

Football

IN the fall of 1940, the University of Miami football team played ten games, as is its usual custom, and of those ten games, it lost seven and won three, as is not its usual custom. But, unusual or not, it goes without saying that the 1940 grid season was anything but a howling success.

We're not going to look back on the past season and make any attempts at hitting the high spots and blowing them up to such proportions that this section will read as though the Hurricanes were a wonderful ball club and the breaks just went against a wonderful ball club. Nor will we venture to say that they were up against schools that sent highly subsidized teams out on the field (we're no Yale ourselves) — and even if we didn't help our boys through school, we wouldn't say any such thing.

To begin with, Head Coach Jack Harding, Line Coach Hart Morris, and their staff of assistants, were faced with the tremendous task of replacing sixteen seniors, including practically the entire first string line of 1939 and 1938 and a good part of the second string. Eight juniors and eight seniors had returned, and around this small nucleus, the Hurricane coaches built eleven sophomore linemen and five sophomore backs. The squad was small to begin with, and no sooner did the season



We'll miss 'em—the departing seniors. Standing, left to right: O'Neal, Snowden, Douglas, and Borek. Kneeling: Kurucz, Cohen, Sapp, and Fox.

Out of thirty-two Hurricane regulars (counting the casualties), senior fullback Terry Fox was probably the hardest player. Selected by opposing coaches as the most valuable Miami player, Terry played close to sixty minutes of every game but one (Elon, when he was held out because of injuries). To go with his prowess as a line-plunger and ground-gainer, Fox was also a savage blocker and tremendous tackler; he was named Hurricane game captain for three games.

Not far behind Terry was senior guard Jolly Snowden, a Miami boy who was made regular captain for the last four games. Jolly, in his third year as a first-stringer, played a whale of a game at

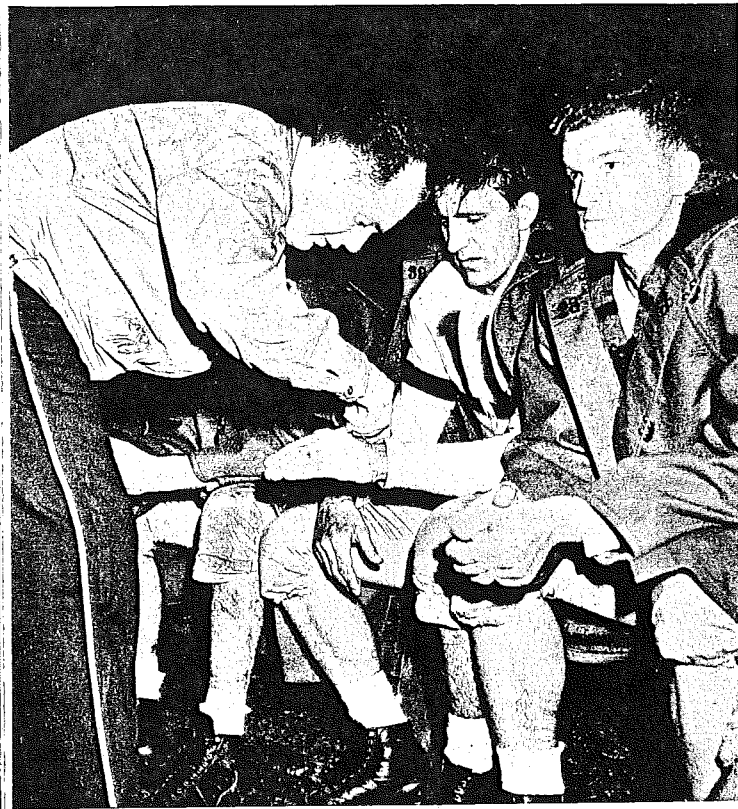


back when a teammate clipped); Johnny Kurucza, speedy, hard-blocking, dependable quarterback; Matt Borek, rangy guard who alternated between the first and second strings because of injuries; Carl "Doc" Sapp, who was faced with the difficult task of being a substitute for sixty-minute Terry Fox; Maston O'Neal, who handled his

and ends Joe Krutulis and Bill Totterdale stood out. Steiner was a shifty, triple-threat back who did his share of scoring, while Kearns and Wunder were hefty first string tackles. Krutulis was a regular starting end, while Totterdale was brilliant when his bad knee permitted him to see action. Other juniors were John "Red" Tobin, often a starting right halfback; Bernard "Dutch" Trobliger, Kurucza's capable understudy; and Ed "Red" Cameron, hard-charging guard who was kept out of action the entire season by a bad back. Dave Wike, sensational punting star as a sophomore, suffered a severe back injury and was forced to drop from the squad.

