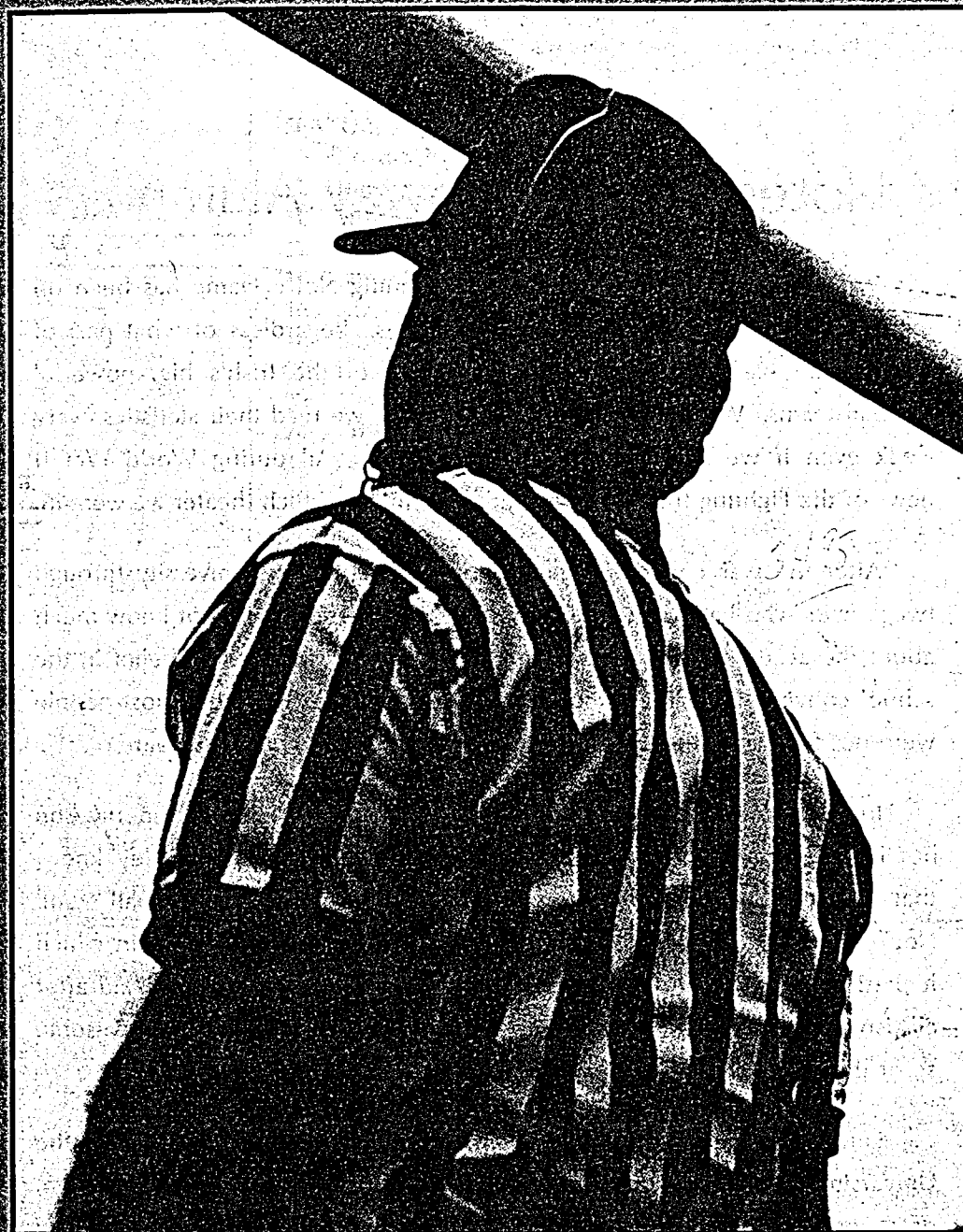


SCHOLASTIC



1975 FOOTBALL REVIEW

Notes from a Subway Alumnus

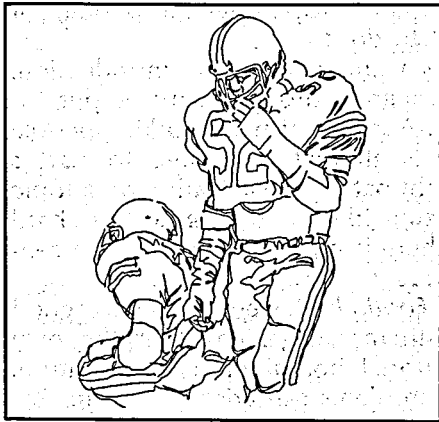
We all know that almost from its beginning Notre Dame has been on top or near the top with its athletic programs. Regardless of what part of the country we were from, we were aware of the Irish's big, powerful football teams. We wanted to see them play or we read their statistics every week even if we hadn't attended Notre Dame. All during World War II news of the Fighting Irish was welcomed, no matter which theater we were in.

After the war I was personally drawn closer to the University through two friends who had graduated from there. At the time I did not know much about the academic side of the school. My friends' loyalty and belief in the school convinced me that there had to be something there that most people were not familiar with or that strangers to the campus were not aware of.

In recent years I have visited the campus several times and my son has been a student at Notre Dame. I've learned, as many already knew, that the academic side of the school is just as strong as the football team. Notre Dame is a great school because it excels in every program in which it participates and continually seeks to strengthen its weaknesses. And after all, isn't this what gives so many connected with Notre Dame that awesome spirit that is only found in a few universities today?

Perhaps that is what Father Sorin had in mind when he founded the University — not just a good athletic program, or a good religious program, or a good academic program, but the ultimate goal of excellence in every quarter.

—Ben H. Baker



Scholastic Football Review

Volume 117, No. 7, January 23, 1976
Notre Dame, Indiana

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The First Word

by Bill Delaney



I never really wanted to write this story.

John Phelan had been calling me up, demanding to know when my introduction would be ready. I never wanted to be there to answer the phone, for I really didn't want to do it.

But now I really want to write the introduction.

It doesn't take a great deal of work to put together a magazine. A group of hard-working people with similar ideas is all that is needed to start a magazine on the right path. Specialization on a topic is a type of magazine idea that is sometimes hard to produce, since there is no deviation from the central theme of the issue.

The *Scholastic Football Review* is a very good example of a one-theme magazine. It is the only attempt by the editorial board on such a venture, and it is here that problems can arise. Since the Review is just that, a chronicle of the season, the writing style must be such that the reader can feel that he is at the game, experiencing all the excitement of the moment. We cannot present a newspaper-type account of the season; that is the job of the mighty newspapers. We must be able to present an overview of the season, mixed with certain interest features, to create a different, yet interesting work to remember.

We do not profess to know everything about the football program at Notre Dame; we would be the last ones to do that. But in the last three years, *Scholastic* has slowly been reaccepted by the Athletic Department and administration in its handling of Notre Dame athletics. It has been a tough fight to shake off the distrusts by the people in the ACC, but our efforts are finally beginning to be seen. We are treated on a similar par with our newspaper counterparts, something that hadn't been seen for years. We have done a number of stories on the sports here at Notre Dame other than the "big three," and have gained many friends and much confidence through our efforts.

Of course, my major effort for the year is the *Football Review*. It is the only undertaking by the University in the area of recapping a season, and tradition has dictated that we annually have a Review.

This year's Review is a bit different from past ones, since there are contributions from the entire editorial board throughout the magazine. Culture, news, art and photographic contributions from the editors are all present, making the Review a total effort from the staff.

There is also less emphasis placed upon photographs in this Review. Sketches and artwork have been included wherever pictures could have been used for a change in layout. There are also less pieces on the football season itself, with features on student managers, a book review and a perspective appearing in their place.

The game stories themselves reflect the season Notre Dame football went through. Dan Devine inherited a fine team from Parseghian, yet rumors, injuries, NCAA rules and the like gave the Irish an 8-3 season. The point that many fail to realize is that we could have gone 6-5 if the breaks hadn't fallen our way. 8-3 is a very good record for any college team. But at Notre Dame, that record is a very mediocre one. Perhaps we have our standards misplaced or something, but everyone expects a winner at Notre Dame. Everyone wants a perennial championship team. But that doesn't always happen. We all make mistakes. We all ought to be thankful that no one was seriously hurt this season. But many don't care about that—they only want the team to go 11-0. We must reshape our priorities to understand that there is never going to be a perfect Notre Dame football team.

Notre Dame means so much more than a football game: only 11 guys can be on the field at once. What about the other 90 or so that never play in each game? Do they just sit around their rooms each day and bang heads at three o'clock? It is one of the greatest feelings in the world to realize your own capabilities; we all know that. And yet it is just as rewarding to see an athlete realize that he may never play here, and go out and work for a decent education. It takes something special to realize that the free education may mean everything for him, and it is only a few athletes that ever realize that.

I don't know if I ever will lose my great love for Notre Dame, but I know I'll never forget the people who helped make this idea of a football review a reality. Sports Information Director Roger Valdiserri and his assistant, Bob Best, supplied us with all the

statistics, hot dogs and press passes for a lifetime. Ticket Manager Mike Busick came through on more than one occasion to help us out. Athletic Director Ed Krause and Assistant Director Col. Jack Stephens did so much for me and *Scholastic* that it would take another magazine the size of the review to fill. Dr. Mike DeCicco, who tried to make me think before I jumped off the deep end, should be thanked, as should Father Joyce, who allowed us to accompany the team to Miami. I'll never forget these men—they helped someone who didn't know very much about Notre Dame, and helped me appreciate what it is all about.

As far as *Scholastic* goes, John Phelan and Annie Sullivan should receive a tremendous amount of credit toward the realization of this project. Editor Sally Stanton, certainly has a fine staff and editorial board working with her, and her help was certainly appreciated. Art Director Tom Paulius and Photo Editor Ed Brower—well, what can you say about these two? Their efforts have made the Review as appealing and artistic as any student publication that I've ever seen. Associate Editor John Stenson's unending work coordinating pages should also be mentioned. Retiring master printer Ed Sanna, with his successor Jim Cook and their staff at Ave Maria Press should also be congratulated on the Review, as should senior football safety (but more importantly art major and certified teacher) Bob Zanol, who drew the back cover of the Review and Bro. Charles McBride.

Two very special people in the Athletic Department should also be mentioned concerning *Scholastic*. Retiring Business Manager Robert Cahill should be congratulated on his long years of service to Notre Dame. Assistant Coach Greg Blache, who coached the junior varsity team this past season, has accepted a similar post at Tulane University. His quick wit and ability to understand and cope with the younger players has greatly aided the program of Parseghian's and now Devine's. He'll be missed.

And finally, to all of you. I hope you like the Review we've assembled this year. People ask why we always do one. Maybe it's something to appease the sports editor. Maybe Ted really likes it. I don't know why, but we do it for you.

Now I know why I wanted to write this introduction. It's all for you. Thanks.

BOSTON COLLEGE

by Joe Schroer

Before the largest crowd ever to witness a Boston College home football game and a nationally televised audience at Schaefer Stadium in Foxboro, Massachusetts, the 1975 edition of the Fighting Irish opened up its season against a powerful Boston College team. This game had particular significance in that this was Dan Devine's Notre Dame coaching debut. The task before Devine was awesome. Through graduation, the Irish lost many of last year's offensive stars and defensive backfield. This rebuilding was placed squarely on the shoulders of Devine.

The game was closer than it would seem from the score 17-3 in favor of the Irish. But 14 of the Irish points came late in the third quarter and early in the fourth quarter. This was more than enough with the superb job turned in by the Notre Dame defense, led by senior Steve Niehaus who had eight tackles and two assists. Boston College could gain only 207 total yards in the game with 107 of these accounted for by BC running back Glen Capriola in 15 rushing attempts. The Irish, on the other hand, ground out 242 yards with freshman Jim Hunter amassing 95 yards in 24 carries. In addition, Rick Slager completed seven passes in 12 attempts for 72 yards.

To open the game, Pat McLaughlin kicked off to BC's Pete LaBoy. BC's drive stalled on the Irish 44-yard line. Similarly, the Irish stalled on their first offensive series. With their backs to the goal line, the

Irish punted the ball away. The Irish were never in good field position in the first quarter and called on Tony Brantley two more times for punts. The first consistent drive of any sort was initiated by BC toward the end of the first quarter, where the Eagles had a first and 10 at the Notre Dame 29-yard line when time ran out in the quarter. Here, the Notre Dame defense stiffened and stopped Mike Kruzczek at the 23 on a fourth and three play.

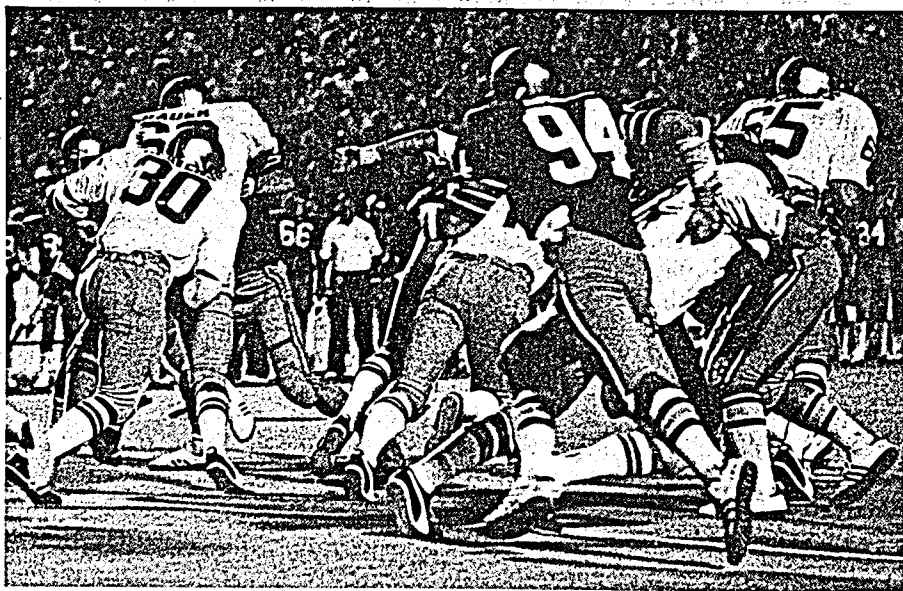
The Irish then mounted a drive of their own, getting to the BC nine-yard line with the big play a 41-yard run by McLane for the first and goal. McLane picked up an additional five yards on the next play, but a Rich Scudaleri dump of

Slager and an Irish delay of game penalty forced the Irish to settle for three points on a 30-yard Dave Reeve field goal.

Following the Irish score, punts were exchanged again before BC, starting on their own 30, marched to the Notre Dame 28. Fred Steinfert's 45-yard field goal was good with 11 seconds left in the half to tie the score at three points apiece.

Further evidence that the game was a close one could be found in the half time statistics. Total net yardage for Notre Dame was 133 yards with six first downs and, for Boston College, 131 yards with eight first downs. Both sides punted four times and had a fumble. Notre Dame got all but three of its yards on the ground with both McLane and Browner gaining over 50 yards. Boston College's attack was more varied with 90 yards rushing and 41 yards passing. It was obvious that the Irish were tight and young because their execution and timing were off; mistakes and penalties cost them yardage in the few situations when the offense was moving.

In the second half, the Irish offense seemed to open up a bit more and the defense continued



Heavens darts through a gaping hole.

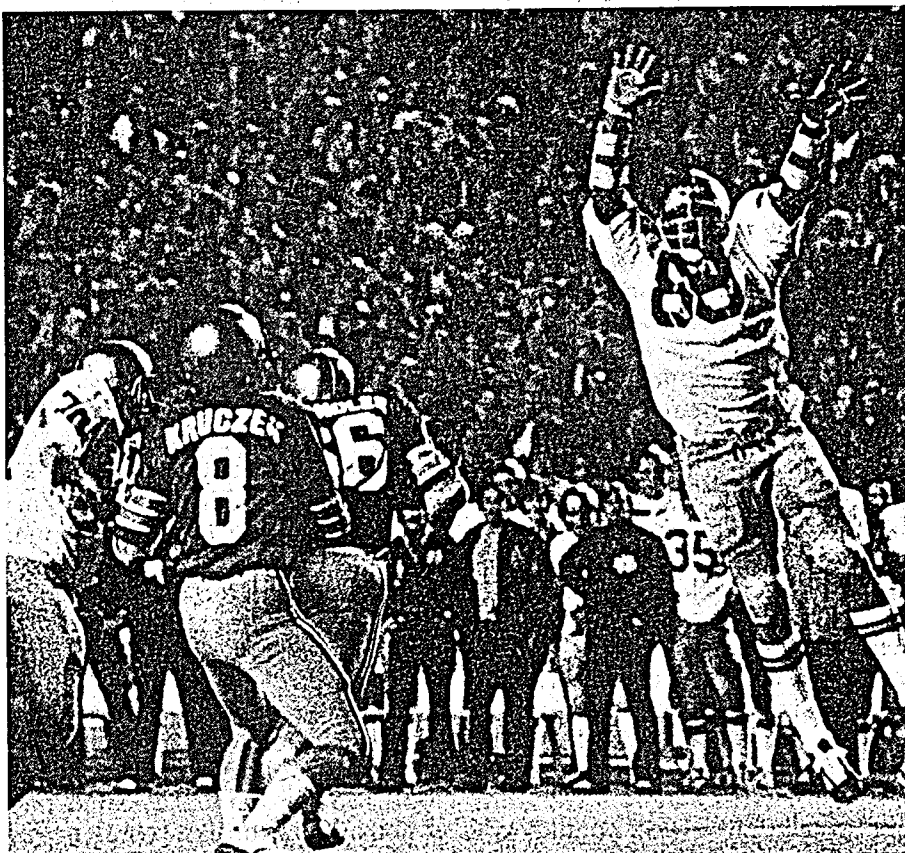
their excellent play by not allowing another BC score. Boston College started the second half by kicking off to the Irish. However, the Irish offense again sputtered and was forced to punt the ball away. Boston College, similarly, punted, giving the Irish the ball on their own 20. Mistakes were exchanged, then, in the form of fumbles. Heavens coughed up the ball on the Notre Dame 37. BC was unable to take advantage of this, and two plays later, Keith Barnette fumbled a pitchout on the Notre Dame 40, which was recovered by Ross Browner. Eight plays later, Jim Browner (Ross' brother) scored from 10 yards out to put Notre Dame ahead for good, 10 to 3. In this drive, Slager fired passes of 18, 11 and 12 yards to Hunter, Burgmeier and Browner as the Irish offense finally came to life.

Toward the end of the third quarter, the Irish were again handed a golden opportunity as Randy Harrison intercepted a Kruczek pass intended for Billy Paulsen. Fifty seconds into the final quarter, Al Hunter took a pitchout and scampered 24 yards around right end for the touchdown.

For the remainder of the game the Irish defense performed superbly—completely cutting off an Eagle drive and allowing their opponents to reach only as far as the Irish 49-yard line. The game ended with Boston College on the short end of a 17 to 3 score.

It had to be a gratifying victory for Dan Devine who said that he was relatively pleased with the win. Boston College was well prepared and up for the game. He added the game put burdens on the young people of the team. Coach Yonto echoed Devine in saying that the team was a little tight and anxious at the start of the game because of their age. "As the season progresses," he added, "we'll be all right."

It seemed that the Irish had



Browner leaps and barely misses a Kruczek pass.

already gotten on the right track with the defense limiting Boston College to only 76 yards in the second half. Besides Niehaus with his tackles, other defensive stars were Ross Browner, Jim Stock and Doug Becker, each with seven. "It felt great to be back even though it was hectic," said a happy Ross Browner after the game. He said that Boston College had a good team which could have been part of the reason for the Irish's late start. But the team did not quit. Steve Quehl similarly voiced his feelings as ecstatic. "This is a real team; there are no factions. We're

all young but we're growing up." He added, "At the start everyone was extremely nervous, but after the first series, things started settling down." Mark McLane noted that, "We were stopping ourselves each time with a loss, which is something we can't afford." However, he said that the game gave the team a lot of confidence because they came through under a lot of pressure with poise.

After this first Irish victory, the squad gave the appearance that they could play together under Head Coach Devine and were confident of a good season.

Notre Dame	0	3	7	7-17
Boston College	0	3	0	0-3

Scoring:

ND: Reeve, 30-yard field goal.

BC: Steinfert, 45-yard field goal.

ND: J. Browner, 10-yard run (Reeve kick).

ND: Hunter, 24-yard run (Reeve kick).

PURDUE

by Paul Hess

It was a scene that not too many of the Fighting Irish faithful who were at Ross-Ade Stadium will soon forget. A 3-0 lead, precarious at best, was apparently about to become a 3-7 deficit. Starting at their own 30 on the very first play of the fourth quarter, Purdue's hardy Boilermakers had covered 66 yards in only five plays. Second-string quarterback Craig Nagel had craftily engineered the drive, which had momentarily stalled. It was third and goal at the ND four — the big play was needed. After running straight into the Irish line the previous two plays, Purdue had found the Irish defensive front four a virtually impenetrable fortress. Coach Alex Agase then opted

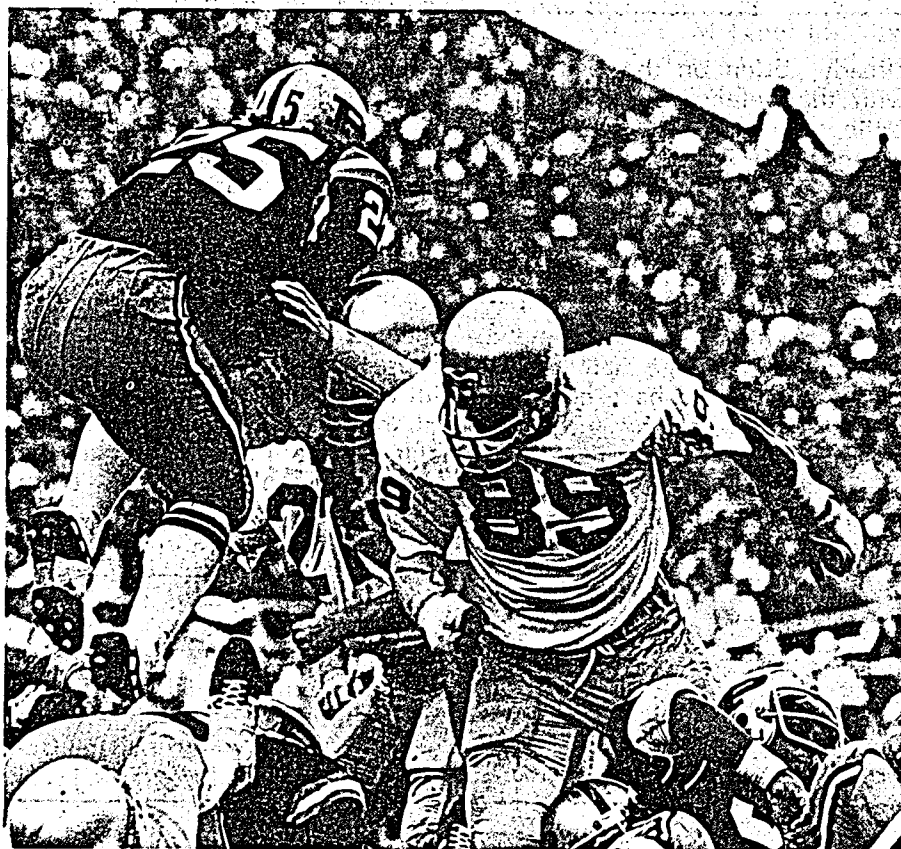
to try a little razzle-dazzle, to catch the Irish off-guard with the unexpected. Nagel took the snap from center Rich Wetendorf and pitched it to halfback Scott Dierking on what appeared to be a sweep right. But a step or two later, Dierking wheeled and spotted Nagel, seemingly unmolested in the end zone. He lifted a lazy spiral Nagel's way. It seemed to be too easy, too good to be true. For neither Dierking, nor Nagel, nor Agase, nor too many of the record throng of 69,795 on hand had counted on the presence of Irish cornerback Luther Bradley. But it was too late now. The sophomore speed demon speared the slightly underthrown aerial at his own one-yard line, and never

looked back. "Bradley wasn't all that far away from me," a disappointed Nagel later confided in the hushed Purdue dressing quarters, "I just couldn't reach him when I tried."

