

# VIKING FOR LIFE



A FOUR-DECADE  
FOOTBALL  
LOVE AFFAIR

SCOTT STUDWELL

*WITH JIM BRUTON*

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## Advance praise for *Viking for Life*

*“He was not big enough, strong enough, or fast enough; all he was, was good enough. He proved everyone wrong. While playing 14 years in the National Football League, he missed few games. We always knew he had the quality of durability, and you do not achieve greatness without durability. Scott worked his way into our starting lineup and played at the highest level. He set the highest of standards for our football team.”*

—Bud Grant, Vikings head coach from 1967 to 1983 and in 1985

*“Scott’s passion, work ethic, and intelligence made him a great player on the field, and these attributes carried over to what he did in the front office for the Minnesota Vikings. Forty-two years of outstanding work and excellence tell his story. His leadership and contributions will always be remembered.”*

—Rick Spielman, Vikings general manager

*“Scott was a tackling machine. He would do absolutely everything possible to get to the ball carrier. On the field he was a great leader. He always got us in the right position, and was the smartest ballplayer I have ever played with or against. Besides being an outstanding player for the Vikings, he is an even better person.”*

—Keith Millard, Vikings defensive tackle from 1985 to 1991

*“When thinking about Scott, one word comes to mind: stud. We lined up next to each other for 11 of the 14 years that he played for the Vikings. His friendship and leadership impacted me more than anything and will dwell in my heart forever. No one in my life has had a greater impact on me and my family. He will always be my brother.”*

—Mark Mullaney, Vikings defensive end from 1975 to 1986

*“I played with Joe Schmidt in Detroit, who was one of the best ever. Scott reminds me a lot of Joe. He was the signal caller on defense for the Vikings forever. He did a tremendous job and was respected by everyone. When we drafted him, we had no idea he would become the great leader and player that he was. Besides holding those football standards, he is one of the finest people you would ever want to meet.”*

—Jerry Reichow, Vikings wide receiver from 1961 to 1964 and longtime Vikings scout

*“The one thing I will always remember about Scott is that he was bloody all the time. We were roommates for six years and are still great friends to this day. As a player he was mean and was going to hit you going full speed whenever you were on the football field. Scott was extremely smart, an excellent leader on our football team, and liked by everyone. You could never find a nicer guy.”*

—Tommy Kramer, Vikings quarterback from 1977 to 1989

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A FOUR-DECADE  
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TRIUMPH  
BOOKS

*I dedicate this book to my parents, Jim and Barbara Studwell,  
and my wife, Jenny, for their unconditional love, support, and help.*

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# Contents

Foreword by <i>Paul Wiggin</i> . . . . .	7
Chapter One: A Great Childhood . . . . .	9
Chapter Two: Training Camp . . . . .	19
Chapter Three: A Vikings Regular . . . . .	27
Chapter Four: Some Great Teammates . . . . .	39
Chapter Five: Bud to Steckel to Bud to Burns . . . . .	59
Chapter Six: The End Had Come . . . . .	67
Chapter Seven: Scouting . . . . .	79
Chapter Eight: The NFL Draft . . . . .	107
Chapter Nine: The Scout's Calendar . . . . .	119
Chapter Ten: Colleges and Universities—Scouting's Bread and Butter . . .	135
Chapter Eleven: Game Ready . . . . .	145
Chapter Twelve: Outside the Lines . . . . .	165
Chapter Thirteen: Rivals and Teammates . . . . .	171
Chapter Fourteen: The Coaches . . . . .	189
Chapter Fifteen: When the Cheering Stopped . . . . .	195
Chapter Sixteen: COVID-19 and the Game . . . . .	203

Chapter Seventeen: The Front Office . . . . .	207
Chapter Eighteen: Loves and Passions . . . . .	215
Chapter Nineteen: Extra Points . . . . .	221
Chapter Twenty: Family . . . . .	229
Chapter Twenty-One: Final Thoughts . . . . .	233
Coauthor's Note . . . . .	235
Afterword . . . . .	237

# Foreword

How often do we meet a truly authentic person? Scott Studwell is one of those authentic people in my life. It has been more than 70 years since, as a high school freshman, I first donned my football cleats, shoulder pads, and helmet and became part of the team, beginning my life in football. To me, the game is a wonderful team and spectator sport. I have had the joy of participating in the excitement of some dramatic and special team victories, as well as some agonizing losses along the way.

