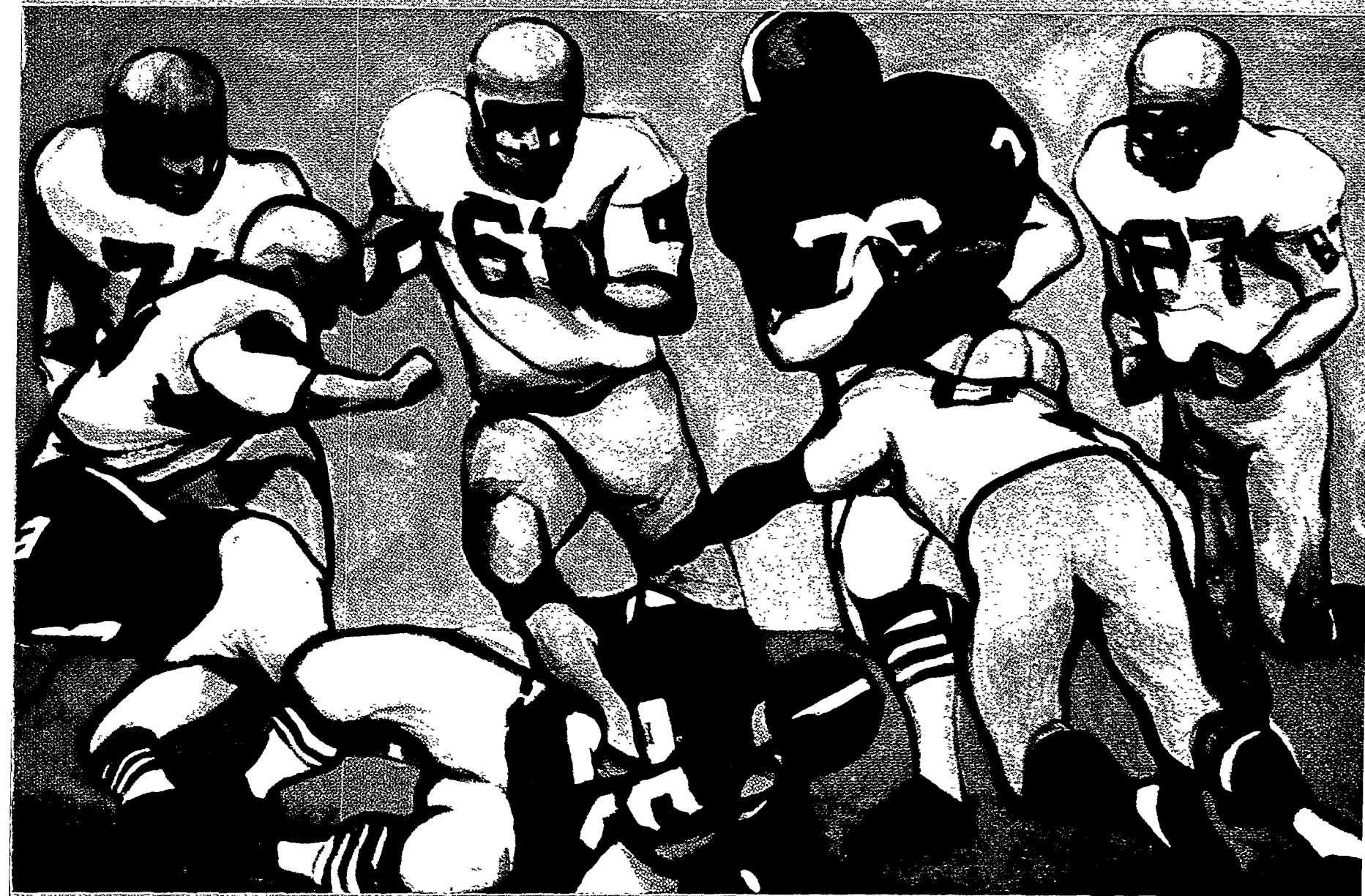


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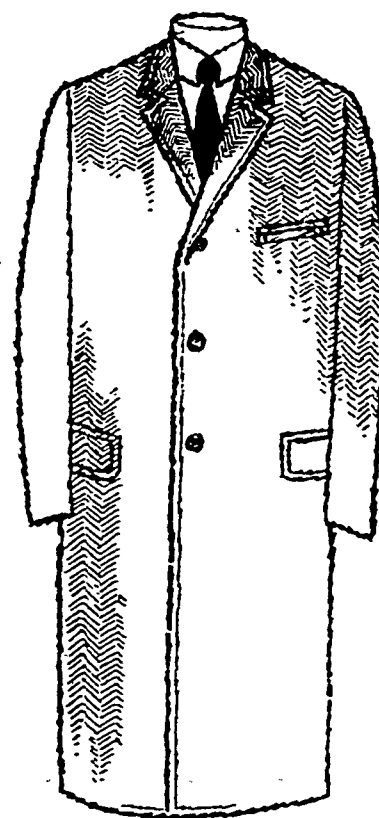
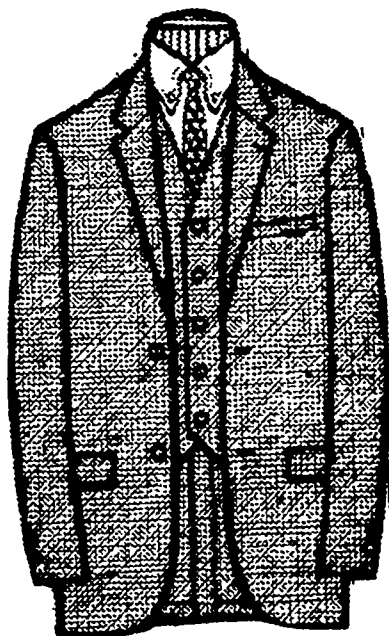


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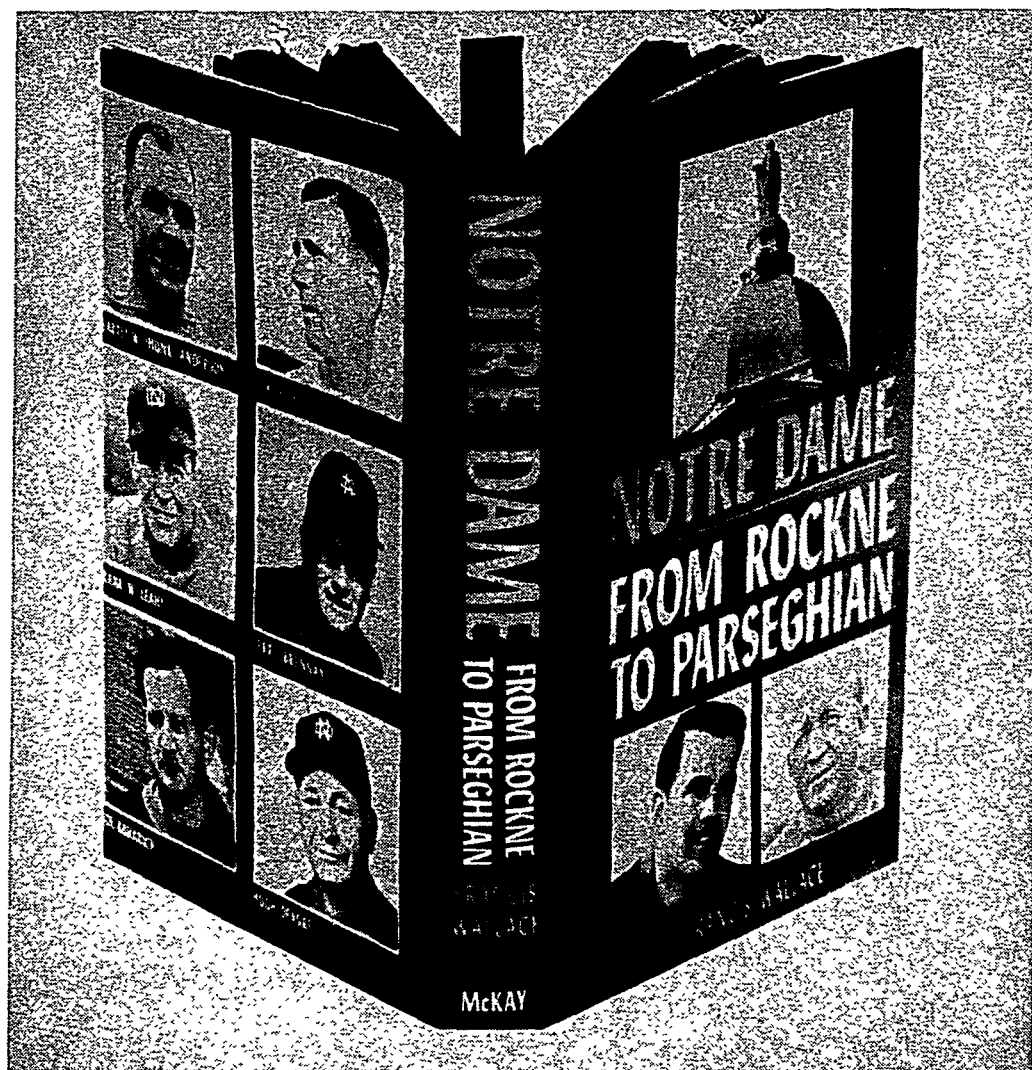
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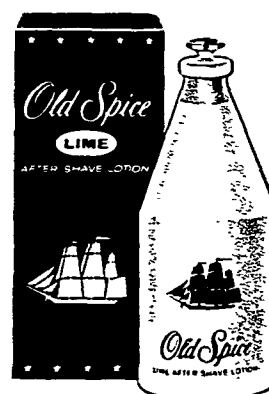
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THE CLASS OF 1968

FOOTBALL REVIEW

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Dec. 9, 1966 Vol. 108, No. 9

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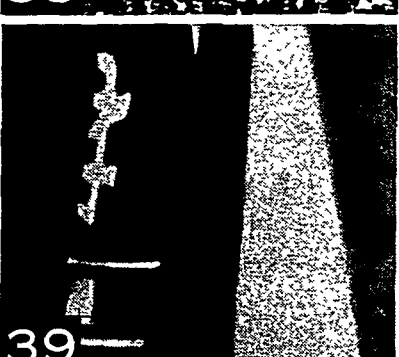
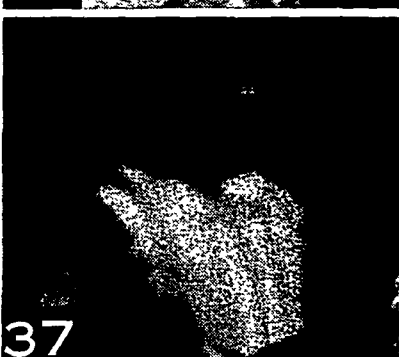
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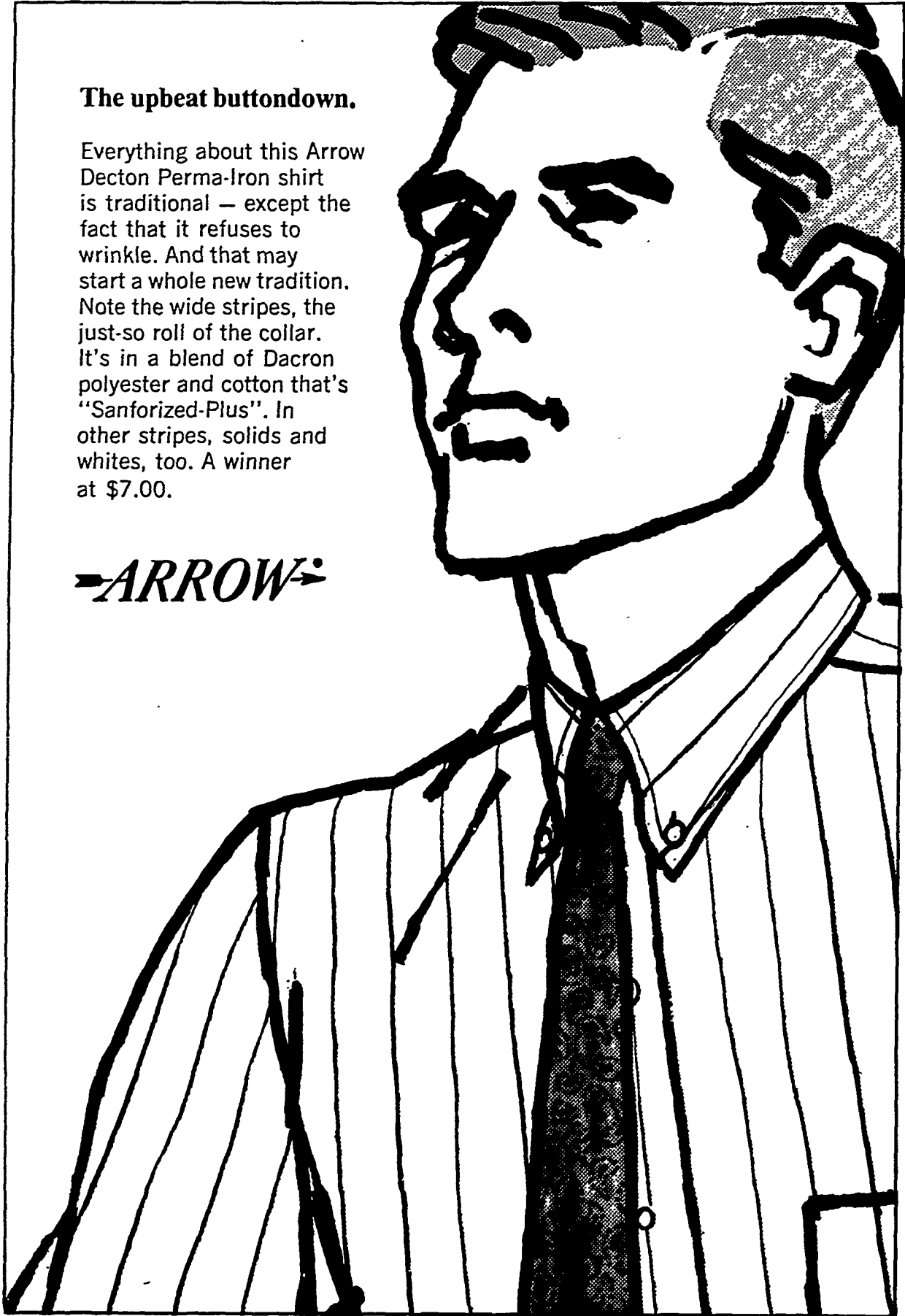
THE COVER

Artist Mike Seibert recreates a team tackle against Michigan State. It was such tactics that prompted the warning from coach after coach, "Nobody runs against Notre Dame."

The upbeat butttdown.

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THE FOOTBALL SEASON: FANTASY AND REALITY

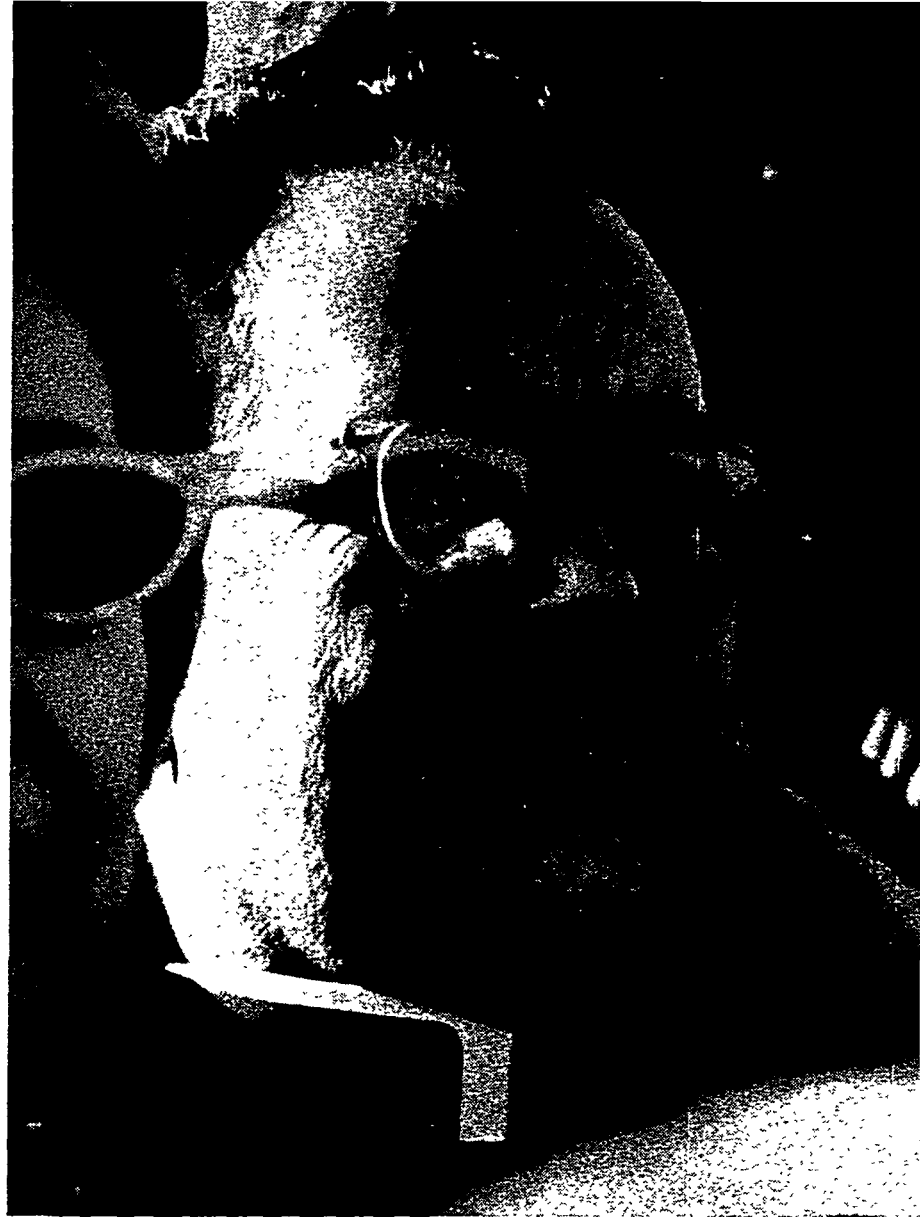
BY REV. THEODORE M. HESBURGH

ANOTHER FOOTBALL SEASON has passed, another great and even fantastic one, thanks to Ara Parseghian, his staff, and his stalwart warriors who practiced hard, played hard against the best, and solidified a proud Notre Dame tradition of doing everything with style, spirit, and excellence. All of you helped too, and share the pride of many challenges well met.

A football season is a lot like life, in microcosm. The season begins with warm and sunny days filled with optimism and hope. As the season progresses, the sunshine wanes, the warmth diminishes, and optimistic hope is qualified by the hard lifelike realities of fierce competition, unexpected injuries, and the innate difficulty of sustained human effort. The days grow colder, the rains come, and optimistic vision becomes more realistic. It is always easier to declare the top position in anything than to reach it. While hope perdures, ultimate victory is again a fickle lady, ever to be wooed with all one's might, but never in this life to be securely or forever won. Each week is a new encounter; each season a new challenge. Life is like that too, because it is spent in time, amid all the vicissitudes of personal trials and existential difficulties. Anyone who thinks otherwise lives in a dreamworld where reality has been entirely replaced by fantasy. But a football season, like life, is authentic and real, as well as somewhat fantastic.

So another football season passes, with all its very real excitement, effort, hope, youthful optimism, and ultimate success, the National Championship. You have lived with it and through it. The cheers all fade away into the dusk. The tissue-draped trees and lawns are cleaned up again for the last time. We return to the real and hard world of books, quizzes, and work yet to be done before the Christmas vacation begins. The stadium, stark and silent, is etched against a gray wintry sky. Nearby, the Library beckons with its myriad lights.

Was it all worthwhile, in this time and in this place? I think so, if we see the deeper meaning of it all. Reality is enriched by fantasy, if fantasy is allowed to illuminate reality, but not to engulf it. In another age, as harsh as our own, there were jousts and jesters, tournaments and trials of skill and strength to lighten the harshness and illumine the lessons of life. A football season has all the same qualities for our day. Life would be dull indeed without these interludes which, in



their own midtwentieth-century American way, can explain life to us, make it more deeply understandable and, therefore, livable.

I say all of this in the face of those who in a seemingly superior intellectual fashion depreciate, denigrate, and deplore the football season in our land. Collision on the gridiron is still better, I believe, than violence in the streets. Both have their own relationship to equality of opportunity in America, one positive and one negative.

