

Class of 1975 Reflections

Edited and compiled by Randy Wilcox on the occasion of our 35th reunion
June 5, 2010

on the first part of the journey
i was looking at all the life
there were plants and birds and rocks and things
there was sand and hills and rings
the first thing i met was a fly with a buzz
and a sky with no clouds
the heat was hot and the ground was dry
but the air was full of sound

--*A Horse with no Name* by America, 1972

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Memories

All alone in the moonlight
I can dream of the old days
Life was beautiful then
I remember the time I knew what happiness was
Let the memory live again. --Barbara Streisand
(OK, maybe a little over the top.)

House of Pie runs, Williamson Field Saturday afternoons, Halftime at Hildy's, Maria Sangi sandwiches, Pay phone down the hall, Hoagie Man, Munchies, Studying in the stacks, Partying in Hartman Oval, Pledging, Nickel night at Hildy's, Blue books, Mixers, Catching a flick at Hensel Hall, Monday Night Football, All nighters, Roadies, Hall bull sessions, Hildy's rib eye steak and fries for \$1.75, Dunkin Donuts midnight runs, Camp FUM, Big name concerts, Long hair, Pequea, Bowling at Hildy's, Groovin' in the Quad, Class? What Class?, Hell week, Greek...Greek...Greek, Papers, Stauffer's diner midnight runs (pancakes for 75 cents, w/ sausage an even 1 dollar!!!), Quad Water Combat, Streaking, Hartman Hall, Graduation, Brotherhood, Hildy's

Introduction

"It was the best of times; it was the worst of times..." *A Tale of Two Cities*, Charles Dickens

This, the beginning of Charles Dickens' novel, *A Tale of Two Cities*, set in the year 1775, two hundred years prior to our auspicious graduation, as London and Paris were in the throes of economic and political turmoil that would soon lead to the American Revolution followed not long after by the French, perhaps strikes a tone vaguely familiar to some of us as we look back 35 years ago. We launched out on our own after graduation at a time of economic recession fueled by the oil embargo of 1973 – 1974 and political turmoil still simmering from Watergate and the collapse of our efforts in Vietnam--culminating with the fall of Saigon on April 30, 1975.

I would dare to say that many of us were much less political than our older brothers and sisters of the late 1960s. Yet, we couldn't quite escape the dread of the economic and political realities swirling around us. In the fall of 1971, with 2-S college deferments a thing of the past, most 18-year-old freshmen males gathered in the college cafeteria around what I recall being something like a ticker tape machine spewing out draft lottery dates. As the machine identified numbers corresponding to the 365 days of the year, sighs of relief and gloom alternated as we found out our fates based on our date of birth. Rumor had it that a number over 50 eliminated any chance of getting drafted and going to Vietnam, so most were sighs of relief. As I saw my birth date come up, I prepared to rejoice as most were doing until it was designated as the number 12. But that's a story for another time.

Most of us probably remember some of the rough outline of what happened in Vietnam, such as the huge buildup of US military forces, the Tet Offensive of 1968, the release of the US prisoners of war from the Hanoi Hilton and then the fall of Saigon right before we graduated. But I would venture that many of us do not remember other events including things like the estimated one million Vietnamese who voted with their feet to flee North Vietnam prior to the US involvement, with virtually none going the other way

Looking back, however, for most of us, it was most definitely the best of times. Shielded from the reality around us, we faced our life at F&M with a sense of an unabashed and unapologetic search for adventure. As in the words of America's 1972 hit, *A Horse with no Name*, "On the first part of the journey I was looking at all the life." Despite the significant work load and stress of exams and presentations (at times these were the worst of times), by and large my sense is that we would agree it was of all times, some of the best.

What follows are some vignettes from classmates giving a flavor of what we experienced in these best of times. – **Randy Wilcox**

General reflections

Mike DeCola: “One of the things I reflect upon regularly about our time at F&M is the incredible period of cultural transition that took place during the period of 1971-1975. We missed the massive college protests and sit-ins of the late ‘60’s, both against the Vietnam War as well as “authority” in general. During our early years at F&M, when the folks who had engaged in those events were still there, I certainly felt the pull of anti-establishment philosophy in my life and my beliefs. To this day, I still rebel against authority (in a more appropriate way!) and constantly challenge the status quo of any institution, which, quite frankly, has made me a better business leader. During our last couple of years at F&M, the tide began shifting, and I felt the shift back towards more of a compromising attitude towards the establishment...one of figuring out how to just fix the things that were wrong, not throw out the entire institution or approach. Again, this learning shaped me well in my career.

