trying out as a catcher with the Chicago Cubs. He turned pro in 1947 and won his first fight by a knockout, then scored 15 straight KOs starting the following year. He was elected to the Boxing Hall of Fame 10 years ago.

TRADED: To the Chicago Bulls, Forward CHET WALKER, 29, of the Philadelphia 76ers, who announced that he was "very unhappy with the deal" even though it takes him back to the state where he played college ball (Bradley University). Forward-Guard SHALER HALIMON also went to the Bulls in the exchange for Forward JIM WASHINGTON and a player to be named later.

SOLD: To the newly formed Thoroughbred Breeding Co., Ltd., OCALA STUD FARMS INC., Florida's top commercial breeder of Thoroughbreds. The 1,000-acre farm will retain its name and general manager, Joseph O'Farrell.

DIED: CARL KARILIVACZ, 38, a defensive back with the Detroit Lions (1953-57), New York Giants (1958) and Los Angeles Rams (1959-60), of a heart attack in Glen Cove, N.Y.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



MRS. SANDY ELOTT, 63, of College Park, Ga., won her second Senior Women's National Field Archery Championship in two years, at Watkins Glen, N.Y. She had a 435 average for 28 field and hunter targets and a 472 score on animal targets the final day.



JACK FAUNCE, a student at Foothill JC, won the International Life Guard Championship in Santa Barbara, Calif., earning 24 points in such events as the fireman's carry sprint and the swim rescue race. Earlier he took a first and two seconds at a state swim meet.



SANDY GLAFENHEIN, 10, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., who began swimming to correct an arch problem in her feet, won twice at a local meet, setting a U.S. age-group record in the 200-meter freestyle (2:27.2). She holds four such marks.



VANCE EBERLY, 10, of San Jose, Calif., took his 15-minute handicap and outran more than 1,200 competitors in the 6.8-mile cross-country run from Mill Valley, Calif. to Stinson Beach, coming in first with a time of 57:31. His mother and two sisters also run competitively.



NANCY LOPEZ, 12, of Roswell, N. Mex., won the state women's golf championship, defeating medalist Mary Bryan of Portales 10 and eight. Nancy's 75 on one round was only four strokes below the women's record on the University of New Mexico's course.



DR. RAYMOND LEBEL, who apparently handles his golf clubs as deftly as his dentist's drills, won his eighth straight Portland (Me.) Country Club championship. A seven and six final-match victory gave him his 14th PCC title in all. He has won the state amateur six times.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by KENT HANNON

AMERICAN LEAGUE

What was once the Western Division race suddenly began to look like a cakewalk, Eastern Division style. The season-long semi-suspense of Minnesota's (7-1) hassle with Oakland (2-6) pretty well ended in the 18th inning of a five-hour marathon played Saturday night in Oakland before only 17,600 fans. And for the second time in three games it was a home run by little Cesar Tovar that won the game 8–6 and most likely a playoff berth for the Twins. The A's left 18 men on base in the game, including 14 in the extra nine innings. Earlier in the week Tovar's 10th inning grand-slam home run had continued a five-game Minnesota winning streak. The homers overshadowed Oakland's win in the second game of the series and Reggie Jackson's 46th home run of the year. For a disappointed Jackson, usually the first to admit he is a streak hitter, it was his fifth home run in 35 games after hitting No. 41 on Aug. 2. Elsewhere in the West no one was doing exceptionally well, especially Seattle (3-5), which finally won at home after 15 consecutive defeats. Unimpressed, Mayor Floyd Miller announced he would begin proceedings to close the gates of Sicks' Stadium to the Pilots if they failed to provide the city with a promised $660,000 letter of credit and a $150,000 performance bond. Helping to pay their bills, the Pilots' front office sent Tommy Davis, his 81 RBIs and his big salary to Houston. Danny Walton, who was leading the American Association in homers and RBIs, came to Seattle in return and promptly hit two home runs. Chicago (3-4) had won seven out of 10 ball games before three defeats at the hands of California (4-5) put a stop to loose talk describing the White Sox as the "hot club" in Chicago. The Angels, with only 19 runs, did well to win four games, which was not much of a consolation for their best pitcher, Andy Messersmith, who lost a four-hitter to the Senators 2–0. Kansas City (4-5) could not mount the kind of drive that would assure the team of third place and a share of what little Series money goes with that kind of finish, but the Royals did get a three-hitter out of 25-year-old Roger Nelson and a five-hitter from Dick Drago two days later as the staff turned in three complete games. What excitement there was in the East was provided by Washington (5-3) and New York (5-3) battling spiritedly for fourth place. Senator right-hander Jim Hannan pitched his first complete game of the year, a three-hit shutout over the Angels, as Frank Howard smashed his 43rd home run. The Yankees briefly moved to within a game of the Senators, with Fritz Peterson and Stan Bahnsen tossing two- and three-hitters and Bobby Murcer getting three home runs. Baltimore (5-2), still winning two games for every loss, was 14½ games ahead of the Tigers and devastating when it had to be—as in a 5–4 victory over Detroit. Frank Robinson, Boog Powell and Brooks Robinson clouted successive homers to save that one in the ninth inning. Jim Palmer won his 10th game in a row and Mike Cuellar, who came to Baltimore for reserve outfielder Curt Blefary, won his 20th. Unlike other Oriole starters such as Dave McNally and Tom Phoebus, who have had trouble finishing, Cuellar has 16 complete games and 30 decisions in 34 starts. Detroit (4-5), with a rampaging Willie Horton (*below*) leading the way, had 16 home runs for the week and yet cheated the Tiger pitchers by scoring only 38 runs. Boston (4-3) won its 13th game in 20 starts but gained only two games in the standings. Cleveland (2-6) split a series with the Yankees while snapping an eight-game losing streak.

Standings—East: Balt 95-45, Det 80-59, Bos 74-63, Wash 72-68, NY 69-69, Clev 56-84. West: Minn 85-53, Oak 76-61, Cal 59-77, KC 56-82, Chi 54-82, Sea 52-85.

