

BLACKHAWK Y.M.C.A. BROADCAST

Published by Central Y.M.C.A. — Waterloo, Iowa
Vol. II — No. 3

Richard T. Jenkins, President

Sam L. Chollar, Jr., Gen. Secretary

Chuck Hazama, Editor

1966 SUMMER PROGRAM PLANS UNDERWAY

Registration for classes will be taken during the week of June 6 to 11, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday. All present members are asked to register for a new class time period. New members may sign up for the eight week session during that same week, only starting Wednesday, June 8, for registration.

Age. Any boy six years of age or older may enroll for any of the summer classes.

Classes meet. Classes are scheduled to meet three times a week. Boys may be enrolled for Monday, Wednesday, and Friday or for the Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday classes.

Start. Classes will begin the week of June 13 and will continue through the week of August 1st. Present members of the Y.M.C.A. swimming skill classes will be notified by report cards which class they should be enrolling in this summer program. All present members may have parents call in enrolling for these classes. It is not necessary for present members to come to the Y.M.C.A. to register for swimming.

Non-members pay a program fee of \$8 for the eight week course; and any boy wishing for a yearly membership, which entitles him for a full privilege program for the entire year, pays \$15.00. Non-members who pay the \$8 program fee are given thirty days to convert their program fee into a yearly membership, after which time this privilege is forfeited by the person.

The following is the schedule that we are offering for the summer:

CLASSES:

- TADPOLE A**
Mon., Wed., Fri. — 8:30- 9:15
TADPOLE B
Mon., Wed., Fri. — 9:15-10:00
TADPOLE C
Mon., Wed., Fri. — 10:15-11:00
TADPOLE D
Mon., Wed., Fri. — 11:00-11:45
TADPOLE E
Mon., Wed., Fri. — 1:30- 2:15
TADPOLE F
Mon., Wed., Fri. — 2:15- 3:00
TADPOLE G
Mon., Wed., Fri. — 3:15- 4:00

TADPOLE H

- Mon., Wed., Fri. — 4:00- 4:45
MINNOW I, FISH I
Tues., Thurs., Sat. — 8:30- 9:15
MINNOW II, FLYING FISH I
Tues., Thurs., Sat. — 9:15-10:00
MINNOW III, SHARK I
Tues., Thurs., Sat. — 10:15-11:00
MINNOW IV, FLYING FISH II
Tues., Thurs., Sat. — 11:00-11:45
MINNOW V, FISH II
Tues., Thurs., Sat. — 1:30- 2:15
FISH III, SHARK II
Tues., Thurs., Sat. — 2:15- 3:00
PORPOISE, JR. LIFE SAVING
Tues., Thurs., Sat. — 3:15- 4:00
OPEN SWIM DAILY
Jr. Hi - Hi School Men —
11:45- 1:30

OPEN SWIM

- Tues., Thurs., Sat. — 4:00- 5:00
Anyone wishing further information about our summer swim program may call the Y.M.C.A. at 233-3531 and ask for the Physical Director.

FAVORITE SPORT STORIES

Reprinted from
"The Christian Athlete" April, 1966
by James Jeffrey

Bill Carroway played football at Georgetown University for four years while the great Lou Little was coach. Although Bill played on the squad, he hadn't made the first team and in a few days he would suit up for the last game of the season, the last football game of his career, his last chance to play.

Because he wanted desperately to play, he went to the coach's house the night before the game. He knocked on the door and said, "Coach, I've seen great teams go out on that field in my four years here, but I haven't had a chance to play. I was wondering if you'd give me the opportunity tomorrow, whether it be for one minute, or even one play, to get in the game." The coach said, "I can't promise anything; this game means too much to so many people. But because of the way you've worked for me during the past four years, I'll do the best I can."

Game time came. The stadium was packed; even the bleachers were filled. Two great teams

took the field and began to fight back and forth, up and down the field. At half-time Georgetown University was three points behind. In the second-half Lou Little called on all the strategy and football knowledge he knew, but nothing would work. His special offense just wouldn't click.

Time was running out. Bill Carroway realized he might not get in the game, so he put his helmet under his arm and began to walk up and down the sidelines in front of the coach, hoping he would be seen.

The coach did see him, and this must have been his thinking: "I can't gain a thing in the world by sending this inexperienced kid into the game, but what can I lose? What can I lose? I want to reward this boy for the way he worked faithfully for me through the years." So he sent Bill Carroway into the game as halfback.