I think a big part of this shift came with the waning of the war and the draft. I vividly recall draft day our freshman year (THE very last draft in the U.S.) and the impact it had on all of us...In Schnader Hall, everyone posted the combined draft numbers on their door (I remember two guys down the hall had a combined number of “8”. My roommate and I had a combined number of 525). The two guys down the hall decided to drop out of college as a result of their draft numbers...a bad decision! But, none of us were ever drafted, as the public pressure on Washington resulted in a dramatic wind down of the war over the next few years, and that shift had a profound effect on society and on us as college students and citizens.

I frequently think of how these tumultuous times affected our beliefs and values as a generation. I find it interesting that so many of us that were rebellious and anti-establishment as high school and college students went on to traditional careers in business, law, etc. It was an incredible time to be alive and to be in a collegiate environment, and I am really glad I had the opportunity and good fortune to be at F&M for the experience.”

Bill Brennan: “Continuing Randy’s theme of ‘The Best of Times/ The Worst of Times - We entered F&M as freshmen/women after finishing our high school senior year where life was easy, fun, exciting and full of promise. Life was good as a senior in high school. F&M was a selective school that was hard to get into for most high school students. Our classmates were probably feeling pretty good about themselves after enduring four years of high school, scoring high on the critically important SAT exam and being admitted to F&M. Unfortunately, we all went from being ‘Big Men (or Women) on Campus’ at our respective high schools to the bottom of the heap as lowly, inexperienced college freshmen. We were young rookies compared to the all-knowing upper classmen whom we looked up to, and that was a difficult adjustment period for most of us. All of a sudden, life was not so good after all.

Soon after arriving on campus we were introduced to fraternities, including Chi Phi, Lambda Chi Alpha, Phi Kappa Tau, Sigma Pi, Phi Kappa Sigma and Phi Sigma Kappa, Zeta Beta Tau, and Delta Sig. Fraternities 'rushed' freshmen hard to attract new pledges, which typically involved lots of beer, good food and friendly conversations as each fraternity's Brotherhood did everything they could to make you want to pledge their particular fraternity. Life was good again.

Similar to the rocky transition from high school to college, right after pledging a particular fraternity you became a lowly, inexperienced pledge who was harassed, abused and cursed at as if you were the scum of the earth. Back to the bottom of the heap, again. Most pledges survived the pledge period and became a 'brother' which had many benefits and made the tortuous journey to Brotherhood well worth the effort. Life was once again fun, but it was constantly changing and occasionally confusing.

As we ended our 4 years at F&M, some went on to med school and others went off to law school, while most of us tried to find jobs. It was a difficult time for many because I think the country was in a recession at the time. For those of us who were accounting majors it was very easy since the 'Big 8' came on campus and most of us received several offers of employment, which was a testament to the high quality of the accounting department under Professor Jaenicke's leadership. It was not that easy for many others."

Ziggy and Dunkin' Ds:

Ross Curtis to Jim "Hap" Devenney: "Hap, I have a vague memory of sophomore year when we roomed together that you liked to listen to Ziggy at full volume at about 1:30 AM right before we went to Dunkin Ds to get a dozen donuts and a quart of milk to help you bulk up. So, it does not surprise me that you remember the words [to Ziggy] so well." Hap's reply, "That may well be true, that's about the time munchies kicked in full force."

The beginning of women at F&M

Per *The College Reporter*, fall 1971, enrollment "in this, the third year F and M has been a coeducational college, the number of women students is 23.3 percent of the total enrollment."

Several Female Contributors: It was nice having the ratio in our favor. We were the 3rd class of women at F&M. It did feel like a men's college, but everything was just beginning for women, and it was kind of exciting. At fraternity parties we got the second look. It was a fun time. Fraternities were wild and crazy. Chi Phi always had a literal pulse to it. We studied hard and partied hard. At times, it was intense, rigorous and cut-throat. There weren't a lot of resources for women there yet but it was a great place with smart young people who liked to have a good time and were serious about their work. We stayed up half the night studying during the week and half the night partying over the weekend. I remember House of Pie runs, Stauffer's diner midnight runs, and hanging in the Coffee Shop. We hung out doing unbelievable things that we don't want to write

about. The whole tenor of the school changed when Hartman Hall was torn down—never the same place after that....