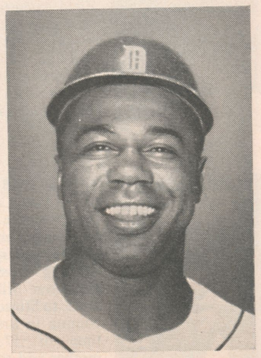
NATIONAL LEAGUE

Willie Davis had not had a hit in four at bats and his 30-game streak seemed over as Los Angeles (3-4) carried a 4–0 lead into the eighth inning against the Mets. But Dodger Pitcher Claude Osteen, working on a three-hit shutout, was abruptly solved for a pair of two-run homers, and Davis found himself with another chance to extend his new club record in the ninth. Maury Wills singled, moved up on a sacrifice and, when Met Manager Gil Hodges sportingly refused to walk Davis, scored on Davis' double to left. The streak ended short of a league record the next night, and the Dodgers did not win another game all week, dropping 2½ games out of the Western Division lead. However, there was little stopping Davis, who began a new streak with eight hits in three games and raised his season's average to .323. Cincinnati (3-3) pitchers kept the Reds in the pennant race, while the hitters produced only 22 runs. Jim Maloney and Gary Nolan threw the staff's second and third complete games in four weeks. Maloney's two-hitter followed a doubleheader loss, and Nolan's four-hitter was his third straight win. The Reds helped him with their fourth delayed steal of home. "It's a gamble," said Manager Dave Bristol, "but that's what life is." Phil Niekro of Atlanta (3-3) was the one singing *That's Life* the night before, when he beat Cincinnati 11–2 for the fifth time and did not allow a hit after Tony Perez belted a knuckleball into the seats in the first inning. "I knew they'd be looking for the knuckler," Niekro said after throwing the one hitter, "and I didn't know how long I could get away with hanging them. I had the best fastball I've had all year." San Francisco (4-3, *page 22*), formerly a lamb in Houston (3-3), finally came through after seven straight losses there, beating the Astros 7–6 in the second game of the series with the help of Willie Mays, who returned from a knee injury to ram a game-winning two-run triple. The Giants lost the third game, too, but could still afford to laugh at Relief Pitcher Ron Herbel's gag. His only two hits had come in the Astrodome. "I'm strictly an indoor hitter," he said. San Diego (6-4) played its best ball of the season, surprising Los Angeles with sturdy pitching 3–0, 4–1, 3–1 and 4–2 after the Dodgers had averaged nearly six runs on 11 hits in four previous games. In the East, Pittsburgh (5-1) refused to admit it was too late to catch the leaders. The Pirate hitting—the best in the majors—was even more persuasive. Counting Carl Taylor, who had seven hits against the Cubs but who has not batted enough times to qualify for the league's top 10, Pittsburgh has six .300 hitters. Pitcher Steve Blass even caught the fever, going 4 for 5 and cracking a three-run homer while firing a four-hitter. Chicago (3-4) led by five games and had a string of six victories before 16-game winners Bill Hands and Ken Holtzman and 19-game winner Ferguson Jenkins were beaten in succession. The footsteps that continued to haunt the Cubs, however, were not those of Pittsburgh but of New York (5-4) which for the umpteenth time this season refused to quit. Tom Seaver, with a pair of complete game wins, became the first Met ever and the first National Leaguer this year to reach 20 victories. While no other starter could go the distance and the bullpen was erratic, the Mets did show good power (10 home runs) as they headed into their two-game series with the Cubs. There will be no pennant in St. Louis (2-4) this year, for good pitching has been offset by a lack of hitting and an inability to win at home. With Bob Gibson on the mound, the defending league champions got 14 hits and still lost to the Reds. Montreal (3-4) scored only two runs a game but got excellent pitching out of a converted first baseman, Steve Renko, and Bill Stoneman, who both won five-hitters, and Howie Reed, who lost a five-hitter. Before a week's-end disaster in New York, Philadelphia (3-5) had the best pitching in either league as rookie Billy Champion, Woody Fryman and Rick Wise all won complete games. Champion's three-hit shutout snapped a seven-game losing streak.

Standings—East: Chi 84-56, NY 80-57, Pitt 74-61, StL 73-65, Phil 55-82, Mont 43-96. West: SF 77-61, Cin 74-61, Atl 76-64, LA 74-63, Hou 72-65, SD 44-95.

HIGHLIGHT

Good pitching might, as the adage goes, beat good hitting every time, but there is nobody in baseball who won't take both. Recently the Detroit Tigers have had both, mainly because of outstanding performances by two heroes of the 1968 season, Denny McLain and Willie Horton. When McLain beat the Angels 3–1 for his 20th win this year, it was Horton who accounted for the victory, bringing in all three runs with one swing. On Aug. 30 McLain won No. 21 against Seattle and Horton hit his second homer in two days. In doing so, he kicked off the same kind of hitting spree that the league had suffered through earlier with the A's Reggie Jackson. Horton hit four home runs in the next two days against Seattle and Kansas City, skipped a day and blasted two more out of the park to help McLain to his 22nd victory. When he homered Saturday against the Orioles, Willie Horton had hit nine in nine days. By Sunday he had driven in 18 runs and batted .422. This clearly was not the same Horton who, booed in May, left the club "for personal reasons" and was fined $1,300. His teammates were disappointed in Horton then because they felt he had deserted them when the pennant race was just developing. Always a sensitive person, Horton apparently was still suffering a letdown after the 1968 World Series, when Manager Mayo Smith replaced him for defensive reasons, notwithstanding his extraordinary throw that caught Lou Brock at the plate in the fifth game and turned the entire Series around. But all is forgotten and forgiven now. Horton has hit 26 homers, has 80 RBIs, is batting .265 and is not bothering to remind anybody of the American League record he once tied with 11 outfield putouts in a single game. The pitcher that day? Denny McLain, of course.