Out of sixteen sophomores many a fine player was uncovered, foremost among whom was Paul Carifeo, who took over the first string center duties. Carifeo played consistently well, backing up the line and going down under punts. Also shining lights among the sophs were Russell Coates, shifty and hard-running halfback; Roy Robinson, Ray Gorman, and H. J. Lee, a trio of capable ends who saw plenty of action; Frank Lehn, sturdy tackle; Nick Broker, who became a first string guard; Nick Miller, place-kicking guard; and Red Bogart and Reddic Harris, speedy halfbacks. Other sophomore ballplayers were Robert "Tiny" Staubitz, 275-pound tackle; Carleton Lowe, reserve quarterback; Alex Bazil, reserve fullback; Jack Rice, big reserve tackle; and Joe Kaldor and Bill Wood, reserve guards.

Getting back to the season itself, let's



Above—Doc Dayton wraps Krutulis' hand while Kaldor is bored with it all.

the same offense and defense that has marked a Pitt system-coached team these many years. The score? Oh yes, the score—19 to nothing in our favor, as was expected. About the only unexpected event of the game was a little matter of a gust of wind taking the referee's cap for a ride of two yards as he dropped the skimmer to mark where a punt went out of bounds. This no doubt would have gone unnoticed but for the fact that the two yards were in favor of the Hatters.

Second on the lineup of grid battles was the Tampa game, and the Hardingmen exhibited a much better brand of ball in beating the visitors 27 to 0. At that stage of the season, there was a constant rumble wherever Monday morning quarterbacks congregated to the effect that "those University footballers—looks like a good year, eh?" Johnny Douglas played quite some ball and was greeted warmly upon his en-

trance to the game after so many reports that he and his gams were in rather weak condition. "Long Jawn" got off some booming punts that reminded veteran fans of Ye Olde Hurricane stuff. Power and more power was the order of the day, and many prophets said that with more practice and polish, Our Boys would stay in the winning column.

Ah, happy days, those early weeks in October when we had an average of 1.000. We'd won two out of two, and little did we know how soon it was to end. Achieving that end was one Pete Sachon of Catholic University. This Sachon feller was the star (he made Little All-American) of the invading Irish eleven, and pre-game reports were that he was a little bit under the weather and a doubtful starter. Woe be unto the team that meets him when he's in the pink! He ran, punted, passed, and directed his team to a sweet win over the Hurricanes that will go down in the short annals of sport at the University of Miami as "The Game of 1940." Besides his previously mentioned activities, Pistol Pete dropkicked two field goals, just to show his versatility, and the Irish won 20 to 18. We can't figure out how Hollywood could ever duplicate that finish to the game—a real thriller. Remember, they had us 20 to 12 and then we got that last touchdown. We kicked off and they fumbled on their 10-yard line and God bless that Hurricane man that recovered for us! Our ball on their 12 and seconds to go. Four downs to make it in—but we just didn't go. Then, with all the experience we had this season and last with kicking extra points and field goals, we attempted a field goal with the usual aftermath—no good. Anyway, it was a keen game and Pistol Pete Sachon was plenty rugged. Try to remember this game as we go along, if you're



Pistol Pete Sachon, Catholic U's. triple threat, gets his instructions from Coach Dutch Bergman—and what instructions!

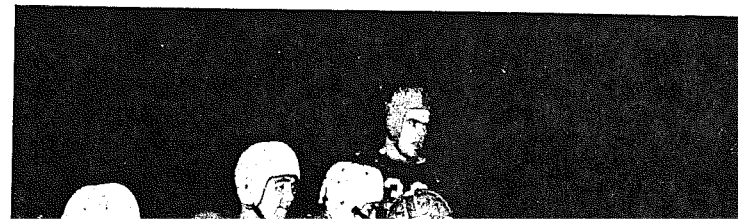
still along, because from here on in it gets progressively worse.

