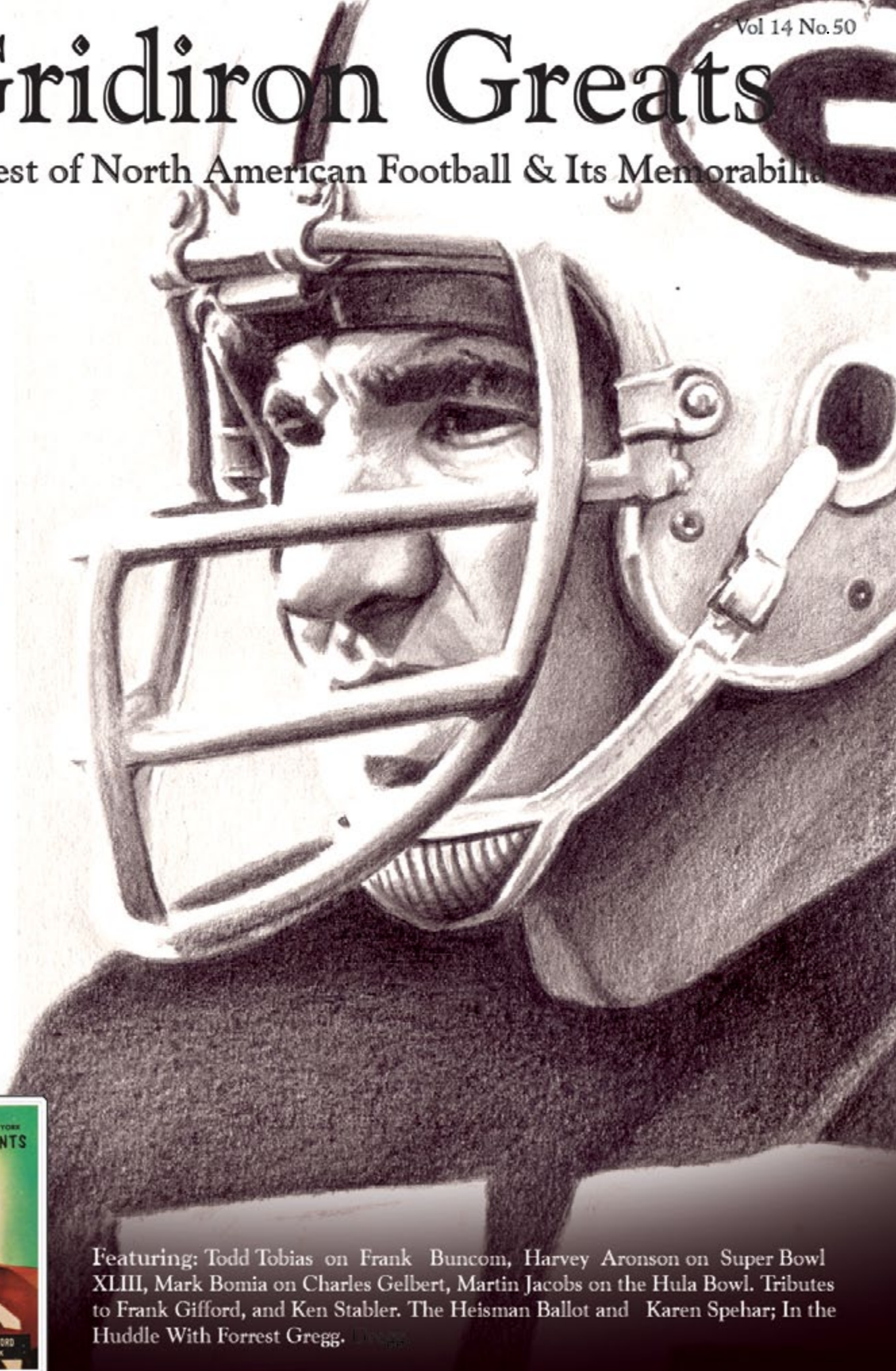


Gridiron Greats

The Digest of North American Football & Its Memorabilia



Featuring: Todd Tobias on Frank Buncom, Harvey Aronson on Super Bowl XLIII, Mark Bomia on Charles Gelbert, Martin Jacobs on the Hula Bowl. Tributes to Frank Gifford, and Ken Stabler. The Heisman Ballot and Karen Spehar; In the Huddle With Forrest Gregg.

SEEKING DISTINCTIVE CONSIGNMENTS



\$15,340
SPRING, 2015



\$24,780
FALL, 2012



\$12,980 (SET)
SUMMER, 2013



\$2,950
WINTER, 2014



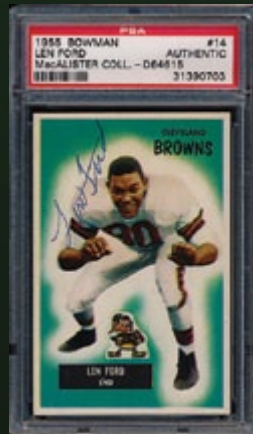
\$5,605
SPRING, 2014



\$4,720
WINTER, 2014



\$1,416 (SET)
FALL, 2014



\$7,670
FALL, 2013



\$1,080
WINTER, 2014



\$2,478
WINTER, 2014

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by Jared Kraus

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Editor's Page

Welcome to our 50th issue. Gridiron Greats continues to evolve and mature in 2015. Many different areas of football history and memorabilia have been looked at since the inception of this magazine back in 2002. And many more areas will be examined in the future. For example, what is our football equivalent to the baseball Wagner card-do we have one-does it exist? Do we have a rare card that is historically significant? And if so what is it? I would enjoy hearing your thoughts are with regards to this. You can either email me at contact @ gridirongreats.net or you can write me at P.O. Box 133, Wallingford, CT 06492-0133. I believe the debate on this card would interest, be educational and enlightening for both collectors and non-collectors alike.

Several readers asked me about my observations on this year's National Sports Convention and here they are. I was again amazed at the crowds around the Topps, Upper Deck and Panini booths especially when it was time for the free giveaways. Topps was in close proximity to where we were

set up and the noise was deafening a few times during the show. After the promotion was over I saw many of those same individuals go to the next giveaway and or leave the show entirely. It was definitely an interesting sight to view. I also saw many new cards just discarded after packs were opened as many just busted the packs to try to get the expensive insert/chase/fabric/game used/autograph card. This was a waste as many of those discarded cards could have been donated to for example a children's hospital or the like and be given to kids who would truly appreciate them. The card manufacturers should have a box set up where the cards could be donated next year for this purpose. Same for the box break dealers, set up an area where the cards can be donated.

On the football collecting side, I saw a great deal of interest in ticket stubs, older programs and display boxes. These areas seem never to grow old as interesting and rare pieces enter the market and are added to either new or existing collections. As I stated to a relatively new collector and reader of the magazine at our booth you can never go wrong collecting a ticket stub and game program from your favorite team and or era of the

game. Pre 1945 football items continue to be in great demand whether it is a card, ticket stub, program, football or helmet. This area to me will continue to be both in demand and tough to find for the foreseeable future. I also feel that the next area of great interest on the horizon will be items from the 1970's especially from their favorite teams as new collectors keep entering the market and demand items from their childhood. I am seeing this also from my correspondence that I have gotten over the past few months.

It was great to visit with our Illustrator Jared Kraus over the Labor Day Weekend in Tampa. We had a great discussion on many areas of our magazine and hobby during our visit. Brenda and I had a very busy six days visiting friends and family while in the Sarasota/Tampa area. It seems every time we go down and visit it seems even more quicker than the last time, we land and we seem to be flying back home again in a flash. Time continues to seem to be fleeting, we are already in another football season and another National has concluded. Take time out and enjoy the football season this fall and winter before it is over again. Enjoy our current issue.

Bob Swick

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THE HULA BOWL SHOW- CASED NFL STARS

By Martin Jacobs

Most of us who grew up in the 1940s will remember Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaii, as the headquarters for our Pacific Naval Fleet at Pearl Harbor, until it was decimated by the Japanese in a surprise attack on December 7, 1941. Since then, the Hawaiian islands have become one of the world's favorite destinations for tourists.

The Hula Bowl is a story of two energetic young men, Mackay Yanagisawa, a Honolulu impresario, and Paul Stupin of Los Angeles, who in 1947 set out on a goal to bring the very best players available from the mainland to the Hawaiian islands. The planning and preparation for this type of game would be a big job, espe-

cially screening and signing the players for the Hula Bowl.

"The first three years were rough, tough and discouraging", said Stupin. "For lacking were the All-American's and All-Conference stars. But, soon the nation's football headliners learned of Hawaii's sunshine, hospitality, the meaning of "ALOHA" and the annual January games".

The Hula Bowl received exceptional fan and corporate support, including Elks Milk Fund, Aloha Airlines, Honolulu Star

Bulletin, the Heisman Trophy Committee, "Street & Smith" publications, the American Football Coaches Association, and other key partners, an alliance was formed with the Hula Bowl Committee. Ultimately, the Hula Bowl became a tradition of great players and coaches, Heisman Trophy winners, and exciting football played in Hawaii.

The games were played in the friendly confines of Honolulu Stadium at King Street and Isenberg, with a capacity of 26,000.



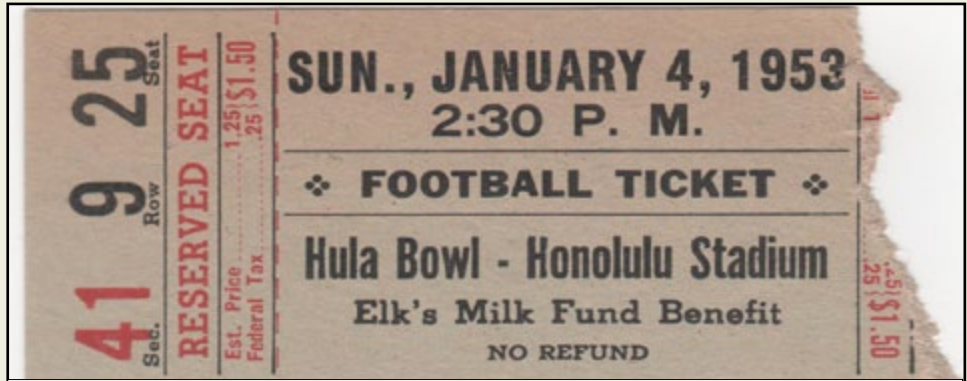
1952 Hula Bowl Program

The stadium was Honolulu's premier gathering place. It was nostalgic, from the early days of barefoot football to the glory days of the Hula Bowl.

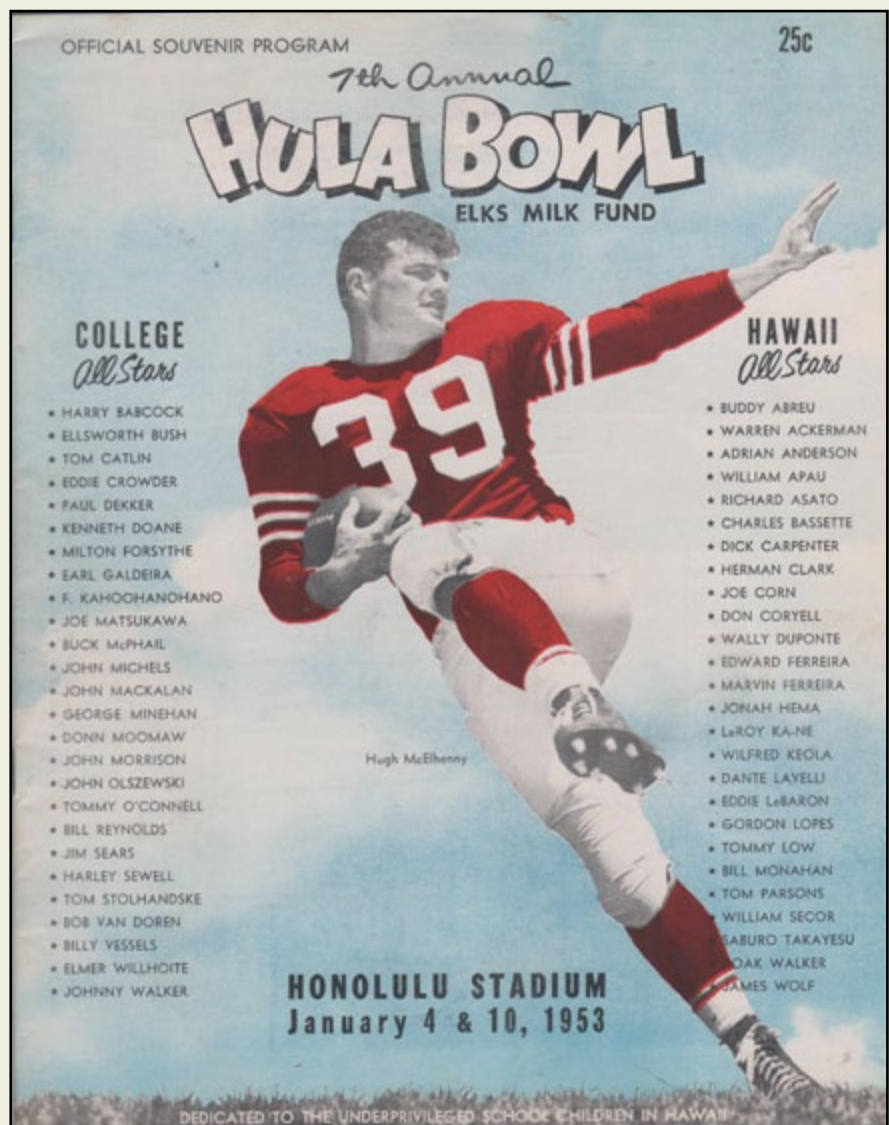
Al Michaels, ABC's Sports broadcaster, said about the stadium, "It had a little bit of Brooklyn in the tropics- with an old, ramshackle Ebbets Field kind of flavor. The old wooden structure had a mystical quality. The termites must have had a field day! The grass was very, very green and the stadium looked like a jewel. It had the classic ball-park aroma, with added Hawaiian delicacies too, like pipikaula and manapua."

In an era when high school football was the very soul of Honolulu, the Hula Bowl began inauspiciously on January 5, 1947, when a group of seniors from UCLA's 1947 Rose Bowl team were invited by Yanagisawa to play alongside a squad of college all-stars from the mainland. They were pitted against a local team of graduates of Leiehua, a high school in Wahiawa. One notable college all-star was a Hawaiian native, Herman Wedemeyer, nicknamed "Squirmin' Herman," who went on to St. Mary's college in California, earning All-American honors alongside Armys, Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard.