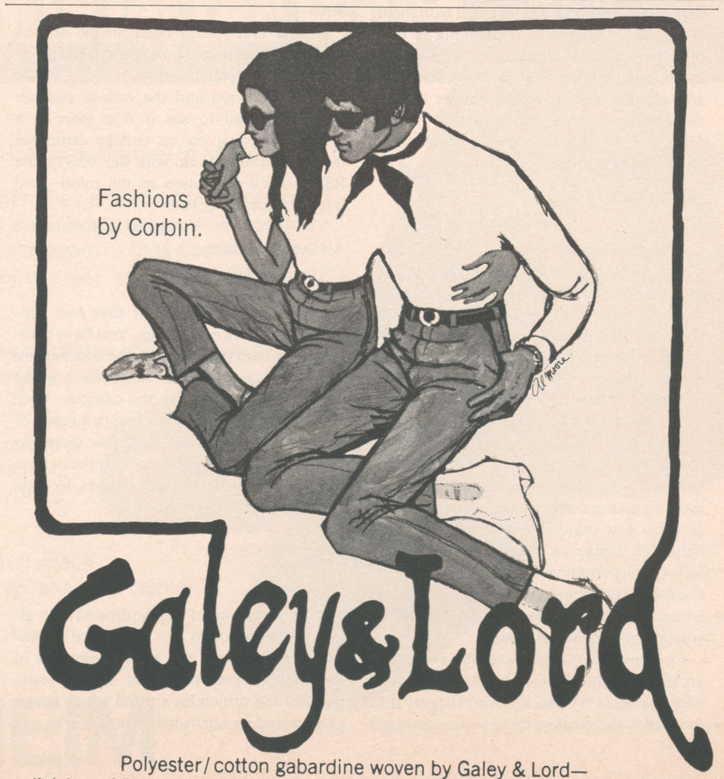
HORTON: HOMERS FOR DENNY

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MEASURE OF A MAN

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins has done it again! *Thanks for the Memories* (Sept. 1) is one of the best tributes to an outstanding athlete I have ever read. Not having had the opportunity of seeing Arnold Palmer in person, I nevertheless have been a fan of his. Dan Jenkins has brought him closer to all of us.

CLEMENT M. BOUIE

Linden, N.J.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' tribute to Arnold Palmer is a sensitive, concise, poignant and yet thoroughly complete expression of the real essence of the man. I have often asked myself what it is that makes Arnold Palmer stand a notch above the other champions of golf—both past and present. Dan Jenkins has defined that something for me.

A defeated Arnold Palmer cannot be replaced as the King of Golf because his reign was never based simply on his victories. The championships he won made him king only because they brought attention to his approach to the game—that "unmixed joy of trying," which Jenkins describes so well. Palmer does not attempt to hide his moments of ecstasy or disappointment, but neither does he become preoccupied with them. His total commitment to winning is coupled with a total acceptance of the outcome, and in the final analysis it is this attitude that makes Arnold Palmer "something immeasurable in champions."

H. C. GOODPASTURE, M.D.

Overland Park, Kans.

ON THE LINE (CONT.)

Sirs:

John Underwood's series, *The Desperate Coach* (Aug. 25 *et seq.*), is both thought-provoking and timely. A variety of reasons come to mind that might help to explain the increasing difficulties of college football coaches. Football is a game, and one of the primary reasons for the existence of games in society is that they provide a release for the pressures and tensions of everyday life. In the case of college football much of the discontent being voiced by the players is caused by the imposition of society's problems on young males at increasingly younger ages. For many there is little intrinsic delight in living in a situation in which they feel that everything they see as wrong in their world is being duplicated in their games. In such a situation much of the element of enjoyment goes out of games.

Combined with this increased awareness are the grandiose claims that have been made over the years by coaches who suggest that football is the greatest thing since organized religion for the betterment of mankind.

Undoubtedly, we are in a period of reaction against the manner in which a specific game is handled. Many ridiculous demands and claims are being made against a group of men (the coaches) who have in the past made some pretty ridiculous demands on their athletes. So far there has been very little direct criticism of the game itself.

One hopes that the seeming impasse between coaches and players will be resolved in a fair and reasonable way. The players will have to come to an understanding that if they want to participate in a team sport they will have to accept a certain amount of discipline. And the coaches will have to become more aware of the personalities of their players and to realize that, in a world where priorities are being challenged, a change in their own position on the scale does not necessarily mean a loss of dignity.

Ironically, it is as a game that football stands its best chance of survival. It is only as an impersonal big business and as a rather cynical moral training ground that it is in danger.

MICHAEL J. WENZL

Baywood Park, Calif.

Sirs:

I think that your articles on the desperate coach touch on some very valid problems that face college athletics today. What John Underwood and the various coaches interviewed fail to see is that there is a revolution going on on college campuses that has nothing to do with the SDS or the BSU—it is a revolution of the mind—and it is not necessarily bad.

KEITH J. JOHNSTONE

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your first two articles in the series on coaches. You have demonstrated convincingly that the coaches are absolutely out of touch with what's going on in the world and on the campus. They have become the vestigial appendages of U.S. higher education. But how clever to assign John Underwood, who appears even more out of touch than the coaches, to write the story.

LEON HOWELL

New York City

Sirs:

Your reporting of the Andros-Milton affair was noteworthy for a number of reasons. In my mind the most prominent of these was the presentation of Andros' statement of the principles around which he organizes and conducts his life and work.

Though Coach Andros apparently does not feel that he directs his football team in a very democratic way, I respectfully beg to differ with him. From what I read, it does seem that Oregon State football is oriented toward explicitly stated rules and goals. Within this framework there are apparently open channels for communication and the redress of grievances. By joining such a team/society (take your pick), a person agrees to accept at least the foundation on which this structure rests. Change in the system is promoted by *constructive* means and *majority vote*. Those who break the rules must bear the responsibility for their actions. Each member of the team is expected to "do his own thing," be it block, pass, teach or whatever, to the very best of his ability. The individual does this, not for self-aggrandizement, but for the attainment of mutually agreed upon goals. If a person cannot function within this matrix, then he is free to leave. Forgive my simplifying things, but the foregoing sounds very much like a democracy to me.

