

Don Voyle





SPECIAL ISSUE

a football review

5 introduction

6 so you want to be a quarterback

dennis wall

12 the wrapup

jim donaldson

24 statistics

25 91's 7 days in miami

mike creaney

28 excerpts from "all la glory"

michael lonier

30 notre dame du press box

terri lustic

31 a network orange

timothy standing

32 idea

leo j. mulcahey

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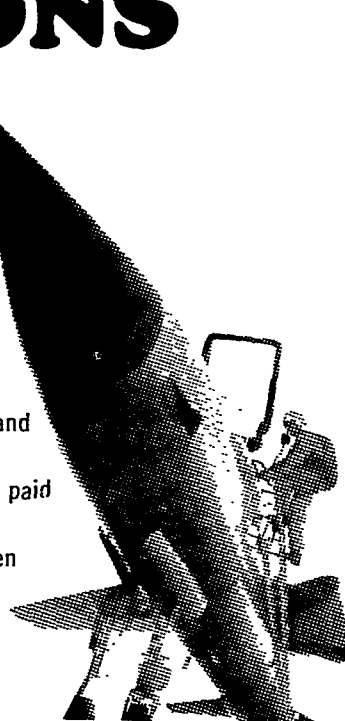
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Football has, in recent years, become a topic of much conversation at Notre Dame. Of course, the sport has always been a popular topic here, but lately many of the conversations have taken a new turn, no longer fixated on questions of why we should have been rated #1 this year, or "if only we had gotten that first down, and Ohio State had beaten Southern Cal." More and more students have called into question the real value of the sport, and that would seem to be a healthy sign.

Notre Dame is a terribly image-conscious school, and for over half a century that image was built almost exclusively on the excellence of its football teams. And for most people not directly associated with the University, football is still the first thing which comes to mind at the mention of Notre Dame. That is indeed a tragedy, for Notre Dame is much more than a Preprofessional Football Training School. But the job of convincing others of that fact is a difficult one, as any student will confirm who has attempted over summer vacations to direct conversations about Notre Dame to topics other than athletics.

It seems to me that people like Mike Creaney and Greg Marx have done much to combat the jock image of the school. Mike's plans for the future include the distinct possibility of returning to Notre Dame next year to make up two science courses in anticipation of applying to medical school. Greg's selection to the Scholastic All-American team is nearly as well publicized as his selection to the more conventional All-American football team. Last year's team co-captain and All-American guard Larry DiNardo, after an NCAA-sponsored tour of South Vietnam, had the courage to publish an article denouncing the war. John Dampeer took part in a similar tour last summer. The captain of the 1969 Irish football team, Mike Oriard, is now playing for the Kansas City Chiefs. But during the off-seasons Mike has been completing work for his Ph.D. in English and this spring will teach a literature course at Stanford entitled "Sports and Society." It is fortunate for Notre Dame that men who have made their name in athletics are also making a name in other fields. I am afraid, though, that the image still persists.

In the last several months the editorial board of the SCHOLASTIC has raised several questions of its own, based on the fear that publishing a football review would only serve to perpetuate the jock image of Notre Dame. Finally, though, it was decided that, as there is likely nothing *inherently* wrong with football, we might be able to do a service by attempting to place athletics in a more proper and larger perspective. And with the same purpose in mind, we would like to invite our readers who have subscribed only to the "Football Review" to share some of the other issues — the special issue on the arts at Notre Dame, the issue on academia and mental health, etc. We would be more than happy to pass along testimony that Notre Dame is much, much more than just a football factory.

—greg stidham

introduction



so you want to be a quarterback?

I don't know where the idea came from. I suppose—no, I know—that part of its origin springs from George Plimpton's *Paper Lion*. I know, too, that part of its growth is due to unfulfilled ambition as a high-school tackle. (In my last two years in high school, I missed ten out of sixteen games because of various injuries inflicted upon me largely by my own ineptitude on the practice field.) In any event, in November of 1971 I walked into Ara Parseghian's office in the ACC and told him that I wanted to be a quarterback for Notre Dame. I explained that I wanted to work out with the team and handle one series of downs, if possible, in the Blue-Gold game. Coach Parseghian didn't seem too enthralled with the quarterback part of it; perhaps because I had never played quarterback in my life. He asked me what position I had played in high school, and I told him. It didn't exactly surprise me when he said that at 5'10" and 180 pounds, I'd be too small to be a lineman at Notre Dame—and too slow to be anything else but a quarterback. He finally consented to the proposition—"Yeah, sure, sounds good"—and then he told me that if it came to the point where either I was damaging the team's progress or when I myself could get damaged, we'd have to forget the whole thing. I quickly agreed, and that's how my football career at Notre Dame began. Under the wing of Coach Dennis Murphy I "enrolled" in winter conditioning practice. What follows are excerpts from the journal I kept during that time; some phrases have been changed into full sentences, otherwise what you will read is what I wrote when I was going through the painful process of



being George Plimpton.

Feb. 16, 1972: What went through Plimpton's mind as he went out for that first practice? My mind is filled with fear and with the awareness that I really didn't — and still don't — know what I was getting into.

"Agility drills" is a euphemism for body-destroyers. You've got to combine the best features of a cat and a kangaroo, all with the force of a Patton tank. First is the mile run, which took me approximately ten minutes, then up a flight of stairs running every step, then running every other step, then hopping up every other step, then every third, then every fourth. Then you run laterally over dummies laid on the ground, then to an upstairs gym to be timed on the rope climb. I failed to reach the top both times I tried it. After the second time, I went over to Jim Musuraca, a linebacker and my group leader — he shrugged his shoulders. I said, "You know, this is embarrassing." He said, "Don't worry about it. Most of the guys are getting in shape all winter long. Shit, this is our living." After the rope climb came the parallel bars, which I couldn't finish, and then skipping rope, which I couldn't do either. When we went to the last exercise of the day, the horizontal ladder, I couldn't jump high enough to reach the first rung. One of the players had to give me a boost. I caught the first rung this time, and for the first time in my life I went all the way across the horizontal ladder. It was epoxy for my shattered ego.

At the end of practice, Coach Bill Hickey informed me that my moustache had to go — team rules. What is this, the Army? I walked up to Musuraca again when it was all over, and I said, "Well, Jim, I know I have no

stellar abilities, but do you think I'll survive?" His reply: "As a quarterback, yes."

While I was dressing in the locker room to go home, putting on my street clothes, I felt kind of sad — it was a strange feeling — because you see, for an hour and twenty minutes today I was a football player.

Feb. 18, 1972: Today was a new day. We went outside — in balmy, breezy 25-degree weather. First, there was group cal, as usual; it consists of stretching exercises and the like to get warmed up quickly. Then we formed into our groups and went across the seven-man sled, at first hitting every section and then spinning off to every other one. Next we ran from pillar to post in the runway of the stadium, frontwards, backwards and laterally, then on hands and knees the same three ways. The last exercise was the chin-up. (I could do two and a half; ironically, the requirement was five.) We moved into the stadium and proceeded to run up the stadium steps, thirty-five or forty in all, in the snow. Today we had to run them six times. Next time it'll be a little more.

There I was, in *that* stadium, pretending I was a football player. I was glad that Rockne couldn't see me; he was a harder driver than Coach John Murphy is, I'm sure.

I lucked out — we ran in sections of five guys, and my section was one of the last, so we got sent in before we ran the last time. However, it was not all over. We still had to run six laps around the stadium runway. I honestly don't know how many laps I ran. When I first started lapping it, I swear I couldn't run at all — my

thighs and lower leg muscles were so swollen that I had no kneecaps, literally. When I started jogging, I lost almost all track of numbers; although I'm sure I did less than six. To show what I mean, I met Coach Murphy twice while lapping. The first time he asked me what lap I was on, and I said, "Third, I think." The next time he saw me I was walking. I think I'm going to get an "F" for "desire."

Feb. 21, 1972: It's over again. For another day I was a football player. The anxiety I felt so deeply before practice began has changed into a quite different feeling. Pride. I am actually proud of myself — proud to have finished another day of "practice" without embarrassing myself too much, proud that it's getting a little easier to do, proud that most of the players accept my presence. I think that for some I am something of an object of disdain, because I am, of course, perpetually last in all of these drills. But, like I said, the majority seem to accept me almost "as one of them" and it feels good.

Some of my friends are wondering why I'm spending so much time at the ACC. I tell them that I'm going out for place-kicker with the football team. They don't find it easy to believe — until I tell them that place-kickers do little more than kick. Now they believe me. I wonder what they would think if they knew the real story. My right arm is killing me. (I think I strained a triceps a little bit on the damn chin-ups.) My head is throbbing, my knees ache when I walk — and I feel great. I've survived another day. Besides, this exercise is doing me good, and I've been forced to cut my cigarette consumption down to $\frac{1}{4}$ of what it was (from two packs a day to eight or nine cigarettes a day). I'm also building my self-confidence somewhat. So I suppose that even if I don't make it all the way to the Blue-Gold game on May 6, it will have been worth it. I'm still looking forward to that game, though!

I saw Coach (Dennis) Murphy again today. I wanted to ask him a couple of questions and get my role here straight. He had a question for me as it turned out — he wanted to know if I was to be "incognito" with the players — I said yes, but the coaches might as well know — and he said something very instructive as to my role: "I see, then, you want to be just another student." Significant that he didn't say "just another player" or even "just another walk-on." I'm not at all angry — I just find it interesting. Perhaps later I'll

be able to put my feelings on this in order.

Musuraca asked me how I felt after Friday's practice. I told him about having no idea of the number of laps I did at the end of practice. He said it was true for him as well — that everything looked the same in the runway (which it did) and that he counted his laps by the number of times he passed a certain ice patch.

One more thing: I'm going to find the guy who first thought up the idea of stretching ropes together to form squares and then having you run through this mess. First, we ran through with our feet in every square, then (you guessed it!) every other square, then putting our right foot in the left-hand square, the left foot in the right-hand square, and so on, all the way to the end. Whoever thinks up this stuff ought to be committed. I almost broke my ass on that thing today.

Feb. 23, 1972: Did the group cal today, then hit the sled (straight on and then spinning off), then chin-ups, running and crab walk "from pillar to post," then *eight* times up and down the stadium steps, then cross-country down Eddy, across Juniper and into the back of the ACC (cutting corners with the rest). Didn't stop on that last run!

Enjoyed hitting the sled today. Might be a clue to how these joking, friendly guys can go out on that field on Saturdays in the fall and hit people.

Heard an interesting conversation before practice began today. The black players tend to stand apart from the rest of the players until practice begins. One white player turned to another and said, "There's our Black Studies Group," pointing to the black guys. The other one said, "Yeah, I'd like to see those guys in spring practice." Cliff Brown was in that group of black players. Cliff wears a sweat shirt with "QB?" printed on the front of it. From what I've heard among the players, Brown is right to put a question mark after QB — Tom Clements, who lives in my hall, is supposed to be pretty good. At least Sorin will have one quarterback in the Blue-Gold game this year.

Feb. 25, 1972: We play basketball at 4:30 today and supposedly there's nothing to do between now and then. I'm glad for the reprieve. Talked to Brian Clemente, a linebacker who lives in Sorin, last night after I came back from Louie's. Clemente made the observation that he thought I wasn't quite sure of exactly what I wanted from this. I'm afraid he's partially right. What interests me is the motivation of these people: what



**those pads cost
a lot of money
use them
hit somebody**

makes them spend their Saturday afternoons in the fall hitting people. Clemente thought, as I do, that the answers will be as numerous as the players — although it intrigues me enough to find out if there isn't some small index of commonality after all. One answer is the NFL. It surprised me how many of the players — at least the ones that I've talked to — are really going to give pro ball a shot if they get the chance. But that's only one of the reasons, and it really does not answer why they play football in the first place.

In the basketball game today, I was terrible. I'm almost as bad at that as I am in regular practice. One of the guys on my team, a starting player, got on my back a little during the game. Darryll Dewan, a starting halfback, told me not to worry about it — and he said it loud enough for the other guy to hear. Thank God for Darryll Dewan! I know one thing — I find it hard to talk back to these guys. But then again — today was the first time I might have had to.

The succeeding days passed like the days before had. We got Easter vacation off and started again on April 5 — the first day of practice with pads.