On the very first play Bill took the hand-off from the quarterback, went through the hole in the line, and 40 yards down the field before he was pulled down. The people in the stands were standing and cheering. They quickly looked at their program — his name wasn't even on it! Could it be that this unknown player might save the day?

Every play had to be a pass because of the time remaining. On the next play the quarterback took the snap from center, faded back into the pocket prepared for him by the linemen and looked down field. It seemed as if in that split second Bill Carroway had a step on his defender, so the quarterback let loose with a beautiful spiral pass. Bill leaped high into the air and caught it, falling into the end-zone for the winning touchdown. And so the story ends that Georgetown won the championship.

But that's not the important thing — not at all! For as soon as Lou Little had been put down from the shoulders of admiring fans, he went to Bill Carroway's locker where the little halfback was taking off his uniform. He said, "Bill, in all my many years of coaching I've never seen a boy

more determined to succeed than you were today. Nor in my many years of coaching have I seen a boy who did succeed more gloriously than you did today. What was it that made you give one hundred percent of all you possess to win this game?"

The little halfback looked up into the eyes of the great coach as unashamed as could be and said, "Coach, when I was born my mother died and all through the years my wonderful father has wanted me to do two things. The first was to go to college and get an education. I've done that. Many times the guys would come to my door and say, 'Come on, Bill, let's go out and have a good time; let's go have a blast.' But I said 'no' and stayed in my room, finishing up the assignments so that I might please my dad. I'm going to graduate in a matter of months with honors."

"The second thing my dad wanted me to do was to play football. You see, I knew my dad would never see me play football because he is blind. Several days ago my dad died and I knew that today would be the first and the last time he would ever have a chance to see me play. Coach, I had to succeed; there were no two ways about it for me; there was just one path."

Bill Carroway knew that the one who loved him was watching him and expecting the greatest from him, and he refused to disappoint that love. How wonderful it is to be loved, having someone honestly care about you.

The foundation of our faith is that God loves each of us — whoever we are. But we must believe that he loves us. This assurance comes from being consciously aware of God and living in constant fellowship with Him.

James Jeffrey is a man of many talents. He is in demand as one of the nation's best speakers, is an expert juggler, serves on many church and community boards, and as an athlete was all-Southwest Conference football at Baylor University. He has served as F.C.A. executive director for two years.

MEMORIES OF THE 30th ANNUAL Y.M.C.A. ALL SPORTS BANQUET

HORIZON ROOM — Y.M.C.A.

SPEAKER: RAY NAGEL, FOOTBALL COACH, SUI

Master of Ceremonies: Ed Gallagher

Service Award: Rev. Lewis Crase

Layman of The Year: Jack Bond



LAYMEN OF THE YEAR. Jack Bond (L) is shown being awarded the "For Service To Youth" plaque for his efforts with the Gymnastics and Tumbling Team by Mike Zegarac, chairman of the Y's Physical Committee.



OVER 1,250 MILES . . . These men and women, who represent over 400 men and women who run in the Y's "Run For Your Life" program combined for over 1,250 this past year. Front Row L-R: Aly Hazama (100), Miriam Julius (50), Shirley Ahrens (75), Mildred Meyerhoff (135). Second Row L-R: Floyd Nelson (50), LaVerne Kiel (50), Paul Wolter (65), Bruce Mulford (50), Bob Nesbitt (200), Foster Burroughs (200), Curtis Holley (100), Leo Severson (200).



IOWA STATE Y.M.C.A. CHAMPIONS. Our Cadet and Prep Relay Teams placed first in the State Y.M.C.A. Swimming Championships at Des Moines and represented the State at the Regional. Members of the Cadet Relay Team, Front Row L-R are: Jeff Frank, Lloyd Amundson, Bob Petersen, and Jim Christensen. Missing Tom Sitz. The Prep Relay Team members, second row L-R are: Tom Hamilton, Mark Anderson, Glenn Amundson, Jon Bagenstos, and Chip Cray. All were honored at the Sports Banquet.



