



2018

BSC Football: The Swenson Era

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Tartari, Jim; Hughes, Mike; Mason, Bob; and Worden, Charlie (2018). BSC Football: The Swenson Era. In *Selections from Archives and Special Collections, Bridgewater State University*. Item 7.

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BSC Football The Swenson Era



FOOTBALL RETURNS TO BSC!

1960-1967

A recollection of Bridgewater State College Coach Edward Swenson's efforts to bring varsity level football back into a Massachusetts State College and the stories of his trials and tribulations of his first eight years as head coach.



This is a Bridgewater State University Football Alumni project inspired by many of Coach Swenson's former players to commemorate their beloved coach and teammates who left us before their time.

BSC Football The Swenson Era

Or otherwise nicknamed by Mike Hughes,
"Tomatoes, Bug Juice, and the Seven Diamond"

By Jim Tartari '64,
Mike Hughes '65, Bob Mason '65
and Charlie Worden '70

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This book is not for sale. It can be obtained for donation to the Bridgewater Football Alumni Association to support the Football Program and the scholarship and award funds.

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Go Bears!



Mike

Charlie

Jim

Mase

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Introduction

This project is based on the fading memories of players from the nascent years of Bridgewater football and the limited historical records of that era. It is the story of the culmination of another, albeit individual project, that of Ed Swenson, whose commitment, perseverance, and contagious good nature brought football to Bridgewater after a thirty three year hiatus.

The project was conceived 10 years ago when Mike Hughes and Bob Mason discussed approaching Coach Swenson, in retirement in Florida, about his solitary efforts in promoting and securing a football program at Bridgewater. Sadly, Coach Swenson passed on before preliminary steps were taken, and the best resource on the origins of the football program was lost. Two years ago, at the 50th Season Reunion of the Original Bears (the brainchild of Richie Florence, '74, and sponsored by the Alumni Association and Athletic Department), several old timers remarked on the paucity of information on those years, particularly relating to statistics. As a result, an ad hoc committee of Alumni made trips to the Brockton Public Library to scour the microfilm archives from 1959 through 1967 and glean as much information as possible about the early program. The BSU Library also made the Campus Comment Archives available for perusal. Although the reports were sketchy and many of them lacked statistics, the following history is based on this information and personal recollections.



Thanks go to Mike Somers, BSU Director of Library Services, Ellen Dubinsky, Digital Services Librarian, and Orson Kingsley, University Archivist and Special Collections Librarian for their support. To Dave Fee, Ed Meaney, Paul Callahan, Dave Morwick, Paul Doherty, Joe McCarthy, Skip Rodriquez, Al Strondak, Chris Lee, Steve Govoni, Tom Bell, Charlie Worden, and Bill Clifford for their interest and contributions, and to Bobby Lane for providing energy to this project and a copy of his scrapbook which has been invaluable. Bobby was another vital resource lost to the ages before this history could be completed.

This project is dedicated to those who played and supported the program during the early years of Bridgewater football, to the cheerleaders who devoted their energy and enthusiasm under difficult conditions, to the coaching staff who gave their time and expertise, to those members of the faculty and administration who provided moral and material encouragement, and to Edward C. Swenson, whose vision, fortitude, and unflinching optimism made it all possible.

ORIGINS

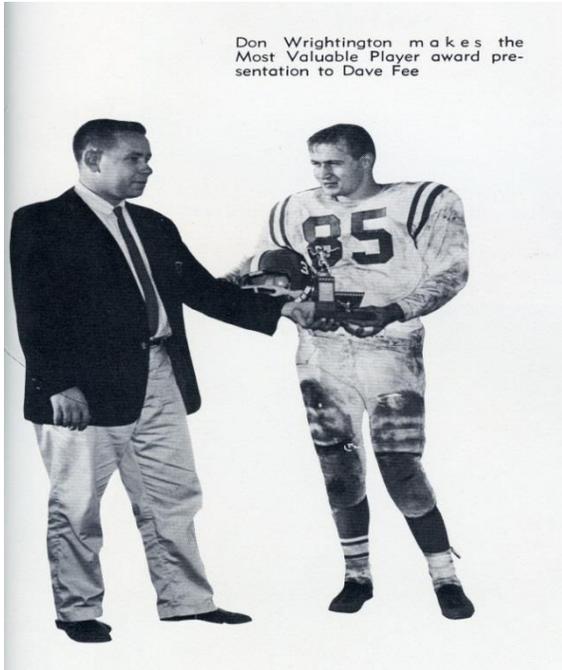
During the late 1950's, Bridgewater State Teachers College was a small institution that provided education and training at low cost to students of modest backgrounds who would staff the public school system at a time when the burgeoning post-war birthrate offered promising career opportunities. For most Bridgewater students, the teaching profession was a step up in the social order as most came from working class or small business families. This was also a time when governments at all levels were expanding funding for education. New facilities were being built or were in the offing at Bridgewater, and the constitutions of the nine Massachusetts State Teachers Colleges were being changed to include a liberal arts curriculum. In 1960 the school became the State College at Bridgewater and in two years the first freshman class would have the option of entering a liberal arts program or a teacher training program.

The student body in the fall of 1960 was comprised of 1,276 undergraduates, 700 of whom were commuters. The male undergraduate population had exceeded 400 and Bridgewater was admitted to the NCAA although most of its sports remained under NAIA auspices. Many were veterans who were attending school under the G.I. Bill. A sizeable number of undergraduates had been out of school for several years and some had families to support. Most were serious people, focused on graduating and getting a job. As the curriculum was education with the emphasis on elementary school teaching, women outnumbered men at the school by roughly four to one, and a great deal of influence at the College was wielded by the Dean of Women. Women had dress codes and curfews. Men rented rooms off-campus but could pay quarterly for board at the Dining Hall. In January, 1961, the original Mens Dormitory was opened. Many of the faculty were Bridgewater Alumni, several of whom were viscerally opposed to football and the purported "jock" culture that it might promote. The fast pace of events, the post-war generation's disdain for restraints, and a revolution in manners and morals caused considerable turmoil and resistance to change in some faculty members who held the reins of power. The school also had a first class Women's Physical Education program, whose faculty feared for their own future funding and were of the opinion that football would attract a lower quality of students to the detriment of Bridgewater's academic reputation. Further, the Director of Men's PE was not a supporter of football as it might divert money from his baseball program. This was what Ed Swenson faced in his effort to create a football program at Bridgewater.

Ed Swenson held down several positions at Bridgewater. He was Assistant to the Head of Men's Physical Education, taught Health and Physical Education courses for men, coached soccer, basketball, and track. He eventually became Director of Athletics. He had a first class soccer program that dominated the New England small colleges during those years and had winning basketball and track programs. He was well-known and well-regarded in New England athletic circles, and had numerous contacts throughout the area, including alumni from his Alma Mater, Boston College, who had attained positions of influence and authority in sports and political circles. Many area coaches and contacts were encouraging their athletes to go to Bridgewater because of his

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initiatives. He began his quest in earnest in 1957 and worked tirelessly to convince administrators of the value of football to a well-balanced athletic program. However, introducing football would be difficult because no other Massachusetts state college offered a varsity collegiate football program.



One of his players, Dave Fee, '62, remembers the coach as a visionary whose players were the “pioneers for football not just at Bridgewater, but for all the state colleges in New England. If we didn’t succeed, the entire program in the state and New England would never have gotten off the ground....when you really think about the conditions and circumstances in the first few years of Bridgewater football, it’s not only a major accomplishment but a minor miracle that we (with SWA) pulled it off with legitimate success.” (D. Fee, Email, June 26, 2011). He goes on to relate “I was always told by the Bridgewater faculty and administration that Bridgewater was a pacesetter for all the other [state colleges]. My high school football coach encouraged me to attend BSC as he knew what SWA was planning. He also said that Bridgewater politically was the pioneer for

change in the state college system. SWA’s main focus was clearly to get football established under tough conditions. I played soccer for him my first two years, not knowing anything about soccer, and he continually whispered to us that he was really looking at us freshmen and sophomores on the soccer team who played high school football to get ready for football. He made no bones about it to us that there were strong forces opposed to this. We all know that SWA was not the greatest tactical coach, but that was overcome by his leadership, love of the game, his inspiration, vision and commitment to us.”

SWA, incidentally, is the affectionate term used by Coach Swenson’s players. It was in reference to his initialing his correspondence with “Sw”.

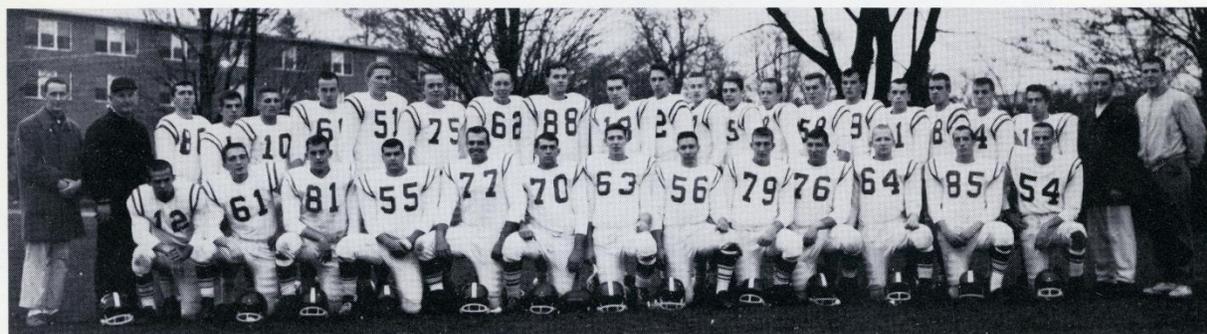
The culmination of Coach Swenson’s efforts came in 1959 when the student body voted on and approved fees for the Men’s Athletic Association to fund the football program. The fee in 1960 and through at least 1964 was \$35 per student. This was considerable as tuition was \$100 per semester, room and board \$120 per quarter. In 2011 dollars, those amounts can be multiplied by a factor of 8. The Campus Comment noted in February, 1959, that “the actual institution of a football program here at Bridgewater will be left entirely up to the students”. (Bill Kochanzyk, Campus Comment (CC), Feb. 18, 1959). In March, The Campus Comment indicated that there would be a student assembly on May 5 sponsored by the MAA, featuring Mike Holovak, BC coach and

former teammate of Coach Swenson, Jack Fischer, Weymouth High School coach, and Ralph Colson, State Director of Physical Education, who would present their views on college football. (CC, Mar. 31, 1959). In the same issue, an article “Many Faculty Members Favor Football If Handled Carefully, Kept in Place” gave reasons that a football program would benefit the school: “[football would] enhance the status and prestige of the college; promote good school spirit...increase Alumni interest and financial support.” Supporters should “face facts” that the program needed a field with a fence for gate receipts and that football “should be kept in its place and not over-emphasized.”

There were no follow-up articles on the May 5 assembly or on a student vote to fund football. However, the Campus Comment of May 26, 1959, “SCA sponsors Open Forum on Football” might be an allusion to it, although nothing is said of contributions by Holovak, Colson, or Fischer. Coach Swenson opened the meeting detailing the program and declared that football should come now rather than later to coincide with the general expansion of the college. He identified other possible colleges planning football programs and recommended informal games in 1961 and a four game official schedule in 1962. He proposed using either the town of Bridgewater’s Legion Field or the Middleboro High School field for games until a stadium was built. At the time the college was acquiring property for expansion of its facilities. He stated that initial expenses would be \$157.45 per player for a total of \$6,500.00 and listed the expenses by category. In the same issue, “Tentative Football Budget Submitted”, described Coach Swenson submitting a budget to the Student Cooperative Association (SCA) Financial Committee. The SCA was the student government body at that time. The coach showed a tentative schedule for the proposed New England Football Conference, which was to include Maine Maritime and Massachusetts Maritime. Sophomore Don Wrightington was appointed as manager. In the same issue was a reference to postponing football until 1961 or 1962.

The final reference to football, prior to the program’s inception was in the Campus Comment of Oct 28, 1959, “SCA Reports on Dues”. Under the category “Football” was “an amount not to exceed \$7,000.00 this year will be devoted to the purchase of equipment. The sum of \$850.00 has already been allocated for used football equipment. Next year will begin with an informal schedule and the second year will see some serious play.” Another article, “Return of Varsity Football Under Way” indicated that the program would begin in fall, 1960.

In future years, Ed Swenson worked closely with the student leadership in the SCA and MAA to ensure a good budget and continuing political support for football’s survival at the college.



FRONT ROW, l. to r.: E. Windell, J. Corcoran, W. Wassell, R. Peluso, J. Argir, Co-Capt., T. Salvo, Co-Capt., P. Flynn, C. Thibodeau, E. Meany, R. Kherlopian, W. Dugan, P. Callahan, C. Romano. BACK ROW: W. Bartlett, Coach Swenson, F. Hardy, A. Sarno, L. Rendell, E. Madden, J. Porter, R. Boulay, R. Hatch, A. Curry, J. Tartari, W. Satkus, D. Fee, J. McCarthy, T. Judd, D. Morwick, T. Ferus, P. Doherty, J. Kelliher, R. Deavor, J. Smith, Coach Jardin, W. Murphy.

THE FIRST SEASON: 1960 THE "ORIGINAL BEARS"

Early September, 1960 witnessed the return of undergraduates and the inclusion of a large freshman class, many of whom came to Bridgewater specifically to play football. There was no pre-season training, and a few announcements posted on bulletin boards gave specific times for signing-up. There was a severe hurricane that first week, which put off classes and football for a couple of days. Practices began shortly after that, around the second week of September.

Coach Swenson had bought the old Abington Town Team equipment, and equipment manager/maintenance custodian, John "Mac" McCallum issued uniforms and equipment by class, seniors first. The uniforms were used for both practice and the first unofficial game. There were a pile of used football shoes with new cleats that players had to sort through to find a pair that would fit. Some of the shoulder pads were in bad condition, but newly purchased ones were available after a short time. The uniforms were white, with green numerals and green and gold trim. Some of the pants had green and gold stripes and some were solid gold. The helmets were plastic Riddell suspension helmets used by most professional teams, and older, plastic helmets with high crowns and ear pockets popularized by Navy. They were painted red with a white median stripe and numerals on the sides, which as they were issued at random, never matched the numerals of anyone's jersey. These unmatched numbers on helmets were used for the first three seasons. During the second season, the head of one freshman was so large that none of the helmets fit. Mike Holovak, who by that time was in his second season as coach of the Boston Patriots, furnished Swa with a larger helmet. It was white, with the Patriots insignia painted over, and remained so for the remainder of the year. That same season there was an odd orange helmet with black stripe which was worn by one of the starters. By the time of the Nichols game, white jerseys with red numerals arrived for game purposes, although the practice pants were worn for the games. Later in the season about 20 game pants with red pinstripes arrived and were issued to upperclassmen and some starters. The white game uniforms were used home and

away for the first three years. In 1961 a red short-sleeved cotton jersey with printed white numerals was used for a pre-season game against the Norfolk County Correctional, but did not hold up well after washing and was never used again. It was not until the fourth season that a red home jersey was finally acquired. Some of the numerals did not match the white uniform numbers; Bob Peluso who had worn number 55 in white for three seasons had to wear number 71 in red. To save money, Coach Swenson had Mac wash the uniforms in the equipment room, and the colors ran. Consequently, we wore faded red jerseys with pink numerals after the first game.

The cheerleading squads was issued red skirts, but were



Cheer Capt. Jeanne Doherty

our drills from the sidewalk opposite Tillinghast. One of the hazards of lower campus was that the neighbors would walk their dogs over it and it took considerable vigilance to evade the resulting detritus. Many a player would be seen wiping his knuckles on the ground after taking a three point stance at an unpropitious location.

CO-CAPTAINS TOM SALVO AND PETE FLYNN



required to purchase their own white shirts and sweaters. For basketball they were issued a red vest, but had to buy their white shirts. Cheerleading had been institutionalized at Bridgewater for basketball and soccer.

The practices were held every afternoon and on Saturday mornings on Lower Campus where the Library and Student Union now stand. Coach Swenson was ably assisted by Coach Frank Jardin, who worked with the backfield, and adult student (age 43) Manny Costa who commuted with his BSC student son from New Bedford. There was a large turnout from all classes in the sweltering heat and groups of students would watch us sweat through

Coach Swenson's philosophy was "run, run, run" and many former players credited his success in soccer and basketball to his obsession with fitness, where his teams would wear down their opponents in the waning moments. Upperclassmen had also learned the trick of hiding in the bushes while doing laps around the tennis courts. Coach eventually confined laps to the open areas of Lower Campus. At times Coach Swenson would call for breaks to line up at the water bucket and Coach Jardin would command "backs don't take water breaks!" So the linemen would break for water and Swa would guffaw avuncularly. There were times when coach would halt practice and have the squad unload trucks for food delivery at Tillinghast. At more than one practice he would conscript players to line the women's field hockey pitch behind Kelly Gym.

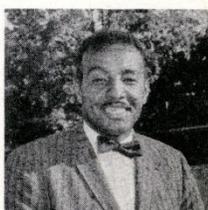
As the weeks progressed, the ranks began to thin as many of the upperclassmen became immersed in their teacher training regimens with continually accumulating preparation and classwork. The demands of classes took a toll on others, and a few freshmen dropped out of school altogether. There were some seventeen freshmen who turned out that year and only eight returned the following year (although a further six from that class joined in 1961 and another in 1962). Several freshmen started, including Dave Morwick at quarterback, Bob Peluso at Center, John Kelliher at fullback, Peter Corr at halfback, Joe McCarthy at linebacker, Jerry Tripp at defensive tackle, and Ed Wendell at safety. Lee Rendell, a sophomore had an exceptional season as a running back.



Mr. Edward C. Swenson
Coach of Football
Basketball and Track
Athletic Director



Frank Jardin
Assistant Football Coach



Manuel Costa
Football Trainer

Coach Jardin's offensive scheme had right and left halfbacks alternate in the wingback position depending on the call, and there was a brilliant wingback trap play that was underutilized, and a fullback counter-trey that might have worked had we had trap blocking. There was also a screen play that was only used that first season. Coach Jardin related that most of the plays were taken from the published playbook of Iowa's legendary coach, Forrest Eveschevski. Defenses were standard 6-3 and the 5-4 "Oklahoma" (in today's parlance 4-3 and 3-4). In short situations the gap eight was utilized, although Coach was jokingly accused of wanting to implement a seven diamond formation from the 1930's.

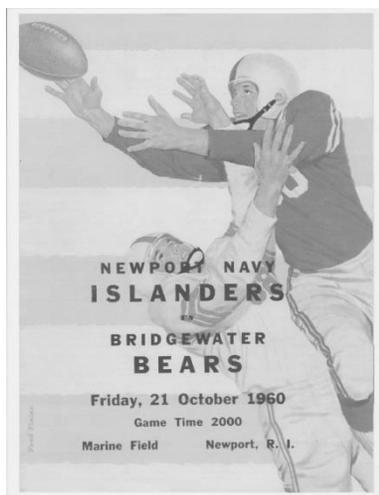
As Bridgewater was such a small college, it did not have to play under NCAA rules, which prohibited freshmen from playing on the first team, and only allowed a few substitutes per quarter. Following NAIA rules, Bridgewater was allowed to use a platoon system, unlimited substitution, and freshmen at will.

The Brockton Enterprise of Oct 14, 1960 alludes to a "BTC" scrimmage. This was probably in reference to the unofficial game played at the Miramar Seminary in Duxbury against the Seminarians. It was played under official game conditions and Bridgewater prevailed 30-8. Dave Morwick threw three touchdown passes, one a seventy yarder to Junior Dave Fee, and another two long passes to Sophomore Paul Callahan. Bridgewater wore the uniforms with the green numerals, gold pants, and red helmets that day. The Seminarians wore black.

A week later, on October 15, 1960, with new white jerseys sporting red numerals (still wearing pants with green and gold stripes), BSC spoiled Nichols College's Homecoming by an 18-0 margin. On the first drive, Peter Corr made a 12 yard run, followed by two passes, Morwick to Callahan, for 20 yards, and ended with an interception. Nichols punted and John Kelliher ran the punt back 34 yards. Lee Rendell ran two successive times for 15 yards and on fourth down, a scrambling Morwick hit Callahan for a 21 yard touchdown. The two point conversion attempt was stopped.

In the next series, Peluso recovered a Nichols fumble. Morwick threw a 13 yard pass to Corr, and then was intercepted. Nichols was forced to punt. Lee Rendell ran the punt back 65 yards for a score. The conversion attempt was stopped. In the final quarter, Morwick threw an 11 yard touchdown to Callahan that was called back. Two plays later, Rendell carried the ball for 10 yards into the end zone. Final score BSC 18 Nichols 0.

The Brockton Enterprise, Oct 17, 1960 provided the following statistics: 1st downs, BSC 10, Nichols 5; Yards rushing, BSC 190, Nichols 70; Passing, BSC 7 for 14 for 150 yards; Nichols 1 for 5, 12 yards. BSC intercepted 4 times; Nichols once. That was a record setting performance.



[Program art by Fred Fixler. Google -]
[1960, Bridgewater, Newport, for more]

The following Friday, the program suffered its first loss at Newport Naval Station under the lights, 35-6. The club took a school bus to Newport where they were provided a standard Navy mess hall fare. The players were set up in a transient billet and there was a definite feeling of dread about playing one of the better military clubs on the Atlantic coast. Newport had won the East Coast Armed Services Championship in 1959, and the fleet was in. Even the ex-veterans conveyed a worried expression. The sailors lived up to their reputation, with a quick, stocky running back named Jim Marshall, who ran almost at will. The lone bright spot was a 62 yard touchdown pass, Morwick to Callahan. Joe McCarthy's runback of an interception 25 yards for a touchdown was called back. The next week BSC was beaten 40-0 by Maine Maritime, which had the premier program among New England small colleges at the time.

There were no reports and no statistics on the game. The game was played at our home grounds, the Town of Bridgewater's Legion Field. It was a good mile from the gym and players had to team up

in full pads in available cars to get to the complex. There were instances when players rode on Honda motor scooters or walked. The Campus Comment of November 8 provided some information: leading ground gainer, Lee Rendell, no total yardage; top receiver, Paul Callahan with 10 receptions, no yardage given; Callahan with a punting average of 41.6 yards; top passer, Dave Morwick, 17 of 35, no yardage given; leading tackles, Jerry Tripp with 31; Dave Fee with 25. Unfortunately, there were no follow-up statistics in future issues.

On Veteran's Day, November 11, 1960, Bridgewater held its first Homecoming game, hosting the Brown University Freshmen. This was also the first Homecoming Weekend for the college as there had been no celebration as such during the soccer years. It was initiated on the night before the game with a bonfire and pep rally on Lower Campus. This tradition continued, except for 1963 when it was held in Kelly gym because of a deluge, until they built the "old" Student Union on Lower Campus. Originally, the coach had scheduled the Massachusetts Maritime Academy for Homecoming. This match-up could have initiated a season-ending rivalry for posterity. Unfortunately, Mass. Maritime was unable to field a team and Coach Swenson managed to obtain a replacement for that date through his contacts at Brown University. Brown was rumored to be building a team for its 200th anniversary in 1963 and the squad they produced was big, talented, and well drilled. Brown spoiled Bridgewater's first Homecoming, 32-0. The only statistic mentioned in the Brockton Enterprise was a 20 yard pass, Morwick to Callahan. Paul Callahan was voted Most Valuable Player for the season. The co-captains elected for the game were Peter Flynn and Tom Salvo (Prior to this team vote, Coach Swenson had picked the captains, Senior guard Peter Flynn for Nichols, Senior tackle Jim Argir for Newport, and Junior tackle Tom Salvo for Maine Maritime; Argir and Flynn might have been selected for Miramar).



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Despite the last three games, the team came away with a feeling of no little accomplishment, and with all but two starters returning. Dave Morwick had established himself as a leader, cool under pressure, and the pivot of a promising offense. He was picked the best future prospect by the Campus Comment. The team elected juniors

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
PAUL CALLAHAN



Tom Salvo and Dick Kherlopian, both tackles, as co-captains for the next season. Kherlopian had prior football experience in the Marine Corps and Salvo had been the first freshman football player at Boston University to have won the Gridiron Club of Boston's "Swede Nelson Award". (As is transpired, Swede Nelson was brought in as guest speaker at the 1963 M.A.A. Awards banquet, the upshot of which is presented in the Personal Recollections Section.)

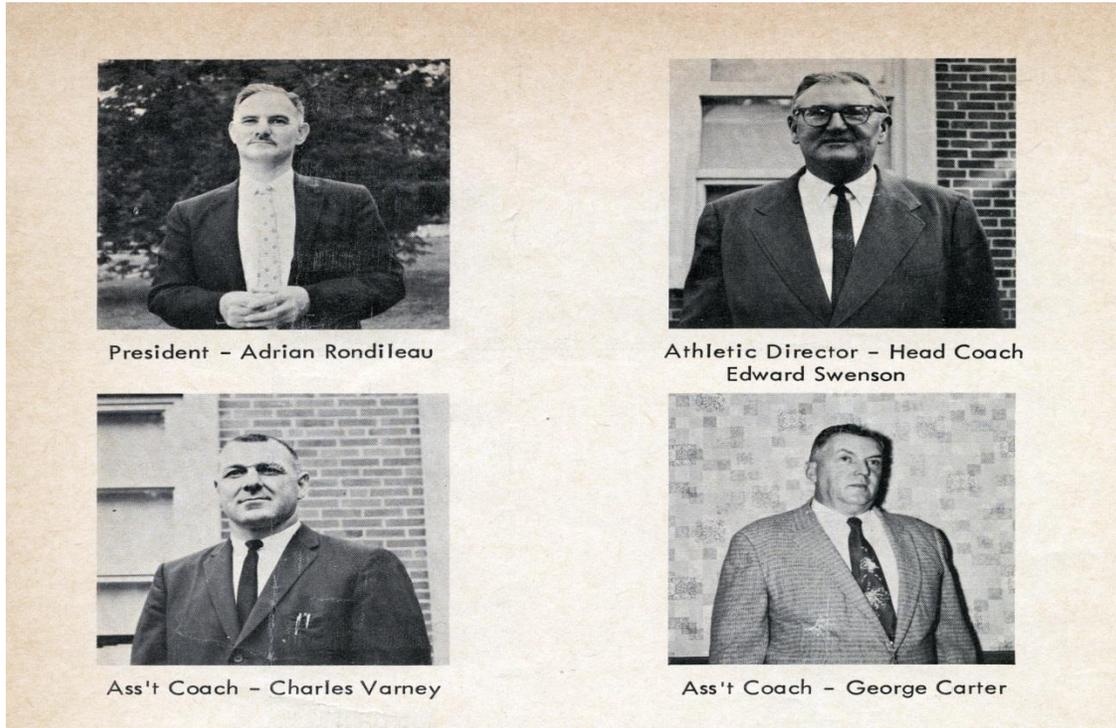


GO—O—O—



ATTACK!!

SEASON TWO: 1961



The second season began with a week of double sessions prior to the opening of classes. Again, another large freshman class (19), along with several new sophomores, including Bobby Lane, Bob Mason, Dick Baldwin and returning upperclassmen expanded the ranks and depth of the team. Coach Swenson had increased his coaching staff to include Charlie Varney, Arthur Cullatti and George "Nick" Carter. Charlie Varney was a Middleboro football legend, who played many years for the Town Team, and had coached at Bridgewater High School before it merged with Raynham. The team stayed in the new Men's Dorm, and morning practice began at 7 A.M., lasting until 9 or 10, and afternoon practice began at 4 and lasted until 6 or 7 P.M. Meals were furnished in the basement of the Methodist Church Parish Hall, which was also used for meetings of Christian Fellowship, a gathering for Protestant students. Situated behind the Administration Building, Coach had enlisted the services of some local ladies to prepare and serve three meals. The meals consisted of assorted inexpensive "mystery meat" (cold cuts), lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers from Coach's farm, picked by fraternity pledges unencumbered by football, thick slabs of homemade bread, mustard, and "bug juice" (lemonade). It had the effect of moving swiftly through one's intestinal tract. As there were few, if any, who rose for breakfast at 6 A.M., on the second day, Coach Swenson gave a brand new two dollar bill to each player to subsidize meals for the remainder of the week. Probably out of Swa's own pocket.



Bears 1961—First Row, l. to r.: W. Buxton; D. Morwick; R. Lane; W. Wassell; J. Collins; T. Salvo, R. Kherlopian, Co-captains; R. Daviov; R. Baldwin; D. Fee; R. Calzini; R. Peluso; P. Callahan; R. Mason. **Second Row:** Head Coach Swenson; Asst. Coach A. Cullati; C. Thibodeau; J. Tartari; A. McCarthy; E. Meany; W. Davis;

H. Hague; R. Hicks; A. Curry; J. McCarthy; T. Burbridge; R. Parent; Asst. Coach G. Carter; Asst. Coach C. Varney; **Third Row:** P. Doherty; C. Elliot; L. Klaiman; W. Dugan; L. Bernard; E. Kelley; T. Connors; M. Barnes; T. Baldrate; A. Sarno; M. Rizzo; M. Hughes.

It was a hot week, with a final session on Saturday morning. The coaches instituted a new slot formation; converting Callahan from end to slot back. A sophomore who had been unable to play the previous year due to a shoulder operation was also being tested at the slot. He impressed everyone with his speed, agility, and hard hitting. Although only 165 pounds, Bobby ran head on into a 215 pound tackle in practice. The tackle was knocked unconscious and Bobby was still running. The system also introduced a student body sweep, with both guards pulling, the quarterback pitching to the trailing half/slot and the fullback and onside half/slot back leading/blocking down. The quarterback also ran interference. It was a successful play and one of the few plays utilizing pulling guards. Blocking assignments, for the most part, were unimaginative. In the first four years, the only trap play used was a wing trap during the first season. The coach instituted a 6-2 defense with the two inside linebackers standing directly behind the defensive guards. After the Newport game, a 6-3 was reintroduced for greater flexibility as well as a 5-4 on passing situations.



67 Jim Tartari, 55 Bob Peluso, 12 Bobby Lane

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The second season kicked off with two unofficial contests under game conditions. The first was, against a reputable Northeastern team in Brookline. Northeastern prevailed 8-6 in a hard-fought meeting where the coaches rotated a lot of players to observe them in action. Several players blamed the loss on the officiating of one of BSC's staff members. The second game was a 12-8 win over Norfolk County Jail, played in the prison compound. We were also fed a modest but sufficient meal at the jail.

On a Friday afternoon in Providence, R.I., BSC held its first official game of the season, against the Brown University J.V. squad, which included many of the players who had so handily defeated us the previous November. It was a stalemate until three minutes before the end of the first half, when slot back, Bobby Lane broke loose for 63 yards and was finally brought down on the Brown 15. Lee Rendell gained three, and Dave Morwick threw for the first time that afternoon, finding Dave Fee in the end zone. Fee



kicked for the conversion. Junior Bill Wassel returned the second half kickoff 25 yards to the Brown 45. Morwick then hit Freshman Wayne Buxton between three defenders for 16 yards. On the next play, Morwick threw a 29 yard pass to Paul Callahan playing in the slot, but the drive subsequently stalled. During the next series, Wassel blocked a punt on the Brown 40. On the first play, Morwick threw a touchdown pass to Fee. Bobby Lane finished the scoring with an electrifying 65 yard run. The Brockton Enterprise reported "Lane, unable to play last year because of an injury, gained 162 yards rushing, averaging 23 yards per carry, the most spectacular of which was a 65 yard TD run in the third period." Morwick ended up 6 for 9 and three touchdowns and 114 yards in the air. Sophomore Bob Mason, a transfer from Fitchburg, made 40% of the tackles in one of the most impressive defensive

performances in BSC history, before or since. Joe McCarthy was also credited on defense, as were linemen Bob Peluso, Dick Kherlopian, Tom Salvo, John Collins, Dick Baldwin, and Ray Daviau. The Columbia University coach, Buff Donelli, a former head coach at B.U., whose team was to play Brown the following day, happened to watch the game. Coach Donelli had singular praise for the BSC team and congratulated Coach Swenson on the fine performance.

The following week, Bridgewater played another unofficial game at Mass Maritime Academy in Buzzards Bay. This was the return game scheduled the prior season and an obligation that BSC fulfilled. Maritime's cancellation of the Homecoming match the previous season may have been the reason that it was kept off the schedule for many years. BSC prevailed, 8-0.

The next official game was against Newport Naval Station at home. The game was a rout with Newport prevailing, 43-0. (At the time, the previous year's Heisman Trophy winner, the Naval Academy's Joe Bellino was stationed at Newport and playing part time for the Patriots. Newport didn't need him). Again, Newport's Jim Marshall ran all over the Bears' defense. The only honorable mention was Bellino's former teammate at Winchester High, Bob Peluso, "outstanding in the line" according to the Brockton Enterprise.

Bridgewater travelled to Castine, Maine, the following Friday, enjoying its first "away" weekend in a motel eight miles outside of Orono. This time a proper bus was hired and Coach Swenson issued everyone a five dollar bill to cover meals for the weekend. It entailed a 35 mile drive to Castine for the match. Maine Maritime was 4-0 at that point in the season, had held their opponents to 40 yards per game, and had won 16 of their last 18 games. That afternoon BSC gained over 200 yards in offense, with Morwick throwing for 112 in the air, all but one of nine passes to Dave Fee. As the Brockton Enterprise reported, "two penalties and a blocked kick proved to be the difference as the Bridgewater State College football team fell one touchdown short of upsetting heavily favored Maine Maritime."

After a scoreless first quarter, BSC was forced to punt inside their half. Paul Callahan dropped back and blasted a punt that travelled more than 60 yards. It was called back for a fifteen yard holding penalty. A second Callahan punt went over 70 yards, only to be called back for holding again. A third punt was blocked and recovered by Maritime inside the Bears' 12 yard line. The Middies scored from the two yard line and kicked the conversion. This proved to be the margin of victory. The officiating was atrocious and the field was a bed of gravel.

Early in the third period, Maine scored from a 15 yard off tackle play and ran in a two point conversion. Later in the quarter Maine scored again, after three consecutive 15 yard penalties against the Bears, conversion failing. In the waning minutes of the quarter, trailing 21-0, Bridgewater had a third down, thirty to go, on its own 44 yard line. Coach Swenson made a daring call for a fullback draw play. The hole opened up and fullback Bill Wassel sprinted 56 yards for a touchdown. In the final quarter, Morwick directed a 70 yard drive, carrying the ball over from a yard out behind 250 pound Ray Daviau. Bobby Lane carried over for the conversion. Maine ran out the clock, winning 21-14.



BSC's biggest supporter, Mac McCallum, equipment manager and Bridgewater resident, drove up under his own steam to watch the game. As the game progressed, and Mac provided himself with libations, he loudly objected to the deplorable home town officiating. At one point he became so incensed that he fell out of the stands.

Homecoming was again early in November, although no longer the final game of the season. Nichols College was hosted, and elected to kick off upon winning the coin toss. Bobby Lane ran the kickoff back to the 30. A series of kicks ensued as neither team was able to muster a drive. Bridgewater finally initiated a drive from its own 18, with runs by Lane and Wassel, and two passes to Fee over the middle for first downs. The drive stalled at the Nichols 29. On the second play, Nichols fumbled as Freshmen Roly Hicks and Joe Verette recovered the ball. Nichols held and Callahan kicked. Another BSC drive stalled again on the Nichols 27 and the half ended scoreless.