A multitude of emotions is such a big part of the game, but I still find, in the quiet times, that it is the people I have worked with throughout my lifetime who have added so much more to the memory bank than any football-related emotion. And one of the most impressive athletic personalities I have ever crossed paths with is Scott Studwell. My favorite trait in any athlete is the inner drive to be able to will himself or herself to greatness. Scott Studwell is one of those rare individuals.

I was not part of the Vikings organization in 1977 when Scott arrived on the scene. Though I have been told that he brought with

## VIKING FOR LIFE

him on day one the same leadership, intelligence, commitment, and charismatic personality that has made him such a vital part of the Vikings family and community. He had great focus on everything he did in football, but he was also able to balance that with his upbeat and creative sense of humor, sometimes at his own expense.

Following his retirement as an active player, Scott continued to work with the Vikings organization. He immediately became a voice of wisdom and influence in our personnel meetings. He always had the courage to say what needed to be said and when he spoke, everyone listened.

When word came that Scott was to be enshrined into our Vikings Legends Ring of Honor, my thought was, *No one deserves it more*. There is enormous respect for Scott and all that he has contributed to our team throughout the years. He, in turn, has had great mutual respect and sincere care for his team and teammates.

Scott Studwell will always be one of my favorite players. I admire his commitment to his team and himself in reaching for greatness. And I admire the way in which he has carried his laurels of success. His authenticity, coupled with his commitment to the game, make me honored to have known and worked with him. I am proud to call him my friend. I applaud author Jim Bruton for selecting Scott for this, his next biography.

—Paul Wiggin,  
consultant to pro personnel, Minnesota Vikings

## CHAPTER ONE

# A Great Childhood

I grew up in Evansville, Indiana. I was born in August 1954, and to this day my mom keeps telling me that it was one of the hottest days ever. I guess the temperature hit more than 100 degrees—a real scorcher. Evansville remained my home until I came to Minnesota, but there still is a touch of belonging there.

My mom and dad were high school sweethearts in Glen Ridge, New Jersey. Dad played football in high school and college, and went into the insurance business. They lived out East early in their marriage and eventually moved to Evansville, where they raised me and my three siblings. They're still there today. My mom and dad are quite the couple. They've been married more than 70 years. My dad is 92 and my mom is 90, and they are still very independent. About five years ago they took out a 30-year mortgage on their new home. For a couple of their age, that is quite an undertaking! They were unbelievably supportive to me and to my brother and sisters; they were always there for us and still are to this day.

My brother, sisters, and I were all athletes growing up. My brother, Bill, played basketball and football at the University of Evansville. My

## VIKING FOR LIFE

older sister, Andy, was a swimmer, and my younger sister, Sally, ran track. Bill and Sally still live in Evansville and my sister Andy lives in the Twin Cities.

My dad's dad was a military guy. We always called him Colonel. His wife was a stay-at-home mom. My mom's dad worked on Wall Street, and her mom, my grandma—"Miss Mom," we used to call her—was the sweetest and most phenomenal lady ever.

I had an incredible childhood. Growing up in the 1950s and early 1960s, I lived in a pretty laid-back neighborhood. I had a lot of fun. What I remember most about those days was going to school and playing ball with the other kids. I loved being a kid. Everything about it was the best. My dad went to work every day and my mom stayed at home and always had dinner ready for us every night. Still, Mom and Dad always found time for us kids. They were great parents.