April 6, 1972: At training table now. Separate table for most of the black guys on the team. (Willie Townsend sat down across from me, though, with another guy.) Practice was amazing yesterday. First, all the varsity guys without equipment got their stuff, then the walk-ons got the leftovers. We were supposed to be on the field at 3:45, but we walk-ons didn't get out until 5:30. When we got out, there were four offen-

sive groups and three or four on defense, rotating in and out after being in for one play each. They then moved up to four plays per group. The hitting — yes, they hit on the first day — was shocking. I mean that I was in a state of shock to begin with. I walked past Lou Ferello, one of the managers, without recognizing him even when he said hello to me. (Earlier in the day I checked with Coach Dennis Murphy about whether I should get equipment or not, and I was mumbling so bad he had to ask me what I was talking about.) But I've never seen such a willingness to get somebody, such a willingness ("desire," as they say in footballese) to hit other people. The snap of the ball, the grunts and groans and growls, the hitting of pads all down the line, the "unh" let out by the ball-carrier as all the air in his body is forced outward by the force of the linebacker's shoulder pads. And the coaches running all over the place. (Defensive coach to a player: "Dammit, those pads cost a lot of money. Use them! Hit somebody!") Parseghian seems to be everywhere, shouting the players to perfection: "Goddammit, what do you think we're out here for? Run that damned play! And hit! Now run that play right!" By the way, everything Parseghian says when on the field during practice is yelled.

After practice, when the team gathers together, it is possible to hear Coach Parseghian speak in normal tones. Like yesterday: "All right, men. Today we were seeing what kind of a team we're going to have in nineteen-seventy-TWO. Tomorrow night we will have a meeting. . . ." And so on.

Anyway, about today. My helmet kills me. I have

that game is your final exam

to wear the glasses with it because I'm blind without them and I can't afford contacts. I'm the only player with glasses on during practice, of course. Still, my helmet would be too tight. But according to Gene O'Neill, the equipment manager, it's the right size for me. I wonder if he has enough confidence in that particular judgment to pay my Excedrin bill. But there's something in football about "the tighter the helmet, the safer the head." My head must be like Fort Knox, man.

One good thing today: we walk-ons got to watch the varsity again and see how the game is really played before we ourselves have to go in there. Clements really does look good. About the only problem he's having is synchronization with his receivers. Once he gets that down he may answer Mr. Brown's question for him. There is a freshman here named Eric Penick. It seems that if he ever gets the ball to the outside, whether on a run or a pass, he is gone down that sideline. He's the fastest person I have ever seen. Another thing I found out today—I hope Greg Marx doesn't get mad during the Blue-Gold game if I'm in there. Some offensive tackle put a sloppy block on him today, cutting him down from behind around the knees. Mr. Marx informed him that that was not the thing to do and he did it in a way that I'll bet that tackle will never forget.

April 7, 1972: Today in practice we all took cal together and then the walk-ons separated into a distinct group under the tutelage of Coach Dennis Murphy. We ran through the rope squares—two stuck end to end. I just about chucked the whole thing right then. Then we practiced the three-point stance, ran and touched the crossbar on the goal posts, ran laterally and frontally over the dummies on the ground, then hit the seven-man sled individually (first straight across and then spinning off), then practiced formations. (Of the twelve walk-ons, nine are out for defense and three for offense, including me.) Murphy showed me where to put my hands under the center and how to hold them. We practiced the pitch, and on one play, by the time I got back from center the fullback was on line between me and the halfback. By the time he got past him, the halfback was moving toward the line so fast I pitched it forward of the line of scrimmage. Murphy said: "What was that? That was a forward pass!" By this time, Coach Parseghian had walked to where we were. He saw what had been going on and was cracking up as he asked Murphy what we were doing. Murphy replied that we were working on the pitch. Parseghian said: "That wasn't a pitch, that was a for-

ward pass!" (Next time I'll eat the ball!)

Another time Coach Parseghian laughed was when we were doing passing drills. The center knew the snap was to be on the second sound, because Coach Murphy's assistant told him. But while the assistant was telling the center that, Coach Murphy was telling me how to come back from the ball and set up for the pass. I walked up to the center, psyched myself up and said forcefully, "Hut," expecting the ball on the first sound. It didn't come. Then, softly, leaning closer, "Hut!" Nothing. Still softer and leaning still closer, "Hut!" Still nothing. Then I leaned over to his helmet and yelled in the earhole, "Hike the goddammed ball!" He hiked it.

Parseghian was also delighted with my lack of passing ability. All in all, I connected three out of ten times, but once I threw to one of the defenders so I shouldn't really count that as a completion. The other times the defenders batted the ball down or it fell out of the air of its own accord, something like a wounded duck. All in all, a wonderful practice, capped off by standing around and watching the team go through the plays in the rain for about an hour. John Cieszkowski is running like he did last year—mostly through people. Andy Huff is running well, too. Needless to say, Eric Penick is getting ready to be a starter.

Parseghian talked to me at the beginning of practice today. (This was before he got into his tower, which is about forty feet tall and is pulled around by a pickup truck. He goes up there so he can see the entire field at once. He doesn't miss a thing; you never forget he's there.) He told me that if I messed up their coaching, I'd be out. Second time he's told me this. At first he didn't recognize me. He looked straight at me, pointed at me and said, "Who is *this*?" He looked around for another coach for an answer, then looked back at me, having failed to find another coach around. As I was walking toward him, I mumbled who I was, and he said, "Well?" I then reminded him of what I was doing, and we had the previous conversation. I don't think I really impressed him today—but I'm more of a writer than a Johnny Unitas anyway.

April 8, 1972: As I was checking the blackboard in the locker room to find out what we were going to do today, somebody walked into me and gave me a little shove away from the blackboard. I looked up, and there was Cliff Brown, just staring at the board. After a few seconds he just walked away, without saying a thing. Strange man.

Anyway, there was no practice today. South Bend is in the throes of its annual Easter-time blizzard. (One player said: "What is this? I want to go outside! I'm pissed.")

Now to tell about last night's meeting, after training table in the North Dining Hall. Ara, true to form, started at exactly 7:30, like he said he would. Townsend had told me not to worry, to relax and things would come easier. He thought I was a freshman—but it didn't faze him a bit when I told him I was a junior. I told him there was something he had that I didn't have—talent. "Oh, you wouldn't be out there if you didn't have the talent," he said. Little does he know. He must have noticed that I wear glasses in practice (it's not hard to, I'm the only one who does), because he said I ought to get contacts. I told him I couldn't afford them and he said I should try to get the school to pay for them. He thinks I'm an athlete! Again, little does he know.

Anyway, Coach Parseghian inveighed against the evils of alcohol, tobacco and drugs. He was rhetorical: "Does (sic) alcohol and tobacco build endurance? No. . . ." and he listed reasons why not. (I remember something about lactic acid being caused by alcohol and tobacco, which induces fatigue.) He did the same thing for drugs, capping that off by saying he knew of a former ND player who was in trouble because of them. He also introduced the coaches (for the benefit of our dozen or so walk-ons), and started the meaty part of his speech by saying: "I may not be as intelligent as some of you. I may not be able to take a test as well as some of you. But I've got something you haven't got: experience. That's something you'll have to wait to get." He went on to say that "A true expression of education is football. That game (gesturing in the direction of the stadium) is your final exam." Football is a true expression of education "because it is practical." He said that we are applying what we're learning. He also said that we've got "what's in here (hitting his stomach), intestinal fortitude—guts!" He said, "there's a lot of guys on this campus, I don't mean just the students, or the faculty" whom he wouldn't trust in a situation requiring intestinal fortitude. "In a situation that requires a real decision, I'd put my money on you, baby." He concluded by explaining the rules of the Notre Dame football team, which are those of the NCAA, and said that if we couldn't follow them, then we knew his opinion on that: we could leave.

Pagna to talk to Coach Parseghian for me. Nothing has been said for some time about the Blue-Gold game. I've seen enough practice to know what goes on, and I'm certainly not getting the feeling of what it's like to be a quarterback *this* way. Pagna was really nice about it, said he understood. Hope he's in my corner. No practice again today. We did have a "skull session," though. The team split up into its specific parts, of which mine was offensive backs. Coach Pagna went through his circles and x's. He really knows this stuff. Interesting thing: we were all handed cards with a basic explanation of the system at ND, and a basic outline of some new plays. Other plays were put on the board to be copied into our notebooks, and they used the terminology on this card. Anyway, Andy Huff came in late, sat down behind me, and asked to see my card. Now since he was a starter and I was a walk-on, he could have "pulled rank" and just kept it—I can think of one or two players who would have—but he didn't. He copied the whole thing into his notebook and handed it back to me. Andy Huff has class.

Before we were told that practice was cancelled, we walk-ons were sitting together. Somebody said that he wanted to go out despite the weather, and he couldn't understand why the varsity didn't want to go out. Another guy said that it was probably because they were afraid of *us*, but that there were a couple of guys on the varsity who could be on the same field with us. We "walk-ons" are united in at least one thing—we are unbelievably in awe of Notre Dame football players.

The next day in practice Ara Parseghian called me over to him. He said that Coach Pagna had told him that I needed to have the down or series of downs in the game or my purpose was defeated. I told him that that was right, and he enumerated reasons why I would not get into the game: he had eight quarterbacks already, and he wasn't sure all of them would get into the game; he had a lot of scholarship players to evaluate and a lot of people out for the team, so neither he nor his coaches could afford to spend any time watching me; I might get hurt, which would look bad for the University, and wouldn't be good for me either. He ended by saying that "of course, it's up to you, but from my point of view, it's worthless." With that, he turned and walked away. I didn't know what to do. Coach Dennis Murphy tried to convince me to stick out practice at least, and Coach Pagna had offered to help me as much as he could, but it all somehow seemed futile. I went back to the locker room and took off my equipment. The last thing I put away was my helmet. It had just begun to fit.

dennis wall

April 9, 1972: Asked Offensive Backfield Coach Tom

the worst year

ACCORDING to the records, the 1972 Fighting Irish football team was Ara Parseghian's worst club in his nine years as Notre Dame's head coach. Never before had a Parseghian-coached Irish team lost three games in a single season. Never before had an opponent scored 40 points against Notre Dame, but two clubs did it in 1972. And not since 1963, when Hugh Devore was head coach, had Notre Dame finished lower than their 1972 national ranking of 15th.

A season-ending 45-23 beating at the hands of Anthony Davis and Southern California, coupled with the humiliating 40-6 debacle against Nebraska in the Orange Bowl on January 1 led to widespread agreement that, yes, 1972 was the worst year in the "Era of Ara."

But was 1972 really that bad a season? Was there greater disappointment over this year's 8-3 record than Irish fans experienced in 1967 when, after opening the season as the nation's number one club, Notre Dame finished with a 7-2-1 slate? Was the performance of the '72 squad more upsetting than that of the 1971 Irish, another highly ranked club before the season started, one that boasted of the nation's strongest defense, yet finished with an 8-2 record and the 13th spot in the polls?

Eight members of that vaunted '71 defensive eleven graduated last spring. Two linebackers, three members of what was considered to be collegiate football's best front four, and the entire secondary departed, including three All-Americans—Walt Patulski, Clarence Ellis and Mike Kadish. Not only was the defense riddled by graduation, but the offense lost split end Tom Gatewood, Notre Dame's all-time leading pass catcher.

Viewing his graduation-riddled defensive unit and an offense that, even with Gatewood, had scored only 225 points in '71, Parseghian remarked early in September, "This is the biggest rebuilding job I've faced since coming to Notre Dame."

There were no delusions of grandeur surrounding the 1972 Irish in early fall. Some football analysts predicted Notre Dame would win just six of its 10 games. The Irish were certainly young and definitely enthusiastic, but how talented they were was questionable. What little optimism Parseghian permitted himself was evidenced when he said, "Attitude can make a big difference in a team. A club with good morale, good leadership and determination can overcome inexperience. Those things are intangibles, but they become very meaningful on the field. I believe that responsibility makes new stars."

The new star did, indeed, emerge. Tom Clements, up from the freshman team, ousted '71 regular Cliff Brown from the starting quarterback position prior to the first game and directed the Irish attack with poise and confidence seldom seen in a sophomore quarterback. He completed 51 percent of his passes, good for 1163 yards and eight touchdowns, during the regular season and finished the year as the club's fourth leading rusher, with 341 yards and four touchdowns.

Sophomore halfback Eric Penick (a 9.5 sprinter) rushed for 727 yards, the best Irish total since 1954. Another speed merchant, freshman halfback Art Best, averaged 9.3 yards on 17 carries, including touchdown runs of 56 and 57 yards, the latter coming the first

time he carried the ball in varsity competition.

Senior fullback Andy Huff, a steady but unheralded performer his first two years, came into his own in '72, leading the team in scoring with 60 points and 10 touchdowns and finishing second to Penick in the rushing totals with 567 yards.

HUSTLING wide receiver Willie Townsend, while hardly another Gatewood, became Clements' favorite pass catcher and topped the club with 25 receptions. But he was overshadowed by his younger brother Mike—"the little T"—a defensive back who, in his first year as a starter, set a Notre Dame record for pass interceptions with 10.

