

1965 Notre Dame Football Review

\$1



J. McDonald



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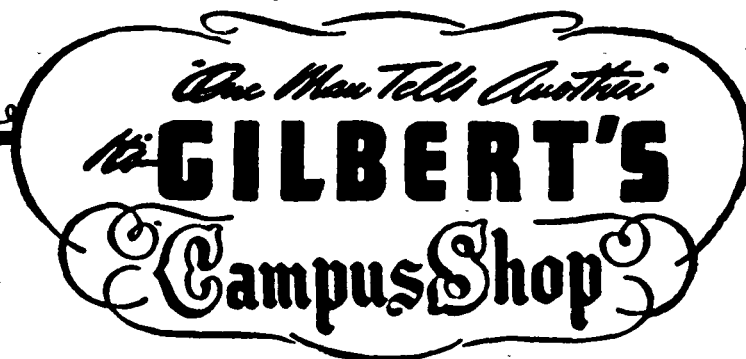
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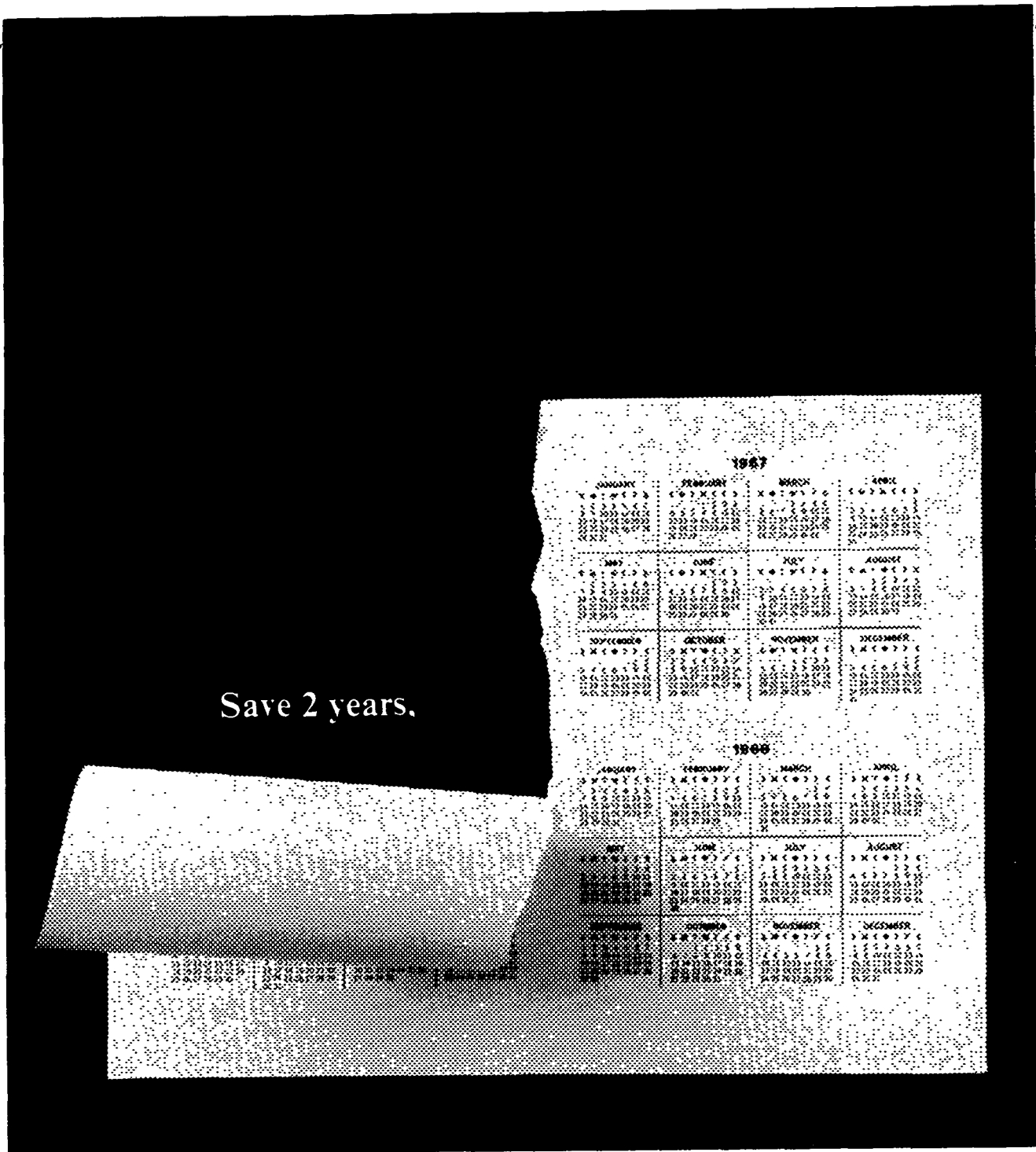
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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME



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United States Air Force

FOOTBALL REVIEW

The Notre Dame Scholastic
Dec. 10, 1965 Vol. 107, No. 10

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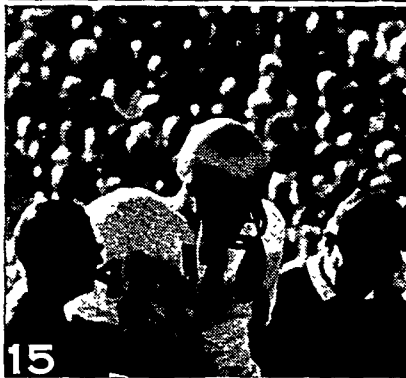
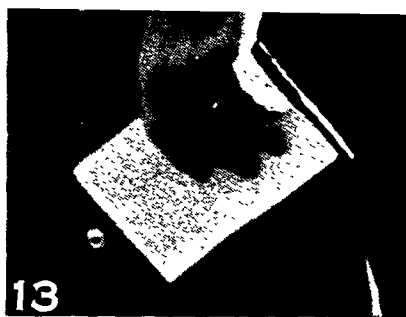
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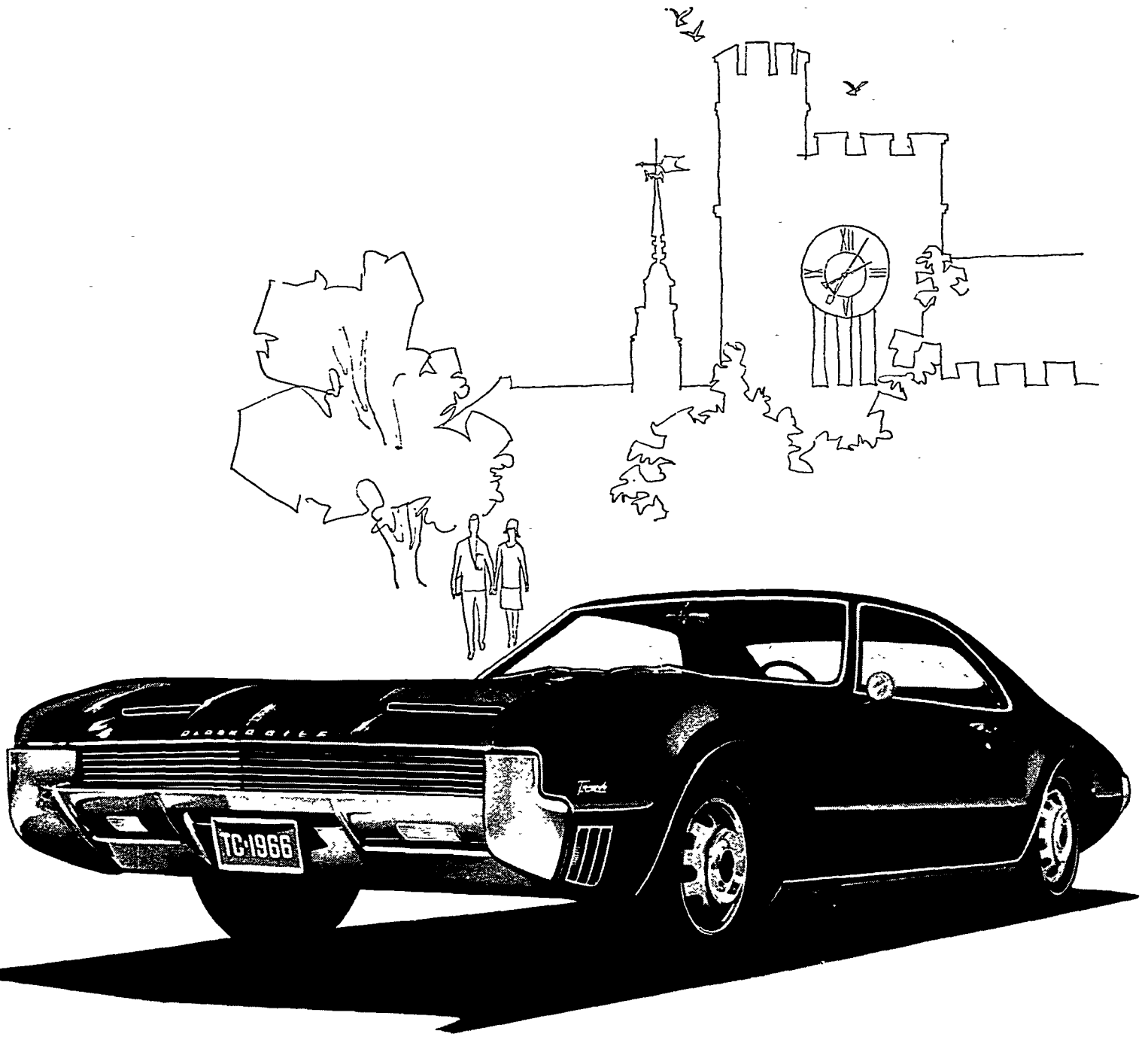
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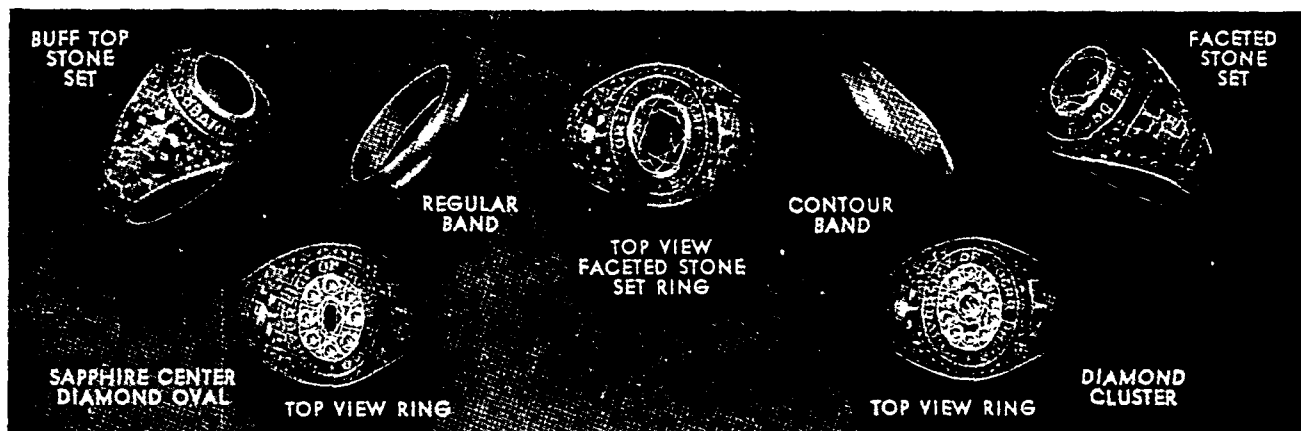
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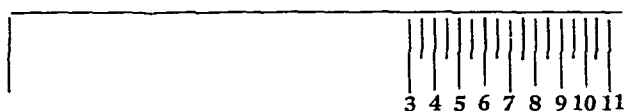
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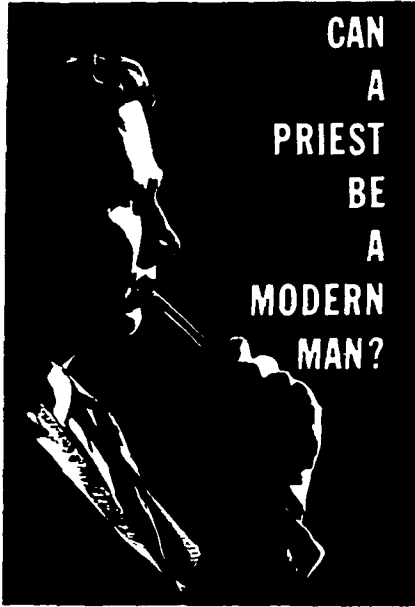
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problems.



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analysis? That's the field I
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4. Nothing about stocks and
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5. How about that! At Equitable
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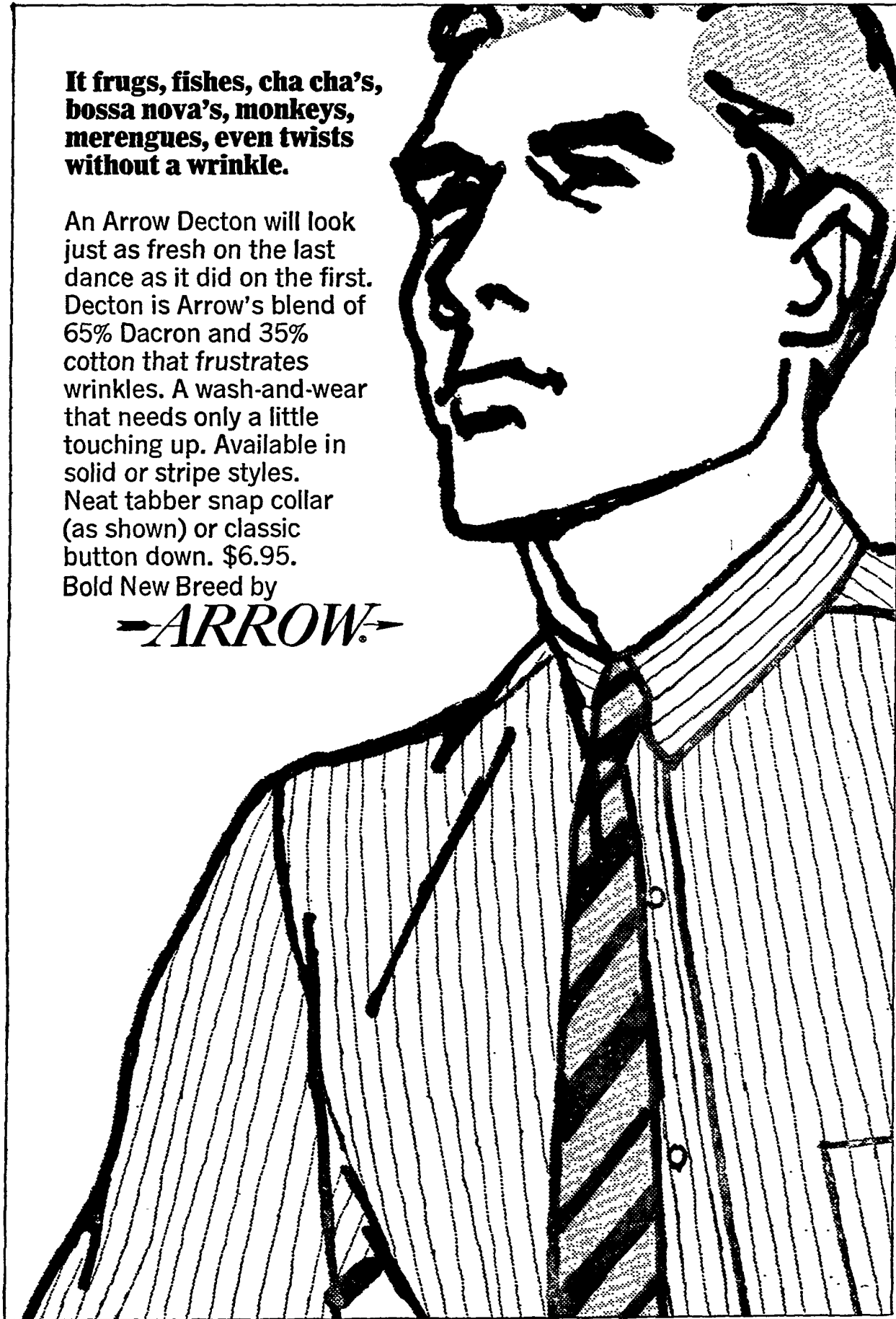
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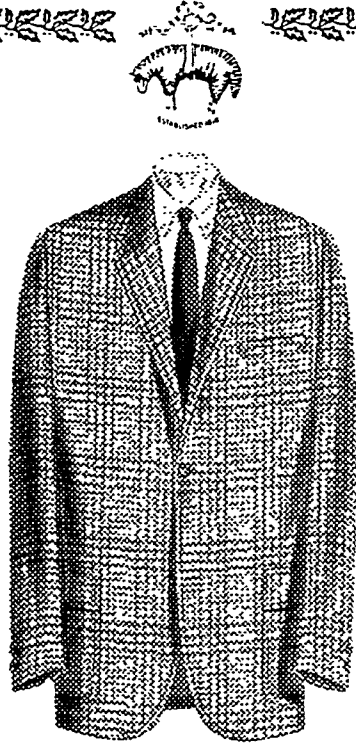
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OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

DEPARTMENT OF INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS, HEALTH,
PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND RECREATION FOR MEN AND WOMEN

November 26, 1965

Student Newspaper
The Scholastic
Notre Dame University
South Bend, Indiana

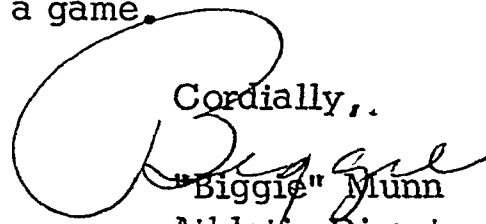
Gentlemen:

Let me sincerely congratulate the students on their superb behavior at the Michigan State-Notre Dame Game.

I have been connected with games between Michigan State and Notre Dame from 1948 through 1952 as Head Football Coach and as Director of Athletics from 1954 on and the relationship with Notre Dame University has been tremendous, in fact, Director Krause and I have scheduled games for Michigan State-Notre Dame through 1974. I do hope that we will be able to carry on this fine relationship for many, many years to come.

Again congratulations - what a game.

Cordially,



"Reggie" Munn
Athletic Director

CLM:dm

ARA, DESIRE, SPIRIT

When you have a coach like Ara, players like Rassas and Arrington, and a student body that thinks heaven is beating Southern California and the end of the world is a loss to MSU, then you have a team - by TOM BETTAG

BY THE TIME of the North Carolina game, you found yourself with the feeling that though this team might not be the best in the nation, it could beat any team in the nation.

Sure, it had been beaten by Purdue, but that was against a quarterback who was too hot to be touched by anyone that day. And of course there had been many scares, Northwestern, Navy, North Carolina. But you had also seen this team rip through California and Pittsburgh. And bring itself real honor against Southern California.

Most of all you had confidence in the coach, Ara Parseghian. It was good to have him, his strategy, his psychology and enthusiasm on your side. And there were the individual team members whom you had come to know for their dedication and determination. And you found yourself believing strongly in the magical powers of the "Notre Dame spirit" that you had seen manifested so fully through the week leading up to the Southern California game.

Then came Michigan State and Miami. 12-3. 0-0. All your enthusiasm seemed to have been mere idealism destroyed by the hard realities of football fundamentals.

For a little while, the disappointment of the moment blurred the overall success of the season. But at no time did the belief in Ara,

the team, the spirit of the school fade.

As one old fan commented as he slowly made his way out of the Orange Bowl: "I'm glad the season is over. It's been a hard one to see through. I'm just happy Parseghian was running the team and making the decisions. With him I'm sure we couldn't have done any more than we did."

PERHAPS the single most important factor in the season was the graduation of John Huarte and Jack Snow in June. But how could anyone know that at the beginning of the season? Ara had bemoaned his troubles at the "skilled positions." But who could have known after the varsity beat the Old-Timers 72-0?

Notre Dame followers have not established a reputation for pessimism, and a 48-6 opening day win over California did nothing for their sense of restraint. The game was a tribute to Ara. Given only 18 days to prepare the team for the early opener, he sent a team to Berkeley that made no mistakes of its own and capitalized on every Cal error. Given a team that had neither the ends nor the quarterback for a wide-open passing attack, he moulded an offense capable of rolling up 381

yards rushing in that one game.

As far as the papers were concerned, Notre Dame had merely picked up where it left off before. The Irish were ranked number one.