MARTIN R. ADAMS

Kent State University
Kent, Ohio

Sirs:

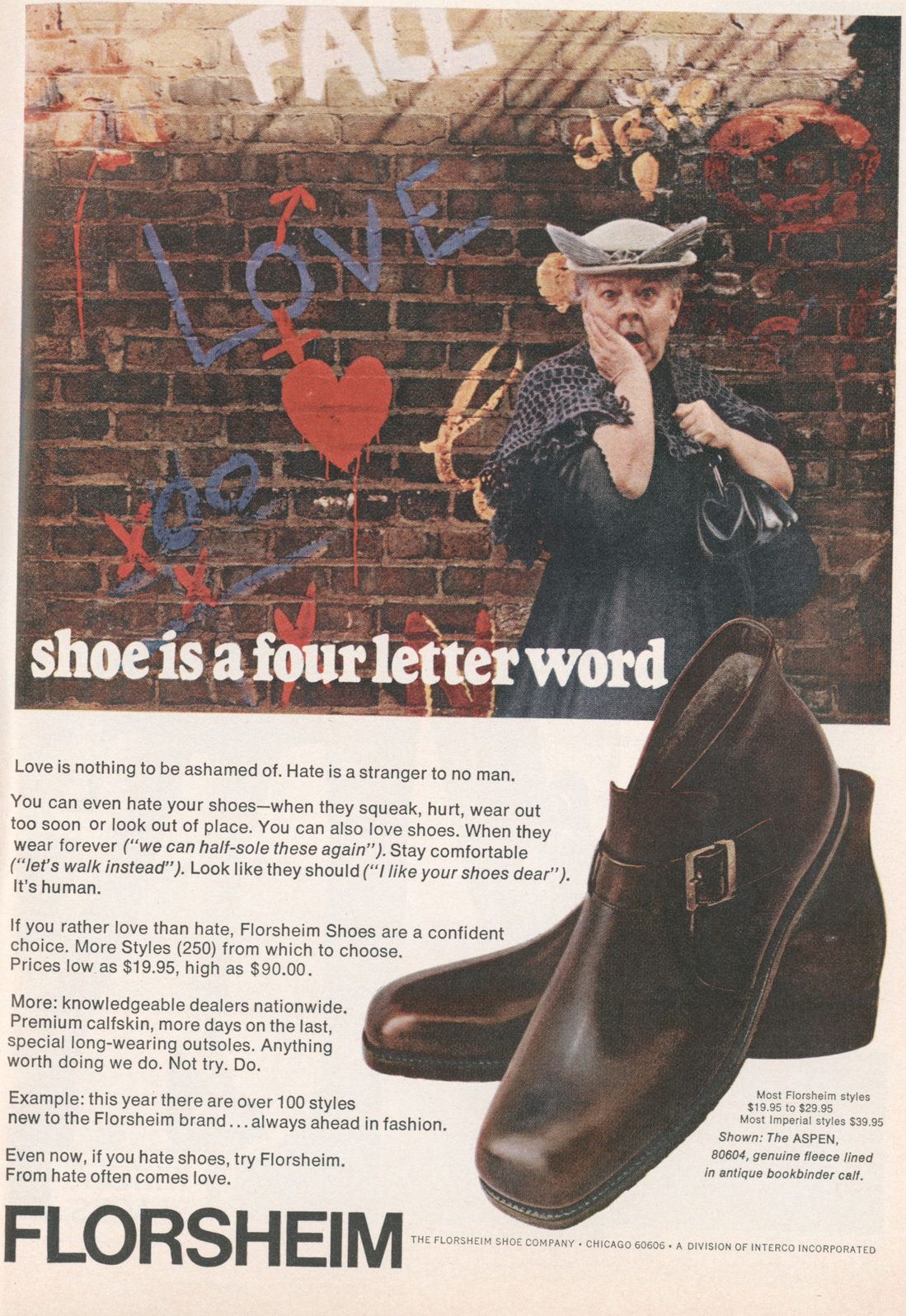
John Underwood does a terrible disservice to the trackmen of Providence College, to the college itself and, most importantly, to its progressive and distinguished president, Father William Haas.

Coach Hanlon's cross-country teams have been strong, it is true. However, no small part of that success is due to the outstanding financial and moral support that the coach has received from Father Haas. Providence has always been able to attract outstanding runners, most of whom did not develop under Coach Hanlon. The one restriction Father Haas has placed on his coach is that the recruited trackmen be bona fide college students—and, unfortunately, there has been the rub. The coach has been unable to adjust to the outstanding athlete who is also an outstanding student with a real interest in his education.

To say that the hassle over the TV set was inspired by the coach's concern for the studies of the athletes involved is to misstate the case. The four athletes involved had, at the time of the incident, a combined academic average above B. The coach's pique was really based on the athletes' refusal to confine their thinking and interests exclusively to track when not engaged in study.

Providence College track under Coach Hanlon was not, as implied by Mr. Underwood's article, an example of modern

continued





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athletes quitting under pressure, unwilling to pay the price. Rather, it was a procession of runners, usually seniors, being fired from the team shortly after the cross-country season ended. Whatever their sins, they were not grievous enough to warrant expulsion until after they had provided Coach Hanlon with his personally coveted cross-country championships. The indoor and outdoor seasons offered only individual prizes and personal satisfactions to trackmen. These were the only rewards sought by the runners for years of practice and self-denial, but they did not appeal very strongly to the coach. This was but one of the ingredients in a long-simmering problem with Providence College track.

H. A. CROOKE

East Northport, N.Y.



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ateur (one over par in eight rounds on a very difficult course) but a truly charming and ladylike personality throughout the tournament.

Miss Shelley Hamlin, who is certainly an all-American girl, was naturally the crowd favorite since it was the U.S. against France, but it was not because of any action or words by Miss Lacoste.

We who were fortunate enough to be involved in the tournament have nothing but admiration for a great champion and lady, Miss Lacoste, an admiration, I might add, that is shared by Miss Hamlin.

TRENT C. ROOT JR.
President
Las Colinas Country Club

Irving, Texas

continued



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athletes quitting under pressure, unwilling to pay the price. Rather, it was a procession of runners, usually seniors, being fired from the team shortly after the cross-country season ended. Whatever their sins, they were not grievous enough to warrant expulsion until after they had provided Coach Hanlon with his personally coveted cross-country championships. The indoor and outdoor seasons offered only individual prizes and personal satisfactions to trackmen. These were the only rewards sought by the runners for years of practice and self-denial, but they did not appeal very strongly to the coach. This was but one of the ingredients in a long-simmering problem with Providence College track.

