



**Chevrolet introduces 1969.
The year of the Super Sports.**

College Football's 100th Season

The Chevrolet Sports Department

Artist—Arnold Friberg

abbreviation "Assoc."), and rugby, the real forerunner of our game today.

In our earliest Colonial days, New England boys kicked inflated pig bladders through town streets, and American college students used a mass version of "football" for class rushing.

But wherever, however and whenever it was played, football was always—and still is—one thing: a vicarious outlet for boiling hot youth, a great way to blow off steam. And, from the beginning, that wonderful release was enjoyed by spectators as well as players.

The beginning was Nov. 6, 1869. A vim-filled band of Rutgers students had challenged an equally roisterous team from Princeton. That chilly afternoon in New Brunswick, N.J., they played the first intercollegiate game of football.

The stadium was Rutgers' College Field, and the number of bewildered spectators on hand was about 300, and the first college cheer was heard from some among them. A cluster of Princetons was said to have given the battle cry of New York's 7th Regiment.

The game in New Jersey a century ago had more of the flavor of a riot. It was a weird match involving slugging, shoving, kicking and getting mad. No one broke for the long run; carrying the ball was forbidden. And no one hurled the bomb. They only picked up the ball to refill it with air. As for uniforms, they were practically nonexistent. A few Rutgers men wore red turbans, but, mostly, the athletes (25 to a side) simply removed their suit jackets and waistcoats and stormed into one another.

As opposed to the strategies of

THE BEGINNING:

...from Greece to
Rome to England

...first American
college game

Kicking, pushing or somehow shoving a ball across an opponent's goal. Having the virile fun of knocking somebody down—or getting knocked down—while doing it. Vigorous boys have been doing that for centuries.

The Greeks did it and called it *harpaston*. Roman soldiers copied the game, and Italians played it as *calcio*. England got it from the conquering Romans, and eventually produced two games: Association football ("soccer" from the



"The First Game." In early days, the object was to outshove and outclaw the foe. Strategy was simple. Survive.

today, "All deep hook on 23 flag streak," as a normal quarterback might propose—the object was to nudge the ball through the great mass of clawing adversaries and try to kick it between goal posts set 25 feet apart at either end of a 140-yard-long playing field. The first team to boot six goals was declared the winner. The ball could only be kicked forward, or heeled backward, or butted with the head. If the ball were to be caught in midair, or on the first bounce, the catcher was allowed a free kick.

Curiously enough, the first game had much of the social atmosphere that gives modern college football the extra something it enjoys today. The Princeton team

arrived by train, had lunch and strolled around town before the kickoff. Excited well-wishers crowded around the players as they stripped down for battle. Spectators, perched on their buckboards or on a board fence, applauded as they took the field. The first game was on. Rutgers won 6-4.

Almost immediately, other Eastern schools joined the fun. Only ten years later, Michigan played Racine the first Midwestern game. And, in 1896, with football spreading swiftly, spontaneously, Yale's Walter Camp got a letter asking, "Will you kindly [teach me] the best way to develop a good football team?" James H. Kivlan, Univ. of Notre Dame.



'69 Camaro SS

To come this close to Corvette we picked the best sports-car brains around. (our own)

Behind that impudent new grille: a 350-cu.-in., 300-hp Turbo-Fire V8 (same credentials as the '69 Corvette's standard engine). Sweeten the handling to your own taste by

ordering such new features as quick-responding variable-ratio power steering and 'Vette-type 4-wheel power disc brakes. As part of the SS package on the sport coupe

above you also get a special domed hood, beefed-up sports-type suspension and wider 14 x 7-in. wheels with wide-oval white-lettered tires. Of course, we don't claim all this puts

a '69 Camaro SS in the same league with Corvette. But it sure doesn't leave much around in the same league with Camaro.



Putting you first keeps us first

Artist—Arnold Friberg



"Knute Rockne—The Coach." As the rules grew more sophisticated, men like Knute Rockne won their way to wide-spread fame.

FORMATIVE YEARS:

...first man to
run the ball

...first pass

...brute strength
gives way to brains

Go back to 1823 in England. A Rugby student named William Webb Ellis is bored frantic by a tedious, scoreless-tie "soccer" game. Finally, he blows—grabs the ball and runs, dodging, smashing, stiff-arming across the goal. The first man to run with the ball broke the rules of his game, but started a new one: rugby or "rigger."