Each year the teams would play a two-game series every January. The results of the first games were split with the College All-Stars winning 34-7 in game one,



1953 Hula Bowl ticket stub



1953 Hula Bowl Program Cover

Corrected Line-Up

College All Stars

No.	Player	Pos.	Wgt.	Hgt.	School
9	HANK LAURICELLA	B	175	5-10	Tennessee
11	CHARLES HARRIS	C	205	6-1	California
16	RICHARD SING	C	165	5-8	Santa Rosa
18	HARRY HUGASIAN	B	185	6-0	Stanford
19	GLENN ANDERSON	B	175	5-10	Wyoming
22	DON KLOSTERMAN	B	180	5-11	Loyola
23	EARL GALDEIRA	B	165	5-8	Kamehameha
28	ED BARTLETT	E	195	6-1	California
29	GORDON LOPES	E	160	5-8	McKinley
31	VIC JANOWICZ	B	180	5-9	Ohio State
32	HAL MITCHELL	T	210	6-0	U. C. L. A.
35	DON COLEMAN	T	185	5-10	Mich. State
38	GEORGE ODA	G	195	5-8	St. Louis
39	HERMAN CLARK	T	260	6-3	Oregon State
41	JOHN KARRAS	B	170	5-11	Illinois
42	KENNETH DOANE	E	180	6-0	St. Louis
43	PAT CANNAMELA	G	205	5-10	U. S. C.
45	PAUL WILLIAMS	E	165	5-11	C. O. P.
46	CHRIS MANUWAI	T	205	5-11	San Mateo
48	JIM CLARK	G	225	6-1	Oregon State
50	GENE FELKER	E	200	6-1	Wisconsin
53	HENDERSON AHLO	G	190	5-8	McKinley
55	HUGH McELHENNY	B	200	6-1	Washington

GENERAL MANAGER—Paul Alex Steglin
HEAD COACH—Eddie Case
MANAGER—Henry Roth

Hawaii All Stars

No.	Player	Pos.	Wgt.	Hgt.	School
10	SPIKE CORDEIRO	B	150	5-7	St. Mary's
11	TOMMY LOW	B	160	5-8	St. Louis
12	VERNON NEVES	B	160	5-8	Roosevelt
13	CHARLES BASSETTE	B	165	5-9	U. Hawaii
14	BOB DARNELL	E	165	5-9	Kansas
15	BUDDY ABREU	B	165	5-7	U. Hawaii
16	VINCENT TAGUPA	C	175	5-10	Pepperdine
17	JOE CORN	B	175	5-7	Farrington
20	DON CORYELL	B	170	5-11	Washington
21	HERMAN WEDEMAYER	B	180	5-10	St. Mary's
22	CYRIL KAHALE	G	190	5-10	McKinley
23	GEORGE KALAAU	E	185	5-11	McKinley
24	BOB RUSSELL	B	175	5-9	U.C.L.A.
25	FRANKIE ALBERT	B	170	5-10	Stanford
26	WARREN ACKERMAN	E	175	6-0	Punahou
28	STANLEY YAMASHIRO	G	195	5-7	Farrington
29	SABURO TAKAYESU	G	180	5-7	U. Hawaii
30	KYLE ROTE	B	180	5-10	S.M.U.
31	REGINALD NASH	T	205	6-0	McKinley
33	ADRIAN ANDERSON	G	220	5-11	Farrington
34	JONAH HEMA	E	215	6-1	Kaimuki
35	WALDEMAR DOANE	T	215	6-0	St. Mary's
36	BILL APAU	T	215	6-0	McKinley
37	BOB SHIBUYA	C	210	5-9	U. Hawaii
38	TOM FEARS	E	215	6-2	U.C.L.A.
39	EDWIN FERREIRA	T	225	5-10	U. Hawaii

GENERAL MANAGER—Tom Takamori
HEAD COACH—Frankie Albert
ADVISORY COACH—Harold Kametani
MANAGER—William Buck Lum

REFEREE—Adrian DeMello; HEADLINESMAN—Ted Hebriga
UMPIRE—Al Bethelo; FIELD JUDGE—Red Simpson
TIMER—DANNY SAKAUYE

1952 Hula Bowl Roster

Hirsch (Rams), Frankie Albert (49ers), Sammy Baugh (Redskins), Tom Fears (Rams), and Dante Lavelli (Browns). These and many others played in the Hula Bowl during, or just before, their glory years in the NFL.

As winter-weary pros and All-Americans discovered the joys of Hawaii in January, the Hula Bowl's prestige grew with the addition of pro stars. This success lasted for ten years, until 1960 when the Hula Bowl Committee changed its format back to limiting play to only collegiate athletes because of "philosophical differences" over the future of the game.

and Leilehua copping the second encounter 26-20. With two great games, the Hula Bowl was an immediate hit with fans, although neither team was bulging with name players.

In the years ahead, the big names started coming, a lineup of football greats unmatched anywhere. In 1951, the format was changed to allow National Football League players to join Hawaiian all-stars in an effort to create a more competitive environment. Almost instantly, with the addition of big name pro stars, the game received national attention.

Before long, the game represented more than a half dozen consensus All-American backfields and NFL

participants- Herman Wedemeyer (St. Marys), Doak Walker (SMU), Bobby Layne (Texas), Ollie Matson (USF), Kyle Rote (SMU), Vic Janowitz (Ohio State), Gordy Soltau (Minnesota), Hugh McElhenny (U. Washington), Frank Gifford (USC), Leo Nomellini (U. Minnesota), Matt Hazeltine (U. California), Paul Hornung (Notre Dame), Bob St. Clair (Tulsa), Eddie LeBaron (Pacific), Charlie Ane (USC), Leon Hart (Notre Dame), Johnny Olszewski (U. California), Alex Karras (Iowa), Joe Perry (49ers), Johnny Lujack (Bears), Y.A. Tittle (49ers), Lou Groza (Browns), R.C. Owens (49ers), Otto Graham (Browns), Norm Van Brocklin (Rams), Elroy "Crazylegs"

For a brief period (1951-60), historically known as the "Golden" era of pro football, the Hula Bowl became one of the biggest attractions among the nation's top post-season games that included the Pro Bowl, the Shriner's East-West game, Senior Bowl, and the Pro Champions vs. College All-Stars, a game played annually in Chicago, where a number of NFL players and collegiate All-American's showcased their talents.

With a cornucopia of talent, the Hula Bowl was the scene of many dramatic moments. The versatile Doak Walker, a former Heisman Trophy winner and the Detroit Lions star, played in the 1952 Hula



McElhenny-Playing in Hawaii was simply 'Fun'

Bowl after leading the Lions to the NFL championship. Hugh McElhenny from the University of Washington, and the 49ers number one draft pick had dazzled the crowd in the game with a 53-yard touchdown run, while averaging 20-yards per carry and leading the Hawaiians to a 41-40 cliffhanger. College and pro football Hall of Famer, Otto Graham, did the same for the Hawaiians, after leading the Cleveland Browns to the NFL title.

By 1956, the Hula Bowl All-Star Football Classic had proven to be one of the most exciting of all the post-season all-star games. College stars from 13 different universities across the nation, including 10 team captains from eight major conferences and five bowl games, plus selected NFL stars, made the 1956 Hula Bowl game the biggest attraction in Hawaii's

long and colorful grid history. By 1960, the Hula Bowl had invited over 450 players from 71 different colleges and universities, 110 players from twelve NFL teams, from coast to coast representing every major conference and bowl game.

Halfback, Hugh McElhenny, has wonderful recollections from his appearances at the Hula Bowl. "Playing in Hawaii was simply, 'fun'. For a week, it was just an extension of a long road trip with lots of excitement", said McElhenny. "Besides the game, we enjoyed the beautiful weather, the beaches, surfing, water skiing, and golf in Waikiki".

"Fun" seemed to be the key word from other past performers. All-American running back, Kyle Rote, was the first player selected to play in back-to-back Hula Bowls. In 1951, as a running back out of SMU for the College All-Stars, then as a NY Giant for the Hawaiian All-Stars in 1952.

"You can make money, but you can't manufacture the memories playing for the Hawaiians and the College All-Stars," said Rote. "The games were colorful. Everybody had fun over there. I got in my share of sightseeing too, and I had overall an excellent time. Their hospitality was first-class."

LA Rams quarterback, Norm Van Brocklin commented on his first

Hula Bowl: "Playing there was a real treat. When I first saw the stadium, I was awed at how jammed the place was with marching bands, ballons carried in the tradewinds, and the big 'volcano' float, one of the Hula Bowl's halftime extravaganzas. And the crowd- boy! I'll always remember how excited they were to see us, and of course the hula girls who gave us all leis around our necks."

"Everyone had fun over there," said running back, Joe Perry, the 49ers leading rusher who played for the Hawaiian All-Stars. "It's nice to play together with other players with different cultures. It's an experience I'll never forget."

****GG****

Martin Jacobs is a contributor To Gridiron Greats. He welcomes your comments, and he can be reached by email: Mjacobs784@aol.com.

Hugh has wonderful recollections from the glorious 1950s and early 1960s "Golden" era of pro football. He stresses that for him football was simply "fun" to play and players of that era played more for the love of the Brocklin. Hugh and Van Brocklin were teammates on the same Hula Bowl squad and on several Pro Bowl teams during the 1950s. Towards the end of his playing career Hugh actually played on the 1961 expansion franchise.

FRANK GIFFORD

1930-2015

BY BARRY BLAIR

Gifford would retire for good after the Pro Bowl at the end of the 1964 season. He finished with 3,609 yards and 34 touchdowns rushing, 5,434 yards and 43 touchdowns as a receiver, and 823 yards and 14 touchdowns passing, in his career.



Illustration by Jared Kraus

Pro Football Hall of Famer Frank Gifford passed away at his home in Connecticut on Sunday, August 9th, just one week short of his 85th birthday. He was born in Santa Monica, California. An All-American at Bakersfield Junior College, he then transferred to Southern Cal where he made All-American in 1952. That led to a thirteen year NFL career, all with the New York Giants, at times playing on both the offense and defense.

He would help lead the Giants to five NFL Championship games, and to the 1956 Championship over the Chicago Bears. He was an instrumental player in the 1958 game, against the Baltimore Colts, considered by some as the "Greatest Game Ever Played." He would later remark that "It was not so great for him," as he lost two fumbles and was stopped just short on a crucial third down play, which then led to the famous game winning drive led by HOF'er Johnny Unitas. Many historians consider it the game that started the enormous popularity that the NFL enjoys today.

Gifford was named to the Pro Bowl eight times, and he made it

at three different positions; defensive back, halfback, and flanker back. The NFL named him the Most Valuable Player in 1956. In 1977 he was named to the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

He was also involved in one of the NFL's most famous plays in 1960 when he was knocked out by Philadelphia Eagle HOF linebacker Chuck Bednarik. The picture of Bednarik standing over the prone Gifford and gesturing, is one of the more famous pictures in football history. Gifford suffered a serious head injury on the play and announced his retirement at the end of the season. Eighteen months later he would make a triumphant return to the Giants and play the rest of his career as a flanker.

Gifford would retire for good after the Pro Bowl at the end of the 1964 season. He finished with 3,609 yards and 34 touchdowns rushing, 5,434 yards and 43 touchdowns as a receiver, and 823 yards and 14 touchdowns passing, in his career. He also is tied for the record with fellow HOF'er Walter Payton for the most interceptions thrown by a non-quarterback, at six.

He then embarked on a second career as a broadcaster, first with CBS, and then on ABC's

Monday Night Football. It would propel him to stardom again, along with his broadcast partners Howard Cosell and Don Meredith. It should be noted that Gifford and his former Giant's teammate Pat Summerall both parlayed their time in New York into stellar careers as football broadcasters. Gifford would win two Emmy's and a Pete Rozelle Award from the HOF for his work as a broadcaster.

Gifford first appeared on a football card in the 1952 Bowman set (#16}. He also appeared on a famous Sports Illustrated cover on 7/21/97 that remains a favorite with collectors.

Barry Blair is an author who lives in Jonesborough, Tennessee. He can be reached through his website www.rightfieldpress.com.

****GG****

DO YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING FOOTBALL RELATED COLLECTING STORY OR HOBBY KNOWLEDGE YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHARE WITH OUR READERS?

We welcome your ideas and stories. Submit your article to: Editor, Gridiron Greats Magazine. E-mail: contact@gridirongreats.net

Charles “Miracle Man” Gelbert

BY JAMES GELBERT AND DR. MARK BOMIA

“This article will be the first in a series dedicated to several pivotal Penn players as we brush the proverbial dust off these forgotten Quakers.”

Most American historians believe football superiority during the 19th century was exclusive to the ‘Big Three’ Ivy League schools – Harvard, Princeton and Yale. However, arguably the most dominant school during the 1890s frequently gets overlooked during water cooler chatter amongst football aficionados – the University of Pennsylvania Quakers. Between 1894-98 the Quakers went 67-2 and outscored their opponents 2,033 to 120. They had three undefeated seasons (1894, 95, and 97) and two one-loss seasons (1896 and 1898). There were eighteen Walter Camp All-American selections from Penn during this 5 year period with eight eventually enshrined into the College Football Hall of Fame, to include their legendary coach – George W. Woodruff. This article will be the first in a series dedicated to several pivotal Penn players as we brush the proverbial dust off these forgotten Quakers.