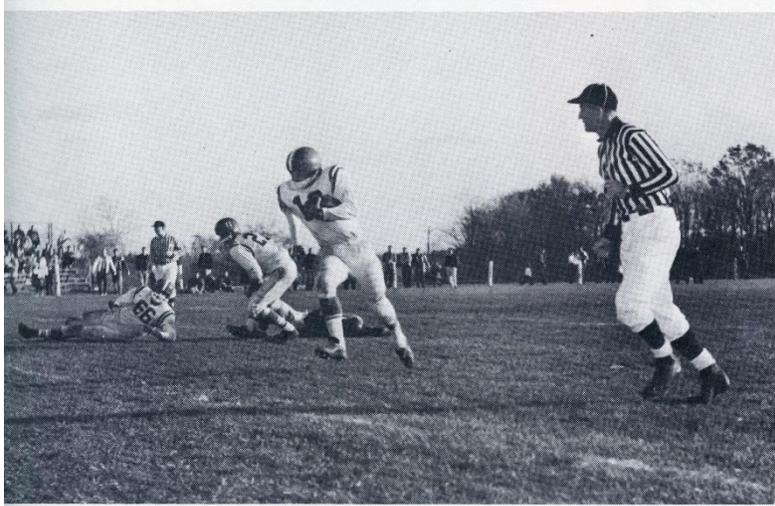
After a Nichols punt in the third quarter, the Bears took possession and moved to the Nichols 45. Bill Wassel took the ball on a dive play and raced 45 yards for the first score. Taking the lead into the fourth quarter, BSC had possession on the Nichols 49. Dave Morwick called the sweep with Bobby Lane carrying. Lane skirted the end with Morwick running interference. Lane raced to the 25 yard line where, before he was dragged down, alertly lateraled to Morwick, now in support. Morwick ran the ball in for the score. On the conversion, Morwick called an end round to Dave Fee who threw to Lee Rendell in the end zone. The game was capped with a Morwick to Lane 67 yard pass for a touchdown, conversion failing. The final score was Bridgewater 20 Nichols 0. Morwick was 8 of 14 for 120 yards and Bobby Lane had 150 all-purpose yards. Dave Fee was selected Most Valuable Player.

The Brockton Enterprise provided some statistics crediting Bobby Lane with an 11.5 yard average run to date, Bill Wassel with an 8.2 yard average carry, and Dave Morwick with a 50% completion rate and an average of 15.8 yards per pass.

The final game of the season was at Quonset Point Naval Air Station in Rhode Island. On the opening kickoff, Bobby Lane took the ball and galloped 95 yards for a touchdown. The Quonset Scout reported that Lane "raced around, over, and between Quonset defenders to give the 'Teachers' the lead." In the second period, Quonset drove the ball 75 yards only to fumble the ball inside the Bridgewater ten yard line. Later in the period, Lane took a handoff from Morwick, and began to circle right end. Finding the defense stacked against him, he reversed field and outraced the opposition 51 yards for the score. The half ended with Quonset on the Bears' 15 yard line.

Following a Quonset punt early in the third period, Morwick found Lane on the Quonset ten yard line. The Bears moved it to the two yard line, where they ran out of downs. Quonset moved the ball to the 15 and were forced to punt. Shortly thereafter, Quonset fumbled on their own 25. Lee Rendell ran off 9 yards, followed by a Bill Wassel 16 yard touchdown run, giving the Bears an 18-0 lead. In the closing minutes of the third quarter, Quonset got on the board with a two yard plunge. The Airbees scored again on a 45 yard pass in the fourth quarter and kicked the conversion. Bridgewater's defense held in the waning minutes and emerged victorious 18-13. The Brockton Enterprise credited Bobby Lane with leading the team in three departments: points scored (26), rushing yardage (500), total yardage, and rushing average (11.2 yards per carry). Joe McCarthy remembers making three interceptions during that game.

The season ended on an upbeat win with a 3-2 official record, 2-1 unofficial record, and a close challenge to upset Maine Maritime, not to mention Northeastern. Paul Callahan and Lee Rendell were elected as co-captains for the 1962 season. There were many returning starters, having lost only three seniors on offense and one on defense, plus a heavy contingent of sophomores and freshmen. However, many of the latter dropped out for academic and disciplinary reasons, and a few decided to concentrate on their studies. The team also found it difficult to find adequate replacements for the two big offensive tackles, Salvo and Kherlopian in the ensuing seasons. Already questions were being raised concerning the viability of the program as proposed in a February, 1962 Campus Comment column, "Problems Affecting BSC's Future in Football".

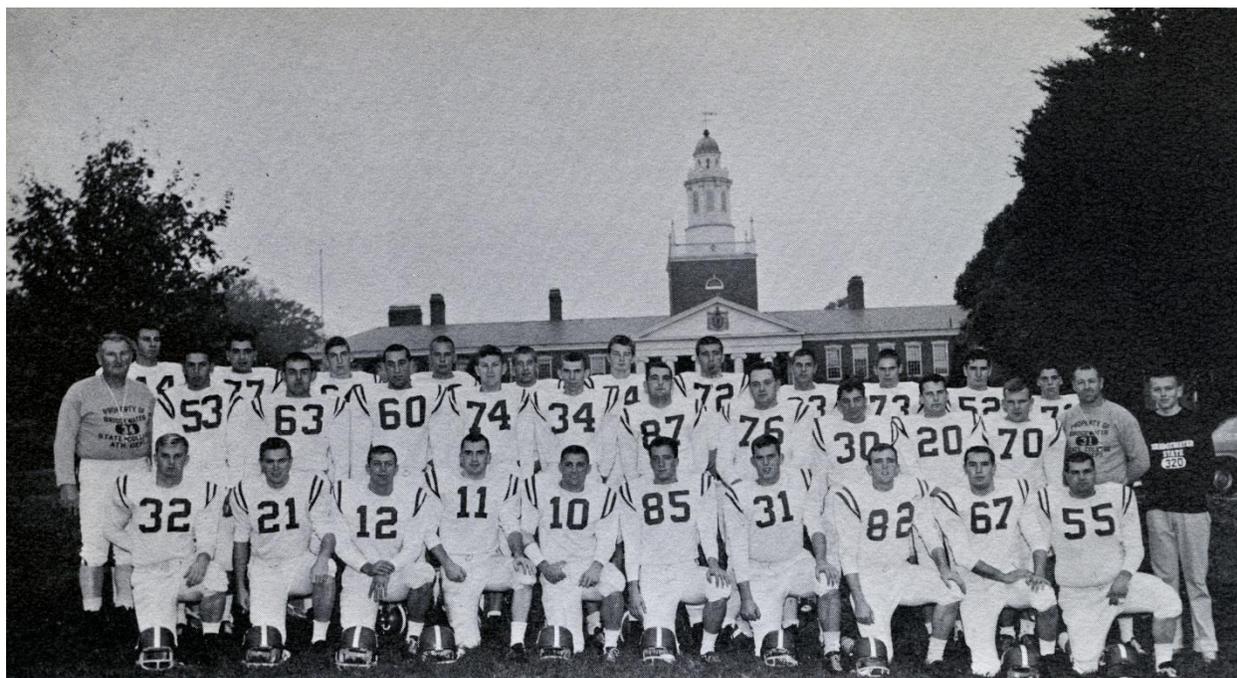


M-O-V-E



BSC PAT Attempt

SEASON THREE: 1962



Row 1: P. Curry, D. Morwick, R. Lane, P. Doherty, L. Rendell, Co-captain; P. Callahan, Co-captain; W. Wassel, W. Murphy, J. Tartari, R. Peluso. Row 2: Coach E. Swenson, R. Missouri, J. Fernandes, T. Klaiman, D. O'Connor, O. Connors, R. Fay, J. Fortner, M. Rizzo,

R. Moriarty, D. Murphy, Assistant Coach C. Varney, D. Emerson, Manager. Row 3: F. Devencindes, F. Forte, E. Wormstead, B. Hammond, M. Grable, R. Fitzpatrick, B. Lucey, R. Taylor, J. Jessie, W. Penney, B. Palumbo.



Co-Captains Lee Rendell and Paul Callahan with Coach Swenson

Preseason began with double sessions and another large group of freshmen (16) as well as some new additions to the sophomore and junior contingents. The sophomore class had already lost six members who had played significant minutes during the preceding season. Bob Mason, a stellar defensive back and linebacker was “red-shirted” to repeat his sophomore year. Coach Swenson had Charlie Varney returning as

assistant, and George "Nick" Carter, who had previously scouted for BSC but now devoted more time to working with the line. The slot formation was retained as was the 6-2 defense. Meals were again at the church basement and the fare had not improved. Swa issued five dollars for meals for the week. When school started, the team was given a "training table" at the Dining Hall at Tillinghast Hall. This was a table or two set aside at the rear of the hall for the evening meal, and the food was the same as served to everyone else. The preseason "unofficial" game was against Norfolk County Correctional which BSC won 8-0, marked by the defensive back play of sophomore Marty Rizzo. The line was lighter, with Bob Peluso starting at center for the third straight year. Dick Baldwin was again at guard and Jack Collins moved from guard to tackle. Two freshmen, Eric Wormstead and Bernie Lucey were picked for guard and tackle. Paul Callahan was moved back to end and Junior Arthur Curry moved to the other end. During the season, due to injuries, two more freshmen were required to start in the offensive line. The offensive backfield of Morwick, Rendell, Wassel, and Lane returned.

The Bears opened on a fog-bound Friday night at home against the highly favored Maine Maritime. Maine had just come off of a 33-0 win over the University of New Brunswick. The games opened auspiciously for BSC as Maritime misjudged the opening kickoff in the fog and were thrown for a safety by Paul Callahan and Frank DeVincentis. It was a difficult night for passing as one could not see the visitors' side of the field. Lane took the ensuing free kick and returned it to the 40 yard line. The Bears went on to march 60 yards, with Morwick mixing up plays, throwing short passes, and ending in a five yard toss to Callahan in the end zone. The Middies scored their first touchdown late in the first quarter as they marched forty yards in ten plays, culminating in a quarterback sneak. Lane ran the kickoff back for 35 yards, but BSC's offense was held. Maine scored again late in the second period with a long burst up the middle, and took a 12-8 lead into the half.

Early in the second half, Dave Morwick made a memorable call, rolling out on a third and long, he slipped the ball to Bobby Lane, who was set back to block. The defense chased after Dave in the fog and Bobby was off to the races, 35 yards for the score. Morwick tossed to Lane for the two point conversion and a 16-12 lead. In the final stanza, Bridgewater conducted a 70 yard march, with Lane and Wassel sharing 45 yards. Lee Rendell took the ball around left end 25 yards for the score. Maine came back with a 65 yard march, scoring, and making the conversion to bring the score to **22-20 BSC**. Late interceptions by Paul Doherty and Rick Moriarty deep in Bridgewater territory prevented Maine from regaining the lead. Bobby Lane ended up with 150 yards rushing, one touchdown and one conversion (pass reception).

At the time, this was perhaps BSC's biggest victory and thoroughly relished by the coaches and the team. Needless to say, our long-suffering cheerleaders were ecstatic. Unfortunately, several injuries were reported, including season-ending injuries for two freshmen, one a tackle and the other a defensive back. The Brockton Enterprise described Coach Swenson's search for someone who could kick extra points and field goals as well as the need to shore up the defensive secondary and the tackle position. A story by BSC Junior and Enterprise reporter, Bob Richards quoted the Coach's difficulty in holding full squad scrimmages at practice: "Since the College has put in the Liberal Arts program we have had the handicap of late classes. Some of the boys are only able to get in 20 minutes of running a day. The only thing I can do is to try to keep them in shape."

As Legion Field was unavailable, the Bears hosted Quonset Point Naval Air Station at Community Field in North Attleboro on a Saturday night. The Airbees were big and the line looked suspiciously like the Newport line of the previous years. They also had a big running back named Dale Hartz. After receiving the kickoff, BSC was held on downs. Quonset blocked the punt and recovered it on the one foot line, from where the Airbee quarterback, Charlie Ward, scored on the first play from scrimmage, Hartz adding the P.A.T. Hartz then scored in the second period and converted his own touchdown. Hartz scored again late in the quarter and again converted. The score was 21-0 at the half. Quonset's defense was overwhelming Bridgewater, stopping several drives and harassing the quarterback. In the fourth period, BSC made a drive on the passing of Morwick and running of Lane, Wassel and Rendell, but were held inside the 25 on downs. Quonset scored once more and came out on top, **28-0**. Peluso and Freshmen Lucey, Wormstead, and Cliff Fitzpatrick were lauded for their defensive efforts.

Homecoming was played at the Brockton Fair Grounds, again due to the unavailability of Legion Field. This year the Bears hosted Frostburg State College from Frostburg, Maryland. Bob Richards reported:

"Frostburg scored quickly in the first period. The drive started on the Frostburg 40 yard line and in 11 plays the visitors marched to pay dirt...[and] kicked the extra point...Frostburg made it 14-0 midway through the quarter when it marched 71 yards in five plays climaxing in a 50 yard pass play.

"Bridgewater came back early in the second quarter when it cashed in on a Callahan punt that sent the deep safety into the end zone to avoid a rushing Bear defender only to be tackled by Jack Collins for a two point safety. Bridgewater tallied its first

Cheerleaders

Row 1: C. Morris, M. Ross, J. Glynn, B. Sawin, Captain: J. Murphy, G. McGillick. Row 2: M. Maloney, A. Fredricks, S. Manning, C. Cavicchi, M. Potter.



touchdown midway in the second period when Collins recovered a Frostburg fumble on the Frostburg 34. In four plays, the Bears tallied...quarterback Dave Morwick passed for 30 yards to Bobby Lane. Three plays and two sacks later, the drive culminated in a nine yard Morwick to Wassel touchdown in the flat." Bridgewater threatened late in the half when it began on the Frostburg 49 and marched to the 15 when the half ended.

Trailing 14-8, Eric Wormstead recovered a fumble on the Frostburg 30. Bill Wassel carried it in from the five and Pat Messoire kicked the P.A.T. giving BSC the lead, 15-14. Taking the kickoff to its own 34, Frostburg moved the ball in six plays and a long penalty climaxing in a 13 yard touchdown pass. Later in the third period, Frostburg scored again on a halfback option pass.

Frostburg put the final icing on the cake when they scored late in the fourth quarter.

Final tally was, **Frostburg 33 BSC 15.**

Morwick was 7 of 12 and one TD for 78 yards; Bill Wassel scored two touchdowns and Paul Callahan kicked 60 and 62 yard punts and averaged 54 yards. Swenson praised Peluso for making tackles all over the field, and Collins, Wormstead, and Bill Penney for their play. Bob Peluso was selected MVP.



Bob Peluso wins the Most Valuable Player Award

The following week BSC travelled to Dudley to play Nichols on a muddy field, where the rain alternated with snow and sleet. At this point several players had been injured including another freshman tackle and several disillusioned players had left the team. The coach moved Collins back to guard playing two freshmen at tackle and tried to concentrate on the defensive ends and deep secondary during practices.

Bridgewater scored early in the first period, a 52 yard Morwick bomb to Frank DeVincentis taken between two defenders. Pat Messoire kicked the extra point. Nichols came back early in the second period following a Bridgewater fumble on its own fifteen. Nichols threw a touchdown on the next play. Late in the second period, BSC threatened with Morwick hitting freshman halfback Mike Grable with a 30 yard pass to the 3 yard line. Morwick then kept the ball, scoring over Peluso and Wormstead. The extra point attempt was missed.

Trailing 13-6 at the break, Nichols took the kickoff 50 yards and marched the 40 remaining yards in six plays for a touchdown. Nichols went for two points and made it on a fullback plunge. BSC was plagued with fumbles for the rest of the game (7 in all) and the muddy field made it difficult for the backs to get untracked, despite picking up 134 yards on the ground. Final score was, **Nichols College 14 Bridgewater 13.** Morwick threw 6 for 14 for 135 yards.

The next game was against a very big University of Bridgeport team in Bridgeport, Connecticut. This team was building for its 100th anniversary the following year.

BSC Football The Swenson Era

Bridgeport scored two early touchdowns in the first period. BSC scored its only touchdown in the second period when the running of Lane, Wassel, and Rendell brought the Bears to the five yard line in 12 plays. The drive was climaxed when quarterback Dave Morwick threw his fourth touchdown of the season, a short pass to Bobby Lane. This turned out to be the last touchdown pass of his career as he succumbed to a debilitating back injury on an attempted pass play and was prevented from playing football or baseball again. He ended with 117 yards for the game. Coach Swenson tried playing freshman halfback Mike Grable at the position, who completed one pass and scrambled for ten yards. Jack Collins was also lost for the season with a broken wrist. Bridgeport continued to score and the final tally was **Bridgeport 32, Bridgewater 6.**

The final game was played against Central Connecticut College in New Britain, Connecticut. The loss of Morwick, who had started every game for the first three years began a search for quarterback in addition to the need to firm up the tackle positions. Mike Grable was worked out in that position during the week. Demoralized, BSC succumbed to Central 47-0, who ran up 250 yards on the ground. For BSC, Bill Wassel turned in a 30 yard run, ending a very difficult season.

The team elected Bobby Lane and Bob Peluso as co-captains for the next season. Lane led in statistics with 430 yards rushing in 91 carries (4.5 yards).



10 Lee Rendell escapes defender



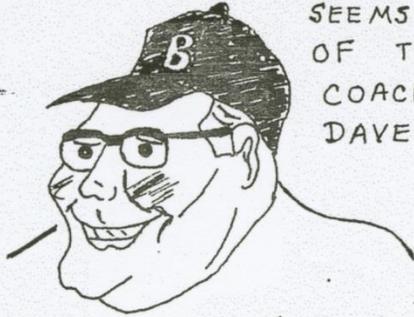
85 Paul Callahan Punts



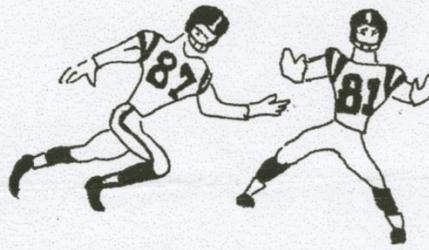
12 Bobby Lane follows 72 Bernie Lucy's blocking

COACH SWENSON, "THE SILVER FOX"

SEEMS PLEASED WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE TEAM AND HIS NEW COACHING STAFF — CHARLEY VARNEY, DAVE DEEP, JOE LAZARO



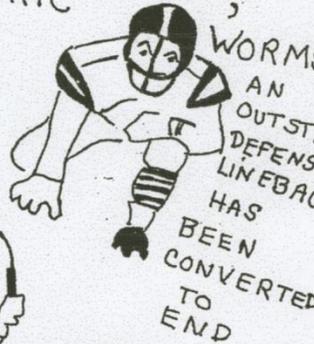
RETURNING ENDS
BOB FAY MIKE HUGHES



THIS YEAR THE TEAM IS BUCKLING DOWN! NO MORE PARTIES THE NIGHT BEFORE



LAST YEAR'S BRUISING GUARD, ERIC WORMSTEAD, AN OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE LINEBACKER HAS BEEN CONVERTED TO END



THE '63 BEARS ARE ON THE WAGON

TA-TA

SEASON FOUR: 1963

On September 5th, pre-season drills began with 39 players reporting, including 16 veterans, only three of whom were seniors. There were 16 freshmen and 10 new juniors and sophomores. Over the initial four years of Bridgewater football, the Class of 1964 had lost 20 players. Academics and senior training had taken its toll on returning classmates.

Again the players stayed in the Men's Dormitory, ate in the church basement, practiced double sessions, and were given another five dollars apiece for "separate rations" as no one went to breakfast. Upon resumption of classes, a training table was again set up, this time in a small room at the back of the dining hall so that the often festive players would not upset the propriety of the evening meal, which was frequented by faculty members.

Assistant coaches that season were, (l to r from Coach Swenson) Dave Deep, a new acquisition for Men's PE, Charlie Varney, in his third season and Joe Lazaro, a local football legend. The slot T formation was retained and the 6-3 and 5-4 defenses utilized. Once again the coaches had to start from scratch to put a team together. To shore up the tackle position, Bob Peluso was moved from center, replaced by freshman Geoff Fanning. The major problem for the coach was finding a quarterback to replace Dave Morwick. After three years the only returning back was Bobby Lane and the starting ends had either graduated or were not available. Bob Mason was back to help defensively at linebacker and Marty Rizzo returned to buttress the offensive and defensive backfields. Nevertheless, this portended to be the weakest team in the school's history despite the hopeful prospects of the previous three years.



The sole preseason game was played at the Norfolk County Correctional. The offense was unable to generate any traction aside from some heroics on the part of Bobby Lane and Marty Rizzo. Norfolk had a deceptive quarterback who wore red shoes and who had the ability to connect on a few passes. They scored early and then ran out of steam in the second quarter. Unfortunately, BSC couldn't move the ball, and a very ugly defensive game ensued. BSC prevailed as Steve Govoni recovered a fumble in the end zone for the score. Some of the highlights of this game can be seen in the "Reminiscences".

Final Score BSC 8 Norfolk County Correctional 6



1963

First Four Year Finale Season for Original Bear
Seniors #62 Jim Tartari and #71 Bob Peluso

Front from left to right: Lewis Klaiman, William Jenkins, James Tartari, Co-Captain Robert Peluso, Bobby Lane, Martin Rizzo, Robert Mason. Bob Fay Second row left to right: Robert Williston, James Hanley, Michael Hughes, John Callahan, Richard Faulkner, Steve Govoni, Larry Thompson, Charles Franco, Third row left to right: George Skafas, David Gardner Tom Connors, Geoff Fanning, Jon Cucinatto, Richard Hayes, Chris Lee, Tom Cahill, Art Considine, Fourth row left to right: Mgr. Mike Weaver Coach Swenson and Lazaro, Rene Gagnon, Chris Vale Chris Peatridge, Paul Lavargna, Coach Varney and Deep, Richard Emerson

Frostburg, Maryland was the first venue for the season. The team left on a chartered bus at dusk on a Thursday evening, a 15 hour overnight trip. The bus made multiple stops as Coach Swenson had a constant requirement for food. Each player was given \$10 for meals. The team arrived at a motel in the mountains of western Maryland at eight in the morning, where they were immediately suited up and driven to a local elementary school playground for a practice session. The field was mainly gravel and the only notable occurrence was Bob Fay, picked to start at end, spraining his ankle in a gopher hole. The injury nagged him for weeks and he was eventually sidelined for the season.

Seven freshmen started on either offense or defense, including two who rotated at the quarterback position. Marty Rizzo took a punt 76 yards to score in the first quarter, but it was called back on a questionable clipping call. Frostburg led 6-0 in the quarter, adding two touchdowns in the second and twenty points in the fourth. Bob Mason took over the punting and had a 40 yard average for the game, although several of his longer kicks were called back. Mason also played a solid game at linebacker as the coaches moved a lot of players around to try to stem the tide. Bridgewater was plagued with penalties, including three consecutive fifteen yarders that led to a score (reminiscent of Maine Maritime in '61). BSC also suffered numerous injuries including Bobby Lane and Eric Wormstead. Wormy's concussion was so severe that he was unable to play again, ending a very promising career as an offensive guard and defensive end. The Kappa Delta Phi "Olympian" stated that Marty Rizzo and freshman Jon Cucinatto were the only bright spots on offense, and that Cucinatto was penetrating the Frostburg line at five yards a carry in the last quarter. The final score was **Frostburg 40 BSC 0**. After a quick meal, a very tired and bruised team boarded the bus and drove straight back to Bridgewater, arriving at 4 A.M. It was a miserable return trip with numerous sick players.



Co-Captains Bob Peluso and Bobby Lane

The following week the coaches made multiple changes on both sides of the ball. Eventually the offense would see freshmen at center, both guards, one tackle, one end, and one running back on offense.

That Saturday, the Bears took the Luddy school bus to Quonset Point, R.I., to play the Airbees without the services of Bobby Lane. Ricky Moriarty, a junior, went most of the way at quarterback. Rich Hayes, a freshman defensive back intercepted a pass early in the game and ran it back 35 yards for a touchdown. After an exchange of punts, freshman Dave Gardner recovered a fumble and three plays later sophomore Bob Williston blasted through for the tally from the 10. In the fourth quarter, Moriarty, according to the Campus Comment "brought the fans to their feet as he took over at quarterback and swept around right end for a razzle dazzle score." (As the Brockton Enterprise credited Hayes with another TD, Moriarty may have lateraled the ball 'razzle dazzle' style to Hayes). The Enterprise praised the play of Peluso, freshmen Paul Lavargna who played both ways, and Larry Thompson at guard. Williston played a good defensive game and Mason was his usual stalwart self. The game closed out with a Quonset touchdown, final score **BSC 18 Quonset NAS 8**.

A week later, BSC hosted Central Connecticut State College in a night game at Legion Field. Central, coming off of a two game losing streak, exploded offensively.

With Central leading 6-0 in the second period, the Bears were able to move to the Central 16 where they lost the ball on a fumble. This opened the floodgates for Central. The Brockton Enterprise gave praise to Rizzo and Lane “who picked up good yardage on kickoff returns and also made some fine runs from scrimmage.” The Campus Comment wrote “the general reaction from the fans centered on the lack of coordination between plays and players and the enormous number of personal fouls and big penalties.” Final score: **Central Connecticut 32 BSC 0.**

At this point in the season it was evident that the offense couldn't get untracked, leaving the bulk of minutes to a weary defense. Bobby Lane went to Coach Swenson and told him the obvious: that the quarterback position needed a leader and that he was volunteering to move from slot back to quarterback to give the offense some direction. If anything, Bobby was a born leader, encouraging his team-mates, making forceful decisions, and able to scramble out of trouble. During the week the coach was chuckling about how the Maine Maritime coach would have a heart seizure when he saw Lane at quarterback.



Dave Morwick presents Bob Lane with the Most Valuable Player Award.

Bridgewater travelled to Castine, Maine, the following Thursday to meet the Middies of Maine Maritime. The coach again issued \$10 for meals and there was a positive outlook on the game. Unfortunately, nothing seemed to work on offense and there was a plethora of penalties. The Brockton Enterprise praised Lane's play at quarterback, as well as Rizzo and Cucinatto. Peluso was described “always a dependable player both ways.” Final score: **Maine Maritime 48 BSC 0.**

The following game was a night contest at Legion Field against the University of Bridgeport. In the first quarter, Bridgeport blocked a BSC punt, taking over inside the 25. The Knights moved the ball into the end zone in five plays. On the ensuing series of downs the Bears provided Bridgeport with another opportunity to score with a fumble. The Knights had a first and goal inside the five yard line and pushed it over on fourth down.

Bobby Lane took charge at that point, rattling off a quick 12 yards on a keeper. Lane then combined with Jon Cucinatto for a 15 yard pass play. A penalty moved the ball to the Bridgeport 25, where Lane hit Bill Jenkins in the end zone for the touchdown, bringing the score to 12-6. The Knights came up with another touchdown just before the half ended. Bridgeport added another 20 points in the second half. Lane and Rizzo were commended for their play, as was Peluso, Chris Peatridge, Richie Faulkner, and Paul Lavargna on defense. Final score: Bridgeport 38 BSC 6.

Homecoming was the next week, November 2, a cold, rainy afternoon at Legion Field against Nichols College. Late in the first period, Bobby Lane dropped back from his own 35 and hit fullback Bob Williston who grabbed it at his own 45 yard line and raced in for

the score. Nichols took the kickoff and worked the ball to the Bears' 43 where they were forced to punt. The kick was shanked and rolled dead on the BSC 33. Lane ran for three yards to end the stanza. On the first play of the second quarter, Lane again found Williston open over the middle, who was sprung loose by freshman end Dave Gardner's block that screened off two defending backs. The conversion was a fake kick attempt by Jackie Callahan where the holder, Marty Rizzo sprung up with the ball, rolled to his right and hit end Rich Hayes for two points in the end zone. Nichols never fully recovered from the Bears' first half offensive and were forced to play defense for most of the second half, with Bison's quarterback Jon Gilbert keeping them out of trouble with long, well placed punts.

Nichols took the second half kickoff and picked up two first downs to the Bears' 35 yard line, where Rich Hayes intercepted the ball. The Brockton Enterprise's Lester Lane reported the following: "Then came the prettiest play of the game as Bobby Lane, dropping back, elected to run rather than pass. Cutting off his own right, with three blockers to the left, he reversed his field, picking up some good downfield blocks, completed a 65 yard run to pay dirt." All was for naught as it was called back for a clipping penalty. The Enterprise credited the defensive line play of Chris Lee, Rich Faulkner, Chris Peatridge, Paul Lavargna, Jim Tartari and Bob Peluso. Coach Swenson singled out Steve Govoni as the outstanding lineman of the game. The Taunton Gazette also praised Govoni for busting through and nailing Bison backs for losses, Chris Lee, and Mike Hughes for their outstanding efforts, and Bob Mason who "sparkled at his linebacker slot." Bobby Lane, with 130 yards passing, was elected MVP. Final score: BSC 14 Nichols 0.

The final game of the season was played at Legion Field a week later, again in the rain, in front of "69 fans and 11 courageous cheerleaders who braved the downpour" as reported by the Taunton Gazette. This time the opponent was Brockport State University from upstate New York. Brockport scored first in the opening stanza, when they intercepted a Lane pass, moved the ball down to the four where they punched it in. Trailing 7-0, Lane connected on a 23 yard aerial to Bill Jenkins at the two. Lane then fired a flat pass to Marty Rizzo for the score. Lane capped the drive with a two point conversion pass to Rich Hayes to take the lead. The Taunton Gazette reported that "the halftime show consisted of a cluster of 20 fans and officials crawling about on the rain-soaked turf ... where Bob Williston lost his contact lens."

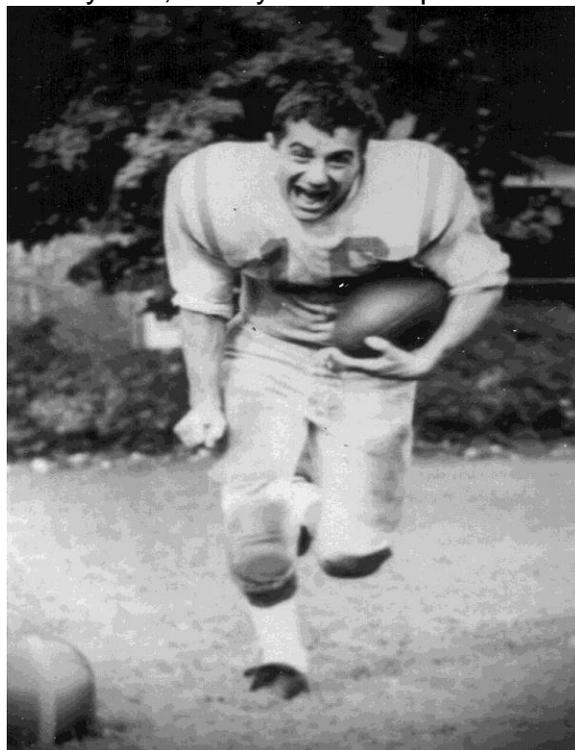


Brockport tallied in the third period after taking a BSC punt at the 50 and marching to the two yard line in 9 plays. On fourth down, the quarterback faked a buck up the middle and jogged around right end for the touchdown. He duplicated the same play for the game-winning two points. BSC, down 15-8, took the kickoff, and paced by the running of Lane, Rizzo, and Cucinatto, drove to the Brockport 14. Here Lane fired a pass to Jenkins for the touchdown. The Bears attempted the fake kick that worked so well at Nichols, but apparently Brockport had scouted the play, as Rizzo's throw to Jenkins was batted down in the end zone. The score stood at 15-14 in Brockport's favor. For the rest of the game, the Bears kept Brockport contained deep in their own territory. In the final quarter, BSC missed a game-winning opportunity as Rich Hayes ran back a Brockport punt 40 yards to the 10 yard line. Lane slanted off-tackle for seven yards and Rick Moriarty gained two yards in two carries. A 15 yard holding penalty brought the ball back to the 16 yard line, where a Lane pass was intercepted. BSC was able to get the ball on two more occasions, but couldn't muster another drive. Final score: **Brockport 15 BSC 14.**

The Brockton Enterprise reported that "Lane ran brilliantly, passed superbly, and was the individual offensive standout all afternoon." The Taunton Gazette reported that Steve Govoni was outstanding defensively and was sidelined after being shaken up when the victors scored their winning points. Also "Lane was simply sensational offensively aided by the running of Rizzo and pass catching of Jenkins." Bob Mason and Marty Rizzo were elected co-captains for the next season.

After leading the team for rushing and scoring for two years, Bobby Lane completed this season with six touchdown passes and two conversions in his four games at the helm. Williston led the scoring with 18 points, Jenkins 12 points, Hayes 10 points, Moriarty 6 points, Rizzo 6 points, and Rizzo threw for a two point conversion.

The season ended on a sad note, not just losing a game that was within reach, but for the devastating injury sustained by Marty Rizzo. On a Brockport punt early in the fourth quarter, Marty ran interference for Jon Cucinatto (some remember Rich Hayes or Bobby Lane as the runners) and attempted a difficult block that resulted in a broken neck. He was taken to the Peter Bent Brigham hospital where an emergency operation was performed, but was paralyzed from the neck down. After a two month struggle, Marty succumbed to pneumonia at the hospital.



RIP Marty

BSC Football The Swenson Era

During the off-season a Martin T. Rizzo Memorial Fund was created. The March, 1964 issue of the Campus Comment reported that \$705.38 was raised, most from the women's dormitories. Fifty years later this award and fund has grown significantly. Each Spring in late April, the BSU Football Alumni presents this Award to a current football player in Marty' memory at its annual golf and banquet outing. Anyone interested in donating to this fund, please contact the Bridgewater State University **Office of Alumni Relations** or Director of Development **Todd Audyatis**. Checks may be mailed to the Davis Alumni Center, 25 Park Terrace, Bridgewater, MA 02325.



23 Bob Mason makes another tackle



73 Govoni and 71 Peluso in pursuit



62 Jim Tartari, 70 Rich Faulkner and 34 Tom Connors shut down the offense

SEASON FIVE: 1964



1965 Squad

Left to right, first row: 12 Jack Balutis (Cambridge), 20 Rick Moriarty (Arlington), 34 Tom Conners (Belmont), 80 Bill Jenkins (Canton), 73 Steve Govoni (Wareham). 23 Bob Mason (Lawrence) Captain, 74 Dick Faulkner (Taunton), 60 Louls Klaiman (Lawrence), 83 Mike Hughes (New Bedford), 32 Bob Williston (Fall River), 81 Tom Witham (Danvers).

Second Row: Tom Humphrey (Westboro), 25 Phil Gunzinger (Hartsville), 14 Ed O'Neil (Charlestown), 21 Al Strondak (Metheun), 52 Jeff Fanning (Norwood), 72 Chris Lee (Bridgewater), 88 Tom Bell (Chicopee), 43 Bob Bradley (Worcester) 15 Skip Rodriquez (Leominster). 11 John D'Angelo (Quincy).

Third Row: .12 Lionel Giovannini (Dartmouth), 85 Joseph Domingos (New Bedford), 68 Ed Tartufo (Mansfield), 17 Daniel Shea (Hudson), 10 Bob Melanson (Melrose), 35 Broni Baronowski (Wareham), 63 Joe Kublicki (Bridgewater), 64 Richard Kradel (Ashley Falls), 41 Carmin Guarino (Revere).

Fourth Row: 22 Bill LaPierre (Brockton), 53 Bob Hill (West Acton), 33 Bill Clifford (Brockton), 31 Bob Wallace (Malden), 40, Jim Pappas (Webster), 82 Andy Palemo (Lynn), 78 Frank Hart (Dorchester), 62 Dennis Paduck (Norwood), 50 Joe Roper (Hingham).

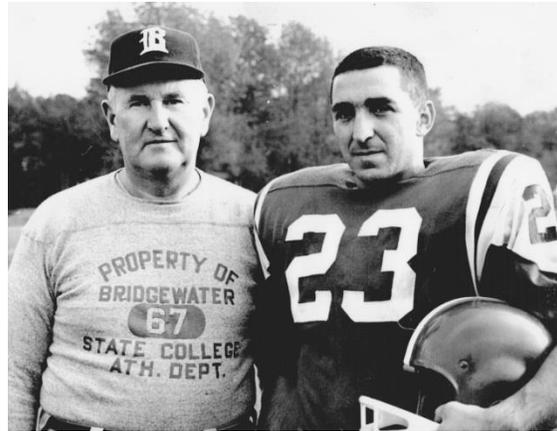
Members of the Bridgewater State College football team opened the 1964 season with heavy hearts knowing that the team would be without one of its charismatic leaders, Marty Rizzo. Coach Swenson, however, was optimistic. In a Lester Lane article in the Brockton Enterprise on Sept. 14th, the coach stated that 42 candidates reported for the first practice on Monday of that week with a dozen more hopefuls arriving over the coming weekend. Coach pointed to the team's strength at halfback, end, center and defensive line. "Besides being the largest in number, this squad looks in better condition and appears stronger than our squads of previous years", Swenson said. Thirteen lettermen were returning.