Now, it's 1895 in America. A North Carolina fullback is trapped behind his line trying to punt. The ball in his hands is like the proverbial hot potato. Suddenly, he throws it away, downfield. A shocked but smart teammate catches it, and runs 70 yards for

a touchdown. The first forward pass!

Both innovations that so importantly shaped our modern game were acts of desperation not deliberation. But everything else about college football—including refinement of both the run and the pass—provides a showcase of American brains, inventiveness and organizing ability. Developing the game has taken intelligence that justifies its place on college campuses.

It was rugby that would form the basis for the American game, once the intercollegiate sport had been introduced, and Amos Alonzo Stagg always felt that three schools deserved most of the credit for it. Harvard first took up rugby and insisted it was better suited to the American character than the raw shove-and-kick game that Rutgers and Princeton had played. Princeton, said Stagg, pressed for the first rules convention. And Yale's leaders were the ones who insisted that the number of players on a side be fixed at 11.

Changes came rapidly to the game in the 1870's and 1880's, and Yale's Walter Camp, "the father of American football," was mostly responsible for them all. As Knute Rockne once said, "Our game was born by two distinctive departures from rugby. First, the center passing the ball to a quarterback, which eliminated the indiscriminate scrum. And second, the rule which made four touchdowns equal to a field goal. This was the start of 'downs' and modern scoring." Walter Camp invented both.

As the game's popularity spread, so did innovations. Guards pulled and blocked. So did tackles.

Quarterbacks learned to lateral, and then to pass. Fakes originated. Plays were called. And flying wedges formed. Still, for years, it was a game for iron men, for linemen who stood upright and fought each other fist and foot, largely without proper pads or helmets, a game where only an injury resulted in substitution. But it was moving. It was becoming a game that reflected the spirit of a nation with its sweep, technique, strategy, speed, imagination, daring and courage.

It would always be a game of incredible invention. It would evolve from Alonzo Stagg's ancient T-formation—regular formation, it was called—to a world replete with stratagem. Pop Warner's single wing and double wing would do the most to break up the strangling mass, but ultimately it would give way in vogue to such bizarre formations as Don Faurot's Split-T and the currently popular I-formation, or Shifting-T, as best refined by USC's John McKay.

One of the beauties of college football, from its earliest formative years, has been this blending of brains and brawn. Brilliant pioneer coaches—Walter Camp and Amos Alonzo Stagg, to name just the two most famous—sought boys who could outthink opponents. But football has also always attracted boys who enjoy rugged contact, admire courage and hard work. Boys who respond to a coach like Bob Zuppke of Illinois, who once told a player, "Son, I don't look for tackles, I listen for them."



'69 Impala SS 427

About all that's left for its rivals to offer you is excuses.

Up to now sport like this was something you splurged on. But look at what this robust new Impala brings you at a Chevrolet price. Clean-honed styling subtleties like the extended loop-around

bumper line on the custom coupe above. Comforts like Astro Ventilation in every model. Engineering niceties like variable-ratio power steering you can order for quicker, virtually

effortless maneuvering. Even headlights that wash themselves—a new push-button assist available for better visibility. And it's all set in motion by a 427-cu.-in. Turbo-Jet V8 that

turns out up to 390-hp. SS 427. Three-quarters pure luxury. Three-quarters pure sport. If you figure that adds up to a car and a half —you're right.



Putting you first keeps us first

At the start, college football gave robust Americans a perfect outlet. But almost too perfect. Football nearly died of excess roughness. (During an 1893 Purdue-Chicago melee, the Tippecanoe County District Attorney threatened to indict every player for assault and battery.)

Then, the National Collegiate Athletic Association stepped in with rules that opened up the game (i.e., separated the combatants), made it safer and, surprisingly, far more exciting.

Now, free to grow, football exploded in popularity because it filled urgent needs of millions more people—and of colleges, themselves.

TAKING HOLD:

...enter NCAA
...football heroes
and No. 1 ratings
...sports for
all students

Artist—Arnold Friberg



"Howell to Hutson—The Passing Game." Passing and receiving were to become refined arts, and no one ever caught quite like Don Hutson.

"It made America college-conscious," said one coach. A state university president noted that bond issues—for academic buildings and salaries—were passed by people who never went to college but who were now proud of their schools.

It earned alumni devotion. Grantland Rice wrote, "We met an old grad who didn't care whether you roasted or boosted his...team ...or whether you even mentioned it. It was the first funeral we had attended in years."

Gate receipts paid (as they still do) to expand other sports—inter-collegiate and intra-mural—spreading physical fitness to all students.