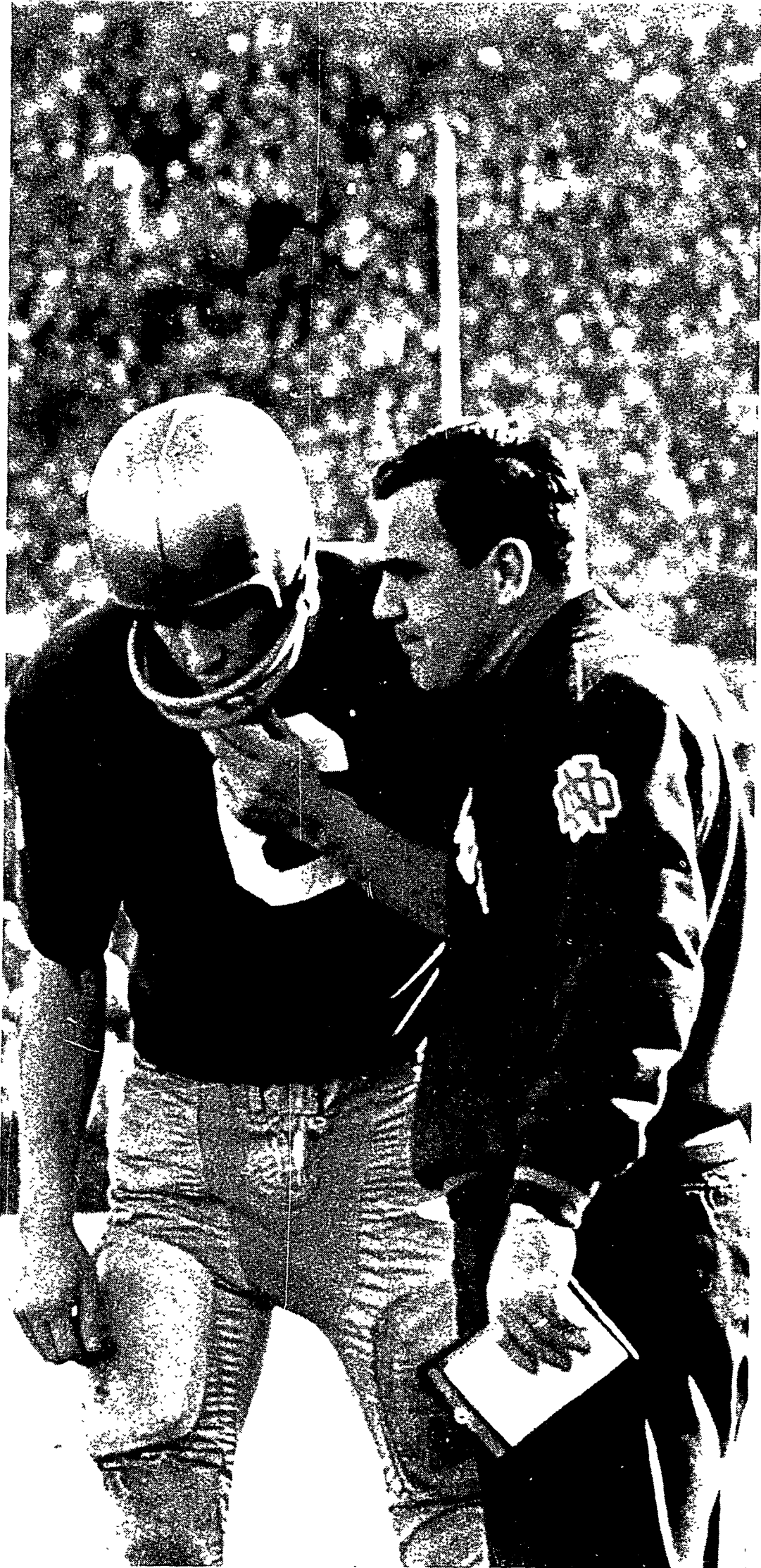
It takes a great passer to complete 19 of 22. Bob Griese is great. The offense had done its job by racking up 21 points against a stiff Purdue defense. The Notre Dame defense could hardly be blamed for not stopping a quarterback with that kind of arm on that kind of day.

Yet it was typical of John Ray, Paul Shoults and the defensive players not to take the easy way out. "We played a bad game. We let them win by our mistakes," said defensive captain Jim Lynch after the game when those words did not come easily.

The defense had learned its lesson. From that point on, it did not falter.

Northwestern. Defense. Nick Rassas. If there had been any doubts about the defense, they were dispelled in the 38-7 victory. The score was deceptive. The game gave the first indications of offensive weaknesses. The inability to move the ball, to pass, to score until the fourth quarter cast a shadow over the offensive unit.

Army. A battle marked by hard hitting. A shutout showing by the defense. A long pass by Tom Schoen



to the end zone on a broken pattern, but again, no real ability to move the ball.

USC. Remember. Nightly rallies. Desire. Victory. There are times when you want something so bad that no one can take it away from you. You know what Notre Dame spirit means.

But then it was back to normalcy and offensive troubles. You watched Navy bottle up the offense until the last play of the half. You were happy. The defense came through with another great showing. But again, the offense showed definite weakness. It became apparent that Ara's great emphasis on conditioning was paying off. Give Notre Dame a weak opponent, and the Irish would win if only by wearing the opponent down.

The touchdown ran up the score to 69. You almost wished Ara would try for two points just to hit that magic 70 against Pitt. Was Notre Dame that good, or was Pitt that weak? Everything went right, and perhaps, just perhaps, all the problems had been ironed out.

But no. The offense did move against North Carolina, but it could not score. It got to the fourth quarter and still no score. Ivan kicked a field goal. Nick Eddy broke down the right sidelines all the way. The game was won, but the offense had not followed the Pittsburgh or Southern California script.

AND YET YOU KNEW, you just knew, that Notre Dame was going to beat Michigan State, that Notre Dame would be National Champions. Again, on paper you might not be as good as Michigan State, but games are not played on paper.

There was Ara. You didn't have to worry that the team would be in perfect physical condition for the

game. There could be no doubt that he would have his new stunts and strategy aimed directly for Michigan State. But beyond that, there was something about Ara that inspired confidence. You knew that he was coming into the Rockne Memorial every morning at 6:30. You saw the lights burning in the Rockne Memorial until after 10 p.m. No man can do more.

You saw him fret and stew over every game. You knew that winning that game meant everything to him. No one can care more about a goal.

You hear him speaking, taking just the right psychological attitude toward the game. You know that he can convey that attitude to his team. You know they will be psychologically ready. With Ara going through all that, how can you lose?

You see the players coming back to the hall later than usual. They look tired, and you know practice and the meeting must have been particularly intense. Yet tired as they may be, they come out on the roofs to speak at the rallies. You can tell from their words that they are proud of their team. They want to win this game badly. They will give all they have. Giving 100 per cent effort is just taken for granted.

Nick Rassas says he normally doesn't let himself get "up" for a game for fear of being overanxious in his play. That means he keeps himself from jumping up and down until five hours before the game. Now he says he is really going to let himself go for this one. Heaven help the campus.

Jim Lynch speaks in his steady, self-assured manner. You know how badly he wants to win the game. You want it, if only for his sake.

Dick Arrington says, "We have to win this one." For the silent guard to say that much, you know it must mean the world to him.

The nights are cold, very cold. Yet the rallies continue. There the students are, singing the Victory March as the snow falls. How can you lose?

AND YET you do. It is logical. Michigan State's defense is great. The special plays Ara planned do not pan out. Your defense plays better than ever before, but how

long can they hold the Spartans out. They scored twice on two short drives. Your offense tries as hard as it can. The line is outmanned. It's Northwestern, Navy and North Carolina again, only worse. You can't pass. The backs can't run.

You cheer your heart out, hoping for a miracle. You applaud when the team leaves the field. You sing the Victory March with special meaning. A few students follow with an a cappella Alma Mater. There's no shame. You have been beaten by a better team.

Yet it hurts. Bill Zloch's eyes are reddened by tears. What happened. Why couldn't the offense move? You were so sure it could.

But the time you get over the shock, it's Saturday and you're playing Miami. You still haven't quite figured out why you couldn't move the ball. Miami plays a great defensive game. You are stopped the first couple of times you have the ball. The defense continues its outstanding play, but the offense just doesn't have the sparkle that it had before last week.

0-0. A tough way to end the season. The team just couldn't move the ball. You see game films. Miami had stacked the line badly, totally disregarding any pass threat. They waited at the line letting the backs commit themselves. No wonder it was impossible to rush. A pass might have done the trick, but there was no one to pass. Miami knew it. They did not have what it takes to win, but neither do you.

You are saddened that more did not come out of the season, but 7-2-1 is a very fine record. Notre Dame is one of the top ten teams in the nation. If all it took was a coach, desire, spirit, you might be number one. As it is you are number 8.

WHAT ATTITUDE do you take toward this season and a 7-2-1 record? You would like to call this a great team, but you can't. Not if you use the 1964 team as a yardstick. Indeed there was the precision blocking of the offensive line, the talent of the running backs. There was the esprit de corps and total abandon of the defensive line and linebackers, the finesse and

hustle of the defensive backfield. But without a fully rounded attack, there was an obvious lack that caught up with the team before the season was over.

This, however, is a personnel, a talent lack that could not be helped. Through the season Parseghian gave his running attack every variation from slight changes in timing to razzle-dazzle reverses. From week to week he remade his offense to play upon the weakness of Saturday's opponent. He conditioned his team to the extent that they were physically superior or at least equal to every team it faced.

For all this, Parseghian must be called a great coach.

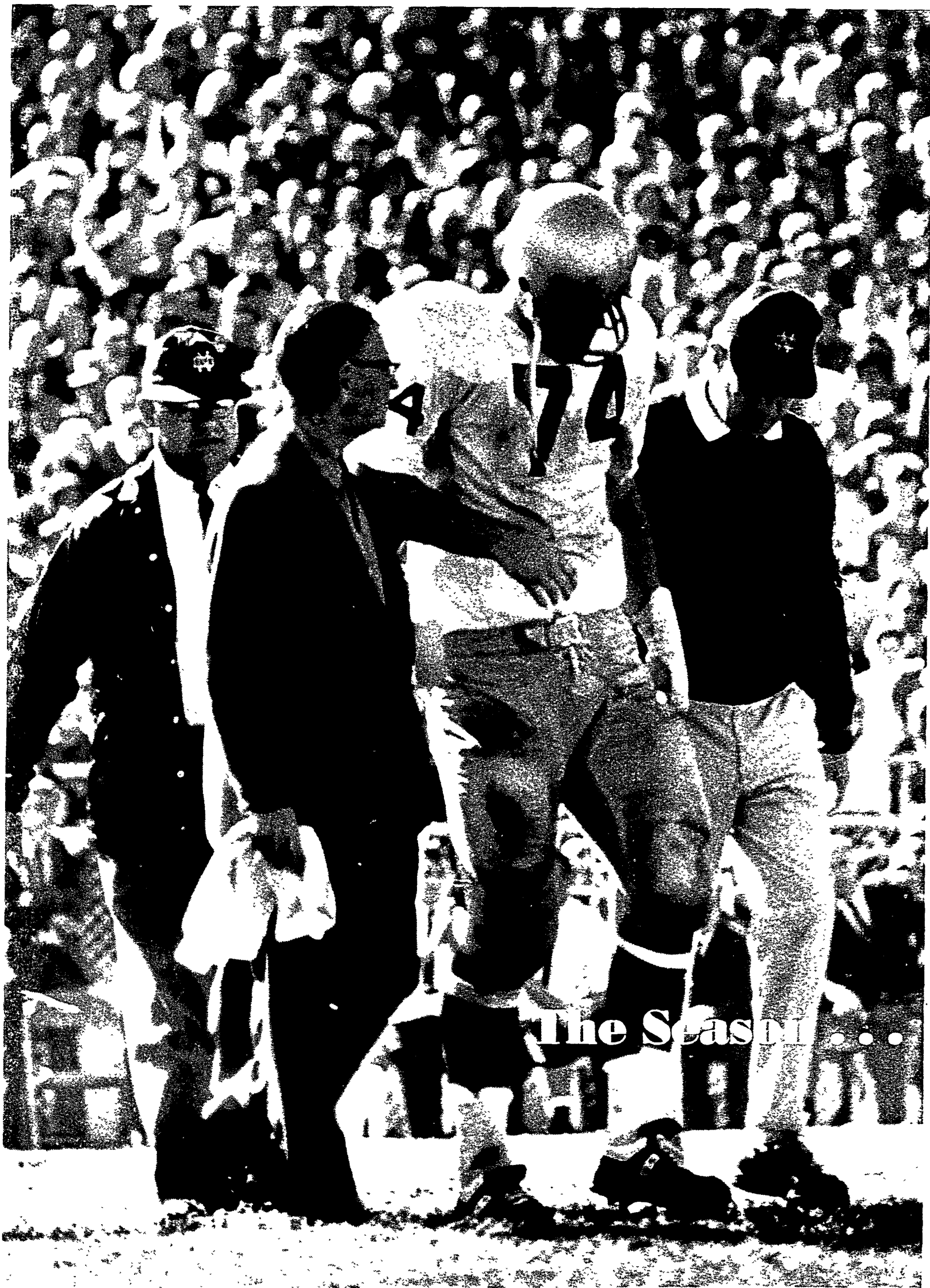
For the players and their efforts, there must be special recognition. There were frustrating moments, to be sure. To have Purdue marching downfield for the winning touchdown and to be able to do nothing against the uncanny accuracy of Bob Griese's passing. To be hit by a Michigan State linebacker almost the moment you take the handoff from the quarterback. To face a nine-man Miami line and be unable to pass over it.

No one could have desired victory more than Bill Zloch. The second effort running of Eddy, Wolski and Conjar was the high point of the season. Often the offensive line made holes big enough for all four backs to run through. The efforts of the defense — line, linebackers and backfield — need no one to point them out.

No Notre Dame team has gone without the enthusiasm and support of the student body, not even in the lean years before Parseghian's coming. This year was no different. Remember Week. Dump Duffy Week. True student responsibility. Control and respect at pep rallies. Perfect conduct throughout the Michigan State weekend. Enthusiasm. Notre Dame.

In Ara, in the team, in the enthusiasm of the students there is a greatness of which to be proud. In these things Notre Dame is number one.

FOR KEVIN HARDY THE '65 SEASON ENDED BEFORE IT STARTED. WITH PURDUE THE BALL-CONTROL THEORY CLAIMED A GIANT.



The Season...

A STRONG RUSH TO THE TOP

The Irish revert to a new attack with the same successful results; a description in the Chicago Sun-Times.
by DICK HACKENBERG



NOTRE DAME'S Fighting Irish carried with pride and considerable distinction the glory of their 9-1, 1964, resurgence to an amazing 48-6 triumph over the University of California here Saturday.

"Carried" is the word. A crowd of 53,000 shirt-sleeved fans, basking in brilliant sunshine, watched aghast as Ara Parseghian's relentless machine ground out 381 yards on the ground and 68 on only seven passes for an astounding total of 449.

Nick Eddy alone scampered 99 yards, Bill Wolski 77 and Larry Conjar 67. Each tallied one touchdown and quarterback Bill Zloch, superbly mixing his plays, scored two. Nick Rassas streaked 65 yards to still another with a punt return and, in the closing minutes, second-string halfback Dan Harshman got the seventh.

Ken Ivan kicked a 28-yard field goal and three extra points. Twice the Irish were thwarted in an attempt to run for two-point conversions.

Twice Rassas intercepted California passes and in both instances launched touchdown drives, returning the two thefts for a total of 48 yards.

"I think we capitalized on every mistake," Parseghian said happily after the game, the highest scoring Notre Dame victory to launch a season since 1951 when Indiana was trampled by the same score.

"We're not that good and they're not that bad. It's difficult to judge your true strength in a game like this. We had good field position all afternoon.

"Our passing attack complemented our running game nicely. For our needs today, it was adequate. Our pass defense needs work; Cal completed some good ones (nine of 22 for 97 yards). Cal was most unfortunate; it yielded field position on turnovers all day."

Coach Ray Willsey of the Golden Bears was the heart bowed down. "We have no excuses for this fiasco," he said.

"We were not in Notre Dame's class. You have to be impressed by those Irish backs, in fact, their whole offense. They had the ball for 88 offensive plays and after a while that begins to tell on your defense."

The Notre Dame Juggernaut started slowly, grinding out 80 yards without benefit of a pass, to Ivan's field goal.

Before the first quarter closed, Rassas snatched his first interception and ran the ball 37 yards to the Cal 12. A 10-yard loss forced Zloch to the air for the first time and he hit Tom Talaga with an 18-yarder at the four. Zloch drove across from the three.

The Irish took their 9-0 advantage into the second period and within three minute enlarged it to 22-0. A fumble recovery by Alan Page set up one touchdown, scored on a one-yard plunge by Conjar, and the irrepressible Rassas followed with his 65-yard punt return for the other.

Notre Dame was comfortable at 22-0 before Cal scored, and before the first half ended Zloch went 11 yards to make it 28-6.

At the start of the third quarter the Irish drove 74 yards in six plays with Eddy taking a 24-yard pass from Zloch for the touchdown, and Tony Carey's recovery of Tom Relles' fumble set up Wolski's tally from the six.

When Harshman got over from the one, in culmination of a 76-yard drive in the final period, the California fans started to file dismally from the big bowl. Notre Dame supporters tarried to storm into the field with two seconds remaining to gather around their heroes in joyful celebration.

Parseghian pointed out that the Irish aim was to make their offense move on plays up the middle.

Ara said that defensively the Irish "wanted to put enough pressure on California to force them into mistakes.

"This we did," he added, "and each time they turned the ball over to us we got great field position."

Next Saturday the Irish take on Purdue, one of the favorites to represent the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl, and Parseghian is wary.

"Today I learned that we can move the ball, but I also found out that we have problems on defense, both in the secondary and at linebacker."

PURDUE UNIVERSITY is the Big Ten's contribution to ethnic jokes. It is a pile of engineering textbooks, asphalt, and dull-red buildings on the plain of West Lafayette, Ind., and through the years its football players have been referred to as Rail Splitters, Pumpkin Shuckers, Cedar Choppers, Blacksmiths, Hayseeds, Cornfield Sailors and — curtain please — Boilermakers. For a moment consider the term Boilermakers, a derisive name Purdue *liked* and adopted officially. Does a Boilermaker sound like the kind of guy you would want your sister to date? Does he sound like *fun*? He's *got* to drive a beat-up '57 Buick, come from a family of 14 in Gary and spent most of his time breathing rivet dust. Yeah, yeah, he'll study for you and maybe he'll become an astronaut—big deal—but he couldn't do the jerk if he loaded up on Dexies, he couldn't find Chez Paul in Chicago with a compass and he'd stumble on a carpet. Naw, man. To have any class you've got to come from a cooled-out school like Michigan or Wisconsin or Northwestern. Purdue? Man, Purdue is like *Iowa*. After all, how many Boilermakers do you know who can chew gum and walk at the same time?

Well, as of last Saturday, there was at least one. His name is Bob Griese and he may be a farm-type boy from Evansville, and he might have made the terrible social mistake of going to Purdue, but in playing No. 1-ranked Notre Dame he was outlined against the pale blue September sky so dramatically that 61,921 people suffered hysterical seizures, and there was one in a group of frantic, shocked sportswriters who became so deadline-destitute that he labeled Griese the Lone Horseman "riding into the Valley of Death." Griese had that kind of day. He brought out the Apocalypse in you.

Passing, running, kicking and thinking, Griese whooshed out the candlelight that Grantland Rice promised (in the second and unremembered paragraph of his famous Four Horsemen story) would "always gleam through the Indiana sycamores" in South Bend. . . .

It takes a summing-up to capture the true potency of the performance. For example, Griese did complete a noteworthy 19 of 22 passes for 283 yards and three touchdowns and set up the fourth (and winning) score with his passes. But he also ran nine times for an average of five yards per carry. . . . These were clutch keepers — sharp, darting runs necessary to sustain drives. Griese punted three times—high, accurately and deliberately short—to the Notre Dame six-, seven- and 26-yard lines.

Griese did all of these things in a game so full of thrills it would have wrecked an IBM computer. It was a game that produced 726 yards of combined total offense between old, old, disrespectful rivals that were rated after last week's opening games first and sixth in the national pools. It was a game that saw a total of 37 different running, passing and returning plays gain more than 10 yards each, often more. And this figure does not include two touchdown runs of short yardage that were more important than the 37 plays and a late, apparent game-winning Notre Dame field goal that bounced—bounced, mind you—over the crossbar, causing Coach Ara Parseghian to jump around like a man with a scorpion in his pants. It was a game in which the lead changed hands five times . . . with Purdue, just four minutes short of the end coming back once more with a stunning drive to win. . . .

BOILERMAKERS SHATTER AN AMBITIOUS DREAM

Sports Illustrated recalls how a bunch of engineers and that hot-handed quarterback upended the Irish, 25-21.
by DAN JENKINS

Excerpts from "Oh That Griese Kid Stuff." Copyright Sports Illustrated, Oct. 4, 1965.





DEFENSE ON THE REBOUND

With memories of the Purdue game fresh, the South Bend Tribune accounts for a ferocious defense and a young man named Rassas who together broke open a tough Northwestern team. by JOE DOYLE

DEFENSE! That was the name of the game all week on Notre Dame's Cartier Field practice grounds. And it was the big difference Saturday when the Irish broke open a tense low-scoring duel to beat Northwestern, 38-7.

Eight times in the second half the visiting Wildcats put the ball into play. And five times the Irish took it away to either score or set the offense into motion.

Nick Rassas, the lithe Chicago senior, broke the Irish home free late in the third period with a 92-yard runback of an interception. And then for good measure, he scooted 72 yards with a punt return some seven minutes later for one of the greatest defensive performances ever seen in the Irish stadium.

Without the spark of the defense, the Irish would have been hard pressed, particularly after halfback Nick Eddy left the game in the first period with what was called a mild concussion. Hard-running Bill Wolski was also ailing and the Irish offense was far from impressive.