The pre-season began with double sessions the week before school opened. Charlie Varney, Dave Deep, and Joe Lazaro assisted Swa on the practice field. Feeding arrangements were a stipend for breakfast downtown, and lunch composed of cold cuts and tomatoes, cucumbers and lettuce from the Swenson Farm served in the basement of the Men's Dorm. Dinner was held at the "Snow Lodge", on the corner of Main and

Union Streets, a boarding house with function rooms for weddings and social events. Some years later it burned down. Presumably, dinner was funded by the M.A.A. Bill Clifford remembers that Swa gave everyone \$3 a day for breakfast downtown. Al Strondak thinks it was more like fifty cents a day, enough for coffee and English at Larry's. The training table was again set up in a separate room at the back of the dining hall after classes resumed.

Prior to the opening game there was a preseason scrimmage, in Medford, against Tufts University. No one recalls the score, except that Mike Hughes remembers catching a two point conversion from Skip Rodriquez on a curl out. Ozzie Conners made a thundering tackle and sprang up from it in what looked like a victory dance. It transpired that Ozzie had shattered his nose which was bleeding profusely and he was signaling for assistance. They laid him on the bus floor

to stanch the nosebleed and drove back to Bridgewater with him continuing to bleed. Unable to raise the BSC on-call doctor, and unable to get attention at the hospital in Brockton, Ozzie's sister drove him home to Belmont where he was treated.



Coach Swenson with Captain Bob Mason

Bridgewater hosted Frostburg State College for its season opener. Unfortunately, Frostburg won the first official game 34-0. To make matters worse, senior defensive tackle Steve Govoni had his leg broken early in the match and was lost for the season. The Brockton Enterprise praised sophomore, Jack Balutis for his punting and team captain Bob Mason for making tackle after tackle from his linebacker position. The defensive line was well anchored by Dick Faulkner and offensive linemen, Geoff Fanning and Joe Roper were singled out for their blocking. In addition, end Bill Jenkins was praised for making some fine catches on offense.

The following week, Bridgewater travelled to Central Connecticut State College. BSC's woes continued as Central utilized a relentless passing attack to dominate BSC. The Bears, who were trying to settle on a starting quarterback, had freshman John D'Angelo, of Quincy, in that spot for the first time. Using the short pass he connected for 7 out of 13 passes for 81 yards. His leading target was senior end Bill Jenkins according to the Campus Comment. Jenkins also played well on defense. Despite some decent running by junior halfback, Rick Moriarty, who picked up yardage in good sized chunks, the Bears were unable to score and Central Connecticut emerged victorious in a lopsided 42-0 victory.

On Friday evening, Oct. 9, the Bears played Newport Naval Base, at home at Legion Field. The sailors scored twice in the second quarter and once in the third. A bright spot for BSC was Bob Mason's interception of a Newport pass. Mason proceeded to race 20 yards to the end zone for what was eventually the Bears' only score. The game was a fumble filled contest with Newport recovering 3 out of 4 BSC mishaps. Lineman Joe Roper recovered the other Bear fumble. There was a total of 10 fumbles in the game. The Brockton Enterprise pointed to Dick Faulkner, Joe Roper and Bob Mason, as being defensive standouts. The final score was **Newport 24 BSC 6**.

Homecoming was played on Sat. Oct, 17th, against Maine Maritime. On this rainy afternoon the Bears were totally stymied by the defense of the Mariners. According to the Enterprise, Maine didn't allow the Bears one first down while racking up 202 yards on offense. Tom Humphrey and Skip Rodriquez shared quarterback duties for the Bears and Joe Roper, Geoff Fanning, Bill Jenkins, Larry Thompson, Tom Bell, Mike Hughes, Chris Lee, Bob Mason, Bob Wallace and Tom Conners on defense, were highlighted by Coach Swenson. Bob Mason was voted MVP. The final tally was **Maine Maritime 22 BSC 0**.

Quonset Naval Air Station was to be the Bears' next foe. The game was played on Saturday night, Oct. 24th at 8:00 p.m. This was the best game played by the Bears up to that point in the season, with the score ending up **12-8 Quonset**. Lester Lane, of the



Enterprise, began his article on the game with the statement, "Too little, too late was the story here Saturday, at Legion Field, as the Bridgewater Bears dropped their last home game of the season". Quonset's first TD came after recovering a Bears' fumble on their 21 yard line, in their first series of downs after the kickoff. In the second quarter, the Seabees intercepted a BSC pass on the 10 yard line and ran it in for the second score. The Bears didn't score until the last quarter when Brockton's Bill Clifford scampered for a 60 yard run followed by two quick pass plays to Bill Jenkins. The TD was by halfback Bob Williston and the

two point conversion by quarterback Jack D'Angelo. Lauded for their efforts were Mason, Domingos, Faulkner, Roper and Bob Wallace on defense. Geoff Fanning and Wallace recovered fumbles. Clifford also stopped another Quonset touchdown with a saving tackle of Seabees halfback Willie Williams after he ate up 43 yards. Clifford was the last defensive player between Williams and pay dirt.

On Halloween the Bears traveled to Dudley, Mass. to play Nichols College. This proved to be one of the most exciting games in Bridgewater football's short history. It was especially relevant as the club was coming off of a dismal start with injuries and personnel changes, and opened the game with what portended to be a typically poor performance. Nichols closed the first half with a 24 point lead. On the second half kickoff, Nick Paone ran the ball in for the score. Bob Wallace scored later in the period and BSC entered the fourth quarter down 32-12. Al Strondak made a 60 yard run for a touchdown, which was converted with a Jack D'Angelo to Nick Paone pass.

Bridgewater rounded out the scoring with a Skip Rodriquenz screen pass to Nick Paone, who galloped 54 yards for the score. Skip remembers that a screen play was not in the playbook, but he called one in the huddle. As no one was sure of what to do he had to instruct each position as to its responsibility. It worked. That was not enough, however, as the



#83 Mike Hughes prepares to rush the offense

Bisons hung on to win 32-28.

Considering the odds against them at the half, it took courage and fortitude to fight back and strive to win. Much of the credit goes to those players and their captain, Bob Mason, who refused to give up. The Campus Comment wrote that "Mase has to be rated as the best defensive player to be seen in any game the Bears have played all year."

The final game of the season was played at Brockport, N.Y., an overnight trip. Bob Mason had to leave the field with broken ribs and remain behind in the hospital. The score was **Brockport 42 BSC 0.**

This was Bridgewater's first season without a win, following two years of losing records. On the sports page of the Campus Comment of Nov 13, 1964, Bob Mason was given faint praise in an article that proceeded to criticize the football program, "Is it worth the \$10,000 plus of student funds?" Some of the "comments heard" elicited from the begrudgers were: "If we didn't have a football team, Central Connecticut and Brockport wouldn't have won a game last year" and "they use to have a heckuva soccer team around here." In a follow-up issue, after an invidious Campus Comment-inspired survey was solicited, it reported "Opinionaire Returns Indicate Football is Here to Stay." An editorial, "Football Yes," quotes Mason as saying "the football program is justified in its existence because of its value as part of the educational infrastructure and purposes which Bridgewater State College represents." There were several letters to the editor in



Graduate Jim Tartari motivates bears bench from behind

support of, and in opposition to football, and claims that the opinioinaire was biased against football.



1965 Seniors
80 Jenkins, 73 Govoni, 23 Mason, 74 Faulkner,
60 Klaiman, 34 Connors, 83 Hughes



CHEERLEADERS

Front Row left to right: Carolyn Crawford, Judy Robinson, Janet Murphy,
Linda Lou Johnson, Donna Chateaufneuf, Roberta Wilk.
Second Row left to right: Carole Plante, Doris Folan, Ann Fredricks.
Top Row: Ann Vodoklys Absent- Head Cheerleader Cookie Cavicchi

In three years the white house at 25 Park Terrace in the background of Scott Hall would be purchased by Alpha Upsilon Fraternity.

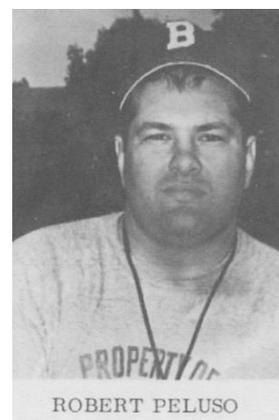
SEASON SIX: 1965

Coach Swenson initiated the first football spring drills in 1965. Chris Lee '67 remembers Mike Holovak, former Patriots and B.C. coach coming to practice to help Swa institute a single-wing offense. Skip Rodriquenz '66 recalls Paul Svenson former Abington Town Team player assisting Swa. Paul had coached at Scituate High and Cathedral High, and was the brother of Arthur "Swede" Svenson '65 who played two seasons at BSC. Al Strondak remembers playing blocking back and Swa salivating over his secret weapon offense. Trouble was, they met Frostburg in their first contest and the Bobcats were also employing the single wing.

Coach Swenson's staff for this season included Dave Deep, Charlie Varney, Joe Lazaro, and recent Bears co-captain and MVP, Bob Peluso.

In early September, Coach Swenson was interviewed by the Brockton Enterprise's Frank Stoddard concerning early season training. The coach indicated "we have a large number of boys from last year's freshman and sophomore classes, and this gives us the experience we haven't had in the past years." Of 42 players, 23 were returnees, including 10 of the 11 offensive starters.

This was the most experienced starting offensive lineup yet seen at the college. The coach listed Ed O'Neil and Andy McCarthy at ends, Chris Lee and Joe Roper at tackles, co-captain Joe Domingos and Tom Bell at guards, and Geoff Fanning at Center. The backfield consisted of co-captain Bob



Williston, Al Strondak, Bill Clifford, and Tom Humphrey.

After a week of morning and afternoon workouts, plus "skull sessions", the team returned to its usual schedule with the return of classes. With some academic classes lasting until 5 P.M., Coach Swenson



Offensive team includes—Edward O'Neil, Scott Kiley, William Clifford, L. Peter Giovanini, Christopher Lee, Thomas Bell, Joseph Domingos—Co-captain. Alan Strondak, Peter Rowe, Thomas Humphrey, Geoffrey Fanning.

set the practice time at 6 to 7:30 P.M. This was a welcome change from midday heat. Al Strondak recalls that when daylight savings time arrived, the only lighting aside from the street lamps by Tilly were two spotlights on the roof of the Men's Dorm. Swa innovated by painting the practice balls fluorescent orange. The Dining Hall served

the players at 4 PM resulting in light meals or the meal would be on the field after 6. Jama Pizza made deliveries to the Dorm at 8 PM at the players' expense.

The season opened at Frostburg, Maryland. Swa had implemented the single wing and had conversations with the Frostburg coach, both indicating they were still utilizing the same formations as the previous year. Coach Swenson was almost giddy with anticipation of springing the single wing on Frostburg. When BSC lined up on defense after the first kickoff, Bill Clifford remembers, there was an "oh, \$@#%!!" moment as the Bobcats came out with their own single wing formation.

With a strong defensive unit playing a good first half, Bridgewater put a scare into Frostburg State. An errant Frostburg pass was intercepted by Bears' Broni Baranowski setting up a BSC drive. On the first play after an interference call, Doug Bromley scooped up a fumble on the four yard line and rumbled in for an early lead in the second quarter. Late in the period Frostburg scored and converted to take the lead, 7-6, into halftime. Two BSC errors, a fumbled kick, and an interference call deep in Bear territory led to two more Frostburg scores. Despite the loss, Coach Swenson was pleased with the team's play.

**Final score
Frostburg 19 BSC 6.**

Game two was played the following Saturday night at Legion Field against Central Connecticut State. Central stymied the Bears' offense throughout the game, except for a Bromley to O'Neil pass that went from the BSC 12 to the visitors' 33.

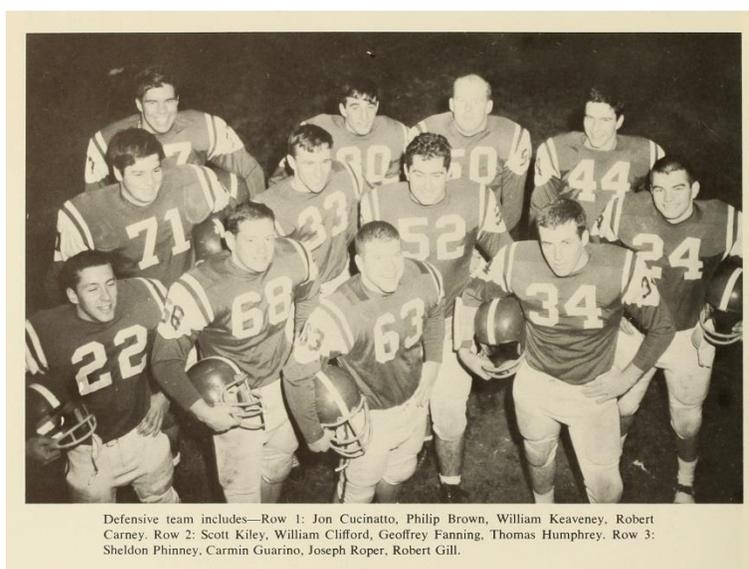
Final score Central Connecticut 21 BSC 0.

The next game was another night match at Legion Field against Newport Naval Station. Bridgewater took an early 12-0 lead in the first quarter. Tom Humphrey scored both touchdowns, each from 10 yards out. However, Newport came back to win.

Final score Newport Naval Station 23 BSC 12.

The following game was with Maine Maritime. There were no reports in either the Enterprise or Campus Comment.

Final score Maine Maritime 13 BSC 0.



BSC Football The Swenson Era

Quonset Naval Air Station was the next opponent. The Brockton Enterprise made a passing remark in their pre-Homecoming report that Nichols had beaten Quonset and Quonset had beaten BSC. **Final score Quonset NAS 25 BSC 0.**

Homecoming was against Nichols College on October 30th. A first quarter 7-0 lead failed to stand as Nichols rebounded to take the game. Doug Bromley threw a 23 yard score to Ed O'Neil, with Tom Humphrey adding the P.A.T. Nichols came back with 26 points in the second quarter. **Final score Nichols College 39 BSC 7.**

By the end of the season, the Brockton Enterprise reported that there were three seniors, five juniors, eight sophomores, and four freshmen at starting positions. The last game was at home against Brockport State College. As the Brockton Enterprise's Lester Lane described the action, "A well contested first half found Bridgewater State outmanned in the second half as **Brockport ran up a 42-0 win** here Saturday."

Joe Domingos was elected Most Valuable Player. Geoff Fanning and Bronislaw Baranowski were elected co-captains for the next season.

This concluded two consecutive seasons winless seasons. There was considerable grumbling in the administration and student body on the viability of the program. As a result, Peter Mazzaferro was brought in to assist Coach Swenson.



CHEERLEADERS

Carole Plante - Head Cheerleader
2nd Row: Sandy Camard, Jane Smith
3rd Row: Patty Doyle Phyllis Gardner, Karen Mrezka
4th Row: Ava Demers, Donna Shabo, Marcia Mitchell, Sandy Porter

Season Six Fall 1965 Bears



FIRST ROW: Alan Strondak (Methuen), Broni Baranowski (Wareham), Robert Bradley (Worcester), Robert Williston (Fall River), Joseph Domingos (New Bedford), Thomas Bell (Chicopee), Skip Rodriquens (Leominster), Geoffrey Fanning (Norwood).

SECOND ROW: Steven Lonsdale (Abington), L. Peter Giovannini (So. Dartmouth), Christopher Lee (Bridgewater), Skip Roper (Hingham), Jon Cucinatto (Wakefield), Edward O'Neil (Charlestown), Frank DeMello (Scituate), Paul Means (Stoneham), Robert Carney (Worcester).

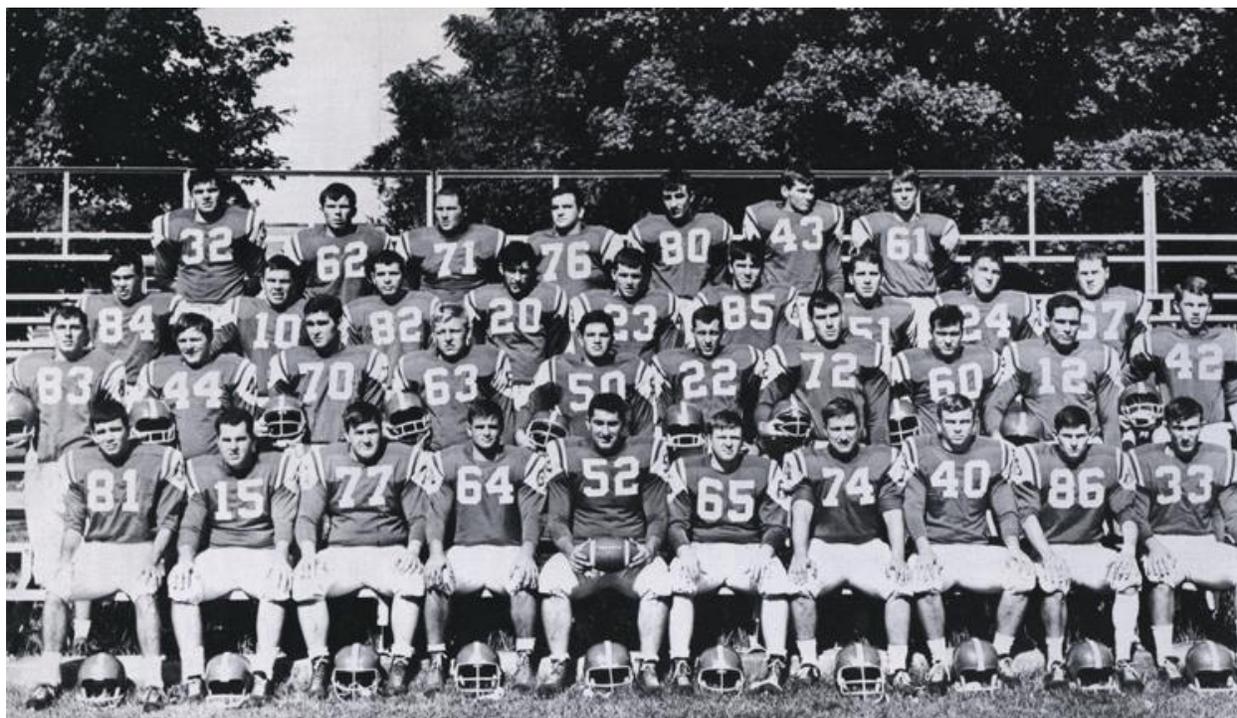
THIRD ROW: James Accomando (Boston), William Clifford (Brockton), Carmen Guarino (Revere), Charles Missler (Sharon), John Leonard (Quincy), James Pappas (Webster), Robert Wallace (Malden), Jack D'Angelo (North Quincy), Richard Vintro (Taunton)

FOURTH ROW: Leo Mogavaro (Dedham), Robert Gill (Arlington), Philip Brown (Boston), Scott Kiley (No. Quincy), Sheldon Phinney (Middleboro), Thomas Fitzgibbons (Weymouth), Thomas Humphrey (Westboro), Douglas Bromley (Bridgewater).

FIFTH ROW: Peter Rowe (Lynn), Rodney Davis (Westwood), Fred Baker (Randolph), Neil Kaiser (Foxboro), Edward Mason (Franklin), Eric Wormstead (Danvers)

SEASON SEVEN: FALL 1966

“Veteran mentor Ed Swenson” as described by the Brockton Enterprise, asserted that he had the best crop of returning lettermen of the past seven years. In the past, he claimed, that he relied on too many freshmen with little or no high school experience; this year he had 20 with solid resumes: “it is by far the most experienced group of underclassmen we have had to work with” since the game’s return in 1960. A follow-up article had Swenson looking at starting six freshmen in the line at every position except center. The single wing that was instituted the previous season was dropped in favor of an “I” formation style favored by Coach Pete Mazzaferro. This year’s Bears showed promise with a strong performance and convincing win in a pre-season scrimmage against Dean Junior College. This school was known for training future prospects for Division I and II colleges.



FIRST ROW: Bill Matheson (Arlington), Doug Bromley (Bridgewater), Tom Cook (Lawrence), Leon Welnsteln (Chelsea), Geoffrey Fanning (Norwood), Mike Lynch (Dorchester), Charles Worden (Newton), Peter Rowe (Lynn), Richard Copello (Brockton), Bill Clifford (Brockton)

SECOND ROW; Larry Melcher (Chelsea), Herb Lynch (Haverhill), Joe Hartell (Jamaica Plain), Joe Kublicki (Bridgewater), James Accomando (Boston), Jon Cuclnatto (Wakefield), ChrIs Lee (Bridgewater), Ed Carr (Natick), Paul Stella (Brockton), JIm Fagan (Taunton).

THIRD ROW: Leo Fanning (Watertown), Ralph Roblnson (Lakeville), Richard Gonsalves (Gloucester) Bob Medeiros (Revere), Frank St. Peter (Hyde Park), Brian McCabe (Charlestown), Joey Hackett (Roslindale), Dick Castro (Taunton), Jerry Conefrey (Brockton)

FOURTH BOW: Tom Humphrey (Westboro), Mike Perchard (East Boston), Charles Sarkesian (BillERICA) Dick Vintro (Taunton), Carmen Guarino (Revere), Don Cotton (Framingham), Steve Lonsdale (Abington).

The Brockton Enterprise called this year's team "The Lucky Seven Eleven Team". This was the seventh season for the Bears without much luck since the Bears haven't won in 15 games. Coach Swenson was pinning his hopes on veterans Bromley, G.Fanning Baronowski, Guarino, Humphrey, Clifford and Rowe with newcomers, sophomore Stella and junior Robinson to complement the remaining freshmen starters Cook, Weinstein., Mike and Herb Lynch, Worden, Matheson and Bud Fanning.

On a Friday afternoon September 19, 1966, the Bears travelled to Springfield for a match against the Springfield "B" team and came away with its first win in almost three years. Doug Bromley set up the first two Bear touchdowns with his passing. He combined with Dick Capello early in the first period on a 24 yard pass to the Springfield four. Pete Rowe scored from there and Tom Humphrey kicked the P.A.T. for the first of his 13 points. Geoff Fanning recovered a fumble in the second period as Bromley and Capello connected again for 26 yards. Ralph Robinson drove across from the five and Humphrey converted. In the same period, Paul Stella intercepted two passes, which set up scores. The first, at the BSC 48, saw Bill Clifford, Pete Rowe, and Ralph Robinson chewing up 46 yards on the ground. Rowe went the last six yards for the score and Humphrey kicked the P.A.T. Stella's second interception set up a 25 yard field goal by Humphrey. In the fourth period, defensive end, Larry Melcher tackled the Springfield quarterback in the end zone for a safety. After a Springfield score, BSC's final tally was on a 76 yard run by Tom Humphrey, who converted his own score.

Final score: BSC 33 Springfield "B" 8.

This would be the fourth opening win for Coach Swenson. In victory, he avoided a losing streak that would have led the nation that fall. The win was also the highest point total to date in Bridgewater football history. Furthermore, it silenced the football detractors and produced enthusiasm for the future of the program.



Coach Pete Mazzaferro (left) joins the BSC coaching staff

The next game was at home against a highly favored Frostburg State College on Saturday night. Bob Richards of the Brockton Enterprise reported that this year was the first year that BSC was able to scout Frostburg, as two coaches made the trip to Maryland. It was a rain-soaked field, with each team containing the other during the first half. During a break in the rainstorm, Frank St. Peter recovered a Bobcat fumble on the Frostburg 32. Ralph Robinson made a 22 yard run and two plays later Herbie Lynch plunged over from the two to give Bridgewater a 6-0 lead. BSC hung on to this lead until late in the fourth period when Bobcat Gary Smith blocked a Doug Bromley punt, scooped up the loose ball and rumbled 40 yards for the score. Smith kicked his own extra point for the win. **Final score: Frostburg 7 BSC 6.**

BSC Football The Swenson Era

The following game was against Curry College. The Enterprise carried a pre-game report where Coach Swenson praised his defense as the best in seven seasons, with praise for several of the freshmen, and a well-balanced backfield. It carried no report on the game. The Campus Comment reported that the game was scoreless in the first half. Late in the game, the Bears were trailing 20-13 when they scored. BSC went for the win instead of the tie and were stopped.



1966 BSC Offense

L to R Kneeling: Bill Matheson, Tom Cook, Leon Weinstein, Geoffrey Fanning, Bill Keaveney, Charles Worden, Bud Fanning.

Standing: Bill Clifford. Jon Cucinatto. Paul Stella. Peter Rowe. Ralph Robinson

This game was Paul Stella's first official start at quarterback. As a starter already on defense and back up to QB Doug Bromley, the coaches decided to give Paul the start. Freshman Frank St. Peter would successfully take Paul's spot on defense for the remainder of the season. Since Paul was a former QB and running back from Brockton High with a decent throwing arm, he would add an extra dimension to the offense. He remembers the play that was sent in that day for the extra two points to win the game. He knew it wasn't the best choice of plays and almost called an audible but since this was his first start at QB he thought better than to cross the coach's call.

Curry had this tackle by the name of Costello who transferred from Boston College. He was a good player and was named to the first NEFC All-Conference team that year. His head was so big that BC had a custom helmet made for him. He never had the helmet painted to match his teammates to remind everyone what they were up against.

NEFC Honors BSC

by Karl Crowell

Co-captain Jeff Fanning, Leon Weinstein, Charles Worden, Tom Cook, and Bill Matheson have been named to the All New England College Football Conference first team. BSC placed the most men on the 12 man team. Curry College and Maine Maritime Academy placed four men apiece on the team.

The All team is as follows:

Backs - Lynch...MMA...FB
Clare...Curry...HB
Adams...MMA...QB
Fritts...Curry...HB

Ends - Matheson...BSC
Lary...MMA
Webster...Curry

Tackles - Cook...BSC
Costello...Curry
Worden...BSC

Guards - Michaud...MMA
Weinstein...BSC

Center - Fanning...BSC

Bridgewater's fine defense this season is easily explainable if one notices that four of BSC's all-stars are up in the line.

The helmet did nothing for him that day as All-Conference players Geoff Fanning, Leon Weinstein and Tom Cook controlled the right side of the line gaining yards whenever necessary over the big tackle Costello. (See Notes Section for discussion of reporting questions on scoring)

Final score: Curry 20 BSC 19.

Homecoming was the next game, against Maine Maritime, which had wins over Frostburg and Curry. Lester Lane reported in the Brockton Enterprise that Paul Stella had 9 completions out of 15 attempts for 80 yards, and Bill Matheson and Bill Clifford were on the receiving end for touchdowns. Ralph Robinson took a Stella pitchout for a touchdown, while Tom Humphrey converted two TD's and kicked a field goal. On defense, Carmin Guarino and Bill Clifford knocked down 10 of Maritime pass attempts. Guarino also stopped the visitors' drive as he recovered a fumble on his own 23. This began a drive of 4 consecutive first downs to the Maine 22 where on a fake field goal, Paul Stella flipped to Bill Matheson. The last tally was a Humphrey 25 yard field goal. Ralph Robinson played both ways and was voted MVP. The "Lucky Seven of Eleven" were now 2 and 2 with the two losses by a point.

Final score: BSC 23 Maine Maritime 8.

BSC's final home game was against Quonset Point Naval Air Station on a Friday night at Legion Field. As described by the Enterprise's Bob Richards, the Bears gave the freezing home crowd something to cheer about in the first period when they marched 65 yards to score. Paul Stella passed three times in the drive for 9, 11, and 5 yards, once to Bill Clifford, who also ate up some yardage on the ground. Clifford raced over from the 13 and Tom Humphrey converted for a 7-0 lead. But it was all downhill after that as former Annapolis star, Willie Williams ran at will. Quonset scored four times in the first half. In the second half, on the running of Clifford and Ralph Robinson, BSC penetrated the Quonset 35 several times, but were contained. Quonset scored in the 3rd and 4th quarters as well.

Final score: Quonset NAS 36 BSC 7.

The next week, BSC travelled to Dudley, Mass. to play Nichols College. Nichols bounced out to a 6-0 lead after a lengthy drive in the first period. The Bears soon turned it around as Paul Stella hit Leo Fanning with a 20 yard strike, which Tom Humphrey converted for a 7-6 lead. In the same second period Nick Paone swept right end for a 70 yard scamper for the score, which Humphrey converted for a 14-6 edge. Just before intermission, Nichols intercepted a pass and returned it to the BSC 15. In three plays Nichols scored and converted on a pass to tie the score at 14 all. Nichols took the lead in the third period when it marched from its own 25 yard line to finish with a 15 yard run and a 20-14 lead. The Bear defense held up over the remainder of the match and with six minutes to go, after a drive marked by aggressive runs by Ralph Robinson and Pete Rowe, the latter rambling 17 yards off-tackle to tie the game. Tom Humphrey made his third conversion for the margin of victory.

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Broni Baranowski intercepted a pass to stall Nichols' next drive, and in the waning minutes, safety Frank St.Peter made his second interception of the day and ran it back 30 yards to put Bridgewater out of harm's way.

Final score: BSC 21 Nichols 20.



Coach Swenson with co-captains Geoffrey Fanning and Broni Baronowski, 1966

The final game of the season was at Brockport State College, which had a 4-1-1 record to date. Ed Swenson praised co-captain Geoff Fanning who would be playing his final game: "Geoff has been the main cog in making our line go. He's really been a solid football player." BSC succumbed to a 20-0 defeat in a snowstorm. Brockport led 7-0 at the half and scored a final TD with 40 seconds to go. The players remember before the game dozens of Brockport students rolling up 3 inches of slushy snow to the sidelines to reveal the yardlines. The rest of the snow stayed on the field. The snow would form big ice clumps on the cleats that would not come off, hence no traction. Brockport managers would run out on the field every chance they could and scrape the players shoe bottoms with handheld garden claws. That proved to be the difference that day.

Final score Brockport 20 BSC 0.

The "Lucky Seven" season ended with a 3-4 record with two loses by a point. The record could have easily been 5-2. This team brought a new spirit to the college and began the long drive back from four discouraging losing seasons. It also saw BSC's first New England Football Conference title in the second year of the league inception.

It was a three way tie between BSC, Curry, and Maine Maritime, as each club had beaten one and lost to one of the three conference members. Since BSC lost to Curry by only one point, they won the tie breaker based on points scored. Ironically, Bridgewater lost the tie-breaker the following year. In 1968 Nichols joined the conference. The Conference would continue to grow to sixteen teams and become one of the best division III conferences in college football. BSC would win the NEFC in 66, 69, 89, 92 and 2000 before exiting the league in 2013. This was also the final season of the last class to play with the "Original Bears". Bill Clifford and Bill Keaveney were elected co-captains.

Further recognition of the program was earned as The Campus Comment of January 12, 1967, reported "NEFC Honors BSC". Co-captain Geoff Fanning(C), Leon Weinstein(G), Bill Matheson(E), and Charles Worden, Tom Cook (Tackles) were named to the very first All-New England College Football Conference team.



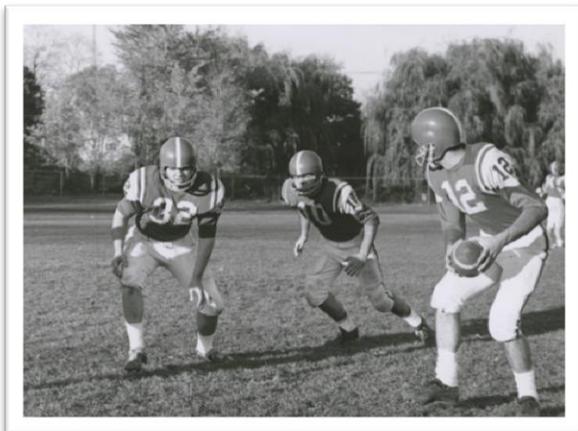
1966 Cheerleader Squad



MVP Ralph Robinson

12 Paul Stella hands to #32 Tom Humphrey or # 10 Ralph Robinson

#73 Bill Keaveney , #64 Leon Weinstein and #77 Tom Cook penetrate Maine Maritime's offense



SEASON EIGHT: 1967

The eighth season of Bridgewater football began with head coach Ed Swenson facing a familiar problem, as Lester Lane wrote: lack of experience. Out of a squad of 42 players, there were 24 freshmen. Swa said “the pressure again falls on the minority group numbering 13”, who were the returning lettermen. Although the returning players were few, he was fortunate to have quality starting players: Bill Clifford, Bill Keaveney, Paul Stella, Dick Capello, Larry Melcher, Bill Matheson, Pete Rowe, Leon Weinstein, Charlie Worden, and Leo Fanning.

The squad reported two weeks prior to classes and were housed at the Men’s Dorm. Double sessions commenced at 7 AM and lasted until 9 as Swa intended to keep injuries to a minimum. After lunch, Coach Mazzaferro would conduct a “chalk talk” at the gym for an hour or so, and the second session of practice would resume at 3:30 and last until 5:30. Feeding arrangements were at Tillinghast, breakfast at 6 AM, lunch at noon, and dinner at 6 PM. Charlie Worden remembers the food as being substantial, an improvement over the earlier years.



1967 BSC Football Team

First row (left to right): Bob Woodman, Herb Lynch, Jim Accomando, Fred Baker, Richard Copello, William Clifford, Peter Rowe, Ralph Robinson, Paul Stella, Leon Weinstein, Bill Matheson. Second row: Jim Darsch, Jim O’Connell, Rick Blais, Leo Fanning, Tim Incutto, Mike Keating, Tony Tringale, Bob Drapeau, James Malone, Dan Hennessey, Charles Worden, Richard Burns, Mike Harney, Michael Lyons. Third row: Dennis Peabody, Dan Sullivan, Gerard Indelicato, George Sullivan, Guy LaCorte, Tom Cole, Bob Dyer, Ed Thurston, John Hansen, Jim Federico, Bob Brinkley, Stewart Chase, Bob Frazier, Ed Smith.

BSC scrimmaged Dean Junior College, with Swa starting three freshmen in the line. One of the highlights was Bill Clifford's interception of a pass in his own end-zone and returning it the length of the field for a touchdown.

The opening game saw Bridgewater put to rest a string of defeats by Frostburg going back to 1962. The previous season's one point loss was particularly galling as it had prevented BSC from attaining its first winning season since 1961. After a scoreless first quarter, Paul Stella directed the Bears on a 75 yard drive culminating in Pete Rowe's four yard plunge. Tom Humphrey kicked the conversion. In the early moments of the second half, BSC took the ball at its own 41. Ralph Robinson romped for 38 yards to the visitors' 21. Two plays later, Rowe burst through the middle from the 17 to score. The point after was missed. With less than four minutes to play, Frostburg scored on a 47 yard pass play and BSC then ran out the clock. Pete Rowe and Bill Clifford accounted for 176 of the 219 yards rushing. BSC also gained 118 yards in the air for a total offense of 337 yards, according to Lester Lane.



44 Herb Lynch, 42 Bob Woodman
33 Bill Clifford tame the Frostburg offense

The Campus Comment reported that Stella ran a ground game and took to the air on key third down situations. The Comment credits Rowe with a 10 yard run for a touchdown and a second score from four yards out in the third quarter. Workhorse Rowe had 19 carries for 112 yards and Robinson had 10 carries for 80 yards as well as 6 receptions for 54 yards for a total offense of 134 yards. Paul Stella had 14 completions for 111 yards. Ed Thurston and Carmen Guarino had key interceptions.

Final Score BSC 13 Frostburg 6



#64 Leon Weinstein recovers Frostburg fumble

Bridgewater travelled to Castine, Maine the following week to play the Maine Maritime Mariners. On a muddy field, the Maritime offense picked up 284 yards, scoring twice in the second quarter for a 13-0 halftime lead and twice again in the fourth quarter. BSC's only tally was in the dying moments of the game when freshman Ed Thurston hit freshman George Sullivan from 24 yards out. This was a tough loss for the Bears as there were a lot of issues to bear out between some players and coaches at the time.

Final Score Maine Maritime 27 BSC 6

BSC hosted Curry College on the ensuing Saturday night, which was also "Parents' Night" for the college. Lester Lane noted that the Bears got on the scoreboard early as Leo Fanning intercepted a Curry pass on the BSC 31 and ran it back 55 yards to the Curry 16. Three plays later, Paul Stella ran it over from the three, Tom Humphrey converting. In the third period, Stella capped off a 74 yard march with a pitchout to Ralph Robinson to make it 14-0, Humphrey converting. Curry subsequently scored to cut the lead to 14-6 with a 27 yard run. BSC finished the stanza with a 14 yard Stella to Bob Brinkley toss, the kick failing.