Steve Niehaus, a massive (6'5", 265) freshman tackle showed promise of becoming one of the country's great defensive linemen in future years, bringing down 47 ball carriers before a practice field knee injury sidelined him for the rest of the season. Still, he finished seventh on the team in tackles made, despite playing only four games.

Veteran linebacker Jim O'Malley led the squad in tackles with 122 and All-American tackle Greg Marx and linebacker Jim Musuraca, both seniors, weren't far behind. Another talented youngster, sophomore linebacker Drew Mahalic, was fourth on the club with 77 tackles.

But Notre Dame's youthful stars like Clements, Penick, Best, Niehaus, Mike Townsend and Mahalic were still unproven in mid-September and Parseghian looked ahead with trepidation at his club's first three opponents—Northwestern, Purdue and Michigan State.

"We'll have to grow up quickly," he said. "What happens in our first three games will go a long way in determining how well we do this season."

Purdue, boasting players like Otis Armstrong, Dave Butz, Gary Danielson, Darryl Stingley, Rick Sayers, Greg Bingham and Rick Schavietello, all professional prospects, and Michigan State, led by everybody's All-American safety Brad Van Pelt and offensive stars Joe DeLamielleure and Billy Joe Dupree, were considered prime contenders for the Big Ten title. Northwestern wasn't supposed to be a strong team but when the Wildcats only lost 7-0 to Michigan, which figured to have a shot at national honors, Alex Agase's club gave Parseghian a bit more to worry about prior to the season opener.

In the week before Notre Dame played its first game Parseghian acknowledged that, because of the graduation losses, "There's no way we can be as good this year defensively as we were last year.

"Because of our young defense it is mandatory that we improve our offensive productivity," he said. "We hope to be able to put more points on the scoreboard and take the burden off our defensive unit."

NOTRE DAME did just that Sept. 23 against Northwestern in Evanston's Dyche Stadium. Scoring the first five times they had the football, the Irish built up a 27-0 lead in a little over 20 minutes and romped by the 'Cats, 37-0.

With senior halfback Darryll Dewan accounting for



One of the three Northwestern fumbles.

105 yards, Notre Dame rushed for 386 yards against a 'Cat defense that had held Michigan to only 259 total yards the previous weekend. Soccer-style placekicker Bob Thomas tied a record he already shared with Gus Dorais by booting three field goals, including one from 47 yards away. The Irish defense, led by O'Malley and the 17-year-old Niehaus, who each made 13 tackles, forced six Northwestern turnovers—recovering three fumbles and making three pass interceptions—to make Parseghian nine-for-nine in season openers at Notre Dame.



Andy Huff breaks away against Michigan State behind a Mike Creaney block.

After the "green" defense stopped Northwestern's initial series of the overcast afternoon, it took the Irish just seven plays to go 53 yards for a score. Dewan picked up the first touchdown of the new season, sprinting 30 yards around right end behind blocks by Mike Creaney and Frank Pomarico.

The next time the Irish had possession they marched 80 yards in 11 plays, John Cieszkowski going over for the score from the two-yard line with 1:48 left in the first quarter.

Notre Dame settled for field goals of 23 and 26 yards by Thomas on its next two sorties but crossed the goal line again on its fifth turn with the football. An interception and 12-yard runback by O'Malley put the Irish on the Northwestern 31 and two plays later—after a 30-yard run by Willie Townsend on an end-around and a one-yard plunge by Huff—Notre Dame led, 27-0. Thomas' 47-yard field goal with three seconds to go in the half enabled the Irish to go to the locker room with a 30-0 halftime advantage.

"I was apprehensive about how good or bad we'd be," Parseghian said afterwards. "But we got good field position and were able to score early. Our execu-

tion was good, our timing was good, we didn't make mistakes and we were able to keep them off balance."

SPEAKING for his defensive mates, co-captain Marx said, "The 'greenness' went right out of us today. Everyone said how 'green' we were and how we were going to get killed. But the coaches worked hard to instill confidence in the younger guys, so what happened? They went out there and they were cooler than I was."

Northwestern's only scoring threat was a 30-yard field goal attempt that was blocked by Tim Rudnick. "I thought our defense did well," Parseghian said with a smile.

The Irish coach also praised his young players—especially Niehaus and Clements. "Niehaus was exceptional," he said, "and Clements did a nice job handling the club."

Backfield coach Tom Pagna was a bit more effusive about Clements, saying, "For the first game he was super. His handoffs and faking were just about perfect."

the 'greenness' went out of us today

A week later, everyone was praising Clements.

Before the usual sellout crowd of 59,075, Notre Dame played its first home game of the year against a Purdue club that was, surprisingly, 0-2, and the Irish and Clements turned in an awesome offensive performance. With Clements completing 17 of 24 passes for 287 yards and two touchdowns, Notre Dame racked up 636 yards in total offense and thumped the Boilermakers, 35-14.

Jumping out to a 14-0 lead in the first quarter, the Irish led 21-0 at halftime and upped their advantage to 35-0 after three quarters before Purdue scored a pair of meaningless touchdowns in the final 15 minutes.

While Clements was dazzling the Boilers with his aerial accuracy, Penick was running wild, accounting for 133 yards in only 12 carries and scoring a touchdown.

The defensive unit came in for its share of honors, too, limiting Purdue to only 39 first-half yards—all on the ground—while the Irish offense rolled up 153 yards rushing and 250 passing in the first 30 minutes. Had it not been for the early-game heroics of the defense, Purdue might not have ended up on the short end of the score.

A Penick fumble on the first play from scrimmage gave the Boilermakers the ball on the N.D. 33 and they quickly picked up a first down. But Niehaus and O'Malley got the Irish out of trouble, Niehaus separating Purdue's Bill Pedhoretzky from the football with a jarring tackle and O'Malley recovering on the 17.

Taking advantage of a roughing the kicker penalty against Purdue which enabled them to retain possession, the Irish drove 83 yards for their first touchdown on the ensuing series. In a third-and-13 situation at the Boilermaker 39, Clements fired a perfect pass to Creaney at the 20 and the big tight end romped in for the score. Thomas, who didn't miss an extra point all season, converted, to give N.D. a 7-0 lead after only five minutes.

Later in the quarter, another Irish fumble turned the ball over to Purdue 43 yards from the goal line but, again, the Irish defense was equal to the challenge and the Boilers were forced to punt.

Notre Dame took over at its own 30 and, after a five-yard penalty, covered 75 yards in just six plays for its second touchdown.

A 30-yard pass to Creaney was the big play in the

drive, which ended with Penick darting 14 yards on an end sweep for the score.

THE Irish moved in front 21-0 on the first play of the second quarter when Clements found Willie Townsend alone behind the Boilers' secondary and combined with the junior split end on a 62-yard pass-and-run touchdown play. It turned out to be the longest play from scrimmage of the season.

Notre Dame wrapped up its third straight victory over its long-time nemesis by scoring on its first two attempts in the second half.

A 78-yard, seven-play drive, highlighted by Gary Diminick's 42-yard run, was capped by Cieszkowski's one-yard TD trust and the Irish went 84 yards on their next march, Huff powering over from the one for the score.

"Notre Dame has great balance," said disappointed Purdue coach Bob DeMoss. "They've got a fast, experienced line, good running backs and Clements did a great job at quarterback. Their execution is excellent and, any time a team can run inside and outside and pass as well as they did, they've got people in a bind."

"We couldn't stop them," he added, shaking his head.

What the Boilermakers couldn't do, Michigan State did Oct. 7 in Spartan Stadium—almost did, that is.

Notre Dame's offense, which had been so impressive in the first two games, was kept almost totally in check by a fired-up M.S.U. defense, headed by Van Pelt and linebacker Gail Clark. The Irish could manage only a pair of field goals during the first 55 minutes of play in a game dominated by the defensive units.

But, while the Spartans contained Notre Dame's potent offense, the oft-questioned, much-maligned Irish defense was playing its "game of the year." State's Wishbone attack was unable to move against the Irish and crossed midfield just once in the game. The Notre Dame defense proved to a capacity crowd of 77,828 in East Lansing and a national television audience that they were no longer "green."

The outcome was in doubt until late in the final quarter when, fittingly, a great defensive play paved the way for Notre Dame's third win.

After Penick fumbled the ball away on the State 20 early in the final session, depriving the Irish of a

chance to try to add an "insurance" field goal to their tenuous 6-0 advantage, the Spartans put together their best drive of the game, moving into N.D. territory for the only time.

On a third-and-six play from the Irish 44, Spartan quarterback Mark Niesen tried to pass to tight end Dupree. Notre Dame's Ken Schlezes, a senior defensive back, diagnosed the play and came up with a critical interception, stopping the M.S.U. threat.

He returned the ball to the 50 and, with Penick contributing a twisting, tackle-breaking, 26-yard run, the Irish were able to penetrate to the Spartan nine-yard line in five plays. Faced with a fourth-and-eight situation, Parseghian elected to go for a field goal. Thomas came on and coolly drove a 26-yard place kick through the uprights with just 4:37 left to play. That wrapped things up for the Irish.

DESCRIBING his game-breaking play, Schlezes said, "We were in man coverage. I had one of the halfbacks but, when he stayed in the backfield to block, I followed the quarterback's eyes and got the ball. They had been throwing to Dupree a lot this season and I knew he was on the left. He hadn't run a cross pattern that they had run often and I was watching for it."

After Schlezes' interception and Thomas' subsequent field goal (which again enabled him to tie the N.D. record for three-pointers in a game) the Spartans were forced to attempt desperation passes in order to catch up and sophomore Reggie Barnett picked one off to set up Notre Dame's only touchdown. Huff registered the six points, scoring on a fourth-and-goal play from the seven with 28 seconds remaining.

"It was a matter of pride," Huff remarked. "We knew we could take the ball in."

At the outset, it didn't appear that anything was less normal with the Notre Dame attack. The Irish marched within field goal range on their first possession and Thomas made it 3-0 with a 47-yard kick. But thereafter, M.S.U. stiffened and Notre Dame mounted just one more threat in the first half, getting inside the ten early in the second quarter, only to settle for a 24-yard Thomas field goal. The Irish "O" could go nowhere in the third quarter and it wasn't until the last period that an attack was generated.

"We really needed this sort of game," Parseghian commented. "We had to prove we could play it to the hilt after two relatively easy games. The defense knew they had to stop the Spartans and they did."

Notre Dame appeared to have a breather the following weekend, hosting Pittsburgh's hapless Panthers, winless in six starts.

"If Notre Dame loses to Pitt tomorrow, I'll jump out of the press box," ex-Irish great Paul Hornung proclaimed at the pep rally the night before the game and the Golden Boy of the Green Bay Packers was growing restless midway through the third quarter with Pitt in possession of the ball in N.D. territory, training only 14-8.

But Mahalic rescued Hornung by intercepting a pass by Pitt qb John Hogan and racing 56 yards untouched down the sidelines to give the Irish a 21-8 lead. The Panthers folded up after that and Notre Dame waltzed

to three fourth-quarter touchdowns.

The Irish looked sloppy—they lost four fumbles and had a pass intercepted—and it was only due to Pitt's ineptitude that Notre Dame wasn't behind at half-time, rather than leading, 14-0.

BOTH Notre Dame scores came on drives kept alive by needless Panther penalties (roughing the kicker and jumping offside on a field goal attempt) and Pitt was twice unable to score after recovering fumbles inside the N.D. 35. Huff collected both Irish scores on runs of one and four yards.

The Panthers started to put things together at the beginning of the second half. Following a short kickoff, Pitt went 61 yards for a score in 13 plays, Hogan passing two yards to Dave Janasek for the touchdown. A penalty nullified Pitt's conversion kick, so the Panthers decided to go for two points and were successful, Hogan throwing to Bill Englert.

Pitt was driving again when Mahalic turned in his game-breaking play. The Panthers were docile after that and Huff, Penick and Best scored in the fourth quarter to make the final count 42-16. Best's touchdown—a 56-yard jaunt—came the first time he had carried the ball for the Irish.

"One of the most difficult jobs for any football coach is to convince his team that games are won on the field and not in the newspapers beforehand," Parseghian remarked in a postgame interview.

THE Irish, who should have learned the wisdom of that statement from the Panthers, had it drilled into them the following Saturday, Oct. 21, by Missouri.

There seemed little to fear from coach Al Onofrio's Tigers, who came into Notre Dame Stadium after a 62-0 thrashing at Nebraska the week before, with a 2-3 record. But the Missouri team that played Nebraska and the Missouri team that posted one of the major upsets of the collegiate season by edging Notre Dame, 30-26, were different ball clubs.