Barbara Schoenbrun Glickman: "I played on the 1st women's squash team at F&M. I had never heard of squash before then. I remember being the only woman in the weight room, but usually found help from Ted D'Amico '76. There were a lot of firsts for me: Began swimming laps, started jogging and learned to play the piano. I remember the beautiful Viburnum that bloomed near the front steps of the library, and really enjoyed going to Buchanan Park to read undistracted. Friday afternoons I would often go to the Farmer's Market. I enjoyed the theme parties at Chi Phi, such as the Toga Parties, and going to the 24 hour diner after fraternity parties, as well as the House of Pie and Hildy's."

Gwin Krouse: "I can offer this remembrance: I played on the women's volleyball team, back in the days before Title IX. While the men's sports teams had locker rooms, uniforms, training opportunities, and athletic budgets to support their programs, the women's teams had none of that. Our volleyball team uniforms were shirts we bought ourselves onto which we sewed numbers. We worked at the concession stands at football games to earn a few bucks for the team, presumably to pay for the coach and the van we drove to our away matches. We laid the groundwork for the teams today who win national championships clad in matching, stylish F&M uniforms/warm-ups. It really makes me proud to see those young athletes. I guess in that sense we were pioneers. But of course, pioneer implies old!!!"

Streaking

Streaking per *The College Reporter* hit the night of 3/6-3/7/74 and was recorded by Lancaster print and TV media.

Jeff Windstein: "I copied this excerpt from Wikipedia: 'The first recorded incident of streaking by a college student in the United States occurred in 1804 at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) when senior George William Crump was arrested for running nude through Lexington, Virginia, where the university is located. Robert E. Lee later sanctioned streaking as a rite of passage for young Washington and Lee gentlemen. Crump was suspended for the academic session, but would later go on to become a U.S. Congressman and Ambassador to Chile. Streaking seems to have been well-established on some college campuses by the mid-1960s. *Time* magazine, in December 1973, called streaking "a growing Los Angeles-area fad" that was "catching on among college students and other groups."^[3] A letter writer responded, "Let it be known that streakers have plagued the campus police at Notre Dame for the past decade," pointing out that a group of University of Notre Dame students sponsored a "Streakers' Olympics" in 1972.'

For the life of me I cannot remember what year streaking hit Lancaster. I think it was spring of junior year, when Frank [Innacola] and Rando [Randy Wilcox] were in Europe for the semester. There would be reports in the news of random streaking in various

places. We talked about doing it as a group, but the opportunity never came up until one evening. This article would confirm that we probably streaked either spring of sophomore or fall of junior year. One evening a news team complete with camera was camped outside of the south end of Ben Franklin dorm, near the back of Chi Phi. We were sitting around thinking of possibly doing a group streak and finally we worked up the gumption to do it. We poured out of the back of Chi Phi and through what appeared to be a gauntlet of students with a news camera at the end. It was fun. The only thing we seemed to forget was that we had to run completely around the dorm, which seemed like about a half mile. I don't remember exactly who participated, but I think it was me, Hap [Jim Devenney], John Onzik, Scott Shannon, and Cappie [Charles Hansel,] maybe. I think there were about 6 of us. It never appeared on channel 8 news, fortunately or unfortunately."

John De Santis: On another occasion, "I remember being with John Onzik when there was a really large number of streakers coming around the corner of Ben Franklin by Chi Phi. John said he was going to capture one. Well he got stampeded (naked people don't like to be captured) and when he got up, he had muddy footprints all over his shirt and face. It was hilarious."

Randy Wilcox: I was part of a contingent of F&M students studying in Vienna, Austria when the streaking craze hit the F&M campus. We became aware of it through copies of *The College Reporter* being forwarded to us. Immensely inspired by the movement, we planned a bold streak of the "StaatsOper" [Vienna State Opera House], including an initial point and pick up vehicle. However, upon further reflection, it became clear to us that the Vienna police would most likely not be as "culturally sensitive" as the F&M security force--the plan was scrapped.