I would hope that in the larger university community in America we might see the football season, with all its appeal to young and old alike, in the perspective of a larger meaning of learning, and education, and life. The football season can, of course, be overdone, wrenched out of all perspective, so that even the fantastic becomes the phantasmagoric, as is done by prolonging the season unduly, indulging in an increasing orgy of bowl games, the psychedelic dream makers of collegiate football.

Kept within proper bounds of time, place, and emphasis, I believe strongly that the football season is indeed worthwhile. The noise is ephemeral and does die away. The display, the spectacle, the color, the excitement linger only in memory. But the spirit, the will to excel, and the will to win endure. These human qualities are larger and much more important than the passing events that occasion them, just as the ebb and flow of all our daily efforts add up to something greater and more enduring if they create within each one of us a person who grows, who understands, who really lives, who does not merely survive, but who prevails for a larger, more meaningful victory in time and, hopefully, in eternity as well.

NOT SINCE 1949

In eight games Notre Dame asserted their claim to the number-one ranking and then earned the right to their first national championship in seventeen years by holding Michigan State to a stand-off and crushing Southern California.

By MIKE BRADLEY

IN THE Coliseum locker room before the final sixty minutes of the season, the sixty minutes which would produce a final evaluation on the ballots of the nation's coaches and writers as to who would claim supremacy in college football, the immediacy of the issue was spelled out on the coaches' blackboard. "We have waited seventeen years for this moment."

Outside the players' quarters Tom Pagna explained the inevitable uncertainty of the moment to a friend. "We've done everything possible to prepare them. Now we can only keep our fingers crossed." Keep them crossed that the defense can hold Southern Cal scoreless and maybe give the offense field position for a field goal or an easy drive, although no points will come easy to this offense. Hanratty, Goeddeke and Bleier are out. Eddy is questionable, and as late as Wednesday, Coley O'Brien could not be counted on to recover from the previous Saturday's ordeal. Considering the present, the focal point of the season for everyone else concerned with the sport, the Michigan State game, was casting its long, frustrating shadow on the moment, making it more anticlimactic

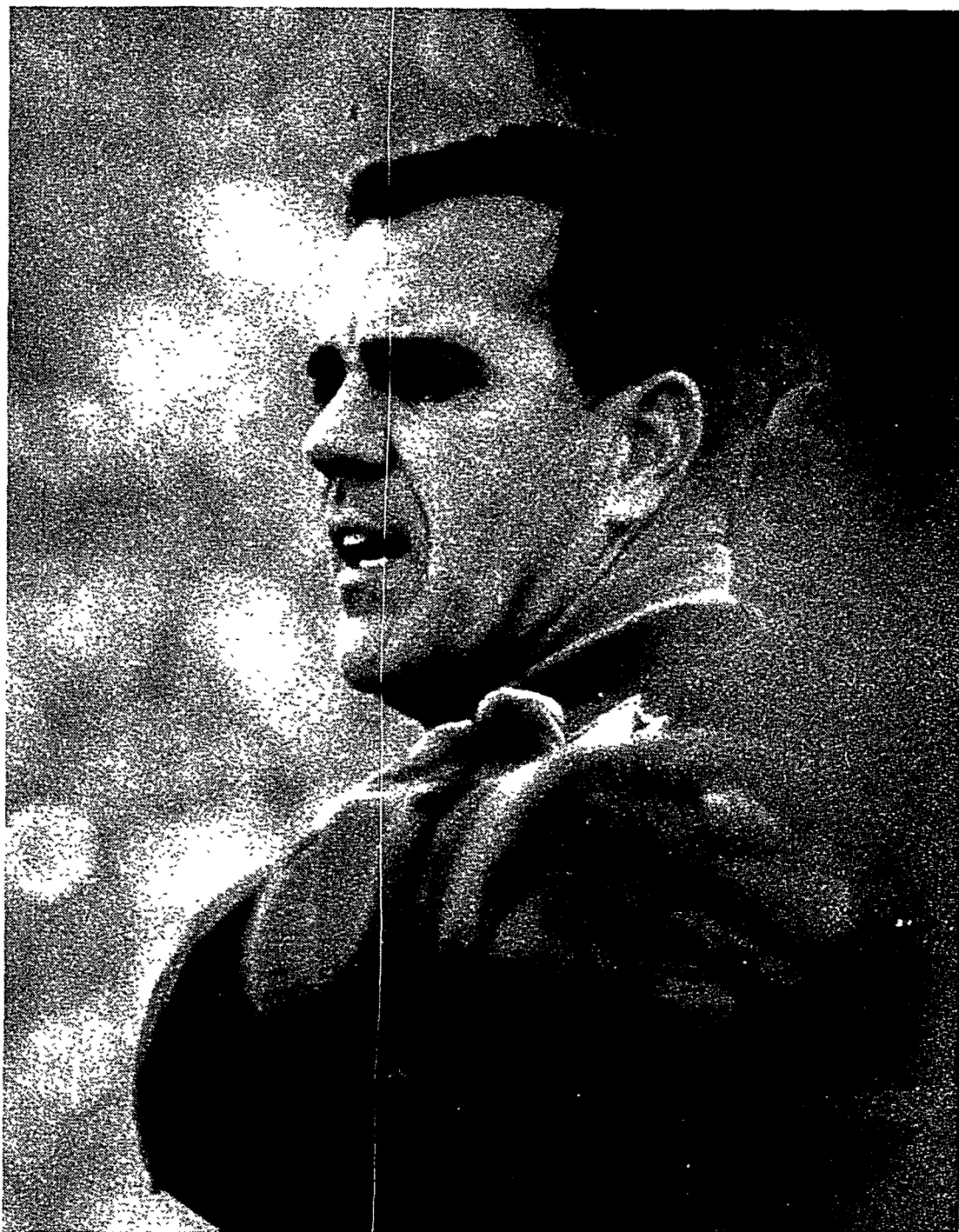
and unpredictable than it should have been.

Notre Dame was emotionally drained, physically battered and mentally frustrated following the classic duel with State, not so much because of the tie, but due more to the effort exerted in playing the contest. Coupled with these factors, the second guessing of Ara Parseghian's course of action in the last minute at Lansing which flooded the papers the entire week prior to Notre Dame's final game did little to aid the Irish in preparation for Southern Cal. Conscious of his relations with the voters, Ara spent much of the week defending his team's claim to the top ranking and his own decision to run out the clock against Michigan State. He cited Notre Dame's poor field position, Michigan State's preventive defense, and his team's inability to score on the long bomb for fifty-nine previous minutes. For good reason he refused to mention or at least adequately emphasize the fact that even if he wanted to take the long shot he was unable to. He had no one to throw the ball. On the previous series of downs the coaches had noticed that Coley O'Brien was gradually losing his reflexes and his

perception, the normal reaction of a diabetic under abnormal pressure. When Notre Dame took over for the final series of the game, Ara was seriously considering sending in third-string quarterback, Bob Belden. But he finally decided to stay with O'Brien to avoid any possible error in execution on a handoff. With a game still to play and O'Brien's condition little improved at midweek, any argument involving Notre Dame's lack of a healthy quarterback would be to Southern Cal's advantage in preparing their game plan for Saturday.

The shadow of the State game, the distracting events of the week and the uncertain status of O'Brien and Eddy gave Notre Dame "every excuse in the world to lose," as Jim Lynch remarked later. But when the moment came Notre Dame convinced the voters and themselves that they deserved the label of national champions by running up the highest score ever compiled against the Trojans. Their mottos, "Pride" and "No Breaking Point" meant more than any shadows.

"This game was just like starting 1964 all over again," said Pete Duranko of the Purdue opener. "We



didn't know what to expect and we had a lot to prove." Undoubtedly, Notre Dame wasn't expecting the initial touchdown of the season, a 94-yard runback with a recovered fumble, an opening-game break which might have unnerved lesser

teams but, only seconds later Nick Eddy slammed the door on a Purdue bid for an upset by taking the kick-off back 97 yards, the longest touchdown run of the season for Notre Dame. Later in the first half the two gifted sophomores began to make the

plays that made the headlines all season long. Watching Hanratty's strong, graceful delivery and Seymour's unmatched speed spread Purdue's defenses, there would be no repeat of the nine-man lines of '65. Seymour set two season records, pulling in 13 passes for 276 yards, and now Duranko could say, "We had a lot to prove it with."

At Evanston Nick Eddy again provided the impetus with a 56-yard dash over right tackle early in the game. The bombers proved they were genuine, connecting nine more times as the offense achieved the desired balance, 225 yards passing and 226 yards running. The defense showed its goal line strength, shutting off the Wildcats with five yards in four downs from the seven-yard line.

The offense continued to startle opponents with the ability to score almost at will, piling up 35 half-time points against the Army. The defensive secondary recorded five interceptions and Kevin Hardy dispelled all doubts about his weak back, collecting 18 tackles.

North Carolina was next but before the Tarheels arrived a rumor circulated that Hanratty would not play, that he might be lost for the season. The rumor wasn't far from the truth. As late as Friday night an operation was discussed. Throwing with only three-quarters delivery he still managed his weekly scoring strike to Seymour. The defense blocked six Tarheel passes after sending their first two quarterbacks to the sidelines with injuries.

The tables were turned at Norman. Seymour injured his instep, and Mike McGill tore ligaments in his knee. Following Coach Ray's directive, "Don't let them know you're hurt," McGill hopped fifty yards across the field on his good leg and collapsed on the sidelines. Despite the loss of these players, the Irish reached a mid-



season peak, totaling 38 points and limiting Oklahoma's ground attack to 39 yards.

At Philadelphia John Pergine was moved to outside linebacker and responded with three interceptions while the offense relied on Larry Conjar's 97 yards on the ground to offset Terry Hanratty's worst passing day of the year.

Unable to get untracked the Irish offense picked up only seven points in the first half against Pittsburgh. But Nick Eddy doubled the score taking the second-half kickoff back 85 yards for his fourth long-distance run of the year. Tom Schoen

followed with a 63-yard punt return and the Panthers were routed.

Any worries that the Irish were looking ahead to M.S.U. were erased the first occasion Nick Eddy had to carry the ball against Duke. He sprinted 77 yards off tackle being untouched en route to a 43-0 half-time lead. The Irish tried everything, including an interception and lateral by linebacker John Horney. Ara's half-time message was brief: "Hi, fellas," was all he could muster.

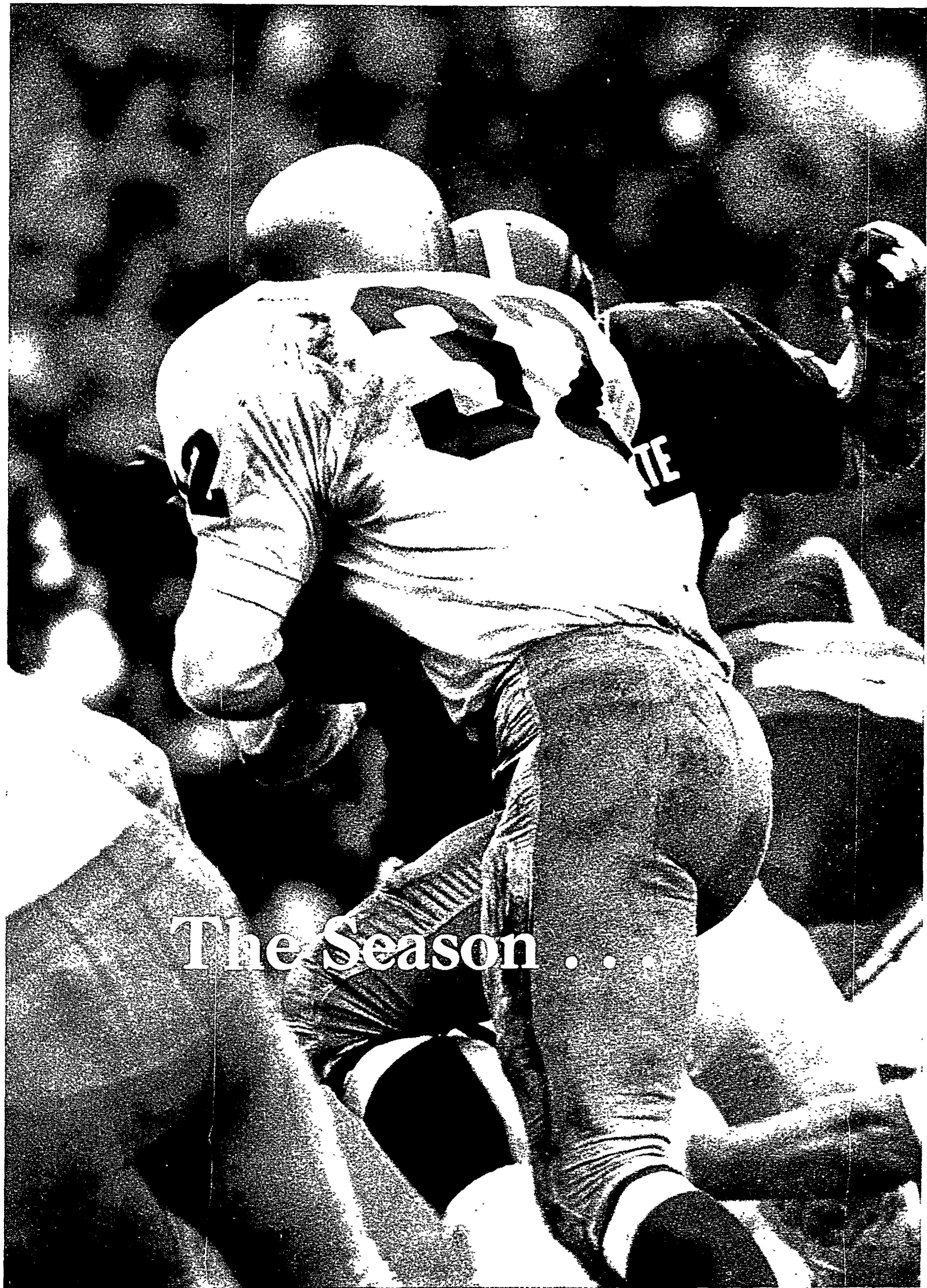
The half time at Lansing was marked by an atmosphere of controlled urgency resulting from two factors: 1) Notre Dame was losing

at the half for the first time in two years and 2) the team sensed that because of the loss of Eddy and Hanratty, the balance of the game would be left in the hands of the defense.

Twice in the fourth quarter Tom Schoen brought Notre Dame within range with interceptions but as unpleasant as the outcome was to thirty-three million viewers and every sportswriter in the country, by the fourth quarter the game was destined to remain deadlocked. State was unable to advance past midfield and Notre Dame no longer had the offensive tools to capitalize on good field position. Bleier was out. His replacement, Gladieux was injured, and nowhere on the Irish sideline was there someone capable of throwing the long ball.

The locker room was quiet after the game. There was the feeling of frustration and disappointment which emanated from an unsettled issue, especially in the eyes of the seniors who saw their dream of perfection now the least bit tainted. But gradually the talk turned to the point that they hadn't lost and that a win on the coast would prove to the nation what had not been resolved against the Spartans.

Notre Dame went about dismantling the Trojans with unexpected efficiency. From the initial drive of 18 well-executed plays to Dave Martin's fourth-quarter return of an errant pass Notre Dame displayed the same poise, finesse and sound fundamentals that were evident all year, even in dark moments of the Michigan State game. It is a tribute to the coaching staff and to the great leadership this team experienced that Notre Dame could rebound from injuries, disappointment and the inevitable fatigue which accompanies any team's final effort to stake such a strong claim to their stated pre-season goal — the national championship.

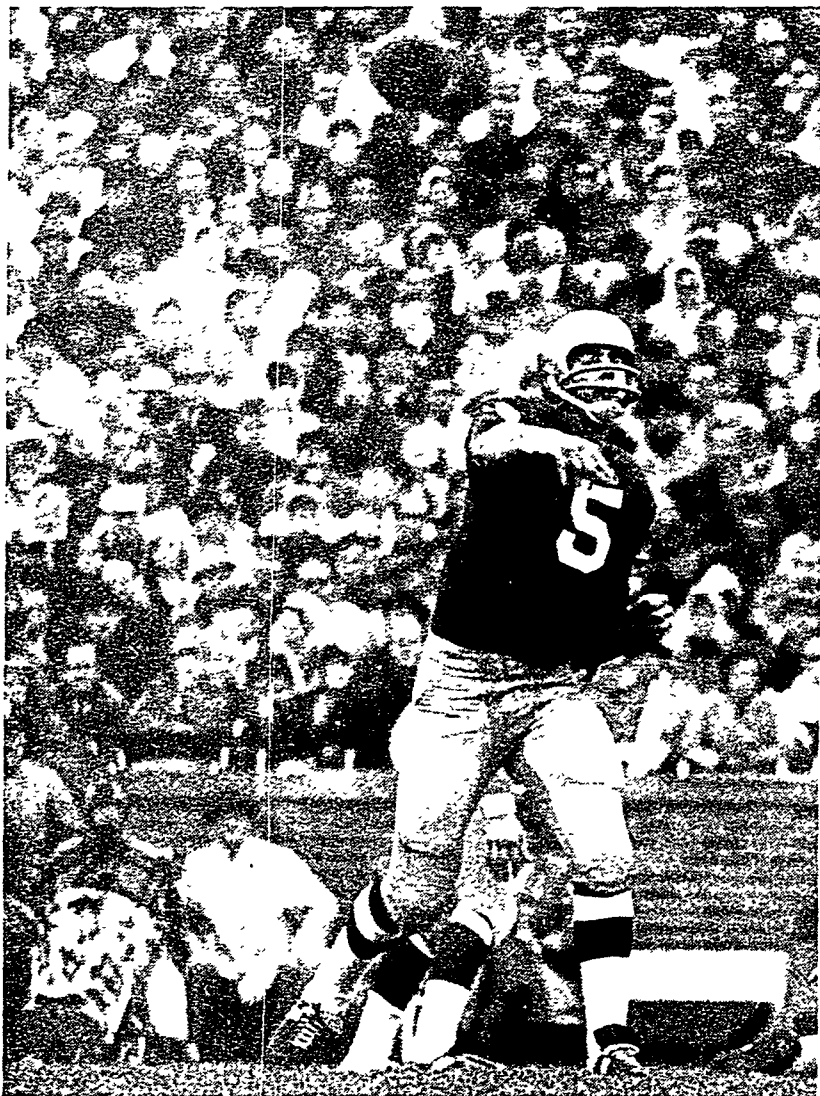


FRIDAY, HANRATTY SLEPT WELL

National television and "Sports Illustrated" begin their coverage of the '66 season in South Bend and the Irish respond by unveiling their bombers.

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Excerpts from "The Irish Launch A New Era." Copyright October 3, 1966
—Sports Illustrated.



ALL LAST WEEK as Notre Dame prepared to settle a score with Purdue Ara Parseghian was careful to speak softly when in the vicinity of Terry Hanratty. "I want to be casual, to be relaxed," Parseghian explained. "I don't want to get him nervous like me." It was not easy, because Parseghian is the Notre Dame football coach and he is also a chatty fellow with impressible nerve endings. As he talked he had the pop-eyed look of a man who was holding his breath.

Hanratty is Notre Dame's new quarterback. His uniform number is 5, which used to be the number of Paul Hornung, the famous swinger. Terrence Hugh Hanratty is stationary. Terry Hugh is 18 years old. He has soft eyes and sunken cheeks and a reputation for being a lamb. When he is sitting down he has a tentative look about him, as if you could remove his chair without altering his position.

In the final days of what the guard at the Notre Dame gate called "superclosed" practices for Purdue, Ara Parseghian could not believe the way Terry Hanratty was throwing the ball. What was more, he could not believe the way another sophomore, James Patrick Seymour, split end, Berkley, Mich., age 19, was catching the football.

The thing was, last year Notre Dame had a rosewater passing attack to go with its strong running, and on more than a few occasions the opposition had found out what Parseghian knew to be true. "On third down nine we were in jail," he said.

In the match-up of quarterbacks with Purdue, it would be Rookie Hanratty against All-America Bob Griese, a brilliant performer who had started 22 straight games and had never once looked anything less than terrifying. The job he did on Notre Dame last year — 19 of 22 passes for 283 yards, and the winning touchdown in the final seconds of a 25-21 game — was remembered with pain around South Bend.

It was doubtful, therefore, that the Notre Dame defense would be anywhere but up for the game. "The coaches do not have to say a thing to get us ready for Griese," said Tackle Pete Duranko. The next big job, then, was to keep Hanratty calm, and, of course, there was no way to do that — big opening game, big rivalry, national television. Pressure, pressure, pressure.