What this adds up to is proof enough that football had come a long way from the era of the ear-flapping headgear. Yet for all of the progress, one juncture of time remains more important, perhaps, than all others. Without much exaggeration, it can be said that college football really achieved the eminent place it enjoys today in a brief period from the mid-1920's into the late 1930's—a time when America seemed to crave heroes and got them by the benches full.

All-Americans had been originated by Walter Camp (1889), and it was years later that an obscure Illinois professor named Frank G. Dickinson would devise the first rating system (1924). Both features actually caught hold in the 1920's. That was the time the nation truly clutched at the superstars—a Red Grange, an Ernie Nevers, a Bronko Nagurski, the Four Horsemen, a Chris Cagle. And it was for Knute Rockne's legions at South Bend that the familiar chant, "We're Number

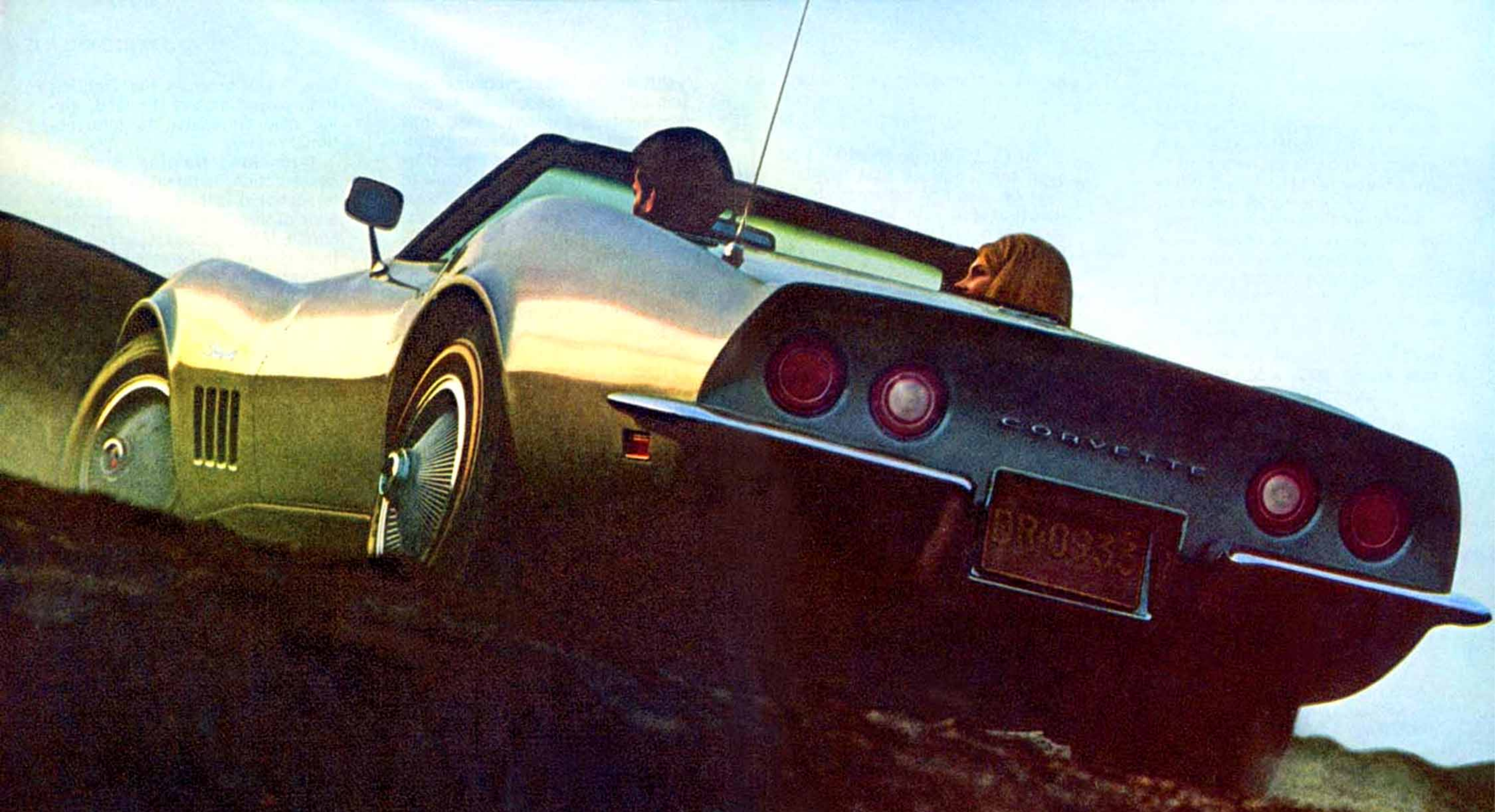
One," was born as the Fighting Irish played across the land, giving new dimension to intersectional rivalry.