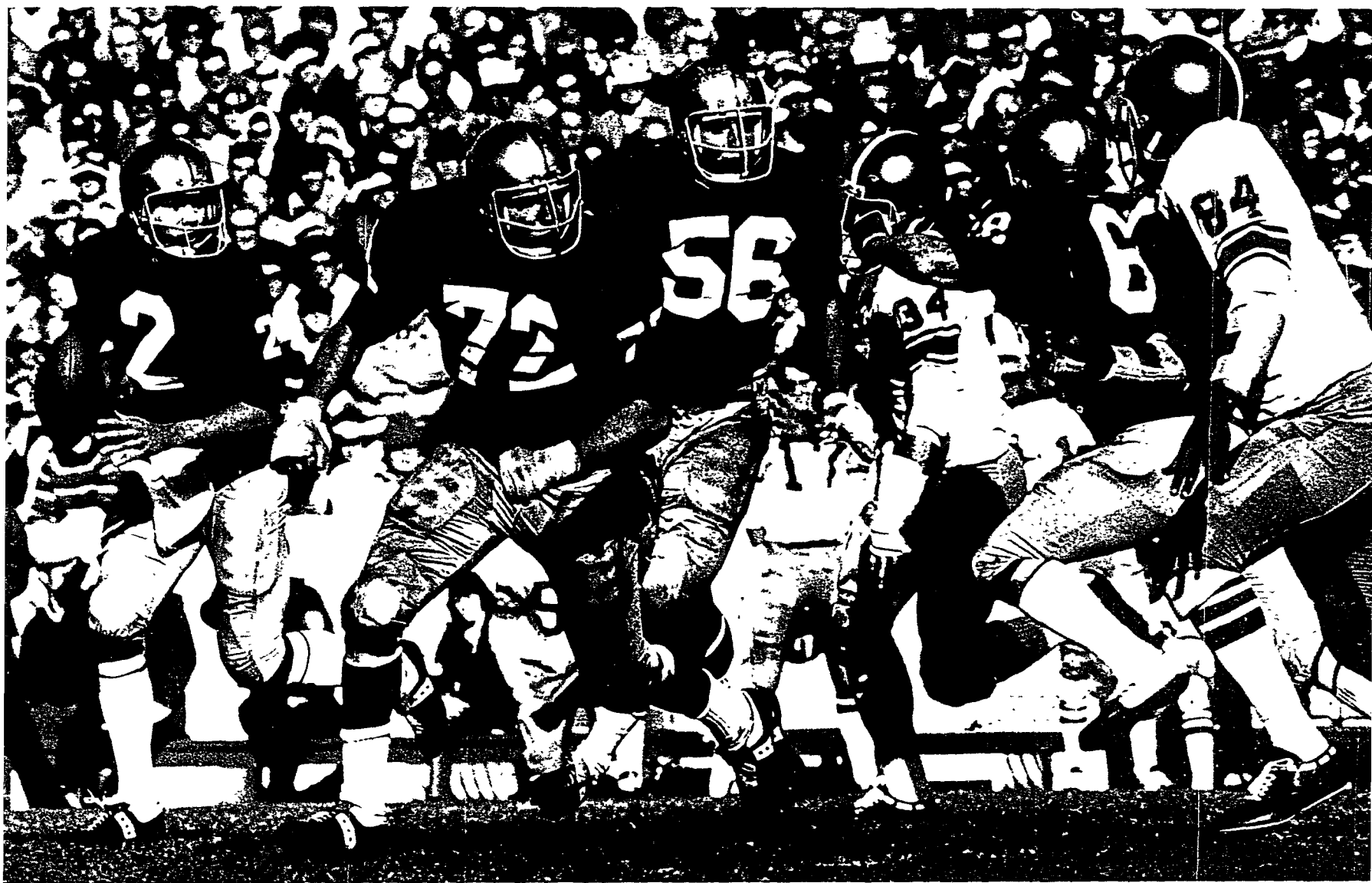
Utilizing a pass interception, an Irish penalty and two N.D. fumbles, Missouri built up a 30-14 fourth-quarter lead and withstood a furious Irish comeback bid to preserve its stunning victory.

"This was a tremendous victory for us, our biggest since I've been a coach at Missouri," Onofrio, who suffered through a 1-10 campaign in '71, said happily. Missouri played the best possible game it could after dedication all week in practice.

"We didn't do much different this week than we had done in the past," Onofrio said. "We knew that we had to have the big plays to win and we got them."

Consistently making necessary yardage in third- and even fourth-down situations, Missouri penetrated the Irish defense for 329 yards (223 rushing, 106 on four pass completions) and ran 79 offensive plays to Notre Dame's 63. More importantly, the Tigers controlled the clock for almost 38 minutes.

"Missouri was well prepared," Parseghian, shocked and disappointed, said. "They executed almost perfectly. We made mistakes, but that's part of the game."



Behind the protection of DiNardo and Pomarico Tom Clements looks for a receiver in the Pittsburgh secondary.

"We failed to control the line of scrimmage," he continued, "and they controlled the ball. The game is only 60 minutes, and they had the ball most of the time."

An interception by Roger Pankey set up a score for Missouri on the Tigers' first possession. Covering 46 yards in 12 plays, three times gaining the yardage needed for a first down in fourth-down situations, the Tigers went ahead, 7-0, on Leroy Moss' 16-yard, fourth-down end run.

Notre Dame quickly retaliated, marching 66 yards in 11 plays for the tying touchdown. Clements was dazzling in the drive, making a couple of nifty runs and tossing a 23-yard pass to Dewan, and Huff scored from the one.

games are
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newspapers



The Tigers responded by slashing 67 yards in 11 plays to regain the lead. With Niehaus, lost for the season because of a midweek practice knee injury, out of the N.D. lineup, Missouri viciously attacked the middle of the Irish line. Thrusts by Don Johnson and Tommy Reamon and a 33-yard pass from Don Cherry to wide receiver Jim Sharp moved the Tigers down the field and Johnson dove into the end zone from the one.

Once again, Notre Dame battled back to tie the score, this time putting together an 81-yard march, capped by a one-yard Cieszkowski touchdown.

Undaunted, Missouri took advantage of a fourth-down offside penalty against the Irish to retain possession after the ensuing kickoff and took a 21-14 lead with 1:09 left in the half on another one-yard Johnson dive.

The score was a bitter one for the Irish because they claimed to recover a fumble by Johnson on the play. The officials ruled that Johnson had lost the ball after he crossed the goal line, but films later revealed that he never actually had control of the ball, and it was really behind him when he made his leap for the end zone.

NOTRE DAME played give-away at the outset of the second half, Schlezes fumbling a punt and Diminick a kickoff deep in Irish territory. The Tigers converted those miscues into field goals, Greg Hill splitting the up-rights from 25 and 20 yards out. Missouri led, 27-14, with 7:40 to play in the third quarter and the Irish offense hadn't even gotten onto the field in the second half.

Things got worse for Notre Dame when Hill added

his third field goal, a 24-yarder with 10:14 remaining in the game. Then the Irish started to move.

Clements, with the help of some fine running by Dewan and Diminick, made the score 30-20 with a 13-yard scoring run, but a pass attempt for a two-point conversion failed.

The Irish drove 70 yards for another touchdown the next time they had the ball with an amazing 36-yard Clements to Jim Roolf fourth-down pass play highlighting the series. Clements almost fell when he faded back at the start of the play, but regained his balance and heaved a bomb downfield for Roolf. Pankey, the Tiger defender, made a futile try for an interception and Roolf, after juggling the ball, squeezed it tightly for an all-important first down at the 13.

After Clements gained a yard with a keeper, Huff went off the left side and, breaking a couple of tackles, carried into the end zone to make the score 30-26 with 4:10 yet to play. Huff carried again on a two-point conversion bid, but was stopped a yard short of the goal line.

Cliff Brown then tried an onside kick but Mizzou alertly covered the ball and used up almost two minutes before punting to the Irish 13 with 2:26 to go.

Hopes for a miracle Notre Dame victory were short-lived as Tiger defensive back Mike Fink intercepted a long Clements pass intended for Dewan and Missouri proceeded to run out the clock.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN's Mike Luttrell was quoted in a Fort Worth, Texas, newspaper the week after Notre Dame's loss to Missouri as saying that he "wasn't im-

pressed" by the Irish defense. Notre Dame, already smarting from its loss to the Tigers, was stung by the remark and took the field before another capacity home crowd determined to show the Horned Frogs' brash sophomore running star how impressive they really were.

The result: a 21-0 Notre Dame triumph.

"After Luttrell made that statement," Marx said, "we knew that either we would lose our pride, or TCU would lose a football game today."

"We've got something you can't put on paper, something you call pride," Marx continued. "You can't teach it. It's got to be in you. Nobody is going to badmouth Notre Dame and be glad they did. Ask Luttrell how many yards he got. Ask him how hard we hit. Ask him if this was a Notre Dame defense."

Luttrell, properly chastened, had no more comments to make, but Parseghian proud of the way his team had bounced back from its disappointing loss to Missouri, said, "Our defense was really a Notre Dame defense today. They were super."

Marx and his enraged defensive mates limited TCU to a mere 132 yards in total offense, 70 rushing and 62 passing. Luttrell had 26 yards in 13 attempts. In contrast, the Irish pounded out 432 yards on the ground and added 88 more through the air.

Despite six turnovers—four fumbles and two pass interceptions—the Irish offense was back in form. Penick ran around the boys from Texas like a wild mustang, gaining 158 yards in 16 carries and scoring once.

After a scoreless first quarter, Notre Dame drove 50 yards for a touchdown in seven plays on its first series of the second quarter. A Schlezes interception paved the way for the score, which came on an 11-yard Clements-to-Jim Roolf aerial.

BOTHERED by their turnovers, the Irish were unable to chalk up their second touchdown until the midway point of the third quarter, when Best broke the game open with the year's longest run from scrimmage—a 57-yard scamper to the end zone.

Late in the game, an end-around by Roolf netted 36 yards and, two plays later, Penick ran 11 yards through a gaping hole to round out the afternoon's scoring.

Going back on the road after three straight home games, the Irish traveled to Philadelphia to meet Navy in the first collegiate football game ever played in the new Veterans' Stadium. As far as the Middies were concerned, Notre Dame should have stayed home, but the 43,089 fans who turned out to see the 46th game between the old rivals were treated to an almost perfect half of football by the Fighting Irish.

Starting with Diminick's 84-yard kickoff return for a touchdown, Notre Dame ran roughshod over what Middle coach Rick Forzano called "the best Navy team since the Staubach squad." Navy was at the mercy of an Irish offense which, running both inside and outside with ease and passing infrequently but successfully, built up a 35-0 halftime lead.

Notre Dame powered for 282 yards on the ground in the first half and amassed a total of 526 yards rushing by the end of the game. Huff had the best day of

Tom Clements (opposite) demonstrates his 4.0 yards-per-carry running ability to the dismay of a frustrated TCU pursuer. All-American tackle Greg Marx (below) causes some second thoughts as TCU's quarterback looks for a quick escape route.



his career, gaining 121 yards in 16 tries. Penick, although he sat out the second half with a sore shoulder, picked up 101 yards in 11 carries and Clements wasn't far from joining the "100-yard club," finishing with 95 yards in 13 attempts. Including 71 yards gained passing, Notre Dame accounted for 597 yards in total offense while winning, 42-23.

Navy moved the ball well, too, but most of the Middies' offense was generated in the second half after the

tcu wasn't
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a snowball nearly kept nd out of the orange bowl

Irish, who had already put the game out of reach, had eased up. Quarterback Al Glenney completed 17 of 26 passes for 277 yards. He threw for two Navy touchdowns and ran for their final score. But it was too little, much too late.

Diminick's game-opening heroics and Thomas' subsequent conversion (his 31st straight without a miss, a new Notre Dame record) put Notre Dame in front after only 12 seconds. It didn't take long for the Irish to pad that lead. Clements took the Irish 85 yards in nine plays, scoring himself from 18 yards out, for Notre Dame's second score with 7:09 elapsed.

Just over three minutes into the second quarter Clements scored again, this time from the four, capping an 80-yard, 15-play drive and making the score 21-0.

Schlezes returned a Navy punt 46 yards a little over a minute later and Penick made it a 28-0 game by burning around the right side from the 27 with 10:05 left in the half. The Irish were unstoppable at that point and put together another long march for their fifth touchdown of the half. Ten running plays, the last one a seven-yard burst by Diminick, brought N.D. 83 yards to paydirt.

The Irish were content to sit back on their lead during the final 30 minutes although, after Navy made the score 35-15, reserve halfback Al Samuels tallied Notre Dame's sixth six-pointer on a four-yard run.