Was Hanratty sufficiently terrorized? No, Hanratty was not. Hanratty was calm. He slept well. He had no trouble swallowing. His coaches found they could even kid him. Tom Pagna, the foreman of the offense, told Hanratty of his own first game at Miami of Ohio. "We were warming up before the game and I was surprised how relaxed I was. Then somebody threw me a pass and I couldn't raise my hands to catch it. The ball hit me right in the helmet. 'Oh, dear God,' I thought, 'I'm paralyzed.'" Hanratty laughed.

John Ray, the defensive coach, cut in. Ray had recruited Hanratty out of Butler High. "Don't you let him worry you, Terry," he boomed. "The defense will win the game anyway, and if you do all right I'll let you become a linebacker."

The plan would be to give Purdue the ball first, establish the defense and allow Hanratty a chance to get used to the ringing crowd noise. Then, after a couple of running plays, he would be free to throw the ball at his pleasure. "I would love to see them try to cover Seymour one-on-one," said Parseghian. "One-on-one he'll beat somebody and get us on the scoreboard."

Hanratty did not pass until Notre Dame's second possession. Then he wound up, and while being hit from the side completed a 42-yarder to Seymour. Seymour had to come back on the ball and made the catch between three defenders, but it was the beginning that set a pattern, maddening to Purdue and intoxicating to the 59,075 people snuggled into Notre Dame Stadium.

Seymour is 6 feet 4, 205 pounds and lean. He is a sprinter and has the essentials of a good receiver: 1) greedy hands, 2) a change of pace and 3) composure in traffic. On straight fly patterns and one-on-one coverage in the first half against Purdue, he consistently beat his man. Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf admitted later that "we didn't realize how good he was."

Hanratty ended all doubt with a seven-yard touchdown pass to Seymour to push the final score to 26-14. Seymour leaped to catch it, with 6-foot Halfback Bob Mangene flailing at him pitifully in the end zone. It was Seymour's 13th reception of the day, giving him 276 yards gained in all. And no receiver in Notre Dame history, not Jack Snow or Jim Kelly or Leon Hart or Jim Mutscheller, ever had such a day.

Hanratty finished with 16 completions in 24 tries for 304 yards. Living his dream — he was the last man out of the Notre Dame dressing room — Hanratty seemed to want to remember everything, even every drop of his shower. When he finally emerged, John Ray grabbed him by a bare shoulder and said, "Hey, boy, aren't you glad I brought you here?"

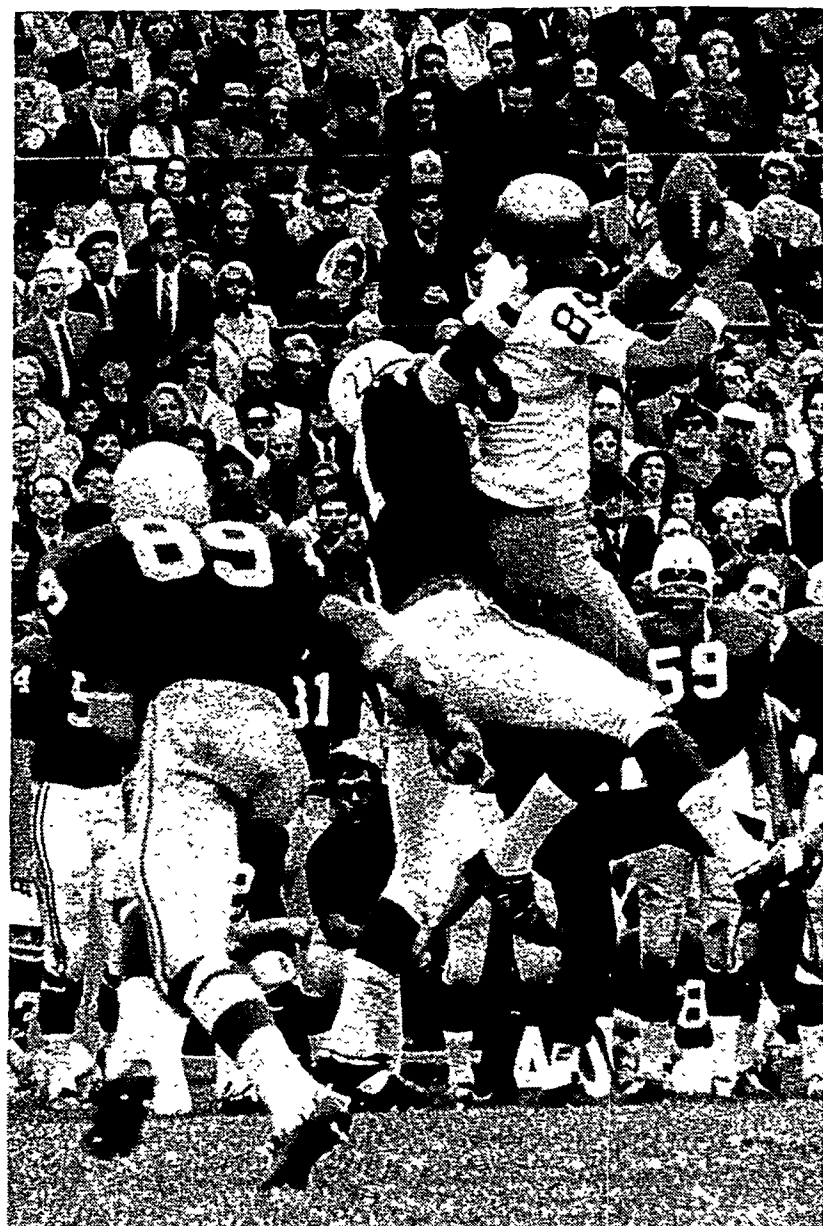
"Yessir, Coach, you bet," said Terry Hanratty. "You bet I am."



SATURDAY, SEYMOUR SPEARED NINE

Against Northwestern Hanratty and Seymour played with the same genius of Purdue, and not for the rest of the season would the two team as brilliantly. The "Chicago Sun-Times" describes the rout.

by EDGAR MUNZEL



TERRY HANRATTY and Jim Seymour, probably the greatest Irish battery since Ed Walsh and Billy Sullivan, derived even more satisfaction out of their performance against Northwestern Saturday than they did in their sensational debut against Purdue last week.

And that despite the fact that the Wildcats held them to fewer pass completions and a little less yardage.

"There was a lot more satisfaction for me, because we proved that last week wasn't just a flash in the pan," said Seymour, a personable young man who is as poised handling a mass of dressing room interviewers as he is in grabbing passes.

"Our other opponents now will have to respect our passing, and that means our running game will be opened up. They can't play us one way."

It was Coach Alex Agase's protection against the bomb that unquestionably held down Seymour's yardage. He speared nine Saturday for 141 yards, while he nabbed 13 for 274 yards against Purdue.

Hanratty, the dark-haired quarterback, was just about the same as last week in completion percentage, though lower in yardage. Last week it was 16 out of 24 for 304 yards and Saturday 14 out of 23 for 202 yards.

"Northwestern was making it a little tougher for me than Purdue did," said Terry, in full agreement with his star receiver. "The ends were boxing me."

"However, when they occasionally started double coverage on Jim (Seymour) it left the other fellows like Bob Bleier (four for 49) open for me."

Coach Ara Parseghian of Notre Dame was generous in his praise of his former team, coached by his bosom buddy, Agase.

"They put up a scrappy exhibition and they played well," said Ara. "They used more of a zone pass defense than ever before; they took the bomb away from us and gave us the short stuff. So we used a lot of hook passes and short ones between the linebackers."

"Hanratty and Seymour? Well, frankly I was afraid I was overrating them because I got so enthusiastic about them on the basis of what they showed in practice. However, this should convince everybody because there was no secret about them after Purdue."

"They've got wonderful poise. Hanratty showed it again today when he had one of his passes intercepted. It didn't rattle him. He came right back, throwing as good as ever."

"I thought our defense reacted well until I tossed in the reserves in the fourth quarter. They intercepted a couple of passes and then they got reckless and let Rog Murphy get behind them for that TD."

Agase didn't need any crying towel after the game. In fact, he frankly was proud of the way his outmanned team performed.

"I was encouraged by the way they went after Notre Dame," said Alex. "They never let up. They fought all the way."

"If we could have scored that touchdown early in the second quarter after the fumble, we might have made a real dogfight out of it. We needed that. When you're the underdog, a touchdown like that puts the adrenalin in your team."

"Notre Dame is a great football team, stronger than last year because the offense is better."

FOR NOTRE DAME it was onward and upward today with Terrence Hugh Hanratty and James Patrick Seymour, the sophomore sensationalists.

Hanratty, the 18-year-old who throws the football, and Seymour, 19, who catches it, plus a host of helpers shot up the Army before 59,075 fans who filled every seat in Notre Dame Stadium.

The score was 35-0 and it might have been 100-0 if Ara Parseghian, the humanitarian who coaches here, had left his Hanratty-Seymour battery and other regulars in the contest for the second half.

The big guns of the offense sat out the last 30 minutes, while the hard-fighting Cadets shut out the second team and, in turn, were shut out by a Notre Dame defense that was first string through the third quarter.

Everyone who had seen or scouted the Fighting Irish knew what would happen.

Hanratty, who had grown a great right arm in Butler, Pa., was going to throw to his buddy, the 6-foot-4-inch Seymour from Berkeley, Mich. He did, 12 times, and Seymour caught 8 passes and one touchdown.

The noisy students in the northwest corner of the stadium shouted in unison, "We're No. 1!" They were thinking about the news service polls, which each week rank the nation's collegiate teams.

The way to impress the radio announcers in places like Parkersburg, W. Va., who vote in these polls is to run up a score on a weak sister. Parseghian resisted the temptation, which must have been hard for a coach who was getting almost faultless execution from his 22 warriors on offense and defense.

Hanratty tried to throw over Seymour's head, but this graceful receiver — a young Del Shofner — climbed an invisible stepladder again and again to flag the ball.

His pass-blocking was so good, Hanratty had all afternoon to wait for Seymour to run his deepest patterns against an Army zone defense that had no chance.

The act began the first time Notre Dame, a four-touchdown favorite in this deglamorized series, went on the attack. Hanratty threw incomplete to Seymour. Then he repeated and hit him for 19 yards. Seven plays later Bob Bleier, the right halfback, scored from the 2 to end a 54-yard drive.

The Notre Dame defense, led by huge twin terrors on the right side of the line named Alan Page and Kevin Hardy, was certain to force errors out of the Cadets, who belonged back in the Holy Cross-Kansas State league.

The first error came when Carl Woessner of Army fumbled and Pete Duranko recovered for the home team at West Point's 33.

Hanratty counted the stitches on the football until Seymour had broken free behind Hank Toczylowski. Then the ball traveled like a howitzer shell into the end zone. Seymour nailed it and the scoreboard blinked 13-0.

Hanratty had Army so rattled with his aerial threat that the draw play, with Larry Conjar or Nick Eddy the carrier, worked just as well as the pass.

West Point's deepest penetration was to the Notre Dame 22, following a fumble recovery in the fourth period. But the Cadet offense was there for only two plays before an interception gave the ball back to the Irish.

Which was best, the Irish offense or defense?

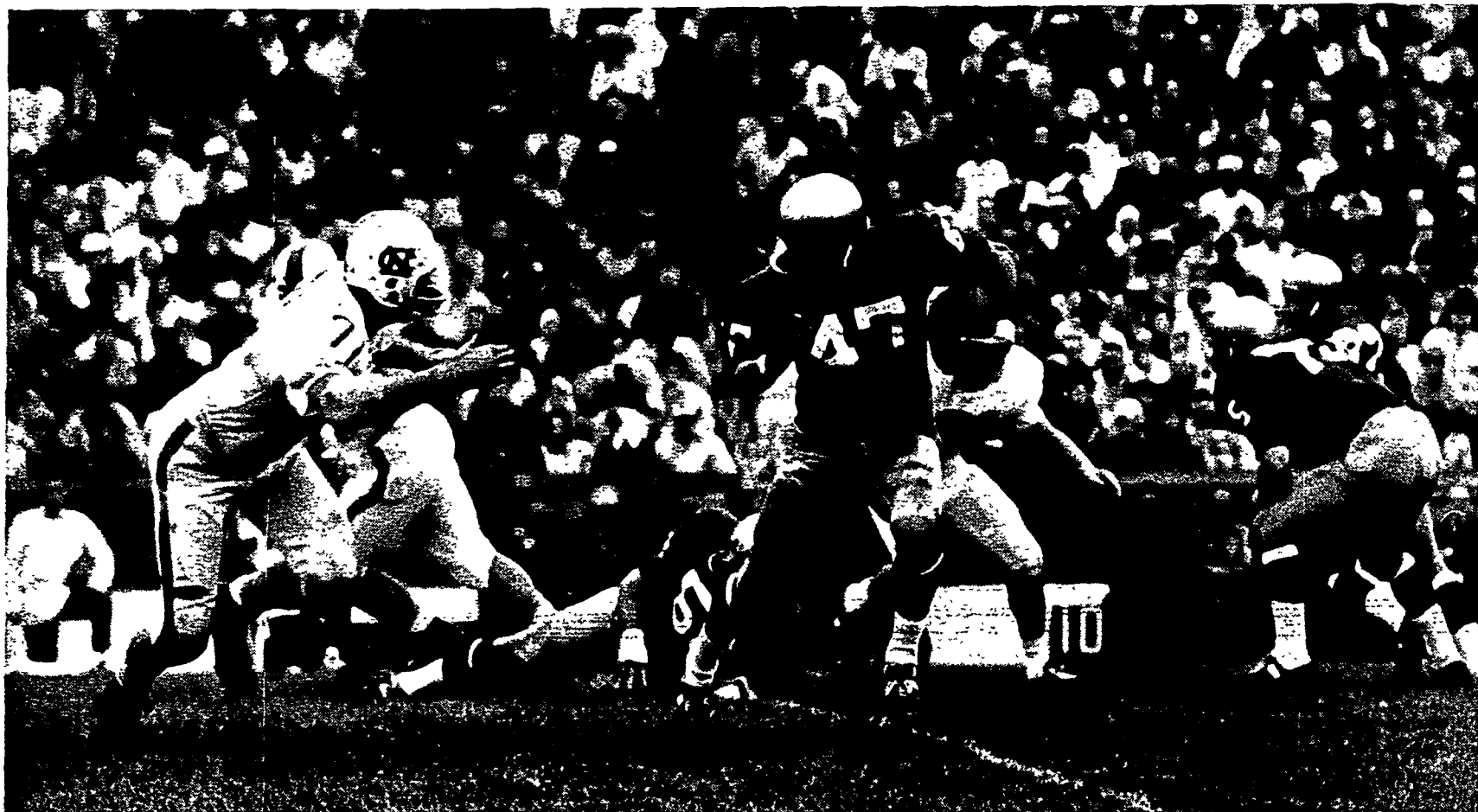
Coley O'Brien and Curt Henegan, regulars after spring practice last April, succeeded Hanratty and Seymour after halftime. They were not quite as good an act, as Notre Dame gained only 125 yards in the second half after 323 in the first.

Hanratty completed 11 of 20 passes for 195 yards and led the backslappers surrounding Seymour when the two came out of the game together.

EXECUTION DISPATCHES THE ARMY

It was no contest, observes the "New York Times," when West Point's unbeaten ran into that sophomore passing pair and a line with picture-book precision.





UNPRESSURED AND STILL UNBEATEN

Despite Terry Hanratty's ailing shoulder, Notre Dame produces a healthy score. The "World Journal Tribune" tells why the Tarheels were no contest.

by JESSE ABRAMSON

THERE'S MORE, MUCH MORE, to Notre Dame's football magnificence than the amazing sophomore pass-catch pair of Terry Hanratty and Jim Seymour, as the Irish demonstrated yesterday in pulverizing North Carolina's handicapped forces, 32-0, before a full house of 59,075 in wind-blown Notre Dame stadium.

In rolling to their fourth straight the unbeaten, unpressured Irish exploited their tremendous power on the ground in every period.

Fullback Larry Conjar, a 212-pounder who runs like a halfback, bulleted across for the first two touchdowns from the one to end marches of 73 and 55 yards.

Working on a 20-0 halftime lead, halfback Nick Eddy, who had figured conspicuously in the earlier raids, swept the Tar Heel right flank in a dazzling 52-yard broken-field operation, utilizing sharp cuts three times on a zig-zag tour behind smashing blocks.

The last touchdown went to Notre Dame's second offensive unit, with Coley O'Brien directing a 67-yard march despite two clipping penalties and sophomore Bob Gladioux racing the last five yards on a pitchout.

Conjar and Eddy rushed for 87 and 85 yards, respectively, in Notre Dame's 249-yard ground assault to which 183 air yards were added.

Hanratty paid little attention to the double and triple-teamed patterns his pal Jim was running, while Conjar and Eddy, starting with Notre Dame's third series, ripped off tidy gains through the Tar Heel middle.

In each of Notre Dame's two scoring drives, Hanratty passed only once, ducking away from a rush to hit tight end Don Gmitter for 16 yards the first time, starting the second drive with a 12-yard toss to Eddy.

However, when huge Kevin Hardy recovered a Carolina fumble, Hanratty did the expected. He hit split end Seymour, running free beyond defender Jack Davenport, on the 10. Seymour took the ball in stride over his shoulder. Hanratty threw to Seymour only twice more, neither connecting as the Hanratty-Seymour claque sighed.

Getting so much mileage from Hanratty's sore shoulder hardly justified Ara Parseghian's locker room statement:

"It's ironic that both clubs lost key players through injuries."

Whether the Tar Heels could have scored against the mighty Irish defense is problematical since they never penetrated the N.D. 30 until the last period against Irish reserves.

But North Carolina had to go the last three quarters this day with a makeshift QB, fullback Tim Karrs, who hadn't played or even practiced quarterback before yesterday. Danny Talbott, the do-it-all Tar Heel who passes, runs, punts, and placekicks, and had directed North Carolina to a big upset over Michigan, sprained his right ankle badly late in the first period, and two plays later, Jeff Beaver, his understudy, dislocated his shoulder as he moved his team to counter ND's 7-0 lead.

It was no contest thereafter.

“THEY’RE No. 1 in the country as far as I’m concerned, unless it’s the Green Bay Packers,” said Oklahoma Guard Ron Winfrey in the steamy, sullen locker room following Notre Dame’s 38-0 lacing of the Sooners Saturday.

And that pretty well sums up the opinion of Coach Jim Mackenzie, his staff, the Sooners and the record 63,439 fans who attended the battle of the unbeaten.

“They had a fine football team,” said Mackenzie. “They did everything well. They had fast runners when they needed fast runners and strong runners when they needed strong runners. We had hoped to go wide on them but their ends (Alan Page and Tom Rhoades) did a good job keeping us inside. Their inside men (Tackles Pete Duranko and Kevin Hardy) kept a lot of pressure on us the second half. Jim Lynch (inside linebacker) blitzed on us several times and we didn’t pick it up.”

Winfrey drew the sad assignment of blocking Hardy, 270-pound junior, or Duranko, 235-pound senior, most of the afternoon.

“Their size and strength was expected but their quickness surprised me a lot,” he said.

In round figures that sums up the Fighting Irish this afternoon. They have size, strength and speed and simply outclassed the Sooners.

The atmosphere in the Irish dressing room was exuberant. Shouts of “We’re No. 1” greeted the visiting press.

“We didn’t expect this,” Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian exclaimed.

“I don’t know what made the difference. I thought it would be a hard-fought defensive battle. You never know if the breaks are going to go for you or against you. But I never expected that score.”

Parseghian had high praise for both his offensive and defensive teams, commenting that Quarterback Terry Hanratty “hit some clutch passes, and that opened them up for our running game. I’m proud of the way Halfback Nick Eddy performed, too. And Halfback Bob Bleier — he’s been a very steady player and outstanding runner all year.”

Parseghian said OU’s shovel pass to the halfback “did hurt us some; they hadn’t used that before. But in the second half it was inconsistent enough that we could knock it down occasionally for a six- or seven-yard loss. That’s a play that can gain you 15 yards, or it can backfire on you.”

“I thought our whole team played an exceptional game,” said Eddy. “Oklahoma has a good team with exceptional speed, but I think when they lost Liggins they lost a little momentum. When we scored late in the second quarter they lost some more. We sure were unhappy the second half and we wanted to do a job on ’em,” he added.

Unhappy about what?

“We thought they were playing a little rough,” Eddy said.

Most of the Irish were impressed with the play of Liggins and the enthusiasm for a half.

The outcome was obvious by halftime and newsmen relaxed enough to drop a few quips along the way.

“I know what Mackenzie’s halftime talk will be,” one scribe said. “Boys, let’s start putting that weight back on.”