The final score of the game came in the fourth quarter after the Bears stopped a Curry drive. Ed Thurston had intercepted a Curry pass and returned it 15 yards, and then took over the helm. He directed the team down the field and finished with a 17 yard strike to George Sullivan. The Bears gained 270 yards on the ground and 58 in the air. The Campus Comment reported that Bill Clifford had 89 yards rushing.

Final Score: BSC 27 Curry College 6



Left Captain .Bill
Keaveney



Right Captain Bill
Clifford

1967 BSC Defensive Team



First row: Dan Sullivan, John Hansen, Leon Weinstein, Tom Cole, Charles Worden, Bob *Brinkley*. Second row: James Federico, Bob Woodman, Jim Malone, Herb Lynch, Capt. William Clifford, Missing Capt. Bill Keaveney

After a bye-week, Bridgewater travelled to Quonset Point, R.I. for a morning kickoff against a well-drilled Airbees squad. Quonset had lost a close contest to the West Point “B” team and had a former Naval Academy graduate as its star lineman. The team arrived at the Naval Air Station on a Friday afternoon, were billeted in casual barracks, held practice, fed at the mess hall, and shown a movie. They stayed overnight, were fed, and the game commenced to begin at 10:30 A.M. That night in the barracks where we all tried to sleep at 10 p.m., several times someone would crack a joke and everyone would start laughing which aroused coach Maz out of the officer quarters to calm us down and remind us of our goals. This went on two more times and then everyone became serious. At that time everyone seemed asleep when we heard someone who fell asleep cry out “I can’t see ,I can’t see”. Then our proverbial wise cracker on the team said loudly “Well why don’t you just open your F----in eyes!!!”. The entire barracks exploded with laughter and once again out comes Coach Maz with a final furious curtain call lecture for lights out.

The Bears began the scoring early on a 30 yard pass from Paul Stella to Bill Matheson. Tom Humphrey provided the point after. Jim Federico’s second period pass interception set up Bridgewater’s second score, with Bob Woodman scoring on a one yard plunge. Humphrey again converted. BSC opened it up in the third quarter when Bill Clifford swept his right end for an 11 yard touchdown. Humphrey converted. A few minutes later, Stella hit Matheson again for a six yard touchdown, Humphrey converting. In the final period, following an unconverted Quonset touchdown, Ed Thurston relieved Stella and combined for the third straight week with George Sullivan for the 23 yard score.

Final Score: BSC 34 Quonset NAS 6



1967 BSC Offensive Team

First row: Bill Matheson, Guy LaCorte, Leon Weinstein, Jim Accomando, Tony Tringale, Charles Worden, Bob Brinkley. Second row: Paul Stella, Co-Capt. William Clifford, Peter Rowe, Ralph Robinson missing Co-Capt. Bill Keaveney.

Sporting a three and one record, Bridgewater had its best opening weeks ever in its short history. With Homecoming against Nichols looming, a victory would give BSC its most wins in a season. The Bears did not disappoint. After Nichols' opening drive stalled, Bridgewater initiated a 77 yard drive. Paul Stella found Bill Clifford for a 48 yard reception, good to the Nichols 10 yard line. On the next play, Stella linked up with Bill Matheson for the score, Tom Humphrey converting. In the next period, Stella hit Ralph Robinson with a 49 yard pass to the visitors' three. Bob Woodman took the ball in from there, Humphrey again converting. The third period witnessed a pair of BSC touchdowns, the first, a two yard sneak by Stella, set up by another Stella to Robinson combination. Humphrey added the point. The final score was a dazzling display of broken field running by Robinson for 77 yards. Humphrey's kick made the score 28-0. In the last quarter, Nichols put up two scores and two conversions of two points each. Paul Stella completed 8 of 15 passes for 176 yards, setting up two scores and scoring once on a keeper. Ralph Robinson had 134 yards rushing, 68 yards receiving, for a total offense of 202 yards. Tom Humphrey was voted MVP.

Chris Brady wrote in the Campus Comment "The Big Red Bear marched to its fourth victory, a feat unequalled by any other team in the history of B.S.C. football ... In the whole game the only thing Nichols won was the coin toss." He credits the blocking of Accamando, Keaveney, Tringale, Weinstein, LaCorte, and Worden, and the defense of Guarino, Humphrey, and Herbie Lynch

Final Score: BSC 28 Nichols College 16



#33 Captain Bill Clifford rushes for big gain

The next week, Bridgewater hosted Brockport, a big, strong squad. Brockport tallied in the first quarter on a 31 yard end run which was converted. In the waning moments of the period, the Bears began a drive, with Paul Stella putting on a fine display of passing and a keeper that took the ball to the Brockport eight yard line. Opening the second period, Pete Rowe scored from the five and Tom Humphrey converted to tie the game. Prior to halftime, Brockport scored again on a 30 yard sweep for a 14-7 lead. Early in the third period, Bridgewater found itself trailing, 21-7. Following the kickoff, Stella led the team downfield from his own 15. The drive took 15 plays with Stella converting several third downs with passes. The big play was a 30 yard pass, Stella to George Sullivan. Pete Rowe took the ball in from the two and Humphrey kicked the point after. BSC had two more threatening drives in the last stanza. One reached the Brockport five where the defense held, eerily reminiscent of the heartbreaking loss in 1963. The game ended with BSC on the Brockport 12 yard line. Coach Swenson praised the overall effort of his club, particularly the determination they displayed in the final period. Lester Lane wrote that it was the finest game ever against Brockport. Paul Stella had another outstanding performance, completing 14 of 21 for 130 yards.

Final Score: Brockport 21 BSC 14

Bridgewater's final game was at Geneva College in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. It was familiar country for Coach Mazzaferro, as he had coached at Geneva a few years prior to joining the BSC staff. The trip down took 17 hours as the team stopped at Hamilton College in New York, practiced in the afternoon, showered, got back on the bus and drove through to Beaver Falls and a local motel.

BSC Football The Swenson Era

The Bears began the game auspiciously with Paul Stella hitting Bill Clifford for 40 yards to the Geneva 11 yard line. Clifford then carried the ball the distance for the score. The conversion failed. The lead was short-lived as Geneva scored after a bad snap caused a fumble with 12 seconds to go before halftime. Geneva called a time-out and set up a 16 yard field goal with no time on the clock, taking a 9-6 lead into the half. Mistakes continued to plague the Bears in the third period as another bad snap and interception set up two more Geneva touchdowns. The home team increased its lead 30-6 on the strength of a fourth quarter touchdown pass. Bridgewater scored its final touchdown on a 30 yard pass combination, Ed Thurston to Bob Frazier, Tom Humphrey converting. Bill Clifford, playing his last game was the offensive standout of the game with 27 yards rushing, 66 receiving, for 93 of Bridgewater's 181 yards of offense, and a touchdown. Dick Burns and Bob Woodman were credited with creditable performances. On a lighter note, Charlie Worden remembers "during the third period, Paul Stella threw a pass that hit the helmet of a Geneva lineman. The ball popped up in the air and was caught by guard Bill Keaveney. I led the downfield blocking and Bill gained 12 yards on the boggled play. Unfortunately, that was the only luck the Bears had that day."

Final Score: Geneva 30 BSC 13

The Campus Comment's Chris Brady reviewed the '67 season, listing the unexpected results, ending in the best record in BSC football history. Credits were given to the defense of Humphrey, Woodman, Frederico, Clifford, Guarino, and Thurston. Taking a 4-1 record into the last two games, injuries proved costly. Missing were Lewis, Hennessey, Blais, Brinkley, Frederico, Fanning, and Robinson. The resulting 4-3 record might have been better. The Comment praised Coach Swenson's direction and particularly Coach Mazzaferro's execution as critical to the team's success.

For the season, Ralph Robinson had almost 400 yards rushing in 6 games; Paul Stella had a 58% completion rate; Pete Rowe and Bill Matheson led the scoring with 24 points apiece; Tom Humphrey had 15 PAT's; and punter Ray Duff had a 35.7 yard average.

The Campus Comment reported the following February, 1968, that Bill Clifford and Bill Matheson were selected to the New England Football Conference first team; and Tom Humphrey, Herbie Lynch, Paul Stella, and Leon Weinstein were selected to the second team.

The completion of the eighth season saw Ed Swenson step down as head coach. Although the victories were few in those years, he had seen the program through adversity, and it was unlikely that it would be discontinued. His vision was responsible for what has become an enduring tradition at Bridgewater, an eventual stadium, and a template that was followed by the other State Colleges, culminating in the establishment of a New England Football Conference. It was fitting that his best season was his last and that the final two years at the helm witnessed as many wins as the first six combined. He was able to walk away with a sense of great accomplishment and universal affection.

The Seasons Future Past

Although Coach Swa retired, he and Coach Mazzaferro continued to grow the New England Football Conference and improve the football program at BSC. Coach Swa's younger players would also finish out their football years with significant contributions.

Only three players in Bridgewater football history made All-Conference in each of their four years. Two of them were Swenson recruits, Leon Weinstein '70 and Bill Matheson '70. The third was Rip Charters who played on the great teams of the late 80's. Paul Stella '68 would lead the Bears in 1968 with a 5 and 3 season (best ever to date) and place All Conference and Hall of Fame in 2005. Herb Lynch '70 and Leo "Bud" Fanning '70 co-Captains in 1969 would also be inducted to the Hall in 1991 and 1994 respectively. Some older players were also given Hall of Fame honors. Geoff Fanning '67 and Dave Morwick '64 were inducted in 2003 and 2011 respectively. The oldest bear Jim Argir class of '61 entered the Hall of Fame in 1992. More players from this era deserve like recognition. Hopefully this history will bring to light their contributions to Bridgewater State athletics. (Update Leon Weinstein '70 and Paul Callahan '63 were inducted to the Hall of Fame in 2015 and 2017 respectively)

The future was bright in the hands of Coach Peter Mazzaferro. He would retire after 41 years of coaching football with one of the best division III records.

"In 41 years as a head coach, Mazzaferro compiled an overall record of 209 wins, 157 losses, and 11 ties. Mazzaferro has received many awards for his contributions to college football including the following:

Mazzaferro was named the 1989 New England Football Writers Division II-III Coach of the Year.

In 1998, Mazzaferro received the Carens Award for Outstanding Contribution to New England football.

In 1999, he was recognized by the New England Football Writers as the Coach of the Year for Divisions II and III. He also received a lifetime achievement award from the All-American Football Foundation and was named the Division III Regional Coach of the Year by the American Football Coaches Association.

In 2004, Mazzaferro received the Ron Burton Distinguished American Award from the local chapter of the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame. " (Wikipedia)

Additionally Peter helped grow the New England Football Conference to one of the best division III conferences in the country with sixteen teams competing in two divisions. Coach Mazzaferro would be inducted to BSU's Hall of Fame in 1994 and also to Centre College Hall of Fame in 2008, his alma mater.

TRIBUTES TO MISSING FRIENDS

Edward C. Swenson

Ed Swenson began his Bridgewater career in 1949, when the former college and high school football coach was hired by then-President John J. Kelly.



Over the next 28 years at BSC, until his retirement in 1977, he would help change forever the college's athletic landscape.

Officially, he was an associate professor of physical education and director of athletics, but Coach Swenson, known affectionately to generations of Bridgewater athletes as "The Swa," had an influence far beyond the athletic fields.

At a time when the college was much smaller, he knew by name hundreds of students who never donned a BSC uniform, and he helped pioneer the advancement of women in athletics at Bridgewater. Over the course of his 28 years at BSC, he served as coach for football, soccer, basketball, baseball and track. Coach Swenson was the founder of the New England Football Conference.

His accomplishments at BSC include the addition of hockey as a varsity sport and obtaining the land for the outdoor athletic facilities in front of the Great Hill dormitory.

Today "Swenson Field" – dedicated in May, 1994, by then-President Adrian Tinsley – is where the Bears play football, and that is appropriate because it was Coach Swenson who was principally responsible for reintroducing the sport to the college in 1960 after a 33-year absence. He was the first head coach of the BSC football team, serving until 1967 when he was succeeded by another coaching legend, Peter Mazzaferro. Prior to that, Coach Swenson had been the coach of the school's men's soccer team for nearly a decade before. He had coached that team to five championships.

Off the field, in the town of Whitman, where he and his wife Wanda resided, he was well-known as an avid producer of vegetables which he sold at a roadside stand – "Swenson's Farm" on Franklin Street – to help support his large family of foster children, several of whom attended and graduated from Bridgewater.

Over a 25-year period, he and his wife were foster parents to more than 80 children. A graduate of Boston College with a master's degree from Boston University, Ed was inducted into the

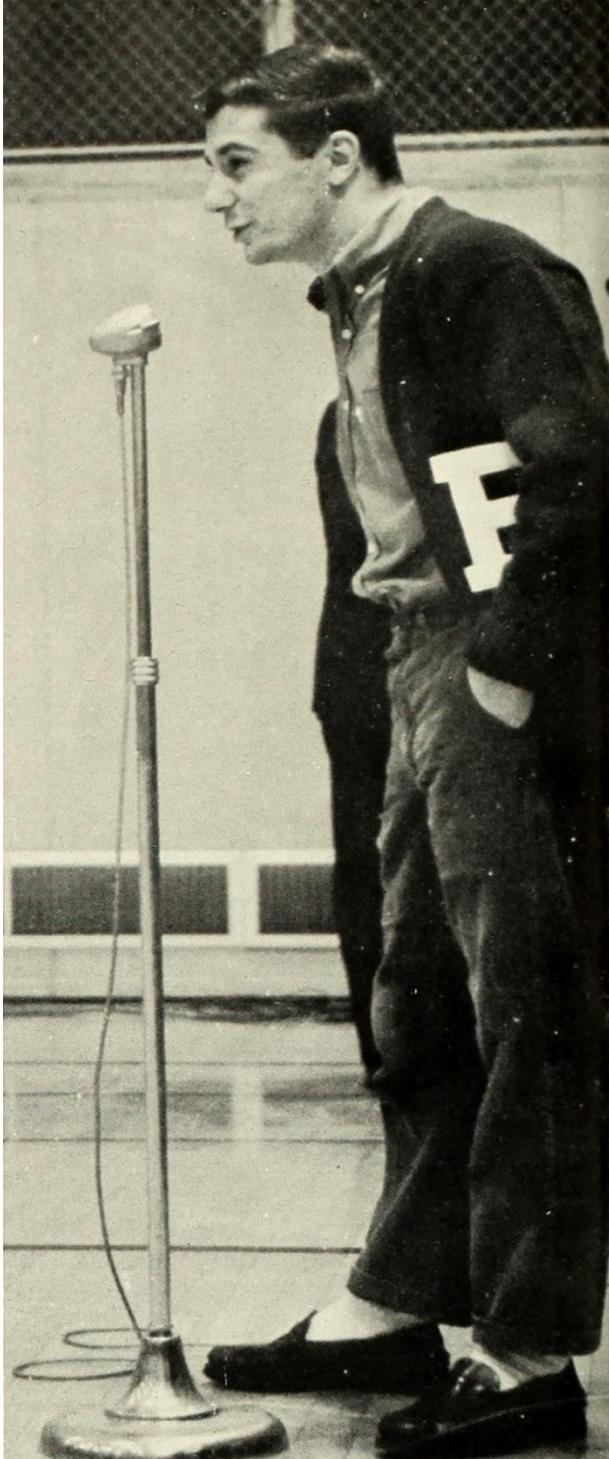
Bridgewater State College Athletic Hall of Fame in 1986, a year after he and his wife had closed the farm and retired to Florida. Always active in community service, Coach Swenson had been a member of the Board of Selectmen in Whitman and later was elected as a city commissioner in Florida.

He passed away in December 2001, at the age of 84.

By David Wilson '71 BSU Historian



Swenson Turf Field & Track "The BOG"



A TRIBUTE TO MARTY RIZZO

From the 1964 Yearbook

The cold, rainy day of November 9, 1963 will be forever embedded in our minds and hearts. On this day, in an effort to spring a teammate loose on a punt return, Marty Rizzo lowered his shoulder and threw a fine block and, as a result, fell to the ground seriously injured. For nine weeks, Marty struggled valiantly; he died on January 11, 1964. His foremost element for success was to give of himself one hundred and one percent. He gave exactly that on the gridiron and from his hospital bed. His victory was that of a lasting spirit. Marty's love of life, his aggressive attitude, and his pleasant smile are but a few of the endowments left for his fellow students. His coaches, teammates, and classmates will always recall the quality of leadership, the will to win, and the desire to excel that Marty possessed. To the final seconds of his life, Marty exemplified an ideal: He never knew what it was to quit.

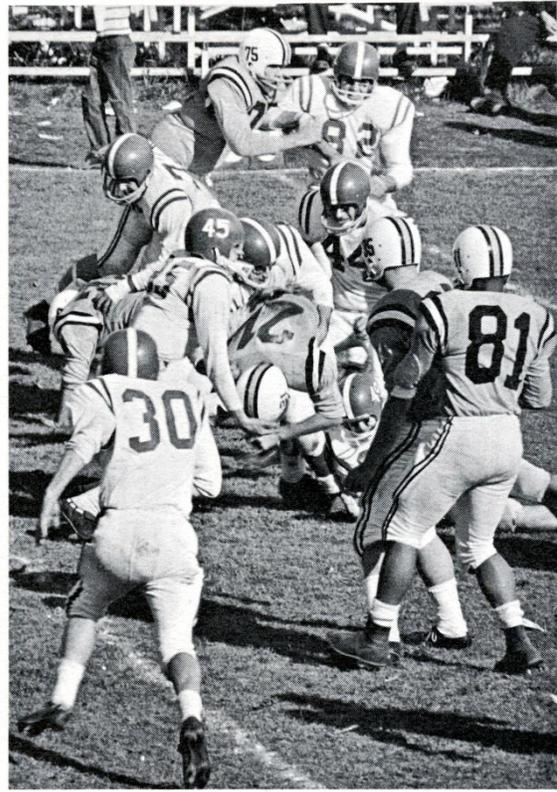
Composed by Ralph Ricci, '64 for the Yearbook

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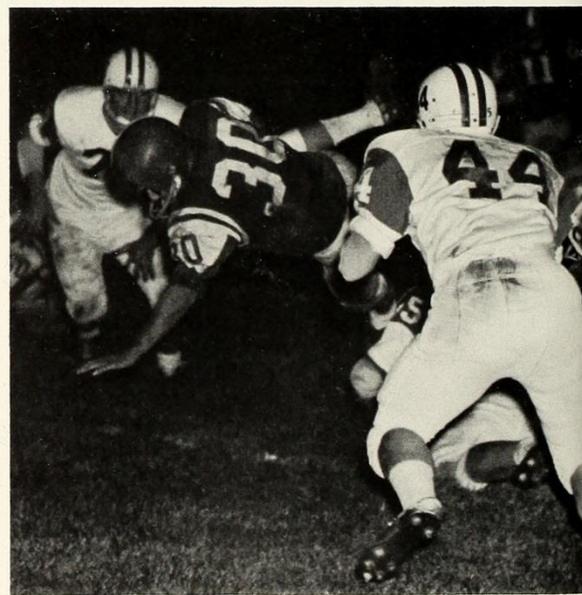
www.alumni.bridgew.edu/football will give you information on how to obtain a free for donate hard copy of the book and by clicking the donate tab on that page will give you a page to donate to Marty's Scholarship Fund



Martin Rizzo



#30 Marty Rizzo in pursuit



Marty Rizzo (30) dives forward for an extra against Bridgeport.

A TRIBUTE TO TOM COOK

It was 1968, - a week before Christmas with 3 days of classes left before the break and then we'd come back for finals in January. A group of Alpha Upsilon brothers met at the frat house (where the Alumni House is today on 25 Park Terrace) to gear up for a big basketball game as the team was undefeated. Tom Cook was "the bomber" while I set picks for him. Since he was the school's champion shot putter, he made a pro 3-point shot look easy. The game ended with another win which was reason enough to celebrate. Three hours later we lost Tom in an instant of time to a car accident on campus. At every college there are people who are the very heart of the school and I believe Tom was one of those. In the aftermath, Tom's loss rocked the college to its knees.

When I try to explain what Tom was like I say visualize a person who is part Babe Ruth and part Tony Soprano. very strong and powerful - a little thick at the waist but not fat. Tom was very street-smart, but not book-smart. Once we were talking about our SAT scores. At BSC you were supposed to score at least 1,000 to get in. Tom said his score was less than that. But then, with a comeback, he said. "Trust me, though - I'm smart, I just have reading issues." So I asked him how he got in. He replied, "My coach, Bob Mason. He played here and knows Dean Harrington and I can't let them down." And he didn't.

In pre-season 1966 the Bears were faced with overcoming a 2-plus year, 0 for 15 record. According to my teammate Billy Clifford, one more loss and we would own a national record for losing. The football program was in serious jeopardy. The Men's Athletic Association knew our beloved Coach Swenson needed help. Hence, the school hired Peter Mazzaferro to come on board as an assistant. Peter really kind of took over and made a decision to weed out a lot of older players and start quality freshmen instead. To top it off, our season opener was against Springfield College "B". This was the school I didn't apply to because I wanted to play small college football. I remember being a little worried about 6 freshmen starting, 4 of them on the line. So I talked with Tom about it. He was always reassuring and confident. He said, "Look, you; me and Herbie Lynch played in really good Class A programs. Leon Weinstein was captain of Chelsea. Mattie played Class A ball at Arlington against you, and Mike Lynch started at Dorchester. Maz knows his football. Trust him; he knows what he's doing." And then he said, "Minga, are you nuts? You'd rather sit on the bench?"



We won the game against Springfield 33-8 and came home on the bus. I don't think the tires even touched the road. That year we had a 3-4 record with two one-point losses to Curry and Frostburg State Colleges. Captain Geoff Fanning, Leon Weinstein and Tommy Cook could produce a 3 to 5 yard rushing game when needed, which opened up the total offense for our passing game. Tommy had become the freshman leader of the team. He had a way to make

practice and games fun. When we huddled to call a play on the break to the line he would often say something to one of us. Like “Go Charlie” or “Get ‘em, Leon.” He was always supporting others this way.

Once after practice Tom told a joke with a one-word punch line that was hilarious. Then during a game we needed a big play to make a first down. After the break of the huddle, Tommy blurts out that one-word punch line. You could hear six guys laughing under their breath as we set our spacing. There’s nothing like a gut laugh to get the adrenaline running. We made that play with yards to spare. That year we also won the New England Conference League, placing 4 freshmen on the All-Conference team. Tommy, Leon, Bill Matheson and Capt. Geoff were elected.

I remember practicing on the 5-man sled that year. The Dean of Men, David Deep, was our line coach. He was trying to motivate us. For Tom, that was a mistake and something he didn’t need. While the starting five were waiting our turn Tom said, “See the goal post over there (a long 50 yards away) -- that’s where we quit.” We drove the sled high up on its edge. Dean Deep kept blowing the whistle to stop. We didn’t, and he couldn’t get off. We hit the goal post and the Dean fell off with no comment, just a nod. We nodded back!

But playing football and studying on his own was too much for Tom. He knew he was in trouble in November ‘66 and was in a hole too deep to get out. He met with Dean Harrington, knowing that he had let his coach Bob Mason down. Dean told him to go to Essex Community College, get decent grades and then he could come back in fall of ‘67. But he would have to sit out sports for one semester and get square with the college. So that’s what Tom did, returning in September ‘67. We were roommates when Great Hill dorm first opened. This time Tom had a plan. He let me help him with Math and then he formed study groups for his other subjects. They would meet in the dorm conference room on Sunday through Thursday nights for 2-3 hours. It worked. Tom got B’s and C’s that semester and he was able to join track in the spring and throw the shot for Coach Swenson.

In 1968 Tom returned to the football team. Our roles were reversed. The last year he had to watch me play in a good year that put the Bears at 4-3. But that fall I already had a motorcycle and car accident that finished my football days. With his study group routine he was doing well at school. Tom played again at right tackle with Leon Weinstein at his side at guard and a freshman center Phil LeFavor (both Athletic Hall of Fame Class of 2015 and 1999 respectfully). I remember asking Phil what it was like playing with Tom. He said, “You want to be a starter when Tom’s on your team.” I asked why. Phil said, “Because if you play second string you have to practice against him and his forearm can put your lights out!” That year Phil, Leon and Tom again provided that 3 to 5 yard rushing guarantee. The 1968 Bears were 5-3. This was the best season in BSC’s nine year history. Tom and quarterback Paul Stella made All-Conference for the second time, while guard Leon Weinstein and Bill Matheson continued to make All-Conference team in all 4 years.

Tom lives on in the Bridgewater football program and in the Conference that has grown significantly since those old days. In tribute, the Tom Cook Award is given annually by the BSU Football Alumni Organization in Tom’s memory and recognizes an exceptional senior class football player.

Charlie Worden ’70 , G’80

BSC Football The Swenson Era



Scholarship funds have been established to honor the memory of 1960s players, Marty Rizzo and Tom Cook, and the contributions of Coach Peter Mazzaferro. If you are interested in donating to one or more of these funds, please contact the Bridgewater State University **Office of Alumni Relations** or Director of Development. Checks may be mailed to the BSU Alumni Center, 26 Summer St., Bridgewater, MA 02325.

Online

www.alumni.bridgew.edu/football will give you information on how to obtain a free for donate hard copy of the book and by clicking the donate tab on that page will give you a page to donate to all three funds mentioned above

1968 The Strong Side #53 Lefavor, #64 Weinstein and #78 T. Cook block down off tackle for a big gain



Taking a break in a messy game
#44 Bob Woodman #31 George Sullivan, #53 Phil LeFavor
and #78 Tom "T" Cook

Remembering Bobby Lane

Robert M. Lane was one of the finest athletes to grace Bridgewater State's sports programs. He was fast, quick, and could hit like a runaway freight train. He came to BSC in 1960 but was unable to play football as he was recovering from a shoulder operation. In the spring of 1961 he ran track and was highly regarded as a sprinter and middle distance runner. He had set the New England Catholic half mile record at Coyle High the previous year. That Fall he joined the team and made his presence felt immediately when during tackling drills he threw his 165 pound frame into 215 pound Dick "Moose" Kherlopian and left him on the field, stunned. His speed and agility won him a starting position in the first week. That season, Bobby played slotback, moving to either side of the formation where he could block, run, or receive. He excelled at all phases of the game.



In the opening game at Brown University, Bobby stole the show with a tremendous display of open field running, gaining 162 yards, including an off-tackle run of 63 yards to set up a score. He finished the scoring in the 25-12 win with an electrifying 65 yard run, and averaged 23 yards a carry. Injuries kept him out of the Newport game the following week, but he made significant contributions to the subsequent close loss to a heavily favored Maine Maritime, running and receiving, and bulling over for a two point conversion. At Homecoming, Bobby took the kickoff from the goal line to his own thirty, then caught a pass and took it 67 yards for the score. He also took a handoff on his own 40, cut to the outside, and when overcome at the Nichols 25, alertly lateraled to the trailing Dave Morwick, who ran it in for the score. In the final game of the season against Quonset, Bobby took the opening kickoff 95 yards for the score, and tallied once more taking a handoff around right end, reversed field and scrambled 51 yards to pay dirt. He also had another spectacular 45 yard run. The Quonset Scout reported that "Lane raced around, over, and between Quonset defenders." Bobby led the team in three departments that year, points scored (26), total yardage, rushing yardage (500 yards in 4 games), and rushing average (11.2 yards). He was also second in receiving, with seven snags. He was selected Best All-Around Athlete for his class for 1961-1962 by the Campus Comment.

Again, Bobby ran track in the spring of 1962, competing in multiple events. At the Southern New England Invitational Track Meet, he scored points for BSC in the High Jump (5'10"), 220 yard dash (22.8 seconds), 100 yard dash (10.2 seconds), and ran the second leg of the relay, threw the javelin, competed in the broad jump, and was so thoroughly exhausted, he dropped out of the two mile event.

Bobby had another memorable season in 1962. In the home opener against Maine Maritime, he gained over 150 yards, scored one touchdown and one conversion. In a fog-shrouded field under the lights, Dave Morwick called a slotback delay on a third down situation, rolled to his left and slipped the ball to Bobby as the opponents chased the quarterback. Bobby raced 40 yards for the winning touchdown. His catch for the conversion was the margin of victory in the 22-20 upset. Bobby ran well and caught passes in the subsequent losses, and caught Dave Morwick's final touchdown pass at the University of Bridgeport. Bobby completed the season with 430 yards rushing on 91 carries (4.5 yards per carry) and was elected co-captain for the 1963 season with Bob Peluso.

During the early season, Bobby was plagued with a knee injury, and ran back kickoffs and punts as the offense sputtered with the absence of a veteran quarterback. After the third game, he approached Coach Swenson, and asked to be converted to quarterback to provide some leadership and direction to the offense. Although out of position, his quickness and ability to scramble and read defenses made him the pivot of a much improved offense. At Homecoming, he threw two touchdown passes of 65 and 70 yards respectively. He also made a brilliant scramble reversing field for 65 yards and a score, only to have it nullified by a clipping penalty. His last game saw Bobby run effectively and pass superbly in a downpour, the most outstanding offensive player in the afternoon. He threw for two TDs and a conversion. Sadly, BSC lost to Brockport, 15-14.

The loss was made worse by the injury to Marty Rizzo. Bobby visited Marty in the hospital and presented him with the Homecoming Game ball which he had previously received. We put on the date and the score and everyone signed it. The ball was by Marty's bedside when he expired.

For his heroics, Bobby was voted MVP and named as a Little All-America honorable mention. Not only did he run track, but he scrambled back home to Taunton every afternoon to coach track, from his freshman year on. During the off-season he played CYO basketball, averaging 16 points and in the summer played CYO baseball as a pitcher and third baseman, as well as driving an ice cream truck and working as a short order cook. Bobby was always a bundle of energy.

After graduation, Bobby taught at Coyle High, Somerset High, Taunton High, and the Parker Middle School. He coached football, track and field, basketball, and cross-country at Coyle, Somerset, Taunton, Oliver Ames, and Milton High Schools. He served on the Taunton Parks and Recreation Commission and worked on behalf of the Taunton Special Olympics.

Bobby married his college sweetheart, Theresa Balewicz. He was never far from her side at school, and we used to call her "Mrs. Lane". They became engaged after the Homecoming Banquet their senior year. They have a daughter and two grandchildren.

As an undergraduate, Bobby commuted to the school for four years, and could be seen in the smoke-filled commuter room between classes, joking and clowning around. He was great for everyone's morale whether on campus or on road trips or on the field. Anyone who played sports or went to class with him is a little better for it.

Dave Morwick, teammate, remembers that everyone "was impressed with his athletic ability, his enthusiasm, humor, and great friendship. And he was also wild and crazy! I can recall on many occasions during a game after calling a play in the huddle, as we approached the line of scrimmage, I would whisper to Bobby, 'just take the damn ball anywhere you want, go for the goal line.' And so many times with his natural speed and instincts, he would just take the ball and run, never mind where the blocks were or the play was supposed to go. That was Bobby."

Ed Meaney reflected "Bobby was unique. He was not just a talented athlete, but he was a man who was not afraid to speak out about what he viewed as the truth and what was right and wrong, regardless of the consequences. He was a great teammate and a great friend." In 2013 the City of Taunton named an athletic field in his honor."

Dave Fee remembers "How I recall his quick explosiveness. He made our jobs on the line and on the ends a lot easier. He was an exceptional, gifted athlete and a classy guy. He was special to us, to the football program, and to Bridgewater."

Paul Callahan wrote, "We wish we all had more time with him."

REMEMBERING MAC

John McCallum was the equipment manager and general maintenance custodian at the Gym from the 1950's into the 1970's. He put in a lot of long, extra hours in support of the athletic programs, and despite his gruff demeanor (although he always smiled when greeted), enjoyed every minute that he put in. He truly loved all the kids, despite their sometimes hare-brained antics, and treated everyone like family. Below is a tribute to Mac from the October 9, 1968 Campus Comment, followed by personal comments from former players.

“MAC”

For almost 10 years, John McCallum, known to most of the male student body as “MAC”, has juggled, repaired, and otherwise taken care of Bridgewater's athletic equipment.

Mac is the one who has seen to it that there are enough shoe laces for spikes enough shoulder pads, tape, bandages, and uniforms. Mac is Bridgewater's own equipment supervisor, and it's about time he took a bow.

Mac has been here a long time, and he's seen athletics grow and mature into what they are today. He has outfitted all the teams and kept them outfitted. Rapid expansion has sometimes brought him headaches and logistical problems. But more than being an equipment manager, Mac is part of Bridgewater and an almost indispensable part of the teams he has equipped. He CELEBRATES with us when we win; he encourages us if we lose. He has become an institution here. Without the gruff voice, canvas hat, biting the cigar out of the corner or his mouth, something would be missing from athletics here at Bridgewater.



Bill Clifford remembers Mac giving him a white game jersey with his number on it. At the time, it was being used as a practice jersey, but might have been one that he wore as a freshman. Bill recently presented the jersey to the BSU Archives. It was one of the original 1960 “home and away” jerseys.

Charlie Worden recalls: “my sophomore year I ended up with a crap pair of high cuts. I had wide feet and always wore low cuts. The shoes I had as a frosh wore out and had no money to replace them. Mac took me after practice to a Middleboro sports shop and told the guy to get me a nice pair of double E low cuts. He paid for them out of his own pocket. When Jim Accomando died in Feb '70, Mac felt he couldn't make the drive, so I went to the funeral with 4 other guys and we picked him up at his retirement residence. He cried like the rest of us at the service and burial. He was like Swa in many ways.”

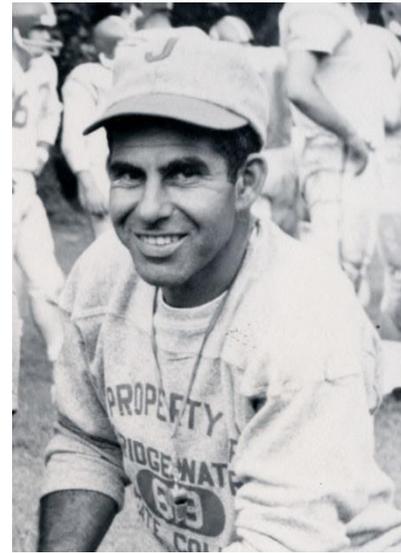
Jim Tartari recalls “my freshman year I was given a pair of ancient shoulder pads that barely covered my shoulders. They were made of cotton batting covered with heavy cotton drill that chafed, with masonite plates riveted to the padding with leather flaps. When some new pads came in, Mac gave me a pair. They were extra wide and looked like wings, but they provided decent protection...Mac drove up to Maine Maritime by himself in '61 to watch the game. He was knocking down a fifth during the game, loudly berating the horrid officiating, and fell out of the stands. Charlie Varney ran over to assist him. At the end of each season we gave him a present. My senior year it was a bottle of his favorite libation; that might have been a tradition. He pretended not to see Bobby Lane and me run off with the Homecoming balls during the euphoria after the win. Bobby gave his to Marty Rizzo. I will give mine to the college archives in '13 after it has 50 years of gathering dust in front of the team photo.”

Mac retired in 1970. As luck would have it, Albert “Bud” Mondeau, his son-in-law took over his duties at the College that year. Bud worked until 1983 and was as well loved by the teams as his predecessor. Bud was made an honorary brother of Kappa Delta Phi, and was invited to all of the annual football banquets. He attended the 2012 banquet at the age of 91 and was overcome with emotion from the affectionate greetings he received.

A Tribute to a Quiet Coach and Good Neighbor, Joe Lazaro

He appeared on the football coaching scene at BSC in 1963. He was a friend of coach Charlie “Uncle Charlie” Varney, and was a resident of the town of Bridgewater. Joe Lazaro was a local legend in the town having played football on the High School team and the Bridgewater Town Team.

According to Jack Balutis, '66, who talked to Joe's breakfast buddies at McDonald's, recently, Joe's family moved to Bridgewater while he was in grade school. They related that he was quickly accepted in town in large measure because of his athletic ability. Joe went on to play football, basketball and baseball at Bridgewater High School. He was a place kicker, punter and halfback on the football team, and a center fielder on the baseball field. Unfortunately none of the breakfast club remembered much about Joe's basketball playing. Joe only played at the high school level through his sophomore year because he had to leave in order to go to work full time to help support his family.