SEVEN days later, and 200 miles westward, Notre Dame was pitted against another service academy, the Falcons from Air Force, in Colorado Springs. Things were a bit tougher for Notre Dame, although the officials, not the Falcons, gave the Irish the most trouble.

Despite an assessment of 82 yards in penalties, which resulted in a loss of another 75 yards in nullified gains, the Irish handed the stubborn Falcons a 21-7 setback. It was the seventh win in eight games for Notre Dame and dropped the Air Force record to 6-3.

"That was one of the most unusual games I've ever been involved in," Parseghian commented. "Some of the penalties called were totally unexplainable. It was very disturbing. There is such a thing as incompetent officiating and that's what took place on the field."

Parseghian was most angered when an "inadvertent" whistle erased a 35-yard, Clements-to-Willie Townsend pass play. One official thought Clements had handed off to Penick and whistled the play dead when the soph

halfback was tackled.

But neither the efforts of the officials nor the Falcons could stop the Irish. Led by Penick's 82 yards in 12 carries, Notre Dame gained 294 yards rushing. With Clements connecting on seven of 13 pass attempts, the Irish added 92 more through the air, outgaining the Air Force, 386 yards to 300.

Notre Dame had been concerned about the Falcons' dangerous passing game that had accounted for over 1400 yards in eight games, but the Falcons had no aerial success against the Irish.

Switching from their usual 4-4-3 defensive alignment into a 4-3-4 setup, the Irish limited the Falcons to a mere 99 yards passing. Air Force qb Rich Haynie completed only eight of 25 attempts and had four intercepted. Mike Townsend was Haynie's chief nemesis, pulling down three passes.

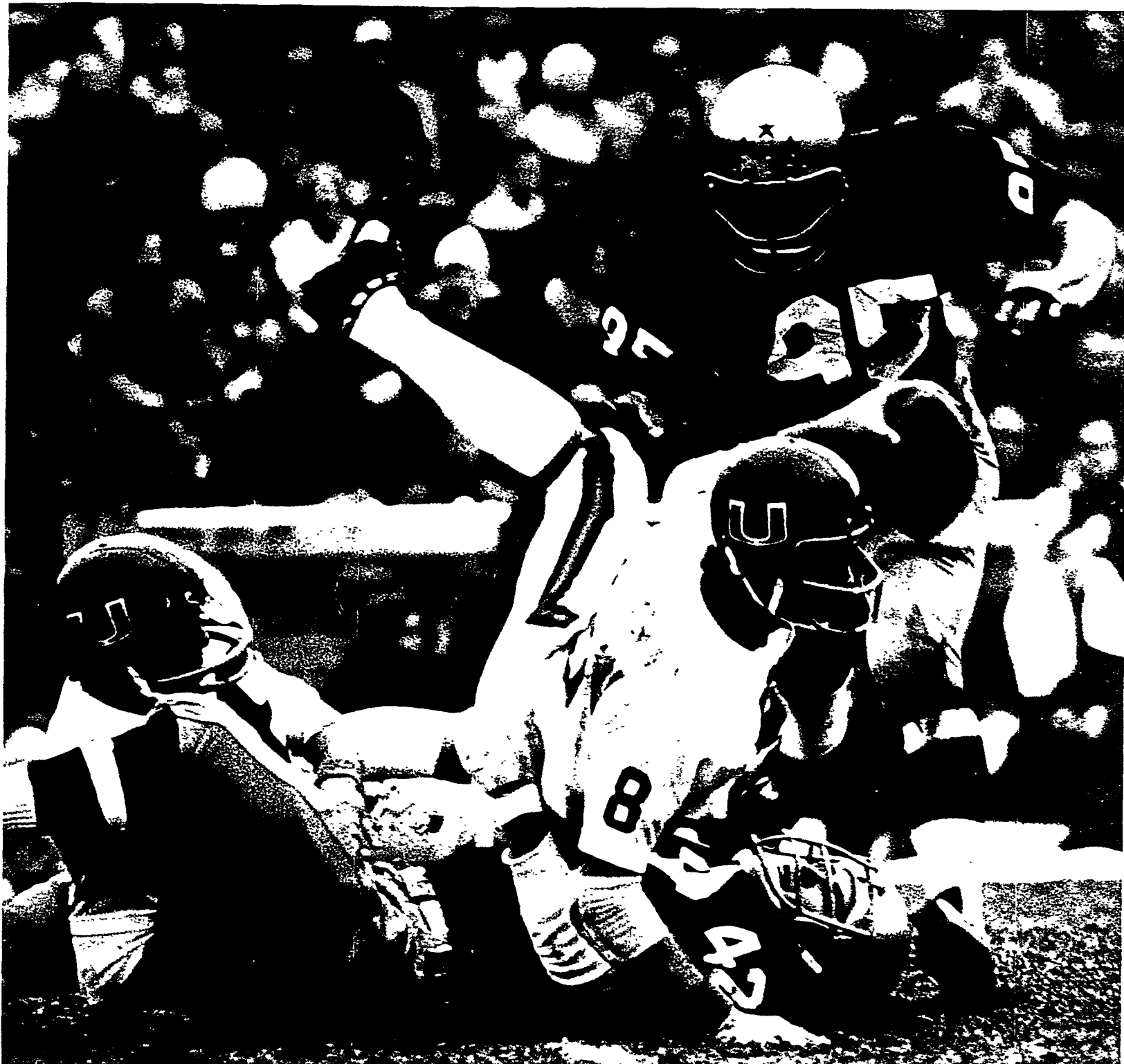
Unlike their service rivals, the Air Force didn't do a fast fade. Only a pass interception in the end zone by Rudnick prevented an early Falcon score and it wasn't until Huff scored on a 13-yard run with 5:07 left in the game that the Irish put it away.

Two second quarter scores, a seven-yard dash by Diminick, and a 13-yard, Clements-to-Willie Townsend pass just six seconds before halftime gave Notre Dame a 14-0 lead at intermission.

A fumble at the ten cost the Irish another scoring opportunity early in the third quarter and those missing points looked important when Joel Carlson carried the ball into the end zone for a Falcons' touchdown with 1:45 to go in the session. Haynie had set up Carlson's score with a flashy, 51-yard run. The N.D. defense kept the Falcons at bay thereafter and an Air Force fumble just 28 yards from the Falcon goal line paved the way for Huff's clinching touchdown.

THE Irish wound up their home schedule the following Saturday, Nov. 20th, against the Miami (Fla.) Hurricanes. And what would have been one of the most bizarre incidents in Notre Dame football history was almost written that afternoon.

It was no secret that, if the Irish defeated Miami, they would be rewarded with a bid to the prestigious Orange Bowl on New Year's night. The team was well aware that a bowl bid hinged on its performance and played accordingly, scoring three touchdowns to build up a 20-3 lead by the fourth quarter. Cascades of oranges from the bowl-seeking fans were thrown onto the field after every Irish score. But oranges weren't



Tim Sullivan drops the Miami quarterback as Hayduk arrives to finish the job.

the only thing being thrown.

It had snowed in South Bend earlier in the week and a number of fans took to throwing snowballs at the players. After Notre Dame's second touchdown, an accurately aimed and well-timed snowball arrived in the hands of Brian Doherty at the same time as the football he was to hold for Thomas' conversion attempt. Disconcerted, Doherty fumbled the ball and, after retrieving it, tried unsuccessfully to run into the end zone.

After the Irish scored again, the incident was nearly forgotten but when Miami, led by its scrambling quarterback, Ed Carney, scored two touchdowns late in the fourth quarter and got close enough to try for a 46-yard field goal before the game ended, the episode took on new importance. Had Mike Burke's field goal attempt been successful, Notre Dame would have become the first team to be eliminated from the Orange Bowl by a snowball.

Burke, fortunately, missed his attempt, and the

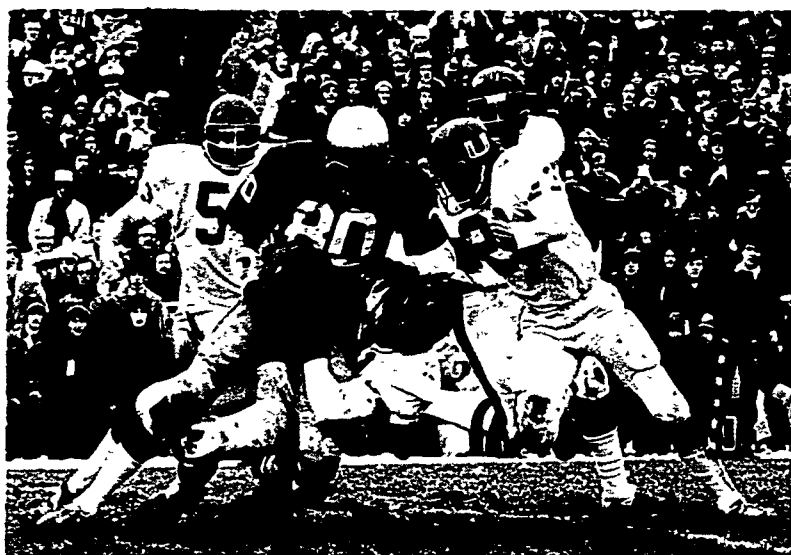
Irish "gratefully accepted" a bid to the Orange Bowl. But it had been too close for comfort.

The Hurricanes threw a quick scare into the Irish by intercepting a Clements pass at the N.D. 23 early in the game and converting the break into three points on a 27-yard Burke field goal.

Notre Dame wasn't flustered, however, and pieced together a 90-yard touchdown drive after the ensuing kickoff. Willie Townsend hauled in a 10-yard pass from Clements for the score with 4:16 to play in the first quarter.

Miami then fumbled the Irish kickoff, Notre Dame recovered at the 'Canes 32, and, five plays later, Huff scored from the one. Then came the infamous snowball incident.

Notre Dame seemed to have its Orange Bowl trip in the bag when Clements capped a 48-yard drive by going over the goal line from a yard out with 3:07 left in the third quarter, but the Hurricanes were brewing up a storm.



End Willie Townsend is hauled down by Miami defenders.

Carney flipped a 12-yard scoring pass to Walt Sweeting only three minutes into the final quarter to put Miami back in contention. And, when the 'Canes drove 66 yards for another touchdown—Carney scoring from the one with 3:30 left to play—the situation was tense.

To make things worse, Clements fumbled a minute later on the Irish 35 and the 'Canes recovered. Carney's magic ran out, though, and he could complete just one short pass in three attempts. Burke came on and his kick was long enough, but too wide.

NOTRE DAME was idle the following Saturday and watched Ohio State knock off previously unbeaten

Michigan for the Big Ten title. Suddenly, the upcoming game between Southern California and the Fighting Irish in the season finale took on new importance. The Trojans and Alabama were the only undefeated teams left in the country and, if the Irish could upset John McKay's number-one ranked squad, well, who else would have a better claim to the top spot in the polls? Quite a position for a Notre Dame team which was only supposed to be rebuilding.

There was no doubt that the National Championship was on the mind of the Trojans, too. They wanted it—badly—and, on a warm, sunny Dec. 2nd in the Los Angeles Coliseum, they immediately set about the business of nailing down their number one rating.

Little Anthony Davis took Brown's opening kickoff on the three promptly sped past the stunned Irish defenders to the end zone. The game had hardly begun and Notre Dame found itself behind, 6-0, after blocking Mike Rae's extra point try.

Davis' touchdown was the first of six he scored that day, more than any man ever scored against a Notre Dame team. A national television audience and 75,243 people in attendance at the Coliseum watched the sophomore tailback play a game that will always be remembered in S.C. football history.

But the Irish weren't thinking about history that afternoon. They shook off the shock of Davis' TD return and cut the Trojans' lead in half when Thomas hit a field goal from the 35 with 7:08 gone in the game.

Then Notre Dame started to make mistakes and the Trojans converted them into scores. A pass interference penalty on Barnett in the end zone gave S.C. a 48-yard completion and Davis went over left guard from the one for his second touchdown on the next play.

Later in the first quarter, Penick fumbled a Clements pitchout at the N.D. nine and the Trojans recovered. After an incomplete pass, Davis ran four yards—then five—for the touchdown. Rae missed the conversion, but S.C. had a 19-3 lead and it looked like a runaway. Perhaps one even worse than the 51-0 beating the Irish had handed S.C. the last time they beat the Trojans—in 1966, in that same Coliseum. That win, too, secured a National Championship.

THE Irish weren't about to concede anything. With Clements throwing for several key completions, Notre Dame marched 77 yards in 10 plays to cut the S.C. bulge to 19-10. The touchdown came on a five-yard toss from Clements to Willie Townsend with 11:24 left in the quarter, but neither team was able to score again before halftime.

During intermission, it was announced that Auburn had beaten Alabama. Then, there was no doubt. This game was for the National Championship.