Northwestern, too, came up with a great performance on defense, but couldn't match the Irish effort. Phil Clark, the 'Cats defensive left end, picked off one of Bill Zloch's passes and returned it 50 yards to score. And when the Irish bounced back for a tying touchdown but missed the extra point, it was the only scoring until Rassas took charge with less than three minutes to play in the third period.

Ironically, Rassas got the Irish in trouble three plays earlier when he fumbled away a punt to Dennis

Coyne at the Irish 20. But when quarterback Dave Milam, a much-badgered individual all day, fired toward halfback Woody Campbell, Rassas cut in front of him at the 8, grabbed the ball and raced 92 yards to score. The intended receiver Cas Banaszek had been knocked down on the play.

As he sped past the Irish bench he was in the clear and cheered on by his teammates and coach Ara Parseghian. Northwestern coach Alex Agase said later, "He had so many blockers, I thought he got some of them off the bench."

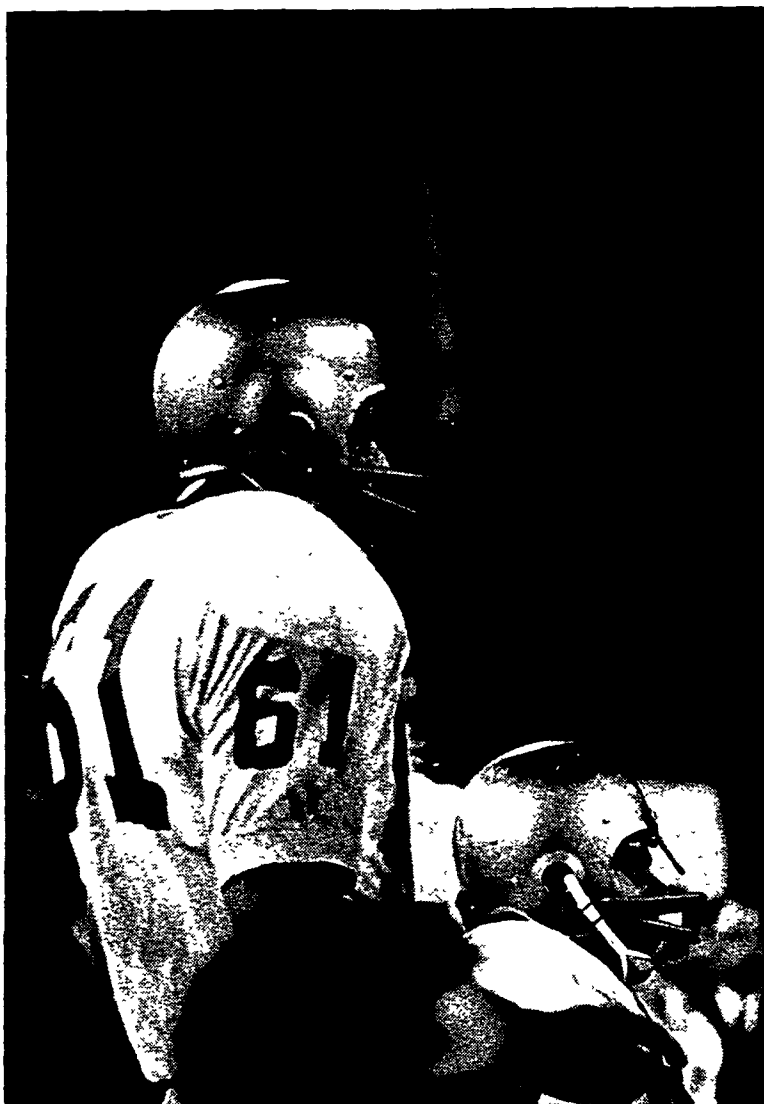
This wasn't the end for the defense. In a 24-point final period, two recovered fumbles, a punt return by Rassas and an interception were to set up scores that threatened to make the game a rout.

So devastating was the rush against passers Milam and Dennis Boothe that the Wildcats ended up with minus two yards in running for the day. Most of this came from the five times Milam was hit behind the line of scrimmage in the second half.

Improved tackle play by the Irish and a better performance by the linebackers undoubtedly helped the cause. Dick Arrington, moved over from the offensive unit, was a stout performer at tackle along with Pete Duranko, who played his greatest game for the Irish.

But Alan Page, Harry Long and new contenders like Tom Rhoads and Allen Sack at ends also helped contain the 'Cats. And the booming punts of Dan McGinn likewise kept the N.U. attack at bay.





DEFENSIVE HEAD LYNCH: A STANDOUT PLAYER AND LEADER

The defense contained Army, 17-0, but the loser's locker room is the subject of the Herald Tribune's account.
by BOB STEWART

**“THEY’RE
BEAUTIFULLY
COACHED.
THEY’RE
EXPLOSIVE”**

“**C**HEER, CHEER FOR OLD NOTRE DAME,” sung with exultation and tipsy exuberance, echoed hollowly and faintly in the curving, dank tunnel beneath Shea Stadium. Alumni of the Golden Dome and the IRT-7th Ave. were reliving those glory days when the Irish had come to New York to whip Army. Now, after 19 years the Zlochs, Wolskis, Conjars and Sheridans had returned again to dominate the Long Gray Line.

The first faint rasp of cleats on concrete reached the small group of men clustered around the Army dressing room. Townsend Clark, massive shoulders distorted by grotesque pads, clomped slowly along. Army's star defensive man, helmet dangling from his right wrist, looked neither right nor left. The rain-dampened, mud-streaked face beneath the sodden, cropped blond hair was devoid of expression as he dropped his helmet and slumped to the bench in front of his locker.

Now his mates came straggling along, lips sealed silently, eyes glazed with enormous disappointment because, for them, the end of the world had happened moments ago.

Behind them, the doors closed as portentously as those of a tomb, and Paul Dietzel, as though standing in a mortuary, began to intone his account of the smashing 17-0 defeat.

“They just whipped us,” he said. “They're beautifully coached. They're explosive. They hit and hit. And they keep coming on and on and on.” The Army coach hesitated for a moment, wiping his worried brow with a crumpled handkerchief. “Our Townsend Clark,” he resumed, “he must have made 5,000 tackles. But we just couldn't sustain our offense. We make, we made mistakes. Those interceptions . . .” he shivered in disgust. “Rassas! That Nick Rassas is frightening. I tell you, just when he's standing around out there, he terrifies you.”

Someone wanted to know what he thought of Larry Conjar, Notre Dame's 19-year-old, 205-pounder who had slammed with glee into a wearying Army defense on 10 of 13 plays, eight in succession. Conjar's crunching assault had taken the Irish within easy range of the field goal that put an already assured victory out of all possible reach.

Dietzel permitted only a shade of envy to curl his lips. “Conjar. Yeah. Oh, man. But I tell you again that that Rassas, and all of them. There were times Nick Eddy and Bill Wolski weren't in there, and I didn't even know it. That's how good, how deep they are in that backfield.”

Notre Dame's superiority, however, was not confined to its offensive team. The disciplined, big and quick defenders of Ara Parseghian's squad had matched every deed, every skill of Dietzel's corps. And in the last period, after the field goal, the South Bend horde had driven a tortured Fred Barofsky almost into a safety so that Army was faced with the humiliation of being four and 34 from its goal line.

The Irish had two competent if uninspired quarterbacks in Tommy Schoen and Bill Zloch. Army had only inexperience in Barofsky and Curt Cook. “They were just too strong for us — everywhere,” Dietzel admitted.

Outside, the Subway Alumni were proving that conditioning and breeding can carry through two decades. They moved with the creeping good humor in a solid mass of humanity through the turnstiles. For them, nothing had changed. Notre Dame had won as usual and they still had to stand in the subway.

AND INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL!

After last year's victory, the Trojans could expect little more than the specially concocted reception, described in the Los Angeles Times, that resulted in a 28-7 victory for the revenge-minded Irish. by JIM MURRAY

OUTLINED AGAINST the blue-grey October sky, Notre Dame kicked the bejabsers out of USC on a leaky Saturday afternoon. The Fighting Croats did it again. The Eleven Horsemen rode again. And again.

The Trojans spent the day on their haircuts. Notre Dame spent it in the end zone.

For the benefit of the Trojans, the football Saturday was a Spalding J2V oblong in shape, seamed in the corners and usually found in the arms of a Notre Dame halfback. The only thing USC won all day was the toss. They got a lot of practice Saturday running back kickoffs. Also, they got to work on their reverse plays. Once, they got the ball on the Notre Dame 9-yard line and, by adroit maneuvering, they had reversed all the way back to the 38-yard line in only three plays. It was the most they moved the ball all day. Against Notre Dame, you take any direction you can get.

Mike Garrett, who was going for the Heisman Trophy, couldn't even get to the line of scrimmage most of the afternoon. . . .

Mike usually carries the ball 30 to 40 times a game. To do that Saturday, he would have had to intercept Notre Dame passes back from center. The Trojan attack crashed into the Notre Dame line with all the shattering force of a soap bubble. Garrett's total of 43 yards was about what he ordinarily gets in the first two carries. It was only 130 yards below his per-game average of 170. He couldn't gain 170 yards against Notre Dame by airplane. As a matter of fact, neither could the whole team.

The Trojans took the field with all the élan of a guy who was being asked to cut barbed wire in front of a machine-gun emplacement in the dark. . . .

It was a great day for the Belgrade division of the Fighting Irish, the Croatian lodge of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Lawrence Wayne Conjar has not been trying to make the Heisman Trophy, he's been trying

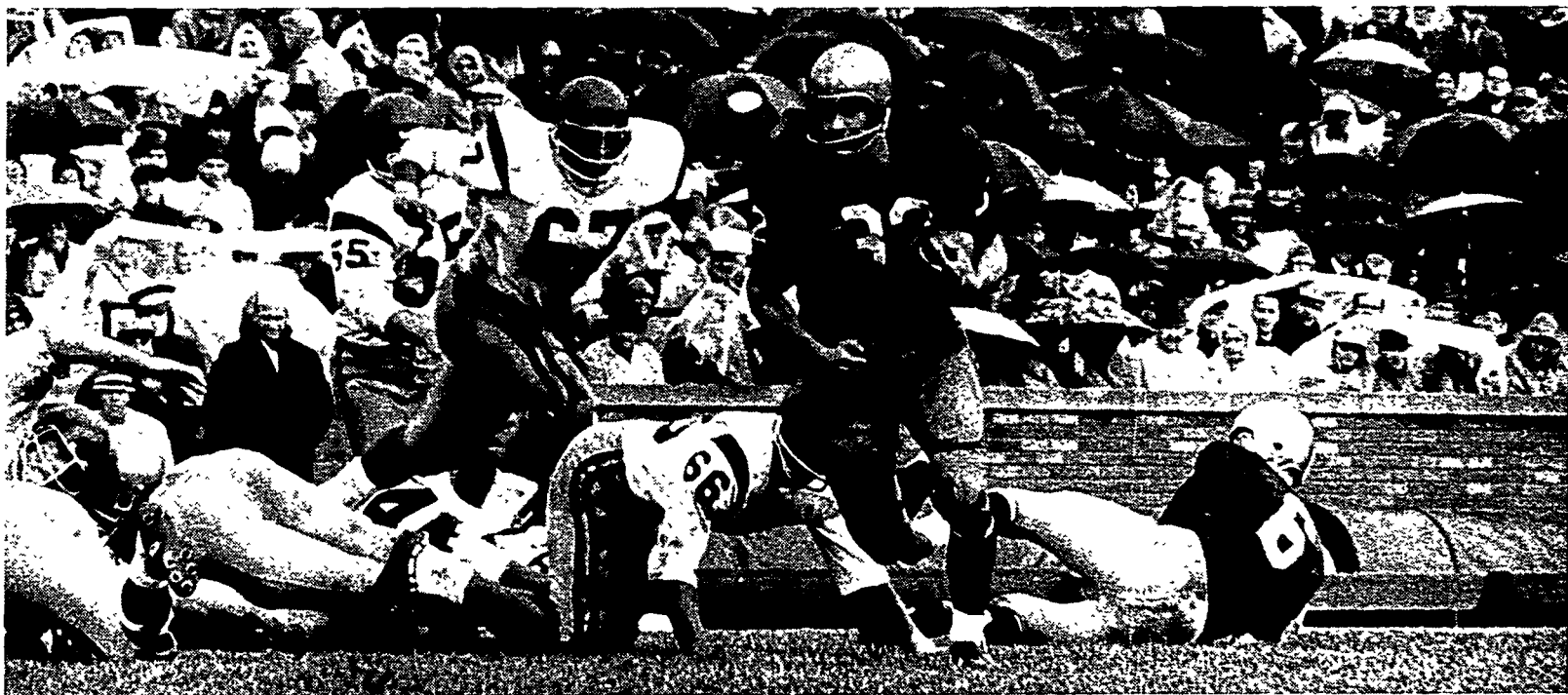
to make the first team. He only made four touchdowns this wet afternoon and 116 yards, which was only 73 more than Garrett made and 122 more than Rod Sherman did. It was also 42 yards more than USC made.

Of course, he only had the USC line to run through. You have heard of the "Seven Blocks of Granite"? Well, this day, we had the seven chips of potato. I have seen bass drums that would fight back harder. . . .

I wouldn't say this place was emotional. Not any more than the second act of an Italian opera. There must not be a bed sheet left in the whole joint. They threw more linen than a tenement house on washday. They had signs on them like "Irish kill!" "Trojans welcome into the jaws of death and the mouth of hell!" I think the rally director was Charles Addams. Or Count Dracula. A coffin with "No. 20" (Mike Garrett) on it was dragged around the field. And a bed sheet with a picture of Garrett being hanged by a Notre Dame linebacker infelicitously named "Lynch" (Jim) was also waved before the TV cameras. It was about as funny as Nuremberg. . . .

The rain might have proved the efficacy of prayer since a flood was popularly supposed, before the game, to be the only surefire defense against Garrett. But Ara Parseghian, as if telling Divine Providence, "look, if you don't mind, I'd rather do it myself," kept the tarpaulin on the field until just before the game. . . .

USC made several mistakes at the outset, not the least of which was scheduling the game in the first place. They should have seen if Yale was available. "There is no question the mind, the emotions, the spirit, play a very important part in this game of football," announced Parseghian at the end of the game. But I noticed he teaches blocking all the same. And keeps his scouts going down in the Pennsylvania coal mines with a canary and a letter of intent.

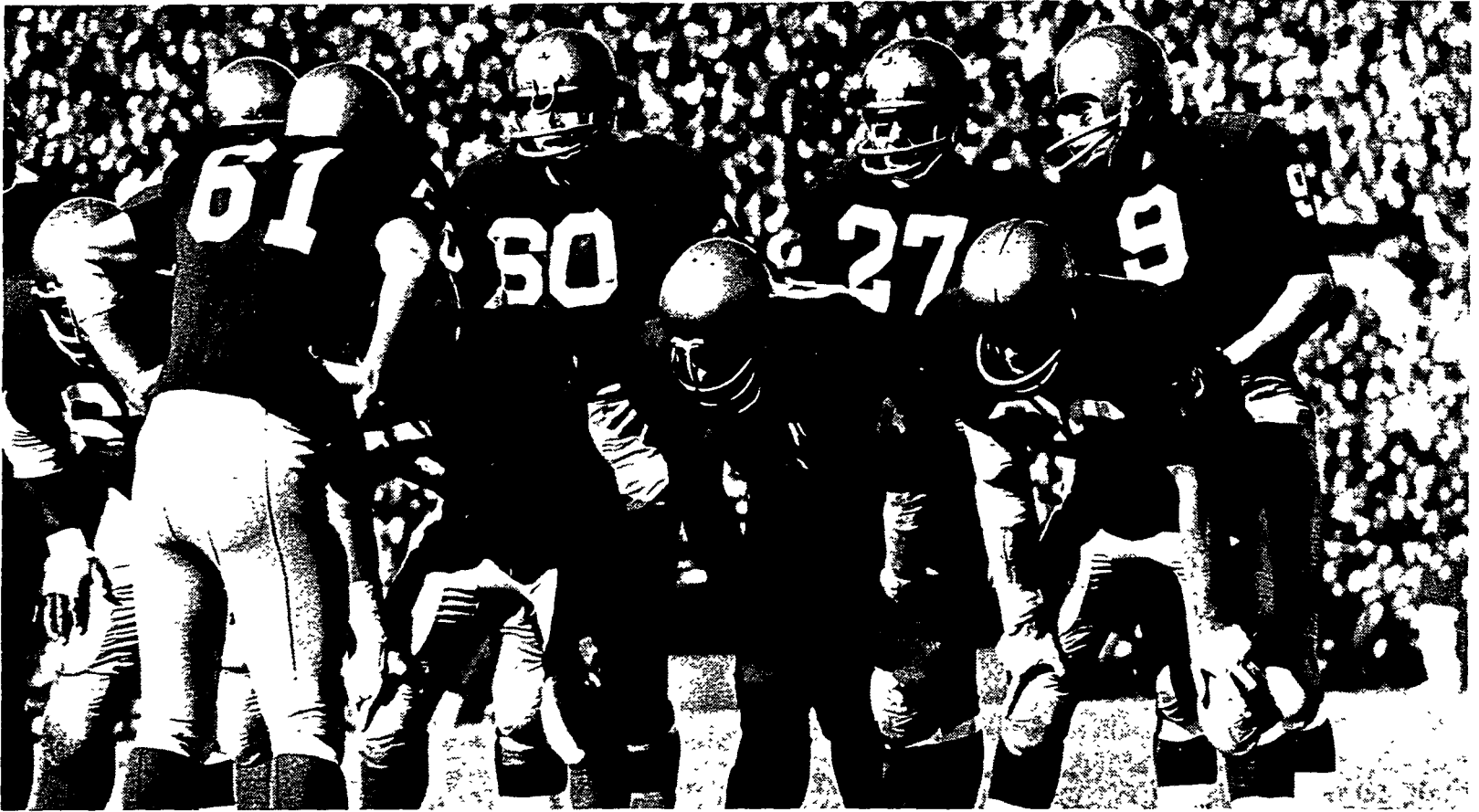


“ANCHORS AWEIGH”?

NOT A CHANCE!

The Sun-Times sees size, speed and precision as Notre Dame's big advantage.

by CHIP MAGNUS



FOOTBALL GAMES are always a little tougher away from home. For Notre Dame's visitors, they're nightmares. Navy, a 29-3 loser to the Irish Saturday, doesn't suffer by comparison with other victims of the South Bend slaughterhouse.

In the eight games here since Ara Parseghian took over as head coach, the Irish haven't come close to losing. They've outscored the visitors 243-45. . . .

It's something the fiery Parseghian has brewed up, invoking memories as weapons until the hapless visitors find themselves facing everyone from George Gipp to Johnny Lujack.

Along with the memories, Parseghian's legion has patented its own way of winning. The Irish start their games slowly, wait for the other guy to make the mistake and then pound the ball down his throat again and again.

You can ask Navy coach Bill Elias, among others, because that's the way it happened Saturday.

Outside of a couple of spectacular punts by Dan McGinn, the Irish moved the ball as if it weighed 100 pounds. Runners plowed into their blockers, passes were underthrown or dropped by intended receivers. Decency forbids more than a passing mention of a first-period field-goal attempt.

Parseghian gave credit to Navy's defense and also agreed the Irish suffered a letdown after last week's vengeance victory over Southern Cal. Of Navy, Ara said: "They put nine men within three yards of the

line, all 11 within five and just dared us to pass. But we weren't passing well and we just couldn't move."

Then came the break. Instead of punting, Navy tried for a first down late in the second quarter, failed and the Irish took over on their 45.

"We felt we could run out the clock," explained Elias afterward. "We may also have been influenced by Notre Dame's pitiful offensive efforts to that time."

Elias was to say later, "I won't second-guess that first-down try. I've never been one to second-guess myself."

Parseghian was to say, "I called that short toss to Eddy. Navy was in a four-four prevent against the long pass, and I knew we had to give it to a back who could get into the clear. He made a fine run and Bill Wolski threw a good final block at the 10."

The game actually ended at half time. Going into the third quarter the Middies clearly had it, and other Irish heroes (like Winnetkan Nick Rassas who ran back a punt for a 66-yard TD) had their moments.

They pummeled the wilting Middies for 22 more points. The fourth quarter became a workout for the subs and for the students who yelled, "We're No. 1, first, first."

Finally it was all over. Parseghian walked to mid-field, consoled Elias and escorted him out of the unfriendly confines of Notre Dame Stadium.

The memories were put away for another week.

PITT's football team made believers out of even the most skeptical at Pitt Stadium yesterday.

The Panthers lost convincingly to Notre Dame 69-13.

They proved that their 51-13 loss to Syracuse the week before was no fluke and they did it the hard way, giving no help to the Irish in the form of fumbles or interceptions until Notre Dame had a four-touchdown lead.

Long before the finish, the sellout crowd of 57,169 was meandering toward the exits and historians were delving into the record books, which yielded the following quaint discoveries:

1—The only teams to score as many points against Pitt were Michigan in 1947 (69-0) and Army in 1944 (69-7).

2—Bill Wolski's five touchdowns tied a Notre Dame record set by Red Maher in 1923 against Kalamazoo.

3—Ken Ivan's nine extra points broke a record set by Buck Shaw against Kalamazoo.

