

# Tigers rank high with powerful start



*This sweep to right shows Tiger power. Mel West (26) cuts sharply, Ed Mehrer blocks white jerseyed 83 to outside, Donnie Smith (45) blocks 85 to inside, Ron Taylor (12) and pulling guards Tom Smith (67) and Tom Hertz (64) lead the play, looking for white shirts.*

At halftime in this exciting 1960 football season, the Tigers were flying high—higher, in fact than any Tiger football team in 55 years. John McLean's 1905 team won its first five. (Even the famous undefeated Roper team of 1909 was tied in the fifth game.)

Week after week this team has excited the imagination and unbridled the caution that was ours in September. In sweeping to wins over highly regarded intersectional foes Southern Methodist, Penn State and Air Force as well as conference opponents Oklahoma State and Kansas State, the Tigers have climbed to lofty national ratings unknown since the halcyon days of the early forties. After the Air Force game both national press polls ranked our boys No. 6 in the nation.

If the wish is father to the thought, we think this team could go all the way; but our rosy glasses are a little fogged by the remembrance of things past. To do it we have to get by five tough conference opponents, all of whom will be pointing for us, and all of whom have fine football teams. Three tough home games with Iowa State, Colorado and Kansas are

matched with road games with Nebraska and Oklahoma in the snake pit. The Homecoming game with nationally ranked K. U. (Nov. 19) and the past bubble-breaker with Oklahoma at Norman (Nov. 12) loom as the big ones, but all of them are dangerous in this dog-eat-dog league.

The elemental difference in the heady success which has us sampling bowl prospects at the halfway mark is summed up in one word—"power."

The Tigers' balanced attack and rugged defense have brought them victories over S.M.U. 20-0, Oklahoma State 27-7, Penn State 21-8, Air Force 34-8, and Kansas State 45-0. Of course, the irreducible elements in the success are the coaching and the skills of the players themselves. Coach Dan Devine and his staff have not markedly changed the style of play; but in three years of recruiting, they have been able to mold the kind of team that it takes to make the multiple T system operate. Coach Devine dislikes singling out individuals for their play, and no one can quarrel with his successful methods of dealing with players. How-

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*Hustle pays off here as end Tom Carpenter (80) throws a downfield block though Norris Stevenson (40) appears stopped—but Steve shakes loose for more yards and a first down. Pictures on these pages from O. S. U. game.*



*The defensive pursuit that has ranked the Tigers among the stingiest in the nation is shown above as guard Paul Henley puts a sure stopper on the carrier, but tackle Rockne Calhoun (79) and backs Norm Beal (21) and Andy Russell are on hand to help.*

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ever, several of the sixty Tigers stand out without anyone calling attention to them.

Danny LaRose is finally fulfilling the promise he showed as an All Conference sophomore, and looms as our brightest prospect for All American in many years. His running mate Gordon Smith gives the Tigers the strongest defensive flanks ever, perhaps. Tackle Eddie Blaine and center Mike Langan have come on unexpectedly strong to team with veteran interior linemen Calhoun, Garvis and Henley to give us a rather compact but extremely strong number one line. The second line, led by sophomores Hertz and Hitchler, has also improved each week and provided unexpected strength. Poised Junior quarterback Ron Taylor has shown the ability of a veteran in moving the team. He and sophomore Jim Johnson have stepped into big shoes, and if anything they have

strengthened the position over last year. This plugged the hole in the otherwise deep backfield, which has to be the real strength of the team. It doesn't make much difference whether it's West and Smith at the halfbacks with Mehrer at fullback or Beal and Stevenson at the halves and sophomore Russell at full, the Tiger team moves on the ground; and this is only half the story because all of these are strongly aided and abetted by defensive specialists Brossart and Snyder when the other team has the ball.

This is a far cry from our cautious optimism of September, but these boys—no, men—have made believers out of us. Five games do not a season make, as the 1905 Tigers learned when they dropped their last four in a row after their auspicious start; but right now—at halftime—things are looking pretty good for the home team.

JEAN MADDEN

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## When I saw the team at Penn State

*Donald Dicker, '50, of 358 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y., set down some of his impressions in the following account after watching the Tigers defeat Penn State 21-8—his first look at the team since he left the campus.*

The trip from New York City to the pretentiously-named home town of Pennsylvania State University is a rough, overnight, nine-hour drag by bus. But on a recent football Saturday, I risked chronic kidney damage and chilblains to watch the Nittany Lions in action against my alma mater, Missouri's Tigers, at University Park-State College.

I was going down to see what could be the best Missouri varsity in ten years come East to top or topple before one of the better teams in Lambert Trophyville.

In my undergraduate years, the Tigers rarely won their first two games, as this year's bunch had. One of the reasons was that those goldanged Mustangs from SMU had generally tweaked the Felines' whiskers by the middle of October. But, not this year!

The campus of Pennsylvania State University, a mixture of clean-looking new and venerable-looking older buildings, sprang jauntily out of the rolling green hills. The impression of size and power—of the school, of the vicinity and of the state was dramatic and slightly awe-inspiring.

I must attest that I like the city of Columbia better than University Park, although there is no comparison between the two campuses. Missouri's is definitely more charming, but smaller, older and not as well located scenically.

It is a lovely mile and a half walk from the clean little town to sparkling new Beaver Stadium, dedicated

only two weeks previously. Once inside the U-shaped concrete bowl, I had a chance to sit and assess my feelings. It was grand, after ten years, to see a big "MISSOURI" on the electric scoreboard. I was proud of the crisp, alert look of the black-and-gold-clad gladiators representing M.U.

When the numerically-smaller and much lighter Missouri team darted from their dressing room into the sunlit arena, I rang a mighty "Mizzou!" off the steel-blue sky and the far-away Alleghenies seemed to echo, "Mizzoooo!" I was perversely gratified to find that I had been seated squarely in the middle of thousands of Penn State alumni, on hand for Homecoming, and my hearty cheering disturbed them considerably.

Without going into detail, I savored every minute of the game, which M.U. won, 21-8. My antagonists, the State alumni, changed from grudging respect for "this little school" to sincere appreciation of the swift, brainy and well-coached squad that knocked the Nittany Lions from the unbeaten ranks, with more ease than the scoreboard indicated.

I was wafted out of the stadium by the delicious propulsion of unexpected victory and earnest nostalgia. I no longer dreaded the bumpy bus ride back to New York. I felt as I had when, as an undergraduate, I had rooted Missouri to a basketful of upsets and unforeseen glory.

There's nothing like a good football team to make the neglectful alumnus freshly aware of his precious days of hard-limbed and mercury-spirited youth at an American college.

This is one sophisticated Tiger spawn who has been tenderized by the current litter of striped kittens that had to be shown that they could not overcome the odds—and overcame them when they wouldn't be shown.