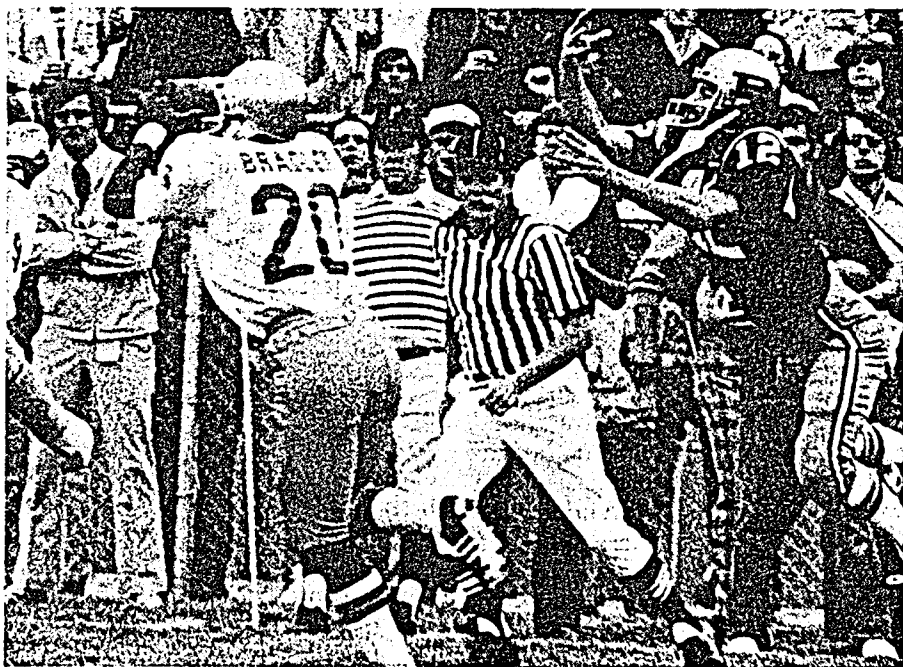
But there was a lot more to this hard-fought battle than just one spectacular play. From the very start, the hitting was vicious, with many bone-jarring shots administered every play. The first half, in particular, was a slugfest, but the excess of hitting did not detract from the quality of play. Neither team lost a fumble, neither had a pass intercepted and neither, most importantly, had been able to push it over for the score. Only Dave Reeve's 29-yard field goal midway through the first period avoided a scoreless tie at the half. Superb blocking by the boys in the trenches had enabled the Irish to move from their own 23 to the Purdue 12 where the drive stalled when a perfectly thrown Rick Slager toss eluded the grasp of split end Dan Kelleher in the end zone. But it was that kind of an afternoon for both sides. Frustration reigned supreme, as so often happens when two big, hard-hitting teams with nearly equal defenses collide. And such was the case on this overcast afternoon in West Lafayette.

After a seemingly interminable succession of punts, Purdue bounced back midway through the second period. Starting at their own four-yard line, the Boilermakers marched downfield behind the slick passing of the gutsy Nagel, picking up five first downs on the drive. But the heralded Irish defense refused to yield, and with 10 seconds remaining in the half, senior Steve Schmidt's 45-yard field goal attempt was wide to the left, and Notre Dame went to the locker room with a flimsy 3-0 lead.

The consensus among the fans at halftime was that Purdue was extremely lucky. For the Irish, it had been a half of near misses, of wasted opportunities. But it appeared as if the erratic ND offense was on the verge of getting untracked, and the vociferous Irish faithful could not hide their optimism. This optimism was, however, guarded. Though it appeared as if the squad was about to jell,



Stock and Browner deny a Purdue plunge.



Bradley nabs Dierking's aerial.

last year's debacle in South Bend kept coming to mind.

The third period began with the skies darkening. Soon, rain began to fall. But the rain had little effect on the game. The third quarter of this game might just have been the Irish season in miniature. The defense was superb, as it would be nearly the entire fall, yielding but two first downs the entire period, and one of those was via penalty. Purdue was unable to penetrate into Irish territory.

Notre Dame, on the other hand, twice threatened to tally. The first threat came on their first possession of the half. Quarterback Slager connected with sophomore sensation Ted Burgmeier for a first down on the opening offensive play of the half, and visions of 1973 danced in the heads of many an Irish supporter. Six plays later the drive stalled when Mark McLane could not hold on to another Slager toss. Senior kicker Pat McLaughlin was called on to salvage a field goal out of the brief offensive spurt. But his 47-yarder fell short of the mark, and Notre Dame came up empty-handed. The undaunted defense refused to quit, and moments later a partially blocked Bill Stinchcomb punt gave the Irish good field position at their own 40. Again, it appeared as if the offense was set to roll. Jim Browner slashed off left guard for five. Slager flipped a short pass to

McLane for a first down in Boiler-maker territory. Three rushes later, it was first and 10 at the Boiler-maker 32. It looked as if Purdue was not going to be able to stop the Irish. They didn't have to—the Irish stopped themselves. A mixup on the snap caused a fumble, and the omnipresent Roger Ruwe, the Boilermakers' durable middle guard, jumped on it to stifle yet another potential score. In the stands, we started to feel that maybe it just wasn't our day. It was beginning to rain harder as the period ended.

Soon, however, the rain let up,

literally as well as figuratively, as Bradley and the defense came up with the big play. There was still 11:17 left in the game when Bradley raced into the Purdue end zone, but the game was all but over; and everyone knew it—including Irish Head Coach Dan Devine.

Asked about the sophomore stalwart's heroics in the jubilant locker room a little while later, the rookie coach quipped, "Well, Luther isn't as fast as I thought he was. I beat him to the end zone." For Devine, it was a moment to cherish and remember — indeed, it was probably the high point of the season. The final score, 17-0, in no way reflected the struggle that the game truly was. In the locker room, players and coaches alike expressed great relief to be getting out of West Lafayette with a still unblemished record. Halfback Al Hunter, who had been a workhorse, toting the pigskin 15 times for 57 yards, summed up his and his teammates feelings when he said, "I'm just glad to be going home." For the first time in NCAA history, a team had opened up its season with two games on the road within five days — against supercharged opponents and before hostile crowds. But Devine's young squad had been equal to the task, and afterwards he justifiably expressed "pride in my boys." The feeling in the stands was the same.



Notre Dame	3	0	0	14-17
Purdue	0	0	0	0-0

Scoring:

ND: Reeve, 29-yard field goal.

ND: Bradley, 99-yard interception run (Reeve kick).

ND: Hunter, 1-yard run, (Reeve kick).

NORTHWESTERN

by Dan O'Keefe

Northwestern came to South Bend sporting an undefeated record and already casting sidelong glances at what might be their year, if their first two games were any indication. They left less than 48 hours later staring straight ahead, counting the cold miles back to Evanston, and thinking of what might have been. It's not that the 31-7 loss at the hands of the Irish was a shocker, or even that it ruined their season, but an upset, instead of the annual embarrassment, would have made a promising season even more enjoyable for the Wildcats.

They came as they always do, with a busload of big boys from the corn belt, a characterization that could apply to any one or all of the Big Ten teams. Among them was a pair of talented tailbacks who promised to present a serious challenge, if not an overt threat

to an Irish defense that was rated as one of the toughest in the nation. Greg Boykin had amassed 251 yards in the first two Wildcat victories. Every team has one man that must be stopped by the opposition, and Northwestern had Boykin. Dan Devine had emphasized that he had tremendous balance, as well as how difficult he is to bring down in his remarks during the week before the game. On the other side of fullback Rich Boothe was Jim Pooler, whose previously unimpressive statistics gave little indication of his ability. At the helm was Randy Dean, who was faced with the task of replacing the Big Ten's leading passer, Mitch Anderson. His scrambling performance against Purdue had been an encouraging sign for Coach Johnny Pont.

The Irish were ready, too. They were glad to be home after a hectic

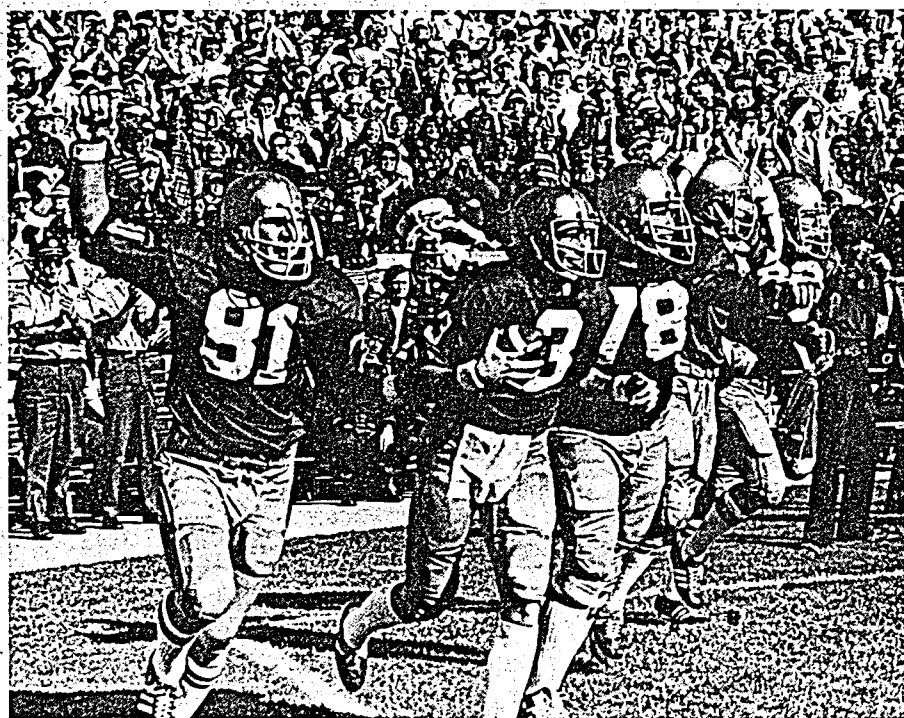
week that was spent mostly on buses and airplanes. They had looked impressive in half of the Boston College game. Five days later, they were less impressive on offense and thrilling on defense in a victory over Purdue that was a bit frightful. But now they had a week of rest and plenty of time to forget last year's home opener when the West Lafayette lightning had struck.

That game had to be on everyone's mind when Northwestern scored after seven minutes had elapsed to take an early lead. The Irish had stumbled early, the first possession ending with an Al Hunter fumble and the second with an interception by Mark Harlow of Rick Slager, giving the 'Cats the ball at the Irish 26. Northwestern played "give the ball to Boykin," and the tailback lived up to his advance publicity by slashing for 26 yards and the score in four carries.

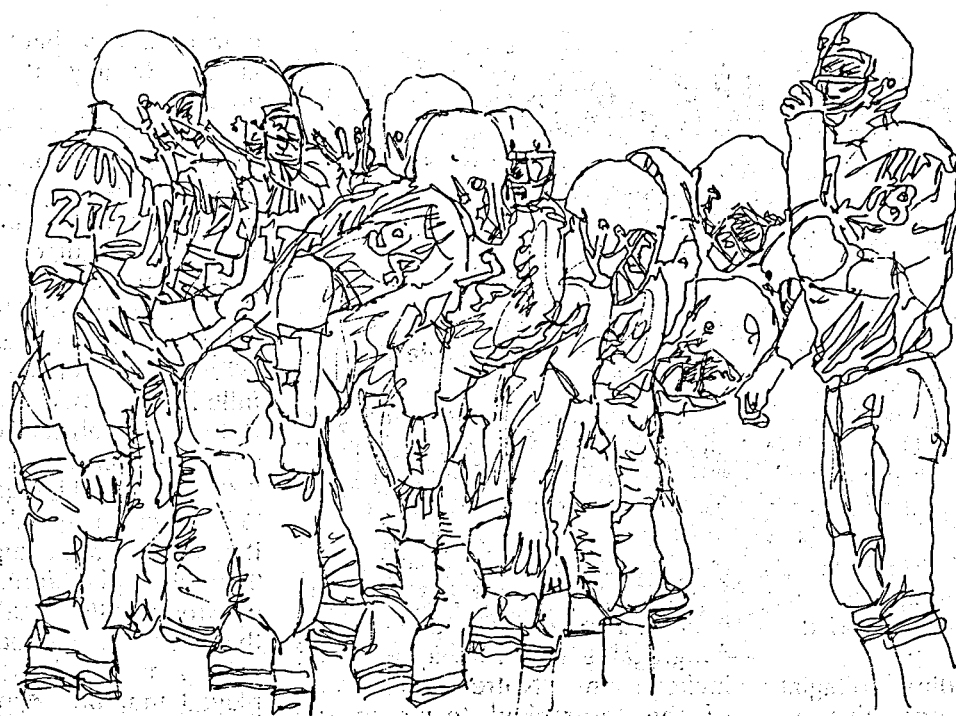
Notre Dame came marching right back as Slager mixed passes, sweeps and slants masterfully and the Irish started to grind down the Northwestern defense. Slager himself swept left end on first and 10 at midfield and gained four, but had to leave the field with his bell rung. Montana stepped in to replace him for what the unexcited fans figured to be a couple of plays. Eleven plays later, Al Hunter had six points; the fans had a new cheer: "Let's go, Joe!"; sportswriters had a fun name to play with; and for all intents and purposes, Joe Montana had a job.

All Rick Slager had was a headache.

The rest of the contest was no contest at all. The Irish "D," seemingly insulted by Boykin's sacrilegious trespass in their end zone, came very much alive. Willie Fry, who patrolled the side that Boykin had swept on his touchdown run, more than made up for the personal outrage by blocking a punt, sacking Dean twice, leading the defense with four solo tackles and making a general nuisance of himself as far as Northwestern was concerned. Freshman Bob Golic was super in his first start, making three solo tackles and seven assists at middle linebacker.



Jubilation after Montana's touchdown run.



As for the offense, Montana seemed to provide the spark that lit up what until then was a potentially explosive offense. Rick Slager had done a fine job against BC and the Boilermakers, but against Northwestern with Montana at the controls the Irish offense was transformed from a dependable, plodding machine to a kind of turbo-charged dynamo. On the next three possessions, Notre Dame scored. The first came on the heels of Tom Lopienski's recovery of the punt blocked, with freshman fullback Jim Browner scoring on a ten-yard gallop. On the next possession, Montana hit McLane with a 14-yard touchdown strike that had been set up by an amazing run by wide receiver Ted Burgmeier. Ted was apparently caught behind the line on an end reverse, but simply outran his pursuers and turned what looked like a catastrophe into a 50-yard gain. Dave Reeve added a field goal early in the second half, and the scoring was capped when Montana rolled around right end for a score from the Northwestern six with 12:55 left in the game, making the final 31-7, Irish.

The game wasn't as exciting as it was satisfying. Besides the fine collective effort, two individual performances were outstanding. Jerome Heavens carried 15 times

for 106 yards and showed signs of fulfilling previous promises. Al Wujciak also played a great game at left guard. It's difficult to assess the play of offensive linemen, which is probably why no one bothers to. Let it suffice to say that against Northwestern, Wujciak did

his job and did it very well.

But the story of the game was a notice that the Irish served to Northwestern and would be repeated again before the season was over: Tell them Joe Montana just arrived, and he brought his buddies.



With Browner clearing the way, Hunter breaks free.

Northwestern	7	0	0	0—7
Notre Dame	7	14	3	7—31

Scoring:

NU: Boykin, 4-yard run (Mirkopoulos kick).

ND: Hunter, 4-yard run (Reeve kick).

ND: Browner, 10-yard run (Reeve kick).

ND: Montana to McLane, 14 yards (Reeve kick).

ND: Reeve, 44-yard field goal.

ND: Montana, 6-yard run (Reeve kick).

MICHIGAN STATE

by Ernie Torriero

"Somewhere in the textbook," Notre Dame Coach Dan Devine solemnly began, "they should teach a coach what to say after a game like this." Indeed, there wasn't much to say after Notre Dame's 10-3 loss to Michigan State — that is if you were on the short end of things.

In the long-standing collegiate gridiron grudge match, this was State's first victory within the supposedly immortal shadows of the Golden Dome since 1965. The game marked the first time in three attempts Spartan Coach Denny Stolz had defeated the Irish. For the MSU players and fans, it was the first time in seven years the scoreboard had told of a Spartan victory over Notre Dame.

To say the least, happiness reigned supreme in the Michigan State locker room. Stolz and his players rushed into the crowded visitors' quarters and quickly the Spartan general led his team in a chorus of the MSU fight song. For the contest had ended, just as the song does "in victory for MSU."

Stolz then beckoned his team to the blackboard. The noise that had reached an ear-piercing tone only moments before had suddenly died down. Stolz pointed to the blackboard. A broad grin came to his face. A roar rose out of the victorious Spartans and suddenly, without warning, a wave of MSU players attacked the blackboard. Less than 30 seconds later, the board was demolished. It lay splintered and silenced, broken much like the team that sat in stunned amazement in the other locker room.

"It's not the loss that bothered me," Devine continued as he ran his fingers through his graying hair. "It's the way we lost. When you get blown out of the tub, you

look at the film, burn it and start all over again. But with this game it's hard to decipher what caused us to lose and how to correct it."

Stolz was too charged up to do any analyzation. "It's great to beat a perennial national power," Stolz bellowed to the bevy of reporters congregated in a runway near the locker room. "Notre Dame is one of the top-ranked teams in the



Baggett under fire

country. It means a lot to us to beat them."

The play that has kept people in East Lansing chattering all season long came after the Irish had just knotted the score at 3-3 with 4:08 remaining in the game. Reserve fullback Tyrone Wilson found a hole in the Irish line, broke a tackle and scampered 76 yards

before being hauled down by Luther Bradley at the four-yard line.

On the very next play, Levi Jackson took a pitchout from quarterback Charlie Baggett and danced into the end zone unscathed for a 10-3 MSU bulge, the eventual winning margin.

The key run by Wilson was the longest of his career. Previously Wilson had seen limited action at fullback as a backup to Jim Early. Wilson was a starter as a sophomore two years ago.

"I just kept hanging in there," Wilson explained when asked how it felt to be a backup for so long. "But this (the run) makes it all worth it. It's the biggest thing that's ever happened to me."

Wilson smiled as he vividly replayed the run saying, "I saw the opening and that was it. I cut off (split end Dane) Fortney's block and headed downfield. I saw (Luther) Bradley coming over at about the 10-yard line. When he tackled me, I thought I was in the end zone."

"Yes, I sent the play in," Stolz answered when asked who made the key call. "One of our offensive tackles was convinced we could trap Niehaus. We moved him out and the play worked to perfection."

"It's unfair to blame Niehaus," Notre Dame assistant coach Joe Yonto countered. "Our defense was in an audible situation and we blew the call. Steve played outstanding all day. Defense is an 11-man concept. Niehaus cannot be blamed for not stopping that run."

"It didn't really hinge on one play," Devine objected. "I guess we made a mistake in the long run. We misplayed our defense. Lots of those things happen in a game and usually someone compensates for it. On that play (the 76-yard Wilson scamper), it just didn't happen."

Al Hunter took the game's opening kickoff and bolted out to the 47-yard line. Sophomore Joe Montana, who was tabbed as the starting quarterback only minutes before the game, directed the Irish attack down to the MSU 22-yard line. The drive stalled as Montana

failed to get the first down by a camel's hair.

Following a Bradley interception Montana went to work from his own 43. With freshman Jim Browner bulling up the middle and Hunter sweeping the ends, the Irish pushed down to the one and half yard mark. On third down, Montana ambled back and threw up a prayer. Defensive back Tom Hannon responded by plucking the ball out of the air for a touchback.

"I went to the sidelines before that play," Montana sourly explained later. "Coach Johnson had decided we were going to run the ball in. But Coach Devine interceded and thought a pass might work. I thought it was a good call. We just didn't execute it well."

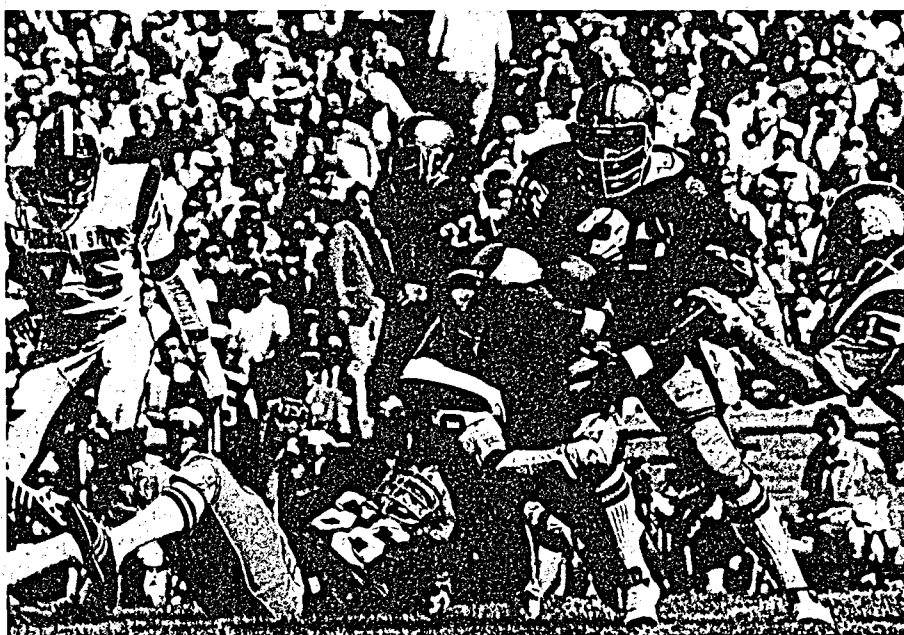
Later in the second frame, Browner broke over the middle for 20 quick yards and the Irish had a first down on the MSU 33. Mark McLane rolled for more yardage and Hunter cracked the line for three yards giving the Irish third and eight on the 14. But the ball slithered from Montana's fingers as he was attempting to pass and defensive end Richard Washington pounced on the pigskin.

Baggett then took the Spartans down to the ND 21 in 14 plays. There the drive got stuck in neutral and Hans Nielson's field attempt floated wide to the left.

Exit Joe Montana. Enter Rick Slager. Slager completed an 18-yard toss to Ted Burgmeier as the gun sounded ending the scoreless half.

The first two times the Irish had the ball in the second half, the thrill was short-lived as Notre Dame suffered from a case of fumbleitis. Browner fumbled once on the Notre Dame 47 and Hunter lost the ball another time on his own 33. Yet the Spartans refused to accept the Notre Dame charity. Finally, with Jackson leading the way, the Spartan attack gained momentum. Baggett took his team down to the Irish 20 where Nielsen's field goal attempt was perfect. The first score of the day had come with 12 seconds remaining in the third quarter, giving MSU a 3-0 lead.