4—It was Notre Dame's most ferocious outburst since 1940, when the Irish beat another Pittsburgh team, Carnegie Tech, 61-0. There must be a lesson here for somebody.

It was not the worst Pitt defeat of all time because Kenny Lucas threw a touchdown pass near the end of the first half and Ed James threw another with 12 seconds to play. Another small triumph for Pitt was the fact that Lucas escaped with his life.

Wolski, his five touchdowns notwithstanding, was only the third leading rusher for Notre Dame. Both Nick Eddy and Larry Conjar outgained him, 88 yards (they finished in a tie) to 54.

Wolski's longest scoring run was seven yards. After his fourth touchdown, on which he swept Pitt's left end from the two, he joyously threw the ball into the stands.

The next time he scored, tying Maher's record against Kalamazoo, he more or less took it for granted, but maybe he was beginning to suspect that Maher had been up against a tougher defense. . . .

Conjar ran for a touchdown on the second play after the kickoff with the game less than one minute old. He burst through a hole in the middle, cut to his right, brushed off one tackler as he headed toward the corner of the field and dragged the Pitt safety man the last few yards. Eddy's lunging catch of a pass from Zloch, good for 56 yards, kept the Panthers from tightening up against the Notre Dame running game.

Before the quarter was over, Notre Dame had pounded 52 yards to make it 14-0, and 81 yards to make it 21-0, with Wolski going in from the seven and the five. . . .

The Irish would tear Pitt apart in the middle and then send Wolski outside. Often he would find the coast clear but if anybody happened to be waiting for him it didn't seem to matter. Wolski just said, "Going my way?" and gave the tacklers a lift. . . .

Notre Dame's first unit stayed in the game until the score was 35-0 and returned after Pitt's first touchdown with 32 seconds left in the half.

The score was 48-6 before Coach Ara Parseghian thought it prudent to put the second stringers back in.

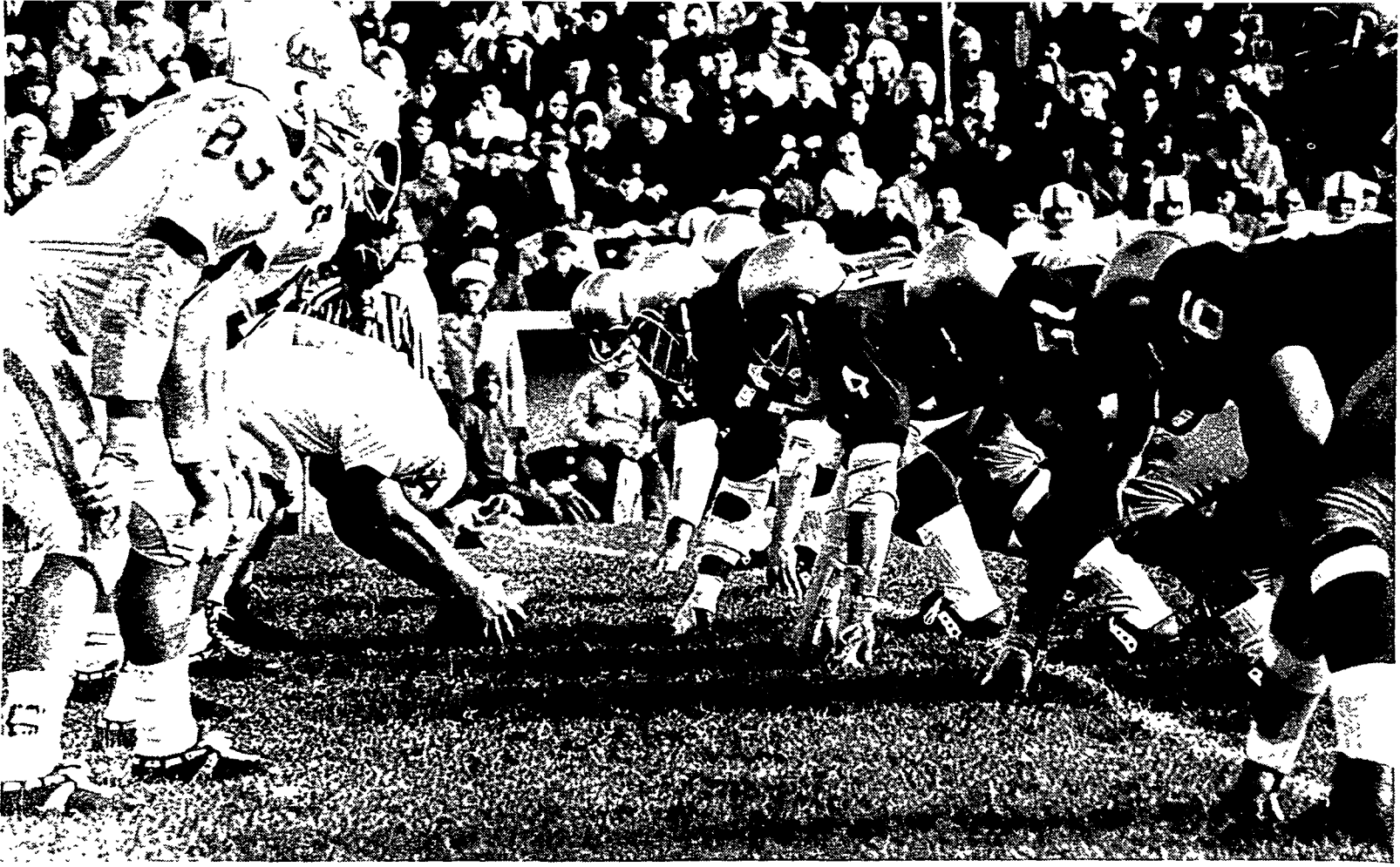
Following Pitt's last touchdown, Pete Andreotti returned the kickoff to the Notre Dame 35 and with two seconds left, the Irish called time-out for one more play. They were hard guys to satisfy yesterday.



Not since the great flood of '89 has so much disaster been wrecked upon the greater Pittsburgh area. The Pittsburg Press tries to explain the great force of nature that rolled up 69 points against their Panthers

by ROY McHUGH

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD OF '65



SIXTH STRAIGHT ON RUN AND GUTS

Nick Eddy breaks the North Carolina game wide open to with a fourth period touchdown run; Chicago's American sees the Irish add another win to an impressive streak. by BILL GLEASON

WITH ONE MINUTE gone in the fourth period, the boisterous Tar Heels of North Carolina were trampling greasy footsteps all over college football's "game of the year."

Mighty Notre Dame, which had scored 69 against Pittsburgh, had scored exactly none against the Tar Heels, who were not at all impressed by the historical import of the fighting Irish date with top-ranked Michigan State next Saturday afternoon.

Notre Dame had a fourth down at Carolina's 16½-yard line, with a yard to gain, early in the fourth quarter. Irish quarterback Bill Zloch, changing his play at the line of scrimmage, took too long, and his team was penalized five yards for delay of game.

It looked as though the Irish had discovered still another way to dissipate a touchdown opportunity, but coach Ara Parseghian knew what to do.

He asked Ken Ivan to kick a 38-yard field goal on a day that was not meant for kickers, what with a troublesome crosswind.

Ivan responded, as he usually does, and the Irish finally had a 3-0 lead. Before the period ended the Irish broke out to run the final score to 17-0. Then they retired to their dressing room to see if Michigan State would keep its rendezvous with destiny.

Not until the final period was half over yesterday afternoon could the partisans in the crowd of 59,216 shake down the thunder with a collective sigh of relief.

Then Zloch placed the ball in the capable hands of halfback Nick Eddy, who swept right end from his 34 before Notre Dame's gang blocking.

Eddy, Notre Dame's first Fighting Irish-Mexican squirted away just as he reached the corner, and went sprinting down the east sideline. . . .

Eddy's 66-yard run broke the hearts of the Tar Heel kids, who played a beautiful defensive game.

Late in the game Mike McGill, Notre Dame's linebacker from Hammond's Bishop Noll High School, grabbed a pass that was thrown into his abdomen by Carolina's talented quarterback Danny Talbott.

McGill was downed at the Tar Heel 41. Carolina's defensive unit was tiring now, and Notre Dame had another touchdown seven plays later. Eddy ran this one over left tackle from the 3-yard line.

Notre Dame gained 320 yards rushing but most of it was wasted effort for obvious reasons.

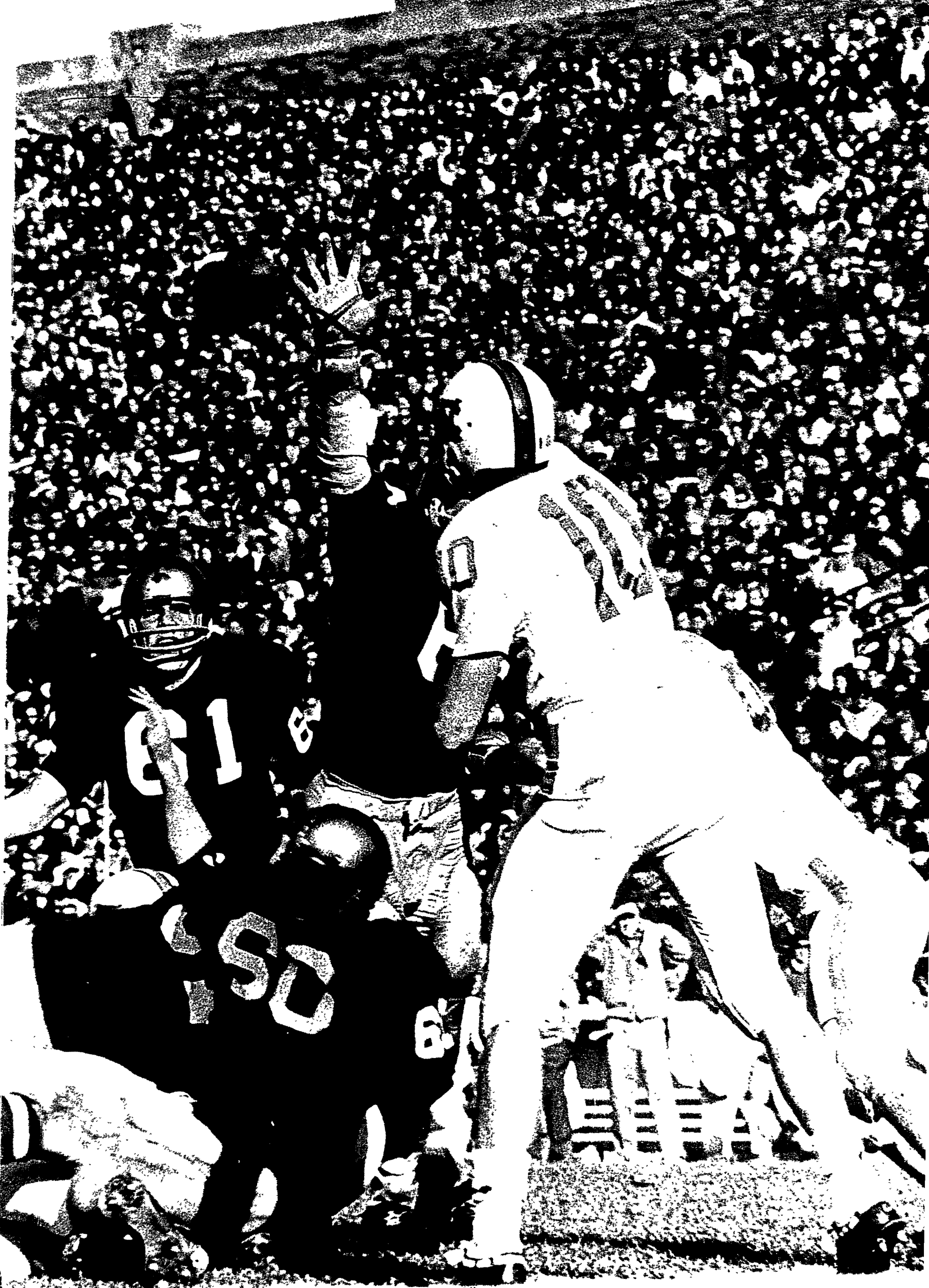
Eddy alone rushed for 163 yards in 21 attempts, 66 yards more than all the Carolina backs could produce.

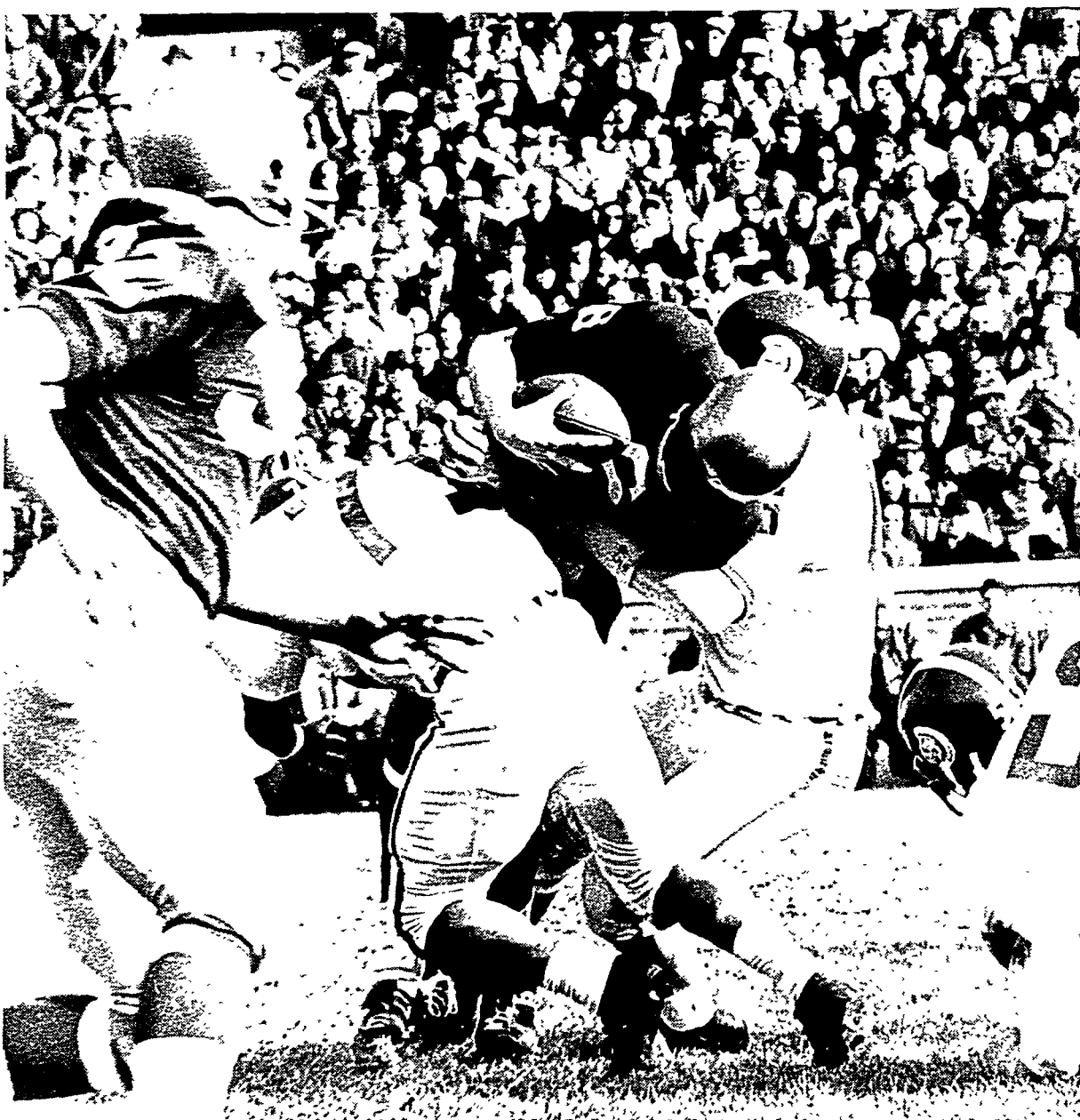
Sophomore halfback Rocky Bleier, was a capable replacement for Wolski. Bleier gained 66 yards in 11 tries.

Zloch completed six of 11 passes for 65 yards, and Talbott hit on 10 of 23 for 67.

The real stars, though, were the defensive players of both teams. Pete Duranko led the Irish with 14 tackles, including assists. Carolina's standouts were middle guard Joe Fratangelo, linebacker Malobicky and defensive end Bo Wood.

The next attraction: Michigan State, No. 1 in the nation.





POINT OF NO RETURN

Sportswriters across the country saw "the game of the year." No one reading the account of the 12-3 struggle in the *New York Herald Tribune* was disappointed

by RED SMITH

IF PATTERSON and Clay hit as hard as Michigan State and Notre Dame, then we'll see another Dempsey-Firpo fight in Las Vegas Monday night. This year's football game of the century was strictly as advertised, a monumental defensive struggle between the finest of college teams fired up like the boilers of the Robert E. Lee.

The wild gang tackling and the ferocious pursuit would have raised goose bumps if the contest had been a scoreless tie, but it was made doubly exciting by the fact that the weaker team was in front until the 39th minute of play. Michigan State was clearly the superior, yet until the Big Ten champions slammed in for a touchdown in the third quarter, the bizarre possibility existed that Notre Dame might make a 3-0 lead stand up all the way.

Indeed, against almost any other opposition, Notre Dame might have taken a 21-0 lead into the dressing room at intermission, for Ara Parseghian's scholars, recovering a fumble on the State 19-yard line, intercepting a pass on the 25 and pouncing on another loose ball at the 18, had three bright chances to score.

State's magnificent defense could have no more eloquent testimonial than the fact that the nation's second-best rushers, making no mistakes when opportunity knocked, could get only three points.

In fact, the rushers didn't get any points. After

the first fumble they gained only five yards on three plays and had to call on Ken Ivan for a 32-yard field goal.

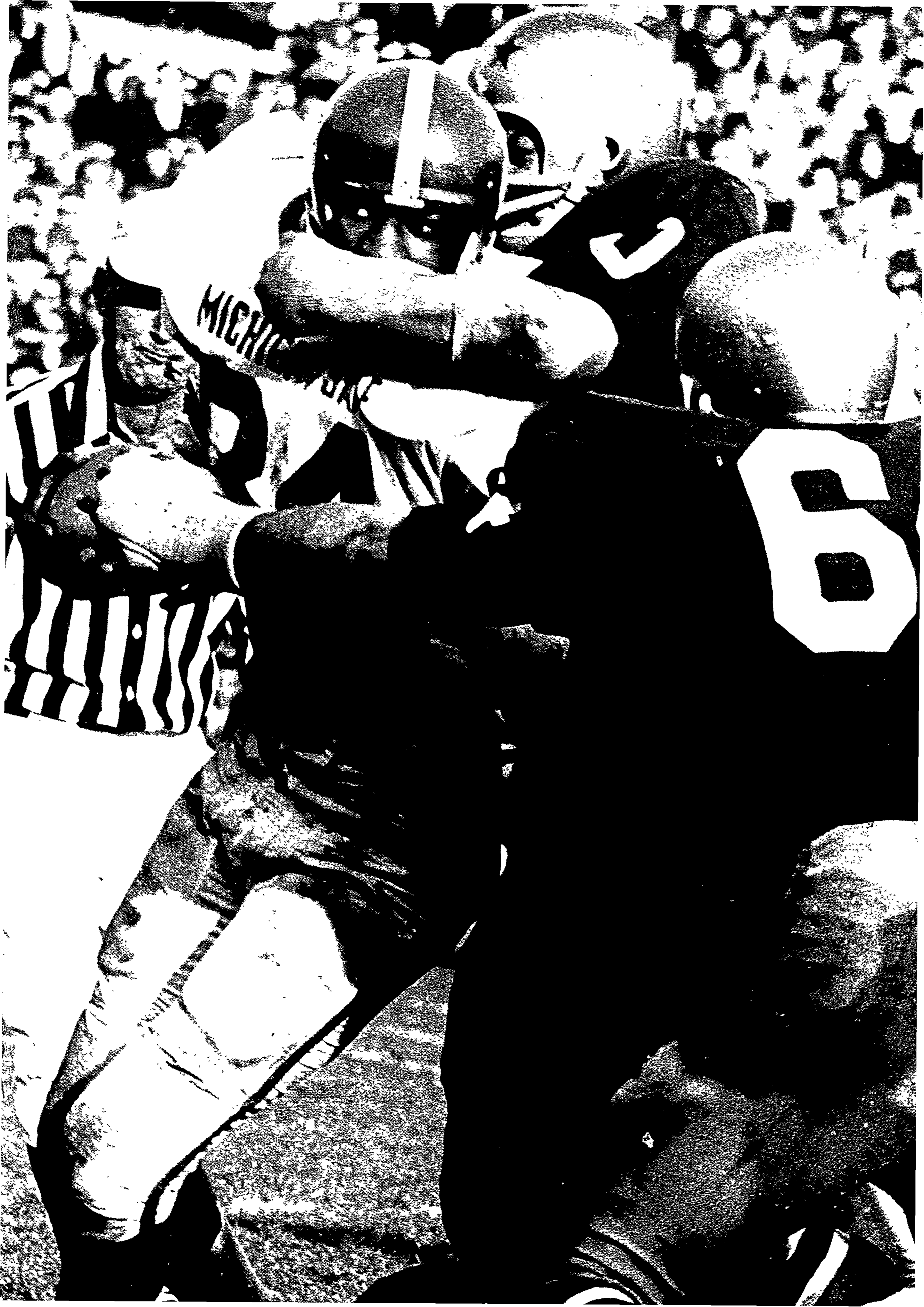
After the interception, the rushers didn't get a tumble. Bill Zloch, the quarterback, tried a pass on the first play and although Bill Wolski, a halfback, was there to catch it, State's Charley Thornhill was ahead of him.

