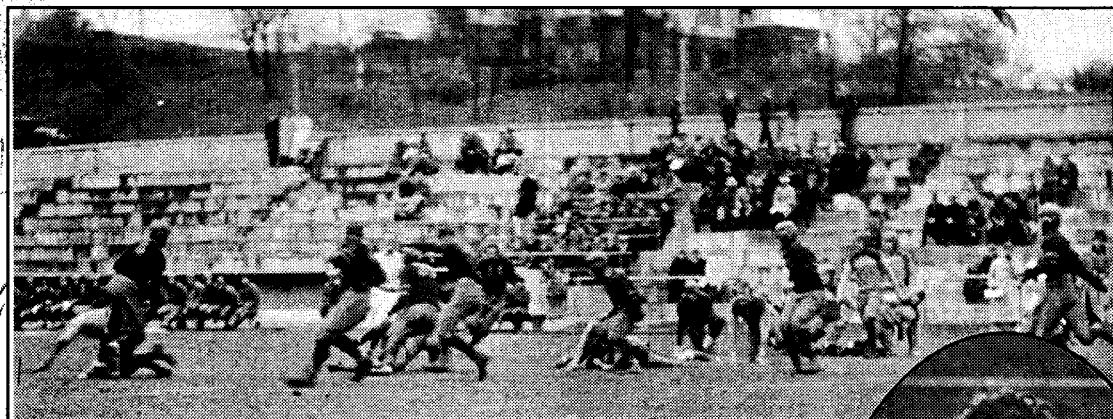


# THE HISTORICAL TIMES

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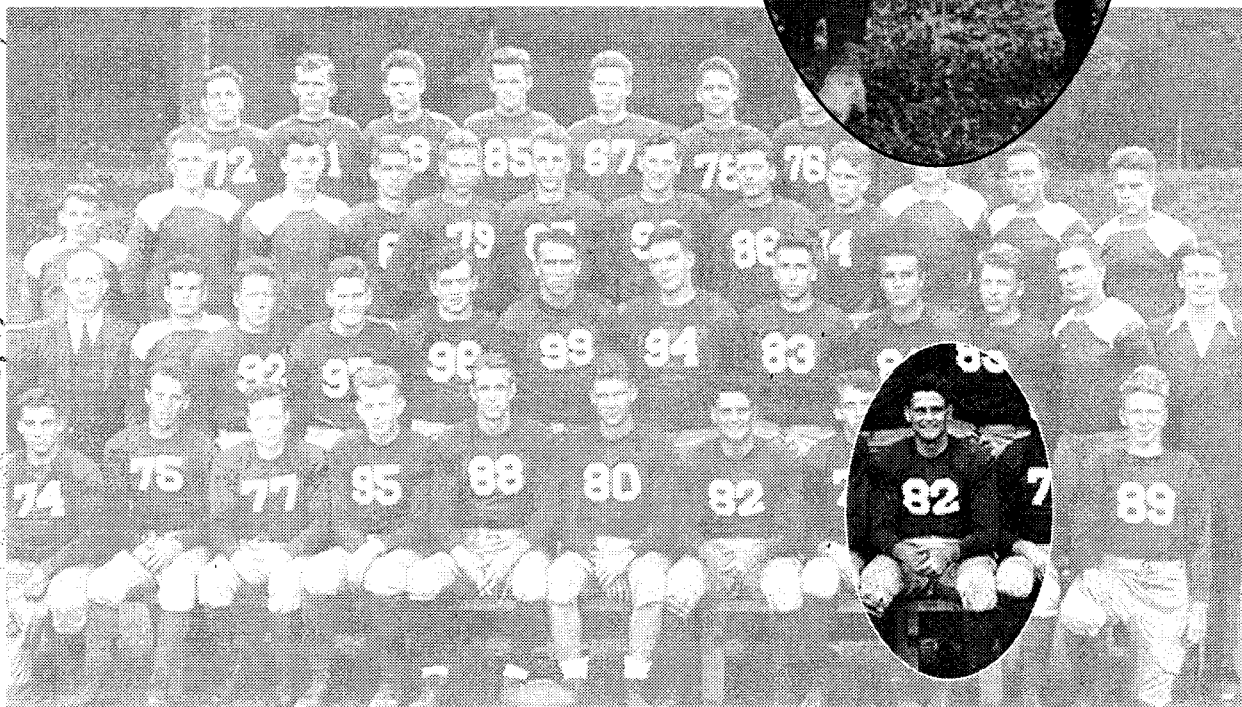
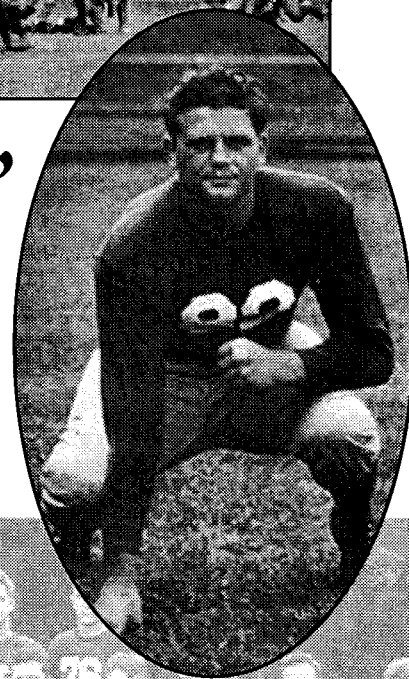