During W.W. II Joe joined the U.S. Army Air Corps. He was stationed at MacDill Air Base, near Tampa, Florida. From 1940 to 1942 the main task of the personnel at this base was anti-submarine patrolling and ferrying aircraft, via the South Atlantic and South Africa, to the Philippines. Later the U.S. Navy took over the sub patrolling and the Army Air Corpsmen's primary job became training B-17 and B-26 bomber crews for overseas duty. All Joe's buddies agreed that Joe was the starting halfback on the MacDill Base football team.

After the War, the American Legion, or Vet's Club, was built, and its members sponsored the Bridgewater Town football team. This was a semi-pro team that played teams from Middleboro, Whitman, and Abington, among others. Joe would have played against Charlie Varney on the Middleboro team, and possibly against an Abington club that wore the same uniforms that found their way to BSC in 1960. Joe was a key player on the Town Team and a stalwart on the 1949 undefeated team. Don Litzen, a Bridgewater resident recalled Joe as one of the " 'Bridgewater Legends' in the 1940's. In those years the place to be on Sunday afternoons was Legion Field where the Bridgewater Town Team played its home games and Joe was a star athlete on its squad. Legion Field was Joe's home."

Joe also started coaching football with Charlie Varney as his assistant at Bridgewater High School. He also assisted at least two other head coaches at the school. Joe, who remained a bachelor, became devoted to athletics for kids in town. He was instrumental in starting Little League baseball in the town and coached one of the original teams sponsored by the John E. Lucey Shoe Co. By that time he had become a parks and playground maintenance man for the town and was responsible for preparing Legion Field for not only high school football games but BSC games in the early years. This site is now an athletic complex which includes a Little League baseball diamond named Joseph Lazaro Field.

Joe was a laid back coach who never seemed to get rattled. That was the way Joe was, at least outwardly. Inwardly, he cared intensely about football and us players. The fact that he hadn't gone to college didn't seem to affect his attitude toward the players at BSC and it didn't seem to affect their attitude towards coach Lazaro. After all, most of us were from working class families and many of us were the first in our families to attend college.

Joe usually worked with the backs on the team so I didn't have very much day to day contact with him. Even so, he was always friendly and usually had a smile on his face. He called me Mikey, which I hated, but I wasn't going to tell him that. I don't know how long Joe coached at BSC

after 1965, when I graduated, but while there I never heard a player say anything negative about Coach Joe.

Joe was honored on April 28, 1989 with the second and last Bridgewater Alumni Football Award at one of our early Alumni Football Banquets. It bears the inscription “To Coach Joe Lazaro for his years of dedicated coaching of varsity football at BSC. A distinguished coach, a role model. A gentleman of the highest caliber.”

An interesting incident took place when my older daughter Amanda, who was a student at BSC from 1991 to 1996, decided she wanted to live off campus in her junior year. She, and a couple of girl friends, found an apartment on Perkins Street, a couple of houses up from the Crystal Café, which was on the corner of Broad and Perkins Streets. The Crystal is now Emma’s. This apartment was a real dump and it took my wife and me an entire Saturday to clean it up before the girls moved in. Evidently the previous occupants were BSC football players, enough said! I even went back the next weekend to do some needed carpentry on the floor of the closet-like bathroom. You can imagine what a treat that was. The owner lived upstairs and wasn’t in much. It was obvious that she used Amanda’s apartment strictly as a source of income and neglected to put much money or effort into its maintenance.

Across the street was a little white Cape Cod cottage sitting on a postage stamp size lot with a four foot high chain link fence around its perimeter. It was sandwiched between two larger buildings like the one Amanda occupied. To the rear of the cottage loomed the huge wood-framed former shoe factory.

As my daughter tells it, one day she walked out of the apartment on her way to class at the same time that a thin man with an olive complexion emerged from the white cottage. He said hello to her and asked if she was a student at the college. When she responded that she was he introduced himself as her neighbor, Joe Lazaro. When she in turn told him that her name was Amanda Hughes he said that he had coached a Mikey Hughes who played football for BSC back in the sixties. When

she said that I was her dad he asked her to wait a moment, went back into the cape, and came out with a copy of a 1964 BSC football program, open to the team picture in the center. He then pointed me out to her, told her she could keep the program, and asked her to give me his regards. I have since donated that program to the Maxwell Library Archives. It seems that the cottage was his family's home and at the time he was still there caring for his elderly mother. Joe cared for her until she died and, as far as I know, lived there until he passed away.

That was Joe Lazaro the quiet coach and good neighbor.

Mike Hughes, '65

**NOTE – many thanks to teammate Jack Balutis, '66, for much of the information he gathered on Joe Lazaro's life in Bridgewater for this tribute. Also thanks to Al Strondak, '67, for contacting Don Litzen for information on Joe.

Chris Lee, '67, recalls

“Joe was a Little League coach for the Lucey Shoe team when I played Little League baseball. I played for the Nailers, which were sponsored by the Independent Nail and Packing Co. He was freshman football, basketball, and baseball coach at Bridgewater High in the 50's and until Bridgewater-Raynham opened in 1961. That is when Charlie Varney went to BSC. Joe went as well.

“Joe was a gentleman, and a gentle man. He never said anything bad about anyone. He was very imaginative and skilled as a player and coach in all the sports that he participated in. I learned much from him, and I am the better for his being in my life.”

On the hill overlooking Legion Field, the Vet's Club still stands. Within whose walls hangs a large photograph of that Bridgewater Town Team that went unbeaten in 1949. And in the front row, sits number 17, Joe Lazaro, where he will be forever nineteen.

A TRIBUTE TO OZZIE

He arrived at BSC the last week of August, 1961, ready for pre-season football practice having never played football in high school. He was a skinny kid from Belmont who resembled the popular television marionette, Howdy Doody! In high school he played soccer and golf but he wanted to play football and Bridgewater's second year program would give him a chance to do just that. His name was Tom Connors, but he was Ozzie to those who knew him well. That nickname most likely came from his Belmont years.

I met him that pre-season week and we became friends. Actually, with his Irish sense of humor, he became friends with just about everyone. We ended up playing football for four years at BSC and from 1963-1965 we were roommates.

While memories of his football experiences, such as the famous broken nose incident at Tufts are covered in the History of BSC Football: The Swenson Era, a few things about Ozzie and the team that do come to mind. The first is that through sheer determination Oz made himself a football player. Also, he was so thin I used to joke that it was dangerous to hit him or be hit by him because his elbows and knees were so sharp it would be like being speared, he could draw blood.

Oz tried to make up for his lack of bulk by wearing no less than two sweatshirts under his large shoulder pads. This made him look very odd because you would see this huge torso between a skinny neck, with protruding Adam's apple, above, and long, spindly legs, below.

In our sophomore year Oz and I were accepted into Kappa Delta Phi fraternity. Stories of the shenanigans we were involved in at fraternity meetings at the old VFW Hall in Bridgewater are too numerous and probably too rowdy to be related here.

On occasion Oz would exhibit eccentric characteristics off the field. He was a cigarette smoker and by 1963 was also smoking a pipe in the dorm. He frequently wore a derby or a working man's cap when he felt in the mood and to see that Ichabod Crane type body striding across the quadrangle to class in that regalia was something to behold.

Ozzie was not what I would consider a studier. This aggravated me because I would have to carefully read everything assigned, take notes and go over them again and again. Oz just quickly read what he felt he needed to, took few notes and went to bed early. His grades always seemed



to be better than mine.

Ozzie also drove what was eventually classified as the most dangerous passenger car in the U.S., a Chevy Corvair, with the engine in the rear near the gas tank.

I was voted President of the Men's Dorm as a senior. Oz seemed to think that this entitled him to act as the dorm's chief of police because he was my roommate.

By that time Oz became a regular at the Rob Roy in Bridgewater where I would join him on occasion.

During his four years as a student at Bridgewater, Oz maintained a close relationship with Elaine Fowler, his sweetheart, who was a student at Emmanuel College in Boston. He would bring her to college events, fraternity parties and she would show up at home football games when she could.

It wasn't long after his practice teaching sessions that Oz decided teaching wasn't for him, at least at that time in his life. In 1965, as the Vietnam War was accelerating, he knew he would be drafted so he enlisted in the army instead. After being kicked out of O.C.S. because he couldn't put up with what he regarded as meaningless bull shit he was sent to Vietnam as a private first class combat infantryman. Oz found himself in Company C, 27th Regiment (the famous Wolfhounds). What happened shortly after his arrival in Vietnam would change his life forever.

The following is from a Boston Globe article written by Stephen B. Young entitled, "Belmont GI Recalls Hellish Night of Viet Ambush," which appeared in the Saturday, December 31, 1966 issue. The subtitle for the article was, "Toughest Way to Quit Smoking." [NOTE – Ironically Stephen B. Young was originally from Methuen and as a sailor in W.W. II he was trapped inside, and finally rescued from the overturned battleship U.S.S. Oklahoma, which sank as a result of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941. Oz was born on Dec. 7, 1943. Young wrote a book about his experience entitled, Trapped at Pearl Harbor. In addition to that, Young received his navy training at Newport Naval Station (whose football team we dreaded playing in the early 60s) and lived on Lodge St., in Belmont, Mass., later in life.]

Young interviewed Oz at Fort Devens Army Hospital for the article. It describes what happened to Oz far better than I can.

“I lost my cigarette lighter the day I got hit and couldn't catch a smoke. Then it was a few days before I could anyway. Now I don't even want to.”

It seems like the hard way to lick the habit, but Pfc Thomas J. Connors of Belmont and now a patient at the U.S. Army hospital, Fort Devens, smiled when he said it.

His wounding and the breaking of the cigarette habit occurred last Nov. 5, during Operation Attleboro. Connors had been in Vietnam less than a month and it was his first hostile action. He was firing his machine gun when an enemy sniper

shot him through the left shoulder, the bullet creasing his spine.

Now Connors lies in his bed at the hospital, temporarily paralyzed from the waist down. He's able to hoist himself up a bit by grasping the bar above the bed, but when he eats, he has to be strapped firmly to the bed so that both bed and Connors can be flipped over. Then he eats from dishes on the floor while staring down at his food. It's an awkward position, but he manages.

Machine gunner Connors went into the Army last year following his graduation from Bridgewater State College. He has a degree in education and wants to teach history. In Vietnam, he helped make it.

Connors practice taught in Bridgewater and Easton. He is the son of the late Dr. Thomas A. Connors and Mrs. Anne Connors of 395 Belmont St., Belmont. His mother now teaches at Cambridge High and Latin. Connors, is the oldest of seven children.

He tells it like this: "We'd been checked out on weapons, patrolling and what we had to know," he said. "After a few weeks, we felt ready – big shots, part of the 'in' crowd."

Then Connors' 25th Division and his regiment, the 27th Infantry, the famed Wolfhounds, got the call to go into action. The Fort Devens-trained 196th Light Infantry Brigade was already committed.

The afternoon of Nov. 4, as Connors' platoon was moving along the trail, it received its baptism of fire. There was a lot of firing ahead in the jungle. Now the platoon started to receive sniper fire. Everybody dove for the nearest cover, Connors crawling under a blown down tree.

What am I doing here?" he thought. Soldiers have said the same thing for thousands of years.

A scout dog was hit and started an awful racket.

Then the word was passed back to the reserve platoon that Capt. Jerry Currier, whose home was Andover, had been killed. The lieutenant had to take over and the sergeant did the same for the lieutenant.

"1st platoon, move up," the word was passed.

Connors and the others crawled along the trail. They were crawling over the dead and wounded of the ambushed platoon.

Connors had fired his weapon a couple of times. Now, his team leader took over

a machine gun position from a wounded soldier. Conners got the ammo.

It was a wild sort of fire fight. The machine gun fired into the trees and foliage around, searching for the Viet Cong. There was another machine gun, and it was sweeping a 90 degree arc in front.

Then the team leader got it and Conners became the gunner.

At sunset the firing died down, from both the enemy and friend. Conners manned the gun all night, firing an occasional burst. Friendly artillery came in all that wild and terrible night so the V.C. wouldn't overrun their positions. Helicopters and flare ships hovered overhead, adding their noise and light to the eerie scene in the jungle.

The American dead and wounded were all around. They couldn't leave them. Soldiers cried for water during the long night. Their friends saw they got it and cared for them the best they could.

"It was a sleepless night," said Conners in the understatement of the year.

Soon after daybreak came the small arms fire began again. At eight there was a tremendous fire fight. Conners and the other machine gunner provided grazing fire around the forward arc of their perimeter. The trees were stripped bare of their foliage.

And, all of a sudden, Conners was shot through the shoulder and across the spine. He lay there and couldn't move.

Soldiers dragged him away from the gun and two others took over. The firing continued.

They moved the machine gun back to another position.

Now the relief company was moving up, firing and picking up the wounded as they got to Conners. He couldn't find his lighter and couldn't smoke. Then he was hit in the hip while lying there.

Another big fire fight broke out. The machine gun was hit again. Finally, the Americans made a stretcher out of a poncho and branches and rolled Conners over into it. Four of them picked him up and started off. They'd run a few feet, then down, a few more, and so on, being fired on all the time. Conners, was in a daze. But they got him out. He'll get the Purple Heart. Then the hospital doctors will try to get him back in shape again so he can teach some day.

One thing, he'll never forget that day in the jungles of Vietnam.

Bob Mason and myself observed first-hand how the swiveling bed, mentioned in the article above, worked when we visited Oz at Ft. Devens. We both watched in amazement as Oz ate his evening meal off the floor after being flipped over on his stomach in that sling type bed. As usual his sense of humor caused us to become quite relaxed as did the six packs of beer we brought with us. In addition to a couple of pizzas, Mase brought a 16mm film projector and a couple of BSC game films for entertainment during our visit. All three of us got quite boisterous even though I don't think Ozzie partook of the lager. A nurse would occasionally look in on us but no one in authority ever made an effort to challenge us or our choices of amusement that night. Because he amazed the medical staff at Devens by beating the odds and because of his condition they probably allowed us these liberties. When Bob and I left Oz, it was dark out in Ayer. The darkness and the fact that we were, shall I say, buzzed, caused us to get lost and we ended up on a road in Bolton where we had to ask for directions back to Rt. 495 and home.

The doctors at Ft. Devens hadn't yet informed Oz that he would remain paralyzed. At least Oz didn't know that. We were still holding out hope that he would some how get back on his feet. It didn't happen. I don't know when he found out that his injuries would cause permanent damage but it didn't change his outlook on life, at least not on the surface. Oz pushed on with much courage and that sense of humor. Being confined to a wheelchair and being hooked up by a catheter to a bag strapped to his left leg for urine collection never seemed to cramp his style. He married Elaine, learned to drive a car with manual controls (a Cadillac of course), earned a Master's Degree from Boston College in handicapped studies, and had a successful career with the Veteran's Administration, working in various VA hospitals.

Ozzie had season tickets to the Celtics and Patriots and would invite many of his friends to accompany him to games. He and his paraplegic buddies convinced the Boston Garden management to reserve spaces for the handicapped inside the Garden and made a deal with the building next door to use their freight elevator to transport wheel chair bound fans to the second floor balcony area above the left backboard which was now reserved for them. He and his group did the same with the Sullivans who then owned the Patriots and Foxboro Stadium. The handicapped were even allowed to have their own tailgating area, and as Mase and I can attest, it became a site for great gourmet cooking and even greater revelry. Oz also enjoyed deep sea fishing and cooking on the grill for his friends and relatives. He always maintained a close relationship with his family especially his nieces and nephews.

Ozzie's loyalty to BSC, Kappa Delta Phi and Bear's football never faded. He attended alumni fraternity affairs, football games, and alumni football dinners whenever he could. He always had a case of Heineken on ice in the trunk of his Caddy, strictly for emergencies of course! In the 1970s and 80s, the annual Alumni Football dinner was held at the Old Colony in Brockton. Mase and I and a few others, would meet Oz at the entrance to the place and then proceed to pull and push his tilted-back wheelchair up a good long flight of stairs to the second floor where the dinner was being held. After the festivities ended we would lower that chair back down the same stairs. This wasn't as easy as pulling him up because of our full stomachs and slightly clouded judgments. Eventually we helped convince those in charge that the dinner should be held as a site with easier access for Oz and others. The College's Student Union became the site for a few

years. When Mase asked Ozzie how he liked our kind efforts at better accessibility he chirped, "Are you kidding me, I loved it when you guys had to drag me up and down those stairs!" Now that was Ozzie Connors humor!

On May 17, 1985 a small committee spearheaded by Rich Florence, Mase and myself, with the generous cooperation of the Office of Alumni Relations, in the person of Philip Conroy, organized an award ceremony for the Annual Alumni Football Dinner. Mase and I got the job of getting as many of Oz's teammates, frat brothers and friends to go to the dinner as we could. We sent out letters to those we thought would be interested in attending. We had a plaque made and engraved which would be presented to Oz after the dinner in the Ballroom of the Student Union. Mase created the wording on the plaque which read:

BRIDGEWATER FOOTBALL ALUMNI AWARD TO
THOMAS J. CONNERS '65,
SCHOLAR-ATHLETE-LOYAL ALUMNUS AND HEROIC
COMBAT VETERAN.

WHEN THE GOING GOT TOUGH...,
...ON THE GRIDIRON...IN VIETNAM...VETERANS
HOSPITAL,
TOM GOT GOING!
LOYALTY-BRAVERY-COURAGE-DETERMINATION-
PERSEVERANCE

MAY 17, 1985
BRIDGEWATER STATE COLLEGE.

Many teammates, brothers and friends were there including Coach Dave Deep and the Swa. Even the President of the College, Adrian Rondileau, made an appearance. A great photograph was taken by David Wilson with Oz in his chair, plaque in hand, with Swa's right hand on his left shoulder, surrounded by 25 smiling attendees. What a great night and what well deserved recognition for one of BSC's most loyal sons.

Mase remembers apologizing to his wife Elaine for not including her in the celebration. Mase told her that, "We were selfish, we wanted him all to ourselves, because we loved him too!" She accepted the apology with her natural grace.

In February, 1999, Ozzie began feeling poorly and was admitted to Jamaica Plain VA Hospital. While there he developed a severe case of bed sores which were so bad surgery was required to heal them. In May he was diagnosed with bladder cancer and lymphoma. After exploratory surgery doctors discovered that the cancer had spread to his intestinal area and was inoperable. Oz was given a year to live. From that point on he was back and forth between the VA and his home in Eastham.

He told us he couldn't make it to the Mass. Maritime game (the Cranberry Bowl) in Buzzard's

BSC Football The Swenson Era

Bay at the end of the season on November 13th. Mase and I had arranged with Coach Mazzaferro to present Oz with the game ball if the Bears won.

BSC played a great game beating the Buccaneers 41 to 23. After the Cranberry Scoop was presented to the team, Coach Mazz had the team in a circle at the north end of the field and told the players that the game ball was going to Ozzie. Coach then addressed a few words to the team explaining who Oz was. Mase using his cell phone called Oz from the field to tell him what was going on. When Mase told Oz that he was supposed to be presented the game ball, Oz replied, "Why the hell didn't you tell me that was going to happen? I would have been there for that!" More Ozzie Conners humor!

I took the ball home and painted the score on one side and "Cranberry Bowl, 11/13/99" on the other. We got Joe Domingos, '66, and, at the time, head football coach at Mass. Maritime, to present the ball to Oz at the Kappa spaghetti supper held in the Student Union that early December.

A great photo was taken of this presentation with Oz in the middle of us exhibiting that great Doody smile of his. This remains one of my favorite pictures of Oz. A number of us visited him in the hospital during one of his last stays there knowing that it didn't look good for our buddy Ozzie. You see Oz never totally recovered from the wounds he sustained in Vietnam. On May 27, 2000, he passed away because his body finally gave in to the lymphoma caused by his combat injuries. He never, ever, engaged in self-pity or doubt concerning what happened to him in Vietnam.

Elaine, sent his medical records to the Department of the Army and it was determined that his death was a result of the wounds he sustained in 1966. At that time only those who died in Vietnam were eligible to have their names engraved on "The Wall" (Vietnam Veterans Memorial). Elaine Conners' efforts to change that policy, with the aid of other families in similar circumstances, were successful. Elaine was informed by the Department of the Army that the name, Thomas Joseph Conners, would be inscribed on "The Wall" during Memorial Day Ceremonies on May 30, 2005. Mase, Jim Tartari and I took an AMTRAC train to Washington, D.C. in order to join Elaine and members of Ozzie's family for what we knew would be a touching ceremony. It was 100 degrees that day and looking back on it now, I can't help feeling that the spirits of the guys whose names were on that memorial were trying to give us a little feel of what the weather was like in Southeast Asia when they were there. Somehow, however, the oppressive heat and humidity didn't seem to matter to us because there was something more important going on!

Oz's name, along with three other vets names, were added to the 58,245 names already engraved on that low riding, streamlined, granite memorial. His name is located in panel 13-E, line 125. A very tearful Elaine Conners was escorted to the spot so she could be the first to make a rubbing of her husband's name. All three of us were also allowed to make a rubbing of the name, Thomas J. Conners. "May the spirit never die!" is a fraternity slogan we use often. Thomas "Ozzie" Conners' body may have died on May 27, 2000, but his spirit never will.

-- Mike Hughes '65



1965 Seniors

80 Jenkins, 73 Govoni, 23 Mason, 74 Faulkner,
60 Klaiman, 34 Connors, 83 Hughes

husband, father, campus leader and friend, Bob Fay gave all. He is a symbol of all the energy, vitality and spirit that is the essence of life.

It seems unreal that fate could wrest from this earth, a man so filled with the goodness of life.”

What was hovering over BSC and the football program finally released its grip after graduation in 1965.

In the winter of 1996 a very intriguing incident took place which made quite an impact on the Fay family and to Bob Mason and me.

Bob and I and our wives, Doris and Donna, were at BSC and happened to stop in for a drink at the college's Rathskeller, which at that time was situated in the ground level of the Student Union. It was early evening and as we sat in a booth reminiscing about our college days and football experiences, a young woman in the next booth, who was sitting with her back to us, leaned over and politely asked, “I'm sorry to intrude but I hope you don't mind if I ask you a question? Did you know my father, Bob Fay?”

The expression on her face after Bob and I, almost simultaneously responded, yes, was one of a mixture of awe and instant relief. The conversation quickly continued, almost breathlessly, on her part. She explained that she was Bob's daughter, Kerri, and knew little about her father's college and football life because she was only one and a half years old when he died. She wanted to know everything we knew about Bob and we tried to fill her in as best we could. It didn't take the four of us long to realize how important this chance encounter was to Kerri MacKensie (Fay) Eck. Mase had Kerri write her address down so he could send her a letter and some pictures of Bob. Kerri had evidently never seen pictures of her dad as a BSC football player.

Mase sent the letter and pictures off to Kerri and in a letter she wrote back to him, dated March 4, 1996, she stated she was thrilled with the pictures and Bob's “touching letter.” She told him she shared the pictures and letter with her mother Sharon, her two sisters, and two aunts, Bob's sisters. She said that, “that night we met was a real highlight of my 33 years.” After writing about repeating her story to the family members above, she stated, “Each one of them was so taken by my story and your letter, that it moved them to tears. But, really they were tears of happiness because we were all loving hearing about my father.”

Kerri went on, “We all agreed that my strong urge to approach your group was either from God above or even my father urging me, or both. It certainly was the right thing to do and you all made me feel so welcome. I can't thank you enough for your interest, sincerity, and sheer delight in talking with me, Bobby's daughter. I could see it in your eyes that you really cared. You are a special man and I'm glad my father saw to it that we met.”

She ended by thanking Mase again, “for your kind words. I can't tell you how good it made me feel! Very Sincerely, Kerri MacKensie (Fay) Eck.

On September 4, 1999, Kerri sent another letter to Mase announcing that the Eck's had donated \$40,000 to the Thayer Library of Braintree, in memory of her dad, Bob Fay. The non-fiction section of this library has been named after Robert Vincent Fay.

*Note – most of the information about Bob Fay's life was taken from an news article that appeared in, *The Patriot Ledger* (Quincy), entitled, “Wish fulfilled 35 year after death”, by Joy Davis. The copy of the article used for this memory was not dated.

Mike Hughes, '65

REMEMBERING THE BIG GUY

According to teammate, Jim Tartari, '64, he may have been the fastest player on the team for 10 yards. What's remarkable about that was that Richard "Dick" Faulkner was 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighed 288 pounds. He was by far the heaviest member of the BSC football team in 1962. It seemed like he just appeared at practice out of nowhere one day after the season had already started. He was a little older than the rest of us in the Class of 1965 and he commuted to BSC from Taunton. This made it difficult for him to make practice every day but it seems that Swa and the coaching staff were willing to overlook that in favor of having a lineman of that size play on Saturday, or Friday night, for that matter.

Dick was a humble and usually a jovial guy, a "gentle giant" if you will, but he could be dangerous if angered. Bob Mason, '65, who played linebacker, tells a story that involves him and Dick in a game against Newport Naval Base, at home, our senior year, 1964. Dick was playing over Newport's center on defense and Mase, who was the team captain, was the only linebacker behind the defensive line because Swa had sent in a "7 diamond" defensive alignment.

Evidently Mase wasn't too impressed with how Dick was handling Newport's center so he told Dick to switch positions with him, so Mase could, "kick the guy's ass". From the sideline this must have looked very odd with Mase, who weighed 155 pounds, over their center and Faulkner, at 288, looking like the biggest linebacker ever seen at that time. With the snap of the ball Mase proceeded to administer a forearm to the center's nose thereby stopping play and sending the bleeding sailor to the sideline. We didn't have the



faceguards that players have today. When a replacement for the center entered the game for the next play Mase decided to repeat the switch with Dick. As Mase tells it, "on the next snap I gave the new guy a forearm but very quickly found myself on my back being trampled by all the Newport players who could get to me". Under those circumstances Mase couldn't see what Faulkner was up to but that was the last time he and Dick made the position switch. The final score was Newport 24 and BSC 6. Mase had scored our only touchdown on an intercepted pass. The Brockton Enterprise pointed to Dick Faulkner, Joe Roper and Bob Mason as defensive standouts. Dick also kept a level head and with Steve Govoni lifted Jim Tartari off the ground to prevent him from going after a freshman who was mouthing off at Bob Peluso after a heart-breaking loss.

Dick graduated from BSC with us in 1965. There was no photo of him in the class yearbook or even a mention of his name. It seems obvious that it wasn't that important to him. In a 1963 team picture, he is in the middle of the second row. Anyone looking at this photo can easily judge what Dick's personality was like because he is the only one with full-out smile on his face. That's the Dick Faulkner that most of us remember. For some reason he is very serious in the 1964 team photo.

Dick went on to have a very successful 40 year career in his hometown of Taunton as an elementary school teacher and administrator. He went on to get a Master's Degree and CAGS at BSC. In his quiet and humble way he also became a very well respected community leader being elected to the school board, appointed to the planning board and being heavily involved with the Taunton Boys and Girls Club, where he started the floor hockey league.

On July 26, 2011, Dick passed away at the age of 70, leaving his wife Donna and three married children. He certainly was a credit to his family, his city and his college. It should be no surprise that he was able to achieve what he did because Bridgewater State College played a large role in that success.

Mike Hughes, '65



Sporting "Hand Me Down" Abington Town Team Uniforms are friends and teammates

#68 Rich Faulkner and #41 Jim Tartari

A Tribute to “ARK”

I met Jim “Ark” Accomando on my first day of BSC Football double sessions in the fall of 1966. We were both trying out for the center position along with Captain Geoff Fanning. It was clear that we were all fairly good at snapping back for punts and had a chance. I thought Jim had a good chance because after checking all the available linemen on hand that Geoff would be moved to tackle since he had very good size. I mentioned that to Jim and he said “that’s not going to happen”. Jim knew it wasn’t in the cards for him until Geoff graduated then he would move up.

The next day the coaches made the call for positions and put Geoff at center and me at left tackle. I felt bad for Jim having to play second string another year while I got to play right off as a freshman. Jim was happy for my situation and we became good friends. He knew if he wanted to get off the bench he would need to improve his skills. He asked me to help him out with his centering skills after practice and we did twice a week. I didn’t realize Jim’s magnitude on campus until we would hang out at the wall or walk together to class. I became “That Charlie. Oh yea, Jim’s friend from football”



But there was more to Jim than football. After practice we would go back to his basement dorm room in Scott, corner room east, facing the tennis courts. He had a record player and a huge selection of underground music that most people including myself, never heard of before. Besides the typical Beatles and Stones, he had the unknown likes of Richie Havens, Cream, The Who, Yardbirds, Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane, Kinks and Buffalo Springfield. A lot of this music tended to be geared to the left side of the political spectrum that Jim supported. But Jim’s anti-war position was totally different than the typical protester antics. Instead of protesting, his idea was to change the political climate. Hence, he eventually became a campaign supporter of Eugene McCarthy while on the other hand he was active on campus in organizing “bleed –In” blood drives for Viet Nam Troops. Looking back, if our country had more activism of this type our troops from that era may have come back with a better feeling of appreciation.

Ark had a lot more going for him than the interests mention so far. When I first met Jim he was intent on studying mathematics and physics. He was also very active in the Alpha Upsilon fraternity which I also eventually pledged and Ark was my big brother. He also became “*colpo di fulmine*” over one of the Reagan twins, Pamela.

In the fall of ‘67, he was able to split the starting center position with another player. The other player got hurt just before our fifth game. This gave Ark his best start against Nichols College at homecoming that year. He did a great job that day. With a great block on one play, Ralph Robinson was able to break free for a 77 yard touchdown run. We won the game 28-14 and also guaranteed us a long desired winning season.

But by the next game the other center recovered and started the remaining two games. At this point Jim knew he had his opportunity but for him another year on the bench was not in the cards.

At the same time the fraternity had just over \$4000 saved to make a down payment on a house. We had a heads up that the Collins' seven bedroom "American Four Square" house across from Scott Hall would go up for sale. To even be considered by a bank we'd need at least another grand. So we made up some fundraising committees. One for a raffle, another to organize a mixer at the Canoe Club and the last would be a literary magazine. Ark took the mag with the help of a dozen other people including myself. The mag was called "COLLAGE" and two issues were published which made us over \$700 selling at 25 cents apiece. We raised a total amount over \$1500 which gave us the 20% down payment for the purchase of 25 Park Terrace in the spring of 1968. (Copies of these magazines are in the archives at BSU Library)

Ark also did some mentoring at the Bridgewater Institute for Juvenile Guidance and also at Bristol Acres in Taunton for emotionally disturbed boys. This experience would end his major in physics and he changed his major with the newly formed psychology department for his junior year. He was committed to helping disturbed young boys.

In the spring of his junior year he decided to run for President of Alpha which became good news and bad news for Ark. The bad news was that he lost the election. Ark had ideas that would open the frat house to all students including other frats for parties, study groups and other occasions. The frat wasn't quite ready for this. The cry "We just got the house and now Ark wants to share it with everyone!" doomed his run for president. This was a hard pill for Jim to swallow. Many of the new brothers couldn't understand how he lost. That night he didn't want to hang out with anyone except me. So we went to the Yangtze China for some egg foo. We talked. Yes, the bad news was he lost. The good news was he had a lot more going for him than being tied down as president. I told him to think about it. The result was that he married Pam the next September of '68. He worked full-time at Bristol Acres and worked on his degree at night. He was happy doing what he thought was his life calling. We missed him around campus and on the football team but his life finally made first team.

Two and a half years later Jim and Pam were making it back late one night from a party north of the college travelling on route 18 south. A car coming the opposite way crossed into their lane and caused a fatal head on crash. Pam would eventually be alright but she lost Jim. This was also a devastating blow to the college. At his funeral there were hundreds of students there to say good bye to someone that touched their life. A scholarship was set up for Jim by the Psychology department and an annual football scrimmage in his memory along with remembering Tom Cook and Bob Fay would provide funding for those scholarships.

Charlie Worden '70 ,G'80

Mike Maguire (RIP) wrote for the Campus Comment , February 26, 1970 and expressed brilliantly Jim's loss.

“Ark... A Life...

‘I had a friend and now he's gone...’

Tim Hardin

“Jim Accomando lived a life as long and as full and as well-lived as anyone – except himself -could really ever expect of a 23-year old man. But he asked more of himself, and so touched a lot of lives in a special way (including, thankfully, my own) especially after his marriage to Pam. His friends might easily fall into the trap of venerating him or building him into a minor prophet something which would alternately amuse and horrify Jim if he were told it was going on. I think that he was the best man I've ever known: but he was a man, and should be remembered that way.

Jim was usually ahead of the rest of us in style: sandals and folk music, beards and encounters came early for him. He was more than a little wild as a kid and let off steam in a way that wasn't entirely socially acceptable to a lot of people. He was a dedicated athlete who worked hard at football and took it seriously - more seriously than he seemed to be taking other, supposedly more important things. He was an Alpha brother, and cared about his fraternity without playing "fratman" image games. He drank beer, worked for Eugene McCarthy, studied and thought about things all with an equality which might have marked him as classically average Joe College. But Jim didn't come across that way. He had an indefinable spark... a caring which made him. . .well, which made him "what"? I choke on a lot of conventional words of praise, because he would laugh to hear them applied to him. But this stands: in everything I've ever known him to do, he wanted to help: he wanted to feel with, and close to, people: he had, and gave, love. . .

There are a lot of ways he could have chosen to help: Ark eventually chose psychology as his path. He held other jobs briefly (a summer working with Self-Help in Brockton, a few weeks at MCI as a counselor), but devoted many years, full time for the last eighteen months to Bristol Acres School in Taunton, a school for emotionally disturbed kids, as I saw one weekend there when they were full of "Do you know Accomando? He's a pisser guy!" Emotionally disturbed they may be, but they know love when they saw it.

There are a dozen significant conversations I had with Jim that I could recreate here, including the first and last time I saw him (he helped me over rough spots both times). But Jim has many friends and my memories are no more significant than yours. Jim Accomando left a little of himself in everyone he ever knew, and so is not dead. The people who knew him, and probably loved him as a result, retain that piece of him, his caring, which remains in us. As long as we care Jim is alive.”

by Mike Maguire”

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

JIM TARTARI, '64 RECOLLECTIONS

"It's raining and Bridgewater's losing." That was the *deja vu* comment of Elaine Conners, then Tom "Ozzie" Conners' long-time sweetheart. It was made at a game during the dismal '65 season after we had both graduated. It was appropriate for the era, when Bridgewater played at Legion Field, often in abysmal conditions, and drew an average crowd of three men and a dog.

But that's unfair to the cheerleaders, and the few loyal supporters like Ralph Ricci. He stood by every game, every season regardless of the sport or field conditions, except when he was playing baseball. Unfair as well to the many townspeople who came to cheer us on. Gino Guascone was at every game, chatting with the players and offering advice. Also Tony Andrade, the campus security officer who got us out of a lot of trouble with the town police, Pete Baroni, Phil Prophett, Barry Moriarty, Lester Lane, and of course, Mac.

It was a different era. BSC was a small school in a small town. The administration was insecure, defensive, and resistant to change. The Korean War vets were thinning out and the school was getting its first taste of the Sixties generation. And they didn't like it.

"In Loco Parentis" was the catchword of the Dean of Women, who was the alpha female on the faculty and determined most of the policy that fell most heavily on her charges. For her, the small male population was an inconvenience and a distraction. She implemented a strict dress code and personally reprimanded the women whose dresses were too far above the knees or whose *décolletage* may have revealed an inordinate amount of flesh. Jeans were verboten during classes or week-day meals. The ladies all had curfews, 7:30 P.M. for freshmen women, and ten minutes to nine for upperclass women. On weekends it was extended. Of course, the girls could sign out for the Library, but the DOW had a personal retinue of Dorm Council sycophants who would take the sign-out lists to the Library to ensure that all were properly accounted for. They could also be seen inspecting downtown establishments like Buddy's and Larry's to apprehend violators. Of course, there was also The YD (later Maria's) restaurant and favored Campus watering hole to check out if they dared to. The exceptions to the DOW's rules were the commuter co-eds. One such freshman from off-campus spent many evenings there tossing down "dimies" and often in the company of one of the faculty men.