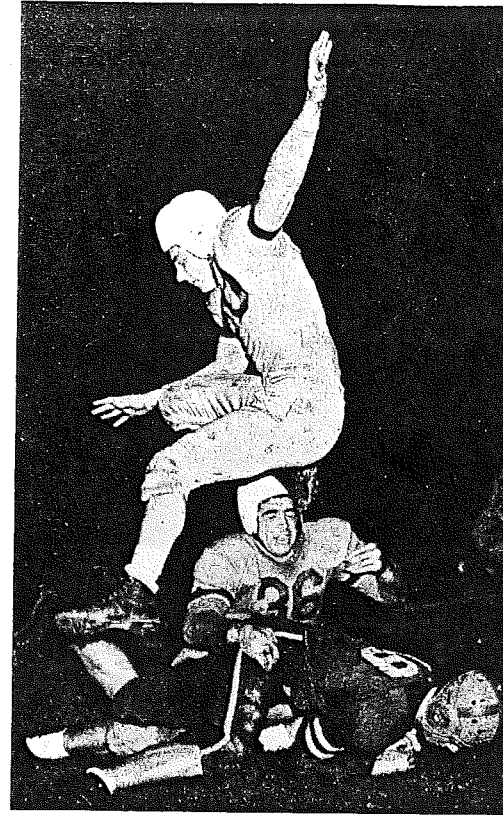
On the rebound! that's what we were and we bounded back to outclass Elon's undefeated Fighting Christians, not profusely, but rather nicely for the record. The game went down in history as a 31 to 7 victory for the Hurricanes — sounds good, doesn't it? We did win, but Elon was a peg or two out of our class and the play was none too brilliant. They had a heavy line that was outcharged by our lighter Hurricanes (our poor lil' fellers weighing only 187 on the average). Steiner came through with a neat bit of broken field running, taking a slant off tackle for 87 yards and a touchdown—you can remember that one also, just so the reminiscences of the season won't leave too bad a taste

was well heralded out in Lubbock, storm warnings were up, and the Texans (represented by the Red Raiders of Texas Tech) proceeded to produce a Hurricane-proof game and generally make our Hurricanes look like a big blow. Maybe it would be well to just whisper the score (shhhh—61 to 14) and then drop the matter. Smarting under that defeat (for the revengeful Texans remembered last year's loss down here and kept their first team in for 57 minutes), the Hardingmen came back with blood in their eyes—in fact, it was all over them, and then faced Rollins.

Against Rollins, it was a matter of the Tars taking aim, allowing for the wind, and then firing a broadside to take the Hurricanes out of their sails, 7 to 0. We were favored to win, but we didn't. They zipped to an early lead of one touchdown and were able to thwart all Hurricane goalward thrusts. It took only nine plays for them to turn the trick, and it left the Miami eleven a bit bewildered; in fact, they would start down the field with all good intentions and once inside the Rollins 20, the offense would visibly crumble. Reliable authorities had it that Texas Tech

Confusing, isn't it? Fox and Steiner figured it out and stopped the Gamecocks for no gain.





Fox catches a shoe in his eye,
As Russel Coates goes floating by.

had won two games rather than one.

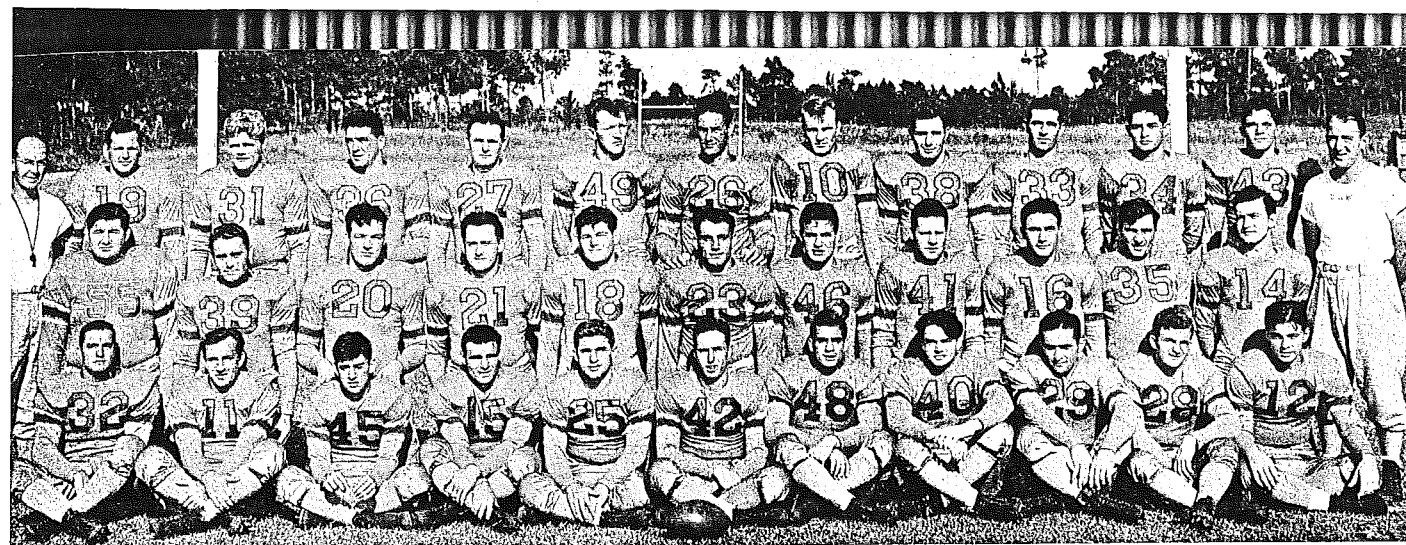
And from these ruins, these sagging pillars, the coaching staff was faced with assembling a team to take the field against our arch-rival, Florida. The Gators, with their new coach Tom Lieb, had held Tennessee to two touchdowns and were displaying a speedy version of the Notre Dame system. Losing no time in the huddle, the Gators came up to the line and stepped through the most intricate and fastest version of "The Rock's" brainchild that ever hit Burdine Bowl. All in all, it was terrific! When someone asked how they hung up that 46 to 6 score, one observer remarked, "All they did was put an end in the flat