H. A. CROOKE
East Northport, N.Y.

Sirs:

I cannot begin to describe my feelings toward Ray Hanlon as I ran his famous "guts" practices through the Providence snows. However, I can describe the feeling of anchoring a winning relay in the Boston Athletic Association meet. Grudgingly, I must admit that Coach Hanlon's practices were probably better preparation for the marathon of medical internship.

Now, as then, I question the man's methods. Now, as then, I respect his standards and achievements.

HARRY W. SMITH, M.D.
Worcester, Mass.

A FEW KIND WORDS

Sirs:

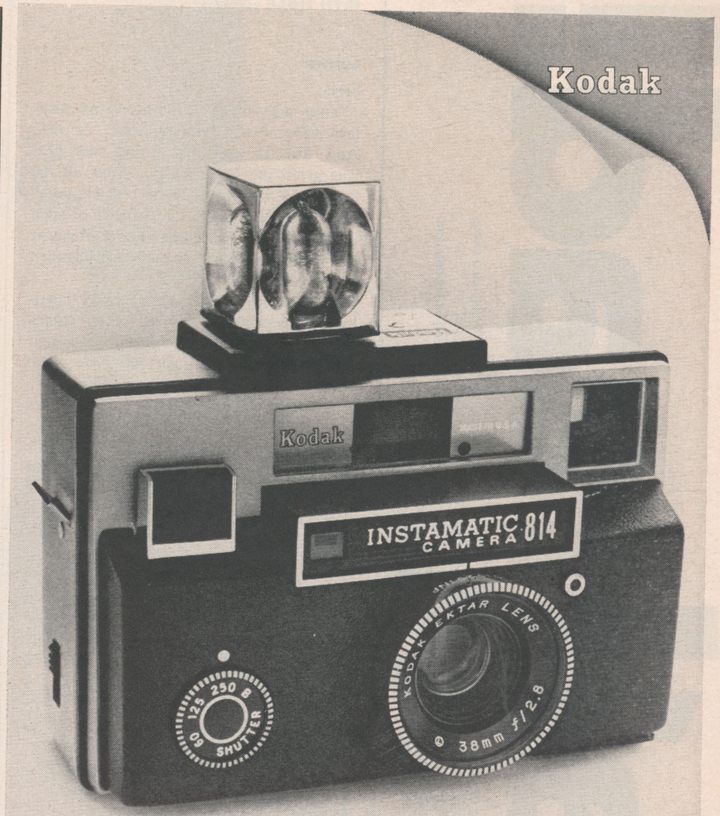
We at Las Colinas Country Club who became acquainted with many great golfers during the Women's Amateur Championship were disappointed in your rather slanted story concerning Catherine Lacoste and her outstanding championship effort (*A Super Keen-o Show by La Grande Catherine*, Aug. 25). Miss Lacoste came to this country alone, without a traveling companion, and displayed not only the greatest accomplishment ever seen in the Women's Amateur (one over par in eight rounds on a very difficult course) but a truly charming and ladylike personality throughout the tournament.

Miss Shelley Hamlin, who is certainly an all-American girl, was naturally the crowd favorite since it was the U.S. against France, but it was not because of any action or words by Miss Lacoste.

We who were fortunate enough to be involved in the tournament have nothing but admiration for a great champion and lady, Miss Lacoste, an admiration, I might add, that is shared by Miss Hamlin.

TRENT C. ROOT JR.
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Irving, Texas

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LUMPS

Sirs:

Your story on O. J. Simpson was priceless (*The First Taste of O.J. Is OK*, Aug. 25). It was only fitting that O.J. was given the cover article. After all, he gained 19 big yards in a crucial game, which certainly made him worthy of such praise. This was indeed an important game, one which pitted two top contenders against one another.

I suppose that O.J. had to make headlines, especially since the other games which were played that weekend had such little importance. Among these were the Cleveland-Los Angeles game (I'm sure that neither of these two will be contenders for the NFL title) and the San Francisco-Dallas game, in which Cowboy rookie Calvin Hill gained a mere 106 yards and Steve Spurrier made another feeble effort to have the 49ers find a permanent place on their bench for million-dollar quarterback John Brodie.

On behalf of your readers I would like to thank Edwin Shrake for covering a truly thrilling game. I only wish I could have seen it instead of sitting in Yale Bowl with 71,000 others and watching Joe Namath hit on 14 of 16 passes in a game which marked the first meeting of the New York Giants and "that other" team from New York.

PAUL LEVY

Hamden, Conn.

Sirs:

We marveled at how SI can judge O.J. on four carries and, oh yes, one pass reception. SI seems to ignore the fact that Detroit won the game or that the Lions' dark horse rookie, Altie Taylor, gained more than 100 yards.

After the articles in SI on O.J., an uninformed reader would believe he is already the best runner in pro football. If he's this fantastic in one exhibition game, just think how great he'll be once the season starts.

DOUG LINDERER
VICTOR DITOMMASO

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Sirs:

Most people, including Edwin Shrake, seem to feel O.J. is different. Mr. Shrake points out that after a few days of professional football, O.J. was sore and ached all over. What's so special about that? O.J. is like everybody else and he'll take his lumps with everybody else.

DAVE ANSELL

Spring Valley, N.Y.