Midway through the final quarter



Browner gets blacker and bluer.

Slager commanded the only Notre Dame scoring drive of the day. With the Irish on their own 48, Slager faced a crucial third and five situation. Under a heavy rush, Slager floated the ball to McLane, who rumbled 28 yards to the Spartan 22. A quick pass to MacAfee put the Irish on the four. There the Irish offense went into reverse, as Hunter lost six on a pitchout and Slager yielded eight more while attempting to pass. Dave Reeve's 18-yard field goal knotted the game at three all, setting up the Wilson photo finish.

"I had no regrets on our quarterbacking," Devine asserted. "We started Montana because of his performance in the Northwestern game and because he had a good week in practice. I thought Slager did an excellent job under the circumstances."

The game was to take its toll on both teams. Notre Dame lost tackle Harry Woeckenberg for the season with a back sprain. Ross Browner missed almost two games with an ankle sprain and Doug Becker and Randy Harrison met the same plight. Jim Browner was

to be out for almost four weeks with a knee injury. State lost defensive back Mike Imhoff for the season as he also suffered a knee injury.

"It was a very, very physical game," Stolz said as he shook his head in disbelief. "When you have that type of hitting you're going to see the ball on the ground a lot."

"I had so much faith in these kids," Devine concluded. "I really thought they would come back and score. Then we would have gone for two and hopefully won the game. They just had that look in their eyes and if they keep that look they will be all right."

But as Baggett pointed out, some people didn't see it Devine's way. "A lot of people picked Notre Dame to win today," beamed the offensive ring leader of the Spartans. "But we didn't pick Notre Dame to win. I guess that's what the game of football is all about."

Like the Notre Dame players, Baggett too had that look in his eyes. The only difference was that on October 4, 1975, his was the look of a winner.

Michigan State	0	0	3	7-10
Notre Dame	0	0	0	3-3

Scoring:

MSU: Nielsen, 37-yard field goal.

ND: Reeve, 35-yard field goal.

MSU: Jackson, 4-yard run (Nielsen kick).

NORTH CAROLINA

by Vic Dorr

There exists among college football fans a certain camaraderie, a shared sense of devotion to scenic little (and not-so-little) stadiums and out-of-the-way towns.

Unfortunately, the sense of camaraderie is not universal. Wear a blue and gold baseball cap into Spartan Stadium in East Lansing or Tiger Stadium in Baton Rouge, and you'll likely encounter more curses than conversation. But in rustic Kenan Stadium in Chapel Hill, N.C., that doesn't happen.

It couldn't happen.

North Carolinians, after all, are genteel people. They aren't aggressive (not during the fall, anyway. During basketball season, that's something else entirely.) They hope their football team will win. They don't expect it to win. And on the second Saturday in October, some 45,000 North Carolina fans flocked into Kenan Stadium, hoping to see the Tar Heels defeat 15th-ranked Notre Dame.

They came within five minutes and 11 seconds of seeing exactly that.

North Carolina, playing inspired defensive football and taking advantage of two Irish breakdowns, built a 14-0 lead after three quarters and still led by eight, 14-6, with just over five minutes remaining. But the Irish, rallying behind relief quarterback Joe Montana, scored twice during the final 5:11 and—incredibly—won the game, 21-14.

Notre Dame Coach Dan Devine, who saw his team drift oh-so-close to defeat, called the triumph the most satisfying of his career.

"It was my best one ever," he bubbled. "More satisfying than anything that ever happened at Arizona State or Missouri or Green Bay. We did everything wrong for the first three quarters. Then, we

did everything right."

UNC's Bill Dooley, on the other hand, said the defeat was a very difficult one to accept. "It was the hardest kind of loss to take," he said. "We had it won. We just let it slip away. I can't begin to tell you how disappointed our football team is. To have a team like Notre Dame down 14-0 in the fourth quarter and then lose is really tough."

UNC's fans, while also disappointed, were neither glum nor dejected.

"You've gotta love those Heels," shouted one, as the stadium clock wound down to 0:00.

"We've got nothing to be ashamed of," said another. "Nothing at all. We played a hell of a game."

The Tar Heels did, indeed, play a hell of a game. Particularly for a team which had won only two of its first four games.

The first few series of downs established the tempo for the first three quarters: the Irish could make little significant progress against UNC's defense, while North Carolina, behind Mike Voight's power running and the short, accurate passes of quarterback Bill Paschall, applied consistent — though not heavy — pressure to the ND defense.

"I think we played a good game," said Voight, who gained 169 yards on 36 carries. "I think the fans got what they came to see."

"Sure," he added, "we were beat down by the heat (it was at least 90 degrees on the floor of the stadium), but so were they. The only time they impressed me was on those scores late in the game. Rest of the time, we shut them up pretty good."

North Carolina shut off ND's best scoring opportunity of the first

half when it recovered Rick Slager's fumble on the UNC eight. This turn of events annoyed Irish partisans in Kenan Stadium's west stands, but, curiously, it did not greatly encourage Tar Heel fans.

"We think you are going to beat us badly," said an elderly North Carolina graduate to the ND fan in front of him. "But we don't think your voice can last the whole game. We have some beer on ice here, if you'd like some. We think you might need it."

When the two teams left the field at halftime embroiled in a scoreless tie, the UNC grad, who made no secret of the fact that he once played football for the Tar Heels, shook his graying head. "We're playing way over our heads," he said.

North Carolina kept its head in the clouds during the third period, and very nearly put Notre Dame six feet under after capitalizing on a fumbled snap in a punting situation and a missed assignment by the Irish secondary.

The fumbled snap came early in the period. Tony Brantley, punting from his own 21, muffed a low pass from center, pursued the loose ball, picked it up and, in desperation, lateraled it to Jim Weiler. Weiler was dragged down on the ND 12-yard line.

On the next play, Voight stamped into the end zone.

UNC, playing not at all like a three-touchdown underdog, inflated the score on its next possession. Starting from his own 10, Paschall, the Tar Heel QB, took his club to its second touchdown in 11 plays. A 39-yard strike to wingback Mel Collins, who had been overlooked by the Irish pass defense, produced the score. As Collins loped into the Carolina Blue end zone, UNC fans who had only hoped earlier began to believe.

And with good reason. Only 17 minutes remained in the game.

At this point, Slager, who had not had a good day, put together a 65-yard, 12-play scoring march. Two pass completions and five running plays moved the ball to the North Carolina 18. A look-in pass to tight end Ken MacAfee gave the Irish a first and goal on the four. Two plays later, Al Hun-

ter scored ND's first touchdown in seven periods. But when Slager's two-point conversion pass fell incomplete, UNC fans began to celebrate.

And why not? Only 11:27 remained in the game.

Following an exchange of punts, the Irish took over on their own 27 with 6:04 showing on the stadium clock.

Exit Slager.

Enter Montana.

"I didn't think I'd be going in," said Montana. "When I did get in, I was a little nervous. But I knew there was still time."

Montana tied the game in five plays. He popped Jerome Heavens up the middle for 20 yards, completed a seven-yard sideline pass (a pattern which was to prove significant), then hit split receiver Dan Kelleher for 39 yards to the UNC two.

Hunter's second two-yard plunge of the afternoon made it 14-12. Then, displaying the composure which is usually reserved for seasoned veterans, Montana ignored a strong UNC rush, scouted his receivers and fired a two-point conversion pass to tight end Doug Buth.

Five minutes and eleven seconds remained in the game.

The Tar Heels answered with a promising drive of their own. Quickly and efficiently, they moved the ball to the Irish 26. But on fourth down, and with 1:15 left to play, Carolina placekicker Tom Biddle was wide right with a 42-yard field goal attempt.

"In past games," said Irish defensive tackle Steve Niehaus, "we'd bend but never break. Today we broke a couple of times (the Irish surrendered 394 yards in total offense), but we had what it took to stop them."

"I think the heat bothered us a lot," said Niehaus. "We're not used to it. It was rough out there today. A couple of times we let up, but on the whole we did our job. I'm just happy we won."

In the press box immediately after Biddle's failure, UNC publicists were telling reporters that the Tar Heels had played 189 consecutive games without a tie.

In Kenan Stadium's west stands, the UNC alumnus was telling no

one in particular, "Well, Notre Dame will win it now. They'll drive down, and get a field goal, and they'll win it 17-14."

In the Irish backfield, Joe Montana was telling Ted Burgmeier to run an eight-yard out-pattern to the left sideline. Burgmeier ran. Montana threw. Deep back Russ Conley slipped. And the play which was supposed to gain eight yards and stop the clock gained 80 yards—incredibly—and put Notre Dame on top to stay, 21-14.

"On Teddy's touchdown," said Montana, "the coach sent in a draw play but told me to look for the sideline pass. I saw the cornerback had dropped off Ted pretty far, so I called the audible."

Montana's audible didn't catch Conley by surprise.

"I could see the quarterback checking off at the line," said the Tar Heel cornerback, "so I figured the play was coming. They'd run it twice before. When the quarterback threw it, I went for the interception. But before I got to the ball I lost my footing and slipped."

"If I hadn't slipped, it could have been an interception or a four- or five-yard gain. What it was, was a gamble. And I lost."

After Conley took himself out of the play, Burgmeier turned upfield

and began a footrace with safety Bobby Trott.

"He (Trott) was the last guy left," said Burgmeier. "I had to decide whether to fake him inside or outside. I decided to fake him outside so that if he did tackle me I'd be out of bounds."

Burgmeier's fake, which was subtle rather than sudden, left Trott stumbling helplessly at the UNC 40.

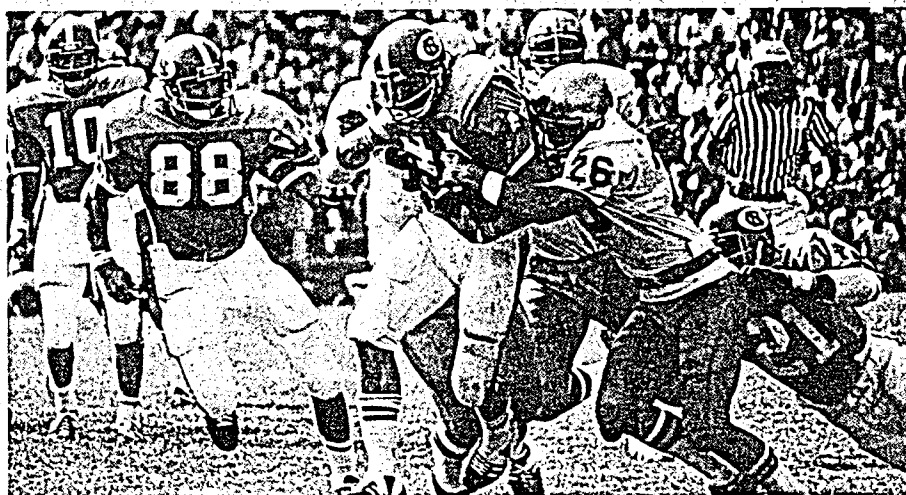
One minute and three seconds remained.

But even then, the Tar Heels weren't through. Paschall, doing a frightening imitation of Joe Namath, completed passes of 13 and 19 yards to Ray Stanford and moved the Tar Heels to the Irish 19-yard line as time expired. Paschall, who completed 11 passes for 161 yards, attempted one final aerial as the gun sounded.

The pass fell incomplete in the end zone.

The Carolina pine trees were casting their late-afternoon shadows over Kenan Stadium when the record crowd of 49,500 began heading for the exits. But in the UNC student section, one young man sat for a long moment and stared at the field. He shook his head sadly.

"We came so close," he moaned. "So close. . . ."



Lopienski and Stock drag down UNC's Voight.

Notre Dame	0	0	0	21—21
North Carolina	0	0	14	0—14

Scoring:

UNC: Voight, 12-yard run (Biddle kick).

UNC: Paschall to Collins, 39 yards (Biddle kick).

ND: Hunter, 2-yard run.

ND: Hunter, 1-yard run (Two-point conversion good).

ND: Montana to Burgmeier, 80 yards (McLaughlin kick).

AIR FORCE

by John Stenson

The Irish were 4-1 as they headed west, with their big show-down with USC only one week away. But the record didn't tell the whole story about this football team. Some felt the Notre Dame victories lacked the luster of years past. Both in Purdue and North Carolina, Irish victories were not sealed until the closing minutes. Now the Irish had to turn their attention to the Air Force, a team which had caused them little or no problem in the past. The question of starting quarterback had again been decided in favor of Rick Slager.

The first quarter belonged to young Joe Restic. When called upon, he kept the Air Force deep in their own territory with kicks of 51 and 55 yards. Pat Pohlen was an early casualty as he was forced to leave the game early in the first quarter with an ankle sprain. Neither offense could get untracked in the early going. The Air

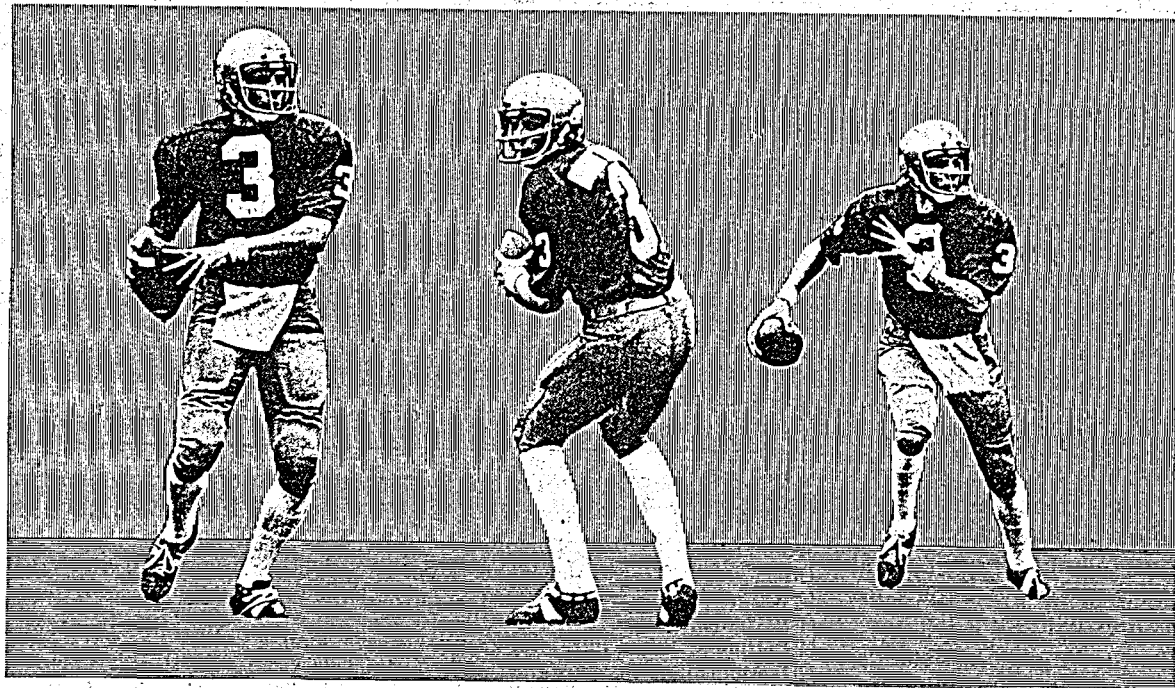
Force moved to their own 48 before being stopped. The Irish, using the running of McLane and Heavens, moved to the 45 in their initial possession before Restic had to kick it away. In the closing minutes of the quarter, the Air Force began the game's first bona fide drive. Moving from their eighty-yard line, the Falcons used the passing of Mike Worden and consistent running by tailbacks Dave Reiner and Scott Bream in moving the ball to the Irish 29. From there, Dave Lawson kicked his 43rd career field goal, tops in collegiate ball, to give the Falcons an early 3-0 lead.

On the ensuing kickoff, the Irish began to mount their first sustained drive. Behind some excellent running by halfback Terry Eurick, Notre Dame began to move downfield quickly. A Slager pitch to Eurick was good for 15 yards and a first down on their own 45. After a handoff to Jerome Heavens,

it was Eurick again rambling 18 yards to the Falcon 33. Heavens brought the Irish another first down as he went off tackle to the 15. Heavens and Eurick then moved the ball to the six where a fourth down and one confronted Slager and his teammates. After a session with Coach Devine, Slager pitched it to McLane. The Falcon defense rose to the occasion though, and denied McLane the first down. The drive in all covered 64 yards but as the offense left the field, they had nothing on the board to show for it.

This was only the beginning of the problems which would beset the Irish today. On second down and 10 from their own 12, Heavens missed a Slager handoff and the loose ball was recovered by the Falcons on the 16. It took the Air Force only one play to reach pay dirt, as quarterback Mike Worden rambled 16 yards on a rollout to make it 10-0 Air Force with 7:12 remaining in the first half.

The trailing Irish realized they were in a football game and began to engineer a drive which would net them something on the scoreboard. Heavens broke through the middle twice for good yardage to help move the ball from the Irish 25 to the Falcon 28. On first down, Slager's pass to Kelleher was intercepted by T. J. Carney. It appeared that another drive had been stalled through Irish mistakes. Luckily for



the Irish, a pass interference penalty negated the interception. So, instead of returning to the bench to repent for their sins, the Irish offense had a first and 10 at the Falcon 15. Here the drive stalled as the Air Force defense began to swarm around Heavens. On fourth down, Dave Reeve kicked a 31-yard field goal to put the Irish on the board.

When Notre Dame recovered the ball on downs, the fans were ready for the Irish to begin to exploit the Falcon defense. Instead, it was the mistake-prone Irish offense which was to be exploited. Montana was now in for Slager and on third down on his own 32, he sent Kelleher on a fly pattern. The ball never got to its intended destination as Jim Miller picked off the errant pass and returned it to the Falcon 29. With 32 seconds left, Mike Worden hit Dave Reiner on a 25-yard delay. Then Reiner took a draw up the middle for 12 more. With three seconds left, Dave Lawson had the chance to become the Falcon's all-time leading scorer, surpassing Ernie Jennings. He made the most of the opportunity as he hit a 52-yard field goal to send the Falcons to the locker room at halftime with a 13-3 lead.

As the teams entered the locker room, Irish mistakes, more than anything else, told the story of the first half. Ten of the Falcons' 13 points were results of Irish miscues. Heavens' fumble early in the second quarter put the Air Force on the Irish 18 and created the only touchdown of the half. A Montana interception allowed the Falcons to tack on three more points before half time. Without these mistakes the game might have been tied.

Notre Dame came out for the second half determined to end the game on a different note. On their initial drive, Montana led the troops 80 yards for a score, with the last 54 being covered by Jerome Heavens racing off right tackle for the touchdown. It was now 13-10 and the momentum seemed to have switched sides. But again another Irish mistake popped up to turn the tide. On second down and nine from his own 20, Montana threw his second

lame duck of the afternoon. Cornerback Jim Miller was the culprit and again the Falcons would benefit from Irish turnovers. From the 17, Worden directed a drive which took five plays, the last a one-yard run by Reimer for the score. The mistake put the Irish further into a hole and with 9:59 left in the third quarter the Irish were again down by 10.

On the Falcons' next possession, they began to drive down the field again moving from their 20 to the Notre Dame 24. Air Force called on Dave Lawson and once more Lawson responded with three points. A 13-point deficit caused rumors to become louder, if no more realistic.

What would have been a difficult comeback became almost impossible on the next series. Jerome Heavens, who has been plagued with fumbles throughout the season, coughed it up again on his own 22 and the Falcons were in position to extend their third quarter lead to 20. With 1:43 remaining, Worden hit flanker Paul Williams with a 30-yard touchdown pass and what had been joked about earlier was becoming a stark reality. The Air Force seemed to be well on their way to upsetting the Irish.

Early in the fourth quarter, Montana realized it was time for the heroics to begin. Starting on his own 34, Joe dropped back and hit Kelleher on a 14-yard curl. A give to Orsini and a 29-yard completion to tight end Ken MacAfee brought the Irish to the Air Force 18. From here, Orsini carried the ball to the three and Montana bootlegged in for the score. The Irish were back in the game. With 10:26 left they trailed by 13.

After an exchange of punts, the Irish got their big break. On first and ten, Jim Monahan fumbled

on the Irish 35. The fumble stopped a Falcon scoring drive and more importantly gave the ball back to the Irish offense. It appeared for a moment though that it had all gone for naught. On third and 10 from his own 37, Montana suffered his third interception of the afternoon. Fortunately for the Irish, Miller, the thief, fumbled the ball after returning it to the 15. Pat Pohlen recovered the loose ball and the Irish had another chance. This time Montana did not make a mistake. After a 12-yard completion to MacAfee, Montana hooked up with halfback Mark McLane for a 66-yard gain and a first and goal at the Falcon seven. From there, Montana went to MacAfee for the score. The Irish had now closed the gap to six. With 5:29 on the clock, time became a precious item and Notre Dame needed the ball back to complete the storybook ending. The defense did just that as they held the Falcons on downs and gave the ball back to the offense.

Shades of North Carolina shone brightly as Montana and the offensive unit marched onto the field. From the Irish 45 it took only one play to seal the comeback. With 4:34 remaining, Al Hunter scampered off right tackle for 43 yards and the game was all but history. Heavens finally put it across for the score and with 3:23 remaining the Irish had their first lead at 31-30. The defense, which had been put in a hole by offense's mistakes time and again this afternoon, shown brightly in the final minutes. Victory had again been snatched from the jaws of defeat. Joe Montana had engineered a comeback worth remembering. The mistakes were obvious and needed correction before the big showdown with Southern Cal. For now though, a well-earned victory was to be savored.

Notre Dame	0	3	7	21—31
Air Force	0	13	17	0—30

Scoring:

AF: Lawson, 45-yard field goal.
 AF: Worden, 16-yard run (Lawson kick).
 ND: Reeve, 31-yard field goal.
 ND: Heavens, 54-yard run (Reeve kick).
 AF: Reiner, 1-yard run (Lawson kick).
 AF: Lawson, 41-yard field goal.
 AF: Worden to Williams, 33 yards (Lawson kick).
 ND: Montana, 3-yard run (Reeve kick).
 ND: Montana to MacAfee, 7 yards (Reeve kick).
 ND: Heavens, 1-yard run (Reeve kick).

SOUTHERN CAL

by Bill Delaney

The trustees of the University were there. Naturally, Ara was there. Overhead was the Good-year Blimp. Even Paul Hornung was around to give a last-minute pep talk. The traditional bed sheet banners were hung throughout the campus and, as usual, the dean of students tore a few of them down. Just about all of the ingredients for a Southern Cal weekend were there, except for something to stop the Bells from ringing.

Each year, the Trojans play the Irish with some unbelievable phenomena in the backfield. Mike Garrett, O. J. Simpson and Anthony Davis have lifted USC to national championships over the years. These three have also left their marks on Notre Dame fans, since they have played critical roles in

Trojan victories over the Irish. With the graduation of Davis, many hoped that a successor wouldn't be found for the Trojan tailback spot.

And then Ricky Bell came along. In his first year as a starter and as tailback, Bell had done much to earn a place with his former teammates. He set a record earlier in the season for the most yards gained in one game, and his strength and endurance forced many to look at this new, exciting runner.

Dan Devine didn't really want to face an exciting, breakaway runner this weekend. The consecutive come-from-behind victories left little emotion in the man. He needed a big win—now more than ever.