Leagues started spring practice and pitched strikes."

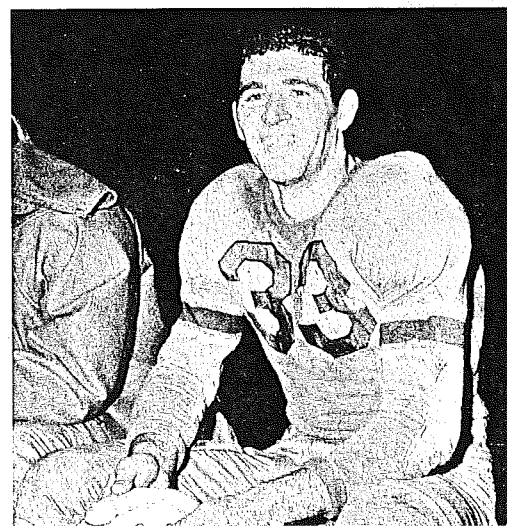
It was a little heartening to Miami rooters to note that after the Gator game a stellar place-kicker was uncovered. One Nick Miller came through with the educated toe that Coach Harding had been looking for all those weeks—and after each touchdown we no longer resigned ourselves to the inevitability of only six points. We had a better than even chance of getting that seventh.

November 22, Rex Enright brought South Carolina into the deep South to do battle with the University of Miami, and battle they did. The Hurricanes did themselves proud, out-fighting, out-running, and out-playing the Gamecocks for the fourth time in Miami grid history, only to lose 7 to 2 because they didn't seem to have the punch when they got down into paydirt territory. Time after time they were on the straight and narrow path to glory and a comeback, only to lose the way. Shall we say that we won three games and one moral victory? OK! South Carolina really didn't have the stuff — Grygo and Arrowsmith were good backs, but other than those gentlemen, the Gamecocks were just mediocre. Doomed to mediocrity, the Gamecocks did manage a tight squeak over the Hurricanes in spite of it all.

Ole Miss returned to our schedule after a few years absence and we played the gallant host, losing to one of the best teams in the South in the last quarter. Hapes and Hovius, high scorers in the Southeastern Conference, were mainstays of the Rebel attack. These boys were highly touted as the Touchdown Twins, but only one came through as predicted — nevertheless, one was enough. The other was content to cover his light under a bushel of newspaper



ball club that knew the game from A to Z—they got the A (21) and we got the Z (7), but the score was hardly indicative of the game, as they say. It was a very interesting set to (played in a driving rain most of the first half) and Miami fans, getting used to it all, could perceive some good points even in defeat. You get that way after a while—psychologists tell you it's conditioning.



The Hurricane Squad. Standing, left to right: Coach Jack Harding, Cohen, Rice, Fox, Cameron, Douglas, Snowden, Totterdale, Trobliger, Carifeo, O'Neal, Wike, and Line Coach Hart Morris. Kneeling: Staubitz, Kurucza, Kearns, Wunder, Lehn, Borek, Schaeffer, Tobin, Lee, Bazill, and Wood. Sitting: Sapp, Krutulis, Harris, Gorman, Broker, Bogart, Steiner, Coates, Miller, Kaldor, and Robinson.

Ringling down the curtain on an anything but happy football season, was the grand finale with Georgia. Despite the cracker boys' sensational sophomore backs, the first half was played on more than even terms, with the Hurricanes holding a 7-0 lead through the third quarter. After that it was just a matter of Miami not having any reserves and Georgia having them—the same old vicious circle (you know, like the Dempsey-Tunney fight of a few years back—Dempsey was vicious and Tunney circled). The final score was 28-7, with a couple of those markers coming in the last few minutes.

So that's the story of the '40 football season — none too complete a report, but presenting the facts. Speaking of facing facts, maybe we should stop giving those literacy tests to the ends and let the guards and tackles come to class wearing their