## “That Was Woody,”

by

Robert McDaniel

*(As Told to Louis I. Middleman)*



# "That Was Woody, by Robert McDaniel

(As Told to Louis I. Middleman, September 26, 2002)

**Woody Hayes was a complex man, and to get to him wasn't easy. One time, a reporter asked his son, Steve, to describe Woody so he could do a piece on him. Steve replied, "Well, it's about like trying to walk through a mine field at midnight blindfolded."**

I don't know whether I'd go that far or not, but it's true to a point. In 1989, I made a videotape, which I gave to the Denison University athletic department, on the one hundredth anniversary of Denison University playing football, and I called it "A Century of Big Red Football." I traced the Big Red grid fortunes from 1889, with the opening game at Wooster, down to what was then the present time. And I tried to include many people who played for Woody at Denison, and also many who played and coached against him\*.

And I thought it'd be a good idea to get somebody who really knew him. If anybody did, that was his wife, his beloved Annie. He met Anne Gross when both were high school at New Philadelphia, where he courted and married her. And when it was suggested she ought to be in the Hall of Fame, it was unanimous, because somebody said, "Hell, yes! Anybody that could be married to Woody Hayes for over fifty years ought to be in the Hall of Fame."

Although Annie had been ill with emphysema, she said yes, she would be glad for me to interview her. And so she came over and she was the last one on the tape. I thought that would be a good way to end it. We were standing on the porch of Beth Eden House, then the president's home, now the Admissions Office. I told her I hoped someday to write my memoirs about Woody and asked for permission. She said, "Well, Bob, I want you to promise me one thing." And I said, "Sure, Annie. What is it?" She said, "I want you to do the same thing Woody would ask if he were here. Woody, as you know, was a history buff, and much of his history and his coaching were based on what he thought was Civil War strategy. One of his heroes was William Tecumseh Sherman. When anyone asked to paint Sherman, he replied, 'on one condition — warts and all.' All right Bob — warts and all." "Annie, here we go."

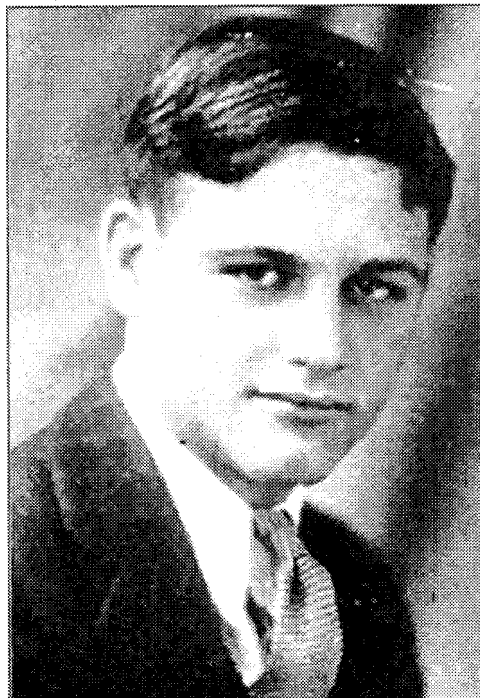
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[\* Editor's note: Nobody has yet been able to find this tape. All you who have looked, please don't stop. When you find it, take it to archivist Heather Lyle at Doane Library, who will have it copied and catalogued. We want to see this tape!]

## Football, Yes, but Not Just Football

Most people know Woody only as a football genius and strategist. Not many realize he was a very well read man. If you went to his office at Denison or Ohio State or Miami or wherever, you saw shelves lined with books, but not about football. They were about anything and everything. And Woody had read most of them, if not all. Coming from an intellectual middle class family, he was well read and articulate.

His father, Wayne Benton Hayes, after whom Steve was named (Steven Benton Hayes, now a judge in Columbus) wanted to be a schoolteacher, but he had a hard time and was not able to go straight through college. He took courses here and there, but he had a family to support. And he was teaching in Granville, the principal of a one-room school, even before he got a college degree. (You didn't have to have one back then. If you wanted to teach, you took an examination given by the local superintendent, for either elementary or high school. If you passed, you were in.) Finally he got enough credits to graduate from Wittenberg, which has been one of Denison's oldest rivals.



**Woody Hayes, Class of 1935  
Denison Adytum**

Woody grew up in a home in which his mother was a force. She gave him a strong understanding of honesty and fair play and the ethic that Woody later brought when he became a coach at Denison. That's no big surprise. But you may not know, because few do, that Woody wasn't the only one in the family who played football. His brother, who became a veterinarian, went to the University of Iowa and was an all-American end. Woody often talked to him about football strategy.