On Sunday night we would always sit down with family and watch *Bonanza*, *Ed Sullivan*, and *Mission: Impossible*. We weren't dependent on television like many kids are today; we were always outside running around. We were a middle-class family and had a lot of friends and great neighbors. It was a very close-knit neighborhood, and there was a family kitty-corner from us named McCool. They had 10 kids and it was a free-for-all, day after day. We could always find something to do.

We didn't have organized youth football in Evansville, so the first team I joined was in the eighth grade. Cub football, as it was called, was a pilot program for Harrison High School. I followed the football team at the University of Indiana, but never closely. We were so busy doing things outside that I barely remember Saturday afternoons and college football, though I do recall watching a little football on our black-and-white television.

I was kind of a late bloomer. When I got to high school I was five foot two and 110 pounds. I wanted to play quarterback and linebacker but was a little too small for either position. My brother was just the opposite. He was only 18 months older and was more than six feet tall and weighed about 180 pounds. I was the runt.

I tried to wrestle as a freshman, got cut from the basketball team, and was actually a better baseball player than anything else. I started to grow as a sophomore and got into weight lifting. (This was a time when any kind of weight training was very limited.) I began putting on weight in the right places—as muscle mass. I would lift weights in the garage, the YMCA, or wherever else I could find them.

I gained more than 100 pounds in just a few years in high school. I also grew a foot. At least I was starting to look more like a football player. Timing-wise it was great for me. It improved my strength and my confidence, and I began to fall in love with football.

I followed in my brother's footsteps. He was a big wide receiver in high school and was pretty good. He ended up getting a scholarship to the University of Evansville. We were only one year apart and both were very competitive. I loved going at it with him.

Harrison had about 2,000 students and was one of many high schools in the area. I played on the freshman team, then really didn't play much as a sophomore. But as a junior in high school, I was playing on the varsity full-time. I played running back and linebacker. As running back I was really more of a blocking back, so I didn't carry the ball very much. Linebacker was great because I loved hitting the other players. I was also a part-time field goal kicker—but I was 0–1 in that department, so I clearly wasn't winning any games with my leg. One of my clearest memories was the semi-long field goal I missed.

## VIKING FOR LIFE

To this day, I still believe I made it. The record shows I missed it, but I know deep down in my heart that the ball went 30 yards and then through the uprights, not under them.

Our high school football coach was Don Watson. He was a real character. He was a very funny, short guy with a crew cut. He could get on you when it was time, and he could love you up when the time was right too. He passed away some years ago. The assistant coaches were Don LaDue, Jim Grovanneti, and Mitch Marsh. They were a lot of fun, and they were great leaders and mentors.

Our team was average but very competitive. We never won a city title or anything like that, though in my senior season we won eight games and lost only two. We had a crosstown rival, Reitz High School, who was a powerhouse in the conference. I know we always lost to them.

I have always had great love for the game of football. I believe that I had good natural instincts for the game, things that no one is able to really teach in a player. Either you have it or you don't. I don't know why or how, but I know I had it. Perhaps I inherited it at some point from my dad or my mom.

I gained great experience playing high school football. I learned a lot about teamwork and camaraderie. For me the game came easy. Those kinds of things will happen when you love the game, are extremely competitive, have all the natural instincts, and want to win. I loved the game and I worked hard at it. I've always believed that you get out of something what you put into it. The game of football became one of the biggest loves in my life.

I made somewhat of a name for myself as a junior and started getting letters from colleges, including some of the Big Ten schools.

They were all interested in me as a linebacker. I visited Purdue, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan, and some other midwestern schools, in addition to Louisville. I wanted to stay close to home. My parents had always attended my games and I wanted to stay reasonably close so they would be able to see me play.

I had wanted to play in the Big Ten Conference, and Illinois seemed to be the right fit for me. The conference was very strong. They played good, solid football and all the teams were well-respected by other teams in conferences around the country. The head coach at Illinois was Bob Blackman. He was there my entire five years, though he was let go after my senior season. He was a nice man who went back to the Ivy Leagues after he left Illinois. He put together a pretty good staff that related very well to the players.