The sky was unusually beautiful

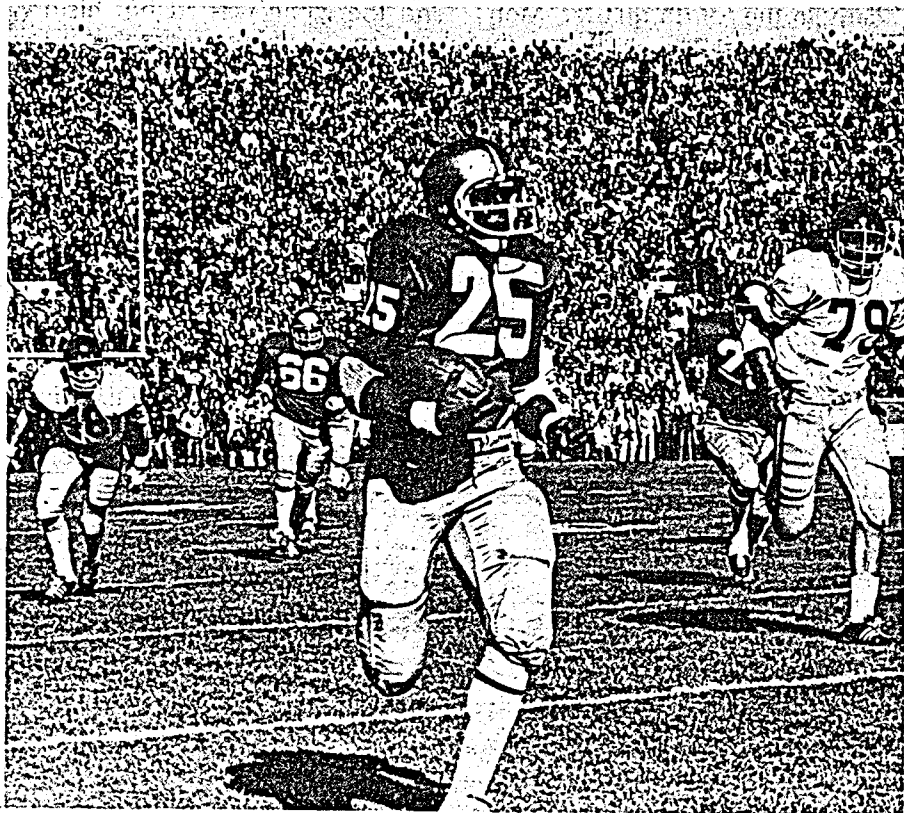
for the confrontation with USC that Saturday afternoon. The football weekend and all of its glory were coming to a climax in Notre Dame Stadium, and the 59,075 fans wanted to see if the Irish could really put something together.

USC won the toss and elected to receive. Bell and company couldn't move the ball, and Bob Walker had to punt. On ND's second play from scrimmage, Joe Montana handed off to Al Hunter around right end. Behind Al Wujciak, the muscular tailback scampered 52 yards for the score, putting the Irish ahead with only three minutes gone on the clock. The opening by the powerful Wujciak enabled Devine some breathing space on this tension-filled afternoon.

But the relaxation was short-lived. On ND's next possession, Hunter went through the Trojan line, and before the play was blown dead, Hunter coughed up the ball. Quarterback Vince Evans moved the Trojans downfield from the Irish 45, mixing runs by Bell up the middle and passes to his end Jim Simmrin. On second and six from the Irish seven, Evans was thrown for a 16-yard loss by tackle Jeff Weston. In desperation on the next play, Evans' attempted aerial was intercepted by John Dubenetzky in the end zone. Again, Devine had some breathing room until the end of the second quarter.

In a long, ball-controlled drive, Bell and Evans worked the ball from their own 45, due to a Heavens fumble, to the Irish 21. Here, Evans connected with Shelton Diggs on a crossing pattern for the touchdown, giving USC the lead, 7-6. Devine now faced the reality of being down against a team that could control the ball. His next possession didn't help his situation either. Montana couldn't move the team, and Restic was called in once again to punt.

USC once again went to the attack, this time with fullback Mosi Tatupu gaining 11 and 12 yards up the middle of the Irish defense. Bell then picked up six quick yards to the 23, where Bradley and Browner corralled Evans for a four-yard loss, stalling the Trojans' drive. Glen Walker was then called on to attempt a 40-yard field goal,



Hunter sprinting for the early lead.

but Tom Lopienski ran in and tipped the try. The Irish were still down by only one.

The two teams traded the ball a few times until the defenses started to respond to the occasion. This time, linebacker Doug Becker picked up a Bell fumble on the Trojan 47. His efforts went by the boards, however, as Notre Dame failed once again to score. On fourth and one from the 38, Devine gambled and allowed Montana to pass to MacAfee for the score. The pass was incomplete, however, and the Trojans started again. Tatupu failed to gain. Evans lost three. Even Bell lost. Glen Walker was called in to punt.

Once again, the defense shone through the sputtering Notre Dame play. Under a tremendous rush by the defensive wall, Walker's kick was blocked by Luther Bradley and picked up by Tom Lopienski on the three. Behind the wall created by Ross Browner, Lopienski walked in for the apparent score. But in the melee surrounding the score, a referee's flag lay on the line of scrimmage. The Irish were offside. The play was to start all over again.

The defense was not going to be denied because of a penalty. As if the entire stadium and television audience were watching a slow-motion replay, Bradley again blocked the punt, and Lopienski again recovered the ball and scampered in for the score. Devine went for the two-point try, and Hunter hit Kris Haines on an option pass to put the Irish on top by 14-7 with two minutes left in the half. Southern Cal went nowhere fast, as Evans' pass was picked off by defensive standout Lopienski, who skirted down the sidelines as time expired at the half.

For a team that had a seven-point lead, you would imagine that possession time for the Irish would be more than the 8:11 that the half time stats sheets indicated. But it was true; the defense had stayed on the field for 21:49, something that usually results in injuries for that amount of play. Bell had already carried 25 times for USC, and the Irish front four had spent quite a bit of time getting acquainted with him. The statistics were overwhelmingly in favor of

the visitors; yet the Irish had that seven-point lead. But that lead would not last very long.

On the third play of the third quarter, Joe Montana went back to pass, but his intended aerial to Haines was caught by Trojan Jim Hovan. Evans and crew started from the Irish 37, and with Tatupu up the middle and Bell around end, found themselves on the Notre Dame three in six plays. Bell's plunge over left tackle knotted the game at 14, and ended the joys of anticipation for Irish fans. Notre Dame was now in a serious position. They had to score.

The waning seconds of the third quarter saw Notre Dame marching down the field in their strongest drive of the afternoon to this junction. Steve Orsini busted up the middle on two gains of five yards, and another for one as the quarter ended, and Notre Dame was on the Trojan 39. Steve then carried down to the 35, where Montana then hit MacAfee on a cross-over for 18 yards and the first down. Orsini tried to get the first down on third and eight, but he came up three yards short. Dan Reeve was called on to try a 27-yarder, and his attempt was good. Notre Dame was on top again, 17-14. Then the Bells started ringing.

Ricky Bell started on his own 25 after the kickoff, and quickly proceeded to the Irish 40, on gains of 19 and 12 yards. Tatupu cracked for seven and then it was Bell's turn again. He pounded for six and then 11 through the ND defense, which was showing strains of keeping up with the ever-fresh Bell. Tatupu burst through for 13, putting the ball on the Irish three. Evans then went around right end for the score, and the fans saw their home team beginning to succumb to the Trojan onslaught.

The Irish received the ensuing kickoff and started to work. On the second play of the possession,

Montana attempted to throw to McLane coming out of the backfield. Danny Reece stepped between McLane and the ball, and the Trojans had the ball once again. Bell again was the work horse for USC, as he picked up nine, and Tatupu gained eight for the first down. This was a crucial situation, since the first down put USC within field goal range if their offense bogged down. This was just the case. Evans failed on third and 10, and Glen Walker was called in to attempt another field goal. This time his 35-yarder was good, giving USC a 24-17 lead with 4:11 to play. Time was running out for Notre Dame.

Hunter returned the following kickoff 44 yards out to the Irish 45, where Montana and Devine would have their last chance. Montana went for the bomb to Eurick, but the pass was greatly overthrown. Browner then gained two, but Montana's pass to Browner fell short, summoning Restic to punt. Devine gambled that he could stop Southern Cal deep in their own territory and force them into a bad punt or turnover. But it never turned out that way. Bell and Evans played a game of who could waste more time diving on the ball. The game ended with Evans falling on the ball protected by his blockers. He and his Trojans had known that they had won and the 24-17 score flashed across the country.

No one moved from the student section of the stadium for a while after the final gun had sounded. They had seen a tremendous battle between two powerhouses. A single man had dominated the game: Bell had rushed 40 times for 165 yards against a tough Irish defense that was simply too tired at the end. What the fans witnessed was one man trying to fight 11 others, as Davis did before. As was the case with Davis, Ricky had slain the Irish Dragon.

Southern California	0	7	7	10-24
Notre Dame	6	8	0	3-17

Scoring:

ND: Hunter, 52-yard run.

SC: Evans to Diggs, 21 yards (Walker kick).

ND: Lopienski, 13-yard fumble recovery (Two-point conversion good).

SC: Bell, 2-yard run (Walker kick).

ND: Reeve, 27-yard field goal.

SC: Evans, 2-yard run (Walker kick).

SC: Walker, 35-yard field goal.

NAVY

by Chip Scanlon

Navy's game, on land or sea, is defense. That is, except in Notre Dame Stadium. For the Midshipmen it was like a lesson in using defensive weapons on the offensive as Notre Dame's heralded defensive corps scored two touchdowns and set up a third en route to a 31-10 Irish victory.

The week leading up to the arrival of the Seamen had been one of doubt and disinterest. The student body was played out after a heartbreaking loss to Southern California. Observers wondered if the team was as down as everyone else. Losing this game after such a tremendous performance by the Irish defense and another dismal display by the impotent offense had people wondering whether Notre Dame could get by the Naval Academy this year. This hadn't been a conceivable possibility in years, but this was to be a year for firsts.

The older players tried to rally the younger ones so that this squad would not be remembered as the first Irish team to lose three consecutive home games since 1960. But this team wanted no part of a connection or resemblance to the days of Joe Kuharich.

Navy won the toss and elected to kick to Notre Dame to get the 49th meeting under way. With the wind at his back Navy's kicker had no difficulty in putting the ball in the end zone and the Irish started out with first and 10 from the 20. Notre Dame took the field with the sophomore savior Joe Montana at the helm. Montana had led a couple of miraculous comebacks for the Irish against North Carolina and Air Force, and was designated number one quarterback.

The first series let everyone know right away that Coach Dan Devine hadn't performed any major overhaul on the Irish offen-

sive corps. Navy looked as good as they were rumored to be as they held Al Hunter to two yards on the first rush of the day. Jerome Heavens managed four and Hunter slanted for three, but this was to be all for this Irish series as Joe Restic was called upon to punt.

Navy picked up a quick first down on two rushes taking them to their own 47-yard line. The Middies stuck to the ground and gained four yards in two plays. This forced them to launch their air attack, an attack none too awesome. Mike Banks was there for the Irish to knock the intended aerial away from Navy's fullback Jackson and the tempo of play had been established.

Again Notre Dame took over from their 20 and again could not mount anything resembling an offensive drive. Two runs by Heavens and Hunter netted two and another third down situation was upon the Irish. Montana tried a screen pass to Mark McLane, but

the pass fell incomplete as Montana avoided a big rush. This time Devine countered with a McLane run, but was only able to gain three.

Navy took advantage of a rare mistake by the ND defense as they capitalized on a face-mask penalty after getting nowhere on the ground. After grinding out seven yards up the middle of a line that was to bend but not break in the course of the game, Navy field goal kicker Larry Muczynski put the Middies ahead on a 33-yard field goal. It was the end result of a 44-yard, five-play drive and it looked like last year's Veteran's Field all over again.

Notre Dame had been getting good returns this season, and Hunter's return to the Irish 26 bore this out. Montana pitched to Hunter for four. He then passed to Ken MacAfee for 15 and a first down, Notre Dame's first of the afternoon. Jim Browner gained one up the middle.

Now it was Montana's turn. A pass to McLane and then one to MacAfee brought the offense into Navy territory for the first time. With first and 10 from the Navy 32, Browner slanted for two. Another Montana pass fell incomplete and then an intended aerial for Kelleher fell dead at the goal line. Senior Pat McLaughlin attempted a 47-yard field goal, but his effort fell short. Another Irish scoring drive gone by the boards.

Navy took over on their own 20, but little did they know of the impending doom surrounding them. After they gained seven on the ground, Ross Browner made up for an earlier face-masking penalty. He brought his scoring production up to eight points by blocking a Dykes punt and pouncing on it in the end zone for an Irish score. Reeve put the placement through the uprights and Notre Dame was in the lead to stay, 7-3.

Navy was unable to sustain a seven-play drive into the second quarter before they fumbled the ball away. Jeff Weston recovered the fumbled pitchout on the Irish 48, but it was all in vain as Montana was intercepted in his third play.

The next three series were uneventful, with each team's offensive play sputtering. With 3:28



"Pass 'em up!"

remaining in the first half, the Irish offense was to sustain its first scoring drive of the day. McLane turned a Montana screen into a 39-yard gain to the Middle 22, the deepest penetration of the day. But again the Irish offense failed to get anything going. Reeve attempted a 35-yard field goal, and his success put Notre Dame ahead, 10-3.

Navy was hoping to get back in the ball game before the half and opened with a couple of pass plays, but after the first fell incomplete and ND's All-American Steve Niehaus sacked Goodwin for a loss of two, Ross Browner came up with another big play.

Browner recovered a Navy fumble on the Navy 30 and again the defense turned the ball over to the offense with excellent field position. If the offense was going to show their credentials, now was the time.

After two carries for the Irish backs, Joe Montana decided to put it in the air. Ken MacAfee, on an over the middle pass pattern, caught the Montana aerial and headed for the end zone. Despite a Navy defender on his back from the seven-yard line, MacAfee was not to be denied, and went in for the Irish score.

Placekicker Dave Reeve converted and the Irish led by 14 with the score going into the locker room, Notre Dame 17-Navy 3. But the scoreboard was not a real indication of Navy's play. They had managed to keep the ball for approximately 15 minutes, just as much time of possession as ND had accumulated. And as the second half would prove, Navy was still very much in the game.

Ken Dykes kicked off for Navy and Terry Eurick sprinted out to the ND 33 for a 26-yard return. Before everyone had returned to his seat after half time, a bad snap led to an Irish fumble and Navy had outstanding field position handed to them.

Bob Jackson quickly picked up 13 yards, carrying to the ND 19-yard line. Then, on consecutive carries he gained two yards and one before Middle halfback Goodwin lost four when Mike Banks nailed him behind the line. This play set up a field goal situation for the Midshipmen as Muczynski

came on the field. But the luck of the Irish prevailed when the field goal was wide to the right and the Irish had weathered another scoring threat.

The next Irish offensive series saw Rick Slager take over for Montana, now on the sidelines with a jammed (later broken) finger. Unfortunately for Slager, he couldn't capitalize on the opportunity to lead the Irish. Three running plays shy of the first down paved the way for Restic to punt. In a nine-play drive composed of some powerful running by fullback Jackson, Navy marched 52 yards to a score. Phil Poirer threw to a wide-open Kevin Sullivan, and the Mid-dies had six more.

With the complexion of the game rapidly changing, Coach Devine felt he had to make a switch in quarterbacks. But even a rejuvenated Montana couldn't get anything going as he led Notre Dame for the remainder of the third quarter. Both Notre Dame and Navy couldn't sustain a drive, and when time ran out in the third quarter, the Irish led the Middies by only a touchdown, 17-10.

The Irish defense, still stinging from Ricky Bell's success against them, took matters into their own hands. Tom Lopienski intercepted a Poirer pass, turning the ball over to the offense. But after the offense stalled for the tenth time of the afternoon, the defense decided to take drastic action. Weston intercepted a Dyke pass on a fake punt, and wasted no time in heading for the end zone. With the help of some vicious blocking by his teammates, he raced 53 yards for the score. After a Reeve conversion the Irish led 24-10. Navy and Notre Dame then exchanged the ball twice before the defense put on their show again.

On the third play of the Middle series, linebacker Tom Eastman snared another Poirer aerial, and

high-stepped his way to the Navy five. On the second play, MacAfee sprung Hunter on an end-around for the touchdown. The Irish were now on top, 31-10, with the defense scoring two touchdowns and setting up a third.

Navy didn't roll over and play dead for the Irish defense, but neither had any other previous opponent this year. On what was to be Navy's last possession of the game, Steve Rogers started things rolling for the Middies. For nine plays, Rogers hung tough against an Irish front line that consistently harassed him as he attempted to pass. The freshman managed a long aerial of 37 yards to Ron Duplessis, bringing Navy into Irish territory. A procedure penalty and two incomplete passes reduced Navy's chances for a score, however, and Golic and Zappala's sack of Rogers sealed Navy's fate. Notre Dame took over for the remaining nine seconds, and the game ended with the Irish on top, 31-10.

For those who read the line score the following day, it would lead many to believe that perhaps Notre Dame had jelled in this, the eighth game of the season. But a look at the final statistics would point out the misconception. The story of the day lay with the defense. A blocked punt, two fumble recoveries and two interceptions left Browner and company heading for possible candidates for offensive players of the week. Weston emerged from the contest as AP Lineman of the Week, a very rewarding treat for the sophomore.

But to evaluate a team from a standpoint of separate units isn't really fair to the squad. One must look to the overall play of the performance. The mark of a good team is its ability to come back. And against Navy, the Irish did just that.

Navy	3	0	7	0-10
Notre Dame	7	10	0	14-31

Scoring:

NA: Muczynski, 33-yard field goal.

ND: Browner, 27-yard fumble recovery (Reeve kick).

ND: Reeve, 35-yard field goal.

ND: Montana to MacAfee, 23 yards (Reeve kick).

NA: Poirer to Sullivan, 3 yards (Muczynski kick).

ND: Weston, 53-yard interception run (Reeve kick).

ND: Hunter, 5-yard run (Reeve kick).

GEORGIA TECH

by Vic Dorr

Never try to convince George Kelly and Joe Yonto that familiarity breeds contempt, particularly where the Wishbone T is concerned.

You see, Kelly and Yonto know better.

The two Irish coaches—Kelly handles Notre Dame's linebackers, Yonto the defensive line—have faced the Wishbone six times since 1970. They have been defeated by it once, in the 1970 Cotton Bowl. Since then, however, they have known nothing but success.

The Irish defense yielded 11 points to Texas' Wishbone in 1971, 23 to Alabama's in 1973, seven to Georgia Tech's in '74 and 11 to Alabama's in the 1975 Orange Bowl. But never—never—has Notre Dame fared better against a Wishbone than it did while beating Georgia Tech, 24-3, in the last home game of the '75 season.

Consider:

Georgia Tech, which had been averaging 376 rushing yards per game prior to its run-in with ND, managed only 143 yards on the ground against the Irish.

Sixty-seven of Tech's rushing yards came on a run from punt formation, a 17-yard quarterback scramble and a 38-yard burst from scrimmage on the game's first play.

The Yellow Jackets attempted four passes and completed none.

Tech's deepest penetration—to the ND 18—came after the Irish fumbled a fourth-quarter punt on their own 21.

Not surprisingly, ND's defensive accomplishments elated Kelly and Yonto.

Actually, the game began as if Tech Coach Pepper Rodgers intended to write a book about attacking Notre Dame's defense. Yellow Jacket fullback Pat Moriarity filtered through the right side of

the Irish line on the game's first play, veered to the sidelines, and reached midfield before deep back Mike Banks could overtake him.

The play, which originated from the Georgia Tech 10 gained 38 yards. The play also annoyed Notre Dame's defenders, who proceeded to pick Tech's Wishbone clean the rest of the afternoon.

"You can't defense a Wishbone team without first seeing it in operation," said ND Coach Dan Devine. "So, instead of having our second unit stand and watch this week, we had them work against a second Wishbone preparation team."

Pepper Rodgers, who saw his high-powered offense held without a touchdown for only the second time in 21 games, could only shake his head when asked to praise the Irish defense.

"Let me put it this way," he said. "Everything we tried didn't work. I knew Notre Dame would be good, but they were fantastic. They have more size and speed than anybody. They are the best defensive team we've played."

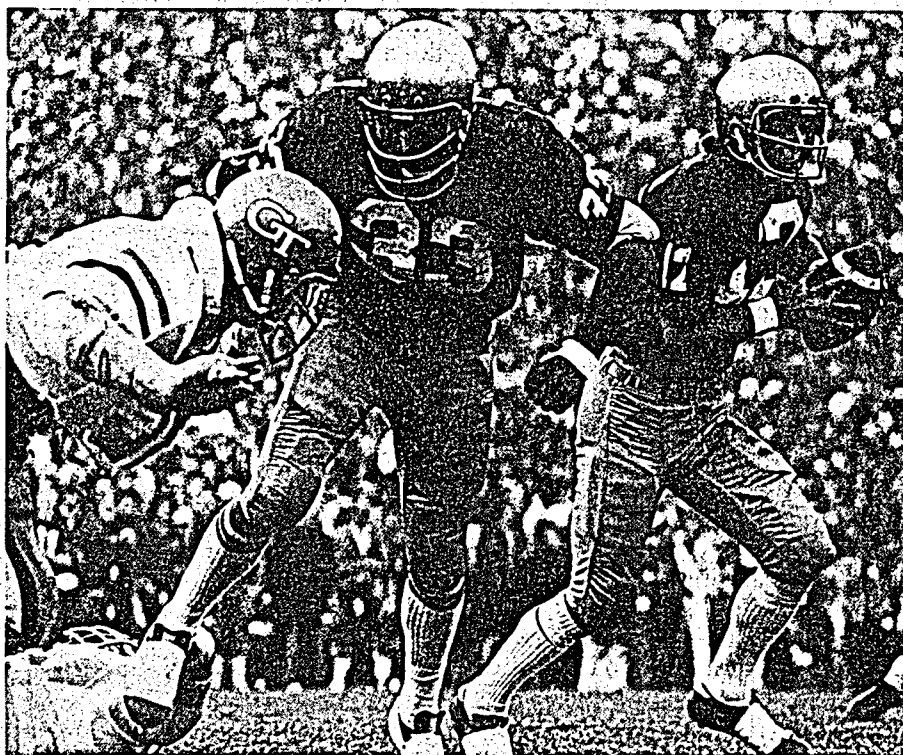
"We have no alibis," he said. "Notre Dame beat us fair and square."

Had Rodgers been looking for consolation, he could have found some in the fact that—on both sides of the line of scrimmage—the Irish saved their best game of the season for the Yellow Jackets.

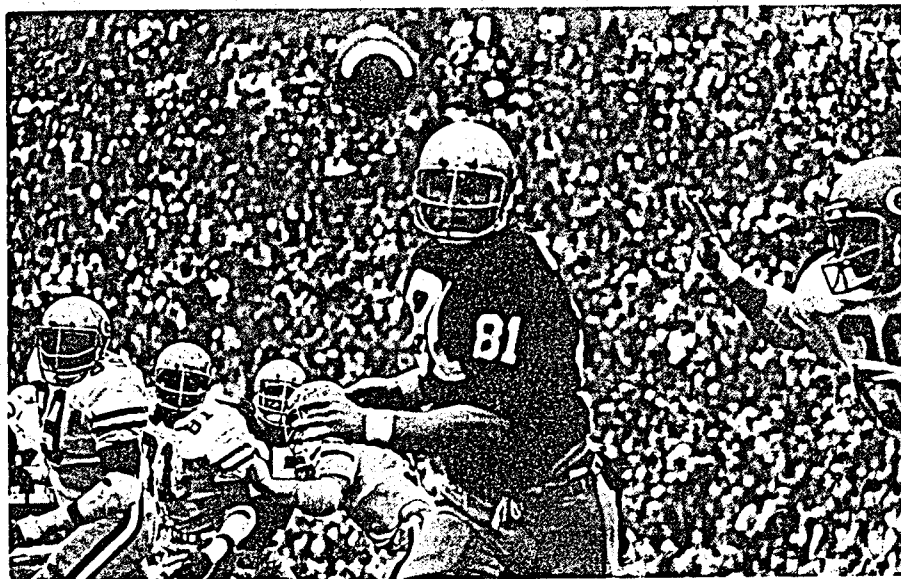
ND's defensive accomplishments spoke for themselves, but on offense, where they had struggled and sputtered the previous week, the Irish were just as effective. Quarterback Rick Slager, starting in place of the injured Joe Montana, got ND the only touchdown it needed with a daring, dangerous pitchout to freshman fullback Jerome Heavens.

