

pro!

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

The Golden Boys of Canton

1975's Enshrinees:
Rosey Brown, Connor,
Lavelli, and Moore

Giants
vs. Steelers



Princeton, New Jersey
Aug. 30, 1975
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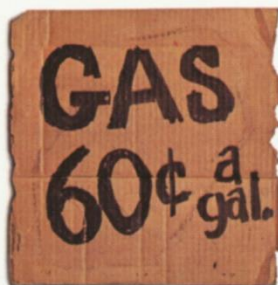
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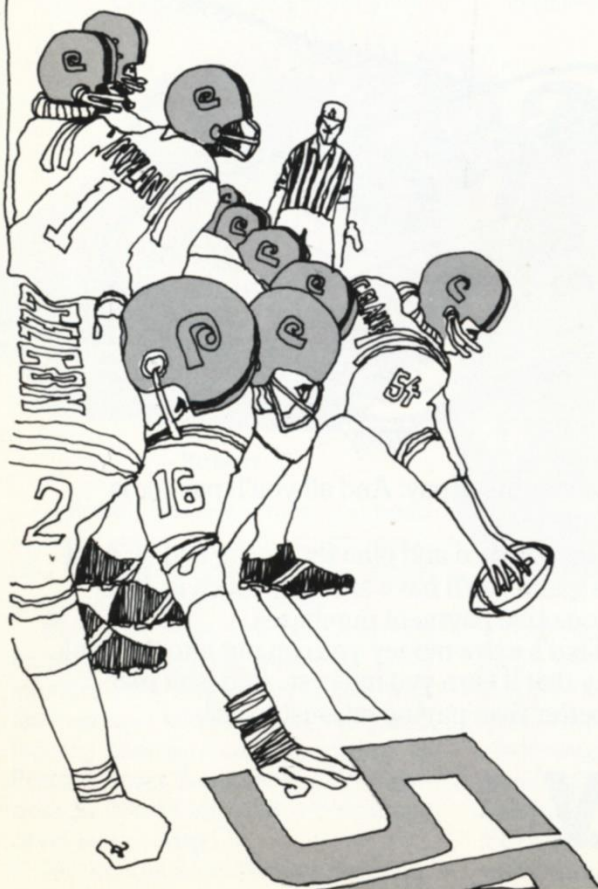
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JAYCEE EDITION: Giants vs Steelers/August 30, 1975

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TEAMWORK SCORES



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New Jersey Jaycee President



In May of each year the New Jersey Jaycees assemble to hold their annual state election of new officers. The elections are highly competitive with numerous candidates seeking each of the state offices. The voting Jaycees cast their votes for the individual who, during his Jaycee career, has demonstrated and proven his ability to "lead the leaders of tomorrow" through his dedication, desire, and accomplishments.

Elected to be president of the New Jersey Jaycees for 1975-76 is Walt Smith. He is the one man the New Jersey Jaycees have chosen to lead them for the forth-coming year, he is the one man who has assumed total responsibility for developing and motivating nearly 9,000 New Jersey Jaycees to personal development through community involvement.

Walt was born in Allentown, Pennsylvania, and is employed by National Health and Welfare Retirement Associa-

tion, New York as a Department Manager. Prior to becoming State President Walt was one of the most active Jaycees in the State, he joined the Nutley Jaycees in 1968, and from that time to the present he has served in every office capacity on a local, county, and state level. In addition to holding elected offices, Walt has served on several state-wide activities and projects as chairman, his most single significant chairmanship was for Camp Jaycee—a camp for retarded children—where under his direction a camp site was purchased and put into operation this summer. In recognition of his outstanding participation and efforts, Walt has been the recipient of virtually every award the Jaycees offer.

Not one to rest on his highly commendable past Jaycee record, Walt as President of the New Jersey Jaycees, has established high goals and objectives for himself and his fellow Jaycees for the coming year with a great deal of

emphasis in the areas of membership recruitment and active community participation. "Today's Football Classic is only one example of the New Jersey Jaycees ability to organize and execute a project in a professional manner," notes Walt. "The areas we are involved in and will become involved with have no boundaries or numbers, any worthwhile cause, project, or ideal is and will be embraced by the Jaycees. The underlying purpose being to become actively involved in the affairs of the State of New Jersey and, thereby, affording the Jaycees the opportunities to develop themselves through leadership training, communications, and fellowship."

Walt holds a B.S. in Mathematics from Lafayette College. He and his wife, Sue, and their three children Kristine, David, and Jay, live in Nutley, where Walt is also actively involved in civic and community affairs.

Classic General Chairman



The General Chairmanship of the Fourteenth Annual Jaycee Football Classic climaxes a varied and dedicated six year "Classic" career for Art Eberle.

This dedicated veteran has previously served as manpower sign-in supervisor in 1970, Manpower Chairman in 1971, Concessions Chairman in 1972, Secretary in 1973, and Ticket Sales Chairman in 1974.

As General Chairman for today's gridiron clash, Art has total overall responsibility for overseeing every facet of the successful planning and execution of today's game activities. Art's work be-

gan nearly a year ago when he started selecting the members of the executive committee who would work with him in developing all plans of action that would make today's Jaycee Classic a success for both fans and players. Nearly 1500 volunteer Jaycees from throughout the State undertake their work assignments under Art's guidance.

While devoting a great deal of time to the Classic, Art has served the Brick Township Jaycees as President, Vice President, Secretary, and Director. In addition to his Jaycee activities Eberle is committed to serving his community where he is a member of the Township Planning Board. He is employed as an Electronic Data Processing Coordinator by Royal-Globe Insurance Companies in Manhattan. Art and his wife Irene live in Brick Township, with their three Children.

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PRO! DATA

BEHIND THE EDITORIAL SCENES



Mickey Herskowitz

"He works twenty-six hours a day, eight days a week. He's never off the job. Even when he's away from his typewriter he's thinking up new things to write about. He works so effortlessly, it's amazing. Now he's achieved national recognition and I believe he still hasn't reached his potential." These are the words of Nancy Perez as she speaks of her boss, Mickey Herskowitz. "Let me tell you what kind of a person he is," she continues. "Mickey doesn't have a feeling that he's so important that people should know who he is. He never hesitates to spell his name for people who call. He has things in their proper perspective."

Mickey Herskowitz (that's H-e-r-s-k-o-w-i-t-z) is no stranger to *PRO!* readers. Mickey has done numerous *PRO!* features in the past three years and he shared the *PRO!* column a year ago. This year he takes over as regular columnist.

Besides the *PRO!* columns, Mickey writes a sports column for the *Houston Post*; he does a daily television commentary for Channel 2 in Houston, and he is the co-author of a syndicated sports information column. But that's just for starters.

In the past two years, he has participated (either authored, co-authored, or ghost written) in the production of eight books. In the short time since he finished *The Golden Age of Pro Football* published by Macmillan in September, 1974, Mickey has written three books, including a book with Jimmy (The

Greek) Snyder, a book about the Gordie Howe hockey family, and a how-to book about Little League baseball.

"It keeps me off the streets," Mickey says. "But I'm really not that busy. I'm just disorganized. A writer must either keep very busy or be very disorganized. I've found that either one is just about as effective. It's the old philosophy 'a creative mind needs a cluttered desk.'"

Mickey is so busy (or disorganized) that frequently he will work on three separate book projects in the same day.

His eight books in two years is a personal record. And, he adds, one that will not soon be broken. "You really can do only about two books a year and still be effective," he says. "I'm going to have to be less greedy and limit the number of projects I take on."

Recently Mickey had a chance to put this theory into practice. After the tremendous success of *Cosell*, Mickey has been in great demand as a celebrity ghost writer.

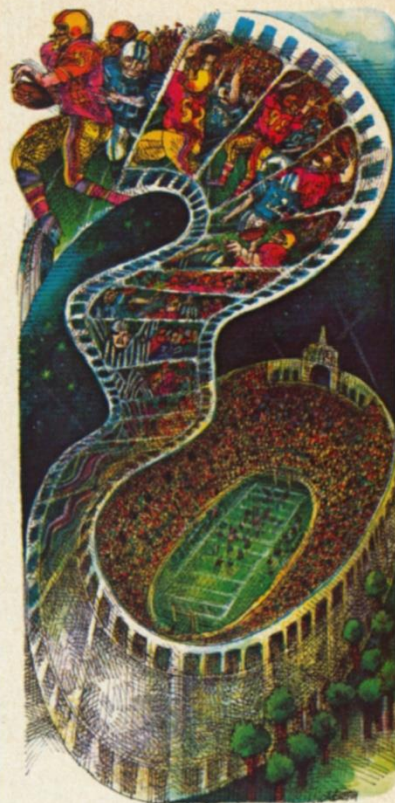
Mickey spent four months with Howard Cosell. "Now that may be a record for some time, too," he says.

Mickey became a sports writer for the *Houston Post* in 1956. And for the first several years, he was content to "get into the games for free." But in 1966, he decided to "strike out in other directions." And he left the *Post* to become publicity director for the American Football League. His adventure didn't last long because the two leagues merged that year and Mickey went back to the *Post*. He struck out on his own again in 1969, when he went to New York to start a sports magazine called *Jock*. But after one year and eight issues, *Jock* went the way of the economy and Mickey was back at the *Post* again, for a third time. Melvin Durslag wrote him a note saying, "You've just tied Steve Bilko's record at Rochester."

Now Mickey is content with the quiet life of 26-hour days, and eight-day work weeks. He just continues to produce his books, columns, and commentaries.

What's next? Mickey says that he and a Texas writing teammate, Steve Perkins, have begun a pro football novel, a comic story about a coach who collects the wasters of the league and turns an expansion team into a contender.

J. Daniel Chapman, a Los Angeles illustrator, will create the artwork that will accompany Herskowitz's columns this season, and, for this issue, he has drawn the columnist, too (above). !



THERE'S NO QUIET ON OUR SET....

Our stage is this stadium.... and the National Football League. Our subject, the vibrant action of pro football. Our job, capturing on film the impact and drama of the game. The entertaining results are seen on television and through a nationwide rental program. For over 10 years, leading companies have used NFL films to sell products both at home and abroad. U.S. servicemen abroad see NFL films through special distribution.

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MICKY HERSKOWITZ

ONLY MAKE BELIEVE

Illustration by J. Daniel Chapman

Three fairy tales (subtitled, Scenes you will not see in pro football this year):

Once upon a time a rookie halfback from Magruder U. was drafted first, in all the land, by a team that dwelled in a valley where the sun melted men's brains. Because he was strong of back and could outrun a puma, management offered him the usual contract: (1) enough money to finance the next Middle East war; (2) a new Maserati; (3) a color television with instant tuning; (4) a job for his mother; (5) a lifetime pass to Disney World and, (6) a stock option plan that would enable him to retire at 25.

The rookie halfback refused to sign.

"I'm not worth it," he cried, while all around him strong men fainted and a few borderline cases gasped. "Pay me a reasonable salary—whatever is fair—and spread the rest among your veterans. They've earned it."

The rookie worked very hard and was beloved by the fans as well as his teammates. His heart was pure and his habits clean. He did not smoke or drink and he always ate grits for breakfast. He had taste and did not dress like a Tiffany lamp, preferring neat suits with solid-colored shirts and modest ties. He went to church, but accepted the fact that God was probably too busy to follow the pro football standings.

His fame grew, and his team won, but he refused to profit unduly from the success he achieved at the sport he loved. He would not endorse mouthwashes, antiperspirants, popcorn poppers, foot powders, enchiladas, or hair control spray. "I could never endorse a product," he declared, spurning their offers of gold, "in which I did not believe."

Years later, his greatness assured, he retired from the game and wrote his memoirs. It was a clean book in which no mention was made of sex, drugs, gambling, or the brutality of football.

The book sold 37 copies.

Penniless, a broken and embittered man, he took a job as a night watchman.

The coach and his staff sat in an office with high windows, through which shafts of light failed to reach all the corners. The room was furnished with arm-desks, a movie projector, and a coffee pot with half-washed cups.

"Man, what a bore this is," said one of the younger coaches.

"It does seem kind of silly," said the old coach, pushing away his projector. "Why don't we all go down to the Erst-



Flights of fancy and fable you're not likely to hear.

while Bar and Grill and get drunk instead? We're going to get our tails whipped this week anyway."

But no matter what the films showed, the old coach never blamed his players. "We've made a lot of mistakes this season," he said, "and most of them were mine."

Nor did he rage against the new media and ban them from his locker room. "I know how hard it makes your job when we lose," he said, "and I feel badly about it."

The news media agreed, and suggested that he exercise more self-control on the sidelines. He tended to pace back and forth, his arms flapping like a seagull.

After each game the old coach reminded his players that winning was fun, but giving your best, abiding by the rules, and never second-guessing the officials were the values that last forever.

At midseason the coach was fired.

"I'm not surprised," he said, "I had it coming. I did a rotten job."

Once there was a wealthy sportsman—he married rich—whose lifelong dream was to own a pro football franchise. One day his dream came true and the team was his, all his, to do with exactly as he pleased. Yet he realized that a

football team belonged to all the people, rich and poor, young and old, Republicans and Democrats.

He promised the fans that he would never interfere with men he had hired to run his team, and no matter how badly the team performed, he kept his word. Through the lean years, the green years, and all in between years, he avoided the spotlight. He got no closer to the action than the field box seats, where he clutched his pennant and smiled bravely whenever the team lost, which was often.

He seldom posed for photographs. All questions were referred to his general manager. He had no suggestions to offer, even when it came time to design a new logo for the team.

One day, after all those years of building, of hardship and heartache, the team went undefeated and won the Super Bowl. When the coach and general manager dropped by his office to thank the owner for keeping his promises, they found to their surprise that he had been dead for three years.

They buried the owner. He would have wanted it that way. ■

Mickey Herskowitz is a columnist for the Houston Post and the author of numerous books, including The Golden Age of Pro Football.

Season openers.



Next time you're heading for the stadium, bring along some King Oscar Sardines, and bread or crackers. Of course King Oscar's tiny, tasty, brisling sardines and your favorite beverage make a quick, delicious snack anytime, anywhere. But we thought we'd offer this suggestion just for openers.

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ETC. DEPT.

ODDS AND ENDS AROUND THE NFL

In New Orleans, a Superdome sits on the land. In Pontiac, Michigan, the patrons of the Detroit Lions view games in Pontiac Metropolitan Stadium—"Ponmet"—another new marvel that has a fabric roof.

It is the year of new people and new things in the National Football League.

The scope of the Louisiana Superdome bends the mind. It is a monster "room" with 74,000 chairs and, suspended over the field, the ultimate fantasy of the television freak—a six-sided gondola for showing replays (but only at halftime and after the game).

The turf in the Superdome is called "Mardi-Grass."

Ponmet, new home of the Lions, is remarkable for its comfort, the proximity of its seats to the field, and its amazing roof; it is described as "a glass-impregnated teflon held up by air pressure," covering 10 acres.

Denver's Mile High Stadium is being expanded for 1976. . .

Four of the new NFL head coaches are in the American Football Conference, three in the National. They are Ted Marchibroda of Baltimore, Forrest Gregg of Cleveland, O.A. (Bum) Phillips of Houston, and Paul Wiggins of Kansas City in the AFC, and Marion Campbell of Atlanta, Jack Pardee of Chicago, and Bart Starr of Green Bay in the NFC. Campbell coached Atlanta for the last six games of last season. . .

These are the new rules changes for 1975: (1) fourth down passes inside the 20-yard line that are incomplete in or through the end zone come back to the line of scrimmage and the opponent takes possession there (previously the opponent took over at the 20); (2) decorations or club identifications in the end zone and at the 50 have to be cleared with the commissioner; (3) oversized huddles, i.e., those with more than 11 men, are ruled out; (4) the offense may use a double shift on or inside the 20 if it has shown it three times before in the game; (5) the penalties for an ineligible player downfield on a pass, and for offensive pass interference, were reduced from 15 to 10 yards; (6) penalties for defensive holding and illegal use of hands will now be marked off from the line, not the spot of the foul, if that spot is behind the line; and (7) when penalties are charged against both teams and one of them results in a disqualification, the penalties will offset each other but the disqualification stands. !

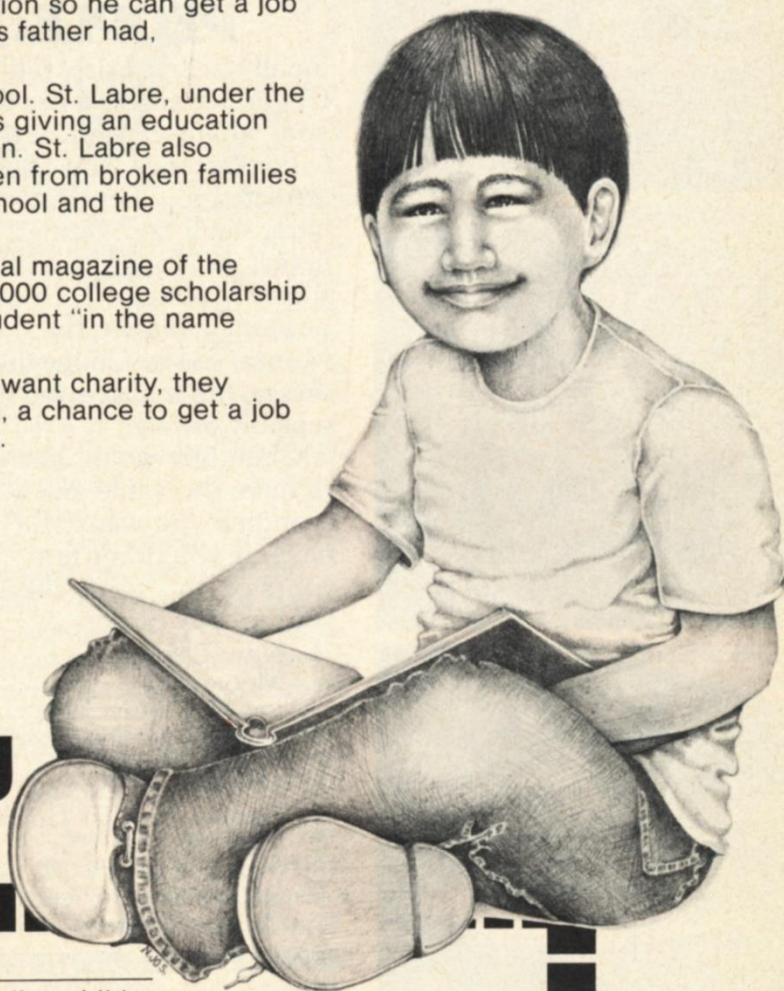
Johnnie Starving Bear has everything.

Safe drinking water, three hot meals a day, indoor plumbing, even a chance to get an education so he can get a job and support himself. Compared to what his father had, Johnnie has everything.

Johnnie goes to the St. Labre Indian School. St. Labre, under the direction of Reverend Emmett Hoffman, is giving an education and a future to nearly 1,000 Indian children. St. Labre also cares for orphaned youngsters and children from broken families at the Cheyenne Home. The St. Labre School and the Cheyenne Home need your help.

PRO! is helping. This year PRO!, the official magazine of the National Football League, will award a \$3,000 college scholarship to a deserving St. Labre Indian School student "in the name of NFL fans."

Johnnie and his friends at St. Labre don't want charity, they want a chance. A chance for an education, a chance to get a job so they'll never have to ask for help again.



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has everything
to lose!**

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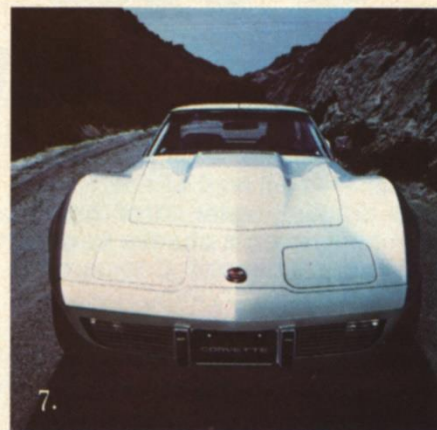
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3.



7.



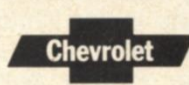
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4.

1. Nova LN Sedan.
2. Monza 2+2.
3. Impala Custom Coupe.
4. Chevelle Malibu Classic Landau Coupe.
5. Monte Carlo Landau.
6. Camaro Type LT Coupe.
7. Corvette.
8. Vega Hatchback GT.
9. Caprice Estate Wagon.
10. Caprice Classic Sport Sedan.

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA



9.



5.



10.

A lady catching the prop-job back to Billings stopped to stare.

She was sixtyish and small, but she clamped her son-in-law's arm in a no-nonsense grip. She peered over her spectacles with a proper scowl.

What on earth, she wondered, were all of those big fellows doing, loafing at that empty gate? She sniffed in mild reproof and yanked the son-in-law back into the stream of concourse traffic. Silently the lady thanked providence for the absence of such an idle element in Billings.

A veteran running back entered the waiting area. The rookies had been bussed up from camp and now the veterans straggled in. Some brought wives and children, since football players' kids are no different than yours in that they like to watch airplanes.

The veteran running back had dressed only to a level which might be classified as "standard" cool . . . no sense going too heavy on a preseason trip. He wore a machine-faded denim jacket and pants outfit; a figured shirt with enough collar and cuff showing to let you know it was a designer-original; lizard boots that should have cost \$300 but didn't, and a cream-colored rancher's straw hat, sized just a shade too small, so as to fit properly.