Charles Saladin Gelbert was born on December 24, 1871 in Hawley, PA to Charles and Marie Magdalene Gelbert. Charles Jr. acquired his early education in the public schools of Scranton

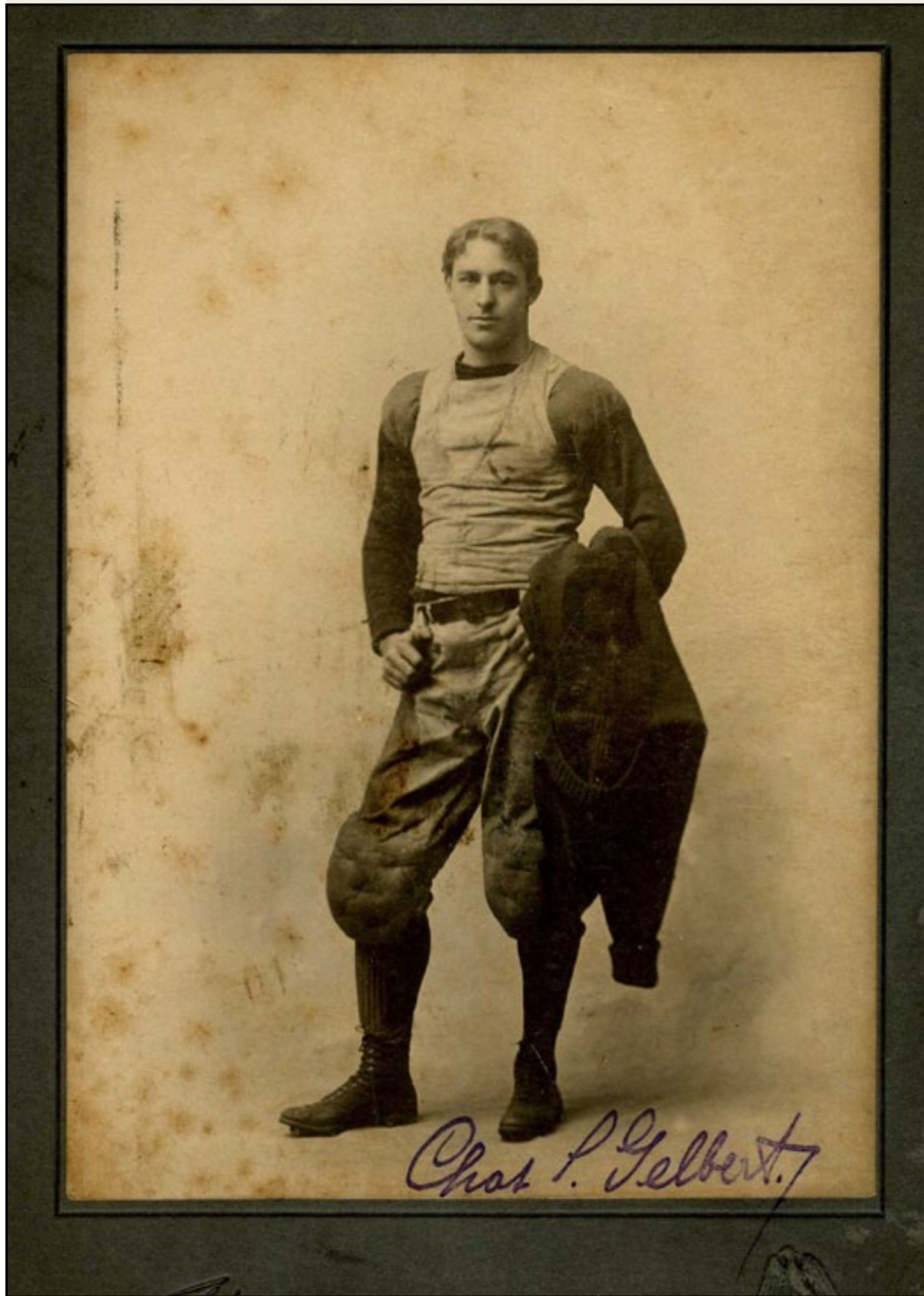


Gelbert in Penn sweater, 1894

and Hawley, to include training at the Scranton Turnverein, Young Men’s Christian Association and the School of Lackawanna. After school he was employed as a brass-

finisher from 1886-91. In 1889 he enlisted as a Private in Company D, Thirteenth Regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard. A natural athlete, he won several local YMCA competitions for various unique events such as ‘three-legged racing’, relay hurdles and ‘baseball throwing’. It was on the baseball diamond that Gelbert initially excelled, where he was a star outfielder on the 1888 Scranton team. This attracted the attention of the University of Pennsylvania Athletic Department, where he subsequently enrolled in 1893 (at 21 years old) to pursue a scientific degree and eventual doctorate in Veterinary Medicine.

During the 1890s the University of Pennsylvania was desperately trying to achieve the same elite academic and athletic status as Harvard, Princeton and Yale. Since Penn was lacking in alumni donations, they were forced to rely solely on tuition payments from their rapidly growing student body. Therefore



1893 autographed cabinet photo by Gelbert

fact, in 1894 only six of the eleven starters were students in the College (undergraduates). Yale once commented that Penn players were “mature married men, age twenty-two to thirty, one with a child eight years old”. Yale eventually refused to play Penn for over thirty years after a tightly-fought contest in 1893.

Gelbert played guard/end for the Quakers from 1893-96, where he was a three-time Walter Camp All-American from 1894-96. He was considered the “leprechaun line-man in a land of giants”, for he was only 160 pounds and 5ft 9in. He was the integral component for the “guards back” play developed by Woodruff, where the guards would drop into the backfield and lead block for the ball carrier. That play, Amos Alonzo Stagg later wrote, “raised havoc with all teams Penn played” and was the catalyst of their renaissance. His teammates called him the “Miracle Man” for doing so much with so little. During his career, Penn won 40 games while losing only

the requirements to enter their vocational schools (like Veterinary Medicine) were conveniently lax, which became a perfect place to stash their star student athletes for multiple additional seasons. In



1894 Championship Penn Football team. Gelbert is on the far right.

1. Gelbert also played on the varsity baseball team from 1894-97. In 1898 Gelbert was deemed ineligible to continue college sports and began a short professional career. He played for the Duquesne Country and Athletic Club (1898-99), Homestead Library and Athletic Club (1900),



1930 photo of Charles S Gelbert and his son, Charles Magnus

Philadelphia Phillies (1902) and "New York" team during the 1902 World Series of Football.

Gelbert spent the rest of his life near Ambler, PA as a veterinary surgeon. He was married in 1902 to Mida Florence Kelley and had three children. His son, Charles



Mitch G Rosengarten and Charles S Gelbert, 1893

Magnus Gelbert, became a star shortstop for the St. Louis Cardinals. During the Great Depression most local Ambler residents needed Gelbert's services but had no means to pay him. Consistent with his college reputation for doing so much with so little, the "Miracle Man" would barter his services for livestock/food, if not pro bono. The only time his practice was ever closed was coincidentally when his son was playing a day game in Philadelphia. Charles S. Gelbert passed away on January 16, 1936 after an excruciating eighteen month battle with metastatic stomach cancer. He was posthumously inducted into the College Football Hall of Fame in 1960.

Reference:

Mark F. Bernstein. The Ivy League Origins of an American Obsession. University of Pennsylvania Press, 2001.

A special thanks to Pat Vohs (CS Gelbert's granddaughter), Dr. Cindy Kelly (CS Gelbert's great-granddaughter-in-law), and Tim Horning (Univ of Penn Archivist) for their assistance on this article.

****GG****

The Heisman Ballot

by Karey Lavin

Welcome to the latest edition on “The Heisman Ballot.”

As the 2015 college football season begins, I find myself reflecting back on the many experiences I have had related to this game that has consumed my life during the past 40+ years. In doing so, I am reminded of the many incredible road trips I have taken to a variety of college campuses. I usually try to attend at least one college football game a year that is not in my local area. In doing so, I have been fortunate enough to attend college football games in over 35 different stadiums. The other day, I was planning the first road trip I would take during the 2015 season. I usually like to go to a stadium that I have not been to. I enjoy taking in all of the traditions that a school has to offer. I was planning on attending the Georgia Tech at Notre Dame Game in South Bend, Indiana even though I have been to Notre Dame on a few prior occasions. While making the necessary arrangements I got to thinking about all of the road trips I have been on and I started to wonder how this annual event came to be. How did my yearly “Rights of Autumn” as

I refer to it, get its start? Then it came to me!

One Sunday afternoon, back in early 1995, I was visiting with Les Horvath at his home as I often did. We were having lunch and watching a PGA tournament on television. We got to talking about college football and how big some of the crowds at the games had become. I mentioned to him that even though I had been to both USC and UCLA games, I always wanted to travel to see a “big time” college game. I dreamed of going to a big rivalry game like Michigan/Ohio State, Army/Navy, or Texas/Oklahoma to experience the traditions each school had to offer. Les mentioned to me that he always dreamed of going to go to a Notre Dame game. I was a little stunned at first, not fully understanding him. After all, Les was an Ohio State man. Ohio State guys don’t go to Notre Dame Game’s, right? Les went on to explain to me how he was born in South Bend, Indiana but moved away at a young age. He was not a Notre Dame fan to say the least, but he did want to experience the stadium at some point in his life. It had always been a dream of his. He talked about how Ohio State and Notre Dame had played each other only two

times previously (1935-1936) and that he was always disappointed that he did not get the chance to play against Notre Dame during his career at Ohio State. During our conversation, Les mentioned that after 59 years, Ohio State and Notre Dame had recently agreed to play a home-and-home series starting in 1995 in Columbus and 1996 in South Bend. I was certain that Les would attend the 1995 game since it was in Columbus. I suggested to him that he should go to the 1996 game in South Bend. He thought about it for a little bit and then said “you’re right, that’s a great idea”. Then to my surprise, he said “why don’t you come along?” “I can make all of the arrangements.” “You would just have to get to South Bend.” I was taken aback to say the least. I couldn’t get the words out fast enough, “That would be awesome, I would love to go” I said. What an incredible opportunity for me. Not only was I going to attend a football game at Notre Dame but I was going to do so with Ohio State’s first Heisman Trophy winner. It was another dream comes true for me.

As the year progressed, the anticipation grew for me. I was consumed with the thought of

going to the game even though it was still a little over a year away. Les and I talked a few more times over the summer. Les said that he had spoken to Angelo Bertelli (Heisman 1943- Notre Dame) about our desire to attend the game and that Angelo said that he would see what he could do for us. The next time Les and I spoke; Les stated that Angelo had made the necessary arrangements with the powers at Notre Dame. All of the seating arrangements and hotel accommodations had been made. In fact, we were to attend the game with both Angelo and Leon Hart (Heisman 1949 – Notre Dame). Wow! I thought I was dreaming. This trip was getting more incredible by the day. It couldn't get here fast enough for me.

Then the unthinkable happened. Sadly, Les passed away on November 14, 1995 and all of our plans fell through of course. I remember feeling very sad at the time. Not for myself but for Les. His dream would never come to fruition. He would never get an opportunity to see a game in Notre Dame Stadium.

As the year's end drew near, I attended the Heisman Ceremonies. I was deeply saddened that my friend Les Horvath would not be in attendance. I attended this ceremony along with his widow and in many ways, I felt as though I was representing him there. The 1995 year ended with Ohio State losing one of its legends but by also gaining another Heisman

family member in Eddie George.

Moving forward, it was now the summer of 1996. Larry Kelley (Heisman 1936 – Yale) had invited me to attend this year's Heisman Golf Tournament. It was to be held in, of all places, South Bend, Indiana. It was being held in conjunction with the College Football Hall of Fame which had relocated to South Bend in 1995.

The weekend comprised of a golf tournament, dinner, silent auction, and a Celebration / Heisman Trophy Ring presentation to the Notre Dame Heisman winners. All in all there was to be 18 Heisman Trophy winners in attendance including Berwanger, Kelley, Bertelli, Davis, Lujack, Hart, Lujack, Vesels, Cassady, Hornung, Crow, Bellino, Huarte, Beban, Owens, Griffin, and Brown.

All the while I kept thinking of Les and his not being able to go to Notre Dame Stadium. I wished I could somehow make it a reality for him. I then decided that while



Touchdown Jesus -Hesburgh Library Notre Dame

I was in town for the golf tournament I would go by the stadium for him. My plan was to somehow get on the field and place a white rose on the 50yd line for him. I called his wife to get her blessing. I told her my plan to which she replied "that would be a lovely gesture". She said that "Les would be honored" and then she thanked me.

I traveled to South Bend on a Thursday but due to severe storms in the area creating delays, I did not arrive until early Friday morning, around 3:15am. South Bend, Indiana at 3:15am is a quiet place. There were no taxi cabs to be



Notre Dame's Infamous Golden Dome



Traditional ND flower logo of Notre Dame

found. I called my hotel to see if it was in walking distance or if there was another way for me to get there. The clerk said it was too far to walk and that he would just close-up and drive over to get me. The clerk arrived in about 15 minutes, so I knew the hotel was not too far away. During the ride back to the hotel, I asked him if he knew how far both the College Football Hall of Fame and Notre Dame Stadium were in relationship to the hotel. It turned out that the hotel was a few blocks from the College Football Hall of Fame. But the Notre Dame campus was just over 3 ½ miles away. We arrived at the hotel around 3:45am. I checked in and proceeded to my room to get what little sleep I could before heading out on my quest.

Later that same morning, I awoke and prepared for my journey. I knew that time was at a premium. I needed to be back at the hotel by 4:00pm to get ready for the evenings dinner and festivities. I needed to make time to purchase a rose but realized that a florist would not be opened until 10:00am. It would take me about 1 ½ hours to walk to the campus and another 1 ½ hours to walk back. And I had to have time to figure out a way to get into the stadium.

Before I left the hotel, I stopped by the front desk to ask if they knew where I might be able to purchase a rose. The clerk mentioned a few floral shops in town that were not too far from the hotel. I then asked for directions to the campus and after receiving them I set out.

I walked a few short blocks the floral shop as directed by the hotel clerk. After entering, I asked the florist for a single white rose. She jokingly asked me “why only one? isn’t she worth a dozen?” I took a few minutes and explained to her the reason for only needing one rose. The florist was so moved by my gesture that she gave me the rose and said “that is a wonderful thing you are doing, the rose is on us”. I quickly thanked her and headed for the door. Before leaving, I stopped to ask her for directions to the campus from there. She pointed me in the direction, said good luck, and I headed out the door towards the campus.

It was very hot and humid as I made my way towards the campus.

After what seemed an eternity, I spotted the “Golden Dome” and shortly thereafter “Touchdown Jesus”. My arms got Goosebumps at the site of these icons. Then, a few minutes later I could start to see Notre Dame Stadium! The House that Rockne Built! I was in awe. I had heard about this place for years. I had seen several images of it on television and hundreds of pictures of it in books. But now, it was right in front of me.

As I approached closer, I noticed that something was going on. There was a lot of activity going on around the stadium. Then it hit me, like Jerome “#6 for 6” Bettis hitting the line. I had forgotten all about the stadium expansion and renovation that was underway. There was heavy equipment everywhere. Hundreds of workers were busy trying to complete the project on time for its unveiling a few short months away. And worst of all, there was a chain-linked fence surrounding the entire stadium. I thought to myself, how would I ever get near the 50 yd line? How could I have come this far only to fail?