When Woody came to college at Denison, he was a good football player — not outstanding, but good. He was beefy and played tackle. He was, however, a better than average baseball player, and although he made his mark as the football coach, he was just as proud that he also won the Ohio Conference championship in baseball! While he was growing up, he also boxed, to pick up a little money on the side — not under his own name, because he was afraid his mother would find out. Whether that

road would have led to success, nobody knows. But when he joined the Sigma Chi fraternity at Denison, the brothers had him as sort of a boxing coach. And later he also coached boxing as a faculty member. So he was an all-around athlete, although football was of course his dominant area.

When he graduated in 1935, he had to get a job. And by the way, as not many people realize, he did not major in Physical Education. He majored in history and English with a view to becoming a lawyer. Many times after he left Denison he came back here to talk to Harvey De Weerd, who was head of the history department then, and to Bill Utter and some of the people that he had had. He was an articulate speaker at athletic banquets, having taken all the speech courses he could, under Dr. Lionel Crocker, whom he revered.

Woody was proud of his speaking ability because of the first A he ever got in speech. In most beginning speech courses, there was, and probably still is, a speech that's a glorified show and tell. You have to tell how to make or do something, and you can use props. Woody thought, well, he didn't want to talk about playing football, playing tackle or something, because maybe somebody else would do that. Besides, girls wouldn't be interested. So he hit upon the idea of demonstrating a dance step. In those days, Denison's speech department, as many of you who read this know, was on the top floor of Doane Academy. It wasn't Doane Academy then, but Doane had been a prep school for Denison. And up there on the top floor was the auditorium, where they had chapel every morning, and commencement, and plays. There was a platform at the end with very hard theater seats. So Woody got up on the platform, having brought a portable Victrola, which you cranked by

hand, and put the record on. Woody persuaded some coed to be his partner; he was going to get up on the stage and dance, demonstrating how to do the Lambert Walk, a recent importation from England. So he did. And he started, and with all due respect, and I hope Woody isn't looking over my shoulder now, when I tell you this, he had about as much

grace as a runaway cement mixer. When the music started, he pushed the girl. He shoved her. He stepped on her feet. He kicked her in the shins. She must have suffered the torments of the damned! But Woody went at it the way he did everything else – with fortitude! And at the end, everybody, including Dr. Crocker, was breaking up. But they all rose and gave him a standing ovation and clapped. He got an A. And he said, "That's the first A I ever got in speech, and boy, I figured after that, I was going to learn to speak." And so he did.

### The Road Back to Granville

On December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor, Woody, with Annie's permission, enlisted in the navy, rising in his nearly five years to lieutenant commander, which is about the equivalent of a major in the army. He saw some tough action in the south Pacific. If memory serves me correctly, he was commander of a sub chaser. When he got out of the navy and returned to Columbus, his phone number was not unlisted. You could call him up in the middle of the night and bawl him out if you wanted to. He thought you had the right to do that. And when any of the men he had served with came to Columbus, he would always try to have them come for dinner and ask how the old gang was doing.

During the war years, Denison, like Ohio Wesleyan, Capital, and Wooster – all small schools – did not field athletic teams, for two reasons: first, most of the men were gone; all they had were freshmen. And second, gas rationing meant you couldn't go very far to play or watch sports. So they just waited. But in the season of '46

it started again. Now Woody's coach at Denison was a man by the name of Tom Rogers, who, as the football annals attest, was an icon. He was an outstanding player, named to two or three all-Ohio teams.

In those days there were only five bowls, not the 30 we have now. There was a game on some New Year's morning in San Francisco, organized by the Shriners, with the proceeds going to their crippled children's hospital. They invited players from schools of all sizes, pitting a team representing west of the Mississippi River against a team from east. The Shriners sent Tom Rogers an invitation to come and play. But the invitation was sent to the athletic director, Walter J. Livingston, the beloved Livvy. Livvy got it and put it in his pocket and forgot about it. And Tom Rogers never saw the invitation. But he never

was angry about it. He would always laugh.

I had the pleasure of working under Tom as a news and sports announcer at WCLT, where he became manager after leaving Denison. Both Livvy and Tom wanted Woody to come to Denison and coach. One reason they wanted Woody was his expertise at the real inner workings of the game. Let me explain.