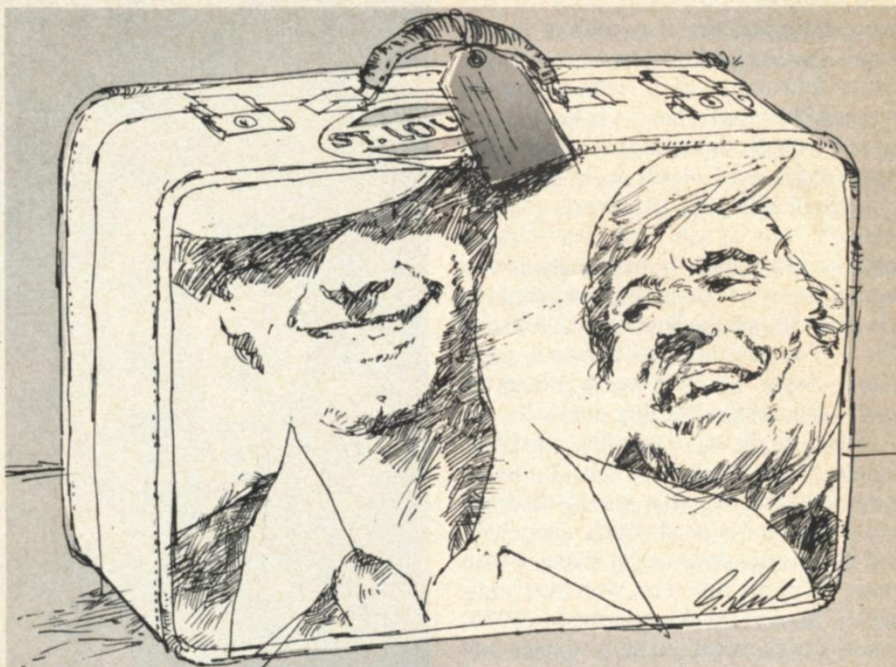
The veteran running back's luggage was at sharp odds with his outfit . . . he carried only a slim, cowhide briefcase.

He click-clacked across the marble waiting area and planted a dutiful kiss on the cheek of a linebacker's wife just arrived from "down home." Then he slumped into a chair to await the boarding call. In the process of tilting the rancher's straw down even further over his eyes, the running back glanced at a rawboned rookie flanker from Huron.

The training camp sun had left the rookie flanker's nose and neck the same deep and angry shade of red once popular in roofing shingles. The rookie flanker wore his hair short enough so it wouldn't show under his helmet. He also wore a heavy plaid suit, a patterned tie, and a white shirt with a stiff collar. And, under the veteran's steady gaze, he wore an expression of vague discomfort.

The running back thumbed up his rancher's straw in a manner previously unique to Marshal Dillon . . . the more remarkable, since never in his life had the running back lived south or west of Royal Oak, Michigan. He stared at the rookie flanker and whistled softly:

"My God . . . is that a real suitcase?"



The rookie flanker fluttered briefly in his chair and jammed his plaid knees together . . . as if that could hide the elderly two-suiter. The suitcase was the color of coffee with not enough cream. It had a dent on one side and a travel sticker from St. Louis on the other.

The running back glanced down at his own sleek attaché case and shook his head in wonder.

"Rook . . . are we goin' on the same trip? I thought this was overnight . . . not a month!" The running back inserted a gentle nudge into a large section of ribs in the next chair. The ribs belonged to a vast defensive tackle who appeared to be sleeping.

"Growler," asked the running back, "you own a suitcase . . . a honest-to-God suitcase?"

The vast defensive tackle did not move, nor did he open his eyes. But his voice rumbled up from some depth; a similar sound announces new oil wells.

"Mah Daddy had one onct . . . when Ah was in high school. Thet was when Daddy was travelin'."

The rookie flanker swallowed against his stiff collar and stared at the toes of his brown shoes.

Now the huge defensive tackle's eyes were open. His face wrinkled as he studied the rookie and the suitcase . . . he looked as if he suddenly had become aware of an unpleasant odor.

"Rook . . .," he sounded like the front end of a summer thunderstorm in Kansas, "you fixin' to brang that?"

The rookie now stared through the toes

of his brown shoes and into the marble floor. Silently, he asked God to make either himself or the suitcase vanish. Judging by the continuing presence of both him and the suitcase, God refused.

"Damned shame," growled the defensive tackle, "for a man to mar a fine trip like this with a ugly old suitcase."

The running back stroked his chin in reflection.

"What's in it?"

"Just clothes and my playbook." The rookie recognized the voice as his own . . . barely.

The running back returned to stroking his chin. The defensive tackle went back to dozing.

"Growler," asked the running back, "how much Coors you figure that old suitcase could hold?" The running back's eyes gleamed softly.

The defensive tackle belched spectacularly; mine shafts have collapsed with less ado.

"Best part of two cases, Ah'd reckon."

The running back nodded his assent:

"'Bout a case apiece," he mused.

The rookie flanker stared through his brown shoes and the marble floor and into that nether region reserved for the damned . . . and the rookies.

The defensive tackle opened his eyes again and impaled the rookie flanker on a steely smile. The rookie read a great deal into the smile . . . quite a bit of it terrifying.

"Why," he croaked, "don't I bring some back in my suitcase?"

—mcg.

PRO! TALK

A CONVERSATION WITH DON CORYELL

Interview by Jack Murphy

The people who know Don Coryell aren't surprised that the coach of the St. Louis Cardinals sleeps on a couch in his office four nights each week during the six-month period when he is heavily engaged with football. Indeed, there is an impression that Coryell never rests.

Coryell is highly motivated. "I desperately want to win," he says. "I have only one function—to make each man a better player so he can succeed and go to the playoffs and the Super Bowl. I do this for selfish reasons, for personal gain. There might not be a worse job in the world than being a losing coach."

Some might say that's like a celibate cleric giving advice on sex; Coryell's knowledge of defeat is mostly theoretical. He's been a head coach since 1957 but he never experienced a losing season until 1973, his first term with the Cardinals. This was quickly rectified in 1974, when the Cardinals won 10 games and acquired a reputation for excitement and theater unrivaled in the National Football Conference. The turnaround earned Coryell coach of the year honors in the NFL.

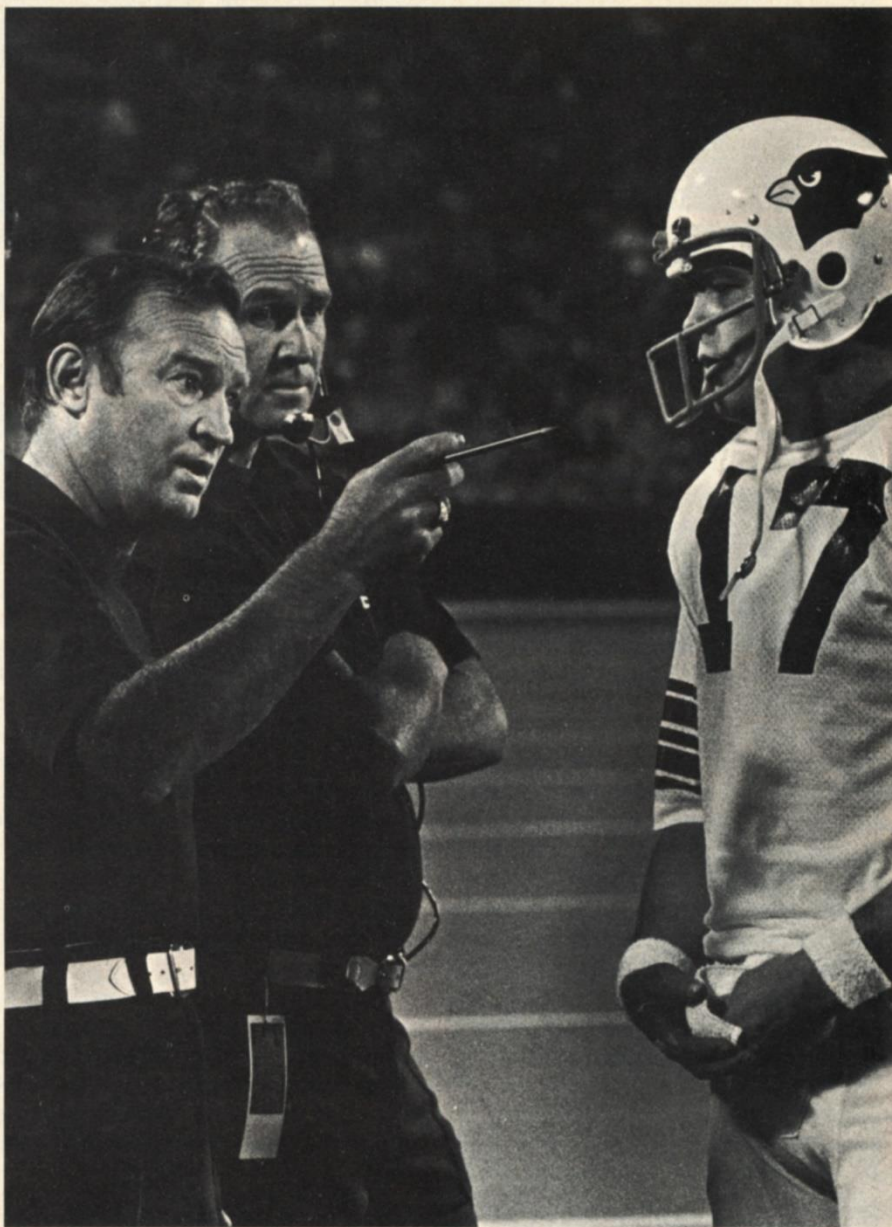
In just two seasons, Coryell had answered those who wondered if a coach from San Diego State, a big school (the student enrollment is 30,000) that is dwarfed by such brutes as USC, UCLA, and Stanford, would be overmatched in professional football. It's one thing to build a reputation by defeating San Jose State, North Texas State, and Iowa State, but the Cardinals are obliged to compete with the Washington Redskins and the Dallas Cowboys.

In response, Coryell not only provided St. Louis its first division championship in the 15-year history of the franchise but became a presence in the National Football League. His Cardinals had flair and style, the length-of-the-field kick return. Many thought of the Cardinals as pro football's most exciting team and were fascinated by Coryell's boldness in an era when defensive play has become dominant.

"We were fortunate enough to spring some long runs," says Coryell, "but we did this big-play type of thing on defense as well as offense. I don't think the defense was given as much credit as it deserved.

"Two of our big plays were interceptions that we ran back for touchdowns and we also picked up a fumble and turned it into a touchdown."

Yes, but you have the image of a coach



Coryell (left, with quarterback Jim Hart): "I desperately want to win."

who believes the best defense is an offense that provides steady work for the scoreboard operator. You emphasized the passing game doing your twelve seasons at San Diego State and your reputation is unchanged with the Cardinals.

"The important thing is that we didn't lose games by passing. We tried desperately not to beat ourselves. Our quarterback, Jim Hart, was sacked only sixteen times, low for the league. It was a great tribute to our offensive line and to Hart for getting rid of the ball when he was under pressure."

Is it accurate to say you regard the forward pass as football's prime weapon?

"No, that's wrong. The pass is very

important, of course. In order to beat a stronger team you have to be able to throw well. This is not to say you should go out and throw an excessive number of times because that can get you beat pretty easily, too.

"You have to have the threat of the pass and the ability to throw well. Whether you throw ten times or thirty times, the crucial thing is how well you execute and how successful you are."

Granted. But some coaches regard the pass as a high risk play. They're more comfortable when the backs are running with the ball.

"We'll throw it anywhere on the field because we have a quarterback who doesn't throw interceptions or make the

bad play. It's no more of a risk than fumbling the ball. Last season we lost the ball eight times on interceptions, nine times on fumbles."

Others would like to know your formula. Mistakes decide the outcome of closely played football games, yet the Cardinals had only seventeen giveaways. Is there a coaching technique that reduces human error?

"The best thing is to be lucky—I'm not trying to be facetious at all. It happens to everyone."

Was it luck that the Cardinals fumbled twenty-seven times last season, yet recovered all but nine?

"We like to think it was because our linemen hustled; wherever the ball is they try to be there. Our center, Tom Branahney, recovered three balls. That was the great thing about our team; we had a bunch of guys who believed in each other and respected each other. We all knew we had to depend on each other in order to have a chance to win a game."

You have said that you are happier and more fulfilled in pro football than as a college coach. Please explain.

"Well, for one thing, I don't swallow those aspirin any more. I think I have a chance to live a lot longer. Now that I have a chance to live like a normal human being six months of the year, I see a lot of my family."

Why did you become disenchanted with college football?

"It's natural enough, but a college coach can't count on total support. There are always some faculty members and students who think football is unimportant, though a majority may like it. You don't even have wholehearted cooperation from your athletic department. Coaches of the minor sports feel slighted because football receives favored treatment."

"I was tied up in a knot all the time. It seemed there was nothing but problems."

And now?

"The difference is I have only one boss to please, Mr. Bill Bidwill. He lets us do our job; he helps us in every way he can. Everybody in our organization is devoted to one goal, helping us win."

Yet some would say you pay an exorbitant price for success, staying overnight at the office through much of the football season. Even the President of the United States works shorter hours.

"True. Six months of the year we go every day and most nights, I get home only three nights a week. I sleep at the

office because it's easier. I get more rest there.

"It would take me an hour to drive home and an hour to drive to the office each morning; I'd have only six hours of rest. The way I do it, there's not nearly as much chance of killing myself on the highway."

Your wife, Aliisa, must be a very understanding person.

"I think that in the first few days of the week during the football season, when your mind is mixed up and so concerned about putting something together for the next game, she's probably as pleased if I'm away. If I'm at home my mind isn't at home, anyway."

"I wouldn't be thinking about the normal problems you have at home. It really works out better for her, too."

If you invested the same dedication, intelligence, and energy into acquiring money you might be rich. Have you thought about that?

"I kind of doubt if I'd ever be rich, no matter how hard I worked. But that doesn't concern me. I love my job. The best part is the games. I like the excitement; I like everything about the games."

How does a coach move up from San Diego State to the Cardinals?

"I wrote a short letter to Bidwill, asking for the job. We had two meetings, one at Hotel del Coronado in San Diego, the other in St. Louis. He offered me the job."

Do you remember his words?

"No. The only important thing is I got the job."

Why do you say winning is desperately important?

"Losing is one of the worst things in the world because everybody knows you've lost, you've failed. If an insurance salesman loses a sale, does the whole world know?"

The Cardinals were transformed from a loser [4-9-1] in 1973 to one of the elite of the National Football League [10-4] in 1974. How was this accomplished?

"There are many ways to answer the question—one is that we picked up some splendid ball players on waivers or as free agents. For our playoff game with the Vikings, only sixteen ball players were on the roster when we came here two years ago."

"Jimmy Otis is another example. When Ken Willard got hurt, he stepped in there and did a great job for us."

"Two of our defensive linemen were picked up on waivers from Houston. Leo

Brooks and Council Rudolph both started for us and played well. In fact, four defensive linemen on our roster came to us on waivers."

Last season Terry Metcalf caught fifty passes and totaled more than two thousand yards running, receiving, and returning kicks. Why is he such a dramatic player?

"Terry is a stick of dynamite, a fierce competitor. He's a fine athlete, he has quickness and elusiveness, he has great control of his body."

Don Coryell and Jim Hart became prominent in the NFL in the same season. Hart threw twenty touchdown passes, he was sacked only sixteen times, his interception percentage of two point one was a team record. He's been in the league nine years and suddenly he's a star. Why?

"Hart has come into his own. He's a fine leader, a person who leads by example. He's a competitor and he has a great sense of pride. His arm is by far the best I've seen around."

"Jimmy has very quick feet and he's cool when he feels a strong rush; he's able to get rid of the ball speedily. He's very discreet where he throws the ball, too."

"When a quarterback is sacked it demoralizes the whole team. A sack is worse than a penalty. You lose the down and the yardage."

In winning ten games with the Cardinals in your second season you have raised public expectations and established a high standard. Is it reasonable to expect that you can improve on this record in 1975?

"I honestly feel we will be better both offensively and defensively. But whether we can improve on our record is doubtful. We were fortunate to win so many close games last year."

"The fact is, eleven of our fourteen games weren't decided until the last minute. We won eight of the eleven but we easily could have lost eight of eleven. Then we would have had a poor team, a poor record."

"We're in a great division. In my mind, Dallas is an awesome team, offensively and defensively. I don't know a better team defensively than Washington with the possible exception of Pittsburgh. We probably have as much chance of being last in our league as being first." !

Jack Murphy is sports editor and columnist for the San Diego Union.

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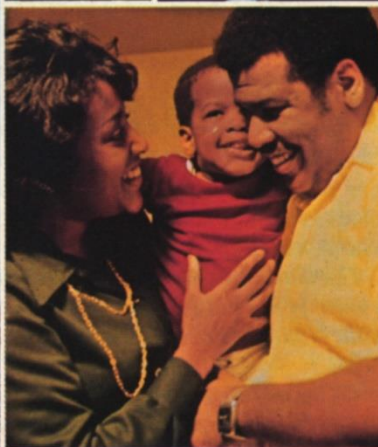
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WHEREAS, for this particular classic event they are bringing to New Jersey the Super Bowl Champions of pro football, the Pittsburgh Steelers; and

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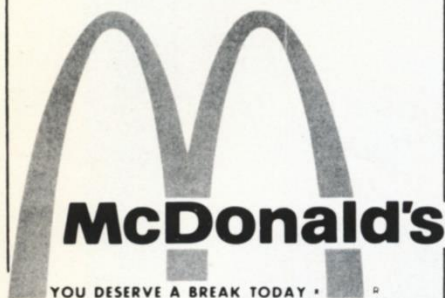
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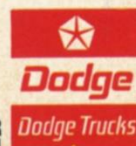


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Golden Boys

by Phil Musick

The new Hall of Fame enshrines are '50s' memories: Roosevelt Brown, George Connor, Dante Lavelli, and Lenny Moore.

We're the Golden Oldies now, we children of the 1950s. The Fabulous Fifties. The not-so-frantic, the war's-over-and what's-for-kicks '50s.

The '50s of panty raids and telephone booth stuffings and rocking 'round the clock; of ducktails and Elvis and chopped-and-channeled Fords and cigarette packs rolled into T-shirt sleeves. The '50s of searching for Bridey Murphy, and sex crawling out from under the sheets in Peyton Place; of UFOs and Howdy Doody and Marilyn and rebelling with or without cause.

The '50s. Tortured adolescence groping its way toward an adulthood the '60s would demand.

Maybe that's what we were, those of us come to an easy majority in the Fab '50s—adolescents who later stumbled into a Generation Gap vaguely located somewhere between the hard times of our fathers and troubled maturity of our children.

We didn't fight a war: too late for Korea, too early for anything in Vietnam, save Peace with Honor, of course. We were then the Transient Generation, eyes hot on the Cleveland Browns and an engineering degree; eager to battle crabgrass to the death in suburbia and marry someone who liked kids and thought a hot Saturday night might still be located at the drive-in. Sure, evil existed, but it was a gossamer thing, not hard-core.

Life was simple. You approached it rather cautiously, took it firmly but gently by the neck, and wrung from it such as you could without disrupting the status quo.

A comic named Joe E. Lewis, who worked drink in hand, sneer in cheek, said, "You only live once, but if you work it right, once is enough." We burned spiritual incense in his honor.

That's what we did, we children of the '50s. We lived it up. And much of what passion we mustered, we reserved for that coming autumnal madness, professional football.

The children of the 1920s, their bathtub gin fighting against the coming depression, never took to baseball quite the way we fell upon professional football.

If we were innocent of the plagues of the future and the hard times of the past, so was pro football an adolescent, albeit a reborn one. "I would've played for the fun of it, and a lot of guys played that way then," remembers Otto Graham.

Fun. That was our gonfalon. Have a ball. The Great War to end all Wars, second edition, was over. There was a chicken in every pot, and we had a lot of pots. For a while The Bomb hovered over us, but nobody ever dropped one so we appropriated the term for pro football, converted the backyard shelters into playhouses for the kids, and marched blithely on to our own drum.

Grandfatherly Ike was in the White House. The gods were in their heavens. Annette Funicello's sweater continued to bloom. What could go wrong?

So we whistled at Monroe's legs and marveled at Jonas Salk and giggled at the naughtiness of Presley and Grace Metalious; and laughed uproariously when they preached against the wickedness of rock 'n roll. It was a simple time, and since most of us were duller than Melba toast, we lined up our heroes kind of desperately, not even knowing what an antihero was.

John Wayne killed all of our bad guys, recession was something that hopefully occurred at our waistlines, and everyone knew presidents always told the truth.

We were living the good old days, and we instinctively sensed it. And now everyone else seems to know it because today's craze is called Nostalgia and we all sit around trying to remember how it was.

Maybe that's why this year's four enshrinees to the Pro Football Hall of Fame kindle an affection we usually reserve for American Bandstand and chlorophyll and white sport coats with pink carnations.

The game's newest immortals came from the '50s—the romantic, swingin' (as opposed to *swinging*), uncomplicated '50s. Two stilettoes, two bludgeons; all four products of a better time, all four Golden Boys: Lenny Moore, Baltimore

Colts, flanker-running back, 1956-1967; Dante Lavelli, Cleveland Browns, wide receiver (what in a less complex day was known simply but profoundly as an "end"), 1946-1956; Roosevelt Brown, New York Giants, offensive tackle, 1953-1965; George Connor, Chicago Bears tackle-defensive tackle-linebacker, 1948-1955.

Names to conjure up a certain *meatiness* from an era when players were not often discovered reading *The Wall Street Journal* and everyone understood immediately when George Connor told about the Chicago Bears' fan who lost a bet to a Green Bay Packers' fan and jumped in the river, never to be seen again.

Pro football, circa 1950, was a game of improvisation; of a heavier reliance on the physical gifts; of memorable foul-ups and more memorable heroics.

"In those days, playing defense well depended on one's ability to improvise . . . anything went," says Jack Christiansen, who played in the Detroit Lions' secondary for years with pedestrian tools and an indomitable spirit.

"I can remember picking up a handful of mud or snow and throwing it in a receiver's eyes," he told Mickey Herskowitz, who wrote the superb book, *The Golden Age of Pro Football*. "They'd holler and bitch, but we'd get away with it."

"You can't do that today. For one thing you can't pick up a handful of Astro-Turf."

"My first practice they put me up against Arnie Weinmeister," recalls Rosey Brown of a summer's day in 1953. "I had this idea that Negro linemen were stronger than white linemen. It didn't take Arnie long to show me I was wrong. He was beating me to death. I was scared, and after that workout I wanted to pack up my clothes and go home."

Brown's first pro friend, defensive back Emlen Tunnell, still laughs over the incident. "Steve Owen was the coach and he put Rosey on Weinmeister and Weinmeister almost killed him," Tunnell says. "But Rosey kept going after him on every play, even when he couldn't see straight anymore."

Phil Musick is a columnist for the Pittsburgh Post Gazette.

Roosevelt Brown

Tackle, New York Giants



Vernon J. Biever



Dan Rubin

1975 enshrinee Brown, now a Giant scout (above), was a tackle terror (bottom, left).

Shhhh! Listen. From some heavenly vista, one or other of the gods who oversee football is chuckling softly. His main man, Rosey Brown, is entering Pro Football's Hall of Fame.

