

1

The Football Review

1

1

1

1

1

1

1



**Not everybody who
is interested in figures
gets off at Wall Street.**

You might be happier at Aetna.

If you have a liking for figures, finance and money, Aetna Life & Casualty might be a way to both job satisfaction and success.

If you haven't thought about insurance, maybe that's because you haven't heard the whole truth about it.

For example, because our business has become so sophisticated, we have one of the largest computer installations in the country. And, if you think of insurance in terms of premiums and settlements, you'll be surprised at how deeply Aetna is involved with stocks and bonds, equities, and real estate.

If you're analytically-minded, there are

many careers open to you. As an actuary, accountant, computer programmer or securities analyst, for example. In these positions and others you'll be helping 27 million people who depend on Aetna for security in a shaky world. We have a reputation for not letting them down.

A brochure called "The Whole Truth" spells out how Aetna works, and the many specific opportunities we have for people of all talents. It's an honest picture of an honest business.

Why not stop in at your placement office soon and read it.

You could do yourself—and many other people—a lot of good.

**We are an Equal Opportunity Employer
and a JOBS-participating company.**



OUR CONCERN IS PEOPLE

The Football Review

4	Prologue
6	Northwestern
8	Purdue
12	Michigan State
15	Army
17	Missouri
20	Navy
22	Pittsburgh
25	Georgia Tech
30	Louisiana State
33	Southern California
37	Final Statistics
38	Following in Immortal Footsteps
42	Four Years and an Unused Button
46	Spring Will Tell the Story
48	Tears and a Smile: Confessions of a Former Hikestepper
50	The Last Word

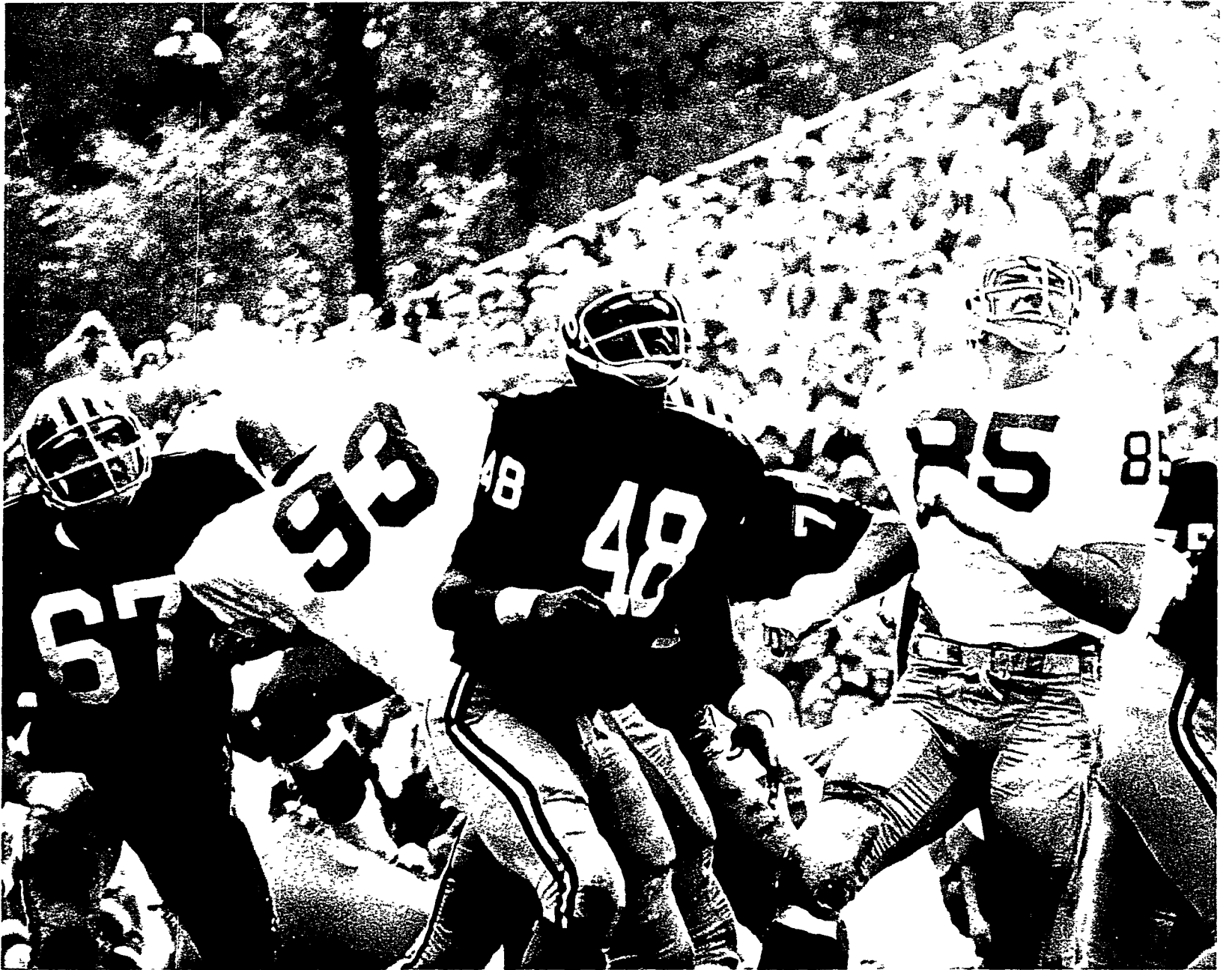
Scholastic

Football Review Editor: Don Kennedy
Art Director: Gary Cosimini
Writers: Steve Brion, Vic Dorr, Terry
Shields, Joe St. Onge
Photographers: David Iuppa, Tom
Homeyer, Jim Hunt
Play Illustrations: Pat Donovan
Staff: Jack Fiala, Carolyn Gatz, Tom Macken,
Bill Mitchell, Greg Stidham
Business Manager: Howie Sutton
Circulation Manager: Cliff Zmick

The opinions expressed in the SCHOLASTIC are those of the authors and editors of the SCHOLASTIC and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty or student body.

Second class postage paid at Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services, 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Published weekly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, the SCHOLASTIC is printed at AVE MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year (including all issues and the FOOTBALL REVIEW). Please address all manuscripts to the SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of the SCHOLASTIC.

prologue



If you live in the New York Metropolitan area and attend the University of Notre Dame you're a marked man. A week won't go by in the summer that someone won't ask you,

"How'd they look this year?" This year one wasn't quite sure how to answer that query. Five men from the offensive first team (tackle, Jim Reilly; center, Mike Oriard; tackle, Terry Brennan; tight end, Dewey Poskon; and, halfback, Ed Ziegler) and four from the first team defense (tackle, Mike McCoy; linebackers, Bob Olson and Larry Schumacher; and halfback, John Gasser) had been lost through graduation. Only guards Gary Kos and all-American co-captain Larry DiNardo remained to anchor an offensive line that last year had paved the way for 2,905 yards rushing for the 1969 season (an average of 290.5 yards-per-game). The defense had a young and efficient squad returning, but had to fill the sizeable gaps vacated by 270-pound all-American Mike McCoy and 235-pound linebacker Bob Olson, who was named the MVP defensive player in the Cotton Bowl.

Apparently the dilemma of replacing such qualitative and quantitative players not only puzzled the student body and the subway alumni, but also left some doubts in the minds of pre-season analysts, like *Sports Illustrated*, who ranked us seventh, behind the likes of Mississippi and USC. Perhaps the best analysis of the 1970 Notre Dame team can be found on page 7 of the Notre Dame Football Guide:

The best preseason analysis of the 1970 Fighting Irish would label it as a team with a solid defense, an inexperienced offensive line and a squad that lacks depth in a backfield that will not blind any opponent with awesome speed.

No one, probably least of all this sportswriter, expected the season to unfold as it did. With juniors Mike Martin and John Dampeer (1969 playing-time total: 0) filling in the gaps at tackle and junior Dan Novakov taking over where Mike Oriard left off, Coach Parseghian let loose a devastating offensive attack that would crush the first seven Irish opponents and come within a fumble of Notre Dame's first undefeated season since 1949.

At the helm was a slight figure—6-0 and 170-pounds (when wet)—Joe Theismann. Despite a list of impressive 1969 statistics that revealed that the kid who was "too small to make it at quarterback" had passed for 1,531 yards and scrambled for an additional 378, some skeptics still asked, "Just how good is Joe Theismann?" The Man himself (Ara) answers,

"Don't ever underestimate Joe. He can pass, he can run, he's a scrambler and he shows great leadership on the field. He's a winner. And don't let his size fool you. I know several other quarterbacks

that don't have great size, such as Unitas and Dawson. He can recognize defenses and he knows how to attack them. He's unpredictable—he'll gamble—and this can be a little disconcerting to an opponent. In short, he can do it all. Just look at his record."

And pass, run and scramble he did, leading Notre Dame to an unprecedented seventh straight year of Top Ten rankings. Along with split-end Tom Gatewood (the "Swinging Gate"), the South River Road Runner baffled the oppositions defenses with a passing attack as deadly as the Huarte-Snow, Hanratty-Seymour combinations. Only two teams would be able to prevent an aerial score all season (Georgia Tech and LSU) and only one (USC) would spoil Theismann's unblemished record at the controls.

Without a doubt, 1970 was also the year of the defense for the Irish. The loss of McCoy and Olson was hardly noticeable. A crop of juniors, sprinkled with the aid of a few able seniors, would limit the opposition over the first nine games to a total of 59 points, or an average of 6.5 points-per-game. It was the defense that kept the Irish in the game against Georgia Tech and LSU when the offensive unit bogged down.

Both offensive and defensive units complemented themselves perfectly for nine games of the season. When the defense had trouble, the offense overwhelmed the opposition. And when the offense stalled, the defense rallied to stymie the opposition. Clarence Ellis and Ralph Stepaniak, relieved from the pressures a starting sophomore undergoes in his (their) first year, mellowed with age and experience and provided a secondary unparalleled in recent years. Senior linebackers Tim Kelly and Jim Wright shut off opposition running and short-passing with the pride and talent that results from wearing a Notre Dame uniform for four years.

Everything seemed to be falling in place for an undefeated Irish season. But perhaps it was all just too neat, just too precise. And in the rain and mud of Los Angeles Coliseum, the bubble burst; the myth exploded. Perhaps an undefeated season was too much to demand from a team that had performed so unexpectedly during the 1970 campaign, but surely it wasn't beyond their grasp.

The pressure's off now. It remains for Coach Parseghian and his staff to rally the youthful squad to their greatest effort of the year in the Cotton Bowl. An experience such as that faced in Los Angeles can be very disheartening. But it also can be very instructive and unifying.

What follows, then, is a game-by-game account of a season filled with excitement, fleeting glory and shattering despair. This could have been one of the greatest seasons in Notre Dame history; but, even with that one loss, it was still one of the most entertaining.

The press box at Northwestern's Dyche Stadium was buzzing with anticipatory excitement — but not over the opening of the 1970 edition of Notre Dame football. "Cub Pennant Fever" was in the air, as the topsy-turvy National League East headed for an apparent neck-and-neck finish. Transistor radios (complete with earplugs) relayed the play and sounds of the Cubs-Expos game to attentive ears. Few appeared too intent on concentrating on the game at hand, especially after the Irish had made it look oh-so-easy in driving for scores the first two times they had the ball.

Receiving the opening kickoff, Notre Dame wasted little time (2.12, to be exact) in recording their first score of the year. Six plays, 75 yards; with halfback Denny Allan carrying it in over the left tackle from the six. A 39-yard Theismann-to-Gatewood pass highlighted the drive. The play developed initially as a simple square-out pass to Tom, but as the lanky split-end was later to comment: "Joe and I had been working on this thing in practice: if, on the square-out, Joe sees that the defender is committing himself too early, then he gives me a pump-fake — a signal to cut deep." Which is exactly what happened. Had the pass not been slightly underthrown Gatewood, not Allan, would have registered the first Irish TD of 1970.

Ten minutes later Theismann boot-legged nine yards into the right corner of the end zone and the Irish lead was upped to a 14-0 count. As the Wildcats' second series in a Marty McGann punt, the transistors were fine-tuned and loudened to drown out the steady drone of the press-box announcer. Everyone settled back for an afternoon of Fergie Jenkins and an ND rout.

Five minutes later, however, the earplugs were silenced and all eyes directed to the field. A Bill Barz fumble on the Irish 23, a 1-yard plunge by Northwestern QB Maurie Daigneau, a 71-yard Barry Pearson punt return for a TD, a couple of Bill Planisek placements and the Wildcats were right back

in the game. A year ago at South Bend Coach Alex Agase's troops received a bundle of opening season gifts via Irish blunders, but had failed to capitalize on any. Now, they had graciously accepted the first two handed them. Had he been there, Howard Cosell would have said, "The momentum is definitely shifting to Northwestern. They're fired up and'll be tough to stop. Looks like an upset in the making."

And, as usual, Cosell would have been wrong. The Irish didn't buckle under the stress of the two blitzing scores. The defense, not really responsible for the two Wildcat tallies, dug in and shut out the boys from Evanston the rest of the way. Whatever momentum the Wildcats had smoldering was quickly snuffed out by the crunching Irish ground attack that powered through the NU interior line for 71 yards in nine plays and a second Allan TD. A 17-yard Theismann-to-Barz pass closed first-half scoring and sent reporters scurrying to the teletype for the latest Cub-Expo and Pirate-Met results.

Stats-minded "experts" may have conjectured that "Jersey Joe" had a rather lackluster 1970 debut this sunny Saturday. Actually, a closer analysis of the arithmetic reveals that of Theismann's 19 attempts and 128 yards, 14 attempts and 116 yards were recorded in the first half; quite balanced with the Irish's first-half rushing total of 189. The ground game was all that was needed in the second half.

In a subdued Northwestern locker room Wildcat Coach Alex Agase sadly shook his head. "I really thought we could've won today, especially after we fought back to tie them. They just killed us with their 'pound, pound, pound' ground attack." Across the way in the visitors' section Coach Parseghian outlined the now-ancient game strategy and praised an "excellent Northwestern squad" to a huddled cluster of demanding reporters. And amidst the rows of lockers and the piles of discarded tape and jerseys victorious teammates congratulated each other and queried,

"Anybody know if the Pirates or Cubs won today?"



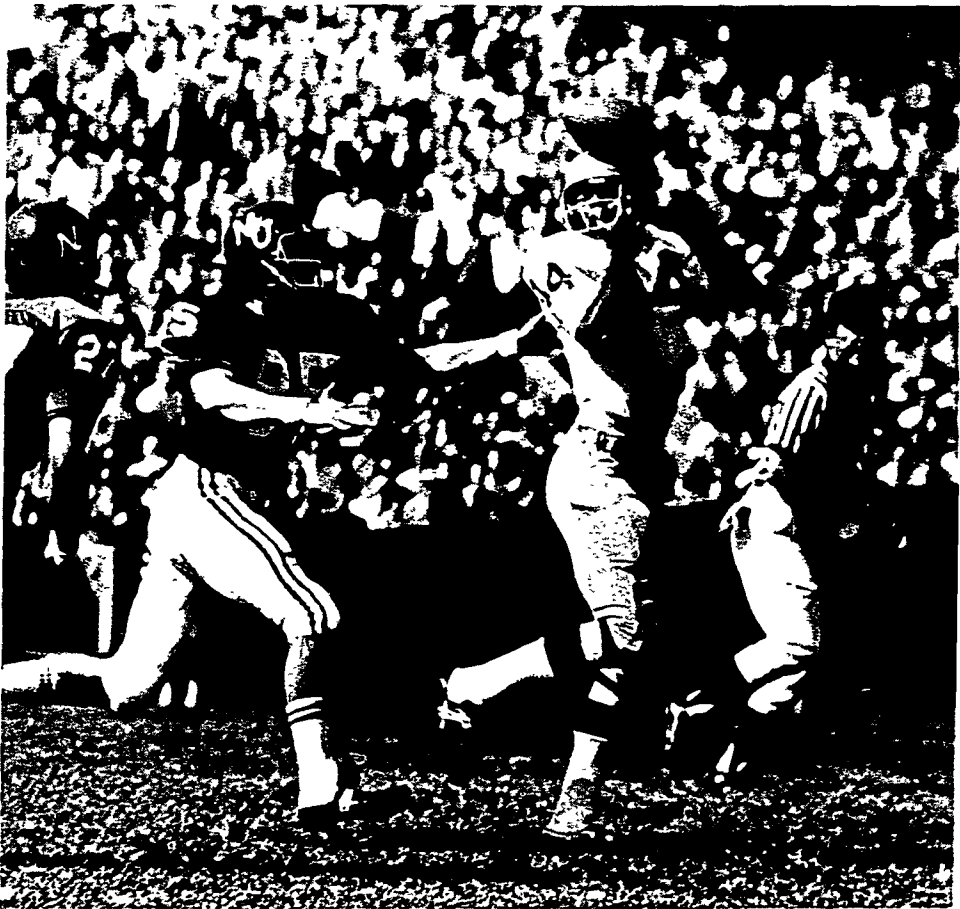
A slightly disarranged Maurie Daigneau gazes in disbelief at the likes of ND's Marx and Patulski



Halfback Denny Allen lunges for his second touchdown of the afternoon

Notre Dame	14	14	7	0—35	TEAM STATISTICS		ND	NU
Northwestern	0	14	0	0—14	Total First Downs		21	7
Scoring:					Yards Gained Rushing		330	134
ND: Allan, 3-yard run (Hempel kick).					Yards Gained Passing		128	135
ND: Theismann, 9-yard run (Hempel kick).					Total Offensive Yardage		458	269
NU: Daigneau, 1-yard run (Planisek kick).					Passing (Att'd-Comp'd)		19-8	33-11
NU: Pearson, 71-yard punt return (Planisek kick).					Interceptions by		1	0
ND: Allan, 3-yard run (Hempel kick).					Fumbles lost		1	1
ND: Barz, 17-yard pass from Theismann (Hempel kick).					Punting (no.-avg.)		4-40	3-45
ND: Allan, 1-yard run (Hempel kick).					Total Yards Penalized		33	28
					Weather: Sunny and mild.		Attendance: 50,409.	

Gatewood outraces Wildcat defender Telander to grab Theismann pass



"... and tomorrow we're expecting a 70% possibility of rain. And that's tonight's weather report for South Bend and vicinity."

Rain? Oh no. Mutterings of "how're we ever gonna beat'em in the rain" and "is even He against us?" rapidly spread down the hall corridors and echoed on the quads. But the torrents that poured from the gray Indiana sky early Saturday morning couldn't really dampen the spirits of the crowd or the team. This was "The Big One." For three straight years the "Phipps Machine" had, rain or shine, doused Irish hopes of glory with early season thrashings. Phipps was gone, but the memories of his past lingered on. And now Purdue had this new guy, Chuck Piebes, whose name sounded like a combination of "Phipps" and "Griese." But the similiarity was in name only. By the day's end the statistics would reveal that the magic of past Boilermaker quarterbacks was gone, as Piebes and his two replacements (Gary Danielson and Jeff Jones) had hit on only 7 of 32 passes for 57 yards and together had rushed for a mere 7 yards. 64 yards total offense; not like the ol' days, eh fellas?

Friday night, perhaps spurred on by the resounding cheers of the multitude that had squeezed its way into the sweaty confines of Stepan Center, Coach Parseghian proclaimed,

"Tomorrow I promise you, and the team promises you, a victory over Purdue."

Never known for a lack of integrity, Parseghian kept his word, as the Irish pounded Purdue with the worst defeat ever recorded in a series that dates back to 1896.

The rout becomes even more unbelievable when you consider that both teams had fielded nearly the same squads as last year. True, Purdue was without "Mighty Mike," but a defensive unit that had limited the '69 Irish to just 14 points (and had shutout a strong TCU team the week before) was virtually intact. Purdue's rookie coach Bob DeMoss thinks that "Joe Theismann is the difference in Ara's team between this year and

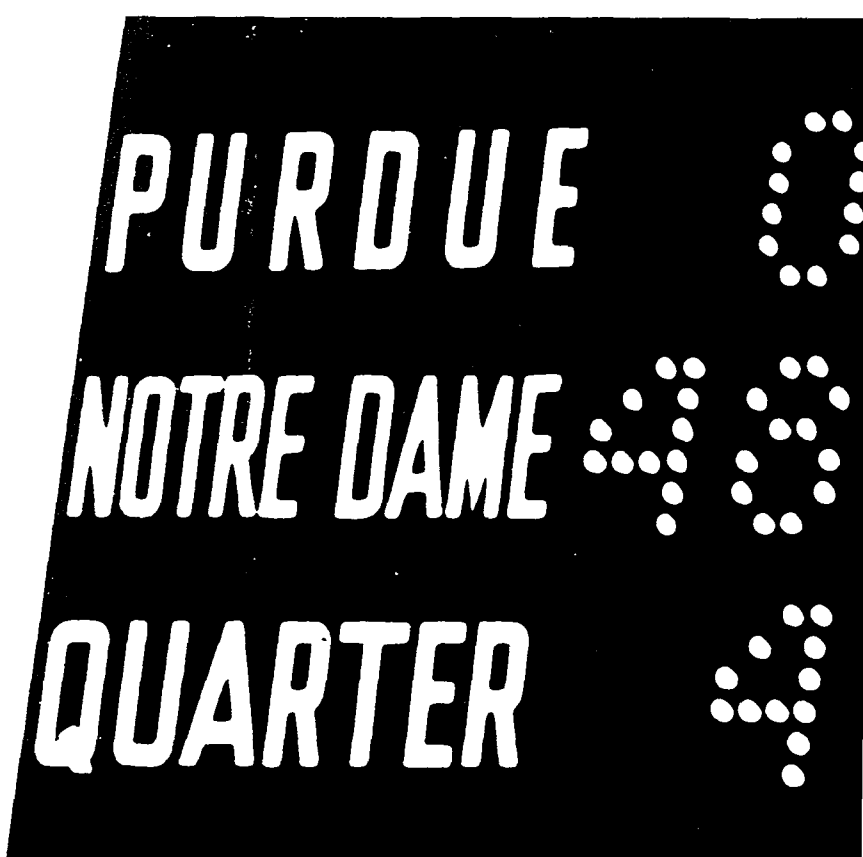
Purdue	0	0	0	0-0
Notre Dame	10	14	7	17-48

Scoring:

ND: Hempel, 19-yard field goal.
 ND: Allan, 4-yard run (Hempel kick).
 ND: Gatewood, 17-yard pass from Theismann (Hempel kick).
 ND: Gatewood, 7-yard pass from Theismann (Hempel kick).
 ND: Gatewood, 20-yard pass from Theismann (Hempel kick).
 ND: Hempel, 37-yard field goal.
 ND: Dewan, 4-yard run (Hempel kick).
 ND: Parker, 63-yard run (Hempel kick).

TEAM STATISTICS	ND	PU
Total First Downs	29	11
Yards Gained Rushing	329	96
Yards Gained Passing	304	48
Total Offensive Yardage	633	144
Passing (Att'd-Comp'd)	25-17	32-7
Interceptions by	3	1
Fumbles lost	3	2
Punting (no.-avg.)	1-40	4-46
Total Yards Penalized	115	45

Weather: Rainy, windy and cool. Attendance: 59,075.



last." Ara agrees. "Everyone looked good, Joe Theismann in particular. Joe called a great number of audibles. Purdue uses more types of defense than any other team we play and it takes a great quarterback to pick up those defensive changes at the line of scrimmage."

But wasn't Mr. Theismann in attendance at last year's Lafayette disaster? Wasn't the Notre Dame quarterback who by the end of the third quarter last year had recorded only 4 of 12 passes for 7 yards the one-and-the-same "South River Road Runner"? "No," said the man himself, "in the game last year I wasn't myself; my passing wasn't accurate at all. But today I had the confidence, especially with our defense giving us such great opportunities all day." And the statistics? Theismann was perfect on 16 of 24 passes (67%) for 276 yards. Of the 16 completions, split end Tom Gatewood was on the receiving end for 12 of them, three for touchdowns, and a total of 192 yards. "We tried to double-team and take Gatewood away from them and this simply failed," said DeMoss. "They would complete a three-yard pass and Gatewood would turn it into a touchdown or a 15-yard gain."

The "three-yard" pass DeMoss referred to was a

simple square-out run by Gatewood that left him open "underneath" the double-coverage employed to defend him. Five times on third-down situations Theismann found Gatewood open on this seemingly simple pattern; each time Tom provided the necessary leg-work to gain the needed yardage. Two of these plays went for touchdowns, with Gatewood carrying for 7 and 19 yards respectively.

Nine times this rainy afternoon the fired-up Irish defense forced the Boilermakers into mistakes: six fumbles and three interceptions. Commented DeMoss: "They forced us into mistakes and then took advantage of them. We put our defense in a hell-of-a-bind early with those fumbles."

Actually the game opened as if it would be a typical slam-bang ND-Purdue chiller to the very end. Taking the ball at the twenty on a touchback, the Irish moved to the Purdue 3 on straight "ground-it-out-run-right-at-em" plays, only to settle for a Scott Hempel field goal from the 9. Purdue then fumbled the kickoff, only to get the ball back three plays later when left-cornerback Charlie Potts picked off a Theismann pass at the Purdue 22. The Boilermakers got a break when punter Scott Loughheed was roughed, giving them a first-and-ten at the ND 40. Six plays later, however, Purdue was forced to turn the ball over on downs when quarterback Piebes was stopped on a keeper by linebacker Tim Kelly at the ND 19.

