

# STORIES OF GLORY

## A HISTORICAL JOURNAL OF LIONS FOOTBALL



STARTING LINE UP  
TRENTON TEACHERS

STATE LIFE PASS  
TO ALL GAMES IN TRENTON

L.E.  
Klockner 52

Q.B.  
Grandinetti 66



### Panzer College Eleven State Breaks Streak At Tie In Rider Game

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This will be the ninth meeting  
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The war years inter-  
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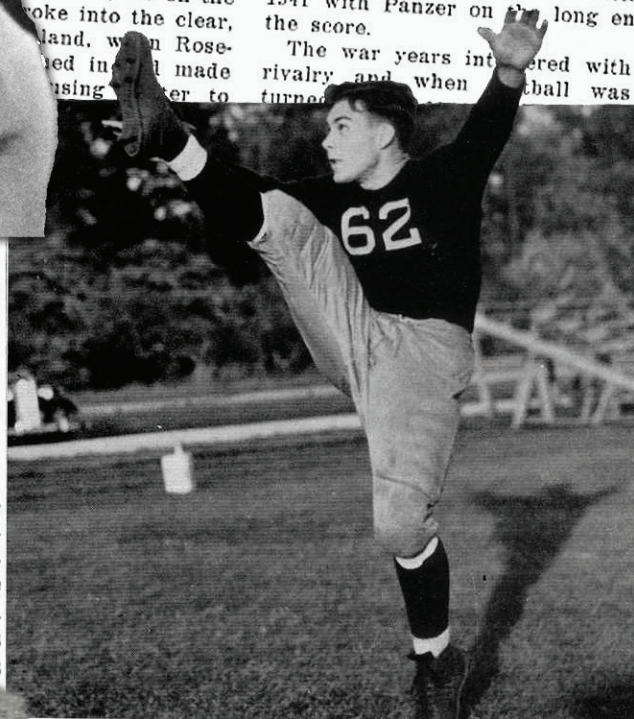
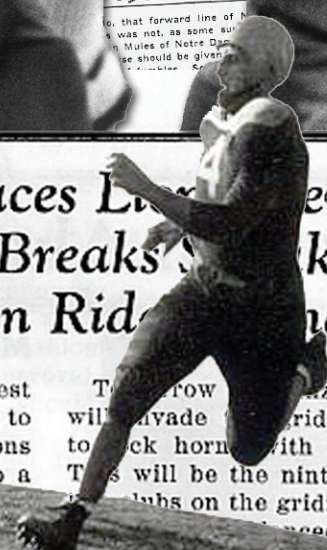
WHAT'S THE  
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### Panzer Faces Lion Eleven Tomorrow State Breaks Streak At 27 Wins Tie In Rider Game

Playing before of the largest  
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Tomorrow Panzer College eleven  
will invade the gridiron of Hillwood  
to lock horns with the State Lions.  
This will be the ninth meeting of the  
clubs on the gridiron. Panzer will  
balanced team that has  
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# Foreword by Eric Hamilton '75

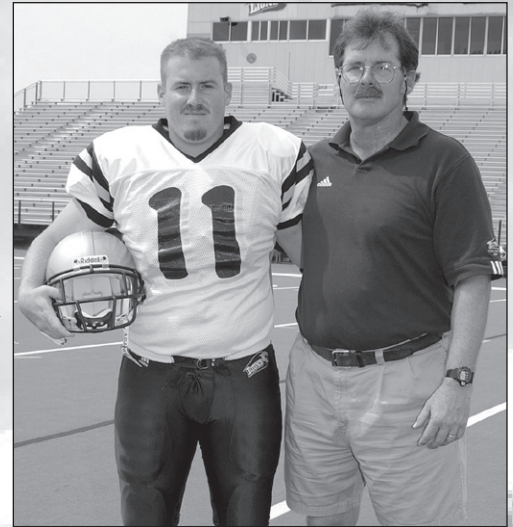
I remember it like it was yesterday, my first visit to the Hillwood Lakes campus of Trenton State College. I was a senior center on the Bordentown Regional High School football team and TSC was one of the schools that I was considering to follow my career path as an Industrial Arts teacher. Our high school line coach was Bob Gillece, a first year English teacher who was a standout linebacker for Coach Bob Salois at Trenton. Even though Coach Gillece's teaching and coaching career at Bordentown didn't last long, he did have time to ask Coach Windy Morris to visit our high school to recruit Bob Greenberg, Pat Bucco and myself to the College.

It was on our first campus visit in early January 1971 that I first saw what was later to become my second home. On a cold, clear and sunny day, we walked into Packer Hall and waited outside the PE office of Coach Salois and Coach Joe Herzstein. The smoke of Coach's cigar wafted through the window on top of the door until it opened and we were invited in. Scared to death of this seemingly tough bird, we walked into the small and crowded office where the 100 year football centennial flag hung on the wall and the films were stacked on the shelves across the room. Jack Skochill, who held the coveted position of No. 1 golfer on the golf team was our student host for the morning. After a quick tour, he brought us back to the office where Coach asked the question that I still ask to this day – “Why do you want to come to Trenton State?”

More than 30 years later, I am still here. I have had the opportunity to meet many wonderful people during this period of time as a player, student, assistant coach, head coach and alumnus. Even though football has been around for over 100 years and we have had only nine head football coaches since becoming a varsity football program in 1921, I am extremely proud and honored to be the Head Football Coach at my alma mater. From Day One, the thing I remember and cherish the most is just how special everyone talked about the football program. Not about how good or how bad we were, but about the friendships and the people who played with them and before them. I was indoctrinated into a “cult” of players as a freshman, partly because I was one of the few left of the 80-plus freshmen who were in camp that hot August of 1975, and partly because I wanted to win. At that time, winning was not something that was happening that frequently.

My teammates were guys that I will never forget and I try to stay in touch with to this day. They took a young guy under their wing and nursed him through the first weeks of freshman year on campus – what a great time! Football was very good to me. I found that same camaraderie among alumni when I was named Head Coach in the fall of 1977 at the age of 23. Not only did the Steve Libros, Hawk Taylors and Artie Certisimos of the world accept me, they bent over backward to help me get their football program back on its feet.

That is the kind of relationship that exists today – one that we try to continue to foster with the current group of players. We try to pass down the war stories that have been told on this campus for years before our arrival and hopefully for years after we are gone. 2004 is a special year as the



College celebrates **Eric Hamilton, right, with son Matthew, a senior in 2002.** its 150th anniversary – and the football program

is a big part of that history. We try to make sure that the current students have it better than we did, yet not forgetting that they are only continuing what so many before them have been a part of. I hope that the countless number of players, assistant coaches, fans, cheerleaders, and alumni that have made Lions football such a rich tradition on this campus are proud of what we are today. We have come so far, yet have never forgotten where we came from and who we represent. As we started this project, the names, the stories, the games, the bus rides, the training camps, and the characters who have helped carve out our niche in the College's archives grew from a few to so many that we could publish another volume in the future.

As we go through this special year, I would like to thank the many players who have made the many sacrifices to help what Earl Dean called “the men who played like Lions” become winners. And to those who may not be with us physically but are with us spiritually, we only hope that you are proud of today's young men. I want to thank Kelly Myers, Tony Ianiero, and Paul Vichroski, as well as the many other coaches I've worked with for their loyalty to the program – you were, and you are some of the finest coaches around. I am what I am today thanks in part to this College and its football program, its history and its alumni. If it wasn't for two people, former Athletic Director Roy Van Ness (a former coach, player and alum) for taking a chance on a young TSC graduate and President Dr. Clayton Brower for accepting his recommendation and believing in me, I would not be who I am and where I am today. That is why in our locker room, for the current generation and for the future generations, we have the words inscribed: **“the strength of the Pride is in the Lion – the strength of the Lion is in the Pride”!**

# Carl Muller '32

I was part of the first class that matriculated in four-year classes. Before that, it was known as New Jersey Normal School in Trenton, which used to have three-year courses. Only people who knew they wanted to be teachers were there. We used to play our home games in Cadwalader Park. I was a halfback and the captain of the 1931 team. I don't remember too much about the games, except that we didn't score much. Everyone played their best. I also played basketball and ran track.

Finding a wife was my favorite memory from college. Alice and I met on the first day in 1928. She was a cheerleader for the football team. It didn't take long before we were together all the time. We've been married since 1935. I absolutely enjoyed my time at the college.

Almost all of the buildings are named after professors that I had – like Packer and Decker.

I remember Marianna Packer telling the girls 'You're ladies first and gym teachers second.' There were 400 women and 70 men.

For the first couple of years, there wasn't even a tuition fee. They eventually apologetically asked for a tuition fee of \$100. You could major in music, physical education, industrial arts, elementary education, or general studies.



**1921 (6-0)**

First year of football. Team unscored upon under coach Frederick Prosch.

**1922 (5-1)**

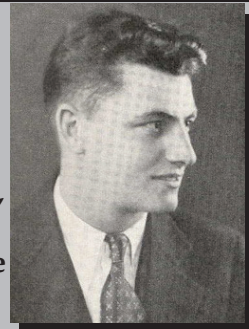
Holger Landmack coaches team. He'll compile a 13-11-3 record in four seasons.

**1923 (4-3-1)**

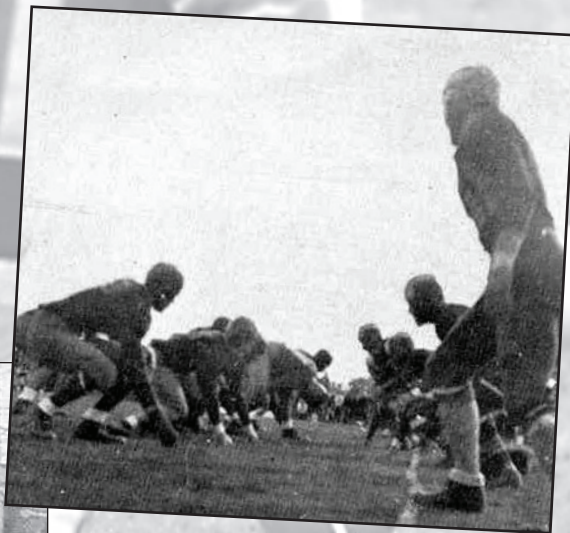
**1924 (3-2-2)**

## AT A GLANCE

Carl Muller lives in Dennis, Mass. near Cape Cod with his wife, Alice. In retirement, he enjoys playing the violin and watching sports. Muller also played three years of basketball and ran track while at Trenton.



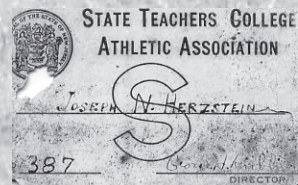
I wanted to become a physical education teacher from when I was little. It was hard to find jobs after college because of the depression, but I did. I started teaching in 1932. I was at the same school – Wood-Ridge High until 1971. I started the sports programs there and coached football for 18 years. We won two state championships. One of the co-captains from one of those teams still keeps in touch with me. It's nice to be remembered.



Above: An undated view from the line of scrimmage at Dean Field.

Left: The 1929 Lions football team.

Bottom: A lifetime pass awarded to letter-winners.



# William Hausdoerffer '36

I gave a talk to the football team a few years ago titled "The Early Days of Football at State Teachers College" and I'll share with you some of my notes. There are so many differences in the game now from when I played that it's hard to believe that it's the same game. I pointed out 18 differences that were fairly prominent.

In 1932, those who wrote the rules at the time were worried about passing. So they thought football should be a running game. Teams were penalized for throwing two or more incomplete passes in a set of downs. You also had to be at least 5 yards behind the line of scrimmage to pass the ball.

In the 1930s, place kicking was rare. They would drop-kick it instead. The kicker would take the snap, take one or two steps, then drop the ball and kick it as the ball hit the ground. Quick kicks were used, especially when the secondary crept up. We had many plays that were set up to be running plays, but they would be kicks, especially if there was a good tail wind.

I remember we played Upsala in 1932. They were pretty good. In the first quarter we scored three touchdowns, all from the kick formation, as if we were going to punt, and all three were on runs of 45 yards or more by our quarterback at the time, Tommy Phipps. We won 31-13 against the best team that we played all year. The interesting thing about that 1932 team – they made one more touchdown in each game that they won than they did in the previous game. In the first win we scored six points against Arnold College (in the first game on the Hillwood Lakes campus) then 13, then 18, then 25, and then the 31 against Upsala.

A player could not return in the same half that he was taken out. Once you went out, you couldn't go back in. So substitutes were used very sparingly. When we were taken out, we would usually glare at the coach and ask him what he was doing. If more than 20 people played, it meant the game was a runaway. We started seasons with 40 to 45 players, but by the end of the season, because the subs didn't play, we usually had just enough left for a scrimmage.

The coach was not allowed to communicate directly with the players on the field. Even when a sub came in, he had to stand five yards outside the huddle. The quarterback called the play in the huddle and then he was allowed to tell it to the substitute.

The equipment was not nearly as good as it is now. The helmets were like aviators helmets, stuffed with lamb's wool.

**1925 (1-5)**

College establishes 4-year baccalaureate degree program

**1926 (2-4-1)**

Earl Dean named coach. Bachelors' degrees awarded.

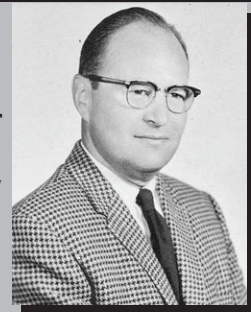


**1927 (2-4-1)**

State board of education requests selling building in Trenton that houses college.

## AT A GLANCE

William Hausdoerffer worked for the college for five decades as a math professor (interrupted by a stint in the Navy during World War II),



and was chairman of the math department from 1956 to 1976. He retired in 1979. The sundial, located not far from Lions Stadium, is named in his honor. The 91-year-old Hausdoerffer, who still regularly attends home games, resides in Pennington with his wife. He has seen more than 200 Lions football games.

Players now don't have the fun of playing offense and defense. Tackling is unknown to many offensive players. I suppose that one of the advantages of not having to play both sides of the ball is that you get more players involved.

I went to Plainfield High School and they played a good brand of football there. I went to college to major in math, but scholarships then were hard to get because of the depression. So I inquired at some small colleges, including the one that is now Montclair. They sent me a telegram suggesting that I apply to Trenton State because their closing date for applications was a week later. I called Trenton State and it turned out that they had an entrance exam the next day. I took the exam and passed.

I started out as the halfback, but when Tommy Phipps got hurt, I was the quarterback through my senior year, though I didn't play my junior year because I spent the first quarter student teaching. I can't say yes or no to whether I was a good player. I did several things well. I was a good blocker and tackler. I was an average runner, but that was okay with me. As a quarterback, Coach Dean must have thought I was alright. We played a double wing set, with a wing behind each end, but Coach Dean let the quarterback handle the ball.

My nickname was 'Hockey.' Ice skating was one of my favorite hobbies. I had decided that Trenton State should have a hockey team. I had visions of using Hillwood Lakes for a rink, but that didn't work because it was too dependent on the weather. The people in the Men's Athletic Association used to call me 'Hockey.' Even my former college roommates' children still call me 'Hockey.'

Earl Dean introduced a nice gift for letter-winners. I got mine in June of 1936, a lifetime pass. I pull it out now when I go to the games and the ticket takers do a double take.

# Nick Gusz '42

I lived in the Villa Park section of Trenton, right on the border with Hamilton, near Liberty Street and I graduated Trenton High in 1937.

I was 5 feet, 8 inches, 140 pounds in high school, so I didn't play football. One time, senior year, a coach there saw me fooling around with a football and asked me to play on the team. I said no. I took a year off between high school and college to earn the money for college and I grew a lot, to 165 pounds. I went out for football right away. I made the team, but I didn't have a decent pair of rib pads. I got whacked in the ribs early in the season and irritated the lung sac and developed pneumonia. The school doctor said to give up contact sports for freshman year, so I played on one of the first soccer teams at the school, which was then known as New Jersey State Teachers College at Trenton. The next year I was in shape and able to get back to playing football.