"Great gag, huh?" the god is asking a contemporary. "See that guy, Brown? I made him what he is today. It was like this . . ."

How else to explain Brown's enshrinement? Had not fate taken a hand, Roosevelt Brown would not have made it to the Charlottesville, Virginia high school varsity. Let alone to Morgan State and the New York Giants and, ultimately, Canton, Ohio.

Rosey Brown is probably the most improb-

able Hall of Famer ever. Certainly he has undergone the most difficult journey to Canton. It began in the Charlottesville High School band, where 13-year-old, 185-pound Rosey followed his sister into the trombone section.

"The football coach thought I was too big to be in the band," Brown explains. However, Brown's father thought otherwise. One of Rosey's uncles had been killed playing football. But Brown's father was a railroad man and away from home for long stretches of time . . . long enough to let his son get in a football season.

Over the continuing objections of his father, but with the tacit approval of his mother, Brown finished out his high school career and accepted a scholarship to Morgan State College "because my high school coach had gone there."

The football god entered the picture again when Brown graduated after an excellent but unpublicized career at Morgan State. The 1953 NFL draft was held at the Roosevelt Hotel in Pittsburgh. It was a tiring process in those days, ending only when the last team had decided it could no longer differentiate between the prospects and the suspects.

"We had no advance information on Brown," New York Giants' owner Wellington Mara recalled. "We hadn't even heard of him. When we got through the first twenty rounds, we were just scraping the barrel."

"Somebody—I never remembered who—opened a copy of the *Pittsburgh Courier* and noticed a listing of the black college All-America team. Brown was on it. In the twenty-seventh round, I just hollered his name. He was listed as six-three, two forty-five. We took him on his measurements. Strictly a long shot."

So Rosey Brown arrived at training camp at Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter (ahem!), Minnesota, in the summer of 1953 and he's still with the Giants two decades, eight all-NFL teams, and a bronze bust later.

Quite a remarkable career. Brown is one of only two pure offensive linemen to make Canton (Lou Groza was primarily a kicker and Chuck Bednarik's brilliance as a center ultimately was lost to the mere fact that he was one of the finest linebackers ever to cause a greenstick fracture), joining guard and tackle Jim Parker of the Baltimore Colts.

However, the suspicion persists that fate played a hand here somewhere. For 13 years, Rosey Brown was, to be sure, the foundation of the New York Giants' offensive line. But who could recall an offensive lineman from the glory that was the New York

Giants of those seasons? These were the Giants of Charlie Conerly and Frank Gifford and Kyle Rote and Alex Webster and Jim Katcavage and Rosey Grier. One NFL title and six division championships. The glory years. How does a mere offensive tackle break immortal ground for such legends who have not yet made their way to Canton? Was Rosey Brown *that* imposing a football player?

Well, yes. An artist who repeatedly tried to sketch him in those years finally gave up. "I'm not worthy of the subject," he acknowledged. "I leave him to Michelangelo." And, of course, to Jack Worthington, sculptor of the bronze busts in the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

"He gave us many great seasons," said the Giants' Jim Lee Howell. "It is a well-deserved honor."

Howell should know. He was the head coach on that summer day in 1953 when Brown appeared at the Giants' training camp in a dark graduation suit, white shirt with winged collar, black fedora, and horn-rim glasses. He was carrying a suitcase in one hand and tightly-rolled umbrella in the other. A dude of the '50s.

"I had ten dollars for the trip," Brown says of his journey to camp. "Five that my mother gave me, five from the Giants. When the railroad porter came around saying it was dinner time, I told him I wasn't hungry."

With that, 240-pound Rosey Brown would swing into the upper berth, slip out the shoebox his mother had packed full of potato salad and fried chicken because "she didn't trust train food," and dine. A 19-year old, twenty-seventh round draft choice no one had ever heard of, with less than 10 bucks in his kick, on a train taking him from a black neighborhood in Charlottesville, Virginia to a pro football training camp in Minnesota full of folks he didn't know.

"Sure I was scared," says Brown, now a Giants' scout and sales supervisor for a New Jersey liquor firm. "I'd never been far away from home . . . never seen a pro game. There was an awful lot I didn't know."

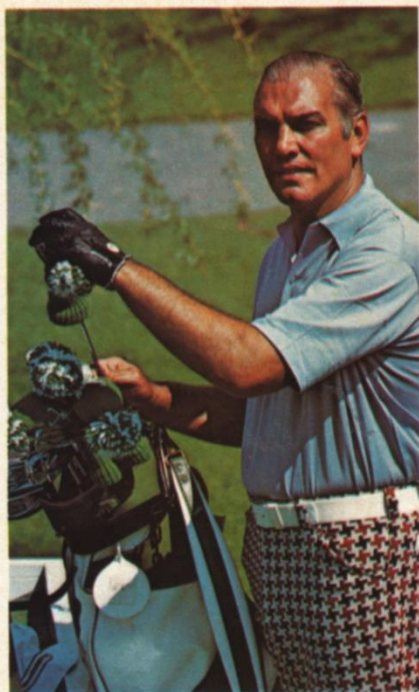
And one of the things Rosey Brown didn't know made it easier. "I'd never heard of player cuts," he chuckles. "I thought the pros were just like college. You get fifty-six men out, that's your squad for the year."

Some 22 years later, he remains a Giant. The greatest offensive lineman the club has ever known. But, like all offensive linemen, without statistics to embellish his feats.

Except, of course, those of Conerly and Gifford and Rote and Webster, and a hundred others.

George Connor

Tackle-Defensive Tackle-Linebacker, Chicago Bears



Vernon J. Biever



Vernon J. Biever

Avid golfer Connor played three positions, all well, for Bears from 1948 through 1955.

If Paul Bunyan had been a football player instead of a boon to the lumber industry, his name would've been George Connor.

Sometimes a man's achievements are, like Bunyan's, almost too much for the printed word to bear. George Connor is such a man, so if the following sentences melt and run off this page, you'll understand.

George Connor. A bedrock name. As tough as a leather helmet, or George Halas. A name suitable for the Hall of Fame; for a man who made five all-NFL teams, at three different positions. The last of a vanished breed—the two-way player.

And prototype for today's big, powerful,

mobile linebackers. And one of the first freshmen ever named to an All-America team (Holy Cross, 1942). And the only known lineman to ever have lured big money (an unheard of \$13,000 as a rookie in 1948) from Halas's pocketbook, which was reportedly guarded by a dragon.

Strong? A Hollywood producer once observed Connor's 52-inch chest and 37-inch waist, and wanted him to play Tarzan in a movie. Fast? Is a bluebird blue? "Nobody that big could move that fast," respected college coach Carl Snavely said after watching Connor breeze the 100 in 10.5. Think George Connor couldn't play a lick, even as a 17-year old? At Holy Cross, they're still bitter at Notre Dame for stealing Connor after he'd spent the latter half of World War II on a destroyer in the Pacific.

"Year after year, he made more tackles than any other player in football," Halas said. "If ever a man deserved to be in the Hall of Fame, it's George Connor."

Certainly any scriptwriter worth his clichés could've predicted the latter stages of Connor's youth would one day find him in Canton, but he made a very inauspicious debut on this mortal coil as a two-pound, eight-ounce premature baby.

"He wasn't as big as my fist," Connor's father said. "There wasn't one doctor in ten who thought he'd live." An uncle called Connor "the world's greatest advertisement for milk;" when he entered a Chicago high school, George was 5 foot 4 inches and 135 pounds.

When he departed high school four years later, George Connor was something special as a football player. "Sometimes we'd pull him out of practices or we wouldn't have had any players left for the games," his high school coach said.

At Holy Cross, the legend took on some scope. In the final game of a .500 season, the Crusaders came to the meat of the schedule, archrival Boston College, which had allowed only 19 points that year, was on its way to the Sugar Bowl, and didn't figure to beat Holy Cross by more than, say, 40 points.

But in one of collegiate football's all-time shockers, Holy Cross trampled Boston College 55-12.

This was an *upset* in the truest sense of the word. Days before the game, Boston College made reservations for a victory celebration at the famed Boston nightclub, the Coconut Grove. The reservations were cancelled, of course. Which was a blessing, since the place burned to the ground that very night, killing 491 people.

That was the year people began to realize that George Connor was not simply your basic tackle. Attention seemed to follow him around and the legend grew.

After the war, it grew some more. Connor elected to transfer to Notre Dame. "Unholy," cried the eastern sporting press. Undaunted, Connor won the first Outland trophy as the nation's finest lineman.

Then came George Halas. "I was one of the few players who could kid with him," Connor says.

"He was the highest paid lineman in the league . . . as a rookie," says Halas.

But Connor, now vice-president of a Chicago firm that manufactures paper containers, was worth it.

Connor played both ways at tackle. He was so quick, the Bears often used tackle-eligible pass plays. He became one of the first pulling tackles. In moments of dire need, he became a fullback.

He was also one of the few players of that day to concentrate on reading keys. "Any slick quarterback can fool you if you try to follow the ball," he said. "But if you watch a few key players, they'll lead you right to the play."

And Bunyan's instincts for flapjacks were no greater than Connor's for the football. "He smashed plays without even seeing the ball carrier or the ball," says Halas with a chuckle. "And he'd throw himself into the meat-grinder to do it."

Halas, himself, was not adverse to personally throwing Connor into the meat-grinder. Once Connor was kicked in the face and had nine stitches taken in his chin at halftime.

"How do you feel, George?" Halas inquired as the Bears prepared to leave the locker room.

"Pretty good."

"Fine. You start the second half."

After four years, during which he was regarded as the game's premier tackle both offensively and defensively, Connor was switched to linebacker.

The idea to move him to a position he'd played at Holy Cross belonged to Chicago line coach Hunk Anderson, who tired of watching big backs such as Philadelphia's Steve Van Buren punish smaller linebackers.

"When we were getting ready to play Philadelphia, Anderson said, 'Why don't we put a big guy like Connor at linebacker? They won't be able to run over him like they do the smaller guys,'" Connor remembers.

In six years at the position, Connor was never run over.

No one trampled Paul Bunyan, either.

Dante Lavelli

End, Cleveland Browns



Tony Tomisic



Nate Fine

Cleveland furniture dealer Lavelli was classy receiving star of great Cleveland teams.

Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear . . . 1950, to be exact. Along Tin Pan Alley, everyone was whistling, "Good Night, Irene." In Baltimore, it had been statistically proven that television had replaced radio as the city's chief anesthetizing agent. In Evanston, Illinois, 22 fraternity boys set a world record by occupying a single telephone booth in the same instant.

Elsewhere, the nation's professional football fans, caught up in the first flush of the game's rebirth, were snickering at the Cleveland Browns, then poised to enter what was reverently known as "the real league."

For four years, the Browns had been terror-

izing the *other* league, the All-America Football Conference, a failed brainchild of a Chicago sportswriter and readily compared to a semipro league.

The Browns? Playing in the National Football League? You got to be kidding.

The NFL schedule-maker seemed to concur. In their first game, the Browns would face the NFL champion Philadelphia Eagles.

The Browns, however, wrecked the Eagles 35-10, and even had two touchdowns called back. "Everyone wanted to see how we'd do against them," says Dante Lavelli. "Some people doubted us, but we were all in our prime then. We had probably the best football team ever assembled."

The skeptics who remained were convinced in the 1950 NFL championship game, which Cleveland coach Paul Brown called, "The greatest game ever played."

Lavelli wrecked the Rams. The sideline pattern had just come into vogue that year and Lavelli was its first master. The Rams took a 14-13 lead. Lavelli caught a touchdown pass from Otto Graham. The Rams regained the lead. Lavelli did his number again and Cleveland went on to win 30-28.

In all, Lavelli caught 11 passes that day in a victory that triggered the Browns to six consecutive title-game appearances. And in 1955, at the end of that streak, Lavelli again caught the touchdown pass that beat the Rams.

His enthusiasm for the Browns of the '50s remains unquenched. "What team ever won three games in seven days?" he demands. "We beat the New York Yanks on a Sunday, went out and beat Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Day, and then went up and beat San Francisco the next Sunday."

Lavelli was, of course, a big part of all that. "Marion Motley . . . Otto Graham . . . Dante Lavelli . . . Mac Speedie," Paul Brown would always tick off four names when he talked about his old Browns.

"Paul was something," says Lavelli. "We won twenty-nine games in a row once and after we lost the thirtieth game in Los Angeles, he was going to fire the whole damn bunch of us."

There were faster receivers than Lavelli in the early 1950s. Indeed, the Browns owned one, the superbly named Mac Speedie. And a few were slicker than Lavelli. But Lavelli had matchless hands.

"I swung around the goalposts once in Pittsburgh and caught a touchdown pass with my other hand," he says.

"When it came to hands, nobody had them

like old Spumoni," Graham says. "And there was no better competitor, either."

Some of the competitor lingers on in Lavelli. "I think I'd fare pretty well today," he says. "With today's zones, I think you could catch twenty passes in the flat alone. If Otto were still throwing to me, I think we'd find a way to pierce the zone."

True, Lavelli, now a furniture store owner in Cleveland, had awaited a call from Canton for more than a decade. "I was there in 1963 when Don Hutson was in the first group of players installed," Lavelli says. "I remember standing there thinking how nice it would be if I were to make it someday."

Dante Lavelli came out of Hudson, Ohio in 1941, a peerless schoolboy quarterback and a fine baseball prospect. The Detroit Tigers made the first pitch. A scout took Lavelli to see the New York Yankees play the Indians one night at Cleveland Stadium.

Watching Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak die, Lavelli listened to the man from Detroit intently. Until the conversation reached a certain point.

"Detroit wanted me to start out somewhere in the Carolinas," recalled Lavelli, who immediately began thinking in terms of college football. More precisely, Notre Dame. He went so far as to deposit \$50 against his classroom fees.

But Paul Brown was coaching at Ohio State, and there wasn't a kid in Ohio who didn't know that what Rockne had been to the Fighting Irish, Paul Brown had been to the Massillon, Ohio high school Tigers. Lavelli changed his mind, got his money refunded by Notre Dame, and headed for Columbus.

As a freshman, he was converted from halfback to end by Brown.

Shortly thereafter, World War II made a rifleman out of Lavelli and he was not so glad. Three years later, after shepherding an infantry platoon through France, Italy, and Germany, he was 23, broke, and unemployed.

A friend who had played at Ohio State suggested Lavelli look up their old coach, Paul Brown, who was starting a pro football team in the AAFC. When he got to the Browns' camp, Lavelli discovered there were four other ends, including John Yonakor, 6 foot 4 inches, 225 pounds and one of the finest pass receivers in Notre Dame history.

Lavelli chased the first three ends out of camp. Yonakor became a defensive end. Lavelli caught 40 passes to lead the AAFC as a rookie and was all-league. He went on to set Cleveland club records for receptions, total yardage, and touchdown passes that stand to this day.

Lenny Moore

Wide Receiver-Running Back, Baltimore Colts



Dave Ross



Fred Roe

Now in Colts' front office, Moore was the league's most dangerous player in his day.

For all of us there comes a single moment or act that weaves a thread that goes on to run through the rest of our lives, for good or evil.

You take Lenny Moore and that afternoon in the spring of 1964 when he faced Baltimore coach Don Shula. For four consecutive years, 1958 through 1961, Lenny Moore had been an all-pro flanker. In 1962 and 1963, hindered by injuries and a general belief that he was faking it after being switched to running back, Lenny Moore was all-poor. On that fine spring day, life had come to a supreme focal point in a room in the Colts' offices.

"Am I going to be traded?" Moore asked.

"I want to hear it from you. Do you want to play in Baltimore?" Shula asked Moore.

"Yes."

And so began what came to be called the Comeback of Lenny Moore. Lenny Moore of the dancing feet and hip feints a hula dancer would've admired and all that explosive speed.

"I've never seen a ball carrier who could get in as much trouble as Lenny, or one who could get out of it," admired Colts' teammate Gary Kerkorian.

Certainly, Lenny Moore had a facility for getting into trouble. "I still don't know exactly why, but I was mainly a loafer," Moore says candidly. "The other fellows probably should've ridden me harder to put out even though I did all right in the games."

And for a long time, that was Moore's problem: It all came too easily. In high school, they called him the Reading Rocket. "He was so good that when you told people about him, they didn't believe you," his high school coach once said.

Moore burst out of a Reading, Pennsylvania poverty pocket with a football under his arm and it was all downhill from there, although he says, "I was one of eight kids . . . my mother and father had a hard time; it was a struggle."

It quit being a struggle when Moore discovered football. At Penn State, where they've known a dozen flashy running backs with names such as Lydell Mitchell and Franco Harris since the era of Moore, they still smile indulgently in memory of Lenny with the flashing feet. The feet that carried him 2,380 yards for the Nittany Lions. But more than that he was, well, cool. He called everyone on campus "my man," wore some outlandish threads in the era of button-downs and faded khakis, and smiled endlessly.

"The most exciting and productive runner I've ever seen," said coach Rip Engle, predecessor of Joe Paterno. "The greatest back I ever coached."

The script ran on unchanging in Baltimore. Moore was the NFL rookie of the year in 1956 after dashing 649 yards for a gaudy 7.5 average. Baltimore gathered him to its breast. Sputnik, they called him. Or Spats, because of the way he taped his ankles over his socks. He became one of the town's name disc jockeys. Owned a popular nightspot. Was an idol in a town that took its football as seriously as Pittsburgh takes its steel; a town so enamored of its Colts that several of them later became millionaires on the strength of their football careers.

Lenny Moore was a guy who'd obviously

fallen from the pages of a storybook. All-pro. The game's most dangerous player. The Colts lined him up on the flank and he caught over 40 passes for five years in a row. They set him deep to use his speed as a runner, and he averaged 5.7 yards a pop.

The championship Colts of Unitas and Marchetti and Berry and Moore dominated the NFL in 1958 and 1959, outlasting their most implacable opponents, the New York Giants.

The world could not have been a sunnier place for Lenny Moore during those halcyon days. Then came 1962. And the switch to halfback and the broken kneecap. And 1963, and the appendectomy and a severe head injury and discontent among the Colts.

The time had come for Lenny Moore to get off the gravy train his natural talent had allowed him to ride for years. Gino Marchetti, the massive defensive end, said, "You can't bull the guys on the team, they *know* who's playing." The implication was that Moore was not one of them. Ray Berry wrote Moore a letter telling him he "should be ashamed for not doing more with his God-given talents."

"I wasn't ashamed, though . . . not for a while," Moore said. "Until then, I'd always managed to get by without working very much. I had the ability, so I didn't put out during the week."

"It was always easy . . . and that was the worst of my problem."

In 1964, that problem disappeared. Shula and Moore had their meeting. "You've got to take the running back job from Tom Matte," Shula explained.

Moore took it. He also led the NFL in touchdowns with 20, ran for 584 yards, caught 21 passes, blocked, and "worked his tail off."

Before the year ended, Moore had the highest career rushing average in league history, 5.4; had a sparkling 17.2 average as a receiver; and only two players—Jim Brown and Don Hutson—had scored more than his 91 touchdowns. *Everytime* he'd handled the ball in his nine seasons, Moore averaged better than nine yards.

When Moore hung them up after the 1967 season, he was Baltimore's all-time leading runner with 5,174 yards and its third-best receiver with 363 receptions.

As Don Shula put it, "You hate to see a guy with all that talent not come back."

Moore again came back with the Colts when he joined the team's front office last March as director of promotions. His job is to promote good will and sales by making personal appearances and coordinating Colts' player appearances. ■

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NEW YORK GIANTS



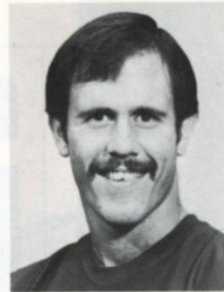
3 PETE GOGOLAK
K 6-1 190 33



9 GEORGE HUNT
K 6-1 215 26



10 BRAD VAN PELT
LB 6-5 235 24



13 DAVE JENNINGS
P 6-4 205 23



15 CRAIG MORTON
QB 6-4 210 32



16 SCOTT HUNTER
QB 6-2 205 27



19 CARL SUMMERELL
QB 6-4 208 23



20 JIM STIENKE
CB 5-11 182 25



26 JOE DAWKINS
RB 6-2 220 27



27 BOB GRIM
WR 6-0 200 30



28 ROBERT GIBLIN
S 6-2 205 22



29 MARSH WHITE
RB 6-2 220 22



30 RON JOHNSON
RB 6-1 205 27



33 STEVE CROSBY
RB 5-11 205 25



35 RONDY COLBERT
DB 5-9 165 21



36 LARRY WATKINS
RB 6-2 230 28



37 BOBBY BROOKS
CB 6-1 195 24



38 BOB TUCKER
TE 6-3 230 30



39 CLYDE POWERS
S 6-1 195 24



43 CARL LOCKHART
S 6-2 175 32



44 DOUG KOTAR
RB 5-11 205 24



45 PETE ATHAS
S 5-11 185 27



46 BOB HAMMOND
RB 5-10 175 23



48 HENRY STUCKEY
CB 6-1 180 26



52 JOHN HILL
T 6-2 245 25

GIANTS

COACHING STAFF



Bill Arnsparger

Head Coach Bill Arnsparger was named head coach of the Giants in 1974 and had a 2-12 mark in the first year. He developed defensive alignments that helped the Miami Dolphins capture two Super Bowls during his stint as assistant head coach and head of the 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.

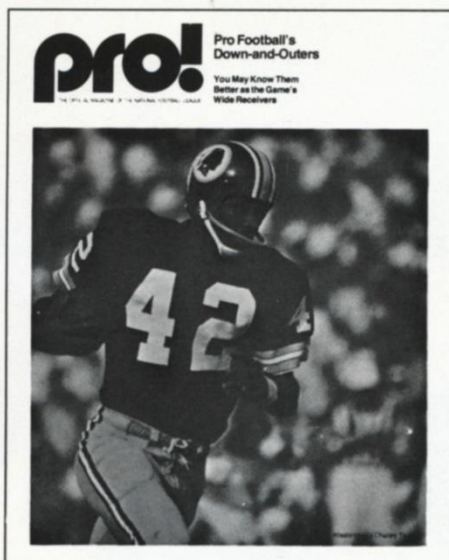
Background Arnsparger played tackle at Miami, Ohio, from 1946-49 following a Marine tour of duty during World War II. His first coaching assignment was the offensive line at his alma mater in 1950. He coached at Ohio State from 1951-53, Kentucky from 1954-61, and was at Tulane in 1962 and '63 before joining Don Shula, with whom he had coached at Kentucky.