When the blunderbuss boomed the Sooners back onto the field at halftime, another scribe remarked, “Here come the Christians again!”

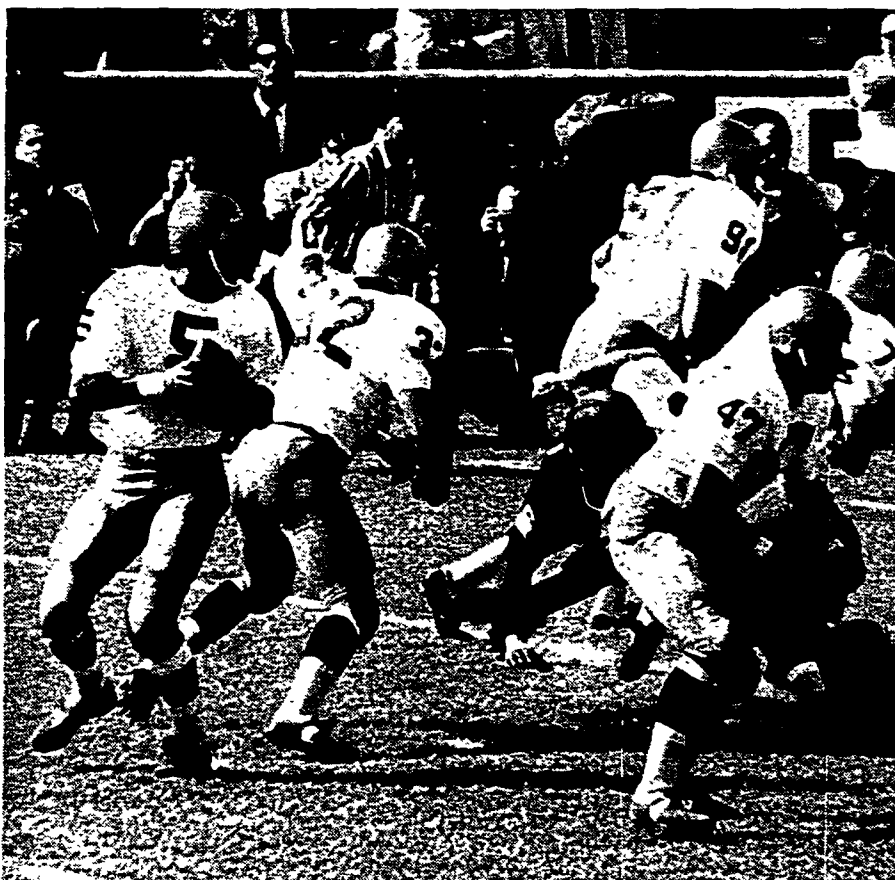
Once during the fourth quarter, a partisan writer yawned, “I’ve lost interest.” Then when OU Quarterback Jim Bugar was too long getting the Sooners off and suffered a delay penalty, he said, “So’s Bugar.”

A little sick humor, maybe, but, in a situation like that, you have to find something to laugh about.

AMBUSH AT OK CORRAL

In 1957, Notre Dame defeated Oklahoma and in Norman they interrupted movies to announce the score. Now eight years later, the “Sunday Oklahoman” relates another loss, one just as crushing.

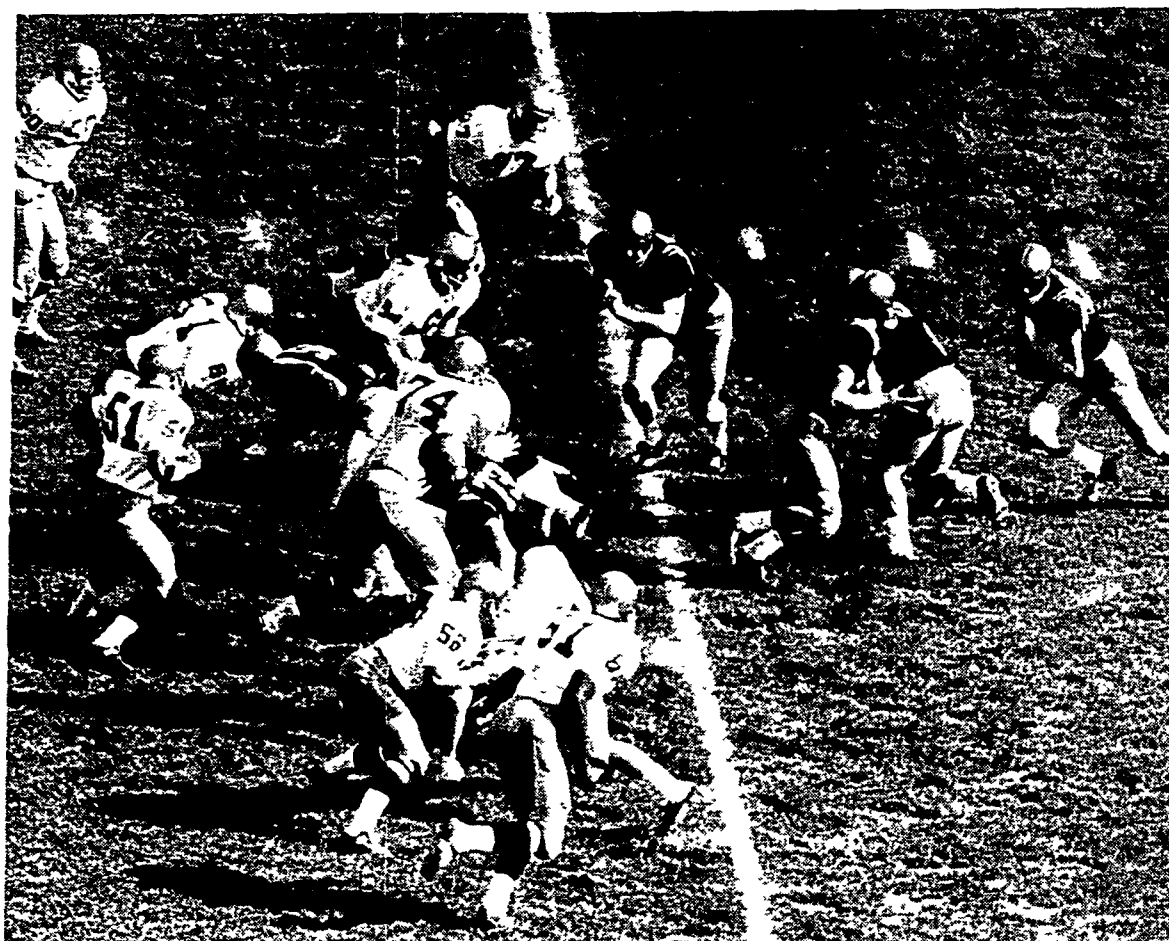
by TOM WRIGHT



SHORT ON GLAMOUR

Neglecting the passing game, Notre Dame runs over a scrappy Navy team. The "Philadelphia Bulletin" recounts win number six.

by RAY KELLY



MIGHTY NOTRE DAME, short on glamour but deep in talent, gave plucky Navy a defensive going-over in a 31-7 load of action at John F. Kennedy Stadium yesterday.

Don't get the idea there was anything dull about the one-sided affair.

Matter of fact, there were 70,100 other viewers who will go along with Tom Lynch, who said, "I never saw a Navy team play so well and so hard and yet lose by so much."

Tom Lynch was captain of the undefeated Navy team which went to the Sugar Bowl in 1963. He is also the brother of Jimmy Lynch, Notre Dame captain who was in the middle of an Irish defense that spent the afternoon setting up touchdown situations.

The most conspicuous player of them all was Norristown's Johnny Pergine. The 19-year-old from Plymouth-Whitemarsh High School put on a one-man show while picking off three Navy passes.

Besides getting "well done" salutations, the energetic Middies also had the satisfaction of snapping Notre Dame's shutout record of three straight games. Of all things, with a blocked punt!

It was a planned play. In the fourth period, with the Irish leading, 24-0, the Sailors ganged up on substitute punter Bob Gladieux. Heading the charge was six-footer Jim Goebel who deflected the ball back to the goal line, where Jon Bergner, another six-footer, fell on it for the score. Dave Church then place-kicked the extra point.

It didn't matter by then, except for the Notre Dame defensive crew, which takes such matters seriously.

The Fighting Irish, who now wear white and gold uniforms (they abandoned the traditional green four years ago) had to get along without their sensational end, Jim Seymour.

Nevertheless, Hanratty went over for two touchdowns. Larry Conjar and Gladieux scored once each after Joe Azarro started the point production with a 42-yard field goal in the first period. He also kicked the four extra points.

While it was no picnic for Hanratty, his Navy counterpart, John Cartwright, of Sharon Hill High, must have

felt like Horatio at the bridge. The Irish never stopped coming at him.

John finished with five completions in 14 tosses, along with four interceptions. Asked if Notre Dame was as good as their press notices, the tow-headed signal-caller said softly: "You'd better believe it."

The N.D. line yielded a mere 36 yards running and only 28 passing, all good for only five first downs.

"Notre Dame is a great team," said Navy coach Bill Elias, who had predicted a victory for his side. "They take advantage of everything, but my kids let them know they were in a ball game."

Ara Parseghian, the wizard who coaches Notre Dame, credited "our defense" for the victory. "It was a superb defensive game," he said. "Navy was juiced up and they had us off balance the first half with those gambling defenses. We changed some at the half and got the ground game going. The only thing that disappointed us was not getting our fourth shutout in a row."

Parseghian kept his first-stringers in the game until less than seven minutes remained in the fourth period. There was some grumbling from the Navy side about "lacking mercy."

Elias said he wasn't bothered at all. "Don't forget," he said, "they're after a national championship. I can't coach another man's team."

The game was less than two minutes old when Irish back Tom O'Leary intercepted a Cartwright pass at mid-field. Right away the pessimists said, "The rout has started."

Once, near the end of the first period, Navy made a bid for glory. With the help of a couple of Cartwright passes, the Middies got to the N.D. 28. Alan Page made a great play on Cartwright before somebody else grabbed the quarterback's face mask.

Since it happened after the play, the 15-yard penalty was from the point of infringement. This left the Middies with a fourth and two situation. Terry Murray, Navy's 174-pound fullback, tried to hit the middle. He never had a chance, the ball changed hands and the Middies never got that close again.

NICK EDDY AND TOMMY SCHOEN weren't exactly running for office in the third quarter of this surprising football game, but when the ballots are counted in the national polls on Monday, their returns will carry a lot of weight.

Eddy is a very offensive halfback and Schoen is a defensive safety, and they were a potent pair in paralyzing a persistent Pittsburgh team for a 40-0 Notre Dame victory here this somber Saturday afternoon before a sellout crowd of 59,075.

Notre Dame's re-election as No. 1 in the nation may well depend on their returns, because Michigan State, in routing Iowa 56-7, remains a formidable candidate.

Somehow the palsied Panthers, entering the game with a 1-6 record, outscored 67 points to 200, managed to stymie the might of Ara Parseghian's powerful platoon for nearly half of a contest which was supposed to be resolved in favor of the Irish with the opening kickoff.

Yet, with indomitable will, born perhaps by being pitted against the nation's best with one of the nation's worst records, Pittsburgh held off a Notre Dame score until Quarterback Terry Hanratty ended an 80-yard march by going three yards on a touchdown keeper after 10 minutes of the second quarter.

Joe Azzaro, place-kicked the extra point and the Irish were on the boards 7-0 at the half. In East Lansing, Mich., the nation's No. 2 team, Michigan State, was leading Iowa 35-7 at the same juncture and breathing heavily on Notre Dame's right to remain in office.

Then the "returns" came in from the Eddy and Schoen precincts. Nick took the second-half kickoff on his own 15 and raced 85 yards for a 13-0 Notre Dame bulge.

Azzaro's kick was wide, but with three minutes remaining in the third period, Schoen gathered in Al Zortea's punt on his own 37 and threaded his way 63 yards to another touchdown.

Now, faced with the mighty display of the Spartans to the north, Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian went for every available point, two at the moment. It worked, on a pass from Hanratty to Paul May, and the Irish went into the stretch leading 21-0.

The dismal start of Notre Dame against a team so poorly rated that the oddsmakers refused to even recognize the contest was bound to pale before the Spartans' 35-7 hounding of the Hawkeyes over the same distance.

This was the first game in six that Ara didn't dare frolic his reserves. In defense of the No. 1 rating, he used double quarterbacks by having Hanratty and Coley O'Brien in the same backfield. Another time, he employed two fullbacks, Conjar going the distance at that offensive position, and May filling in at left halfback.

Pitt scored a moral victory in its frustration of the Irish ease of recent victories, far beyond the sizeable margin on the scoreboard.

In the Notre Dame dressing room, after the trying ordeal, Ara wiped his brow and said:

"This certainly proves my contention that there is no such thing as an 'easy' game. We were flat in the first half and Pittsburgh played an outstanding game.

"They didn't make any mistakes in the first half. They played us to a standstill.

"No one hit Eddy on that kickoff return, but on his 51-yard run he landed on his bad shoulder and we thought we'd better take him out. It's a moderate shoulder bruise; he should be OK next week.

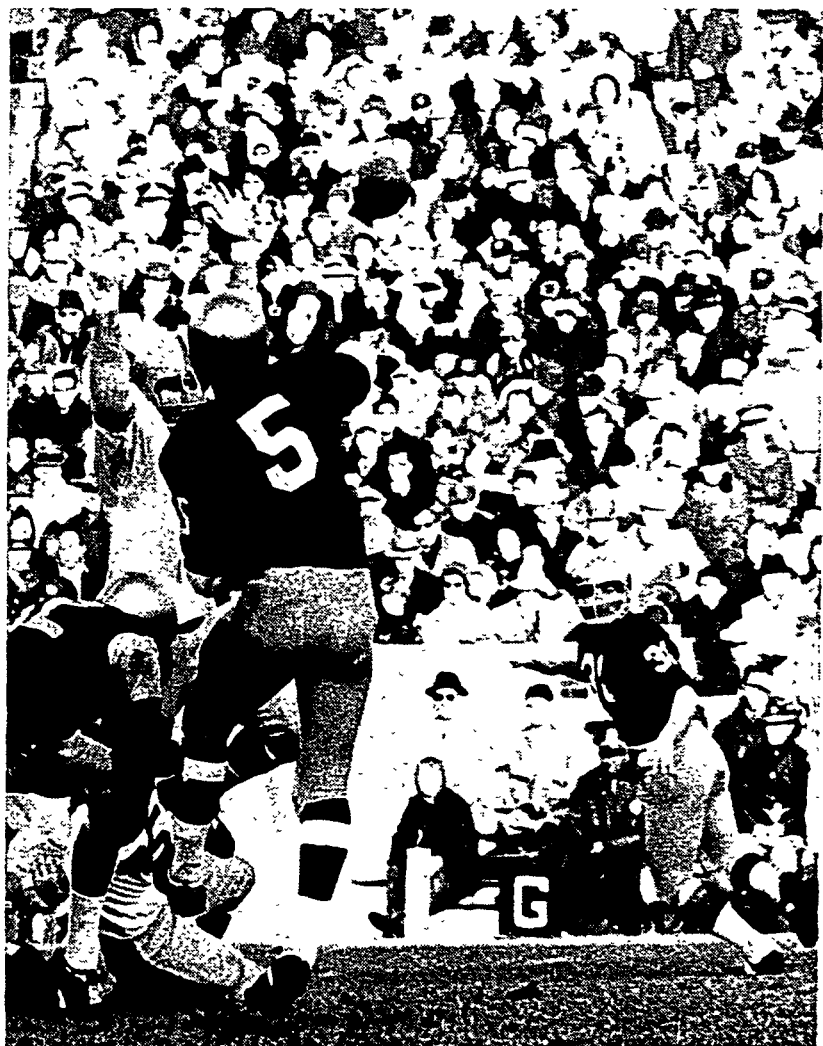
"We didn't use Jim Seymour because we weren't sure about his condition. It really was two different ball games. In the first half, Pitt made no mistakes and we did. In the second half, they made some mistakes and we took advantage of them."

Is Notre Dame still No. 1?

WITH MICHIGAN STATE CLOSE BEHIND

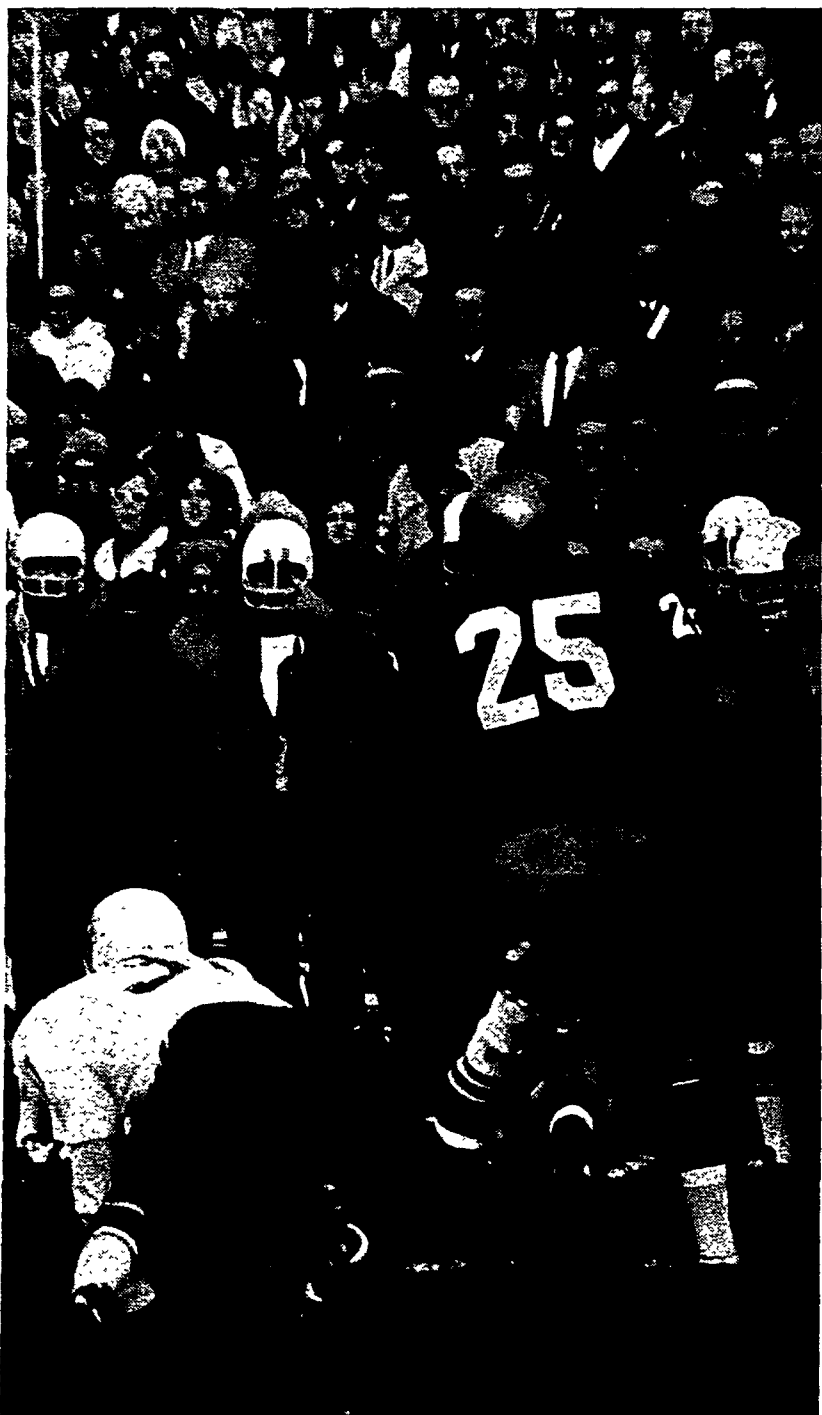
Pittsburgh stumped the Irish for a half — but no longer. The "Chicago Sun-Times" gives the account.

by DICK HACKENBERG



DEBACLE OUT OF THE DEPTH

Sixty-four players got into the act for Notre Dame, and for outmanned Duke their performance was hot comedy. Joe Doyle conducts the postmortem for the "South Bend Tribune."



EXPLOSIVE NOTRE DAME, leading the nation in scoring, defense and the rating polls, added to its 1966 football prestige Saturday with a 64-0 rout of intersectional rival Duke and set the stage for next Saturday's titanic clash with Michigan State.

Nick Eddy, the dazzling senior halfback, ignited a 43-point first half explosion when he sped 77 yards untouched by human hands on the second play of the game. And either offensively or defensively, the error-prone Blue Devils were outclassed thereafter.