The kids on the team were non-scholarship, of course. Many were playing football for the first time. They had to be shown how to put on shoulder pads. Ed Marchand was our captain. He weighed 215 pounds at most. He was our big man, a pretty good athlete at Hamilton High. Most of us weighed 150 to 160 pounds.

Not to blow my own horn, but I held the school record in the 440 and the 880 for about 18 years. I was a pretty good player, who was fast afoot. I played defensive halfback and I loved trying to spill the blocker to get at the runner or the ballcarrier. On offense, I was a halfback, and at the time, that was like being a wide receiver playing in the slot. We didn't have a lot of players. We didn't have enough size.

I was the punter too, of some renown. That's all we did in the street by my house. I could boot it 40 to 50 yards on average and I had to do that a lot.

Practices had a lot of calisthenics. Nowadays they stop every few minutes for a water break. In those days, the thought was that drinking water was bad for you. Water was supposed to make you soft and flabby. Maybe once in two-and-a-half hours, you'd get a break for water. Coach Dean would say "Just one sip boys..." On the way home, we would drink five or six 16-ounce Pepsis, which at the time were only a nickel apiece, to make up for it.

Earl Dean was a real excellent gentleman. He stood for the finest of character. You weren't allowed to cuss on the field. He would always start his philosophical talks with "Say, boys..." He had a real deep voice.

Coach Dean made us wear old uniforms. The shirts were heavy wool. We had wool navy blue stockings. We had canvas pants with the padding sewn right into

the thigh pockets. That was a pretty warm uniform. The helmets were leather, with no face mask.

We traveled in a rickety, old, dark green bus, called 'Miss Hillwood. It held about 30 people. The driver was an employee of the college, Harvey Brazier. The seats were leather covered, with no cushioning. We would cover ourselves in old army blankets if it got cold. One time we went to Wagner College, which was located on Grimes Hill in Staten Island. That hill was pretty steep. That bus had a heck of a job trying to get up the hill. So we all got out and pushed the bus up the hill.

The college enrollment was about 800 in those days- 500 women to 300 men.

It was a small, friendly place. A big crowd would be 500 people. Most of the games, we had 300 to 500 people.

I scored three touchdowns against Panzer College in my last game. I got hurt near the end of the game, but I don't remember how. On two of those touchdowns, I outran everybody. Mickey Kott, our quarterback, heaved the ball over everyone. I leaped up and got two of them. On the third one, I cut wide and came back over the middle. There were two guys guarding me and I think I gave them a shove and knocked them over. I jumped up and grabbed the ball. They didn't squawk and the referee didn't say anything. Then again, the referee was an old Trenton State guy. But we lost, 20-19. We weren't good enough then to make any stunning history.

## AT A GLANCE

About a month after Gusz's career ended, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. The draft board allowed Gusz to finish his degree. In July, he joined



the Air Force and served as a physical training instructor at posts across the country. He volunteered for pilot training, and got his commission right before the atomic bombs were dropped. After returning to civilian life, he signed up for the National Guard and Army Reserves and served for 23 years, earning the rank of major. After four years working as a physical training instructor, Gusz became athletic director at Pemberton High. In 1954, a military colleague recommended him for a job at Lawrenceville Prep, where he worked full-time until 1984, spending 18 years as athletic director. Gusz was inducted as a member of the inaugural class into the Trenton State College Athletic Hall of Fame and is the master of ceremonies at each induction. He and his wife Mary Ellen, who had three children, live in Burlington. He recently celebrated his 85th birthday.

### 1928 (2-3)

105 acres of land in Ewing purchased as college's new site.

### 1929 (1-4)

Football team first given the name "Lions."

### 1930 (2-3-1)

Green Hall, Kendall Hall, Library and Packer Hall built between now and 1936.

# Jack Eisenstein '49

I was there in the bad years, when we didn't win (The Lions suffered a 43-game winless streak from 1938 to 1949, though football was discontinued due to World War II from 1942 to 1945). They didn't win after the war until the final game in 1949, against Montclair. I was on the first team that played football after World War II, in 1946. I was born and raised in Atlantic City. One of my friends, Nick Kuchova, started an exodus to Trenton. Twelve of my friends and I all went there. We all became teachers or businessmen.

It was an odd mix. There were a bunch of single guys, who had just come back from the war, a bunch of married veterans whose time playing football was interrupted by the war. Their children would come watch us practice. Then you had a bunch of kids just out of high school. But everybody was focused on becoming a teacher. They were very strict. You had to wear jackets and ties to dinner, and sat at assigned tables. Girls had to be in their dorms by 9 p.m. or on Saturdays by 11.

Our football coach, George Ackerman, who was also the basketball and baseball coach, had a saying that I'll never forget. He would always say "It's gotta go." That meant "It's gonna work."

I remember in 1947, we played Rider at a neutral site, at Dunn Field in Trenton. There were 3,000 people there, on a day when we set area hottest temperature records for October. It ended up a 0-0 tie. The president, Roscoe West, came over, after the game and shook my hand. I asked him why he wanted to do that, since we didn't win. His response: "You didn't lose." (The tie stopped a 26-game losing streak.)

During one game my senior year one of our ends, Swede Ericcson, starts yelling "Timeout! Timeout!" We didn't know why he called the timeout. Then he told us that he had lost his wedding band on the

**IMAGE OF THE ERA**  
Bob Zardus' extra point was the final margin in the 1949 win vs. Montclair.

field. I remember him saying "My wife told me not to wear it during a game." So you had all these players from both teams, and the referees, looking for Swede's wedding ring. Amazingly, two weeks later, during a practice, we found it.

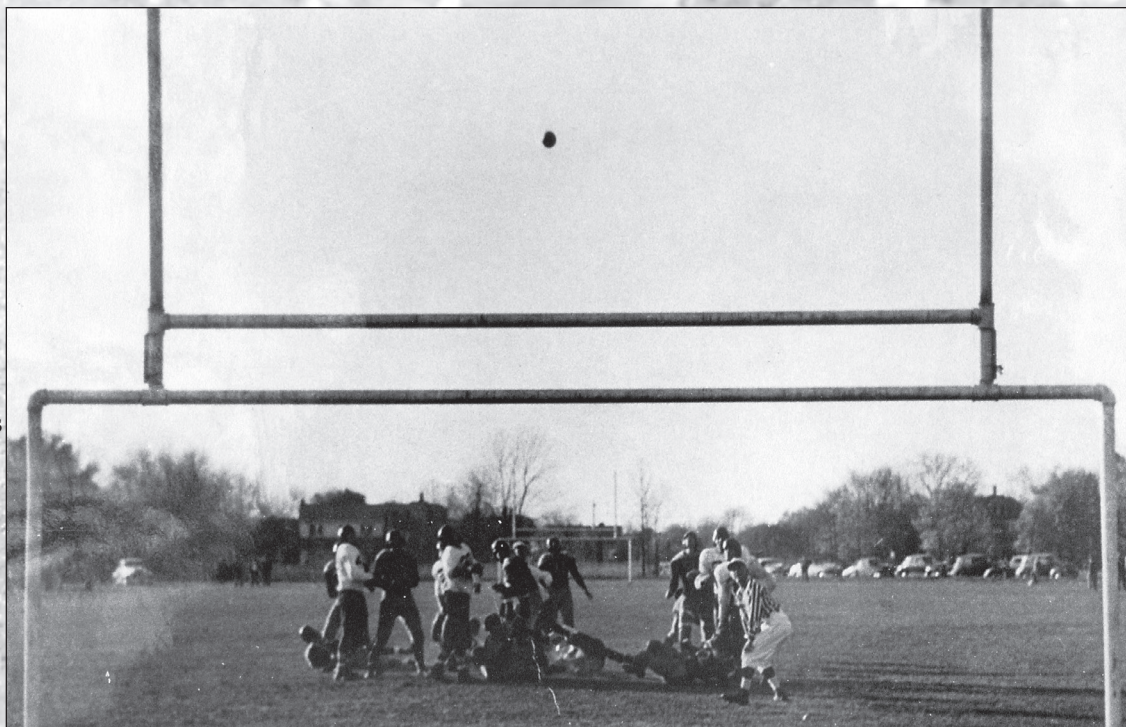
I was a guard and tackle, playing on both sides of the ball, but I was also the reserve punter. My second year on the team, our punter got hurt. I got to punt in one game. On my first punt, I kicked the ball and it sailed high in the air. I thought I had kicked it a mile. Then, I looked behind me and I saw it up in the air — 10 yards behind me. I guess I can say I hold a record for the worst punt at Trenton State.

## AT A GLANCE

Jack Eisenstein graduated from New Jersey State Teachers College at Trenton and became a teacher and



coach at Pleasantville High School. Eventually he switched to administrative work and was the Superintendent of Schools in Atlantic City for 19 years, until he retired in 1987. He lives in Margate City, NJ with his wife, Toni (Trenton State College '69). He has three sons—Mike, Eric, and Paul, and a stepson, Boyd.



1931 (1-2-3)

1932 (5-1)

Trenton def. Arnold College in first game on Hillwood Lakes campus, Oct. 15.

1933 (4-3)

1934 (4-2)

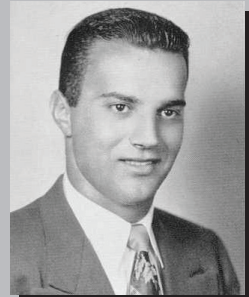
# John Sarkos '52, '56

I was a freshman in 1948 and I remember going up to Coach Ackerman and saying "What do we have to do to score a touchdown?" We lost every game that year, except for one 0-0 tie. We would lose 6-0 or 12-0. We would score a touchdown only occasionally. But little by little, we started to get better. In my sophomore year, we beat Montclair in the final game to snap the losing streak. Mike Angelotti scored the touchdown and Bob Zardus kicked the extra point. *Life* magazine printed a picture of us in the locker room. Coach Ackerman had his motto on a sign in there – It's not the size of the dog in the fight, but the size of the fight in the dog – and that sign is in the picture.

When I was a junior, we got our quarterback, Tibott Csik. He was a tough kid. He always used to say "Feel my stomach!" It was like steel. I was an end- you call them split ends now. My brother Lou was a year behind me and he was the other end. The players would always tease me and say "Lou is better than

## AT A GLANCE

John Sarkos taught and coached sports for 35 years in the Atlantic City school system before retiring. He lives in Margate with his wife, Mary, and has three children.



you." He was all-state. We were both probably better on defense than offense. Eventually he transferred to Rutgers because he wanted to become a doctor, which he did. We only lost once my junior year, and then we went undefeated my senior year.

We had a lot of great athletes that year – Bob Callahan, who transferred from Villanova and was built like a tank. We started to believe that we could win. We had good players at every position. We had kids who were All-State who didn't even start. It was a big deal for us to be undefeated. We were in the news a lot that year. We were in the NAIA, which didn't have a championship, but I remember that our defense was ranked No. 6 in the country.

I scored one point in my collegiate career. It used to be that you could kick or pass for the extra point. Senior year, against Montclair, we were ahead by several touchdowns. Our center, John Jengehino, asked Tibbott to let him throw a pass. So Tibbott agreed to block for him. John threw it to me for the point. I never got a touchdown in college, but hey, I scored a point. After that game, the other players threw the coaches and the captains, Jake Holcombe and I, into the swimming pool, with our uniforms on.



TRENTON'S FIRST VICTORY IN ELEVEN YEARS MAKES:

LIFE'S Picture of the Week

1935 (1-3-2)

1936 (1-4)

1937 (2-4-1)

School name changes to New Jersey State Teachers College at Trenton



# Tibbott Csik '54

After I graduated from Florence Township High School in 1949, I received a scholarship with seven other Trenton-area students to go to the Lake Elsinore Military Academy in California. I went there for a year and played football, basketball and baseball. The football team was undefeated, the basketball team went 25-3, and the baseball team went 20-5. The sports editor of the local newspaper gave us a lot of press and that helped me and a classmate earn a scholarship to UCLA, through a program at Riverside Junior College.

I went back to New Jersey that summer and one day, I got a note in the mail from UCLA saying that they had fired the football coach and all scholarships were null and void. The principal of Florence Township High knew the registrar at Trenton, so they helped with getting admitted. I was fortunate enough to be the starting quarterback and middle linebacker as a freshman.

I think it would be accurate to say I was strong. My dad was an immigrant from Hungary, a blue collar worker all his life. Strength was in our blood. My uncles and cousins had wrists that were as thick as most people's thighs. I was a physical education major, so that allowed me to maintain my steel abs. I was only 5-10, 165 pounds, my teammates knew me as "Steel." I was born in America. My name Tibbott came from Tibor — my older sister wrote Tibbott down as my name on my birth certificate. My last name is pronounced like "Chick" and in the local papers, I was often referred to as "Chic" or "Chickee."

I enjoyed playing defense, but stopped playing it midway through my sophomore year. My strength was associated with my defensive play. I liked to tackle people. When I was at Elsinore, there was a game where I had 80 percent of the tackles. The writer wrote "It was as if he was possessed to know where the player was going." That's something I can't explain. Some players are just intuitively very capable, I guess.

The 1950 and 1951 seasons were wonderful. We were a neatly bonded group of guys. The last game my freshman year, we played Montclair. I connected with our senior, Rich Mauer, on an 85-yard touchdown pass. It was about a 35-yard pass and he ran the other 50 yards. You didn't have many passes like that then.

**1938 (1-5)**

Trenton defeats Panzer 12-0 in last victory before 43-game winless streak begins.

**1939 (0-6)**

Closest games were 13-0 losses to Bergen and Panzer.

**1940 (0-5)**

Lost to Arnold, 6-0.

We ran the Wing-T and my favorite play was the quarterback option. The quarterback would roll out and if none of the receivers were open, I would tuck the ball under my shoulder and run. We also had a running back, John Silady. He was known as "Hunkie" because he was Hungarian too, and he was a terrific back.

We played some teams that were much larger than us. The *Life* Magazine picture keeps coming to mind. I remember thinking how grateful I was that my scholarship fell through. There were a lot of articles written about us and that made my dad feel wonderful.

I have several photos of the pool scene that John Sarkos talked about. I know I ended up in the pool too.

My junior year was just so-so. My senior year, I got hurt, taking a knee to the back while blocking on a kick return during a practice. I only played in three or four games. I guess you could say that "Steel" got bent.

But overall, football was very good to me. I don't know that I would have gone to college if it wasn't for football. I got to play on an undefeated team in high school, at Lake Elsinore Prep, and at Trenton. At all three levels, I can say I was undefeated.

## AT A GLANCE

Tibbott Csik coached football for two years at Florence Township High, then served 26 years in the Marines, including a stint in



Vietnam. He retired from the military with the rank of colonel. After relocating 28 times during his military career, Csik and his family settled in Pasadena, Calif., and he worked in athletic administration at Occidental College for 17 years, retiring from that job in 1997. Recently widowed (his wife of 47 years, Dorothy Clement was a class of '57 graduate), Csik lives in Rancho Cucamonga, Calif., and has five children and seven grandchildren.

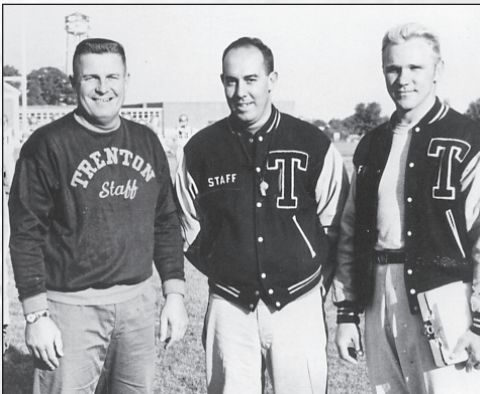
*We played some teams that were much larger than us. The Life Magazine picture keeps coming to mind. ... There were a lot of articles written about us and that made my dad feel wonderful.*

# Bob Salois 1957-72

I was always competitive, from when I was little and I used to beat my mom in Chinese checkers and marbles.