Commuters had a different life. Many of them travelled long distances in car-pools, time that dorm students spent sleeping or goofing off. It was a regimen difficult at best. During school hours they could be found in the Ad building basement corridor, where the gathering din would direct one to a packed and smoky commuter room, made worse in winter by all the excess gear and steaming radiators. At the Burnell School side of the corridor was the MAA bulletin board where coded messages were left to keep "Sneakers", the Dean of Men, in the dark about possible activities of which the school

might disapprove. At the dog leg end of that corridor was the Bookstore, a narrow room, perhaps 20 feet in length separated by a long counter, behind which were the texts and notebooks one could purchase by standing in long lines. They did offer a single grey sweatshirt with a maroon college seal on its front. And not much else.

Local haunts were Buddy's, Larry's, Brady's, the Citizen's Club, the Polish Club, the Vets, the Crystal Cafe (now known as Emma's), and The Town Line, a roadhouse with entertainment at the East and West Bridgewater line. Buddy's was a hole in the wall donut and fries shop, that was always so steamed up that one could never see through its plate glass window. One of the guys on my floor worked there and when he came in about 11 PM the whole wing smelled of french fries or donuts. We called him "the donut". Larry's was a tidy little restaurant that served terrific hamburgers; it shared the same ownership as the Crystal a few yards down on the opposite side of the street. Brady's was an old fashioned roadhouse diner, like a stretched out bus on stilts, up Rte. 28 near West Bridgewater. It was run by Jim Brady and his sister, Lil, and was frequented by students after the bars had closed for the evening. The YD served anyone and everyone, and produced a passable pizza as well as burgers and fries. It might have had a larger menu, but that's all we could afford. They offered six ounce draught beer for ten cents, hence "dimie", and a nine ounce draught for fifteen cents. This was the standard price in the Bridgewaters. Within two years, the prices were raised to 15 cents for the dimie, and a quarter for the 9 ounce draught (except for the Vets, which held the line until I graduated). Hard stuff was about 40 cents a shot.

Whether or not BSC's behavioral strictures were standard throughout the State College system at that time is conjectural. However, in 1964 I went to UMass for graduate studies. Women had considerable independence, wore jeans to class, smoked in the classrooms, and apparently had no restrictions on skirt lengths or tight fitting garments. They regularly patronized the local bars and curfews were after midnight and often ignored. Faculty and administration there were anything but uptight.

A semester's tuition then was \$100.00 (as were all state schools including UMass). Room and board were \$120.00 a quarter. Prior to the opening of the Men's Dorm, board was provided at Tillinghast for \$90.00 a quarter. The SCA/athletics fee was \$35.00 for the year. A thrifty person could manage for under \$1,000.00 a year. I survived on \$5.00 a week spending money. Mind you, a pizza could be delivered for \$1.00, a cheeseburger and coke could be had for 75 cents, a gallon of gas 25 cents, and sustenance at the local watering holes have been described above. A pack of cigarettes cost a quarter and a lot of people smoked. Paul Robinson, '63 would be seen at the entrance way to the Tillinghast recreation room passing out three pack cigarette "samples" after meals, for which he was compensated by the tobacco distributors.

The Dining Hall was a family style arrangement, with perhaps eight settings per table. An older woman, one Evelyn, would hit three notes that sounded like the NBC call sign to indicate a brief moment of silence. We prayed to be saved from the consequences of the meal. The servings were brought out by waitresses who were local women and a few co-eds. The guys all wanted to get Dolores' table, an attractive waitress from town.

One learned to avoid sitting at the same table as Charlie Ryan, the burly New England champion weight lifter or some of the Phys Ed majors if one wished to get any food at all.

After a few breakfasts, which were usually watery scrambled eggs, one would sleep late and grab a doughnut downtown between classes. Other servings consisted of unchewable gristle burgers, similarly durable gristle meatballs on finger thickness spaghetti, a mutton (called lamb) roast that had a greenish iridescent glaze, and was tough and most gamey; and chicken breasts and legs that were not thoroughly cooked and often bled. For years thereafter I was unable to eat chicken. On at least one occasion maggots were found in the noodle servings. Frequently there were slabs of hard surplus cheese and tubs of hard, flavorless peanut butter. The mashed potatoes were quite good, however. The signature meal was the Sunday noon roast beef and mashed potato serving. This was because often parents would visit on a Sunday and dine there. Of course, later that evening the serving would be split pea gruel with cubes of ham made from rubber tires. All the big events would entail the excellent roast beef. Such as the M.A.A. banquet when again parents, faculty, and dignitaries would be present.

One such banquet in 1963 had the venerable "Swede" Nelson as guest speaker. The dinner was excellent. A few hours later it became a battle to find an open lavatory stall as whoever partook of that fare was felled by amoebic dysentery. Poor old Swede. Hope he made it home in time. Some weeks later, at a noontime meal during classes, all who dined were similarly afflicted. Fortunately for me, I was enjoying a nature respite at Carver's Pond. That evening and for a few days after, there was a dining hall boycott. Perhaps made worse by Tracy Baldrate calling the Boston Globe to report it, using a false name. It was never written up. The DOW was scandalized and called an assembly of dining hall patrons to impress upon them their good fortune in having such splendid dining arrangements, despite the recent unpleasantness, which could not be proven to be the result of the facility. She was shocked at the economical and ethical loss of prepared food that inconsiderate students had caused to be wasted. After all, students, "Bridgewater didn't choose you, you chose Bridgewater." Grudgingly, students slowly returned to the Dining Hall for their meals as the expenses of eating downtown became prohibitive.

During Junior training, the Dining Hall made bagged lunches for the student teachers. We picked them up before going to our respective schools. They had been prepared the night before. The bread, although home-made, was thick and stale, occasionally slathered with surplus butter, sometimes rancid. The sandwiches included leftover meatloaf, leftover mutton, or thick, hard slices of surplus cheese. The apple was the best part. We complained and were invited to the DOW's office, who again let us know how fortunate we were. Tracy Baldrate, to his credit, with several of us, confronted the Dean, and produced a sandwich for her to inspect. She was caught off-guard and proceeded to tap-dance around it by surmising many positive qualities that we might

have overlooked. She did admit that she would advise the dietician to apply some condiment to the sandwich.

We were fed at Newport Naval Station, Massachusetts and Maine Maritime (excellent food), and the Norfolk County Correctional. I have personally eaten in chow halls in all branches of the service, and in the mess halls of allied services. All were superior to the BSC Dining Hall of that era.

Coach Swenson was a character, big, heavy, ruddy, clad in baggy suits and overcoats, always jovial and laughing at himself. By 1960 his hair was silver and there were student journalistic attempts to refer to him as “the Silver Fox”. I think that was Buns Doherty’s contribution. He was anything but a sly fox. His office at the gym was a warren of open files, stacks of papers everywhere, and a document strewn desk. Freshman year I did some volunteer work for him stuffing recruitment mailers to local high schools. Everything was printed from ditto and mimeograph machines and I hand addressed the envelopes. Swa would sometimes scribble notes on the letters if he thought he knew the people who worked in the guidance departments.

One week he had me copy all his old BC football plays from the thirties. These were Gil Doby’s diagrams, who coached just before Frank Leahy put BC on the map. It was a single-wing formation, but without all the counters and reverses, pulling guards and traps. The center and both guards triple teamed the man over center, presumably because that’s where the defenses stuck their heaviest player in those days. I attempted to show him some well-designed blocking diagrams from my high school, but Coach was blissfully uninterested.

On one occasion at practice, Coach tried to introduce a new defensive play. At the time there were two basic strategies in the professional game: the one employed by the Baltimore Colts that sought to aggressively overwhelm the interior line and crash the ends. The other was the “read” defense favored by the NY Giants where on contact the line would hold up their opposites and “read” the play and pursue laterally. During a scrimmage drill, Swa took the defense aside and instructed us to “step back off the line and REEEAAD” as he crouched with his hands out in front of him. On the next play, the entire defensive line stepped back and were unceremoniously knocked on their backsides by the offense. That ended the “read” defense.

At Maine Maritime we were down by a couple of scores and were in a third and thirty situation inside our own half. Swa grabbed me off the bench and told me to go in at left guard and call a “draw play left.” I thought it was a waste of a down with Morwick’s arm and Callahan’s leg, but I went in and called it. Morwick looked at me (since I hadn’t played a minute as yet) and said “draw play, right.” I was to block the linebacker to the left but he kept backing off of me to the right where the play was supposed to be. One of those “Oh @\$%” moments. But I heard all this cheering from our bench and looked up to see Wassel running away up field for a touchdown. That sly old “Silver Fox”.

Coach held some unorthodox ideas. He chuckled about the time a few years prior to football that he asked the administration to change the school colors to green because that was the easiest color to keep clean. That did not sit well with several faculty members who also happened to be Bridgewater grads. If anything, he was innovative when it came to moving his program along. He worked to find support from influential members of the administration, such as Lee Harrington and Phil Dooley, and convince the student body to fund the program, no easy task when half of the students were commuters and three quarters were women. He also managed his shoe-string budget by buying used equipment from the Abington Town Team and using school buses to go to away games.

To deter theft, Coach had "1960" written in magic marker on all athletic supporters that were issued that year (yes, they were new). When that proved unworkable, the next year he provided a cheap cotton olive green supporter elasticized only at the waistband. Nobody kept any of those.

Over the years Swa had a number of assistant coaches. Frank Jardin was the backfield coach my freshman year and the most knowledgeable of the coaches we had in those early years. Charlie Varney and Arthur Culatti came on board my sophomore year and Charlie stayed on for several years. Dave Deep joined the staff my senior year and stayed for many years thereafter. Nick Carter was a scout and recruiter. He was also fond of wearing baggy suits and overcoats in the style of the coaches of the 40's, and a wide brimmed trilby hat a la Humphrey Bogart. Subsequently Arthur Curry referred to him as "the Hat". Nick came to some practices and had many respectable suggestions for lineman's footwork on both sides of the ball. He taught me what can best be described as a "give and go" on defense, that would wrong-foot the blocker. I found it most useful.

Charlie Varney was another great guy. He taught at the Bridgewater Middle School where I did my junior training. He was a pal of Hank Walmsley to whose class I was assigned. Walmsley's daughter Vicki was a BSC '64 grad. At the end of the term we went down to the Town Line and Hank drank us under the table. He gave Charlie the nickname "Uncle Charlie" and I composed a ditty "Uncle Charlie's JayVees" on the bus to Frostburg. Charlie loved the term and used it when he referred to the defensive unit for which he had responsibility.

Joe Lazaro and Dave Deep came on board my senior year. Two more great guys. Joe worked with the backs and Dave, who was also a faculty member, worked with the line.

One occasion sophomore year we had a late afternoon lab test. Dave Morwick and I dragged it out because we really didn't want to go to practice. As dusk settled in we walked down the hill on lower campus and Swa growled at us to hurry up and get dressed. We suited up and were stuck into a scrimmage with no warm-up. I was chasing after a ball-carrier and was clipped across the back of the knees by a 240 pound freshman, Joe Verette, which had me hobbled for several days. Dave was sandwiched between two tacklers and likewise disabled. It was his back that was injured and was perhaps a harbinger of things to come.

For the first three years I didn't play much. I lucked out freshman year as Coach started me at fullback for Homecoming because John Kelliher had the flu and skipped a couple of practices. I played two series and was unceremoniously dispatched both times that I carried the ball by a 275 pound tackle from Brown. John played the rest of the game. I also got a start the following Homecoming game at guard and again only saw minor action. Swa also played me at interior linebacker for the entire game at Quonset that year despite the fact that my jaw was dislocated on the kickoff (which I kept to myself and Marty Orlando, our trainer). My junior year I kept injuring a hamstring that I'd pulled the previous spring running track. I tried to come back, but took a knee in the head blocking Tuffy Klaiman that knocked me out. I didn't know where I was or who I was. We were practicing at Legion Field and Charlie Varney drove me back to the Gym and jokingly passed me his kids' preschool books to read. Mike Hughes walked me to supper and then down to the school doctor's home. His wife said he wasn't in, so Mike walked me back to the dorm. I think I recovered. After the Homecoming debacle that year I quit the team and had to write a letter to Swa and the captains to be reinstated my senior year.

Those Riddell suspension helmets Swa purchased were of limited value and I had never liked them. In high school we wore top of the line "Notre Dame" helmets that were leather with high crowns, ear pockets, and lots of cushioning. They can be seen in old photos of Notre Dame's Paul Hornung or Johnny Lattner from the 50's. I was able to obtain a used one for ten dollars from a kid who went to Notre Dame (they were \$25 new) the summer before my senior year. When I turned up with it, Swa made me paint it red, and I used a piece of white tape for the median stripe. Every game I put a new piece of tape on it.

During pre-season double sessions my senior year I roomed with Bobby Lane at the Men's Dorm. He was really up-beat, looking forward to the season and encouraging me by telling me he knew I'd see a lot of action that year. I wasn't so sure as Swa was always looking at freshmen. He even moved Bob Peluso from center to tackle to bring in a big freshman, Geoff Fanning. Geoff was an excellent player and went on to captain the squad his senior year.

Bobby, Bob Peluso, and I were the only seniors on the team. All three of us were History majors and we had senior teacher training that first quarter, which put heavy demands on us commuting from the schools where we were teaching. I had the longest commute from Woodrow Wilson Junior High in Natick. It was close to 50 miles. The teacher to whom I was assigned let me jump the gun to get out before the last bell so that I could beat the buses out of the parking lot. After an hour's drive in my 36 HP 1956 Volkswagen beetle I'd suit up, practice, eat at the training table, then drive home to Wellesley to type out lesson plans, correct homework and tests, develop units, and crash around midnight. Over the season I dropped 15 pounds from 180 to 165.

Our first game in 1963 was at Frostburg, Maryland. We left on a Thursday night, and I remember a bunch of students waved us off at dusk, with Tuffy Klaiman chasing after the bus, heartbroken, because Yom Kippur was the following day and his parents would have disowned him had he gone with us. At least it was a tour bus and not the Luddy school bus. We drove all night, making frequent stops to feed Coach. To deliver us from monotony, we made up ditties, "Beat 'burg" to the tune of "I've Had it" a rockabilly song, "Uncle Charlie's JV's", and a chant "What do we eat, raw meat, who we gonna beat, Frostburg." Marty Rizzo chided us for not concentrating on the game. We arrived about 8 AM after 13 hours or so, changed at the Motel and went directly to practice at an elementary school gravel field. Bob Fay stepped in a gopher hole and sprained his ankle, which sidelined him for the game and most of the season. That evening, they had a "social" for us where we chatted with co-eds and Marty Rizzo made a memorable remark that can't be repeated. Swa ran us back to the Motel by 9 PM.

I will be forever grateful to Steve Govoni. He came up lame near the end of the first quarter and Charlie Varney shouted for a tackle. I jumped up and Charlie looked at me and said "okay" and sent me in. As it transpired, Swa was playing "Cousin Bones" both ways and he got tired, so he faked an injury. Thanks, "Cousin". On the first play, the guy opposite me grabbed me by the thumb and dislocated it. I had to tape it in, which meant I could only grab with four fingers when making a tackle. I had to play the rest of the season with it taped in. Late in the game, when a Frostburg linebacker intercepted our pass, I had to throw a cross body block to take him down; my hip pads had slipped and I caught his knee on the bone. That took me out, and it was a miserable trip home trying to find a position where the hip-pointer permitted me to breathe. During the game, Eric Wormstead suffered a concussion in a pile-up. We had to undress him and set him on a wooden school chair in the showers since he was literally out on his feet. After showering, we were fed in a cafeteria, put on the bus, and driven back to BSC. In the last row on the bus, two guys sat next to Wormy, and held him up by each arm all the way back, while he frequently threw up. Richie Faulkner was so beat up that he also threw up all the way home. It was another 12 hour trip with frequent stops so Swa could eat. We dragged in to the campus at 4 A.M.

The following day I was practice teaching. The Assistant Principal came in to my first class and sat through the entire period; he looked pretty bored. Afterwards he brought

me down to his office. He indicated that he found it useful to “test one’s mettle” by observing the first class on a Monday morning. He said that he found me well-prepared, but offered me some good pointers on my shortcomings. He also laid into me for cutting school on the previous Friday. It seems that he needed me to sub for a teacher who was out. As I reminded him that I had informed both him and the Principal a few weeks prior and that the classroom teacher was well aware of my impending absence, he left it alone. However, he had reported this to the BSC administration. That afternoon I was called in before the Director of Apprentice Teaching and received another ass-chewing. I told him that I fully intended to take a day off to go to the Maine Maritime game as well. He responded with “that’s the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard in all my years at Bridgewater” and told me that I would have to make up those two days during vacation. (Postscript: I made up those days over Christmas vacation, brought the documentation to Miss Ferry, my supervisor, who gave me my grade and turned in the paperwork. During the following spring, I was applying to graduate schools, and was contacted by their offices to inform me that BSC would not release my transcript. I went to Miss Ferry and she interceded quite vigorously with the Director and the grades were finally released. This was another example of the petty vindictiveness of unaccountable administrators during those years.

Unsatisfied with a dislocated thumb, I managed to break the small bones in my good hand against Central Conn by smacking my opposite on his cage facemask, again on the first play of the game. I was pretty useless after that as my hand swelled up. In following practices and games, I would tape the hand so tightly that I couldn’t feel anything, then tape sponge rubber over it. For a couple of weeks it was hell shifting gears in my Beetle. Later in the season, I bruised a shoulder and Bobby Lane gave me an air tube system to fit beneath the shoulder pads that he didn’t need any more. It made one look like a hunchback. For four years I had eschewed wearing a mouthpiece, wearing my mask low on my face. Peluso spread my nose over my face with a forearm once, but I was able to push it back in place and hold it until it set. But during the Homecoming game I chipped a front tooth. I played my final game with a mouthpiece.

That game was against Brockport. It’s the one that sticks in one’s memory for its close loss and tragic aftermath. It was a game that we should have won. The afternoon was cold and rainy and I was covered in mud. Late in the game Brockport punted several times, and I came close to blocking each one, but no cigar. One time Rich Hayes almost broke loose and Richie Faulkner was calling for him to lateral the ball to him as he was being tackled. There was no one between Faulkner and the end zone, but it wasn’t to be. Another time Hayes went down on another long return and was hurt. I was tending to both him and Faulkner, who was also down. At the same time up field a crowd was gathered. Play was stopped and they brought an ambulance onto the field and we watched as the cops lifted Marty Rizzo off the ground by his arms and legs, like a sack of potatoes. After the game we heard that he had broken his neck.

Several of us went to the local church where the pastor stood in as college chaplain to ask him to put in a prayer for Marty the next day. He was most unobliging and demanded some proof that Marty’s neck was broken. Clara “Ma” Sullivan, the Men’s

dorm “housemother”, went to him later and gave him five bucks. The next day he dropped Marty’s name in passing with a list of others. Typically, this costive, sanctimonious time-server was selected to say Marty’s funeral mass in Revere. I imagine that the Rizzos gave him a substantial emolument for his efforts. That was the last time I went to church. Not that I bear a grudge.

MIKE HUGHES '65 REMEMBERS

Getting into BSC

My cousin, Harry Kummer, was head football coach at Greater New Bedford Vocational Technical School. He learned that Bridgewater was starting football in 1960 and drove me to BSC for an interview after I filled out the application forms and submitted my high school transcripts. When we arrived at the college and went to the library (now the art building), he sent me to see Swa instead of the interviewer to whom I was assigned. Swa conducted the interview and I can't remember talking to him about anything but football. He did ask me what I wanted to major in, however. When I told him history he suggested elementary ed. as an easier alternative. Swa recommended switching to elementary to all his players, not just because it had a less demanding curriculum, but that it offered a better chance of securing a job after graduation. "Just get that piece of paper" was his constant refrain to us. I was accepted and because of football got a room in the new Men's Dorm.

Uniforms & Gear

Drawing football gear and practice and game uniforms at Bridgewater was a far cry from what I experienced in four years at New Bedford High School. While the equipment room at the Sargent Field Clubhouse, which was relatively new, was spacious and well organized, the cage in the bowels of Kelly Gym was, it seemed to me, a cramped and unorganized mess. The equipment manager, Mac, made the best of a bad situation, however.

Gray t-shirts, jock straps and socks were new but pants, jerseys, pads and shoes, were quite used, probably holdovers from the Abington Town Team.

My red helmet with the white stripe down the middle of the dome, had a large cage on its face and 47 on each side in white numbers. That number didn't match the number on my first white game jersey, #40. They didn't have enough jerseys in the 80s for all the ends to wear.

Shoes were a problem for me. I wore high cuts at N.B.H. because I was a young, skinny, "splinter" (bench jockey) and the trainers didn't want to waste time taping the ankles of someone with low cuts who wouldn't play on Saturday. There were six of us in that category and we called ourselves, "the Six Splinters". I hated those shoes because I knew I could run a lot faster with low cuts on. It never entered my mind to ask my parents to buy me my own low cut shoes either in high school or at BSC because I knew they couldn't afford them. At BSC I did get a pair of used low cuts from a huge pile on the floor but they were one size too small. I used a shoe stretcher from home to make them more comfortable. I still have that damned shoe stretcher.

I finally got number 83 game jerseys which I kept wearing for the next three years at Bridgewater.

Practice and Games, 1961 Season at Brown University, JVs

I remember arriving at the stadium in Providence in which I had run the shuttle hurdles at the Brown Interscholastic Track Meet as a senior in high school. I also remember watching five tall guys from Plainfield, N.J., in gaudy track uniforms, including vertically striped socks, win the team championship. What an awesome performance they gave!

This is where I heard the chant, “What’s the color of horse manure? Brown, Brown, Brown!”, for the first time. Jim “Tata” Tartari reminded me that we played the Brown JVs on Friday afternoon and Columbia U. was practicing on another field at the same time. They played Brown varsity the next day. Tata related that some of the guys like Captain Tom Salvo were joking before the game and confusing the chant with “What’s the color of Brown? Shit”. Salvo had played freshman football at BU before he came to BSC. Tata evidently had picked up this chant even earlier when he played Brown Elementary School in 6th grade football in Wellesley. Some of the kids were chanting that competitive insult and probably got it from their parents who had been Ivy Leaguers. I most likely heard it from Tata first.

Speaking of JVs; those of us who weren’t starters at BSC began to call ourselves JVs (Jayvees) and Charlie Varney, my favorite football coach, was evidently assigned by Swa to keep us busy on the practice field. It wasn’t long before we started calling him Uncle Charlie, not to his face of course. We developed a song entitled, “*Uncle Charlie’s Jayvees*”. I have no doubt that it was created by Jim Tartari. The tune being parodied was, “*A- You’re Adorable*”, and we sang it often on the bus. I think Coach Varney actually liked it! Our lyrics went something like this; in a normal voice range, J – we are jolly, A – we are animals, Y – we keep asking ourselves why?, V – is for Varney, E – extra specially, E – ech!, Jayvees! S – is for the splinters that we always get, WE’RE UNCLE CHARLIE’S JAYVEES!, in lower voice range, We never playyy...!

1962 Season at Maine Maritime

We stayed in a motel outside of Bangor and Tata says we went to a Friday night high school football game. Daviau, Buxton and Hague, were older guys and veterans who bought beer for us kids. We hid the cases under the motel pool cover so the coaches wouldn’t find the stuff. I remember the Maine Maritime field as being a mess, consisting of mainly gravel with a baseball diamond at one end. The academy consisted of a couple of buildings with a freighter type ship tied up to the school’s wharf. The homes in the small town of Castine were right next to the school itself.

Dangerous Practices

Up to this point in my football career at BSC I was pretty injury free. I did sustain a large hematoma on my right front thigh as a result of being kicked in practice and a spiking of my left Achilles tendon. The tendon injury, which was bloody but not serious, was the result of being stepped on by an offensive tackle pulling out to my rear in an attempt to be a lead blocker for a back. The hematoma was treated with the tried and true method of “icing it”. It did leave me with a crease in that thigh muscle. The heel injury was bandaged for a while. The injury I remember

most, however, wasn't serious either, but now that I look back on it, it was one of those incidents that involved Swa's many understated home cures. During a late afternoon practice in freezing cold weather, on lower campus, in late October, I was chasing our quarterback, Dave Morwick, from my defensive end position in a game simulation practice play. In a last, desperate effort to stop him I reached out and caught part of his jersey with my left hand. It was at that moment that I heard a very distinct and loud "snap"! I didn't feel anything and proceeded to look around to see what made the sound, to no avail. For some reason I next examined my left hand, only to see the tip bone of my left ring finger sticking up perpendicular to the rest of the digit. I walked over to Swa who was the coach standing closest to me. He immediately grabbed my hand in those two bear paws of his and very quickly pulled and popped the bone tip back to where it belonged on the finger. His rather matter-of-fact instructions delivered in that high pitched voice of his, were, "soak it in Epsom salts and hot water for a couple of days and keep it from bending by getting a couple of tongue depressors and some tape from the trainer and make a splint for it". That was it! I was back at practice the next day albeit a little careful of the hand having taped the splinted finger to the pinky and middle finger for support.

For some reason Swa was a salt expert because I also remember his remedy for sinus congestion as a result of seasonal allergies. "Take some kosher salt and mix it in an 8 ounce glass of warm water. Then get your head back as far as you can and your nose as far up in the air as possible. Pour the salt water into each nostril at least three times making sure it gets up into your sinuses. When you bring your head forward between each pour make sure you catch the drainage in the sink or some container. This will take care of your congestion". Ah, the traditional salt remedies handed down through generations of Swedish farm folk!!!

The worst injury I suffered occurred after the varsity season ended. I was playing touch football in the snow on the upper quad with some guys from the dorm including Charlie Elliot (God bless him!) and John Olson. I very unwisely threw a cross body block at someone who came up with a knee to my ribs. I must have unconsciously thought it was still the varsity season. To this day I don't recall who kneed me. From that point on very painful breathing and the anxiety that went with it rendered me helpless until I was sent to the infamous local sawbones, Dr. Douglass. He wrapped my ribs and sent me on my way, back to the dorm. In a few weeks I started to improve. Thank God I'm a fast healer because it played havoc with many of my activities including ones at Carver's Pond and Great Hill!

1963 Season Pre-season at Norfolk County Correctional

I remember traveling to the Correctional in a Luddy Bus. I thought the Correctional looked more like a prison. We were in our street clothes carrying our gear and uniforms in laundry bags. There were guards in the towers with shotguns or sub-machine guns. The bus passed by one tower and through an outside gate placing us in a limbo between two closed gates. Daviau and Buxton were standing up holding on to the overhead rails and rocking the bus chanting "We don't smoke, we don't drink, Norfolk, Norfolk." Swa was not amused. I'm sure that the inmates wouldn't be either. Our bags were hastily searched for contraband. Jim Tartari reminded me that we had to fill out a short questionnaire before being allowed through the inner gate. It was here that an incident took place that centered around our great running back Bobby Lane (God bless him!). It seems that Bobby, always the jokester, responded with a question mark next to the question, "Have you ever been in prison?". Needless to say this caused a delay in getting our

BSC Football The Swenson Era

team through the inner gate because Bobby had to convince the guards that he was joking. Swa wasn't happy about Bobby's attempt at humor in the least!

We then proceeded to dress in trustee's cells. One of the inmates knew Steve Govoni and got to stand behind our bench during the game. I remember their star quarterback had red football shoes on. I remember the prison team hitting hard for a quarter and a half, then running out of gas before we prevailed.

We left our clothes in the cells and placed our wallets and valuables in a ball bag which was entrusted to the care of the team manager. Bob Mason left some change and either a silver dollar or half-dollar in his clothes and it disappeared.

After the game the Correctional administration fed us in a narrow dining room, possibly used by the staff. I remember being served liver, which I loved, and it was good! Tata remembers that it was served with rice and either string beans or peas. A delicious gravy was poured over the meat and rice.

On the way home on the bus, Ray Daviau, Wayne Buxton, and other older teammates, began rocking from side to side in their seats while chanting, "We don't drink, we don't smoke, Norfolk, Norfolk!" This effort to parody what the prison team might have sung became famous, or more appropriately, infamous, in those years.

At Frostburg State

We went through the famous Cumberland Gap of Daniel Boone fame and stopped in the town of Cumberland, Maryland, on our way to Frostburg State. I remember that many of us went to mass there. Mase (Bob Mason), talked a bunch of us into going to confession. Looking back on this now raises the question of this being a premonition for things to come because Marty Rizzo went with us. Tata states that he, "hadn't been (to confession) in years and he (Mase) talked me through a 'General Confession', in which the priest asks the questions. In order to get a priest to hear confessions we went to the rectory of the church. The pastor was from the Boston area, and a real good shit. He took us to the church, heard our confessions, shot the breeze, shook our hands, and wished us well. Mase gave him a dollar."

When recently looking at a picture of the 1963 team I realized that out of 35 individuals in that picture, 9 are no longer with us. This includes the coaches, Swa, Joe Lazaro and Charlie Varney, and players Tom "Ozzie" Conners, John "Jackie" Callahan, Richard "Richie" Faulkner, Robert "Bobby" Lane, Robert "Bob" Fay and Martin "Marty" Rizzo. In another 1963 team picture, taken inside Kelly Gym, the huge tight end, Clark Wall, #22, is standing to my right. Clark died in an auto accident the following winter so he should be added to the list of deceased from team pictures of 1963. He would make number 10.

Marty Rizzo's death as a result of neck injuries sustained while playing Brockport State at home, in our last game of 1963, will always remain one of my saddest memories. When you are young you don't usually think of death being close by at all times. This is why it is quite a shock when it occurs. Watching Marty, in a neck brace, being carried off of Legion Field, in an ambulance, was bad enough but seeing him at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, in Boston, with that head/spine stabilizing apparatus drilled into his skull was worse. There he was practically naked lying on a raised bed motionless, trying hard to communicate with his visiting teammates and his cheer leader girlfriend Ann Vodoklys. And always present were, Mr. and Mrs. Rizzo, trying to give

comfort to their only child. It was a heartbreaking and humbling experience. And to have this friend, who was so courageous, contract pneumonia and fade away after nine weeks of barely living, made me feel helpless. And I remember losing it after the funeral, in the car with Mase, his future wife, Doris Folan, and my future wife, Donna Chateauneuf. I never felt so out of control in my life, I just couldn't stop bawling. Finally, to everyone's relief, it was all over. It's been almost fifty years since Marty passed on and it's still painful.

1964 Season at Tufts

Prior to the official opening game against Frostburg State, there was a preseason scrimmage, in Medford, against Tufts University. No one recalls the score but I do remember catching a two point conversion from Skip Rodriquenz, on a curl out in the end zone. This was the only time I ever scored at BSC.

The other clear memory of the game was when my roommate, Ozzie Conners (God bless him!), made a thundering tackle you could hear all over the field. He then sprung up from the pile and began to sprint to our sideline with his hands raised in the air. I remember saying something about him being a show off to the player next to me. When he got to where we were, we all realized that he wasn't showing off but in fact had broken his nose as a result of his tackle and was signaling for assistance with his up-raised arms. Oz was bleeding profusely and even laying him down on the bus wouldn't stop it. When the doctor on call at BSC couldn't be raised and as he couldn't get any attention at a Brockton hospital, his sister Barbara, also a BSC student, drove him home to Belmont for treatment.

at Nichols

In the game at Nichols College, in Dudley, I remember crashing in from my left defensive end position and successfully blocking a Nichols punt. Who recovered the punt and what happened as a result alludes me. I do remember coming very close to doing it again later in the game. Ah well, my fleeting moment in the spotlight!

at Brockport

When we played Brockport, we stayed in the fleabag Cadillac Hotel in Rochester, N.Y. What a dump! There were probably hookers going in and out of the place but I didn't notice those things then. Our rooms were the size of closets and two of us were placed in each. We did get hold of a lot of beer and actually drank in a couple of places because the drinking age in N.Y. was 18. We kept escaping from each place because we were trying to avoid being caught by the coaches. I remember drinking local brews like Utica Club Beer, Standard Dry Beer and Jaguar Malt Liquor. I recall these clearly because I had started a beer can collection which I kept at Lewis "Tuffy" Klaiman and Ed Pearl's rented house across the street from the Men's Dorm (now Scott Hall). I still have the Jaguar Malt Liquor can and it's pretty valuable to collectors because it's rare. The brewery that made Standard Dry and Jaguar went out of business years ago. The Jaguar can is nicely decorated like a jaguar pelt.

As for the game, we got hammered. There were so many injuries Uncle Charlie informed me before the game that I would start on defense. I also played some offense when Tom Witham got

hurt. I just kept trying to keep their good running backs inside of me so that linebackers like Mase could come up and pick them off. I, for one, had flashes of Marty Rizzo go through my brain when Bob Mason was carried off the field. We didn't know it then but he had broken ribs before the Brockport game. That tough bastard hadn't told anyone about it because he didn't want to miss playing against the team that inadvertently injured Marty the year before. Obviously getting blocked just exacerbated his rib injury to the point that he couldn't breath and function anymore.

The ride home was awful. I was worried about how Mase would get back to the college in the condition he was in.

Mike Hughes

10/26/11

BOB MASON, '65 REFLECTIONS

My Fondest Reflections of Coach Swenson's Football Era

During the spring of 1959 I received a scribbled, hand written note, on a half sheet of paper, from Coach Swenson. I was completing a post-grad year at Bridgton Academy in Maine. The letter commended me for captaining the Maine Prep School Football Champions. He invited me to consider attending B.S.C. to participate in its young football program. That was the start of my love affair with B.S.C.

Now, fifty three years later, I can still recall many memorable events and the great mentors that helped to shape and define me as a person. In particular, Coach Ed Swenson, Dean Lee Harrington, Professor Phil Dooley and Coach Dave Deep.

I applied to U Mass Amherst, having been recruited by Dick McPhearson, but was wait listed to the Fall of 1960. My uncle Charlie knew the Lieutenant Governor, placed a call to him, and got me a July interview with Lee Harrington at B.S.C. It took me about 3 hours to hitchhike from Lawrence, MA in 90 degree weather. Mr. Harrington accepted me but without housing. He called the Registrar at Fitchburg State College and I was accepted for Sept. 1960, with the option to transfer to B.S.C. in the Fall of 1961.

While attending F.S.C., I was co-captain of Varsity Spring Track. I usually ran both the mile and the two mile in competition. The last meet of the Spring was a quadrangular event versus Lyndon State, Rice, and B.S.C. It was about 90 degrees and the last event would determine the championship team. I didn't run the 1 mile in order to have the strength for the 2 mile. Larry Harmon from B.S.C. would have

been favored to win. I can still picture Swa with his stop watch in hand giving the lap times. Each time I passed him, I yelled, "Hi Coach"! At the 1 mile mark I led the pack with Harmon 220 yards behind me. To psyche Harmon out, I stepped off the track and stretched for a few seconds allowing him to close to within 100 yards. I stepped onto the track to continue the race only to have my coach running beside me telling me that I was "disqualified"! I never knew the track rules! I was certain that I could beat Harmon and continued running for another 200 yards. We lost the meet to B.S.C.. The guys knew I was transferring in the Fall...they gave me a hard time that night...over a few "brewskies". But I finally met the big, kind, Swede who would forever be a part of my life.

One of the happiest days of my life was reporting to pre-season football camp in the Fall of 1961. Coach Swa and Charlie Varney made us feel welcome. We ate well from Coach's Vegetable Farm. I have publicly stated that "we were on 'tomato and cuke' scholarships"! We had a mixture of military veterans, a few experienced players and many who had ridden the benches in high school. We were a very physical team, but not "polished" compared to Maine Maritime, Nichols, etc.

I recall traveling about 9 hours to Maine Maritime. Coach told the bus driver to pull over in Brewer, Maine. We had a workout on some farmers private, rocky field. The bus rides were always educational...geology and earth science majors pointing out the rock formations, tree classifications, etc.

I damaged my knee at M.M.A. pursuing a back over an elevated baseball mound. It was a painful 9 hour bus ride back to B.S.C. after the game...hemorrhaging knee, swelling by the minute. I was dropped off at a Brockton Hospital and got a ride home later. Besides being on crutches and in the wrong major (math), I flunked out in January.

Thanks to Lee Harrington and Coach Swenson, I was welcomed back in September of 1962 after successfully completing 2 courses at Merrimack College night division, But I was ineligible for the '62 season.