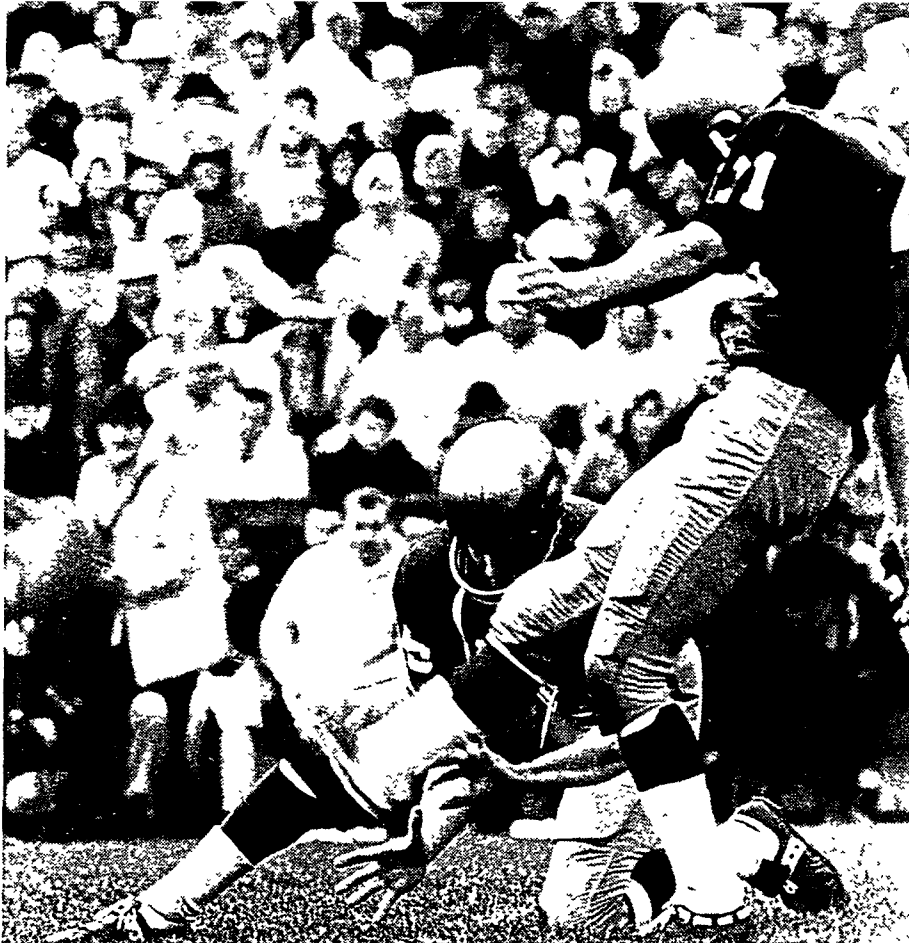
After John Horney, a whale of a linebacker, fell on State's second fumble, Notre Dame bucked for a yard, then lost five when Zloch had to digest the ball on an attempted pass. On third down he got a pass off with Phil Sheridan waiting in the end zone, but State's co-captain, Don Japinga, picked it off.

Though he is a senior, Zloch played little before this season. In the seven victories and one defeat prior to this game he never dreamt what life could be like for a passer with Bubba Smith, 268 pounds, and Harold Lucas, 286, putting on the rush. Much of the time Zloch wore 544 pounds of meat like a Phi Beta Kappa key on his bosom.

All Notre Dame stars were of the defensive unit—Horney, Pete Duranko, Dick Arrington, Tom Regner, Mike McGill, Tom Longo, and Jim Lynch.

In spite of the intractable gladiators, Michigan State got loose for huge gains, mostly by Clinton Jones and Dwight Lee.





CLOUDS OVER MIAMI

The Miami Herald tells how the modern-day Four Horsemen were stopped and the reliable and automatic toe of Ken Ivan went awry under the lamp-lighted skies of steamy Florida by EDWIN POPE

ONLY the steady thunder of Miami's student section and the staccato cannonading of Touchdown Tommy kept the area around Notre Dame's bench from resembling a funeral scene Saturday night after the 0-0 tie with the Hurricanes.

Ken Ivan, who missed two short to medium-distance field goals, did not even wait until the end to express himself. He simply put his head between his hands and wept without shame.

Long after the last whistle, a Notre Dame assistant coach stood on the sideline, aimlessly slapping a sheaf of plays against his thigh and staring blankly ahead.

Head Coach Ara Parseghian broke the melancholy reverie by striding to midfield. He threw an arm around UM Coach Charlie Tate's shoulder. "Great game . . ." he repeated, pounding Tate's back. "Your guys really did a wonderful job. . . ."

Or when Parseghian turned away, his bounden duty done, did the pain show.

Parseghian bolted the locker-room door for a man-to-man talk with the Irish. He was grim-faced when he opened it. A clutch of reporters waited hesitantly until Parseghian half-snapped, "I'm not going to say a darned word. . . ."

"All right," said a reporter, "weren't you discouraged with the last two games, the 12-3 loss to Michigan State and now this tie?"

"Disappointed? No, I'm not disappointed with tonight!" Parseghian retorted, ignoring the Michigan State portion of the question. "We TIED this game. We didn't lose it. What do you want me to say?"

Somebody hit Parseghian a glancing verbal blow about the Irish offense. A week ago the Irish were

meeting Michigan State for what amounted to the national championship. Saturday night they finished off eight straight quarters without a touchdown.

"When your passing attack isn't really strong, people catch up with you," said Parseghian. "We knew Miami would come at us. They had given up only three touchdowns in three games. We thought maybe we could shoot by for three or four yards before they got us.

"But they stormed. They stacked up on us. Half the time we were running against virtually a nine-man line.

"Miami just was tremendous defensively. That No. 27 (cornerback Tom Bier) made some great plays. All of them did."

A questioner groping for specifics mentioned that Notre Dame backs had slipped frequently. Was it the fault of the turf torn by more than two dozen games this fall?

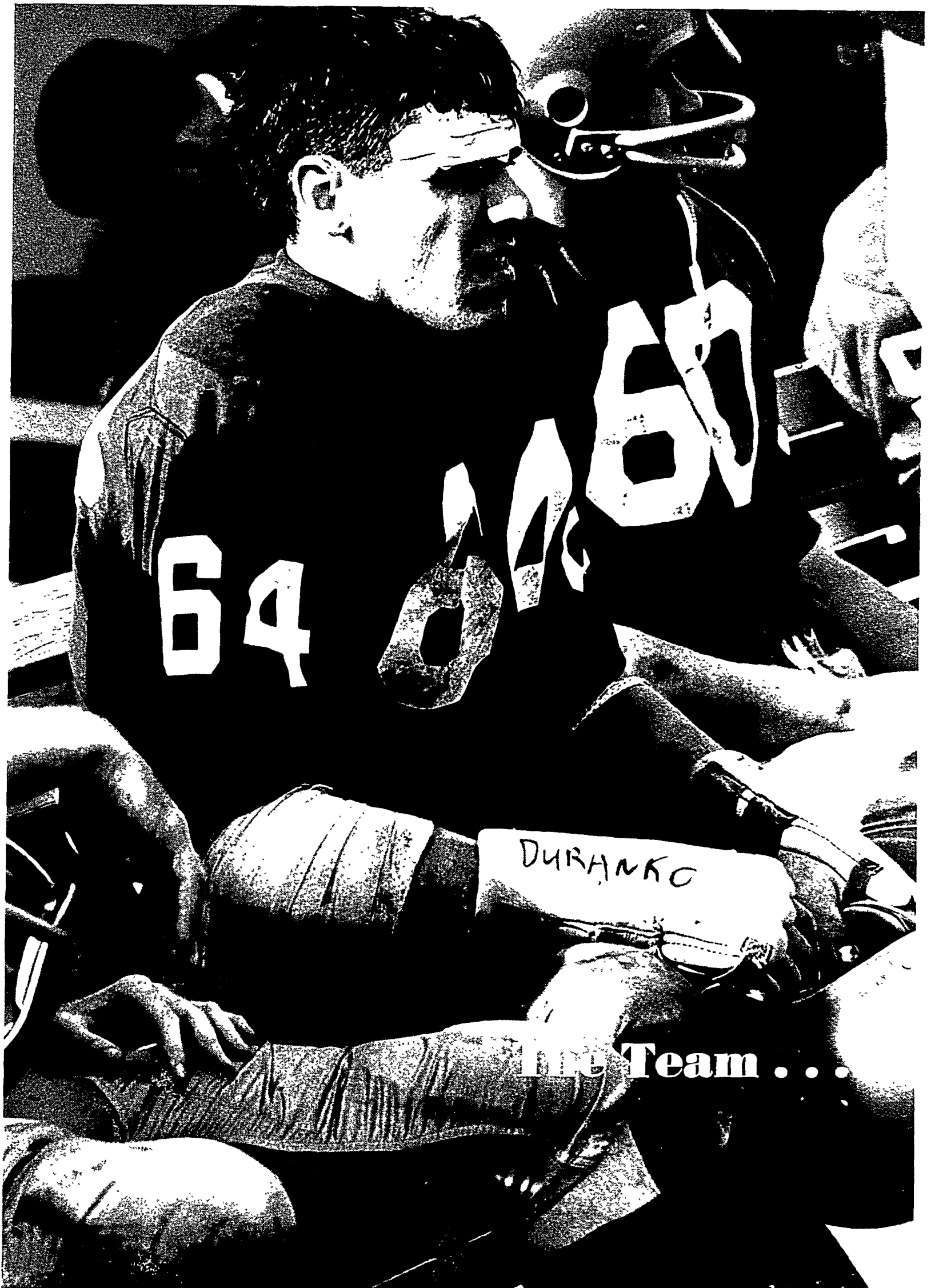
Again Parseghian refused to take the easy way out. "The turf was all right," he said. "Our backs just lost their balance."

Bill Zloch, the quarterback from Fort Lauderdale, completed only six of 20 passes for 60 yards. Yet he did not find himself in disfavor with Parseghian.

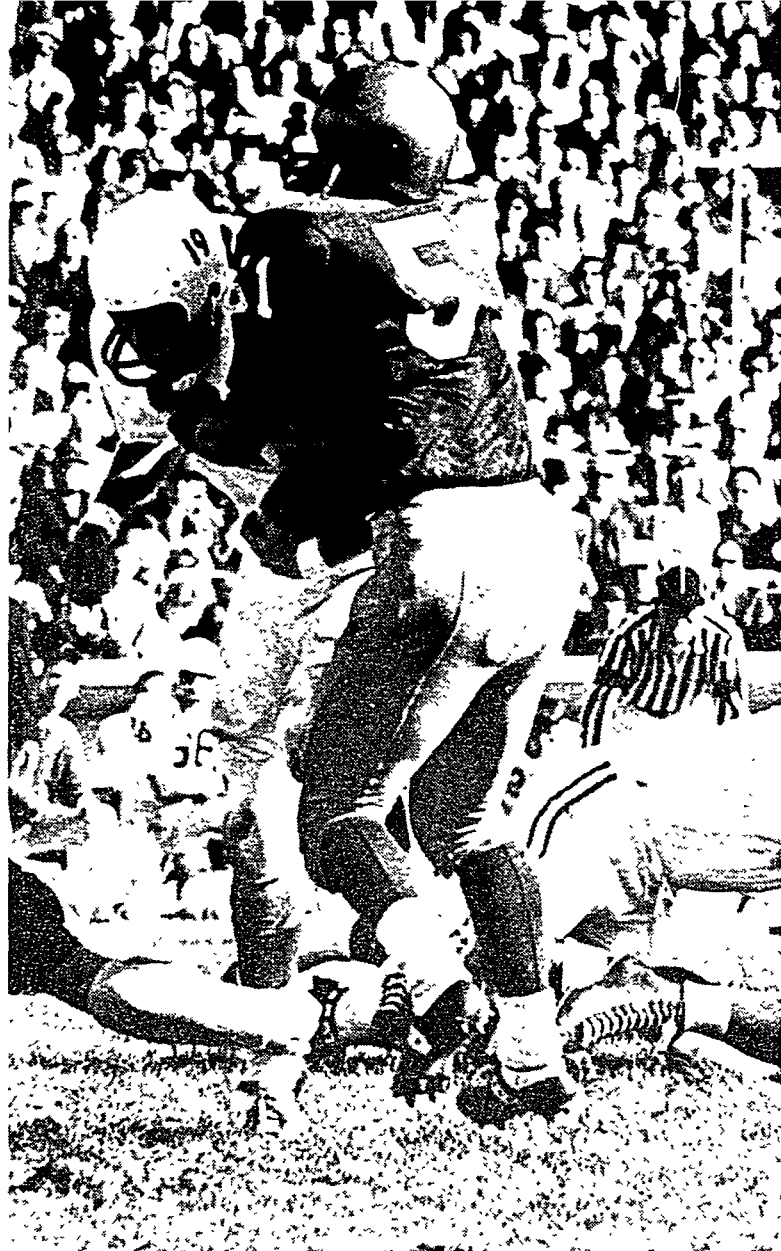
"Bill played a decent game," the coach said patiently. "He's played good football for us this year. He led us to a 7-2-1 record. You couldn't ask much more.

"Just give the credit to Miami. They did the job." He paused gently. "And after all, it isn't as though we lost the game. . . ."

There really didn't seem much more to say.



The Team . . .



THE TROUBLE WITH YOU GUYS IS THAT
YOU'RE JUST TOO DAMN NICE.

—JOHN RAY
DEFENSIVE LINE COACH

“WE RESPECT ALL OPPONENTS, but we fear none”
... john ray ... courage ... dedication ...
pride ... defense.

the year of the defense ... of three shutouts ...
of holding nine of ten opponents to thirteen points or
less.

of jim lynch (61) coming back from last year's
knee injury to captain the defense ... of his hard-
nosed, dedicated play and boyish exuberance after his
interception in the north carolina game.

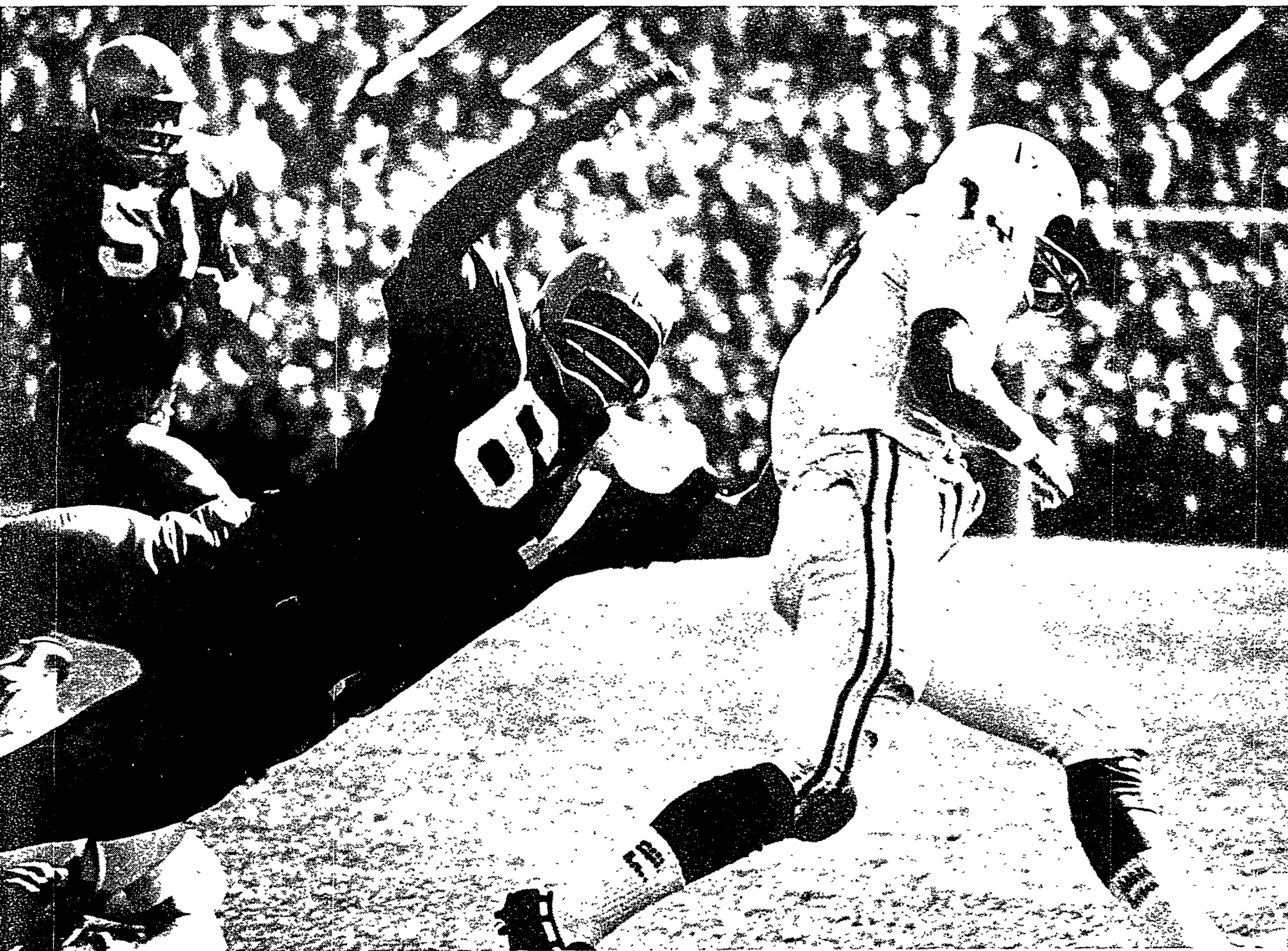
of john horney (51) developing, game by game,
into a better and better linebacker ... of a whole new
linebacking crew that evolved into a highly efficient
and capable unit.

of an unintimidated defensive backfield ... of the
irrepressible nick rassas (27), running, throwing, catch-
ing and acting as team cheerleader ... of the chicago
kid, tony carey (1), who used shoulders, elbows, hands,
and knees to the greatest effect ... of tom longo (9)
quietly, but efficiently, going about his business of
destroying runners and intercepting passes.

of stopping garrett with forty-three yards ... of
holding michigan state scoreless for thirty-nine minutes
... of miami's negative rushing yardage.