Career Advancement – F&M Style

Randy Wilcox: What follows is perhaps not typical of F&M career advancement opportunities, but something quite outstanding (in my memory at least). During the frenzy of the fraternity pledging season freshman year, legendary football player and Lambda Chi Alpha brother Bill "Balls" Dunham made a raid on a pledge's dorm room. Apparently, the pledge in question was reticent to respond to Balls' demands to open the door. In anticipation of just such a response, Balls brought along all the equipment he needed – an ax! Needless to say, the door was breached forthwith. Several years later, I saw Balls at homecoming and asked him what he was doing. Turns out he has had a long and fruitful career at the Department of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF). So, I asked him what they had thought about said incident. He said it was actually a significant plus in their eyes (or words to that effect).

Concerts

For the concerts of our freshmen year through spring of our junior year, we are indebted to the history of the class of 1974.¹

Fall 1971: The James Gang (tickets \$3.50)

Hot Tuna (included a few members of Jefferson Airplane)

Spring and Fall 1972: Bad Finger and Pure Prairie League, Ike and Tina Turner, The Beach Boys, Emerson Lake and Palmer, Captain Hook and the Medicine Show, New Riders of the Purple Sage, Hall and Oates, Blood, Sweat and Tears

1973: Arlo Guthrie, Livingston Taylor, Earl Scruggs Review, Graham Nash, The Electric Light Orchestra

1974: Chicago, Juilliard String Quartet, Ars Antiqua de Paris, Horace Silver Quintet, Melissa Manchester

Fall 1974 – Spring 1975: John Valby, Hot Tuna, Janis Ian, Aztec Two Step, Ian Anderson, Sha Na Na, Bonnie Rait, Mose Allison, and a Limerick singer in the quad—not sure of year

Venues: Roundhouse (Someone could write a whole chapter on Hartman Hall), Hartman Oval, Mayser Center

Theatre and the Arts 1974 – 1975

Green Room Theatre – *The House of Bernarda Alba*, *King Lear*, *The Orestia*

Other Room: *The Utrenja*, *Deathwatch*, *The Brothers Karamazov*

Mayser Center: *Hair*

FUM Follies

Spring Arts Festival: Music, Dance, Drama and Crafts

Men's Soccer, by Jim Van Schaick

"I started all four years. The highlight was 1973 when we won the ECAC south regional postseason tournament. We were the first team in the school's history to be invited to any postseason (including the 1950 'national champion' team, that was declared the best div III team in the country by a vote of coaches). F&M did not get in the postseason again until 1981. I scored 2 of the team's 3 goals in the tournament. Another stalwart on

that team was [Chi Phi] brother Tommy Peer, an excellent defender. The '73 team until recently was considered one of the best in F&M history, but we couldn't tie the shoes of the teams the school is putting on the field now!"

Men's Lacrosse, by Nick DeRobertis

"The school printed all our records in a book when they honored us for the best 50 lax players in the last 50 years...it has all the stats for the last 50 years. That was 2006. We were mid-Atlantic conference champs 72(10-2), 73(13-2), 74(10-20), 75(6-8). Our league win streak ended in 1975 with 42 wins. We lost to Gettysburg and I remember that game, it was the worst game we ever played.

I remember playing Penn State and I had to cover their middle linebacker, his shot was so hard that it actually lifted up the goal when it hit the pipe, he hit John Martino in the throat and he couldn't breathe. I had so many bruises on my body, I could barely walk. We won. In fact, we never lost to them.

Playing Cornell opening day, they were national champs. What a thrill and then at the end of the season, I played in the national North/South game at Cornell.

My junior year, we took a southern road trip and, on the way, we separated from the other two vans, I think Mike Lamonds was driving. We wanted to go to Georgetown and drink in the bar next to the stairs where they filmed the Exorcist. We drank all night and our excuse was that our van broke down. No cell phones. We even paid a garage to make up an invoice for the fake repair and submitted it for reimbursement. We arrived at Camp Mead army base at 4am, drunk, with long hair, and were escorted by a post-Vietnam vet to our hut. We all thought that they were going to bring us in the field and shoot us. The next day we played them in a scrimmage and it was a very physical game.