More important, though, were a pair of patient, long-distance drives engineered by Slager and Co.

"I felt all along that we could control the ball and keep it away from Tech," said Devine. "That's one of the things you have to do if you're going to stop the Wishbone. It's not a catch-up offense, you know. It tries to control the



Allocco directs the Irish offense to their last score.



MacAfee watches a Slager pass go too long.

ball, and it hates to see the other team control it."

The Irish drove to their first score after Ross Browner recovered a Tech fumble at the 50 midway through the first period. Slager, handing off three times to Heavens and completing passes of 12 and 13 yards to tight end Ken MacAfee, drove his team to a third and five at the Tech 16.

Then, after being hemmed in on an option play to the right—and being literally knocked off his feet—Slager made his pitch to Heavens. The big freshman scored easily, hurdling two fallen defenders en route to the end zone.

The Jackets, on their first possession following the touchdown, had every chance to retaliate. They couldn't. After three unsuccessful thrusts into the line, Tech punted to ND's Tim Simon. Simon returned the kick 33 yards, fumbled, and Tech's Gil Kyle recovered.

The Jackets ran three more offensive plays, lost two yards, and sent in punter Harper Brown once again. Brown fumbled a low snap from center, recovered, and escaped for 16 yards and a first down at the Tech 45. Tech drove as far as the ND 38 before being forced to punt a third time. This time, the kick sailed into the end zone.

And this time, the Irish offense came to the rescue of its weary defensive mates. Starting from his own 20, Slager took the offense on a 62-yard, 14-play, six-minute drive that ended when Dave Reeve kicked a 29-yard field goal.

Reeve's kick, which came with 9:28 remaining in the first half, took the starch out of the Jackets. Notre Dame's second offensive play of the second half took the life out of them.

The play began simply enough. On second and seven from the Irish 27, Heavens—who was to finish with 148 yards—took a hand-off and steamed into the line.

He wasn't stopped.

Heavens burst into the secondary, slanted toward the middle of the field and took off. Only one Tech defender had a chance to make a tackle, and Heavens disposed of him with a slick fake at

the Yellow Jacket 30. The scoring run was Notre Dame's longest since Eric Penick's 85-yard jaunt against Southern Cal in 1973.

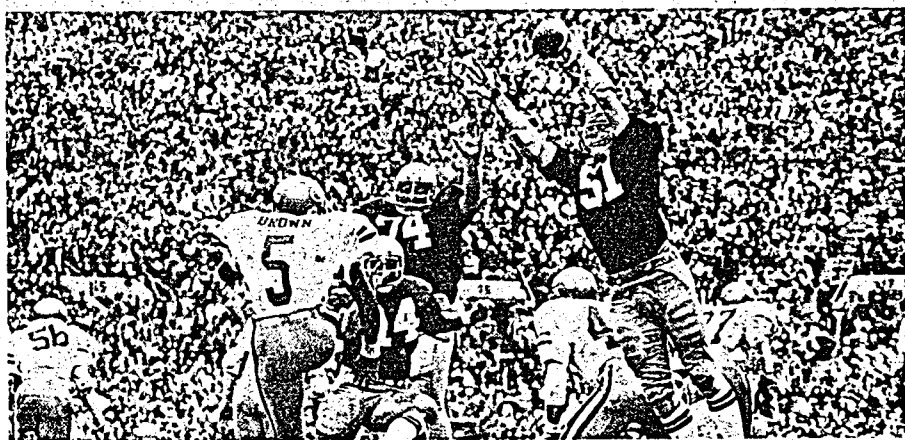
Heavens' run, for all practical purposes, ended the game. But it didn't end the drama. Not, at least, where Frank Allocco and Dan Reuttiger were concerned.

Allocco, who might have been ND's No. 1 quarterback had it not been for a preseason shoulder separation, entered the game late in the fourth period and engineered Notre Dame's final touchdown drive. And because he did, Dan Reuttiger made his first, final and only appearance in an Irish uniform.

Reuttiger, a 27-year-old senior, a live-in security guard at the A.C.C., a veteran of two years in the Navy and—unlikeliest of all—a 5-7, 184-pound defensive end, entered the game after the Irish scored with 28 seconds remaining. The veteran of three years with the prep team made the most of his opportunity, too, sacking Tech quarterback Rudy Allen for a five-yard loss on the game's final play.

But then, that's the sort of game it was: a game with the happiest of endings. The next week, with a Cotton Bowl bid and their No. 9 national ranking on the line, the Irish would encounter an ending which was different.

Quite a bit different.



A very near miss.

Georgia Tech	0	0	0	3—3
Notre Dame	7	3	7	7—24

Scoring:

ND: Heavens, 16-yard run (Reeve kick).
 ND: Reeve, 29-yard field goal.
 ND: Heavens, 73-yard run (Reeve kick).
 GT: Whealler, 40-yard field goal.
 ND: Knott, 3-yard run (Reeve kick).

PITTSBURGH

by Joe Schroer

The Irish came into Pitt Stadium after an impressive win over Georgia Tech with hopes of a Cotton Bowl bid. However a man named Tony Dorsett dashed these hopes with a spectacular performance in which he single-handedly accounted for 374 yards against a supposedly stalwart Notre Dame defense. Of these yards, 303 were on the ground against a front line which, up to this game, had allowed only an average of 156 yards on the ground per game.

The onslaught started on Pitt's first possession. In less than a minute in the first quarter, Pitt marched 80 yards in five plays.

Most of the damage was done by a 57-yard Dorsett romp over the left side in which Luther Bradley raced across the field to save the TD. Matt Cavanaugh ran it in from three yards out and Pitt took the lead.

Notre Dame countered with a 48-yard field goal by Dave Reeve, the longest of his short career. Later in the game he added a 47-yarder which was kicked into the wind. Breaks for the Irish came few and far between, but on the kickoff following Reeve's three pointer, Gordon Jones fumbled and Steve Orsini recovered on the Pitt five. The Irish capitalized on

this break with Slager going over center on fourth and goal from the one to give the Irish a 10-7 advantage, an advantage that would hold up for only 22 seconds. Two plays later, Tony Dorsett broke through the line and outraced defenders enroute to a 71-yard touchdown romp to put the Panthers ahead to stay, 14-10.

The first quarter ended as the Irish were marching downfield. At the very beginning of the second quarter, Reeve made his 47-yard field goal to put the Irish within one. Halfway through the second quarter, Carson Long countered with a 42-yard field goal of his own.

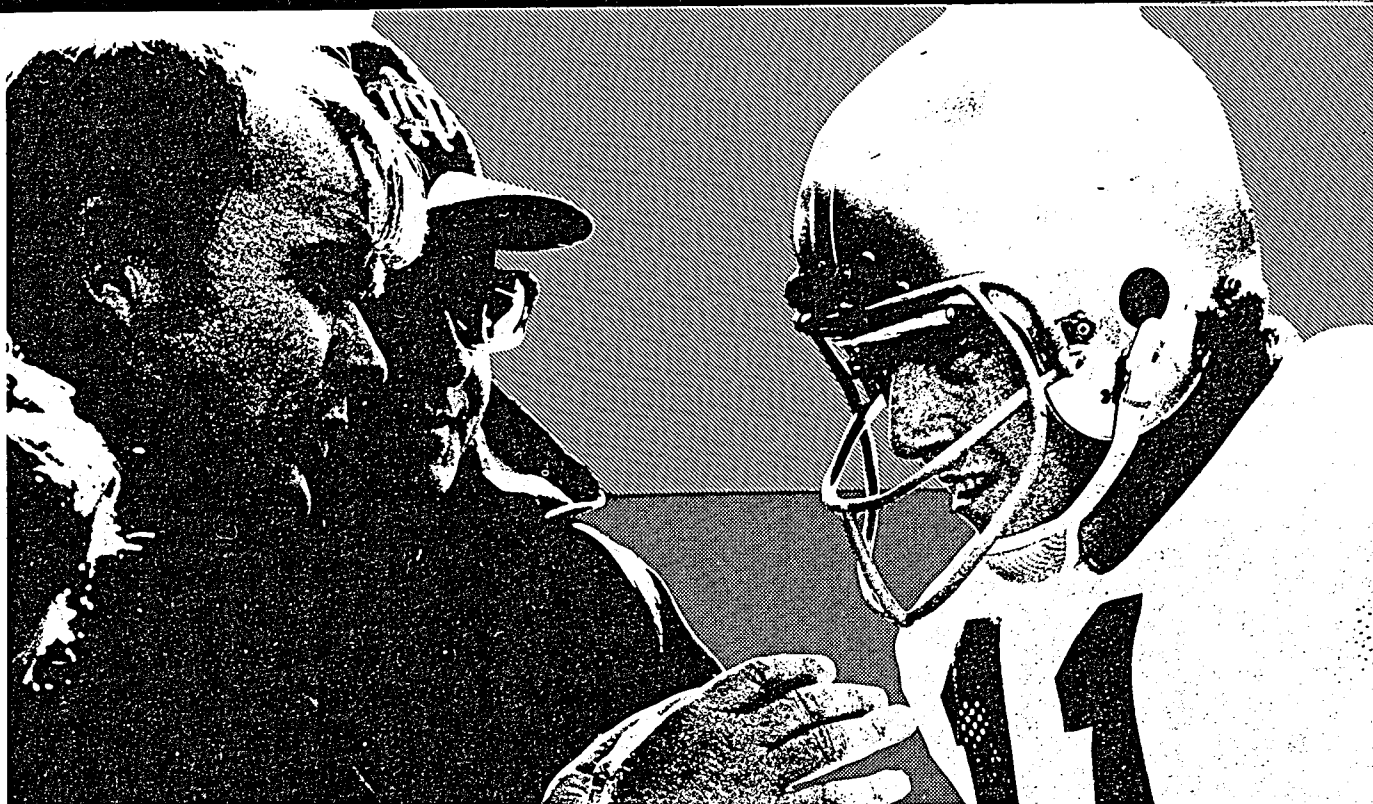
On the ensuing kickoff, Knott took the ball on the goal line and scampered 48 yards to the Notre Dame 48. However, the offense just could not get things together. The Irish advanced the ball to the Pitt 29 but Jim Browner fumbled, with Al Romano covering. Lightning struck the Notre Dame defense and again it was in the form of Tony Dorsett. However, this time he demonstrated that he can receive the ball as well as run with it. Cavanaugh hit him in the flat for a 49-yard TD, making the score Pittsburgh 24-Notre Dame 13, which held to the end of the first half.

It was hard to believe how porous the Notre Dame defense must have seemed to Tony Dorsett, but the half time statistics give a good idea. In all, Dorsett was responsible for 227 of the 324 total yards amassed by Pitt. His nine rushing attempts netted him 161 yards which would be a good day for any runner, let alone a good half, especially against the Irish. To this damage he also added two pass receptions for an additional 66 yards. With the Irish keying on Dorsett, Pitt's fullback, Elliot Walker, had an advantage and rushed for 51 yards in four attempts.

One of the more surprising statistics was the time of possession. In previous games, the Irish were concerned about opposing teams controlling the ball for long periods of time due to the offense's inconsistency. This had caused the big Notre Dame defense to be on the field for extended periods of



Dorsett streaks off more yards around left end.



Merv Johnson, Dan Devine and Rick Slager confer on breaking the Pitt "D."

time and wore them out. For a change, the Irish won the time-of-possession statistic. Through the first two quarters of play, Notre Dame controlled the ball for nearly 32 of the 45 minutes. The ball-controlling ability of Notre Dame's offense had the opposite effect. The Pitt offense, not on the field for much time, was fresh. The Notre Dame defense did not have the time it needed to gel. As badly outplayed as they were, the Irish were fortunate that they were only 11 points behind at the half.

If the Irish were to close the gap, they realized they had to do it early to change the momentum. However, Slager and the offense could not get things going consistently. There was confusion in the backfield, poor pass timing, missed blocks and little imagination in play selection.

With approximately 10 minutes gone of the third quarter, Gordon Jones demonstrated to the capacity crowd that Tony Dorsett wasn't the only explosive player on the Pittsburgh team. He handled a Joe Restic punt on the Pittsburgh seven and returned it all the way to the Notre Dame 15 where Howard Meyer's shoestring tackle saved a Pitt touchdown. Here the Notre Dame defense stiffened and denied Pittsburgh a touchdown. However, Carson Long kicked a 30-yard field goal to make the drive profitable.

Encouraged by the defense's efforts, the Irish offense displayed their only consistency of the game as they marched 77 yards in 10 plays. The big gainer of the drive was a 20-yard run up the middle by Heavens. Fifty of the yards were through the air as Slager connected with Eurick, McLane, Kelleher and MacAfee in succession. The drive more or less ended the third quarter and put the Irish back in the game, behind now by only seven points, 27-20.

A Panther punt and an Irish field goal attempt that fell short gave Pitt the ball. Though a Pitt score would give the Panthers a commanding lead with little time left, the Irish defense could not stop the Panthers and Tony Dorsett. Three runs by Dorsett of 18, 18 and 16 yards and a 15-yard face-mask penalty drawn by Dorsett accounted for much of the damage on the Panthers' 80-yard, six-play

touchdown drive.

With 11 minutes left and 14 points behind, Slager found it necessary to go to the air. The Pitt defense rose to the challenge and all but smothered the Notre Dame passing attack, allowing only two completions in eight attempts for 22 yards. The Irish just could not pull off another miraculous finish as they had done twice before against Air Force and North Carolina. The only thing left to be decided was whether Dorsett would break 300 yards. His 303 yards in 23 rushing attempts and his 71 yards in three pass receptions gave him a total of 374 yards, which was nearly 70 yards more than that amassed by Notre Dame. It broke Bob Griese's record for total offense against the Irish. And it also brought to a close the hopes of a Cotton Bowl bid to the Irish this year. Tony Dorsett had taken care of that all by himself.

Notre Dame	10	3	7	0—20
Pittsburgh	14	10	3	7—34

Scoring:

UP: Cavanaugh, 3-yard run (Long kick).

ND: Reeve, 48-yard field goal.

ND: Slager, 1-yard run (Reeve kick).

UP: Dorsett, 71-yard run (Long kick).

ND: Reeve, 47-yard field goal.

UP: Long, 42-yard field goal.

UP: Cavanaugh to Dorsett, 49 yards (Long kick).

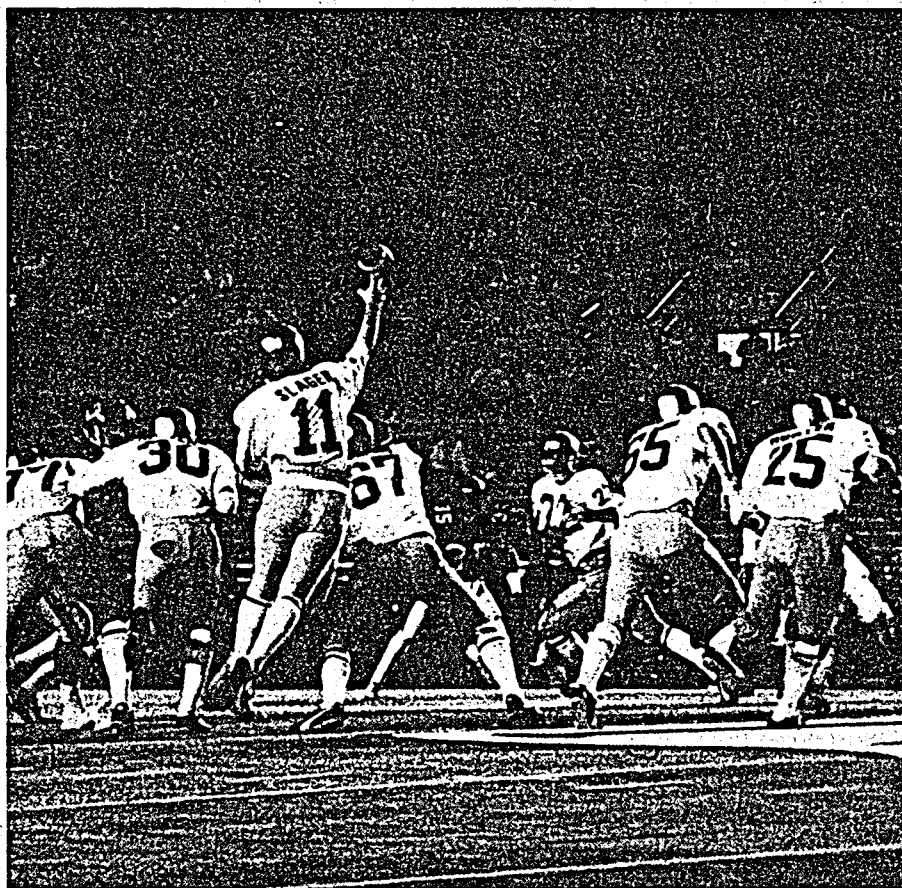
UP: Long, 30-yard field goal.

ND: Slager to MacAfee, 10 yards (Reeve kick).

UP: Cavanaugh, 1-yard run (Long kick).

MIAMI

by John Stenson



Slager completes a short screen to McLane.

The Irish were 7-3 as they entered the Orange Bowl for their 1975 finale with the Hurricanes of Miami. It had been a disappointing season to many, particularly to the student body, who appeared unwilling to accept what had occurred over the fall. The rumors, which began before the Air Force game, had followed Coach Devine mercilessly throughout the season. The loss to USC was expected by many, but the defeats at the hands of Michigan State and Pittsburgh had turned this season into a nightmare. Many viewed the finale with a sigh of relief: the football program had gone through a lot over the past two months and as the last game ap-

proached, many felt it came none too soon. A national championship would not be ours this year. Neither would an appearance in a major bowl, though this was by the players' choice. Miami was a nice place to end it all, but thank God it was all about to end.

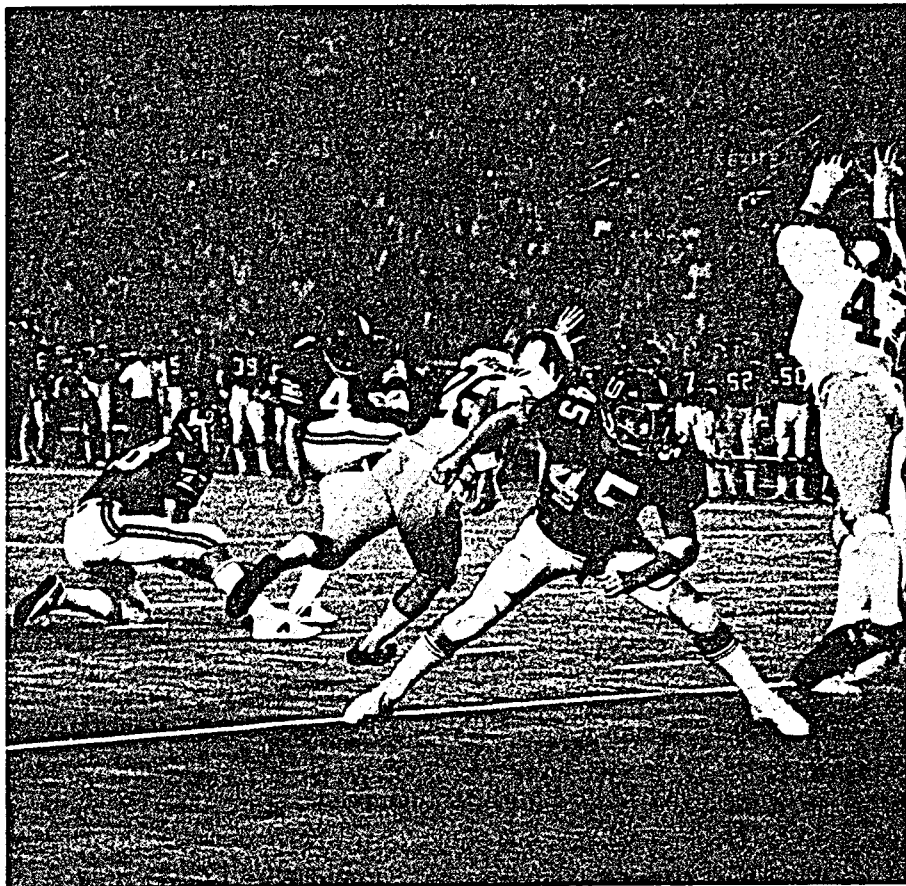
It did not take the offense very long to get untracked as they scored on their initial possession. Taking the ball on their own 49, Slager used the running of Jerome Heavens and Al Hunter to move the ball to the Miami nine. From there, Dave Reeve split the uprights and Notre Dame had a three-point lead. Miami began to move the ball after a Restic punt gave them the ball on their own 20. On sec-

ond and 10, Baker and Cain hooked up on a 62-yard fly pattern and the Hurricanes were deep into Irish territory. From the 18 though, the Hurricanes could not punch it across as the Notre Dame defense stiffened. On fourth and four from the 12, Mike Dennis put Miami on the board with a 29-yard field goal and after one quarter the score was knotted at three.

One of the reasons for Miami's poor showing this year was their problems with turnovers. It would come to haunt them again today as the Irish would benefit from five Miami turnovers. The first one set up Notre Dame's first touchdown drive in the second quarter. On third and three from their own 12, Baker fumbled a pitch and Ross Browner fell on the loose ball for the Irish. Two running plays to Hunter brought the ball to the two and from there Jerome Heavens reached pay dirt. It was now 10-3 Irish, and one could sense that we would end the season on a winning note.

Mistakes would produce more points for the Irish on Miami's next possession. On fourth down from his own 13, Archer dropped back to punt, faked it, tried to pass and was nailed by Browner in the end zone for a safety and a 12-3 Irish lead. The Hurricanes were in a very obliging mood on this evening and the second Miami turnover spelled more points for the Irish. With 1:49 remaining in the first half, Anderson fumbled a Glover pitch and Doug Becker came up with it on the Miami 20. Here, Slager connected with tight end Ken MacAfee on a pair of crossing patterns. The second led MacAfee to the score and Notre Dame to a 19-3 halftime lead.

The first half had shown many things, most noticeably that the Irish wanted to finish the season as winners. The offense and defense had put it together in many respects during the first half, something which Notre Dame had been looking for all season. It was there against Northwestern, Navy and Georgia Tech and it appeared to be here again this evening. They were playing as a team and instead of what had happened in North Carolina and Air Force, where one



Lopienski and Eastman nearly notch another.

unit would negate through mistakes whatever the other may have achieved, this offense and defense began to complement each other. One could only hope for a brighter future. The killer instinct had again returned to the Irish offense as they made the most of Miami turnovers. This, more than anything else, told the difference in the first half.