Then the roof caved in on the Boilermakers. A 55-yard pass to Creaney over the middle and another 14-yarder to Barz brought the Irish to the Purdue 13. In the three previous meetings with Purdue the Irish offense usually stalled at this point, but not today. Three plays later Denny Allan, following the blocking of guard Larry DiNardo, slashed over the left side for

LONGINES

OFFICIAL TIME

DOWN

YDS TO GO

BALL ON

World's Most Honored Watch

four yards and a Notre Dame touchdown. Two Purdue fumbles later and the Irish had the ball on the Boilermaker 15. Then it was Theismann to Gatewood on a screen pass for 17 and six points. Notre Dame 17, Purdue 0; and, there were still twelve minutes left in the second quarter.

Not that Purdue didn't have some golden opportunities handed to them in the first half either. They had some beauts:

—an interception gave them the ball at the ND 22.

—a fumble by Barz turned the ball over to them on the ND 28.

—a fumble by Gatewood after a 24-yard pass reception that set them up on the ND 48.

A score after each of these Irish mistakes would have made for a much different outcome. But the Irish defense took the play away from the Boilermakers as twice they forced them to turn the ball over on downs and once stymied them with an interception by Ralph Stepaniak at the ND 20. For the afternoon, the Irish defense limited the Boilermakers to 144 yards in total offense and six first downs (three of which came their way via some of the 115 yards the Irish were penalized).

Gatewood's second TD-reception with 6:09 remaining in the half still wasn't enough to quell the blood-thirsty revenge of a rain-soaked rabble. They remembered all too well the events of the past three years and, despite a score of 24-0, screamed for more.

Ara kept the first-string in just long enough to rub salt in the wound. At 5:36 of the fourth quarter,

following a 37-yard Hempel field goal, the first-string marched off the field in a wave of triumph once only known to a certain Mike Phipps. 633 yards in total offense had been logged against the Boilermakers; surely they had gotten their revenge.

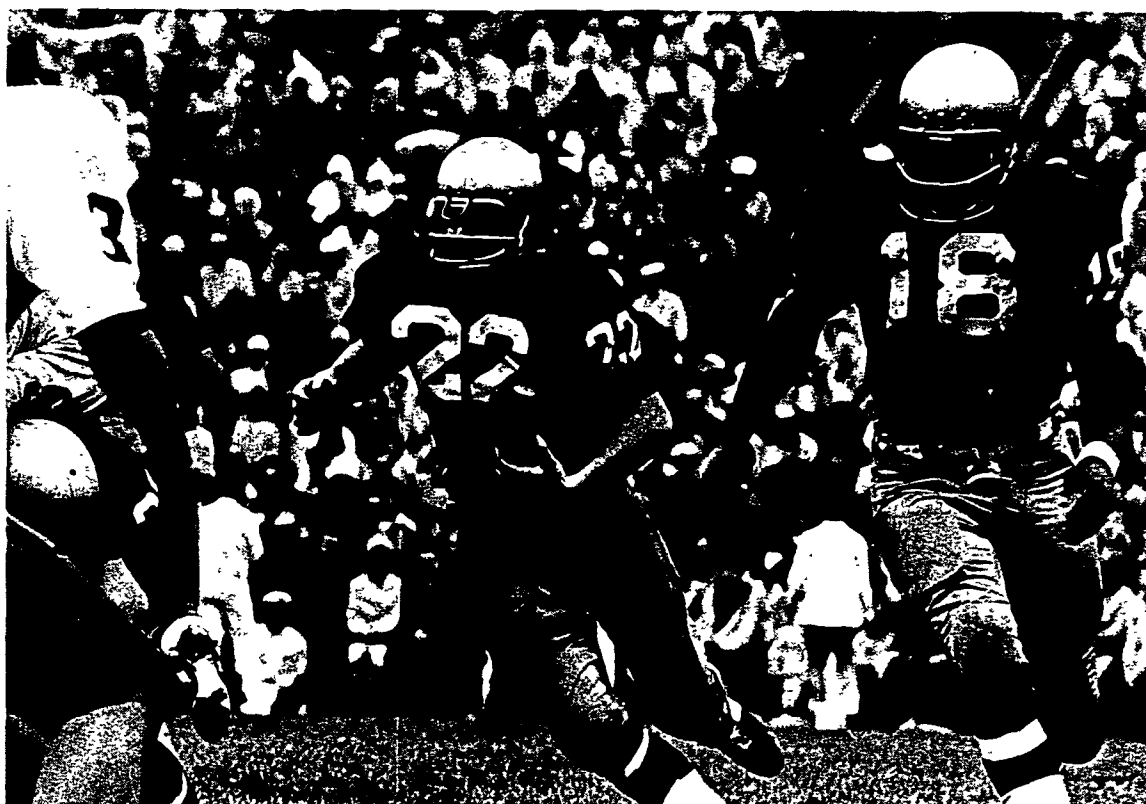
And Ara was all smiles in the Irish locker room. Reporters pushed and shoved to get closer to "The Man," yet never relinquishing a death-like grip on their all-important pads and notebooks. Ara sipped a little Coca-Cola, and then leaned back against the locker marked "Parseghian" with white adhesive tape. "This was a great win for us . . . we've had a long dry spell against Purdue. We got some early breaks and took advantage of them. This forced Purdue to play catch-up football; and we know how that feels because we've been in that position before against Purdue."

Victory can be very sweet, especially when it's a 48-0 thrashing of an arch-rival. In defeat, a football coach sometimes slips some vindictive comments in his post-game interview to signify a "well, we'll get 'em next year" attitude. But such was not so with Purdue's Bob DeMoss. He appeared visibly disturbed by the afternoon's events and rightly so. But he never gave hint of this to the inquiring press in his post-game comments. Only when the reporters had filed away to the more newsworthy ND locker room did DeMoss say something that carried through an open locker room door and echoed down the steps to the few stragglers who were just leaving. Something memorable, like,

"Goddamn, that sure was one hell of a mess out there today."

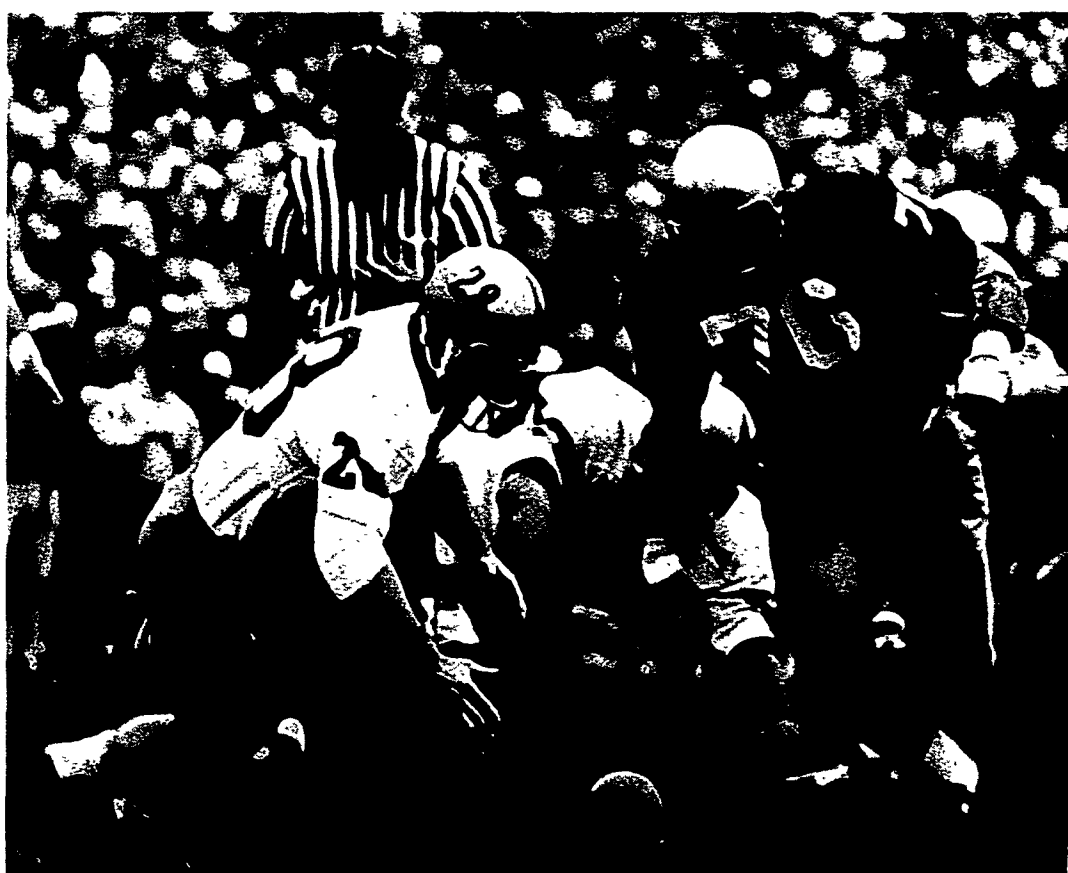
Theismann, engineering the fourth touchdown drive, hands-off to Minnix, who picked up 15 yards and a first down

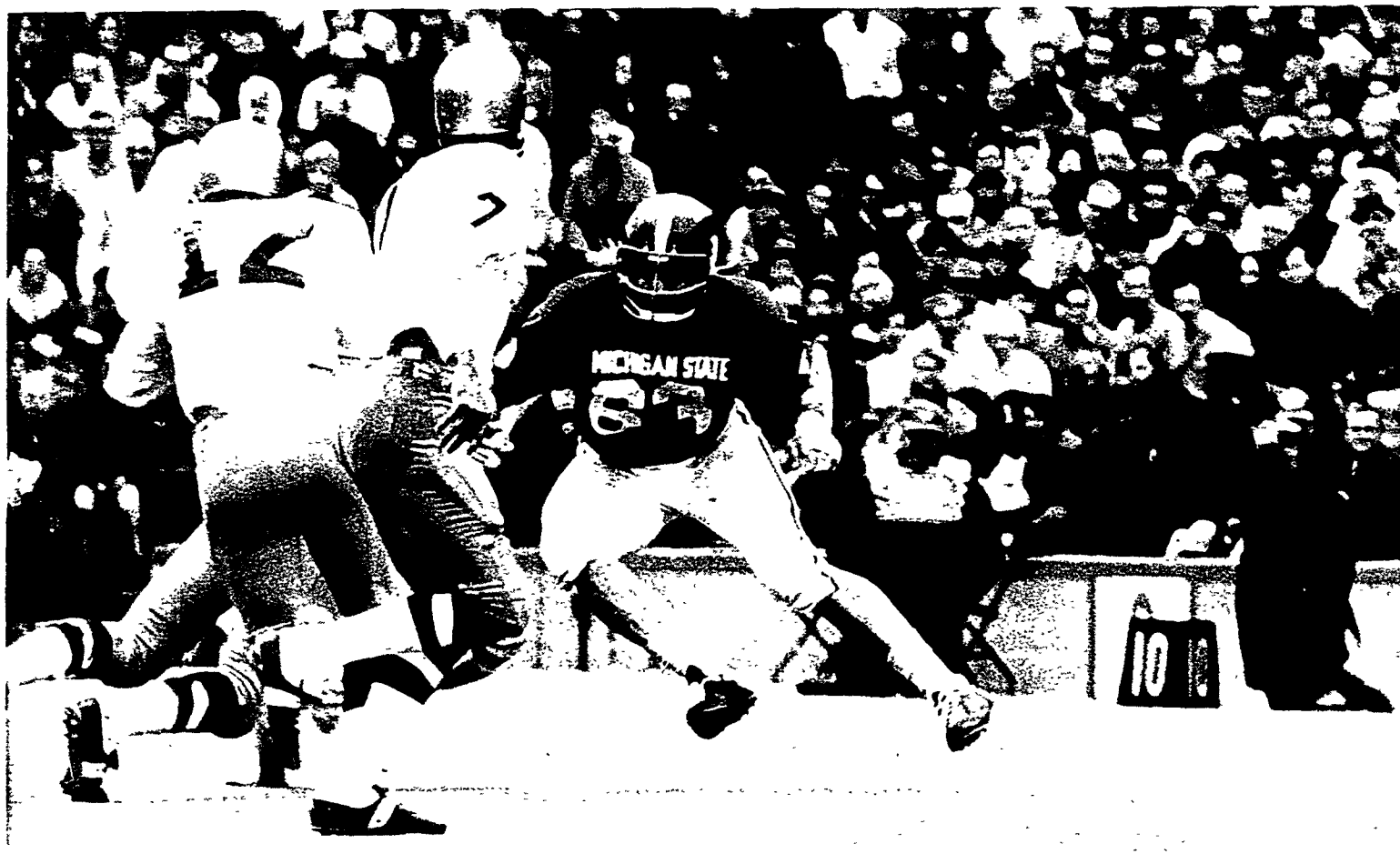




Allan sweeping; Minnix "psyching" for a block

It just wasn't the Boilermaker's day





Theismann has caught State's defensive end David Thomas cutting the wrong way with a handoff to Gulyas

It's interesting to view a football game along with 3,000 other people on closed-circuit television. It probably would have been even more so had one been able to make the trip to East Lansing. But, some of us just didn't have the wheels and were content to recline in the friendly confines of the ACC while the magic of television beamed back the images to the Convo's wide-screen.

The psychology of a crowd at a closed-circuit broadcast is interesting also. When, for example, was the last time you stood and sang the National Anthem in front of your Sony before the Mets game? Well, 3,000 plus at the ACC did, as the music of the MSU band was piped back to South Bend. And when, also, did you last join in a rhythmic chorus of "Go, Irish, go" complete with feet-stomping, hand-clapping background noise in your hall TV room? Never? Well, that's quite understandable. Because the group of students and other interested onlookers were a unique example of crowd unity: unified by the fact that Notre Dame, for the first time in three years, was yet undefeated after two season games and were facing the always dreaded Michigan State Spartans.

Remember those superstitions that you had as a kid? You know, the ones about not stepping on the cracks in the sidewalk before a Little League game, afraid that the end result might be your team's defeat? Well, there's a certain superstition floating around East Lansing that, no matter what the point-spreads, Notre Dame can simply not beat a Spartan team on their

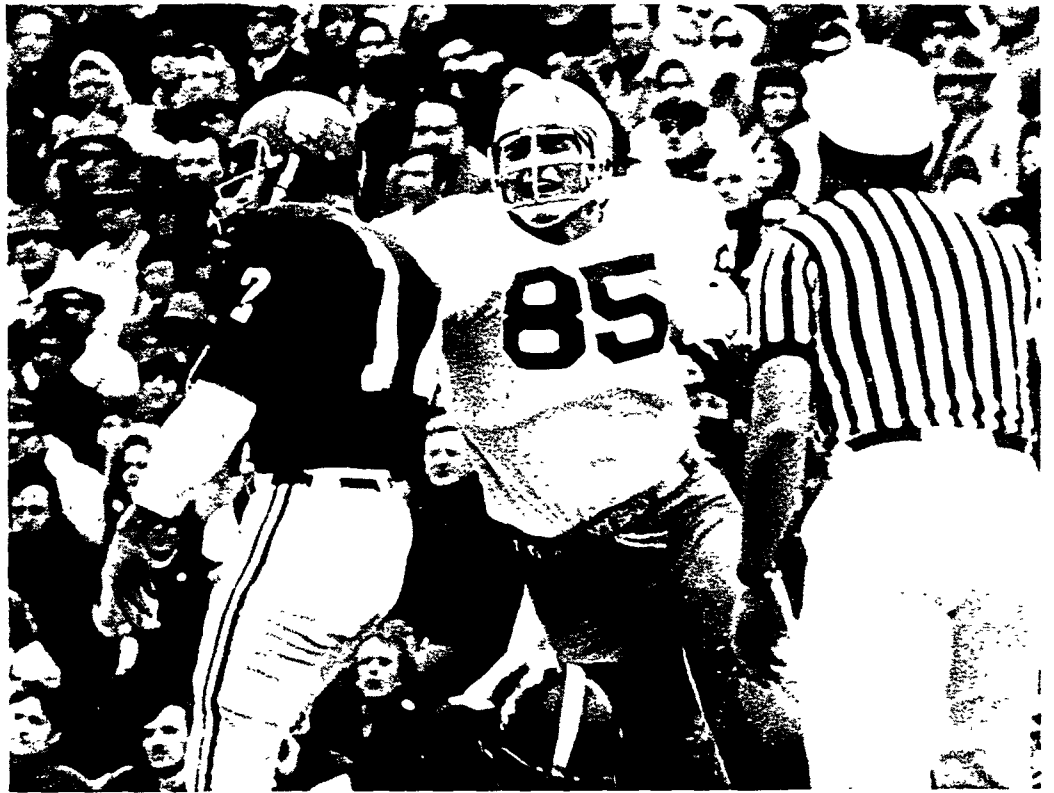
home turf. And, if you needed proof, any loyal Spartan fan would be quick to point out:

- that Notre Dame hadn't performed such a feat since 1949; twenty-one years of exactness lends great strength to a superstition's existence.
- that the year 1968 was a great year for superstitions; for hadn't the lowly Spartans stunned the Irish 21-17 in an uneven match-up of squads like today's?

But the die-hard Irish fan took solace in the fact that the "Purdue Jinx" had been broken the week before and that maybe, just maybe, Fate was wearing a shamrock in 1970.

The perennial pessimistic ND fan (you know the type; he's the guy who says "we ain't gotta chance" after the Irish lose the coin-toss) spurred on the crowd at the Convo with cries of "just like '68; we'll never get inside their twenty" when Theismann, after Clarence Ellis had picked off a Mike Rasmussen pass on the ND 38, fizzled an apparent touchdown drive by throwing his second pass of the afternoon into the welcoming arms of MSU's safety, Brad Van Pelt. With the sickening memories of that long afternoon in 1968 implanted deep in the minds of all Notre Dame fans, the pessimist's words seemed all too true at the time.

The fans may have been worried, but the team sure wasn't. A defense that was to limit the Spartans to



Walt Patulski bears down on MSU's q.b. Mike Rasmussen under the watchful eyes of the referee

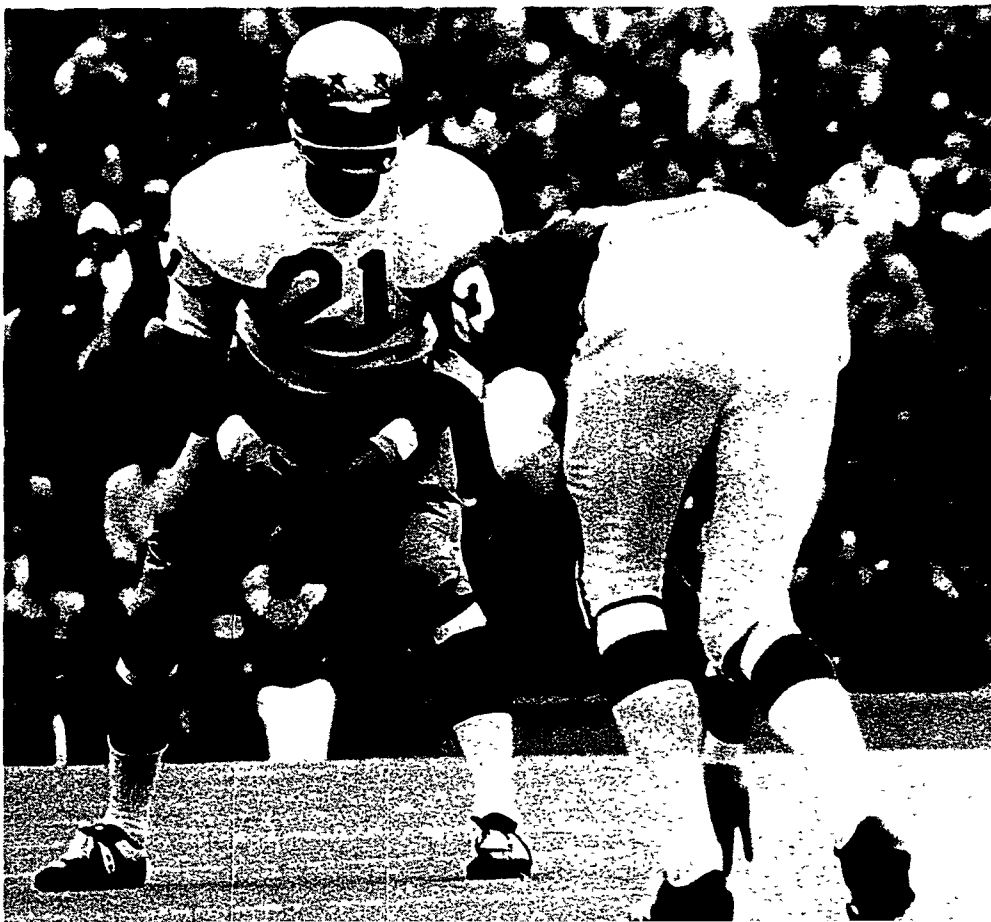
Notre Dame	7	15	0	7—29
Michigan State	0	0	0	0—0

Scoring:

ND: Allan, 1-yard run (Hempel kick).
 ND: Minnix, 1-yard run (Hempel kick).
 ND: Gulyas, 2-yard run (Theismann run).
 ND: Parker, 4-yard run (Hempel kick).

TEAM STATISTICS	ND	MSU
Total First Downs	24	12
Yards Gained Rushing	366	144
Yards Gained Passing	147	30
Total Offensive Yardage	513	174
Passing (Att'd-Comp'd)	17-12	19-4
Interceptions by	1	1
Fumbles lost	1	2
Punting (no.-avg.)	4-30	10-27
Total Yards Penalized	40	5
Weather: Cloudy, windy and cool. Attendance: 76,103.		

ND's Ralph Stepaniak, awaiting the charge of State's split end, Gordeon Bowdell



michigan state

174 yards total offense for the day forced State to punt the ball after the Van Pelt interception and Joe Theismann and Co. took over. Staying on the ground, Theismann marched the Irish 79-yards in 13 plays, calling upon Bill Barz to bull it over from a yard out after the Spartan defense had held Denny Allan twice for no gain from the same distance. The drive accomplished two things: it ate up plenty of time and established a running game to complement the ever dangerous potential of Theismann-to-Gatewood.

So, four plays later, when the defense had again stymied the Spartans, Theismann went to the air, hitting Gatewood on two consecutive gains of seventeen yards, moving the ball to the ND 48. Passing attack well established, Theismann went back to the ground game, carrying the ball 37 yards on a keeper to the MSU 15. From there it was grind, grind, grind; as the sluggish Spartans finally gave up a 1-yard Minnix plunge after five plays from within the MSU ten. Hempel's placement made it 14-0 and the jinx was becoming a myth of the past.

For the third straight time the vicious tackling of Wright and Patulski forced MSU's Salani to punt. And, for the third straight time, the offense, not to be outdone, moved the ball 64 yards in 7 plays for the third Irish touchdown. Gulyas' 2-yard plunge off right tackle capitalized a drive that saw Theismann hit his favorite receiver, Tom Gatewood, on first down for 39

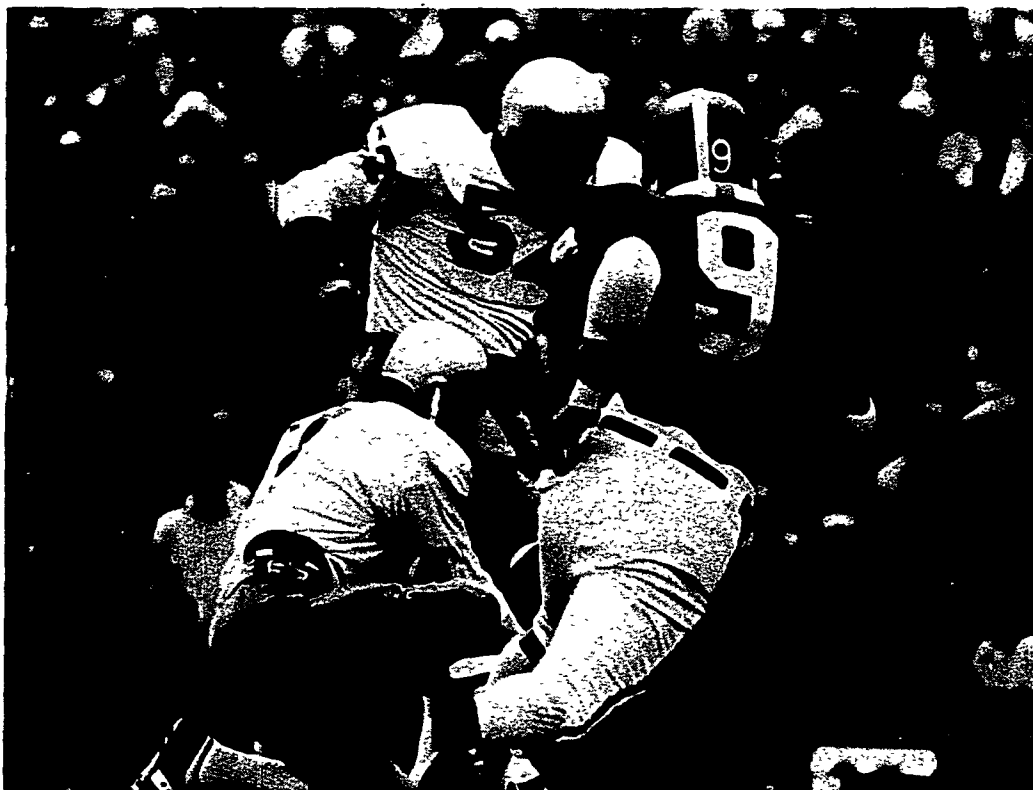
yards. Just to show the fans back home that it was no fluke, this beating of a Michigan State team, Theismann, after a fumbled snap on the conversion attempt, scrambled for the two-point conversion. Insult to injury, just what the boys back at the Convo were diggin'. And they wanted more, much more than a 22-0 spread.