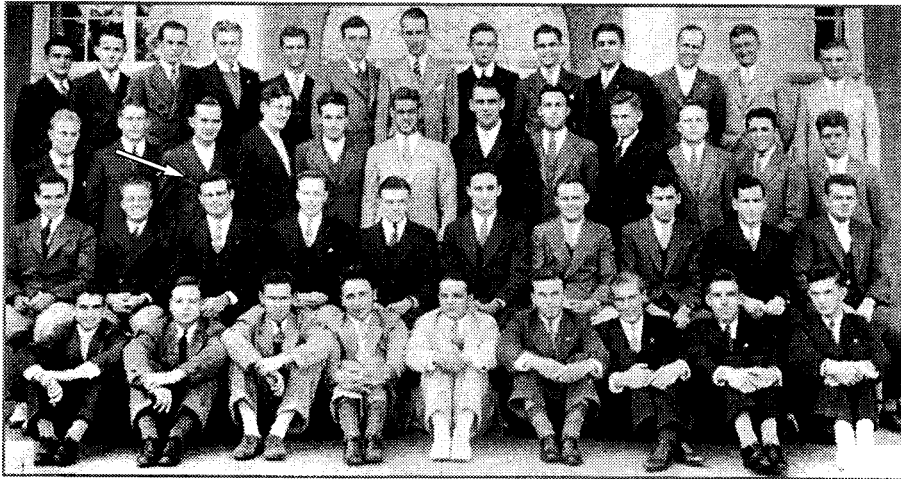
Most people, when they watch a football game, watch the backs, because they're glamorous. They watch the quarterback getting ready to pass, and if he has the time, he can do it – but notice I said if he has the time, because it's the grunts, the linemen who must hold up the onrushing beef, so that he can get the time. Who opens up the holes? Who does the blocking? They don't get the glamour. But as many coaches will tell you, the best seat for a football game is not on the fifty-yard line, it's the end zone! You can see the plays develop. It's in the trenches where your game is won. Woody was a tackle. That's what Woody saw.

When he came to be interviewed, he said he wasn't really interested in coaching per se. He wanted to become a lawyer. Now, under the G. I. Bill, he could have gone back to his former job, at New Philadelphia, where he had been for three years before the war. But then he considered that New Philadelphia, close to Canton, was a long drive from Columbus, whereas Denison was just 26 miles away. And so he told them, "Now, I'm not going to coach very long, but I will coach here. But, I am going to be a lawyer." Later, that fell by the wayside.

### The Legendary Streak

Woody Hayes began coaching at Denison in 1946, the first year of a three-year contract. It was a time of some turmoil on campus, with all the returning veterans. Woody's first team here was composed of "regular" college kids and veterans – some, by the

Woody Hayes, with his Sigma Chi Fraternity Brothers



way, who had outranked him! And so there was a clash. We didn't have a very good season, winning two, losing six – abominable to Woody. The primary problem was that Woody still acted like he was striding on the quarterdeck. He horsed these guys around, and they didn't care for it. They'd had enough in the service; behind his back they called him Captain Bligh.

Although he never mellowed, Woody did, at the end of the season, begin to wonder if he'd been a little too rough. In the last game, we were going down to Springfield to play Wittenberg, and Woody figured they were going to clean our clock. So he lightened up and basically told the players to go on out and have fun. Well, Denison upset Wittenberg – and that, of course, raised morale and gave an impetus to the 1947 season. In 1947, things were different. Now, we have had undefeated teams: I think Keith Piper had two back to back in the late '80's or early '90's. But starting with that last game of 1946, Woody's eighteen game winning streak was undefeated and untied. And that has never been done before or since. Many men from that team went on to graduate school and to play pro ball.

### Anger Management: Oedipus Hayes?

But for all this success, Woody had many things in common with the hero in a Greek tragedy. Such a hero is basically a good person, who wants to rise to some great pinnacle in whatever it is they want to do, and who will let nothing stand in the way. Achieve it they will, regardless of the cost. Well, the ancient Greeks believed, Sophocles believed, that we all have something they called *hubris*, the pride of life, which, if you do not watch it, will bring you down. Both Oedipus and Woody had terrible tempers. The unwitting result of Oedipus's anger was killing his father and marrying his mother, after which he carved his eyes out to try not to see what he had done. Nothing like that of course, was to happen to Woody. But those of us who knew him hoped his furious temper would never show up in a game, because if it did, he would be the architect of his own destruction.

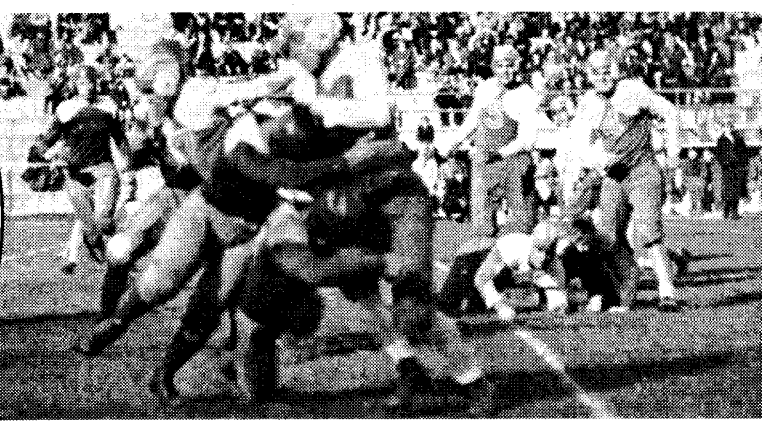
And that is exactly what happened to him. He tried, I'm sure, to curb his temper; but it did come out, finally, at the Gator Bowl, against Clemson, in 1978, after he'd gone from Denison to Miami of Ohio, in Oxford, and then to Ohio State. At Ohio State, in 1968, he rose to that sought-after pinnacle: Ohio State was the national champion, and he was coach of the year. That's the first time that ever happened in Ohio State's history.