The second half appeared to be more of the same as the Hurricanes committed their third turnover. On first and 10 from his own 31, Baker's pass to Cain was intercepted by Luther Bradley, who returned it to the Miami 38. From here, the Notre Dame offense could not capitalize as the Hurricane defense met the challenge. Reeve's 52-yard field goal attempt fell short. After an exchange of punts, the Irish allowed Miami a chance to climb back into the ball game. Failing to move the ball from their own 47, the Irish were forced to punt. Here the Hurricanes got the break they had been waiting for as they stormed in on Joe Restic and blocked his punt. Strong running by Morgan and Anderson brought the ball to the Irish

26. After a running play and sack had pushed Miami back to the 38, Baker hit Cain in the corner of the end zone and Miami had again made it a ball game.

The threat of another upset was short-lived though, as Notre Dame put the game out of reach in the final quarter. A Baker fumble gave the Irish the ball on the Miami 41. From there, Browner and Hunter carried the mail to pay dirt, with Hunter going the final four for the score. Notre Dame again had a secure lead at 25-9, and the offense had once again capitalized on a Miami mistake. Browner, Heavens and Hunter were all having good nights on the ground and Slager was hitting his receivers when he had to. Just as impressive was the

defense, who appeared to be around the ball all evening, forcing Miami into those game-breaking mistakes.

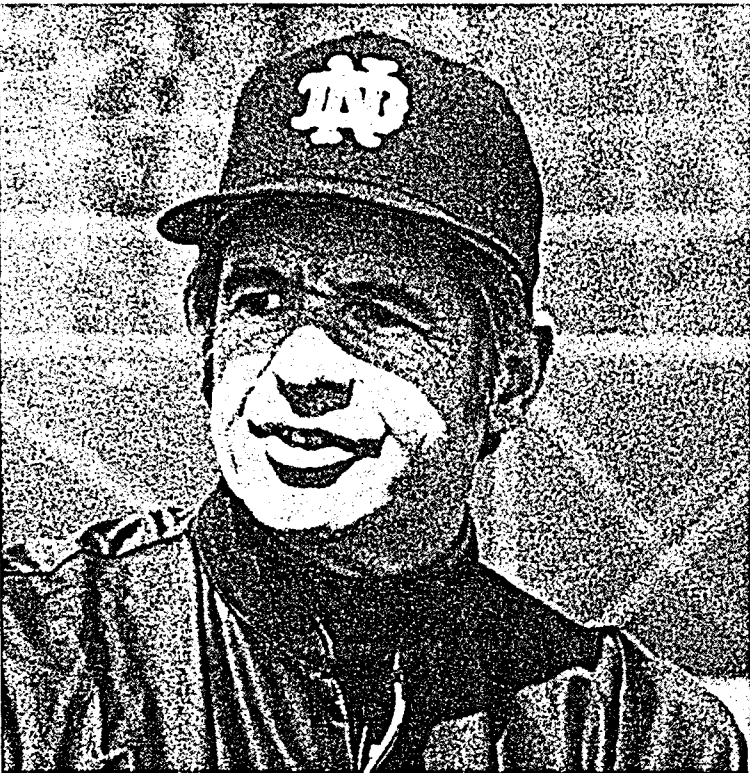
The final touchdown deviated directly with Notre Dame tradition. Again it was set up by a Miami mistake. On first and 10 from his own 41, Glover had Latimer deep on the fly. The ball was underthrown and allowed Tim Simon to step in front for the interception. Frank Allocco led the Irish offense on the field for their final curtain. The drive began methodically enough with Heavens, Knott and Browner moving the ball from their own 17 to the 31. From here the diversion began. Haines scampered for 28 yards on an end around, putting the ball on the Miami 41. Allocco then gave it off to Burgmeier, who faked the end around and threw it downfield to MacAfee. The ball fell incomplete, but Mitchell was called for pass interference and the Irish were deep in Miami territory. At the 10 Allocco pitched it to Restic who had MacAfee open in the end zone for the 32-9 final.

The 1975 season was now history. The Irish, with all their failures and disappointments, had finished the season on a winning note. An 8-3 season is nothing to be overly distraught about, but it was something which Notre Dame had not experienced often in its illustrious gridiron history. Only once under Ara Parseghian did an Irish team suffer any more than two regular-season setbacks. The fact that Notre Dame was not going to a bowl game also deviates from recent Irish history. With all the rumors and complaints Dan Devine is still our leader and may be so for some time. If he did learn something from this long and aggravating season, it is that it is very difficult to replace a legend.

Notre Dame	3	16	0	13—32
Miami	3	0	0	6—9

Scoring:

ND: Reeve, 26-yard field goal.
 UM: Dennis, 29-yard field goal.
 ND: Heavens, 2-yard run (Reeve kick).
 ND: Browner, safety.
 ND: Slager to MacAfee, 3 yards (Reeve kick).
 UM: Baker to Cain, 38 yards.
 ND: Hunter, 4-yard run.
 ND: Restic to MacAfee, 10 yards (Reeve kick).



COACHING

Devine

Scholastic: Who do you think was the finest all-round player for you this year?

Devine: Well, that sort of question makes one guy feel great and the others feel bad, doesn't it? I don't know; the only reason I'll answer this question is because you asked it. I would suppose Ed Bauer and Jim Stock would be certainly two candidates for the best because they were the captains. Willie Fry was one of the many who played hurt, but he typifies the group the best. There are a lot of other guys I gained admiration for; Rick Slager had a tremendous amount of heart and soul every game on the sidelines. In the Pitt game, Dorsett set that record for rushing, but not many realize that it was Slager who got us 20 points. Penn State could

only get seven against Pitt, and had we not been forced out of our game plan by offensive mistakes, Rick could've gotten us much more. I'd rather stop there, because I'd just like to pick out a few and because it is so hard for me to pick even five players.

Scholastic: At what point in the season did you feel that the entire team jelled?

Devine: I would probably say that the Air Force game was the moment. It's going to be a long time before two remarkable victories like that will ever be seen again.

Scholastic: What was the low moment of the year for you?

Devine: I'm not sure, because I'd

have to have another year to compare . . . then I'd know. Honestly, I can't tell you.

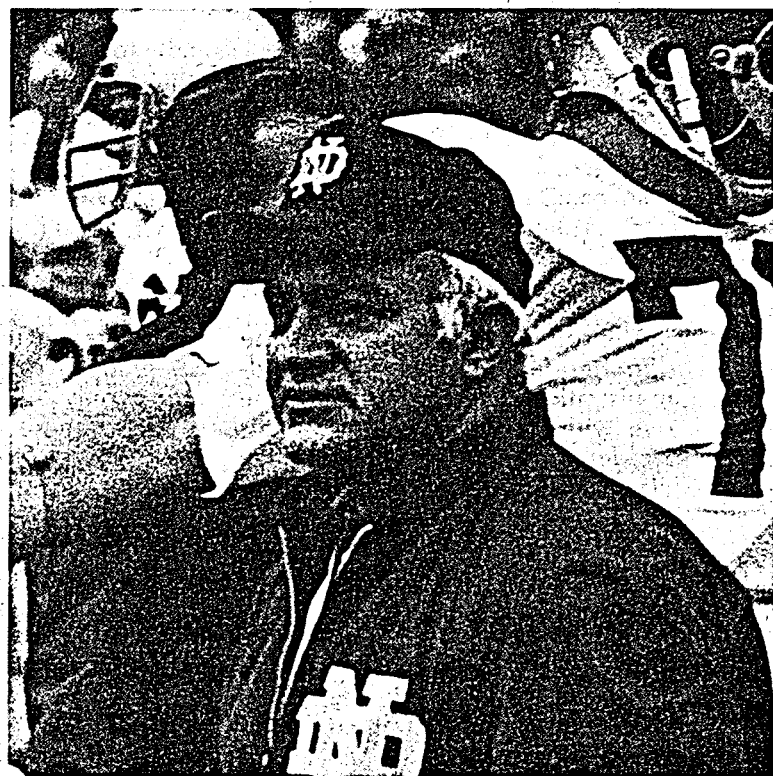
Scholastic: If you had to pick one memorable moment of the year, what would it be?

Devine: The last game with Miami. They were a darn good team, and were really high for us. They could've made their season by beating us. We're the only team that they played that controlled the ball against them. Another moment was the fine play at North Carolina. And who can forget the two consecutive blocked punts against USC?

(Devine is the head coach of the Notre Dame football team.)

TALK

Yonto



Scholastic: Who do you think your finest all-round player was this season?

Yonto: Steve Niehaus definitely meant the most to us this season. His leadership quality and attitude carried over to the younger players on the squad. He isn't the type of individual to go out and openly give advice, but he was great to the younger kids who came to him. He always worked hard and took on many blockers to open up the ends.

Scholastic: At what point in the season did you feel that your group jelled?

Yonto: The shutout down at Purdue. It was the first time in 11 years that we did it. It was a big rival game, and was the first time that the group faced a stronger type of opposition.

Scholastic: What was the low moment of the year for you?

Yonto: The Pittsburgh game, without a doubt. After the Georgia Tech game, we were high, and really felt up. But then we went to Pittsburgh.

Scholastic: If you had to pick one memorable moment of the year, what would it be?

Yonto: Riding home after the Air Force win. We had just won our second come-from-behind game. The kids showed that they wanted to stay with it. This team had quality and class; they weren't too far from going 11-0, or 6-5 at the other extreme. They wanted to be winners, and going 8-3 does just that. If all the kids work as hard for the rest of their lives, they'll have no problems whatsoever.

(Joe Yonto is the defensive line coach of the Notre Dame football team).

SCHOLAR- ATHLETES

by Yvonne A. Foss

The room number is 309, and the sign beside the door in the Administration Building (that's the one with the golden dome) reads *Academic Counseling*. On any day classes are in session at Notre Dame, a gangling All-America center or a square-necked varsity linebacker might emerge from that room. Perhaps chagrin will darken his face; maybe he'll be beaming with pride.

Behind the door, in a modest office filled with framed autographed pictures, NCAA award plaques and the smell of stale cigars, sits a tough little man, Mike DeCicco. DeCicco doesn't hesitate to use salty words when an athlete needs chewing out or kind words when a pat on the back is due. He is committed to the belief that athletic participation and degree requirements go hand in hand. To him, Notre Dame's success is measured not by the won/lost records, but by the number who complete degree programs. As academic counselor to varsity athletes, DeCicco (pronounced De-Cheeko) is the versatile man who runs the program that makes scholars of athletes at Notre Dame.

Few fans know behind-the-scenes statistics Notre Dame officials are proudest of. No school in America can match ND's record of varsity athletes who graduate (99.5 percent). With 17 NCAA Scholarship Awards, Notre Dame is second in the nation (only Air Force boasts more). One-third of all ND varsity athletes continue with graduate studies. The Irish head the list of National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame Scholarship recipients. And, every ND athlete

who suits up maintains at least a 2.0 grade average (the NCAA requires only 1.6). Who is responsible for these enviable statistics? Here's what Notre Dame leaders say:

Fr. Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C., executive vice president, "Many people think athletes are exploited, but the young men in our program leave with an education they can use. Mike DeCicco demands a lot of them. He has a great way with young people."

"Our failure rate is so low people don't believe it. Mike is like a mother hen to the athletes, making sure they get the needed classes and studying," says Edward W. "Moose" Krause, director of athletics.

"We sell academics to the players so they'll enroll at Notre Dame," says Richard "Digger" Phelps, head basketball coach. "We coaches have commitments besides athletics. Without Mike we don't survive."

DeCicco came to Notre Dame in September 1945, from Newark, New Jersey, as a freshman. In 1949-50 he was a graduate student here. He began teaching in the Mechanical Engineering Department in 1954 and finished his doctorate work a few years later. In 1950 he married his former roommate's sister, a student at Saint Mary's College. He and Polly have five children, three girls and two boys. Their older son and youngest daughter currently attend Notre Dame.

In 1948, while a student fencer here, DeCicco was named All-American. The Irish varsity fencing coach since the early sixties, De-

Cicco has had consistently fine teams. He helped coach the 1971 Junior Olympics fencing team in Spain. He's a past president of the National Fencing Coaches Association, which in 1966 and 1975 named him Coach of the Year. In recent years he has developed the girls' fencing program to a point where the club sport will soon have varsity status.

DeCicco spends most of his time, when he isn't teaching his mechanical engineering course or coaching his fencing teams, on counseling. From the moment a student-athlete is accepted at Notre Dame, DeCicco keeps track of his academic status. He studies the high school records and college board test scores. He sets up a three-phase program of study halls, tutorial sessions and a counseling program.

"We try to help them over any trauma the first year of college might cause and help them develop good study habits. Later we help them choose a course of study and meet degree requirements," he explains.

"Twelve years ago when I started this job, I quickly realized most students are born optimists. They gave answers like 'Great,' 'No problems,' 'Going fine,' to tell me how they were doing." When their evaluations didn't jibe with faculty midsemester reports, DeCicco no longer relied on student self-appraisal. Now he periodically sends cards to his athletes' professors. The cards ask:

1. How is doing academically?
2. Is the student attending and attentive in class?
3. Do you recommend tutoring? If so, whom do you recommend?
4. Do you have comments on him that we as counselors and advisors should know to help him achieve better?

Over the years the answers to these questions plus personal follow-up sessions have enabled DeCicco to spot study-habit problems and help solve personal dilemmas.

DeCicco wishes he'd studied psychology and counseling. "Only the school of experience has prepared me for this job," he says. "There's nothing I'd rather do than

praise an athlete when he's doing well in his classes, but if he's missing classes or study sessions, I close my door and burn his ears with my Newark vocabulary."

The 5'8" DeCicco keeps his fencing saber, his "equalizer," near his desk. He's had to show it to a few but never needed to use it. Irish football defensive captain for 1975, Jim Stock, says, "Sometimes Coach DeCicco uses scare tactics to get through to us, but he's great. He takes time to talk with anyone who wants to talk."

The coaches have only accolades for DeCicco. George Kelly, veteran assistant football coach, says, "Mike shows as much interest in a fourth- or fifth-string player as he does for All-Americans. I think the situation is unique in this school, but it's not uncommon for Mike to pull a kid off the practice field, and we coaches go along with it."

Basketball coach "Digger" Phelps adds, "He takes the pressure off us. He helps keep our program honest and open. Before the kids leave here Mike has made them aware of the importance of a degree for competition in the outside world."

Notre Dame does not indulge in "red-shirting." Some schools take pride in their five-year programs; Fighting Irish athletes graduate in four. Sometimes, the three and four hours a day spent at practice

sessions, movies and skull sessions make a full semester load of 15-18 hours impossible. In that case Mike and the assistant deans work out a summer session schedule so that an athlete can take fewer hours in his busy season and still graduate with his class.

Collis Jones, pro basketball player, on campus last summer called how he, Austin Carr and other teammates spent every summer at Notre Dame between their first and senior years.

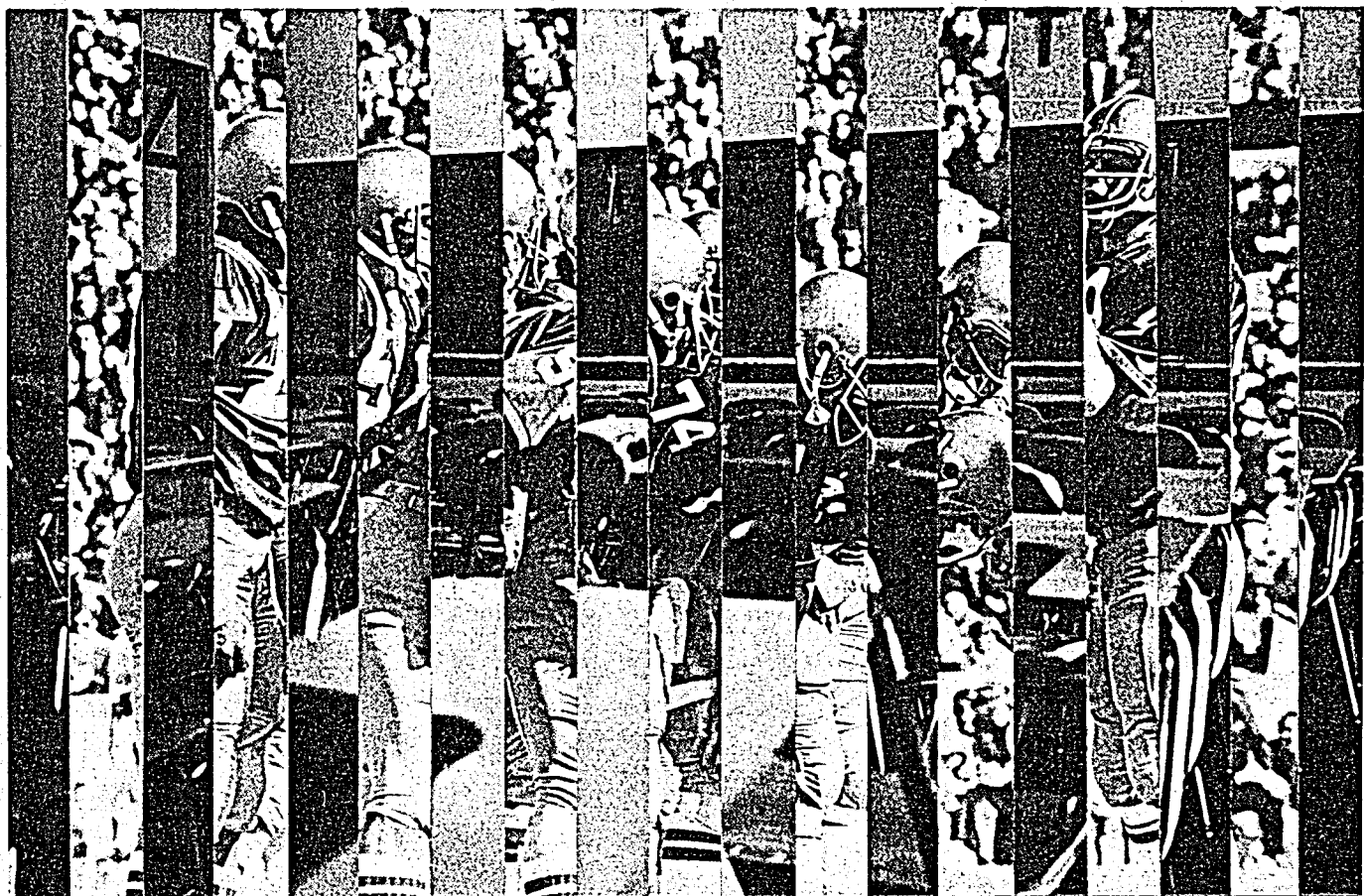
"South Bend wasn't exactly an entertainment mecca, but 'Doc' DeCicco helped us see the necessity. He took a personal interest, and he instilled pride in us. He'd say, 'Don't let 'em call you jocks; you're student-athletes!'" Carr later postponed a million-dollar-plus pro contract to finish his degree.

"Doc" DeCicco takes pride in the 17 Notre Dame NCAA Scholarship Awards and the boys who won them. He remembers Pete Demmerle, not only an All-American athlete but an All-American student as well; Tom Gatewood, named three times NCAA Scholar Athlete, now executive vice president of the Mutual Black Network; Reggie Barnett, with two scholar awards, who graduated in four years, only six hours shy of a master's degree; Bob Arnzen, three-

time All-America, professional baseball and basketball player, entering law school; Larry DiNardo, top in his class and now a lawyer; Gary Novak, a scholar-athlete through a tough pre-med course, now in medical school and Gary Potempa in dental school; Jack Haynes, who went on to Johns Hopkins for a Ph.D. in high-energy physics; and Mike Oriard, who earned his Ph.D. at Stanford. The coaches credit many of these successes to the impact DeCicco made on them as undergraduates.

Often a student-athlete is earmarked for academic honors early; for instance, sophomore Dave Vinson, valedictorian of his high school class, carries an A average. DeCicco steers such Dean's List students into a prestigious program with demanding, wide-interest courses to prepare for competitive exams that lead to post-graduate scholarships.

Notre Dame attracts top athletes, but, though many are courted by the pros, fewer than eight percent of the bluechippers make the professional ranks. If they do, their careers are often short. Michael DeCicco makes sure, by his tenacious surveillance, that when the tumult and the shouting die, all Notre Dame varsity athletes are prepared for whatever the future may hold.



Above & Beyond Coaching Ability

by Joe Schroer

So the memory of Knute Rockne does not need another book about his coaching genius or about his life and times. What today's depressed, despondent and unprincipled generation desperately needs is a book that will bring this wonderful man back to life to lift us all up to the level of honest, fervent, free-wheeling competition that he inspired while he was here on earth among the living. I hope, pray and believe that We Remember Rockne will do exactly that.

Clarence Manion

There is no doubt that Knute Rockne is a legend at Notre Dame that will live forever. And yet to the people who had the honor and privilege of knowing him, he will always be more because Knute Rockne was one of the finest, most compassionate humans who could ever live. His intense humanity will always be a cherished part of his friends' memoirs, and yet it seems that it is the least exposed facet of his personality.

John D. McCallum and Paul Castner, in their recently published book, *We Remember Rockne*, have captured the spirit and wit of Knute Rockne as few other books have. Paul Castner travelled across the country taping memoirs of the people that knew the Rock. The result is a book that gives glimpses of the many sides of Knute Rockne and the school that he loved:

Knute Rockne was many men, a fascinating mix of vigorous activity and talents. To his players, he was brother, father, teacher,

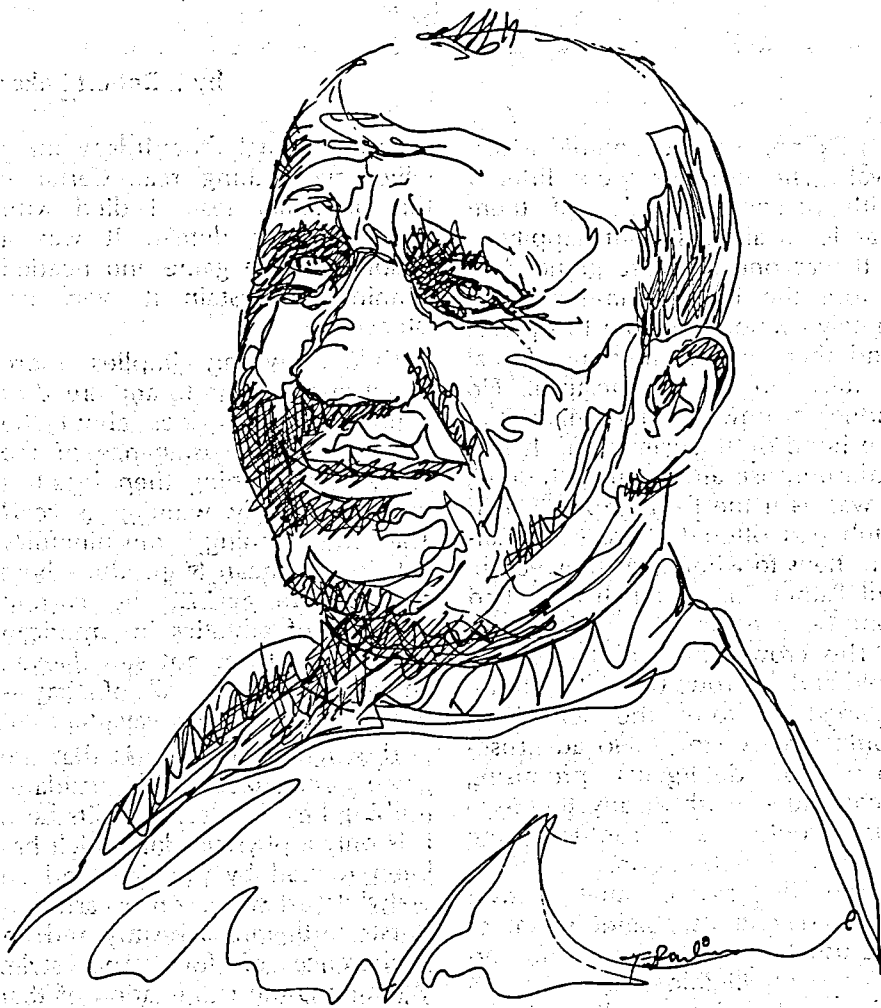
coach, confessor, guiding spirit, resident psychiatrist, moving force, cheerleader, adviser, collaborator, doctor, foreman, employment bureau — and friend. To them, he radiated a rare sort of confidence and comfort.