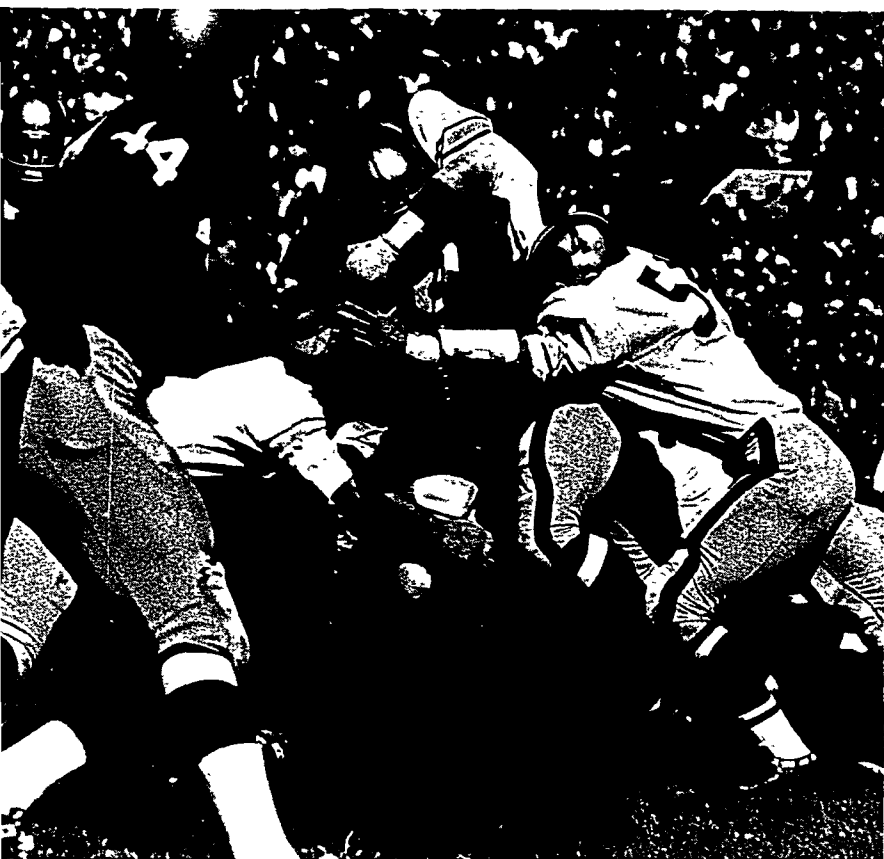
But the second-half disappointed them. The Spartans, unable to do anything of consequence, and the Irish, seemingly unwilling to perform as in the first half, gave a good demonstration of how not to play college football (especially in front of a television audience). The fringe that remained at the Convo to the end were finally rewarded with a Larry Parker touchdown, a four-yard sweep with 15 seconds left, that gave rise to a lusty cheer of "we're number one" that echoed in the rafters of the Convo.

The final statistics were overwhelming. For the third week in a row against Big Ten competition the Irish had amassed over 450 yards total offense, netting 513 on the Spartain's new tartan-turf. After three week's play, the Irish had run up a score of: Notre Dame 112, Big Ten, 14. Sort of makes one wonder about Ohio State, their schedule and all that.

Well, for the second week in a row the jinx has been beaten. So go on out there, step on a few cracks, walk under a few ladders, 'cause 1970 just aint the year of the jinx.

Hempel adds a PAT as State's Sokol (9) arrives too late





*Halfback Bob Minnix, demonstrating
a "clothes-line" tackle*

Army drops from the Notre Dame schedule until 1973. That's probably the best play the Cadets have called since the 1965 revival of this ancient series. From '65 to '70 the teams have met four times, with the scores getting progressively more lopsided (1965: Notre Dame 17, Army 0; 1966: Notre Dame 35, Army 0; 1969: Notre Dame 45, Army 0; and now, 1970: Notre Dame 51, Army 10). That sums up to a four-year total of: Notre Dame 148, Army 10. To regain some decent stature in collegiate football the Cadets will need one of three things:

- 1) Another war (remember back in WW II how the Cadets used to ramble over the 4-F-laden football teams?).
- 2) Admission to some conference that's equal in caliber to their kind of football (like the Yankee Conference or the Ivy League).
- 3) And, probably the most sensible of all solutions, a drop of the military requirement for football players.

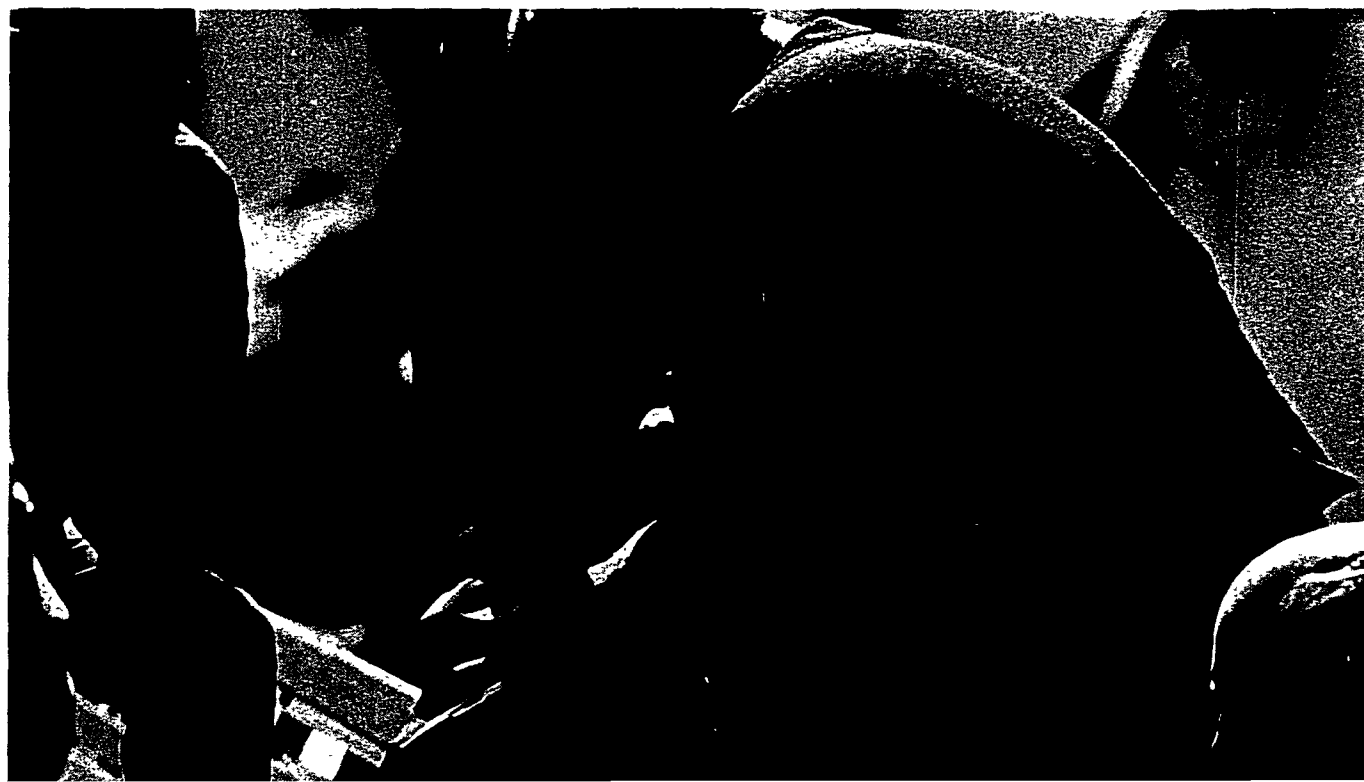
Until one of these requirements are met, however, the Cadets will just have to be content with seasons of mediocrity and Navy.

And today was just another example of the blatant ineptitude of the service academies' zero-performance capability when faced with an opponent of decent national stature. Consider, for example,

- first-half score, Notre Dame 30, Army 0
- first downs (first half), Notre Dame 18, Army 2
- total offense (first half), Notre Dame 345, Army 64

So, at the end of the first thirty minutes, the fans weren't left with much to amuse themselves. It certainly wasn't an "exciting" football game (except maybe for the Irish second and third stringers for whom the second-half was their own football game), nor was it too important rank-wise (as this game was "off-the-

*The pain etched in Larry DiNardo's features
reflects the brutality and agony of college football*



boards" early in the week). No, not much beyond the expected happened out there today, except for one insignificant play — a play that may have changed the course of Notre Dame football in the year 1970.

It was early in the first quarter. Notre Dame and Army had exchanged a series of downs and the Irish, receiving a Cadet punt, were driving for their first touchdown of the afternoon. On the fourth play from scrimmage in this drive, with the ball on ND's own 41, third and five, halfback Gulyas, on a delay, picked a hole in the right side of the line and swept for eight yard and a first-down. Just another first down, right? Wrong. It was perhaps the costliest yardage gained all season; and the price? Merely all-America guard Larry DiNardo, who limped off the field with a knee injury that would limit his appearance in a Notre Dame uniform to only two more games all season. And the sad thing about the incident was that the play itself had developed on the side opposite to DiNardo. A meaningless play, but a significant injury.

The Irish scored three of the four first downs they had their hands on the ball. "Jersey Scrambler," Joe Theismann, rolled eight yards for Notre Dame's first of seven touchdowns, capitalizing a 78-yard drive of 13 plays. Six plays later, the Irish made it 14-0 as a Jim Wright interception of a Bernie Wall pass on Army's 42 set up the score. Theismann brought the Homecoming Weekend crowd to its feet on this series with a 40-yard touchdown pass to reserve back Bob Minnix, who grabbed it on the eight and danced eight yards for the score. Gulyas closed out first-quarter scoring with a six-yard smash over center for six points.

But despite the runaway, Coach Parseghian noted some flaws in the Irish attack: "I was not pleased with several phases of our play today; in particular our kick-off coverage (Army netted 143 yards on their returns, 127 more than they gained rushing the entire day) and our running game. We lacked a consistent offensive attack today."

Yet the Irish still had amassed 574 yards in total offense, 229 of which can be credited to the second and third teams. And the final-point total of 51 was the most ever tallied again an Army team. So, really, there wasn't much room for complaint; yet a coach's job is to look for improvement, and perhaps Ara had, amidst the dust of an Irish rout, discovered weaknesses that were evident against so weak a team as Army to only the discerning eye of a coach. For surely, thought the student body (beaming with pride before their hometown cuties), this team was destined to bring the national crown to du Lac. But ah, those weaknesses, those weaknesses. Come Nov. 28, they would be oh-so-achingly evident.

Notre Dame	21	9	14	7—51
Army	0	3	7	0—10
Scoring:				
ND: Theismann, 8-yard run (kick failed).				
ND: Minnix, 40-yard pass from Theismann (Gatewood pass).				
ND: Gulyas, 6-yard run (Hempel kick).				
ND: Safety (Danhof tackled by Patulski).				
ND: Gatewood, 29-yard pass from Theismann (Hempel kick).				
ARMY: Jensen, 42-yard field goal.				
ND: Creaney, 4-yard pass from Theismann (Hempel kick)				
ARMY: Wall, 1-yard run (Jensen kick).				
ND: Dewan, 10-yard run (Hempel kick).				
ND: Steenberge, 4-yard run (Hempel kick).				
TEAM STATISTICS				
	ND	ARMY		
Total First Downs	31	12		
Yards Gained Rushing	258	16		
Yards Gained Passing	316	235		
Total Offensive Yardage	574	251		
Passing (Att'd-Comp'd)	36-22	46-21		
Interceptions by	4	1		
Fumbles lost	2	1		
Punting (no.-avg.)	5-40	9-38		
Total Yards Penalized	55	29		
Weather: Sunny and mild.				Attendance: 59,075.



Following a Minnix block, Gulyas scampers for yardage



The Irish break huddle for the kickoff following Gulyas' second touchdown. The scoreboard tells the story . . .

The Automobile Association of America (AAA) puts out a tour-guide map that neatly sketches a route from one place in the U.S.A. to another for any of its members, providing the best possible roads and a whole collection of other incidental information. On its map of Missouri, there's a section titled "Places of Interest." And right there, if you look closely enough, you'll find a heading marked "Columbia: College Town, U.S.A." And they aren't kidding, either.

Columbia, Missouri, is the home of the University of Missouri and a horde of smaller colleges. Unlike South Bend, it's strictly college-town all the way. Everywhere you look there's a "College Gift Shop," a "College Clothing Store," a "College This," a "College That." One would expect, then in true "college town" fashion that the city would be up for grabs on the eve of the Tigers' showdown with Notre Dame. But at 11 p.m. there was nary a Tiger in sight. The only sounds of frolicking emanated from the "Downtowner Motor Inn," located a few short blocks from the campus, where a drunken horde of Notre Dame students and pseudo-alumni gathered for a riotous evening of alcohol, song and mini-rally. Paul Dusseau, a senior student-manager, provided the evening's entertainment as he recited, from memory, an inspiring rendition of the now-famous Grantland Rice article on the Four Horsemen ("Outlined against a grey October sky" and all that). Yes, things were certainly joyous for Irishmen one and all, for surely the next day would bring the Irish their fifth win in a row (and on national television no less).

But Missouri had other plans. The student body that inhabits Columbia had apparently restrained themselves the night before to insure that there would be plenty of vocal accompaniment on hand for Saturday's game. Memorial Stadium, built in a ground hollow of about fifty feet, is a perfect catch-all for the ravings of a Mizzou crowd — reverberating the sound just loud enough to drown out the signal-calling of the opposi-

tion's quarterback. Time and again on this grey October day, ND's Joe Theismann had to back off from the scrimmage as the referees vainly tried to quell the deafening roar of the Tiger fans, only to have the multitude reach back and attempt to create their own sonic boom on the ensuing play.

The ticket office down in Columbia had also called a neat little play that surprised many of those who had travelled over 500 miles to witness the game. They arranged it so that the Notre Dame fans were scattered all over the stadium, thus minimizing the possibility of a vocal counterattack by the ever-boisterous Irish. Clever!

But despite all the hoopla and huzzahs an interesting afternoon of football developed down there in "College Town, U.S.A."

On the first series of downs the Tigers gave the home-town crowd some incentive as they drove from their own 33 to the ND 10 on a combination of passes and running plays. But linebacker Tim Kelly came up with a big interception of Mike Farmer's pass to tight end Tyrone Walls in the end zone to stall the Mizzou drive. Missouri really couldn't get much untracked after that, but then, to the delight of Christ Schenkel and Bud Wilkinson, neither could the Irish. The Irish, while gaining yardage, couldn't seem to get things to mesh in gear, as they coughed the football up to the Tigers on four first-half turnovers. Twice Theismann passes were picked off by the Missouri secondary to halt Irish drives. Twice the Irish fumbled away opportunities in Tiger territory. First-half statistics favored Notre Dame, as they had outgained Mizzou by 202 to 107. But all the Irish could manage was a 22-yard, first-quarter field goal by Scott Hempel, not much of a margin considering that the pollsters had made such heavy favorites of Notre Dame.

Things got really bleak at the opening of the second half. The Tigers forced the Irish to punt after four

plays and went to work on their own 48-yard line after Yoder sliced his punt out-of-bounds 19 yards from scrimmage. They wasted little time. On the first play fullback Jim Harrison took a hand-off from Farmer and appeared to be stopped by the right side of the Irish defensive line. But he broke one, then two seemingly sure tackles and scampered 41 yards to the ND 11 before being caught by Clarence Ellis. Two plays later speedster Mel Gray left Ellis dead in his tracks as he took a quick-out pass from Farmer for the score.

Pandemonium. Shouts of "guess Notre Dame knows what it's like to play a real football team" filled the press box. True, Notre Dame was involved in its first close game of the year, but an analysis of the game's progress up until Gray's touchdown did reveal one significant point: the Irish had been moving the ball, but their mistakes had cost them dearly. Now, for the first time in 1970, the Irish would have to come from behind to preserve their perfect record.

On third and nine from his own 25, Theismann lofted a pass just beyond the reach of fullback Bill Barz, or so it seemed. Barz made a sensational fingertip catch, slipped, regained his balance, and carried eighteen yards to the ND 43. Theismann then directed the Irish to their first touchdown of the afternoon — a 5-yard pass to Gatewood the clincher — and the Irish were back on top, 10-7.

Thus the stage was set for what was perhaps the biggest play of the afternoon. The Irish defense, rallied by their newly regained lead, stopped the Tigers cold and forced them to punt the ball to the ND eight. Theismann coolly brought the Irish out of the hole with two strikes to Barz for 16 yards and a 30-yard pitch to Gatewood. Finally, the Irish had the ball fourth and four at the Tiger 30, and Ara elected to go for the first down.

As the play developed, just about everyone in Me-

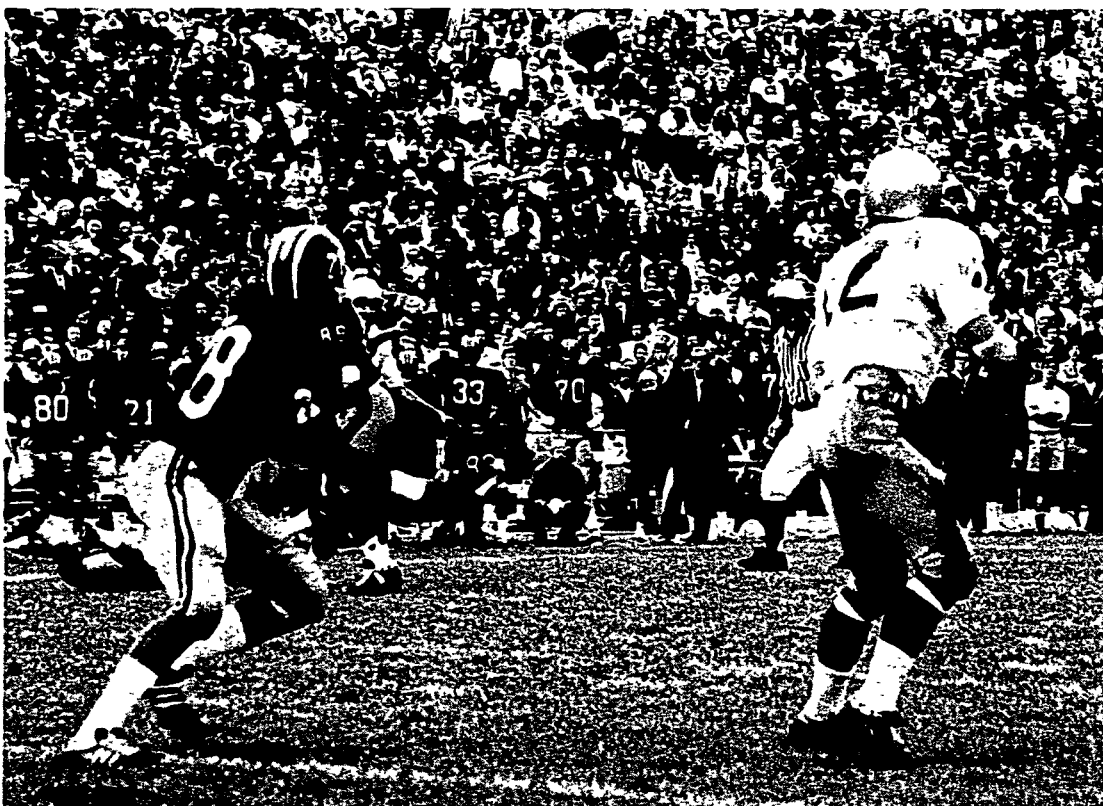
morial Stadium realized what was happening. Theismann dropped back and threw to Gulyas, who had run a quick-out on the far side of the field. What happened then was two-seconds of cardiac arrest for the 64,200 present and the millions of viewers at home. As Theismann's pass arched toward the sideline, Tiger defender Henry Stuckey suddenly decided to gamble and play the ball. Stuckey and the ball arrived at Gulyas at almost the same time, and for a split tenth of a second, not a fan knew who had the ball. Stuckey went one way, Gulyas another; but Gulyas had the ball, and he raced 30 yards unmolested for the touchdown. And, for all intents and purposes, that was the ball game.

Missouri Coach Dan Devine surveyed the six-or-so reporters who had gathered in his cubicle press room with "Is that all there is?" When you're a loser, you're not much in demand by the press. "That play was close," he said as he draped a towel over his shoulders, "but not close enough. That boy (Stuckey) was real tired out there — they all were tired — and I guess it just wasn't the right move. He lost the gamble."

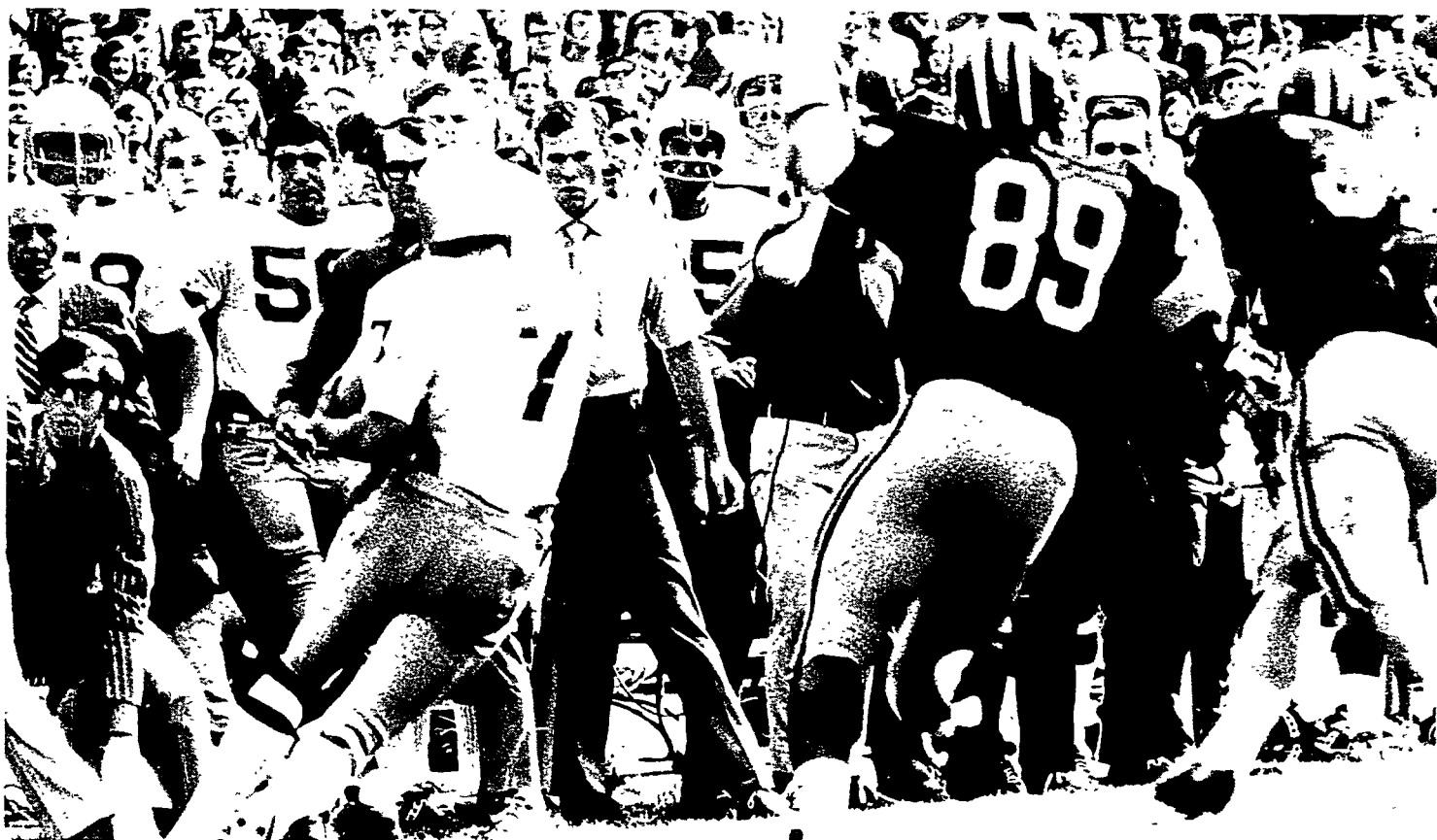
But if Stuckey had come up with the ball, there would have been nothing but green Missouri grass between him and the goal line and it would've been Missouri 14, Notre Dame 10, instead of 17-7, Irish.

"Theismann is an excellent quarterback," Devine went on to say, "as good a quarterback I've seen in a long time. To win today we needed the perfect game or a big break in the second half like a fumble, a penalty, or Theismann having to go to the bathroom."