But I'm getting a little ahead. After Denison's stunning streak in 1947, Woody saw his chance to rise. And of the many places that offered him jobs with more money and more prestige, he chose Miami of Ohio, for a sentimental reason. When he was coaching in New Philadelphia High School, the man who introduced him to Anne, whom he later married, was the coach and athletic director there, a friend of mine from Newark, a Miami icon, and the best man at Woody's and Anne's wedding, Johnny Brickles. Brickles was one of those who pushed for Woody's getting the job. So he came to Miami and did well.

And then, of course, at Ohio State, starting in 1951, he did well. And in 1978, he was invited to play Clemson in the Gator Bowl down in Jacksonville, Florida. With just a few minutes left in the game, Clemson was ahead, 17-15, but Ohio State was driving.

Now, to lead up to what happened there, you need to know that one thing Woody despised was passing. He came out of a ground-oriented culture, in which you only passed when you had to. He once said, and this quote won't be perfect, but pretty good, "If you put a ball in the air, one of three things will happen, two of them bad! I'll give you the good thing first. It may be complete. If it is you may gain or score a touchdown or even win. But the two bad are: if it's incomplete you've lost a down, and if you throw, the other side may intercept. And then you may have lost your chance to win or they may score." Now he did call for passes when he had somebody who could do it well, but he really didn't care much for passing.

In this situation with Clemson, they had to resort to passing to try to pull the game out. So they were moving the ball down the field, and the quarterback dropped back and threw a pass. And one of the defensive players, a linebacker by the name of Charlie Bauman,



stepped in front of the intended Ohio receiver, intercepted the pass, and stepped out of bounds. Well, of course, that was that. I mean, they were simply just going to run out the clock. The score stayed

Woody grabbed Bauman by the shoulder, turned him around, and punched him. Right there, in front of a national television audience. Well, there was his Oedipus temper; that was his destruction. The next day, that scene was all over the place – on television, radio, in the newspapers. The athletic director, who had earlier played football for Woody, called him and he said, "Now look, Woody, I'll give you a break. If you resign, you know, you can get out gracefully." Woody said, "I won't!" Now there's the temper again. "Well, then, the only thing I can do is fire you." Woody said, "Go ahead."

On the trip back, Woody didn't tell the team. And they didn't see any papers or anything like that. But just before they landed in Columbus, Woody got up in front of the plane and said, "I won't be here come next year." (Years later, in some of his speeches, he'd say, "Well, you know, I once said there were two bad things that could happen if you pass. Now there's a third! It happened to me. You can get fired!" He had a sense of humor until the end.)



Near the end of his life, when he was suffering from diabetes, every evening Annie used to push him in his wheel chair out around their block in Upper Arlington. The athletic director who'd fired him had retired, but he did come and see him. He said, "Woody, that was one of the hardest things I ever had to do. Fire you. Right up there with having to bury my father." Woody said, "Well, if you didn't, I wouldn't have had much respect for you. I got exactly what I deserved." So, warts, yes. Indeed, many of his players didn't like him, because he could be intimidating. Believe me! He could cut down a two hundred and eighty-five pound tackle to a bowl of quaking Jello by saying "You are a rimless zero!" He could be vindictive. He could be mean. He could be sarcastic. He could be cruel. He could be unfeeling. All of these, yes.

But in addition to the warts he could be kind. He could be understanding. He would help you. He would go the extra mile. When he said, "Oh, there's life after football," people thought he was just kidding. He wasn't. He made sure his players graduated. And if the reader thinks that this is so much hokey, talk to Archie Griffin. Because Archie quit after he won his second Heisman trophy, in 1975. He only had a quarter to go, but he quit to play with the Cincinnati Bengals. Andy Woody told him, "This is the dumbest

use to be like that. If you watch television today, you'll see the offensive coordinator up in the booth sending in the play to the coach who in turn sends it in to the team. Back then you couldn't do that. The quarterback called the plays. He might have them scripted on his arm, because it could be complicated. The field was broken up into different zones, in each of which you'd have a different variety of plays.

But my main point is, they didn't send people in and out back then. And as a result, the scores were much closer. Today, when Northwestern beats Navy 49 to 14, or some such score, it's not unusual. I liked it better in Woody's day, but that's just my opinion.

### The Brains Coach

Woody Hayes gets the credit for instituting the brains coach. Meaning, if you were a player having trouble with a given academic subject, you had to go to a study table every evening, where somebody would help you. You had to do that to stay eligible. Woody figured if you couldn't make at least C in your college studies, you sure wouldn't be able to understand a complicated play book. So his students did well.



*A Game under the Lights in 1934!*

thing you ever did because of the fact you're not big enough. You're not good enough, either, to play professional football." I believe Archie lasted a little more than a season, then came back to finish his degree. Today, after 16 years as Associate Athletic Director, he's President of OSU's Alumni Association.