Six times the Irish crashed across the goal-line in the first 30 minutes, enabling Coach Ara Parseghian to empty his bench in the second half. He used 64 players in all — one for each point. Many were seniors, playing for the last time at home.

Hardly had the 59,075 fans settled in their seats when the Irish were off and running. Rocky Bleier gathered in the kickoff in the end zone and ran it out to the 19. Larry Conjar hammered for four yards at left guard and on the next play Eddy took a handoff from Terry Hanratty, started left and then cut through a gaping hole at tackle.

Five plays later the defense scored touchdown No. 2. Duke's Larry Davis completed two passes to Dave Dunaway for a first down at the 45. After two plays gained only three yards, Davis took to the air again, but John Horney leaped to intercept at the Irish 45 and raced toward Duke's goal.

When he seemed to be fenced in at the 30, he lateraled off to a surprised Tom O'Leary and the Columbus speedster rocketed into the end zone. Busy Joe Azzaro then kicked the first of eight straight conversions for a 15-0 lead with only 3:35 elapsed in the game.

Thereafter, the touchdowns came at a slower pace, but enough to rack up the widest margin since a similar 64-0 count against Dartmouth in 1944.

On defense, the Irish intercepted four passes to give them 21 interceptions for the year. They blocked a punt and time after time threw Duke's two quarterbacks for losses. Most of Duke's yardage came on a time-killing ground march paced by substitute fullback Page Wilson in the final seven minutes.

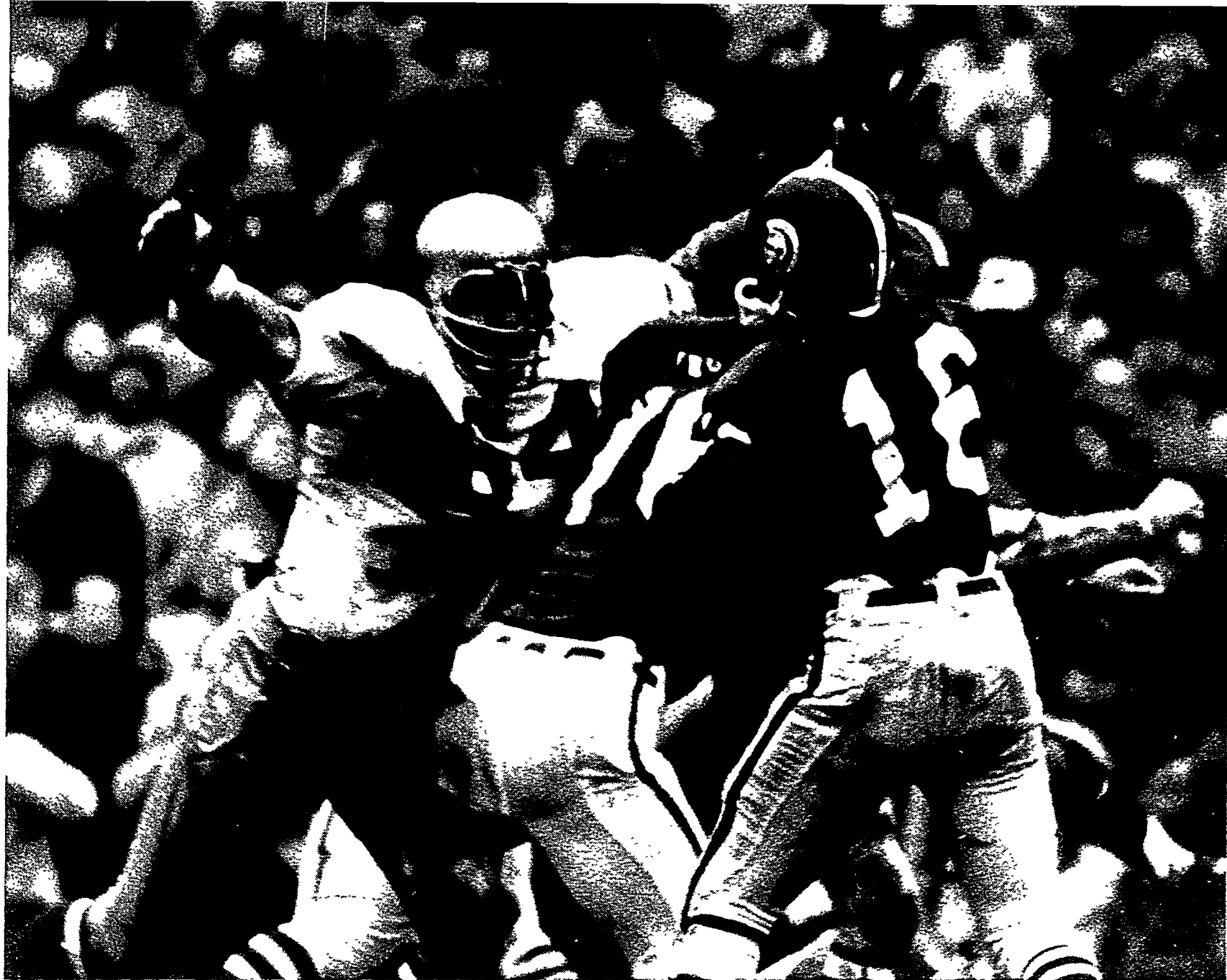
Duke managed 15 first downs to only 17 for the Irish, but N.D. rolled up 425 yards in offense to the Blue Devils 185. And the second half was played strictly against second or lower units in both offense and defense.

So devastating was the Irish attack when helped along by Duke mistakes that there was only one N.D. punt in the game. Just before halftime, a clipping penalty on a punt return forced the Irish back to the 12 and the No. 2 unit couldn't move the ball. Gladieux punted out past midfield and two losses later, Duke had to punt from its own 30.

The seniors playing for the final time included 12 starters — seven on offense. In all, 29 of the 64 players used were seniors competing for the last time at home.

In the offensive line, the Irish lose regulars Don Gmitter, Tom Regner, Paul Seiler, George Goeddeke and Dick Swatland, plus Eddy and Conjar from the backfield. On the defense, frontline Alan Page, Pete Duranko and Tom Rhoads graduate, as do Jim Lynch and John Horney, linebackers.

Reserves who played for the final time at home included Tim Wengierski, Pete Lamantia, Dave Zurowski, Bob Hagerty, Jim Kelly, Hugh O'Malley and kickers Jim Ryan and Joe Azzaro. Linemen include Fred Schnurr, Joe Marsico, Tim Gorman, Rocco Schiralli, Gerald Kelly, John Lium, Vic Paternostro, Leo Collins, Allen Sack, Ron Jezior-ski and Harry Alexander.



“THERE IS A TIME TO GAMBLE...”

The “Detroit Free Press” had advocated State’s superiority all year but after the clash their sports editor changed his tune.

by JOE FALLS

BLESS ME, FATHER for I have sinned . . .

I rooted for Michigan State.

But now I would like to repent. The winner, and it hurts to say it, was Notre Dame.

On Monday morning the vote will go out to the Associated Press in New York: 1—Notre Dame, 2—Michigan State, etc., etc.

And let’s not hear any of that tripe from Birmingham that Alabama is the best team in the nation. Bear Bryant’s boys snuck in the back door when the AP held that ridiculous poll last January.

Make no mistake about it — the two best teams in the land were on display here Saturday and our grudging admiration goes to the Fighting Irish.

They were up against everything and still managed to pull off a tie in the most nerve-wracking football game that could possibly be played. It was a classic in the truest sense of the word.

The Irish lost their quarterback, Terry Hanratty, early in the game. Their best runner, and maybe the best runner in the country, Nick Eddy, never got onto the field.

George Goeddeke, their first-string center, also went out early in the action.

And here they were, with only half a backfield, in a bull ring that rivaled anything Madrid or Mexico City could offer, with a 10-0 score against them . . . and they came back and got a 10-10 standoff and barely missed winning it with five minutes to go on Joe Azzaro’s field goal try from 41 yards out.

A lesser team could have collapsed when Nick Kenney put that 47-yard field goal through the bars midway in the second half . . . because here Michigan State had all the momentum, all the drive and almost all the fans behind it.

In that moment they waited the kickoff after Kenney’s field goal, my heart was pounding at the prospect of a rout, which would have made this the sweetest day of the season, and the feeling came on strong that Michigan State might even have shut out this team that was running up those ridiculous 64-0 scores against people like Duke.

From then on you had to give your admiration to these Notre Dame players. Quit? Why, they came back and played their best ball of the day through those final 40 minutes.

And as the pressure mounted, until it became almost unbearable to sit still in your seat, the Irish made all the



big plays.

It was magnificent the way this little Coley O'Brien immediately rallied the Irish for their touchdown, because, simply, ask yourself this question — who is Coley O'Brien?

He looks like a tumbleweed being blown across the flat prairie lands, no bigger than the quarterback at North Farmington High. And certainly, no cover boy.

The people at Time probably never heard of him.

But he fused the spark in his team and before you could utter the magic words, "We're No. 1," the Irish were on the scoreboard and back in the game.

He led them 54 yards in three quick strikes and you just can't be any more authoritative than the way he hit the streaking Bob Gladieux on the goal line for the touchdown.

Right then, I started getting scared.

You can stack up the statistics and arrange them in any order that you want but the Irish won this one and even if it might put the Spartans on top, I hope Notre Dame closes out with a victory over Southern Cal. They deserve the No. 1 ranking.

This is not an attempt to demean Michigan State, to get off the hook for all the needling I've given the Irish fans in the last few weeks. But it would be less than fair to be prejudiced at a time like this. You've got to give them their due.

It was regrettable that the game ended in a chorus of boos from the highly partisan crowd as Ara Parseghian chose to settle for the tie instead of trying for a bolt of lightning in the last minute.

It would have been far better to see the Irish making an all-out effort to break the tie. But there is a time to gamble, and there isn't a time to gamble.

This wasn't the time.

It was impressive the way Michigan State kept calling time out with the seconds ticking away. But to ridicule the Irish for killing the clock. . . . Well, it's just sour grapes.

Seldom — in fact never — has a game affected me the way this one did. You can believe this or not, but I awoke with a knot in my stomach Saturday morning.

I wanted Michigan State to win so badly, it hurt. If the Spartans lost, I had my lines rehearsed. . . .

AAARGH, I would say, humble pie tastes awful . . . and don't bother writing your nasty letters, Duffy and I were taking a vacation in the upper Peninsula to see who could make the biggest splash from the middle of the Mackinac Bridge.

Well, Daugherty doesn't have to apologize for anything, or explain anything. He showed more guts in this one afternoon than many coaches do in an entire career.

Fourth and one on his 30 . . . three minutes left . . . go for it and risk the chance of blowing the game and the whole season and leave yourself wide open to be second guessed the rest of your natural life?

Or punt?

Duffy didn't hesitate. He sent in a play, a keeper by Jimmie Raye, and whether it worked or not, and it did, it was the boldest move any coach could make.

And then, unwilling to settle for the tie, Daugherty kept ordering those time outs in the fading moments, hoping somehow his boys would wrest the ball loose from the Irish.

They took the coach-of-the-year honors away from Daugherty when the Spartans lost to UCLA in the Rose Bowl last January. But if there's any justice left in the land, they should give it to him this time around.

You see, Michigan State played a helluva ball game, too. The Spartans are a superb team.

In fact, they're the No. 2 team in the land.



WISCONSIN STATE

57

WISCONSIN STATE

55

47



COLEY O'BRIEN AND...

Sparked by a sophomore understudy at the helm Notre Dame crushes the Trojans, and as the "Los Angeles Times" sees it, dispels all doubts.

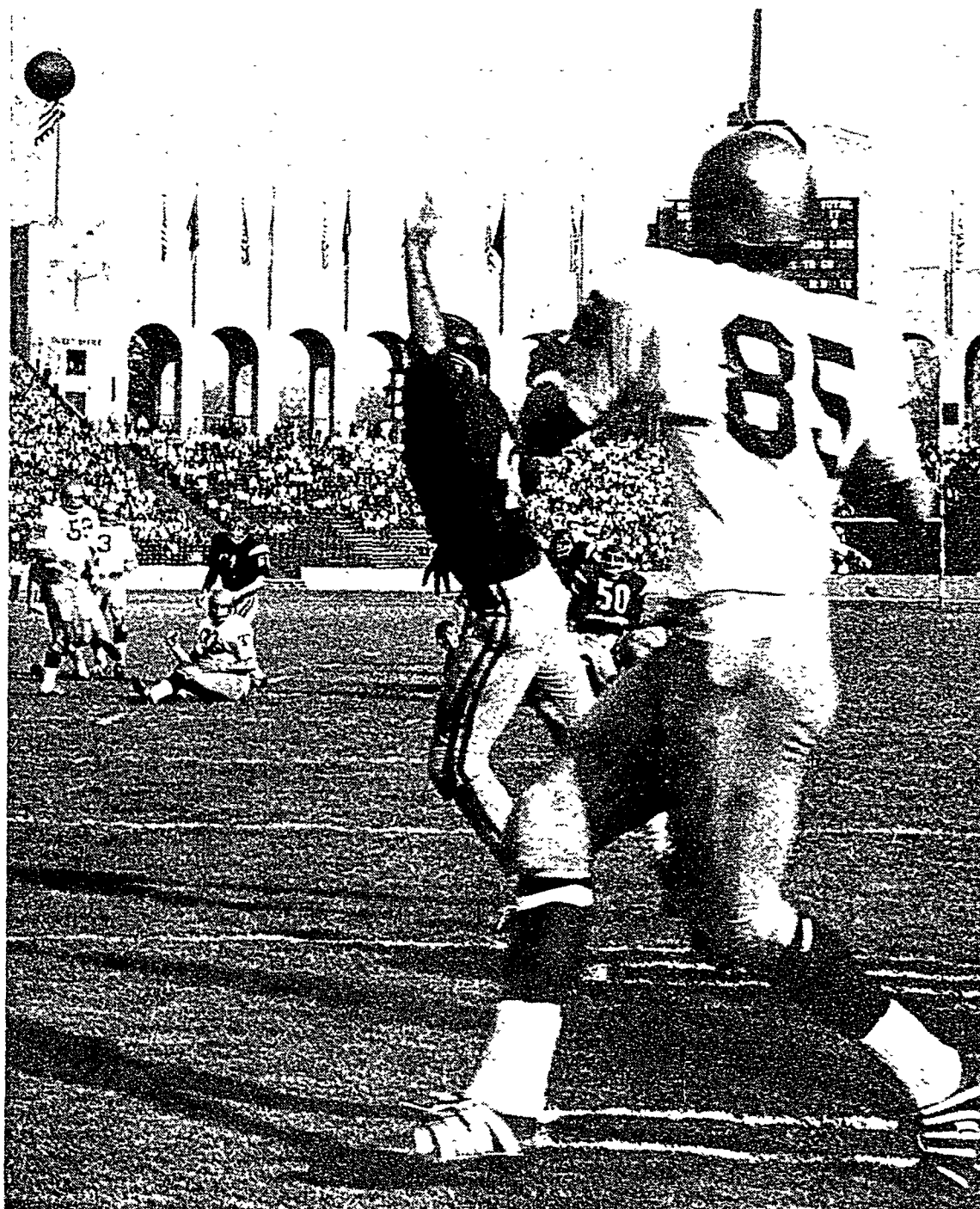
by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

EITHER NOTRE DAME IS No. 1 in the nation or USC is far from being the West's most representative team for the Rose Bowl — or both.

Before an astounded crowd of 88,520 at the Coliseum Saturday, the Irish amassed 51 points while holding the Trojans scoreless. It was the largest total ever chalked up against Southern Cal.

Either Coach Ara Parseghian's Irish have improved vastly since their 26-14 opening game triumph against Purdue or the Trojans are in for another pasting when they tackle the Boilermakers in Pasadena come Jan. 2.

The whopping score was an eloquent answer to the critics who chided Coach Parseghian for playing for the



THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

tie in that 10-10 game with Michigan State a week ago.

Now, the charge may be that Notre Dame poured it on Saturday, considering that the halftime score was 31-0, but the huge crowd was entitled to see the best each team had to offer. Besides, USC in its anxiety to stop the onslaught, contributed to the massacre.

As limp and exhausted as his players after the game, Coach John McKay agreed with the Notre Dame mentor, who said:

"This is the best balanced offensive and defensive team I've ever coached or seen."

"I guess I've never seen a better team than Notre Dame was today," was McKay's appraisal. "This will be a tremendous psychological handicap for us in the Rose Bowl."

There could be no doubt about it.

Coley O'Brien and Jim Seymour spearheaded the Notre Dame attack to become the automatic selection as leading back and lineman of the game.

Playing his first full game for the Irish, O'Brien completed 21 of 31 passes for 255 of the 461 yards amassed by Notre Dame. Three of the passes went for touchdowns.

Seymour, the great sophomore end, caught 11 passes for 150 yards and two of the three touchdowns through the air.

The bewildered USC defense, which had not allowed more than two touchdowns in any one game, saw Notre Dame accomplish this with ease in the first quarter.

When O'Brien was not throwing the ball, he was handing it to All-American Nick Eddy, Larry Conjar and Dan Harshman for devastating yardage on the ground.

The closest the Trojans came to scoring was in the third period. With the score 38-0 against it, USC moved the ball to the Irish 9 on a series of passes after Adrian Young had returned an interception 43 yards to the Notre Dame 47. The vanquished were back on the 28, when they finally gave up the ball, so stubborn was the Notre Dame defense.

The futility of the USC attack was reflected in the fact that only twice did it get much beyond midfield. The second occasion came in the fourth quarter, when against the Irish reserves, it took the pigskin to the 34.

In all fairness, it must be said that USC kept gambling, and in so doing aided the Irish scoring cause, but the Trojans had to recognize the futility of it all as early as the initial drive of the game when Notre Dame took the opening kickoff and never relinquished the ball.