Coach Parseghian was pleased with the outcome, pleased at the way his boys had not given up once they were behind. But one sportswriter was hell-bent on making an issue out of Missouri's injury-status (their leading rusher, Joe Moore, had been knocked out for the season the week before against Nebraska). Notre Dame, too, had its injuries; guard Larry DiNardo made



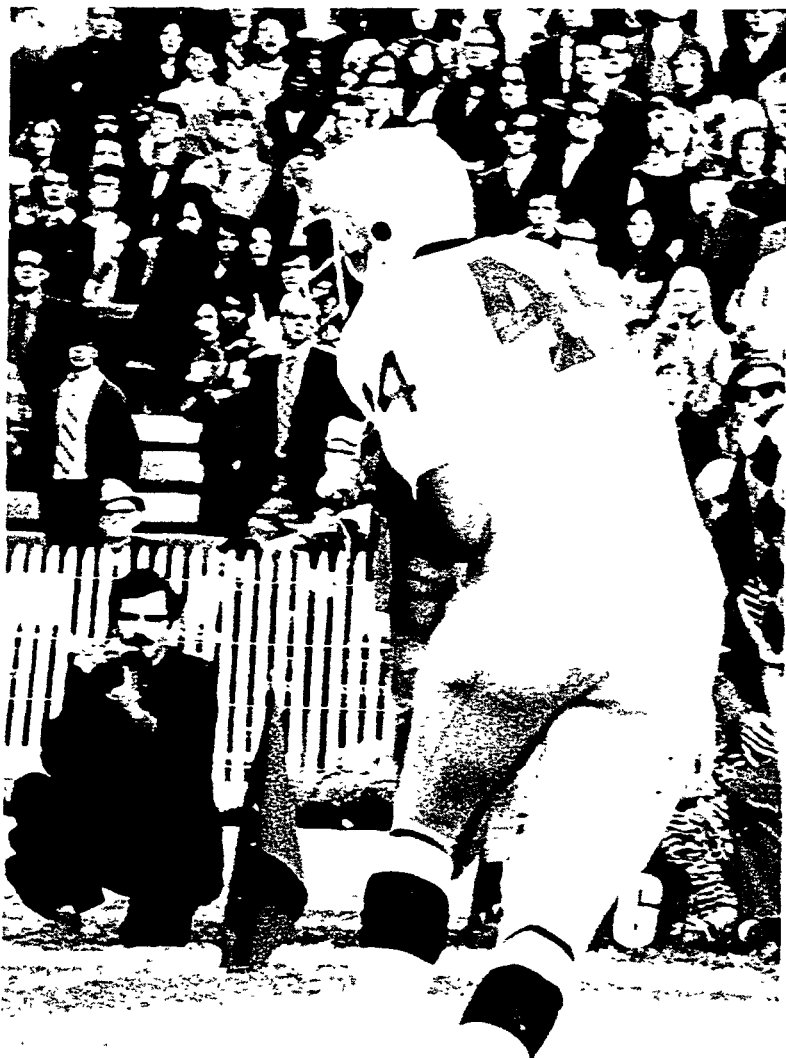
The big play. Defender Stuckey (28) makes his "gamble," seconds before Gulyas grabbed the pass and raced 30 yards for a TD . . .



Theismann running wide. Note the spectator just to the left of Joe—number 56, Larry DiNardo . . .

only a token appearance for the coin-toss, having been injured the week before against Army. But this reporter was adamant in his questioning. "How did Missouri's injuries affect today's outcome?" Ara replied: "We beat a fine football team." Apparently not satisfied with this, he kept up with the same line of questioning, until Ara could be prodded no more. "If Missouri didn't have their injuries, they would've beaten us; that's what you wanted me to say, isn't it?" The reporter didn't even blink, but Ara went on to explain: "If you play a team that has injuries and you barely beat them, or lose, then you're ridiculed. If you overwhelm them, they say you took advantage of their injuries." And, having neatly summed up his philosophy full well for all, except that one reporter, he proceeded with the interview.

Tom Gatewood snares Joe Theismann's five-yard toss for ND's first touchdown of the day



Notre Dame	3	0	14	7-24
Missouri	0	0	7	0-7

Scoring:

ND: Hempel, 22-yard field goal.
 UM: Gray, 10-yard pass from Farmer (Bastable kick).
 ND: Gatewood, 5-yard pass from Theismann (Hempel kick).
 ND: Gulyas, 30-yard pass from Theismann (Hempel kick).
 ND: Gulyas, 1-yard run (Hempel kick).

TEAM STATISTICS	ND	UM
Total First Downs	27	12
Yards Gained Rushing	280	128
Yards Gained Passing	209	80
Total Offensive Yardage	489	208
Passing (Att'd-Comp'd)	24-15	27-8
Interception by	2	2
Fumbles lost	3	0
Punting (no.-avg.)	2-31.5	6-40
Total Yards Penalized	49	55
Weather: Cloudy and mild.	Attendance: 64,200.	

The city of Philadelphia has borne the brunt of demeaning jokes galore. W. C. Fields once said, in his snide manner,

"I won a first-prize in a contest last week; it was a week in Philadelphia. Second-prize was two weeks." Today's game ranked right up there with W.C.'s commentary as one of the bigger jokes Philly has been a part of in a while.

Offensive tackle Gary Kos echoed team sentiment exactly when he said, "I really hate to play in one of these games. There is nothing you can do to impress people. If you win big then they say you're piling on the score and if it's close then some may say you don't have too much."

Probably the most intricate maneuvers of the afternoon weren't found on the gridiron at all. Trying to navigate one's car down Broad Street to JFK Stadium and then succeeding in getting your car parked for a strategic getaway were, perhaps, the tensest moments of the afternoon. (If, of course, you discount the difficulty of finding Broad Street and JFK Stadium.) One ND student actually parked his car and entered the total emptiness of Franklin Field, only to discover to his dismay that there was actually more than one football stadium in Philadelphia.

But thousands of residents from South River, New Jersey, had no trouble at all in locating the site of their local hero's "Philadelphia Debut." They turned out in droves, wearing red and white straw hats with the number "7" outlined on the rim. They were on hand to watch Joe Theismann, their own "South River Road Runner," guide the Irish to win number six and a 56-7 thrashing of the Naval Academy. (For those of you who may have been keeping stats, that makes it Notre Dame 107, Service Academies 7, for the year 1970).

For the first quarter, at least, the game resembled some semblance of a "struggle" between two football teams. Darryll Dewan, playing for a shaken-up Ed

Gulyas, carried the ball six times for thirty yards and a touchdown as the Irish drew first blood on an eighty yard march after the opening kickoff.

Two Ade Dillon passes to Karl "Mike-McNallen-is-the-best-college-quarterback-in-the-country" Schwelm for 57 yards brought the Middies to the Irish 5. And, before the Irish defense knew what had happened, Dillon had sneaked the ball in for the tying score.

Simply outrageous. Nowhere in the script for today's comedy did it read that "Navy takes kickoff after Notre Dame TD and drives for score." Yep, that certainly was a mistake on the Middies part to assume a free interpretation of the text. The Irish defensive unit, a group of strict-interpreters all the way, shut the Middies off for the rest of the afternoon. Thirteen times the defense forced the Middies to turn the ball over to the Road Runner and his Gang. And seven of those times the offense drove the ball over Navy's goal line. After that first quarter the Navy suffered their worst shellacking since the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor.

Theismann's aerial bombs were accurate to within 75%, as he delighted the home town fans by hitting 13 of 17 passes against a hapless Middie defense. Twice he found his pet receiver, Tom Gatewood, open for scores. Gatewood's second TD reception brought the junior receiver to within one of Jim Seymour's record 16 career tallies.

But it was the Irish ground attack that really sank the fleet from Annapolis. By the final gun the Irish had piled up 408 rushing yards and six rushing TD's. These statistics become even more humiliating for Navy's hordes when one realizes that they were distributed, quite evenly, among ten different Irish backs.

And, as if that wasn't bad enough, consider this: Scott Hempel alone outscored the Middies' offense with his own eight PAT's. Oh, well, there's always the Army game, eh Midshipmen?

Looks like a scrimmage with all those empty seats, doesn't it? Only 45,000 showed in 102,000-seat JFK Stadium, as ND drowned Navy, 56-7 . . .

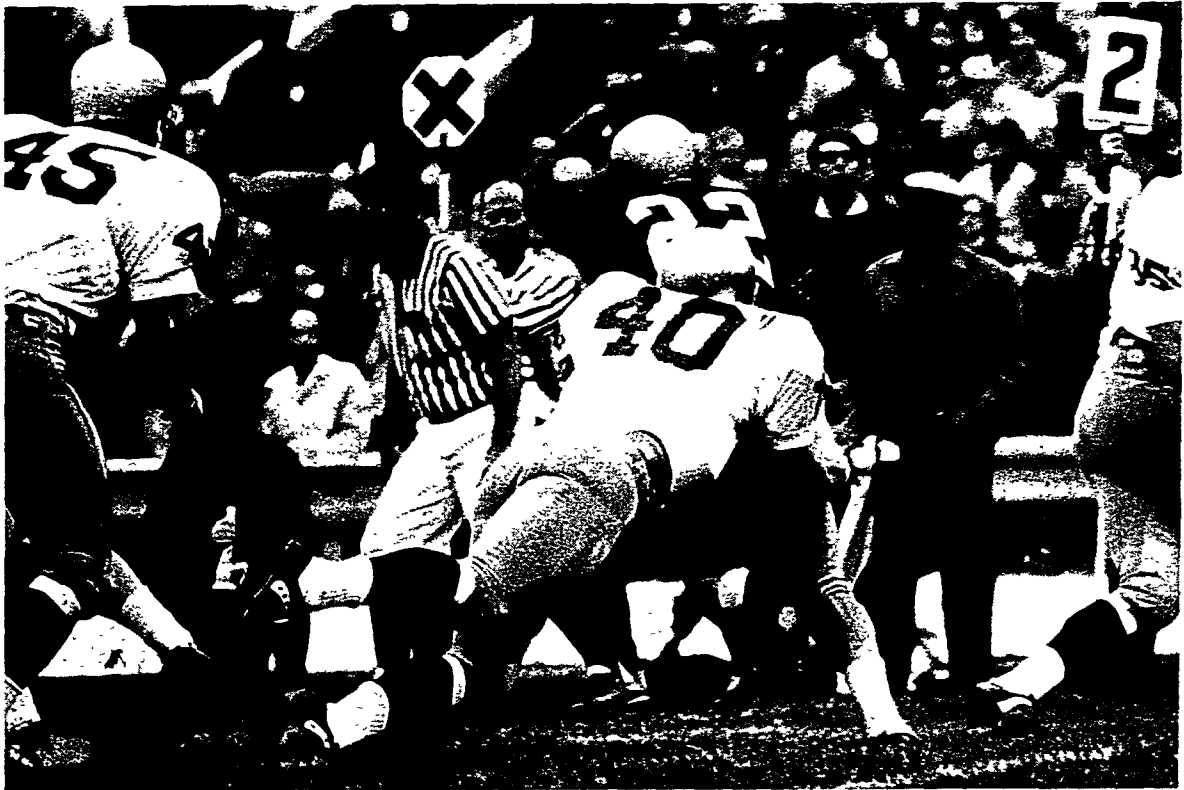




Navy's offensive line gave Mr. Dillion (22) little "aid" all afternoon

Notre Dame	7	28	7	14—56	TEAM STATISTICS	
Navy	7	0	0	0—7		
NAVY: Dillon, 5-yard run (Lanning kick).					Total First Downs	33
ND: Dewan, 3-yard run (Hempel kick).					Yards Gained Rushing	408
ND: Barz, 2-yard run (Hempel kick).					Yards Gained Passing	192
ND: Barz, 1-yard run (Hempel kick).					Total Offensive Yardage	600
ND: Gatewood, 6-yard pass from Theismann					Passing (Att'd—Comp'd)	17—13
(Hempel kick).					Interceptions by	3
ND: Gatewood, 29-yard pass from Theismann					Fumbles lost	2
(Hempel kick).					Punting (No.—Avg.)	0
ND: Allan, 3-yard run (Hempel kick).					Total Yards Penalized	8
ND: Cieszkowski, 30-yard run (Hempel kick).					Weather: Overcast and cool.	
ND: Minnix, 5-yard run (Hempel kick).					Attendance: 45,226.	

Linebacker Jim Wright (40) corrals Navy q.b. Ade Dillion on an attempted sweep



"The Pitt Panther is back." So proclaimed the colorful yearbook for 1970 published by the University of Pittsburgh's Sports Information Department. And, for a while there today, it looked as if they were right.

The Panthers sported a 5-2 record this sunny afternoon in South Bend, and, as Coach Parseghian was later to comment, "were understandably trying to redeem themselves after last week's loss to Syracuse." But despite the fact that the Steel City boys had somehow edged into a 14-13 lead in the second quarter, there was an early indication that this just might not be their day.

On the first play from scrimmage for the Panthers, with fullback Tony Esposito lined up behind quarterback Dave Havern and halfback Dennis Ferris secure in the left slot, an interesting thing happened. Ferris broke from his stance, and went in motion to the right. Nothing too unusual. But as he reached the backfield area he ran into Esposito, almost knocking him over, slipped and fell flat on his face. An omen, perhaps.

Before the day's end Joe Theismann (as in Heisman, as everyone was constantly being reminded) would rewrite a few of the record books that are stored away in some dusky archives on the campus of du Lac:

- he would surpass George Gipp's total performance for a career with a total of 4,847 yards. Gipp's old mark was 4,833.
- he would break Terry Hanratty's career total

offense mark of 4,738 yards by totaling 381 yards today, giving him a new mark of 4,741 career yards.

About the records, Theismann was later to say, "I was more concerned about winning today. As far as the record is concerned, I think it should be shared as a team record, 'cause without them I'd have been sittin' on my ass all year."

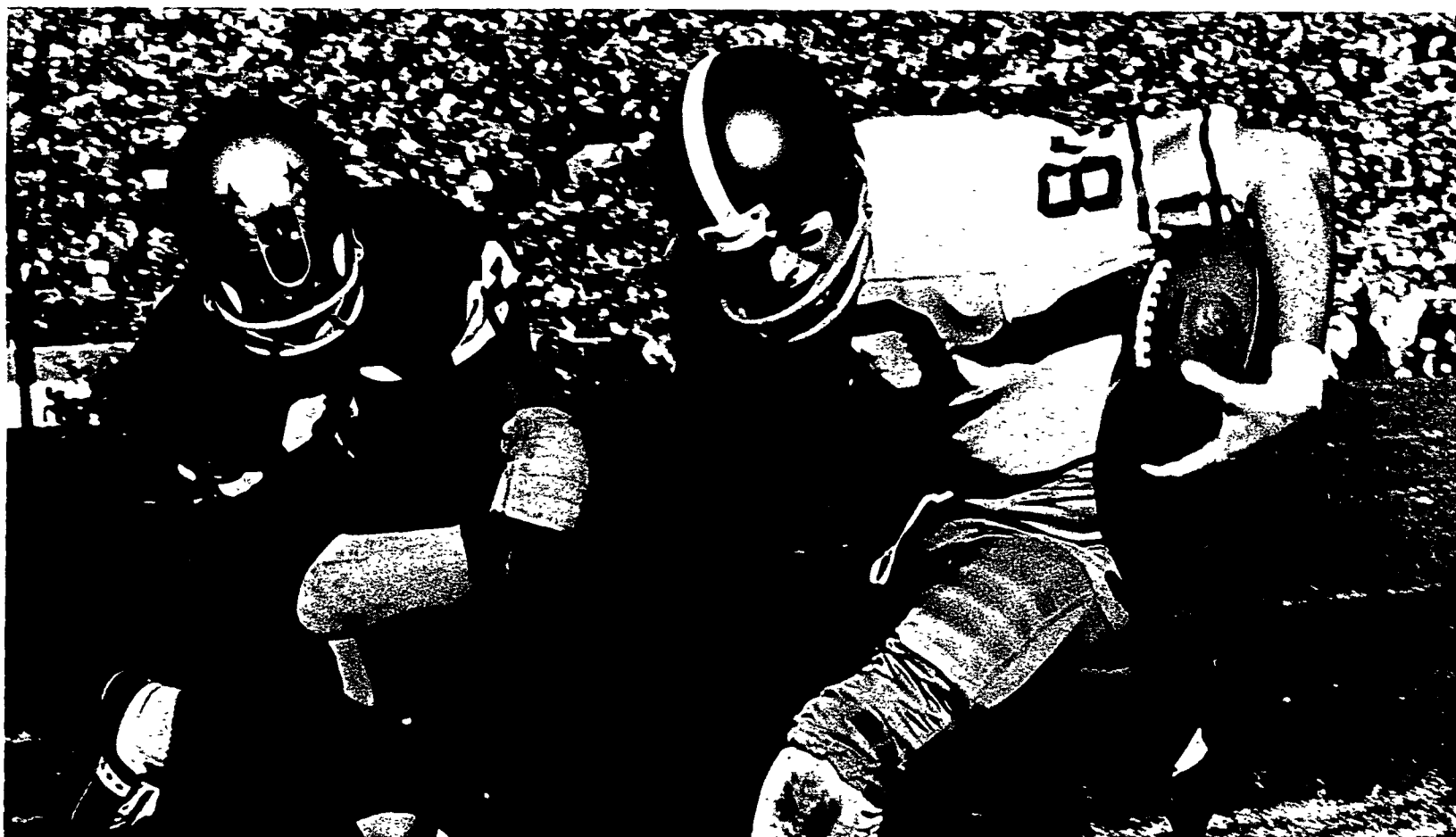
But before records could be considered, there was still that little matter of winning a football game.

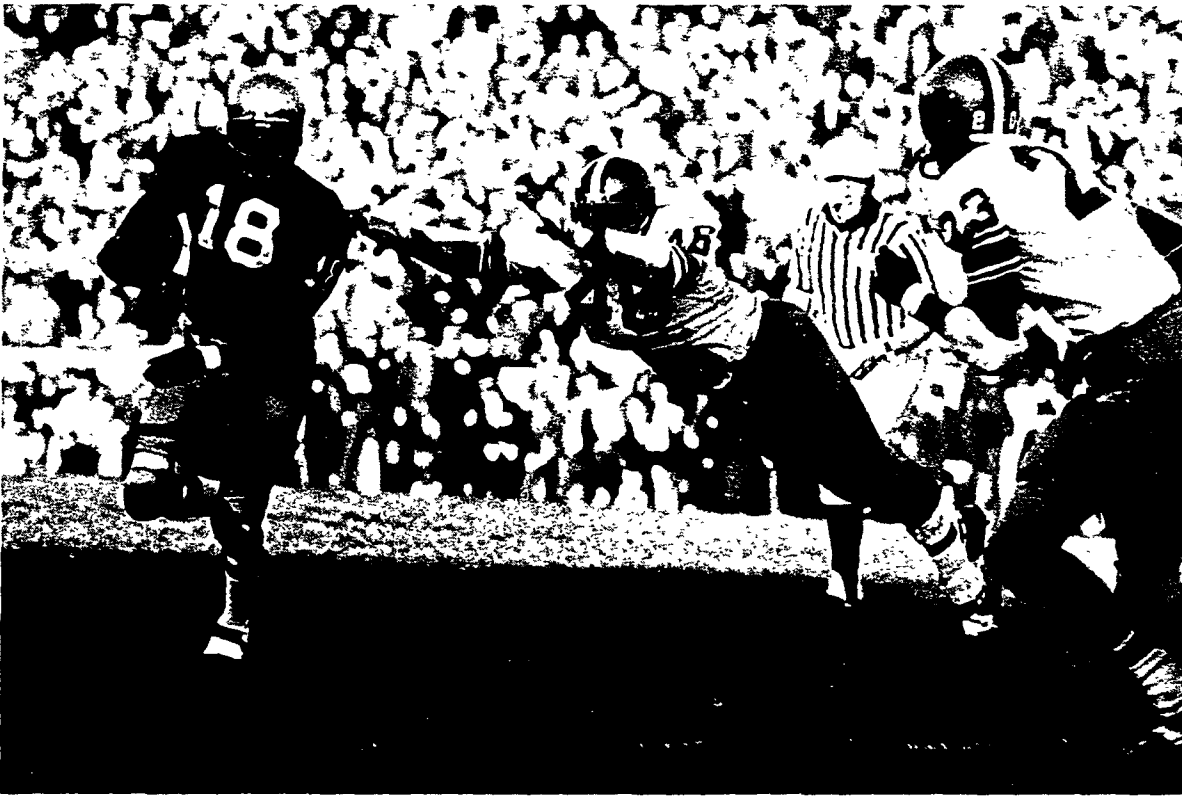
Notre Dame established itself, although not too quickly, yet quite convincingly by the middle of the second quarter on touchdown dives by Allan and Barz. But then the unexpected happened. A poorly covered kickoff gave the Panthers possession at the ND 44. Five plays and four John Hogan passes later, it was 13-7. Irish defensive back Rich Thomann had the key play on this drive diagnosed perfectly; a long pass to halfback Ferris down the sideline. But the ball was underthrown, and as Ferris was the only one to notice this, Thomann was unable to come back to defend before it was too late. The play covered 30 yards and set the Panthers up at the ND 12.

Two plays later the Panthers had the ball back again. A Theismann pass was fumbled by ace receiver Tom Gatewood and Panther halfback Reggie Frye pounced on the loose ball on the ND 35.

The Irish defense was determined to thwart the Panthers this time, and limited them to six yards

Panther split-end Steve Moyer (80) is dragged to the ground by ND's Ellis





Minnix eludes the grasp of a Panther linebacker

in four plays. But a holding penalty gave the Panthers new life at the ND 11. Again the defense rose to the occasion. On third and ten Hogan lofted a pass to the left flag over the head of the receiver Bill Pilconis. But despite protesting cries of "are you kiddin', ref? no way" Notre Dame's Stepaniak was charged with interference and it was Panther possession on the ND 1. Esposito took it in from there, and with Spicko's placement, Notre Dame was behind for only the second time in the season, 14-13.

The Panthers had gotten enough breaks to last a team an entire season: a completed underthrown pass, a fumble, and two drive-sustaining penalties. Surely a break or two was headed the Irish way.

And sure enough, before you could say "Theismann for Heisman," the break came.

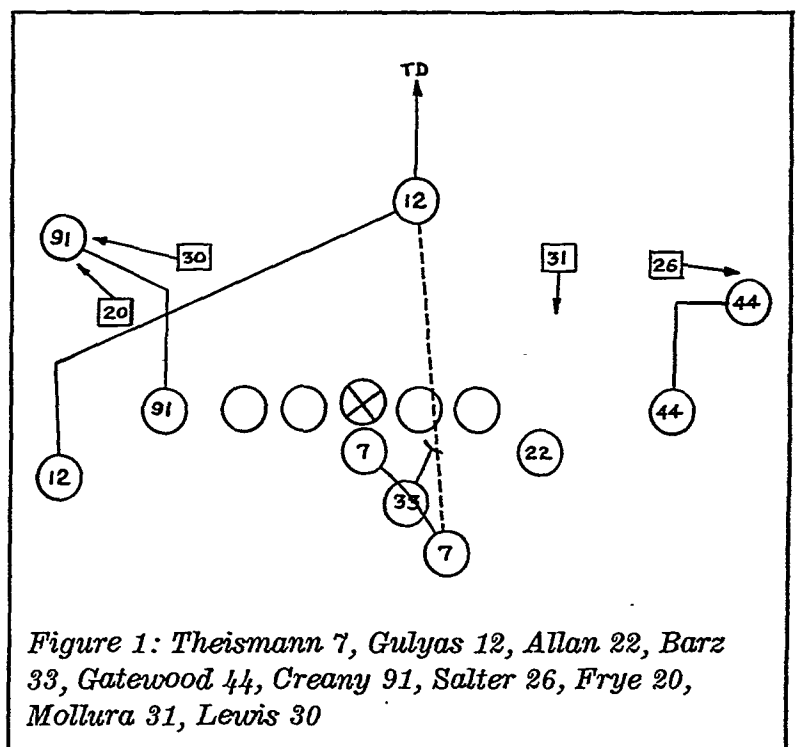
With the ball at his own 46, Theismann sent Denny Allan over the middle and long. Scrambling for time, Theismann apparently didn't notice that two Pitt defenders had converged on Allan and lofted a high, arching pass "a la Joe Kapp" right in the midst of the three merging players. The ball sailed through the arms of Pitt defender Bill Ramos, off the fingertips of Panther Bryant Salter and into the grasp of ND's Allan, who galloped unmolested twenty-five yards for the score. It was then and there that the Panthers should have called it quits.

Following the kickoff, Pittsburgh's Tony Esposito fumbled on the second play of scrimmage, giving the Irish possession at the Panther 37 and causing quite a furor from Pitt Coach Carl DePasqua: "The whistle had clearly blown before the fumble; I thought we could upset them, but that really had to be the turning point."

On the second play of the drive, the Irish lined up in a double flanker formation (see Figure 1) with

Barz set behind Theismann. Assistant Coach Tom Pagna, describing the play, said that "Pitt was in a man-to-man all afternoon. We felt that if we could mix them up by crossing Creaney and Gulyas, we could work Ed free over the middle." And the play worked to perfection. Gatewood took Salter out of the play with a down-and-out to the sideline. The fake to Barz froze their linebackers and Mollura. Both Frye and Lewis went with Creaney as he cut into the left flat, and Gulyas was all alone over the middle. In the space of a minute and nineteen seconds the dream of a Panther upset had faded into an Irish rout.