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The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

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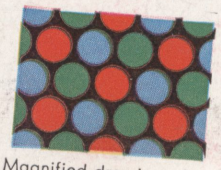
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Magnified drawing of new Zenith Chromacolor picture screen

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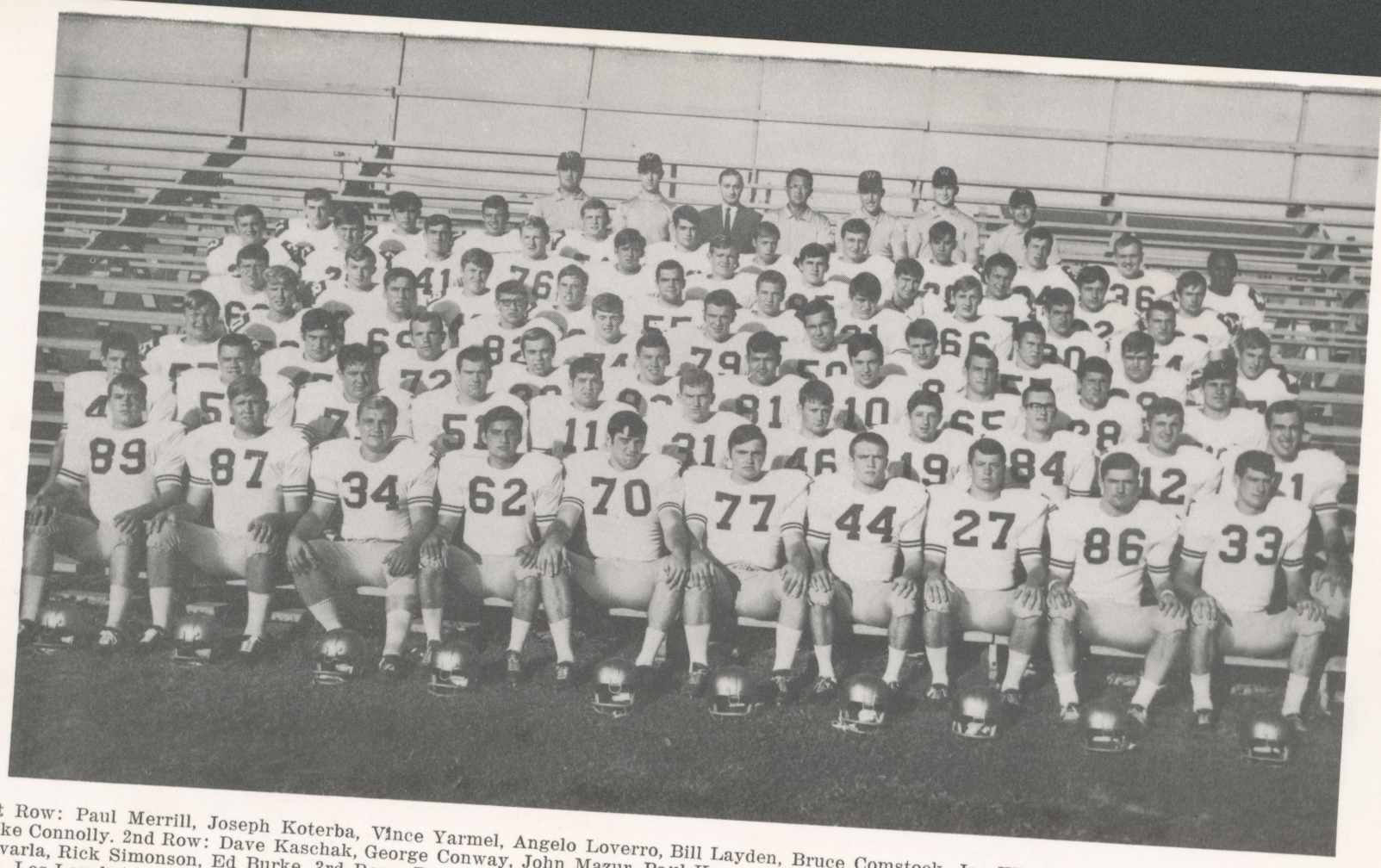
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First Row: Left to Right:

Chuck Adonizio — Roland Schmidt - Head Coach — Jonah Goobic

Second Row:

Jack Lukis — Gene Domzalski — Brinley Varchol



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Leo Filip
Al Kraynak

Joseph Lukavitch
Lucille Schuetz
James Williams
Bernard J. Wujcik
Mr. & Mrs. Michael J. Bochnik
Mr. & Mrs. Edward Bialogowicz
George Chervy Fuel & Heating
John Curley
Joseph "Lefty" Dennis
John J. Dougherty
Dugan's Cafe
David R. Dugan
Mr. & Mrs. John Gawat
Bill Goldstein
Atty. Michael J. Hudacek
Bob & Irene Husted
John D. Johnson
Joseph "Krash" Krashefski
Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Krufka
Ray "Brownie" Kravulski
Ed "Kuni" Kuniginic
Vincent Kunigonis
Leonard Matalonis
James Murphy
Paddick's Pizza
Ernest J. Paulis
Plymouth Poultry
Charles Pugh
John Ridzon
Stephen Ridzon
Dr. Baden P. Roberts
Mr. & Mrs. Edward Rogers
Ray Wengrzen
William "Sarge" Wilde
James Wilson
John D. Wilson
Ann Marie Wayno Post 463 Queen

★ ★ ★

MENU

Fruit Cup

Celery – Olives

Pickles – Radishes

ROAST BEEF

Mashed Potatoes – Gravy

Peas – Carrots – Coleslaw

Rolls – Bread – Butter

Ice Cream

Coffee – Cake

— Program —

★ ★ ★

Star Spangled Banner ..... Assembly

Invocation ..... Very Rev. George Pawlush
(Holy Trinity R.O. Church)

Welcome ..... William J. Horan
(General Chairman)

—: DINNER :—

Toastmaster ..... W. Francis Swingle
(Prof. English — Kings College)

—: REMARKS :—

Joseph Moran ..... Coughlin H. S. Football Coach
Joseph Chevitsky ..... District 12 Commander
John Reese ..... Dir. of Athletics - Wilkes College
Dan Distasio ..... Nanticoke H. S. Football Coach
Daniel Deobold .... Cent. Judicial Commander Amer. Leg.
Robert West .... Faculty Chairman Ath. Com. Wilkes College
Lou Michaels ..... Baltimore Colts

Principal Address ..... Joey L. "Jake" Mc Candless
(Football Coach — Princeton University)

Presentation ..... William J. Horan

Response ..... Dr. Eugene Farley
(President — Wilkes College)

Roland Schmidt
(Football Coach — Wilkes College)

Benediction ..... Rev. Joseph J. Lasky
(Chaplain — Mercy Hospital)

Stephen Yanoshak
County Controller

Johnny's Market
Market Street — Kingston

11th Dist. - American Legion
Ed Bojnowski - Commander

Liberty National Bank
Pittston

First Federal Savings
and Loan Association
Pittston

Miners National Bank
Pittston

First National Bank
Pittston

"IS GOOD"

Lani - V.F.W.
Hudson

Joseph E. Conlon Post
Home Association

Paul's Economy Market
Plymouth, Pa.