Clements came out passing in the second half but was intercepted early in the third quarter and the turnover led to the Trojans' fourth touchdown. Davis carried the ball 11 yards for the score just 2:44 after the bands had left the field. Davis tried to run for the conversion, also, but was stopped short of the goal line.

The Irish kept fighting. Sparked by a first play bomb from Clements to Creaney that covered 36 yards and a 20-yard pass to Diminick, N.D. moved to the

two points from a national championship?

Trojan 11. Three plays gained nine yards and, on fourth down, Best headed for a hole in the S.C. line—and fumbled the ball away.

There was no Notre Dame letdown, however. A Mike Townsend pass interception gave the ball right back to the Irish offense and, this time, they took advantage of the opportunity. A swing pass from Clements to Diminick went for 11 yards and a touchdown, capping a 47-yard drive. After the conversion kick, it was 25-16 with a little over five minutes left in the third quarter.

The momentum was with the Irish and another Mike Townsend interception (his 10th of the year, setting a new N.D. record), this time at the S.C. 44, brought Clements and the offense back onto the field again.

Staying on the ground, Notre Dame pounded to the 10 where, on second down and nine, Clements threw to Creaney, who made a great, diving catch for the touchdown.

A two-point conversion try failed when Steve Fate broke up a pass intended for Willie Townsend, but it was still 25-23, the Irish were rolling, and there was plenty of time left.

THEN 15 seconds later, everything had changed. Anthony Davis had done it again.

Taking the kickoff after Creaney's touchdown, Davis found another hole in the Irish kick coverage, broke into the clear, shook off a couple of tacklers, and scampered 96 yards for a touchdown.

In 12 seconds, the game was over. Notre Dame, its momentum lost and spirit at a low ebb, was unable to score again, while the Trojans added two more touchdowns in the final quarter. Davis scored his sixth from the eight-yard line and Sam Cunningham concluded the scoring fest with a one-yard dive 2:44 before the final gun.

"Davis just broke our backs," Parseghian said. "His two long kickoff returns really killed us. I'm sure we'd

have won if he hadn't run that second one back all the way."

* * * * *

WHAT happened in the Orange Bowl isn't important. After Southern Cal, the game wasn't critical. What is important is to remember that, with 15 minutes left to play in the regular season, the 1972 Notre Dame football team was two points—one kickoff return—12 seconds, however you choose to look at it, away from the national championship. A team that, three months earlier, hadn't expected to get by Northwestern, Purdue and Michigan State without a loss, had come that close to being number one.

Were they Parseghian's worst Notre Dame team?

No matter what the record says, the answer is "No" here.

jim donaldson

notre dame football statistics/ten games

SCORING BY QUARTERS

Notre Dame	75	89	55	64	— 283
Opponents	29	14	41	68	— 152

TEAM STATISTICS

	ND	OPP
Total Offense	4238	2571
Total Plays	766	682
Yards Per Play	5.5	3.8
Yards Per Game	424	257
Net Yards Rushing	3043	1427
Attempts	594	481
Yards Per Rush	5.1	3.0
Yards Per Game	304	143
Net Yards Passing	1195	1144
Attempts	172	201
Completions	85	86
Completion Percentage	.494	.428
Had Intercepted	13	23
Touchdown Passes	8	4
Yards Per Attempt	6.9	5.7
Yards Per Completion	14.0	13.3
Yards Per Game	120	114
Interceptions Made	23	13
Yards Returned	222	158
Punt Return Yards	235	86
Number of Returns	23	19
Average Return	10.2	4.5
Kickoff Return Yards	488	863
Number of Returns	30	38
Average Return	16.2	22.7
Total Return Yards	774	809
Average Punt	38.4	37.1
Number of Punts	43	70
Yards Punting	1650	2595
Had Blocked	0	0
Penalties Against	46	55
Yards Penalized	526	514
Fumbles (lost)	35(22)	26(11)
Total First Downs	218	148
by rushing	154	80
by passing	53	61
by penalty	11	7

INDIVIDUAL TOTAL OFFENSE LEADERS

	G	PLAYS	YARDS	AVG.
Tom Clements	10	248	1534	6.2
Eric Penick	9	115	735	6.4
Andy Huff	10	118	607	5.1

RESULTS . . . Won 8, Lost 2, Tied 0

ND	OPP	Attendance
37 Northwestern (a)	0	55,155 (c)
35 Purdue	14	59,075 (c)
16 Michigan State (a)	0	77,828 (c)
42 Pittsburgh	16	59,075 (c)
26 Missouri	30	59,075 (c)
21 Texas Christian	0	59,075 (c)
42 Navy (a)	23	43,089
21 Air Force (a)	7	48,671 (c)
20 Miami	17	59,075 (c)
23 Southern Cal (a)	45	75,243

January 1 Orange Bowl

TEAM SCORING

	ND	OPP
Total Points	283	152
Average	28.3	15.2
Touchdowns	38	20
by rushing	28	14
by passing	8	4
by return	2	2
by recovery	0	0
Field Goals (Made-Att)	7-11	4-10
Safeties	0	0
PAT — Kick	34-34	10-13
PAT — Run	0-2	1-2
PAT — Pass	0-2	4-5

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

	G	TD	Kick	R-PA	FG	TP
Huff	10	10				60
Thomas	10		34-34		7-11	55
Penick	9	5				30
Clements	10	4				24
Diminick	10	4				24
W. Townsend	8	4				24
Cieszkowski	8	3				18
Best	4	2				12
Creaney	10	2				12
Dewan	8	1				6
Mahalic	10	1				6
Roelf	5	1				6
Samuel	9	1				6
Notre Dame	10	38	34-34	0-4	7-11	283
Opponents	10	20	10-13	5-7	4-10	152

INDIVIDUAL PUNTING

	G	NO.	YDS.	AVG	LONG
Doherty	10	43	1650	38.4	52
Notre Dame	10	43	1650	38.4	52
Opponents	10	70	2595	37.1	77

RUSHING

	G	TC	Yds	Avg	TD	Long
Penick	9	124	727	5.9	5	38
Huff	10	115	567	4.9	10	21
Diminick	10	71	377	5.3	2	42
Clements	10	86	341	4.0	4	26
Dewan	8	62	319	5.1	1	30
Cieszkowski	8	54	212	3.9	3	16
Best	4	17	158	9.3	2	57
Bullock	9	27	123	4.5	0	14
Kornman	4	10	79	7.9	0	29
Roelf	5	2	49	24.5	0	37
W. Townsend	9	2	43	21.5	0	31
Samuel	9	14	41	2.9	1	19
Demmerle	5	1	23	23.0	0	23
Washington	4	1	8	8.0	0	8
Goodman	4	4	-3	-0.7	0	4
Etter	1	1	-9	-9.0	0	-9
Brown	10	3	-12	-4.0	0	6
Notre Dame	10	594	3043	5.1	23	57
Opponents	10	481	1427	3.0	14	52

PASSING

	G	NO.	Comp.	Pct.	INT.	YDS	TD
Clements	10	162	83	.512	12	1163	8
Brown	10	7	2	.286	0	32	0
Dewan	8	1	0	.000	0	0	0
Etter	1	1	0	.000	0	0	0
Samuel	9	1	0	.000	1	0	0
Notre Dame	10	172	85	.495	13	1195	8
Opponents	10	201	86	.428	23	1144	4

PASS RECEIVING

	G	PC	Yds	Avg	TD	Long
W. Townsend	9	25	369	14.8	4	62
Creaney	10	17	321	18.9	2	41
Diminick	10	14	143	10.2	1	36
Huff	10	9	102	11.3	0	17
Roelf	5	6	108	18.0	1	36
Cieszkowski	8	4	40	10.0	0	13
Dewan	8	4	53	13.3	0	23
Bullock	9	2	32	16.0	0	18
Penick	9	2	9	4.5	0	5
Washington	4	1	12	12.0	0	12
Casper	10	1	6	6.0	0	6
Notre Dame	10	85	1195	14.0	8	62
Opponents	10	86	1144	13.3	4	38

RETURNS

	Interceptions	Punts	Kickoffs
M. Townsend	10-39-0		
Mahalic	2-59-1		
Musuraca	2-28-0		
Barnett	2-16-0		
O'Malley	1-12-0		
Rudnick	3-18-0	13-106-0	
Schlezes	2-16-0	9-122-0	
Zanot	1-34-0	1-7-0	2-4-0
Diminick			15-331-1
Dewan			5-77-0
Huff			2-40-0
Penick			2-20-0
Cieszkowski			1-7-0
Goodman			1-7-0
W. Townsend			1-2-0
Bolger			1-0-0

Notre Dame	23-222-1	23-235-0	30-488-1
Opponents	13-158-0	19- 86-0	38-863-2

DEFENSIVE STATISTICS

	TM	TL-YDS	PBU	FR
O'Malley	122	3-31	1	1
Marx	96	6-36	1	
Musuraca	85	3-16	1	1
Mahalic	77	4-15	1	
Schlezes	49	4-18	3	
Sullivan	49	4-22		1
Niehaus	47	2-14		
Maciag	39	3-21	1	
Nosbusch	39	3-9		
Hayduk	37	5-23		2
M. Townsend	34		4	
Freistoffer	29	2-2		2
Barnett	24		4	1
Rudnick	21	2-13	2	
Collins	18			
Fanning	13	2-10		
Smith	12			
Potempa	9	1-28		1
Zanot	6			
Alvarado	5			
Hein	5			
McGraw	5			
Naughton	4		1	
Garner	3			
Stock	3			1
Casper	2			
Creaney	2			
Diminick	2			
Mariani	2			
O'Donnell	2			
Roelf	2			
Brown	1			1
Cieszkowski	1			
Dampeer	1			
DiNardo	1			
Huff	1			
Lopienski	1			
O'Toole	1			
Team	9			
Notre Dame		44-258	19	11
Opponents		39-175	25	22

KEY: TM — Tackles Made; TL-YDS — Tackles made for minus yardage to the opponent; PBU — Passes Broken Up; FR — Fumble Recoveries.

91's 7 days in miami

December 26: Miami! The cultural advantages of snow at Christmas time notwithstanding, Miami, nonetheless, certainly appears to be the place to be in late December and early January, especially if you hail from north of the Mason-Dixon line. I left the cold, wet South Bend clime for drier, nicer Maryland and Christmas, but found to my dismay that I had been followed by the ghost of Christmas South Bend—rotten weather. Even before being dealt by ten-day respite from the cold of the North, I spent four hours in Friendship Airport waiting for the fog to leave so I could too. But here I am, at last in Miami Beach, replete with ocean, sun, sea breeze, and plastic snowmen! Some people must not know a good thing when they have it. Mr. T. Luckett Yawn, Jr., whose name, fortunately, is no indictment on his personality, escorted several other players and me from the airport to our hotel, and then straight to practice. Since we were already late, and also since Mr. Yawn took one or two wrong turns, we only caught the last fifty minutes or so of practice, and somehow, somewhere along the line, I'm sure Ara will see that we are not cheated of that hour we missed. We're practicing at the Miami Military Academy this week, which makes the old Fieldhouse look like the Astrodome. But it's close, clean, and we're lucky to be able to use the facilities, so it's really kind of good.

John Dampeer went to Vietnam with Doug Dumler, Nebraska's center, this past summer, as part of the NCAA-sponsored tour, so we walked three hotels down the street to see how the Nebraska team lived, and hopefully to talk to Doug. But the team was attending an Orange Bowl welcoming dinner, the same affair we will attend tomorrow night. John and I decided that they had a very nice hotel.