Rock tried to create character out of his men. Going along with this was his intense interest in the well-being of his players. He felt that the primary concern of his players should be their studies, and he had no patience with quitters either in the classroom or on the field. By all standards, the Four Horsemen from the Rock's great 1924 team should not have played at all because of their size. They averaged between 155 and 160 pounds and were not tall, but they were not quitters and Rockne developed them into the most feared backfield in college football. The Rock gave them a confidence in their abilities and the desire for perfection. A classic example of how Rockne instilled self-confidence in a person which enabled him to give all he had then some was a situation off the football field. In those days, athletic budgets were very small and one coach would work on two and maybe even three sports. The Rock was no exception as he was track coach also. One of his men was Paul Harrington, whose specialty was the pole vault. In 1925, this Irish team took on Illinois at Notre Dame. Rockne would have given anything to win and as the meet progressed, the two teams were neck-and-neck with just the

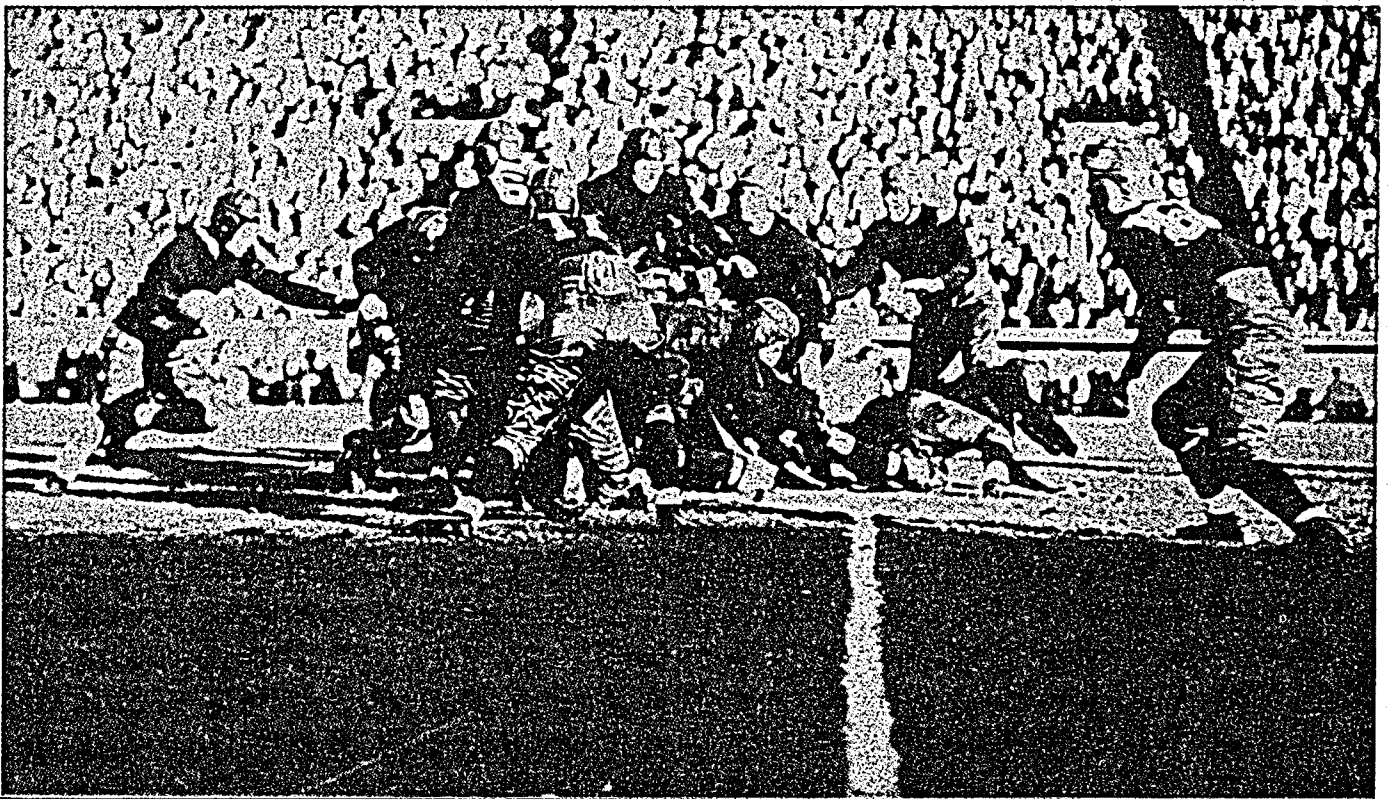
pole-vault competition remaining. Harrington performed well against his superior opponent and by keeping up with him up to 12-feet-six inches, he was inches over his all-time high. When the Illinois vaulter missed his third try at this height, all was in Harrington's lap. Just when Harrington was beginning to lose his confidence, he heard Rockne say to him, "Well, Paul . . . there isn't anybody here who thinks you can make it—but me. What do you say we fool them?" Harrington said that an electric charge went through him and he cleared the bar with inches to spare. This was the Rock at his best.

One quality that the Rock had an overabundance of was courage. To the Rock, courage meant being afraid to do something and still going ahead and doing it. He had nothing against fear because it was just something that must be overcome and not run away from. All of Rockne's teams exhibited this courageousness. John (Clipper) Smith, the 1927 team captain, was guard, but was only 5-9 and weighed 165 pounds. He was the smallest of Rockne's guards until Bert Metzger played in 1928 and weighed 149 pounds. Nevertheless, he was an All-American. In tryouts, Rockne had the different positions divided up so that he could take a closer look. Along with the 180 to 200-pound men trying out for guard was the slightly built Bert Metzger. Rockne came up to him and told him that he looked pretty small to be a guard, to which Metzger replied, "But I'm rough." These two men exhibited the courage that Rockne instilled.

As the years progressed, the Rock's fame spread and reached unprecedented heights for a college football coach. Letters and requests filled his office, yet the Rock dealt with each one personally. He was always accessible and was particularly sought after by high school coaches. Instead of turning those people down, the Rock found time for all those people.



His compassion is what made the Rock the legend he has come to be. Although a perfectionist, his intense humanity touched the hearts of all the people who came into contact with him. His teams had a cold mechanical precision, yet the man's compassion could not be expressed in words, only felt. The best tribute paid him was by Father O'Donnell at his funeral Mass, "In the day of the go-getter, Rockne was a great go-giver."



by J. Robert Baker

Back in October when plans for this review began to coalesce from the dreams of Bill Delaney and the headaches of John Phelan, someone was needed to write a perspective. I jokingly volunteered. Bill accepted, but his reason — "We need somebody who doesn't go to the games" — while catholic in its embrace, remains inscrutable.

Why somebody who did not attend a single home game during the '75 season? To balance what might otherwise be a special issue of *Scholastic* obliquely devoted to narcissism? To quelch in advance any possible criticism of a rah-rah stance? I don't know.

But for a long time this article has hung heavily over me. Near its deadline, the article became more self-conscious that someone who did not go to the games was its author. For over two months, there was a good deal of fretting and wondering how to avoid insulting anyone even remotely involved with the great football complex of Notre Dame. Beyond that there was a definite awareness that this was somehow to be the equal time allotted to the loyal opposition, as it were. So this "perspective" has had as its image of itself a furtive raid against an inviolate demigod.

Now, however, that the final deadline approaches, there is no sense of the loyal opposition in this piece. Nor is the deity to be subjected to a guerilla assault. There is no need to repeat the haranguing which has often characterized the detractors of Notre Dame football, and there is no energy for the guerillas. So I am left with only one image which is personal and barely relates to football, much less to my reasons for not attending the games.

* * *

On the Friday before the last Southern Cal game, I had lunch with one of the secret mentors of this University. Afterwards, walking back across campus towards

the Dome, we encountered a festival. The grounds were littered with persons. Gaggles of them wandered aimlessly but happily.

It was one of those grand days before the Indian summer completely evaporated from this place. And there was something of real gratuity about that festival. No money or power had arranged it in the hope of amalgamation. It had little purpose and no use. Indeed, it was as if the Father Sorin Lunch Club had offered a brace of mallard hens to whomever showed up. But Father Sorin's lunch hour had long been over.

The crowded quad, framed by gold and red rows of molting trees, seemed to form the setting of some fantasy story. (No advertisement for detergents promising richly hued wash at any temperature could have captured the magic of the afternoon.)

The richness of that festival crowd lay in its abandonment of the usual. In a wonderful and perhaps unintelligible manner it unwittingly filled the hollow places within the academic environ. There was no gain to be sought, no judgment to be rendered, no critical faculties to be exercised. Only the nearly mythical coming together of persons solely for enjoyment under the drenching October sun.

* * *

I shall not lie to you and pretend that this crowd had gathered merely to celebrate Friday's break from the routine of classes or October's dispensation from the usual sort of autumn, that its confluence had no relation to the next day's game. The quiet and somber tenor of the campus on the following afternoon proved too well how much this festival was tied to the outcome of the game. The condition of festival could not survive the successive events which did not embody it.

But do not ask me to believe what the loss of this game seems

to imply: namely, that it is winning which makes things real. Certainly this particular festival died with Notre Dame's defeat. It was a prisoner of the game and needed winning to sustain its very existence.

That, however, implies more about our reaction to and creed of winning than it does about the festival. If the sustenance of the festival was winning, then does this mean that only winning is real? That only winning is meaningful?

I do not mean to produce here any diatribe against the current ideology of athletics in American universities. I am not sure I even know what it is. All of that is beside the point anyway.

The significant thing is that the game actualizes and validates nothing beyond itself. At its best, it is only a physical skill which has been refined by practice, and an erstwhile art when, on occasion, it bursts forth into a beauty and an exuberance of form and style. Winning is the culmination of that skill and art — but a culmination devoid of real moral value.

If what they call "the Notre Dame spirit" can be quenched so readily when a game is lost, then that spirit is delusion. Fabricated in such a way as to be precariously subservient to the winning, that spirit has no life of its own and exists only as a curious appendage to athletics. Then it is not so unlike the hawkers who abound at every game, but who look unkept and incongruous afterwards. The festival, for all its uncertainty and spontaneity, is better than such a spirit.

Perhaps we should free our festival — and ourselves — from the vagary of such a spirit. The spirit of the festival exists beyond winning and losing, beyond statistics and averages, beyond the game only. It delights in celebrating simply because it exists for that purpose alone and not for production nor utility.

"...And Here It Is... The Band of the Fighting Irish!"

by Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.

It's 12:40 on Saturday, October 25th. Sixty thousand fans have watched the teams warm up; the USC Band has left the field. Adrenaline pounds in the 150-plus Notre Dame Bandsmen and women lined up in the stadium tunnel. Band Announcer Frank Amussen grasps the PA mike in the press box: "The University of Notre Dame proudly presents its marching band, in its one hundred and thirtieth year and its eighty-eighth football season (a slight pause and rise in intensity) ... America's first university band ... and here it is ... the Band of the Fighting Irish!"

The band yells and the crowd roars as drum major Tom Burke runs onto the field leading the Irish Guard and the band in a high-step trot to their positions in the fanfare fronts. Another band show is under way.

The Notre Dame Band has long been known for and is justifiably proud of its spirit. Knute Rockne (himself a former flutist with the band) was constantly appreciative of the band's effectiveness and was fond of referring to them as his "twelfth man on the field." This spirit just doesn't happen.

During its long history dating back to that first home game with Michigan in 1887, the Notre Dame Band has accomplished more and played better than it ever should have. That's spirit. Logging more time on nation-wide TV than almost any other band in the country, the Notre Dame Band, in the face of many difficulties and limitations, has held its head high in face of comparison with some of the finest

university bands, making up in spirit what it might have lacked in size, equipment and ability.

The fans see the band for six minutes before the game, for 10 minutes at half time and for five minutes after the game. That 21 minutes is merely the tip of a mammoth iceberg of time, effort and commitment expended by all of the band personnel. Many hours of hard work enable the band to do things it just shouldn't be able to do. It's one of those unexplainable

spirals of hard work breeding spirit and success which in turn breed more hard work and more pride and spirit.

Prior to that 12:40 "whistle" at the USC game on October 25th at least 1964 man-hours had been expended. That's the hard work that makes the spirit of the Notre Dame Band something to behold and experience.

Work on a band show begins some two weeks before the game date. During the season the band



is never concerned with only one show since there is a planning overlap as game follows game, week after week. Let's look at the band work log before it hit the field for the USC game.

Friday, Oct. 10th: The show committee (directors and band members) meets for the first time to plan the USC show. What to do? Remember it's on nation-wide TV. Should we use a unified theme or go with more of a "variety show" approach? How about a salute to a great American composer during this bicentennial year? Ideas pour out of the eight students and directors in a disorganized, helter-skelter stream. Most are rejected for one reason or another; a few sound potentially good. A "show-biz" mix of music and routines is discussed as a general theme is thrashed out. Remember we will be compared with a larger (by almost a 100) USC Band. What can we do to appear most effective? Think it over until Monday at 3:30 (8 man-hours).

Monday, Oct. 13th: The show committee meets to finalize the theme, choice of music, formations and routines. They decide to go with a variety show approach — the traditional Irish entrance, a dance routine to a slow, bluish tune (Birth of the Blues), a band vocal (Heart of My Heart) which was subsequently scratched because of time limitations, a "military" drill to a great American march (National Emblem) which was subsequently rendered ineffectual by student tunnel-formation exuberance, and a concert medley of "Chicago" tunes with the traditional "ND" to close (8 man-hours).

Tuesday, Oct. 14th: Robert O'Brien, Director of Bands, investigates copyrights for the music chosen and writes to the publishers for music clearances to allow for arrangement and presentation on TV (2 man-hours). All music performed by the Notre Dame Band is custom-arranged by Professor

O'Brien for each show. He begins the arranging work that will consume some 30 man-hours before its completion two or three days later.

Wednesday, Oct. 15th: Fr. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., assistant director of bands, begins music copying as the arrangements are finished. Some 20 man-hours will be consumed before all the parts are copied.

Thursday, Oct. 16th: Band librarians Bill Zak, Kim Green and Jack Koval begin the ditto reproduction process of the music parts as they are copied. Each arrangement consists of 17 distinct parts for the various instruments (some 70 different pages of music manu-



script in all). The music is then collated and distributed to the 174 band members (6 man-hours). Meanwhile Professor O'Brien is writing the script for the show (a 10-page booklet containing timings, PA announcements, diagrams of formations and drills) 200 copies of which are then mimeographed and collated by the band secretaries Fred Roggero, James Abowd, John Snider and Mary Kay Braccio after having been stencilled by Mrs. Ruth Miller (12 man-hours).

Associate Director of Bands James Phillips begins charting the show. He first must determine the marching order or roster for this game. Who will be on the reserve list this week? Once the person-

nel has been determined, he begins to rough out the basic design and outlines of the pictures, drills, dance routines, etc. Finally satisfied with the flow of the show, he begins to make specific personnel assignments in the formations and individual directions for each person's movements from one position to another on the field. This is a very precise process in which band members are spotted in a specific and exact location on the field. Within the overall format individual drill and dance routines must be worked out with the assistance of the other directors and the show committee. Charting will continue for the next two or three days and consume some 20 man-hours before it is finally completed.

Friday, Oct. 17th: The completed scripts of the show are mailed to the TV and other media people (2 man-hours).

Monday, Oct. 20th: Charts of the formations and movements are mimeographed, collated and distributed to the band members by the band secretaries (3 man-hours). A meeting of the "right and left guides" (band members in key positions in each rank who are expected to know the show and to help teach it to the others in the band) is held to explain the various maneuver sheets (15 man-hours).

Full band and sectional rehearsals of the show begin on the music and marching routines for the 174 members of the band that will consume 1827 man-hours during this week. Uniforms are collected and sent to the cleaners by the uniform and instrument custodians, Dave Roney, Matt Heitker and John Hennigan (2 man-hours).

Tuesday, Oct. 21st: Rehearsals continue. The directors meet to edit the show which is running too long for TV and shared half-time requirements (3 man-hours).

Wednesday, Oct. 22nd: Rehearsals continue. The band officers and staff under the leadership of

band president, Joe Prinster, meet to finalize procedures, time schedules, etc., for the game on Saturday. Plans are made by the social chairwoman, Mary Beth Brungardt, to entertain the 250 USC band members after the game. (7 man-hours).

The directors and graduate assistant, Jim Catalano, meet to rework a section of the drill routine that is just not working out right (3 man-hours).

Thursday, Oct. 23rd: Rehearsals continue. Uniforms, back from the cleaners, are reissued to band members (2 man-hours).

Friday, Oct. 24th: After the 4:30 rehearsal the band meets at 6:30 for Pep Rally duty.

Saturday, Oct. 25th: The band steps off for dress rehearsal on the Astroturf of Cartier Field at 8:30 a.m. Band officers meet visiting band buses at Cartier Field (2 man-hours).

Somewhere along the line we should compute the time spent by the band secretary, Terry Baum, in keeping up the band's strict rehearsal attendance records requirements, the emergency meeting of the band officers to decide the case of a member who is in

trouble because he has overcut, the work of the publicity chairman, Paul Martins, in getting program material to the Sports Information Office for this week's football program. We shouldn't forget the time spent by the band announcer or the emergency run made to the repair shop in Elkhart by one of the directors to get two sousaphones with joints broken by overenthusiastic swinging resoldered, the time spent by drum captain, Mark Augustine, and members of the section in changing broken heads and hardware, the polishing of tubas and cymbals, the time spent in replacing pesky piccolo pads and springs that are forever falling out, as well as last-minute replacements in the band block for those sick with the flu in the infirmary, and the time spent by the property crew under Chris Bury in preparing the field and rehearsal rooms for the daily practice sessions. Meanwhile Debbie Ludwig and other members of the *Fifer* staff have been grinding out an issue of the band newspaper and John Fife, Irish Guard advisor, has been busy checking, cleaning and repairing equipment for the Guard.

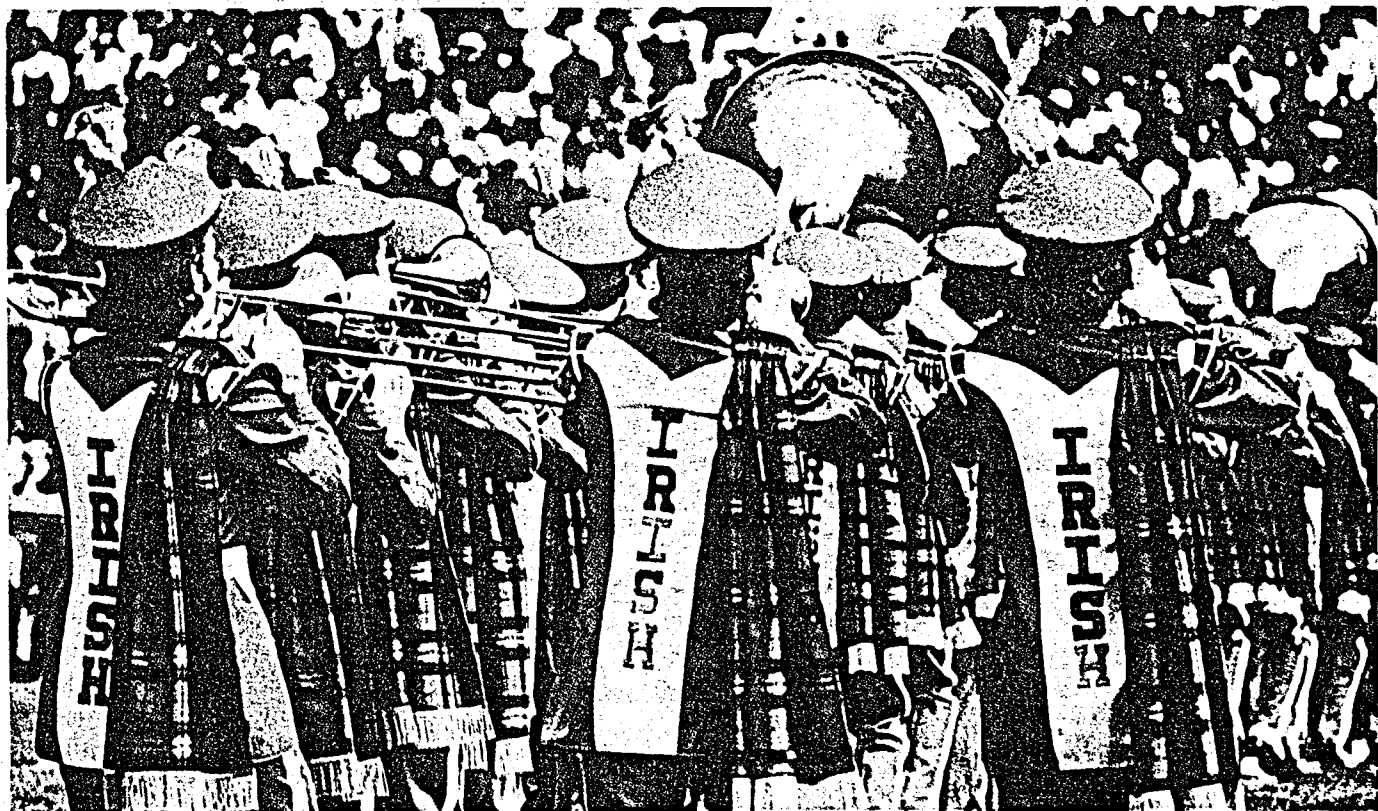
We should also keep in mind

that since most of the members of the band are not music majors, all of these activities are worked into their already busy schedules in pre-professional, engineering, business majors. Remember, also, that the directors are also teaching other music courses, giving private lessons and directing other musical organizations.

At 11:30 a.m. the band reports for tune-up, last-minute run-through and instructions before traditional lineup, inspection, arrival of the Irish Guard and step-off alongside of Washington Hall at 12:15 p.m.

"It Don't Come Easy . . ." A great amount of work goes into a Notre Dame band show and it pays off.

Band members are proud to be members of the Band of the Fighting Irish. Their directors are proud to be associated with these 174 Notre Dame men and women. There is a tangible spirit that flows from and supports this pride, a spirit unsurpassed by any band in the land, a spirit that spills over in the 150-plus band members in the tunnel on a Saturday afternoon . . . "America's first university band . . . and here it is . . . the Band of the Fighting Irish!"



Service with



You probably have never heard of Dave Dempsey, Dave Hadley or Mark Navarre. Or even care to. But to anyone connected with the Notre Dame football program, Navarre, Dempsey and Hadley were the student football managers of the 1975 team.

Perhaps that doesn't mean very much to you. Over 100 freshmen start to become student managers of nine varsity sports; however, only 11 are chosen. Endless hours of sacrifices and devotion are rewarded in finding oneself in the top 11 positions at the end of junior year. There is no reward for the 12th man; he was one spot too short.