I'd like to think that I was a good football player. I went to the University of New Hampshire, won letters in three sports, played guard and linebacker, and graduated in 1953. We were undefeated in 1950. My name is French, but I was named a Greek All-American by one of the Boston newspapers. I never told them that I wasn't Greek.

I was doing my graduate work at Indiana in 1959. I applied to coach at both Montclair and Trenton State. I had spent a year at the Trenton Seminary in Bordentown, but that wasn't my calling. I remember that I interviewed for the job in Chicago, at an education conference. I was 27 when I was hired by Dr.



**Coaches Dick Lee, Bob Salois and Dr. Bill Medve.**

Roscoe West, the president at the time.

Not to take anything away from the 1959 team, but the 1957 team was the one that brought the winning tradition back to Trenton State. That year marked a big turning point

for the program.

I considered it an accomplishment just to be 500 in my first year. We had a lot of walk-ons on that team. There wasn't a big male population on campus. We had a good small core of people who wanted to play. We were not big in numbers and size, but we had some real fighters on the team. We had a nucleus that dedicated itself to winning.

We were known for playing physical, hard-nosed football. My style as a player was that you go all out. You were tired when you left the field. That was what I expected of my players. We played the best teams we could find – Southern Connecticut State, Brockport, Millersville, Juniata, Central Connecticut State, Wagner, C.W. Post, Hofstra and Bridgeport.

Montclair was a 'friendly' rivalry. I used to say there

**1941 (0-6)**

Closest game a 20-19 loss to Panzer.

**1942-45**

No games played, World War II.  
Dean finishes career 28-59-9.

**1946 (0-6)**

Football returns with George Ackerman as head coach. Closest loss 6-0 to Panzer.

## AT A GLANCE

Bob Salois spent 34 years at the college as a teacher and coach. Salois not only coached the Lion football team at TSC from 1957 to 1972, but also served as head men's golf coach and baseball coach during his tenure with the institution. He now lives with his wife, Jody, in Spring Hill, Fla., and enjoys painting and playing golf in his retirement. They have two children. Salois, who turned 75 in August, received the first "Honorary Alumni Football Award" and was inducted into the Athletic Department Hall of Fame in 1999.

are only three things you have to do in life – pay taxes, die, and beat Montclair.

Way back, some of the players started calling me 'The Mentor.' I still don't know why. It's unusual. I guess it was easier for them to call me that than 'Coach.'

We did the taping and took care of the injuries ourselves. They added a trainer years afterward.

The facilities were sparse. We didn't have a weight room. In '57, I went over the budget to buy equipment. The administration wasn't too happy about that.

I coached baseball too. The game I remember was against Princeton, which had a ballplayer named Bill Bradley, the future basketball player and Senator. We had a knuckleball pitcher named Ray Hughes. He struck Bradley out two or three times and we won.

I was sort of a yeller, but I think I mellowed as I got older. I was a bit of a comedian too. I liked to win, but I always felt bad after a loss. I pushed and worked the players hard. I hope they appreciated it.

Behind the baseball field is an old farmhouse, built in 1776 by William Green. He crossed the Delaware with George Washington. My family and I lived in that house – rent free – for about 12 years. It had wood floors and a fireplace in every bedroom, which was good because it got to be cold in the winter.

Where the baseball field, is now, used to be a plowed farm. We did sprints with the players in the fields out there. The boys didn't like that too much. They did a few belly flops.

The boys had a sense of humor. When I got up to give my induction speech at the Hall of Fame dinner, a bunch of those characters got up and started to walk out. I was known for breaking balls, so to speak. I guess they were trying to get even with me.

# Wilmer 'Bunky' Black '58

Don't ask me why I'm called 'Bunky.' I've been called it for as long as I can remember. Supposedly when I was little, my uncle saw me and said 'There's my Bunky' and the name stuck. I don't know. My old friends still call me 'Bunk.'

I played for both George Ackerman, who we called 'Mr. A' and Bob Salois. I played high school football at Bridgeton High. Our stadium was built by the WPA (Works Progress Administration). It was a packed house every game, with thousands of people. We had 90 kids on the team. At Trenton, we barely had enough to scrimmage.

For my first game at Trenton, I go out to the field for pre-game warmup all excited, thinking it's going to be like high school. When I ran out of the locker room, there wasn't a soul in the stands. You talk about a shock. I was wondering 'Where was I?' It was very informal. You walked out of the male dorm at Bliss Hall and the football field was right there. The cars were parked right against the curb, by the field, and a lot of people sat on the ground and watched.

I was a running back and safety, weighing 130 pounds, with a 28-inch waist. Freshman year, we beat Montclair 13-6 in a big upset. It was our second win in a row, which was rare. I scored a touchdown in that game. I was elected president of the freshman class that year. I guess there was some name recognition from football.

Coach Ackerman took a liking to me. Our equipment left a lot to be desired. I had to go back to my high school to get proper-fitting pads. 'Mr. A' had to go to Princeton to

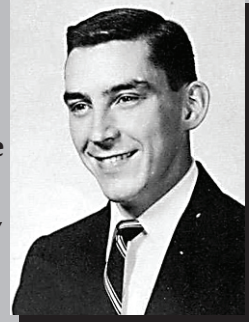
get me a helmet, which we spray-painted gold. I'm on the cover of the Centennial Celebration Program wearing an old leather helmet. They instituted rules that every helmet had to have a face mask. The team manager drilled holes in all the helmets. Some were too high, some were too low. With some of our helmets, the bars were up around the eyes, so you couldn't find the ball.

I was co-captain my junior year. We didn't win a game. Overall, we lost 12 games in a row. I was looking forward to getting a game ball, but I had to wait until senior year. I was the captain by myself then.

Mr. A was great, but Bob Salois was more organized. We started to scout opponents. Our practices were longer and harder. He turned the program around in his first year, 1957. That's a team they should honor. They made a *big* improvement.

## AT A GLANCE

Bunky Black graduated with a degree in physical education. He taught physical education, and coached baseball and football at Bridgeton High, working there for 36 years, including a five-year stint as athletic director, before retiring in 1999. He and his wife Annette have eight grandchildren and live in Margate.



### IMAGE OF THE ERA



Trenton State College 1959  
N.A.I.A. District 31 Champs

I finally got my game ball that year. We played New Britain and won. We were losing 6-0 and scored 14 points in the fourth quarter to win. I got hurt though, with three cracked ribs and I didn't finish the year. But I have the game ball from Coach Salois' first win.

You wouldn't believe some of the things I have. I just found a bill for one of the semesters in a scrapbook. Tuition was \$50 per semester. Room and board were \$130 per quarter.

#### 1947 (0-5-1)

Scoreless tie with Rider on Oct. 18 ends 27-game losing streak.

#### 1948 (0-6-1)

School introduces graduate programs. Scoreless tie with Panzer is closest game.

#### 1949 (1-5-1)

Winless streak ends with 7-6 win against archrival Montclair.

# Bill Wagner '61

I was an 18-year-old freshman and I was hanging out with all these 25 year olds. We had a lot of veterans on the team that returned from the war. Most of us had crew cuts. They would take me to bars, but I couldn't drink. One time we went to a bar — me, Red Doherty, Bunky Black and Ron Earl. An actor named George Walsh, who used to say he was "stronger than Superman," was there. They had a contest, where he challenged people to come up and punch him in the stomach. We enticed Red to go up. Red used the same forearm lift technique he used against many offensive linemen and knocked him Walsh off his feet, smashing a drum set. They took us to the police department, but nothing happened of it. The Trentonian headline the next day was "Grid star KO's Superman." Bob Salois saw that and went nuts. Coach Salois was hard on a lot of guys, but he was very good to me.

When we played the National Aggies in 1959, they were undefeated, ranked nationally with their potent pro-style offense, and talking about going to a Bowl game. We said to the players before the game that we were going to send them to the Toilet Bowl. Well, Windy Morris hit this guy hard early, and we ended up winning.

We hammered Montclair that season. A year or two before, we lost to them in a heartbreaker. I returned a punt 88 yards for a touchdown, but they beat us on a field goal at the end, 9-6. But that 1959 team just hammered Montclair.

The last game of our senior year was against C.W. Post. We were tied at halftime, 6-6, and just before the half, we got two 15-yard penalties, one after John Beake, our center, kicked a kid. Red Doherty, who then was one of the other seniors, got so mad, he wouldn't let John into the locker room at halftime. Coach Salois actually switched me at halftime from halfback to quarterback. I was usually the quarterback, safety, punter and punt returner. On one carry, I gave two straight arms, and went in for a touchdown. We ended up winning the game and all was forgiven between Red and John. I played halfback that day. Charlie McCall was our quarterback and he did a nice job.

I didn't quarterback in the Millersville game until the fourth quarter because I cut my hand earlier that week on a wet soda bottle that fell out of a bag on my hand. I had a deep cut that ran from the knuckle on my pinkie. That was a shame because we should have won every game that year and we lost that one.

Dave Bryan was a key to that team's offensive and defensive success. He went on to play Canadian pro football. He was a force defensively for us. He and Red Doherty completely controlled the line of scrimmage. Windy made a lot of the big hits. Charlie Payne and Mike Linder

1950 (5-1)

1951 (5-0)

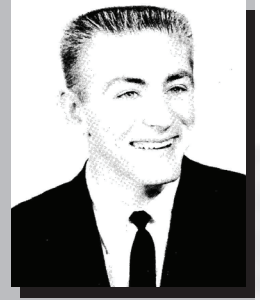
Trenton's most recent undefeated season. College awards first masters' degrees.

1952 (3-2-2)

Art Dimiceli sets school record with five interceptions in a game.

## AT A GLANCE

Bill Wagner graduated with 11 varsity letters for baseball, basketball, and football, and won the Varsity T award his



senior year. He was inducted into the Trenton State Athletic Hall of Fame. Wagner passed on the chance to play pro football and baseball, and taught for 35 years at Woodrow Wilson and Cherry Hill East High School before retiring. He is presently in his 34th year as head coach of the sprint football team at Penn and also completed his 33rd season as an assistant baseball coach there. He plays baseball in the Hot Stovers Men's Senior Baseball League. He and his wife, Connie, have three children and seven grandchildren and live in Voorhees.

were our big full-backs. The offense was very good. These guys all had great size. We had Turk Madara at tight end. Bob Bornstein, Dick Taylor (known as "Cool"), Bill Johnson, Nick DeRosa and John Beake were on the offensive line. We ran a lot of option, with Gary Frank running to the outside. He had the ability to turn the corner very quickly. Lenny Lombardo was our tough running back. He knew every 50s rock'n' roll song — every word. He was a student of music and football.

Windy Morris, Chick McDowell, and Joe Androvich caught a lot of my passes. Mike Curry was a freshman on

that team. I remember throwing him his first touchown pass. I think he's still celebrating. I know he remembers it. Ralph Ross was on the team too — he's one of the all-time great wrestling coaches in New Jersey. Ray Roe ran a kickoff back for a touchdown, at least 90 yards. Vito Ingerto and Steve Libro were two of our better freshman. It was a heck of a team. Everyone got to play a lot.

For the first game of senior year against Millersville, I switched numbers with a teammate, Charlie McCall and he opened the game at quarterback, with me at running back to confuse them. Salois was known for trying to throw the other team off like that. Charlie got pounded during the first series and got a nasty cut. He had a big black eye in his yearbook photo because of that. I came back in at quarterback, we won the game and avenged the previous year's defeat. Years later, the kid who hit Charlie became an assistant coach with me. He explained that their strategy was to blitz "the Wagner kid and get to him early." They just didn't realize that it wasn't me.

# Steve Libro '65

When I was a freshman, on the Ocean City High JV team, I was sitting on the bench for our game against Hammonton. Two kids got hurt, so I got in the game. On the very first play, I intercepted a pass. I didn't know what to do. I felt the weight of the world on my shoulders. I got tackled after running about 20 or 30 yards and I was glad.

I said to my high school guidance counselor that I wanted to be a coach and a teacher. He said "Go to Trenton." So I did.

I was a freshman on the 1959 team. I played defense and worked my way to offense, as a running back. I remember I scored touchdowns against Lincoln and Central Connecticut State, which was a pivotal game for us. Against Central Connecticut, I scored on an interception. I can remember watching the way the quarterback threw, sprinting to midfield, catching the ball, making one cut and going into the end zone. We only got beat by Millersville, and that was on a fluke play. They ran the 'Statue of Liberty' play and scored in the beginning of the game.

Bill Wagner, our quarterback, was one of the best athletes Trenton ever had. Dave Bryan was our All-American. Our halfback, Gary Frank, was known as 'The Razor' because he was so skinny, but he could run. I think I was a good player because I studied the game. I could make the right move on the field at the right time. Bob Salois, the coach, was an unforgettable person. We used to sneak past his campus office so that he wouldn't see us. If he saw us, he sent us to the Student Union for Cokes and peanut butter crackers. Your treat.

One of the things I really liked about playing football was the bus trips. They were tedious to some people, but not to me. We went to New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio. Being from Jersey, I had never seen any of these places. I remember playing C.W. Post and it was like playing football on a highway. You would kick PATs and the ball would land in the street.

The big thing that happened in 1959 was the bus accident. A history class took two or three buses to see a play in New York City. Right by Rutgers, one of the buses stopped, got hit by a truck, and caught fire. Several students, and a professor died. They had the chapel because of that. That chapel always

1953 (2-3-1)

Game against Montclair postponed four days because of snowstorm.

1954 (2-4)

had special meaning to the students from that era because of what happened then. I left school in 1960 and entered the National Guard for two years. Mike Curry, one of my teammates, stayed on me to come back, and I did in 1962. The 1962 team was a little young, but the 1963 team was very good because those players were all more experienced.

The only game we lost in 1963 was to Wagner, 7-0. Rich Kotite, the former NFL coach, scored the touchdown on a play-action pass down by the goal line. I'm not going to take the blame for the missed coverage.

We beat Montclair that year, 21-20, in The George Strattman Game. We had a big crowd that day at home. I scored a touchdown that made it 20-14. Then, with a few seconds left, our quarterback, Bob Jones, threw a Hail Mary to George for a touchdown. Everyone went wild. The fans stormed the field. The president, Clayton Brower, and Dean Forcina, came into the locker room to celebrate with us. The funny thing is that, later in life, I crossed paths with some of those Montclair players. They always say we lucked out. I always say that we trounced them.

The whole concept of playing football meant a lot to the people there. It meant a lot to be in that circle. I go to the banquet every year and I still see that camaraderie now.

## AT A GLANCE

Steve Libro had a long career in education, as a teacher and administrator, and was the first football coach at North Brunswick High. After a year as principal there, he retired in 2002. He and his wife Nancy, also a Trenton State graduate, live in Cranbury and have three children.



The 1963 football team

1955 (1-4-1)

College observes centennial as an academic institution.

# Stan Harris '69

Trenton State College was one of the colleges I was interested in. Coach Bob Salois had invited me to visit the campus, so my dad and I drove to visit. As we waited at the traffic light on Pennington Road ready to turn onto campus, a Volkswagen zipped through the campus gate with a guy holding on to the car's ski rack with one hand and a bottle in the other. My dad didn't say a word. I thought it was going to be a good place to go, but I didn't say a thing either. Those guys turned out to be Lee Cook and John Ivers, two great soccer players, and my summer work companions, who became good friends.