### Football Then and Now

Many, of course, questioned Woody's methods. Well, I don't know. I'm not a football coach. Would he be as successful today? I don't know that, either, because the game has changed so much since Woody was coaching. The essential change is the two platoon system. Woody used only one, which had to play both offense and defense. Now I'm not knocking two platoons, because it gives more fellows a chance to play. But if you'll notice who gets the Heisman trophy today, it's always a back or an end. It's never the grunts, the men who open the holes and take the beating. Also, whereas Woody had one assistant, today's coaches have eight or nine – an assistant for nearly every position. Next, back then you could not coach from the sideline. Today you see hands being waved, people being sent in, out, and this and that and the other.

Today you have specialists – the offensive line, the defensive line, the punters, the extra point kickers, the field goal kickers. It didn't

To give an example from his years coaching at Denison: A player lived in Talbot Hall, one of the oldest buildings on campus, now the site of Knapp Hall. The first and second floors were the home of the English and foreign language departments. The third floor was a men's dormitory. This player, who was rather full of himself, cut an eight o'clock class one morning, held on the second floor – a class in British literature, under Professor Erie Shumaker. Now, no matter where he coached – Denison, Miami, Ohio State – Woody always told the faculty, "if any of my players aren't doing well, don't tell them, tell me." So Shumaker did. He told Woody.

And so one nice fall morning, the player, who was in bed, heard a banging on the door. "Who is it?," he said. Woody said, "Get your damn pants on. We're going to class." And so he opened up the door. Woody came in. And Woody made him shove his pajama pants right down in his regular pants, and put on a shirt and tie. Then he took him by the elbow, led him down the stairs, and knocked on the door. When somebody opened the door, Woody said, "May we come in?" Everybody, looked around and grinned. The fellow looked rather sheepish. Woody said "SIT DOWN." And the fellow sat down, and Woody sat down next to him and said, "Don't you leave this class till I do." So the class proceeded, and when it was over, Woody said, "Go up and apologize." So the fellow went up and apologized to Professor Shumaker, with Woody. **Woody said "Now. Understand this** and understand it clear. If you ever cut this class or any other class while you are here, you are no longer on this team. Understood?" "Affirmative, Coach."

When he was recruiting at Ohio State, a prospective player would say to himself, "Oh, gee whiz! The Coach of the Year is going to recruit me. Gosh, this will be wonderful." When Woody came in to the session, he didn't recruit him. He went immediately to the

parents and sat down and explained to them the wonderful opportunity Ohio State could be for their son. That he could take this and this and so on. If he majored in this he could do this. Their mouths just dropped open! Here was a coach who knew what he was talking about. This guy wasn't a jock. This man was a gentleman who really cared for their son. Then he wheeled around and looked at the boy, and he said "What are you taking? Are you taking English?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well did you ever read *The Descent into the Maelstrom*, by Edgar Allen Poe?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever read *The Minister's Black Veil*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever read *Moby Dick*? No? Well, what in the hell have you read? You'd better get on and read or you'll never get into anything or anyplace good!"

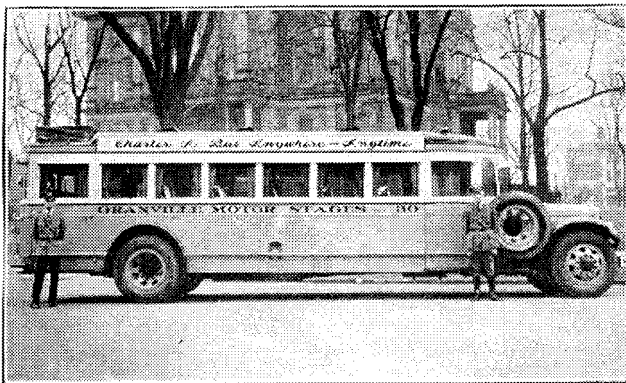
"Yes, Coach."

### The Soft Side

When Woody recruited, he would go anyplace he could. Although he was often asked to combine a recruiting trip with a speech at an awards banquet, he never charged anything for speaking, and he paid his own expenses. Once he came to Newark Catholic to speak at the school's football awards banquet. The man in charge told me that when Woody came, they didn't have much money; they were Newark Catholic and still playing out at Saint Francis. So the fellow came to Woody and said, "Coach, we don't have a lot of money, but we feel we ought to give you something as a fee." Woody said, "You won't give me anything." He said, "You take that money and you put it in the scholarship fund. I didn't say athletic scholarship. I said you put it in scholarship. And don't you tell anybody about it either." That was Woody.

Also, you may or may not know that he went to Korea on his own. He went to visit people in the hospital – not just from Ohio, either – and they'd say, "Oh, gee, here's Woody Hayes!" He'd sit down and he'd

### An Advertisement from the 1935 Adytum



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talk to them and he'd say "Where you from, Son?" And they'd tell him. And he'd say, "All right. Give me your phone number. I'll call up your parents and tell them that I spoke to you."

"Yeah. Well, gee, Coach. They probably'll think somebody is playing a trick on them."

"No, they won't. You tell me something that only they and you know and they will know that I was really talking to you."

"Okay."

And so he'd come back. And he'd call up. And he'd get the people and he'd say, "I talked to your son, or your daughter."

"Uh Huh! You know, we've heard this before."