Intensified training, stadium construction, national ratings, intersectional scheduling, acceptance of the aerial game, marching bands, All-Americans, a rash of bowl games, new giants of coaching, players of the year—all such creations were the legacies of the '20's and '30's.

And into this era swept a new kind of gridiron hero—the specialist. It might be a Sam Baugh at TCU, the purest of passers, an Erny Pinckert at USC, the rowdiest of blockers, a Tom Harmon at Michigan, the most dazzling of runners, or a Don Hutson at Alabama, first of the magnificent receivers.

Professional football would eventually provide the stage for specialists to perform, and by so doing it would slightly disfigure history. Only a few would one day be able to recall that in his college career Sam Baugh was a superb punter and a vicious defender as well as the best passer up to his time. Also, that Don Hutson's miracle catches were often overshadowed by his darting runs on the end-around play, or by the defensive gems he pulled off in the company of one of his illustrious Alabama teammates—a man named Bear Bryant.

College is where these men matured. It's also where so many others, playing football, get educations they might never have had. And it's where, because of football, millions of students—on all kinds of playing fields, courts and in pools—learn lessons only sport can teach.



'69 Corvette

You don't have to beware of substitutes. There aren't any.

As soon as you slip into the cockpit you know you're in a one-of-a-kind machine. Nudge the accelerator—an avid new 300-hp standard V8 answers (up to 435-hp on tap for

the ordering). Take a curve—wider new 15 x 8-in. wheels, coupled with 4-wheel independent suspension, give you riveted-to-the-road stability. And you can have the full

wind-in-the-face feel of a convertible whether you pick the one above or the Sting Ray Coupe (with its unique removable roof panels and rear window). It figures Corvette

is the only genuine sports car built in America. One like this is enough to discourage anybody else from even trying.



Putting you first keeps us first

TODAY:
...football for millions
...the super sport

The time is now. It is the day of the biggest game of 1967 with USC meeting UCLA before 92,000 in the Los Angeles Coliseum for the national championship. And it is almost too much to bear, a brutal rebellion on a sunlit day that is bursting apart with heroism. All afternoon, with impossible poise and courage, the two teams have battered one another, and now in the last quarter a valiant All-American named Gary Beban of UCLA has put his team ahead, 20 to 14. But suddenly, then, it is the moment for another All-American, O. J. Simpson of USC.

Simpson starts an end run to his left and turns upfield. He dances through a hole. He breaks one tackle. He breaks another. The goal is 64 yards away, but Simpson is a streaking, crimson-jerseyed blur now, bolting over the embattled turf, his strides getting

longer, nothing but glory ahead, and clusters of weary Bruins collapsing vainly behind him. He is gone.

All that college football had ever been, and all that it might ever be, seemed somehow to be incorporated into that frenzied moment of last year. Two splendid teams, after all, had played the great game they were supposed to play. And the super-modern athlete—big, fast, shifty, durable O. J. Simpson—had been the man to win it. He had won it the way he was expected to win it, with a late, dramatic, dazzling journey before a crammed stadium of thoroughly wrung-out souls, and millions of others watching on ABC's nationwide telecast.

There will, of course, be another big game in 1968, and no doubt another O. J. Simpson to win it. The game might be played in another big city like Los Angeles, or in one of those campus towns which can be transformed into a big city because of a certain Saturday. They are everywhere and their names are as familiar as Rockne. They are Austin and South Bend, Tuscaloosa and East Lansing, Norman and Chapel Hill, New Haven and Boulder, and hundreds of others.

One of the more important facets of college football is that its boundaries are wide. College Station, Texas, for example, can become a major league city overnight if the Aggies are winning again. The capital of Georgia can move from Atlanta to Athens as quickly as a halfback can run to daylight. The sport has spread so much in interest, in fact, that the jet age of the 1960's has annually produced crowds of over 25

million ticket buyers at collegiate contests—three times the number who pay to see professional games in the NFL and AFL combined.