I did well as a high school football player and I thought I could do some of the same things on the field that I did in high school in college. I remember my first attempt at pass protection in practice. Mike Mrvica, a senior defensive end came in, I stepped up to block him. I never felt a thing. The next thing I remember, I was on my back, watching the clouds go by.

Coach Salois, Joe Herzstein and Windy Morris were great, as were Dick Lee and Roger Rada. Coach Salois was driven by winning, which was a plus when you coach at a Division III school with no athletic scholarships. You might think that there is little need to motivate players, who are playing for the love of the sport, but games, seasons and player's lives don't always go as planned. Coach Salois practiced his own brand of "tough love." You didn't have to worry about where you stood with him. If Bob Salois liked you, you knew, and if he didn't like you, you knew. "Woach," as we called him wore his feelings on his sleeve. It didn't make a difference if you were a player, the coach, or the school president. He did his best to take care of his players. I remember one game we lost we didn't play well, Salois coming on the team bus and in a tirade he condemned our play, questioned our courage and our gender. As a finale he took a football helmet and threw it to the back of the bus. I think Bobby Knight took lessons from him. I also remember him laughing and joking with the players and lighting a big victory cigar after an important win. As I got to know Woach a little better after my playing days I got to know that he was very good with theatrics.

The two coaches, who taught me the most were Herzstein and Morris. The life-lessons learned from these two men both on and off the field benefited me more than I can explain here. I can never thank them enough, but I try to do for others what they did for me.

Trenton State was quite different than it was now. It was small, quiet and picturesque, but there was definitely a '60s feel to the campus. Not everyone wore tie-dye outfits, or flowers in their hair. They had yuppies too, with sports cars in the parking lots. Vietnam was a big concern during my time at the college. The biggest concern for the men on campus was the Draft and if you could finish college

**1956 (0-6)**

Game against Montclair postponed four days because of snowstorm.

**1957 (5-2)**

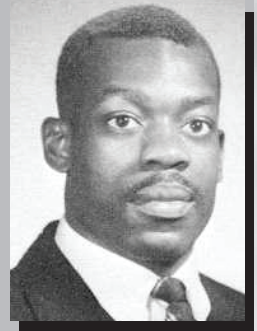
Bob Salois replaces George Ackerman as head coach. Ackerman was 19-42-7.

**1958 (4-3-1)**

School changes name to Trenton State College.

## AT A GLANCE

**Stan Harris, a Trenton native, who grew up in Hamilton Township, retired from the FBI in 2003 after working for it in a variety of**



**capacities since 1973, including assisting on several well-known cases. He recently started his own business, Eastwinds Aviation Services, helping businesses purchase, manage, and secure aircraft. He and his wife, Melinna, have two children and live in Somerset.**

before your number came up. I knew some of the guys, who graduated and went into the service and some, who left school early for a variety of reasons and were drafted. Most served their enlistment and went on with their lives. Others like Craig Schotler, a former teammate never came back from Vietnam.

There has never been a significant black student population on campus, which is unfortunate because the college is one of the best in the country. My freshman class included only seven black male full-time, day students. As a result of transfers and a couple of dropouts Al Bridges, a former Vice President at the college and I were the only two black male students remaining by graduation day. Al and I were involved with the Civil Rights Movement and we got involved in Martin Luther King's Poor Peoples March. Our efforts were instrumental in the campus being a rest stop for the marchers on their way to Washington, D.C. The cooperation and assistance from college administration, faculty, and organizations on campus to successfully host the marchers was one of the highlights of my college experience. When Dr. King was shot, I recall the mood of the campus to be one of stunned shock. There was outrage as well and a few individuals did cause some damage to the campus but for the most part the campus maintained its composure.

I had a tryout with the Philadelphia Eagles after my senior year. I had spent the whole spring "bulking up," and after the first few days of training camp in the July heat I was about 20 pounds lighter. My roommate in training camp was from Texas, a 6-foot-8, 280-pound offensive tackle. He kept the air conditioner going full blast all the time and it got to the point where the air conditioner was spitting ice chips. I slept with my blanket and his. I played for the Pottstown Firebirds, an Eagles farm team.

I had a great time playing football. It was a good part of growing up. The lessons you learn are that you don't always win, but you do the best you can with what you have, and you have responsibilities to others on your team and/or community. I hope others get as much out of the sport as I did.

# Anthony Sorrentino '69 Tony Sorrentino '05

I always said the best thing about football is playing. The next-best thing about football is coaching. The next best thing is also watching your kids play, and I get to watch mine at the same college that I played for. I tell him now to keep learning about the game. He's developing a good sense for it.

I thought I had a great career. We played in the Eastern Football Conference with Glassboro, Montclair, Central Connecticut, Southern Connecticut, and Bridgeport. I was All-Conference as a defensive end my junior year, and got mentioned in the list of returning players in *Sports Illustrated* the next year. I was both a tight end and defensive end, but defense was my forte. When I was a defensive end, it was a different style. I stood up at the line of scrimmage. People tell me that they remember me as an aggressive player. I was around the ball all the time.

My freshman year was a struggle. My sophomore year we were a .500 team. My junior year we struggled again. First game my senior year, 1968, we lost to Bridgeport, 8-7, despite not giving up a touchdown. That was my first game as a captain and I took that loss as my personal responsibility. We had a good year, going 5-2-1. I know I had a couple of games with more than a dozen tackles, and I scored a few touchdowns on offense too.

I remember playing with Paul Vichroski, who is known as "Bones." He was a center. The thing I remember about him was that on every play, he would come out of the huddle and sprint to the football. Then he would come off the field drenched in sweat. He never said much, but apparently now, as an assistant coach, he's well known for his sayings. When he sees me now, he says "There goes one of the last of the two-way players."

One of the things that was fun about college life was spring break. We used to drive to Fort Lauderdale every year, with \$50 in our pocket. Lots of kids from Trenton State would be there.

The thing I remember most about football at the college was the relationships I established with lifelong friends. Everywhere I go, I run into someone that I played with or against.

## AT A GLANCE

**Anthony Sorrentino is the head coach at Morristown-Beard Prep School and has been head coach at several high schools in northern New Jersey. He and his wife Susan have three children and live in Parsippany. Tony Sorrentino is a wide receiver on the 2004 team.**



People tell me that my dad was a great player here. He was a fraternity president, so his picture is in Packer Hall. Bones always tells me my dad was tough.

In PAL football, I was a tight end and linebacker. I wasn't much of a blocker, but I was a good defensive player. In high school I played, fullback, wide receiver, quarterback and defensive back. I was a quarterback as a senior, but I didn't want to play quarterback in college. I felt that I wouldn't play if I was the backup, and I wanted to play on special teams too.

Freshman year in 2001, I tried out at safety, but then Coach Alercio asked me to play tight end. I played on special teams, and became the long snapper by the fourth game. When I was a little kid, and I watched my dad coach, I used to practice long snapping. I told my PAL coach I could do it, that I didn't want to be a center, but wanted to long snap. He saw me whip it and said 'Holy Cow!'

Sophomore year I was the second tight end, but at 230 pounds, I felt too heavy, so I asked to switch to wide receiver. Junior year I was a starting wide receiver and this year I'm also a starter. I still long snap. People look at me funny when I tell them I'm a long snapper and wide receiver. I actually scored a touchdown against Rowan as a sophomore when one of our punts got muffed, rolled into the end zone, and I recovered it. I've gotten eight to ten tackles and recovered two fumbles the last two years because I sprint down the middle of the field after I snap.

I think what I do best is catch the ball. I run a 4.6 40 and we have guys that can run a 4.4, so they would probably like me to be faster, but I'm 215 pounds and I'm not afraid to go over the middle. My roommate is Ray Bateman, one of our captains this year, and we go at it a lot in practice.

Bones is my long snapping coach. He's funny. He tells me never to look behind me after I long snap. One time in practice, I did look back. He tackled me! He said 'I told you never to look back.' My dad told me that Bones was a crazy-intense player when they played.

I want to teach and coach when I graduate. I also got to intern for two summers with the Houston Texans at their training camp for a few weeks. I coached eighth grade boys' basketball at Hopewell Valley High last year. We went 13-10. I also was an assistant lacrosse coach at Allentown High for their first-year program.

When my dad got a chance at a coaching job this year, I told him to take it. As it turns out, he's only going to miss a couple of my games. My dad had given up coaching to watch me play football. That meant a lot.

**1959 (7-1)**

9 students, 1 professor killed when tanker hits bus returning from Broadway play.

**1960 (3-4)**

First Bachelor of Arts degrees awarded.

**1961 (1-6)**

# Dr. Jan Corwin '72

I was a third-string quarterback, wide receiver on the football team, for three years — from 1969 to 1971. I was much better as a pitcher for the TSC baseball team. But I stuck with football because I liked the camaraderie, the working out, the practicing, and being part of the team. I was a mediocre football player, even in high school. I don't think Coach Salois was a big fan of mine.

I wish I could tell you that I was involved with a lot of touchdowns, but I wasn't. The highlight of my football career at TSC was getting injured. I hate to say it that way, but it was a life-changing event.

My junior year, during practice, I got spiked in my left Achilles' tendon. I don't even remember how it happened. I ended up getting a life threatening infection. The trainer and team doctor didn't respond to my medical needs fully, so the spike turned into an infection that warranted hospitalization. The doctor there said that I was close to losing my lower limb. I was in the hospital for three days with a high fever and blood poisoning, and it took two weeks to recover.

It turned out to be a positive experience because, after that injury, and observing the injuries of some of my TSC teammates, I decided to go into medicine, and eventually became a chiropractor. Initially, I went to TSC to become a teacher. I didn't return to football my senior year, because I knew I wasn't going to play much, and joined the swim team and was much more of a contributor than I was in football. I was even part of a record-setting relay team in the 4 x 100 free relay. I guess my surfing days had paid off.

After I graduated in 1972, I took some additional pre-med classes at Rutgers and worked in Hackensack Hospital in the emergency room. I then went to chiropractor school in Chicago, Illinois, knowing I wanted



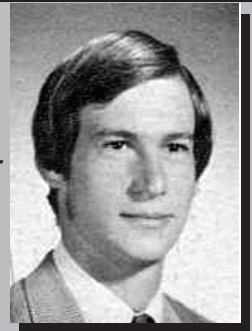
1962 (2-5-1)  
 ◀ Joe Soviers  
 off and running.

1963 (7-1)  
 President John F. Kennedy  
 assassinated.

1964 (4-4)  
 Program records 100th win,  
 22-6 against Glassboro.

## AT A GLANCE

Dr. Jan Corwin continues to work at his Oakland clinic, OakBay Chiropractic, and lives with his wife and two children in Orinda, Calif.



to go into sports medicine. I moved to California after graduation because of the 'California mystique.'

My career took off as I began treating more college and well-known athletes in the Bay

area. I was selected to be part of in the Olympic training program for doctors for three years. My Olympic (USOC) experience was highlighted when I became the

*I wish I could tell you that I was involved with a lot of touchdowns, but I wasn't. The highlight of my football career at TSC was getting injured. ...*

*It was a life-changing event.*

first chiropractor to be asked to travel with the US Olympic Medical Staff, to go to South Korea for the 1988 Olympics. One of my medical memories involved helping treat Greg Louganis after he hit his head on the diving board and then watch from the pool deck as he went on to win the gold medal. I have been practicing in my clinic in Oakland, Calif., since 1978.

I have been an active professional, lecturing at many chiropractic schools and conventions as well as continuing to treat many high

school, college, professional and Olympic athletes.

In 1991, there was a fire in the Oakland California Hills and 3,000 houses were destroyed. Mine was one of the first. I lost all my high school and college memorabilia. The alumni association was nice enough to send me a copy of the 1972 TSC yearbook. It's the only proof I have that I played sports in college.

I have two daughters who are on athletic scholarships at the University of Maryland — one plays water polo and the other is a swimmer and plays water polo. I taught them both how to throw a football like a boy, and now they're both strong and skilled.



# Tony Ianiero '74

I was a running back, 5-foot-9, 185 pounds from Dunellen. I was someone who loved the sport and wanted to play football and baseball in college. In 1970, in the second week of camp, I was on what was known as 'The Rose Bowl Team.' That's another way of saying scout team. I got the ball six times in a row at the 20-yard line and scored a touchdown on our defense every time.

I led the team in scoring my sophomore year. I remember the PA announcer used to call me "Tony I-ah-ron-bo." Junior year I broke two ribs against Montclair and missed the rest of the season. In 1973, my senior year, I led the team in scoring again. I scored on the first touch of the last game I played, against Western Connecticut, but later that day I broke my ribs again.

It was a difficult time to be in college with the Vietnam War. At the end of May 1971, I came to campus for a test, pulled over in the parking lot to sit and study. The classes were held in what were known as 'The Relocatable Buildings,' which were by where the tennis courts are now. I didn't even realize until I got a few hundred yards away that the building had been burned down. There were a lot of issues that were difficult to deal with. I think sports helped keep us together.

After I graduated, I became a graduate assistant. Eric Hamilton, who was a year behind me, and I lived together. In 1974 we lost to Kean, 28-27, and I think we were up 27-7. I got back home afterward and our bathroom ceiling was gone. The ceiling had been leaking, and I think Eric took care of it in his own way.

The last game of 1974 was called off because of a meningitis scare. A handful of our players were carriers. We were supposed to play Southern Connecticut. They had to inoculate everyone on campus. It was a major concern.

When Eric was named head coach, I was named defensive coordinator. I also got a job working in the alumni office, and as the school's sports information director. We both went right from graduate assistant to those positions. We told the kids that the reason that we were hired was because they wanted to make soccer the big-time program. That was something we created to motivate our players. In reality, Eric and I owe our success to the athletic director, Roy Van Ness and the president, Clayton Brower. We got a great break from them at a young age.

We worked really hard to generate enthusiasm for the program. The other coaches would send their graduate assistants to meetings with student organizations. We

1965 (1-8)

1966 (4-4)

1967 (2-6)

went ourselves.

Before Eric's first regular season game as head coach in 1977, we scheduled an exhibition game with Penn at Franklin Field. We got all dressed up. We walked in the entrance and ran into the Penn coaches. They said 'You must be the trainers.' Eric didn't miss a beat. He said 'Yep.'

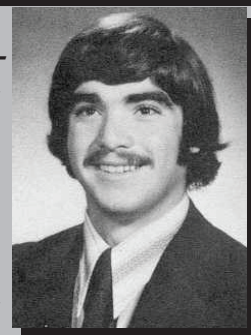
The next week was the first game against William Paterson. It was like a monsoon outside. We opened the door and Eric walks in for a pregame speech. He was wearing a snorkeling outfit with fins. The guys went crazy over that. We beat Paterson, 14-0. We established that I was the intense coach. He was the reassuring coach. He was the offensive mind. I was the defensive mind. Our philosophy was to put our best kids on defense because you couldn't lose if you didn't give up points. We were like the fathers to 50 to 60 players a year and it was worth it. I learned from the kids too. In 1980, we played Montclair. I told the kids before the game 'They're ripe to be beaten.' We had put in a whole new defense for that game. Montclair scored on its first possession, going right down the field. The players came back and told me 'Let's play them the way we've played all year.' We came back and won the game.

We came into coaching trying to get respect from our peers and from referees. Eric used to say to them 'What do I look like? Rodney Dangerfield?' When I left we had won the conference title twice. My last year was in 1983, the year we tied Glassboro and Montclair for the championship. We ran 'The Coach I Special' against Kean. It was a double handoff kick return that we ran back for a touchdown. The next week we beat Ramapo. I still have the game ball. A week after my last game, they rolled the AstroTurf on the new field.

Getting inducted into the Hall of Fame in 1999 was wonderful. I was going through cancer treatments at the time and the prognosis wasn't good. I'm cleared of it now, five years later. My oncologist told me that I survived it because of the mental attitude I had from being an athlete.