The 1963 season was most remarkable. We traveled to Frostberg State in Maryland for the opener. It was a 15 hour bus ride. We brought boxed lunches and Coach brought fruit from his farm. We were exposed to some "Home Cooking" by the southern refs. Rizzo racing 75 yards for a touchdown,,,called back,,,two 70+ punts called back... etc. But I recall the trip home on the bus. Coach told the bus driver to pull over at a Roy Rogers fast food. We took our boxed lunches into the restaurant...apples and all. The cry from the team was "When the Swa eats...we all eat"

We played a very tough schedule against teams like University of Bridgeport, Brockport State, NY, Newport Navy, etc. Our mindset was "the tougher the better." Nobody complained, that I recall.

I don't remember that players drank alcohol, smoked or ran with wild women during the '63 season but I do remember that we were planning on having a "busting out" party after the last football game of the season with Brockport State University. Marty Rizzo, with about 2 minutes left in the game, blocked into a huge lineman on a punt return...he never moved again! He was totally paralyzed and would die 9 weeks later. B.S.C. and his family suffered his pain and loss. We visited him, prayed for his recovery, took up collections to buy a stereo, albums, etc. We believed he was going to make it. His motto was "When the going gets tough...the tough get going". Immaculate Conception Church in Revere was filled to capacity. The Revere News reported the funeral procession to be over a mile long. Marty and I were elected to be the team captains for the 1964 season. He was to be the 12th man on the field.

We began the 1964 season with a dark cloud over us. Besides losing Marty Rizzo in a football game we also suffered the loss of Bob Fay in fatal car accident on the Expressway in July.

Our team was decimated with many players having either flunked out, dropped out or graduated. We were down to "skin and bones". We were outnumbered and outclassed by the likes of Frostburg State, Central Connecticut State and Brockport State University. We didn't win a single game, but we loved the schedule...Newport Navy, Quonset, Maine Maritime, etc... We had many excellent, hardnosed, underclassmen, such as Bill Clifford, Geof Fanning, Joe Domingos and Tom Humphrey, who with experience brought success to BSC football.

The '64 season opener was against Frostburg State University from Maryland at Brockton Fair grounds. Senior, Steve Govoni, suffered the most excruciatingly broken leg at the start of the game. We lost him for the season.

We played Maritime at homecoming. We had called for a "skull session" the night before the game, partly to avoid the parties going on. Our first and second string QB's didn't show up. After conferring with Coach Swenson we took a team vote on the matter. Both players would no longer be on the team. We got our socks knocked off. I regret to this day not giving them a chance to explain their absence. I believe they returned the following year.

Our season ender was played at Brockport State NY. What an experience! We stayed at the Cadillac Hotel in Rochester, NY the night before the game. The

coaches didn't know that it was a haven for prostitutes, etc. The coaches did bed check at 10 P.M. It was later revealed that several players snuck out to cavort in the night.

I had fractured two ribs in the previous game, but never let on to the coaches. I wasn't going to be denied the opportunity to beat Brockport, keeping in mind what happened to Marty Rizzo the previous year. Late in the second quarter I was double teamed by Brockport linemen...helmets into my ribs. I was rushed to Rochester Hospital emergency. they were concerned that I might have spleen problems. Both teams came to visit me in the hospital. It did uplift my spirits. Coach Swenson gave me \$12 to pay for bus fare upon my release. It took 12 hours to return by bus the following day. I had just enough to cover the fare and to buy 2 beers along the way.

What a reception I got at Trailways in Boston...cheerleaders, players and friends.

I can't say enough good about Lee Harrington and Coach Swenson.

Let me share a few examples of how they cared for us. Somehow they learned that I had grown up in an orphanage from age 5 to 14, then placed in a foster home in Lawrence. I had to pay my way without family help. Tuition, room and board, books, clothes and spending money I had to earn. Lee Harrington and Phil Dooley were friends with Superintendent Gaughn at Bridgewater State Prison. Lo and behold, I lived in a converted cell at the prison for my senior year. I had access to four "squares" a day, clean linen and room service. In turn I was supposed to work part time organizing files.

After being elected co-captain with Marty Rizzo, Coach Swenson recognized that I had chipped a front tooth. His Boston College friend was a dentist in East Boston. Dr. Sarco provided a cap for my tooth...I don't know who paid for the dental care but I can guess.

Prior to the convocation ceremony in the spring of 1965, my only pair of shoes were at the cobblers...my pockets were inside out. Hours before the ceremony another student handed me an envelope from Lee Harrington. Enclosed was \$200 cash. I got my shoes back before the ceremony. During convocation, Rick Moriarty and I were each recipients of the first Martin T. Rizzo Memorial Awards...\$200 each! I couldn't wait for the ceremony to end so that I could return the \$200 to Mr. Harrington. His response to my offer was "That money comes from an anonymous source...pass the kindness on to others." Wow, what a lesson I learned.

Coach Swenson and Lee Harrington may be dead but memories of them live on within us all. I wanted to be just like them but I've taken a piece of them to help make me a better person, father, husband, teacher, coach, and friend.

My love for Bridgewater State has never waned.

Epilogue

So many of us benefitted so greatly from our association with Bridgewater that we could never repay. If I had a lot of money, I would donate it to the football program to memorialize the names of Ed Swenson, Lee Harrington, Marty Rizzo, and "Ozzie" Conners (my buddy and teammate/heroic Vietnam combat veteran) for the purpose of building a much-needed locker room at Swenson Field.

Robert L Mason 65'

April 9, 2012

TOM BELL, '66 REMEMBERS

In almost 30 years of coaching college football including 4 years at Macalester (The national record holder for consecutive losses, "the streak", 50 straight losses, until Prarie View broke the record in 1994 while we were being thumped 78-7 by St Johns.), I've seen a lot of very good and very bad Division III football teams. Although there we times we were competitive, our schedule (College Division) was, at the time, almost impossible. I can honestly say, in some respects, during the first few years we didn't have a chance. As I recall, the University of Bridgeport won the Stagg bowl (College Division National Champs), Quonset and Newport, "the service teams," had major college players, and Central Connecticut and the rest of our schedule were all established programs, many with scholarships. We all have funny stories, and the X's and O's might have seemed shaky, but, say what you will, the fact that Coach Swensen was able to start and establish a football program with mostly student funding was quite remarkable. The team now is well-established, well-respected and they have first class facilities. I think Swa would like what BSC football has become.

Thinking about posterity and BSC Football History, I happened to think of some funny episodes. You may already have these anecdotes ...and maybe they're only funny to me, but...

#1

In my junior (1965) or sophomore year (1964), we were playing Central Connecticut and they were running either belly option or true triple option (The coach at the time Bill Loika was a pioneer with the triple option... great coach and a good guy.). I was playing defensive end. As I remember it, we were playing a wide tackle 6 and, I think, Chris Lee was the DT to my side. By alignment, the TE blocked down on the tackle and I was confronted by the QB and FB. This is why I think it was triple... if I tackled the FB, the QB seemed to keep and if I didn't tackle the FB, the QB kept. Obviously, at the time I'd never even heard the term triple option (Houston was developing the veer about this time and Emory Bellard was developing the wishbone at Texas.). Of course they could have been running belly option and guessing... didn't matter... our DE was on an island."

I was perplexed. I hadn't seen anything like this before so at the half I said to Swa: "Coach, if I tackle the FB the QB keeps it, but if I don't tackle the FB the QB hands off. What do you want me to do, tackle the FB or the QB?"

Swa replied, "Hit 'em low and hit 'em hard."

#2

We were playing Quonset Point at home and were ahead at the half. In 1965, we ran the single wing. Jon Cuccinato started the game at TB and was doing a great job running the ball. I recall Swa looking at us and saying, "We've showed 'em we can run and now we're going to show 'em we can pass!" Doug Bromley, who did throw well, but was not a great runner took over the TB duties in the 2nd half. I'm reasonably sure that we didn't show 'em we could pass. I don't know if we completed any passes in the second half the game and lost the game.

#3

In 1965, Coach Swensen decided we would run the single wing, and, as I recall, we had only one formation with the wing and formation strength to the right. You'll have to get verification on this, but I think we were preparing for Maine Maritime. We practiced all week breaking the huddle like "ducks in a row" to align with the formation to the left. I think we actually ran one play from the formation. How hard can it be to break the huddle?

#4

At the meal on the night before the Frostburg State game (?) someone ordered a beer. The waiter said, "No! "The bus driver," pointing at Swa, "said you can't have any beer."

#5

Can't put it in print because it's politically incorrect to repeat Marty Rizzo's comment to the observation that "you all talk like the president" by a coed at Frostburg State the night before the game in 1964... I think most of the guys who were there know the story. This is all that comes to mind. Pretty much a miracle I remember anything because the Riddell suspension helmets we used wouldn't pass the current safety tests.

Best regards,
TB

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES

Ron Boulay, '61, recalls the Friday night bonfire, Homecoming, 1960, when Swa introduced him as the prototype for the Bridgewater Bear decal.

(Note: a year or two later, there was a contest to name the bear. Bob Calzini, '64 won with the name "Bristaco".)

Paul Callahan, '63 relates how every time Dave Fee, '62, came off the field, Swa would run up to him and yell, "Get mad! Get mad!" After several times, Dave turned to Swa and said "What's his number?"

Ed Meaney, '63 remembers the trip to Maine Maritime, 1961. He, as a lot of other players, smoked, and at one of the pit stops on the way, several of them broke off the bus and went to a nearby garage to light up without being seen. Swa would give them extra laps after practice if he encountered them smoking. While they were huddled out of view they heard some rumbling in the car pit beneath them. Peering over the edge they spotted Coach Varney lighting up.

Bill Clifford, '68, remembers the Brockport game in 1964: "We were staying at the Hotel Cadillac in Rochester. It was about a 12 story building and we occupied some of the upper floors. Someone, I can't remember who, was suspended for the game for throwing water balloons out the window. Some of the players went to a place called the Bamboo Room and had to sneak out the side doors when the coaches walked in. A few days after we returned we had to have a collection to pay for a radio someone had taken from the hotel.

"In the game we were using a 5-2 defense and when Brockport was driving for their last score, Swa called Geoff Fanning over and had us switch to a 7 diamond defense with Geoff as middle linebacker. When Brockport broke the huddle, we had a big gap in our line. Geoff pointed to me to fill it in and I played four panic-stricken plays as a tackle until I could convince Geoff to switch." (Bill was a defensive back)

Al Strondak, '67, who played his first three years, thought Swa didn't know his name as coach always addressed him as "little fella". When Swa wanted to send him and Paul Means in, he'd tell Charlie Varney, sotto voce, "send in the mosquitos."

Also, "I had some family members down for a game, and at halftime the Legion Field announcer introduced to the crowd the famous BSC Marching Band. Of course, they played a tape as there was no band, but my family kept wondering where the band was."

"I remember the single wing because Swa put me in at quarterback, which was nothing more than a blocking back. I was 160 pounds and I used to get the shit kicked out of me every game. I must have missed the practice when Holovak was there; on a hot May day I skipped practice and went to the beach. The next day I got my butt chewed by Joe Domingos, the co-captain."

Steve Govoni, '65, recalls the 1963 Norfolk County Correctional game: "I remember three things: 1) we won the game; 2) their punter was kicking from around their own 15 yard line or so and he kicked the ball straight into the air. It then bounced back toward the goal line and everyone surrounded the ball, including their kicker. I kept yelling to let it roll. Their kicker also let it roll. When it got over the goal line I jumped on it for the only touchdown of my very uneventful career.

"3) Before going out on the field we were gathered together and given a speech by one of the guards. He told us the inmates all considered this to be their team and were lined up outside the door. We could expect some crap from them but whatever we do, not to talk to them at any time. So we went through the door and someone yelled "hey, Steve". It was a guy I went to school with for 12 years. I said hi back and asked how he was. On the field the guard came up to me and asked how I knew him and I told him he was a lifelong friend. Next thing, my friend and two other inmates were standing behind our bench and we chatted a bit. It turns out that the guard had gone up to him and asked him if he wanted to stand behind our bench."

Steve also remembers during the '63 season he was being blocked by the tackle and the end was cutting him down from the side. On the sidelines he told Coach Varney "what do I do, they're killing me." Charlie said, "Don't worry about it, we'll take care of it."

Steve was a prankster; he and Geoff Fanning would pose for pictures with their false teeth out. At Maine Maritime in 1963 we were eating in a crowded restaurant. Steve slipped outside, took a flashlight from the bus, removed his teeth, placed the lighted flashlight under his jaw, and made grimacing faces at the restaurant window, frightening some of the local ladies. He looked like a jack-o-lantern.

Joe McCarthy, '64 recalls being called into John Davoren's office at the end of his Freshman year. Mr. Davoren was the Freshman Lit teacher and Joe wasn't doing very well in his class. This was after the final exam and Joe thought he was going to be flunked. "Instead, Mr. Davoren started telling me that Swa thought I was a helluva football player, and what grade did I need to be certain of staying at BSC ? I nearly sh-t myself and we settled on a 'C' ".

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(Postscript: I stayed up all night prepping Joe and my roommate, Dave Condron, '64, for that exam; all Joe could remember from the Iliad was Elpinor getting drunk and rolling off Circe's roof, killing himself. Jim Tartari '64)

Joe further recalls: "It's funny about the uniforms coming from the Abington Old Town Team, because that's where Swa recruited me from. I was down at Bridgewater, watching a basketball game, because one of the players was from Whitman, and had graduated from H.S. with my brother, and then joined the Navy with him. I was wearing an Abington Old Town jacket, similar to most letter jackets earned in H.S., and Swa spotted it. He found me after the game, and recruited me. Funny about it now, because I was headed for the Coast Guard Academy if he hadn't interceded. Looking back, I can NEVER say that I regret the decision to attend BSC in any way."

Chris Lee, '67, remembers "The second trip to Frostburg my Junior year was mostly uneventful. There was one stop on the Pennsylvania Turnpike for a meal and restroom visitation. When we were all seated with our five buck meal money, a nice waitress asked what we wanted to eat and drink. One bold individual asked for a beer with his lunch. She said that was not allowed, because the bus driver had given her explicit instructions about no alcoholic beverages for the players. He proceeded to ask, incredulously, to point out the bus driver. She did, and guess who? It was Swa! (people always thought he was the bus driver or a street person because of his high fashion wardrobe)."

Paul Doherty, '63 remembers "Swa had team gatherings at Snow's Lodge in town, where he would bring over produce from his farm to feed the team after some practices, an example of his going well beyond what was necessary.

"Swa also had developed a team laundry area with dryers, etc. and had a large circular black dot painted on all the towels so that they wouldn't 'disappear' as money always was tight. Also the practice field conditioning "ankle exercises" always brought a smile to everyone,. We learned life lessons from Swa's perseverance and his ability to get things done. We all respected him."

(Note: apparently there was no room in the equipment cage for the dryers, so Swa had the players knock a hole in the cinder block wall so that the machines would fit. It certainly looked like a home-made project).

Dave Morwick, '64 recalls a story of Swa coaching basketball and calling George LeClair off the bench and saying "LeClair, go in for LeClair."

(I recall a similar incident in the 1960 game at Newport where we were being overwhelmed by a much bigger and more talented squad. Swa grabbed LeClair, who was not a very big guy and instructed him to "go in and take out that quarterback!" George had a "deer in the headlights" expression on his face. Jim Tartari, '64)

Tom Bell, '66 recollections above tell the story of his perplexity as to what to do as a defensive end against the triple option. He asked Swa if he should tackle the fullback or the quarterback. Swa replied "Hit 'em hard and hit 'em low."

Skip Rodriquenz, '66 had the same experience. After improvising a screen play that went for a touchdown, he went to the sidelines to confer on a two point conversion as there was no place-kicker. Swa told him, "Hit 'em hard and hit 'em low."

Similarly, Al Strondak, '66, playing single-wing quarterback, would run to the sidelines to shuttle in plays. On one occasion he went to Coach Joe Lazaro for a play. Joe said "do the thing." Al said what thing? Joe said "Just do the thing."

Similarly, Steve Govoni, '65 recalls a game in 1963 where he was being hit by the tackle and cut down on the side by the end. He went to defensive coach, Charlie Varney, and said "coach, they're killing me, what should I do?" Coach Varney said, "Don't worry about it, we'll take care of it."

Skip Rodriquenz, '66 recalls that the attrition rate for Freshmen at BSC was so high, apparently after the advent of football and the distractions of the Men's Dorm, that a mandatory study hall for Freshmen was held at the Men's Dorm, from 7 until 9 PM in the rarely used activity room. Juniors and Seniors were chosen as proctors.

Jim Tartari '64 remembers the fraternities sending the pledges to Swenson farm to help Coach with his harvest. Most of the time, it would break down into a cucumber and tomato fight. His Junior year, Swa was suffering from a hemorrhoid operation, when several of the guys came to visit to set up the harvest. Swa was sitting on his front porch chair, supported by a truck inner tube. He ambled out to the fields pointing to the gravel beds declaiming them as "excellent soil." As he was unable to sit on the tractor, he had his 12 year old son drive it, while he waddled along chuckling. Swa was always in great spirits and a lot of laughs.

The apocryphal "Readers Digest" article. As memory serves me, it was Homecoming, 1972, and I had just mustered out of the Air Force. Paul Means '67, who was an undergrad when I was at BSC, related a story that appeared in the "Most Amazing Person I've Ever Met" section of a Readers Digest issue. It was about an end of season football game at Bridgewater when Swa was coaching, and a bunch of well-oiled fans were cheering to have a player sent in who hadn't played for the entire year. For lack of a proper name, we'll refer to him as "Smith." The fans chanted throughout the game, "We want Smith, we want Smith!" Finally, Swa turned around and looked at Smith and said "Smith, go find out what those people want." Jim Tartari '64

A contrary voice. Bruce Palumbo, '66, recalled his one season in 1962. He thought Swa's pre-season feeding of farm products, bug juice and questionable cold cuts, delicious, and that he and other freshman would be so full after lunch that they would have to lay on their backs for an hour to recover.

Spex Mountford, '66, who was football team manager for four years, recalled the trips to Central Connecticut and Bridgeport, where as the team stepped off the bus, he handed each of them three one dollar bills for feeding, cash that Swa had given him. On the return from Central, he remembered that Dave Morwick stood on the bottom step by the door, holding himself up, because his back was so torn up he couldn't sit down.

RECORDS AND STATISTICS (unofficial)

INDIVIDUAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Dave Morwick 1960 through 1962, three seasons

14 touchdown passes, three rushes, one two point conversion

Statistics available for only eight games: 898 yards passing

Longest touchdown passes: 70 yards to Dave Fee v. Miramar, 1960
 67 yards to Bobby Lane v. Nichols, 1961
 62 yards to Paul Callahan v. Newport, 1960

Most TD passes, one game: Three, v. Miramar, 1960; Brown J.V., 1961

Most passing yards, one game: 150 yards v. Nichols, 1960

Bobby Lane 1961 through 1963, three seasons

Led team in points scored (26), total yardage (500), and rushing average (11.2) in 1961

Longest kickoff return: 95 yards v. Quonset Point, 1961

Longest TD run from scrimmage: 65 yards v. Brown J.V., 1961

Longest touchdown reception: 67 yards v. Nichols, 1961

Most yards from scrimmage, one game: 162 yards v. Brown J.V., 1961

Highest average yards per carry: 23 yards v. Brown J.V., 1961

Highest season average per carry: 11.2 yards, 1961; 4.5 yards, 1962

Highest total rushing yards, season: 500 yards, 1961; 430 yards, 1962

Longest touchdown passes: 70, 65 yards to Bob Williston v. Nichols, 1963

Most touchdown passes, one game: Two, v. Nichols, 1963

STATISTICS

Longest punts:	70 yards, Paul Callahan v. Maine Maritime, 1961
	62 yards, 60 yards Paul Callahan v. Frostburg, 1962
Highest punting average:	45.6 yards, Paul Callahan, 1962
	41.6 yards, Paul Callahan, 1960
	41.4 yards, Paul Callahan, 1961
Most receptions, game:	Eight, Dave Fee v. Maine Maritime, 1961
Most tackles, game:	24, Bob Mason v. Brown J.V., 1961
Longest interception runback:	102 yards, Bill Clifford v. Dean Jr., 1967, TD
	55 yards, Leo Fanning v. Curry, 1967
Most interceptions, game:	Three, Joe McCarthy v. Quonset, 1961
	Three, Paul Stella v. Springfield B, 1966
Longest kickoff return:	95 yards, Bobby Lane v. Brown JV, 1961
Longest punt return:	65 yards, Lee Rendell v. Nichols, 1960
Longest runs from scrimmage:	77 yards, Ralph Robinson v. Nichols, 1967, TD
	76 yards, Tom Humphrey v. Springfield B, 1966, TD
	70 yards, Nick Paone v. Nichols, 1966, TD
	65 yards, 63 yards, Bobby Lane v. Brown J.V., 1961, one TD
	60 yards, Al Strondak v. Nichols, 1964, TD
	60 yards, Bill Clifford v. Nichols, 1964
Most yards rushing, game:	162 yards, Bobby Lane v. Brown J.V., 1961

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	150 yards, Bobby Lane v. Me. Maritime, 1961
	134 yards, Ralph Robinson v. Nichols, 1967
Most yards rushing, season:	500 yards, Bobby Lane, 1961
	430 yards, Bobby Lane, 1962
	400 yards, Ralph Robinson, 1967
Longest touchdown passes:	70 yards, Dave Morwick to Dave Fee v. Miramar, 1960
	70 yards, Bobby Lane to Bob Williston v. Nichols, 1963
	67 yards, Dave Morwick to Bobby Lane v. Nichols, 1961
	65 yards, Bobby Lane to Bob Williston v. Nichols, 1963
	62 yards, Dave Morwick to Paul Callahan v. Newport Naval, 1960
Most yards passing, game:	176 yards, Paul Stella v. Nichols, 1967
	150 yards, Dave Morwick v. Nichols, 1960
	135 yards, Dave Morwick v. Nichols, 1962
	130 yards, Bobby Lane v. Nichols, 1963
	130 yards, Paul Stella v. Brockport, 1967
Most yards passing, season:	598 yards, Paul Stella, 1967 (statistics for 6 games only)

NOTES ON SOURCES AND STATISTICS

Much of the data was gleaned from reports from the Brockton Enterprise, Campus Comment, Taunton Gazette, and other sources. Often reports for both the Brockton Enterprise and Taunton Gazette were almost word for word, indicating a shared reporter. Much of the reporting during those years was done by Lester Lane for the Enterprise. By 1962, undergraduate Bob Richards, BSC '64, was contributing stories. Bob went on to be a sports writer for the Enterprise for many years. In composing this narrative, whole paragraphs were lifted from Enterprise and Gazette articles without attribution. Lester Lane, the venerable sage of the Brockton Enterprise sports section provided most of the reporting, but was ably backed up by Richards and Frank Stoddard.

Some sources gave conflicting reports of the same game. For instance, The Taunton Gazette credited Bobby Lane with a 95 yard kickoff return against Quonset Naval Air Station in 1961 as did the Boston Globe; the Quonset Scout reported an 88 yard return and the Brockton Enterprise an 85 yard return. In 1960 the Enterprise had Lee Rendell making a 65 yard TD run and the Campus Comment reported a 55 yard run. Two sources had Marty Rizzo making an 85 yard run and a 76 yard run respectively in 1963.

Again, in 1962 in the upset over Maine Maritime, three sources conflicted on whether the Dave Morwick to Bobby Lane delayed handoff resulted in the second or the third score and whether the two point conversion was made in the second or third score for the win. In 1963 Lester Lane reported that it was a Lane to Rich Hayes toss for a two point conversion against Nichols, when the Comment and Taunton Gazette rightly reflected a Marty Rizzo to Hayes pass. This was from a fake kick. A week later, reporting on the Brockport game Lester Lane reported that Bob Lane threw a 23 yard pass to Jenkins, who flipped to a trailing Marty Rizzo for the score. This was reported almost word for word by Duke Richard in the Taunton Gazette. The Campus Comment had it correct as Lane had connected with Marty for the score on a short flat pass. In the same game, Lane's two touchdown passes to Williston were listed as 65 and 64, respectively in the Brockton Enterprise, and 70 and 65 in the Taunton Gazette.

Brockton Enterprise reporting became sparse and sometimes confusing. In the 1965 report on the Newport game, most of the report was on the Newport drives with no attribution for BSC's scores. The Campus Comment mentioned only that both scores were by Tom Humphrey. There was no write-up by the Enterprise for the Quonset game that year, only a pre-game report that gave the previous year's score. During the pre-season drills, Chris Lee remembered Mike Holovak helping Swa develop the single wing offense; Skip Rodriquenz disputes this, recalling Paul Svenson assisting. Al Strondak does not recall, but cut practice one afternoon to go to the beach, resulting in a severe dressing down by co-captain, Joe Domingos.

In 1966 the Enterprise reported on BSC's 23-6 defeat of Maine Maritime and credits touchdowns to Bill Nathan, Bill Clifford, and Ralph Robinson, with 3 Tom Humphrey PAT's. It went on to describe a Paul Stella to Bill Matheson TD pass, and a Tom Humphrey TD run, finishing with a Humphrey field goal. As there was no write up on the previous week's loss to Curry College, both reports might have been mistakenly combined. The Enterprise credited Paul Stella with 2 interceptions against Springfield and the Campus Comment credited him with three.

The Enterprise also claimed that year's season opening win over Springfield J.V. marked two firsts for the Bears in their short history: the win marked its first opening day win (wrong, 1960, 1961, and 1962 saw opening day wins), and the 33 points was the highest point total ever by BSC. The Enterprise said the previous high was 21 points three years earlier against Nichols, which was also erroneous as BSC scored 28 against Nichols two years prior, 25 against Brown JV in '61, and 22 against Maine Maritime in '62.

The 1967 season had conflicting reports by the Enterprise and Comment in the statistics for the Frostburg game. Both publications had differing credits for touchdowns in the Curry game. The Enterprise reported that after a Leo Fanning interception, Paul Stella ran it in from the three. In the third period, Ralph Robinson took a Stella pitchout in for the score. Again in that quarter, Bob Brinkley scored off a Stella pass. The Campus Comment reported the story differently. After Fanning's interception, Stella threw 4 straight passes and a 20 yard touchdown pass, no credits to the receiver. Stella also threw a 14 yard pass to Bill Matheson and later made a 20 yard TD run himself. Several days later in a preview of the coming game, the Brockton Enterprise reported that both Bob Brinkley and Bill Matheson had TD receptions. (Perhaps Brinkley was the unnamed recipient of the 20 yard pass reported by the Campus Comment; this would preclude a Stella run for points). The Enterprise further credits Stella with two TD passes and one rushing TD. Paul Stella remembers only making a short run for a touchdown and believes that the Enterprise had reported the game correctly.

The 1967 Enterprise also reported Gerry Indelicato and Dan Hennessey being out for the season following the Curry match. Charlie Worden remembers Hennessey being disabled after a terrible skin breaking severe compound leg fracture during practice.

These were the most glaring differences in reporting. Sadly few statistics were kept and the stat's reflected above were incomplete. However, they do provide a window on the accomplishments of the nascent years of Bridgewater football.

There is also the problem of memory. Was there a game played against Norfolk County Correctional in 1964? Mike Hughes and Al Strondak remember a game, but are not sure that it was that year. Hughes remembers the opposing quarterback wore red shoes and that they provided the team with a meal that included liver, which he enjoyed. Chris Lee remembers a game that year as does Steve Govoni who knew one of the inmates. Skip Rodriquenz is positive that there was no game that year and that 1963 was the last

year BSC played the prison. My own memory recalls a loss at Norfolk, but everyone else claims a victory. Bob Mason recalls that he left his new Kennedy half dollar in his clothes when the team changed in the cells and that it was missing when he returned. There was no Kennedy half dollar before 1964. Mase subsequently thinks it might have been a silver dollar or Ben Franklin half that he kept at the time. As a result, the consensus that it was a 1963 game and a win is recorded above.

The references to a New England Football Conference in the 1959 Campus Comment were not subsequently mentioned. It was not until the 1966 season that it was referenced, with BSC, Maine Maritime, and Curry College as members. An article in the Brockton Enterprise, December 2, 1976 announcing Coach Swenson's retirement at the end of the academic year, credits Swa with personally founding the NEFC in 1960. At the time it consisted of BSC, Maine Maritime, and Mass Maritime. However, Mass Maritime was unable to meet its obligations, and there were no acknowledged NEFC champions until Curry entered the conference in 1966. Maine Maritime won all the previous contests except for the 1962 season. There was no claim to NEFC honors by BSC in 1962, and apparently the conference was in sleeper mode until expanded by more teams. After Curry, Nichols College joined, followed in later years by Boston State, Plymouth State, Framingham State, University of New Haven, and Mass Maritime.

Most of the writing was done in collaboration with former players who provided insights and information. We want to give credit for the information in articles written by Lester Lane, Bob Richards, and Frank Stoddard of the Brockton Enterprise, Dick Aretta and Duke Richard of the Taunton Gazette, and Don Wrightington, Mike Konosky, Ted Davis, Terry Weddleton, and Ralph Ricci of the Campus Comment. Special thanks to Mike Hughes for his write-up of the 1964 season.

Internet Connections

Please visit the following websites for more information, pictures and records.

1. Football Returns to Bridgewater

<https://maxwell.bridgew.edu/exhibits/football/>

Find Coach Swenson's eight seasons briefly detailed here with a picture gallery and a season by season results. Clicking on a little red triangle next to a game on the schedule page will most times provide a copy of the program for that game.

2. <http://bsufotballreturns.blogspot.com/>

This website provides some portions of this book but with the opportunity to make personal comments. Add your thoughts or corrections to this book here.

3. www.lulu.com Do a search for "Mazzaferro" to find Coach Peter Mazzaferro's memoirs. "Drop Kick Me Through the Goalposts" Parts of this book describe his journey to Bridgewater State and his relationship with Coach Swenson.

4. <http://youtu.be/vGJCsZQoTJc> This site provides directions to obtain a DVD of the 1967 BSC vs Frostburg game film. Another DVD of Homecoming versus Nichols is also available.

ADDITIONAL THOUGHTS TO THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATION

The original book the Swenson Era was published in 2014 and was distributed free for donation to the BSU Football Program. It's now been almost four years since publication and the authors of the book have decided to place this book online through the Maxwell Library for total public access. During this time period a lot of people came to us and wished we had added a few more stories and tributes. Also The Emeriti Faculty Club publishes a magazine for retirees called *Generations of Service*. In September of 2017, a excellent interview with David Depp, former assistant coach for Ed Swenson, was published. With permissions from Editor and Interviewer, David Wilson, we culled out his memories about the football program and include it near the end of this online version. The original interview can be found on the link vc.bridgew.edu/selections/7/ in the related materials bullets at the bottom of the page.

There are a handful of original books still available. They make a great coffee table book especially if you attended BSC during those years. The book is free for donating and can be found on the web at www.alumni.bridgew.edu/football. By also clicking the donate tab on that page you can donate to the Cook, Rizzo and Mazzaferro Scholarships all of which go to a great cause.

The Transition from Father-in-law to Son-in-law in the Equipment Room

A Living Tribute to Bud Mondeau

Albert "Bud" Mondeau took over the position of Equipment manager and general custodian of the Kelley Gym when his father-in-law, the beloved John "Mac" MacCallum retired in 1970. Bud transitioned into his job with the same kindness and caring for his charges and was as well loved by the students as Mac. Bud retired in 1983. Bud, at 95, made the 2017 banquet, and as usual was surrounded by admiring former players.

Phil LeFavor '72 remembers: I had the pleasure of working with both Mac and Bud in my job in the laundry room. Mac was very nice to me. When I had to go in early on Sunday morning to wash the football uniforms he would bring me a baloney sandwich wrapped in wax paper and a Carling GIQ. I would sit there and he would do all the work and tell me stories. Bud took over and I became close to him also with all the hours I spent in the gym. He would do anything for his players. He treated us all like his sons. He was beloved enough that we made him an

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honorary Kappa brother, something he is very proud of as evidenced by him still wearing his pin.

Rich Florence, '74*, long time Chairman of the Football Alumni Advisory Council and member of the BSC Athletic Hall of Fame recalls:

“Bud Mondeau was the Bear’s equipment manager during the 1971 thru 1975 football seasons that I was a member of the BSC Football Team. During those four years we played thirty eight games, and Bud was at every one of them, home and away. One of my fondest memories of Bud was turning in my game shirt to him to be washed after each of those thirty-eight games, and regardless of whether we won, loss. or tied, Bud would say things like, “good game, Florence”, and “hey, you can’t win them all. We’ll get them next time!”. Bud always knew the right words to say at right time to everyone. It didn’t matter if you were a first, second, or 3rd stringer Bud treated everyone with dignity, respect, and kindness. Bud’s kind words were always greatly appreciated and well received by all the BSC players..... Go Bears !!! Richie”

* Richie also spearheaded the 2009 50th Season "Original Bear" concept that honored the players of the 60's decade and brought so many back in contact with their teammates and Bridgewater including Bud.



Kappa football players fall 1971 with honorary brother Bud Mondeau

L-R Phil LeFavor '72, Greg McGann, Mike Fiero, Pete Higgins '72, Ed Cauley, Vinny Hickey, Jim Hackenson '73, Larry Norton '73, Rick Roath '72, Tiny Perry '74, Coach Leo Fanning '70, and Equipment Manager, Bud Mondeau.

A Tribute to Paul Callahan '63

Paul Callahan was one of the most outstanding and versatile athletes to attend Bridgewater. As a star baseball player and state champion indoor track hurdler in High School, he turned down a baseball scholarship to UMass to attend BTC. Paul had never played Soccer or Football until he came to Bridgewater. As a Freshman, in a matter of weeks, Paul was on the starting Soccer team and played in the league championship.



The following year, 1960, was BSC's first year of Football, and Paul won a starting position at end and defensive back. He was fast, agile, and had incredible hands. Paul scored Bridgewater's first touchdown, a 20 yard reception in an upset win at Nichols College. That season Paul was named Most Valuable Player. Paul was elected Co-

Captain his senior year, a season marred by injuries and other commitments. Nevertheless, Paul persevered, providing leadership and support under increasingly difficult conditions. He was responsible for throwing a Maine Maritime back for a safety in what were the deciding points in a 22-20 win, as well as pulling in a 5 yard touchdown reception. At the Awards Ceremony at the end of his Senior Year, Paul was honored by the Men's Athletic Association with the Most Outstanding Male Athlete Award for 4 Years.



Paul was also noted for his punting, his longest, 70 yards and 65 yards against Maine Maritime in 1961, and 62 and 60 yards against Frostburg State in 1962. He averaged 45.6 yards/punt in 1962, and 41.6 yards in 1960, and 41.4 yards in 1961. Because of his punting, Paul was invited to try out for the Boston Patriots, Denver Broncos, and Minnesota Vikings. He was one of the finalists for the Patriots when he decided the NFL

was not a career choice he wanted to pursue with a growing family.

Paul also played basketball and track at BSC. When there was a baseball game and track meet at Legion Field, simultaneously, Paul would remove his baseball shirt when BSC batted and run over to the track to throw the javelin. He was the New England State College Athletic Conference javelin Champion in 1963, and as a result of complaints, NESCAC created new rule that no person could compete in more than one sport per season.

Paul graduated in 1963 and married his classmate, Betty Sawin, who was the Captain of the Cheerleading Squad. He taught General Science at Abington High School and was the Abington Junior High baseball coach as well as volunteering his time with Coach Swenson

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during the football season. In 1964, Paul was accepted as a graduate student in the Physical Education Department at the University of Colorado, subsequently receiving a graduate Assistantship the following year, returning to Abington as a P.E. teacher where he coached track. In 1969 Paul taught for the Department of Defense in Germany and England and was awarded the Outstanding teacher in the Overseas Program in 1970. Upon returning to the states in 1975, Paul was appointed Director of Recreation for Leominster, MA, and from 1978 until his retirement in 2003, he taught and coached in Leominster, and served as P.E. Department Head for all Leominster Elementary schools.



Paul was greatly admired and respected by his teammates, other athletes, fans, parents, teachers, students, and those whom he coached. He was a kind, considerate, caring person, an outstanding father and mentor, and a fun guy. He and Betty hosted many Bridgewater Alumni events at their home in Florida. Paul passed away on a trip to New Zealand and Australia, where he was enjoying life, in 2016.

In October, 2017, Paul was inducted into the BSU Athletic Hall of Fame.

As a coach, Paul always emphasized "do your best", "be a gracious winner or loser", "good sportsmanship" and "have fun."