I lived in the dorm with Brian Diedrich, another linebacker on the team. Two other players who lived kitty-corner from us, Jeff Chrystal and Jack Dombroski, are two of my best friends to this day. Our friendship has lasted all of these years.

I was a freshman at Illinois in 1972, which was the very first year that freshmen were eligible to play on the varsity. We also had a freshman team, so they moved you up and sent you down depending on the varsity's needs. I played special teams on varsity, so it was a good way to get my feet wet. My freshman year we played seven teams that were ranked in the top 10 in the nation. We were a .500 program at best, so it was a tough road. But I was loving the game each week and being a part of the team was pretty special.

In the beginning Illinois saw me as a tight end, but that failed because, frankly, I was not a tight end. Then they wanted me to move to defensive end because I was getting bigger. Eventually I got so big

## VIKING FOR LIFE

they moved me to defensive tackle. I weighed about 270 pounds—a long way from my weight in early high school. I played my sophomore year at defensive tackle. We didn't have a great team but we were competitive. We were still in the middle of the pack. At that time the only bowl game we were eligible to compete in was the Rose Bowl, and that just wasn't feasible for us.

Pro football wasn't even on my radar at the time. We watched the Chicago Bears and St. Louis Cardinals, but I didn't give a lot of thought to a pro career during my early years at Illinois. I tore up my knee (MCL) during my sophomore season in the spring football game. I had surgery and had to sit out a year, which turned out to be a blessing in disguise. When I came back, they gave me the opportunity to move back to linebacker. I guess I can say that my knee injury was a key to my success.

Sitting out the full season I lost all the extra weight I had put on and got myself in shape to play football. I was down to about 235 pounds, perfect for a linebacker, and the rest is history. Going into my senior season, the notion of playing professional football became more of a possibility. We talked about it a lot during the season; our coaches were a big help to me in that regard. I had established myself as a middle linebacker and was having a good season. *Football, football, football* was about all I could think about. I was living in a small bubble.

I really enjoyed college football. I loved to play. I loved Saturdays in the fall. I don't have a lot of standout memories, but I do remember the one and only touchdown I scored. It was at Iowa, and I turned an interception into a touchdown. In all my high school years, my college years, and 14 years of pro football, that's the only time I ever found

the end zone. I think it was about 30 yards to the goal line, a memory etched in my mind forever. (Although when I go over it in my mind, the race keeps getting longer, something like 70 yards or so!) It was a sprint to the end zone like no other; I was not going to be denied.

There were two men in particular during my college career who helped me. Gary Golden was the defensive coordinator at Illinois and really cared about his players. Our linebacker coach was Dave Adolph, and he had been around the Big Ten Conference for a long time. Both of them were very intense, and I fed off of their energy. I had the passion, as I said before, but they were the kind of guys you never wanted to let down. They were also accessible; I could go and talk to them about anything. Having that kind of a relationship with them fed into my own drive. They genuinely cared about us players and their passion and enthusiasm rubbed off on me to the highest degree.

I finished college football with a lot of hope. More than anything, I wanted to play football professionally. Football then was a lot different than it is today. Now there is so much press, notoriety, and coverage that just wasn't there when I was playing. Today the media and scouts start to talk about these kids as soon as they enter college, and in some cases while they are still in high school. Players in my time couldn't come out early for the NFL Draft; you had to wait until your senior season was over and then prepare for the draft. And there was only local reporting on potential draftees, not nearly the fanfare that there is today.

Before the draft I played in several postseason football games. I played in the East-West Shrine Game, the Hula Bowl, and then I went to the Japan Bowl, all in three weeks' time. It was a long three weeks but I enjoyed every minute of it. There was no NFL Combine back

## VIKING FOR LIFE

then either, so I had about three or four workouts with some of the teams before the draft and that was it. I wasn't even sure some teams knew I existed. That troubled me somewhat, but I was eager and ready to get drafted. I worked out as much as I could to keep myself in shape waiting for the draft to come.