The 1968 season began with more than 500 schools fielding teams under the auspices of the National Collegiate Athletic Assn. Over 60 conference championships, large and small, were to be decided. At least 18 major teams would be invited to play post-season games in Pasadena, Dallas, New Orleans, Miami, Jacksonville, Memphis, Houston, El Paso and Atlanta. No less than 10 legitimate All-America selections would be made. And five nationally accepted agencies would crown a mythical

national champion—the AP, UPI, Football Writers Assn. of America, National Hall of Fame, and Helms Athletic Foundation.

In the midst of all this, bands would march, bonfires would burn, chartered jets would fly, special trains would run, cheerleaders would leap, coaches would be sainted, effigies would hang, stadiums would be enlarged, reunions would occur, and O. J. Simpsons would continue to run. And run.

No one in that Princeton-Rutgers scramble 100 years ago would ever have believed it.

"O. J. Runs for Daylight." O. J. Simpson exemplified the modern attack in 1967. Sooner or later, he would break and beat you.



Artist—Arnold Friberg




'69 Chevelle SS 396

If our competition had one like it we'd have a lot more competition.

The beguiling thing about this SS 396 Sport Coupe is that it gives you all the comforts you expect in a family car. Soft and spacious seats. New Astro Ventilation that circulates

outside air through the interior without wind noise. Full door-glass styling. But beneath these amenities—it's pure agility. With special flat-cornering suspension astride

wider 14 x 7-in. wheels and wide-oval white-lettered tires. Power disc brakes. Dual chrome-tipped exhausts. And under its twin-domed hood—up to 350 Turbo-Jet hp. It used to be that

only two-car families got driving versatility like this. But now you can get it all in one quick-sized  SS 396.

Putting you first keeps us first

1968 NCAA Football on

Follow your favorite college team this fall on ABC-TV, the No. 1 Network for sports. Chris Schenkel, Bud Wilkinson and Bill Flemming bring you all the action in the year of the Super Stars.

Sept. 28	<i>Purdue at Notre Dame Florida at Florida State Colorado at California Holy Cross at Harvard</i>	Nov. 16	<i>Pacific Coast Conf.* Big Ten* Southwest Conf.* Big Eight*</i>
Oct. 5	<i>Washington at Oregon State</i>		<i>Alabama at Miami (night game)</i>
Oct. 12	<i>Penn State at UCLA Mississippi at Georgia Wyoming at Brigham Young Montana at Idaho</i>	Nov. 23	<i>Nebraska at Oklahoma Southern Cal.—U.C.L.A. (night game)</i>
Oct. 19	<i>Alabama at Tennessee Northwestern at Ohio State North Texas State at Tulsa Utah at Wyoming</i>	Nov. 28	<i>Texas A & M at Texas</i>
Oct. 26	<i>Notre Dame at Michigan State</i>	Nov. 30	<i>Army-Navy</i>
Nov. 2	<i>Dartmouth at Yale Texas Tech at Rice Indiana at Wisconsin Clemson at North Carolina State</i>	Dec. 7	<i>Syracuse at Penn State</i>
Nov. 9	<i>Purdue at Minnesota</i>	Dec. 14	<i>Liberty Bowl</i>
		Dec. 25	<i>North-South Shrine Game</i>
		Dec. 28	<i>East-West Shrine Game</i>

*Games to be selected at later date

Plus—A "Wild-Card" doubleheader game on a date to be determined.

Special Centennial Football Offer made exclusively by the NCAA.

18" by 24" Centennial Prints

The four dramatic football paintings in this insert—beautifully lithographed on fine-quality paper.

Four Centennial Prints, \$3.00

Centennial Medallion

Special bronze medallion (or collector's coin) commemorating the 100th year of college football.

2¾" Medallion, \$6.00

1½" Collector's Coin, \$2.00

College Band Stereo LP

12" long-playing record with 20 famous college songs, including the new official NCAA march.