Theismann finished the day with 284 yards passing, on 13 of 24. Seventy-eight of these yards came at 13:29 of the third quarter when he hit tight end





Eric Patton informally introduces himself to Panther q.b. Dave Havern

Mike Creaney on the right sideline; and Creaney bulled his way for the score. Two fourth-quarter touchdowns by reserve John Cieszkowski closed out the scoring as the Irish routed the Panthers for the sixth year in a row.

For the first time this season, Ara began to push his flakey quarterback for the coveted homonymn. "Joe Theismann really put on quite a show for our fans today. As you know, we like to let performance speak for Joe in regards to the Heisman Trophy. His performance today spoke quite eloquently. He is a complete football player—he runs, he passes, he leads the team, he calls plays. He is a real 'coach on the field.'"

Theismann, however, was quick to complement the man who was on the receiving end of nine of his 13 completions today. "Tom Gatewood is really great," pointed out Joe as he towelled the sweat from his brow, "he makes it so much easier for me out there. If he gets within a yard of a defender, then it's all over."

And Tom? Well, Tom was busy analyzing the third attempt of the year to stop him by man-to-man coverage. Army and Missouri had both failed at it already). He had few good words for Bryant Salter, the man Coach DePasqua had claimed "defensed Gatewood pretty well." "That boy was scared of me out there today," observed the Swinging

Gate, "he was holdin' me for dear life on every play."

But as far as quotes go, perhaps the best of the day goes to Terry Shields, Sports Editor of the Observer. After watching the Panther purr for three-quarters of the afternoon, he muttered to himself, "The Pitt Panther is back—big deal."

Pittsburgh	0	14	0	0—14
Notre Dame	7	18	6	15—46

Scoring:

ND: Allan, 3-yard run (Hempel kick).
ND: Barz, 3-yard run (Hempel's kick wide).
UP: Pilconis, 5-yard pass from Hogan (Spicko kick).
UP: Esposito, 1-yard run (Spicko kick).
ND: Allan, 54-yard pass from Theismann (Pass failed).
ND: Gulyas, 35-yard pass from Theismann (Run failed).
ND: Creaney, 78-yard pass from Theismann (Pass failed).
ND: Cieszkowski, 2-yard run (Dewan run).
ND: Cieszkowski, 1-yard run (Smith kick).

TEAM STATISTICS

	ND	UP
Total First Downs	26	13
Yards Gained Rushing	322	107
Yards Gained Passing	284	149
Total Offensive Yardage ..	606	256
Passing (Att'd—Comp'd)	27—13	36—17
Interceptions by	2	2
Fumbles lost	1	2
Punting (no.—avg.)	4—46	7—35
Total Yards Penalized	33	56
Weather: Sunny and cool.	Attendance: 59,075.	



Gulyas races for 16 yards to the Tech 18 minutes before Allan's TD

Last Tuesday something happened to the 1970 Notre Dame football team that was entirely new to them: they were ranked the number one college football team by both the AP and UPI for the first time this year. All along campus experts had been saying that the Irish were easily the best in the land, and now they had their recognition.

But the glory of "numero uno" was short-lived, for Georgia Tech, lowly Georgia Tech, almost pulled off the upset of the year, but nevertheless succeeded in spilling the Irish from their briefly held lofty perch. For fifty-three minutes and thirty-two seconds the fired-up Yellowjackets had the capacity crowd that filled Notre Dame Stadium believing in the power of Southern football. For many had made the long walk from their dorms to Gate 15 presupposing that no southern school could match the powerful Irish; and these same students left with sighs of relief of having escaped the jaws of defeat by so narrow a margin.

Outwardly, Coach Parseghian expressed little concern for the polls after this one. "It doesn't make any difference if you win by 40 or 1, just so long as you win," said Ara. "It's nice to be number one as we were this week, but the only rankings I want to see is after November 28th, when we close our season."

Just what had happened that November afternoon that justified the pollsters' lowered esteem for the Irish? A look at the statistics won't reveal much; the Irish easily "out-offensed" the 'Jackets by a 448-141 total offense margin. No, the statistics don't tell it straight; they hide some interesting facts. Facts such as:

- Notre Dame's failure to penetrate the Yellow-jacket 15 until 3:50 of the third quarter.
- Gatewood catching his first pass of the day at

2:50 of the second quarter.

—the failure of the Irish to make good on eleven third-down situations.

In all, the Irish punted three times in the first half and missed on two field goals. The 'Jackets had it even worse; of the eight series of downs they had the ball, the Yellowjackets were forced to call upon punter Chip Pallman for his services. The end result? A scoreless tie at the half's end; quite unbelievable considering the Irish had been averaging a little over 41 points-per-game entering today's contest.

Assistant Coach Pagna analyzed Tech's first-half defensive success as an "attempt to take away our big attack from both sides. They were forcing our running attack to the weak side by stacking their linebackers on the side our tight end lined up. And on pass defense, they rotated their safety on each play to Gatewood's side."

Having spotted the problem, what then was the coaches' solution?

Again Pagna: "To counteract these defensive maneuvers, we decided upon two things; first, we would use a two-tight end system more in the second half to confuse their linebackers, and second, we would cross Gatewood more with the other receivers to free him from the safety."

As it developed, this very concept of "crossing" Gatewood would later figure in perhaps one of the biggest plays of the season; but not quite the way Coach Pagna figured it would.

After Georgia Tech had erased the slim lead provided in the third quarter by a 34-yard Scott Smith field goal with a 66-yard McAshan-to-Thigpen pass play, it appeared that mighty Notre Dame was destined to have its unbeaten streak snapped at seven. With 11:45 left





Clarence Ellis prepares for a return upfield after pilfering a McAshan pass

to play it appeared the Irish had really sealed their fate, as a Theismann pass intended for Denny Allan was picked off on the goal line by Tech's Rick Lewis.

But the Notre Dame defense gave the Irish one more crack at the Tech goal line, forcing the Yellowjackets' eleventh punt of the day. Ara later said that "it was our defense that won the game for us. With the exception of that one bomb they played near perfect—they shut them off."

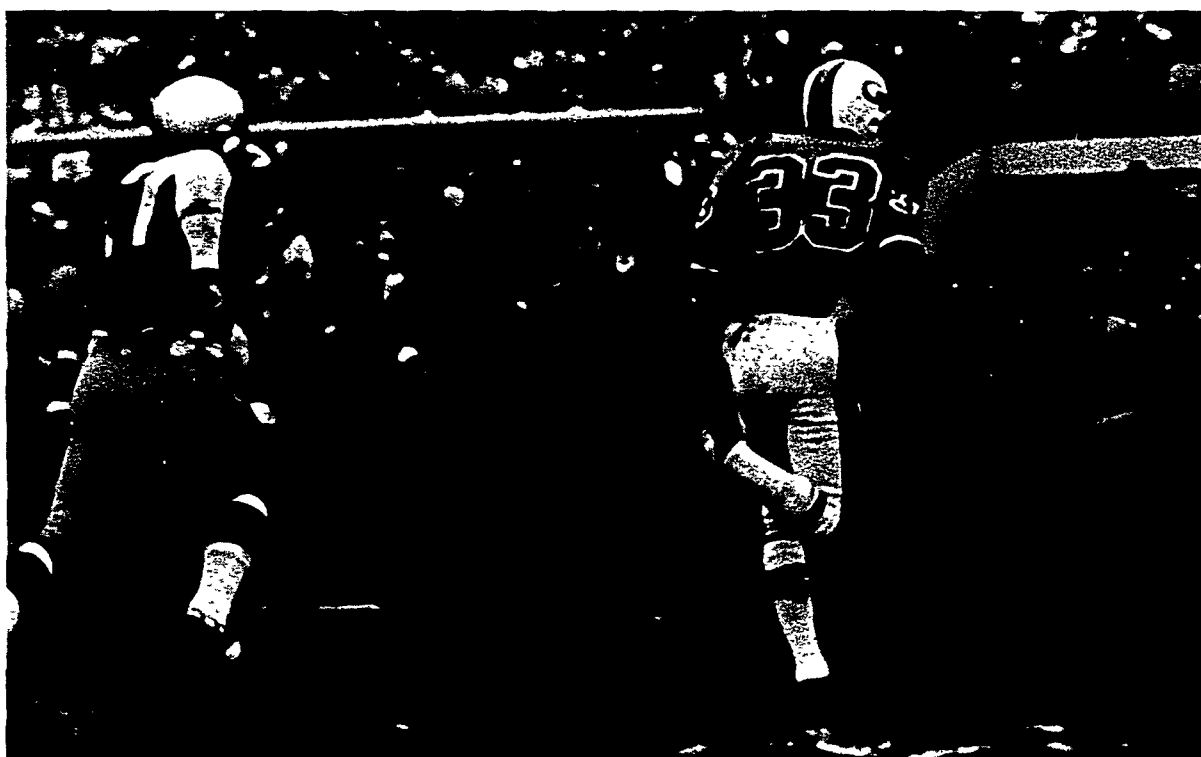
Pallman's punt was retrieved by Mike Crotty on the ND 10 and he returned it to the 20. It was now or never for the '70 Irish.

The very first play was a perfect example of Pagna's "Gatewood cross," only the wrong men were fooled (Figure 2). Gulyas, flanked left, was the decoy who was supposed to clear the left side for Gatewood

cutting over the middle. But the Tech defense picked up the play; in fact, too many Tech defenders read the play. For as Joe Theismann scrambled looking for a receiver, Tech cornerback Jeff Ford (who had in last year's game returned an interception 100-yards for a Tech TD) left his zone for a split-second to pick up the new man, Tom Gatewood. In so doing, he let Gulyas go; and Theismann hurled him the ball on the run for a 46-yard gain at the Tech 34.

This was the big play the Irish needed. Hushing the noisiest student-body crowd since last year's Southern Cal game, Theismann coolly directed the Irish attack to the Tech end-zone, calling upon halfback Allan five times for the last 18 yards and the score.

Tech could muster nary an offensive threat after that, and Clarence Ellis squelched a final desperation



Larry Studdard outraces ND's Mike Crotty for Tech's lone score on a 66-yard pass play

bomb with an interception of McAshan's pass on the ND 27 with 1:58 left to play.

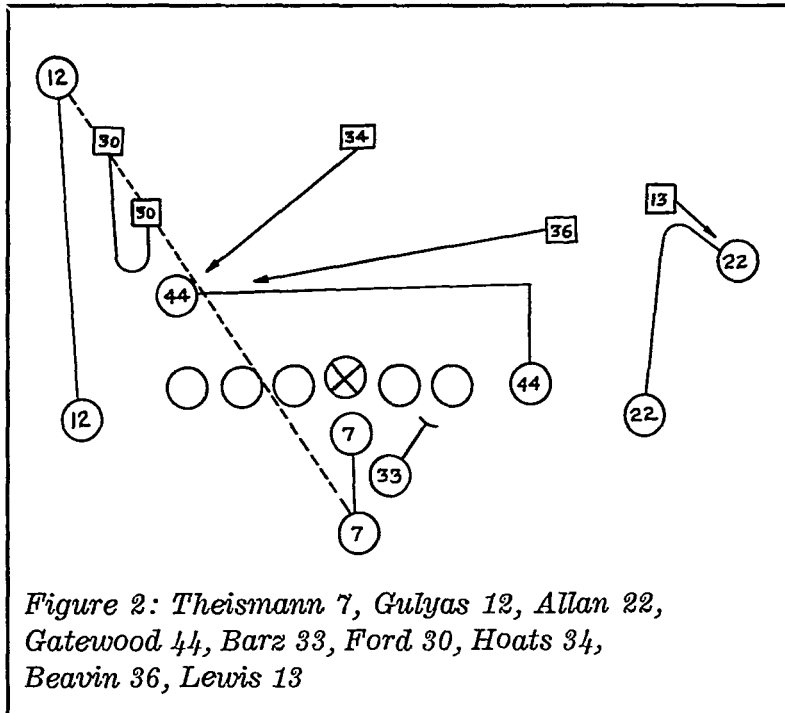
"You gotta win this kind of game for a successful football season," proclaimed Coach Parseghian in the victor's locker room, "I was particularly proud of the way our boys came back to win."

Joe Theismann stood in front of locker number 120, peeling off his jersey and pads, and lamented that he still didn't think "I'm playing the type of game I'm

capable of." But Theismann had passed for 272 yards on 15 of 30 in a wind he himself termed "very freaky."

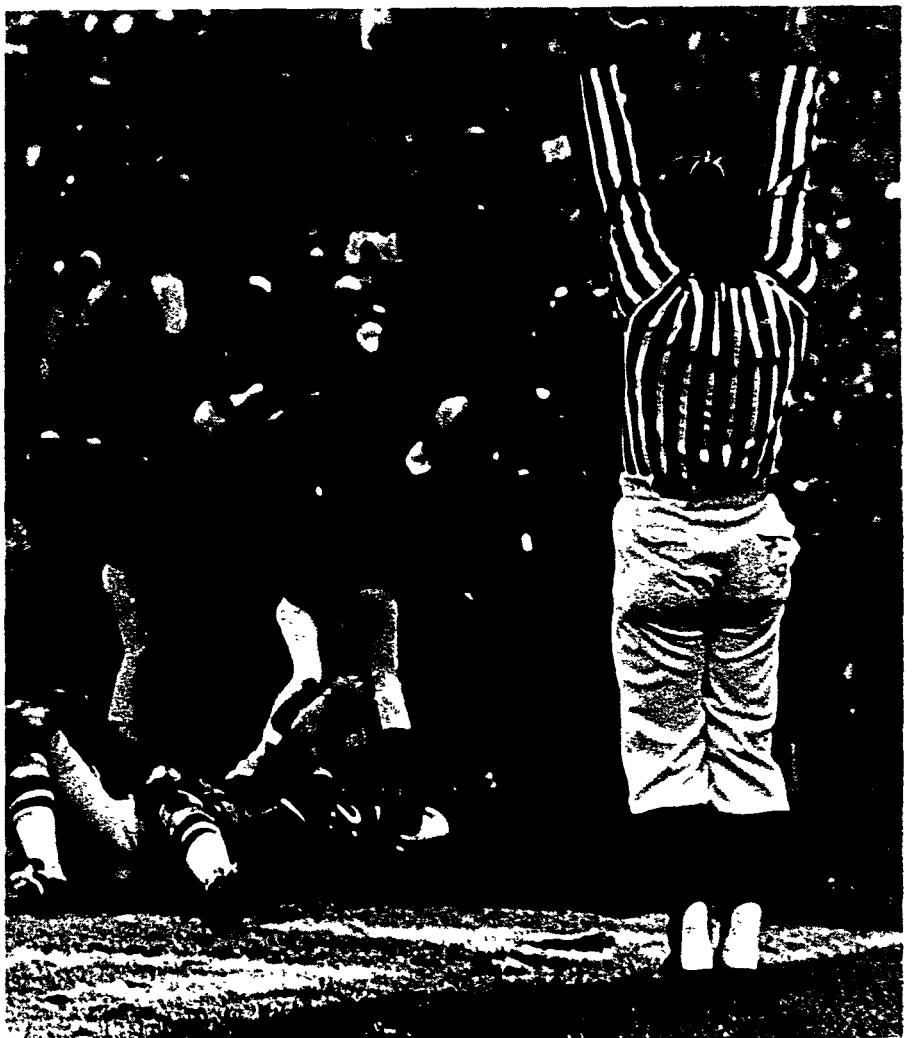
What seemed to be lacking in this game was a general cohesiveness to the offensive attack; a problem Coach Parseghian had noted earlier in the season in the Army game. The yardage came big, true. But the "big yardage" never seemed to come at the right time.

The Irish defense had backed up the offense in their first substantial collapse of 1970, but could it continue to do so should the offense continue to sputter in the remaining two games? Only time would tell . . .



Georgia Tech	0	0	7	0-7
Notre Dame	0	0	3	7-10
Scoring:				
ND: Smith, 34-yard field goal.				
GT: Studdard, 66-yard pass from McAshan (Thigpen kick).				
ND: Allan, 2-yard run (Hempel kick).				
TEAM STATISTICS				
Total First Downs	22	6		
Yards Gained Rushing	176	32		
Yards Gained Passing	272	109		
Total Offensive Yardage	448	141		
Passing (Att'd-Comp'd)	30-15	18-6		
Interceptions by	2	2		
Fumbles lost	1	0		
Punting (no.-avg.)	6-35	12-37		
Total Yards Penalized	30	35		
Weather: Cloudy and cold.		Attendance: 59,075.		

The referee signals jubilation for the student body as Allan's TD brings the Irish victory



Howard Cosell's nasal New York accent pierced the silence of the dreary ride on the Toll Road from Chicago to South Bend.

"And tomorrow, the Fighting Irish of Notrah Daaam, undefeated, untied, will be looking to bring head coach Ahrya Pahrsiggian a big win over Coach Chahls MacLennon's LSU Tigahs. The winnah of this one will certainly get the nod to face either Tex-as or Arkansaw in the Cottin Bowl."

Yep, fightin' for the Cotton Bowl. Last year the LSU student press unleashed a barrage of vindictiveness after the Dallas committee had turned down their beloved Tigers in place of the Irish for a spot against the Southwest Conference winner. "Texas is gonna roll all over Notre Dame" was the cry in Baton Rouge. But the Irish disappointed them and made a game out of it.

Now, in 1970, LSU's Daily Reveille levelled charges against Notre Dame for "piling it up" against the Irish's weaker opponents, calling Coach Parseghian the "prime example of a point-hungry, poll-conscious coach who'll leave his first string in until the waning moments of the fourth quarter." Their Sports Editor, Bill Delaune, Jr. ranked Notre Dame as tops on his list of "my most hated college football teams." He went on to say that "if Notre Dame were playing Russia tomorrow, I'd be right out there waving the old hammer and sickle."

Stuff like that makes one want to punch Mr. Bill Delaune, Jr. in the mouth, or other vulnerable sections of his anatomy. It also inspires any loyal Notre Dame fan to implore the Fighting Irish to go out and beat the tar out of the Bengal Tigers. But such was not to be the case today.

Oftentimes I had doubted the authenticity of "Southern Football." After all, they hardly ever played out of their section; and, when they would

condescend to grapple an eleven from the North or West, the game had to be staged on their home soil, amidst the frenzied wavings of Confederate flags and shouts of "Kill the Damn Yankees." Yeah, they were smaller and supposedly the powerhouses of the North—where football was played, not staged. So I thought; until a fair-to-middling Dixie squad had scared the daylights out of me the week before. But that was only a fluke; surely LSU's "number one" rushing defense wasn't all it was cracked up to be. But I was wrong; dead wrong.

An unbelievably quick Tiger defense, led by the likes of tackles John Sage and Ronnie Estay (who between them accounted for 6 solo tackles and 11 assists) and defensive back Tommy Casanova (who aside from chipping in with four solo tackles of his own limited ND's top end Tom Gatewood to 4 receptions and 21 yards) stifled the Irish ground attack to a mere 78 yards rushing and limited the powerhouse offense (an offense that had been averaging over 500 yards-per-game) to less than half their usual production.

But the defensive glories weren't all just Tiger achievements. Notre Dame's defensive charge, facing its second big challenge in as many weeks, held the Tigers to a season low of 165 yards total offense. Time and again big Walt Patulski and his defensive end-mate, Bob Neidert, came up with the big rush or tackle that would force the Tigers into a punting situation.

In all, the game developed into what Coach Parseghian tagged "a most tremendous defensive performance by two of the finest college football teams in the country."

Both teams were to have excellent scoring opportunities only twice during the course of a game that turned into a duel of punters—Notre Dame's Jim Yoder and LUS's Wayne Dickinson. Before the afternoon was over, Yoder would have punted 10 times for



Ralph Stepaniak leaps high into the air to intercept a Buddy Lee pass in the first quarter



Patulski's second-effort trips up LSU's Cantrelle after a negligible gain

a 43 yard average, while Dickinson was called upon twice more than Yoder, and averaging 5 yards less.

The Tigers had a chance for a quick score early in the first period when Tiger cornerback Jim Earley recovered a Denny Allan fumble after a Theismann completion on the ND 30. But Patulski and Neidert combined to drop the Bengals' Buddy Lee for an eight yard loss and Dickinson was called upon for the first time in the afternoon.

Ralph Stepaniak set up the first Notre Dame scoring threat with an interception of a Buddy Lee pass at the ND 34 and a return to the midfield stripe. But Irish reserve back Darryll Dewan fumbled away the Irish's scoring chances on the Tiger 3.

Then the punting units took over, as both teams logged more yardage shuffling specialty teams onto the field than would be netted all afternoon.

With 14:21 left to play in the game, a Theismann pass bounced out of the hands of Bill Barz into the arms of Bill Norsworthy, Tiger safety man, and the

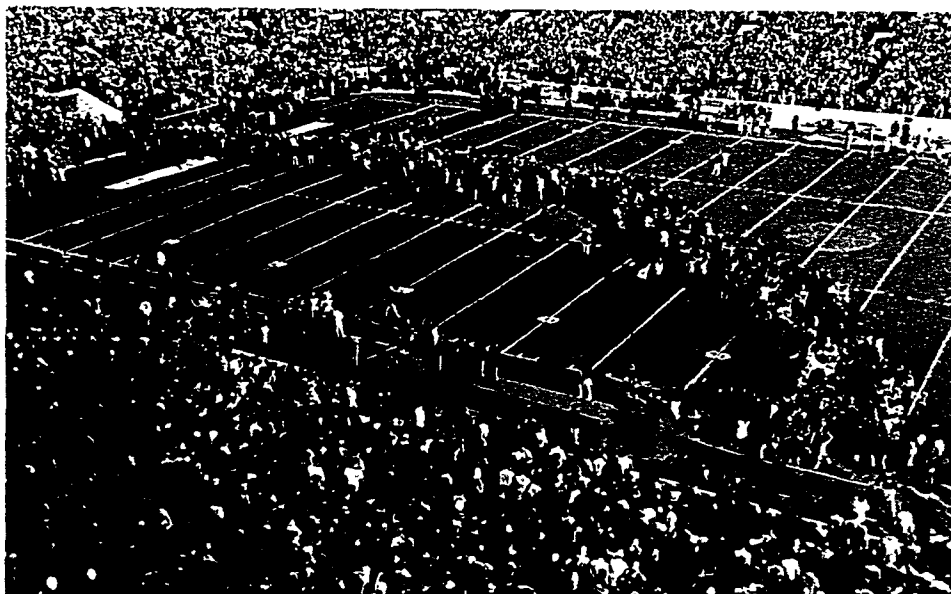
Bengals had the ball, and the momentum, at the ND 34.

The Tigers ran the ball inside the Irish defense to the ND 18, with tailback Art Cantrelle doing most of the legwork. But on third and four at the 18, Clarence Ellis broke through the LSU interference and stopped Cantrelle's sweep short of the first down.

With the ball spotted at the ND 25, LSU's Mark Lumpkin appeared to be destined for the Tigers' "hero of the week" award, as he was well within his own field goal range. But again it was Neidert who came up with the big play, bursting through the LSU line and deflecting Lumpkin's kick to the ground. That was LSU's last opportunity; Notre Dame would still have one more.

It seemed as if it was poetic justice that a game that had seen so much punting should have been decided by the whimsy of a punted ball; instead of a sensational offensive play. When Jim Yoder's punt from the LSU 44 trickled out of bounds on the one yard line it even seemed more justifiable that so great

The team returns for the second-half through the "tunnel" of hysterical students



a defensive game be decided by the margin of a safety. "Imagine," echoed someone in the pressbox, "Notre Dame 2, LSU 0."

But the Tigers moved the ball way from that possible disgrace, and Dickinson lofted his eleventh punt of the afternoon to Clarence Ellis, who returned to the LSU 36, with just 4:57 left to play.

Now it was the Irish's turn to be fired up. Defender Jim Earley climbed Ed Gulyas' back at the LSU 17 and the Irish were in business with an interference penalty. Now the cry of Notre Dame fans across the country wasn't "take it in," but "don't give up the football; for God's sake don't fumble."

But before Scott Hempel was to rumble onto the sun-drenched field, quarterback Joe Theismann still had a heart-stopper left for the fans. On second and goal from the seven, Theismann rolled wide, found that Gatewood had beaten Casanova inside and was wide open, and promptly hit him with a beautiful bounce-pass. Casanova may have been fooled once, but not a second time. But Theismann came with the same play, rushed his throw, and this time it was Casanova who was open. But he dropped it, and thus entered Scott Hempel.

"All I was thinking on the sidelines before I was called in was that 'I just gotta make it,'" reflected Scott Hempel in the locker room. "I was a little worried about the wind, but when I kicked it I knew it was good."

There was a festive atmosphere in the Irish locker room after the game. Everyone was in a good mood, and the comments reflected this. When asked what adjustments had been made at half-time, a beaming Coach Pagna facetiously answered: "Well, we gave

our defense a pep talk; told 'em to keep getting them. We gave our punter a pep talk, too." Linebacker Jim Wright, although trying to hold a straight face, attempted to answer a query as to the performance of the LSU offensive line with "they're like a bunch of quick, little Jap sumo wrestlers." And everybody was giving punter Jim Yoder a hard time. As the press converged on him for a few statements, echoes of "don't bother with him fellas, he's too modest; ya won't get a thing out of him" spilled over from opposite rows of lockers.