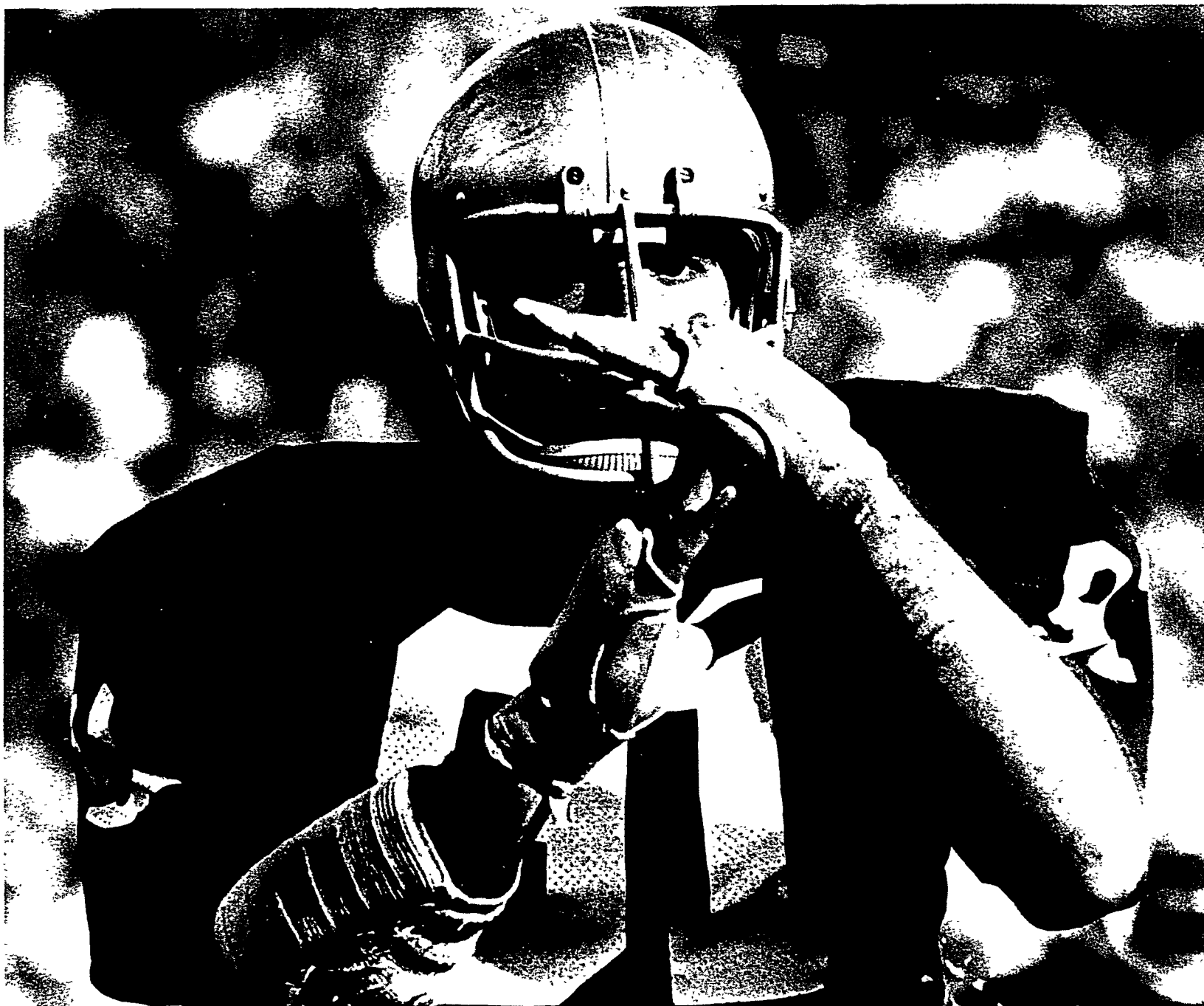
Some of the guys were a bit sluggish today; Ara's nicknamed them the turkeys, for obvious reasons. Seems he is going to get us into shape to "knock the stuffin' out of Nebraska." (Remember when I told you football coaches were corn people!)

December 27: Everyone on the team has been able to figure out we're not in South Bend by now . . . we've

had two consecutive days of nothing but sunshine and clear, warm weather. Makes me feel as if I've spent four college years in purgatory, weather-wise, and although this might not be heaven, it's at least limbo, which would make us the Holy Innocents, I guess, if I complete the metaphor. Everyone is checked in by now, including O'Malley and Musuraca and all the other snow-bound Buckeyes, so practice this afternoon definitely picked up from the work-out yesterday. Today we got some work in. It feels a bit strange to have waterways next to the field, with warm breezes and waterskiers waving at you, but we're all doing our best to adjust.

Tonight was our welcoming dinner with the Orange Bowl Committee, the Orange Bowl Queen and her court. I had the pleasure of sharing a table with Princess Lynn Young, a 19-year-old stewardess from a small town in Texas. Actually, if I'm honest, I merely had the foresight to sit at the same table as Daryll Dewan and watch events fall from there. Daryll said they had met before, probably the day before, but then who am I to give Dewan grief. Anyhow, Lynn certainly is a striking beauty, much like all the girls from Texas, according to Dampeer, and even evoking a "She's perfect!" from the usually hypercritical Herb Briick, mumbling something else about ecstasy. Anyhow, watching the guys stare at her, and even doing a little myself, helped to make the dinner a bit lighter. She made an effort to memorize everyone's name at her table, but Mike somehow got bartered for Tom. I didn't have the heart to tell her differently. After all, it took Paul Hornung and Lindsey Nelson a year to get it together.

We then walked next door, the coaches, team and Orange Bowl Queen and princesses, to watch a production of "Vie Parisienne," a review of dancing, singing and gala costumes. The comedy acts between production numbers were really good, as were some of the productions themselves. Somehow, I can't imagine the coaches getting a real big kick out of this, though. If there is any shortness of breath tomorrow, I personally don't think it would be from tonight.



December 28: DiNardo and Pomarico must be in second heaven. There are so many Long Islanders and Brooklynners staying in the Balmoral with us, it must seem as if part of New York traveled South for Christmas. Their kids, and there are a thousand of them, are simply darling. Their parents sit, baking in the sun and sipping martinis, and say, "Don't do anything, precious," and the little cherub beams back, "I won't mamma," just before he pockets your sunglasses and room key. One kid claimed I stole his shirt. When I finally convinced him a size 46 would not fit him, his father joined the argument; then I showed papa the "ND" on the front, and he offered to buy it from me because the kid liked it so much. Frank and Gerry don't have to worry about getting jobs once they graduate. They could always come to Miami and work as interpreters for the New Yorkers. Actually, the Balmoral is both good and bad news. First the good: it is only a short walk to the Americana and its coffee shop. Now the bad: cheeseburgers are \$1.85 and McDonald's is too far to walk.

December 29: Speaking of Rich Glover, he and

Johnny Rodgers were at a press conference tonight with Dave Casper, next year's captain, and myself. The usual barrage of questions were hurled at the two Nebraska All-Americans, questions about the Heisman Trophy, about Nebraska's feeling before Bob Devaney's final game, about their third consecutive Orange Bowl, about Alabama, etc. Then one clever man asked Nebraska what they thought of Dave and me, after seeing us in person. They agreed we don't look as big in person and seemed friendly enough. Then the same guy asked Dave the same question, and without a moment's hesitation, he drawled back at Glover, "Well, I'm glad to see he doesn't breathe fire!" Amid all the laughter, I hoped he was right.

Today was the last hard workout before the game, and the last ever for me. The work is done. Now the priests and nuns take over until 8:00 p.m. Monday night, and even they might as well rest and watch the game with everyone else. We'll be the ones on the field, and while it may be advantageous to have God on our side, I haven't seen him throw a good body block all year. Still, he's a nice guy to keep around. . . .

This is the final day we'll be in the sun before the

it wasn't a stage that was set; it was an altar

game, and the ocean and pool were accordingly filled with last-minute sun worshippers. It's the last chance for a lot of battle-earned friendships, too. There is a bunch of chatter and half-nervous talk going on, usually about Nebraska or Johnny Rodgers. All college careers have to end, and I'm lucky, 'cause Miami has to be a great place to end it. Sure would be nice to win. . . .

The stage is set.

December 30: The Orange Bowl Committee, whether by accident or design, held the parade tonight, two days before the game; some were lucky enough to be able to go. The usual number of High School Bands and decorative floats paraded by, and much to my chagrin, a dozen or so American flags. I don't mean to be unpatriotic, but we were sitting behind the reviewing stand, and every flag that went by was saluted. That's not terrible, either, but my idea of watching a parade is sitting down and sighing "ooh's" and "ah's" at all the right times, not doing a jack-in-the-box imitation just to be able to see what is happening. Actually, there were two highlights. Eric Penick and Art Best found room to bounce balloons for a while down the street with some kids in a Disney float. Amidst all the "Salt-and-Pepper" comments, someone came up with the original gem, "Butch Best and the Sun-Burned Kid." I don't think it was any of the coaches.

The second highlight was meeting Lynn Young's parents, who were sitting just in front of us. Unfortunately, we found out she was engaged, so Herb Briick's admiration will have to be directed elsewhere now.

Rumor has it there is a sellout Monday night.

December 31: The seniors' last practice! No more spring ball, stadium steps, meatball drills, hitting the sled, hitting the end, practicing in blizzards, playing in mud, cold freezing days, cold wet feet . . . all are gone now. And all that remains is tomorrow, and a few wet eyes. The senior gauntlet was formed at practice's end tonight by all the juniors and sophomores, players and managers, as all the seniors, players and managers ran through three years of football for the last time.

Epilogue: "Adversity has a way of eliciting genius, which under less prosperous times would have remained dormant." You'll find this saying on a bulletin board

outside the coaches' office in the Convo. You'll also find it inscribed in the heart of anyone who's given a little piece of himself to the game, because we live what those words mean. Losing hurts. It eats at your belly and gnaws at your brain with a million whys and ifs. It doesn't let you sleep at night, makes you want to avoid friends, and makes you unforgiving, especially of yourself. Losing has a good memory. It'll come back to haunt you when you finally do sleep, it'll slip off a friend's tongue to slap you again, it'll arise any time circumstances are similar. And losing badly only makes things worse.

In retrospect, it wasn't a stage that was set Monday night, it was an altar. We were the "Holy Innocents" all right, children slaughtered—only we built and fanned our own pyre. And the locker room was our morgue. We scraped together what vestiges of pride and strength we had left, and touched and prayed "Our Lady of Notre Dame. . . ." These are the times you turn to friends, whose lives you've shared and been a part of for the past four years; when what you "did it for" means more than "what you did"; when you finally realize it is over . . . never again in my life. . . . How do you thank someone for four years? How do you let someone know that it meant something? How can you convince a coach that you blew it, not him? . . . You can't. A warm handshake or a quiet nod somehow says it all so much better, and they don't say anything. And men do cry.

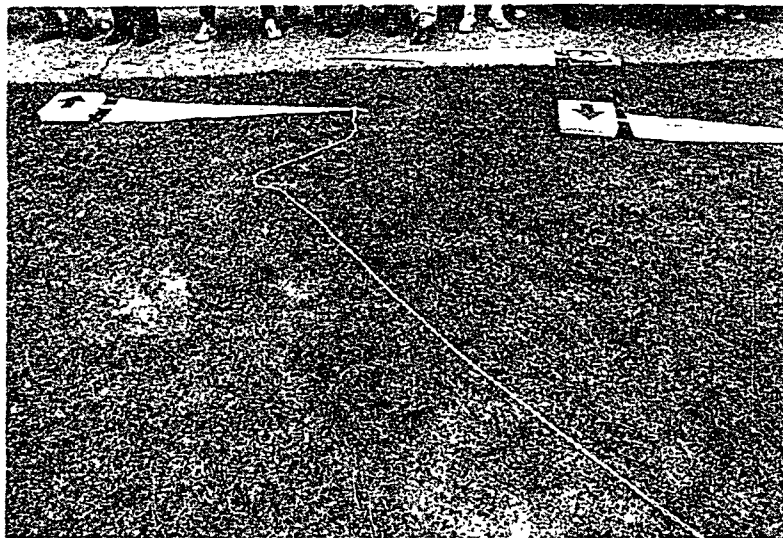
Still, as we rose from that prayer, Ara called us around, and with a look that I can only describe as him, he spoke quietly and simply. "Some day . . . somewhere . . . sometime . . . we will meet again."