LP Record, \$1.00

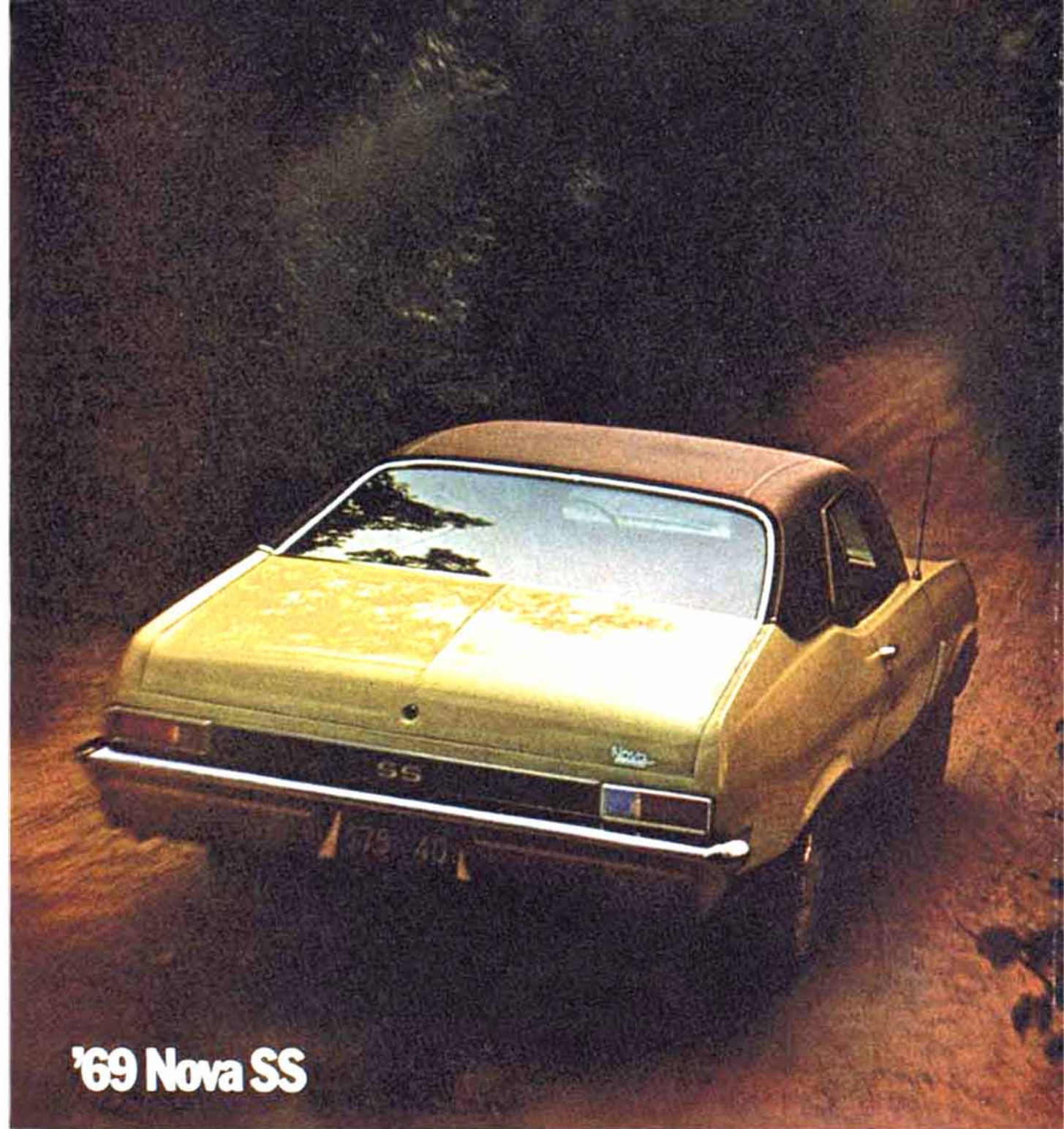
I enclose \$ _____ to cover the delivered cost of the items I have checked.

name _____

street _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Mail check, cash or money order to: L. G. Balfour Co.
P. O. Box 11608, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111



'69 Nova SS

Don't be fooled by expensive imitations.

Only Chevrolet could build one so brash—and tag it so modestly. This Chevy Nova Coupe is the lowest priced of the Super Sports. Yet you get all of the unmistakable earmarks—black-accented grille, simulated hood intakes and fender louvers. Plus all the bona fide underpinnings

—hefty suspension, wider new 14 x 7-in. wheels with wide ovals, power disc brakes, 300-hp V8. You get the idea. One of these days maybe our competition will, too. But why wait when you can get into a Nova SS now?



Putting you first keeps us first



Now that we've put you first again we'd like to help keep you there.

Chevrolet didn't get to be the best seller just by being lucky. We got there and stay there by putting you—your needs and wants—first.

That's why we're always trying to do better by you. With friendlier salesmen who have more car savvy. With service technicians who have uncommon skill and schooling. With information that's really informative. And even with little things, like a smile that's really a smile.

In building these new 69's, Chevrolet has put you in your place: first.

And we aim to make sure you stay there.