The best team was 73 and 74; we had a great record, beating Drexel, Penn State, Delaware, Lafayette, Harvard. Lost to Cornell, Hobart, both national champs. We had the greatest coach ever in Ross Sachs."

Editor's Note: Nick DeRobertis, Rick Gray and Paul Friedman from the class of 1975 were all selected for the All-time F&M Men's Lacrosse Team in celebration of 50 years of Men's Lacrosse at F&M in 2006.

Football

A fan's reflection:

Randy Wilcox: It is hard to overstate the sheer joy and excitement that F&M football had for me during our years at F&M. To reproduce the atmosphere of game day is simply beyond the capacity of the written word. Perhaps my experience was not typical in that I had the privilege of knowing many of the players personally but who can forget

the intensity of the rivalry with Widener, and the sheer euphoria of beating them 2 out of the 3 times we played them, with their one win coming on the last play of the game after Billy “White Shoes” Johnson’s (then known only as “blazin’ Bill”) 93 yard kickoff return for a 1 point loss? And, “he stepped out of bounds” to boot (as Don Repshas relates below). Who can forget the 24 - 22 win over Moravian by a Groucho (Craig) Marx field goal kicked with no time left on the clock? I remember watching from the stands as he had to literally flee for his life after making that kick. It was like a swarm of bees funneling toward him with his teammates in the lead and all the stands emptying onto the field to pile on. There are a hundred similar memories. We owe a great debt to the men who manned the field during our years, particularly when you get a glimpse of the kind of pressure they were under (See Walter Daniels’ section on “King Curtis”). I, for one, want to thank them for their hard work and pure determination—and for raising the bar of our college experience way above what it otherwise would have been.

The Record

Don Repshas:

1974 – 9 wins 0 Losses – MAC Champs

1973 – 8 Wins 1 Loss – MAC Champs

1972 – 9 Wins 0 Losses – MAC Champs. Lambert Bowl winner [for outstanding performance by a small college in the East and Middle Atlantic Conference]. Team elected to F & M Hall of Fame.

1971 – 6 Wins 2 Losses – MAC Champs

“32 Wins 3 losses over 4 years. 16 game winning streak spread over 1971, 1972, and 1973. Streak broken by a 1-point loss to Widener after a Billy White shoes’ 93-yard kickoff return for a TD (he stepped out of bounds.) This was then followed by a 12 game Winning streak. Had it not been for that one loss, we would have had a 29 game winning streak.”

Email Stream: To Don Repshas: Was the 1974 team also elected to the F&M Athletic Hall of Fame? Don’s reply, “No – but should be. The 1974 team was a better team. We won our games by huge margins and I think we had one the top offenses in the country.” DR

King Curtis (Coach Bob Curtis), by Walt Daniels

Shadek’s Broken Nose: “This story was told by the King himself at the Oct 2009 dinner celebrating the 1974 undefeated season. Larry Shadek, our quarterback [freshman year], had been mouthing off in the training room. Curtis heard this and immediately had Larry on the floor doing pushups. Shadek said something else and Curtis shoved his head down on the concrete floor while he was doing pushups and broke his nose. Tough love, huh!?”

Dickinson Freshmen Year: I remember that one of the Dickinson players went after one of our guys on the F&M sideline. Our player was clearly out of bounds and the Dickinson player was going to hit our player outside of the lines. Curtis was close by and grabbed the Dickinson player, lifted him off the ground and slammed him down on his back. I don't remember what Curtis said but he growled something at the player. As I recall there was no penalty or repercussion from this. Can you imagine if that happened today?

We won that game 34-0. It was our fourth consecutive victory and Dickinson had been expected to have a tough team that year. It was Curtis' first year as a head coach. I will never forget that he stood at the door of the locker room and shook the hand of every player after the game. I think he knew at that moment that he had a pretty good team and that we were off to a successful season. We ended up 6-2 and MAC Southern Division Champs.

After the King shook my hand and said something like "good game Wally," I was walking on air. For Curtis, perfection was not an abstract goal, but an expectation. So, we did not hear very much praise. It was in fact rare for him to give praise. So, after a really tough pre-season workout and 4 weeks into the season, to finally hear some praise from him felt pretty good.