"Yes, I know you have. But...." Then he'd spring the gimmick. The dog's name or the girlfriend's name or something only they and the soldier knew, and they were astounded.

### What Made Woody A Good Coach?

Up to this point we've been mostly concerned with Woody's temperament and personality. But what was he so good at in football? One was his attention to detail. Every little detail he would examine. For example, after a big Ohio State game against, say, Michigan or somebody like that, most people would be drained. They'd want to get away for about two or three days or a week. Not Woody. He'd get up at four the next morning and come back to his dinky little office, and he'd run that reel over and over and over, stopping to make notes. And he made his coaches come. He'd get them out of bed and over there. And they'd watch the film. Woody'd say, "Well, now, all right. Stop that at, you know, such and such. All right, look. Your end or your tackle or your guard made such and such a move and that allowed them to do such and such."

Another example. When they were going to have an away game, Woody would pipe in crowd noises as he took his team through a scrimmage, to give the boys a better sense of what it would be like. And he hired officials! He'd tell them, "Now call them. I mean, you know, this is just a scrimmage, but I'm paying you. And if there's an offside or anything, penalize them. I want them to understand." The result: Woody's teams were the least penalized of all the teams in the Big Ten. Oh, he'd be angry at a penalty. He'd say, "Now if we get beat, they beat us fair and square. Better team than we are. You beat yourself with penalties. That's your fault. You deserve to get beat." He didn't believe the other team was better, of course. He just said that for effect.

He paid minute attention and he always figured that the best way to win was to follow one of his heroes, William Tecumseh Sherman – who, by the way, was a native of Lancaster. Sherman believed the best way to win was to go right at them. Hit them right where they hurt. "If they want war, by God, I'll give them war!" That's what he said and what he did. "And make them so sick of it that they want to quit right now." That's the strategy Sherman employed on his march to the sea. He went right up through Georgia. He blew up everything. He wrecked the railroads. He made a Southern victory practically impossible. So Woody said, "Just line up in your position here and go right after

them. Put them in the meat grinder like Sherman did. Hit them with everything you've got, then reach down and help them up."

But although both sides in the Civil War engaged in what we would now call trash talking, flinging insults, for example, back and forth at each other across a river, Woody would never let his team do that. He would always say, "What they're trying to do is psych you out. You know, to get you upset. All you have to do is stay focused. The most important thing in the world is that game for the next two hours or two and a half hours. Nothing, nothing else. You want to defeat that team by grinding them right into the sod. That is the most important thing. Run it up the gut. Run it up the gut. Run it up the gut. If you do that," Woody said, "it won't be spectacular. It won't be glamorous. But they won't be able to get up as fast in the fourth quarter as they did the first. Now hit them."

That was his strategy. He often said, "Defense? Yes. The best defense is a good offense. You can't score if you don't have the ball! So just keep the ball. Three yards and a cloud of dust. That's not spectacular, but they can't get the ball and if they can't get the ball they can't score. And if they can't score, they can't win. If they start the trash talk, smile and point to the scoreboard."

Another reason for his success was his emphasis on developing his players' stamina. At practice, when they'd say "Oh, God, Woody, we can't run another lap! We've gotta get a drink!," he'd say, "Nothing doing. Because if this game comes down to the last quarter and it's close, whoever has the ball last wins." That's what it amounted to. Their tongues could be hanging out. It would be a hot day, and they had all that equipment on. But – and this is just how it happened against Washington and Jefferson – Denison prevailed through sheer stamina. Woody demanded, "You stay in shape." And they did.

Finally, since I must be honest with Woody's shade, I have to say that part of Woody's famous ill temper was put on. It was showmanship. When he got to Ohio State, the press played up his temper, and Woody used it to advantage. He was great for arguing with officials. He'd come out, wearing a ball cap with an "O" on it. And he'd take the cap off and rip it, right in front of the television cameras. He ripped the thing and threw it down. Or he'd come out with the officials and ham it up, and when he did one of these tricks, he usually got fifteen yards for unsportsmanlike conduct. But he only did that when they were ahead. He'd never risk a penalty when they were behind. He would take sideline markers and throw them down and stomp on them. And everybody'd cheer!

### How Woody Got the Job at Ohio State

At first, Woody didn't look like he was going to get the job at Ohio State. But a good speaker – and Woody was that – knows his audience. I mean audience psychology is a part of convincing people. There was a man on the selection committee named John Galbreath, a very rich man, owner of internationally recognized

Darby Dan Farms, a breeder of Kentucky Derby winners. Mr. Galbreath started life out as a farm boy and worked his way up. Well, the committee members were asking Woody questions about what he would do if he were coach. And Galbreath said, "Mr. Hayes, you practice on Fridays?" And Woody replied, "Mr. Galbreath, by Friday, the hay oughta be in the barn." That won Galbreath's vote and Galbreath had clout. And so, after three years at Denison and two at Miami, Woody got the Ohio State job.