Yep, mirth and merriment. Nine and oh and one to go. Only tackle Mike Kadish wore a frown. "Damn," he said, "two weeks in a row of those quick little Southerners and another toughie next week. That game against Southern Cal ain't gonna be too easy."

If only you knew, Mike Kadish, just how tough it would be; if only you knew . . .

Louisiana State	0	0	0	0—0
Notre Dame	0	0	0	3—3
Scoring:				
ND: Hempel, 24-yard field goal.				
TEAM STATISTICS				
	ND	LSU		
Total First Downs	14	12		
Yards Gained Rushing	78	83		
Yards Gained Passing	149	82		
Total Offensive Yardage	227	165		
Passing (Att'd—Comp'd)	30—14	16—6		
Interceptions by	2	1		
Fumbles lost	2	0		
Punting (no.—avg.)	10—43	12—38		
Total Yards Penalized	20	50		
Weather: Sunny, windy and cool. Attendance: 59,075.				



Celebrity Bob Hope appears to be wondering why "Moose" is doing all the talking

"This just isn't happening. It's gotta be some kinda nightmare. I don't believe it. Oh, God . . ."—the laments of a Notre Dame student as the ABC cameras unfolded the end of a once beautiful dream.

We had come so close, so agonizingly close, that it was a shame indeed that it should all end so suddenly in the muck and rain of Southern California. A beautiful dream indeed, shattered into bits of agonizing reality: 1970's Notre Dame eleven had lost a game. Not just a game, but *the* game. This was the one that was to prove once and for all that the haunting jinxes of past years had been dissipated. Hadn't Purdue been beaten? Hadn't the Spartans been toppled on their own home turf? All that remained to complete the neat picture of a 1970 Notre Dame National Championship was to erase the memory of 1964. So easy a task to put in writing, yet so impossible a task to perform.

Never during the 1970 season had Notre Dame made so many costly mistakes in one sixty-minute span. And never had USC played such perfectly executed football. In the words of SC's Jimmy Jones: "We

really put it all together."

All did not open on a gloomy note for the Irish, however. Sparked by the passing wizardry of Joe Theismann, Notre Dame swept through the USC defense for 80 yards and a touchdown on the first series of downs. As Theismann coucluded a 25-yard scamper for the initial score at the SC goal line, he triumphantly raised both hands in the air; perhaps feeling that at last, no one was going to spoil his dreams of perfection.

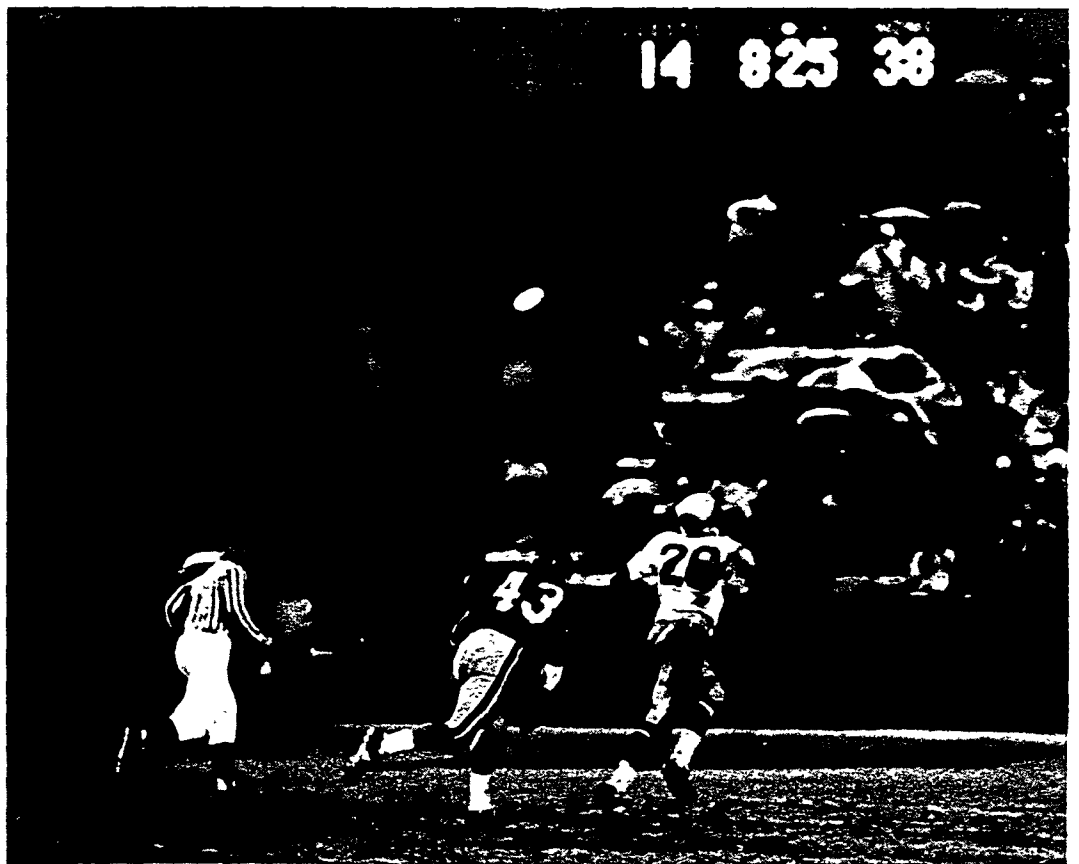
The Trojans then amazed millions of television viewers with an offensive display that sent the once-impregnable Irish defense reeling.

With Clarence Davis grinding out yardage inside and around the Irish defense and Jimmy Jones threading the ND secondary with precision passes that kept the Irish honest, it took the Trojans just 2:56 to tie the score. Davis provided the equalizer with a three-yard sweep around left end.

Three minutes later it was Jones and Davis again. Two Jones' passes netted 41 yards, and a Davis run (from the ND 5) put the Trojans in front, 14-7.

Again the Irish were forced to punt after four plays,

Larry Parker races 46 yards with a Theismann pass for the third Irish TD



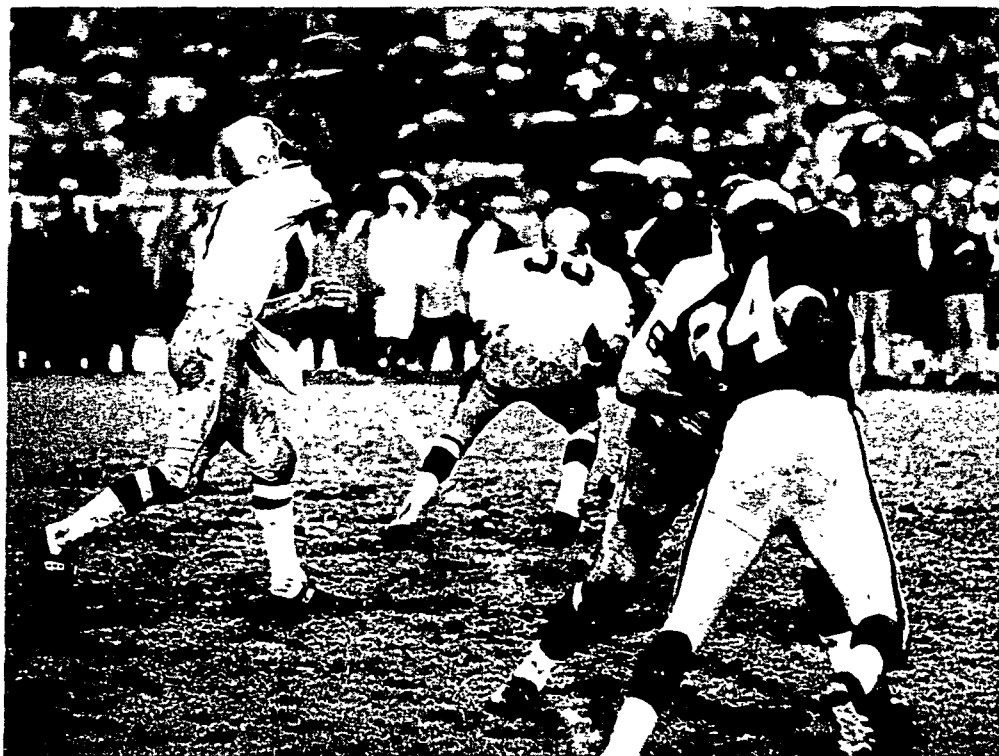
Southern Cal	21	3	14	0—38
Notre Dame	7	3	7	7—28
Scoring:				
ND: Theismann, 25-yard run (Hempel kick).				
SC: Davis, 3-yard run (Ayala kick).				
SC: Davis, 5-yard run (Ayala kick wide).				
SC: Dickerson, 45-yard pass from Jones (Chandler pass).				
ND: Cieszkowski, 9-yard pass from Theismann (Hempel kick).				
SC: Ayala, 19-yard field goal.				
SC: Adams, fumble recovery in end zone (Ayala kick).				
SC: Vella, fumble recovery in end zone (Alala kick).				
ND: Parker, 46-yard pass from Theismann (Hempel kick).				
ND: Theismann, 1-yard run (Hempel kick).				

TEAM STATISTICS

First Downs	28	17
Yards Gained Passing	526	226
Yards Gained Rushing	31	133
Total Offensive Yardage	557	359
Passing (Att'd—Comp'd)	58—33	24—15
Interceptions by	0	4
Fumbles lost	4	0
Punting (No.—Avg.)	6—35.5	11—33
Yards Penalized	23	20

Weather: Lousy (rainy and mild).

Attendance: 64,694.



Theismann vainly attempts to do the impossible, as the rain pours on

and again it was Jones who did the damage. Stepping back behind a wall of protection that would contain the likes of Patulski and Neidert all day, Jones lofted a pin-point spiral in the direction of split-end Sam Dickerson who was racing for the left corner of the ND end zone. But no worry, 'cause Irish back Clarence Ellis had him covered all the way. So we thought. In a play typical of plays that would beat the Irish that Saturday afternoon, SC had registered its third score in less than ten minutes of play—against a defense that had allowed a maximum of 14 points in one game all season. Dickerson, Ellis and the ball arrived at the goal line at the same time. Ellis apparently had the play broken up, but Dickerson grabbed the ball as it slithered through Ellis' arms for the score.

First quarter statistics were truly nightmarish.

Jones, not known for his exceptional passing accuracy, had been perfect on all seven he had let fly. The Trojans had run three series of downs and had scored touchdowns on each of them. But, for Notre Dame, the nightmare had just begun . . .

With the score 24-14 for the Trojans, the third quarter raised the curtain for an act of tragedy in the history of Notre Dame football that will not be soon forgotten.

In the second-quarter the Irish defense had finally begun to jell. An SC drive had been halted at the ND 1, and although Ron Ayala had cashed in with a 19-yard field goal, it appeared that the momentum just might be swinging Notre Dame's way.

Again, at the opening of the second-half, the Irish defenses had shut off the Trojan attack, and the Irish



Gulyas wends his way through the "Wild Bunch" for a few muddy yards

took over following an Ayala punt at their own 19. But a Dewan fumble on the first Notre Dame play of the second-half snuffed out the faint glimmerings of an Irish comeback.

Sensing the shift in momentum, Jones wasted no time in capitalizing on the Irish mistake. Three plays later he had moved the ball to the ND 2. And with the next play came the message, "not today, Notre Dame."

Tailback Berry sliced into the right side of the Notre Dame defensive line, but the force of the impact jarred the ball loose before he could cross the goal line. As if by some provident design, the ball sailed into the Irish end zone, and was quickly smothered by the Trojans right-tackle, Adams, for the score.

Before dumbounded Irish fans across the country could regain their composure, fate struck again. This time the unusual Southern Californian rains, the twelfth man on Coach McKay's squad for most of the second-half, provided the damage. Mired in the muck of his own end zone, quarterback Joe Theismann lost possession of the rain-slick ball, and with a Trojan recovery, it was just about all over.

In forty-two seconds what had once been a 24-14 Trojan margin, had been fumbled into an insurmountable 38-14 lead. The mud of the Los Angeles Coliseum had soiled the Irish's perfect slate for 1970.

What followed was an unbelievable display of one man's attempt to recapture the glory that was Notre Dame's. Joe Theismann, the man Ara had been calling

the team's "inspirational leader," would not give up.

Rallied by the quickness at which Theismann had directed the Irish to their third touchdown of the day—a sensational 46-yard pass play that fleet-footed Larry Parker somehow managed to turn into a score—the Irish fought back. When Theismann himself legged a yard for the final Irish score, on a fourth down situation, the fans gazing at the tube began to mutter "maybe, just maybe, he can do it."

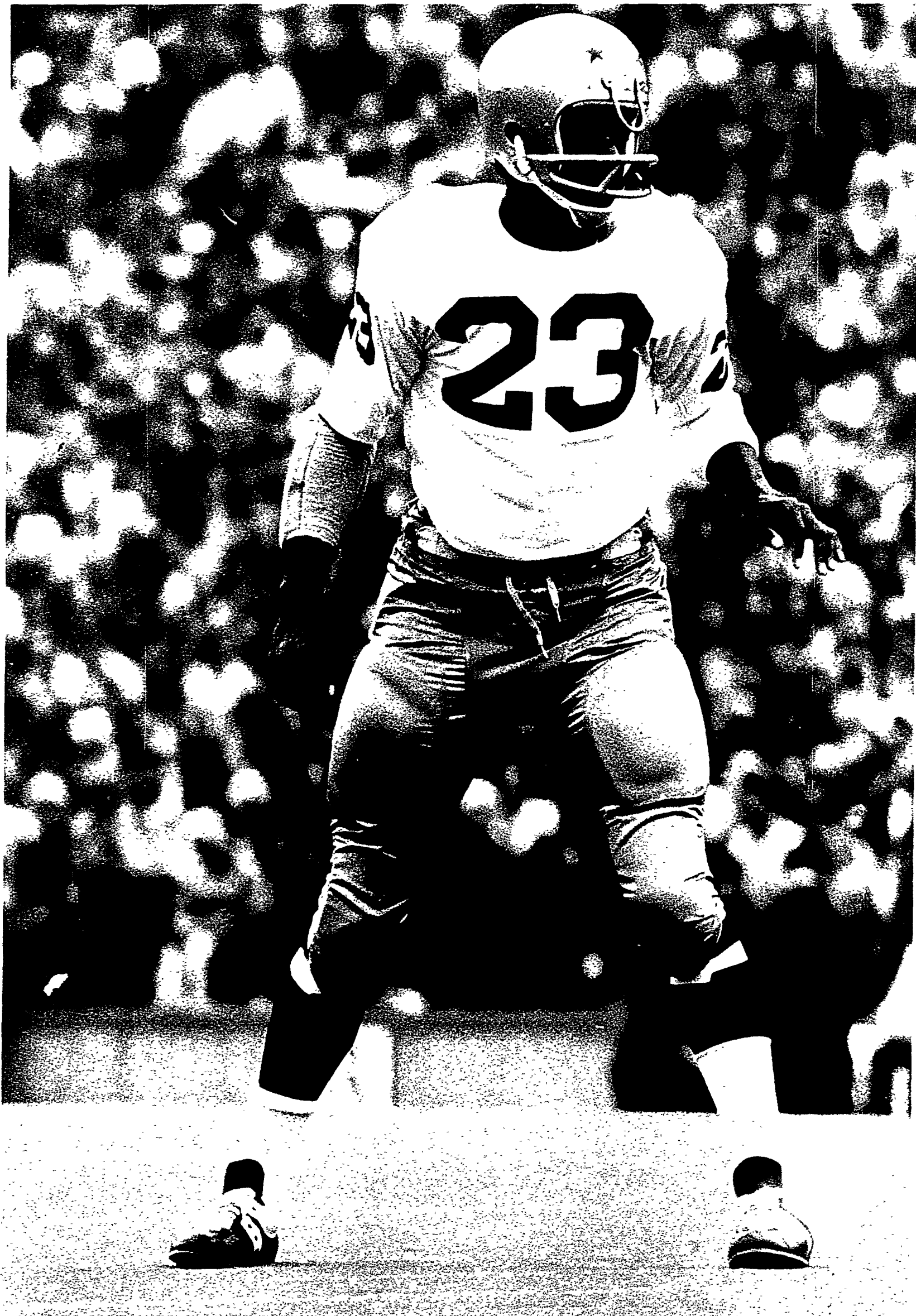
But the cards were too heavily stacked against him to pull off the miracle everyone hoped for. Three times SC would halt Theismann-directed drives with pass interceptions.

It was sort of sad the way Theismann tried to rally the troops to victory. With each incomplete pass, each interception, the camera would frame a dejected Theismann staring blankly as the season neared its destructive end. The pathos one feels at ringside when a Chuvalo is being pummelled by a Clay corresponds to the feelings one felt for Theismann as the game waned in the dying moments of the fourth-quarter. "Give up Joe; accept defeat," one may have thought as time and again Theismann was humiliated by an SC interception.

But "Jersey Joe" played to win 'till the end. He kept clawing and passing for yardage when others had given up hope, refusing to accept defeat. But time ran out on Theismann and his teammates, just as it ran out for another ND great, John Huarte, in 1964.

Jimmy Jones gets off another pass despite the leaping defensive efforts of ND's Neidert and Marx





1970 Final Statistics

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

	TDs	Kick	Play	FG	TP
Hempel	0	36-38		4-5	48
Allan	8				48
Gatewood	7		1-1 (P)		44
Gulyas	5				30
Barz	5				30
Theismann	4		1-4 (R)		26
Cieszkowski	4				24
Dewan	3		1-1 (R)		20
Parker	3				18
Minnix	3				18
Creaney	2				12
Steenberge	1				6
Smith	0	1-1		1-4	4

RETURNS

(No.—Yds.—TDs)	Int.	Punts	Kickoffs
Stepaniak	5-39-0		
Ellis	7-25-0	5- 33-0	
Kelly	2-15-0		
Webb	1-11-0		
Wright	2- 0-0		
Crotty	1- 0-0	19-100-0	3-37-0
O'Malley	1-18-0		
Schlezes		7- 77-0	
Nightingale		2- 9-0	4-77-0
Parker		1- 3-0	4-60-0
Dewan			4-91-0
Allan			2-30-0
Minnix			2- 7-0

INDIVIDUAL PUNTING

	No.	Yds.	Avg.	Long
Yoder	41	1589	38.7	53
Roolf	1	41	41.0	41

RUSHING

	TC	Yds.	Avg.	TDs	Long
Gulyas	118	534	4.5	3	21
Allan	111	401	3.6	7	16
Theismann	124	384	3.1	4	42
Barz	88	352	4.0	4	14
Minnix	50	230	4.6	2	33
Parker	26	201	7.7	2	63
Cieszkowski	44	187	4.3	3	35
Dewan	46	158	3.4	3	19
Steenberge	15	45	3.0	1	10
Gallagher	7	44	6.2	0	14
Trapp	2	20	10.0	0	16
Johnson	3	16	5.3	0	6
Nightingale	3	6	2.0	0	6
Garner	1	5	5.0	0	5
T. Wright	1	2	2.0	0	2
Gutowski	1	0	0.0	0	0

RECEIVING

	PC	Yds.	Avg.	TDs	Long
Gatewood	77	1123	14.6	7	39
Creaney	17	349	20.5	2	78
Parker	10	208	20.8	1	46
Gulyas	9	189	21.0	2	46
Allan	11	166	15.9	1	54
Barz	13	127	9.7	1	18
Dewan	8	87	10.9	0	22
Cieszkowski	7	79	11.3	1	15
Tereschuk	3	56	18.6	0	28
Minnix	1	40	40.0	1	40
Trapp	4	31	7.7	0	13
Yoder	1	15	15.0	0	15
Theismann	1	7	7.0	0	7

PASSING

	No.	Comp.	Int.	Yds.	TDs	Pct.
Theismann	268	155	14	2429	16	.574
Steenberge	14	7	1	98	0	.500
Yoder	1	0	0	0	0	.000

TEAM STATISTICS

	ND	Opp.
Total Offense	5105	2178
Total Plays	927	716
Yards Per Play	5.5	3.0
Yards Per Game	510.5	217.8
Net Yards Rushing	2578	950
Attempts	641	375
Yards Per Rush	4.0	2.5
Yards Per Game	278.8	95.0
Net Yards Passing	2527	1228
Attempts	283	281
Completions	162	106
Completion Pct.573	.377
Had Intercepted	15	20
Touchdown Passes	16	4
Yards Per Attempt	8.9	4.4
Yards Per Completion	15.6	11.6
Yards Per Game	252.7	122.8
Punt Return Yards	222	304
No. of Returns	33	22
Avg. Per Return	6.7	13.8

Punts	42	85
Yards Punting	1630	3033
Avg. Per Punt	38.8	35.7
Had Blocked	0	1
Penalties	43	33
Yards Penalized	397	363
Fumbles (Lost)	25(20)	18(8)
Total First Downs	264	125
Rushing	146	53
Passing	105	62
Penalty	13	10

TEAM SCORING

	ND	Opp.
Total Points	330	97
Avg. Per Game	33.0	9.7
No. of TD's	45	13
By Rushing	29	8
By Passing	16	4
By Return	0	1
Field Goals (Att-Made)	9-5	7-2
Safeties	1	0

Won 9, Lost 1, Tied 0

N.D. 48, Northwestern	14	(50,409)
N.D. 35, Purdue	0	(59,075) C
N.D. 29, Michigan State	0	(76,103) C
N.D. 51, Army	10	(59,075) C
N.D. 24, Missouri	7	(64,200) C
N.D. 56, Navy	7	(45,226)
N.D. 46, Pitt	14	(59,075) C
N.D. 10, Georgia Tech	7	(59,075) C
N.D. 3, Louisiana State	0	(59,075) C
N.D. 28, Southern California	38	(64,694)

INDIVIDUAL TOTAL OFFENSE LEADERS

	Games	Plays	Yards	Avg.
Theismann	10	391	2801	7.2
Gulyas	10	118	534	4.5
Barz	10	88	352	4.0
Allan	8	11	401	3.6

Following in

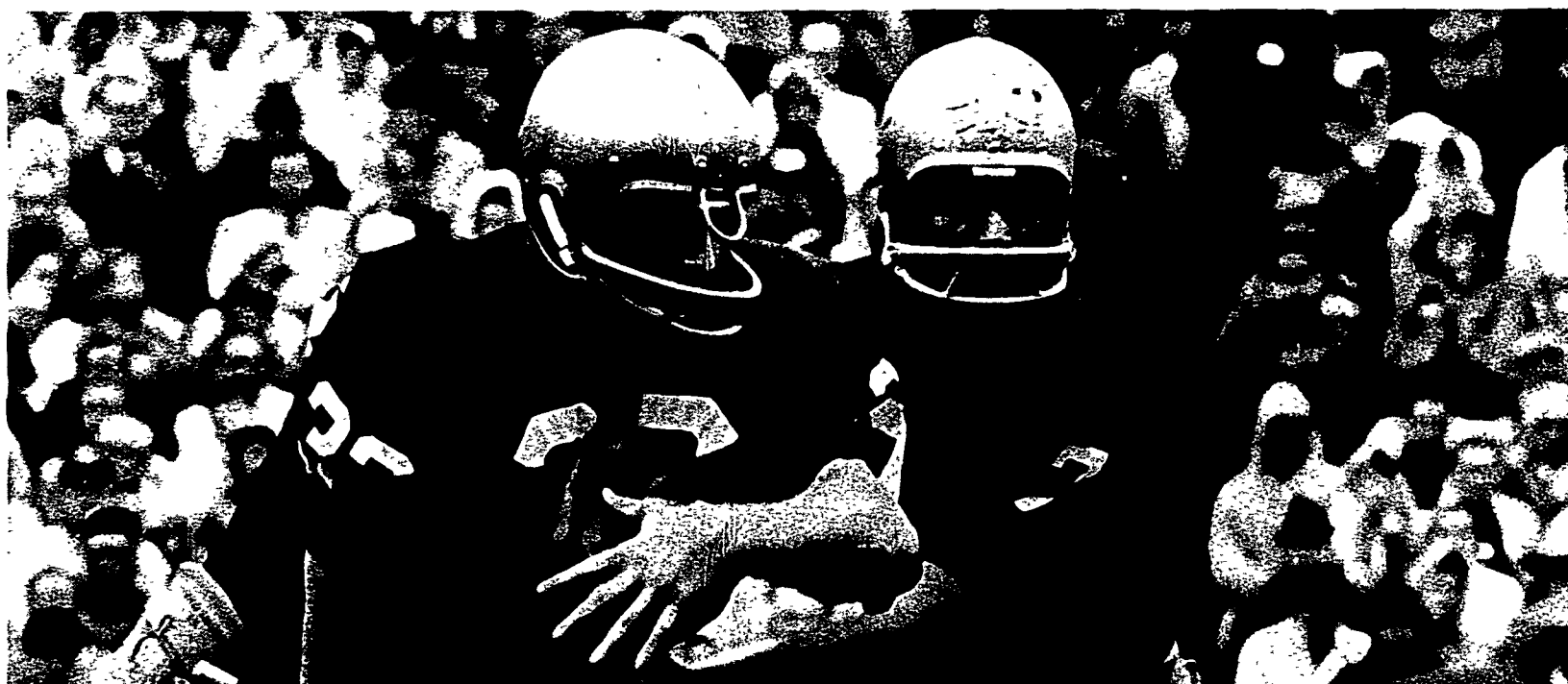
The fortunes of Notre Dame football have been linked with the forward pass. This has been true since that day in 1913 when an end named Knute Rockne caught some passes from Gus Dorais that defeated vaunted Army and gained national recognition for Notre Dame. It is true today because Notre Dame has once again been blessed with a great quarterback, Joe Theismann. The names of other famous Irish quarterbacks such as Harry Stuhldreher, Frank Carideo, Angelo Bertelli, Johnny Lujack, Bob Williams, Ralph Guglielmi, John Lattner, Paul Hornug, Daryle Lamonica, John Huarte and Terry Hanratty are already legendary. Among them one finds five Heisman Trophy winners. The records that these men set and the teams that they led are remembered wherever people care about ND football. That means across the length and breadth of America because ND is and has always been the nation's only truly *national* college football team.