Widener Senior Year: I had screen-draw responsibility on one play in the 3rd quarter. I think it might have been a third down play when Watkins, their tough 200-pound fullback, was sent out into the flat near our sideline on a screen play. I read the play immediately (because we practiced the defense for this play at least 100 times that week!) and met Watkins head on as soon as he caught the ball. I hit him hard but did not wrap him up. I was able to hold onto his jersey with one finger while lying on the ground long enough for Howley, Repshas, and Onzik to all arrive at the same time and hit him high, low, and in the middle. It was a vicious hit and sent him flying out of bounds and landing at the feet of Curtis. Watkins was dazed and probably knocked unconscious for a few seconds. As his head started to clear and he could see again, Curtis bent over and had his face inches from Watkins face mask and screamed at him, "how did you like that Watkins?!" I swear that there was some dried saliva on the corners of Curtis' mouth that made it look like he was foaming at the mouth. Can you imagine what Watkins thought?

The First Three Didn't Count: Curtis prided himself on conditioning and preparation. During the summer before my freshmen year, I received a booklet that had weekly workouts that we were to complete. In the beginning of the booklet, it said that we may not be as big as Ohio State or Penn State players, but we would be just as fit. We were supposed to do all the drills, and fill in our run times, how many burpies we could do in 2 minutes, our weight, etc. and send it back to him weekly. I actually did it, but found out later that I may have been the only one that did.

Curtis was fanatical about his scouting of other teams. He would watch as many games of our opponents as he could get his hands on. And I know that some of the 16 mm films were "bootlegged." That is they were acquired by clandestine means. If a head coach

was new to one of our opponents, he would get films from whatever school they had coached at previously. That might have been a high school. We knew the tendencies for down, yardage, hash mark, field position, formation, what players were in the formation, etc. We would know for example that from 40-yard line to 40-yard line on second down if Widener was on the hash mark they would run wide 70% of the time. So, we would run a defense for that kind of play. This was all done before computers! I was amazed when I showed up for the first practice and was given a 35-page defensive playbook. In high school we had no defensive plays, only a few formations.

Repetition was another hallmark of his philosophy. We would run defenses against our opponents simulated offense all week in preparation for the game. We would run every defense until we were able to run them flawlessly. We would sometimes run the same defense 6 or 7 times until we had it right. I have to say that it really worked. In the nervous tension of the game we would run the defenses instinctively without having to think about it.

As part of our conditioning, Curtis would have us run 100-yard sprints at the end of practice. The ones that we ran at the end of the second two-a-day practice in preseason were particularly bad. We would run these in full pads and helmet, soaking wet with sweat, and on the game field that had grass about a foot tall. We would run the first few and he would scream, "the first three didn't count and you are going to run 20 good ones." If you puked, like Rep usually did, you were expected to step off to the side, puke, and then get back in your group for the next sprint. His practices were really tough, especially for our freshmen year. I dreaded and actually got nervous before each practice. We had full speed hitting drills every week, and on the week of the purge, I think we were hitting on Thursday in full pads. We couldn't wait for the game...that would be easy compared to practice.

As much as we all hated practice, we did respect Bob Curtis. We knew that if we practiced and played as he asked us to, that we would win... and we did.

The Purge: Our freshmen year we played Lebanon Valley at home. It happened to be Homecoming Weekend. We led LVC at half time by a score of 20-0. The final score was 20-22. I remember that the temp was close to 90 degrees and it was very humid. I weighed myself before and after the game and lost 12 pounds! I always suspected that some of our seniors and team leaders were partying too much the night before the game and were not 100% at game time.

Needless to say, Curtis was not happy about our second half performance. Early on Sunday morning each team unit had the standard appointments to review game films. The defensive coaches ran through the films with the D line. I remember Bernie saying "Wally, what were you doing on this play?" And then he would run it a few more times while I tried to shrink and hide under the desk. Curtis said a few words at the morning session and we could tell he was not happy.

Then we had the Sunday team meeting in the afternoon and ran through the films as a team. This was the normal Sunday "off day" schedule. I think it was at the end of the team meeting that Curtis went to the lectern and shouted "The Purge is Oonnnnn!" He slammed his middle finger down on the lectern as he shouted each syllable. The last word seemed to reverberate and was held for about ten seconds for emphasis. It was half growl and half shouting. His voice echoed through the entire athletic building. There seemed to be an eerie silence in the building. Anyone in the building that heard it would have been stopped in their tracks. You could hear a pin drop. We were all scared shitless.