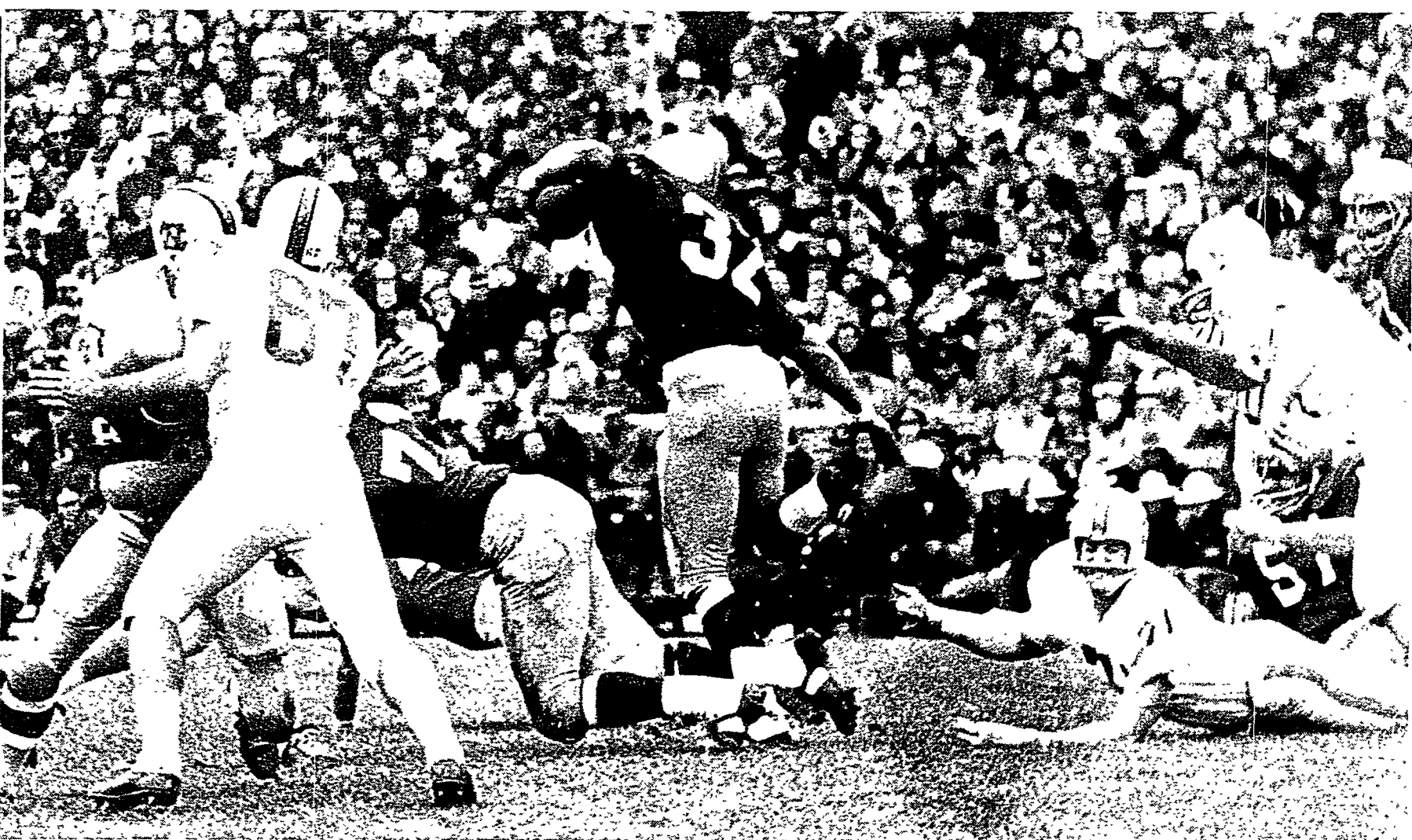
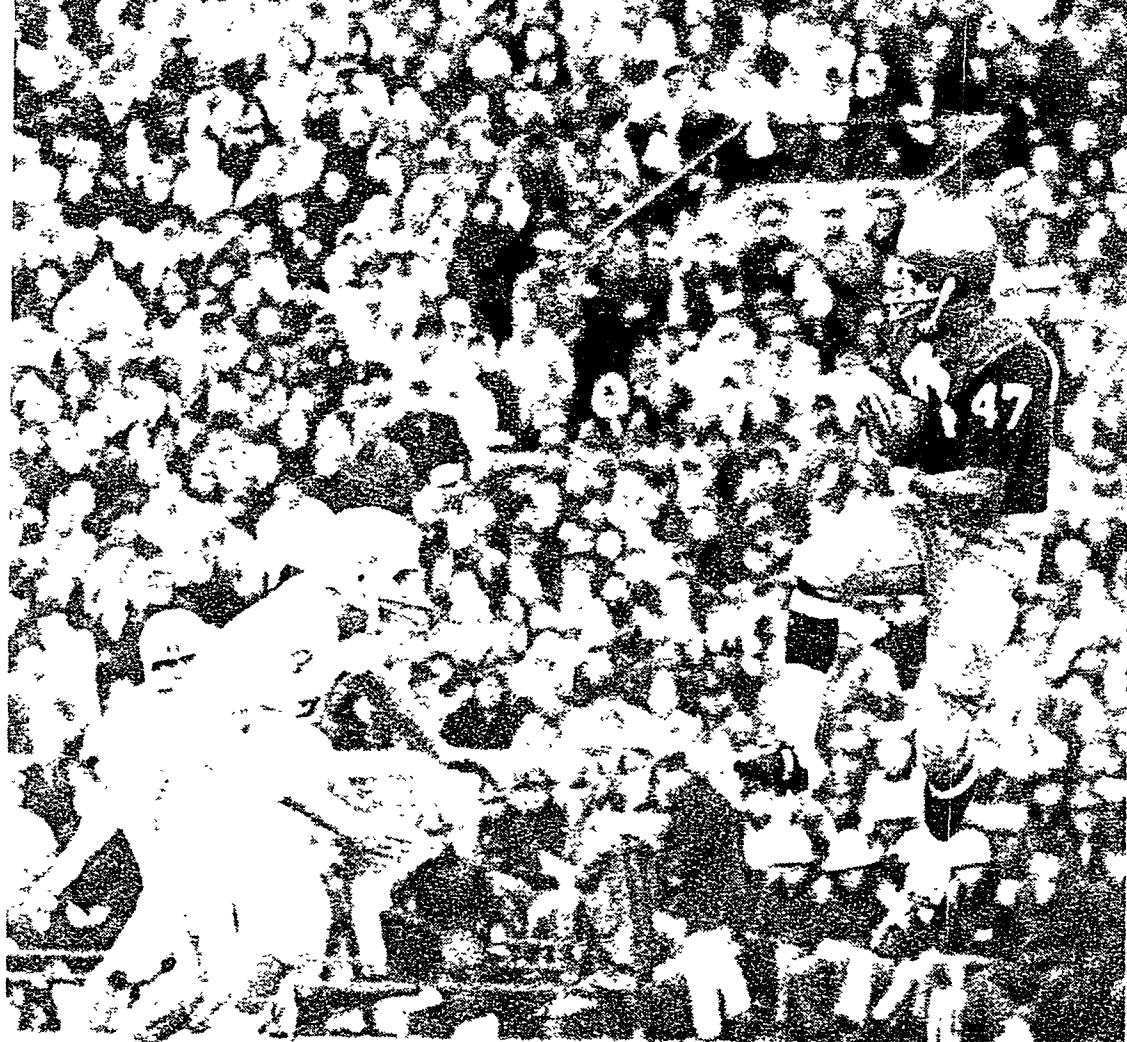
It simply was a case of being over-matched both offensively and defensively.

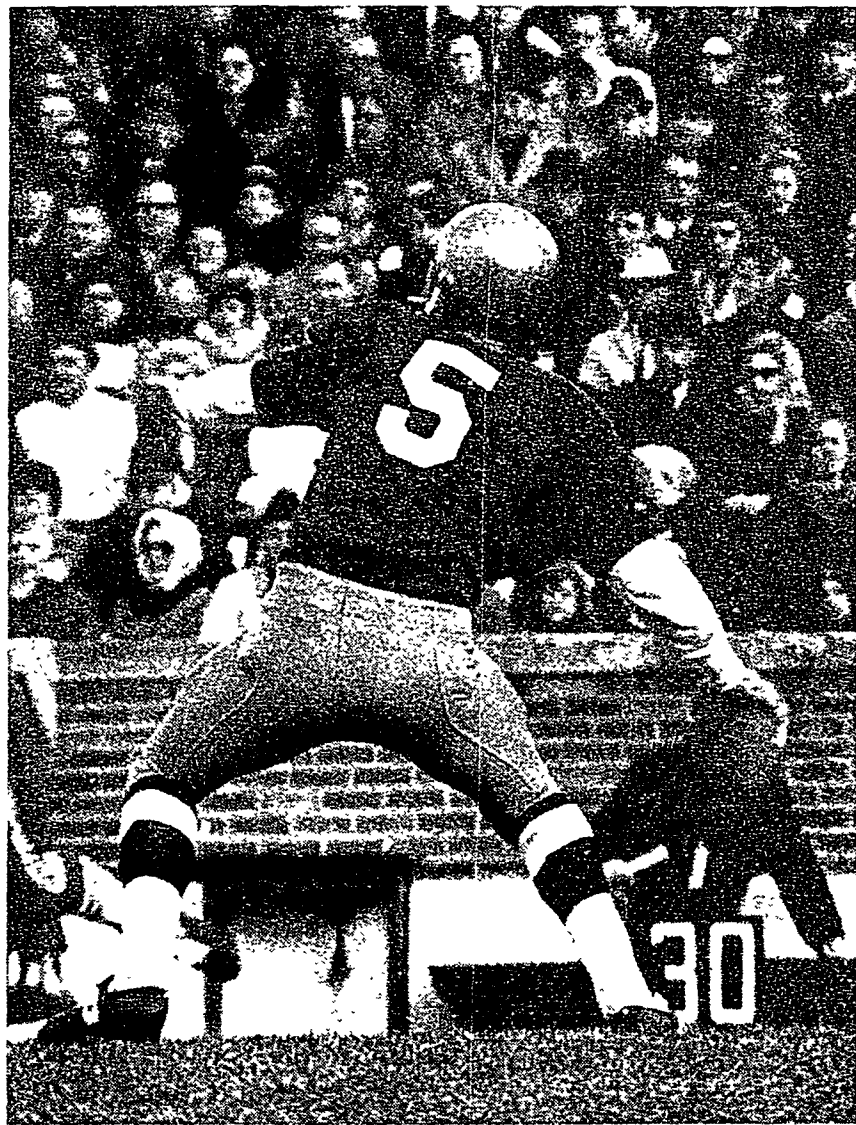




The Team . . .

“Why can’t the
Regners,
Goeddekes,
Seilers,
Conjars recognize
that four more
weeks can
immortalize their
playing careers...”





Every football week the coaches make up a game board. On it are pictures of that Saturday's opponents, their strengths and weaknesses. And one day, each week, a sheet is tacked to that board. It is entitled The Phantom Speaks, and which coach writes it, no player knows. It is written in harsh exclamations, and in each week's preparations it forms one level of the team's readiness.

EACH game is a "slice of life" to each player. It becomes a part of a glorious history, a color portrait . . . how you painted your part becomes permanent. There is never a redoing or a going back. What must be done — **MUST BE DONE!!**

EVERY effort to progress . . . we need! Eight weeks are all that are left for our grasp at "greatness." We can only attack those weeks one at a time!

This week Army!

EVERY member of the squad must "take on" and grow larger each pressuring week. He must recognize that pressure players are those that ignore the road behind and start from scratch. No game is so important as the Oklahoma Game this week!!!

FIFTY percent of your season is over. You are now No. 1 in the country. The five remaining teams will each week represent an aroused group to steal the mark you've made. If we can keep our heads, never feeling superior, still working to be so, if we can dedicate ourselves to each week's opponent — as they come, we can be number one — all the way. This week — Navy!

Individually we are capable of being — common — very common. But coupled with team bonds, with common enthusiasm, with undying unity, and loyalty — no one can overcome us. Come on, Navy — take your pot-shot. They all want to!!

WE now face Pittsburgh — the classical, the haves against the have-nots! I wonder if they know the haves are physically hurting or that they feel the drag of a long season. I wonder if "revenge" works for opponents . . . as they think of last year's 69-13 stomping.

I wonder if the Irish can stand up to the ideal of playing games one at a time. No game as important as the

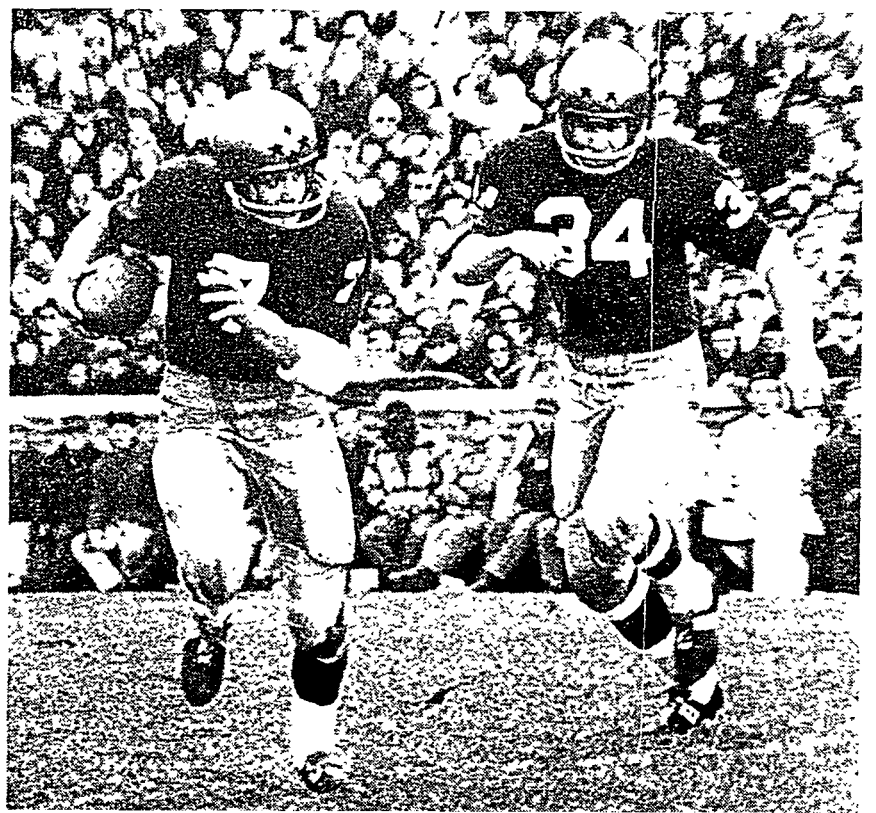
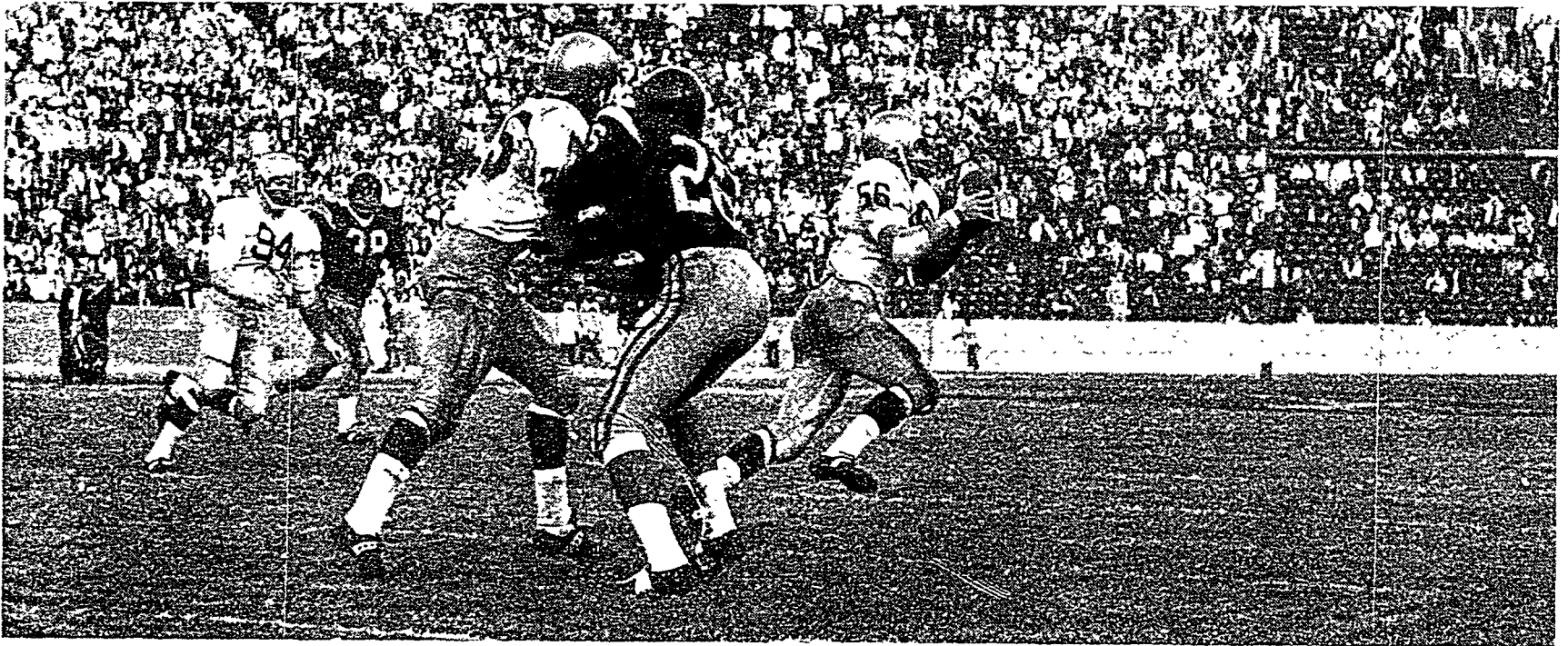
one you're playing! We were not sharp against Navy. The defense played splendidly! But our offense lacked explosiveness!

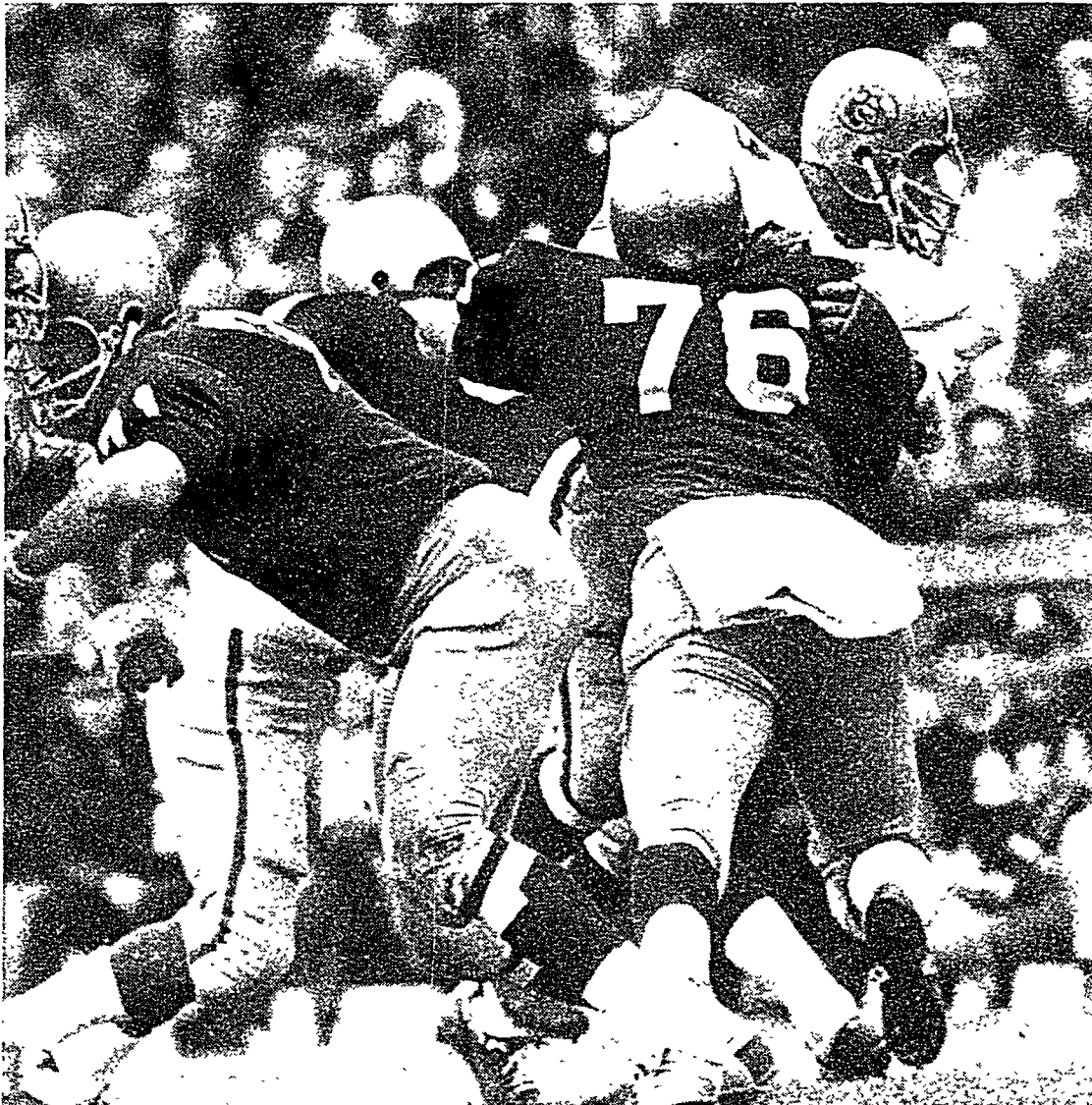
Why can't the Regners, Goeddekes, Conjars, Seilers recognize that four weeks more can immortalize their playing careers, that we have a chance that few others will ever realize in their lifetimes?

ONE year ago Michigan State beat us.

When we looked at film, we were amazed that so few State players were knocked off their feet. We were "outbluffed"! They showed aggressiveness — yelling and screaming — one thing burned my ears and stuck with me—their linebacker Thornhill said, "You don't want it!"

They are not supermen, they swarm you and try to be belligerent enough to force you to back off. Duranko, no two men should ever block you out. Though I won't say we backed off last year — we were not prepared for the assault. . . . This year will be different. We're going after them! We want it — Thornhill, Webster, Smith, Jones, Washington — when you hit them — and they fall — you'll begin to know — they are vulnerable.





“Duranko, no two men should ever block you out.”