SHARPSHOOTERS. For the first time, members of the Youth Department participating in Lobby Games were recognized for their achievements. Pictured are boys who captured high honors this past year. Front Row (L-R) Chuckie Hazama, Highest shooting average 6 yrs. group; Mark Wise, sharpshooter award—6 yrs. group; Mike Robbins, sharpshooter award 9 yrs. group; Second Row (L-R) Dennis Wise, sharpshooter award 8 yrs. group; Scott Walter—sharpshooter 10-11 yrs., Mike Doyle, highest average 13 yrs.



TOP RUNNER FOR 1966. Leo Severson is shown being presented the Top Runner Award by Physical Director, Chuck Hazama. Severson is holding the travelling trophy for completing the most miles this past year.



LADIES, GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS . . . Master of Ceremonies, Ed Gallagher introduces the most distinguished guests at the head table. Placed in front are the awards that were presented to 154 teams and individuals.



SERVICE AWARD. The award was presented this year to Rev. Lewis Crase, chairman of the Cedar Falls Branch-Board of Managers for his services rendered to the overall movement of the Branch Program.



HERE PART OF THE CROWD . . . that numbered over 300 who came to see and received awards and listen to the main speaker for the evening.



SET GOALS FOR YOURSELVES . . . was the theme of what Head Football Coach Ray Nagel from the State University of Iowa told the audience of children and adults. Nagel played some handball in the afternoon, and if his teams at Iowa will hustle as much as he does, we'll be in for some real good football at Iowa City.



TOP TEN WINNERS. The youth members in our gym and swim classes participated in the Second Annual Athletic Achievement Contest. Winner this year was Tim Cohea who scored a total of 405. His achievements included 1. 18 baskets in one minute, 2. 12 chinups, 3. Shuttle race 25.0, 4. Hop-step-jump 17' 9" and 5. 52 pushups. Pictured front row L-R: Bruce Nebbitt 335, Cohea, Kent Gilbert—second place 345, Jim Bahl 305, Mark Pexa 293, Jeff Miller 285, Dave Zimmer 319, and Scott Peters 289. Missing are Brad Miller 332, and David Briggs 304.



THIS YEAR'S MOST VALUABLE SWIMMERS. Each year, the Wally B. Lessman Most Valuable Swimmers Awards are presented to one individual from each division. These boys and girls are picked by other members of their division in a special meeting called for their selection. This year the winners were Front Row L-R: Cathy Harned, Jim Christensen, Chip Harned, Gail Alexander. Second Row L-R: Chip Cray, P. Elbert and Wally B. Lessman, who presents the awards each year. Missing Margy Felcher.



MINOR LETTERS, CHEVRONS, TROPHIES were all part of the evening. Here's part of the members of the Y's Swim Team that number over 75 this year including boys and girls.



NO, NOT AT BANQUET . . . but the Waterloo Varsity Volleyball Team has been competing for two years now and soon, at the All Sports Banquet, they're going to "bring home the bacon" to our fair city. Some of the men participating noon are: Howard McMullin, Larry Winninger, Steve Showe, Bob Schreiner, LeRoy Rousselow, Gabe Leutzinger, and Brammer.

From The Desk Of The General Secretary



Sam Chollar

Camp Hartman has been

sold . . . Many people have wondered why?

In past years our resident camping program decreased in numbers of participants as well as income, to cover costs of the program. Because our camp is so close to Waterloo and Cedar Falls, the youngsters felt as though they had not "been away" to camp. In 1964 we changed our camping program from resident to day-camping and found a much greater use of our facilities on a daily basis.

The Minnie Crippen Foundation were looking for property available to build a school for the Exceptional Children's Organization. Our Hartman property was an ideal location. In the process of selling the property to them we have agreed to continue use of the camp area for ten years and probably beyond. They have agreed to keep the area in its natural habitat and improve facilities for the use of all community organizations. The Y.M.C.A. is happy to become a part of this project and will help in the growth of the area for use by all organizations.

the Olympics, seventeen years of age, biting her lip; she was in this backstroke, struggling against her closest competitor. She was about six inches behind. She could hardly feel her legs. You could just look down almost into the heart of that kid, battling, struggling, nine yards, eight, seven, six—she kept hanging on, she kept digging. She could hardly feel her arms, as they went into the end just barely to win. Afterwards all I could think to ask was: "Kathy, what did you do in the pain?" This beautiful seventeen year-old girl grabbed her mother by the arm — she could hardly control her tears — here was such a moment of glory — and she said, "Bob, I just kept praying: 'Please, God, help me keep going; please, dear God, help me keep going.'" Many of these great athletes call on God in pain.