It is, then, a rather well-established fact that to quarterback the Irish is to follow in some rather immortal footsteps. There aren't many people who can qualify to play quarterback in major college football to begin with. At ND one's task becomes awesome because of the pressure of the legends one has to replace, the toughness of the competition you face, and all the publicity and attention that ND football receives. Thus, it takes a rather special type of individual to lead the Fighting Irish. It is and has been apparent for some

time that Joe Theismann is this special type of individual.

Those present at Notre Dame for the past three seasons have been lucky enough to witness the play of perhaps the greatest of all ND quarterbacks. It has been said by Joe Doyle of the *South Bend Tribune* that Theismann "... is a blend of all the great Irish quarterbacks. He has the accuracy of a Williams, the play-calling of a Guglielmi, the fakery of Bertelli, the running skill and durability of a Lujack, the spectacular play skills of a Hornung, the quick feet and release of Huarte and the scrambling skill plus the arm of Hanratty." Whether or not he is all that is hard to say for such comparisons are hard to make since football is a changing game. We do know, however, that someone must be pretty fair if he has broken the total offense and total performance records set by the fabulous Hanratty and the immortal George Gipp. The guy who does that must have something special; and Joe Theismann certainly does have it.

The first thing I can remember about Joe was that he made second team All-State back home in New Jersey our senior year in high school. I never saw him play back home, even though we live only twenty-five miles apart, but I knew he must have been good because South River (his high school) went undefeated and ranked fifth in the state at season's end. The next thing I remember is a little article in *The Newark News* the following spring which said Joe had decided to



Immortal Footsteps

accept a scholarship to ND. I figured he had to be good if Ara wanted him. I wonder if Ara ever dreamed he would be this good? In any case, when I first met Joe the one thing that stuck in my mind was how he was practically the same size I was, how personable a guy he was and that he always seemed to be talking to someone. My first impression remains with me to this day. As freshman year progressed I soon knew him to be an intense competitor in everything that he did. Just ask those who have played pool against him. He enjoys playing but he only knows one way to play and that is to play to win. All of this competitive spirit, and, I must add, skill, carries over to everything which he does, including his school work.

Joe is a very skillful athlete, excelling not only at football, but also a hard-hitting professional prospect as a baseball infielder; and, he is a pretty fair basketball player, also. However, the thing that makes him so great is not the skill he was blessed with but rather his intense desire; pride in himself and his team; and his great will to win and to overcome all obstacles to perfection. Much has been made of his small size for football. He was about thirty pounds lighter than his present 6' 178 lb. when he first came to ND but he has gained some weight as he has gained in stature as a football player. He has become the inspirational leader of a great team. He has always led by example. Those of us who have savored the 19 wins and suffered with him the heartbreaks of three losses and two ties know

how many times this inspiration has led the Irish on in a crucial situation.

Since he began starting for ND when Terry Hanratty got hurt (23 games ago) Joe has exuded so much of that great confidence in himself that almost from the start, the team, the coaches and ND fans, have expected Joe to lead them in doing what every ND team is expected to do: "to win over all." As George Kunz put it in the 1968 *Scholastic Football Review*: "We had all the confidence in the world in Joe who had been doing a good job all year long." We have had it proven to us five times in 2 1/3 seasons that it is impossible to win every game; however, never once did Joe stop trying, and at times his efforts were so valiant in the heartbreaks that one remembers the picture of him trying to do the impossible, as in the closing minutes in Dallas and the pouring rain of Southern California, rather than his many records and accomplishments and the many games which he won. Maybe we demand too much of him and our ND teams. Certainly, his goal was always perfection, that is, to win every game he played.

Joe has blamed himself for losses and ties that he felt should have been wins when all knew that the fault did not lie with him, except as a member of a team that had lost a game. He has always downgraded records and his individual efforts because he is "only concerned with winning." He is such a perfectionist that he has expressed concern over apparently good



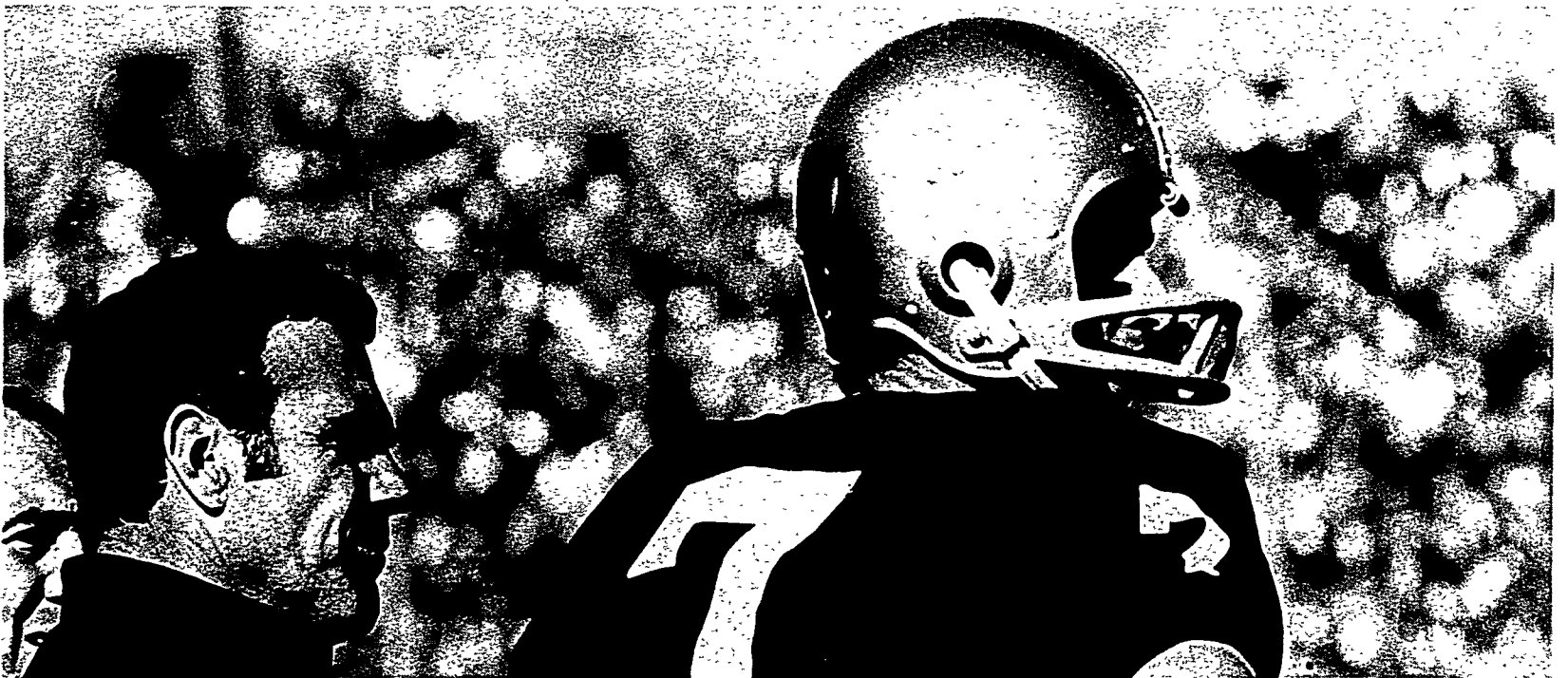
days when he felt his performance left much to be desired. He once demonstrated his idea of perfection by stating that to him a great season would be one where he threw no interceptions. That is the kind of goal he sets for himself just as he said what really mattered was that the team go 11-0 and win the National Championship and in so doing he could be remembered not for any records but as the first Irish quarterback to go undefeated in twenty-one years.

I know that after this last game Joe can never be completely happy with his performance this year. However, we can be sure that he will do his best to try to win his last game at ND, because that is the last goal left for him here. Maybe he can lead us on to a great victory and possible National Championship, provided some other teams help us out. At a school where an undefeated season is expected every year, you almost have to have a guy like Joe who is willing to settle for nothing less than perfection. I'm thankful we've had him and I only wish he could still shoot for perfection.

When everyone who watched the Cotton Bowl last winter had sat back and relaxed a little after the tenseness of that heartbreaking loss, most people across the nation finally realized what the team and coaches had known for quite some time: that ND had another great quarterback in Joe Theismann. Thus, he started to receive the publicity he deserved. The great name game started. The story of how Roger Valdiserri changed the pronunciation of his name was circulated to build

him up as a Heisman Trophy candidate. *Sport Magazine*, *Football News* and *The Sporting News* all did features on him. My own close friend and former SCHOLASTIC sports editor, Terry O'Neil, had a large part in turning out the publicity on Joe as he worked for Valdiserri all season. Alas, these efforts failed to win the trophy; however, I do believe the message of Joe's greatness has been spread far and wide. Certainly all of us have read of his exploits as "Jersey Joe" as told every Sunday this fall in *The New York Times* by Neil Admar or as "Methodist Joe" in the *Chicago Tribune* or as Joe Theismann ("as in Heisman") in countless other publications.

We have all laughed as *Sports Illustrated* explains the fact that Joe is attending Notre Dame by accident. After all, they say, he is not Catholic. I really don't think it was as much accident as the fact that Joe wanted to prove something to himself and the world. Knowing Joe, I would say that he didn't go for the way that people back in Jersey said he was too small to play for ND. There were the usual jokes made about him getting killed, etc., by those monsters "out there." Since that time he has proved himself more durable than many bigger men because of his uncanny quickness and ability to run without ever taking the full force of a tackle from anyone. He credits his teammates with keeping him healthy and while they must be credited, Joe has done it on his own sometimes, as when scrambling. He has that certain amount of cock-



iness, or is it confidence, which it takes to be a winner. He is sure of himself and of his team and that has proven an awfully hard combination to beat.

I have found this an extremely difficult article to write. This is not because I don't know what to say about Joe. You cannot praise him enough for the way he has played, especially this season. It is because of the sense of frustration that we all feel, especially the seniors at ND, and most especially Joe, at the way the one Saturday afternoon that we cared the most about turned out. You could see the look in Joe's eyes as he finally took off his helmet after he had done all he could. You could see it in his eyes as he sat on the bus at the Circle when the team came back and you could see it as he walked past you into the night. You wanted to say "nice game" to a guy who had done all he could and done it so well, who is your friend, your classmate, an ND man. Somehow you knew that no words can help, so you just stood there, letting your presence speak for you. You know he knows how you feel because he feels the same himself, only worse. To want something bad and not get it when you've worked so long and hard and played so well is all part of the agony of defeat in sports.

I am afraid I'm still rather unhappy that my favorite team didn't reach perfection, that my friend who did all one could ask and more didn't reach his goal. It is frustrating. Since I know Joe and the character of this year's ND team fairly well, I would like to sub-

mit the thought that I, for one, would not like to play ND in the Cotton Bowl come New Year's Day. For once again Joe Theismann will be trying to lead his teammates toward perfection. It's his last chance, and I'm betting on him to show everyone once more why he's the best and in so doing show ND to be the best. Who else can turn broken plays into long runs, or suddenly stop on a sprint out and throw the bomb as he also does when he decides to stop scrambling, or run the option and cut back against the grain for a long gain, or sweep end after faking out an entire defensive line, or sidestep an onrushing lineman and find a receiver downfield, or, or, or, . . . The list of these maneuvers is endless and he has certainly been unpredictable. One thing is certain, and that is, that he is the only one who does excel at all of these. More and more football fans have come to realize that. It's a shame that more people didn't know about him sooner. But, then again, we forget how lucky we are to know him and watch his performance in person.

I would like to congratulate him for everything he has done and wish him all the luck in the world because he certainly made ND a more exciting place to be, especially in the fall of 1970. I'm sure that we will hear more from Joe Theismann in the future, because he just seems to be that very special type of individual who makes things happen. He's another in a long-line of ND greats that this school can be extremely proud of.

Joe St. Onge

Four Years and an Unused Button

We're No. 1 buttons were big sellers on the Notre Dame campus in the early fall of 1967. This was to be the year that the Irish would repeat as National Champions. This time there would be no ties.

Every magazine in the nation picked the Irish to rank in the top spot save *Playboy*. And what did they know about football anyway?

Terry Hanratty to Jim Seymour was enough to win all ten games without any help, yet the ND squad was loaded with returnees on defense and the sophomore class was supposedly the best to come along in quite some time. No one was really worried that there was only one proven running back in Captain Bob "Rocky" Blier. Mr. Cling to Mr. Fling would more than make up for any offensive deficiencies.

After the humiliation of the California Golden Bears the Irish were a near unanimous choice as Numero Uno. Then it happened.

A sophomore quarterback down at Purdue named Mike Phipps and a halfback who used to play defense named Leroy Keyes put on a tremendous display of clutch football and after Terry Hanratty threw the ball an unreal 63 times, the last of which was caught by Mr. Keyes, Purdue had upset the Irish 28-21. *Sports Illustrated* entitled the story of this game A Number One Upset on Number One. Rocky Blier told the student body to "keep the faith, baby." The Number One buttons began to disappear.

The Irish had one more chance to rise to national prominence that season when that phenom from the West Coast O.J. something or other came to South Bend. For a half the Irish held Simpson and Co. in check and led 7-6. The second half was a different story as Orenthal James ran wild along with the Trojans. They registered the worst defeat on an Ara Parseghian-coached Notre Dame team, 24-7.

The Irish finished '67 strong with six in a row including a revenge game over Michigan State. The season finale was an exciting late minute victory over Miami (*Playboy* pre-season No. 1). But as SI stated, "the Irish were hung out to dry" after the USC game.

Terry Hanratty and Jim Seymour returned for a curtain call in 1968. Their presence was enough to

merit pre-season talk of Top Ten but no one dare mention anything about No. 1.

Against a highly regarded Oklahoma team the Irish put on a prolific offensive display. With one win registered the campus got ready for the Boilermaker invasion. This year was the "Remember" game. Boy, were we going to lay it on Leroy and his buddies. How could we lose? Pat O'Brien acted out his Knute Rockne speech at the Friday rally and the next afternoon Keyes and Phipps acted out the Charge of the Light Brigade as they humbled the Irish 37-22. Oh well, Notre Dame still had basketball season to look to. There was this sophomore who was supposed to be the greatest thing since Tom Tawkins and the Convo would be a nice setting to beat UCLA in the opener.

Two more games hi-lighted the rest of football season and neither was an ND victory. For the third year in a row ABC television had contracted the Notre Dame-Michigan State game; but this year it was a lackluster event. State was really down and the Irish had been rolling along with its "eleven prolific men." The events from that Saturday afternoon will always be remembered at du Lac as the Impossible Game. Never before had a team dominated play so thoroughly yet when the final gun sounded been behind by four points.

Hanratty and Seymour were brilliant in that snake pit known as Spartan Stadium but they could never quite take the ball in for a deciding score. The game ended, for all practical purposes when State stopped Hanratty on fourth down at their own two yard line.

Terry Hugh played an outstanding game the following week at Navy. Little was it realized that this would be the last collegiate appearance for the man who broke George Gipp's total offense record. Hanratty injured his knee in a midweek scrimmage and surgery was required.

A skinny sophomore named Joe Theismann (was that Theezeman or Thighs-man) was given the ball and told to take over. Coley O'Brien was long since changed to a halfback, so Ara decided to go with youth for the remainder of the schedule.

Southern Cal was the only big game remaining in the season and the Trojans were the defending National Champs. They went into this final game unbeaten with Heisman Trophy winner O. J. Simpson leading the way.

Mike McCoy and Bob Olson followed the instructions of defensive coach Johnny Ray and they formed a cup that Orange Juice just couldn't spill out of. Theismann, after being intercepted for a touchdown on the first scrimmage play, went on to lead the Irish to 21 points. The defense fell to some Steve Sogge aerials (and a few whistle-happy referees) and the ND squad ended up in what *Sports Illustrated* called "a tie that Notre Dame, for once, could be proud of."

As each season passed one got the feeling that the respect and admiration that the public and the press had for Notre Dame was beginning to wane. Little by little the mystique was being chipped away. Even the student body showed restraint in proclaiming who was Number One even after the Irish crushed Northwestern in the '69 season opener.

The impending doom of another Purdue debacle was hanging over the Irish. It just couldn't happen again! But it did.

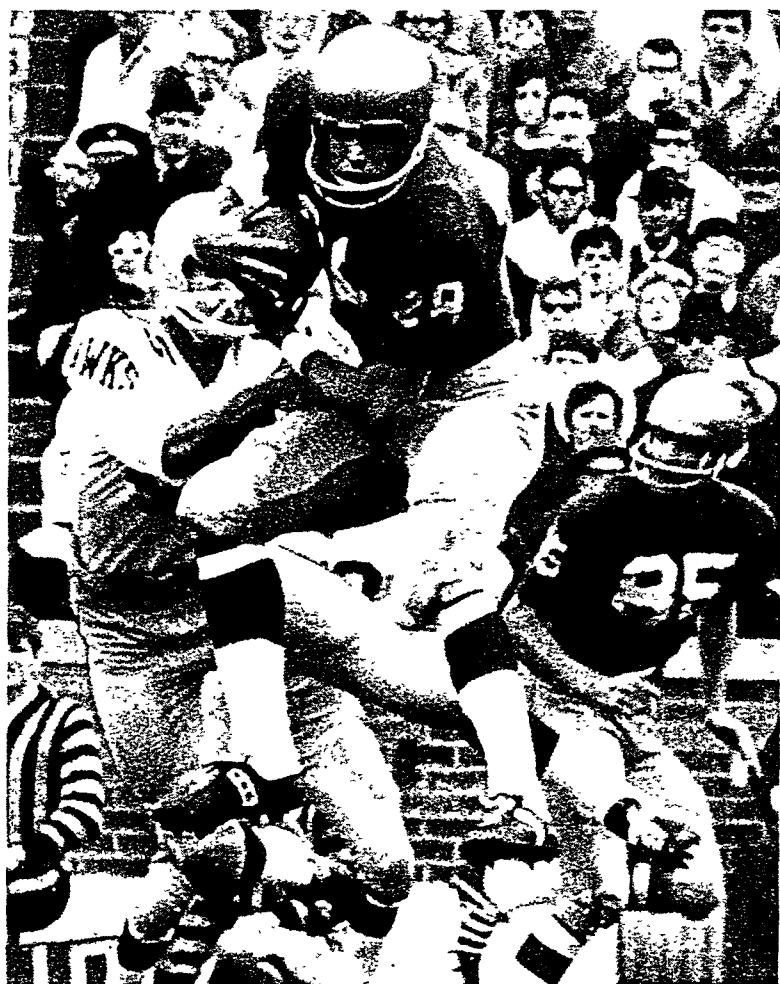
For the third year in a row Mike Phipps led his black and gold clad teammates to a victory over their cross-state rival. This was unlike any previous loss. This time there were no tears in the Irish locker room after the game. This time the ND side of the statistics were not overwhelmingly better than the foe's. This time it was not Notre Dame beating itself. This time the opposition won.

Just as in the three previous years the Irish bounced back again with a big win over State and then the most exciting game played in ND Stadium in quite while, another USC tie. In a tight defensive battle the Irish came through with a clutch blocked punt by Mike McCoy to enable them to tie. Then late in the game Scott Hempel was given an opportunity to beat Southern Cal for the second year in a row. His

fourth quarter field goal attempt struck the cross bar and bounced into the end zone and once again the best that could be done was a tie.

Notre Dame did finish the season strong once again and in a surprise move the athletic board okeyed an unheard of bowl invitation. As a boost for the falling mystique the Irish chose to take on the National Champion Texas Long horns in the Cotton Bowl.

For most of the game the Irish led the nation's Number One ranked team but Texas was a team that refused to lose. With less than two minutes remaining the Longhorns scored the winning touchdown. ND had given its all and Joe Theismann had set a few Cotton Bowl records, but in the end it was a fitting close to "the year of the 'Horns.'"



"Keep the faith, baby" —Rocky Blier '67



After Hanratty's injury it was Theismann and O'Brien leading the attack

After the Cotton Bowl the mystique of Notre Dame took a severe beating. Many Texas players blasted the Irish as being poor sports (a fight broke out late in the game and Texas felt that Notre Dame started the donnybrook).

With the advent of 1970 and the second hundred years of collegiate football the idea of Notre Dame's mystique as the symbol of college football was in grave jeopardy. In the year of the quarterback the Irish were going to battle with one of the nation's finest in Joe Theismann, yet many people felt that this was the year that ND would topple from the Top Ten "now that they play a decent schedule."

Such was not the case. Possibly *Sports Illustrated*, usually one of the chief critics of the Irish, summed up what kind of team to expect from Notre Dame. Said writer Dan Jenkins, "Most of the teams on Notre Dame's schedule should go to Mass before facing the Irish. Even without the Old Fieldhouse, Notre Dame still will be, well, Notre Dame."

The Irish began the season with the typical rout of Northwestern. The big test was yet to come; Purdue was the next opponent. Ara promised a win and the

student body got it. Even with the lopsided score of 48-0 there was something hollow in the win. After all, Phipps was gone and so was Mollenkopf. It still felt pretty good to be undefeated after the second game for once.

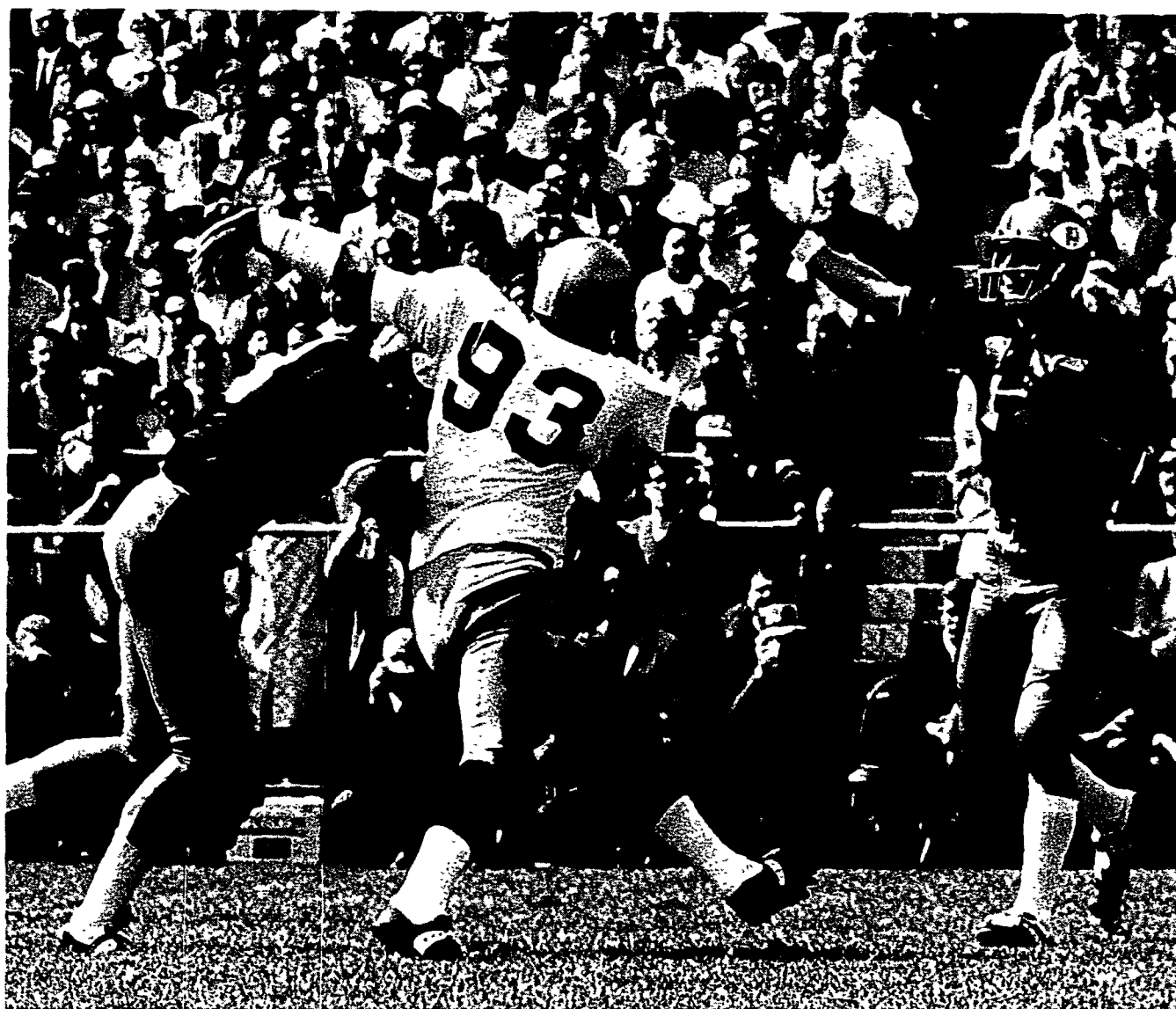
As the season rolled along the mystique began to grow again. State fell in Spartan Stadium for the first time in 21 years. The Irish traveled to Missouri and played before the largest crowd in the history of that state.