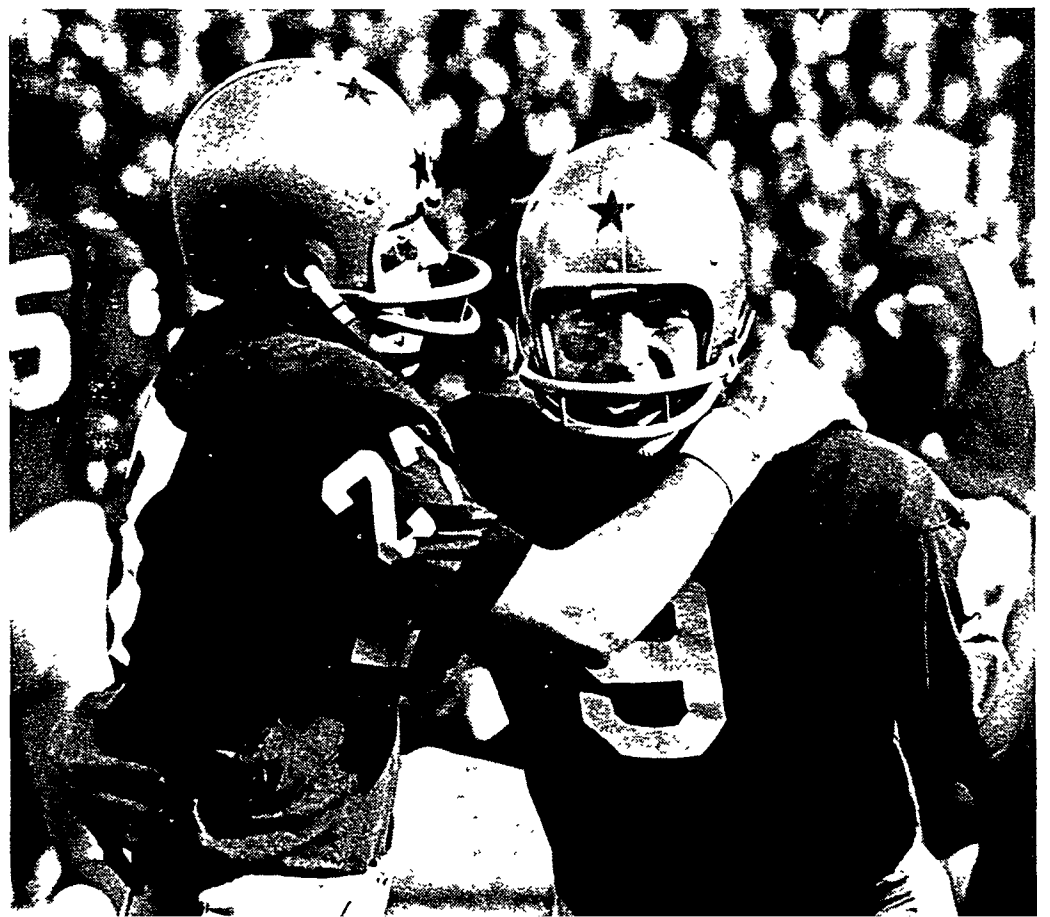
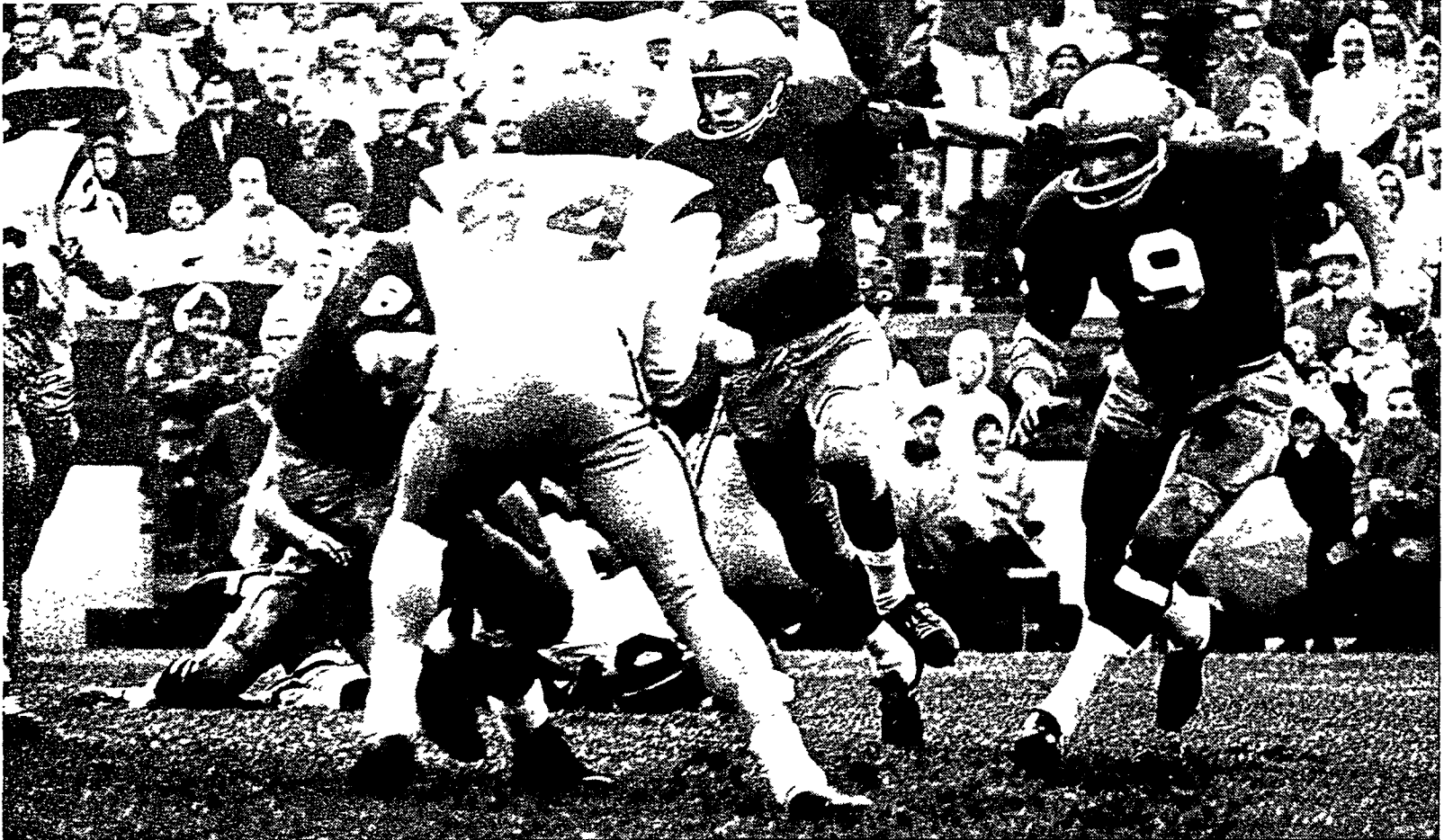
of recognition ... of standing ovations from the
stands ... of stars and footballs on the helmets ...
of paul dietzel saying, “that rassas is frightening” ...
of red smith writing, “all notre dame stars were of
the defensive unit — horney, pete duranko, dick arring-
ton, tom regner, mike mcgill, tom longo, jim lynch.”

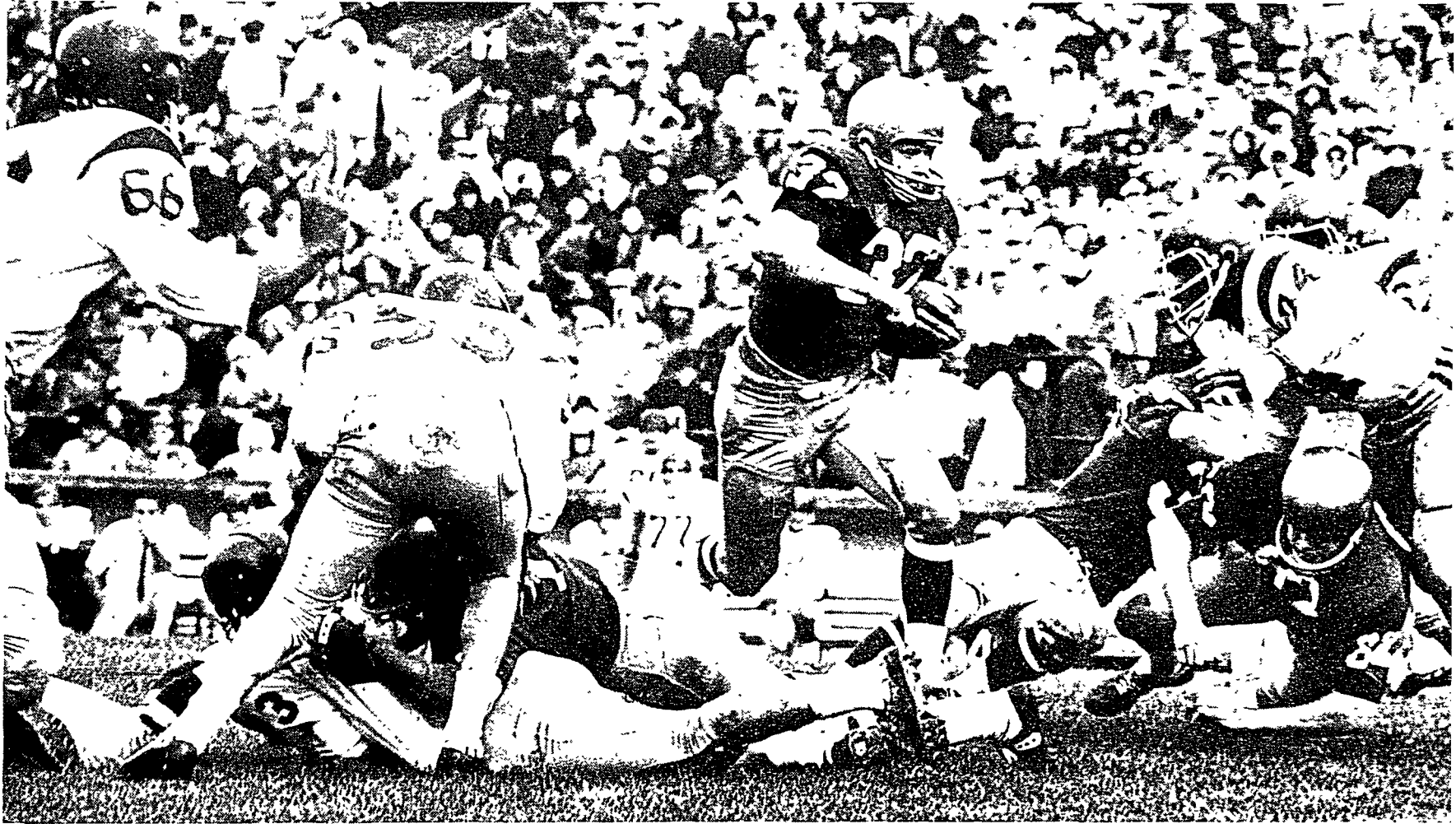
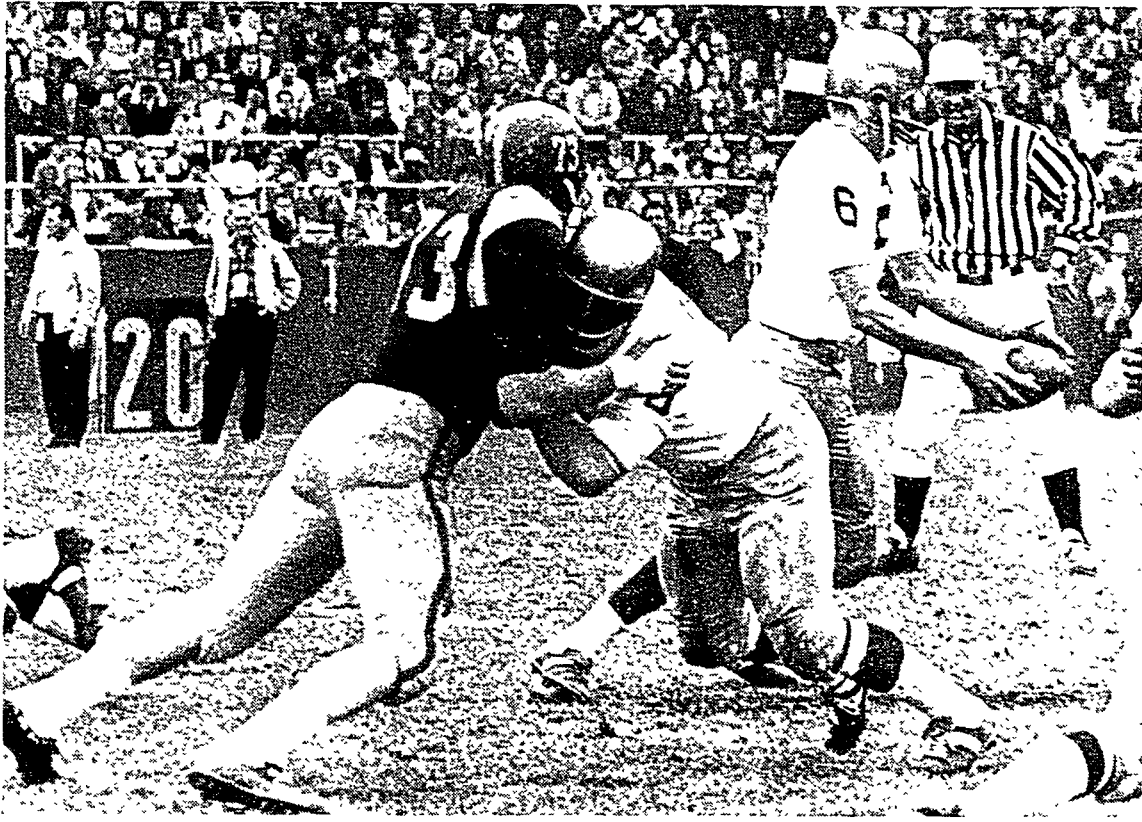
of a cohesive unit ... of this unit's effort ... of
this unit's pride ... of the unit's success ... of
greatness.



THE SECOND THEY PUT THAT BALL INTO THE AIR, IT'S AS MUCH OURS AS THEIRS.

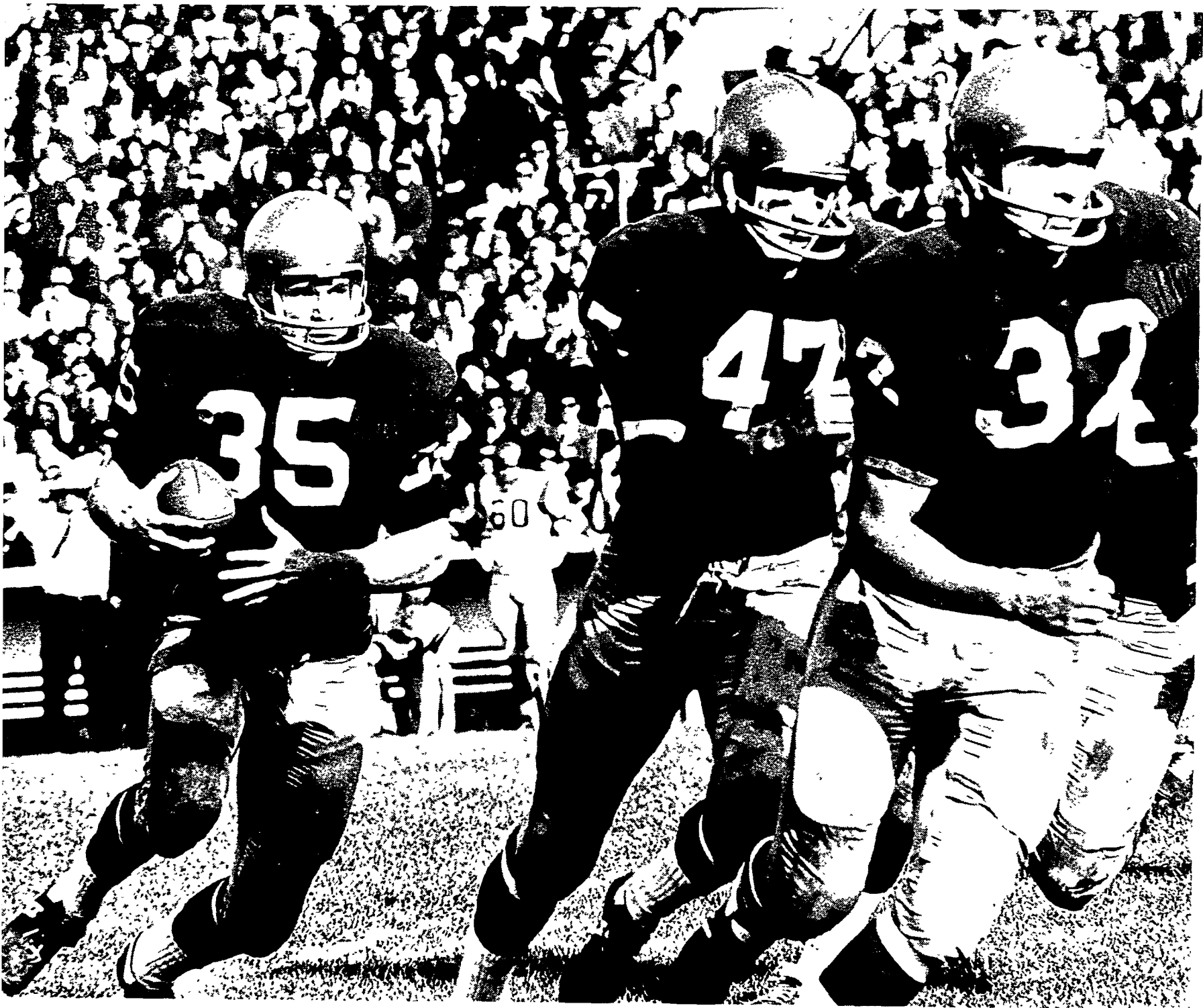
—PAUL SHOULTS
DEFENSIVE BACKFIELD COACH





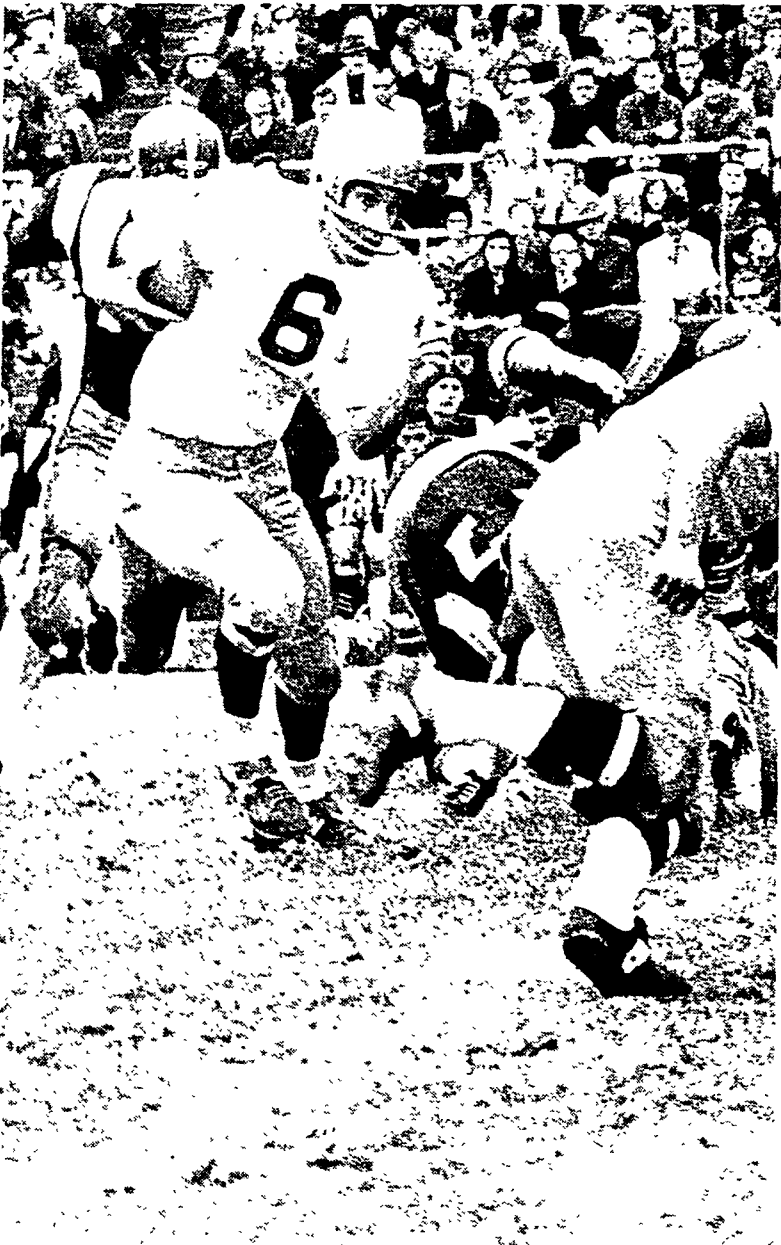
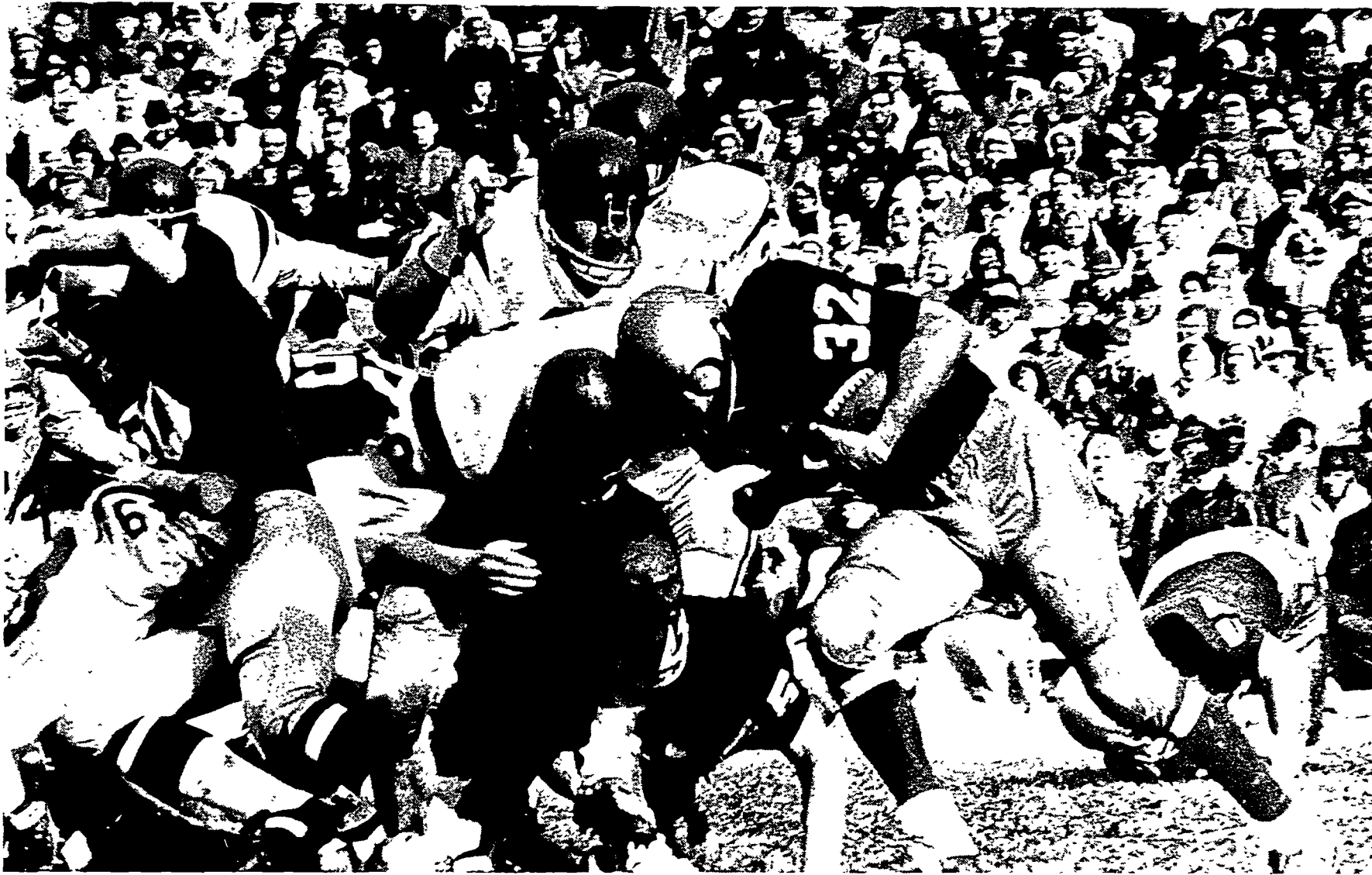
WE'LL BLOW 'EM OUT OF THERE.