Strange as it may seem, when you go through hurt you achieve power. Sure it hurts to stretch your lungs, it hurts to stretch those muscles. But when you do it, the next time you have more capacity and more power. You can't be great in sports without pain. There is no scholarship without pain. There is no statesmanship without pain.

John F. Kennedy went through pain just about every moment of his presidential career. And so do many others. Would the Christian movement have been anything without pain? There is no spiritual victory without pain. The biggest illusion in America today is that we can achieve greatness without pain. You must go through this experience before you can achieve it.

On every Olympic stadium there are three Latin words, when translated mean: "Higher, Swifter, Stronger." Every four years these young champions come along competing against each other and breaking every record.

They do go higher, they do run faster, they do become stronger.

I think of Brutus Hamilton, who a few years back wrote a book about "the ultimates of men" beyond which they could not go. You know who is breaking these ultimates today, junior high and senior high school kids! They thought the human constitution wouldn't take a four minute mile — it would break in pieces. We have a seventeen year-old running under four minutes in the mile in Kansas; an eighteen year-old boy breaking all the long distance records; and a high school boy jumping 16'6" in the pole vault — he barely missed 17'.

You know what thirteen year-olds are doing? Remember Johnny Weismuller, the great Tarzan of the Apes? He held fifty-four American records at one time! He was an Olympic champion. They claimed Johnny Weismuller as the greatest swimmer of all time; no one would ever beat him! Guess who's breaking Johnny Weismuller's world's records today? Thirteen year-old girls!

Higher, stronger, faster! I watched Bob Hayes in the Olympics. Boy, you talk about speed! What an athlete! I watched him take the baton three yards behind the best sprinters in the world. In fifty yards he caught them, beat them by three yards to win for America. They timed him at 8:7 for the 100 yard dash 8:7! Would you have thought that possible? Faster, higher, stronger—

Henry Carr took the baton four times 400 meters, coasted the first 200. When the other guys caught him, he blazed into a sprint and hit the tape. They timed him forty-four seconds flat! This is the spirit of these athletes, but it's also the spirit of man.

Higher, stronger, faster! I

watched Peter Snell run a half mile in 1:46, looking over his shoulder, wondering where the other fellows were, saving himself for the 1500 meters. He hit the tape easily—the equivalent of a 3:53 mile! And get this, I don't exaggerate, he wasn't even perspiring. Simple as could be. I think he could go under 3:45 in the mile, I really do.

Higher, stronger, faster! These modern young people believe that nothing is impossible. If there's a price to pay — they pay it. If they're training 100 miles a week—they'll train 100 miles a week. They'll break the record. I love the sports world for this. It's a symbol for the whole human race. What they do in sports we can do in science, in politics, in religion, if we would.

I think America needs a dedicated few who will pay the price — people who will compete — people who can think under a pressure-packed hour, people who will hurt, who will go through pain — people who will stretch themselves 'higher, faster, stronger.'

The greatest man who ever lived was a young man. His name was Jesus. He was all alone. He was among the dedicated few. The world collapsed about him; he fought thirstily against it; he won the battle. In the pressure of hate — he thought love. In the pressure of lies and propaganda — he thought truth. In the pressure of crime, violence, passion — he thought mercy, forgiveness, justice. He hurt; he stretched the human frame to its highest known concept. He gave himself because he believed a man could lead a higher life, a man could be stronger, he could run a faster race.

You know what he said about you and me? And this is the real thrust and basis of a fellowship of Christians — he said that every man could be like God.

Higher, Swifter, Stronger

by Bob Richards

Reprinted from
"The Christian
Athlete"
April, 1966



In the microscope of the sports world, you see hurt and pain.

You know what comes out of the Olympics over and over again? Hurt! Pain! Agony! The great coach at Indiana University, Jim Councilman, put it this way: "I've never seen a world record broken but what the athlete went through hurt, pain and agony."

I watched Kathy Ferguson in



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

of BLACK HAWK COUNTY

MEMBER AGENCY, U.S.B.H.I.

BULK RATE
NON PROFIT ORG.
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
PERMIT NO. 1611
WATERLOO, IOWA

A GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING — ENDOW YOUR Y.M.C.A.

03.e.028