Personal notes:

Dave Fee '62 remembers "Paul was a natural leader with a great sense of humor. He had a wonderful attitude and respect for all people. As a teacher and coach, he touched the lives of hundreds if not thousands of our youths."

John Olson '64 " Paul Callahan's harmonious connection to a football remains the sweetest sound I can remember in any sport" [John shagged punts for Paul].

Dave Morwick "64" As the quarterback who threw the football to Paul Callahan for three years on the original "Bears" football team and as a teammate on the baseball team, I would rate Paul as the finest athlete that I played with or against during my high school or college athletic career. He was fearless going over the middle to catch a pass for a first down or touchdown, was a deep threat who could outrun defenders, turn on a dime at full speed, and had the ability to make impossible catches while jumping or diving for the ball. Although short of stature, he was fast, talented, and fearless as a receiver. Paul Callahan was the Wes Welker or Julian Edelman of his day. When the going got tough you called on Paul's number. Likewise his accomplishments on the baseball field were exemplary. He batted 3rd in the lineup for his four years on the baseball team and his defensive skills at shortstop were exceptional. Paul was fast enough to get to any ball hit his way and his arm strength was such that he was often brought in as a relief pitcher to finish a game. Aside from his athletic abilities Paul Callahan was admired and respected by teammates and friends for his leadership, generosity, sense of humor, and helpfulness to everyone he encountered.

Skip Rodriquenz '66 "Paul's classes were enjoyable for all, regardless of their level of athleticism. I would stop by the gym and watch the "big kid" having as much fun as the smaller

ones. He should have paid me for the fun he was having." [Skip was Paul's principal in Leominster]

Ed Meaney '63. Paul was a team leader who always displayed a high degree of positivity and optimism helping his teammates succeed under sometimes great adversity."

Paul Doherty '63 "Paul had the ability to bring individuals together to work as a team. He was a memorable teammate due to his physical attributes on the field as well as his ability to motivate, lead, and his talent for being able to make all feel included."

Fred LaChapelle '66 "When people, over the years who never saw Cal play ask, 'Was he really that good?' and, 'Are you sure you're not exaggerating?' I respond, if you saw him, you wouldn't be asking."

Charlie Worden '70 I first met Paul and Betty after this book had been published. Apparently he knew a little about me and walked up to me said hello and thank you. I was surprised when he asked me to give him the secret Alpha Upsilon handshake which I gladly did. Then his wife Betty came over to me with a big unexpected hug. She thanked me for including the Cheerleaders in the book. I told her it was unanimous four way decision but will gladly accept the hug on behalf of the group. True Bears.



Betty Sawin Callahan on the left is accepting Paul's Hall of Fame Plaque

Remembering Richard “Dick” Vintro

1947-1998

I first met Dick at Football practice in the fall of 1966. I was a freshman and he was a year ahead. He was friends with my future big brother Jim Accomando, the two of them were completing pledge tasks for Alpha Upsilon. He and Jim were on the team as freshmen but didn't play much. They were hoping this year they would begin to see more action. With the team not having won a game in two years, Coach Swenson recruited major high schools in and around Boston. The result was good for Coach as a dozen starters from Class A Football programs came to play in the Fall of 1966. Six of them became starters and the others backups. The football team broke their losing streak and Dick realized that he would not play much but wanted to help out any way he could. And that he did. He cheered us on, held dummies at practices, got in on a couple of goal line defense plays and was respected by all his teammates. Dick finished the season and would retire his cleats to concentrate on his studies and hone his skills in education. We became friends and I always sought him out on issues I had in school. He came out for football, only to get in a game a handful of times. The point is he finished what he started. His penchant to dedication would soon pay off for his students when he began his teaching career. There he became a full time starter and All-Star.



Charlie Worden '70 G'80 AY

Dick Vintro was one of the most beloved teachers by both students and faculty and perhaps the most giving teacher of during his tenure and mine at the Qualters Middle School in Mansfield. Dick's days often started at 6:30 and ended at 7: PM. A social studies teacher by trade Dick was best known for his work with Middle School youth who had difficult home lives or difficult times being accepted. An avid fisherman Dick would run, at his own expense, after school activities in fall and spring for students who were interested fishing especially fly fishing providing all the equipment for students who could not afford equipment. Dick on Saturdays would take students fishing at Fulton's pond walking distance from the school. During the winter Dick played a key role in keeping the after school drama club functioning. Again giving freely of his time Dick would assist the aging drama teacher with rehearsals and supervisions often time staying till 7:00PM. Without Dicks help the program would most likely vanished. As his life was ending, and Dick had to resign due to health concerns an impromptu retirement party was planned for Dick. The party had so many responses it first had to be moved to the Holiday inn in Mansfield, and then expanded to a ballroom setting within the inn to facilitate all the people who attended. Dick was an inspiration to both students and faculty.

Ron Reardon '73 AY

A Tribute to Arthur "Art" Curry '63

Art Curry was a tall, lanky, gregarious Irish kid from Dorchester, a guy with a lot of street smarts and common sense. He was one of the 1960 Original Bears and played end for three years, foregoing his senior season because he was practice teaching in Boston. Art was fast and in track could keep up with and often beat Bobby Lane in the 100 and 220 yard dashes. As I recall, he also performed the "broad jump" as it was called in those days. Art had a great sense of humor and created nicknames for many of our student colleagues. He was the type of guy who could get along with anybody, and would have made a great politician. Art was also a member of Alpha Upsilon fraternity.

Art served 7 years in the US Coast Guard and 2 years in the US Army, where he met his first wife in Berlin. He began teaching in an elementary school in a barrio in El Paso, Texas, where he earned an M.A. in History. He also taught high school there for several years and served as the football coach. He then ran the Career Center at El Paso Community College for 11 years. Art moved on to California and retired as Dean of Economic Development at Sierra College, Rocklin, CA. Art travelled extensively and visited more than 70 countries. Art had health issues in his final years, but was able to attend his 50th anniversary at Bridgewater. He passed away at the age of 75 in 2015.

Art considered his military service as his biggest honor and accomplishment. He passed away at his daughter's home in Washington state, and his remains were interred at the Bourne National Cemetery for Veterans on Cape Cod.

Dave Morwick "64" Art Curry was a member of the original Bears football team in 1960. He was a wide receiver that excelled at getting open and because of his natural running speed was a threat for the long bomb on each passing play. Because of his track speed very few defenders could keep up with Art in the open field. He excelled at Track and his 100 yard dash and 220 yard speed served him well on our football team and as the quarterback throwing the passes I counted on Art to break free when we needed a score. Aside from being a great teammate, Arthur was a terrific friend who kept us in stitches with his sense of humor. We were classmates for four years as History majors, fraternity brothers in Alpha Upsilon, and roommates along with Phil Curry "64" in Mrs. Williams rooming house on Union Street. Upon graduation Art served in the military and then taught for a period of years as well as becoming a college administrator directing a Career Center in El Paso Texas and later as a Dean of Economic Development at a California College.

Remembering Original Bear Jim Argir '61

Jim Argir was one of the Original Bears of 1960 and served as one of the captains that year. Jim had not played football in high school, but was big and athletic and fit in as a defensive lineman. His positive attitude and ability to smile in the face of adversity made him a welcome presence on that squad. He was one of the most popular men on Campus, one who would always give advice and lend a helping hand. Jim played soccer his first three years and played basketball and baseball all four years. When available, he also threw the shot put for the BSC track team.



Jim became an elementary school teacher and then a principal for 25 years in Ashland. He was President of the Massachusetts

Elementary Principal's Board and on Governor Dukakis' Advisory Council on Education.



He served on the Bridgewater Football Alumni Council, the BSU Alumni Board Foundation Board, and BSU Stadium Committee from its inception until the completion of Swenson Field. He was an early inductee into the BSU Athletic Hall of Fame. When he passed away he was still working on a fundraising project for the football program.

Jim gave back to his home town, participating in Natick parks and recreation, establishing a teen center and serving on Natick High School programs and other community projects and events. Jim was inducted into the Natick High School Athletic Hall of Fame and the Athletic Wall of Achievement.



Bob Calzini, '64 remembers: Jim was an excellent student at Bridgewater and a well-liked teacher and administrator. He was a great athlete in basketball in High School and as a football player at Bridgewater. He was big and tough as well as a smart player. He has left his mark on society and we thank him for his contributions.



Remembering Paul “Buns” Doherty

He was called "Buns" because of his voracious appetite for Dining Hall rolls, which most of its habitués usually passed on. Paul was an exceptional individual, quick witted, intelligent with an incisive ability to cut through quotidian exaggeration and tom-foolery. He applied himself diligently to his studies as well as to his activities within the student body, athletics, and fraternity. Like many of his teammates, Paul married his college sweetheart and classmate, Mae.



Homecoming Lunch 2016 L to R; Tom Humphreys '68, Mike Hughes' 65, Bob "Mase" Mason '65, Jim Tartari '64, Ed Meaney'63, Paul Doherty'63, Rich Kerlopan '62, Dave Fee '62, Dave Morwick '64, Coach Frank Jardin

As an Original Bear in 1960, having never played the game prior to his Sophomore year, Paul earned a starting position as a defensive back, a role he never relinquished over the next three years. Although undersized, he had the courage of a lion and fearlessly took on players who dwarfed him in size. He contributed significantly to the wins that Bridgewater had in those early days. Paul also played soccer as a Freshman, basketball, and was a four year starter in the baseball outfield. He enjoyed life to its fullest and a great deal of that joy was expressed on the playing fields of Bridgewater. A great guy.

Jim Tartari

Paul Doherty '63

I remember Paul Doherty as classmate (class of 1963) and a teammate on the original Bears football team. We also had dorm rooms across from each other when Scott Hall was first opened. Paul was from Woburn, MA and we always joked with him on pronouncing his home town's name. The one thing I always remember about Paul was his smile - he always had a smile when he was with his friends. Always pleasant and fun to be around, he had a wide circle of friends among his classmates and other students at the College. Although he was in a different fraternity (there were only two at that time), he was always welcomed by members of my fraternity as if he was a fellow brother. He was good friends with all.



Homecoming Lunch 2016 Left to right: Ed Meaney "63" my wife, Carolyn Meaney "63", Dave Fee's wife, Pat Fee "63", Mae Doherty "63", Paul Callahan's wife Betty Callahan "63, President Fred Clark, His wife Carrie Clark and Paul Doherty "63"

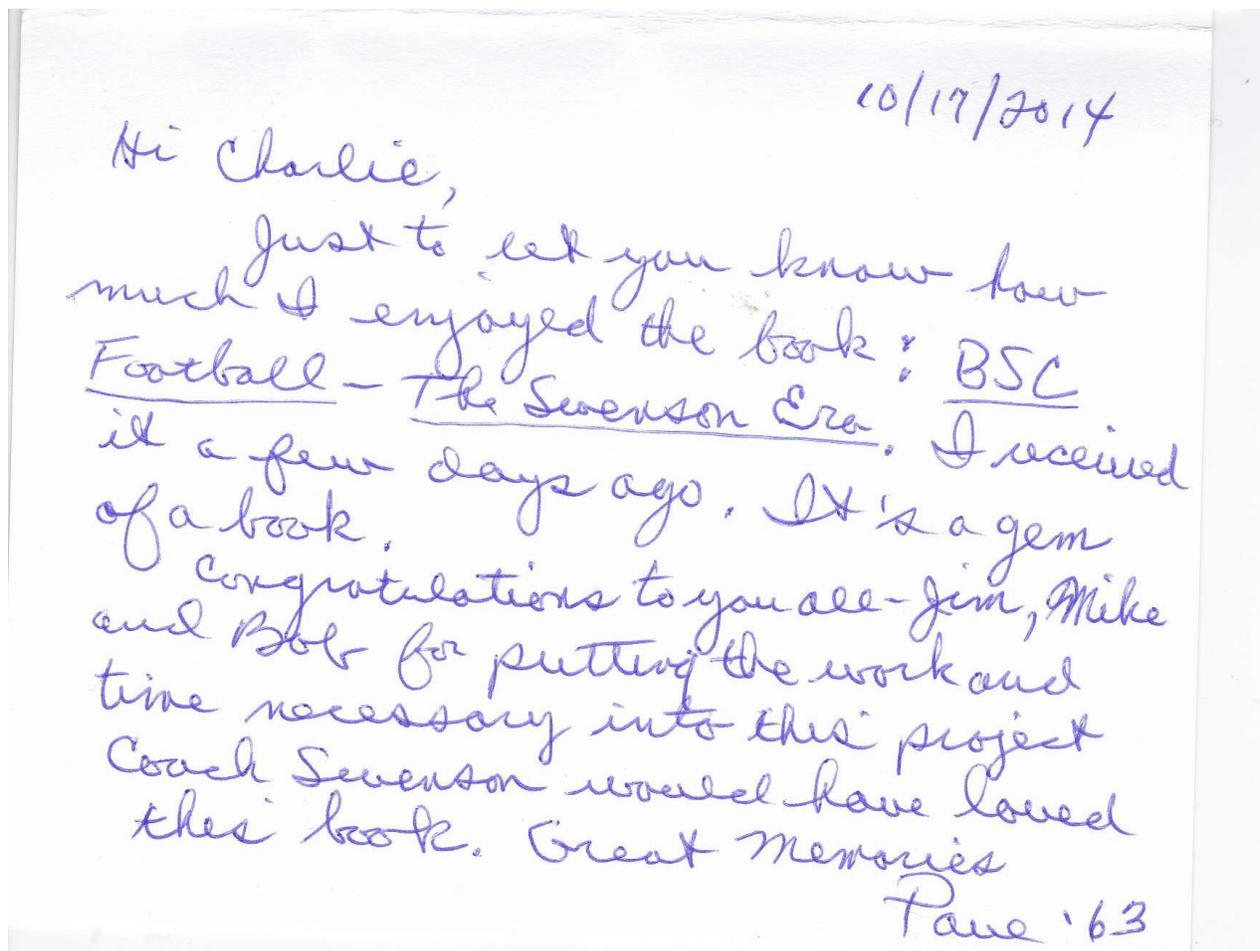
As an athlete, he always worked hard and helped us all to improve. He was always willing to pitch in and assist a fellow teammate. Paul was an all-around athlete playing on the baseball and basketball teams in addition to football. Paul was an athlete who demonstrated enthusiasm both on and off the field. He was also a student leader serving as an MAA officer and Scott Hall President in his senior year. He did all of this with a very positive attitude and most importantly - with a smile!

After our graduation from Bridgewater, We were able to continue our friendship throughout our lives. We both married classmates, settled in Bridgewater and raised our children in that community. We both pursued our professional careers in educational administration. Together, we coached some of our children in sports and worked with our boys in cub scouts. Throughout our lives, we had many shared experiences that made our lives richer and more fulfilling. I will always remember Paul as good teammate, a great and close friend, a good man who set a fine example for his children on how to be a good father and husband. He has always be my friend and I do miss him.

By:
Edward J. Meaney

Paul Doherty

We lost Paul Doherty recently in October 2017. I learned this at Homecoming 2017 from his good friend Ed Meaney. I was sad to hear about this. Being involved in putting this book together has been very rewarding to me. I've gotten to know many of the Bears who preceded me. Many have become friends and losing anyone of them is not easy. Part of my involvement with this book was to mail them out which totaled about 130 books. In many instances I received a hand written Thank You note. Paul was one of them. I think his note at this time has become his tribute to his character.. This is what he wrote:



10/17/2014

Hi Charlie,
just to let you know how
much I enjoyed the book: BSC
Football - The Swenson Era. I received
it a few days ago. It's a gem
of a book.
Congratulations to you all - Jim, Mike
and Bob for putting the work and
time necessary into this project.
Coach Swenson would have loved
this book. Great memories
Paul '63

Charlie Worden '70 G'80

Remembering Jack Collins '63

I remember Jack Collins as classmate (class of 1963) and teammate. Jack and I were both History majors and veterans. Jack served in the Marines and I in the Navy so we immediately had a bond of military service and the typically humorous rivalry that exists between Marines and Sailors. We became good friends right from the start. Jack's roots went back to Dorchester where his family lived for many years before they moved to Stoughton. He was always talking about his youthful experiences in Dorchester that shaped him in many ways.

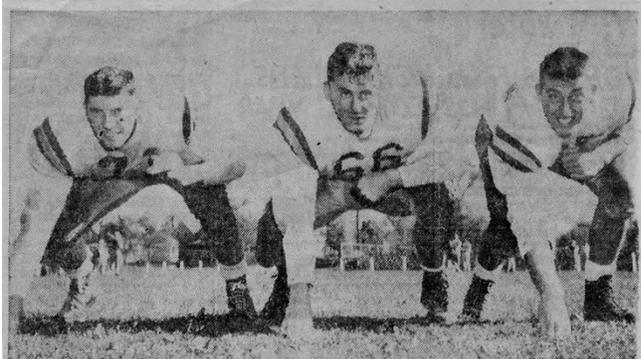
Jack and I were best of friends throughout our years at Bridgewater. Jack was an original Bear. He loved football and played tough not giving an inch to any opponent on the field. He had that strong spirit that couldn't be broken. Unfortunately, Jack broke his leg playing football cutting short his season and he faced a long road to recovery, but he was determined to get better and play again - which he did. During his recovery period I chauffeured him to and from Bridgewater because he was unable to drive while his leg healed. Fortunately, we shared the same class schedule. Jack also was a fraternity brother and served as President during our senior year. He was also active in the MAA and served as President his senior year.



P. Curry, Junior Delegate; M. Hughes, Sophomore Delegate; D. Morwick, Recording Secretary; W. Murphy, Vice-president; J. Collins, President; C. Ford, Treasurer; J. Tartari, Corresponding Secretary; L. Rendell, Senior Delegate.

The bond that we had forged though football, our mutual classes, our fraternity interactions, and mutual social life continued after graduation from Bridgewater. We both found ourselves teaching in the same school system, coaching high school sports and teaching in classrooms across from each other. Jack served as an usher in my wedding. We both became school principals in the same school system.

13, 1960 SPORTS PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN



BRIDGEWATER STATE COLLEGE linemen ready to go Saturday in the first varsity football clash for the college since 1927, meeting Nichols College eleven at Dudley. The trio include, left to right: Peter Flynn of Bridgewater, 6-foot-1, 200-pound guard; John Collins of Stoughton, 6-foot-2, 190-pound end; Ed Meany of Brockton, 6-foot-2, 190-pound tackle.

I remember Jack as a Marine in the finest tradition. I think that is the highest tribute I could give him and I know he would be proud to be described in those terms. Semper Fi means always loyal and that was how I will always remember him. He was a proud Marine, a good teammate and a loyal friend. He passed away much too young.

by
Edward J. Meaney

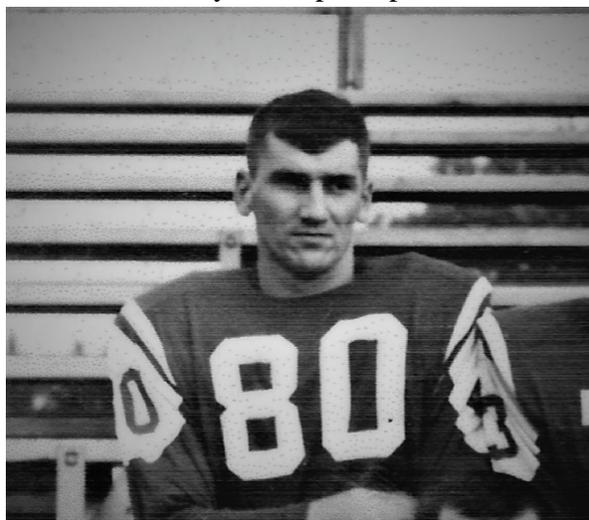
Remembering William “JENKS” Jenkins ‘65

His roommate, Marty Rizzo, always referred to him as “Jenks” which prompted his teammates and fraternity brothers to use that nickname most of the time. William “Bill” Jenkins came to BSC in 1961 from Canton and roomed with Marty in the new Men’s Dorm (now Scott Hall) during their sophomore and junior years at the college. To many of us these two, who were usually seen together, looked like, “Mutt and Jeff”. This comparison was based on height and body type more than anything else, Marty being short (5’6”) and compact and Jenks being tall (6’3”) and angular. Jenks and Marty decided to room together their freshman year and after pledging Kappa Delta Phi fraternity in 1962.

Jenks became a math major and possessed most of the qualities needed to be a very good offensive end on the football team including size, awareness and very good hands. The only attribute he lacked was speed but he compensated for that by utilizing his intelligence giving him the ability to get open for quarterbacks to throw to. Jenks came out for the team in 1963, our junior year. He continued as a loyal team member in a football program that struggled to stay alive between the years 1961 and 1965. During those years Jenks became a positive, albeit quiet, force on the team especially in 1963 and 1964. He emerged as the top pass catching end on the team in 1963 and ended up performing well against some tough opponents like the University of Bridgeport and Brockport State University. Against Bridgeport Jenks caught a pass from quarterback Bobby Lane which was the only BSC score in the game. The score in that contest ended Bridgeport 38 and Bridgewater 6.

In the last game of the ’63 season against Brockport State at Legion Field Jenks caught a 23 yard aerial on the Brockport 2 yard line which set up BSC’s first score, a short pass from Bobby Lane to Marty Rizzo. Lane then connected with Rich Hayes for a 2 point conversion making the score BSC 8 – Brockport 7. Brockport scored again and added a 2 point conversion making the score in the third period 15-8. BSC took the next kickoff back to Brockport’s 14 yard line when Lane connected with Jenks for another TD. Coach Swenson decided to go for two points by way of a fake kick a play that had worked well against Nichols College. Marty Rizzo was the holder and intended passer. Brockport must have scouted us well because Marty’s two point pass to Jenks was broken up. The rest of the game stayed scoreless with BSC keeping Brockport on their end of the field. The resulting final score was Brockport 15 – Bridgewater 14. What made that result even worse for the Bears was the fact that Marty Rizzo was carried off the field in the fourth quarter with what was eventually a fatal neck injury.

Because of what happened against Brockport at the end of the 1963 season most of us would have totally understood and accepted Jenks’s decision to forego playing in our senior year but he remained steadfast in his loyalty and his fraternal feelings for Marty by playing in the 1964 season. That season ended up being one of the most disheartening ones for Bears football up to that time. As it turned out Jenks ended up being one of the best if not the best pass receiver



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on the team. This wasn't an easy task because the quarterback situation was in a state of flux with the coaches trying three different players at that position. When it seemed like one of them would settle into the position something would happen and someone else was put in as the signal caller. The coaches praised Jenks to the press for his pass catching against Frostburg State, Central Connecticut State, Maine Maritime, and Quonset Naval Air Station. The season ended without a BSC win and some on campus questioned whether football should stay as a varsity sport at the college.

After graduation Jenks married and moved to the Chicago area where he started a family and worked as an actuary for Blue Cross- Blue Shield. After a number of years in the, "Windy City", Jenks was diagnosed with testicular cancer. When they operated on him the doctors discovered that cancer had spread to other parts of his body. Jenks endured more surgery as well as other types of treatments and ended up beating the disease. Unfortunately this and other factors combined to put a strain on his marriage which then broke up.

After moving back to Massachusetts in 1974 he met Judy Naumann and they married. They started a successful home building and community development business called Can-Four Corp. Jenks was recognized as Builder of the Year in 2009 by the Builders and Remodelers Association of Greater Boston. The award was for his ability as a developer and for his work at building affordable housing communities with government assistance.

When Mike Hughes, Bob Mason and Todd Audyatis, VP for University Advancement, revitalized and updated the Rizzo Award so that it recognized a courageous football player and contributed funds to the football program, an effort to raise more funds was started. Bob contacted Jenks and asked him to attend the annual Alumni Football Banquet in 2009 with the intention of getting Jenks involved in the fund raising. Initially about \$5,000 was raised from former football players. Bob explained to Jenks what the award and fund were all about at the banquet and he immediately wrote out a check for \$1,000. Jenks was generous in other ways also. A good example being that he routinely offered his place in the mountains to us for skiing or any use we desired, gratis.

Jenks lived an active involved life building homes, attending Patriot's games (he was a season's ticket holder) and raising a family until he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. When Kappa brothers found this out they reached out to him by visiting him in the hospital and at his home and driving him to Old Crow (fraternity) get-togethers every month at Emma's in Bridgewater. A larger dinner/conclave in Norwood was arranged for Jenks by Brother Art Svensen and was very well attended. You would have never known that he was sick if you saw him at this event with his fraternity brothers. Through all of his physical trials Jenks remained positive and upbeat but this time, however, the dreaded disease was not to be denied and William D. "Jenks" Jenkins succumbed to it on April 20, 2015 leaving behind his wife Judy, sons B.J. and Tyler and daughter Shannon, along with their spouses and their children, Jenks's beloved grandchildren.

Mike Hughes and Bob Mason '65

1/4/2018

David Deep Remembers

Dave Deep came to BSC in 1963 as a member of the Men's Physical Education Staff, Head Basketball Coach and Assistant Football Coach. He was appointed Acting Dean of Men in 1966, performing all four jobs until he was eventually made permanent Dean of Men. In 1977 he was appointed Dean of Students and then became the first Vice President for Student Services, the job he held until he retired in 1989. Dave's wife Judy, a practicing nurse was hired by the school in 1965 and later became head nurse, a position she held for 23 years.

Dave remembers Swa as "a wonderful man in every respect...Ed was respected and admired by everyone who knew him. We had to practice on the 'Lower Campus' (where the Campus Center now stands), just a muddy area where commuters would park their cars and we'd begin practice as soon as the cars were gone."

On entering the Men's Dorm (now Scott Hall) for pre-season football, he recalls Marty Rizzo asking him, "Hey, are you going to play football here?" I smiled and said, "No, I'm going to be one of your coaches' and from then on we were good friends".

"I was the first one on the field to reach Marty that evening in 1963" when Marty had gone down while blocking. "He was obviously in bad shape and we had no idea just how severely he had been hurt. We immediately called for an ambulance and Judy rode with Marty in the ambulance to the Brockton Hospital where doctors ordered the ambulance to go right away on to Boston.



Today, the Rondileau Campus Center stands on what was in the 1960's a parking lot during the day and the practice field for the football team when the commuting students left. Below, a chart illustrating how BSU changed during the years when Vice President Emeritus and Mrs. Deep were here:

"Marty survived for almost two months and then we lost him. He was the nicest young man and a tough football player. I'm sure none of us who knew Marty and held him in such high regard ever got over it....He told me once that he wanted to be the manager of the basketball team. I mourn him still today. After he passed, I started the Marty Rizzo Scholarship Fund in his memory."

Prior to coming to BSC, Dave had graduated from the University of Bridgeport where he was captain of the football team. He was commissioned in the U.S. Marine Corps where he coached football. After his discharge, he earned his Master's Degree in Physical Education at Springfield College, where he also coached football. Dave was one of the first subscribers to the Bridgewater Foundation and has sat on the board until recently.

Dave and Judy's reminiscences of their years at Bridgewater where they both contributed to and witnessed its expansion can be found in their exceptional interview with BSC historian, Dave Wilson '71, in the September 2017 issue of the Emeriti Faculty Club Newsletter "Generations of Service." Together, they provide a wonderful window into the changes and insights on the faculty, health program, facilities and administration through the years. The full interview can be found at vc.bridgew.edu/selections/7/ at the bottom of the web page in the bulleted *Related Articles*.

How Football was Saved at Bridgewater

Bridgewater State College's football program rested on a fragile foundation. its introduction was the result of the relentless promotion by Edward C. Swenson of Bridgewater State Teacher's College's small Athletic Department. Beginning with his arrival in 1949 it is conjectural whether he brought up the subject of football so early in his tenure to a small faculty which consisted of many Bridgewater graduates mostly concerned about the limited funding for their own departments. What is known is that after several years as a successful soccer coach, his infectious good nature, and a driven campaign beginning in 1957, he was able to obtain funding for a pilot program in 1959 from the student body through a vote. The Student Cooperative Association approved fees for funding not to exceed \$7000.00 for a 1960 four game schedule. Recruitment was word of mouth through the many contacts he had made in Massachusetts athletic circles over the years and in the form of the athletes who played soccer, basketball, baseball, and track at the college. The latter was the main source of recruitment in the early years and was supplemented by brochures and letters sent to the guidance departments in Massachusetts high schools.

The first season there was no pre-season practice, and for several years thereafter the early drills were primarily subsidized by Coach Swenson himself, renting a feeding facility in a church basement provisioned by products from his farm. All away games were made on local school buses. There were no funds for scouting and the coach relied on his small staff to view opponents' nearest venues. For the next five years he ran the program on a shoe-string budget. The early years, not unexpectedly, saw few wins. After a successful second season, a hoped for improved third season turned disastrous with six straight losses and the loss in the last game of the fourth season, which resulted in only two wins and the on-field injury to Marty Rizzo that resulted in his death nine weeks later. The following season was winless and there was considerable grumbling as to whether the program was worth the \$10,000.00 allotted to it. The next season also saw no wins. Much as he put heart and soul into the advancement of his program, Coach Swenson had too many activities to attend to other than football. Besides coaching basketball and track, he had classes to teach, an athletic department that placed increasing burdens on him, a faculty that was less than supportive, and a farm to run. He also was raising a family and several foster children, some of whom were attending the college. Further, his knowledge of the game had not changed since his own playing and coaching days decades in the past. Practices were predictable and he placed too much faith in freshmen players, many of whom would invariably flunk out. Many of his choices for playing were based on size not ability or hunger for the game. Much of the talent that he did have was frustrated by a lack of development and strategy. Coach had great affection for his players, however, under a lot of pressure to

save his program he allowed injured players to continue to play. This only made matters worse ending the season for several players.

These issues became a concern for some players. Reflecting on that and looking ahead to another year of the same spiritless drills and performance, and with a string of 15 losses, one more of which would have made BSC the national leader in that category, plus the growing criticism of the program at the school, three juniors, Geoff Fanning and Broni Baranowski, co-captains-elect, and Chris Lee, all three year starters, approached Dean Lee Harrington to review the problem and ask for help in bringing in new coaching. Dean Harrington was arguably the most accessible member of the school administration. He had a great interest in helping people succeed and counseling them on avenues to take to obtain their goals. He found ways to keep people in school, to continue studies at other colleges, and even jobs to keep them from dropping out. He would also be the perfect person to convince Coach Swenson that in order to save his program he would have to step aside. It must have been a tough session for both men. As a result, Dean Harrington was able to bring in Peter Mazzaferro from Curry College, a man with a solid record at several schools, as assistant coach, with authority to develop the program, design the plays and defenses, run the practice sessions and institute policy. Ed Swenson retained the position as Head Coach for the next two years and was the ultimate decision maker. Under Mazzaferro's direction, the team jelled, won their first game and two more, losing two others by a point each. The next year, Coach Swenson's final as Head Coach, saw a winning record of 4 wins and 3 losses. Pete Mazzaferro went on to turn BSC football into one of the top programs in New England small colleges and produced a record of 195-136-7 at Bridgewater over the next 37 years. Coach Swenson continued on as Athletic Director, obtaining increased funding for the program and real estate for an athletic fields complex and a stadium that was named in his honor. The concern and responsiveness of Dean Harrington saved the football program for Bridgewater

LETTERS FROM THE AUTHERS TO THE SWENSON KIDS

September, 2014

Dear Kevin, Carl, Sondra and Elaine,

Just a brief note on how much Coach Swenson meant to all the guys at Bridgewater. He was a big guy with a big heart and all his students were family, regardless of their involvement in sports. Coach always prodded us to "just get that piece of paper", meaning to buckle down and graduate and get ahead in life.

Coach brought football to Bridgewater through sheer determination and an indefatigable good nature. In doing so, he managed to use all his resourcefulness to scratch out a modicum of funding, obtain venues, and keep watch over a rowdy bunch of misfits who loved to play the game. As a result of his efforts, Bridgewater football has grown with the school and has become a major factor in the appeal of the college. Had he not made that commitment it is doubtful that any of the state colleges would have ever had a football program.

Several of us collaborated to write this history of the Swenson years at BSC. We were unlucky in not getting the thoughts of the Coach himself. It would have made a better story.

Bless you, Coach,

Jim Tartari

To the Swensons,

It was a privilege and an honor to be a contributor to this book. I met your dad, Coach, when I went to Bridgewater for my freshman interview. My cousin, a New Bedford high school football coach, knew your dad and brought me to the interview. Instead of going to my assigned interviewer he sent me to your dad. Coach helped me to get accepted to BSC and assigned to the new men's dorm, now Scott Hall.

My time at BSC and playing for your dad were four of the happiest years in my life. I made friends mainly through football at first. I'm still close to and in contact with many of them to this day. I'm still making new friends through contacts with the school.

Your dad never got the recognition he deserved for starting football at BSC. His stubborn determination to start the program resulted in him not only becoming the father of football at Bridgewater but the father of the New England College Football Conference and the father of Division III public college football throughout much of New England.

Coach was the salt of the earth, a visionary and one fine example of "the greatest generation". Beyond all that he was a good man. As you can tell he is still missed by those of us he coached and guided through our formative years at Bridgewater. This book is the least we could do to repay him for that.

Mike Hughes '65

BSC Football The Swenson Era

Dear Kevin, Carl, Sondra and Elaine,

This book is a compilation, initiated by your father...many years ago...to tell the story of the BSC Football comeback at BSC. In retrospect, and with guilt pangs, we should have traveled to Florida..with a film crew. Your dad was that significant to the success of future generations of BSC athletes..the football program in particular.

Your dad was especially important to me...he knew that I grew up in an orphanage from the ages of 5 to 12...then was a foster child. Your dad was like a father to me..and I needed that. In my memoir of my years at BSC, I honor your dad. I later in life tried to emulate your dad in my profession as an educator and coach.

The book was researched and written in a passionate way out of appreciation and respect for your father. If this brings a tear to your eye, or laughter to your soul...it will have been worth the effort.

Thank you for sharing your father with thousands of athletes at BSC.

Your father had to endure the deaths of Martin T. Rizzo and Tom Cook during his coaching tenure. It was very difficult for him and the teammates. We honor their memories today by awarding special scholarships to graduating seniors that best exemplify the qualities that Tom and Martin presented. The recipients of these awards embody the spirit of BSC football and are the kind of athletes that would have made your father proud. If you are interested in recognizing these outstanding individuals by contributing to these memorial funds, you would help our football team to meet the competition that they face. You can find instructions on how to contribute in the Tribute sections in the book for Rizzo and Cook. Or you can always contact me at 978-475-6808.

Sincerely,

Bob Mason '65 Team Captain

Dear Kevin, Carl, Sondra and Elaine,

In my youth, I had a handful of people who believed in me. Your dad was definitely one of them. Until I met your dad, I wasn't too sure about college; never mind football. After my first three days of practice in 1966, your dad yelled out the starting offensive line and to my shock he called my name at left tackle. I couldn't believe he chose me over two bigger and more experienced seniors. In one second, everything changed for me. I would not let coach down. In order to play, I became a serious student; studying hard every night.

That year his faith in me and others paid off. The team broke a 0-15 losing streak while posting a 3-4 record with two losses by a point. We also won the New England Conference placing five players to the first ever All-Conference Team. While many freshmen players failed out first semester, I survived due to the fact that I heard my "name" called on that special day.

About a month after the season ended, I was in the library studying. At the next table, one of our many talented players happened to be reading the latest Campus Comment. He got to the last page and overheard him say, "They named the All Conference Team. Here it is 'Captain Fanning and four freshmen, Matheson, Weinstein, Cook and ???Worden ???' ". I ducked out of the library and went back to my room. I spoke with my teammate Mike. I told him I made All-Conference but I wasn't quite sure how or why. He answered, "We had a good season, you were a freshman and a tackle who did a great job, you played way over your head." The instant I knew that your father personally selected me for the All Conference team will always stand as my second proudest moment at BSC.

The next year was your Dad's (and my) last season of football. The proudest moment for me was when we made it to 4-1 at one point of the season, guaranteeing a winning season. Your Dad could leave his team, his program, his vision with his head held up high as a winner should.

As you can see, when the opportunity came to contribute to the making of this tribute to your dad, the father of Massachusetts state college football, I felt I had a chance to finally give back what he gave to me. I graduated from BSC and had a long successful teaching career because your Dad believed in me. I hope you enjoy the read.

Bests,

Charlie Worden #74