Home Furniture
Plymouth, Pa.

Walter Howell - Medical Oxygen
28 Linden St. - Luzerne

William J. Horan
Asst. Adj. - 12th District

Michael Lewis - Office Equip.
Plains

Sheehans Pharmacy
Charles Obeid - Prop.

Joseph Chevitski
12th District Commander

John Your Hair Dresser
Kingston

Soloveys One Stop Station
Plains

Hanover Beauty Supply
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

—:— Congratulations Wilkes College —:—

Franklin Federal Savings
and Loan Association
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Edgar Wood - Broker - Realtor
Kingston

West Side Savings
and Loan Association
Kingston - Tunkhannock

Dr. A. J. Valibus
Kingston

J. J. O'Malley

William J. Pack

Wyoming Valley Beverage
West Pittston

West Side Monument Co.
John Cicero, Prop.

Stanley Kaczinski
Sgt.-at-Arms - 12th Dist.

Wolfi's Place
Shickshinny

Frank A. Goeckel
C & L Cafe
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Peter Baller
Past District Commander

Wallace Gauthier Constr.
Dallas

Polish American Veterans
Hudson Road — Plains

Jay Dee Dept. Store
Plains

Adam Coffee Noveties

Plymouth National Bank

Frank Gowat - Insurance
Plymouth, Pa.

S. Grontkowski - Funeral Dir.
Plymouth, Pa.

Piszczek Bros. Funeral Home
Plymouth, Pa.

-: COMMITTEE :-

★ ★ ★ ★

William J. Horan ..... General Chairman

Joseph J. Chevitsky ..... Honorary Chairman

Russell Dugan ..... Co-Chairman

★ ★ ★

-: General Committee :-

Arthur J. Hoover
George G. Pawlush
Joseph Moran
John Solovey
Stanley Kaczinski
Dixon Park
Larry Hontz
Michael Lewis
Tom Jones
Mitchell J. Czoch
Nello S. Carozzoni, Jr.
John J. Jarzenbowicz
Peter Baller
Walter E. Condon
Louis Iannuzzo
Leonard Grozalis
Dr. Albert J. Valibus
Peter Krufka
Michael Kobus
Stanley Shivell
John Sinco

★ ★ ★

1968 - Game Scores - 1968

-: TEAM RECORD :-

★ ★ ★

Wilkes 31 ..... Vermont 9
Wilkes 40 ..... Moravian 0
Wilkes 31 ..... Delaware Valley 3
Wilkes 28 ..... Ithaca 19
Wilkes 9 ..... Upsala 7
Wilkes 28 ..... Dickinson 0
Wilkes 34 ..... PMC 0
Wilkes 23 ..... Lebanan Valley 16
Undefeated — United - MAC Champions

★ ★ ★

By winning their 29th straight victory over Lebanon Valley in November, the Wilkes Colonels reached further milestones on the four-year rampage through the east coast—their third consecutive unblemished 8-0 seasonal record, fourth Middle Atlantic Conference crown in a row, and finally regaining the big one.

The big one is the Lambert Bowl, which is symbolic of Eastern small college supremecy. After gaining the first bowl ever to be awarded in 1966, the Wilkesmen had to take a backseat to Wagner College, two years ago, as the seahawks breezed to a 9-0 record, just edging the Colonels in final bowl balloting. Last season, after a close fight with Kings Point, the coveted award again returned to the Wilkes campus.

In January the Blue and Gold received additional honors at a banquet of the Washington Touchdown Club. The charges of Coach Roland Schmidt were named on the basis of their fine record, the most outstanding college division team in the country. Thus the magnificent "Timmie Award" joined the ranks of Wilkes sporting honors.

Our Hearty Congratulations –

The 1968 Wilkes College Football Team

District Twelve – American Legion

Post 58 Bear Creek
Post 76 Hazleton
Post 132 Wilkes-Barre
Post 176 Warrior Run
Post 199 Parsons
Post 350 Nanticoke
Post 395 Kingston
Post 463 Plymouth
Post 473 Freeland
Post 495 Shickshinny
Post 525 Luzerne
Post 539 Glen Lyon
Post 542 West Pittston
Post 558 Plains
Post 560 Conyingham
Post 585 Duryea
Post 592 White Haven
Post 607 Avoca
Post 609 Hanover Township
Post 644 Swoyerville
Post 655 Larksville
Post 657 Dupont
Post 670 Wyoming
Post 672 Dallas
Post 673 Ashley
Post 678 Nescopek
Post 741 Miners Mills
Post 746 United Swoyerville
Post 781 Mountain Top
Post 795 Butler Township
Post 796 Sugar Notch
Post 797 Edwardsville
Post 815 Wilkes-Barre Twp.
Post 833 Exeter
Post 837 Brookside
Post 904 West Wyoming
Post 938 Jenkins Township
Post 967 Harveys Lake
Post 971 Wanamie