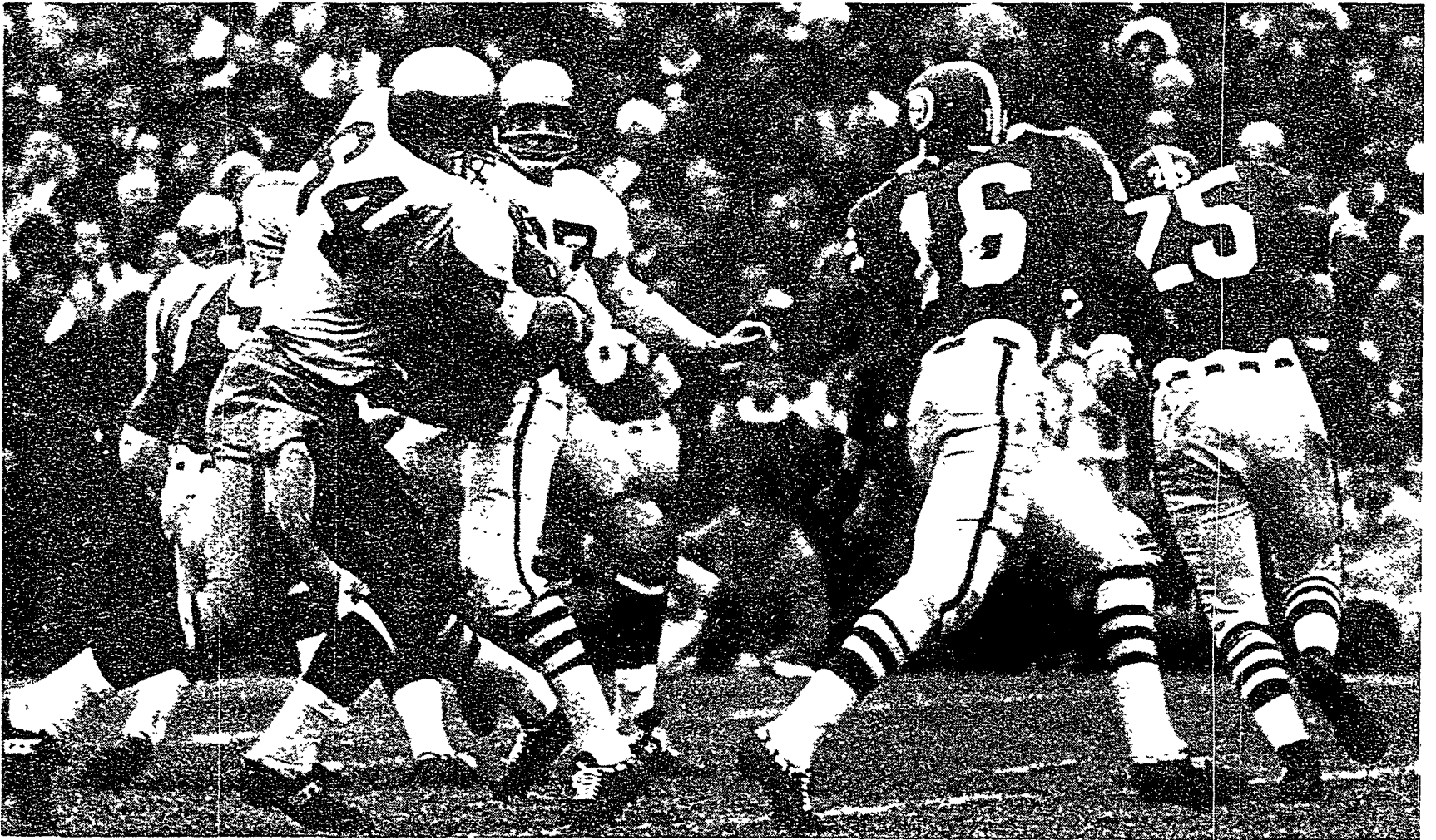
IRISH! You are hurting . . . but unbowed and unbeaten. There are no sophomores on our squad. Having lived and fought your way back against Michigan State made all of you grow up . . . beyond any point of inexperience. Southern Cal out there is different from anywhere else in the world.

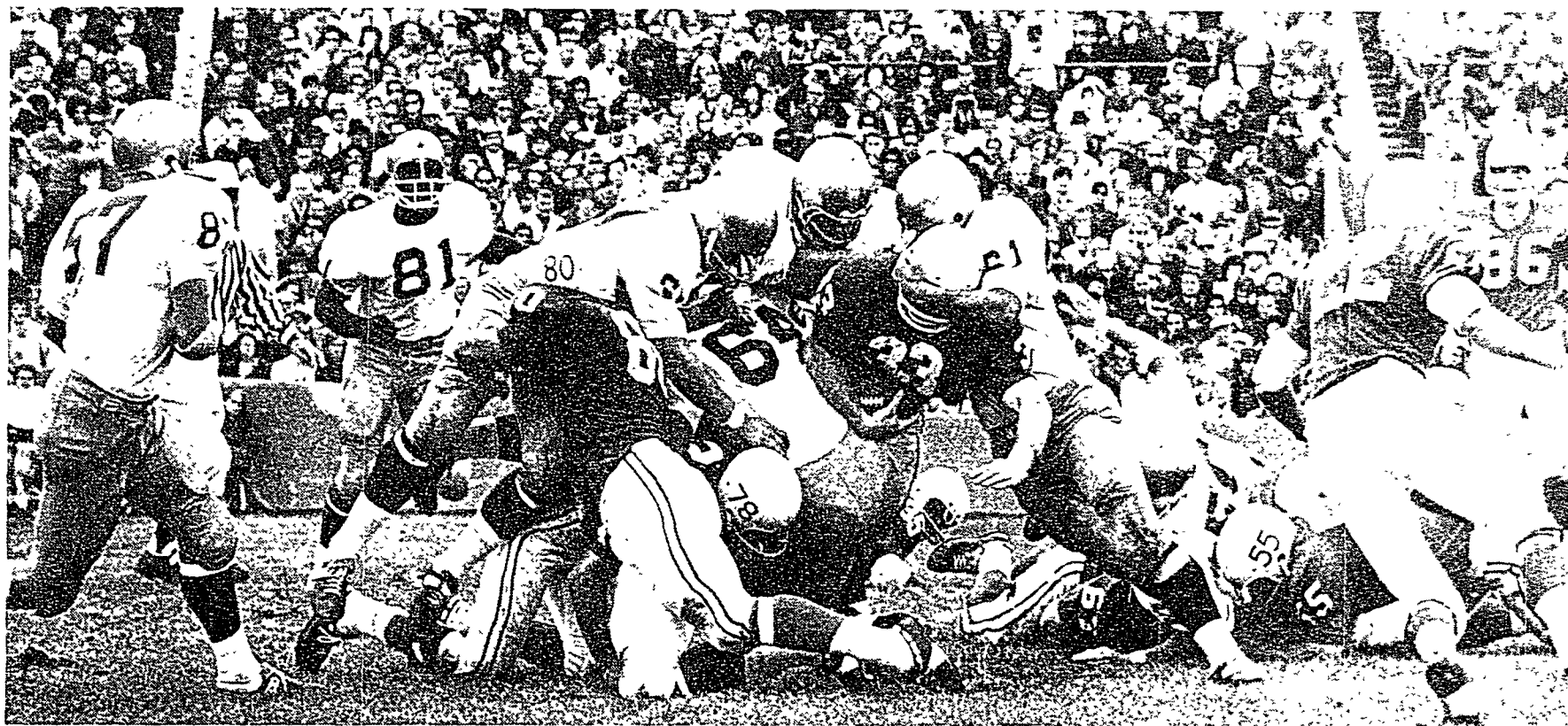
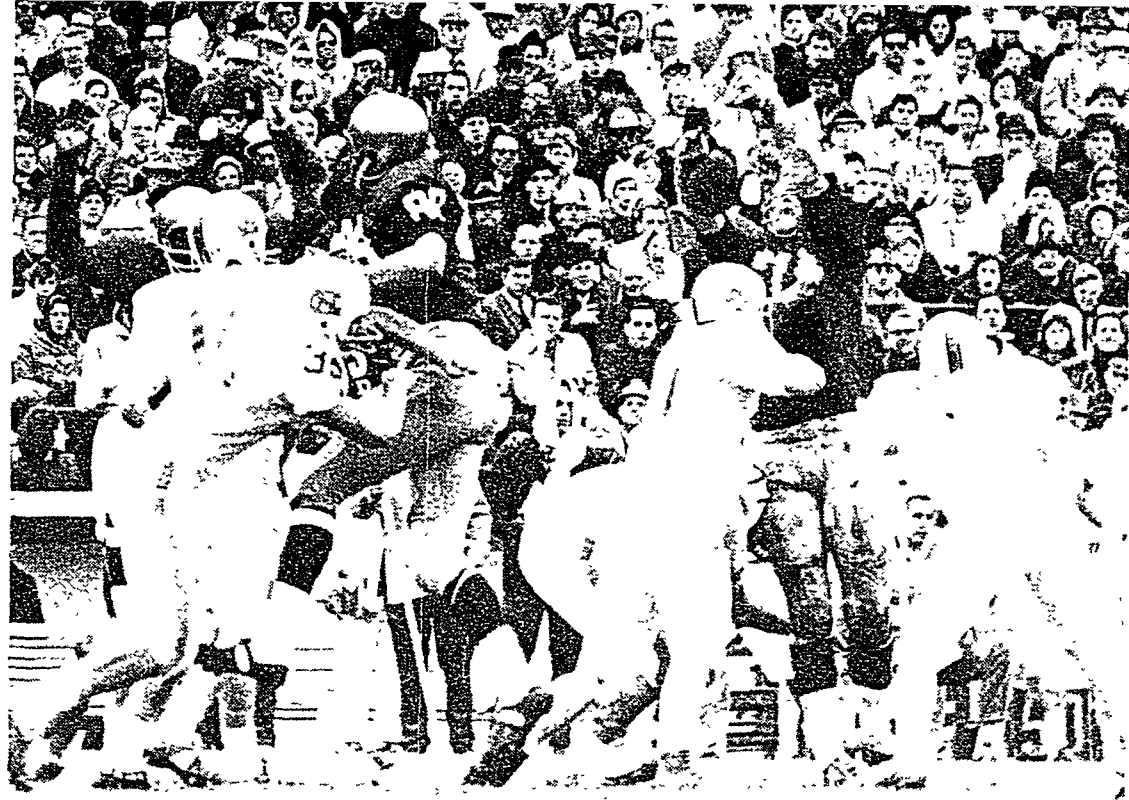
I remember the "Irish" squad walking the long empty walk from the field to the tunnel. I remember their full-grown bodies — shaking with sobs of dejection. I recall the fantastic turn of events that robbed us of a national championship. We never cried FOUL!

We're going back there. The odds are these: they are a good-wound, quick football team on their home field. We must travel there and play in warm weather and overcome their home advantages. We must blot out any outside thought — because they always attempt to swarm our visit there with kindness. The relaxing "happy carnival atmosphere" that lulls you into easy prey.

We are fighters — hurt tho we may be! — We are aware of all the obstacles, all the memories.

Go, Irish — become undefeated!!! the champions you are!





WE DID IT WITH CLASS

After a startling victory in Los Angeles, Ed Buckley, an A.F.L. representative, commented on the caliber of the Notre Dame team. "It will be a long time in coming before a college team will ever assemble this many great players." The elected spokesman for this assembly, Jim Lynch, explains how his team arrived at their goal—the National Championship.

"WHEN WE WENT OUT to the coast we were faced with two alternatives. We could either go down in the record books as a great team, a national championship team, or be thrown into that large group of good also-rans in Notre Dame's history. When you think about it, we had every excuse in the world to lose that game; our long string of injuries, the tiring trip out there and the big emotional letdown after the Michigan State game. But the challenge was still there, just as it was the week before and the eight Saturdays before that. We met those challenges and we had come too far to blow it all against Southern Cal.

"We had some breathing room after our offense scored early and Schoen intercepted that pass. But to this day I can't figure out how we beat them 51-0. Cal had to break away from their game plan and that meant they had to gamble. Everything they tried backfired but that doesn't explain fifty-one points.

"We knew we were good before the Purdue game. Our offense had the one ingredient that kept last year's team from greatness—the arm. The team had good leadership from the seniors, a good blend of juniors and sophomores, and no cliques or personality conflicts.

"The coaches handled the season well. They demanded greatness and



expected us to pay the price for it. Every coach had his own style but they all treated us as individuals. Coach Ray used a different method with every one of his linebackers. When Horney or Pergine blew a signal in practice he'd almost rip their helmets off, but he would approach Mike McGill with a gentle, 'Come on, Mike. You can do better than that!' He used to scream my ears off when I made a wrong call but he never hit me.

"Later in the season the coaches started to taper off our workouts and concentrate on keeping us fresh. On

our light days, Thursday and Friday, the defense began to make up cheers for the offense and pretty soon the coaches were giving out awards for the best Friday performances. On the Friday before the State game we gave the offense a cheer about Bubba. We all gathered in a circle and started with 'Just ask Martin about the Spartan,' and then we left Dave alone in the center to yell to the offense. 'Hey offense, he's not so tough. Come on, let's knock him on his duff.'

"This team had a lot of pride, not the green beret, whistle-blowing type, but the kind that never let the thought enter our minds that we would ever let down the coaches and the school's reputation. Playing for Notre Dame and all the name represents transcends the ball on the field. With our environment here every guy on campus takes a defeat as something personal. In the past when we lost it was really difficult to come back and face the student body and we worked hard to prevent that from happening this year.

"This team was unique because we had so many great players. If I were asked to pick out a most valuable player I honestly couldn't. I would vote the whole team most valuable. As a team we never gave Notre Dame a black eye on or off the field this year. We talked about that at the first meeting of the year. We set our goal, the National Championship, and we wanted to win it with class.

"There was a lot of personal satisfaction in being number one this year and anybody would be lying to say he doesn't like all the honors that came with being national champions. But when I look back on it all my biggest feeling of accomplishment is to be able to say, I was a part of it all, and that I carried my weight."

THEY COULD BE THE START OF SOMETHING BIG

Two games do not a season make, unless the sport is freshman football. In the twilight world where high school stars have lost their glitter and collegiate glory is out of reach, Notre Dame's 1966 Yearlings made like the Varsity and provided a brief but promising glimpse of autumns to come.
by **MIKE McADAMS**

THERE IS A SAYING among fraternity housemothers that a student attending a four-year college lives no more than two of them as a social being. He spends his first year getting initiated and the last getting himself extricated from all the clubs and societies into which he was finally accepted. The senior's problem is uniquely his own, but for a college freshman the situation never varies. With high school accomplishment forgotten and college maturity still ahead, he simply doesn't fit.

Picture, now, three dozen or so of these ugly ducklings, doing again what they did to so much acclaim in high school, but doing it, true to classic freshman tradition, in a vacuum. What you have is a group of frustrated artists, an unwatched melting pot of raw, anonymous potential. What you have is a freshman football team.

In the Midwest, in 1966, some of the frustration came to an end. These freshman football players, who every schools' alumni were certain would bring home the National Championship in at least two years, were made legitimate, given a schedule, and pointed toward the nearest blood-rival. And at least five Big Ten coaches had to look elsewhere to spice Monday's post-game pep talk.

At Notre Dame, though, the one school where talk of the National Championship commands the present tense, the rich continue to grow richer—and bigger. On November 18, when Wally Moore's intimidating rookies overcame stubborn Michigan State at freezing, teeming East Lansing High School field (where do you play freshmen games, anyway?), the Irish completed a 2-0 campaign and uncovered an impressive supply of talent for the future. And that talent is big. Behind a line that outweighed its varsity, Notre Dame trampled the Pitt frosh easily, 29-0, as 6'7", 250-

pound end Jay Ziznewski turned ball-carriers either upside down, which was effective, or into the 530-pound tackle duo of Mike McKoy and Bob Jockish, which was absolutely cruel.

Whomping Pittsburgh was enjoyable diversion, but the very idea of beating Michigan State in the second game became a mania. The Spartans, directed by a skittery Georgia quarterback named Jack Pitts who could be Jimmy Raye's twin, began their two-game season with a comfortable victory over Indiana. But the 15,000-plus fans who shivered through the Friday night, pre-Game-of-the-Year battle knew the season's success for both teams would be decided right there.

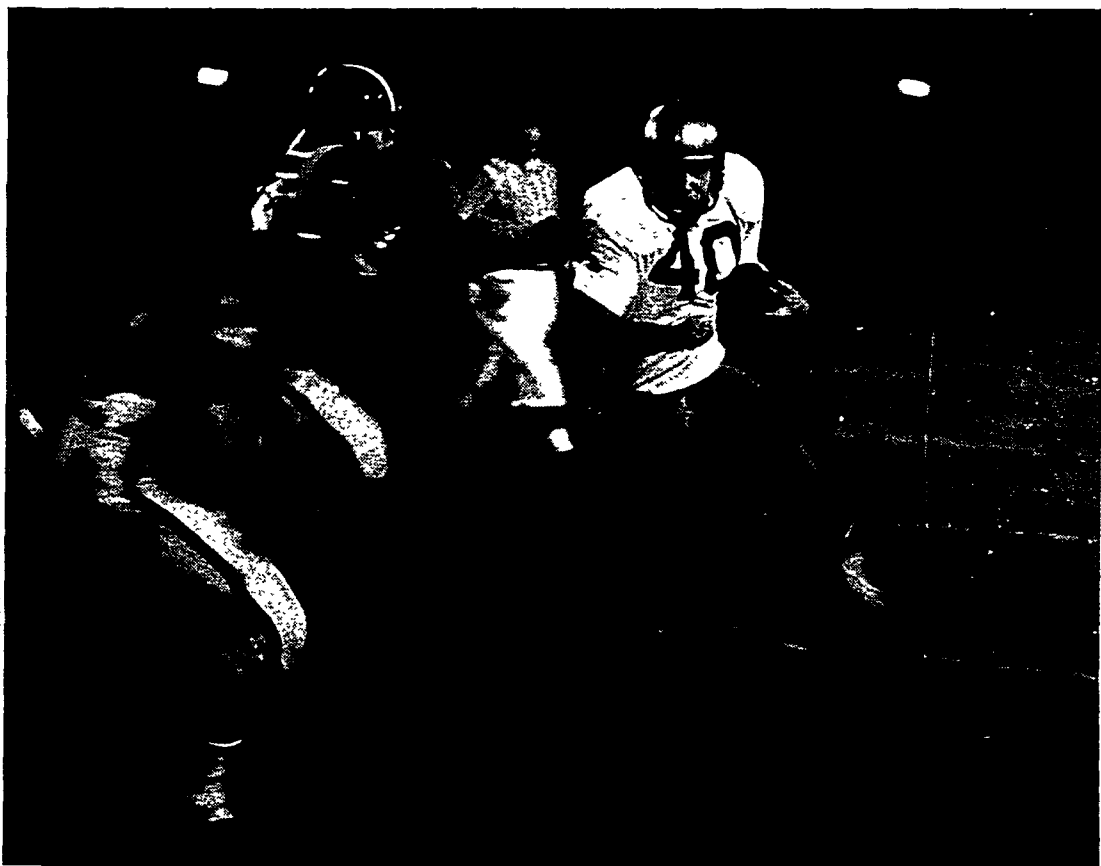
And the hitting all evening reflected it. A lesser varsity game than the eventual bruising tie would have seemed anti-climactic. As it was, a good many fans watching the Game of the Year had the feeling they'd been there before. From gutty comebacks to pivotal field goals, the Prelude of the Year had it all and then some.

The frosh game even started on a prophetic note. Notre Dame Quarterback Don Reid, injured playing for the prep squad against the Varsity, wasn't able to go, and a converted halfback, Tom Gores, took over the team. He did this in the same subtle, quiet manner as when Joshua took the walls of Jericho—by throwing two touchdown passes of 20 and 58 yards to his 6'1", 200-pound end, Nick Furlong. The first half ended at 14-0,

and the second half began at 21-0 when Larry Schumacher sped 88 yards untouched with the kickoff. Then State remembered who they were. Pitts began the tactic Jimmy Raye was to use so successfully the next day: quick rollouts, followed by look-in passes off the option. The Irish were caught on their heels, and with three minutes left the Spartans were ahead, 27-21, and you knew they wouldn't let that slip away. You thought.

Back came Notre Dame, relentlessly, with Jeff Zimmerman and Ed Zeigler grinding out four yards, five yards, four more yards. Gores and Furlong had supplied the dramatics but now the outcome rested on Kentuckian Zeigler, who responded with a vigor that positively enthralled the varsity coaches. With 2:38 to go in the game he cracked three yards to tie the score 27-27. It was poetic justice, you knew, for Placekicker Zeigler to boot the winning extra point. He missed. Now State took the ball, couldn't move, punted, and with two minutes remaining the Irish started again. Using the ground attack that suddenly but undeniably was dominating the game, they drove to the Spartan 32, fourth down, 75 seconds left. Zeigler, capping the kind of game that makes freshman football worth the trouble, placed his only field goal of the year squarely through the uprights. Notre Dame won, 30-27.

Freshman football is here to stay. And with endings like that, who needs a varsity?