The NFL had twelve rounds in the draft spanning two days, and I certainly was not one of the elite players huddled in New York waiting to be picked. There was a lot of mystery. I didn't know what was going to happen. There were no cell phones back then, so guys had to sit by the phone all day waiting for that one phone call from a team telling them that they'd been drafted.

I sat by my phone all day on the draft's first day and never got a call. It was extremely frustrating and very disappointing. My parents would call to see what was going on and all I could say was, "I gotta go. I gotta get off the phone in case someone calls." But no one called.

After not hearing anything on that first day I was really discouraged. I thought I would go in the fourth or maybe the fifth round. I guess my expectations were too high. My roommates and I went downtown in Champaign and tried to celebrate a little bit. I don't know what in the world we were celebrating, but we had a little fun anyway. Anything to get our minds off things for a while. You play your four years of college football and then you sit by the phone all day hoping a team will call you and say that they want you. It's just nuts.

The next day, it was the same thing: wait by the phone and hope it rings. Finally, into the afternoon, I got the call. It was the football administrative assistant at the Minnesota Vikings calling. I remember what she said to her last word: "This is Patti Crowe of the Minnesota Vikings and we have selected you in the ninth round and will see you

in August.” That was it. I didn’t talk to a coach, the general manager, or even a ball boy. It took about 30 seconds if that, but I was ecstatic. I was drafted by the Minnesota Vikings! I didn’t think they even knew I existed. But they must have, because I got drafted by them!

I hadn’t been a Vikings fan. I didn’t pay a lot of attention to their players and knew little about the team, but I was pumped and ready to go. The guys and I turned around and went back out. Now we really did have something to celebrate. I was a Minnesota Viking!

It was a tremendous relief. There were not any minicamps back then, so the first time I came to Minnesota was the day before we had to report. I had signed a contract sometime during the summer, and the guy who negotiated the contract was Frank Gilliam, a former football player and front-office administrator for the Vikings. I called Frank from a pay phone and we settled on \$22,000 for the first year, \$24,000 for the second year, and a signing bonus of \$4,000, which was a lot of money back then. I was happy with the contract and ready to play pro football. I was going to get paid to play a game I loved. It was a very special feeling and hard to believe, but I had never been more ready for anything.



## CHAPTER TWO

# Training Camp

The night before training camp began, players reported to the Holiday Inn right near the old Metropolitan Stadium. We checked in for one night, and then went off to Mankato the next day in buses. I'd never even been to the Vikings' offices at that point. My roommate on that first night was Tommy Kramer, and he would be from then on. We hit it off immediately and remain friends to this day. It didn't take very long for me to see what a great quarterback Tommy was. He had it all. And of course he was an exceptional player for the Minnesota Vikings for many years.

Under Bud Grant, we were typically the last team in the league to report to training camp. One of the things I learned early on with Bud is you always knew what to expect. We knew what the NFL schedule was and we knew what Bud's schedule was. I'm not sure why we reported so late to camp. It may have been that Bud disliked training camp just as much as everyone else did.

Typically, once my football season ended I would take maybe a week off and then go right back to training again. Keeping in shape

## VIKING FOR LIFE

was very important to me. So when training camp began my first year, I was ready. Still, that first year in Minnesota was very different. I didn't know if I was going to make the team. I didn't know *anything*. In college, I knew I was on the team—I never had a doubt. But the pros? Well, I was concerned. For one thing, the Vikings had played in the Super Bowl the year before, and they had a strong veteran football team coming into the season.

It seemed as if I had just left the Illinois campus, and suddenly there I was at training camp with the Minnesota Vikings. There were a lot of unknowns waiting for me in Mankato. There were veteran players all over the place. The linebackers were a healthy and strong veteran group—Wally Hilgenberg, Amos Martin, Fred McNeill, Matt Blair, Jeff Siemon, and me. (Roy Winston had just retired.) About halfway through camp, I started to feel a little more comfortable that I could play with these guys. I seemed to be big enough and fast enough, and I established early on that I could hit people. I was beginning to fit in—at least somewhat.