My desperation had kicked in high gear. I circled the stadium a few times looking for a sliver of hope. All I needed was an idea, an opportunity. After a few laps my opportunity presented itself. There was a large truck containing pallets of bricks parked in front of the stadium's north tunnel that was being unloaded. After my fourth lap of the stadium, they had completed unloading the

truck and it was about to pull out. The driver unlatched and opened the gate to allow his exit. In doing so, the gate swung outward towards me. While he was doing this, I stood off to the side. As he started to walk back towards his truck I asked him if he would like me to close the gate behind him, that way he would not need to stop to do it. He said “that would be great” and he proceeded to climb into the cab. He pulled out through the opening and as he cleared the gate I pulled it shut behind him.

I couldn't believe it. I was now inside the fence at the edge of the famous tunnel. Not wanting to be noticed, I immediately started to walk down the tunnel towards the field. Promptly at the end of the tunnel there are the sidelines, and then the goal post and end zone. I reached the end zone quickly and then proceeded straight out on to the field walking towards the 50 yd line. The field was muddy from the recent rain and the construction but I trudged forward. Then, finally, I made to the center of the field. I removed the rose from its bag, held it towards the sky while thinking “this is for you Les” and “you finally made it to Notre Dame” in my head, and placed it on the ground. I wanted to cry but fought it off. I then left the field, walked back up the tunnel and exited the very same gate that I entered through. This was probably the most moving experience in my life up to

that point. I was finally able to fulfill the promise I had made to both myself and his widow. I finally got to see Notre Dame with my friend!

So that's it. Even though the original trip didn't work out the way it was planned, the seed that would become my obsession with attending college football games was planted at that point in time.

It would be a few more years, but I finally attended my first out of state game in 1998 when I traveled to Nebraska to see the Cornhuskers take on the Washington Huskies. I was finally able to witness my first game at Notre Dame in 2002 when the Michigan Wolverines came to town. What an experience! I know Les would have enjoyed it. Most colleges have several great traditions that they put on display every weekend in the fall. But, in my opinion, none are better than the traditions at Notre Dame. And now, I have plans to attend the Notre Dame vs. Georgia Tech game in a few weeks. I can't wait to see the campus again and see what it has in store for me this time!

As always, I welcome your question and comments. I can be reached via email at heisman44@cox.net.

Until next time, please remember to cast your “Heisman Ballot”.

****GG****

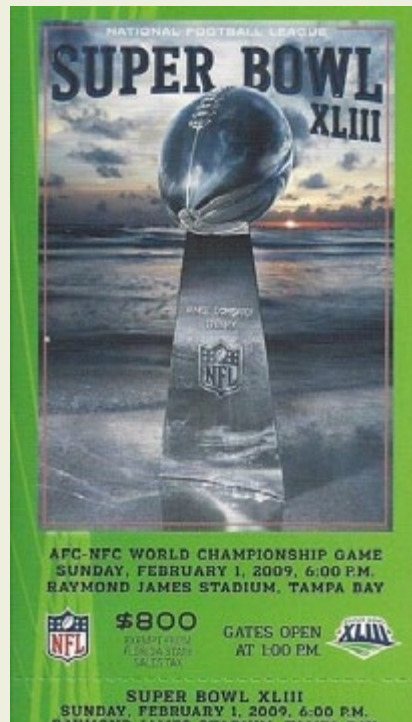
Super Bowl XLIII

BY HARVEY ARONSON

On February 1, 2009, the Pittsburgh Steelers made history by winning their sixth Super Bowl, more than any other NFL team in history. Pittsburgh accomplished the feat by defeating the Arizona Cardinals 27-23 bringing home yet another Lombardi Trophy.

For Arizona, they had not been to a championship game in 62 years, the longest drought of not playing for a league title by any NFL team up to that time. Originating in Chicago, then playing in St. Louis, now in Arizona, the Cardinals met the Steelers in Raymond James Stadium in Tampa, Florida. This writer had the privilege of attending the game. Getting a ticket to an NFL championship game is difficult. So difficult in fact that the league only issues tickets to a Super Bowl to four sources. First and foremost, recipients of tickets are naturally the fans of the two teams playing in the game. A third party from which a fan can get a ticket are the other 30 teams left behind once the season and playoffs conclude. Finally, there is a random drawing held by the league each year rewarding a handful of fans a lucky ticket to the “big dance.”

The average face value on tickets to Super Bowl XLIII was \$800. That’s a far cry from the average price of a ticket to the very first Super Bowl in 1966 that was just \$12. The only other way to get a ticket to a Super Bowl is to find a ticket scalper. That is how I made it into Super Bowl XLIII. Unfortunately, scalpers want to make a profit and for something like a Super Bowl, that means tickets are sold at a much higher marked up price. Instead of paying \$800, my ticket came at a price of \$1,600.



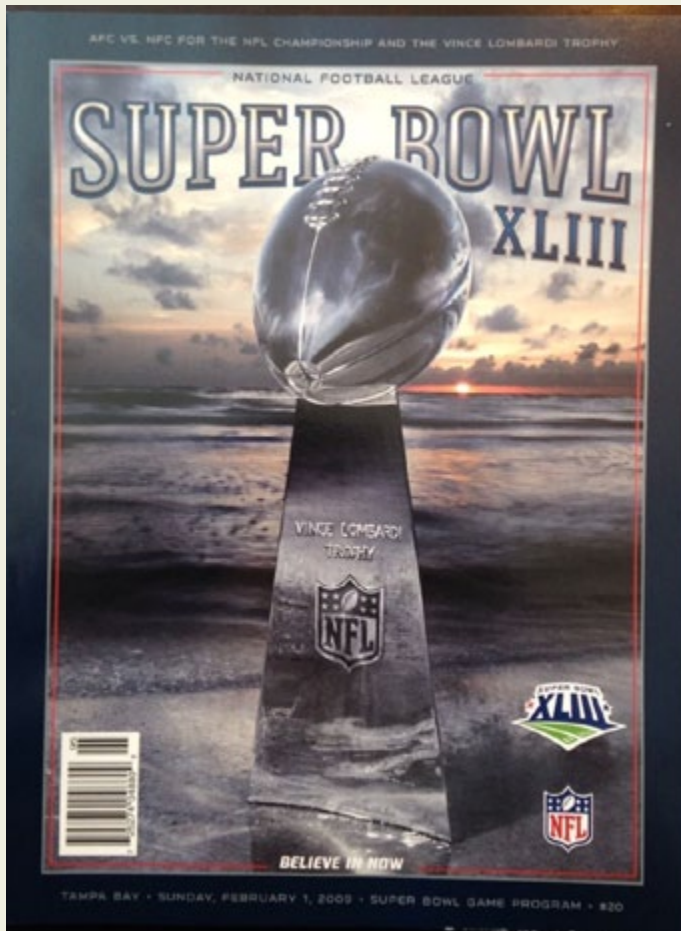
SuperBowl XLIII Ticket \$800 Face Price

However, based on the results of the game, the experience and the cost was worth every penny.

The other unfortunate part of scalping a ticket on February 1, 2009 to see my favorite team vie for another Super Bowl triumph was my seat location. My ticket sat me high up in section 312 and from there, the players appear to be very small. With that said, when sitting that far from the field and at the altitude, it’s easy to see plays develop.

When Santonio Holmes caught that historic, artistic, amazing touchdown reception from Big Ben Roethlisberger that iced the game late in the fourth quarter, it was in the opposite end zone from where I was sitting. I didn’t know the Steelers had taken the lead again until the referee had raised his arms signaling touchdown. It was just too far away to witness with a naked eye.

There were many amazing plays in Super Bowl XLIII, the Holmes catch included. Pittsburgh had built a 17-7 lead at halftime scoring just before the gun sounded to send the players into the locker room. That last touchdown before the half was one for the ages. With Kurt Warner driving his team



SuperBowl XLIII program cover

deep into Steelers territory and into the red zone, James Harrison made what is considered by many as the greatest defensive play in the history of the 49 Super Bowls played.

On a pass attempt from Warner, James Harrison intercepted the ball at his one one-yard line and rumbled 100 yards to the opposite end zone for Pittsburgh's second touchdown of the game. The image of James Harrison celebrating from a prone position on his back is one that will be forever etched into Steelers fan's memories. Building a 20-7 lead in the third quarter it appeared that the Steel-

ers were well on their way to another title. Two more points brought the Cardinals to within a touchdown of taking their first lead of the game.

On the ensuing free kick to Arizona, Larry Fitzgerald drove a stake into the hearts of Steelers fans everywhere when he got open in the middle of the field and raced 64 yards for a touchdown. It felt like I just got crushed by a boulder, and I didn't think with just over two minutes to play the Steelers could pull out a victory. But as seen many times on film, the eventual hero of the game Santonio Holmes told Ben Roeth-

lisberger how much he wanted to be the man in that final possession and just to get him the ball. Of the six plays on that final touchdown drive, Holmes was on the receiving end of four including the game winner.

The Arizona Cardinals did not go quietly. Despite lagging behind by 13, Larry Fitzgerald made good on a short touchdown reception to cut the deficit to six. Then, the impossible happened in the fourth quarter, when Pittsburgh's Justin Hartwig was called for holding in his own end zone resulting in an automatic safe-

ty. From a crushing bomb to Fitzgerald, to an incredible, unbelievable, toe-touching touchdown grab by Holmes, my emotions had gone from heart ache to complete elation. Arizona was still not done, getting across midfield to Pittsburgh's 44-yard line with time running out only to have the door slammed shut on them when LaMarr Woodley forced a Kurt Warner fumble that Brett Kiesel recovered to secure Pittsburgh's sixth Super Bowl trophy.

To attend a Super Bowl is an opportunity that no fan should pass up if an opportunity to do so arises. The atmosphere is electric and the game is such a big event it is something that is a life long memory for anyone that attends. Upon arriving at my seat, I was pleasantly surprised to find a souvenir seat cushion with some trinkets included with it on my seat. It becomes even more special when one of the teams playing happens to be the team you have been following and cheering for your entire life. Fortunately for this writer, I have been able to witness either in person or on television each of the Pittsburgh Steelers' six Super Bowl triumphs and all eight of their appearances.

GG

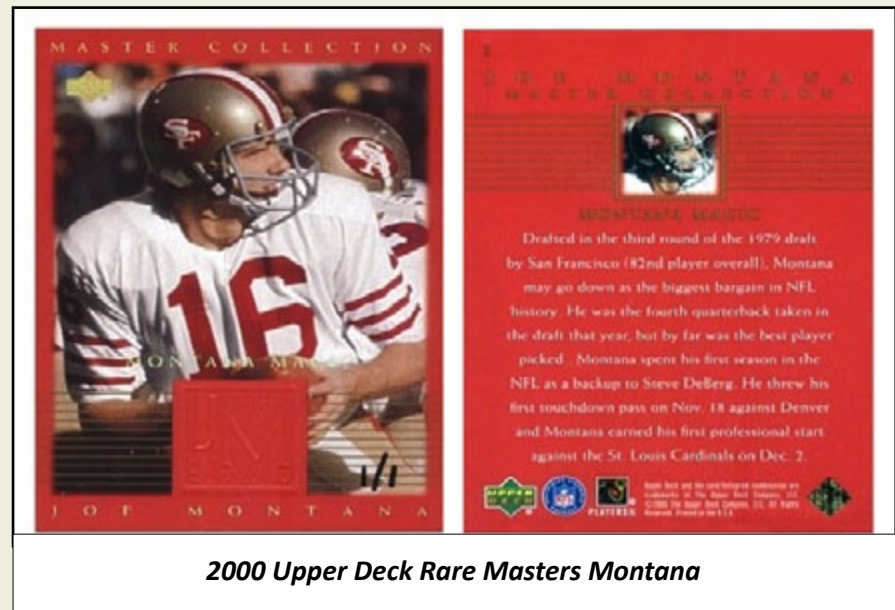
The Super Collector

Joe Montana Super Collector: Don Nguyen with Jared Kraus

I was making my regular e-bay rounds recently when I stumbled upon a collection of Eric Dickerson Dairy Pak cards from 1986. It's a fun set with quite a few variations depending on the dairy and brand of milk, it's from my hey-day as a collector, and it's packed with Hall of Fame players. I went looking for some specific players, saw a Joe Montana, and I found Don Nguyen's Joe Montana site <http://www.cchoice.com/Montana/index.html> A very dedicated collector with some amazing cards, I was immediately impressed. I sent an email and asked if he'd be interested in being featured as a Gridiron Greats Magazine super-collector. He agreed. Here are some of his insights to collecting Joe Montana, one of the greatest quarterbacks of all time.

When did you start collecting, and specifically collecting Joe Montana cards?

I always collected baseball cards as a kid. I mean, I'd buy a pack here and there. I never dreamed of buying enough packs to finish a 700 or 800-card set, though. That



2000 Upper Deck Rare Masters Montana

wasn't in my budget. As a kid, I didn't even know they MADE football cards. (I suspect the local drug stores just carried baseball cards.) After college, I got a job and started making a little money and I discovered <GASP> --- there were entire SHOPS that sold nothing but sports cards and sports memorabilia! It was around this time (in the mid 1980's) that I started collecting seriously. By then, Joe Montana and the 49ers had already won 2 Super Bowls, and I thought it would be great to own one of every Montana card

out there. I mean, how hard could THAT be?

What would you say is your favorite card, or collectible? The one you run back into the burning house for?

It's hard to narrow it down to just ONE card, but if the house was burning, I'd run back in and grab the box that contains the 2000 UD Master Collection mystery cards. As mentioned on the web site, for \$4000 (retail price in 2000), you'd get a nice wooden chest that contains a 16-card base set, an autograph card, a jersey card,

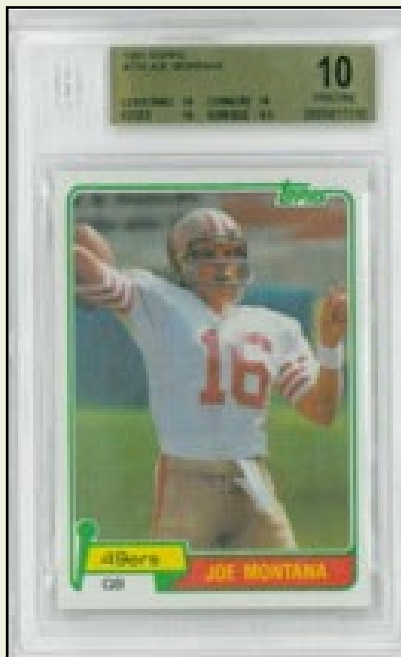
a signed mini-helmet and ONE mystery card. Since there are 59 different mystery cards (counting the 1-of-1 cards), each Master Collection was like a really expensive pack of cards. After a while, I had so many 16-card base sets, I didn't even know what to do with them. Over the years, the price of a Master Collection has dropped from \$4000 to its current price of around \$750. In my Personal collection, I now have 26 of the mystery cards including eight 1-of-1 cards. So, if the house is burning down, that's the box I would run in for.

What would you say is the Holy Grail, if you will, for Montana collectors? and do you have it?

The "Holy Grail" for Montana collectors is probably a BGS 10 rookie card. Of the 7,152 1981 Topps RC's graded by Beckett, only TWO have been given a perfect BGS 10 mark. The first one sold for over \$65,000: Alas, I do not have one of these two perfect BGS 10 rookie cards. However, I do have a BGS 9.5 Montana rookie card, and there have been only 78 rookie cards to get a 9.5 grade

With the Holy Grail being a condition sensitive card as opposed to production or distribution rarity, it makes me wonder how it compares to the 1985 in similar grade. With that black ink, all of those cards are tough, Montana is no exception!

Well, of the 344 '85 Topps cards that have been graded, there have

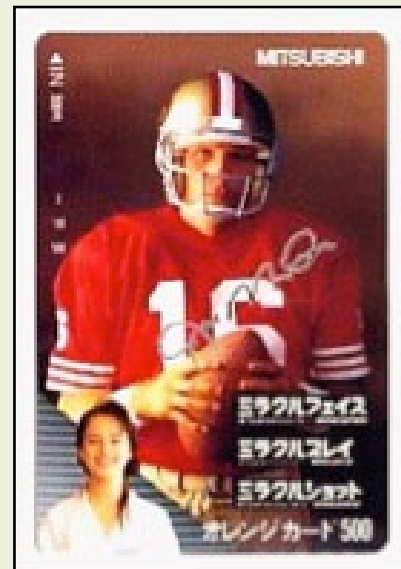


1981 Montana Rookie Graded-BGS10

been NO perfect 10's awarded. So, if you happen to collect BGS 10 cards, this might be on your WANT LIST for a while. But my personal feeling about graded cards is that the only one worth grading is the rookie card. All the others? I'm really not sure what the point is.

And do you remember a card from those days that is of special mention, either for toughness, scarcity, uniqueness?

For me personally, there's a Montana train card (or vending card from Japan) that I've never been able to find even after all these years. I've got the black autograph and red autograph versions of this card, but the "train card" (slightly different design) eludes me. I tried contacting phone card collectors in the U.S. and Japan, but never had any luck, so even



1993 Japanese Mitsubishi Phone Card (Black Autograph)

though it may not be worth zillions of dollars, that's one that I'm always looking for.

When did you start the website?

Wow, that's a really good question. Due primarily to budgetary constraints, I stopped collecting after the 2005 season. I suspect I created the web site sometime around 2005 as a way to "keep collecting" without actually spending money. That would mean the web site is 10 years old this year.

With a 4000 card lineup, how complete would you say your collection is?

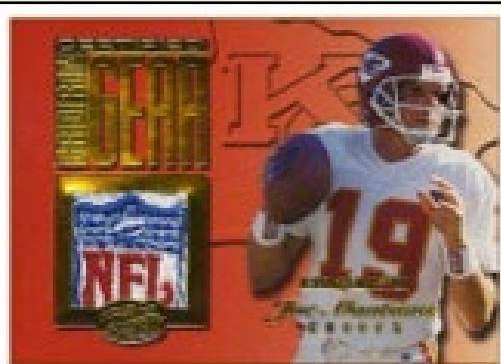
There are now 1400 cards on the site. So going purely by percentages, you could theoretically find around 35% of all Montana cards ever produced on the site. However, the goal was never to put EVERY Montana card on the site

--- just the rare or cool cards. With the Topps Triple Threads cards for example, there are usually parallels numbered to 1, 3, 9, 18, 27 and 36 (and with different color schemes) and I count this as 6 different cards. In a case like this, my goal was to put ONE of each Triple Threads design on the site. So, you may find any one of the 6 parallel cards on the site, but definitely NOT all 6! When I quit collecting in 2005, there were still about 100+ cards on my WANT LIST. I mean, I counted 1-of-1 cards as a separate version of a card, and those started popping up in 1999 (for Montana). There were lots of cards in the 2000 Montana Master Collection on that want list. Heck, there were 59 different mystery cards (many of which were 1-of-1 cards). So, my collection was about 95% complete back in 2005.

Ever stumble on something back then that you had no idea existed?

I stumble on stuff I never knew existed ALL the time. A lot of these are promo cards, cards distributed at special events, etc. Just recently, I stumbled across this special edition 1999 card produced for a charity event.

And now you've got the Topps Vault releasing all kinds of old printing plates, color proofs, etc., from old Topps cards. You've got Pro Set and Fleer cards that were never produced, but entered the



1999 Leaf Certified JM19-HC NFL Logo Patch Charity Auction (1/1)

market when the companies went bankrupt. So, there's no end to the stuff that gets introduced to the market. Granted, a LOT of this stuff is not in any official Beckett Price Guide --- but they're still really unique and interesting items

What is your goal with your collection, and website?

With the collection, the goal is to have ONE of every Montana card produced between 1981 and 2005. With the web site, the goal really was to provide graphical documentation of all the cool/rare Montana cards ever produced. All the cards on the site have nice clean scans of the front AND back of the card.

What advice would you give to a new collector?

DO NOT collect sports cards as any kind of investment. Do it for the fun. Do it for the love of the sport or love of a specific team or player. (I've had people ask me how to go about INVESTING in sports cards, and I just tell them, "DON'T.")

So true! Collect what you love. Do your friends share your passion?

At the end of the day, all these cards are really just little pieces of cardboard. And when I look back on my 25+ years of collecting, I really remember all the great people I've met and the great challenge it was to find specific cards. I used to frequent a card shop here in San Jose, CA called Collectors' Choice, and eventually became good friends with the owner, Paul Knaack. When I got married a few years back, Paul was my Best Man. I also marvel at how the internet has changed the hobby in both good and bad ways. On the positive side, there are collectors out there that I now consider to be my friends (even though we've never actually met). Brad Bentzen is one friend in particular who has provided me with hundreds of scans for the web site, and I'd really like to thank him for that. Maybe someday we'll actually meet!

Oh, and one last thing. If anyone out there has that 1993 Mitsubishi Train card, let me know. Maybe we can work out a deal of some kind.

****GG****

Tales From The AFL

BY TODD TOBIAS

I've been fortunate to collect many difficult autographed AFL cards – Dick Christy, Ross O'Hanley, Eddie Erdelatz, and Mack Lee Hill on a 1964 Chiefs team card are but a handful. Frank Buncom, former Chargers and Bengals linebacker is another rare signature.

Buncom was an all-star linebacker with the Charger from 1962-1967, and then was picked up by the Bengals in the 1968 AFL expansion draft. Buncom and his teammates had one full season with the new team under their belts, when Frank died unexpectedly of a pulmonary embolism on September 14, 1969.

As a signed card collector, and one who writes letters to many AFL'ers, one of the things that I particularly enjoy is when I receive a letter back from a ballplayer. This bit of interaction helps to give my collection a very personal element.

A couple of months ago, I was notified about an eBay listing for just such a letter that had been written to a fan by Frank Buncom. I took a look at the letter and felt that the content was just fantastic. Buncom mentioned signing a card for

Featuring Frank Buncom

the fan, and talked about some of his feelings playing professional football. I contacted the seller, and we worked out a deal for the letter.

The thought crossed my mind that it would be very cool to also have the autographed card that had once accompanied the letter. I had no idea if it even still existed, and doubted it would ever surface, as Buncom had died 46 years prior. The collection from which the letter had originated had been broken up over the course of several years. If the card did still exist, what were the chances of the card ever coming to my attention? I figured it to be a lost cause, and simply enjoyed having the letter in my collection.

Several months later, long after I'd given up any hope, an autographed 1967 Topps Frank Buncom card popped up on eBay. I didn't particularly need the card, but when I looked a bit more closely at the listing I was shocked to see the following inscription, "To Bruce, A True Fan, Frank Buncom #55."

I was absolutely floored. My letter is addressed "To Bruce," and referenced Bruce being the kind of fan that Buncom liked



playing for. Additionally, there was a tape stain on the card, similar to the ones around the edges of my letter.

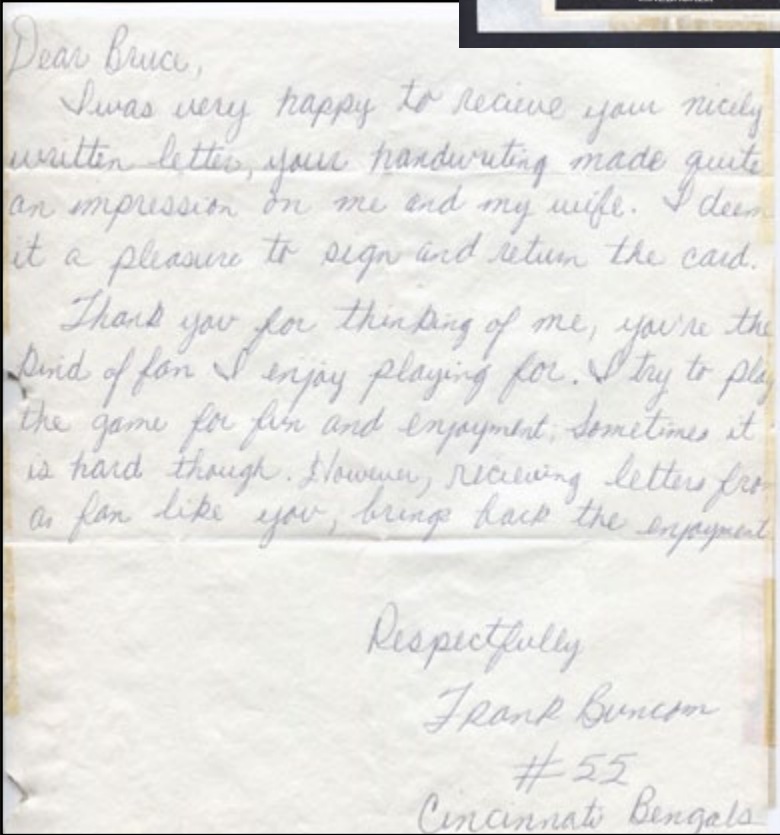
I sent the seller an inquiry, mentioning my letter, and wondering if he would like to trade his Buncom for another of mine, as one without the inscription would certainly be easier to sell. He responded with a long note, but the two paragraphs that I found most interesting were:

It's funny that you should mention the letter. I had hesitated a few days after I saw the listing and when I went to purchase it, it had been sold. I contacted the seller asking to pass along my information to the buyer (I never received a notification from the seller) in order to try and purchase the letter and marry the two items back together.

I am 100% sure that this card was with the letter. Two reasons, 1) As you mentioned, it is personalized to Bruce with the content of both the letter and the inscription on the card being very similar. 2) It was purchased from a time pe-

riod collection with several of the cards being personalized to Bruce that were all taped into an album. Both the letter and card have tape and stains along the edges.

Unfortunately, this gentleman didn't really want to sell the card. He had posted the Buncom on eBay with a "don't want to sell" price, only hoping to drive attention to the personal want lists that he had included in the body of the listing. After emailing back-and-forth he agreed to trade the Buncom for some "non-sports Topps test issues," which he had recently begun collecting. I don't know the first thing about that segment of the hobby, but I was eventually able to locate a small stack of these test issues in Arizona.



Since completing the deal, I've taken some time to wonder how the stars must have aligned for this set of circumstances to occur. First, I developed an interest in a football player who died three years before I was born. Then I was able to purchase a letter written by this football player, and then later obtain the very card that once accompanied the letter. I've learned that Bruce (the collector who originally wrote to Buncom) lived in the Midwest, but his collection was broken up and the letter came from a dealer in Las Vegas, while the card was shipped out of Florida.

Call it karma, kismet, divine intervention, or simply the wonders of collecting. It's all very strange, but I truly enjoy it.

****GG****

In the Huddle with Forrest Gregg

BY: JARED KRAUS

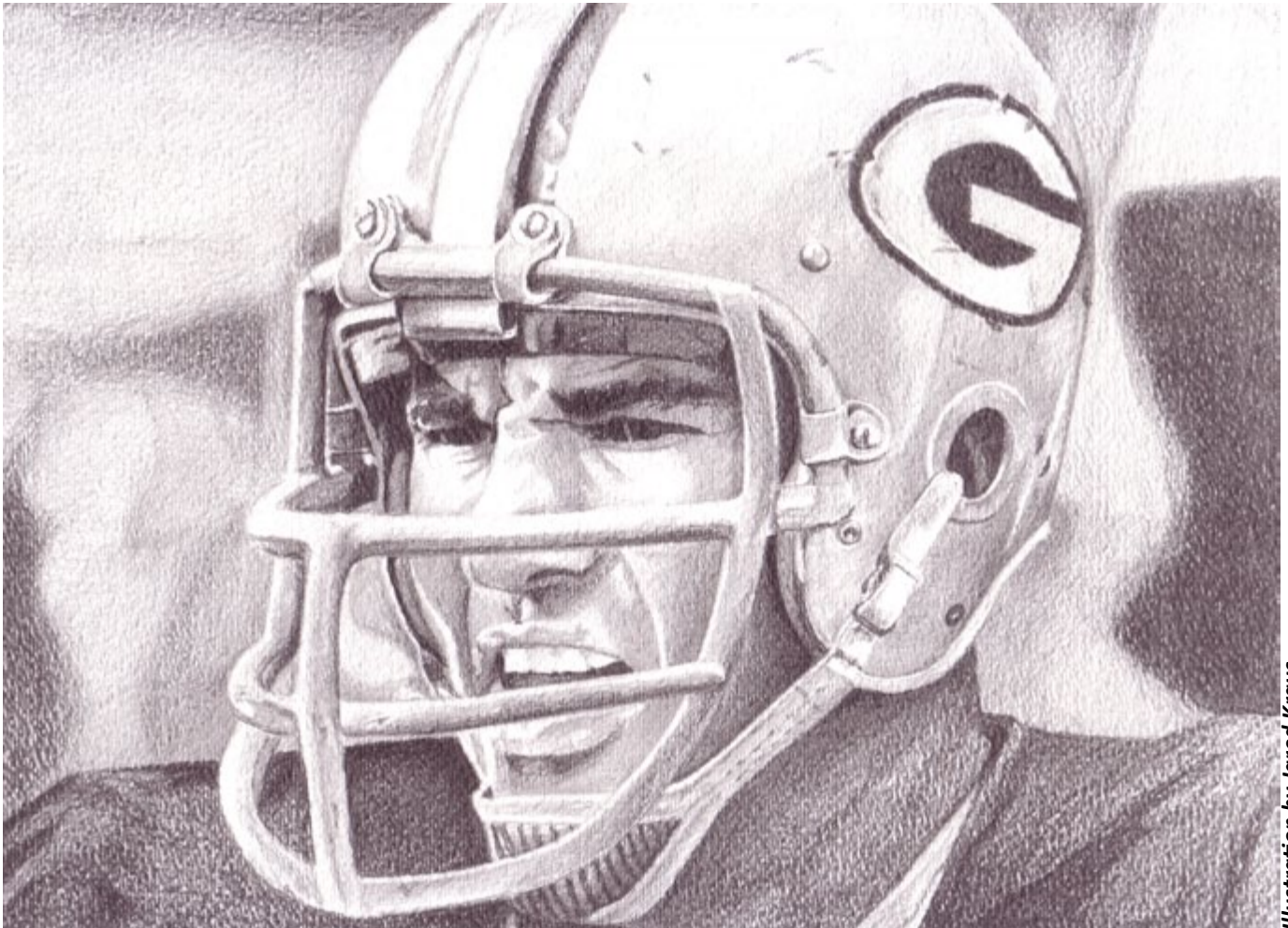


Illustration by Jared Kraus

I saw it!
Fire, that's what I'd call it, a fire.

It's the yearning that burns in a man and demands excellence, its desire. A successful man who grew up in poverty knows the fire. Cancer survivors know the fire!

Fire makes a good man great, and sends a great man to the Hall of Fame.

I saw that fire.

Dave Brunk is a good friend of mine. Last autumn I got an email from Dave; it was a photo with a caption. The picture was of him and his patient, and the caption said, "This is me and Forrest Gregg; he used to play tackle with the Packers!" Dave, himself, was an offensive tackle in high school and later played four years at Bethany College in Lindsborg, KS. He's one of those "Good Person" people. His e-mail wasn't sent to brag, on the contrary, it was one of those "You know who would love to see this? Jared!" emails. Dave knows that I'm a football student, and while I appreciate that Dave included his position and team, I was well aware of whom Forrest Gregg was!

A couple of years ago I did an article for Gridiron Greats Magazine about President Kennedy's assassination, *Life Magazine*, and the phantom Roger Staubach cover. In the article I revealed that my

initials were JFK, and that the "F" was in honor of my great-grandfather Forrest Tomberlin. Because of this link, I discovered Forrest Gregg in grade school.

He had played his last game before I was born, but Forrest Gregg was a head coach for Cincinnati when I was learning to love football. As a kid I followed the players more-so than any particular team, so coaches weren't generally factored in to my interest. Truthfully, when I was young, the few NFL coaches I knew were Tom Landry, Chuck Noll, Bart Starr (thanks Leland) and because of our uncommon name, Forrest Gregg. I would learn of the Packer's Dynasty later, and though he is truly one of the greatest football players of all time, when Dave's note said "This is me and Forrest Gregg", it was not the Hall Of Fame offensive tackle I thought of, rather, it was my earliest memory, and that memory was "Coach for the Bengals, Super Bowl (XVI - 16) against Joe Montana." That was 1981, I was 10; a fourth grader then.

Dave and I have pre-teen sons, so when I replied to his email, I asked if he thought Coach Gregg would sign a couple of reproductions if in exchange, he could keep some original artwork. Dave said he wouldn't see the Greggs for a few months, but both Forrest and Barbara were so down to earth, and enjoyable to be around. He thought signing wouldn't be an issue.

Knowing Dave wouldn't see them again for a while; I took a few weeks and did a watercolor sketch and a pencil drawing. When they were ready, I packed them, slipped a note into the box, and shipped them to Dave. The note asked if Coach Gregg would have any interest in being interviewed for Gridiron Greats Magazine.

Around the third week in May, a package arrived in the mail. In it were two reproductions of my artwork both signed "To Adam, Forrest Gregg HOF 77" (Adam is my son). There was also a letter from Dave that said, "Forrest was very impressed by your artwork and said he's very interested in being interviewed". Not only that, he gave me the Gregg's cell phone number.

An interview with Forrest Gregg??!!!

I really didn't expect that, I guess. A thousand things went through my mind, The Ice Bowl, the championships, the Hall Of Fame, Vince Lombardi: I was on overload. I read Forrest Gregg's biography on Wikipedia for some background perspective. I did not know that he'd also played for Tom Landry, and was a part of Dallas' first championship, Super Bowl VI (6). I knew he was a coach at several stops, so I figured I'd start with that, besides "Coach Gregg" is what I remember. I was nervous when I dialed the number.

You know when you see the pretty girl at the bar and want to say

hello, so you think of something profound to say, you rehearse it in your head and when you get over to her and open your mouth all that comes out is something like “Me Tarzan”! That’s kind of what it was like; it’s not every day that I talk to a Hall of Fame player, and I take exception to label him “Hall of Fame player”... because his was more than a Hall of Fame career. Forrest Gregg was Legendary! There should be a separate wing in the Hall of Fame for those players, the Legendary, who are the best of the best. I rehearsed in my head and made the call... fortunately Mrs. Gregg’s voicemail answered instead.

I don’t know what I said, actually; generally you have 45 seconds to leave a message, so I did, but I hadn’t heard back after several days. I was giving it a week, thinking I’d call back, but didn’t want to be too anxious. By the afternoon of day seven, I had a voicemail notification... She’d returned the call! Her returned voicemail said, “This is Barbara Gregg, returning your call for Forrest. We like the artwork and Forrest will be available tonight and tomorrow evening.” I wasn’t wasting any time, I called back immediately.

Barbara answered; she’s very nice. I explained who I was and gave some details about Gridiron Greats, and my role here. She asked if I wanted to talk to Forrest to which I replied, “Yes, but I’d like to talk with you first.” I

explained how I’d read Forrest’s bio and how he’d lead a fascinating life. I said “I feel like if we try to squish all your life into one article we’ll leave too much out”.

I added, “I’m not interested in statistics, they’re boring. And besides, they’re kind of like the dash”. She chuckled and agreed and said “Exactly!” (The Dash being the little mark on a headstone between birth and death...it says nothing, but the dash is where all the important stuff happened. Barbara then suggested “maybe we could do a series of articles”, which sounded great to me!

When speaking with her, I mentioned that Coach Lombard had said “Forrest Gregg is the finest player I ever coached,” to which she replied, “Forrest would never say this, but when Vince died we’d gone to Washington DC, and after the service we went over to Marie’s (Vince Lombardi’s wife) and she said ‘Forrest, you wait right there.’ And she went and got that book (Run to Daylight) and found that passage, and she told him, ‘I want you to know, he really meant that’. Oh! That just meant the world to Forrest!”

As well it should. What an endorsement! To understand what that quote means, consider this: When Vince Lombardi was an assistant coach with the New York Giants, he coached Roosevelt Brown and Frank Gifford; he then was the head coach for the Green Bay Packers and mentored Paul Hornung, Ray Nitschke, Bart

Starr, Jim Taylor, Herb Adderley, Willie Davis, Jim Ringo, Emlen Tunnell, Henry Jordan, and Willie Wood. As head coach for the Washington Redskins, he had Sam Huff, Sonny Jurgenson, and Charley Taylor: Those fifteen have earned the yellow jacket awarded to Hall of Fame Members, but the finest player Vince Lombardi ever coached was Forrest Gregg.

I met Coach Gregg and his wife Barbara this summer. My son and I spent an hour with them, and then were invited back another day to go to lunch. We went to The Tavern at the Broadmoor Hotel. I put myself through college working at the Broadmoor Hotel; worked there for quite a few years, but this was the first time I was ever in the front of that restaurant. An hour passed, and then two, then three. When I left, lunch had lasted four hours! We talked about life, parenting, kids...and then mixed in some football too. I will detail our conversations in future editions.

Some of you may be aware, others not, so I’m going to get something out of the way, because it’s important.

Forrest is 81 years old. He was diagnosed with Parkinson’s disease in 2011, and he’s been very public about it. It is suspected that repeated concussions and head trauma may have made him more susceptible to Parkinson’s, but Forrest Gregg is NOT part of the lawsuit against the NFL. Coach

Gregg knows my friend Dave, because he's a patient.

Parkinson's is a neurological disorder, which affects movement and speech. If you've recently seen Michael J. Fox, or Muhammad Ali then you've seen the effects it can have; uncontrollable tremors and the inability to speak. It also can affect movement, memory, and sleep; perhaps 50,000 each year are diagnosed with Parkinson's.

For the last several weeks, I've been repeating things the Gregg's and I discussed; the experience was surreal. Someone asked me. "What did you see"? When I asked for clarification the reply was "you know...the effects... of the Parkinson's.... did you see... that?" The truth is The Gregg's and I talked about it, talked about treatment possibilities, research options, and the groups they support. But you know, I never once

thought about it...I did not see tremors, or really any other symptoms that I suspected were due to the disease...ever.

What I did see was that his memory is sharp. His football acumen remains high. He's still very tall, but under his playing weight, and if he's slowed, it was because of age, I assume. He battled in the NFL trenches from 1956-1971. He reminded me of the old cowboys I grew up around; after a life of hard work, they'd slowed some, too.

What I saw, most importantly, was his dark eyes. They still burn with the flame that earned him a Hall of Fame bust. The life in those eyes says, "I'm 81 and I could still pull on the Packers' sweep, and if they put it back in their offense, they'd better give me a call". I saw that spirit that still says, "Bring it! Gino Marchetti, Deacon Jones, Parkinson's, whatever!...Bring

it! And bring your "A game", too, because I'll be here all day".

That still burns.

It's unmistakable.

I call it a Fire.

That's what I saw.

Forrest and Barbara Gregg support More Than Motion, and Wisconsin Parkinson's Association. If you have questions about Parkinson's Disease; if you know someone who's affected by it; if you need a support group, please reach out to this organization. Find them on Facebook at Parkinson's More Than Motion. Or YouTube <https://www.youtube.com/user/ParkinsonsMTM>

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In the Huddle with Forrest Gregg - A daughter's perspective

BY KAREN SPEHAR (NEE. GREGG)

For years people have asked me what is like to have grown up as the daughter of a professional football player. I would give different answers, but never really shared what I wanted people to know about our relationship. I wanted people to know what he was like as a dad, and as a man. I didn't want to talk about his football career, or read off a litany of his statistics about what a hero he was. Having said that, I am always filled with pride when I see old pictures of him standing tall and strong, with fire in his eyes doing what he loved best. A modern day gladiator, totally focused, in control and completely in the moment; he was a sight to see with his rugged good looks and his intense piercing black eyes which showed his every emotion.

Electricity seems to pass through his eyes. He has a kind of quiet fierceness that shot out through his very being. Words unspoken, emotions kept in check, anger, fear, doubt, determination, love, and tenderness. All just bubbling below the surface, and shooting out of the only part of his physi-

cal body that betrayed him. All of his emotions, his feelings seemed to bubble their way out through those dark, powerful eyes.

Seeing disappointment in his eyes was a heartbreaking experience for me. I never wanted to disappoint him. When I'd see his eyes light up with fun and pride, it was all I really needed, and I knew he loved me.

We don't have a perfect relationship, but it's almost perfect. We have a relationship with lots of moments of perfection.

When I was little, he loved to be invited to tea parties and lifted his giant pinky finger in the most tea party appropriate manner. I don't know how he managed to sit at my pint sized kitchen table set, but I remember sitting across from him with Koolaid stained lips and plastic tea cups, and our favorite baby doll guests. He was great at playing Barbies. He loved driving my Barbie and Ken off into the sunset in their Barbie Corvette.

As a little girl, I always felt safe in his arms. Not just because he was

big and strong. I also trusted that he would take care of me.

He loved taking my brother and me out into nature. We took great long walks, mountain hikes, and could play in the snow for hours. In the summer months, dad and I would take long walks and we would contemplate becoming hobos, hitching rides on freight trains, stopping along the way to share cans of beans cooked on open fires. We would sing traveling songs and I would imagine myself carrying my few possessions wrapped in a bandana, tied to a stick, slung over my shoulder. We had great fun, and vivid imaginations.

He's always loved music. When I was young, we sang a lot. We took massive road trips listening to Hank Williams, Johnny Cash, and Elvis Presley, driving through the night and stopping at the first hotel along the way with a swimming pool and a vacancy.

He taught me to love my country; to love nature, and to admire Abraham Lincoln. He taught me to stand up for myself, but to pick



Illustration by Jared Kraus

my battles. At work, I think in my head several times a week, “Sis, you can catch more flies with honey...”

I love history because of my dad. He has an incredible memory. I love hearing his own history as well as stories about our country’s history from his perspective.

He taught me to love books. Before I could read, he would read my favorite books to me over and over again. He tape recorded some of my more favorite books so I could listen to him read to me when he was out of town.

He has a great imagination when it comes to making little moments in life more fun. During the winter when I was five, we moved into a new house in Green Bay. We had no lawn yet in the back yard , so my dad plowed and shoveled and shaped a large area that would become our skating rink until spring. I remember being a wobbly ankle little skater, trying to glide over lumpy, cracked ice. We were in serious need of a Zamboni. But, it was so much fun.

He’s a gentle giant, but sometimes didn’t know his own strength. I

remember a moment of sheer terror once when he was pushing my brother and me so hard on a merry go round that I flew off. He, of course was worried that he had hurt me, but as soon as I realized I was ok, I got back on the merry go round and he adjusted the speed to match the strength of my scrawny little arms. He once sat on my bed, happened to sit on my favorite doll, and broke off her legs. He was heartbroken... A gentle giant.

As I got older, he had a hard time with the dating thing. He was nervous every time he met a new boyfriend in high school and would suddenly develop a need to go to the hardware store so that he didn’t have to see me leave on my dates. He got a lot of new tools. I am just not sure that he ever fixed much with them.

He trusted me to experiment a little in life, to go out and make some of my own mistakes, but he also trusted me to do the right thing most of the time. He taught me to respect people who were different from me. We talked a lot about what it would be like to be a minority in this country. He told me stories about what it was like for the black players on his vari-

ous teams, especially in the early years. He said our families were all immigrants at one time and although we didn’t experience true racism, we should have an understanding of what it is like to be different than others, and that different is a good thing.

I learned at a young age that I had to share my dad. I would be puzzled as a little girl about why other kids and even grown-ups wanted his attention, I thought it was strange because other people’s fathers just weren’t on the radar for me in that way. As I got older, I began to understand more and more about his work, his talent, his passion...football. We moved a lot as a family. It was not easy, but I understood that he truly loved his work and that’s a rare feeling. I learned to love his fans and his players. Many of them are part of our extended family today.

People have always told me how lucky I am to have a father who was in the NFL. I just feel lucky to have my father in my life. I feel lucky because of the person that he is...but mostly because of the father that he is.

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Do you have an interesting Football Related collecting story or hobby knowledge you would like to share with our readers?

Submit your ideas or stories to: Editor, Gridiron Greats Magazine

E-mail: contact@gridirongreats.net

1945-2015

Ken Stabler: “Just Win, Baby”

BY MARTIN JACOBS

Ken Stabler, recently passed away at the age of 69. He was drafted by the Oakland Raiders in the second round in 1968, but he did not get a starting assignment until 1973. He fashioned his own Oakland version of Broadway Joe Namath’s swashbuckling image. He grew his hair long, had facial hair, and took his playbook to nightclubs where he drank heartily. He was anything but a football conformist. Stabler admits, “I never studied as hard as other quarterbacks. There’s nothing wrong with reading the game plan by the light of a juke box.”

Still, nobody personified the Raiders more than Stabler. He took Raiders owner Al Davis’s “Just win, baby” slogan (the epitome of the Raiders) and turned it into reality. Remarkably, Stabler had 23 career comebacks in the fourth quarter, or overtime. And a lot of them were as memorable as anything John Elway or Joe Montana ever did. “When you think of Kenny Stabler, he was involved in more games that had names than

anyone,” said John Madden, his former coach. “I always said if I had one drive where we had to make a drive to win the game, I’d want Kenny Stabler as my quarterback.”

In high school career, he earned his nickname “the Snake” from his coach following a long, winding touchdown run. The left-handed passer guided his team to a 26-1 record, two state championships, and led the University of Alabama to an undefeated season as well as a victory in the Sugar Bowl. With Stabler at quarterback, the Raiders went to five consecutive AFC Championship Games. In Super Bowl XI, he completed 12 of 19 passes for 180 yards in the Raiders’ 32-14 victory over the Minnesota Vikings. He led the AFL three times in passing and never second-guessed a play, because he could not do it any other way.

Stabler was coached by Bear Bryant at Alabama. And despite all of Stabler’s success during his college in Tuscaloosa, the moment that defined his time with

the Crimson Tide was scoring the game’s only touchdown in the 1967 Iron Bowl. The 53-yard “Run in the Mud.” It was the longest run of the year for any Alabama player and sealed the 7-3 win against hated rival Auburn.

What made him more remarkable was he called his own plays. Knee injuries reduced his mobility not long into his career, yet he often pulled out games in spectacular style by figuring out, sometimes even inventing on the spot, whatever it took. Former Raiders and Green Bay Packers’ general manager Ron Wolf said, “Had his knees ever been healthy, Stabler would have ‘revolutionized the game.’”

Stabler was perfect fit for the Raiders, and his pinpoint passing was even a better match. Stabler’s strength was he was so “cool in the pocket.” “The whole thing is seeing it, reading it, deciding where you’re going, and getting it on its way,” Madden said. “He had that quicker than anyone. He was amazing—and accurate.” Raiders

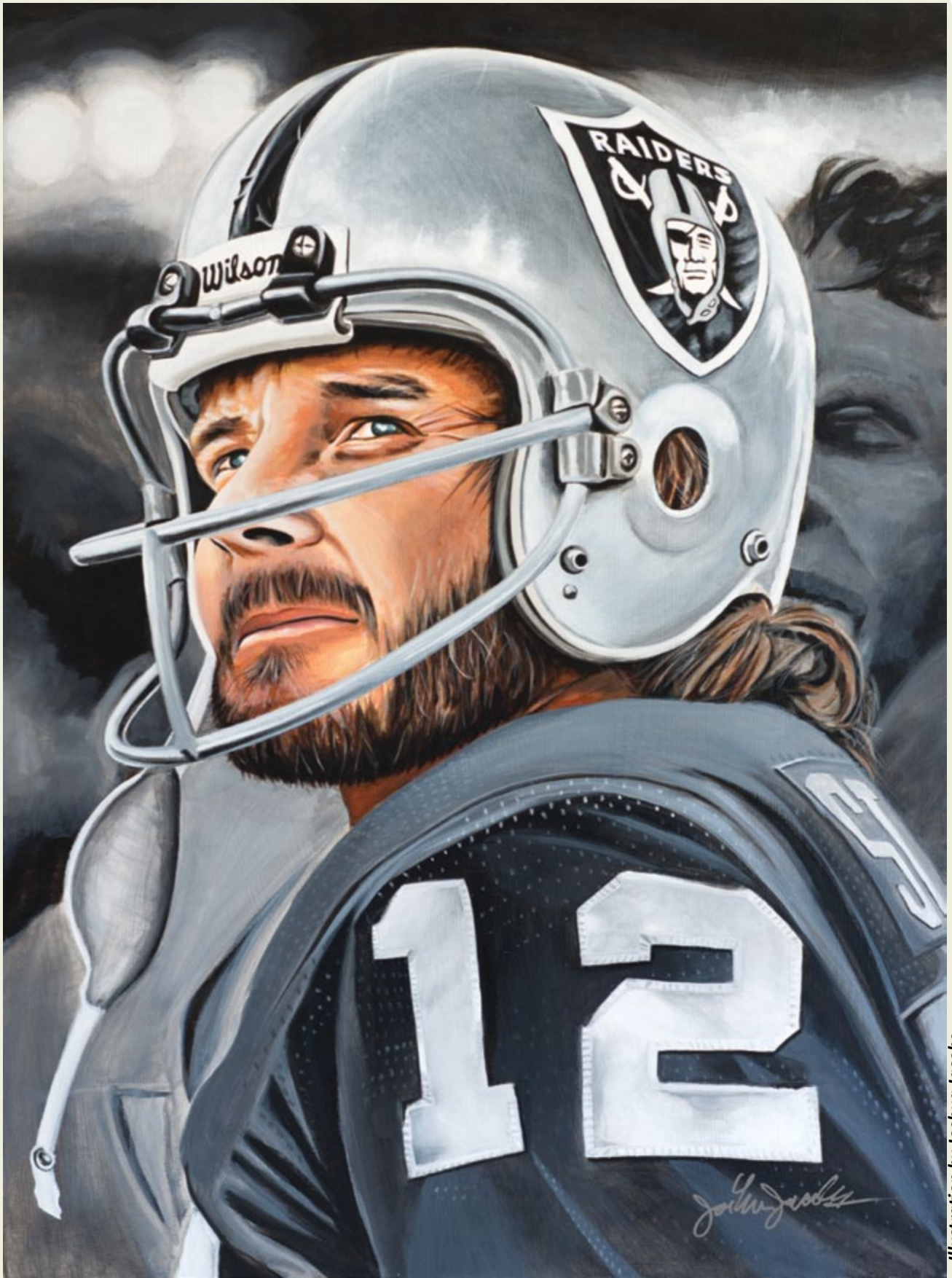


Illustration by Joshua Jacobs

running back Pete Banazack said: "If you wanted the ball between the four and the zero, he'd put it there. If you wanted it in the ear hole, he could put it there. He knew when to run, knew when to hide."

Stabler went on to quarterback the team to a 50-11-1 regular-season record over five years. He made the playoffs every year and won a playoff game, including a run for a Lombardi trophy in 1976. While his career statistics are not all as impressive as others of his era like Joe Namath, he was a winner. He wasn't a statistics compiler, but a man of moments, whose great plays transcended the mundane. And he called his own plays and proved himself a chess player on the field. That five-year stretch with Oakland is easily his biggest argument for enshrinement into the Hall of Fame.

By far the strongest Hall of Fame argument for Stabler is his career winning percentage of 66.7 percent over an 11-year career as a starter with the Raiders. He has the sixth-highest winning percentage in history. The five people above him are named Brady, Staubach, Manning, Montana and Bradshaw; the five quarterbacks ranked right below him on this list are named Young, Unitas, Elway, Kelly and Favre.

Clearly this list includes the greatest quarterbacks of all time, and for Stabler to be right in the middle of this list puts him in the elite category and qualifies him for the

Hall of Fame. He did not win all of those games by handing off to a great running back, or having a great defense behind him. He is also one of the few quarterbacks to have winning records against the Steelers' "Steel Curtain", which was without question the greatest defense of all time over an extended period. It's safe to say Stabler was fortunate to have landed with the Raiders of the 1970s. Scan today's roster and you won't find a more perfect group of receivers Stabler threw to- Hall of Famer Fred Biletnikoff (ball possession), Cliff Branch (the deep route) and Dave Casper, a tight end who would catch anything at any spot on the field.

Stabler was also known as the "king of the comebacks" and made so many memorable plays in critical moments. He had some great games when the stakes were highest. His most memorable play was a fumble known as the "Holy Roller." In a game against San Diego, the Chargers converged on Stabler for an apparent game-ending sack. Stabler purposely fumbled the ball backward. Running back Pete Banazack "accidentally" muffed the ball farther forward, and tight end Dave Casper "inadvertently" knocked the rolling ball over the goal line and fell on it to win the game 21-20. (The rules later were changed to prevent this from happening.)

Accomplishments like this don't even begin to tell the story of Stabler's career. He threw two of the most famous passes of the 1970s,

known as the "Sea of Hands" and "Ghost to the Post." He ran for a 30-yard touchdown that appeared to seal a Raiders win in a playoff game in Pittsburgh in 1972, only to watch from the sidelines as the Steelers won the game on the "Immaculate Reception." Not many plays are so big that they get their own names, and yet Stabler was involved, in one way or another, in three of them.

A personal favorite comeback by Stabler was a game I attended on December 21, 1974. It came on a day when the Raiders ended the Miami Dolphins dynasty of the 1970s. Don Shula was making a run at his third straight Super Bowl victory and leading the Raiders in Oakland by five points with less than a minute to play, Stabler took the snap at the Miami eight yard line, dropped back to pass, rolled to his right, avoiding tacklers, got hit from behind, and threw the ball while falling to the turf. Running back Clarence Davis somehow emerged from a pack of defenders to catch it ball for a touchdown and ended the Dolphin's march to their fourth straight Super Bowl. The crowd was in a frenzy, completely raving wild! It was a scene out of a movie script that would probably be rejected as "too far-fetched." But this was reality. This was Stabler at its best.

Stablers illustrious career with the Raiders didn't end well, as he feuded with owner, Al Davis, and he held out for a new contract, and ended up in Houston in 1980. Ken

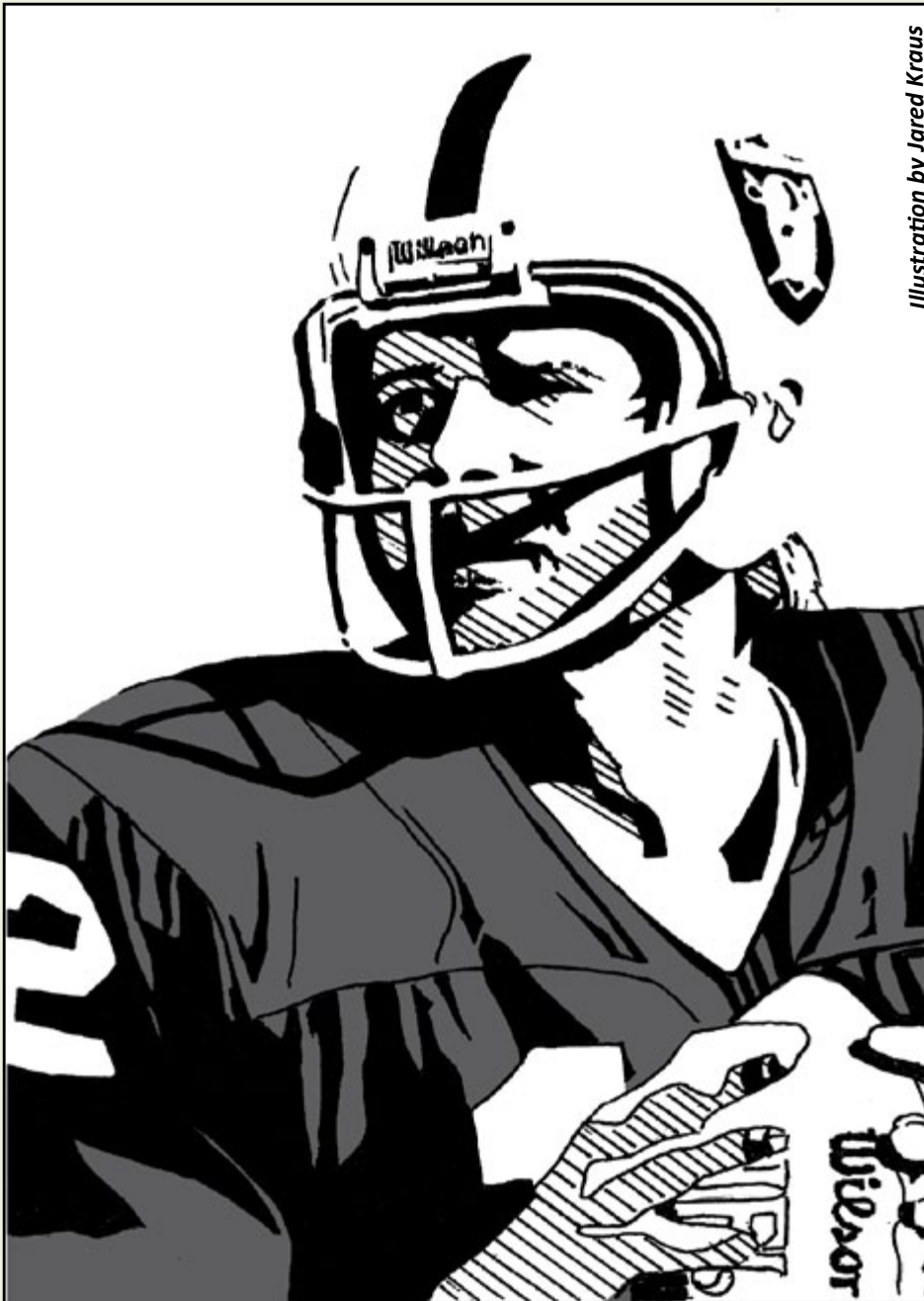


Illustration by Jared Kraus

and a quarterback rating of 75.3.

It's still possible Stabler will end up in Canton, but to those who followed "The Snake" throughout his career, he is already in the Hall of Fame--the one in the hearts of all his teammates and his fans.

Awards:

Super Bowl Champion (XI); 4 x Pro Bowl selection (1974, 1975, 1977, 1978); 2 x AP First Team All-AFC (1973, 1974); AP First-Team All AFC (1974); AP Second-Team All-Pro (1976); 1974 NFL MVP, AP); AP NFL Offensive Player of the Year (1974); NFL 1970s All-Decade Team; Led NFL in TD passes (1974, 1976).

Martin Jacobs is a contributor to Gridiron Greats and welcomes your comments. He can be reached by email at Mjacobs784@aol.com.

Artist Josh Jacobs from San Francisco, has been a sports artist for over 30 years and welcomes new projects. He works mainly in acrylics, oils and air brush. He can be contacted by email at: JoshuaJacobs76@gmail.com, or visit his website at: www.prosportsart.com.

****GG****

played for the Oilers in 1980 and 1981 season where he continued his comebacks, particularly in an encounter with the Jets at Shea Stadium in November of 1980. Stabler was awful in the first half, throwing four interceptions—one returned for a touchdown—and the Oilers trailed 21-0 at halftime. But, in the second half, Stabler

emerged with one of his greatest comebacks, and he threw four touchdown passes in the fourth quarter alone to tie it up at 28-28. The Oilers lost 31-28 in overtime. In 1984, Stabler finished his career with the New Orleans Saints, having completed 59.8 percent of his career passes for 27,938 passing yards and 194 touchdowns,

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Did you know?

The 1976 First Round Draft Pick of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers was Lee Roy Selmon who was inducted into the College Football Hall of Fame in 1988 and the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1995. His rookie card is the 1977 Topps #29 from that set. He also was card #13 in the 1978 Holsum Bread set.

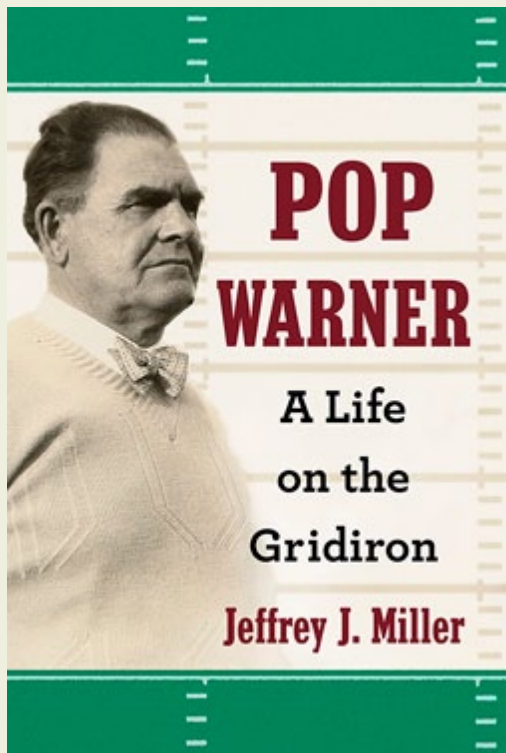
The 1952 First Round Draft Pick of the Chicago Cardinals was Ollie Matson who was inducted in the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1972. He played also with the Rams, Lions and Eagles in his career from 1952 to 1966. His rookie card is the from the 1952 Bowman Small and Large sets card #127.

The 1968 First Round Draft Pick of the Miami Dolphins was Larry Csonka who was inducted in the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1987 and the College Hall of Fame in 1989. He played also with the Giants and the Memphis Southmen of the WFL. His rookie card is the 1969 Topps #120 from the set. In 1969 he also was in the Glendale Stamp issue with stamp #171.



Gridiron Greats Book

Review BY BOB SWICK



Pop Warner: A Life On The Gridiron

By Jeffrey Miller

McFarland, 2015 (228 pages)
ISBN:978-0-7864-6497-5

The legendary Pop Warner was an innovative and winning coach throughout his career. 319 victories were compiled in a career that spanned many seasons during several different periods of football history. It is an amazing feat to say the least.

Jeffrey Miller who shares the same hometown of Springville, New York as Warner did has de-

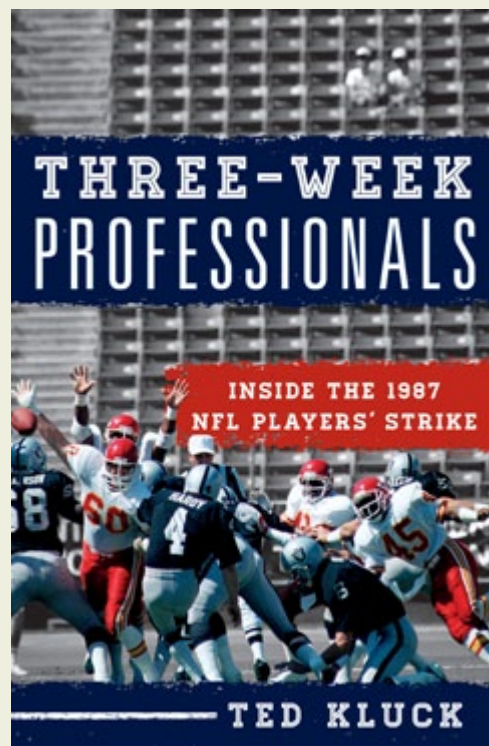
veloped a comprehensive and informative look at Warner's career in this new book.

Mr. Miller traces Warner's life from his childhood to his actual playing career at Cornell and through the many stops of his coaching career. I especially enjoyed the first few chapters that have shed light as to Warner growing up and his playing career at Cornell. To me this information is not well known nor has been well researched until Miller tackled it. I also believe as Mr. Miller does that there is a great deal of interest in the early game of football thus his writing on Warner's life.

The chapters on Warner's career at Carlisle were extensive, well written and informative. The information on Warner's relationship with Jim Thorpe presented a much clearer story in my opinion than what has been previously published up to this point.

Overall Mr. Miller has written an impressive book on Pop Warner. He has shed some well-needed light on his playing days at Cornell and his days in Carlisle for his readers bringing a new perspective to Warner's football genius.

He was thorough in his analysis of the different stops in his coaching career. I applaud Mr. Miller for undertaking this project and I highly recommend this book for any football library.



Three-Week Professionals Inside The 1987 NFL Players' Strike

By Ted Kluck

Rowman & Littlefield, 2015
(160 pages) ISBN:978-14422-4154-1

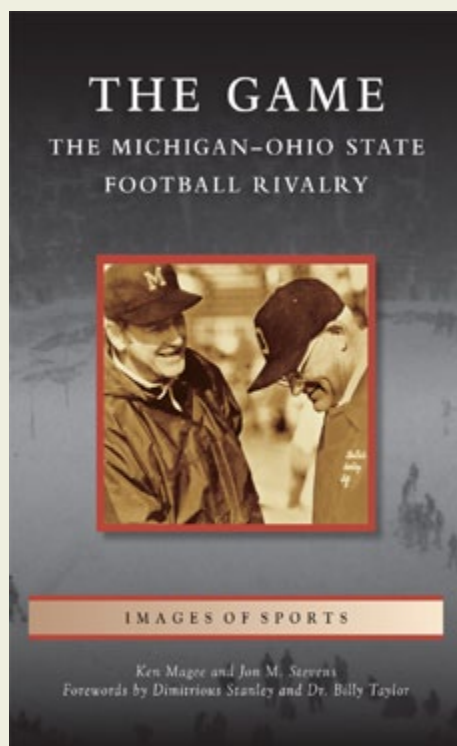
For three weeks in 1987 the NFL was not the NFL but was instead a quasi professional pick up game filled with missed calls and plays watched by few. Ted Kluck has researched this three-week time frame back in 1987 and written one of the most comprehensive books on this brief interlude of the NFL history.

Mr. Kluck combines many interviews with former players and by watching actual TV broadcasts of those games to develop this analysis of those three weeks. His interviews with former players were an exceptional read as we were brought back in time to understand more fully what was actually happening between the players union, the replacement players and the owners. For many of the replacements players it was a chance to live one more game, one more glance at glory, one more tackle and or one more touchdown, thus many former college, USFL, training camp cut players were willing to cross the lines in hope to play. And we know several players were able to catch on after the strike was over.

Mr. Kluck jogged my memory to several of those games and also with the Mike Ditka trade of Doug Flutie to the Patriots and his journey to the CFL.

This book was written in a crisp and concise manner. It also presented the true human face and condition of the replacement play-

ers and their quest for legitimacy for their brief careers in the NFL. This part of true NFL history has been overlooked for many years and in my opinion been kept quiet for too long. This book is an essential read for anyone who enjoys football and the NFL.



The Game

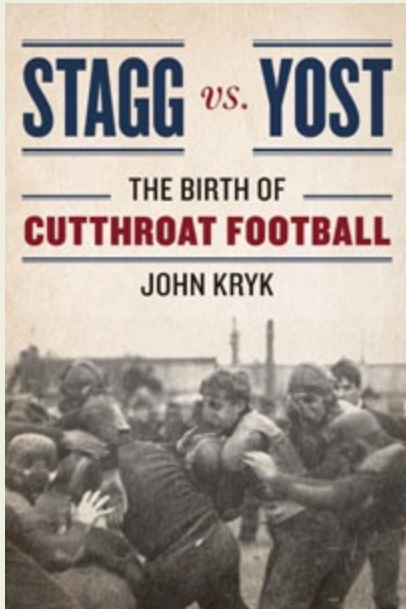
The Michigan-Ohio State Football Rivalry by Ken Magee and Jon M. Stevens

Acadia Publishing, 2015 (128 pages) ISBN: 978-14671-1458-5

The history of the gridiron rivalry between Michigan and Ohio State is rich with

exceptional players, coaches and games being played since 1897. Michigan Football Wolverine historian and collector Ken Magee along with Michigan Football Wolverine collector Jon M. Stevens have developed a historical look back at the intensive rivalry between these two teams. Developing a comprehensive analysis by decades the book is filled with interesting and varied photos of game photos, game programs, team photos and ticket stubs representing the look back since the 1897 first meeting of the gridiron battle between these two teams. The memorabilia shown in the book is extensive with many rare pieces of early college football history being shown such as an 1897, 1901 and 1902 Michigan team photos, a November 30, 1918 game program and the Chic Harley cover October 25, 1919 game program. I enjoyed especially the ticket stubs that were used in the book, as I have not seen several of the early ones over the years.

If you are a fan of college football, Michigan football or Ohio State football I highly recommend this book for your football library. It is a concise and historical view of a great college football rivalry.



Stagg vs. Yost: The Birth of Cutthroat Football

By John Kryk

Rowman & Littlefield, 2015 (360 pages) ISBN:9781442248250

The University of Michigan's Fielding H. Yost and the University of Chicago's Amos Alonzo Stagg are two coaches and two different styles of coaching that are featured in this new book written by John Kryk. Mr. Kryk is a NFL columnist for the Toronto Sun and Postmedia. He has developed an interesting comparison and review of both coaches examining some overlooked aspects of Stagg's career and dealings es-

pecially when looking at his recruiting techniques and constant questioning of other teams players eligibility before the game. Stagg may be viewed in a much different light after reading this book while one may embrace more fully Yost and his impressive and innovative offense schemes. This is a well researched and interesting book that looks at Stagg's career more closely and embraces what I have always felt was the overlooked career of Yost. I especially enjoyed the chapters on the 1904 season also. I would recommend this book for any football library.



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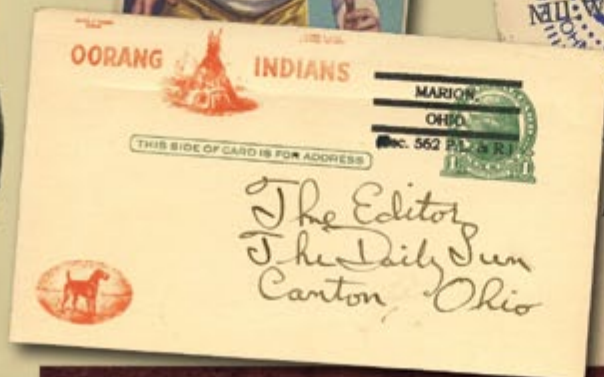
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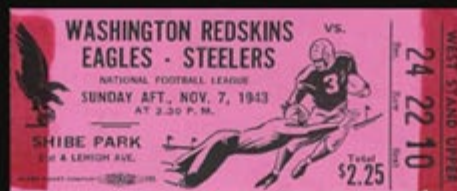
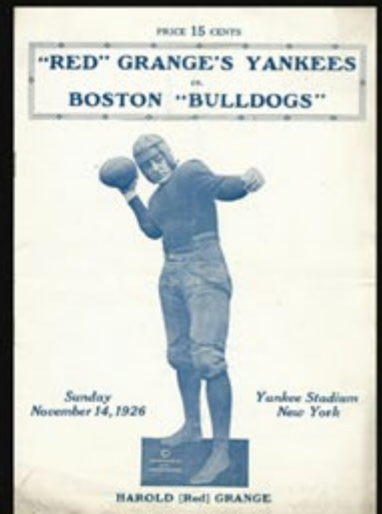
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(Home games): 1952- 8/10; 1953- 8/15, 8/30, 9/13, 11/1; 1954- 8/8, 8/15, 10/31; 1956- 8/26, 9/2, 10/28, 11/4; 1958- 9/7, 9/21; 1959- 8/16; 1961- 9/17, 11/26.

(Away games): 1952- 9/13, 10/5, 11/9, 11/16; 1953- 9/3, 9/7, 11/22; 1954-8/21, 9/15, 10/10, 11/20; 1955- 8/13, 9/9, 11/6, 11/14; 1956- 9/8, 9/23, 11/18; 1957- 9/7, 11/10, 11/24 12/1; 1958, 8/23; 1959- 9/19, 10/18, 11/29; 1960- 9/3, 10/9, 10/23; 1961-8/12, 8/26, 9/9, 10/1, 12/3.

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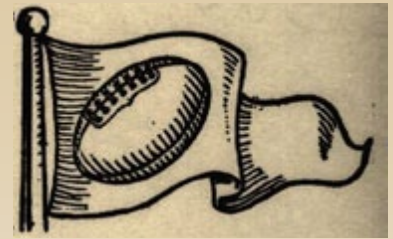
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