1966 FINAL STATISTICS

TEAM STATISTICS

N.D.		OPP.
362	POINTS SCORED	38
204	FIRST DOWNS	119
110	by Rushing	53
85	by Passing	60
9	by Penalties	6
2116	YARDS RUSHING	793
473	TIMES CARRIED	384
4.5	Yards-per-try	2.1
1809	YARDS PASSING	1083
232	Passes Attempted	249
120	Passes Completed	105
.517	Completion Percentage	.422
26	Passes Intercepted by	16
497	Yards Int. Returned	152
3925	TOTAL OFFENSE	1876
37	PUNTS	75
1429	Total Yards	2660
38.6	Average	35.5
269	Yards Punts Returned	76
26	FUMBLES	19
13	Ball Lost	11
484	YARDS PENALIZED	367

SCORING

PLAYER	TD	PAT	FG	TP
Eddy	10	0	0	60
Seymour	8	0	0	48
Azzaro	0	38-35	5-4	47
Conjar	7	2 run	0	44
Hanratty	5	2 run	0	32
Bleier	5	0	0	30
Gladieux	5	0	0	30
Schoen	3	0	0	18
Criniti	2	0	0	12
O'Brien	2	0	0	12
Haley	1	0	0	6
Harshman	1	0	0	6
Martin	1	0	0	6
O'Leary	1	0	0	6
Ryan	0	5-3	1-0	3
May	0	2 pass	0	2
ND TOTALS	51	43-38	6-4	362
OPP. TOTALS	5	5-5	5-1	38

INDIVIDUAL RUSHING

PLAYER	TC	YDS	AVG.	TD	LONG RUN
Eddy	78	553	7.1	8	77
Conjar	112	521	4.7	7	30
Bleier	63	282	4.5	4	22
O'Brien	40	135	3.4	2	25
Hanratty	50	124	2.5	5	52
Gladieux	27	111	4.1	3	18
Haley	19	102	5.4	1	26
May	24	65	2.7	0	10
Criniti	17	63	3.7	2	10
Dushney	9	59	6.6	0	13
Belden	17	55	3.2	0	9
Harshman	8	20	2.5	0	9
Hagerty	4	13	3.2	0	4
Quinn, T.	3	12	4.0	0	12
O'Malley	1	1	1.0	0	1
Wengierski	1	0	---	0	0

INDIVIDUAL RECEIVING

PLAYER	NO.	YDS.	AVG.	TD	LONG PASS
Seymour	48	862	18.0	8	84
Bleier	17	209	12.3	1	45
Eddy	15	123	8.2	0	16
Gladieux	12	208	17.3	2	46
Stenger	6	86	14.3	0	20
Gmitter	4	72	18.0	0	24
Conjar	4	62	15.5	0	18
Heneghan	3	46	15.3	0	18
Harshman	3	35	11.7	1	23
Rassas	2	25	12.5	0	13
Heaton	2	13	6.5	0	8
May	1	24	24.0	0	24
Haley	1	23	23.0	0	23
Snow	1	11	11.0	0	11
Quinn, T.	1	10	10.0	0	10

INDIVIDUAL PASSING

Player	Att.	Comp.	Int.	Yds.	Pct.	TD	Long Pass
Hanratty	147	78	10	1247	.531	8	84
O'Brien	82	42	6	562	.512	4	46
Belden	2	0	0	0	.000	0	---
Hardy	1	0	0	0	.000	0	---



PUNTING

PLAYER	NO.	YDS.	AVG.	LONG PUNT
Bleier	16	634	39.6	63
Gladieux	11	386	35.1	63
Hardy	10	409	40.9	51

KICKOFF RETURNS

PLAYER	NO.	YDS.	TD	AVG.
Eddy	4	193	2	48.3
Bleier	3	67	0	22.3
Conjar	3	39	0	13.0
Gladieux	2	48	0	24
Quinn, T.	1	38	0	38

PUNT RETURNS

PLAYER	NO.	YDS.	TD	AVG.
Schoen	29	253	1	8.7
Burgener	2	16	0	8.0
Quinn, T.	1	0	0	---

SCORE BY QUARTERS

NOTRE DAME	83	116	90	75
OPPONENTS	7	10	0	21

PASSES INTERCEPTED

PLAYER	NO.	YDS.	TD
Schoen	7	118	2
Burgener	2	50	0
Pergine	5	72	0
Smithberger	4	132	0
Lynch	3	12	0
Harshman	2	25	0
O'Leary	1	35	1
Martin	1	33	1
Horney	1	20	0

DEFENSIVE STATISTICS

TACKLES: Lynch 106; Pergine 98; Hardy 79; Duranko 73; Page 63; Martin 62; Smithberger 54; Horney 51; O'Leary 46; Rhoads 41; McGill 40; Schoen 30; Lavin 21; Sack 17; Burgener 15; Harshman 14; T. Quinn 13; Van Huffel 12; Jeziorski 10; Vuillemin 9; Alexander 8; Lauck, Norri 6; Holtzapfel 4; Wisne 3; Azzaro, Eddy, G. Kelly, Seiler 2; Gladieux, Gmitter, Kuechenberg, Rassas, Regner, Ryan, Snow, Zubek 1.

PASSES BROKEN UP: Martin, O'Leary 10; Smithberger 7; Hardy, Horney, Rhoads 4; Pergine 3; Lynch 2; Burgener, Duranko, Jeziorski, McGill, Page, Sack 1.

FUMBLES RECOVERED: Alexander, Martin 2; Duranko, Hardy, Horney, Jeziorski, Lynch, Pergine, Smithberger 1.

BLOCKED KICKS: Martin, Pergine 1.

RECORDS TIED OR BROKEN

INDIVIDUAL—

SINGLE GAME:

Most Passes Completed

21 Coley O'Brien, Southern California, ties record of John Huarte, Stanford, 1964.

Most Passes Caught

13 Jim Seymour, Purdue, old record: 11 Jim Kelly, Pittsburgh, 1962.

Most Yards on Pass Receptions

276 Jim Seymour, Purdue, old record: 217 Jack Snow, Wisconsin, 1964.

Most Touchdown Passes Caught

3 Jim Seymour, Purdue, ties record of Jim Kelly, Pittsburgh, 1962, Jim Mutscheller, Michigan State, 1950, Bill Barrett, North Carolina, 1949, and Eddie Anderson, Northwestern, 1920.

SEASON:

Highest Average per Kickoff Return (Min. 4 returns)

48.3 Nick Eddy, old record: 46.5 Joe Savoldi, 1930.

Most Touchdowns on Kickoff Returns

2 Nick Eddy, ties record of Paul Castner, 1922, and John Lattner, 1953.

TEAM—

SEASON:

Most Passes Completed

120 Ties record set in 1964.

Most Passes Intercepted

26 Old Record, 25, 1941, '42, '43.

Most Yards Interceptions Returned

497 Old Record: 346, 1921.

Most Touchdowns on Interception Returns

4 Old Record: 3, 1945, 1949.

Most Kickoff Returns by Opposition

61 Old Record: 55, 1949.

Most Yards Allowed on Kickoff Returns

1060 Old Record: 1018, 1948.

Season's Attendance (Home and Away)

652,802 Old Record: 621,919, 1957.

1967 SCHEDULE

September 23—California at Notre Dame

The Golden Bears, smarting from their 48-6 loss to the Irish two years ago, will seek satisfaction in next year's opener.

September 30—Purdue at Lafayette

Purdue will be depleted by graduation but the Boilermakers are always tough on home grounds against the Irish. With the sting of defeat still burning in their eyes, the hosts should be ready for the green invasion.

October 7—Iowa at Notre Dame

Victims of a rebuilding year, the Hawkeyes are ready to reap the harvest of their year of hard knocks. A rivalry always hard fought, next year's game should prove no exception.

October 14—Southern California at Notre Dame

Since their infamous victory in '64, the Trojans have experienced nothing but misery. They return to South Bend once again to redeem themselves for their disenchanted West Coast followers.

October 21—Illinois at Champaign

A new series will begin with the Fighting Illini, who await the return of many lettermen to a squad which placed high in this year's Big Ten race.

October 28—Michigan State at Notre Dame

The perennial "Game of the Year" will only shift in scenery.

November 4—Navy at Notre Dame

Ara has had nothing but success against the Middies and will seek to lengthen his Armenian hex over the Sailors.

November 11—Pittsburgh at Pittsburgh

The Panthers are another unpredictable as their first-half performance of this year showed. The team is loaded with veterans and will be looking to no one for inspiration.

November 18—Georgia Tech at Atlanta

Long awaited, the game promises

FRESHMAN SQUAD

ENDS: Ed Devine (6-2, 205, Waldwick, N.J.), Nick Furlong (6-1, 200, Pelham, N.Y.), Steve Lambert (6-1, 210, Kankakee, Ill.), Tom Lawson (6-5, 230, New York, N.Y.), Duane Poskon (6-4, 220, Elizabeth, Pa.), Jay Ziznewski (6-7, 250, Perth Amboy, N.J.).

TACKLES: Terry Brennan (6-4, 230, Chicago, Ill.), Randy Harkins (6-3, 225, Athens, Ohio), Bob Jockisch (6-3, 260, Peoria, Ill.), George Kelly (6-3, 237, Butler, Pa.), Charles Kennedy (6-3, 235, Claymont, Del.), Greg Kordic (6-2, 240, Cleveland, Ohio), Mike McCoy (6-4½, 270, Erie, Pa.), Dan Romanski (6-2, 235, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.).

GUARDS: Jim Reilly (6-2, 230, Yonkers, N.Y.), Jim Ruzicka (6-1, 235, Portland, Ore.), Dick Sparhawk (5-11, 220, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio).

CENTERS: Larry Vuillemin (6-3, 240, Akron, Ohio).

QUARTERBACKS: Jim DeArrieta (6-1, 180, Winnemucca, Nev.), John Duckers (6-0, 190, Kansas City, Kans.), John Gasser (6-2, 178, Logan, Ohio), Don Reid (6-1, 185, Flint, Mich.), Phil Wittliff (6-1, 205, Port Huron, Mich.).

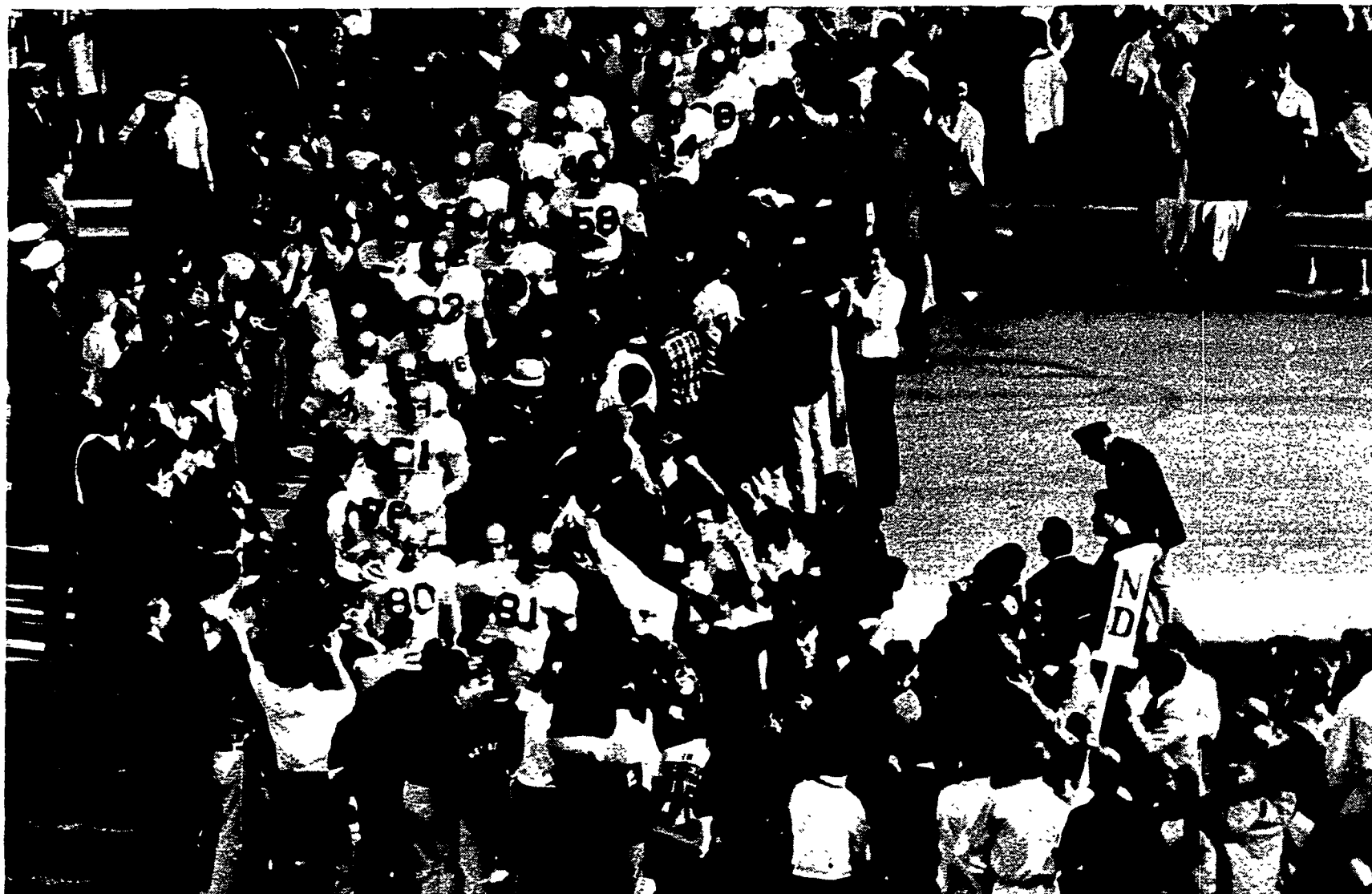
HALFBACKS: Pete Donohue (6-0, 193, Cincinnati, Ohio), Tom Gores (6-1, 180, Seattle, Wash.), Rick Ness (6-0, 185, Great Falls, Mont.), Jay Standring (5-10, 190, Chicago, Ill.), Jeff Zimmerman (6-1, 205, Orwigsburg, Pa.), Dick Weigand (6-1, 215, Akron, Ohio).

FULLBACKS: Tom Nash (6-1, 225, Flushing, N.Y.), Kevin Ryan (5-11, 200, Columbus, Ohio), Larry Schumacher (6-0, 208, East Orange, N.J.), Ed Ziegler (6-1, 213, Newport, Ky.).

~~~~~  
to be a classic between two well-stocked teams. All-American Lenny Snow leads a host of Yellow Jackets against the Irish in the first of many battles to come.

## November 24—Miami at Miami (Friday Night)

The Hurricanes, who tied the Irish in '65 and upset Florida in their finale this season, are a blustery lot in November. Irish Dander and Southern Inhospitality will rock the Orange Bowl as the young but heated series grows hotter.



*Congratulations to . . .*

## 1966 NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

The CLASS of 1967 toasts the VICTORIOUS FIGHTING IRISH and especially those Seniors who have returned Notre Dame football to national prominence while accumulating a magnificent 25-3-2 record during their Varsity Careers. May success continue to follow your efforts.

Harry Alexander  
Joe Azzaro  
Leo Collins  
Larry Conjar  
Pete Duranko  
Nick Eddy  
Don Gmitter  
George Goeddeke  
Tim Gorman

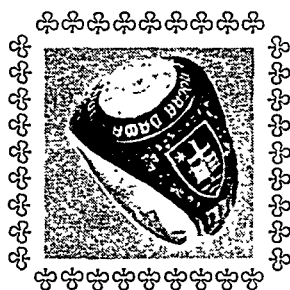
Bob Hagerty  
Kevin Hardy  
John Horney  
Ron Jeziorski  
Gerald Kelly  
Jim Kelly  
Pete Lamantia  
John Lium

Jim Lynch  
Joe Marsico  
Jack Meyer  
Alan Page  
Vic Paternostro  
Tom Regner  
Tom Rhoads  
Jim Ryan

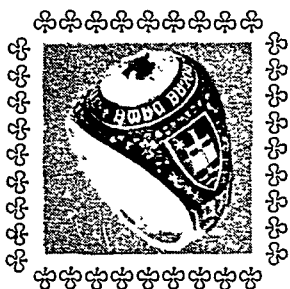
Alan Sack  
Angelo Schiralli  
Fred Schnurr  
Paul Seiler  
Dick Swatland  
Tim Wengierski  
John Zenner  
Dave Zurowski

## The Class of 1967

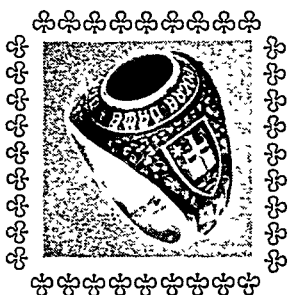
OFFICIAL NOTRE DAME  
MINIATURES



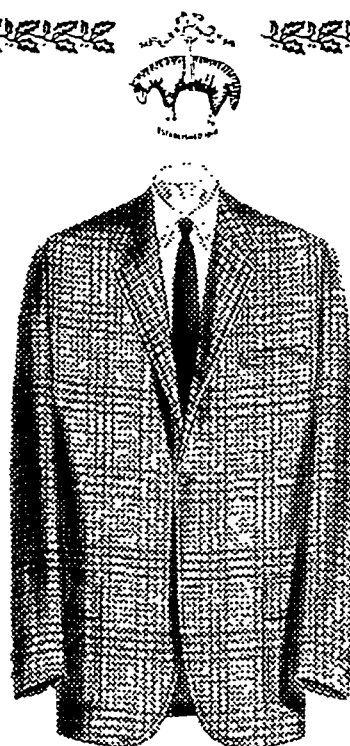
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SPECIAL PEOPLE



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Tweed Topcoats, from \$90 • Flannel Blazers, \$55  
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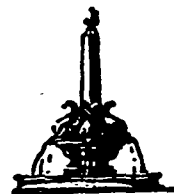
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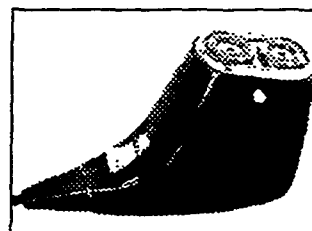
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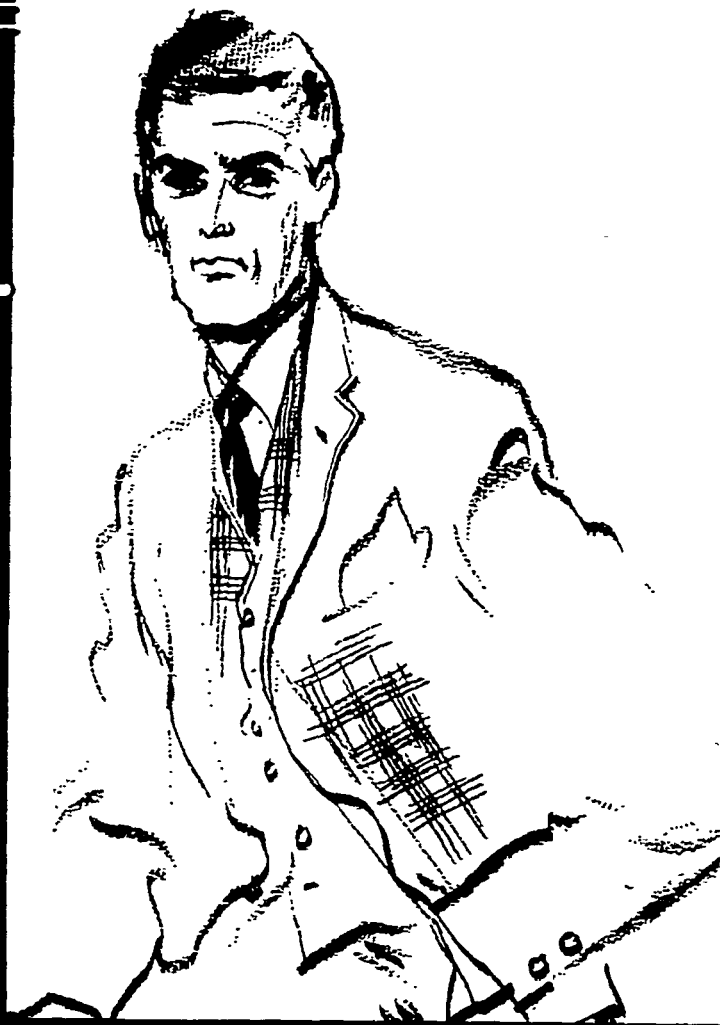
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