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THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

GIANTS EDITION

Dallas vs. New York Giants
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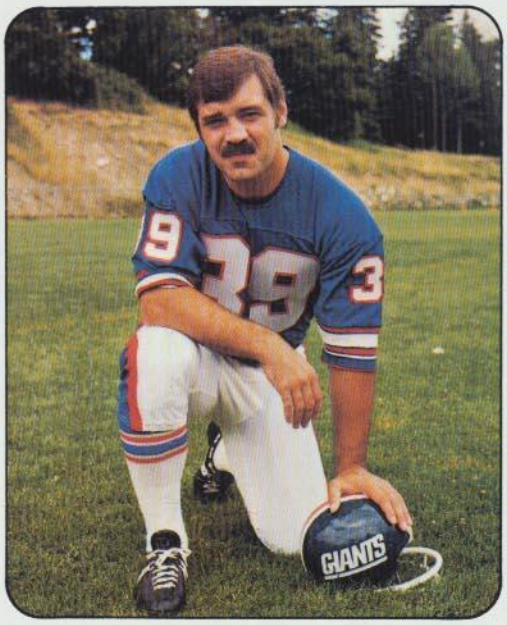

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Founder Tim Mara and son John V. Mara.

The Giants, a Continuing Tradition

by Ed Croke*

On October 18, 1925, America was in full swing. Bathtub gin was the intoxicating rage, Flappers flapped non-stop, the Roaring Twenties were indeed in full roar and Calvin Coolidge was the President, elected by a landslide margin in 1924, thanks to his worthy feat of reducing the national debt by a tidy $2 billion, and by such popular statements as "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime" during his action in a Boston police strike.

October 18, 1925 is also marked by a memorable birthday. On that date, the near-mystical legend of New York Giants Home Football Games began in the hallowed Polo Grounds in New York and the proud father was Timothy "Tim" Mara, a fabled New York sportsman who had established a New York franchise in the National Football League some months before.

That famous "first" home opener was neither an artistic or financial success for the new Giants who had embarked on a 12-game schedule on the road. The Frankford Yellow Jackets served as the opposition on that first afternoon in Coogan's Bluff and the Yellow Jackets stung the Giants 14-0 before a sparse crowd indeed. That first Giant team had some famous names of the day . . . . people like Hinkey Haines of Penn State, Century Milstead of Yale, Lynn Bomar of Vanderbilt, Warren Hendrian of Princeton, Art Carney of Navy, Ed McGinley of Penn, Joe Williams of Lafayette, Joe Alexander and Jack McBride of Syracuse, Heine Benkert and Bob Nash of Rutgers and a gentleman named Jim Thorpe, the incredible Carlisle Indian of Olympic and major league baseball fame.

Notwithstanding that opening day home setback, before that 1925 home season was to conclude, the Giants would be a vital part of the single afternoon which proved to the entire country that professional football was here to stay . . . . and to eventually prosper.

As that autumn of 1925 developed, there were interesting things taking place in Chicago. The much heralded

**Ed Croke is Director of Public Relations for the Giants.*

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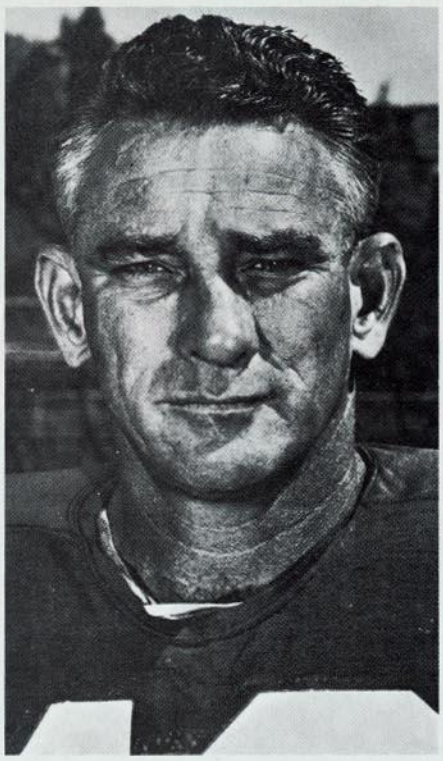
Harold "Red" Grange had concluded his spectacular collegiate career at Illinois and was open for offers. And since Grange was on an equal level with such names as Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey, those offers included glittering business opportunities and even a movie career. Most of his advisors told him the same thing–"stay out of pro football because it's dirty, profane and unprofitable".

Instead, Grange signed a contract with the Chicago Bears to play for them for the remainder of the 1925 schedule and on a post-season barnstorming tour . . . in exchange for a share of the gate receipts.

Grange made his pro debut on Thanksgiving Day 1925 against the Chicago Cardinals and gained but 36 yards in a scoreless tie. Then, the Bears headed Eastward where on December 6, 1925, pro football achieved that instant acclamation. With the Giants as the opponent at the Polo Grounds, fans mobbed the ticket windows and some 70,000 people watched as the Giants and Bears slugged it out. Not only did that crowd of 70,000-plus set a new all-time record for a professional football game, but it also saved Tim Mara from taking a total red-ink bath in that maiden campaign.



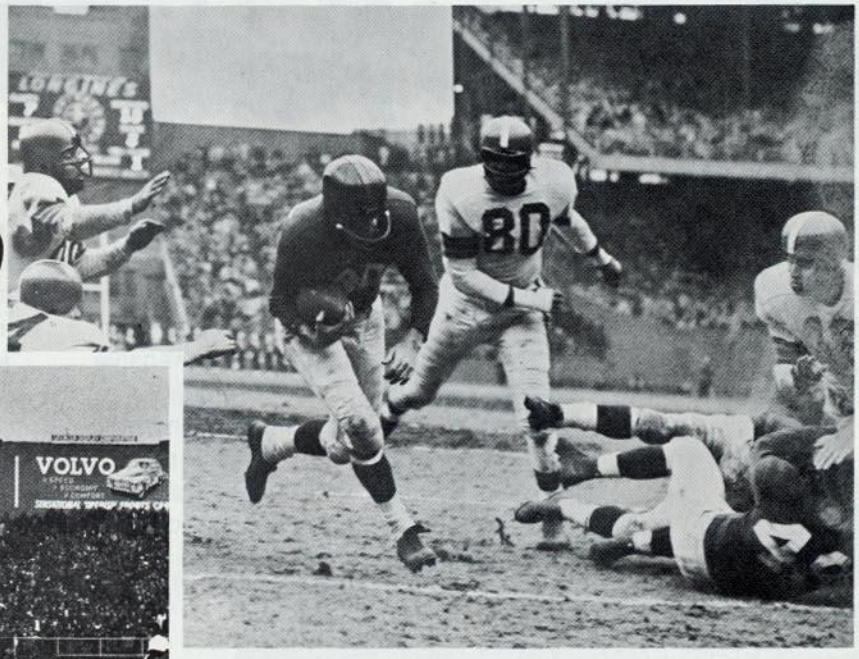
Charlie Conerly, quarterback of the World Champions of 1956.

Before that massive audience, the Giants played a solid game against the highly regarded Bears as Grange acted as a decoy through most of the game, drawing special coverage and attention as Joe Sternaman broke away for a pair of touchdowns that put the Bears in front 13-7. The customers got their money's worth in spades, however, when Grange intercepted a Giant pass late in the game and zipped it back for the final score in a 19-7 victory.

For an historical note, the Giants finished with a record of 8-4 that first year in a 20-team NFL. The Chicago Cardinals, not the Bears, won the title with an 11-2-1 record, with Pottsville (10-2) and Detroit (8-2-2) finishing ahead of the fourth-place Giants.

There is no question whatsoever that the history and tradition of the Giants is linked to the NFL itself, for one might have perished without the other in those early days. That big game on December

'Memories are Marvelous'



Polo Grounds–1954. Giants RB, Joe Scott goes in for the TD.

Charlie Conerly throws over Gino Marchetti in "The Greatest Game Ever Played" – 1958 Championship vs Baltimore Colts.

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6, 1925 was of great importance, not only because the huge crowd created an acceptance of the NFL, nor because the receipts helped assuage a difficult financial season for the Giants. More important, it helped keep the Giants franchise alive thereafter when the new NFL had an immense need for professional representation in the Big Apple.

From 1925 through 1955, the Giants brought fame, glory and outstanding football to the Polo Grounds and to the ever-increasing number of Giants fans. Over that span, the Giants won three World's Championships (1927, 1934, and 1938) and were NFL Eastern Champions nine times (1927, 1933-34-35, 1938-39, 1941, 1944 and 1946).

In 1956, the Giants moved across the Harlem River from the Polo Grounds to the equally famed Yankee Stadium. That last year in the Polo Grounds, the Giants had finished barely over .500 with a 6-5-1 record, but the move to the new stadium would act as a panacea for the Giants who were changing buildings with a solid cast of performers—people like Frank Gifford, Alex Webster, Charlie Conerly, Kyle Rote, Emlen Tunnell, Sam Huff, Jimmy Patton, Mel Triplett and a newly acquired defensive end from Los Angeles named Andy Robustelli. This was a growing and improving club which seemed poised to challenge for divisional honors.

As had been the case in 1925 at the Polo Grounds, the Giants opened that 1956 season with three road games, beating the 49ers 38-21 and the Cleveland Browns 21-9 and losing to St. Louis 35-27 for a 2-1 record.

The first opponent in the first home Giant game at the Yankee Stadium was the Pittsburgh Steelers and the date was October 21, 1956.

As chance would have it, America was again pretty much in full swing. Bathtub Gin was a beverage of the past, the Flappers of 1925 were rapidly attaining grandmother status, the music was no longer Dixieland but Rock 'N Roll and Dwight Eisenhower was the President, having been renominated unanimously on August 22, and was soon to trounce Adlai Stevenson in the November election. "Ike" was a popular hero, called himself a "moderate", favored the "free market system" vs. government price and wage controls and kept government out of labor disputes. And just over two weeks before the Giants and Steelers were to have at it on the Yankee Stadium greensward, the Yankees' Don Larsen had hummed a perfect no-hitter against the Dodgers in the World Series.

The Giants, then, seemed primed to be at the top of their game for the Steelers . . . and for historical purposes, could erase the final verdict of that initial game at the Polo Grounds in 1925.

A crowd of 48,108 turned out for the game, and that was the biggest home opening day crowd in Giants' history to that point. The crowd was in a festive mood as Coach Jim Lee Howell's team hustled onto the field, but the fans had hardly warmed their new seats when the Steelers' Gary Glick booted a 34-yard field goal to put the Steelers on top 3-0.

That was it for the Steelers. And as Louis Effrat of the New York Times wrote the next day, "The Giants needed about 20 minutes to make themselves comfortable in their new home at Yankee Stadium, and once Charlie Conerly started the attack rolling, there was no doubt about the outcome of this NFL encounter with the Pittsburgh Steelers."

With Conerly at the controls and passing sharply, and with Webster and Gifford spearheading a muscular rushing attack, the Giants pulverized the Pittsburghs the remainder of the way and won it easily, 38-10.

It was 17-3 at halftime as Conerly, entering the game late in the first period in relief of Don Heinrich, overcame that early Steeler edge by pitching TD passes of 14 yards to Ken MacAfee and 21 yards to Alex Webster and then positioning the club for a 14-yard Ben Agajanian field goal. Conerly continued the onslaught in the second half, hitting Kyle Rote for a 27-yard TD, and then directed two more awesome drives which were culminated by a 1-yard TD dive by Gifford and a 35-yard TD sprint

Former Governor William Cahill, Well Mara, Giants president, and David "Sonny" Werblin, chairman of the N.J. Sports & Exposition Authority as they watched practice at Giants training camp in 1972. It was the foresight and tenacity of these men, reinforced by Governor Brendan Byrne, which made today's opening a reality.

by reserve Gene Filipski. The Steelers got back on the board in the final period when QB Ted Marchibroda threw a 4-yard TD pass to Elbie Nickel.

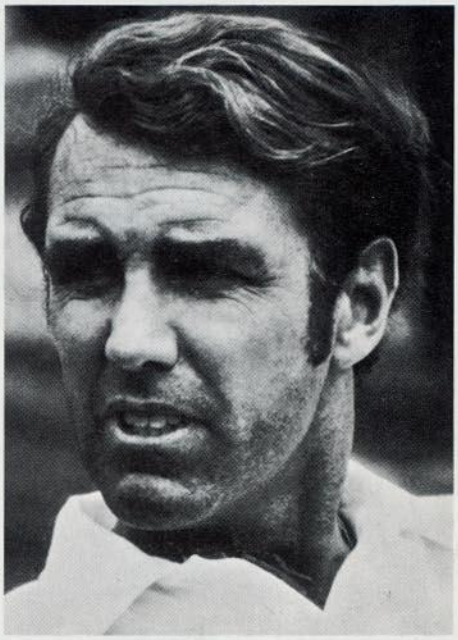
Conerly finished the afternoon with 14-for-23 for 208 yards and three TDs and was unanimously named the MVP of the game. All told, the offense rolled up 455 yards as Webster, Gifford, Filipski and Triplett flashed and slashed for 247 yards rushing. The defense was easily the equal of the offense, shutting the Steelers down completely after that opening field goal and limiting the Pittsburgh club to just 10 first downs and 168 yards of total offense. The big names in that defensive gem? The Messers Robustelli, Huff, Roosevelt Grier, Walt Yowarsky, Tunnell & Co., that's who.

There was ample and proper euphoria after the solid triumph before an adoring crowd. The late Pulitzer Prize winning columnist of the Times Arthur Daley wrote, "The Giants moved to their new home, Yankee Stadium, yesterday and tossed a housewarming party. It was a wing-ding. Neither cocktails nor canapes were served. However, muscular meatballs were attractively displayed and . . . the crowd enjoyed the festivities. If the Giants can continue the spectacular crowd-pleasing type of football in the future that they played yesterday, they should pack the Stadium week after week. This is quite a football team, folks. That much is unmistakable."

The Scholarly Daley proved to be an astute soothsayer. From that auspicious debut at Yankee Stadium, the Giants continued to roll onward and finished the season with an 8-3-1 record and first-place in the Eastern Conference. Gifford and Webster had big rushing seasons with 819 and 694 yards respectively, and Gifford, who was to be named the NFL's Most Valuable Player, also had 51 pass receptions for another 603 yards. Gifford's versatility in that year was not limited to his impressive rushing and receiving marks. Giff scored 5 touchdowns rushing, 4 more on pass receptions, and when Agajanian was hurting, the ex-USC All-American kicked 8 extra points and a pair of field goals to finish with 65 total points for the year.

The Giants achieved the total pinnacle that year, crushing the Chicago Bears 47-7 in the NFL Championship game at Yankee Stadium and five players were named to the All-NFL Team– Gifford, Roosevelt Brown, Andy Robustelli, Rosey Grier and Emlen Tunnell.

Wellington Mara, President of the New York Giants.



Tim Mara, Vice President and Treasurer.

And now, there is another October upon us in the Bicentennial Year of 1976 and the Giants have taken that Giant Step across the Hudson River, less than seven miles from the Empire State Building, to begin playing in the spectacular new Giants Stadium. The defending NFC Champion Dallas Cowboys supply the opposition this time, and even in the presence of the powerful Cowboys, there is that Giant aura all about this incredible stadium today. Tom Landry coaches the Cowboys, and his heritage is of the Giants, as both a former player and assistant coach. Up in the television booth for CBS-TV handling the play-by-play is Pat Summerall, place-kicking hero of many Giant triumphs, and in the WNEW-Radio booth, Dick Lynch, an alltime Giant defensive back.

Memories are marvelous. Conjure up the names of the great Giant players– the Hall of Fame members. Founder Tim Mara, Ken Strong, Mel Hein, Ray Flaherty, Cal Hubbard, Roosevelt Brown, Y.A. Tittle, Andy Robustelli, Hugh McElhenny, Joe Guyon, Pete Henry, Jim Thorpe, Arnie Herber, and the late Vince Lombardi, Emlen Tunnell and Steve Owen.

Through it all and right up to this glorious day, the continuing family tradition of the Giants stands out like a beacon. From the commencement of that family ownership and tradition in 1925 with Tim Mara, it has continued unbroken and undaunted down through the decades with Tim's sons, the late John V. Mara who served as President of the club until his death in 1965, and to Wellington T. Mara who has been President since Jack's death, to Tim Mara II, Jack's son, who is now Vice President and Treasurer. When the history of the National Football League is ultimately written, much will have to be devoted to these pioneers, the Maras, the Rooneys of Pittsburgh and Chicago's Halas family as the rock upon which the league was built and prospered.

The Polo Grounds – Yankee Stadium – Giants Stadium, all of it as much a slice of Americana and sports history as any other segment of sports, and for today's opening, it is at once a culmination in many respects, and yet another glorious beginning as well.

PRO! TALK

A CONVERSATION WITH DREW PEARSON

By Rick Smith

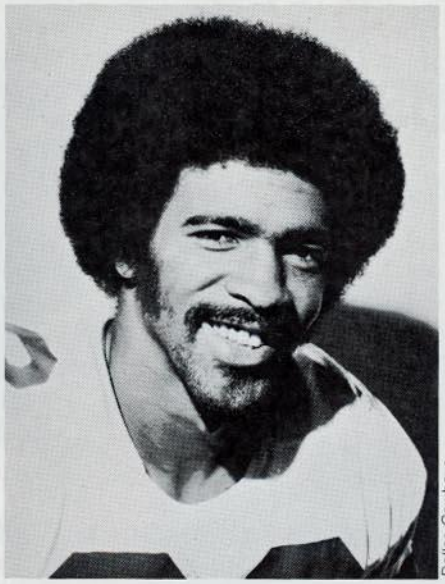
A few minutes before Super Bowl X, Dallas Cowboys' president Tex Schramm entered the team's dressing room in the Miami Orange Bowl and presented an envelope to wide receiver Drew Pearson. "It was a letter from the original Drew Pearson's secretary," recalled the Pearson who has become perhaps the NFL's most reliable practitioner of the big-play catch since signing with the Cowboys as a free agent in 1973. "She had written that Drew Pearson probably would have been proud of me because of the namesake and how I'd progressed. She also sent me a St. Christopher medal that was his and had his name engraved on the back. He used to wear it when he traveled."

When the Cowboys' Drew Pearson was born in 1951, his father named him after the late Washington-based investigative reporter whose syndicated column, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," appeared in newspapers throughout the country, including the *Newark Star-Ledger,* to which young Drew's father subscribed. An admirer of writer Pearson's convictions, Drew's father has been active in local politics in South River, New Jersey, where the Cowboys' receiver grew up.

Drew Pearson of South River didn't show an interest in politics or journalism, but his developing skills in football promised a bright future. He was an all-state quarterback at South River High, following Notre Dame-bound Joe Theismann, but when Drew was graduated there were few offers from major colleges. "My size was a factor and my grades weren't really up to par," says the 6-foot, 175-pounder. "Nebraska was interested but they said I had to go to a junior college for a year. The only reason I went to Tulsa was because I was impressed with the head coach. Then he resigned at the end of my freshman year."

Pearson eventually switched from quarterback to wide receiver at the University of Tulsa, but at the end of his senior year he had little to show for his efforts. He averaged almost 20 yards for 33 catches in 1972, but he wasn't drafted by any of the NFL's 26 teams. This was partly because of the poor team for which he played and partly because of his frail appearance.

"Dallas called me around eleven o'clock the night the draft ended," he said. "They had a scout in Tulsa, who was calling from his hotel. He wanted me to sign right then, but I said I wanted to wait to see if I would hear from some other teams. Pittsburgh and Green Bay contacted me, but I decided to go with Dallas. They had a lot of good receivers, but I felt if I made it with Dallas, I'd be set. And if I got cut in the preseason I felt I'd probably get picked up by another team."



Dallas Cowboys

Twenty-six teams by-passed Drew in '73 draft.

Pearson went to three mini-camps in Dallas before the regular training camp opened in Thousand Oaks, California. When school let out in June, he moved to Dallas and began working out with quarterback Roger Staubach. "By the time training camp opened, the coaches had an idea what I could do," he said. "But in the first couple weeks I still was kind of lost in the shuffle. They had drafted Golden Richards in the second round and signed John Smith, a free agent who had a big name because he was the fastest guy in the world at four-hundred forty yards." Near the end of the second week of camp Pearson caught two passes and blocked well in a scrimmage with the veterans. "The next day we were eating breakfast in the cafeteria and coach [Tom] Landry came up to me and said, 'You had a real impressive scrimmage.' That was like words coming from 'on high.' I had been down and all of a sudden my spirits were lifted. At the seven-thirty meeting that night coach Landry said in front of the whole squad that I had been the only standout in the scrimmage."

Pearson was named to the starting lineup in the ninth game of the season after injuries cut down veterans Otto Stowe and Mike Montgomery. He's still there. His three-season totals include 130 catches and 12 touchdowns. Pearson's 83-yard touchdown pass from Staubach won the game for Dallas in the 1973 NFC playoffs against Los Angeles; he caught a 50-yard bomb from Clint Longley in the final 28 seconds to beat Washington 24-23 in 1974; and his one-handed, hip-high 50-yard catch of Staubach's pass with 24 seconds remaining beat Minnesota 17-14 in the 1975 NFC playoffs.

There has been a lot of controversy over the catch against Minnesota. Did you commit a foul on the play when the Vikings' Nate Wright fell to the turf?

"I don't think so. I've watched the films from quite a few different angles and I still can't see anything. I looked at them to see if either of us fouled. We had thirty-two seconds left when the play began. Roger had been asking all along if I felt I could get deep. I was a little tired. I had already caught three in that drive. Just before the bomb he asked if I wanted to go deep and I said, 'No,' run something to the other side and then come back to me; let me catch my wind.' It's funny how things work out. I had been dejected the whole game. I hadn't caught anything. And Minnesota doesn't give you a lot of change-ups. They stay in that basic defense and it seems simple to work against. They play a basic zone, the same zone we had seen against them down in Dallas in the NFC championship game in 1973. Same zone, same people. They just play it well . . . but I *knew* I could get open."

How did you feel, knowing that the pivotal play of the season would involve you?

"I knew the game was on the line. My adrenalin definitely was flowing by this time, because I was really psyched up. I know in situations like that Roger has a lot of confidence in me. I know he'll come to me. But I really didn't expect us to pull it out. You've got to give the other guys credit for being professionals, too. You give it your best effort to make it happen, but you know your chances are slim."

Why hadn't the Cowboys thrown to you?

"As I said, Minnesota's defense is as basic as it can be, but they had given me a lot of trouble. I never had caught a lot of passes against that team. That's probably part of it. On the touchdown catch, I just gave a fake inside and ran a long pattern down the sideline. When I

finally got inside of Nate Wright, everything happened real fast. The ball hit my hand and I thought I was going to drop it. But being bent over, the ball slid off and stuck on my hip. On a play like that there's really not that much pressure on me—or the offense—because nobody is *expecting* us to score. The pressure really is on the defensive player. If it happens, he's the goat. After I caught the ball, I just backed into the end zone. I still didn't realize what was going on. I think the crowd reaction would have been spontaneous if we had been in Dallas. Since we were in Minnesota, everything was dead. I didn't know it was a touchdown until I saw the official throw up his hands."

You're developing quite a reputation for these kinds of catches.

"I don't really want to be known as a big-play man. I'd rather be known as a consistent receiver. I like to contribute. And that doesn't mean I'm being an individual or trying to get my own thing built up. I feel I can contribute that way in a winning way. Do more things . . . take a little pressure off the backs. There was an article in the Dallas paper last year. I was complaining that I wasn't getting the ball enough. A lot of people misread it. They thought, 'Wow, what's he trying to do . . . they're winning, aren't they?' But it wasn't meant that way. I just wanted to contribute more. There were some games when I'd see the ball once, on a little sideline pattern. And I'd been working all week on different routes. Is that what I am working for, to run a sideline pattern in the game? That was all I was referring to."

You don't appear to be an intense person, but–

"The only way I can do things is aggressively . . . all out. Like training camp. I never could go through training camp now if I didn't have the attitude I did as a rookie. I've seen guys on this team that are good ball players and have done a lot of things in the past. They come to training camp and are lackadaisical and think they have things wrapped up. I can't perform that way because I'd get very lazy. Then I'd get irritable and probably snap at an assistant coach or somebody. The thing that gets me going, makes me want to do something, is when people tell me I can't. In high school I was having trouble with English. This teacher would always be on me. She gave me a hard time throughout my senior year. She told me one time I'd never go to college and if I did, I'd never make it. Little things like that I remember. It gives me incentive."

You scored Dallas's first touchdown in Super Bowl X against Pittsburgh. The Steelers say they were caught adjusting to the Cowboys' fourth shift of motion before the snap of the ball.

"We shifted just once and apparently they had the play scouted because we came back with it in the second half and Mike Wagner picked it off. I guess they hadn't seen it in the formation we used. I came down the line of scrimmage. You kinda fake a crackback block on the outside linebacker, because it's a play-action pass. You go at him a couple steps and then go upfield about twelve yards and break across. The tight end is coming underneath the linebackers to control them and Golden Richards [the Cowboys' other wide receiver] is running a split pattern to take the cornerback and the free safety on his side deep."

What was it like playing in the Super Bowl?

"It was hard, but it was a great experience. In fact, it was an unbelievable experience for me . . . the press and all the fans. When you go out there to warm up before the game, you had Pittsburgh fans on one side and Dallas fans on the other. It was like being in a small ring for a boxing match. The noise was intense. I think that just added more to the game; it got me up."

Growing up, did you ever see yourself being a professional football player?

"You dream about it, but you don't really expect it. I was always a good athlete. I played football. As soon as football was over I'd jump into basketball and then baseball. Baseball was my favorite sport. If there was no one around, I'd throw the ball against a wall and try to catch it before it bounced. I'd keep moving closer to the wall, making it harder to catch. I think that helped my reactions and my hands. I was also fortunate that my father never put any pressure on us kids to go out and find a job as long as we were playing ball and being involved. He gave us everything we needed. We struggled; we had hard times, but we always had everything we needed. And there were seven of us—four brothers and three sisters.

"It's kind of ironic when I go back home to visit. I see kids I grew up with and they can't believe all that has happened to me. I've got one friend who was my receiver in high school. He was a top player and everyone said that if anyone was going to make it he would. He went to Penn State. He's back home now, teaching in South River, and when I see him he tells me how much he misses football. He's had a real tough time coping with the fact that he's no longer playing football.

"Here I am, still playing. To be able to play this game a long time like I hope to, things have to go right. I'm thankful for that."

David Boss

Pearson is open and headed for the end zone with Dallas's first touchdown in Super Bowl X.

The following article is excerpted from a chapter in "The Game of Their Lives," written by Dave Klein and published by Random House, Inc. The book deals with the memorable sudden death championship game of 1958 between the Giants and the Baltimore Colts, termed by many as "the greatest game ever played." Fourteen members of the two teams were interviewed by Klein and offered their recollections of that day, as well as providing insight into the psyche of a professional athlete and what happens to such men after retirement.

The athletes whose stories are contained in "The Game of Their Lives" include Johnny Unitas, Raymond Berry, Gino Marchetti, Lenny Moore, Alan Ameche and John Sample of the Colts; Kyle Rote, Alex Webster, Charley Conerly, Sam Huff, Frank Gifford, Jack Stroud, Rosey Grier and Andy Robustelli of the Giants.

The book is available at all bookstores and will be published in paperback by New American Library, Inc., next year.

The Game of Their Lives

Alex Webster

by
Dave Klein

By winter, the New Jersey shore is both memory and promise. The perfect days of summer, unflawed and golden, are gone. Winter at the shore is a single word. Shuttered. Summer homes are closed, their windows shuttered. Boardwalk restaurants and amusement stands are shut. Within, the smell of must, of no one. The buildings wait for the first door to open, the first window to be lifted, the first rush of the fresh ocean air, the first warmth of spring sunlight.

In winter, the wind slices across the dark ocean and cuts the shoreline with blind cruelty. The salt air is raw and chill. The ocean is black, somehow louder and more ominous than in summer. The streets are empty, deserted; you can walk their center lines unhurried, unthreatened. Mist is a nightly companion, obscuring road signs, turning street lights into prisms of fuzzy color. There is a clamminess to the air, sticky, damp, rank. The occasional stare of headlights is cause to wonder—who goes there and why?

But to those who call the shore their home the shutters of winter are as normal as the delights of summer. Where one lives is home, simply home. It rains and it snows; it is cold and it is damp. It is warm in the summer, cold in the winter. Through the long winters and the summer carnival shore people are at ease, strolling to an inner rhythm, not rushing. There is a time for everything. It is a quiet, leisurely way of life.

Alex Webster is a shore person, accustomed to the slow rhythm of the seasons. He spends quiet days near the beach, has fit into the patterns of the locals, learned how to walk slowly and pass the time. But somehow it doesn't fit.

This man should be living as he did before, in the grimy gray of a North Jersey industrial town, with the smog hanging in a sky made all the wrong color, with the men who toil too long for too little and live with gloom and quiet des-

(Continued on page 123)

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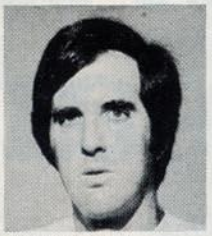
PRO! DATA

BEHIND THE EDITORIAL SCENES

Bill McGrane



John Horgan

There's good news for *PRO!* readers who have been wondering about the identity of the mystery writer responsible for the regular feature "Insight" (page 2B). This year, the full and complete identity of "mcg." is revealed for the first time since this column was initiated four years ago. Those of you who guessed Bill McGrane, go to the head of the class.

Bill McGrane is a former journalist *(Des Moines Register* and *Minneapolis Tribune)* who now is assistant to Jim Finks, general manager of the Chicago Bears. McGrane left the newspaper business 10 years ago and has been involved with the NFL in a variety of capacities ever since. From 1966 to 1973 he was public relations director for the Minnesota Vikings. In February, 1973, he accepted an executive position in the league office in New York. In January, 1975, he moved to Chicago to work for Jim Finks again. (It was Finks who hired McGrane in Minneapolis when Finks was general manager of the Vikings.)

Although McGrane no longer labors under the pressure of midnight deadlines, he still yearns to write. "I love to write," he says. And his affection for his craft shows in his work. It shows in the skill with which he treats dialogue, in the manner in which he is able to make his characters come to life. In "Insight," McGrane creates a microcosm of the world of the professional football player. And each story gives us a little more understanding of what life in that world is really like.

"I'm lucky to have the opportunity to write the 'Insight' column," says McGrane. "It allows me to take actual people and actual situations and write about them anonymously. I can treat fact as fiction. I always have somebody in mind when I write the column."

In the past four years, no name has ever been mentioned in the column. This year, for the first time, McGrane breaks tradition and mentions the late *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist Jack Griffin by name. "The great thing about Griffin," says McGrane, "was his ability to show that even athletes have all the human elements we all have."

Ironically, what McGrane says about Griffin, is exactly what McGrane himself does in "Insight." "If the column has a benefit or purpose," he says, "it is to provide an insight into prominent athletes at a level where the average fan would never see him. I try to humanize people by pointing out some of the little things about their character that allow people to identify with them. I think it's hard for the average fan to really identify with a Fran Tarkenton. Most of us have very little in common with that kind of skill. We can read about his accomplishments and his records, but what's the *man* really like? You need someone who can observe the details."

Most of us know someone—a friend or a relative—who has had cancer. It's a difficult and sensitive subject. The word itself is enough to scare most people.

"The subject is especially difficult," says writer John Horgan, "because most of us don't understand it. Even the medication is frightening."

When Horgan heard that Bob Hoskins, defensive tackle for the San Francisco 49ers, had had Hodgkin's disease and that he had conquered it, he wanted to know more. "Here was a guy who depends on his body for his profession," says Horgan. "How does a professional football player cope with this?

As part of his research for the story entitled, "Where There's Life, There's Hoskins," which begins on page 17C of this issue of *PRO!,* Horgan took a first hand look at the radiation center where patients are treated. He saw the giant cobalt machine and even stayed in the radiation room by himself—with just a television monitor to keep him company —to get a better feeling for what it is like to go through treatment.

"Anyone who has been through that experience for real," says Horgan, "must have a much better understanding of himself . . . you'd have to."

This issue of *PRO!* also contains the first of a three-part word-and-graphic series devoted to the history of professional football as viewed within the context of the important historical events that were going on in the world around it. In "The Game Against the Years," beginning on page 7B, you can follow the beginning of the evolution of pro football in the twenties and thirties. !

And here's wher to reach them.

Atlanta Falcons
521 Capitol Ave. S.W.
Atlanta, Ga. 30312

Baltimore Colts
Executive Plaza 111
Hunt Valley, Md. 21031

Buffalo Bills
One Bills Drive
Orchard Park, N.Y. 14127

Chicago Bears
55 East Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Ill. 60604

Cincinnati Bengals
Riverfront Stadium
Cincinnati, O. 45202

Cleveland Browns
Cleveland Stadium
Cleveland, O. 44114

Dallas Cowboys
6116 N. Central Exp.
Dallas, Texas 75206

Denver Broncos
5700 Logan Street
Denver, Colo. 80216

Detroit Lions
P.O. Box 4200
Pontiac, Mich. 48057

Green Bay Packers
1265 Lombardi Ave.
Green Bay, Wisc. 54303

Houston Oilers
Box 1516
Houston, Texas 77001

Kansas City Chiefs
One Arrowhead Dr.
Kansas City, Mo. 64129

Los Angeles Rams
10271 W. Pico Blvd.
Los Angeles, Ca. 90064

Miami Dolphins
330 Biscayne Blvd.
Miami, Fla. 33132

Minnesota Viking
7110 France Ave. S.
Edina, Minn. 55435

New England Pat
Schaefer Stadium
Foxboro, Mass. 0203

New Orleans Sain
944 St. Charles Ave.
New Orleans, La. 70

New York Giants
15 Columbus Circle
New York, N.Y. 1002

New York Jets
598 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 1002

Oakland Raiders
7811 Oakport St.
Oakland, Calif. 9462

Philadelphia Eag
Veterans Stadium
Philadelphia, Pa. 191

Pittsburgh Steele
Three Rivers Stadiu
Pittsburgh, Pa. 1521

St. Louis Cardina
200 Stadium Plaza
St. Louis, Mo. 6312

San Diego Charg
9449 Friars Road
San Diego, Calif. 92

San Francisco 4
1255 Post St.
San Francisco, Ca.

Seattle Seahawk
1200 Westlake Ave.
Seattle, Wash. 9810

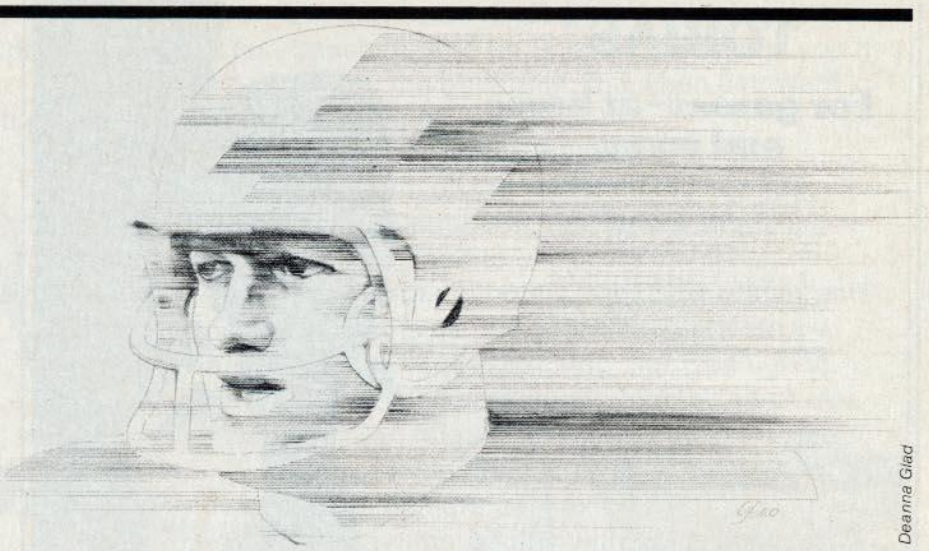
Tampa Bay Buc
1 Buccaneer Pl.
Tampa, Fla. 33607

Washington Red
P.O. Box 17247
Washington, D.C. 2

PS: Have a Mailgram message for the coach as well? You can reach h at the same address.

OPEN FORUM: FURMAN BISHER

PAT THE GIANT KILLER



Deanna Glad

You should understand, first off, that I don't know Pat Fischer very well. I do feel quite fortunate that I got to him by the time I did, otherwise there might not have been much of him left. He was already worn down to 165 pounds and not much taller than a jockey when I met him.

You know all those muscular terms professional football intimidates its clients with—massive, huge, overpowering, enormous, big, mammoth. And those nicknames—the Monster," "Too Tall," "Mean Joe," "Fearsome Foursome," "Mad Dog," "Killer."

"I suppose they called you 'Killer' when you were huge and massive," I said.

"Oh, no," he said, "I've always been about this size. As a matter of fact, I weigh five pounds more than when I came out of college."

"You're putting me on," I said.

"Of course, by the time the season is on, I'll balloon all the way up to one-seventy." It was still summertime.

You could have knocked me over with a feather(weight). I had thought it likely that Pat Fischer had been a pretty good-sized guy when he arrived in St. Louis from the University of Nebraska in 1961, and that he probably had been worn down to gristle and bone by the erosion of contact. Fifteen years of playing cornerback in the National Football League has to leave tread marks on a man.

If you were lecturing about how cornerback is supposed to be played in the NFL, and Pat Fischer walked out to be your demonstrator—you know, like the stews who do the pantomime with the oxygen masks on the airlines—you'd get a lot of laughs. A 5-foot 9-inch defensive halfback? Your audience would think you're taking the "half" of halfback too seriously.

"What's wrong," they'd say, "couldn't you afford *all* of one?"

At first glance, you figure Pat Fischer wandered into the locker room of the Washington Redskins by mistake. Or else he's somebody's broker who dropped by to tell a player about an exciting new issue.

He'd be the last guy in the room you'd send out to tackle Boobie Clark, a 240-pound running back for the Cincinnati Bengals, or to cover Harold Carmichael, an overpowering 6-foot 8-inch wide receiver for the Philadelphia Eagles.

"No, no, you've got it all wrong," Pat says. "You don't think about it in terms of size. The size factor has never preoccupied me. I can't worry about something I have no control over. It's a game of leverage and angles, and that's the way I play it."

From the first, Fischer never did look like what NFL coaches have in mind for a cornerback. In fact, he didn't start out as one. The Cardinals had a committee of coaches in 1961, and one of them, Ray Willsey, decided Pat might make it as a wide receiver. Pat didn't mind. He'd been flattered just to be drafted—even on the seventeenth round. He had no idea anybody had even thought of him as a pro.

The first few days in camp at Lake Forest, Illinois, he pattered about in shorts. They didn't have a uniform small enough to fit him. In the first preseason game, his pants literally slipped down below his knees. They had to be taped up to finish the game. The crowd must have thought he was the game's comic relief.

Eventually, the Cardinals decided that Pat could play and not get killed, and while they might have been suspected of child-napping, they took the little fellow along. It wasn't a bad decision. By the end of the 1975 season, Fischer had played a record 198 games at cornerback.

You might think that he'd look as battered as Willie Pep, that he hears as many bells and birdies as Cauliflower McPugg, but that isn't true. Only once has he had to take time off because of an injury. While still a Cardinal, he was the bottom man on a pile of teammates and opponents. Carrying that load of mammoths, one of his knees went and he missed six games.

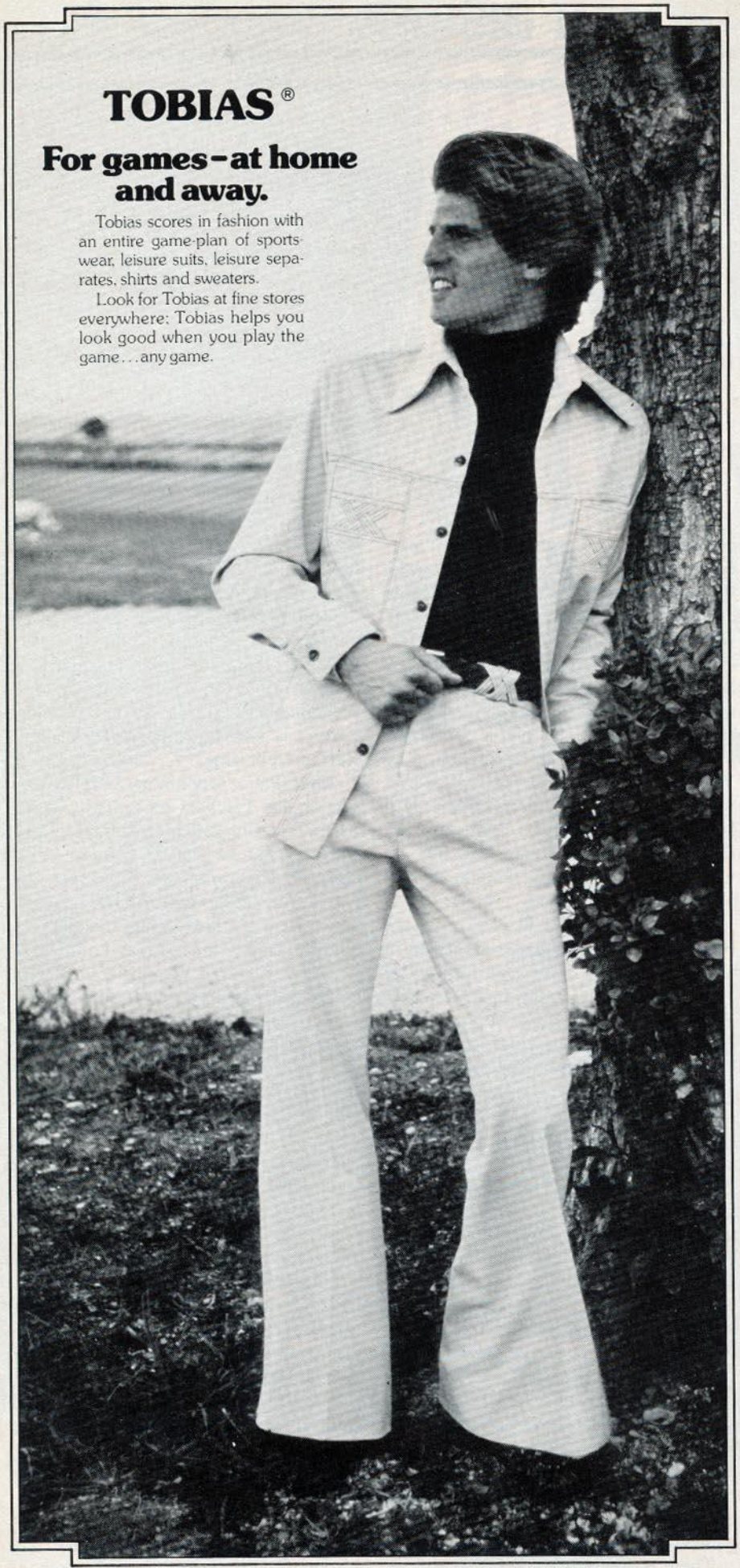
There is something to be said for genetics in his case. The Fischers were of hardy stock. They grew up—the six brothers and three sisters—on a farm in the wind-blown livestock and grain region of Boone County, Nebraska, in St. Edward, about 90 miles northwest of Omaha. All six boys were about the same size, and all six played football. One, Cletus, is an assistant on the coaching staff at Nebraska.

After Pat's sophomore year in high school, the Fischers moved to Omaha, where Pat finished high school. Later, at Nebraska, he played quarterback on offense and cornerback on defense. It was during that period of college rules when a kid got locked into the game by quarters, and he had to play both ways.

So by this time, the spare little body by Fischer has been put through 23 seasons of football between St. Edward, Omaha, the Cornhuskers, the Cardinals, and the Redskins. He played out his option in 1967 and became a Redskin by way of free agentry.

While he has picked up the urbane ways of the cityite as a pro, they haven't taken the boy out of the country. When it came to settling on a home site, Fischer picked the little town of Leesburg, Virginia. It's near Washington, but there's nothing suburban about it. You'll find him on Fort Evans Road, last house (ranch style, of course) before you pass the city limits sign. That gives him convenient access to the Redskins' camp, Dulles International Airport, and the bank where he works in the off-season in Vienna, Virginia. Once a broker, banking will be his full-time career when his gaming days are done.

Though he has been durable, though he has intercepted more passes than any active player except Paul Krause of



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Minnesota and Emmitt Thomas of Kansas City, there are times when the world still has to be reminded that Pat Fischer is in the league. There is something to be said in favor of and against this sometime anonymity.

It speaks well in terms of the old fashioned characteristic of reliability; to be taken for granted.

On the other hand, there was the case of Pat's old teammate in St. Louis, Larry Wilson. Similar in size and comportment, tough and leathery with the face of an eagle, Wilson earned reverence as a safetyman. Fred Williamson earned notoriety as "the Hammer." Kent McCloughan earned historical credit as the creator of the tactic of "bump and run," which may be open to question.

But Fischer plays on, and some people still have to check their programs to see who number "37" is. It'll come easier in 1978, when Pat will be wearing his age on his back.

Perhaps he has been so intense in his methods that he has made it look *too* easy. How much does a receiver have to slow down to change directions? How much does the speed relate to the angle he plans to take? What does a defensive back see first when the change of direction is about to take place?

"I went into an extensive study of all these things," he said. "All these things have a definite pattern. I'll tell you this: If you're walking straight ahead, and you're going to turn right, you'll step with your left foot."

One time it didn't work, and it was the low moment of his career—when Howard Twilley got him all out of shape, Bob Griese found Twilley with a pass, and Miami scored the first touchdown en route to winning Super Bowl VII in Los Angeles.

Fischer falls into a special class of players who have made it in the NFL by using their heads first and their bodies second. Rocky Bleier (they said there was no way he could play halfback in the NFL) is another. Bill Kilmer (they called him a "javelin thrower") is, too. Twilley (folks say he's gotten 10 years out of a one-year body) also qualifies.

Fischer is so small that there are times when it seems he's the little man who isn't there—unless there's a pass to be knocked down or some huge or tall body to be tackled.❗

Furman Bisher is sports editor and columnist for the Atlanta Journal.

pro!
GIANTS EDITION, GIANTS STADIUM, OCT. 10, 1976
VOL. 7, No. 1

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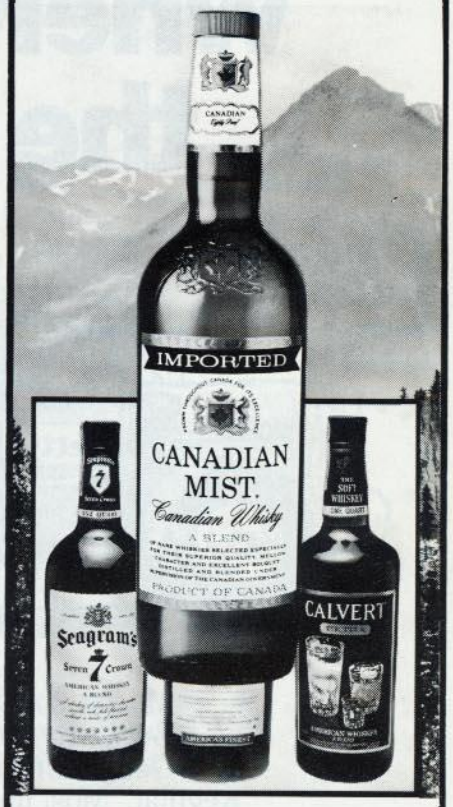
Come up to Canada.



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October 10, 1976

Dear Giant Fan:

As the third president of the Giants in their 52 years, it is my privilege to welcome you to Giants Stadium.

Our Stadium was constructed for the purpose of providing better seats for our long-time ticket holders--and nearly 98% of them have renewed their subscriptions--and more seats for new customers--and about 15,000 seats have been distributed to them.

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We solicit that cooperation, we appreciate your patronage, and most of all we thank you for your interest.

Sincerely,

Wellington T. Mara

Wellington T. Mara
President

WTM/mm

GIANTS ROSTER — 1976

NO.	NAME	POS.	HT.	WT.	AGE	YEAR	COLLEGE
77	Archer, Troy	DE	6-4	250	21	R	Colorado
25	Bell, Gordon	RB-KR	5-9	180	23	R	Michigan
37	Brooks, Bobby	CB	6-1	195	25	3	Bishop
21	Bryant, Bill	CB	5-11	195	25	1	Grambling
88	Buggs, Danny	WR	6-2	185	23	2	West Virginia
53	Carson, Harry	LB	6-2	228	23	R	South Carolina State
61	Chandler, Karl	G	6-5	250	24	3	Princeton
26	Colbert, Rondy	CB-KR	5-9	165	22	2	Lamar
39	Csonka, Larry	RB	6-4	237	30	8	Syracuse
18	Danelo, Joe	K	5-9	166	23	2	Washington State
66	Dvorak, Rick	DE	6-4	245	24	3	Wichita State
65	Ellenbogen, Bill	OT	6-5	255	26	1	Virginia Tech.
71	Gallagher, Dave	DT	6-4	256	24	3	Michigan
76	Gibbons, Mike	T	6-4	262	25	1	S.W. Oklahoma State
84	Gillette, Walker	WR	6-5	200	29	7	Richmond
81	Gregory, Jack	DE	6-5	250	32	10	Delta State
74	Hicks, John	G	6-2	258	25	3	Ohio State
52	Hill, Ralph	C	6-1	245	27	R	Florida A&M
56	Hughes, Pat	LB	6-2	225	29	7	Boston University
13	Jennings, Dave	K	6-4	205	24	3	St. Lawrence
55	Kelley, Brian	LB	6-3	222	25	4	California Lutheran
44	Kotar, Doug	RB-KR	5-11	205	25	3	Kentucky
54	Lloyd, Dan	LB	6-2	225	23	R	Washington
34	Mallory, Larry	CB	5-11	185	24	R	Tennessee State
75	Martin, George	DE	6-4	245	23	2	Oregon
64	Mendenhall, John	DT	6-1	255	28	5	Grambling
62	Mikolajczyk, Ron	G	6-3	275	26	R	Tampa
15	Morton, Craig	QB	6-4	210	33	12	California
73	Mullen, Tom	G-T	6-3	250	25	3	S.E. Missouri State
29	Powers, Clyde	S	6-1	195	25	3	Oklahoma
82	Rhodes, Ray	WR	5-11	185	26	3	Tulsa
85	Robinson, Jim	WR-KR	5-9	170	23	1	Georgia Tech
51	Schmit, Bob	LB	6-1	220	26	2	Nebraska
87	Shirk, Gary	TE	6-1	220	26	R	Morehead State
79	Simpson, Al	G-T	6-5	255	25	2	Colorado State
16	Snead, Norm	QB	6-4	215	37	16	Wake Forest
20	Stienke, Jim	CB	5-11	182	26	4	S.W. Texas State
48	Stuckey, Henry	CB	6-1	180	26	4	Missouri
38	Tucker, Bob	TE	6-3	230	31	7	Bloomsburg, Pa.
63	Van Horn, Doug	T	6-3	245	32	10	Ohio State
10	Van Pelt, Brad	LB	6-5	235	25	4	Michigan State
36	Watkins, Larry	RB	6-2	230	30	8	Alcorn State
24	White, Marsh	RB	6-2	220	23	2	Arkansas

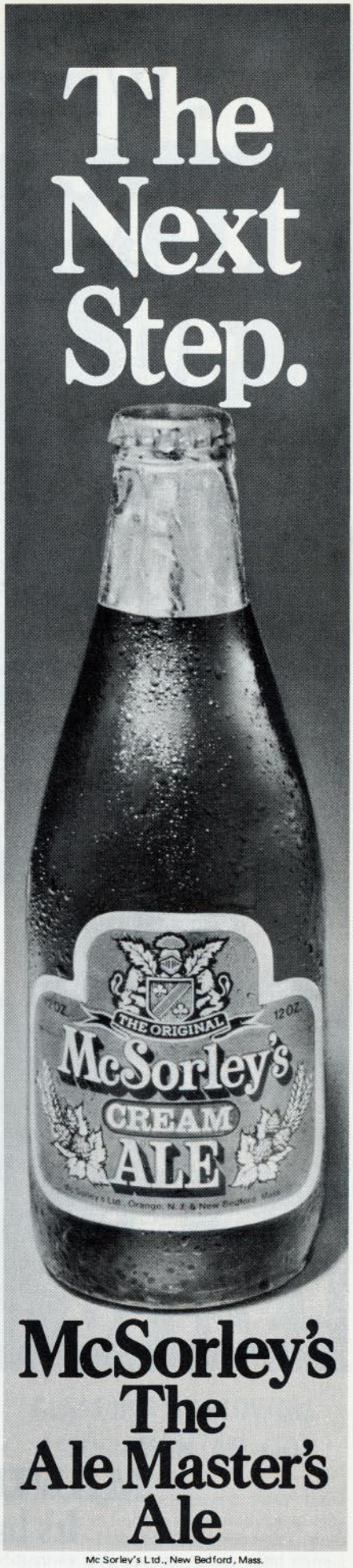
(R—denotes reporting to first NFL camp)

See Centerfold for Late Changes

GIANTS RECORD AGAINST DALLAS
1960 through 1975
Giants Won 9—Lost 18—Tied 2

1960—Giants 31, Dallas 31 (H)
1961—Giants 31, Dallas 10
Dallas 17, Giants 16 (H)
1962—Giants 41, Dallas 10
Giants 41, Dallas 31 (H)
1963—Giants 37, Dallas 21 (H)
Giants 34, Dallas 7 (H)
1964—Giants 13, Dallas 13
Dallas 31, Giants 21 (H)
1965—Dallas 31, Giants 2
Dallas 38, Giants 20 (H)
1966—Dallas 52, Giants 7
Dallas 17, Giants 7 (H)
1967—Dallas 38, Giants 24
1968—Giants 27, Dallas 21
Dallas 28, Giants 10 (H)
1969—Dallas 25, Giants 3
1970—Dallas 28, Giants 10
Giants 23, Dallas 20 (H)
1971—Dallas 20, Giants 13
Dallas 42, Giants 14 (H)
1972—Dallas 23, Giants 14 (H)
Giants 23, Dallas 3
1973—Dallas 45, Giants 28
Dallas 23, Giants 10 (H)
1974—Giants 14, Dallas 6
Dallas 21, Giants 7 (H)
1975—Dallas 13, Giants 7 (H)
Dallas 14, Giants 3

POINTS: Giants 529, Dallas 699



COWBOYS ROSTER — 1976

NO.	NAME	POS.	HT.	WT.	AGE	YEAR	COLLEGE
31	Barnes, Benny	CB	6-1	190	25	5	Stanford
53	Breunig, Bob	LB	6-2	228	23	2	Arizona State
63	Cole, Larry	DT	6-5	250	30	9	Hawaii
21	Dennison, Doug	RB	6-0	208	25	3	Kutztown, Pa.
67	Donovan, Pat	T	6-4	250	23	2	Stanford
89	DuPree, Billy Joe	TE	6-4	230	26	4	Michigan State
76	Eidson, Jim	G-C	6-3	264	22	R	Mississippi State
62	Fitzgerald, John	C	6-5	252	28	6	Boston College
77	Gregory, Bill	DT	6-5	252	27	6	Wisconsin
43	Harris, Cliff	S	6-1	190	28	7	Ouachita
58	Hegman, Mike	LB	6-1	221	23	R	Tennessee State
56	Henderson, Thomas	LB	6-2	223	23	2	Langston
1	Herrera, Efren	K	5-9	190	25	3	UCLA
42	Hughes, Randy	S	6-4	210	23	2	Oklahoma
37	Jensen, Jim	RB-KR	6-3	230	23	R	Iowa
86	Johnson, Butch	WR-KR	6-1	187	22	R	Cal-Riverside
72	Jones, Ed	DE	6-9	265	25	3	Tennessee State
55	Jordan, Lee Roy	LB	6-1	220	35	14	Alabama
25	Kyle, Aaron	CB	5-10	181	22	R	Wyoming
35	Laidlaw, Scott	RB	6-0	206	23	2	Stanford
66	Lawless, Burton	G	6-4	250	23	2	Florida
50	Lewis, D.D.	LB	6-1	215	31	8	Mississippi
79	Martin, Harvey	DE	6-5	252	26	4	East Texas State
73	Neely, Ralph	T	6-6	255	33	12	Oklahoma
44	Newhouse, Robert	RB	5-10	205	26	5	Houston
61	Nye, Blaine	G	6-4	255	30	9	Stanford
88	Pearson, Drew	WR	6-0	185	25	5	Tulsa
26	Pearson, Preston	RB	6-1	208	31	10	Illinois
75	Pugh, Jethro	DT	6-6	248	32	12	Elizabeth City State
64	Rafferty, Tom	G-C	6-3	250	22	R	Penn State
27	Reece, Beasley	CB	6-1	186	22	R	North Texas State
20	Renfro, Mel	CB	6-0	190	35	13	Oregon
83	Richards, Golden	WR-KR	6-0	190	26	4	Hawaii
87	Saldi, Jay	TE	6-3	217	22	R	South Carolina
94	Schaum, Greg	DE	6-3	246	22	R	Michigan State
68	Scott, Herbert	G	6-2	250	23	2	Virginia Union
12	Staubach, Roger	QB	6-3	197	34	8	Navy
46	Washington, Mark	CB	5-11	186	29	7	Morgan State
41	Waters, Charlie	S	6-2	195	28	7	Clemson
11	White, Danny	QB-P	6-2	180	24	R	Arizona State
54	White, Randy	LB	6-4	240	23	2	Maryland
70	Wright, Rayfield	T	6-6	255	31	10	Fort Valley State
30	Young, Charles	RB	6-1	220	24	3	North Carolina State

(R—denotes reporting to first NFL camp)

See Centerfold for Late Changes

THE LAST TIME. . . .

Kickoff Returned For TD

By Giants — Rocky Thompson, 92 yards vs. Detroit, Sept. 17, 1972 (Det.)
By Opponent — Alvin Haymond, Phila., 98 yards, Sept. 22, 1968 (Phila.)

Punt Returned for TD

By Giants — Rondy Colbert, 65 yards vs. New Orleans, Dec. 14, 1975 (Shea Stadium)
By Opponent — Larry Jones, Wash., 52 yards, Sept. 28, 1975 (Wash.)

Interception Returned for TD

By Giants — Jim Files, 37 yards, vs. Denver, Nov. 5, 1972 (N.Y.)
By Opponent — Stan White, Baltimore, 23 yards, Dec. 7, 1975 (Shea Stadium)

Fumble Returned for TD

By Giants — Roy Hilton, 71 yards, vs. Dallas, Oct. 27, 1974 (Yale Bowl)
By Opponent — Ron McDole, Wash., in end zone, Sept. 28, 1975 (Wash.)

Punt Blocked for TD

By Giants — Otto Brown (blocked by Pat Hughes) vs. Wash., Dec. 5, 1971 (Wash.)
By Opponent — D.D. Lewis (blocked by Billy Joe DuPree), Dallas, Oct. 21, 1973 (Dallas)

Punt Blocked

By Giants — Jim Stienke vs. New Orleans, Dec. 14, 1975 (Shea Stadium)
By Opponent — Ken Sanders, Detroit, Nov. 17, 1974 (Detroit)

Safety

By Giants — Jim Files vs. New York Jets, Nov. 1, 1970 (Shea Stadium)
By Opponent — Green Bay (George Hunt Stepped out of end zone) Nov. 23, 1975 (Milw.)

Shutout

By Giants — Giants 16, New England Patriots 0, Oct. 18, 1970 (Harvard)
By Opponent — Baltimore 21, Giants 0, Dec. 7, 1975 (Shea Stadium)

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GIANTS

COACHING STAFF

Bill Arnsparger

Head Coach Bill Arnsparger led New York to a 5-9 record in 1975 following a 2-12 record in his first year as head coach. He developed defensive alignments that helped the Miami Dolphins capture two Super Bowls during his stint as assistant head coach and head of the Dolphins' defensive coaching staff from 1970 through 1973. He was an assistant to Don Shula at Baltimore from 1964-69 before moving with him to Miami.

Background Arnsparger played tackle at Miami, Ohio from 1946-49 following a Marine tour of duty during World War II. His first coaching assignment was the offensive line at his alma mater in 1950. He moved to Ohio State in 1951-53, Kentucky in 1954-61, and Tulane in 1962-63.

Personal Arnsparger was born December 16, 1926, in Paris, Kentucky, and now lives in Chappaqua, New York. He and his wife Betty Jane have two children—David and Mary Susan.

Coaching Staff Hunter Enis, quarterbacks; Jay Fry, defensive line; John McVay, research and development; Ted Plumb, receivers; Ed Rutledge, kickers and scouting coordinator; Marty Schottenheimer, linebackers; John Symank, defensive backs; Allan Webb, offensive backfield; and Ray Wietecha, offensive line.

Hunter Enis

Jay Fry

John McVay

Ted Plumb

Ed Rutledge

Marty Schottenheimer

John Symank

Allan Webb

Ray Weitecha

GIANTS STATISTICS · 1976

INDIVIDUAL STATISTICS

RUSHING

	Att.	Yds.	Avg.	LG	TD
Csonka	58	199	3.4	13	2
Kotar	45	190	4.2	21	0
Bell	22	62	2.8	26	0
White	11	24	2.2	6	1
Morton	6	9	1.5	9	0
Crosby	1	-1	-1.0	-1	0

FIELD GOALS

	1-19	20-29	30-39	40-49	50+
Danelo	0-0	2-2	0-0	0-1	0-0

RECEIVING

	No.	Yds.	Avg.	LG	TD
Kotar	17	163	9.6	30	0
Tucker	16	140	8.8	19	1
Bell	11	80	7.3	12	0
Gillette	10	182	18.2	62t	2
Rhodes	2	86	43.0	63t	1
Shirk	2	45	22.5	31	0
Robinson	2	29	14.5	21	0
Csonka	2	18	9.0	14	0

INTERCEPTIONS

	No.	Yds.	Avg.	LG	TD
Brooks	1	9	9.0	9	0
Gallagher	1	7	7.0	7	0
Hughes	1	5	5.0	5	0

PUNTING

	No.	Yds.	Avg.	TB	In 20	LG
Jennings	24	1004	41.8	3	3	61

PUNT RETURNS

	No.	FC	Yds.	Avg.	LG	TD
Robinson	10	5	54	5.4	22	0
Colbert	2	0	5	2.5	4	0

KICKOFF RETURNS

	No.	Yds.	Avg.	LG	TD
Robinson	9	203	22.6	28	0
Shirk	4	76	19.0	27	0
Bell	4	71	17.8	25	0

SCORING

	TDR	TDP	TDRt	FG	PAT	TP
Danelo	0	0	0	2-3	7-7	13
Csonka	2	0	0	0	0	12
Gillette	0	2	0	0	0	12
Rhodes	0	1	0	0	0	6
Tucker	0	1	0	0	0	6
White	1	0	0	0	0	6

TEAM STATISTICS (0-4-0)

	Giants	Opp.
TOTAL FIRST DOWNS	68	77
Rushing	25	37
Passing	34	35
Penalty	9	5
Third Down Efficiency	22/60	24/61
TOTAL NET YARDS	1160	1294
Avg. Per Game	290.0	323.5
Total Plays	263	270
Avg. Per Play	4.4	4.8
NET YARDS RUSHING	483	676
Avg. Per Game	120.8	169.0
Total Rushes	143	170
Avg. Per Rush	3.4	4.0
NET YARDS PASSING	677	618
Avg. Per Game	169.3	154.5
Tackled/Yards Lost	9/66	5/43
Gross Yards	743	661
Attempts/Completions	111/62	95/57
Pct. of Completions	55.9	60.0
Had Intercepted	9	3
PUNTS/AVERAGE	24/41.8	27/38.7
NET PUNTING AVG.	36.9	31.1
PUNT RETURNS/AVG.	12/4.9	12/13.8
KICKOFF RETURNS/ AVG.	17/20.6	12/17.6
MISC. RETURN/AVG.	0	0
INTERCEPTIONS/ AVG. RETURN	3/7.0	9/8.3
PENALTIES/YARDS	30/248	33/288
FUMBLES/BALL LOST	10/3	7/4
TOUCHDOWNS	7	10
Rushing	3	4
Passing	4	5
Returns	0	1
EXTRA POINTS/ ATTEMPTS	7/7	10/10
FIELD GOALS/ ATTEMPTS	2/3	6/6
TOTAL POINTS	55	90

SCORE BY PERIODS

	1	2	3	4	OT	Total
Giants	20	7	7	21	0	55
Opponents	10	27	18	35	0	90

PASSING

	Att.	Comp.	Yds.	Pct.	Avg./ Att.	TD	Pct. TD	Int.	Pct. Int.	LG	Lost/ Att.	Rating
Morton	111	62	743	55.9	6.69	4	3.6	9	8.1	63t	9/66	54.8

t = touchdown

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Be Sure There really is a difference.

Not Bad for Openers

By Dwight Chapin and Rick Smith

An interview with Baltimore's Ted Marchibroda, who was the NFL's coach of the year in his first season.

Until he was named head coach of the Baltimore Colts in 1975, Ted Marchibroda's career in the National Football league primarily was a footnote in sports history. He was one of three men (Jim Finks and Vic Eaton were the others) who beat rookie Johnny Unitas out of a job.

"I guess you might say I'm the best quarterback of all," Marchibroda used to say, a droll smile creasing his kindly features, which on first inspection are reminded of the "poor soul," a television character portrayed by Jackie Gleason.

Marchibroda was not, of course, the best of all, but in 1955, when Unitas came to the Pittsburgh Steelers' training camp, Finks was the team's number one quarterback, Marchibroda number two, and Eaton number three. Unitas was released, or, more correctly, banished to the sandlots of Pittsburgh semipro football and a team called the Bloomfield Rams.

"Based on John's performance in training camp there was nothing to warrant his being retained," says Marchibroda. "He had a strong arm but he was pressing too hard. You sure had to admire the guy, though. He had a wife and family and he still went out and played semipro ball."

The rest is history. Unitas went on to become the all-time all-pro quarterback with Baltimore. Marchibroda remained in the league only three more years before an arm injury ended his playing career after four seasons.

Marchibroda was the Steelers' number one draft choice in 1953 following an outstanding career at St. Bonaventure and the University of Detroit. He was Finks's backup in 1953 and 1955 (Marchibroda spent 1954 in the army), then became the number one quarterback in 1956 when Finks retired. Marchibroda was the NFL's twelfth-rated passer that year, completing 124 of 275 passes for 1,585 yards and 12 touchdowns. The 5-foot 11-inch, 180-pound native of Franklin, Pennsylvania, was released on waivers by the Steelers the following September, however. He signed with the Chicago Cardinals for the last nine games of the season in 1957, then was released the next August and retired from competition. His career totals included 172 completions in 385 attempts for 2,169 yards and 16 touchdowns.

Marchibroda opened the Champion Athletic Reconditioning Company in Pittsburgh after he finished playing. At the end of the season football teams in the area brought their equipment to him for repair. Marchibroda operated the company through 1960, turning down the opportunity to become an assistant coach at the University of Dayton. But in 1961 he joined head coach Bill McPeak on the Washington Redskins' staff.

Marchibroda was with the Redskins five seasons, then served the next nine years under George Allen, from 1966-1970 in Los Angeles and 1971-74 in Washington. Then came last season. The Colts, 2-12 in 1974, were looking for a head coach.

Marchibroda was selected by general manager Joe Thomas. "He had directed the offense of two winning teams for nine years," said Thomas, "and in 1974 Washington had led the NFC in passing with more than twenty-eight hundred yards, despite the fact the running game was burdened by injuries all year."

Thomas had taken a lot of criticism since becoming the Colts' general manager in 1972. In 1970, Baltimore defeated Dallas 16-13 in Super Bowl V and in 1971 the Colts reached the AFC finals before losing to Miami.

When Thomas came the following season, however, he examined the Colts' roster and sensed that it was time to rebuild a team that was getting old and probably had no more championship games on its horizon. But the Colts fell all the way to 5-9 in 1972 and 4-10 in 1973. In 1974, Thomas even took over the head coaching position on an interim basis, replacing Howard Schnellenberger at mid-season.

"During those days of rebuilding it seemed that every time you looked around the huddle you'd see a different face . . . somebody you didn't know," says Colts' running back Lydell Mitchell. "Whenever we were going bad in 1975 and I'd see one of our guys letting down, I'd tell him to look over his shoulder and see where we'd come from."

When the Colts whipped Buffalo on the road for their second straight win after four losses in a row, a large gathering turned out at Friendship Airport in Baltimore to greet the team as it arrived home. Defensive tackle Joe Ehrmann was leery of the reception as the chartered plane touched down on the runway. "We won only six games my first two years with the team," Ehrmann said later. "Why would anyone come out except to hang us?"

No one knew it at the time, but Marchibroda had already turned the team around. Despite four losses in the first five games, Baltimore finished 10-4 and gained a berth in the AFC playoffs, where it lost to Pittsburgh, which was en route to a second consecutive Super Bowl victory. Marchibroda was named the NFL's coach of the year in most polls.

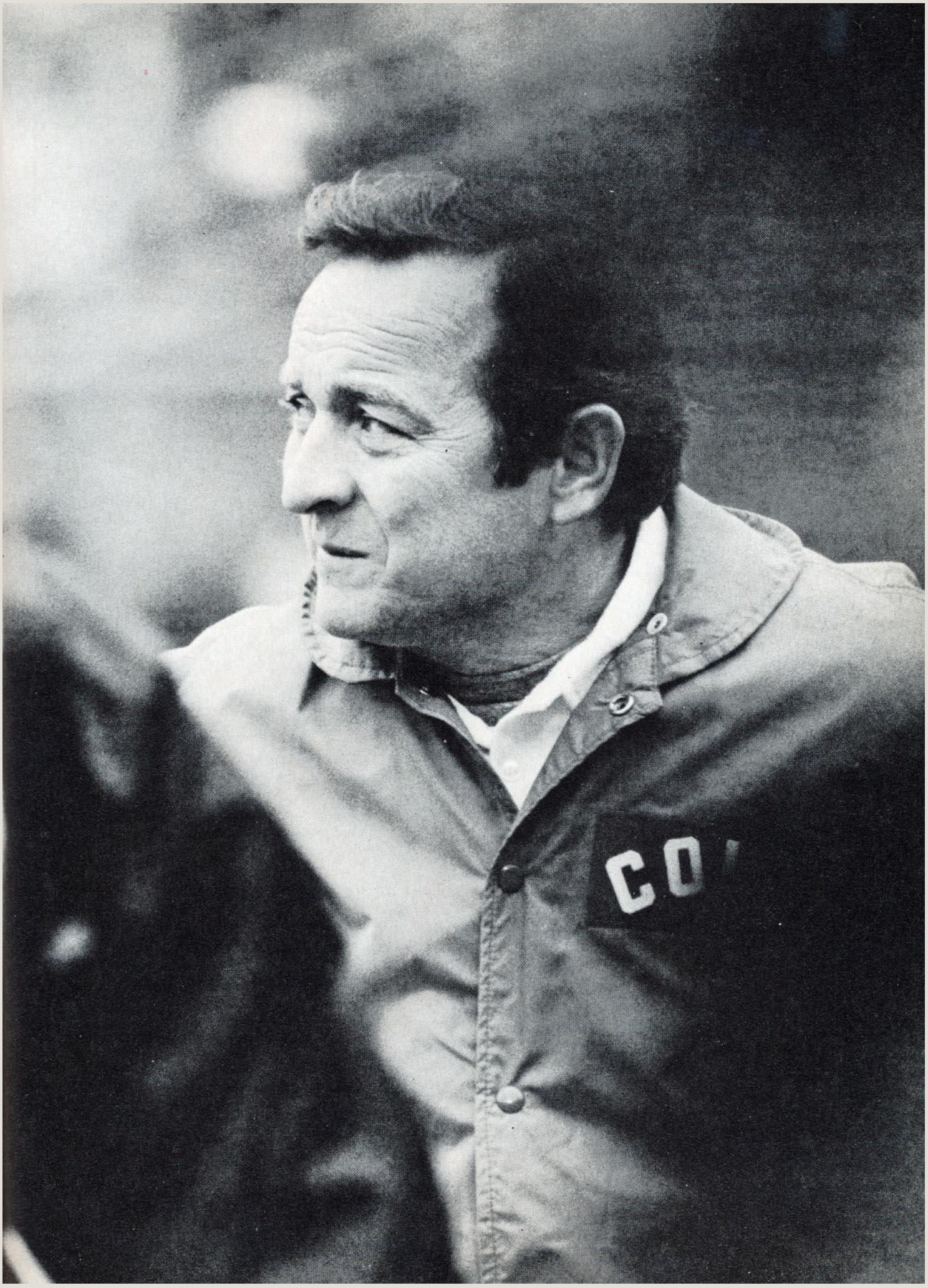
Did you have any idea you'd do that well your rookie season as a head coach?

"I came into the year feeling we could win in Baltimore, even after three losing seasons there. I guess that was probably because the first year I was in Los Angeles with George Allen, we were eight-and-six, and our first year in Washington we were nine-four-and-one. I don't think anybody *expected* us to win in Baltimore, but I'd seen it done before, and I became even more convinced we could as training camp progressed.

"We had an excellent first three weeks, and I told the team we were gonna beat Denver in the preseason opener because we'd worked so hard and we did. At the end of the regular season I told them we'd had a good year and we deserved it, because they performed even beyond my expectations."

You won the regular season opener against Chicago but then lost four straight. Didn't that make you wonder

Ted Marchibroda : a first-year success.



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"I remember saying that Bert Jones had to be thirty years old by the end of the year if we were to be successful. He was against Miami."

what was going to happen the rest of the way?

"It was disappointing but it wasn't a disaster. We lost to Oakland, Los Angeles, and Buffalo, some pretty good teams. We did kind of hit bottom when we lost to New England, but the turning point of our season came the next week against the Jets in New York. We had to win and we did. Then we beat Cleveland and then the Bills in Buffalo [42-35] after being behind [28-7] in the second quarter. That proved we were for real coming from behind to beat a good club. And we didn't lose again until Pittsburgh in the playoffs."

How about that Steelers' game?

"I was proud of what we did. We were in it right until the end, even though Bert Jones got hurt in the first quarter. I ran into Freddy Cook, one of our defensive linemen, after the game at the airport. He said, 'Coach, I can't feel we lost . . . I was sure we would win all the way.' I said, 'Freddy, that's a great way of looking at it.' I felt the same way, too. Even though the score [28-10] didn't indicate it, we had given them a good game and we had led for a long time."

You worked a lot with Jones, didn't you?

"When I took over the team I spent six weeks with him and the other quarterbacks in April and May giving them my philosophy of play-calling. Bert made tremendous progress. He was only twenty-four but I gave him the responsibility of the ball game. He not only accepted it, he wanted to accept it. He's a very confident kid who believes strongly in his own ability."

Jones was particularly effective in the overtime game in which the Colts beat Miami 10-7. That game allowed them to tie the Dolphins for the AFC East championship and gain the playoffs.

"The eighty-two yard drive to Toni Linhart's field goal that won the game probably was the frosting on the cake. I remember saying that Bert Jones had to be thirty years old by the end of the year if we were to be successful. He was on that drive, I'll tell you. I don't think there were any time outs and technically he called all the plays. The only time we sent anybody in from the sidelines with something was on short-yardage plays."

Do you think it helped him that you'd worked with quarterbacks all your years in the NFL?

"I suppose it did. I'd started with Roman Gabriel and ended with Billy Kilmer. Of the three, Jones is the most talented. Gabe probably was the hardest working and Kilmer was a combination of the two. Jones is very coachable, very talentled, and very responsible. He has a great future."

Did it take much negotiating for you to be hired by the Colts?

"No, I met Joe Thomas at the end of the 1974 season and then talked with him and Robert Irsay [the Colts' owner] in New Orleans the week of the Super Bowl. I think they'd pretty much narrowed it down to Hank Stram and myself. But I got the job quickly and I was optimistic right from the start."

How have you worked with Thomas and Irsay?

"Very well, I think. Joe does an excellent job as general manager, but he leaves the football end up to me. And Mr. Irsay mostly comes in for games."

How about the team when you took over?

"I felt we had a quarterback and a middle linebacker, Mike Curtis. Unfortunately he got hurt later in 1975 but it was the only serious injury we had. That was one of the keys to our season. And I knew we had an up-and-coming defensive front four. Things were thin other than that."

And your staff?

"I kept the defensive coaches because they were all good, experienced people but Don Doll resigned to go to Miami and I brought in Maxie Baughan, whom I'd worked with a long, long time, as defensive coordinator. I hired Whitey Dovell and George Boutselis for offense. The staff was set by April."

Was there any apprehension becoming a head coach after all those years as an assistant?

"No, I felt I had served a good apprenticeship. I learned the Xs and the Os from Bill McPeak, and how to work and organize under George Allen. And I'd been with people such as Abe Gibron, Chuck Cherundolo, George Wilson, and

"Even though some people will disagree with me, I honestly feel that we're the team to beat because we're the defending champs."

The coach (left) with Colts' quarterbacks Marty Domres (center) and Bert Jones.

Ernie Stautner. That gave me what I felt was an excellent background.

"Allen had given me a lot of responsibility. The last four years I was his offensive coordinator and when you know offense that well you have to know defenses, too."

What were the main things that made 1975 such a good year for the Colts?

"Bert Jones had an outstanding season and Jimmy Cheyunski did a great job replacing Mike Curtis. He provided us excellent leadership. Lydell Mitchell had a fantastic year, fifteen touchdowns, the first Colts' rusher ever over a thousand yards. Stan White intercepted eight passes as a linebacker and the front four [Fred Cook, Mike Barnes, Joe Ehrmann, and John Dutton] played complete, consistent football."

How about 1976?

"Well, we'll have more presssure on us and we lost Curtis, Bill Olds, and Dave Pear in the expansion draft. But I firmly believe we're gonna continue to have a winning program here. The city has been fantastic. Baltimore really turned on to our success last season. Frenzy is about the only word I can use to describe the fans' reaction.

"We'll have to do a better job this year because our schedule is tougher—Dallas, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Houston, in addition to the usual, playing Miami and Buffalo each twice.

"Every year you have to improve. Our division looks a lot stronger this season. And we're always going to have to be aware of Miami and Buffalo. Even without O. J. Simpson, Buffalo is still a fine team and Miami is simply one of the best in the league. Even though some people will disagree with me, I honestly feel that we're the team to beat because we're the defending champs. I'm sure a lot of people think that we won last season as a result of all the injuries Miami had. But the important thing is we are the champs. We intend to repeat."

What was your assessment of the Colts' 1976 draft?

"I think rookies such as Ken Novak from Purdue and Ed Simonini will help us improve. Novak, our first pick, is a big kid [6-7, 275] and someday we hope he will make a big impression on defense. Simonini [a 220-pound linebacker from Texas A&M and the first pick in the third round] hopefully will help us right away, especially on special teams. He's very aggressive."

You won a lot of honors in the off-season, even being elected to the Polish-American Sports Hall of Fame.

"That's all fine. I appreciate it. But any recognition now is just gravy after what we accomplished in 1975. The important thing is to go on from here." !

Dwight Chapin is a sportswriter for the Los Angeles Times; *Rick Smith is an associate editor for NFL Properties, Inc.*

Giants

OFFENSE

84 WALKER GILLETTE WR
73 TOM MULLEN ..... LT
62 RON MIKOLAJCZYK LG
61 KARL CHANDLER ... C
74 JOHN HICKS ..... RG
63 DOUG VAN HORN .. RT
38 BOB TUCKER ..... TE
82 RAY RHODES .....WR
15 CRAIG MORTON ... QB
44 DOUG KOTAR ..... RB
39 LARRY CSONKA ... RB

DEFENSE

75 GEORGE MARTIN .. LE
71 DAVE GALLAGHER LT
64 JOHN MENDENHALL RT
81 JACK GREGORY ... RE
10 BRAD VAN PELT .. LLB
55 BRIAN KELLEY ...MLB
56 PAT HUGHES ..... RLB
34 LARRY MALLORY . LCB
48 HENRY STUCKEY . RCB
29 CLYDE POWERS .....SS
20 JIM STIENKE ..... FS

GIANTS ROSTER

10 Van Pelt, LB
13 Jennings, P
15 Morton, QB
16 Snead, QB
18 Danelo, K
20 Stienke, S
21 Bryant, CB
24 White, RB
25 Bell, RB-KR
26 Colbert, CB-KR
29 Powers, S
34 Mallory, CB
36 Watkins, RB
37 Brooks, CB
38 Tucker, TE
39 Csonka, RB
44 Kotar, RB-KR
48 Stuckey, CB
51 Schmit, LB
52 Hill, C
53 Carson, LB
54 Lloyd, LB
55 Kelley, LB
56 Hughes, LB
61 Chandler, G
62 Mikolajczyk, G
63 Van Horn, T
64 Mendenhall, DT
65 Ellenbogen, OT
66 Dvorak, DE
71 Gallagher, DT
73 Mullen, G-T
74 Hicks, G
75 Martin, DE
76 Gibbons, T
77 Archer, DE
79 Simpson, G-T
81 Gregory, DE
82 Rhodes, WR
84 Gillette, WR
85 Robinson, WR-KR
87 Shirk, TE
88 Buggs, WR

TODAY'S OFFICIALS: Referee, Jim Tunney 32; Umpire, Pat Harder 88; Head Linesman, Burl Toler 37; Line Judge, Bob McElwee 95; Back Judge, Pat Knight 73; Field Judge, Charley Musser 55.

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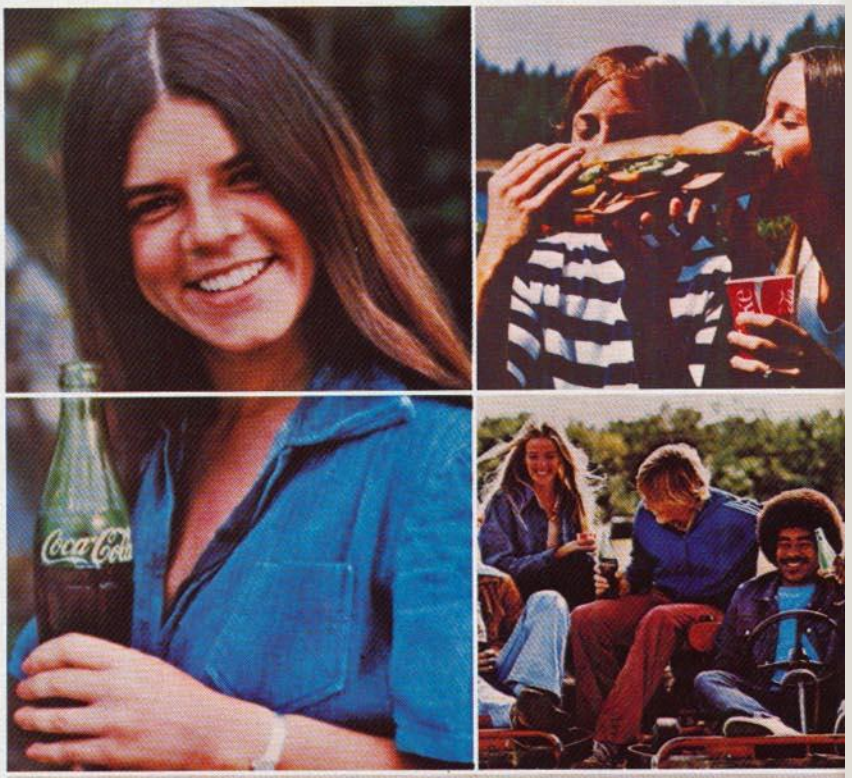

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Cowboys

OFFENSE

83	GOLDEN RICHARDS	WR
73	RALPH NEELY	LT
55	BURTON LAWLESS	LG
62	JOHN FITZGERALD	C
61	BLAINE NYE	RG
70	RAYFIELD WRIGHT	RT
89	BILLY JOE DU PREE	TE
88	DREW PEARSON	WR
12	ROGER STAUBACH	QB
30	CHARLES YOUNG	RB
35	SCOTT LAIDLAW	RB

DEFENSE

72	ED JONES	LE
75	JETHRO PUGH	LT
63	LARRY COLE	RT
79	HARVEY MARTIN	RE
53	BOB BREUNIG	LLB
55	LEE ROY JORDAN	MLB
50	D.D. LEWIS	RLB
31	BENNY BARNES	LCB
20	MEL RENFRO	RCB
41	CHARLIE WATERS	SS
42	RANDY HUGHES	FS

COWBOYS ROSTER

1	Herrera, K	58	Hegman, LB
11	White, D., QB-P	61	Nye, G
12	Staubach, QB	62	Fitzgerald, C
20	Renfro, CB	63	Cole, DT
21	Dennison, RB	64	Rafferty, G-C
25	Kyle, CB	66	Lawless, G
26	Pearson, P., RB	67	Donovan, T
27	Reece, CB	68	Scott, G
30	Young, RB	70	Wright, T
31	Barnes, CB	72	Jones, DE
35	Laidlaw, RB	73	Neely, T
37	Jensen, RB-KR	75	Pugh, DT
41	Waters, S	76	Eidson, G-C
42	Hughes, S	77	Gregory, DT
43	Harris, S	79	Martin, DE
44	Newhouse, RB	83	Richards, WR-KR
46	Washington, CB	86	Johnson, WR-KR
50	Lewis, LB	87	Saldi, TE
53	Breunig, LB	88	Pearson, D., WR
54	White, R., LB	89	DuPree, TE
55	Jordan, LB	94	Schaum, DE
56	Henderson LB		

GIANTS RECORDS*

SERVICE

Most Seasons, Active Player
15 Mel Hein (1931-45)
14 Charlie Conerly (1948-61)
14 Joe Morrison (1959-72)
13 Rosey Brown (1953-65)
13 Jim Katcavage (1956-68)
13 Greg Larson (1961-73)

Most Games Played, Lifetime
184 Joe Morrison (1959-72)

Most Consecutive Games Played, Lifetime
172 Mel Hein (1931-45)

SCORING

Most Points, Lifetime
646 Pete Gogolak (1966-73)
484 Frank Gifford (1952-60)

Most Points, Season
107 Pete Gogolak (1970)
106 Don Chandler (1963)

Most Points, Game
24 Ron Johnson (1972 vs. Eagles)

TOUCHDOWNS

Most Touchdowns, Lifetime
78 Frank Gifford (1952-60, 62-64)

Most Touchdowns, Season
17 Gene Roberts (1949)

Most Touchdowns, Game
4 Ron Johnson (1972 vs. Eagles)

Most Consecutive Games Scoring Touchdowns
10 Frank Gifford (1957-58)

FIELD GOALS

Most Field Goals, Lifetime
126 Pete Gogolak (1966-73)

Most Field Goals, Season
25 Pete Gogolak (1970)

Most Field Goals, Game
4 Don Chandler (3X)
4 Pete Gogolak (2X)

Most Consecutive Games Kicking Field Goals
14 Pat Summerall (1960-61)

Longest Field Goal (in yards)
54 Pete Gogolak (1970 vs. Cowboys)

RUSHING

Most Yards Gained, Lifetime
4,638 Alex Webster (1955-64)

Most Yards Gained, Season
1,182 Ron Johnson (1972)

Most Yards Gained, Game
218 Gene Roberts (1950 vs. Chicago Cardinals)

Most Games, 100 Yards or more Rushing, Lifetime
11 Eddie Price (1950-55)
10 Ron Johnson (1970-73)

Longest Run from Scrimmage
91 Hap Moran (1934 vs. Packers)

Most Touchdowns Rushing, Lifetime
39 Alex Webster (1955-64)

Most Touchdowns, Season
10 Bill Paschal (1943)

Most Touchdowns, Game
3 Bill Paschal (1944 vs. Card-Pitt)
Gene Roberts (1949 vs. N.Y. Bulldogs)
Mel Triplet (1956 vs. Chicago Cardinals)
Charlie Evans (1971 vs. San Diego)

Most Consecutive Games Touchdowns
7 Bill Paschal (1944)

PASSING

Most Passes Attempted, Lifetime
2,833 Charlie Conerly (1948-61)

Most Passes Attempted, Season
409 Fran Tarkenton (1969)

Most Passes Attempted, Game
53 Charlie Conerly, (1948 vs. Pitt)

Most Passes Completed, Lifetime
1,418 Charlie Conerly (1948-61)

Most Passes Completed, Season
226 Fran Tarkenton (1971)

Most Passes Completed, Game
36 Charlie Conerly, (1948 vs. Pitt)

Most Consecutive Passes Completed
12 Y.A. Tittle (1962 vs. Wash)

Most Yards Gained, Game
505 Y.A. Tittle (1962 vs. Wash)

Longest Pass Completion
98 Earl Morrall (to Homer Jones) (1966 vs. Pitt)

Most Touchdown Passes, Game
7 Y.A. Tittle (1962 vs. Wash)

(Continued on page 57)

**Records as of Dec. 31, 1975. Records established in 1976 appear on Giants Roster page.*

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OFFICIAL SIGNALS

Touchdown, Field Goal, or Successful Try

Safety

Time Out

Dead Ball or Neutral Zone Established

Personal Foul

First Down

Loss of Down

Delay of Game or Excess Time Out

No Time Out or Time In with Whistle

Offside, Encroaching, or Free Kick Violation

Holding

Double Touch

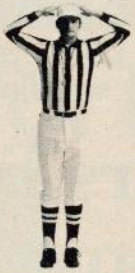
Penalty Refused, Incomplete Pass, Play Over, or Missed Goal

Illegal Use of Hands

Pass Juggled Inbounds, Caught Out of Bounds

Illegal Forward Pass

Interference With Forward Pass or Fair Catch



Ineligible Receiver or Ineligible Member of Kicking Team Downfield

Invalid Fair Catch Signal

Illegal Chucking

Illegal Motion at Snap

Crawling, Pushing, or Helping Runner

Unsportsmanlike Conduct

Illegal Cut

GIANTS RECORDS

(Continued from page 53)

PASS RECEIVING

Most Pass Receptions, Lifetime
395 Joe Morrison (1959-72)

Most Pass Receptions, Season
68 Del Shofner (1961)

Most Pass Receptions, Game
11 Frank Gifford (1957 vs. San Francisco)
Del Shofner (1962 vs. Wash)

Most Consecutive Games, Pass Receptions
45 Bob Tucker (1970-73)

Most Yards Gained, Lifetime
5,434 Frank Gifford (1952-60, 62-64)

Most Yards Gained, Season
1,209 Homer Jones (1967)

Most Yards Gained, Game
269 Del Shofner (1962 vs. Wash)

Longest Pass Reception
98 Homer Jones (from Earl Morrall) (1966 vs. Pitt)

Most Touchdowns, Lifetime
48 Kyle Rote (1951-61)

Most Touchdowns, Season
13 Homer Jones (1967)

Most Touchdowns, Game
3 Twelve Times
Last: Ron Johnson (1972 vs. Phila)

Most Consecutive Games, Touchdown
7 Kyle Rote (1959-60)

INTERCEPTIONS

Most Interceptions By, Lifetime
74 Emlen Tunnell (1948-58)

Most Interceptions By, Season
11 Otto Schnelbacker (1951)
Jimmie Patton (1958)

Most Interceptions By, Game
3 Seventeen Times
Last: Carl Lockhart (1966 vs. Browns)

Most Consecutive Games, Interceptions By
6 Willie Williams (1968)

Longest Return On Interception
102 Erich Barnes (1961 vs. Dallas)

Most Touchdowns, Lifetime
4 Emlen Tunnell (1948-58)
Dick Lynch (1959-66)

Most Touchdowns, Season
3 Dick Lynch (1963)

Most Touchdowns, Game
1 By many players
Last: Jim Files (Nov. 5, 1972 vs. Denver)

Most Consecutive Games, Touchdowns
2 Tom Landry (1951)
Dick Lynch (1963)
Carl Lockhart (1968)

PUNTING

Most Punts, Game
14 Carl Kinscherf (1943 vs. Detroit)

Longest Punt
74 Len Younce (1943 vs. Bears)
Don Chandler (1964 vs. Dallas)

Highest Average, Lifetime (150 punts)
43.8 Don Chandler, 1956-64 (525 punts)

Highest Average, Season (35 punts)
46.6 Don Chandler, 1959 (55 punts)

Highest Average, Game (4 punts)
54.1 Don Chandler, vs. Browns 1959 (8 punts)

PUNT RETURNS

Longest Punt
83 Eddie Dove (1963 vs. Phila)

Highest Average Return, Game (3 returns)
36.8 Emlen Tunnell 1951 vs. Chicago Cardinals (4 returns)

Most Touchdowns, Lifetime
5 Emlen Tunnell (1948-58)

Most Touchdowns, Season
3 Emlen Tunnell (1951)

Most Touchdowns, Game
1 Ten Times
Last: Rondy Colbert (Dec. 14, 1975 vs. New Orleans)

KICKOFF RETURNS

Longest Kickoff Return
100 Emlen Tunnell (1951 vs. N.Y. Yankees)
Clarence Childs (1964 vs. Minn)

Highest Average Return, Lifetime (40 returns)
27.2 Rocky Thompson, 1971-72 (65 ret)
27.2 Joe Scott, 1948-53 (54 returns)

Highest Average Return, Season
31.6 John Salscheider, 1949 (15 returns)

Highest Average Return, Game (3 returns)
51.8 Joe Scott 1948 vs. Los Angeles (4 returns)

Most Touchdowns, Lifetime
2 Rocky Thompson (1971-72)
2 Clarence Childs (1964-67)

Most Touchdowns, Season
1 By many players

Most Touchdowns, Game
1 Eight Times
Last: Rocky Thompson (1972 vs. Detroit)

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GROUND RULES

THE FIELD

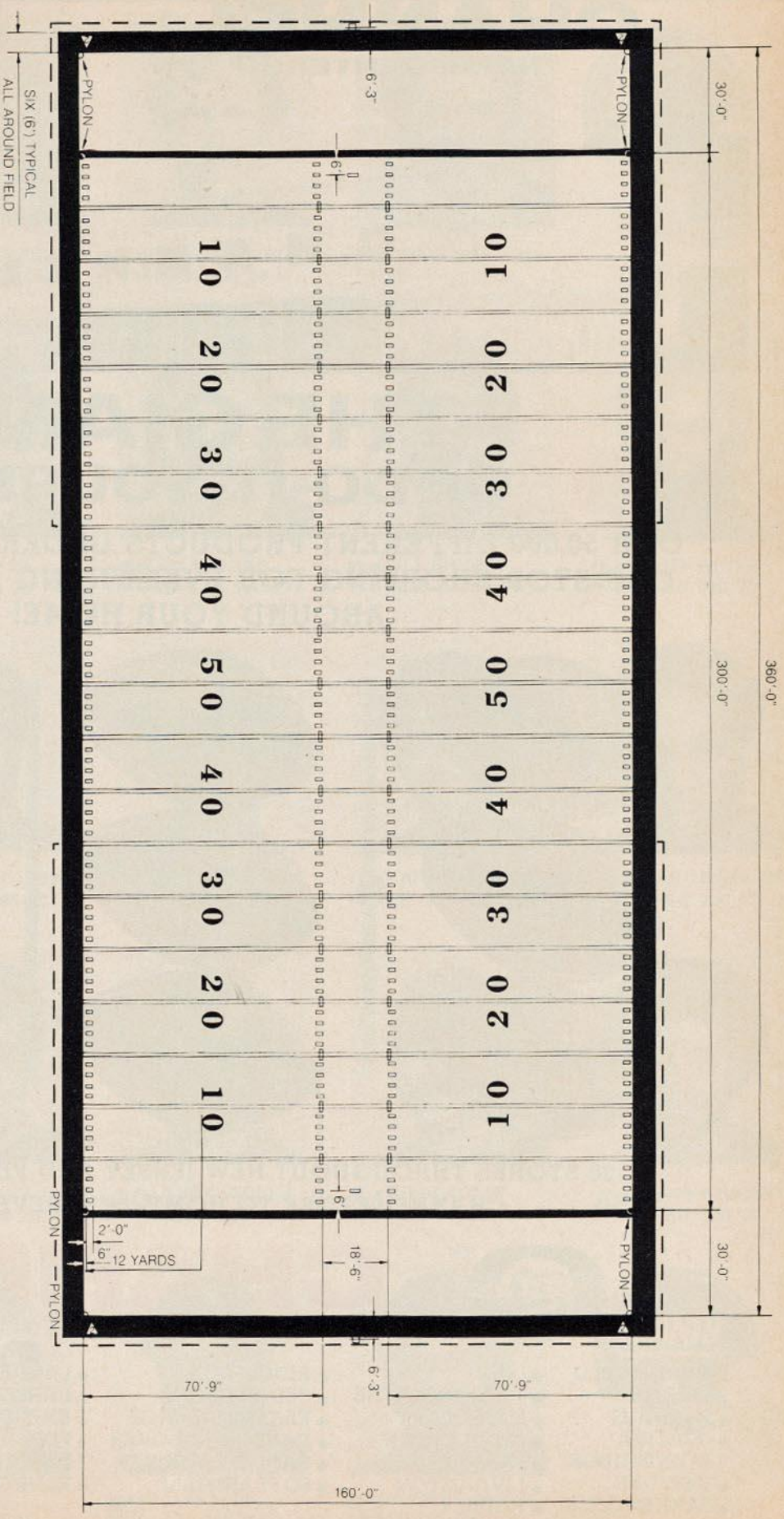
It is 100 yards from goal line to goal line and 53 yards wide. The end zones are 10 yards deep. Yard lines appear in the field of play at intervals of five yards. They are intersected at right angles by inbounds lines, or hashmarks, which are 23 yards, 1 foot, 9 inches from each sideline. A six-foot white border rims the field and outside that border is a dashed yellow restraining line encompassing the entire field except the coaching areas between the 35-yard lines. The goal post crossbar is 18 feet 6 inches wide and its top face is 10 feet above the ground. The goal post uprights extend 30 feet above the crossbar. The goal is the vertical plane extending indefinitely above the crossbar and between the lines indicated by the outer edges of the goal posts.

TIMING

A game is 60 minutes long, divided into four periods of 15 minutes each. A game continues in sudden death unless there is a winner, except that it is limited to one 15-minute period in preseason and regular season games. Halftime, between the second and third period, is 20 minutes long. There is a two-minute interval between periods except that the interval between the end of the regular game and a sudden death period is three minutes. A team may have three time outs in each half without a distance penalty. During the last two minutes of either half, while time is in, additional time outs by either team after the third legal one are not allowed unless it is for an injured player, who must be immediately designated and removed. The stadium clock is the official time and if it becomes inoperative for any reason, the line judge takes over the timing of the game on the field. A team must put the ball in play within 30 seconds after the referee signals "ready for play."

THE BALL

It is manufactured by the Wilson Sporting Goods Company and bears the signature of commissioner Pete Rozelle. It is an inflated rubber bladder filled with 12½ to 13½ pounds of air, enclosed in a pebble-grained leather case of natural tan color. It is in the form of a prolate spheroid, has a long axis of 11 to 11¼ inches, a long circumference of 28 to 28½ inches, a short circumference of 21¼ to 21½ inches, and weighs 14 to 15 ounces. The home team must have 24 such footballs ready for testing by the referee with a pressure gauge before the game.



NEW YORK GIANTS

10 BRAD VAN PELT
LB 6-5 235 25

13 DAVE JENNINGS
P 6-4 205 24

15 CRAIG MORTON
QB 6-4 210 33

16 NORM SNEAD
QB 6-4 215 37

18 JOE DANELO
K 5-9 166 23

20 JIM STIENKE
CB 5-11 182 27

21 BILL BRYANT
CB 5-11 195 25

24 MARSH WHITE
RB 6-2 220 23

25 GORDON BELL
RB-KR 5-9 180 23

26 RONDY COLBERT
DB 5-9 165 22

29 CLYDE POWERS
S 6-1 195 25

34 LARRY MALLORY
CB 5-11 185 24

36 LARRY WATKINS
RB 6-2 230 29

37 BOBBY BROOKS
CB 6-1 195 25

38 BOB TUCKER
TE 6-3 230 31

39 LARRY CSONKA
RB 6-4 237 30

44 DOUG KOTAR
RB 5-11 205 25

48 HENRY STUCKEY
CB 6-1 180 27

51 BOB SCHMIT
LB 6-1 220 26

52 RALPH HILL
C 6-1 245 27

53 HARRY CARSON
LB 6-2 228 23

NEW YORK GIANTS

54 DAN LLOYD
LB 6-2 225 23

55 BRIAN KELLEY
LB 6-3 222 25

56 PAT HUGHES
LB 6-2 225 29

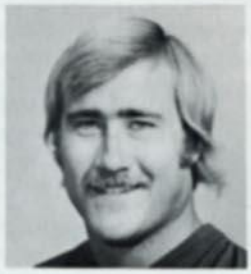
61 KARL CHANDLER
C 6-5 250 24

62 RON MIKOLAJCZYK
G 6-3 275 26

63 DOUG VAN HORN
T 6-3 245 32

64 J. MENDENHALL
DT 6-1 255 27

65 BILL ELLENBOGEN
T 6-5 255 26



66 RICK DVORAK
DE 6-4 235 24

71 DAVE GALLAGHER
DE 6-4 256 24

73 TOM MULLEN
G 6-3 245 24

REMAINING REGULAR SEASON GAMES

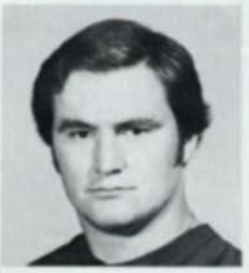
Sun., Oct. 17	Minnesota Vikings	Bloomington, Minn.	2 p.m.
Sun., Oct. 24	Pittsburgh Steelers	Giants Stadium	1 p.m.
Sun., Oct. 31	Philadelphia Eagles	Giants Stadium	1 p.m.
Sun., Nov. 7	Dallas Cowboys	Dallas, Tex.	2 p.m.
Sun., Nov. 14	Washington Redskins	Giants Stadium	1 p.m.
Sun., Nov. 21	Denver Broncos	Denver, Colo.	4 p.m.
Sun., Nov. 28	Seattle Seahawks	Giants Stadium	1 p.m.
Sun., Dec. 5	Detroit Lions	Giants Stadium	1 p.m.
Sun., Dec. 12	St. Louis Cardinals	Giants Stadium	1 p.m.

(All times are Eastern Standard)

74 JOHN HICKS
G 6-2 258 25

75 GEORGE MARTIN
DE 6-4 245 24

76 MIKE GIBBONS
T 6-4 262 25



77 TROY ARCHER
DE 6-4 250 21

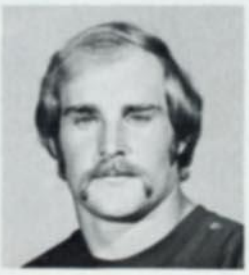
79 AL SIMPSON
T 6-5 255 25

81 JACK GREGORY
DE 6-5 255 31

82 RAY RHODES
WR 5-11 185 25

84 WALTER GILLETTE
WR 6-5 200 29

85 JIM ROBINSON
WR-KR 5-9 170 23



87 GARY SHIRK
TE 6-1 220 26

88 DANNY BUGGS
WR 6-2 185 23

DALLAS COWBOYS

1 • Efren Herrera

11 • Danny White

12 • Roger Staubach

20 • Mel Renfro

21 • Doug Dennison

25 • Aaron Kyle

26 • Preston Pearson

30 • Charles Young

31 • Benny Barnes

35 • Scott Laidlaw

37 • Jim Jensen

41 • Charlie Waters

42 • Randy Hughes

43 • Cliff Harris

44 • Robert Newhouse

46 • Mark Washington

50 • D. D. Lewis

52 • Jim Eidson

53 • Bob Breunig

54 • Randy White

55 • Lee Roy Jordan

56 • Thomas Henderson

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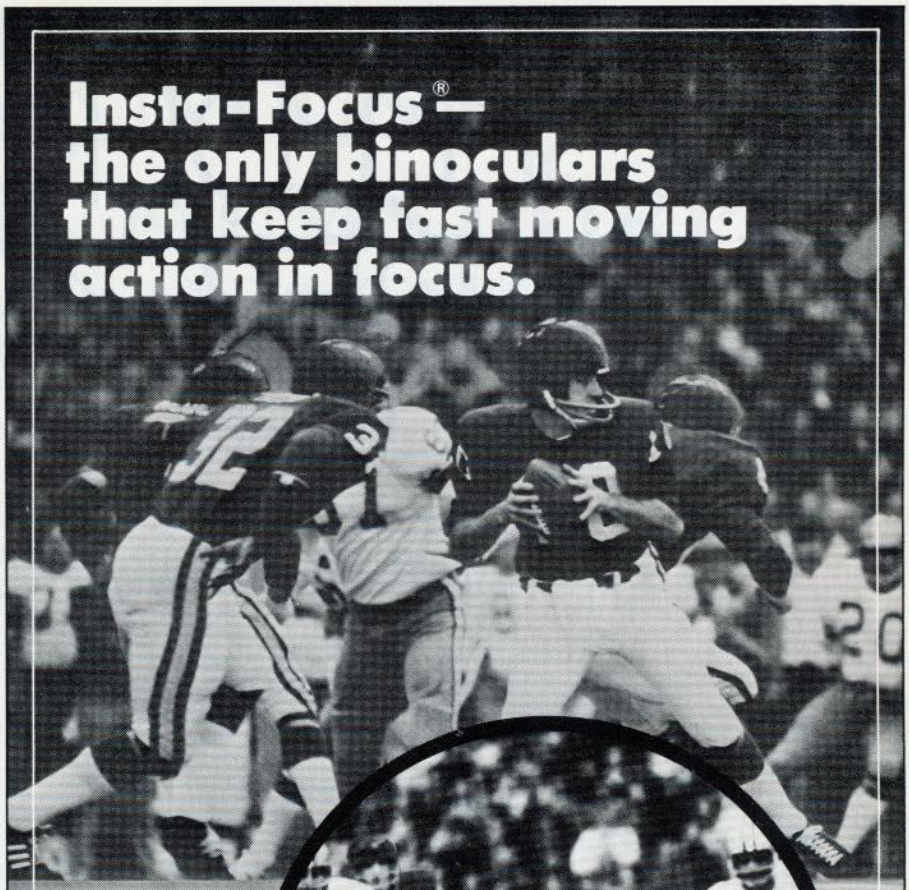

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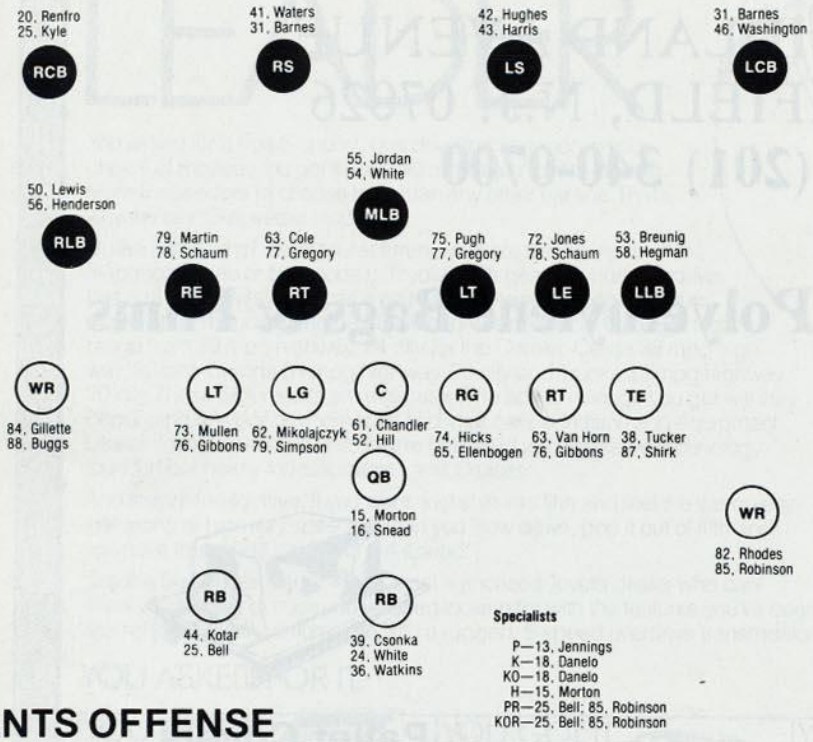
DEPTH CHARTS BY MAGNAVOX

COWBOYS DEFENSE

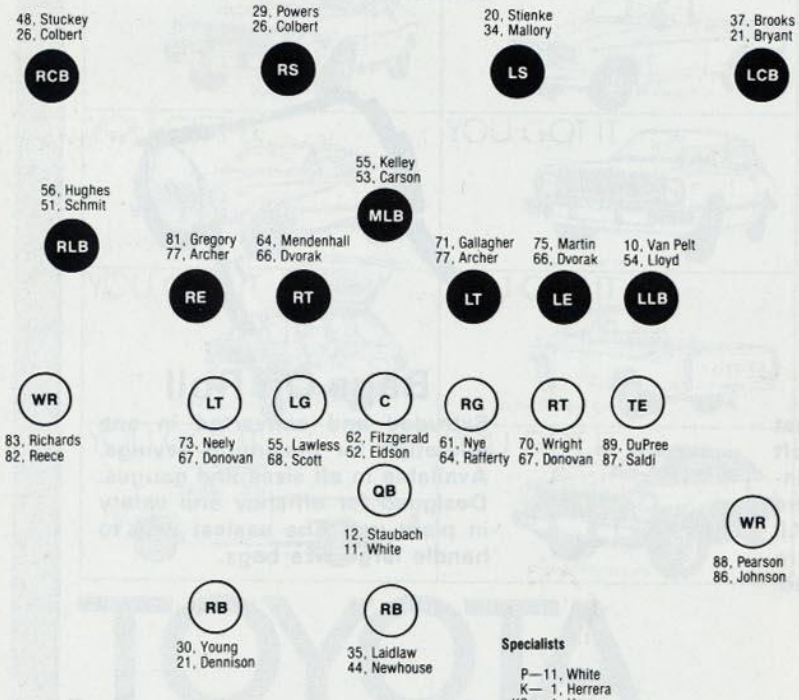


Specialists

P—13, Jennings
K—18, Danelo
KO—18, Danelo
H—15, Morton
PR—25, Bell; 85, Robinson
KOR—25, Bell; 85, Robinson

GIANTS OFFENSE

GIANTS DEFENSE



Specialists

P—11, White
K— 1, Herrera
KO— 1, Herrera
H—41, Waters; 11, White
PR—86, Johnson; 41, Waters
KOR—86, Johnson; 37, Jensen

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TOP'S TV & APPL.
98-100 Albany Street
NEWTON
LAKE MOHAWK TV
67 Water Street
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INSIGHT

GRIFF

By Bill McGrane

"A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest of men."

—Anon.

Usually, you could find him sipping a beer on that far curve of the bar in Rick's at about five in the afternoon.

The place really is called Riccardo's Restaurant & Gallery & Sidewalk Cafe ala Europe. It's down behind the *Sun-Times* at the scruffy end of Rush Street, the end opposite from where the beautiful people go to buy their previously occupied blue jeans.

He would stop by Rick's after he'd finished with the column. He was awfully portable, so he might just stay for one beer or, if the company warranted, he might be there into the night.

He would sit by himself, but there'd be a steady stream of callers to his stool . . . guys who wanted to get a word in or guys who had liked a particular column or just guys who knew he was okay and make a point of saying hello.

The callers would include Rick, the proprietor; warehouse guys from the neighborhood; agency guys who somehow still have sharp creases in their pants at the end of the day; ladies who played piano elsewhere and stopped for a shooter beforehand; sports nuts; biggies and busted types.

Bar-maids who could turn you to stone with one look would giggle like schoolgirls while they talked to him. Waiters who'd stick their thumb in your soup without so much as a by-your-leave would actually fuss over him and try ever so politely to steer his menu choice.

A guy of his acquaintance from the professional football business walked into Riccardo's one night at about five. It was early in the pro season, so baseball was still going on. The football guy found him surrounded by a beer-bellied guy in a hard hat and a dynamite lady in a great-looking pants suit.

Griff spotted the football guy and grinned: "Hey! Tiger! Come here!"

He was laughing and trying to sip beer and shaking hands with the football guy all at once as the guy in the hard hat told his story:

". . . And so this clerk got all worried and kept sayin', 'But Mr. Griffin just asked for two rooms,' and I says, 'That's all's we want is the two rooms.'"

What had happened was Griff had reserved two rooms for the Bleacher Bums for a big Cubs' game in Pittsburgh. Two doubles. Rooms were murder in Pittsburgh that week.

Don Weller

He hadn't told the hotel 12 Bleacher Bums intended to stay in each room.

Griff introduced the lady: "Tiger, meet Marilyn. Marilyn, this is a friend of mine." Griff rested an arm on Marilyn's dynamite shoulder and smiled that wide, blissful smile that he reserved for special occasions:

"Marilyn wants to meet Charley."

Well, checking Marilyn out, you'd have to figure she got the opportunity.

Charley lived with Griff in the apartment. Charley was a piranha.

Later, waiting on the minestrone, the football guy got to complaining about how everybody was starting to hassle the football business. Seemed like, he said, if it wasn't the player union trying to take over the game, then it was the government trying to. He said they had more lawsuits than franchises, revenues had stopped at the ceiling but expenses were going right through it.

Griff laughed:

"Hey . . . Tiger . . . you know what? I don't give a damn for that stuff."

He took a sip from a new beer and smiled:

"You got problems? I got problems, too; the guy who reads my stuff has problems. Your problems? Hey . . . Tiger; a lot of people would like to have your problems.

"I like one thing in your business," he went on. "I like the people in it. Sure, I like to watch Tarkenton because he's a helluva quarterback; but I like him even better if I can get inside his head and find out what makes him tick.

"You know what the problem is with your business?" The soup arrived; he half-buried it in that good grated cheese they serve with it.

"You guys take yourselves too damned seriously. You guys got everything except one thing: fun. You don't have much fun anymore, do you?"

Jack Griffin died last spring; typically, he fought off the cancer a lot longer than he had any business doing.

A lady with a high voice sang at the funeral service and it got a little heavy.

But then Bill Gleason, who had written with Griff for a long time, got up and said that, while we had lost Griff, we still had our frogs in our pockets and our little green men.

Griff could write the hell out of a sunrise on the African veldt or a broken down old fighter trying to bob and weave against death or a sandlot game or the fact that smart, dumb, scared, funny, real people live inside athletic uniforms.

He also wrote about a frog he carried in his pocket and a little green man no one but him could see.

That was because he didn't take himself very seriously.

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Portraits

One of a series of original paintings commissioned by *PRO!*

Franco Harris

by Merv Corning

In 1972, Pittsburgh Steelers' fans massed behind an array of colorful homemade banners, cheering their team's first division title. Of that turbulent crowd, the loudest voices belonged to "Franco's Army."

Franco Harris, a handsome rookie runner from Penn State, helped lead the Steelers to the AFC Central Division title in 1972 with 1,055 yards. In the playoff game, Franco's "miracle catch" of a deflected Terry Bradshaw pass on the last play of the game resulted in a 42-yard touchdown that sent a seemingly victorious Oakland team to sudden defeat. A week later, the Steelers lost to Miami for the AFC championship, but the stage was set for the future and "Franco's Army" was a raving band of fanatics that stretched far beyond the borders of the Golden Triangle.

Not since Jim Brown has a big runner been so consistent in his work. At 6 foot 2 inches, 230 pounds, Harris shows impressive speed to the outside, a gift most runners his size do not have. Running inside, he is relentless and muscular. In his first four seasons he has gained 4,005 yards and surpassed the 1,000-yard mark three times. He averages 15 carries a game and he does all the other things he's asked to do—block for teammate Rocky Bleier, pass block for quarterback Bradshaw, and swing out for passes (he's caught 82 in four seasons). Essentially he is the epitome of the unselfish player, and on a team of superstars he is but another familiar face, sharing in the glory and fame of successive Super Bowl victories.

Perhaps it is mere coincidence that the Steelers' recent surge of championships in the AFC and in the Super Bowl parallels the professional career of their great running back. And then again, perhaps not.

Merv Corning is a football fan and his enthusiasm shows in his work. He retired several years ago as president of Studio Artists, a highly regarded Los Angeles graphics studio, to devote full time to fine art. His paintings are in many private collections and limited edition prints of his work are distributed by the Circle Gallery.

The Game Against The Years

An Illustrated
Review of the NFL's First Six Decades

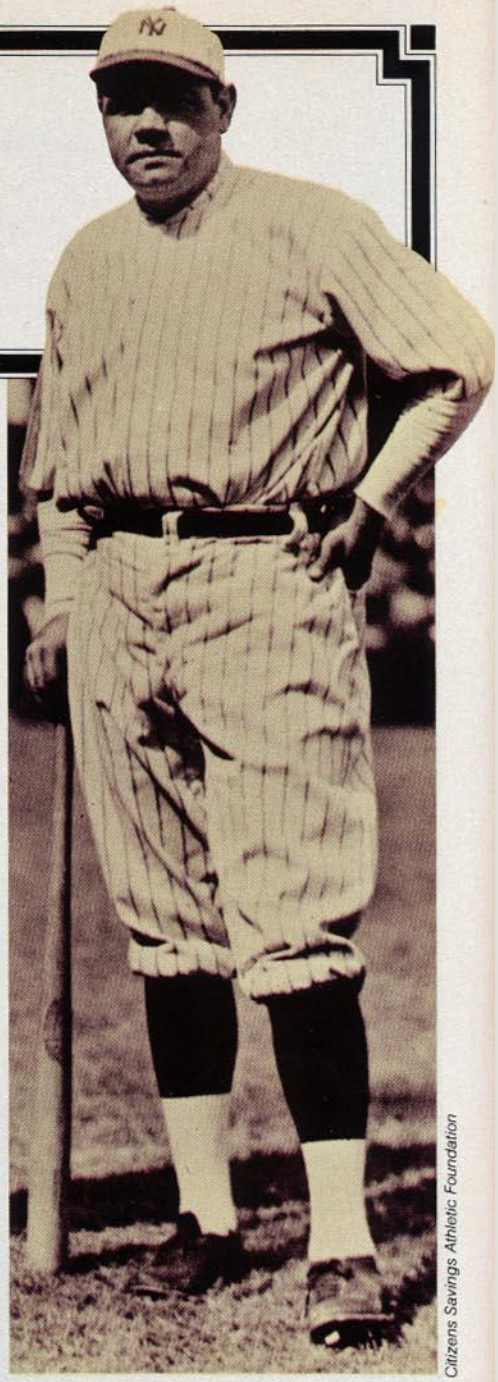
By John Wiebusch

PART I
THE 20s AND 30s

As back-to-back decades, they were the antithesis of one another, one a period of glad times, the other of sad times. Pro football was a struggling sport, trying gamely to capture a small part of the public's attention.

20s

Most Americans had a rip-roaring time, but for the infant game of pro football it was an era of struggle and anonymity.

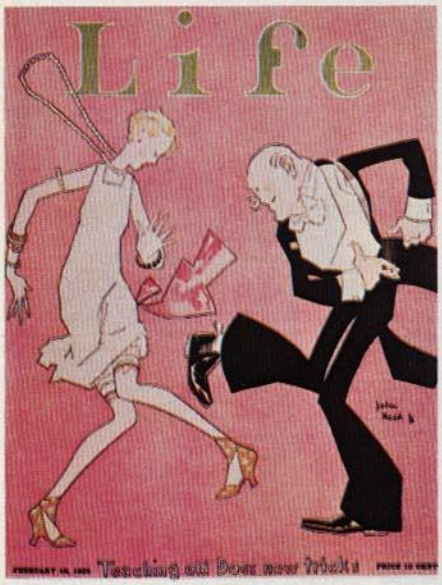


Citizens Savings Athletic Foundation

Ruth's 1929 salary made him worth more than the NFL.

The Roaring Twenties lived up to their name from the start. In 1920 prohibition went into effect, American women got the right to vote, radio was born, Warren G. Harding was elected President, and...oh, yes, George Halas and a bunch of visionaries got together in a Hupmobile showroom in Canton, Ohio, and formed an organization of sporting clubs that later would be known as the National Football League. The world little noted the events that took place in Canton, but it has long remembered the results of those humble beginnings. Recognition came slowly, however.

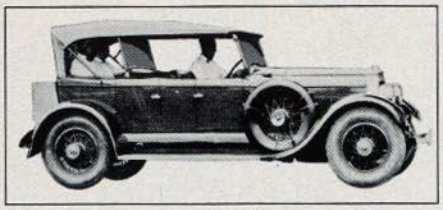
In the 1920s professional football was an unloved child in the family of American



Flappers provided a popular footnote to the 1920s.

sport. Baseball was indeed the National Pasttime; baseball occupied the nation's grandest stadiums—including the opulent new Yankee Stadium in New York—and it had the magic names of the era, names such as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Rogers Hornsby, and Ty Cobb. And if baseball didn't fascinate you there always was Bill Tilden and Helen Wills in tennis, Bobby Jones in golf, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney in boxing, Man o' War in horse racing, and, of course, *college* football. College football with Red Grange and Ernie Nevers, with Bronko Nagurski and Knute Rockne. College football with its sis-boom-bah enthusiasm. One song said, "Yes, we are collegiate" and another said, "Hip, hip hooray for Mr. Touchdown" (and it wasn't about any *professional* Mr. Touchdown).

Pro football literally was the unloved child, and if you need proof try this one: Once in the twenties Amos Alonzo Stagg, the noted college coach, was traveling by train with his University of Chicago football team when he



1922 Lincoln was a symbol of power and elegance.

was told that the Chicago Cadinals' pro football team was on the same train. Stagg was outraged. He ordered the door to the car that led to the Cardinals' end of the train locked. He would not have his young men consorting with *paid* players.

The American Professional Football Association (it was called that for its first two seasons) sought respectability by naming the great athlete, Jim Thorpe, as its first president. There were eleven teams in the beginning, but thirteen clubs fielded teams during 1920—five in Ohio (Canton, Akron, Dayton, Columbus, and Cleveland), four in Illinois (two in Chicago; Decatur, and Rock

Pro Football Hall of Fame

Jim Thorpe was president of fledgling pro league.

Island), two in New York (Rochester and Buffalo), one in Indiana (Hammond), and one in Michigan (Detroit). Two original members—Massillon, Ohio, and Muncie, Indiana, never fielded teams. The big population centers of the Eastern seaboard—New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston—would come later. And along with them would come needed credibility.

As America reveled in bathtub gin and flappers in turned down hose did the Charleston and the Black Bottom, pro football was not without its moments.

In the 1922 meeting in which the initials AFPA were replaced by the initials NFL, Joe Carr was named president, a title he would hold for 17 years.

Appropriately, the only one of many NFL cities in the twenties to win two championships was the founding city, the city that today holds the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Canton won titles in 1922 and 1923, compiling a dazzling 21-0-3 record over the two-year period.

In 1925, Tim Mara purchased an NFL fran-

20s

chise for New York for the piddling price of $500. Granted, money was worth more a half century ago but it is worth noting—by way of comparison—that in 1929 the New York Yankees paid Babe Ruth $60,000 to play baseball. When Ruth was asked how it felt to

Knute Rockne coached powerful Notre Dame teams.

be making more than President Herbert Hoover, he replied, "I had a better year than him." The Babe could have purchased the entire NFL with his pocket change.

A few months after Mara's Giants were formed they were the opponents for the Chicago Bears and the illustrious new pro phenomenon, Red Grange, before a record crowd of 70,000 in the Polo Grounds.

In 1926, a boom year for pro football, the first American Football League was formed

Wide World Photos

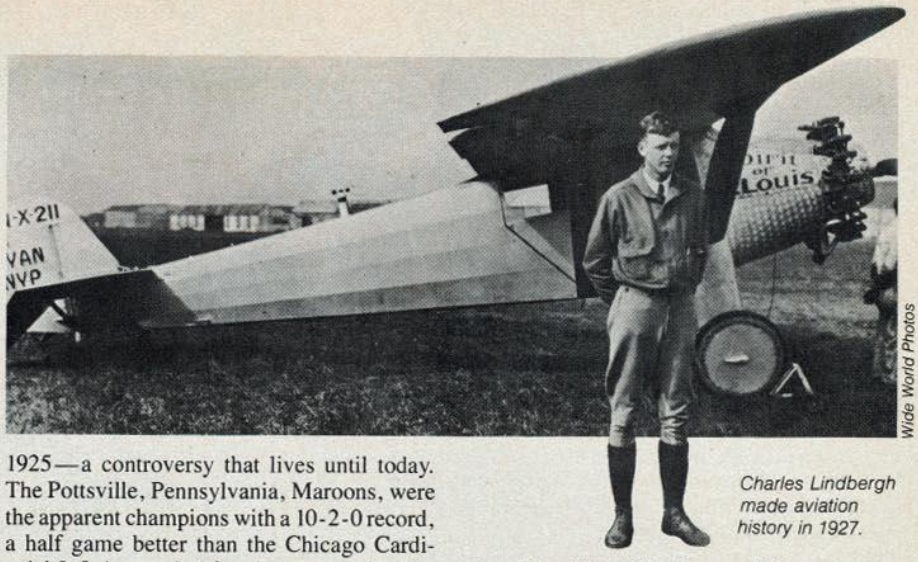
Al Jolson sang from the screen in The Jazz Singer.

to rival the NFL. Grange, who left the Bears to join the New York Yankees of the AFL, was the star attraction of the new league. The NFL had an astonishing 22 members coast to coast in 1926. Fame was fleeting, however. By 1927 the AFL had folded; by 1928 the NFL franchise list had been pared to 10 teams. Franchises changed, it seems, as fast as midwestern weather. Many people still aren't aware (and some weren't then) that the NFL had teams for brief periods of time in such cities as Boston, Buffalo, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis.

There was controversy in the NFL in 1925—a controversy that lives until today. The Pottsville, Pennsylvania, Maroons, were the apparent champions with a 10-2-0 record, a half game better than the Chicago Cardinals' 9-2-1 record. After the season, the Maroons scheduled an exhibition game against the Notre Dame All-Stars in Philadelphia, despite admonitions from the league. The Frankford, Pennsylvania, Yellowjackets protested the invasion of their territorial rights and Joe Carr agreed and fined the Pottstown club for violations of league policy and declared the franchise forfeited. The championship was awarded to the Cardinals after they won two subsequent games.

Ernie Nevers, who signed with the Duluth Eskimos of the NFL in 1926, was the decade's brightest superstar. In his first season the Duluth team played most of its 29 games (including exhibitions) on the road; Nevers

Harold (Red) Grange knew how to run to daylight.



Wide World Photos

Charles Lindbergh made aviation history in 1927.

played in all but 27 minutes of those games. After two seasons with the Eskimos, Nevers joined the Chicago Cardinals, and in 1929 he set a record that stands to this day, scoring all of the points in a 40-6 victory over the Bears.

And so it went in a decade in which America touched the world with air mail flights (1920), the Teapot Dome oil scandal (1923), the Scopes monkey trial (1925), and

Culver Pictures

Jack Dempsey was a legendary heavyweight.

the heroic Charles Lindbergh and his solo flight across the Atlantic in the "Spirit of St. Louis" (1927).

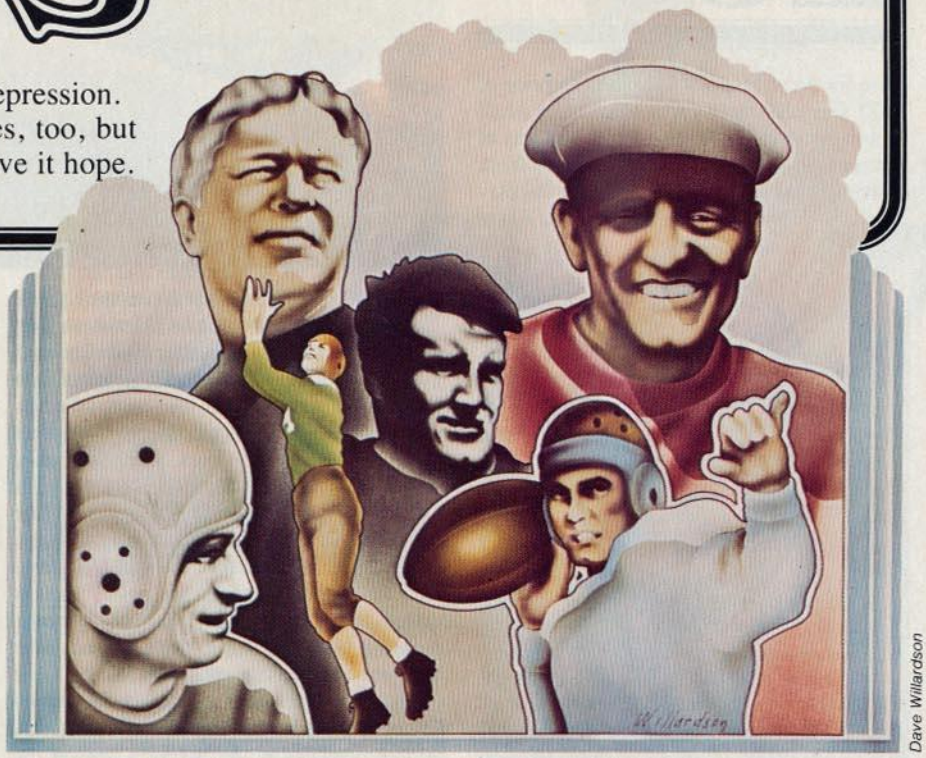
Through it all there were silent movies, vaudeville, and burlesque. Rudolf Valentino, John Barrymore, Clara Bow, and Charles Chaplin entertained from the screen; Will Rogers, Al Jolson, and the Ziegfeld Follies did it from a stage.

In 1929 sound came to the movies when Jolson got down on one knee and said he'd walk a million miles for one of Mammy's smiles in "The Jazz Singer."

The decade that began with bangs ended with whimpers. October 29, 1929, was Black Friday, the day the bottom fell out of the stock market. The nation, like pro football, had no where to go but up.

30s

Life wasn't easy in the Depression. Pro football had hard times, too, but dramatic rules changes gave it hope.



Clark, Hutson, O'Brien (foreground), and Lambeau, Nagurski, and Halas (rear) were leaders in the NFL.

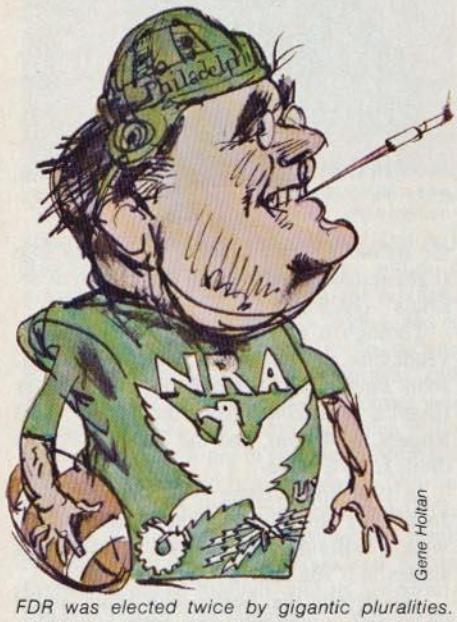
Dave Willardson

As the nation struggled in the 1930s so did professional football. The Great Depression was everywhere with its bread lines and boxcar migrants and brother-can-you-spare-a-dime desperation. It was not a pretty time in America. Men's souls and bodies literally were tried, and surviving was tantamount to winning. The National Football League, still a minor voice in entertainment and sports culture, had its own life struggle in the black days of the early thirties.

Pro Football Hall of Fame

Giants-Notre Dame game in '30 raised $115,000.

In 1930, when the Green Bay Packers, led by a marvel of a back named Johnny Blood (McNally), won a second consecutive NFL championship, the league had 11 teams.

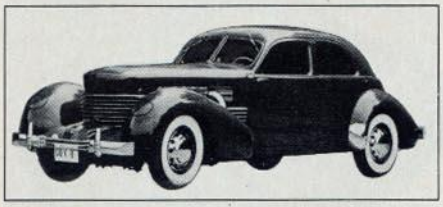


Gene Holtan

FDR was elected twice by gigantic pluralities.

In 1931, when the Packers were supreme again, there were 10 teams.

In 1932, when the Chicago Bears finished in first place for the first time since 1920 (when they played under the *nom de plume* of the Decatur Staley Starch Works), there were 8 teams. Attrition and apathy were the NFL's opponents. With passing limited to five yards behind the line of scrimmage, offenses were stifled and low scoring games (there were eight scoreless ties in 1932) were the rule, not the exception.

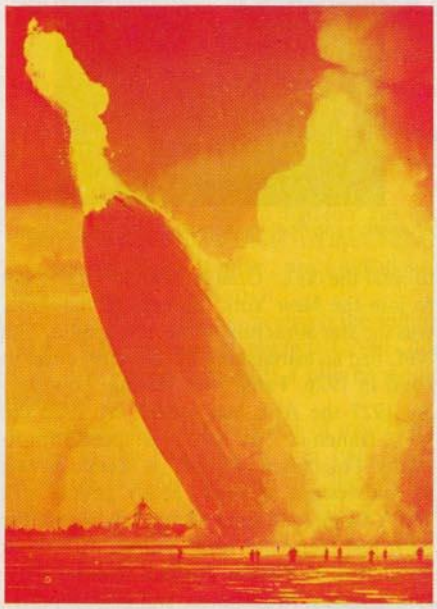


1936 Cord model displayed an innovative design.

Something had to be done to rekindle interest and the league meetings of 1933 produced the sweeping changes that turned it around. Rules were amended to permit passing from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage, to bring the goal posts from the end line to the goal line, to add hashmarks to the field (which meant that plays that ended at the sideline would not begin there on the following play).

Three men who would play vital roles in the growth of the NFL—Bert Bell in Philadelphia, Art Rooney in Pittsburgh, and Charles Bidwill in Chicago—became franchise owners in 1933. Another innovator who had become part of the league in 1932 with the purchase of the Boston franchise, George Preston Marshall, pioneered the restructuring of the NFL into two divisions, creating a championship game playoff.

The changes did not produce miracle results. Rather, their effect was long-term; the moves of 1933 have affected pro football for the rest of its being, helping the roots of its popularity grow and spread. The addition of New York gave the NFL respectability in the mid-1920s; the addition of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh brought vital population centers, and when the Portsmouth, Ohio, franchise



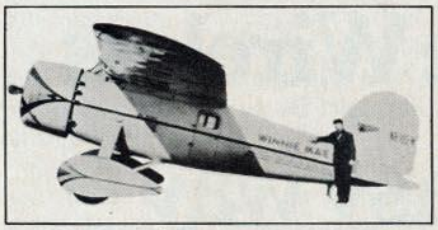
Wide World Photos

An explosion disintegrated Germany's Hindenberg.

30s

was transferred to Detroit in 1934 the metamorphosis was almost complete.

Still, it was quite a different game than it is today. Player limits in the early thirties were a maximum of 20 players and a minimum of 16 (naturally players played both ways, often for all 60 minutes); the winning players' share in the first championship game in 1933—the Bears over the Giants 23-21—was $210.34; not a single championship game in the thirties was a sellout and two games (in 1935 in Detroit and 1937 in Chicago) drew less than 16,000 spectators; the first player selected in the first college draft, Jay Berwanger of the University of Chicago in 1936, chose to go into private business rather than play pro football.



Will Rogers was killed in '35 around-the-world-flight.

The nation sought its depression diversions in places other than NFL stadiums in the thirties. Baseball was still the national preoccupation. From St. Louis came the Gashouse Gang of Pepper Martin and Dizzy Dean. In New York Lou Gehrig was still the heart and soul of the Yankees. Late in the decade there would be two new superstars—Joe DiMaggio in New York and Ted Williams in Boston.

There were two Olympics in the thirties and in one, 1932, the United States was the host country for the first time. The Games were held in Los Angeles and the individual star was the remarkable woman athlete, Babe Didrickson. In 1936, in the Nazi-charged atmosphere of Berlin, the man of the time was the black sprinter - long jumper, Jesse Owens.

Street and Smith

"The Shadow" was popular in pulps and on the radio.

Hitlerian theories also took a jolt from another black American, Joe Louis. The heavyweight boxer won the championship in 1937, but his most dramatic victory came a year later, when he defeated a man who had whipped him two years before, the German Max Schmelling.

Mostly though, Americans spent their leisure time with their ears to a radio and their eyes on a movie screen. Radio had Jack

Courtesy, Joe Brown

Hitler's Aryan myth was destroyed by Jesse Owens.

Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Fred Allen, Eddie Cantor, the Lone Ranger, The Shadow, and a host of real and imagined legends. The movies were the real antithesis of the rag-doll times, overflowing in glamour and with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, Busby Berkeley, Greta Garbo, Shirley Temple, Mickey Mouse, King Kong, "The Wizard of Oz," and "Gone With the Wind."

Franklin D. Roosevelt was the political leader of the era, a landslide winner over Herbert Hoover in 1932 and Alf Landon in 1936. Roosevelt spoke to the nation in fireside chats over radio and his New Deal brought an alphabet soup of government agencies—the NRA, WPA, CWA, NYA, and CCC—in efforts to decrease unemployment and restore economic stability.

Prohibition, a failed idea, was repealed in 1933. Two of the mobsters who had profited from Prohibition, Al Capone and John Dillinger, were silenced, too. Capone was sent to prison for income tax evasion in 1931; Dillinger was gunned down in 1934. The headlines were filled with the news of the Lindbergh kidnapping in 1933, the abdication of the English throne by King Edward VIII in 1936 for "the woman I love," and the explosion of the German dirigible "Hindenberg" in New Jersey in 1937.

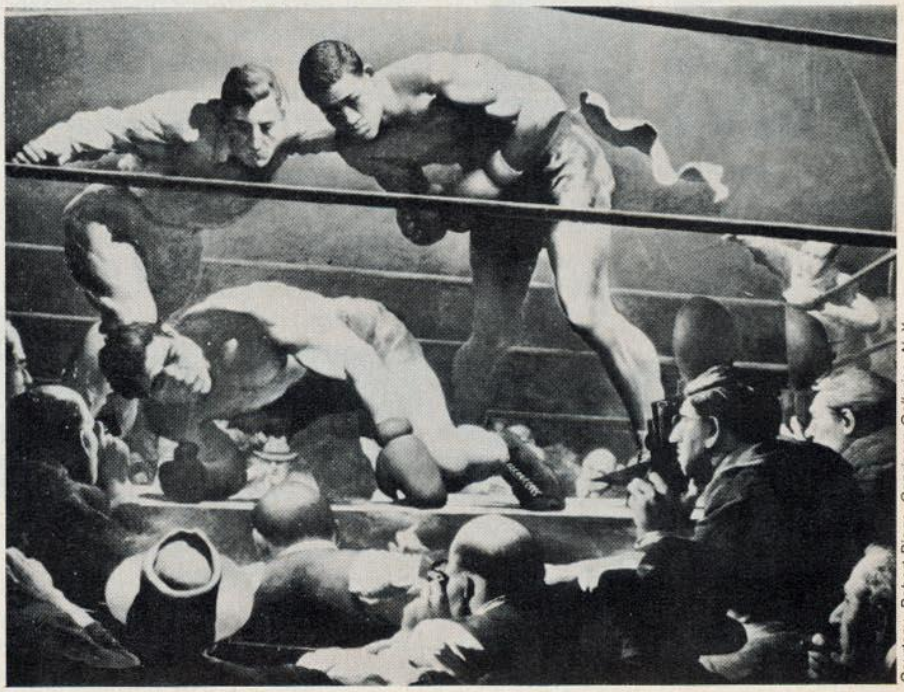
Pro football maintained a status quo of sorts through the second half of the decade. The College All-Star game began in Chicago in 1934, the same year a Bears' rookie, Beattie Feathers, rushed for 1,004 yards. A second American Football League was formed in 1936 but after two seasons it joined its 1920s predecessor in oblivion. In 1937 the Boston Redskins franchise was transferred to Washington.

Wide World Photos

King Kong scared Fay Wray and millions of others.

Joe Carr, the NFL president for 18 years, died on May 5, 1939, and was replaced by Carl Storck.

The end of the decade also produced a significant sign of things to come when a pro football game—between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Philadelphia Eagles—was televised for the first time.



Courtesy, Robert Riggs, Capricorn Galleries, N. Y.

Heavyweight Joe Louis gave German challenger Max Schmeling fearful one-round beating in '38 title fight.

theMVP's

By Leigh Montville

A funny thing happened to O. J. Simpson and Fran Tarkenton in '75 on their way to immortality: they were most valuable players.

The voices at the far end of the football record book belong to two women.

"Behavioral Systems," says the voice in Atlanta, day after day, week after week, year after year.

"O. J. Simpson Enterprises," says the voice in Los Angeles, with the same dull frequency.

No "good morning." No "hi." No small talk. The voices at the far end of the football record book are corporate, efficient, and female.

Fran Tarkenton and O. J. Simpson have moved the football into areas that all the Decatur Staleys and Canton Bulldogs combined never could have imagined.

How do you talk to the two most valuable players for the 1975 National Football League season? How do you talk to the leading passer of all time? How do you talk to the most proficient running back of all time? You start by talking to the secretary at his corporation.

"Mr. Tarkenton? Well, let me check his schedule. He'll be in New York until tomorrow. Then he'll be in Chicago. Maybe Thursday. . . ."

"Mr. Simpson? Well, he's tied up right now. Maybe if you could leave your name. Who did you say you were with?"

One man has a company that tells other companies how to work more efficiently; the other flies to Rome to join Burt Lancaster and Sophia Loren and Ava Gardner in a little movie production. One man tells the world daily about the merits of using the telephone; the other advises us on the choice of rental cars. One man interviews other people for NBC television; the other wears an ABC blazer.

Limits? There aren't any limits to what can be done with a football anymore.

"My feeling is that the more you do, the more you're capable of doing," Tarkenton said this summer as he moved from city to city, from commitment to commitment. "I'm doing three times more now with my outside businesses than I did five years ago and I expect that five years from now I'll be doing three times more than I'm doing now."

"I had to sit down and decide if monetarily, I could retire from football," Simpson explained. "I had to see if I could make the same income outside of football that I make playing football . . . and I make a pretty good income playing football. I made a deal with an orange juice company. I lined up a couple of movie productions. I found that yes, I could make the same income."

From Athens, Georgia, and San Francisco, they have reached this point. They started with the basic confidence in the fact that they could play ball, that they could do things in this game that no one else could do, and they have gone from there.

Tarkenton. Most touchdown passes completed in a lifetime. Most passes attempted. Most passes completed. The running quarterback who could throw. The throwing quarterback who could run. The most successful quarterback—at least statistically—ever to play this game.

Simpson. Most yards gained in a season. Most yards gained in a game. Most touchdowns in a season. The fast man who can run inside. The surprisingly big man who turns the corner so easily. The ultimate all-purpose running back. The holder of many running records—and the potential holder of many others, if he doesn't turn away for other interests.

They both have been durable. They both have been multidiversified individuals, doing more than anyone ever expected from them. They have shared mutual frustration—the inability to play with a Super Bowl champion—but neither ever played better than he did in 1975.

They sit at the top of their profession with a high public-relations gloss. It is not inconceivable to say that at some time during every week their faces invade virtually every Americn home. They never have been more successful. Maybe *no one* in pro football ever has been more successful.

"Over-all, the question I always ask myself is 'Why me?'" Simpson says. "As far as football is concerned, I've always been cocky. I always figured I was good. When I was a kid I always thought I could run away from all the other kids.

"But all these outside things, I never really thought about them. Endorsements? I don't even remember athletes endorsing things when I was a kid. It just wasn't done. Acting? I'd never heard of an athlete as an actor until Jim Brown became one. I've heard of some since—guys like Chuck Connors—but not top-level players. I keep asking, 'Why me?' I keep thinking that maybe The Man has got something for me to do, that He's helping me to inspire some kids like Willie Mays inspired me. I mean I never heard Willie Mays say two words—outside of "say hey"—but he was an inspiration to me. Maybe that's what I'm supposed to be for other kids."

"What has happened doesn't surprise me," says Tarkenton. "It doesn't surprise me at all. People always say, 'Look at so-and-so, see how lucky he is.' I don't go along with that. The people who say that about me haven't seen the hours and hours of work that I've put in. I'll bet I've thrown two hundred balls in practice for every completion. Maybe five hundred balls. I think there is a direct correlation between work and what I've done.

"Maybe there are people who've worked hard and haven't been successful, but that isn't my case. I really thought I'd do well. I wasn't amazed when I went out and played well in the first game I ever played against the Bears. I was prepared for it."

The football part, the basic part always has looked easy. Maybe it hasn't been easy, but it has looked easy. In a sport in which injuries are expected, where the average playing career is limited, these two men somehow have been able to glide through the trouble spots.

Tarkenton ("He's going to get killed if he keeps running around like that!") never has missed a regular season game due to injury. Simpson ("He'll never carry the ball thirty times a game in the

"When I was a kid I always figured I could run away from other kids," says Simpson. "But I never thought about endorsements and acting."

pros!") has missed seven games in seven years. The monster collisions never have arrived. These have been two New York taxi drivers, careening through their affairs and making everyone else duck while never doing anything worse than occasionally scraping a fender.

"Guys really can't get a good shot at Juice," says Buffalo Bills' guard Reggie McKenzie, Simpson's long-time "bodyguard." "He's always twisting, turning, slicing, dicing, doing his magic. And he knows—when a guy's got him, really got him, he should go down. He knows how to save his butt."

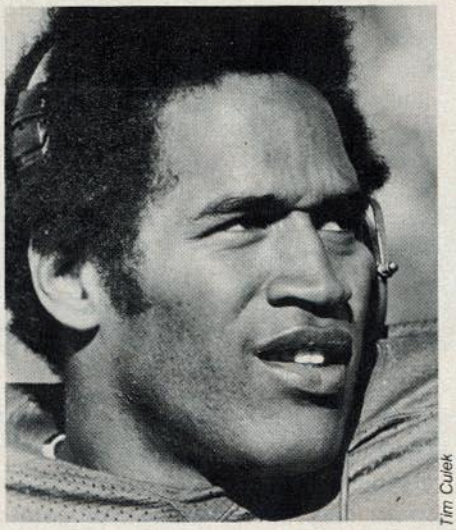
"He just has a great sense of where everyone is on the field," says Bills' trainer Ed Abramoski. "I remember a game once in Cleveland. This guy was coming up from behind and O. J. couldn't have seen him—no way he could have seen him. Yet O. J. twisted at just the right time and the guy missed everything. I asked him later, I said, 'Juice, how did you know where that guy was?' He says, 'Eddie, I just *felt* him.'"

"Francis is like a young boy in a tag contest," says Vikings' trainer Fred Zamberletti in trying to explain the same quality of self preservation in Tarkenton. "He just has that tremendous sense of where everybody is around him. Maybe he has tremendous peripheral vision. I'd like to have that tested sometime."

They are both naturals. They somehow seem to understand the rhythms of their game better than other people. The basic X-and-O choreography of the playbook is only a beginning for them. Their best work always has been done on the run, improvising, breaking away from the Arthur Murray patterns of where everyone puts his feet on a given play, and going in totally different directions.

"You'll see it coming," says McKenzie. "Everyone will be going left and all of a sudden Juice will be going right and it's all over. You can just sit back and watch."

"From the beginning, things have been just so natural for Francis," says Zamberletti. "Golf. Basketball. Anything. He could do anything. In the last two years or so he's worked harder at staying in shape because he's getting older now, but he's still natural. He



Tim Culek

Simpson says '75 season was better than '73.

doesn't run as much as he once did, but when he runs he's successful. He'd still be a good running back if he weren't a great quarterback."

Zamberletti remembers Tarkenton's first appearance in 1961 at the Vikings Bemidji, Minnesota, training camp. Tarkenton came into the taping room on that first day, looked at the long lines of players waiting to be taped, and grabbed a roll of tape and wrapped his own ankles. It was a procedure he followed for the next 10 years. It was that easy.

Simpson was even more casual. He doesn't even go to the trainer's room. He simply never tapes his ankles. He just puts on his socks and shoes and plays.

Tarkenton and Simpson both have brought the sophistication of the NFL back to town field limits. And yet they are aware there are limits to what they can and cannot do. They cannot win championships by themselves, no matter how hard they try.

"When you're a kid you can affect a team a lot more than you can in the pros," says Simpson. "I look at it this way: Last year I had my best year ever. For doing everything—catching, running, and scoring—I played as well as I ever played. But the Buffalo Bills were eliminated with two games to go."

"You don't control all the factors in a football game," Tarkenton said. "If a runner in track goes out and the wind's right and he's feeling good and if he has good competition, he sets a world record. It's just not like that in football. It's how you play, it's how your players play, it's how the other team's players play. I might have completed twenty-four of thirty passes against Green Bay last year, but who's to say that was my best game? I might have played better in games where I've gone oh-for-thirteen. There simply are so many factors involved. If you think you can win the game alone, you're wrong."

For both Tarkenton and Simpson the 1975 season was a 24-carat example of the collective football frustration that can make individual satisfaction secondary. Both did things in 1975 that no one ever had done. Both wound up watching the Super Bowl instead of playing in it.

Tarkenton, 36 years old and in his fifteenth NFL season, suddenly was recognized in 1975 for what he is—the most proficient quarterback ever to play this game. When he passed Johnny Unitas's record of 290 touchdown passes on the last day of the season it was as if the world suddenly said, "Hmmmm, you know, this guy is more than just a madcap runner. He can *throw* the football, too." It was as if he suddenly became legitimate. He set records for most passes in a lifetime (5,225) and the most completions in a lifetime (2,931). He edged his way onto the list of immortals.

"Recognition is something that arrives when a person does something that nobody else has done before," says Tarkenton. "Some people get recognition before they've ever done something, but mostly it arrives when you break records. When Bobby Jones wins thirteen major championships, when Jack Nicklaus wins sixteen, when Hank Aaron hits seven hundred fifteen home runs. That's when the recognition usually arrives."

Simpson, already recognized in the record books for his wondrous 1973 season with its 2,003-yard total and its 250-yard single game, simply moved

O. J. shakes off Minnesota's Wally Hilgenberg en route to his record twenty-third touchdown.

"Maybe there are people who've worked hard and haven't been successful," says Tarkenton. "But that isn't my case. I thought I'd do well from the start."

onto a new line in 1975. As the Bills' offense became more diversified, he became more diversified. He broke Gale Sayers's record of 22 touchdowns in a season as he scored 23, ran for 1,817 yards, and caught 28 passes for 426 yards. It was not an unplanned accomplishment.

"He told me what he was going to do before the season ever started," says Abramoski. "He said he already had set the record for batting average—two thousand three yards—and now he was going for the home run record. 'What's that?' I asked him—and this was in training camp. He said it was Gale Sayers's touchdown record."

The final line, though, was the frustration. The Bills' defense couldn't come close to matching the exploits of the Bills' record-setting offense and the season ended for all practical purposes with those two play-out-the-string games to go. The Vikings' season, after a 12-2 cruise, ended on that gray December playoff day in Minnesota when Drew Pearson caught Roger Staubach's 50-yard prayer in the final minute. Tarkenton could not do anything except watch.

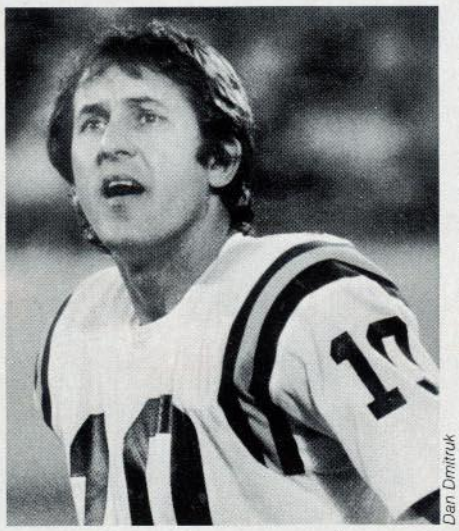
"The one word to describe it was frustrating," says Simpson. "We [the Bills] did our thing on offense as well as anyone ever did. We *were* the champions on offense. Our team has goals before the season and we exceeded every goal on offense. We averaged close to thirty points. But overall. . . ."

"You have to understand it's over, it's done with," says Tarkenton. "You have to understand the whole win-loss syndrome. If what you did wasn't good enough, it simply wasn't good enough. You have to understand there are so many factors involved."

Tarkenton shrugs. Tarkenton puts the frustration in a package along with such things as bad weather and stubbed toes. They are Things That Can't Be Controlled.

Both men have to enjoy playing football to keep playing it. They have reached the point where they aren't tied to the game economically anymore. They already have done enough to be remembered in the game and they already have earned enough from it to establish solid career futures. Now they play simply to play.

Many things, such as weather, simply cannot be controlled, says the Vikings' quarterback.



Dan Dmitruk

Tarkenton enjoys the game more than ever.

"Playing the game is a real trip for me," says Tarkenton. "I enjoy playing football now more than ever. I enjoy the intrinsic reinforcement of the game, of seeing things work. The position I play allows me to create something within myself. Believe me, I am still learning things about football. In 1975 I made some slight adjustments in my throwing motion. I changed my training program. I did a lot of little things. I learned and I enjoyed."

"The first half of the season was a ball last year," says Simpson. "I enjoyed that as much as any time I've played football. It was only the losing that killed that. But for half a season it was a ball."

For Tarkenton and Simpson, football has become a profitable avocation as well as a vocation.

"He'll leave here with a smile and say, 'Well, I'm off to my football vacation,'" says Diane DeFrancis, Tarkenton's secretary.

"When O. J. retires, he'll be in such a better position for the movies," says Marilyn O'Brien, Simpson's agent. "There are so many parts now that he simply can't do because of time. He is available for only such a short time. Six months a year he is isolated."

Tarkenton's outside interests begin with his company, Behavioral Systems, a consulting service designed to "increase the productivity of labor through behavior management techniques." He has a personal services contract with NBC television. He is the major promotional figure for American Telephone and Telegraph and Delta Airlines. He has investments in various small businesses, in real estate, cattle feed, oil, and gas.

"When you've reached the level of income he has, you have to do something with it," says Tom Joiner, Tarkenton's attorney. "And let's face it, he's just not the kind of guy to put his money in municipal bonds and let it just sit there. He's a guy who has to be involved."

Simpson's acting career includes major parts in four pictures and he is presently taking personal lessons with Lee Strasberg, founder of the Actor's Studio. He is an ABC broadcaster. He is Hertz's "Superstar in Rent-a-Cars," the spokesman for Hyde shoes and TreeSweet orange juice. He has a contract with Wilson Sporting Goods. He has assorted other investments.

"The nation likes O. J.," says Marilyn O'Brien. "It's as simple as that. People don't see him as black or white, they see him as a person. They like him. He is a man with tremendous potential . . . and I'm not talking about football. I'm talking about controlling his empire. When you're competent and forceful you should go as far as you can go. That's what he is doing."

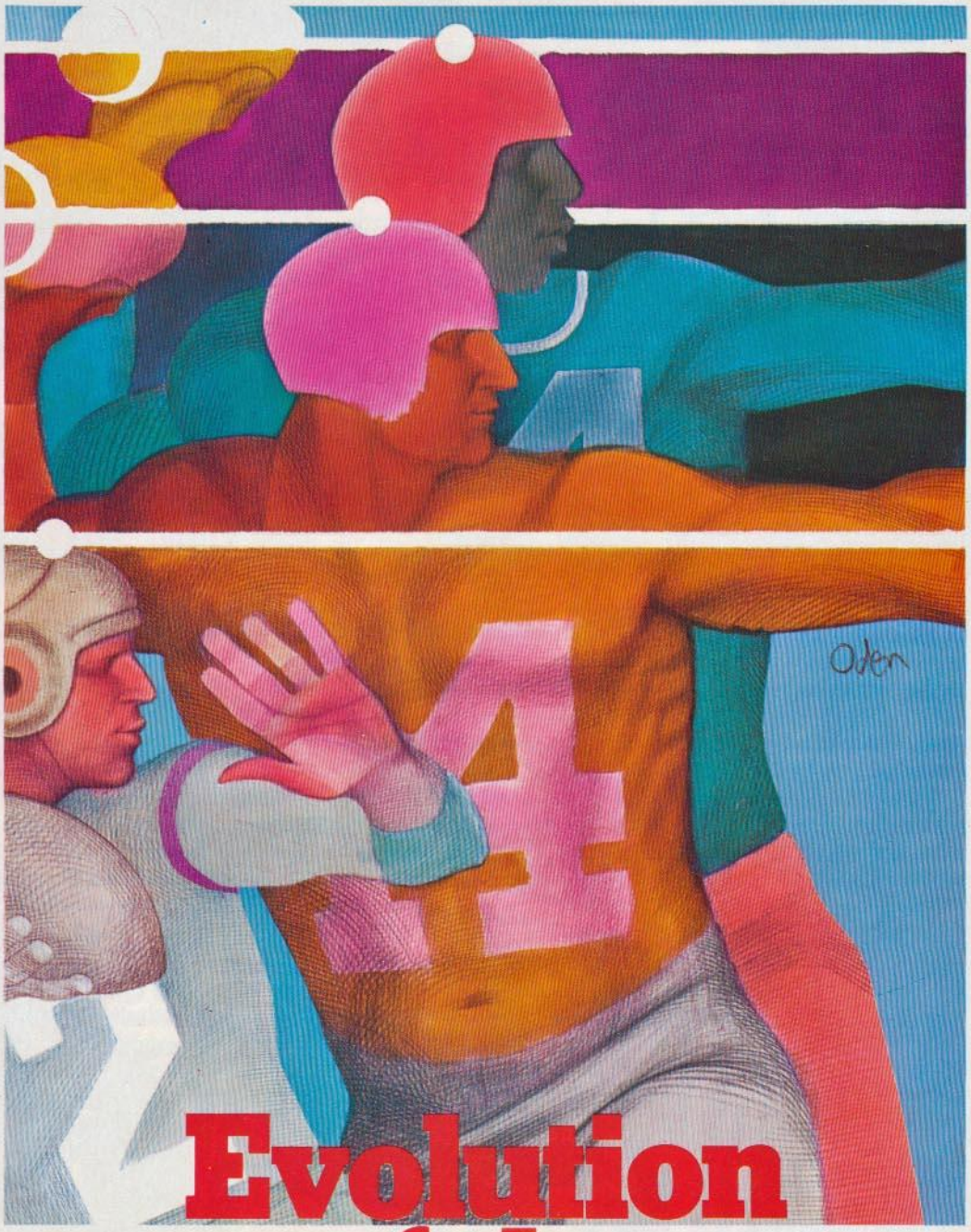
It is a mind-bending phrase—"controlling his empire"—but that is where Simpson is now. And so is Tarkenton.

They are more than your basic most valuable players. They are articulate. They are smooth. They are dynamic. They have taken this game of football, made it look easy, done things no one else ever had done, and gone from there.

How far?

Call Atlanta. Call Los Angeles. The voice of the woman who answers will tell you.!

Leigh Montville is a columnist for the Boston Globe.



Evolution of the Football Player

By Steve Bisheff

Illustrations by Dick Oden

"They don't make 'em like they used to" is a truism in pro football today . . . and how they make 'em is bigger, stronger, and more mobile. But they may have gone as far as they can go.

Story begins on page 5c.

In the 1920s, George Halas was a player-coach and an all-pro end for the Chicago Bears. He was 6 feet 1 inch and weighed 175 pounds.

In the 1930s, Wayne Millner was a two-way, all-pro end for the Washington Redskins. He was 6 feet and weighed 190 pounds.

In the 1970s, Ed (Too Tall) Jones is a young, up and coming defensive end for the Dallas Cowboys. He is 6 feet 9 inches and weighs 260 pounds.

There really is no question about it. Today's football players are bigger. They're stronger. They're quicker. And, for the most part, they're more mobile.

If you don't think so, just pick out some names—some of the great names in pro football history—and try to imagine them finding a spot in today's modern game.

Picture Dan Fortmann, the Chicago Bears' Hall of Fame guard, trying to make the Pittsburgh Steelers' offensive line at 205 pounds. Imagine Charles Brock, the all-star center for the Green Bay Packers in the early 1940s attempting to start for the Dallas Cowboys at 210 pounds. Or how about Chicago's Ed Sprinkle, noted as one of the toughest and meanest men of the late 1940s and early 1950s, trying to play defensive end for anybody today at 200 pounds?

It's not likely it could happen, not with size standards what they are now. So, naturally, the next question is how has this all come about? Why are today's pro football players so much larger?

There are some specific reasons for the growth of Americans—and not just football players—in the past 30 or 40 years.

"The changing rates of growth are very interesting indeed," says Nathan Smith, M.D. and professor of pediatrics and sports medicine at the University of Washington. "We feel we can now identify several factors with varying degrees of confidence.

"Nutrition is probably the first one. It has improved immensely for the greater portion of people in this country. Then there's the low prevalence of infectious diseases now. There are less colds, less whooping cough, and things like that. The food is cleaner because refrigeration keeps food cleaner.

"Economic development, of course, is another reason. The rich people grow first in a society. The richer you are, generally the bigger you are. So as a society gets more affluent the people become bigger. What is interesting now is that rich people have stopped getting bigger for the most part in this country. A study done of the recent graduating classes at Harvard shows the kids have leveled off. They aren't getting any bigger in the last couple of generations.

"Now it's the black population that's just beginning to enjoy some of the economic advantages, and blacks seem to be increasing in growth. Thirty years ago, when I first studied pediatrics, black kids were almost always smaller than whites. Now, if you match blacks and whites at age five on the same general economic level, blacks seem to be nearly an inch taller."

Dr. Smith, one of the country's leading authorities on sports medicine and author of the book *Food for Sport*, believes there are other influences in the increased growth of Americans.

"We know from genetics that by mixing up the gene pool—the proper term is 'hybridization'—you increase size," he says. "Thus, in the United States, where there is constant mixing of population, you are much more likely to get bigger people than in a country like Japan, where there's not as much mixing."

Dr. Smith believes good exercise and physical activity spur growth, too. "We have experiments to prove that," he says. "Experiments have taken a group of rats that exercise when they're young and found they'll reach a larger size than rats that don't exercise when they're young."

What about weightlifting? Has the popular trend toward building muscles contributed to building bigger football players?

"I don't think so," says Dr. Smith. "Weightlifting builds muscle mass. Players work to increase the size and weight of muscles. Some little rascals in Pop Warner football have their fathers putting them on weights early. I don't think that's such a good idea. Kids that age should be more concerned with having fun. But that's up to them. If a kid started lifting weights early, it could produce a slight increase in size."

Pittsburgh Steelers' tackle Jon Kolb started lifting early. "In my hometown," says Kolb, "you either played football or your parents put you up for adoption."

Since he had no desire to leave Owasso, Oklahoma, and since he only weighed a puny 120 pounds at age 14, Kolb decided he'd better head for the weights.

"I started reading all I could about lifting," he says. "I taught myself what I needed to know. It also helped that I lived and worked out in a rural area. I was able to bring home all the milk I wanted."

So on five quarts of milk and two hours of lifting a day, Kolb began to put on the pounds. By his junior year, he weighed 150 and was the starting center on his high school team.

Two years later, as a freshman at Oklahoma State, he weighed 200 pounds. By then he was participating in a controlled weightlifting program, the kind you can find at almost every major college in the country these days, the kind that didn't exist 30 years ago.

Kolb is now an established all-star offensive tackle with the Steelers at a robust 6 feet 3 inches and 260 pounds. He is also one of the strongest players in professional football, a man who can bench press 550 pounds.

"When I started lifting weights," he says, "my only goal was to make my high school team. After that, I just kept striving for higher goals, kept giving myself more incentives. Without a doubt, I would never have been a major college football player without working with weights. And there's no way in the world I would have made the team in Pittsburgh without them.

"I'm still lifting, still working out every day. Once in a while I think I can stop, but then ten days later I get on a scale and find out I'm down to two-fifty."

How much will he weigh when he stops playing football and stops working with the weights?

"Oh, probably about two-ten or two-

Luke Johnsos of the Bears recalls an era when "we never had anything like a strength coach. The way our payroll was, we were lucky to have enough players."

fifteen," he says.

Luke Johnsos was an offensive and defensive end for the Chicago Bears from 1929 to 1934. After that, he coached on the Bears' staff for almost 40 years.

He has seen everything, all the changes in the game, the different trends, the new styles and, of course, the steady influx of bigger, stronger, faster athletes.

"There's no question the men now are all bigger and faster than they were thirty and forty years ago," said Johnsos. "Heck, they've gotten bigger and faster in the past ten or fifteen years.

"I played closed end when I was with the Bears and I was six-three and two-hundred-ten pounds. That was pretty big in those days. Now they call it 'tight end,' and you've got to be six-four, weigh two-hundred-forty pounds and be fast to play the position."

Johnsos was asked about his early training days with the Bears and he could not recall weight training or conditioning coaches and programmed diets. He couldn't even remember having a doctor on call at all times. "Sometimes we couldn't meet our payroll," he said, "so we wouldn't even have a doctor around."

Training camp involved "a lot of running and calisthenics," but little more than that. "Nowadays," said Johnsos, "they bring in specialists to cook the food. Back then, we would eat at St. Joseph's College in Indiana, until we found out some of the sisters were feeding the boys too much food. Then we'd have to do something else.

"We never had anything like a conditioning coach or a strength coach. The way our payroll was, we were lucky to have enough football players. We got two dollars a day for meal money. You couldn't eat too well on that, even in those days.

"Our top lineman at the time was about two-thirty-five, but that's about as big as they got. I can't remember anyone over that. These were tremendous football players, mind you. They just weren't very big. Today everything is so specialized. I think that's one reason so many big players are coming in. They are geared to be a certain size at a certain position. Don't forget, we had to play both ways back then. I don't think some of the kids playing today could have played in the thirties, when we had to play both ways. Take the great speedy little flankers in today's game. Where would they have played on defense in the thirties?

Big men... getting bigger!

Johnsos believes football players in his day were not as injury-prone, even with smaller squads and rosters. "I don't really know why," he said. "Maybe the reason is that the players today are so much bigger and faster they hit you twice as hard."

Another reason could be the presence of men such as Clyde Evans.

Evans is not a trainer or a doctor. He is the San Diego Chargers' conditioning coach, a position that is becoming increasingly popular throughout professional football. His mission is to help build athletes up, both mentally and physically.

"My job, as a conditioning coach, is to get the best performance out of a player all the way around," says Evans. "We work on strength, upper body, and lower body; flexibility; running, both endurance and speed; hand-eye coordination; agility. I program each man individually, as to his position. For instance, a lineman would use heavier weights than a defensive back or wide receiver. I have tables that have been worked out over the last ten or twelve years, and I'll test a guy on his strength, flexibility, speed, and agility . . . find how he stands in each area. Then I'll go to work on the areas that need to be built up."

Evans agrees that players are getting stronger, quicker, and faster. "The major reason is because they're working at it," he says. "A lot of them are taking the whole off-season and really striving to develop in their own special areas of concern. It isn't like the old days, when guys would all walk around with big stomachs. They used to rely simply on raw strength. They used to think that's all that mattered."

Evans doesn't think that way. He thinks there are several factors that matter in today's game of professional football.

"First, I think is quickness," he says. "Second is personal running endurance. Third is muscular endurance. And fourth is speed and the ability to keep fluid. We want them to keep body control, sort of like a ballet dancer."

Besides his concentration on the physical aspects of the team, Evans is also the Chargers' unofficial dietician.

"Nutrition is extremely important to an athlete," he says. "You don't run a Porsché on regular, do you? It's the same thing with food and a football player. You can't eat junk foods and get the same results. You don't get the necessary proteins, vitamins, and minerals from eating donuts and candy bars.

"Most of today's players have become aware of their diets. They come to me and ask what they should and shouldn't eat. Mostly, I tell them to stay away from sugar and starch, to always have a solid breakfast and to eat good, straight foods.

"The thing is, it's become an all-year job for the players. They have to stay in shape and watch what they eat during the off-season, too. They know if they don't, the competition is so tough they may be out of a job."

Competition may be more of a key to the increased size of football players than you would think.

The Chargers' conditioning coach and unofficial dietician puts the emphasis on good nutrition. "You don't run a Porsché on regular, do you?" he asks.

Dr. Stanley Garn, a fellow at the Center for Human Growth and Development, as well as the professor of nutrition at the School of Public Health and a professor of anthropology at the University of Michigan, is firm in his belief that the number of athletes competing has a large significance on the quality of performance.

"The fact that athletic triumphs are being exceeded year after year is partially due from the increasing number of people for these teams and schools to draw upon," says Dr. Garn. "After all, only a small proportion of males went to college in the 1920s. Now thirty percent of males go to college.

"Secondly, there is the long-term secular trend in body size and mass that is largely the result of increased food intake and availability. And thirdly, there is no doubt that training and coaching techniques have very much improved. When you take a combination of a much larger base of individual with increases in body size that are relevant to those sports where sheer distance and mass are important, you can easily see how all this has come about."

Dr. Garn believes the trend is very much a result of diet and nutrition. But he does not believe the improvement in speed and quickness of today's football players is necessarily a direct result of what they eat.

"Some of the fastest runners in the past, the ones with the greatest stamina, have come from countries that are poorly nourished compared to us," says Dr. Garn. "And, of course, one doesn't need a steak a day to play football, although it's hard to convince some players."

Vitamins, according to Dr. Garn, are overrated as a general commodity. "In tests of sixty-thousand individuals, less than a half dozen cases of vitamin deficiency were found. You really have to work at being vitamin deficient. The fact that so many kids are taking them these days is very nice for the vitamin industry but has little effect on the increased size of athletes.

"When people start popping a dozen vitamins a day without asking what they do for them, they should remember in the last century there was quite a belief in the use of laxative pills."

So we know today's players are bigger and stronger and faster, and we know some of the reasons why. Now, the next question is, how much will they continue to grow? Will the all-pro defensive linemen of the 1990s stand 7 feet 1 inch and weigh 340 pounds?

Probably not.

In '20s there were fewer people, tall or short..

..but today there are more of each.

"We're just about leveling off at this point," says Dr. Smith. "People have been maturing at a younger and younger age and we're reaching a point where it just can't get much lower. One study of young girls in Norway showed that they used to mature, or begin to menstruate, at age seventeen. One hundred years later, they're reaching that point at age twelve and a half. The age just can't get much lower than that.

"Football, itself, of course, could continue to make its players bigger simply because of the nature of the game. It keeps going with specialists—you know, a three-hundred-pound tackle because he happens to play a certain position. And because of the broader population base from which to choose these people, we may see more big players than we do now. But, generally, the big ones won't get much bigger. We've just about hit our maximum."

The one area still open for considerable improvement is the athlete's basic diet. "Pro players are eating better these days," says Dr. Smith. "Their training diets, in particular, are better.

"But we're just really getting into that now. We're just starting to study how to pattern diets to particular sports. More and more, we're getting away from the basic raw steak and baked potato before every athletic contest. Diets of the future will be patterned to meet specific energy expenditure."

So the football players twenty or thirty years from now may not necessarily be bigger or stronger or faster. But they will be healthier, a fascinating enough prospect in itself.

After all, O. J. Simpson isn't a bad running back, as it is. But what, you have to wonder, would he do if he were *really* healthy?

Would O. J. rush for 3,000 yards in one season and score 30 touchdowns? Would Terry Bradshaw be able to throw a touchdown pass from one goal line to the other? Could Tom Dempsey kick an 80-yard field goal?

Who's to say it's not possible?

Steve Bisheff is a columnist for the San Diego Tribune.

Growing Up: A Size Comparison

As professional football grew, so did the players.

When the Chicago Bears defeated the New York Giants 23-21 for the 1933 NFL championship in the then 14-year-old league's first title game, they fielded a team that averaged 5 feet, 9.8 inches in height and weighed 193.4 pounds. The Giants averaged 5 feet, 8.7 and 193.6.

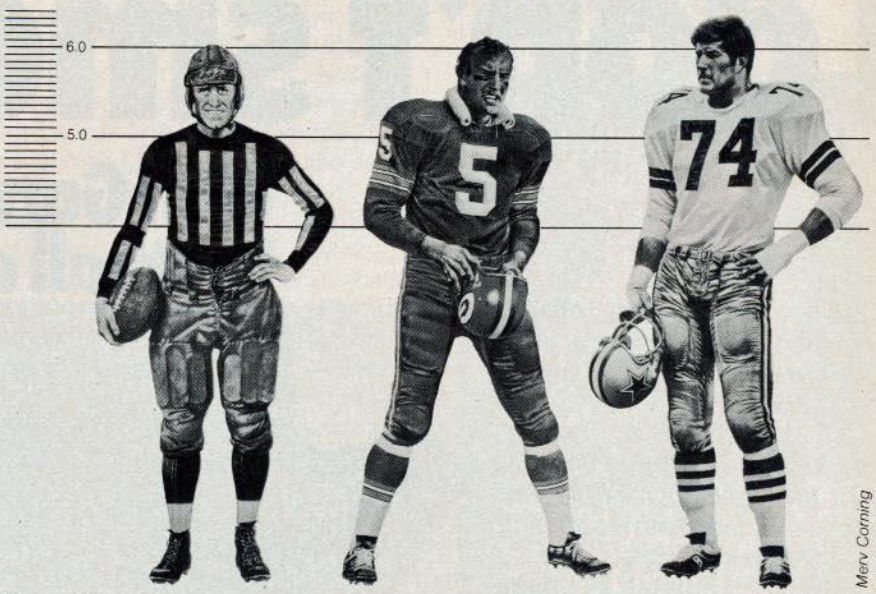
In 1976, when the Pittsburgh Steelers outscored the Dallas Cowboys 21-17 in Super Bowl X, the Steelers' squad stood an average of 6 feet, 1.6 inches and weighed 220.6 pounds. The Cowboys were 6 feet, 2.1 inches and 221.2 pounds.

From the 1920s through the late 1960s, pro football players grew taller and heavier. But in the 1970s, when NFL teams put increased emphasis on kick return specialists and other players (mostly running backs, wide receivers, and defensive backs) of comparatively diminutive measurements, the growth appears to have abated, or at least leveled off.

Here are some examples of that growth: In 1945, 12 years after the Giants and Bears played, the Cleveland Rams and Washington Redskins met for the NFL championship. The Rams averaged 6 feet and 190.3 pounds. The Redskins were 6.04 feet and 195.4 pounds. In 1958, when the Baltimore Colts defeated the New York Giants 23-17 in a classic overtime game, the Colts averaged 6 feet, 1.2 inches and 220.2 pounds, and the Giants, who did not have a player under 6 feet on their squad, 6.08 feet and 217.9 pounds.

In 1967, when the Green Bay Packers played the Kansas City Chiefs in Super Bowl I, the game that matched the NFL against the AFL for the first time, the Packers were 6.27 feet and 225 pounds, while the Chiefs (who lost 35-10) were 6.24 and a walloping 230.1 pounds.

Since that time, the average heights and weights of NFL players have not increased. The Steelers of Super Bowl X had six players who did not stand 6 feet and 11 who weighed less than 200 pounds. Their smallest athlete, 5-foot 10-inch, 178-pound Lynn Swann, was the game's most valuable player after catching four passes for 161 yards and scoring the decisive touchdown on a 64-yard pass collaboration with quarterback Terry Bradshaw. Dallas had three players under 6 feet (including 5-7 placekicker Toni Fritsch) and 12 who weighed under 200.



Merv Corning

From left: George Halas, 1920s; Paul Hornung, 1950s-60s; Bob Lilly, 1960s-70s.

In contrast, the Packers of Super Bowl I had one player under 6 feet—5-10 Willie Wood, whose interception and 40-yard return of a Len Dawson pass set up the third-quarter touchdown that broke the game open. The Chiefs also had only one player—5-9 running back Mike Garrett—who did not rise 6 feet.

The 1920s all-pros seem to have included most of the big men of that era and were not examples of the average professional player. The same can be said, to a lesser degree, for the 1930s team and to an even lesser but still noticeable degree for the 1940s squad.

There are scores of players today who are much larger than their predecessors in the NFL's struggling, tentative decade of the twenties, but there were a few in those days who could stand next to today's players and meet them eye to eye. The only difference is that 50 years ago some of those athletes were considered "giants" and virtual sideshow freaks.

The First 50 Years, published by the NFL in celebration of the league's golden anniversary in 1969, listed all-pro teams from each of the NFL's first five decades. The average heights and weights of the all-pro teams illustrated the evolution of the players:

1920s	
Height—6.06	Weight—206.6
1930s	
Height—6.04	Weight—209.0
1940s	
Height—6.11	Weight—211.7
1950s	
Height—6.16	Weight—220.8
1960s	
Height—6.18	Weight—225.2

By comparison, the all-pro NFL team of 1975, as chosen by the Professional Football Writers of America, averaged 6.18 feet and 223.5 pounds, slightly under the weight of the 1960s all-pro team.

Hall of Fame tackle Cal Hubbard, who played for the New York Giants, Green Bay Packers, and Pittsburgh Pirates from 1927-1936, was 6 feet 5 inches, 250 pounds. Tackle Steve Owen of the Kansas City Cowboys and New York

The "Monsters of the Midway" weren't monstrous by today's standards but they stood above all they surveyed in 1940.

Giants (and the Giants' coach from 1931-1953) was 6-2, 235. Guard Walt Kiesling, who played for six different teams from 1926-1938, was 6-2, 245. Center George Trafton, an original Chicago Bear who played from 1920-1932, was 6-2, 235. On the other hand, two-way end George Halas of the Bears was 6-1, 180. Halas could play offensive end at that size today, as long as it wasn't tight end.

The big players who came up during the 1930s included tackles George Christensen (6-2, 238), Frank Cope (6-3, 234), Turk Edwards (6-2, 256), Bill Lee (6-2, 235), and Joe Stydahar (6-4, 230). However, Danny Fortmann, a Hall of Fame guard with the Bears from 1936-1943, stood only 6 feet and weighed 207. Center-linebacker Mel Hein was 6-3, 230, about the same size suggested for those positions today. Running back Beattie Feathers, the first man in NFL history to gain 1,000 yards, gaining 1,004 as a rookie with the Bears in 1934, stood 5-11 and weighed 177, less than any of the NFL's 1,000-yard rushers in 1975. That list included O. J. Simpson, Franco Harris, Lydell Mitchell, Jim Otis, Chuck Foreman, Greg Pruitt, John Riggins, and Dave Hampton. Feathers was as tall as Mitchell, however, and taller than Pruitt, who is 5-9.

Bronko Nagurski, the legendary runner and defender for the Bears in the 1930s, sometimes was pictured as being bigger than life. In reality, the 6-2, 230-pound Nagurski would be of average size for today's linebackers and one of many running backs—the most notable of whom is Franco Harris—at those dimensions.

The biggest man to play in the forties—and perhaps the tallest in pro football until that time—was New York Giants' tackle Al Blozis. A world record holder indoors in the shot put, Blozis was 6-7 and weighed 250. He played three seasons during World War II, but when he was commissioned as an officer in the army in 1945 he was killed in action in France.

Blozis and Buford (Baby) Ray, a 6-6, 250-pound tackle who played for the Packers from 1938-1948, showed that a football player not only could carry great bulk but be built along angular lines as well. In the 1950s, another example was tackle Bob St. Clair of the San Francisco 49ers. St. Clair stood 6-9 and weighed 265 pounds. In the early 1960s, the San Diego Chargers' defense was anchored by 6-9, 300-pound Ernie Ladd, and in the early seventies, the Kansas City Chiefs' starting tight end was 6-10 Morris Stroud. It is not uncommon to see teams today with several players in the 6-5 to 6-7 range. The Los Angeles Rams went a step further in 1976. Their training camp roster listed 6-8 defensive end Leroy Jones ...and 5-4 specialist Mack Herron.

Some of the legendary players of the NFL's early years were about the same size as players at their positions today. Running backs Red Grange and Jim Thorpe each was 6-1, 190. Ernie Nevers, who scored six touchdowns in one game in 1929, was 6-1, 205. Pass-catching Don Hutson was 6-1, 180. Jim Benton, who holds the NFL record with 303 yards on pass receptions for Cleveland against Detroit in 1945, was 6-3, 210. Running back Bill Osmanski, who scored the first touchdown in the Chicago Bears' 73-0 championship-game rout of Washington in 1940, was 5-11, 197. Osmanski played on a team that was known as the Monsters of the Midway. During that era, the rest of the NFL was made up of cubs in comparison to coach George Halas's Bears. The 1940 team averaged 6 feet 1/2 inch and 214.9 pounds. That's not gargantuan by modern standards, but the 15 linemen and linebackers on that squad, led by 6-3, 285-pound tackle Jack Torrance and 6-2, 270-pound guard George Musso, averaged 6-1 and 227.

The comparisons are endless, but there's no argument about one thing: football players, for the most part, always have been much larger than the average American adult male. That particular gentleman stood about 5-7 and weighed 140 in 1920. He was 5-8½ and 150 in 1945. When Pittsburgh and Dallas met in Super Bowl X he had grown to 5-10½ and 165.

—Rick Smith

Official Super Bowl XI program and poster

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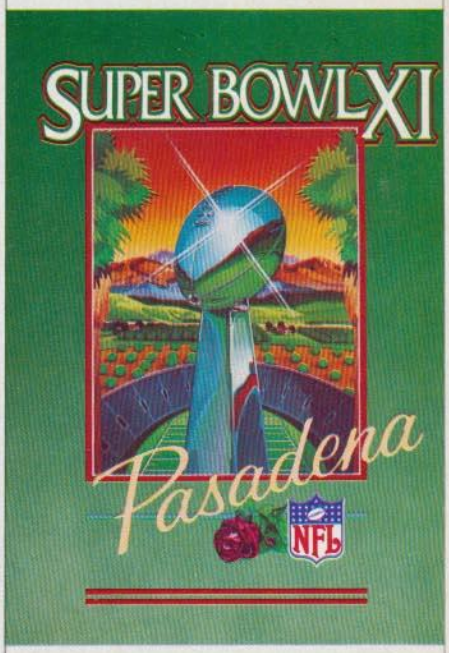

For the first time ever, the official Super Bowl program—the same publication that will be sold at Super Bowl XI in Pasadena, California, on January 9, 1977—and an official Super Bowl XI poster are being made available to NFL fans everywhere in a special offer.

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RAIN ON THE RUG

April showers may bring May flowers, but on a football field—and on an AstroTurf football field, at that—in September they just bring a lot of slipping, sliding, sloshing, splishing, and splashing. Also you generally get all wet. The downpour came in St. Louis's Busch

Photograph by Jack Zehrt

Memorial Stadium in a preseason game between the Cardinals and the Vikings. Jack Zehrt saw the surrealistic quality of the scene—it was a night game, with light reflections dancing eerily off the water-logged artificial surface—and he moved from the sidelines up into the stands to capture the above photograph. The sudden wetness made more than the field damp. It also affected the football . . . and that affected the ability of the Vikings' kickoff return man to control the football.

Where There's Life, There's Hoskins

The 49ers' defensive tackle made the biggest sack of all in 1974 when he overcame Hodgkin's disease, a form of cancer.

By John Horgan

Photographs by Mike Spinelli

"'It isn't, it isn't cancer, is it, doctor? I haven't got cancer,' Pavel Nikolayevich asked hopefully, lightly touching the malevolent tumor on the right side of his neck. It seemed to grow almost daily, yet the skin on the outside was as white and inoffensive as ever." *

—from *Cancer Ward* by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

"When we look back in time and study old cultures and people, we are impressed that death has always been distasteful to man and will probably always be.

"The more we are making advancements in science, the more we seem to fear and deny the reality of death." †

—from *On Death and Dying* by Elisabeth Kubler-Ross

"Today, more cancers are being cured than ever before and more lives are being extended than ever possible in the past."

—Dr. George P. Rosemond, president, American Cancer Society

Cancer may be the most dreaded of all nature's insidious killers. Cancer is not always immediately noticeable. Its onset is often subtle. Symptoms can be virtually nonexistent in certain cases.

Cancer does not strike a person with the abrupt suddenness of a dramatic heart attack or stroke. Cancer works its damage on man's tissues in deadly quiet.

Cancer is efficient. It kills an estimated 365,000 people in the United States each year. It is the nation's number two cause of death, ranking only behind heart disease.

Cancer produces a disproportionate amount of fear among those who are afflicted. For many victims, cancer is automatically equated with death, so rampant is the misinformation about the disease. The fear of death, combined with the fear of pain and the possibility that one's struggle with cancer could be a prolonged one, is as much a part of the disease as the actual symptoms themselves.

It is understandable, then, why a shudder of apprehension and despair went through Bob Hoskins in January, 1974 when he learned that he was suffering from cancer.

"I knew I was going to die," says Hoskins today.

However, Hoskins, a defensive tackle for the San Francisco 49ers, did not die. On the contrary, he is still playing professional football with as much enthusiasm, strength, and verve as he ever did before the onset of his cancer, Hodgkin's disease, which strikes the body's lymphatic system.

Hoskins, 31 and a veteran of seven NFL seasons, has become more than a regular on the 49ers' defensive line. He has emerged as an example for other cancer patients, those people who have contracted one of the 100 or more forms of the ailment and cannot imagine living a normal life again.

In one respect, Hoskins was lucky. His cancer was caught in a very early stage. A complete recovery under such circumstances was thus eminently possible with today's methods of treatment.

It began when Hoskins discovered an odd lump under his left arm. It didn't hurt but he told the team trainer about it anyway. The trainer told Hoskins to see the 49ers' team physician immediately.

Dr. Lloyd Milburn examined Hoskins, who had no symptoms of fever, weakness, or fatigue, which are often associated with Hodgkin's, and decided that the lymph node ought to be removed for examination.

The node was found to contain cellular changes associated with Hodgkin's. It was decided to perform staging (determining the extent of the cancer).

A battery of tests was administered. Surgery was performed as well. Hoskins's spleen, part of his liver, and additional lymph nodes were removed at St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco. The results were encouraging. According to Milburn, "None of these tissues demonstrated the presence of abdominal Hodgkin's disease."

Hoskins's case was diagnosed as Class I-A because the disease had been limited to a single lymph node area and there was no evidence of secondary deposits in other nodes or other parts of the body.

But that was only the beginning. With the analysis done, Hoskins then faced the prospect of radiation therapy at St. Francis Hospital in San Francisco.

"You've never heard anything good about radiation, right?" says Hoskins. "I think that was the most frightening part of the whole thing."

His doctor for that 4½-week procedure under the cobalt machine at St. Francis was Dr. Jerome Vaeth, a radiation therapy specialist and the director of the West Coast Cancer Foundation.

"There are less than one thousand radiation specialists in this country," says Vaeth. "I know most of them personally. I posed Bob's case to some of them. Some said he would have to be treated very aggressively, and that he would not be able to play football again. Others said to treat him minimally in order to allow him to play football. But that wouldn't *cure* him, either.

"There had to be some kind of in-between path to take. There had to be a way to strike a balance, to cure him and to allow him to play football again. So, we tailored his treatments to the situation. He was treated four days a week."

It was during this period that Hoskins became involved with the realities of cancer itself, how the disease affects others, how it affects families, how children can be struck down by it, how professionals in medicine are attempting to deal with it.

For a man who makes his living with his body in a sport that places a great emphasis on fitness and strength, the idea of having cancer—even a cancer with a 90 percent cure rate if caught in its early stage—weighed heavily on Hoskins.

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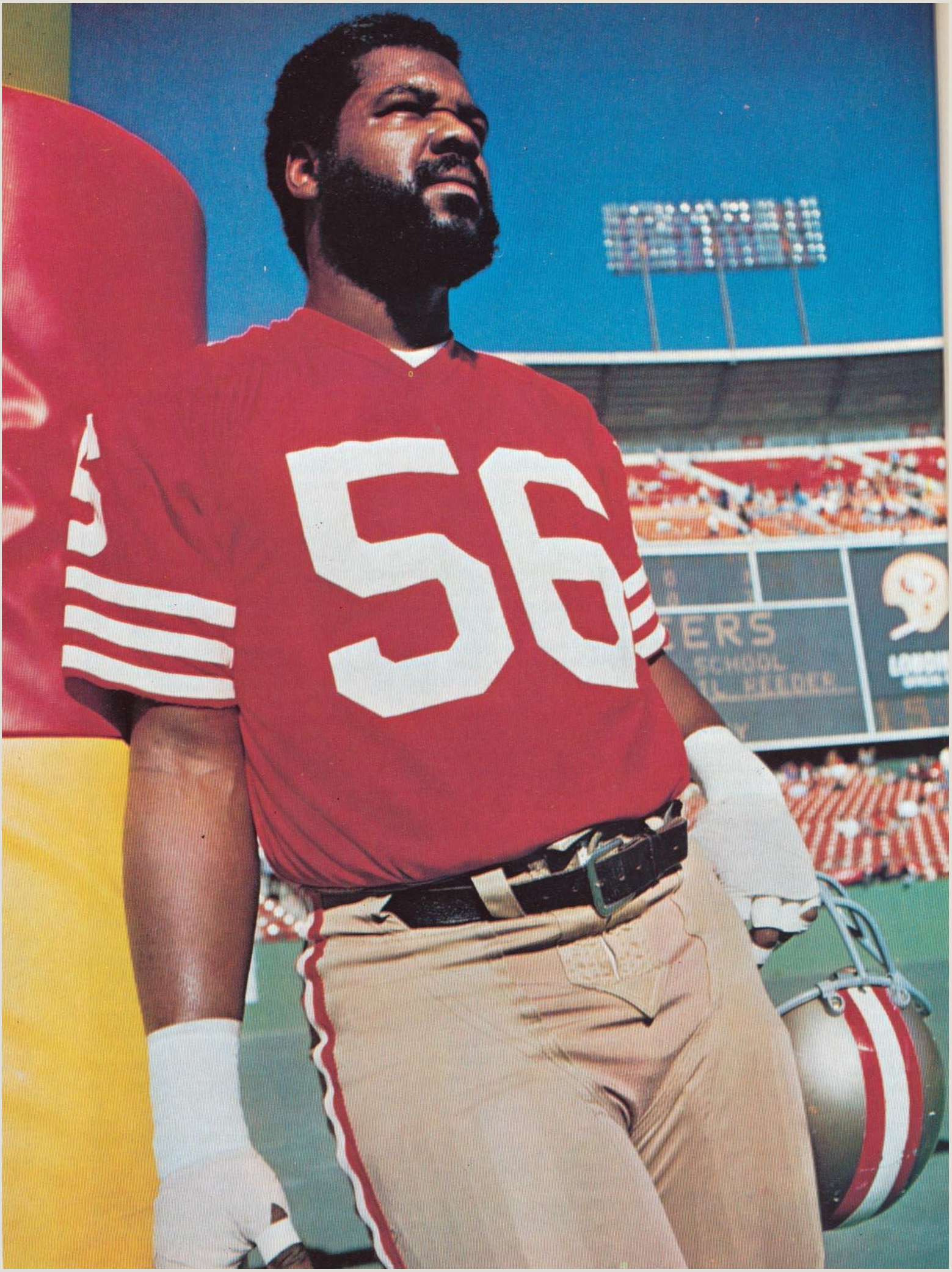
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Hoskins was a man who made his living in a sport emphasizing fitness and strength, and the thought he might have cancer weighed heavily on him.

"As I lay there under that cobalt machine, a lot of weird thoughts went through me," recalls Hoskins. "I was thinking a lot of bad thoughts. The effects of the radiation weren't too bad at first. But, toward the end, my hair started to come out, my skin was coming off, and some skin on my neck was burning. They didn't overload me with treatment. I didn't have some of the bad side effects of radiation therapy, either. I wasn't nauseated and I didn't lose my appetite. In fact, I gained nine pounds. But radiation therapy leaves a terrible taste in your mouth. I must have spent a hundred dollars just on Certs during that time."

The procedure was hard on Hoskins's family too. His wife, Carolyn, says, "There were times when Bob was really depressed. At first, he thought he was going to die. He was nervous. There were lots of times when he had to be by himself. When you have cancer one part of your mind says you can lick it. But another part just despairs about it."

Professional athletes, especially those involved in body contact sports where degrees of punishment, both received and doled out, are routine facts of life, often find themselves unable to discuss such subjects as death and cancer, according to Dr. Bruce Ogilvie, professor of psychology at San Jose State University, and coordinator of the Institute for Study of Athletic Motivation.

"They seem to have a remarkable capacity to deny dangers and physical threats to their well-being," says Ogilvie.

"They have a sense of omnipotence that doesn't allow time for questions such as those. There is a lot of religiosity in these people. There is a repression of danger. They can talk about it as if, yes, there is something going on out there but it doesn't apply to me."

Ogilvie says that when a professional athlete suddenly does realize the gravity of his situation, the trauma can be terrible and all-encompassing for him.

"These people can get awfully depressed, far more than other people in the same spot," says Dr. Ogilvie. "There is terror. There is a feeling that the body has betrayed them. I've seen athletes after knee surgery who have been suicidal about it."

And what about death itself?

"It is difficult to generalize about that," answers Ogilvie. "Athletes are very much a part of our culture. Ironically, some athletes say, quite rashly, that if they are to be physically impaired, they would prefer death. These are people who have lived through their bodies, you understand."

One of the ways Hoskins learned to cope with his illness was through other people. He became part of a cancer group therapy program at St. Francis. The program was under the direction of Sister Patrice Burns, O. P., and Dr. Vaeth.

"When all this happened, cancer had a very bad connotation for me," says Hoskins. "If someone comes up to you and says you have cancer, you don't even think about getting well. The first thing you think about is dying. But I didn't know the wide spectrum of cancer and the cures they have for it now. At St. Francis, I was involved with a group of people who had all kinds of cancers. When the group was told about my situation—what kind of cancer I had, what type of treatment I was receiving—they would have gladly traded their cancers for mine. Mine was like the common cold for them. When you are sitting next to a person who has throat cancer and is expected to live for maybe six months, you get a different perspective on things."

"There is a certain stigma attached to cancer," admits Sister Patrice, a Dominican nun who has had cancer herself. It was because of her own cancer that she got interested in other cancer patients, much in the way Hoskins has.

"There is fright connected with cancer. There is a terrible fear of just wasting away to nothing. The fear of pain and death can be overwhelming. People often deny the cancer itself."

Hoskins, in fact, found himself in much that same condition early in his treatment. He couldn't bring himself to mention the word "cancer."

"For me," says Hoskins, "cancer equaled death."

"Before Bob got involved with the group, he would only say 'Hodgkin's,' " Carolyn says. "When you think about death, you believe it will come quickly, that you won't even know it's happening to you."

But cancer doesn't operate like that. There is always time to think, to take stock, to consider your life as the months of therapy progress.

"With cancer," says Sister Patrice, "there is a sense of isolation. People don't know what to say to you, how to react. There is usually a change in your relationships with people. People tend to equate you with death."

The feeling of isolation can be extended to the treatment itself.

Because weighty radiation facilities are normally located on either the ground floor or basement level of hospitals, protected by tons of concrete and steel, there is sometimes the chance that patients will feel they have been relegated to the nether reaches of those buildings, that they are somehow being shunted into a dark, unwanted corner of the institutions themselves.

The radiation therapy procedure also mandates leaving the patient alone when the machine is turned on and the radiation is actually flowing onto the troubled area of the body.

"There is a feeling of not being wanted," says Sister Patrice. "The staff must walk out of the room, shut the door, and leave you in there by yourself. There are closed circuit television monitors watching you at all times but there are no people in there with you. You are alone."

Hoskins gradually became accustomed to the routine at St. Francis. And his relationships with the others in the cancer therapy group helped.

"I think we were all beneficial for each other in there," says Hoskins. "They liked my attitude. I told them all I didn't have time to worry. I had four kids and a wife to take care of. I *had* to get better. I *had* to play football again. One man with lung cancer told me I wouldn't get better. I told him I couldn't afford to listen to that. That was my way. It was a good group of people. I got used to being with them after a while. You learn to deal with it that way.

Reflective Bob Hoskins remembers those tormenting days when he thought he'd die.

A healthy, active Hoskins chases Houston quarterback Dan Pastorini out of the passing pocket during 1975 game.

There were some very sick people in there. The man who told me I wouldn't make it died.''

For Hoskins, the business of death—at the time his own football career was starting to reach a peak of excellence—was difficult to face.

''Sometimes,'' he says, ''I was afraid to even go to sleep at night. I would wake up and I would feel amazed. I met a boy named Richard not too long ago. He was the saddest case I've ever seen. He had a tumor in his back. He was dying but he was more prepared for death than anyone I've ever seen. He was mentally ready for it.''

Hoskins has observed more than a few serious cancer cases since he was afflicted by the disease. He has taken it upon himself to be a counselor and friend to those who need to see him.

As Sister Patrice says, ''Bob will come and talk to someone whenever I ask him.''

In early 1974, while Hoskins recuperated first from his surgeries and then from the extensive radiation treatments, he received more than 1,000 cards and letters from people all over the country who became interested in his case.

Bob and Carolyn have several scrapbooks in their sprawling Redwood City, California, home. These fairly bulge with the touching sentiments of persons from all walks of life.

''And I've met people from all over the country who have Hodgkin's,'' he says. ''I *know* you can live with it. I've had a tremendous response from all this.''

Still, since his own illness has been arrested—he now has had two full years without having any signs of a recurrence of the cancer—and since his football career has not been affected in any marked way, Hoskins has chosen to persist in his efforts to spread the word about hope for victims of Hodgkin's in particular and cancer in general.

Recently, Hoskins, in concert with Dr. Milburn and others at St. Mary's Hospital, helped create the Bob Hoskins Cancer Foundation, which will benefit that hospital. And each year Hoskins has hosted a banquet that benefits the West

Coast Cancer Foundation.

"It is almost as though he feels he has some kind of debt to pay," notes Dr. Vaeth.

Sometimes, that debt can be a painful one.

Probably the hardest thing for Hoskins to do is to visit hospital wards where very young children are close to death because of cancer. But he does it, anyway.

"It tears me up to see that," he says. "When I get home from a place like Stanford [the medical center is renowned for its pediatric ward, which handles severe cancer patients] I just want to grab my own kids and hold them close to me."

Hoskins is not exactly a stranger to unfortunate circumstances. Born and raised in Edwardsville, Illinois, he lived on a rural farm. He has three brothers. He would have two more but they were killed in a tragic fire when they were very young.

"It happened one afternoon," Bob remembers. "We were coming home from school. We could see the fire. The boys were three years old and three months old. There was nothing my mother could do. She couldn't save them. There was a point when my mother didn't want to go on. But she had four sons to take care of by herself. All four of us went to college."

Bob went to Wichita State but he didn't last long there. He dropped out of school after his sophomore year. He had been playing on a team with Earl Edwards, a defensive tackle who played for a time with Hoskins in San Francisco.

After leaving Wichita State, Hoskins returned to Illinois to work in an ammunition factory as the Vietnam war began to heat up. "I played a little basketball and got married," says Hoskins. "I weighed three hundred fifteen pounds after I got married. I had a forty-two-inch waist." At 6 feet 3 inches, he was clearly overweight.

In 1968, when his class graduated, several NFL clubs sounded him out about playing professionally. "The 49ers told me I wasn't eligible to be drafted until 1969," he says. "Paul Wiggin [a former San Francisco defensive line coach who is now the head coach with Kansas City] phoned and wanted to know how much I weighed. I told him two eighty-five. Hell, if I ate dinner that night it would have been three twenty."

Hoskins played briefly in Canada in 1968. That didn't last, however. Almost as soon as he arrived there he was sent packing again, this time to Seattle of the Continental Football League. "I made a hundred twenty-five dollars a game," says Hoskins.

In the 1969 NFL draft, Hoskins was chosen on the sixteenth round. The low selection upset him since he had believed San Francisco's scouts thought more highly of him. And he also was informed that he was expected to convert himself into a linebacker.

When Hoskins arrived in San Francisco's preseason camp, he was eventually shifted to offensive guard. He was so bothered by the news that he began to have severe skin problems. "Then I separated my shoulder," he says. "I hurt my knee too." He was out for most of his rookie season.

In 1970, he was a member of the 49ers'


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special teams. He was still listed as an offensive guard. In 1971, he hurt his shoulder again and missed seven games. But, most important, he was switched back to defense, where he felt more comfortable.

The move paid off for everyone. Hoskins became a standout on a defensive line that already featured two of the league's outstanding ends, Tommy Hart and Cedrick Hardman.

In 1974, the year he came back after the bout with cancer, Hoskins led the 49ers' defensive linemen with a total grading figure of 94 percent (out of a possible 100).

But Hoskins, who had carefully worked himself back into shape before the 1974 training camp began, still found that more than one individual connected with the team had doubts about his ability to return to permanent normal duties.

"One writer watched me during a practice in Santa Barbara and said I appeared to be slowing down because of Hodgkin's disease," Hoskins says. "That just wasn't true.

"I also had a nervous stomach in 1974. My stomach hurt so much that I could barely eat. I carried whole boxes of Gelusil around with me that year. I ate them like candy."

In 1975, Hoskins convinced *all* the skeptics, recording 11 sacks, one of the highest totals in the NFL by a defensive tackle. He also had 93 tackles and, as he did in 1974, started all 14 of the 49ers' games.

For all his talent, however, Hoskins has never really felt secure about his job. Each season has seemed to bring fresh challenges to his position as a starting defensive lineman.

As he lay in his hospital bed in San Francisco in January, 1974, he remembers hearing about the NFL draft on television. One of the 49ers' top choices was a massive defensive tackle from UCLA, Bill Sandifer.

In 1975, the club's number one pick was another defensive tackle, Jimmy Webb. But Hoskins is getting used to the challenge. As his former head coach, Dick Nolan, said, "You'll always have to fight."

"I guess he was right," says Hoskins.

This season, the 49ers are playing under a new coaching regime, led by head coach Monte Clark. And, in essence, Hoskins and the rest of the San Francisco roster have had to prove their worth all over again. The same old apprehension about job security still won't let Hoskins relax.

And he has much the same sort of feeling about cancer—even though Dr. Vaeth has told Bob that he is now regarded as completely cured of cancer.

"You have to live with the knowledge that it could come back," he says. "It has to be in the back of your mind.

"I don't let it get me down, though. I met a guy in Cleveland who told me he's had it twice. The only thing that hangs me up sometimes is when people forget about my ability to play football."

Hoskins's opponents haven't forgotten. Says Oakland's Gene Upshaw, an offensive guard, "Hodgkin's hasn't done anything to slow Bob down."

John Horgan is a writer for the San Mateo, California, Times.

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Dick Lynch

best I've ever seen.

"There's nothing much you can do to fool him, only to out-run him... and that doesn't work often. He's all over you, can smell a pass before it's thrown and is a vicious tackler."

The key to success on the field Lynch has carried with him into the broadcast booth. Blessed with a keen sense of humor and able to work with confidence under pressure, the articulate Gael seems as much at home with a microphone in his hand as he did wrenching the ball from the grip of a frustrated receiver a decade or so back while Jim Lee Howell or Allie Sherman heaved a sigh of relief somewhere along the sidelines.

Joe Morrison

thrown right out of the league. I wasn't a real speedburner, you know."

Despite his lack of sprinter's speed, Morrison nevertheless gained 2,474 yards rushing caught 395 passes for 4,993 yards, returned kicks for another 719 yards, scored 65 touchdowns, completed three-of-six option pass attempts, and even had two interceptions in his days with the Giants.

"But my favorite memories are of the closeness the team always had," said Morrison. "The players, the coaches and management always were very close. I made a lot of lasting friendships in my days with the Giants." Two of those friends, Joe Taffoni and Dick Kotite, are on Morrison's staff at Chattonooga.

The one thing Morrison never got to do was play his old college position, quarterback, in a real game. "That was very fortunate, both for me and the Giants," he laughed.

Jim Patton

in '59 and the last in his final season of '66. Jimmy even delayed by about 36 hours to play in a game before returning home to attend his father's funeral, explaining: "I'm sure my father would have wanted me to do it this way."

When Patton bowed out as a Giant, Big Jim Katcavage, who formed one of the NFL's most famous front fours with Robustelli, Rosey Grier and Dick ("Little Moe") Modzelewski, was the only active player left from the 1956 NFL championship team.

Getting to things not in the record books, they used to say of Patton that nothing short of an express train could get him on a gridiron.

"Patton certainly didn't lack courage," Coach Howell explained, "but he just didn't have the size and weight to bang those big guys without getting hurt. Finally, we convinced Jimmy he could tackle from an angle—not exposing his body to a direct impact—and still get the same results. It took us some time to break him of his old and dangerous habits."

Jimmy had all the skills needed, but he also had a toughness seldom displayed off the field. On one occasion when he heard one of his teammates call an opposing player arrogant, Patton retorted:

"What's that? I'm arrogant when I play football. Do you think I could handle the treatment I take out there without being arrogant."

Another time in a discussion about the rough times defensive players have reading opposing offenses, Jimmy remarked:

"I can speak for safeties and I can tell you times come when you have to take the women's perogative of changing your mind. Not that you're always right when you change your reaction to what's coming at the last second."

A sad day came for all members of the Giant family in December of 1972 when Jimmy Patton was the victim of a fatal automobile accident, leaving his widow and four sons.

Our final tribute to Jimmy comes from his fellow player and fellow coach, Andy Robustelli, now Director of Operations for the Giants:

"Without question in my mind, one of the finest defensive backs ever to play in the National Football League was [20 of the New York Giants, Jim Patton.

"Compact, intelligent, aggressive, poised, cool and collective was Jim Patton. He blitzed, forced on sweeps, filled off-tackle holes or glided to "Center Field" as very few safeties could. Along with added responsibilities of coach for three years, Jim and I played those three years, as well as having full control of our defensive unit. He handled the secondary, while I handled the linebackers and defensive line. Although I had the title of Defensive Coordinator, He and I as well as the entire defensive unit co-coached while on the move — And move we did."

Andy and other Giant teammates of Patton — Emlen Tunnell, Rosey Brown, Y.A. Tittle, and Hugh McElhenny—have made it to the Pro Football Hall of Fame. It shouldn't be long before Jimmy joins them there.

Andy Robustelli

the lonliness and doubts. Why, you ask yourself, are some people accepted and others aren't. My chance came in the first scrimmage. There was nobody to play right end but me, so I played the entire scrimmage and had about five or six quarterback sacks. The publicity I got helped. Publicity and attension sometimes make you feel secure."

But Robustelli never asked for something for nothing. What he got he earned. What drove him, once he became an All-Pro and tasted the champagne of success, to keep going?

"Every pro probably has a selfish drive," he reflected. "Some use it differently than others. Some are motivated by self-satisfaction to accomplish, and they like the feeling to be able to succeed. But the flip side is that ego, if it gets out of hand, it tends to make certain players unable to handle success. With the Giants, we had a saying. 'You have to know how to be able to handle success, and to act like a champion.'

"We also had a lot of guys from different clubs when I was a Giant, a lot of hungry guys working together and wanting the same thing. Given that, one bunch of guys will just be better than any other bunch of guys, unless the other guys are physically superior.

"And once you get the taste of winning, you want to keep the pace up."

Andy Robustelli never asked for anything. He got what he deserved.

Know something? he deserved what he got.

Kyle Rote

could think of no better namesake.

Kyle Rote holds some Giant team records. He was a receiver of consummate abilities, and he made himself into a receiver, after a torn knee refused to allow him to be a running back ever again.

I would hate to vote for one all-time New York Giant, because I am sure it would not be a vote impartially cast. I would pass up those with better statistics. I would vote for Kyle Rote, who never acted like a hero and, for all that, became even a bigger one.

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Pat Summerall

time wasn't as sophisticated as it is today.

"You kicked, and that was it," said Summerall. "You had to beg to get some players to shag the balls. Today, however, coaches devote a great deal of time to the field goal kicking. The kickers are given more time to work at it. It has become a factor of great proportion."

Y. A. Tittle

to get fired up too."

But Giants fans like to recall his rifle-passing to the receivers and backs on the 1963 team that took an 11-3 record to Chicago.

It was Tittle to Del Shofner, and Walton, and Phil King and Gifford and Joe Morrison. Yat handing off to Alex Webster and Hugh McElhenny, and Tittle throwing four touchdown passes in three games and three in a halfdozen other for one of the all-time great NFL performances. His completion percentage was a lofty 60.3.

Today, he's a successful insurance broker in the San Francisco area, plays golf regularly, and enjoys yachting. When the Giants make a visit to the Coast, he usually finds time to entertain the coaches and officials on his yacht, and he still does some occasional scouting for the club.

In two weeks, Yat will be 50, something hard to realize for the thousands of Giants faithful who sat in the chilly fall stadiums and watched the legend grow a few short years ago.

Emlen Tunnell

"Em was a fantastic football player," said Wietecha, "and a fantastic individual."

But it never went to his head.

"He was one of the guys who was always comforting someone else," Wietecha recalled. "Even though he was a star, he went out of his way to make you feel at home.

"I can remember during preseason camp, Em would sit around at night in the dorm while most of the other guys would take off into town. He'd always be gabbing with some rookie or telling stories to anyone who would listen. That was his nature."

Tunnell spent 25 years—exactly half his life—with the Giant family, first as a player, then a scout, later an assistant coach and finally as assistant director of pro personnel.

And his achievements were many: the first black player with the Giants (signing as a free agent walk-on after serving in the Navy and playing at Iowa); the first fulltime black assistant coach in the NFL ('65); and the first black man voted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame ('67).

"Em came into football when blacks were truly a minority," Robustelli said. "Yet no one ever looked at him as other than a football player. As a coach, he was a very compassionate type guy with a lot of patience.

"It wasn't that he was particular about certain players, but he was great with the black kids. He knew their problems better than we did.

"Em had a lot of corny sayings, like 'different strokes for different folks,' but he really believed in them."

Emlen Tunnell also was the type who believed in shielding his own problems, playing hurt or being sick.

"We knew he was having some sort of heart trouble because he was always taking a pill for this and a pill for that," said Wietecha. "But Em kept everything within himself.

"He looked like the coolest cat in the world on the outside, but his insides must have been boiling from tension."

In July of 1975, in a dormitory room at the Giants' Pleasantville, N.Y. training camp, Emlen Tunnell died of a heart attack at age 50.

He'll always be remembered as a Giant of a man.

Alex Webster

the last championship they were ever in, 14-10.

"I went in strictly to block. My forte was supposed to be picking up blitzing linebackers. I hit Morris and he went down. But he got up again. I'll live with that one the rest of my life."

By then, of course, Alex Webster was trying to play with a back that kept saying don't. By then, all the great blocks, the clutch runs were from the memory bank. Ask Alex Webster which ones stand out and he comes up empty. Ask Charley Conerly or Rosey Brown or Ray Wietecha and they could probably name dozens.

Alex Webster would rather talk golf. Better yet, he'd rather play it.

"Trouble is," says Alex, "I keep getting worse."

The problem, of course, is too much advice. It's what comes with having too many friends.

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The game of their lives

peration. Webster is a product of such a town, a great bear of a man, brawny and rough, crude and unpolished, most comfortable with beer and scotch and belly laughs.

Nobody, really, escapes the dead-end towns. People move. They may find wealth and fame. But they remain the way life made them early on. Tough. Physically inclined. Quick to laugh, to anger, to forgive. School is tolerated as long as the law requires it. Then to work. College? An alien land. Reading? That's for others. They take care of their families, spend spare hours at the local bar, anxious to celebrate, for any reason at all. They are addicted to sports. They worship macho.

There have been fights in Alex Webster's past, great bloody fights he recalls with a grin and a laugh, fights become legendary among those who were there. "The toughest man I ever knew," said Gino Marchetti, who is almost everyone else's choice for that singular distinction, "was Alex Webster. If me and Alex are out drinking some night, and if we get jumped by half a dozen guys, we'll walk away from it. And Alex will be the one to bust most of the heads."

Sam Huff, who was as violent as any who ever played for the New York Giants, alludes to a rift between the team's offensive and defensive units. "We didn't like some of the guys on the offense," said the middle linebacker, "we'd go after them in scrimmages. We'd try to get them out. They were the heroes. They got all the notice. They got protected. But we never messed with Webster. He was one crazy son of a bitch. He should have played defense."

This brings a smile to Webster's craggy face, and the smile puts wrinkles at the eyes. "I remember once, back home in Kearny," he says, "we were in this tavern owned by a blind guy. Really nice guy, neighborhood guy. Anyway, he was blind, and he had the whole bar memorized. Man, he could work as fast as anybody, he knew where each different bottle was, where all the different glasses were, the whole bit. Only thing was, we had to tell him what kind of money we gave him. 'It's a ten, Joe' or 'Make change for a twenty, Joe' and nobody ever screwed him. He was our friend.

"Anyway, one night we're in the place, it's quiet, during the week, and a couple of strangers walk in. They order a beer and a shot each, and they pick up on Joe being blind.

"So they figure to do a little business. The first guy gives him a single and says it's a five. He made change. Then they order another round and the other guy gives him a one and tells him it's a tenner. Poor Joe made the change. They were stealing him blind, you could say. So I walk up to the bigger one, you always go for the big one, cause that scares the *** out of him and the little one, and I said, 'Hey, man, the guy is blind.' And he says 'Yeah, so what? Mind your own *** business.' I got angry. I was real close to him, talkin' and all, and our heads were like six inches apart.

"So I just slammed my forehead down on his head, knocked him right out, cold on the floor. His friend starts for the door but I grabbed him and threw him through it. Then I took the money they had stolen from Joe and gave it back. They weren't local guys, or they wouldn't have tried that ***. And I knew right away they didn't know who I was, or they wouldn't have messed with me."

And now the same Alex Webster lives the gentle life of the Jersey shore, a life of dinner out, drinks before and after, golf on bright weekends, infrequent trips to the city in a big car. He was not born to it, but the people of Sea Girt love him.

Everybody loves Alex Webster. He is Everyman, elevated from nothing. He has a name. He drinks too much, smokes too much, but he's super fun. His friends include judges and senators, men who enjoy acting the way they want to act, not the way they must act. He is plain enough to offend no one, rugged enough to impress everyone, decent enough to inspire only friendship, never envy. He poses no threat. He is the catalyst when the more complicated men want to be natural. He is everyone's friend. Instantly.

In one respect, Alex Webster has remained true to his background. We are sitting in a bar—it is his bar, and it has become a restaurant, too, because of its popularity. It is called The Stadium, which is entirely predictable, and the walls offer glaring testimony to what brought him here, to what made it possible for him to flee the factories of Kearny. There are photographs of Webster in action, a fearless fullback whose lack of speed was compensated by great agility, great quickness and killer toughness. There are autographed pictures of his friends, men like Conerly and Rote, Gifford and Tittle. There is, in a special glass case, his blue and white jersey, number 29 on its back. There are other displays which house his helmet, a pair of his cleats.

It is a jock's place, and the jocks who have only dreamed of Webster's glory flock through the doors, hoping tonight will be one of those nights when Big Red is in his bar.

They are seldom disappointed. He is almost always there.

We are seated at a table in the back, in the back but not set apart from the others, for that would not be Alex Webster's way. We are kept company by a bottle that started out full, but is rapidly going empty. It seems to help him remember.

"We didn't have much money, but it was okay," he says of his early years. "Kearny was a factory town with a bar on every corner and a lot of great people in it. There was Otis Elevator and the Kearny Shipyards and the DuPont plant, and I guess most of the people worked in one of those places. My father died of cancer when I was nine years old . . . my brother was five. He

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was only thirty-three, and that changed our lives a lot. My mother had to go out and work, and suddenly we didn't have a father. But my mother did a hell of a job just raising us . . . me and my brother were two SOB's, real tough to manage. We were tough kids, because it was a tough town and it was tough to grow up. We had jobs and like that all through school, and we had fights and we'd get drunk a lot."

Webster says many of his friends found their way into the slammer. Most never found a way out at all, spending their lives in the beer-and-a-shot factory world.

But some made it.

"In my case, it was football," he says. "I always loved football, I'd play it all year. It was tough, a man's game. So I played it. And because I was tough, you could say I was a man before my time, I did well. I made All-State in my senior year in high school, but my grades were lousy. I just figured I was never going to go anywhere, and I could care less. I never thought much about what I was going to do after.

"But all of a sudden the scouts started to come around, and after that I raised up my grades a little bit. I had a lot of scholarships offered to me, I don't know how many. I never counted.

"I went on a lot of those visits to the different campuses, and to be honest I was scared of most of them. Everywhere I went the people were well-dressed, had cars and so on. I only had one sport coat in those days, because I never wore much more than dungarees and sweat shirts."

Ultimately, Webster chose North Carolina State. "In those days it was an agriculture and engineering school, and I felt most of the people there were like me. Relaxed. Poor. If I had to go to one of those fancy-ass schools, I probably would have stayed home . . . I didn't need that aggravation."

Going to college meant only one thing to Webster—football. "I was happy that it was a single-wing team," he said. "I played single-wing in high school, and although the pros had gone to the T-formation and the spread formations, I figured out the wing was best for me. Number one, I knew it. So it would be easier to make the team right away. Number two, since I was a fullback, it gave me four years of hitting the middle, getting the feel of that. Plus, I played both ways and I wanted to do that. I was a tailback and a safety. I wanted as much football as I could get. I didn't like platooning. My place was out there, hitting."

Despite a change in coaches and a switch to the T-formation in his senior year—"I didn't like that, or the new coach. His name was Horace Hendrick, and let's leave it at that. He's in business today, selling stone, and that's just fine with me"—Webster was drafted on the twelfth round by the Washington Redskins.

"I made the team as a safety. They cut down the roster to thirty-three guys and I was on it. Then, three days before the opener, Don Doll was cut by Detroit. The Redskins picked him up. Right, I got cut. It was my position and he was a veteran and I was a rookie. So I had to leave."

And now, the first of the incredible breaks.

"I came home and that's when I went to work for Otis," he says. "I was a stock clerk. I enjoyed it. It was a good job and most of the guys I grew up with were workin' there. Then one night in Riley's Tavern, we were sitting around drinking beer, the guys decided I should give it another shot. So we all chipped in and sent a night letter to the Montreal Alouettes in the Canadian League. I didn't think nothing about it. I went home and went to sleep. It must have been a Friday night, because I was in bed, late, when my mother woke me up. She said there was some Southern gentlemen on the phone, calling long distance, and he had a funny kind of name. It was no gentleman. It was Peahead Walker.

"He was the head coach at Montreal, and we had written to him because he used to be the coach at Wake Forest, so we figured he'd remember me. I got on the phone and he said: 'Webster, you must be a dumb son of a bitch. You send me a Goddamned telegram and you don't put a damned telephone number or address in it. I been up half the night tryin' to find out where you live, you jackass.'

"That was Peahead. But he asked me if I could get up there that day. I said yeah, I could. So he told me there would be a practice at four-thirty and I better have my ass there on time or I wouldn't get a tryout at all.

"Well, we didn't have the money to get me there. Louise was eight months pregnant and we were livin' with my mother. I had quit college before I got my degree and I had been cut by the Redskins. We were about three thousand bucks in debt. So I went across the street to the guy who owned the candy store and borrowed it. He said I better make the damned team, because he wasn't going to loan me any more and

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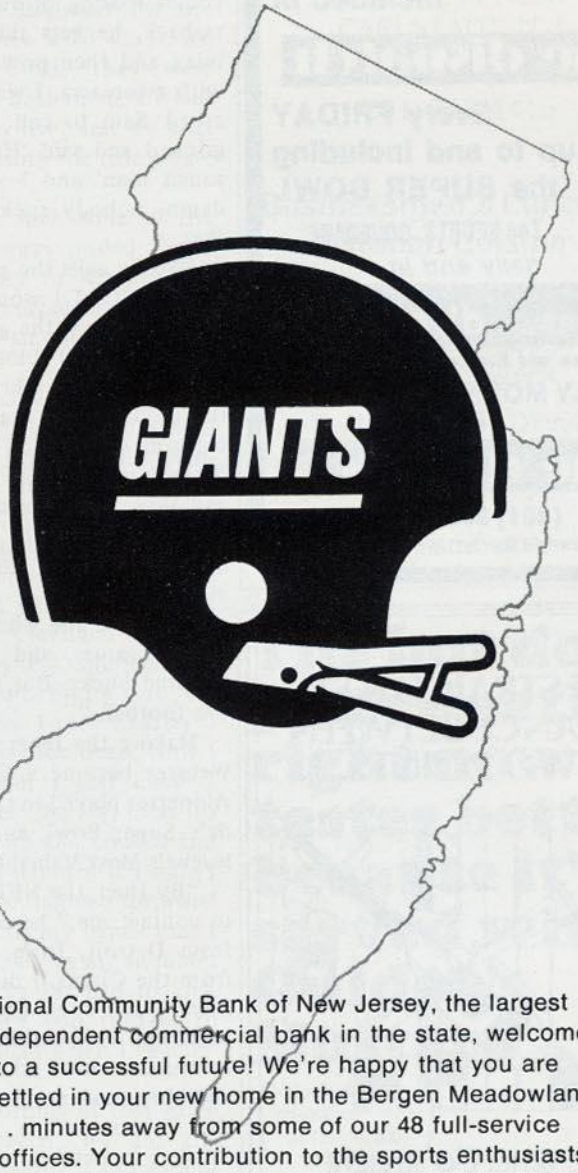

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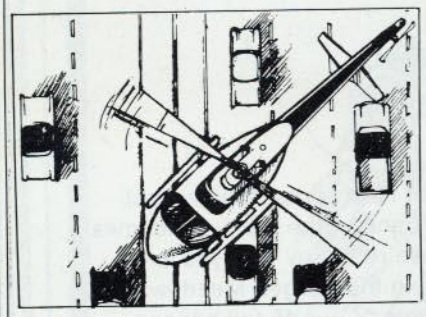

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he damned well wanted this back. It was about fifty bucks, I think. My mother gave me some money, too, so we got it together.

"I got to Montreal and went right to the ballpark. That first practice is a real story. I'm playing fullback and they call a play in scrimmage, but I didn't know any of the plays. The quarterback told me where to be, it was a pass play and all I had to do was block. So the ball is snapped and this big defensive end comes roaring through. Sam, the quarterback, he gets rid of the ball and I relax and then pow! this end levels me with a forearm. I was so damned mad I asked Sam to call the same play. He grinned and said 'Hey, rookie, that's a tough man' and I said I didn't give a damn, nobody sucker-punches me like that.

"So he calls the play, grinnin', and I swear to God I wound up an uppercut that started on the ground. I didn't give a damn about blocking, I just cold-conked the guy. There he was, layin' on the ground, and Peahead walks over, a big grin on his face, and he helps wake the guy up. Then he looks down on him and says: 'See, Canuck. You ain't supposed to mess with us Americans. And he cuts the guy. I knew right then I made the team.

"I played the whole season, plus two playoff games, and I made thirty five hundred bucks. But it was a job. And it was football."

Making the team was the least of it. Webster became a Canadian hero. The Alouettes played in the Grey Cup, Canada's Super Bowl, and Webster was the league's Most Valuable Player.

"By then, the NFL teams had started to contact me," he continued. "I heard from Detroit, from the Redskins, and from the Giants. I didn't really want to leave, but I knew the other guys in the backfield were making a lot more money than I was. I asked them for a raise and they said no. I went to meet with the Detroit people . . . about the only thing I remember was gettin' on the team bus and there was big Les Bingaman sittin' with a case of beer . . . but I still wanted to stay in Montreal. Louise and I loved it. We were thinking about settling up there.

"But Montreal still wouldn't give me more than eight thousand. I told the guy I could make more in the States, and he said he didn't think I was good enough to play in the States. So I told him to go to hell and came home and three days later I signed with the Giants. Then he came down, and offered me a lot, but I had already committed myself. Our quarterback up there went to the NFL, too. Sam Etcheverry. And the Montreal newspaper ran a big headline right on page one. It said: 'WEBSTER AND ETCHEVERRY JUMP–THE WAR IS ON!' "

And the Giants had bought a fullback. Cheap. They had also bought a local hero, since Kearny was just across the river. The people of Newark, Jersey City and Bayonne as well as Kearny would consider Webster was one of their own.

And he hit the NFL with a right cross.

"Fighting was my middle name in Kearny," he said. "I was a redhead and I got very excited and I was always poppin' somebody in the mouth.

"I was never really big until my sophomore year in high school, and it seemed the little guys always had to fight. I had a lot of fights. Sometimes I still do. Couple of years ago I had to throw some guys out of the bar. That was a wild one. The older I got, though, the less I fought. But in the NFL I had some good fights. I once had a thing with Big Daddy Lipscomb, but he was so-o-o *** big I was smart enough not to swing a second time. But the worst I ever had was with Johnny Sample of the Colts.

"We were playing this game, and I got tackled, and that little bastard, he was a cornerback, he ran over and kicked me in the ribs, hard. Then he jumped up and down yelling 'I got him, I got him.' Well, I staggered back to the huddle and I couldn't catch my breath. But when I did, I asked Charley Conerly to call the same play. It was third-and-two, and it was an off-tackle slant, so it probably would have been a good call anyway.

"I was supposed to carry the ball, but when we lined up I told Phil King, the halfback, to switch positions. That meant he'd carry, and I took his job, which was to block out the linebacker. I knew Sample would be up, close to the line. I wanted him. So I ran right past the linebacker to get a good shot at Sample. He saw me coming and turned and ran. I chased him halfway down the field, but I got him. Then I looked back. The linebacker I ran past had just wiped out Phil. I learned a lesson there."

Webster's reputation spread throughout the league, and those with similar inclinations congregated to his side. Marchetti, for one. Ernie Stautner and Bobby Layne. The only criteria for membership in this fraternity were toughness and a taste for the free, spirit-spiced life. Webster passed with flying

colors.

"One time we were in Los Angeles for a Pro Bowl, and Stautner, Layne and me were sittin' in a restaurant about three a.m., having breakfast. There were these four Marines in there, real nice kids, clean, with crew cuts and all. Then about seven or eight guys walked in, tough-looking, dirty. They started to pick on the Marines, real nasty-like. Anyway, Stautner stood up and he started to cuss out the Marines, too, to bring these creeps over to us. Well, it worked. They came over and Ernie turned around and belted one and we took them all on. It was a pretty good free-for-all, but it was no contest with Ernie. He was stone crazy. He loved scenes like that."

Webster's addition to the Giants of the middle 1950's was another of those unplanned fortunate moves. He fit right in. The team had a character all its own, a collective psyche that demanded victory and fame, that promoted arrogance. "We never lost a game," Webster says. "When the other team won, it was luck. When we won, it was just the way it was supposed to be. We figured when we lost the game just wasn't long enough.

"I remember one time when Phil King was a rookie. We played Green Bay in Milwaukee and we were losing, but we came back and won it with a field goal with just a few seconds left. Phil turned to Gifford and said 'boy, were we lucky to get that one.' Giff gave him a cold look. 'Listen, rookie, we knew we'd win,' he said. 'Luck had nothing to do with it. That's the kind of team we are.' "

Webster was the perfect complement to the fancy, elusive Gifford. He was Earthman, down in the dirt, scratching and plowing with his body for yardage.

He came up as a tailback . . . a halfback in the T . . . when the NFL teams used three running backs and the quarterback in their backfields. But he was always more of a fullback, and for the bulk of his career, fullback was where he played.

"Nobody was ever more reliable on third and short," said Jim Lee Howell, who for the most part was Webster's only pro coach. "That man knew it would be tough. He knew they were waiting for him. He knew it was going to hurt. But he just threw his body in the hole and fought for the yardage. And he never complained about injuries. He was one tough customer."

It was the Kearny way. In Kearny, that's not tough. That's a way of life.

Webster joined the Giants in 1955. In 1956, the team won the NFL championship with a brutal 47-7 victory over the Chicago Bears. In 1957, the Giants finished second to the arch-rival Cleveland Browns.

And then it was 1958.

"We knew we were good," Webster says. "But hell, we always knew that. It was no surprise when we won our Conference. We had to beat Cleveland in a playoff game, and it was tough (10-0) but we knew we would. And when we were ready to play Baltimore for the championship, we knew we'd win it. We liked to play the Colts. They were tough, but we could beat them. We had beaten them in 'fifty-five, and we beat them three games before the title game. We knew we'd win it."

But they didn't. And none of the Giants, who had always prided themselves on their ability to win the big ones, would have admitted to the possibility of losing such an enormously big one.

"It sticks in my mind," Webster said, "because it was the first championship game that went overtime. But I remember a lot of games. It seems like you remember mistakes, even more than great games. Even today, I get mad at myself when I remember a fumble or a dropped pass twenty years ago. Like in 'fifty-eight, we beat Cleveland on a fifty-yard field goal by Pat Summerall. I always told him I made him a hero, because the play before I told Charley I could beat the cornerback deep. Now I never had speed, but I just knew I would beat him. And Charley, bless his soul, he just looked up and nodded and called the play. And damned if I didn't beat my man. I was so damned surprised when the ball fell into my hands that I took my eyes off it and hit my shoulder pads and I lost it. So Pat had to kick that big field goal. We won, thirteen to ten. But I still get mad when I remember it.

"Anyway, the morning of that game wasn't anything special. We got the babysitter about nine-thirty and Louise and I drove up the Jersey Turnpike to the Stadium. We were living in East Brunswick then, and I guess it was a drive of about an hour or so. I do remember one thing, we didn't talk at all, the whole time. I was real quiet, and she let me be. I never felt any tension. We were all relaxed. Sometimes I'd go out and have a few drinks before a game, but I was never nervous, never tight. I drove to the Stadium and I got out and Louise took the car up to the Concourse Plaza Hotel, where we all met after the game. Always. I got in about ten-thirty,

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went down to the locker room, stripped, and sat around.

"Nobody said anything special. We just got suited up when the time came and went out to play it. We knew we'd win. We got very *** off when it was over and we had lost."

Even now, Webster is reluctant to give the Colts full credit. As with all the Giants, the loss was a blow to his pride, his pride in himself and in his team.

"I always said that game made the Baltimore Colts. They played better than they thought they could. They hadn't won anything up to then. They were good, but we should have won the game. Easy. They weren't that big, either. They did have a big front four . . . who was it, Marchetti, Big Daddy, Ordell Braase, Art Donovan . . . and they had good linebackers. But they just weren't that big. I thought we should have been able to move that ball better. It was a good physical game. A lot of people said we weren't that good offensively, but we were playing a team that was better than we thought they were.

"But look. Unitas hadn't done anything very much in the league until then, until that game. A guy like Raymond Berry, he just wouldn't have been drafted today. He wasn't quick enough, he wasn't big enough."

The pride in Webster comes through, when remembering one play in that game, perhaps the most critical play of the day. It was late in the fourth quarter. The Giants had come back from a 14-3 halftime deficit. They were leading, 17-14. Two minutes remained, separating them from a second league championship in three years.

"We went out and made a first down or two," Webster says. "It's our game. The clock is with us and we cannot lose. Then it's third down and four to go. Gifford got the call. That's the only time I can look back and say I wish I had carried the football. A lot of guys on the club, and in my own mind, we all figured I could have made it.

"I know I could have. But the call came off the bench, and it was a good play. It was called Shoot-25 Trap . . . it was off-tackle, to the strong side, off what we called a Brown formation . . . and normally I would carry that ball off the left side. We figured they would over-shift, which they did. Everything fell right into plan, but somebody, you know, missed a block.

"That was the play when Marchetti broke his leg, and in all the confusion the ball got moved around before the referee spotted it. A lot of us on the field knew it was good. Jack Stroud

nearly went crazy. He said the guy marked the ball with his right foot, reached down and put it by his left foot. Anyway, it was short. We wanted to go for it on fourth down. Players always want that. But the coach called for a punt, and it was a hell of a punt.

"And then we couldn't stop that damned Unitas. He moved them from the Baltimore fourteen to our thirteen in seven plays, which included two incomplete passes. So in five plays he gained seventy-three yards, and they kicked the field goal just as time was running out and damned if we weren't in an overtime game."

The Giants won the toss, ran three plays and had to punt. The Colts took over on their twenty. Thirteen plays later, the game was over. Fullback Alan Ameche sliced over right guard from one yard out.

"In all my years, that was the toughest thing I ever had to do," Webster said. "I mean to just stand and watch when Unitas and Berry went to work. We double-teamed Berry, but he kept making the damndest catches you ever saw, and they just kept coming down the field. We just stood there, and we kept waiting for them to cough up the ball. They were passing a lot, gambling. I felt sure they'd give up an interception."

But the Giants lost.

"We just came in and sat in front of our lockers," Webster said. "I've never been in a quieter locker room. Nobody made a move to dress, or shower. Nobody talked. It was like a tomb. It was the end of the season and we had no place to go, no chance to make it up the next week. We were losers, in the greatest game ever played."

But even for the Giants, the game proved to be of much benefit. "The first five years I played," says Webster, "nobody knew who I was. I could walk down the street unnoticed. But right after that game, none of us could go anywhere without being stopped. Restaurants . . . movies . . . bowling alleys . . . everywhere. We were in demand to make public appearances, to speak at banquets. One guy once stopped me in the street just to say thank you. He said watching that game had been his greatest moment.

"Financially it really helped us. We got more money from appearances, we got bigger salaries, the teams all started to make more money. I think it's being felt even now. I think it helped expansion, television contracts, all of that. And I think that game even pulled us more together. We won in 'fifty-nine, and then again in sixty-one, sixty-two and sixty-three. I think that game made us a powerhouse. The fan reaction was so great it became like plus-points for us to play in Yankee Stadium."

Big Red played through the 1964 season, when the ferocious pounding finally took its toll. And perhaps the 1961 season was his best, not simply statistically but because no one had even counted on him to make the squad.

Jim Lee Howell had retired after the 1960 season, and the Mara family, after failing to lure Vince Lombardi back from Green Bay, surprised most people by naming Allie Sherman, a one-time assistant coach in New York, a left-handed Jewish kid who had played quarterback for Brooklyn College and the Philadelphia Eagles.

Sherman was a rookie head coach in '61. Webster was a slow, plodding, aging and injured fullback.

"He didn't even list me on the three-deep chart," Webster said, his anger rising. "I told him I was coming to camp and that I'd win the job. He said I could come, but he doubted I'd stay. Man, did I work my ass off that summer."

It paid off in a 928-yard season in 1961, Webster's career rushing high. "It was the most satisfying year I've ever had," he says. "Nobody thought I could do it anymore, except me. I had a lot to prove."

Sherman's first three seasons were successes. Y.A. Tittle had replaced Conerly as the quarterback early in the '61 campaign, and he led the Giants to three memorable championship games. But the fine old team was crumbling. Several disastrous trades brought ruin and resentment, and by 1964 it was gone.

When Tittle retired in 1964 after fourteen years in football he made one of the most poignant statements ever made by a professional athlete.

"I just figured it would never end," he said. "I figured Webster and King would always be there to pick up the linebackers and Shofner would be flying way downfield somewhere and Gifford would be faking out a back and be standing there open and Walton would somehow get free for the third-down pass. I never thought we'd get old. And when we did, when we got to be old guys and washed-up athletes, I couldn't handle it. When something was not in its right place, I was mediocre, a loser. That's when I realized it was time to retire."

It was, indeed, time to retire for many of them. Including Alex Webster.

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was not to be a time of ease and success. Thrust into the business world, forced to earn without football, he went through a succession of employments.

"I had a radio job for a year, doing the color on a small network that fed the Giant games into upstate New York towns. Then I got a job as a salesman, selling paper, high-grade stock for printing companies. On the side, I did a little scouting for the Giants. It was tough, but I caught on, and pretty soon I was starting to come on as a salesman.

"Then I got called into the Giant office in sixty-seven. Wellington Mara offered me the backfield coaching job with the team. In all the years I've been married, that was probably the closest I ever came to getting divorced, because I took a pretty good pay cut. But I had to get back into football. It was my life. I missed it, and I didn't like sales. I was out every night, taking clients to dinner, drinking too much.

"I was the backfield coach for sixty-seven and sixty-eight, and the summer schedule in sixty-nine. We played our last exhibition game on a Thursday. When we got home that night, we had the following day off.

"The fans were really gettin' on Allie, but they always do when you lose. I thought everything would straighten out. We got home about four in the morning, and at nine Timmy Mara called. He asked me to come in to the office in New York, right away. He said he wanted me there by ten-thirty."

This time Alex Webster did not have to touch the candy store man for traveling money. He drove into Manhattan.

"I thought I had gotten fired. I was in my golf clothes, so I changed into a suit. I walked in and the first thing was that I never saw an office jumping like that. They were knocking the doors down, everybody was hustling and bustling and they took me right into Wellington Mara's office and closed the door.

"I knew something was wrong. It looked like he had never slept. He said he had fired Sherman, and it was the toughest thing he ever had to do. It really shocked me, and I didn't think it was much Allie's fault, considering the kind of players we had at the time. So I finally asked Mara what did this mean to me.

"He looked right at me and said: 'I would like you to be the head coach of the New York Giants.' We were on the eighteenth floor of the Coliseum and I must have hit the basement before I realized what he said. My first question was, did he think I was qualified? He told me I'd have all the help I needed. I was still uncertain until he mentioned my contract. It was one hell of a jump for me, so I said what the hell, I've never quit on anything in my life, why not try it."

Webster tried it. For five years. He grew into the job, year by year. He went from a stumbling, nearly inarticulate interview into a poised yet still blunt subject. His knowledge of the game had never been faulted, nor his rapport with players.

He turned to his one great asset—hard work. He drove himself, drinking too much, sleeping not enough. Smoking too much, resting not enough.

And then, after a six-game sweep of the exhibition schedule in 1973, following a strong, improving 8-6 finish in 1972, it all crumbled. The proud New York Giants, who felt the horrors of Sherman's tenure were behind them, died for Alex Webster. Their season record was two wins, eleven losses and a tie, but before the final game of the season Big Red announced his resignation.

"The pressure grew as we lost," he said. "Television people were tough, newspaper people were tough. It got to the point where I was really scared. People would throw things at the bus, and at the Yale Bowl [where the Giants played home games in 1973 and 1974] the fans yelled things at me I just can't repeat. Hell, if one guy says those things to me, to my face, I put the guy up against the wall and cripple him. But how can I take on fifty thousand of them? We needed extra police, just to protect me. I decided who the hell needs this. It was affecting my whole life.

"It seemed in the last couple of years odd things happened. I could always get along with the players, but in my last year I almost had a fight with one of them, Charley Evans. He was on the payroll, the Giants were paying him, and he made a whole series of speeches knocking the Giants. We got phone calls. I got a lot of them. I got a letter from an eleven-year-old boy, who said he was very sad that a player could say those kind of things about his team, that his Little League coach said it was the worst thing an athlete could do. It all got to me. I confronted Evans and he denied it.

"I got more calls, and it really aggravated me. He wasn't playing and he wasn't happy because he wasn't playing. And he wasn't playing because he was too fat. He came into camp twenty, twenty-five pounds overweight. Well, at practice one day it all broke. Charley is a strong blocker, a good player. Nobody could block better than Charley. But he was just immature. Well, I confronted him again and he said something I didn't like and I exploded. I started for him, challenged him to fight me, and then I suddenly realized what I was doing. But that was all the pressure, all the tension. It got to me, and that's dangerous."

Webster quit. One of his best friends in football, a quarterback-turned-executive named Ralph Guglielmi, set up an office in New Jersey for his buddy to run. Computer leasing, time sharing, selling again. That, plus the income from The Stadium, has allowed Alex Webster to stay in Sea Girt, to stay away from Kearny.

So it is in Sea Girt that we sit, talking about Kearny. Fondly. Alex Webster loves Kearny and the people and the boyhood he spent there.

"My grandmother," he says, "what a super woman she was. Next door we had a Lithuanian family . . . and they'd speak English and the whole bit, but as soon as my grandmother went out in the yard, they'd start speaking Lithuanian. And my grandmother used to get upset . . . she'd say 'damn foreigners, would you speak English?' And she only stepped off the boat like a few years before."

Sea Girt is a long way from Kearny, but not long enough to stop the visitors from Webster's home town. They come, and they drink, and they talk with him about the old names, the old places, the girls they pinched, the bars they wrecked.

And when Webster shows up in Madison Square Garden, for the Ranger hockey games he loves, he still gets applause. "It's damned embarrassing sometimes," he said. "I go there with clients to show them a good time and the people don't leave me alone. It makes me feel good, but it's embarrassing. Usually, my customers are more impressed than I am.

"But it's a good life now. Louise and I have been married almost twenty-five years, and we're closer now than we ever were. The kids are gone . . . one's married, the other one's in college. Sometimes I wish I was here, doing what I'm doing, when they were growing up. I'd be able to spend more time with them, instead of being a football player off on the road someplace."

Then he pauses. A long, deep, introspective pause.

"No, that's not right. I wouldn't give up anything I did. I enjoyed the hell out of my life, and football did it all for me. What the hell would I have been without football?"

A Gallery of Glory

In the half century of Giants football no period has been without its heroes. From the very beginning there was Jim Thorpe, Century Milstead, "Indian" Joe Guyon, Steve Owen, and later Tuffy Leemans, Ken Strong, Mel Hein, and others. But starting with the late teams of Steve Owen and continuing through the teams of Jim Lee Howell and Allie Sherman a group of men came to play in Giants blue in a way that captured the heart of the American sports world. Their continuing ability to make the big play and win the big game attracted an audience to the Giants and the National Football League that has never deserted either.

Engineers will describe the elaborate pattern of friction piles and steel footings that keep this grand stadium afloat above its swampy base but ultimately it was the players of the past, especially of the fifties and sixties, who fired the hearts of Giants fans with the excitement, courage and fun that made Giants Stadium desirable and real.

Neither time nor space could accommodate the entire honor roll of Giants but as a tribute to them all the Giants commissioned two notable American artists, Merv Corning and Richard Huebner, to execute sixteen original paintings of players from the most successful period in the team's history, the fifties and sixties.

The Artists

Merv Corning is a distinguished American artist whose work appears in numerous private collections and galleries, including the Circle Gallery. Corning retired several years ago as president of Studio Artists, a highly regarded commercial studio, to devote full time to fine art. Since then, he has achieved distinction as a prominent California landscape artist. Corning is an enthusiastic and knowledgeable football fan and both these qualities show in his work. The subjects of Corning's paintings were: Rosey Brown, Charlie Conerly, Frank Gifford, Sam Huff, Andy Robustelli, Kyle Rote, Y.A. Tittle and Alex Webster.

Richard Huebner graduated Magna Cum Laude from the Art Center College of Design in Los Angeles and went on to receive a Masters Degree there in 1966. Presently Huebner is the director of project development for the Sanrio Film Corporation in Hollywood. Huebner is most noted for his design achievement in such movies as *Tora! Tora! Tora!* and *Hello Dolly.* His art work has appeared in several one-man shows as well as the prestigious New York "One" show. Huebner is a member of the New York Society of Illustrators and the Society of Illustrators, Los Angeles. He is an avid NFL fan. The subjects of Huebner's paintings were: Al DeRogatis, Tucker Frederickson, Tom Landry, Dick Lynch, Joe Morrison, Jimmy Patton, Pat Summerall, and Emlen Tunnell.

There's just one word for beer.

And you know it.

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Roosevelt Brown

By Joe Lee

Anonymity—that's the status usually accorded offensive linemen in pro football. Long-time New York Giants fans could be excused for not remembering the linemen who blew out the defenses for the Frank Giffords, the Alex Websters, and the guys who put up the shield in front of Charlie Conerly and Y.A. Tittle.

It was back in the Giants glory years when they fought and clawed their way to the top of the two-conference National Football League, then appeared in the championship game against the Western title holder. It was 1956 to 1963 when the roaring of Yankee Stadium and Polo Grounds fans was for the "DEE-Fense, DEE-fense," and only the guy who played on the line in his own days thrilled to the crushing blocks and the trapping up front and who was doing it. You remembered Robustelli, and Modzielewski, and Katcavage and Grier. They were the famed front four. The offense was two guards, two tackles and a center, who some may recall now was Ray Wietecha, the current offensive coach for the Giants.

And everybody knew the receivers, Shofner and Thomas and Rote and Gifford. But around the league the knowledgeable people knew the offensive line – and Rosey Brown.

The story has been told many times – most recently when Rosey was inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame, a year ago at Canton, Ohio. How he came to the Giants in one of the great sleeper drafts of all time in a sport that is full of such stories. Owner Wellington Mara recalls calling our Rosey's name because the Pittsburgh Courier had picked the Morgan State lineman on their Black All-American team. "We hadn't even heard of him," said Well. "When we got to the 27th round (1953), we were just scraping the bottom of the barrel. But we went for his size – 6-3 and 245. Strictly a long shot."

What a payoff for this long shot!

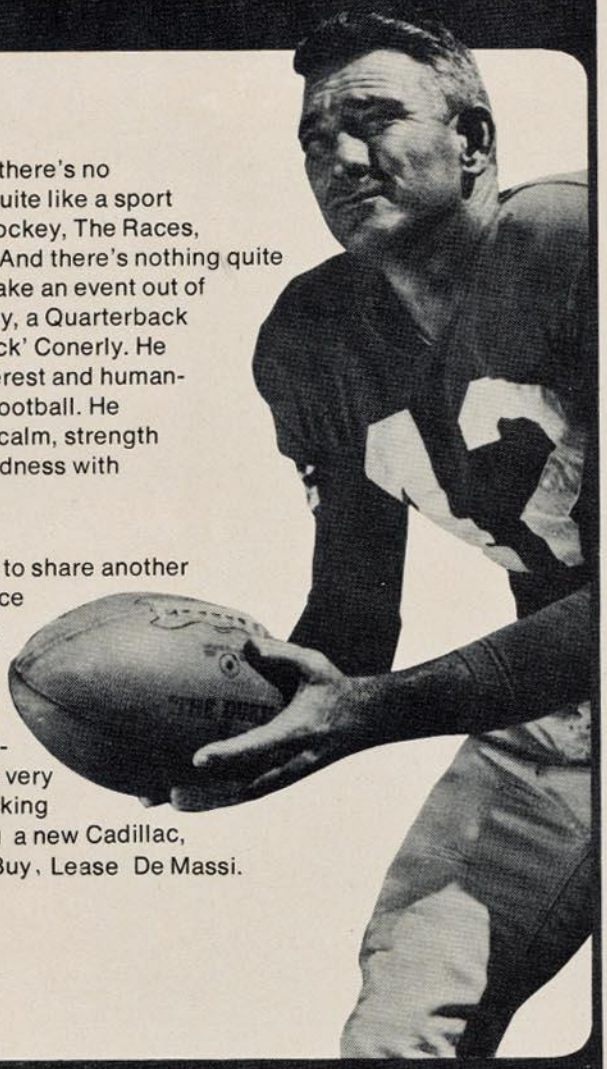
The admittedly scared youngster who rode a train from Virginia to his first training camp in Minnesota went on to become one of the all-time great NFL tackles. Seven years in a row he was named to the Pro Bowl squad by

(Continued on page S34)

Joe Lee writes for the Asbury Park Press and regularly covers the Giants


GIANTS
NY

THE MAN... Charlie 'Chuck' Conerly QUARTERBACK



Someone once said there's no spectacle on earth quite like a sport event — Football, Hockey, The Races, Golf, to name a few. And there's nothing quite like the man — to make an event out of sports . . . specifically, a Quarterback named Charlie 'Chuck' Conerly. He brought anxiety, interest and humanism to the game of Football. He mixed emotion with calm, strength with wisdom and kindness with understanding.

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Charlie Conerly

By Norm Miller

If you young Giant fans will pardon the partiality of an old-timer, I say they don't make 'em like Charlie Conerly any more. There may have been more stylish quarterbacks, stronger throwers or slicker talkers, but none who went the route quite like Good Ol' Charlie.

Charlie Conerly, Giant QB from 1948 through '61, was one of those guys born 25 years too early. Given his football-throwing skill, his John Wayne personality and his frolicking off-field habits, Conerly might have made a mint today. He might even have shown Joe Namath a trick or two.

As it was, Charlie never made the fancy six-figure salaries of the Namaths, the Tarkentons, the Grieses or the Plunketts. The 100-grand, four-year contract he signed out of Mississippi in 1948 was considered big dough for that time. His salary never hit $50,000 and his purse for leading the Giants to their last NFL championship in 1956 was $3,779.00. Joe Willie Namath uses that for walking-around money.

In spite of these modest rewards, Conerly never made a big holdout scene at contract signing time, gave it his best shot for 14 seasons, judiciously invested his money in his 225-acre cotton and cattle farm in Mississippi, and never missed a round with Frank Gifford, Alex Webster, Kyle Rote and the rest of the Sunday night socializers.

A favorite Frank Gifford gag on the banquet circuit: "Charlie was our leader – and he sure led us to some strange places."

"He was a leader by example," says Wellington Mara, president of the Giants, pointing out that Conerly didn't have a gift of gab or a fiery personality, but got the most out of others by his competitive temperament, by playing hurt, by making the clutch plays, by never squawking.

In his early years, Conerly ran from coach Steve Owen's old-fashioned A-formation and in one of his late seasons he took over the punting. Not fast and never trained in the tricky handoff skills of a T-quarterback, Charlie made a successful switch to the "T" in the mid-'50's.

I was there at the Polo Grounds the first game they tried the "T". It was a

(Continued on page S34)

Norm Miller is sports writer covering the Giants for the New York Daily News


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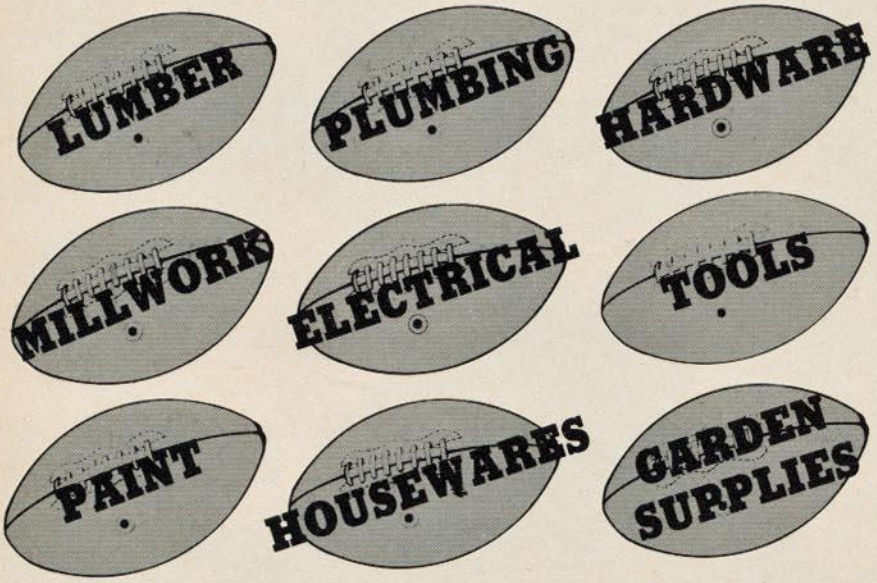

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Al De Rogatis

By Augie Lio

"I'm a lucky kid from Newark."

Al DeRogatis, 49, an all-pro tackle with the New York Giants from 1949 through 1952, has no regrets about his career as a player, scout and radio and television sportscaster. He recently came to an amicable parting of the ways with NBC-TV. For eight years he teamed with Curt Gowdy to broadcast the major football games on NBC.

"My priority was always with the Prudential Life Insurance Co.," said DeRogatis, the father of two daughters. "Vince Lombardi tried to talk me into coaching at both Army and the University of Minnesota. I refused. Coaching is not my lifestyle." DeRogatis has been with Prudential for more than 23 years and is now a vice president.

When DeRogatis came up with the Giants in 1949, coach Steve Owen made him an offensive tackle. DeRogatis had made All-American in both his sophomore and senior years at Duke. He sat out his junior year. He hurt his knee and did not play that season.

"After I was hit with three arm penalties against Pittsburgh, Steve switched me to defensive tackle," DeRogatis recalled. "I found it a lot of fun. The Giants' other defensive tackle was Arnie Weinmeister."

DeRogatis's great moment of glory as a sportscaster came before Super Bowl III in Miami in 1968. The Jets, led by Joe Namath, were decided underdogs to the Colts and Johnny Unitas.

DeRogatis predicted a win for the Jets if they could get 10 first downs and gain 100 or more yards rushing.

"I figured that the Jets needed ball control," said DeRogatis. "If that happened, Namath, who was then in his prime, would beat the Colts."

It happened. The Jets got 10 first downs rushing and picked up 142 yards running to upset the Colts, 16-7.

What changes has DeRogatis seen in the NFL since his playing days?

"The kids today are bigger, there's a bigger input from colleges and the black athlete," said DeRogatis. "But the likes of Steve Van Buren, Bob Waterfield, Deacon Dan Towler and Hugh McElhenny would still make it today." So would Al DeRogatis.

Augie Lio is sports editor of the Herald-News, Passaic, N.J.


78

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Tucker Frederickson

By Al Young

It was Thanksgiving Day 1964 in Birmingham, Ala.

Alabama had just wrapped up a perfect (10-0) regular season by beating arch-rival Auburn, 21-14, and was merrily on its way to the Orange Bowl.

In the sullen Auburn dressing room, a disheartened Tucker Frederickson stood in front of his locker, slowly peeling off his Tiger uniform for the last time.

It was then that a stranger walked by looking for the fair-haired Auburn All-America.

"Tucker Frederickson?" he inquired.

"Yes," came the reply.

"My name is Peahead Walker," said the stranger. "I'm with the New York Giants. Listen, I wanted to let you know that we're drafting you No. 1 tomorrow."

"You've got to be kidding," Tucker said in astonishment.

He wasn't.

It was actually two days later when the news came that Tucker Frederickson had indeed been the No. 1 draft choice of the Giants and the first player selected in the National Football League draft for the 1965 season.

"It's funny," Frederickson recalled recently, "I had gotten letters and feelers from all the other clubs, except the Giants.

"To me it was like a dream to play pro football; not only to be the No. 1 pick, but coming to play in New York, in Yankee Stadium, especially with a team that had as much tradition as the Giants."

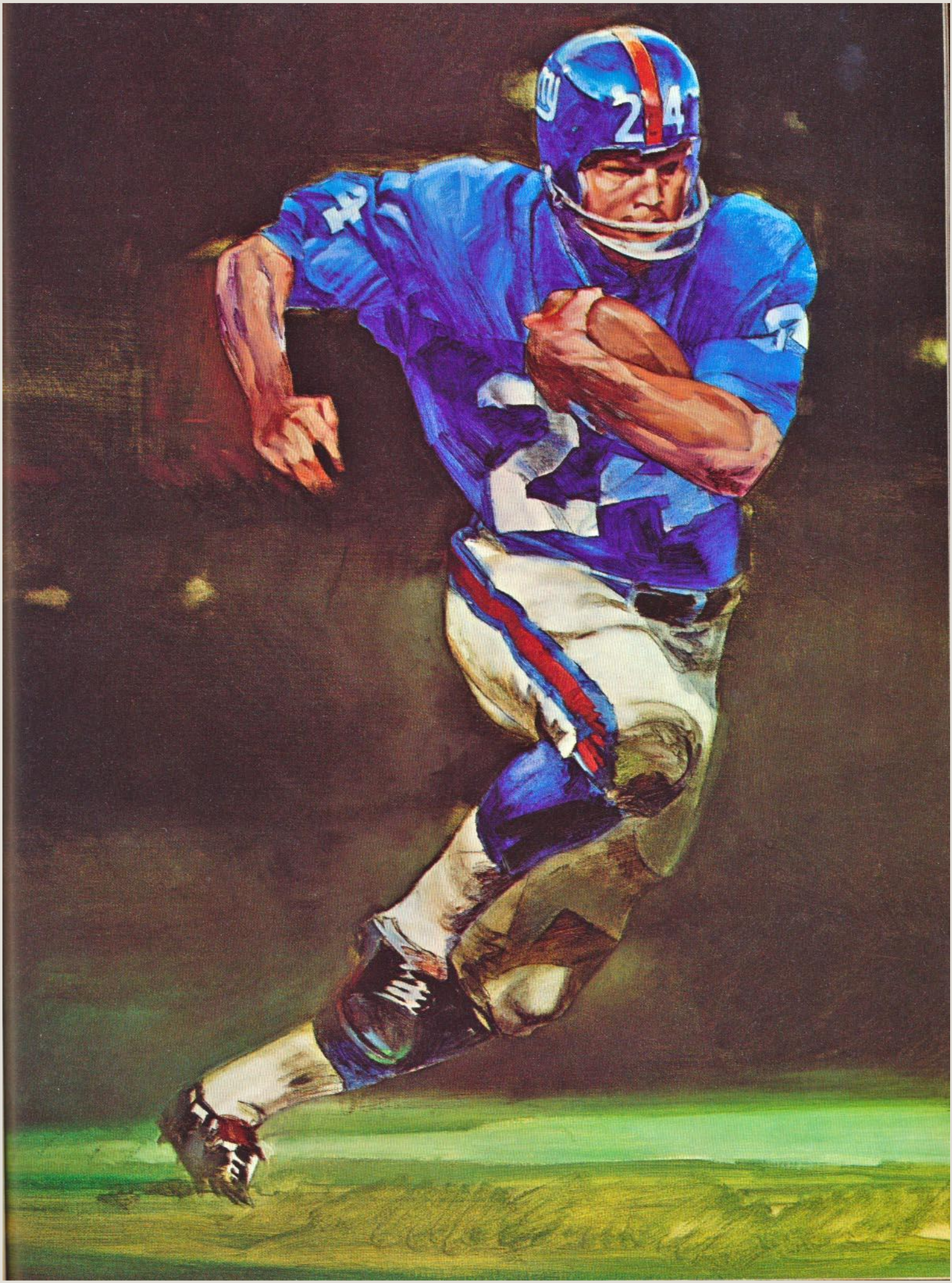
And the Giants, coming off a dismal 2-10 record in '64—the worst in the NFL and their first losing season in 11 years—were leaning heavily on Frederickson to help them regain that winning tradition.

"I was scared to death," confessed the powerfully built, 6-2, 220-pounder. "I had heard so much about playing in the big city that I tried to come in as quietly as possible and get the lay of the land. But they were expecting a lot and I'm glad I came around nicely.'"

Frederickson, a unanimous selection on nearly every All-America team his senior year, lived up to his advance billing as a rookie. He rushed for a

(Continued on page S34)

Al Young is sports writer covering the Giants for the New Haven Register/ Journal Courier



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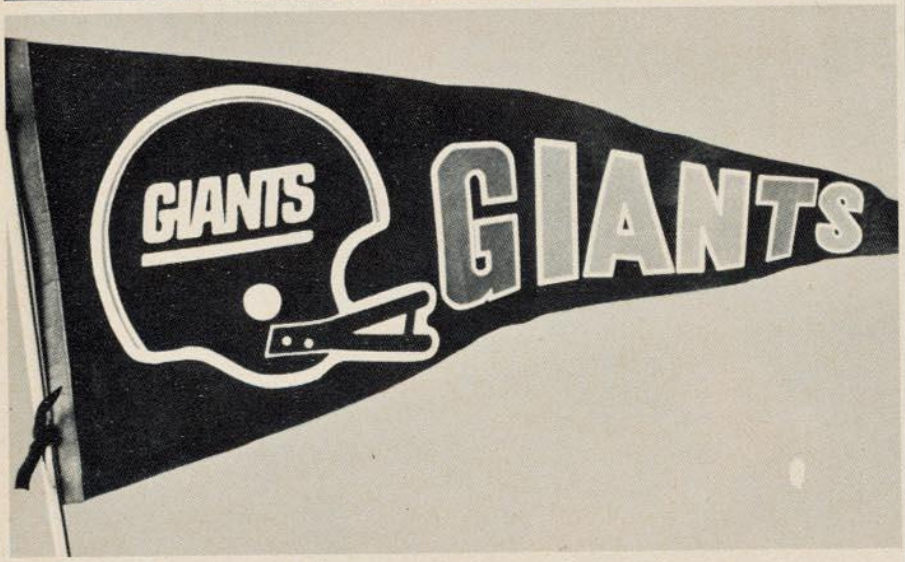

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Frank Gifford

by Vinny DiTranni

The Yankee Stadium crowd became silent as their fallen hero lay motionless on the turf. The stadium lights were just taking effect as the mid-November daylight came to an end, as apparently had the career of Frank Gifford.

"To play 12 years, and do all those things, but to be remembered mostly for that one play," lamented Gifford, referring to his meeting with the Eagles Chuck Bednarik that Sunday afternoon in 1960.

The concussion did not end Gifford's career, only interrupted it for a year. He returned in 1962 as a flanker and finished up after the 1964 campaign ranking among the top three Giants lifetime in nearly all offensive categories.

Gifford was drafted in 1952, out of Southern California as a triple-threat tailback, but spent his first two seasons as a pro shifting from offense to defense, and back to offense again. "I never really knew where I stood," he recalled.

Then the late Vince Lombardi took over the offensive planning and immediately made Gifford, with his multi-talents, the hub of the attack. "It was a kind of antiquated, but very effective offense," said Gifford. "The left halfback was the key Man, almost like the tailback in the single wing."

So Gifford ran, passed, and caught out of the left halfback slot. "It couldn't have worked better for me," Gifford admitted. "I was relieved of any duty on defense and could concentrate fully on my offensive play."

And concentrate he did until his talents, and good looks, made Frank Gifford the favorite of the fans.

That's why the concern was so great that November afternoon in 1960 when Bednarik's vicious tackle knocked The Giffer out cold. "The doctors told me I should stay out of football for awhile," said Gifford, who sat out the 1961 season and began what has become a successful television broadcasting career.

"But I missed the game and still thought I could play it as well as the guys down on the field. The doctors gave me the okay the next year and I came back."

Gifford was the flanker on the

(Continued on page S34)

Vinny DiTranni is sports writer covering the Giants for the Bergen Record

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Sam Huff

By Dan Castellano

Although his world is far from the violent one it once was, Sam Huff isn't too far removed from football in his current capacity as Vice President of the Marriott Hotel Corporation.

Huff works in special markets, handling athletic teams for the corporation's 50 hotels all over the country. But, as Sam says, "I really miss the roar of the crowd."

And so that he doesn't get too far away from the sport he loves so much, Huff is doing the color broadcasting for Redskin games over WMAL in Washington, the same as he did for the Giants on WNEW in New York for two years.

In most circles, three people are given credit for introducing and glamourizing linebacking, thereby popularizing defense for the nation's fans. The three most associated with the position were the Chicago Bears' Bill George, the Detroit Lions' Joe Schmidt and New York's favorite, Sam Huff.

Thanks in large part to CBS News, Huff brought the country "closer to pro football than you've ever been," when he was wired for sound during a game on the television documentary, "The Violent World of Sam Huff."

"When I first played for the Giants in 1956, they never introduced the defensive team to the crowd," Huff recalled. "And when they drafted players out of college, they drafted offensive players. If they didn't make it on offense, they'd switch to defense.

"That all started to change after the TV documentary and after the Giants started winning games on defense."

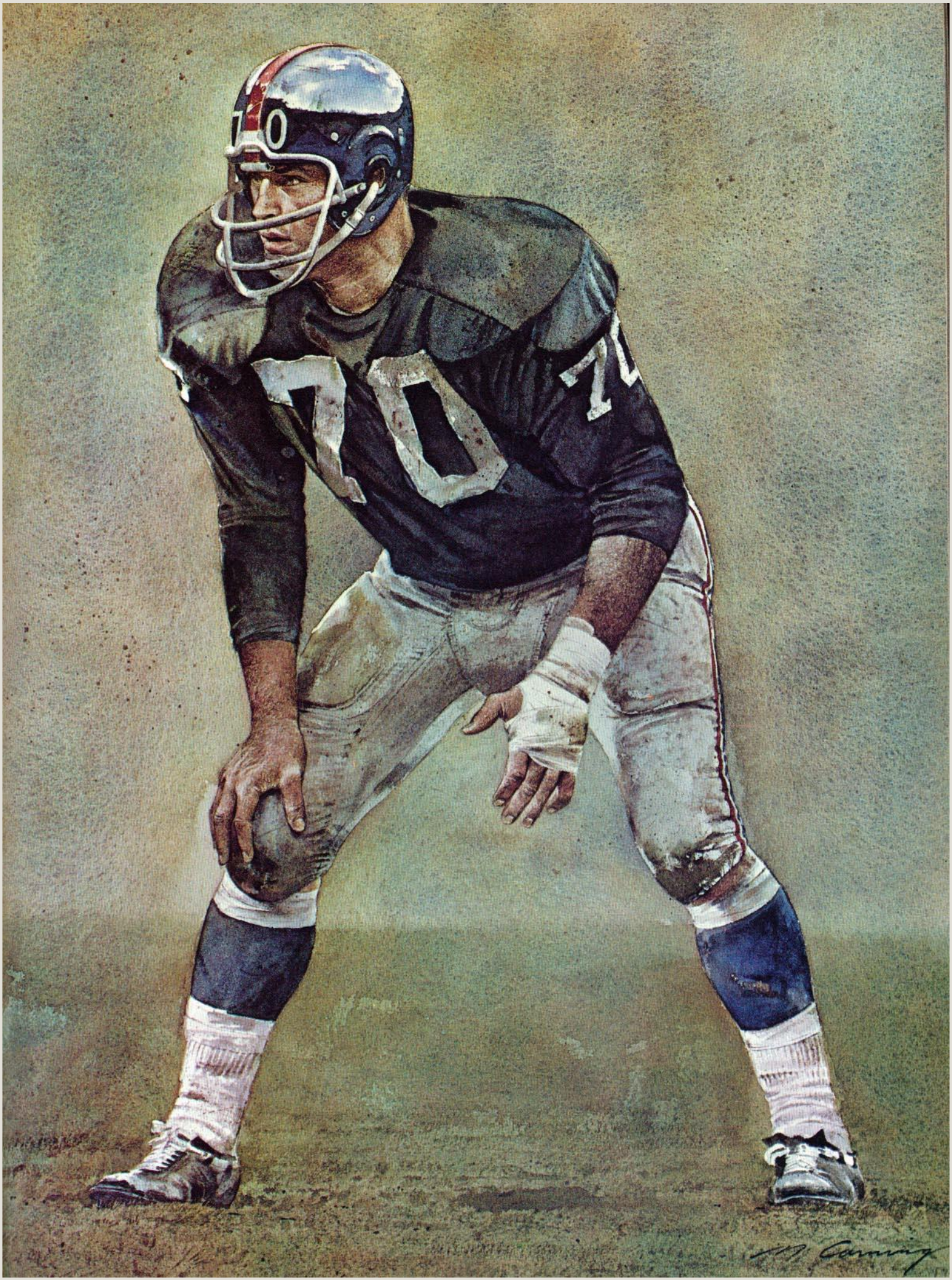
For eight seasons (two as an All-Pro), Huff and his defensive comrades were winning games for the Giants and winning the hearts of the New York fans.

"What a fantastic sports town New York is," said Huff. "Sports is such a large part of their life. My greatest thrill was the day I came back to Yankee Stadium as a member of the Washington Redskins and was introduced to the crowd.

"They told me afterward that only Joe DiMaggio received an ovation like the one the New York fans gave me. It's something I just can't forget. I appreciate the opportunity the Mara family gave me and the absolutely fantastic fans of the New York area."

(Continued on page S34)

Dan Castellano is sports editor of the Daily Record, Morristown, N.J.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Tom Landry

By Dan Castellano

Although he's here today as coach of the enemy, Tom Landry has as much to do with Giants football tradition as anybody.

Landry, whose 16-year head coaching record with the Dallas Cowboys reads 126-90-6 (No. 7 on the All-Time list and second to Don Shula among active coaches), was a playing member of the Giants for six seasons (1950-55) as well as defensive coach for six years (1954-59), serving as player-coach in '54 and '55.

As one of the architects of the "Umbrella defense," Landry recalls those years as some of his most memorable of a long career devoted to football.

"That Giants team of the early '50s became the first great defensive team in the league," Landry said. "In 1950, the first year after the merger between the National and American Conferences, we beat the Cleveland Browns, 6-0, and Otto Graham didn't complete a pass, which was unheard of at the time."

Landry was a leader even then and Jim Lee Howell recognized that, naming him defensive coach in 1954. Retiring as a player following the 1955 season, Landry remained as Giants' defensive coach through 1959 with Howell calling him "the best defensive coach in the business."

Landry points proudly to the legendary 1958 championship game at Yankee Stadium between the Giants and Colts, played in front of 64,185 and won by the Colts, 23-17, in sudden death overtime.

"That's got to be the greatest game I've ever been involved in," Landry said. "It made people aware of defensive football. It had all the color and excitement needed to sell professional football across the country."

Landry currently enjoys what he feels is an excellent rivalry between the Giants and his Cowboys and can't wait to get together with the Maras, Andy Robustelli and all the other "oldtimers" twice a year when the teams meet.

"There probably aren't too many fans left who remember me as a player," said Landry. "But I'm sure they remember the team."

They could hardly forget.

Dan Castellano is sports editor of the Daily Record, Morristown, N.J.

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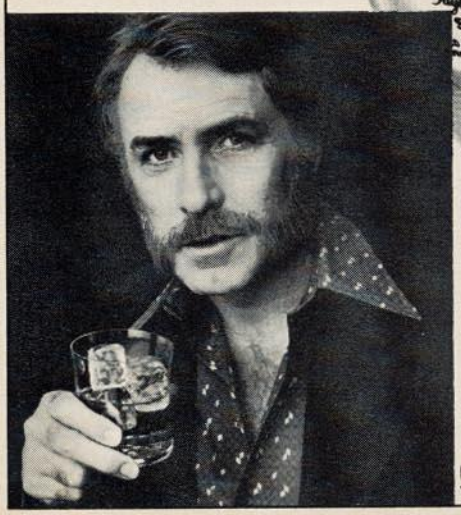

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Dick Lynch

By Tom Whelan

The top ground gainer and scorer for the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame as an offensive halfback during two of his seasons at South Bend, Dick Lynch made his mark in the NFL in the defensive secondary.

He's still a familiar figure on the pro grid scene, but now—even as teammates Gifford and Summerall on those Eastern Division Championship teams of the early '60s—as a knowledgable sportscaster. Among Lynch's assignments this season is to once again handle the post game color on Giants radio broadcasts as well as interviews with the stars of each Giants game.

The 6-1, 200-pounder who grew up in the Metropolitan area, currently makes his home in Douglaston, L.I., now works as a bonds salesman throughout the year. The No. 6 draft choice of the Redskins in 1958, Lynch gave the Washington coaching staff no argument when they stationed him on the defensive platoon. "That's where most the action is any way," smiled Lynch with confidence.

Beginning his eight year stay with the Giants the following autumn, Lynch continued to demonstrate his faith in himself and developed into one of the toughest men in the business to beat in man-to-man coverage.

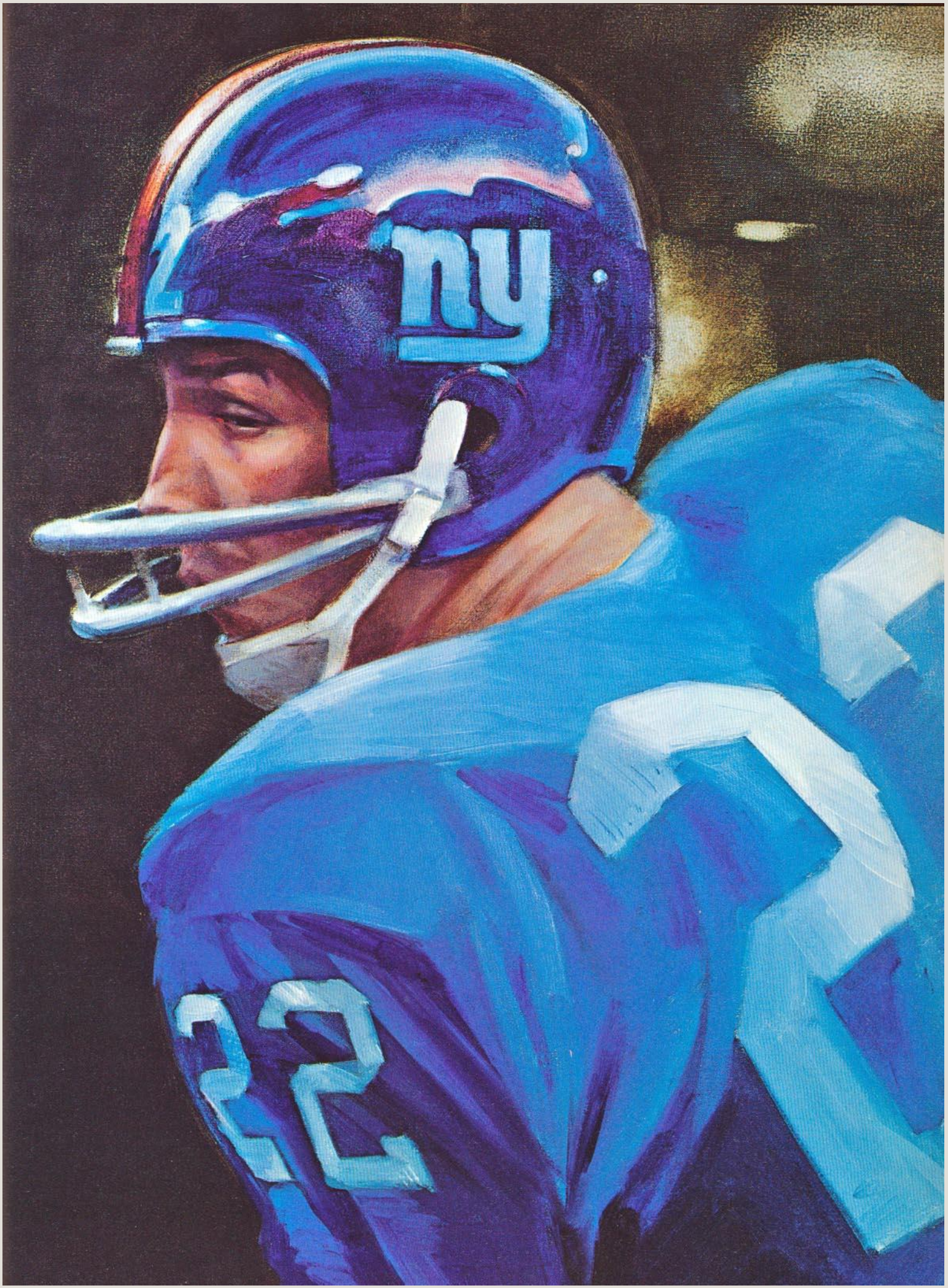
Ballhawk Lynch led the Giants in pass interceptions in four seasons, twice picked off three passes in a single game, and in 1963 he was named to the All-NFL Team and played in the Pro Bowl.

During the 1961 season, when the Men of Mara captured their first of back-to-back divisional buntings, Lynch led the league in the interceptions category. Even more significant was the fact that the men he was assigned to cover caught only three touchdown passes all season. Among those he took on head-to-head were Pete Retzlaff of the Eagles, Sonny Randle of the Cards, Pittsburgh's Buddy Dial and Billy Howton of the Cowboys. Against that calibre of foe, that's an average of 0.2 TD aerials a game.

Del Shofner, another member of '63's All-NFL team with Lynch who often drew the lot of working against Lynch day in and day out during intrasquad practice, rated Dick "the

(Continued on page 119)

Tom Whelan is sports writer covering the Giants for Westchester-Rockland newspapers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Joe Morrison

By Vinny DiTrani

When the Giants drafted quarterback Joe Morrison out of the University of Cincinnati in 1959, they immediately told him he would not be playing his collegiate position in the pros.

What they didn't tell Morrison, however, was before his retirement in 1972 he would spend time at all the other offensive skill positions–halfback, fullback, flanker, split end, and tight end–during his Giants' career. And, in addition, he would handle kick returns, serve as the emergency quarterback, and even start in a championship game at strong safety!

"They started me out as a defensive back in my first training camp," recalls Mr. Versatility, now the head coach at the University of Tennessee-Chattanooga. "But soon I was moved over to halfback.

"But about three-quarters of the way through the 1961 season, we had a couple of injuries in the secondary. So they shifted me to strong safety where I played the last three, maybe four regular season games."

The Giants gained the '61 title game against the Packers and Morrison opened at strong safety that day in Green Bay. "I played the whole game," he remembers, "and Ron Kramer (Green Bay tight end) had a real big day."

Except for his short stay with the defensive unit, Morrison spent most of his Giant days learning the offensive philosophy from many different angles.

"I'm glad the way it worked out," said Morrison. who played in more games (184) than any other Giant. "Some guys settle down in one position and are not aware what is happening at the other positions. I was able to get a look at what was going on from different viewpoints.

"And I think the experience has helped me as a coach, to understand the overall workings of an offensive unit."

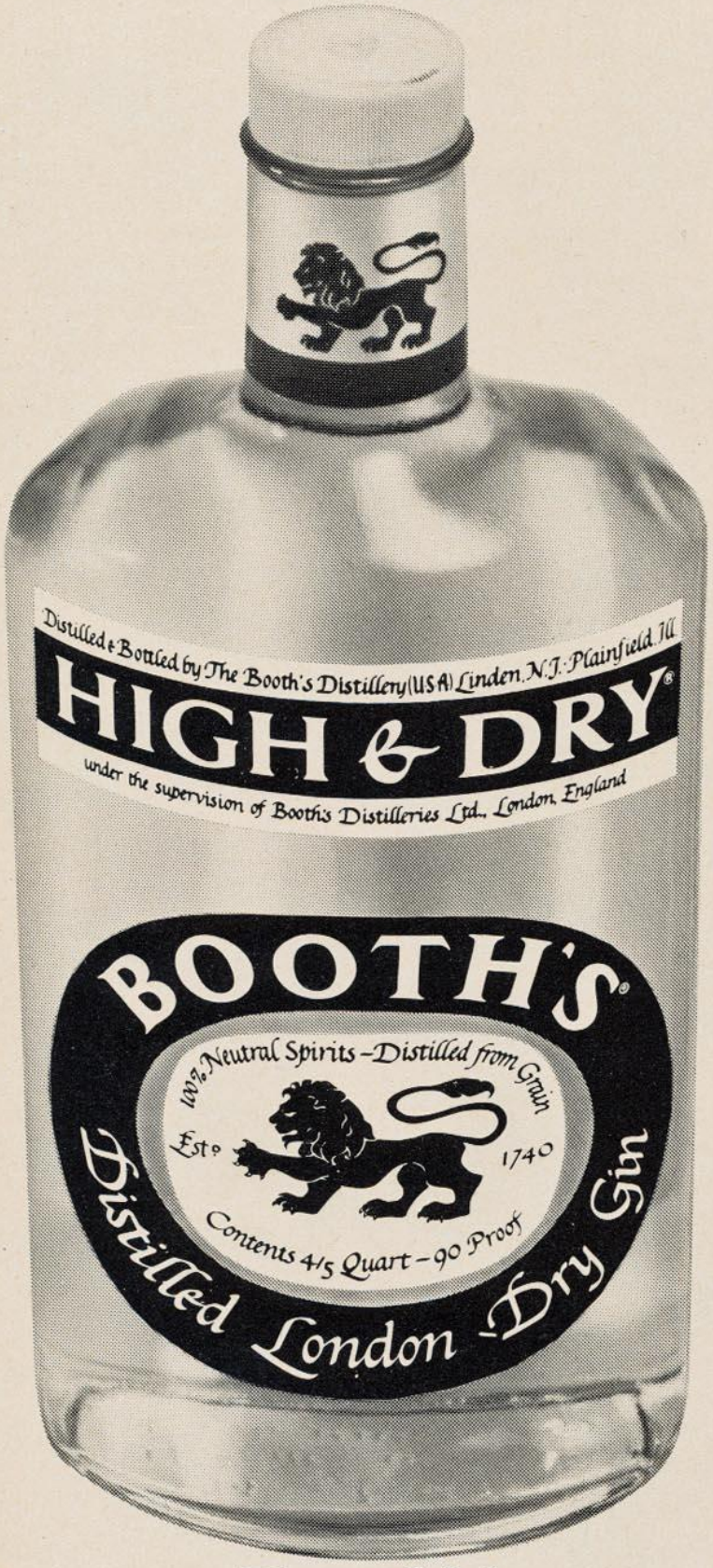
Okay, Coach Morrison, if you had Joe Morrison, the player, where would you play him?

"To be truthful, I don't know," replied the coach. "Everything is so computerized today, and if they had those computers back in 1959 a lot of guys, including myself, may have been

(Continued on page 119)

Vinny DiTranni is sports writer covering the Giants for the Bergen Record

Add friends and serve.



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S20

Jim Patton

By Ed Friel

Just four lines were devoted to Jimmy Patton in the New York Giants 1955 press book, telling how this 23-year old, 6-0, 190-pound defensive back from "Ole Miss" became the club's eighth round draft choice. He had convinced the scouts that he was the best defensive back in the powerful Southeast Conference and won a 100-yard dash in 9.9 seconds with Giant Coach Jim Lee Howell looking on.

But in the 1966 book, the last one Jimmy appeared in as an active player, it required a half-page to give a tightly edited version of his many accomplishments in 11 seasons of play, three of them as a playing assistant coach to the then playing defensive coordinator, Andy Robustelli.

When Patton announced his retirement from pro football to become an executive for a cigarette manufacturer the following March, volumes could have been filled detailing his pro football deeds over 12 seasons with his beloved Giants all the way, playing under Head Coaches Howell and Allie Sherman.