## AT A GLANCE

**Tony Ianiero is a vice president for operations and development at The Bloomsburg Hospital after a lengthy tenure as a vice-president at Bloomsburg University. He lives in Bloomsburg with his wife, Pam. They have three children.**



# Tim Fogarty '78

I didn't play any football until I got to college. I went to Christian Brothers Academy and then Marymount College, in Boca Raton, Fla., which is now known as Lynn University. I had a scholarship to play basketball, but I always wanted to play football, so I transferred to Trenton State. I made the team and by the middle of my sophomore year, I was a starting defensive end. I made it because I was fleet afoot and I wasn't afraid of anything.

Greg Cortina, who is a chiropractor now, was my position coach. He played football at Notre Dame and was one of the best with the shot put in the country. I was a bit of a loose cannon on the field, so Cortina was always around, like my personal trainer. He helped me channel my energy the right way.

There was one game against Glassboro in 1977. They had the top-rated passer in the country. He was getting completion after completion. Coach Cortina said,

*I thought I had a pretty good day. Coach Piccone wanted to talk to me. ...*

*He just kept yelling, 'You're horrendous.' I actually didn't know what horrendous meant. I thought he was telling me that I was doing something good.*

well after he throws it, hit him. I did that three times and got three roughing the passer penalties. Coach Hamilton got real mad. But in the second half, this quarterback wasn't looking for his receivers — he was looking for No. 85, me.

I had three blocked punts in another

game against Glassboro. Coach Cortina was really intense. He got in my head and convinced me that I was fast enough to get past those big fat tackles who were running sideways to block me. I used to watch the hands of the center. You could see him squeeze the ball with his fingertips when he was about to snap it. I just had a knack for it, I guess.

We had a linebacker, Bobby Ruotti, who used to make me laugh with the things he would do. He was 6-foot 3, 240 pounds, and the fastest guy on the team. He could have a Lawrence Taylor-like impact on the game, but he was undisciplined then. Once, he showed

up in the middle of a game and didn't have an excuse why. He came in and returned an interception for a touchdown, and we won the game.

Don Covin, a defensive back, who looked just like Jack Tatum of the Raiders, and Nat Woodard, were the stars of the team. It's hard for an offensive lineman to be a star, but Eric Hamilton was one too. I played with him his senior year, then played for him when he was a coach in my senior year. He took playing so seriously. I think he made All-America not only because he was good, but because he was so driven. Then there were the lunch-pail guys, six or seven of us, like me and Kelly Myers.

I always tell people that I have a masters degree before I tell this story. When Carmen Piccone was the head coach, in either 1975 or 1976, we were playing Salisbury. I thought I had a pretty good day. Coach Piccone wanted to talk to me. I go to talk to him and he just kept yelling, 'You're horrendous.' I actually didn't know what horrendous meant. I thought he was telling me that I was doing something good. I think I made Coach Piccone laugh when I told him that.

## AT A GLANCE

Tim Fogarty earned his degree in criminal justice and got a masters degree in education from Seton Hall. He

works for the New Jersey State Police as the lieutenant in charge of the arson and bomb unit, under homeland security. He and his wife of 26 years, GERALYN, have three children, and live in his native Brick.



Tim Fogarty, left, and fellow captains Don Covin, Emil Enstrum and Mike Hayes.

1968 (5-2-1)

Assassinations of Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy

1969 (4-4)

Student protests lead to resignation of president Robert Heussler, Feb. 13, 1970.

1970 (2-6)

# Nat Woodard

I grew up in the projects of Camden. We were poor, but I didn't know it until people told me. My mom tried to show me culture. We would go on trips to New York and Montreal.

I played Midget League football. I went to Camden High my freshman year, but was still playing Midget. We had an All-Star Game where our team was coached by the head coach at Woodrow Wilson High. I scored four touchdowns that day. The coach told me that if I transferred to Wilson, he would look after me. I did. All my friends called me a traitor and I had to play against them every year on Thanksgiving Day.

I went to Trenton because I wanted to stay near my mom, who had cancer, and she wanted to see me play. She never missed a game. I know hearing the crowds cheer for me made her feel great. I was recruited by Dick Curl, but he left for a job at

Rutgers. Carmen Piccone was my first coach. He was tough, but he made me tough. Freshman year against Salisbury, our starting running back broke his ribs. Then it was my turn. I was the starter from then on. I was known as Nate in the papers from my freshman year to my junior year. I always had a problem with that. My name is Natonia.

After my sophomore year, I got the feeling that no one could stop me. I tried to stay humble but I talked a little junk about myself in the paper. The one guy who could run me down was Don Covin. He used to say 'I can run you down anytime.' The guys I looked up to were our tackles. They kept the defensive tackles from busting my butt. I never had any serious injuries.

Coach Hamilton became head coach that year and that was a good thing. We knew that Eric would stay with the program.

Junior year we went to Washington D.C., for our last game, against Catholic University. Everyone just wanted to get it over with. It started snowing during the

1971 (2-5-1)

*The one guy who could run me down was Don Covin. He used to say 'I can run you down anytime.' The guys I looked up to were our tackles. They kept the defensive tackles from busting my butt.*



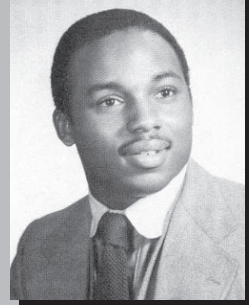
**Coach Eric Hamilton and Nat Woodard on the sidelines.**

1972 (2-6-1)

Jim Taranto registers team-record 94-yard punt return vs. Montclair.

## AT A GLANCE

Nat Woodard lives in Camden, and works part-time while taking care of his father. He has a daughter, Danielle, and a 2-year-old grandchild, Jasmine, and plans to eventually move back to California, where he previously was a social worker.



game and that got everyone excited. I cleared 1,000 yards by rushing for more than 200 yards that day.

I ran for more than 1,000 yards as a junior and senior. I finished my career with 3,500 yards. I would have liked to have run for 4,000, but I would come out of games if we were winning by a lot.

I lived in Centennial, which was considered 'The Sticks' of the campus, then I moved into the luxurious Towers. We were young and a little bit foolish. I was the big man on campus. I could go out with whoever I wanted. I wasn't cocky though, like Muhammad Ali or Charles Barkley. I was laid-back.

I was really quiet in class. I came from the welfare system, and I remember taking a sociology class where I was the only black kid in class, and we talked about welfare. None of those kids had been through it. I didn't say anything. If I went back now, I'd say a lot. The classes weren't that hard, as long as you went every day and the professors saw that you were trying. I remember I used to write all my papers at the last minute, drive to Camden where my girlfriend would help me type them, then race back to the campus.

I never tried to play pro football. I used to see Dino Hall, who went to Glassboro, on television, playing for the Cleveland Browns in the NFL. He was my size — 5-7, 150 pounds. That used to tear me up. I have my share of little regrets and not trying to play pro is one of them.

1973 (7-3)

Peter Carmichael replaces Salois (55-67-5) as head coach. Field named for Earl Dean.

# Kelly Myers '79

I think when I was a freshman that I was the only player on the team from out of state. I was interested in the school, because it was one of only a few on the East Coast that had a criminal justice program, and was somewhere I could play football. I grew up in Union Bridge, Md., and was recruited by Bill Bannak, the defensive coordinator and a shoe salesman, who got in touch with me because there was another player from Maryland at Trenton State before me.

I was a country boy, someone who came to campus wearing cowboy boots, and driving into the city was scary. I remember getting up and introducing myself as Kelly Myers, from Francis Scott Key High School. I got a couple of weird looks. The North Jersey guys called the South Jersey guys farmers and hicks. They didn't know what to make of me. There wasn't that much of a culture shock. I was interested in getting out and seeing something different from what I was used to seeing.

I was an average football player. I definitely couldn't be a defensive lineman now. Maybe I could be a linebacker, but that would be a stretch. Kids are just better athletes now. If I had taken my 1977 body out there now, I'd struggle. What got me on the field was that I was a smart player, who worked out hard, and I had a very strong desire.

The most memorable play I can remember came against Montclair in 1977. There were two minutes remaining and we were winning, 17-14. I'm standing in the middle of the huddle, wearing white Pumas and high white socks. Tim Fogarty, our jokester, pulls down my socks to my ankles, right in the heat of the moment. On that play, Mike Lee and I combine to sack the quarterback. The ball comes loose, Fogarty recovers and we win the game, against a nationally ranked team.

Earlier that week at practice, Bones got blindsided, as players were switching stations, and tore up his knee. He was on crutches for that game. When we won, he threw the crutches 30 feet into the air.

The best defensive player, maybe to ever come through Trenton State, was Mike Lee, a defensive end. He was a freshman when I was a junior. He was incredible. How good was he? He beat out Sam Mills from Montclair for NJAC Defensive Player of the Year.

I became a coach after I graduated. Eventually I became the defensive coordinator. We know as coaches that it always comes down to the defense making a big stop at the end of the game. There have been a lot of great players — guys like Mike Feeney, Joe Scaravaglione, Jason Clarke and Tom Maxwell — that I coached. I

**1974 (5-4)**

Fred O'Connor hired as coach but resigns to coach in WFL. Dick Curl replaces him.

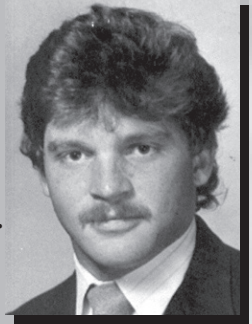
**1975 (5-4)**

Carmen Piccone replaces Curl as head coach.

**1976 (3-4-1)**

## AT A GLANCE

Kelly Myers works for Borden Perlman Insurance Agency in Lawrenceville. He lives in Hopewell and has a son, Gabriel. He is a defensive consultant for the 2004 team.



especially remember two things from that 1990 defense in particular. We were going for our fourth straight shutout that season against Montclair. Early in the game, we got a safety. Ron Barrett was a linebacker who was supposed to be too small and too slow.

He came running to the sideline and said 'Game over!' We ended up with five straight shutouts. Later that season, in the playoffs against Ithaca, one of our guys, Franklin Rouse, had a groin injury. It was cold that day with a mix of rain and snow. He said to the trainer 'I'm not sitting' and taped an ice pack to his groin, pulled his pants back up and went on the field.

My son, Gabriel, was born on a day we played Montclair State. People he doesn't know come up to him at games and tell him they know why I wasn't there that day. The delivery room nurse was a Trenton State graduate. I had a walkman and an earpiece in, and I listened to the game in the hospital.

There's not a lot of difference from the way Eric coached when I played from the way he coaches now. If you can be in one spot for as long as he has, you're doing something right. The thing I like about Eric is that he enjoys the game. The wins and losses are up there in importance for him, but they are never the most important thing. The people are.

One of the things I remember most is the value of coaching. John Gormley was a quiet kid. He played quarterback and tight end for us in the late 80s, and eventually became a New York City firefighter. After he graduated, he didn't come back much, but all of a sudden in 2002, Eric gets a call that John is coming to the game. John walks onto the field — he's a lot bigger now- 6-foot-3, 260 pounds, a defensive end for the fireman's football team. I asked him what made him come back.

He said that during September 11, when he was going into what was left of the Towers and buildings, helping to rescue people, it was chaotic and crazy. 'I wasn't in a leadership position among the firemen, but all these people were asking what to do. I realized afterwards that I was leading them, and that leadership came from right here.' That showed me that what he learned wasn't about wins and losses. He learned to be a leader.

# Tom Casperson '82

I first discovered that I was fast when I played Little League baseball. I used to hit ground balls to first base and beat the first baseman to the bag. I was a good football player at Morris Hills High, but I wasn't all-county or anything like that. I don't think I fully reached my potential there. I went to Trenton State mainly because it had a good art program and I could play football.

I played a lot as a freshman, in 1978, alternating with a senior, Gary Acquaviva. If we ran a pass play designed to catch the defense by surprise, I was the one that was in the game to catch it. I think I caught seven passes that season and six were for touchdowns, and we had a good season, going 6-3. The next season, I had a few more catches, and had a really good yards-per catch average. We went 7-3.

The last game of my junior year, 1980, we beat Ramapo, 63-44 and scored 50 points in the first half. I caught eight passes for 284 yards, and scored five touchdowns and a two-point conversion. We always worked on fade passes at the end of practice and we got the timing down right. I know a couple of those were fades. Our quarterback, Bob Lockhart, had his best game. The touchdowns came way too easy that day.

We went 8-1-1 and beat Montclair for the New Jersey State Athletic Conference title. Trenton had never won a title in that league before that. We won at Montclair that year. The intensity in that game was unbelievable. Montclair had a linebacker, Sam Mills, who played in the NFL. Now, we rarely ran screens back then, but we ran one to me that day. I caught the pass and Sam was right there to hit me. I'll tell you- I was never hit so hard in my entire life. The defense had a really good game that day. At the end of the game, the players went out to midfield and kissed the giant 'M' logo.

One *interesting* thing happened that year. One night in training camp, a bunch of us snuck out and went to the Bordentown Lounge. About 10 of us stripped to our jock straps and danced on that 'Ladies Night.'

Senior year was disappointing. We were still supposed to be pretty good and we went 5-4-1. Montclair came in and beat us late in the game. My highlight was a 95-yard kick return for a touchdown against Glassboro. No one even touched me on that one.

I got the opportunity to try out with the Washington Redskins and the New Jersey Generals, of the USFL. That's a funny story. Our tight end, Jim Puhalski was a

1977 (4-5)

Eric Hamilton replaces Carmen Piccone (8-8-1) as head coach.

1978 (6-3)

TSC faculty strike, citing academic freedom as their cause.

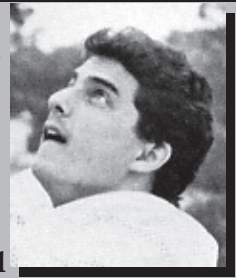
1979 (7-3)

## AT A GLANCE

Tom

Casperson has been an art teacher for 14 years, most recently at Briarcliff Middle School in Mountain

Lakes. He is also a drummer in the roots rock band "Gabriel's Hold" and hopes to perform at his alma mater someday. He has five children, and lives with his wife, Meghan, in Mine Hill.



year ahead of me. He had a tryout with the Cleveland Browns, played in the Hall of Fame Game, and made it to the final cut, then came back to campus as a coach. In the spring of 1982, someone from the Redskins came to watch him work out. Jim asked me to run with him, because it would make him run fast-

er. It was a muddy day at Dean Field. The scout had his watch on Jim, who was running the 40 in 4.7 or 4.8 seconds, but I was beating him by a couple of steps. So then they decided to time me. I ran a 4.5 and the scout asked me, but not Jim, to go to the Redskins mini-camp. Jim never got angry with me about that.

I flew out to mini-camp on a 16-seat plane and I was so sick when I got off the plane, but went right to camp near Dulles Airport. All the receivers, all 15 to 20 of us, lined up to go out for passes against the cornerbacks. Well, on my first one, I went up against their first-round draft pick that year. It happened to be Darrell Green. I had decided I was going to use a move that got me open my whole career at Trenton State. It didn't work. He was on me like glue. I was there a few days and got cut. Dan Henning, their offensive coordinator, told me I looked 'young' and to keep working at it. They did have Charlie Taylor and Art Monk that year, and they did win the Super Bowl. Remember 'The Smurfs?' When I tried out for the Generals, I thought I was going to make it, but I got cut the last week.

One thing I almost forgot to tell you. I still remember the first time I met Coach Hamilton. His office was in one of those older Victorian homes that used to be on the campus. I couldn't picture a football coach living in that kind of house. So as we were walking to it for our first meeting with him, I said to my mom "Is he going to serve us tea and crumpets?" We didn't realize it, but Eric was walking right behind us, and he heard that and laughed. He said "Don't worry. There won't be any tea and crumpets."