mike creaney

excerpts from

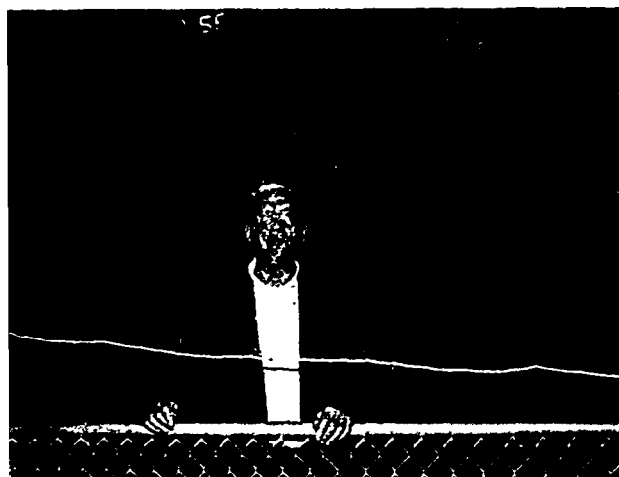
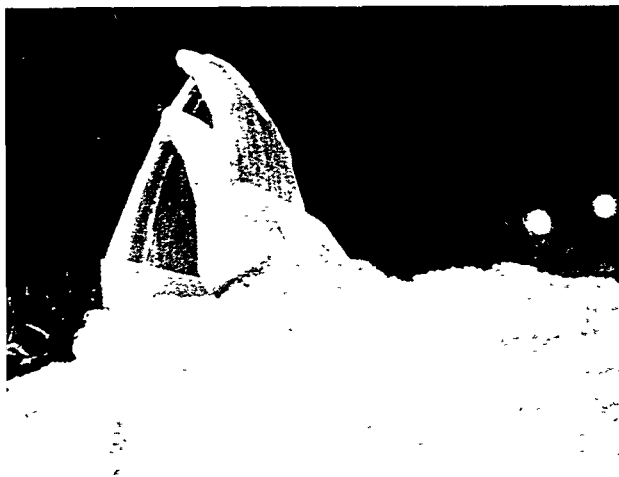
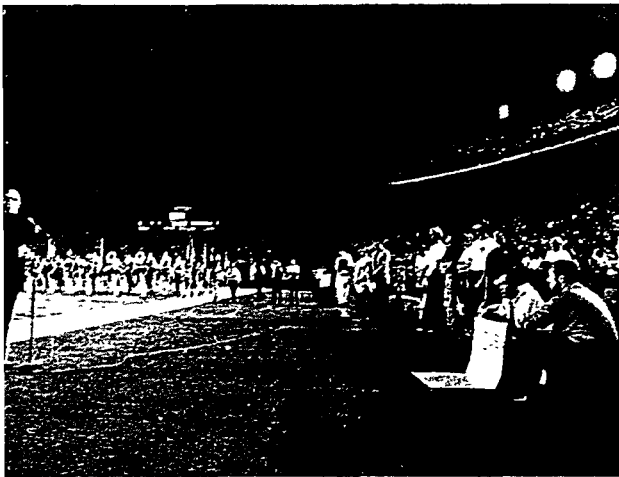
all la glory

michael lonier





notre dame du press box



"Ladies and gentlemen, we ask you to please be patient while we await our network hookup. Thank you." On the 50-yard line stood a man wired up in television cables. He was giving time cues to a minister who would begin the 39th Annual Orange Bowl game with a prayer from a cue card. The sidelines were strewn with wires and equipment that the television crews had assembled hours earlier. The moment was soon approaching for all of the festivities to begin. The minister was fidgeting. Already the game had been postponed ten minutes. The announcer repeated the same mumble as before, which did not mean the delay was nearly over.

The door slammed behind me and the voice became a muddle of sound, scarcely intelligible. Only moments before I had stood on the threshold of the lower press box, greeted by three smiling men. They informed me that I was to be the only woman in the press box this evening. Many thoughts flashed through my mind, one of them of a big, burly cowboy drawling, "We don't see many of y'all in these parts." One of the officials escorted me to my seat, number 74 in the last row, across from the kitchen they had set up. From my seat I could watch not only the entire field but also the complete corps of journalists that I had joined.

An adjacent reporter informed me that there was a buffet in the upper press box where hot food was being served. Being more curious than hungry, I rode the elevator to the upper press box and the elite world of AP and UPI sportswriters.

The elevator door opened to a room filled with plain suits and a low murmur, subdued by the carpeted floor. Around the corner I found the buffet table, near the color TV which attracted the majority of the men in the room. Drinks in hand, they were attentive to the subject

of our continual delay, "that other bowl game in California." The only other females in the room, aside from some wives, were the two girls behind the serving table. Passing among the men, I heard grumbles like, "I just can't get used to women in the press box." I turned my pass over and smiled as I read the note on the reverse side that stated I was allowed into the dressing rooms after the game.

A voice rose over the others, asking everyone to prepare for the game to begin. Several men kissed their miniskirted wives good-bye as I made my way back to the lower press box. While I settled in my seat, the announcer's drone continued to penetrate our glassed-in haven, barely audible. A circus of activity was erupting on the field. Preparations for the pregame festivities were in their final stages. The pressmen seemed oblivious. But we shared an almost omniscient view of the entire scenario.

The game began. Here were men in competition, pitting themselves against each other for the glory that could be theirs. This was the signal: the press went to work, intently following the action. My thoughts went back to the heroic contests of ancient Athens, but only for a moment. The action was abruptly stopped by the network program director. He called an officials' timeout for a deodorant commercial. Somehow one cannot imagine a commercial interruption on the road to Marathon.

NBC had installed monitors at each end of the press box, enabling us to see what the network was broadcasting in addition to what was happening on the field. Both scenes were behind glass, but the similarity ended there. There seemed to be two distinct games occurring, the one in the stadium and the one on television. The journalists followed



a network orange

the game closely with their binoculars. But after key plays, all eyes turned to the monitors for the instant replays, as if to see what had really happened on the field.

Dividing the game was a half-time show that seemed to have as much importance, if not more, than the game itself. Three hundred people, mostly women in sequined costumes, were dancing or riding around an inflated rubber globe singing songs about love and peace. These songs, which had been youthful battle cries just a few years ago, were now suitable for the evening's half-time production. The intention of the show as a powerful message of peace to the nation was never realized. It was lost in a televised extravaganza of gaudy entertainment.

Returning to the field, the team prepared to meet the second half. They surrounded Ara, expelling all possible space from the huddle. He sank beneath their heads, enveloped by blue jerseys and gold helmets. The game began again, and again my thoughts returned to Athens and

the athletic excellence the Athenian games imply. That athletic excellence is the same excellence that is Notre Dame and its tradition. In an attempt to bring that tradition to the present, Ara had brought his team to the Orange Bowl. But an all-out Notre Dame drive halted by a gasoline commercial? Even the Four Horsemen would have been powerless.

As the game wore on, I collected condolences from fellow pressmen. "We sure do like your cheerleaders." "You know, your fight song isn't that bad either. Kind of a catchy tune."

The clock ticked off the remaining seconds. It was not the first time Notre Dame had lost a game, or even a big game, but there was something more telling than the points on the final scoreboard. Wedged between the tallies of the two teams was a sign proclaiming "Poly-Turf." More than the grass has changed for Notre Dame. So has the game.

—terri lusic

A game is a game is a game. (Apologies to Gertrude Stein and anyone else who feels offended.) And yet it was more. Notre Dame's fame rides high on football, and as a consequence everything is seemingly at stake with respect to the result of a Notre Dame gridiron clash. An exaggeration, perhaps, but need one be reminded that people believe in Notre Dame as they do in God himself?

The reason for inviting du Lac to Miami was most likely the school's "reputation," surely not the team's record. One presumes this either because of its past football teams, or of echoes of Knute Rockne's charismatic qualities seen in Ara, or of the school's enormous drawing power. (More people watched the past Cotton Bowl games than any other on television.) A problematic question may be asked as to what exactly is Notre Dame's "reputation." In one sense it lies deeper than its football squad. Subway alumni, alumni, clergy everywhere, and *not to mention* eager television viewers hoping to see the giant fall—all create what this "reputation" is. Or should one perhaps say *was*.

The results of the Orange Bowl of 1973 said something rather profound about Notre Dame's football reputation.

—timothy standing

enjoy such things as competition and physical exertion. We only appreciate things like that. We know nothing of divine symbols or sublime images or gamey progressions. We know only that it is entertaining and when it is done well it approaches physical art. (It, of course, being football.) ((The Place for the veneration of "it" being, of course, Notre Dame.)) (((But what is college spirit for, after all, I ask you?))) (F)

(14) *Even* now it is felt. The need to know the future. Let us call on Someone. Madame Sosostri. Someone. (P)

(15) *Forgetting* nothing or no one: (For someone—*Reine de Baton*—someone)

And yet thou wilt; for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is me.

—Shakespeare
"Sonnet 133"

(E)

* * *

I remember once when Notre Dame was Number One (#1) when it was fashionable (#1 fashion) to be a Notre Dame (#1) fan (#1 fan) or team (#1 team) supporter (#1 supporter). Even at Notre Dame (#1), people (#1 people) supported the team (#1 team). It was important (of #1 importance) then. Perhaps, we (#1) have grown to a point (#1 on the real number line) where it is fashionable (#1 fashion, again) to pass (#1 passing offense) off to (#1 pass receiver) as something which is below our standards (#1 standards).

But, let it be remembered that football (#1 football) is a part of Notre Dame (#1) tradition (always #1) as much as any building or any person or any feeling. It is a part of the Whole (#1 whole). When a game is lost (not #1) the University is the less for it. (T)

PARTICULARS

1. Here.
2. At Notre Dame.
3. A trophy.
4. For winning the
5. 1973
6. National Championship.

leo j. mulcahey

JANUARY 26, 1973

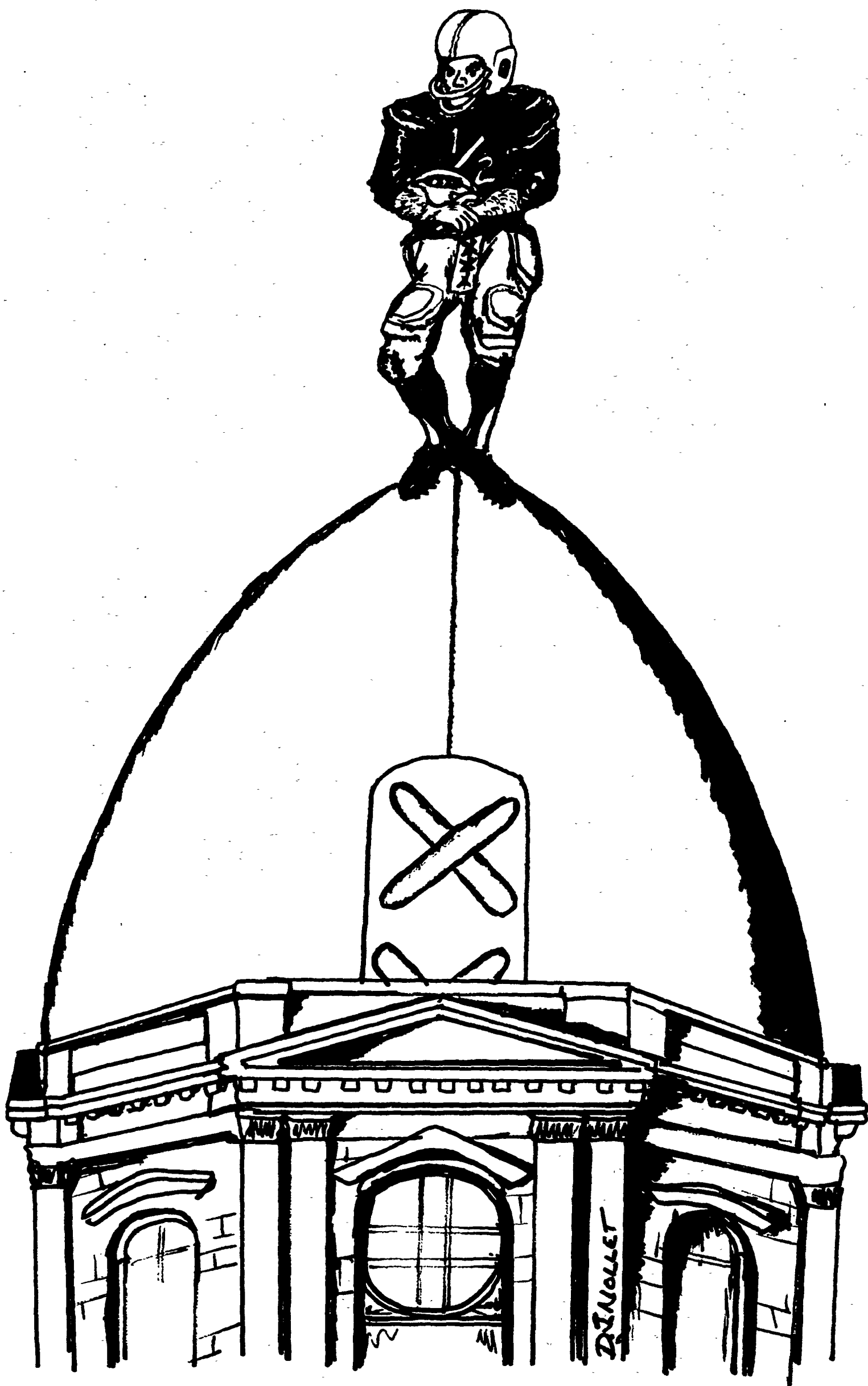


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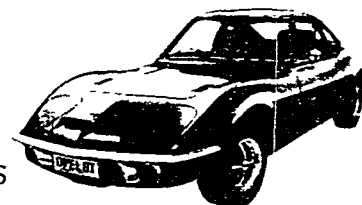


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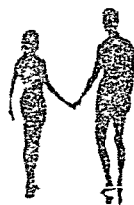
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