The Irish finally won a close game after two years and they did it in electrifying fashion in a come-from-behind win over Georgia Tech by scoring in the last quarter.

For one week the Irish were even ranked Number One, a place they hadn't held since '68.

Louisiana State came to South Bend to find out just how "fat, sloppy linemen" played the game. In a classic defensive battle the Irish pulled out a 3-0 squeaker.

Notre Dame was beginning to look like one of those teams that couldn't be beaten, a team that could split in the face of defeat and kick a 60 yard field goal to



Mike Phipps—the only q.b. to beat Notre Dame three years in a row

win if it had to. Joe Theismann re-wrote the ND record books before the season was even over.

After the big LSU win the Irish accepted a bid to return to Dallas and to hopefully get a re-match with the Texas Longhorns. The Irish made a Notre Dame decision to return. They wanted a showdown with No. 1.

There was still the formality of going out to Los Angeles for a Thanksgiving weekend against the shackled Southern Cal Trojans. The Trojans had been picked by many to be the National Champs at the season's start but after half the schedule was played the Trojans were just playing for the fun of it.

The *Los Angeles Times* headline on the Sunday after the game probably sums up the entire situation best. "Another Trojan Nightmare For Irish." Once again the bid for Number One has fallen by the wayside.

The cynics once again get their knives ready for Ara. "He never could win the big one." "Notre Dame is always over-rated." The comments go on and on.

The Notre Dame mystique once again seems to be myth. Why can't they go undefeated? Why do they choke? It's not like those old Notre Dame teams.

These teams just don't have it. These statements have no basis yet even the staunchest of ND fans begin to wonder if all this might be true.

There is still one more chapter left in the 1970 volume on this Notre Dame mystique. That chapter began the Monday after the Southern Cal game. The team buses were pulling up to the Notre Dame Circle and the Band was playing the Victory March. A thousand students were screaming we're No. 1 as the beaten Irish climbed, heads down, off the buses. Then Ara spoke. "We really appreciate you coming out. We may have lost that game but we still showed the fighting spirit of Notre Dame. We'll make up for it in the Cotton Bowl!" The Victory March struck up again. The mystique is not dead.

Just maybe the Irish can beat Texas in the Cotton Bowl. And possibly LSU could upset Nebraska in Miami. And maybe Jim Plunkett will use his Heisman ability to overthrow Ohio State in the Rose Bowl. It's a crazy thought but anyone who got taken 50¢ for one of those We're No. 1 buttons back in '67 just might get his money's worth yet.

Terry Shields

Spring Will Tell the Story

During the course of any football season, the term "potential" is used almost to the point of becoming a cliché.

"This squad is loaded with potential," a coach may boast prior to his opening game. "We're really going to be a team to watch this year."

Or another coach, when asked to explain his team's poor record, may lament: "I can't understand it. We had so much potential . . . we just never put it all together."

But, trite and overused though it may be, this expression describes the Notre Dame freshman football season like no other. The potential was there all along. They just never managed to put it together. For the second year in a row, the Irish frosh finished with a 1-2 record. They lost to Michigan State, 24-14, and to Michigan, 20-0, but they did engineer a satisfying 21-20 victory over Tennessee. Now that their season has ended, though, the Irish yearlings can no longer be thought of simply as "the freshman team," or as scrimmage opponents for the varsity. They have now reached the varsity level themselves, and stand as first-rate prospects for the 1971 version of the Fighting Irish.

On the surface, it would appear that the '71 Irish are already fairly well off personnel-wise. The players being lost to graduation are talented, but they are few, and there are adequate substitutes waiting in the wings. It will be difficult at best for a sophomore to crack this lineup, and freshman coach Denny Murphy is the first to admit it.

"It's very unusual for a sophomore to make the starting team," says Murphy. "If you look at this year's roster, you'll see one sophomore — Creaney — on the starting lineup. Most of our sophomores are on the second team. We like to break them in there and get them some experience. And as they improve, in time they'll move into the first-string positions. But until spring practice is over, it's hard to say where anyone will be." Indeed it is hard to say, and despite the veteran composition of the 1971 team, there are several positions in which an able sophomore may find a home.

One of these is quarterback, where the loss of Joe Theismann will present the most serious vacancy. Although Pat Steenberge, the backup signal-caller, would appear to have the inside track, his position

is by no means secure. Steenberge's chief competition will probably come in the form of Cliff Brown, a six-footer from Middletown, Pennsylvania. Brown is a capable performer, but an exceptional passer. He has a strong and accurate arm and, while at the controls of the freshman team, completed 42 out of 98 attempts. And receivers like Gatewood, Creaney, and Gulyas will make Brown's arm even more of a threat.

"Cliff did a good job for us," cautioned Murphy. "But don't expect him to just take over in the fall. We like what we've seen of Steenberge and Brown — or anyone else — will have to beat him out first."

Besides his passing ability, Brown is unusual in another respect. His leg is as strong as his arm. He hit five out of five extra points, and narrowly missed his only field goal — a 43-yard attempt into a strong cross-wind. So regardless of his status as a quarterback, Brown could be the kicker, both on place-kicks and kickoffs, to complement the ND offense next season.

As far as running backs are concerned, Greg Hill is probably the best prospect to be developed on the frosh team. He has good speed, and runs with authority and intelligence. Still, Greg will have to have a very good spring in order to join the likes of Larry Parker and Ed Gulyas in the starting backfield. Gary Diminick is another performer who was impressive as a freshman halfback. Diminick may see varsity action next year, but probably in the capacity of a kickoff and punt return man. On the offensive line, Frank Pomerico and Mark Brenneman may see action behind Jim Humbert and Denny DePremio. As sophomores, neither Pomerico nor Brenneman will have the experience necessary to assume the interior line positions vacated by Larry DiNardo and Gary Kos. Their greatest value will come in providing depth where depth is needed. Wide receivers Algery Frazier and Bob Washington, while both good performers, will serve mainly to add depth to a split end position that is already very strong.

Nor will the defensive unit be peopled with many new faces. Of the front four, only end Bob Neidert will graduate. His replacement will be Fred Swendsen, another experienced performer. Dennis Lozzi, a 6-3, 220-pound end, and Tom Ross, a 6-6, 250-pound tackle, will most likely be the sophomores who see the most action.

"Lozzi has shown steady improvement," said Murphy. "His best game was Michigan — our last of the season. Ross has had problems with a leg bruise that he suffered in an all-star game, but when he's healthy, he is capable of doing a really good job." Again, though, their lack of experience dictates that Ross, Lozzi, and the other sophomore linemen spend their time on the backup team until they can fully grasp the confidence which will allow them to play first-rate varsity ball.

Coach Murphy has no reservations about saying that "Tom Devine was my best all-around defensive performer." Devine, a 6-3, 220-pound outside linebacker, was indeed outstanding. A rugged performer who was especially effective against the run, Devine may well find himself in Tim Kelly's position when the 1971 season begins.

"At least he'll give Musuraca a fight for the job," says Murphy. The inside linebacker position vacated by Jim Wright will be another question mark, but it is unlikely that any of the graduates from the frosh team will be called upon to fill it. Gary Potempa, a converted guard, played the position for most of the frosh season. Gary Lane was recruited to play inside linebacker for the freshmen, but a knee injury sidelined him for the entire season. It would appear that Jim O'Malley will be the man for that slot.

The defensive backfield loses no one from the starting unit, but will be suffering as far as quality depth is concerned. It is here that sophs Mike Parker, Cecil Boot, and Tim Rudnick will be able to help out.

"Parker did a 'decent' job this season," said Murphy. "But he was very good against the run. For his size (5-10, 175) he's one of the hardest hitters that I've ever seen. Boot and Rudnick were both walk-ons, and they split the season at safety. Both of them have real good speed, and could help us out later on."

And these are just the players who saw action for the freshman team.

"Don't count someone out just because he didn't get to play for us this fall," Murphy commented. "A lot of our kids had injuries, or just didn't play for one reason or another. You can't count anyone out, really."

"Until spring practice is over," he repeated, "you just can't say for sure where anyone will be. A kid may find himself at one position one day, and another the next. And there's no guarantee that they'll play the positions they played for the freshman team."

Spring, then, will tell the story. But regardless of the jockeying of positions, regardless of who plays where, spring practice — and the season that follows it — should be a story with a happy ending.

Vic Dorr

1971 Preview

NORTHWESTERN—The Wildcats will miss the crunching attack of Mike Adamle come 1971, but will lose only two other starters from an offensive unit that brought the Wildcats to a runner-up spot in the Big Ten. Defensive back Rick Telander graduates, but Hutchinson, Dustin and Sommers spearhead a pass-defensive corps that could lead the 'Cats to a possible Big Ten title.

at **PURDUE**—After an up-and-down rookie season, Purdue Coach Bob DeMoss has yet to come up with an established quarterback capable of leading the Boilermakers back into the ranks of the Top Ten. If the freshmen fail to materialize anyone significant, look for DeMoss to go with Chuck Piebes again. But quarterback won't be DeMoss' only problem position; fifteen starters graduate this June.

MICHIGAN STATE—Duffy opens his eighteenth season as head coach of the Spartans and, if anything, this season could be even bleaker than the past three. The entire offensive line will have to be

replaced, and running backs will be in demand to fill the voids left by Tommy Love's and Bill Triplett's departures. Another rebuilding year for the Spartans.

at **MIAMI**—Seven experienced veterans return for the Hurricane's defense next year, three of which are linebackers Jim Haviland, Gary Mick and Jack Hendrickson.

Offensively, however, the season's key will lie with the effectiveness of an inexperienced offensive line.

NORTH CAROLINA—The Tar Heels return a youthful team in '71 as they renew a series with Notre Dame that has seen only one NC victory in 14 games. Two quarterbacks, senior Johnny Swofford and junior Mike Mansfield, will vie for starting roles.

SOUTHERN CAL—Dickerson and Chandler finally graduate, just when it seemed like they were gonna play out their careers in a Trojan uniform. Gone also is Clarence Davis; but Coach McKay has plenty of capable personnel to fill for him. QB Jimmy Jones returns along with most of the Wild Bunch.

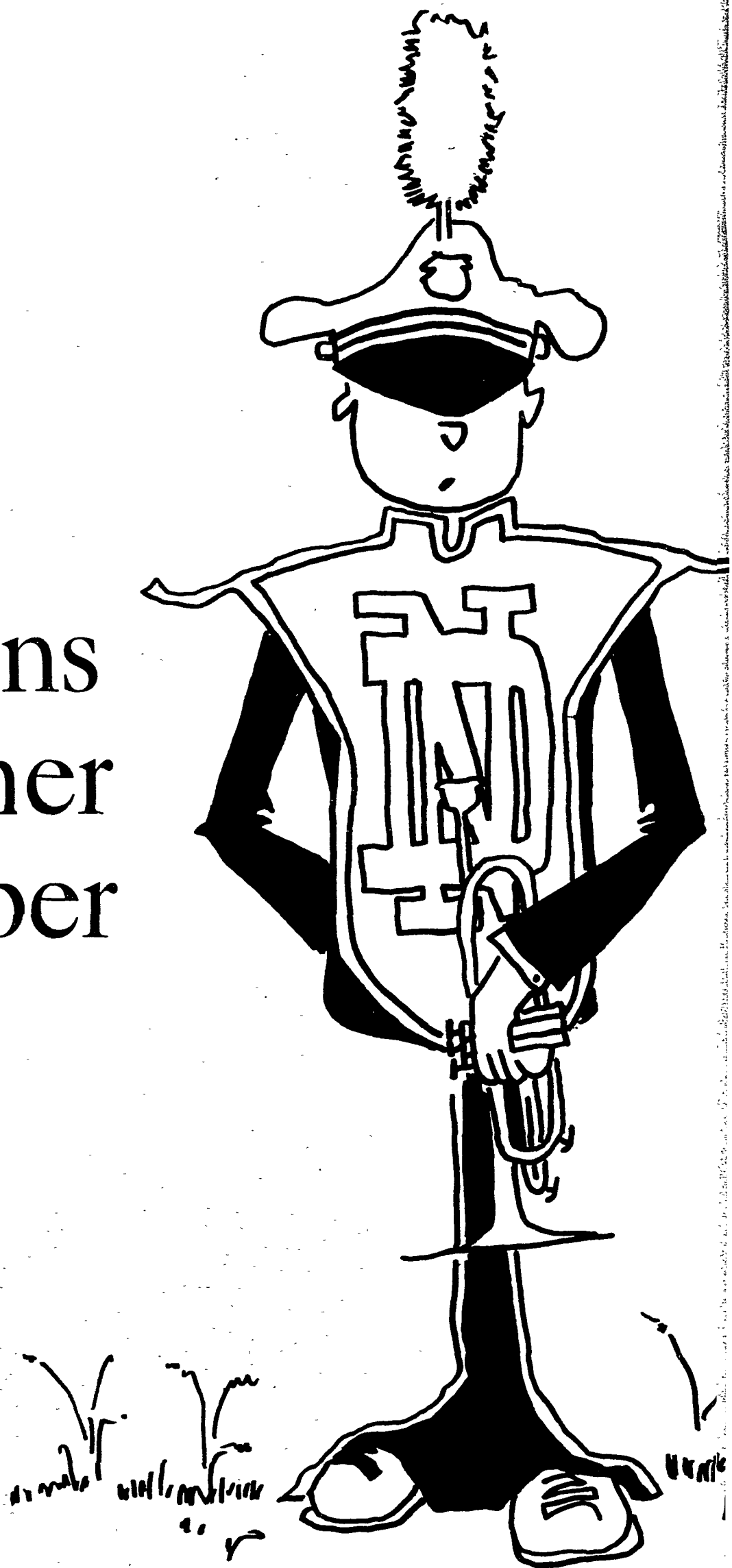
NAVY—Six offensive starters and eight defensemen depart from the Navy roster in 1971. Quarterback Ade Dillon, who saw action in this year's game in Philly, will step in to Mike McNallen's vacated shoes.

at **PITTSBURGH**—The Pitt Panther almost came back last year, but loses too many lettermen in key positions to pose much of a threat in '71. Both Dave Havern and John Hogan return to share QB duties.

TULANE—The Greenies have matured quite a bit over the team that was drubbed by the Irish in New Orleans two years ago. Both defensive and offensive lines are intact, and a crew of senior defensive backs—Joe Bullard, Dave Hebert and Paul Ellis—return. QB is still a question mark, however.

at **LOUISIANA STATE**—Six of the Tigers' stingy rushing refense depart this spring. But Tommy Casanova, who excells on both offense and defense returns along with tailback Art Cantrelle and QB Bert Jones.

Tears and a Smile: Confessions of a Former Hikestepper



It all seems so very far away now. You see, two years have past since the last time I marched on Saturday afternoon. The time between then and now is crowded—so crowded with tears and with smiles, and with the scars of living from day to day that it is hard, even now, to reach across the space. I can only touch that world at moments, can only hold fragments of it for any length of time.

But I always had the feeling—especially during the last games of November, when everyone in the stands was hidden amidst scarves and overcoats—that we were faceless. Even more faceless than the people everyone in the stands really came to watch. We weren't, though: some of us were afraid each Saturday morning as we polished shoes and brushed uniforms and tried to figure out some way to push over-long hair under caps that never seemed to fit quite right. Some of us were afraid, but we were told (and told ourselves) all those fears were only fantasy.

I don't know if I can explain to you just why. You see, the last two Thursday nights I watched the Soviet film version of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. The Russian soldiers who marched off to war sang glorious and terrible songs, with words I couldn't begin to understand. But I still shuddered at the deep bass voices, and wondered at the glory of it all. The ground must have moved beneath the energy compressed into and exploding from that martial music. The soldiers were one, as their voices were.

I often felt that way, I mean I often felt that was the role we played, just before the band charged from the tunnel and broke into the hiestep that always brought rhythmic clapping from the bundled fans to our right. I often felt we were part of a violent ritual played out each Saturday afternoon for three months, and multiplied throughout most of America.

I wondered at the glory of it all: uniforms, flags, martial pageantry, heroics, and the explosion of sound that followed every move. I wondered at my role in the ritual; whether or not it was, after all, only a game—or whether it spoke something much deeper and more frightening hidden inside all of us who participated in some way each afternoon. It was confusing. And it came to bother some of us who thought about it Saturday mornings.

I know it bothered us, because we sometimes spoke of it, sometimes even in the tunnel just before the ritual was ready to begin again: at those times, the faceless unit we became only seconds later separated into its parts, and the roar was broken into individual voices. It frightened some of us more than others: some of us not at all, some of us enough to make us leave.

I'm not at all sure that it matters, or even mattered then: the game went on, after all. A good many smiles remain still; and if the ritual was violent, none of us became killers because of our brief initiation into it. Maybe the distance has distorted my vision, and I gaze now at a Funhouse mirror where small things grow monstrous. I'm not at all sure, you see. I only think about it sometimes when I hear the band start up and get tense inside; or when I remember a poem by James Wright, a poem I read several years ago. He called it "Autumn Begins in Martins Ferry, Ohio":

In the Shreve High football stadium,
I think of Polacks nursing long beers in
Tiltonsville,
And gray faces of Negroes in the blast furnace
at Benwood,
And the ruptured night watchman of Wheeling
Steel,
Dreaming of heroes.

All the proud fathers are ashamed to go home.
Their women cluck like starved pullets,
Dying for love.

Therefore,
Their sons grow suicidally beautiful
At the beginning of October,
And gallop terribly against each other's bodies.

Steve Brion

The Last Word

It was bound to happen. No one seemed to notice the almost insignificant indicators that would surface now and then; and, as long as the Irish remained unbeaten, nobody really cared. Amidst the routs of the service academies, the pummelling of Pittsburgh, and the chilling victories over Georgia Tech and LSU, traces of possible flaws in the Irish attack would quietly emerge, only to be forgotten in the moment of victory.

It all started back on the afternoon of October 10th, when Number 56, Larry DiNardo, limped off the field in agony in a meaningless game with Army. From that point on, with the exception of the Navy and Pitt games, Notre Dame's rushing statistics began a barometric plunge signalling an impending storm.

- against Missouri, 280 yards rushing.
- Georgia Tech limited the Irish to 176 yards.
- the Irish could only muster 78 yards on the ground against LSU.
- and, finally, the total slipped to a rock bottom 31 in the season's finale with SC.

And, as the rushing got progressively worse, Theismann was increasingly dumped for losses.

Perhaps, then, the pivotal point in the 1970 Irish season was the injury to DiNardo. But hindsight such as this is easy. Had the Irish defeated Southern Cal on Saturday this whole theory would appear meaningless. But, they didn't. It's merely some food for thought as to what may have led to the Irish tragic collapse that Saturday after Thanksgiving, in rainy Los Angeles.

After the USC game, Notre Dame coaches, students and players would lament that "we never got a break the whole day." True, SC performed almost flawlessly. But had anyone ever stopped to consider just how many breaks had gone the Irish way in the first

nine games? For example,

- in the season's opener, Wildcat receivers dropped ten passes during the afternoon.
- in the Purdue game, early fumbles got the Boilermakers in a hole.
- that touchdown pass to Gulyas in the Missouri game. Only a matter of inches and it well could've been the Tigers' ball game.
- the fluke pass to Allan in the Pitt game. That, coupled with a disputed fumble recovery, crushed the Panthers' upset hopes.
- an interference call against LSU set Notre Dame up for the game winning field goal.

What no one seemed to realize was that in the five of nine games that could be considered as contests, Notre Dame had gotten all the big breaks! In the one game the breaks didn't fall their way, the Irish collapsed.

But this is no time to be berating a team that had brought Notre Dame its best season record since 1966. Sure the loss to SC hurt; it especially hurt those ND seniors who had waited so long through the agonies of Purdue and could no longer look forward to another year and another shot at the Championship. Even in defeat there is unity; a unity of coaches, players and students alike. The season ain't over yet, fans, despite the gloom that still shrouds the campus from last Saturday's defeat. There's still that one big one left in Dallas. For now the pressure's off the Irish; they've got everything to win and nothing to lose. Don't throw away those "number one" buttons yet; anything can happen on New Year's Day.

"Lessee now, if Stanford beats Ohio State, and LSU beats Nebraska and . . .".

—Don Kennedy



two for tea

Stroh's

From one beer lover to another.

THE STROH BREWERY COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48226

Sanos Clark



CampusShop

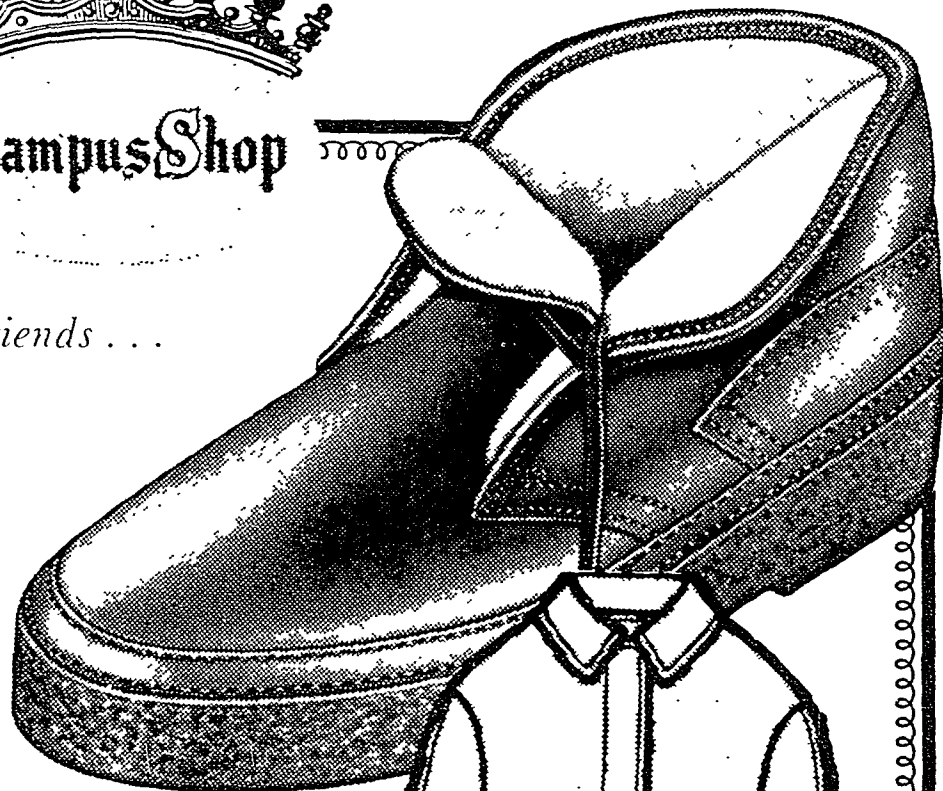
To make (and keep) warm friends . . .

The Famous Bates FLOATER

A shearling-lined boot with water repellency plus fireside warmth. A masterpiece in footwear design for the university man. Lightweight comfort. In Spanish Moss or Black, sizes 7½ to 15

\$20.95

13 and above slightly higher



Large group of
SUBURBAN
COATS

at savings of

1/4 1/2 1/3

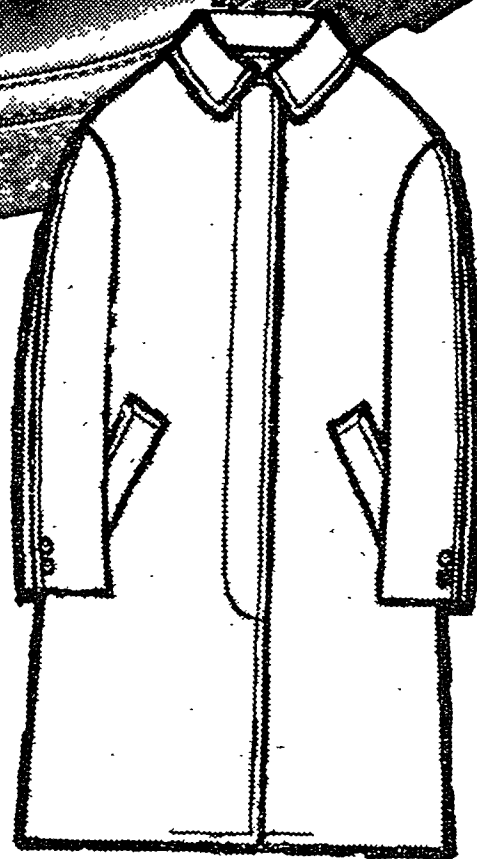
Nationally Advertised ALL-WEATHER COAT

with zip-in Alpaca liner

Wind, water and weather resistant
shell of 65% Dacron® polyester/
35% cotton. In Black or natural.

Regular \$55

\$34.50



BUY NOW . . . PAY NEXT SUMMER

PAY ONE-THIRD

in June

PAY ONE-THIRD

in July

PAY ONE-THIRD

in August

No interest or carrying charge added

One Man Tells Another
to **GILBERT'S**
CampusShop

ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME