Dallas

Classic

don't even know if its a conscious thing or not." Paterno said afterward. "You know not, Paterno said afterward. "You know, somethimes things go wrong and you fight yourself. You gotta get involved in the game, but without hurting the team."

From that point, "Penn State kind of wore us down," said Baylor defensive back Sconter Reed "But they can't take

back Scooter Reed. "But they can't take anything away from our season. We don't have any reason to hold our head down."

Baylor coach Grant Teaff agreed. "We

are the Southwest Conference Champions, and nothing can take that away," Teaff said. "This team has brought much joy and happiness to a lot of people, and that

group includes me."

For Baylor, this season produced its first undisputed Southwest Conference Championship in 50 years. As each Bear player stepped from the shower, a Baylor assistant coach extended his hand. "Thanks. Thanks for a nice season," he said.

On the other side of the ramp, as he walked out of his last Penn State lockerroom, Murph' grabbed his "Gary Cooper Special" from the shelf and plopped it on his head.

A steady rain was falling in Dallas on the morning after the game. Beside the Bank of Texas, on top of a large fountain, a stuffed Baylor Bear still stood wrapped in



For six straight years it's been "hook 'em horns" on New Year's Day in the Cotton Bowl, but this year the "sick 'em" bear claw made it for the first time in 50 years

plastic. The fountain's green and yellow streamers were still shivering in the cold wind from the Baylor pep rally held there two days ago. And the rain rolled across the windows of the First International Building, creating more distortions and

making it even harder to reflect on Dallas.

On the field and at the bank, Penn State scored a double victory in Dallas last week. But for some of the people connected with the team in any number of capacities, the 1975 Cotton Bowl never

produced the satisfactions that Paterno said football brings to him. Some even felt ripped off. Maybe it was a feeling that the friendliest people in Dallas, in its hotels, bars, and in its Cotton Bowl Classic, were those that were paid to be friendly.