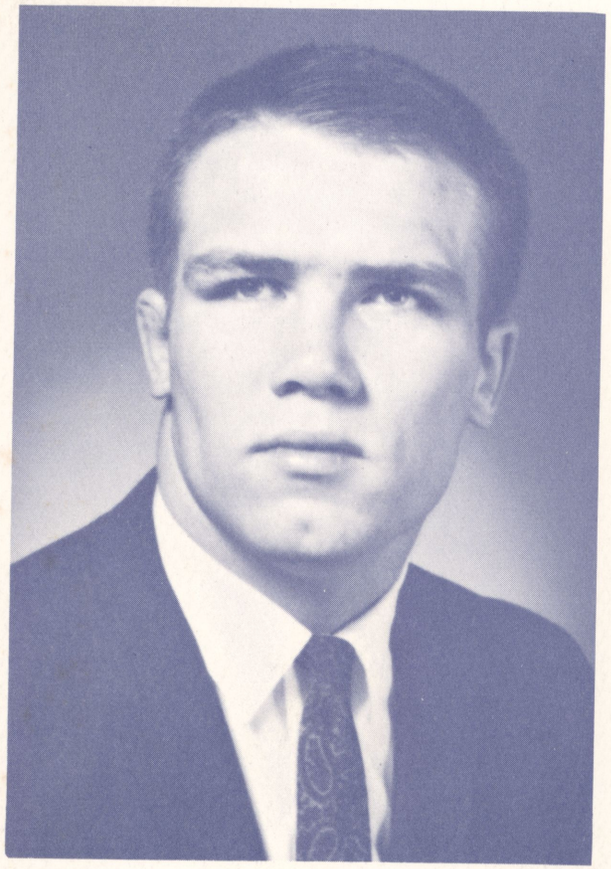
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1919 – The American Legion – 1969

"Fifty Years of Service to God and Country"

Testimonial Dinner-Dance — Honoring

JOE WIENDL



WILKES COLLEGE'S
1st 12-LETTERMAN

During a Dinner-Dance in
Wilkes-Barre American Legion Post 132
Sunday, May 11, 1969

Sponsored by
The Friends of Joe Wiendl

A SALUTE TO JOE WIENDL

In just a few short weeks, with the completion of the current baseball season, Joe Wiendl will become the first twelve letterman in Wilkes Athletic history. The fame and honor he has brought to Wilkes College is unmatched, even by three great athletes, starring in their respective sports.

Next season the football squad will be minus a number 44. At his defensive safety position, the Westfield, New Jersey native was a major reason for the Colonels 29-game winning streak, which is currently longest in the nation.

During his four year grid career his team captured four MAC Championships and two Lambert Bowls. His four year mark includes: 15 interceptions, 1307 yards via punt returns, and ten touchdowns. Who will ever forget the 86 and 62 yard touchdown punt returns against Delaware Valley or the 56 and 90 yard touchdown interceptions versus PMC two years ago? For his efforts, Wiendl was a two-time college division All-American.

When winter replaced fall, the versatile athlete shifted into deep concentration on the wrestling mats. Not many people can boast of a 49-1 dual meet record, marred once by a 3-2 decision in his sophomore year. Twice he finished as the NCAA College Division 160-pound champion. Two months ago he capped his grappling career in fine style, finishing fifth at the NCAA University Championships at Provo, Utah.

Following the spring thaw, Wiendl took to the baseball diamond. Of the three sports, baseball is probably his most inferior. But who would refuse a .353 batting average and the stolen base championship, which he accomplished last year?

Add to the four Football championships, two wrestling and one baseball crown, Wiendl has played on 7 of 11 possible championship teams. Wilkes College will little forget the spirit and determination and the winning attitude which he has helped to instill in school athletics.

Thank you, Joe, for everything.

PROGRAM

America and Pledge of Allegiance

Invocation ..... Reverend Jule Ayers, D.D.
First Presbyterian Church, Wilkes-Barre

Welcome ..... Mr. Arthur J. Hoover
Co-Chairman of Committee for Friends of Joe Wiendl

DINNER

Toastmaster ..... Mr. George Ralston
Dean of Students, Wilkes College

Guest Speaker ..... Mr. Gordon S. White
College Sports Writer for *New York Times*

Remarks ..... Dr. Eugene S. Farley
President of Wilkes College

Mr. John Reese
Director of Athletics at Wilkes College

Presentation of Gifts —

Friends of Joe Wiendl ..... Rick Simonson
Co-Chairman of Committee

Professor Robert West
Wilkes Faculty Athletic Committee

Mr. Thomas Davenport
President, Wilkes College Football Parents' Club

Football Team ..... Bruce Comstock, Bill Layden
Captains, Football Team

Wrestling Team ..... Andy Matviak, John Marfia
Co-Captains, 1969-70 Wrestling Team

Baseball Team ..... Pat Salantri, Joe Skvarla
Co-Captains, Baseball Team

Student Government ..... Paul Wender
President of Student Government

Response ..... Joe Wiendl

Benediction ..... Reverend Jule Ayers, D.D.

Wilkes College Alma Mater

Dancing to the music of the EXCELS

Menu

Fresh Fruit Compote

Boneless Breast
of Chicken
a la wiendl

Tossed Crisp
Garden Salad
a la football

Relish Tray

Fresh Baked Potato
a la wrestling

Tiny Whole
Belgium Carrots
a la baseball

Strawberry Shortcake
with whipped cream

Coffee - Tea - Milk

Patrons

Lettermen's Club ..... Class of 1969
Inter-Dormitory Council ..... Class of 1970
Student Government ..... Class of 1971
Circle K Club ..... Class of 1972

Testimonial Committees

Co-Chairmen — Arthur J. Hoover, Richard Simonson

Tickets:
Ray Downey, *Chairman*
Pat Salantri
Brian McGrath
George Elliot
Mildred Gittins
Jay Goldstein
Jack Maurath

Publicity and Promotion:
George Pawlush, *Chairman*
Michael Babuschak
Livingston Clewell
Joseph Gries
Guy Randall
Lee Richards
Stan Pearlman
Jerry Baum

Programs:
Carl Cook, *Chairman*
Tony Cardinale
Jim Loveland
Joe Skvarla
Ken Miller
Brian McGrath

Gifts:
Andy Matviak, *Chairman*
Tony Cardinale
Jay Holliday
Dennis Verzera
Chuck Robbins

Arrangements:
Tom Higgins, *Co-Chairman*
John Marfia, *Co-Chairman*
John Reese
William Gasbarro
Arthur Hoover
Rick Simonson
Andy Matviak
Ray Downey
Mike Babuschak
Tony Cardinale
Pat Salantri
Carl Cook
Jim Rakowski
Bill Murphy
Barbara Jacobus
Jeanne Abbate
Buck Mallan
George Conway
Ted Toluba
Paula Gilbert
John Fairley
Ted Yeager