Our first preseason game was against the Los Angeles Rams in Los Angeles. We had about 20 rookies on the team, and I recall Bud telling us that we were all going to play and to be ready. Well, the game happened and not a single one of us got any playing time. That was one of the ways that Bud let you know that he was in control. I mean, not one of us played a down the entire game!

The next game we were at home. I was on the special teams and got into the game. First thing, we kicked off and I ran down the field and knocked down the Browns' entire wedge. I destroyed it—and almost myself in the process. I hurt my arm, my ankle...I can't recall what *didn't* hurt. I gutted my way through the first half and then was out for

the rest of the game. Luckily I recovered soon after. At the moment of the collision, though, I wasn't sure if I was ever going to play again. I felt pain like never before.

About midway through camp, they let the guy go who was playing behind Jeff Siemon, and because I was the third guy, I took it as a promising sign. One day I was having a really bad day and Jocko Nelson, who was the linebackers coach, came up to me at practice and told me to settle down and relax. He told me I was going to make the football team. I've always appreciated that because it did settle me down. It was a tremendous relief. I had been pretty nervous about making the cut, but after that conversation with Jocko, it seemed like things got a lot easier. Bud never talked to me about it. In fact, he never said a word to me the entire training camp. Not one single word. Well, *once*. I'll mention that later.

I did not follow the Vikings growing up and had not heard much about Bud. He was so stoic—guarded, you could say. But I did learn one thing quickly: when Bud did say something, it always made sense. He was not a big talker, but if he looked at you the wrong way, it would melt your heart and scare you half to death. He had a command and a presence about him that demanded attention. He was no-nonsense. When he came into the room and got in front of the team, you had better be listening. He has not changed one bit in all the years that I have known him.

There were a few veterans on the team who controlled the locker room, and Bud controlled them. It was just that simple. Jim Marshall was the premier leader of the team. He was very vocal and a real stand-up guy. There were multiple leaders on the team. Fran Tarkenton played the last two years of his career with me. The famous

## VIKING FOR LIFE

Purple People Eaters were there: Marshall, Carl Eller, and Alan Page. There were others too—Paul Krause, Ahmad Rashad, Sammy White, Stu Voigt, Ron Yary, Ed White, Chuck Foreman, and so many more.

The team had been in the Super Bowl the year before and was full of guys who had been there forever. This was a seasoned, veteran football team. The bulk of the players had been together for over a decade. But even among all of those great players, there was no doubt who was in charge: Bud Grant. Every single thing on this football team was done Bud's way, not a doubt from anyone.

What I remember the most about training camp was there was no water on the field. We had one water break and that was dependent on Bud, whenever he saw fit to have it. Bud had some things he did that were different. We lined up for the national anthem, even in practice sessions, years before the league started it. Bud also had the infamous bat drill. You would run a distance, put down a bat, run around it several times, and then return. By the end you would be dizzy as hell. It was good for some fun as long as you weren't the one on the bat drill. Bud had his way of doing things. I thought then that Bud did those kinds of things to let you know who was in charge, but he never had to do any of them. We all knew.

During the off-season there was no schedule for weight lifting or working out, but it was expected that players keep in shape and come to camp in good shape. Still I felt like a lot of the veterans used training camp to get in shape for the season. I know some of the guys didn't work out at all until June, with camp just a few weeks away. I took hardly any break. I ran and lifted weights almost all year long. I would run sprints and jog and did just about everything I could to stay in shape. I recall going out to Lake Calhoun and running around the

lake, trying to do it in under 21 minutes. It was what I used as a measuring stick as to my football conditioning. We did things on our own. The Vikings did not have a strength coach. Fred Zamberletti was the trainer, Stubby Eason was the equipment guy, and that was it. Most of the players had their own training routines.