# Rodney Thomas '85

I was the team clown, always one with a practical joke. I don't know if Coach Hamilton knows that I was the one who stuffed his whistle with tissue. Practice always used to start with him blowing his whistle at midfield. Everybody would line up and do their calisthenics. One afternoon, while watching film, I saw the whistle on the table, so I stuffed it. I told all the players to watch Coach blow the whistle. When he did, he looked like his cheeks were going to pop.

I was also good at impersonating one of our assistant coaches, Bob Harris. When I was a junior, I called one of our freshmen, whose name I won't mention, on the phone as Coach Harris and told him he wasn't doing well, and wasn't going to make the team. I asked him if he could switch to defense and he said yes. I told him to come to practice the next day and trade his white jersey that the offensive players wore for his blue one, which the defensive players wore. He was wondering what was going on. It was funny for us, but he got all upset and called home, so I called him again and told him to change back. We went back and forth with him over a couple of days. It was a good joke. Eventually Coach Harris found out and I had to apologize to him at a team meeting. But after that, we always started our meetings with me impersonating Coach Harris.

I was a quarterback when I came in, got switched to running back, and things went really well for us. I always thought of myself as a quarterback playing running back. They say, I was also the first black quarterback at Trenton State. Usually the teams didn't know how well I could throw the ball, I threw four touchdowns as a running back. I switched back to quarterback for my senior year in 1984. That was a tough year because we didn't do as well.



LIONS FOOTBALL THROUGH THE YEARS

## AT A GLANCE

Rodney Thomas graduated with a degree in industrial engineering. He has worked in the engineering field and as a football coach. He has worked the last four years at Bayer Biological Products as a senior project engineer and lives in Clayton, North Carolina with his wife Darlene and their 7-year-old son Chad.

I met my best friend at Trenton, Briane Grey. I got caught my freshman year in my freedom and didn't do much academically. In our sophomore year Briane and I became roommates. Briane played wide receiver. We called ourselves "Flight 609."

He helped me get back on track academically. Briane now works for the government, and I think he is out in Hawaii.

My senior year was the first with the new field, as Lions Stadium was built. My summer job that year was with housing, but they asked me to spend a few days helping the construction crew lay down the turf. I always tell people that I helped build the field.

1980 (8-1-1)

Trenton State wins first New Jersey State Athletic Conference title with Bob Lockhart, left, at quarterback.

# John Aromando '86

I'm one of those people who believe that there's a reason for everything that happens. I think what happened to me is proof of that.

I tried to get a scholarship to play Division I football. Trenton State was my fallback school. I was a wide receiver at Shawnee, on a team that never threw the ball. I had looks from a couple of schools. Syracuse offered me a two-year scholarship, but then they pulled it back because my coach didn't give me a good recommendation. So I went to Trenton. I almost didn't even play football my first year, because I was down over what happened.

I went to football camp as a defensive back, but there were 18 defensive backs in camp, so Coach Hamilton asked me to switch to receiver. Lo and behold, it worked out. When I caught my first touchdown, in the third or fourth game of the season, I scored on a long pass. During the celebration three of our linemen tackled me in the end zone. They didn't know me at all. One of them even said, "Who the heck are you?"

At Shawnee, we had to sit in silence before games. We weren't allowed to make any noise to fire ourselves up. Before my first game at Trenton State, we had our position meetings. Then the defense walks into the locker room and they start tackling everything in sight. The lockers go crashing to the floor. I put on my helmet and chinstrap and just watched in awe, as the offensive line joined in. It was really interesting to be in our locker room.

1982 was my sophomore year. Things really came together. Flip Faherty transferred in from Moorhead (Minn.) State. He and I clicked right away. We were totally on the same page. We went 9-1 that year. The only loss was to Montclair.

We always gave credit where it was due, and that was to the offensive line. I was 5-foot-10, 190 pounds, and I was as big as some of those guys. They were tough though. My strength was positioning myself to catch the ball and make a move before I got hit. I had okay speed, but I had really good concentration. Every sport I played, it always seemed like everything was going on in slow motion.

The opening day game from 1983 against Upsala is one of my favorites. I scored five touchdowns. The funny thing is that I caught seven passes — five went for touchdowns and the other two were plays where I got out of bounds. I never got tackled. I had a totally clean uniform at the end of the game. We won, 35-0.

Man, the Montclair loss was a killer that year. We were down by a touchdown and punted to them with about a

minute left. Somehow, with our timeouts, the defense held them. We forced them to punt into the wind and got the ball back on the 30-yard line. Tom Wallers made an unbelievable catch on fourth down to get us down to the 10 yard line. Flip threw a touchdown pass to me with almost no time left. We decided to go for two. I told Flip that if he was in trouble, to throw the ball to me at the pylon. He saw an opening, but a guy came out of nowhere and hit him at the goal line to stop him. That was a great game.

When we played the last game of the season, there was a message on the chalkboard waiting for us in the locker room. It said "God takes care of those who go for two... Glassboro beat Montclair." We won the last game against Ramapo, so there was a three-way tie for first place in the NJAC. I caught four touchdowns to break the record for touchdowns in a season at a non-Division I school. Flip set the record for touchdown passes at a non-Division I school.

My favorite play that year came against Kean. It was the game in between Montclair and Ramapo. Blocking was my weakness, but I laid a block that took out two guys at once, and freed up a teammate for the go-ahead touchdown. I still remember it. I threw my body into one guy and he flew into the other.

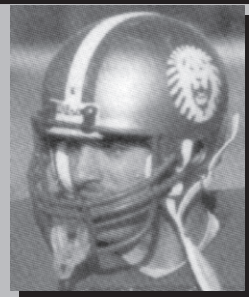
I started getting attention from the pros after sophomore year. I was invited to rookie camp with the New York Giants, but it didn't work out. Bill Parcells told me I wasn't fast enough. That was during a time when they were big on giving track stars tryouts. Then, I was drafted for the USFL's Philadelphia Stars, by Jim Mora, who was from Medford and who saw me play in high school. Two weeks before training camp, the league folded.

It's weird though how it all worked out. I even met my wife at Trenton State, though we didn't get together until after college.

My sister Donna, who played field hockey, is in the Trenton State Hall of Fame too, and my other sister is a Hall of Famer at Siena. We have three Hall of Famers in the family. That's not too bad.

## AT A GLANCE

**John Aromando is a managing partner for Levin Aromando Financial Group, and lives with his wife Kathy and their son, John in Hainesport, five minutes from his native Medford. He was inducted into the TCNJ Athletic Hall of Fame in 1998.**



### 1981 (5-4-1)

John Beake, Earl Dean, Nick Gusz in first class of TSC Athletic Hall of Fame.

### 1982 (9-1)

John Aromando sets school record with 64 catches, adds NCAA-record 20 TDs in '83.

### 1983 (8-2)

TSC ties Glassboro, Montclair for NJSAC title, beats Ramapo in Dean Field finale.

# Joe Clifton '88

I went to college as a linebacker. I hated playing fullback in high school. I was a fullback at Holy Spirit High in Absecon who never got the ball. I thought that playing fullback took away what I could do as a linebacker.

Two days into football camp, my freshman year, Coach says that he's moving me to fullback. We only had two fullbacks and 15 linebackers. I remember saying to myself 'I can't believe they're asking me to play my most hated position.

The first day I saw Coach Bones, we were practicing on Green Lane. We were stretching and it was hot. I was thinking how the day before, I was on the beach, and now I was here. Coach starts walking through the stretching line. He kept saying 'The hay is not in the barn!' He was talking so crazy, but I got inspired by it. When camp ended, he said 'Men, the hay is in the barn. Have a great weekend. Later, potater...' We were all laughing. Whenever I see him now, I say that. Then there was Coach Harris. He would say things like "If you wanna dance, go to the disco, but for now, get your ass in the hole" or if we were watching film, "The Kodak doesn't lie."

My freshman year, I played mostly special teams. I didn't play on offense unless our fullback got hurt. Our next to last game that season, we played Jersey City State. My high school coach organized a trip, with two buses of people come watch me play. Wouldn't you know, our starting fullback got hurt. I got in the game, carried the ball the next six plays, for 80 yards, and scored the touchdown that won the game.

At the end of my sophomore year, we changed the offense to a Wing-T. Salisbury State had just gone to the national championship game with the Wing-T and we were enamored with it. My junior year was the first one where I had a lot of success. I rushed for more than 900 yards, including 206 against Pace. That was the first game where I thought I could be a legitimate fullback. I was 5-11, 230 pounds, which is good size for a fullback in Division III.

My senior year was the fall of 1987. I was named pre-season all-conference, and I had a couple of 100-yard games. The last game of my career was against Ramapo. I needed 125 yards for 1,000. Before the game, Coach Hamilton said "You gave me everything you got for four years. You're going to carry the ball a lot today."

I didn't have a lot of speed, but I was quick at getting to the line of scrimmage. Tackle to tackle, it was hard to bring me down. I tested out as the strongest guy on the team. If I got past the defensive lineman, I could run over the defensive backs. I was well conditioned, so I never got hurt.

Every play went to me that day — guard traps, belly runs, sweeps, options. Our offensive line was just mowing peo-

**1984 (3-7)**  
A few hundred yards from Dean Field, 6,000-seat Lions Stadium opens.

**1985 (6-4)**  
Win against Ramapo gives Eric Hamilton 56th win, passing Bob Salois for top spot.

**1986 (4-6)**

ple down.

Going into halftime, we were annihilating Ramapo and I had maybe 160 yards. Coach Bones comes up to me with the game program and he says "We're going to set some records today."

My last carry, I went more than 60 yards. I had nothing left. I was exhausted. I ended up getting tackled at the 15. I said "I'm done."

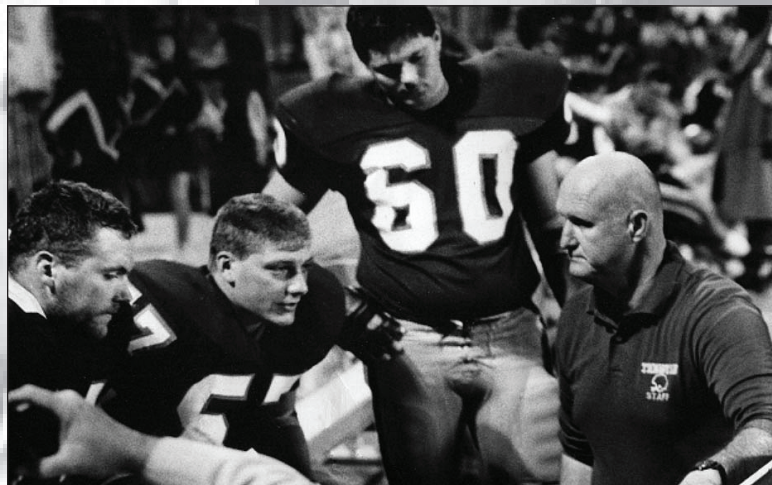
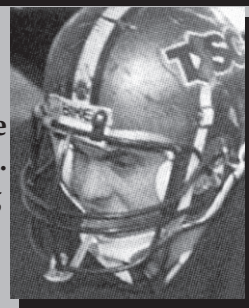
Physically, I was done, no matter what the number was. It was 300 exactly. We ended up winning the game 38-14. I had 300 yards on 47 carries, with four touchdowns.

I ended up with 1,176 yards for the season, which broke Nat Woodard's school record. The next season, Steve Ware broke that record, with 1,249. But I still hold the records for carries, yards in a game, and touchdowns. That was the best day I ever had as an athlete.

I was just a marginal student in high school. My guidance counselor told me that I wouldn't get in to Trenton State. When Coach Hamilton called to tell me that I got in, I remember exactly what he said. "Joe, don't embarrass me, and don't embarrass yourself. This is a tremendous opportunity for you." I'll never forget that.

## AT A GLANCE

Joe Clifton graduated in 1988 with a History degree and a 3.2 GPA. After working briefly as a substitute teacher, he became an insurance broker, and now works for Reimbursement Services in Mount Laurel, and is a volunteer youth-league sports coach. He and his wife Christine, and their three children, live in Howell.



Paul Vichroski, aka "Coach Bones," on the sidelines.



# Greg Bellotti '92

I went to St. Peter's Prep in Jersey City and played football there for my dad, Gerry, who used to play at Villanova and with the Cleveland Browns. He's the kind of guy who didn't believe you could catch a football wearing gloves. You never wanted to play catch with him with a new ball, because the laces were sharp and he could take the skin right off your hands. I was a quarterback, then switched to defensive back because I wanted to be the one doing the hitting.

Coach Hamilton assured me that I would get in to Trenton State, but I didn't. I was all set to enroll at Wagner College, when he called to tell me there had been a mistake and I had gotten in after all.

I played from 1988 to 1991 and we were a combined 31-8. That's not bad. I think the reason we were so good was that we all had such big egos, that no one wanted to let the other guys down.

Bar none, the biggest game I played in was in the NCAA playoffs against Ithaca in 1990. It was a long bus ride up there and it was cold and wet. The day before the game, a local television station interviewed a couple of our guys. They were wearing these big, wool stocking caps, and looked like idiots. Greg Bruno said, with a totally straight face, that we were going to beat the hell out of these guys, then pack up our bus and go home. Then Joe Hogan said 'My prediction is 31-0. Yeah, 31-0.' They believed it. We all believed it. They were as serious as serious could be. That aired that night on the news and we were all in our rooms. All of a sudden, you could hear all these doors slamming and the coaches started yelling. "You can't do this. These guys have won a national championship." We didn't care.

To make matters even worse, the morning of the Ithaca game was a circus. Ithaca College was naming its field Jim Butterfield Stadium, after the head coach. And legend has it that Butterfield used to like making the visiting team wait on the field for extended periods of time before the Ithaca Bombers made their grand entrance. I took it upon myself to go into the tunnel and tell Butterfield and his team to "come on out and get your ass whipping."

It wasn't 31-0, but we went out and beat Ithaca pretty good, 24-14. Near the end of the game, I patted the quarterback on a safety blitz. The ball was lying on the grass, loose, and Kent Schilling and I are standing there, hugging each other. You watch the film now and people say 'What were you thinking?'

The year before, I played in what my dad says was the best game he's ever seen — a 31-31 tie on Homecoming Day against Montclair. Our quarterback that year was

**1987 (4-6)**

Joe Clifton sets single-game rushing record with 300 yards in beating Ramapo.

**1988 (8-2)**

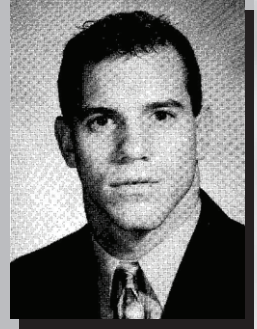
Trenton State wins NJAC title.

**1989 (8-1-1)**

Jim Florio elected governor of New Jersey, first Trenton State grad to hold position.

## AT A GLANCE

**Greg Bellotti worked on Wall Street. He is now president of Oscar Robertson Technology Automation, a technology**



**service business, and is CEO of Deer Management Consulting, which provides fencing and repellent solutions for highly infested deer areas. He was recently elected president of the TCNJ Alumni Association and lives with his wife, Lisa and two children in Perrineville.**

Darin Roberts, a transfer from Penn State, who caught a touchdown pass in the Fiesta Bowl a few months before transferring. But he didn't get the nod to be a starter, so he transferred to Trenton. He made a couple of nice moves and dove into the end zone on the final play of the game. Then Scott Osborne kicked the extra point to tie. It's a good thing the goalposts weren't higher. His kick went over the left upright and no one thought it was good, but it was. Scott was a straight-on kicker. He could kick the ball 50 yards like it was nothing, but you watched his extra points with bated breath. He's now a vice-principal at Iselin High.