At the time, Steve was eight or nine. A little boy. One afternoon, Woody took him by the hand out onto the field in the Horseshoe. It's a cavernous place. It wasn't as big then as it is now, but it still looked mammoth. The wind was blowing through the exit. It was kind of spooky. The sun was going down. Woody looked at Steve and said, "Steve, I don't know. Maybe I bit off more than I can chew. I'm kind of nervous." Steve said, "Oh, don't worry Daddy. It's just like Denison. The field's only a hundred yards long."

### Living with Woody

When I interviewed her for that 1989 videotape, I asked Annie, "Wasn't it kind of dangerous living with Woody?" "Oh, well, Bob. Yes," she said, "It sure was. When we won, he was just the grandest man, you know, you could ever have. But oh, boy, when we lost!" She said he simply could not abide losing. But he never tried to shift blame to somebody else. He'd say, "Well, I guess we were outplayed or outcoached or something." And so I said, "Well, gosh, Annie, that must have been kind of a rough home life for you and Steve." And she said, "Yes, Bob, it was." I said, "Did you ever think of divorce?" She replied, "Divorce? No. Murder. Yes."

I first got to know Woody and Annie and Steve in 1948, when I began as the voice of Denison football, which I did for five years. I would drop down to practice to get little tidbits, trivia to use for fillers. I mean, this was radio, where you can't have silence; you had to keep talking. If you didn't, people would call in thinking you'd gone off the air. Or the sponsor would raise hell because he or she was paying for the air-time.

Speaking of raising hell, as you know, when kids get to be teenagers they can get smart-alecky. They think they know everything and parents don't know anything. We're dumber than dumb. So one night at the table, when he was fourteen or fifteen, Steve was popping off about, I don't know what. Something. And Annie interrupted; and he said, "Oh, shut up, you don't know anything about it." Woody took the back of his hand and hit Steve right in the mouth and knocked him out of his chair and clear across the room. Then he reached down and grabbed him by the shoulder, lifted him up, and said, "Don't you ever speak to your mother like that again, or to any other elder person, or I'll beat you 'til you can't stand up." Steve told me this story. He said, "I never forgot that. I was wrong, you know." So, his father didn't become a lawyer, but Steve became a municipal judge.

## CARL FRAZIER

1914-2003

The community of Granville and the Granville Historical Society lost a mainstay with the death of Carl Frazier on September 18. Carl served with distinction as the Treasurer of the Granville Historical Society and as Treasurer of the Board of Governors of the Robbins Hunter Museum. His work keeping the resources of both historical entities in good order was outstanding. Carl, a long time resident of Granville and an alumnus of Denison University, served as the founding Director of the Granville Foundation and contributed his efforts for the Foundation as executive director for over thirty years. Carl was intensely interested in the commonweal of Granville, from both contemporary and historical perspectives. May his life and efforts on Granville's behalf serve as a reminder of the importance of committed and continuous service to the community.

*Tony Lisska on behalf of the Granville Historical Society*

*The Historical Times*  
is proud to be in its 17th year  
of publication.

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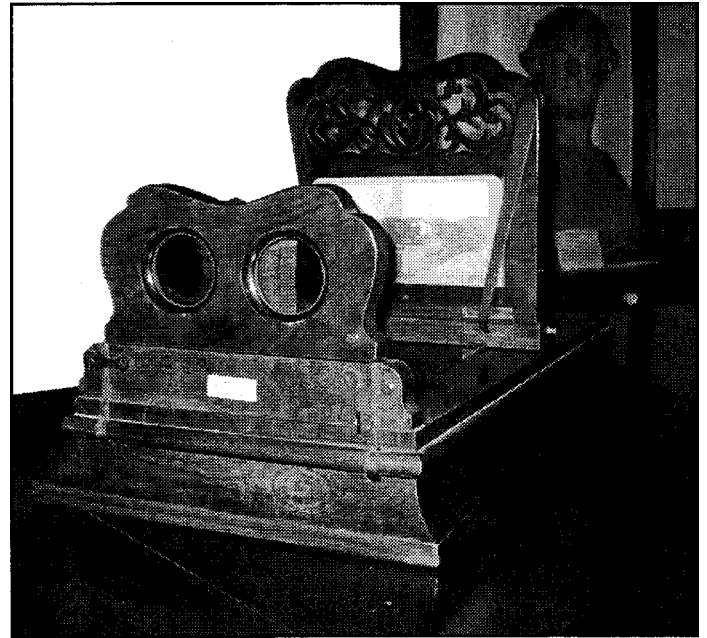
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## **Take a Look at This!**

A picture may be worth a thousand words, but I have only a hundred or so to urge you to observe the fine rosewood stereoscope on the table in the museum's middle, or cherry, room. Made about 1870 by E.H. & T. Anthony and Co. of New York, it boasts, in addition to the viewer apparatus, a 6-inch lens for getting every last bit of meaning from letters of the period, which were often in minute script and over-written up to four times at both 90-degree and 45-degree angles. (In the days before cell phones and email, when many expressed themselves by pony, you tried to make your missives count.)

A selection of 20 stereo view cards are on the table for your inspection, along with a small, handheld viewer. Some are local subjects you may recognize; others are nationally published views or joke subjects such as the man in his nightshirt.

*Louis I. Middleman*

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