Then he explained how practice was going to be run in the next week. To summarize, it was going to be hell... like preseason practice all over again, only worse if that was possible. We had really hard-hitting practices Mon-Thurs and ran wind sprints at the end of practice, literally, until we couldn't run any more. We didn't lose another game that season. I really think we were afraid to lose because of the practice we might face the next week. I don't know if I could have survived another purge that season." Walter (Mellonhead) Daniels

Finest Linebacking Corps in the MAC

From a 9/20/74 *College Reporter* article on page 4 entitled: "Diplomats Challenge Hamilton; Linebackers Anchor Defense": "At Linebacker, F and M will go with the same squad as last year. Head Coach Bob Curtis points to this squad 'as the strength of the '74 squad.' Three-year starter and tri-captain **Roger Smith** will be joined by **Don Repshas**, **John Onzik** and **Jack Van Horne** to form once again the finest linebacking corps in the league." Note: all four of these players hailed from the class of 1975.

Football Vignettes:

To Walt Daniels: "Swarthmore 70 – 0 [in 1974], boy that was a nail biter". Walt's reply: "Yeah. We lost our punter to injury the previous week and were worried about our new punter. I forget who that was. But it didn't matter because we never punted in the game! We scored every time we had the ball or gave it up on downs way into their territory. The first-string defense did not play very much, but I was on the kickoff team and got quite a workout."

To John Onzik: "I just read where you had a 32-yard run in the second half resulting in a field goal by Groucho (Craig Marx) as part of a 24 to 21 comeback win over Widener in 1972. What a game! I forgot you played offense as well as linebacker. Did you play offense and defense every year? John's reply: "I played where KING CURTIS TOLD ME TO PLAY". J.O.

To Mike Winicki: "in 1973 your defense was ranked 2nd in the nation (presumably for small college) – must have been very rewarding to play defense on that team." Mike's response: "Yes, we watched the rankings each week. Actually, I think we were #1 ranked against the run."

Wrestling

“The Cage”

Randy Wilcox: F&M wrestling has a long and storied history, beginning with coach “Uncle Charley” Mayser in 1923. Charles W. Mayser, for whom Mayser Center is named, came to F&M after beginning the even more illustrious wrestling program at Iowa State, a perennial national powerhouse. His record at F&M from 1923 to 1944 was 141 wins, 16 losses and 6 ties. Into this storied tradition, the F&M wrestling team entered our freshman year ranked, as I recall, 6th in the nation among small colleges. We had simply outstanding wrestlers with the likes of Chris Black (two-time small college national champion), Andy Noel (EIWA runner-up that year), Doug Ward (EIWA runner-up 1970) and John Stevenson (two-time small college national champion), and many more.

But every bit a match for the lineup of this outstanding team was the venue, known affectionately by F&M fans (and with dread by opponents) as “The Cage.” Seats were invariably packed and filled with a fever pitch of anticipation and excitement. The lights would dim except those over the mat itself and all eyes were on the two locked in combat. And fans did not suffer fools lightly, particularly if they were refs. The following are two memorable examples of this.

The Flying Shoe

Tom Baxter: “I was at an F&M wrestling match [freshman year] when some Chi Phi brother launched a shoe at referee George Custer narrowly missing his head after a series of lousy calls. They made the brothers stay after the match trying to pinpoint the culprit without a shoe, but the brothers, as they should have, left ‘en masse’ and marched themselves out of Mayser Gym and I assume back to the fraternity house and no ‘shoe-less brother’ was arrested.”

Jeff Windstein: “Lou Figari or Groucho [Craig] Marks threw the sneaker at the ref, whose name was George Custer, I think...Oh the memories.”

The Toilet Bowl

Steve Noel: I remember “freshmen year when Lou Figari (Was it Lou or Mad Dog [Michael Richmond]?) was so upset with the officiating at the F&M vs. Delaware wrestling match that he sat a toilet seat down on the edge of the mat during Andy [Noel]’s come-from-behind match. The crowd went crazy.”