There is a further reclassification at the end of junior year, with the top three juniors selected as the football managers. These three run the football program for the upcoming season. Along with the business manager and the director of athletics, inventories are stocked, travel arrangements are made and tickets are distributed. Daily practices are coordinated through the managers, lessening the responsibilities of the coaching staff.

The games themselves are the pinnacle of satisfaction for the three managers, for it is there on the playing field of Notre Dame Stadium that the efforts of a 70-man crew are presented for the world to see. We all see a great deal of fine ball at Notre Dame, and much of its smoothness is due to the performance of the Notre Dame Student Managers Organization. They are always there, and we all owe them a great deal of respect.

a Smile

You probably haven't heard of Paul Concialdi or Carmen Aulino either. They are the senior student trainers for the Notre Dame Athletic Department. They receive no pay, no scholarships or extra benefits for their work. Yet, they are at the daily practices, four of them on their Cushman cart, waiting for the dreaded to occur.

The job of a trainer is neither pleasant nor exciting. It is one of necessity. Injuries are a part of any sport — unforeseen, unavoidable accidents. However, the student trainer isn't as readily accepted and known as many other people in the football program. But they are doing their job each day, and are appreciated by all. Whether it is a

sprain, break or something more serious, these student trainers are always there. It is through their efforts that there are no serious injuries year after year, something we all should be glad of. You'll probably never notice them, but they're there. Waiting.



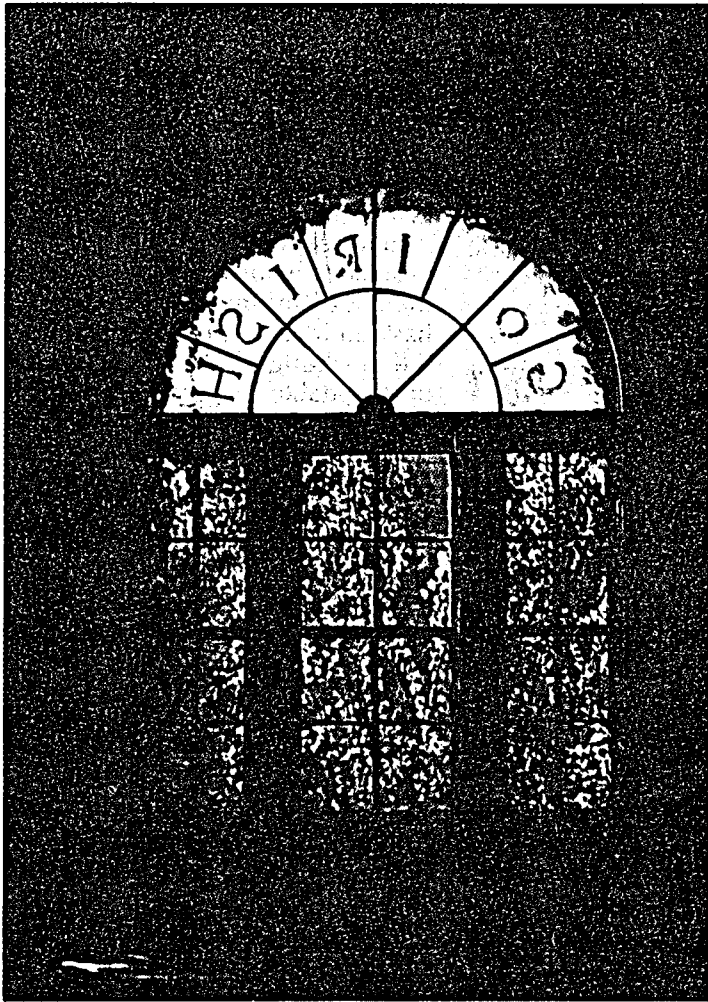
Gallery



T. D. Paulius



E. J. Brower



D. C. Nokes



T. D. Paulius

Profiles of the Image Makers

by Paul Hess

It is half time of the recent Notre Dame-St. Francis basketball game. The inevitable ennui which is a result of such collegiate mismatches is setting in, and the restless fan feels the necessity to get up and walk around, seeking the entertainment which has thus far eluded him. Exploring the northern-most reaches of the basketball arena, he encounters an impressive display of memorabilia: plaques, awards, newspaper clippings, a particularly awe-inspiring portrait of Ara and many other nostalgic artifacts. In the midst of these seemingly endless trophy cases, he notices one item that seems curiously out of place. It is a relatively nondescript mahogany door, handsome in its own peculiar way—still, it hardly belongs in such a setting. On the door is a small bronze plate with the inscription "Private." The fan wonders aloud just what goes on in the adjoining room. Much more than he imagines, to be sure, for this room is the headquarters for the University of Notre Dame Sports Information Department. Upon entering, one can daily find its director and his assistant, two secretaries and eight student assistants at work; "the office," as it is affectionately called

by all the SID members, is almost never without some activity. For, as Assistant Sports Information Director Bob Best readily explains, "there's a lot of work to do."

Best is the youthful right-hand man to Roger Valdiserri, the head honcho of sports info at du Lac since 1966. Valdiserri, as Miami (O.) University Sports Information Director Dave Young confides, "is highly respected among his peers." A short, balding man of seemingly infinite energy, he is respected even more by those who work for him. His rapport with them is considerable, and is reflected in their willingness to pursue whatever task is assigned to them, no matter how tedious. "Mr. Valdiserri is a pleasure to work for," sophomore Mike (Monty) Towle devotedly declares. Towle is one of two volunteers (junior Tim Bourret is the other) who work for the sports info department "for the sheer fun of it," as Monty puts it. This is not to say that the six paid student assistants do it for the money. Four-year veteran Rich Odioso modestly figures his semesterly salary at "about two dollars an hour." Ernie Torriero's assessment appears to be closer to the truth. "On the average, I work about a

40-hour week," the industrious senior says, which figures out to about 60 cents per hour, not quite the minimum wage. Simply put, the job is not financially rewarding, but it is obvious that to these six this means very little. "It's been a super experience," says Torriero, a senior, whose association with the Sports Information Department has had its ups and downs. Among the ups he fondly recalls that most unforgettable of games, the amazing comeback win over UCLA in basketball in January, 1974. And while all who were there and even those who watched the game on television shall not soon forget it, Ernie looks back on that day with more exuberance than most. "I was right there on the court," he recollects, his voice suddenly alive with excitement. As if that wasn't enough, he continues, "And remember when Shumate heaved the ball up into the air?" reminding the interviewer of the Irish center's oft-depicted display of elation when the final horn had sounded and the 71-70 win was history. "I caught it," the earnest Italian concludes, and though you're talking to him on the phone somehow you know he's smiling.

But Torriero's sports info career has featured a few unforgettable moments which he would prefer not to remember. One such instance occurred at the traditional Southern Cal football game this past October. "I'll never forget how excited Ernie was at the prospect of being down on the field," says Chip Scanlon, an articulate sophomore in his second "season" with the sports information department. In fact, as the team came onto the field, they were led by none other than Ernie Torriero. Moments later, however, Ernie undoubtedly wished that he had stayed in the press box for this one. He reminisces, "I was in charge of things on our side of the field for ABC and..." He pauses, searching for the proper explanation, and finally gasps, "It just got all screwed up." What had happened was that when it came time for the omnipresent Keith Jackson to introduce the Irish, there was no one there to introduce. "I can remember his saying 'and starting at guard,' and looking up and see-

ing nobody there," Ernie painstakingly recalls.

Such incidents aside, however, the meticulous master of purple prose feels that it has been for him a rare opportunity from which he has benefited greatly. "It is especially enjoyable to talk to the coaches," he relates. "You really get to see the inside of things." Ernie continues, "I've really been afforded a keen insight into the entire sports scene here at Notre Dame." One of his fondest memories of his four years at du Lac deals with one of these insights. "Fall semester sophomore year had to be the best," he enthusiastically declares. But, at least if Ernie is to be believed, that semester was a time when such problems were overcome by a unique aura of school spirit and unity. "I have never seen a school in such harmony," he remembers. The football team was, of course, the source of this unity, and Ernie's involvement with the sports program offered him a unique vantage point from which to view this phenomenon. "The spirit grew as the season went on," he recalls, culminating with the Sugar Bowl win over 'Bama and the 1973 national championship.

It is the Thursday before Christmas and, as the better part of the campus heads home for nearly a month of vacation, Bob Best is seated in his modest office in the ACC. For Best, the upcoming vacation period is to be a busy time, though he confesses it could be worse. Like Torriero, he also vividly recalls the Sugar Bowl and national title season, but for "the Czar," as those who know him best call him, it was more a time of work than play. "Within 20 days," he remembers, "we knocked off the nation's top-ranked team in three different sports." Alabama in football. Michigan Tech in hockey. UCLA in basketball. Best, a stern-faced disciplinarian with an irrepressible sense of humor, speaks of that month as "an unusually busy one for us—there was a multitude of details to attend to." Articles to be written, statistics to be revised, photographs to be sorted through, advertising to sell, layouts, travel—in short: a lot of work. Even more important, in addition to these di-



Roger O. Valdiserri

verse duties, is his role as a public relations man. Here his experience as PR director for the Pittsburgh Pirates, Best's employer before he returned to his alma mater, is extremely helpful. "Media relations take up a good deal of my time," he explains, and even as he speaks the phone rings. "It's the Bowling Green Sports Information Director," his secretary, the affable Kim Montana, softly declares, and immediately the visitor can see what he means. Still, his dealings with writers and broadcasters are even more crucial, for it is through their eyes that the outside world views the various Notre Dame sports. As Best puts it, "It's something different all the time," and one senses that it is a rare person who is able to perform these multitudinous tasks well.

But running the sports information department at ND is far from a two-man effort. Valdiserri and Best have a lot of help. Norma Villanucci teams with Kim Montana at the secretary positions. Tom "T.D." Desmond and seniors John Vincent and Dan Reagan round out the student staff. Without them, as Best is quick to note, there would be no sports information department, or at least not one of the

present high calibre. The students' involvement in the program is of the utmost importance, and Odioso, an enthusiastic senior, is a prime example. "I always wanted to be involved," says Odie, "and this, for me at least, was the most viable way to do so here at Notre Dame." A top-flight statistician and promising journalist, he expresses hope that his sports info work might help him land a job when he graduates in the spring. "But," the candid American Studies major adds, "even if it leads nowhere, I'll always remember it—especially the people." The people, he seems to suggest, are what make his job worthwhile—even if it's only being around them. "I've always been sort of a people watcher," he confesses. "When I'm around famous people, I just get excited," he continues. "Like just handing stats to Marquette basketball coach Al McGuire—you don't talk to 'em, but at the same time you feel like you know 'em." Odioso pauses for a moment to catch his breath, then concludes, "You're always learning something." It is obvious to the listener that Rich has learned his lessons well. It would be hard not to, considering the company he keeps.



FRANK ALLOCCO

Frank Allocco didn't have to come back to Notre Dame this year. He was accepted into Notre Dame's law school and could have been sitting in torts class last semester instead of playing catch with Gary Forystek, watching Slager and Montana lead the first team. But he never quit.

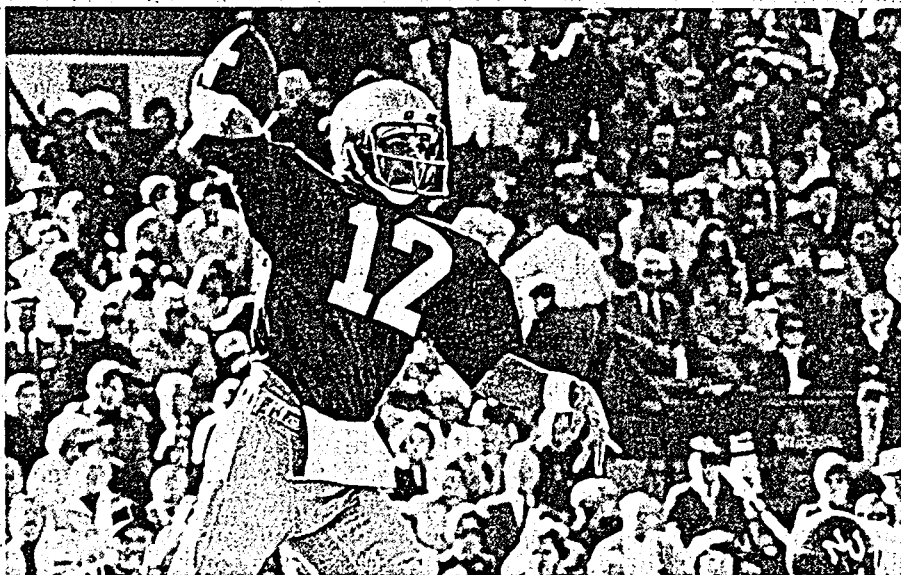
Frank separated his shoulder during the spring; it caused him a great deal of pain and hardship. I know this because I helped him to the hospital. Drew Mahalic, another friend and I took this misplaced star to St. Joe's Hospital. For the operation.

Allocco was in a sling until the middle of summer. He had to decide whether to rehabilitate his shoulder and try to return or pack

it in and go to law school. He wasted little time in deciding. A long summer with the weights followed.

Frank Allocco never did get the opportunity to start for Notre Dame. The shoulder was considered too risky to the coaching staff in key situations. The comeback was ill-fated for many. But not for Frank.

It all ended in Miami for Frank. He had swallowed a tremendous amount of pride throughout the season, and it was about to end in the Orange Bowl at the Miami game. The records will show that Frank Allocco led the Irish to their last score of the 1975 season. I think he'd like to be remembered for that.



TOM PARISE

For the life of me, I'll never understand why Tom Parise never saw any action at fullback this season. Here was the heir apparent to the fullback position Wayne Bullock occupied for the past two seasons. Everyone connected with the football program was confident that old number 36 would do the job. He never failed them before.

A hamstring pull sidelined him for spring ball. Still, Tom was listed as starting fullback in the fall prognosis. There was no doubt that he would come back from the pull, since it had never hampered him before.

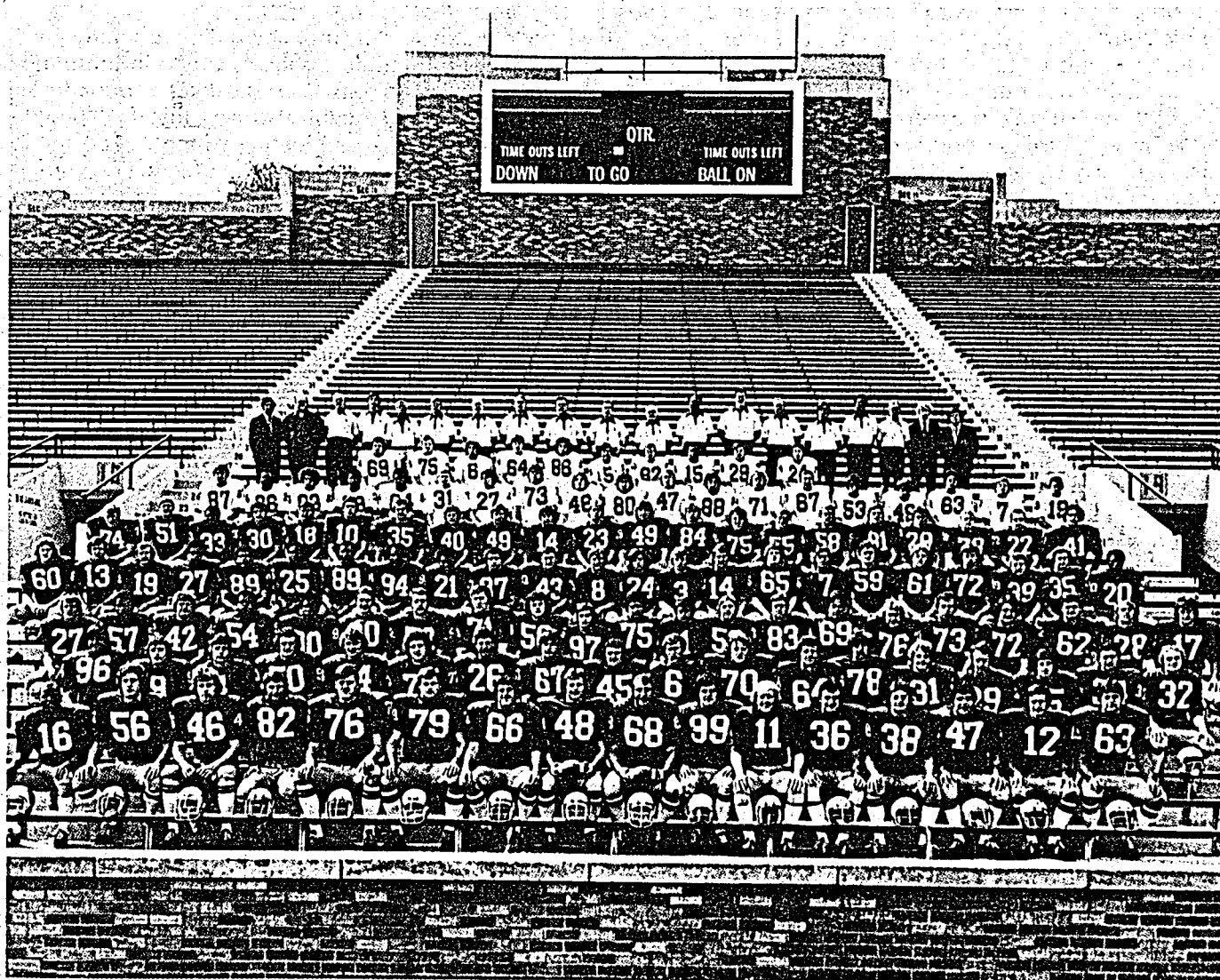
But the fall was to be a very sad one for Parise. Two freshmen appeared to be quicker and more dependable in the opinion of the coaching staff. The continuing pull lingered for the first few weeks of the fall. The unrest over the dismissal of Art Best and its repercussions for the harried senior did little to enhance his chances.

He never was able to budge Browner and Heavens out of the backfield. His only appearances in varsity contests were as a tight end, and he never caught a pass. He did lead the jayvees in rushing, however, something that the entire team was very proud of. He was the only senior who played in each game, lending whatever he could to Greg Blache and his young group.

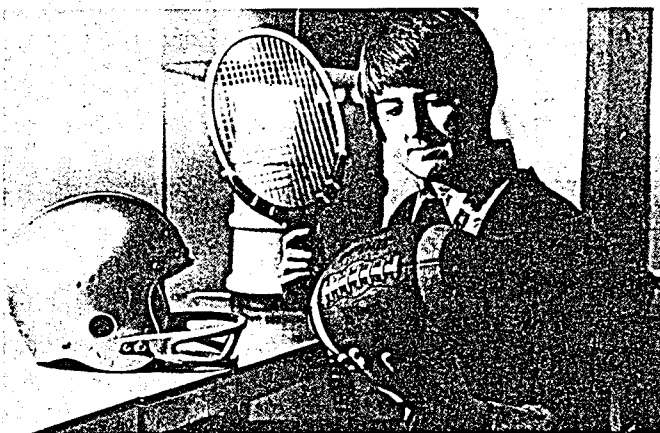
Perhaps the coaching staff was holding him out as a secret weapon against Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl, as he suggested. That was the Parise spirit that we all knew. But like the Irish's luck this season, neither Parise nor Notre Dame made the trip to Miami this year.

But Tom Parise will be remembered more than another jock at Notre Dame: he'll be remembered so much more as a friend.

1975 Fighting Irish



The Last Word



by Sally Stanton

I began this "last word" on a tennis court. As I remember, I was quite uncomfortable at the time: the asphalt was burning through the bottoms of my sneakers and my nose was broiling bright red. I had seriously begun to wonder what could possibly have motivated me to leave my cool, air-conditioned home for a hot, humid, polluted Maryland morning of chasing after little yellow balls, swinging a clumsy stick-like contraption. Someone had told me such insanity was "fun"; my mother had said it was "sociable." By this time I had a few, slightly different appellations in mind.

My anguish was actually more mental than physical: I was in that torturous position of "learning the game," and my pride was suffering.

It would be a splendid thing if all aspiring athletes could walk onto court or field and immediately play like a pro; it would be great if one could buy packages of skill in the local sporting goods shop and bypass the awkward stage of learning. I suppose most people would prefer to be a subject of admiration—or at least be a desirable playing partner—rather than the court clown, ballyhooed far and wide as the klutzy kid who can never seem to keep the ball within his court, or even within the courts of his immediate neighbors. There are few things more disheartening than the realization that everyone avoids you like the proverbial plague, or suddenly develops trick knees when you are sighted. It brings back memories of that kid in grade school who, when everyone divided into teams,

was always chosen last, and the unfortunate group which got him also got an immediate 15 point handicap.

Perhaps part of the frustration which comes with beginning sports, in particular, but anything in general, arises from a shortage of patience. One wants to be finished with a book, or an experiment, or a problem—and to have finished it well, to have gotten an "A"—but does not want particularly to spend the time necessary to do the work. One would like to play at Wimbledon—in fact one can usually imagine the nonchalant or the gracious way one would receive the applause, the prize—but few want to spend eight hours a day practicing in the heat, or studying films of serves and strokes. Academically, it is sometimes possible to fool oneself and pretend one really knows what one's doing, that if one only had a few more minutes, all would be done perfectly. Athletically, this is a little more difficult to do: one can't "pretend" one has hit the ball—the shot is either over the net, in court or not; one either wins or loses the point.

Another source of frustration may come from an overemphasis on winning, on getting that "A" or squashing that fellow in the funny tennis shoes. It would be a peculiar person indeed who went into any serious competition without wanting to win. Yet, however distasteful it may be, no matter how vehemently one wants the contrary, once in a while one does end up losing. Sometimes the other person is just a better player

than oneself.

It may be wise to cultivate a philosophical attitude in these moments—no one likes a poor loser. (I might also add that few people like a gloating winner.) Too much winning fosters a feeling of unreality, an illusion of perfection. A little defeat may be good for the soul, it brings one's humanity home to heart, it reinforces one's sense of humility.

Learning from mistakes may not be the most enjoyable learning method, but it is one of the most effective.

And actually, one of the true joys of sports—or of any learning—is not the winning per se, the defeat of a competitor—not the product—but the actual doing of the thing, the playing—the process. Perhaps one reason children seem to learn games quickly is that they are involved in the "playing" immediately and are less protective of ego, less self-conscious than adults.

The challenge of competition is ultimately not so much in the competitor as in oneself, in the discipline and concentration needed to master the skill, in the internal contest between mind and body. Much of this struggle occurs before the final "testing" day, in the practice sessions.

It may well be that the confidence and the exhilaration which come with growing competence are more important rewards for the "blood, sweat and tears" of learning than all the hoopla of a single victory.



FOR THE RECORD

NOTRE DAME 17
NOTRE DAME 17
NOTRE DAME 31
MICHIGAN STATE 10
NOTRE DAME 21
NOTRE DAME 31
USC 24
NOTRE DAME 31
NOTRE DAME 24
PITTSBURGH 34
NOTRE DAME 32

BOSTON COLLEGE 3
PURDUE 0
NORTHWESTERN 7
NOTRE DAME 3
NORTH CAROLINA 14
AIR FORCE 30
NOTRE DAME 17
NAVY 10
GEORGIA TECH 3
NOTRE DAME 20
MIAMI 9

1975 ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

TRADITION

FUMORS

48 YEARS OF



Bob Lang

ISIRI, IRIS, IGHIZ, IGHIZ