—DOC URICH
OFFENSIVE LINE COACH



YOU GOTTA WANT THAT GOAL LINE A
LITTLE BIT EXTRA.

—TOM PAGNA
OFFENSIVE BACKFIELD COACH

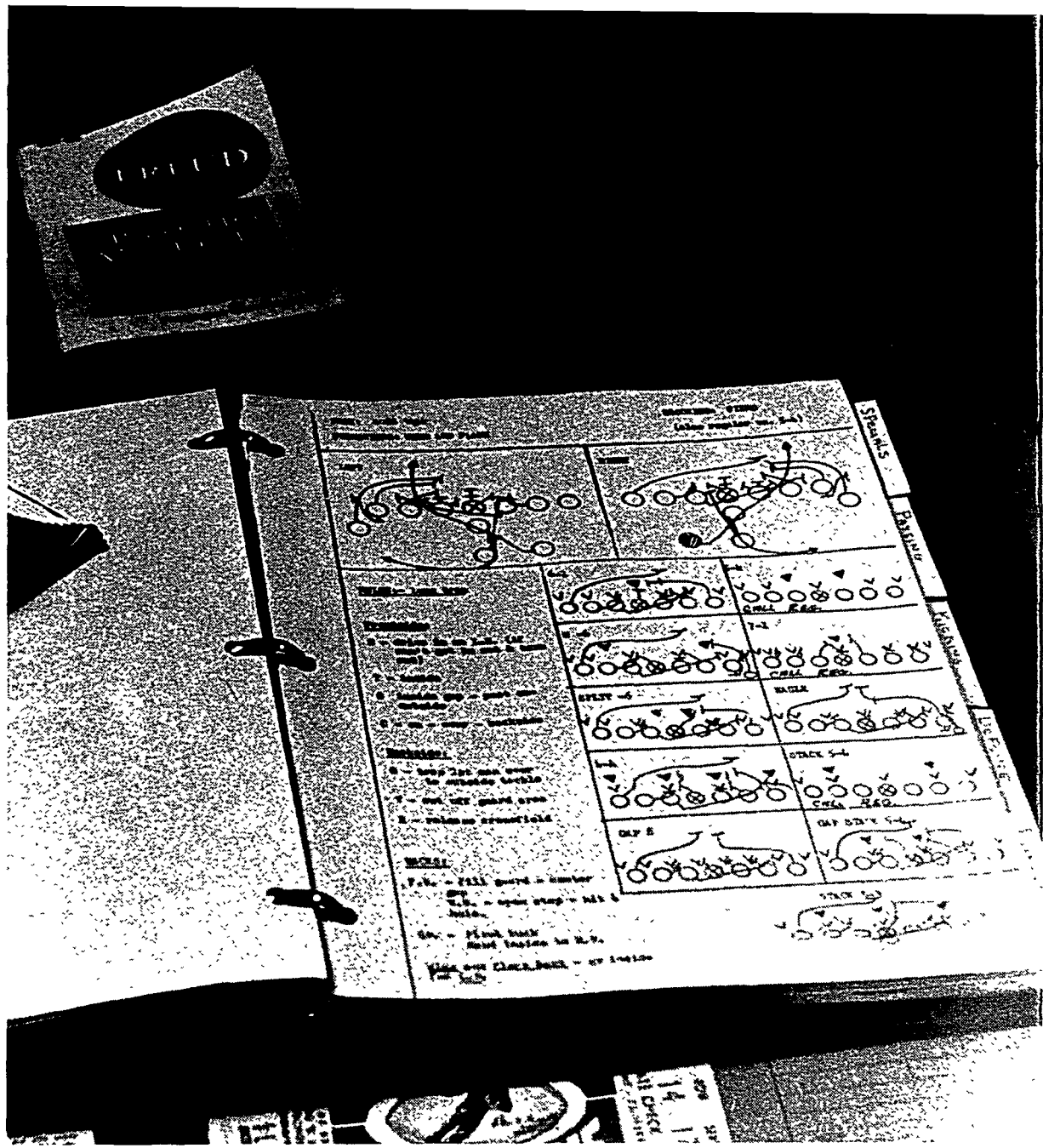


“A GROUP OF ELEVEN GUYS who had a hell of a lot of pride” . . . of larry conjar (32) putting his fist through a light switch after last year’s loss to southern cal . . . of remembering with four touchdowns . . . of bill wolski (35) answering a challenge and throwing the ball to row thirty-five . . . of running like the jeep with four-wheel drive that he is . . . of nick eddy (47), refusing to be stopped, breaking open the navy game as the half ran out . . . of sprinting down the sideline to shatter an inspired north carolina team.

of george goeddeke playing only two weeks after an appendicitis operation . . . of dick arrington standing lonely on the field as units change . . . of phil sheridan leading the team out of the tunnel . . . of tom regner developing into a polished offensive guard . . . of bob meeker’s and tom sullivan’s blasting blocking.

of an offensive line that made holes where they shouldn’t have . . . and an offensive backfield that found holes where there were none.

From the guidance and direction of a demanding coach and a self-imposed discipline, an improved image is created that proves . . .



THE FOOTBALL BUM IS GONE

by SKIP MYSLENSKI

"Football is not just a business; it contributes to the making of a better man. We, the coaches, like to feel that a boy is better off for having played for us."

— JOHN RAY

At Notre Dame, a football player is a special kind of man. He is in no way a mere jock or animal, typified solely by bulging biceps and no neck. For he does not only have the brute strength necessary for success, but also personal discipline and, as Coach Ray expressed it, the "more than average intelligence necessary to get into school, to stay in school, to play for a coach like Ara."

But above all, he has dedication. A dedication that allows him to give of himself — both mentally and physically — seven days a week and, at times, seven hours a day. A dedication that forces him to budget his time, to regulate his activities, in order to fulfill all obligations. A dedication that drives him to readily sacrifice, so he may proudly say, "I am a Notre Dame football player."

It is not a title easily earned, for the demands are great. Every Monday, each player is given a twenty-five to thirty-five pages scouting report of the following Saturday's opponent. It is impossible to translate on paper the elaborate nature of the detailed information. But the retention of all the various tendencies and habits is each individual's responsibility and, in effect, adds an extra course to his schedule.

Besides the time spent studying and restudying the "Waggles" and "Run Actions" on paper, hours are spent at team meetings, watching and reviewing films. Week in and week out, Monday to Wednesday nights at the movies show top attractions. Two and one-half to three hours per night are spent being impressed by next week's opponent. With visions of Army Rip and Army North Rip, Navy South and Navy South Liz dancing in his head, a player gets back to his hall around 9:30 p.m. — some seven hours after he left for the locker room.

Besides being a student of diagrams of pass patterns and trap-

blocking, the football player is also a receptor of the volleys of psychological warfare. From the time the first preseason prediction appears to the moment he runs off the field in the tenth game, he is the object of everything from pats-on-the-back to feature stories. Well-wishers from his home town, boisterous rallies across the campus, sheets hanging from third-story windows — each helps kindle the desire to win. And each adds a little bit more pressure.

Further, he is reminded of the importance of the upcoming contest by a "What does this game mean?" memorandum. Before the Southern Cal game it read, in part, "We have a debt to repay. Southern California was the only team that beat us last year, 20-17. They were not humble winners — they rubbed our noses in the ground. Revenge is great motivation. If you are made of what I think you are — you will make Southern California pay the price for stepping on our field."

Yet, games are not won on paper. They are won on the field. Through busting heads. Through aching muscles. Through bloody noses. "Football is not a contact sport. Dancing is a contact sport. Football is a collision sport."

What is put down on paper is only theory and psychology. The field becomes a proving ground. A place to respond to the pleas and pressures. A place where the words and the x's and o's of a blackboard are translated into actions. A place where Saturday's victories are painstakingly shaped. And Sunday's headlines rightfully earned.

Under the hot sun of September and October and in the biting winds of November, boys are rejected and men are made. Cartier is not just a field. It is an arena, a stage. It is a background for displays of courage and perseverance. Of determination and dedication. Of a "don't quit" attitude.

At two-thirty, a player reports to the Stadium. Three-fifteen — on the field, hitting and cracking like the National Championship was at stake. Hitting and cracking. More hitting and more cracking.

Then a shower, dinner, the meeting and movies until nine-thirty. It is a dedication that sacrifices seven hours a day to be called, "A Notre Dame football player."

From all the efforts expended and all the time invested, more than mere headlines and pats-on-the-back are reaped. Coach John Ray, a man who has been associated with the game for twenty years, states the case poignantly:

"It is the closest thing to life after you get out of school. It teaches you how to take setbacks. You experience responsibility, discipline, and mental toughness as well as physical. You learn how to get along with others — one minute you may be fighting a person on the field, the next minute you are showering and eating with him.

"The carry-over value after a career has ended can't be measured because it's so great. It develops a 'don't quit' attitude that you'll have with you forever.

"The day of the football bum is gone. Each player on the squad is a real credit to himself, to you, and to the school."

When Ara Parseghian came to

Notre Dame in January, 1964, he brought, he emphasized, he preached one doctrine. Pride.

It wasn't a typical pride. Not only a pride in being a football player. But also a pride in oneself as a person. As an individual. As a man. It was a pride that regulated a player's actions off the field as well as on. A pride that instilled in each a personal discipline. A pride that reminded him of what he represented.

The emphasis on this was never more evident than in the locker room after the Miami game. There, after the disappointing tie, Ara reminded his players that they're Notre Dame and that they could, by their activities, very easily ruin all they had worked so hard for. He exhorted them to use good judgment and regulate their actions in this manner. A matter of that thing called "personal pride."

To each of the Notre Dame football team — from the All-Americans to the preppers — a thank you for the unselfish dedication and discipline. And for the outstanding representation, an admiring recognition — you *are* a special kind of man.



NUMBER SIX WAS BUT ONE OF ELEVEN

"Notre Dame football players are, in my opinion, great examples of what football can be. They have strength. They have drive. . . . At the final gun, as in the opening minutes, they are just one great unit of desire to play football with the will-to-win."

Mike Garrett

Southern California
Heisman Trophy Winner 1965



IN SOUTH BEND, on the day of the game, there came a sudden cold spell. The wind rose and shrieked through the campus and any game played there that day would be a running game. But not in Miami. There Notre Dame sweated in the armor of their sport and for some, as their sweat seeped, so their strength ebbed. Meeker, a tackle, did not know the score at half time. Dazed and tired, it seemed to him Notre Dame should be ahead. But the score was 0-0. And in the third quarter, Arrington, a guard, was laid on the bench and covered with ice bags, because he could not sweat. Another senior, Bill Zloch, seemed not to feel the heat. He said later, ". . . I'm only a quarterback. I don't do that much."

For Zloch to be in Miami and even to speak those words was not an easy thing. He was not a Wolski or a Duranko. "I'll never forget Duranko in freshman year," he said. "I can remember going home and bragging about him." Did other players go home that summer and brag the same way of a quarterback from Florida named Zloch?

Next fall he was fourth team and against Pitt he hurt his knee and there was an operation. That spring, still disabled, Coach Parseghian came and told him, "Don't worry, you'll get a shot." So Zloch, a fourth-string quarterback with a bad knee, ran all that summer. And after Huarte's Wisconsin game, Zloch was backing up Snow at split end. But with the Navy game he was back at quarterback because the coaches said they had to start thinking about next year.

They drilled Zloch. They drilled him to strengthen his wrist and to get rid of his unnecessary motion. That summer he practiced "flash" drills with his friends. He would turn his back on three people 15 yards away, spin, and try to hit the hand of the one whose arm was raised. He simulated patterns with his brothers. He was a runner and he was learning to pass.

Notre Dame had always had great quarterbacks. He knew, he said, that Lujack and Hornung had come before him. "And here it was me."

But Lujack and Hornung had never played for Parseghian. "With Coach Parseghian there's just something about playing quarterback. You don't worry. You go out there and produce. I don't know how to explain it. You know he's going to take care of everything."

The team ran. They started off by running over everybody except Purdue. And because they worked so hard in the dirt, they really didn't need Zloch's average passing. "Sometimes I'd have a slump for a game. And after North Carolina we really started working on our passing game, we were doing real well. But then came Michigan State and the roof fell in." It was an offensively futile game but Zloch had brought them back after Purdue and he was running with the first team because he could move them. Parseghian stayed with him.

Zloch admits it's hard to go on the ground, and that, sure, it would be nice to be wide open. "If they're not fearful of the pass, the linebackers just keep coming and coming and coming." But this team was made to run. The ends were not great receivers but they could block and the backs were fine runners, so whether it was harder or not, they ran the ball. "The team," said Zloch, "was very close to Parseghian's heart. He knew this team had to work very hard for what it got."

And so Zloch came to play in the Miami game. Now he can't believe his football time at Notre Dame is over. He was the last to leave the locker room after Miami. He and Coach Parseghian sat there and talked over the season. Zloch said that his coach was disappointed about the Miami game but was happy about the season as a whole.

In every game, then, Zloch did feel the heat. He felt the heat of the always coming linebackers, and the heat of criticism he had received. If he says that he is only a quarterback, that he doesn't do much, he's wrong. He was a running quarterback and his was a running team. And when the senior football players tell about Zloch this summer, they'll say he ran it well.

— JAMIE MCKENNA



Notre Dame Spirit, a phrase tossed around a lot in the course of a season. Just what does it really mean to the coaches and players? Just what do they think of . . .

THIS STUFF CALLED NOTRE DAME SPIRIT

The enthusiasm of the student body helps the team immeasurably. Anytime you are at home, or even if you are away and a number of students make the trip, the team looks for it as the Notre Dame way of behavior. When my defensive boys come on and off that field and get a hand, it gives them a tremendous lift. And I use that factor, telling them, "Those are our students, the students you are playing for."

— COACH JOHN RAY

You are, by all means, emotionally keyed up before a rally even starts. But many times, just watching the guys in the fieldhouse can give you that extra push that can make the difference in a close game.

— GEORGE GOEDDEKE

Pep rallies are as much a part of Notre Dame spirit as Rockne and the Four Horsemen. They reflect the interest of the student and show us that there really are 7,000 students behind us.

— JIM SMITHBERGER

When you are out on that field, you do hear the students cheering. How much you hear may vary with your concentration from one moment to the next. But you hear it, and it picks you up and makes you want to try just that much harder.

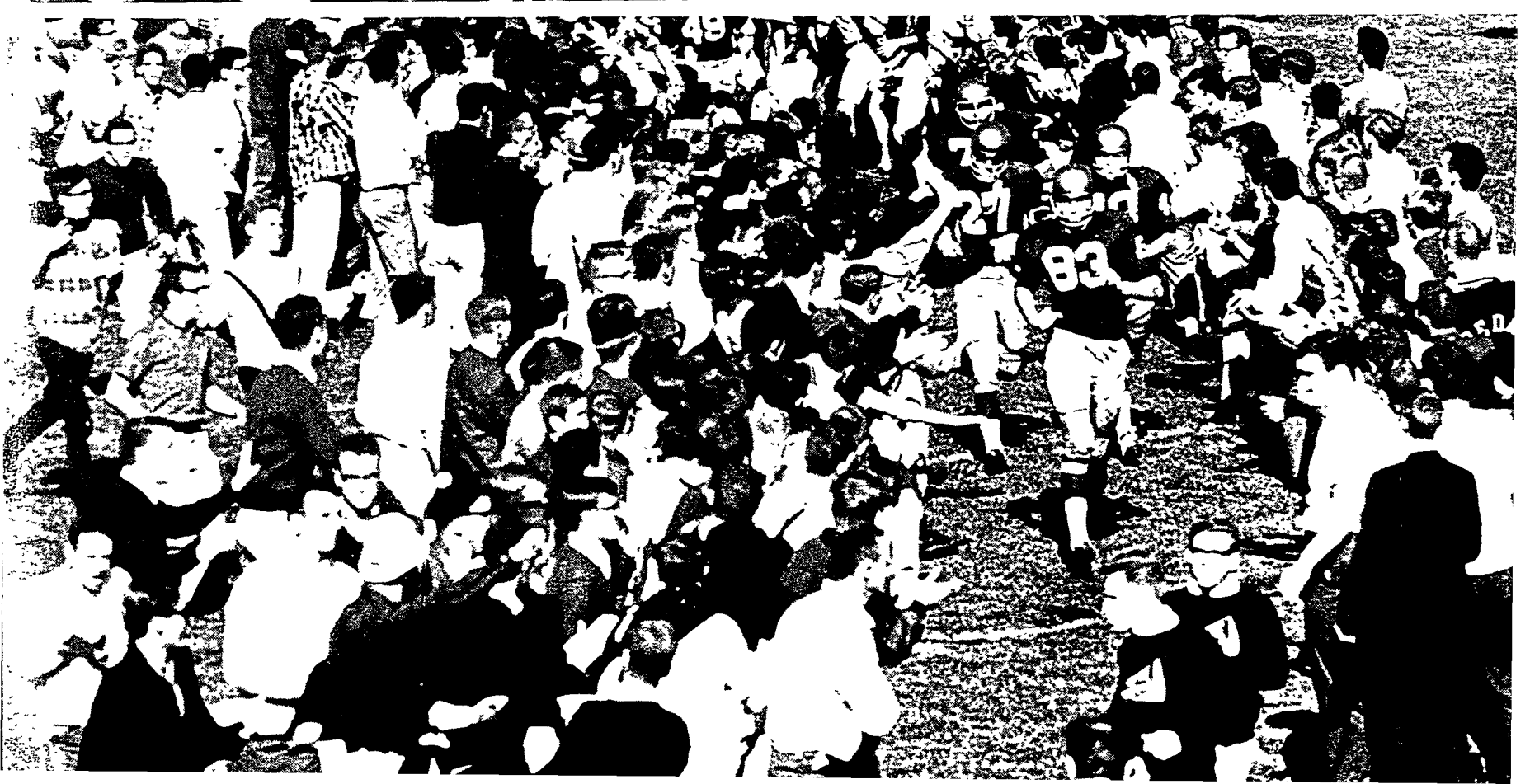
— DAVE MARTIN

Whether you are going to play the next day or not, you look down from your seat, and you really know what the phrase means, "Remember who you are and what you represent."

— HUGH O'MALLEY

Rallies reflect the importance of a game for both the team and the students. A visitor at the rallies would feel how much a game like Southern Cal meant to us, but even at the Carolina rally I had visitors tell me it was the greatest rally they had ever seen.

— TOM RHOADS



THANKS! WE'LL MISS YOU



On Oct. 22 Charlie Callahan, sports publicity director for over 20 years, announced his decision to resign to move to the position of publicity director of the Miami Dolphins. Everyone at the University keenly feels the loss of Callahan both as publicity director and as a gentleman. To him: Thanks for endless contributions to Notre Dame. Best wishes in the future.

"In my time at Notre Dame, Charlie Callahan has been a good friend and a tremendous help to me, the assistant coaches and the players. He has our gratitude. We will miss him."

—ARA PARSEGHIAN
HEAD FOOTBALL COACH

"I remember Charlie all the way back to my playing days and I feel I have known a man of real dedication who has meant a great deal to both players and coaches. It's going to be a terrible loss. He will be hard to replace. I wish him all the luck in the world."

—JOHN DEE
HEAD BASKETBALL COACH

"The loss of Charlie will affect fencing as much as anything on campus. Any sport has Charlie's efforts; he knows as much about fencing as about football. He's a jewel that will be sorely missed."

—MIKE DECICCO
HEAD FENCING COACH

"He had to say it a second time and then a third time. If he'd said that Father Theodore Hesburgh, the president, or Fr. Edmund Joyce, a vice-president, was leaving, well, that's the way the canonical ball bounces. But Notre Dame without Calahan? That's like painting the Golden Dome orange."

—BILL GLEASON
SPORTS EDITOR
CHICAGO'S *American*

"Charlie Callahan is, without a doubt, *the* college sports publicity director in the country. Moreover, he is the greatest personal sports publicist there is. By that I mean he knows more people connected with sports on a first-name basis than any other publicist. Charlie is one of the most honest persons I know. Writers know that he will always level with them, that they can trust his word. He never quits working on his job. Every second of the day he keeps his mind producing ideas that will get Notre Dame the publicity it deserves."