I also had four interceptions in a game against FDU-Madison. The school record is five. I played one last series and nearly got the fifth one. The ball hit a knuckle on my middle finger. A couple more inches and I would have had it.

I was a law and justice major, who had thoughts of going to law school. A lot of my classmates went on to be policemen. Greg Ogden, Mike Tierney, Dean Kolonich, and Bobby Thomas are all state troopers in New Jersey. Jay Celentano is a detective sergeant in Wayne. Bruno is now a vice-president at Merrill Lynch. I lived with Joe Hogan, who's now an attorney, living in St. Louis. Kyle Anderson, Ron Barrett and Gear Wolf enjoy successful careers in the pharmaceutical industry, and Chris Shaw is a Senior Manager with Morgan Stanley. Dave Wiegel is a Senior VP of Investments at Morgan Stanley, under Shaw. A few guys actually teach the youth of New Jersey.

The list goes on, but I am amazed, in one sense, of the success my teammates have had after graduation — in another sense, I am not surprised at all — they were all good people who were intelligent and applied the valuable lessons we learned playing football to their careers. One thing I can say with certainty, I am awfully proud of my teammates and care for them all.

# vs. Montclair, 1995

By Bob Cole

You never saw anything like it.

First it looked like rain.

Then Montclair State scored seven points.

Then Trenton State scored 14 points.

Then Montclair State scored six points.

Then Trenton State scored nine points.

Then Montclair State scored 24 points

Then Trenton State scored 27 points.

Then Montclair State scored seven points, and was trying to score more, and, with just a minute left to play, when you thought there were no defensive players on the field, P.J. Sole intercepted a pass for Trenton State, the wet and wild game ended, a rainbow came up over the student center, and Trenton State had won by a score for the '90s, 50-44.

"Yeah, I saw that (rainbow)," Trenton State coach Eric Hamilton said, his cup running over after several sad losses this season. He launched into a series of platitudes trying to express the social significance of this old rivalry between New Jersey's traditionally top state college football teams, but his words fell short of explaining this fabulous game.

However, amongst all the clichés, he did let slip that his offensive linemen played like furies because they had heard that some Montclair players had called them the easiest line Montclair had to play against. A couple of Trenton linemen who wandered off the field in a state of bliss were quite willing to amplify on that theme, notably guard Scott Prusko. Effortlessly toting the heavy pads he had stripped off after the final whistle, Prusko was wishing he could win an appeal for more eligibility so he could play next year. "This is what you live for," he said of the game.

Still, it was such a close call for Trenton, even though it shouldn't have been. The winners took a 50-37 lead with only 3:10 to go. That might have seemed sufficient in an ordinary game, except for a bad omen on the try for the 51st point. Placekicker Dave Johnston missed for the first time in 55 attempts, by the narrowest of margins, his powerful kick hitting the left upright of the goal post and bounding back onto the field like an offering rejected by the football gods.

Still, it didn't seem fatal because Johnston boomed the subsequent kickoff to the Montclair 4-yard line, and it

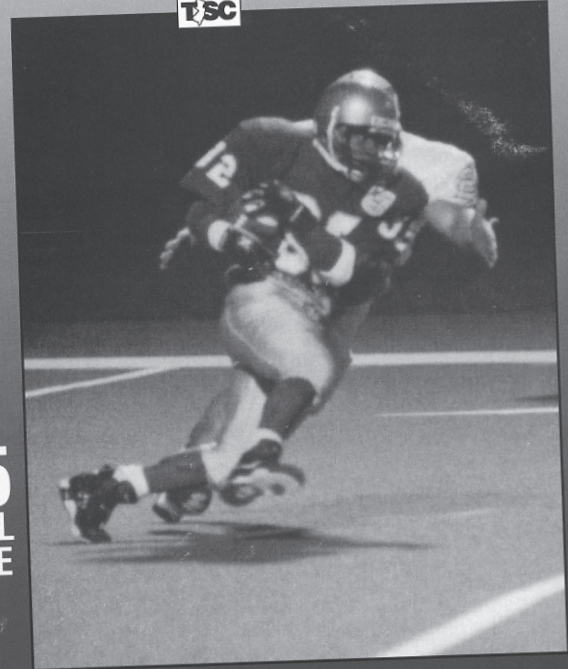
was returned only to the 11. But on the second play, following Trenton State's defenders, who oscillated wildly in effectiveness all afternoon, started playing touch football instead of tackle. Montclair wide receiver Dion Bernardini caught a 25-yard pass on the right sideline, sprinted straight across the field with encouraging pats from Trenton tacklers, then motored on down the left sideline with a convoy of blockers doing all sorts of desperate and illegal things — such as pushing — to shield him. They got him to the 25 (64 yards) and after two passes, Ralph Cinque scored from the 2, and the PAT was good, and the final score set.

But you wouldn't have bet on it then because Montclair never gave up. The losers executed a beautiful onside kickoff on their right sideline and recovered on their own 48, even though Trenton State had anticipated the maneuver and had all its best ball-handlers (ends and backs) on the receiving team. A couple more good passes put Montclair on Trenton's 9 with 1:25 to go, but Trenton's defense suddenly returned to life and stopped three straight plays.

TRENTON  
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TSC



1995  
FOOTBALL  
MAGAZINE

Trenton State College vs.  
Montclair State University

Friday, October 28, 1995

"HOME COMING and HALL OF FAME DAY"

1990 (10-2)

TSC wins NJAC title, defeats Ithaca 24-14  
in first NCAA playoff appearance.

1991 (5-3-1)

1992 (3-7)

On fourth down, Montclair's substitute quarterback, Sam Tirone, tried to drill a pass into the end zone in front of the goalposts, but P.J. Sole, the linebacker, intercepted it on the 1-yard line and Trenton killed the final 43 seconds.

"I believe P.J. would have caught that ball if he was the only player on defense," his teammate Prusko said. "He was so up."

In fact, despite the fact that Montclair scored 44 points and gained 308 yards passing, Sole was brilliant, being credited with 11 tackles. That was one of many outstanding individual statistics in the game, most of which were difficult to comprehend because of the spectacular offensive play of the two teams. For example, both starting quarterbacks, Pete Hartevelde of Trenton and Brian Cooney of Montclair, threw four touchdown passes.

And Trenton's powerful sophomore fullback, Greg Carlucci, had his best game by far, running for 138 yards on only 10 carries. That included a 55-yard touchdown run on a simple dive-tackle play, on which he suddenly found himself in the open on about the Montclair 40, rumbled straight ahead to the five, and flattened a couple of helpless little Montclair defensive backs as he plowed into the end zone. That play is intended to gain only about five or six yards, but it was one of many instances when Montclair defenders guessed wrong about where Trenton was going to send the ball.

Carlucci's running mate, Eric Cunningham, rushed for 125 more, often on the elegant draw play that worked so well all season, and had Montclair linemen calling out "Draw! Draw!" just before they were instead trampled by Carlucci, or surprise!, beefy quarterback Hartevelde. Hartevelde's biggest run was a 23-yard sneak that set up the comeback touchdown that tied the game at 37 early in the fourth.

"It was a sight play," Hartevelde explained after the game. "I come up to the line, look over the defense, and if I see no one in front of me, I reach under the center (Jim Haines), pinch him, he snaps it with no count, and we take off together as far as we can go. It's a center-quarterback thing."

With all that force and chicanery, Trenton State rushed for 280 yards, far more than Montclair's meager 44. But in fairness to Montclair, it must be pointed out that the team lost its best runner, Mike Green, early in the game, and lost its ace quarterback Cooney, because of a sprained wrist in the fourth quarter.

Trenton State also profited from brilliant pass-catching by tight end Dan Russo and wide receiver Brendan Prohett, who shared 12 passes for 154 yards, a bunch of

neat 15-yarders that the two receivers often caught with dazzling dives or sudden leaps. "It sure is nice not to have to be perfect," Hartevelde said of his throws. He had some others deflected on the line of scrimmage by the towering defensive ends one comes to associate with Montclair.

And another golden grab by Prohett was nullified by the referees in the fourth quarter because, after diving body-length and catching one right off the AstroTurf, Prohett stood up and gestured excitedly. You might consider that a normal response to such a great play, but under this year's rules, players are forbidden from making gestures of "personal celebration," the First Amendment notwithstanding.

*Dr. Robert Cole is professor of English and director of journalism at the College of New Jersey, where he has taught journalism and English since 1973. One of his most popular courses is sportswriting, and over the years he has assigned students in these courses to cover TSC and TCNJ sports, especially football, and has written stories on the games as models for the students.*

*Cole has written about football at all levels for newspapers in the South, and has received a number of sportswriting awards, notably inclusions in four editions of the annual national sportswriting anthology, Best Sports Stories, and two in Best American Sports Writing. He was selected New Jersey College Professor of the Year in 1992, and received a career achievement award from the New Jersey Press Association in 1994.*

## BOX SCORE

**Trenton State 50, Montclair State 44**

Team	1	2	3	4	T
MSU (2-5, 1-2)	7	16	14	7	44
TSC (5-3, 3-1)	14	9	7	20	50
MSU Colt 11 pass from Cooney (Connelly kick)					
TSC Carlucci 55 run (Johnston kick)					
TSC Hartevelde 1 run (Johnston kick)					
MSU Cross 3 pass from Cooney (kick failed)					
TSC Scaravaglione 72 run with blocked PAT					
TSC Prohett 14 pass from Hartevelde (Johnston kick)					
MSU Connelly 21 FG					
MSU Colt 34 pass Cooney (Connelly kick)					
MSU Colt 7 pass from Cooney (Connelly kick)					
MSU Alvarado 86 fumble return (Connelly kick)					
TSC Prohett 10 pass from Hartevelde (Johnston kick)					
TSC Tino Russo 27 pass from Hartevelde (Johnston kick)					
TSC Dan Russo 6 pass from Hartevelde (Johnston kick)					
TSC Carlucci 52 run (kick failed)					
MSU Cinque 2 run (Connelly kick)					

Team statistics	MSU	TSC
First Downs	14	22
Rushes-Yards	28-44	46-280
Passing	308	193
Comp-Att-Int	16-33-3	16-33-2
Punts	6-210	4-119
Fumbles-Lost	0-0	1-1
Penalties-Yards	5-46	5-50
Time of possession	25:22	34:38
3rd down conv.	2-9	6-14
4th down conv.	0-0	1-1

### Individual statistics

#### Rushing

MSU: Cinque 15-56, Green 4-7, Ricks 1-7, Wells 1-3, Tirone 3-(-9), Cooney 4-(-20). TSC: Carlucci 10-138, Cunningham 24-125, Hartevelde 10-14, Foster 2-3.

#### Passing

MSU: Cooney 9-22-2-176, Tirone 7-11-1-132. TSC: Hartevelde 16-33-2-193.

#### Receiving

MSU: Colt 8-133, Ricks 4-88, Bernardini 3-78, Cross 1-9. TSC: Dan Russo 7-85, Prohett 5-69, Suvansri 2-22, Tino Russo 1-27, Carlucci 1-(-1).

#### Game data

Weather: 60 degrees, sunny. 15 mph SE wind. Att: 1,839 T: 3:10

1993 (3-6-1)

1994 (5-4-1)

Trenton State ties Kean for NJAC title.

1995 (8-3)

Lions defeat Wesley, 10-7, for ECAC Southeast Championship.

# David Johnston '96

College football was the furthest thing from my mind when I enrolled. I was fortunate to have an outstanding high school soccer career and am a member of the River Dell High School Athletic Hall of Fame. However, my athletic career was about to take a sharp turn for the better.

Being assigned to the JV soccer squad was a very humbling experience. Although that "demotion" was both discouraging and frustrating, it also provided me with time to reflect. One Saturday afternoon in October 1991, I attended a football game on campus with my roommate and his parents. While watching the game, I proclaimed to my friends, "I can do that." That Monday, I visited Coach Hamilton, and he politely told me to walk on next fall.

I still remember being assigned my equipment. I had never put on more than shin guards, and I'm standing in front of Coach Bones the first day of camp. Bones was in charge of making sure my helmet fit correctly. At first glance, Bones seemed like a nice enough guy, but I was about to see his enthusiastic side. Boy was I shocked when he proceeded to violently slap both his hands against my helmet and yank on my facemask to "make sure" it fit properly. While he was trying to dislodge my head from the rest of my body, he was also (loudly) describing how my helmet was going to react when I had to make a game-saving tackle on a kickoff.

My first year kicking was a learning experience, yet it was productive. The coaching staff was insightful enough to utilize me in positions that were well within my range. I split time my freshman year and was determined to be 'the man' once I returned for my sophomore campaign. This self-imposed pressure proved to be an Achilles' heel, and I continued to split time sophomore year.

I took my placekicking duties extremely seriously. I was fortunate enough to have two terrific volunteer position coaches, Pat Sampier and Chris Mingrone. Without the help of these coaches in particular, no amount of workouts in the North Gym of Packer Hall, or early summer morning workouts on the turf, or extensive pool workouts, would have been enough to reach All-American levels.

Our teams were sub-.500 my first two years. My junior year, however, found us playing for the NJAC Championship against Kean. Late in the third quarter, with the game tied, I attempted a 33-yarder from the left hash. I struck the ball extremely well, yet watched in amazement as it "plunked" flat against the right upright and descended to the turf. The game ended in a 10-10 tie, resulting in a co-championship. To this day, I cannot figure out why that ball did not deflect in.

My senior season was one I will never forget. I took it upon myself to "wine and dine" my field goal unit, by inviting them to my townhouse for a pregame dinner before opening week. My mother and girlfriend (now wife) made ravioli for the boys, and we didn't have one blocked kick all year.

1995 marked the arrival of Pete Hartevelde. Besides being a

## 1996 (8-3)

TSC wins NJAC title, defeats Coast Guard in first-round NCAA playoff game.

## 1997 (9-3)

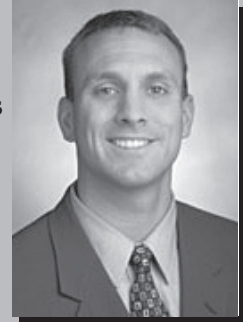
The College of New Jersey defeats Cortland in first-round playoff game.

## 1998 (8-3)

The College of New Jersey wins NJAC title.

## AT A GLANCE

David W. Johnston, CLU, ChFC, REBC, RHU is a financial representative with the Northwestern Mutual Financial Network, and



runs his financial planning and employee benefit practice out of his East Brunswick office. He spent four seasons as an assistant coach for the Lions and is now the team's kicking consultant. He lives in Hillsborough with his wife, Jennifer, and son Colin. They are expecting a second child this fall.

great quarterback and leader, he was my all-time favorite holder on placekicks. That year, Pete scored several touchdowns via the sneak. Often Pete would be a bit disoriented, and would stumble off the field, where I would have to grab him and remind him we had a PAT to attempt.

Montclair: We scored a touchdown with under three minutes left to go ahead by 13. My consecutive PAT streak came to an end at 54 on the ensuing attempt. In my mind, the sun went in and clouds began covering the stadium. Montclair drove and scored, then recovered the onsideline kick and was at our doorstep with seconds to play. We were about to lose, and I would have been the goat. PJ Sole saved the day with an interception.

We qualified for the ECAC Southeast Championship in 1995. Playing at Wesley, I converted my career-long field goal (43 yards) in the first half to put us up 3-0, and we went on to win 10-7. After my senior season, I was awarded All-American honors. However, I am most proud of the William J. "Billy Joe" McEvoy award. The plaque reads: "In recognition of a TSC football player who demonstrates leadership, dedication, and care for his teammates, and by his actions brings pride to the entire football program."

Achieving All-American honors was a goal beginning sophomore year. I soon realized that I enjoyed the journey just as much as reaching it. I hope my work ethic spoke volumes to my teammates and coaches, helping me develop many long lasting friendships. When guys tell me, "you're the only normal kicker I've met," it makes me smile.