Tom Baxter: “I also saw the infamous Delaware match when Andy’s opponent took a big a lead and then stalled his way to a one-point victory which led to the sudden appearance of a toilet on the corner of the mat. I think that was in 1970 or 1971.”

Steve Noel: “Great memory TB, but I think Andy ended up beating Lane through default. He ended up going undefeated at home. I believe the toilet bowl was our freshmen yr. I thought it was Mad Dog or equivalent and it was during Andy’s match vs. Lane from Delaware.”

Facing the Giants I: Iowa Road Trip Freshman year

Jim Devenney: "Twelve wrestlers and coach Mickey Stewart, packed into a van (luggage on the roof), left F&M early one January morning. We drove to Cleveland the first day, then on to Iowa, stopping at Terre Haute on the way. Arriving at Iowa State early in the morning we camped out in the field house until it was time to wrestle. Iowa State, the power house of collegiate wrestling in those days, had an assistant coach named Dan Gable. [Gable was one of the most successful wrestlers in NCAA history, having never lost a match until his last match in the NCAA finals of his senior year.] The match got off to an auspicious start, at 118lbs Billy Pfaff of F&M faced a 3-time Iowa state champion. Billy was having a rough and winless year thus far, that was about to change as Billy clamped his opponent with an over barrel cradle, pinning the Iowa State foe and silencing the crowd of about 3 to 4,000 in Hilton Coliseum...Billy didn't wrestle much after his freshman year, I often wonder how often he thinks about that cold night in Ames, Iowa. A great story of how anything can happen when you don't quit. Another classic, Jimmy Heun getting pinned by Dan Peterson at 190, Peterson says "come on ref, isn't he pinned?" Jimmy says "yeah ref, aren't I pinned?" Ref immediately agreed, match over."

Stephen Noel: "Regarding the Iowa State Match, After Pfaff's pin and Chris Black beating the crap out of his guy, the crowd was pretty quiet. Scott Casper got hammered, Andy lost by a few points, and Duke Ward lost by 1 pt (maybe 1-0). Stevenson lost a close match, but Iowa State probably had the best heavy weights in the country, from 160+/- to HWT...I believe in the Iowa trip our freshmen year we wrestled Iowa State, Missouri, Northern Iowa, and SW Missouri State. Hap, [Jim Devenney], remember the 4 guys Jimmy Heun wrestled? I don't believe Heun got pinned that week, but he did wrestle the 4 best in his weight class and maybe the world (Peterson). At the weigh-ins for our last match, Heun jumps on the scale, no problem. He was undersized for his weight class. Then walks up this guy (Hatch?) who looked like he was chiseled out of granite. Our whole team looked at him and just laughed, saying, 'Oh not again'."

Facing the Giants II: Iowa comes to Mayser Center

Jeff Windstein: "The Iowa State match our sophomore year. I think everyone on their team was a national champ at some point in their career. Most notable was Jim Devenney's match vs Chris Taylor. Tom Baxter had a great match also. I think there were 30 points scored and it was close. My match against Al Nacin had over 30 points too, but only 3 or 4 of them were mine. Rando wrestled Rich Benek who was the reigning Mr. Sweden and Randy gave him a good match."

Tom Baxter: "Regarding Hap [Jim Devenney] and Mr. Taylor...As a captain, I was present for the weigh-in. Chris Taylor pushed the "spring" scale well beyond the 300 lbs. circumference of the dial, settling in around 440 lbs. We are very fortunate Hap is still with us. Think about it. Facing down that man of steel.... 6'8", 440 lbs of heavyweight wrestler, a two-time NCAA Champion... put together like a 'brick shithouse', eh, maybe that's stretching it a little. Anyhow, the single was supposed to be more of a sweeping

motion, but...I suppose the monster simply fell on him, anyway, I want to be on Hap's team."

Historical Notes:

Again, please reference the Class of 1974 History for very good campus historical notes for our freshman, sophomore and junior years.²

1975: College Center construction begins, Hartman Hall sentenced to summer destruction on 4/14/75 by President Keith Spalding.

Final Word – Neil Young:

I want to live,
I want to give
I've been a miner
for a heart of gold.
It's these expressions
I never give
That keep me searching
for a heart of gold
And I'm getting old.
Keeps me searching
for a heart of gold
And I'm getting old.

--*Heart of Gold* by Neil Young, 1972³