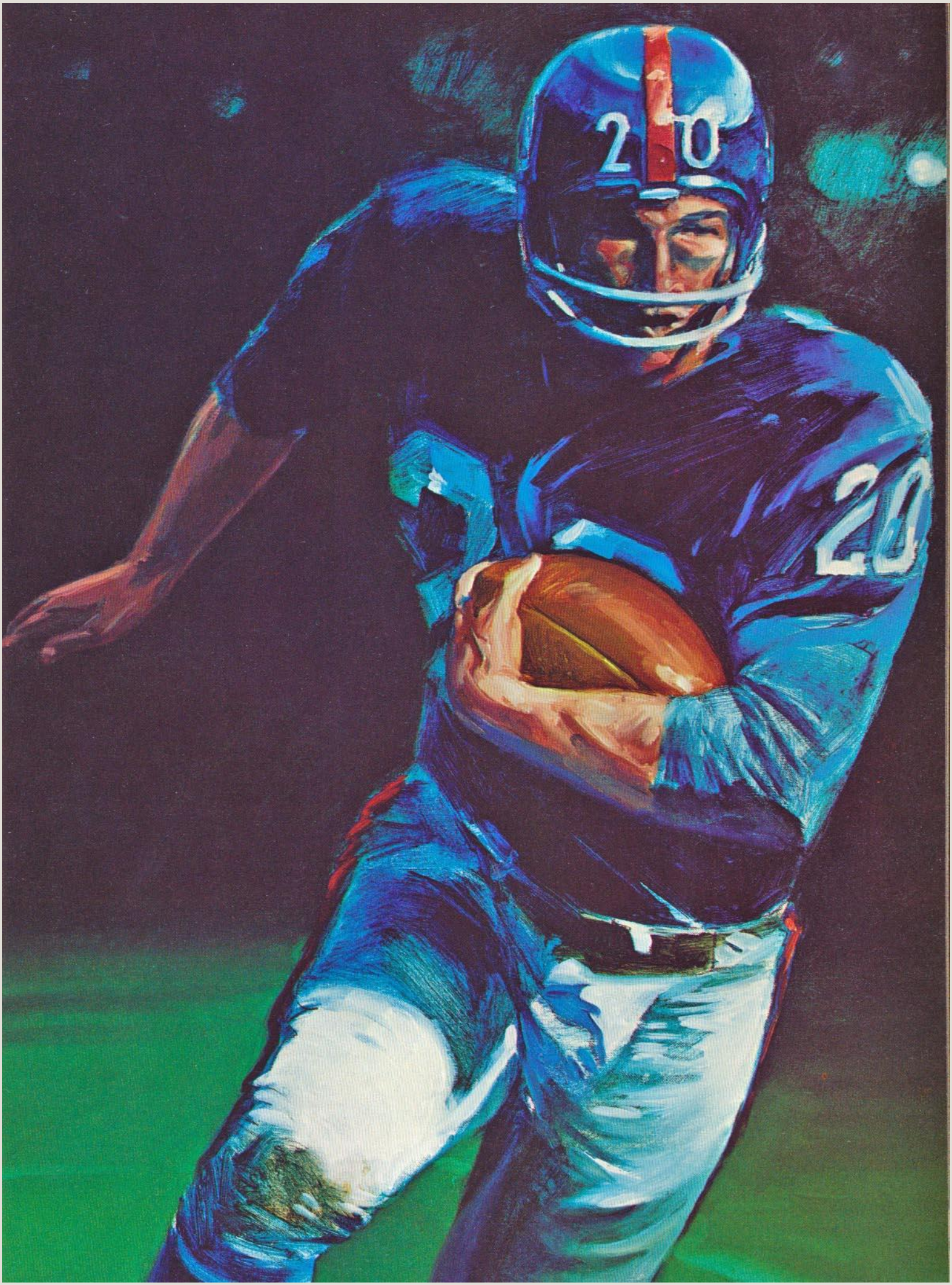
After scoring two touchdowns on a 90-yard kickoff return and a 70-yard punt return in a 35-7 victory over the Washington Redskins as a rookie, Patton played a major role in leading the Giants to the 1956 Eastern Division championship and then to the National Football League championship with an easy 47-7 triumph over the Chicago Bears, who had tied the Giants earlier in a regular game, 17-17, on two touchdown passes in the final three minutes.

Jimmy went on to share in five more Eastern Division championships in 1958, '59, '61, '62, and '63, and played just as hard in his final year of '66 when the Giants slipped to a 1-12-1 record. An NFL All-Star selection five consecutive seasons from 1958 to '62, upon retirement he rank third with 52 interceptions, trailing one-time teammate Emlen Tunnell (79) and Dick (Night Train) Lane of the Detroit Lions. Jimmy led the league in 1958 with 11 interceptions and tied for first in '61 with eight.

And in those 12 seasons Patton missed only three games because of injuries – one in 1955 as a rookie, one

(Continued on page 119)

Ed Friel formerly covered the Giants for the Newark Evening News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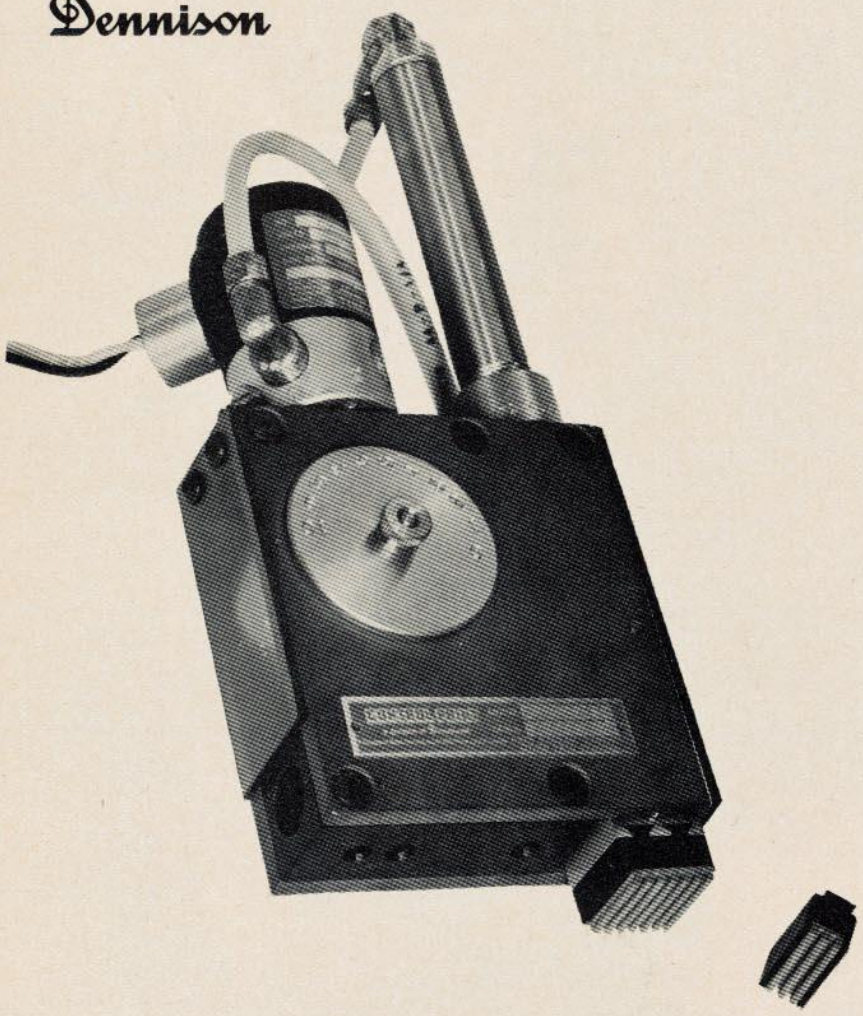

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Andy Robustelli

By Al Mari

In 1951, the Los Angeles Rams put together a defensive line of Andy Robustelli, Charlie Toogood, Larry Brink and Jim Winkler. It was good enough to give the West Coast team a World Championship.

In 1956 the New York Giants put together a defensive line of Andy Robustelli, Jim Katcavage, Dick Modzelewski and Roosevelt Grier. It was good enough to give the East Coast team a World Championship.

Obviously, football fans can spot one similarity in the names of the monsters of the middle. And Giant fans, well, they can thank Sid Gillman for the 1956 trade that brought Robustelli back home.

"My wife was in the hospital in July of '56," Robustelli said while watching the current crop of Giants going through their two-a-days. "Gillman was in his second year as head coach in L.A., and he told me to get to training camp, but quick. I explained that my wife was having our fourth child, and that I needed a little more time. That didn't sit too well with him. The next thing I knew I was a Giant."

Yes he was, all the way. From little Arnold College in Connecticut, a 19th round draft choice of the Rams, to an All-Pro, All-Defensive Everything, and the culmination of years of pounding...a member of the National Football League's Hall of Fame.

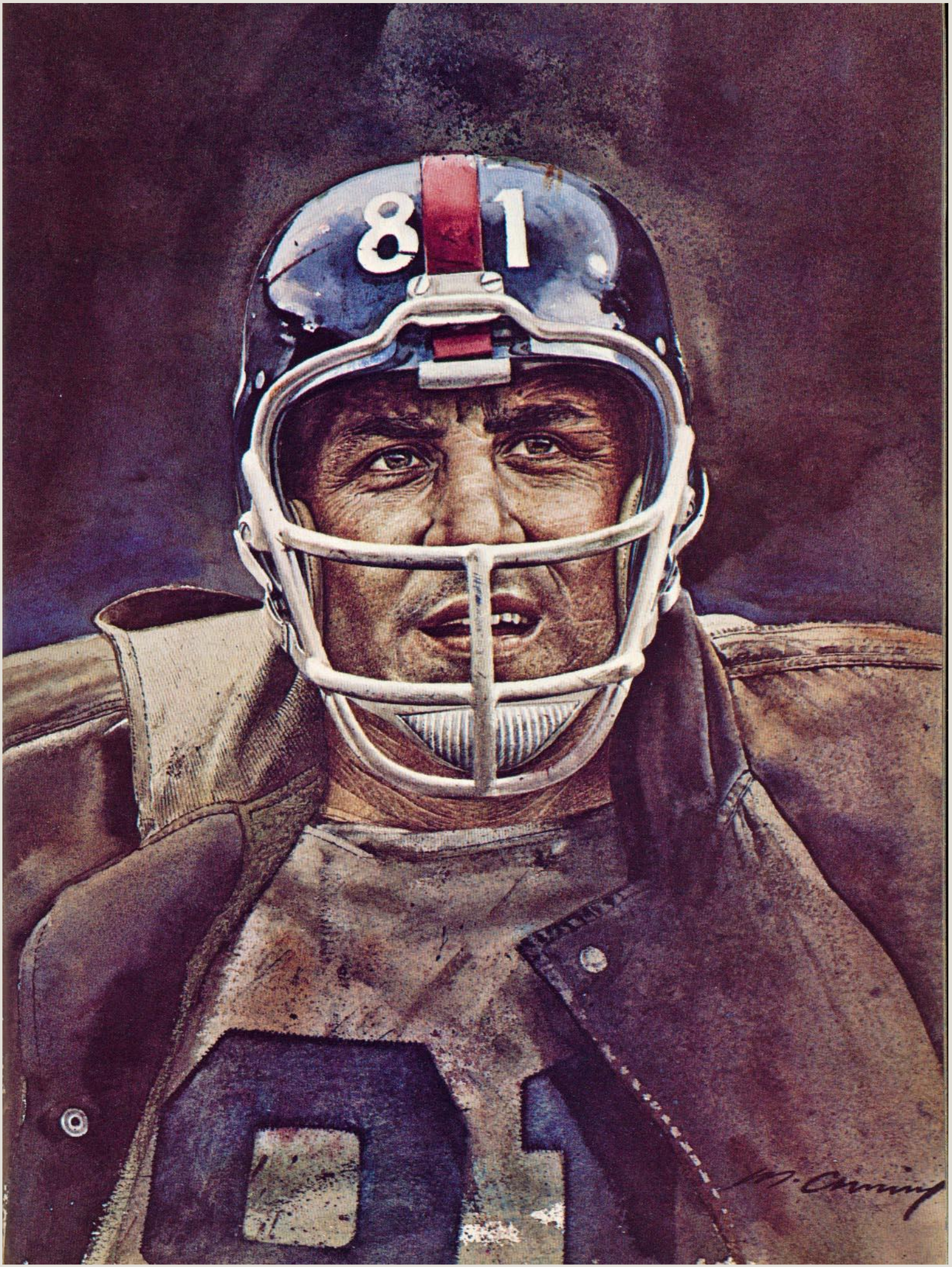
It's so simple that it's trite. Unknown kid tries harder, tries to prove himself, strives harder, becomes great and owes it all to dedication, a dedication that eventually led him to become a successful business man, respected father and husband, and director of operations for the Giants.

Maybe...and maybe not. "I guess every kid drafted thinks he can make a pro team," Robustelli continued, "but there's a lot more to it. In my case there was apprehension. Realistically I almost didn't want to make it. I was nervous, afraid, lonely. I had no money, I didn't know anybody, I was from a small school, and I felt as though I didn't fit in...didn't belong.

"Once you see what you can do, the insecurity lessens, but sometimes not

(Continued on page 119)

Al Mari is sports writer covering the Giants for Westchester-Rockland Newspapers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S24

Kyle Rote

By Dave Klein

Memories flash and rebound. The years blur, the names fade, the faces merge into sameness.

But Kyle Rote remains, clear and untouched after all the years, somehow still young and fresh.

Recently, I wrote a book in which several of yesterday's Giants were interviewed, each to his own chapter.

Kyle Rote, of course, was one of those sought out. And it came as absolutely no surprise that he was gracious, charming, intelligent and pleasant. He always was, and some things never change.

But aside from the book's character, aside from Kyle's rememberances, other scenes and other conversations fit easily into the mind's camera.

In 1961, the first year for this reporter on the Giants' beat, he sat with Kyle Rote in a team cafeteria at Fairfield (Conn.) University, the summer training camp site.

Kyle was smoking. The kid thought no professional athlete ever did that. He decided it was an insight, a print-worthy note. "No, don't write that," Kyle said. "True I smoke. I don't like it, but I do it. But I don't want kids to know I do it. Please?"

Journalistic crusades were thus overcome. I didn't use it.

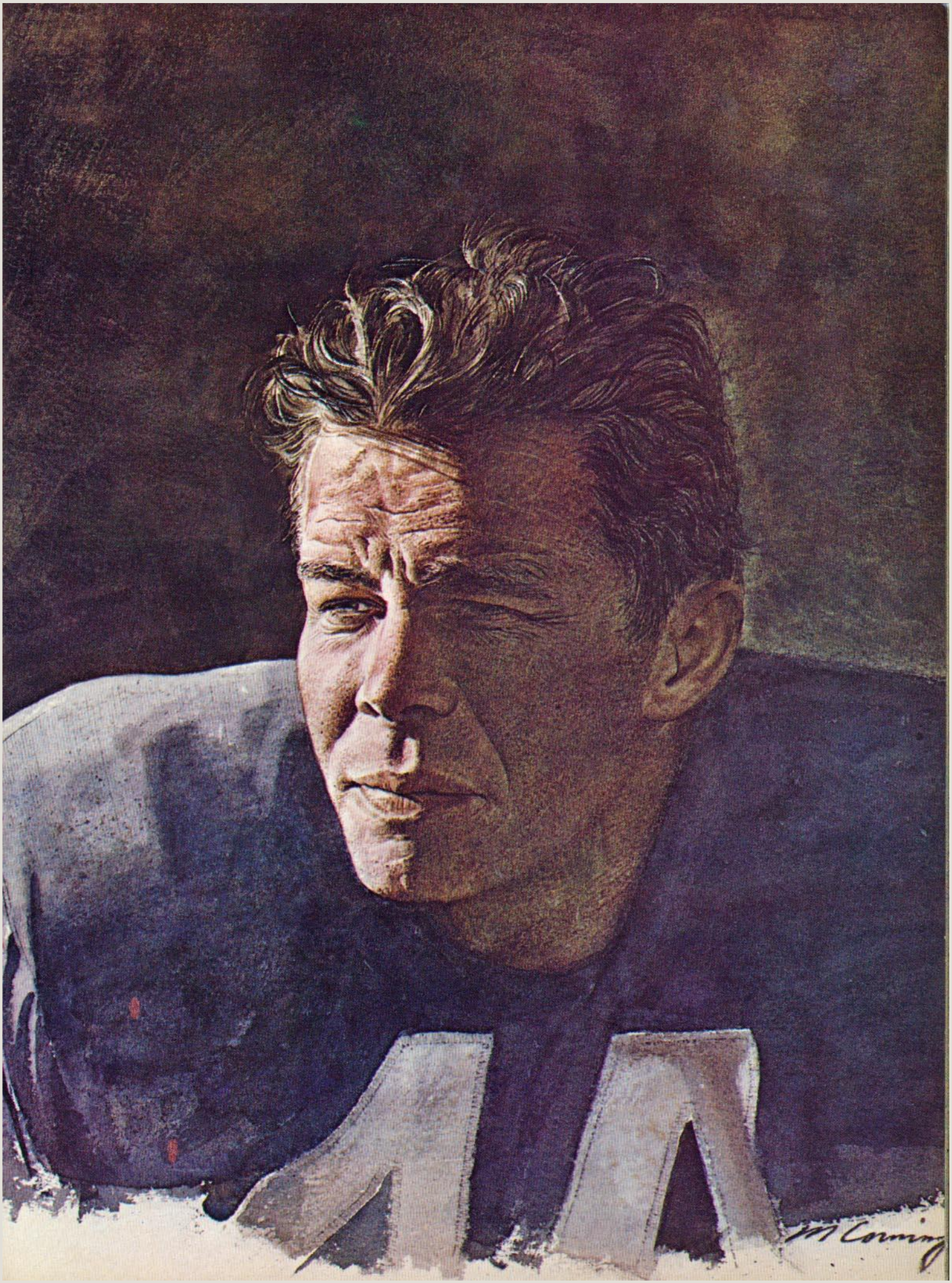
There was another time, at a restaurant in a nameless city for a nameless game. Kyle and I had dinner. He discussed his career and the effect it had on him. "People come up to me in restaurants, when I'm eating, and ask for autographs. People come up to me on the street, to my car when I'm stopped for a traffic light. And I never send them away. Who am I to feel superior? Playing football is a God-given gift, and being a star carries some obligations. This is one of them. These are the people who made me a 'hero' in the first place. I always sign autographs, and I always chat a little."

And as we ate, here came a man. "...it's for my son, Kyle," he said. "Would you sign this piece of paper for me?" He did, and he inquired after the son, and he wished the man well, and that man walked away a Kyle Rote fan.

But everyone who knew this man were Kyle Rote fans. There are at least ten kids walking around today with his name, sons of former teammates who

(Continued on page 119)

Dave Klein is sports columnist for the Newark Star Ledger



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Pat Summerall

By Augie Lio

All great coaches must start somewhere. The late Vince Lombardi cut his teeth as offensive coordinator under Jim Lee Howell.

Lombardi's strategy and tactics were successful in the 1958 season, because one Sunday in late December the Giants found themselves in a do-or-die battle with the Cleveland Browns at Yankee Stadium.

All young coaches must defer to the wisdom of the head coach. Overruling Lombardi's decision to punt rather than try a field goal propelled the Giants to the division playoffs and Pat Summerall to immortality.

With the contrary strategies of the coaches still on his mind, Summerall trotted onto the sloppy and treacherous field. Obscured by the heavy snowfall, the goalposts were illumined, but just, by the fires in the stands that the "loyals" had set to keep themselves warm.

With 2:07 remaining and the ball placed on the 49 by Charley Conerly, Summerall's kick went straight as an arrow to give the Giants a 13-10 victory.

"I believe that it was more like 52 or 53 yards," said Summerall. "I looked at the films time and again and that's how long it looked to me. All the markers were obliterated."

A two-way end with the Cardinals, Summerall and Linden Crow had come to the Giants in a trade which saw New York send rookie Bobby Joe Conrad and defensive back Dick Nolan to Chicago. Ben Agajanian had retired as the Giants kicker and Don Chandler was being used only as a punter.

"I was very happy to get a second shot at the Browns in that game," said Summerall, who has been a sportscaster with CBS-TV since 1960. "Earlier in the game I had missed a 35-yard field goal, and Alex Webster had seen a Conerly-thrown pass bounce off his chest at the goal line. Fortunately, the people don't remember the kick I had missed earlier.

"It's funny but when I came off the field, Lombardi said to me, 'You know that you can't kick that far'.

Summerall, 45, father of three children, said that field goal kicking in his

(Continued on page 121)

Augie Lio is sports editor of Herald-News Passaic, N.J.

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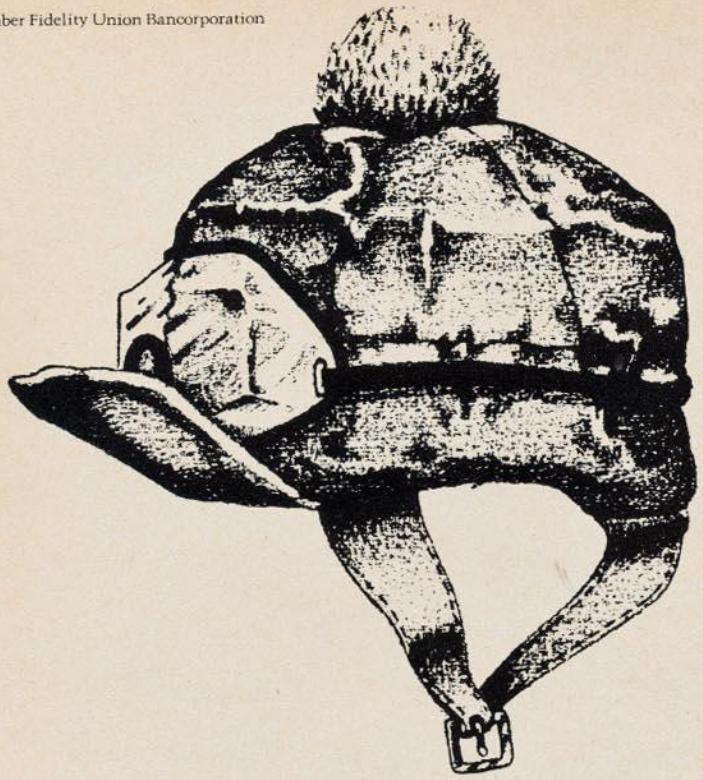

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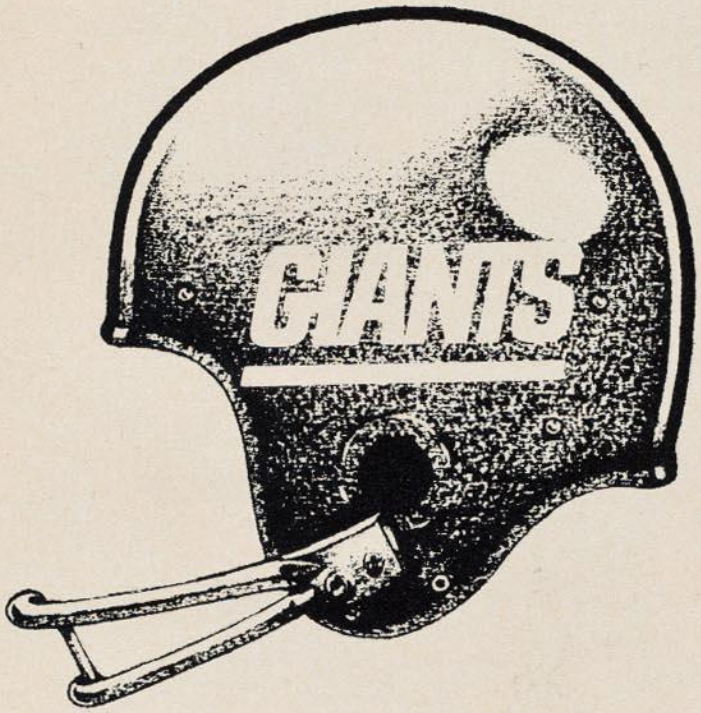

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Y. A. Tittle

By Joe Lee

When Yelberton Abraham Tittle ("Yat" to his friends) came to the New York Giants in August of 1961, he was only another quarterback who had enjoyed success with the Baltimore Colts and the San Francisco 49ers for 13 years. The Giants had veteran Charlie Conerly running their ground-oriented attack that had produced division champions in 1956, 1958 and 1959, and the world title in 1956.

But the trade in which the Giants sent guard Lou Cordileone to the Coast for the "bald Eagle" proved one of the great deals of all time for the New Yorkers. By the time the ex-LSU tailback retired (and they retired old No. 14 jersey) in 1965, he had put his name in the Giants annuals and eventually (1971) into the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

Skim a current Giant press guide and the name leaps out in most of the passing categories as befits a quarterback who led the league in 1963 with 36 scoring passes, following a 33-TD performance the previous year.

He's one of five NFL quarterbacks to throw seven TD passes in one game.

The victim was Washington on Oct. 28, 1962 in Yankee Stadium, and they nearly tore the venerable structure down with applause and cheering when he accomplished the feat late in the fourth quarter on a throw to Joe Walton.

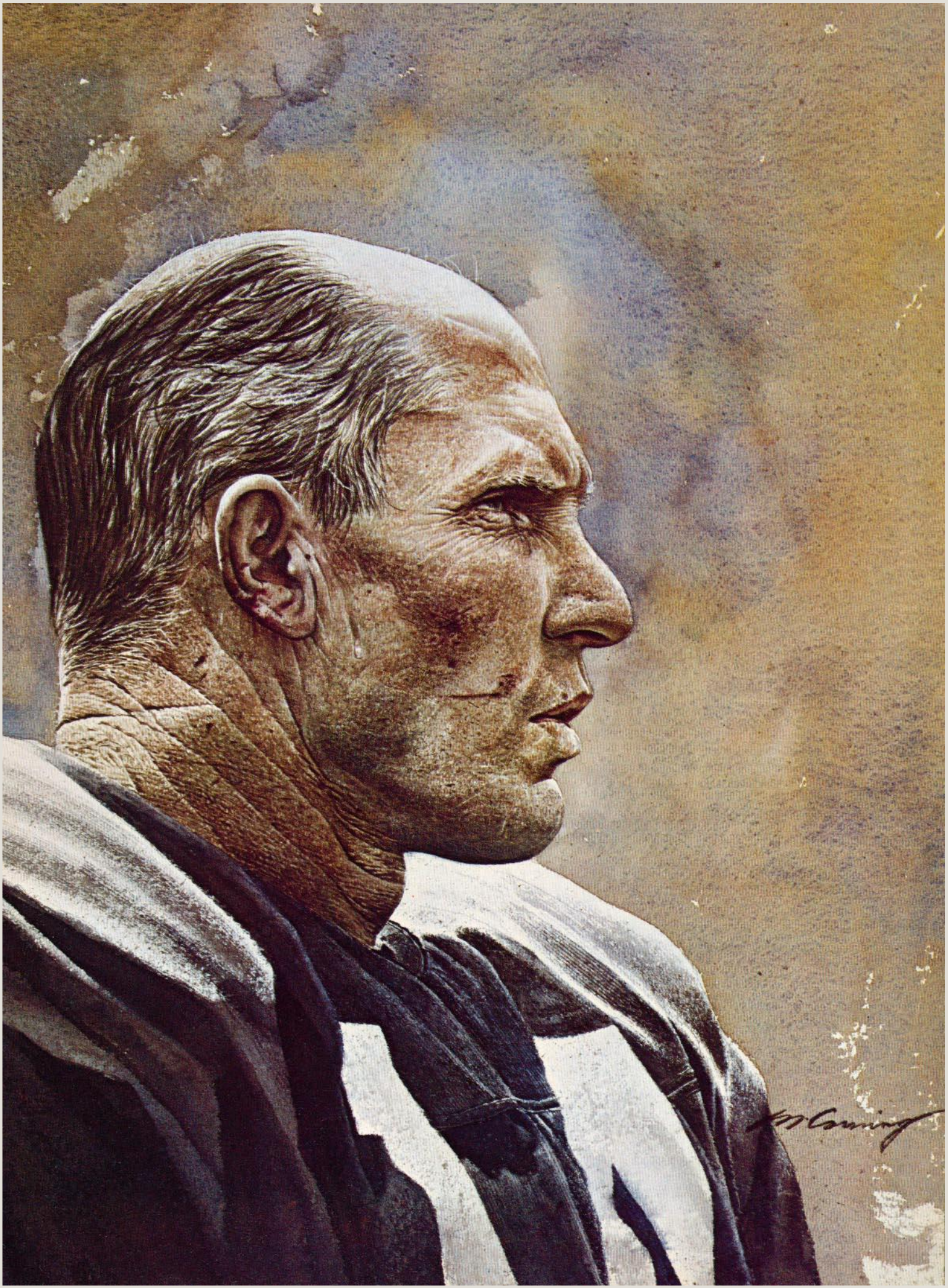
Y.A. stepped in as a first-year man and took the Giants into the 1961 and 1962 title games with Green Bay, then suffered an injury in the frigid championship game with Chicago's Bears in 1963. His 1961 performance, even as a part-time performer with Conerly earned him NFL MVP honors, a feat he repeated two years later.

"I'll never know how Y.A. did it," said teammate Frank Gifford of the title game injury that cost the pass-oriented Giants the game, 14-10. "I'll remember that show of courage long after I've forgotten the score."

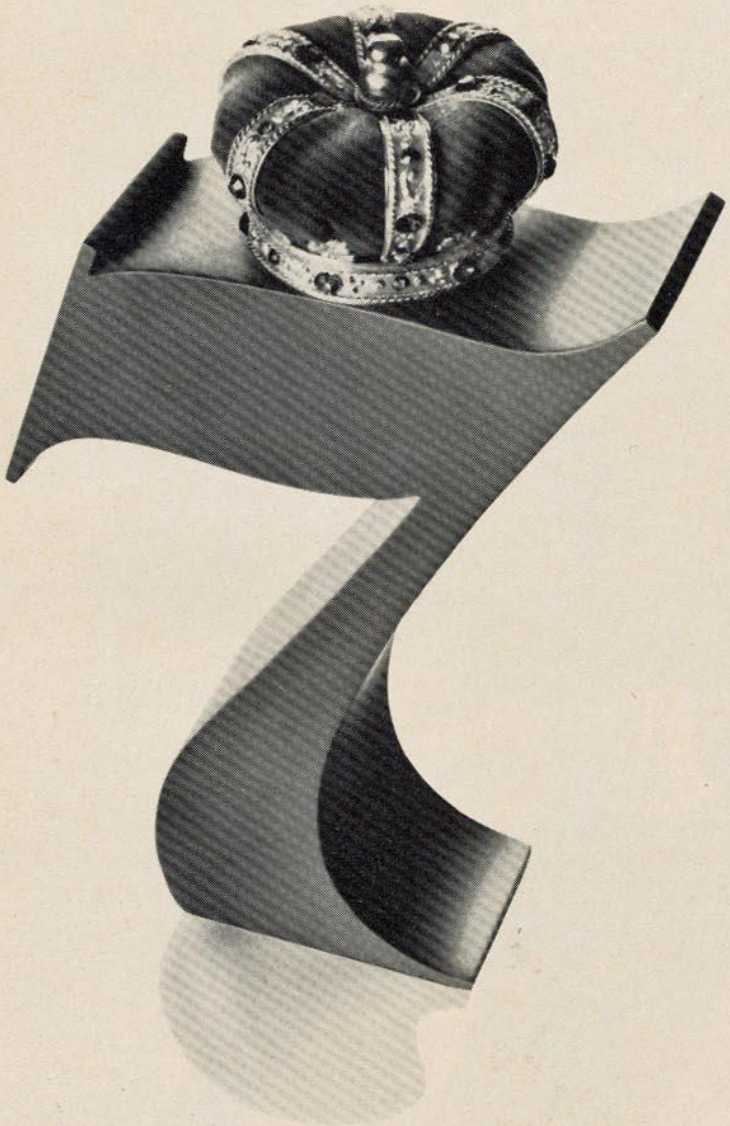
Other teammates of those championship years remember the enthusiasm the 36-year-old veteran showed – "like a high school kid," said one of them. "This was great for our young players. When they see him so fired up they have

(Continued on page 121)

Joe Lee writes for the Asbury Park Press and regularly covers the Giants.



THEY DON'T CROWN NUMBER TWO.



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Emlen Tunnell

By Al Young

Andy Robustelli pointed to the plaque hanging on the wall in the lobby of the New York Giants' training camp complex.

"If you want to know about the guy," the Giants' director of operations said with a soft smile, "that says it all."

> *"Losers assemble in little groups to share their misery and to bitch about the coaches and the guys in other little groups.*
> *"Winners assemble as a team."*
>
> —Emlen Tunnell

Emlen Tunnell was a winner.

"He was a very concerned guy," Robustelli said of his former teammate," not only with himself, but he was genuinely concerned about everybody else. That's the way he felt and that's the way he played."

Emlen Tunnell was a confident, softspoken man, who possessed a knack for avoiding controversy.

"Em never said anything bad about anyone," said Giant offensive line coach Ray Wietecha, another former teammate and coaching colleague. "He was always giving individuals the benefit of the doubt. As a scout and a coach, he would never say anything bad. It was a tough thing for him to knock somebody."

"I guess if he had a shortcoming," Robustelli said, "it was that he was too sympathetic to people. He couldn't get too tough."

But on the field, it was just the opposite.

Playing 11 seasons with the Giants (1948-58) and three more with the Green Bay Packers (1959-61), Tunnell epitomized the role of a defensive back. He was a fierce, determined competitor; a vicious one-on-one tackler; a daring ballhawk – attributes that made him a perennial All-Pro.

A gifted runner with hands to match, Emlen set no less than four NFL records, still standing, heading into the 1976 season. They include: most career interceptions (79); most career punt returns (258); most career punt return yardage (2,209); most career interception return yardage (1,282).

(Continued on page 121)

Al Young is sports writer covering the Giants for the New Haven Register/ Journal Courier


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Alex Webster

by Don Williams

He sits down at a midtown place like Manuche's, run by his buddy Mike, and every two minutes someone pops over to say hello; some are other buddies, some strangers who simply recognize the face, the wavy red hair.

Popular? Hell, Alex Webster could probably replace coffee and apple pie.

Which is why Alex Webster, the fullback who meant so much to those great Giant teams of the late '50s, early '60s, seemed so out of character as a head coach, the job he took with much disbelief back there in '69 when Allie Sherman bit the dust.

"I remember back around '57, '58 when Vinny and Marie (Lombardi) were living in Rumson and we'd often go to dinner," Alex recalls, Vince Lombardi being the Giants' offensive coach at the time. "One time, about a week before training camp, I said—as Louise and I were leaving—'Well coach, see you next week.'

' "Yes,' he said, 'but things will be different.' "

As Alex Webster gulped, Marie Lombardi said: "That's OK, Alex. I won't be seeing Vince Lombardi again for six months."

"I wish," says Alex Webster in retrospect, "I had gotten a pencil and paper and written down exactly what Vince said."

Alex Webster, who grew up in Kearney, New Jersey where living to age 21 was considered an accomplishment, oddly enough always an old softie, although it must be remembered that now Alex Webster is 45.

And doing quite well, thank you, as vice-president in charge of public relations for Computer Business Supplies, a firm run by Ralph Guglielmi, the ex-quarterback, another old buddy.

"Yeah, I've had a couple of football offers," says Alex, resisting the temptation.

He remembers, though, how it used to be...how it was that bitter December day in Chicago, 1963...the day Y.A. Tittle tried to play the second half on one leg after being cut down at the knee by a linebacker named Larry Morris... the day Del Shofner let that pass go through his hands and the Giants lost

(Continued on page 121)

Don Williams is sports writer covering the Giants for the Long Island Press


29

Roosevelt Brown

his peers. Eight straight years (1956-63) he was picked on the All-Pro team. In his 12 years from 1953-65, he played on only three losing teams – his first year and his last two.

In between, he was in on the 47-7 shellacking the Giants handed the Chicago Bears in 1956 in the title game.

That was the highlight of a career that made some people remember offensive linemen. He played in the 1958 overtime loss to the Baltimore Colts, and the following year in another setback from the same team. Two more losses at the hands of Vince Lombardi's Packers and a 14-10 loss to the Bears were suffered in NFL title games before the soft-spoken Brown retired after the 1963 season. He coached the line for two more years then became a well-regarded scout for the Giants, while working for a North Jersey liquor distributor.

Few Giants fans who are worthy of the name will forget Rosey Brown.

Charlie Conerly

mess. On six consecutive downs, the Giants were offside or illegally in motion five times.

But by the late '50's Conerly had earned the accolade from Cleveland's Paul Brown as "the best ball-handler in the league on a wet field." And when he retired after the '61 season at age 40, Conerly had thrown 173 touchdown passes, third on the all-time list at that time, behind Sammy Baugh and Bobby Layne, and he had played in four NFL championship games, in 1956, '58, '59, and '61.

You had to admire Charlie's toughness. He had finished his college career at Ole Miss, battle-hardened from three years in the Marine Corps. As a mortar gunner, he had earned two battle stars in Pacific combat. There were days with the Giants that must have reminded him of those war experiences.

He tore up a knee in '54, had his nose broken three times, took a terrific beating during seasons when the Giants had a poor offensive line, and during one lean year, fans hung "Goodbye Charlie" and "Get a New Quarterback" signs at the ballpart. But if it ever bothered Charlie, only his lovely wife Perian knew about it.

In '59, many of those same critics had joined the Charlie Conerly Fan Club that gave him a day at Yankee Stadium and presented him and his wife with gifts worth $25,000. For an idea of how "moved" he was, Conerly went out and led the Giants to a 45-14 win over the Washington Redskins.

At 55, Charlie is greyer but still as ruggedly handsome as ever; he is a prosperous owner of a chain of shoe stores in Mississippi, still loves his visits to New York with Perian, still gets one of the loudest ovations when introduced at the Giant's annual welcome home luncheon–and still is waiting for some other Giant quarterback to be known as the latest to lead the Giants to a championship.

Tucker Frederickson

team-leading 659 yards on 195 carries, caught 24 passes for 177 more yards and tied for the team scoring lead with 36 points as the Giants improved their record to 7-7.

What's more, he was rewarded with an appearance in the Pro Bowl, playing in the same backfield alongside the immortal Jim Brown, which, to this day, remains one of the more memorable moments of Frederickson's career.

One of four running backs the Giants drafted in '64, Tucker soon became the ring leader of a band known as the "Baby Bulls."

"There were five of us," Frederickson said, "Ernie Koy, Ernie Wheelwright, Chuck Mercein and Steve Thurlow were the others. We were all big–most of us over 225–but not too nifty with the moves. Yet whenever we got into a third and one situation ... look out."

But the dream year turned into a nightmare the following season when tragedy struck. Suffering torn knee ligaments in a preseason workout, Tucker was forced to undergo surgery and sat out the entire year.

After an arduous rehabilitation program, Frederickson appeared to have come back strong for the '67 season, only to go down in a mid-season game against Pittsburgh. He tore ligaments of the other knee and again required surgery.

Undaunted by two operations in two years, Tucker made another courageous comeback and managed to play the entire 1968 season injury free. In fact, he even displayed flashes of his rookie season in rushing for a team-leading 486 yards.

But he had not eluded the injury-jinx.

A broken ankle in the second regular season game against Detroit, haunted him throughout the '69 season, and two years later, he called it quits at the tender age of 28.

"I had enough," Frederickson lamented. "I couldn't stay healthy. I wasn't doing justice to myself or to the Giants. That's why I packed it in."

Now 33, Frederickson, a resident of Manhattan, works as a sales representative for a brokerage firm on Wall Street. And for the past three years, he has worked as a color commentator broadcasting Giant preseason games.

"I'm still an avid football fan, but I don't miss it," Frederickson said. "Football was only a game and a stepping stone to other things. It's not really a part of my life anymore. It's only a pleasure."

Frank Gifford

Giants' Eastern Division champions of 1962 and 1963, and in all played in five championship games in his 12 seasons. "That's not a bad average," he said. "Some guys go 12 years without any championships. Matter of fact only twice during my career did we lose more than we won."

A lot of that winning, of course, was due to Gifford's heroics. He wound up with 3,609 yards rushing; 367 catches for another 5,434 yards; 14 touchdown passes, and a 13-yard average per completion; 78 TDs, two field goals, and 484 points; and, during his two-way days, two interceptions.

"And a lot of good memories came out of those years, too," Gifford added. "The Mara family and the Giants gave me a great opportunity in New York and have remained my good friends down through the years."

Gifford has to mask his fondness for his old organization whenever he and his broadcasting partners get a Giant game on an ABC telecast. "Well, I can't really hide it completely," Gifford admits, "I mean everyone connected with football known about my years with the Giants. And if they don't know, Howard [Cossell] will tell them anyway."

Sam Huff

Huff's playing days are only memories now, but as Sam says, "I wouldn't trade my memories for anything."

And neither would Giant fans.

Continued on page 119

1925-1955 Polo Grounds··· 1956-1973 Yankee Stadium···

1976 GIANTS STADIUM

Today, October 10, 1976 marks the opening of Giants Stadium. This date will take its place next to the two other Sundays in October which have marked the beginnings of new eras in the team's history.

On October 18, 1925 the late Tim Mara, founder of the National Football League in New York, led his team into the Polo Grounds against the Frankford Yellow Jackets and the Giants went on to play at the old ball park for the next thirty years. During those years the Giants won three World Championships, 1927, 1934,1938, and were eight times Eastern Champions.

October 21, 1956 the Giants opened their first season at Yankee Stadium against the Pittsburgh Steelers. They went on to win the World Championship that year and before the final gun closed the "Stadium Era", on September 23, 1973, the Giants had earned six more Eastern Championships.

Entering Giants Stadium in their 52nd season, the Giants have played for the World Championship fourteen times, a record unequalled by any other team in the NFL.

To comemmorate the opening of Giants Stadium, the Giants have prepared this souvenir gift-pack for all the fans attending today's game with the Dallas Cowboys. In addition to the Stadium picture, the pack contains an opening day bumper sticker and an exact reproduction of the original game program from the first home game ever played by the Giants.


GIANTS STADIUM OPENING DAY · OCTOBER 10, 1976
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NEW JERSEY SPORTS & EXPOSITION AUTHORITY


GIANTS STADIUM
I WAS THERE OPENING DAY

PRICE, 15 CENTS

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME

NEW YORK FOOTBALL GIANTS

vs.

YELLOW JACKETS

POLO GROUNDS

October 18, 1925

NEW YORK ALL COLLEGIANS
Operating the New York Football Giants
Member of the National Professional Football League