I like to think I have left my mark on The College. I designed and painted "the rock" and plaque players tap before heading out of the locker room, reminding them that they are part of a long legacy of Lion football and pride. I was a catalyst in the Awards Banquet and I'm proud what we started in 1996 has grown into a wonderful affair, held at the Princeton Hyatt.

After college, I had a few pro tryouts, but never latched on, though I did kick for the Trenton Lightning indoor football team. During this stint, my wife gracefully stood in and accepted The College's Athletic Department Distinguished Alumni Award on my behalf.

# Brendan Prophett '98

I went on a full scholarship to Maine, out of Notre Dame High and after a prep year at The Hun School. I red-shirted my freshman year, but then transferred. My mom died and I wanted to be close to home. Chappy Moore, the head coach at Notre Dame told me "You've got to go to school." Before I knew it, I was at Trenton State in the fall of 1994. That year was a blur, to be honest.

Pete Harteveld and I were roommates at Maine. We met on the second day of school. After my freshman year at Trenton, he told me that he didn't think Maine was for him. I told him he needed to check Trenton out. He did.

Pete had total command of the huddle as a quarterback. He wasn't afraid to tell people what he thought. Tino Russo was the other wide receiver and according to us, we were both open on every play. I felt bad for Pete because he had me in one ear and Tino in the other, telling him to throw us the slant or the fade.

For pure entertainment value, there was no game better than 50-44 against Montclair in 1995. They couldn't stop us. I caught a slant for one of our touchdowns in that game. P.J. Sole, our linebacker, made an interception on the goal line with a minute to play to win it.

My junior year, we beat Rowan in the regular season. Pete got hurt and our backup, Joe Kirk came on in the first quarter. Joe was nervous at first, but we rallied around him. The one play I'll always remember is catching a touchdown to seal that game. Joe rolled out to my side, threw the ball to the corner of the end zone, and I went up and got it. That was a great feeling to finally beat Rowan. Then we lost to them in the playoffs, 7-3, after beating Coast Guard. On the final play, I was open in the end zone, but Pete didn't see me and threw a pass to Tino that was incomplete.

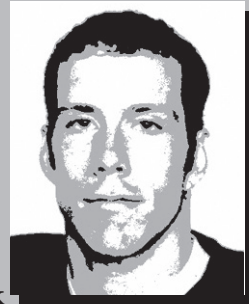
The next year, we played Cortland in the playoffs. They thrashed us in the regular season. We came back to beat them. Pete hit Tino on a long post late in the fourth quarter to win it. Then we lost to Rowan again. We were so close. We were a top-five team. We thought if we could beat Rowan that we would get to the Stagg Bowl and play Mount Union. The other neat thing about senior year was going up against my brother, Seth, in practice. He was a cornerback. I had to show

that the elder statesman was better than the young buck.

There were nine of us, living in a house on Central Ave., right around the corner from Slocum's Bar and Bowling Alley. That house probably should have been imploded after we left. We used to have battles with the other football houses. Seven of us would get in Jim Haines' station wagon, dressed in dark clothing. It was like a circus car with midgets. Then we'd get to another football house, hit it with eggs, and drive back and wait for them to reply. The Fridays before games were always quiet though. We sat around and watched movies, and talked about what we needed to do to win.

## AT A GLANCE

Brendan Prophett graduated with an economics degree. After working as an intern for the New York Giants and the NFL, as well as playing in the indoor Arena2 Football League with the Augusta Stallions, Prophett got a job with the New York Jets. He is in his third year as the team's Northeast Regional scout, responsible for evaluating college football players, working under former Trenton State football player, general manager Terry Bradway. He hopes to someday become an NFL general manager. He lives in Hoboken.



*Those football bonds are strong ones. I met a lot of people that are my friends for life. ...*

*It's amazing the things you remember.*

Those football bonds are strong ones. I met a lot of people that are my friends for life. Joe Scaravaglione, our captain, Ryan Knuckles, and Tino Russo work in insurance now. Jared Vitulli, our linebacker, got his MBA from Michigan and works in New York City for a bank. My current roommate, Brian Brosnan, was an offensive lineman. He manages a warehouse. Pete Harteveld works for Deloitte and Touche. Jason Clarke works for Merrill Lynch. Jimmy Haines, another captain, is training to be in the Secret Service. Paul Sperco is a New York City police officer. Joe Kirk is now head coach at JFK-Iselin. Kevin Curran is an executive at Lexus. Steve Guidette is at Commerce Bank. Tino and I still talk about some of those games. It's amazing the things you remember.

1999 (4-5)

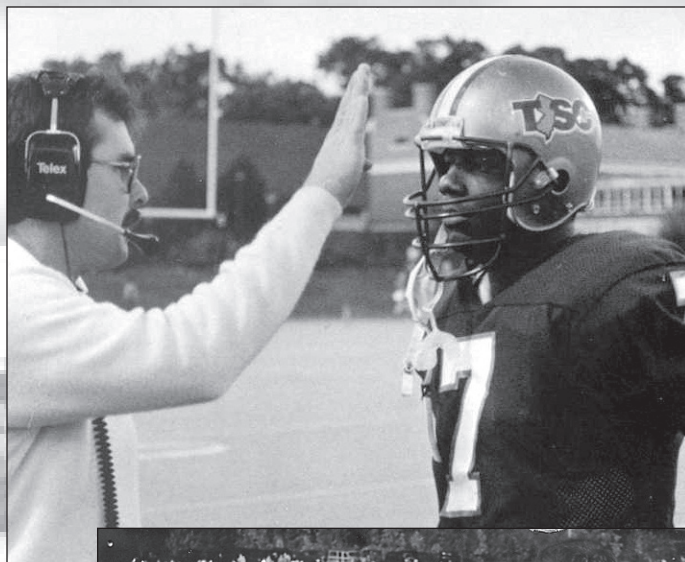
2000 (4-5)

2001 (6-4)

Game with William Paterson postponed because of 9/11 terrorist attacks.

The pride, courage, and dedication of all Lions before you lives on this rock. Touch it and you will gain their strength and be one with every Lion who has ever stepped on this field.

## More memories ...



Hamilton and quarterback Darin Roberts, who starred on the 1989 team.



Former Lion Roy Van Ness (right) watches from the sidelines with teammates. Van Ness would eventually become athletic director at the college.



Kent Schilling, Tyron Kirkland in a 1989 sideline shot.

*I might want to get into coaching someday.*

— Eric Hamilton in *Trenton Times*, Dec. 29, 1974

### Jay Finkel '75

There are many memories of being part of the Trenton State College football program. As the broadcaster for all of the games, home and away, I had the unique opportunity to see all of the games from all angles. From press boxes to sitting with fans, or broadcasting from the hill above the stadium, the team was exciting to watch and broadcast. There were personalities in the locker room that made those years fun to watch.

During my tenure, the team went through a few head coaches, which meant dealing with those different men and the players led to interviews that were unusual and good radio. I remember Pete Carmichael, who was great with the radio crew; Dick Curl, who is now in the NFL and how he came in to lead the team. The favorite places we played during my broadcast career were the old Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City, Salisbury, Md., Montclair State and Nichols College.

All in all, I would say that the experience of broadcasting play-by-play, conducting studio and game interviews, and getting the chance to spend time with the football program was one of the highlights of my college years. The best benefit of all was meeting Eric Hamilton in 1971 and still being able to consider him one of my best friends to this day. That was what this football program was all about.

*Jay Finkel's crew is believed to be the first to broadcast Trenton State's football season in its entirety. Finkel is now a stock trader for Lord Abbott and Company and lives with his family in Demarest, N.J.*

2002 (6-3)

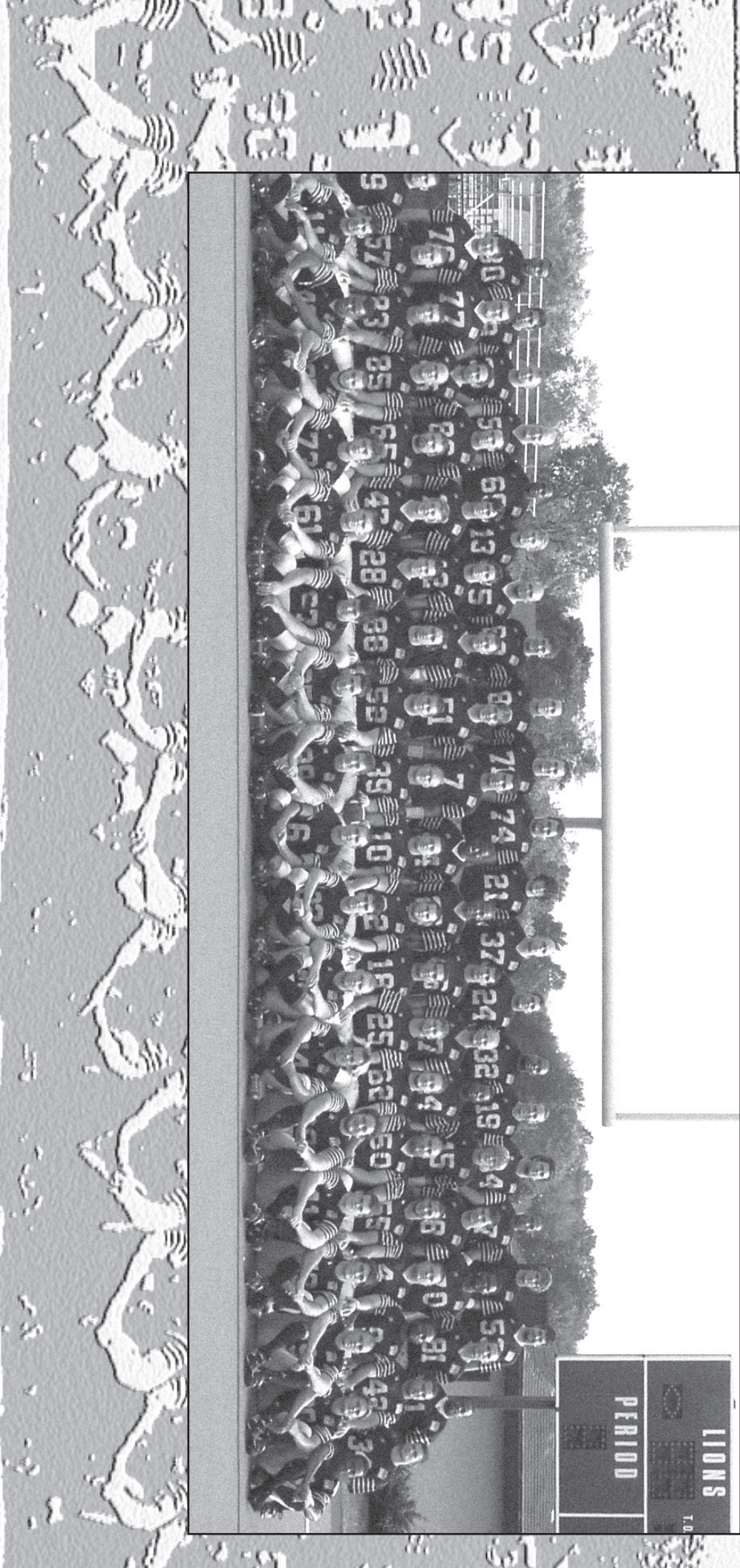
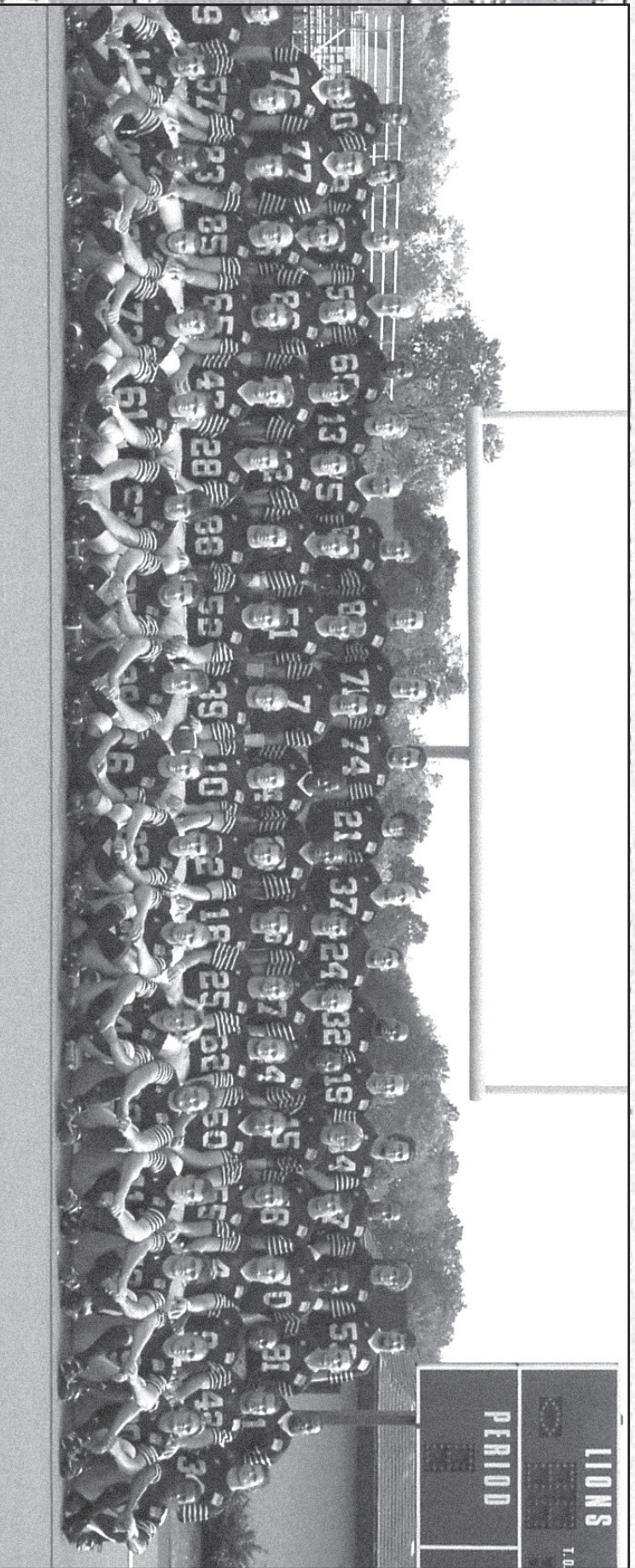
2003 (6-4)

TCNJ loses to Delaware Valley, 54-37 in ECAC Southeast Championship.

2004

*Stories of Glory* published, celebrating Lions' football history.

# The 2004 Lions



# Stories of Glory: Glory remembered

*Remembering Wade Watkins '85:*

Wade W. Watkins played for Trenton State College as a defensive tackle for four years. He also coached at TSC for an additional six years before going to FDU as a coach. He was a hard-working, dedicated player, even though he never started or even played all that much. He was always willing to do whatever was needed for the team. He bled blue and gold.

He did whatever he could to make the team better and was one of the nicest guys you would ever want to meet.

— Jim Ball '84

*Remembering William McEvoy '65:*

Billy Joe McEvoy, as we all knew him, passed away several years ago and is missed by all. He captained the team at TSC and was a very good athlete and football player, but he was much more than that. He was a great loyal friend, went out of his way to do good for anyone he came in contact with. He was an inspiration to the team by his fair play, good sportsmanship, and the way he played the game — all-out on every play.

I refer to him **AS THE BEST OF US ALL.**

— Steve Libro '65

*Remembering Hank Johns:*

Hank was a great football coach, coaching linebackers for eight years. He was really serious on the field. He taught me so much about dealing with people. He would lead the team in stretching every morning in football camp. He would always start it by saying 'It's a beautiful day in New Jersey.' The guys all remember that.

— Kelly Myers '79