The game was not by any means as complicated as it is today. I knew I could compete. The game was smaller and slower and not as detailed. There were not as many facets to it; it was not as specialized. We had just a few blitz packages and coverage schemes. Now, I'm not saying that I couldn't have played in today's game, but it was not the same.

Everyone liked running the football. The size of players was much different too. Mick Tingelhoff, our center, was probably 265 pounds and Ed White, who was one of the biggest guys, was about 285 to 290 pounds. That's nothing compared to today, where 300 pounds or more is commonplace. When I played I weighed about 235 pounds, my college weight. I believe that I was faster than what they thought I was. Stu Voigt, a great tight end for us, once quipped about himself, "Our opponents had me down as a player with deceptive speed: slower than we thought."

Tommy Kramer and I were two of the rookies that made it that season. Bud was not a proponent of keeping rookies around, but the first year I was there five rookies made the team. We had a great group of guys. Jerry Burns was our offensive coordinator, and I will say he is the same guy today as he was way back then. Burnsie was a great football coach with a tremendous mind for the offensive side of the ball. He was very beloved by everyone and is one of the funniest guys I have ever known.

## VIKING FOR LIFE

The veterans on the Vikings were very good to the young guys. On both sides of the ball, they really got along well with the rookies. We were in training camp for six weeks, with twice-daily practices, so we spent a lot of time together. Once you showed them you could compete, I think the veterans realized that some of us rookies could help them win, and that's all it took. I was always impressed with the way we were treated. It was nice to be accepted by the majority of the veteran guys, especially since they had been together for so long.

Jeff Siemon was the starting middle linebacker during my first season, and he was a great player and an exceptional person. He had been a Pro Bowl guy and remained there for a few years after I arrived. I started to work my way into the rotation the first year and actually started two games when Jeff was hurt. Getting hurt was the toughest part of the game. Our Hall of Fame center, Mick Tingelhoff, never got hurt. Mick was as tough as it gets, and his durability is legendary. There was a story about the backup center in the early 1970s on the Vikings, Godfrey Zaunbrecher. He once said, "I'm the third team center on a team with only two centers. I play behind Mick Tingelhoff and Tingelhoff hurt."

I always had those I looked up to when playing. When I was at the University of Illinois, Bob Blackman brought an Ivy League mentality to the game. He had a good staff around him. Dave Adolph, who I mentioned before, was the linebackers coach and was a great mentor to me while I was there. With the pros I spent a lot of time with Jeff Siemon and Wally Hilgenberg, both of whom mentored me. Matt Blair was always open and very helpful to me. People like Jim Marshall and Paul Krause were also the consummate pro football players, and I learned so much by just being around them. I was very fortunate to

have people like that at both the collegiate level and at the professional level.

In 1977 we won the division championship and got into the play-offs. We got to the conference finals and lost to Dallas in the NFC Championship Game. I was thinking to myself, *Wow, this is pretty sweet. We went to the championship game my first year. We're going to do this every year. What a great time this is going to be.* Well, we didn't get there again until my 10<sup>th</sup> season. People just don't realize how hard it is.

In my second year, I lost my way somewhat. I wasn't playing well and just couldn't get going. Looking back, it may have been that I was overconfident, maybe a little too full of myself. What snapped me out of it was they brought in a guy for me to work out with. I couldn't understand what they were doing, but Bud told me to work out with this guy. *Why would they want me to work out with this guy?* It didn't make any sense to me. I think it was Bud checking up on me. So I did it, and worked my way through my issues. Bud had some kind of a strategy, I guess. A short time later the guy was cut from the team. I guess it was just Bud's way of telling me that there was always going to be someone around to take my place. And it worked, because I snapped out of it pretty darn fast.

I played a lot on special teams, almost all of them. I was starting to play pretty regularly by my third year and became a regular starter in my fourth season. It felt great. My career was taking off and I loved every minute of it. My dream was being fulfilled.

Tommy Kramer started a few games early on when Fran was hurt, and then once Fran retired Tommy started for the next 10 years. Tommy was an exceptional player. He was extremely intelligent, had a