

Coach Mols

February 28, 2012

Herb Mols coached and mentored me and my classmates when I was a student at The Park School from 1951 to 1954. Not only did he lead us to league championships in 1953-54 in football, basketball, baseball and track, but he taught all of us, without regard to our in natural talents, how to compete and contribute.

A couple incidents that I will never forget illustrate his competitive spirit:

When I was a Sophomore, we played an away night football game against OLV, a catholic high school. Coach noticed that there was a priest on the sidelines cheering for them. Hoping to even the playing field, he had one our fans call another priest to sit on our bench. A good try, but it did not work. Our 33-game winning streak ended. A last minute pass interception run back for what we thought was the winning touchdown was nullified by a clipping penalty. We lost 12 to 7, but not because of an act of god.

When I was a Junior, Coach was tackled by a Senior while demonstrating a running play. Although he had suffered a cracked bone in his leg, his immediate reaction was to say: "Geezle peezele, Harold, why can't you do that in a game?"

In addition to his coaching and teaching duties, he also performed tasks unknown to "modern" day coaches. Among other things (often with the help of students rounded up by him), he measured and limed athletic fields, filled the school swimming pool using several lengths of fire hose and kept track of the shower room towels, since the cost of laundering them constituted 50% of the boys' athletics budget.

Coach Mols could do it all and he often did.

Thomas Zierk '54