—PAUL NEVILLE
MANAGING EDITOR
BUFFALO *Evening News*

"Charlie has always been proud of Notre Dame. He came when Leahy was just starting his great era. But most of the time was spent in those lean years. At that time he kept the press interested in the school because he believed it was possible to have good academics and still have a good football team. He never quit believing that Notre Dame athletes were special, that the school attracted dedicated, clean-cut, intelligent kids.

"Charlie has never been anything but fair. He pays as much time to the man from the little Cedar Rapids paper as he does to the writer on the large Chicago paper. He knows every sportswriter in the nation and treats everyone with all the interest he has."

—JIM MULLIN
EXECUTIVE SPORTS EDITOR
CHICAGO *Sun-Times*

1965 FINAL STATISTICS

TEAM STATISTICS

N.D.		OPP.
270	POINTS SCORED	73
172	FIRST DOWNS	114
128	by Rushing	54
35	by Passing	56
9	by Penalties	4
2147	YARDS RUSHING	754
566	TIMES CARRIED	389
3.79	Yards-per-try	1.94
850	YARDS PASSING	1190
118	Passes Attempted	209
53	Passes Completed	106
.449	Completion Percentage	.507
18	Passes Intercepted by	10
229	Yards Int. Returned	117
3007	TOTAL OFFENSE	1944
51	PUNTS	73
2049	Total Yards	2887
39.4	Average	39.5
468	Yards Punts Returned	196
21	FUMBLES	26
12	Ball Lost	13
329	Yards Penalized	403

SCORING

PLAYER	TD	FG-Att.	PAT-Att.	TP
Bill Wolski	8	0	4-runs	52
Ken Ivan	0	7-12	27-31	48
Larry Conjar	7	0	0	42
Nick Eddy	6	0	0	36
Nick Rassas	4	0	0	24
Bill Zloch	3	0	0	18
Rocky Bleier	2	0	0	12
Don Gmitter	2	0	0	12
Paul May	2	0	0	12
Denny Conway	1	0	0	6
Dan Harshman	1	0	0	6
Tom Talaga	0	0	2-pass	2
ND TOTALS	36	7-13	33	270
OPP. TOTALS	11	1	4	73

PASS RECEIVING

PLAYER	NO.	YARDS	AVG.	TD
Nick Eddy	13	233	18.0	2
Phil Sheridan	10	140	14.0	0
Don Gmitter	6	155	25.5	2
Mike Heaton	4	74	18.5	0
Larry Conjar	4	55	13.8	0
Tom Talaga	4	49	12.3	0
Rocky Bleier	3	42	14.0	0
Dan Harshman	2	39	19.5	0
Pete Andreotti	2	29	14.5	0
Paul May	2	-3	-1.3	0
Bill Zloch	1	31	31.0	0
Bill Wolski	1	8	8.0	0
Tom Schoen	1	1	1.0	0

PUNTING

PLAYER	NO.	YARDS	AVG.
Dan McGinn	51	2011	39.4

RUSHING

PLAYER	TC	YARDS	AVG.
Nick Eddy	115	582	5.1
Larry Conjar	137	535	3.9
Bill Wolski	103	452	4.4
Bill Zloch	78	162	2.1
Rocky Bleier	26	145	5.6
Paul May	30	123	4.1
Tom Schoen	35	81	2.3
Dan Harshman	19	60	3.2
Pete Andreotti	20	48	2.4
Denny Conway	1	2	2.0
Dan McGinn	1	-9	

KICKOFF RETURNS

PLAYER	NO.	YARDS	AVG.
Bill Wolski	6	131	21.8
Nick Rassas	4	82	20.5
Nick Eddy	3	63	21.0
Pete Andreotti	1	39	39.0
Dan Harshman	2	27	13.5
Mike Kuzmicz	1	11	11.0
Larry Conjar	1	10	10.0
Phil Sheridan	1	0	

PUNT RETURNS

PLAYER	NO.	YARDS	AVG.	TD
Nick Rassas	24	459	19.1	3
Jim Smithberger	1	9	9.0	0

DEFENSIVE STATISTICS

TACKLES: Jim Lynch 108; Pete Duranko 95; Mike McGill 88; John Horney 77; Tom Longo 73; Dave Martin 70; Nick Rassas 53; Harry Long 38; Dick Arrington 36; Tony Carey and Tom O'Leary 34; Alan Page 30; Tom Rhoads 29; Arunas Vasys 22; Harry Alexander 16; John Pergine 15; Tom Regner 13; Jim Ryan 12; Ron Jeziorski 11; Gerald Kelly 9; Bill Wolski 7; Don Gmitter, Kevin Hardy, Allen Sack, and Jim Smithberger 6; Ken Ivan, Rudy Konieczny, and Tom Sullivan 3; Nick Eddy, Dan Harshman, Mike Heaton, Mike Kuzmicz, Bob Mecker, and Dick Swatland 2; Rocky Bleier, Larry Conjar, Tom Schoen, Tom Talaga, Alan VanHuffel, and Mike Wadsworth 1.

PASSES BROKEN UP: Mike McGill 6; Jim Lynch, Tony Carey, Nick Rassas, and Tom Rhoads 3; Tom Longo 2; Harry Long, Tom O'Leary, Alan Page, Jim Smithberger, and Alan VanHuffel 1.

OPPONENTS' FUMBLES RECOVERED: John Horney, Alan Page, and Allen Sack 2; Tony Carey, Don Gmitter, Harry Long, Tom Longo, Mike McGill, and Arunas Vasys 1.

PASSES INTERCEPTED

PLAYER	NO.	YARDS	TD
Nick Rassas	6	197	1
Tom Longo	4	7	0
Tony Carey	3	9	0
Mike McGill	2	1	0
Jim Lynch	1	8	0
Tom Rhoads	1	4	0
Dave Martin	1	3	0

PASSING

Player	Att.	Comp.	Int.	Yards	TD	Pct.
Bill Zloch	89	36	9	558	3	.405
Tom Schoen	24	13	1	229	1	.542
Dan McGinn	3	3	0	42	0	1.000
Dan Harshman	2	1	0	21	0	.500





On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!", "Dobie Gillis," etc.)

THE BLUEBIRD OF HAPPINESS HAS FLOWN THE COOP

Can education bring happiness?

This is a question that in recent years has caused much lively debate and several hundred stabbings among American college professors. Some contend that if a student's intellect is sufficiently aroused, happiness will automatically follow. Others say that to concentrate on the intellect and ignore the rest of the personality can only lead to misery.

I myself favor the second view, and I offer in evidence the well-known case of Knut Fusco.

Knut, a forestry major, never got anything less than a straight "A," was awarded his B.T. (Bachelor of Trees) in only two years, his M.S.B. (Master of Sap and Bark) in only three, and his D.B.C. (Doctor of Blight and Cutworms) in only four.

Academic glory was his. His intellect was the envy of every intellect fan on campus. But was he happy? The answer, alas, was no. Knut—he knew not why—was miserable; so miserable, in fact, that one day while walking across campus, he was suddenly so overcome with melancholy that he flung himself, weeping, upon the statue of the Founder.

By and by, a liberal arts coed named Nikki Sigafoos came by with her Barby doll. She noted Knut's condition. "How come you're so unhappy, hey?" said Nikki.

"Suppose you tell me, you dumb old liberal arts major," replied Knut peevishly.

"All right, I will," said Nikki. "You are unhappy for two reasons. First, because you have been so busy stuffing your intellect that you have gone and starved your psyche. I've got nothing against learning, mind you, but a person oughtn't to neglect the pleasant, gentle amenities of life—the fun things. Have you, for instance, ever been to a dance?"

Knut shook his head.

"Have you ever watched a sunset? Written a poem? Shaved with a Personna Stainless Steel Blade?"

Knut shook his head.

"Well, we'll fix that right now," said Nikki, and gave him a razor, a Personna Stainless Steel Blade, and a can of Burma Shave.

Knut lathered with the Burma Shave

and shaved with the Personna and for the first time in many long years he smiled. He smiled and then he laughed—peal after peal of reverberating joy. "Wow-dow!" he cried. "What a shave! Does Personna come in *injector* style, too?"

"It does," said Nikki.

"Gloriosky!" cried Knut. "And does Burma Shave come in *menthol*, too?"

"It does," said Nikki.

"Huzzah!" cried Knut. "Now that I have found Personna and Burma Shave I will never have another unhappy day."

"Hold!" said Nikki. "Personna and Burma Shave alone will not solve your problem—only half of it. Remember I said there were two things making you unhappy?"

"Oh, yeah," said Knut. "What's the other one?"



"... and then to a justice of the peace."

"How long have you had that bear trap on your foot?" said Nikki.

"I stepped on it during a field trip in my freshman year," said Knut. "I keep meaning to have it taken off."

"Allow me," said Nikki and removed it.

"Land's sakes, what a relief!" said Knut, now totally happy, and took Nikki's hand and led her to a Personna vendor and then to a justice of the peace.

Today Knut is a perfectly fulfilled man, both intellectwise and personalitywise. He lives in a charming split-level house with Nikki and their 17 children and he rises steadily in the forestry game. Only last month, in fact, he became Consultant on Sawdust to the American Butchers Guild, he was named an Honorary Sequoia by the park commissioner of Las Vegas, and he published a best-selling book called *I Was a Slippery Elm for the FBI*.

The makers of Personna® Stainless Steel Blades and Burma Shave® are pleased that Knut is finally out of the woods—and so will you be if your goal is luxury shaving. Just try Personna and Burma Shave.

© 1965, Max Shulman

1966 SCHEDULE

September 24—Purdue at Notre Dame

Revenge! Griese returns possibly as Heisman Trophy candidate. But Jack Mollenkopf's powerhouse '65 squad loses end Bob Hadrick, halfback Gordon Teter, and fullback Randy Minniear.

October 1—Northwestern at Evanston

Homecoming for Ara. After the warm welcome he received at South Bend this year, Coach Alex Agase is sure to try his best to repay his old buddy.

October 8—Army at Notre Dame

An old and always hard-fought rivalry was renewed this year in New York. Next season, the Black Knights return to South Bend for the first time in many years and will attempt to bring Coach Paul Dietzel his first victory over the Irish.

October 15—North Carolina at Notre Dame

This year the Tar Heels traveled north and gave Notre Dame a scare. Next year they will be back for the third time in four years and will attempt to achieve more than a scare.

October 22—Oklahoma at Norman

Another old rival resurrected. One more game in one of the most famous series in college football.

October 29—Navy at Philadelphia

The Middies bottled up the Irish for twenty-nine and one-half minutes this year. Coach Bill Elias will have a more seasoned and tougher team in his second year at Annapolis.

November 5—Pittsburgh at Notre Dame

If the Irish remembered the Trojans, what will the Panthers do?

November 12—Duke at Notre Dame

Another southern team travels to South Bend and will bring some hot competition to warm up this November Saturday. A new opponent and new interests.

November 19—Michigan State at East Lansing

Need more be said?

November 26—Southern California at Los Angeles

The Irish redeemed themselves in South Bend. Next year, they will be out to show the West Coast that they'll NEVER forget.

FRESHMAN SQUAD

ENDS: Curt Heneghan (6-3, 190, Redmond, Wash.), Tom Reynolds (6-0, 185, Ogden Dunes, Ind.), Jim Seymour (6-4, 202, Berkeley, Mich.), Bill Skoglund (6-1, 209, LaGrange Park, Ill.), Brian Stenger (6-4, 205, Euclid, Ohio), Jim Winegardner (6-4, 220, Lima, Ohio), Bob Zubek (6-2, 220, N. Madison, Ohio).

TACKLES: Gordon Beeler (6-2, 235, Wood River, Ill.), George Kunz (6-5, 232, Arcadia, Calif.), Mike Malone (6-3, 226, Elmira, N.Y.), Eric Norri (6-2, 244, Virginia, Minn.), Pat Scharage (6-0, 222, Oshkosh, Wis.), Ed Tuck (6-3, 237, Harrison, N.J.).

GUARDS: Ron Bell (5-11, 197, Nederland, Texas), Ray Fischer (6-1, 220, Cleveland, Ohio), Roger Fox (5-11, 225, Rockford, Ill.), Joe Freebery (6-0, 200, Wilmington, Del.), John Jordan (6-0, 225, Kansas City, Mo.), Bob Kuechenberg (6-2, 220, Hobart, Ind.), Tom McKinley (6-0, 218, Kalamazoo, Mich.).

CENTERS: Mike Bars (6-4, 232, Farmington, Mich.), Richard Harwitz (6-1, 220, Burlingame, Calif.), John Lavin (6-4, 200, Spokane, Wash.), Jim Leahy (6-0, 215, Lake Oswego, Ore.), Tim Monty (6-0, 198, St. Albans, W. Va.).

QUARTERBACKS: Bob Belden (6-2, 200, Canton, Ohio), Mike Brands (6-1, 160, Portland, Ore.), Mike Franger (5-11, 175, Elkhart, Ind.), Terry Hanratty (6-1, 187, Butler, Pa.), Thomas Lux (6-0, 190, Phoenix, Ariz.), Bill Mahoney (5-11, 190, Phoenix, Ariz.), Coley O'Brien (5-11, 168, Alameda, Calif.), Dan O'Connor (6-1, 170, Chicago, Ill.), Joe Sheeketski (6-0, 160, Carson City, Nev.).

HALFBACKS: Frank Criniti (5-8, 170, Charleston, W. Va.), Frank Czarnecki (6-4, 170, Bay City, Mich.), Ron Dushney (5-10, 200, Peckville, Pa.), Bob Gladieux (5-11, 168, Louisville, Ohio), Mike Holtzapfel (6-1, 191, Irontown, Ohio), Chuck Landolfi (5-11, 204, Ellwood City, Pa.), Den Liss (5-7, 170, Falsom, Pa.), Tom Quinn (6-1, 188, Clinton, Iowa), Tom Slettvvet (6-0, 192, Sumner, Wash.), Paul Snow (6-1, 172, Long Beach, Calif.), Joe Walker (5-11, 180, Shreveport, La.), Dave Yonto (5-7, 165, Orrville, Ohio).

FULLBACKS: Bill Bartholomew (6-2, 220, Glen Mills, Pa.), Chuck Lauck (6-1, 209, Indianapolis, Ind.), Ed Vuillemin (6-1, 208, Akron, Ohio).



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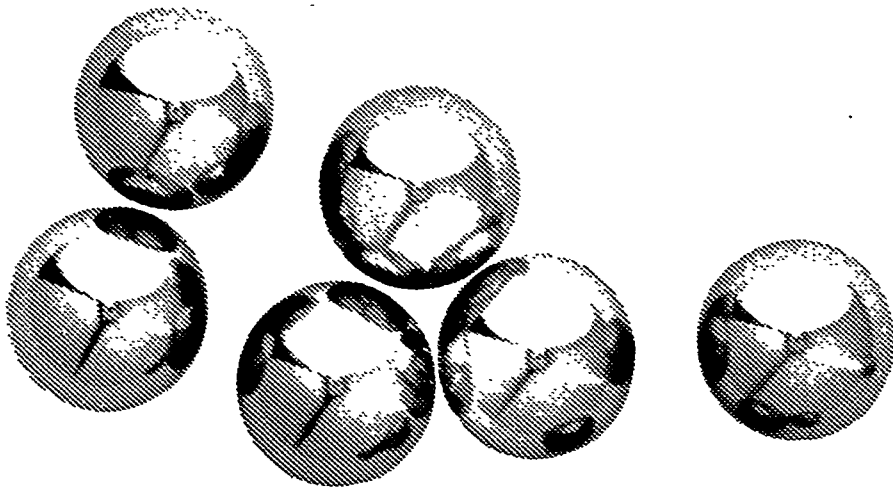
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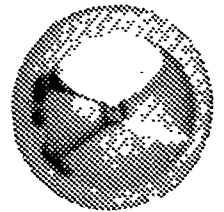


The many electric motors in those offices needed lubrication at least once a year. Heat from the motors dried up the bearing oils, thus entailing costly annual maintenance.

To stamp out this problem, many tests were conducted at Bell Telephone Laboratories. Lubricant engineer George H. Kitchen decided to do a basic experiment that would provide a motor with the worst possible conditions. He deliberately set



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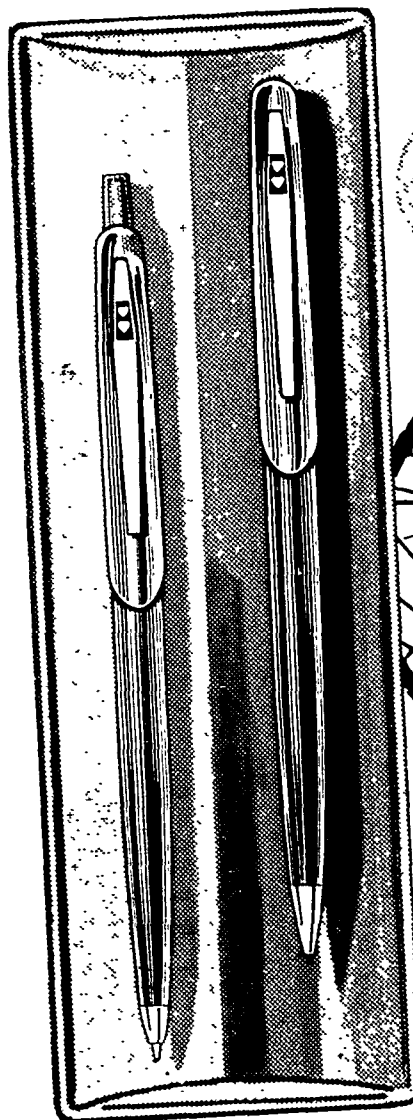
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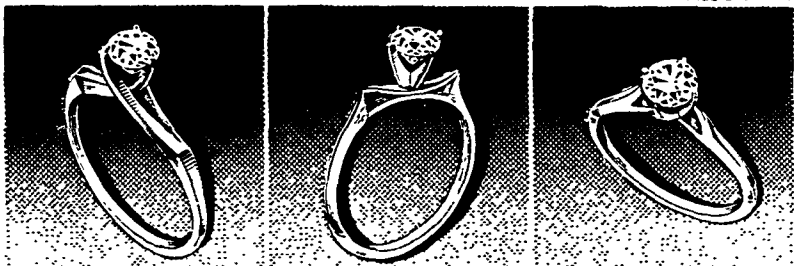
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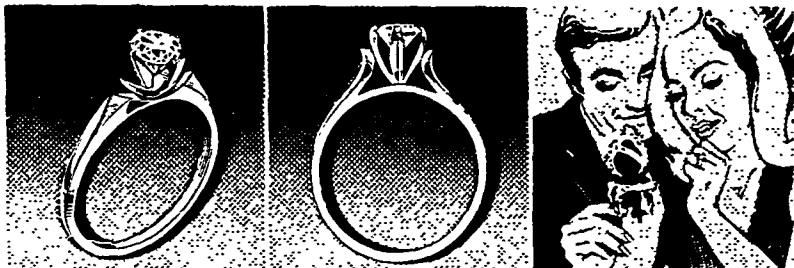
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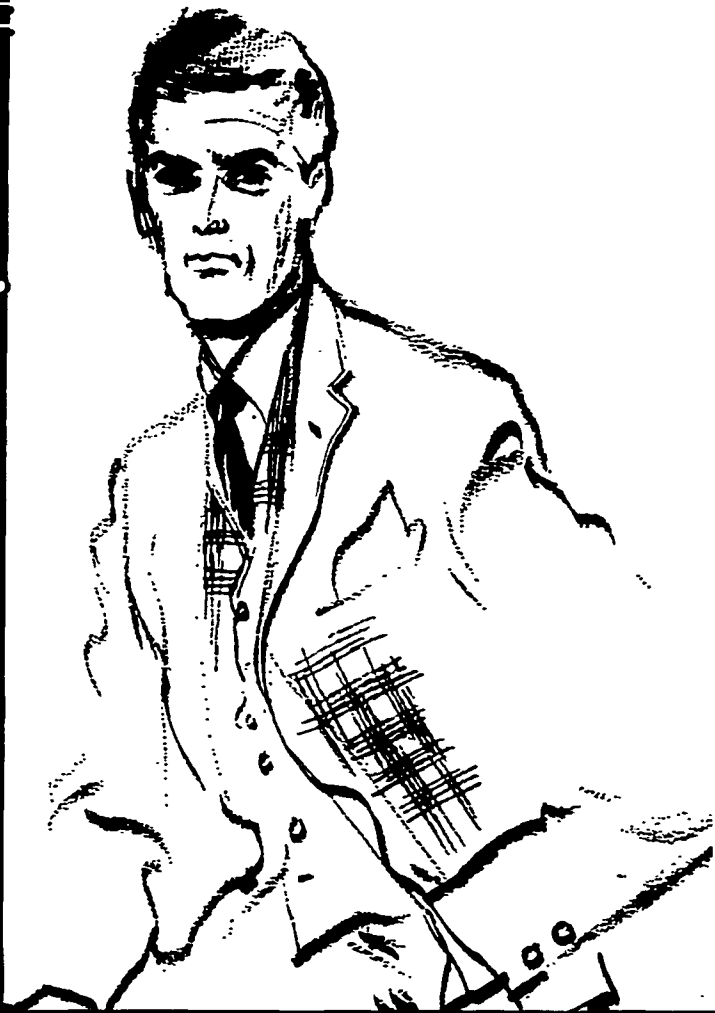
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