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 Floyd Peters, defensive line; Ted Plumb, offensive backfield; Ed Rutledge, linebackers; Marty Schottenheimer, linebackers; John Symank, defensive backs; Allan Webb, special teams; Ray Wietecha, offensive line. ■

NEXT IN PRO!

GIANTS vs. COWBOYS
OCTOBER 12, 1975



ON THE COVER

Washington Redskins' receiver Charley Taylor. Photography by Malcolm Emmons.

THE INTRICATE SCIENCE

A photographic essay on professional football's wide receivers. Photographs by Tony Tomsic.

ANY COMBINATION CAN WIN

An analysis of the evolution of pro football's defenses from the 1920s (which Art Rooney says reminded him of 22 big men climbing over the top of each other in a broom closet), to the rise of the forward pass in the 1930s, to the Eagle defense of the 1940s, the Umbrella of the 1950s, the Gap and Stack of the 1960s, and the "53" of the 1970s. Where will defenses go next? "Wherever the offenses take us," says one coach. By Ray Didinger.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE (SOB),

THERE'S NO FAN LIKE LOUDY (SNIFF)

If there was a Hall of Fame for fans, Loudy Loudenslager would no doubt be its charter member. He has been the Baltimore Colts' super fan throughout their entire history and he is as active today as he was in 1953, when the franchise began play. He's presented birthday cakes to all the players through the years and he's never missed being at the airport when the Colts return from a road trip. There's seldom a dry eye in the house, especially Loudy's. By Jim Barniak.

Plus *PRO!* Talk with Vin Scully (a new face for CBS Sports in 1975—but a familiar name for all Los Angeles Dodgers' fans); Mickey Herskowitz's column, Insight, Etc.

STEELERS

COACHING STAFF



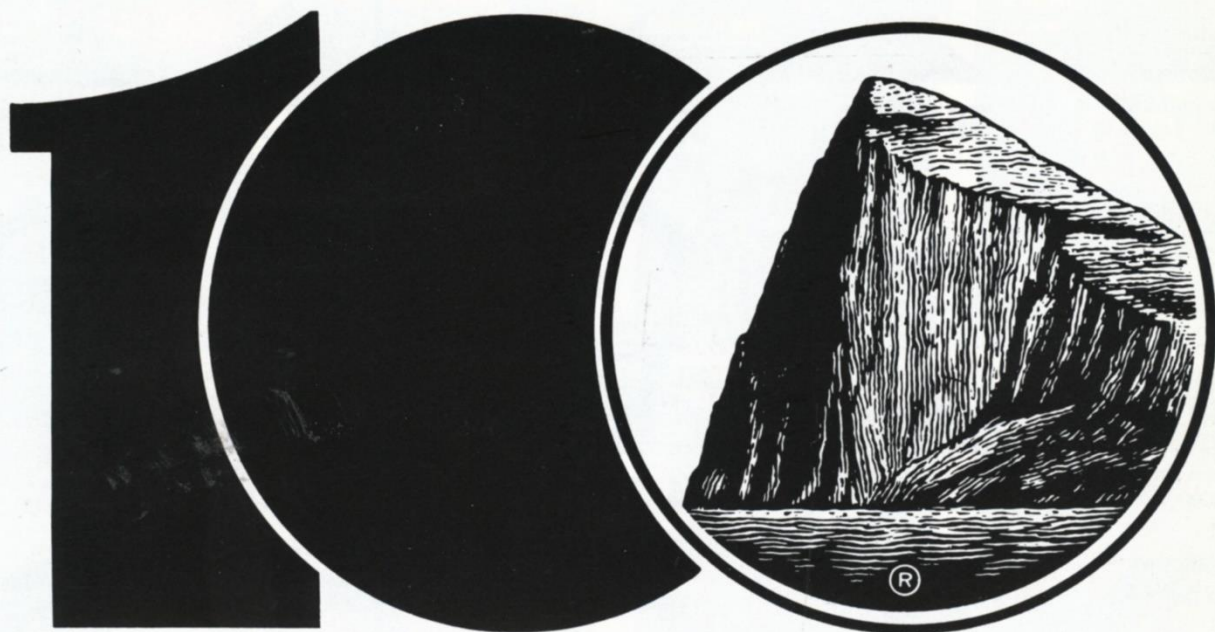
Chuck Noll

Head Coach Chuck Noll guided the Steelers to their first NFL championship in the club's 42-year history, climaxing with a 16-6 win over Minnesota in Super Bowl IX. He led the Steelers into the playoffs in 1972 and 1973 and has compiled a 31-10-1 record in the past three seasons and 43-40-1 for six years as head coach. Noll played pro ball as a guard-linebacker for the Cleveland Browns from 1953-59. At age 27, he started his coaching career as defensive coach with the Los Angeles (San Diego) Chargers in 1960. After the 1965 season, Noll became Don Shula's defensive backfield assistant in Baltimore. He remained with the Colts until taking over the Pittsburgh reins as head coach in 1969.

Background Noll was an all-state star at Benedictine High in Cleveland. He captained the University of Dayton team, playing both tackle and linebacker, and was selected by the Browns in the twenty-first round of the 1953 NFL draft.

Personal He was born in Cleveland on January 5, 1932. Noll and his wife, Marianne, have one son, Chris, and live in Upper St. Clair, Pennsylvania.

Coaching Staff Bud Carson, defensive coordinator; Dick Hoak, offensive backfield; George Perles, defensive line; Dan Radakovich, offensive line; Lionel Taylor, receivers; and Woody Widenhofer, linebackers. ■



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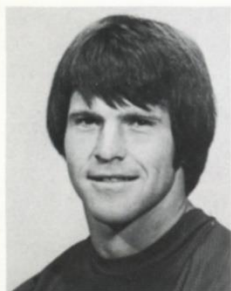
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56 PAT HUGHES
LB 6-2 225 26



57 ANDY SELFIDGE
LB 6-3 220 26



59 BOB SCHMIT
LB 6-1 220 24



61 KARL CHANDLER
C 6-5 250 23



62 DICK ENDERLE
G 6-2 250 26



63 DOUG VAN HORN
T 6-3 245 31



64 JOHN MENDENHALL
DT 6-1 255 26



66 RICK DVORAK
DE 6-4 235 23



69 WILLIE YOUNG
T 6-0 255 32



70 BOB HYLAND
C 6-5 255 30



72 GEORGE HASENOHRL
DT 6-1 260 24



73 TOM MULLEN
G 6-3 245 23



74 JOHN HICKS
G 6-2 258 24



75 GEORGE MARTIN
DE 6-4 245 23



76 JIM PIETRZAK
DT 6-5 260 22



78 ROY HILTON
DE 6-6 240 32



79 AL SIMPSON
T 6-5 255 24



81 JACK GREGORY
DE 6-5 255 30



82 RAY RHODES
WR 5-11 185 24



84 WALKER GILLETTE
WR 6-5 200 26



85 DON HERRMANN
WR 6-2 205 26



86 DANNY BUGGS
WR 6-2 185 22



87 JIM O'BRIEN
K 6-0 195 26



88 DON CLUNE
WR 6-3 195 23

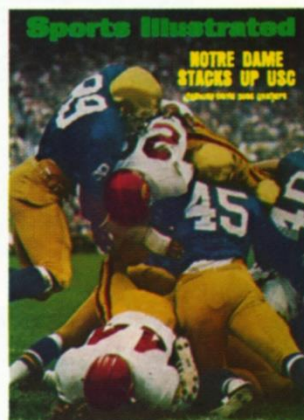
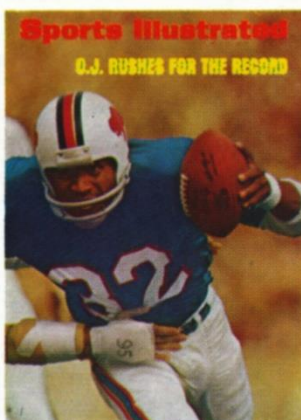
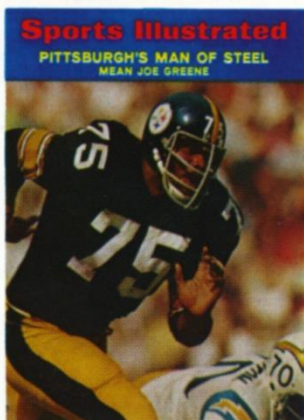
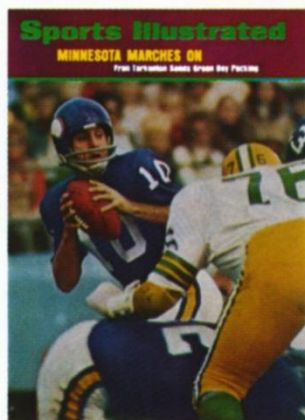
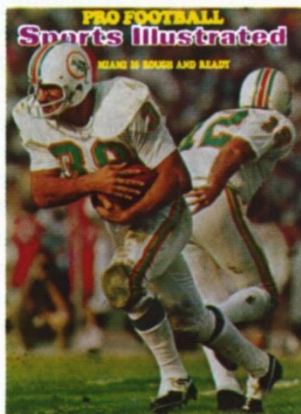
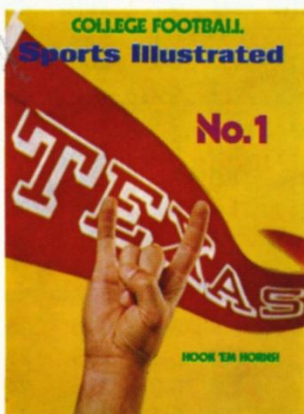
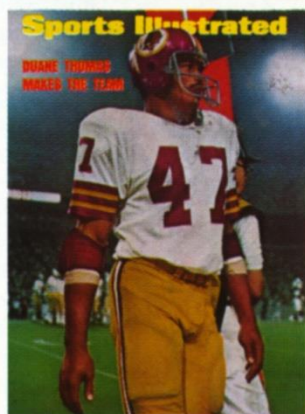
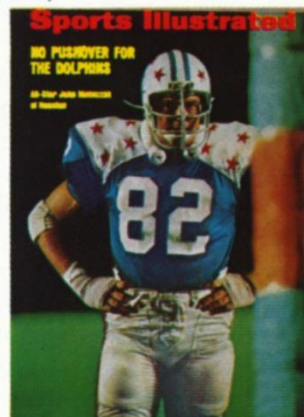
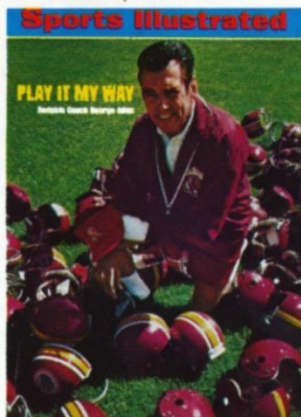
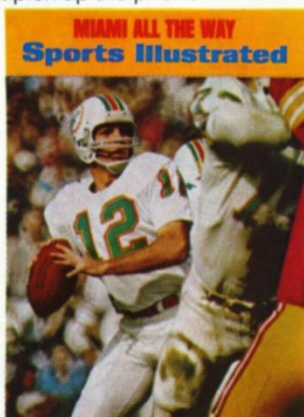
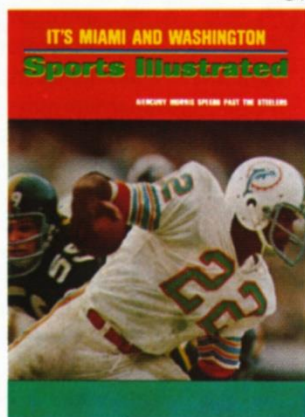
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GIANTS ROSTER -1975

NO.	NAME	POS.	HT.	WT.	AGE	YEAR	COLLEGE
45	Athas, Pete	S	5-11	185	27	5	Tennessee
60	Bannon, Bruce	LB	6-3	225	25	3	Penn State
37	Brooks, Bobby	CB	6-1	195	24	2	Bishop College
86	Buggs, Danny	WR	6-2	185	22	R	West Virginia
61	Chandler, Karl	C	6-5	250	23	2	Princeton
88	Clune, Don	WR	6-3	195	23	2	Pennsylvania
35	Colbert, Rondy	DB	5-9	165	21	R	Lamar University
33	Crosby, Steve	RB	5-11	205	25	2	Fort Hays College
26	Dawkins, Joe	RB	6-2	220	27	6	Wisconsin
66	Dvorak, Rick	DE	6-4	235	23	2	Wichita State
62	Enderle, Dick	G	6-2	250	28	7	Minnesota
28	Giblin, Robert	S	6-2	205	22	R	Houston
84	Gillette, Walker	WR	6-5	200	28	6	Richmond
3	Gogolak, Pete	K	6-1	190	33	12	Cornell
81	Gregory, Jack	DE	6-5	255	30	9	Delta State
27	Grim, Bob	WR	6-0	200	30	9	Oregon State
45	Hammond, Bob	RB	5-10	175	23	R	Morgan State
72	Hasenohrl, George	DT	6-1	260	24	2	Ohio State
85	Herrmann, Don	WR	6-2	205	28	7	Waynesburg
74	Hicks, John	G	6-2	258	24	2	Ohio State
52	Hill, John	T	6-2	245	25	4	Lehigh
78	Hilton, Roy	DE	6-6	240	32	11	Jackson State
77	Hovey, Jim	LB	6-3	235	23	1	Kentucky
52	Hudson, Jess	LB	6-2	230	22	R	Oklahoma State
56	Hughes, Pat	LB	6-2	225	28	6	Boston University
9	Hunt, George	K	6-1	215	26	4	Tennessee
16	Hunter, Scott	QB	6-2	205	27	5	Alabama
70	Hyland, Bob	C	6-5	255	30	9	Boston College
13	Jennings, Dave	P	6-4	205	23	2	St. Lawrence
30	Johnson, Ron	RB	6-1	205	27	7	Michigan
55	Kelley, Brian	LB	6-3	222	24	3	California Lutheran
44	Kotar, Doug	RB	5-11	205	24	2	Kentucky
43	Lockhart, Carl	S	6-2	175	32	11	North Texas State
75	Martin, George	DE	6-4	245	23	R	Oregon
64	Mendenhall, John	DT	6-1	255	26	4	Grambling
15	Morton, Craig	QB	6-4	210	32	11	California
73	Mullen, Tom	G	6-3	245	23	2	Southwest Mo. State
89	Obradovich, Jim	TE	6-2	225	23	R	Southern California
87	O'Brien, Jim	K	6-0	195	28	5	Cincinnati
76	Pietrzak, Jim	DT	6-5	260	22	2	Eastern Michigan
39	Powers, Clyde	S	6-1	195	24	2	Oklahoma
82	Rhodes, Ray	WR	5-11	185	24	2	Tulsa
59	Schmit, Bob	LB	6-1	220	24	R	Nebraska
57	Selfridge, Andy	LB	6-3	220	26	4	Virginia
79	Simpson, Al	T	6-5	255	24	R	Colorado State
83	Stephens Elmore	TE	6-3	235	23	R	Kentucky
20	Stienke, Jim	CB	5-11	182	25	3	S.W. Texas State
48	Stuckey, Henry	CB	6-1	180	26	3	Missouri
19	Summerell, Carl	QB	6-4	208	23	2	East Carolina
58	Tate, John	LB	6-2	228	22	R	Jackson State
38	Tucker, Bob	TE	6-3	230	30	6	Bloomsburg State
63	Van Horn, Doug	T	6-3	245	31	9	Ohio State
10	Van Pelt, Brad	LB	6-5	233	24	3	Michigan State
47	Walker, Donnie	DB	6-2	180	24	3	Central State (Ohio)
36	Watkins, Larry	RB	6-2	230	28	7	Alcorn A&M
29	White, Marsh	RB	6-2	220	22	R	Arkansas
69	Young, Willie	T	6-0	255	32	10	Grambling

(R—Denotes reporting to first NFL camp)

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Min. RMS Power per channel into 8 ohms	16 watts	23 watts	28 watts	58 watts
Bandwidth	40Hz-20kHz	20Hz-20kHz	20Hz-20kHz	20Hz-20kHz
Total Harmonic Distortion (Max.)	0.8%	0.5%	0.5%	0.3%
FM Sensitivity (IHF)	1.9 μ v	1.9 μ v	1.9 μ v	1.8 μ v
Selectivity (IHF)	70dB	70dB	70dB	70dB
FM Stereo Separation at 1 kHz	40dB	40dB	40dB	40dB
at 10 kHz	30dB	30dB	30dB	30dB

*Suggested minimum price, which is the fair trade price in states where Technics products are fair traded.



Giants

OFFENSE

82 RAY RHODES WR
 69 WILLIE YOUNG LT
 73 TOM MULLEN LG
 70 BOB HYLAND C
 74 JOHN HICKS RG
 63 DOUG VAN HORN . RT
 38 BOB TUCKER TE
 84 WALKER GILLETTE WR
 15 CRAIG MORTON . . QB
 30 RON JOHNSON . . . RB
 26 JOE DAWKINS RB

DEFENSE

78 ROY HILTON LE
 76 JIM PIETRZAK LT
 64 J. MENDENHALL . . RT
 81 JACK GREGORY . . RE
 56 PAT HUGHES LLB
 55 BRIAN KELLEY . . MLB
 57 ANDY SELFIDGE RLB
 37 BOBBY BROOKS . . LCB
 48 HENRY STUCKEY . RCB
 39 CLYDE POWERS . . . SS
 43 CARL LOCKHART . FS

GIANT ROSTER

3 Gogolak, K	56 Hughes, LB
9 Hunt, K	57 Selfridge, LB
10 Van Pelt, LB	58 Tate, LB
13 Jennings, P	59 Schmit, LB
15 Morton, QB	60 Bannon, LB
16 Hunter, QB	61 Chandler, C
19 Summerell, QB	62 Enderle, G
20 Steinke, CB	63 Van Horn, T
26 Dawkins, RB	64 Mendenhall, DT
27 Grim, WR	66 Dvorak, DE
28 Giblin, S	69 Young, T
29 White, RB	70 Hyland, C
30 Johnson, RB	72 Hasenohrl, DT
33 Crosby, RB	73 Mullen, G
35 Colbert, DB	74 Hicks, G
36 Watkins, RB	75 Martin, DE
37 Brooks, CB	76 Pietrzak, DT
38 Tucker, TE	77 Hovey, LB
39 Powers, S	78 Hilton, DE
41 McVay, DB	79 Simpson, T
43 Lockhart, S	81 Gregory, DE
44 Kotar, RB	82 Rhodes, WR
45 Athas, S	83 Stephens, TE
46 Hammond, RB	84 Gillette, WR
47 Walker, DB	85 Herrmann, WR
48 Stuckey, CB	86 Buggs, WR
52 Hill, T	87 O'Brien, K
53 Hudson, LB	88 Clune, WR
55 Kelley, LB	89 Obradovich, TE

TODAY'S OFFICIALS: Referee, Gene Barth 14; Umpire, Paul Trepinski 22; Head Lineman, Ed Marion 26; Line Judge, Bill Reynolds 53; Back Judge, Stan Javie 29; Field Judge, Bob Wortman, 84.



Look up America.
Enjoy the real things.



Steelers

OFFENSE

43 FRANK LEWIS WR
55 JON KOLB LT
50 JIM CLACK LG
56 RAY MANSFIELD . . . C
72 GERRY MULLINS . . RG
71 G. GRAVELLE RT
87 LARRY BROWN . . . TE
25 RON SHANKLIN . . WR
12 TERRY BRADSHAW QB
20 ROCKY BLEIER . . . RB
32 FRANCO HARRIS . . RB

DEFENSE

68 L.C. GREENWOOD . LE
75 JOE GREENE LT
63 ERNIE HOLMES . . . RT
78 DWIGHT WHITE . . . RE
59 JACK HAM LLB
58 JACK LAMBERT . . MLB
34 ANDY RUSSELL . . RLB
24 J.T. THOMAS LCB
47 MEL BLOUNT RCB
23 MIKE WAGNER SS
27 GLEN EDWARDS . . . FS

STEELERS ROSTER

5 Hanratty, QB	52 Webster, G
10 Gerela, K	53 Davis, LB
11 Masella, P-TE	54 Kellum, LB
12 Bradshaw, QB	55 Kolb, OT
17 Gilliam, QB	56 Mansfield, C
18 Hollenbach, QB	57 Davis, G
20 Bleier, RB	58 Lambert, LB
22 Conn, S-KR	59 Ham, LB
23 Wagner, S	61 Murphy, LB
24 Thomas, CB	62 Wolf, DE
25 Shanklin, WR	63 Holmes, DT
26 Pearson, RB-KR	64 Furness, DT-DE
27 Edwards, S-KR	68 Greenwood, DE
29 Deery, DB	71 Gravelle, OT
31 Shell, S	72 Mullins, G-OT
32 Harris, RB	73 Druschel, OT
33 Fuqua, RB	74 Reavis, OT
34 Russell, LB	75 Greene, DT
35 Davis, RB-KR	76 Banaszak, DE
36 Brown, DB	77 Davis, DT
37 Evans, LB	78 White, DE
38 Bradley, LB	82 Stallworth, WR
39 Walden, P	83 Gray, WR
40 Morton, RB	84 Grossman, TE
43 Lewis, WR	85 Gaddis, WR
44 Collier, RB	85 White, TE
45 Allen, CB	86 Garrett, WR
46 Harrison, RB	87 Brown, TE
47 Blount, CB	88 Swann, WR-KR
50 Clack, G	89 McMakin, TE
51 Toews, LB	

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STEELERS ROSTER-1975

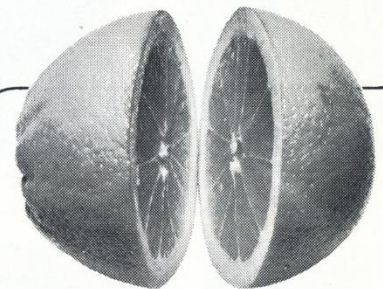
NO.	NAME	POS.	HT.	WT.	AGE	YEAR	COLLEGE
45	Allen, Jim	CB	6-2	194	23	2	UCLA
76	Banaszak, John	DE	6-3½	232	25	R	Eastern Michigan
20	Bleier, Rocky	RB	5-11	210	29	7	Notre Dame
47	Blount, Mel	CB	6-3	205	27	6	Southern
38	Bradley, Ed	LB	6-2	239	25	3	Wake Forest
12	Bradshaw, Terry	QB	6-3	218	26	6	Louisiana Tech
36	Brown, Dave	DB	6-1	190	22	R	Michigan
87	Brown, Larry	TE	6-4	229	26	5	Kansas
50	Clack, Jim	G	6-3	250	27	5	Wake Forest
44	Collier, Mike	RB	5-11	214	21	R	Morgan State
22	Conn, Dick	S-KR	6-0	185	24	2	Georgia
77	Davis, Charlie	DT	6-1	265	23	2	Texas Christian
53	Davis, Henry	LB	6-3	235	32	7	Grambling
57	Davis, Sam	G	6-1	255	31	9	Allen
35	Davis, Steve	RB-KR	6-1	218	25	4	Delaware State
29	Deery, Bill	DB	5-10	185	22	R	William & Mary
73	Druschel, Rick	OT	6-2	248	23	2	North Carolina State
27	Edwards, Glen	S-KR	6-0	185	28	5	Florida A&M
37	Evans, Harold	LB	6-3	213	23	R	Houston
33	Fuqua, John	RB	5-11	195	28	7	Morgan State
64	Furness, Steve	DT-DE	6-4	255	24	4	Rhode Island
85	Gaddis, Bob	WR	5-11	178	23	R	Mississippi Valley
86	Garrett, Reggie	WR	6-1	172	23	2	Eastern Michigan
10	Gerela, Roy	K	5-10	185	27	7	New Mexico State
17	Gilliam, Joe	QB	6-2	187	24	4	Tennessee State
71	Gravelle, Gordon	OT	6-5	250	26	4	Brigham Young
83	Gray, Archie	WR	6-0	181	22	R	Wyoming
75	Greene, Joe	DT	6-4	275	28	7	North Texas State
68	Greenwood, L.C.	DE	6-6	245	28	7	Arkansas AM&N
84	Grossman, Randy	TE	6-1	215	21	2	Temple
59	Ham, Jack	LB	6-1	225	26	5	Penn State
5	Hanratty, Terry	QB	6-1	205	27	7	Notre Dame
32	Harris, Franco	RB	6-2	230	25	4	Penn State
46	Harrison, Reggie	RB	5-11	215	25	2	Cincinnati
18	Hollenbach, Jeff	QB	6-3	210	22	R	Illinois
63	Holmes, Ernie	DT	6-3	260	27	4	Texas Southern
54	Kellum, Marv	LB	6-2	225	23	2	Wichita State
55	Kolb, Jon	OT	6-3	262	28	7	Oklahoma State
58	Lambert, Jack	LB	6-4	215	23	2	Kent State
43	Lewis, Frank	WR	6-1	196	28	5	Grambling
56	Mansfield, Ray	C	6-3	260	34	12	Washington
11	Masella, Brian	P-TE	6-2	220	22	R	Penn State
89	McMakin, John	TE	6-3	232	24	4	Clemson
40	Morton, Dickey	RB	5-10	180	23	1	Arkansas
72	Mullins, Gerry	G-OT	6-3	244	26	5	U.S.C.
61	Murphy, Greg	LB	6-2	229	22	R	Penn State
26	Pearson, Preston	RB-KR	6-1	205	30	9	Illinois
74	Reavis, Dave	OT	6-5	250	25	2	Arkansas
34	Russell, Andy	LB	6-2	225	33	11	Missouri
25	Shanklin, Ron	WR	6-1	190	27	6	North Texas State
31	Shell, Donnie	S	5-11	190	23	2	South Carolina
82	Stallworth, John	WR	6-2	183	23	2	Alabama A&M
88	Swann, Lynn	WR-KR	5-10	178	23	2	U.S.C.
24	Thomas, J.T.	CB	6-2	196	24	3	Florida State
51	Toews, Loren	LB	6-3	212	23	3	California
23	Wagner, Mike	S	6-1	210	26	5	Western Illinois
39	Walden, Bobby	P	6-0	190	37	12	Georgia
52	Webster, Mike	G	6-1	232	23	2	Wisconsin
78	White, Dwight	DE	6-4	255	26	5	East Texas State
85	White, Walter	TE	6-3	208	24	R	Maryland
62	Wolf, Jim	DE	6-2	230	23	2	Prairie View

(R)—Denotes reporting to first NFL camp)

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Joe Janowitch—Mdse. Rep. Mens & Boys Half Hose
Phil Trabulsi—Mdse. Rep. Mens & Boys Outerwear



Monsanto

STEELERS



5 TERRY HANRATTY
QB 6-1 210 27



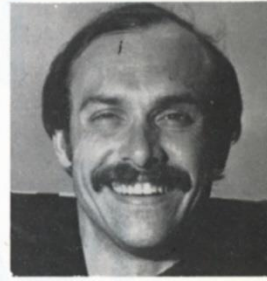
10 ROY GERELA
K 5-10 185 27



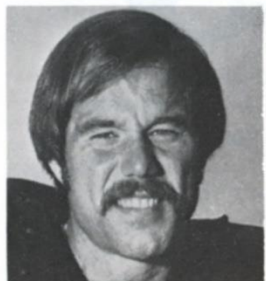
12 TERRY BRADSHAW
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17 JOE GILLIAM
QB 6-2 187 25



20 ROCKY BLEIER
RB 5-11 210 29



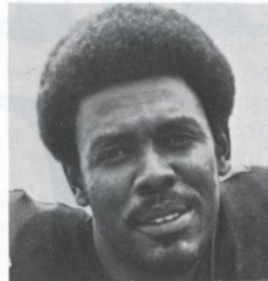
22 DICK CONN
S 6-0 180 24



23 MIKE WAGNER
S 6-1 210 26



24 J. T. THOMAS
CB 6-2 196 24



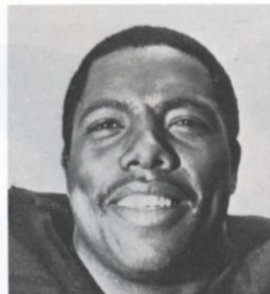
25 RON SHANKLIN
WR 6-1 190 27



26 PRESTON PEARSON
RB 6-1 205 30



27 GLEN EDWARDS
S 6-0 185 28



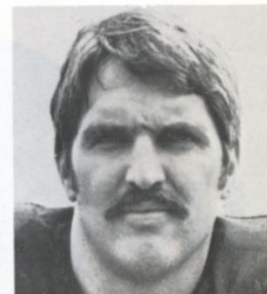
31 DONNIE SHELL
S 5-11 190 23



32 FRANCO HARRIS
RB 6-2 230 25



33 JOHN FUQUA
RB 5-10 205 29



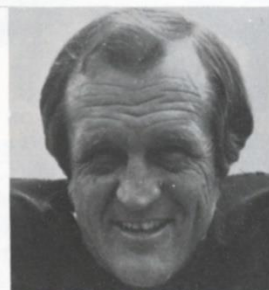
34 ANDY RUSSELL
LB 6-2 225 34



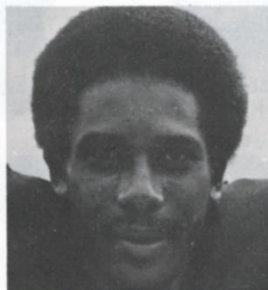
35 STEVE DAVIS
RB 6-1 218 26



38 ED BRADLEY
LB 6-2 239 25



39 BOBBY WALDEN
P 6-0 190 37



43 FRANK LEWIS
WR 6-1 196 38



45 JIM ALLEN
CB 6-2 194 23



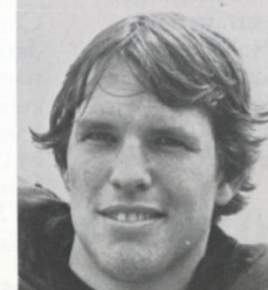
46 REGGIE HARRISON
RB 6-0 220 25



47 MEL BLOUNT
CB 6-3 205 27



50 JIM CLACK
G 6-3 250 28



51 LOREN TOEWS
LB 6-3 215 24



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We believe that, in most cases, it's gray hair that makes men look older, and that if a better way to darken gray hair existed, millions of men would gladly use it.

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Within a week, you can be as brown- or black-haired as you want.

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Instead of lying on top of your hair looking obvious, new Great Day Concentrate actually gets inside every gray hair and puts the color back in like Nature did it originally. Not only is Great Day Concentrate easy to use, but it even helps condition your hair.

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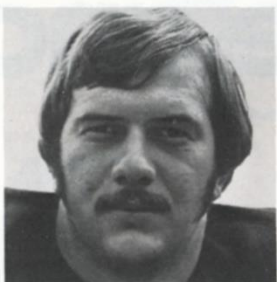
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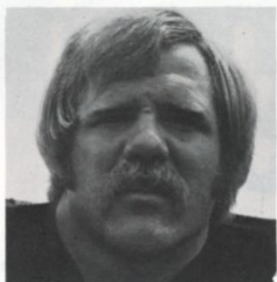
STEELERS



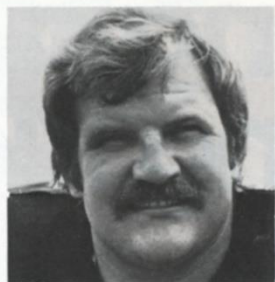
52 MIKE WEBSTER
G 6-1 250 23



54 MARV KELLUM
LB 6-2 225 23



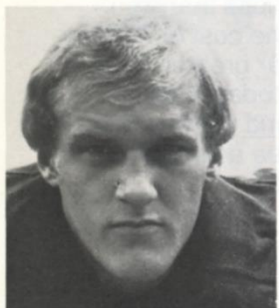
55 JOHN KOLB
OT 6-2 262 28



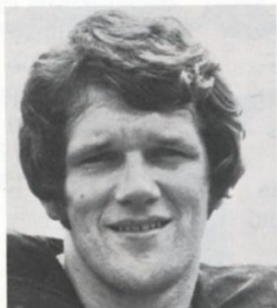
56 RAY MANSFIELD
C 6-3 260 34



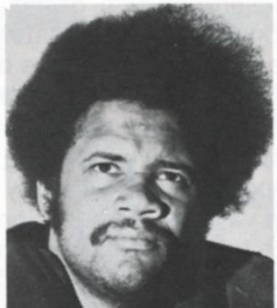
57 SAM DAVIS
G 6-1 255 31



58 JACK LAMBERT
LB 6-5 218 23



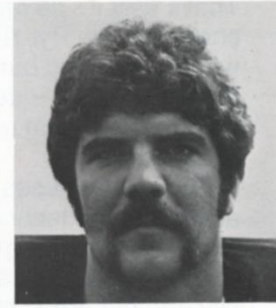
59 JACK HAM
LB 6-1 225 27



62 JAMES WOLF
DE 6-2 230 23



63 ERNIE HOLMES
DT 6-3 260 27



64 STEVE FURNESS
DT-DE 6-4 255 25



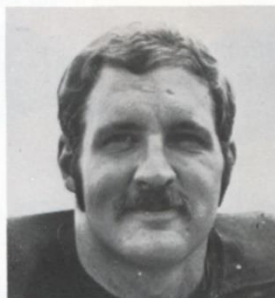
68 L. C. GREENWOOD
DE 6-6 245 29



71 G. GRAVELLE
OT 6-5 250 26



72 GERRY MULLINS
G-OT 6-3 244 26



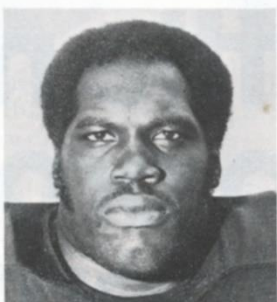
73 RICK DRUSCHEL
OT 6-2 250 23



74 DAVID REAVIS
OT 6-5 250 25



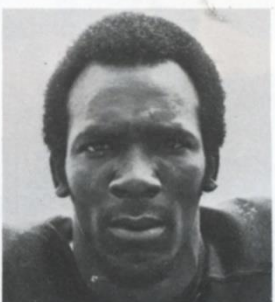
75 JOE GREENE
DT 6-4 275 29



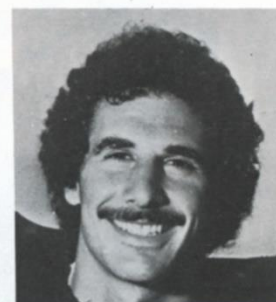
77 CHARLIE DAVIS
DT 6-2 266 24



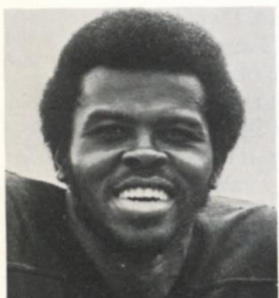
78 DWIGHT WHITE
DE 6-4 255 26



82 J. STALLWORTH
WR 6-2 183 23



84 RANDY GROSSMAN
TE 6-1 215 22



86 REGGIE GARRETT
WR 6-1 172 24



87 LARRY BROWN
TE 6-4 229 26



88 LYNN SWANN
WR 5-10 178 23



89 JOHN McMAKIN
TE 6-3 232 25





Clipping



Interference
With Fair Catch or
Forward Pass



Ineligible Receiver
Downfield



Offside



Loss of Down



Touchdown
or Field Goal



First Down



Delay of Game
or Excess Time-Out



Safety



Holding



Illegal Motion



Dead Ball



Personal Foul



Time Out



Time Out, Please

How to tell who's in trouble. Your team, their team, or the referee.

With Talon, you won't be penalized for a broken zipper.

Winston's box makes a difference.

The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed. That makes a difference.

Winston's taste makes a real difference, too. No cigarette gives me more taste. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

Memory Layne: Life Was a Cabaret for Bobby

By Jim Klobuchar

He would thrust his maskless jowls into the faces of his quailing accomplices in the huddle. Do you remember?

Bobby Layne delivering an ultimatum to the penitents. He would stand with his hands on his hips, promising tears and demanding sweat and quite possibly a kick in the tail. MacArthur played the scene more majestically, but the general never had the handicap of a bad Saturday night in Philadelphia.

Layne in closeup, his helmet barely able to contain the puffy cheeks of this old gnome in umbrage, was one of the imperishable portraits of his time. You could freeze an entire epoch with one still picture that absorbed the era's rhythm and scent, evoked its saints and demons. It was a time when the television cameras were converting pro football from the club fight cultism of the postwar years to the Sunday communion it became to millions of people for whom God mercifully ordained doubleheaders and split screens.

Here was Vince Lombardi, in his first years, standing beside the Packers' bench. He wore a camel's hair coat and projected a grimace so kinetic and willful it stirred bafflement among the viewers in the way Leonardo da Vinci did with Mona Lisa. You could read it any way you wanted. From certain angles it was a snarl of exhortation. But Lombardi zealots saw it as one of those Biblical smiles of certitude, first employed by St. Michael.

And there was John Unitas, standing without flinch in his protective pocket, pumping his fake, anchored in his high-top shoes, winging the ball 50 yards to Lenny Moore on third and one.

And Bobby Layne. They gave a banquet in Dallas for all the Texas Hall of Famers last year. There were so many great Texas athletes and sure-enough immortals in that number somebody asked where the Oklahoma recruiters were. There were Ben Hogan, Sammy Baugh, Doak Walker, Byron Nelson, Jimmy Demaret, and a few hundred others. They came out of the Panhandle, the country clubs, and the cactus. Lamar Hunt was the impresario and Bob Hope, was the toastmaster.

He got Bobby Layne and he fractured

He was a quarterbacking Caballero who lived life to its fullest in the good old recent days of pro football.



He is now a Texas man of means.

the house. "I want to introduce the only man who ran an X-rated huddle in the NFL," he said.

Nobody talked about charisma when Bobby Layne played football. The operative word then was aura. The exact composition of Bobby's aura always fascinated chemists, since it was widely believed to consist of equal parts sulphur, gunsmoke, Texas natural gas, and bourbon.

There is still some residual sulphur when the man enters a room today, diluted by the years, of course, but unmistakable. He was one of the real ones, Bobby Layne, an undefeatable buccaneer, a crony and contemptuous autocrat, a hell-raising man and football virtuoso.

He sat at a restaurant table in Minneapolis, affable, brown, and stunningly trim. For four months Bobby Layne had been eating grapefruit, rice, and dry toast. That is the gospel. He had sheared off 25 pounds and seemed fearful of being swept away when the restaurant door opened. "The doctor done it," he said with a minimum of exuberance.

"Jog every day," he said. "Me and my dog. In a park near Lubbock." The brown-haired waitress was tarrying. "Dietin', hon," Bobby clucked. "Gimme just one of those lil' ole hamburger pat-

ties, and what they call cottage cheese, and one nice icy gin and tonic, hon."

His luncheon companion, a newspaperman, did not expect to be dining that afternoon with Bobby Layne because it was, after all, Minneapolis and Layne normally lunches in Lubbock with his domino partners. A couple of days before he had blown their appointment in Lubbock because of a busted battery on a private plane flying him from Mexico, leaving the reporter to count motels and heat waves for excitement in Lubbock. Two days later Layne called from the airport in Minneapolis. "I owe you one, podner," he said.

He reminded the interrogator of Van Brocklin, chummy and uproarious as a social person, sardonic in his judgments of non-achievers and therefore the non-equals. But kinder than Dutch. They both belonged to a time when the game was clubbier. Its friendships and admirations and hatreds were more intimate than today, when the big money and celebrity of the game have removed some of its musketeer camaraderie.

But Bobby himself was always a money man, once the game's highest-paid practitioner at \$25,000 and proud of it.

"But all that partying, Bobby," the interrogator jogged him. "You don't mean to tell America a lot of that is fiction."

"I'd say the parts between Thursday and Sunday, yeah. Before that you sort of had to relax. Buddy Parker, now, there was a man of wisdom. Our coach at Detroit and Pittsburgh. One of the greatest ever. Buddy used to tell us, 'There's three things guys like to do in this business: drink, carouse, and play cards for money. I know very few guys who can do two of them well, and not many guys who can do one of them well. But if you ever try to do all three around here, you're busted'.

The ultimate pity of the Bobby and Buddy alliance is that pro football was just a few years short of its engulfing popularity when they flourished so the millions didn't really know. Buddy was a kind of choleric genius, a man whose setbacks seemed so soaringly tragic and sometimes comically tragic because of his magnificent rages.

Peter Read Miller

"How that man suffered," Bobby acknowledged, not quite tragically. "I remember visiting his house after a game one night and we all had a few drinks, and the drinks got to Buddy because we heard this voice from Buddy's bedroom and there he was on his knees, and he's praying, and he says, 'Why does Paul Brown have all those backs who run and run and run, Lord, and I don't have any?'"

But surely the Lord listened some of the time?

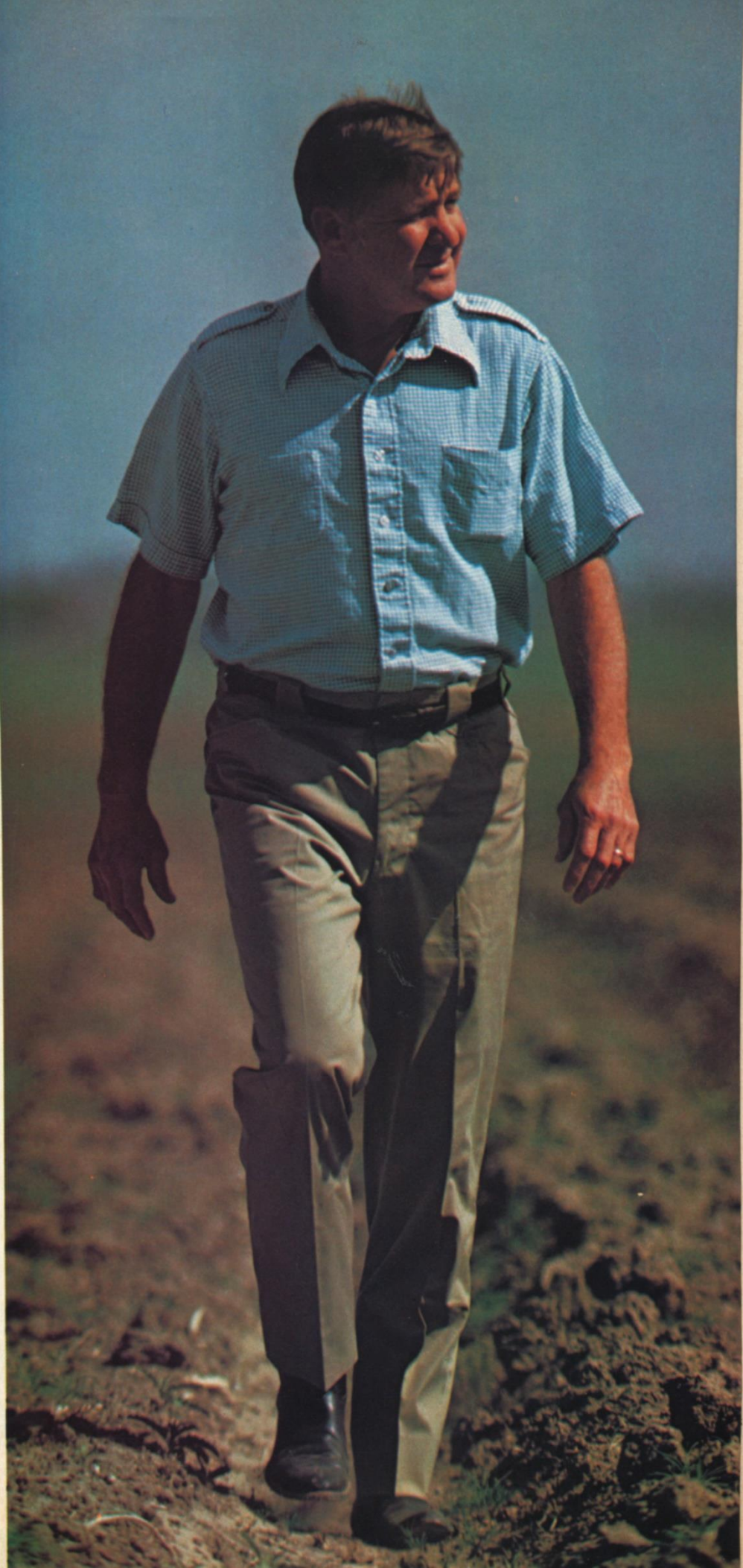
"Well, we had some great running backs at Detroit, sure, but there was this one year everything went wrong and we lost the first six games of the season and we're flying back from the West Coast. When we got to Denver Buddy couldn't take it and he called Bert Bell, the commissioner. 'Every s.o.b. on this team is on waivers,' he said."

The waitress brought another plate of dry toast and teased her raspy client with a smile. Bobby is an instant social smash in almost any environment—bar, duck blind, airliner, or rodeo bleachers. He is breezy, confident, and generous. Partly because of this but more because of his naturalness, service people—the barmaids and porters—love him. Bobby joshed the waitress and allowed that since it was Tuesday, it would be all right to add a moderate amount to his glass.

There are football players who become an immediate part of the brotherhood, having passed the sifting process that is never defined but is activated in the dormitories and training rooms the moment the player walks into camp. The process can sometimes miscalculate the player's competitive value, but it rarely errs in evaluating his character, his fitness to belong. Layne was accepted within weeks after he joined the Chicago Bears. This was despite the boxcar numbers on his salary (\$77,000 for three years including bonuses, a plutocratic figure for those days) and a general attitude among the pro players of the day that gave rookies the same kind of popularity accorded food poisoning and flat tires.

He failed with Chicago when Sid

Bobby is "an instant social smash in almost any environment . . . confident, generous."



“We heard this voice from Buddy’s bedroom and there he was on his knees. He’s praying, and he says, ‘Why does Paul Brown have all those backs and I don’t have any?’”

Luckman decided quarterbacking needed an elder statesman. This left Johnny Lujack and Bobby as the backup quarterbacks, and for Bobby, Chicago was a foreign country. He muddled through a bad rookie season, struggling with adjustment problems and an ailing baby. Accordingly, George Halas—after explaining the situation in a way that earned Bobby’s respect—dealt him to the New York Bulldogs. It was not Halas’s most charitable move.

“But you couldn’t spend a year with that Bears’ outfit without learning something,” Bobby affirmed. “One of my punishments for being a rookie was to cater to Bulldog Turner’s hunger. They had him on the fat man’s table. At night, Bulldog sounded like he was actually starving to death. He just came in from the mess hall watching all of his buddies whomp down those steaks and goodies and all, and he was dying. He would order me to go to the commissary to get him some food. I’d tell him the commissary was closed and he’d say, ‘Break in! What the hell kind of league do you think you’re playing in?’ So I’d go break into the commissary and I did it fast, because the way Turner sounded, if I didn’t come back with the goods, he was gonna eat me.”

The New York Bulldogs were one of the great busts of pro football history, a welfare line masquerading as a football team. Layne led the Bulldogs in forward passes, yards gained rushing, and concussions. The team was owned by the late Ted Collins, a man of strong but strange loyalties who, in midseason of a 1-10-1 year, told Charlie Ewart that he could stay on as coach but not to show up for practice.

All that spared Layne certain dismemberment the following season was a trade to Detroit. And in two years, he was a championship quarterback.

His Monday parties at the Stadium Club were widely credited with saving Detroit from the first Eisenhower recession. Bobby often paid the full damages. This flowed partly out of love for the sporting times but it also represented Bobby’s gratitude for having been raised a quarterback. “You had to be a politician,” he admitted. “I loved a lot of those

guys but you had to spread your money around a little, too. It was awfully tough, the line between playing the big shot and being a good guy with fellas who made less. You couldn’t spread it too thick. But let me tell you. When I was with guys like Harley Sewell, and Charley Ane, and Dick Stanfel, I was sincere about picking up some of those checks. They were something fierce.

“They ever tell you about Stanfel? You could go through a complete game film and never see Stanfel miss a block, or not knock some guy down. I didn’t respect many people more than Stanfel. Once we were playing the 49ers, trying to get in for a score just before the half. I didn’t want to use another time out there. We ran a sweep to the sidelines and Stanfel comes back to the huddle, wheezing and hacking and out of breath. He’s real hoarse and he mumbles to me, ‘Bobby, gimme a time out.’ I was really a hardbutt about those things, you know, so I just said flat out to Dick Stanfel, ‘The hell with your time out.’ So I called another play.

“Stanfel made his block, and then he had to go off the field. The doctor looked at him later and diagnosed it. A broken back. Dick Stanfel made this block with a broken vertebra and you know what I felt like, don’t you, because the next day Dick was wearing this cast up to his neck.

“We had the guys. Hunchy Hoernschmeyer, Doak Walker, Cloyce Box, Jack Christiansen, Jim David, Dorne Dibble, Joe Schmidt, Gene Gedman, oh hell, I could name them all. Leon Hart, Lou Creekmur, Yale Lary, guys like that. Later John Henry Johnson. Man, he would unjoint you, John Henry would. But he was a little quirky. He was afraid of crawling things. One day I got there a little early before the afternoon practice. You’d work out in the morning, then lay around after lunch just dreading the second one. Everybody sort of slouched to the training room anyway. I found one of these small grass snakes. John Henry was one of those who would sit around with his football pants halfway up, waiting to go out. I had taped this snake to the inside of his pants, so just the head moved. And John Henry, he finally went

to lift his pants up and here’s this snake with its head twitchin’ and flickin’. And John Henry saw that, and he damned near leveled the building. He tore through the locker room yelling.

“Joe Schmidt was all I saw after John Henry ran out the room. Schmidt was lying on the floor helpless from laughing.

“But you never got in John Henry’s way unless you were ready. I’ll never forget Larry Wilson of the Cardinals, and this says as much about Larry as it does about John Henry. Larry was the guy who perfected the safety blitz. You had to have some kind of death wish to invent the safety blitz. But Larry Wilson may have been the toughest guy pound for pound who ever played this game. He’d stand there across the line and his mouth would be open. He didn’t have any teeth, which made him look like Popeye.

“He worried the hell out of coaches with the safety blitz, and quarterbacks weren’t exactly immune either. We were playing the Cardinals and Buddy says he’s got the solution. Parker was always maneuvering and jostling. You had to set your alarm at midnight to get up before Parker.

“‘What we gonna do,’ Buddy told us before the game, ‘is take care of Larry Wilson real early with that safety blitz. John Henry, we want you to uncoil on him. We’re gonna hide you someplace in the backfield and when he comes, pop him.’

“Sure enough, Larry Wilson comes with the safety blitz. He waited real long, like the third play. We got John Henry hunkered down low in the backfield and all I can say is, ‘Here he comes!’

“Larry Wilson busts through and John Henry unloads. Legal, but he’s real brutal, you know. Wilson went down like he was hit by a train. He’s just laying there stiff. I actually thought he was dead. They finally brought him back to consciousness and hauled him off the field. I sort of regretted it, and I told one of the guys, ‘You got to admire Larry Wilson for what he tried to do. I hope he’s not gonna miss too many weeks.’

“He didn’t. As a matter of fact, what he missed was one play. He was back in for the one after that. And two plays later you know what they came with? That’s

"I was a little shook when I joined Pittsburgh. In Detroit, everything was first wagon. In Pittsburgh, they couldn't boo big league."

right. Larry Wilson and the safety blitz.

"I just told John Henry, I said, 'I'll be goddamned.' And John Henry said I took the words out of his mouth.

"Now see that's the difference. You can take that from a good ball player. Not only was he a good ball player but he played straight football. That day Ed Meadows laid me out in our game with the Bears. I never said Ed Meadows deliberately tried to take me out of the ball game. Never said that. I do remember my pals from Lubbock being up for the game and they were at a party where there were a lot of Bears' players. And they said some of the Bears were willing to bet I wouldn't get past the first quarter. Great kidders, those Bears.

"I'll say this about the play. I just handed off to Gene Gedman and I was watching him run when Meadows hit me. The lights just went out. I'd be the last guy to say he meant to do it. I'll put it this way: he could have avoided it."

An old conversational prune that always turns up in the barroom arguments surfaced here. What about dirty football, especially back in that pro football era of dogfights and no-man's-lands?

"All I can judge by is what happened to me," Bobby Layne said. "A lot of the guys went out of their way to avoid hurting a guy. Well, when I say 'guy', I mean me. Hardy Brown of the Forty-Niners collapsed a lot of people with the shoulder shot he gave, but he was kind to me, I'll say that. Old Hardy would say, 'Gotcha, don't move.' And I'd say, 'Don't worry, buddy, don't worry.'"

A little haze was beginning to film the eyes of the warrior. It might have been the nostalgia or the vintage of the libation. The San Francisco hotel desk clerk who walked into a postgame suite years ago and found \$800 worth of mirror smashed by an enraged Bobby Layne (the Lions never did understand the 49ers in the years he played) might be reluctant to call him a sentimentalist.

But mention Ernie Stautner. Watch the transformation. Superimpose the battle mask of Bobby Layne and his snarling tomato face in the Steelers' huddle. Let it fade now, and meld with Bobby Layne at age 48, a sun-soaked Texas businessman with most of his furies banked. His irrev-

erences are still largely intact, but most of his remembrances are warm and generous—the confections of the old pro.

"Ernie and I rented a house not long after I joined Pittsburgh," he said. "I re-



There was only one, his name was Layne.

member telling Art Rooney I didn't need any more money in salary and that I was even willing to take a cut, in exchange for Art paying my living expenses, which sort of scared Mr. Rooney. Ernie was one of the greatest.

"I was a little shook when I first joined Pittsburgh. At Detroit, everything was first wagon. In Pittsburgh, hell, they couldn't even boo big-league style. The fans got on me one game and Ernie really let them have it in the newspapers. So now the whole town is on Ernie. Next week, we're playing at home, and Ernie is the captain. We line up to run out from the ramp at crappy old Forbes Field. Ernie goes first. You know, shoulders back, knees up, the works. The fans booed. Ernie figured he could cope with that because the rest of the team was coming out behind him. He kept running and looked back to see how far the rest of us were behind.

"There wasn't another ball player out of the ramp. We just decided we're gonna have a little fun with Ernie and let him go out there solo. The fans were just blasting the hell out of him and were standing there in the shade laughing and giggling and Ernie almost died. He just stood there like he's been thrown overboard by his mother. Now I call that

some kind of ingratitude on our part but that dumpy old stadium did that to you.

"Wednesday night at midnight was when Ernie and me would stop partying. We were always ready for the game. I don't care what the gossips tell you. Some games we were readier than others, probably. I'll never forget Ernie the day the doctor got in late and was supposed to give him Novocain for his shoulder and he grabbed the wrong bottle and gave him enough Demerol to kill a horse. Ernie almost died. They took him to a hospital and he was in a coma for a while. I went to see him. Ernie talked like he was going to die. Finally he said he needed a priest. The good man arrived and Ernie kinda croaked to him, 'Father forgive me for I have sinned. This is my confession. Father, there ain't much time so I'm just sort of gonna hit the high spots . . .'"

The waitress arrived with the check, which Layne speared instantly with a move that radiated experience. "I'll tell you why I'm glad to pay this check, hon," he told the waitress. "A fifty-dollar bill is the unluckiest bill there is. Did you know that? Never had any luck with it, gambling, anything else. I got one more fifty dollar bill in my wallet here, and I'm lookin' for a way to get rid of it, too."

The waitress said she just never looked at it that way before.

Bobby rose. Back to Lubbock, and his oil investments and real estate and cronism, the hunting, fishing, domino and card playing at the club, football on television in season—"too damn much of it for the ladies of the house, just too damn much, and too damn much for Bobby, too.

"Dutch [Van Brocklin] coached here, yeah. Too bad about him and Atlanta. Greatest quarterbacking job ever was what Dutch did in Philadelphia. Dog team, last to first."

"And what about Layne in Detroit?"

"He didn't do badly, either. I ever tell you about Creekmur? Now, there was a guy who . . ."

The waitress couldn't believe the tip. ■

Jim Klobuchar is a columnist for the Minneapolis Star.



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JAYCEES - THE THIRD TEAM

General Chairman

Art Eberle as general chairman of the Jaycee Classic Committee has total and overall responsibility for overseeing every facet of the successful planning and execution of the game's activities. A veteran of Classic Committee's, this year marks Art's sixth consecutive year of Classic participation in an executive capacity. Art has been a member of the Brick Township Jaycees for 12 years, having served in every office capacity. He is employed by Royal-Globe Insurance Companies. Art and his wife Irene live in Brick Township with their three children.

Past Chairman

W.J. Hurst was last year's Classic General Chairman. Jay holds a Bachelor's degree from Bloomsburg College and a Master's degree from Rider College. He and his wife and son live in Medford Lakes. Jay is employed by RCA Corporation Data Center.

Treasurer

Wally Stielau returns for his second Classic Committee. Last year he was assistant treasurer. A member of the Medford Lakes Jaycees, Wally is its past president. He is employed as an operating manager by Sears, Roebuck, and Company. Wally and his wife and their three children reside in Medford Lakes.

Secretary

Dennis Cantoli returns to the Classic Committee for his second year. Last year saw Dennis as Special Tickets Chairman. The holder of a law degree from Fordham University Law School, Dennis is employed by the law firm of Sim, Sinn, Gunning, Serpentelli, and Fitzsimmons in Brick Township. Dennis and his wife and two children live in Brick Township where he is an active Jaycee member.

Legal Counsel

Harry Devlin joins the Classic Committee for his initial appearance. A graduate of Syracuse University, Harry is a partner in the law firm of Pettit, Higgins, and Devlin in Westfield. Harry lives in Westfield where he is a member of that Jaycee chapter.

Public Relations

Herb Koenig is another second year man on the Classic Committee. Herb served as Press Box Chairman for last year's Classic. A member of the Passaic Township Jaycees, he has held every office position in that chapter. Herb is employed by IBM as a Systems Marketing Representative of the Office Products Division. He and his wife and two children live in Stirling.

Ticket Sales

Ken Goski returns to the Classic Committee for a second time. A graduate of Seton Hall University, Ken is vice-president of S. Goski and Sons Trucking Company. Ken lives with his wife and their children in Westfield where he is an active Jaycee member.

Personnel

Dexter Graef is serving on his second Classic Committee. A super active member of the

Jaycees, Dexter is a member of both the Hillside and Westfield Jaycees. The recipient of a JCI Senatorship, Dexter is a former State vice president and U.S. Director. He is employed as a technical services manager for the Magnavox Company, and lives in Westfield.

Concessions Co-Chairman

Denny Reiter is making his third appearance as a Classic member. Denny previously served as Food Sales Chairman and Concessions Chairman. A former president of the Willingboro Jaycees, Denny was also State treasurer for the New Jersey Jaycees. The holder of a B.S. degree from Bloomsburg State College and an M.S. degree from Temple University, Denny is employed as an assistant director in the State Department of Education, Bureau of Vocational Management Services. He and his wife and their three children live in Willingboro.

Concessions Co-Chairman

Bob Smith returns to the Classic Committee for his fourth year. A graduate Paul Smiths College of Hotel and Restaurant Administration, Bob is employed by Harry M. Stevens Inc. He and his wife and children reside in Willingboro, where he is an active Jaycee.

Publications and Special Events

Bob Kobryn is serving on his third Classic Committee. Bob has previously been Publicity and Advertising Chairman, and Publications and Special Events Chairman. A former president of the Bayonne Jaycees and State Vice President, Bob holds a B.S. degree from Rutgers and an M.B.A. from Wagner College. He is employed as a supervisor by Western Electric Company. Bob lives with his family in Bayonne where he is very active in community affairs.

Publicity

Bob Livolsy, another first year man on the Classic Committee, holds a B.A. degree from Kent State University. An active member of the Passaic Township Jaycees, Bob is employed by Allstate Insurance Company as an office operations supervisor. Bob lives in Warren.

Press Box

John Baker is a graduate of Rutgers University and is serving on his first Classic Committee. John lives with his wife in Princeton, and is a former president of that Jaycee chapter. John is employed by the First National Bank of Princeton.

Productions

Ed Salkind is another newcomer to the Classic Committee. A graduate of Rider College, Ed is president of Astro Publications Inc., in Princeton. Presently a vice-president of the Princeton Jaycees, Ed lives in Princeton.

Pittsburg Area Liason

Don Kramer is serving for the first time on the Classic Committee. A Rider College graduate, Don is an assistant vice president with the National State Bank. A former president of the Trenton Jaycees, Don and his family live in Hamilton Square.



Art Eberle



W. J. Hurst



Wally Stielau



Dennis Cantoli



Harry Devlin



Ken Goski



Dexter Graef



Denny Reiter



Herb Koenig



Bob Kobryn



Bob Livolsy



John Baker



Ed Salkind



Don Kramer

(continued on page 55)

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(continued from page 53)

Team Liason—Giants

John Barr is serving on his fourteenth Classic Committee. A former president of the Brick Township Jaycees, John and his wife and four children live in Brick Township. The holder of a B.S. degree from Rutgers University, he is employed by the State of New Jersey and holds public office in Brick Township.

Team Liason—Steelers

Don Fagans returns to the Classic Committee for his third stint on the executive committee. An active member and former president of the Cherry Hill Jaycees, Don is presently employed by Jefferson Mortgage Company in Cherry Hill, as a senior account executive. Don lives in Princeton.

Chapter Sales

Roger Hayden is making his initial appearance on the Classic Committee. Roger and his wife and children live in Westfield where he is an active member of the Westfield Jaycees. The possessor of a B.A. degree and an M.B.A. degree from Kansas University, Roger is employed by Bristol Myers.

Corporate Sales

Tom Alexandris is another first year man serving on the Classic Committee. Employed by Johnson and Johnson, Tom earned his B.S. from Michigan State University. A member of the Hightstown-East Windsor Jaycees, he resides in that community with his wife and two children.

Food Sales

Ted Gershon is making his first appearance on the Classic Committee. Ted is a graduate of Jersey City State College and is employed as a Director of Special Needs Programs in Union County Vocational Tech. He and his wife and three sons reside in Willingboro, where he is an active Jaycee member.

Purchasing

Frank Quinn is another novice on the Classic Committee. The owner of a McDonalds hamburger outlet in Willingboro, Frank is a former office holder in the Willingboro Jaycees. He lives with his wife and two children in Willingboro.

Magazines and Souvenirs

Greg Stosuy is also serving for the first time on the Classic Committee. Greg holds a B.A. degree from Queens College and an M.S.W. degree from Rutgers. Employed by the State of New Jersey as a Bureau Chief, Greg lives with his family in Willingboro, where he is a member of that Jaycee Chapter.

Security

Ron Lim is making his initial appearance on the Classic Committee. A former president of the Lincoln Park Jaycees, Ron is employed as a salesman for Thomas and Betts Corporation. He, his wife, and two children reside in Lincoln Park.

Security Co-Chairman

Dave Runfeldt is another newcomer to the Classic Committee. A graduate of Fairleigh Dickinson University, Dave is a former president of the Lincoln Park Jaycees. He is a general manager of Parker Interior Plant-scape. Dave lives with his wife and three children in Lincoln Park.

Parking Co-Chairman

Jim Scanelli is serving on his first Classic Com-

mittee. Employed by the United States Postal Service, Jim lives in Garwood with his family. Jim is a very active member of the Garwood Jaycees having formerly been its president.

Parking Co-Chairman

Don Bucciarelli returns to the Classic Committee for his second time. Last year Don served as Security Chairman. Don is a former president of the Garwood Jaycees. He is employed by General Office Supply Company, and lives with his family in Garwood.

Manpower

Anthony Sesta is making his first appearance on the Classic Committee. An active member of the Brick Township Jaycees, Tony is a landscape designer with Earth Craft Inc., in Brick Town.

Buildings and Grounds

Larry Posner is also serving on his first Classic Committee. The holder of a B.A. degree from Rutgers University and a Law Degree from American University, Larry is employed by the Hudson County Prosecutor's Office. He lives in Hillside and is an active member of the Hillside Jaycees.

Personnel Advisor

Tony Malick is serving on his third Classic Committee. A former United States Jaycee Director, Tony has held every office in the Linden Jaycees. Tony resides with his family in Linden. He is employed by Symes Chemical Corporation.

Personnel Assistant

Mike Arons returns to the Classic Committee for his fourth time. A graduate of Kentucky Wesleyan College, Mike is employed by the New Jersey Neuro Psychiatric Institute. A former United States Jaycee Director, Mike is one of the most active members of the Princeton Jaycees and has served on various state Jaycee committees as chairman. Mike lives in Princeton.

Buildings and Grounds

Bill Harrington is another newcomer to the Classic Committee. This Trenton State College graduate is the owner of a Carvel Ice Cream super market in Linden. An active member of the Linden Jaycees, Bill lives with his wife in Linden.

Assistant Treasurer

Greg Seely is making his initial appearance on the Classic Committee. The holder of a B.A. degree and an M.D.A. degree from Glassboro State College, Greg is a supervisor of teachers in Madison Township. He lives with his wife and children in Medford Lakes where he is a Jaycee member.

Jaycee-ette Coordinator

Irene Eberle returns to the Classic Committee for her second year. Wife of this year's General Chairman, Irene is a very active member of the Brick Township Jaycee-ettes, having held every elected office of that chapter.

Pressbox Hostess

Mary Lou Taibl is making her initial appearance on the Classic Committee. An active member of the Jackson Jaycee-ettes, Mary Lou is a former state director of the New Jersey Jaycee-ettes. She and her husband and their three children live in Jackson.



Don Fagans



Roger Hayden



Greg Stosuy



Ron Lim



Jim Scanelli



Don Bucciarelli



Tony Sesta



Larry Posner



Tony Malick



Mike Arons



Bill Harrington



Greg Seely



Irene Eberle



Mary Lou Taibl

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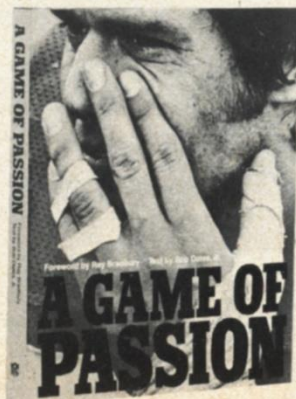
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Photo Finish

The 1975 Hall of Fame Contest Winners

Quick reflexes to capture unexpected action and sharp eyes for colorful personalities helped four photographers capture first-place awards in the seventh annual Pro Football Hall of Fame Professional Photographers Competition.

The competition has grown in popularity and prestige each year. This year, 502 photographs were submitted in four categories by 113 photographers. The entries were the work of professional sports photographers and recognized free-lancers who regularly cover NFL games.

On the following pages are the four winning photographs and the runners-up in each category. In early August, the first-place winners were guests of the Pro Football Hall of Fame at the enshrinement ceremonies in Canton, Ohio. The winning photographs will hang in the Hall of Fame permanently and the runners-up will be displayed for one year before they become part of the historic collection of photography in the Hall of Fame library.



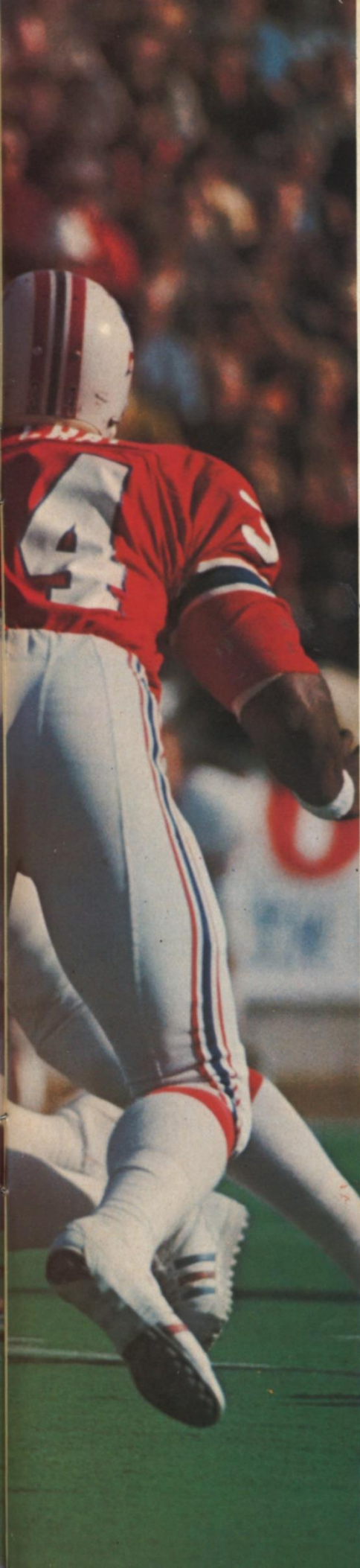
1



2



3



4



5



6



7

Dick Raphael, a free-lance photographer from Marblehead, Massachusetts, won first place in the color action category. His stunning shots of O.J. Simpson catapulting over the Patriots' line in a game at Schaefer Stadium was photographed with a Hulcher, an unwieldy, automatic camera seldom used for on-the-field action photography.

Malcolm Emmons, a free-lance photographer who lives in Delaware, Ohio, made the study of angry Oakland coach John Madden on page 3D during the AFC championship game against Pittsburgh and won first place in the color feature category.





It was an all-in-the-family affair for the second-place winners in the two color categories. Vernon J. Biever, the official photographer for the Green Bay Packers for nearly 30 years, photographed MacArthur Lane being buried under a host of Eagles.

Vernon's oldest son, John, who is a staff photographer for the *Milwaukee Journal*, traveled to Bloomington, Minnesota last December to cover the Vikings and Cardinals in an NFC divisional playoff game. He came home with the feature photograph at left, showing the Vikings' end zone crowd rising in celebration of one of John Gilliam's two game-breaking touchdowns.

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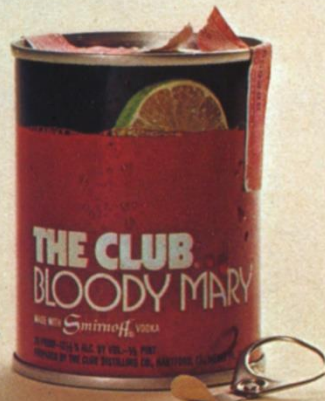


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CLUBS. ANYTIME, ANY PLACE, ANY REASON.



Denver coach John Ralston stands transfixed in the center of a bizarre tableau of action and emotion. The photograph, which proves again that a picture really can be worth a thousand words, won first place for Barry Staver of the *Denver Post* in the black and white feature category.

Minnesota's frustrated Vikings leap with unrestrained joy as safety Terry Brown scores a touchdown with a blocked punt in Super Bowl IX. In the background, on his knees, is the victim of the outburst, Steelers' punter Bobby Walden (39). John Biever's feature photograph won second place.





While pass blocking against the Eagles for quarterback Bert Jones, the Baltimore line momentarily created a circular composition reminiscent of Indians circling a wagon train. The photograph earned Elwood P. Smith of the *Philadelphia Daily News* the first-place award in the black and white action category.

The Lions' Ron Jessie stretches valiantly for a Bill Munson pass in a game against Chicago. Barry Edmonds, a photographer for the *Flint Journal*, won second prize in black and white action. !

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**Walt Garrison,
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SUPER SATURDAY

PAST FOOTBALL CLASSIC CHAIRMEN

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 1963 – S. Jack Leiberman
 1964 – John Lasley
 1965 – Richard W. Glenn
 1966 – William Jaffee
 1967 – James G. Shields
 1968 – Albert S. Waxman
 1969 – Anthony W. Schweiger
 1970 – Frank Micheletti
 1971 – Edward Burwell
 1972 – Mark Franceschni
 1973 – Dan Greenberg
 1974 – W. Jay Hurst

"Super Saturday" arrives today in Princeton's Palmer Stadium when the reigning Super Bowl Champions—Pittsburg Steelers—take the field against the New York Giants. Today's game marks the 14th annual New Jersey Jaycee Football Classic. No less important than the game, this day also marks the 14th consecutive year that New Jersey's largest single fund raiser which, to date, has raised nearly \$2.2 Million dollars, will be played for New Jersey charities and local Jaycee community and youth projects.

For the first time the Jaycee Classic, which for 13 consecutive years pitted the New York Giants against the Philadelphia Eagles, brings the Pittsburg Steelers as opposition for the New York Giants for this 14th annual Jaycee Classic. Walter Smith, president of the New Jersey Jaycees, looks forward to today's initial appearance of the Pittsburg Steelers as the beginning of a new and long relationship with the New Jersey Jaycees.

The New Jersey Jaycees is an organization of young men between the ages of 18 and 35, and at the present its nearly 9,000 members are actively involved in serving the needs and solving the problems in over 200 communities throughout the State of New Jersey. The desire, dedication, and enthusiasm to serve and solve are inherent characteristics of the Jaycees. The monies needed to support their endeavors are raised through this Football Classic.

Approximately 80 percent of the proceeds from the Classic are returned to the 200 local Jaycee chapters throughout the state. These proceeds cannot return to the local chapter's treasury, but are required to be allocated for designated charities. These include such worthy causes as Camp Jaycee (camp for mentally retarded children) hospitals, health organizations, rescue squads, youth clubs, Bob Scouts, Girl Scouts, and civic and community projects, to name a few that benefit from the Classic. The remaining 20 percent of the game's proceeds provide funding for scholarships and external programming.

This includes projects that are undertaken by Jaycee chapters across the nation. These projects cover a wide diversity of interests such as: "Project Mainstream", which enables low-income families and individuals to join the economic mainstream of American life; "Child Abuse", a program designed to curb child abuse; "Wise Up! Why dope?" a drug educational program to cope with drugs, their use, the people who misuse drugs, and to offer alternatives in coping with drug problems; "Operation Threshold", which fosters a new national attitude regarding alcohol's role in society and culture; "Protect Your Love", a VD educational campaign; plus innumerable information programs on safety, veterans assistance, education, health, and the environment.

"These are but a very few of the areas of interest that we are actively and viably involved in," Walt Smith points out with great pride. "The areas in which we are interested in becoming active participants is unlimited, for on any given day anyone of our members may come up with another area of concern that merits Jaycee backing. Then we all become involved to help solve the problem or serve our communities."

On the day of the game nearly 1,500 Jaycees from throughout New Jersey assemble at Palmer Stadium to work the Classic from early in the morning to very late at night. Every work aspect of the game is performed by a Jaycee on a voluntary basis. Their assignments run the gambit from assisting in parking cars; hawking soda, hotdogs, programs, and souvenirs; ushering; providing security; working with photographers and reporters in the press box and on the field; and finally cleaning up the stadium after the game.

These efforts expended by the Jaycees during the weekend of the Classic, coupled with the tickets they have sold and the advertisements secured for this magazine, are combined to provide Charity dollars for their respective chapters for total disbursement to designated charities and projects in their local communities.

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The New Jersey Jaycees and the Jaycee Football Classic Committee, realizing that it is impossible to cite everyone contributing to the success of today's game, wish to especially express their sincere appreciation to:

- ☆ Princeton University
- ☆ New York Giants
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- ☆ S. Goski & Sons Trucking
- ☆ Radio stations and newspapers in the New Jersey-New York metropolitan area for their coverage of the Classic
- ☆ And, finally to the more than 45,000 Jaycee Football Classic fans who have made this game a success through your attendance



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NEW YORK FOOTBALL GIANTS

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a man wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a dark jacket over a white shirt. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression while lighting a cigarette with a silver lighter. The background is dark and out of focus.

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Model shown: G4754E, the Buckingham. TV picture simulated.



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*For the fourth straight year, a nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians has named Zenith, by more than 2 to 1 over the next best brand, as the color TV needing fewest repairs. The same survey rated Zenith as the highest-quality color TV, as the one with the best picture, and as the one service technicians would buy for themselves today. For survey details, write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 North Austin Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60639.

NEW YORK GIANTS

NO.	NAME	POS.	HT.	WT.	AGE	EXP.	COLLEGE
3	Gogolak, Pete	K	6-1	190	33	12	Cornell
9	Hunt, George	K	6-1	215	26	4	Tennessee
10	Van Pelt, Brad	LB	6-5	235	24	3	Michigan State
13	Jennings, Dave	P	6-4	205	23	2	St. Lawrence
15	Morton, Craig	QB	6-4	210	32	11	California
16	Hunter, Scott	QB	6-2	205	27	5	Alabama
19	Summerell, Carl	QB	6-4	208	23	2	East Carolina
20	Stienke, Jim	CB	5-11	182	25	3	S.W. Texas State
26	Dawkins, Joe	RB	6-2	220	27	6	Wisconsin
27	Grim, Bob	WR	6-0	200	30	9	Oregon State
28	Giblin, Robert	S	6-2	205	22	R	Houston
29	White, Marsh	RB	6-2	220	21	R	Arkansas
30	Johnson, Ron	RB	6-1	205	27	7	Michigan
33	Crosby, Steve	RB	5-11	205	25	2	Fort Hays College
35	Colbert, Rony	DB	5-9	165	21	R	Lamar University
36	Watkins, Larry	RB	6-2	230	28	7	Alcorn A & M
37	Brooks, Bobby	CB	6-1	195	24	2	Bishop College
38	Tucker, Bob	TE	6-3	230	30	6	Bloomsburg State
39	Powers, Clyde	S	6-1	195	24	2	Oklahoma
41	McVay, John	DB	5-11	188	22	R	Miami University
43	Lockhart, Carl	S	6-2	175	32	11	North Texas State
44	Kotar, Doug	RB	5-11	205	24	2	Kentucky
45	Athas, Pete	S	5-11	185	27	5	Tennessee
46	Hammond, Bob	RB	5-10	175	23	R	Morgan State
48	Stuckey, Henry	CB	6-1	180	26	3	Missouri
52	Hill, John	T	6-2	245	25	4	Lehigh
53	Hudson, Jess	LB	6-2	230	22	R	Oklahoma State
55	Kelley, Brian	LB	6-3	222	24	3	California Lutheran
56	Hughes, Pat	LB	6-2	225	28	6	Boston University
57	Selfridge, Andy	LB	6-3	220	26	4	Virginia
58	Tate, John	LB	6-2	228	22	R	Jackson State
59	Schmit, Bob	LB	6-1	220	24	R	Nebraska
60	Bannon, Bruce	LB	6-3	225	25	3	Penn State
61	Chandler, Bob	C	6-5	250	23	2	Princeton
62	Enderle, Dick	G	6-2	250	28	7	Minnesota
63	Van Horn, Doug	T	6-3	245	31	9	Ohio State
64	Mendenhall, John	DT	6-1	255	26	4	Grambling
66	Dvorak, Rick	DE	6-4	235	23	2	Wichita State
69	Young, Willie	T	6-0	255	32	10	Grambling
70	Hyland, Bob	C	6-5	255	30	9	Boston College
72	Hasenohrl, George	DT	6-1	260	24	2	Ohio State
73	Mullen, Tom	G	6-3	245	23	2	S.W. Missouri State
74	Hicks, John	G	6-2	258	24	2	Ohio State
75	Martin, George	DE	6-4	245	23	R	Oregon
76	Pietrzak, Jim	DT	6-5	260	22	2	Eastern Michigan
77	Hovey, Jim	LB	6-3	235	23	1	Kentucky
78	Hilton, Roy	DE	6-6	240	32	11	Jackson State
79	Simpson, Al	T	6-5	255	24	R	Colorado State
81	Gregory, Jack	DE	6-5	255	30	9	Delta State
82	Rhodes, Ray	WR	5-11	185	24	2	Tulsa
83	Stephens, Elmore	TE	6-3	235	22	R	Kentucky
84	Gillette, Walker	WR	6-5	200	28	6	Richmond
85	Herrmann, Don	WR	6-2	205	28	7	Waynesburg
86	Buggs, Danny	WR	6-2	185	22	R	West Virginia
87	O'Brien, Jim	K	6-0	195	28	5	Cincinnati
88	Clune, Done	WR	6-3	195	23	2	Pennsylvania
89	Obradovich, Jim	TE	6-3	225	23	R	Southern California
93	Tillman, Faddie	DE	6-5	250	26	1	Dallas Baptist College

Coach: Bill Arnsparger

Assistants: Floyd Peter, Ted Plumb, Ed Rutledge, Marty Schottenheimer, John Symank, Alan Webb, Ray Wietecha.



NEW YORK GIANTS VS. PITTSBURGH STEELERS

AUGUST 30, 1975 — PALMER STADIUM, PRINCETON



NEW YORK GIANTS

No.	Name	Pos.
3	GOGOLAK, Pete	K
9	HUNT, George	K
10	VAN PELT, Brad	LB
13	JENNINGS, Dave	P
15	MORTON, Craig	QB
16	HUNTER, Scott	QB
19	SUMMERELL, Carl	QB
20	STIENKE, Jim	CB
26	DAWKINS, Joe	RB
27	GRIM, Bob	WR
28	GIBLIN, Robert	S
29	WHITE, Marsh	RB
30	JOHNSON, Ron	RB
33	CROSBY, Steve	RB
35	COLBERT, Rondo	DB
36	WATKINS, Larry	RB
37	BROOKS, Bobby	CB
38	TUCKER, Bob	TE
39	POWERS, Clyde	S
41	MOLVAY, John	DB
43	LOCKHART, Carl	S
44	KOTAR, Doug	RB
45	ATHAS, Pete	S
46	HAMMOND, Bob	RB
48	STUCKEY, Henry	CB
52	HILL, John	T
53	HUDSON, Jess	LB
55	KELLEY, Brian	LB
56	HUGHES, Pat	LB
57	SELFIDGE, Andy	LB
58	TATE, John	LB
59	SCHMIT, Bob	LB
60	BANNON, Bruce	LB
61	CHANDLER, Bob	C
62	ENDERLE, Dick	G
63	VAN HORN, Doug	T
64	MENDENHALL, John	DT
66	DVORAK, Rick	DE
69	YOUNG, Willie	T
70	HYLAND, Bob	C
72	HASENOHRL, George	DT
73	MULLEN, Tom	G
74	HICKS, John	G
75	MARTIN, George	DE
76	PIETRZAK, Jim	DT
77	HOVEY, Jim	LB
78	HILTON, Roy	DE
79	SIMPSON, Al	T
81	GREGORY, Jack	DE
82	RHODES, Ray	WR
83	STEPHENS, Elmore	TE
84	GILLETTE, Walker	WR
85	HERRMANN, Don	WR
86	BUGGS, Danny	WR
87	O'BRIEN, Jim	K
88	CLUNE, Don	WR
89	OBRAOVICH, Jim	TE
93	TILLMAN, Faddie	DE

GIANTS OFFENSE

WR .. 82 Ray Rhodes	27 Bob Grim	85 Don Hermann
LT .. 69 Willie Young	79 Al Simpson	
LG .. 73 Tom Mullen	62 Dick Enderle	52 John Hill
C .. 70 Bob Hyland	61 Karl Chandler	52 John Hill
RG .. 74 John Hicks	62 Dick Enderle	61 Karl Chandler
RT .. 63 Doug Van Horn	52 John Hill	
TE .. 38 Bob Tucker	89 Jim Obradovich	83 Elmore Stephens
WR .. 84 Walker Gillette	83 Don Clune	86 Danny Buggs
QB .. 15 Craig Morton	19 Carl Summerell	16 Scott Hunter
RB .. 30 Ron Johnson	44 Doug Kotar	46 Bob Hammond
RB .. 26 Joe Dawkins	36 Larry Watkins	29 Marsh White
		33 Steve Crosby

STEELERS OFFENSE

WR .. 43 Frank Lewis	82 John Stallworth	48 Walter White
		83 Archie Gray
LT .. 55 John Kolb	72 Gerry Mullins	
LG .. 50 Jim Clack	52 Mike Webster	73 Rick Druschel
C .. 56 Ray Mansfield	52 Mike Webster	50 Jim Clack
RG .. 72 Gerry Mullins	57 Sam Davis	
RT .. 71 Gordon Gravelle	74 Dave Reavis	
TE .. 87 Larry Brown	84 Randy Grossman	
WR .. 88 Lynn Swann	86 Reggie Garrett	85 Bob Gaddis
QB .. 12 Terry Bradshaw	17 Joe Gilliam	5 Terry Hanratty
RB .. 20 Rocky Bleier	26 Preston Pearson	44 Mike Collier
		40 Dickey Morton
RB .. 32 Franco Harris	33 John Fuqua	46 Reggie Harrison

GIANTS SPECIALISTS

Punters: 13 Dave Jennings, 9 George Hunt
Punt Centers: 76 Jim Pietrzak, Bob Hyland
Kickers: 3 Pete Gogolak, 9 George Hunt, 87 Jim O'Brien
Kick Centers: 76 Jim Pietrzak, 70 Bob Hyland
Punt Returns: 82 Ray Rhodes, 45 Pete Athas
Kickoff Returns: 44 Doug Kotar, 86 Danny Buggs,
35 Rondo Colbert

GIANTS DEFENSE

LE .. 78 Roy Hilton	66 Rick Dvorak
LT .. 76 Jim Pietrzak	72 George Hasenohrl
RT .. 64 John Mendenhall	72 George Hasenohrl
RE .. 81 Jack Gregory	75 George Martin
LLB .. 56 Pat Hughes	77 Jim Hovey
MLB .. 55 Brian Kelley	59 Bob Schmit
RLB .. 57 Andy Selfridge	53 Jess Hudson
LC .. 37 Bobby Brooks	35 Rondo Colbert
RC .. 48 Henry Stuckey	45 Pete Athas
SS .. 39 Clyde Powers	28 Robert Giblin
FS .. 45 Pete Athas	43 Carl Lockhart
	20 Jim Stienke

STEELERS DEFENSE

LE .. 68 L.C. Greenwood	76 John Banaszak	62 Jim Wolf
LT .. 75 Joe Greene	64 Steve Furness	
RT .. 63 Ernie Holmes	77 Charlie Davis	
RE .. 78 Dwight White	76 John Banaszak	62 Jim Wolf
LLB .. 59 Jack Ham	54 Marv Kellum	37 Harold Evans
MLB .. 58 Jack Lambert	38 Ed Bradley	54 Marv Kellum
RLB .. 34 Andy Russell	51 Loren Toews	
LCB .. 24 J.T. Thomas	45 Jim Allen	
RCB .. 47 Mel Blount	45 Jim Allen	36 Dave Brown
		29 Bill Deery
LS .. 23 Mike Wagner	31 Donnie Shell	
RS .. 27 Glen Edwards	22 Dick Conn	

STEELERS SPECIALISTS

Punters: 39 Bobby Walden, 11 Brian Masella
Punt Centers: 52 Mike Webster, 50 Jim Clack
Kicker: 10 Roy Gerela
Kick Centers: 52 Mike Webster, 50 Jim Clack
Kickoff: 10 Roy Gerela
Holders: 39 Bobby Walden, 5 Terry Hanratty, 22 Dick Conn
Punt Returns: 22 Dick Conn, 36 Dave Brown, 40 Dickey Morton,
27 Glen Edwards
Kickoff Returns: 26 Preston Pearson, 22 Dick Conn,
44 Mike Collier

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

No.	Name	Pos.
5	HANRATTY, Terry	QB
10	GERALA, Roy	K
11	MASELLA, Brian	P-TE
12	BRADSHAW, Terry	QB
17	GILLIAM, Joe	QB
20	BLEIER, Rocky	RB
22	CONN, Dick	S-KR
23	WAGNER, Mike	S
24	THOMAS, J.T.	CB
26	PEARSON, Preston	RB-KR
27	EDWARDS, Glen	S-KR
29	DEERY, Bill	CB
31	SHELL, Donnie	S
32	HARRIS, Franco	RB
33	FUQUA, John	RB
34	RUSSELL, Andy	LB
36	BROWN, Dave	CB-KR
37	EVANS, Harold	LB
38	BRADLEY, Ed	LB
39	WALDEN, Bobby	P
40	MORTON, Dickey	RB-KR
43	LEWIS, Frank	WR
44	COLLIER, Mike	RB-KR
45	ALLEN, Jim	CB
46	HARRISON, Reggie	RB
47	BLOUNT, Mel	CB
48	WHITE, Walter	WR-TE
50	CLACK, Jim	G-C
51	TOEWS, Loren	LB
52	WEBSTER, Mike	C-G
54	KELLUM, Marv	LB
55	KOLB, Jon	OT
56	MANSFIELD, Ray	C
57	DAVIS, Sam	G
58	LAMBERT, Jack	LB
59	HAM, Jack	LB
62	WOLF, Jim	DE
63	HOLMES, Ernie	DT
64	FURNESS, Steve	DT-DE
68	GREENWOOD, L.C.	DE
71	GRAVELLE, Gordon	OT
72	MULLINS, Gerry	G-OT
73	DRUSCHEL, Rick	OT
74	REAVIS, Dave	OT
75	GREENE, Joe	DT
76	BANASZAK, John	DE
77	DAVIS, Charlie	DT
78	WHITE, Dwight	DE
82	STALLWORTH, John	WR
83	GRAY, Archie	WR
84	GROSSMAN, Randy	TE
85	GADDIS, Bob	WR
86	GARRETT, Reggie	WR
87	BROWN, Larry	TE
88	SWANN, Lynn	WR-KR

TODAY'S OFFICIALS:

Referee — Jean Barth (4); Umpire — Paul Trepinski (22)
Head Linesman — Ed Marion (26); Line Judge — Bill Reynolds (53)
Back Judge — Stan Javie (29); Field Judge — Bob Wortman (84)

Giants

Steelers

	1	2	3	4	Total
Giants					
Steelers					

ATTENDANCE: PAID 38,185; ACTUAL - _____ TIME OF GAME 2:43

Steelers won the toss and elected to receive. Giants defend west goal.

Hunt kicks off to Collier on the 5, returns right to Steeler 33

STEELERS BALL

1-10-P33 Harris hits left guard for 3
2- 7- 36 Bradshaw passes left flat to Harris for 6 yards
3- 2-42 Bradshaw runs right,, passes incomplete to Brown on 50
4 -1 - 42 Masella punts to Hammond on Giants 13, fumbles, on 14,
recovered by Shell

1 -10-G14 Bleier runs right side for 4 (Gregory)

2- 6- 10 Harris slices over right tackle to 5 for five yards

3- 2- 5 (Pitt t/o) Harris turns left end for touch down 5 yards

FIRST DOWN

STEELERS 6--GIANTS 0 3:01 elapsed

PAT Gerela

STEELERS 7 --GIANTS 0

Gerela kicks to Obradovich on Giants 18, returns to Giants 34

11:53 GIANTS BALL

1-10-G34 Morton passes to Rhodes on Pittsburgh 42, runs for touchdown

66 yards gain FIRST DOWN

STEELERS 7-GIANTS 6

PAT-Hunt

STEELERS 7-GIANTS 7

3:20 elapsed

Hunt kicks off to Collier on Steeler 3, returns right to Pitt. 26 (23 return)

STEELERS BALL

(Steinke)

11:28 1-10-P26 Bradshaw passes to Lewis on 31, runs to 39 gain 13

FIRST DOWN

1-10-P39 Bleier turns right end for 7 yards

2- 3-P46 Harris left guard no gain

PENALTY;;Steelers holding (10 yard penalty)

2-13-P36 Bradshaw passes to Bleier in right flat for 8 yards

3- 5-P44 Bradshaw pass to Swan incomplete at G 45

4-5- P44 Masella punts to Athas on G 22, returns to 29 (7 yards)

10:17 GIANTS BALL

1-10-G29 Dawkins hits right tackle for four.

2- 6-G33 Johnson tries left end for one

3- 4-G35 Morton passes to Johnson over middle for 7 yards FIRST DOWN

1-10-G42 Morton rolls right, pass to Tucker knocked down by Lambert

2-10-G42 Johnson jams left guard for 3 yards

3- 7-G45 Morton passes to Johnson up left lane for 14 yards FIRST DOWN

1-10-P41 Morton passes to Tucker up middle for 34 yards FIRST DOWN

1-Goal-P7 Johnson loses four around right end (White)

2-Goal-P11 Johnson makes one over left guard

3-Goal-P10 Morton passes incomplete to Rhodes at goal, PENALTY

J.T. Thomas Pass interference Steelers FIRST DOWN

1-Goal-P1 Johnson blasts over left guard for touchdown

9:25 elapsed

STEELERS 7-GIANTS 13

PAT Hunt (Morton holds)

STEELERS 7-GIANTS 14

Hunt kicks off to Collier at 5, returns to Pitt. 25 (G-Crosby shaken up)

(5:26) 1-10-P25 Harris makes nothing at left end (Hughes)

2-10-P25 Bradshaw passes to Harris at 28, runs to 33 8 yards

3- 2-P33 Bradshaw passes to Brown at P37, runs to G45 ruled
down at first point (4 yards) FIRST DOWN

1-10-P37 Bradshaw's long pass to Lewis incomplete at G15 (Stuckey)

2-10-P37 Bleier turns left end for one -out bounds

3- 9-P38 PENALTY--Pitt. delay of game 5 yards

3-14-P33 Bradshaw sacked for 8 yard loss (Mendenhall, Gregory)

4-22-P25 Masella bobbles snap, kicks out bounds Pitt. 36 (lvd. punt)

GIANTS BALL (2:23)

1-10-P36 Johnson no gain ^{one} over left side (White)

2- 9-P35 Morton passes to Dawkins left flat for 2 yards

3- 7-P33 Morton scrambles right, overthrows Dawkins at 5

FIRST QUARTER continued

4-7-P33 Hunt punts into end zone (33 yard punt)
EN LTY** Steelers clipping 10 yards
(0:58) Steelers ball

1-10 -P10 Belier gains two over left side

2-8 -P12 Bradshaw trapped, runs up middle out bounds at P33 (20 yard)
FIRST DOWN

1-10-P33 Harris hits left tackle for 9 yards

--end of period --

GIANTS 14, STEELERS 7

SECOND QUARTER

STEELERS BALL

- 2-2 -P42 Bradshaw runs right side for 12 yards to G. 46 FIRST DOWN
 1-10-G46 Harris hits left guard for 2
 2- 8-G44 Bradshaw passes to Bleier in left flat for 7 yards
 3- 1-G37 PENALTY Pitt. delay game 5 yards
 3- 6-G42 Bradshaw pass to Swann incomplete at G33
 4- 6-G42 Masella punts into end zone 42 yard punt

GIANTS BALL (13:05)

- 1-10-G20 Dawkins hits up middle for 9 yards
 2- 1-G29 Dawkins contained at right end no gain
 3- 1-G29 Dawkins dropped by Greene for yard loss
 4- 2-G28 Hunt punts to Brown at Pitt 30 returns five yards

STEELERS BALL (10:57)

- 1-10-P35 Harris slides overleft tackle for 8
 2- 2-P43 Harris over left guard for two yards FIRST DOWN
 1-10-P45 Bleier takes quick pitch left side for three yards (Hasenohrl)
 2- 7-P48 Bradshaw pass to Bleier dropped in left flat
 3- 7-P48 Bradshaw runs up middle (Dvorak) for 7 yards
 4- 1-G45 Harris slams over left tackle for 16 yards FIRST DOWN
 1-10-G30 Harris right tackle for 3 yards
 2- 7-G27 Bradshaw runs up left side for 10 yards FIRST DOWN
 1-10-G16 Bradshaw pass caught out bounds by Swann at 11.
 2-10-G16 Harris gains one at left guard (Czarkxhxztz)(Powers hurt)
 3-9 -G15 Bradshaw passes too low to Grossman at 5
 4-9 -G15 Gereal misses 32-yard field goal (right) (Walden holding)

GIANTS BALL (5:29)

- 1-10-G20 Morton passe Grim up right side for 41 yards FIRST DOWN
 1-10-P39 Johnson counters over right tackle for 3
 2- 7-P36 Morton's pass batted down by Greenwood at line
 3- 7-P36 Morton passes to Gillette for 10 FIRST DOWN
 1-10-P26 PENALTY--Steelers offside 5 y rds
 1- 5-P21 Johnson hits right guard for 6 yards FIRST DOWN
 1-10-P15 Morton fires to Gillette in left flat for 5 yards
 2- 5-P10 Johnson White gains 3 at left tackle
 3- 2- P7 (2:00) PENALTY--Steelers offside 3 1/2 yards FIRST DOWN
 1-Goal-P4 (1:57) Johnson hits center loses one (Greene)
 2-Goal-P5 (1:20) Morton passes to Dawkins right flat for 12 (Thomas)
 3-Goal-P4 (0:37) Morton scrambles, passes incomplete to Dawkins
 4-Goal-P4 (0:33) HUNT KICKS 21-YARD FIELD GOAL (14:30 elapsed)

GIANTS 17-STEELERS 7

Hunt kicks off to Brown at Steeler 18, returns to 32 (18 yard return)

STEELERS BALL (:25)

- 1-10-P32 Bradshaw passes to Pearson right side for 12 yards out bound FIRST DOWN
 1-10-P44 (:16) Bradshaw passes up middle to Grossman for 20 9 yards
 2-1 -G46 (:08) Bradshaw passes to Tallworth at Giants 20 (24 yards)

End of half

Giants 17-Steelers 7

FIRST HALF SUMMARY

PITTSBURGH

VS GIANTS

AUG 30, 1975

DHLMER, PRINCETON

VISITOR

HOME

DATE

SITE

PERIOD SCORES

VISITOR

7 - 0 = 7

HOME

14 - 3 = 17

(HALFTIME SCORE)

TEAM	PERIOD	ELAPSED TIME	SCORING PLAY	SCORE VISITOR	HOME
PITT	1	3:01	F. HARRIS RUN (GERELA)	7	
NY	1	3:20	MORTON pass RHODES (6 yd) (HUNT)		7
NY	1	9:25	R. JOHNSON 1 RUN (HUNT)		14
NY	2	14:30	HUNT 2 yd FG.		17

VISITOR PITTS

HOME Giants

TOTAL FIRST DOWNS

First Downs Rushing-Passing-by Penalty

10
6-4-0

10
2-6-2

TOTAL NET YARDS

Total No. Offensive Plays (Include times thrown passing)

204

206

NET YARDS RUSHING

37

27

NET YARDS PASSING

120

26

Gross Yards Gained Passing

84

180

Times Thrown — Yards Lost Attempting to Pass

92

180

PASS ATTEMPTS — COMPLETIONS — HAD INTERCEPTED

1-8

0-0

PUNTS — Number and Average

16-9-0

13-9-0

PENALTIES — Number and Yards

4-30

2-37.5

FUMBLES — Number and Lost

6-38

0-0

1-0

1-1

VISITOR PITTSBURGH

HOME GIANTS

RUSHING	ATT.	NET YARDS	AVG.	LONG GAIN	TD		
HARRIS	11	53	4.7	16	1		
GLEIER	5	18	3.6	7			
BRADSHAW	4	50	12.5	21			
TOTALS	20	120	6.0	21			
PASSING	ATT.	COMP.	YARDS	TKD YDS.	TD	LG.	Had Int.
BRADSHAW	16	9	92	1	8	0	25
PASS RECEIVING	NO.	YARDS	LG.	TD			
HARRIS	2	14	8	0			
BROWN L.	1	4	4	0			
LEWIS	1	13	13	0			
GLEIER	2	15	15	0			
PEARSON	1	12	12	0			
BRADSHAW	1	9	9	0			
STANWORTH	1	25	25	0			

RUSHING	ATT.	NET YARDS	AVG.	LONG GAIN	TD
JOHNSON	9	11	1.2	6	
DAWKINS	4	12	3.0	9	
WHITE	1	3	3.0	3	

PITTSBURGH STEELERS VS. NEW YORK GIANTS 8-30-75

THIRD QUARTER

Gerexla kicks to Giants Obradovich at Giants 16 returns to 30 (16 gain)

GIANTS BALL (14:53) (Summerell at quarterback)

1-10-G30 Kotar gains one

2- 9-G31 Summerell passes to Glune at 45 (14 gain) FIRST DOWN

1-10-G45 Dawkins spins for yard at center

2- 9-G46 Kotartakes quick pitch left end for 4 yards

3- 5-50 Summerell pass to Dawkins knocked down by

4- 5-50 Hunt punts out bounds Steelers 15 (35 yard punt)

STEELERS BALL (12:35)

1-10 -P15 Bucu/a gains five at left end

2- 5-P20 Bucua hits right guard for four

3- 1-P24 Bucua hurdles left side for 3

FIRST DOWN

1-10-P28 Person gains two middle

2- 8-P30 Bucua turns left side for 5

3- 3-P30 PEN LTHY--Steelers illegal procedure (5 yards)

3- 8-P30 Bradshaw passes to Grossman over middle for 14 FIRST DOWN

1-10-P39 Bradshaw passes to Bucua for 11 yards FIRST DOWN (Puc hurt)

1-10-G45 Harris turns left end, cuts back for 11 FIRST DOWN

1-10-G34 Bradshaw's pass over middle batted up, Var Pelt dropped it.

2-10-G34 Harris spilled by Mendenhall at line

3-10-G34 Bradshaw pass for Tallworth batted down Powers

4-10-G34 Gerela missed 52-yard field goal to left

GIANTS BALL (7:15)

1-10-G34 Kotar loses 4 (Greenwood)

2-14-G30 PENALTY--Giants holding (pass to Bucua for 14) 10 yards

2- 9-G20 PEN LTHY--Giants illegal procedure 5 yards

2- 9-G15 Kotar fights for five yards over right guard

3- 24-G20 Summerell fumbles, recovers himself loss of 3

4- 27-G17 Hunt punts to Dave Brown on Pitt 43, returns 20 yards (40-yard punt)

STEELERS BALL (4:53)

1-10-G36 Collier hits left tackle for 4 (Kelley)

2- 6-G32 Collier sweeps right end for 7 yards

FIRST DOWN

1-10-G25 Collier tries left end for 2 (Gregory)

2- 8-G23 Bradshaw pass intended for incomplete

3- 8-G23 Bradshaw scrambles, passes to Grossman for 6 yards

4- 2-G17 Bradshaw pass to Lewis at goal knocked down by Steinke

GIANTS BALL (2:00)

1-10-G20 Watkins gains 17 over middle

2- 18-G21 Watkins loses 2 (White)

3- 11-G19 Summerell runs right side for 3 yards

4- 2-G22 Hunt

End of period

Giants 17, Steelers 7

FOURTH QUARTER

GIANTS BALL

4-1-G22 Hunt punts to Dave Brown at Steeler 37 returns to 44 (7 gain)
41 yard punt.

STEELERS BALL (14:50)

1-10-P44 Bradshaw pass intended Grossman broken up Powers at G40
2-10-P44 Collier runs draw up middle for 8
3-2-G48 Pearson slices over right tackle for 1
4-1-G47 Walden punts to Hammond at Giants 12, loses yard
35 yard punt

GIANTS BALL (13:26)

1-10-G11 Summerell passes to Obradovich over middle for 16 FIRST DOWN
1-10-G27 White loses four at right tackle (Greenwood)
2-14-G23 Summerell pass intended Obradovich broken up middle
3-14-G23 Summerell pass too high for Kotar at 25
4-14-G23 Hunt punts to Dave Brown at Steeler 23, returns to 31 (8 gain)
54-yard punt

PENALTY--Steelers clipping 15 yards

STEELERS BALL (11:41)

1-10-P16 Bradshaw passes to Swann up right side for 17 yards
FIRST DOWN
1-19-P33 Bradshaw passes swing right to Bleier for 7
2-3-P40 Bradshaw pass too low for Bleier
3-3-P40 Bradshaw swing passes right to Collier for 12 FIRST DOWN
1-10-G48 Collier hits left tackle for 5
2-5-G43 Bleier quick pitch left end for 4
3-1-G39 Collier slams over right tackle for 5 FIRST DOWN
1-10-G34 Bradshaw passes swing right to Bleier for 8 yards
2-2-G28 Bradshaw pass intended Collier intercepted by Mendham
on 30, returns to 44 14 runback

GIANTS BALL (7:40)

1-10-G44 Summerell passes to Clune over middle for 21 yards FIRST DOWN
1-10-P35 Summerell pass intended for Kotar intercepted by Toewson 26

STEELERS BALL (6:51)

1-10-P26 Bradshaw trapped, runs up middle for 4
2-6-P30 Bradshaw pass dropped by Stallworth on 40
3-6-P30 Bradshaw pass intended Stallworth, knocked down Kelley
4-6-P30 Walden punts to Hammond on Giants 25, returns to 34
9 yard return 45 yard punt

GIANTS BALL (5:43)

1-10-G34 Kotar cracks right guard for 4
2-6-G38 Kotar turns left end for 4
3-2-G42 Kotar slashes right guard for 1
4-1-G43 Summerell sneaks middle for one FIRST DOWN
1-10-G44 White slices off right tackle for 9
2-1-P46 Kotar counters over left guard for 5 FIRST DOWN
1-10-P41 (2:00) Summerell passes over middle to Burns at 35, runs to 5
36 yard gain FIRST DOWN

1-Goal-P5 Kotar hits wall at right guard
2-Goal-P5 (1:11) PENALTY Giants delay of game 5 yards
2-Goal-P10 (1:06) PENALTY Thomas ~~pass~~ Steelers holding Clune 5 yards
1-Goal-P5 (1:01) White slashes left tackle for ~~3xxx~~ 4
2-Goal-P1 (1:21) Summerell rolls right faking pass, runs touchdown
(block by John Hill) elapsed time 14:33

GIANTS 23, STEELERS 7
PAT-Hunt

GIANTS 24, STEELERS 7

Hunt kick off Collier on 6, returns to Steeler 26 20 yard return

STEELERS BALL (:00)

1-10-P26 Bradshaw screen passes to Bleier for 7 yards
end of game

Final Score

GIANTS 24, STEELERS 7

RUSHING		ATT.	NET YARDS	AVG.	LONG GAIN	TD			
HARRIS		13	64	4.9	16	1			
BLEIER		6	22	3.7	7				
BRADSHAW		5	53	10.6	21				
FUQUA		4	18	4.5	5				
PEARSON		2	3	1.5	2				
COLLIER		6	30	5.0	8				
TOTALS		36	190	5.3	21	1			
PASSING	ATT.	COMP.	YARDS	TKD YDS.	TD	LG.	Had Int.		
BRADSHAW	33	17	173	18	0	25	1		
TOTALS	33	17	173	18	0	25	1		
PASS RECEIVING			NO.	YARDS	LG.	TD			
HARRIS			2	14	8				
BROWN L.			1	4	4				
LEWIS F.			1	13	13				
BLEIER			5	37	8				
SWANN PEARSON			1	16	16				
GROSSMAN			3	29	14				
STALLWORTH			1	25	25				
FUQUA COLLIER			1	12	12				
TOTALS			17	173	25	0			
INTERCEPTIONS			NO.	YARDS	LG.	TD			
TOEWS			1	2	2				
TOTALS			1	2	2				
PUNTING			NO.	YDS.	AVG.	LG.			
MASELLA			4	131	32.8	44			
WALDEN			2	79	39.5	45			
TOTALS			6	210	35.0	45			
PUNT RETURNS		NO.	FC	YARDS	LG.	TD			
BROWN D.		4		41	21				
TOTALS		4		41	21				
KICKOFF RETURNS			NO.	YARDS	LG.	TD			
COLLIER			4	93	29				
BROWN D.			1	14	14				
TOTALS			5	107	29				
FUMBLES		FUM.	OWN REC.	YDS.	TD	OPP. REC.	YDS.	TD	OUT BDS.
HARRIS		1							1
SHELL						1			
TOTALS		1				1			1

RUSHING		ATT.	NET YARDS	AVG.	LONG GAIN		
JOHNSON		9	11	1.2	6		
DANKINS		5	13	2.6	9		
WHITE		4	12	3.0	9		
KATAR		9	20	2.2	5		
WIATVINS		2	2	1.0	4		
SUMMERELL		4	5	1.3	3		
TOTALS		33	63	1.9	9		
PASSING	ATT.	COMP.	YARDS	TKD YDS.	TD	LG.	
MORTON	13	9	180	0	1	66	
SUMMERELL	8	4	87	0	0	36	
TOTALS		21	267	0	1	66	
PASS RECEIVING			NO.	YARDS	LG.		
RHODES			1	66	66		
JOHNSON			2	21	14		
TUCKER			1	34	34		
DANKINS			2	3	2		
GRIM			1	41	41		
GILLETTE			2	15	10		
CLINE			2	35	21		
ORADOVICH			1	16	16		
BUGGS			1	36	36		
TOTALS			13	267	66		
INTERCEPTIONS			NO.	YARDS	LG.		
MENDENHALL			1	14	14		
TOTALS			1	14	14		
PUNTING			NO.	YDS.	AVG.	LG.	
HUNT			6	245	40.8	54	
TOTALS							
PUNT RETURNS	NO.	FC	YARDS	LG.			
HAMMOND	3		8	9			
ATHAS	1		7	7			
TOTALS		4	15	9			
KICKOFF RETURNS			NO.	YARDS	LG.		
ORADOVICH			2	32	16		
TOTALS			2	32	16		
FUMBLES	FUM.	OWN REC.	YDS.	TD	OPP. REC.	YDS.	TD
HAMMOND	1						
SUMMERELL	1	1	-3				
TOTALS		2	1	-3			

PITTSBURGH STEELERS vs.

(Visitor)

GIANTS

(Home)

Date 8/30/75

At: PALMER STADIUM

FINAL TEAM STATISTICS

	VISITOR PITTS	HOME GIANTS
TOTAL FIRST DOWNS	18	18
BY RUSHING	10	5
BY PASSING	8	10
BY PENALTY	0	3
THIRD DOWN EFFICIENCY	7-18	6-13
TOTAL NET YARDS	355	330
TOTAL OFFENSIVE PLAYS (Inc. times thrown passing)	70	54
AVERAGE GAIN PER OFFENSIVE PLAY	5.1	6.1
NET YARDS RUSHING	190	63
TOTAL RUSHING PLAYS	36	33
AVERAGE GAIN PER RUSHING PLAY	5.3	1.9
NET YARDS PASSING	165	267
TIMES THROWN — YARDS LOST ATTEMPTING TO PASS	1-8	0-0
GROSS YARDS PASSING	173	267
PASS ATTEMPTS — COMPLETIONS — HAD INTERCEPTED	39-17-1	21-13-1
AVERAGE GAIN PER PASS PLAY (Inc. times thrown passing)	4.9	12.7
PUNTS—NUMBER AND AVERAGE	6-35.0	6-40.8
HAD BLOCKED	0	0
TOTAL RETURN YARDAGE	150	61
NO. AND YARDS PUNT RETURNS	4-41	4-15
NO. AND YARDS KICKOFF RETURNS	5-107	2-32
NO. AND YARDS INTERCEPTION RETURNS	1-2	1-14
NO. AND YARDS MISCELLANEOUS RETURNS (Field Goals and Blocked Punts)	0	0
PENALTIES—NUMBER AND YARDS	9-63	3-30
FUMBLES—NUMBER AND LOST	1-0	2-1